

"CUJO"

BY
STEPHEN KING

BASED ON HIS NOVEL

FIRST DRAFT SCREENPLAY

FADE IN ON BLACK:

BLACK

SOUND: A faint, whirring HUM -- the SOUND of the fan in a slide projector.

VOICE (V.O.)

Now this first one --

A BRILLIANT SQUARE OF WHITE FILLS THE CENTER OF THE SCREEN.

SOUND: GIGGLES. A young woman and a small boy - DONNA and TAD TRENTON.

VIC (V.O.)

Whoops.

The WHITE SQUARE disappears. Blackness. Then:

VIC (V.O.)

Now!

A slide of Donna APPEARS -- upside down. More giggles from Donna and Tad.

VIC (V.O.)

Damn, Donna, who loaded these?

TAD (V.O.)

(gleeful)

Mommy! Daddy said a Bad Habit Word!

The upside down slide is removed. BLACK.

DONNA (V.O.)

Sometimes daddies do say Bad Habit Words, Tad.

(to Vic)

You loaded them!

More giggles from Tad at this. A new slide APPEARS. Right side up this time. Vic, Donna and Tad are standing in front of their house. To the right, in the driveway is a small blue car -- probably a Pinto.

VIC (V.O.)

There!

CREDITS ROLL as slides continue to show in a MONTAGE. There's no other background dialogue, as if the Trentons are watching these little freeze-frames of their life in rapt silence. The MONTAGE shows us:

- a) Vic playing tennis with bearded man of about 30 -- STEVE KEMP. We see Donna and Tad in the b.g. Tad is on the ground, playing with a toy. Donna is watching the match -- but it's Steve she's looking at, not her husband.
- b) Vic standing before a store-front in the city - "AD WORK," the sign over the door behind him reads. He shows great pride.
- c) Vic pushing Tad (who is about four) on a backyard swing, while Donna looks on, smiling.
- d) A backyard barbecue scene. Vic in a barbecue chef's hat and apron, turning hot dogs on the grille. Friends with drinks standing around. Donna is looking at her husband from a distance...and not smiling.
- e) Donna and Tad running through a backyard spray in bathing suits.

Now they come faster, half a dozen or more we just get glimpses of: Donna in her slip, waving the picture-taker (Vic, we presume) impatiently away; Tad in his bedroom, lining up toy cars; Vic washing an old Jaguar -- he's wearing a bathing suit and sunglasses. Etc.

We now seen all but the director's credit.

SCREEN GOES TO BLACK. SOUND OF THE FAN.

TAD (V.O.)

I want to see my special picture,
okay, Daddy?

VIC (V.O.)

I was just lookin' for it, Tadder --
there's so many...I hope I didn't
lose it...

TAD (V.O.)

(agonized)

Daddy -- !

DONNA (V.O.)

(sharp)

Don't tease him, Vic!

VIC (V.O.)

I'm not...oh yeah, here it is.

SOUND of the new slide being loaded.

TAD (V.O.)

The special picture! Me and the
doggy! All right! All right!

VIC (V.O.)

I think I'm gonna have this damn thing bronzed. And don't tell me I said a Bad Habit Word, Tad.

The slide comes on. MUSIC: Creepy, back-prickling, at odds with the picture itself. It shows the Camber dooryard, with Joe Camber's garage, a red-painted converted barn, in the b.g. Also in the b.g. -- in front of the garage doorway -- we see Vic's sportscar up on jacks, one rear wheel removed.

In the foreground, we see Tad Trenton riding on the back of a huge St. Bernard dog. Tad is laughing. The dog -- CUJO -- appears almost to be grinning.

DIRECTOR'S CREDIT -- the last -- APPEARS. The MUSIC SWELLS, more and more ominous.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN. Now the slide FILLS the entire SCREEN; now we see only the small boy astride the giant dog; and now we are ECU ON CUJO, his face blurred and fuzzy in this extreme magnification.

As the CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE IN, we DISSOLVE SLOWLY; the last thing we see are Cujo's eyes...his eyes...his eyes...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A RABBIT - MEDIUM CLOSE - DAY

TITLE CARD: CASTLE ROCK, MAINE JUNE 16

The rabbit is munching away at the grass in a field. We HEAR field SOUNDS: crickets, grasshoppers, a creek running somewhere nearby.

THE CAMERA MOVES UP AND RACKS FOCUS; the SHOT BECOMES MEDIUM LONG. and we see that same huge St. Bernard -- Cujo -- watching the rabbit intensely. He is on the rabbit's blind side, about 20 yards away.

EXT. CUJO - A NEW ANGLE - DAY

He begins to creep stealthily forward. There's an element of the comic in this; one usually doesn't see a St. Bernard creep up on anything.

EXT. CUJO AND THE RABBIT - DAY

The director will cut back and forth as he sees fit, but Cujo actually gets quite close to the rabbit before it suddenly takes off, its legs flying and it's long, lollopy ears laid back (we may even get the impression that the rabbit has let Cujo creep up, just to tease him).

Cujo gives chase, barking wildly.

EXT. THE CHASE - DAY

Once again, the director will lay this out as he sees fit and select his shots depending on exactly what these two animals give him.

Cujo chases the rabbit energetically, and seems to be gaining.

EXT. THE CHASE - A NEW ANGLE - DAY

In the extreme f.g., we see a hole, partially covered with long grass. The rabbit is running right for it, and Cujo is right behind the rabbit..

The rabbit dives into the hole.

Cujo comes to a skidding stop, his front legs stiff, barking furiously.

INT. THE CAVE - WITH THE RABBIT - DAY

SOUND: Cujo's barks (muted)

The rabbit twitches its nose and seems to crouch, its face toward the dim light.

THE CAMERA PANS UP. This is a small cave, and a number of shapes hang from the roof.

EXT. CUJO OUTSIDE THE CAVE - DAY

Cujo can't stand it any longer. He can smell that rabbit. Still barking, he dives into the mouth of the cave...and sticks fast halfway in. The SOUND of his BARKS becomes muted. His tail is wagging.

INT. IN THE CAVE - DAY/DARK

Cujo's barking wildly. The rabbit hops back against the far wall. Cujo probably doesn't see it, but he smells how close it is. Still -- he can't get to it.

A new SOUND: rustling, whirring WINGS.

Shapes FILL THE FRAME -- vague, flying shapes.

Cujo snarls, barks, snaps at them.

INT. CUJO - CLOSEUP - DAY/DARK

One of the shapes whirls close enough to him for us to see it is a bat. Cujo snaps at it. The bat SQUEAKS. Cujo bites it in two. The bat drops. Another lights on his nose.

INT. THE BAT - EXTREME CLOSEUP - DAY/DARK

As it lights on Cujo's nose, for just an instant we see sharp teeth in its ugly, ratlike face.

INT. THE CAVE - DAY/DARK

The bat slashes at or bites Cujo -- we don't so much see it as understand what has happened from Cujo's sharp WHINE of pain. He pulls back.

EXT. CUJO - OUTSIDE THE CAVE - DAY

A long scratch is bleeding on his muzzle. He whines and paws at it. Starts away. Stops. Looks back at the cave. WHINES again.

He paws his nose again, and starts off.

EXT. A CREEK RUNNING UNDER A BRIDGE - DAY

SOUND of running water; SOUND of splashing over that.

CAMERA PANS RIGHT and we see Cujo in the water, rolling around, getting wet.

He gets out and shakes himself. There's a lot to shake!

The cut has clotted. But he WHINES and paws at it...almost half-heartedly. He seems to be looking at something.

EXT. THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE - EXTREME LONG SHOT - DAY

It's just a dark dimple on the side of a hillock in the field.

INT. THE CAVE - DAY/DARK

The rabbit lies limp and dead. We can barely see it. There are bats all over it.

INT. BAT'S FACE - EXTREME CLOSEUP - DAY

Horrid, evil, rat-like countenance. The mouth yawns, showing those sharp teeth. Saliva courses out of its mouth. It HISSES.

EXT. CUJO ON THE BANK OF THE CREEK - DAY

WHINES, paws at his nose. Starts away. CAMERA HOLDS ON HIM for a moment.

EXT. A TRACT HOUSE AMONG OTHER TRACT HOUSES - DAY

A few toys on the lawn. Two sprinklers twirl. It's early morning; as we watch, a newsboy rides by and a paper thumps against the door.

TITLE CARD: SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 27

WOMAN (V.O.)

-- so I said I'd go to the meeting if she could show me how these cuts are going to cripple the day care center. And she said --

GIRL (V.O.)

Oh, Mamma, I don't feel so good. I think I'm going to be sick.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Hold on a second, Steff.

INT. A KITCHEN - DAY

A bright, cheery room. Breakfast has not yet been cleared away on the table in the b.g. We see milk, cereal bowls, and prominently displayed, a box of Red Razberry Zingers breakfast cereal.

The WOMAN is standing at the wall phone, holding the receiver in one hand as she bends over the GIRL, who is about five. The Girl looks woeful and very sick.

GIRL

Oh, I'm gonna throw up...

She turns and runs down the hall. The Woman looks after her.

INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY

The Girl, holding her stomach, runs into the bathroom and shuts the door.

Almost immediately (discreetly muted), we HEAR the sound of vomiting.

INT. AT THE PHONE IN THE KITCHEN - DAY

The Woman rolls her eyes wearily and leans against the wall as she puts the phone back to her ear.

WOMAN

I'll call you back, Steff. Marcy's got the crud. Billy had it last week, now she's got it. The only thing the little creep will share with her is his damn stomach flu.

GIRL (V.O.)

(faint)

Mommy...I'm sick!

WOMAN

Coming!

(into phone)

Bye, Steff.

She hangs up the phone. Starts down the hall.

WOMAN

It's okay, Marcy, don't worry --

INT. THE BATHROOM DOOR - DAY

The Girl is breathing hard. Almost panting. Crying a little.

GIRL (V.O.)

Oh, Mamma, I feel sick --

WOMAN (Vo.)

It's just the old upchuck express --

The door opens and the Woman comes in.

WOMAN

(continuing)

-- and it happens to the best of --

Her expression, which says "I don't like this, but I understand it and I have the situation under control," suddenly freezes -- and becomes one of horror.

WOMAN

What -- God, what --

INT. THE LITTLE GIRL - DAY

We see her on her knees before the opened toilet. Her back is to the CAMERA. The rim of the bowl, the inside of the lid, and the white tile wall all appear to be splattered with blood.

She turns. Blood seems to be running down her mouth and chin. It mats her dress.

GIRL
I feel really sick, Mommy --

INT. THE BATHROOM DOOR - WITH THE WOMAN - DAY

She claps her hand to her mouth and screams...screams... screams.

DARKNESS

TITLE CARD: CASTLE ROCK, JULY 3

TITLE CARD FADES. We hear NIGHT SOUNDS: crickets, chirring cicadas. A new SOUND: GROWLING. Low, at first, then getting louder.

TAD TRENTON sits up IN THE FRAME. He's wearing pj's. He just work up. He looks around for that sound. His eyes fix on:

INT. THE CLOSET DOOR - NIGHT

The GROWLING gets LOUDER.

INT. TAD IN BED - NIGHT

Scared. Looking at the closet door as if hypnotized. The GROWLING gets LOUDER.

INT. THE CLOSET DOOR - NIGHT

The latch pops, and it swings open two or three inches. The GROWLING gets still LOUDER...and then STOPS COMPLETELY.

INT. TAD IN BED - NIGHT

Stiff. Alert. All wires. Then he begins to relax.

INT. THE CLOSET DOOR - NIGHT

It BANGS open. There's something huge inside. We can only see a shadow -- and then red eyes.

INT. TAD IN BED - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

His eyes widen with shocked horror.

INT. A BAT - EXTREME CLOSEUP - NIGHT

It's a hideous caricature of the bat we saw before. Giant teeth; red eyes. Blood courses out of its mouth instead of saliva.

INT. TAD IN BED - NIGHT

He hitches in his breath, tries to scream, and at last manages a LOUD SHRIEK OF FEAR.

INT. A CLOSE DOOR - NIGHT

VIC (V.O.)

(sleepy)

What the hell --

A light goes on under the door.

DONNA (V.O.)

I told you three hot dogs was too many for him!

(louder)

I'm coming, honey!

CREAKS as they get out of bed.

Tad SCREAMS again.

The closed door opens, and we see DONNA (in a nightgown) and Vic (in pj's) come out -- we see them from the waist down.

VIC (O.S.)

Coming, Tadder!

INT. TAD'S ROOM - NIGHT

The door giving on the hallway opens, and Tad's parents hurry in. We don't see the closet in this SHOT.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH Donna and Vic as they go to Tad's bed and sit on either side of him. Both hug him, and he hugs them back with almost panicky tightness.

DONNA

Did you have a bad dream, Tad?

TAD

No! I woke up...I woke up and there was a monster in my closet!

Vic's eyebrows go up. He and Donna exchange a look over the top of Tad's head. Vic looks toward:

INT. THE CLOSET - VIC'S POV - NIGHT

It stands half-open.

INT. TAD'S BEDROOM - WITH VIC, DONNA AND TAD - NIGHT

VIC

(getting up)

Watch me close, Tadder.

Vic goes to the closet. Opens the door all the way. Pushes clothes back and forth on their hangers, showing nothing but wall behind. He takes Tad's chair, which was inside the closet, out again and sets it against the wall.

VIC

Monsewer, ze chair.

INT. TAD AND DONNA ON THE BED - NIGHT

Tad giggles a little at this, and Donna hugs him.

INT. VIC AT THE CLOSET - NIGHT

He closes the door and engages the latch firmly. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he comes back to Tad's bed and sits down with him. He reaches down onto the floor, gets Tad's teddy bear, and sticks it in his arms.

VIC

(smiling, but serious)

No monsters, Tad.

TAD

I saw it, Daddy! It had teeth! There was blood!

VIC

Your mind saw something, big guy.
There aren't any monsters. Only
in stories. And in your mind.

DONNA

And in too many hot dogs.

Vic looks at her again over Tad's head. She looks back at him stonily.

He looks at her a moment longer, as if debating whether or not to go on with it. He decides not to. He rises, turns Tad's pillow over, and gently lays him down. Kisses him.

Donna pulls up the bedclothes and also kisses him.

DONNA

You go to sleep now. Your father may not always be right about how many hot dogs little kids should have, but he's right about monsters. There ain't any. Close your eyes, Tad. Sleep.

Tad closes his eyes. They stand for a moment, looking down at him.

VIC

Tad?

No response.

VIC

(snaps his fingers softly)
Just like that.

Donna leaves. Vic stays for a moment, looking down at his son with love, and then he leaves, too.

SOUND of the bedroom DOOR being closed.

Tad's eyes immediately open. He looks at:

INT. THE CLOSET DOOR - TAD'S POV - NIGHT

Firmly latched. At least, for now.

INT. VIC AND DONNA'S BED - NIGHT

Vic lies with the sheet up to his waist, hands laced behind his head, looking up at the ceiling. After a moment, Donna gets in on her side, leaving a noticeable space. Things aren't so good here.

VIC
What's wrong, Donna?

DONNA
I don't know what you mean.

VIC
If you want to talk --

Donna rolls over her side, presenting him with her back.

DONNA
I want to sleep.

He looks at her...then back at the ceiling.

INT. TAD - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

He really is asleep this time.

INT. CLOSET DOOR - NIGHT

It pops open. The GROWLING begins.

INT. TAD - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

Sleeping. Vulnerable. The GROWLING SOUND gets LOUDER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TV ROOM - WITH TAD - MORNING

Tad is engaging in that time-honored American custom of taking breakfast in front of the TV. He's got cereal on a tray and is slurping it up while Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble discuss the great problems of the prehistoric world.

INT. THE KITCHEN - MORNING

Vic is sitting at the table, dressed in a suit and tie. The paper is beside him, but he's looking out the window. Donna brings him a plate of scrambled eggs and coffee. She sits down opposite him and pours cereal into a bowl.

SOUND of TV from the other room, muted.

Vic looks at Donna.

VIC
He's not eating Zingers, is he?

DONNA

No, he's eating Bran-16, just like me. You told me to get rid of the Zingers, and I did.

VIC

Good.

He looks at the paper and starts to eat. Donna watches him.

DONNA

Vic, is this cereal business going to be bad?

VIC

It was on the news, wasn't it? Sharp Cereals is being sued by that woman in Des Moines, isn't it? Yeah, it's going to be bad. It already is bad.

DONNA

But it was just a runny dye! It didn't hurt anyone.

VIC

It didn't have to. The runny dye happened to be red, the runny dye happened to look just like blood, and it scared the hell out of people. That was enough.

DONNA

Is Ad Worx going to lose the account?

VIC

If I can't dope out a hell of a good rebound campaign when I'm down in Boston, we might.

He goes through a door -- TV SOUND is momentarily LOUDER. Donna looks after him, worried.

INT. THE TV ROOM - WITH VIC AND TAD

Vic kisses Tad. Tad reciprocates, planting a cereal-and-milky kiss on his father's cheek and immediately gets back into the cartoons on the tube.

VIC

See you tonight, big guy. Take care of your mom.

TAD

Okay, Daddy.

Vic crosses the room and reaches the door.

TAD

Daddy?

VIC

(turns back)

What, Tad?

TAD

Did you put the chair back in my closet?

VIC

No, honey. Mom must have --

TAD

She didn't, either. I asked her.

VIC

Well, then, I guess you must have --

INT. TAD - CLOSE UP - DAY

His face is closed, strange, almost fey. He's looking at the TV, not at Vic.

TAD

It wasn't me, either. It was the monster. The monster wanted the chair in my closet.

INT. VIC IN THE DOOR WAY - DAY

He's obviously troubled by this...but he's also pressed for time. Glances at his watch, then back at Tad.

VIC

There aren't any monsters, big guy. Honest.

INT. TAD - DAY

He looks away from the TV now and at his father.

TAD

No monsters. Except for the one in my closet.

CAMERA HOLDS on his rather pale, unsmiling face for a moment.

EXT. THE PERVIER HOUSE - DAY

TITLE CARD: TOWN ROAD #5, CASTLE ROCK, JULY 7

This might be the house of which Bette Davis said, "What... a...dump." It's a peeled gray. Most of the shingles are gone. Some of the window panes have been broken and replaced with cardboard. The yard is no better. The grass is high and weedy. There are car parts here, there, and everywhere. To the right is a monster of an old Buick that looks about one step from the junkyard. To the left, two scuzzy old lawn chairs with rusting tubular arms and sagging seats stand near a rusting hulk of a barbecue.

SOUND: LOUD ROCK AND ROLL -- AC/DC thudding their way through "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap."

The rusting screen door BANGS open, and GARY PERVIER comes staggering out. Gary is a wild-eyed, wild-haired 50 or so. He's got a giant boogie-suitcase radio balanced on his left shoulder with his left hand. In his right hand, he's got a drink in a Dairy Queen cup.

He comes down the porch steps (almost falling). He sings with the music, bellowing out the chorus -- DONE-DIRT-CHEAP! -- in particular.

He crosses to the decaying lawn chairs, unslings the radio, turns it off...then simply lets it drop. Looks at it.

GARY

Goddamn Puerto Rican briefcase.

He belches. Sits down in one of the lawn chairs. Takes a honk on his drink. Belches again. Looks around at the mess he's living in out here on the edge of town.

GARY

(bellows)

Drunk as a skunk and I don't give
a shit!

He takes another drink from his cup. Leans back in his chair.

GARY

Damn right.

SOUND: A RUSTLE of bushes. Gary looks to his left.

EXT. THE FAR SIDE OF GARY'S YARD - GARY'S POV - DAY

There's a line of run-to-riot bushes here. They shake... and Cujo busts through.

He's wagging his tail. We can see the scratch on his nose. It's partly healed.

GARY (O.S.)

Cujo!

The dog's tail wags harder. He comes TOWARD THE CAMERA.

EXT. GARY - DAY

He's drunkenly delighted to see the dog.

GARY

Cujo, you ole son-of-a-whore!

Cujo comes over to his lawn chair. Gary leans over to stroke Cujo's head, almost falls out of his chair, and spills part of his drink.

GARY

Whoops! Pretty drunk, Cuje.

Cujo wags his tail. Gary fumbles in his shirt pocket, takes out a couple of bone-shaped dog biscuits. He holds one out.

GARY

Sit, boy! Sit up!

EXT. CUJO - DAY

Cujo sits up like a French poodle -- all 200-plus pounds of him. Pretty cute. That scratch on his nose is very prominent.

EXT. GARY AND CUJO - DAY

Gary tosses Cujo the biscuit. Cujo eats it, going back to a sitting position. Gary is in a fine humor now.

GARY

Always tickles me, Cuje. You an' Joe an' Brett...you're about the only three people in the world I give a shit for, you know it?

Cujo barks -- answering him like Lassie.

GARY

You're fucking-A right! Here, you don't hafta work for this'n.

Gary drops him the second biscuit. Cujo grabs it...then drops it.

He sniffs at it, then looks up at Gary and whines -- an almost apologetic sound. Gary looks surprised.

GARY
You turnin' down chow? You! I
don't believe it.

He leans over again to pat Cujo.

GARY
(continuing)
Yeah, I guess it must be --

Cujo begins to growl. His muzzle wrinkles back a bit, showing his teeth. Gary looks surprised...and takes his hand back in a big hurry.

EXT. GARY/MONSTER - CUJO'S POV - DAY

We are SEEING Gary almost in one of those through-the-binoculars SHOTS in the John Ford westerns.

Everything looks oddly distorted, as through a fish-eye. And although Gary is wearing the same clothes, sitting in the same chair, and holding his Dairy Queen cup, his head has become the head of the bat we have seen before.

GARY
(continuing)
What got into you today? Is it the
heat?

The bat's mouth moves grotesquely with the words. Bloody saliva pours out. Gary's VOICE is distorted and booming.

(NOTE: Black and white or sepia-tone for this shot? Dogs are said to be color-blind.)

EXT. GARY AND CUJO - DAY

GARY
Must be the heat. I didn't think you
had a growl in you, to tell the truth.
You quit it now. You hear? Quit it!

Cujo stops.

GARY
(continuing)
Now. That's better. A little heat
ain't gonna kill ya.

EXT. GARY - CUJO'S POV - DAY

It's that same fuzzy-bordered through-the-binoculars SHOT (as it always will be when we see things from Cujo's POV), but Gary is just a man again. The bat thing is gone..

GARY

(continuing; loud,
booming voice)

Ain't gonna kill me, either, but it
bitches the shit outta my hemorrhoids.

Leans over to get the big radio. Sets his drink down. One corner of the radio, which sank into the ground, is clotted with dirt. Gary brushes it off casually.

EXT. GARY - A NEW ANGLE - DAY

GARY

Let's have some music, Cujo. Buddy-
fuckin'-Holly!

Gets his drink. Finishes it. Throws the glass casually over his shoulder. It lands in the barbecue.

GARY

Nobody remembers Buddy-fuckin'-Holly
and I don't give a shit!

Gary turns on the RADIO and begins turning wildly.

GARY

Rock and roll! Bop and stroll! I'll
tell you what, Cuje...we'll do the
Philly Dog!

He starts wheezing laughter.

GARY

Get it? Get --

For the first time he looks in Cujo's direction.

EXT. BESIDE THE CHAIR - GARY'S POV - DAY

Nothing there except the uneaten dog biscuit. Cujo is gone.

EXT. GARY - A SLIGHTLY WIDER SHOT - DAY

He snaps off the radio.

GARY

Well, I'll be damned.

He leans over and picks up the dog biscuit. Looks at it.

GARY
Never known him to turn down chow
before.

(pause)

Cujo?

(pause)

Cujo?

He looks left.

EXT. THE BUSHES AT THE EDGE OF THE DOORYARD - DAY

GARY (O.S.)

Hey, Cujo!

EXT. GARY - DAY

He puts the dog biscuit back into his shirt pocket.

GARY
(a bit uneasy)
Must be the heat.

Turns on the radio again. Finds some loud rock and roll.
Begins singing along.

EXT. THE BUSHES AT THE EDGE OF THE DOORYARD - CLOSER - DAY

BELOW the music, we HEAR a lower, more ominous SOUND:
Cujo GROWLING.

CAMERA MOVES IN. In the tangle of the bushes, we see the
dog's face, savage in the shadows -- the muzzle wrinkled
back, showing all of those big teeth.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY OF THE TRENTON HOUSE - DAY

TITLE CARD: JULY 8.

As the CARD FADES, we see Donna's little blue car turn
into the driveway, which runs uphill. The car is running
rough -- jerking back and forth. There is a LOUD BACKFIRE,
and then the car runs smoothly up to the door.

Donna kills the engine and gets out. She's dressed in
moderately sexy shorts and a halter top. She looks pissed
off.

She goes to the back of the car, uses the key on the hatchback, and hauls out two bags of groceries.

Starts for the back door. Then kicks one of the car's hubcaps.

DONNA

Clean up your act or I'll trade you
for something from Japan!

She starts up the steps to the back door.

INT. THE TRENTON KITCHEN - DAY

Clean as a whistle. There is a note-minder on the refrigerator. In large letters we read: "DONNA - FIRST BOSTON, THEN NEW YORK. LEAVING NEXT MONDAY. TALK TO YOU TONIGHT. VIC"

We see Donna come through the door. She's losing her grip on the grocery bags. She just makes it to the counter and sets them down. A carton of eggs pokes out of one bag.

INT. DONNA AT THE COUNTER - DAY

She sighs with relief. Takes the carton of eggs -- and a split-second later, a pair of hairy, tanned arms slips around her bare midriff and there is an animal growl.

Donna screams and drops the eggs. Splat!

She whirls around.

INT. DONNA AND STEVE KEMP - A NEW ANGLE - DAY

KEMP is the guy we saw playing tennis with Vic during the credits -- the one Donna was looking at. He is big, broad-shouldered, bearded, and handsome in a James Brolin kind of way. He's grinning.

KEMP

Surprise, princess.

DONNA

Get out of here. Now.

KEMP

Hey, don't be that way, princess.
I'm sorry about the eggs, I'll
clean 'em up. Where's your mop?

DONNA

I'll clean up the eggs. Just get
out of here.

KEMP

Hey!

He tries to put a hand on her shoulder and she pushes it away violently...she almost slaps it away. Kemp's face darkens. He doesn't like to be treated this way.

Donna opens the cupboard under the sink, pulls out a bucket and some cleaner.

DONNA

I want you out of here, you son of a bitch.

She turns on the hot water and begins to fill the bucket. Steam rises. She adds a big squirt of soap.

INT. STEVE - DAY

He wanders away, grinning a little. He's decided she's joking. Why not? This is a guy who has always considered himself God's gift to women. He looks at the note-minder on the fridge.

STEVE

Ole handsome hubby's gonna be gone at least a week, from the looks of this. Your bed's gonna get pretty cold.

INT. DONNA AT THE SINK - DAY

The bucket is still filling.

DONNA

You're sure not going to warm it.
It's over! Don't you get it?

She turns off the water and lifts the bucket out of the sink and sets it on the floor beside the broken eggs. Then she looks at him again. She's furious.

INT. STEVE AT THE REFRIGERATOR - DAY

He's wounded...angry...flustered.

STEVE

Donna, what's the matter with you?

INT. DONNA AT THE SINK - DAY

DONNA

No one could reject sensitive,
handsome Steven Kemp, right?
The great furniture refinisher and
part-time poet. Oh, yes, and let's
not forget the novel you've been
working on for the last seven years.

INT. STEVE AT THE REFRIGERATOR - DAY

He's glowering. Takes a step or two toward her.

STEVE

Don't you get on my case, Donna.
It's too goddamn hot.

INT. DONNA AT THE SINK - DAY

She's utterly furious.

DONNA

Me on your case? You were here
when I came in. Now I'm telling
you one more time. Get out.
Fuck off.

INT. STEVE AT THE REFRIGERATOR - DAY

He looks black and thundery. Then he begins to smile again.
He starts toward her. There's something a little scary
about that walk -- it's almost a stalk.

STEVE

You loved it. You begged for more.
Hell, you screamed for more. You --

WHACK! She slaps him. Steve is stunned -- another first.

DONNA

(screaming)

What do I have to do to convince you?
Go be God's gift to some other woman!
GET OUT!

They are standing quite close now. He's still rubbing his
cheek.

STEVE

(soft)

And if I don't? You gonna call
Sheriff Bannerman?

(MORE)

STEVE (Contd.)

"Hi, there, this is Mr. Businessman's wife and the guy I've been screwing won't get out of here?" I don't think you're gonna do that, princess.

Steve reaches for her, grinning and confident again. Donna bends, snatches up the floor bucket...and douses him with soapy, scalding water.

Steve's grin disappears. He screams with pain. His hands go to his face, and he starts backward.

INT. STEVE KEMP'S FEET - CLOSEUP - DAY

He steps into the accidental omelette on the floor and his feet go out from under him.

INT. TWO SHOT - STEVE AND DONNA - DAY

He hits the floor, bellowing with surprise and pain -- he's all suds, soaked clothes, and eggs.

Donna looks down at him for a moment, then steps over him.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as she goes to the wall phone. She takes it out of the cradle.

INT. STEVE - CLOSEUP - DAY

He's rubbing his soapy eyes, half-blind.

STEVE

(panicky)

What are you doing?

INT. DONNA - A CLOSER SHOT - DAY

We see that, although she's dialing, she has the cut-off button of the telephone pressed down.

DONNA

(grimly)

You've got until I get Sheriff Bannerman on the line, Steve, and then I'm going to scream rape so loud they'll hear me in Portsmouth... Hello? Yes, is the sheriff in?

INT. STEVE - DAY

He stumbles to his feet. What a mess! He's humiliated, and his nerve is broken.

STEVE
All right! I'm going!

INT. DONNA AT THE PHONE - DAY

DONNA
No, I'll give my name to the sheriff.
(pause)
Yes, I'll hold.

INT. STEVE - DAY

STEVE
I'm going, I said! Can it.

He crosses to the back door, dripping suds and egg yolks. He steps out and we see him through the window as he goes down the back steps.

INT. DONNA - DAY

She hangs up the phone, runs across the kitchen (avoiding the mess on the floor) and shuts the door. She locks it. Then she looks out the window.

EXT. STEVE KEMP - DONNA'S POV - DAY

He reaches the end of the driveway and turns right.

EXT. STEVE - A NEW ANGLE - DAY

He walks TOWARD THE CAMERA, suds flying from his hair and beard. He's soaking. Eggs on his pants. It's funny; the audience should laugh. But there's nothing funny about his face. He's in a fury.

EXT. STEVE - FROM ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

He reaches a van which has been parked at the curb just up the street; lettered on the side of the van is: "STEVE KEMP FURNITURE STRIPPING AND REFINISHING BACK HARLOW ROAD CASTLE ROCK, MAINE 944-5484."

He gets in and then pulls out, screeching his tires.

EXT. DONNA - LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW - DAY

She's crying. She puts her head down on her arms after a moment.

EXT. STEVE KEMP'S HOUSE AND FURNITURE SHOP

A sign in front of the place repeats the information on the van. There is a small house with a workshop attached. A bureau and a set of chairs stand just inside the open workshop doors.

Steve's van comes wheeling in and skids to a stop. Steve gets out, slams the van's door, and goes to the house. He enters.

INT. STEVE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's a mess -- clothes hung here, there, and everywhere. There's an old TV and posters advertising out-of-date rock shows: Woodstock, the Monterey Pop Festival, the Fillmore, etc.

There's a desk by the window. An old typewriter stands on it. It's surrounded by manuscripts. A guitar leans against the desk.

Through the doorway at the far side of the room, we can see the kitchen. Ditto mess.

Steve enters through a kitchen door.

He comes into the living room. He still looks furious. He crosses to the window and looks out.

STEVE

(mutters)

Cheap-shit-bitch!

He looks to the left, sees the guitar, and picks it up. He strikes a couple of chords, as if to calm himself...and then his face knots with rage again. He suddenly grabs the guitar by the neck, turns, and hits the TV screen with it, as if slugging a baseball.

The TV screen IMPODES. The guitar breaks.

STEVE

(shouts)

YOU CHEAP-SHIT-BITCH!

Throws the broken guitar on the floor. Looks at it. Kicks it. Turns back to the window, breathing hard. Then he looks down at the typewriter.

INT. STEVE - CLOSEUP - DAY

His eyes widen slightly. He's had an idea. He starts to grin -- not a pleasant grin. It bodes ill for someone.

INT. STEVE - A NEW ANGLE - DAY

He sits down at the typewriter and rolls in a sheet of paper. He pauses, looking out the window and thinking. Then he grins again and begins to type.

INT. THE PAPER IN STEVE'S TYPEWRITER - CLOSEUP - DAY

He types, "DEAR MR. BUSINESSMAN," and returns the carriage. He types, "NICE WIFE YOU'VE GOT THERE." Returns the carriage.

EXT. JOE CAMBER'S GARAGE - A HIGH ANGLE - DAY

TITLE CARD: JOE CAMBER'S GARAGE, TOWN ROAD #5

SOUND: A HAMMER striking metal -- a high, musical, bellling sound.

The Camber driveway ends in a large beaten square of bare earth outside of the garage, which is a converted barn. Old-fashioned doors on tracks stand open. Scattered auto parts and disemboweled cars.

JOE CAMBER (V.O.)
Brett! Hev, Brett! Get in here!

BRETT CAMBER (V.O.)
Coming- Daddy! Come on, Cujo!

Cujo barks. A boy of twelve or thirteen -- BRETT -- turns toward the garage. Cujo follows him wagging his tail. They disappear inside.

JOE (V.O.)
Want you to hold this.

EXT. CHARITY CAMBER AT A SECOND-FLOOR WINDOW - UP ANGLE - DAY

It's from CHARITY's POV that we were looking a moment ago. She is looking out the window and down into the dooryard. She is a handsome, if careworn-looking, woman of about forty.

BRETT (V.O.)
Sure, Daddy.

SOUND: HAMMER on a chisel.

INT. JOE AND CHARITY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room is sparse, spare. The double bed has a sway in the middle. It's very much the room of a rural couple who've never been anywhere.

SOUND of hammer on chisel starts again.

Charity goes to the closet and takes her purse down from the shelf. She goes over to the bed and sits down on it. Opens the purse. Rummages. When she can't find what she wants, she grows slightly frantic...then she pulls it out with relief. Relief turns to wonder as she stares down at it.

INT. THE LOTTERY TICKET IN CHARITY'S HAND - DAY

In the center is a computer-generated number: 649.
Below this, in green: "PICK THE DAY'S TRIO AND WIN \$10,000!
MAINE STATE LOTTERY!"

INT. CHARITY - DAY

She holds the lottery ticket in one hand and rummages in her purse with the other. Brings out a newspaper clipping and holds it next to the lottery ticket.

SOUND of the hammer on the chisel continues irregularly.

INT. THE LOTTERY TICKET AND THE CLIPPING - DAY

The clipping has been torn hastily from the newspaper; we see fragments of various stories around it. It's the sort of box many newspapers in states with lotteries run on their front pages: "JULY 7TH'S WINNING TRIO," it says. Below this, in bold-face: "649." The numbers are identical.

INT. CHARITY - DAY

She looks toward the window, her face filled with wonder and awe and a kind of dawning possibility.

CHARITY
(whispers)
Ten...thousand...dollars...

INT. THE GARAGE - WITH JOE AND BRETT - DAY

They're working on a farm truck with the front end jacked up. Brett is kneeling and holding a big chisel. JOE is hitting the top of the chisel with a small sledge hammer.

Joe is about forty-five, skinny, sort of mean-looking. He's wearing a strappy T-shirt. A Pall Mall jitters in one corner of his mouth. A open can of suds stands nearby. He's swinging hard.

The SOUND is much LOUDER.

JOE
Hold it still, Brett! Hold the
sucker still if'n you want to
keep that hand!

Brett tightens his grip on the chisel.

Joe begins to swing the hammer again. Now there's another
SOUND, low. Neither of them hear it. It's Cujo, GROWLING.

INT. CUJO - DAY

He's just inside the barn doors, in the shade. His muzzle
is pulled back from his teeth and he's growling steadily.
His eyes look a bit rheumy. The scratch on his nose is
inflamed.

The SOUND of the hammer hitting the chisel is LOUDER STILL;
enough to drive you crazy.

INT. JOE AND BRETT CAMBER AT THE FARM TRUCK - CUJO'S POV -
DAY

We see them in that narrowed through-the-binoculars FRAME.
Joe Camber has the monstrous head of a bat.

JOE
Hold it...hold the bastard!

INT. CUJO BY THE GARAGE DOORS - DAY

Begins to snarl a little louder. A ribbon of foam runs
out between his teeth on the left side.

INT. JOE AND BRETT - CUJO'S POV - DAY

Both of them have bat-like heads now. The hammer comes
down on the chisel with a ringing, wavering sound.

INT. CUJO - DAY

Gets up and leaves the barn.

INT. JOE AND BRETT - DAY

Joe takes a final whack at the chisel, and the wheel drum
falls off. Joe slings the pony hammer onto his work bench.

JOE
Okay. You c'n go.

Brett gets up, looks toward the door, and frowns.

BRETT
Where's Cujo?

JOE
(drinking beer)
Dunno. Why don't you find 'im and
go fishin' before I find something
else for you to do?

BRETT
Yeah, okay! Thanks, Daddy!

He runs out. Joe drains his beer and looks after him fondly.

JOE
Little son of a bitch!

He crimps the beer can, tosses it aside, and turns back
to the truck.

EXT. CASTLE ROCK - LONG SHOT - SUNSET

We're looking west, so the sunset is pretty spectacular.
The town isn't spectacular, but it's nice -- small-town
America.

TAD TRENTON (O.S.)
Catch, Daddy!

EXT. A FRISBEE IN FLIGHT - SUNSET

THE CAMERA TRACKS IT. It floats into Vic Trenton's hand.
He gives it a gentle toss.

EXT. THE TRENTON DRIVEWAY - SUNSET

Tad, wearing a bathing suit, is standing by the back steps.
Vic, his shirt off, is standing by Donna's small car.
Donna stands next to him. The car's hood is up.

Tad grabs for the Frisbee, misses, then picks it up.

TAD
Daddy, come around back and push
me on the swing!

VIC
In a minute or two. Go on around.

Tad runs off. Vic and Donna watch him fondly. And in the conversation that follows, Donna will be much warmer toward Vic. She had, after all, ended the affair with Steve Kemp.

DONNA

So what's wrong with my car, Coach?

VIC

Needle valve.

The air cleaner is sitting on the edge of the motor compartment. Vic puts it on the carb and begins screwing in the butterfly nut.

DONNA

What's that?

VIC

It controls the flow of gas into the carburetor. If it sticks, no gas gets in there. And without gas, you don't go. It's like a national law, babe.

He finishes tightening the butterfly nut.

DONNA

Can't you fix it?

Vic shuts the car's hood.

VIC

I don't have the tools. Even if I did, I'd probably make things worse instead of better. I'm no mechanic.

EXT. TAD IN THE BACK YARD - SUNSET

There's a swing set here, and Tad is swinging as best he can -- but he's not doing that great. He hasn't really discovered how to "pump" yet."

TAD

(yells)

Daddy! Mommy!

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - WITH VIC AND DONNA - SUNSET

DONNA

So what do I do while you're gone?
I can't use your Jag -- I can't
drive a standard shift.

TAD (V.O.)
Come push me, somebody!

VIC
Coming, Tad! Hold your water!

He puts an arm around Donna's waist, and they start walking toward the corner of the house. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS.

VIC
 Well, you could take it to the dealership. They might give you a loaner or they might not.

DONNA
 (glumly)
 Probably not.

They turn the corner.

EXT. THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE - WITH VIC AND DONNA - SUNSET

VIC
 Why don't you take it out to Camber's Garage?

DONNA
 What...home of the World's Largest Dog?

VIC
 (laughs)
 Yeah. He looked more like a horse than a dog, didn't he?

DONNA
 I just kept thinking, one chomp and bye-bye, Tad.

EXT. THE BACK YARD - SUNSET

Tad is waiting for them impatiently. Vic pulls slightly ahead of Donna and begins to push Tad on the swing.

VIC
 (over his shoulder)
 St. Bernard's don't bite. Especially not kids. They love kids.

DONNA
 (joins him)
 You really think he could fix it?

They're alternating pushes, and Tad is going good now, laughing and having a great time.

VIC
He fixed the Jag, and it was damn reasonable..

DONNA
It's a thousand miles from anywhere.

VIC
He'll do it while you wait, I bet.
And if he can't, he'll loan you
some old junker to run around in
while he does.

DONNA
It's pretty far out, Vic. Maybe
I'll try the dealership first.

VIC
Suit yourself.

EXT. TAD - SUNSET

He swings up INTO THE FRAME, grinning, happy, lit against the sunset.

TAD
Gimme under, Daddy! Gimme under!

EXT. VIC AND DONNA - SUNSET

TAD
Gimme under!

VIC
Should I give him under?

DONNA
(a smiling insinuation here)
Why not? You give the best under of
anyone I know.

VIC
Is that an invitation?

DONNA
Could be, big guy. See me later.

EXT. THE SWINGS - FROM THE FRONT - SUNSET

Tad swings back and Vic pushes him, running forward and right under the swing.

Tad squeals with laughter. Vic walks around to Donna.

EXT. VIC AND DONNA - CLOSE - DAY

Vic is puffing, a little out of breath. He puts his arms around Donna.

VIC
Whatever was wrong...it's all right
now, isn't it?

DONNA
Yes.

VIC
You want to tell me what it was?

DONNA
Maybe someday. Not now.

She hugs him, her face against his chest.

DONNA
Give me some under tonight, okay?

VIC
(bewildered but happy)
My pleasure.

EXT. TAD - SUNSET

He comes up through the air TOWARD THE CAMERA, laughing, happy, exquisite...vulnerable.

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE TRENTON HOUSE - DARK

Lights glow comfortably. NIGHT SOUNDS: crickets, etc.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Donna, wearing a robe over her nightgown, is ironing a few clothes.

INT. TAD'S BEDROOM - WITH TAD AND VIC - NIGHT

Tad is in bed, wearing pajama bottoms, but no top -- it's a warm night. NIGHT SOUNDS filter in the window, which is open but screened. Tad's toy cars are neatly lined up along one wall, as if in diagonal parking places.

Something new has been added to the room; a piece of paper with something like a poem has been scotch-taped to the closet door.

Vic is sitting beside Tad on the bed. Tad is in a brown study.

TAD

I wish you didn't have to go away
next week.

VIC

(ruffles his hair)
I'll be back.

TAD

Yeah, but I can't read! Who's gonna
say the words that keep the monster
in the closet?

Tad is close to tears. Vic hugs him and looks toward the closet.

VIC

Oh, hey...is that all?

INT. THE CLOSET DOOR - VIC'S POV

Now we get a good look at the paper taped here. All of the printing on this sheet has been in large, careful, Palmer-method lettering. The margins of the sheet are decorated with smile stickers.

INT. VIC AND TAD

When Tad sits back, there are tears on his cheeks.

TAD

I need the monster words, Daddy!
I don't want it to get out.

Tad looks at Vic with big round eyes.

TAD

(low)
It had sharp teeth. It was a
bloody monster.

VIC

Well, big guy, I don't really think
there are such things, but I'll ask
your mom to read the Monster Words
to you every night and every naptime
while I'm gone. Okay?

Tad brightens at this...but only conditionally.

TAD
Will she? She doesn't believe in
monsters, either.

VIC
I think she will if I ask her nice,
please-and-thank-you.

TAD
(smiling; relief)
Read them now!

VIC
Okay. If you lie down.

Tad does. Vic crosses to the closet door.

VIC
"The Monster Words. Monsters, stay
out -- "

TAD
"For Tad."

VIC
Huh?

INT. TAD IN BED - NIGHT

The sheet is pulled up to his chin. He's calmed down,
ready to sleep.

TAD
You forgot to say "For Tad."

INT. VIC AT THE CLOSET DOOR - NIGHT

VIC
Oh, yeah. "The Monster Words, For
Tad. Monsters, say out of this room!
No monsters under Tad's bed -- "

INT. TAD IN BED - NIGHT

Calm, at peace. Almost asleep. The parent has found the
proper magic again.

VIC (O.S.)
(continues)
" -- you can't fit under there."

INT. THE HALLWAY - WITH DONNA - NIGHT

She's standing outside Tad's closed door (Sesame Street posters make it clear whose room it is). She's in her nightgown. Her face seems calm enough, but tears are running down her cheeks.

Vic's voice is muffled out here, but audible.

VIC (V.O.)

(continuing)

"No monsters hiding in Tad's closet!
It's too small in there."

EXT. A STREET IN DOWNTOWN CASTLE ROCK - NIGHT

Headlights creep TOWARD THE CAMERA and then slightly PAST. Steve Kemp's van pulls in at the curb. There's some stuff strapped to the roof -- bedding, a bike, a pair of cross-country skis.

VIC (V.O.)

(continuing)

"No monsters outside of Tad's window!"

INT. THE VAN - WITH STEVE - NIGHT

The van is packed with stuff -- ole Steve has quite obviously got on his boogie shoes. We see his typewriter in the passenger seat, surrounded by cartons of manuscripts. Clothes and suitcases in the back. He takes a letter from the dashboard and looks at it with a grim satisfaction.

VIC (V.O.)

(continuing)

"You can't hold on out there."

INT. THE ENVELOPE - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

It's addressed to: "VICTOR 'MR. BUSINESSMAN' TRENTON/AD
WORX/1633 CONGRESS STREET/PORTLAND, MAINE 04101."

VIC (V.O.)

(continuing)

"No vampires, werewolves, or things
that bite."

EXT. THE SIDEWALK BESIDE THE VAN - NIGHT

There's a mailbox in the extreme f.g. Steve ENTERS THE FRAME. He mails the letter.

STEVE

(low)

Little present for you, Mr.
Businessman. Enjoy it.

EXT. THE VAN - A LONGER SHOT - NIGHT

Steve crosses to the driver's side, gets in, and ROARS
away.

EXT. THE CAMBER PLACE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

TITLE CARD: JULY 9

BRETT (V.O.)

Finished the dishes, Ma! Can I go
over to Davey's?

EXT. CUJO ON THE PORCH - DAY

He's sleeping -- but not easily. His legs twitch; he
mutters and groans unhappily.

CHARITY (V.O.)

In a minute. I want to ask you
something.

INT. THE CAMBER KITCHEN - DAY

Like the Camber bedroom, it's sparse and spare...rural.
There's a drainerful of dishes by the sink, and Brett is
just hanging up an apron.

Charity comes into the kitchen.

CHARITY

Brett, when was the last time you
were out of Maine?

BRETT

Well...two years ago, I guess. When
I went down to that car auction in
Portland with Daddy. Why?

CHARITY

Would you like to go down to Connecticut
with me and see your Aunt Holly and
Uncle Jim?

Brett's eyes widen with excitement. Charity sees this and
smiles back, also excited.

BRETT
Sure! Yeah! When?

CHARITY
Next Monday. I talked to Holly last night, and she was so excited she was just about jumping up and down. I haven't seen her in... nine years, almost.

BRETT
What about Dad? Did he say okay?

CHARITY
I haven't spoken to him yet.

Brett's face falls.

BRETT
(cautiously)
Well, he's got a lot of work. And he's counting on me to help him.

CHARITY
I think he'll let us go.

She reaches into her apron pocket and takes something out. It's the lottery ticket.

CHARITY
(looking at it)
I've got a very big surprise for him.

EXT. CUJO ON THE PORCH - DAY

He's SNARLING in his sleep. A thin line of foam runs out of his mouth.

BRETT
(loud, joyous shout)
You won the lottery! YIPPEEE!

Cujo snaps awake. His eyes are redder. That cut looks more inflamed.

SOUND: The screen door BANGS shut. Bret's sneakers THUD on the porch boards. He passes Cujo, shouting and whooping. Cujo's mouth yawns in a snarl. It seems he will bite Brett...and then he doesn't.

BRETT
(loud)
YIPPEEE!

EXT. THE PORCH - A NEW ANGLE - DAY

Charity comes out, smiling, watching Brett. She leans down and pats Cujo without taking her eyes off her son.

EXT. CUJO - CLOSEUP - DAY

He's not snarling, but his muzzle is wrinkled back from his teeth. Charity is patting him, and her hand is oh-so-close to that huge mouth.

CHARITY

Maybe our luck's changed, Cujo.

EXT. BRETT IN THE CAMBER DOORYARD - DAY

Running around, excited.

BRETT

WHOOO-HOOOOO!

EXT. AD WORK IN PORTLAND - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

VIC (V.O.)

You don't understand the problem,
Roger! It isn't just the suit!

INT. VIC'S OFFICE - DAY

A great view of the city and the waterfront -- Vic is on the eighth or ninth floor, which is as high as Portland buildings go.

He's at his desk, on the phone.

VIC

(continuing)

Our problem is that people are
laughing at us over this, good buddy.

The door opens. A SECRETARY comes in with the mail and puts it in Vic's basket.

VIC

(to Secretary)

See if you can get me Chris Spruce.

She makes a circle with her thumb and forefinger and leaves the office. Vic begins to sort through the mail quickly as he talks.

VIC

I'm trying to tell you that we'd better have something on the rebound, or we'll lose the account. And if we lose Sharp Cereals, we might as well apply for Food Stamps.

He pauses in his sorting and looks at:

INT. STEVE KEMP'S LETTER - CLOSEUP - DAY

INT. VIC - AT HIS DESK - DAY

He's listening to Roger -- we hear FAINT SQUAWKS. He turns the letter over, looking for a return address. Of course there is none. He puts the letter down in front of him.

VIC

Okay, I understand that, and we'll talk about it. Right? I will, Roger... best to Cathy, too. Bye.

He hangs up. Looks at the letter and then opens it. Curiosity becomes surprise. Surprise becomes a kind of frozen horror. He sits staring at the letter. The intercom BUZZES again. After a moment he pushes down the toggle switch, his eyes still not leaving the letter.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

I've got Mr. Spruce on the line, Mr. Trenton.

VIC

(automatically)

Tell him I'll have to get back to him. Something's come up.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

When shall I s --

But Vic lets go of the toggle, cutting her off. He looks at the letter some more. Then he grabs it -- almost pounces on it -- and crumples it. Shreds it. Throws it in the wastebasket.

He gets up and goes to the window, his back to us. He grips the heating vent hard. His head is down.

VIC

It was Kemp.

He stands there, head down. Several seconds pass. A low cry comes out of him -- a cry of pain. His shoulders shake. He has begun to weep.

EXT. REVERSE SHOT - VIC THROUGH THE WINDOW - DAY

His head is down. His forehead is against the glass.

EXT. THE CAMBER PLACE - NIGHT

INT. THE CAMBER KITCHEN - NIGHT

The door is open; in some of the SHOTS WHICH FOLLOW, we may be able to see Cujo sleeping against the screen.

Joe Camber is sitting at the kitchen table, the remains of his supper -- burgers and fries -- pushed away from him. Two or three crimped-up beer cans are also pushed away from him. He's working a fresh beer. There's a paper in front of him, and he's looking at it suspiciously. Then he looks up at Charity. She is standing by the stove, looking at him with some apprehension.

JOE

So if you won the lottery, where the fuck's the money?

CHARITY

That claim form is as good as gold. The lottery agent said so.

JOE

When do we see the money?

CHARITY

He said we'd have a check in two weeks.

(pause)

Joe, ain't you happy?

JOE

(unsmiling)

Sure. We c'n use it to pay off the mortgage.

CHARITY

That's fine. All I want out of it is to take Brett down to my sister's for a week. I haven't seen her in so long --

JOE

I got a lot of work here, Charity. A lot of work.

She crosses to him.

CHARITY

Two hundred dollars! That's all it would take to go down there on the Greyhound!

JOE

You want to watch your mouth, Charity. It might just swell up on your, if you don't watch it.

He drinks beer, crimps the can, and goes to the refrigerator for another one. He's baiting her...and enjoying it.

INT. CHARITY - NIGHT

CHARITY

Just two hundred dollars, out of ten thousand.

INT. JOE AT THE REFRIGERATOR - NIGHT

He gets his beer, opens it, and drinks half of it.

JOE

Say please.

INT. CHARITY - NIGHT

She hates him.

CHARITY

(dragging it out)

Please.

INT. JOE - NIGHT

He finishes the beer, crimps the can, and tosses it carelessly on the counter.

JOE

S'pose I say yes. You think I could get my ashes hauled?

INT. CHARITY - NIGHT

Her face knots up in a momentary expression of distaste -- but this is going to get her her trip. She tries to smile.

CHARITY

Sure. Sure, Joe.

INT. JOE AND CHARITY - NIGHT

He crosses the room to her and grabs her hand.

JOE

Come on.

He pulls her through the door. SOUND: Growling.

INT. CUJO - THROUGH THE SCREEN DOOR - NIGHT

Snarling. Muzzle wrinkled back. A bit of foam drips from his jaws.

INT. VIC TRENTON'S STUDY - NIGHT

He's sitting at his desk in a litter of papers (some of it, we see, is Red Razberry Zingers promotional material), but although he's holding a pen, he's not doing any work.

The door opens behind him and Donna comes in. She's wearing a thin nightgown that reveals as much as it hides; a come-and-lay-me gown.

DONNA

Are you coming to bed?

Vic's face is tight with pain and anger and confusion. Donna, behind him, of course doesn't see.

VIC

No. Not now.

She crosses to him and touches his shoulders. She rubs his shoulders and the back of his neck. He closes his eyes, his lips tightening.

DONNA

This damn cereal business...you're like a rock. You --

VIC

How long did you fuck him?

Donna freezes. Guilt and horror on her face.

DONNA

Wh...wh...what?

VIC

Kemp. How long did you fuck him?

Her hands drop. She goes to the window.

INT. DONNA AT THE WINDOW - REVERSE - NIGHT

VIC (O.S.)

How long?

DONNA

Most of the summer. It's over. I guess he was mad enough to send you a little note, huh?

INT. VIC AT HIS DESK - NIGHT

VIC

Why, Donna?

INT. DONNA AT THE WINDOW - NIGHT

DONNA

(crying)

I don't know. It just...it just happened. You were away...at the agency...and it just...just happened.

INT. VIC - NIGHT

He gets up.

VIC

It just happened. And of course it's my fault that it just happened. Is that what you're saying?

INT. TWO SHOT - NIGHT

She turns from the window and walks toward him -- but they stand a space apart.

DONNA

No, that's not what I'm saying. It was like a fever. The fever passed.

VIC

It just happened. Christ! My wife spends the summer screwing a furniture refinisher and then says, "It just happened." Christ!

DONNA

But it did...The question is...what happens now?

VIC
(shakes his head slowly)
I don't know, Donna.

They stand looking at each other. Vic's face suddenly becomes furious. He raises his hand as if to belt her a damned good one. She doesn't flinch.

DONNA
Vic --

She makes as if to close the space between them -- perhaps to hold him. But he brushes by her and leaves the room, closing the door with a slam. Donna begins to sob.

Another fainter door SLAM. SOUND: the REV of the Jag's engine. Headlights splash across the glass of the den window.

Donna sits down in his desk chair, crying, a hand to her face.

DONNA
(crying)
Great. Nice going. Swell. Stupid,
stupid, stupid!

She sweeps the Red Razberry Zingers stuff off Vic's desk and goes on crying.

INT. TAD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tad is asleep, his teddy bear in his arms. THE CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY toward the closet door.

SOUND: Thick growling.

The closet door swings open and we see horrible red eyes in the darkness.

INT. TAD - NIGHT

He starts awake. And stares at:

INT. THE CLOSET - TAD'S POV - NIGHT

Nothing in there now but clothes and toys (and his chair). But we can hear the GROWL, FADING.

INT. TAD - NIGHT

TAD
(whispers)
Monsters stay out of this room...
monsters stay out of my closet...
no room in there...

He watches, terrified, in the night.

EXT. GARY PERVIER'S PLACE - NIGHT

Cigarettes wink from the decayed lawn chairs near the barbecue. We can hear a BELCH, then the SOUND of a beer can being crimped. A cigarette arcs into the road and splashes sparks. Gary cackles.

GARY (O.S.)
Boston? Boston? Guess you gonna
go spend some of that dividend, huh?
You old son-of-a-whore. Boston!

EXT. GARY AND JOE CAMBER - NIGHT

They're both good and drunk. A scuzzy old ice chest full of beer sits on the ground between them. Crimped empties lie on the grass.

Cujo is sleeping by Joe, curled up. Joe grabs a fresh beer, opens it, and drinks.

JOE
Watch out, Gary, or I'll sic my
dog on you!

Gary reaches over and pats Cujo's head, rather roughly. He's drunk.

EXT. CUJO - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

His eyes open at once and he shows his teeth -- but soundlessly.

GARY (O.S.)
You couldn't sic that dog on a kid
in diddies.

EXT. JOE AND GARY - NIGHT

Gary straightens up again.

GARY
What's your wife say about this
great idea of yours?

JOE
(grinning)
She don't know and she don't hafta
know -- she and Brett are goin' down
to Connecticut to see her sister.
Stupid cunt.

GARY
Who -- your wife or your sister-in-law?

Joe reflects on this, briefly and drunkenly.

JOE
Both of 'em.

Gary howls with laughter, delighted. After a moment's
surprise, Joe joins him.

EXT. CUJO - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

SOUND of the men's laughter, MAGNIFIED. Cujo growls, but
LOW. Foam runs out of his mouth. His eyes are reddish.
He gets up and begins to slink away.

EXT. JOE AND GARY - NIGHT

JOE
So what do you say? Booze, broads,
and baseball!

GARY
See the Red Sox an' try to catch a
case of the clap down in the Combat
Zone! I don't give a shit if I do!

They slap hands and roar with laughter.

EXT. THE CAMBER PLACE - DAY

TITLE CARD: JULY 12

As the TITLE CARD FADES, Brett Camber comes out on the
porch. He's carrying a small tartan suitcase and wearing
his "traveling clothes" -- a white shirt and dark pants.
He sets the suitcase down.

A station wagon is pulled up near the porch steps with
the tailgate down.

BRETT

(calls)

Cujo!...Cujo!...Come, boy!

Looks around.

INT. JOE AND CHARITY'S BEDROOM - DAY

A couple of suitcases on the floor by the door. Charity is also in her "best." Joe is wearing the usual -- jeans and a strappy T-shirt. He needs a shave. He lifts up the suitcases, then sets them down again.

JOE

Whoo! What you got in here?

CHARITY

(defensive)

I can't wear the same clothes all week, Joe.

Joe looks at her, half-joking...and half not.

JOE

You ain't fixin' to run away on me, are you?

CHARITY

Course not!

JOE

Cause if you was, I guess I'd just have to go on down there and drag you back by the hair on your head.

She looks at her watch nervously.

CHARITY

Joe...the bus...

JOE

Plenty of time. Hold your water.

He picks up the suitcases again.

JOE

Whoo@ Must be bricks.

EXT. AN OVERTURNED DOG DISH - CLOSEUP - DAY

Food is sprayed all around it -- a lot of food. St. Gernards eat big.

A hand -- Brett's -- turns it over.

EXT. BRETT AT THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE - DAY

This is Cujo's "place." There's a food dish, a water dish, and a big old dog house with his name over the entrance.

Brett is squatting, looking at the dish. Frowning a little. He goes to the dog house and looks in.

INT. BRETT - FROM INSIDE THE DOG HOUSE - DAY

BRETT

Cujo? Cu --

His frown deepens and he reaches inside, BELOW FRAME.

EXT. BRETT AT THE DOG HOUSE - DAY

He's touched the floor of the dog house. Brings his hand out and looks at his fingers.

EXT. BRETT'S FINGERS - CLOSEUP - DAY

A mixture of blood and saliva on them.

EXT. BRETT - DAY

He straightens up, still frowning. He takes a handkerchief from his back pocket and wipes his fingers with it, looking around.

BRETT

Cujo?

He looks toward:

EXT. BRETT - DAY

He looks uncertain and worried. He walks forward and THE CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM. Has he sensed Cujo is in the barn? Perhaps?

BRETT

Cujo? You in there, Cuje?

GROWLING starts -- VERY LOW. Brett stops and cocks his head. He isn't a hundred percent sure he heard that.

BRETT

Cujo?

EXT. THE MOUTH OF THE GARAGE - DAY

It's closer. That GROWLING goes on for a second...and then stops.

EXT. BRETT - DAY

He starts toward the barn-garage again.

INT. JUST INSIDE THE GARAGE - DAY

Cujo is standing in the shadows, looking out. If we say that Cujo before being scratched by the rabid bat was Stage 1, and that Cujo between then and now was Stage 2 (i.e., pre-rabies), he has now reached Stage 3. His coat is muddy, tangled, and matted. His face has grown gaunt and ugly. His eyes are reddish and leaking gummy tears. His muzzle is drawn back and he's foaming at the mouth.

Cujo's rabies have entered the active stage.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE THE GARAGE - DAY

Brett is almost to the barn doors.

BRETT

(uncertain -- scared?)

Cujo?

INT. THE GARAGE - WITH CUJO - DAY

We can see Brett, but Brett can't look into the shadows and see Cujo.

BRETT

Cuje?

Cujo tenses down to spring at the boy.

INT. CUJO'S EYES - CLOSEUP - DAY

Red. Weepy. Utterly mad.

INT./EXT. CUJO AND BRETT - DAY

That through-the-binoculars SHOT again, wavery, IN and OUT OF FOCUS. Cujo leaps at Brett in SLOW MOTION. Brett's head is a bat head.

They fall into the dusty dooryard just outside the garage doors.

EXT. CUJO AND BRETT - CLOSEUP - DAY

Again, we see this in CUJO-VISION. He sinks his teeth into that batlike face and rips it open. Blood gushes.

BRETT (O.S.)

(loud)

CUJO???

INT. CUJO'S EYES - CLOSEUP - DAY

EXT. BRETT OUTSIDE THE GARAGE - DAY

Cujo has, of course, imagined the foregoing.

BRETT

Cujo?

He starts forward again, now only a step from entering the barn-garage.

INT. CUJO - DAY

Ready to spring and kill.

EXT. BRETT - DAY

For a moment he hesitates -- perhaps some interior voice has warned him. Then he starts forward again. As he does:

JOE (V.O.)

Brett! Hey, Brett!

BRETT

(turning)

What, Daddy?

EXT. JOE ON THE PORCH - DAY

He's got a suitcase on either side of him.

JOE

(calls)

Gimme a help with these! Think your ma's got her souvenirs from Portland Cement inside of 'em.

EXT. BRETT - DAY

He's turned around to look at his father, and we see Cujo right behind him, ready to spring.

BRETT

Okay, Dad!

He runs off.

EXT. BRETT AND JOE - DAY

Brett runs up the porch steps and grabs a suitcase. His father picks up the other.

EXT. LOOKING INTO THE GARAGE - DAY

Cujo is gone. The mouth of the garage stands empty.

EXT. THE TRENTON DRIVEWAY - DAY

Vic's old Jaguar is parked behind Donna's small blue car. The Jag's top is down and we see a suitcase on the passenger seat. Vic comes out of the house with a garment bag. A moment later Donna comes out after him and follows him at a distance.

Vic is wearing a nice summerweight suit. He's clean-shaven. All the same, he looks haggard and haunted; Kemp's letter has been a real body blow.

He puts the garment bag in the abck of the car. Turns to Donna. They look at each other. Neither of them say anything; it seems that they have to no way to begin fixing what's wrong...although, if these actors are good, we'll know that they both want to fix it.

Impasse.

Then the back door bangs open and Tad comes out, still wearing his pajamas.

TAD

Daddy, I need another kiss!

VIC

(smiles)

Need it?

TAD

Need it, need, it!

He swings Tad up into his arms and gives the boy what he needs. He shifts him to one arm, holding him on his hip.

TAD

Daddy, do you have to go?

VIC

'Fraid so, Tadder. For a while.

TAD

It's too long...and all because of that shitty cereal!

DONNA

(shocked and amused)

Bad Habit Word, Tad!

VIC

(sets him down)

Yeah. It's also the truth.

TAD

Daddy, you'll call us, won't you?

VIC

Whenever I can.

TAD

Mom said she'd tell me the Monster Words every night.

Vic looks at her gratefully.

VIC

Did you?

Donna manages a strained smile.

DONNA

You bet I did. I don't want the monsters getting out of there while my man's away.

Vic looks at her in a more friendly way...then he looks away again.

VIC

Gotta to.

He crosses in front of the Jag and gets in. Donna follows him, trailed by Tad.

TAD

Will you bring me a toy?

VIC
If you're good.

TAD
I'll be good.

He hooks in front of Donna and kisses his father.

TAD
I'm gonna get dressed! Start being
good right now! Bye, Dad!

He runs up the driveway, up the steps, and into the house.

They watch him, united at least in their amusement at him
and their love for him. Then Donna looks at him, still
smiling, but serious.

DONNA
You'll think about it?

VIC
Yes.

DONNA
I want to try and make it work again...
if you do.

Vic starts the Jag.

She bends toward him hesitantly. He meets her in the same
hesitant way. Their lips barely brush. They look at each
other a moment longer. Tears sparkle in Donna's eyes.

He puts the car in reverse and backs down the driveway.
She stands watching him until he's gone. She looks lonely
and lost. The tears have begun to fall.

TAD (V.O.)
Mom, I can't find my socks!

DONNA
Coming!

She turns and goes back to the house.

EXT. CHARITY - LOOKING THROUGH A BUS WINDOW - DAY

She looks slightly worried. In the b.g., we hear a
LOUDSPEAKER announcing bus departures.

INT. JOE AND BRETT - REVERSE ANGLE - CHARITY'S POV - DAY

We see them through the polarized glass of the bus window.

They are standing by the open bus door. Joe is talking to Brett, but we can't hear what he's saying.

EXT. BY THE BUS DOOR - DAY

Behind Brett and Joe, the driver finishes loading the luggage compartment and closes the door.

JOE
Take care of your ma, boy.

BRETT
I will, Daddy.

JOE
And watch your wallet. Remember,
the fool and his money soon parted.

BRETT
(grins)
I haven't got any to watch. Ma's
got it.

Joe reaches into his pants, brings out a five, and gives it to Brett.

JOE
Well, now you do. Don't spend it
all in one place.

Brett grins and hugs his father. Joe hugs him back for the briefest of moments, then pushes him away.

JOE
Better get on.

EXT. THROUGH THE WINDOW - CHARITY'S POV - DAY

Brett leaves his father and mounts the steps. Joe turns away immediately and starts out of the terminal.

INT. THE AISLE OF THE BUS - WITH BRETT - DAY

He comes TOWARD THE CAMERA.

INT. CHARITY - DAY

She looks relieved -- perhaps she expected Joe to abscond with her son at the last minute out of pure meanness.

Brett joins her, squeezing by to sit at the window. SOUND:
The bus's diesel engine, cranking up.

CHARITY
(smiling)
You excited?

BRETT
(is he!)
And how!

EXT. THE BUS - DAY

Joe is standing in the extreme f.g., FUZZY and OUT OF FOCUS.
The bus pulls out of its dock.

CAMERA RACKS FOCUS TO JOE. He's standing by his station wagon.

JOE
Boston! Fuckin'-A!

Tosses aside his cigarette and gets into the wagon.

EXT. THE PERVIER PLACE - DAY

Lovely country silence...then the screen door BANGS open
and Gary lurches out, wearing just a pair of longjohn bottoms.
They were white once, but that was maybe seventy years ago.
He walks to the edge of the porch and grips his head.

GARY
(bellows)
Fucking hangover!

Staggers down the steps and around the corner of the house.
As he leaves our field of vision, we see him fumbling open
the fly of his longhandles.

SOUND: Gary having a good healthy whizz.

He comes back INTO VIEW, buttoning up. He walks over to the
beer cooler between the rotting chairs and looks inside.
There's one beer floating in a pool of water that was ice
the night before. Gary takes it out, opens it, and drinks
half.

SOUND: GROWLING. LOUD.

Gary hears it. Turns to his left.

EXT. THE BUSHES AT THE EDGE OF THE YARD - GARY'S POV - DAY

The GROWLING continues. We can see nothing, but Cujo's in
there. Somewhere.

EXT. GARY AT THE BARBECUE - DAY

He's still holding thr beer. Looking toward that SOUND.

GARY

Cujo? Cu --

EXT. THE BUSHES - DAY

Cujo bursts out. He looks awful -- fur matted and snarled with burdocks, foam coming out of his mouth.

Once again, the director will pick the shots he likes best. Cujo leaps on Gary and Gary goes down, knocking over the old barbecue. They roll around, Gary barely holding the dog away from his throat.

Gary shoves with all his might and gets to his feet. He's panting.

Cujo stares at him, a low, rumbling GROWL in his throat.

Gary begins to back away slowly, his gaze fixed on Cujo's. Gary's face is scratched, his hands quite badly bitten.

EXT. GARY - DAY

Continues to back away, toward the porch steps, his eyes fixed.

GARY

Don't you move. That's right.
Don't you even fucking think of it.

EXT. CUJO - EXTREME CLOSEUP - DAY

Snarling. Foaming.

EXT. GARY - DAY

He's reached the bottom porch step. He whirls and runs up them.

EXT. CUJO - DAY

Doesn't move. Goes on GROWLING.

INT. GARY - THROUGH THE SCREEN DOOR - DAY

He claws it open and runs inside, gasping for breath. The screen door SLAMS shut.

GARY
Rabid...he's gone rabid...

He runs halfway down the hall and opens a closet door.

INT. GARY IN THE CLOSET - DAY

The closet is a real mess. Gary paws wildly through stuff and finds his shotgun. He breaks it. The chambers are both empty. He puts the gun against the wall beside the closet door and paws in there again. He finally finds a box of shotgun shells.

He opens the box and, after some fumbling, manages to paw out two big shells. He looks at the outside door, still panting.

Grabs up the shotgun and shoves one shell in. Shoves in the other.

INT. THE SCREEN DOOR AND THE PORCH BEYOND - DAY

Cujo busts through the lower panel of the screen with a roar, head down, slaver flying from his jaws. He leaps.

INT. GARY AND CUJO IN THE HALL - DAY

Gary tries to bring the shotgun up. The leaping dog knocks it from his hands.

The dog drives him to the floor. They grapple. Gary is being severely bitten up, but he fights on. One of his hands goes into the dog's mouth. Cujo bites it, hard. Gary screams.

INT. GARY AND CUJO - A CLOSER SHOT - DAY

The dog's muzzle drives under his chin -- Gary screams -- and Cujo rips into his throat.

INT. THE FALLEN SHOTGUN - DAY

Blood splashes on it. Cujo goes on growling.

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - DAY

A Greyhound bus rolls PAST THE CAMERA. On its roll card: BOSTON.

INT. BRETT AND CHASTITY - DAY

They've switched seats. Charity is looking out the window and Brett is on the aisle. The boy has a book, but he's not really reading it.

BRETT

His food dish was turned over.

CHARITY

Hmmm?

BRETT

Cujo. His food dish was turned over, and I thought I heard him growling.

CHARITY

(looks at him)

Cujo growling?

BRETT

I hope he's okay.

CHARITY

If there's anything wrong with him, your father will take care of it.

BRETT

Will he?

CHARITY

(firmly)

Yes. He loves that dog as much as you do. Now read your book.

She looks out the window again. Brett looks at her instead of out the window.

BRETT

Mom, what do you see out there?

She looks at him and smiles.

CHARITY

All the world, I guess. All the world beyond Castle Rock. All that wide world.

He smiles back at her, and she puts an arm around his shoulders.

EXT. THE PERVIER PLACE - DAY

Joe Camber's station wagon pulls into the driveway behind Gary's old Buick.

Joe turns off the car and gets out. He's got a bottle of Cold Duck in one hand and his hat is pushed back on his head. He's already about half shot.

JOE
(shouts)
Hey, Gary! Three B's! Booze,
broads, and baseball!

He grins, expecting Gary to come running -- but Gary's running days are over. After a moment or two his grin fades into a more characteristic expression of sullenness.

He starts toward the porch stairs.

JOE
(mostly to himself)
If you're passed out, you son-of-a-whore, I'm goin' without you.

He stops and looks at the house -- a little uneasily.

EXT. GARY'S PLACE - JOE'S POV - DAY

What only looked ramshackle before now looks almost haunted. The dog, after all, is probably still inside.

EXT. JOE - DAY

He starts forward again.

JOE
Gary, you goddamn tosspot!

EXT. A PIZZA PLACE IN CASTLE ROCK - DAY

One of the cars parked in front is Donna's. The door of the pizza place opens. Donna and Tad come out.

EXT. DONNA AND TAD - CLOSER - DAY

They go to the car. Donna opens the passenger door. Tad gets in. Tad's window is rolled down.

DONNA
How can you even walk? You really stuffed yourself, kiddo!

TAD
(giggling)
So did you!

DONNA
Buckle your belt.

She walks around to the driver's side, opens her door, slides in.

INT. THE CAR - WITH DONNA AND TAD - DAY

Tad struggles with the seat belt. Donna leans over and helps him. Then she puts the key in the ignition.

The small car's hatchback has three full grocery bags in it.

TAD
(a little worried)
Is the car gonna get all weird,
Mommy?

DONNA
I hope not. I'm taking it to the
dealership tomorrow, anyway.

TAD
While I'm in Play Camp?

DONNA
Right?

She starts the car. It idles smoothly.

DONNA
Sounds great to me, Tadder.

EXT. DONNA'S CAR - A LONGER SHOT - DAY

She backs up, turns around, pauses at the edge of the parking lot, and then pulls smoothly out into traffic.

EXT. JOE CAMBER ON GARY'S PORCH - DAY

He's looking at the burst-in screen. He leans down and touches the edges of the broken mesh. Looks at his fingers. There's blood on them.

He tries to peer into the darkened hall.

JOE
Gary? You okay?

No answer. Joe starts to push the screen door open.

EXT. THE TRENTON'S STREET - WITH DONNA'S CAR - DAY

It swings onto the street, which runs uphill, and heads for the house, which we can see.

INT. DONNA AND TAD IN THE CAR - DAY

DONNA

It's -- See? No problem.

The SOUND of the car's engine changes -- grows CHOPPY. It begins to buck and jerk, throwing them back and forth.

TAD

(alarmed)

It's getting all weird! Make it stop!

DONNA

(grimly)

It'll get us there.

INT. THE HATCHBACK - DAY

One of the grocery bags tips over. We HEAR a glass container SHATTER.

DONNA

Oh, SHIT!!

INT. THE FRONT - WITH DONNA AND TAD - DAY

TAD

(almost crying)

Make it stop, Mom! Make it stop!

Tad starts to cry.

DONNA

Oh, Christ!

The bucking and misfiring grows worse.

INT. THE SPEEDOMETER - CLOSE - DAY

Twenty MPH and dropping.

EXT. THE CAR - DAY

Donna starts to steer it onto the soft shoulder. It's still jerking and backing off.

INT. GARY'S FRONT HALL - WITH JOE - DAY

He's moving slowly up the hall from the screen door.

JOE
Gary? Gary? Ga --

INT. THE SHOT GUN - CLOSEUP - DAY

Joe's foot comes INTO THE FRAME and hits it, knocking it against Gary's sprawled leg. It goes off. KA-BOOM! There's a muzzle flash, and a good-sized hole is blown in the hallway wall about two inches off the floor.

INT. THE HALL - DAY

Joe goes sprawling with a frightened cry...and comes face to face with Gary Pervier. There's blood everywhere. Gary's throat has been torn out.

Joe screams.

EXT. DONNA'S CAR.- DAY

She's got it onto the shoulder. It's bucking like mad now.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

They're being jerked back and forth really well now; the car is on the very verge of stalling.

DONNA
(absolute frustration)
Oh, you goddamn rotten thing!

She slams the steering wheel with her fist. There is one final backfire and then the engine smooths out. Donna's expression is one of amazement.

Tad, who has squinched his eyes tightly shut, now opens them again.

EXT. THE CAR - DAY

Picks up speed and begins scooting along the shoulder. Donna pulls it back onto the street.

INT. THE CAR - DAY

TAD

(awed)

You fixed it!

Donna looks at him. Begins to giggle.

DONNA

I fixed it with a Bad Habit Word!

Tad begins to giggle, too.

EXT. THE TRENTON'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

The car turns in and runs smoothly up to the back steps.

INT. GARY'S HALLWAY - WITH JOE AND GARY - DAY

They are more than face to face; you might say they're nose to nose. Joe is frozen with horror. Then he scrambles backward and gets to his feet. He looks around wildly, and then goes down the hall to a swinging door.

INT. THE SWINGING DOOR FROM THE KITCHEN SIDE - DAY

It bangs open and Joe comes through. He's in terror. He looks back, then lets the door swing closed.

He goes to the dirty phone on the wall. A phone book hangs beside it on a piece of hay rope.

Joe looks around the kitchen, which is an incredible mess -- dirty dishes in the sink, the trash overflowing with beer cans and vodka bottles, etc. There's a door in the wall opposite the phone. It leads down cellar...and it's ajar.

Satisfied that whoever killed Gary is not here, Joe goes to the phone and fumbles with the phone book, still trying to look everywhere at once.

EXT. THE TRENTON DRIVEWAY AND BACK STEPS - DAY

We hear the SOUND of the ENGINE; Donna has left it running.

Tad is pulling a red wagon with high sides up to the back steps. There's a bag of groceries in it. Donna is standing at the bottom of the steps, waiting for him.

DONNA

When I get this stuff put away, we're going out to Joe Camber's Garage --

TAD

(excited)

Where they got the great big dog?

DONNA

(smiles)

That's right. And we're gonna get Mom's car fixed.

TAD

Horray!

She shakes her fist at the car. Tad giggles. Donna takes the groceries inside.

INT. GARY'S KITCHEN - WITH JOE

He finally finds the number he wants in Gary's dog-eared (no pun intended) telephone book. He mutters it over and over under his breath as he drops the book and grabs the phone receiver. He starts to dial.

INT. JOE - ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY

From here, we can see behind him. The cellar door begins to swing noiselessly open. Standing there is Cujo, red-eyed and slavering. His coat is now streaked with Gary's blood. He begins to move slowly and silently across the floor toward Joe.

INT. JOE - REVERSE - DAY

We're looking over his shoulder as he dials. From this ANGLE, we can't see Cujo, which probably makes us more nervous than ever.

Joe's shaky fingers betray him and he flubs one of the numbers.

JOE

Shit-fire!

He glances to the left, to the right, sees nothing (should have looked behind you, Joe), and starts dialing again. On the third digit, that GROWLING starts.

Joe freezes. Then he drops the phone and turns. Very, very slowly. His face tells us that he's figured out everything.

The dog, its teeth bared, is less than a foot from Joe.

JOE
(a bare whisper)
Hey, Cujo...C -- Cujo...

INT. CUJO - CLOSEUP - DAY

INT. JOE - UP ANGLE - CUJO'S POV - DAY

Cujo goes on GROWLING. Very, very slowly, Joe begins to move along the wall in the direction of the swinging door.

JOE
(husky with fear)
Good dog...good boy, Cujo...stay...

EXT. THE TRENTON DRIVEWAY - DAY

Donna's car backs down to the road, pauses, backs out and starts away.

INT. FRONT SEAT OF THE CAR - WITH DONNA AND TAD - DAY

TAD
Did that big dog's father say he'd
fix our car, Mom?

Donna looks a bit frustrated at this, the way parents often do when the little kid has thought of something they forgot.

DONNA
Well...I didn't call him. But your
dad says he's always there. Almost
always there.

Tad looks at her apprehensively.

DONNA
Think I ought to call before we
get way out in the boonies?

Tad nods. Donna smiles.

EXT. DONNA'S CAR - DAY

Pulls up to a telephone kiosk on the corner near the edge of town proper. Donna gets out.

INT. GARY'S KITCHEN - WITH JOE AND CUJO - DAY

Joe has almost reached the swinging door.

He's still staring at Cujo, like Frank Buck in the old "Bring 'Em Back Alive" serials. Sweat is running down his face.

JOE

Stay, boy...that's right...stay...

INT. JOE - UP ANGLE - CUJO POV (AND CUJO-VISION) - DAY

JOE

Stay...just stay put...

His voice is much LOUDER. And, just as he reaches the swinging door and puts his back against it, his face turns into the face of a bat -- its mouth open, showing huge teeth.

INT. GARY'S KITCHEN - WITH JOE AND CUJO - DAY

Cujo suddenly springs forward with tremendous velocity. His jaws open...and close on Joe's crotch.

Joe screams. He goes down, pummeling wildly at the dog. They fight.

EXT. THE PHONE KIOSK - MEDIUM SHOT - DAY

Donna puts the phone back in the cradle and returns to the car, which she has left idling. She gets in. The car draws away from the curb and heads out of town.

INT. THE CAR - WITH DONNA AND TAD - DAY

TAD

He was there, huh?

DONNA

I don't know. Somebody's there.

EXT. THE FAR SIDE OF THE CAMBER HOUSE - DAY

We see a broken window.

INT. THE BROKEN WINDOW - REVERSE - DAY

THE CAMERA DRAWS BACK showing us that the Camber living room is quite a mess. It's not devastated -- that we'll see later when Steve Kemp visits the Trenton house again -- but it's pretty bad. The sofa cushions have been tumbled off the couch and chewed.

An end table is knocked over, and the phone was on that end table. The receiver is off the hook.

DONNA (V.O.)

(continuing)

When the phone's busy, that means somebody must be home, right?

TAD (V.O.)

Right!

INT. THE FRONT HALL AT GARY'S PLACE - DAY

We are looking toward the swinging door which gives on the kitchen. The door bumps, moves, but doesn't swing open.

Suddenly Joe Camber SCREAMS -- it's a long, hideous, bubbling scream, suddenly cut off.

A moment later, Cujo noses open the swinging door and comes into the hall. His jaws are dripping blood. A hand falls limply through the gap, and the door closes on it as Cujo passes to CAMERA LEFT and OUT OF FRAME.

CAMERA MOVES IN on Joe's hand. The shirt is chewed and shredded. The hand is mangled; chewed to the bone in some places.

CAMERA MOVES IN TO CLOSEUP. The fingers twitch once. Twice. And are still.

EXT. AN INTERSECTION OF TWO ROADS - DAY

One of these is tar. The other is packed dirt. A leaning sign marks the dirt road as "TOWN ROAD NO. 5." On the other side, a yellow sign which reads "DEAD END."

Donna's car comes up the tar road. It turns onto Town Road #5.

TAD (V.O.)

Mom, you're really smart.

DONNA (V.O.)

Sometimes I think so --

INT. THE CAR - WITH DONNA AND TAD - DAY

DONNA

(continuing)

-- and sometimes I think I'm really dumb.

TAD
(unbelieving)
What did you ever do that was dumb?

DONNA
I forgot an old Spanish saying.
She looks to the left.

EXT. THE PERVIER PLACE - MOVING SHOT - DONNA'S POV - DAY
We see Gary's big old Buick and Joe's wagon parked behind it.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

TAD
What saying, Mom?

DONNA
"God says, 'Take what you want...
and pay for it.'"

TAD
I don't get --

DONNA
(points)
Look! There's Cambers'!

Tad cranes to see.

INT. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - DONNA AND TAD'S POV - DAY
Yes, it's Cambers' and getting closer.

EXT. THE DOOR OF A GREYHOUND BUS - CLOSEUP - DAY

We're in the loading area of a bus terminal -- we can HEAR the amplified VOICE of the dispatcher announcing arrivals and departures.

The bus door HISSES open. People disembark. After a few moments Charity and Brett get off. They look around.

EXT. THE BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Lots of Greyhounds pulled into lots of docks. Lots of people.

EXT. CHARITY AND BRETT - DAY

She's craning around, looking for her sister.

BRETT

You see her?

CHARITY

She's probably in the coffee shop.

She --

HOLLY (O.S.)

Charity? Charity?

Charity's eyes light up.

CHARITY

Holly! There they are, Brett!

EXT. BY THE TERMINAL DOORS - DAY

Here's a young, smart-looking WOMAN with two kids in tow -- a little girl of about two in a stroller and a little boy of about seven.

Charity runs to her and they embrace, laughing and crying.

EXT. BRETT - DAY

He's standing a distance off, hands in his pockets. He's smiling -- happy because his mother is happy -- but also a little diffident. It's a strange situation. He walks toward them.

EXT. HOLLY, CHARITY, HOLLY'S KIDS, BRETT - DAY

Brett stands near his mother. She ignores him for the moment, all her attention on her sister. It's been a long time since these two have been together. But Holly's little boy, JIM, is sizing him up.

CHARITY (together)

You look just the same!
And this must be Lucy...
she's so big! And Jim?
Oh, Holly, I'm so glad!

HOLLY

-- you won the Lottery,
I can't believe it, none
of us Martins were ever
lucky, and Brett, my God,
Charity, he's so tall --

They embrace again.

Brett is a lot bigger, but Jim sizes him up without fear.

JIM

You're my cousin Brett.

BRETT

Yeah.

JIM
I'm Jim Junior. You're twelve.

BRETT
(grins)
You got that one right, too.

JIM
I was seven in June.

BRETT
Oh yeah?

JIM
Yeah! But I can beat you up.
Ka-Whud!

He hits the unsuspecting Brett a damned good one in the gut.
Brett doubles over.

EXT. HOLLY AND CHARITY - DAY

They see what's happened. Charity looks a bit amused; Holly is horrified.

HOLLY
James Stanton Junior!

She goes to the boys; THE CAMERA FOLLOWS.

BRETT
(straightens up,
grinning)
It's okay, Aunt Holly.
(to Jim)
You got a heck of a right, kid!

Holly relaxes a little. Charity joins them. They stand together for a moment...and then Holly embraces her sister again.

HOLLY
(starting to cry)
Oh, Charity, I'm so glad you could
come!

Charity hugs her back, also starting to cry.

EXT. BRETT AND JIM - DAY

JIM
(looking at the women)
Weird.

Brett cracks up.

EXT. AN OUTDOOR THERMOMETER - EXTREME CLOSEUP - DAY

The mercury stands at 87°. In the b.g., we can see something moving. SOUND: A car ENGINE.

THE CAMERA RACKS FOCUS to the car -- Donna's. And suddenly the engine SOUND grows CHOPPY. We see the car start to jerk as it approaches the Camber driveway.

INT. THE CAR - WITH DONNA AND TAD - DAY

The car is bucking hard this time; Donna and Tad are being thrown around some. Donna looks angry and determined; Tad looks a little scared.

TAD
Mommy, make it quit it!

INT. THE CAMBER HOUSE - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - DONNA'S POV

They are very close to it. No more than fifty yards away.

DONNA (V.O.)
Almost there, big guy.

INT. DONNA AND TAD IN THE CAR - DAY

DONNA
(continuing)
We're gonna make it.

The car jerks and bucks hard enough to lock their seat belts.

TAD
(yells)
Fix it with a Bad Habit Word, Mommy!
Like before!

DONNA
(hitting the wheel)
GO, you little shitbox!

EXT. FROM THE CAMBERS' MAILBOX - DAY

The little car backfires again, and then the engine starts to smooth out as it eats up that last fifty yards. We can see a package hanging from the flag of the Cambers' mailbox.

TAD (V.O.)
(shrill with excitement)
That's right! Go, you little SHITBOX!

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

She's trying not to laugh at this, but having problems trying to seem parental.

DONNA

Tad!

TAD

But it fixes it, Mom!

DONNA

(grins)

Oh yeah?

The car has started again. Jerk, backfire, wham-bam, thank you, ma'am.

TAD

Oh, Jeez!

DONNA

Never mind. We're here.

She turns into the driveway.

EXT. THE CAR - DAY

The car, jerking and bellowing, turns into the Cambers' driveway. To the left, steps lead up to the Camber's porch (a latticed skirt at the bottom of the porch).

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

She shifts into "park." The engine is gasping now -- failing. She looks at:

INT. THE DASHBOARD INSTRUMENTS - DONNA'S POV - DAY

The AMP and OIL idiot lights flicker as the engine roughens... and then they glow bright and steady as the motor chokes and stalls.

Donna's hand ENTERS THE FRAME and turns off the key.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

Tad is looking at her anxiously, waiting for her reaction.

DONNA

(mock solemnity)

Tad, old buddy, we have arrived.

TAD
Yeah...but is anybody home?

EXT. THE CAR - MEDIUM DISTANCE - CUJO'S POV (CUJO-VISION) - DAY

By now, just this announcement that he's there and watching them should make us very nervous.

EXT. THE FIELD BESIDE AND BEYOND THE GARAGE - DAY

We can see Cujo in the tall timothy and hay...just barely. He's growling, LOW.

INT. THE CAR - WITH TAD AND DONNA - DAY

(N.B.: His window rolled down; hers is up.)

Donna now looks a little uneasy. Nothing is moving around here. There's an old pick-up truck parked near the barn-garage, but that's all.

DONNA
The phone was busy.

TAD
There was a package on the mailbox.
If they were here, why didn't they
get their mail?

Donna looks startled and turns in her bucket seat.

INT. LOOKING BACK UP THE DRIVEWAY - DONNA'S POV - DAY

The package is there, hanging on the flag.

INT. THE CAR - DONNA AND TAD - DAY

She looks left.

EXT. THE CAMBER HOUSE - DONNA'S POV - DAY

It looks deserted, but in order (the broken window is on the other side, remember).

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

DONNA
Well, let's go see, anyhow.

She opens her door. Tad is fumbling with his seat belt.

TAD
Mommy, I can't get it!

DONNA
(exasperated)
Well, don't have a hemorrhage, Tad --

EXT. THE CAR - CUJO'S POV (CUJO-VISION) - DAY

Donna is turned the other way at first, looking at Tad, and Cujo/THE CAMERA MOVES FORWARD. When she speaks, her VOICE is THUNDERINGLY LOUD. And when she turns, she of course looks like a bat.

DONNA
(continuing)
-- I'll come around and let you out.

She gets out, closes her door, and starts around the car.

EXT. DONNA - DAY

She reaches in the driver's side front...and then hears GROWLING. She turns in that direction and sees:

EXT. CUJO - DAY

He's come out of the woods and is standing at the edge of the dooryard -- bloody, awful, drooling foam.

EXT. DONNA - DAY

Mesmerized with horror.

EXT. CUJO - DAY

Snarls...and suddenly with a roar, he charges at her.

EXT. DONNA - DAY

She runs for her door.

INT. TAD - DAY

Tad
(screams)
Mummy!!

INT./EXT. DONNA AND CUJO - TAD'S POV - DAY

The dog runs across the dooryard area, closing the distance. Donna reaches the door and yanks it open. She turns her head --

EXT. DONNA - CLOSEUP - DAY

Her eyes widen with terror.

EXT. CUJO - CLOSER - DAY

Coming right at her.

INT. THE CAR - DAY

Donna falls back into the bucket seat. Swings her legs in. Tad screams. She yanks the door shut. A moment later there's a heavy THUD as Cujo hits the closed door. The car rocks a bit on its springs.

Tad screams again. Donna turns toward him -- and WHUMP! Cujo comes up like a Jack-in-the-box and hits the window.

INT. CUJO THROUGH DONNA'S SIDE WINDOW - CLOSEUP - DAY

This close, he's worse than ever. SOUND of his BARKS is only SLIGHTLY MUTED. He slobbers across the glass.

Tad screams again.

Cujo's face drops from VIEW.

INT. THE CAR - WITH DONNA AND TAD - DAY

Tad is in utter terror. Donna reaches awkwardly over to him and puts an arm around him.

TAD

Make it go away, Mommy! Make it go away!

DONNA

(shaky)

Shh, Tad. Shhh. It's okay. It --

INT./EXT. LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - DONNA'S POV - DAY

We see Cujo's tail -- and perhaps his back, if he's big enough -- crossing the front of the car, to Tad's side.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

Donna's eyes widen. She looks to the right at:

INT./EXT. TAD'S WINDOW - DONNA'S POV - DAY

Open.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

DONNA

No!

TAD

Mommy, what's wrong? What's wrong?

She jackknives across him and begins cranking his window up for dear life.

She's got it three-quarters up when Cujo jumps into the gap, snapping and snarling.

Tad screams. Donna goes on cranking, her face knotted with effort. Cujo's muzzle is inside. His barks are deafening. Drool and foam run on Donna's hands. She struggles to roll the window up; Cujo struggles to push it down.

At last, Donna begins to win. Cujo pulls back. The window thumps home. The dog disappears below our sightline.

Donna collapses for a minute on Tad's leg, sobbing with fear and panting with exertion.

TAD

(crying)

Mommy, I don't want to be here!

DONNA

(sits up)

It's okay, hon. It's okay now.
All the windows are shut now. The
bad dog can't get in. He --

INT./EXT. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - DAY

Cujo leaps onto the hood of the car and runs straight AT THE CAMERA. He thuds against the glass, leaving a smear of blood and foam.

Tad screams.

INT. THE CAR - WITH DONNA AND TAD - DAY

Cujo slams into the windshield again and again. Tad screams, his mouth open, his eyes huge. The dog has no chance of breaking through; he can get no real force behind his lunges at the windshield. He's scaring the bejesus out of Tad, though.

DONNA

It can't get in! Do you hear me,
Tad? IT CAN'T GET THROUGH THE GLASS!

TAD

Make it go away! Make it go away!
Make it go away!

DONNA

Hug me tight, Tadder, and don't look.

She hugs him, leaning over toward his bucket, and Tad buries his face in her bosom. She looks at Cujo.

EXT. CUJO ON THE HOOD - DAY

He gives up the lunges and just stands there, looking in at them and GROWLING.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

Still holding Tad with one hand, Donna uses the other to BLOW THE HORN.

EXT. CUJO - CLOSEUP - DAY

CAR HORN, AMPLIFIED. He jerks back, loses his balance and falls off the car.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

DONNA

(triumphantly)

Don't like that much, do you?
Hurt your ears, didn't it? Get
out of here!

TAD

Mommy, I want to go home. Let's
go home, okay?

INT./EXT. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - DONNA'S POV

Cujo walks halfway across the dooryard and then sits down... watching.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

TAD
Please, Mommy!

DONNA
I'm with you, kid.

She turns the ignition key. The engine cranks...and cranks...and cranks. It doesn't catch.

EXT. CUJO - CLOSEUP - DAY

He sits, crazy, dangerous...and patient. SOUND: Engine cranking.

EXT. THE CAR - CUJO'S POV (CUJO-VISION) - DAY

The CRANKING SOUND is AMPLIFIED. The picture WAVERS and BLURS.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

She lets go of the key.

DONNA
Hon, we can't go just yet. The car --

TAD
Yes! Now! Right now!

Donna is working to keep her temper.

DONNA
Tad. Listen to me. The car won't start now. When the engine cools off, we can leave. I think.

TAD
(whispers)
I don't like the big dog anymore.

DONNA
Neither do I, Tadder. Neither do I.

EXT. THE DOORYARD - A WIDE SHOT - DAY

The car stands in the beating sun. Twelve yards from it, Cujo sits in the beating sun, watching it.

EXT. THE TRENTON HOUSE - DAY

Faintly, we hear a PHONE RINGING.

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

PHONE IS LOUDER. We see the note-minder on the refrigerator. Printed there is this message: "TAD & I HAVE GONE OUT TO JOE CAMBER'S GARAGE WITH MY CAR. BACK SOON."

The PHONE RINGS. And RINGS. And RINGS.

INT. AN OFFICE - DAY

Vic is on the phone, listening to that unanswered ringing. Behind him are two big windows, showing a city skyline -- Boston.

The door opens. ROGER, a pudgy fellow of about 45, comes in. Roger is wearing jeans and a T-shirt that says "DISCO SUCKS."

Vic puts the phone down.

VIC

I guess they went out shopping.

ROGER

We've got the kinescopes of the Zingers commercials set up in the projection room, if you want to look at them.

VIC

(sighs)

I don't...but I guess I better.

Roger laughs. Vic comes around the desk and joins him.

ROGER

Cheer up, baby. Things could be worse.

VIC

Oh yeah? How?

And as if in answer to his question:

EXT. THE CAMBER DCORYARD - WITH DONNA'S CAR - TWILIGHT

The car is little more than a shape. SOUND: Crickets. We don't see Cujo.

INT. THE CAR - WITH DONNA AND TAD - LATE TWILIGHT

Donna has unbuttoned her blouse to below the bra. Tad has unbuttoned his shirt all the way. Both of them are sweating. Tad looks very white in the gloom, and there are dark circles under his eyes.

TAD

Isn't the engine cool yet, Mommy?
I want to go home.

Donna looks at him, and then at the ignition key in the slot. She reaches for it...touches it...and draw her hand back. Then she looks at Tad again, and that decides her.

DONNA

I guess it's as cool as it's ever
going to be. Let's try.

She turns the ignition key, her face tense. The engine cranks...cranks...cranks...

DONNA

Come on, come on, come on...

TAD

(shouts)

SHITBOX!

EXT. THE CAR - LATE TWILIGHT

The engine ROARS into life.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - LATE TWILIGHT

Donna is jubilant and relieved; Tad is ecstatic.

TAD

Yayvvvvv!

Donna looks through the windshield and sees:

INT./EXT. THE GARAGE - DONNA'S POV - LATE TWILIGHT

Cujo comes out of the garage and looks AT THE CAMERA.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - LATE TWILIGHT

DONNA

(at Cujo)

Bye-bye.

She shoots him the finger and then drops the transmission into reverse.

EXT. DONNA'S CAR - FROM THE HEAD OF THE DRIVEWAY - LATE TWILIGHT

It backs up a bit. Then it backfires. The engine coughs... and stalls.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - LATE TWILIGHT

DONNA
(dismayed)
Oh, Christ!

As she begins to grind the ignition, Tad begins to cry.

DONNA
(snaps)
Stop it, Tad!

EXT. THE DOORYARD - WITH CUJO - LATE TWILIGHT

He stands there as the SOUND of the cranking ENGINE continues... and then he sits down in his former place and just watches. It's as if he knows they aren't going anywhere.

EXT. THE CAR - FROM THE FRONT - LATE TWILIGHT

The ignition is picking up a definite lag. The battery is starting to run down.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - LATE TWILIGHT

Donna realizes what's happening and stops. She leans back and closes her eyes.

TAD
Mommy, are you all right?

She opens her eyes, looks at him, and then helps him over the divider between the two bucket seats and into her lap. He hugs her hard.

DONNA
Yes. And we're safe. The dog can't get in. And the car will go after a while. Wait and see.

TAD
He can't...you know...like eat his way in, can he?

DONNA

No way, Jose.

Tad looks out at Cujo. Donna follows his gaze.

TAD

I hate him. I wish he'd die.

DONNA

Yes. Me too.

EXT. CUJO - EXTREME CLOSEUP - LATE TWILIGHT

Patient. Dreadful.

INT. DONNA - CLOSEUP - LATE TWILIGHT

She looks to her left.

INT./EXT. THE CAMBER PORCH - DONNA'S POV - LATE TWILIGHT

INT. DONNA AND TAD - LATE TWILIGHT

DONNA

(murmurs)

If they left that porch door unlocked...

TAD

(sleepy now)

What, Mommy?

DONNA

(thoughtful)

Nothing. Your father says --

EXT. THE PORCH DOOR - LATE TWILIGHT

This one leads into the kitchen.

DONNA (V.O.)

(continuing)

-- people in the country always leave
their doors unlocked. I wonder if
that's true. What do you think, Tad?

INT. DONNA AND TAD - LATE TWILIGHT

Tad has gone to sleep. Donna works him back into his own
seat. Then she looks out through the windshield.

EXT. CUJO - DONNA'S POV - LATE TWILIGHT

Just sitting there, looking back AT THE CAMERA.

DONNA (O.S.)

I was the best runner on the girls track team in school, and if you were to go in that barn... again, I think I could beat you to the porch door.

She's looking through the windshield, looking at Cujo, talking to him.

DONNA

But what if the door was locked?

She looks out the side window again.

EXT. THE PORCH DOOR - LATE TWILIGHT

DONNA (O.S.)

(low voice)

Locked or unlocked?

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and Vic comes in, carrying a briefcase and looking whipped. He sets down the briefcase, takes off his suitcoat and tie, goes to the phone.

Picks up the headset, looks at it, and then puts it back. Runs his hands through his hair and tries to shake off his black mood.

He crosses to the bathroom, goes in, and shuts the door.

SOUND: The shower coming on.

EXT. THE CAMBER DOORYARD - NIGHT

The car is just a darkened hulk. NIGHT SOUNDS. We don't see Cujo around.

TAD (V.O.)

Mommy?

INT. DONNA - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

She's asleep. Her eyes are moving behind her closed lids. Dreaming.

TAD (O.S.)
 Mom?...Mommy?...Mommy!

Her eyes fly open and she looks wildly at him.

DONNA
 What? Is it the dog?

INT. TAD - NIGHT

TAD
 No, but Mommy, I have to go to the
 bathroom.

EXT. DONNA AND TAD - THROUGH DONNA'S WINDOW - NIGHT

TAD
 I gotta go real bad, Mom. Can I
 go inside and use theirs?

DONNA
 Not...not right now, honey.

TAD
 (anguish)
 But I really hafta go!

During this, THE CAMERA MOVES DOWN. We see Donna's door,
 slightly dented by Cujo's original charge. FURTHER DOWN.
 We're looking under the car now. And Cujo is there. Waiting.

DONNA (O.S.)
 Here.

TAD (O.S.)
 But that's my play school thermos!

DONNA (O.S.)
 (sharp)
 That's all there is!

SOUND: Urine hitting the thermos.

EXT. THE CAMBER DOORYARD - A NEW ANGLE - NIGHT

DONNA (O.S.)
 Try to go to sleep, Tad.

INT. JIM AND HOLLY MARTIN'S REC ROOM - NIGHT

Nice place. Shelves of board games; a big Sony with a video
 recorder attached; books; Danish modern furniture.

There's a funky Mickey Mouse phone on one of the shelves. Brett is listening to it. As Charity comes into the room, he hangs up slowly.

CHARITY
Nobody home?

BRETT
Busy.

CHARITY
Still worried about Cujo?

BRETT
A little.

CHARITY
Well, you know your dad's there anyway. I thought that he and Gary might go off on a trip of their own.

BRETT
To buy cars.

CHARITY
(with a cynicism that goes over Brett's head)
Oh, well. To buy something-or-other. You'll get him tomorrow.

BRETT
Okay.

CHARITY
Are you glad we came?

BRETT
Yes.

CHARITY
I'm glad.

During this exchange they've been walking toward the door. Now Charity turns out the rec room lights and they leave.

EXT. DONNA'S CAR - NIGHT

The driver's door opens. Donna gets out. She stands there for a moment, looking around.

EXT. THE CAMBER DOORYARD - NIGHT

THE CAMERA PANS the dooryard. No sign of Cujo.

EXT. DONNA - NIGHT

She closes the door, crosses to the porch, climbs the steps.

EXT. DONNA - A CLOSER ANGLE - NIGHT

She reaches the porch door. Tries the knob. It won't budge.

TAD (V.O.)

Mommy? Mommy?

She turns. Her face fills with horror.

EXT. THE PORCH - WITH TAD - NIGHT

He's bloody and there are bite marks on his face and hands. His clothes have been chewed. One eye is a black socket.

TAD

You left me and the dog got me. It got me, Mommy...and I'm dead. CUJO!

The dog leaps up from below the porch at his call.

EXT. DONNA AND CUJO - NIGHT

The dog hits her, bears her down.

INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

She sits up with a sudden, hissing gasp. She looks to her right.

INT. TAD IN THE PASSENGER SEAT - NIGHT

Sleeping. His thumb in his mouth.

She relaxes. It's all right. For now. It was only a dream. This time.

SOUND: Soft, scuffling. Claws on glass.

Her eyes widen slowly. Reluctantly, Donna looks to her left. There is Cujo, perhaps only three inches from her. His face fills the window. They are separated only by the glass.

Suddenly, startingly, Cujo bares his teeth and begins to BARK AND SNAP at her.

It startles her (and hopefully it will startle us, as well). She draws back for a moment. Looks right.

INT. TAD - DONNA'S POV - NIGHT

Still sleeping, but uneasily now. The dog's barking is waking him up.

INT. DONNA - NIGHT

DONNA

(hisses)

Get out. You hear me? Get...
out.

They face each other. Cujo begins to GROWL deep in his throat.

DONNA

(soft)

I'm going to get out of this. And
when I do, I'm going to kill you.

EXT. THE DOORYARD - A LONG ANGLE - NIGHT

Cujo is standing on his rear paws and looking into the car. He gets down, turns, and pads toward the barn-garage.

INT. DONNA - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

She lies back in her seat, eyes closed. Tears are seeping out from under her lids and tracking down her face.

DONNA

Going to kill you, you son of a
bitch. Going to do it myself.

EXT. A SKYSCRAPER - LOOKING SKYWARD - DAY

TITLE CARD: JULY 13th

ROGER (V.O.)

Do you really think we can pull it
off. I mean, an ad that's also an
admission of wrong?

INT. A SCREENING ROOM - WITH VIC AND ROGER - DAY

Both men are in their shirt sleeves, their ties loosened. Roger is smoking. The ashtray in the arm of his chair overflows with cigarette butts.

Vic is looking at the screen...or maybe through it.

ROGER
(continuing)
I mean, has anything like that ever
been done before?

Vic doesn't reply. After a moment, Roger snaps his fingers
in front of Vic's face.

ROGER
Earth to Vic...Earth to Vic...

VIC
Sorry.

ROGER
Is it...CONSTIPATION?

VIC
(smiles wanly)
No, it's my wife. I can't get her
on the phone.

ROGER
So? That'd make me the happiest
man on earth.

VIC
She wasn't there when I tried her
at seven this morning.

ROGER
So? Maybe she got the willies.
Decided to spend the night with a
friend.

INT. VIC - CLOSEUP - DAY

VIC
Yeah. A friend.

EXT. A TENNIS COURT - DAY

Steve Kemp, looking more like James Brolin than ever in
tennis whites, returns a hot smash. Behind him, Donna is
looking on.

INT. THE SCREENING ROOM - WITH VIC AND ROGER - DAY

ROGER
Vic? You there?

VIC
Nothing. Yeah, I think the ad will work.

ROGER
And if we can sell old man Sharp on it.

VIC
Yeah. That too. Let's look at the ads again.

ROGER
(shouts)
Okay, Brian! Roll it!

The lights go off. A projection beam stabs through the smoky dark.

INT. THE SCREEN - DAY/DARK

We see dancing, animated boxes of Red Razberry Zingers.

ROGER
Let's send it all to fucking Russia.

EXT. AN OUTDOOR THERMOMETER (SAME AS BEFORE) - DAY

The mercury stands at 90°.

TAD (O.S.)
Mommy, I'm hot.

DONNA (O.S.)
I know, hon.

TAD (O.S.)
And thirsty.

INT. THE CAR - WITH DONNA AND TAD - DAY

Her blouse is now unbuttoned down the front. Tad has taken off his shirt. He looks paler, more tired this morning. Both are sweating. She unrolls her window a little way.

TAD
Can't you put it down any more?

DONNA
I'm afraid to, hon.

Tad gets up on his knees and looks out through the windshield.

INT./EXT. THE DOORYARD AND GARAGE - TAD'S POV - DAY

TAD (O.S.)

I don't see him, Mommy. Maybe you
could get inside now.

INT. THE CAR - WITH DONNA AND TAD - DAY

DONNA

I told you, Tad. There's no sense
in taking a chance. The mailman will
be here in a while.

EXT. THE CAMBER MAILBOX WITH THE PACKAGE - DAY

We see that the package hooked to the flag is from J.C.
Whitney. Stamped on it is "AUTO PARTS/PLEASE RUSH!"

TAD (O.S.)

Maybe he won't have any mail for them.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

DONNA

He'll still have to come and see if
the flag's up. Listen to me, Tad:
I know you're hot and hungry and
thirsty. I know that the house looks
very close. But that dog...it's sick.
I think maybe it has a disease called
rabies, and that's just about the
worst sickness an animal can have.
It's better that we wait.

TAD

Okay, Mommy.

DONNA

You're a love.

She hugs him briefly. When she lets him go, Tad reaches
into his back pocket and brings out a folded paper. As he
unfolds it, we see the smile decals on the borders. The
Monster Words.

TAD

Would you read these to me, Mom?

DONNA

Sure.

He gives her the paper.

DONNA
 "The Monster Words. Monsters,
 stay out -- "

TAD
 For Tad.

DONNA
 What?

TAD
 You forgot to say "For Tad."

DONNA
 (smiles)
 Oh. Okay. "The Monster Words.
For Tad. Monsters, stay out of
 this room! No monsters under Tad's
 bed. You can't fit under there.
 No...no..."

Donna's voice is wavering toward tears. She looks up at Tad now.

INT. TAD - CLOSEUP - DAY

His sweaty skin is too white. There are purple pouches under his eyes. He looks tired and unwell.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

A tear spills down her cheek.

DONNA
 Christ, what are we doing here? Why
 doesn't somebody come?

TAD
 (alarmed)
 Mom? Mommy?

She turns the ignition key. The engine begins to crank, but in a slow, draggy fashion.

EXT. THE MOUTH OF THE GARAGE - DAY

Cujo comes into the doorway, drawn by the SOUND of the engine. He looks worse this morning. He stands motionless, watching.

EXT. THE CAR - DAY

The starter grinds slower and slower. It sounds like a record that's running down.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

She turns off the key. More tears are running down her cheeks. Looks through the window.

INT./EXT. CUJO - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - DONNA'S POV - DAY

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

DONNA
(weeping, furious)
You fucking dog!

TAD
(anxious)
Don't, Mommy...don't. Don't cry.

He hugs her. She hugs him back.

DONNA
Okay. I'm okay, Tad. I just...I
can't believe this is happening.

TAD
Why don't you do S.O.S. on the horn
again?

DONNA
I think we better save the battery,
big guy. God knows why.

She's got control of herself again now. She wipes away
the tears.

DONNA
We'll wait for the mailman.

TAD
Can I have a Dr. Pepper when we get
home, Mommy?

She laughs and ruffles his hair.

DONNA
All you can drink, Tadder. I promise.

INT./EXT. LOOKING OUT INTO THE TRENTONS' DRIVEWAY - DAY

A van cruises up to the door and stops. Steve Kemp's van.
Kemp gets out and approaches the door in a way that is
hesitant, furtive and definitely wrong-O.

EXT. KEMP - ON THE BACK STEPS - DAY

He knocks. Waits. Knocks again. Tries the door and finds it open.

INT. KEMP - LEANING INTO THE KITCHEN - DAY

KEMP

(calls)

Anybody home?

INT. A HAMBURGER PLACE IN BOSTON - WITH VIC AND ROGER

They're sitting at a table, munching burgers. A pitcher of beer stands between them.

ROGER

So what now?

VIC

Going on down to New York, I guess. I've got to go after old man Sharp sooner or later. Might as well be sooner.

ROGER

You got the balls of a tiger, good buddy, going down there to sell a commercial spot that says, "Sorry, America! We fucked up!" He'll probably wheel in the guillotine.

VIC

He probably will.

ROGER

(raising his glass)

Here's to close shaves.

VIC

Amen.

They clink glasses. Look at each other. And burst out laughing.

INT. THE TRENTON KITCHEN - WITH STEVE KEMP - DAY

He stands looking around. The message on the note-minder on the refrigerator catches his eye. He reads it.

KEMP
 (smiling a little)
 Anybody home? Any princesses? Any
 Mr. Businessmen? Any little piggies?

He goes into the living room.

INT. THE TRENTON LIVING ROOM - WITH KEMP - DAY

He corsses to the center of the room. There is a conversa-
 tion area here -- a couch and two chairs arranged around a
 glass-topped coffee table. There are delicate porcelain
 figures on the coffee table.

Kemp picks one up and holds it between his fingers over
 the hardwood floor. A kind of crazy light has come into
 his eyes.

KEMP
 (grinning)
Allee -- allee-in-free!

He drops the porcelain figure.

INT. THE HARDWOOD FLOOR AND KEMP'S FEET - DAY

It explodes like a bomb.

EXT. THE JUNCTION OF TOWN ROAD #5 - DAY

A mail truck swings onto Town Road #5 -- the one Donna has
 been waiting for.

GEORGE MEARA (V.O.)
 (sings)
 "Well, this is Number One,
 And the fun has just begun,
 Roll me over, lay me down, and
 do it again!"

INT. THE MAIL TRUCK - WITH GEORGE - DAY

Mail on the seat beside him. There are mail sacks in the
 back. Under the dash is a scanner-type CB.

GEORGE
 (sings)
 "Roll me OCCOVER in the CLOOOVER,
 Roll me over; lay me down, and
 do it again."

Pulls up to a ramshackle house, grabs two letters, and
 leans over to the box.

EXT. THE MAIL TRUCK AND THE HOUSE - DAY

There's a woman standing on the porch -- obviously poor.
George opens the box, puts in the letters and waves.

GEORGE

Hello there, Missus Marshall!

She doesn't wave back, or make any move all..

INT. THE MAIL TRUCK - WITH GEORGE - DAY

He pulls away. Lifts one leg clad in blue-gray Post Office
issue and FARTS LOUDLY.

GEORGE

(cheerfully)

That's for you, you damn welfare
cheater!

(sings)

"Now this is Number Two, and
My hand is on her shoe -- "

EXT. THE MAIL TRUCK - FROM BEHIND - DAY

Heading up Town Road #5, kicking dust.

INT. THE BURGER JOINT - WITH VIC AND ROGER - DAY

They are waiting in a short line at the cash register.

ROGER

Did you get your wife yet?

VIC

They're probably at the beach,
swimming. It's hot as hell.

ROGER

The radio says today and tomorrow
could be record breakers. I bet
you wish you were with them, huh?

VIC

Yeah. Yeah, I do.

They've reached the cash register. Vic holds out the check
and some money.

INT. THE TRENTON LIVING ROOM - WITH KEMP - DAY

All the porcelain figures now lie shattered on the floor.

Kemp is holding a bowling ball over the glass table. On the ball we can read the word "VIC."

KEMP

Go be God's gift to some other woman,
huh?

He drops the ball through the glass table, shattering it.

Kemp crunches through the broken porcelain and glass to the couch. He rummages in his pocket and brings out a jackknife. He opens it and looks at the blade.

He begins to slash into the couch.

EXT. THE PERVIER PLACE - WITH THE MAIL TRUCK - DAY

The truck swings up to the mail box.

INT. GEORGE MEARA - DAY

He sticks Gary's mail into the box and closes it. Something catches his eye and he frowns slightly.

EXT. GARY'S DRIVEWAY - GEORGE'S POV - DAY

Joe Camber's station wagon parked behind Gary's Buick.

INT. GEORGE - DAY

He picks up the mike from the CB.

GEORGE

Mailman Two to Base.

RICK (V.O.)

Right here, Mailman Two. Over.

GEORGE

Didn't we have a "Stop Mail Until
Called For" card from Joe Camber?
Over.

INT. A SMALL POST OFFICE - DAY

RICK pulls a pink card from a slot marked "HOLD MAIL" and looks at it. Then he uses the CB. (NOTE: Rick is bald.)

RICK

Right here. Over.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Well, his wagon's parked down here
to Gary Pervier's. Over.

INT. THE MAIL TRUCK - WITH GEORGE - DAY

RICK (V.O.)
So what? Over.

GEORGE
Well...if he's back from wherever
he went, I could roll up there and
deliver his mail. Over.

RICK (V.O.)
When he wants his mail, he'll come
in and tell us. Over.

GEORGE
Yeah, okay. Over and out.

He hangs up the mike. Lifts his leg and FARTS.

GEORGE
There's one for you, you bald asshole.
He puts the mail truck in gear.

EXT. THE MAIL TRUCK - DAY

George pulls into Gary's driveway and backs out.

EXT. GEORGE LOOKING OUT HIS WINDOW - DAY

EXT. THE CAMBER PLACE - LONG SHOT - GEORGE'S POV - DAY
We can barely see it from here -- certainly we can't see
what's going on in the yard.

INT. GEORGE - DAY

Lifts his leg and FARTS.

GEORGE
And one for you, Camber!

EXT. THE MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Heading back the way it came. Bad news for Donna and Tad.

INT. THE MAIN HALLWAY IN THE TRENTON HOUSE - DAY

Bottles of liquor, mostly full, have been set up in a triangle shape, like tenpins.

SOUND: Rumble of a bowling ball.

It comes INTO THE FRAME and shatters the bottles. Liquor flies everywhere.

KEMP (O.S.)

Stee-ri-ke!

INT. THE HALLWAY - WITH KEMP - DAY

He looks hot and sweaty. His shirt hangs open. He's panting. The living room is to his right, and through the door we can see some of the destruction. He's gone through the place like a whirlwind.

There's a series of shelves behind him -- knickknacks on the lower shelves, pictures on the higher shelves. The biggest picture is a framed family portrait.

Kemp turns, looks at the shelves for a moment, then sweeps the knickknacks off. Most of them shatter. He takes the family portrait down and looks at it for a moment. His face twists with rage. He throws it to the floor.

INT. THE PHOTO - CLOSEUP - DAY

His foot comes down on it. SMASH! When he removes his foot, we see the family's smiling faces looking up incongruously from a litter of broken glass.

CAMERA HOLDS ON THIS as we hear the SOUND of Kemp's FOOTSTEPS moving away.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - WITH KEMP - DAY

The place is a shambles. Kemp looks around, then leaves.

INT. THE KITCHEN - WITH KEMP - DAY

Also a mess: soap powders fanned around, glasses and dishes broken, the kitchen table overturned.

Kemp heads for the door...and then pauses. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he goes to the note-minder on the refrigerator.

INT. THE NOTE-MINDER - CLOSEUP - DAY

Kemp wipes out Donna's note -- which told where she was -- and prints: "I REDECORATED THE PLACE FOR YOU, PRINCESS. LIKE IT?"

INT. KEMP - DAY

KEMP

I hope you like it. You bitch.

EXT. THE OUTDOOR THERMOMETER ON CAMBER'S HOUSE - DAY

The mercury stands at 98°.

EXT. THE SUN - DAY

Blazing remorselessly.

EXT. DONNA'S CAR AND CUJO - DAY

This has almost the feeling of some weird Japanese tableau. The dog sits by the garage doors, facing the car. There's a muddy patch in front of it where the foam has fallen. The car is directly in the beating sun.

INT./EXT. CUJO - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - DONNA'S POV - DAY

He looks ready to wait out the age.

INT. DONNA - DAY

She looks a lot worse. She's got a sunburn on her face and neck. Her lips have begun to crack. She looks at her watch.

INT. THE WATCH - DAY

3:30.

INT. DONNA - DAY

DONNA

He's not coming. The mailman's not coming.

The words are little more than a croak. She looks at Tad. Concern and pity fill her face.

INT. TAD - DAY

He looks a lot worse than Donna. Fever blisters on his lips. Sunburn. He's really only semiconscious. He holds the monster words limply in one hand.

TAD
Mommy, I'm so thirsty.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

She brushes the hair gently off his brow.

DONNA
I know you are. Try to go back to sleep, honey.

He closes his eyes.

Donna looks out through the windshield again.

DONNA
Why don't you just die?

EXT. CUJO - CLOSEUP - DAY

He's a mess. The cut on his muzzle glows with infection. His eyes are red and dreadful.

His muzzle wrinkles back from his teeth and he GROWLS.

INT. DONNA - DAY

DONNA
(crying)
Just die!

EXT. DONNA'S CAR AND CUJO - DAY

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE OUTDOOR THERMOMETER - DAY

The mercury stands at 100°.

EXT. CAB PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE U.N. PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

Vic gets out, tie pulled down, coat slung over his shoulder. It's hot here, too. Big sweat stains under his armpits.

The cab driver opens the trunk and unloads Vic's suitcase and garment bag. The doorman takes them.

EXT. DONNA AND STEVE KEMP - DAY

Impossible to see just where they are, and it doesn't really matter -- this is in Vic's mind. Both are in tennis whites. They are sharing a passionate kiss.

CAMERA PANS DOWN and we see two bright yellow tennis balls in Donna's hand. She's squeezing them rhythmically.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - WITH VIC ON THE BED - DAY

He puts his arm across his eyes, as if to blot this vision out.

EXT. STATE LINE TOLLBOOTHS - INTERSTATE 95 - LATE DAY

Steve Kemp's van enters one of the gates. He proffers money and a time ticket. He drives on, and the CAMERA FOLLOWS as he passes a sign which reads "WELCOME TO NEW HAMPSHIRE."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JOE CAMBER'S DOORYARD - SUNSET

The car is there. Cujo is gone.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - SUNSET

Tad looks worse than ever, if that is possible. But he's asleep.

DONNA

Tad?

Tad doesn't respond.

DONNA

(a little louder)

Hey, Tad?

He turns his head and goes on sleeping. Donna looks out of Tad's window, the windshield, finally her window.

EXT. THE DOORYARD - SUNSET

A SLOW PAN. No sign of Cujo.

INT. DONNA - SUNSET

DONNA

No problem, if it's unlocked.

She lays hold of the door handle.

EXT. DONNA'S SIDE OF THE CAR - SUNSET

She gets up and out. Staggers a little; she's stiff.
Stands there.

EXT. DONNA - CUJO'S POV (CUJO-VISION) - SUNSET

She has the head of a bat, but we can just barely tell,
because things keeping going IN and OUT OF FOCUS.

SOUND: Growling.

EXT. DONNA - A NEW ANGLE - SUNSET

Her eyes widen. She looks a bit to her left and down at:

EXT. THE SKIRT OF THE PORCH - SUNSET

Cujo bullets out of this hiding place and races for her,
snarling.

EXT. THE CAR - WITH DONNA - SUNSET

DONNA
Oh, you bastard!

She gets in and slams the door. A moment later, Cujo runs
into the side of the car at full speed.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - SUNSET

The car rocks violently on its springs. Tad wakes up,
disoriented and upset.

TAD
(croaks)
Mom? Mommy?

DONNA
It's all r --

THUD! The car rocks again. Cujo is barking and snarling.
Tad screams.

EXT. THE CAR AND CUJO - SUNSET

Cujo draws back and charges at the car again.

He hits it hard, rocking it on its springs again. He's dented the driver's side door in pretty well.

He starts away from the car, staggering, his head bleeding.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - SUNSET

Tad has crawled into Donna's lap; he's sobbing hysterically. Donna, also upset, is trying to comfort him.

DONNA

It's all right, he can't get in,
hon, he can't get in --

TAD

It's the monster, the monster from
my closet, the monster, it's the
MONSTER!

DONNA

It can't get in, Tad! It --

WHAMP! Cujo hits the driver's side window like an express train. The glass grows several cracks. Blood splatters across the glass and for a moment the dog's mad face is terrifyingly close. Tad shrieks. Donna hugs him against her chest.

DONNA

Oh God oh dear God oh dear God please
no more no more no more --

EXT. CUJO - CLOSEUP - SUNSET

He's walking -- staggering -- TOWARD THE CAMERA. His face is now a mass of trickling cuts. He turns -- and charges at the car. He hits it below the window again, rocking it.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - SUNSET

The car rocks and they rock with it.

TAD

(screams)

Oh Mamma make it STOP!

She looks out:

INT./EXT. CUJO - THROUGH THE CRACKED WINDOW - SUNSET

It walks away from the car -- turns -- and charges.

EXT. CUJO AND THE CAR - SUNSET

He hits it again. The car rocks. Cujo turns, starts away...and falls.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - SUNSET

DONNA
(hysterical triumph)
Good! Good! Good!

Tad looks up and out the cracked window.

INT./EXT. CUJO - THROUGH THE CRACKED WINDOW - SUNSET

He lies in the dirt.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - SUNSET

DONNA
(hoarsely)
I think maybe he's dead, Tad.
Concussion. Fractured skull,
maybe. I think maybe he's dead.
I --

EXT. CUJO - SUNSET

He gets up, very slowly, and moves toward the garage. He may or may not fall again before going inside.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - SUNSET

Donna is terribly disappointed. She holds Tad, rocks him back and forth.

TAD
(wearily)
It's hard to kill monsters.

He hides his face against her shoulder. She rocks him.

INT. JIM AND HOLLY MARTIN'S KITCHEN - WITH BRETT - NIGHT

It's a bright, splashy place -- much contrast with the starkness of Brett's own kitchen.

Brett is on the phone. SOUND: A busy signal.

Behind him, Charity, Holly, Jim, Jim Jr., and Lucy are having ice cream. Charity looks over at Brett as he hangs up the phone and joins them at the table.

CHARITY

Not home?

BRETT

Still busy. Or busy again. Or something.

JIM

What's the problem?

He speaks to Brett but looks at Charity.

CHARITY

He's a little worried about his dog.

JIM

Is there a neighbor that could check in for you, Brett?

BRETT

(to Charity)

What about Alva Thornton, Mom?

CHARITY

I think that's a fine idea. Just let me finish my ice cream, okay?

BRETT

Sure. No hurry.

They all dig in.

EXT. THE CAMBER DOORYARD - NIGHT

Donna's car is now just a blackened shape.

SOUND: A RINGING PHONE.

BESSIE THORNTON (V.O.)

Thornton's Egg Farm.

INT. TAD - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

Sleeping. The fever blisters have spread. He's tossing and turning restlessly. His breathing is harsh and uneven.

CHARITY (V.O.)

Hi, Bessie, it's Charity Camber.

Charity!
BESSIE (V.O.)

INT. DONNA - NIGHT

She's looking at Tad with a mixture of horror and compassion. She looks out through the windows, scanning the dooryard.

CHARITY (V.O.)
Bessie, Brett and I are visiting my sister Holly down here in Connecticut, and Brett can't get his dad on the phone. It keeps ringing busy.

EXT. THE DOORYARD - DONNA'S POV - NIGHT

PANNING SHOT. No sign of Cujo.

BESSIE (V.O.)
Oh, ayuh?

CHARITY (V.O.)
He's a little worried about Cujo. He wondered if Alva could go up and make sure he's all right.

INT. DONNA - NIGHT

She looks from the dooryard to Tad. A grim sort of decision comes into her face. She takes hold of her door handle and raises it. The door won't open.

BESSIE (V.O.)
I'll tell you, Charity, he could tomorrow --

EXT. THE DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR - NIGHT

Deeply dented from Cujo's charges (we may see specks and drips of blood as well), that's why it won't open right away.

BESSIE (V.O.)
(continuing)
-- but we had some trouble in the chicken house today.

CHARITY (V.O.)
Did you?

The door opens. There's a loud CLUNK.

EXT. DONNA - NIGHT

Tense, she's ready to close the door the instant it draws the dog. But the dooryard is dreaming and silent. She looks back at Tad...and slowly steps out.

A look of sudden fright crosses her face. She falls to her knees and looks under the car.

During this -- and the SHOTS THAT FOLLOW -- the VOICES CONTINUE.

BESSIE (V.O.)

Oh, ayuh! Air conditioning went out!

CHARITY (V.O.)

Lose many birds?

BESSIE (V.O.)

Not so far. 'Bout twenty.

EXT. UNDER THE CAR - DONNA'S POV - NIGHT

Nothing. She imagines a sound. Starts to her feet. Looks around.

CHARITY (V.O.)

Well, tell him not to trouble himself if it's a bother! I can get Chris Chesley to go up tomorrow --

EXT. THE DOORYARD - DONNA'S POV - NIGHT

Nothing.

BESSIE (V.O.)

Alva'll go, never worry. He ain't forgot that Joe got him that tractor tire when he couldn't find one any place.

EXT. DONNA - NIGHT

She's in terror -- but her son is in a bad way. She closes the car door. That CLUNK again. She waits, sweating... and then runs across the dooryard and up the porch steps.

CHARITY (V.O.)

If you're sure it's no trouble...

BESSIE (V.O.)

No trouble at all!

CHARITY (V.O.)
We'll call you then.

EXT. DONNA ON THE PORCH - NIGHT

She goes to the back door. Turns the knob. It's unlocked.
She opens it, with great relief. She goes into the kitchen.

INT. DONNA IN THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stands there, looking around.

CHARITY (V.O.)
And thanks, Bessie. Goodbye.

BESSIE (V.O.)
Bye, Charity.

A CLICK followed by another CLICK.

INT. THE CAMBER LIVING ROOM - WITH THE PHONE - NIGHT

It lies on the floor, as before. THE CAMERA PANS TO THE
RIGHT. And there is Cujo, standing by the couch.

INT. THE CAMBER LIVING ROOM DOOR - NIGHT

It pushes open. Donna is there. She steps into the room.
Looks around. Her eyes widen as she sees:

INT. THE CAMBER LIVING ROOM - DONNA'S POV - NIGHT

We see the torn couch, the chewed drapes, the overturned
furniture, the phone on the floor.

THE CAMERA MOVES QUICKLY RIGHT and Cujo leaps from behind
the couch, barking and snarling.

INT. DONNA - NIGHT

She screams and steps back into the kitchen. She pulls the
door shut behind her. Cujo hits the closed door. It
shivers and creaks.

INT. THE CAMBER KITCHEN - WITH DONNA - NIGHT

She backs away slowly, wide-eyed.

DONNA

No...no...no...

THUD! Cujo hits the door again. It CREAKS. A splinter jumps from it.

She stands, as if paralyzed.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cujo hits the door again, head first. Blood splatters. The door creaks.

INT. THE KITCHEN - WITH DONNA - NIGHT

A big chunk of wood jumps out of the door. That's enough. She whirls and runs out onto the porch. She grabs for the outer door (which is mostly glass) and yanks it shut.

TAD (O.S.)

Mommy! Mommy, where are you?

EXT. DONNA ON THE PORCH - NIGHT

DONNA

Tad, oh God, where --

She turns.

EXT. THE DOORYARD - WITH TAD - NIGHT

He stand, sleepy and vulnerable, some distance from the car.

DONNA (O.S.)

Tad! Go back! Get in the car!

TAD

(sleepy; confused)

Mommy, where are you?

INT. THE CAMBER KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cujo smashes through the door between the living room and the kitchen. Wood sprays everywhere. He races across the kitchen.

EXT. DONNA - NIGHT

She runs across the porch and down the steps. She falls sprawling.

TAD

Mommy!

He runs to her.

EXT. THE OUTER DOOR - NIGHT

Cujo smashes through in a spray of glass.

EXT. DONNA AND TAD - NIGHT

She gets up and scoops Tad into her arms. She runs for the car. The door stands open.

EXT. THE PORCH - WITH CUJO - NIGHT

He runs to the steps and down them.

EXT. ALL THREE - FROM THE CAR - NIGHT

Cujo, behind them. Donna throws Tad into the car and falls in herself. She pulls the door half closed and then Cujo gets his head in.

Once again, the director will shoot as he can. Cujo savages her leg. Donna holds him off and beats the dog with the car door. He gets further in and tears at her stomach, ripping her blouse.

Tad is screeching and crying...and then he faints dead away.

With a final effort, Donna slams the door on Cujo's head. Cujo withdraws enough for her to be able to shut the door.

A momentary hiatus. She's panting, trying to get herself under control; she is about to turn to Tad when Cujo hits the window again. This time it stars into millions of cracks, turning the glass milky. The glass actually sags inward.

She draws back...expecting him to break it and come busting in.

EXT. CUJO - NIGHT

But once again, Cujo has had enough. He withdraws...under the car.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - NIGHT

She pulls Tad to her and rocks him back and forth, weeping. Tad comes around a little.

DONNA

(sobbing)

Tad, Tad, Tad...we're going to get out of this...I swear we're going to get out of this...I swear, I swear...please, Tad, okay? Okay?

TAD

(weakly)

Okay, Mom...don't have a kitten...

She laughs and cries and hugs him.

INT. A CLOCK - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

It says 12:07 A.M.

A hand comes INTO FRAME and picks it up.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - WITH VIC - NIGHT

He sits on the bed in pajama bottoms, looking at the clock. Abruptly he puts it down, turns on the lamp and dials. Listens.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Your room number, please?

VIC

2812.

RINGING begins. Vic listens.

INT. THE TRENTON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Amid the wreckage, the PHONE RINGS. And RINGS. And RINGS.

INT. VIC - NIGHT

He listens to the phone RING three or four more times. Then he slowly hangs up. He closes his eyes.

EXT. A TENNIS COURT - DAY

Donna is watching Steve Kemp play tennis. She looks turned on.

INT. VIC - NIGHT

Opens his eyes again.

VIC
No. I don't believe it.
(slightly louder;
great emphasis)
I do not believe it!

He sits thinking, and then picks up the telephone again.
He dials.

EXT. MAIN STREET, CASTLE ROCK - NIGHT

It's as silent and deserted as the mountains of the moon at this hour, which is 12:18 A.M. -- we see this on a digital bank clock halfway down the street. The time shifts to show the temperature: 75°F.

In the foreground is a gas station with a cop car parked on the tarmac.

SOUND: Snores.

EXT./INT. LOOKING INTO THE POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Officer ROSCOE FISHER is behind the wheel. His head is back and he's sleeping (and SNORING). Resting in his crotch is a big Dairy Queen cup.

The police radio SQUAWKS to life -- LOUD.

BILLY (V.O.)
Unit Three! Unit Three, over?

Roscoe snaps awake. Strawberry milkshake goes all over him.

ROSCOE
Shitfire!

BILLY (V.O.)
You copy, Unit Three? Talk to me,
Roscoe! Over!

Roscoe opens the glove compartment, gets a box of Kleenex, and begins spreading the mess around with one hand while he grabs the mike with the other.

ROSCOE
What the hell is it, Billy?

EXT. THE TRENTON HOUSE - NIGHT

Roscoe's police car cruises slowly up and into the driveway.

BILLY (V.O.)

Want you to take a run up to 83 Larch.
Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Victor
Trenton. Trenton's in New York and
no one's answering his calls.

EXT. A KAY HANGING FROM A NAIL - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

A hand comes INTO FRAME and takes it down.

BILLY (V.O.)

He says there's a key hanging on a
nail under the front porch eave.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND SHOWS us Roscoe on the Trentons'
porch (this is at the front of the house). There's a
large strawberry stain on the crotch of his pants, and if
he strikes us as embarrassed, it's probably because he is.

He rings the doorbell, waits, and rings it again. Then,
when there's still no answer, he uses the key and goes in.

INT. ROSCOE - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

A look of shocked surprise comes over his face.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - ROSCOE'S POV - NIGHT

The light is dim, but we can see what a mess it is.

INT. ROSCOE - NIGHT

Finds a light switch and turns it. We see other evidence
of destruction around him: a ripped chair, a picture
hanging askew. Roscoe whistles.

INT. ROSCOE'S POLICE CAR - DRIVER'S SIDE - NIGHT

Roscoe opens the door and gets in, puffing and panting,
excited. He grabs his mike.

ROSCOE

Unit Three to Base. Unit Three to
Base. Over.

BILLY (V.O.)

This is Base, Unit Three. Over.

ROSCOE

You better call this guy Trenton right
away, Billy. We got a problem out here.

INT. VIC'S TRAVELETTE CLOCK - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

It's 1:02 A.M.

INT. VIC - SITTING BY THE PHONE - NIGHT

He's smoking. There are four or five butts in the ashtray. When the phone RINGS, he grabs it as fast as he can.

VIC

Hello? Donna?

SHERIFF BANNERMAN (V.O.)

Is this Mr. Trenton?

VIC

Yes?

BANNERMAN (V.O.)

This is Sheriff Bannerman, Mr. Trenton. I'm afraid I have some upsetting information for you.

Vic's face tightens. He mashes out the cigarette.

VIC

What's happened to them?

EXT. THE TRENTON HOUSE - NIGHT

There are two cruisers in the driveway and two more parked out front. Lights strobe and turn in the summer darkness. Perhaps a few neighbors are standing on their stoops or lawns, trying to figure out what's happening.

BANNERMAN (V.O.)

As of right now, we have no idea. Officer Fisher found the house had been severely vandalized.

INT. THE TRENTON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Three cops are doing the forensic stuff: one taking photographs, one dusting Vic's bowling ball for fingerprints, the third putting shards of porcelain figures into small glass bags.

BANNERMAN, a big man, stands in the doorway between the kitchen and the living room, talking on the phone to Vic.

BANNERMAN

Furnishings overturned, liquor bottles broken...the couch has been cut up.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bannerman walks back into the kitchen and looks at the note-minder.

BANNERMAN

Doesn't look like anything's been stolen...but your wife and boy aren't here. So if you have any idea of who might have done this --

INT. VIC'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The alarm clock now says 1:42 A.M.

Vic's face sags with worry and guilt and humiliation. He may be crying a little.

VIC

Kemp. Kemp did it. It must have been Kemp.

INT. BANNERMAN IN THE TRENTON KITCHEN - NIGHT

BANNERMAN

Do you have the note Kemp sent you?

VIC (V.O.)

No...I tore it up.

BANNERMAN

He left a note here, too. On the memo board. It says, "I redecorated the place for you, Princess." Doesn't sound like she was here when he did it.

INT. VIC'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

VIC

She might have come in after he wrote that. Look, I don't want to talk any more. I'm going out to LaGuardia and charter a plane. If he's done anything to either one of them, I'll kill him myself.

INT. THE TRENTON KITCHEN - WITH BANNERMAN - NIGHT

BANNERMAN

Don't talk like an asshole, Mr. Trenton.
I sympathize with you, but don't add
to my problems. We'll --

SOUND: A CLICK as Vic disconnects. Bannerman looks at the
phone and hangs it up.

BANNERMAN

Poor bastard.

Roscoe Fisher pops through the door from the living room.

ROSCOE

Did you call me, Sheriff?

Bannerman eyes Roscoe's pants. The milkshake is almost dry
now, but it's left a noticeable stain.

BANNERMAN

How long have you been pissing
strawberries, Roscoe?

EXT. THE CAMBER DOORYARD - DAWN

The sun is just coming up. Cujo sits in front of the mouth
of the barn-garage, watching the car.

INT. THE CAR - WITH DONNA AND TAD - DAWN

Donna is sleeping heavily. Her wounds are no longer bleed-
ing, but her knee and stomach have both been badly bitten.

Tad is awake, with the Monster Words on his lap. He's look-
ing at Cujo.

SOUND: An engine. It gets louder. Louder.

Tad hears it and turns to look back at the road.

EXT. CUJO - DAWN

ENGINE SOUND, AMPLIFIED. Cujo hears it. He gets up and
makes his way toward the car. Tad is looking the other
way and Donna is sleeping.

Cujo goes under the car.

INT. THE CAR - WITH TAD AND DONNA - DAWN

Tad begins trying to shake her awake.

TAD

(croaks)

Mom! Mommy! Someone's coming!

Mommy!

She begins to stir.

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - DAWN

A small panel truck turns into the driveway. Written on the side is "THORNTON'S EGG FARMS." Behind the wheel is ALVA THORNTON, a man of about sixty. He kills the engine.

EXT. THE REAR OF DONNA'S CAR - DAWN

Cujo is peering out, growling LOW.

EXT. ALVA - DAWN

Gets out of his truck and comes toward Donna's car, obviously surprised to see it here. And when he gets a look at the worked-over driver's side, he shapes a whistle.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAWN

TAD

Mommy! It's a man! Is it the mail man? He doesn't look like our mailman...

Donna comes awake. Tad has been alternating between shaking her and looking at Alva's truck...and Alva, as he approaches.

DONNA

Where's the dog?

TAD

The dog?

DONNA

(screams)

WHERE'S THE DOG?

Tad looks out through the windshield.

INT./EXT. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - TAD'S POV - DAWN

Empty.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAWN

TAD
(puzzled)
He was --

Donna tries to open the door. It won't open. She slams it against it again and again.

EXT. ALVA - DAWN

He approaches Donna's car. It's hard to see in the driver's side because of all the cracks.

ALVA
Holy crow!

The door opens. Donna gets out.

DONNA
(screams)
The dog! Look out for the dog!

ALVA
(great concern)
Ma'am, what happened to you?

DONNA
THE DOG! IT'S RABID! IT'S --

Cujo comes out all at once and attacks Alva.

EXT. CUJO AND ALVA - DAWN

There is a short, grisly struggle (once again, the director will shoot it as he likes). The sixty-year-old farmer is no match for Cujo, even though the dog has taken a frightful beating.

Behind them, Donna starts to move along the side of her car toward Alva's truck.

Cujo whirls toward her, and Donna dives for safety.

TAD
(a scream)
Mommy! Mommy!

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAWN

She just gets into the car and slams the door as Cujo hits it. The car rocks. Tad screams. She grabs for him.

TAD
Mommy! Mo --

Tad begins to make a terrible gagging sound. His eyes roll up to the whites and then his head lolls back.

DONNA
TAD!

She shakes him. That GAGGING, CHOKING SOUND grows worse... and stops altogether. Tad lies in her arms, head back, limp, a trickle of saliva coming from his mouth.

Donna screams and shakes him again.

DONNA
TAD! OH CHRIST HE'S HAVING A CONVULSION --

WHAM! Cujo hits the side of the car. It rocks on its springs. She opens Tad's mouth and reaches into it with her fingers.

EXT. THE CAR - WITH CUJO - DAWN

He hits it again, with his head down, like a bull.

EXT. ALVA - DAWN

He begins to crawl away. His face is bloody, but we don't see the worst until he manages to get to his feet. His stomach is a ruin. Cujo has ripped him wide open, and Alva is trying to hold his guts in.

THE CAMERA MOVES WITH Alva as he staggers to his truck and finally manages to grab the handle.

From behind we hear the steady WHAM-WHAM of Cujo hitting Donna's car. The silence...a GROWL...Alva turns, holding onto the door of his truck...

EXT. CUJO - EXTREME CLOSEUP - ALVA'S POV - DAWN

He leaps AT THE CAMERA.

EXT. CUJO AND ALVA - DAWN

Cujo drives Alva to the ground. SNARLS. A CRUNCH.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAWN

She's giving him mouth-to-mouth. She takes her mouth away. He lies silently in her arms.

DONNA
Breathe, damn you!

She starts again. After forcing a few breaths into his lungs, she removes her mouth again. She looks at him with almost unbearable hope and terror. Silence...silence...and then Tad takes in a great, snoring breath.

Donna begins to weep. Tad's breathing becomes more regular. She holds him to her tenderly.

EXT. THE CAMBER DOORYARD - LONG (FROM ABOVE, MAYBE) - DAWN

The car. The panel truck. And the dog, worrying something that might be a very large bloody rag. Except we know that's no rag.

EXT. MAIN STREET, CASTLE ROCK - EARLY MORNING

Vic's old Jag busts past us, going fast. The digital time/temperature read-out on the bank says 6:50 A.M....and 79°F.

EXT. THE TRENTON HOUSE - DAY

Only two cop cars here now; one is Bannerman's. Vic's Jag turns up into the driveway. He parks it and gets out, running.

EXT. THE CAMBER DOORYARD - DAY

Cujo, now so streaked with gore he hardly resembles a dog, sits in his former place. He is slavering bloody foam. The sun is well up. Donna's little car looks as if it has been through a war.

INT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

Her blouse is off. Her bra is streaked with blood, as are her shoulders. Her hair is plastered to her head in strings. Tad is sleeping again. His breathing is horribly ragged.

DONNA
(unbelieving)
He's dying. Dying.

She looks out the window at Cujo.

EXT. CUJO - IN FRONT OF THE GARAGE ENTRANCE - DAY

He sits there, staring, blood dripping from his head and muzzle.

INT. DONNA - DAY

DONNA

What do you want? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

EXT. CUJO - EXTREME CLOSEUP - DAY

If his terrible, insane face tells us anything, it's an uncomfortable truth: that life is as mad as he is.

INT. DONNA - DAY

She looks at Tad again, then back at Cujo.

Moving painfully, she works her way into the back seat and looks over into the hatchback compartment.

EXT. A THERMOMETER - DAY

This one is at the Trenton house. It reads 83°F.

BANNERMAN (O.S.)

The car. Where's your wife's car,
Mr. Trenton?

EXT. VIC AND BANNERMAN - ON THE BACK PORCH - DAY

Vic -- a very worried Vic -- is looking at the thermometer. He's in shirt sleeves. There are big sweat circles under the arms of Bannerman's khaki shirt.

VIC

(irritated)

What's that got to do with it?

BANNERMAN

If Kemp took them in his van, her car should be here. If he took them in her car, his van should be somewhere around here. I don't get it. Was there anything wrong with her car, Mr. Trenton?

VIC

Well...the needle valve on the carb was sticking.

BANNERMAN

Where was she going to take it?

VIC

Norway-South Paris.

BANNERMAN
So where's her loaner?

VIC
I don't know, and it doesn't matter!
Kemp's got them, can't you understand
that? Kemp!

BANNERMAN
(ignores Vic's outburst)
Any place local she might have taken it?

They begin to walk, side by side, around the corner of the house.

EXT. THE TRENTON BACK YARD - DAY

Tad's swing set is in the extreme foreground, the swings still. There's no little boy here, not now. Vic and Bannerman come INTO VIEW.

VIC
I wanted her to take it out to Joe
Camber's...do you know his place?

BANNERMAN
Sure. Pretty isolated.

VIC
She didn't want to.

BANNERMAN
Sometimes people change their minds.
(glances at his watch)
Camber'll be up by now. Think I'll
give him a call.

VIC
What is all this? Joe Camber didn't
trash my house! Joe Camber didn't
leave that note!

BANNERMAN
(calmly)
And Joe Camber didn't sleep with your
wife? So it can't have anything to
do with him, can it?

They stop by the swing set.

VIC
(angry)
Just what the hell is that supposed
to mean?

BANNERMAN

It means that you're like a man who just stuck his hand into a bee tree, Mr. Trenton. You're hurt and bellering and not thinking very clearly. Just because Kemp hurt you by making love to your wife...that don't mean he hurt you by doing this.

VIC

Go ahead. Call. But it's Kemp. I'm telling you.

BANNERMAN

Maybe.

He starts toward the house. Vic stands by the swings. He pushes one and looks at it, hurt and haunted.

INT. THE HATCHBACK OF DONNA'S CAR - DAY

She is trying to get the flooring up -- it's hard because you're supposed to do that from the back. She is, in effect, working upside down.

At last she gets it up. She fumbles in the spare tire compartment, breathing harshly, her hair swinging back and forth in her face. She brings out a tire iron.

Donna works her way back into the front seat and looks out through the windshield again. Her face registers new doubt.

EXT. CUJO - DAY

Sitting in front of the garage door with dreadful patience.

INT. DONNA - DAY

The tire iron is in her hands. She's trying to decide whether or not to to up against the dog.

EXT. VIC - BY THE SWINGS - DAY

He's just looking at them, dazed. Bannerman comes around the corner of the house, putting on his hat. Vic comes out of his reverie and turns toward him.

BANNERMAN

They haven't seen her at the dealership in Norway-South Paris.

VIC

Camber's?

BANNERMAN

Line was busy. I got the operator
and told her to cut into the call.
And you know what?

Vic shakes his head.

BANNERMAN

The phone's off the hook up there.

VIC

(stubbornly)

It's not against the law.

BANNERMAN

No...but it's damn strange behavior
when you're running a business. I'm
going up there and take a look. You
want to come or not?

VIC

If someone spots Kemp's van --

BANNERMAN

-- we'll hear about it on the police
band.

VIC

All right. Let's go.

They start back toward the driveway.

EXT. THE DIGITAL READ-OUT ON THE MAIN STREET BANK - DAY

CLOSEUP: It FILLS THE WHOLE SCREEN. Time: 8:15 A.M.
Temperature: 85°F. WE HOLD on the temperature and

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAD - CLOSEUP - DAY

Worse. The sunburn is baking his skin. It has started to
suppurate in places. The fever blisters are also worse.
He sleeps uneasily, his breathing irregular and gasping.
We should not doubt that he's on his last legs.

INT. DONNA - CLOSEUP - DAY

She looks from Tad to the windshield.

INT./EXT. CUJO - DONNA'S POV - DAY

Sitting there like Fate. Waiting.

INT. DONNA - DAY

The decision comes into her face. She locks Tad's door and then buckles his seat belt across him. She pulls up her door handle and slams her shoulder against it until it creaks open.

EXT. THE DOORYARD - DAY

As the door opens, Cujo gets to his feet, beginning to snarl. Donna gets out of the car.

EXT. CUJO - CLOSEUP - DAY

We can barely look at him, he's so awful.

EXT. DONNA - CUJO'S POV (CUJO-VISION) - DAY

His vision is almost entirely shot. She wavers IN and OUT OF FOCUS. Colors shoot ACROSS THE FRAME in muddy streaks. Her head is the head of a bat, but it's misshapen and runny.

EXT. DONNA - DAY

She slams the car door and begins walking toward the garage. Beyond the hood of the car, she stops.

EXT. CUJO AND DONNA - DAY

They are about thirty feet apart. Their positions are as classic and timeless as the positions of two gunslingers just before they slap leather and start shooting. Both of them look terribly battered and wounded.

EXT. CUJO - CLOSEUP - DAY

Head lowered in a pre-attack position, snarling, dripping foam.

EXT. DONNA - CLOSEUP - DAY

At first she looks frightened, and then terrible anger fills her face. She raises the tire iron a bit.

DONNA

Come on, then!

EXT. BANNERMAN'S CRUISER - DAY

It passes THE CAMERA, moving pretty fast -- not quite speeding. No siren or flashers; it takes more than hunch to justify these.

We may recognize this from the way Donna and Tad came.

INT. THE CRUISER - WITH BANNERMAN AND VIC - DAY

VIC

This is crazy. It makes no logical sense at all.

BANNERMAN

No. But sometimes the deck is full of wild cards.

EXT. THE CRUISER - DAY

It turns up the two-lane blacktop which leads to Town Road #5.

EXT. DONNA AND CUJO - DAY

DONNA

You want me? Come on, then!

Cujo runs at her.

She swings the tire iron at him. He shies away from it and faces her, snarling.

She moves RIGHT. Cujo moves LEFT. They circle. Several times he makes as if to leap on her. Each time, she raises the tire iron and he holds back.

They continue to feel each other out, and we see that Donna is tiring. She's losing some of her anger. It's being replaced with the old fear and uncertainty. She almost stumbles. Cujo comes within a hair of committing himself to the leap before she recovers and swings the tire iron at him. He draws back.

They circle again.

EXT. BANNERMAN'S CRUISER - DAY

All of a sudden the siren comes on, and the flashers.

INT. THE CRUISER - WITH BANNERMAN AND VIC

Bannerman has started to really twist this sucker's tail -- sixty to seventy to eighty. SOUND of the SIREN.

VIC

Now why the hell did you do that?

BANNERMAN

I don't know.

VIC

Another hunch?

BANNERMAN

I guess.

VIC

(after a pause)

Then I guess I'm getting it, too.
Pour it on.

Bannerman looks at him for a moment, startled, and then hits the gas even harder.

EXT. THE CRUISER - DAY

Really moving. But you're a little late, guys.

EXT. DONNA AND CUJO - FROM ABOVE - DAY

Circling.

EXT. DONNA AND CUJO - A CLOSE ANGLE OR ANGLES - DAY

This is it. She stumbles again and Cujo leaps at her. Donna swings the blunt end of the tire iron and hits him in the ribs.

SOUND: A crunch as some of his ribs break.

He hits her and drives her back against the hood of her car. She holds on to the tire iron and brings it down on his back as he tries to jump up on her.

SOUND: Crunch. Something else breaking.

EXT. CUJO AND DONNA - A LOW ANGLE - DAY

He bites her leg and she brings the tire iron down on him again and again.

EXT. DONNA AND CUJO - DAY

She hits him with all her force and Cujo collapses. Donna looks down at him. He doesn't move.

She starts toward Tad's side of the car, sobbing, holding the tire iron loosely. She reaches his door.

EXT. DONNA AND CUJO - A NEW ANGLE OR ANGLES - DAY

The dog hits her from behind like a freight train. She goes full-length in the dirt of the dooryard, the tire iron flying out of her hand. Cujo is on top of her. She crawls toward the tire iron, SCREAMING, as he bites at her bare back, trying to get at a vital spot.

EXT. BANNERMAN'S CRUISER - DAY

Turning into the dirt road -- Town Road #5.

EXT. THE TIRE IRON - CLOSEUP - DAY

SOUND: Snarls, cries, etc.

Donna's hand ENTERS THE FRAME, inches from the tire iron. It stretches...touches it...can't quite reach...stretches again...

EXT. DONNA AND CUJO - DAY

Her back is running with blood. Cujo stands astride her. She reaches for the tire iron...reaches...

DONNA

(sobbing)

Oh please God!

EXT. THE TIRE IRON - CLOSEUP - DAY

Her hand closes on it.

EXT. DONNA AND CUJO - DAY

She rolls over in the dirt. She is now holding the tire iron by the round part and presenting the wedge you use to pry off your hubcaps.

EXT. DONNA AND CUJO - CLOSEUP - DAY

Cujo lunges.

Donna drives the tire iron into his right eye.

EXT. CUJO - CLOSEUP - DAY

The dog SCREAMS. The tire iron juts grotesquely from his eye for a moment and then falls out, revealing a bloody socket.

Cujo staggers away.

EXT. CUJO AND DONNA - DAY

She gets to her feet. Stands there and watches as the dog collapses. She goes to Tad's door and opens it.

DONNA

Tad. It's over. He's dead.

EXT. CUJO - DAY

He lies in the dust.

SOUND: The approaching siren.

DONNA (O.S.)

It's really over...Tad, please...
please be okay...

EXT. DONNA AND TAD - DAY

She takes him tenderly out of the car and carries him into the shade of the house. There is a faucet bib here. She turns it on.

SOUND: Siren, closer.

EXT. DONNA AND TAD - CLOSEUP - DAY

She's bathing his still face with the water. He looks dead.

DONNA

(crying)

Please...please, no --

She opens his mouth, bends over his wet face, and begins to give mouth-to-mouth.

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Bannerman's cruiser turns in. It's hardly stopped before Vic is out.

VIC

Donna! Donna, where --

EXT. VIC - A CLOSER SHOT - DAY

Going toward her.

EXT. VIC AND CUJO - DAY

The dog comes to life again -- the horrible thing simply will not stay dead -- and leaps toward Vic.

SOUND: Shotgun blast.

Cujo's head simply blows away.

EXT. BANNERMAN - DAY

He's standing by the cruiser, his calm unbroken, holding the pump from under the dash. Both barrels are smoking.

EXT. VIC - DAY

He stands there, dazed, unable to comprehend all this. He looks from the dog toward:

EXT. DONNA AND TAD - VIC'S POV - DAY

She breathes for her son. Vic joins her. She looks up at him with a kind of dull hopelessness as he puts his hand on her shoulder.

Donna can barely speak -- she has no voice left but a croak.

DONNA

Dog.

VIC

I know. Don't...don't try to talk,
Donna --

DONNA

Think he's dead. Tad --

Tad takes another of those great, snoring breaths. They look at him, Donna's face lighting with a wild hope.

EXT. TAD - CLOSEUP - DAY

His eyes flutter open. He looks from one of them to the other. His cracked lips form the word "Mommy?"

EXT. DONNA, TAD, AND VIC - DAY

DONNA

(crying)

Oh Tad, oh my darling!

She embraces him.

FREEZE FRAME. The FRAME IS CROPPED, so that the three of them are surrounded with BLACK.

SOUND: A WHIRRING FAN. We realize we are looking at a slide.

BLACKNESS; then a new slide. It's BLACK AND WHITE. Steve Kemp is being led toward a Massachusetts police cruiser. His hands are cuffed. This looks like a police photograph.

CAPTION (in typescript): STEVEN KEMP: Apprehended in Twickenham, Massachusetts and given over into the custody of the Castle Rock Sheriff's Department. All charges dropped by Victor and Donna Trenton. Currently living in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

BLACKNESS. A new slide. George Bannerman shaking hands with a fellow who looks extremely political.

CAPTION (in typescript): GEORGE BANNERMAN: Elected in November to the Maine State Senate. Expected to run for Governor in 1988.

BLACKNESS. A new slide. It's Donna and Vic. His arm is around her. This is in color, but it has the look of a news photograph. He's taking her in through the entrance of a hospital. She looks exhausted.

CAPTION (in typescript): DONNA TRENTON: Following a course of rabies injections, full recovery.

BLACKNESS. A new slide. Charity and Brett Camber. This has the look of a formal portrait, almost a study in mourning. Charity is wearing a black dress and a black hat with a net veil -- mourning. Brett is dressed in a suit and looks easily three years older.

CAPTION (in typescript): CHARITY AND BRETT CAMBER: Sued concurrently by Victor Trenton on behalf of his wife and son and by the Municipality of Castle Rock. The suit was dropped by the Trentons in October. The Municipality followed suit three weeks later.

The Cambers are currently living in northwestern Maine.

BLACKNESS. A new slide. Tad Trenton, color, full-face, gorgeous, vulnerable, grinning, displaying one missing tooth.

CAPTION (in typescript): TAD TRENTON: Seventeen months after the encounter with Cujo at the Camber house, Tad Trenton became seriously ill with a blood condition, first diagnosed as anemia and then as leukemia. Although his doctors are not optimistic, Tad Trenton is currently in remission.

BLACKNESS. A new slide. BLACK AND WHITE, GRAINY, like a news photograph.

It's Cujo, lying dead in the Camber dooryard. Lying beside him is a piece of paper. It's crumpled, but we can make out, even in black and white, the smiley-smile decals along the margins.

It's the Monster Words.

RUN FINAL CREDITS beside this slide.

FADE TO BLACK.