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The Wolf Man

By Curt Siodmak

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Talbot Castle,

Mr. Larry.

Welcome home,

Larry.

I'm mighty glad
to be here, Father.

Hasn't changed
much, has it?

Not in 300 years, except for
a few modern conveniences.

Do you know

Paul Montford?

Sure. Just dropped
in to say hello.

Welcome home,

Larry.

We used to snitch
apples together.

Now he's chief constable
of the district.

Which reminds me, I've
got to get to work.

See you tonight about

9:

Fine. Glad to have
you back, Larry.

Thanks. Bye-bye.

So, old Paul turned
out to be a cop, huh?

Cop? Yeah, a cop. Policeman.

You know.

He's Captain Montford,
retired.

Father.

I'm sorry about John.

Your brother's death
was a blow to all of us.

Sit down, won't you?

You know, Larry, there's developed
what amounts to a tradition

about the Talbot sons.

The elder, next in

line of succession
and so forth, is
considered in everything.
The younger frequently resents
the position in which he's found
and leaves home,
just as you did.
Yes, but, Father,
I'm here now.
Fortunately.
But isn't it a sad commentary
on our relationship
that it took
a hunting accident
and your brother's
death to bring you?
It really isn't
as bad as it sounds.
I've watched every
bit of news about you.
I was mighty proud when you won
the Belden Prize for research.
The whole business
is probably my fault.
See, the tradition
also insists
that the Talbots be the
stiff-necked, undemonstrative type.
Frequently, this has been carried
to very unhappy extremes.
Don't I know that.
Larry.
Let's decide, you and
I, that between us
there shall be no
more such reserve.
I'll do everything
that I can, sir.
Well, that should
be considerable.
You know, the 18 years you've been
away should have qualified you
to be of immeasurable
benefit to the estate,

since, in a great many ways, we are a backward people, but don't quote me. What have we got there? It's from London, sir. I think it's the new part for the telescope. Of course. Come along, lad. Come on. Up to the attic. It's an observatory now. There you are, sir. I think that has it. I'll have a look at it. It's excellent! Where'd you learn such precision work? Optical company in California. We did quite a job on that Mount Wilson Observatory. Are you interested in astronomy? Not especially. I'm all right with tools. In fact, I've done quite a little work with astronomical instruments, but when it comes to theory, I'm pretty much of an amateur. All astronomers are amateurs. When it comes to the heavens, there's only one professional. Fine. Well, I've got some things to do before lunch. I'll leave you to it. Good afternoon, sir. May I help you? Why, yes. I'm looking for a gift. Something in earrings. Certainly. We have some very nice ones. There's these diamond ones. They're very smart. Or how about

these pearl ones?

No. I don't think

any of those will do.

What I'm really looking for
is something half-moon shaped
with spangles on it.

Golden.

I'm sorry.

We haven't any
like that just now.

Oh, yes, you have.

Don't you remember?

On your dressing table,
up in your room.

In my room?

Yes. Would you mind
getting them for me?

Well,

they're not for sale.

Well, I can't say

that I blame you.

They look so well on you.

Well, perhaps my father can help you.

I'll call him.

No, no, that

won't be necessary.

As long as I can't have the
earrings, perhaps I...

I'll buy a cane.

Tell me, how did you know about
the earrings in my room?

I'm psychic. Every time I see a
beautiful girl, I know all about her.

Just like that.

What kind of
cane would you like?

We have daywear
or eveningwear.

It doesn't matter.

There's this one, it's very smart.

Solid-gold top.

No, I don't think
that'll do.

Well, how about the little dog?

That would suit you.
No, thanks.
Well, here's one.
Would make a good putter.
Yes, it would.
That's funny.
Another dog.
No, that's a wolf.
A wolf?
Mmm-hmm.
A wolf and a star.
What does that mean?
I thought you said
you were psychic.
I am, but this is only wood and
silver, and it hasn't blue eyes.
Well then, that stick is
priced at three pounds.
Three pounds? 15 dollars
for an old stick?
Well, that's a
very rare piece.
It shows the wolf and the pentagram,
the sign of the werewolf.
Werewolf?
What's that?
That's a human being who, at certain
times of the year, changes into a wolf.
You mean, runs around
on all fours
and bites and snaps
and bays at the moon?
Even worse
than that, sometimes.
What big eyes
you have, Grandma.
Little Red Riding Hood
was a werewolf story.
Of course, there have been many others.
There's an old poem,
"Even a man who is pure in heart
and says his prayers by night
"May become a wolf
when the wolfsbane blooms

"and the autumn
moon is bright"
Yes, but what's this
pentagram business?
Every werewolf is
marked with that,
and sees it in the palm
of his next victim's hand.
Look, lady, if you're trying
to scare me out of here,
you're not
getting very far.
I'll take the cane.
Please tell me, have you
ever seen me before?
Of course. How do you suppose
I knew about the earrings?
I can't remember ever...
Tell you what we'll do.
We'll take a little walk tonight
and we'll talk it over.
No.

See you at 8:

No!
Gypsies, huh?
Yes, they're
fortune-tellers.
They pass through
here every autumn.
You know, I haven't had
my fortune told in years.
How about tonight?
No.
Fine, I'll be

here at 8:

Yes, that's the
sign of the werewolf.
That's just a legend,
though, isn't it?
Yes, but like most legends, it
must have some basis in fact.
It's probably an

ancient explanation
of the dual personality
in each of us.
How does it go?
"Even a man who is pure in heart
and says his prayers by night
"May become a wolf
when the wolfsbane blooms
"and the autumn
moon is bright"
That's funny.
That's the same thing
the girl in
the antique shop said.
Oh, you met
Gwen Conliffe, have you?
So that's her name!
I was just looking
the town over.
Naturally. Continue
to look it over.
But I want you to know
not only the pretty girls,
but the old men and women
and the young men.
Get to know all about them, Larry.
They're nice people.
They're your people. After all,
you're going to run the estate.
Of course, I want to
know all of them.
You seem to have made
a pretty good start.
Run along.
Get on with the good work.
All right, thanks.
Good night.
Good night.
Oh! It's you.
Why, of course.
Who did you expect?
Why, nobody.
I told you I couldn't
go out with you.

And yet you wore those
earrings that I like.
Well, that was
just because I...
Oh, come on.
I don't want to go alone.
I'm really
afraid of the dark.
And, you see,
I wore my cane, too.
Jenny?
This is Jenny Williams. She wants
to have her fortune told, too.
I'm very pleased
to meet you, Mr...
Just call me Larry.
If you don't mind, Larry.
Well...
Oh, look!
Wolfsbane.
"Even a man who is pure in heart
and says his prayers by night
"May become a wolf
when the wolfsbane blooms
"and the autumn
moon is bright"
So you know
that one, too, eh?
Of course. Everyone
knows about werewolves.
We've come to have
our fortunes told.
Can you really
read the future?
I will not disappoint you,
my lady.
Will you step inside, please?
Do you mind
if I go in first?
No, no.
Go right ahead.
Go on, silly.
Quite a pipe the old
boy's got, isn't it?

Cut the cards.

We didn't come down to
listen in on Jenny, did we?

No.

Well, maybe if you took
a little walk with me,
I could tell
your fortune.

So you're
a fortune-teller.

Uh-huh.

Is that how you knew
about the earrings?

Well, not exactly.

You see, a telescope has
a mighty sharp eye.

It brings the stars so close that
you feel you can almost touch them.

A telescope?

Sure.

And it does the same thing
to people in their rooms.

That is, if you point it
in the right direction.

Oh, you wouldn't.

Well, now, I was only
testing the refractor.

I didn't know about you, and, all
of a sudden, there you were.

Well, from now on, I'll be
sure to draw the curtains.

Don't do that! I mean,
not on account of me.

I mean...

Well, you know what I mean.

Yes, I'm afraid I do.

But it's only fair to
tell you I'm engaged.

I'm going to be
married very soon.

In fact, I really
shouldn't be here.

But you are here.

Can you tell me when

I'm going to be married?
What did you see?
Your hands, please.
Your left hand
shows your past,
your right hand
shows your future.
What's the matter?
I can't tell you
anything tonight.
Come back tomorrow.
What did you see?
Something evil?
No, no!
Now go away. Go quickly.
Go!
Yes. Yes, I'm going!
What was that?
I don't know.
Never heard anything
like it before.
Stay here.
Larry! Wait, Larry!
Larry, where are you?
Oh, Larry! Larry, what happened?
What's the matter?
A Wolf.
Help! Help!
Please, hurry!
Hurry, please.
What happened to him?
A Wolf bit him.
Do something.
Can't you help him?
We must take
him home.
Big boy, isn't he?
Huge.
Like the Red Talbot,
there.
We should have had
him in the Guards.
Oh, no. He'll be invaluable
here, looking after the estate.

You know, he's had a lot
of experience in America.
Here, here.
What's the matter?
Sir John!
Master Larry.
What's happened?
He was bitten by a wolf.
A wolf?
Nonsense. Haven't been
wolves around here for years.
Where did
all this happen?
By the marsh. That
woman came to help.
Where is she?
Who?
Why, the Gypsy woman. I'd never
have got him here without her.
Yes, of course, the old woman
who was just in the doorway.
Kendall, find her.
Was anyone else with you?
Jenny. Someone get Jenny.
Sir John! Captain!
By the marsh!
Yes, yes, by the marsh?
Speak up, man.
Jenny.
Jenny Williams.
What about her?
She's been murdered, sir.
Wolf? Gypsy woman?
Murder? What is this?
What makes you say
she was murdered?
Her throat, sir.
Come, come. Let's look into this.
Here, show me where it happened.
Yes.
I'll send Dr. Lloyd, Sir John.
Fine. Roberts, give me a hand
with Master Larry, will you?
Come on, Larry.

Get him up to his room.

Mr. Twiddle?

Yes, sir?

Make a note, Twiddle.

Very good, sir.

"Jenny Williams,
attacked by some
"large animal."

That right, Dr. Lloyd?

Her jugular was severed by
the bite of powerful teeth.

The cause of death,
internal hemorrhage.

What's the matter
with you, Twiddle?

I'm a little
squeamish, sir.

Well, don't be squeamish.

Write down what I told you.

Very well, sir.

Captain Montford!

Here, sir.

It's the Gypsy who passed
through town this afternoon.

Was he killed by the
same animal, Dr. Lloyd?

No, his skull was crushed by heavy
blows with a sharp instrument.

Make a note, Twiddle.

Very well, sir.

"Bela the Gypsy found dead near
the body of Jenny Williams.

"Cause of death, heavy blows
from some sharp instrument."

Look,
his feet are bare.

So they are.

Otherwise,
he's fully dressed.

Make a note of that, Twiddle.

Very well, sir.

What's this?

A stick with a
horse's-head handle.

It's not a horse's head.
That's a wolf's head.
Mr. Frank? Them tracks back there.
A wolf!
Make a note, Twiddle.
Very well, sir.
"Found on scene of tragedy,
"silver-handled stick
mounted with a wolf's head."
Let's have a look
at those tracks.
Larry. Shouldn't you
be in your bed?
No. I'm all right.
Good morning,
Larry.
This is
Dr. Lloyd.
You frightened us
last night, my boy.
I'm sorry. I guess I
did kind of pass out.
Is this
your stick?
Why, of course.
That's the one I
killed the wolf with.
Larry, Bela the Gypsy
was killed last night.
They found your
stick by the body.
You mean, Bela the
fortune-teller?
Mmm-hmm.
I only saw
a wolf.
He bit me.
Look here.
Well, that's funny.
It must have healed up.
Larry, Paul wants to ask
you some questions.
Why, sure, sure.
Go ahead.

No, I think we ought
to leave him alone.
What's the
matter with you?
Paul wants to question him.
Go ahead, Paul.
Yeah, go ahead. But don't
try to make me believe
that I killed a man when I
know that I killed a wolf.
Yes, yes. We're all
a little bit confused.
He needs a good rest.
We'll talk to
you later, Larry.
Come on, Doctor.
Coming, Sir John?
Yeah. I'll be
down in a minute.
Now, Larry, will you stop
worrying and let me handle this?
But they're treating
me like I was crazy!
I'm not accusing him
of foul play, Sir John,
but, after all, two people are
dead, and I am chief constable.
That's no reason to make a
great mystery out of it.
You talk like a
detective in a novel.
Now, please, gentlemen. There's
a very simple explanation.
A dog or a wolf attacked Jenny
Williams, that's proven.
When she cried for help, Larry
and Bela went to her rescue.
It was dark. Excitement and confusion.
The Gypsy was killed.
What about
Bela's bare feet?
He just didn't have time
to put his shoes on.
And what about this

nonexistent wound?
Larry imagined
he'd been bitten.
After all, the beast jumped at
him and tore his coat to shreds.
Still, he insists
he received a wound.
You tell me his
coat was bloody
when the two women
brought him in.
Surely, a wound
can't heal overnight.
The patient is mentally disturbed.
Perhaps the shock did it.
I'd rather you didn't bother
him with questions just now.
You policemen are
always in such a hurry.
As if dead men
hadn't all eternity.
Well, you'll be declaring
me a mental case next.
Oh, no.
I wouldn't dare.
Thank you.
In return, I won't question your
patient again, until you think fit.
Thank you.
It's the Gypsy
fortune-teller.
And the man
that killed him.
But, my dear woman, we can't
bury this man without prayer.
There is nothing
to pray for, sir.
Bela has entered a much
better world than this.
At least, so you ministers
always say, sir.
And so it is. But that's no reason
to hold a pagan celebration.
I hear your people

are coming to town,
dancing and singing
and making merry.
For a thousand years, we Gypsies
have buried our dead like that.
I couldn't break the custom
even if I wanted to.
Fighting against
superstition is as hard
as fighting
against Satan himself.
The way you walked was thorny,
through no fault of your own.
But as the rain
enters the soil,
the river enters the sea,
so tears run to
a predestined end.
Your suffering is over,
Bela, my son.
Now you will find peace.
But, my dear, there's nothing
they can accuse you of.
Now, here, why don't you go
up to your room and lie down?
I don't want to
be alone, Father.
As soon as I close
my eyes, I see Jenny.
I'd rather stay here.
Why, of course, my dear.
Of course.
Well, ladies. What
can I do for you...
Where is she?
Why, what do you
want to know from her?
I want to know why she left my little
Jenny all alone with the Gypsy.
Well, I suppose she
didn't want to be there
while the fortune
was being told.
Oh, what a lie!

You know she just wanted to
walk out in the dark with...
Now! You mustn't speak
of my Gwen like that.
Listen to him!
There's a fine father for you.
How dare you permit her
to walk out with other men
when she's engaged
to Frank Andrews.
She didn't
do anything wrong.
"Anything wrong"?
It's because of her that my
little Jenny was killed.
Now, that's enough!
She's to blame. I always knew that
innocent little face was just...
Now come on, outside!
Outside, all of you.
You'll not get rid of me
before I know the truth.
I want to know
what she was doing
while my little
Jenny was being murdered.
I'll tell you
what she was doing.
All right, tell me.
Come on. Come on.
Speak up. What was it?
Don't you dare touch me.
You and your fine daughter.
You've not heard
the last of this.
What's gotten into them?
Well, I...
I really don't know.
I'm sorry, sir, about getting
Gwen into this mess.
But there really
wasn't anything wrong.
I trust
my daughter, sir.

I hope that she didn't
hear all this row.
Tell me, is she in?
Yes, she's
in the parlor.
May I see her, please?
Why, of course.
Thank you.
Larry!
Oh, you...
You heard them.
Yes.
I suppose you can't
blame them too much.
Kind of a mess, isn't it?
I came over to tell you
how sorry I am about Jenny.
Tell me, just exactly
what did happen?
Well...
I saw a wolf attacking her,
and I killed it.
In the fight, it bit me.
This morning,
there's no sign of the wound.
Now they're trying
to make me believe
that I killed Bela,
the fortune-teller.
Well, maybe there wasn't a wolf.
It was dark and foggy,
and, well, perhaps
the story I told you
about the werewolf
confused you.
Why does everyone insist
that I'm confused?
Hello, Frank.
Hello, Mr. Conliffe.
Is Gwen in?
Yes, but she
has a visitor.
Larry Talbot?
Yes.

Well, that's all right.

I want to see him, too.

Larry, this is

Frank Andrews.

Quiet.

You'd better take
him outside, Frank.

All right.

Come on, come on.

So that's him, huh?

Yes. We grew up
together.

He looks like
a nice enough chap.

What does he do?

He's the gamekeeper for
your father's estate.

Oh.

Glad to know you,
Andrews.

I just came over to see
that Gwen was all right.

I guess I'd
better be going now.

Goodbye, Gwen.

Goodbye.

Frank, why were
you so rude?

Well, I'm sorry,
but...

I couldn't take my eyes off
that walking stick of his.

Gwen, be careful,
will you?

Careful?

Yes. He's been away
for 18 years, I know,
but he's still the son
of Sir John Talbot.

I see. And I'm
the daughter of Conliffe,
who owns the antique
shop, is that it?

Yes, that and, well, there's something

very tragic about that man,
and I'm sure that nothing but harm
will come to you through him.
Now aren't you
glad I brought you?
There's Larry Talbot.
Let's go and
say hello, eh?
I just wanted to show you
that I'm not jealous.
Larry Talbot!
Saw you walking
along by yourself,
thought you might
like to join us.
Well, thanks. I was
just on my way home.
Don't say that.
Come on. We'll have
some fun together.
Please do,
Larry.
Two guns,
please.
Yes, sir.
See what you can do.
All right.
He seems to be able
to handle a rifle.
Go ahead and shoot,
before he bites you.
Bad luck.
See? Nothing to it.
Care to try another one?
No, thanks.
You win.
He's unstrung.
Long trip-
That unfortunate accident
the other night.
You have been
a long while coming.
I'm not buying anything.
And I am not

selling anything.
I expected you sooner.
I remember you.
That night,
and in the crypt.
Go inside.
You killed the wolf.
Well, there's no
crime in that, is there?
The wolf was Bela.
You think I don't know the
difference between a wolf and a man?
Bela became a wolf,
and you killed him.
A werewolf can be killed
only with a silver bullet,
or a silver knife or a stick
with a silver handle.
You're insane. I tell
you, I killed a wolf!
A plain, ordinary wolf!
Take this charm.
The pentagram,
the sign of the wolf.
It can break
the evil spell.
Evil spell,
pentagram, wolfsbane.
I'm sick of the whole thing!
I'm gonna get out of here.
Whoever is bitten by
a werewolf and lives
becomes a werewolf himself.
Quit handing
me that.
You're just
wasting your time.
The wolf bit you,
didn't he?
Yeah. Yeah,
he did.
Wear this charm
over your heart always.
All right,

I'll take it.
What's it worth to you?
I'll give you...
Do you dare to
show me the wound?
What?
Do you dare to
show me the wound?
Go now,
and Heaven help you!
Larry!
Gwen!
Gosh, I'm glad
to see you.
I thought you
left with Frank.
We had a quarrel,
and then I...
Well, I'll take
you home, then.
We better go this way.
Quite a hectic night,
wasn't it?
Yes.
What's that?
That?
That's a charm. I just
saw the old Gypsy woman.
They give you quite
a sales talk, don't they?
Let me see.
The pentagram.
Yes. She said that
I was a werewolf.
But surely you...
Well, you don't
believe that...
Gwen, I won't
need this.
I want you to have it.
It'll protect you.
Protect me? From whom?
Me. Just in case.
I never accept a present without

giving something in return.
Here's a penny.
That isn't enough.
Why, the Gypsies
are all leaving.
I must go, too.
But, Gwen...
Hey, hey, hey! What's
all the excitement?
There's a werewolf
in camp.
Did you hear that,
Mr. Twiddle?
Of course I did. Otherwise,
I'd be snuggled all in bed.
Sounded like
a wild animal.
Might be some beast
the Gypsies left behind.
Seemed to come
from the churchyard.
Don't stand there talking.
Let's go and see.
Very well, let us
go and have a look.
Good morning, gentlemen.
Good morning.
Morning,
Captain.
It could be
a better one, Doctor.
Good morning, Twiddle.
Good morning, Doctor.
Richardson, eh?
Yes.
Severed jugular.
Is that the way Jenny
Williams was killed?
Yes.
Find something?
Animal tracks.
A Wolf.
Morning, Larry.
You're up early.

Yes. I heard people
in the corridor.
Is there
anything wrong?
Richardson was killed last night.
The gravedigger.
The tracks lead
up to this house.
Footprints.
No, animal tracks.
A wolf.
A Wolf?
Where do you
suppose a wolf came from?
He might have escaped
from the circus or a zoo.
What is this story about a
man turning into a wolf?
You mean the werewolf?
Yes, sir.
Well, it's an old legend.
You'll find something like it in the
folklore of nearly every nation.
The scientific name
for it is lycanthropia.
It's a variety
of schizophrenia.
That's all Greek to me.
Well, it is Greek.
It's a technical expression
for something very simple.
The good and evil
in every man's soul.
In this case, evil takes
the shape of an animal.
I can figure out
most anything
if you give me electric
current and tubes and wires,
something I can
do with my hands.
But these things,
you can't even touch...
What's the matter

with you, Larry?

Oh...

Oh, nothing, sir.

But do you believe
in these yarns?

Larry, to some people,
life is very simple.

They decide that this is good, that
is bad, this is wrong, that's right.

There's no right and wrong,
no good and bad.

No shadings and grays,
all blacks and whites.

That'd be

Paul Montford.

Exactly.

Now, others of us find
that good, bad, right,
wrong are many-sided,
complex things.

We try to see every side.

But the more we see,
the less sure we are.

Now, you ask me if I believe
a man can become a wolf.

Well, if you mean, can he take on the
physical characteristics of an animal?

No. It's fantastic.

However, I do believe
that most anything can happen
to a man in his own mind.

Time for church.

You know, Larry,
belief in the hereafter
is a very healthy
counterbalance

to all the conflicting doubts man is
plagued with these days. Come on.

Last night, it caught
up with Richardson.

Many's the grave
he dug for others.

Now they're
digging one for him.

I don't dare open my door
anymore, for fear of that beast.
That beast. Has
anybody ever seen it?
I don't think
it even exists.
Very strange there were no murders
here before Larry Talbot arrived.
I think... Hold your
tongue, Mrs. Williams.
Do you know
that's slander?
I know what I know.
You should have seen the way he
looked at me in Conliffe's shop.
Like a wild animal
with murder in his eyes.
Here he comes.
Morning.
Pleasure to see you,
Sir John.
How are you, Larry?
Fine, thank you.
Mr. Conliffe.
Come, my dear.
I think I'll send this cast of the animal's
tracks to the expert at Scotland Yard.
Why? They'll
laugh at you.
There's no question
about it. It's a wolf.
Probably hiding in the woods somewhere.
What about traps?
We've got to do
something before
the town becomes
completely hysterical.
Yes, this muttering
of werewolves.
Come along,
Larry.
We're discussing this wolf that seems
to be roaming the countryside.
Yes, you saw him. What's he like?

Is he a big fellow?
It isn't a wolf.
What do
you mean?
It's a werewolf.
Werewolf?
Maybe he's right.
Let's have a hunt
and drive it out.
That'd be a valuable addition to
anybody's collection of animals.
Just imagine having a stuffed werewolf
staring at you from the wall.
I wouldn't
joke about it, Paul.
Doctor, do you believe
in werewolves?
Why, I believe that a man
lost in the mazes of his mind
may imagine
that he's anything.
Science has
found many examples
of the mind's
power over the body.
The case of the stigmata appearing
on the skin of zealots.
Self-hypnotism.
But if a man isn't even
thinking about the thing,
isn't interested in it,
then how could he hypnotize
himself with it?
It might be a case of mental
suggestion plus mass hypnotism.
You mean by that,
that he could be
influenced by
the people about him?
Yes. Come now, Doctor.
You're letting your science run
away with your common sense.
Have you ever met
a werewolf, Doctor?

Not that I know of.
Doctor, can these
sick people be cured?
Not they. An asylum's the
only safe place for them.
Any disease of
the mind can be cured
with the cooperation
of the patient.
Well, while you gentlemen are
figuring it out scientifically,
I think I'll go
and set a few traps.
Yes, I'll help you.
We may not find
anything more
than a diseased mind,
but even that
may be interesting.
Doctor, I've got
to talk to you.
Later. Now, I want you to
go and get some rest.
Go on, Larry.
You're the one
I want to talk to.
I didn't like what you said
to him about mass hypnotism.
Sir John, your son
is a sick man.
He's received
a shock that has caused
definite
psychic maladjustment.
You must send him
out of this village.
You're talking
like a witch doctor.
If my son is ill, the
best place for him is
in his own home,
proving his innocence.
Does the prestige
of your family name

mean more to you
than your son's health?
Oh, nonsense.
The one way for him
to get cured is to stay
here and fight
his way out of this.
And I tell you that
shock therapy is too
strong for him in
his present state.
Listen to me,
Dr. Lloyd.
Five generations of Talbots haven't
been affected by this village.
That boy stays here!
Oh, very well.
We'll see how
he is in the morning.
All right, sir.
Last one, huh?
That ought to
hold him.
They've lost
the trail, sir.
Well, he can't have
disappeared into thin air.
Take Phillips and
walk around the marsh,
see if you can pick up
the trail down there.
All right, sir.
Come on, Frank.
Let's go.
Right away.
The way you walk is thorny,
through no fault of your own.
But as the rain enters the soil,
the river enters the sea,
so tears run to
a predestined end.
Find peace for a moment,
my son.
What are you

doing here?
I came to
help you.
Where am I?
What happened?
You are caught
in a trap.
Here, here.
Let me do that.
Hurry. The dogs.
They are hunting you.
Hello, there!
Stop! Come here! You!
It's Master Larry!
What are you
doing here, sir?
Why, the same thing
that you are, of course.
Hunting.
I hear you
talking to someone?
It was Master Larry.
All right.
Go along.
Who was that?
Larry Talbot.
Larry!
Gwen,
I'm going away.
Away? But why?
I've got to go.
I can't stay here any longer.
Let me go with you. I'll fetch a few
things and be back in a minute.
No, no.
I'm going alone.
But I can help you!
You wouldn't want to run away
with a murderer, would you?
Larry, you're not.
You know you're not.
I killed Bela.
I killed Richardson.
If I stay around here much longer, you

can't tell who's going to be next!

Wait...

It might even...

Please!

I've still got the charm

you gave me, remember?

Yeah, yeah, I know,

but I'm afraid.

Larry! What is it?

Your hand.

I can't see anything.

Mr. Talbot.

Father!

I'm going with Larry.

No, it's no use!

Going out, Larry?

Father, I've got to

get away from here.

Bela the Gypsy

was a werewolf.

I killed him with

that silver cane.

I was bitten. Look.

The pentagram.

That scar could be made

by most any animal.

Yes, but it's the

sign of the werewolf.

They say that he can

see it in the palm

of the hand of

his next victim.

That's hard to believe.

I saw it. Tonight.

In Gwen's hand.

Larry, Larry, how can I help

you get rid of this fear,

this mental quagmire

you've got yourself into?

What can I say to you?

You don't understand.

You think

I'm insane. Why...

What's that? That's Paul

Montford and the men.
They caught
nothing in the traps,
so now they're
going to hunt the wolf.
They're out
hunting for me.
Stop it, stop it!
You can't run away.
That's it.
That's what she said.
Who?
The Gypsy woman.
Gypsy woman?
Now we're getting
down to it.
She's been filling your
mind with this gibberish,
this talk of werewolves
and pentagrams.
You're not a child, Larry,
you're a grown man,
and you believe in the
superstitions of a Gypsy woman.
No, but the scar!
The footprints in my room!
Look, Father, I was
caught in a trap tonight.
I don't know
how I got there.
The old Gypsy woman
helped me get away.
And now they're all
out hunting for me.
Listen to me.
You're Lawrence Talbot.
This is Talbot Castle.
You believe those men can come
in here and take you out?
No. I'll go out to them.
I can't help myself.
Then I'll see to it that
you can't go out to them.
Come on, Larry.

There. You're fast
to the chair,
all the windows are locked,
and I'll bolt the door
so that nothing
can get in or out.
Now you'll see
that this evil thing
you've conjured up
is only in your mind.
Sir John!
Yes?
Captain Montford and the men are
waiting for you and Master Larry.
I'm coming.
But you're going to stay
with me, aren't you?
No, I've got to go, Larry.
These people have a problem.
You must make your own fight, but
we'll settle this thing tonight.
Dad!
What is it?
Take the cane with you.
What do I want with a cane?
Please.
Just take it with you.
Please.
All right.
He should come right
across through there.
The beaters are driving
right towards this point.
Did you give your
son the sleeping pill?
Oh, no.
But I wanted him to sleep
through all this hullabaloo.
And I want him
cured, tonight.
In the morning, he'll have conclusive
proof it was all in his mind.
What did you do?
Strapped him to the chair.

Turned him to the window so that
he'd see something of the hunt.

I hope you
won't be sorry.

Dr. Lloyd.

Coming.

You are not frightened,
are you, Sir John?

Frightened? Of what?

Of the night.

Rubbish.

You startled me.

Don't be startled,

Sir John.

You have the silver
cane for protection.

Who are you?

Hasn't your
son told you?

You're the Gypsy who's been filling
his mind with this werewolf nonsense.

Nonsense, Sir John?

Yes.

You've been preying on his
gullibility with your witch's tales.

But you fixed him,
didn't you, Sir John?

You don't believe
the witch's tales, do you?

Not for a minute.

Then where were
you going, Sir John?

Why aren't you back there,
at the shooting stand?

I was. Were you hurrying
back to the castle?

Did you have
a moment's doubt?

Were you hurrying to make
sure he's all right?

I wanted to be with my son.

I was going...

Yes, Sir John.

You were going?

Hurry,
Sir John. Hurry.
Come around
this way, men!
Swing out to the right
there, come through again.
Wykes, you and
Phillips take charge.
I could have sworn I hit him dead on!
And I, too.
Have you forgotten it takes a
silver bullet for a werewolf?
Have you seen Larry?
Don't go through the woods.
Why?
Listen. The hunt is on.
But... But I want
to help him.
You'd better
come with me.
No. I've got
to find him.
Come with me or
he will find you.
The way you walked was thorny,
through no fault of your own.
But as the rain enters the soil,
the river enters the sea,
so tears run to
a predestined end.
Your suffering is over.
Now you will find
peace for eternity.
Down this way, men.
Gwen! Are you
all right?
The wolf must have attacked her,
and Larry came to the rescue.
I'm sorry, Sir John.
Larry!