It was a cold night in late September. There was a full moon in the black sky. John and Susy were going down the street of a small Dartmoor village. The wind was whistling through the trees.

They were walking toward the old church at the end of the street. Suddenly there was a noise. A huge shape - half man, half wolf - rushed out of the shadows. Susy was hit by the creature's enormous paw. She fell and didn't move any more. John screamed and ran towards the church. He never reached it. Then the creature hurried back into the shadows. It was quiet again. Two clouds covered the moon and it was very dark.

“Cut,” shouted the director. “We're going to do that scene again. Johnny, you must really scream!”