

THE STAND

Part III

by

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[The third night will open with a brief recap of what happened during the first two episodes.]

ACT 1

FADE IN ON:

1 EXT. A HIGHWAY RUNNING THROUGH THE DESERT, LONG DAY 1

Sand dunes have covered the road in places. Here and there we see cars stalled either on or off the road. The latter are half-drowned in sand. All of this lies shimmering beneath the brutal desert sun.

TRASHCAN MAN (faint voice)
Ci-bola! Ci-bola! Bumpty-bumpty-BUMP!

TITLE CARD: THE SOUTHERN NEVADA DESERT JULY 13

THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON a Vespa--the one TRASHCAN MAN was riding at the end of the last episode. It lies overturned and half-drowned in one of those encroaching sand-dunes.

TRASHY (much closer voice)
Ci-bola! I'm coming! My life for you!

THE CAMERA PANS up the road, and we see TRASHY staggering away from us, to the top of a nearby rise. To his left, half-buried in the sand, is a crashed 727 with AIR LAS VEGAS written along the side.

Suddenly TRASHCAN MAN stops, uttering a hoarse little gasp.

2 EXT. TRASHCAN MAN, CU 2

A terrible sunburn has been added to the burns he incurred while torching Des Moines. He's been baked and blistered as well as spindled and mutilated, but his eyes are slowly widening and his cracked lips are spreading in a joyful grin.

TRASHCAN MAN (whisper)
Oh...Cibola...my life for you...

3 EXT. LAS VEGAS, TRASHY'S POV 3

It's still forty or fifty miles away, but it's no mirage. Not this time.

4 EXT. THE TRASHCAN MAN 4

TRASHY (whispers)
Cibola...the City that is promised...
the Seven-in-One...and him!

SOUND: The CAW of a CROW.

TRASH looks left and sees:

5 EXT. THE DOWNED JETLINER, TRASH'S POV 5

The CROW roosts on the tail, looking at TRASH with burning red eyes. It seems to SHIMMER...to start to MORPH into FLAGG...and then the SHIMMER FADES. It CAWS AGAIN, as if to ask what TRASH is waiting for. Then it flies off in the direction of the city.

6 EXT. TRASH 6

TRASH
My life for you...bumpty-bumpty-bump!
My life for you...bumpty-bumpty-bump!

He starts to walk, chanting this phrase like a mantra as he goes, gradually picking up the pace of both until he is running and screaming down the road to Vegas. He falls, picks himself up, and runs on through the devil's frying pan.

TRASH (thin scream)
My life for YOU! BUMP-ty-BUMP-ty-BUMP!

He was crazy before...but he's lots worse now.

7 EXT. THE LAS VEGAS STRIP, EARLY EVENING 7

TRASHY comes staggering along, looking like a ghost from beyond the grave of the world. His expression is one of stunned amazement as he looks at the dark casinos and dead wedding chapels. We intercut his brutally used face--the face of a mad prophet--with little vignettes of death:

A casino with the words DIE LAS VEGAS FOR YOUR SINS! spray-painted across the marquee.

A Mercedes crashed through the window of an adult movie theater.

An armored cash truck lying on its side; the back doors are open and money has spilled out in a green drift.

A mummy wearing a white satin jump-suit sits on a gold throne in the middle of an intersection. The sign around his neck reads ELVIS HAS LEFT THE BUILDING.

CONTINUES

7 CONTINUES

Plus, of course, the jumbled American nightmare that was Vegas even before the world went to hell: Liberal Slots, Free Table Play, Million Dollar Jackpot, Les Girls.

All at once, TRASH stops. His eyes widen. His lips move silently. He looks the way Moses must have when the burning bush suddenly spoke up.

8 EXT. THE LAS VEGAS GRAND 8

I don't know what hotel this actually is, but it should look grand: a combination of the Taj Mahal and the Tower of Babel. Like a mad firebug's concept of Cibola, in other words. Big gold pyramids flank the doors.

A huge green lawn spreads luxuriously in front of this whited sepulchre, and in the center of it is a huge marble fountain.

SOUND: Cool water PLASHING and HISSING.

9 EXT. TRASH 9

THE SOUND OF THE WATER ECHOES in his head. He licks his lips.

10 EXT. THE FOUNTAIN, CU 10

Rainbows dance in the spray. Beautiful. Cool. In fact, heaven.

11 EXT. THE TRASHCAN MAN 11

TRASHY
CIIIIIBOLAAAAAAA!

As he screams, he runs toward the fountain. He stumbles over the curb between the street and the lawn, crawls across the greensward, and finally reaches it. Still babbling ad-libs ("My life for you" is always a good one), he grabs the rim and flips himself into the pool. He paddles in it, drinking, spraying water from his mouth like a spouting whale, rolling over and over.

TRASH
Cibola! Wonderful City of Gold! Seven
in One! My life for you!

12 EXT. THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE VEGAS GRAND 12

LLOYD HENREID, looking dapper and handsome--looking like a good blackjack dealer, in fact--stands in the foyer, watching as TRASH paddles. The flawed stone FLAGG gave him in Phoenix is clearly visible in the V of his open-throated shirt.

CONTINUES

12 CONTINUES

A big man with a pleasant, open face--WHITNEY HORGAN--comes up to LLOYD. WHITNEY is wearing a cook's apron.

In the b.g. we continue to hear TRASH shouting his AD-LIBS.

WHITNEY

He the one the big guy's been waiting for?

LLOYD

Right.

WHITNEY (awed)

Holy God!

LLOYD

Right. Come on.

They go inside, clearing the frame. On the lawn, TRASHY boosts himself out of the fountain and flops, wet but happy, on the grass. At last he picks himself up and heads for the hotel.

13 INT. THE MAIN CASINO FLOOR

13

The chandeliers lighting this huge room look like motherships from a Spielberg movie, and it's the first place we've seen with electricity since the flu hit. Blackjack tables, roulette tables, and dice-pits stretch away almost into infinity; ranks of slot machines stand like soldiers at attention. The place is creepy because it's completely deserted.

TRASHCAN MAN staggers in, dripping, hair plastered to his burn-lumpy forehead, leaving tracks on the carpet. He runs a hand across the fan of cards on a blackjack table, disarranging them, and looks around nervously.

TRASH

Hey! Anybody here?

No answer. He looks around again, then climbs up on the table. He lies down with his knees pulled up to his chest.

TRASH

My life for you. You know that,
don't you? My life for you.

He puts his head down on his arms.

14 INT. THE CUB BAR, WITH LLOYD, WHITNEY, HECK DROGAN

14

The Cub is divided from the casino by a low railing. The three men stand there, looking out at TRASH. HECK DROGAN is about twenty. He's dressed like an Old West gunslinger and has the face of a moderately successful serial killer.

14 CONTINUES

HECK

Looks like road pizza and smells like a dead polecat! Boy! What do we do with him?

LLOYD

Let him sleep. Flagg wants him.

HECK

Where is Flagg, anyway?

LLOYD (gives him a look)

Are you that anxious to see him, Heck?

HECK (immediately nervous)

No! I mean, you know...I didn't...

LLOYD

Flagg will be around. He's been waiting for this guy. This guy's something special.

15 INT. THE TRASHCAN MAN

15

Sleeping deeply on the table while dark moisture spreads around him on the green felt.

DISSOLVE TO:

16 EXT. A CAMP BESIDE A ROAD IN OHIO NIGHT

16

We're at some distance, and all we can really see is a bright constellation of lights set in a circle on the ground. These will turn out to be Coleman gas lanterns. There are a lot of them--maybe as many as eighty.

TITLE CARD: KUNKLE, OHIO JULY 19

STU (tense voice)

Dammit, there's still not enough light!

HAROLD (voice)

They're turned up as high as they'll go. Maybe--

STU (voice)

Never mind. Frannie, wipe my face-- I'm sweatin like a pig.

17 EXT. STU, ECU

17

His sweat-drenched face is EERILY LIT by the gas lamps. A hand reaches into the frame and blots his face with a soft cloth. STU'S face is screwed into an expression of tense concentration

CONTINUES

17 CONTINUES

DAYNA JURGENS (voice)

Stu?

STU

Not now, Dayna. I see it. I'm gonna go in and get it.

THE CAMERA PANS DOWN. Lying on the ground, outlined by flaring Coleman gas lanterns, is a young man named MARK. He has been draped in surgical greensheets. All we see of him is his face, and a square hole above the right side of his lower stomach...where the appendix is. The edges of the sheets around this hole are dark with blood; within it we can see the shiny wet blur that is MARK'S unzipped guts.

Beside the patient, GLEAMING INSTRUMENTS have been set out on a square of cloth. They glitter cruelly in the light. GLOVED HANDS--STU'S--enter the frame and grab a scalpel.

STU (voice)

You see it? That's his appendix, all right--just as sure as mud sticks to a blanket!

18 EXT. THE PARTY GATHERED AROUND MARK

18

THE CAMERA PANS THEM SLOWLY. There are faces we know--HAROLD and FRAN flank STU, serving as his informal op-nurses, and GLEN is kneeling by the incision with clamps and bandages--but there are also faces we don't know.

The newcomers include JUDGE FARRIS, kneeling by MARK'S bare feet, which are sticking out from beneath the greensheets. The JUDGE is a tall old guy, at least seventy-five, with a handsome, weathered face. Beside him is SUSAN STERN, a good-looking lady of about thirty, and next to FRAN is a beautiful young woman of about twenty-two. This is DAYNA JURGENS.

The PAN ENDS on DAYNA.

DAYNA

Stu!

19 EXT. THE GROUP AROUND THE IMPROMPTU OPERATING TABLE

19

He looks up at her at last, and we see he's angry at her interruption. She looks at him with great compassion and sorrow, and we see that the JUDGE also knows what she knows.

DAYNA (gently)

You don't need to.

CONTINUES

19 CONTINUES

STU

What do you mean? I can see the
problem--

DAYNA

He's dead, Stu.

STU looks at her, utterly stunned. So do HAROLD and FRAN. HAROLD is the first one to react more fully. He gives the corpse a look of revolted understanding, cups his hands over his mouth, and lurches off into the darkness--HAROLD is going to eject a few more groceries. FRAN begins to cry. STU takes longer to get it, probably because he doesn't want to get it.

STU

What do you mean? He can't be dead!
How can he be dead when I can see
how to fix him?

DAYNA

Cover him up, please.

GLEN does so. FRAN leans her head against STU'S shoulder and sobs. Still stunned, probably hardly even aware he's doing it, STU puts a comforting arm around her.

These six look at each other over the covered corpse, their faces thrown into harsh relief by the glare of the Colemans. This is the world as it is for them now--a world where innocent people die of burst appendixes. They knew it before, I suppose...but now they are beginning to feel it.

20

EXT. A GRAVE BESIDE THE ROAD EARLY MORNING

20

It's a mere hump of earth with a rude cross at the head. Behind it are a number of parked motorcycles.

JUDGE FARRIS (voice)

"I am the resurrection and the life;
whoever believeth on me shall not
perish." [Pause] There's probably
more, but I don't remember it.

GLEN BATEMAN (voice)

It works for me, Judge. Amen.

A clod of dirt is thrown on the grave. And another. And another. A young woman--DAYNA--begins to cry.

21 EXT. THE GROUP AROUND THE GRAVE

21

STU stands next to FRAN and HAROLD. Across from him are GLEN, JUDGE FARRIS, DAYNA JURGENS, and SUSAN STERN. KOJAK sits beside GLEN. SUSAN puts her arms around DAYNA and hugs her.

GLEN

And at least it wasn't the flu.

HAROLD

That only makes it worse. It's...
it's existential! That's what it is,
it's existential!

DAYNA gives HAROLD a horrified look, then runs off, sobbing. SUSAN follows her. HAROLD walks over to FRAN.

HAROLD

The sooner we put this place behind us, the better. In a way it's a blessing she only knew him for three weeks.

FRAN

Sometimes, Harold, you can be extra-ordinarily stupid.

HAROLD has gotten used to more gentle treatment from FRAN, and he blinks at this unexpected attack.

FRAN

Besides, I think we'll be staying here today.

HAROLD

Why?

FRAN

Because Stu Redman's dead on his feet, that's why! He was the only one of us with guts enough to even try doing something for Mark!

She stalks away from him and into a screen of trees. We can hear a BROOK BABBLING QUIETLY AWAY in that direction. HAROLD stares after her, surprised by the ferocity of her attack and uneasy at her sympathy for STU'S problems.

GLEN walks over to the disconsolate HAROLD LAUDER.

GLEN

The Judge and I thought we'd take a ride into town and go CB shopping. Want to come?

CONTINUES

21 CONTINUES

HAROLD (dejected)
Yeah...I guess that'd be all right.

JUDGE FARRIS
What about you, Stuart?

STU sits down near the now-empty ring of Coleman lanterns, looking down at his clasped hands. He looks very tired.

STU (doesn't look up)
Think I'll take a pass.

JUDGE FARRIS (to STU)
You did everything you could to save him--Miss Jurgens knows that.

STU
We still owed him better'n what we were able to give him. We owed ourselves better.

HAROLD
Maybe I ought to stick around and make sure Frannie--

STU (testy)
I'm sure she'll be fine, Harold--go on.

He goes, but gives STU a distrustful look as he does.

22 EXT. A BROOK NEAR THE CAMPSITE, WITH FRAN

22

This is a pretty, romantic time of day, with the morning sun casting a rose-pink glow on the water. FRAN is sitting on a flat rock near the stream, crying. STU comes out of the trees, sees her, and goes to her. She looks up and tries to smile.

FRAN
Pretty sloppy, huh?

He puts a hand on her neck--comforting, not caressing.

STU
It's okay. You're allowed.

FRAN
It's not just Mark; I dreamed about him again last night. The dark man. It was the worst one yet. I saw lines of crosses along Highway 15. Made out of--

CONTINUES

22 CONTINUES

STU

Out of telephone poles and barn-beams. With people hanging off them.

FRAN

You too?

STU

Me too. And Glen...and Dayna...and that new fella we picked up yesterday. Judge Farris. Is there room on that rock for me?

She moves over, and STU sits beside her, their blue-jeaned legs touching companionably.

STU

It was the old lady I dreamed about last night. Mother Abigail. She was settin on a porch, but not the same one. I think her and the first bunch of em have made it to Boulder.

FRAN

I know they have.

STU

She said, "You got to move em along faster still, Stuart; if an old lady like me can get here, a big tough fella from Texas like you ought to be able to. And mind you keep pickin up the strays as you come."

He laughs, but FRAN looks at him with worry and fear.

FRAN

How can we be dream-sharing like this?

STU puts an arm around her shoulders in an absent sort of way. FRAN looks momentarily startled, then pleased.

STU

Things've changed, that's all I know, and we're gonna have to change with em. I think the dreams have served their purpose. Glen's got some sleeping pills in his kit--I know he does. Why not ask him for one tonight? Get a decent night's rest for a change.

FRAN

I...can't.

CONTINUES

22 CONTINUES (2)

STU

Why not?

She looks up at him, nerves herself, and manages to say it.

FRAN

I'm afraid it might hurt the baby.

23 EXT. THE CAMPSITE, WITH HAROLD, GLEN, JUDGE FARRIS

23

In the b.g., we see SUSAN STERN and DAYNA JURGENS beginning breakfast preparations. In the f.g., JUDGE FARRIS is settling himself gingerly into the sidecar of GLEN'S motorcycle while KOJAK watches. HAROLD is standing by his own bike.

GLEN (to KOJAK)

Not this time, boy. Stay.
Ready, Judge?

JUDGE FARRIS

Just don't tip us over, young man.

GLEN

First time I've been called "young man" in twenty years. Ready, Harold?

HAROLD

I've changed my mind. I saw a berry patch back that way--maybe I'll pick some for breakfast.

GLEN

Fine by me. [Pauses] And don't let what happened to Mark eat at you.

HAROLD

A man died of a ruptured appendix last night! How can I not let it eat at me?

JUDGE FARRIS (coldly)

Discipline.

HAROLD

Huh?

JUDGE FARRIS

Discipline, young man--a quality which you lack. Under less trying circumstances I'd hold my peace on the subject, but these circumstances are trying. Most trying. I therefore suggest you consider efforts to mend your character.

CONTINUES

23 CONTINUES

HAROLD (shocked)
You can't talk to me like that!

JUDGE FARRIS
Nonsense--I just did. I suggest to you, Mr. Lauder, that this world we've inherited won't abide much self-indulgence. If it was grief you were feeling, that would be one thing. But it's not grief; it's pique. Put it aside. That is my advice to you: put it aside.

HAROLD
I don't need your advice!

GLEN (gently)
Actually, Harold, I think you do.

HAROLD turns on him. GLEN looks at him with a kind of stern sympathy, then putts away with the JUDGE sitting in the side-car like a pasha on a throne. HAROLD glowers after them for a moment, then strolls toward the woods, probably more interested in FRAN than in any berries he might find.

24 EXT. BY THE STREAM, WITH STU AND FRAN

24

STU is holding her in his arms. FRAN has cried hard--her cheeks are wet--but the storm is ending now.

FRAN
I'm sorry...but you see, don't you? Why I'm so scared? If a strong, healthy man can die of a ruptured appendix... what if something goes wrong when it's time for me to have the baby? Who's going to deliver it? Who's going to deliver my baby?

STU
If I have to, I'll do it myself. A baby's one hell of a lot bigger than an appendix...and there's no infection involved.

FRAN
You'd do that? Even after...what happened to Mark?

CONTINUES

24 CONTINUES

STU (smiles)

Yes...and without sheddin even half the sweat. Hell, I grew up in farm country.

[Looks down at her]

I don't believe anything's apt to go wrong with you, anyway. You got good wide hips.

FRAN looks at him with dawning relief...and begins to smile. He smiles back.

FRAN

You really think I'm going to be all right, don't you?

STU (grinning now)

Yes ma'am.

25 EXT. IN THE WOODS, WITH HAROLD

25

He's picking berries and eating them, but in the half-hearted way of a guy who's pretty bored with what he's doing and will soon stop. Then he hears the MURMUR OF VOICES. His face tightens with jealousy as he realizes whose voices, and he begins moving toward the SOUND, now walking stealthily.

26 EXT. BY THE STREAM, WITH STU AND FRAN

26

STU

Have you told Harold?

FRAN

No--you're the only one who knows.

STU

When are you due?

FRAN

January.

She looks up, her eyes questioning. He answers by bending to kiss her, and that's the answer she wanted. She meets his kiss firmly and happily. His arms go around her. They leave the rock and kneel by the stream, their arms around each other, kissing passionately. STU'S hands go to the top button of her shirt.

CONTINUES

26 CONTINUES

FRAN

Is it what you want? Not just sympathy for the poor pregnant lady?

STU

What do you think?

He begins to unbutton her shirt again, and they sink to the ground, OUT OF THE FRAME, as he does.

SOUNDS OF LOVEMAKING, SOFT BUT INTENSE. THE CAMERA MOVES IN on the tangle of trees which separates the stream from the clearing on the far side. Peering out at the lovers is HAROLD, his shadow-stripped face looking like the face of a Zulu warrior painted for battle. HAROLD'S weird, not-quite-sane smile--the smile of Travis Bickel in Taxi Driver--begins to spread across his face. It widens into a hateful grin... ~~and~~ and there's murder as well as hate in that gaze.

Abruptly, as FRAN begins to MOAN WITH PLEASURE, HAROLD turns away and disappears back toward the campsite.

27

EXT. THE CAMPSITE, LATER THE SAME MORNING

27

In the f.g. HAROLD is crouching by the rear wheel of his motorcycle, tightening the brake cables. His shirt is off, and we see that he's in much better shape than when we first met him.

The bushes between the clearing and the stream shake, and FRAN and STU step out. They aren't holding hands, but they are walking close together. It's obvious to us--and to HAROLD--that they've become a couple. If you can stand the crudity, they have that freshly fucked look. FRAN looks nervous. STU, more of a pragmatist about these things, doesn't.

HAROLD stands up, wiping grease from his hands with a soft cloth, and turns an expressionless face toward them as they stop about halfway across the clearing.

FRAN

Harold? We have something to tell you. I don't know exactly how to say it, but...

HAROLD suddenly breaks into a sunny grin which is nothing at all like his Travis Bickel look. It lights his whole face, and at the sight of it, FRAN glows with relief.

HAROLD

I think it's called being in love. Congratulations. I'm glad for you.

CONTINUES

27 CONTINUES

STU

Fran thought you might be...

HAROLD

Jealous? Angry?

STU

Somethin like that.

HAROLD goes to him, still grinning, and sticks out his hand. STU shakes it.

HAROLD

Jealous, yeah. Angry, no. It's life.

He turns to FRAN, and suddenly his grin is gone and his face is solemn again. FRAN looks up at him apprehensively.

HAROLD

I've got something to say to you.
Something I couldn't say before.

Her look of apprehension deepens. Then HAROLD smiles--a gentle, beautiful smile--and kisses her cheek.

HAROLD

I love you, Frannie.

FRAN (stunned)

Th...Thank you, Harold.

He walks back to his motorcycle and steps behind it; it blocks his lower half from STU and FRAN.

HAROLD

And maybe I need to apologize for my behavior.

STU

Harold--

HAROLD

Yes, I think maybe I do. Ever since we met you in New Hampshire, Stu, I've been acting like the south end of a northbound horse. Well, Judge Farris said something to me this morning that kind of woke me up--he suggested that I gather up most of my old behaviors and put them out by the curb with the rest of the garbage. I think it's advice I'm going to take.

CONTINUES

27 CONTINUES (2)

During this, THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY DOWN to HAROLD'S left hand, which is hidden from STU and FRANNIE by the motorcycle. The hand is clenched into a fist, and BLOOD OOZES out from between the fingers.

28 EXT. THE CAMPSITE, A NEW ANGLE

28

HAROLD is downstage in this shot; we see him as STU and FRAN see him. With that ominously clenched and bleeding fist hidden, everything looks like sunshine and roses. FRAN is delighted that HAROLD seems to be giving up his crush with so little struggle.

STU

Good for you, Harold--not everybody knows when it's time to grow up.

HAROLD (grinning)

Well, it took a few too many turns of the old crank to get me going, but I guess it's the results that count, right? Still friends?

FRAN

Oh Harold, of course we are!

HAROLD (heartily)

Good deal!

STU

You need any help with those brakes?

29 EXT. HAROLD, CLOSER

29

HAROLD

No...I think everything's under control.

He resumes his squat, and with the bike to hide him, he opens his clenched hand and takes a surreptitious look down. Carved into the palm are four bleeding crescents made by his fingernails. He picks up the soft cloth he used to wipe his hands earlier and wipes the blood out of his palm. When he does, we see the wounds even more clearly, standing out amid the tangle of small scars left over from previous fits of anger when he did the same thing.

HAROLD (smiling)

Perfectly under control.

We hold on his smiling face, then

DISSOLVE TO:

30 EXT. THE LAS VEGAS STRIP, DAY

30

FLAGG'S people are out in force, collecting the dead and hauling away the stalled cars with wrecking trucks. They are as energetic as ants...or newborn fascists. As we watch, the Mercedes is pulled out of the adult movie theater and the dead Elvis impersonator is tossed unceremoniously into the back of a Las Vegas Public Works dumpster.

There is a spooky regimented feel about all this. For one thing, all the workers--male and female--are dressed in the same plain red t-shirts, blue jeans, and white hardhats. Nobody smiles. Nobody talks. But they are efficient...as efficient as Hitler's Berlinkorps back in 1937.

31 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE LAS VEGAS GRAND

31

There's a truck with a cherry-picker attachment on the back. In the bucket is a woman in a red t-shirt, blue denims, and a white hardhat. She's holding a huge light-bulb in her arms as the cherry-picker lifts her toward the top of a streetlight pole.

SOUND, LOUD: HYDRAULIC WHINE OF THE CHERRY-PICKER.

32 INT. A BRIGHT, SUNWASHED HOTEL ROOM DAY

32

SOUND, FAINT: HYDRAULIC WHINE OF THE CHERRY-PICKER.

TRASHCAN MAN is lying in bed. He's still a mess, but in better shape than previous; his burns have been dressed, and dirty bandages have been replaced with fresh ones. He's wearing clean pj's. His eyes are shut, but as THE CAMERA MOVES IN TO CU, they snap open.

TRASH

My life for you!

He looks around, first just moving his eyes, then his whole head, his expression tentative and frightened. But the room is empty; no jeering enemies here.

TRASH sits up, swings his legs over the edge of the bed, and examines his surroundings (and his pajamas). Then he gets up and walks slowly to the window.

33 EXT. VEGAS, TRASHCAN'S POV

33

A great view, and why not? This is undoubtedly one of the Grand's penthouses. In the middle distance--at the foot of the hotel's lawn, actually--we see the woman in the cherry-picker basket, which is now stationed directly below the hood of the streetlight. She's changing the bulb.

34 INT. THE TRASHCAN MAN

34

TRASH (in ecstasy)
Tibola! Seven-in-One! My life for--

SOUND of the door opening behind him. TRASH whirls around, his joyful expression at once replaced with the look of a cornered animal.

35 INT. THE TRASHCAN MAN'S ROOM, WIDER

35

LLOYD comes in. Behind him is an old friend from New York: the RAT-MAN.

LLOYD
How are you feeling, man?

TRASH
I'm okay. Who are you?

RATTY
This here's Lloyd Henreid. He ain't bad for a slice of Wonder Bread. I'm the Rat-Man...bold, black, and beautiful. Pleesdameetcha, Trash.

He advances past LLOYD with his hand out, but TRASHCAN MAN shrinks back from him a little.

TRASH
How do you know people back home used to call me Trashcan Man?

RATTY (giggles)
You got to do somethin bout that talkin-in-your-sleep shit, bro.

LLOYD, who's matured since his whoop-whoop days with POKE, loses patience with this byplay. He pushes RATTY aside without much ceremony, exposing some clothes laid over a chair.

LLOYD
I had to guess at the sizes, but I think they'll be okay.

TRASH
Am I goin somewhere?

LLOYD
Flagg wants to see you.

LLOYD speaks in tones of mingled reverence and fear, but TRASH is immediately transported.

CONTINUES

35 CONTINUES

TRASH

My life for him! Yes! My life for him!

RATTY (to LLOYD)

Dude's stone crazy!

LLOYD

You think we're not?

RATTY drops his eyes, and LLOYD turns back to TRASH.

LLOYD

Come on--get dressed.

TRASH begins to unbutton his pajama shirt as fast as he can.

36

INT. THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE GRAND'S PENTHOUSE

36

It's très luxurious, with expensive oil paintings on the walls, etched mirrors, tropical plants. It ends at an elevator door. There is a soft BING, and the door SLIDES OPEN.

LLOYD and TRASH step out. TRASH is agog, trying to look everywhere at once. LLOYD looks scared. He stops just outside the elevator. TRASH continues on for a moment, then notices LLOYD is no longer there and turns back.

LLOYD

He wants to see you alone. Good luck.

TRASHCAN MAN turns around, and for the first time we see fear as well as exaltation. He swallows hard--

TRASH

My life for you.

--and begins to walk again.

37

INT. AT THE DOOR TO THE PENTHOUSE

37

Before TRASH can knock, the door opens by itself, revealing a sumptuously appointed living room beyond. The glass walls give a breathtaking 240° view of the desert outside.

38

INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF FLAGG'S PENTHOUSE SUITE DAY

38

TRASH walks slowly in, trying to look everywhere at once. The suite appears empty, but as he passes one mirrored wall, we see a DARK, AMORPHOUS SHAPE WHIRLING in the glass. It looks a little like a CROW, a little like a CYCLONE, a little like an animated RING-WRAITH from Bakshi's Lord of the Rings. Two red sparks--EYES--begin to glow in this coalescing darkness.

CONTINUES

38 CONTINUES

TRASH sees none of this. He goes to one of the glass walls (THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM, leaving the SHAPE in the mirror behind) and sees it's actually a sliding door with a balcony beyond. TRASH opens the door, transfixed by the view.

FLAGG (voice)

The Trashcan Man. How good to see you.

TRASH whirls around.

39 INT. THE PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM, WITH FLAGG

39

He stands with his worn cowboy boots sinking into the deep-pile carpet, looking somehow like a visitor from another planet. Not a very nice one. His eyes GLOW RED; a few BLACK CROW FEATHERS flutter down around him. A few more are laced into his dark hair like Indian decorations.

FLAGG

How very...very...very...good!

He walks over to TRASH, who stands waiting and trembling all over--and I mean really trembling--with joy and exaltation.

TRASH (teeny-tiny voice)

my life for you

FLAGG (soothing)

Yes indeed. But I don't think it will come to that.

He reaches into his pocket and comes out with a chrome lighter. He flicks back the cover and spins the striker. The flame hypnotizes TRASH--it's an effect fire always seems to have on him. FLAGG curls his hand around the still-lit lighter and squeezes. TRASH gasps, and FLAGG'S eyes glow a brighter red--a shifting red, like coals in a campfire.

When he opens his hand, the lighter is gone. In its place is a black stone with a red flaw in it. This amulet is attached to a fine gold chain. FLAGG slowly holds it out to TRASH, who reaches for it and then stops. He looks at FLAGG questioningly, wanting to be sure. FLAGG nods encouragement. TRASH reaches for the charm, but as he touches it, FLAGG'S hand closes over his. TRASH gasps.

FLAGG

There's work for you in the desert, Trash. Great work. If you want it.

TRASH

Anything. Anything. My life for you!

CONTINUES

39 CONTINUES

FLAGG releases his hand. TRASH slips the amulet over his head, then into his shirt. He touches the small bulge it makes there.

TRASH

I...I love you.

FLAGG

I know. I know you do. And I'm going to fulfill all your dreams, Trash. Come--let's talk about it.

He slips an arm around TRASH'S shoulders and leads him out onto the balcony from which NADINE CROSS will fall tomorrow night. TRASH looks at him with doglike adoration. FLAGG begins to talk. We can't hear what he's saying, but he sweeps his arm out toward the desert with all the grandiose complacency of a Mongol warlord. THE CAMERA HOLDS FOR A MOMENT, then we

DISSOLVE TO:

40 EXT. BOULDER, COLORADO, LONG SHOT MORNING 40

This shot is from The Flatirons, where the Great Plains end and the Rockies meet, and it's simply gorgeous. The city sprawls at the skirts of the mountains; the plains dream off to the east in a blue morning mist.

TITLE CARD: THE BOULDER FREE ZONE JULY 28

FRAN (voice)

I...I dreamed of you, Mother Abigail.

41 EXT. MOTHER ABAGAIL'S HOUSE ON MAPLE STREET 41

She's sitting in her rocker on the porch of a pretty little tree-shaded house. There's a picket fence between the lawn and the sidewalk; an open gate gives on a cracked cement walk leading to the house. Standing beyond it is STU'S party, which has grown a bit since Kunkle. STU and FRAN stand in the f.g., HAROLD, GLEN, the JUDGE, DAYNA, and SUE behind them, and then the newcomers. Among them we see two we'll meet a little more fully later on: BRAD KITCHNER and CHAD NORRIS.

ABBY (gently; kindly)

I know you did. I been waitin on you.

FRAN

You have?

ABBY

Come on up here, honey.

CONTINUES

41 CONTINUES

Then, as everyone (except maybe for HAROLD, who looks as if he wishes he could slip away) starts to bulge forward:

ABBY

Just you and your man, to start with.

STU and FRAN start up the walk. They move slowly--this is a moment of mystic strength, of joining, and we should be allowed time to feel and enjoy it. FRAN certainly feels it--tears stream down her cheeks, and as MOTHER ABAGAIL holds out her arms, FRAN lets herself be enveloped. She begins to sob.

ABBY

You're with child, little girl.

FRAN (startled)

How did you know that?

But MOTHER ABAGAIL has spoken all the prophecy she intends to speak for one day. She looks at STU, smiles, and grasps one of his strong hands in one of her gnarled old ones. She draws him up on the porch and gives him a hug.

MUSIC: ACOUSTIC GUITAR, PLAYING UPTEMPO, HAPPY MUSIC.

ABBY

You brought em through, Stuart.
Done a good job, too...but don't
you get feelin too proud. This
is where the real work starts.

STU

How'd you know my name?

But she won't answer him, either--there's a childish part of her that enjoys these little magic tricks. She looks at the others, still clustered outside the gate.

ABBY (calls)

You're all welcome here! Come on
up and let's us visit a spell!

The rest of the party comes forward eagerly, and ABBY, who seems to be counting heads, looks puzzled...a little worried.

ABBY

Seems there were more here before--

FRAN (looking around)

It's Harold. Harold's gone.

They exchange a look over MOTHER ABAGAIL'S head as GLEN introduces himself to the old lady.

MUSIC, UP TO LOUD, AS WE DISSOLVE TO:

42 EXT. THE ROCKIES EARLY MORNING 42
TITLE CARD: AUGUST 17

STU (voice)
Summer's almost over. Man, I can
hardly believe it.

43 EXT. SUNRISE AMPITHEATHER, WITH STU, GLEN, RALPH, NICK 43
This is a beautiful lookout spot about halfway up Flagstaff
Mountain. The four men are sitting at one of the picnic tables,
passing a jug of wine. They've been there most of the night,
but, to their credit, are only half-drunk. NICK's doodling on
his pad.

GLEN
How the time flies when you're
having fun. Right, East Texas?

RALPH
Big day today.

GLEN
How so?

Smiling, NICK hands him his pad. GLEN looks down at:

44 PAD, INSERT 44
NICK has drawn a power-plant, complete with a HIGH VOLTAGE sign
and lightning-bolts zizzing out of the coils and condensers.

45 EXT. THE MEN 45
GLEN hands the pad back to NICK with a sour face and takes a
drink of wine, directly from the neck of the bottle.

GLEN
The power-plant. Oh yes.

RALPH
Turning on the juice again! How
could you forget that, Glen?

GLEN
I didn't forget it; I blocked it
out. Remember what I told you back
in New Hampshire, Stu? How it's all
just lying around, waiting to be
picked up? Well, the picking-up starts
this afternoon, at the East Boulder
Power Station.

CONTINUES

45 CONTINUES

RALPH

What's so bad about putting the rocks back in peoples' Scotch?

GLEN

In itself? Not a thing. But it's the old way. And the old way was the death-trip.

STU

That's hittin it a little heavy, don't you think?

GLEN

Is it? There's an old woman down there on Maple Street who might tell you different, East Texas-- if she'd talk about this end of it at all, that is. She drew us together without a single volt of electricity, and she's not exactly without ideas in certain other areas, is she?

He pulls a flier out of his back pocket and hands it to STU with a small, ironic smile. STU only glances at it; he has seen it before.

46 FLIER, INSERT

46

MASS MEETING!
REPRESENTATIVE BOARD
TO BE NOMINATED AND ELECTED!
8:30 P.M. AUGUST 18th
Chautauqua Hall in Chautauqua Park
REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED FOLLOWING THE MEETING

47 EXT. THE MEN AT THE PICNIC TABLE

47

STU

So?

GLEN

So nothing...so everything. The fact is, she says this was not her idea. She says it was God's idea.

[taps the flier]

This isn't our meeting, or her meeting. According to Mother Abigail, it's God's meeting. And we more or less believe her, don't we?

CONTINUES

47 CONTINUES

RALPH

I believe her, I know that.

STU

Me too, I guess...so what's the problem, baldy?

GLEN

Maybe there isn't one...but maybe there's a big one. She told us to get everyone together--to have a mass meeting. Yes. But beyond that, she really hasn't said anything! She just sits on the porch, the way she did in our dreams, and everything she says boils down to the same thing: "All things serve the will of God."

STU

What's your point?

GLEN (swallows some wine)

Just that we all talk about how much we love her and need her...how much we believe in her...and then we go right back to fixing up the things that got us in trouble to begin with. Do you really think God spared us among all the world's billions just so we could reinvent the ice-cube? I wonder.

NICK hands his pad to STU. STU LOOKS DOWN AT:

48

PAD, INSERT

48

He's sketched ABBY. She's turned away so we can only see her prayerful attitude. Below it, he has written: She is waiting.

49

EXT. RESUME NICK, STU, GLEN, AND RALPH

49

STU hands the pad to GLEN, who looks and then hands it on to RALPH. RALPH looks a little frightened...in fact, they all do.

RALPH

Waiting...yeah, I know she is.
But for what?

NICK suddenly pulls up the leg of his jeans and points at what's beneath: a dusty old boot with a rundown heel.

He mouths the words: "For him."

SOUND: THE STEADY CLOCKING OF FLAGG'S BOOTHEELS.

ACT 2

50 EXT. IN THE DESERT, WITH NADINE NIGHT

50

She's back to us, her hair flooding over her bare shoulders, as naked as network TV will allow. About ten yards from where she stands, that huge bonfire roars flames at the black sky. A man squats on his hunkers before it, and although his back is also to us, we know it's FLAGG.

She walks slowly toward him, and THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH HER.

NADINE

I...I'm here. I came.

FLAGG (without turning)

"The bride cometh to the bride-
groom as a flame to the wick of a lamp."

THE CAMERA SLIPS AROUND to show us NADINE'S face. She is simultaneously terrified of him and fascinated by him. He's her drug, hateful and scary but necessary.

NADINE

Is that the Bible?

FLAGG

Danielle Steele. I think. Who cares?

NADINE drifts toward him, kneels behind him, and embraces him that way, pressing her white face against his shoulder.

FLAGG

Nadine, Nadine...

NADINE

Yes...

She raises her head. At the same time FLAGG turns his, and what she sees, less than two inches from her own face, would scare anyone. Below his hair is only a dark oval with two GLARING RED EYES floating in it.

FLAGG

My love. My bride.

As he reaches for her, NADINE SCREAMS in horror and surprise--

51 INT. NADINE, CU DAY 51

Her eyes are closed when we come on her this time, but they pop wide open almost at once. She stares around with wild, unfocused horror for a second, then realizes where she is-- in the cab of a pick-up truck. She sits up. We should notice that, while her hair is still mostly black, there is a lot more white in it than there was when we last saw her.

52 INT. THE TRUCK, A WIDER ANGLE 52

The driver is TEDDY WEIZAK, who we will later see working with HAROLD on the Burial Committee. He glances at NADINE curiously.

TEDDY

You okay, lady?

NADINE

Yes, of course I am--why?

TEDDY

You were havin a bad dream. Must have been a wowser, by the sound. Was it him? The walkin dude?

NADINE (lying)

I...I don't remember.

TEDDY looks her over and decides to change the subject.

TEDDY

We're makin great time--they must have cleared the roads almost all the way ~~to~~ Julesburg.

NADINE

How long?

TEDDY

Two hours, maybe. Three at most. Look--you can see the mountains.

NADINE looks out the window.

53 EXT. I-70, NADINE'S POV 53

More vehicles are in line ahead, mostly motorcycles and four-wheel-drives. Beyond them, we see the jagged line of the Rockies on the horizon.

54 INT. RESUME NADINE AND TEDDY 54

Now she looks out her side window at:

55 EXT. THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY, NADINE'S POV 55

There are cars in the ditch, on the median, and in the fields -- the Free Zoners have pushed them off the road to clear the way for the streams of newcomers. A large CROW is sitting on one of the abandoned vehicles, seeming to stare at--

56 INT. NADINE, CU 56

Her eyes widen.

FLAGG (low whisper)

...Nadine...

57 EXT. THE CARAVAN, FROM ABOVE 57

We see about twenty-five vehicles snake-dancing along the deserted highway toward Boulder.

SOUND: An ACOUSTIC GUITAR playing "Baby, Can You Dig Your Man." It's a great, bluesy rendition.

58 EXT. A SIDEWALK IN THE TABLE MESA AREA, WITH STU DAY 58

The MUSIC is LOUDER, and now we hear JOE singing along, except what he's mostly doing is HOOTING. STU stops where he is, grinning as he looks at something we can't see.

LARRY

Whoa. Whoa. Stop a second.

59 EXT. A SUBURBAN HOUSE, WITH LARRY AND JOE 59

They're sitting on the stoop. JOE has LARRY'S Gibson on his lap. Now LARRY takes it from him. JOE'S expression of near-homicidal distrust is gone; he looks at LARRY with an expression that's close to adoration.

LARRY (plays a quick blues riff)

Try that.

He hands the guitar back to JOE, who plays the riff easily (and better than LARRY).

LARRY

Too bad you're so slow.

JOE hoots questioningly.

CONTINUES

59 CONTINUES

LARRY

Nothing. Try the second verse,
and remember it goes "I just want
you to tell me, if you think you
can, Baby can you dig your man,"
not Hoo-Goo-Goo-Doo. Want to give
it a shot?

He looks up, sees STU, and grins.

LARRY

Hey, Stu! Come on over!
[Calls into the house]
Lucy! Come on out! It's Stu Redman!

STU joins LARRY and JOE. JOE gives him a brief glance, then goes back to what he's doing. There's still some hoo-goo-doo in there, but it's better than before.

STU

Wasn't that one popular just
before the flu hit?

LUCY comes out. She and LARRY exchange an amused little glance that tells us two things: she knows where that song came from, and they are very much in love.

LARRY

I guess so. Typical bubble-gum crud.
I can't imagine why he likes it.

He ruffles JOE'S hair affectionately, and JOE gives him a grin of bright shining love.

LUCY

Make room, Joe.

JOE slides over, still playing the guitar. LUCY sits between him and LARRY. STU sits cross-legged on the grass nearby.

LARRY

And give that one a rest--play some
Lightnin' Hopkins, or something.

JOE starts in on some blues riffs, lost in his own world.

LUCY

Would you like a beer, Mr. Redman?
They're warm, but--

STU

I'll pass. And please--just Stu.

59 CONTINUES (2)

LUCY slips an arm around LARRY and he returns the favor. They look completely happy with each other.

LUCY

Stu, then.

STU

Hopefully there'll be ice-cold beer all around by this time tomorrow. Larry, there's a new bunch of people on their way in. I'm on my way over to Mother Abigail's. I thought maybe you'd like to come along. Lucy and your boy, too, if they want.

LARRY

Why, if you don't mind me asking? I've never minded a little walk on a nice summer morning, but we're sure as hell not going to know any of these new fish--

STU

I wouldn't be so sure of that.

LARRY

What do you mean?

STU

I don't know...but it wasn't my idea to come get you, Larry. It was Mother Abigail's.

LUCY

You better go--take Joe, if he wants to go. I've still got a lot to do here.

STU

Well? What do you say?

LARRY

I say these are very strange times, Stu. Joe--you want to go for a walk?

JOE looks doubtful.

LARRY

See the nice old lady?

JOE grins and jumps to his feet--he likes MOTHER ABAGAIL.

LARRY

60 EXT. A LAWN ON MAPLE STREET 60

An electric lawnmower is running by itself, cutting wavery swaths in the grass. Behind the LOW HUM of its MOTOR, we hear the SOUND OF MOTHER ABAGAIL LAUGHING.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see ABBY sitting in her rocker. She's got a remote control gadget and is twisting the controls like mad, clearly having the time of her life.

61 EXT. THE SIDEWALK, WITH STU, LARRY, AND JOE 61

They're about half a block down from ABBY'S house. JOE, who is wearing the Gibson strapped neck-down to his back, stares at the lawnmower with amazement. The men are simply amused.

STU

Don't that beat all.

SOUND: APPROACHING MOTORS--trucks and motorcycles. It's the convoy. They all look toward it.

62 EXT. ANGLE ON MOTHER ABAGAIL, INCLUDING THE MOWER 62

She hears it, too, and the expression on her face is that of a woman who knows a hard task now lies just ahead. She flicks a switch on the remote control, killing the mower, lays the control aside and grips the arms of her rocker with her gnarled hands. She looks like a queen on her throne.

63 EXT. ON THE SIDEWALK, WITH STU, LARRY, AND JOE 63

LARRY starts forward toward the house. STU grabs his arm.

STU

No. Wait.

64 EXT. LOOKING UP THE STREET 64

The convoy, a weird combination of the Hell's Angels and the Happy Wanderers, begins to sweep around the corner. Two custom Harleys lead the parade. Behind them come campers, pick-em-ups, and more cycles. The truck TEDDY and NADINE are riding in is set about sixth in the convoy.

They pull up to the curb in a line in front of ABBY'S house. Very slowly, with awe, the pilgrims start to dismount their bikes and get out of their trucks. They stand silently on the grassy strip between the sidewalk and the street, looking at the object of their dreams.

- 65 EXT. ON THE PORCH, WITH MOTHER ABAGAIL 65
- She gets slowly, regally, to her feet.
- MOTHER ABAGAIL
You're all welcome here! Come on,
now! Come on up n say howdy!
- 66 EXT. NADINE 66
- TEDDY has left the truck at once, but NADINE is terrified of MOTHER ABAGAIL, and has lingered. Now her face fills with resolve and she opens the passenger door of TEDDY'S truck.
- 67 EXT. THE MEN AND WOMEN STANDING IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE 67
- They look at her with a reglious/superstitious awe, and why not? She is, quite literally, a dream made real. We can see NADINE join the rear of the crowd. Her head is down, her shoulders slumped--she looks like she's trying to shrink right into the sidewalk.
- FIRST MAN
You're real! You're really real!
- He falls on his knees. Around him, a few others do the same.
- 68 EXT. MOTHER ABAGAIL, ON THE PORCH 68
- She's not going to have this...but if possible, we should see that their reaction doesn't completely displease her, either.
- ABBY
Git up! I ain't no God, and I ain't
gonna be your Golden Calf, either!
- 69 EXT. STU, LARRY, AND JOE, FURTHER DOWN THE SIDEWALK 69
- LARRY
What's all this--
- Suddenly he sees NADINE AND his eyes widen with shock.
- 70 EXT. THE GROUP OF NEWCOMERS, FEATURING NADINE 70
- All at once she loses her courage and turns, maybe planning to go back to TEDDY'S truck, maybe to just go slinking off down the street. Whichever, she doesn't get far, because she catches sight of LARRY. Her eyes widen with shocked surprise. She freezes to the spot.

71 EXT. MOTHER ABAGAIL'S PORCH

71

The new pilgrims are standing in a rough line along the walk, going up one at a time. If this reminds us of a communion service, great. As we watch, a guy with long hair spilling over his denim biker's jacket comes up the steps. He looks tough, but he's still in complete awe of the old black woman.

DAVE

I'm Dave Zellman...Rouse's Point,
New York. I...I dreamed of you,
Mother Abigail.

ABBY

It's good to have you here.

She gives him her hand, and the tough outlaw biker covers it with kisses, then rubs it against his scruffy cheek. MOTHER ABAGAIL allows all this, smiling gently. DAVE withdraws, as stunned as a teenaged girl who has just received a hug and kiss from Luke Perry.

The next one in line--a woman--comes up the steps.

DARCY

I'm Darcy Hellman, Mother Abigail.
From Cleveland. I dreamed of you, too.

ABBY

Welcome, Darcy. Welcome to our place.

72 EXT. STU, LARRY, AND JOE, FURTHER DOWN THE SIDEWALK

72

LARRY lunges convulsively forward. STU grabs his arm.

STU

What? What is it?

73 EXT. NADINE

73

Most of the group has moved onto MOTHER ABAGAIL'S lawn, leaving NADINE very visible on the walk outside the gate. In the b.g., TEDDY is now speaking with MOTHER ABAGAIL.

NADINE's paralysis breaks and she DARTS BLINDLY AWAY from LARRY--probably not in the direction she would have chosen if she'd been thinking straight. She bolts up the walk, weaving through the pilgrims on the lawn.

74 EXT. STU, LARRY, AND JOE, FURTHER DOWN THE WALK

74

LARRY (still shocked)

My God, her hair has gotten so gray!

~~He starts forward. STU grabs his arm and hauls him back.~~

74 CONTINUES

LARRY

That's Nadine Cross! I know her!
Isn't she what you brought me here
to see?

STU

I don't know...but I think
you're supposed to stay clear
for the time being.

LARRY subsides, although he's thrumming with tension.

75 EXT. THE GROUP IN FRONT OF THE PORCH, FEATURING NADINE 75

She's craning back to see if LARRY is still looking at her, and so she's unaware that she is isolated and highly visible on the path. Behind her, TEDDY WEIZAK is coming down the porch steps, looking stunned and joyful. As he steps onto the lawn and clears ABBY'S sightline, the old lady sees NADINE. Her eyes sharpen.

MOTHER ABAGAIL (sharp)

Who's this woman who comes?

The abrupt change in her voice silences the whisper-babble of the newcomers, and instantly turns their happiness to unease. Everyone looks at ABBY...and from there they follow her gaze to NADINE. At first NADINE doesn't realize what's happened. When she does, she turns slowly to MOTHER ABAGAIL, who is looking at her sternly. NADINE'S first reaction is fear and confusion. She takes a step backward.

FLAGG (low, whispered voice)

Go to her.

NADINE'S expression firms. She comes to the foot of the stairs and looks up at MOTHER ABAGAIL boldly...and with a hint of defiance. The watching crowd is silent and tense.

76 EXT. STU, LARRY, AND JOE, FURTHER DOWN THE SIDEWALK 76

JOE is bored with the whole thing. STU and LARRY have forgotten him, at least for the time being. They are totally concentrated on the confrontation going on between the two women.

77 EXT. THE PORCH, WITH NADINE AND MOTHER ABAGAIL 77

The others stand in the b.g., watching tensely.

NADINE (firmly)

My name is Nadine Cross.

CONTINUES

77 CONTINUES

ABBY

Mayhap it is and mayhap it ain't.

NADINE

I'm from New York.

She takes two of the three porch steps, and ABBY shrinks back, her old eyes widening. There are UNEASY MURMURS from the crowd. NADINE pays no heed to them. Control has shifted to her now. A little cat's smile plays around her mouth.

ABBY

Mayhap you are--

NADINE (faint but audible sarcasm)

--and mayhap I ain't.

[extends her hand]

I won't keep you long. You look tired.

Of course, anyone your age is bound to tire easily...isn't that so?

ABBY only looks at the outstretched hand, suddenly just a very old woman who is unsure of what to do or say next. She looks around for help.

78 STU, LARRY, AND JOE, FURTHER DOWN THE SIDEWALK

78

JOE can't wait any longer. He drops LARRY'S hand and runs for the porch.

JOE

Mother Abigail! Mother Abigail!

LARRY (waking up)

Joe!

79 EXT. MOTHER ABAGAIL'S YARD

79

JOE

Mother Abigail! Mother Abigail!

He pelts up the walk and steps, jostling NADINE aside. It's as if she's also been asleep, and this knock wakes her up. Her former expression of confused fearfulness returns. She retreats down the steps.

ABBY'S attention switches to the boy, and her look of stern and confusion is replaced by a smile of happiness.

ABBY

Hello, Joe! What do you know?

CONTINUES

79 CONTINUES

He giggles at the ritual joke and wraps his arms around her. There's a burst of relieved laughter and fresh conversation from the newcomers. The confrontation is over.

NADINE tries to hurry through the crowd, but TEDDY stops her.

TEDDY

What the hell was that about?

NADINE

Nothing! Let me go!

She tears free, makes it to the sidewalk, and comes face to face with LARRY. They stare at each other, wide-eyed. The attraction is still there, but it terrifies both of them. They have each taken other lovers now, in a manner of speaking.

LARRY

Hello, Nadine.

She tries to get by him and he stops her.

LARRY

The note you left--

NADINE

--said that I had my reasons for what I was doing, and I didn't want to answer any questions. I still don't...I only want to be left alone!

She runs up the sidewalk without looking back.

STU

What was that all about? Who is she?

LARRY looks at STU with eyes full of confusion.

LARRY

I'm not sure I really know.

Behind them, a WOMAN is approaching MOTHER ABAGAIL.

MOTHER ABAGAIL

Welcome. Welcome to our place.

STU turns to watch this scene with love and wonder. LARRY, however, is looking after NADINE. We move in on his face and then

FADE TO BLACK. THIS ENDS ACT 2.

ACT 3

80 EXT. A BACK YARD, WITH FRANNIE DAY

80

This is behind the house she shares with STU. In the time since their first encounter by the stream on the way to Boulder, STU and FRANNIE have become firm friends as well as lovers. If marriage exists in this new world, they're married.

FRAN, wearing a pair of tiny shorts and a halter top, is in a tub of suds, stomping up and down and back and forth. Every now and again a pair of pants or a shirt will float to the top and she stomps it back down. She's tied her hair back, but little curls of it have fallen across her brow and ears. She looks out of breath, slightly pregnant, very beautiful.

STU (voice)

What do you call that, anyway? The mating dance of the wild wood-duck?

FRAN looks around at:

81 EXT. A NEW ANGLE ON THE YARD, WITH STU

81

He's standing with his arms folded, smiling at her. FRAN wipes sweat from her brow with her arm. She's not terribly amused by his sense of humor--this is hard work.

FRAN

How long have you been there, Mr. Funny Guy?

STU (joins her)

Couple of minutes. Actually, you look pretty sexy.

He ~~tries~~ to put his arms around her, but it's no go.

FRAN

Actually, I don't feel pretty sexy. Further actually, they're your clothes, too.

STU

And I appreciate you washin my duds, but why go to all the trouble?

FRAN

What do you mean?

81 CONTINUES

STU

The stores are full of clothes, and I'm an easy size.

FRAN

Use it once and throw it away like a paper cup? Nope, we're not starting that again...at least, I'm not. That's the old way.

She starts stomping again--foot-powered agitation.

FRAN (continues)

I'm just feeling a wee bit extra-pregnant today, I guess. What happened at Mother Abigail's?

STU

Somethin funny.

He lifts her out of the tub, grabs a towel laid over a nearby lawn-chair, and begins wiping the suds from her long legs.

STU

Tell you on the way over to East Boulder.

FRAN

What's in East Boulder?

STU

Power-station start-up this afternoon, remember?

FRAN

Oh my God, that's right! Just let me get my sneakers on!

She **starts** toward the house. STU is looking at the washtub.

STU

When my mother hand-washed, she used a scrub-board.

FRAN turns and gives him an exasperated look.

FRAN

I know that. June Brinkmeyer and I walked over half of Boulder this morning looking, and couldn't find a single one. Technology strikes again.

81 CONTINUES (2)

STU starts to grin.

FRAN (hands on hips)
Want to tell me what the hell's so
funny?

STU
I'd rather show you, if that's okay.

82 EXT. FOLK ARTS MUSIC, DOWNTOWN BOULDER

82

THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY DOWN from the sign to the show-window, which is full of acoustic instruments. STU and FRAN come out, each carrying a washboard. FRAN has a look on her face that is both amused and bemused.

FRAN
You're a genius.

STU
No, ma'am--I just remembered that
back home people used to play with
em as well as wash with em.

FRAN
I still say it's genius. Pure
genius.

She lifts her face and he kisses her.

STU
You get me goin, Fran, and we'll
be late to the power station.

FRAN
Who cares?

She **kisses** him again, slowly and thoroughly this time, and STU **responds** with rising passion.

83 EXT. STU AND FRAN, A NEW, LONGER ANGLE

83

HAROLD LAUDER is sitting on a big Harley, watching. His tight t-shirt and faded jeans show that he's lost weight and gained muscle definition. But in some ways he hasn't changed at all. His face is knotted in an expression of hate and jealousy.

He ^{turns} ~~turns~~ the ^{key} ~~key~~ and the Harley's engine explodes into life the way Harley engines do--like a tactical nuke. He wheels around and pulls away.

84 EXT. FRAN AND STU 84

She pulls back from STU and looks around, startled.

FRAN
Who was that?

STU
Who cares?

And he pulls her into his arms again. FRAN goes willingly, with a dreamy smile on her face.

85 EXT. HAROLD, ON HIS HARLEY-DAVIDSON 85

He's riding fast, bent over the handlebars, the expression of hate and jealousy now so intense it's harrowing.

HAROLD
I'll get you both. I'll get you both.
I'll get you both. I'll get you both.

As he chants this frightening litany, the creepy Travis Bickle smile starts to resurface on his face again.

86 EXT. THE EAST BOULDER POWER STATION DAY 86

BRAD KITCHNER (voice)
Ready?

87 INT. THE POWER STATION CONTROL ROOM 87

BRAD KITCHNER is standing at one bank of controls. At the other is SUSAN STERN.

SUSAN
I'm ready, Brad.
[Indicates a row of green lights]
All battery power is up and running.

They look toward a large glass window. Beyond it is a barn-like room filled with turbines. On a railing-protected gallery running around the upper level, there's a big crowd of Zonies.

BRAD
If those motors turn out to be fried after all, there's gonna be a lot of disappointed people out there.

SUSAN
Too late now.

BRAD
You got that right, sweetheart.

87 CONTINUES

He picks up a microphone and speaks into it.

BRAD

Attention, please--attention.

88 INT. THE TURBINE ROOM, ANGLE ON THE GALLERY

88

There are sixty or seventy people here, most of our friends among them--LARRY, LUCY, and JOE; GLEN BATEMAN (with KOJAK); JUDGE FARRIS, DAYNA JURGENS; TOM and NICK; HAROLD LAUDER.

STU and FRAN hurry in and stand next to HAROLD, who gives them a big sincere grin that's nothing like his psychotic Travis Bickle smile.

BRAD (amplified voice)

We're going to try to start em up, ladies and gentlemen! I'd stand well back from the rails, if I were you... and it might not be a bad idea to keep the nearest exit in mind.

The Zonies step back from the rail, MURMURING NERVOUSLY. FRAN is looking around...but not for an exit.

FRAN

Stu--?

SOUND: A RISING TURBINE WHINE.

STU

Here we go!

89 INT. THE CONTROL ROOM

89

BRAD and SUSAN are flipping switches like mad.

SUSAN (joyful scream)

Green board! I have green across!

BRAD

Here, too!

90 INT. THE FOLKS IN THE GALLERY

90

The TURBINE SOUND is DEAFENING. JOE is clinging to LUCY and has his face buried in her skirt. NICK is looking up, grinning. He elbows STU and points. STU looks up; the other Zonies begin to follow his gaze.

91 INT. POWER STATION CEILING, GALLERY POV

91

The flourescents up there have begun to glow.

96 CONTINUES

FRAN (laughing)
Extremely great.

STU
 Guess you n Junie won't need those
 scrub-boards after all.

They embrace happily. HAROLD looks at them with an avuncular approval we should find fairly scary.

97 EXT. MOTHER ABAGAIL'S HOUSE LATE AFTERNOON 97

The SOUND OF THE TURBINES CROSS-FADES into the SOUND of MOTHER ABAGAIL praying.

ABBY (voice)
 Show me what to do, Lord. I know
 I've gone wrong somewhere.

98 INT. MOTHER ABAGAIL'S BEDROOM LATE AFTERNOON 98

It is an ascetic's room--the only furniture is a narrow cot with a night-table nearby. There's nothing in the way of decoration but a picture of the Last Supper on one wall and a sepia-toned snapshot of the home place back in Nebraska on another.

ABBY, dressed in a plain white nightgown and barefoot, kneels at the foot of the bed with her forehead lowered onto her folded hands. Her eyes are tightly closed.

ABBY (continues)
 There was somethin in that woman this mornin...was it him? I don't know, my Lord...she passed on by so quick...
 [She sighs deeply]
 No, that ain't it, and I'm too old to be makin excuses to the God of my understandin. I have sinned in complacency. And--

She looks up, her eyes wide and full of dismay.

ABBY
 I've sinned in pride, ain't I? Sittin back in my rocker like a queen n lettin em come to me...lettin em do everything but bow down before me like the Children of Israel did before the Golden Calf...
 [In agony]
Oh my Lord! Oh, what am I to do?

CONTINUES

92 INT. THE GALLERY 92

LARRY

WAHOO! THE SERVICE INTERRUPTION
HAS ENDED! WE...ARE...BACK!

He begins to applaud, and the others quickly join him.

93 EXT. BOULDER MONTAGE 93

- 1.) EXTERIOR PEARL STREET: A dead traffic light comes on. SOUND, FAINT: An ALARM.
- 2.) INTERIOR, BANK: A few mummified bodies lie around. The vault is open, and paper money is strewn everywhere. The SOUND of the ALARM is much louder. And now the banks of flourescents over the tellers' cages go on.
- 3.) INTERIOR, KITCHEN: A blender whirs into life, trying to blend a long-since congealed mixture of cheese and eggs. The motor begins to smoke.
- 4.) INTERIOR, FOLK ARTS MUSIC: The lights come on, and music starts to play over the interior sound system--"Sleepwalk," by Santo and Johnny.

94 INT. THE POWER STATION GALLERY 94

The assembled Zonies (even JOE, who has finally come out of his hiding place in the folds of LUCY'S skirt) are applauding madly. Many are weeping. KOJAK barks happily.

95 INT. THE CONTROL ROOM, WITH BRAD AND SUSAN 95

They are embracing. She looks up at him frankly.

SUSAN

Those turbines aren't the only things around here that are up and running.

[or maybe this should be BRAD'S line! - Steve

He kisses her passionately.

96 INT. THE GALLERY, FEATURING STU AND FRAN 96

FRAN is applauding...crying...and still looking around.

FRAN

Where's Mother Abigail? She should be here!

STU

I guess nobody thought to bring her... but she'll know soon enough. Isn't it great?

98 CONTINUES

She lowers her head to her hands again, sobbing.

ABBY

Show me how to go, Lord--show me.
I'm listenin. Show me how to go.

99 EXT. CHAUTAUQUA HALL, BOULDER EVENING 99

This is a marvellous ramshackle old building--wooden and barn-board gray. Tonight it streams with light. From inside comes THE LOW MURMUR of many voices. Maybe hundreds of them.

100 INT. CHAUTAUQUA HALL, WIDE 100

The assembled Zonies are sitting in folding chairs, looking both hopeful and nervous--no one knows exactly what to expect from this meeting. We see STU and FRAN sitting in the front row. She squeezes his hand, and he smiles nervously back at her. Then he gets to his feet, climbs the steps beside the stage, and crosses to the podium that's been set up in the middle of it. As he does, APPLAUSE BEGINS in the middle of the hall and quickly spreads. STU stands at the podium, waiting for it to subside, then leans forward to speak into the mike--too far forward, as it turns out.

STU

This ain't on the agenda, but--

He is interrupted by a HIDEOUS WHINE OF FEEDBACK. STU recoils.

STU

I guess we're gonna have to get used
to this again, huh?

This brings another BURST OF APPLAUSE and CHEERS. STU grins and waits for it to die down.

STU

What I started to say was I wonder
if maybe we couldn't start by singin
the National Anthem?

This brings RUSTLES and an UNDERTONE OF MURMURS. No one knows how to start. Then FRAN rises to her feet, all by herself.

FRAN (sings)

O say can you see--

Now LARRY gets up, adding his strong, trained voice to hers:

FRAN AND LARRY

--by the dawn's early light--

CONTINUES

100 CONTINUES

They rise in groups, singing. In a series of LAP DISSOLVES, we see them all. Only HAROLD and NADINE CROSS aren't at least dewy-eyed. HAROLD is wearing the broad politician's grin that is rapidly becoming his trademark. We also see BRAD and SUSAN, holding hands as they sing; RALPH BRENTNER with his straw hat crushed against his chest; NICK and TOM. TOM'S eyes are filled with childlike wonder. The MONTAGE ends with

101 INT. STU, CU 101

He's singing with tears rolling down his face and looking down at:

102 INT. FRAN, CU 102

She is also crying...and looking up at him with great love.

103 INT. CHAUTAUQUA HALL, WIDE 103

THE ZONIES (sing)
--o'er the ramparts we watched,
were so gallantly streaming...

The emotional wallop--for these people and hopefully for us as well--is tremendous.

104 EXT. MOTHER ABAGAIL'S HOUSE NIGHT 104

SOUND, VERY DISTANT: The ZONIES finishing "The Star Spangled Banner." They've reached the part that goes "O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave."

The door opens and MOTHER ABAGAIL comes out. She's still wearing her plain white nightgown, still barefoot, but the agony has left her face. She walks down the steps and stops on the now-deserted path by the remote-control lawnmower. She looks up at the stars scattered over the teeth of the Flatirons like chips of ice. Then she hears the music and smiles wistfully.

ABBY
 Fare you well, and God be with you.
 [pauses]
 I'm in the way of doin Your
 will, Lord. Help me if I falter.

She begins walking into the dark toward the mountains, a lonely shuffling figure. Soon we can only see the white blur of her nightgown, and then that is lost, too.

105 INT. CHAUTAUQUA HALL, WIDE 105

THE ZONIES (sing)
...and the home of the brave!

There is a moment of silence, and then they begin to APPLAUD FRANTICALLY. It's themselves they are applauding, of course-- their own survival.

106 INT. ANGLE ON HAROLD LAUDER 106

He's standing and applauding along with the rest, but his grin has taken on a decidedly cynical aspect. He looks to his left and sees:

107 INT. NADINE 107

There are two or three people between them, but that doesn't change the fact that she's clearly looking back at him...and only him. She's looking decidedly foxy tonight, too. She fields his glance, gives him a provocative little smile, and then looks back at the podium and goes on applauding.

108 INT. HAROLD 108

Perplexed...but interested.

109 INT. STU, AT THE PODIUM 109

STU (amplified)
Ladies and gentlemen--

But the applause rolls on, LOUDER THAN EVER. He gives FRAN a puzzled look and raises his hands to her--"What do I do now?"

110 INT. FRAN 110

Smiling--perhaps even laughing--she gives the gesture right back to him. "I don't know, but isn't it wonderful?"

111 INT. CHAUTAUQUA, WIDE 111

STU leans toward the mike again, producing the FEEDBACK WHINE on purpose this time.

STU
Ladies and gentleman, if you'll take
your seats before we all go deaf--

That gets them--there's laughter, and the applause starts to taper off a little. They take their seats again and there's A PAPERY RIFFLING SOUND as they take their first close looks at the agenda.

112 INT. ONE OF THE BENCHES, WITH GLEN, LARRY, LUCY, JOE 112
LARRY looks at the front of his agenda, then turns it over and frowns at what he sees.

113 THE AGENDA, INSERT 113

Free Zone Committee

Nick Andros
Glen Bateman
Ralph Brentner
Larry Underwood
Fran Goldsmith
Stuart Redman
Susan Stern

Honorary Committee Chairman

Abigail Freemantle

114 INT. THE BENCH WITH GLEN, LARRY, LUCY, JOE 114

LARRY
I'm on this!

LUCY
I noticed. You'll be fine.

LARRY
But...but I never volunteered!

GLEN
You were drafted--like the rest of us.

LARRY (indignantly)
By who?

GLEN
By Mother Abigail.

LARRY is silenced by that.

LUCY (to GLEN)
Where is Mother Abigail? I haven't seen her all day.

GLEN
I'm sure she's around someplace.

He's not worried, and turns back to the podium. LUCY is worried, though. She continues to look around until JOE HOOTS at her. There's an intent expression on his face--he's trying to tell her something as he yanks on her hand. LUCY bends over so he can whisper in her ear.

115 INT. STU, AT THE PODIUM 115
He's fiddling with the PA's controls.

STU
I'm pretty nervous up here, so I
hope you'll bear with me--

116 INT. IN THE AUDIENCE 116

HENRY DUNBARTON
We will, Stu!

This is greeted by APPRECIATIVE LAUGHTER and MORE APPLAUSE.

117 INT. STU, AT THE PODIUM 117

STU
Last time I had so many people lookin
at me was when our little high school
made it to the football play-offs in
Austin, and then folks had twenty-one
other guys to look at, too...not to
mention the cheerleaders...

LAUGHTER.

118 INT. RALPH AND NICK 118

NICK hands RALPH a note, and RALPH looks down at it.

119 THE NOTE, INSERT 119

He's a natural.

120 RESUME NICK AND RALPH 120

RALPH (grinning)
He sure is.

121 INT. STU, AT THE PODIUM 121

STU
But I'll make this as painless
as possible, so we can all get
outta here n have a beer.
[APPLAUSE; ROWDY CHEERS]
First off, I want you to see the
man who got us wired for electricity
again. Brad, stand up n take a bow.

122 INT. THE AUDIENCE, WIDE 122

They start to APPLAUD again, and when BRAD stands up, the APPLAUSE BECOMES THUNDEROUS. He waves to his cheering fans, then sits down beside SUSAN again. The APPLAUSE WINDS DOWN.

123 INT. STU, AT THE PODIUM 123

STU.

Okay, I guess the next thing's this so-called Free Zone Committee. The names came from Mother Abigail, but this is still America, and I guess whatever starts with her has still got to end with you folks. That means a vote. Before you do that, though, I want you to get a look at the people behind the names. I'm one of em; Stu Redman, from Arnette, Texas.

[APPLAUSE]

Next, Nick Andros, originally from Ridley, Pennsylvania, and Ralph Brentner, from Tulsa, Oklahoma.

124 INT. NICK AND RALPH 124

They stand and acknowledge the applause.

RALPH (low)

Christ, I can't do this, Nicky. It must be a mistake. Where's Mother Abigail? I want to talk to her about it.

NICK looks around and shakes ^{also} his head. He doesn't know where she is, and his eyes say he's a little worried.

125 INT. CHAUTAUQUA HALL, WITH STU AT THE PODIUM IN F.G. 125

STU

Miss Frances Goldsmith, from Ogunquit, Maine. Stand up, Fran, and let em see how pretty you look with a dress on.

FRAN stands briefly, blushing, and acknowledges the APPLAUSE.

STU

Brad Kitchner's good friend, Susan Stern, from Tacoma, Washington.

125 CONTINUES

She stands up and waves exuberantly. This time the APPLAUSE is accompanied by CHEERS and a few WOLF-WHISTLES.

STU (he's on a roll now)
Mr. Glen Bateman, from Woodsville,
New Hampshire, and Larry Underwood,
from New York City!

They stand up and wave to the APPLAUDING CROWD. LARRY turns to his left, wanting to share the moment with LUCY, but LUCY is gone. So is JOE.

As LARRY and GLEN sit down again:

126 INT. GLEN AND LARRY, CLOSER

126

LARRY
Lucy and Joe--did you see
where they went?

GLEN
Uh-uh. Maybe she took him to the
bathroom?

LARRY (not sure)
Yeah...

GLEN
Or maybe Joe spotted Mother Abigail.

LARRY (relieved)
That's probably it.

127 EXT. OUTSIDE THE CHAUTAUQUA HALL, WITH LUCY AND JOE

127

He is leading her down the drive by the hand, his face full of a kind of dismayed purpose. LUCY lets herself be pulled along for a few steps, then stops.

LUCY
I don't understand, Joe--why do
we have to go to her house now?

JOE turns a haunted face to her and HOOTS FRANTICALLY. And she allows herself to be pulled into the dark.

FADE TO BLACK. THIS ENDS ACT 3.

ACT 4

128 EXT. OUTSIDE THE CHAUTAUQUA HALL, WITH JOE AND LUCY NIGHT 128

They are near the parking lot, with the UFO-shaped building in the b.g. Coming from it is the MUTED SOUND OF MORE APPLAUSE. In the f.g. is the parking lot, tonight filled with motorcycles.

JOE is pulling LUCY along by the hand...but now she plants her feet and looks at him.

LUCY

She told you to go to her house,
Joe? You're sure of that?

He HOOTS, then points at his temple with a finger. Looks at LUCY desperately.

LUCY (dubious)

She told you in your head?

JOE hoots--Yes!

JOE (with difficulty)

Go! Get the letter!

LUCY

What letter?

From the building behind them, ANOTHER ROUND OF APPLAUSE, plus HAPPY CHEERS. JOE, meanwhile, can only shake his head and tug her hand. He's used up his little stock of vocabularly. But his face is eloquent, and LUCY gives in to it.

LUCY

All right--we'll take Larry's
bike. I've got the extra set
of keys.

They start into the parking lot, JOE with his hand clamped around LUCY'S wrist like a handcuff and HOOTING for her to hurry up.

129 INT. THE HALL, A WIDE ANGLE ~

129

STU is sweating, clearly ready for the night's work to be over.

STU

Those are the folks Mother Abigail
told us to put on the list for your
consideration. If any of you other
folks have any ideas--

129 CONTINUES

HAROLD (gets to his feet)
Mr. Chairman? Mr. Chairman!

INTERESTED MURMURS as people crane to get a look at the relentlessly smiling HAROLD. NADINE is also looking. HAROLD becomes aware of her and plays to her.

STU tosses a worried, puzzled glance at FRAN, who tosses it right back--they're both afraid that HAROLD may be about to pull a joker out of the deck.

STU
Chair recognizes Harold Lauder.

HAROLD
I'd like to move that we accept
Mother Abigail's Free Zone Committee
in toto...if they're willing to serve,
that is.

He sits down to APPLAUSE. Several cries of "I second!" ring out. The APPLAUSE SWELLS. People look approvingly at HAROLD, and HAROLD beams around, smiling his wide politician's smile.

130 INT. GLEN AND LARRY 130

GLEN (sotto voce)
Brilliant. Utterly brilliant.

131 INT. STU, AT THE PODIUM 131

STU
Judge! Can I do that?

132 INT. PART OF THE AUDIENCE, FEATURING JUDGE FARRIS 132

He rises to his feet like a rusty old bird.

JUDGE FARRIS
Within parliamentary limits, you can
do whatever you like, Stu--you're
the chairman.

133 INT. STU, AT THE PODIUM 133

STU
Folks, it's been moved and seconded
that we accept the entire committee
as listed on the agenda. I guess I
ought to ask if there's anybody on
the list who wants to step down.

134 INT. VARIOUS SHOTS OF COMMITTEE MEMBERS 134

The only one who looks really doubtful is RALPH. NICK puts a comforting hand on his leg and gives him a thumbs-up gesture with the other. RALPH looks doubtful, but sits where he is.

JUDGE FARRIS

Call the question, Stuart--a voice
vote should do just fine.

135 INT. THE HALL, WIDE 135

STU

Okay--those in favor of accepting
the Committee as it stands?

ZONIES (loud and proud)

AYE!!

STU

Opposed?

Total silence. STU picks up the gavel on the podium for the first time and brings it down with a hearty smack.

STU

The Committee is so adopted.

This causes a fresh outburst of APPLAUSE and CHEERS.

136 EXT. MOTHER ABAGAIL'S HOUSE NIGHT 136

The front door is open, spilling light onto the porch. In the driveway, LARRY'S bike is heeled over on its kickstand.

LUCY (dismayed voice)

No. Oh, no.

137 INT. MOTHER ABAGAIL'S BEDROOM, WITH LUCY 137

She is holding a note in one hand, and reading it over and over again...as if reading would somehow change things.

LUCY

No, she can't. She--

[Looks up]

Joe? Joe?

She takes a few steps away from ABBY'S bed. Looks at:

138 INT. JOE, LUCY'S POV 133

JOE is curled up in the corner with his thumb in his mouth. There's been a serious regression here. LUCY takes him in her arms.

JOE (around his thumb)
I want her to come back.

LUCY (rocking him)
I know. Oh, I know.

139 INT. CHAUTAUQUA HALL, WIDE 139

CHAD NORRIS is at the podium. The five or six hundred assembled Zonies are quiet, listening attentively.

CHAD
The Burial Committee is really just where things begin, folks; there's gonna be enough to keep all of us busy for a month of Sundays. For instance, there ought to be a Turning Off Committee. Having the power back on is great, but you gotta realize that people didn't get up outta their sick-beds and turn off all their appliances before they died. We--

The door at the back of the hall CRASHES OPEN LIKE A BOMB. There are GASPS, and all heads turn in that direction as LUCY comes in, carrying JOE in her arms (he's temporarily given up walking). She's got MOTHER ABAGAIL'S letter crushed in one fist, her hair is blown into jackstraws from her fast ride back to the Chautauqua Hall, her eyes are wide and wild.

LUCY
She's gone!

CONSTERNATION and RUSTLING VOICES; QUIET MURMURS of "Who's gone?" and "What's she talking about?"

140 INT. LUCY, CU 140

LUCY
Mother Abigail! She's gone!

141 INT. THE CHAUTAUQUA HALL 141

A moment of shocked silence...then, PANDEMONIUM. STU is pounding on the podium with the gavel and shouting for order, but no one pays any attention.

DISSOLVE TO:

142 EXT. A HOUSE IN THE FOOTHILLS NIGHT 142

It's NICK'S house. Several motorcycles are parked in the driveway. It's later the same night, and the first meeting of the Free Zone Committee is in emergency session. GLEN'S voice COMES UP as the SOUND OF THE GAVEL FADES OUT.

GLEN (voice)

"I must be gone a bit now. I've sinned--

143 INT. THE LIVING ROOM 143

The Committee is scattered around the room, drinking beers and sodas and listening grimly as GLEN reads ABBY'S note.

GLEN (continues)

"--and presumed to know the mind of God. I must try and find my place in His work again."

[He looks up]

She's scratched a reference at the bottom--Proverbs eleven, verse three. "When pride cometh, then cometh shame, but with the lowly is wisdom."

They all look like they've had the wind knocked out of them... except maybe for STU.

STU

All right; what now?

NICK has been writing. Now he tears a sheet off his pad and hands it to STU, who reads it and then looks at him angrily.

STU

What the hell does this mean?

SUSAN STERN

What does it say, Stu?

STU

It says man proposes and God disposes. That maybe we should butt out.

[Now directly to NICK]

I think you're crazy with the heat, Nick. Just because she's got some bee in her hat about havin' offended God, that don't mean we have to leave her to wander around in the foothills like some crazy Old Testament prophet, eatin' berries and gettin' her eyes scratched out by brambles. She's a hundred damn years old!

143 CONTINUES

GLEN

Slow down, East Texas--this is not just any old woman. Around here she's the Pope.

SUSAN

And if the Pope decides to walk to Jerusalem, do you argue with him?

LARRY

Not if you're a good Catholic, I guess.

GLEN (to STU)

You saw how they were tonight, Stu-- there was that one moment of shock when Lucy told them what she found, but once they got it into their heads, they just accepted it. And I think we have to do the same.

RALPH

So do I.

FRAN

I think you've all gone nuts.

NICK hands a new note to RALPH, who reads it haltingly while NICK bends his concentrated glance on STU and FRAN, who are refusing to accept the mystical possibilities inheirent in ABBY'S disappearance.

RALPH (reads)

"This doesn't change our main order of business. We dreamed of Mother Abigail and she was real. I think we can be pretty sure that the other guy is real, too. We have to find out all we can about him. If that means sending spies across to his side of the mountains, that's what we have to do. What we can't do is get sidetracked. It's time to practice some of Mother Abigail's faith and get on with our own business. And right now this man Flagg--if he is a man--is our business."

NICK is still looking intently at STU and FRAN. They look at each other, their expressions of defiant rationality collapsing into confusion and despair. FRAN looks ready to cry, and STU puts an arm around her.

CONTINUES

143 CONTINUES (2)

STU
Damn, what a mess!

FRAN (very soft)
Okay...let's talk about this
Flagg. How do we look into his
part of the world?

144 EXT. THE TABLE MESA AREA OF BOULDER NIGHT 14-

LARRY and GLEN come walking down the sidewalk, looking tired and
dispirited. They stop outside the house GLEN calls home.

LARRY
Good night, Glen.

GLEN
Stu was right, wasn't he? It's a mess.

LARRY
Yeah. Big time.

GLEN
Good night.

He goes up his walk. LARRY walks on by himself.

145 EXT. LARRY, A NEW ANGLE NIGHT 14-

We're looking at him from the yard of his house. In the f.g.
is his cycle. Leaning against the seat is the neck of the
Gibson guitar. LARRY sees it as he starts up the walk. He
picks it up and wipes the light haze of night-dew from it.

LARRY
Damn kid.

But **he** speaks affectionately. He slips the guitar-strap over
his **neck** and begins to pick "Baby, Can You Dig Your Man."

NADINE (voice)
Larry?

He swings around toward:

146 EXT. NADINE, LARRY'S POV 14-

She's standing just outside the fence. Now she comes in through
the gate.

NADINE
Larry, can I talk to you?

147 EXT. A WIDER SHOT, FEATURING LARRY AND NADINE

147

The door of the house opens and LUCY, still looking distraught, stands there.

LUCY

Larry? Is that y--

She sees NADINE and stops. A look of doubt--and maybe fear as well--comes over her face as her eyes flick from NADINE to LARRY and then back to NADINE again.

LARRY

Go inside, Lucy.

LUCY

But who--

NADINE ignores her completely; all her attention is focused on LARRY. This frightens LUCY more than ever.

NADINE

I have to talk to you, Larry.

LARRY

Then come on in.

NADINE

No. Out here.

LUCY (frightened)

Who is she? Is she the woman who came out of New York with you?

LARRY

Yes. Go inside. I'll handle this.

LUCY gives him a long, doubtful look--a look of mixed fear and jealousy--before softly closing the door, leaving the two of them alone.

NADINE steps closer to LARRY, but she's stopped by the guitar. She touches the neck in a suggestive way.

NADINE

Take that off, why don't you?

LARRY

I think I like it where it is.
What are you doing here, Nadine?

NADINE (glances toward the house)

Screwing up your happy home?

CONTINUES

147 CONTINUES

LARRY
Would you like that?

NADINE
Maybe I would.

LARRY turns toward the house. She reaches out and touches his shoulder. Her touch is light, but it stops him at once.

NADINE
Or maybe I just came to say I'm
sorry-I'm sorry. Once for leaving
you in Pennsylvania, and once for
brushing you off the way I did
when I came in.

LARRY
Fine. Apologies accepted. That
was easy, wasn't it?

She once again tries to reach past the guitar. He raises it like a shield and plays a little riff. She subsides, looking at him sadly for a moment before glancing at the house.

NADINE
Is she nice?

LARRY
Lucy? The best.

NADINE
Good. I'm glad for you, Larry.

Her face begins to crumple into an expression of mingled grief and terror. She puts her hands to her face. LARRY slips the guitar off, props it against the motorcycle again, and takes her in his arms.

148 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF LARRY'S HOUSE, WITH LUCY

148

She's looking out the window at the two dark shapes embracing on the walk. From this perspective it's impossible to tell if it's comfort these shapes are sharing, or passion.

LUCY clearly thinks it's passion--an old flame rekindled. Her face is full of hurt. She wipes her tears away with the backs of her hands and crosses the living room to where JOE is sleeping exhaustedly. She sits down beside him, takes his head onto her lap, and begins to brush his hair with slow, distracted gestures.

149 EXT. ON THE LAWN, WITH LARRY AND NADINE

149

LARRY pushes her gently away from him before she can take advantage of his concern...as he senses she will, if he lets her.

NADINE

I made a mistake when I left you.
I know that now. Let me make it
up to you--please let me.

She wriggles against him and tries to kiss him. When he turns his head, she kisses his neck. She clings like a limpet.

NADINE

The way it was tonight at the meeting...
the love...the light...I want to stay
here, Larry. Make love to me and I can.

LARRY

Nadine, I don't know what you're--

NADINE (all over him)

I know you don't, but that doesn't
matter...make love to me, Larry,
just make love to me and everything
will be all ri--

He pushes her away so violently she falls to the lawn. She stares up at him, shocked. LARRY is furious with her.

LARRY

You come here and look right through
my wife--

NADINE

Wife!

LARRY

That's right, my wife! It's too
late, Nadine, don't you understand
that? Don't you see?

NADINE (gets up slowly)

Yes. I suppose I do.

She walks past him toward the sidewalk. Her face is shocked, and she walks like a zombie. And suddenly she starts to GIGGLE.

LARRY

Work it out, Nadine. Whatever's wrong
with you, just...just work it out.

He knows how lame it sounds--how like the old LARRY it sounds. But all he can do is stand there and watch her go.

149 CONTINUES

NADINE

Work it out. Like a splinter in your thumb. What good advice. I think I'll take it. Thank you, Larry.

As she goes out through the gate, her GIGGLES turn to outright LAUGHTER. It's a creepy sound. An insane sound. LARRY starts after her...then makes himself stop.

LARRY

Nadine!

NADINE (laughing)

That's all right, Larry; I can't stay any longer anyway. I've got a splinter to pull.

She disappears into the dark, LAUGHING. LARRY stands there, watching her, wide-eyed and confused.

150 INT. THE LIVING ROOM, WITH LUCY AND JOE

150

She's still on the couch, her head bent over JOE'S sleeping face. SOUND of the door opening. She looks up, and we see the tears gleaming on her cheeks.

LARRY is standing there.

LUCY

Did you come for your things? I know she's prettier...probably smarter, too...

He crosses to her and slowly kneels down. He takes her face between his hands and kisses her mouth.

LARRY

She's gone. I don't know what she came for, but she's gone now. I love you, Lucy.

She slips her arms around his neck and they embrace. LARRY hides his face against her neck.

151 EXT. A SMALL HOUSE IN EAST BOULDER NIGHT

151

NADINE comes up her own walk, STILL LAUGHING...but her cheeks are streaked with tears.

CONTINUES

151 CONTINUES

NADINE (laughing)
Just work it out! How wise you are,
Larry!

She mounts the steps and opens the front door.

NADINE
How very, very w--

She flicks on the light inside the open door, and suddenly stops talking.

152 EXT. NADINE, ON THE STEPS

152

Her grief and hysteria are both forgotten. She looks into her living room with an expression of awed horror.

153 INT. THE LIVING ROOM, NADINE'S POV

153

It's like the Tate/Polanski home after the night of Helter-Skelter, only the two words written everywhere in red (it's probably paint, but it sure looks like blood) aren't LITTLE PIGGIES but HAROLD LAUDER. On the walls; the ceiling; the curtains; the TV; the books. HAROLD LAUDER, HAROLD LAUDER.

154 INT. NADINE

154

She is stunned, totally unaware of the long-fingered hand reaching from the dark behind her. Unaware, that is, until it closes on her shoulder. When it does, she SCREAMS and whirls about.

155 INT. FLAGG, CU

155

^(Now)
~~Go~~ to Harold...but remember who
you really belong to.

He grins, and his eyes redden until they look like the flaws in the stones he hands out to his top aides. His lips part to disclose a mouthful of needle-sharp fangs.

156 INT. NADINE

156

She shrieks.

157 EXT. THE FRONT YARD OF NADINE'S HOUSE, NADINE'S POV

157

FLAGG is gone. A CROW takes wing from the stoop where he stood and flies off, CAWING HARSHLY.

FADE TO BLACK. THIS ENDS ACT 4.

ACT 5

158 EXT. STU AND FRAN'S BACK YARD MIDDAY

158

The tub where FRAN was washing clothes by the foot-agitation method is in the b.g. With the power back on, it's obsolete again. In the f.g. is a big picnic table, and most of the committee members--LARRY, NICK, SUSAN, and RALPH--are sitting around it. They look grizzled, almost hungover. It's the day after the big meeting, and MOTHER ABAGAIL'S disappearance.

Off to one side is a barbecue grille. STU is using a spatula to transfer hamburgers from the grille to a platter. He brings them to the picnic table as FRAN and GLEN come out of the house. GLEN has a cooler filled with beer and soda; FRAN has the plates and condiment tray. A nice little summer picnic in the shadow of the Rockies...but these picnickers have some serious business to discuss.

RALPH

Chow! Bring it on!

STU

Consider it brung.

SUSAN

You're marvellous, Stu--we get the power back and you decide to barbecue. The perfect American male.

FRAN

Not perfect, but he'll do.

GLEN begins to hand around cans from the cooler, speaking as he does.

GLEN

Nick's proposal is that we send at least three people west to Las Vegas, which we all seem to feel is this Flagg's base of operations. Anyone want to talk about it?

LARRY (eating)

Spies. Great. We haven't been elected one whole day yet and we've already managed to re-invent the CIA.

RALPH

What else can we do? He ain't over there knittin tea-cozies.

CONTINUES

158 CONTINUES

SUSAN

I want to volunteer.

GLEN

Commendable, but I'm afraid it won't do.

SUSAN (chin out)

Why not?

GLEN

Because we don't know if any of our scouts will ever come back. Meantime, the seven of us have the not inconsiderable job of getting the Free Zone on a paying basis. That's your job now, Susan. You may not like it, but that doesn't change it.

LARRY

Oh my God, I'm a politician. This isn't Colorado; it's hell. But if that's the way it is, I nominate Judge Farris.

SUSAN

That old man? You must be nuts!

STU brings over more burgers from the grille.

STU

He's old, but he's sharp. Nothing wrong with his health, either.

RALPH

Flagg might not suspect we'd send an old fella like the Judge, either.

SUSAN

If I can't go, what about asking Dayna?

NICK thinks it's a great idea--he grins and flashes SUSAN his thumb-and-forefinger circle.

LARRY

I can't believe we're doing this. I mean, I really can't.

STU

If you didn't want to get your hands dirty, you should have stayed off the committee!

CONTINUES

158 CONTINUES (2)

They all look at him with shock. STU doesn't get angry often.

STU

We're probably sendin people off to be killed, that's right--only one or two if we're lucky, but maybe all three. Makin decisions like that is what bein in charge is all about. Either grow up and do it, Larry, or take a hike.

A long, charged silence.

LARRY (finally)

You're cute when you get mad.

STU snorts laughter, and the atmosphere eases.

LARRY

So who's the third goat--excuse me, scout? Anyone got any ideas?

There's a brief silence, and then NICK hands RALPH one of his notes. RALPH's face fills with shocked surprise as he reads it. He looks almost accusingly at NICK, then at the others.

RALPH

Nick's got one. A dilly.

159 INT./EXT. THE LAWN OF TOM CULLEN'S HOUSE DAY 159

We're looking out the living room window at a number of tableaux on TOM'S lawn--kitsch statuary arranged in strange new ways, with a definite skew toward the comic. The accent is on plaster dwarves and Virgin Marys, but the overall feel should recall TOM'S sculpture outside the diner back in May.

TITLE CARD: AUGUST 20

GLEN (voice)

Eight...you're getting sleepy, Tom...

TOM (slow, dreamy voice)

Sleepy, that's right...laws, yes...

GLEN (voice)

Seven...Sleepier still...Soon you'll be fast asleep...

CONTINUES

159 CONTINUES

THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY AWAY from the window and ACROSS THE ROOM, which is full of TOM'S "decorations." Stuffed birds and model planes hang from the ceiling on piano wire; there's a tree-stump in the fireplace with a stuffed wolf standing on it (the wolf appears to be peering up the chimney, possibly for El Lobo Claus); a styrofoam fire hydrant on a coffee table. Beneath all this is the feel of a bright mind desperately striving to bring order out of chaos.

During the PAN, GLEN and TOM continue to count down, and GLEN'S instructions will make it very clear to us, even before we see what's going on, that he is hypnotizing TOM.

When THE CAMERA reaches TOM, we see him sitting in a wing-backed chair below a tapestry showing John and Robert Kennedy (BROTHERS TOGETHER IN HEAVEN is printed beneath their pictures). TOM'S eyes are closed. GLEN is sitting in a similar chair, facing him. He has a watch extended in front of TOM'S closed eyes, and it is swinging at the end of a gold chain. Now GLEN CLOSES HIS FIST OVER IT and stows it back in his pocket.

NICK and RALPH stand behind TOM'S chair; STU and FRAN are behind GLEN'S. SUE stands off to one side, watching anxiously. The watchers have very little dialogue, but we must see that the following is affecting them terribly. We will also notice that, while hypnotized, TOM'S retardation disappears.

GLEN (very quiet)

One.

TOM (after a long pause)

One.

GLEN

Are you asleep, Tom?

TOM

Yes. Tom's sleeping. Rock-a-bye baby.

GLEN turns to STU and nods.

STU

Can you hear me, Tom?

TOM

Yes. I hear you, Stu.

STU

Nick's here with me, Tom. Fran, Larry, Sue, Ralph, Glen...all here with me.

TOM

All my friends...laws, yes...

159 CONTINUES (2)

STU

We'd like you to do something, Tom.
For the Free Zone. It's dangerous.

TOM

It's him, isn't it?

They exchange frightened, fascinated looks.

STU

Yeah, Tommy--I reckon it is.

TOM

The hardcase--the walkin dude. He can
call the wolves; he sees with the eye
of the crow. But he's still afraid of us.

STU drops on one knee beside TOM and takes his hand.

FRAN

Are you the same Tom Nick met in
Oklahoma?

TOM

Yes...no. I'm God's Tom.

STU

We want you to go west, Tom.
Can you do that?

TOM

West--yes, Tom knows west. It's
where the sun goes down.

STU

We want you to...well...to meet
the people over there. Can you
do that? Will you?

TOM

Yes. I'll be afraid, but I'll do it.

STU

Good. We want you to look.
Look and come back. Come back
when the moon is full. Come
back and tell us what you saw.
Do you understand?

TOM

Yes--M-O-O-N, that spells moon. Come
back and tell...unless they catch me.

CONTINUES

159 CONTINUES (3)

NICK winces. RALPH puts an arm around his shoulders.

STU

And if anyone asks why you came,
here's what you'll say: that they
drove you out of the Free Zone--

TOM

--drove me out--

STU

--because you were feeble-minded--

TOM

--feeble-minded, laws, yes, Tom's
feeble-minded, everyone knows that--

STU

--and you might have a woman and that
woman might have idiot children.

TOM

Idiot children like Tom.

STU looks up at FRANNIE, his face agonized.

FRAN (quiet)

Finish. Don't leave him out there.

STU (with an effort)

Tell it back to me, Tom--what you'll
say if anyone asks questions.

TOM

You drove me out because you were
afraid I might have a woman and fill
her belly up with a retard like me.

STU

On your way back here, you'll walk
at night and sleep in the day.

TOM

Walk at night. Sleep in the day.

STU

But somebody might see you
anyway. If it's only one person
that sees you, kill him.

TOM doesn't reply to this as he has to the other suggestions.

CONTINUES

159 CONTINUES (4)

STU

Tom?

TOM (almost a question)

Kill him...?

STU

If it's more than one, run.

TOM (more certainty now)

Come back when the moon is full. Not the half moon, or the fingernail moon; all of it. Walk at night, sleep in the day. Don't let anybody see me.

LARRY (to GLEN)

Why does he sound so different?

GLEN

I don't know. Are you done, Stu?

STU

Yeah...I guess so.

LARRY

Good. Let's wake him up before my skin creeps right off my body and walks away on its own.

STU gets up and returns to FRAN. GLEN takes TOM'S limp hand.

GLEN

Tom, would you like to see an elephant?

TOM opens his eyes at this and looks around. He acts like a man who has just awakened from a solid, restful sleep.

TOM (to NICK)

Did I do all right?

NICK scribbles a brief note and hands it to RALPH.

RALPH

Nick says you did just fine, Tommy.

TOM

Did I stand on my head like before?

LARRY (bitterly)

No, Tom--this time you did some even better tricks.

160 EXT. STU AND FRAN'S HOUSE DAY

160

STU swings his cycle into the driveway. FRAN is riding pillion. He switches off, pulls his helmet, and gets off. FRAN sits where she is, with her head down.

STU

Fran? Honey?

She doesn't respond. He puts a gentle hand under her chin and raises her head. Tears are streaming down her face.

FRAN

Larry's right--we're sending that poor sweet retarded boy over there to die. We're sending them all over to die.

He puts his arms around her and she lays her helmeted head against his chest, clinging desperately.

DISSOLVE TO:

161 EXT. THE CHURCH OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS DAY

161

This is a "fifties-modern" church on Table Mesa Drive. Parked in front are three City of Boulder garbage trucks. Clustered on the walk are half a dozen men in green Air National Guard flight-suits. Among them we see HENRY DUNBARTON, TEDDY WEIZAK, and HAROLD. Each of the men is holding a gas-mask. Standing on the church steps and addressing the troops is CHAD NORRIS.

TITLE CARD: AUGUST 21

CHAD

All right, listen up--history teaches us that when a great plague hits, the people who don't die alone usually die in church. We may find nothing in this one, but on the other hand, put it this way: if they're in there, I won't have to coax you to use those masks. It's going to be like burying cordwood. If you think of it that way, you'll be okay.

HAROLD (to HENRY)

Cordwood.

They both look a little green. CHAD has turned back to the church doors.

162 INT. THE CHURCH OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS 162

THE CAMERA is looking up the central aisle, toward the back of the church. The pews are out of frame, but we can hear THE DRONE OF FLIES. The doors BANG OPEN. Burial Crew guys crowd up behind CHAD, HAROLD and HENRY prominent among them. There is a moment of shock and revulsion followed by a hurried donning of gas-masks.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON HAROLD, who makes no move to put on his own mask. He's too stunned.

163 INT. THE CHURCH, HAROLD'S POV 163

It's full--every seat in every pew taken. The dead congregation is back to us, but we still get a very clear sense of putrefaction and decay.

SOUND OF FLIES, VERY LOUD.

164 INT. THE BURIAL CREW IN THE DOORWAY 164

HAROLD puts his hands to his mouth, makes RETCHING SOUNDS, turns, and shoves his way back toward daylight.

165 EXT. OUTSIDE THE CHURCH 165

It's hollyhocks instead of rosebushes this time, but HAROLD is losing another load of groceries. CHAD comes out and touches him on the back. HAROLD stands and faces him. He's trying to find that big grin of his, but it's hard work today.

HAROLD

Guess I should have put on the old gas-mask a little quicker, you know?

CHAD

Yeah. If you want to sit this one out, it's okay.

HENRY DUNBARTON comes out with two or three other guys. All of them look as sick as trolls in sunlight.

HENRY

I think I will.

He and the others walk past CHAD and HAROLD with their heads down. HAROLD makes the supreme effort, and his grin reappears, only a little tattered around the edges.

HAROLD

Cordwood, right?

CONTINUES

165 CONTINUES

CHAD (claps him on the back)
You're a good man, Hawk.

CHAD and HAROLD go back inside. HENRY and the other two don't. As far as they're concerned, it's a wrap on the Burial Crew.

166 EXT. HAROLD'S HOUSE, ACROSS FROM EBEN G. FINE PARK 166

It's late afternoon, and HAROLD dismounts his motorcycle with the slow, stunned movements of a man who's been doing stuff he'd rather forget. He removes his gloves, lays them on the seat, and opens one of the bike's saddlebags. He first pulls out the gas-mask, which he looks at for a moment and then tosses aside. Next he brings out a full bottle of whiskey. He holds it up to the light as if to check the color.

HAROLD

Right.

Holding the bottle in one hand, he starts for the door. His flight-suit is unzipped to the waist, revealing sweaty, sun-burned skin. The suit itself is smeared with dirt and goo.

When he reaches the door, HAROLD unzips a pocket of his suit and brings out a key. He starts to bring it to the door, then stops. The door is standing ajar.

167 INT. THE FOYER OF HAROLD'S HOUSE 167

The door swings wide at HAROLD'S push and he stands on the stoop, looking in. His big grin is gone. This is the real HAROLD--older and wiser, but still full of hate and suspicion.

NADINE (amused voice)

Come on in--it is your house, after all.

HAROLD

Who the hell are you?

168 INT. THE HALLWAY, HAROLD'S POV 168

NADINE steps out of the shadows further down the hall, looking very sexy in a midriff-baring blouse and short skirt. She walks slowly to him.

NADINE

I'm Nadine Cross. I saw you at the big meeting the other night... and I believe you saw me.

HAROLD

What are you doing here? How'd you get in? And what's that smell?

CONTINUES

168 CONTINUES

NADINE

Supper. The rest of the Q and A can wait until it's on the table. I put two jugs of wash-water out on the back stoop...and frankly, Harold, you can use them. What have you been doing?

HAROLD pushes past her, heading toward the back stoop. He's trying to "play tough," but his curiosity has been aroused. His formidable sex-drive, too.

HAROLD

Pulling dead people out of churches and dumping them in the landfill west of town. It's smelly work.

She registers shock, which is just what HAROLD intended. He reaches the kitchen door, then turns and points at her.

HAROLD

Don't even think about leaving.

NADINE (cool amusement)

I'm not.

He looks at her a moment longer, then goes out to wash.

169 INT. THE KITCHEN, WITH HAROLD AND NADINE

169

HAROLD, washed, combed, and wearing fresh clothes, is sitting at the kitchen table. Dinner has been eaten, and a very good one, from the look. One bottle of wine has also been consumed, and another, half empty, sits on the counter. HAROLD looks mildly dazed, unsure how to react to what's happening. NADINE continues to maintain a demeanor of cool and slightly mysterious amusement. She's very much in charge of this situation.

She gets up, takes his empty wine glass and her own over to the counter, and fills them. He follows her with his eyes.

NADINE

Tinned beef, I'm afraid, hardly the choice of French chefs, but--

HAROLD

It was wonderful.

NADINE (pours more wine)

Thanks. The supermarket is full of deer--did you know that?

HAROLD shakes his head.

169 CONTINUES

NADINE

Yes. They're sticking mainly to the cereal section, now that the produce is gone.

She holds one of the glasses out to him. HAROLD gets to his feet and crosses to her. When he attempts to take the glass, she pulls it back a little, forcing him to come a step closer. When he reaches for it again, she pulls back again. This time she allows him to take the glass. They are almost body to body. Her eyes study him frankly as she raises ~~her~~ glass, and HAROLD returns her gaze. He's losing interest in her motives as his interest in her body grows.

NADINE

To friendship?

HAROLD

Are we going to be friends, Nadine?

NADINE puts her arm on his shoulder and cups the nape of his neck with her palm. Then she tips the rim of her glass against his. The sexual tension between them is now very strong.

NADINE

Oh yes. Very good friends.

He looks at her, hypnotized. She stretches up on her tiptoes, her mouth now all but brushing his.

NADINE

You're planning to go west, aren't you? To him.

HAROLD'S eyes widen, but he doesn't draw away from her.

HAROLD

What would put a crazy idea like that in your head?

NADINE

I've got lots of crazy ideas, Harold. I think you'll like most of them very much.

She kisses him with slow, sensual thoroughness. When the kiss breaks, HAROLD is panting. He is one big hard-on.

NADINE

You're a virgin, aren't you?

HAROLD recoils, maybe starts to bluster. What he sees in her face stops him, however, and he simply nods.

169 CONTINUES (2)

NADINE

That's all right; I am, too.

HAROLD (shock)

You?

NADINE

Me. And I'm going to stay that way...because it's for someone else to change it.

HAROLD

Who?

NADINE

You know who, Harold.

He stares at her in mingled shock and understanding.

NADINE

But I can still show you things... and we can do things. Everything but that one thing. And it's such a little thing.

HAROLD (a touch of his old self)

How would you know?

She smiles at him cattily, then guides his hand to the zipper of her skirt.

NADINE

Pull Tab A, Harold, and shut up.

He pulls the zipper down, revealing a flash of filmy bikini underpants. She touches his glass again with hers, and finishes what's in it.

NADINE

To friendship.

He finishes his own wine, then puts both glasses on the counter. As she puts her arms around his neck, he reaches for the button above the opened zipper on her skirt.

170 INT. THEIR FEET

170

HAROLD (voice)

To friendship. And absent friends.

The skirt falls in a puddle around her feet. We hold on this, then

FADE TO BLACK. THIS ENDS ACT 5.

ACT 6

171 EXT. THE SUN, SETTING BEHIND THE ROCKIES

171

A spectacular if slightly apocalyptic image. THE CAMERA HOLDS on it a moment, then PULLS BACK and WIDENS OUT to show us the back yard of the West Boulder home where JUDGE FARRIS now hangs his hat. LARRY and THE JUDGE are sitting in lawn-chairs, drinking beer and watching the sunset.

JUDGE FARRIS

The old woman's disappearance may be for the best. People should be free to judge for themselves what the lights in the sky are, or if God sometimes does speak in the thunder.

LARRY

Do you think she's dead?

JUDGE FARRIS

No. She should be, after three days of wandering around on her own, but I don't think she's done yet. Or done with us yet.

LARRY

Judge--

JUDGE FARRIS

No need to twist yourself into knots, Larry--I know why you're here, and I accept.

LARRY

Who told you?! If someone on the Committee has been leaking--

JUDGE FARRIS

No one has been leaking...at least, not to me. I merely asked myself what my first priority would be if I were in your shoes. The answer, of course, was "send spies west." Perhaps as many as six, but at least three, each one ignorant of the identities of the others. In case of capture. And torture.

The JUDGE speaks this last word with relish, but LARRY winces.

CONTINUES

171 CONTINUES

LARRY

If you feel like it'd be too much for you, say so. You wouldn't be any good to us lying dead of a heart attack beside some ranch-road in New Mexico.

JUDGE FARRIS

What I feel is that any delay at this point would be dangerous. You on the Committee have to do what the rest might stick at...and if that includes sending spies west, then so be it.

LARRY (with some bitterness)

They don't want to think about the man with no face. The dreams have stopped, and that's all they care about.

JUDGE FARRIS (briskly)

Spare us both your errant spasms of self-pity, my boy; why do you think these people elected you in the first place, if not to have their bad dreams for them?

This is clearly a new idea to LARRY. He thinks it over... and a slow grin lights his face.

LARRY

Then they're getting their money's worth, Judge.

JUDGE FARRIS

I'll leave tomorrow, in my four-wheel-drive. North to Wyoming... then due West. I'll be cold. I'll be lonely. My bowels will not work properly. (Pause) But I'll also be clever.

LARRY (with emotion)

Yeah. I suppose you will.

JUDGE FARRIS

There's one thing you might want to consider at your next meeting.

LARRY

What's that?

CONTINUES

171 CONTINUES (2)

JUDGE FARRIS

You're sending spies over there; what makes you think he won't send some of his over here? They could be here already, for that matter. You and your fellow committee members would do well to be on your guards.

LARRY looks at him with wide eyes.

JUDGE

I'd be very careful, if I were you. If I were any of you.

172 EXT. THE ROCKIES, JUDGE'S AND LARRY'S POV 172

The sun is down; the Flatirons have become large dark triangles surrounded by fire.

DISSOLVE TO:

173 EXT. HAROLD'S HOUSE NIGHT 173

SOUND: The CLINK of a bottle-neck against the rim of a glass.

174 INT. THE LIVING ROOM, WITH HAROLD AND NADINE 174

They're lying side by side on the couch in a daze that can't be post-coital, knowing what we do about NADINE, but which is certainly post-~~something~~. HAROLD'S shirt is off. NADINE is in her wispy bra and panties. There's a fresh bottle of wine on the coffee table. HAROLD sits up and fills a glass with a hand which is shaking minutely.

The best way to describe this relationship as it exists now is Samson and Delilah. By permitting him some watered-down version of intercourse, HAROLD has become NADINE'S mascot. He knows it and hates it but can do nothing about it. He is caught in the toils of his own swollen libido.

NADINE

Did you enjoy that, Harold?

HAROLD

Of course I did. But it can't have done much for you.

NADINE

Au contraire. I got a great deal of satisfaction out of it.

He holds the glass up to the light.

CONTINUES

174 CONTINUES

HAROLD
Looks like blood.

NADINE
Of course--that's why they use it
in communion services. Drink up,
Harold.

Instead, he puts the glass back down on the coffee table.

HAROLD
How did you get in here in
the first place?

NADINE
He said there would be a key under
the stoop...and there was.

HAROLD
Do you expect me to believe that?

NADINE
Look in my skirt pocket, if you
don't believe me...but I think
you do believe me. Aren't you
going to drink your wine, Harold?

He looks at it, then back at her.

HAROLD
Flagg.

NADINE
Yes. Flagg. He also said you
have reason to hate them. All
of them.

HAROLD'S face is slowly transforming itself into that scary
Travis Bickel expression again.

NADINE
It's the woman, isn't it? Fran.
You loved her. But that didn't
stop Redman from taking her when
he wanted her.

HAROLD
She was mine!

NADINE begins to cover his face with soft butterfly kisses.

NADINE
And the Committee...

CONTINUES

174 CONTINUES (2)

HAROLD (more and more furious)
The old woman left me off but put
that hick Brentner on! It's a wonder
they didn't put the feeb on as well!

NADINE
No one will take what's yours
over there, Harold--in the west.

He's frightened...but he's also terribly fascinated. He picks
up the glass of wine...except now I think it's a GLASS OF BLOOD.

NADINE
He's waiting for us...you
know that, don't you?

HAROLD
Yes. I suppose I do.

NADINE
Then drink your wine, Harold.

He drinks. Winces at the taste. She nods gravely at him. He
wipes a suspiciously red runnel from the corner of his mouth
(HAROLD LAUDER does Christopher Lee) and drinks some more. Then
she puts her hand over his and guides the glass to her own
mouth. She drinks...then presses her too-red lips to his.

HAROLD
What if we did go a little too
far, Nadine? What would he do?

She gives him a don't-worry smile, but her eyes glint with fear.

NADINE
Trust me, Harold.

She slides into his arms, they kiss passionately, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

175 EXT. THE WEST BOULDER LANDFILL DAY

175

A City of Boulder garbage truck backs to the edge of the
trash-strewn drop-off. Two men--HAROLD LAUDER and TEDDY
WEIZAK--get out and stroll toward the highway as the back
of the truck starts to tilt with the customary HYDRAULIC
WHINE. Bodies start tumbling out of the back. We hold on
this long enough to get an idea of what's happening, then
CUT TO:

176 EXT. ANGLE ON HAROLD AND TEDDY

176

In the b.g. we see Route 91 snaking back toward Boulder. TEDDY looks in the direction of the WHINING TRUCK for a second or two, then winces away.

TEDDY

It's funny--I can load em in, but I can't watch em comin out. It makes me think of the Nazi death-camps, or somethin.

HAROLD

Know what you mean.

A Blazer comes rolling up 91 toward them. As it pulls to a stop, the HYDRAULIC WHINE of the truck-lift quits. JUDGE FARRIS, dressed in Old Guy Brand camping clothes (think of Henry Fonda in On Golden Pond), is behind the wheel.

WEIZAK

Where ya headed, Judge?

JUDGE FARRIS

Nederland--I thought I'd have a look up there for Mother Abigail.

HAROLD (the usual grin)

You think she could have gotten that far on foot?

CHAD NORRIS (joins them)

Mornin, Judge.

JUDGE FARRIS

Good morning, Mr. Norris.

[To HAROLD]

I think it's unlikely, but since Mr. Brentner and his party of volunteer searchers have now shifted their efforts to the east, I thought I might try in the opposite direction. Besides, it's a beautiful day, is it not?

TEDDY

A corker.

CHAD

You want to be careful in those hills, Judge. There's wolves up there--I've heard em. I guess they were too mean for even the superflu to kill.

CONTINUES

176 CONTINUES

JUDGE FARRIS

You may be assured I'll take every precaution. Good day, gentleman.

He pulls out, headed west.

TEDDY

Funny duck, ain't he?

CHAD

But sort of neat. Don't you think so, Harold?

HAROLD (big grin)

You bet. Who's for coffee? Nadine packed plenty for everybody.

They start back toward the truck, which is now pulling away from the edge of the landfill, its current load discharged.

177 EXT. THE STANLEY HOTEL IN ESTES PARK DAY

177

TITLE CARD: ESTES PARK AUGUST 25

The hotel sprawls in Victorian splendor, with the Rockies and the bright blue summer sky as backdrop.

THE CAMERA PANS RIGHT, to the town's main drag. A four-wheel drive comes weaving through the stalled vehicles and stops at a central intersection. The three-speed bike NICK picked out for TOM back in May is lashed to the roof-rack.

STU (voice)

Guess this is where we split up, Tommy.

178 INT. THE BLAZER, WITH STU, TOM, AND NICK

178

STU is driving and TOM is sitting beside him. NICK is in the back. TOM is dressed for travelling in a pair of new Levis and a shirt with the price-tag still hanging from it. Smashed down on TOM'S head is RALPH'S old straw hat. There's a pack lying on the floor between TOM'S feet.

There's a lot of emotion working here. NICK leans forward between STU and TOM, his face anxious. TOM'S own customary look of happiness is muted. He's looking out at the mountains he will have to cross.

STU

Tom? You all right?

CONTINUES

178 CONTINUES

TOM turns to him. There's no smile on his face, but there's no fear there, either.

TOM
Time to go. Time to go and see the elephant.

STU
That's right.

The three of them get out of the car.

179 EXT. STU, NICK, AND TOM, BESIDE THE BLAZER

179

TOM shoulders his pack while STU and NICK unrope the bike and take it down.

TOM
Travel at night. Sleep in the day.
Come back when the moon is full.
And tell what I saw.

STU
That's right.

STU tips the straw hat back so he can look into TOM'S eyes. STU is smiling, but pretty close to losin' it, just the same.

STU
It was nice of Ralph to loan you his hat, wasn't it?

TOM (nods)
He said to take good care of it and give it back when I come home, and that's just what I'm going to do.

[Turns to NICK]
Do I have to do this, Nick? Do I really?

NICK nods and smiles. His eyes brim with tears.

TOM
Okay...but I'm scared. Laws, yes.

NICK leans forward and pulls the tag off TOM'S shirt.

TOM
Thanks, Nick--I always forget stuff like that. I hate bein retarded!

CONTINUES

179 CONTINUES

He begins to weep. NICK hugs him as hard as he can, then steps away, tries to smile, and jerks a thumb west, deeper into the mountains: "Get going, you." TOM nods, gets on his bike, and starts off.

TOM (calls)
Goodbye! See you later, alligator!

STU and NICK wave with tears rolling down their cheeks. TOM dwindles, then disappears from sight.

180 EXT. STU AND NICK

180

STU
I feel like I could put on a top-hat n crawl under a rattlesnake.

NICK nods and points back the way they came.

STU
Go home?

NICK NODS. STU starts around the Blazer, then looks back at NICK.

You think we'll ever see that big dumb goof again?

NICK shrugs...then, very slowly, shakes his head.

STU
Me either. Come on--let's go.

They get back into the Blazer, which STU pulls around in a tight circle, heading them back to Boulder.

181 EXT. THE BOULDER MEDICAL CENTER, ESTABLISHING

181

GEORGE RICHARDSON (voice)
Relax, Miss Goldsmith.
Have you gained any weight?

182 INT. AN EXAMINING ROOM, WITH FRAN, GEORGE, AND JUNE

182

FRAN is on the examining table, draped in a cut-out sheet which shows her belly. It has only a mild curve; she's only in the second trimester.

GEORGE RICHARDSON is about fifty and handsome in a bookish William Hurt sort of way. Rimless glasses, doctor's white coat. JUNE BRINKMEYER, who is assisting him, does so in jeans and a plain old Ship 'n Shore blouse.

CONTINUES

182 CONTINUES

GEORGE is using a stethoscope on FRAN'S belly. FRAN'S attitude here is one of forced, almost hectic cheeriness--a cover for a deep fear we will soon discover.

FRAN

Only five pounds or so...
and make it Fran, please.
It's so great to have you here
I think Dick Ellis was the happiest man in the Free Zone when you and your party came in, but I bet I ran him a close second.

She's run out of chatter and looks at him nakedly.

FRAN

Can you tell if he's all right?

GEORGE straightens up and smiles.

GEORGE

He or she is fine, Frannie. ██████████

FRAN closes her eyes in relief. JUNE squeezes her shoulder. GEORGE--clearly a nice guy--goes to the door.

GEORGE

I'd like to see you as soon
as you're dressed.

He leaves.

JUNE

You're so lucky...Dick and I are
already trying.

FRAN

How lucky I am remains to be
seen, doesn't it?

JUNE, a simple soul, only looks puzzled.

183 INT. GEORGE'S NEW OFFICE, WITH FRAN AND GEORGE

183

He's hung his white coat on the back of the door and propped his cowboy boots on the desk. He tosses FRAN a bottle of Materna vitamins.

CONTINUES

183 CONTINUES

GEORGE

These'll get you started, and you'll find lots more in the local drugstores. They'll be good for years yet. So--what are you really worried about, Fran?

FRAN

I'm worried about the flu--about Captain Trips. What if it's still around and my baby's not immune? What if none of the babies are immune?

She starts to cry. GEORGE comes around his desk, gives her a Kleenex, and follows it up with a comforting hug.

GEORGE

It's possible--I'm not going to lie and say it isn't. But it's not very probable. And I want you to concentrate on the fact that I have nothing for you now but great news: your baby appears fine and normal. Will that do for ████████ the time being?

She nods and even manages a small smile. GEORGE grins back.

GEORGE

Good. Take your vitamins...and take it one day at a time.

184 EXT. CITY OF BOULDER MUNICIPAL STORAGE YARD NIGHT 184

HAROLD LAUDER, barefoot and wearing only boxer shorts with Denver Broncos insignia all over them, walks past dump-trucks, street-sweepers, and snowplows. He walks past a garbage-truck with a mummified corpse behind the wheel. The corpse turns its head and looks at him.

CORPSE

You're a card, Hawk.

HAROLD

That's right. A wild card.

He walks on, now passing through a huddle of storage sheds. He stops before one and looks at a sign reading

THIS IS A U.S. GOVERNMENT RESERVATION
ABSOLUTELY NO TRESPASSING
HIGH-VOLTAGE WIRES
DANGER OF DEATH!

CONTINUES

184 CONTINUES

It's the sign we saw at the start of the first episode. HAROLD closes his eyes, then opens them again. Now the sign reads:

HIGH EXPLOSIVES
KEEP OUT!

HAROLD pushes the door and it opens. He steps in.

185 INT. THE DYNAMITE SHED

185

Wooden crates with the word GELGINITE stenciled on them are stacked everywhere. HAROLD stares at them, amazed. Suddenly FLAGG steps out from behind the door and whirls HAROLD around. He's looks affable enough for a creature with a mouthful of pirhana fangs.

FLAGG
Do it, Harold! Go for it!

186 INT. HAROLD'S LIVING ROOM, WITH HAROLD NIGHT

186

He's lying on the couch, wearing nothing but his Denver Broncos shorts. Now he GIVES A CRA and sits up, his eyes open wide. He stares into the dim room blankly for a moment, then draws a gasp of relief and lets it out slowly.

The light in the next room pops on and NADINE comes into the doorway. She's backlit and probably nude beneath her shorty nightgown.

NADINE
Harold? Are you all right?

HAROLD
Larry told you they're meeting at the deaf-mute's house on the twenty-eighth, didn't he?

Nadine
Yes...?

HAROLD grabs his pants and steps into them.

HAROLD
Get dressed. We've got some shopping to do.

NADINE
Shopping? Where?

HAROLD
The municipapl storage yard. Come on.

187 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF STU AND FRANNIE'S HOUSE NIGHT 187

FRAN is asleep on the sofa, wearing a long cotton nightie. SOUND OF A KEY IN A LOCK, followed by a DOOR OPENING and SLOW, APPROACHING FEET. STU comes into the doorway, looking tired and glad to be home. As he looks at FRAN with deep affection, she wakes and looks at him with concern.

FRAN

Stuart? I expected you hours ago!

STU (kisses her)

I'm sorry. There was a rock-slide on the way back from Estes. We're gonna be seein a lot of that over the next few years.

FRAN

Tom--?

STU

Went off like a champ.

She hugs him, then makes room for him on the couch. STU takes off his boots and lies down beside her.

FRAN

Dr. Richardson--George--said the baby's fine...but I knew that. It's the waiting that's hard, you know?

STU

Yeah. I do. (Pause) You know, if it doesn't work out, Fran, we're both immune, and a baby we made--

FRAN

The odds would be better, I know... but I want this one!

He knows she does. He holds her, saying nothing. Comfort at first, and then, as his hands begin to move over her, something else.

STU

Say--what you wearin under this thing?

FRAN

A big strong man like you should be able to find out for himself.

They embrace and kiss passionately.

188 EXT. HAROLD LAUDER'S HOUSE DAY 188

TITLE-CARD: AUGUST 28.

FAINT MUSIC: The Sylvers, singing "Boogie Fever."

189 INT. THE BASEMENT REC-ROOM OF HAROLD'S HOUSE 189

The MUSIC is CRANKED TO NOSE-BLEED LEVELS. On one pine-panelled wall is a poster of Jimmy Carter, grinning and admonishing, "You don't want to lay no boogie-woogie on the king of rock and roll." Below it is a crate we recognize from HAROLD'S dream: GELGINITE. The cover has been pried off.

A very nervous HAROLD LAUDER is putting something together on the Ping-Pong table--something that involves wire, batteries, walkie-talkies, and several sticks of dynamite. His forehead is wet with sweat. There's an open book on the table, also. HAROLD consults it repeatedly, like a cook attempting a complicated recipe. Now he picks up a small white box and opens it.

NADINE comes down the cellar stairs and looks at him nervously. HAROLD doesn't notice her; all his attention is on the contents of the white box. The thing he lifts out of it looks like a spark-plug with wires sticking out of one end.

NADINE turns down the music. HAROLD freezes without turning to look at her.

HAROLD

Don't screw with my disco, Nadine. That was the Sylvers. The Sylvers are God in my book. Right up there with K.C. and the Sunshine Band.

NADINE

Is...is everything all right?

Now he turns to her, smiling ferociously. He holds up the thing that looks like a spark-plug.

HAROLD

If I'd dropped this, you'd be washing my guts out of your pretty white hair for the next two weeks.

NADINE

I...I'm sorry.

HAROLD

No harm done...this time. Now let me make a suggestion, my little disco queen. Let me suggest you take a ██████████ walk.

189 CONTINUES

NADINE

A walk.

HAROLD

Yes. Because, you see, I haven't any idea how old this stuff is. I do know that old dynamite sweats pure nitroglycerine. So go for a walk. And if you hear a big bang, that'll most likely be me, going to that disco inferno in the sky.

NADINE (more uncertain than ever)

If you're sure...

HAROLD

I am. Go away, Nadine.

He turns the boom-box on again, full blast, and sings along as he begins attaching the blasting-cap to the gadget he's building: "I have this feeling/Rocking and reeling/Tell me, what can it be?/Is it some new disease?"

NADINE remains for a moment, but he's off in his own world again. She goes back upstairs, pausing long enough to cast one troubled look back--a look which says she has no idea how she ended up touring such mad countryside. Then she is gone.

THE CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN on the sweating, grinning, insane HAROLD LAUDER. Then it MOVES DOWN to show us the diagram he is working from--a schematic of dry-cells, walkie-talkies, ...and a doorbell. The caption below the schematic says: Third Prize, 1990 National Science Fair. Say the word and ring the bell up to twelve miles away! We HOLD, then

FADE TO BLACK. THIS ENDS ACT 6.

ACT 7

190 EXT. A WEST BOULDER STREET AFTERNOON 190

NADINE comes toward us, riding a sexy hot-pink motor scooter. THE CAMERA PANS WITH HER as she turns into the driveway of NICK'S house. She dismounts, walks to the door, and looks at:

191 EXT. THE DOOR, NADINE'S POV 191

There's a laminated sign on it which reads I AM A DEAF-MUTE, PLEASE WALK DIRECTLY IN. Below it, on a sheet from NICK'S short-hand pad: Stu, Fran, Larry, or Whoever: I'm with Ralph, hunting for Mother. Back by 5. Nick.

192 EXT. NADINE 192

The message pleases her. She tries the door, finds it open, and looks in. Then she goes back to her scooter and opens the carrier compartment. It appears to be full of cotton. NADINE takes out the top layer and then carefully removes a shoe-box. There's more cotton under it. She replaces the top layer of cotton in the carrier, then walks into the house. We know from the care she displays what she's got.

193 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF NICK'S HOUSE 193

It's already set up for tonight's meeting. In front of the picture-window with its view of the Rockies is a small table with a single chair behind it; this is where LARRY will sit to chair the meeting.

A large grandfather clock stands in one corner, TICKING SOLEMNLY AWAY to itself. The time is 1:26 P.M.

NADINE (voice)
Hello?...Anybody home?...Ralph?
Stu?...Tom Cullen?

No answer. She comes into the living room from the entry with the shoebox in her hand, smiling (for anyone she might meet) but nervous. Her eyes dart quickly around the room, and then she crosses toward a closed door near the clock. She's almost there when she stops suddenly, eyes widening. She's sure she's heard something. Probably she has: her own guilty conscience turning over within her heart.

She lets her breath out in a long sigh and opens the closet door. She peers in.

198 CONTINUES

HAROLD (ferocious)

Anybody who might get a little telephone call from the Great Beyond, that's who I'm afraid of... anyone who might have a little dream that Harold and Nadine have been playing in the wrong sandbox. Now get your ass down here and help me.

She does. As they're finishing, he looks at her.

HAROLD

Nadine?

NADINE

What?

HAROLD

We're damned.

NADINE

Yes. I know. Here.

She hands him a garbage tie for the bag. He takes it. For a moment their eyes meet with a strange and discomfiting intensity. Then she drops hers and HAROLD does up the garbage bag with the tie she's given him. When he starts up the stairs, NADINE follows him with her head down.

199 EXT. NICK'S HOUSE NIGHT

199

SOUND: THE WHACK OF A GAVEL.

200 INT. THE FACE OF THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

200

The hands stand at 9:00 P.M. It's BONGING THE HOUR, and the gavel continues to RAP. The CAMERA WIDENS OUT, and we see that NICK'S living room is filled with people.

LARRY'S at the chairman's table, gaveling the meeting to order. The rest of the Committee is spotted around. FRAN is leaning against the closet door. STU sits in a chair beside her, stroking her hair. NICK and RALPH are on the sofa with SUSAN STERN between them. Also present: CHAD NORRIS, AL BUNDELL (fussy little legal eagle), BRAD KITCHNER, and three or four others. There are fifteen or sixteen people here in all.

LARRY

Order! I call this meeting to order!

RALPH (good-humored)

You ain't doin too bad for a hippie-boy.

194 INT. NADINE, A NEW ANGLE 194

She's looking into a deep closet, and we are looking back at her. There's a drift of scarves, mittens, and boots on the floor, cross-country skis propped against one wall, and lots of winter coats hanging down.

NADINE works her way into the closet, kneels, and buries the shoebox in the drift of winter knits. We can hear her PANTING.

195 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF NICK'S HOUSE 195

NADINE backs out of the closet and shuts the door. Now that it's done, she's close to panic. She's halfway across the room when the grandfather clock CHIMES THE HALF HOUR. NADINE claps her hands over her mouth to stifle a scream. She sees it's only the clock, but it doesn't matter. Her nerve is shot.

196 EXT. NICK'S HOUSE 196

NADINE comes out, throws herself onto her scooter, and drives away, cutting the turn out of the driveway so tight she almost wipes out. She rights herself and drives away.

197 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF NICK'S HOUSE 197

There's no sound but the HYPNOTIC TICK of the grandfather clock. THE CAMERA MOVES IN on the closed closet door.

198 INT. THE BASEMENT REC-ROOM, WITH HAROLD 198

He's dumping potentially damning litter--snips of wire, walkie-talkie boxes, etc.--into a plastic garbage bag. As NADINE comes down the stairs, he looks up at her. Let's be clear here; these two are both dangerously insane now.

HAROLD

Did you do it?

NADINE

Yes. I put it in a closet. There's a wall between it and the living room--

HAROLD

That doesn't matter. It'll take half the damned house. Help me finish cleaning up--we're going to spend the rest of the day at Sunrise Ampitheater.

NADINE

Who are you afraid of? The State Police?

CONTINUES

200 CONTINUES

LARRY (mock-growl)
Shut up, sodbuster.

This sally is greeted by good-natured laughter.

201 EXT. BOULDER CITY PARK NEAR DARK

201

Parked by the bandshell are a row of dusty motorcycles. A group of tired-looking bikers sit nearby, smoking and talking quietly. There's a group of YOUNG WOMEN in another area, talking and laughing. In the f.g., little GINA McCONE, is jumping rope. HENRY DUNBARTON is turning one handle for the kid; OLIVIA WALKER has the other. GEORGE RICHARDSON and JUNE BRINKMEYER stand nearby, watching and listening as GINA chants a skip-rhyme.

JUNE (to GEORGE)
I suppose you want to get up to the meeting at Andros's place.

GEORGE
There's plenty of time; I'm way down on the agenda. Besides, I like this time of day. And I like her.

He points with affection to the little girl, who's jumping cheerfully, pigtailed flying in the gathering gloom.

The feel in the park this late evening is lovely and old-fashioned; it's community we feel. All of a sudden neighbors are back in style. A few guys and gals are pitching worthless pennies against the band-shell; THE CAMERA FLOATS PAST THEM to the bikers, who are discussing that day's search.

WEIZAK
Not a sign of her anywhere.

1ST BIKER
She's dead. Gotta be.

2ND BIKER
I ain't so sure.

SOUND: HOOTING. Only one person in Boulder hoots like that. At first no one notices these FRANTIC SOUNDS.

THE CAMERA FLOATS TO the coterie of YOUNG WOMEN--about five in all, wearing tee-shirts and tight jeans. Instead of talking rock and roll or soap opera hunks, though, they're all watching the one woman of their number who knows how to knit.

CONTINUES

201 CONTINUES

1ST YOUNG WOMAN

So if you want to knit, you put it over this way, but if you want to purl, you put it over that way.

SOUND: HOOTING, CLOSER. Several of them look around, see nothing in the gloom, and look back at their teacher.

THE CAMERA FLOATS TO HENRY, OLIVIA, and GINA. Suddenly GINA stops jumping. She's seen something that makes her face light up with joy.

GINA (loud and joyful)

Grammy! GRAMMY ABAGAIL!

Everything in the park comes to a dead stop. GINA runs toward:

202 EXT. ARAPAHOE AVENUE

202

Coming out of the gloom is a weird but somehow magnificent sight: JOE, leading the ancient woman toward the park. ABBY'S face is a map of pain. There are lumps on her cheeks and forehead where she has been stung by bees or wasps, her arms and legs are welted with scratches, her lips are cracked.

GINA (overcome with joy)

GRAMMY ABAGAIL! GRAMMY ABAGAIL!

She cannons into the old lady, almost knocking her flat--JOE saves her. GINA puts her arms around ABBY'S waist. And ABBY, moving like a punch-drunk old fighter now operating only on instinct, gropes her arms around her.

ABBY (swollen, husky voice)

Child...child...

203 EXT. THE PARK

203

Everyone is frozen, literally frozen in place. Then:

HENRY DUNBARTON (low)

My God. It's her.

JUNE (utter amazement)

Mother? Mother Abagail?

WEIZAK (shouts)

It's her! She's come back! God's given her back to us, boys!

That breaks their paralysis and they surge forward--

204 EXT. MOTHER ABAGAIL, JOE, AND GINA 204

--just in time. She comes unbolted at the knees, and the kids (JOE, mostly) are able to hold her up just long enough for WEIZAK and the others to catch her.

205 EXT. SUNRISE AMPITHEATER, WITH HAROLD AND NADINE NIGHT 205

HAROLD is sitting on top of a picnic table with his legs crossed, looking like a loony Zen Master. In his hands he holds a walkie-talkie--the twin of the one in the shoebox. NADINE stands beside him, looking nervously at her watch. Below them, Boulder is spread out like a dimly lit map.

NADINE

Harold, it's--

HAROLD

Just tell me when it's quarter past nine. Until then, keep your yap shut.
[Looks back down at Boulder]
It's going to look like a rose.
One made out of fire.

206 INT. THE FACE OF THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK, CU 206

It says 9:13 P.M.

AL BUNDELL (voice)

The Law Committee had four meetings last week, and--

THE CAMERA WIDENS OUT. Everyone's trying to look interested, but AL'S got a fussy little voice--sort of boring.

FRAN looks up at STU, smiling...and then HER FACE FREEZES. She raises her hands to her temples and begins to massage them, as if she has suddenly gotten a bad headache.

207 EXT. BOULDER CITY PARK 207

The quiet, neighborly evening has been transformed into chaos. The bikers, lead by TEDDY, are firing up their hogs. HENRY and GEORGE, aided by JUNE and some of the penny-pitch guys, are lifting MOTHER ABAGAIL on a makeshift stretcher.

WEIZAK (shouts to be heard)

Come on! They're meetin at Nick's!

They start to roar off in the direction of NICK'S house. THE NOISE IS TREMENDOUS. On the stretcher, MOTHER ABAGAIL OPENS HER EYES.

208 EXT. MOTHER ABAGAIL, CU 208

ABBY (whispers)
Got to get em out...it's in...
the closet...

209 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF NICK'S HOUSE 209

STU'S eyes also widen, and his hands also go to his temples.

STU
What the hell--

And RALPH BRENTNER leaps to his feet.

RALPH (leaps to his feet)
Listen! All of you! I think we have
to get out of here! Right now!

SUSAN
Ralph, what--

FRAN (to her feet, also)
Yes. He's right. Something's wrong.

DICK
I don't understand--

SOUND: Dozens of motorcycles, Distant, but closing in.

STU
Get out! Get out right now!

He glances toward:

210 INT. FACE OF THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK, ECU 210

9:14. No...a little later, actually.

211 INT. THE LIVING ROOM, WIDE 211

They freeze, unsure where to go.

212 EXT. SUNRISE AMPITHEATER, WITH HAROLD AND NADINE 212

NADINE (points)
Harold? What's that?

Below them in the dark, a daisy-chain of motorcycle headlights is now snaking its way up into the foothills.

HAROLD
I don't know. I don't care. You
just tell me when it's 9:15.

His finger moves to the SEND button on the walkie-talkie.

213 INT. THE LIVING ROOM, WITH NICK

213

MOTHER ABAGAIL (voice)

The closet, Nick! It's in the closet!

NICK has heard something--for the first time in his life he's heard a human voice. It goes through him like a bolt of lightning. He whirls, wide-eyed, and BOLTS FOR THE CLOSET, almost knocking FRAN over.

FRAN

Nick, no!

He turns a deaf ear (ha-ha) to her and tears open the closet door. FRAN turns to go to him and STU grabs her.

STU

Get the hell out! It's going to happen soon, whatever it is!

He shoves her forward. Everything is pandemonium--babbling people trying to shove down the narrow stairway to the entry, the RISING ROAR of motorcycles, and FRAN looking back just in time to see NICK fling himself into the closet.

214 EXT. SUNRISE AMPITHEATER, WITH HAROLD AND NADINE

214

NADINE (she's frantic)

Do it, Harold! Do it!

HAROLD raises the walkie-talkie to his lips.

215 INT. THE FACE OF THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK, CU

215

9:15.

216 INT. IN THE CLOSET, WITH NICK

216

He digs furiously into the drift of winter clothes. He knows what he's looking for...and finds it. He yanks the shoebox out. His face is radiant with triumph.

217 EXT. NICK'S HOUSE AND DRIVEWAY

217

People begin to exit the house. They mill aimlessly around in the yard, looking confused and upset. STU and FRAN appear in the doorway. STU has his arm around her shoulders, more to restrain than to comfort--she wants to go back inside. As they come out, she lunges in that direction.

FRAN

Nick--!

STU

Frannie, no!

218 INT. IN THE CLOSET, WITH NICK 218

He rips the cover from the box and stares in at the walkie-talkie wired to the dynamite. He reaches for the wires--

219 EXT. SUNRISE AMPITHEATER, WITH HAROLD AND NADINE 219

HAROLD

This is Harold Lauder speaking.
I do this--

220 INT. NICK, IN THE CLOSET 220

HAROLD (transmitted voice)

--of my own free will.

NICK'S eyes widen, and then the frame WHITES OUT.

221 EXT. NICK'S HOUSE 221

IT EXPLODES. The door through which the last of the Zonies are still exiting fills with WHITE LIGHT and they are tossed like rag-dolls. Windows explode in showers of glass.

222 EXT. SUNRISE AMPITHEATER, WITH HAROLD AND NADINE 222

Below them, the fire-rose HAROLD expected has blossomed.

223 EXT. THE SIDE YARD OF NICK'S HOUSE 223

FRAN comes down on her shoulder and rolls over on her back. Her face is smudged with soot; her clothes are smoking. Nearby, BRAD KITCHNER lies dead, his face a mask of blood.

FRAN

My baby! My...

Her eyes close. A moment later STU, his shirt in tatters, his face in one arm bleeding, drops on his knees beside her.

STU

Fran! Frannie!

She doesn't respond. As he picks her up in his arms, THE CAMERA BOOMS UP, showing us the half-demolished, furiously burning house and a yard filled with the wounded and the dead. And now the motorcycles begin to arrive, BEEPING THEIR HORNS WILDLY.

224 EXT. SUNRISE AMPITHEATER, WITH HAROLD AND NADINE 224

Below them, NICK'S house burns furiously in the night. NADINE looks stunned...horrified...and somehow exalted.

HAROLD

What now?

224 CONTINUES

NADINE

Now we head west...unless you want to go down there and sample the mood of the community, that is.

HAROLD

I think I'll pass. Come on--let's get out of here.

He hops down off the picnic table and the two of them hurry toward their motorcycles.

THE CAMERA PANS BACK to that malignant fire-rose, still opening its petals down there in the darkness.

225 EXT. TEDDY WEIZAK

225

He's leading the motorcycle parade. Now he brings his bike to a stop. His amazed and horrified face is lit by the burning house. STU staggers toward him, holding the unconscious FRANNIE in his arms.

STU (croaks)

I need a little help here...

He goes to his knees, still holding onto FRAN and looking at WEIZAK pleadingly. WEIZAK dismounts hurriedly to help him and we

DISSOLVE TO:

226 EXT. A CORNFIELD IN NEBRASKA, WITH FRAN DAY

226

MUSIC: An acoustic guitar, playing "Amazing Grace."

FRAN's wearing the shift-dress she had on when we first met her. Her eyes are shut at first, but now they open. She looks up at:

227 EXT. CORN, FRAN'S POV

227

Each stalk looks as tall as the Empire State Building.

228 EXT. FRAN

228

She gets to her feet and looks around dazedly. It's corn in every direction. Slowly at first, she begins to walk toward the sound of the MUSIC.

229 EXT. MOTHER ABAGAIL'S HOUSE, A HIGH ANGLE DAY

229

This is an almost exact reprise of the first time we saw the house, only this time ABBY is on the porch with her guitar instead of in the outhouse.

229 CONTINUES

As FRAN emerges from the corn and walks toward the porch, THE CAMERA BOOMS DOWN. ABBY stops playing and looks at FRAN with a mixture of compassion and sternness.

FRAN

Am I dead? Is this what comes after?

ABBY

No, child, you ain't dead. Come on up here beside me, n set a spell.

FRAN (doesn't move)

What is it? What's wrong? Why am I here?

ABBY

Child, God didn't bring you folks together to make a committee or a community. He brought you together in order to send some further. It's Stuart who must lead, now that Nick's gone.

FRAN

Lead? Lead where?

ABBY

Why, west, little girl. You're not to go, only these four: Stu, Ralph, Larry, and Glen. You'll bide--

FRAN

Stu's not going anywhere! He's staying with me, he'll be with me when my baby's born, and neither of us will have any more to do with your killer God!

She whirls, clearly meaning to leave MOTHER ABAGAIL, but what she sees freezes her with terror.

230 EXT. THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING, FRAN'S POV 230

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of dark shapes are squirming out of the massed greenery.

231 EXT. MOTHER ABAGAIL AND FRAN 231

MOTHER ABAGAIL

You dassn't go that way, little girl; there's rats in the corn, and the corn is a sea all around us.

CONTINUES

231 CONTINUES

FRAN

Why? Why, you wretched old hag? Why
can't you leave us alone?

ABBY

"Why?" Job asks, and God answers out of the whirlwind, "Where were you when I made the world?" The devil's imp has called his bride, to put her with child...will he let your child live, little girl?

FRAN (falls to her knees)

Please say it doesn't have to be this way.

MOTHER ABAGAIL comes slowly down the steps. FRAN shrinks into the dirt, eyes closed, holding up her clasped hands.

MOTHER ABAGAIL

Mother, father, wife, husband. Set against them, the Prince of High Places. I have sinned in pride; so have you all. But that's in the past now. The time has come to give over your will to God's will. The time has come to make your stand.

CU on ABBY'S old hand clasping FRAN'S wrist.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

232 INT. STU'S HAND CLASPING FRAN'S HAND

232

SOUND: BIRD-SONG as THE CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK. We see FRAN lying in a hospital bed. Her eyes are shut, but tears trickle from beneath the closed lids.

FRAN (weeping)

Please no...

ABBY (voice)

Shh, little girl...shhh...

STU (voice)

Fran? Frannie?

THE CAMERA CONTINUES ITS PULLBACK, and we see STU sitting by FRAN'S bed. His cheek and arm are bandaged. They're in a small ward at the Boulder Medical Center. In the bed next to FRAN'S is MOTHER ABAGAIL. She is emaciated and certainly dying, but awake and looking at FRAN with that same expression of mingled compassion and sternness.

232 CONTINUES

There are others standing behind STU: GEORGE RICHARDSON, LARRY, LUCY, GLEN, RALPH, JUNE BRINKMEYER. Many of them have bumps, bruises, and burns. JUNE is hollow-eyed with grief.

STU

Fran? You awake, honey?

Her eyes open. For a moment they're blank...then they fix on STU'S face. She squeezes his hand as her most immediate terror hits her:

FRAN (dry croak)

The baby! Did I lose the baby?

STU (hugs her gently)

No, Frannie--you didn't.

She starts to cry. As she tries to roll more fully into his arms, she WINCES WITH PAIN.

FRAN

My back!

STU

Doc Richardson says it's whiplash.

GEORGE

It could have been a lot worse. You won't be running the hundred-yard dash for the next few months, but I think you can move if you're careful...and remember to take your pain-killers. Try to sit up.

FRAN does, with STU'S help. She sits on the edge of the bed, looking at STU with dull eyes.

FRAN

Nick's dead.

STU

Yes...how did you know?

FRAN (with a bitter nod to ABBY)

She told me. [Back to STU] Who else?

JUNE starts to sob.

FRAN

Dick? Dick? Oh, no! June, I'm sorry--

CONTINUES

232 CONTINUES (2)

JUNE

I wish I'd died! I wish I'd died
with everyone else!

She turns and shoves her way out of the crowd, sobbing.

FRAN

Who else?

STU

Fran, you're still weak--

FRAN

Who else?

STU tells her, and every word hits her like a cinderblock.

STU

Chad Norris. Brad Kitchner. Al
Bundell. Angie Terminello. [Pause]
Susan Stern. Twenty or so wounded.
In a way it's like a miracle--it
could have been a lot worse.

FRAN

Who did it?

GLEN

It looks like Harold Lauder.
And the Cross woman.

LARRY

Nadine. That bitch.

FRAN

And they're gone?

STU

Yeah. West. But if either of em
ever shows their faces around
here again--

He closes his hands tightly into fists, and an unpleasant
grin lights his face.

FRAN

Don't, Stu--don't ever look that way.

ABBY (low)

Send them out, little girl...all
but those that are left of the
Committee...

CONTINUES

232 CONTINUES (3)

FRAN (to GEORGE)

Can you do that?

GEORGE

Yes, but you need to rest, Fran.

FRAN

Looks like I'm out of luck, then.

GEORGE stands, indecisive.

LARRY (quietly)

Go on, man--no one'll ask her to dance. I promise.

GEORGE

All right--ten minutes. No more.

He starts away.

LUCY

Larry? Should I--

MOTHER ABAGAIL

No, child--what I have to say concerns you and Fran as much as it does these men here who have to go into the desert.

233 EXT. THE BOULDER MEDICAL CENTER

233

GEORGE steps out. There's a HUGE GROUP OF SILENT PEOPLE out here; everyone in the Zone, it seems. There's a moment of silence, and then TEDDY WEIZAK steps forward.

WEIZAK

How is she, doc?

GEORGE (tired)

The same.

SOMEONE FAR BACK IN THE CROWD

Can't hear!

GEORGE (to all of them)

Her condition has not changed. I don't think her condition matters much, though. She's in God's hands. We're all in God's hands. Go home. Get drunk. Make love. Maybe say a prayer.

He walks through the crowd of confused, worried people with his head down. They part to let him pass.

234 INT. ABBY, FRAN, AND THE GROUP AROUND THEM

234

LUCY (alarmed)
What do you mean, into the
desert? That's where he is!

ABBY
Yes. This is the will of
God, which was given to me as
I wandered in the wilderness.
Draw close around me.

They all do.

RALPH
Tell us, Mother.

As she speaks, THE CAMERA MOVES FROM FACE TO FACE.

ABBY
You are to go west; to take no food
or water; to go this very day, in the
clothes you now wear. You are to go on
foot. I am in the way of knowing one
will fall by the way, but I don't know
which of you it will be. I'm in the way
of knowing the others will be taken
before this man Flagg, who isn't a man
at all. I don't know if it's God's will
for you to defeat him, or if any of
you will ever see the Boulder Free Zone
again. I only know God wants you to go...
and with God's help, you will find your
place and make your stand.

FRAN
And if we say no? Will your God
microwave us with a lightning bolt?

STU puts a hand on her shoulder. FRAN shakes it off. ABBY
gently takes FRAN'S hand again.

ABBY
Your will is as free as that of
Eve in the garden, child--go where
ye list has always been God's way.
But...this is what God wants of you.

Her eyes flash and fill with a frightening power.

MOTHER ABAGAIL
Be true! Stand!

235 INT. MOTHER ABAGAIL'S HAND, HOLDING FRAN'S, ECU 235
It tightens fiercely for a moment...loosens...falls away.

236 INT. THE GROUP AROUND THE BEDS 236
GLEN brushes his hand gently across her eyes to close them.

GLEN
It is finished.

RALPH
God have mercy on her soul.

GLEN (turns to the others)
White magic...that's all that's left.

FRAN
Stu...please say no.

237 INT. STU AND FRANNIE 237
He leans toward her, taking her hands.

STU
Fran, there was never any way
but this way. If I say no, we
all die.

Now she turns her whole body from him, and when he puts
a hand on her shoulder, she pulls away.

238 INT. THE GROUP AROUND THE BEDS, MEDIUM LONG 238
They watch wordlessly as LARRY pulls the sheet up over MOTHER
ABAGAIL'S face. They look like the helpless advisors standing
around the deathbed in Rembrandt's "Night Watch."

FRAN turns back to STU and gives him a look of misery and fear.
He envelops her in his arms. She puts her face against his
shoulder and sobs.

THE CAMERA PULLS AWAY AS WE DISSOLVE TO:

239 EXT. ROUTE 6, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BOULDER 239
In the f.g. is a sign reading BOULDER CITY LIMITS. Parked on
the shoulder is a sedan and a few motorcycles. STU and GEORGE
RICHARDSON help FRAN from the car. She manages, although it's
clear the movement hurts her. RALPH gets out behind her.

GLEN, LUCY, JOE, and LARRY stand near GLEN'S motorcycle. KOJAK
is in the sidecar. Gathered in a loose cluster around the other
bikes are most of the Boulder folks we've gotten to know. JOE
has LARRY'S Gibson hung over his back on its strap.

239 CONTINUES

STU, RALPH, GLEN, and LARRY are dressed for travelling, but there are no packs, no sleeping bags, none of that nonsense.

STU (to FRAN)
How you doing, honey?

FRAN
Okay. I'm okay.

LUCY (to LARRY)
You take care of yourself, hear?

LARRY
I used to be really good at that.
I guess this is my chance to find
out if I still got the knack.

They kiss passionately, hungrily. Then JOE HOOTS, and LARRY sees he's holding out the Gibson.

LARRY
Hell, why not?

LARRY (takes the guitar)
Take care of Lucy, 'skinner.

JOE (with difficulty)
Love you, Larry.

LARRY
I love you, too.

240 EXT. STU AND FRAN

241

Although we know they're really not alone, GEORGE EXITS THE FRAME and isolates them for us. STU takes her hands, holds them up to his lips, kisses them.

FRAN (calmly)
Swear you'll come back.

STU
Fran--

FRAN (suddenly furious)
God can't run all of it! So swear!
Swear it to me, Stuart!

STU
I swear to try.

FRAN
I guess that'll have to do, huh?

241 EXT. LOOKING DOWN ROUTE 6 TOWARD THE ZONIES, MEDIUM LONG 241

KOJAK is sniffing happily around beside the road, but comes on the run when GLEN WHISTLES. LARRY and LUCY share another embrace. STU gives FRAN a final kiss, and then GEORGE is there to steady her back toward the car.

STU, LARRY, GLEN, and RALPH wave, then start west on Route 6.

242 EXT. FRAN, LUCY, GEORGE 242

LUCY assists GEORGE as FRAN prepares to get into the back seat of the sedan. And all the while, in spite of the pain and the people around her, FRAN keeps her eyes on:

243 EXT. THE FOUR PILGRIMS, FRAN'S POV 243

Small...smaller...smallest...gone.

244 EXT. FRAN 244

FRAN (closes her eyes)
Please, God. Please--if you're there.

She gets back into the car. Motorcycles start up as the Zonies prepare to head back to Boulder and begin waiting.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

245 EXT. ROUTE 6, LONG SHOT DAY 245

We're in the Rockies now, and God, is it beautiful.

TITLE CARD: IDAHO SPRINGS, COLORADO AUGUST 30

Five tiny specks--four men, one dog--are moving down there.

SOUND, CLOSE: THE HARSH, UGLY CAW OF A CROW.

THE CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show us the CROW perched on the boot of a mummified corpse. It's watching the pilgrims hungrily. It CAWS AGAIN. Is that triumph we hear? Maybe. The CROW takes wing and flies away.

FADE TO BLACK. THIS ENDS PART III.