

THE STAND

Part IV

by

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First Draft - 7/7/92

[The final night will open with a brief recap of the previous action, concentrating on last night's episode.]

ACT 1

FADE IN ON:

1 EXT. LOOKING DOWN ON A STRETCH OF TWO-LANE BLACKTOP DAY 1

We're high above this stretch of road, which is abutted by seemingly endless forest on either side. It's a gray, gloomy day. A single vehicle moves down there: JUDGE FARRIS'S Blazer.

TITLE CARD: THE TARGHEE PASS, IDAHO SEPTEMBER 4

2 INT. THE BLAZER, WITH FARRIS 2

The windshield wipers are going rapidly back and forth, but can barely keep up with the rain. FARRIS, looking like the world's oldest grade-school kid in his yellow rain-slicker, is hunched over the wheel. Suddenly his eyes widen and he hits the brakes. His Blazer comes to a stop and he stares out at something we can't see, stunned.

3 EXT. THE BLAZER 3

FARRIS gets out into the DRIVING RAIN. His head is tilted back; the thing which brought him to a screeching halt and got him out of his warm, dry car on this foul day is apparently fairly high off the ground. FARRIS approaches it.

4 EXT. FARRIS, A NEW ANGLE 4

In the f.g. is a cross constructed of telephone poles and railroad crossties. A bare-chested man has been CRUCIFIED on it. Nailed to his chest with a hypodermic needle is a sign with two words printed on it: DRUG ADDICT.

SOUND: THE CAW OF A CROW. FARRIS whirls and sees:

5 EXT. THE BLAZER, FARRIS'S POV 5

A plump CROW--our CROW--is sitting on the roof of the Blazer, fluffing its black feathers in the rain and staring at FARRIS. Now it sees him looking and CAWS at him.

6 EXT. THE JUDGE AND THE BLAZER 6

He picks up a stone and flings it--not a bad shot for an old guy, either. It just misses the CROW, which flaps clumsily away into the rainy day. FARRIS looks back at:

7 EXT. THE CRUCIFIED DRUG ADDICT, FARRIS'S POV 7  
Water runs down the corpse's wasted arms and white belly.

8 EXT. FARRIS 8

FARRIS  
Welcome to the West.

He splashes back to his Blazer, gets in, and drives away.

9 EXT. SIGNPOST, CU 9

WELCOME TO COPPERHEAD, IDAHO--PULL UP A CHAIR 'N STAY AWHILE!

THE CAMERA RACKS FOCUS to show us the huddle of buildings beyond the sign. Copperhead doesn't look like a place where anyone would stay for long unless both legs were broken. It's just another wide place in the highway--even McDonalds and Motel 6 missed Copperhead.

10 EXT. THE COPPERFIELD FIVE AND DIME 10

Parked in front is a Bigfoot sitting on a set of monster tires.

DAVE ROBERTS (voice)  
If you go out on me, Bobby Terry--

11 INT. THE COPPERFIELD 5 AND 10, WITH DAVE AND BOBBY TERRY 11

They've set up a cozy little guard-post just inside the dusty show window and are playing gin rummy amid the stacks of comic books and girly magazines. Also stacked around are all the guns two growing boys could want. Most of them are of the auto-fire variety. Beside DAVE is a CB, currently putting out nothing but a GENTLE SURF OF STATIC.

BOBBY TERRY  
Gin!

DAVE (tosses in his hand)  
Ah, hell!

He sweeps the cards to the floor while BOBBY TERRY CHORTLES. Suddenly a human voice CRACKLES THROUGH THE RADIO STATIC.

LLOYD (faint voice)  
Post nine, post nine--if you hear me,  
come on back!

BOBBY TERRY (excitement and dismay)  
That's Henreid!

11 CONTINUES

DAVE ROBERTS

I know that.

He's pretending to be Mr. Cool about it, but he knows LLOYD is a big deal, and he grabs the mike pronto.

DAVE

I'm here, Mr. Henreid, but we haven't seen a thing--not a single vehicle.

LLOYD (voice)

Well, you keep your eyes open.

12 EXT. THE MGM GRAND HOTEL DAY

12

THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the radio antenna sticking up from the roof. When LLOYD'S voice continues, it's LOUDER AND CLEARER.

LLOYD (voice, continues)

And remember what I told you before.

13 INT. LLOYD HENREID, IN THE LIVING ROOM OF A HOTEL SUITE

13

The metamorphosis from small-time outlaw to high-powered junior executive has continued. LLOYD, looking suspiciously like Armand Assante in his expensive slacks and strap-style t-shirt, sits at a big CB. He's got a razor-cut, a close shave, and that indefinable look of power. The STONE WITH THE RED FLAW hangs prominently around his neck.

LLOYD (continues)

Don't mark him!

DAVE (faint, staticky voice)

Right...I mean "copy."

LLOYD rolls his eyes, not seeing that he was quite a lot like **DAVE** and BOBBY, and not so long ago.

LLOYD

Just remember it. We don't want the people over there to be able to kid themselves about who it is when we send him back.

DAVE (voice)

Roger, I copy.

LLOYD

I certainly hope so.

He puts the microphone back and lights a cigarette.

CONTINUES

13 CONTINUES

LLOYD

Man. If brains were black powder,  
there's a guy couldn't blow his nose.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Are you coming back, Lloyd?

LLOYD brightens. There are problems associated with being a big man on campus, but there are also perks. He gets up and crosses the room.

LLOYD

I thought you were going to sleep.

14 INT. THE BEDROOM

14

Here's a surprise; the luscious lady in LLOYD'S waterbed is none other than DAYNA JURGENS. She's wearing a filmy baby-doll nightie and displaying approximately four miles of leg.

DAYNA

I might need a sleeping pill.

She holds out her arms to LLOYD. He comes to her, pulling off his shirt and clearly hot to trot.

15 EXT. THE WELCOME TO COPPERHEAD SIGN DAY

15

JUDGE FARRIS'S Blazer sweeps past it in the pouring rain.

16 INT. THE FIVE AND DIME, WITH DAVE AND BOBBY

16

BOBBY is down on his hands and knees, collecting the dog-eared pack of cards. DAVE is pouring himself a beer.

BOBBY TERRY

You were the one who threw em; you should have to pick em up.

DAVE

Quit bein such a cry-b--

Outside, FARRIS'S Blazer goes by. DAVE stares at it, mouth agape, as BOBBY continues to crawl around on the floor, playing Fifty-Two Pick-Up.

BOBBY TERRY

You're just a sore loser, Dave Roberts, that's all.

DAVE kicks him, and the cards go flying hell-to-breakfast.

CONTINUES

16 CONTINUES

DAVE

That was him!

DAVE hauls BOBBY TERRY to his feet. His face is frantic. B.T. is totally at sea, unable to grok what's going on here.

DAVE

Come on! He's gettin away!

He starts herding BOBBY TERRY toward the door.

17 EXT. THE COPPERHEAD FIVE AND DIME 17

BOBBY and DAVE, the Two Stooges, run out and clamber clumsily into the Bigfoot. At last DAVE gets it going and they turn to follow the JUDGE. The Bigfoot disappears into the sheeting rain.

18 INT. THE BIGFOOT, WITH DAVE AND BOBBY TERRY 18

DAVE is hunched over the wheel like Mario Andretti on speed. Beside him, BOBBY TERRY is putting a clip into his auto.

DAVE

Remember--in the guts.

BOBBY TERRY

Can't bust him in the head. I remember.

DAVE

That's right. He wants the head. Flagg.

BOBBY TERRY (kisses his rifle barrel)

When I hit him with this, won't be nothing left but the head.

19 EXT. FURTHER UP THE ROAD, WITH FARRIS'S BLAZER 19

It's swinging gingerly around a head-on collision in the road. As it starts off again we hear the SOUND OF A HONKING HORN.

20 INT. THE BLAZER, WITH JUDGE FARRIS 20

He looks up into his mirror. The wreck he's just passed is in the f.g. of the reflected image, but not far behind is the Bigfoot, FLASHING ITS HEADLIGHTS and HONKING ITS HORN.

JUDGE FARRIS

Okay. Here we go.

He steers over to the shoulder of the road, then leans over and opens the glovebox. There's an old-fashioned Colt .45 in there. FARRIS takes it out and then returns his gaze to the rear-view, where the Bigfoot is now making its way around the wreck.

21 INT. THE BIGFOOT, WITH DAVE AND BOBBY TERRY 21

The pressure is on, and BOBBY TERRY is starting to choke.

BOBBY TERRY

Oh my God, why couldn't he have come through Robinette?

DAVE pulls up behind the Blazer, takes a look at BOBBY TERRY, and sees he's now got a quivering lump of Jell-O for a partner.

DAVE

Sit where you are...and keep that lettuce-cutter out of sight.

He pushes BOBBY TERRY'S gun down and out of sight. Then he gets out of the Bigfoot.

22 EXT. DAVE, IN THE POURING RAIN 22

He walks with his head down and one hand inside his coat.

DAVE

Dassn't mark the head. Remember--  
dassn't mark the head!

23 EXT. THE JUDGE, LEANING OUT THE WINDOW OF HIS BLAZER 23

He watches DAVE approach, then gets out himself, still holding his .45 in one hand. DAVE sees it and stops.

DAVE (smiling)

You wouldn't shoot an unarmed man, would you, old-timer?

The JUDGE lowers the .45 so it points at the ground.

FARRIS

Didn't I see that rig back in Copperfield?

From FARRIS'S POV, we can see the Bigfoot, but not the cab-- DAVE'S body blocks that.

DAVE

Yep. We seen you go by. Dave Roberts.

He steps forward, one hand out to shake hands, the other still in his coat. As he clears FARRIS'S sightline to the Bigfoot, the JUDGE sees BOBBY TERRY leaning out of the driver's side window and aiming his auto.

FARRIS

Oh, bastard!

23 CONTINUES

He takes a stumble-step backward, his face filling with alarm, and DAVE FIRES THROUGH HIS COAT. The bullet takes FARRIS in the midsection, driving him back against his Blazer. DAVE steps forward to finish the job.

24 EXT. BOBBY TERRY, LEANING OUT OF THE BIGFOOT'S WINDOW 24

BOBBY TERRY (ecstatic)  
I got im dead-on, Dave!

He lets go with a burst.

25 EXT. DAVE AND THE JUDGE, BY THE BLAZER 25

The bullets stitch across DAVE'S back but don't hit the JUDGE at all. FARRIS leans in the open door of the Blazer, one hand clapped to his middle. Blood oozes through the fingers. He's still holding the Colt in the other hand.

DAVE tries to get up, then collapses face-down in the mud, dead. FARRIS struggles to raise his Colt. Finally he manages to trigger off a round.

26 EXT. BOBBY TERRY, LEANING OUT THE WINDOW OF THE BIGFOOT 26

The JUDGE'S bullet whines off the Bigfoot less than an inch from BOBBY TERRY'S head. His face is a picture of stunned surprise.

27 EXT. THE JUDGE, BOBBY TERRY'S POV 27

The JUDGE is laboriously bringing his six-shooter up for another shot. In the meantime, a CROW FLUTTERS DOWN TO THE GROUND across the road, appearing to watch the action.

28 EXT. BOBBY TERRY, LEANING OUT THE WINDOW OF THE BIGFOOT 28

Bullshit with fear, BOBBY TERRY pulls the trigger of his automatic rifle, FIRING A LONG BURST.

29 EXT. JUDGE FARRIS 29

He is flung back into the cab of the Blazer.

30 EXT. THE CROW 30

It flutters its wings and CAWS ANGRILY.

31 EXT. BOBBY TERRY 31

Completely stunned. At last he gets out and walks across to where DAVE lies in the mud.

CONTINUES

31 CONTINUES

BOBBY TERRY

Dave?

BOBBY TERRY squats and turns DAVE over. He looks from DAVE'S dead, mud-streaked face to the JUDGE'S boots sticking out of the cab of the Blazer.

BOBBY TERRY (to DAVE)

I did it. Killed his butt.

He gets up and walks over to the Blazer.

32 EXT. THE CROW 32

It starts to MORPH INTO FLAGG.

33 EXT. BOBBY TERRY, LEANING IN THE CAB OF THE BLAZER 33

He grabs the shoulders of JUDGE FARRIS'S slicker.

BOBBY TERRY

Killed his old white b--

He gets FARRIS up to a sitting position and observes with horror that the old man's face is COMPLETELY OBSCURED BY BLOOD. BOBBY'S face freezes. He lets go of the JUDGE (who flops back down and mercifully out of our view) and slowly turns around.

34 EXT. FLAGG AND BOBBY TERRY 34

FLAGG is dressed in his faded jeans and denim jacket. He looks creepy (his hair is laced with shiny black crow-feathers) but human--flushed, handsome, his eyes dancing with life and energy.

FLAGG (does Jerry Reed)

You in a heap o' trouble, son.

BOBBY TERRY

No...

FLAGG grins and reveals a HUGE SET OF FANGS. He LUNGES FORWARD, hands SPRINGING OUT.

35 EXT. FLAGG & BOBBY, A NEW ANGLE (POSSIBLY FROM ABOVE) 35

FLAGG grabs BOBBY TERRY--battens on him, actually--and drives him back into the Blazer, on top of the JUDGE. BOBBY SHRIEKS.

FLAGG (screaming)

I told you not to mark him! I told  
you not to mark him! I told you--

There is a LOUD, RENDING CRUNCH. This is followed by SMACKING, EATING SOUNDS.

36 INT. THE BEDROOM OF LLOYD'S SUITE EVENING 36

DAYNA and LLOYD are in the waterbed, and the condition of the sheets suggests it's been a strenuous afternoon. DAYNA is fast asleep. LLOYD is lying awake, smoking a cigarette.

SOUND, FROM THE OTHER ROOM: A HIGH-PITCHED BEEP.

DAYNA stirs soupyly. LLOYD pats her haunch, then swings out of bed and pads into the other room.

37 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF THE SUITE 37

Another BEEP. A RED LIGHT blinks atop the CB. LLOYD slides into the chair in front of the radio and kills the BEEPER.

LLOYD  
All right, already.  
[Into the mike]  
This is Lloyd, come on back.

FLAGG (radio voice w/static)  
The Judge is a wash. Do you copy?

LLOYD (shocked)  
What?

FLAGG (radio voice, screaming)  
A wash! A wash! A TOTAL WASH-OUT! Do you copy, you idiot?

LLOYD  
I...I...yes. I do. I copy.

38 EXT. A CB ANTENNA IN THE RAIN, CU NIGHT 38

THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY DOWN TO the cab of the Bigfoot. FLAGG is sitting in the open doorway. He looks mostly normal again. Well...there's one slightly unpleasant thing: the lower half of his face is smeared with BOBBY TERRY'S BLOOD.

FLAGG  
Fine. That's the bad news. The good news is that I just had one of my world-famous brainwaves. I know who the second spy is now.

LLOYD (radio voice, w/static)  
Who?

FLAGG reaches out toward the glass covering the Bigfoot's speedometer dial and passes his hand down in front of it. DAYNA JURGENS'S face appears there in a ghostly overlay.

CONTINUES

38 CONTINUES

FLAGG

You're not going to believe it,  
Lloyd. Now listen carefully.

39 INT. THE BEDROOM OF LLOYD'S SUITE, WITH DAYNA NIGHT 39

She's lying in bed, deeply asleep. Suddenly the room is  
FLOODED WITH LIGHT.

LLOYD (voice)

Wake up, you bitch!

She stirs...her eyes flutter...but before she can get any fur-  
ther along on the road to wakefulness by herself, LLOYD seizes  
her and YANKS HER OUT OF BED. DAYNA hits the floor with a THUD,  
her eyes flying wide open. She looks up at:

40 INT. THE BEDROOM, DAYNA'S POV 40

Standing in a grim knot and looking down at her are LLOYD,  
ACE-HIGH, RATTY, WHITNEY HORGAN, HECK DROGAN...and another  
old pal from the road west: JULIE LAWRY, last seen trying to  
ventilate NICK and TOM in Kansas. JULIE looks excited, pumped  
up, turned on.

LLOYD pulls DAYNA to her feet. He's furious at her and terri-  
fied at what FLAGG may do to him for crawling into the sack  
with Mata Hari.

LLOYD

Get dressed, you lying, spying bitch!

He shoves her toward the chair where her clothes are. She  
picks them up and starts across the room. She has recovered  
all her self-possession; she might be planning to change  
for tennis.

LLOYD

Where the hell do you think you're going?

DAYNA

To change. In the bathroom.

LLOYD

Do it here.

JULIE (eyes sparkling)

Yeah! Right here!

CONTINUES

40 CONTINUES

DAYNA

Lloyd, you've seen me naked for the last time in your short, miserable life. I'm going in there, and if you try to stop me, I'm going to try my very best to give you a sex-change operation.

RATTY

Want me to get her, Lloyd?

LLOYD

Let her go.

DAYNA goes before he can change his mind.

LLOYD (to RATTY)

If she locks it, break it down.

As DAYNA turns on the bathroom light and shuts the door:

DAYNA

I have AIDS, Lloyd--I probably forgot to tell you that, didn't I?

The others grin at LLOYD, relishing his discomfiture. LLOYD glowers and begins to fondle the amulet around his neck.

LLOYD

You know, I don't think that smart mouth of yours will last long once the man starts in with you.

41 INT. THE BATHROOM, WITH DAYNA

41

She's gotten as far as her bra and panties. Now she stands on tiptoe and pushes aside one of the ceiling panels. Her voice is calm, very different from her eerily intent face.

DAYNA

I wasn't over here risking my life--and sleeping with you--just for fun, Lloyd.

From the space above the ceiling panel, DAYNA takes down a spring-clip with a knife locked into it. Moving quickly, she straps it onto her forearm.

DAYNA

Do you people know what your tin god is up to? Why do you think that crazy Trashcan Man is arming Scuds and Zippos out at Indian Springs?

CONTINUES

41 CONTINUES

DAYNA COCKS HER WRIST INWARD. The knife leaps into her hand. She pushes the chrome button in the handle and six inches of steel snaps out. Satisfied, she closes the switchblade and locks it back into the clip on her forearm.

42 INT. THE SUITE BEDROOM, WITH LLOYD AND HIS PALS 42

LLOYD

If you're not out of there in thirty seconds, you can give your sermon to Flagg in your underwear.

JULIE giggles.

43 INT. THE BATHROOM, WITH DAYNA 43

She puts on a long-sleeved blouse, buttons it swiftly, and steps into a pair of jeans. She pulls up the zipper on her jeans, opens the bathroom door, and steps out.

44 INT. THE BEDROOM 44

DAYNA surveys her captors coldly and fearlessly. RATTY and JULIE meet her gaze with vapid grins, but the others actually look a little uncomfortable...maybe a little guilty.

DAYNA

He says frog and you jump, isn't that right?

WHITNEY (almost apologetic)

He's the biggest and the strongest, ma'am...and he's going to wipe you people right off the face of the earth.

DAYNA

You're wrong. And you're a fool.

LLOYD grabs her roughly by the arm...the one which isn't wearing the knife in the spring-clip.

LLOYD

Come on.

DAYNA shakes free of his grip, but walks with him to the door.

45 INT. LOOKING INTO THE GRAND'S CASINO 45

We're looking through a cashier's window. Vegas is clearly on alert: the casino is salted with armed men. One of the elevators opens. LLOYD and DAYNA get out. WHITNEY and the others get out behind them. They cross toward the office area.

CONTINUES

45 CONTINUES

LLOYD  
I'll take it from here.

WHITNEY  
Good luck, Lloyd.

LLOYD (takes a pause)  
Yeah.  
[Grabs DAYNA'S arm again]  
Come on.

The others watch as LLOYD leads her to a door giving access to the office area. As they go through, THE CAMERA HINGES TO FOLLOW THEM. The office area looks like a bank shortly after a posse of looters has gone through. Paper--much of it currency--is scattered everywhere; all the cash drawers are open. LLOYD leads DAYNA across this area.

46 INT. TASTEFUL RECEPTIONIST'S OFFICE

46

This is the antechamber to the inner office. Expensive furnishings...expensive carpet...expensive oak panelling. LLOYD herds DAYNA in. He pulls her over to the desk, flicks the switch on the intercom, and bends to use it.

LLOYD  
I have her, R.F.

DAYNA begins to GIGGLE.

DAYNA  
R.F.! R.F.! That's perfect!

FLAGG (from the intercom)  
Very good, Lloyd. Send her in, please.

LLOYD lets go of the toggle switch and stands up. Sweat is running down his face; he is in mortal terror.

LLOYD  
You heard him...go on.

He points toward the door leading to the inner office. She folds her arms and just stands there.

DAYNA  
Suppose I decline?

LLOYD  
I'll drag you in.

CONTINUES

46 CONTINUES

DAYNA

You're so scared you couldn't drag a  puppy in there. I don't know how low you were when you started, Lloyd, but you're lower now. You may not believe that, but it's the truth.

Before he can react, she turns and starts for the door.

DAYNA (trills)

Should I bring my steno pad, R.F.?

LLOYD stares after her, sweating, hands clenched, as she opens the door.

47 INT. DAYNA, IN THE DOORWAY OF THE INNER OFFICE 47

Her smile fades as she takes her first look at RANDALL FLAGG.

48 INT. THE OFFICE, WITH FLAGG, DAYNA'S POV 48

There's no furniture, just a gray deep-pile carpet on which FLAGG sits with his legs crossed and his heels high on his thighs, like a meditating Yogi. Behind him is a glass window-wall. In it we can see a full moon floating high above the desert sky.

FLAGG'S head is bent. Now he slowly raises it, giving DAYNA his most winning smile.

FLAGG

Dayna! Hi! Come in!

49 INT. THE OFFICE, WITH FLAGG AND DAYNA 49

She hesitantly does as he asks. He sees her confusion and grins, revealing perfectly normal white teeth. He bounces cheerily to his feet and offers his hand. She takes an instinctive step backward, then steps forward again and shakes with him. Her attitude suggests she expects the handshake to turn into a monster's crushing grip at any second. When FLAGG lets go of her hand, he's smiling more widely than ever.

FLAGG

You expected a vampire or werewolf, didn't you? Charles Manson at the very least.

DAYNA

I don't know what I expected. Lloyd...

CONTINUES

49 CONTINUES

FLAGG (sits again)

Lloyd went through a bitter experience in Phoenix not long ago. It marked him. Sit down, Dayna. It'll have to be the floor, I'm afraid.

She sits a good distance from him, looking at him warily.

DAYNA

What happened to the chairs?

FLAGG

I had them taken out. Liars sit in chairs; truth-tellers just sort of...

[Big, charming smile]

...hunker down. The people in Boulder sent you to spy out the land...true?

DAYNA

I suppose.

FLAGG (smiles)

You...the Judge...and someone else. I can't see the third one. Every time I try, all I can see is...

He looks toward the window-wall and the light cascading through.

FLAGG

...all I can see is the moon.

DAYNA looks surprised. We CLOSE IN ON HER FACE and see:

50 EXT. DAYNA, IN THE BACK OF A TRUCK ON THE STRIP DAY 50

She and half a dozen others are sitting on benches in the back, headed out for work or maybe on their way back. They're all dressed in the informal Vegas uniform of red t-shirts, jeans, and white hardhats (in this shot, some of them are probably holding their hardhats in their laps). They're talking and laughing, like any other group of workers, but this is DAYNA'S MEMORY and we can't hear them; this whole passage is SOUNDLESS. Their truck swings out to pass a garbage-truck that's making its way up the street. A MAN is walking behind it, collecting piles of trash and tossing them in.

It's the MAN'S HAT that DAYNA keys on first; it's RALPH BRENTNER'S battered old straw. But when the MAN collecting the trash finally pivots toward her, she sees the face under it belongs to TOM CULLEN.

DAYNA'S face registers SHOCK and RECOGNITION.

51 INT. DAYNA, IN FLAGG'S OFFICE

51

That same expression is on her face now...but as THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A TWO-SHOT, she tries to hide it. I think we know FLAGG well enough by now to know it won't work.

FLAGG  
M-O-O-N, that spells moon. Does that mean anything to you, Dayna?

DAYNA  
Not a thing...What about the Judge?

FLAGG  
Never mind the Judge. It's this third fellow that concerns me now. Pay attention, dear: I am disposed to give you your things and send you back to your friends in Boulder. Why not? All you can tell them is that we're getting on our feet over here just as they are over there...that we mean them no harm...

DAYNA  
Is that why you've got that weirdo Trash-can Man playing with the planes and missiles out at Indian Springs? Are you planning to turn them all into New Age water-fountains, or something?

FLAGG (frowns)  
Never mind the Trashcan Man. It's the Moon Man I'm interested in, Dayna. The third spy. Who is he?

DAYNA  
I don't know.

FLAGG gets up on his knees and leans toward her. His eyes are red, hypnotic.

FLAGG  
I think you do.

DAYNA tries to turn her gaze from his and can't do it. He's hypnotizing her. He leans closer and closer.

FLAGG (soft, sweet)  
Let go, dear. Let go. There's no need to hold on; your old black witch is dead, and your people are in confusion. If you ever had a reason for being here, it's gone.

52 CONTINUES

FLAGG'S smile is now perilously close to a sneer. He's losing it.

FLAGG

Yes...all that makes perfect sense...but you do know.

His grin widens. His teeth are no longer all-American pearly whites; the fangs are back. DAYNA'S eyes widen in shock. FLAGG puts hands which have become talons ending in long, yellowish claws on her shoulders.

FLAGG

You know. And you'll tell me.  
Do you understand? You'll tell me.

The mouth opens, revealing those razored fangs. FLAGG gives voice to a MALIGN HISSING, like an angry cat.

DAYNA (screams)

How come you don't know? How come you don't know already?

FLAGG (raging)

BECAUSE I CAN'T SEE HIM!

His eyes FLARE RED. He shakes her like a rag-doll.

53 INT. THE RECEPTIONIST'S OFFICE, WITH LLOYD

53

His face is pallid and sweaty; his eyes are huge. He's clutching his amulet in one hand as he listens to the INHUMAN SOUNDS from the next room.

FLAGG/DEMON (voice)

TELL ME! TELL ME, YOU BITCH!

DAYNA SCREAMS--A HIGH, DRILLING SOUND. LLOYD winces.

54 INT. BY THE WINDOW-WALL, WITH DAYNA AND FLAGG

54

FLAGG/DEMON (shaking her)

TELL ME!

She cocks her wrist, and although her hand is out of our frame, we hear the SPRING-LOADED CLICK as the delivery-system operates.

DAYNA (shrieks)

EAT THIS!

CONTINUES

54 CONTINUES

Her upper arm MOVES FORWARD as she plants the six-inch blade in his gut. FLAGG JERKS and FREEZES, an expression of total surprise on his face. For a moment he and DAYNA stand silently face-to-face, looking into one another's wide eyes. Then FLAGG MORPHS BACK to his entirely human shape and BEGINS TO LAUGH. DAYNA'S eyes widen even more, and she looks down at:

55 INT. HER HAND, DAYNA'S POV 55

No wonder FLAGG's laughing. It isn't a knife in DAYNA'S hand; it's a firm yellow banana.

56 INT. FLAGG AND DAYNA 56

FLAGG (convulsed with laughter)

Oh, my dear!

Then his eyes flare a BRILLIANT RED. He stops laughing and his face MORPHS BACK into the DEMON-SHAPE. He leans toward her.

FLAGG/DEMON

You'll tell me what I want to know.  
Yes indeed you will.

DAYNA TEARS FREE OF HIS GRIP, and whirls toward the window-wall.

FLAGG/DEMON

NO!!

57 EXT. DAYNA AND FLAGG, LOOKING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW-WALL 57

She HITS THE GLASS, breaks a hole in it, and shoves her head through. FLAGG grabs at her shirt, desperate to pull her back before she can escape him forever.

58 EXT. DAYNA, CU 58

Her ~~face~~ is all white skin and black blood. She looks up at--

DAYNA (wide-eyed and exalted)

The moon!

She whips her head hard to one side, toward a RAZOR-SHARP SPEAR OF GLASS--

59 INT. THE OFFICE, WITH FLAGG AND DAYNA 59

We're behind them and can't see the gory details, but we do see DAYNA'S feet spasm and then go still.

CONTINUES

59 CONTINUES

FLAGG yanks her back inside. He holds up her dimly glimpsed body for a moment, looking for signs of life (almost willing there to be signs of life), and then he drops the corpse to the carpet. She has gone, perhaps in triumph.

FLAGG (top volume)

NOOOOOOO!

He kicks the limp body, still SCREAMING.

60 INT. THE RECEPTIONIST'S OFFICE, WITH LLOYD 60

From the inner office, the HOARSE, CHEATED SCREAMS continue, but they're not coming from a human throat. That's the voice of the demon, and LLOYD knows it. His face grows steadily paler. At last he flees the room, heading back in the direction of the casino.

61 INT. THE INNER OFFICE, WITH FLAGG 61

He's kicking the dark shape on the floor repeatedly, but we only see this for a second or two as THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON his inhuman face. The eyes GLARE DEEP RED. There's a TANGLE OF CROWFEATHERS where his hair used to be. And BLUE LINES OF FIRE trace the lines of his misshapen face.

FLAGG/DEMON

No! No! No! No!

62 EXT. AN APARTMENT BUILDING IN WEST VEGAS NIGHT 62

Its facade is lit by the moon. In the distance, FADING, we can still hear FLAGG shrieking in the grip of his tantrum. THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON a balcony about three-quarters of the way up the side of this building.

63 EXT. ON THE BALCONY, WITH TOM CULLEN 63

He is ~~is~~ looking up into the sky, his face dreamy and half-hypnotized. RALPH BRENTNER'S hat is on his head.

STU (voice)

Look and come back. Come back when--

TOM (dreamy)

--when the moon is full.  
M-O-O-N, that spells moon.

He stands where he is a few moments longer, then turns abruptly and goes back into what we can assume is his apartment.

64 EXT. OUTSIDE THE WINDOW-WALL AT THE GRAND

64

Inside the shattered hole in the glass we can see an interplay of WEIRD RED AND BLUE LIGHT, and hear FLAGG'S tantrum.

FLAGG/DEMON (voice)  
I'll have every one of you! I'll  
hang you on crosses from here to  
Boston! You'll curse your mothers  
as you die! Oh yes! Oh yes!

Plus additional AD-LIBS and THUDDING, CRUNCHING SOUNDS that are probably FLAGG punching his scaly fists through the walls.

65 INT. THE CASINO

65

Thirty or forty people are gathered here, awestruck and horrified by the SOUNDS OF FLAGG'S TANTRUM. In the f.g. we see some of the Las Vegas we've already met: LLOYD, HECK, WHITNEY, ACE-HIGH, RATTY, JULIE. After one particularly LOUD CRASH, accompanied by an INHUMAN HOWL OF RAGE, JULIE winces and turns away.

JULIE  
Screw this! I'm out of here.

RAT-MAN (grabs her)  
Now, sweetheart, the man just  
lettin off a little steam; the  
Rat-Man protect you...

JULIE (throws his hand off)  
Leave me alone!

66 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE GRAND NIGHT

66

JULIE walks past the fountain in which TRASHCAN MAN bathed and down to the street. There she stops, taking deep breaths and obviously trying to get herself back under control. While she's doing this, a DARK SHAPE ON A BIKE looms out of the ~~dark~~ and ALMOST HITS HER.

JULIE (jumping back)  
Hey, watch out, you damned--

She breaks off as the figure turns and looks at her. In the moonlight she recognizes him at once.

JULIE  
The feeb!

67 EXT. TOM, CU

67

THE CAMERA CLOSES IN on his intent, moonlit face as JULIE, still looking at him, recedes into the distance behind his speeding bicycle.

68 EXT. INTERSTATE 70, LONG ESTABLISHING SHOT MORNING 68

The scenery is rugged and gorgeous--we're in the badlands which take up where the Rockies leave off.

TITLE CARD: OWL CREEK, UTAH SEPTEMBER 5

LARRY UNDERWOOD (voice)  
Okay...lessee just what we got here...

SOUND: THE SQUALL of a RUSTY CAR DOOR being opened.

69 EXT. INTERSTATE 70 BREAKDOWN LANE 69

In the f.g. is a yacht-sized Cadillac. Through the windshield we can see a couple of mummified corpses. The back door is open, and LARRY'S feet are sticking out. Sitting close by and watching this foraging operation with great interest is KOJAK.

GLEN (voice)  
Find anything?

LARRY (voice)  
Bingo! I think we have a Bingo!...  
and...YESSSSS!

He backs out of the car, holding a small cooler. On top of it is a cellophane bag.

LARRY  
Non-alcoholic beer and pork rinds!  
The perfect breakfast for men on  
the move!

He crosses the two westbound lanes with KOJAK at his heels. On the far side, STU, GLEN, and RALPH are sitting with their backs against the guardrails. GLEN and RALPH get up to check out LARRY'S find. STU sits where he is. He looks depressed.

GLEN (sighs)  
I suppose one must feed the inner  
man when and how one can.

RALPH (grabs a <sup>can</sup> )  
I thought this foragin as we went  
would be a lot tougher'n it has been.  
I forgot how people always stock up  
on food when they're goin on long trips--

LARRY  
Stu? You okay?

STU  
Fine.

69 CONTINUES

He joins the group and takes a can of near-beer. He looks like a man who has just awakened from a bad dream. And, as we will see, that's pretty close.

LARRY

Come on--what's wrong?

STU (very hesitantly)

It's Harold. I dreamed about him last night...except I got an idea what I had was a lot more like the other dreams. The ones we had on our way to Boulder.

They nod understandingly.

STU (continues)

I think he's in trouble. (Pause)  
Bad trouble.

LARRY

If it's true, it couldn't happen to a more deserving person.

GLEN

Barbaric but accurate.

STU

Nobody deserves what I dreamed.  
Not even Harold.

He looks at them grimly, then takes a swallow of beer. He grimaces, sprays it back out, and puts the can on top of a guardrail post.

STU

Like kissin your sister! Come on, you guys--day's wastin.

He walks away. GLEN, LARRY, and RALPH exchange thoughtful glances--slightly puzzled glances, I think--and follow him. KOJAK trails at GLEN'S heels.

FADE TO BLACK. THIS ENDS ACT 1.

ACT 2

70 EXT. INTERSTATE 70, LONG ESTABLISHING SHOT MORNING 70

The scenery is an uninteresting vista of desert hardpan and scrub bushes.

TITLE CARD: DEETH, NEVADA SEPTEMBER 5

SOUND: THE FAINT CAW OF A CROW.

71 EXT. INTERSTATE 70 BREAKDOWN LANE 71

The guardrail cables are broken and bent outward over the steep drop to the desert floor. Leading up to this hole is a long black skid-mark.

SOUND: THE CROW, CLOSER.

HAROLD (dusty, croaking voice)  
Nadine! Honey, is that you?

DUSTY LAUGHTER. The laughter of a crazy-man.

72 EXT. THE HOLE IN THE GUARDRAIL CABLES, A NEW ANGLE 72

We're halfway down the slope, looking up. All the way down from the road are signs of a nasty spill: blobs of oil, bits of broken taillight glass and chrome, a motorcycle brake-drum.

THE CAMERA DRAWS BACK and shows us HAROLD'S crashed bike a little further down the slope. To the left of it is one of the motorcycle saddlebags, torn off in the smash.

HAROLD (begins to sing)  
As I got on a city bus  
And found a vacant seat,  
I thought I saw my future bride  
Walkin up the street,  
Nadine...honey, is that you?

He LAUGHS again, but the SOUND quickly turns into a series of DRY, AGONIZED COUGHS.

A CROW--our CROW--lights on the torn-off saddle-bag. It preens, then hops off onto the scree, continuing to move left. THE CAMERA MOVES TO FOLLOW and we see HAROLD, lying ten or fifteen feet away. His clothes are shredded, one leg is folded under him, and there's dried blood caked on all of his visible skin. Still, it's probably the desert that's really killing him. His face is flayed with sunburn, his lips are split and blistered, and the eyes he turns on the CROW are sundazed and delirious.

Then those eyes suddenly sharpen with horrified recognition.

73 EXT. FLAGG, HAROLD'S POV 73

The image is BLURRY, WAVERING IN AND OUT OF FOCUS. FLAGG is sitting exactly where the CROW was, with the heels of his dusty old cowboy boots planted high on his thighs--the same posture as in his office, in other words.

74 EXT. HAROLD 74

He drags himself painfully forward over the scree, his dying eyes filling with muddy, last-ditch hope.

HAROLD

She left me here, but you'll help me, won't you? I planted the bomb ...blew up their committee...

Now we can see the CROW again, sitting where FLAGG sat. HAROLD reaches out toward it with a dusty, blistered hand.

HAROLD

Please...everything hurts...

75 EXT. FLAGG, HAROLD'S POV 75

FLAGG

Most of them are still alive, you idiot; four are on their way west now. That's why you're dying-- because you screwed up. All at once everyone's screwing up!

We hear his ANGER...but we also hear his FEAR and PERPLEXITY.

76 EXT. HAROLD AND THE CROW 76

HAROLD

...so thirsty...just a drink...

He **reaches** out again, but his pleading expression sharpens to **terror** as he sees:

77 EXT. FLAGG, HAROLD'S POV 77

He leans toward HAROLD, baring a mouthful of fangs.

FLAGG

You just can't get decent help anymore!

He opens his mouth to bite.

78 EXT. HAROLD AND THE CROW 78

The CROW pecks his fingers two or three times. Then, with a FINAL ANGRY CAW, it flies off. HAROLD flops back, fingers oozing blood, looking up at:

79 EXT. THE FLAMING DESERT SUN, HAROLD'S POV 79  
80 EXT. HAROLD 80

We see the last hope die out of his face. Moving with agonizing slowness, he pulls himself over to the torn-off saddlebag. He undoes the buckles, rummages, and comes out with a .38. He lays it aside, then rummages again. This time he produces a worn notebook and a stub of pencil. He opens the notebook and writes something in big, slow strokes. Then, after some more fumbling, he manages to attach the note to one of his shirt-buttons. When he lies down again, exhausted, we can read the crooked capital letters: I'M SORRY. I WAS MISLED, they say.

He feels around for the gun, finds it, and slides the barrel into his mouth. HAROLD closes his eyes for the last time.

81 EXT. INTERSTATE 70, FEATURING THE HOLE IN THE GUARDRAILS 81

Prominent in the f.g. is the long dark skid where HAROLD'S bike went through. Our old friend the CROW is sitting on it... waiting...and it comes: A SINGLE ECHOING GUNSHOT.

With a CAW, the CROW takes wing and FLAPS HEAVILY AWAY.

82 EXT. I-70, NEAR OWL CREEK, WITH STU, GLEN, LARRY, RALPH 82

FAINT SOUNDS: THE GUNSHOT, ECHOING AWAY; THE CROW'S CAW.

The pilgrims are spread out across the two westbound lanes of I-70, walking west, when STU suddenly jerks backward, wincing. It is as if he was the one who was shot.

LARRY

Stu? What is it? Are you all right?

STU

I'm okay. It's Harold.

RALPH

What about Harold?

STU

Dead.

GLEN (after a beat of silence)

Are you sure?

STU

Yeah. God have mercy on his poor excuse for a soul. Come on.

He starts to walk again. The others exchange uneasy glances, then fall in behind him.

83 EXT. YET ANOTHER STRETCH OF I-70

83

We're looking east, straight up the barrel of the Interstate. The few cars stalled along this stretch of road SHIMMER LIKE MIRAGES in the heat-haze. A motorbike is weaving its way among them, heading toward THE CAMERA, but the SOUND OF THE ENGINE is choppy and unhealthy. As it comes closer, it resolves itself into NADINE'S pink motor scooter. It's no longer sexy; it's dented, dusty, and dying. As it passes, we see smears of oil all around the vented engine compartment, and blue clouds of oil-smoke pouring out.

There's a LOUD BANG and the scooter's engine cuts out. NADINE lets it coast to a stop by a green reflectorized sign which reads LAS VEGAS 80.

She pushes the starter button, but the only result is a LOW MOAN. When she tries again, the engine won't even give her that.

NADINE gets off the scooter, lets it fall over on its side, and looks up at the glaring desert sun. She pushes the hair off her forehead with a slow, weary gesture. Then she starts to walk down the breakdown lane toward Las Vegas.

84 EXT. THE GLARING DESERT SUN

84

THE CAMERA PANS DOWN to a line of taxiways, parked military aircraft, a row of hangars. The hangar directly ahead of us is marked with a big red sign which reads NO UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY! KEEP OUT! The thirty-foot-high doors stand slightly open on their tracks, revealing a thread of darkness.

TITLE CARD: INDIAN SPRINGS, NEVADA

A Jeep pulls up in the f.g., and CARL HOUGH (there's a small nametag on his suntans) gets out. He looks curiously at the open hangar doors, then starts walking toward them.

85 INT. THE HANGAR

85

The ~~three~~ or four Air Force fighter planes stored in here loom ~~like~~ grim phantoms, and there's another phantom lurking beneath the nearest of them, attaching something under the wing. As he steps back, we recognize THE TRASHCAN MAN.

TRASH looks physically better--his burns are healing--but something is desperately wrong with him all the same. I think he's in the grip of a spiritual crisis, pulled one way by his love of FLAGG and another by his firebug nature.

He starts away from the plane, then stops and looks back over his shoulder with an expression of agonized doubt.

CONTINUES

85 CONTINUES

TRASH  
My life for him!

He turns and starts back for the plane.

CARL (voice)  
Who's that? Hold it!

TRASH freezes. CARL comes into the frame, holding a pistol on him, and whirls him around. CARL eyes TRASH with recognition, suspicion and contempt.

CARL  
You! What you been up to?

TRASH (whining)  
I didn't mean to...I was going to fix it...take it off...make it okay again...

CARL  
Fix what? Take what off? Show me!  
Damned firebug!

It's the wrong thing to say to TRASH; it sets off all those horrible interior voices.

1st TEENAGE VOICE  
Hey, Trash! What'd ole lady Semple say when you torched her pension check?

2nd TEENAGE VOICE  
People who play with fire wet the bed, Trash!

FEMALE TEENAGE VOICE  
Ougggh! Keep him away from me!

TRASHCAN MAN looks toward a different part of the hanger as each VOICE speaks. He's starting to freak CARL out big-time.

CARL  
What's the matter with you?

TRASH  
Quit it! All of you just QUIT IT!!

4th TEENAGE VOICE  
Stick him in the nuthatch up at Terre Haute! Stick him in the nuthatch AND GIVE HIM A FEW THOUSAND SHOCK TREATMENTS!!

TRASH (wailing)  
No-oooo!

CONTINUES

85 CONTINUES (2)

He turns to run and CARL grabs him.

TRASH

You ain't puttin me back there! You ain't! You ain't!

He and CARL struggle. CARL'S gun goes off; TRASH takes a slug in the side. He SCREAMS IN PAIN, grabs the gun, and forces the barrel back toward CARL. When it goes off this time, CARL dies. He slides to the floor of the hangar with blood pouring from his chest. TRASH stares down at him, at first unable to grasp what has happened. Then he turns and runs for the doors.

86 INT. UNDER THE WING OF THE FIGHTER-PLANE 86

Some things never change: the device TRASH has attached to the plane looks just like the one he used to blow up the Powtanville ~~oil~~ oil-refinery tanks. It's TICKING LOUDLY.

87 EXT. THE TARMAC OUTSIDE THE HANGAR DAY 87

TRASH runs out with one hand pressed against his bleeding side. He looks confused, guilty, and frantic. He spots the Jeep CARL came in and runs for it. As he throws himself behind the wheel, another Jeep comes into view from another direction.

88 EXT. THE NEW JEEP, WITH LLOYD AND WHITNEY HORGAN 88

LLOYD

Do you see Carl?

WHITNEY (points)

No, but there's Trashy.

LLOYD

Trash! Hey, Trash!

He waves. TRASH throws a scared glance in LLOYD'S direction, then ~~ears~~ tears off in his own Jeep.

WHITNEY

Man, I don't like this. I don't like him. He gives me the creeps.

LLOYD

Trash is all right.

But he's uneasy, too. With good reason.

89 INT. THE HANGER, WITH THE FIGHTER PLANE TRASH HAS RIGGED 89

The TICKING STOPS. There's a beat of silence, and then the clock's alarm STARTS TO RING.

90 EXT. THE HANGAR AND THE TARMAC AREA 90

A HUGE EXPLOSION blows the doors off the hangar, and A BOILING BALL OF FIRE rolls out.

91 EXT. LLOYD AND WHITNEY 91

They throw their arms up to shield them from the heat and glare as airplane rubble and chunks of corrugated roof rain down around them. There's a SUBSIDIARY EXPLOSION as they spill out of the Jeep and back away. Both men are stunned.

WHITNEY

Is this all right? What do you think, Lloyd? Is this what you call all right?

LLOYD looks at him, struck dumb, then back at the boiling inferno that used to be an Air Force hanger.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

92 EXT. THE DESERT SUNSET 92

From one boiling inferno to another, but on the desert floor the light has already been replaced with purple shadows.

NADINE (croaking, singing voice)

It ain't no conspiracy, no big plan,  
But you can tell me if anyone can,  
Baby, can you dig your man?

THE CAMERA DRAWS BACK and shows us NADINE staggering past a sign reading LAS VEGAS 55. She's badly sunburned, exhausted, close to collapse.

FLAGG (soft, caressing voice)

Nadine.

She ~~stops~~ stops singing and just stands there with her eyeballs rolling in their sweaty sockets.

FLAGG (soft, caressing voice)

Over here. Over here, my love.

She turns now, and looks toward:

93 EXT. LOOKING INTO THE DESERT, NADINE'S POV 93

We may recognize the landmarks from Part II (#128); this is the place NADINE dreamed in Pipersville, just before leaving LARRY. We'll almost certainly remember the campfire--one big enough to roast a witch--that roars into the desert sky.

94 EXT. NADINE, STANDING IN THE I-70 BREAKDOWN LANE

94

NADINE  
Randall?...Is that you?

FLAGG (soft as wind)  
How I love to say Nadine...

Her weariness forgotten, NADINE steps over the guardrails, slides down the slope, and walks toward the campfire.

95 EXT. FLAGG'S CAMP IN THE DESERT NIGHT

95

There's a canteen hung on a mesquite bush, a field mess-kit, a roll of toilet paper poked down on a forked stick. A quilted sleeping-bag--a double--rests on an air mattress with the flap partially unzipped and turned invitingly back. But where's FLAGG? Where's her lover? There's no sign of him.

NADINE looks at the firelight flickering off the weird rock formations; at shadows which look like clutching hands. Something membranous clutches her leg. NADINE starts to cry out, then sees it's only a tumbleweed. She bends to push it away.

FLAGG (much closer voice)  
Nadine!

She looks up at:

96 EXT. THE CAMPFIRE, NADINE'S POV

96

FLAGG COMES WALKING THROUGH THE FLAMES. His eyes are RED and GLOWING, but otherwise he looks completely human and tremendously handsome. More! In his faded jeans and open-throated white shirt, he looks like every woman's sweetest dream of romantic love. Of course that RED GLOW in his eyes is a bit disquieting, but as he approaches, it fades out. He puts his hands on her shoulders and looks down at her with a smile. She looks back up with fear, fascination, timidity.

FLAGG  
Oh, Nadine...

He bends to kiss her. At the last second a little cramp of revulsion tightens her mouth and she turns her face aside so that he kisses her neck instead of her lips. He turns her face back to his and fastens his mouth on hers. At first she tries to shrink away, but he tightens her grip, and after a moment or two all her dials light up. She locks her arms around his neck and returns his kisses with frantic hunger.

NADINE  
Please...I've waited so long...

96 CONTINUES

FLAGG

And now your wait is over.

He sweeps her into his arms and carries her to the sleeping-bag, continuing to make love to her as he puts her down and begins unbuttoning her shirt. He slips it off her sunburned shoulders. When he lifts his head again, she rises up on her elbows to kiss him. She sees the RED GLARE in his eyes and changes her mind in a hurry. He grins, revealing those long, sharp fangs. Horror fills NADINE'S face.

NADINE

No--

FLAGG (demon's voice)

Oh, it's much too late to say no, dear.

He grabs for the waistband of her pants. She tries to stop him...then screams as she gets another good look at him. And we get a good look, too; we are, in fact, seeing FLAGG for the first time with all his masks and glamors cast aside. Hideous RED EYES glare in the head of a goat and below the tangled feathers of the CROW.

FLAGG

Much too late.

His monstrous face plunges down and his writhing body falls upon hers. NADINE SHRIEKS AGAIN.

97 EXT. FLAGG'S CAMP, MEDIUM LONG

97

Two horribly suggestive shapes are silhouetted against the roaring fire. They writhe and struggle.

NADINE

OH MY GOD, NO!

FLAGG responds with a series of LUSTFUL, INHUMAN GROWLS.

98 EXT. THE MOON, CU

98

It's just rising over the horizon, huge and red and bloated. FLAGG'S HUNGRY GROWLS continue.

99 EXT. FLAGG'S CAMPFIRE NIGHT

99

Time has passed, and the fire has burned down to a few guttering flames below the charred remnants of the bonfire. WE PULL BACK and see NADINE sitting on the sleeping bag, looking into the remnants of the fire. She's dressed, but there are fresh scratches on her sunburned face and her hair is a windblown haystack. FLAGG seems to like it rough. One doubts if NADINE will object much next time, however; she is catatonic.

100 EXT. THE TURNPIKE NEARBY

100

A CROW lands on a parked Jaguar with a Nevada vanity plate which reads FLAGG-1. THE CROW MORPHS INTO FLAGG, sitting on the hood with his legs once more crossed in the meditative padansa posture. He uncrosses them and gets down. He steps over the guardrails and walks toward the camp.

101 EXT. NADINE AND FLAGG

101

FLAGG (sits by her)  
There's trouble back in Vegas--  
apparently my friend Trash has  
gone crazy. I'm afraid we'll  
have to cut our honeymoon short,  
my dear.

NADINE takes no notice of anything he says. FLAGG picks one of her hands out of her lap, raises it, and lets it go. It hangs in midair while NADINE stares blankly into the fire.

FLAGG  
My men in Idaho blew the old man's  
head off despite my explicit instruc-  
tions that he wasn't to be marked. The  
Jurgens woman killed herself before I  
could make her talk. There are four men  
on their way from Boulder, and I don't  
have the slightest idea what they think  
they're doing. And now--the cherry on the  
chocolate russe--Trash goes nuts and  
destroys all four of my working jets. I  
don't suppose it matters, though, since  
he also destroyed my only working pilot.

He lowers her hand and kisses her neck. NADINE continues to stare into the fire, but we see a wrinkle of disgust and revulsion swim below the surface of her waxy face.

FLAGG  
In the old days when things went  
wrong, Dine and Dash was my motto.  
Now I'm older. I want to settle down.  
And besides--

He strokes her belly, and this time her expression of disgust is sharper. Then it's gone; she's catatonic again.

FLAGG (croons)  
--fatherhood changes everything,  
doesn't it, Nadine? No running this  
time. This time I'm going to make  
a stand. We're going to make a stand.  
In Vegas. Come on.

He starts her toward the turnpike.

102 EXT. I-70 NIGHT 102

Here comes the Jaguar...or should we call it the "Flagg-uar?" (Ouch). It's rolling toward THE CAMERA at better than 100 mph.

103 EXT. FLAGG AND NADINE, THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD 103

She sits in the passenger bucket, still vegged out--but FLAGG is full of his former good humor, grinning ferociously and singing while his eyes FLARE BRIGHT RED:

FLAGG (sings)

"I guess you can tell me if anyone can,  
Baby, can you dig your man,  
He's a righteous man,  
Baby, can you dig your man?"

104 EXT. THE JAGUAR NIGHT 104

It BLASTS PAST US, and as THE CAMERA SWINGS TO FOLLOW, we see the dark shape of Las Vegas in the distance.

105 EXT. THE UTAH BADLANDS, A LONG SHOT DAY 105

I-70 cuts through it, the only man-made object in sight.

TITLE CARD: SAN RAFAEL SWELL, UTAH SEPTEMBER 6

106 EXT. A ROADSIDE CAMPING AREA DAY 106

STU, LARRY, GLEN, and RALPH have just finished lunch. LARRY collects the trash and stuffs it into the nearest can while RALPH smothers the small campfire with sand. STU watches GLEN wince and massage the small of his back with the tips of his fingers. GLEN catches STU's glance and gives him a little grin.

STU

Baldy, I bet you ain't been in this good shape since you were a kid.

LARRY

Yeah, a hundred years ago.

LARRY laughs as he slips the Gibson over his back by the strap. GLEN thumbs his nose at him.

GLEN

There's a perfectly good reason for this little stroll, you know... and Mother Abigail knew it when she sent us out the way she did, with just the clothes on our backs.

106 CONTINUES

The four of them are walking down the ramp from the camping area to the turnpike now, passing the decaying remnants of the flu and the resulting panic without so much as a second glance. It's all very old news now.

GLEN (continues)

Our bellies are empty, and more importantly, our heads are empty.

RALPH

Mine was pretty empty to start with.

GLEN

I'm serious--we're out here in the middle of the Great American Nowhere, minus all the baggage we used to carry everywhere, all our lives: the hate, the love, the gossip, the chores, the plans, the schemes, the going forward and the doubling back. She wanted us husked out, empty, clean...and ready to be filled up again by some new thing. (Pauses) Maybe a great thing. (Pauses) And almost certainly the last thing.

RALPH

Yeah...but will it help us with him?

GLEN

I don't know.

LARRY

Every time we top a rise or come around a curve, I expect to see his men.

RALPH

Yeah. I know what you mean. (To STU) When do you think it'll be?

STU

I don't know. Soon.

GLEN

What I want to know is why.

STU

I don't know...but I guess we'll find out. Kojak, stick!

KOJAK goes bounding over the soft shoulder, comes back with a stick in his mouth, and drops it on GLEN'S shoe.

CONTINUES

106 CONTINUES (2)

GLEN

Good dog. It's not much of a trick,  
but I have to admit you do it with  
great savoir-faire.

They all laugh. GLEN picks the stick up and throws it again.  
KOJAK chases it. As LARRY and RALPH start off again, GLEN  
turns to STU with an expression of sad thoughtfulness.

GLEN

Long way from New Hampshire.

STU

Or anywhere else. Come on.

He claps GLEN on the shoulder and they start walking after  
the other two. These four moving figures seem very small and  
frail in the vast stone emptiness of Utah.

FADE TO BLACK. THIS ENDS ACT 2.

ACT 3

107 EXT. THE VEGAS GRAND DAY

107

The fountain is spraying prettily; the lawns are as smooth as the felt on a billiard table. Drawing to a stop in front of the lobby doors is the road-dusty Jag. Two flunkies hurry to it. One is ACE-HIGH; the other is THE RAT-MAN. ACE-HIGH opens FLAGG'S door. RATTY hurries around to the passenger door.

108 EXT. RATTY, OPENING THE PASSENGER DOOR

108

RATTY

Welcome to Las Vegas, ma'am--

His jaw drops as he gets his first good look at NADINE. She sits in the passenger seat like a chunk of wood, her face slack and empty. FLAGG is looking across the top of the car at THE RAT-MAN with grinning, ferocious impatience.

FLAGG

Well? Help her out, you idiot!

RATTY

Yes, sir! Right away!

But he's not sure how to do it. He leans forward and tries taking her hand. No luck. He tries an arm around her shoulders. Nope; her body just leans forward and stays there. She is a perfect case of waxy catatonia.

RATTY is sweating with terror now. At last he reaches in and simply lifts her out.

A few more Las Vegans have gathered (at a discreet distance, of course--with the Walkin Dude it's always wise to be discreet) while this is going on. THE RAT-MAN, all his usual savoir faire gone, carries NADINE around the car to FLAGG.

FLAGG

Put her down.

RATTY does. NADINE stands slackly, looking over FLAGG'S shoulder at nothing in particular. But when FLAGG strokes her cheek, an expression of dreamlike horror creeps over her face, and big silent tears begin to fall from her eyes.

FLAGG

Nadine. My love. My bride. (Pause)  
Wellspring of the new earth.

CONTINUES

108 CONTINUES

He takes her by the hand, oblivious of the fearful bystanders, and leads her up the red carpet to the lobby doors. ACE-HIGH and RATTY follow, and when FLAGG and NADINE reach the doors, they spring forward to open them, moving like a team of well-trained Park Avenue doormen.

109 INT. THE LOBBY, FEATURING LLOYD AND JULIE LAWRY 109

There are silent throngs <sup>of</sup> people in the casino and the Cub Bar. Like those outside, ~~they~~ casual veneer is pretty thin; fearful yet fascinated, they have come to pay tribute to their leader...and his chosen queen.

FLAGG and NADINE sweep toward the elevators, where LLOYD and JULIE are standing. RATTY and ACE-HIGH trail along behind. There's time for JULIE to shoehorn in one line before FLAGG arrives.

JULIE

If the feeb's important, make sure he knows it was me who told you about--

FLAGG

Lloyd! Good to see you!

FLAGG puts out his hand. LLOYD shakes it, then glances with uneasy curiosity at the catatonic woman with the tears rolling down her cheeks.

LLOYD (respectfully)

I thought we might see you last night.

FLAGG

Well...you know how it is with newlyweds...

He looks at NADINE with a sappy (and surely sarcastic) expression of love. JULIE observes this with undisguised horror. LLOYD pauses to get hold of himself...and to remember what he wanted to tell the boss.

LLOYD

We haven't managed to get hold of Trash yet. We're searching the desert west of Indian Springs, but there's a lot of country out there--

FLAGG

He'll come back on his own eventually. When he does, I want him put away...but mercifully. I doubt if you can understand this, but I felt a certain...kinship for that boy. I don't want him to suffer.

CONTINUES

109 CONTINUES

He raises NADINE'S hand to his mouth and kisses it. NADINE MOANS.

FLAGG

Besides, Lloyd--love seems to have  
...mellowed me.

LLOYD

Well...I...I just thought--

JULIE (hisses)

Tell him!

FLAGG appears to notice her for the first time and leans toward her. She recoils. I don't blame her; anyone would.

FLAGG

When you were a child, didn't  
anyone tell you it's very rude  
to interrupt your elders and  
betters, my dear?

FLAGG'S FACE SHIMMERS, and for a moment we see a hint of the Goat-Crow demon that blew NADINE'S circuits.

JULIE shrinks back against one of the closed elevators. Grinning, FLAGG reaches for her...or at least seems to. JULIE SHRIEKS, sure she's going to die. In the b.g., some people cross themselves; others make the sign of the Evil Eye. FLAGG reaches right past JULIE and pushes an elevator UP button. Only LLOYD has managed to keep some of his self-possession...but then, he has been dealing with FLAGG for a long time.

LLOYD

This might be important, R.F. This  
girl--

He **points** to JULIE, who shrinks back, no longer wanting to be **noticed**. The elevator arrives and FLAGG leads NADINE in.

FLAGG

Later, Lloyd. Come up to my apartment  
this afternoon. One should be fine.

LLOYD

But--

FLAGG turns NADINE around, raises her hand, and waves it.

FLAGG

Say goodbye, Nadine--it's time for  
Part 2 of that famous musical Las  
Vegas Honeymoon.

109 CONTINUES (2)

As the doors start to close, NADINE'S eyes at last move. They roll to LLOYD and fix him with a gruesome stare.

NADINE

We're dead. This is hell.

The doors close. LLOYD stares at them, flabbergasted...and remains in this trancelike state until JULIE tugs his sleeve.

JULIE (whining)

You promised you'd tell him!

LLOYD

Shut up!

He starts to turn away, and suddenly sees the clumps of red-shirted, bluejeaned Las Vegas, watching avidly.

LLOYD

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT? HAVEN'T  
YOU GOT STUFF TO DO? GET OUT OF  
HERE, ALL OF YOU!

[To JULIE]

You too, you dumb little bitch.

She gives him an ugly, petulant look, but she goes. LLOYD slumps against the faux-marble elevator column. After a moment, WHITNEY comes up and puts a hand on his shoulder. LLOYD gives him a weary smile.

WHITNEY

I think it's falling apart. The whole thing. First Trash, now Miss Amanda LooneyTunes. Did you see her, Lloyd? I mean, did you get a really good look at her?

LLOYD

Yeah, I guess she musta lost a few of her shingles in the last storm, but the man's got it all under control. You can take that to the bank.

WHITNEY

I wonder. I really do.

110 EXT. LAS VEGAS SKYLINE AFTERNOON

110

A breathtaking panorama of white city buildings and desert hardpan, all baking under the late summer sun.

CONTINUES

110 CONTINUES

FLAGG (voice; sings)  
"You can tell me, honey, if anyone can--"

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal FLAGG on the balcony of the Grand's penthouse, singing LARRY'S song and surveying his kingdom. Behind him, NADINE sits lumpishly on the sofa in the elegant living room.

FLAGG (sings)  
"--baby, can you dig your man?  
He's a righteous man--"

The DOORBELL BONGS. FLAGG turns toward it.

FLAGG  
That'll be Lloyd--would you get  
it, sweetie-pie?

NADINE simply goes on staring blankly into space.

FLAGG (good-humored)  
Guess not.

He leaves the balcony and crosses the living room swiftly to the apartment suite's main door.

111 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF FLAGG'S APARTMENT

111

FLAGG opens the door on LLOYD. The FLAWED STONE is prominently visible in the open collar of LLOYD'S shirt.

FLAGG  
Come in, Lloyd, come in!

LLOYD looks at NADINE with curiosity as they approach the couch.

FLAGG  
I don't think I introduced my  
wife to you by name, Lloyd. Nadine  
Cross, meet Lloyd Henreid.

LLOYD (puts out a hand)  
Um...pleesdameetcha, ma'am.

FLAGG  
Shake it, Nadine.

Slowly, like a robot made of flesh, NADINE sticks out her own hand and allows it to be pumped twice. When LLOYD pulls his hand back, hers continues to hang laxly in the air.

CONTINUES

111 CONTINUES

FLAGG (ferocious good humor)  
You can put it down now, my love.

The hand drops back into her lap like a piece of raw meat.  
LLOYD watches all this with helpless, fascinated revulsion.

FLAGG  
My wife is indisposed. She's also  
has a bun in the oven. Perhaps  
the two are related. Like to gargle  
a little firewater, Lloyd?

LLOYD  
Huh?

FLAGG (rolls his eyes)  
Would you like a drink, Lloyd?

LLOYD  
Oh! Sure. Gin and tonic?

FLAGG  
Make it two!  
[To NADINE]  
Sorry, my sweetheart--the Surgeon  
General says pregnant women shouldn't  
drink. Or did, before he died of the  
flu...right, Lloyd?

[Goes to the bar]  
There are four men on their way here  
from Boulder, strolling right up I-70  
for some mad reason known only to them-  
selves and their dead witch. I want them  
bagged and brought here. Send Barry  
Dorgan and a dozen good men.

LLOYD  
Should I have, um, some crosses made?

FLAGG  
I think that something slightly more  
inventive may be in order here. The  
natives seem restless. (Pauses) What about  
the skinny little bat-faced girl down-  
stairs? What did she want?

LLOYD  
She thinks she spotted their third  
spy night before last. She saw him  
in Kansas, along with a young deaf-  
mute male. Her description makes the  
deaf-mute sound like Nick Andros, one  
of the guys on their Commit--

CONTINUES

111 CONTINUES (2)

LLOYD stops, suddenly shocked and afraid. FLAGG'S face has filled with rage...and the drinks in his hands are BOILING. NADINE comes out of her daze a little and looks at FLAGG with frightened eyes.

FLAGG throws the drinks at LLOYD. He ducks and the two heavy glasses pass on either side of his head, narrowly missing his ears and SHATTERING against the wall. FLAGG leaps forward, grabs LLOYD, and lifts him almost to the ceiling.

FLAGG

And you let me go upstairs without  
telling me?

He throws LLOYD against the wall, then lunges after him. His face has begun to melt and into the demon's face again. He bares teeth that are fangs, and the hands he places on the sides of LLOYD'S head are now long, misshapen claws.

FLAGG (demon's voice)

I could pop your head like a tick...  
and maybe I ought to.

LLOYD

I tried to tell you! I tried  
and you cut me off!

For a tense moment the two of them stare at each other. Then FLAGG turns away, and...

...goes on a rampage. While LLOYD stands against the wall and NADINE cowers on the couch, both watching in amazement, FLAGG goes through the apartment like a destructive tornado. He tears the drapes to tatters, knocks a set of jade figurines to the floor where they shatter, kicks in the TV's picture-tube, and sweeps the bottles of liquor off the bar. During all this, his face MORPHS LIQUIDLY BACK AND FORTH between HUMAN and DEMON. He finishes by throwing a chair over the balcony rail. When he comes back, he is his smiling, urbane self again. This is somehow more frightening than the tantrum.

FLAGG

Okay. I'm all right. Yes. I'm fine.  
How's that drink, Lloyd?

CONTINUES

111 CONTINUES (3)

LLOYD

It's all over the wall.

FLAGG looks stunned at this for a moment, then BURSTS OUT LAUGHING and claps LLOYD on the shoulder.

FLAGG

I like that! Yes indeed! I'll tell you one thing, Lloyd--for a man who almost ended up turning his cell-mate into canapes, you've got a yard of guts. Doesn't he, Nadine?

No response from NADINE; she's come unplugged again.

FLAGG

Andros is dead and this guy...what's his name?

LLOYD

Cullen. Tom Cullen.

FLAGG

This guy Cullen probably doesn't matter much. Still...

[Sighs]

Send out a hundred men or so. Put Russ Dorr in charge. Maybe they'll get lucky and stumble across him.

LLOYD

Barry--

FLAGG

No! Barry's job is collaring the four Happy Wanderers over in Utah.

LLOYD

And Trash?

FLAGG guides LLOYD back to the door. As they pass NADINE, she gets up from the sofa and walks toward the balcony. The men, intent on their conversation and with their backs turned, do not see her.

FLAGG

Just remember what I said--when he comes back in, it's to be quick and painless.

They are at the door. FLAGG opens it.

CONTINUES

111 CONTINUES (4)

LLOYD

R.F. ... is everything all right?

FLAGG

Of course--fine! Why wouldn't it be?

LLOYD (shrugs)

It's just that some of the folks have been worried. (Pause) I've been a little worried myself, to tell you the truth.

FLAGG reaches out and grasps the stone around LLOYD'S neck.

FLAGG

Things are fine, Lloyd, and they will continue to be fine as long as you remember two things: Who's the boss...

He opens his hand. The stone has once more become the key. He closes his hand again, never taking his eyes from LLOYD'S face.

FLAGG

...and who's got the power.

He opens his hand. The key is gone and the stone is back.

FLAGG

Right?

LLOYD (big-eyed)

Right. Yeah. Okay.

FLAGG pushes him gently out the door and closes it. The expression on his face is complacent--things got a little squirrely there for awhile, but everything is 'way cool again now. He leans against the door and BEGINS TO LEVITATE, the rundown heels of his boots hanging in thin air as his back slides up the door. That complacent, loopy smile never leaves his face.

NADINE (voice)

They're coming for you, you know.  
No one else. For you.

He comes down with a crash, startled, and looks at:

112 EXT. NADINE, ON THE BALCONY

112

NADINE

The old woman sent them before she died.

113 INT. FLAGG, IN THE LIVING ROOM

113

FLAGG

Get your ass back in here.

He crosses to the balcony door, but when he starts to step out onto it, NADINE throws one leg over the low railing. FLAGG stops at once. NADINE gives him a spooky, confident smile.

NADINE

Everything you made here is falling apart. They're saying there was a spy in Idaho who got away--

FLAGG (snaps)

He's as dead as Judas Iscariot!

NADINE

Maybe...but you can't prove it, can you? They're asking questions about Dayna, too. They wonder how it was that your foreman was sleeping with a spy. They wonder even more about how she slipped through your fingers.

Goaded, he starts toward her again. NADINE throws her other leg over the balcony, lunges out dizzily, catches the railing in one hand, and looks down at:

114 EXT. THE STREET, NADINE'S POV

114

It's a long way down...thirty stories or more.

115 EXT. ON THE BALCONY, WITH FLAGG AND NADINE

115

FLAGG stops, his face a mixture of fear and impotent rage.

FLAGG

Come back in, Nadine. I'll give you everything you could ever want.

NADINE

Oh? Can you give me Larry again? He could have been mine, you know--all I had to do was hold out my hands. I held them out to you instead. But he's coming now. Stu and Glen and Ralph, too. And when they get here, they'll kill you like a chicken-stealing weasel.

He lunges forward, FACE MORPHING. This time NADINE registers no horror. Her face remains serene.

CONTINUES

115 CONTINUES

FLAGG (demon voice)

YOU LIE!

NADINE

No. I'm going to see it happen. I'll be watching from hell, I suppose, but there's one compensation: I'll be watching with your baby in my arms.

He grabs for her and gets nothing but a shred of her nightgown as she plunges. He holds up the torn swatch of cloth, looking at it unbelievably. As he drops it he gives voice to a LONG, INARTICULATE SCREAM OF HATE AND RAGE.

116 EXT. THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING 116

NADINE falls down...down...down. We hear FLAGG'S HATEFUL, ECHOING SCREAM--a demonic soundtrack.

117 EXT. THE SIDE LAWN OF THE GRAND 117

A woman in a red t-shirt and jeans is cutting the grass on a riding lawn-mower. Her head jerks up as she hears FLAGG, still screaming that long, drawn-out negative, and her face fills with horror as she picks up NADINE'S fall. It is in THE LAWNMOWER WOMAN'S face that we see the final impact.

118 EXT. THE LAS VEGAS STRIP 118

It's mostly cleaned up now, but still weirdly deserted. A few workers stop, turn toward the Grand, and look uneasily at each other as they hear FLAGG'S DESPAIRING SCREAM.

119 INT. THE GRAND CASINO 119

LLOYD is standing with WHITNEY, RAT-MAN, HECK, and a man in suntanned khakis--cop-clothes without the insignia. This is BARRY DORGAN. They look at each other uneasily as the SCREAM CONTINUES. The other people in the casino are looking upward at the ceiling with expressions of frozen horror.

120 EXT. ON THE BALCONY, WITH FLAGG 120

FLAGG (panting)

Doesn't matter. It's still all in the palm of my hand. All of it!

He turns toward the living room door, his face MORPHING from demon back to human, his claws and talons back to hands.

FLAGG

The palm of my hand!

FADE TO BLACK. THIS ENDS ACT 3.



124 INT. TRASHCAN MAN, UNDERGROUND 124

At first we see only SLIDING GRAY METAL illuminated by that DIM YELLOW LIGHT--underground emergency lights. Then the sliding door--that's what it is, of course--opens enough to reveal TRASHY. He's lobster-red with sunburn again and there's a huge blotch of dried blood on the side of his shirt where the bullet from CARL'S gun grazed him. His face changes from an expression of anxiety to one of awestruck, loony wonder.

TRASH (soft; awestruck)  
The fire! The biig fire!

125 INT. PRUFROCK UNDERGROUND ARSENAL, TRASHY'S POV 125

We're looking at a vast subterranean room, half-crypt, half-warehouse. Huge steel cradles stretch away, seemingly into infinity. Clamped to each one is an atomic bomb. There are hundreds of them down here, maybe thousands.

126 INT. TRASH, CU 126

TRASH (sublime joy)  
Yesssss! Bumpty-bumpty-BUMP!

127 INT. AN UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR 127

More EMERGENCY LIGHTS, but here the yellow glow is getting dim; eventually even the Duracell Bunny gets the flu, it seems. THE CAMERA MOVES PAST closed doors marked SHOWERS and DISINFECTION and a sign which proclaims that RADIATION TEST FILMS MUST BE WORN AT ALL TIMES! The hall is littered with dead bodies in coveralls and lab-coats.

SOUND: A LOW ELECTRONIC HUMMING.

The HUM GROWS LOUDER as THE CAMERA passes a spray-painted graffiti on the cinderblock which should also take us back to the start. This is the way the world ends, it says in straggling pink letters. Not with a bang but a whimper.

THE HUM GROWS LOUDER STILL, and coming around the corner at the far end of the corridor we see an electric cart. Sitting at the controls is everybody's favorite TRASHCAN MAN.

He's as crazy as ever, probably crazier, but happy, just the same; he believes his newest find will get him back into the dark man's good graces.

TRASHCAN MAN  
You can love me or give me a thump.  
Burn me, beat me, bumpty-bumpty-bump!

CONTINUES

127 CONTINUES

If one is charitable, one could say it's to the tune of LARRY'S hit record. Let's be charitable...but in any event TRASHY'S bawling is cut short by a sudden COUGHING FIT. As he coughs, BLOODY FOAM appears on TRASHCAN MAN'S lips. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, looks at the smear of blood there, wipes it on his pants, and begins to sing again.

TRASHY (sings)

Call me a Christian or call me a Jew,  
My life for you! My life for you!

THE CAMERA PANS BACK to the trailer, and we get our first good look at his prize. It's an A-bomb, of course. Below the long Air Force serial number is a cartoon drawing of a screaming American eagle and the words BYE-BYE STALINGRAD!

TRASHY (voice)

I been cookin in the devil's fryin pan,  
So bumpty-bumpty-DIG-YOUR-MAN!

He begins to COUGH again. THE CAMERA TURNS TO FOLLOW the HUMMING CART as TRASH drives it toward the ramp.

128 EXT. A WOMAN GROUNDSKEEPER AT THE GRAND HOTEL 128

It's THE LAWNMOWER WOMAN we saw in #117. She's using a hose now, spraying it back and forth. Her face is carefully expressionless. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN and we see the concrete areaway where NADINE landed. The bloodstain is faint but still visible.

In the b.g., we see LLOYD and WHITNEY strolling toward the fountain.

129 EXT. BY THE FOUNTAIN, WITH LLOYD AND WHITNEY 129

We can see the LAWNMOWER WOMAN working patiently on the bloodstain in the b.g.--just another reminder of how things are (and how they're done) in Vegas these days. LLOYD, meanwhile, is looking at the fountain with an affectionate little grin.

LLOYD

Remember Trash paddlin around in that thing the day he came in? He looked like Flipper with a sunburn.

WHITNEY

Yeah. I remember. Any sign of him?

CONTINUES

129 CONTINUES

LLOYD (his smile fades)  
Nope. Not the feeb, either. I'm not really surprised--there's a lot of desert out there. Now why'd you get me out here, Whit?

WHITNEY  
Well...well...

LLOYD  
Sometimes the walls have ears...is that it?  
[WHITNEY nods gratefully]  
Don't I know it. But I guess you're safe enough here. (Pause) Unless there's a mike in the fountain. Wasn't there a song once, "Three Mikes in the Fountain?"

WHITNEY tries to smile, but it's not a very good effort. He's scared to death. Finally he takes the plunge.

WHITNEY (hesitates, then plunges)  
Me and some of the others are cutting loose. I must be crazy telling you this.

LLOYD  
No--you're all right. Cutting loose where?

WHITNEY  
South America--near Rio.  
[Points at the LAWNMOWER WOMAN]  
Jenny's been there, and she says it's nice. Fresh water, fresh fruit, ocean air. Also, no witches, gods, or goddesses ...just human beings who want to forget they ever met his Infernal Majesty. So what do you say?

LLOYD turns, puts his hands on the lip of the fountain, and thinks about it. Thinks hard. Then he turns back to WHITNEY.

LLOYD  
I'm sticking.

WHITNEY  
Why? It's going bad here! Can't you feel it?

LLOYD  
Maybe. But I'm sticking. Before Flagg, I was just another speck of dirt floating around in a big sewer. He saved me from starving to death, but that's not the big thing. He changed me. (Pause) And trusted me. So yeah...I'm sticking.

CONTINUES

129 CONTINUES (2)

WHITNEY

You're crazy!

LLOYD

Probably. But I'll tell you something: I wouldn't want to be in your shoes if the man comes out top. Not even down there in banana-land. If he does, riding a crosstree might be the least of your worries. (Pauses) But I'll keep my mouth shut. I owe you that much.

WHITNEY slumps with relief. LLOYD turns to the fountain and runs his hand through the water.

LLOYD (mostly to himself)

Cullen's retarded and he still got away. That bothers me more than anything else. Maybe that's why Flagg couldn't smell him out like he did the others. What do you think, Whit?

WHITNEY turns away from the fountain, shaking his head.

WHITNEY

I dunno, Lloyd--I just don't know.

LLOYD

I bet that's it--it just feels right, somehow.

130 EXT. A CAMPFIRE IN THE DESERT BADLANDS NIGHT

130

TITLE CARD: NEVADA-UTAH BORDER SEPTEMBER 8

We see four men--FLAGG'S--sitting around the ole campfire, drinking beer. They look morose.

FIRST MAN

I thought there'd be whores. Hell, ain't no whores.

SECOND MAN

Man don't even want you to have a drink.

THIRD MAN

And drugs, even a little goofy-weed--

He makes an explicit throat-cutting gesture with his thumb.

CONTINUES

130 CONTINUES

FOURTH MAN

I'm thinkin I might not go back to Vegas at all. Mexico ain't but three hundred miles in that direc--

He starts to point when there's a SOUND OF TUMBLING ROCKS. The FIRST and THIRD MAN leap up, grabbing their rifles.

FIRST MAN

What was that?

131 EXT. BEHIND A NEARBY PILLAR OF ROCK, WITH TOM CULLEN

131

His back is to the rock. RALPH'S hat, more battered than ever, is cocked back on his head, and we can see the tension on his face. To the right of the frame, in the b.g., we can see the fire, with the FIRST and THIRD MAN standing tensely and peering into the darkness. The SECOND MAN squats with his rifle laid across his thighs. Only the FOURTH MAN continues to lounge.

FOURTH MAN

Just a deer. They're all over.

THIRD MAN

Maybe we ought to take a look.

TOM tenses even more.

FOURTH MAN

Go ahead.

Be a fool, his tone implies. The SECOND MAN sits down again and puts his rifle aside. A moment later the other two do the same. TOM begins to SLIDE CAREFULLY to his left.

FOURTH MAN

Why should I go wanderin around out there in the dark, maybe break my leg? For that freak in the cowboy boots?

THIRD MAN (shocked)

You want to watch it, Rich--the man's got a way of hearing things. And seeing things.

He and the FIRST MAN exchange nervous glances. The FOURTH MAN throws his empty beer-can off to his left.

FOURTH MAN

Flagg don't scare me.

132 EXT. TOM CULLEN 132

The empty can RATTLES TO A STOP almost at his feet. He freezes.

FOURTH MAN (voice)  
Get me another one, Billy, wouldja?  
If we gotta be out here freezin our  
butts off, we might as well take  
advantage of it.

TOM looks up at:

133 EXT. THE FULL MOON, TOM'S POV 133

134 EXT. TOM CULLEN 134

TOM (very low)  
M-O-O-N, that spells moon.

He begins moving again, and THE CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM. TOM gradually puts the campfire and the guardpost behind him.

FOURTH MAN (grousing)  
Just another damn shit detail! I  
pulled enough of em in the army to  
know one when I see one.

TOM tiptoes off into the darkness.

135 EXT. LOOKING DOWN ON BOULDER FROM THE FLATIRONS DAY 135

TITLE CARD: BOULDER FREE ZONE SEPTEMBER 11

Hopefully what we'll see in the next few scenes is a society which stands in direct contrast to the fearful silence and inward-turning of Las Vegas. The MUSIC will help us: CHEERFUL GUITAR CHORDS, sunny and open, nothing like the DARK BLUES PASSAGES that predominate in Flagg-land.

This particular vantage-point on the town, should be striking enough for us to recognize it when we see it again some months from now, after the first snowfall.

SOUNDS, FAINT: HAMMERS and WHINING BANDSAWS.

136 EXT. PEARL STREET, DOWNTOWN 136

The contrast between Boulder and Vegas is striking. The Zonies aren't just cleaning up their town; they're regenerating it. TWO MEN are carrying a plate-glass window toward the front of a chi-chi clothing shop; further down the street we see other paint-up, clean-up, fix-up vignettes. At the intersection of Pearl and Canyon, DARCY HELLMAN (we met her briefly when NADINE and TEDDY'S party came in) is up in a cherry-picker, working on the stop-light. A REPAIRMAN stands below her at the control-box.

CONTINUES

136 CONTINUES

DARCY

Okay, try it now!

The REPAIRMAN flips a switch inside the control-box. The red lens of the light blinks, then the yellow. Finally the green one comes on.

DARCY

Looks like Henry Dunbarton can start handin out tickets again. Lower me down, Timmy.

137 EXT. BOULDER CITY PARK DAY

137

A squall of yellow aspen leaves rattles across the floor of the bandstand in a puff of breeze--fall has come to Boulder. Lots of people are strolling in the park; among them we may see JUNE BRINKMEYER, GEORGE RICHARDSON, MARK ZELLMAN. THE CAMERA PICKS UP ON LUCY and JOE. JOE has a new guitar strap-hung over his back; LUCY is carrying a covered pie-plate.

Coming the other way are OLIVIA WALKER and GINA McCONE. GINA'S cast is gone--hurrah for her. LUCY and JOE cross paths with OLIVIA and GINA. GINA smiles shyly at JOE, then hides her face behind OLIVIA'S skirt.

OLIVIA

Lucy, how are you? How's the baby?

LUCY (smiling)

We're both fine.

GINA (shyly)

Hi, Joe.

JOE makes a casual HOOTING SOUND.

LUCY (a bit stern)

You can do better than that, Joe.

JOE (with an effort)

Hello-Gina-McCone. How's-tricks-beautiful?

GINA giggles and runs off toward the swings. OLIVIA notices the pie-tin.

OLIVIA

Going to see Frannie?

CONTINUES

137 CONTINUES

LUCY

Uh-huh.

[Holds up the pie dish]

The last of the strawberries went into this. She doesn't eat enough--especially sweet things. Sometimes I worry about her.

She starts away, holding JOE'S hand.

OLIVIA

Say hi for me!

LUCY

I will!

138 EXT. A HOUSE IN NORTH BOULDER DAY

138

It's a lovely old house on a lovely tree-lined street which is now bright with fall colors. LUCY and JOE go up the sidewalk. LUCY rings the bell. No response. Rings again. Nothing. Looks puzzled. Opens the door and leans her head in.

LUCY

Hello--Frannie?

Nothing.

LUCY (to JOE)

That's funny. I told her we'd come over after lunch...

JOE strolls casually past her and into the house.

LUCY (automatically shocked)

Joe!

But then she follows.

139 INT. THE HALLWAY, WITH LUCY AND JOE

139

LUCY

Fran? Frannie?

The two of them go into the kitchen.

LUCY

Frannie, where are you?

140 INT. THE KITCHEN, WITH LUCY AND JOE

140

She puts the pie down, then looks around, puzzled.

CONTINUES

140 CONTINUES

LUCY

Now where--

JOE HOOTS. LUCY hurries to the window he's looking out of and her face fills with relief.

141 EXT. THE BACK YARD

141

FRAN is standing at the rear of the yard, looking at the mountains on the skyline, as LUCY and JOE come out.

LUCY

There you are! I was worried.

FRAN doesn't turn around. She's got her arms crossed over her breasts in a protective, self-comforting gesture, hands cupping her shoulders.

LUCY

Fran? You are all right, aren't you?

FRAN still doesn't turn around, and all of LUCY'S fear resurfaces. She hurries to FRAN with JOE trailing after her.

LUCY

What is it? What's wrong?

No answer. Almost frantic, LUCY grasps FRAN'S shoulders and turns her. The first things we notice are her face (pale), her eyes (red and puffy), and her cheeks (wet with tears). The last thing we notice is that she's very clearly pregnant now.

LUCY

Oh, Fran--what's wrong?

FRAN (distant; shocked)

I took a nap. I had a bad dream.

LUCY (relieved)

A bad dream, is that all?

FRAN

It was one of the new dreams.  
One of the real dreams.

LUCY starts to understand. Meanwhile, FRAN'S shock has begun to thaw into a more natural anxiety, and the tears start to spill out of her eyes again.

LUCY (soft; frightened)

Was it Flagg?

CONTINUES

141 CONTINUES

FRAN

No--it was our men--our men! Lucy,  
something's going to happen to one  
of them! Something awful!

She clings to LUCY, who hugs her tightly. LUCY'S eyes are now wide and sharp with terror. She believes FRAN completely, and why not? The people in Boulder know all about the power of the new dreams--the real dreams.

LUCY

One? Only one?

FRAN

Yes--I think so.

LUCY

Which one?

FRAN

I couldn't see for sure...

[She clings tightly to LUCY]

But I think it was Stu.

LUCY closes her eyes in silent relief. When she opens them again she looks slightly ashamed of her instinctive reaction ...but the relief is still there. As long as it's not LARRY, her face says. Anyone but LARRY.

FRAN

In a place called Ax. Isn't that a  
horrible name? Ax. It's going to  
happen soon--it may have happened  
already--and there's nothing we can do!

She begins to sob again. LUCY holds her, strokes her hair, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

142 EXT. LOOKING DOWN ON I-70, FROM HIGH ABOVE DAY 142

From this height, the four-lane highway (probably represented here by an SFX model) and the badlands surrounding it have a maplike aspect. We can see a jagged slash running across the turnpike and out into the desert on either side: a washout.

TITLE CARD: AX, UTAH SEPTEMBER 11

143 EXT. STU, LARRY, GLEN, RALPH, KOJAK 143

They're standing in a line on the edge of the washout, looking down at THE CAMERA, which is looking back up at them.

CONTINUES

143 CONTINUES

RALPH

Holy crow--somebody oughtta call  
the Utah State Highway Department.

144 EXT. LOOKING ACROSS THE WASHOUT, TRAVELLERS' POV 144

It's about sixty feet deep, with steep, crumbling sides. The bottom is muddy and puddly. On the far side we see tangles of guardrail cable, uprooted telephone poles and road-signs, maybe an overturned car or two. Also lots of broken turnpike slabs.

RALPH

Musta been a flash flood--what a  
damn mess.

145 EXT. THE PILGRIMS, ON THE EDGE OF THE GULCH 145

STU

Can you make it, Glen?

GLEN

I think so. What do you think, Kojak?

KOJAK barks. He steps off the edge of the pavement, charges easily down the crumbly side, and then stands at the bottom, BARKING UP AT THE MEN.

GLEN (laughing)

Won't any of us beat that, but  
here goes.

He starts down the side. The other three watch tensely as he stumbles, regains his balance, stumbles again, and falls on his butt. STU clutches LARRY'S arm, alarmed, but LARRY'S grinning.

LARRY

He's okay. (Shouts) Go for it.  
Baldy! Shoot the curl!

GLEN, sliding like a kid on a shoot-the-chute, waves non-chalant acknowledgement as he goes down the greasy embankment, sitting in the middle of a landslide he made himself. He's mud-surfing. He reaches the bottom with no problem.

LARRY (laughing)

What a damn showoff!

He starts down next, then RALPH. STU brings up the rear.

146 EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE WASHOUT

146

The four men huddle in the center. GLEN is grinning delightedly.

GLEN  
Piece of cake!

RALPH  
Maybe...or maybe we were lucky. It  
felt to me like if you put a foot  
wrong, the whole embankment'd go.

LARRY  
Yeah, and the other side looks worse.

LARRY'S right: the far side of the gulch is steeper and full  
of crumbling outcrops.

147 EXT. STU, LARRY, GLEN, AND RALPH

147

LARRY  
Who's first this time?

STU  
Me. But the rest of you wait  
until I'm all the way up.

GLEN  
Be careful.

STU (smiling)  
Piece of cake.

He starts up.

148 EXT. STU, CLIMBING THE WEST BANK

148

Intercut with his climb we see the others watching. STU goes  
slowly, moving deliberately from hand-hold to handhold. At  
one point the sand runs out from beneath one of his boots  
and **his** waves his arms for balance--

LARRY  
There he goes...

RALPH  
No, he's okay.

And he is. He's able to bring his body back against the em-  
bankment, shuffle a bit to the left, and continue up. Finally  
he gets his head and shoulders over the top edge of the cut  
and looks back down at the others with a relieved grin.

STU (calls)  
Told you! Piece of ca--

149 EXT. STU'S BOOT ON AN OUTCROP OF ROCK, CU 149  
The outcrop SNAPS OFF.

150 EXT. STU 150  
He falls outward and backward, twisting in midair, hitting the embankment with a bone-rattling thud. He does first one backward somersault, then another. When he goes over the second time, his head hits a rock outcrop and BLOOD SPRAYS. On the third backwards somersault, we hear a LOUD SNAP as a leg breaks. STU SHRIEKS IN AGONY.

GLEN

STU!!

And before they can even start to move forward, STU lands in front of them like a badly treated Raggedy Andy doll. One half of his face is covered with blood, and his leg sticks off at a weird angle.

RALPH

Stu! Oh my God, Stu!

He kneels beside STU and cradles his head in his arm.

STU

Gently...gently...

GLEN produces a handkerchief and wipes at the blood trickling down the side of STU'S face.

STU

My head's not the problem. It's my--

LARRY touches the grotesque knob poking out the side of STU'S khaki pants just above the knee--the knob that is a broken bone. When he does, STU SHRIEKS AGAIN, and LARRY jerks his hand back as if he had touched a hot stove-burner.

STU

--my leg.

STU looks around at the circle of concerned faces above him, tries to smile, and produces a pained grimace. Big drops of sweat bead his dirty, bloody forehead.

STU (pain and frustration)

SON OF A BITCH!!!

FADE TO BLACK. THIS ENDS ACT 4.

ACT 5

151 EXT. AN AFTERNOON SKY

151

~~An~~<sup>An</sup> eagle turns in big slow circles up there, its LONELY SCREAMING CRY echoing off the buttes and mesas.

152 EXT. THE FLOOR OF THE WASHOUT, WITH STU, LARRY, AND RALPH

152

RALPH has just finished splinting STU'S leg. He's binding the last of several cloth strips around the break. STU'S head is back, his eyes closed, his teeth bared, the cords of his neck standing out. LARRY is sitting beside him, gritting his own teeth as STU clamps his hand in a near-paralyzing grip.

RALPH (finishes)

There. Done.

A number of mini-avalanches start sliding down the west bank. The men look up at GLEN, who is descending as nimbly as an elderly mountain-goat. He's got a six-pack of soda in one hand.

STU

Good way...kill yourself, baldy.  
Where'd you get the soda?

GLEN

Tour-bus about a quarter of a mile west of here. There was beer, too, but I didn't want you taking these with alcohol.

He reaches in his pocket, brings out a vial of pills, and shakes two into his hand.

GLEN

I brought em with me. For my arthritis. Down the hatch.

STU takes the pills with a soda, coughing a little.

LARRY

Ralph and I will go this time, Glen-- you stay with him and rest up.

STU (catches LARRY'S hand)

Go where?

CONTINUES

152 CONTINUES

LARRY

We'll gonna make a stretcher  
and haul you out of here. Hole  
up someplace--Salina'd probably  
be best--and--

He becomes aware that all of them, STU included, are looking  
at him the way adults look at kids who are explaining that  
they'll come to China if they just dig deep enough.

LARRY

What? Is it my breath? My fly un-  
zipped? What?

GLEN

Mother Abigail said one of us would  
fall along the way.

LARRY

What are you saying? You're a  
COLLEGE PROFESSOR, for God's sake!

GLEN

Not anymore. In case you hadn't noticed,  
higher education has been cancelled until  
further notice.

RALPH

We're not supposed to stop here.

LARRY

Oh, blow it out!

STU (weak but firm)

You're going, Larry--this whole  
trip was based on the idea that Mother  
Abigail knew what she was talking about--

RALPH

Right.

LARRY (rounds on him)

No it ain't right, you stupid sod-  
buster! This isn't God's will, it's  
just a washout, some of loose dirt,  
and a broken leg! It's...it's...

He looks from one face to the next, realizing that all of  
them--him included--believe that, yes, it was God's will.

CONTINUES

152 CONTINUES (2)

LARRY (bitter)

Okay, whatcha wanna do? Shoot him like a horse with a broken leg or just leave him to die of thirst?

STU (grabs his wrist)

Larry...listen. When we came on this trip, we all put our lives in the hands of Mother Abigail's God. That hasn't changed. If God wants me fed, He'll send food. If He wants me to drink, He'll send rain. That's His business. Yours is to go west and stand against Flagg ...and you're going.

LARRY (starts to cry)

Oh, man, if you could hear how crazy that sounds...how totally damn crazy--

STU looks up at LARRY with silent compassion.

153 EXT. THE WEST SIDE OF THE WASHOUT, WITH LARRY AND RALPH 153

It's later that afternoon, and they're ready to travel again; the Gibson is once more slung neck-down over LARRY'S back. They stand looking down at GLEN, who's kneeling beside STU.

154 EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE WASHOUT, WITH STU, GLEN, KOJAK 154

They've made STU as comfortable as possible; he's lying on a blanket with the rest of the sodas and a small selection of junk-food nearby. GLEN hands STU one more thing: his pills.

STU (takes them)

Thanks. Around nightfall I'm most likely gonna need one of these.

GLEN

More than three or four would probably be fatal...do you know that?

STU (he understands)

Yeah. I s'pose so.

GLEN holds out his hand. His voice is hoarse with emotion and his eyes brim with unshed tears.

GLEN

Goodbye, Stu. It's been good to know you. If we get back this way--

STU

Yeah. If you do. In the meantime, let's just leave it at so long. Okay?

157 CONTINUES

LARRY

Dying, I imagine.

RALPH and GLEN wince but say nothing--after all, it's probably true. The three of them continue to struggle up the rise.

158 EXT. THE WASHOUT SIXTY MILES EAST, WITH KOJAK 158

He comes padding toward THE CAMERA with a large stick in his mouth. In the b.g. we hear the SOUND OF A CRACKLING FIRE.

STU (voice)

Good dog, Kojak! Good dog!

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS KOJAK into what is now a tidy little campsite. STU's got a fire going and a skinned rabbit roasting over it on a split stick. KOJAK drops his own stick on a pile of similar sticks near the fire. He wags his tail hopefully.

STU

Yeah, I guess it's about that time.

He takes the rabbit off the fire and pulls it from the stick. He drops it on the blanket, blows on his singed fingers, and then, using a handkerchief as a hotpad, pulls the rabbit into two pieces. KOJAK watches with deep concentration, tail swishing slowly back and forth. STU begins to COUGH.

STU

It's gettin worse, boy.

[Tosses KOJAK his half of the rabbit]

Looks like I'm gonna die of the flu after all. Pretty funny, when you stop to think of it.

He takes a bite or two of his meat, then tosses it to KOJAK. KOJAK looks from it to STU.

STU

No, go on. Lost m'appetite.

KOJAK chows down. STU begins to COUGH AGAIN and lies back, flushed and sweating. He puts an arm over his eyes.

159 EXT. LARRY, GLEN, AND RALPH 159

They've reached the top of the rise we saw them climbing earlier and are looking grimly down at something we can't see.

GLEN (soft)

So now it begins.

155 EXT. THE WEST SIDE OF THE WASHOUT

155

GLEN crosses to the west embankment and starts to climb. STU raises a hand to LARRY and RALPH topside. LARRY'S face fills with sorrow and misery. He turns away. Halfway up the embankment, GLEN realizes KOJAK isn't with him. He turns back and sees the dog still sitting by STU.

GLEN  
Kojak! Come on, boy!

KOJAK thumps his tail at GLEN'S voice but remains by STU.

STU  
Go on, boy!

But KOJAK won't move.

STU (calls to GLEN)  
You better come back and get him!

GLEN (smiling)  
Mother also used to say all things serve the will of God. Maybe that goes for big dumb dogs, too. Take care of him, east Texas!

He starts to climb again.

156 EXT. LARRY, GLEN, RALPH

156

They're standing on the edge of the washout, looking down. STU, very small from this angle, raises a hand to them. KOJAK BARKS. They wave back, their faces solemn and grief-stricken.

LARRY  
If we're going to go, let's go. While we still can.

They linger a few moments longer, though, looking down at STU. Then they turn and walk away into the fading daylight. THE CAMERA RETURNS TO STU. HOLDS.

SLOW, DREAMY DISSOLVE TO:

157 EXT. LARRY, GLEN, AND RALPH, QUITE LONG DAY

157

THE CAMERA is situated at the top of a long, steep hill; the pilgrims are walking up the wreck-littered westbound barrel of I-70 toward it. They look tired and dispirited.

TITLE CARD: KANOSH, UTAH SEPTEMBER ~~14~~ 14

RALPH  
I wonder what Stu's doing today?

CONTINUES

160 EXT. LOOKING DOWN I-70 WESTBOUND, PILGRIMS' POV 160

Further down ██████████ we can see two State Police cars blocking the road. A dozen or more men are fanned out around them, and there are a number of support vehicles parked on the median.

161 RESUME LARRY, GLEN, AND RALPH 161

RALPH (to GLEN)  
What do we do now?

LARRY  
Now we see if God really is with us. (To GLEN) Right?

GLEN  
It works for me.

RALPH  
"I will fear no evil."

LARRY  
Let's go.

They begin to walk.

162 EXT. THE ROADBLOCK 162

BARRY DORGAN is in charge; he's got a clipboard tucked under his arm like a swagger-stick. His second in command is a fussy little guy named PAUL BURLSON, who's wearing a suit and tie--yes, even out here in the Utah badlands. Among the dozen or so others we see RATTY and ACE-HIGH. There's a SWAT-squad feeling to these men. SOUND: The SNAK-SNAK of shotguns being readied to fire.

DORGAN  
Hold your fire! Flagg wants them taken alive! If you don't want to have to answer to him, HOLD YOUR FIRE!

Guns are reluctantly lowered from the ready, but the tension here is still thick enough to cut with a knife. DORGAN, BURLSON, RATTY, and ACE-HIGH step out in front of the Nevada State Police cars and spread out. Their guns remain ready.

163 EXT. LARRY, GLEN, AND RALPH 163

They approach side by side by side with LARRY in the center, walking on the broken white line which divides the turnpike lanes. The Gibson hangs down over his back. LARRY puts out his hands to either side. GLEN and RALPH grab on. This happens without so much as an exchanged glance.

RALPH  
They look like our guys!

CONTINUES

163 CONTINUES

GLEN

No, they don't. They're packing guns.

DORGAN (voice)

Halt! Right where you are!

GLEN and RALPH glance at LARRY, who has become their de facto leader. LARRY keeps walking with his eyes front. The pilgrims are getting very close--too close for BARRY DORGAN'S peace of mind, and BURLSON, who's really just an accountant, looks even more skittish. He pumps a load into his shotgun and aims it at LARRY'S chest.

BURLSON

Halt, he said!!

They stop, letting go of each others' hands as they do. The two groups stare at each other. DORGAN'S men are tense, afraid, prepared to shoot. LARRY, GLEN, and RALPH are calm... serene...ready for whatever comes next. Their fears and doubts have been burned away, and the audience must see this.

LARRY (mild)

Howdy.

The RAT-MAN TITTERS at this. RATTY is looking particularly splendid today. DORGAN is wearing a cop look that says he's never seen such a trio of degenerates in his whole life. He hands his clipboard to BURLSON, who looks first at the paper clipped there and then at the pilgrims.

BURLSON

Where's Stuart Redman?

GLEN

He met with a slight accident on the way here, Mr...?

DORGAN

He's Paul Burlson, my first deputy. I'm Barry Dorgan. Chief of Vegas Security. What kind of accident?

LARRY

Stubbed his toe. Look, Mr. Dorgan, or Chief Dorgan, or whatever you call yourself, can we get on with it?

DORGAN

All right. By the virtue of the power vested in me, I arrest you.

CONTINUES

163 CONTINUES (2)

RALPH (angry)

In whose name?

BURLSON looks scared and tries to cover it by going through the papers on the clipboard--making like a bureaucrat. RATTY TITTERS again. But behind the front-men there's an uneasy shuffling. They know who GLEN is talking about.

DORGAN

You know who I speak for.

RALPH

Then why don't you say it? He calls himself Randall Flagg, but what he really is is an apostate of hell. You got that on your clipboard, Mr. Burlson?

BURLSON wets his lips and says nothing. He's scared. The RAT-MAN isn't. He points his shotgun at RALPH.

RATTY (points his gun at them)

We got a toaster waitin fo yo  
whitebread buns back in Vegas,  
big boy.

BURLSON (nervous)

I wonder if any of you men could  
me your Social Security numbers.

*give*

LARRY and GLEN exchange incredulous glances, then BURST INTO LAUGHTER. DORGAN flushes at BURLSON'S foolishness and turns to RATTY and ACE-HIGH.

DORGAN

I want them separated. Get Laughing Boy and the old man into the back of my car. The one who looks like a farmer in the back of yours, Ace.

ACE-HIGH

Yo.

ACE-HIGH, RATTY, and three or four others start forward. Handcuffs are flashed. LARRY looks from them back to DORGAN with contempt.

LARRY

Oh, for God's sake, put them away!  
We want to go--we've got a message  
for your little tin god.

The men with the handcuffs look uncertainly at DORGAN.

CONTINUES

163 CONTINUES (3)

DORGAN

Tin god? Man, that's funny. I was with the Santa Monica P.D. for sixteen years, and I know what happens when blow-holes like you get to run the show. We don't have a single drug-addict in Vegas--can your people say the same?

GLEN

Mr. Dorgan, even a man of your apparantly limited intelligence should be able to see that your experiences with a few battered babies and drug abusers doesn't justify your embrace of a monster.

That gets to him. DORGAN snarls and punches GLEN in the face. GLEN goes down without a whimper. LARRY and RALPH kneel beside him.

LARRY

Good job, man--you win the Rodney King Humanitarian Award hands d--

ACE-HIGH kicks LARRY in the gut. He falls beside GLEN, clutching his belly, the wind knocked out of him. RALPH looks up reproachfully but says nothing. The men behind the S.P. cars shuffle more uneasily than ever, and even RATTY looks abashed. RALPH takes out a handkerchief and mops blood from GLEN'S face while LARRY makes it shakily to one knee.

GLEN

It's almost over for them now, Larry. Can you feel it?

LARRY

Yeah. I do feel it.

RAT-MAN (frightened)

Shut up that bad talk, or I hit you ...and if I hit you, you be stayin down!

LARRY (recognizes him at last)

You looked a lot better back in New York, my friend--you've lost weight since then. You look...dead. In fact, you all look dead.

All the fun and high-stepping b.s. has gone out of RATTY; he looks at LARRY with sullen fear...and backs away.

CONTINUES

163 CONTINUES (4)

DORGAN

Oh, the hell with it. Never mind  
the cuffs. Just get em in the  
cars. Now! Now! Move!

The pilgrims are escorted to the wired-off back seats of the  
patrol cars.

SOUND, FAINT: An acoustic guitar playing "Amazing Grace."

164 EXT. THE LAS VEGAS STRIP NIGHT 164

Eerily deserted. The SOUND OF THE GUITAR is LOUDER. And now  
LARRY BEGINS TO SING.

LARRY (voice)

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound  
that saved a wretch like me..."

165 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE GRAND HOTEL 165

Something ugly is being prepared on the wide green lawn below  
the fountain. A number of workmen are seating two posts in  
circular shafts which have been prepared to receive them. They  
look like the posts the condemned were tied to in Kubrick's  
Paths of Glory.

This is to be no mere firing squad, however. Each post is  
flanked by a winch on a platform about three feet off the  
ground. Each consists of a hand crank and a drum of heavy  
steel cable--four winches in all, two for each post. At one  
of these, a MAN is pulling out a length of cable. A steel  
manacle has been welded to the end of it. He pulls it to  
the post, then points to a SECOND MAN, who is standing by  
the winch. This SECOND MAN begins to turn the crank, and  
the manacle is pulled steadily back toward the drum. The  
sense of it is clear: preparations are being made for an  
extremely grisly double execution.

SOUND BELOW THE GUITAR: MUFFLED MILITARY DRUMS.

LARRY (voice)

"I once was lost but now am found,  
was blind but now I see."

166 EXT. CLARK COUNTY JAIL, ESTABLISHING NIGHT 166

A line of ARMED GUARDS stands out in front.

LARRY (voice)

"'Twas grace, 'twas grace, amazing grace  
that taught my heart to sing..."

SOUND OF MUFFLED DRUMS CONTINUES.

167 INT. A COUNTY JAIL CELLBLOCK NIGHT 167

THE CAMERA MOVES PAST EMPTY CELLS while the MUSIC GROWS LOUDER. A little way down the line it passes RALPH, who's sitting on his bunk with his head down and his hands clasped between his knees, and stops at the next cell, where LARRY is sitting on his bunk, playing the Gibson and singing ABBY'S favorite hymn.

LARRY

"...twas grace that eased my mind and soul  
and brought my spirit home."

He stops playing.

LARRY

I wonder where they took Glen.

168 INT. LARRY AND RALPH, IN THEIR ADJOINING CELLS 168

RALPH

Dunno.

[Pauses, then speaks shyly]

Would you play it again? You don't  
have to sing, but I like the melody.

LARRY

Why not?

He begins to reprise "Amazing Grace."

169 INT. A COCKROACH, CU 169

It scurries to and fro on a dirty concrete floor--the floor of a jail-cell, we will soon see. FAINTLY, ECHOING, we can hear LARRY picking out the tune of "Amazing Grace."

GLEN (voice)

"Consider the cockroaches of the cell-  
block...they toil not, neither do  
they spin."

170 INT. A CELL IN MAXIMUM SECURITY, WITH GLEN 170

He's sitting on his bench and looking down at the roach.

GLEN

You're quite a piece of work, Mr.  
Cockroach--yes, indeed. We could  
take a lesson from you...especially  
in light of recent events. You out-  
lasted the dinosaurs, you survived  
the great plague...

171 INT. THE COCKROACH, CU

171

GLEN (continues)  
...and now it seems you're going to  
survive me, as well.

The cockroach trundles across the floor, through a gap between the bars of the cell door, and into the corridor...where a dusty cowboy boot slams down on it, SQUASHING IT FLAT.

172 INT. THE CORRIDOR, WITH FLAGG--QUITE CLOSE

172

LLOYD stands slightly behind him, looking pale and nervous.

FLAGG (to GLEN)  
Don't count on it, Mr. Bateman.

173 INT. FLAGG, LLOYD, AND GLEN

173

FLAGG undoubtedly meant to surprise GLEN--perhaps even shock him--but GLEN looks at his unexpected visitors with calmness and serenity. In fact, he projects the polite and intelligent interest of an entymologist examining a new species of bug.

GLEN (to FLAGG)  
Well, there you are. Randall Flagg.  
You're not half the boogeyman we expected.

LLOYD looks horrified at GLEN'S attitude, but FLAGG'S ferocious grin only widens. GLEN curls his arthritis-swollen hands around the bars, takes another look at FLAGG, then glances at LLOYD.

FLAGG  
I'd like to you to meet my asso-  
ciate, Lloyd Henreid. Lloyd, meet  
Mr. Glen Bateman.

LLOYD (mumbles)  
Pleesdameetcha.

FLAGG  
How's that arthritis, Glen?...May I  
call you Glen?...Looks painful.

He touches one of GLEN'S hands with the tip of a finger as he says this, and we see FAINT BLUE FIRE sink into the flesh. GLEN GROANS, lets go of the bars, and begins to massage his hand.

FLAGG (grinning)  
I can cure that, if you like--fix  
it so it will never come back. Would  
you like that, Glen? No more swollen,  
screaming joints for the rest of your  
life. All you have to do is ask.

CONTINUES

173 CONTINUES

GLEN (not very impressed)

What a deal.

FLAGG bends in closer, his eyes wide and round and hypnotic.

FLAGG

Just ask. Ask me to relieve your pain.

With an immense effort, GLEN holds his hands up and flexes them in front of FLAGG'S eyes. He smiles as he does it, although the effort it takes for him to do this is clearly extraordinary and causes him great pain. FLAGG'S grin at last falters into an expression of dark perplexity.

GLEN

It's really not that bad. And as for the rest of my life...how long might that be, anyway? Six hours? Maybe twelve?

FLAGG (big sunny smile)

Actually, I've decided to let you go.

LLOYD'S jaw drops. First he's heard of it.

GLEN

Really? Marvellous! (Pause) Of course I couldn't go without my friends.

FLAGG

Of course not. You'll all go together. Tomorrow morning. Tonight, if you prefer. (Pause) And once again, all you have to do is ask. (Pause) Only for a favor of this magnitude, I really think you ought to do it on your knees.

GLEN looks at him in amazement, then throws his head back and begins to laugh. FLAGG'S face fills with thunderheads.

FLAGG

Stop it. Stop laughing at me.

GLEN (laughing harder than ever)

I'm sorry...it's just that we made such a...you know...such a business of you...and it turns out you're less than the cockroach you stepped on. I'm laughing at our own foolishness as much as I am at your inept efforts to bribe me into blasphemy...

CONTINUES

173 CONTINUES (2)

By now GLEN is practically doubled over, and tears of mirth are sliding down his face. FLAGG turns to LLOYD.

FLAGG

Shoot him.

LLOYD

What?

FLAGG

You heard me. Shoot him!

LLOYD fumbles his gun out and almost drops it.

FLAGG

Shoot him, you idiot, shoot him!

His face begins to MORPH BACK AND FORTH between its human and demon aspects. His hands become claws. He bares his fangs and HISSES. LLOYD is so terrified he has to use both hands to raise and point the gun. GLEN stops laughing and looks at him with compassion. LLOYD sees the expression but doesn't understand it. He's learned a lot since meeting FLAGG, but compassion wasn't part of the curriculum. LLOYD pulls the trigger, but the shot goes wild, only putting a hole in GLEN'S motto.

FLAGG

Can't you do anything right? He's standing right in front of you!

GLEN (still smiling)

If you feel you really must shoot somebody, Mr. Henreid, I suggest you shoot him. His world is crumbling and we both know it, but I think we also know that he can do a lot of damage on his way down. You could change that.

LLOYD looks at FLAGG, then back at GLEN. He's actually listening. FLAGG'S face has become very still and thoughtful.

FLAGG (to LLOYD)

Shoot one of us, anyway. I was the one who got you out of jail and it was guys like him that let the superflu loose in the first place...but you choose.

GLEN (mildly)

He lies, Mr. Henreid...you know that, don't you?

CONTINUES

173 CONTINUES (3)

LLOYD

Mister, he told me more truth than  
anyone else in my whole lousy life.

He empties the five remaining rounds into GLEN, driving him  
back to the bunk, where he falls. LLOYD stares, big-eyed, as  
GLEN manages to pull himself back to a sitting position.

GLEN

It's...all right, Mr. Henreid...you  
don't...know...any better.

LLOYD (screams)

Shut up, you mouthy old bastard!

He pulls the trigger again and again, producing only a series  
of DRY CLICKS, but the job is done; GLEN falls back, dead.  
FLAGG looks at LLOYD with an expression of compassion and love.

FLAGG

Well done, Lloyd. Well done, my  
good and faithful servant.

He takes LLOYD into his arms, as gently as a mother with  
her child, and THE CAMERA MOVES IN TO CU on his grinning  
face. All his confidence has been restored.

LLOYD (muffled; teary)

That's why you only wanted two posts  
on the lawn of the Grand, isn't it?  
You knew!

LLOYD looks at GLEN, then back at FLAGG.

FLAGG

When you stop to think about it,  
Lloyd, I'm sort of like Santa Claus,  
aren't I? I know who's been naughty  
and who's been nice. Now come on--  
we've got a lot to do between now and  
daybreak.

As they start down the hall together, THE MUFFLED DRUMS BEGIN  
AGAIN.

174 INT. LARRY AND RALPH

174

SOUND: MUFFLED DRUMS.

They are standing at their cell doors, arms outstretched so  
they can grip each others' hands. We don't know just how much  
they've heard, but their sweat-beaded faces suggest it was  
enough. Big tears trickle down RALPH'S stubbly cheeks.

174 CONTINUES

RALPH

Do you think they...?

LARRY

Yeah. I do.

[Closes his eyes]

"Our Father...who art in heaven..."

RALPH (joins in)

"...hallow'd be Thy name. Thy kingdom  
come...Thy will be done..."

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as they continue the Lord's Prayer. THE MUFFLED DRUMS GROW LOUDER.

175 EXT. CLARK COUNTY JAIL SUNRISE

175

The GUARDS stand sharply at attention, their weapons held at port arms. Parked in front--and also surrounded by guards-- is a windowless armored police van. The back doors stand open. We hear the CLASHING SOUND OF A CELLBLOCK DOOR, followed by MANY BOOTHEELS. It's the execution party approaching the cells of the two surviving Free Zone pilgrims.

176 INT. LARRY'S CELL SUNRISE

176

LARRY is lying on his back with his hands laced behind his neck. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK THROUGH THE BARS, into the corridor, and we see RALPH standing at the door of his cell, looking out, as LLOYD, BARRY DORGAN, ACE-HIGH, THE RAT-MAN, BURLSON, and about six others show up. They're all armed.

RATTY (to LARRY)

Git up, graymeat! The Rat-Man cometh!

LARRY (stays where he is)

What is it?

RATTY (big grin)

Dear man, it be the end.

LARRY gets up and comes to the cell door. He and RALPH exchange a look which is frightened but also determined. Then LARRY looks back at DORGAN.

LARRY

Okay. Take us where you have to take  
us and do what you have to do.

FADE TO BLACK. THIS ENDS ACT 5.

ACT 6

177 EXT. MOTHER ABAGAIL'S HOUSE IN THE CORN DAY? NIGHT? 177

MOTHER ABAGAIL is on the porch, with LARRY'S Gibson in her lap. She's looking down at STU (standing below her in the dusty dooryard) with stern compassion.

ABBY

"Behold, a pale horse, and him who rode upon it was Death." You must see what's coming, Stuart, and take back such news as will never be forgotten. Now wake up.

178 EXT. LOOKING ACROSS THE UTAH BADLANDS TOWARD I-70 DAWN 178

MOTHER ABAGAIL (voice)

Wake up.

TITLE CARD: SEPTEMBER 15 PALE HORSE, PALE RIDER

179 EXT. IN THE GULLY, WITH STU 179

He's sleeping badly. His fever-flushed, beard-scruffy face shifts from side to side in a gesture of negation. Beside him, KOJAK whines uneasily.

STU (groaning)

I can't, Mother...I can't...

ABBY (stern voice)

Wake up!

His eyes flash open and he sits up, GASPING. KOJAK WHINES again. STU looks up at:

180 EXT. THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE WASHOUT, STU'S POV 180

From **this** angle it looks as steep as Mount Everest.

[NOTE: CONTINUE THE MUFFLED DRUMS. They should be a constant, subliminal counterpoint, growing louder as the time of the stand approaches.]

181 EXT. STU 181

STU

I got to get up there.

He knows it can't be done...and also knows he has to do it. He rolls over on his stomach with a cry of pain, and, dragging his broken leg behind him, starts to crawl up the crumbly slope.

182 EXT. THE CRUMBLLED EDGE OF I-70

182

We hear the LABORED SOUNDS OF STU'S approach: GASPING BREATH, LITTLE LANDSLIDES OF DIRT, KOJAK'S CONCERNED WHINE. We also hear STU spieling out a feverish monologue.

STU (approaching voice)  
Pale horse, pale rider...that's what she  
said...behold, a pale horse...

His hand, pale as milk, appears over the edge of the cut and gropes for purchase. It grips an outjutting spar of macadam.

183 EXT. STU, JUST BELOW THE LIP OF THE WASHOUT

183

He's precariously perched, at full extension with his hand high above his head, gripping the tar. KOJAK is at his side. Suddenly the outjutting fang of pavement SNAPS OFF. STU CRIES OUT and begins to slide.

KOJAK leaps forward and STU throws his arms around his neck. KOJAK strains heroically upward and STU digs with his good leg, but it's no good...he's sliding back...

TOM (voice)  
Take my hand, Stu! Take my hand!

He looks up and sees a familiar face under a familiar straw hat.

STU (gasps)  
Tom? Tommy?

TOM reaches down, grabs STU'S wrist just as STU starts to back-slide again, and hauls him up with one smooth, powerful tug. KOJAK prances around them, barking joyfully. STU lies on the pavement, gasping for breath and looking at TOM with amazement.

STU  
Tom...how...why...

TOM  
I was way east of here yesterday,  
but Nick told me I had to double  
back. He can talk in my dreams, Stu--  
ain't that the limit?

STU  
Yeah, Tommy--the absolute limit.

TOM  
He said that when I found the hole  
in the road I'd find you! And--

STU  
Kojak. M-O-O-N, that spells--

183 CONTINUES

He's interrupted by a COUGHING SPASM so powerful it doubles him up. TOM holds him until the spasm passes.

TOM

You sick, Stu? You sound sick, laws, yes!

STU

I got the flu, Tommy--the old-fashioned kind. Ain't that a hoot and a half?

TOM

I got to get you inside someplace!

STU

Not yet--we have to stay here awhile.

TOM

Why, Stu?

STU

That's what we're gonna find out, Tommy--that's what we're gonna find out.

184 EXT. THE LAS VEGAS STRIP, EARLY MORNING

184

The armored police van rolls slowly toward the Grand. Both sides of The Strip are lined with silent, watching Las Vegans. SOUND OF MUFFLED DRUMS.

185 INT. THE VAN

185

RALPH and LARRY sit side by side. Their arms are free but their ankles are shackled. LARRY'S Gibson leans against the bench beside him. DORGAN, BURLSON, and RATTY are watching them from behind a wire-mesh partition. They are all armed with riot guns.

LARRY

Why'd you kill Glen?

DORGAN

He...he was trying to escape.

LARRY and RALPH look at each other and burst into laughter. RATTY joins in, mocking them. BURLSON only looks worried and shifty.

LARRY (laughing)

Trying to escape. One of these days, you'll be shot trying to escape, Dorgan. You too, Ratty.

CONTINUES

185 CONTINUES

RALPH

Yep--one less Rat-Man in the world.

RATTY (stops laughing)

You shut up that honky voodoo!

He aims his riot-gun through the mesh.

DORGAN (pushes the gun down)

Don't be an ass!

There's a jerk as the van makes a sharp turn and slows to a stop. Now we hear THE EXCITED HUM OF MANY VOICES.

RALPH

What's that?

RATTY

You see soon enough.

186 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE GRAND HOTEL

186

Again, the staging recalls the execution sequence of Paths of Glory. Instead of the chateau in the b.g. there's the hotel/casino, but there are between five hundred and a thousand Las Vegans on the lawn, and formed up into rough ranks that will make us think of soldiers. They are divided into two large blocs, with a wide path of greensward running between them, from the street where the van has just pulled up to the area around the fountain.

A brawny bare-chested man stands at the drum of each winch, with his hand resting on the crank handle. We recognize HECTOR DROGAN on one, and THE SECOND MAN from the group TOM eluded on another (we should see everyone from Vegas that we have met in this sequence). In their free hands, the executioners hold the manacles they will attach to the wrists of the condemned men. A small speaker's platform has been placed in front of the posts and the winches.

The crowd MURMURS EXCITEDLY and the MUFFLED DRUMS HAVE COME UP TO FULL, bashing relentlessly away at us.

BILLY (from the group TOM eluded) and JENNY (THE LAWNMOWER WOMAN) step forward and grasp the rear door-handles of the van as DORGAN, BURLSON, and THE RAT-MAN come around to the back of the van. BILLY and JENNY look questioningly at DORGAN, who nods. They open the rear doors.

RATTY

Git out, graymeat!

CONTINUES

186 CONTINUES

First LARRY (he's carrying the Gibson by the neck) and then RALPH steps out--awkwardly, because of the chains and leg-irons. They look at the huge crowd with dismay and amazement.

THE CROWD FALLS SILENT. THE DRUMS FALL SILENT.

LARRY and RALPH stare at the crowd and the crowd stares back with its single mob eye. The moment seems to spin out almost forever. Then, suddenly, RATTY snatches the guitar from LARRY. He begins POUNDING IT against the steel side of the van.

RATTY

Disco is dead! Disco is dead!

The guitar shatters to strings and splinters. And suddenly the CROWD IS ROARING, howling all its fear and hate at LARRY and RALPH. Fists are shaken. Teeth are bared.

SOME WOMAN

SPIES! DAMNED SPIES!

SOME MAN

KILL 'EM BOTH!

BURLSON (to DORGAN)

Stop them! You have to stop them!

DORGAN

The only one can do that is Flagg.  
Unless he shows, they're gonna take  
em if they want em.

Grinning, RATTY turns to LARRY and holds out the remains of the Gibson with a mocking bow. He shouts to be heard over the bellowing crowd.

RATTY

Here you go, graymeat; play us summadat  
"Stayin Alive" crap now, whatchoo say?

LARRY looks at him with silent contempt. RATTY sneers and gives LARRY a rough push. BARRY DORGAN takes over, and while it's clear he has no taste for this sort of thing, it's also clear he means to carry it through if the crowd will let him. He grabs LARRY'S arm and nods for BURLSON to take RALPH'S. BURLSON shrinks back, terrified, instead. DORGAN gives him a look of contempt, then motions ACE-HIGH forward. ACE grabs RALPH'S arm.

CONTINUES

186 CONTINUES (2)

The execution party starts up the center aisle, walking through the middle of the SCREAMING, HOWLING MOB. A few rocks fly. One hits RALPH in the temple, staggering him, and a thin line of blood starts to run down the side of his face. LARRY reaches out and grabs his arm.

A FACE IN THE CROWD  
Faggots! Lookit the faggots!

ANOTHER FACE IN THE CROWD  
Why don't you kiss im, faggot?

A couple of men lunge forward on RALPH'S side; ACE-HIGH shoves them roughly back. Someone reaches out and tears off about half of RALPH'S shirt. He flaps it in the air, laughing, then blows his nose on it. Someone else sticks out a leg and LARRY trips. RALPH grabs him again, keeping him on his feet, but someone reaches out on LARRY'S side and tears deep lines in his cheek, narrowly missing his eye. There's laughter. Catcalls. They're in a charming mood, all right. The aisle is narrowing, but DORGAN keeps them moving.

DORGAN (to the crowd)  
Keep back, damn you!

He looks over his shoulder at THE RAT-MAN.

DORGAN  
If they move in any closer, blow  
a bunch of em to hell!

RATTY grins, flashing gold teeth, and pumps his riot-gun. The aisle widens again in a hurry. DORGAN and ACE-HIGH continue to escort the prisoners forward. RALPH and LARRY are now both bleeding, their shirts in tatters. They exchange desperate glances. They're trying to hold onto their courage and their faith, but the prospect of this death--in front of this crowd--would try the courage and faith of a saint.

Intercut with this are the posts and the winches and the executioners, drawing closer and closer and closer. Once again we hear MUFFLED DRUMS.

JULIE LAWRY (voice)  
Hey, ain't you famous?

LARRY turns toward the voice...and receives a FACEFUL OF SPIT. JULIE is right there, grinning at him. It's the grin of an apprentice witch.

JULIE  
Now I'm famous, too.

186 CONTINUES (3)

DORGAN shoves JULIE roughly back into the crowd and gets the prisoners moving again. They reach the posts.

DORGAN  
Get their shirts off and tie  
them up! Do a good job!

HECK, ACE-HIGH, THE SECOND MAN, and RATTY leap forward and tear off LARRY and RALPH'S shirts. Grinning, ACE-HIGH and RATTY twirl the tatters around their heads and then throw them into the CHEERING, HOWLING CROWD, like rock-stars dispensing drum-sticks and guitar-picks. Then they bind the two men to the posts.

187 EXT. LARRY AND RALPH, CLOSER

187

A mixture of sweat and blood pours down their exhausted, frightened faces.

RALPH  
Oh Larry, man, I'm so scared.

LARRY  
Yeah--me too.

RALPH  
They mean to tear us apart!

LARRY gropes out with his free hand. RALPH reaches out with his. Their fingers barely touch.

LARRY  
"I will fear no evil."

RALPH (almost overcome)  
No evil...but God, I'm such a baby  
about pain!

LARRY  
Hold tight.

RALPH  
I'm tryin, Larry--I'm tryin. If  
I can just think about my mother...  
if I can keep my mind on her...

LARRY  
 Whatever gets you through it.

LARRY reaches a little further toward RALPH. Their fingers grasp firmly for just a moment, and then are torn apart.

191 CONTINUES

RALPH

You propose nothing--

LARRY (finishes)

--in the sight of God. I will  
fear no evil.

192 RESUME FLAGG (WITH LLOYD IN THE B.G.) ON THE STEPS

192

He remains there a moment or two longer, surveying his troops and his kingdom, then descends and walks slowly to the platform in front of the condemned. He stands with his back to LARRY and RALPH, directly addressing his people. This is more than an execution, his demeanor says; it's an object lesson.

LARRY

Listen! All of you! I don't expect you  
to stop this, but I want you to re-  
member it! Remember how we die! And  
remember that next time it may be your  
turn to die this way!

FLAGG turns to look at him, one eyebrow humorously cocked, then turns away, looking bored, as if what LARRY'S saying is of not much consequence. SHOCKED MURMURS come from the crowd (and the shock is mirrored on LLOYD'S face), but FLAGG only waits and looks at his people as if to say, "Does anyone want to make the mistake of agreeing with this drivel?" When FLAGG replies, he does so without looking at LARRY.

FLAGG (after a beat)

Have you quite finished, Mr. Underwood?

LARRY

You're the one who's finished.

FLAGG

I'm going to presume that's a yes.

He holds his hand out to LLOYD, who looks frightened and uncomfortable. For a moment LLOYD doesn't see the gesture, because he's staring at the condemned men with hypnotic intensity.

FLAGG (sharp)

Lloyd!

LLOYD starts, sees FLAGG'S displeasure and his outstretched hand. He puts the scroll into it.

188 EXT. THE KILLING GROUND IN FRONT OF THE GRAND HOTEL

188

DORGAN  
PUT ON THE CUFFS!

The four executioners move forward and each grabs a cuff.

189 EXT. LARRY, DORGAN, ACE-HIGH

189

ACE-HIGH seizes LARRY'S wrist, meaning to put on the cuff. LARRY jerks his hand free. DORGAN points the shotgun at him.

LARRY  
Do you think that scares me? At this point, a charge of buckshot in the guts looks pretty good.

DORGAN  
Don't make this harder than it has to be.

LARRY  
Do you really think I could do that?

RALPH  
Let em do their thing, Larry--it's the way it's supposed to be!

Yes--and LARRY knows it. He's just staving off the inevitable. He looks at RALPH for a moment. As ACE-HIGH seizes his wrist and snaps on the cuff, he looks back at DORGAN.

LARRY  
Did they teach you this one in the Santa Monica P.D., Barry?

DORGAN turns away, embarrassed. Ashamed.

190 EXT. THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE GRAND

190

The doors of the Grand Hotel open and FLAGG, looking resplendent **yet** somber in an open-necked silk shirt and faded jeans, steps out. LLOYD scurries behind him (LLOYD is carrying a large scroll). The gathered multitude sees FLAGG and falls silent once more. Now the only sound is the SOFT PLASHING of the fountain. FLAGG stops at the edge of the steps, surveying his kingdom...and every uneasy eye rolls away from his.

191 EXT. THE KILLING GROUND, FEATURING LARRY AND RALPH

191

They're tied to the posts, arms held out straight by cuffs and cables. The executioners stand ready at their winches, not pulling yet but keeping the tension on the cables. LARRY and RALPH look at FLAGG, then at each other. Their eyes meet and lock.

193 RESUME KILLING GROUND (BUT FEATURING FLAGG)

193

FLAGG unrolls the scroll and begins to read in a voice even more carrying than LARRY'S.

FLAGG

I, Randall Flagg, do hereby state--

RALPH

Why don't you tell em your REAL name?

Another SHOCKED MURMUR. FLAGG takes no notice. As he CONTINUES TO READ FROM THE SCROLL, we cut to various FACES IN THE CROWD. Most of FLAGG'S people are afraid but passive; a few (JULIE LAWRY, for instance) look positively turned on by the forthcoming bloodbath; only one looks awake and indignant. That one is WHITNEY HORGAN. Meanwhile:

FLAGG

--do hearby state that these men are the insurrectionists responsible for the destruction of our unarmed scout-planes at Indian Springs and for the cowardly murder of Carl Hough. For these high crimes they are sentenced to death by dismemberment. It is the duty of each of you to witness this punishment, but those of you with children are excused.

FLAGG nods toward DORGAN, who points the first two fingers of each hand to THE EXECUTIONERS. They take a single turn on their winches. Before, RALPH'S and LARRY'S arms were outstretched. Now they are pulled taut, the tendons of their upper arms and shoulders standing out in stark relief. Their faces reflect their pain.

194 EXT. LARRY AND RALPH

194

They **speak** with immense effort.

LARRY

Okay?

RALPH

Yeah. Be over soon. Meantime, I guess this is what we came for, ain't it?

195 EXT. RESUME KILLING GROUND (FEATURING FLAGG)

195

WHITNEY

Hey! Hey, you people!

CONTINUES

195 CONTINUES

WHITNEY pushes into the open area in front of the speaker's platform. LLOYD looks shocked--the whole crowd does--but FLAGG remains calm. He knew this was coming.

WHITNEY (continues)

This ain't right! You know it ain't!

He takes a step closer to FLAGG and looks up at him. FLAGG looks back calmly; he may even make a mocking "go on" gesture.

WHITNEY (turns to the crowd)

We was Americans once, and this ain't  
how Americans act!

Another GASP from the crowd and LLOYD almost falls off the podium, but FLAGG only smiles.

WHITNEY

We got to stop this. We...we...

He's running down like an old clock as, behind him, FLAGG RISES FROM THE PODIUM, LEVITATING. The CROWD MOANS IN ECSTASY.

FLAGG

Whitney.

WHITNEY slowly turns to look at FLAGG, who now appears to be standing on thin air a foot off the podium.

FLAGG

You should have kept still. I would have let you go...why would I want a spineless jellyfish like you around? But now I think it best to shut you up for good.

He extends his finger. A SMALL BLUE BALL OF FIRE floats from the end of it and approaches WHITNEY. WHITNEY starts to turn, but the BLUE BALL lights on his lips and spreads across them before he can even begin to get away. WHITNEY SCREAMS. There's a CRACKLING SOUND as his lips turn black and FUSE TOGETHER. The BLUE LIGHT COALESCES INTO A BALL again and lifts off his agonized face, hovering in the air. WHITNEY tries to scream again, but only MUFFLED GRUNTS come through his gruesomely fused lips.

FLAGG (grinning)

Gives a whole new meaning to the old phrase, "My lips are sealed," doesn't it, Whi--

CONTINUES

195 CONTINUES (2)

In the crowd, a RUSTLE OF MURMURS begins to rise--low at first, but quickly growing. We hear disconnected words: "Man" and "Trash" among them. SOUND OF AN APPROACHING MOTOR. And for the first time FLAGG looks off-balance.

The crowd begins to turn away from the killing ground and toward something which is just too horrible not to look at. A few WOMEN begin to SCREAM. The ENGINE SOUND is louder.

196 EXT. THE CROWD, FEATURING JULIE LAWRY

196

Her face fills with horror as she gets a good look at what's coming. The cries--"TRASHY! TRASHCAN MAN!"--continue to build.

JULIE (shrieks)  
No! No, get him out of here!

She tries to flee, but stumbles on WHITNEY'S prostrate body and runs directly into the BLUE BALL OF FIRE. There is a HARSH CRACKLING SOUND, JULIE JITTERS WILDLY--like someone who has just grasped a live electrical line--and drops in a smoking heap beside WHITNEY. The BLUE BALL floating above her has grown much larger.

TRASHCAN MAN (voice)  
I brought it...for you...

197 EXT. THE PODIUM, WITH FLAGG AND LLOYD

197

FLAGG  
Lloyd...get him out of here!

TRASHCAN MAN (voice)  
For you...the fire for you...

198 EXT. TRASHCAN MAN

198

He's slumped behind the wheel of his ATV, at the end of his strength. His flesh is boiling with end-stage radiation sickness. In the cart behind him is the A-bomb with BYE-BYE STALIN-GRAD and the screaming eagle on the side.

TRASHCAN MAN  
My life for you!

199 EXT. FLAGG AND LLOYD

199

FLAGG  
Get him out of here!

He shoves LLOYD off the podium.

200 EXT. THE KILLING GROUND, WIDER

200

The crowd makes an aisle for TRASH, who drives the ATV onto the lawn and most of the way up to the killing ground. They stare with horrified wonder as LLOYD approaches the slumped, delirious, dying thing.

LLOYD

Trash?

TRASH

Is that you, Lloyd? I can't see very well--my eyes are all funny.

LLOYD

Yeah, it's me. What you got there?

TRASH

The big one! The fire! The A-bomb!  
The big fire, my life for you!

There are SCREAMS, and the crowd begins to break up in a hurry. They have lost all interest in the promised public execution. LARRY and RALPH exchange a look of sudden, blazing hope and understanding.

LLOYD

Take it away, Trash. It's dangerous.

201 EXT. FLAGG, ON THE DAIS

201

The dark man has become the pale man, and his certainty has been replaced by terror and schizoid rage. He has gone from The Great Statesman to Captain Queeg in the blink of an eye.

FLAGG

Take it away! Make him take it  
away and get rid of it!

202 EXT. RALPH, CU

202

RALPH

Larry, look! The hand of God!  
IT'S THE HAND OF GOD!

203 RESUME KILLING GROUND, FEATURING FLAGG

203

The BALL OF BLUE FIRE has grown to a tremendous size; it hovers in the air, twisting and turning, as if unsure what to do. And, yes--perhaps it does look like a hand.

FLAGG (in terror)

No! No! No!

CONTINUES

203 CONTINUES

LLOYD  
TRASHY, GET IT AWAY!

TRASHCAN MAN  
The fire! The fire for you!

204 EXT. LARRY AND RALPH

204

LARRY (speaking voice)  
Amazing grace.

RALPH reaches out, grimacing, and again their fingers touch.

RALPH  
You got that right.

They manage one final smile at each other as their hands clasp.

MOTHER ABAGAIL (voice)  
You done good, boys--come on home.

205 EXT. FLAGG

205

He's the DEMON FLAGG now...and then he MORPHS INTO THE CROW. He takes wing...and the BLUE BALL OF FIRE ENVELOPS him. The CROW drops, glowing bright blue, CAWING...and falls onto the skin of the bomb. That BRIGHT BLUE LIGHT spreads across it.

206 EXT. LLOYD, CU

206

Terror.

207 EXT. TRASHCAN MAN, CU

207

Ecstasy.

208 EXT. RALPH, CU

208

Amazement.

209 EXT. LARRY, CU

209

Joy. He lifts his head to the sky.

LARRY  
TAKE US HOME!

210 EXT. THE GRAND HOTEL, WIDE

210

WHITES OUT--pale horse.

211 EXT. LAS VEGAS, LONG AND WIDE

211

WHITES OUT--pale rider.

212 EXT. THE EDGE OF THE WASHOUT IN UTAH, LONG 212

We see STU, TOM, and KOJAK sitting on the lip of the cut. Suddenly THE ENTIRE HORIZON GOES WHITE. There's silence--just that fantastic, glistening light in the sky--and then a LONG, LOW RUMBLE. Now the white glow begins to be stained with RED LIGHT. It rises up and up, casting a sinister glow on the desert floor.

213 EXT. TOM AND STU, CLOSE 213

STU is looking west with stunned amazement. The expression on TOM'S face is closer to superstitious horror.

TOM

Stu? What is it?

STU

"And I saw a pale horse, and a pale rider upon it, and the name of the horse was Pestilence, and the name of the rider was Death"...it's the end of Las Vegas, Tommy. And the end of Randall Flagg, if God is good.

TOM

What about Glen and Larry?

TOM takes the battered straw hat from his head and looks at it.

TOM

What about Ralph?

STU

I think they're probably gone, Tommy.

TOM (crying)

No!

STU holds him. TOM'S arms grip him tightly.

214 EXT. THE EDGE OF THE WASHOUT, LONG 214

In the f.g., STU and TOM sit with their arms around each other. In the b.g.--on the horizon--a red and purple mushroom cloud boils malignantly up into the sky.

FADE TO BLACK. THIS ENDS ACT 6.

ACT 7

215 EXT. I-70 EASTBOUND, IN THE UTAH BADLANDS DAY 215

We're at the top of a long downgrade. Parked in the breakdown lane is a battered old Chevrolet, the twin of CHARLES CAMPION'S. KOJAK is in the back seat. Lying in the travel lane nearby is a makeshift travois made of steel tent-poles and a double sleeping bag. STU is sitting in the driver's seat with <sup>broken!</sup> his leg cocked stiffly off to the right side. TOM is behind the car with his hands planted on the trunk, ready to push.

TOM (calls)

Okay, Stu?

STU

Yeah--let's give it a try.

He depresses the clutch. TOM bends his back to the work and the old Chevy starts to roll at once. TOM continues to push, first walking, then jogging.

216 INT. THE DRIVER'S SIDE OF THE CHEVY, WITH STU 216

STU

Please God--just a little help.

He turns the key. The dash lights glow.

STU (delighted)

Yesss! (Calls) Tom! Get in now!

217 EXT. THE CHEVROLET, WITH TOM 217

It's really rolling along now, and TOM has to sprint in order to get up to the passenger door. He tears it open and dives in. KOJAK BARKS HYSTERICALLY.

218 INT. THE CHEVY, WITH STU AND TOM 218

STU

Here goes.

He pops the clutch. The car JERKS, then ROARS INTO LIFE. KOJAK puts his paws on the back of the seat and CONTINUES TO BARK as TOM turns his cautiously hopeful face to STU.

TOM

Is it...is it gonna be okay, Stu?

STU (grinning)

Yeah, Tommy--I think we caught us a break.

219 EXT. THE CHEVROLET 219

It rolls past, farting out clouds of blue oil-smoke but running instead of just freewheeling. THE CAMERA PANS TO FOLLOW and we see a green turnpike sign reading GREEN RIVER 90.

220 INT. THE CHEVROLET, WITH STU AND TOM 220

STU

Maybe things are gonna turn out okay after all. The good guys--

He starts to COUGH so hard he can't finish. THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON TOM'S FACE, and we see deep concern there. Things are far from okay and the good guys are a long way from home. TOM'S face says he may be a little retarded, but he knows both of these things.

DISSOLVE TO:

221 EXT. A SMALL WESTERN TOWN NIGHT 221

TITLE CARD: GREEN RIVER, UTAH

A BITTER WIND is MOANING. As the TITLE CARD FADES OUT, we move in on the Utah Hotel. The old Chevrolet is parked in front of it. Inside, below the HOWL OF THE WIND, we hear STU COUGHING.

222 INT. THE LOBBY OF THE GREEN RIVER HOTEL NIGHT 222

It's furnished in "Western Club" style--lots of stiff leather furniture, lots of pine panelling, lots of Frederick Remington prints competing for wall-space with trophy heads. The heads stare down with their spooky glass eyes at TOM and STU, who are tucked into sleeping bags with KOJAK between them. STU is very sick now, COUGHING HARD and MUTTERING in delirium as well. Most of it's about FRAN and the baby, but at one point:

STU

Turn off y'pumps, Hap! He's coming!  
The dark man! The man with no face!

At last he seems to rest a little more easily. Outside there is an even STRONGER GUST OF WIND, and the door BLOWS OPEN. KOJAK's ears flick up and he gets to his feet. TOM stirs.

VOICE

Tom.

TOM stirs again. His eyelids flutter. Now KOJAK'S tail is wagging. Whoever this visitor is, KOJAK seems to know him.

CONTINUES

222 CONTINUES

VOICE

Tom!

TOM sits up. His initial sleepy confusion is replaced by joy.

TOM

Nick! Nick! Is it really you?

223 INT. THE HOTEL DOORWAY, TOM'S POV

223

It's NICK, all right. KOJAK runs to him. NICK bends over and ruffles his fur affectionately.

NICK (smiling)

Not so loud, Tom--you'll wake Stu.

TOM hurries across the lobby and throws himself joyfully into NICK'S arms. NICK responds with a grin of delight.

TOM

Stu said you were dead! That you was all blowed up!

NICK grasps TOM by the shoulders and pushes him back so they can look into each others' faces. His grin has become a warm smile that has a touch of sadness about it.

TOM

I still got Ralph's hat. I didn't lose it. Only I think Ralph's in heaven now.

TOM begins to cry a little.

NICK

Stu's very sick, you know.

TOM

Yeah. It's the flu. I wish I could help, but I don't know how.

NICK

That's all right, Tom--I know how.

He leads TOM out into the windy night. KOJAK stands in the open doorway, looking out after them. The WIND GUSTS again, a lonely desert sound, and a few dried aspen leaves, faded gold, spin in through the open hotel door.

KOJAK whines. And STU starts COUGHING AGAIN.

DISSOLVE TO:

224 INT. THE HOTEL LOBBY MORNING

224

TOM has one arm around STU'S lower back, holding him up in a sitting position. He's got a canteen and a bottle of pills in his other hand. STU is COUGHING MISERABLY.

TOM

These'll make you better--laws, yes!

He gives STU the canteen. Before TOM can dispense any medication, STU takes the bottle of pills and looks at it.

STU

Keflex! How'd you know to get this stuff, Tommy?

TOM

Nick told me.

STU

Nick--?!

TOM

Yes. In my dreams he can talk. Did I tell you that?

STU (takes the pills)

Yeah. Yeah, I guess you did.

TOM

What do we do now, Stu?

STU

Wait.

TOM

For what?

STU (smiles)

To see if I'm gonna live, for one thing.

225 EXT. THE UTAH HOTEL

225

A bright blue morning. Now there are lots of aspen leaves blowing down the empty main street.

TITLE CARD: NOVEMBER 2.

The door of the hotel opens and STU comes out on crutches. TOM walks beside him, as anxious as a mother hen, and KOJAK pads watchfully along behind. STU walks to the nose of the Chevrolet, turns his face up into the sun and smiles.

CONTINUES

225 CONTINUES

STU

It's good to be out. (Pause) Good to be alive. (Pause) You sure you want to try this, Tommy? My leg'll stand up to the driving, I guess, but we could still get caught in a freak snowstorm.

TOM

Go home? Like Dorothy in The Wizard of Oz?

STU (grins)

Just like that.

TOM

Laws, yes! There's no place like home!

KOJAK barks, adding his vote to TOM'S.

STU (decides)

Okay...let's go for it.

226 EXT. GREEN RIVER AUTO-REC DEALERS DAY

226

Old, tatty pennons flutter above the dealership. The Chevy is parked in front. SOUND OF A POWERFUL ENGINE STARTING UP.

STU (voice)

Ready, Tom?

TOM (voice)

Laws, yes!

An enormous four-wheel-drive truck comes around the corner of the dealership. Behind it on a trailer is a SnoCat with an enclosed cab. THE CAMERA TURNS TO FOLLOW as the truck hits the road and heads east, out of Green River.

DISSOLVE TO:

227 EXT. THE COLORADO HIGH COUNTRY IN A BLIZZARD DAY

227

TITLE CARD: NEAR LOVELAND PASS NOVEMBER 9

228 EXT. THE FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE, WITH STU AND TOM

228

The truck is mired to the hubs in a drift. STU is backing the SnoCat off the trailer while TOM (dressed in a huge parka) and KOJAK watch. When the SnoCat's down, TOM goes around to the passenger side with KOJAK floundering along behind him.

CONTINUES

228 CONTINUES

They SHOUT to be heard over the HOWLING WIND.

STU

Hop in!

TOM (boosts KOJAK in)

We gonna be all right, Stu?

STU

Fine! Slow and steady wins the  
race! Let's go!

TOM grins with relief as he jumps into the cab and pulls the door shut. The SnoCat's headlights come on and it pulls around the mired truck, kicking up clouds of snow. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS until the taillights are lost in the DRIVING SNOW.

DISSOLVE TO:

229 EXT. BOULDER, VERY LONG TWILIGHT

229

This is the same angle as #135, except now the town is a snow-covered Christmas card, and more snow is falling. Lots of electric lights, though; more folks have apparantly come in.

TITLE CARD: BOULDER FREE ZONE NOVEMBER 15

230 EXT. ROUTE 91 ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BOULDER NIGHT

230

This is the way JUDGE FARRIS went when he left the Free Zone. A sign in the f.g. points the way to the West Boulder landfill. A pair of sentries are walking back and forth on the road, mostly to keep warm. They wear parkas and carry rifles. As they come back toward their vehicle, we recognize TEDDY WEIZAK and DAVE ZELLMAN, the longhair we saw meeting MOTHER ABAGAIL.

TEDDY (teeth chattering)

You remember the coffee?

DAVE

Just about a whole gallon.

TEDDY

Well, let's get at it. I dunno what we're doin out here, anyway. I don't care how many weird dreams that kid Joe has, ain't nobody coming in for awhile. This is winter, buddy. It's early, but it's here.

CONTINUES

230 CONTINUES

DAVE

Still, he was the one found Mother  
Abigail when no one else could.

TEDDY

Yeah, but I still say--

SOUND: AN ENGINE, faint at first, but growing louder. It's a SnoCat. We know who it belongs to, of course, but TEDDY and DAVE don't. They exchange a scared look, then unsling their weapons. TEDDY grabs DAVE'S arm as the ENGINE SOUND NEARS.

TEDDY

Remember, it could be Stu. It could be--

DAVE

Hell, it could be anybody!

They turn toward the snowy dark, where HEADLAMPS are now shining through the blowing curtains of snow. TEDDY lunges for their vehicle, rips open the passenger door, rummages, and comes out with a battery-operated bullhorn. He puts it to his lips.

TEDDY (amplified)

HALT! WHO GOES THERE?

Up ahead, the lights halt and the ENGINE drops from working speed to an IDLE. SOUND OF DOORS OPENING AND CLOSING. The wind howls; the snow blows; TEDDY and DAVE exchange looks which are now close to terror.

TEDDY (amplified)

IDENTIFY YOURSELVES OR WE'LL SHOOT!

Two figures come looming out of the dark, one stumbling, the second with an arm slung around the first. DAVE'S nerve breaks; he raises his rifle to fire.

SOUND: JOYFUL BARKS. A third shape, this one a dog, comes bounding through the snow. And just before DAVE can shoot, TEDDY thrusts the muzzle of the gun up.

TEDDY

No! It's them! It's them!

He begins to flounder forward, followed by DAVE. As they do, TOM and STU lurch out of the snow. The four men come together with KOJAK bounding joyfully around them in a circle.

CONTINUES

230 CONTINUES (2)

TEDDY

Stu! And Tom Cullen! Damn, I don't believe it!

[He hugs them]

What happened to your leg, Stu?

STU

Broke it. Let's get in your truck, Teddy. I want to get warm, then I want to get back home and see Frannie. I can't believe I made it back before--

TEDDY and DAVE exchange a cautious, frightened glance. STU sees it and is immediately frightened himself.

STU

What? What is it?

TEDDY

Stu...I don't know exactly how to tell you this...

STU seizes him by the parka and draws him forward.

STU

I SUGGEST IN A HURRY!

TEDDY

It's the baby. The baby come early ...and now it's got the flu.

231 EXT. BOULDER COMMUNITY HOSPITAL NIGHT

231

We're looking at it through a haze of snow as TEDDY'S and DAVE'S four-wheel-drive pulls up out front.

232 INT. FRAN'S ROOM, WITH FRAN

232

She's asleep in bed. The reading lamp casts a pool of light on the novel in her relaxed hand: Maximum Bob, by Elmore Leonard. Messages from a dead world. Her head is over to the side, and her reading glasses have slipped down on her nose. She looks like Alice about three minutes before the arrival of the White Rabbit.

STU (voice)

Fran?

She stirs, almost wakes, then settles back into sleep. We hear STU LIMPING across to her. He arrives, looks down at her with great love, then takes the book from her hand and puts it on the night-table.

CONTINUES

232 CONTINUES

Her eyes open. She looks up for a moment with the blank incomprehension of any sleeper on waking...and then her face fills with a combination of doubt and aching hope.

FRAN

S-Stu? Is it a dream?

STU

No, darlin. No dream.

THE CAMERA HINGES OUT, fattening the angle, and we see TOM and KOJAK in the doorway, both watching and both grinning, but the main show is still FRAN as her face fills with joy. She puts her arms up and he sweeps her into his own, covering her face with kisses.

233 INT. LOOKING INTO THE HOSPITAL SOLARIUM NIGHT 233

A pleasant room full of green plants. The roof skylights are covered with snow. Inside we see STU and FRAN sitting together, talking (SOUNDLESSLY, from out here). Their hands are clasped, and they simply cannot take their eyes off each other.

234 INT. THE SOLARIUM, WITH STU AND FRAN 234

FRAN

So now I'm just waiting for it to be over. When it is, you and I can start again...but George says there's no way of knowing if any of the babies will be immune.

STU

Fran--

FRAN

I'm so glad to have you back, but there's still this big black hole in the middle of me. What does it mean? What did we go through it for, if we're just one last footnote to the human race? Why?

STU

When Job asked God that same question, he didn't get much satisfaction.

FRAN (angry contempt)

God! I'm so tired of God!

He puts his finger on her lips and she stills, looking at him.

CONTINUES

234 CONTINUES

STU

We'll take it the only way we can  
--a day at a time. Just this...being  
here...I didn't think I'd ever see  
Boulder again. Or you.

FRAN

I know.

She hugs him fiercely. The door opens, and they turn to:

235 INT. GEORGE RICHARDSON

235

GEORGE

Stu. I can't tell you how glad I  
am to see you. How glad all of us are.

But, having said that, he crosses to FRAN and takes her hands  
in his. She tightens up at once.

FRAN

The baby's dead...that's what you  
came to tell me, isn't it?

GEORGE

No. Quite the opposite. I believe the  
crisis has passed.

FRAN stares at him blankly, her face still frozen in her  
previous expression of grief and sorrow. It is on STU'S  
face that the light first begins to break.

GEORGE (very gently)

Do you understand what I'm saying,  
Frannie? The fever is gone. Your  
baby seems to be recovering.

FRAN (unbelieving)

The baby's...going to live?

GEORGE

Yes. I think so.

FRAN tries to hold onto her emotions and can't. She buries her  
face against the side of STU'S neck, SOBBING.

236 INT. OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL NURSERY, WITH STU, FRAN, GEORGE 236

There are perhaps forty plastic infant cradles in there. All  
but one are empty. In this single cradle--front row, center--  
lies a baby swaddled in a pink blanket--our first clue that the  
baby is a girl. Whatever its sex, it is sleeping peacefully.

CONTINUES

236 CONTINUES

FRAN (to GEORGE)

Are you positive?

GEORGE

I learned that nothing in life is positive even before I got out of med school, Fran, but I'm as sure as I can be without being positive that the baby got enough of your natural immunity to keep shifting its defenses every time the Captain Trips virus shifted its attack-mode. It was a tough battle, and not all babies may do as well as this one, but I think that when both parents are immune, the babies they produce may not even be touched by the flu...any more than we were.

FRAN

It's a miracle.

GEORGE

Yes, indeed.

[Glances at his watch]

I've got rounds. See you later.

STU

Thanks, Doc.

GEORGE

No thanks to me--I still don't have the slightest idea what the flu is, let alone how your kid beat it.

[Starts away, then turns back]

That's a beautiful daughter you've got there, Fran--take good care of her.

FRAN (smiles)

I will. We will.

GEORGE walks away, and as STU and FRAN turn to watch him out of sight, we see LUCY and JOE standing there. JOE has a big bunch of flowers. He and LUCY smile shyly at FRAN and STU.

LUCY

We'll come back later--

STU

No, you won't! Come on down here!

CONTINUES

236 CONTINUES (2)

He limps to meet them, and sweeps LUCY into his arms while JOE puts his arms around STU and hugs him. TOM CULLEN and KOJAK appear, and when JOE sees them he goes to them quickly, first hugging TOM, then petting KOJAK and HOOTING LOVINGLY.

LUCY  
You're limping.

STU (touches her stomach)  
And you're pregnant.

LUCY  
Yes. And so happy to be.

STU (his smile fades)  
Lucy...Larry...

LUCY  
I know about Larry...and about Ralph. I'm sure that when the end came, they met it on their feet. That's what they were sent out there to do, wasn't it? To stand?

STU (nods slowly)  
I reckon it was.

LUCY  
Larry's gone, but I'll have his baby. It's maybe not all I wanted, or all I dreamed, but it will have to be enough. I'll have it, and it will live--the way Fran's is going to live--and I'll teach him. Joe and I will both teach him.

STU  
Teach him what?

LUCY  
To watch for him. And to listen for him. To listen for the sound of his bootheels in the night.

237 INT. OUTSIDE THE NURSERY, WITH FRAN

237

She turns from STU, LUCY, JOE, TOM, and KOJAK to look through the glass.

238 INT. THE BABY, CU

238

The card at the bottom reads BOULDER COMMUNITY HOSPITAL, and in the MALE/FEMALE category, FEMALE has been checked. In the slot for NAME, ABAGAIL GOLDSMITH has been printed.

239 INT. FRAN

239

She is now weeping. STU joins her; we see their GHOSTLY REFLECTIONS in the glass wall between the corridor and the nursery. STU has the bouquet of flowers. LUCY, JOE, and TOM stand in the b.g., letting them have a moment of privacy with the infant.

STU

Don't, honey...don't. She's gonna be just fine! And she's beautiful, too.

FRAN

I'm not crying for her. It's all the others...all those empty cradles.

He holds her tight. As he does, a THIRD REFLECTION appears in the glass. It's considerably more ghostly than the other two, and why not? ABBY is holding her cane in one gnarled hand and smiling in at the baby.

MOTHER ABAGAIL (grandmotherly)

Peek, baby!

240 EXT. LUCY, JOE, AND TOM

240

Suddenly JOE brightens. He points at STU and FRAN and HOOTS EXCITEDLY.

LUCY

I know, honey--they're looking at the baby.

JOE gives up. But he sees more. He sees:

241 EXT. OUTSIDE THE NURSERY, JOE'S POV

241

He sees MOTHER ABAGAIL clearly, standing right behind STU and FRAN and looking in at the baby as she leans on the cane.

ABBY

Ain't you beautiful, baby? Ain't you just as gorgeous as dawn in Eden?

242 INT. BABY ABAGAIL, CU

242

She opens her eyes...and SMILES.

243 INT. STU, FRAN, AND ABBY

243

We're looking at them over JOE'S shoulder--seeing as he sees. And as we watch, MOTHER ABAGAIL FADES FROM VIEW. JOE HOOTS--it might be goodbye--and turns back to pet KOJAK.

244 INT. STU AND FRAN, LOOKING IN THE NURSERY WINDOW

244

Everything seems normal; that GHOSTLY REFLECTION is gone. All the same, STU is aware that something not quite normal has transpired. He looks behind him at the others. JOE looks up from KOJAK...meets his eye...and gives STU a SOLEMN LITTLE WINK.

STU looks back at FRAN, frowning slightly. Before he can speak, however, FRAN speaks to him.

FRAN

Stu, is it gone? Randall Flagg--  
whatever called itself Randall  
Flagg? Is it gone for good?

STU (takes her in his arms)

For good? I don't know. I think we may  
have to stand a watch for him...but we  
can do that; that much is easy. Not for-  
getting may be the hard part. And we  
bought ourselves some time, at least.  
The price was high, but I got an idea  
it always is.

FRAN

Time for what?

STU

Time to teach, maybe. Time to learn.  
Time to rest. Maybe that, most of all.  
Time to rest.

FRAN (her head on his shoulder)

To rest.

A long pause. And now, in the glass, one after another, REFLECTIONS begin to appear: JUDGE FARRIS...DAYNA JURGENS ...LARRY UNDERWOOD...RALPH BRENTNER...GLEN BATEMAN. Last of all comes NICK ANDROS. STU and FRAN do not see them. When STU speaks again, he is oblivious of his watching audience.

STU

Fran?

She raises her head from his shoulder and looks at him questioningly.

STU

Do you think people can change?  
Do you think that's possible?

She opens her mouth to speak. Falls silent. Opens it again and still finds no words.

CONTINUES

244 CONTINUES

FRAN (at last)  
I don't know, Stu...maybe she does.

They look in at:

245 INT. BABY ABAGAIL

245

Her face is somehow wise and mysterious, as the faces of all babies seem to be when they are awake and perfectly at peace.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN as an ACOUSTIC GUITAR begins playing "Amazing Grace."

In. And in.

Now those wise blue eyes fill the screen.

MOTHER ABAGAIL (voice)  
God bless the child, my Lord...God  
bless the child. Forever and ever,  
amen.

FADE TO BLACK.