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DREAMCATCHER

by
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and
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10/1/01

Based on the novel
by
Stephen King

100167

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Bob Dylan
"Ballad of a Thin Man"

PENCIL MARKINGS. We're so close we can see the grit of the lead. We HEAR the SCRATCHING. BEGIN PULL BACK. We make out some of the words: "compulsive overindulgence... suicidal guilt... SLOW SUICIDE by cholesterol... Barry, Barry N., B. Neiman..."

BARRY (V.O.)

... Carl's Jr. has this new \$6 Burger, which really only costs \$3.95, you know, so you think you're getting some deal, but the truth is it may be the best franchise burger out there...

The pencil jumps down and begins an elaborate DOODLE: circles full of spidery intersecting lines.

BARRY (V.O.)

...I went there yesterday and ordered three and, by golly, those suckers almost filled me up. When I got home I still had to have a box of Eggos...

The doodling stops and the pencil prints this last bit large, lots of pressure on the paper, four letters: **SSDD**

CUT TO floor level, the wooden feet of a psychiatrist's couch. They're CREAKING under the weight of BARRY NEIMAN. We BOOM UP to see the man himself -- Barry weighs almost 400 pounds.

BARRY

... But that doesn't take away from Carl's achievement. I mean, here's a guy who's got to go through life as Carl Junior, right --

HENRY (V.O.)

Barry --

BARRY

-- like he can never get out of the shadow of his dad, right, the original Carl, I guess --

HENRY (V.O.)

Barry!

Barry stops, surprised; he cranes to see the doctor behind him --

DR. HENRY DEVLIN. [This story is about FOUR FRIENDS, and HENRY is the first we meet. All four are thirty-seven.]

Henry went to Harvard on scholarship and is one of the top young shrinks in Boston. One problem -- he's been seriously suicidal for some time now.

HENRY

Barry? Do you think your eating problem stems from your thinking you killed your mother? That you're trying to eat yourself to death as punishment?

Barry is shocked. Henry's never said anything like this before.

HENRY

You do think you killed her.

BARRY

I -- I never said --

HENRY

She called out for you, said she was having chest pains, begged you to dial 911.

BARRY

I never told you any of that -- you shut up now --

HENRY

She was always calling out for you, wasn't she? So you let her yell.

BARRY

How could you know this? How --?

HENRY

That doesn't matter... What matters is she'd been crying wolf her whole life.

Barry is trying to get up -- it's a titanic struggle, but he keeps at it, sofa GROANING beneath him.

BARRY

STOP IT, YOU MONSTER! STOP IT. You're the devil...

HENRY

If you don't wake up from this poisoned dream you're having, you'll succeed in killing yourself. And there's no reason, Barry. You don't have to do it --

Barry manages to roll/fall off the couch, his final lurch BREAKING ALL FOUR LEGS of the sofa. He gets up, throws a

horrified look at Henry, and charges out of the office. The door SLAMS behind him. Ashamed, to himself --

HENRY

Congrats, Mr. Hippocratic Oath, you're now doing more harm than good.

(gazes at wrecked couch)

That's gotta be some kind of sign.

He goes to sit at his desk. He pulls open a bottom drawer and takes out a .38 revolver. He checks the cylinder, then swivels in his desk chair so he can look out at the gray spring day.

We're BEHIND HIM as he puts the revolver to his temple and draws the hammer back with his thumb. All he has to do now is squeeze. Silence. Then, very loud -- RING!! RING!!

His phone. Astonishingly, he hasn't killed himself in surprise.

HENRY

Jonesy.

He lowers the gun and gingerly releases the hammer. IT GOES OFF with an ear-splitting BANG! The bullet smashes into his framed medical diploma on the wall.

Henry is shocked and somewhat deafened. He looks over at the damage, then puts the gun down on the desk, carefully. He works his pinkie in his ear before picking up the phone.

HENRY

(into phone)

Hey.

JONESY (PHONE)

Hey, yourself. How ya doin', Henry?

HENRY

What? What'd you say? I missed that.

JONESY

Are you going deaf now? I said, how ya doin'?

HENRY

Oh. You know... SSDD.

JONESY

What else?

WE BEGIN TO INTERCUT WITH --

2

INT. JONESY'S OFFICE (BOSTON) - DAY

2

GARY JONES -- JONESY -- sitting at his desk in his small office. He's the second of the four friends, an Associate Professor of History at a decent but not great college in Boston. People have always taken to him, and he has no idea why.

JONESY

I was thinking if you were free this weekend, we might go see Duddits.

HENRY

Yes, absolutely. He's been on my mind a lot too.

Someone KNOCKS on Jonesy's office door.

JONESY

(calling out)

It's open.

(into phone again)

I've got a thing here, gotta go. H., I'll see you Saturday.

HENRY

Right...

Henry hangs up, puts the revolver back in the drawer.

HENRY

... see you Saturday.

3

INT. JONESY'S OFFICE - DAY

3

DAVID DEFUNIAK comes through the door. Just a worried kid. Skinny and underfed, one earring. Jonesy gestures. Defuniak sits in the chair across. Nervous. The old-fashioned, black and white Converse sneakers he's wearing are in tatters. Jonesy notes them.

JONESY

So, Mr. Defuniak. Do you know we're both escapees from Maine?

(Defuniak tries to smile)

You're from Pittsfield.

Defuniak nods, and you can see his panic. Jonesy reaches into a folder on his desk, takes out an exam.

JONESY

David? Do you know what happens to scholarship students who are caught cheating on exams?

Defuniak is in a nightmare now. Suddenly, tears. Jonesy tosses him a box of Kleenex. Jonesy's hiding it, but right now he feels as bad as Defuniak looks. Then something wonderful happens -- a life-changing moment for the kid -- Jonesy begins to crumple the exam.

JONESY

You had the flu that day, didn't you, David? Isn't that why you didn't take the exam?

For a moment, the kid doesn't get it. Jonesy rips up the exam.

JONESY

You missed the test, David. And since you were ill, David, why not write me an essay instead -- three thousand words on the short-term results of the Norman Conquest.

DEFUNIAK

(knows he's being saved now)
I was just so sick that morning, Professor Jones -- 105 fever --

JONESY

-- came on suddenly, did it? --

DEFUNIAK

-- oh, yessir, out of the blue --

JONESY

Go get started. I'd like it by Monday.
(Defuniak stands)
Pittsfield's a better place to be from than to go back to.

DEFUNIAK

Yessir, thank you sir.

JONESY

And, David, the next time you think of buying beer, buy some boots instead. I wouldn't want you to catch the flu again.

DEFUNIAK

Okay. I will. Buy some boots, I mean. I really will.

Defuniak nods, hurries to the door, opens it, looks back. He wishes he could resist asking, but he can't --

DEFUNIAK

How did you know? You weren't even there that day.

Jonesy's not sure how he wants to answer. Finally --

JONESY

Sometimes I just know.

Defuniak leaves. Jonesy sighs, goes back to a huge pile of exams.

4 INT. MACDONALD MOTORS (BRIDGTON, MAINE) - DAY

4

PETE MOORE, car salesman, stares out at the grizzling afternoon. Gloomy. Pete's the best-looking of the friends. He thought he was going to be an astronaut. Now he's tiptoeing toward alcoholism, which worries him a lot. When he isn't drinking.

PETE'S POV: A WOMAN is crossing the wet street, headed this way. Pushing thirty, attractive. She comes in and hurries toward Pete.

TRISH

This probably isn't going to work.

PETE

Never start that way with a car salesman -- we love challenges. I'm Pete Moore.

TRISH

(really upset)

In one hour I'm showing a house up in Fryeburg -- it's a big commission -- and I've lost my damn car keys. Could you possibly make me duplicates?

PETE

That takes at least a day.

TRISH

(fighting tears)

Oh boy, I just knew it.

PETE

Whoa. Easy, Trish, maybe I can help. I've always been good at finding things.

He gives her his killer smile --

TRISH

Did I tell you my name? I don't remem--

PETE

I guessed.

TRISH gives him a wary smile.

5

EXT. STREET - DAY

5

Pete and Trish hurry across the street toward a drugstore. Under the awning, they stop for a moment.

PETE

You had a headache... stressed-out about showing the house, right?

(Trish nods)

You stopped for coffee, came to the drugstore for aspirin...

6

INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

6

Pete and Trish enter. To RACHEL, the girl at the counter --

PETE

Rachel.

RACHEL

Hey, Pete... Miss, I looked again -- I don't see 'em.

PETE

(to Trish)

Okay, I need your help. You had the coffee in your hand, you bought aspirin, paid for it, went to your car outside, realized the keys were gone. That everything?

TRISH

Yes...

Pete looks at her a moment, not sure how to introduce this --

PETE

Look, this is gonna seem weird, but it's just a thing I do to help me think.

He closes his eyes, makes a fist with his right hand, pops up his index finger, waggles it back and forth. Whatever he's doing, it makes Trish uneasy. Rachel giggles -- she's seen this before. Pete opens his eyes, drops his hand, looks around.

WHAT PETE SEES: A path in the middle of his view that's more vivid than everything around it, clearer, more intense. (The four friends refer to it as "THE LINE.") And right now it goes to one side of the candy display.

Pete walks over there.

PETE

You bought a candy bar before the aspirin... a Mounds Bar.

Trish is stunned. She nods.

7 EXT. STREET - DAY

7

Pete sees The Line heading toward a Taurus. Trish follows him.

PETE

Yours, right?

She nods, keeping her distance now. At the car, he turns to her.

PETE

One more question: if I find your keys, would you let me buy you dinner? The West Wharf? Six-thirty? Best fried clams in Maine. It's right on your way back --

TRISH

I know The West Wharf.

(hesitates)

Sure. Okay. That would be nice.

PETE

All right... so you got here, opened your purse -- aspirin, coffee, candy, juggling it all around... and that's when --

He bends suddenly, his hand dipping into the flowing gutter, then out again, makes a magician's flourish, a big smile --

PETE

-- you dropped your keys.

Trish gapes at the car keys in his hand. But she doesn't reach out for them. Pete's smile fades. He's scared her.

PETE

Just luck is all.

Trish takes her keys, careful not to touch his hand.

TRISH

Thank...you.

She unlocks her car, gets in quickly.

PETE

The West Wharf, right? Half past six? Best fried clams in this part of the state.

She's not going to be there and they both know it.

TRISH

You got it.

She pulls away. Pete waves, stands there in the rain as the last of his smile falls away. Sad --

PETE

Another fuckarow.

8 INT. BAR (PORTLAND, MAINE) - NIGHT

8

CLOSE ON a TOOTHPICK in a man's mouth. He's working it from tooth to tooth, expertly, with no hands. Now, more surprising, he lifts a glass of Canadian Club to his lips and drains it, without removing the toothpick. As he puts down the glass, we meet --

-- JOE CLARENDON -- BEAVER to his friends. He's wiry, with long hair and glasses; looks like either a mad genius or a serial killer. In fact, he is a carpenter. Always wears Doc Martens. He has the most generous heart of our four friends. ^{100%} ~~Size~~ maybe the smallest brain, but since childhood his first instinct in any new situation is to smile.

But he's not smiling now, alone in this bar. He goes out.

9 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

9

Beaver takes a deep breath, moves on. We can see this in his face: the man is miserable. And lonely.

10 INT./EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

10

Beaver dials, puts in change.

11 INT. JONESY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

11

Jonesy is about to leave his office as the PHONE RINGS. He has to come back from the door to pick up the phone --

JONESY

Jones.

12 INTERCUT OFFICE/PHONE BOOTH

12

Beaver, in the booth, is writing letters with his fingertip in the fogged glass.

BEAVER

How you doing?

Jonesy's glad to hear Beaver's voice.

JONESY

You know, Beaver. Same shit, different day.

Beaver's mood instantly lifts. We can now SEE the letters he printed on the fogged glass: SSDD.

JONESY

You okay?

BEAVER

Like always.

JONESY

You want to talk?

BEAVER

No, you're trying to get home.

JONESY

Screw that.

BEAVER

No, really, I got nothing. Go home.
(hesitates, then --)
... Jonesy?

JONESY

Yuh, Beav?

BEAVER

You be careful.

Jonesy reacts. Not big, but it's not nothing either.

JONESY

Be careful of what?

BEAVER

Wish I knew.

13 EXT. BOSTON STREET - NIGHT

13

Jonesy, hurrying along a busy Boston sidewalk. He comes to a major intersection and stops on the corner. Lots of traffic. Jonesy flinches, then turns to the STRANGER next to him.

JONESY

What'd you say?

STRANGER

I didn't say anything.

JONESY

Right. Sorry.

PUSH IN as he tries to shake a weird feeling. Then, stunned, he stares at something across the street which we don't see --

-- and suddenly he plunges into the street.

This big old clunker of a car, an ANCIENT MAN at the wheel, driving way too fast, SMASHES INTO JONESY. He spins crazily in the air, then crashes down onto the pavement. As his SCREAMING gets louder and louder --

JONESY'S POV: A CROWD OF PEOPLE around him, but he's having trouble looking up, so what he's seeing mainly is their shoes.

Someone is saying, "Get a cell phone, call an ambulance!", and an OLD WOMAN replies, "It won't do any good." And now the ANCIENT MAN who hit him pushes his way through the crowd. Jonesy can see his antique brown wingtips --

ANCIENT MAN (O.S.)

(early Alzheimer's)

I looked away for one second and then I heard a thump... What happened?

Jonesy sees something he recognizes: a pair of tattered, black and white Converse sneakers have worked their way forward.

DEFUNIAK (O.S.)

(distraught)

Omigod, that's Prof. Jones! He can't die.

On that, Jonesy's eyes close. WE GO TO BLACK and in the darkness WE HEAR the WAIL OF A SIREN.

14 INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

14

FADE UP ON JONESY'S POV: he's on a stretcher as TWO EMT'S cut away his trousers. He tries to see what's revealed, but he can't quite lift his head enough.

EMT #1

Jesus.

EMT #1 suddenly has two large paddles in his hands and he's slapping them (out of Jonesy's view) on his chest --

EMT #2 (O.S.)

Clear!

-- the juice flows and Jonesy's body jerks like a fish on a hook.

EMT #2 (O.S.)
No good -- flatline -- hit it again!

Jerking again, Jonesy closes his eyes. SCREEN GOES BLACK BRIEFLY.

EMT #2 (V.O.)
Whaddya think?

EMT #1 (V.O.)
I think it's no good... I think he's gone.

Jonesy opens his eyes again, or at least it seems that way, but there's something strange: the face of the EMT #1 has changed --

-- now it's the face of someone we haven't met yet, but will. A mentally-challenged child of thirteen by the name of DOUGLAS CAVELL -- DUDDITS to those who love him.

DUDDITS
Awch out fo Ister Gay.
[Watch out for Mr. Gray.]

Jonesy's eyes close; the SCREEN GOES BLACK AGAIN.

EMT #2 (V.O.)
(defeated, quiet)
That's it... this one's dead.

Blackness. The SIREN FADES AWAY. Quiet. A TITLE appears:

15 SIX MONTHS LATER. 15

16 INT. HOLE IN THE WALL CABIN (MAINE WOODS) - NIGHT 16

SOMETHING THAT WE CANNOT QUITE MAKE OUT. We are VERY CLOSE on, well, on something. It hangs in the air, moving gently -- like some kind of spider's web. An organic feeling, almost alive. Otherworldly, too, and dangerous.

And then -- lights hit it. It is a weaving that hangs from the center rafter of this cabin. Four spidery circles held in place by sticks around a larger circle. The design Henry was doodling -- The Dreamcatcher.

SOUND OF AN ENGINE; a vehicle is approaching. The lights are coming from its bouncing headlights. As it gets closer, we begin to HEAR MEN'S VOICES -- loud with excitement --

17 EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL - NIGHT 17

An old INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER SCOUT pulls up and our four friends pile out -- Henry, Jonesy, Pete and Beaver -- all of them

grabbing stuff as they exit -- duffels, suitcases, grocery bags, gun cases. Jonesy moves with a bad limp, and some pain.

They bustle to the cabin, which, over forty years, has become part of these woods. Beaver unlocks the door. We SEE our guys as they go in... and each one of them looks very happy.

18 INT. HOLE IN THE WALL - NIGHT

18

LATER. The cabin: open downstairs area -- living room, kitchen. Funky mix of furniture accumulated over years. Navajo rug. Two bedrooms in the rear. Bathroom in the corner. Steps upstairs. One wall has a big picture window.

Beaver and Pete are cooking, banging around the kitchen, drinking beer (Pete goes through them fast). Beaver's adding hot saute without conscience to some hamburger/onion/potato mishmash.

BEAVER

(shouting toward the window)
Ten minutes.

HENRY

(from outside)
We hear you.

BEAVER

(gestures toward the window)
Henry's pretty gloomy even for Henry,
wouldn't you say?

Pete agrees, takes another beer. He frowns at the beer supply -- not deep enough for his tastes.

BEAVER

Got blown last night.

PETE

Good for you. First time?

BEAVER

Bite my bag. Met this lady at bingo, went back to her place and it turned into a pretty nice fuckaree--

PETE

As opposed to a fuckarow...

BEAVER

Obviously... though I'll admit I've had perfectly good fuckarees turn into fuckarows in an flash.

PETE

Try Viagra.

BEAVER

Viagra! I'm practically at full salute all day long. I'm, whaddya call it -- privatic, prismatic? Henry'll know.

PETE

I think you're remembering yourself in the fourth grade.

BEAVER

What, you having wood problems? Man-o-pause?

PETE

(unfazed)

You haven't tried it, have you?

BEAVER

Hell, no.

PETE

You won't believe it. You drop that little blue V-bomb and you're hard as a Louisville Slugger for twelve hours.

Beaver stops working the frying pan, incredulous.

BEAVER

Twelve hours?

PETE

I'm talking Yastremski. You don't have to need it to love it.

(catching up)

Bingo? Did you say bingo? Like the game in church basements?

BEAVER

(defensive)

There's trim there...

PETE

Ooh, Beaver... I thought my deal was pathetic.

19 EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL - NIGHT

19

Same time. Cold. Henry and Jonesy are loading wood into a wheelbarrow from stacked cords. Jonesy, stiff, bends with some difficulty, picks up a log -- a quiet GASP.

HENRY

You just watch, that's your job.

JONESY

I'm fine. 100%.

HENRY

(unconvinced, helps him)

Really?

JONESY

Well... 83% anyway.

(watches Henry)

H., you been thinking of Duddits more than usual?

Henry nods, gathers more wood.

JONESY

Remember, we were going to go see him that weekend? Then I got hit --

HENRY

I remember.

JONESY

You been to see him since?

Henry, guilty, "no." Jonesy indicates that he hasn't either. He glances toward the kitchen window, then lowers his voice --

JONESY

I've got to tell you something weird and I'm not sure I'm ready for everybody to hear it.

Henry nods, pays attention while he works.

JONESY

That night I got hit... I was standing on that corner and there, across the street --

(beat)

-- I saw Duddits --

(this stops Henry, for a moment)

-- just like he was that day we first saw him, back in Derry. He was calling out for help and everyone was ignoring him, passing him by. And then he looked over at me -- directly at me -- and he motioned for me to come to him.

(pause)

For six months I've had no memories of the accident. None. Then this morning, when I

JONESY (cont'd)
started packing to come up here, it all
came back.

(Henry says nothing)
You believe I saw him, don't you?

HENRY
(nods -- soft)
I do, yessir.

JONESY
It just rocked me... Duddits loves me, I
know that. He loves us all. He would die
before he'd ever hurt us.

(beat)
So why was he calling me into the street
to get hit?

Henry takes a long time before he answers, not satisfied with
what he's come up with.

HENRY
Maybe there's more to the story we don't
get yet...

JONESY
(toward cabin)
I don't want to tell those guys.

HENRY
I'm not sure you'll have to.

Jonesy knows what he means.

20 INT. HOLE IN THE WALL - NIGHT

20

The four friends are sitting at the big table, well into dinner.

PETE
Name it!

BEAVER
I'll name it... after we make a small
wager.

HENRY
What's the subject?

PETE
In the movies, when people wake up
together in the morning, they immediately
start kissing, nuzzling and goin' at it.
But what they never do, is get up first,
take a leak and brush their goddamn

PETE (cont'd)
teeth... which, I don't think I'm alone in
feeling, is pretty much necessary when you
wake up.

BEAVER
(remembering, to Henry)
What's it called when you got a constant
woody and it won't go down?

HENRY
You mean, priapism?

BEAVER
(to Pete)
I'm practically priasmic!

HENRY
Priapismic.

BEAVER
Whatever, it's hard.

JONESY
That's what you're betting on?

BEAVER
No. I'm sayin' I can name one movie where
they acknowledge the scuzzy facts of life.
But not without some cash on the line.

JONESY
I'm so curious, I'll give ya a quarter.

BEAVER
Okay... *PROMISED LAND*.

PETE
PROMISED LAND? Never heard of it.

BEAVER
(instant gloat)
Meg Ryan and, what's-his-name, Reefer
Sutherland --

JONESY
Keifer...

BEAVER
-- from, I dunno, 1988 or something. Meg
Ryan wakes up and she says, 'Where's the
cat?' And the guy says, 'What cat?' And
she says, 'The cat that shit in my mouth.'
(to Pete)
That'll be 50 small.

PETE

Bullshit, you made that up.

HENRY

Could Beaver make that up?

BEAVER

You other bozos can have that priceless piece of cinematic trivia absolutely free.

JONESY

You mind if I file that in the 'Who-gives-a-shit?' section of my Memory Warehouse?

BEAVER

What's the Memory Warehouse?

PETE

You don't remember about the Memory Warehouse? You're shitting me...

BEAVER

(sheepish)

I musta forgot.

The other three laugh.

JONESY

That's a joke, right? You forgot about the Memory Warehouse.

BEAVER

(it's not)

Just remind me, don't give me a lot of shit.

PETE

(takes pity on Beaver)

It's in his head, B. We've all got one.

HENRY

Hasn't that place been condemned?

JONESY

Not yet, it's just that it's so crowded now I have to throw something out every time I learn something new. When I got my new laptop, I had to throw out all my files of rock 'n roll lyrics...

Surprisingly, we begin to SEE Jonesy's MEMORY WAREHOUSE --

21 INT. MEMORY WAREHOUSE (IN JONESY'S HEAD)

21

This vast storage facility has a funky, burnished quality, like some aging, Victorian library. The overall design is circular -- level upon level of overloaded stacks spiraling up into the gloom. It's so impossibly big and crowded and baroque, it could only exist in a dream, or in someone's imagination.

TIGHT SHOT, somewhere in the stacks, of several aging file boxes labeled "ROCK 'N ROLL LYRICS -- Real and Mis-remembered."

Jonesy, as he is today, minus the limp, is barely glimpsed as he loads the files on a dolly. In their place, he stacks a new box labeled "APPLE G3 Laptop -- how the damn thing works."

BACK TO SCENE. The friends are laughing.

PETE

My warehouse was washed away in a flood about ten years ago. It's gone now.

BEAVER

I didn't know there was enough beer in Maine for a flood.

PETE

(reacts, points)
Hey, hey, hey!

HENRY

Jonesy...
(an old group joke)
... if that really is your name...
(the others laugh)
... what do you do with the discarded files?

JONESY

They have to be destroyed --

22 INT. MEMORY WAREHOUSE (IN JONESY'S HEAD)

22

The dolly loaded with old files is SQUEAKING over the warped wooden floors. We pass endless shelves with printed CATEGORY HEADINGS: "OLD PHONE NUMBERS... SPORTS HUMILIATIONS... JERK-OFF FANTASIES (AGES 12-16)... GIRLFRIENDS' PARENTS' NAMES... etc."

CUT TO a huge, Deco-style INCINERATOR DOOR. Jonesy pulls it open, revealing a RAGING INFERNO. He starts throwing in the old files.

BACK TO SCENE at the dinner table.

BEAVER

Don't tell me you threw away the words to
'Blue Bayou'?

The other three react. This has special meaning to them. Henry
throws Jonesy a "told-you-so" look.

JONESY

No... if I really can't let go of
something, I sneak it back to an office
I've got there...

23 INT. JONESY'S OFFICE, MEMORY WAREHOUSE (IN JONESY'S HEAD) 23

Jonesy comes in the door of a decrepit old office. We can SEE the
stacks of the Memory Warehouse out the door. He takes the small
clutch of files he's got in hand and places them carefully in an
old filing cabinet in the corner.

JONESY (V.O.)

... where I keep all my secret stuff.

BACK TO SCENE at dinner table. The others are quiet for a moment.
Beaver gets up and goes to a shelf in the living room area.

BEAVER

Where do you keep the stuff on Duddits?

JONESY

Oh, he's got a place of prominence on the
third level.

Beaver takes down a huge HUNTING KNIFE in a decorated leather
scabbard. He walks over to the front door, pulls out the gleaming
blade and proceeds to add a notch on the jam, above older ones.

PETE

I can't stop thinking about the Duds
lately. How 'bout you guys?

BEAVER

(as they all agree)

It's this place. He's all around here even
though he's never been here.

He finishes his knife-work and takes up the beer he's set aside.

BEAVER

This is our twenty-fifth year comin' here.
And, fuck me Freddy, here's to twenty-five
more.

JONESY

... twenty-five more...

The others raise their drinks. Beaver moves to the center of the room and lifts his beer toward The Dreamcatcher hanging from the center rafter. Slowly, the other three get up and join him.

BEAVER

And here's to Duddits... our Dreamcatcher.
Wish he was here...

PETE

... to the Duds...

HENRY

... to Douglas Cavell...

JONESY

... to Duddits.

CUT TO ANGLE from above, The Dreamcatcher hanging in the foreground, the four friends toasting from below. SLOW FADE OUT.

FADE UP.

24 EXT. SIDE STREET, DERRY, MAINE (FLASHBACK -- 1978) - DAY 24

We're back 24 years, in Derry, Maine. A perfect October afternoon. Our FOUR FRIENDS, 13 years old, on their way to play ball. They toss a basketball around, never stop their chatter.

They pass a small school -- people in Derry referred to it as "The Retard Academy" -- for what we today would call "challenged" children. Several of those children wait now to be picked up.

One of them, a girl, stands off alone. JOSIE RINKENHAUER is her name and she's twelve, has frizzy blonde hair. She waves. The boys smile, wave back. They take off into a vacant lot --

25 EXT. TRACKER BROTHERS WAREHOUSE (1978) - DAY 25

-- at the end of which is a square brick building with a rotting sign that reads TRACKER BROTHERS TRUCKING & STORAGE.

JONESY

Why would Tina Jean Schlossinger's pussy
be on the wall of Tracker Brothers?

BEAVER

Because I said so. It's a picture.

PETE
(excited)
Have you seen it?

BEAVER
No... but the kid sits behind me in shop,
he saw it.

HENRY
But the building's been deserted for
years.

CLOSER NOW, clearly deserted. Broken windows, weeds all around.

BEAVER
Hey, you don't want to see her pussy,
don't come! You've got so many better
things to do than see a photograph of the
homecoming queen's pussy, go do them.

JONESY
(quoting)
"I've got a bad feeling about this."
(blank looks)
Han Solo.

Suddenly Beaver stoops and picks up a piece of colorful cloth.

BEAVER
Fuck me Freddy, some kid's shirt.

PETE
So?

BEAVER
It's new.

He holds the shirt up now -- it may indeed be new -- but it's
been badly ripped at the back collar. Beaver drops it, moves on.

SOMETHING ELSE up ahead in the field. Jonesy hurries to it, picks
it up. A yellow, kid's lunch box: Scooby-Doo and his friends.

PETE
I hate that show -- they never change
their clothes --

JONESY turns the lunch box over, reads a sticker on the side --

JONESY
'I BELONG TO DOUGLAS CAVELL. 19 MAPLE
LANE, DEPRY, MAINE. IF THE BOY I BELONG TO
IS LOST, CALL 949-1864. THANKS.'

BEAVER

Must belong to one of those kids from the Retard Academy, you think?

They stand there for a moment in silence. And then, THIS SCREAM and it's full of pain. And surprise -- the awful surprise of someone who has never been hurt this way before.

The boys take off around the corner of the building. And we HEAR the VOICE of an 18-year-old.

RICHIE GRENADEAU (O.S.)

Go on and eat it. Eat it and you can go.

AROUND THE CORNER come the boys, reacting before we see what they see. Beaver shouts --

BEAVER

Hey you guys, quit it -- just fucking quit it --

WHAT THEY SEE: FOUR PEOPLE in all. Two are huge Derry High School football linemen, DUNCAN and SCOTTIE.

RICHIE GRENADEAU is between them. Six-two, one-ninety, he's everybody's high school dream -- perfect face, perfect body. He wears a golf glove and holds a large dog turd. Which he is trying to force a half-naked child to eat.

The child, clearly the afternoon's entertainment, kneels on the gravel wearing only his underpants and a single sneaker. His face is smeared with blood and dirt and snot and tears.

THIS IS DUDDITS. Same age as the friends, but hard to tell that. Whatever has gone wrong in his biological history, whatever has made him "challenged," has had an effect on his appearance.

RICHIE GRENADEAU

(whirling on the friends)

Who're you?

JONESY

What are you doing? You trying to make him eat that? What's wrong with you?

RICHIE GRENADEAU

You got it, snotface -- I'm gonna make him eat this piece of shit. Then he can go. You go right now, unless you want half.

DUNCAN

Take a hike, girls -- while you have the chance.

SCOTTIE
 Yeah, piss off --
 (one step toward them)
 -- that was your final warning.

The friends don't budge.

HENRY
 You better watch it.

RICHIE GRENADEAU
 Why's that?

CU on Henry, finger pointing dead at Grenadeau --

HENRY
I -- know -- who -- you -- are!

RICHIE GRENADEAU
 I'm trembling with fear.

HENRY
 You're Richie Grenadeau -- you're the
 quarterback.

RICHIE GRENADEAU
 So?

JONESY
 So what do you think people will say when
 we tell them what we caught you doing?

SCOTTIE
 (coming toward them)
 You're not telling anybody anything cause
 you'll be dead.

HENRY
 Get ready, Pete.

Pete moves away from his friends now.

PETE
 Give the word, Henry.

HENRY
 Pete can fly... and when you come for us,
 all we have to do is get in your way.

SCOTTIE
 (scoffs)
 I can't catch that little dick?

JONESY

You know who that is? That's Pete Moore.

Scottie's smile drops, he looks over at Richie. He's heard of this kid, even though Pete's only a freshman.

HENRY

That's right, fat ass, Pete Moore. No one can catch him.

(instructing Pete, too)

And he's going straight to his house, to tell his mother what you did and she'll call the cops and... then we'll see.

For a moment, it's up for grabs. Grenadeau indicates Duddits --

RICHIE GRENADEAU

You know him, is that it?

BEAVER

Never saw him.

RICHIE GRENADEAU

Then why are you asking for trouble? This is not somethin' to get the crap beaten out of you for. Just look at the moron, he likes this! He's getting attention --

JONESY

How do you know what he likes?

The high school boys exchange looks. Beaver picks up some rocks, clanks them together. Pete dances. Jonesy and Henry close ranks.

BEAVER

Come on you dickweeds.

RICHIE GRENADEAU

You want to fight us?

BEAVER

Yes! Yes!

PETE

I'm gone, Henry, just say the word.

RICHIE GRENADEAU

Why? You'll lose -- why?

Jonesy, screaming, indicates Duddits.

JONESY

Because you can't do that!

(losing it)

And I want to tell the world -- tell everybody!

The older boys suddenly realize this: it's over, they've lost.

RICHIE GRENADEAU

You want us to leave, that it?

Jonesy nods. Beaver is boiling over.

BEAVER

No, let's kick their asses!

Everyone present thinks Beaver's nuts. They ignore him.

RICHIE GRENADEAU

How do we know you won't tell?

HENRY

If no one gets hurt, there's no story to tell.

Grenadeau considers this, then nods. To his pals --

RICHIE GRENADEAU

Let's go.

He starts off, trying to strut. The others give dirty looks to the boys, and follow him away. Richie turns back once --

RICHIE GRENADEAU

We'll get him later, you know that. We'll get you all later.

And they are gone. The boys turn their attention to Duddits, half-naked, crying, making an awful WAILING SOUND. They go to him.

HENRY

I hate that sound.

(to Duddits)

It's okay, you can stop now.

(Duddits cries louder)

Do something somebody.

For a moment, no one moves. Then, Beaver, embarrassed --

BEAVER

If I do, and if you tell anybody, I'll never hang with you again.

Mystified, they all agree. Beaver kneels down next to Duddits, who, eyes squeezed shut, chest heaving, doesn't see him. Beaver takes Duddits in his arms. And begins to sing, beautifully --

BEAVER

'I feel so bad I've got a worried mind
I'm so lonesome all the time...'

Duddits opens an eye, looks at Beaver.

BEAVER

'Since I left my baby on
Blue Bayou.'

The crying begins to subside. The boys are stunned.

HENRY

I never knew Beav could sing --

BEAVER

'Savin' nickels, savin' dimes
Workin' til the sun don't shine
Lookin' forward to happier times on Blue
Bayou.'

Duddits stops crying. Beaver stops singing.

PETE

Beaver, that's beautiful.

BEAVER

I mean it, not one word.

He starts to get up, but Duddits holds on and kisses his cheek.

DUDDITS

Beaver. [Beaver.]

JONESY

You've got a fan.
(offers the lunch box)
This yours?

Duddits takes it, kisses Scooby. Pete appears with Duddits' pants and torn shirt, then struggles to get the distracted kid in them.

DUDDITS

(singing as best he can)
Ooby-Ooby-Doo, where are oo?
We ot-sum urk oo-do-now.
[We got some work to do now.]

JONESY
 (helping him up)
 Douglas Cavell, that's your name, right?

CU Duddits. And now for the first time we find out something: he has the most wonderful smile. He raises his arms high --

DUDDITS
I Duddits.

JONESY
 Duddits?

BEAVER
 Duddits.

HENRY
 C'mon, Duddits, we got to get you home.

The group starts walking back to the street. Suddenly Beaver remembers something and breaks away. He runs over to the window at the back of the building and peers inside.

BEAVER
 Hey, guys! Come here. Leave the kid there.

Henry turns to Duddits as the others run to join Beaver.

HENRY
 Stand right here, Duddits. Right there with Scooby, okay?

Duddits smiles at him, hugs his lunch box. Henry runs to the window. [Painted in fading letters on the wall beneath the window is an old admonition: NO BOUNCE, NO PLAY]

AT THE WINDOW the boys jostle to get a look. They have to cup their hands to cut the glare and see through the grime.

WHAT THEY SEE: Tracker Brothers office. Desk on end, overturned chairs. Some used rubbers on the floor. [What we notice: this is the same office that sits in Jonesy's Memory Warehouse.]

On a bulletin board across from the window: a map of New England trucking routes, and a Polaroid of a woman holding her skirt up to reveal white panties. She's no beauty and no high school girl.

BEAVER
 Jesus-Christ-bananas.

The boys, rich with disappointment, turn on Beaver.

JONESY

No way is that Tina Jean Schlossinger.

HENRY

Maybe her grandmother. Good going, Beav.

PETE

Holy god, we came all the way down here
for that?

Jonesy thinks, then jerks his thumb behind them, toward Duddits.

JONESY

No, we came for him.

They turn to look at Duddits -- their new responsibility, their new friend, their new link to each other. He stands across the grass, lunch box hugged to tiny chest, smiling beatifically at them. THE SCREEN GOES SLOWLY TO WHITE.

FADE UP on a WHITE SNOWSCAPE. We're looking at --

26 EXT. WOODS NEAR HOLE IN THE WALL (PRESENT DAY) - DAY 26

Morning. A thick layer of snow on the ground. The woods are beautiful under glaring gray skies. More snow coming.

27 EXT. HUNTING STAND - DAY 27

The stand is in a tree near the cabin. Jonesy is set up here as comfortably as his body will allow; that is, only middling. He's got his lower body (and damaged hip) in a sleeping bag.

His deer rifle is propped nearby, but he's got mixed feelings about using it since his accident. He's focussed on a paperback and a thermos of hot coffee. Suddenly, he's startled by -- the SCREAM of a bird in pain. Nearby, branches rustle and a bird SHRIEKS as it takes off. One wing isn't working right.

28 EXT. GOSSELIN'S MARKET - DAY 28

Start on an old sign on a tall post:
GOSSELIN'S MARKET -- BEER BAIT OUT-OF-STATE LICs. LOTTERY TIX

PAN OFF to a standard beer and deer place in the Jefferson Tract. A store, a barn, a corral. No business -- just Henry's Scout in the parking lot. Pete is loading supplies -- and a lot of beer. Henry, carrying the last box, comes out with OLD MAN GOSSELIN.

OLD MAN GOSSELIN

Weather moving in.

(worried)

Double storm. Alberta Clipper first --

OLD MAN GOSSELIN (cont'd)
 maybe eight inches. With a nor'easter on
 its tail. Get on back to the cabin, Henry.

HENRY
 Heading straight there.

OLD MAN GOSSELIN
 (as though Henry were a kid)
 Don't mess around.

HENRY
 Yessir.

29 EXT. WOODS - DAY

29

Beaver sits silently on a fallen tree, rifle at the ready. Could be a statue except for the way he's working his toothpick. He looks up at the sky. A single snowflake lands on his glasses.

30 EXT. HUNTING STAND - DAY

30

Jonesy looks up from his book as snowflakes start to fall all around. He considers the quiet scene, smiles, and then HEARS something: the WHISPER of moving brush, the SNAP of a twig.

Instantly, he is alert. Instinct takes over and he reaches for his rifle. Another twig SNAP. Jonesy twists his body around and raises his rifle to his eye.

WHAT HE SEES in his sight: the head of a deer, a buck, through a tunnel of interlocking branches. Brown fur, black eyes.

Jonesy. Balanced, ready. He begins his pre-shot ritual: he takes a deep breath, tightens his finger on the trigger, blinks once to clear his eye and sights one final time -- and reacts in shock.

WHAT HE SEES: the head of a man. The brown color was his coat, the black eye a button, the antlers branches.

Jonesy is rocked, as the realization of what he almost did hits him. He swings the barrel up, falls backwards on his butt, pain shooting from his hip. Wincing, he looks down over the edge at --

THE MAN he almost killed. A big guy, maybe 60, dressed in upscale gear (incredibly, he's wearing a bright orange hunter's cap and vest, unnoticed by Jonesy until now). He's unsteady on his feet..

The Man looks around, stops. He has spotted Hole in the Wall. A CRY of relief escapes him. He staggers toward the cabin.

Jonesy puts his rifle on safety and begins his painful descent.

31 EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

31

A granite slab serves as a front stoop. The Man, wiped out, falls down as he reaches it. Jonesy comes hurrying up behind him.

JONESY

Easy, fella, easy, you're all right now,
you're okay.

Still down, The Man swivels, sees Jonesy, totally loses it.

THE MAN

Thank God! Oh gee, thank God, I'm lost,
I've been lost in the woods since
yesterday...

JONESY

Let's just get you inside and get you
warm, how would that be?

THE MAN

S-S-Sure. I thought I was going to die out
here. I...I...

As Jonesy helps him up, their faces are close together. His breath is bad, but Jonesy hides his reaction. The Man is dead pale in the face -- except for a red mark on his cheek.

32 INT. HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

32

Jonesy puts his rifle behind the door. The Man starts to take off his coat, but his zipper gets stuck. He looks at it, like a helpless child. The Man, RICK MCCARTHY, drops his hands to his sides like a first-grader and lets Jonesy take his coat off.

THE MAN

(holds out his hand)
Rick McCarthy.

JONESY

Gary Jones, but it's Jonesy to everybody.
Our damn cell phones are on the blink now
so I can't call for help -- but our car'll
be back soon.

MCCARTHY

I didn't think I'd make it. You saved me,
that's for sure.

McCarthy looks at The Dreamcatcher.

MCCARTHY

What's that?

JONESY

Dreamcatcher.

(McCarthy looks confused)

Indian charm. Catches nightmares, keeps them away, keeps you safe down here.

MCCARTHY

I've had enough nightmares.

Suddenly this incredible BELCH comes out of him. Louder than any belch you ever heard. He's mortified.

MCCARTHY

Been doing that all night. Ate some berries in the dark. I think they must have upset me.

Jonesy studies him. Is he imagining it, or has the red mark on his cheek grown? Another thing, McCarthy's chest is huge.

33 EXT. HENRY'S SCOUT, DEEP CUT ROAD (MAINE WOODS) - DAY 33

MOVING SHOTS: deep woods in heavy snowfall, beautiful but ominous. Henry and Pete are driving on this rutted logging road.

34 INT. HENRY'S SCOUT (TRAVELING) - DAY 34

Henry at the wheel. Pete's got a beer in one hand, cell phone in the other. He dials, listens, then holds the phone up to Henry.

PETE

You ever hear a signal like that before?

We HEAR it now too -- it's strange. Henry shakes his head. Pete flicks on the radio -- STATIC. He switches stations -- STATIC.

PETE

What is this? Must be the storm.

(nervous)

You think it's the storm?

HENRY

I will if you will.

Pete reaches back, brings up a new beer; catches Henry's glance.

PETE

I know what you're thinking.

(Henry shrugs, 'what?')

You're thinking that anyone who starts drinking at 11 A.M. probably needs to take the cure. But I only do it up here. In the real world, this shit never passes my lips

PETE (cont'd)
until after five. And if it ever does,
buddy, I'm on the wagon for life.

HENRY
I'm glad to hear it.

They ride in silence for a while.

PETE
What's the matter with you?

HENRY
(laughs)
What are you talking about?

PETE
Spare me, H. You know we can't hide this
shit from each other.

HENRY
(considers, finally)
Six months ago, the day Jonesy got hit, I
did something terrible with a patient.
Humiliated him, drove him away. Two days
ago I saw his picture in the paper. He ate
himself to death.

PETE
You mind if I don't use that story next
time I'm trying to sell a Mustang?
(Henry smiles)
Henry, you were a lead balloon long before
this porker munched his way to eternity.

HENRY
You're a great comfort, Pete. Delicate
touch -- Whoa!

The car has gone into a slide, but Henry rights it quickly.

HENRY
Sorry.

PETE
Can I ask you something?
(Henry: 'of course')
Does Jonesy know he died twice in the
ambulance that day?

HENRY
Once in the ambulance, once at the
hospital.

PETE
Does he know?

HENRY
(not sure)
Carla says 'no.' If he knows, he hasn't
let on.

PETE
Don't you think that's creepy?

Henry glances over, then shrugs, peers out ahead.

PETE
I wish we were back at the cabin.

HENRY
Hold tight -- I'm goosing it.

Pete nods. Henry starts driving faster. A lot faster.

35 INT. HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

35

On the couch, McCarthy gratefully accepts a bowl of soup from Jonesy. The door bursts open and here's Beaver, glasses fogged up, half blind, covered in snow. In addition to his own gear, he's got the stuff Jonesy left behind. Stamping his feet --

BEAVER
Jesus-Christ-bananas, some fuckarow this
is turning into!

Only when he's wiped his glasses clean and replaced them does he notice McCarthy. And the sweetest smile comes to his face.

BEAVER
I'm Joe Clarendon. Call me Beaver.

JONESY
Rick McCarthy here had a bad night in the
woods.

BEAVER
Welcome.
(shakes hands, points)
That frostbite?

MCCARTHY
(touches the red spot)
I get the same thing from peanuts --
allergy.

Beaver heads back to take off his coat, sharing a look with Jonesy at the stove. They don't think it's an allergy.

JONESY

Grilled cheese anyone?

MCCARTHY

This soup is fine for me, thanks.

BEAVER

I'll bite. Sail it over here.

MCCARTHY

My mother always used to feed me pea soup when I was feeling --

Another BELCH, even bigger and louder. Beaver whirls.

BEAVER

Bitch-in-a-buzzsaw! I've heard some mighty burps in my time but that's the blue ribbon baby.

MCCARTHY

I am so embarrassed --

JONESY

-- Rick ate some berries in the woods.

MCCARTHY

Oh no --

And now, ladies and gentlemen, this FART. It starts as a LOW RASPING NOISE -- and goes on and on. Beaver and Jonesy can't believe it. They can barely keep from laughing out loud.

MCCARTHY

Omigod, that's awful. I'm so sorry --

BEAVER

Rick, buddy, don't worry about it -- there's more room out than in, anyway...

(opens a window)

What've you been eating, woodchuck turds?

Jonesy stares at McCarthy. The older man's swollen chest is normal now, but his stomach is huge -- he looks pregnant.

JONESY

You know what I think? I think you need to lie down and take you a little nap.

McCarthy, in a heavy sweat now, manages to make it to his feet.

MCCARTHY

You know, I bet you're right. I'm tired,
that's all it is...

36 INT. BEDROOM, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

36

Jonesy settles McCarthy in a bed. The mark is larger and redder.

MCCARTHY

Thank you for taking me in. Thank you
both.

BEAVER

Ah, shit, anybody woulda.

MCCARTHY

Maybe. Maybe not..

Beaver puts a wastebasket next to the bed.

BEAVER

This is in case you have to, you know...
urk, if you can't make it to the bathroom.
(points)
Which, by the way, is the third door to
your left. If you go in the first, you'll
be taking a shit in the linen closet.

JONESY

Something we frown on.
(McCarthy is past jokes)
You need anything, we're outside.

McCarthy's eyes are closing, his breath deepening. Beaver and
Jonesy tiptoe out, closing the door behind them.

37 INT. KITCHEN, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

37

They quietly enter, but immediately break up, desperately trying
to suppress their laughter. Beaver opens the outside door --

BEAVER

Fuck me Freddy, gimme some air!

JONESY

(laughing)
We got any gas masks handy? We need a
biohazard team in here.

BEAVER

(gestures, 'stop')
Shut up, will ya? What're we into here? I
hate this kind of thing.

JONESY

(breaking up again)

Oh, like this happens a lot? You want to hear something that'll freak you out more?

BEAVER

Not really.

JONESY

You know his huge stomach? Well, when he got here, his stomach was normal but his chest was out to here. Looked like Anna Nicole Smith.

BEAVER

I wish Henry was here.

JONESY

He's a shrink, not an internist.

BEAVER

He went to med school... Did you?

38 INT./EXT. HENRY'S SCOUT, DEEP CUT ROAD (TRAVELING)- DAY 38

Henry, driving through the storm, Pete alongside, with beer.

PETE

Maybe you better slow down a little.

HENRY

Don't worry, Petey -- we're copacetic.

PETE

... copacetic. You want a beer?

HENRY

Later.

Pete chugs his beer, then points up ahead -- a steep hill.

PETE

Better get a run at it.

Henry guns the gas, squints to see. The Scout takes the hill with no problem. As they fly over the crest, Pete's eyes go wide --

PETE

Watch it!

HENRY

I see him!

A man is sitting in the center of the road, a hundred feet down the slope of the hill. Just sitting there, like a serene Buddha. The headlights flood him. The guy does not move an inch.

Henry twists the wheel to the right. The Scout's tires fight to get out of the deep ruts. Still no movement from the man in the road as the car rushes closer and starts to SKID broadside.

Pete braces his hands on the dashboard. Henry fights the car, turning the wheel the other way now.

FROM BEHIND the man in the road: the Scout skidding toward us, about to obliterate this guy.

Henry gets a close-up view out his side window and reacts in surprise -- it's a woman. Her hooded face flashes by Henry's window as the Scout misses her by inches.

FROM OVERHEAD we SEE the Scout slide by her, practically taking off her kneecaps. But that's the end of good fortune. The Scout hits a buried rock and the car starts to roll over.

INSIDE THE CAR Henry's seat belt breaks and he falls to the roof of the car. Everything's spinning now. The turn signal stalk breaks off and jams into his thigh -- he ~~CRIES~~ ^{SCREAMS} OUT in pain.

The Scout -- over and over it goes. Over and over. Slowing.

Then it stops. Upside down in the blizzard. Wheels spinning. Wipers going. The headlights shining into falling flakes and dark woods. We begin to HEAR Pete SCREAMING --

PETE

I broke my leg! Oh man, my damn leg!

INSIDE THE CAR. The WHICK-THUMP of the wipers is louder.

HENRY

Shut up for a second and let me get outta here.

PETE

Henry, help me! I'm caught! I can't --

Henry finds the door handle, fights it open, manages to unhook his legs, and pops out of the car like a cork from a bottle.

HENRY

Just a minute.

Henry lies there for a moment, breathing deeply. When he starts to get up, he realizes his leg is soaked with blood.

HENRY
My leg, oh man, my bloody leg --

PETE
(stops his moaning)
Yours broken too?

HENRY
No, it's just bloody, but I had to make
you shut up somehow.

Henry limps around the car to Pete's side, goes to his knees,
yanks the door open with both hands.

HENRY
Unbuckle your belt, Pete.

Henry pulls Pete out of the car. They both fall backwards into
the snow. Now they can't help it, both start to laugh. Like kids.

PETE
The fuck are you laughing about?

HENRY
(doesn't know)
How's the leg?

PETE
It ain't broken. Just locked up is all.
(at Henry's leg)
You're gushing pretty good.

HENRY
(looks, dispassionate)
Yeah. I think it's stopping.

Remembering simultaneously, they look off at the figure of the
woman in the road. She has not even turned in their direction.

39 INT. KITCHEN, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

39

Jonesy sits at the kitchen table marking on a grocery bag with a
felt marker. The page is full of doodles and written notations:
down in one corner is roughly the same sketch of The Dreamcatcher
Henry had made in his office. There's a primitive series of
drawings of a figure (McCarthy) with first a huge chest, then a
huge stomach, a mark on his face. And some lists: "Farts... Lost
~~at-sea~~ in the woods... H.& P., phone home!... DUDDITS calling..."

Beaver pulls a brand-new jar of peanut butter out of the cupboard
and comes over to sit opposite Jonesy. Quietly --

BEAVER

... You don't suppose he got exposed to radiation, do you? I saw that in a movie once. Guy ended up bald as Telly what's-his-fuck.

He takes a look at Jonesy's doodling and gives him a wary look. Then he unseals the jar, breaking the vacuum seals -- POP-POP!

JONESY

This guy's got plenty of hair. But I'll be damned if that red mark didn't get bigger while I was watching it --

(looks at Beaver)

What are you doing?

Beaver is repeatedly dipping his index finger into the virgin peanut butter and sticking big dollops in his mouth.

BEAVER

What? Peanut butter calms me down.

JONESY

Somebody else might want to use that jar.

BEAVER

I'll leave some.

Jonesy's eyes shift past Beaver toward the living room and he reacts, mesmerized. Beaver extracts a new toothpick, lovingly, from his pocket; he doesn't notice Jonesy's stare.

WHAT JONESY SEES: Out the living room picture window (beyond Beaver, FOREGROUND) an extraordinary thing is happening: dozens of animals are all moving through the yard in the same direction.

JONESY

Beav?

BEAVER

That would explain those nu-cular farts he's got...

JONESY

(stands up)

Beaver...

Beaver looks up at him, then turns to look. Whispering --

BEAVER

Criminettlies...

40 EXT. PICTURE WINDOW, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY 40

We're LOOKING IN at the two friends as they come to stand at the window. But WHAT WE NOTICE is the reflection in the window of the ANIMAL EXODUS that's happening outside in the snowstorm.

41 INT. PICTURE WINDOW, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY 41

FROM INSIDE, over the friends, we SEE the biggest animal parade since the Ark. Deer, raccoons, woodchucks, squirrels... and, right along with them, bears and wildcats. Animals that usually attack each other. None of the animals pays any attention to the others. They just keep moving quickly in the same direction. A lot have red-gold moss on their fur -- like on McCarthy's cheek.

42 EXT. SCOUT WRECK, DEEP CUT ROAD - DAY 42

Henry and Pete are finally up to making a move. Henry helps Pete up and they hobble toward the woman in the road.

PETE

I ought to warn you -- when we get up here, I'm gonna strangle this broad.

HENRY

If I had to guess, I'd say she's dead.

PETE

I don't care... I'll strangle her anyway. She almost got us both killed.

MOVING POV of the woman as they approach her from the back, heavy snow obscuring their view. It's pretty creepy.

REVERSE MOVING SHOT: The two limping friends bring us to the figure so we SEE her from the front before they do.

HENRY

Hello! Here we come, ma'am, so don't be startled.

PETE

I thought you said she was dead.

Henry shrugs. They come around her. She seems to be a frozen corpse. Just sitting there in her hooded coat and an orange vest. Her face white with frost. Eyes wide open. Blank. Staring.

HENRY

Hello.

Nothing.

PETE

Forget it, H., she's gone.

Pete pulls his gloves off and leans down close to her face, where he CLAPS his hands loudly in front of her nose.

PETE

Hello!

Suddenly the woman's hand shoots up and grabs Pete's leg! Henry jumps, but Pete SCREAMS, pulling away in terror and falling on his ass in the snow. Henry drops down in front of the woman.

HENRY

Ma'am, can you hear me? Are you okay?
Hello!

In reply, she FARTS deafeningly. Henry has to back off.

HENRY

I wonder if that's how they say 'hello' in these parts?

PETE

Phew! Listen, Miss Roadkill, you almost got us dead... say something.

The woman, BECKY, turns, registers them as if for the first time.

BECKY

I have to find Rick.

As she stares wildly around in the blizzard we SEE, in the shadow of her hood, an ugly red growth running down her neck.

43 EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

43

Jonesy and Beaver have come outside. They stare in wonder at the animals, then at each other, then back to the animals again.

BEAVER

What's that red stuff on their fur?

JONESY

Like McCarthy's cheek, right?

BEAVER

I never saw anything like this before.

JONESY

Even the bears look scared.

BEAVER

Of what, man? And where're they all going?

JONESY

It's not where they're going that worries me. It's what are they running away from?

And at that moment, the animals react to something and begin to move even faster. Now, we HEAR it too -- WHUP-WHUP-WHUP.

BEAVER

What-the-hell?

WHUP-WHUP-WHUP. The animals start running. From right over the roof of the cabin -- a city-bus-size CHINOOK HELICOPTER appears.

BEAVER

This could be perfect -- they can get Stinky to a hospital.

Up beyond the Chinook is a SECOND SMALLER HELICOPTER, a two-man KIOWA, hovering above its mate like a pilot fish near a whale. The Chinook drops to thirty feet, whipping the snow.

BEAVER

Hey you guys -- we need help!
(points toward cabin)
Got a sick guy inside!

The copter door opens, REVEALING a HELICOPTER GUY with a bullhorn. He's wearing a biohazard suit.

HELICOPTER GUY

(amplified)

HOW MANY ARE YOU? SHOW ME ON YOUR FINGERS.
THIS AREA IS UNDER TEMPORARY QUARANTINE.
YOU MUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

BEAVER

What do you mean, quarantine? We got a sick guy down here!

BEAVER AND JONESY

(overlapping)

-- We need help here! --
-- Real sick guy here! --

JONESY

Take him with you now!

HELICOPTER GUY
(booming on)
GREAT. YOU MUST NOT LEAVE. THIS AREA IS
UNDER QUARANTINE.

BEAVER
(screaming)
What's so damn great? We got a cov here
could be dying! We need some help!

GUY IN HELICOPTER
(makes an A-OK sign)
GLAD YOU'RE OKAY. THIS SITUATION WILL BE
RESOLVED IN 24 TO 48 HOURS.

Stunned, Beaver and Jonesy watch the big copter fly away.

BEAVER
Kiss my bender.

They stare in frustration, their attention now shifting to the
smaller copter, which continues to hover. CUT TO:

44 INT. SMALLER HELICOPTER - DAY 44

The solitary man in here is going to figure prominently in
everything that happens from now on -- COLONEL ABRAHAM KURTZ.

KURTZ'S POV: Beaver and Jonesy. Beaver flips him the finger.

Kurtz considers them with interest, then pulls up and away.

45 EXT. LOGGERS' SHELTER, DEEP CUT ROAD - DAY 45

A LOGGERS' SHELTER by the road. Primitive: four posts, a tin roof
collapsed in back to form an accidental lean-to. Henry and Pete
appear out of the snow, supporting Becky between them.

PETE
Let me ask you, old buddy, 'cause I'm
confused -- is this SSDD or not?

HENRY
Definitely not. Different shit today,
Pete. And a pretty weird day so far, if
you want to know.

As they lay Becky down in the shelter, she BELCHES.

PETE
I guess that's an improvement.

Now they see her stomach is gigantic. They share a look of dismay, but say nothing. They start picking up firewood and knocking off the snow.

HENRY

It's nine miles to Hole in the Wall. I think I can manage that. Then I'll bring the snowmobile back and get you both.

MINUTES LATER. A FIRE is going. A pile of wood nearby. Becky MOANS, looks glassy-eyed and terrified. Another FART. Pete moves a few feet away from her. Henry, about to go --

HENRY

Now Pete, you listen to me -- don't go back to the car for beer. I don't want it rolling over on you.

PETE

My right hand to God, Doctor D. --

He looks after Henry, who's heading off through the storm. Yells:

PETE

Henry, this is important --

(Henry stops, turns)

-- if we die before you get back? Promise you'll tell everybody she wasn't my date.

They both laugh, salute. Henry's smile fades a second before he turns away. He gives his friend one last concerned look, leaves.

46 INT. HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

46

Jonesy and Beaver are inside. Jonesy heads over toward the bedrooms, then stops suddenly. Beaver comes up next to him.

WHAT THEY SEE: a trail of blood from the bedroom door to the closed bathroom door.

They exchange a look and then turn to the open bedroom door. They can't see inside from where they stand. They step carefully over the blood and approach the door. [We're WITH THEM as they go.]

The room comes into view: there is blood on the floor. On the bed itself, halfway down the sheet, is a large bloody blotch. They exchange a look of dread and turn to the closed bathroom door. Avoiding the blood, Jonesy and Beaver approach the door.

JONESY

Pick? You okay?

MCCARTHY (O.S.)

(from inside)

I'm a little sick, fellows. I just need to make a little room.

BEAVER

McCarthy! Rick! Open up, man!

MCCARTHY (O.S.)

Go away.

Jonesy tries to turn the knob. Locked. Beaver pounds on the door.

BEAVER

Open the door, or we have to break it down.

MCCARTHY (O.S.)

(shouting now)

Can't a man have some privacy?

JONESY

Rick! Where you bleedin' from, buddy?

MCCARTHY (O.S.)

Bleeding? I'm not bleeding.

Jonesy and Beaver exchange a look, then eye the door.

JONESY

Let's do it.

BEAVER

I'm not all that absolutely positive I want to go in there.

JONESY

What if he's dying?... 'Scooby-Dooby-Doo, we got some work to do now.' On three. Ready? One...two...

(suddenly embarrassed)

Hold it -- What if we just bounce off?

BEAVER

No bounce, no play.

JONESY

Right. No bounce, no play.

They take a step back, turn their shoulders to the door.

BEAVER

One and a two and three --

They hurl their bodies at the door, which bursts open --

47

INT. BATHROOM, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

47

Jonesy and Beaver stumble into the bathroom, skidding on bloody floor tiles. Spastically, they grab the doorjamb and each other to keep from going down. When they've steadied themselves, they look at the scene before them, thunderstruck.

BEAVER

Ah, fuck... Ah, man -- fuck.

WHAT THEY SEE: and it's nothing you've ever seen before. The blue tile floor has blood on it, sure, but what it has a lot more of is reddish-gold mold. It's everywhere now. And IT'S GROWING.

McCarthy is sitting on the toilet, wearing only his thermal top and hunting cap. He stares ahead at the blue shower curtain. The red mold now covers half his face.

BEAVER

I don't want to see this, Jonesy -- man, I can't see this. I dunno, man...

JONESY

Shut up a minute. Mr. McCarthy? Rick?

BEAVER

Is he still alive?

JONESY

I don't know. Rick? Rick, are you --

Suddenly, a SPLASH in the toilet below McCarthy.

BEAVER

Oh... man. Jonesy, if he can still do that, he must be alive. I mean, c'mon...

JONESY

Rick? Can you hear me? I think he's dead.

BEAVER

Bullshit he is. He just dropped a clinker, I heard it.

JONESY

I don't think that was --

Beaver, flipping out, reaches to grab McCarthy's shoulder --

BEAVER

That's enough, fella! Snap out of it!

McCarthy falls into the tub, pushing the shower curtain ahead of him -- Jonesy and Beaver SEE something and simultaneously SCREAM. We SEE it for only a split second (12 frames):

McCarthy's ass has a giant, bloody crater in its center, as though a shotgun had fired from inside. McCarthy's body flops into the tub and, thank god, the shower curtain hides the horror.

Suddenly there is ANOTHER SPLASHING SOUND in the water of the toilet. Beaver leans forward to look inside the bowl, but Jonesy reaches in front of him and SLAMS the lid down.

JONESY

No!

BEAVER

No?

JONESY

No.

ANOTHER SPLASH and the lid bumps up. Beaver quickly sits on it.

JONESY

Good move, Beav.

(thinking out loud)

Whatever it is, it's trapped... Got nowhere to go but the septic tank...

Beaver's face lights up and instantly he FLUSHES the toilet. They listen to the water as it clears the bowl. They wait, tensely. It takes forever. FLUSHING ends. SILENCE. Beaver reaches into his pocket -- nervous compulsion -- and pulls out some toothpicks. He's about to select one when there is a huge THUMP from inside the bowl. The toothpicks go flying.

BEAVER

Shit!

JONESY

Listen, Beaver, we're going to change places.

BEAVER

What?

JONESY

One of us has got to go out to the shed.

BEAVER

One of us? No way --

JONESY

Shut up and listen! There's friction tape out there, isn't there? You're going to get it, come back here and we'll tape the lid down. Then we'll get the hell outta here.

Another THUMP! Beaver winces. He thinks, looks down.

BEAVER

You get the tape, Jonesy.

Jonesy gives him a long look. He loves this guy.

JONESY

Beav -- don't be brave. I'm heavier than you are and you're faster than me. You get the tape, I'll sit on Thumper.

BEAVER

No -- because if it does somehow get out, you can't fight it -- not with your hip.

Jonesy wavers; he understands what Beaver's doing.

BEAVER

Goddamit, go!

Jonesy takes off. Beaver is alone now. In this horrible place. Creepy quiet. Then, Jonesy is suddenly back in the doorway.

JONESY

And Beaver...?

BEAVER

Yeah?

JONESY

Sit tight, buddy.

-- and on that he breaks out laughing. So does Beaver. They just roar. Then Jonesy is gone.

Beaver checks his pocket -- no more toothpicks. He looks at two that have landed clear of the fungus, on clean tiles. He scrunches up his face -- even in desperation, is that too gross?

No. He needs a toothpick, now more than ever. Without lifting off the lid, Beaver strains to reach the closer toothpick. No good, he's a couple inches short. He gives up, frustrated. His glance falls on the mess in the bathtub, the late Mr. McCarthy.

BEAVER

Blow it out your ass.

That kind of cheers him, but only for a moment. He looks around, closes his eyes. And then he starts to SING, glorious and pure --

BEAVER

'I feel so bad I've got a worried mind
I'm so lonesome all the time
Since I left my baby on
Blue Bayou.'

He trails off and slumps into silence. Then, calling out --

BEAVER

Earth to Jonesy, come in, Jonesy!

48 INT. SHED, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

48

Jonesy is in the shed outside; it's crammed with stuff. He looks around for the friction tape -- and can't find it.

BEAVER (O.S.)

(distant)

Jonesy... I miss you!

Jonesy grabs a bicycle horn, squeezes -- OOHGAF! -- OOHGAF! Loud.

49 INT. BATHROOM, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

49

Faintly, Beaver HEARS the horn and it comforts him. He looks for more comfort, and there it is -- waiting on the clean tile, a toothpick. He looks at it longingly. Suddenly Beaver shouts --

BEAVER

Find the damn tape!

50 INT. SHED, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

50

Jonesy, wild with frustration, because he can't find it.

JONESY

Where is it? --

And he SLAMS his fist down on a table full of stuff. A stack of nail boxes topples over and there it is: the fat roll of tape. Jonesy grabs it and starts limping out of the shed --

51 INT. BATHROOM, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

51

A toothpick. TILT UP to Beaver. He can't take it anymore, he needs the solace of that wooden sliver. And he's convinced he can get away with the four-inch move that will bring it to his grasp.

Quickly now, he bends forward enough to grab the toothpick -- off the lid for just a moment -- a moment too long.

Something hits the lid of the toilet with terrifying force -- the lid catches Beaver in the balls and sends him pitching forward. He tries for balance by grabbing the shower curtain but --

-- the curtain pulls free: CU ANGLE of the bar with a metallic CLITTER-CLACK of rings popping free.

The toilet seat flies up so hard that it CRACKS the porcelain tank. Water pours out.

Beaver's face is on the bloody floor, in pain from his groin, but then something much worse happens: SOMETHING lands on his back (we catch only a glimpse from this angle, he can't see it at all) and he SCREAMS. Whatever it is, it's on his back, attached there somehow. Beaver pushes up from the floor and looks down his body in time to see:

The Thing's muscular tail come right between his legs, open its hideous tail pincers, and grab hold of Beaver's groin.

Beaver's face lifts up as he CRIES OUT in agony, but not defeat. With a mighty effort, Beaver rolls over and slams his body down, trying to crush the Thing on the floor. He cries out, with an awful high-pitched CHITTERING SOUND.

ABOVE BEAVER now, we SEE the pincers release. In a BLUR, the Thing wriggles out from under Beaver and EXITS THE FRAME. Beaver rises up, frantically twisting to locate it. As he turns, we SEE that his neck has a horrible wound and is gushing blood.

PUSH IN on Beaver's face as he SEES -- oh God, there it is --

WE SEE IT CLEARLY FOR THE FIRST TIME, clinging to the doorway about halfway up, this Thing, this muscular tentacle, several feet long, with two feverish black eyes. There's no way around it, all things considered, you've got to call it a SHIT WEASEL.

Now, the lower part of the head splits down along its body, revealing a nest of razor-sharp teeth.

It strikes at Beaver like a snake, then withdraws too fast to see. Beaver has raised his hands to his face to ward it off. For a moment he's confused about what's happened, but then --

-- he CRIES OUT again -- because three of his fingers are gone --

JONESY (O.S.)

(distant, entering cabin)

I'm comin', Beav --

The Shit Weasel coils on the doorjamb and then launches itself across the room and onto Beaver's chest.

Beaver is knocked backwards, the back of his knees catching the top of the toilet bowl. He sits down violently into the bowl, this horror WRIGGLING on his chest -- tail wrapping around his torso, pincers stabbing to grip.

The Weasel draws back to strike at Beaver's face, and does, but at the very moment when we expect to see the worst, Beaver's good hand comes up gripping a toilet brush with a stout wooden handle and gets it between them.

The Weasel catches it square in the mouth and is stopped an inch from Beaver's eyes. For this one second, one time, Beaver has triumphed. The Weasel is confused. It draws back and CHOMPS through the 3/4" handle with no trouble, SPRAYING splinters and WET SLIME, then arches to strike again.

Jonesy, at last, arrives in the doorway.

JONESY

Beaver! Beav, what-

The Shit Weasel turns to look at Jonesy. For a moment it seems it might release Beaver and attack Jonesy instead. Beaver senses this and does the most extraordinary thing: he wraps his arms around the Weasel to keep it from launching at Jonesy.

BEAVER

Jonesy, get outta here! Get out! Shut the door!

Jonesy registers Beaver's last, incredible sacrifice.

BEAVER

(weak)

...run Jonesy...

CU BEAVER, blood-splattered face turned for his last look at Jonesy. He turns back to his enemy, in time to see --

BEAVER'S POV: the Weasel has returned its attention to him and is at this moment ready to strike -- DIRECTLY AT CAMERA, teeth and maw coming right at Beaver's eyes. BEAVER'S WORLD GOES BLACK.

Jonesy watches in horror as Beaver is driven backwards over the toilet (where, mercifully, we can't fully see the damage). In a split second, pop goes the Weasel, reappearing at the base of the bowl and slithering fast right at Jonesy.

Halfway across the room, it lifts its head and launches at Jonesy -- who manages to SLAM the door just as the Shit Weasel hits. The door quakes and the wood distorts at the impact point, but holds.

52 INT. OUTSIDE BATHROOM, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

52

Jonesy grips the door knob with both hands. From inside, angry CHITTERING. The door begins to SHAKE.

CU the doorknob, as Jonesy holds it. Now it starts to turn.

Jonesy strains to maintain his grip. The doorknob keeps on turning, until... the pressure on the doorknob subsides.

Jonesy takes a breath. He leans in close to adjust his grip. Suddenly, right next to Jonesy's head, the Weasel is attacking the door with its teeth, punching at the wood, again and again.

Jonesy, terrified, knows there's not a thing he can do to stop it biting through the door. But his terror is replaced by a realization and hot tears begin to pour down his face --

JONESY

You killed him. You killed Beaver!
(screaming)

You killed him, you fuck!

The doorknob begins to turn again, with such force that Jonesy cannot hold it. The rod connecting the knobs SNAPS, the doorknob comes loose. The door starts to open.

Now something happens that makes Jonesy SHRIEK: a shadow passes over him. He's not alone. Jonesy spins.

MR. GRAY is standing behind him. He's an extraterrestrial. You can tell because he's got that look we've seen a thousand times, in a hundred subtle variations, in movies and tabloids:

Huge black eyes, gray skin, spindly legs. Something almost benevolent about his appearance. He's seven feet tall and while it's pretty horrifying actually having him there in the room...

... it could be worse. We're so familiar with this look, it's almost as comforting as Mickey Mouse.

Jonesy is frozen. Mr. Gray comes closer. And closer still.

AT FLOOR LEVEL, the Shit Weasel slithers out of the bathroom, between Jonesy's feet, and over to Mr. Gray's legs, where it heads upwards, spiralling gracefully up the ET's body.

TILT UP with the Weasel as it zips around Mr. Gray's skinny chest and settles on his shoulder. The Shit Weasel coils, as if to

strike at Jonesy, but abruptly turns to look in the direction of the bedroom, then launches itself off that way, landing with a wet SMACK on the floor and undulating away.

Mr. Gray takes no notice. He leans down so that his head and Jonesy's are just inches apart.

JONESY

What do you want?

Suddenly, violently, LOUDLY, Mr. Gray's head EXPLODES in a cloud of wet, red-gold particles.

WHAT WE SEE: (and Jonesy probably doesn't as he flinches in surprise) is that under the benevolent husk -- the good Grayboy disguise -- is the TRUE MR. GRAY. And that is a truly horrible sight. Imagine the Shit Weasel grown to seven feet, completely covered in the red-gold slime, and fully equipped with hideous articulation. We see it for only 8 frames.

The red-gold slime-cloud of particles completely engulfs Jonesy's upper body.

Jonesy inhales them. He breathes them all in...

53

EXT. GOSSELIN'S MARKET - DAY

53

We're LOOKING UP at the old sign we saw before: GOSSELIN'S MARKET. The small helicopter we saw at Hole in the Wall comes WHUP-WHUP-WHUPPING by, then the gigantic Chinook, then another, and another. We become aware of a HUGE DIN.

CRANING UP past the sign and REVEALING that Gosselin's has been transformed: the world of the military has arrived. Buses and Humvees, trucks and trailers, Quonset huts and helicopters have arrived en masse -- and keep right on arriving.

All the MILITARY PERSONNEL wear unmarked green coveralls. They move about quickly, the air sharp with tension and efficiency.

Light towers are going up. A powerful electric fence is almost finished, enclosing the entire property -- store, barn and corral. In the distance, the SOUND of AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE.

ANGLE ON the small helicopter as it lands, closest to camp. The bigger birds land beyond, guided by a bevy of waving GROUND CREW. Out of the small copter comes the fellow we saw before --

-- COL. ABRAHAM KURTZ. He's more impressive than anybody you're likely to meet. In his sixties, tall, fit, with white eyebrows -- a great soldier. There's something savage (and funny) about his ferocious mien. He heads toward a big Winnebago parked among trailers. Kurtz looks with interest at the corral.

TWO DOZEN HUNTERS, from crusty old-timers to stylish L. L. Beaners, are milling about the corral and barn. More HUNTERS and LOCALS are being brought in now in trucks, or herded in on foot. (Some show the red-gold fungus on exposed skin.) Everyone goes into the holding area. The place looks like a prison camp.

Kurtz steps up to enter his Winnebago when HE SEES, through the swarming activity --

A large GRAY SCHOOL BUS rolling into camp, loaded with SOLDIERS. What interests Kurtz is the man at the open front door: he's munching from an open Burger King bag, looking around with cool, noncommittal interest at the activity. His name is --

OWEN UNDERHILL, fortyish, and he's the other great soldier we're going to meet. The guy you want alongside you when things go bad. Feeling Kurtz's gaze even at this distance, he looks up at him.

Kurtz smiles.

54

INT. KURTZ'S WINNEBAGO, GOSSELIN'S - DAY

54

Kurtz is waiting as Owen steps up into the motorhome. The men look each other over -- like lions -- for a moment, then embrace. They have fought together before.

KURTZ

Owen.

OWEN

Boss.

KURTZ

How's Rita?

OWEN

Good.

KURTZ

I'll get you back to her quick as I can.

The Winnebago is where Kurtz eats, sleeps, works. It's loaded with electronics and other secret stuff. On the walls, some blown-up photos: woods, cabins, people and animals with and without the fungus. Owen looks at one of the more egregious examples --

KURTZ

The men call the red stuff 'Ripley,' after the broad in the ALIEN movies. We're eradicating the animals as they flee. Fortunately, they're so spooked they're mostly headed into our fire zones.

OWEN
And the populace?

Kurtz reacts slightly. Gives Owen a sideways glance.

KURTZ
The civilians are being brought here.
We'll hold 'em till we figure this out.
And Owen, this time --
(an honor)
-- the ET's belong to you. You'll be Blue
Boy Leader.

OWEN
(pleased)
Finally... How many left?

KURTZ
About a hundred.

Owen reacts: "that's odd." Kurtz picks up on it.

KURTZ
Yeah, not nearly enough for a serious
incursion. My guess is it's a crash
landing. They've never picked terrain like
this before or even cold weather. And
we're negative on any organized movement
since they came down.

OWEN
What then?

KURTZ
It's all guesswork, but from my limited
experience --
(Owen laughs, an old joke)
-- I'd say the real threat is them
getting out of our net. Whether the
landing was planned or not, they're gonna
send out scouts... see if they get lucky.
I always say, they've never visited a
world they wouldn't rather own.

Owen watches him intently.

KURTZ
Frankly, bucko, you never know what shit
these motherless bastards are gonna come
up with next. Like that Grayboy look, with
the innocent doggy eyes and smooth skin.
They project what they think we want to
see. But I've had a look at the real thing

KURTZ (cont'd)
and, believe me, you wouldn't want it
marrying your sister.

Owen peers at the photos of the fungus on its victims.

OWEN
There's a difference of opinion about the
Ripley.

KURTZ
(reacts)
Really. Who's got an opinion?

OWEN
Who do you think?

KURTZ
(darkly)
General Matheson.

OWEN
(nods)
Four-star General Matheson.

KURTZ
(winces, that stings)
Four?

Owen confirms it with a look. The implication: they share an
antipathy for this old nemesis.

KURTZ
When did you see him?

OWEN
They called me in yesterday. They knew I
was headed up here.

KURTZ
And what is their vaunted opinion... those
enlightened cocksuckers who've never been
within three states of an ET?

OWEN
They say the fungus doesn't take hold in
all the vics. That some people will just
get over it with no treatment at all.

KURTZ
And the Shit Weasels, the ones blasting
out the basement door? They think folks
'get over' one of those puppies?

OWEN

The theory they're working on is... the creature will only grow in a small percentage of the exposed population.

Kurtz peers at Owen.

KURTZ

You like that theory, bucko?

There is a long pregnant pause. They look into each other's eyes.

OWEN

I think it's crap.

KURTZ

So, if you thought someone had been exposed...

He goes to the window and pulls up the blinds, giving them a snowy view of the holding area and its growing population.

KURTZ

... and you had 'em in your grasp?

OWEN

(hard, cold)

I wouldn't want them walking out of here to wander as they wish.

Kurtz likes that response. He puts his arm around Owen.

KURTZ

Bucko, I believe we are on the same page, saluting the same flag... and pissing in the same latrine, are we not?

(Owen nods)

If the Ripley gets out of this pine-tree paradise...

(looks at Owen)

... well, it cannot be allowed to do that. I've quarantined the entire area. Nothing leaves alive.

OWEN

Roger that, Boss.

Kurtz smiles, moves over to a cabinet, opens a door to reveal a safe. He begins spinning the combination lock.

KURTZ

I've fought these suckers for twenty-five years and for twenty-five years, I've run

KURTZ (cont'd)
 a nonmilitary operation with military
 personnel. A top secret operation which
 invariably must be conducted right out in
the open.

He opens the door to the safe and takes out a beautiful case.

KURTZ
 Luckily for me, there are two pieces of
 good news in this blizzard of bullshit.
 One -- my predecessors on the job have
 been developing contingency plans for just
 this sort of clusterfuck since 1947.
 (dramatically, opens case)
 And two -- I have you to lead the assault
 today... and to take over for me tomorrow.

OWEN
 What are you talking about, Abe?

From the box, Kurtz lifts a shiny silver .45 Colt automatic with
 a pearl handle.

KURTZ
 Owen, this is my last dance. My final
 whirl around the floor. From now on,
 you'll be leading the band.

He hands Owen the gun.

KURTZ
 You know where I got that, don't you?

OWEN
 John Wayne.

KURTZ
 That's right, laddie. He gave it to me and
 I'm giving it to you.
 (winks at him)
 'Cause I don't have a crown handy.

OWEN
 Abe, I don't know how --

KURTZ
 Let's not get all girly with each other,
 Owen. This is hard enough. Just tell me
 how we do it...

OWEN
 (an old mantra)
 'We go in fast and hard...'

KURTZ
And how do we come out, bucko?

OWEN
'... we come out clean and ...'

KURTZ AND OWEN
(together)
'... smilin'!'

55 EXT. DEEP CUT ROAD - DAY

55

MOVING SHOT along the ragged trail that Pete is making as he drags his bad leg through the deepening snow.

CATCHING UP to him as he makes his way back to the Loggers' Shelter from the wreck of the Scout. He's done exactly what Henry admonished him not to do, and he's struggling with an overload of beer bottles in grocery sacks that seem ready to burst.

56 EXT. LOGGERS' SHELTER - DAY

56-

Pete reaches the lean-to. The fire is still going and Becky seems to have made herself comfortable before falling asleep. She's lying on her side, eyes closed, face toward the fire.

PETE
Honey, I'm home... just hadda see a man
about a horse...

Pete drops down on the other side of the fire, his back to a snowbank. He opens a beer, looks her over --

PETE
Good idea, catch a little shut-eye. Save
your energy for those horrendous farts...

CUT TO REVERSE over Becky's reclining figure, Pete beyond the comforting flames. BOOM DOWN to ground level: in the shadow cast by the bright fire in front, we SEE that Becky's ass is a bloody mess, having been blown out exactly like McCarthy's. A bloody trail leads into the deep snow, then disappears.

57 EXT. SHED, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

57

ANGLE ON THE DOOR TO THE SHED, open now to the swirling blizzard. Quiet, peaceful -- until, from inside the shed, the ear-splitting ROAR of a snowmobile engine starting up.

An ARCTIC CAT SNOWMOBILE explodes out of the shed, travels twenty feet and skids to a stop AT CAMERA. The driver appears to be -- surprise -- none other than Jonesy. But there's something wrong --

CU JONESY/MR. GRAY. They're using one body now -- the one formerly operated exclusively by Gary Jones, Ph.D. -- but now controlled by Mr. Gray. His eyes lack Jonesy's warmth. Even so --

Jonesy is still in there. And Mr. Gray knows it, knows there's some part of Jonesy he can't get at. For now, Jonesy's body is good enough for his purposes -- to move through this world and complete his mission.

WHAT BOTH JONESY AND MR. GRAY KNOW: a battle has begun:

Jonesy/Mr. Gray REVS the engine of the Arctic Cat and heads off.

58 EXT. LOGGERS' SHELTER - DAY

58

Pete is pretty sloshed. Lots of empties around. He throws some more wood on the fire.

PETE'S POV: the leaping flames, and through them, Becky, apparently in blissful sleep.

PETE

... well, it's very nice of you to say so. I find you very attractive, also. And I have the feeling that you're one of those rare women who could really handle the full-size Ford Expedition, the truck that handles like a luxury car... a really big luxury car...

(laughs, losing it)

... but seriously, folks, there is one issue I'd like to bring up, just in case I should, you know, kick the bucket out here... turn into a goddamn Petesicle... not that I think that's inevitable...

IN THE SNOWBANK behind Pete, we SEE that something is moving under the snow, creating a raised, moving map of its progress toward Pete's back. Pete takes a final swig and flips the empty over his shoulder into the snowbank -- the moving bulge stops.

PETE

... I'm sure Henry or Jonesy or Beaver will be coming to get us soon enough. They're my friends, you see, we're all best friends, and friends don't let each other down. Not never...

The bulge in the snow starts moving toward Pete again.

PETE

... which really relates to what I wanted to bring up here... Now, ma'am, I'm gonna

PETE (cont'd)

be very candid with you about this. So, please, don't get freaked out or think I'm some kind of weirdo who you shouldn't meet for the best fried clams in Maine -- just some innocent fried clams at The West Wharf!--

(catches himself)

... Sorry about that, ma'am... Here's what I wanted to mention -- you see the four of us, these best friends, we all have this other friend, by the name of Duddits. And our friend Duddits... well, he's not your average ole buddy. No ma'am, he is not your average anything. And one day, a long time ago, he gave us all this kinda gift. It's this... how should I put it?... this ability. This ability to know things, to talk to each other, sometimes, without talking at all. Do you see what I'm getting at?

Pete looks through the flames at the unresponsive Becky.

PETE

Yeah, I knew you would. Well, here's the thing, ma'am, here's the dicey part. Lately, I've been having this dream... ...and in the dream I understand how our friend Duddits could give us a gift like that. And do you know what it is I understand? Do you, darlin'? It's this -- (looks around, confidential) -- I think maybe our friend Duds is not from this planet. I think that Duddits is from somewhere else and he came here to prepare us for something...

Pete suddenly falls silent. Glumly, he opens a new bottle. The moving bulge in the snowbank is right behind him now.

PETE

That's crazy, si? I'm talkin' shit about the only perfect person I ever knew. He's so goddam good, I can't believe he's a human... Man, I should be singing his praises, not questioning what galaxy -- I gotta pee... that's what I should be doing...

Pete stands up, painfully, and turns to face the snowbank. He unzips his pants, with some difficulty, then writes in the snow with his piss: "D-u-d-d--"

PETE

Here's to you, Duds, the highest civilian
decoration--

He pisses the vertical stroke of the "i" and then dots it:

The snow melts away under the warm stream, REVEALING the noded,
red-gold head of Becky's SHIT WEASEL!

Pete squints, not sure what he's seeing --

PETE

Lord, I will never drink again...

The Weasel launches itself out of the snow directly at Pete's
crotch. We CAN'T SEE where the impact happens, but it's bad.

Pete doubles over in agony and grabs the slimy, wriggling Weasel,
trying to pull it off. The Weasel's CHITTERING merges with PETE'S
SCREAMS. They begin a whirling battle --

CUT TO: Becky's peaceful, dead countenance -- a mute witness.

The Weasel's tail is around Pete's thigh, trying to imbed its
pincers in his lower back. Pete staggers, seems about to fall.
But even drunk and hurt, he's still an athlete. Still gripping
the Weasel, he looks down and hurls himself into the fire.

IN THE FIRE, Pete isn't feeling the heat yet through his heavy
clothes, but the Weasel reacts with a deafening SCREECH. It
releases its hold on Pete and shoots out of the fire, CHITTERING
wildly. Pete rolls out of the fire, tears of pain rolling down
his cheeks. He grabs a burning piece of wood as he goes.

OUT OF THE FIRE now, Pete looks around desperately to locate the
Weasel, which has disappeared from view.

PETE'S POV: desperately scanning the area -- the snowbank, the
roof of the shelter, the litter of bottles and bags -- finally
settling on Becky's lifeless body.

Pete squints at Becky through flooded eyes. He holds the torch in
front of him defensively, hesitant to look down at his damaged
groin. Now he looks down, winces in horror, then HEARS the
grotesque CHITTERING. He looks up to see --

-- the Weasel rise from behind Becky's head and launch itself.
Pete dodges, but the Weasel has got hold of him near his left
ear. The creature swings out to full length from Pete's head as
he spins around, then wraps its tail under his arm and prepares
to bury its tail pincers in his neck.

At that moment, in the second before the mortal strike, Pete brings the flaming torch up and SLAMS it into the head of the Weasel, even though it means burning his own face. The Weasel SCREECHES in shock and flies off into the snow.

Pete, crazed, bloody, burnt -- a fearsome sight -- locates his adversary and goes after it, torch in hand -- RIGHT PAST CAMERA.

59

EXT. DEEP CUT ROAD - DAY

59

Henry trudges through the blizzard. The only sound the steady FLUMPH-FLUMPH of each footfall. Talking to himself --

HENRY

... So let me get this straight, okay?
Because I'm a little confused here...

We begin to HEAR HENRY'S THOUGHTS:

HENRY (V.O.)

... Last week you were ready to implement "Plan D" or "Exit, Stage Right" as it's sometimes known. The one where the bullshit shrink finally stops his bullshitting and actually, how do you say?...

(out loud)

... offs himself. Blammo! And now, days later, all you can think about is... surviving another couple hours? And don't tell me it's all about Pete, either --

-- he HEARS something ahead: the APPROACHING WHINE of the Arctic Cat's engine. Henry stops, his expression brightens.

HENRY

Jonesy! Wav to go, motherfucker...

(V.O.)

... I was worried about you and Beav... I got the weirdest feeling a while ago, but...

(out loud)

... I guess the message got garbled, 'cause here you come to save the day --

(singing)

'Mighty Mouse is on the way!'

The Arctic Cat is ROARING, just over that next rise. Henry's smile disappears; it looks like he just got a migraine --

HENRY (V.O.)

... What in the hell -- Who's Mr. Gray?
What are you trying to tell --

HENRY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 (out loud)
 -- me? ...

Henry struggles to understand the message he's getting.

HENRY (V.O.)
 -- You're not Jonesy!

CUT TO the rise ahead, as the Arctic Cat sails over, Jonesy/Mr. Gray at the controls. TRACKING WITH IT as it bears down on the spot where Henry was just standing. It comes, and comes... and goes right by.

No Henry in sight. The snowmobile speeds through the next turn and disappears. The engine's WHINE recedes in the distance.

A DITCH: a deep drift of snow stirs to life. Henry appears, looks after the departing Arctic Cat, his expression grim.

HENRY (V.O.)
 Pete will know, he'll see it right away...
 (out loud)
 ... if he's not too drunk.

60 EXT. ARCTIC CAT, DEEP CUT ROAD - DAY

60

TRAVELING SHOT with Jonesy/Mr. Gray as they speed along. A beat. And then a really strange thing begins to happen:

Jonesy and Mr. Gray (both in Jonesy's body) begin what will become a long debate. This dialogue takes several forms, but we can identify who's speaking at any moment for a simple reason: Mr. Gray has chosen a famous voice for his work in this world. When he speaks, either OUT LOUD (when we see Jonesy's lips moving) or VOICE OVER (when they communicate by thought), Mr. Gray sounds exactly like... ORSON WELLES. Jonesy, of course, sounds like Jonesy.

MR. GRAY
 What was that?

JONESY
 Are you speaking to me?

MR. GRAY
 Yes, I am, Mr. Jones. Or is it... Jonesy? That's what your friends call you, isn't it? Let's be friends -- What was that, Jonesy?

JONESY
 (to himself)
 Why does it sound like Orson Welles?

MR. GRAY

I admire this voice. The man who correctly predicted THE WAR OF THE WORLDS. And, of course, Paul Masson wines...

(late Welles, the pitchman --)

'We will serve no wine before its time.'

(again)

What was that?

JONESY

What was what?

MR. GRAY (V.O.)

We just passed something and you're trying to keep it from me.

JONESY (V.O.)

I don't know what you're talking about. But if we're taking questions, how 'bout I ask a few?

MR. GRAY (V.O.)

Be my guest.

JONESY

Why haven't you finished me off?

MR. GRAY

I'm borrowing you. We're going to take a little journey.

JONESY

You killed Beaver and he never did anything to anybody.

MR. GRAY

I've already found something useful in your head. Your friend had nothing in his.

JONESY (V.O.)

Fuck you.

MR. GRAY (V.O.)

I know what that expression means. I've memorized that section of your Memory Warehouse. Somewhat tasteless, I must say.

JONESY

How 'bout this? Eat shit and die, Mr. Gray.

Mr. Gray reacts, flinching.

MR. GRAY
 Why do you call me that?
 (no response)
 Has someone told you about me?

JONESY
 You can't tell?
 (then, V.O.)
 What's the matter, Warehouse closed?

PUSH IN on Jonesy as that thought sticks for a moment. Then his expression changes -- Mr. Gray takes precedence again.

MR. GRAY
 I'm surprised you're able to keep some things from me. I don't understand it. But I assure you, it won't last long... I'm coming in, Jonesy.

Mr. Gray twists the hand throttle, powering through a snowdrift.

MR. GRAY
 I'm going to need your cooperation up ahead.

JONESY (V.O.)
 Kiss my bender.

MR. GRAY
 I don't think your friend Pete will help me if he hears this voice.
 (a fair imitation of Jonesy's voice)
 And I haven't got the hang of yours just yet.

Jonesy is stunned that Mr. Gray has got that far. What next?

MR. GRAY
 Your friend has a gift for finding things, does he not? I need to find my way out of these woods.

JONESY
 What if I won't help?

MR. GRAY
 Pete's in bad shape. If things go wrong, he'll die right now. If I get what I want, who knows?

61

EXT. LOGGERS' SHELTER - DAY

61

Snow has obscured much, but we SEE: the Shit Weasel, dead and burnt crisp, in the dying fire. Becky, lying dead. The Ripley around her body is turning gray as it freezes.

Jonesy/Mr. Gray stops the Arctic Cat and looks around. For a moment, nothing. Then, a low MOAN. From a mound of snow, Pete rolls into view. Jonesy/Mr. Gray goes to him.

It's really the remains of Pete. Ripley is all over his face and throat; his burned face has been partially eaten away. There's a huge dark blood stain at his crotch.

JONESY

Aw, Pete, Jesus --

PETE

(weak)

...motherfucker tried to bite my dick off, Jonesy. I always thought it'd be my ex-wife did that...

JONESY

(lifts Pete up)

Let's get you to some help.

Jonesy supports him as they start toward the snowmobile.

JONESY

Can you still see The Line, buddy?

PETE

I don't need the damn Line to get to Gosselin's.

JONESY

I know that, but --

(hesitates, torn)

-- if we didn't want to go to Gosselin's ...how would you get us out to 95?

PETE

95? Who gives a shit? I'm hurtin' here, Jonesy --

Pete pulls away, falling over in the snow. He peers at Jonesy.

PETE

What's wrong with you?... Wait a minute, you're not --

JONESY

Shut up, Pete! You're too messed up to know what you're saying --

Suddenly, Mr. Gray cuts him off in Orson Welles' voice.

MR. GRAY

-- Too late for that. Pete, I need you to get on the snowmobile right now.

PETE

Who the fuck are you? You sound like that fat guy used to be on Johnny Carson... this has somethin' to do with that fuckin' eel, doesn't it? I'm not --

The Ripley at Pete's neck jerks to life, lightning like a python. Pete GASPS, grabs at the fungus. Mr. Gray's dead eyes look down at Pete, who is slowly choking to death. We begin to PULL BACK from this excruciating sight --

-- through a window frame, and past a figure watching from inside the window -- Jonesy! We are --

62 INT. JONESY'S OFFICE, MEMORY WAREHOUSE (IN JONESY'S HEAD) 62

Jonesy's in his office in the Memory Warehouse.

JONESY

(shouting)

Stop it, stop it! I'll get him to help.

(at Pete)

Pete, tell him what he wants to know!

63 EXT. LOGGERS' SHELTER - DAY 63

Mr. Gray blinks and the Ripley relaxes. Pete, breathing again, looks in terror at Jonesy/Mr. Gray:

MR. GRAY

Now, Pete, which way to I-95? I need to go to Massachusetts.

Pete raises his index finger and begins to wag it, looks.

WHAT PETE SEES: As in the drugstore, a path in the middle of his view. The Line going off into the woods... RIGHT PAST THE WATCHING MR. GRAY.

Mr. Gray jolts and sidesteps, as though The Line were a physical thing which has almost hit him. He recovers quickly.

MR. GRAY
 My, my... That is a gift.
 (to Pete)
 Who taught you that?

JONESY (V.O.)
 (quickly)
 I did.

MR. GRAY (V.O.)
 (reacts, smiling)
 I don't think so, Professor. But I'll know
 soon enough.

He heads for the snowmobile, flipping up the hood of his parka.

MR. GRAY
 You're going to be a big help, Pete. Climb
 aboard.

64 INT. JONESY'S OFFICE, MEMORY WAREHOUSE (IN JONESY'S HEAD) 64

At the window Jonesy breathes a sigh of relief, his friend saved. Suddenly, POUNDING on the door of the office. Jonesy goes to the quaking door and peeks out through the peephole.

WHAT HE SEES (FISH-EYE DISTORTION): His view of the stacks is instantly blocked by the True Mr. Gray, who is outside, looking back at him. (So close Jonesy can't see what he looks like.)

Jonesy is confused. He spins to look out the window, but there's nothing out there except the now-deserted Loggers' Shelter. More POUNDING. From outside the door:

MR. GRAY (O.S.)
 Show's over out there, buddy. Let me in.

CU Jonesy, his mind racing. Mr. Gray has total access out there.

MR. GRAY (O.S.)
 What have you got in there, Professor?
 Your files are out here, aren't they?
 (beat)
 I want to know who warned you about me.
 And who taught Pete that nifty trick...
 I'm sure the answers are out here. It
 might take a little while without your
 assistance, but I'll find them.
 (Welles voice moving away)
 ... Back in a bit. Think about letting me
 in. It's the polite thing to do...

65 EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

65

WIDE SHOT. Everything looks okay from here. Beautiful, in fact: weathered cabin, heavy snowfall, embracing forest. Here comes Henry slogging to the end of his long walk.

CLOSER SHOT: with Henry now, seeing what he sees, when he sees it. He stops on the granite slab and looks inside.

66 INT. HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

66

The interior, overrun with red-gold fungus, COMES INTO VIEW as Henry edges inside. SERIES OF SHOTS: We can actually see the fuzz growing, like slow-moving lava. Henry looks up, stunned.

REVERSE, BOOMING UP so what he's looking at is REVEALED at the top of the move -- The Dreamcatcher, all but obliterated by the growth, like a red-gold wasps' nest, only a bit not yet engulfed.

HENRY

You caught a hell of a nightmare this time.

Suddenly, Henry gets a chilling feeling that something is behind the door he's standing next to. He quickly pulls the door closed, terrified. There is something -- Jonesy's deer rifle. Henry picks up the rifle, checks the chamber, then takes it with him as he moves carefully into the room, watching where he steps. There is a pile of something (hidden in mold) by the bathroom door.

HENRY

What is this?
(calling out)
Beav?

Shining in the pile is the doorknob; next to it lies the roll of friction tape, where Jonesy dropped it. (We have the feeling that something could spring from the pile at any moment.)

Henry looks into what this morning was a blue bathroom and is now a red cave of fungus. Henry sees a Doc Marten boot sticking out of the bathtub full of mold. His worst fears are confirmed.

HENRY

Ah, Beaver, shit... fuck me Freddy.

Huge tears roll down his cheeks. Suddenly, he FLINCHES. He's standing in the exact spot where Mr. Gray's head exploded.

WE SEE IT HAPPEN AGAIN, as does Henry, in a futzed, distorted image. Mr. Gray's outer husk explodes and Jonesy is engulfed in the cloud of red-gold particles, which Jonesy inhales.

Henry is devastated. He backs away from that spot, as though he's just seen the actual event happen.

He HEARS something, stops, tries to identify what it is -- a CHITTERING SOUND. Henry lifts the rifle as he inches toward a view of the bedroom. The NOISE gets LOUDER. Henry reaches the door, looks inside and reacts in horror.

CHITTERING angrily on the blood-soaked bed sits the Shit Weasel that killed Beaver. Mouth open, fangs ready, huge eyes staring at Henry. Its muscular body is wrapped protectively around --

-- one hundred eggs the size of big marbles, orange-brown, covered with a murky wet substance. Inside each one, a hairlike shadow moves. The Weasel lifts up, but the speed we saw before is gone -- the laying of the eggs has sapped that.

Henry unshoulders his rifle. The Weasel CHITTERS like crazy. Henry fires; a deafening GUNSHOT and -- he missed.

HENRY

Asshole!

The Weasel moves toward him. Henry, sweating, fires again. The Shit Weasel's HEAD EXPLODES, its body blown off the bed. Henry looks at the eggs, thinks, then races out of the room.

67 INT. KITCHEN, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

67

BLACKNESS. Then a cabinet door opens. We're beneath the sink. Henry reaches in and grabs a can of barbecue lighter fluid. From the counter, he snatches a box of matches, then heads back.

68 INT. BEDROOM, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

68

Henry comes to the foot of the bed and extends his arm to squirt the lighter fluid. Suddenly, he stops, peers at something. He squints, not sure what he's seeing, then moves up along the bed.

HENRY'S POV: MOVING IN on some thing, or things, in the shadow of the pillow. We recognize it at the same moment Henry does -- twenty of the weasel eggs, but these are cracked open and empty!

Henry reacts and, simultaneously, HEARS horrible MEWLING CRIES. He looks down at his feet. A dozen worm-like NEWBORN WEASELS are crawling out from under the bed. Two are already climbing up his pant leg and a third is trying to work its way into his boot.

Henry jumps back, kicking out with his foot. The Weasel on his boot flies off. He swats the two on his pants to the floor and STOMPS them. He squirts the lighter fluid on the floor where the others are sliding toward him, then onto the bed. The worms react to the fluid, MEWLING unbearably. And then they keep coming --

Henry backs across the room, sliding open the box of matches. His hands are shaking badly. He gets a couple of the matches out, but juggles the box and loses it. It falls onto the floor.

Henry STOMPS the Weasels in the lead, and tries to light the match in his hand with his thumbnail -- once... STOMP... twice... STOMP, STOMP. His hands won't stay still.

ANGLE DOWN on Henry's shaking hand, flicking desperately at the match head. Beyond his hand, the Weasel worms are sliding toward him. And then, finally --

-- FIRE. Henry drops the match into the puddle of fluid and the floor erupts in flame. And then the bed. As the fire spreads, there are POPPING SOUNDS as the eggs burst, and high-pitched MEWLING as the Weasel worms curl into black crisps. Henry backs out of the bedroom, squirting more fluid as he goes.

69 INT. LIVING ROOM, HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

69

Henry passes under The Dreamcatcher as he empties the can of lighter fluid and throws it into the fire. He opens the front door and turns to look once more at the cabin. Anguished --

HENRY

So long, Beav. Love you, man.

He goes out, leaving the door open behind him.

70 EXT./INT. HOLE IN THE WALL - DAY

70

Henry comes out of the shed wearing ancient cross-country skis and poles, rifle across his back. He glances at the fire through a window, then moves on. The window BLOWS OUT, spraying glass.

He skis awkwardly past the front door, trying to find his rhythm. He goes OUT OF FRAME, but we STAY...

... and PUSH IN toward the front door. Arms of fire pop in and out, beckoning us, and WE GO IN, lingering for a moment on the 25 notches that decorate the doorjamb...

... and ACROSS THE ROOM where the mold is turning black. The Navajo rug appears from beneath, then bursts into flame...

... and RISING UP, to The Dreamcatcher. It's on fire now, too, and a couple of the smaller circles have dropped away. But the other two are hanging onto the center. We continue MOVING IN, until all we can see is the large center circle of The Dreamcatcher. It fills the frame.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP:

71 INT. CAVELL HOUSE, DERRY, MAINE (FLASHBACK -- 1979) - DAY 71

ROBERTA CAVELL stands at the front door looking out, a faint smile on her face. Duddits is being escorted home by the four friends. He rushes ahead to show his mother the item in his hand.

Duddits bursts inside, the other boys following in a noisy jumble, each politely greeting Roberta as Duddits jabbars, displaying a 6-inch circular dreamcatcher (one circle).

DUDDITS

Amma -- ook! Ook ah iss!
[Mama -- look! Look at this!]

ROBERTA

Douglas, it's beautiful. What is that?

DUDDITS

Eemcacher! Eever make fo me!
[Dreamcatcher! Beaver make for me!]

ROBERTA

(to Beaver)

Why, Joe, it's beautiful. You have a real talent in those hands.

Beaver is embarrassed, pleased.

PETE

(low)

It's BS is what it is.

JONESY

No it isn't.
(indicates Roberta)
And watch your mouth!

PETE

What? 'BS' is not swearing.

JONESY

Yes it is.

PETE

Bullshit.

BEAVER

It's not BS. You hang it over your bed and it keeps away bad dreams. It's a dreamcatcher.

Jonesy pulls his dreamcatcher from inside a textbook. It's not quite as good. Duddits snatches it excitedly from his grasp.

JONESY

We all made 'em in art.

BEAVER

I finished first so I made one for Duddits
-- um, Douglas.

(pulls another from his jacket)

This is mine.

As Roberta admires it, Duddits grabs that one too. Henry pulls his sad-looking version from his notebook.

HENRY

Mine is deformed. I couldn't figure out
the string...

Duddits snatches it and turns expectantly to Pete, hand out.

DUDDITS

Eemcacher, eemcacher, Eet!

PETE

Sorry, buddy, I threw mine out.
(the other boys are suspicious)
I ain't afraid of any dreams...

HENRY

C'mon, Pete...

JONESY

Don't make us do the thing in front of
Mrs. Cavell.

PETE

What? I don't got it!

Henry, Jonesy and Beaver start to move toward Pete (a familiar gang-up move among the friends). Pete backs away, then caves--

PETE

All right, all right! Maybe I got it
somewhere...

He reaches deep into his jeans and extracts his dreamcatcher. It's been folded in half, but when he flattens it in his hands, we SEE it's actually the most beautiful of all. Duddits grabs it.

JONESY

Hey, man, you're an artiste!

PETE

Shut up!

DUDDITS (O.S.)

Eemcacher... eemcacher... EEMCACHER!!

Duddits has found a place on the rug and is working intensely at something they can't see yet. Now, he turns and flashes one of those dynamite smiles. The boys, one by one, go down around Duddits, forming a circle on the rug. Roberta moves over to look.

OVERHEAD SHOT: Duddits has placed his larger dreamcatcher in the center of a design, the four corners of which are formed by each of the boys' smaller circles. We recognize the overall design as exactly like the one hanging in Hole in the Wall.

Duddits points to each of the smaller dreamcatchers, naming --

DUDDITS

Eever... Henny... Ownzy... Eet!

HENRY

That's right, my man...

Duddits' finger moves to the larger circle. Gleeful --

DUDDITS

I Duddits.

BEAVER

Yeah... I Duddits!

DUDDITS

(delighted, louder)

I Duddits!

ALL THE FRIENDS

I DUDDITS!

72

EXT. DEEP CUT ROAD, MAINE WOODS (PRESENT DAY) - DAY

72

We HEAR heavy, steady BREATHING and FIND the source -- Henry, who skis doggedly toward the Loggers' Shelter. The snow has eased up. His BREATHING is all we hear until --

-- the multiple WHUP-WHUP-WHUP of an approaching HELICOPTER ARMADA. Henry looks up. Just above tree height come FOUR GIANT CHINOOK HELICOPTER GUNSHIPS. KURTZ'S HELICOPTER flies shotgun. Turbulence from the rotors makes a snowy WHIRLWIND around Henry.

73 EXT. HELICOPTER ARMADA, ABOVE MAINE WOODS - DAY 73

VARIOUS SHOTS as the copters skim the treetops, armed with .50 MACHINE GUNS and SCORPION AIR-TO-SURFACE MISSILES. Their lethal appearance and the ROAR of the engines set the heart thumping.

74 INT. OWEN'S COPTER (BLUE BOY LEADER) - DAY 74

Owen is in the lead -- adrenaline coursing. Alongside him is his pilot, EDWARDS. This is what they live to do. Owen looks out at --

The other Chinooks, in a perfect line. Then at the endless woods below, appearing and disappearing in vapors of white.

KURTZ (RADIO)

Blue Boy Leader... how we doin', bucko?

Owen looks off to his left, at Kurtz's chopper.

OWEN

(into radio)

Right here, Boss... fast and hard.

KURTZ (RADIO)

Wouldn't have it any other way, BBL.

EDWARDS

Sir...

OWEN

I see it...

WHAT OWEN SEES: Down below, the thick forest has been torn apart in a giant, intermittent PATH OF DESTRUCTION. Something very large has skipped across the landscape in an extended crash landing. The devastation gives ominous signs of its massive size.

OWEN

Blue Boy Group, this is Blue Boy Leader...

Target is imminent. Move to Level 4

Readiness... Gentlemen, lock and load!

75 INT. ARMADA COPTERS - DAY 75

VARIOUS SHOTS: The COMBAT FLIGHT CREWS hunker down, switch on guidance systems and rack the big guns to full-auto.

76 EXT. HELICOPTER ARMADA - DAY 76

CU: a TREETOP. Owen's gunship comes DIRECTLY AT IT, missing by two feet. WHIP AROUND to follow and SEE that the formation is passing directly over one last crater of forest devastation. Up ahead, the CREST OF A RIDGE. Beyond it... well, guess.

77 INT. OWEN'S COPTER - DAY

77

Owen takes out a SNAPSHOT: Owen as a child is sitting on the shoulders of HIS FATHER, an Air Force Sergeant with a chest full of combat ribbons. They both look very happy. Owen touches the snapshot gently with a fingertip for luck, tucks it away.

KURTZ (RADIO)

Conklin, let's have the anthem -- loud --

78 INT. ANOTHER HELICOPTER - DAY

78

A Radioman, CONKLIN, sliding in a CD.

CONKLIN

(into radio)

Yessir, the anthem, blasting off.

The Rolling Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil" pierces the air.

MICK JAGGER

'Please let me introduce myself,
I'm a man of wealth and taste...'

79 EXT. HELICOPTER ARMADA - DAY

79

The formation SWOOPS UP over the ridge. Their target is in full view now, down the slope, but we SEE it from --

80 INT. OWEN'S COPTER - DAY

80

OWEN'S POV: Far in the distance, the huge rear edge of the ALIEN SHIP towers into the air. The front edge, buried in the earth, has created a new hill of earth and rock where it augered in.

Standing near the wreckage: probably a HUNDRED GRAYBOYS, tiny figures from back here. But with a familiar shape, the same as Mr. Gray presented to Jonesy on first look. Naked and unarmed. A dozen GRAYBOY CORPSES lie scattered around the wreckage -- all in various stages of red-gold to gray-tinged decay.

The living GRAYBOYS, huge dark eyes staring, raise their arms to the approaching helicopters. We HEAR various KINDLY HUMAN VOICES reciting these repeated messages: "there is no infection here -- please don't hurt us -- we are helpless -- we are dying..."

Edwards looks over at Owen. The other CREWMEN exchange looks.

81 INT. ARMADA HELICOPTERS - DAY

81

VARIOUS SHOTS as the Flight Crews on the other ships react.

KURTZ (RADIO)
Owen, whose radio is that?

OWEN (RADIO)
It's not the radio, Boss. They're putting
it directly into our heads.

Begin to INTERCUT with:

82 INT. KURTZ'S COPTER - DAY

82

Kurtz reacts, talks into the radio, louder than The Stones:

KURTZ
There it is, gentlemen -- directly into
our heads! That gives you some idea what
we're up against. And if anybody's
thinkin' -- 'why those poor helpless
little folks, all naked and unarmed,
alongside their crashed intergalactic
Greyhound' --

(beat)

-- well, let me tell ya, I been fighting
these mothers for decades and they are as
harmless as a fox in a henhouse --

(leans into it)

-- they are cancer. Cancer, yes, and
praise Jesus, we are one big hot shot of
chemotherapy -- are you with me?

The Flight Crews affirm it, LOUDLY.

KURTZ
Sing it out, Owen.

83 INT. OWEN'S COPTER - DAY

83

Owen looks out at the formation, then down at his electronics.
The bloodlust has gotten to him, too. He's a killing machine.

OWEN
(into radio)
Blue Boy Group, this is Blue Boy Leader --
let's clean up the forest and get rid of
this trash!

84 EXT. HELICOPTER ARMADA, BATTLEGROUND SLOPE - DAY

84

The formation heads down the hillside toward the aliens.

MICK JAGGER
'I was around when Jesus Christ
Had his moment of doubt and pain....'

INTERCUTTING OWEN, KURTZ, OTHER CREWS, and, finally, the GRAYBOYS at ground zero. All the while, the accumulated cacophony of The Stones, the Grayboy pleas, the WHUP-WHUP-WHUPPING rotors, and now... the ARMAMENTS.

OWEN (RADIO)
Blue Boy Group, fire at will!

The Gunships open up with their .50's and FIRE their Scorpions.

AT THE ALIEN SHIP: The Grayboys are torn apart. As each is hit, it explodes in a mass of gray fiber and red-gold slime. Some, cut in two at the midsection, go to earth with their arms raised in surrender. For a split second before disintegration, we SEE their true appearance -- the horror, the horror.

85 EXT. ALIEN SHIP - DAY

85

FOUR SPECIAL GRAYBOYS move as a unit, retreating into the shadows beneath the hull of the massive ship. At an odd-looking section of the underhull, they position themselves carefully, bodies actually extending upwards toward the ship.

86 INT. KURTZ'S COPTER - DAY

86

Kurtz, hovering on the fringe, sees this action and immediately PULLS HIS COPTER up and away.

87 EXT. ALIEN SHIP - DAY

87

The four Special Grayboys have become part of the underbelly now, melding with the ship. A design becomes apparent in the ship's surface there -- it is roughly the design of The Dreamcatcher. A PULSE BEGINS EMANATING from the ship.

88 INT. OWEN'S COPTER - DAY

88

Owen sees the activity under the ship and Kurtz's retreat. Owen signals for his pilot to pull out and SHOUTS into the radio --

OWEN
Blue Boy Group, withdraw at once! Say
again, cease firing and back off!

From here, Owen can see that the other gunships are caught in the fever of the fight -- going lower, chasing down individual ET's.

CONKLIN (RADIO)
We can get these last mothers --

Owen, SCREAMING orders now --

OWEN

-- no -- no -- back off. -- Blue Boy Group,
get out of there!

89 EXT. ALIEN SHIP - DAY

89

The SELF-DESTRUCT CIRCUIT linking the Special Grayboys connects.

THE SHIP EXPLODES INTO INFINITY in a giant RED CLOUD. Three of the gunships are roiled in the SHOCK WAVES or consumed directly by the cloud. They go down. The cloud rises in a furious spiral, speeding toward --

-- Owen's copter and Kurtz's copter. INTERCUT both copters and the shooting cloud.

90 INT. KURTZ'S COPTER - DAY

90

Kurtz is pulling like crazy on his stick. His chopper is almost sideways, so he has a good view down to the cloud that's chasing him and, between them, Owen's copter.

91 INT. OWEN'S COPTER - DAY

91

Owen, helping Edwards pull the gunship skyward, is in agony about the three lost crews, but hides it. He watches --

THE RED CLOUD, coming closer to them, the spiral widening.

92 EXT. SKY ABOVE BATTLEGROUND - DAY

92

The helicopters, rising higher, ever higher, racing the red cloud, finally getting away, rising above it all...

93 EXT. LOGGERS' SHELTER, DEEP CUT ROAD - MAGIC

93

Henry skis up, exhausted. He picks up some snow and eats it as he peers around: Becky looks like a prone snow sculpture. The crisped Weasel is recognizable in the now-frosted fire.

HENRY

(to Weasel)

I hope your stay has been pleasant so far.

Henry peers at the tracks of the snowmobile into the woods.

HENRY

What's out there? The highway?... It doesn't want to go to Gosselin's... too many soldiers.

(V.O.)

Where is it taking you, Jonesy? Have you got Pete with you?

Henry turns back to the road and heads off. As he does --

HENRY

Speak up, Jonesy... I can't hear you.

94 EXT. SCOUT WRECK, DEEP CUT ROAD - MAGIC

94

The overturned truck is covered in snow. Some shakes off the windshield as Henry climbs out with a packet of butcher's paper. He sits against the car, opens the packet of nearly-frozen hot dogs, starts scarfing them down. As he eats, he begins to cry.

95 EXT. DEEP WOODS - MAGIC

95

No road. The snow is beginning to fall harder again. It takes a moment to see the Arctic Cat coming up a gully in the distance.

ON THE SNOWMOBILE, MOVING: Pete sits on the back, his arms wrapped around Jonesy/Mr. Gray. Pete is in bad shape, covered with fungus, woozy. He almost falls off as they bump along.

PETE

Jonesy, help me. I can't hold on anymore.

JONESY

We're gonna get you fixed up, Pete. Just hang in there.

MR. GRAY (V.O.)

Ask him if we're still going the right way.

JONESY

Pete... are we getting close to I-95?

PETE

What...?

JONESY

Are we close to 95?

PETE

Yeah, man... it's right over this hill.

STILL MOVING, we're BEHIND THEM now.

PETE

Jonesy, I think I'm dying here. And I've been thinking... been thinking about Duddits...

(drifting)

...about Duddits. For a long time, I've been thinking maybe he was sent to us, to

PETE (cont'd)
warn us about something. But I could never
figure what it was...

JONESY
-- Don't talk about him, Pete! Not now --

PETE
...not till today. It was this, buddy, it
was this right now. Duddits wanted to warn
us --

JONESY
(overlapping)
-- not when you're feeling this way...

MR. GRAY
Go ahead, Pete, tell me about Duddits.

PETE
(reacts to the Welles voice)
... No... Jonesy's right.

MR. GRAY
Come on, Pete, let's talk --

Something happens to Pete, some last jolt of energy. He speaks to
the back of Jonesy's parka hood and his tone is defiant.

PETE
Bite my bag, motherfucker.

MR. GRAY
All right, Pete, I'll bite...

The snowmobile skids to a stop.

MR. GRAY
... your bag and everything else.

JONESY (V.O.)
No!

Mr. Gray turns to face Pete. Except that the body in the parka is
not Jonesy's. Right now, it is the horrible True Mr. Gray.

We get a better look this time. He's like a giant, articulated
Shit Weasel. And now the toothy, slimy MAW that opens vertically
where a head should be -- GAPES OPEN. Impossibly fast, Mr. Gray
bends toward Pete... and Pete's head disappears beneath the hood.

ANOTHER ANGLE: PULLING BACK (we don't see the last gory moments
of Pete's life), we're with Jonesy again, at the window in --

96 INT. JONESY'S OFFICE, MEMORY WAREHOUSE

96

-- his office in the Memory Warehouse. He looks on in anguish, helpless, as another of his friends is murdered.

JONESY

No, no... no. You bastard, you...

In despair, he averts his gaze. When he looks back outside, there's no sign of Pete, just --

97 EXT. WOODS/INTERSTATE 95 - NIGHT

97

Mr. Gray steering the snowmobile out of the woods and down to the shoulder of I-95. There's almost no traffic. Mr. Gray dismounts and walks out to the center of the snowy road. In the distance, two headlights appear and get closer. Mr. Gray holds his ground and begins waving his arms.

The vehicle, an ARMY TRUCK, slides to a stop a few feet from Mr. Gray, who walks around to the driver's side. *100162* We're OVER THE SHOULDER of Mr. Gray when the driver's door opens.

The driver, SGT. ANDY JANAS, a heavysset soldier, has his 9mm automatic resting on his thigh, pointed at Mr. Gray. On the seat beside him, IKE, his K-9 comrade, a handsome GERMAN SHEPHERD.

JANAS

What's up, fella?

MR. GRAY

(Orson Welles voice)

Thank god you came by, general. I'm broke down here and fearing for my life.

(Ike growls softly)

That's a good-looking dog you got there.

JANAS

Where you headed?

MR. GRAY

Gosselin's. Any chance you're going near there?

Janas regards him warily, nods.

JANAS

That's where I'm headed.

Mr. Gray looks toward the back of the truck.

MR. GRAY

I believe your tailgate has come open.

Janas leans out to see, can't, puts the truck in park and climbs down, automatic in his hand. He nods for Mr. Gray to go ahead.

JANAS

Let's take a look.

Mr. Gray goes first, his hood obscuring his head. Janas follows. They come around the back, which is closed up fine.

MR. GRAY

I see you've got some cargo you're taking to Blue Base.

Janas reacts to the sight, and to Mr. Gray's words, at the same instant. He starts to lift the automatic --

98 INT. JONESY'S OFFICE, MEMORY WAREHOUSE 98

Jonesy turns away, not wanting to see what happens next. We HEAR a GUNSHOT. Jonesy jumps, but doesn't look. Then, suddenly, Jonesy gets an idea. He looks at the door to the Memory Warehouse.

99 INT. STACKS, MEMORY WAREHOUSE 99

Jonesy comes out of his office into the vast facility. He looks up at the shelves two levels up, grabs one of the big dollies and starts limping toward the ramp as fast as he can.

100 EXT. JANAS'S ARMY TRUCK - NIGHT 100

Janas's body lands in a snow-filled ditch.

AT THE BACK OF THE TRUCK, Mr. Gray pulls a tarpaulin aside with a big WHOOSH, REVEALING a couple DEAD DEER crawling with Ripley and a decaying GRAYBOY, all wrapped in clear plastic. Mr. Gray urges Ike up into the truck and begins tearing at the plastic.

MR. GRAY

Got a treat for you, Ike. All you can eat.

101 INT. THIRD LEVEL, MEMORY WAREHOUSE 101

Jonesy hoists the numerous file boxes marked "DUDDITS" onto the dolly. He's gasping by the time he's got them all, but there's no time to rest -- he shoves the heavy dolly toward the ramp.

102 INT. MEMORY WAREHOUSE 102

Jonesy is on the down ramp, but the dolly's so heavy, he can barely control it; his hip aches, his feet slide. Another level to descend. The door to his office below seems a long way off.

103 INT. BACK OF JANAS'S ARMY TRUCK - NIGHT

103

IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK, Mr. Gray steps back and watches calmly as Ike makes a meal of the grayish sludge that was once an ET.

MR. GRAY

Take your time, good doggy. Eat all you --

Mr. Gray stops, suddenly aware of Jonesy's movement. Impressed --

MR. GRAY

Jonesy...

104 INT. MEMORY WAREHOUSE

104

ON THE OFFICE LEVEL OF THE MEMORY WAREHOUSE, Jonesy is sweating profusely as he pushes his burden toward the office. He HEARS a DOOR SLAM. His head whips around to look across the warehouse.

WHAT JONESY SEES: the main entrance door is still RATTLING to a stop. FLASH PAN through the stacks -- a GLIMPSE of the horrible True Mr. Gray as he flashes by an opening. coming this way!

Jonesy pushes the dolly with everything he's got. He's close now.

MR. GRAY'S POV: he SEES Jonesy about to reach the office. (Mr. Gray is moving fast. We HEAR the WET SLOSHING SOUNDS his lower extremities make on the floor.) Jonesy, at the open door, uses all his strength to turn the dolly, and disappears behind the open door. Mr. Gray is almost there -- when the door SLAMS SHUT. -- BANG! Then the SOUND of Jonesy frantically WORKING THE LOCK.

FROM BEHIND THE TRUE MR. GRAY (not a pretty sight, his back, from this close): an appendage shoots out, grabs the doorknob and twists it -- it turns!

MR. GRAY

Too late, my gimpy friend --

Mr. Gray throws open the office door -- and finds a SECOND DOOR inside. Mr. Gray tries it, but it's locked. The alien POUNDS on it in rage, then notices that something is scrawled across the inner door in white paint: SSDD

Mr. Gray: a SOUND OF FRUSTRATION like we've never heard before.

105 EXT. DEEP CUT ROAD - NIGHT

105

Henry trudges up a hill on his skis. He crests the hill and suddenly he's moving too fast -- because the far side of the hill is ice. Out of control, losing traction... he falls down. He lies in the snow a moment, blinking. Then, HUGE FLOODLIGHTS.

PLATOON LEADER
(amplified)
HALT! HALT OR WE'LL FIRE!

HENRY
(weak, to himself)
I think I've just about halted here.

A truck, loaded with floodlights, blocks the road. A PLATOON LEADER stands on the truck, bullhorn in hand. Six more SOLDIERS with M-16's stand in front. Two move forward to prod Henry.

PLATOON LEADER
ON YOUR FEET NOW!

Henry struggles to his feet, then sees that he's dropped a package from his coat. He bends down to pick it up.

PLATOON LEADER
DON'T TOUCH THAT!

HENRY
Blow me.
(holds out package)
I come in peace for all mankind. Anybody
want a dog?

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

A DISTORTED VIEW, THROUGH A PLASTIC FACE MASK. We're in --

OWEN'S POV: looking at Kurtz as he zips up a BIOHAZARD SUIT and adjusts the plastic mask. We HEAR Owen's raspy BREATHING.

Kurtz's VOICE is DISTORTED through some sort of device. An ESCORT of four SOLDIERS, in similar protection, waits to accompany them. Kurtz leans in to speak confidentially to Owen (and TO CAMERA).

KURTZ (DISTORTED)
Come with me, Owen. I'll show you things
you'll wish you'd never seen.

Kurtz cackles and signals for the escort to open the doors to ---

106 INT. BARN, GOSSELIN'S MARKET - NIGHT

106

It's an eerie sight (made more so by the distortion of the face mask). The barn now holds close to 300 DETAINEES. BEGIN TO MOVE behind Kurtz and escort down the center, SEEING IT as Owen does.

High-wattage bulbs cast a brilliant glare. Heaters give the place a feverish warmth. The onetime dairy barn now resembles a refugee camp. But the men, women and children packed in here are wearing L.L. Bean, Eddie Bauer and Carhartt.

They cover the main floor, the lucky ones sleeping on Army-issue cots. A few have hugely distended stomachs, but those are being located and taken out by Soldiers.

BAD SOUNDS: BELCHES, FARTS, SNORES and GROANS, people dreaming badly. Children who can't stop CRYING. Over it all, MUZAK: just now Fred Waring's Orchestra is doing "Some Enchanted Evening."

Detainees, including Old Man Gosselin, recognize Kurtz and Owen as "people-in-charge" and gravitate toward them, shouting their grievances and entreaties:

VARIOUS DETAINEES

I demand to see my lawyer!... When are we getting out of this hellhole?... Listen, you fascist, you can't do this to people in America!... Sir, oh sir, could I have a word with you?... We need more doctors in here! My wife's hurtin' awful bad...

And on and on. Only the presence of the escort (and the GUARDS stationed in here) keeps the crowd from mobbing Kurtz and Owen.

Kurtz seems not to hear any grousing. He moves through the throng like a demented politician, responding to every complaint with a smile and a reassuring, running patter:

KURTZ (DISTORTED)

Yes, yes, everyone will be taken care of... It should only be a matter of hours till you're on your way home... Sorry for any inconvenience, but we have only your safety in mind... Your government wants to do everything it can to make this easy...

Kurtz repeatedly looks back at Owen, indicating certain details:

-- half the people are infected with Ripley. The stuff's growing on their faces and hands, in their ears. Up above, it's thriving in the lofts, on beams, even on the electrical cord. A hellish scene. We're as relieved as Owen when the escort heads to the door at the other end, which lets us out into --

107 EXT. CORRAL, GOSSSELIN'S - NIGHT

107

The snow is falling heavily, but the area where the biohazard suits will be removed is under a roof. Owen gazes at the contrasting peace of the snowfall.

Still in OWEN'S POV: an Army truck has backed up to the corral. A NEW LOAD OF DETAINEES is being herded in. One of those NEWCOMERS looks sharply over at Owen's face. IT IS HENRY, who stops short. Owen's hands pull away his hood and we CUT TO:

Kurtz and his escort discarding their suits, and Owen, who stands looking through the fence at Henry, a man he does not know.

OWEN

Can I help you, sir?

Henry shakes his head; abruptly his gaze switches off Owen, to Kurtz, who has stepped up, ready to go. To Owen --

KURTZ

Let's go, laddie, I'll buy you a cuppa.

Henry regards Kurtz with alarm. Owen sees it. Henry backs away, staring at Kurtz, who now shows some interest.

KURTZ

You sir, where you from?

HENRY

Boston.

KURTZ

Beantown. Great city. We'll have you back there in no time -- maybe by morning.

CU Henry, as he listens to Kurtz. He's HEARING SOMETHING ELSE, something we can't hear. He nods and starts to turn away --

KURTZ

(to Owen, leaving)

C'mon, bucko.

OWEN

(to Henry)

Excuse me, sir. What's your name?

HENRY

Henry... Dr. Henry Devlin.

OWEN

A doctor? Good, we need doctors in there.

108 EXT. OUTSIDE THE FENCE, CORRAL, GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT

108

Owen catches up to Kurtz as he walks along the fence toward his Winnebago in the distance. Kurtz idly throws a snowball into the electrified fence, which ZAPS it with a HISS.

KURTZ

You see that crud on the faces of the children and you know why I relish a spin in the country like we had today.

(Owen nods)

You were excellent out there today, O. It made me feel mighty proud to --

Suddenly, Kurtz stops, JOLTED, blinking. As though he'd just had a shock. He shakes his head once, to clear it.

OWEN

Abe, you okay?

KURTZ

(it's over, moving on)

Yeah. Damn, I must be gettin' too old for this shit... I don't know what that was.

They move off toward the Winnebago, but we SMASH CUT TO:

109 EXT. CORRAL - NIGHT

109

-- Henry, who stands staring at Kurtz and Owen as they walk away. He knows exactly what that was -- it was ~~him~~ probing.

110 INT. KURTZ'S WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

110

Kurtz has just poured a good portion of Scotch into Owen's glass. But Owen is in shock from what he's just heard. Kurtz looks him over, taking a long swallow.

KURTZ

It's the only way, Owen.

OWEN

But we don't know that. The studies point strongly to the possibility of recovery for many of the --

KURTZ

The studies show squat, that's what they show. If Matheson had been in my spot for the last quarter century, you'd have never made it to your first jerk-off. Those gray bastards and their weasels woulda had you for lunch back in Armpit, Kentucky.

OWEN

Abe, they get better. Half of 'em, at least, will be over it in a few days --

KURTZ

Which ones, Mother Teresa? Can you guarantee me they won't take it home with them like a present for the family?

OWEN

You're saying better safe than sorry.

KURTZ

That's it. That's it in a nutshell.

(comes toward Owen)

I'll tell you what you should be worried about -- here's what should be on your mind. Not these few --

(gestures toward barn)

-- unfortunates. You should be worrying about a Hitchhiker.

OWEN

What?

KURTZ

A Hitchhiker. That's been our greatest fear. That a Grayboy would catch a ride with someone who could carry it out of here without being consumed him or herself. Someone who passes for one of us.

OWEN

Are you sure there isn't such a person?

KURTZ

No -- but I'm sure that if there is, he's not getting out. Not with the net my boys have thrown up around the Blue Zone... and...

Kurtz is looming over Owen now. He leans in further.

KURTZ

... if we do a thorough job on the ones we've got. If we don't go all gooey about the little picture when our job is taking care of the big one.

He goes to the window and raises the shade to look at the corral.

KURTZ

Owen, if you think this is any easier for me than it is for you, you're crazier than my mother was.

KURTZ'S POV: a SINGLE FIGURE standing in the corral, staring up in his direction.

KURTZ

Those poor schmucks out there... Those folks drive Chevies, shop at Walmart, and never miss ER. The thought of massacring Americans...that turns my stomach. I'll do it only because it needs to be done.

Kurtz lets the shade drop and turns back to Owen. Quietly --

KURTZ

If we start at eleven, we can be done at eleven-thirty. Then it's behind us.

OWEN

Except for the dreams.

KURTZ

Yes. Except for them.

111 EXT. OUTSIDE THE FENCE, CORRAL, GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT

111

Owen walks through the slanting snow. Henry, inside the fence, falls in step with him. Owen glances at him, no more.

HENRY

What are you going to tell Rita about what you did here, Owen?

(Owen's pace slows)

What'll you tell Katrina when she's old enough to ask?

Owen stops dead. He turns to look at Henry through the fence.

OWEN

You know me, don't you? I don't remember, but you know me.

HENRY

We don't have time to screw around, Owen, so I'm going give it to you straight. You've got two problems -- one you know about and one you don't.

OWEN

Go ahead.

HENRY

First, what you know -- Kurtz is insane and he wants you to help him kill hundreds of innocent people.

OWEN

(shaken, but hides it)

Who are you?

HENRY

Me? We can talk about that later, once we're out of here.

Owen can't believe this guy, but he can't walk away either. Henry leans close to the electric fence. Owen warns him with his eyes.

HENRY

... You're predictable, Owen. You won't let me burn on this fence any more than you'll let Kurtz slaughter all those people. So what you're thinking about is whether that digital satscan transmitter you've got in your duffle will let you get through to someone...

(Henry searches his mind for it)

... someone named... Matheson!

Owen can't help throwing a paranoid look back at Kurtz's trailer.

OWEN

Shut up, whoever you are. Who do you work for?

HENRY

I never thought about it that way, but I guess the answer would have to be... a guy named Douglas Cavell. Duddits to his friends.

(Owen is blank)

The shit I know, I know for reasons you'll never understand.

OWEN

Try me.

HENRY

'Sometimes we have to kill, but our real job is to save lives.'

Owen is rocked, stunned.

OWEN

Those were his last words.

HENRY

Your father was a great soldier. You carry his picture always, you take it with you when you go into combat.

OWEN
 (quiet, shaken)
 Tell me everything.

HENRY
 You will save these people. When we're done talking, you get on that transmitter, you contact Matheson... the cavalry rides in. We hope. That takes care of one problem.

(beat)
 Now comes the hard part. You think the infection is contained. You think there hasn't been a Hitchhiker, but you're wrong. He's riding with my best friend on earth, a guy named Gary Jones... and he's out there.

OWEN
 Where? Where is he?

HENRY
 (hesitates)
 I'm not sure where he is right now. Somewhere south. I know that this... thing, whatever it is, is using Jonesy to get where it wants to go... to do what it wants to do.

OWEN
 What is that?

HENRY
 (doesn't know)
 I can tell you this -- if you and I don't get after him right away, he'll be out of my range and some kind of shit's gonna hit the planetary fan.

112 INT. EQUIPMENT SHED, GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT 112

CAMERA MOVING among the shadowy tangle of rusting equipment. The door opens, closes fast (a glimpse of the floodlit camp). Henry, who's made a furtive dash here, quickly hides in the jumble.

113 EXT. KURTZ'S WINNEBAGO - NIGHT 113

Owen, having knocked, stands outside with a Sentry in the snow. He checks his watch. Kurtz opens the door and motions him in.

114 INT. KURTZ'S WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

114

Kurtz hands coffee to Owen, whose unzipped parka reveals he's wearing Kurtz's gift, the shiny .45 Colt. Kurtz indicates gun --

KURTZ

Suits you, son. Just as I thought.

OWEN

Thanks, Abe. It means a lot to me.

(gets intense)

I'm afraid we may have the Hitchhiker you were worried about. You remember the doctor we saw being brought in?

KURTZ

Mr. Beantown.

OWEN

He says his friend's been shanghaied by a Grayboy and he's gotten outside our net. The doctor says he's the only one who can track this guy... and he wants us to help.

Kurtz considers, very suspicious.

KURTZ

Our nightmare Hitchhiker. And all Dr. Mystery wants is for us to give him a free pass... to catch him. Very convenient.

OWEN

I'm not saying I believe him. I'm saying you ought to hear his story.

KURTZ

Okay... Bring him here.

OWEN

You don't want him in here. He's crawling with Ripley.

(quieter)

And, Boss, you don't want him tellin' his story around the other prisoners. I had him taken down to the tractor shed.

KURTZ

That's good. I'll check him out and we can compare notes...

OWEN
 (after a beat, nods)
 Whatever you say, Boss. If you need me,
 give a holler.

Owen goes out.

115 INT. EQUIPMENT SHED, GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT 115

Henry checks his watch nervously.

HENRY
 C'mon, c'mon... time's a-wastin'...

116 EXT. CENTER OF COMPOUND, GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT 116

TRACKING SHOT with Kurtz as he makes his way toward the corner of the compound, carrying a LETHAL-LOOKING RIFLE WITH SCOPE. He's on alert, checking his surround, giving his suspicions full play.

117 EXT. GUARD TOWER, OUTER PERIMETER, GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT 117

Up on the newly-constructed tower, two TOWER SENTRIES watch the compound and try to keep from freezing. Gosselin's sits at a crossroads and now, behind the Sentries, on one of the roads -- LIGHTS. Some large convoy is about to appear over the rise.

118 EXT. TRACTOR SHED, GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT 118

Kurtz prepares to enter the shed. He puts on a plastic mask, checks his rifle and, standing aside, throws open the door.

119 INT. TRACTOR SHED, GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT 119

A yellow bulb illuminates the shed. No one in sight. Kurtz enters cautiously, calls out --

KURTZ
 Dr. Boston... are you here?

VOICE
I'm here... like I was told...

From behind a tractor steps a plump AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN.

WOMAN
 ... but I'm no doctor, and I don't even
 like Boston.

CU Kurtz as he digests this.

120 INT. EQUIPMENT SHED, GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT

120

Henry is ready to jump out of his skin from impatience. Suddenly the back wall of the equipment shed IMPLodes and a HUMVEE smashes into view, Owen at the wheel. He comes within a foot of hitting Henry, who's stunned.

OWEN

Get in! Time to go.

Henry is still climbing aboard when Owen slams into reverse and backs out of the shed, spinning the steering wheel.

HENRY

You almost ran me down!

OWEN

I figured you'd read my mind and get outta the way.

121 EXT. ELECTRIFIED FENCE, COMPOUND, GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT 121

FAST TRACKING SHOT: the Humvee tears along the outside of the fence -- headed for the road. SIRENS begin BLARING.

122 EXT. GUARD TOWER, OUTER PERIMETER, GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT 122

The two Tower Sentries look out in amazement at the roads.

WHAT THEY'RE SEEING: a MAJOR FORCE of REGULAR ARMY is rolling up to the gates along both roads. And above them, FLOODLIGHTS BEAMING like UFO'S, a half dozen TROOP-CARRIER HELICOPTERS.

123 EXT. TRACTOR SHED, GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT 123

Kurtz steps out of the shed (we SEE the confused Woman trailing behind him) and right UP INTO CAMERA.

KURTZ'S POV: the massive arrival outside the compound, the helicopters above.

Kurtz understands that he has been betrayed by Owen. And at that moment, he sees --

WHAT KURTZ SEES: the Humvee, Owen on this side, driving along the last stretch of fence to the road, almost clear.

Kurtz raises the rifle to his eye and we SEE through the NIGHT VISION SCOPE: Owen is visible in the crosshairs. It would take a great shot, but, hey, this is Kurtz. He settles on Owen and --

-- his shot is obstructed by a line of Regular Army Vehicles taking up their position along the fence. Kurtz lowers his rifle. He smiles, murder in his eyes.

124 INT. HUMVEE, ROAD OUTSIDE GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT

124

Owen tears along past the arriving convoy, going the other way. His arm is out the window and his fist is raised in an odd finger/thumb SIGNAL that the Regular Army Guys return. To Henry --

OWEN

Where we going?

HENRY

South. That's all I know right now.

OWEN

I just blew a 23-year military career out my ass, and all you know is 'south'?

HENRY

You get me in range of Jonesy and we'll know everything we need.

125 INT. JANAS'S ARMY TRUCK, I-95 (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

125

Ike, the German Shepherd, is lying on the passenger side of the seat, having a twitchy dream. Something is moving in his belly. Jonesy/Mr. Gray looks over at him, then returns his attention to the difficult driving.

JONESY (V.O.)

Why pick on an innocent dog? Why not just plant that booger in me?

MR. GRAY (V.O.)

You're immune. I don't know why, but I'm sure you do.

JONESY (V.O.)

No, I don't...

MR. GRAY

(surprised, out loud)

Really? That would explain why I couldn't find it in your memory. As opposed to the information I know you're hiding -- about Duddits. Information I've repeatedly requested, in the politest way possible --

SMASH CUT TO:

126 INT. JONESY'S OFFICE, MEMORY WAREHOUSE 126

Jonesy watches the door anxiously as it QUAKES from the POUNDING Mr. Gray is giving it. Again, that HORRIBLE SOUND. CUT BACK TO:

127 INT. JANAS'S ARMY TRUCK (TRAVELING) - NIGHT 127

The part of the driver that is Jonesy -- smiles.

JONESY

Why are you so interested in Duddits?

MR. GRAY

Oh, there's a slim possibility that he's someone I've been told about.

JONESY (V.O.)

Told about?... Or warned about?

MR. GRAY

Uh-uh-uh... 'We shall serve no wine before its time.' You've given me nothing in return.

JONESY

Unless you count the free use of my body.

Suddenly, there's a MUFFLED BANG and the truck begins to FISHTAIL crazily on a blown tire. Ike wakes, BARKING. Jonesy/Mr. Gray wrestles the steering wheel.

128 EXT. JANAS'S ARMY TRUCK, I-95 - NIGHT 128

The truck leaves the highway and comes to rest in a deep ditch.

129 INT. HUMVEE, I-95 (TRAVELING) - NIGHT 129

Owen drives. Now, locating the source of some discomfort, he reaches down and unhooks his holster, then pulls it off and puts it on the seat. Henry regards the shiny Colt with interest.

HENRY

That's some gun. Can I take a look?

Owen picks up the automatic, ejects the shell in the chamber and drops the clip into his lap. Then he hands it to Henry.

HENRY

Kinda flashy for a guy like you, isn't it?

OWEN

It was a gift.

HENRY

I know.

Henry points the gun out the window ahead, then gets thoughtful, looking at the snowy highway.

HENRY

Where are you, Jonesy? Just pick up the phone and call 1-800-HENRY.

130 EXT. JANAS'S ARMY TRUCK, DITCH, I-95 - NIGHT 130

Jonesy/Mr. Gray stands in the highway waiting for a car to come by, because the truck isn't going anywhere tonight.

131 INT. JONESY'S OFFICE, MEMORY WAREHOUSE 131

Jonesy stands at the window observing the above scene. He glances once at the door to the Warehouse -- quiet now. A thought -- he hurries over, picks up the phone on the desk and dials like mad.

132 INT. HUMVEE, I-95 - NIGHT 132

Henry is still holding the gun. Now he hears RINGING (Owen does not). Henry gives the Colt an odd look and puts it to his ear.

HENRY

(into gun)

Hello... Jonesy! Jesus Christ, I knew it was you!

Owen looks at him like he's crazy. But it's a crazy night.

HENRY

(into gun)

Where is he taking you?... Massachusetts? What's there? ... No idea?... Duddits!... He is?... Okay, I will, Jonesy, just hang in there -- Jonesy... Jonesy!

Henry, grim, lowers the gun from his ear. To Owen --

HENRY

He hung up.

(Owen suppresses a laugh)

I think the other one was coming back. Mr. Gray, he calls him. He sounded scared.

(intensely, looking out)

We have to go to Derry.

OWEN

Is that where they're going?

HENRY

No, they're headed toward Massachusetts. But he says we need Duddits. He says Duddits will know what to do. Jonesy says Mr. Gray is afraid of Duddits.

OWEN

Why?

HENRY

(no idea, looks ahead)
The first exit for Derry is about ten miles ahead.

OWEN

He's alive, your buddy. He's still alive after all this time with Mr. Gray.

HENRY

He's immune. I think it's because he died.
(on Owen's look)
He got hit by a car and his heart stopped... twice. I don't think he even knows it. He came back from dead and that must have changed him. It means this Mr. Gray can use him without consuming him, at least so far.

OWEN

... hitch a ride...

HENRY

(something clicks)
... It's almost like Duddits saw this whole thing coming -- Is that it?
(figuring, to himself)
Jonesy told me it was Duddits who drew him into the accident... Duddits...

Owen doesn't try to follow this. He's done his own calculation --

OWEN

If we catch him, we're going to have to kill him. You know we have to do it, don't you? Killing him's the only way to stop Mr. Gray. Assuming we can catch him.

HENRY

I know the math says we have to. Six billion people on Spaceship Earth, versus one Jonesy.

OWEN

There you go, those are the numbers.

HENRY

Numbers can lie.

133 EXT. DERRY EXIT RAMP, I-95 - NIGHT 133

The exit sign is almost obscured by the heavy snowfall. The Humvee has to take the off-ramp slowly.

134 INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT 134

Owen peers into the snow. Henry is drifting, thoughts elsewhere.

OWEN

Guide me.

HENRY

Oh... take a right at the top of the ramp.

OWEN

What's the matter?

HENRY

Huh?... I don't know, I just got scared. The closer we get, the more scared I feel.

OWEN

Of Duddits?

HENRY

For Duddits. I feel like there's something wrong with him. I don't know if we should be asking him to help.

OWEN

When did you last see him?

A sore subject. Henry feels guilty.

HENRY

A long time ago. Years.

OWEN

What makes you so sure he can help?

HENRY

Duddits can do anything. I didn't understand that back then, but I think it's always been true. He's the one who made us like this.

OWEN

Like what?

HENRY

You know... weird. I can tell you the day it happened. It was in June, after school was out the year we met Duds...

135 EXT. STRAWFORD PARK. DERRY (FLASHBACK -- 1979) - DAY 135

A GLASSED-IN NOTICE BOARD: DERRY DOIN'S.

Standing in front of it: Henry, Jonesy, Beaver and Pete, staring at the board. And their new friend, Duddits (wearing wraparound sunglasses and clutching his lunch box), who's not looking.

Crammed in among the announcements is a photo of a lost girl: a smiling girl with puzzled eyes. Above her picture, these words: "MISSING. JOSIE RINKENHAUER. LAST SEEN JUNE 7, STRAWFORD PARK."

JONESY

That's yesterday. Right here.

BEAVER

She's the one from the Retard Academy who always waves.

HENRY

(sharp, indicates Duddits)
Don't call it that.

JONESY

(to Duddits)
We've got to save this girl.

DUDDITS

(confused)
-- ave iss urld?
[-- save this world?]

HENRY

Not the world, Duds, a girl. We'll save the world some other time.

DUDDITS

Ister gay?

HENRY

Yeah, Duds, it's a mystery.

Duddits gets distracted by a squirrel. The others exchange looks.
Henry gets an idea --

HENRY
Dreamcatcher.

Henry takes Duddits' hand. Jonesy takes his other hand. Pete and Beaver crowd in, hands on Duddits' shoulders.

JONESY
We all gotta think of Josie -- and send
that message to Duds.

They all close their eyes, concentrating. No good. Nothing happens. Duddits looks expectantly from one to the other, trying to figure out the game. Then he closes his eyes too.

OVERHEAD SHOT: the four friends have surrounded Duddits in the same relationship as The Dreamcatcher.

Something odd. The five boys begin to give off a VIBRATION, making an unearthly SOUND. Their images become smeared, indistinct. Seen from above, their separate figures MELD INTO an ABSTRACT DESIGN. It builds and builds.

And suddenly it's over. CUT TO:

SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS: Each of the friends. ^{100%} Their lives have been changed forever and they don't understand it yet. But they know something large has happened. Henry and Pete have tears rolling down their cheeks. Jonesy is flushed; he GASPS for air. Beaver falls down in a faint, breaking the contact in the circle.

DUDDITS
Osie?

Beaver wakes up as he hits the ground. pretends he didn't faint.

HENRY
That's right --- can you find Josie?

DUDDITS
(clutching his lunch box)
We ot-sum urk oo-do-now.
(to Pete)
Eet, do-oo see Uh Ine?

PETE
(confused)
Do I see what?

DUDDITS
Uh Ine. Eet, do-oo see Uh Ine?

PETE
Duds, I don't know what --

He stops suddenly, looking across the field. For the first time in his life, he raises his hand in that particular way and waggles his index finger back and forth. He sees The Line.

The other three friends watch Pete.

JONESY (V.O.)
(his thoughts)
This is completely crazy!

HENRY
(out loud)
You can say that again.

Jonesy's head snaps around to Henry.

JONESY
I didn't say anything.

BEAVER (V.O.)
Yes, you did, I heard you. You said, 'This is completely crazy.'

JONESY
I didn't say that, I thought --

He stops, realizing, now truly scared. Henry and Beaver understand at the same moment. The three exchange stunned looks, then turn and see that Duddits is beaming at them.

And that Pete has started off across the field, finger waggling. They go after him.

WIDE SHOT OF THE PARK: Pete in the lead, the others following. Duddits almost skipping.

136 EXT. FENCE, RAILROAD PROPERTY (FLASHBACK -- 1979) - DAY 136

Jonesy, Henry, Beaver and Duddits squeeze through a rickety old fence bordering the railroad property. Once through, they scan to find Pete, who's running far ahead of them, across the tracks.

137 EXT. SLOPE, RAILROAD PROPERTY (1979) - DAY 137

WITH PETE as he slides down a dirt slope, coming right UP TO CAMERA. He picks up a white plastic purse and pulls out Barbie and Ken dolls, then smiles in triumph. He spins to wave the dolls at the others, who have now reached the top of the slope.

PETE
Guys! She's around here for sure!

He puts the dolls back in the purse, sets it down and takes off
PAST CAMERA.

138 EXT. DRAINPIPE, RAILROAD PROPERTY (1979) - DAY 138

A drainpipe sticks out of the ground, covered with foliage. Pete arrives, pushes away the brush and sticks his head in.

PETE'S POV: Spooky. It slopes sharply downward into blackness.

REVERSE looking up at Pete, and then Jonesy, Henry and Beaver, all trying to squeeze in and look down the pipe.

PETE
Josie!... You down there, Josie?

Silence.

BEAVER
(certain)
Fuck me Freddy, she's down there. I know
it. I can see her in my head.

HENRY
(does too; quietly)
Yeah.

JONESY
Me too.

Then, from far down, a TERRIFIED VOICE.

JOSIE (O.S.)
...help...pleeeese...

They look at each other. This is it. Beaver is the first to move, climbing headfirst into the mouth of the pipe.

BEAVER
Grab my feet. We'll make a chain. Hold on,
Josie, we're coming!
(singing, it echoes)
'Here we come, to save the day...'

Pete has got hold of Beaver's ankle. Now he crawls in headfirst:

PETE
Don't sing, Beav, she's scared enough!

Henry and Jonesy laugh and prepare to become part of the chain. They're giddy with triumph. And an otherworldly gift. CUT TO:

Duddits, sitting in the dirt a few feet away, introducing Barbie and Ken to his Scooby-Doo toys.

DUDDITS
ArbyEn... Ooby-Doo.
(Barbie and Ken ... Scooby-Doo.)

He looks up at Henry's feet hooked over the lip of the pipe, the last piece of the chain.

HENRY
(echoing, from pipe)
Duds, we got her!

Duddits is smiling that great smile.

DUDDITS
(quietly)
Ere's Osie. [Here's Josie.]

HENRY (V.O.)
(pre-lap, present day)
Here's the street. Turn there.

139 EXT. HUMVEE, DUDDITS' STREET, DERRY (PRESENT DAY) - NIGHT 139

The Humvee punches through a pile of snow into the sidestreet.

140 INT./EXT. HUMVEE, CAVELL HOUSE, DERRY - NIGHT 140

FROM INSIDE THE HUMVEE as it rolls down the street. Henry points to a house, but lowers his hand when he sees a woman is standing in the doorway, silhouetted by the warm interior light -- Roberta Cavell, Duddits' mother. Owen pulls the Humvee into the driveway.

141 INT. FRONT HALL, CAVELL HOUSE - NIGHT 141

MOMENTS LATER. Roberta and Henry break from a warm embrace. Owen stands to the side, already introduced.

ROBERTA
He's been waiting for you.

HENRY
(not surprised)
Blizzard slowed us up.

Now an EXCITED VOICE, coming nearer --

DUDDITS (O.S.)
-- Henry -- Henry -- HENRY --

-- and here he comes down the hall, the now-grown Dudster himself. He throws himself into Henry's arms, kissing him. Henry shuts his eyes at the touch, but mostly he's shocked by the emaciated body. Duddits is öving.

He's bald under his Red Sox cap. Crusts of blood around his nostrils. Deep dark circles under his eyes. Light as milkweed fluff, he seems ancient. Henry is rocked.

142 INT. BACK HALL, CAVELL HOUSE - NIGHT

142

Henry follows Roberta down the hall. (Duddits stays with Owen.)

HENRY

My god, Roberta, what is it?

ROBERTA

Lymphocytic leukemia.

HENRY

I'm so sorry, Roberta. We should have been here... we let him down.

Roberta stops at a bedroom door, looks at Henry. Just love here.

ROBERTA

What you boys did was give Douglas the happiest times in his life.

143 INT. DUDDITS' BEDROOM, CAVELL HOUSE - NIGHT

143

Not what you want for your child. A hospital crank-up bed, an IV pole alongside. Rows of pills. Roberta collects Duddits' things.

ROBERTA

I'm going to let you take him, but I have to tell you why. Just now, when he was getting ready -- Henry, he was so excited. For the first time in so long...

She looks at Henry. It's hard for her to say, but --

ROBERTA

I think if he's with you, he might die happy, instead of in this awful room.

She takes a huge BOSTON RED SOX parka from the closet. Roberta opens a small fridge, takes out the yellow Scooby-Doo lunch box.

ROBERTA

Be sure the parka stays on tight. The cold devastates him. Pills and medication in Scooby.

144 EXT. FRONT PORCH, CAVELL HOUSE - NIGHT

144

Henry and Owen wait outside as Roberta stands with Duddits at the door. She fusses with his parka, though it's fine.

ROBERTA
You mind Henry now.

DUDDITS
I-ill, Amma. [I will, Mama.]

Excited, he turns away and steps toward Henry.

ROBERTA
Haven't we forgotten something?

Duddits runs back to her, gives her a big kiss. She holds him tightly, but only for a moment. Owen leads Duddits to the Humvee. Roberta and Henry exchange a look, then Henry turns away. Roberta watches as Owen helps Duddits climb aboard.

ROBERTA
Goodbye, Duddie -- be a good boy.
(beat)
Now go save the world.

145 INT. HUMVEE, DRIVEWAY, CAVELL HOUSE - NIGHT

145

Owen has settled Duddits in back with Henry and now gets in. He pulls the .45 Colt from his parka, re-inserts the clip and chambers a round. He puts the gun snugly in its holster on the seat. As he backs the Humvee out WE PUSH IN on the shiny Colt, VERY CLOSE and CUT TO:

A RADAR SCREEN. A green dot is pulsing on and off, accompanied by a BEEP-BEEP... BEEP-BEEP. PULL BACK to REVEAL we are --

146 INT. KURTZ'S WINNEBAGO, GOSSELIN'S - NIGHT

146

The radar screen is part of a small ELECTRONICS CENTER shut off from the bedroom by a sliding door. A TECHNICIAN, outfitted in the overalls of Kurtz's unit, graphs a location on a map. The door slides open, the Technician startles. It's Kurtz.

KURTZ
It's all right, laddie. They haven't worked up the nerve to take over my trailer. Not yet. What've you got?

TECHNICIAN
(points)
They're on the move again, sir.

KURTZ

Where?

TECHNICIAN

Leaving Derry, Maine. Headed south again,
on 95, toward Massachusetts.

KURTZ

Massachusetts... hmm. Keep at it, bucko.

There is a loud KNOCKING from out front. Kurtz goes out.

FRONT ROOM. Kurtz comes in from the bedroom, closing that door behind him. He opens the outside door. Big smile, friendly --

KURTZ

General Matheson, please come in!

GENERAL HERMAN MATHESON steps in. He's as tough as Kurtz, but without the insanity. He looks around the Winnebago.

MATHESON

This is very nice, Abe.

KURTZ

It's been home through some tough times.
Is there something we haven't covered?

Matheson knows exactly what Kurtz thinks of him.

MATHESON

Two things really. I don't think I got to say before how much I respect the work you've done. It was with sincere regret --

Kurtz raises a hand to stop him.

KURTZ

Herman -- may I call you Herman? -- we may not agree about every strategic initiative, but we do agree about this --
(dramatic Kurtz pause)

-- I am past it... burned out. I just needed a push. I probably should have quit after the episode in Montana.

(he laughs)

Even I don't trust my judgement any more.

MATHESON

You're very gracious.

KURTZ

And the other thing?

MATHESON

Oh. My techies tell me we've still got some electronics reading hot from in here.

KURTZ

That's right. I've been talking to the wife on my sat-phone -- I don't know if you ever met Barbara. This is a big day for us. She's plenty happy, I'll tell you that.

(Matheson understands)

I'll have everything shut down in an hour or so...

(the injured warrior)

... if that's soon enough.

MATHESON

That'll be fine.

147 EXT. STATE POLICE CRUISER, I-95 - NIGHT 147

START ON the revolving BUBBLE LIGHTS on the roof, which flare the falling snow red and blue. DOWN TO Jonesy/Mr. Gray driving slow.

148 INT. STATE POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT 148

The flashing lights are bugging Mr. Gray, but he has to keep his eyes on the road and can't find the switch.

MR. GRAY

(Welles voice)

How do you turn off these goddamn lights?

JONESY

(loathing)

Maybe you shouldn't have been so fast to kill that trooper.

(V.O.)

'Goddamn lights'? You're making yourself at home here, aren't you?

MR. GRAY (V.O.)

You have no idea, Jonesy. Tell me how you like this --

Mr. Gray says the next OUT LOUD, but this time he sounds like Orson Welles' going a very good imitation of Jonesy:

MR. GRAY

'Maybe you shouldn't have been so fast to kill that trooper.'

Jonesy reacts, grim. Mr. Gray appears in the next second, gleeful. Back to Welles voice --

MR. GRAY

Not bad, huh?... Oh, you don't like that, Gary, do you?

(glances into the back seat)

How about you, Ike, did you like it?

In the back seat, Ike WHIMPERS. His stomach is now massively bloated and contracting spasmodically.

MR. GRAY

Won't be long now, boy... won't be long.

(doing Jonesy again)

Ah, there's that sucker.

Mr. Gray reaches across the dash and switches off the flashers.

149 INT. HUMVEE, I-95 - NIGHT

149

The Humvee is making better time than the cruiser. Owen glances in the rearview mirror at Henry, sitting close to Duddits, who stares out the window as if watching a movie.

DUDDITS

No more pitty ites. Ownzy in plees-ar now... no more ites.

(No more pretty lights. Jonesy in police car now... no more lights.)

HENRY

(half to Owen)

He's in a police car now. Can you see where he is, Duds?

Duddits nods, with as much energy as he's got right now.

DUDDITS

Ownzy in Ister Gay.

HENRY

Ister -- Mr. Gray!

(Duddits confirms)

That's right, Duds. He's in Mr. Gray.

(jolted, a sudden connection)

Ister Gay is Mr. Gray --

SMASH CUT TO:

150 EXT. STRAWFORD PARK, DERRY (FLASHBACK -- 1979) - DAY 150

THE SCENE WE SAW in front of the bulletin board: the whole group, about to go find Josie, about to become telepathic.

JONESY

(to Duddits)

We've got to save this girl.

DUDDITS

(confused)

-- ave iss urld?

{-- save this world?}

HENRY

Not the world, Duds, a girl. We'll save the world some other time.

DUDDITS

Ister Gay?

HENRY

Yeah, Duds, it's a mystery.

151 INT. HUMVEE, I-95 - NIGHT 151

Henry stares in awe at Duddits.

DUDDITS (V.O.)

(echoing from previous)

Ister Gay?

HENRY

You already knew...

OWEN

Can he tell where they are? Ask him again.

Henry takes a moment to come back from his revelation.

HENRY

Where is the police car, Duddits? Are we going in the right direction?

Still looking out at the snow, Duddits nods, then points out the front windshield. His eyes flicker; he's getting weaker.

HENRY

I think we're good.

(to Duddits)

Where is he going, Duds? Where is Mr. Gray taking Jonesy?

Duddits is drifting, doesn't seem to hear. Henry reaches down --

CLOSE UP of Henry taking Duddits' hand in his. Duddits' fingers immediately entwine Henry's. TILT UP to Duddits, as he comes back to alertness, looking directly at Henry.

DUDDITS

Ister Gay want war.

OWEN

War?

HENRY

Not war... water. Mr. Gray wants water?
Why does he want water?

Duddits puts his arms out in front of him, as if he were fat... or pregnant. Henry looks for a long beat, then a light goes on --

HENRY

Omigod. I know where he's going. If he knows everything Jonesy knows, he's going to Quabbin Reservoir.

OWEN

Why? What's Quabbin?

HENRY

Back at our cabin, I saw a weasel that had just laid a ton of eggs. And the little buggers that came out were trying to get inside of me.

(shudders)

Duddits says Mr. Gray is pregnant, or has something pregnant with him. He must want to get it in the water...

(grim)

... Quabbin Reservoir supplies the drinking water for all of Boston.

OWEN

Are we going right?

HENRY

(peering out)

Yes; take 495 to the Mass. Pike. It's not far...

Henry turns his attention back to Duddits, lifting their hands up between them. Duddits' eyes shine.

HENRY

You're doing great, buddy. Now, I'm going to ask you something hard. Are you ready to try something hard?

DUDDITS

Ess, Henny.

HENRY

Good... Can you talk to Jonesy? Can you make him hear you?

Duddits stares blankly at Henry for a moment, as though he hasn't understood. But what he says, is --

DUDDITS

Ownzy and Ister Gay.

152 INT. STATE POLICE CRUISER, INTERSTATE 495 - NIGHT 152

CLOSE UP on the face of Jonesy/Mr. Gray. There's no way to tell which one, but it doesn't matter much, because at this instant both of them are VIOLENTLY JOLTED by the incoming message from --

JONESY/MR. GRAY

Duddits!

Jonesy/Mr. Gray loses control of the cruiser. It starts to slide and he hits the brakes hard. The skid gets worse.

SMASH CUT TO:

153 INT. JONESY'S OFFICE, MEMORY WAREHOUSE 153

OVER JONESY'S SHOULDER toward the door to the Warehouse. It is just about to come off its hinges, so violent is the POUNDING from Mr. Gray outside.

CLOSE ON Jonesy, expecting to face the True Mr. Gray in the next second. He shoots a look over at --

-- the Duddits file boxes stacked in the corner. Then FLASH PAN to the door again. All of a sudden, the POUNDING STOPS. SILENCE.

Jonesy is mystified. Then, the SOUND of the DEADBOLT SLIDING BACK. The inside BOLT slides away. The doorknob turns. The door swings open. There is no one there. Jonesy reacts, quickly turns to the Duddits files -- but they're gone. CUT BACK TO:

154 EXT. STATE POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT 154

The state police cruiser SKIDS directly AT CAMERA and slams to a stop in the snowbank on the shoulder. Ike, thrown forward, HOWLS.

155 INT. STATE POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

155

Jonesy/Mr. Gray has banged his head on the steering wheel, where it rests now. He lifts his head and, for the first time, there is fear in him.

MR. GRAY

I knew it, I knew it. He's been here all along... waiting.

Now a slow realization comes to Mr. Gray.

MR. GRAY

Your friend Duddits... Jonesy, it appears we didn't meet by accident.

JONESY.

I don't know what you mean.

MR. GRAY

No?... Maybe not. Maybe your clever little friend didn't want you to know what he was up to...

(following the thread)

... That's why you had nothing in the warehouse about... me. Duddits didn't bother to tell you what job he had in mind for you.

Mr. Gray tries to collect himself, preparing to go on.

MR. GRAY

It doesn't matter. His little scheme didn't work out. We're almost there.

(works the gear shift)

What was it your poetry file had to say? '...I have promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep, and miles to go...'

He begins to rock the cruiser, extracting it from the snowbank.

MR. GRAY

Slowly, slowly... easy does it.

Mr. Gray is worried. But he's also got a new skill to show off -- he speaks OUT LOUD, in a voice that's exactly like Jonesy's:

MR. GRAY

Thank you, Jonesy. Your files on winter driving are very helpful... Slow and easy.

156 INT. HUMVEE, I-495 (TRAVELING) - NIGHT 156

The Humvee is kicking ass, closing in. But Duddits seems weaker again, even with his hand in Henry's.

DUDDITS

Slo an ezy, Ister Gay.

Henry and Owen exchange a look. DAWN begins to light the sky.

157 EXT. HELICOPTER AREA, GOSSELIN'S - SUNRISE 157

Kurtz glances at the brightening sky as he walks along the line of choppers to his Kiowa. The snow is finally stopping. He pulls his copter's door open and swings in.

158 INT./EXT. KURTZ'S COPTER - SUNRISE 158

Kurtz fits a super-GPS unit into its dock on the control panel and flips it to life: the GREEN DOT we saw earlier begins BLINKING and BEEPING on a military grid-map of Massachusetts.

A HELICOPTER SENTRY comes running down the line of Chinooks as Kurtz TURNS THE ENGINE OVER with a ROAR.

HELICOPTER SENTRY

Colonel Kurtz... Colonel Kurtz, sir! We're not authorized to let any of these birds --

KURTZ

(friendly)

It's all right, laddie. I've got my authorization right here.

Kurtz shoots the Sentry dead with his standard-issue automatic. He pulls the door shut, hits another switch, then checks the controls: the .50 machine gun mounted in the nose of the Kiowa SWIVELS side to side, up and down. He starts the rotors.

KURTZ

I'm comin', Owen. Need to take you to school. Teach you what happens to buckos who cross the Kurtz Line.

159 EXT. COMPOUND, GOSSELIN'S - SUNRISE 159

SOLDIERS run PAST CAMERA, which PANS AROUND AND UP to SEE Kurtz's chopper lift away toward the lightening southern sky.

160 EXT. STATE POLICE CRUISER, RT 9, OUTSIDE WARE, MASS. - DAY 160

A sign: QUABBIN RESERVOIR -- NEXT RIGHT. The cruiser comes by and makes the right turn, carefully.

161 INT. STATE POLICE CRUISER - DAY

161

Ike lies WHINING on the floor in back, rear legs twitching. Mr. Gray's hand passes over Ike's head; the dog goes deeply to sleep.

MR. GRAY

Sleep, doggy... Not yet, little one...

The cruiser loses traction and Mr. Gray has to return his attention to driving. He SLOWS the car to a crawl.

JONESY (V.O.)

(taunting)

C'mon, Mac, I got a hot date. Why doncha step on it?

MR. GRAY

(practicing, mimics Jonesy)

C'mon, Mac, I got a hot date...

162 EXT. HUMVEE, ROUTE 9 - DAY

162

A sign: QUABBIN RESERVOIR - 3 MILES. The Humvee speeds by.

163 EXT. AERIAL SHOT, WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS - DAY

163

Beautiful. Red sky at morning... Flying low over the countryside. Kurtz's chopper ENTERS UNDER CAMERA, at exhilarating speed.

164 INT./EXT. POLICE CAR, ACCESS ROAD, QUABBIN - DAY

164

The cruiser struggles up the unplowed access road now. In the distance WE SEE an old, square stone building, the SHAFI HOUSE.

INSIDE NOW, Mr. Gray struggles as the car drifts in deep snow.

JONESY (V.O.)

Give it gas... put the pedal to the metal!

Reflexively, Mr. Gray steps on the gas. It works. The cruiser takes hold and picks up speed. Surprised by the help --

MR. GRAY (V.O.)

Thank you, Gary Jones.

Mr. Gray gives it more gas: the cruiser CRASHES NOSE FIRST into a GULLY hidden by the snow -- end of the line! Jonesy LAUGHS.

165 INT./EXT. HUMVEE, HEAD OF ACCESS ROAD, QUABBIN - DAY

165

The Humvee skids to a stop. Owen looks back at Henry, who cradles Duddits in his arms. Duddits manages to point a finger.

HENRY

Go up around the Reservoir. The aqueduct to Boston starts in Shaft 12.

Owen turns in, fast; drives in tracks just cut by the cruiser.

166 INT./EXT. STATE POLICE CRUISER, ACCESS ROAD, QUABBIN - DAY 166

Jonesy/Mr. Gray staggers out of the cruiser -- trousers ripped, knees bleeding, hip screaming. His damaged body has been used hard. He starts to shiver in the freezing air. Now the hard part:

He reaches in the back and pulls the dog out. GRUNTING, he swings Ike up around his neck, almost falling. In agony, he walks toward Shaft 12 House. The dog's hind quarters are contorting violently.

167 EXT. SHAFT 12 HOUSE, QUABBIN - DAY 167

Jonesy/Mr. Gray barely makes it to the door, puts Ike down and tries the door. Locked. Damn! He looks at the adjacent window.

168 INT. SHAFT 12 HOUSE, QUABBIN - DAY 168

The window is SMASHED by a rock. Jonesy/Mr. Gray knocks out the remaining glass, then, with difficulty, climbs inside. He catches his breath, unlocks the door and brings Ike inside.

He looks around: a rectangular room, thirty feet long. Dead center, A ROUND IRON SHAFT COVER -- 150 pounds, maybe more.

169 INT./EXT. HUMVEE, ACCESS ROAD - DAY 169

Owen drives, his face set. He takes the photo of his father from his pocket, touches it with his fingertip for luck, puts it back.

170 INT. SHAFT 12 HOUSE - DAY 170

Jonesy/Mr. Gray is struggling to lift the iron cover to Shaft 12. He pushes with all his might -- it doesn't even budge. He looks around the room -- in a corner are some tools, including a crowbar. He glances at Ike, awake now, ready to give birth.

171 EXT. STATE POLICE CRUISER, ACCESS ROAD - DAY 171

The cruiser is blocking the road. Owen stops the Humvee fifty feet behind it, checks the scene: cruiser and Shaft House beyond.

172 INT./EXT. HUMVEE, ACCESS ROAD - DAY 172

Owen pulls out the .45, checks it and reholsters. To Henry --

OWEN

Stay here and take care of your friend, no matter what you hear.

(he opens the door, pauses)

So long, Doctor.

Cautious, staying low, Owen moves to the rear of the Humvee and pops open the back gate. He takes out an MP5 auto-fire rifle and three banana-clips of ammunition. Henry turns to watch as Owen snaps in a clip and slides back the action.

Henry embraces the fading Duddits as Owen heads off toward the Shaft House, almost certainly to kill their friend Jonesy.

173 INT. SHAFT 12 HOUSE - DAY 173

Jonesy/Mr. Gray struggles to lift the cover with the crowbar.

174 EXT. APPROACHING SHAFT 12 HOUSE, QUABBIN - DAY 174

Owen raises the MP5 as he comes up to the cruiser. He checks the vehicle and moves on, hugging the treeline. Now he HEARS something he hadn't expected: WHUP-WHUP-WHUP. Owen looks up.

Here comes Kurtz in his Kiowa, swinging in low over the trees and heading down the access road toward Owen. The .50 machine gun in the nose ERUPTS IN BLAZING BURSTS.

The ground EXPLODES in a deadly trail of hits. Owen dives for cover and returns fire as the Kiowa sweeps by. Kurtz unloads on the cruiser and the Humvee, riddling them with bullets.

175 EXT. HUMVEE, ACCESS ROAD - DAY 175

Henry grabs Duddits, pulls him out of the vehicle and carries his emaciated friend into the snowy woods.

176 INT. SHAFT 12 HOUSE, QUABBIN - DAY 176

Jonesy/Mr. Gray, sweating now, looks up anxiously at the sound of GUNFIRE, then returns to the cover, which is starting to lift.

177 INT. KURTZ'S COPTER - DAY 177

Kurtz is smiling as he pulls the Kiowa into a looping turn. Here's the shocking thing: we've never seen him so happy before. He's defending the honor of the Kurtz Line... trying to kill Owen. He heads down the road again, triggering a new BLAST.

178 EXT. ACCESS ROAD - DAY

178

Owen takes a glancing hit in the leg. He grunts, goes down hard -- there's blood, lots of it. He struggles to his feet and limps out into the open road just as Kurtz comes over.

179 INT. KURTZ'S COPTER - DAY

179

For a moment, Kurtz can't believe his good luck -- an open target. But in the next second, the helicopter is directly over Owen and he disappears from view. Kurtz instantly realizes what's happened and pulls the Kiowa up, up over the trees. BEGIN TO INTERCUT THE HELICOPTER WITH:

180 EXT. ACCESS ROAD - DAY

180

Owen FIRES an entire clip from the MP5 at the bottom of the copter. Some of the bullets hit, but the damage isn't critical.

Kurtz swings the Kiowa sideways so he can see Owen again, staying over the trees so Owen can't get under him. He moves in that direction, unleashing another BLAST from the .50.

Owen stands his ground as the shells hit around him. He drops the depleted MP5 and pulls out Kurtz's gift -- the hidden bug that has let Kurtz track him -- the shiny .45 Colt automatic.

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Owen's bullets find the rear rotor of the Kiowa. The copter jolts and starts to spin.

Kurtz knows what's coming -- there's no safe landing possible. He aims the copter toward Owen, struggling to stay aloft. Kurtz shucks his seat belt, grabs a MAC-10 machine pistol from the seat beside him... and throws open the door of the Kiowa.

Duddits clings to Henry in a snowbank as they watch the lurching copter and Owen standing in the road, emptying his gun.

Kurtz is still two hundred feet up, but he won't be cheated of his final dance. So he does an amazing thing: Kurtz jumps out, firing the MAC-10 as he goes.

Owen is stunned. Kurtz is falling to certain death... and even that doesn't stop his attack; the warrior keeps BLASTING away.

Kurtz, falling, falling. He doesn't stop firing until... he is impaled on a treetop. The narrow spear bends and breaks. Kurtz's body SMASHES down through the limbs, jolted and jerked like a ragdoll. And lands at the trunk, dead.

Off in the woods, the Kiowa EXPLODES in flame and smoke.

Henry and Duddits are stunned. They come toward Owen, moving as fast as they can manage. When they reach him, we SEE --

-- Owen lies dead in the road, blood staining the fresh snow.

181 INT. SHAFT 12 HOUSE, QUABBIN - DAY 181

Jonesy/Mr. Gray has gotten the shaft cover open a few inches. If he can just get it on the edge of the hole, he'll be able to slide it away.

182 EXT. ACCESS ROAD - DAY 182

Henry, kneeling in the snow by Owen, reaches down and closes Owen's eyes. Duddits, mimicking, reaches out and puts his hand over Owen's face; it seems strangely appropriate.

Then Henry does what Owen didn't have time to do: he takes a fresh banana-clip from Owen's coat and, hands shaking like the amateur he is, snaps it into the MP5 and pulls back the action. To Duddits, pointing at the vehicles --

HENRY

Try to make it, Duds. You'll be safer there --

Henry stands, faces the building, takes a breath. He heads off.

183 INT. SHAFT 12 HOUSE, QUABBIN - DAY 183

Jonesy/Mr. Gray is straining to lift the cover away. We HEAR an awful sound -- Ike's HOWLING DEATH THROES. And then, CHITTERING. Jonesy/Mr. Gray looks in that direction.

A newborn SHIT WEASEL writhes into view over the dead body of the German Shepherd, its body shiny with bloody slime. Its eyes shed a milky film and their bottomless blackness takes on intelligent life. It looks at Jonesy/Mr. Gray and starts toward the shaft.

With a smile, Jonesy/Mr. Gray watches the Weasel move toward him.

HENRY (O.S.)

Look out, Jonesy... or whoever the fuck you are.

Jonesy/Mr. Gray looks sharply to the door. As does the Weasel.

Henry's got the MP5 pointed at the Shit Weasel, but when he pulls the trigger, the gun, set for auto-fire, goes off in a HUGE BURST, something Henry is not prepared for.

Bullets smash down around the Weasel, but don't hit it. The Weasel rears up, CHITTERING, and bares its needle-like teeth.

So shocked is Henry by the lightning in his hands, he almost drops the gun. Finally, he manages to stop firing. In an instant, the Shit Weasel is attacking, SNAKING in a blur toward Henry.

Henry tries to regain control of his weapon, but his hands are shaking, his finger can't find the trigger -- and the Weasel is SHRIEKING and coming on like a rocket.

The Weasel is about ten feet from Henry when it draws its body up and launches itself into the air.

Henry looks up from his fumbling to see the Weasel flying toward him. Reflexively, he's brought the gun up too. And then it happens, a frozen instant in time:

The Shit Weasel arrives, jaws wide to bite out Henry's throat. What it gets instead is a mouthful of the MP5 muzzle. For one instant, total confusion: the Weasel WRIGGLES to disengage; Henry stares at what he's caught on his line. Henry's finger finds the trigger and a tiny smile flicks across his lips as he FIRES --

The last remaining Shit Weasel in New England takes a gullet full of lead and is blown across the room as A HOLLOW, BLOODY TUBE OF SLIME.

Henry stops firing. He looks down at the MP5, uncertain how much ammunition he's got left, then up at Jonesy/Mr. Gray.

Jonesy/Mr. Gray appears to be in convulsion, his body wracked by some violent exorcism. The last wrenching paroxysm heaves him to the floor in a helpless puddle -- hip ruined, bloody, spent -- not so different from his condition after the accident.

Jonesy/Mr. Gray raises his head -- blinking back tears -- and speaks in the perfect voice of Gary Jones.

JONESY/MR. GRAY

I knew you'd come, Henry. I knew you wouldn't let me die.

Henry isn't sure what to do. Legs shaking, he stumbles back to the support of the wall, holding the gun up as best he can.

HENRY

Who the fuck are you?

JONESY/MR. GRAY

Don't you know me, H.?

HENRY

(honestly)

I don't know. I think I'm gonna have to shoot you, just to be sure.

Jonesy/Mr. Gray's face drops, but into melancholy resignation, not resistance.

JONESY/MR. GRAY

Maybe you're right, my friend. I don't know myself if Mr. Gray is gone... He could be hiding in here somewhere, waiting for his chance.

Henry, in agony, sinks to the floor, back against the wall. Now they're looking across the floor at the same level. He doesn't want to kill his friend. He doesn't know what to do. Finally --

HENRY

Tell me something Mr. Gray couldn't possibly know. Tell me something only we could know...

CLOSE ON Jonesy/Mr. Gray as he lifts his head, hope returning.

JONESY/MR. GRAY

SSDD.

Henry looks at him a long moment.

HENRY

Not good enough.

JONESY/MR. GRAY

You decide. Ask me anything.

HENRY

(long beat)

At Tracker Brothers... the day we met Duddits... what was painted on the wall by the window?

Jonesy/Mr. Gray closes his eyes, thinks back, shuffling through thousands of memory files.

Henry raises the barrel of the MP5 directly at the other guy.

JONESY/MR. GRAY

(retrieving it slowly)

No... bounce... no...

DUDDITS (O.S.)

...no pway.

Startled, Henry looks up to find Duddits leaning against the doorjamb.

DUDDITS

Ello, Ister Gay.

Henry HEARS an EERIE SOUND -- like some interstellar vacuum breaking -- and turns to look across the room.

WHAT HE SEES: Jonesy lies exhausted on the floor, just as before. And that's all he can do, lie there.

But rising out of him, a full seven feet tall, is the True Mr. Gray, in all his horror. Except at this moment, it is Mr. Gray who is afraid. He speaks only one word, but it's in the voice of Orson Welles.

MR. GRAY

You.

Duddits is so weak he can barely remain standing, but he lifts his right hand and points his finger at Mr. Gray.

DUDDITS

Ister Gay... go away.

So fast we can scarcely see it, an extraordinarily intense, highly-focussed permutation of THE LINE shoots out from his fingertip.

Mr. Gray takes the hit in the center of the ghostly maw which bifurcates his toothy chest. The creature is slammed twenty feet across the room, where he SPLATTERS against the wall in a slimy mass of gray and red and gold.

The mess runs down the wall and forms into a pool on the floor. In two seconds, it turns to red-gold fungus. A second later, it's white and flakey. And then... it is just dust.

Henry and Jonesy -- and it is Jonesy again -- turn to Duddits.

Duddits looks from one to the other. He's slipping away fast now. Whatever that was he just did, it took his last earthly energy. He looks at them. And smiles that great smile.

DUDDITS

I Duddits.

He sinks to the floor... dead.

184 EXT. CEMETERY, DERRY - DAY

184

A brooding, cloudy day. SEVERAL SHOTS of the rows of tombstones.

Jonesy, limping, and Henry make their quiet way to a new headstone. It belongs to Duddits. Now they put something down in front of the stone, by the flowers -- the Scooby-Doo lunch box.

JONESY

You were The Dreamcatcher, Duds. You caught the nightmare and stopped it dead.

Jonesy's voice cracks. He looks up at Henry, who's wiping his eyes. Henry looks at him. There's a pregnant moment. They're here for a purpose, but they can't pull it off. Finally, Henry laughs, embarrassed --

HENRY

I don't think I can do it... I can't carry a tune.

JONESY

Tough shit. Let's hear it.

He turns toward the tombstone and Henry follows suit. Haltingly, painfully at first, they begin to sing. And as they go, they sound a little bit better --

JONESY AND HENRY

'I feel so bad I've got a worried mind
I'm so lonesome all the time
Since I left my baby on
Blue Bayou.'

WIDE SHOT. The two men continue to sing, doing their best.

JONESY AND HENRY

'Savin' nickels, savin' dimes
Workin' til the sun don't shine
Lookin' forward to happier times on Blue
Bayou.'

Now we can barely see them out there, among the tombstones. But they continue to sing.

FADE OUT.

THE END.