

**PET SEMATARY II**

An Original screenplay by Richard Outten

Revised by David S. Goyer

Based upon characters created by Stephen King

**THIRD DRAFT**

Revised 1/6/91

**"PET SEMATARY II"**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. LEMARCHE CASTLE, TOMB - NIGHT (1865)**

A storm is raging outside. We hear the clap and roll of THUNDER.

**TOMB STAIRWAY -**

RATS scurry away down the scum-covered steps as the GLOW OF A LANTERN and FOOTSTEPS herald someone's arrival...

**GENVIEVE LEMARCHE**

emerges around the bend. Mid-30s. Cultured beauty. Her dress and face are smeared with grime and... is that blood we see too? God only knows what's happened to her.

Genvieve ducks under a monstrous cobweb as she passes an open window.

**WINDOW**

LIGHTNING streaks across the night sky outside. We catch a glimpse of the MOON disappearing behind the clouds.

Genvieve reaches the bottom of the stairs. The tomb itself.

Water trickles in through cracks in the lichen-covered walls, pooling on the tomb floor.

Genvieve moves forward, her lantern throwing distorted shadows over everything...

In front of her is Anton LeMarche's stone sarcophagus.

Genvieve kneels in the water, one hand resting on the spiked iron railing which surrounds the tomb. She reaches the other hand towards a scum-covered plaque, brushing the grime away...

THUNDER and LIGHTNING reach a crescendo as...

A SKELETAL HAND rises out of the water, reaching for her.

Genvieve SCREAMS. The lantern falls from her grasp, sputtering out. The hand reaches for her arm and inadvertently clutches her breast instead...

Genvieve starts to laugh hysterically.

**DIRECTOR (O.S.)**

(exasperated)

Cut! Thank you, Renee. Can we throw some light on the set?

**GENVIEVE**

I'm sorry...

Suddenly it is lighter. Genvieve can't stop laughing. The groping monster hand disappears back beneath the water.

**WE PULL BACK, REVEALING -**

It's not 1865. The LeMarche Castle tomb is in fact, a 90s movie set. We are inside a soundstage, on a raised set, so the slugline should really read...

**INT. SOUNDSTAGE, LEMARCHE CASTLE TOMB SET -**

A FILM CREW scurries about. Everyone is LAUGHING now. The DIRECTOR sits to the right. He and the DP are already huddled over the video-assist monitor. We see the previous scene rewinding at high-speed.

The FIRST A.D. moves in.

**FIRST A.D.**

Water in the pool's running low,  
fill her up!

Crewmembers move towards the set.

An SFX PUPPETEER (i.e., the skeletal arm) crawls out from under, followed by an ELECTRICIAN.

**PUPPETEER**

I can't see shit down there! I'm  
working blind!

**GENVIEVE/THE ACTRESS**

rises out of the water. Her name is actually RENEE HALLOW and her beauty is undeniable, even in such a disheveled state.

**RENEE**

This is great, I could've spent  
four months on a romantic comedy  
with Warren Beatty, and instead,  
I've got a horny zombie trying to  
cop a feel!

The crew members LAUGH. She's well-liked on the set. Renee grins.  
Wardrobe and make-up personnel move in to adjust Renee's  
appearance.

**RENEE**

Uhgh, there's water everywhere...  
(beat)  
Can I get a cigarette?

The MAKE-UP GIRL pulls a pack of cigarettes from her fanny-pack  
and offers Renee one. In a flash, a P.A. appears with a lighter.  
Renee mumbles "thanks" as she fires up. She squints her eyes,  
trying to see past the set lights.

**RENEE**

(calling out)  
Geoff?  
(beat)  
Anybody see my boy?

**GEOFF (O.S.)**

Right here, Mom...

GEOFF MATTHEWS, Renee's 12 year-old son steps into view. Renee's  
face lights up when she sees him.

**RENEE**

How long have you been here?

**GEOFF**

Couple minutes. I saw the last  
shot. That was pretty cool.

Renee grimaces as the make-up girl spritzes her face with a spray-  
bottle.

**RENEE**

(casually)  
How did it go with your father  
last night?

**GEOFF**

Good. He said he'd be over for  
dinner at eight...  
(awkward)  
I mean... he misses you, Mom...

**RENEE**

I miss him too...

**RENEE**

(continuing)

I just don't want you to get your hopes up, okay? We're trying to work things out, but...

Her voice trails off.

**GEOFF**

I know, Mom.

**RENEE**

(affectionate)

You know everything, don't you?

Renee and Geoff are interrupted by a CREWMEMBER who's spraying "atmosphere" about the set with a hand-held smoke machine. Renee coughs.

Off-set, the FIRST A.D. is trying to get the show on the road.

**FIRST A.D.**

Okay, people! Quiet! We're going to try this another time!

**GEOFF**

Guess it's showtime.

**RENEE**

Yep.

Renee kisses Geoff on the forehead. He takes the cigarette from her and moves off the set, standing near the camera.

The director turns back toward Renee.

**DIRECTOR**

Alright, Renee. Last time. I promise. We nail this and you won't have to do this ever again.

**RENEE**

That's what you said the first time...

Renee turns and heads back toward the stairs. A P.A. hands her a new lantern. As she reaches the stairs, the house lights dim, creating the proper atmosphere once again.

**UNDER THE SET -**

The puppeteer gets ready. It's cramped. The electrician checks a power box connection.

The director nods to the camera operator.

**OPERATOR**

Rolling. Speed...

**SLATE BOY**

"Castle of Terror." Scene 69A.  
Take thirteen.

The slate comes down.

**DIRECTOR**

Action!

The scene replays itself as before, only now we're watching the action from multiple viewpoints.

We start on the video assist monitor, then move up to...

**GEOFF**

He grins as he watches the scene unfold.

**ON THE SET**

Renee has reached the sarcophagus. LIGHTNING flashes. The skeleton hand bursts up, grabbing Renee's arm. The scene continues past the original point of interruption.

**UNDER THE SET -**

We see an undetected LEAK. Water drips down. The puppeteer shifts position, struggling, and...

...knocks over the power box which SPARKS just as...

**ABOVE -**

Renee/Genvieve grabs the iron railing with both hands.

Electricity surges through Renee. Her body jerks and writhes like some nightmarish marionette.

**UNDER THE SET -**

The electrician drags the puppeteer back. Sparks fly.

**ELECTRICIAN**

Jesus! We've crossed over into  
220! Shut down the generator!

**ABOVE -**

Crewmembers SCREAM and scramble back...

All the circuits are blowing, lights EXPLODING and showering sparks over the whole set. This is not part of the movie.

**RENEE**

It's awful. She shakes, her SMOKING HANDS frozen to the iron railing by the electricity running through her...

Suddenly, Renee falls forward against the iron. Her face begins to **SMOKE AND SINGE...**

The lights CONTINUE TO BLOW, casting a strobic effect over the soundstage, adding to the chaos.

**ON GEOFF**

As he witnesses the whole event. He tries to rush forward, but someone restrains him...

**GEOFF**

Mom!!!!

Suddenly all the circuits in the stage are blown and the LIGHTS GO OUT. Renee slumps back into the water, smoke trailing up from her still form. And we...

**CUT TO:**

**OMITTED (SCENES 2 THRU 2J)**

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY**

An aged GOLDEN RETRIEVER is on the surgical table. CHASE MATTHEWS, D.V.M., gently strokes the dog's fur. He's good with the dog. He's kind. The retriever's owners: a MOTHER and her SON, look on.

**CHASE**

I think this is probably for the best. He's a very old dog. He has arthritis. He has cataracts in his eyes...

Chase looks at the mother. He's always hated this part.

**CHASE**

He's had a good life...  
(to dog)  
...haven't you, boy?

**INTERCOM**

Doctor Matthews, your son is on line one. He says it's an emergency...

Chase breaks concentration, pulling his eyes away from the mother and son.

**INT. SOUNDSTAGE, LEMARCHE CASTLE TOMB SET -**

A blur of activity converges on the movie set. A TRIO OF PARAMEDICS. A FIRE OFFICIAL. A POLICE OFFICER. Medical equipment.

Horrified crewmembers watch on, helpless.

WE STAY ON Geoff, momentarily blocked out and then revealed again and again, amidst the commotion of paramedics scrambling to save Renee. The director has his hand on Geoff's shoulder.

Geoff's eyes dart about, taking it all in. Things are happening very fast:

--Renee's hand is lifted. Someone checking her pulse. --Her eyelids parted. A pen light flashing at her fixed pupils.

**PARAMEDIC #1 (O.S.)**

Run me down a line of normal saline.

--An I.V. needle plunges into the inside of Renee's elbow. --A syringe injects into the I.V. post.

--Hands hook up a life-pack monitor. Renee's dress is torn away. Electrodes press to bare skin. --The monitor screen blinks to life.

**PARAMEDIC (O.S.)**

We have a bradycardic rhythm at 30.

--Another PARAMEDIC dials out on a cellular phone, to the consulting physician.

**PARAMEDIC #3 (O.S.)**

White female. Approximately thirty five years old. Electrocutation...

--A clear tube is inserted down her throat. --The monitor shows erratic heartbeat.

**PARAMEDIC #2 (O.S.)**

She's in V-fib.

--There's a renewed urgency even amidst their rush.

--Defibrillator paddles are pressed to her chest.

Geoff looks to the monitor as...

--It goes to flatline.

**PARAMEDIC (O.S.)**

Clear.

**GEOFF**

No...

Geoff moves forward, pulling away from the director. The police officer moves in and intercepts Geoff, turning the boy away.

Geoff's eyes fix on the monitor. An unbending flatline...

**GEOFF**

You have to bring her back...

Chase rushes onto the set, pushing past crewmembers. He freezes at the sight of the horrific commotion around Renee's still form.

**CHASE**

Oh Jesus...

Chase's gaze connects with his son.

**GEOFF**

(helpless)

Dad...

We pull back from Geoff, Chase, and the commotion around Renee. Farther and farther as the darkness around the set begins to close in...

**PARAMEDIC #1 (O.S.)**

(urgent)

We're losing her...

Darkness everywhere and we

**5 OMITTED**

**THRU**

**9G OMITTED**

**EXT. A DREAMLIKE FOG**

A form drifts forward, materializing out of the fog.

It's a CASKET. Appearing as if it's floating among the clouds. PULLING BACK, WE SEE that it's moving along A CONVEYOR. AND NOW, WE CAN make out the faint form of A PLANE as the conveyor descends from the cargo compartment.

The casket reaches the end of the conveyor. A tag marks its final destination: Bangor, Maine. HANDS reach in and lift the casket. FOUR BAGGAGE HANDLERS hoist the casket up onto their shoulders and carry it off.

**HANDLER #1**

Is it true she grew up around here?

**HANDLER #2**

Yeah. Over in Ludlow.

**HANDLER #1**

Huh. Never met a movie star before.

**HANDLER #3**

Well you're a little late for an autograph.

The baggage handlers laugh as they walk off into the distance. The fog closes around them and we...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. PLEASANTVILLE CEMETERY - DAY**

We drift down from the gray sky to the somber scene below. Off in the distance, a crowd of MOURNERS are gathered around a grave.

**PRIEST (V.O.)**

...I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord...

**CLOSER -**

THE HEADSTONE is adorned with an iron plaque. It reads, simply:

**RENEE HALLOW MATTHEWS  
1955-1991**

**PRIEST (V.O.)**

...She that believeth in me, though she were dead, yet shall she live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die...

THE CASKET is slowly lowered into the open grave. As it descends, WE SEE Geoff and his father, Chase, standing at the forefront of the crowd. Renee's grave is next to those of her parents.

Among the mourners is MARJORIE HARGROVE, an attractive local girl in her early twenties.

Further down the hillside, a wall of NEWS REPORTERS are gathered behind a roped-off media boundary. There is a blinding flurry of PHOTO FLASHES as the press records the scene before them.

A SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT PATROL CAR cruises up the cemetery drive, pulling to a stop near the mob of reporters.

Out of the car steps GUS GILBERT. Gus is nearly forty, with a Sheriff's uniform fitted to his solid, ageless frame. Gruff, maybe a little self-important: Gus likes being a big fish in a small pond.

**GUS**

(drawing near)

Let's keep it back, folks.  
Try to show her a little respect...

A REPORTER ducks under the media boundary, moving in for a closer shot.

He doesn't make it two steps before he's intercepted by Gus. Gus grabs the reporter and shoves him back.

**GUS**

Hey! What did I just say?

Gus means business. One look into his eyes reveals his intense, no nonsense approach.

**REPORTER**

Ass-hole...

The reporter backs off.

**BACK AT THE GRAVESIDE -**

Beneath the gloomy, ominous skies, the lines on Chase's face shade him as a decade older than his thirty-five years. Chase gently places a comforting hand on Geoff's shoulder.

Geoff inches forward, pulling free of Chase's touch. Drawn to his mother, drawn from his father. The only blemishes on his youthful, rosy cheeks are the tears, the endless tears.

**PRIEST (V.O.)**

I know that my redeemer liveth,  
and that he shall stand at the  
latter day upon the earth.

Geoff looks upon the casket, gazing into the abyss of despair.

**FOLLOWING THE CEREMONY**

The crowd has dispersed.

Geoff is standing at the base of Renee's grave. His eyes fixed. Unmoving. Unaccepting.

Chase is nearby, watching, not wanting to intrude on Geoff's private moment.

Gus quietly moves in at Chase's side.

**GUS**

Did she always have reporters  
following her around like this?

**CHASE**

Pretty much so.

Gus glances at Geoff.

**GUS**

I hear you moved into town.

**CHASE**

I wanted to get Geoff out of  
L.A. Just start things over, you  
know?

Gus nods. Now his eyes fall on Renee's headstone.

**GUS**

I remember when Renee left. She  
couldn't wait to get out of  
Ludlow. She used to say that  
life moved too slow here...

Chase forces a smile.

**CHASE**

That's Renee alright.

**GUS**

I suppose so.

The sky above seems heavy with imminent rain and we...

**CUT TO:**

**12     OMITTED**  
**THRU**  
**15     OMITTED**

**EXT.   HOUSE - DAY**

Lazy oaks embrace a vintage, two-story Victorian home in the rural neighborhood of Ludlow, Maine. A commercial MOVING VAN is parked out front.

Marjorie, the girl we saw at Renee's funeral, is coming down the sidewalk. She checks the address on the front of the house, then heads up the driveway.

**INT.   DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Moving boxes clutter the downstairs.

Chase is weaving through the maze, doing an inventory on the boxes.

A sweaty PAIR OF MOVERS are climbing up the stairs. Each is hunched over, with a garment box balanced on his back. The side of each carton is boldly labeled: RENEE - ATTIC.

**MOVER (O.S.)**

We've got six more of these. You  
sure you want them all in the  
attic?

Chase is contemplating a compromise when Geoff appears from the

kitchen doorway.

**CHASE**

...Geoff, what if we just give the clothes to Goodwill? We'll keep the rest. Just the clothes.

Geoff shakes his head, firm and deliberate denial.

**GEOFF**

You're the one who wanted to move. Nobody would've touched them if you didn't want to move here...

Chase weakens, giving in.

**CHASE**

All the 'Renee' boxes go in the attic. Sorry.

Marjorie KNOCKS on the open frame of the front door.

Geoff recognizes her from his mother's funeral. She flashes him a warm smile.

**MARJORIE**

Hi. I'm Marjorie Hargrove. Your new housekeeper.

Marjorie has a naive, friendly quality about her. She's also blessed with eye-popping genetics. Standing there outside the door, looking more than a little nervous... we can't help but like her. Needless to say, she doesn't look like your typical housekeeper.

**MARJORIE**

(re: Chase's reaction)  
Is something wrong?

**CHASE**

Uh... no. You just... look different than you sounded on the phone. Please, come in.

Marjorie enters. She grins at Geoff again. Yep. She's nervous alright.

**MARJORIE**

I'm real excited about working for you Mr. Matthews...

**CHASE**

Well we're glad to have you, Marjorie. You can call me Chase, by the way.

Marjorie passes her curious eyes over one of Renee's garment

containers.

**MARJORIE**

I've always admired Ms. Hallow.  
That scene she did in Blue  
Midnight, where her lover meets  
her at the train station...  
(she sighs)  
I must've watched that movie four  
times.

Chase smiles. Marjorie's enthusiasm is endearing.

Just then, one of the movers loses his grip. A garment box bounces  
down the slope of the stairs. When it reaches the bottom, dresses  
spill over the floor.

**MARJORIE**

Oh. I'll get that...

Marjorie moves for the spill. The first dress she touches is a  
beaded peach evening gown. Her fingers linger on the fabric.

**MARJORIE**

This is gorgeous. She wore this  
at the Emmys, didn't she?

Geoff moves forward, acting overly defensive.

**GEOFF**

Hey, don't touch her stuff. It  
made her crazy when people touched  
her stuff.

Marjorie is taken aback by the oddity of Geoff's statement.

Chase catches her eye, shrugging apologetically.

**17 OMITTED**

**THRU**

**19 OMITTED**

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY**

A VAN is parked outside. The rear side panel is masked off with  
tape and a stencil. Chase grabs the corner of the tape and  
carefully peels it back, revealing a crisp, new business logo:

**ROUND THE CLOCK ANIMAL DOC**  
**MOBILE VETERINARY SERVICE**  
**CHASE MATTHEWS, D.V.M.**  
Serving Aroostook County

**EXT. TOWN - DAY**

ESTABLISHING. Shops and businesses situated around a lazy town  
square. Quiet. Relaxed. As rural as they come.

WE pick up Chase's van as it cruises by.

**EXT. VETERINARY OFFICE - DAY**

Chase pulls the van in front of an unassuming veterinary office.

On the door is Chase's nameplate. And on the weathered wall is an outline of letters where the name and title "Quentin Yolander, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine" once was.

Geoff is first out of the van.

**INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY**

Geoff and Chase move inside. The offices look like they were built in the 40s. A dark corridor stretches down the center of the suite. Faded green walls are solid, with few exteriors. It's creepy in here.

Heavy, grey plastic curtains absorb much of the light which does find its way in. Nothing looks like it's been updated in the past fifty years.

**CHASE**

This doesn't look so bad...

Chase sweeps a curtain aside, revealing the interior to Geoff. Dust swirls in the air.

**GEOFF**

How long ago did this guy retire?

**CHASE**

It's been a few years.

Geoff takes a look around, growing uncomfortable.

**GEOFF**

(skeptical)

A few?

Geoff moves on down the central corridor which seems to grow darker and more dismal with every step. He moves on into the boarding room...

**INT. BOARDING AREA - DAY**

Rows of kennels are stacked along the walls, smothered with cobwebs. Ancient, rusted surgical equipment is scattered everywhere. The place is a mess. Windows are boarded up and shadows cloak the room.

Over to the right, Geoff hears a RUSTLING.

A CARDBOARD BOX on one of the shelves jiggles. Something is moving around inside it.

Geoff's eyes widen. Still, morbid curiosity propels him forward.

The box rustles again. He reaches for it and...

A CREATURE LEAPS out at him, HOWLING. Geoff SCREAMS and jumps back. The box tumbles over and...

A CAT crawls out. Behind the protective mother, are four of the cutest kittens we've ever seen, MEWING away.

Geoff sighs just as Chase rushes into the room.

**CHASE**

What's wrong?!

**GEOFF**

(embarrassed)

Nothing. I just got spooked by a bunch of furballs.

Inside the box is a note. Chase reaches for it. It reads: "And a warm welcome to you."

**CHASE**

Great, now I've opened an orphanage too.

One of the kittens pads out of the box and looks up at Geoff with sleepy eyes. Her fur is striped.

**GEOFF**

Well, I'll take one. If it's okay...

Geoff lifts the fragile creature, cradling it in his arms.

**GEOFF**

She looks like a tiger.

Chase spies an old broom resting in the corner.

**CHASE**

Tell you what, you do some sweeping up here, and she's yours.

Geoff nods and Chase moves back out into the hallway.

Geoff sets the box back upright and lowers Tiger in with the other kittens. He reaches for the broom and goes to work sweeping away the cobwebs.

Just as soon as he turns his back, Tiger climbs the side of the box, spilling over onto the floor.

**INT. EXAMINATION ROOM**

Chase is unpacking a shipment of medical supplies. When he places them in the cabinet, he stirs up a layer of dust.

Tiger scampers by as Chase coughs his way out of the cloud of dust.

**INT. WAITING AREA**

Tiger sees the front door ajar. And as she approaches to explore what lies beyond--

The door swings open...

ZOWIE, A SIBERIAN HUSKY is staring back at her. He's black and white with blue eyes, with a mask that is at once menacing and majestic.

A pudgy thirteen year old boy, DREW, has a hold of the dog's collar.

Zowie's BARK sends Tiger scrambling.

Drew loses his grip as Zowie yanks free. A strong, paternal command calls after Drew from outside.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Drew, you get a handle on that dog, now!

**INT. EXAMINATION ROOM**

Chase spins around at the commotion as Tiger darts across the floor with the barking dog in pursuit.

Mayhem ensues as Zowie's big paws slip on the slick tile.

Geoff rushes in from the boarding area.

Tiger ducks beneath the back of a surgical gurney.

Zowie's snout wedges beneath the base, inches from Tiger's tiny, striking paw.

Drew slides in on his knees, renewing his hold on Zowie's collar. He pulls the dog back.

Geoff rescues Tiger from beneath the gurney.

Drew shrugs sheepishly.

**DREW**

Sorry. He gets kinda hyper...

Drew's stepfather, Gus Gilbert, enters. The dreaded, domineering voice of authority in Drew's life. WE know him as the sheriff at Renee's funeral.

**GUS**

Hell, he thought it was lunch.  
How ya doin', Chase?  
(a handshake)  
You haven't met my boy.  
(aside)  
Drew, where the hell are your  
manners.

Drew steps forward and awkwardly offers his hand to Chase. Then Geoff. The boys shake.

**GEOFF**

He's a cool lookin' dog.

Zowie lurches forward, eager to shower affection on Geoff. Geoff strokes the dog's soft mane.

**GEOFF**

What's his name?

**DREW**

Zowie.

Drew puts his palm under Zowie's chin and turns him for Chase to see. There are several scabbed-over gashes on his left cheek.

**GUS**

Damn dog stuck his nose in on my  
rabbits and they ganged up on him.  
I swear that dog's an idiot.

**DREW**

Is he gonna be okay?

With one eye on Zowie, Chase sprays some antiseptic on the examination table and wipes it clean.

**CHASE**

Let's have him hop up here.

Drew prods Zowie. Zowie jumps up onto the table. Chase looks over the facial lacerations, then turns on a penlight and examines the dog's eyes.

Gus passes a lingering look over Tiger. He reaches in to pet her, making sure it meets with Geoff's approval.

**GUS**

When I was young I thought cats  
were the girls and dogs were the  
boys.

**CHASE**

There are three more girls where  
that one came from looking for  
homes.

Drew perks up at the thought, but Gus shoots it down.

**GUS**

Not our home.

Chase takes the light out of Zowie's eyes. He looks to Gus.

**CHASE**

Thee facial lacerations should heal up pretty quickly. I'll give you som antibiotic cream--

**GUS**

--Drew, he's your dog. Are you listening to this?

Chase turns to Drew and continues...

**CHASE**

His left eye is scratched, corneal abrasion. Eyedrops will help, but it's going to take som time. Try to keep him away from those rabbits, huh?

Drew nods, casting a glance aside at Gus.

**GUS**

(to Chase)

I hear you've got Marjorie Hargrove working for you now.

**CHASE**

How'd you know that?

Gus gives Chase a knowing grin.

**GUS**

It's a small town, Chase.

Gus laughs and claps Chase on the shoulder.

**GUS**

Hey Geoff, did you know your mother and I used to be high-school sweethearts?

Geoff is surprised at this. Surprised and annoyed. Tact isn't a quality that Gus possesses in abundance.

**GEOFF**

Really?

**GUS**

(nodding)

Homecoming. Prom. Whole nine

yards.  
(to Chase)  
Course that was a lifetime ago.

**EXT. SCHOOL - DAY**

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL KIDS are converging en masse for classes.  
Chase's van pulls up front.

**INT. VAN - DAY**

Chase digs some cash out of his wallet. Geoff stares out at the school. He's dreading this.

**CHASE**

What's a lunch cost these days?  
You want ten?

**GEOFF**

(unenthused)  
Sure.

Chase looks at his son.

**CHASE**

You nervous? New town, new  
school. I know it must be pretty  
hard for you...

**GEOFF**

(cutting him off)  
I'll be fine, Dad.

Geoff reaches for the door, but Chase stops him. He's trying to reach his son. He really is.

**CHASE**

(awkward)  
Geoff... you have to help me out  
here a little...

"MEOW!" Chase drops his eyes to the bulge squirming around in Geoff's jacket. He can't help but smile.

**CHASE**

Are you sure you don't want me to  
pick you up. It's a long ride.

Geoff opens the side panel of the van and slips out his **MOUNTAIN BIKE**.

**GEOFF**

That's what my bike's for...

Before Chase can say another word, Geoff is gone.

**EXT. VAN - DAY**

As Chase pulls away, WE SEE the handmade sign taped in the back window:

**PRICELESS KITTENS  
FREE TO A GOOD HOME**

**EXT. SCHOOL - DAY**

Drew is among a small circle of BOYS. He recognizes Geoff walking his bike from the van. The largest of the boys, CLYDE, takes notice of the unfamiliar face.

Clyde is fifteen, going on twenty. You know the type: local bully, held back a year or two.

**CLYDE**

Check it out. That's the new kid.  
The son of that movie star.

Mischief gleams in Clyde's eyes as he watches Geoff's every move. The other boys follow suit. Clyde always takes the lead.

Geoff fields their penetrating stares. For a second his eyes connect with Clyde's, then he moves on into the building.

Among the boys, Drew is the reluctant participant.

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY**

MRS. GORDON is addressing a room of SEVENTH GRADERS.

Geoff is doodling in his notebook, feeling acutely out of place as he tries to avoid the curious glances the rest of his new classmates are giving him.

**MRS. GORDON**

People, this is Geoff Matthews.  
He'll be joining our class for the  
rest of the school year...

As Mrs. Gordon points to him, Geoff drops his face even lower. This is the worst embarrassment a boy could ever suffer. He'd like to throttle Mrs. Gordon.

A freckle-faced boy, DOUG, fires off a question.

**DOUG**

Hey, what's Hollywood like? Do  
you know Eddie Murphy?

**GEOFF**

(annoyed)  
No.

**MRS. GORDON**

Why don't we save that for later,

Doug?

A girl with braces, SUSAN, continues the interrogation.

**SUSAN**

What about Julia Roberts?

**MRS. GORDON**

Susan! That'll be enough.

Susan shuts up. Geoff sinks even lower in his seat.

The kids turn their eyes back to the front of the room.

But one classmate's eyes are still on Geoff. It's Clyde.

Clyde shifts his stare to the squirming lump in Geoff's jacket. He catches a glimpse of Tiger's bobbing nose popping out.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Geoff joins the stampede of kids as the BELL releases them for the day. Almost immediately, Clyde and his cronies, STEVIE AND BRAD, fall in step behind him. Drew hangs slightly off to the side, not really wanting to be a part of the intimidation.

**CLYDE**

What's the hurry, Junior? Where you off to?

Clyde quickens his pace, pulling ahead of Geoff and stopping in front of him. Stevie and Brad move in on either side. Surrounded by peers, it's apparent how small Geoff is for his age.

On the wall next to them is a bulletin board display. Clyde glances at it. Geoff follows his gaze.

**DISPLAY**

It's one of those corny school affairs with construction paper letters spelling out: "WE REMEMBER RENEE HALLOW." Beneath that are pictures of Renee clipped from various magazines. Cloyingly tasteless.

**CLYDE**

(feigning remorse)

Too bad about your Mom. Papers said it was pretty gross, getting fried like that. Guess you saw it, huh?

Geoff nods. Clyde raises his eyebrows, pulling Geoff's jacket open.

**CLYDE**

So, what are you hiding there?

**STEVIE**

When you bring a friend to school  
you're supposed to introduce him.

Geoff's arm tightens protectively around Tiger.

**GEOFF**

Her name's Tiger.

**CLYDE**

Tiger? Don't you think that's  
kind of a pussy name?

(reaching out)

Can I hold her? I promise I'll be  
real careful.

Clyde has a convincing way about him. Geoff reluctantly hands the  
kitten over. Clyde is so gentle with the creature that one would  
never question his sincerity.

Geoff is just beginning to feel at ease when something changes in  
Clyde's tone, something sinister.

**CLYDE**

Hey, Geoff. You ever seen a  
kitten run?

**GEOFF**

I've seen her run around the  
house.

Clyde's eyes narrow. He takes a couple of steps back. Geoff's  
heart starts to sink.

**CLYDE**

No, I mean really run...

(beat)

Like this!

Clyde backsteps and bolts off down the hallway with Tiger. Brad  
and Stevie fall in behind him, laughing.

Drew shrugs apologetically. He's torn, but he tears off after them  
nonetheless.

**GEOFF**

Shit...

Geoff runs off in pursuit of them.

**EXT. SCHOOL - DAY**

Geoff rushes from the building, searching the dispersing crowd.  
There they are, tearing from the bike racks, pedaling for the  
street.

Clyde sees Geoff and mockingly holds the kitten out for display as

they ride by.

Geoff runs for the bike racks.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

Clyde and his cohorts break from the outskirts of town, riding out onto the open road.

Clyde glances back toward the center of town.

Geoff is so far behind he's barely visible.

Clyde returns his eyes to the road ahead, raising Tiger nose to nose with him.

**CLYDE**

Having fun yet?

Clyde and his smirking buddies ride on, OUT OF FRAME.

**WITH GEOFF**

giving the pedals all he can, struggling to keep pace with the boys.

**35 OMITTED**

**FURTHER ALONG**

Scattered houses sprinkle the landscape ahead. Cochran Lake stretches into the distance beyond the housing.

Clyde's clan cuts from the road and blazes a trail across a residential property. The two-story house is weathered and boarded up. It looks vaguely familiar. Creepy.

And when WE FIND the mailbox post, we know why. The name is faded, but there's no question who once lived there. Five bold letters: "CREED."

Geoff whips by in a blur, still in pursuit.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

Clyde and his friends have abandoned their bikes. They've taken position on top of the slope of the hill, standing at the foot of **THE PATH TO THE PET SEMATARY.**

**38 OMITTED**

**EXT. PET SEMATARY PATH - DAY**

Geoff pulls his bike to a stop short of the boys. He dismounts and leans it up against a tree.

**GEOFF**

Just give me the cat, all right?

A devilish grin creeps over Clyde. He strolls down the path toward Geoff. Clyde grabs Geoff's handlebars and, backing up, pulls Geoff and the bike with him.

**CLYDE**

I would but... there was a little accident...

(feeding off Geoff's alarm)

She was trying to get away. You know, running down my leg... and her head got too close to the spokes. Pretty gross. What's left of her is up in the Pet Sematary. A zip-lock bag might help...

(shrugs)

...but I happen to be out of them at the moment.

Drew shakes his head, disgusted he has to put up with Clyde's antics.

**DREW**

Come on, Clyde, just tell him where the cat is...

**CLYDE**

(turning on Drew)

...I TOLD HIM where the cat is!  
Now shut up, fuck-face!

Clyde punches Drew in the arm. Drew shrinks back.

Geoff flashes a hateful stare at Clyde.

All of the boys but Clyde are uncomfortably silent. There's something frightening about Clyde... something that extends beyond the standard bully antics. We begin to get the feeling that this kid is genuinely deranged.

**CLYDE**

(relishing the moment)

You heard about the Creed murders yet? And the place where the dead come back to life?

He motions to the path behind him.

**CLYDE**

(continuing)

It's just back there. Just down that path...

**DREW**

(meekly)

Clyde... it's not funny anymore.

**CLYDE**

Oh? So you got a problem?  
What're you gonna do, fat-ass? You  
gonna sic big, bad, old Gus after  
me?

Drew shuts up. Clyde turns back to Geoff, drawing closer.

**CLYDE**

What do you think, Geoff? Maybe  
you could dig up your Mom and take  
her back there. Maybe if you pray  
real hard, she'll come back.

With this last remark Clyde has pushed too far. Geoff's face is red with anger.

**GEOFF**

(quietly)

Just give me the cat, ass-hole.

Clyde's grin falters a moment.

**CLYDE**

Excuse me, maybe I'm a little hard  
of hearing... but did you just call  
me an ass-hole?

Clyde pokes Geoff in the shoulder.

**CLYDE**

You mad, Geoff? Cause if you are,  
you should take a shot at me...

This time Clyde shoves Geoff back even harder.

**CLYDE**

Come on, you pussy! What's the  
matter with you?

Clyde moves forward again and Geoff suddenly LASHES OUT, catching everyone off guard.

For an instant, Drew marvels at Geoff's tenacity.

Clyde LUNGES. He hammers Geoff with blows.

Outsizing him by forty pounds, Clyde tosses Geoff to the ground. Geoff struggles, but Clyde's grip proves arresting.

Clyde throws Geoff onto his stomach, forcing his face into the dirt. It looks as if he's ready to smother his opponent.

Drew is the first to rush in. Brad and Stevie quickly follow. It takes all three of them to peel Clyde off Geoff.

Clyde gets to his feet and backs away. There's great pleasure in his crazed eyes as he watches Geoff coughing and gasping.

**CLYDE**

Fuckin' ass-hole.

Satisfied he's handed out enough ill will for the day, Clyde turns away.

Drew's attentions remain on Geoff. As Clyde strolls by, he grabs Drew's arm and swings him around.

**CLYDE**

This way, fat-boy.

Stevie and Brad follow. As the group passes Geoff's bike, Clyde gives it a kick, knocking it over. Then they're gone.

Geoff pulls himself to his feet. Brushing off the mess, he heads up the path in search of Tiger.

**EXT. PET SEMATARY - DAY**

The woods here have grown long with shadows. The air is still and the sound of birds is conspicuously absent.

A WOODEN ARCHWAY frames the entrance to the primitive graveyard. Scrawled across the weatherstained boards is a child's barely legible attempt at "PET SEMATARY."

Geoff trepidatiously enters the clearing of crude, crowded graves. Collars, leashes, bird cages and other accessories adorn the makeshift crosses and headstones.

Geoff moves along the outer circle of markers, each crafted by a child's caring hands.

As he searches, he can't help but notice the heartfelt epitaphs. On the outer circle, he sees a crate-board marker memorializing:  
**SMUCKY THE CAT... HE WAS OBEDIANT.**

MOVING INWARD, the markers are older. The ones he can still read convey a sense of the perpetual cycle of life and death.

Here is a wide, flat, upright board planted deep in the earth: "In Memory of MARTA our Pet Rabbit Dyed March 1 1965."

The next three rows are illegible, the inscriptions are weathered beyond recognition... And then, chiseled into sandstone: **HANNAH THE BEST DOG THAT EVER LIVED 1929-1939.**

And now... "MEOW." Faint. But very much alive.

Geoff picks up his pace, weaving quickly toward the center.

There, he finds Tiger. Trapped in a rusted old birdcage, its base swallowed by the grave.

Geoff opens the door and frees Tiger, stroking the trembling kitten.

Geoff's eyes are drawn to the far perimeter... to the deadfall...

THE DEADFALL looms on the outskirts of the clearing like a pile of skeletal remains. An abstract stairway to things beyond. A wind picks up just then, sending leaves skittering in waves across the ground.

**40 OMITTED**

**EXT. PET SEMATARY PATH - DAY**

When Geoff turns around, he finds Drew waiting for him under the archway. Drew smiles, full of respect for Geoff.

**DREW**

I've never seen anybody punch  
Clyde before.

**GEOFF**

(shrugs)  
He pissed me off.

**DREW**

(his smile fading)  
Sorry about your mom.  
(beat)  
I couldn't handle not having my  
mom around. Just having Gus...

He grimaces at the thought.

**GEOFF**

My dad's not so bad.

Drew glances around at all the makeshift grave markers.

**DREW**

I swear, sometimes I wish Gus was  
dead...

**GEOFF**

(serious)  
You shouldn't ever say that about  
your parents, not even your Dad.

**DREW**

Stepdad. Gus is my stepdad.

Geoff nods knowingly.

**GEOFF**

What was all that stuff about dead  
people coming back to life?

**DREW**

Nothing. It's just an old ghost  
story. Let's get out of here...

They head off, full of childhood.

**INT. KITCHEN - DUSK**

Marjorie is at the stove, fixing up dinner, while Chase scans the  
newspaper at the table.

Geoff enters through the kitchen door. He moves past them without  
a word.

**CHASE**

(calling after him)  
Hey! How was your first day at  
school?

**GEOFF**

(over his shoulder)  
It sucked.

**MARJORIE**

Now is that any way to talk to  
your father?

Geoff stops for a moment, turns...

**GEOFF**

You're not my mother.

...and exits through the opposite door.

Chase looks to Marjorie and offers a sympathetic shrug.

**CHASE**

Sorry.

**EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - DUSK**

CRUDE CAGES HOUSE DOZENS OF RABBITS. Situated alongside the  
garage. A sign above the cages reads: PET RABBITS - \$10.00. Bells  
positioned along the roof threaten to reveal foul play.

Gus is rigging a wire along the base of the cage.

Finishing it off, he hangs the plug next to an outside socket.  
Moving onto the next chore, he pours pressed alfalfa pellets into  
feeding slots for the hungry rabbits.

Setting the feed aside, he takes a seat. Opening one of the cages,  
he grabs a rabbit and sets it on his lap, gently petting its soft

fur.

One of the cages starts to vibrate.

Gus gives it a look: A PAIR OF RABBITS aren't interested in eating, they're joined in fast and furious passion.

Gus gets a chuckle out of the sight.

**GUS**

Way to go, Romeo...

Gus replaces the rabbit in the hutch. And before he goes, HE SINKS THE PLUG INTO THE SOCKET. An ELECTRICAL CHARGE dances along the base of the cage, a deterrent for intruders.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Drew's mother, AMANDA, withdraws a roast from the oven.

Gus is at the sink, washing his hands. He turns to see Zowie laying at Drew's feet in the living room. Drew is watching a MUSIC VIDEO on TV.

**GUS**

Drew, I don't remember inviting Zowie in for dinner.

**DREW**

Just until he heals up?

Gus is wagging his thumb toward the back door.

Drew slumps in defeat.

Gus reaches into the cabinet and pours himself a Bourbon.

**EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Drew walks Zowie from the house with a dish of dog food. As they pass the rabbit dens, Zowie alters his path. Drew gets a handful of his collar and pulls him back.

Across the yard is an enclosed dog run. Twenty feet long by ten feet wide. Drew puts Zowie inside with the dog food.

Drew strokes Zowie's mane affectionately, then backs away, closing the wood-framed door to the dog run.

**INT. DREW'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Amanda's about to put the roast on the table when Gus nuzzles up behind her, breathing down her backside. With his drink in hand, he sweeps her hair aside and zeros in for a kiss on the back of the neck.

Gus eases his free hand around between Amanda and the counter and

presses his palm firmly into her crotch, drawing her body tight to him.

She stiffens at his intimate hold, uncomfortable with his timing.

**AMANDA**

Gus, please...

At the back door, Drew is watching from beyond the screen, disgusted by the sight of Gus pawing his mother. Drew swings the door open as loud as he can to signal his return.

Gus plants a last kiss on the back of Amanda's neck and backs off. But before he goes, he snatches a chunk of meat from the serving platter. Leveling his leering eyes at Amanda, he stuffs it into his mouth suggestively.

**GUS**

God damn, you're good.

Drew rolls his eyes and takes his seat at the table, returning his attention to the TV, where another MUSIC VIDEO is on.

Gus glances at the TV, annoyed by the MUSIC. He drops into his spot at the head of the table, blocking Drew's view. Drew leans to the side for a better look. Gus takes notice and leans to the same side to obstruct his view.

**GUS**

You're breaking the law here,  
Drew.

**AMANDA**

Really, Gus. It won't bother me.

Gus ignores her, inching forward with a confidential, harsh whisper.

**GUS**

Your mom's spent the last hour  
cooking. Stop being a little jerk  
and show her some appreciation.

Drew aims the remote control at Gus, as if to shut him up, and silences the TV.

Amanda approaches with the roast. The moment it's on the table, Drew starts dishing up a hefty serving. Gus spears Drew's fork with the serving fork.

**GUS**

Not that much appreciation. I  
thought we were gonna tone down  
that flabby ass.

**DREW**

Hey, I'm so sorry I'm not the stud

that you are.

**AMANDA**

Knock it off, guys...

Gus throws back a sip of Bourbon.

**GUS**

(to Drew, quietly)

You watch that mouth of yours,  
Drew buddy.

**46 OMITTED**

**EXT. ZOWIE'S DOG RUN - NIGHT**

MOVING THROUGH Zowie's enclosed pen, WE SEE no sign of the dog. REACHING the door, WE FIND that the wood around the bottom hinge has been chewed through. The base of the door is ajar, just enough for a dog to have slipped through.

**EXT. RABBIT CAGES - NIGHT**

In the still of the night, Gus' rabbit pens sit unattended. And then WE HEAR the tinkling of dog tags. Snoozing rabbits awaken as Zowie lumbers INTO FRAME.

Zowie rises on his hind legs, pressing his paws to a cage. Blue sparks fly as Zowie is jolted with the electrical charge.

**INT. GUS' ROOM - NIGHT**

The ELECTRICAL ZING. The dog's whimpering CRY. And the RINGING OF BELLS reach Gus in rapid succession, rousting him from his sleep. He rolls out of bed and grabs his robe.

**GUS**

Damn it, Drew. That dog is  
history!

Amanda stirs, groggily focusing on Gus' departing figure.

**INT. DREW'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Drew swings open the door to the hallway as Gus marches by, stuffing shells into a shotgun. Panicked, Drew takes off after him.

**EXT. RABBIT CAGES - NIGHT**

Zowie swings his head in the direction of the house as Gus bursts through the back door. Drew is one step behind.

Gus swings the gun up and fires off a SHOT.

Zowie bolts for the shadows of the hillside.

Drew rushes in and deflects the aim of the rifle.

**DREW**

Don't shoot him!

Gus' eyes are wild with anger.

**GUS**

What, Drew? What did you say?!

Gus throws Drew aside, brings the rifle back up and FIRES another random shot after the fleeing dog. All the while, his eyes remain on Drew, as if this were the boy's lesson to be learned.

He squeezes off one more SHOT...

A PAINED YELP echoes from the hillside. Zowie's yelp.

Drew whips his head aside in sickened shock. Even Gus is sobered by the unexpected hit.

All they can hear now are Zowie's WHIMPERING CRIES diminishing in the night.

Drew shoots Gus a look of such unbridled hatred that Gus is speechless. He backs away from Gus and darts off toward the dark hillside.

When Gus turns back for the house, Amanda is standing there.

**AMANDA**

Jesus, Gus, what have you done?

**GUS**

Ah, come on, Amanda, stop looking at me like that. He's had ample warning about that dog.

Amanda glares at him, an outpouring of pent-up strain.

Gus defiantly marches past Amanda, entering the house without ever meeting eyes with her.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Drew pauses long enough to listen for Zowie...

Nothing until a FAINT CRY drifts back at him.

**DEEPER IN THE WOODS**

Zowie limps INTO FRAME. Blood is flowing from the bullet wound in his left hindquarter, trailing from his suspended leg. Every step is a strain.

**DREW**

comes upon a break in the trees. The hanging moon outlines the knoll stretching beyond. And then, the strained breathing, the hushed WHIMPER.

Drew hesitantly approaches the crest of the knoll.

Zowie is just beyond, lying on his side at the end of the bloody trail. His chest rises and falls almost imperceptibly with every effort to survive.

Drew drops to his knees at Zowie's side and cradles the dog in his lap, shaking his head in denial.

Zowie's weak eyes shift, gazing longingly at Drew.

Drew strokes the fur under Zowie's chin, hardly able to see the dog through his glaze of tears.

Zowie's eyes drift off. His chest falls and doesn't rise again. He falls limp in Drew's arms. Drew hugs Zowie even tighter and he begins to weep.

#### **FROM A DISTANCE**

WE SEE the image of Drew with the dog cradled in his arms, silhouetted against the moonlit horizon.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**53      OMITTED**

#### **EXT.    GEOFF'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Geoff appears from the garage with his bike and takes off for the road. A WHISTLE catches his ear.

Drew is at the edge of the woods, beckoning for Geoff.

Geoff circles around and doubles back.

#### **GEOFF**

I was just going by your house.  
Where's your bike?

The closer Geoff gets, the more he sees of Drew's despair. Then he sees the dried blood staining Drew's clothes.

#### **DREW**

Zowie's dead.

Geoff's heart sinks. An unspoken moment of sympathy passes between the boys. Fighting the emotions, Drew finally speaks.

#### **DREW**

I have to bury him. I don't want  
to go out there alone.

There's such grief in Drew's words that Geoff can't resist. He glances toward his house to make sure he hasn't been seen, then blends into the woods.

**EXT. PET SEMATARY - DAY**

Drew carries Zowie's relaxed form in his arms. Geoff is following, balancing a pickaxe and shovel.

Arriving at the graveyard, Geoff searches the outer perimeter for a vacant stretch of soil. Finding one, he lets the heavy tools fall to the ground.

**GEOFF**

Is this a good spot?

**DREW**

I'm not burying him here...

**GEOFF**

Why not?

**DREW**

There's a better place...

Drew heads for the base of the deadfall, with Zowie in his arms.

**DREW**

It's back here somewhere, through the Indian woods. I know we can find it...

Drew continues up the deadfall, disappearing over the crest.

Geoff gathers up the shovel and pickaxe and follows after him.

**GEOFF**

Hey, wait up!

**EXT. THE BOG - DAY**

Geoff climbs over the peak of the deadfall...

Beyond is a dark swamp, A BOG, looking unlike anything one would expect in Maine. Tendrils of ground fog swirl about vegetation that looks almost prehistoric. Gnarled trees rise up from the murky earth, blocking the sun from view.

Geoff hurries down the other side of the deadfall to catch up with Drew. Somewhere off in the distance we hear an UNEARTHLY SOUND. Not a bird. Not any animal known to man.

Spectral shapes flicker at the edge of Geoff's vision, sinking back into the shadows as Geoff tries to focus on them.

**GEOFF**

(uneasy)

Drew, where are we going?

Drew doesn't respond. He continues on without another word, hell-bent on finding this "better place."

**FURTHER ALONG - DAY**

At the boundary of the bog, A STAIRWAY OF HUGE, WIDE STONES rises from the blanket of ground fog. Bordered by fir trees. Leading up the hillside. The final leg of Drew and Geoff's journey.

**DREW**

This is it... I wasn't sure if it even really existed.

**GEOFF**

What did?

**DREW**

The old Indian burial ground.

Geoff's eyes move to the stairway of stones.

**GEOFF**

Come on, that's just a bullshit story. You said so yourself...

**DREW**

What if it's not bullshit? If I bury Zowie there, and it works...  
(beat)  
...he'll come back alive.

**GEOFF**

Drew, I know your dog died, but... get a grip, man, you're freaking me out.

**DREW**

Look, if there was even one chance in a million it'd work, wouldn't you want to try?

Geoff feels for Drew. It's pointless to reason.

Drew starts up the stone steps. Geoff has no choice but to follow.

**EXT. MICMAC BURIAL GROUND - DAY**

Even in broad daylight, the flat-topped mesa has a sense of foreboding isolation. There's an almost palpable sense of "wrongness" about this place. As if the darkness of a dying black hole was seeping out of the ground and spreading across the earth.

Drew and Geoff approach the circle of rocky soil. They stand at the border, looking it over in eerie silence.

Somewhere off in the distance we hear the unearthly SOUND again, only this time, it's closer.

**GEOFF**

Look, let's just get this over with.

Even Drew seems to have awakened from the haze he had fallen into. He gently sets Zowie's body on the ground.

**DREW**

If this doesn't work... don't ever tell anyone I did this, okay? You gotta promise...

Geoff nods and hands over the digging tools. Drew swings the pickaxe, sinking it into the ground.

**GEOFF**

You want me to help?

**DREW**

You have to bury your own. That's the way the Indians did it. It's like a rule...

Backing away from the burial ground, Geoff takes a seat on a rock at the border of the forest. From there, he watches.

Drew alternates the pickaxe and shovel as he clears a hole in the rocky ground.

WE MOVE IN ON GEOFF, who's looking on with skeptical intrigue as the rhythmic SOUND of the tools continues.

**59 OMITTED**

**LATER -**

A cairn is complete: a conical pile of rocks over Zowie's grave.

Drew is now sitting on the rock next to Geoff. Together, they stare at the cairn as if Zowie might climb from beneath at any moment.

**DREW**

What if he really does come back?

Geoff shrugs, pondering such a thought.

Geoff digs into his pocket and produces a pack of gum, offering one to Drew. With only a quick glance away from the grave, Drew snatches a piece and he stuffs it into his mouth. Geoff does the same.

They sit together in silence. Nervously chewing their gum. Watching the grave.

**DREW**

I've never had anyone die  
before...

(beat)

...but I guess you get over it. I  
mean, eventually...

**GEOFF**

(quietly)

You never get over it.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON**

The sun dips over the horizon, giving way to dusk.

**EXT. MICMAC BURIAL GROUND - DUSK**

Geoff's eyes shift from the grave to the darkening sky.

**GEOFF**

It's getting pretty late. We  
better go.

**DREW**

(disappointed)

Yeah...

They rise, leaving the burial ground. En route, Drew pauses for a  
last look at the grave.

**DREW**

So long, Zowie...

Geoff follows, glancing back at the burial ground. It looks  
magical in the twilight, not quite so sinister now.

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

Drew is walking home along the road, alone.

Headlights blind him as a car approaches. It slows and pulls a U-  
turn, stopping at Drew's side. It's Gus' squad car. He pushes open  
the passenger door.

**GUS**

Get in.

Drew takes a step back, shaking his head.

**GUS**

Your momma's worried sick over  
you. You take off in the middle  
of the night, you don't show up  
for school. What're you trying to  
prove?

**DREW**

I'm not trying to prove anything.  
(beat)  
I was burying my dog.

Gus turns his eyes away, focusing on the dark road ahead.

**GUS**

Life is full of lessons. No one's  
above it. Not you. Not me...  
Now get in the car.

After a moment, Drew approaches the car. Without another word, Gus drives off.

**64 OMITTED**

**EXT. RABBIT CAGE - NIGHT**

It's quiet now. And out of the silence comes the JINGLING of Zowie's dog tags. Zowie's LONG SHADOW creeps over the cage, distorted to monstrous proportion by the flickering light.

We move past the cages to the back porch...

We see ZOWIE'S PAW scratching at the door.

**INT. AMANDA AND GUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Amanda wakens with a start. She rises, eyes focusing on the dark bedroom. Gus is sound asleep next to her. Then, from outside, we faintly hear ZOWIE'S SCRATCHING.

Slowly, Amanda rises from bed, pulling on a bathrobe as she heads for the door.

**EXT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT**

Amanda appears at the door. She unlatches it, stepping outside.

**AMANDA**

Zowie?

Amanda looks down and SCREAMS.

**INT. DREW'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Photos of Drew with Zowie are tacked on the wall above the bed. The one photo of Drew, Amanda and Gus has been altered with a cut-out head of Zowie's pasted on Gus' shoulders.

WE FIND Drew below. He's fallen asleep with his Walkman on. Even with his ears covered, the POUNDING at the door jolts him awake. Half asleep, Drew peels off the headphones.

**GUS (O.S.)**

Drew, you unlock this door! Right

now!

**AMANDA (O.S.)**

Unlock it, Drew!

The anger in his mother's voice brings him off the bed. Gus' POUNDING continues.

Drew moves to the door. The inside is secured by a double dead bolt. Instead of unlocking them, he opens a tiny, customized window which gives him a view of the hall.

**DREW**

What did I do now?

**AMANDA**

Open the door, Drew.

Drew unlatches the deadbolts and steps back as Gus bursts through the door.

**GUS**

Where do you come off lying like that? "I'm burying my dog." You think a lie like that's never gonna catch up to you?

Drew backs into the bed, taking a seat.

Amanda comes through the door, and behind her is...

**ZOWIE**

This is our first glimpse of the resurrected dog. Fur shiny and wet, the gaping gunshot wound in his rear. Zowie's head hangs low, his eyes GLEAMING RED. The husky is covered with dirt from head to toe.

Drew's eyes widen in astonishment.

Zowie staggers across the room towards Drew, nails clicking on the floorboards. Drew shrinks back in uncertain horror as the dog moves closer.

Zowie absently throws his arms up onto the bed, across Drew's lap. And slowly, perfunctory, his tongue licks Drew's cheek. This last action of Zowie displaces Drew's fear. Tears well up in the boy's eyes.

**DREW**

(a whisper)

Zowie...

**GUS**

Say your goodbyes. Zowie's going outside. You're grounded, buddy. That's the new law.

Drew lifts his hand from stroking Zowie's fur. His palm is covered with muddy blood.

**AMANDA**

I never knew an open wound could  
smell so bad...

(beat)

Honey, he should have been looked  
at this morning. I don't know  
what you were thinking. It's a  
wonder he's still alive.

Drew gazes into the dog's vacant eyes. It truly is a wonder.

**INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Chase enters and stops in the doorway.

Geoff sits in front of the television with a pile of videotapes next to him. He's scanning through Renee's old movies with the remote. The sound has been turned down and the effect is a little eerie.

**ON THE SCREEN**

We see RENEE move through a scene. Geoff hits the slo-mo button and the image winds down. Renee's face. HER EYES stare out at us from the alien universe of the past.

**CHASE**

(gently)

Geoff...

Geoff doesn't respond. He's captivated by Renee.

Chase moves into the room.

**CHASE**

Geoff!

Geoff PAUSES the tape. Renee freezes, the image flickering ever so slightly. For an instant, we think we see a FLASH OF Renee being electrocuted. But it's only an instant.

Finally, Geoff tears his eyes away from the screen, resenting his father's intrusion.

**GEOFF**

What?

**CHASE**

You alright?

Geoff's face softens. He nods.

**GEOFF**

Dad... do you think...  
(beat)  
...you think you and Mom would've  
gotten back together?

Chase draws closer. He takes a seat next to Geoff. The pain in his son's eyes is almost more than he can stand.

**CHASE**

I think so.

**CHASE**

(continuing)  
Your Mom and I loved each other,  
Geoff. Don't ever think that we  
didn't.

**GEOFF**

I still can't believe she's  
dead...

Chase moves to reach for his son, and suddenly the phone RINGS, shattering the moment.

Chase hesitates, but finally he rises and answers the phone.

After a moment, he returns.

**GEOFF**

Who was that?

**CHASE**

Remember Zowie, Drew's dog? He  
got hurt again. I'm going over to  
take a look at him.

Geoff's eyes widen. He looks like a ghost walked over his grave.

**GEOFF**

I'm going with you.

Chase nods and exits to get his coat.

Geoff looks back at the TV once more. The image paused.

Renee staring at us from beyond the grave.

**EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Gus, Amanda, Drew and Geoff are gathered around Chase's van.

**EXT./INT. CHASE'S VAN - NIGHT**

Chase lays Zowie on his side on an examining table and shines an overhead light onto the wound.

Geoff is looking in from outside, utterly bewildered by the living, breathing dog.

**CHASE**

How'd it happen?

Gus casts a threatening glance in Drew's direction.

**DREW**

(glaring at Gus)  
Some psycho hunter probably got  
trigger happy...

Chase is too busy preparing a syringe to notice the nonverbal exchange.

**CHASE**

I'm going to give Zowie a local  
anaesthetic so I can clean up the  
wound. I'd like to take him home  
tonight for observation.

**AMANDA**

Fine.

**DREW**

Can you keep him at your place  
until he gets better?

**CHASE**

Sure...

Drew tenderly strokes Zowie's mane as Chase administers the injection. Zowie stares up at Geoff with dull, blank eyes.

Drew reads Geoff's bewilderment and joins him outside the van. Their words are clear, but whispered.

**GEOFF**

Maybe he wasn't dead when we  
buried him.

**DREW**

He was dead. You know he was.

Geoff returns his stare to Zowie.

**DREW**

You can't tell anyone, Geoff.  
Ever.

Geoff looks into Drew's eyes and nods in understanding.

**69    OMITTED**  
**THRU**  
**75    OMITTED**

**INT.   GEOFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Tiger is curled up at the foot of Geoff's bed. Geoff climbs in, careful not to disturb the kitten. As he lays his head back on the pillow...

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Sleep tight, darling. I'll be  
with you soon.

It's a woman's VOICE. A familiar one. Now we hear the rhythmic CREAK of a rocking chair. And with it comes the voice again, humming a HAUNTING LULLABY.

Wide-eyed, Geoff turns his head toward the source...

A WOMAN'S NONDESCRIPT FORM is seated in the rocking chair across the room. Rocking forward, her face passes into a swath of moonlight...

It's Renee. With the rock of the chair, her face recedes back into the shadows. Her soothing HUM remains.

And again, her face passes into the swath of light. And again it retreats.

Geoff raises his hand, reaching out for her.

Renee's hand rises from the shadows, reaching for him.

But suddenly, THE ROOM BEGINS TO STRETCH.

The rocking chair and the bed seem distanced like polar extremes, mother and son hopelessly separated by forces beyond their control.

LIGHTNING FLASHES in the bedside window. Renee is falling farther and farther away.

**GEOFF**

Mom!!!

Geoff leaps from his bed as the darkness closes in and...

**GEOFF**

bolts up from his pillow. Awake now, face wet with perspiration. It was a nightmare. Except, if it was a nightmare, why do we still hear...

...the steady CREAK of the rocking chair.

Geoff slowly turns his head once again, repeating the actions of his dreams.

In the shadows, the chair is still rocking. As it comes forward into the moonlight, we see ZOWIE, curled up asleep on the seat of the chair.

Tiger is not on the bed anymore. She's up on top of the bookcase now, wide awake, eyes fixed on the dog. She HISSES.

Geoff stares at the rocking chair, petrified.

**INT. CHASE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Chase strips off the bandage over Zowie's rear end. The wound is gooey and open.

Geoff reads the concern in Chase's expression. Drew is right there at Geoff's side, looking on.

**DREW**

What's the deal?

**CHASE**

I don't know. He's had three days. His immune system should've responded by now...

Chase puts on his stethoscope and checks under the dog's rib-cage for a pulse. He checks a number of places, then shakes his head, totally confused.

**CHASE**

I can't seem to find a pulse... it must be so weak, it's not registering...

Geoff and Drew share conspiratorial glances as Chase sets the stethoscope aside and extracts a blood sample.

Chase labels the capped vial of blood "ZOWIE" and carefully places it into a packing container. When he closes the lid, we see the preaddressed label:

**UNIVERSITY OF MAINE**

School of Veterinary Medicine  
Lab Samples Enclosed

Uncomfortable with Chase's investigation, Geoff reaches for Zowie.

**GEOFF**

We'll take him back to the kennels, Dad.

**78A OMITTED**

**INT. BOARDING AREA - DUSK**

THE KITTENS ARE HISSING, shrinking to the back of their kennel.

Zowie stands motionless before their cage, gazing in at them.

Geoff and Drew are nearby, putting the finishing touches on the bedding inside a larger boarding kennel.

**GEOFF**

You think my Dad'll figure out why  
he's not getting better?

**DREW**

You think he'd believe it if he  
did?

One of the kittens SPATS fearfully at Zowie. Geoff turns to stare  
at Zowie.

**GEOFF**

How can he not have a heartbeat?

**DREW**

(worried)  
Maybe it takes a while...

Drew lifts Zowie into the kennel. Geoff secures the door,  
something that clearly must be done from the outside.

Zowie immediately begins to pace back and forth inside the cage.  
He turns towards us and we...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. TOWN, CHASE'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

A SNARLING WEREWOLF rushing at us.

Chase jumps back, frightened out of his wits and we realize...

The werewolf is part of a group of COSTUMED KIDS out trick-or-  
treating. The kids LAUGH at Chase's reaction and hurry on,  
dragging their candy loot bags behind them.

Chase sighs and turns to lock the office door. He's closing up for  
the night.

He climbs into his Mobile Vet Van. We HOLD ON the new sign in the  
back window: "A HALLOWEEN TREAT. FREE KITTENS." Beneath that is a  
pencil-sketch of a black arched-back kitten.

**INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Marjorie and Geoff are at the kitchen table with the remnants of  
dinner. Geoff is doing last-minute touches on his costume.

Marjorie looks over his costume. He's got a hockey mask pushed  
back onto the top of his head.

**MARJORIE**

So who're you going as, Wayne  
Gretzky?

For effect, Geoff slips the hockey mask down over his face before

answering.

**GEOFF**

I'm going as Jason.

**MARJORIE**

Jason? Who's he play for?

**GEOFF**

He doesn't. He hacks people up.

Geoff checks his watch.

**GEOFF**

I'm late.

As Geoff heads for the door, Chase is just coming in for the evening.

**CHASE**

Hey! Where're you off to?

**GEOFF**

I'm going out, Dad!

Geoff ducks out the door. Chase turns to Marjorie.

**CHASE**

Out?

**MARJORIE**

He's probably going up to the Pet Sematary. Kids've been going out there on Halloween night for years.

**CHASE**

What do they do up there?

**MARJORIE**

Oh, you know... drink beer, tell ghost stories. They try and spook each other out, talking about zombies and things...

(she shrugs)

It's no big deal, Chase. I did it when I was young.

**INT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Drew is at the bathroom mirror.

**AMANDA**

Hold still. Hold still.

Amanda puts the finishing touches of color on Drew's lips. She's done an alarmingly good job of turning Drew into THE JOKER.

**AMANDA**

You make sure you're home by ten.  
If Gus finds out I let you go...

**DREW**

(sighs)  
I'll be home, Mom. Don't worry.  
I won't let Gus blow up again...

Amanda looks Drew straight in the eyes.

**AMANDA**

Drew, I know Gus isn't your  
father, but you never even knew  
your real father. He walked out  
on the both of us, and you  
remember that.

(beat)

Gus isn't that way. He has it in  
him to love us both. You just  
have to give him a chance...

Drew nods respectfully. Amanda gives him a kiss. Drawing back, she  
rubs out the lipmarks she's left on his made-up cheek.

**83 OMITTED**

**EXT. PET SEMATARY - NIGHT**

Dark clouds paint the foreboding sky. A broken pulse of lightning  
streaks through the dense haze.

Abandoning their bikes next to the path, Drew and Geoff approach  
the archway. The graveyard beyond is deathly silent.

They pass beneath the archway, entering the clearing.

And now, a soft, chilling VOICE drifts over the graves.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Geoff, honey. Mommy's here...

Geoff freezes in his tracks, awestruck as...

**A WOMAN'S BODY**

swoops down from the darkness above, materializing out of nowhere.  
A fluttering negligee. Flowing blonde hair.

RENEE'S FACE appears out of the shadows, masked with sadness.

Geoff swallows the lump in his throat.

Renee's form keeps coming. But even as she approaches, her visage  
grows less distinguishable. Just a phantom countenance now. A  
shadow framed by golden hair, resting atop a veiled body...

She's coming so fast that she's upon Geoff in no time. He fumbles back, startled out of his wits...

THE BODY is upon him now, flailing wildly. Geoff thrashes and struggles, screaming bloody murder.

Gradually, he realizes the body isn't fighting back. Geoff eases his struggle, lets his scream fall off.

Now he hears wild, mischievous LAUGHTER.

Drew pulls the body away. It's just a heavy wad of stuffed clothing: A DUMMY dressed in a negligee, capped by a blonde wig. It dangles near the end of a slanted wire.

Clyde, Stevie, Brad, and a half dozen other costumed KIDS appear from the nearby cover of bushes, doubled over in laughter.

Clyde tugs at a piece of twine that's connected to the back of the dummy's head and makes spooky sounds. The dummy jumps around on the slanted wire.

Clyde drops the dummy and saunters forward.

**CLYDE**

Look at this, Junior here  
practically shit his pants.

Clyde drops down, nose to nose with Geoff, who's still recovering.

**CLYDE**

Maybe you're too chicken to hang  
out with the rest of the boys.  
You gonna run home to Daddy now?

Geoff brushes himself off and rises to his feet. He stares into Clyde's eyes.

**GEOFF**

Fuck off.

Geoff pushes past Clyde and moves on into the graveyard, somehow managing to keep his dignity intact.

Drew follows, then the rest of the boys, leaving Clyde staring after them, standing alone with the dummy.

**EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Gus' squad car slows to a stop outside. Gus swings open the door and ambles toward the porch.

**INT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Amanda draws back from the window, mortified. She nervously crosses to the refrigerator and grabs a beer, turning as Gus

enters.

**AMANDA**

You're home early.

**GUS**

Nope. Just ran out of smokes.

Gus opens a kitchen drawer and fishes for a pack of cigarettes. He fires one up.

**GUS**

Where's the boy?

Amanda squirms.

**AMANDA**

Uh... in his room...

Gus tightens his brow, casting a suspicious eye.

A sickened look flushes through Amanda as Gus pulls his eyes away from her and marches upstairs.

**GUS (O.S.)**

**DREW!**

His feet POUND down the hallway. Silence for an instant. Then the powerful swing of Drew's door. Followed by Gus' hastened return down the hallway. And as he hustles down the stairs...

**GUS**

God damn it, Amanda! You want me to be a father to the boy, and as soon as I lay down the law, you let him break it!

Gus stops before Amanda.

**GUS**

Where is he?

One step away from terror, Amanda shakes her head. Gus loses his patience. He rips the can of beer from her grip and sends it flying across the room.

**GUS**

**WHERE IS YOUR SON!?**

Amanda sighs in quiet defeat.

**AMANDA**

The Pet Sematary.

Gus turns away and heads out the door.

**EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Wheels spin as Gus' squad car streaks off into the night. The cherry top glows to life, bombarding the countryside.

**EXT. PET SEMATARY - NIGHT**

By now, nearly TWO DOZEN COSTUMED KIDS have gathered at the Pet Sematary. In the midst of the graves, a small story-telling campfire burns. A number of the boys sip beer, trying to pretend that the bitter after-taste doesn't bother them.

Clyde sits up front. At fourteen, he's the elder statesmen of the group. With a beer in one hand, and a cigarette in the other, Clyde is just finishing up a spooky yarn.

**CLYDE**

...yeah, that old Louis was one sick fuck... digging up little Gage like so, maggots pouring out of that kid's eyes...

Clyde whistles. He drags on his cigarette and puffs out a smoke ring. Sees he still has an audience.

**CLYDE**

Ellie was the only Creed that lived. Then one night a few months later, Ellie freaks out, and she hacks up her grandparents with an axe!

(beat)

Police found her licking their brains off the blade... They locked her up in a psycho ward and all she said were two words: 'Pet Sematary. Pet Sematary.'

Clyde stares at the wide-eyed kids. He grins, takes a swig of beer, and moves in for the kicker.

**CLYDE**

Oh yeah! Almost forgot! Here's the best part. Two nights ago she escapes. Word is, she was heading for Maine. Man I hope she doesn't show up out here.

(feigning concern)

Shit, we wouldn't even notice her, not if she's wearing a costume. She could be one of us...

Clyde casts a suspicious eye on the group. The kids uneasily look at each other, making sure they know who's behind each and every costume.

Suddenly Clyde drops his jaw in exaggerated horror.

**CLYDE**

Oh my Goddd!!!

Clyde lifts a trembling finger, pointing beyond the group of spellbound listeners.

**CLYDE**

It's... It's...

The kids are afraid to turn around, assuming Clyde's rigged up some unspeakable terror...

And for an instant, a look of real horror washes over Clyde's face...

**A FIGURE**

Is coming up the path beneath the archway, rising out of the swirling mist. A frightening silhouette, backlit by the moon.

But then Clyde realizes who it is.

**CLYDE**

Shit! It's Drew's Dad. It's  
fuckin' Gus!

Drew and the others quickly turn around, realizing it's not part of the punch-line scare.

**89 OMITTED**

**THRU**

**91 OMITTED**

**EXT. PET SEMATARY - NIGHT**

The kids quickly scramble for hiding places in the bordering brush, dropping their beer cans as fast as they can.

As Drew leaps to his feet, he upsets the fire, knocking one of the logs. A FLAMING EMBER rolls to the base of one of the brittle old crosses.

Drew and Geoff run for it.

**EXT. PATH, ARCHWAY - NIGHT**

Gus moves quickly up the meandering path, sending the blinding beam of his flashlight over the graves.

**GUS**

You boys better not be drinking!

**EXT. PET SEMATARY - NIGHT**

Through the thick woods, Drew is flanked by Geoff and Clyde.

**DREW**

Oh man, he's gonna kick my ass...

Drew starts to take off. Clyde trips him on his first stride. Drew hits the dirt.

**CLYDE**

Thanks for fucking up our  
Halloween, dumbshit!

Clyde recedes into the woods as Gus approaches the campfire. He scans the area with his flashlight, illuminating the various beer cans.

**GUS**

Drew, you get your ass out here!  
Front and center!

Geoff pulls Drew to his feet.

Gus passes the flashlight over the woods. Kids duck away, retreating from their hiding places...

The flashlight sweeps toward Drew.

Drew freezes, spotlighted by Gus' beam. A burst of LIGHTNING floods Drew's horrified face.

**GUS**

Get out here, Joker.

Geoff remains frozen in the woods nearby, out of Gus' light.

Behind Gus, the wooden cross is completely on fire now.

**GUS**

You out here making a fool of me?

Drew shakes his head in instant denial.

**GUS**

I'm warning you, buddy! You don't  
play by the rules, I'm gonna  
shadow your ass for eternity!

Drew makes a break from his spot in the woods. He weaves through the markers, arcing around the outer perimeter to avoid Gus...

...but Gus is quicker. He zigzags through the crosses and headstones to intercept Drew.

Gus gets a handful of Drew's collar and yanks him in.

**GUS**

You little shit!

Gus draws his free arm back and smacks Drew across the face. Drew goes down.

**GEOFF**

is looking on from the woods, horrified. Torn...

**DREW**

cowers on the ground, trying to scramble away.

Geoff bolts out into the firelight, staring defiantly at Gus in silent accusation.

Gus is beyond furious. LIGHTNING flashes again.

**GUS**

You get out of here, Geoff  
Matthews! This is between me and  
my boy!

Geoff doesn't move. Gus starts to advance forward...

...but the GROWL emanating from the woods gives him pause.  
Everyone turns...

A RUSTLING is heard in the bushes, and Zowie emerges into the building firelight, flashing his fangs at Gus. His eyes GLOW RED.

Gus freezes, studying Zowie.

Zowie inches forward, poised for the attack.

**GUS**

Call off your dog, Drew.

Drew shifts his eyes from Zowie to Gus, too terrified to heed such a command.

Zowie brushes past Drew and Geoff, moving in on Gus.

Gus' eyes shift to burning cross at his side. With a swift boot, he kicks over the cross and presses it into his grip.

Swinging the cross like a primitive weapon, Gus connects with the side of Zowie's head.

Zowie spins a full circle from the impact. But he lands on all fours. Unphased. Taking the next step toward Gus. There's something clearly not of this world in Zowie's vicious stare.

**GUS**

(terrified)  
Drew, call him off!

All Drew can manage is a faint appeal.

**DREW**

Zowie...

Zowie goes for Gus, launching into the air...

**GUS**

**DREW!**

...and sinking his glistening fangs into Gus' neck.

AN ERUPTION OF BLOOD showers the closest headstone.

Gus comes helplessly tumbling down with the weight of the dog. His SCREAMS are suddenly cut short as Zowie rips out his throat. His arms flail weakly at his sides, then grow still.

Drew and Geoff stare at the scene, wide-eyed with shock.

Zowie looks up from Gus' neck with dripping, red fangs. For a moment, his eyes settle on Drew. Then Zowie bolts off, disappearing into the night.

**DREW**

Oh, God. Oh, God...

Drew's eyes shift to Geoff, whose face is flushed with sickened fear.

**GEOFF**

(a whisper)

Is he dead?

In dazed shock, Drew moves in for a closer look at the body.

Gus' eyes are wide open. Blood is still pumping in rhythm from his jugular with each weakening beat of his heart. It's a gruesome image against the roaring fire.

Drew kneels at Gus' side. He wants to touch him. To shake him awake, but with every attempt, he draws his hand back.

**GEOFF**

Is he breathing? Can you hear him breathing?

Drew leans forward, turning his ear toward Gus' gaping mouth. And as he inches closer...

**GUS' FINGERS TWITCH**

His hand jerks up and closes around Drew's neck. Gus stares up at him with his crazed menace.

Drew SCREAMS. His fingers claw at Gus' hand, desperate to pry it loose...

...but then, Gus' hand relaxes as his last, dying ounce of strength fades away.

Drew shrinks back, crouching over the lifeless body as the blazing firelight dances over it. He turns his tear-filled gaze to Geoff.

**DREW**

Oh man, Geoff... we killed him...  
we killed him...  
(beat)  
What're we gonna do?

Geoff draws closer and looks down into the dead man's face.

**GEOFF**

We could bring him back.

Drew's eyes widen at the suggestion.

And now, GAZING DOWN on Gus' body, and on the boys, WE PULL UP  
**INTO A SLOW SPIRAL...**

We move ever higher, until we are LOOKING DOWN UPON THE ENTIRE PET  
SEMATARY. At the SOUND of a shovel cutting into rocky soil, we...

**CUT TO:**

**95 OMITTED**

**EXT. MICMAC BURIAL GROUND - NIGHT**

Three quick shots:

A SHOVEL sinking into the earth.

GUS falling head down into the grave, landing with a heavy THUD.

SOIL covering Gus' lifeless face.

**EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Amanda is pacing back and forth on the porch, checking her watch every few steps. She sighs with relief as...

Drew appears from the darkness of the woods.

Drew dismounts his bike and carries it up the front porch steps, strangely silent. His clothes and face are caked with dirt.

**AMANDA**

Jesus, Drew, do you know what time  
it is? Did Gus ever find you?

Drew moves on past her into the house.

**AMANDA**

(calling after him)  
Drew? Drew, what happened?

**DREW**

(trying not to lose  
it)  
Nothing happened, Mom. We just  
ditched Gus, that's all...

Drew pauses and stares out into the unknown darkness of the night.

**INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Chase is in the study, perusing some files. He looks into the hallway as Geoff arrives home, then glances at the clock. It's late. Very late.

Chase rises. He's both angry and relieved. Right now, though, the anger's winning out.

**CHASE**

Were you drinking?

Geoff absently shakes his head. He slumps back against the wall, drained from the night's horrors.

**CHASE**

Drew's Mom called hours ago, the  
rest of the kids were back by ten.  
Where the hell were you boys?

Geoff shrugs, trying to mask his uneasiness.

**GEOFF**

Just out.

**CHASE**

"Out." Well that's great, Geoff.  
(beat)  
Look, I've been letting you get  
away with a lot these past few  
weeks, but I'm not going to stand  
for crap like this. I don't care  
if it's Halloween... it's a school  
night, and if you do this again...

**GEOFF**

(cutting him off)  
I'm really tired, Dad... can I just  
go to sleep?

Chase stops and looks at his son. Geoff's exhaustion is self-evident.

**CHASE**

(sighing)  
Go on... we'll talk about this in  
the morning.

Geoff nods and heads for the stairs.

**INT. GEOFF'S ROOM - NIGHT**

THE CLOCK is creeping up on 2AM...

THUNDER rumbles outside in the distance and rain starts to spatter the window panes.

Geoff's eyelids fall beneath unbearable weight and he nods off to sleep. Tiger is sprawled out on the blanket against his chest. Slowly, we move back towards the window...

In a flash of LIGHTNING--

**GUS' FACE**

APPEARS OUTSIDE. Washed in the haunting white glow. Streaked with mud. Caked with blood. Staring in at Geoff.

Geoff is jolted awake by the delayed clap of THUNDER and whips his gaze to the window. Before he can focus...

...the pulse of lightning fades away. And with it, Gus' face. Only darkness remains beyond the window pane.

Geoff returns his gaze to the bedroom, unaware of Gus' appearance. He sinks back to his pillow, already hurtling towards sleep once more.

**EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

MOVING IN ON the house, WE SINGLE OUT a rain-obscured window on the ground floor, the window to Drew's bedroom.

**INT. DREW'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Drew is sound asleep, curled up under the sheets. He clutches his pillow like a life preserver.

**GUS (O.S.)**

Drew!

Drew's eyes flutter open. He turns towards the window. Now, he hears some activity outside. And then Gus' hushed voice.

**GUS (O.S.)**

Drew, buddy. I lost my keys.

Drew goes saucer-eyed. He swallows the swelling lump in his throat and rises from his bed.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Drew steadies his quivering fingers just enough to sink the key into the deadbolt on the back door. Drawing the CREAKING door open, he gazes out back.

**DREW**

(scared shitless)

Gus?

Nothing moves outside. The longer Drew watches, the more eerie each shadow becomes. Spooked, Drew steps back inside, quickly closing the door. He locks it back up again.

When he turns around, he's face to face with GUS.

Drew stiffens, backing into the wall.

**DREW**

H-how'd you get in?

Gus offers a nightmarish grin and raises his hand, dangling his keys.

**GUS**

Found 'em.

Drew's eyes follow a flow of blood from Gus' neck to the floor. Gus looks down at his dirty, bloody footprints. He's tracked blood all over the linoleum.

**GUS**

I'm makin' a mess of your mother's  
kitchen floor...

(beat)

I need a shower...

Gus turns without another word and heads for the stairs.

Drew's mouth drops in utter astonishment as he watches Gus clumsily climbing the stairs.

After a moment, he returns his attention to the bloody kitchen floor. Tearing off a wad of paper towels, he wets them and begins to mop up Gus' tracks.

**103 OMITTED**

**AT THE MIRROR - NIGHT**

Gazing vacantly at his reflection, Gus covers his ravaged throat with a gauze strip, wrapping it around the circumference of his neck again and again and again.

Behind him, the shower is running, filling up the bathroom with steam.

Finishing the dressing off with a sloppy tape job, Gus reaches for the pajamas hanging nearby. He lazily buttons the buttons, failing to notice their alignment is off. He never did bother to shower. He's still covered with mud.

**INT. AMANDA AND GUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Gus enters from the steamy bathroom. The shower is still running.

Amanda stirs, sleepy eyes focusing on him.

**AMANDA**

Gus, hon. I'm sorry about  
tonight. You coming to bed?

Gus lifts the covers and climbs in. With him comes the chill of death. Gus presses up behind her. His hand moves beneath the sheets, finding its way over the curve of her waist, caressing. Amanda shivers.

**AMANDA**

God, you're ice cold...  
(turning)  
...and you smell! Lord, what did  
you get yourself into?

It's then that Amanda sees the bandage around Gus' neck. Blood is seeping through the gauze.

**AMANDA**

My God, Gus, what happened?

Amanda reaches out to touch him, but Gus stops her hand short of the bandage. Instead, he leans forward and clutches one of her breasts.

Amanda tries to twist away.

**AMANDA**

Gus... stop it! What's wrong with  
you?!

But Gus doesn't stop. He throws himself on top of Amanda, roughly forcing her back onto the bed.

**AMANDA**

Gus!!!

Amanda's hands beat at Gus' face and back, to no apparent effect. With one arm forced against Amanda's throat, he rips open her nightgown with the other.

We pull away from Amanda's struggles, back to the bathroom. The shower running on and on, cloaking the bedroom in steam.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

Geoff is riding along the highway, his backpack full of school books. Drew is waiting on the shoulder ahead. When Geoff approaches, Drew hops on his bike, getting up to speed.

**WITH THE BOYS - RIDING**

Geoff keeps glancing at Drew, waiting for him to say something.

Drew maintains his enigmatic expression.

**GEOFF**

Well?

Drew nods. Geoff's eyes widen in disbelief.

**DREW**

Picture this... Gus comes down to breakfast and he doesn't say a word. He even kind of smiles, like he forgot he hates me. And then you know what he does? He serves me an extra helping of pancakes...

(beat)

I asked him if I was still grounded... "no." I asked him if you could spend the night, and he nods. It's like we're a family. A real family.

The words have their own meaning for Geoff, who stares to the road ahead in deep thought.

**DREW**

It's weird...

**GEOFF**

What do you mean?

**DREW**

It's like he's not Gus anymore. He's different. You know, like Zowie...

They share a chuckle that ends in silent uneasiness.

**INT. CHASE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Chase enters with a stack of files tucked under his arm. As he organizes them in the large filing cabinet with the others, he listens to his messages on the answering machine.

The current caller sounds a little annoyed...

**MESSAGE MACHINE**

...Doctor Matthews, this is Elliot Rudman at the university. I've looked over the blood specimen you sent us on canine Zowie...

Chase abandons the filing and immediately returns the call. While it RINGS...

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Knock, Knock, Doc.

A MOTHER and TWO TODDLERS are standing in the doorway to Chase's office, trying not to intrude on his call.

**MOTHER**

(quiet whisper)

We saw your sign. Are there any kitties left?

Chase studies them. They look like decent people.

**CHASE**

Take your pick. They're in the boarding area. You can go on back.

Chase turns away as his phone call is answered.

**CHASE**

Elliot, it's Chase...

**INT. LAB/INT. CHASE'S OFFICE (INTERCUT) - DAY**

ELLIOT RUDMAN has the phone tucked under his chin, in the midst of an autopsy. The WHIRR of the saw drowns out his words as he shaves the dome off a dog's skull.

**CHASE**

I didn't get that...

The pathologist turns off the saw. His words become audible.

**RUDMAN**

...I said next time it might help if you took the blood sample while the animal was still alive...

The comment hits Chase out of left field.

**CHASE**

What?

**RUDMAN**

I don't know what you expected to find, Matthews. There's nothing wrong with the antigens, nothing to indicate an unusual death...

**CHASE**

Wait, there must be some mix-up. He was... the dog is alive.

**RUDMAN**

Not this dog. There wasn't enough oxygen in those red cells to pump life into a flea.

Chase is baffled, speechless.

**RUDMAN**

You took over for Doctor Yolander?

**CHASE**

Yes... why?

**RUDMAN**

Because the last person that sent me blood from a dead animal was Yolander...

**110 OMITTED  
THRU  
112 OMITTED**

**INT. BOARDING AREA - DAY**

The kennels have been cleaned up, but the room retains its eerie, dimly lit quality.

The DRIP of a faucet reverberates from the far corner.

The mother enters with a toddler clinging to each hand. Their smiles fade at the unsettling surroundings. Slowly, they move down the row of kennels.

**TODDLER**

Where are the kitties?

**INT. CHASE'S OFFICE - DAY**

**CHASE**

(into the phone)  
Look, this is ridiculous...

Suddenly, BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS pierce the air. Chase drops the phone and rushes out of the office...

**INT. BOARDING AREA - DAY**

The toddlers are screaming at the top of their lungs. Mom is burying their heads in her dress.

Chase bursts in as the mother hastily retreats for the exit. Her horrified eyes flash by Chase. In an instant, she and the toddlers are gone.

Chase remains alone, moving down the long row of kennels with mounting trepidation...

Zowie's cage is empty.

Chase shifts his troubled gaze to the...

DRIP DRIP DRIP... as a PUDDLE OF BLOOD forms on the floor.

Chase raises his eyes...

**THE KITTENS' KENNEL -**

Nothing but bloody ribbons of torn flesh are left of the kittens, dangling from the grid gate. DRIPPING.

Chase looks away as a new level of fear runs through him.

**CHASE**

Jesus...

It's too gruesome even for a man of Chase's background. Fighting the gag reflex, he searches the room for the missing dog...

...and then he spots the broken glass window vent along the floor. And the pile of blood-spattered shards laying on the tile.

**EXT. SCHOOL, STREET - DAY**

Clyde, Stevie, and Brad are loitering near the front bike racks. Clyde's smoking away.

As Geoff and Drew come out of the school, the trio moves to intercept them.

**CLYDE**

Hey!

Just then, Chase's van pulls at the curb, interrupting whatever trouble was about to happen.

Clyde looks from the van to Geoff, and falls back.

**DREW**

Saved by the bell...

Chase hurriedly rolls down the passenger window as Geoff and Drew approach.

**GEOFF**

Can I sleep over at Drew's tonight?

Chase is preoccupied with other concerns.

**CHASE**

Yeah... that's fine...

(beat)

Listen, Drew, I got the tests back on Zowie. He's not well. Don't ask me how, but he got out this afternoon...

Geoff and Drew exchange concerned looks.

**CHASE**

If he finds his way home, call me,  
no matter what the hour, okay? And  
don't try to approach him.  
Whatever he's got might be  
infectious. Understand?

The boys nod their heads.

Chase masks his anxiety with a weary smile. With a wave, he speeds up, leaving the boys.

**INT. CHASE'S VAN - MOVING**

A MAP of Maine is unfolded on the passenger seat. Chase is on the car phone.

**CHASE**

Can I have the address for Quentin  
Yolander?

Chase jots an address down on the map. He turns the van up a mountain road, winding through the towering pines.

**EXT. YOLANDER'S CABIN - DAY**

A remote, rustic dwelling nestled into the desolate backwoods.

**INT. YOLANDER'S CABIN - DAY**

QUENTIN YOLANDER rocks back in his thick hide chair. His world is closed off from daylight by the extensive blinds.

He's holding a SMALL POODLE in his lap. Its big brown eyes are staring back at him.

**YOLANDER**

You'd be so much more interesting  
with blue eyes...

And now, ONE OF THE POODLE'S EYES POPS OUT. Yolander's finger comes through from beneath the eye socket.

On closer examination, WE REALIZE that the dog is not alive at all. Yolander has his hand inside the hollowed-out carcass.

He carefully looks over a container of glass eyes on his desk and selects the right shade of blue. A shot of whiskey rests nearby.

Yolander reaches up into the poodle's belly and fits the blue eyes securely into place.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Yolander ignores it. Maybe he's deaf. Another KNOCK. Yolander turns towards the door, annoyed at the intrusion. And behind that annoyance, there's a touch of madness.

PULLING BACK, we see the rest of the room. Stuffed animals are crowded from floor to ceiling. A product of Yolander's obsession with TAXIDERMY.

**YOLANDER**

I'm immortalizing a poodle. State your business!

Yolander presses some stuffing into the poodle's gut and begins to sew up the stomach.

**CHASE (O.S.)**

Doctor Yolander. This is Chase Matthews. I've moved into your offices in Ludlow...

Yolander's attention remains on the needle as he meticulously stitches the belly.

**CHASE (O.S.)**

(continuing)

...I sent a blood sample out for analysis. They tell me I sent them the blood of a dead animal...

At this, Yolander breaks his concentration. The needle pricks his hand. Blood oozes from the puncture, dripping onto the dog's stomach.

**CHASE (O.S.)**

...a dog...

Yolander rises from his seat and swings open the door.

Chase stands in the doorway, startled. It doesn't take a genius to figure out that the good Doctor is drunk.

**YOLANDER**

(glaring)

Why are you bothering me about this? Can't you leave it be?

**CHASE**

I... um...

Chase glances to the right and steps back...

**A BOBCAT**

is perched nearby, frozen in mid-pounce. It takes a second for Chase to register that the bobcat has been stuffed.

Now Chase sees the rest of the room... a whole zoo of stuffed animals, looking like a rural version of the Bates Motel.

**CHASE**

(momentarily thrown)

...the pathologist... he said that  
you had reported a similar  
incident... with a cat...

**YOLANDER**

The Creed cat, that's right.  
Bastard's name was "Church".  
(grins)  
Let me guess. Your dog's tissue  
isn't healing, pupils aren't  
dilating... maybe you can't find a  
heartbeat?

**CHASE**

Exactly! I thought it might be  
some sort of blood condition...  
immune deficiency or...

Quentin Yolander laughs. It's disconcerting.

**YOLANDER**

There's no "blood condition." The  
dog isn't sick, it's dead.  
(drawing closer)  
And so was Creed's cat. And so  
was his wife the night she was  
killed for the second time...

As Yolander moves forward, Chase backs up. He bumps into a whole  
shelf of stuffed creatures. To his right, A RAVEN sits frozen on  
its perch. Chase regards Yolander as being completely insane.

**YOLANDER**

(menacing)  
You want some advice, friend? You  
get in your car, you pick up your  
family... and you get the hell out  
of that town.

**CHASE**

Well... uh... thanks...

Chase continues to back out of the door. On his way out, he bumps  
into the stuffed raven's perch...

...only this raven isn't stuffed. It spreads its wings and  
**SCREECHES.**

Chase just about jumps out of his skin, tripping out of the  
doorway.

**116D OMITTED**  
**THRU**  
**116F OMITTED**

**EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Gus reaches into the cage and grabs a rabbit by the ears. He casually snaps the neck. Laying the limp carcass on a stump cutting board, he quickly skins it.

Hanging above the cages, there is now a line of furry pelts. Half a dozen.

Drew and Geoff are on the porch, looking on.

**DREW**

I guess we're having rabbit for dinner.

Gus hangs the freshly skinned fur to dry and violently snatches another hare from the cage.

**INT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The dinner from Hell. Geoff splats a helping of mashed potatoes onto his plate, all the while keeping a wary eye on Gus...

Gus is serving himself a chunk of rabbit. It hits the edge of the plate, teetering on the rim. He passes the dish on.

Gus meets Geoff's gaze. For a moment, there's a deadened, vacant look in Gus' eyes. Then slowly, a limp smile creeps over him, sending a chill up Geoff's spine.

Geoff averts Gus' stare. Gus helps himself to potatoes and passes the plate on. He lets go of it short of reaching Drew. Only Drew's quick hands save it from hitting the table.

Amanda comes to the table with a dish of LIMA BEANS. She casts Gus a cold, hateful stare and sets the limas down. She's still angry over last night.

Gus dishes a sloppy scoop and passes it toward Drew. Like before, he lets it drop too early. This time Drew doesn't save it. The lima beans shower the floor.

**AMANDA**

God damnit, Gus! This isn't funny!

Amanda fetches a dishtowel and kneels to clean up the mess.

Geoff and Drew exchange quick glances. As Geoff reaches for the salt...

...Gus intercepts his wrist. Geoff gulps.

Gus drops his jaw, revealing a gooey mass of food. But the frozen smile and the look in his eyes convey dementia rather than playfulness.

Geoff and Drew can't believe their eyes. They laugh uncomfortably. There's no other response.

Gus LAUGHS too... awkward, terrible laughter. Spitting out food over his shirt and plate as he does so.

The boys stop laughing, but Gus just keeps on going.

Amanda stares at Gus and carries the mess out of the room.

Through his laughter, Gus' bandage has slipped down, exposing part of his ragged wound. The wound glistens, oozing CLOTTED BLOOD and **GOOEY PUS**.

Drew hesitantly reaches for Gus' neck, readjusting the bandage.

Grossed out, Geoff averts his eyes and sets his fork aside.

**INT. DREW'S ROOM - LATER**

Geoff and Drew enter. Drew swiftly secures the deadbolts on his door.

**GEOFF**

What was that all about? You think he's trying to scare us?

**DREW**

I don't know but I'm not taking any chances...

Drew opens the chest at the foot of his bed and produces a SHOTGUN. A box full of shells spill as he withdraws the gun. Cracking open the chamber, Drew loads two shells into the chamber.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT**

A moonlit horizon. Unmoving. Silent. The kind of silence that pulls at the darkest recesses of imagination.

And now, A LONE FIGURE appears on the horizon. It's Zowie, moving at a deliberate pace.

**ATOP A KNOLL**

Zowie takes pause. The TINKLING of his collar tags resumes as he drops over the horizon line, cutting down the hill.

**INT. CHASE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Chase sits in the den, looking exhausted and disheveled. In front of him, the t.v. is on. RENEE'S FACE stares out at us. Chase hits the remote and rises, moving to the back door.

He checks the deadbolt, then secures the chain link as a backup. From somewhere outside, we hear a DOG HOWL.

Chase's eyes drop to the DOGGY DOOR, a holdover from the previous owner. Chase bends down and latches the door.

Now he pauses at his desk... considers... then pulls something out of the bottom drawer. It's a gun.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Chase moves to the front of the house, securing that door. Satisfied, he turns off the light and heads upstairs...

**WE STAY AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS -**

MOVING INTO DARKNESS, shadow and form begin to take shape. We hear a low GROWL and see a flash of RED EYES. It's Zowie. Already in the house.

**123 OMITTED**

**INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Coming through the door from the downstairs, Chase stops cold.

RENEE is on the bed. Clothed in a negligee. Lying across a blanket of rose petals. Her eyes meet his with powerful longing.

**RENEE**

Chase. I miss you so much...

**CHASE**

(dry-mouthed)

Renee...

Chase approaches. Slowly. Fearful that this is all a dream.

Renee reaches out her hand. They touch. This is not a dream.

**CHASE**

Oh God...

Chase absently sets his gun on the bedside table as Renee draws his body to hers.

They kiss. Once. Twice. Not a dream.

Renee rolls Chase over, forcefully climbing on top. Chase sinks down into the center of the bed as Renee straddles him.

Slowly, Renee slips off the top of her negligee...

**RENEE**

(a whisper)

I can come back, Chase...

...and sinks down on top of him, kissing him hungrily.

Her nipples graze his chest, then her breasts flatten as she grinds her hips against his.

Almost instantly, the weight of her grows unbearable. Chase fights to pull his mouth from hers, to breathe...

**CHASE**

No... Too heavy.

There is no pleasure in his words, just unmitigated horror as Renee's body comes down on him harder.

**CHASE**

...can't breathe... I can't...

**CHASE'S EYES**

pop open, frenzied, AS HE COMES OUT OF HIS DREAM.

Chase is alone on the bed, but he's still feeling the weight pressing down on him...

**ZOWIE**

is laying on his chest, staring back at him, rearing his teeth in a growl...

Zowie LUNGES forward, jaws flashing, and Chase twists sideways...

GNASHING TEETH connect with Chase's shoulder, then with the pillows where Chase's head used to be. A BLIZZARD OF DOWN FEATHERS **ERUPTS...**

Chase scrambles out of bed, flailing for the gun on the bedside table...

THE GUN spins out of reach and across the floor...

Chase DIVES for the gun and reaches it just as Zowie leaps to the floor. In a panic, Chase FIRES WILD...

Zowie abruptly turns and SMASHES through the bedroom window, sending glass flying.

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Zowie slides down the room and leaps to the ground below, disappearing into the night.

**INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Chase looks on in terror. Finally he pulls his eyes away from the shattered window...

...and catches a glimpse of something in the dresser mirror. Something that sends a chill up his spine.

The flurry of down feathers is floating to the mattress. But intermingling with the feathers are a handful of ROSE PETALS, slowly settling to the bed.

**INT. BATHROOM - MORNING**

Chase is bare-chested at the mirror, applying a dressing to the dog bite on his shoulder.

Marjorie appears in the doorway with a basket of laundry. She stops short at the sight of Chase standing there in his boxers.

Chase catches her reflection in the mirror and is startled.

**MARJORIE**

I didn't mean to... I was going to empty the hamper...

Chase turns, shaking off the scare.

**CHASE**

It's okay.

Marjorie's eyes can't help but fix on the dog bites scattered over Chase's chest and arms.

**MARJORIE**

What happened to you?

**CHASE**

I had a little run-in with Zowie.

**MARJORIE**

You sure did...

Marjorie sets the laundry aside.

**MARJORIE**

Here, let me do that...

Marjorie looks over the antiseptics Chase has laid out on the sink. Saturating a wad of gauze with hydrogen peroxide, she gently cleanses the gashes on his arms.

There's nothing overtly sexual in her actions, but the gentleness of her touch doesn't go unnoticed by Chase.

**MARJORIE**

I hope he doesn't have rabies.

**CHASE**

He doesn't. I don't know what he has, but I'm hoping to God it's not infectious...

Chase stops and looks at Marjorie's reflection in the mirror.

**CHASE**

Marjorie... what do you know about the Creed murders?

Marjorie stiffens for a moment. Obviously the Creeds are a sore spot for the people in this town.

**MARJORIE**

Did you ever play that game where you pass a story down a row of people and see how screwed up it gets by the time it's done? People say Louis Creed's son came back from the dead and it drove him crazy...

(she rolls her eyes)

He killed his wife and himself, and that's the end of story. Anything else belongs in the National Enquirer.

Marjorie tapes the bandage over Chase's shoulder too tight. Chase's groan snaps her back to the reality at hand.

**MARJORIE**

Sorry. Now tell me what that has to do with Zowie?

Chase closes his eyes, shutting out the pain.

**CHASE**

I wish I knew.

**INT. LIBRARY - DAY**

Chase approaches the counter, looking to the ELDERLY LIBRARIAN for assistance.

**LIBRARIAN**

What are you looking for, Hon.

**CHASE**

Do you have anything on the Creed murders? I can't find the microfilm from that period...

The librarian's smile vanishes. She lowers her voice, focusing her attention on some paperwork.

**LIBRARIAN**

We don't keep anything on file from that far back.

**CHASE**

But you've got files from the previous years...

**LIBRARIAN**

We have nothing on the Creed murders, sir. Can I get you

something else?

Chase looks around and realizes that a dozen hostile eyes are on him. TOWNSPEOPLE withholding a dark secret.

Chase slowly backs away, eager to escape the field of hostile stares.

**127 OMITTED**

**THRU**

**129 OMITTED**

**EXT. HIGHWAY, COUNTRY BRIDGE - DAY**

Geoff and Drew have parked their bikes beneath the bridge. They sit on the bank of the creek below, watching the water run past. Geoff is lost in thought.

**GEOFF**

Do you think everyone that came  
back would be like Gus?

**DREW**

I don't know...  
(thinking)  
...maybe it depends on what you  
were like before you...

**GEOFF**

(finishing)  
Dies?

Drew nods. He tosses a stone into the creek, then looks up at the sun and sighs.

**DREW**

I gotta go back and do my  
chores...

**GEOFF**

Go later...

Drew shakes his head.

**DREW**

I can't. Gus'd kill me if I  
showed up late.

The boys reluctantly rise and move to their bikes, walking them up the steep grade to the highway.

**DREW**

See you at school Monday?

Geoff nods. He looks at Drew. The boy is genuinely frightened. But there's nothing either of them can do. They're trapped in their roles as kids.

Both boys mount their bikes. Drew turns...

**DREW**

You ever think about running away?

**GEOFF**

All the time.

Drew smiles at this. He waves to Geoff and pedals off.

**DREW**

(calling back)

See ya!

Geoff waves and heads off in the opposite direction.

**WE STAY ON DREW -**

As he moves down the road. Up ahead, we hear the approaching WHINE of a motorcycle...

**CLYDE**

rips by on an old junkyard fixer-up MOTORCYCLE, and he's heading in Geoff's direction.

Seeing him, Drew brakes and pulls his bike into a U-turn, pumping furiously to catch up with Geoff.

**ON GEOFF -**

Now Geoff hears the WHINE of Clyde's motorcycle. He glances back...

Clyde's spotted him, REVVING the engine.

Geoff pedals like mad, but it's no use. Clyde is closing in on him, grinning sadistically.

Clyde sweeps in next to him, calling out over the ENGINE.

**CLYDE**

Well look who's here!

Clyde veers right, forcing Geoff towards the shoulder of the road...

**131 OMITTED**

**132 OMITTED**

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

The ground ahead drops toward a ravine. Geoff has nowhere to go but down the slope. Clyde is right there beside him...

Laughing, Clyde reaches over and grabs ahold of Geoff's handlebar. He jerks it sideways...

**CLYDE**

Oops!

Geoff's front wheel turns perpendicular. The bike pitches forward, THROWING Geoff into the dirt ahead...

Clyde broadies his bike to a stop. With the engine idling, he hops off.

Before Geoff can get to his feet, Clyde has picked up Geoff's bike and planted it upside down in the dirt.

**CLYDE**

Guess your Dad's not here to save  
you now, is he?

Clyde gets a handful of Geoff's collar and drags him over toward the bike. With his free hand, Clyde cranks the pedal.

The back wheel spins. Faster and faster.

**CLYDE**

You ever seen a tire take off a  
nose?

Through the blur of the spokes, WE SEE Geoff, eyes widening fearfully.

**CLYDE**

Neither have I.

Clyde forces Geoff's face toward the spinning tread.

**CLYDE**

Might even kill ya. Wheel might  
chew right into your brains. You  
could visit your mom.

Geoff tries to get a hold on the frame of the bike for leverage, but his arms don't reach beyond the spinning wheel.

Clyde is full of deranged glee, fueled by Geoff's fear.

But now, A HAND grabs the wool scarf streaming from the back of Clyde's neck and yanks him off of Geoff.

Clyde reels, finding...

GUS standing there behind him. He looks bad. Real bad. His bandages are unwound and his ruined neck is still seeping. His face is unearthly pale. He's deteriorated considerably since yesterday.

**CLYDE**

(startled)  
Jesus Christ, Gus!

Gus levels a threatening gaze at Geoff.

**GUS**

Go home.

But Geoff remains frozen. Gus fixes him with a stare that could turn flesh to stone.

**GUS**

I said... GO HOME!!

Geoff snaps out of it and flips his bike over. He gets a running start, making a beeline for the highway without ever looking back.

**ON THE KNOLL NEARBY**

Drew stops short of the ravine, watching from afar as Gus steps toward Clyde.

**BELOW -**

Clyde throws up his hands. He's frightened, but he tries to muster up a cocky front.

**CLYDE**

Come on, Gus, I was just fucking with him...

(nervous laughter)

What're you gonna do? Give me a ticket? I mean, shit, Gus...

Clyde grows increasingly wary of Gus' evil stare. Gus steps closer.

**CLYDE**

You can't lay a finger on me...

Wrong. Gus lashes out, backhanding Clyde across the face.

Clyde falls to the ground, flat on his back, with his nose gushing blood. Terrified.

Gus turns around and lifts the idling motorcycle. With one hand under the back of the seat, and the other working the accelerator handlebar, Gus advances toward Clyde.

Gus kicks the bike into gear and REVS the accelerator.

THE REAR WHEEL SPINS. On the pavement it would be moving forty miles an hour.

Clyde can't believe his eyes. Pleading.

**CLYDE**

Gus... what are you doing?

**GUS**

I'm just fucking with you...

Gus plants his foot against Clyde's chest, pinning him, and lowers the spinning rear wheel TOWARD CLYDE'S NECK. The wheel WHINES like a circular saw.

Gus lowers the wheel. Then jerks it away, flashing a sadistic smile.

Just when Clyde thinks Gus is backing off, the wheel comes down again...

**CLYDE**

(wailing)

Stop it, man! Stop it!!!

Gus gets into the rhythm as he lowers and retracts the spinning wheel at the terrified bully.

But this time, as the wheel comes down...

CLYDE'S WOOL SCARF, defying gravity, gets swept up, swallowed into the GEARS.

And along with the scarf, here comes Clyde's SCREAMING face. We can only imagine the gruesome instant that follows.

BLOOD sprays up over Gus' arms and chest. And then we hear the sound of CRUNCHING BONES jamming the motorcycle's gears.

**GUS**

(dead-pan)

Whoops.

He bares his teeth in a death's head grin.

**ON THE KNOLL**

Drew has witnessed the killing. He's mortified.

**BELOW -**

Gus tosses the bloody motorcycle aside, slowly raising his eyes up to where Drew stands. His eyes meet Drew's.

Drew hastily jerks his bike around and takes off.

Gus starts after him on foot.

**INT. DREW'S HOUSE - DAY**

Drew rushes through the front door, SLAMMING it behind him and throwing the deadbolt.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Drew climbs onto his bed and grabs his shotgun from the gun rack. His fingers shake as he flips off the safety.

**DREW**

Oh man...

Just then we hear the CRACKLE of a POLICE P.A. and Gus' amplified VOICE coming from the yard outside.

**GUS (V.O.)**

(mocking)

This is the Police, come out of the house with your hands up!

Gus finishes his words with a burst of FEEDBACK and then amplified **MANIACAL LAUGHTER.**

Drew's eyes go wide with terror. He creeps out into the hall, clutching the gun.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Drew tries to look out the window. Then we hear a low, guttural GROWL. Drew slowly turns...

Zowie is standing down the hall, leveling a dead stare. Zowie takes the first step forward.

**DREW**

(horrified)

No, Zowie! It's me!

Pleading, Drew slowly retreats down the hallway.

Along the way, he backs right into...

GUS, grinning from ear to ear.

Drew recoils against the wall, swinging up his shotgun.

**DREW**

Stay back!

But Gus just keeps on grinning. He takes a step forward...

Drew pulls the trigger...

And CLICK! Nothing happens. The chambers are empty.

**GUS**

Forget something, Drew buddy?

Gus raises his hand. He's holding the shotgun shells. He lets them fall to the floor.

Suddenly Gus wrenches the gun from Drew's hands. He swings it and...

...Drew SCREAMS and ducks beneath the blow, as the shotgun butt SMASHES a hole in the wall above his head. Gus flings the shotgun aside and LUNGES for Drew...

Drew races down the hallway to the back door. He turns the latch. The deadbolt has been locked from the inside.

Drew's eyes whip to the keyholder on the wall. All the keyhooks are empty.

Here comes the JINGLING of keys in Gus' pockets as he comes down the hall...

Drew dashes away from the back door.

Gus' eyes shift from Drew's fleeing form to A BOX OF TOOLS in the service closet.

#### **AT THE FRONT DOOR**

Drew jimmys the knob. Again, the deadbolt is locked from the inside. Tears are streaming down Drew's face now.

FOOTSTEPS approach. Drew spins around...

Gus is advancing, WITH A HAMMER tight in his grip.

**GUS**

(crazed)

You have the right to remain  
silent...

WHAM! Gus SMASHES the hammer into the wall to punctuate his words. Plaster goes flying.

**GUS**

(continuing)

...while I bash your fucking head  
in!

Drew's eyes dart frantically, looking for a way out. The closest route of escape is UP THE STAIRS.

Down the hallway, Zowie starts running forward. Drew's caught between a rock and a hard place...

**GUS**

You have the right to a lawyer,  
but you won't need one...

He runs for it. Gus charges to intercept him...

Drew gets to the stairs first.

**GUS**

...cause you'll be dead!

WHAM! Gus brings the hammer down with the claw end leading. It sinks into the stair below Drew's feet...

Zowie LEAPS past Gus, tearing up the stairs as Gus wrenches the hammer free...

**UPSTAIRS**

Drew makes it to the top of the stairs with Zowie right on his heels.

Drew DIVES into Amanda and Gus' bedroom as...

Zowie springs from the floor. Drew SLAMS the door shut, SMACKING Zowie. Zowie collapses to the floor, dazed.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Drew throws the latch on the door. Almost immediately, Gus is outside, POUNDING at the door with the claw end of the hammer. Wood splinters fly as the hammer claw sinks through...

Drew SCREAMS and goes for one of the dormer windows. It's stuck; he can't get it open.

From the hallway, Gus violently SMASHES the door again and again. The door is splintering apart. WE SEE glimpses of Gus through the ragged holes.

**GUS (O.S.)**

Do you understand these rights,  
Drew buddy?!

Drew grabs a chair and HEAVES it through the window...

**GUS (O.S.)**

**...OR ARE YOU JUST TOO FUCKING  
STUPID?!**

The bedroom door EXPLODES INWARD and Gus claws his way into the room...

Wasting no time, Drew climbs through the broken window...

**EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - DAY**

Drew slides down the slant of the roof. He hits the lattice and takes it to the ground with him.

Untangling himself, he gets to his feet...

...and here comes Amanda, ARRIVING HOME.

Drew runs for her car, waving his hands, throwing himself into her

path so she'll go no further. She SLAMS on the brakes.

Drew pulls open the passenger door and dives inside...

**DREW**

Gus killed Clyde, Mom! He's  
trying to kill me!

Just then, the BACK DOOR flies open. Gus steps out.

**GUS**

Drew, buddy! Daddy's not done  
yet!

Amanda spots the hammer hanging from his grip. Gus cracks a sick  
smile and FLINGS THE HAMMER at the car...

CRACK! The hammer bounces off the windshield, causing it to  
spiderweb.

**DREW**

Go Mom! Go!!!

That's all the convincing Amanda needs. She puts the car into  
reverse and stomps on the gas...

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Speeding down the highway. Drew and Amanda are mortified.

Suddenly, we hear the WAIL of Gus' patrol car coming up from  
behind. Amanda looks to the rear-view mirror...

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Approaching from the road ahead is a POTATO TRUCK.

**INT. AMANDA'S CAR - DAY**

Amanda hips her head back in front of them. The potato truck is  
blaring its HORN.

Gus' car swerves out onto the shoulder, speeding up to match her  
pace.

**DREW**

Mom!!!

Gus cranks the wheel, jumping back onto the road, forcing Amanda's  
car into the path of the oncoming truck.

**INT. POTATO TRUCK - DAY**

THE DRIVER stands on the BRAKES.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

**THE POTATO TRUCK COLLIDES WITH AMANDA'S CAR. HEAD ON.**

Thousands of potatoes explode from the rear of the truck, obscuring our view.

**WE HEAR THE HORRIFYING SOUNDS OF CRUNCHING METAL. CRUNCHING BONES. AND SILENCED CRIES.**

Gus' vehicle speeds past. WE HOLD on the mess of twisted steel. Clearly there are no survivors.

**INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DUSK**

Geoff enters first. Wearing a dark suit. Looking pale and empty inside. Chase follows, dressed in black. It's obvious they've been to a funeral.

Without a word, Geoff heads up the stairs. Chase watches on, feeling utterly helpless.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY**

Chase exits from his bedroom, pulling a sweater over a more casual change of clothes. He cocks his head at the SOUNDS of Geoff moving about in the attic above.

The door atop the attic stairway is barely ajar.

Chase wrinkles his brow, concerned. Turning away, he heads downstairs.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Marjorie is preparing dinner. Across the room, the kitchen TV is playing...

ON TELEVISION is the evening news. A photo of Drew and Amanda appears above the NEWSCASTER.

**NEWSCASTER**

... Friends and neighbors came to pay respects for Drew and Amanda Gilbert, who died in a head-on collision Saturday...

Chase enters the kitchen, eyes moving to the TV.

**MARJORIE**

Those poor people. I saw Gus this morning... he looked terrible.

Chase pulls his eyes away from the broadcast as Marjorie sets dinner on the table. Chase yells upstairs.

**CHASE**

Geoff, dinner's ready!  
(after no reply)

Geoff?!

**GEOFF (O.S.)**

I'm not hungry.

Chase gives Marjorie an apologetic look and rises from the table.

Meanwhile, the news broadcast continues. A photo of Clyde appears on the screen.

**NEWSCASTER**

...in other news, the disappearance of a Ludlow youth remains a mystery. Clyde Parker was last seen on Saturday afternoon. His motorcycle was found off Highway 62...

**150 OMITTED**

**INT. ATTIC - NIGHT**

Chase pushes open the door. A spring coil pulls the CREAKING door closed behind him. One look at the attic and Chase turns pale...

A huge window at the far end of the room allows the moonlight to reach all corners of the spacious old attic...

All of Renee's belongings have been unpacked. The entire attic has been converted into a museum-like room, down to the last meticulous detail. A room in preparation for Renee's return.

Gauzy curtains billow out from some unseen draft. Pictures of Renee rest everywhere. Awards. Memorabilia...

GEOFF is seated before the brightly lit, three-way theatrical mirror, casually setting out Renee's make-up.

**CHASE**

Geoff... what are you doing?

There's an obsessive dementia in Geoff's gaze.

**GEOFF**

I'm getting things ready for Mom.

Chase sighs. Obviously the strain of Drew's funeral has proven too much for Geoff. He moves closer.

**CHASE**

(gently)  
Mom is dead, Geoff. You know that...

A creepy smile flickers across Geoff's face.

**GEOFF**

She doesn't have to be.

Chase freezes as a chill runs up his spine.

**CHASE**

What are you talking about?

**GEOFF**

I can bring her back. The same way Drew and me brought Zowie back...

At this, Chase is positively spooked.

**CHASE**

Geoff, this is crazy. Zowie didn't die.

**GEOFF**

He did. We buried him.

(intense)

There's a place out in the woods... if you bury something there, it comes back alive.

Chase stares at his son. This is insane. It must be.

Just then, the PHONE RINGS downstairs. Geoff continues to stare at his father.

**GEOFF**

We tried it on Zowie first. And then we did it again, when Zowie killed Gus. Drew didn't want Gus to be dead, so we brought him back, too...

It's too much for Chase. His mouth is hanging agape.

**MARJORIE (O.S.)**

(outside the attic door)

Doctor Matthews, you've got a call. It's the caretaker at the funeral home. Something about your wife's grave...

Chase nods in private acknowledgement. He stares at Geoff as he backs away.

**CHASE**

Look, Geoff. Just... just relax, okay. I'm going to take this call and I'll be right back. Okay?

Geoff doesn't respond. Chase pulls open the door and leaves.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Chase is on the phone. The CALLER'S WORDS bring grave concern to Chase.

**CHASE**

What?! Christ, I'll be right there...

Chase hangs up, stunned. He turns to Marjorie, who's watching him with a concerned gaze.

**CHASE**

(hurried)

Marjorie, I need you to stay late. Geoff is really upset and I have to take care of this. Don't let him leave the house, alright?

Chase is out the door before she has a chance to respond.

**151B OMITTED**

**THRU**

**151F OMITTED**

**INT. ATTIC - NIGHT**

Geoff is laying on his mother's bed, weeping. Tiger sits at the foot of the bed. Suddenly she wakens and HISSES.

From out of the darkness...

**RENEE'S HAND**

ENTERS FRAME, gently touching Geoff's side. And with its arrival, so comes her eerie LULLABY.

**RENEE**

(a whisper)

I need you, Geoff...

**GEOFF**

slowly raises his head, bewildered. Renee's hand withdraws into the darkness. He reaches out for her, but she's gone. The LULLABY remains, beckoning from down the attic stairs.

The attic door slowly swings open of its own accord.

Geoff rises from the bed and follows.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS FOYER - NIGHT**

Geoff looks into the living room as he passes. Marjorie has fallen asleep on the sofa with the TV on.

**155 OMITTED**

**EXT. PET SEMATARY - NIGHT**

The lullaby drifts from beyond the deadfall. The fog rolls inward, towards the distant burial ground. As Geoff moves towards the deadfall, the fog converges around him.

**157 OMITTED**

**EXT. THE BOG - NIGHT**

The lure of Renee's lullaby pulls Geoff deeper into the woods. We hear the unearthly ANIMAL HOWL once more.

**159 OMITTED**

**THRU**

**167 OMITTED**

**EXT. PLEASANTVILLE CEMETERY - NIGHT**

Chase's van pulls to a stop behind a maintenance vehicle.

Chase is greeted by the limping CARETAKER, who quickly leads him off across the rolling hillside.

**CARETAKER**

...sorry to disturb you, Doctor Matthews, but I thought you'd want to come have a look for yourself. It's the damndest thing...

**AT RENEE'S GRAVE -**

Chase stops cold, gazing at the ground before him in disbelief...

The grave is a gaping cavity. The casket has been unearthed. Renee's body is missing.

**CHASE**

Jesus...  
(uncomprehending)  
Gus did this?!

**CARETAKER**

(nodding)  
He stuck around after the funeral. Told me he had an order to exhume your wife. I didn't think much of it until I saw him drag the body out of the coffin...  
(shakes his head)  
He put your wife in his truck and drove off right through Amanda and Drew's headstones...

The caretaker points across the hillside...

TIRE TRACKS cut through the manicured grass, cutting a path of destruction right through the field of headstones and on through the fence.

**CARETAKER**

I swear, nothing this weird has happened since Louis Creed dug up his boy...

(beat)

You want me to notify the authorities?

Chase doesn't answer, he just storms past the caretaker.

**INT. VAN - NIGHT**

The van is speeding down the dark, open highway. Chase is on the car phone, frantic, waiting as it RINGS. There's finally an answer...

**CHASE**

Doctor Yolander, this is Chase Matthews, we spoke the other day...

Yolander cuts him off.

**YOLANDER'S VOICE**

(bitter)

You didn't leave town, did you.

**INT. YOLANDER'S HOUSE (INTERCUT)**

Yolander sits in the darkness, a bottle of whiskey and a tumbler at his side. His "creatures" are all around him, eyes glowing with reflected moonlight. His voice is slurred. The voice of someone who's already damned.

**YOLANDER**

You sorry bastard. You stayed. I have nothing more to say to you, Matthews...

**CHASE'S VOICE**

(desperate)

Look, just tell me one thing. Did I treat an animal that had been brought back to life? Did I?!

**YOLANDER**

What do you think?

**INT. CHASE'S VAN - NIGHT**

Chase grips the carphone tightly, his knuckles white.

**YOLANDER (V.O.)**

Believe what you saw, Matthews.  
The dog was dead.

**CHASE**

My God...  
(mounting horror)  
...how is that possible? You have  
to help me, Doctor Yolander. I  
don't know what I'm dealing with  
here! They've dug up my wife...

**YOLANDER'S VOICE**

(cutting him off)  
I'm retired from my practice,  
Matthews. It's your practice now,  
and it's your problem.  
(beat)  
God help you...

**CHASE**

(screaming)  
Wait! Don't hang up!

But Yolander does. And now we hear the DIAL TONE.

**CHASE**

Shit!

Chase flings the carphone down, looking up as...

An approaching potato truck ZOOMS by. Blinding headlights. A  
BLARING HORN. Chase barely swerves out of the way.

Recovering from the scare, Chase reaches over and opens the glove  
compartment. He pulls out his gun and sets it on the seat next to  
him.

**EXT. MICMAC BURIAL GROUND**

Geoff climbs the stone steps, reaching the flattop meas. He stops  
short, looking over the clearing...

**GUS**

is standing in the center of the burial ground. He's HUMMING,  
mimicking Renee's feminine tone. Now he stops and slowly turns,  
regarding Geoff with dead eyes. He's holding a pickaxe and shovel  
at his side.

Gus looks to the ground at his side. Geoff follows his gaze...

**A VISION OF RENEE'S GRAVE APPEARS -**

Headstone. Manicured grass. Thriving flowers. As if it had been  
uprooted from her resting place at Pleasantville and set down  
right in the middle of the Micmac ground.

And now, the vision of Renee's grave fades away. In its place is a bundle of white: RENEE'S SHROUDED BODY.

Gus raises the pickaxe, offering it to Geoff.

**GUS**

You bury your own, Geoff.

Geoff slowly nods and approaches, seduced beyond reason.

**169 OMITTED**

**THRU**

**177 OMITTED**

**INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marjorie stirs on the couch, blinking her eyes open at the SOUND of a THUD upstairs. Otherwise, the house is dark and silent.

**MARJORIE**

Geoff?

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Marjorie starts up the long, dark flight of stairs to the attic. The thin night-shirt she's wearing does little to protect her from the sudden cold. She clutches herself, shivering.

**MARJORIE**

Geoff? You okay up there?

**INT. ATTIC - NIGHT**

Marjorie cautiously pushes open the door. Her concern for Geoff is forgotten as she beholds the Renee Hallow memorabilia.

She moves about Renee's unpacked belongings in bewildered reverence.

The gauzy curtains billow about Marjorie like ghosts. And then she glimpses something beyond the curtains...

**A FIGURE**

stands in the shadows, wearing the BEADED PEACH DRESS that Marjorie had admired earlier. For a moment we think it's Renee, but as Marjorie draws closer, we see that the dress has been fitted onto a dressmaker's model.

Marjorie lays a hand on the fabric, feeling the contours of the design.

**EEXT. GUS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

Chase's headlights sweep across the front of the dark house. Pulling to a stop, Chase opens the van's door...

**ZOWIE**

LEAPS out of the darkness, sinking his teeth into Chase's shoulder.

Chase is thrown back over the car seat, grappling with the nightmare dog as it tears into him again and again...

Chase SCREAMS, reaching back for the gun. He grabs hold of it and swings it around... FIRES...

Zowie is BLOWN backwards, clear out of the car, spraying CHASE with BLOOD...

Zowie lands outside on his feet, looking stunned. His chest is a ruined mess. Zowie WHIMPERS and drags himself weakly towards the front porch.

Chase stumbles out of the van, clutching the gun. He's bleeding profusely.

**179 OMITTED**

**EXT. PORCH - NIGHT**

An old saw is laying in a pile of sawdust next to a square hole that's been cut in the base of the front door.

Chase gives it a look as he tries the door. It's unlocked. Chase enters, bringing with him an illuminating swath from his headlights.

**INT. GUS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

Chase's headlights stream through the windows, distorting the interior. The house looks like it's been through a tornado. A trail of BLOODY PAW PRINTS leads into the kitchen. The stench is repulsive. Grimacing, Chase has to keep himself from gagging.

**CHASE**

Jesus...

As Chase moves forward, he catches sight of...

**GUS**

standing in a swath of light. At Gus' feet is Zowie, tongue lolling out of his mouth. Dead for the second time. Scattered around the dog are various tools.

Propped against the wall is the cut out square of wood. It's fitted with hinges at the top.

**CHASE**

Gus, what are you doing?!

Gus glances down at the dead dog.

**GUS**

(dead-pan)

I was building a doggy door.

**CHASE**

God damn it Gus, you dug up my wife! What the fuck is going on around here?!

Gus brings a cordless electric drill up from his side, pointing it at Chase in a threatening manner.

**GUS**

(grins)

A little drilling. A little killing.

As Gus moves forward, Chase gets a good look at him for the first time. He doesn't look even remotely alive.

**CHASE**

Holy shit!

Chase levels his gun with a trembling hand.

Gus stabs the air with the drill, feeding on Chase's horror.

Chase pulls the trigger. A bullet pounds Gus' chest. A SPRAY OF FLESH explodes from his back.

Unphased, Gus regains his balance.

**GUS**

God I hate when that happens...

Before Chase can squeeze off the next round, Gus rips the gun from his grip...

**GUS**

You got a permit for that?

Opening the chamber, Gus empties the remaining bullets and tosses the gun aside.

**GUS**

Didn't think so.

Gus fires up the drill. The bit spinZZZZZZ. He DIVES at Chase, knocking him back against the counter. The drill bit SINKS INTO **CHASE'S ARM...**

Chase SCREAMS as Gus withdraws it. Now, he presses it into Chase's shoulder. Chase is on the verge of blacking out now. The pain is unbearable...

Gus withdraws the drill once again, aiming now for Chase's eye.

**GUS**

(maniacal)

No brain, no pain, Chase. Think  
about it...

The whirling drill bit is millimeters away from Chase's eye. He  
clutches Gus' arm, trying to force the drill aside...

At the last second, adrenaline kicks in and Chase diverts the  
drill. It SINKS INTO the counter-top nearby... STUCK.

Gus ROARS, lashing out, but Chase manages to duck away...

Chase catches sight of HIS GUN on the floor. He scrambles for it,  
scooping it up...

BULLETS are rolling across the floor every which way. Chase slaps  
his palm down on one and desperately fumbles with the chamber...

Gus' hands CLAMP DOWN around Chase's neck. He swings Chase around  
and SLAMS him against the wall, lifting him off his feet...

Chase GASPS as the life is literally crushed out of him...

He brings the gun up beneath Gus' chin and jams it into his ruined  
throat. Gus just keeps on throttling him...

**GUS**

(insane)

Just remember, Chase... I had Renee  
first... and now I'm gonna have her  
last...

BLAM! The top of Gus' head BLOWS off. His BODY is thrown back by  
the incredible force, tumbling him to the kitchen floor with a  
**HEAVY THUD.**

Chase sucks in precious air, then his head snaps up.

**CHASE**

Geoff!

**EXT. GUS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

Chase stumbles from the house. It's a wonder he's even conscious.  
He swings open the van door and throws himself inside, sinking the  
key into the ignition.

**INT. ATTIC - NIGHT**

Marjorie is now seated before Renee's theatrical make-up mirror,  
entranced. She's wearing the beaded peach dress.

With the help of Renee's vast array of cosmetics, Marjorie has  
turned herself into a stunning beauty.

The lipstick isn't quite right. Turning to the countertop magnifying mirror, she carefully touches up her ruby red lips. Her face fills nearly the entire mirror...

...except for one rim, which reflects the dark, shadowy attic behind her.

A HUGE EYE joins her reflection in the distorting mirror. Marjorie nearly jumps out of her skin. She spins around...

**MARJORIE**

Jesus, Geoff! Don't sneak up on me like that!

...but no one is there.

THE MAKE-UP MIRROR catches another glimpse. Renee's RED LIPS, magnified tenfold. The lips begin to move...

**RENEE**

(a whisper)

Did you really think you could be like me?

Renee's fist swings in, SMASHING a panel of the mirror...

Marjorie raises her hands to protect herself against the flying glass. And as her hands come down, she finds...

Renee standing before her. Her ghostly form silhouetted by moonlight. Curtains billowing around her. We never fully see her.

Marjorie's face goes white with fear.

**RENEE**

Such a young face... but you've got potential...

Renee grabs a fistful of Marjorie's hair, viciously YANKING her head back...

**RENEE**

We'll do the eyes first. You always start with the eyes...

Renee lashes out, SLASHING a mirror shard across the skin beneath Marjorie's right eye. Marjorie SCREAMS.

**INT. GEOFF'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Geoff awakens at the commotion upstairs. He rocks forward, rising from his bed.

**185 OMITTED**

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Geoff pauses at the base of the attic stairway, looking up at the open door. All he hears are the faint SOUNDS of movement.

**GEOFF**

Marjorie? You know you're not supposed to be in the attic.

Geoff starts up the stairs.

**INT. ATTIC - NIGHT**

Geoff trepidatiously enters. He weaves through the maze of gauzy curtains. And then he sees her...

Renee is standing in the midst of the attic. She's perfectly made up. Gorgeous. Just as she was on the day she died. She smiles warmly.

**GEOFF**

Mom...

**RENEE**

I came back for you, Geoff. We're going to be together again.

Renee raises her outstretched arms to receive him. Through the haze of his tears, Geoff doesn't see the sinister, vacant gleam in her eyes.

**INT. CHASE'S VAN - NIGHT**

Reaching the house, Chase SKIDS to a stop across the lawn.

**188B OMITTED**

**INT. ATTIC - NIGHT**

Chase cautiously enters with the gun in his grasp. The spring coil swings the CREAKING door shut behind him.

From Chase's vantage point, he can't see them yet. He makes his way around the stripped dressmaker's model, past an upright dressing mirror. And then he sees...

**MARJORIE**

Slumped against Renee's bed like a ragdoll. We can only see half of her face. It looks untouched. Chase reaches for her...

**CHASE**

Marjorie?

Marjorie's head rolls sideways, exposing the other half of her face. The skin has been stripped from her skull and peeled back...

Chase turns his head away. And that's when he sees them...

**RENEE AND GEOFF**

Holding each other tightly. Geoff has his head buried in Renee's breast. Renee looks up from her son, meeting Chase's gaze. Her voice is both seductive and terrifying.

**RENEE**

Hello, Chase.

Chase gasps. The word "horror" doesn't do the moment justice.

**CHASE**

Oh my God...

**RENEE**

We can try again, Chase. We can make it work this time.

Chase sinks back against the wall. He's lost a lot of blood and his strength is leaving him.

**CHASE**

(shaking his head)

No...

**RENEE**

Don't you love me anymore, Chase?

**CHASE**

You're not Renee... Renee's dead...  
(screaming)  
Geoff! Get over here now!

But Geoff just holds his mother tighter. A hint of annoyance flickers through Renee's eyes. She strokes Geoff's hair.

**RENEE**

(looking at Chase)

Geoff, honey, why don't you go downstairs. Your father and I need a moment alone. Do it for me?

Geoff looks up at his mother, mesmerized. She releases him from the embrace. He brushes past Chase without a glance and heads for the attic door.

**RENEE**

Geoff...

Geoff pauses at the door, looking back. Renee's words have a hauntingly familiar ring...

**RENEE**

I love you.

Geoff smiles. Turning away, he opens the door and...

**CLYDE**

is standing there, an AXE perched on his shoulder. His face is torn to shit, bones and brain matter exposed. He's covered from head to toe in dirt and clotted blood. He looks worse than any of the undead we've seen. A total walking nightmare.

**CLYDE**

(grinning)

Hey, Junior. Wanna play?

WHOOSH! Clyde swings the axe, sinking it into the wall just in front of Geoff's face...

Geoff tumbles back onto the floor, snapping out of his trance.

Clyde brings the axe down...

...and Geoff rolls to the side, barely avoiding decapitation.

**CHASE**

Geoff!

Chase stumbles forward to rescue his son. As he does so, Clyde brings the axe back up, SMASHING Chase in the head with the blunt end...

Chase goes down. Unconscious.

**CLYDE**

Oops! Looks like Daddy got a boo-boo...

Clyde turns his gaze back on Geoff.

**CLYDE**

Now, where were we?

Geoff shuffles backwards across the floor as Clyde moves into the room.

Renee passes behind Clyde. She SLAMS the attic door shut and snaps off the knob with a jerk of the wrist, locking them all inside.

Scared out of his wits, Geoff makes it to his feet. Clyde swings again and misses...

Geoff grabs hold of the axe handle, struggling, and the two boys go down...

**RENEE**

Moves to the vanity. She sweeps a hand across it, sending everything crashing to the ground. Crystal perfume bottles SHATTER, spilling their contents over the floor.

Renee reaches for a lighter and flicks it on. She touches the flame to the perfume-soaked floor...

FLAMES roar into existence, racing across the floorboards, igniting the curtains...

We see the flames reflected in Renee's soulless eyes.

**ON GEOFF AND CLYDE**

As they wrestle with one another across the floor. Bloody spittle drips from Clyde's face. He flashes a feral snarl.

Clyde LUNGES forward and tears into Geoff's shoulder with his teeth...

Geoff SCREAMS. His hands grope blindly for a weapon and close on a mirror shard. He JABS it up and into Clyde's eye...

Somehow, Geoff manages to roll out from under Clyde. He rises to his feet...

Clyde lets loose a DEMONIC ROAR. He charges, SLASHING the axe wildly, knocking aside curtains and dressing models alike. Nothing's going to stop him. Nothing.

Flames are consuming the attic, licking the rafters, igniting the canopy drapings... devouring everything. SMOKE is rolling across the floor...

Geoff reaches a far wall. He's trapped in a corner. There's nowhere else to go. Behind Geoff is a CIRCUIT BOX. INSULATED CABLES run from the box down through the attic floor. Geoff turns...

And here comes Clyde...

**CLYDE**

Here it comes, buddy! HERE IT  
**FUCKING COMES!!!**

Clyde swings. Geoff ducks. The axe hits the circuit box behind him, severing the insulated cables...

As Clyde rips the axe out of the wall for another try, Geoff reaches for one of the SPARKING CABLES.

Clyde raises the axe above his head...

**CLYDE**

Eat it, ass-hole...

**GEOFF**

**EAT THIS!!!**

...and Geoff shoves the live cable into Clyde's mouth!

SPARKS shoot out of Clyde's eyes and ears. He jerks back and forth, writhing in a horrific replay of Renee's electrocution.

Then Clyde's face BLOWS APART in a gout of ruined flesh and BLUE FLAME. The circuit is blown and the SMOKING BODY falls...

Geoff drops the cable. The blazing inferno is closing in. He runs to Chase...

Chase is barely conscious. Geoff drops to his knees and pulls his father to his feet...

**RENEE (O.S.)**

Don't leave me again, Geoff!

Geoff turns...

**RENEE**

is standing in the midst of the FLAMES, reaching out. The make-up and mortician's wax she wears fall victim to the heat and her "face" begins to MELT AWAY...

**RENEE**

Don't leave me alone!

Geoff turns away, horrified. With Chase on his shoulder, he reaches the door. Locked. Geoff sets Chase against the wall.

He spots the AXE, still clutched in Clyde's hand. Geoff drags the axe free from the dead boy's grasp and goes to work on the door...

Ignoring Renee's CRIES, Geoff swings the axe again and again, chopping the door apart. He coughs through the smoke. The flames are almost upon them...

Finally, the wood splinters apart. Geoff reaches through and grasps the outside handle, pulling the door open. Then he turns and lifts Chase up once more...

At the door, Geoff pauses for one final, tearful look back. Then his face hardens and he turns away, pulling Chase to safety.

**RENEE**

**NO, GEOFF! NO!!!**

**ON RENEE**

Alone in the fiery storm, SCREAMING. Flames devour her flowing white dress. Her face doesn't even look remotely human anymore.

And as the inferno slowly closes in, we...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. VETERINARY OFFICE - DAY**

We PULL OUT from a sign on the door that says "CLOSED".

Chase is just now locking up the door. He's bandaged up, looking a little worse for the wear, but happy to be alive. He turns, grinning...

**GEOFF**

stands near the van, holding Tiger in his arms.

**GEOFF**

All set?

**CHASE**

All set.

Chase joins Geoff at the van and together they climb inside. Chase starts the engine, pulling away from the office.

**WE STAY ON THE VAN -**

As it moves off down the street, passing the familiar landmarks of sleepy Ludlow.

**RISING UP -**

We follow the van as it sweeps out of town. Ludlow looks picture-perfect from our bird's eye vantage point. Charming and quiet.

**CHASE (V.O.)**

So where're we going?

**GEOFF**

Anywhere but here.

We continue rising up into the brilliant blue sky, losing the van amidst the rolling Maine countryside and we

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. MICMAC FOREST - DAY**

RUSHING over the woods, just above the tree tops. It's an ocean of swaying green beneath us. A forest as ancient and mysterious as anything on the Earth.

**AND SUDDENLY -**

The endless trees fall out from under us. We find ourselves above the flattop mesa of the Micmac burial ground, swooping downward...

The ground surges towards us. We see Renee's OPEN GRAVE.

The quality of light is different now. We hear the wail of the LONESOME WIND, and perhaps, the WHISPER of something altogether alien.

And on the unsettling note, we...

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**THE END**