

DOCTOR SLEEP

by
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Based on the Novel by
Stephen King

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EXT. CAMPSITE - AFTERNOON

A lush campsite, in the woods. A smattering of RV's and campers, a few TENTS, spaced out from each other for privacy.

Legend: 1980

VIOLET (7) steps out of a small CAMPER, heading away as her MOTHER leans out of the door.

VIOLET'S MOTHER
Where are you going, Violet?

VIOLET
Just to pick some flowers!

VIOLET'S MOTHER
Don't wander too far!

EXT. CAMPSITE, WOODED PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Violet moves down the path, stopping to look at some WILD FLOWERS growing beside her. She glances up, seeing SEVERAL RV'S and MOTOR HOMES in a cluster, just visible off the path.

We don't know it yet, but these belong to the TRUE KNOT. Unaware of their danger, Violet heads further down the path.

EXT. CAMPSITE, STREAM - LATER

Violet emerges into a clearing on the banks of a quiet, pristine river. Sunlight reflecting off the water, lovely wildflowers growing by the bank...

She's startled to see a WOMAN sitting by the water, almost hidden by the overgrowth. Holding a fistful of FLOWERS, throwing pedals into the stream as she sings...

ROSE
*My wild Irish Rose / The sweetest
flower that grows / You may search
everywhere / But none can compare
with my wild Irish Rose...*

She is beautiful, dressed in flowing, strange clothes and a black TOP HAT. She is ROSE THE HAT (looks 30's, but is so, so much older). She turns to Violet, smiling sweetly.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Well hi there.

Violet stares at Rose's flowers. BRIGHTER, more COLORFUL than the wildflowers she's found...

VIOLET

Where did you find those?

ROSE

Oh, these? I know all the secret places. You want one?

Violet doesn't answer. Studies Rose's face. She has a sweet demeanor, a KIND, EARNEST SMILE...

ROSE (CONT'D)

Oh... you're wondering why I'm wearing such a funny hat. Well I'll tell you. I *always* wear this hat. So much it's part of my name now. My friends, my very *best* friends, they just call me "Rose the Hat." You can call me that, now that we're friends.

VIOLET

I like it. It looks like a magician's hat.

ROSE

It is! It's a magic hat, wanna see?

Rose removes her hat. Violet watches, her wariness fading.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Take a look. Nothing in my hat, nothing up my sleeves...

Violet STEPS FORWARD again, so that she can see inside the hat. It's EMPTY. Rose turns it over, shaking it for effect.

A SNAPPING BRANCH draws Violet's attention. She turns, seeing a MAN lurking at the edge of the woods. STARING AT HER. He is CROW (40's, dressed in dirty clothes.) PERFECTLY STILL.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, he's my friend. You're missing the trick! Reach inside.

Violet hesitates... and then reaches her hand out, into the hat... pulling up a HANDFUL OF BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

VIOLET

Wow... they're so *pretty* --

ROSE
 Because they're special. Speaking
 of special... you're a little magic
 too, aren't you.

Rose reaches into the hat, her hand disappearing from view.

ROSE (CONT'D)
 The flower in my hand. What color
 is it?
 (off Violet's hesitation)
 It's okay, honey. You won't scare
 me. I'm not like mom and dad.

VIOLET
 Purple.

Rose smiles, lifting up a GORGEOUS PURPLE FLOWER.

Another SNAPPING TWIG, and Violet looks. There are MORE
 PEOPLE now, standing at the periphery of the woods.

ROSE
 Violet. Like you.

She turns. She doesn't remember telling Rose her name...

Rose turns over the hat, and FLOWERS POUR OUT OF IT onto the
 ground. Violet's eyes light up. She stoops, picking up a few
 of them. Rose does the same -- and EATS a flower, right off
 the stem.

VIOLET
 You don't eat flowers!

ROSE
 Oh, but you do.

VIOLET
 But these are special.

ROSE
 The special ones taste best.

More SNAPS, and Violet turns to see SIX PEOPLE, members of
 the TRUE KNOT, watching from all around them. Flanking her.
 They are Crow, BARRY THE CHUNK (40's, heavy), GRAMPA FLICK
 (ancient), APRON ANNIE (30's) and SILENT SAREY (50's).

VIOLET
 I should get back to my mom...

She starts to pull away, but CAN'T. She looks down: ROSE'S
 HAND GRIPS HER FOREARM. TIGHT.

ROSE
Stay a while. See more magic.

Violet starts to PULL against Rose's grip, but it is VICE-LIKE. Behind her, THE TRUE KNOT ADVANCES ON HER. SILENT. Their movement STRANGE, INHUMAN - closing in on all sides...

ROSE (CONT'D)
You are a *special* little thing,
aren't you.

She squeezes Violet's arm as the pale faces speed up, barreling toward her silently. Rose's fingernails DRAW BLOOD on the girl's forearm. And Rose is STILL SMILING.

EXT. CAMPSITE - LATER

Violet's mother walks up the path, a little concerned.

VIOLET'S MOTHER
Vi? Violet!

Silence. She glances down at the wildflowers growing by the path, frowning to herself. Behind her, we see the TRUE KNOT'S RV'S DRIVING AWAY. She barely glances at them.

VIOLET'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
(panic growing)
Vi! Violet! Violet!

As her panic grows, the small group of RV's exit the campground unnoticed as she heads deeper in the woods, calling for a daughter that will not answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - NIGHT

Snow. Snow as far as we can see, so bright in the moonlight it almost seems to be giving off its own light. The camera floats above it, tilting up to reveal:

THE OVERLOOK HOTEL. Half-buried in the snowfall.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, CORRIDORS - NIGHT

The camera follows a boy on a tricycle. We recognize him immediately... YOUNG DANNY TORRANCE (5) riding his tricycle down the familiar hallways. Turning corners, moving fast.

He comes to a stop in front of a specific room. **ROOM 217**. We gradually realize why he stopped, and why he stares... THE DOORKNOB IS TURNING. SOOOOO SLOWLY...

As he watches, the door CREEPS OPEN, revealing ABYSSAL DARKNESS WITHIN. And then, just as slowly, a FIGURE STARTS TO MATERIALIZE IN THE INKY BLACKNESS...

A GROTESQUE WOMAN, NAKED, GREEN WITH ROT, DRIPPING WET, JUST BARELY STEPPING OUT OF THE DARK WHEN --

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM, FLORIDA - NIGHT

-- DANNY'S EYES FLY OPEN. He BOLTS UP in bed, gasping from the nightmare. COVERED WITH SWEAT, his dream still fresh. He catches his breath, and quietly climbs out of bed.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A door, the name "DANNY" displayed in construction paper, opens as Danny steps into the small condominium. He heads toward the BATHROOM at the end of the hall.

The door is CLOSED as he approaches, and he slows down. Surprised to see it closed... He steps toward the door, cautious. Listening. And then, faintly...

WE HEAR A SOUND THROUGH THE DOOR. A QUIET SLOSHING OF WATER... LIKE SOMEONE SHIFTING IN A BATHTUB.

Danny hesitates. Afraid to open the door, but telling himself that he's being silly -- it's all in his head... He slowly turns the knob, and OPENS THE DOOR, REVEALING:

A WOMAN, IN THE TUB, SITTING IN THE DARK. Lit only by MOONLIGHT. Obscured by the shower curtain. She slowly reaches up, pulling the curtain back. We know who she is:

MRS. MASSEY. The WOMAN IN THE TUB. Her skin green and bloated, her hands purple with coagulated blood. Her eyes dead and white, like a fish's belly. We can almost SMELL the putrid rot as she GRINS AT DANNY --

The filthy water SLOSHES as she slowly STANDS, naked, her body waterlogged and rotting. A purple foot LIFTS from the water, STEPPING ONTO THE BATHMAT.

Danny's bladder LETS GO, a puddle forming at his feet.

She LUMBERS TOWARD HIM as Danny CLOSES THE DOOR, stepping back into the hall.

He stares, wide-eyed and terrified as A SHADOW APPEARS UNDER THE DOOR. FILTHY WATER LEAKING OUT AS THE DOORKNOB SLOWLY TURNS. LEFT, THEN RIGHT.

Danny COVERS HIS EYES, trying to WILL IT AWAY, even as he hears DEAD FINGERNAILS SCRATCHING ON THE DOOR --

A HAND FALLS ONTO HIS SHOULDER, AND HE SPINS, SCREAMING - Into the face of WENDY TORRANCE (30's, exhausted.)

WENDY

Hey! Hey! It's okay, it's okay...

He RUNS into her arms, she holds him, alarmed and perplexed.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wendy PULLS a fresh pair of pajama bottoms onto Danny.

WENDY

There, all dry. What happened?

Danny doesn't answer. Just stares ahead, CATATONIC.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Danny, you have to talk to me. You haven't *talked* since we left that... *place*. Please, Doc. Please.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wendy steps down the hall slowly, toward the bathroom door. Steeling herself. Summoning a familiar courage -- a courage she learned at the Overlook.

She reaches the doorknob, and only hesitates a moment before opening the door and turning on the light.

The room is empty. Nothing in the tub, nothing out of the ordinary. She exhales. She's about to leave, hand on the light switch, when she sees --

TWO SHAPES ON THE BATHMAT. WET DEPRESSIONS. FOOTPRINTS.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA, FLORIDA - DAY

Danny sits on a bench, looking out at the marina. Exhausted.

DICK (O.S.)
So you ain't talkin', huh Doc?

Reveal DICK HALLORANN (late 50's, black) sitting beside him.

DICK (CONT'D)
Weren't talking much first time I met you, neither. Little boy, set to spend a long winter at that rotten old place, just him and his mommy and daddy -- daddy's dark as that boy is bright and boy, is he bright -- he's Shining like fire in the one place - *the worst place* - for a boy who Shines.

(beat)
You remember the first time we really talked? When I spoke up inside your head?

Danny nods. Dick smiles. And then, Dick keeps talking... but his mouth doesn't move. He speaks IN DANNY'S MIND.

DICK (V.O.)
Made you feel good, right? Knowing you weren't alone?

DANNY
Daddy tried to kill me.

Dick notices that Danny used his "outside" voice, and follows suit. No longer talking in his head.

DICK
It wasn't all him, you gotta know. That place fed his dark, like it fed on your light. And he had some light in him, too. Just like you got some dark. We all got both --

DANNY
It's not done with me.

DICK
It ever strike you funny, how I showed up when I did? When you needed me? Someone did that for me too. My grandma taught me and I tried to teach you and some day, Danny Torrance, you'll teach someone else-

DANNY
I won't.

DICK

Oh you won't, huh.

DANNY

I won't *Shine*, I mean. No more.
It's dangerous.

DICK

Reckon it is, sometimes.

DANNY

She found me. She'll come back and
come back until she gets me.

DICK

You're right. Overlook's condemned.
Boarded up. They're starving old
ghosts and they're reaching out for
you. Won't stop with her, either.

DANNY

Pictures in a book. You said they
were just pictures in a book, and
they couldn't hurt me.

DICK

Thought they was.

DANNY

But they aren't. They're *real*.

DICK

Some things, dark things, the
Shining's like food. They're
mosquitos, landing for blood.

(beat)

The Overlook, it was always just
pictures to me, but I didn't Shine
like you. *Nobody* Shines like you.
So you, in that damn hotel... you
was like a million-watt battery,
all plugged in, and it ate it up.
You made it real, started soon as
you walked through the door.

DICK (CONT'D)

Can't do nothin' about that, I'm
sorry to tell you but you're not a
child, you're older now, *much* older
in a way, and you gotta hear this.
World's a hungry place and the
darkest things are the hungriest
and they'll eat what Shines. *Swarm*
it. Like mosquitos, or leeches.

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

Can't do nothing 'bout that. What you can do is turn what they come for against them.

Danny looks up at Dick. His old eyes are sad, weary.

DICK (CONT'D)

My grandfather, he was a mean sonofabitch. Dark inside, same type of dark as your dad. Beat me senseless, and my gramma too, and when he died I danced but he kept on *comin' back*. Standing in my room, suit all grey and stinking, from whatever mold was growing on him in that box. One day he grabbed me and he was *real*. His nails were overgrown, growing long in the grave and they cut me, Doc. Cut me deep. And Gramma... she taught me a trick. Gave me a present.

He reaches into his coat, and removes A SMALL METAL LOCKBOX. Very old, rusted. And, a KEY. On a chain.

DICK (CONT'D)

I want you to know this box. Inside and out. Don't just look at it; touch it. Stick your nose inside and see if there's a smell. Know every corner. Every single thing.

DANNY

Why?

DICK

Because you're gonna build one just like it in your mind. One even more special. So next time that bitch comes 'round, you'll be ready.

(beat)

Let's get you back to momma. Wendy'll worry and she shouldn't have to worry another day in her life; that woman's paid that debt.

They stand from the bench, walking back toward the shops. Further out, Wendy is looking wildly around as she SPOTS Danny approaching. She rushes toward him, relieved...

We realize DANNY IS WALKING ALONE. DICK IS GONE.

WENDY

There you are! Where did you go???

She hugs him as we PAN OFF of them, resting on a TATTERED MISSING POSTER ON A LIGHT POST... A POSTER OF VIOLET'S FACE.

CUT TO:

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT

Danny and Wendy sit on the couch, snuggling as they watch a BUGS BUNNY CARTOON. Wendy laughs at the show, Danny smiles. Content. BETTER. And then, he looks up. Toward the hallway.

DANNY

I have to pee.

He hops up, and Wendy watches him go. A little concerned...

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Danny turns the corner. Looking at the BATHROOM DOOR. It's SLIGHTLY OPEN... and he sees what he knew he'd see.

MRS. MASSEY, in the tub, BARELY VISIBLE through the door.

He takes a breath, and walks toward the bathroom. As he nears, she SITS UP, GRINNING WITH HER ROTTEN TEETH. Danny steps into the door as she CLIMBS TO HER FEET, filth and water dripping from her.

DANNY

Hi Mrs. Massey.

(beat)

I brought you a present.

He CLOSES THE DOOR, we PULL BACK. SLOW. After a few beats... MRS. MASSEY SCREAMS.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wendy looks up as Danny returns. Calm, casual.

WENDY

You okay, Doc?

DANNY

Yeah, mom. I'm okay.

He climbs onto the couch, resting his head on his mother's shoulder. She can tell... HE'S OKAY. TRULY OKAY. And for the first time in a long time, Danny SMILES.

CUT TO:

INT. DEENIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

DAN TORRANCE (mid 20's now) awakes with a start. Pale, sweaty. His face BRUISED AND SWOLLEN, fighting through one of the worst (and last) hangovers of his life.

Legend: 2000

He's in a FILTHY APARTMENT, a dirty mattress on a dirty floor. He COUGHS, dry-heaving as he holds his throbbing head. He rolls over, and stops as he sees --

DEENIE (early 20's, frail and sickly) asleep next to him. Also naked. He stares, trying to remember --

INT. DIVE BAR - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

Blurry flashes. Hazy memories. Dan, downing a shot of whiskey. And another. Deenie, holding onto him while he shoots pool.

DEENIE
(slurring)
What's your name again, Cutey...

INT. DEENIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dan stares at her. There's VOMIT next to her mouth, staining her pillow. As the sight and smell hit him --

INT. DEENIE'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dan PUKES into the toilet, spitting out a vile mix of bile and whiskey. Fumbles for the handle, barely manages a flush.

He THROWS water on his face, looking up in the mirror AND SEEING THE CUTS AND BRUISES. One eye almost SWOLLEN SHUT. He reaches up, perplexed. Touching the wounds...

INT. DIVE BAR - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

-- More whiskey. A LARGE MAN trying to pull Deenie away from him. Dan, getting in the man's face. A PUNCH that lands Dan on the ground. Spitting out BLOOD, getting to his feet - a familiar DARKNESS in his eyes.

-- A hand, grabbing a BILLIARD BALL. Dan, SMASHING THE BALL into the man's head. Straddling him now, as others SCRAMBLE TO BREAK UP THE FIGHT. Dan's hand, smashing the ball into the man's head AGAIN. And AGAIN. And AGAIN.

DAN
(between blows)
You gonna take - your - medicine --

INT. DEENIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dan STUMBLES, catching himself on the dresser. Looks down at his BLOODY, BRUISED KNUCKLES. HIS HANDS SWOLLEN.

DAN
 Oh god...

He looks back at the sleeping girl, and then at THE WHITE POWDER, STILL ARRANGED IN SLOPPY LINES, on the nightstand beside her. NEXT TO THE EMPTY WHISKEY BOTTLE.

INT. DEENIE'S BEDROOM - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

Dan PULLS HARD from the whiskey, WINCING as Deenie SNORTS A LINE OF COKE from the nightstand.

DEENIE
*Holy shit, I think you killed him.
 What if you killed him. I hope you
 killed him. I hope you killed him,
 you hear me?*

Deenie, STRADDLING HIM NOW.

DEENIE (CONT'D)
Lemme kiss it better.

She kisses him, hard, pushing him back onto the mattress.

INT. DEENIE'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dan STUMBLES out, pulling his clothes on. Looking at the BLOOD ON HIS SHIRT. Not all of it his...

And then he realizes something. He pulls out his WALLET... NO CASH. Digs through his pockets. NOTHING.

DAN
 Fuck. Fuck...

He turns his pockets out, frantic now. All of his money, gone, probably snorted by the naked girl in the other room --

HER PURSE. There, on the table. Open. Dan stares at it, and after a long pause, he moves toward it.

He opens her wallet, looking through. There's CASH there, maybe \$100. Tens and twenties, crumpled...

AND FOOD STAMPS. A pile of food stamps.

He slowly removes the cash, conflicted. Looking back through the open bedroom door, where she snores softly. He POKETS THE CASH, heading toward the door when --

TODDLER (O.S.)

Mommy?

He stops cold. Turns. Standing in the doorway to another bedroom is a TODDLER, maybe 18 months. Staring at him. Dan DEFLATES a little. Confused, concerned... humiliated.

DAN

What's your name, hero?

The kid just stares at him.

DAN (CONT'D)

Please tell me you came from next door. Or down the hall...

TODDLER

Momma...

Dan sighs. Oh, shit. He goes to the kid. Picks him up --

AND SEES THE BRUISES on the boy's arms. The kind you get from being GRABBED. REALLY HARD. He carries the boy into the bedroom, placing him next to Deenie.

TODDLER (CONT'D)

Momma!

He cuddles against her, and even in her stupor, Deenie wraps a hand around him. Dan watches, heart breaking a little.

He makes his way toward the door, stopping one last time by her purse. Looking at the food stamps, the little boy cuddled up next to Deenie... And at the CASH in his hand.

DICK (O.S.)

You can put her money back, Doc.
You can do that much.

He looks up. Dick is standing in the shadows, HIDDEN.

DAN

She took mine. Probably spent it on the coke --

DICK

Doc.

Dan stares him down. After a moment, tucks the money in his pocket. He turns back, looking at Deenie and the boy. Squints, concentrating. For a moment, a FLASH of --

THE LOCK BOX, with the rusty lock.

DICK (CONT'D)

Oh no, Doc. You can put things from the Overlook away in boxes, but not memories. Never those. They're the real ghosts, you take 'em with you.

Dan stares at him defiantly, and walks out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

DAVID (30's) and LUCY (30's) turn the corner, following the sound of PIANO MUSIC. Stilted, promising... YOUNG ABRA (5 years old, adorable), sits at the piano in the living room.

LUCY

Time for bed, Abra.

YOUNG ABRA

A little more??

DAVID

No sweetie, big day tomorrow.

YOUNG ABRA

Birthday party!

DAVID

That's right. But for now, bedtime.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David and Lucy tuck Abra into bed. Handing her a STUFFED BUNNY, which Abra CUDDLES happily.

YOUNG ABRA

Abba's five! Happy birthday Abba!

LUCY

Not just yet. Goodnight sweetie.

They leave her tucked in, closing the door softly.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

David and Lucy are fast asleep. Slowly stirred by a sound...
PIANO MUSIC, echoing through the dark house.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David and Lucy make their way down the stairs, the music
LOUDER NOW. It seems Abra's snuck out of bed, and gone back
to the piano. As they turn the corner, they STOP COLD.

There is no one in the room. But THE PIANO IS PLAYING, the
same song Abra was struggling with earlier...

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

ANDI STEINER (15, sharp and pretty) sits in the dark theater.
Munching on candy as an older BUSINESSMAN (50s) makes his way
down the aisle, sitting next to her.

She doesn't look up from her candy as he sits.

BUSINESSMAN

Andi?

ANDI

That's right.

BUSINESSMAN

You're prettier than your picture.

ANDI

You're older than yours.

He looks around, a little nervous.

BUSINESSMAN

So are we staying here or going
somewhere?

ANDI

Don't you want to watch the movie?

He frowns. But soon softens as she SNUGGLES UP to him, laying
her head on his shoulder. His HAND finds her THIGH.

We pull back to reveal ROSE and CROW, sitting a few rows
back. Not watching the movie. Watching ANDI.

ROSE

I don't see what the fuss is about.
Chat room romance. A little gross,
but not interesting.

CROW

Watch. It's interesting, I promise.

ROSE

It better be. Because she's not all
that steamy -

CROW

There she goes.

They watch as Andi PUTS HER LIPS TO HER DATE'S EAR.

ANDI

Aren't you tired? Sleep.

The man's head instantly DROPS to his chest. He's OUT COLD.
She lifts his LIMP HAND off her thigh with disgust, and
fishes out his wallet. Starts PULLING CASH, credit cards.

ROSE

Okay.

CROW

Wait. This is the best part. I've
watched her do it three times now
and it never gets old.

Andi pulls a PEARL-HANDLED KNIFE from her purse.

ANDI

Sleep deeper. Deep as you can. The
pain you'll feel is only a dream.
What will the pain be?

BUSINESSMAN

A dream.

She puts her arm around him, and quietly SLASHES TWO TINY V'S
into his cheek. The blood FLOWS. He doesn't even FLINCH.

ANDI

You can explain a lost wallet, when
your wife asks, but you can't
explain this. *This*, you see every
day in the mirror. Every time you
see it, you'll say it out loud...
"I like little girls."

She finishes cutting, leaning closer to the sleeping man.

ANDI (CONT'D)
You'll say it out loud.

BUSINESSMAN
Out loud.

ANDI
And the next time you go looking
for a little girl online, you'll
remember that time you got bit by a
rattlesnake. A rattlesnake in a
blue skirt and white blouse, *whose
face is a blank.*

She kisses his bloody cheek, standing from her chair, quietly
leaving the theater. Rose and Crow watch, impressed.

ROSE
That *is* interesting.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

Andi walks in the afternoon sun. The street is crowded, she's
in a city. Behind her, CROW approaches.

CROW
'Scuse me, miss? Miss!

She ignores him, walking faster.

CROW (CONT'D)
You left something in the theater -

ANDI
You wanna leave me alone.

Crow STOPS. Blinks. Suddenly UNSURE of himself, as if he
FORGOT WHY HE WAS CHASING HER. Andi turns to leave when --

ROSE GRABS HER ARM.

ROSE
Well hi there.

Andi stares at her.

ANDI
You want to let me go.

ROSE
Oh no, sweetie. No I don't.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERPASS, NEWARK - EARLY MORNING

Dan wakes up under the overpass, face down on a filthy towel he'd spread out for himself the night before. A fresh bottle in front of him, empty. Clutched in his cold fingers.

He COUGHS, spitting with his dry mouth. Looking around him. Not even sure how he ended up here.

INT. GREYHOUND STATION - LATER

Dan stands at the ticket counter, looking at the crumpled bills in his hands. His hands SHAKE, he's DIRTY. Exhausted.

DAN

How far can I get for...

He counts out the bills.

EXT. GREYHOUND STATION - LATE MORNING

Close on the bus sign: FRASIER, NH. Passengers board quietly, and Dan is among them. The last of his cash apparently went to the BOTTLE he clutches, along with his beat-up knapsack.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

DOZENS of kids and parents pack the yard, decorated for Abra's birthday party. David and Lucy watch Young Abra, dressed in a birthday tiara and carrying her STUFFED BUNNY, run toward them holding out a handmade card.

YOUNG ABRA

Mommy! I made this for you --
It's a secret card!

Abra bounds away, toward the MAGICIAN who is gathering the kids at the end of the yard. Lucy looks down at the card.

Just a simple word: hELL☺

The MAGICIAN holds out a red TOP HAT to the kids.

MAGICIAN

Nothing up my sleeves, nothing up
my sleeves...

He reaches in, pulling out a WHITE RABBIT. The kids clap and giggle, and he hands it to Abra.

MAGICIAN (CONT'D)
Abracadabra!

YOUNG ABRA
I know magic too!

MAGICIAN
Well you get to hold him, birthday
girl.

She pets the bunny, watching.

He turns over the hat, and SILVER SPOONS fall out. The kids
laugh, delighted, as he picks them up and starts HANGING THEM
ON HIS FACE, the last one balanced on the tip of his nose.

YOUNG ABRA
I can do that.

MAGICIAN
That's nice, sweetie.

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - LATER

The party is over, the last of the kids trickling out. David
and Lucy clean up as Abra plays with the last of her friends.
David frowns at the birthday cake.

DAVID
We can forget nap time.

LUCY
Just a few more hours. Say it with
me, just a few more hours --

She smiles at him, heading through the open sliding glass
door into the house. As he carefully scoops up the cake --

LUCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(alarmed)
David...

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

David enters the kitchen, where Lucy stares. White as a
sheet. She's pointing...

THE SILVERWARE DRAWERS ARE ALL OUT, as though they SHOT OUT.
FORKS AND KNIVES ALL OVER THE FLOOR.

DAVID
What the hell...

LUCY

Dave...

Lucy POINTS AT THE CEILING. He follows her gaze --

ALL OF THE SPOONS are hanging from the ceiling. Dangling, as though magnetized. Their tips barely touching the plaster.

They STARE at it as Abra enters. Stuffed bunny in her hand.

YOUNG ABRA

(proud)

Abra... cadabra!

LUCY

Honey, did... did you do this?

Abra's smile fades. Her lip starts to quiver.

YOUNG ABRA

Am I in trouble?

They stare at her, not sure what to say -- as she STARTS TO CRY, to REALLY LET LOOSE --

ALL OF THE SPOONS FALL DOWN AT ONCE, CRASHING TO THE FLOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - SIMULTANEOUS

Dan STARTLES awake in his seat. SENSING SOMETHING, something that woke him... as though REACTING TO THE FALLING SPOONS...

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPGROUND, LONG ISLAND - SIMULTANEOUS

Rose STOPS in her tracks as she heads toward her RV, also SENSING SOMETHING. Looking over her shoulder. A passing thought, but something... some thing...

INT. ROSE'S RV, LONG ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Rose steps into the trailer. The moment forgotten as she heads toward ANDI, who is just waking up on the bed.

ROSE

Hi there, sleepyhead. Sorry, I had to sleep you pretty hard, you're a tough one. Willful.

Andi sits up, rubbing her head. Taking in her surroundings.

ROSE (CONT'D)

You know I checked... six men, in three months. With those little snakebite tattoos on their cheeks. You've been busy.

(beat)

Snakebite Andi, that's who you are. So who am I...

ANDI

You're some crazy bitch that kidnapped me --

Rose holds up a finger. One finger, and Andi is SILENT.

ROSE

Just the truth, from now on. You'll only say the truth.

ANDI

(beat)

You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

ROSE

Well golly. Works a little too well, don't it. Here's the deal, Snakebite Andi. You're a pusher. You can push people, and we haven't had a pusher round here for a little while so I'm gonna offer you a deal I haven't offered anyone in almost forty years.

ANDI

No way you're forty.

ROSE

How old are you, darling?

ANDI

Fifteen.

ROSE

Fifteen. God, what an age. The Springtime of your womanhood, isn't it, you're not a girl anymore but you don't have a single dent yet, either. Gravity hasn't even *noticed* you, not at fifteen.

(beat)

Men, though...

Andi lowers her head.

ROSE (CONT'D)

No! No shame, and you paid that back, didn't you. What I'm offering, Snakebite Andi, is just that: Springtime. Springtime forever. Ten years from now, you're still fifteen. A hundred years, maybe you're seventeen. Live long, stay young. Eat well.

ANDI

Sounds too good to be true.

ROSE

I know it.

ANDI

So you and your friends out there -

ROSE

They're not my friends, they're my family. We're the True Knot, dear.

ANDI

(snickers)
True Knot.

ROSE

What's tied can never be untied.

Andi laughs. Rose, though, isn't laughing.

ANDI

Do I have any other choice?

ROSE

Only bad ones, dear. But it's better if you want it. Makes the turning easier.

ANDI

(beat)
Does it hurt?

Rose smiles, and lies.

ROSE

Not at all.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEENEYTOWN, FRASIER NH - EVENING

Dan steps away from the bus station. Tired, beaten. Shuffling through town, not even sure where he's going. It's MAIN STREET New Hampshire, the evening hours seeing the streets mostly deserted. A small town, with character.

He stops at a sign: VISIT TEENEY TOWN! FRASIER'S SMALL WONDER. He looks beyond it, smiling to himself as he beholds Teeneytown. It's a MINIATURE REPLICA of the very street he's on, a tiny representation of the town he's in.

Around it, a SMALL TRAIN - designed for toddlers - resting idle on its tracks. Dan smiles. It's strange, but welcoming at the same time. He crouches, examining the locomotive.

BILLY (O.S.)

You like it?

Dan spins to face BILLY FREEMAN (late 40's, kind.)

DAN

Sorry, I was just -

BILLY

That's okay, people love to look at it. Model train buffs, usually. We keep em away in the summer when the place is jumpin', but this time of year there's no we, just me. And I don't mind.

(holds out his hand)

Billy Freeman. Town maintenance.

DAN

Dan Torrance.

BILLY

Just off the bus? Or you ridin' your thumb?

DAN

Bus. What does this thing have for an engine?

BILLY

Now that's interesting. You ever hear of the Chevrolet Veraneio?

DAN

Brazilian Suburban, wasn't it? Turbodiesel.

BILLY

That's right! Instrument panel's
from a Suburban too. Seats I put in
myself.

(beat)

What brings you to town, Dan
Torrance?

DAN

Not sure yet.

BILLY

Not many take the bus this far
North, less they're looking for
work. You lookin' for work?

DAN

Yeah, I am. Place to stay, too.

BILLY

Change of scenery? Or you running
away from something? Don't mind my
asking, I hope. New face is all.

DAN

(beat)

Running away from myself I guess.

BILLY

Yeah, I know that look. Pretty
well, sorry to say.

(smiles)

Runnin' away from yourself's a
pickle. You take yourself with you,
wherever you go.

DAN

Ain't that the bitch.

BILLY

(considering)

I know Mr. Kingsley, from the
program, he helps folks out now and
again, if they're worthy of help,
that is. You got references?

DAN

A few. Mostly janitorial, hospital
orderly stuff.

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - EVENING

Dan stands by as MRS. ROBERTSON (40's) gives him a tour of the LOFTY ROOM, at the top of the building. A view of the mountains, a simple room. A bed, a bath. Billy watches on.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Rent's eighty-five a week, payable upfront. Billy paid your first two, the rest are on you. Once you start getting paid at Teeneytown. No pets, no parties, no noise.

Dan looks at Billy, surprised. Billy just watches.

DAN

I'm a quiet tenant.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Last guy said the same. Math student. Even let him paint the wall all *blackboard*, so he could scribble his little puzzles up there.

She walks to the wall adjacent to the bed. A wall painted over DARK, with CHALKBOARD PAINT. She reaches down, picking up one of several pieces of COLORED CHALK by the wall.

MRS. ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

(writing)

Wasn't quiet, no sir. Didn't even paint over this when he left, but I'm glad he didn't so I can make this easy for you... so you see it every morning, when you wake.

She steps back, revealing the writing: "**85/wk. BEHAVE.**" She walks past him, stopping for a beat beside Billy.

MRS. ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

You sure you wanna vouch for this pup?

BILLY

Pretty sure.

MRS. ROBERTSON

It's your ass, Billy.

She leaves, and Dan looks to Billy. A long beat.

BILLY

I'm downstairs, ground floor, if you need anything. Find me tomorrow and we'll talk about some work.

DAN

Why are you doing this? You don't know me.

BILLY

No I don't. But I know the look, like I said, and... sometimes I get feelings about people. Hard to understand, I guess.

DAN

(beat)
Easier than you think.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Andi lays flat on a lawn recliner, near the group of RV's. The sounds of the waves, a sky full of blinking stars overhead. A FIRE BURNING in the center. She's nervous.

Around her, the members of the TRUE KNOT stand. Rose in her hat, Crow beside her. Apron Annie, Barry the Chunk, Silent Sarey watch as Grampa Flick regards them with ancient eyes.

ROSE

No fear.

ANDI

Who are these people -

ROSE

You'll find out, after. But this here is Grampa Flick, and he'll lead us. No fear, understand?

Rose nods to Grampa Flick, who steps forward.

GRAMPA FLICK

We are the True Knot and we endure.

GROUP

Sabbatha hanti.

GRAMPA FLICK

We are the chosen ones.

GROUP
Lodsam hanti.

GRAMPA FLICK
We are the fortune ones.

GROUP
Cahanna risone hanti.

GRAMPA FLICK
What is tied cannot be untied. Here
is a woman. Would she join us?
Would she tie her life to our life?

ROSE
Say yes.

ANDI
Yes.

Rose reaches down, lifting a SILVER CANISTER. Almost like a THERMOS, but older. STRANGER. She holds it near Andi's face.

Rose TURNS THE VALVE on the canister. A small, rueful sigh, and a PUFF of silver MIST escapes. But it doesn't dissipate into the night air... IT HANGS.

ROSE
This one's special. Her name's
Violet, and there's not much of her
left... she tastes like flowers.

Rose gently purses her lips, BLOWING the pocket of mist softly. It FLOATS around Andy's face.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Breathe deep.

After a beat, Andi BREATHES IT IN. ROSE HOLDS HER DOWN.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Embrace it. It's the only way
through.

Andi SCREAMS in pain, shaking VIOLENTLY in the chair.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Take steam or die.

Andi CONVULSES, and as they stare at her, HER SKIN BEGINS TO CHANGE -- BECOMING TRANSLUCENT, TRANSPARENT, in FLASHES -- CYCLING between human and something else --

WE CAN SEE HER SKULL, SCREAMING UNDER THE SKIN OF HER FACE --

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dan is asleep in bed. Out the window, snow falls hard. A SHUFFLING SOUND in the corner slowly stirs him. He opens his eyes. Squints into the darkness... there's nothing.

But he becomes aware of something else. FLIES, buzzing around him. He realizes SOMEONE HAS THEIR ARM DRAPED OVER HIM -- A DEAD ARM, ROTTING. FLIES CRAWLING ALL OVER IT.

He carefully reaches down, trying to LIFT THE ARM away, while he starts to roll over TO SEE THE ROTTING SKIN of A NAKED YOUNG WOMAN laying in bed beside him.

HE SLOWLY tries to drop to the floor beside the bed, almost extricating himself from her grip when HER DEAD HAND GRABS HIS ARM. He SHOUTS, and she slowly ROLLS OVER TO FACE HIM --

IT'S DEENIE. Eyes clouded over, BLOOD AND VOMIT coming from her nose and mouth. LIKE SHE DIED OF AN OVERDOSE. She SMILES, and when she speaks, she's speaking through PHLEGM.

DEENIE

They haven't found us yet.

He GASPS. CLOSES HIS EYES -- BUT SHE GRIPS HARDER, and when he opens his eyes HER FACE IS INCHES FROM HIS OWN.

DEENIE (CONT'D)

They were used to hearing him cry,
'cuz I left him alone so much... so
they didn't do anything, and they
haven't found us yet...

He stares. The flies CRAWL OVER HER OPEN, SIGHTLESS EYES.

Dan notices something else -- A SMALLER HAND, also PALE AND ROTTEN, CLINGING TO DEENIE. She reveals the TODDLER, cuddled against her. DEAD AS WELL.

TODDLER

Mama --

Dan SCREAMS. And SCREAMS. And the room is EMPTY. He SHAKES on the ground, overwhelmed with horror. CRAWLS FAST toward the bag at the foot of his bed, GRABBING FOR --

THE BOTTLE OF WHISKEY, half full, inside. He PULLS OFF THE CAP, bringing it toward his lips --

BUT STOPS THIS TIME. STARES AT IT. FOR A LONG TIME...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, ELLIOT STREET - LATER

A hand KNOCKS on a door. After a few long moments, the door opens, revealing BILLY. Blinking at the late hour. Dan stands in the doorway, TEARS ALL OVER HIS FACE. AT ROCK BOTTOM.

DAN

You said you knew my look. What'd you mean?

BILLY

You're sick and you're tired, I can see that much. But are you sick and tired of being sick and tired?

After a long beat, Dan says the words he's struggled to say for so long. The most important words he'll ever say.

DAN

I need help.

Billy nods. Smiles gently.

BILLY

Come on in. Let's talk about it.

He steps aside, and Dan comes into the room.

CUT TO:

INT. AA MEETING - ANOTHER NIGHT

A group of RECOVERING ADDICTS sits in the dimly lit church basement. At the podium, the moderator DR. JOHN (mid 60's) stands to speak, leading the group in the prayer.

GROUP

God, grant me the Serenity, to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference.

Dr. John smiles at the room, holding out a box of CHIPS.

DR. JOHN

Anyone here have a year? Six months?

An ADDICT gets up, applause as they take their chip.

DR. JOHN (CONT'D)
 Three months? Thirty days?
 (as someone approaches)
 Congrats brother.

He looks out at the group.

DR. JOHN (CONT'D)
 And now for the most important
 person in the room. Anyone here a
 newbie? Someone got 24 hours?

Reveal DAN, sitting beside Billy. Tears in his eyes. Billy smiles, encouraging, and after a moment, Dan STANDS UP.

INT. AA MEETING - LATER

Dan and Billy stand by the coffee machine, looking down at the ONE DAY CHIP in his hands. Turning it over. Around him, small talk and handshakes, some hugs.

Dr. John approaches, pouring his coffee.

DR. JOHN
 Billy says you're new to town.

DAN
 Dan.

DR. JOHN
 John.

BILLY
 Doctor John's been serving the town
 most of my life. Delivered my
 little brother.

DR. JOHN
 Small towns. How you holding up
 Billy?

BILLY
 Train's still runnin'.

Dan notices Dr. John rubbing his wrist, frowning.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 You okay?

DR. JOHN
 Yeah, just... lost something.
 Emma's gonna kill me. Well good to
 know you, Dan. Come back. Hope to
 see you again soon.

They SHAKE HANDS. And in that moment, Dan KNOWS SOMETHING. He
 watches Dr. John walking away.

BILLY
 Good man. Really holds us together,
 got a gift for -

DAN
 Hang on.

He follows Dr. John, reluctant.

DAN (CONT'D)
 Hey Doc... your watch.

Dr. John stops. Turns, looking at him quizzically.

DAN (CONT'D)
 You lost your watch. You were
 worried about the kid with
 Goocher's.

DR. JOHN
 (beat)
 What?

DAN
 The kid. Goochers? Glutchers? Some
 sort of bone thing.

DR. JOHN
 (long beat)
 Gaucher's disease.

DAN
 Yeah... the terminal ones always
 bother you, and you washed your
 hands, the hospital bathroom, you
 left it on top of the soap
 dispenser. Your wife gave it to
 you, it was your wedding present.

Dr. John stares. Not sure what to make of this.

DAN (CONT'D)
 Check on top of the soap dispenser.

Dr. John nods, and starts to walk away. Dan sighs.

DR. JOHN (PRE-LAP)
How'd you know that?

INT. DR. JOHN'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON the WATCH, back on Dr. John's wrist.

DAN
Wish I could say. Lucky guess.

DR. JOHN
Guess my ass...
(beat)
Billy said you have orderly
experience.

DAN
That's right.

DR. JOHN
You working right now?

DAN
Few shifts at Teeneytown. Helping
with the train, couple hours a day.

Dr. John sits back. Considering.

DR. JOHN
Well listen, I owe you a debt.
However you did it.
(beat)
I do three days a week at Rivington
House. Hospice. Tough to find good
orderlies, tougher to keep 'em.

DAN
That sounds good to me, sir.

DR. JOHN
Dying people don't bother you?

DAN
We're all dying. Whole world's a
hospice with fresh air.

DR. JOHN
Okay, then. Done. Because you're a
friend of Bill's.

DAN
Billy's got a lot of pull in this
town.

DR. JOHN
(laughs)
Not Billy. *Bill*. We're both friends
of Bill's; Billy is too.

DAN
I don't get it.

DR. JOHN
Keep comin' to the meetings. You'll
figure it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Andi lays on the recliner, the sound of the surf starting to bring her back. She blinks into the sun. The True Knot are enjoying the beach, looking like relaxed campers. Grilling, reading, enjoying the sun and the sand. As they see her, they SMILE. Some CLAPPING.

ROSE
Well hi there.

Andi blinks. Rose's hat almost blots out the sun.

ANDI
How... how long was I...

ROSE
Few days.

ANDI
You said it didn't hurt.

ROSE
Doesn't now, does it.

ANDI
I felt like I was dying --

ROSE
You did.

ANDI
You brought me back.

ROSE
Couldn't have done it on my own.
You wanted to come, so you came.
You'll feel better when you eat.

She sits beside her, touching her knee. Gently.

ANDI
Am I still human?

ROSE
Do you care?
(beat)
You're home. You're where you
belong.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy tucks Young Abra into bed. Puts the bunny in her arms.

LUCY
There you go.

YOUNG ABRA
(off her frown)
What is it?

Lucy doesn't answer.

YOUNG ABRA (CONT'D)
(realizes)
You're scared of me.

LUCY
We love you more than anything in
the world, you hear me? Anything.

YOUNG ABRA
I didn't do the spoons. I just
pretended it was me but it was the
real magician. From the party, it
was a birthday party trick he did
for me and you and daddy shouldn't
be scared, it wasn't me.

It's a clumsy lie. A child's lie... but a kind lie. And part
of Lucy appreciates it, even though she knows better.

LUCY
Goodnight, my heart.

She kisses Abra, and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, RIVINGTON HOUSE - NIGHT

Dan MOPS THE FLOORS of the darkened halls. Sparely decorated, patient rooms lined up left and right. As he does, he almost mops over a CAT, who scuttles out of the way.

DAN
Sorry, Azzie.

The cat moves down the hall, SCRATCHING at a patient's door before pushing it open and slipping inside. Dan moves along, lost in his work, as he passes the room. Glances inside.

An elderly PATIENT (80's) lays on the bed, and Azzie the cat perches at the foot of the bed.

DAN (CONT'D)
C'mon, leave him be.

The cat doesn't budge. Shrugging, Dan starts to walk away... but STOPS. A feeling comes over him.

He turns back, opening the door further. The cat just stares, almost like it's STANDING GUARD. Waiting for something. Dan looks at it for a long time... and then steps into the room.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM, RIVINGTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dan steps inside, feeling uneasy. The patient STIRS.

PATIENT
Doc? Doc, that you?

DAN
(beat)
No, it's... I'm not a doctor. Just cleaning up, you want me to call you a doctor?

PATIENT
C'mere. Please.

Dan steps toward him, leaning the mop on the desk. The man looks SICK. One foot almost in the grave.

PATIENT (CONT'D)
Cat's on my bed.

DAN
I can take him out --

PATIENT

No, I knew he would be. That cat...
always seems to know when it's
time. Guess it's time.

DAN

No, it's just Azreel being a silly
old cat --

PATIENT

Nope. Been that way since I got
here. The cat knows when it's time
to go to sleep, everybody knows
that. I'm gonna die.

Dan hesitates... then REACHES OUT, taking the man's hand.

DAN

(quietly)

Yes. You are. I'll get someone --

PATIENT

Stay with me. Please.

Dan sits back down.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

Known it's comin'. Doesn't make it
less scary.

DAN

(long beat)

I know what scared feels like. But
tell you what, maybe it's what you
said. Just going to sleep. Nothing
to be scared of, sleeping. Maybe
you wake up some place better.

PATIENT

You're a strange type of Doctor.

DAN

I'm not a doctor.

PATIENT

I think y'are.

(laughs)

Doctor Sleep. You'll stay, right?

The man sighs, relieved. Looks up at the ceiling.

PATIENT (CONT'D)
 I'm just scared, Doc, scared it'll
 hurt or be dark or be nothin' at
 all, and I don't wanna --

Dan CLOSES HIS EYES, CONCENTRATING. PROJECTING...

DAN (V.O.)
 (in the man's mind)
 Nothing to be scared of.

The man CALMS, listening as though it's his own thoughts.

DAN (V.O.)
 Just going to sleep. Finally. True,
restful sleep.

PATIENT
 Thank you, Doc. Thank you.

DAN
 I shouldn't be here, let me get you
 a real doctor --

PATIENT
 No, this is exactly where you
 should be. Exactly.
 (beat)
 I see my wife...

And then, one LONG, RATTLING BREATH. As Dan stares --

A FINE CLOUD OF RED MIST rises from the patient's mouth.
 Tendrils of red smoke, gently rising from his mouth and nose.
 Dan watches the small cloud of mist HOVER above the bed...

AND DISSIPATES into the air with a sigh. Then, the patient is
 perfectly still. IT'S OVER.

Dan watches as Azzie the cat GLIDES DOWN from the bed, calmly
 leaving the room. Heading back into the hallway. Dan sits
 there for a long time, looking at the man.

And realizes, for the first time in years, a PURPOSE.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - LATER

Dan steps into his room, still in his scrubs. Something
 different about him now. Something profound. He seems
 PEACEFUL, settled.

He moves to the bed, sitting to remove his shoes... and notices something odd. On the blackboard, ALL OF THE WRITING HAS BEEN ERASED. No more rent, no more "behave." In its place, a single word:

HELL☺

Dan stares it for a long time. Processing. And then... walks to the board. Picks up a piece of chalk, and writes: "HI"

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In her bed, in the dark, Abra GIGGLES. Like she heard him... and then, rolls over to sleep.

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dan sits. He stares at the writing for a long, long time.

FADE OUT.

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - NIGHT

The snow piled up. The hotel dark.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, CORRIDORS - NIGHT

We FLOAT through the corridors. The sound of OLD-TIMEY MUSIC coming from somewhere deep, deep within the rooms... echoing through the halls, a ghost in its own right...

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

We float into the ballroom. Toward the FAMILIAR BAR, illuminated from below. No one in sight, but the MUSIC IS COMING FROM HERE.

Come to rest in a CLOSEUP of A GLASS OF WHISKEY.

VOICE

*Your credit is fine, Mister
Torrance --*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AA MEETING - MORNING

CLOSE on an EIGHT-YEAR CHIP... in DAN'S HANDS. Eight years older now (late 30's), CLEAR-EYED and sober. Around him, people CLAP as he takes his chip. He turns to face the room.

Legend: 2008

DAN
Dan, alcoholic.

GROUP
Hi Dan.

From the chairs, Billy cups his hands to his mouth.

BILLY
Speech!

DAN
I'm not a speech guy, so I figured I'd hold the chip and talk about whatever popped up. So here I am, and... I'm thinking about my dad. I saw a chip like this in his hand, couple of months before he died. 5-month chip, I'm pretty sure. He hurt me once, when he was drunk, broke my arm, then he dried right out.

He looks at the chip, and then at the group.

DAN (CONT'D)
He died when I was 5, so the only way I ever got to know my dad, really know him, was when I went dark. When I drank, to dull the... or every time I wanted to break someone's face. The drinking and the temper. Those things in me, they were *his* and they were all I could know of him.

(beat)
But now... now I get to know him a little different. Cause he also stood in a room like this once, wanting to get well. For me. And my mom. He held a chip in his hand, a chip that said 5 months and on *that* day, anyway, before the hotel...

Dan collects himself.

DAN (CONT'D)

On *that* day, all he wanted in the world was to stand where I'm standing right now. And here I am.

(beat)

So thank you, I guess, from us both. This is for Jack Torrance.

He takes the chip, returning to his seat. Billy puts a hand on his shoulder as the next person stands.

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM, RIVINGTON HOUSE - NIGHT

CHARLIE (90's), stirs in his bed. Soft lamplight beside him as he looks through wrinkled eyelids...

TO THE CAT, sitting calmly at the foot of his bed. He stares at it, sighing. Then turns to the chair beside him, where Dan sits. He smiles at Charlie in the warm lamplight.

There's something different in Dan's demeanor... he is COMFORTABLE in this role now. Used to it. It's WHO HE IS.

DAN

Hi Charlie.

CHARLIE

Doc.

(beat)

I guess I don't need to ask why you're here, this hour.

DAN

Any pain? I can get Claudette to bring you a pill.

CHARLIE

Pill won't matter. I've heard about these house calls. What a visit from Doctor Sleep *really* is. So what do you see?

Dan puts his hand on the man's forehead, gentle and calm.

DAN

Your twin sons at four. See them?

CHARLIE

(beat)

I do... *I can actually see them...*

DAN

A Farmall tractor with a striped umbrella over the seat. Five years old, pulling a red wagon --

CHARLIE

Lord, look at that -- like a deck of cards, all out of order...

(beat)

I'm not scared of hell, Doc. I lived a decent life. And I don't think there's such a place anyway. I guess I'm scared there's nothing. There was nothing before, so what if there's nothing after...

DAN

We don't end, Charlie. I know that for certain. Don't know much else, but I know we don't end.

CHARLIE

I can taste blueberries, the blueberries my mother used to grow... you taste those?

DAN

I do. And I hear Frank, singing on the old radio, on your workbench, by your tools...

(singing)

Come fly with me, come fly, let's fly away...

Charlie smiles, a tear rolling down his cheek.

DAN AND CHARLIE

*If you can use some exotic booze,
there's a bar in far Bombay...
Come fly with me, let's fly, let's
fly away...*

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - MORNING

Dan steps into his room, peeling off the work day. He turns toward the blackboard, pausing as he sees a message in chalk:

MORNING'

DAN

Been a minute, little pen pal...

He walks to the board. Writes a single word in response:

SCH☺☺L

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see ABRA (13 now, the same brightness in her eyes). She smiles. Rolling her eyes a little.

LUCY (O.S.)
Abra! School!

ABRA
Fine, I know.

She pops headphones in as she grabs her backpack, checking herself in the mirror. Then, she's off into the world.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE, IOWA - DAY

The various RV's of the True Knot are inconspicuously parked at another campground. CROW hops out of his truck, passing GRAMPA FLICK as he grills.

CROW
Gramps. You seen Rose?

GRAMPA FLICK
Watchtower.

He looks at him as he passes. Grampa Flick looks ILL... his hair almost white. Skin pale. Older than we saw him last...

He finds Rose SITTING ON TOP OF HER CAMPER, hat perched on her head. Indian style. Looking out at the trees.

CROW
Sorry to interrupt.

ROSE
Any luck?

CROW
Getting closer. We're heading in the right direction. I just need another day or two. I'll find him.
(beat)
But til I do, you gotta open a canister.

ROSE

We took steam six months ago. Six months, that's nothing.

CROW

Yeah, but Rosie - that kid in Delaware wasn't so steamy, and it's already showing. You've seen Grampa Flick's hair, yeah?

ROSE

(beat)

Yeah.

CROW

I don't think he's well.

ROSE

Grampa Flick hasn't been well since Nixon was in office.

CROW

I know. But lately... anyway, we need to eat. All of us. Are the canisters low?

ROSE

Course not. Just no need to waste one, if you're close to the kid.

CROW

I might need it just to find him.

(beat)

Used to be more steam in the world.

ROSE

Don't be daft. That's like when Rubes say "fifty years ago, people used to be more neighborly."

CROW

But it's true, Rose. There's less steam out there, and weaker, too. I don't know if it's their cell phones or their diets or their Netflix or what, but I'm not picking up many scents these days, and the ones I do -

ROSE

I'll open a canister tonight. Just to tide everyone over.

He nods. Relieved. Heads back toward the ladder.

CROW
You know it, Rose.

ROSE
Know what?

CROW
That's why you sit up here, every day. That's why you're always up here, no matter what you tell the others. World's not as steamy, and you're looking for a whale.

Rose watches him go. And looks out at the trees.

INT. ROSE'S RV, IOWA - THAT NIGHT

Rose looks at the COLLECTION OF SILVER CANISTERS. She sighs. There's only a FEW LEFT. She picks up a canister, and turns it over in her hands.

EXT. ROSE'S RV, IOWA - LATER

The True Knot have gathered around the campfire. Rose stands at the center, looking out at the HUNGRY FACES of the group. They stare GREEDILY at the canister in her hand.

She crouches down, OPENING THE VALVE. A HISS, and the SILVER MIST leaks out. Spreading out like an UMBRELLA OVER HER.

ROSE
Take nourishment, and endure.

They gather around, descending on the mist, SLURPING IT IN. As they do, we watch THEIR SKIN changing, becoming TRANSLUCENT, the GRINNING SKULLS WITHIN visible as Rose steps back, watching. Frowning.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD, IOWA - ANOTHER DAY

Kids playing baseball. Neighborhood uniforms, a boys and girls club. We're watching the game, nothing unusual... and then we see BRADLEY TREVOR (12) step to the plate.

ON THE BLEACHERS: parents and kids watch on. One of the SPECTATORS leans to the man next to him.

SPECTATOR

Watch this kid - number 19. He's a natural. Hits it every time. Like he can read the pitcher's mind.

REVEAL CROW sitting behind them. WATCHING INTENTLY.

At the plate, Brad smiles just as the pitch is thrown... AND SENDS THE BALL SCREAMING over the shortstop's head. The crowd CHEERS, and Crow smiles.

SPECTATOR (CONT'D)

See? You watch, one of these days some talent scout's gonna get wind of Brad, there. You watch.

Behind him, Crow just smiles. He already has.

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD - DAY

Brad walks along the road, LONG ROWS OF CORN on either side of him. Still in his uniform, carrying his bag and his glove. Walking home, smiling.

Behind him, we realize a VEHICLE IS APPROACHING from the distance. A VAN. It slows behind him, and he STEPS TO THE SIDE of the road to let it pass. It pulls up beside him.

Barry leans out of the passenger window.

BARRY

Hey! 19! Just saw your game, you're ready for the majors! Well played!

BRAD

(wary)
Thanks.

BARRY

You heading home? Hop in, I'll give you a ride.

Brad keeps walking, the van keeping pace.

BRAD

It's real close, I'm good.

The sliding door opens, and Snakebite Andi leans out.

ANDI

It's okay.

Brad STOPS walking. Staring at her.

ANDI (CONT'D)

We're friends. You wanna hop in,
we'll take you right home.

BRAD

You can take me right home.

ANDI

You trust me.

BRAD

I trust you.

He climbs into the van, and the door closes behind him.
Driving calmly away, past the rows of corn.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED ETHANOL PLANT, IOWA - LATER THAT NIGHT

The vehicles of the True Knot are parked at the old plant.
Nothing around them for miles. They all watch on as Barry
gently lays Brad in the center of the circle. He's bound with
DUCT TAPE, and he's WEEPING.

BRAD

Please take me home... I won't
tell. I won't tell. Please...

Barry PICKS UP THE GLOVE. Number 19 carved into the leather.

BARRY

Number 19. Kid, you were good.

Barry PUTS HIS HAND into the glove, TRYING IT ON as Rose
drops to one knee beside Brad. Touching his hair.

ROSE

It's not personal.

Rose steps away from him, looking out at the others with a
smile on her face. She steps toward Andi, who watches as Crow
hands rose a SMALL KNIFE. Short, but VERY SHARP.

She starts walking back toward Brad, who notices the knife.

BRAD

Are you going to hurt me?

ROSE

Yes.

As the group tightens their circle around him, they hold flashlights so that Rose can see what she's doing.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Pain purifies steam, dear boy.
Fear, too. So you understand.

And just like that, she brings the knife to his torso. We STAY ON BRAD'S FACE as his eyes go wide, and we hear a faint SLICING SOUND. He SCREAMS, LOUD. SO LOUD.

Rose sits back, looking at his mouth and nose. Frowning, she reaches down and GOES BACK TO WORK, her hand moving off-screen as Brad's scream becomes GUTTURAL. PRIMAL.

And then, as his scream of PURE AGONY starts to cease -

A TINY CLOUD, SO SMALL, OF SILVER STEAM RISES FROM HIS LIPS. Around him, the members of the True Knot GREEDILY LEAN FORWARD, THEIR FACES STARING DOWN AND BLOCKING OUT THE SKY -- AS THEY INHALE.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Good. Good start.

Brad pants. Eyes wide with shock and pain. His eyes travel down, to where Rose clutches the BLOODY KNIFE.

BRAD
Please -

ROSE
We're just getting started.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Abra is ASLEEP IN BED as we PUSH INTO A CLOSEUP. Her brow furrows. She's having A BAD DREAM.

ABRA
(asleep)
No... no...

EXT. ABANDONED ETHANOL PLANT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Brad's SCREAMS CONTINUE, becoming harsh BARKS of pain. Almost inhuman. His eyes are wild, BLOOD SPRAYING up onto his chin and cheeks from Rose's work below.

Another small CLOUD OF STEAM rises, and again the True Knot LEAN DOWNWARD, almost like a football huddle, BREATHING GREEDILY as the steam spreads among them --

THEIR SKIN BECOMING TRANSLUCENT, JUST FOR MOMENTS, REVEALING GRINNING SKULLS AND GLITTERING EYES --

BRAD SCREAMS AGAIN underneath them, but it is pointless.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - LATER

Abra BURSTS UP in her bed, HYPERVENTILATING. Panicking. Trying to shake the dream.

ABRA
Stop... stop... stop...

She shakes her head, FREAKING OUT. Squints her eyes, CONCENTRATING HARD -- SEEING FLASHES OF --

A KNIFE IN A BLOOD-SOAKED HAND, OVER A BASEBALL JERSEY. BRAD'S SCREAMING FACE. THE TRANSLUCENT, GRINNING SKULL/FACES OF THE MONSTERS LEANING OVER HIM, EYES SPARKLING WITH GREED --

And a WOMAN, IN A TOP HAT. WHO SLOWLY TURNS TO LOOK AT HER --

EXT. ABANDONED ETHANOL PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Rose suddenly STOPS HER WORK. Looks over her shoulder. As if AWARE SOMEONE IS WATCHING HER... Crow notices her expression.

CROW
(quietly)
What is it?

Rose just looks up at him. Brad STARES at the sky. Tears and blood all over his face.

BRAD
(weak)
Just kill me...

ROSE
Soon, dear.

And then, her hands go back to work, and again, his BARKS OF AGONY fill the night as the Knot huddles around him, greedily waiting for the next morsel of food to rise from his mouth.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abra starts SCREAMING HER HEAD OFF. THRASHING ON THE BED. SCREAMING LIKE BRAD is screaming, so many miles away. The lights TURN ON, and David and Lucy RUN IN, TERRIFIED.

LUCY

Abra! Abra!

ABRA

TONY!!!! TONY!!! STOP THEM, TONY!!!

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - NIGHT

Dan is asleep in his own bed, when A BLAST, A SHOCKWAVE, FOLLOWED BY A LOUD CRACKING SOUND as Dan HITS THE FLOOR, HARD. GRABBING HIS HEAD, in PAIN.

EXT. ABANDONED ETHANOL PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Rose SPINS WILDLY over her shoulder. She FELT IT TOO.

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dan struggles to his feet.

DAN

Jesus!

He stands, not even noticing that his NOSE IS BLEEDING. His eyes go to the mirror on the wall by his headboard --

WHERE SOMETHING TAKES HIS BREATH AWAY.

He stares. All his breath stopped in his head. In the mirror, he can see the CHALKBOARD WALL reflected...

A WORD CRACKED INTO THE VERY PLASTER, LARGE AND BOLD.

REDRUM

He stares at it, and slowly turns away from the glass, toward the wall, where the word **MURDER** stares down at him.

He walks to it, very slowly.

DAN (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay.

SCARED, he picks up the chalk. And writes one word back:

WHO?

He slowly turns, walking back to the bed. Shaking, he sits down, and makes himself look back at the wall, where the answer has already appeared in chalk.

BASEBALL BOY.

EXT. ABANDONED ETHANOL PLANT - LATER

Brad stares ahead as his body finally GIVES OUT. A long DEATH RATTLE from his throat, and the Knot lean closer, GETTING THE LAST OF THE STEAM as it rises from his mouth. Sucking it in.

Rose sits back.

ROSE

Damn, I thought he had another few minutes in him.

CROW

He made it three hours, we can't complain.

She picks up a silver canister.

She looks up to Grampa Flick... WHOSE HAIR IS A LIGHT BROWN AGAIN, the silver long gone. His wrinkles seem BETTER, smoother. He looks TEN YEARS YOUNGER, EASY.

As they disperse, Rose PRESSES ON THE BOY'S CHEST, looking for little traces of steam that might be hiding inside. She holds the canister, and the steam rises.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abra rocks back and forth, sobbing as her parents hold her.

ABRA

They killed him. They killed him...

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dan sits on the bed, looking at the word on his wall. Pale, scared. Over his shoulder, that familiar word in the mirror:

REDRUM

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ABANDONED ETHANOL PLANT - SUNRISE

Rose and Crow finish BURYING THE BODY in the dirt, as the morning sun creeps up. The others are inside their vehicles, resting, ready to go.

She shovels a heap of dirt onto the growing pile. Almost done. She sits back, resting her head on the handle of the shovel. And after a long beat...

ROSE
We had a looker.

Crow stops. Turns to her, slowly.

CROW
Tonight?

ROSE
Yeah.

CROW
Big steam?

ROSE
Huge. *Huge.*

CROW
Where?

ROSE
East Coast I think.

CROW
(beat)
You're saying someone looked in
from *fifteen hundred miles away?*

ROSE
Maybe further.

CROW
Boy or girl?

ROSE
Think it was a girl, but she was
out of there in a flash but then
she screamed, and I swear, Crow
Daddy... I haven't felt power like
that, raw power like that, in so
long...

CROW

We should look into it. Sooner than later, I guess. In case her parents freak out, send her to a psychiatrist, they get her on pills -- could ruin the steam, muffle her just when we need --

ROSE

If I got it right, and I'm pretty sure I did, giving Paxil to this kid would be like throwing a piece of Saran Wrap over a searchlight.

(beat)

I don't know where she is, but I do think she'll come back. And when she does, I'll know a lot more. A lot more.

They go back to burying the little baseball boy.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - MORNING

Dan finishes getting dressed, ready to head out for his day. He stops, though, staring at the wall. He's going to have to clean that up at some point...

He ERASES the chalk that's there, running his fingers over the cracks in the plaster. Before he goes, he reaches down, holding a piece of chalk. CONSIDERING.

Finally, writing. As he heads for the door, we REVEAL the words he wrote:

I hope you're okay. Your friend, Dan.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER THAT MORNING

Abra bounds into the kitchen, where Lucy sits at the table. Sipping coffee... watching her daughter CAREFULLY.

ABRA

Morning!

She watches as Abra heads to the fridge, grabbing some stuff.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Guess what! I made a new friend, his name's Dan.

LUCY
At school?

ABRA
(thinks fast)
No, he doesn't live here. I mean he lives close, Frazier I think. No big deal.

LUCY
(beat)
Are you okay? Last night --

ABRA
I'm okay. I'm sorry about that.

LUCY
Just a nightmare, huh? Abra... I know that head of yours is like a radio sometimes, and you pick up some... *weird stations* --

ABRA
I told you, I don't -- nothing weird like that, not anymore --

LUCY
I only need to know you're okay. You're safe, right? You're okay?

ABRA
Of course, mom. I'm gonna be late.

She bounds out of the kitchen. Lucy watches, frowning.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Abra sits at one of the LIBRARY COMPUTERS, headphones in her ears. Around her, other kids form small pockets, talking and living their normal lives. But Abra is on the outside.

Abra takes off her headphones, looking around the room. We realize why she prefers the music -- SHE CAN HEAR THEIR THOUGHTS. We catch SNIPPETS as she scans the room:

My god I've gotta study if I don't study I don't know...

Fifty two, running play -- handoff to eleven and -- coach is gonna kill me if I don't get these, c'mon...

Why doesn't he like me? My hair? I should change my hair...

She looks at the other kids, trying not to notice the OCCASIONAL STARE. As she stares at one girl, she hears --

GIRL (V.O.)

*The freak is staring at me again...
what is she staring at, freak...*

Abra quickly turns away. Pulls the headphones up, the chorus of thought-whispers is drowned out. She turns back to the computer... looking at the NATIONAL CENTER FOR EXPLOITED AND MISSING CHILDREN. She scrolls through LISTINGS, the faces of the nation's missing children. So, so many...

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Abra comes in the door. David sits at the table, doing some work on his laptop.

DAVID

Hey Abba-doo.

ABRA

Hey dad.

DAVID

School okay?

ABRA

How's the book?

DAVID

Good! I'm writing about Charleston
and the Black Bottom -

She opens the fridge, grabbing a soda.

ABRA

I'm gonna start my homework.

He watches her go.

DAVID

That's good sweetie, think Harvard
in three years!

ABRA

(laughs)
We'll see.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Abra sits on her bed, music playing in her ears. Her books are laid out on the bed around her, but she isn't studying. She's looking at the PRINTOUT she took home from the library. The printout of the MISSING PERSON'S REPORT:

BRADLEY TREVOR. AGE: 12. RACE: CAUCASIAN. LOCATION:
BANKERTON, IOWA.

ABRA

You were special. Like me...

She holds onto the picture, laying down on her back. Getting comfortable. Reaches out, TOUCHING THE PICTURE. And after a few moments, closes her eyes...

A FLASH: *Bradley, TIED UP, on the FLOOR OF A VEHICLE --*

Abra OPENS her eyes. Startled. Wasn't expecting that. She looks down at the picture again, and brings her fingers back to the image. Touches it. Closes her eyes again --

FLASHES OF: *CORN FIELDS, rolling by. The RUMBLING of the VAN beneath her -- A BASEBALL GLOVE ON THE FLOOR OF THE VAN --*

She opens her eyes. Takes a deep breath. Lays completely back, holding the picture, squeezing her eyes closed...

HER EYES FLY OPEN. COMPLETELY WHITE, ROLLED INTO HER HEAD...

FLASHES OF: *A BASEBALL FIELD, CORN FIELDS, A LONG ROAD --*

EXT. ABANDONED ETHANOL PLANT - NIGHT

A BIRDS' EYE VIEW of the abandoned plant. The LINE OF VEHICLES moving through the dark, NO HEADLIGHTS. RV's, CAMPERS, A VAN...

Pulling past the sign: NO TRESPASSING BY ORDER OF THE CANTON COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPT. ANOTHER SIGN BEYOND IT...

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abra CONVULSES SLIGHTLY on the bed, eyes rolled over white. SHE GRIPS A PEN, scribbling on the printout without looking:

"ORGANIC INDUSTRIES. ETHANOL PLANT #4. CLOSED UNTIL --

EXT. ABANDONED ETHANOL PLANT - NIGHT

-- FURTHER NOTICE," reads the sign that Abra is transcribing. The images come in a FLURRY NOW: BRADLEY SCREAMING -- DIRT SHOVELED INTO A HOLE ONTO A BASEBALL GLOVE -- THE CARAVAN LEAVING IN THE MORNING LIGHT --

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abra GASPS in a breath as her eyes go back to normal. She stands, shaking it off. Tears in her eyes.

She heads to the window, looking out at her street, and the MOUNTAINS in the distance. And we can tell... SHE'S ANGRY. She GRIPS the window, knuckles turning white. And as she stares at her street, her eyes ROLL BACK AGAIN --

And the room PIVOTS. ROLLING UPWARD, as though the whole house is ROTATING TOWARD THE SKY --

ABRA HOLDS ONTO THE WINDOW AS THE ROOM ROLLS AROUND HER, hair falling back behind her like she's hanging from the ceiling. When she opens her eyes, she's not home anymore. She's in --

INT. SUPERMARKET - EVENING

-- a supermarket. Just a normal supermarket. Lit by fluorescent lights, SHOPPERS milling about. Abra is FLOATING FORWARD down an aisle, and she looks down to see --

HANDS, HOLDING A SHOPPING CART. Not her own hands, though... the hands of a WOMAN.

Reveal ROSE, pushing the cart, loaded with basics. As she goes, she SLOWS down. A strange look on her face. She looks around, trying to shake the odd feeling she has.

She starts pushing the cart again. Turning a corner, looking out at the ICE CREAM in the freezer. She reaches up, as though to open the freezer doors --

But RESTS HER HANDS on them. EXACTLY THE SAME WAY ABRA WAS HOLDING HER WINDOW. Rose CLOSES HER EYES, and sees a FLASH -

OF ABRA'S STREET, WITH THE MOUNTAINS BEYOND.

ROSE

Well hi there.

In the reflection of the glass freezer doors, Rose can ALMOST SEE ABRA'S FACE, looking back at her. Rose reaches up and back to TOUCH THE BACK OF HER HEAD.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abra STARES out her window, eyes rolled over white, when A HAND GENTLY RESTS ON THE BACK OF HER HEAD -- ABRA SCREAMS.

ABRA

Get out!

INT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

Rose is KNOCKED BACKWARD as the glass of the freezer door SHATTERS BEFORE HER, bottles and containers EXPLODING within. She hits the ground, SHOCKED. BLOOD RUNNING FROM HER NOSE.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abra backs away from the window, eyes wide with fear and defiance. Breathing heavy, she SHUTS HER EYES AND SHOUTS --

ABRA

GET OUT OF MY HEAD!! DAN, HELP --

RUMBLE - the whole room SHAKES ON ITS FOUNDATION.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

David LOOKS UP as the house VIOLENTLY SHAKES, the light above him SWINGING as though from a powerful EARTHQUAKE.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

Rose TAKES ANOTHER BLAST, KICKING at the shopping cart as she SKIDS across the floor. Sits up, looking wildly around as a CLERK rushes to her, to help her to her feet.

CLERK

Ma'am... you okay?

ROSE

I'm fine... Jesus. *Jesus.*

She WIPES the blood from her nose, STUNNED.

INT. AA MEETING - NIGHT

Dan lays on the ground in front of the coffee pot. BLOOD RUNNING FROM HIS NOSE as well. Unconscious. Billy helps lift him up as Dan looks around, disoriented.

BILLY
You okay, Danno?

DAN
Yeah... what happened?

BILLY
You just dropped. I thought you was
having a stroke...

Dan gets to his feet. Wipes the blood from his nose.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Who's Tony?

Dan looks at him. Surprised.

BILLY (CONT'D)
You kept saying "Please Tony,
help."

DAN
Sorry about that. I'm good.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Rose steps out of her truck, heading toward the camp. The others mill about, but Crow can tell right away something is wrong. THE BLOOD, on her face and her shirt.

CROW
Rosie?

INT. ROSE'S RV - MOMENTS LATER

She shuts the door, pulling off her bloody shirt.

ROSE
We've got a problem.

CROW
Talk to me.

ROSE
The looker? She found me again. I'm
minding my own business, buyin'
groceries, and there she was.

CROW
(beat)
How?

ROSE
Don't know, don't care. We have to
have her, Crow, we *have* to.

CROW
Does she... does she know who you
are? Where we are?

ROSE
I don't know. I don't think so, but
that's not the important... I said
she was huge steam, right? Well
it's even bigger than that. I tried
to turn around on her and she blew
me out of her like I was nothing.

CROW
Bullshit.

ROSE
Never happened to me. Never. I
would have said it was impossible.

Crow takes this in. Rose smiles at him... she's excited.

CROW
Is she food, or do we turn her?

ROSE
We don't turn her.

CROW
You sure? If she's what you say --

ROSE
Then we don't want anyone with that
kind of power in the Knot. Think
about it.

(beat)
What if it's neither.

CROW
What do you mean?

ROSE
I mean we don't kill her, we don't
turn her. Think of a cow. You
butcher one, gives you meat for
months. Keep it alive, take care of
it, it gives you milk for years.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

And she can take it, Crow. She'll last a long, long time.

CROW

We've never tried that.

ROSE

I know.

CROW

Because a steam-head's dangerous. You keep it alive, it could be dangerous.

ROSE

I know. The point... the point is she's a great, white whale. *And I want her, Crow. I want her.*

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - ANOTHER DAY

Abra gets out of her mother's car, backpack over her shoulder. She heads toward the school.

LUCY

Have a good day, sweetheart!

ABRA

Thanks mom!

She watches her mom drive away... and once she knows she's gone, she starts walking AWAY FROM THE SCHOOL, up the street.

EXT. BUS STATION - LATER

Abra approaches the ticket counter at the bus station.

EXT. BUS STATION, FRAZIER NH - LATE MORNING

Abra steps off the bus. Looking around the main street of Frazier... closing her eyes. FEELING FOR SOMETHING. She walks, head down. Listening to her music. And then sees something that strikes a chord with her... TEENEYTOWN.

EXT. TEENEYTOWN, FRASIER NH - MOMENTS LATER

Dan sits at the controls, STARTING THE SMALL TRAIN. Aboard, dozens of HAPPY KIDS enjoy the train ride. He sits back, content. Smiling at them.

And then... his SMILE FADES. SENSING SOMETHING.

He turns around... seeing ABRA, standing a few feet away. SMILING AT HIM. He nods, turning back to the train... but looks back, and she's still smiling.

And then, a VOICE IN HIS HEAD.

ABRA (V.O.)

Hi.

Dan goes PALE. Looks around... how did she find him?

DAN (V.O.)

Not here. Gimme a sec.

Abra nods. Dan heads to Billy.

DAN

Hey, you okay if I take lunch early? Not feeling so hot.

BILLY

Sure.

He watches as Dan walks away, through Teeneytown. Some teenager following him, at a bit of a distance...

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY BENCH, MAIN STREET, FRAZIER - LATER

Dan and Abra sit on the bench outside the public library. Abra watches him, EAGER. EXCITED.

ABRA (V.O.)

You can hear me --

DAN

(out loud)

Let's use our outside voices, ok?
You tracked me down.

ABRA

It was easier than I thought! Like GPS, but in my head --

DAN

Listen, and I don't mean any offense, but this day and age, a man sitting alone with a teenage girl on a bench --

ABRA

I'm Abra Rafaella Stone. And you're my uncle. Uncle Dan. And that's not even a lie, not totally. In science last year, Mr. Staley told us that all humans share the same genetic plan. He said that the things that make us different are very small things. Did you know that we share something like ninety-nine percent of our genetic makeup with *dogs*? So you could be my Uncle. Or cousin, or whatever. That's all I'm saying.

DAN

Abra's Theory of Relativity.

ABRA

We're related in other ways. You're magic, like me.

She looks at him, eager. Dan sighs. Reluctant.

DAN

Don't know about magic. I... I always called it the Shining. And yeah, we both Shine.

(beat)

Do your parents know?

ABRA

About my "Shine"? My dad's always been a little more scared of it, but he thinks it's gone except for a few things, like me calling from camp because I knew Momo was sick, and he's glad. My mom's a little different. Sometimes she'll ask me to help her find something she's lost -- last month it was her car keys, she left them on Dad's worktable in the garage -- but she doesn't know how much is still there. They don't talk about it. I know it scares them so I try not to. Because if people find out... Eek, a freak. You know?

(off his face)

(MORE)

ABRA (CONT'D)

Sure you know. You try not to use it, don't you.

(realizing)

You've been trying a long time.

DAN

When I was a kid, I didn't understand the Shining, so I called it Tony... I thought he was my imaginary friend.

ABRA

I thought you were my imaginary friend. For a long time.

(beat)

How many of us are out there?

DAN

Lot of folks have a little bit of Shine to them. They don't even know it. But they always seem to show up with flowers when their wives are sad, they do good on school tests they don't even study for, they sense how people are feeling as soon as they walk into a room. But I've only met two or three people in my life that *knew* they Shined.

ABRA

The baseball boy Shined. His name was Bradley Trevor.

She reaches into her bag, handing Dan the printout. Pictures of Bradley Trevor, and OTHER MISSING KIDS.

ABRA (CONT'D)

These people - they look like people, anyway - they took him and they... ate him. They ate his Shine.

DAN

You could feel it.

ABRA

And they could feel me. I think. At least one of them, a lady. A lady with a hat.

DAN

So what do you want to do?

ABRA

I want to find them. Stop them.
Because I think they've done this
to a lot of other kids, too.

(beat)

I used to feel so alone. I thought
it was only me. You know how that
feels, don't you.

DAN

I do.

ABRA

But we're not alone. And those
other kids out there, they're not
alone either but they think they
are, and they're in danger. So I
have to do *something*. Right?

DAN

Why did you come here? Why me?

ABRA

(beat)

Because you can hear me. You'd
believe me. You Shine too. And they
hurt people like us. I mean what
would you do?

Dan shakes his head. This is too much...

ABRA (CONT'D)

If you could get something of his,
if you could go to Iowa -

DAN

Whoa, hang on.

ABRA

I can help you find him! Then his
parents would know where he was,
they can bury him right, at least,
but we could also get his glove. If
I could touch that glove, I could
track them --

DAN

Easy --

ABRA

Because Barry the Chunk, I think
that was his name, for a while,
before they killed him, he was
wearing it.

Dan hands her the papers back. Sighs.

DAN

Go home, Abra. Go home, think about school and your parents and the rest of your life. Don't chase these people, don't aggravate them, and whatever you do, don't attract their attention. Don't Shine. Find something - *anything* - well, *almost anything* - to stop that Shine of yours. You keep your head down, keep your Shine dull, and you hope to god that these people - or anything else like them - doesn't see you. Once they see you, they come back. Do you hear me? *They come back.*

(beat)

Keep your head down, and keep yourself safe. Above all else.

He stands, leaving her on the bench as he walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. ORDERLY STATION, RIVINGTON HOUSE - NIGHT

Dan sits at the station, rooms dark around him. He smiles as Azzie HOPS up onto the counter, meowing at him.

DAN

Hey Azzie.

The cat hops down, running to an OPEN DOOR. MEOWING.

DAN (CONT'D)

Wow, got your wires crossed tonight. No one's in there, Az.

The cat MEOWS louder, heading inside. Dan follows.

DAN (CONT'D)

I told you, that room's empty --

As he turns the corner, he sees SOMEONE STANDING IN THE DARK ROOM. LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW. Dan takes a step inside.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM, RIVINGTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dan steps toward the figure, as he does he CLOSES HIS EYES. WE FLASH TO AN IMAGE OF A LARGE LOCK BOX, LID CREAKING OPEN --

DICK
Whoa, hang on, Doc.

It's DICK HALLORANN, barely visible in the moonlight.

DAN
Dick... I'm sorry, I thought...

DICK
Thought I was from the Overlook.
Almost locked me up. Still getting
visits from them old ghosts?

DAN
It's been years. Horace Derwent was
the last one. Confetti on his suit.
Said "great party, isn't it?" shit-
eating grin on his face... 'til I
pulled out a box for him. That grin
went fast.

(beat)
You know it never occurred to me to
ask, those years ago... what
happens to them in these boxes? Do
they die in there?

DICK
Do you care?

DAN
(beat)
I've missed you.

DICK
Has it been a long time? Can't
tell. This world is a dream of a
dream to me now.

DAN
Eight years. Little more.

DICK
Last time I saw you, you was at the
bottom. You look better now.

DAN
Why are you here?

DICK
I'm here because it all comes
'round. Ka's a wheel, Doc.

DAN
Abra.

DICK

You listen, son, it hurts to be here so I'll only say it once. If these empty devils ever found you, when you was a tyke - if they'd even *sniffed* you - you'd be long dead. They're on the land like a cancer on the skin. Once, they rode camels in the desert; once they drove caravans 'cross Eastern Europe. They eat screams and drink pain and they've *noticed* that little girl.

Dick approaches. Eyes grave.

DICK (CONT'D)

They might kill her. Might turn her. Or might keep her til she's all used up and that'd be worst of all. You can't let 'em.

DAN

Why me?

DICK

Because she found you. Because she showed up. Hell doc, *why me?* You just walked on into my kitchen one day, and I'm still on the hook. Some things just are.

DAN

What the hell am I supposed to do?

DICK

Get her what she asked for.

Dick turns back, heading back toward the window. Looking out at the mountains in the moonlight.

DICK (CONT'D)

You won't see me again, Doc. This is my last dream. It seems to me you grew up fine, son. But you still owe a debt.

(beat)

Pay it.

And then the room is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSE'S RV - AFTERNOON

Rose sits in her camper. Eyes closed. Perfectly still when there is a KNOCK AT HER DOOR. She ignores it. Another knock.

ROSE
Goddammit, what!

The door opens. Crow leans inside.

CROW
I'm sorry to interrupt you -

ROSE
I told you, no distractions!
Nothing to eat, nothing to drink,
just peace, quiet and meditation, I
need all my wits for her tonight -

CROW
That's why I'm here. Found
something.

He approaches, holding out a newspaper clipping. Rose takes it from him: "POCKET EARTHQUAKE" REPORTED IN ANNISTON.

ROSE
(reading)
"How small can an earthquake be?
Pretty small, if the people of
Richland Court, a short Anniston
street that dead-ends at the Saco
River, are to be believed. Late
Tuesday night, several residents of
the street reported a tremor that
rattled windows, shook floors, and
sent glassware tumbling from
shelves. Although the Geological
Survey Center in Wrentham reports
there were no temblors in New
England last Tuesday" - well I'll
be. Maybe, just maybe...

CROW
What do you think?

ROSE
I think maybe. Not 100%, but I'll
take 50/50.

CROW
If it's actually her -

ROSE
Richland Court -

CROW
- and she did that, shook a whole
street in New Hampshire -

ROSE
Having a place to focus on - not
just a town but a street - will
make things a hell of a lot easier
for me tonight. Good catch.

CROW
How you comin' at her?

ROSE
She'll be asleep. I just want to
look around. See who she is. Pick
up information, plant suggestions
like worms. Let 'em burrow. A
hundred worms, about her dear
friends the Knot. And when we roll
up she'll be so glad to see us
she'll hop right in the van.

CROW
If she did that... if she really
shook the whole street, you should
be careful.

ROSE
(beat)
*I should be careful. She's a little
girl.*

CROW
And you're the queen bitch of all
time, I know. I'm just sayin'.

He turns, leaving her to meditate.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Abra sits on her bed, downtrodden. Headphones in her ears.
There's a KNOCK at her door, and Lucy leans in.

LUCY
Hey...

ABRA

Hey mom.

LUCY

Are you okay? We missed you at dinner.

ABRA

I'm okay. Just a rough day.

LUCY

Wanna talk about it?

ABRA

I'm good.

Lucy nods. Knows better than to push her.

LUCY

I'm flying out to see Momo in the morning, I'll be back as soon as I can...

(hesitates)

Abra?

ABRA

Yeah?

LUCY

Is she... gonna pull through this time? Is she gonna be okay?

Abra looks at her mother sadly.

ABRA

I don't know, mom. I hope so. Tell her I love her.

Lucy nods, and closes the door behind her. Abra sighs, turns off the light, and then lays down. Closes her eyes, ready to sleep. And dream.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Rose sits atop her RV. Legs crossed in front of her, sitting lotus. Hands resting gently on her knees, centering herself. Getting ready. Above her, a sky full of stars.

She takes a deep breath. Concentrates...

She briefly OPENS HER EYES, and we realize she is FLOATING FAR ABOVE THE GROUND. Stars above her, LIGHTS BELOW HER... the scattered lights of small towns, houses. Cars.

ROSE IS TRAVELING.

EXT. RICHLAND COURT - NIGHT

A normal cul-de-sac, quiet. The lights out. Rose STANDS by the street sign: RICHLAND COURT. As she steps forward, toward the houses --

THE STREET REVOLVES, AS IF FOLDING TOWARD HER. FOLDING IN HALF, so that she is looking straight ahead at THE ROOFTOPS OF THE HOUSES. Staring at each one...

NOTICING BLUE LIGHT coming from one house. AS IF IT IS GLOWING SOFTLY. Rose moves toward the roof, and again the WORLD TURNS, REVOLVING --

The house AND THE GROUND BENEATH IT now UPSIDE DOWN as Rose walks, stars beneath her feet -- TOWARD ONE BEDROOM WINDOW.

She holds her hands up, pressing against the glass. Peering inside... it is ABRA'S ROOM. DARK, save a BLUE GLOW from within... Rose CLOSES HER EYES, concentrating further --

PUSHING THE WINDOW FORWARD, the house TIPPING FORWARD AGAIN, so that she is on top of the window, PUSHING DOWN ON IT like she's doing a push-up -

And then it FALLS AWAY, the glass DROPPING FROM THE WINDOW, DOWN INTO THE ROOM -- AND SILENTLY EVAPORATING INTO THIN AIR.

The house REVOLVES AGAIN, Rose STEPPING FORWARD through the open window as if it is a small door, and standing now, in --

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

-- Abra's room. The room is dark, but above her THE CEILING IS FULL OF STARS. Rose looks at the girl SLEEPING IN THE BED. She can't see her face, it's buried in the pillow.

ROSE
(quietly)
Keep sleeping, princess.

She steps quietly, looking at the WALLS of the room... and we realize the walls aren't walls at all. They're FILE DRAWERS. MEMORIES. Some labeled: "Mom." "Dad." "Dreams." "School."

ROSE (CONT'D)

You rubes. Spend your whole lives making little boxes, little memories, and you think they make you so rich... you should see mine, kiddo. My mind's a cathedral.

She runs her hands over the file drawers that make up the walls, looking for something interesting. She sees one, decorated in a child's handwriting...

ROSE (CONT'D)

Well hi there.

The drawer, larger than the others, is labeled "ME."

Rose GLANCES BACK at the bed, where Abra's still sleeping. She smiles. She reaches up, pulling open the drawer. It EXTENDS FROM THE WALL, coming out about a foot. Rose peers inside, at the FILE FOLDERS packing the drawer...

She reaches her hand inside to pull one out.

SUDDENLY, A HORRIBLE NOISE PIERCES THE AIR. A BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT SHINES DOWN RIGHT IN HER EYES -- THE DRAWER SLAMS SHUT ON ROSE'S HAND - CRUSHING BONES, SNAPPING FINGERS -

Rose SCREAMS in SHOCK and surprise. YANKING AT HER HAND, but it is CAUGHT, like in a BEAR TRAP. She turns, realizing that ABRA IS SITTING UP...

BUT ABRA IS DIFFERENT. Her hair is SHOCK BLONDE, and she HAS NO EYES. No identifying features... LIKE HER FACE HAS BEEN CENSORED. The only thing we recognize of Abra IS HER SMILE.

DREAM ABRA

He said you'd come back, and you did...

THE SMILE BECOMES A GRIN.

DREAM ABRA (CONT'D)

Good.

She STANDS from the bed, moving toward Rose. Rose FLAILS, hand trapped, VULNERABLE AND STUNNED --

ROSE

Get back -- GET BACK!!

But "Abra" just GRINS at her. Advancing.

ROSE (CONT'D)

You're a fucking child!

"Abra's" grin FALTERS for just a moment, but she REACHES UP, HER HAND HEADING FOR ROSE'S HEAD --

ROSE (CONT'D)

NO --

AND ROSE IS SUDDENLY ALONE IN THE ROOM.

ALL OF THE FURNITURE IS GONE, a strange SLUDGE on the ground, oozing up around her and HOLDING HER ON THE SPOT. A TRAP --

Suddenly, Rose is aware of a NOISE. Like PAPERS being rifled through, very fast --

ROSE (CONT'D)

Where the hell did you...

(realizes)

NO.

She CLOSES her eyes, and for just a FLASH we see --

-- a CAVERNOUS SPACE, vast and dark, FULL OF FILE CABINET DRAWERS -- ROSE'S MEMORIES, ROSE'S MIND -- AND A YOUNG GIRL IS RIFLING THROUGH THEM --

-- Rose OPENS HER EYES, thrashing her head back and forth.

ROSE (CONT'D)

GET OUT! GET OUT! GET...

The sounds of PAPERS is deafening as Abra DIGS through Rose's mind. Desperate, Rose begins to TEAR HER HAND out of the drawer that holds it. Her fingers SNAP, the skin PEELS BACK --

But she RIPS HER HAND from the vice, and STUMBLES toward the window, holding her hand.

ROSE (CONT'D)

GET OUT!

The room ROTATES AGAIN, the window DROPPING DOWN, and Rose stumbles, FALLING THROUGH THE OPENING --

EXT. RICHLAND COURT - CONTINUOUS

-- into the night, the world TURNING again, Rose FREE FALLING TOWARD THE SKY, out of control --

THE WORLD TURNING BENEATH HER, AS THOUGH SHE'S SUDDENLY AT 35,000 FEET, the wind KNOCKING HER BACK AND FORTH, as the ground suddenly RUSHES UP TOWARD HER --

She PLUMMETS, down toward an RV parked in a campsite --

EXT. ROSE'S RV - CONTINUOUS

-- AND BACK INTO HER OWN BODY, laying flat on her back on top of her camper -- as the world ROTATES VIOLENTLY TO THE SIDE, sending her ROLLING toward the edge of the camper --

AND FALLING HARD ONTO THE GROUND BESIDE IT. She GASPS, lifting her face from the DIRT. BLOOD running from her nose, eyes wide. Crow RUSHES TOWARD HER, followed by Andi and several other members of the True Knot.

CROW

Rose!

ROSE

(gasping)

Trap...

She tries to stand up, putting weight on her hand --

And HOWLS with pain. She slumps down, pulling her hand up to her face to look at the damage -- BROKEN FINGERS. NAILS PULLED OUT. DEEP GASHES in her skin -- it's like her hand was put through a SHREDDER.

ANDI

What the hell happened?!

ROSE

(gasping)

Little bitch set a trap for me.

ANDI

Your hand --

Rose SHOVES HER BACK. Furious. She SCREAMS into the night.

CROW

Rose --

She SPINS toward him, and we see -- HER EYES ARE DIFFERENT. INHUMAN. Small POINTS OF LIGHT SHINE from her PUPILS, subtle... but her feigned humanity is SLIPPING in her anger.

CROW (CONT'D)

Calm down. We know where she is now, right? Now we know.

ROSE

She was in my head.

CROW

(blinks)

What?

ROSE
Stealing! Stealing from me!

CROW
 What does she know?

ROSE
 I don't know!

CROW
 How much did she see?

ROSE
I don't know!

She fumes. Paces. Clutching her damaged hand.

ROSE (CONT'D)
 She's dead. That little thing
dared... fuck... with me...

BARRY interrupts.

BARRY
 There's a problem -

ROSE
 Not now!

BARRY
 Grampa Flick.

They turn and look at him.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 I think he's cycling.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - NIGHT

Dan STIRS in his sleep, a VOICE IN HIS HEAD -- CRACKING, like
 the FREQUENCY IS OFF, but BREAKING THROUGH --

ABRA (V.O.)
 Uncle Dan! Uncle Dan! I hurt her, I
 really hurt her!

He WINCES, sitting up. Disoriented.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abra SITS in bed, in the dark. Eyes closed. SENDING HER THOUGHTS. Whispering to herself...

ABRA
(whispering)
I hurt her and she deserved it and
that's not the best part --

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dan holds his temples as he listens to her voice in his head, distorted but clearly hers.

ABRA (V.O.)
-- the best part is I got in her
head. *I got in her head.* Uncle Dan?
Are you there? Can you hear me?

DAN
(to himself)
Oh god, Abra. What did you do...

Dan stands, heading toward the wall. The word MURDER, cracked into the plaster. He picks up a piece of chalk, and after a beat... writes "OKAY. WHERE?" And he STOPS.

DAN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Just talk to the kid. If we're
gonna do this, let's do this.

He PUTS THE CHALK DOWN. Takes a beat... and closes his eyes.

DAN (CONT'D)
Hi Abra.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In her bed, Abra suddenly LIGHTS UP. Dan's voice FILLING HER HEAD, no distortion at all. Like he's RIGHT THERE.

ABRA
I can hear you...

DAN (V.O.)
I'm sorry I sent you away, before.
Tell me everything. Then tell me
what I've got to do in Iowa.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The members of the True Knot gather around the campfire. They've pulled GRAMPA FLICK out into a field, near the firelight. They stare at him, faces pale and afraid.

He lays on the ground, COUGHING. FRAIL. He appears near death. Crow crouches beside him. Rose is CRYING. Andi stands beside her, confused.

ANDI

I don't understand.

ROSE

You will.

ANDI

I thought we lived forever...

ROSE

Did someone promise you that, Andi? Someone say you're immortal? I said "live long, eat well." We can live long, very long, and we do, most of us, but we haven't been eating well, not for a long time now and Grampa...

Rose looks down at the pale man by the firelight.

ROSE (CONT'D)

He turned me, you know. A long, long time ago.

Crow approaches them.

CROW

He's going.

They step over Grampa Flick. As Andi watches, we realize something has been happening - HIS SKIN IS FLICKERING. "CYCLING" between being visible, normal skin, and being TRANSPARENT. We have FLASHES of his skeleton within...

We can see his LIVER, HIS LUNGS, HIS VEINS AND ARTERIES. THE NERVES CONNECTING HIS EYES TO HIS BRAIN -- And then, he's BACK, and those eyes fix on Rose.

GRAMPA FLICK

Rosie...

ROSE

Yes, love.

She crouches to him. Holds his hand.

GRAMPA FLICK

I'm scared...

ROSE

(defiant)

No. No you're not. Not you, my love. You watched empires rise and fall, cheered the gladiators in Rome. You sailed across oceans to new worlds and you fed on Kings, princes, and popes. They wrote myths of you and made statues and they trembled in their villages and beds and skyscrapers and they screamed, screamed at your coming. They broke against you like waves on rocks and they died by the billions as you burned like a sun, for eons. EONS. So no. You are not scared. Not you. You are a god, and you eat fear. You are not afraid.

He smiles. Tears fall down her cheeks.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Look at us. Look at the family you made. We are your legacy, love, and *we are legion.*

As he looks at them -- the CYCLING BEGINS AGAIN. Violent this time. He SCREAMS as his body CONTORTS, FLASHING transparent, then back, then INTO SOMETHING ELSE --

SOMETHING UNDERNEATH IT ALL, UNDER THE SKIN AND THE BULGING EYES AND THE VEINS AND THE BONES --

SOMETHING LIKE AN INSECT, ITS EYES GLOWING FIERY RED -- INHUMAN MOUTH OPEN IN A SCREAM -- CYCLING BETWEEN THESE THREE VERSIONS OF HIMSELF, SCREAMING IN AGONY UNTIL --

HE BURSTS APART. Not an explosion... just as though he has ATOMIZED. His physical body CONVERTING... TO STEAM.

And, TEARS in their eyes, his "family" steps forward -- AND BEGINS BREATHING HIM IN. FEASTING.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, ELLIOT STREET - BEFORE DAWN

Dan knocks at the door. Again. And again. After a few moments... Billy answers.

BILLY
It's four in the morning --

DAN
You've always seen me, Billy. Got a sense about people, that fair to say? You think I'm an honest man? A good man?

Billy stares at him. Confused.

BILLY
I do, Dan.

DAN
I need your help. And the first thing I need is for you to listen to a story and try - harder than you've ever tried - to *believe me*.

INT. DAN'S CAR - SUNRISE

Dan drives down the highway. He looks over at the passenger seat, where BILLY IS SLEEPING. The vast countryside, the sun coming up. A voice from the back seat.

ABRA (V.O.)
How's it going?

Dan smiles.

DAN
Shouldn't you be getting ready for school?

The camera pivots -- revealing ABRA, in the back seat.

ABRA
Yeah but I wanted to tag along. How long have you been driving?

DAN
Few hours so far. We should be there tonight. Late.

ABRA
Who's that?

Dan looks over at Billy, sleeping soundly.

DAN
A friend. Maybe my best friend.
(beat)
Any more visitors?

ABRA
No. And I've tried to find her
again, but she put up a firewall.

DAN
Well when we get the glove, we'll
know where they are. And we need
to, more than ever. Now that she's
really onto you.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abra sits in her bed, headphones on. Concentrating. She
smiles, leaning back.

ABRA
You should have seen her face. She
was scared, Uncle Dan.

INT. DAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Abra smiles at him. She is ENJOYING THIS.

ABRA
Scared like those kids were scared.
All those kids she's killed... she
was so mad, and so scared, that I
got inside.
(beat)
That was a new trick. I've never
done that before.

DAN
I haven't either. What was it like?

ABRA
Like a library. I guess we're all
libraries, inside. It looked like a
cathedral of file cabinets, but
only because that's how she thought
of them. If she was thinking of a
museum, or a computer, I would have
seen that, I think.

DAN
How'd you do it?

ABRA
Like this, just a little push --

Dan JOLTS, the car wheel SPINNING a little in his hand. For a moment, a FLASH --

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, LIBRARY - NIGHT

-- the LIBRARY of the OVERLOOK. A TYPEWRITER on a desk. File cabinets, many, from the floor to the ceiling... Then a flash into DARKNESS --

AN ABYSSAL DARKNESS, FILLED WITH LOCKED BOXES. DOZENS AND DOZENS OF THEM. LIKE COFFINS...

Abra STEPS toward the lock boxes, each the size of a PERSON. The LIDS BUMPING, SCRATCHING. THINGS TRYING TO GET OUT --

DAN (V.O.)
Abra!

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abra LANDS on the floor of her bedroom.

ABRA
Sorry! Sorry...

Her door opens, and David pokes his head in.

DAVID
You okay?

ABRA
Yeah, sorry, rolled out of bed.

DAVID
You feeling any better?

ABRA
I'm okay dad. Sorry about that.

He leaves. Abra stands up, getting back onto her bed.

INT. DAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dan shakes his head, laughing a little, glancing at Billy. STILL ASLEEP. Abra appears in the back seat again.

ABRA

I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to --

DAN

It's okay.

ABRA

You're *strong*. I mean it... you just pushed me right out. Like it was nothing.

(beat)

What were those boxes?

DAN

Nothing.

ABRA

Liar.

DAN

(long beat)

When I was a kid... younger than you... I bumped into something like these things. Something that *ate*, like they do. Only it wasn't a person... it was a *place*.

(beat)

They closed it down, after. Let it rot. But some of the things that lived there, they... don't poke around in there again.

ABRA

I won't. I promise.

(beat)

Thank you. For helping me.

DAN

Don't thank me yet, kiddo.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - EVENING

Rose sits at the edge of the woods, looking out in the trees. Behind her, Crow approaches.

CROW

We're almost ready. Loading up.

ROSE

Good. Get the caravan on the road, we'll have her in a day or two...

CROW
I don't think you should come.

ROSE
(beat)
The fuck did you just say?

CROW
She tagged you. She got in your
head --

ROSE
Won't happen again. I
underestimated her a bit but it
won't happen again --

CROW
She knows you. And who knows how
much she got to before you kicked
her out.

ROSE
She's mine, Crow.

CROW
She is. But right now, far as we
know, you're the only one of us she
could *track*. She sees you coming,
she could run. Or set another trap.
Better you hang back.

He steps toward her, putting his hands on her arms.

CROW (CONT'D)
I'll knock her out cold. One of our
assets in the NSA gave me the good
stuff, put her out without a chance
of overdose. I'm gonna head South,
circle around, come at her from a
different direction --

ROSE
I should be there.

CROW
I'll sniff her out, like I always
do. Track her right to the door,
like I always do. Deliver her right
to your feet, like always. All
yours. But if she sees you coming
it puts us all in danger and you
know that, Rosie, you know I'm
right about this.

Rose nods. He's right.

CROW (CONT'D)
I'll leave Andi with you, if you
want --

ROSE
No. You'll need your strength, all
of you, if she pulls a trick on
you. You stay together.

CROW
I got some tricks of my own.

He kisses her. Smiles. And turns, heading back toward the
vans. Rose watches him go.

CUT TO:

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD - NIGHT

Billy's driving now. Dan sits beside him, exhausted.

BILLY
I think we're here.

Dan sits up. There's nothing but CORN FIELDS all around.

DAN
Okay, let me see if I can get her.
(beat)
Abra...

And long beat. And then, she's in the back seat.

ABRA
That's the sign.

She points. Dan follows. There, in the headlights: ORGANIC
INDUSTRIES. ETHANOL PLANT #4. CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

ABRA (CONT'D)
Pull around back --

DAN
Pull around back --

ABRA
And I'll tell you when to stop --

DAN
She'll tell us when to stop.

Billy looks over at him. Worried.

BILLY

I gotta tell you, Danno. I don't know whether I hope you're right or wrong about this. I mean if you're wrong, it means my friend is *crazy*. I mean full-blown-mental-breakdown-monsters-killing-imaginary-kids *bonkers*, but I can work with that. If you're right though...

DAN

I know. It's much worse.

EXT. ABANDONED ETHANOL PLANT - LATER

Billy and Dan stand in a familiar spot. FRESH DIRT. Darker now, with only the one set of headlights. The plant looming above them. Dan pulls the SHOVELS out of the back of the car.

DAN

You should go home.

BILLY

What? You said you needed my help -

DAN

Not you.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Abra, standing with them.

BILLY

Oh... you're talking to her? She's here *now*?

ABRA

I can handle it.

DAN

No. We'll take it from here.

Abra hangs back, reluctant. Finally, she is gone.

DAN (CONT'D)

Okay. Just us.

Billy looks at him, scared, as Dan starts DIGGING. And digging. Some time passes...

DAN (CONT'D)

You smell that?

Billy keeps digging. Face pale.

BILLY

Used to hunt. Did I ever tell you that?

DAN

No.

BILLY

Deer. This one summer, I clipped this buck, had been tracking him two days, and I got the shot and I clipped him. He ran off. I went after, figured he wasn't gonna last long but he vanished, just up and evaporated. Not a trace. Truly baffling.

Dan and Billy keep digging.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Five days later, I'm trying a different spot. Miles away. *Miles*. And I come round, looking for a spot for the blind, and I smelled him... *smelled him*. Found that buck, huddled up to a hollow trunk. Dead for days. The smell, the look of him -- never hunted a day since.

(beat)

This's the same smell.

They dig more. Dirt piles a little higher. And then...

DAN

Billy.

Billy looks over. There, barely revealed in the dirt... is the LEATHER OF A SHOE. Sticking out.

They lock eyes, and gently drop to their knees. Digging higher with their gloved hands... HOLDING THEIR BREATH, GASPING for air when they can. And finally they stand back.

Protruding from the dirt, is the SCREAMING, ROTTING FACE of Bradley Trevor. STILL LOCKED IN HORROR, bugs and worms having their day. The BASEBALL GLOVE, clutched in his hands.

Dan leans forward, CRYING NOW. He reaches out, GENTLY SLIDING THE BASEBALL GLOVE through the white, broken fingers.

DAN (CONT'D)

Jesus wept.

Billy STUMBLES out of the shallow grave, VOMITING onto the ground. Dan follows, looking sadly down.

BILLY

Fuck... fuck, Danno. How the fuck... they didn't even bury him deep. They buried him *shallow*.

DAN

I'm sorry, Billy.

BILLY

What did you get us into --

He puts his hand on his shoulder.

BILLY (CONT'D)

What do we do now --

DAN

We cover him back up. Call the police from a payphone, on the way out of town. Let his parents have him, at least. And we get this glove to the girl who needs it.

INT. DAN'S CAR - MORNING

Dan drives, Billy sits in the passenger seat. Shell shocked. Looking out at the sun over the empty fields.

BILLY

The people who did that...

DAN

They aren't people.

BILLY

No. No they aren't. Anyone who would do that to a little boy... they're not people.

(beat)

But they're coming.

DAN

Yes.

Billy nods. Processing.

ABRA (O.S.)

Did you get it?

Dan sighs. Abra is in the back seat.

DAN
Yeah, we got it.

BILLY
She's back?

DAN
We're heading to you. We'll be there in the morning, we have a stop to make. Abra... I need you to show your parents what's happening.

ABRA
No!

DAN
Yes.

ABRA
No! They just -- they almost think I'm *normal*! If I tell them -

DAN
Rose'll go through them to get to you. You know that, don't you? She'll cut them down without a second thought and she is *coming*, Abra. They need to know.

Abra GLARES at him. Tears in her eyes. And then... she's gone. Dan sighs. Looks over at Billy.

BILLY
What stop do we have to make?

DAN
Do you still have that old deer rifle?

Billy looks at him. The color draining from his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Dan pulls into the driveway. He's CLEANED UP, the dirt all gone. Billy is with him. As Dan steps out of the car --

DAVID bursts through the front door. Abra TUGGING at him.

DAVID
(furious)
You're "Uncle Dan?"

ABRA

Dad!

DAVID

The fuck do you think you are --

DAN

Sir --

DAVID

She is *thirteen years old* --

DAN

(to Abra)

I told you to show him --

ABRA

I told him!

DAN

Not the same thing.

DAVID

I'm kicking your ass *before* I call
the police --

David GRABS Dan, SPINNING him around, SHOVING HIM ONTO THE
CAR. Billy RUSHES FORWARD.

BILLY

Hey --

Dan HOLDS UP HIS HAND, waving Billy back.

DAN

Abra --

DAVID

Don't say her name you sick son of
a bitch --

DAN

Abra!

David WRAPS HIS ELBOW around Dan's neck, HURLING HIM DOWN,
ready to POUND HIS FACE --

David suddenly SCREAMS as a LOUD NOISE fills his head. Like
an AIR HORN, CRUSHING HIS EARS. He STUMBLES BACK, hands to
his ears. Billy watches... HE CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING.

Finally the noise STOPS, and another noise fills his head:

ABRA (V.O.)

DAD.

David STUMBLES, his hands coming up to his head. Abra's voice LOUD inside his mind. He spins back to her, STUNNED.

ABRA (V.O.)

STOP.

Dan gets to his feet.

DAN

I'm sorry Mister Stone. I'm a friend. And everything she told you is true.

DAVID

The hell... is happening...

DAN

Abra needs to show you something.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

They sit at the table. David shakes his head. Still angry, but mostly CONFUSED.

BILLY

I saw him. I saw the body, it's true.

DAVID

Probably your friend here put him there. You think about that?

BILLY

Not for long, I didn't.

DAN

Your daughter is special, Mr. Stone.

DAVID

Don't talk about her --

DAN

And you know that. Deep down.

David doesn't answer.

DAN (CONT'D)
 She saw what happened to that
 little boy, and she saw who did it.
 (turning to Abra)
Show him.

Abra walks toward David. Reaches up, touching his head.

ABRA
 I'm sorry Daddy. I really didn't
 want to...

DAVID
 Didn't want to what --

She closes her eyes. And suddenly --

FLASHES. *THE ETHANOL PLANT. BRADLEY'S SCREAMING FACE. ROSE,
 LEANING OVER HIM...*

Dan and Billy watch sadly as David CONVULSES in the chair,
 the images playing through his head. A look of BEWILDERED
 HORROR ON HIS FACE.

Tears fall as he relives Bradley's final moments... and then
 he SCREAMS --

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

A SHAKING HAND pours a glass of whiskey. We follow it up to
 David's pale face, still processing what he just saw. Downing
 the drink in a single gulp. He turns to Dan and Billy.

DAVID
 Drink?

They each manage a very small, sad smile. Waving him away.

DAN AND BILLY
 No thanks.

DAVID
 Those... people. They know about my
 daughter?

DAN
 They do. And sooner or later,
 they're coming.

DAVID
 We've gotta do something. Call the
 police, the FBI --

DAN

They've been doing this a long,
long time sir. They are ancient,
rich, and connected. I don't think
they're very worried about police.

DAVID

Well where are they? When are they
coming? Where can we go --

DAN

Abra can answer that. If she's
ready.

Abra sits at the table. Steeling herself.

ABRA

I'm ready.

Dan reaches into his bag, and slowly - reverently - removes
the BASEBALL GLOVE. She stares at it.

DAN

Are you sure you want to do this?
I'm asking all of you. This is
dangerous. I mean truly, truly
dangerous.

ABRA

I have to. They already know me.
They're already on their way. And
they can't keep doing this, Uncle
Dan. We can't let them.

He moves toward her. Holding it out. Abra takes a breath...
and TAKES THE GLOVE. CLOSING HER EYES.

We hold on her. Hearing the gentle sounds of a HIGHWAY fading
up. And when she opens her eyes, she's in --

INT. CROW'S RV - DAY

-- Crow's RV. STARING AT BARRY'S HAND... the same hand that
wore the glove. HER TRACKING POINT.

She looks up from Barry, who is asleep in his chair. Looking
toward the driver's seat -- WHERE CROW IS DRIVING. She turns
back, toward the back of the RV, looking out the window --

AT ANOTHER VEHICLE. SNAKEBITE ANDI IS DRIVING. There's a
small CARAVAN on the move...

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Abra OPENS HER EYES.

ABRA

I-95. Barry, the Crow, the Snake
and a few others. They're close.
Very close. The trees haven't
changed that much, maybe
Massachusetts but they're close.

DAN

Rose?

ABRA

Didn't see her. But they're coming.
(beat)
I don't want them anywhere near my
dad. Nowhere.

DAVID

If you think I'm leaving you --

DAN

You're not.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dan steps into Abra's bedroom, followed by Abra, David and
Billy. He looks around.

DAN

This is the only room she saw?

ABRA

That's right. And I made some
changes. Hid some things.

DAN

Okay... they'll be trying to track
you. Trying to catch on.

His eyes go to the STUFFED BUNNY by her bed. The same one she
carried when she was a little girl. Dan stares. AN IDEA.

DAN (CONT'D)

And you're going to let them.

ABRA

Are you crazy?

DAN
Probably. But you're going to let
them, and then I need you to try to
do a little trick.

ABRA
(smiling)
A magic trick?

DAN
More like ventriloquism.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S CAR - DAY

Dan drives. Beside him, Abra sits in the passenger seat.
Billy is in the back. No sign of David.

ABRA
(eyes closed)
They're following us.

DAN
Good. Let them. You okay?

ABRA
I'm okay.

DAN
Concentrate. You've gotta keep it
up until they land.

ABRA
I know.

EXT. STATE PARK - LATER

Dan's car drives into the STATE PARK entrance. Passing
CAMPGROUNDS... heading deeper into the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Rose steps out of her camper. Looks around the nearly
deserted campsite, sighing. She CLIMBS THE LADDER, getting
onto the roof. Sitting lotus, quieting herself.

ROSE
Okay, Crow Daddy. Go get her.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE PARK, CAMPSITE - LATER

Dan's car comes to a stop. He climbs out, looking around. A nice, secluded area... no other campers, not just yet. Some PICNIC TABLES. Billy gets out behind him, heading to the TRUNK.

DAN
This could work.

BILLY
Good blinds, over there and there.

Dan walks to Abra's door, opening it. Looking in at her. She's sitting VERY STILL, concentrating hard.

DAN
Still close?

ABRA
Getting closer. I think. This is tough -

DAN
I know. Not much longer. Come on. Let's get you ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE PARK, CAMPSITE - LATER

The RV moves slowly through the park. Purposefully. Down the wooded path... and to the clearing.

EXT. STATE PARK, CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle comes to a stop. The doors open... and Andi, Barry, Silent Sarey and Apron Annie STEP OUT. Trying to look casual. Looking across the field, toward the picnic area --

WHERE ABRA SITS at the table, eyes closed. Concentrating.

Andi points. Barry nods, and they start FANNING OUT. Heading toward her.

BY THE TREE LINE: Dan and Billy CROUCH. HIDING. Watching them through RIFLE SCOPES. THE CROSSHAIRS ON THE GROUP...

BILLY
 (whispering)
 I don't know, Dan. Jesus, I don't
 know if I can do this -

DAN
 I know. I know...

BILLY
 I mean, they're people. I don't
 know if I can just...

DAN
 Look at their hands.

He does. He sees -- SYRINGES. In Andi's hand, and in Barry's, as they approach Abra.

BY THE TABLES: Andi steps closer. Abra is SITTING STILL, EYES CLOSED. CONCENTRATING.

ANDI
 Excuse me, sweetheart.

Abra opens her eyes.

ANDI (CONT'D)
 You look relaxed. You feel relaxed,
 don't you Abra.

ABRA
 (beat)
 I guess.

ANDI
 You should. Just relax. We're
 friends.

ABRA
 You're friends.

ANDI
 That's right.

She steps closer, syringe behind her back.

ANDI (CONT'D)
 Just friends, and we want to take
 you to meet more friends. Good
 friends.

She gets closer. Close enough to reach out and touch her.

BY THE TREE LINE: Dan's finger tightens on the trigger. Billy watches through the scope as Andi LIFTS THE NEEDLE.

BY THE TABLES: Andi STICKS THE NEEDLE INTO ABRA'S ARM, depressing the syringe. And laughs to herself.

ANDI (CONT'D)

Well shit, the way they talked you up, I was expecting it to be little harder than that...

Her smile fades. She STARES... Abra ISN'T THERE. She just stuck a syringe into ABRA'S STUFFED BUNNY.

She BLINKS. The spell broken. Looks around wildly. As she turns, her eyes BURN WITH LIGHT. LIKE FLAMES.

Billy GASPS when he sees her eyes --

BILLY

Oh my god.

DAN

They're not people, Billy. Not even close.

Andi GLARES at Barry.

ANDI

The fuck?

Barry and the others CONVERGE, eyes wild.

BARRY

Parlor tricks. Fucking parlor tricks -

BANG. A bullet SPINS HIM AROUND.

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Rose suddenly LURCHES FORWARD, GASPING IN PAIN.

ROSE

Get out get out get out of there --

EXT. STATE PARK, CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

They turn toward the tree line --

Where Dan and Billy OPEN FIRE. BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG --

The bullets STRIKE APRON ANNIE and SILENT SAREY as they DIVE FOR COVER. Barry PULLS HIS OWN PISTOL, FIRING BACK -

BILLY SHOOTS HIM IN THE HEAD.

BARRY DROPS, HIS BODY CYCLING FAST -

BILLY
Holy shit --

Barry's skin CYCLING, TRANSLUCENT, HIS SCREAMING SKULL VISIBLE THROUGH HIS SKIN BEFORE HIS TRUE FORM, HIS INSECT-LIKE FORM, FLASHES BRIEFLY --

And he BURSTS AWAY IN A CLOUD OF STEAM --

BANG BANG - Apron Annie and Silent Sarey SLAM INTO TREES, AND THE GROUND, BEFORE CYCLING VIOLENTLY AWAY --

Andi is HIT in the shoulder, SPINNING HER LIKE A TOP. She SCRAMBLES BACK toward the RV, looking up to see --

ABRA, STARING AT HER. GRINNING.

ANDI
You little shit --

ABRA
You deserve it. You --

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Abra SITS ON HER KITCHEN TABLE, MEDITATING. GRINNING. Beside her, David watches, NERVOUS.

ABRA
-- deserve it. All of you.

EXT. STATE PARK, CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Dan and Billy ADVANCE on the RV. FIRING at another True Knot member, KNOCKING THEM DOWN. They start to CYCLE on the ground. They flank the RV, moving fast.

Billy gestures that he's going around back, and Dan heads for the door. Inside, Andi's FACE pops up by the window, and Dan FIRES -- but he's OUT OF AMMO.

ANDI
Neat trick.

Dan frantically tries to reload, dropping to one knee. Pulling out some AMMO, loading the gun fast.

ANDI (CONT'D)
Where's the girl?

CLICK. He chambers a round.

ANDI (CONT'D)
Got just one question for you
sweetie...

He brings the gun up, training it on the window. Waiting... Andi's face APPEARS IN THE DOOR.

ANDI (CONT'D)
Aren't you sleepy?

Dan DROPS to one knee. The gun FALLING FROM HIS HAND. He's suddenly VERY TIRED, trying to WILL HIMSELF TO STAY AWAKE. Andi GASPS as he STARTS TO GET BACK UP.

ANDI (CONT'D)
(impressed)
You're sleepy.

Dan GLARES AT HER. DEFIANT.

ANDI (CONT'D)
Sleep.

Dan KEEPS FIGHTING. Andi stares at him, NOT SURE WHAT'S HAPPENING. WHY ISN'T THIS WORKING... she steps out of the RV.

ANDI (CONT'D)
Sleep.

Finally, Dan DROPS. UNCONSCIOUS.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Abra BOLTS UP, panicked.

ABRA
Wake up! Uncle Dan, WAKE UP --

CUT TO:

DARKNESS.

Abra's voice, far away, trying to push through the dark...

ABRA (O.S.)

WAKE UP!

Dan's eyes start to open.

EXT. STATE PARK, CAMPSITE - MOMENTS LATER

Dan squints, looking up to Andi, who is standing over him. Lifting his gun.

ANDI

Fucking men. Fucking men...

DAN

(groggy)
Child eater.

Andi stops. Stares at him.

ANDI

You rubes slaughter cows, pigs.
Chickens. It's no different.

She raises the gun, pointing it at his head --

DAN CLOSES HIS EYES --

BANG.

He opens them. The shot didn't come from Andi... it came from BILLY, who leans against the corner of the RV. PISTOL SMOKING IN HIS HAND. He got her RIGHT IN THE NECK.

Andi DROPS THE RIFLE, hand to her wound. BANG - the second shot HITS HER CHEST, SPINNING HER. SHE HITS THE GROUND.

Billy steps closer as Dan tries to GET TO HIS KNEES.

BILLY

Fuck... fuck. That's all of them,
Danno. That's all --

DAN

(choking)
Stay back -

Andi lays on the ground, her skin CYCLING. Her eyes STARING at Billy through her translucent skin, the blood from the BULLET WOUNDS visible spreading through body as she cycles.

He stares, AWESTRUCK...

ANDI
(raspy)
Kill yourself.

Billy BLINKS. Dan BURSTS forward, trying to GRAB THE GUN --

DAN
Billy no! No!

Billy STRUGGLES AGAINST DAN as Andi LAUGHS, cycling on the ground... and Billy SMASHES the stock of the gun into Dan's face, KNOCKING HIM BACK.

Billy looks at him, helpless, eyes wide and terrified as he TURNS THE PISTOL ON HIMSELF --

DAN (CONT'D)
Noooo --

BILLY FIRES. Dan STARES. Devastated. A SPLASH of blood hitting his face. The sound of Billy's body hitting the ground, and then...

ANDI FINISHES CYCLING, A BURST OF STEAM DISSIPATING INTO THE AIR. Dan crawls to Billy. TEARS IN HIS EYES.

DAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

Billy looks at him, still confused... and then RED STEAM rises from Billy's mouth and nose. A DEATH RATTLE... and then Billy is gone.

Dan CRIES, looking around. Helpless. Barely aware of ABRA, standing over his shoulder. Watching.

ABRA
There's one missing -- there was a van. There was a van.

He turns to her, not understanding.

ABRA (CONT'D)
I didn't see the Crow. Where's the CROW --

And she suddenly VANISHES.

DAN
Abra. Abra!!!

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Abra LOOKS UP, lip quivering. A NEEDLE stuck in her neck, the syringe DEPRESSED. CROW smiles at her as she stares at him.

CROW
Hello, Abra.

She COLLAPSES, he CATCHES HER. Starts to lift her up...

DAVID (O.S.)
Get away from her.

Crow stops. Turns. Chuckles to himself to see DAVID, standing at the kitchen door. A KNIFE in his hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Step back.

Crow gently places Abra down on the table.

CROW
Sure thing, daddy. You know, I'm glad we got to meet.

DAVID
I'll kill you.

CROW
Brave words. Always tickles me, watching you rubes threaten a god. You know, your little girl... she's maybe the best food we'll ever have.

He steps toward David.

CROW (CONT'D)
I'm so glad I had a chance to compliment the chef.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

The front door opens. Crow carries Abra to the driveway, where his VAN is parked. He leaves the door open behind him, and through the doorway we see --

DAVID'S LIFELESS BODY, crumpled on the kitchen floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE PARK, CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Dan spins around in the field, next to the abandoned RV. Desperate. Tears on his face, blood on his clothes.

DAN
Abra! Abra! Abra!

Silence. No response. He stands in the field, looking around. The only evidence that anything bad ever happened here... is BILLY'S CORPSE, sprawled out by the camper.

Broken, alone, Dan heads to his car.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Rose PACES, tears on her face. RAGE. And finally her PHONE RINGS. She looks at it, relieved, rushing it to her ear.

ROSE
Tell me you got her.

A beat... and then she RELAXES.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Thank you. Thank you love.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - EVENING

Abra lays on the back seat. TIED UP with her seatbelt. She starts to COME TO, blinking. GROGGY. Looking around with GROWING PANIC.

CROW
Oh good, you're awake.

She looks up at him. SQUEEZES HER EYES SHUT.

ABRA
Dan -

CROW
Don't bother.

Abra dry heaves, trying to get her bearings.

ABRA
What's wrong with me...

CROW

You are *dosed*, missy. More than I ever used before. Might let you wake up, here and there, but that steam of yours is fast asleep.

ABRA

(realizing)
My dad.

Crow doesn't answer.

ABRA (CONT'D)

(angry)
What happened to my dad.

CROW

Lotta good people killed today.
Lotta good people.

Abra starts to cry.

CROW (CONT'D)

Would love to tell you someone will pay, some kind of justice raining down for the sad events today but it don't work like that. We were always gonna have you. Some of my people are dead, some of yours dead... outcome didn't change, though. Think on that a minute. Outcome didn't change, so their deaths... *all* of them... just a waste. A *waste*, you brought on us all. For what?

Abra closes her eyes. Tries to reach out to Dan.

ABRA

Please... hear me...

CROW

Ain't no one hearing you, darling. Might as well calm down, enjoy the ride. Like I said. Outcome hasn't changed.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dan enters the room, a BROWN BAG in his hand. He frantically pulls out its contents... A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

DAN
 Oh please, please please please.
 (concentrates)
 Abra... Abra! Abra!

Silence.

DAN (CONT'D)
 (concentrating)
 Dick... you there? I need help... I
 need your help... Dick please...

He STARES AT IT. Tears on his cheeks. Closes his eyes.

DAN (CONT'D)
 Don't Doc. You don't need it, you
 don't...
 (quiet)
 Someone help me. Tony... please
 help me, Tony.

Silence. He leans forward, PICKING UP THE BOTTLE. Holds it in
 his hands. Stares at it. And after a few long, AGONIZING
 MOMENTS --

EXT. ELLIOTT STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The bottle flies out of Dan's window, SMASHING on the
 sidewalk below.

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dan sits back down. Staring at the wall in front of him, the
 word MURDER cracked into the wall.

DAN
 Okay. Okay. He always said your
 brain was like a radio...

He sits lotus, collecting himself.

DAN (CONT'D)
 No one's answering when you call.
 So stop calling.
 (beat)
 And just listen.

Dan concentrates. A haze of noise... and then VOICES. DOZENS.
 HUNDREDS. THEN THOUSANDS... VOICES IN THE DARK. OVERWHELMING.
 DAN WAITS. WAITS.

He tries to sort through them. Concentrating harder than he ever has before. BLOOD BEGINS TO RUN FROM HIS NOSE.

And finally, there in the mess of noise, a TINY VOICE...

ABRA (O.S.)

Dan...

He THROWS HIS ARMS out in front of him as the entire room TIPS FORWARD. He SLIDES ACROSS THE FLOOR, BRACING HIMSELF UP AGAINST THE WALL --

And OPENS HIS EYES. HIS WALL IS GONE. He's in a VAN. ABRA is on the seat in front of him, curled down. CRYING QUIETLY.

DAN

Hi.

She looks. Eyes wide, groggy. Tries to sit up.

DAN (CONT'D)

Don't talk.

He looks past her, to where CROW is driving. Looks at the SEAT BELTS tied around Abra, holding her down.

DAN (CONT'D)

He drugged you.

She nods.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

ABRA (V.O.)

Help...

He leans forward.

DAN

I'm going to try something. You're weak, and he's blocking you, I could barely hear you... I need you to trust me. Okay? Okay?

She nods. He reaches out his hand, toward hers. She STRETCHES, trying to touch his fingertips with her own...

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Crow drives along. Behind him, Abra SITS UP in her seat. Staring right at him. He glances in the mirror.

CROW
Awake again, huh? Might need to
dose you at the next rest stop.

ABRA
Where are we going?

CROW
You know where.

Abra looks around.

ABRA
Fuck. I feel... hung over.

CROW
Told you. It's good shit.

ABRA
Haven't felt hungover in years. And
you know I don't miss it. Not even
a little.

Crow pauses. Looks at her in the mirror.

ABRA (CONT'D)
(looking out the window)
West... staying off the major
roads, huh? Smart.

She sees a sign. CROWNVILLE, 10 MILES.

ABRA (CONT'D)
Crownville. New York.

Crow stares. Looks closely. Abra looks back at him in the mirror, but her EYES ARE DIFFERENT. COLDER. ANGRY.

AND THEY'RE BROWN. NOT BLUE.

CROW
(quietly)
Who are you?

ABRA
I'm the guy that killed your
friends.

Crow freezes. Isn't sure what to do. Clenches up, like a man walking through a mine field.

CROW

Well nice to meet you. Neat trick... haven't seen this one before.

ABRA

Wanna see one more?

Crow slowly REACHES for the gun at his hip.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Don't imagine Rose'll be happy if you shoot the prize.

Crow's hand stops.

CROW

Don't suppose Rose is gonna be happy about any of this. And when that woman gets mad... Well, seems to me you know enough to know you might wanna sit this one out. Count your blessings, go on your way.

Abra reaches around, checking her SEAT BELT. She LAUGHS.

CROW (CONT'D)

What's so funny, friend.

ABRA

Well, it's just... arrogance. Arrogance, really. But it makes sense. If you think you're gonna live forever, stands to reason...

She grins at him.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Of course you wouldn't wear your seat belt.

Crow glances down. His belt UNBUCKLED --

Abra THROWS HER HANDS OUT, JERKING THEM TO THE RIGHT --

THE STEERING WHEEL JERKS TO THE RIGHT AS SHE DOES --

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Van SWERVES FROM THE ROAD, through the guard rail, BARRELING TOWARD THE TREES -- AND CRASHES. HARD. CROW IS EJECTED through the windshield --

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dan JERKS AWAKE on his bedroom floor, the momentum of the CRASH sending him FLYING BACKWARD against his bed --

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

-- Rose DROPS TO HER KNEES, SCREAMING IN PAIN AND SHOCK...

ROSE
NOOOOO!!!

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The van is SLAMMED against the trees. Inside, Abra is HELD FAST by her seat belts. She looks around, DISORIENTED...

ABRA
(weak)
Dan? Dan?

She gets out of the car. Walks toward the SMASHED HOOD -- And sees CROW, CRUMPLED ON THE GROUND. CYCLING.

She crouches down next to him. He stares at her, SHOCKED AND BEWILDERED, EYES BULGING BENEATH HIS TRANSLUCENT SKIN --

ABRA (CONT'D)
I hope that hurts. A lot.

He CYCLES, contorting one last time into the INHUMAN CREATURE that resides underneath... And then VANISHES IN A RUSH OF STEAM. Leaving Abra alone.

INT. DAN'S ROOM, ELLIOT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dan SMILES. Gasping. Wiping the blood from his nose.

DAN
Hang tight, Abra. I'm coming.

He grabs his keys, and runs into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD - LATER

Abra WALKS up the street by herself, in the dark. Shaken by the crash. As she does, she looks up and sees -

ROSE. STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, IN THE MOONLIGHT. Abra GASPS -- but then realizes. She can see the MOONLIGHT THROUGH ROSE.

ABRA
Well hi there.

Rose glares at her.

ABRA (CONT'D)
Guess there's no point hiding anymore, is there.

ROSE
You killed them. You killed *him*.

ABRA
The Crow? I did. And I'm gonna kill you, Rose the Hat.

Rose BRISTLES. Smiles at her... but we can see the RAGE behind her eyes. The DISBELIEF.

ROSE
Big words, dear. Big words from such a small child --

ABRA
A small child that just killed your man.

ROSE
I'll come for you.

ABRA
I know. I hope so. Because if you don't, if you chicken out, you coward, and I really need you to hear me when I say this...

She steps close.

ABRA (CONT'D)
I'll come for you.

Abra PUSHES HER WAY through Rose, and the projection BURSTS AWAY like a puff of smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSE'S RV - CONTINUOUS

Rose OPENS HER EYES. Fuming.

ROSE
 Alright, bitch-child. Alright.

Rose gets up, going to the CANISTERS OF STEAM. THE LAST OF THEM. She TEARS THEM OPEN with her hands, GORGING HERSELF ON THE STEAM that comes from them. Pulling it all in.

As we watch, her skin GLIMMERS. Her eyes GLOWING from the pupils... she's GETTING STRONGER. As the steam courses through her, HER HAND BEGINS TO HEAL.

EXT. CROWN MOTEL - MORNING

Dan's car pulls into the parking lot. He gets out, looking around... and sees ABRA, crouched in the corner of the parking lot. She runs to him, throwing her arms around him.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Abra WAKES UP in the passenger seat. Dan is driving. She looks out the window...

ABRA
 I'm sorry, I dozed off.

DAN
 You earned it.

ABRA
 Where are we?

DAN
 Ohio.

ABRA
 Where are we going?

Dan looks at the road. His face pale.

DAN
 (long beat)
 Colorado.

ABRA
 Why Colorado?

DAN

(beat)

She's going to keep coming.

ABRA

I know.

DAN

Always. This only ends if we end it... and I don't think we can beat her. Not by ourselves.

(beat)

There's a place. It's a dangerous place, for people like us.

ABRA

The place you told me about. The hungry place.

DAN

That's right.

ABRA

If it's so dangerous, why would we go there?

DAN

Because if it's dangerous for people like us... and it is... I expect it's dangerous for people like *her*. Maybe even more so.

They drive in silence.

ABRA

Good. She's following us, you know.

DAN

That's good. Let her.

(beat)

I'm sorry. About your father.

Abra nods. Takes a beat... and STARTS TO CRY.

ABRA

I'm sorry about your friend.

(beat)

This won't end. Not unless we end it. So let's end it.

They drive on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. I-80 WEST - EVENING

Dan's car blazes down the road. The fields of Iowa extending around them.

INT. DAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Abra looks out the window.

ABRA
Iowa. Where this started.

DAN
Started before that, I'm afraid.

Abra's PHONE RINGS. She looks at it...

ABRA
Oh no.
(beat)
It's my mom.

Dan nods.

DAN
Tell her you're okay. But don't tell her where we're going... you don't want Rose within a hundred miles of her.

ABRA
I know. What do I say to her?

Dan reaches out, taking her hand. Abra answers the phone.

ABRA (CONT'D)
Hi Mom...

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

Lucy sits on the curb, surrounded by POLICE. They're going through her house. Tears on her face, devastated and shocked.

LUCY
Oh thank god -- where are you? Are you okay?

As she talks, several DETECTIVES stand beside her, listening.

INT. DAN'S CAR - INTERCUT

Abra tries to hold it together.

ABRA

I'm okay, mom. I'm okay.

LUCY

Come home... my god, Abra, what's happening...

ABRA

I can't tell you. Yet. But I'm okay. I'm with a friend, and we're going to... we're going to get the people that did this to dad.

LUCY

Who did this?!

ABRA

I'm sorry mom. I'll call when I can.

(beat)

I love you.

She hangs up. Looks over at Dan.

ABRA (CONT'D)

When we're safe, you'll call her. Tell her where to find us.

DAN

I will.

ABRA

Okay.

She rolls down the window, and THROWS THE PHONE OUT.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GAS STATION, SEWINDER CO. - NIGHT

Abra looks up at the IMPOSING MOUNTAINS as Dan finishes gassing up the car. A LIGHT SNOWFALL on the ground around them, more on the mountains above. He climbs back inside.

DAN

Not too much further. Up the mountain.

ABRA

Are we going to win, Uncle Dan?

DAN

We have to.

They start driving.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

The familiar mountain pass, the camera FLOATING OVERHEAD as Dan's car treks up the snowy mountainside. Higher and higher, and further and further away from civilization. Toward the one place in the world he fears the most.

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - LATE AT NIGHT

Dan's car approaches, and comes to a stop. The headlights shining on the old hotel.

IT IS CONDEMNED. Dark, boarded up. The decades of NEGLECT AND DECAY evident in its crumbling form, the once grand hedge-maze just overgrown.

A foot of snow on the ground, almost enough to make the road impassable. But somehow, they've made it.

Dan climbs out of the car. Face pale.

DAN

There it is.

Abra joins him.

DAN (CONT'D)

This is what we're going to do. You're going to stay in the car, keep the heater running. I don't want you spending a minute inside there if you don't have to.

He points down the road, following it as it snakes around the adjacent mountain.

DAN (CONT'D)

She can only come this way. You'll see her a mile out, easy. You see lights on the mountain, over there... you blast me, okay? And I'll meet you in the lobby.

ABRA
You aren't waiting with me?

DAN
I can't, I'm afraid.

ABRA
Why not?

DAN
Because I've got to go wake it up.

She climbs back into the car, starting the engine. And Dan Torrance walks through the snow, toward the Overlook Hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The camera FLOATS through the lobby. The hotel is TERRIBLY DAMAGED, dark. Mold and water damage everywhere. Rotted boards on the windows. This isn't a hotel... it's a carcass.

LOUD BANGS at the front doors. They get louder as we get closer... and then we see the door GIVE WAY as Dan forces his way inside. He walks in, looking around. The silence of the place overwhelming.

He looks to his left, toward the ELEVATORS... long out of order. Dark.

DAN
Wakey wakey.

He stands in the lobby, waiting. Waiting. And then...

A FEW OF THE LIGHTS START TO SHINE, VERY DIM. Almost imperceptible. Just a FAINT CURRENT running through old wires...

He nods. Good. He starts to walk further into the hotel.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, BLUE HALLWAYS - LATER

Dan walks the path his tricycle took so many years ago. PAST THE KITCHEN WALLS, now grimy and rotted. Into the next corridor, turning left --

REVEALING A HALL WITH FAMILIAR BLUE FLORAL WALLPAPER, some of it peeling. He walks, looking up at the LIGHT FIXTURES, watching as they continue to HUM WITH WEAK LIGHT... LIGHT HE'S PROVIDING, as he continues to feed the hotel more power.

He reaches the corner, and HESITATES BEFORE HE TURNS. We hesitate too... we know what once stood on the other side.

Dan turns the corner, revealing A DARK HALL. The familiar window at the end... but no little girls in blue dresses. He keeps walking. Around him, the lights CONTINUE TO STRUGGLE BACK TO LIFE.

CUT TO:

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, LIVING QUARTERS HALLWAY - LATER

He rounds another corner. Looking past the stairwell, at what used to be the living quarters...

THE DOOR BROKEN APART. BY AN AXE. Hanging lazily open on its hinge. He approaches the door, slowly PUSHING IT OPEN. Stepping into:

INT. OVERLOOK, LIVING QUARTERS, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The LIVING ROOM. He can see the BEDROOM beyond it, all rotten by time. He moves slowly into the --

INT. OVERLOOK, LIVING QUARTERS, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- bedroom, and looks at the BATHROOM DOOR. The childish SCRIBBLING, FADED, ON THE DOOR: **REDRUM**.

And above it, the GIANT HOLE created by his father's axe. Dan approaches it. Bringing his face CLOSE TO THE GAP, looking through the broken door, just as his father once did...

To the little window, where he'd once crawled out into the snow outside. He stares sadly at the room... And then turns, walking back through the residence, into the dark hotel.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, BOILER ROOM - LATER

Dan steps into the darkness of the boiler room. Dusty, cold. Dark. He heads to the boiler, and starts TURNING VALVES.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, GOLD ROOM - LATER

Dan moves down the hallway outside the GOLD ROOM. Realizing there is LIGHT COMING FROM INSIDE...

He steps into the double doors, looking past the TABLES AND CHAIRS, toward the BROKEN STAGE at the front of the room. And then seeing the source of the light...

THE BAR. At the far end of the room. LIT PERFECTLY from below, an EMPTY GLASS on the bar. WAITING FOR HIM.

And after a long beat, he approaches the bar. Past the formerly grand ball room, now dilapidated. He arrives, sitting at one of the stools. Staring at the glass.

BARTENDER (O.S.)
Slow night, Mister Torrance.

In front of him, his back to us, a BARTENDER wipes glasses.

DAN
Not for long, I imagine.

BARTENDER
You're a whiskey man, are you not?

DAN
I was. Most of the time.

The bartender turns to him. We don't see his face, but we see Dan's expression as he's poured a glass of JACK DANIELS. He always knew this day would come, somehow.

BARTENDER
On the house.

DAN
Thanks, dad.

We PULL BACK. Revealing the bartender... it is JACK TORRANCE (40's). Dressed sharply, the same red tuxedo, the same black bowtie, that LLOYD wore. Part of the staff now.

JACK
I'm afraid you've confused me with someone else. It's Lloyd.

DAN
Lloyd.

JACK
I apologize, I'm not sure where everyone is. But it'll pick up.

DAN
I know where they are. And you're right, it'll pick up.
(beat)
(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

This was your brand, Jack Daniels.
I used to see the bottles at home -
our *real* home, before all this. Mom
would find them, hidden sometimes.
I smelled one once. Smelled like
something on fire. Which, I
suppose, it was.

JACK

Would you care for something else?

DAN

No.

JACK

What's the old saying? "The ideal
man doesn't smoke, doesn't drink,
doesn't get angry --"

DAN

"Doesn't exist."

JACK

Very good. If you don't mind my
saying, Mister Torrance, you
seem... Put upon.

DAN

Put upon.

JACK

Ain't that the way. Man just living
his life, trying to do his work,
gets put upon. Pulled into other
people's problems, I see it all the
time. If you don't mind my saying.

DAN

(beat)

So we lived in Florida.

JACK

I'm sorry?

DAN

Mom and I. We never wanted to see
snow again so we lived in Florida.
Tiny place, but comfortable and we
were happy. I mean we were
grieving, we were traumatized, but
there was happiness too.

He stares at the drink. Wanting it so bad.

DAN (CONT'D)

I was twenty when she died. And not my best self, not by a mile. She saw it, saw you, in me, but she loved me through it. Then she got sick and back then I'd see - when someone was gonna die - I'd see *flies*. Black flies. Death flies, I called them, circling people's faces, landing now and then and those last weeks she was *covered*. Her whole face. Could barely see her eyes through them, and I'd try to comfort her but I could hardly look at her and she saw that. Laid there dying while her son... avoided looking...

Jack PUSHES the drink gently toward him.

JACK

Maybe something warm, to push away such unpleasantries -

DAN

Don't you want to hear? I mean, she was your wife. You loved her in your way, I know that. Don't you want to hear about her last days? What she said about you?

JACK

I think you've mistaken me for someone else. I'm just a bartender.

DAN

Right. Lloyd the bartender: pouring joy at the Overlook Hotel.

JACK

I'll pour whatever you'd like, Mister Torrance.

DAN

This drink costs an awful lot.

JACK

Your money's no good here. Orders from the house.

DAN

Won't cost money. It'll cost me eight years. Eight behind me, and who knows how many in front of me.

JACK

Your credit is fine, Mister
Torrance.

Dan turns the glass. Rolling the booze around within.

DAN

When the others started coming back
- and they *all* did, over the years -
I expected you'd have your turn.
Thought I'd turn a corner and there
you'd be. Maybe with the axe. Maybe
typing away, hunched over your old
typewriter in the other room. Maybe
frozen in the snow... but you
didn't come.

JACK

Perhaps a bourbon. We have an
extensive collection.

Dan picks up the glass. Turns it over in his hand. Wanting
it, more than he's wanted a drink in a long time...

DAN

"Man takes a drink... the drink
takes a drink... then the drink
takes the man." Ain't it so, dad? I
wonder, frankly, what our lives
would have been - what our *family*
would have been - without this --

JACK

Medicine.

Jack stares him down. Something has CHANGED in his eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)

Medicine, is what it is. A bonafide
cure-all. Depression, stress,
failure, remorse, it wipes it all
out. The mind is a blackboard and
that's the eraser and it's good,
good medicine, Dan.

Jack leans forward, takes the glass from him. KNOCKS IT BACK.

JACK (CONT'D)

A man tries, he provides, but he's
surrounded by mouths. Mouths that
eat, cry, scream, nag - so he asks
for one thing.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

One thing, just for him, to warm him up, take the sting out of days of those mouths eating and eating and eating everything he makes. Everything he has. And a family, a wife, a kid - those mouths eat time. Eat your days on earth. Gobble them up, chew them to paste and even then, while they're still chewing they scream at you. Shout for more, tell you you're wrong, don't even bother to say "thank you." Just eat, and whine until you're empty and done.

He POURS ANOTHER. Pushes it to Dan.

JACK (CONT'D)

Enough to make a man sick. And this is the medicine. So tell me, pup. *You gonna take your medicine?*

He waits. Dan leans back. Afraid.

DAN

I'm not --

Jack SMASHES THE GLASS out of the way. The liquor FLIES OUT, SPLASHING onto Dan's shirt. Jack stares him down... and then a warm smile appears, out of nowhere.

JACK

Oh! Look at that, I'm sorry, clumsy old me, Mister Torrance. Forgive me. Let's get you cleaned up.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, RED BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dan looks up, DISORIENTED. He's in the RED BATHROOM suddenly, his father leaning over the SINK and wetting a hand towel. He moves to Dan, starting to wipe up the spill.

JACK

Management is concerned.

DAN

Concerned.

JACK

About the girl. In the car.

DAN

I'll bet.

JACK

Horrible, what she's done to you. Pulled you into her mess. A smart man, he'd let her handle it. Let things unfold as they're meant to, sit it out.

DAN

Management would do well to understand... the girl is protected.

JACK

Why should you pay her tab, Doc?

He looks into Dan's eyes. The same darkness.

JACK (CONT'D)

I did it wrong. With you. I was just trying to make you tough. Make you a man I could be proud of.

DAN

I believe I am.

JACK

You messed up, Danny. Got two men killed. *Good* men. Men who took a stand. *Fought*. And for what? For this little girl, who started all this trouble. Pulled you, and them, into her mess.

DAN

And what does management think I should do about that?

JACK

(shrugs)

Nothing. Easiest thing in the world to do, son. Bring her inside. And then... well, accept the things you cannot change. And you and I can sit at the bar, have a drink. That's what you've always wanted, isn't it?

Dan stares at him. About to answer when --

ABRA (V.O.)

DAN!

He SNAPS to attention. Looking toward the door.

ABRA (V.O.)
Dan, she's here!

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Abra climbs out of the car. Around her, the snow is FALLING HARDER. Across the mountain, she watches as HEADLIGHTS CLIMB the precarious mountain path.

She stares at the approaching RV, still a few minutes away. Dan steps out of the front doors, walking toward her. She points to the lights.

DAN
Okay.

He looks back at the hotel. Inside, MORE AND MORE LIGHTS are on. He looks from the dark building to the approaching lights on the road... danger to either side of him.

He holds out his hand, and Abra takes it.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dan and Abra step inside. Abra looks around the lobby.

ABRA
This place is sick. The same way my Momo was sick... it's cancer. Only worse.

He turns, crouching down to her.

DAN
You should call your mom. Tell her where you are. By the time she gets here...

ABRA
It'll be over.

DAN
One way or the other.

Abra CLOSES HER EYES. Concentrates. As she does... Dan notices the LIGHTS SWELL in the lobby. Coming up to FULL POWER. FEEDING OFF HER SHINE.

ABRA
Okay. Done. What do we do now?

DAN
We head inside. She'll find us.

They start walking toward the corridors. As Abra steps in, Dan STOPS. Looking at something on the wall...

A FIRE AXE. IN A DIRTY GLASS CASE.

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Rose steps through the snow, looking up at the hotel. The lights FULLY BRIGHT inside, shining through the old boards over the windows. THE HOTEL IS AWAKE.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Rose the Hat walks into the lobby of the Overlook Hotel. She moves slowly, taking in her surroundings. Feeling the POWER of the place.

She looks toward the elevators, and for just a moment -- sees a FLASH of BLOOD, soaking the entire lobby. She smiles.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Rose walks the corridors, past the closed doors. She RUNS HER FINGERS along the walls, glancing down at the familiar CROSS-PATTERN CARPETING as she goes deeper into the hotel.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, COLORADO LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Rose steps into the iconic COLORADO LOUNGE. Looking at the OLD PIANO... the LONG DESK just beyond it, in the center of the room. The desk with the OLD TYPEWRITER, rusted and dusty.

And beyond it... to the STAIRCASE. Where DAN stands, Abra at his side. Waiting for her. Dan holding THE FIRE AXE.

ROSE
Well hi there.

Dan leans toward Abra.

DAN
(in Abra's mind)
When this starts, you run.

ROSE
Yes, you run, dear. Then I'll find
you. And you'll scream for years
before you die.

ABRA
We'll see who does the screaming.

ROSE
We'll see indeed.

DAN
She's right, you know. You should
be afraid.

ROSE
Why is that?

DAN
You don't know where you're
standing.

ROSE
Who are you, handsome?

Dan doesn't answer.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I get it, you're scared. You should
be... you're the man who killed my
Crow, aren't you.

Dan nods.

ROSE (CONT'D)
The others too.

DAN
(to Abra)
Go.

In that moment, Rose GRABS HER EARS as a HIGH-PITCHED RINGING
erupts in her skull. The room GOES BLURRY, and she STUMBLES
to one knee. After a moment, she shouts --

ROSE
ENOUGH.

The sound of someone HITTING THE GROUND. Rose looks up, BLOOD
running from her nose. On the stairs, Dan is LYING ON HIS
SIDE, pushing himself back up. Abra is GONE, having run into
the hotel during his distraction.

Rose gets to her feet, walking toward Dan as he rises, picking up the axe.

ROSE (CONT'D)

How the hell did we miss you? You and I should have met years ago, Danny. That's your name, isn't it?

DAN

I was busy. So were you... busy killing children.

ROSE

(shrugs)

Something happens to the steam, when you rubes get older. It gets dirty. Polluted. You know that, I see the grease all over you. You don't "Shine" quite the same, do you. Growing up spoils that, I guess. But seriously, handsome, where *have* you been hiding.

He raises the axe defensively as she STARTS CLIMBING THE STAIRS. Slowly, STALKING him.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I can make you an offer. An offer I rarely make.

DAN

Can't wait.

Dan starts slowly BACKING UP THE STAIRS. Rose follows, and they slowly climb... just as Jack and Wendy did years ago.

ROSE

Such a gifted boy. Hiding his light under a bushel, for *so long*. You could live a long, long time. Live *well*, too. Indulge yourself. No consequence. No hangovers. Live long, eat well.

DAN

Must feel lonely. Being the last one, I mean. Last one in the world.

ROSE

Oh sweetie, I'm not the last. Far from it. I'm just the prettiest.

Dan reaches the top step. Rose looks up at him, smiling.

DAN

I assume you know my answer.

ROSE

Pity.

(beat)

So are we doing this or not?

A long beat... and then a BLAST OF NOISE in Rose's head. Dan RUSHES toward her, RAISING THE AXE --

ANOTHER BLAST, THIS ONE IN DAN'S MIND --

HE FALTERS, SWINGING THE AXE DOWN TOWARD HER HEAD --

SHE CATCHES THE HANDLE, just below the blade, DEFLECTING IT -- INTO HER OWN SHOULDER.

She RIPS the blade out, RIPPING IT from Dan's hands --

SWINGING IT DOWN, BURYING THE BLADE INTO HIS THIGH. She GRABS HIM around the neck, HURLING HIM UP OFF HIS FEET, OVER HER HEAD -- AND HURLS HIM DOWN THE STAIRS.

He lands HARD, bouncing from the stairs, landing at the bottom with a THUD. His leg BLEEDING PROFUSELY.

Rose slowly descends the staircase, blood flowing from her collarbone. Axe in hand. EYES BURNING WITH INHUMAN LIGHT. She crouches over him. Looking at his wound.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Oh, sweetie. I seem to have nicked your femoral artery. You're gonna bleed to death.

He tries to sit up, she SMASHES the back of the axe into his HEAD, knocking him back. GRABS his throat. PUSHING HIM BACK with INHUMAN STRENGTH. He's OUTMATCHED.

ROSE (CONT'D)

My, my, what a temper you have. So much fire. You sure I can't tempt you? Turn all that fire and steam into a long, blessed life... or do you want to die here on the floor?

DAN

We don't die. We go on.

ROSE

Fair enough. Such a waste... or maybe not.

She DIGS HER FINGERS into his leg wound, and he SCREAMS. She tightens her grip on his throat, leaning close to him. Her fingers DIG in the wound, and he SCREAMS LOUDER...

And then, a FAINT CLOUD OF GREY STEAM escapes his mouth. Rising in the air. Rose greedily INHALES IT.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Damn, even at your age... it's so good. You taste like whiskey.

She DIGS IN HARDER, and Dan SCREAMS LOUDER. As he does --

FLASHES BEFORE HIS EYES: *HIMSELF AS A CHILD. RUNNING, TERRIFIED THROUGH THE HALLS. HIS FATHER, LIMPING AFTER HIM. AXE IN HAND. THE WOMAN IN THE TUB, RISING.*

Rose INHALES another breath of Dan's steam.

ROSE (CONT'D)

So much terror, all your life. Delicious. You do Shine - that's the word you like, isn't it? And so does the little bitch. But honey, neither one of you can hold a candle. To me.

She releases his neck, GRABBING HIS HEAD with fingers as strong (and suddenly as sharp) as TALONS. She SQUEEZES HIS SKULL as she DIGS MORE into his leg. Dan SCREAMS IN AGONY --

FLASHES: *LITTLE DANNY, RUNNING THROUGH THE HEDGE MAZE. THE WORD REDRUM, ON THE WALL. AND DARKNESS... A DARKNESS FULL OF LOCKED BOXES, LIKE COFFINS.*

Rose BREATHES IN MORE STEAM. Eyes blazing, ecstatic.

ROSE (CONT'D)

(realizing)

You're not alone in there. What are you hiding?

She SQUEEZES HIS HEAD HARDER. Dan SCREAMS --

FLASHES: *LOCK BOXES, LIDS BANGING. THINGS TRYING TO GET OUT.*

ROSE (CONT'D)

What's in those? Something special?

DAN

You don't know where you're standing.

ROSE

You said that. What do you mean?

DAN

I mean you're right. I Shine, and
Abra Shines even more than me. But
neither of us Shine as much as
you... and you're standing in the
one place -- *the worst place* -- for
someone who Shines.

Rose looks at him, her smile fading as --

FLASH: *THE LIDS OF THE BOXES ARE THROWN OPEN, ALL AT ONCE.*

He GRINS, and for a moment, it's HIS FATHER'S GRIN.

DAN (CONT'D)

The things in those boxes aren't
just special... they're *starving*.

Rose looks down at him, not understanding -- and over her
shoulder, we see the rotten, EMACIATED FACE OF MRS. MASSEY.
GAUNT, STARVING. STARING AT ROSE --

MRS. MASSEY POUNCES. She KNOCKS ROSE TO THE FLOOR, and we
realize she ISN'T ALONE --

DOZENS OF GHOSTS DESCEND ON THEM. All SCREAMING WITH HUNGER,
faces GAUNT AND STARVING. We recognize most of them - HORACE
DERWENT. DELBERT GRADY. THE INHABITANTS OF THE OVERLOOK.

Rose SCREAMS as they CLIMB ONTO HER, desperate for FOOD --
CLAWING, DIGGING. Their hands DISAPPEAR INTO HER BODY. They
desperately DIG INTO HER, LOOKING FOR ANYTHING TO QUENCH
THEIR DECADES OF HUNGER --

Rose STRUGGLES. Fighting with everything she has to keep them
back, SCREAMING IN SURPRISE AND PAIN --

But it's no use. The hollow eyes and gaping mouths of the
ghosts surround her, descending on her just as the True Knot
did to Bradley Trevor.

Rose looks one last time at Dan, FURY AND RAGE in her ancient
eyes. Unable to believe that she is beaten... by HIM.

He STARES HER DOWN. Holds eye contact, even as the ghosts
PLUNGE THEIR HANDS into her chest. One last look of hatred
from Rose --

AND THEN SHE STARTS TO CYCLE. Her skin becoming TRANSLUCENT,
we can see their GHOSTLY FINGERS INSIDE OF HER, PULLING AT
HER HEART, HER BLOOD --

She THRASHES BENEATH THEM, HER SKULL SHINING THROUGH HER SKIN, TWISTING INTO THE INHUMAN MONSTER SHE TRULY IS --

She SCREAMS ONE LAST TIME, as STEAM BEGINS TO POUR OUT OF HER MOUTH AND NOSE. The ghosts INHALING IT HUNGRILY --

And then she BURSTS APART in a cloud of silver STEAM. The steam is ABSORBED by the inhabitants of the OVERLOOK, who greedily GULP IT IN --

SOME OF IT ABSORBED BY THE VERY CARPET, being digested by the hotel itself -- And then, she is gone.

The ghosts' gaunt faces EXPAND, their features BECOMING RESTORED, the years of starvation DISAPPEARING as they inherit all of her strength.

Dan tries to SIT UP as they turn their attention to him. They ADVANCE, GRINNING THEIR DEAD SMILES --

Dan CLOSES HIS EYES, CONCENTRATING --

A FLASH OF THE LOCK BOXES, he wants to LOCK THEM AWAY AGAIN --

But they are ON HIM before he can do anything. He STRUGGLES in their grip, and as a DEAD HAND closes over his mouth --

WE SEE HIS EYES ROLL BACK WHITE as the Overlook POURS ITSELF INTO HIS MIND.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, CORRIDORS - MOMENTS LATER

Abra looks up as the LIGHT FIXTURES SWELL with new ENERGY.

From somewhere deep in the hotel, THE SOUND OF MUSIC. Old music, ECHOING THROUGH THE HALLS. She slowly walks, SCARED.

ABRA

Uncle Dan?

Just the sound of music. She moves slowly, afraid, and turns the corner to see -- TWO GIRLS, IN BLUE DRESSES. HOLDING HANDS. STARING AT HER.

She STARES AT THEM. Terrified. The girls stare back, their expressions BLANK...

As SOMEONE STEPS INTO THE HALL BEHIND ABRA. She turns at the SHUFFLING SOUND of their entrance...

It's DAN, head down. THE AXE IN HIS HANDS.

ABRA (CONT'D)
 Uncle Dan! Is it done? Is she
 dead...

As Abra approaches, he LOOKS UP AT HER. She STOPS COLD.

It's Dan... BUT IT ISN'T. His eyes are DARK. FULL OF
 VIOLENCE. The same expression his FATHER wore, those years
 ago, when he TRIED TO KILL HIS FAMILY.

ABRA (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 What's wrong?

He stares at her... AND LIMPS FORWARD. CLUTCHING THE AXE.

DAN
 Bad girl. Bad little pup...

ABRA
 Uncle Dan...

DAN
You're gonna take your medicine.

As he picks up speed, AXE AT THE READY. HE MEANS TO KILL HER.
 She backs up, the realization hitting her -- THEN ABRA RUNS.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Abra turns the corner, moving fast. Around her, the music
 LOUDER NOW, the lights FLICKERING. Behind her, Dan LIMPS
 FRANTICALLY along, Axe in his hand.

DAN
 Abra!

She runs faster, rounding the corner. Makes it down a
 familiar hallway... looking over her shoulder. She's ahead of
 him, but he'll turn the corner any second --

She sees an open door. RUNS INSIDE. As she closes the door
 behind her, we tilt up to the room number... ROOM 217.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, ROOM 217 - CONTINUOUS

Abra slowly backs away from the door, into the familiar room.
 The green walls are FADED, MOLDY. OLD.

Keeping quiet, she BACKS INTO THE ROOM. Waiting. She watches
 as a SHADOW PASSES BY UNDER THE DOOR. Hears Dan's LABORED
 BREATHS as he looks for her.

DAN (O.S.)

Abra!!!

After a few moments, he passes, and she listens to him walking away.

Barely aware THAT SOMEONE IS IN THE BATHTUB IN THE OTHER ROOM. Just over her shoulder.

The sound of WATER SLOSHING GENTLY turns her head. She turns to see --

THE SILHOUETTE of a WOMAN, SITTING IN THE TUB. Her hand slowly REACHING UP to pull the curtain back.

Abra watches as MRS. MASSEY peels back the curtain, GRINNING.

Abra STEELS herself against the vision. Holds her ground.

ABRA

Try it.

Mrs. Massey STANDS UP. Abra stands, waiting as --

THE DOOR IS SUDDENLY KICKED OPEN.

She spins back toward it as DAN STEPS INTO THE ROOM. AXE IN HAND. GRINNING AT HER.

DAN

There you are. We have to talk,
Abra. You've been very, very bad.

ABRA

You're not Uncle Dan.

He stops. Smiling at her.

ABRA (CONT'D)

You're a mask. A false face.

DAN

Who else would I be?

ABRA

You're not him. You're the *hotel*.

(beat)

But he's still in there.

He smirks, and after a beat... lets the mask slip. The face staring at her is Dan's, but also something else. SOMETHING DARK. SOMETHING OLD. SOMETHING THAT WANTS HER DEAD.

DAN

Masks off, then. Anything else to say? Are you sure you wouldn't like to run? A game of tag, perhaps? All we have is time, you know. An eternity of time. Or shall we end it? Might as well. After all... we're missing the party.

Abra SMILES at him.

DAN (CONT'D)

Why are you smiling?

ABRA

Because you don't know where you're standing.

DAN

I know these halls like my own face, child.

ABRA

I mean the *body* you're standing in... the face you're wearing. That's *Dan Torrance*, and you don't know him. You think he's still a little boy, and man oh man, are you in for a surprise.

DAN

(laughs)

Dan Torrance. You mean the same Dan Torrance who was just laying broken at the foot of the stairs?

ABRA

I mean the Dan Torrance who made one stop, as soon as he got here.

(beat)

To the boiler room.

Dan's smile disappears. He didn't know that... and we can see the implication SCARES HIM. He LIFTS THE AXE, SWINGING IT DOWN AT HER HEAD --

Abra HOLDS HER GROUND, DOESN'T EVEN FLINCH AS --

THE AXE STOPS. INCHES FROM HER HEAD.

Dan holds it, staring at her with a PERPLEXED EXPRESSION. AN INTERNAL STRUGGLE HAPPENING before our eyes, his hands SHAKING...

She reaches up, GENTLY RESTING HER HAND ON HIS, just above the axe blade. And then, after a long beat... Dan CLOSES HIS EYES. Breathes in... and when he opens them, we see the difference. IT'S DAN AGAIN. THE REAL DAN.

ABRA (CONT'D)
(smiling)
There you are.

DAN
You were supposed to run.

ABRA
I didn't want to leave you...

Dan smiles, gently.

DAN
I'm right where I'm supposed to be.

ABRA
I knew you wouldn't let it hurt me.
I could feel it.

DAN
(beat)
Abra... I can't hold it back much longer though. You have to run.

ABRA
No. I'm not going anywhere without you.

DAN
I'll be right behind you. Have to close the door behind us, right?

She stares at him, not sure if she believes it. He nods, reassuring. And finally...

DAN (CONT'D)
Run.

Abra turns, RUNNING FROM THE ROOM. Dan holds his ground, his gentle smile fading as the HOTEL REGAINS CONTROL.

His face is slowly overtaken by PANIC. "Dan" turns, DROPPING THE AXE as he RUNS --

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, BOILER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

-- into the boiler room. Heads to the boiler, looking at the GAGES -- THE STEAM PRESSURE IS ALREADY IN THE RED. Panicked, he reaches up to grab the handles...

BUT HIS HANDS STOP. Inches from the wheel. His face contorts in confusion. DAN, inside, trying to STOP HIS HANDS from relieving the pressure...

DAN
(struggling)
Are you out?

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Abra RUNS toward the door.

ABRA
Almost...

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL, BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dan's hands SHAKE over the boiler. His face contorted with RAGE and anger...

With great effort, Dan manages to STEP BACK, AWAY FROM THE BOILER. LOWERING HIS HANDS. Sitting back, WATCHING THE BOILER OVERLOAD.

FLAMES ERUPT FROM THE PIPES.

He sighs, knowing it's over... the fire can't be stopped now. He stands and watches, even as the flames SPREAD TOWARD HIM.

As they reach him, Dan CLOSES HIS EYES, EXHAUSTED BUT VICTORIOUS. In the firelight, we see his weary SMILE as the FIRE REACHES HIM.

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Abra stands in the snow, watching as FLAMES begin to erupt from the hotel. She stares, helpless as they SPREAD.

ABRA
Come on Uncle Dan, get out of there...

The FIRE SPREADS FAST... the old, rotten wood and plaster of the hotel CATCHING QUICKLY. The flames BUILDING AND BUILDING as the snow falls around her.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Come on.

On the mountain pass, in the distance, she sees SIRENS from the APPROACHING POLICE CARS. Her mother brought the cavalry.

She turns, looking as the FLAMES ENGULF THE HOTEL... GLOWING IN THE SNOW. The fire so large now, bursting through windows.

Abra waits, and waits. A TEAR rolling down her cheek. Desperate for him to be safe. For it to be over. She waits... and waits...

As the police cars reach the top of the pass.

ABRA (V.O.)

The fire spread fast. Destroying the hotel... purifying it.

CUT TO:

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, ABRA'S ROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT, WEEKS LATER

Abra sits on the foot of her bed.

ABRA

Burning so bright I was warm, even in the snow. I could almost hear it screaming. I could hear it dying. And I knew, somewhere deep inside... I knew you were okay.

REVEAL DAN. Leaning against the wall. Smiling at her.

DAN

I'm sorry I put you in danger. It was the only way.

ABRA

I know.

(beat)

Do you think she was right? When she said she wasn't the last one. Do you think there are more, somewhere out there?

Dan considers this, moving toward the window. Looking out the mountains in the moonlight.

DAN

The world is a hungry place. A dark place.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

And maybe there's more of them, or things like them, or worse. But there are more people like *you* too. People who *stand*.

She smiles at him. He looks out at the mountain. The snow at the peak, against the night sky.

DAN (CONT'D)

You know what Rene Daumal said about mountains? "What is above knows what is below, but what is below does not know what is above. One climbs, one sees. One descends, one sees no longer... but one has seen."

(beat)

They really are lovely, aren't they.

He turns back to her, the mountain behind him.

DAN (CONT'D)

I told you, when we first met... I told you that you should hide, keep your head down. Keep your Shine out of sight. I was wrong about that.

(beat)

Shine on, Abra Stone. You Shine on.

She smiles. In the hallway, Lucy approaches.

LUCY

Abra! Dinner time!

(stepping in)

Who are you talking to?

REVEAL: The room is empty. Abra sits alone.

ABRA

No one.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Abra stops at the end of the hall. Lucy turns back to her.

ABRA

That's not true. I lied, just now. I was talking to Dan.

LUCY

How?

ABRA

We go on. After. We go on. And he's
okay, mom. He really is.

LUCY

(beat)

Good.

She heads down the stairs. Abra waits, watching her go. After a few beats... she turns, toward the BATHROOM AT THE END OF HER HALL. She stares at it.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You coming?

Through the door, in the dark... we see the SHADOW OF THE WOMAN, SITTING IN THE TUB. BEHIND THE CURTAIN. MRS. MASSEY, come for Abra. As she did for Danny, years ago.

ABRA

In a minute.

She turns, walking down the hall. Relaxed. She steps into the bathroom, and slowly turns to CLOSE THE DOOR behind her. As she does, ABRA SMILES.

FADE TO BLACK.