

**STEPHEN KING's**  
**THE**  
**STAND**

Screenplay  
by  
**Rospo Pallenberg**

**SECOND DRAFT**  
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Transcribed  
by  
**Don Alex Hixx**

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. U.S. 93 (TEXAS) - SUMMER - SUNSET**

**An automobile comes over a rise halfway across the divider. It continues downhill swerving from side to side. Unlike the car it's about to crash into, its headlights are off.**

The rogue car drifts -- it doesn't seem to be steered -- back into its own lane. Collision is avoided by inches.

**EXT. GAS STATION (U.S. 93, TOWN OF ARNETTE) - DUSK**

Twilight and fluorescents. HAP, the proprietor, and VIC, TIMMY, NORM, and STU REDMAN hang out and drink beer, when another local, HANK, pulls up at the pumps. His RADIO is playing, and the D.J. announces that a new song is climbing the charts fast: "Baby, Can You Dig Your Man?"

VIC  
Hey. I can't hear.

Hank RAISES the VOLUME.

**EXT. U.S. 93 - APPROACH TO ARNETTE TURN-OFF - DUSK**

The runaway car, a '76 Chevy, keeps on coming, not fast but steadily, still no lights on, weaving driverless -- but there is a form slumped over the wheel. The Chevy heads toward the gas station.

**EXT. GAS STATION - DUSK**

The Chevy approaches. Hank pumps gas. On the RADIO, a male voice sings "Baby, Can You Dig Your Man?"

HANK  
That ain't country ...

VIC  
That's a city boy doin' country.

NORM  
Not too bad ...

TIMMY  
And not too good.

HAP  
Yep ... Stu?

Only Stu Redman is watching the Chevy's approach. It is drifting to the wrong side of the road -- where the gas station is.

The Chevy keeps on coming. The men see what Stu sees, and getting to their feet, they look at each other nervously.

STU  
(re: song)  
City boy, not bad.

Stu walks toward the pumps while the others back away.

HAP  
**Christ! He's gonna hit the ...**

The Chevy is heading straight for the pumps; and Stu strides up to them also, the oncoming car ever closer.

VIC  
The jerk forgot to turn  
his headlights on.

STU  
No kick off the reflectors on the  
road. He ain't using his brakes.

Stu is smart, and cool. Hank panics, yanks out the gas nozzle, drops the hoze, and runs for it. Gas gushes onto the asphalt.

HAP  
Oh God! The place's gonna blow!

The Chevy is about to slam into the pumps.

Stu reaches a column that supports the overhang and finds what he's looking for: the emergency switch.

Stu cuts the power. The gas stops flowing.

The Chevy crashes into the pumps, knocking them down. The Chevy spins, its tailpipe SCREECHING as it scrapes on the asphalt and spews sparks.

Stu observes, primed to react, as the Chevy grinds to a halt.

Holding their breath the others wait -- no explosion.

Stu goes to the Chevy; he can't see inside. The windshield is a web of cracks. Hap rushes up.

HAP  
Thanks, Stu. For throwing the switch.

Stu nods. The others edge closer.

NORM  
Guy must be pretty damn drunk.

Nobody gets out of the car. Stu opens the driver's side, and a MAN slides out. A shocking sight -- his face and neck swollen horribly, the flesh rotting -- nonetheless Stu has the presence of mind to catch him. He lowers him onto the asphalt.

Mastering his revulsion, Stu forces himself to look inside the car.

A young woman and a child are bloated and rotting. They are dead, suffocated by their own swellings. Their eyes bulge sightlessly. An acid-yellow steam wafts up from the cadavers. It hits Stu.

He recoils. Hardly able to look, the others gag.

HANK  
Jesus ...

Hank throws up. It startles Vic, Hap and Timmy, Stu also, when the man on the ground reaches up to grasp Stu's leg.

The Man's eyes strain with desperation. He's trying to talk but cannot.

STU  
Guys, help me roll him  
over. He's choking.

Vic and Norm, squeamish about touching the slime-drenched clothes, help Stu turn the man on his side. His chest heaves suddenly and he disgorges phlegm. His eyes seek Stu's; with tremendous difficulty:

MAN  
Tell my wife I ...

Stu glances into the Chevy.

MAN  
I ... did put the dog out.

STU  
Okay, buddy. I'll tell her.

Stu has to look away. He sees Hap talking excitedly on the phone.

STU  
Hang in. An ambulance is on its way.

The man is fading fast. His body goes soft. Stu lets go, wipes his hands on his jeans. Hank can't handle it:

HANK  
What's wrong with these people?!

**EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT (LATER)**

Red domelights cast lurid red shadows. Ambulances and police cars are pulled up. State Patrolmen hold back curiosity mongers from Arnette and folks who have pulled up.

Patrolmen, Hap and the boys, and Stu, keep glancing at the Chevy. The medics are having a hard time ungluing the woman from the car seat.

A breeze blows the yellow steam rising from the rotting flesh towards the onlookers. They gag and gasp.

The last body bag is zipped up. A MEDIC feels queasy. Stu steadies him.

STU  
You ever seen anything like this?

MEDIC  
... Once. Cholera. But  
this is ten times worse.

The body bags are hauled into ambulances.

**STATE TROOPER**  
Okay, folks. Show's over.

The ambulances head east on 93. People reach their cars, drive into Arnette, or off on 93, going east and west ...

**EXT. VIEW OVER ARNETTE - FIRST LIGHT**

... U.S. 19 cuts across Texas scrubland. As the gas station, the turn-off leads into town. There's a THROBBING BUZZ in the air, and --

**INT. BEDROOM - FIRST LIGHT**

-- it's suddenly, shockingly louder. Stu Redman wakes up, stumbles to the window. Sweeping, blinding searchlights. Billowing dust. Stu sees choppers descending.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - FIRST LIGHT**

Stu, in undershorts, goes to the chest of drawers, and is about to grab a pistol when --

-- the front door shatters, and in steps a COMMANDO in hi-tech anti-biological warfare gear that sheathes his entire body. He trains his automatic on Stu. His voice blares out of his mask FILTERED and AMPLIFIED ...

**COMMANDO**  
U.S. Army. Do not resist.  
We are here to protect you.  
How many people in this household?

**STU**  
... I live alone. "Protect" from what?

**COMMANDO**  
Out!

**EXT. STREET - FIRST LIGHT**

Stu is prodded out of his home. He sees other Commandos in protective gear herding dazed and frightened neighbors -- men, women, and children in their night clothes.

**EXT. SQUARE WITH STATUE - DAWN**

Under the edgy scrutiny of Commandos in protective gear, the guys from the gas station: Stu, Hank, Norm, Timmy, Vic and Hap stand before a civilian, LEN CREIGHTON, who without gear sits at a field desk inside a transparent inflated operations room which extends out from a chopper.

Also in the enclosed environment are the C.O. and aides without protective gear. --  
Angrily:

**VIC**  
We're Americans, and --

**VIC AND NORM**  
-- we have rights!  
**HAP**

Who in the hell are you guys coming here --

CREIGHTON  
I'm the one asking the questions.

Creighton is preoccupied and in a hurry. Stu thinks.

CREIGHTON  
What I have to know is this. Other than the police officers and the medics, who was at the gas station last night who was not from here?

HANK  
... Not from our town?

CREIGHTON  
Yes.

STU  
Those folks from the Chevy. Did they die of something contagious?

CREIGHTON  
The cause of their death is classified.

STU  
To me, that means more yes than no, and I wanna help.

CREIGHTON  
Please.

STU  
I saw the Taylor boys from the farm three miles up the road ...

Creighton glances at the C.O.

C.O.  
We're covered, sir.

STU  
Makes sense that folks going to the drive-in at Seco could've pulled up at the wreck.

This time the C.O. doesn't have a ready answer for Creighton. Norm coughs. Creighton, the C.O., the aides turn toward Norm with a suddenness that doesn't go unnoticed by Stu.

CREIGHTON  
You, sir? Did you have that cough yesterday?

**INSIDE TRANSPORT CHOPPER IN FLIGHT - DAY**

The blinds are down. The six guys from the gas station are its passengers, and all but Stu are with family members. Everybody is still in their nightclothes, the only comfort Army-issue blankets. Commandos in protective gear keep watch. All eyes are on Norm, and the noise in the cabin makes his attempt to explain all the more difficult.

**NORM**  
It musta been the dust ...

He tries to suppress a cough, fails.

**NORM**  
Dust from the helicopters.

Hank, who's closest to Norm, edges away. Stu takes advantage, and lifts the blinds.

Below he glimpses an intersection and choppers landing, Commandos setting up a roadblock.

**COMMANDO**  
Eyes front.

The Commando shoves Stu back against his seat and slams down the blind.

**STU**  
They're cutting off the whole county --

**COMMANDO**  
Shut up. Or we'll sedate you.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HOUSE ON THE BEACH (MALIBU, CALIFORNIA) - DAY**

A wave breaks, climbs up the sand. Two figures appear on the porch: LARRY UNDERWOOD shoves the GIRL down the steps.

**GIRL**  
Larry ... I stood by you  
when you were nothing.

**LARRY**  
Your mouth's good for one  
thing, and it's not talking.

**GIRL**  
Youre not a nice guy, Larry.

At twenty-two, Larry has boyish good looks. Deeply hurt and crying, the girl starts down the beach.

**INT. / EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY**

Larry steps back inside.

**YOUNG GUY**  
Way to go, Larry. Way to go.

Larry smiles at his cheerleader; then looks him over.

**LARRY**  
... Who are you?

**YOUNG GUY**  
I'm the delivery boy. I dropped off  
the champagne and diet Pepsis last  
night. Remember? Great party.

**LARRY**  
Yeah. Right.

The place is what fast money can buy. In a Jacuzzi, dazed kids swirl lazily. TV set are stacked in columns, all tuned to MTV; and the host announces that "Baby, Can You Dig Your Man?" has jumped from eleventh to seventh place.

**LARRY**  
Far out. Fucking far out.

Larry turns to admire his arty video.

**LARRY**  
You hear that?!

**HANGER-ON**  
You're number one, Larry.  
You'll go platinum.

The groupies in the pool applaud.

**YOUNG GUY**  
Hey, Larry. Look there. You kick  
one out, a fresh one pops up.

He points beyond the plate glass where a **YOUNG WOMAN** is peering in. Larry goes to the window.

**LARRY**  
I'm seventh, bitch! And now  
you want to hitch up with me.

She shakes her head in disapproval. He's puzzled, but then a man's accented voice makes him spin around.

**URI**  
Larry, my booblick, how are you?

Larry faces **URI**, a smiling overdressed Russian coming through the front door. Larry tries not to seem scared.

**LARRY**

Hi, Uri.

URI  
You got my money?

LARRY  
... Next week, Uri. I promise.

URI  
Last week it was next week, and last week I give more bucks 'cause I'm a loanshark with heart ... but now I must busta finger, so you know I mean business. This America, no?

Uri starts forward. Larry points at the TV where he is playing guitar, and to his hands.

LARRY  
That's me playing -- you can't --

Uri rushes him but trips. Larry sees his chance and bolts.

**EXT. BEACH HOUSE (PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY) - DAY**

Larry runs out and leaps into his Porsche. He's shocked. The young woman he saw behind the glass is in the passenger seat.

YOUNG WOMAN  
You'd better move it, Larry.

Uri stumbles out of the house. Larry BURNS RUBBER. Uri climbs into a Caddy.

**IN PORSCHE (PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY) - MOVING**

LARRY  
Now that you heard I'm seventh, you wanta hitch --

YOUNG WOMAN  
How much do you owe Uri?

LARRY  
Seventeen thousand for rent. Two --

Suddenly paranoid, Larry stares at her. He barely avoids an accident.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Easy, Larry. Just want to help you.

**IN CADDY - MOVING**

No longer smiling, Uri races to catch up.

**BACK IN PORSCHE**

YOUNG WOMAN

You're renting this car, right?

Larry nods, glances nervously in the rearview mirror.

**IN CADDY - MOVING**

Uri drives recklessly; he's gaining on the Porsche.

**BACK IN PORSCHE - MOVING**

**YOUNG WOMAN**  
You write one okay song --

**LARRY**  
(outrage)  
-- One okay song ?!

**YOUNG WOMAN**  
Yep. Could be a flash in the pan.  
And do you know how long you'd  
have to be number one just to  
pay back what you owe? ...

Quoting the girl he threw out:

**LARRY**  
Hey, I guess I'm not "a nice guy".

**YOUNG WOMAN**  
No.

**LARRY**  
No ?!

**YOUNG WOMAN**  
You're an asshole, Larry.  
A real asshole.

Shocked, incoherent nearly, Larry pulls over.

**LARRY**  
Get the fuck out.

She doesn't budge. She smiles and points behind.

**IN CADDY - MOVING**

Uri jumps lanes, about to pull up.

**IN PORSCHE - MOVING**

Larry swerves back into traffic.

**LARRY**  
Fuck ... where do I go?  
Hey, what about your place?

She laughs, and smiles sweetly.

**YOUNG WOMAN**  
Larry, go home. Go back home  
and get your shit together.

Larry slams on the brakes: the traffic ahead is stopped for a light.

**LARRY**  
... Home?

He turns to face her but she's no longer in the car. She stands at the roadside.

**YOUNG WOMAN**  
Good luck, Larry.

Larry doesn't know what to do. The cars behind lean on their HORNS. He speeds off.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HIGH-TECH BIO-LAB - ARTIFICIAL LIGHT**

Stu Redman and the guys, and other folks from Arnette, are herded down a corridor by personnel wearing what look like spacesuits. Norm is hacking up gobs of phlegm. Others cough, sneeze; still others look feverish; **BABIES WAIL**; nobody talks.

Hank accosts Stu, clears his throat, whispers.

**HANK**  
Stu. How are you feeling?

**STU**  
(under his breath)  
Mad. We were on an airplane with  
blacked-out windows for seven hours --

**SPACEMAN**  
You. Quiet.

Stu turns on the **SPACEMAN**.

**STU**  
Where in the hell are we?

Others echo Stu's demand. The Spaceman jams a stun gun into Stu's stomach and knocks him back.

**AT INTERSECTION OF CORRIDORS - ARTIFICIAL LIGHT**

A gauntlet of Spacemen examine the people.

They peer into their mouths with bright lights. They palpate their necks through their gloves. Norm's neck is swollen and cracked with angry lesions. Stu is inspected by one Spaceman, then by another, who pulls Stu out of the flow of people and pushes him down an empty passageway, alone.

**SPACEMAN**

Keep going.

Stu is reluctant to leave the others. He's mad. His face is flushed. Is he also feverish?

INT. WAITING AREA - ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

Stu, a woman, a man, and a little boy are seated waiting in silence. All but Stu struggle with bad flu symptoms. Suddenly Spacemen descend upon the three who are infected and lead them away, ignoring their questions.

Three Spacemen close in on Stu. They yank down his underpants, and -- below frame -- shove what looks like a pencil attached to a cord up his ass.

Stu is stunned by the indignity. The electronic thermometer reads: 96 ... 97 ... 98 ... 98.4 --

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

Stu now wears a patient's smock. Two Spacemen lead him through an airlock into a one-bed hospital room. Two other Spacemen approach Stu armed with medical gizmos.

Stu takes the Spacemen by surprise. He lunges at one. Clumsy in his protective suit, the Spaceman topples. Stu is quick upon the Spaceman, grabs his helmet -- the face unseen behind the reflective visor -- and bangs it against the floor, in rhythm with his outrage.

STU

Show - your - face.  
Who - are - you? Where --

SPACEMAN

He's going to break the seal.

Her panicked voice -- FILTERED and AMPLIFIED -- booms out.

The other Spacemen attack Stu with their stunners, and send him flailing across the floor.

Shaking it off, Stu gets to his feet to renew the attack.

SPACEMEN

Out. All out.

The Spacemen stagger back into the airlock, and a glass door slams closed before Stu can get to it. In the lock, the spacemen are flushed by a green gas.

Outside the observation room, a Spaceman pushes a button on the control panel.

In the room, a small panel in the observation window slides open -- now Stu shares his air with a gerbil. Stu steps up to its cage, and stares at the animal running on an endless treadmill.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - HIGHWAY FUEL STOP (OKLAHOMA) - DAY

Larry Underwood pulls up in his Porsche and gets out. In the next space, a family on vacation piles into a station wagon: a little girl sneezes as a tired Larry passes her. Her MOTHER sighs.

**GIRL'S MOTHER**  
A summer cold.  
That's all we need.

**INT. DINER - DAY**

Larry doesn't notice that the others at the counter are clearing their throats or sniffing more than usual. The TV is ON, and he is watching a local newscaster: "In neighboring Texas, an accidental release of radioactivity from the Gran Arroyo Power Plant may have fallen on the town of Arnette. As a precautionary measure, U.S. 93 is closed to traffic."

A TRUCKER clears his throat and tells Larry:

**TRUCKER**  
Hey. I came through there less than  
36 hours ago. I made it just in time.  
It's gotta be my lucky rabbit's foot.

The Trucker shows Larry his keychain. Larry acknowledges with a wan smile. The waitress puts a plate of m'n'x in front of Larry.

The newscaster, cheerfully: "Cases of flu have been reported in California... and when California sneezes, the whole nation catches cold!" Larry wolfs down an egg. Bickering from a couple reaches Larry's ears.

**SHE**  
I tell you. It's feed a  
cold, starve a fever.

Larry thinks about it, then gobbles down another egg. Meanwhile the newscaster: "And now an update on the Tri-State kill spree." Everybody in the coffee shop is interested. On the TV SCREEN, a reporter: "Our local police have caught up with the two men who have terrorized Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma" --

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROADSIDE GENERAL STORE (OKLAHOMA) - DAY**

**REPORTER**  
-- and are responsible for  
13 holdups and 6 murders.

The enterprising REPORTER crouches forward to a barrier of police cars where deputies are poised with rifles.

**INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY**

LLOYD HENREID and POKE are sitting against the wall and two bleeding bodies lie nearby. Poke is a wise-ass shitkicker, Lloyd a backwoods hoodlum. They are watching the newscast about themselves.

**POKE**  
Six?! It's eight now. And the

**body count is gonna go up!**

**Poke squeezes the trigger. BULLETS from his automatic assault RIFLE SHATTER the TV SET. Lloyd is also armed, and he's chugging down a carton of chocolate milk.**

**LLOYD**

**It ain't eight. That  
one there's still kicking.**

**One of the bodies does show signs of life. Poke gets up, and steps on the throat of the dying man, and keeps his boot there. While the man is busy dying:**

**POKE**

**Lotta firepower out there, Lloyd.**

**LLOYD**

**Poke, you ain't nervous?**

**POKE**

**(deadpan)**

**Nervous as a longtail cat in  
a room fulla rockin' chairs.**

**LLOYD**

**(deadpan)**

**I know what you mean, valleybean.**

**They burst out laughing, cracking each other up. The man under Poke's boot dies.**

**Laughing, Poke begins to cough. Lloyd finishes the carton of chocolate milk, and begins another -- his fifth.**

**Poke can't control his cough; and as he stomps around trying to stop himself:**

**Poke -- INTERCUT -- enters the crosshairs of a rifle's telescopic sights.**

**Half of Poke's face explodes, and the BULLET's impact spins him around. He sags against the food shelves.**

**POKE**

**Lloyd ... I don't feel so good anymore.**

**Blood flows from Poke's face. Chocolate milk flows from the carton as Lloyd stares at Poke.**

**LLOYD**

**Without you, Pokey,  
it's ain't gonna be fun.**

**(upbeat)**

**You kept half your promise.**

**POKE**

**... I did !?**

**LLOYD**

**You said we were gonna be rich  
and famous. Hey, fuck being rich.**

Poke is dead. Lloyd tosses his rifle away, he is resigned. DEPUTIES rush him, throw him to the floor, guns at his head.

DEPUTY  
You have the right ...

The Deputy begins to cough.

LLOYD  
Not in my face, asshole.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION (ARNETTE, TEXAS) - TWILIGHT

Stu Redman walks up to the door of the Chevy, opens it, and is welcomed by the grisly sight of the three decaying bodies. The bodies come to life, grab Stu --

INSIDE CHEVY - STRANGE TWILIGHT

-- Yank him inside. The man closes the door. Stu panics. He tries to get out but the man pushes him back. Stu goes for the other door, clammers over slime, and the woman and child help him through. Stu bursts out --

EXT. CORNFIELD - STRANGER TWILIGHT

-- pushing past the high corn stalks, escaping. He looks back. No Chevy. Stu is totally baffled.

He looks around, when he comes face to face with a large shining feline eye in the gloaming between the stalks. Stu backs away in fright.

Stu turns and runs. In nighmarish slo-mo.

Where Stu's boot leaves a print, a second later a large feline paw touches the earth. Next bootfall, and a huge bird's claw touches down.

Next bootfall, and the claw -- no, a cowboy boot, its shining silver filigree suggesting a claw -- steps on Stu's print.

The point of view catches up with Stu -- a large bird's beak reaches forward to strike his neck. Stu --

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

-- wakes as a large needle plunges into his neck. Stu finds himself held down by three Spacemen while another takes a blood sample.

A 5TH SPACEMAN  
Mr. Redman. It would be so much easier  
if you decided to collaborate with us.

A Spaceman leaves with the vial of blood. The others let go. Stu is seething.

STU  
Give you blood every four hours?

**5TH SPACEMAN**  
Yes. And --

He releases the latches of his helmet, continuing:

**5TH SPACEMAN**  
-- we want to run an E.E.G.,  
a CAT scan, but your hostility  
would give us false readings.

**STU**  
Why should I help if you  
people don't give me answers?

The Spaceman removes his helmet. He is Len Creighton, the civilian who questioned Stu in Arnette.

**CREIGHTON**  
I'll answer whatever questions  
I'm allowed to answer.

**STU**  
Allowed by who?

**CREIGHTON**  
Classified, I'm afraid.

**STU**  
Why do you want to test me?

**CREIGHTON**  
Mr. Redman. You've  
already figured that out.

**STU**  
The critter there --  
(indicating gerbil)  
-- isn't sick. You took your helmet off.  
I'm not sick, and I'm not contagious.

**CREIGHTON**  
That's right.

**STU**  
How are the others? How's Norm  
doing? Norm Bruett? He looked bad.

**CREIGHTON**  
I'm sorry. Classified.

**STU**  
The others?

**CREIGHTON**  
Again, classified.

The TV set is ON with the SOUND OFF. Stu sees Tom Brokaw talking about his hometown. Stu pushes the mute button on the remote. Brokaw: " -- the quarantined area around the town of Arnette has been widened to include five counties. The reason given is an alleged leak of radioactivity from " --

STU  
Bull.

CREIGHTON  
(agreeing)  
Bull.

Brokaw: "Still from the West. Health authorities believe that the outbreak of flu in California is a reoccurrence of last year's " --

STU  
How serious is this flu?

CREIGHTON  
Classified.

Stu thinks on it a moment. his face twists strangely ... very strangely ... and then he sneezes. -- Creighton bolts for the airlock in panic.

STU  
That serious?

Creighton stops in his tracks, spins around:

CREIGHTON  
You are faking?

STU  
Classified.

The two glare at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPROACH TO MANHATTAN - DAY

In his Porsche, Larry Underwood drives into the city.

EXT. STREET (UPPER WESTSIDE) - DAY

Nodding off, Larry sits on the stoop of a brownstone in a low-income neighborhood. People passing by cough and wheeze.

A WOMAN who has obviously had a tough life starts up the stoop, stops and stares at Larry. She shakes Larry awake.

WOMAN  
Larry?

He looks up at her.

LARRY

... Mom? Hi, Mom.

**MOTHER**  
I thought it was you.  
Let's have a look at you.

He stands up. She looks him over, somber.

**MOTHER**  
You can stand straighter than that?

He straightens and grins. There's a stiffness between them, a hesitation. Larry embraces his mother. After a moment, she embraces him and he's relieved.

**INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - LATE DAY**

She closes the door. Larry looks around.

**LARRY**  
You've repainted.

**MOTHER**  
Two years ago ... Larry, I regret some  
of the things I said when you left.

**LARRY**  
I shouldn't have left the way I did, I guess.

**MOTHER**  
So you're back. What brought you?

He hesitates, and handles it with bravado:

**LARRY**  
I guess I missed you, Mom.

**MOTHER**  
That's why you wrote?

**LARRY**  
I'm not much of a letter writer.

**MOTHER**  
You can say that again.

**LARRY**  
I'm not much of a letter writer.

**MOTHER**  
Same old Larry. Never serious.

**LARRY**  
Not true, Mom.  
You have heard my song.

**MOTHER**

Yes. Do you want something to eat?

He's thrown by his Mother's reaction.

LARRY  
... Sure.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Larry and his Mother eat in silence. The RADIO is ON ... "Baby, Can You Dig Your Man?" begins to play. Larry looks to his mother, expecting a response. After a long moment:

MOTHER  
I tell everybody you sing that song.

LARRY  
I wrote it, too. Do you like it?

MOTHER  
As well as I like any of that music. It's suggestive. Lewd.

LARRY  
... I do get paid.

MOTHER  
Go on! ... Really? How much have you made so far?

LARRY  
Nothing yet. But ...

MOTHER  
Nothing yet? When will you get your money?

LARRY  
(nervous)  
... I don't know. Soon.

MOTHER  
(sighs)  
I've heard it all before, Larry. You're a dreamer, just like your father. He was always going to be rich tomorrow. And he started borrowing money, and he kept borrowing money ... and in the end, the debts killed him.

Old wounds are wide open.

LARRY  
Dad was a loser.

MOTHER  
Larry. You haven't borrowed money, have you?

**LARRY**  
No. Shit, mom. You always  
think the worst of me.

Angry, he leaps to his feet.

**LARRY**  
Nothing has changed.

He stomps to the door and out.

**MOTHER**  
There's something you don't  
know, Larry. It's about you.

Larry steps back in.

**MOTHER**  
Deep down you're a nice boy ...  
and one day you'll find that out.

Not knowing what to say, he slams the door on her.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR (INDIANA) - DAY**

A matchhead sticks out from under a fingernail, and dragged along the wall, it ignites.

The finger belongs to TRASH, a young man with an innocent face and crazed eyes. He's strapped to a gurney. TWO ORDERLIES wheel him down a hallway. Trash flicks the lit match into a wastebasket. He's burnt his finger.

The trash inside the basket begins to burn.

Trash strains to look back. He grins gleefully when he sees smoke and fire. The Orderlies also see.

**ORDERLY #1**  
Damn you, Trash.

The two run to put out the fire. Trash: voices talk with each other:

**TRASH**  
Why'm I called Trash?  
Can't pass a trashcan  
without setting it on fire!  
Burned your cock off yet? No,  
but my finger's got a boo-boo.

The fire -- it excites the mental patients; some cheer Trash -- is put out.

The Orderlies return, and wheel Trash away.

**ORDERLY #2**  
Trash, you don't need electro-  
shock. You need electrocution.

He's half-joking. He coughs, bringing up phlegm.

ORDERLY #1  
Jesus, man.

ORDERLY #2  
We zap Trash and I'm going home.

ORDERLY #1  
The flu?

ORDERLY #2  
I guess. Gotta bad pain here.

He hits his chest, coughs again.

**INT. ELECTRO-SHOCK ROOM - DAY**

The Orderlies wheel Trash in. A DOCTOR and TWO NURSES continue talking as they prep Trash; the Doctor wears a cloth mask.

NURSE  
15% of the staff is out.

ORDERLY #1  
What's with the mask, Doc?

DOCTOR  
This damn flu that's going around.  
Next week I go on vacation.

Nurse #1 blows her nose.

NURSE #2  
Someone in the cafeteria said the  
symptoms reminded him of the plague.

DOCTOR  
The plague !? Who said that?

NURSE #2  
Doctor what's-his-name, the  
new internist. He went home.

The Doctor is disturbed. Orderly #2 is quietly trying to clear his throat -- without success.

Trash is prepped. The Doctor turns on the juice. Trash is convulsed. Just then Orderly #2 retches, bringing up phlegm and pus.

DOCTOR  
I'm --

He doesn't bother to finish. In panic, the others take off too -- all but the sick Orderly. Trash convulses with increasing violence: the electrodes are about to tear from his head --

**CUT TO:**

**INT SHABBY APARTMENT (UPPER WEST SIDE) - DAY**

Larry Underwood, who has just woken up, shuffles into the living room clearing his throat.

**MOTHER**  
Good morning, Larry.

**LARRY**  
Shouldn't you be at work?

**MOTHER**  
I've got sick time coming,  
so I phoned in sick.

**LARRY**  
You don't have to stay  
home on account of me.

**MOTHER**  
I know ... but I feel a  
bit under the weather.

**LARRY**  
You are sick?

**MOTHER**  
(lying)  
No, no.  
(steeling herself)  
I was thinking of cooking your  
favorite dish. Do you remember it?

**LARRY**  
Sure. But I might be going out.

**MOTHER**  
Well. I should do some real cooking any-  
way instead of heating those T.V. trays.

She gets up, goes to the front door.

**MOTHER**  
I'm going shopping. Need anything?

**LARRY**  
... No. Nothing.

She exits.

**INT. PRISON PASSAGEWAY AND CELLS (PHOENIX, ARIZONA) - DAY**

Lloyd Henried, with shackled wrists, is led by two guards past coughing, wheezing inmates who bang on the bars of their cells, groaning: "I'm sick", "I need a doctor". GUARD #1 sneezes.

**LLOYD**  
Fuck you, man. Put your  
hand in front of your mouth.

The guard wipes away the snot with the back of his hand.

**GUARD #1**  
Shut up, fucking killer.

GUARD #2 drives his fist into Lloyd's stomach.

**INT. HOLDING CAGES**

The three trudge past, when:

**GUARD #1**  
I ain't feelin' too hot.  
I gotta go to the infirmary.

**GUARD #2**  
We'll dump him in here for now.

Guard #2 shoves Lloyd inside a holding cage and locks the gate. Lloyd is still shackled.

**LLOYD**  
Hey! My hands.

The Guards take off. In a rage, Lloyd grabs the bars:

**LLOYD**  
I'm hungry. Bring me FOOD.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - HI TECH BIO-LAB - ARTIFICIAL LIGHT**

No one outside is watching. Using his bedframe as a ram, Stu is trying to break through the airlock. On the TV, Tom Brokaw interrupts a rerun of "Lassie". Stu glances at the TV but doesn't stop working.

Brokaw: " -- a statement just released from the White House: 'Take two aspirin, drink a lot of water and rest.' " Stu continues battering, an eye on the set.

With disbelief, Brokaw stares at what he's just read, and its madness releases his: "The Black Death is once again loosened upon the land, and folks, lookie here." He tilts his neck to the light revealing horribly swollen glands, the skin suppurating and black. He continues: "Recognize these? The plague has come to take you and me away."

Stu steps up to the TV set. Brokaw waxes: "I pity the survivors, for God knows 'what rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches toward Bethlehem to be born' God knows who --" "Lassie" cuts in.

Stu returns to the airlock; on TV Brokaw reappears for three seconds as soldiers in gas masks lead him away. "Lassie" returns. But then the lights go out and Lassie disappears in mid-jump. Dim red emergency lights come on, and Stu renews his effort to escape.

CUT TO:

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT (UPPER WEST SIDE) - DAY

Larry Underwood gets to his feet, angry.

LARRY  
Where is she?

EXT. AVENUE - DAY

Larry passes sick people and people terrified of those who are sick. HORNS BLARE. Traffic is at a standstill, the cause an accident ahead. The culprit sits in his car, coughing up his lungs. Aghast, Larry quickens his pace.

He stops at a Mini-Mart. The Puerto Rican OWNER is closing up.

LARRY  
Have you seen my mother?  
Mrs. Underwood?

OWNER  
Larry! Your mother say you come  
back. I close. Family is sick.

LARRY  
Where did my mother go? Did you see?

OWNER  
Your mother tell my wife she sick. My  
wife tell her go to Mercy General. Maybe --

Larry starts off, now dodging irate motorists on the sidewalk trying to bypass the traffic jam. GLASS is SMASHED - someone starts to loot a store.

INT. MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - DAY

It's chaos. Larry pushes past coughing, wheezing, sweating people all seeking attention. He slips past a masked guard. The guard sees Larry but he's too weak to care.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

It's filled with gurneys laden with patients. Larry threads his way among them, searching. He comes upon his mother lying in her own waste, her clothes drenched in sweat.

LARRY  
Mom. My God.

Dazed, her eyes focus. Although it's difficult for her to talk, her tone is peevish.

**MOTHER**

Larry, get your father. He's down  
at the corner bar ... as usual ...

**LARRY**

Mom, Dad is -- Mom, there's some-  
thing I have to tell you. I ... I'm  
getting a doctor. I'll be right back.

**INT. WARD - DAY**

Larry searches frantically, casting curtains aside.

**LARRY**

Is there a doctor here?

He is answered by a chorus of woe. No doctors, no nurses, all beds are filled. As some  
bedsides relatives sit, some nearly as sick as their dying loved ones.

Larry appears at a run, searching.

**LARRY**

Doctor ...

A DISHEVELLED DOCTOR steps into Larry's path.

**DISHEVELLED DOCTOR**

What is it, sonny?

**LARRY**

(out of breath)

My mother ...

**DISHEVELLED DOCTOR**

No one needs a doctor no more.

And listen up, boy ...

(glares at Larry)

Christ is coming ...

and He is pissed.

Larry is thrown for a moment, then runs out.

**INT. CORRIDOR - DAY**

He rushes up to his mother. She's lifeless. He shakes her.

**LARRY**

Mom!

He listens to her heart. Nothing. He stands over her, dumbfounded. He gathers himself.

**LARRY**

Mom. I never told you that you  
were right to worry about me ...

I never told you that I ...

Furious, he punches the wall. He recomposes himself:

LARRY

I never told you that I love you ...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK (MANHATTAN) - LATE DAY

Grief-stricken and guilty, Larry wanders. He passes sick people, some muttering incoherently, some just waiting to die, lost in anguish, screaming. A man and his dog -- they're both dying.

Larry continues on toward a woman seated on a bench. He approaches carefully. There's something about her that strikes him.

Elegant in a Chanel suit, high heels and jewelry, RITA BLAKEMOOR, although fifty, has successfully preserved her beauty. She appears not to be sick, and she's curious about Larry. She gets to her feet, draws a PISTOL from her handbag, and SHOTS above Larry's head, the kick nearly unbalancing her.

RITA

Don't move, young man, hands up.

Frightened, he obeys. She slinks closer, pistol level.

LARRY

You're not sick ?!

RITA

You don't look sick, either.

She inspects him, wary of him, and he is terrified of her.

RITA

You're not sick. You're the first one I've seen.

LARRY

Same here .. I guess.

RITA

You can relax now.

She drops the pistol into her bag, snaps it shut, and offers her hand.

RITA

Rita Blakemoor.

They shake, he stiffly.

LARRY

Larry, ma'am. Larry Underwood.

RITA

Larry. Be a good boy.  
Escort me home. I'm afraid.

**EXT. 5TH AVENUE (CENTRAL PARK) - LATE DAY**

Her arm linked through his, Rita and Larry come out of the park. There are stalled cars on the Avenue, and one weaves out of control. Larry guides Rita across. She's flighty.

**RITA**

Crazy, isn't it? People dropping like flies ...  
and me walking down 5th Avenue on  
the arm of such a handsome young man.

She smiles her naturally sensual smile. He looks away.

Larry and Rita pass three YOUNG MUGGERS who are relieving some sick people inside a limo of their cash and valuables. They see Larry, and especially Rita.

**YOUTH**

Look at that rich bitch.

**YOUTH #2**

Let's do her.

Money and jewelry spilling from bulging pockets, the three muggers shamble toward the couple. They are infected too. Before Larry can do anything, Rita has her pistol out.

**RITA**

You go home to your mothers.

She aims above their heads, and squeezes the trigger: BANG ... CLICK ... CLICK ...

The three continue forward. Larry leads Rita away at a run.

Wheezing, gasping for breath, the three gain on Rita and Larry. That's because of her high heels and tight skirt. She can trot only just so fast no matter how hard Larry pulls. The three are about to grab the couple.

**RITA**

It's here.

**EXT. / INT. MARBLE AND BRASS LOBBY - LATE DAY**

She leads Larry past the comatose doorman and into an open elevator. Rita pushes the button for the seventh floor. The three Muggers lurch into the lobby, when Larry realizes:

**LARRY**

It's not working.

Leading her, Larry starts up the stairs. The three follow, and again Rita is slowed by her tight skirt and high heels.

**FURTHER UP STAIRS**

Larry stops -- she's out of breath. He unzips her skirt. She understands, helps, when the three appear.

He tears off her skirt and hurls it at the gasping muggers, and they continue up. She's wearing dark stockings and a garter belt.

**FURTHER UP**

Rita stops, Larry too. She tries to unfasten her high heel shoes. Hacking and wheezing, the three are catching up. Rita fumbles with the buckle, fails. Larry yanks on her strands of pearls, breaking the string, sending hundreds of pearls cascading down the steps.

The three are pelted by the pearls. They snatch at them.

**INT. 7TH FLOOR LANDING - LATE DAY**

Wobbling in her high heels, Rita stops by a door.

**LARRY**  
The keys !?

She begins rummaging in her handbag. Announced by their hideous breathing, the three climb into sight. She finds the keys ... but the first key she tries is wrong. Agitated she tries another -- it works, but there's a second lock.

The pursuers clamber onto the landing. Larry swats them with Rita's purse. She gets the door open.

**INT. PLUSH APARTMENT ENTRANCE - LATE DAY**

Rita and Larry stumble in but one of the kids grabs onto the sleeve of her jacket.

She freaks. Larry pushes the door shut, one against three. He succeeds, but Rita's sleeve is caught in the closed door.

Larry slides her arms out of the jacket and frees her. Rita is exhilarated. She stands before him in high heels, black stockings and garter belt, and a chemise that clings to the sweat of her shapely breasts. She grabs Larry's head with both hands and kisses him fiercely.

Rita pulls away, her hand caressing his face, his neck.

**RITA**  
Your neck isn't swollen ...  
but something else is.

Larry is horribly embarrassed and terribly turned on.

**LARRY**  
I'm sorry --

**RITA**  
Sorry to be alive? Sorry  
to be able to prove it?

Her lust for life unleashes his. He possesses her.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PRISON (PHOENIX, ARIZONA) - HOLDING CAGES - NIGHT**

The strain, the pain, the tearing of flesh. Lloyd Henreid rips one of his cuffs from his wrist. He sucks on the wound, nearly feasting on it.

**LATER - DAWN**

Crazy and exhausted, Lloyd scoops up water from the toilet bowl, drinks, swallows, winces ... and he sees --

-- a rat.

**LATER - DAY**

Lloyd lies dead on the floor.

The rat approaches, passes Lloyd's hand. The hand springs, snatches the rat in its grasp.

Lloyd -- very much alive -- lifts the rat to his mouth ... and then into it. After a moment, he bites down on its head --

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HIGH-TECH BIO LAB - CORRIDORS - EMERGENCY LIGHTS**

Stu Redman picks his way among the bodies of the Spacemen, their helmets off or cracked -- all dead. He sees the rotting faces of Hap, Vic, Hank and others pressed against the glass of an observation window. He looks away, when --

-- in the darkness nearby, a hand aims a pistol on Stu.

The shaky hand keeps a wavering aim on Stu, as he is moving closer, when --

-- a FLARE ERUPTS from the nozzle and a GUNSHOT rips the silence. Stu jumps in fright and faces a dying Len Creighton. Stu snatches the pistol from him.

**CREIGHTON**  
I had to, had to ...

**STU**  
Why?

Creighton coughs up phlegm. Doubles over in pain. Stu jabs him with the pistol.

**STU**  
I want answers or I shoot.

**CREIGHTON**  
... The virus is eating me up. It's got into the nerves ... the pain ...

Creighton fights it, his eyes light up with hope.

**CREIGHTON**  
I'll make you a deal.

**STU**  
A deal? What deal?

**EXT. OLD BUILDING (TOWN IN VERMONT) - NIGHT**

The building is a Veteran's Administration Hospital. Side doors swing open, and Stu, propping up Creighton, exits -- nothing outside suggests the hi-tech lab within.

Stu lowers Creighton to the tarmac and finds himself in a picture postcard New England town now lit up by fires out of control; and there are bodies in the street and inside stalled cars. Stu hardly notices. He jabs Creighton.

**STU**

Tell me about that secret  
lab in the California desert.

Creighton talks with difficulty.

**CREIGHTON**

A virological warfare lab ...  
and we changed a simple  
flu virus ... into a smart virus.

**STU**

Smart?

**CREIGHTON**

A smart virus ... because it has  
the ability to mutate against any  
agent, natural or manmade ...

**STU**

Go on.

**CREIGHTON**

An accident ... a stupid good happened  
in the lab. The man in the Chevy ... he  
was contaminated. He panicked and  
broke all protocol. He drove through  
the gate ... went home ... picked up  
his wife and baby ... so far we were  
lucky. Nobody else had been infected.  
The search began ... and a Chevy,  
the same model, year, was ...

**STU**

(wry)

Nuked?

**CREIGHTON**

Not quite. Napalm.

**STU**

Jesus ... the wrong car.

**CREIGHTON**

We wasted precious hours  
before we realized ...

**STU**

And the Chevy came crashing  
into Hap's pumps ... and --

**CREIGHTON**  
-- the contagion started ...  
America, then the world.  
It was my duty to kill you ...

**STU**  
To cover up. Because  
I could've found out.

**CREIGHTON**  
... And if there were other survivors  
in the world they would know ...  
it would be our ... America's fault ...

**STU**  
Why have I made it?

**CREIGHTON**  
Don't know. We analyzed your blood and  
we just can't figure it. We even infected  
you directly with the smart virus --

**STU**  
You what ?!

**CREIGHTON**  
Yes. And you're immune ...  
scientifically impossible ...  
Your side of the bargain, Mr. Redman.

Creighton is in agony.

**STU**  
Go to hell.

**CREIGHTON**  
(panic)  
But you swore ... on the Bible.  
Shoot me. Put me out of my misery.

Stu ignores the plea and walks away.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PLUSH APARTMENT / EXT. BALCONY (MANHATTAN) - DAWN**

An agitated Rita Blakemoor is in Spandex and low heels. Larry Underwood scans the sickly yellow skyline through binoculars.

**LARRY**  
Looks like Wall Street  
and Harlem are on Fire.

Rita grabs a prescription bottle from a cluster of them, takes out a pill, pours herself a glass of champagne, chases it down.

LARRY  
More pills, damnit?

RITA  
I'm anxious, Larry ...  
I can't stand the awful stench ...

Frantic, she mists the air with Chanel No. 5.

RITA  
-- of disease and death. There are  
bodies everywhere. Above us. Below  
us. Everywhere. Millions of bodies.  
Bodies stewing in their broiling apart-  
ments. And there are bodies rotting  
in the street. I can't go out there --

LARRY  
And you can't stay here.

Just then -- beyond the glass doors -- a body plunges from above, splatters on the balcony rail, and slides from view.

Rita shrieks. She sees a yellow steam wafting up from remnants of flesh. She turns away, throws up.

LARRY  
Some poor bastard couldn't take the pain.

His words just hang there. Rita gets it together.

RITA  
You're the man. You take charge.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - HOLDING CAGES (PHOENIX, ARIZONA) - DAY

Lloyd Henreid paces, a caged animal.

LLOYD  
Someone somewhere ...  
bring me the key ...  
Hear me ...  
Bring-me-the-KEEYYY!

The echo of his voice joins the moaning of the dying.

Exhausted, Lloyd slides to his knees; clasps the bars and begins to rock, banging his head against the lock. He lapses into a crazy hum:

LLOYD

Someone somewhere ...  
bring me doo-dah ...  
doo-dah the key ...  
doo-dah-day.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET (MANHATTAN) - DAY

Cats cautiously inspect a dead dog on the sidewalk.

The cats take off. Larry Underwood and Rita Blakemoor approach. Larry carries a rifle and a satchel on his back. Rita holds a handkerchief in front of her nose.

They pick their way over rotting bodies and pass people mouldering inside cars. And a yellowish steam rises off the decaying flesh. It's tough on Rita, but she soldiers on, her Spandex legs scissoring, her open-toed shoes with heels clicking.

Her feet are bleeding. She knows it, and says nothing.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO LINCOLN TUNNEL - DAY

Larry and Rita slow to a halt in front of the unlit opening. Stalled traffic funnels down to two lanes of cars which disappear into the dark.

Rita hesitates to enter. Larry too. He notices her bleeding feet.

LARRY

Fuck! What kind of dumb shoes are those to be wearing. Fuck, where's your head?

RITA

Larry ... don't swear. Please.

LARRY

And you didn't tell me ?!

RITA

I didn't want you to get angry.

LARRY

So now I'm real pissed. Fuck. Think of all the shoe stores we passed. We're not going back.

RITA

I understand. I'm sorry --

LARRY

Sorry !? You're fucking sorry? That ain't good enough.

RITA

Don't let me slow you down.

**LARRY**  
I won't. I don't need this shit.

**RITA**  
... And I don't need you ...  
considering the way you treat me.

**LARRY**  
(a sigh)  
Come on if you want.

**RITA**  
No. You don't need me.

**LARRY**  
Yeah, you're right.

He hesitates, steels himself and goes in.

**INSIDE TUNNEL (NEAR ENTRANCE)**

The figure of Rita recedes as Larry makes his way into the increasing darkness.

**LARRY**  
Fuck her. I gave her her chance.

**FURTHER ALONG - NEAR DARKNESS**

Larry gropes forward between stalled cars. Faint light comes from a few dying headlights. The yellow-hued darkness is steamy hot and crawling with decay.

Larry steps on someone's face, the ECHOING CRUNCH brings him up short. He sees the damage he's done, and disgusted he lurches onward.

Only to come face to face with a standing body ... which gasps for breath, its rotting face sliding off its skull. Sickened, Larry scrambles on.

He stops to catch his breath, steady his nerves. He holds onto the window frame of a car. He looks down when he hears a hideous, rattling voice:

**ROTTING FACE**  
I like fried chicken.

The rotting face grins and bites into Larry's hand. Larry yanks it away, sending teeth and tissue flying.

Larry bolts onward.

He stops. He's shaking, and he struggles to get a grip on himself. Finally, a mutter:

**LARRY**

Got to go back and get a  
flashlight ... and the bitch.

He starts back toward the entrance.

Every nerve bristling, he's going fast when -- behind him -- he hears a haunting  
WHIMPER.

He freezes and slowly turns. He glimpses a human shape climb up over a car. He backs  
away unslinging the rifle. Unnerved, he calls out:

LARRY  
Who's there?

His WORDS RICOCHET off the walls, and in his echo Larry hears an ECHOING SHRIEK --  
In panic, Larry SHOTS where he sees winking red smudges of light and faint flitting  
shadows suggesting something flailing about. He SHOTS ONCE, TWICE and the  
SHRIEKING becomes:

UNCLEAR VOICE  
Larry! For God's sake --  
Larry SHOTS a third time, and in the flashbulb image of the rifle's flare, he sees --  
-- Rita sobbing.

LARRY  
Rita !?

He hastens to her, she to him. They embrace; and as they part the emotional moment is  
over, and they are stiff with each other.

RITA  
... Were you coming back for me?

LARRY  
... I knew you'd catch up.  
That's why I was taking it slow.

RITA  
You were right about the shoes. Look.

She lifts a foot. She's wearing sneakers.

LARRY  
... !?

RITA  
I stole them from a body ... God, Larry,  
let's keep going before I change my mind.

He takes her hand and leads on into the dark.

**EXT. CONCRETE SLOPE - DAY**

Sunlight on her smiling face, the wind in her hair, Rita is helped up and onto her feet by  
Larry. They now stand before --

**EXT. MANHATTAN SEEN FROM NEW JERSEY - DAY**

-- the city that rises up across the river. Towers glint, a yellow heat warp rises toward the sky. And looking west they are offered --

-- a panorama of the New Jersey industrial wasteland.

LARRY

New Jersey never smelled so good.

Rita laughs.

RITA

Go easy on me, Larry.

He's annoyed by the implied demand.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PRISON - HOLDING CELLS (PHOENIX, ARIZONA) - DUSK**

Lloyd Henreid still rocks, his face hitting the lock. Blood trickles down his face. In a trance and to the tune of "Camptown Races", he invokes:

LLOYD

... key, doo-dah doo-dah day. Some-  
one somewhere ... bring me, doo-dah  
doo-dah, the key, doo-dah doo-dah  
day ... Camptown ladies sing dis --

A CLANG of METAL ON METAL somewhere in the prison is followed by ECHOING FOOTSTEPS. Lloyd is jolted from trance. He hears a teasing male voice some way off:

MALE

(o.s.)

Hooo-hooooo!  
Anybody home?

Lloyd cocks his head, not sure he has heard right.

MALE

(O.S.)

Going once ... going twice ...  
Okay, I'm on my way ...

LLOYD

No! Don't go!

Lloyd strains to listen, and he hears nothing. He panics.

LLOYD

Come back! I'll do anything  
you want ... if you have the key ...

Lloyd begins furiously banging his head.

LLOYD

Anything you want ... ANYTHING ...

**Anything ... doo-dah doo-dah ...**

His eyes roll back as he rocks ... but they flash into position, shining with hope as the **CLOCKING OF BOOTS** grows **LOUDER** and **LOUDER**.

Lloyd doesn't dare to look up. The boots appear. Cowboy boots whose silver filigree design suggest a claw -- like in Stu's dream -- stop in front of the cage. Lloyd slowly lifts his eyes.

He sees above the boots tight faded jeans, a suggestive crotch, a belt studded with astrological signs, a denim jacket. And Lloyd will see the face, but we won't.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Boo!

Lloyd gasps in fright.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Hey, Lloyd, everything's purely all right.

**LLOYD**  
... You know my name ?!

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
You must've said it when you  
was moanin' and groanin'.

The Walkin' Dude opens a motel Bible which hides his face; his eyes -- in the dark slit between the top of the Bible and the brim of his badass Stetson -- gleam seductively.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Listen up, Lloyd, I'm gonna read from the good book: "The mighty shall be brought low and the stiff-necked shall be broken." You know who the high and mighty and the stiff-necked are. They've been on your case since you could walk, right? Listen to what it says about poor people like you: "Blessed are the poor in spirit" -- that's them who don't have too much smarts -- "for they shall inherit the Earth".

**LLOYD**  
... You make me feel good.  
But, mister, I'm hungry.  
You do have the key?

Gloam and Stetson conceal his face. A twilight beam from above brushes his lips, etching a snarl of allure. The Walkin' Dude begins to flip the pages of his Bible.

Lloyd sees a tumbling key appear in the margin, like in a Tijuana Bible. He grabs the key, but grasps nothing.

**LLOYD**  
It's just a trick. A fuckin' trick.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

**You want it to be real, it'll be real.**

**Again the Walkin' Dude flips the pages. Again the key appears. Lloyd reaches for it and grabs a soft ethereal key that melts away in his hand.**

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
**You don't want it enough.**  
**When you said, "I'll do anything**  
**you want", you didn't mean it.**

**LLOYD**  
**I did. I did.**

**Lloyd concentrates, becoming lustful. Again the pages flip and Lloyd grabs a glinting silver key. The Walkin' Dude snaps the Bible closed. Lloyd stares at the key in awe.**

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
**The keys to the kingdom!**

**EXT. CORNFIELD - TWILIGHT**

**Running, Stu Redman looks back and catches a fuzzy glimpse of a large feline form catching up with him. He pushes through the stalks faster, stumbling out --**

**EXT. SMALL HOMESTEAD - SHACK - STRANGE TWILIGHT**

**-- of the cornfield and into the open.**

**Among aging barns Stu sees a shack where a light shines dimly. From within a Negro woman's VOICE SINGS a spiritual to the PLUCKING of a BANJO while FOOTFALLS GROW LOUDER behind him. Stu bolts toward the shack.**

**He runs and runs, and -- like in a dream -- he never gets there, yet the buoyant music gives him the strength to keep going. Stu renews his effort and reaches the porch of the shack. He's too out of breath to call when through a dusty window he sees --**

**-- an ancient black woman playing the banjo and singing joyously. A LOW EERIE GROWL, and Stu starts for the door.**

**Stu is about to open it when a huge animal snout goes for his ear. It's tongue flickers out --**

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE (NEW HAMPSHIRE) - DAWN**

**-- and Stu, who's lying on his stomach in a sleeping bag, wakes up with a fright and reaches for a hunting rifle.**

**Shaking off the dream, Stu sees that it's an Irish setter standing over him eager to lick his face. He looks at the dog's nametag.**

**STU**  
**Kojack ... you must be**  
**the last dog on Earth.**

**KOJACK BARKS and wags his tail. Stu likes him.**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ROAD (PENNSYLVANIA) - DAY**

Larry Underwood rides a brand-new 1200 cc HARLEY. He zig-zags to avoid stalled traffic. Rita Blakemoor rides pillion, and desperately hangs onto Larry. They shout over the ROAR.

**LARRY**  
Too fast for you?

**RITA**  
... Nope.

She is lying. The Harley sails up over a rise, when Larry sees beyond it cars stalled sideways across the road and too close to avoid. Rita shrieks.

Larry swerves, foot to the blacktop, but the Harley topples, and Rita and Larry fall and slide, while the BIKE SKIDS away.

Larry picks himself up and looks over at Rita, who's getting to her feet much more slowly.

**LARRY**  
You okay?

**RITA**  
... I think I am.

When he looks toward the Harley, she grimaces fiercely, and:

**RITA**  
How about you?

Larry flexes his body.

**LARRY**  
I'll be okay.

He goes to the bike. While he's not looking, Rita holds her hip -- she could scream.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SMALL TOWN - ROAD (ARIZONA) - BEFORE SUNSET**

Slurping through a straw, Lloyd Henreid finishes a carton of chocolate milk. He quickens his pace to catch up with the Walkin' Dude who heads west into the setting sun.

The Walkin' Dude's boots clock on the asphalt. His face is against the glare. Lloyd tags alongside, a quarter of a step behind.

**LLOYD**  
Master, tell me more.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
I rode shotgun on Charles

Manson's dunebuggy!

LLOYD  
Wow!

WALKIN' DUDE

Then I went into politics, to stir up trouble ... I could even pass for black. But something weird would happen. When I spoke at rallies, the microphones screamed with wild feedback, circuits would blow ...

LLOYD  
That's real weird.

WALKIN' DUDE

It's a weird place ... here. But things are changing. Hey, Lloyd, can't you taste it? There's magic in the air. The magic of once, of a time before history, returns to Earth. All this sudden dying --

They pass bodies in the street and inside stalled cars.

WALKIN' DUDE

-- it's labor pains ... and I'm being reborn! Now I can really come into my own. Now I will be everyone's dream come true, or their worst nightmare.

The clacking of the boots has changed into a disquieting SQUISH. Lloyd looks down. He can't believe his eyes.

The Walkin' Dude is stepping on air, his boots an inch off the ground, the raking sunlight shining under them.

WALKIN' DUDE  
Lloyd, my friend, do you believe me?

Lloyd swallows hard.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MT. RUSHMORE - TWILIGHT**

The stern faces of the nation's patriarchs. Their sightless eyes stare off into the distance: a prodigious ZOOM ACROSS ridges and rivers, THROUGH towns and PAST roads empty of people, to the cornfield --

**EXT. SMALL HOMESTEAD - SHACK - STRANGE TWILIGHT**

-- and a figure running in slo-mo toward the shack. It's Stu Redman's dream again, except the figure is Larry Underwood.

Larry reaches the door and opens it and sees the old black woman singing and strumming the banjo. He's about to step inside, when a huge paw clamps down on his shoulder. And --

-- Larry turns to face the Walkin' Dude. The dreamlight and the Stetson make it impossible to see his face ... but for a leer on his lips.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Don't you want to be a rock  
star more than anything?

**LARRY**  
Yee --

**INT. SMALL TENT - FIRST LIGHT**

**LARRY**  
-- eesss!

Screaming, Larry jolts awake. His naked body is entwined with Rita's. Larry breaks away from her strong embrace, and shakes off the dream. He looks Rita over, turned on. Jokey sing-song:

**LARRY**  
Baby, can you dig your man?

He shakes her. She doesn't budge.

**LARRY**  
Rita?

No response. He's worried.

**LARRY**  
Rita, are you all right?  
Wake up, Rita.

He sees the half-closed eyelids, the cloudy eyes. He's aghast. His gaze falls on her open handbag full of medicine bottles. He grabs the bag, and--

**EXT. VILLAGE GREEN - CHURCH (OHIO) - FIRST LIGHT**

-- bursts from the tent which is set up by the Harley. Larry pulls out two empty containers and reads the labels.

**LARRY**  
Darvon ... Percodan.

He shakes the other containers -- they still have pills in them.

**LARRY**  
Jesus. She took all her pain-  
killers ... hurt herself bad in  
the spill ... and I didn't even  
notice. 'Cause she was afraid

to say ... What a bastard I am.

Furious at himself, he cries to heaven:

**LARRY**  
God, hear me.  
I am an asshole.  
A fucking asshole!

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBIA (NEW YORK STATE) - DAY

Stu Redman, rifle cradled in his arms, and Kojack cross a lawn when they both see a rabbit. Stu starts to aim but Kojack takes off after the rabbit, and they both disappear.

**STU**  
Kojack! Come back, boy!

It's a familiar landscape of fresh ruins; the silence is otherworldly. Stu passes through a garden.

**STU**  
Kojack!

No Kojack.

Stu arrives at a street intersection which is jammed with vehicles.

A RUMBLE grows fast -- something is getting closer, and Stu sees a monster, a mechanical monster, climb up and over the stalled cars.

Stu, rifle in hand, walks toward the big four-wheel drive pickup truck with oversize tires.

HAROLD LAUDER, a large seventeen-year-old nerd, drives the Big Foot. FRANNIE GOLDSMITH, a very attractive twenty-one-year-old, is Harold's passenger. They see Stu, and Frannie hands Harold a rifle.

Stu stops. The Big Foot stops. Stu holds his rifle dangling and raises an empty hand. He smiles while his heart beats in his throat.

**STU**  
Hi.

The rifle level on Stu, Harold eyes him nervously.

**STU**  
Great idea to ride a Big Foot with all  
the stalled traffic ... but, sonny, do  
you have to point that gun at me?

Harold smarts at being called "sonny". Frannie looks Stu over.

**FRANNIE**  
I think he's all right, Harold.

Harold is tense, not buying. He gets out without the gun, but a pistol is holstered low on his hips, like a gunslinger of old. Frannie also gets out, leggy in her cut-offs. Stu glances at her, and Harold catches the look.

**FRANNIE**

Harold. I really think he's okay.

**HAROLD**

How are we supposed to know that?

**STU**

Well, I'm glad to see you,  
if that makes any difference.

Harold's still not buying. Frannie smiles.

**EXT. POOLSIDE - BY STREET - LATE DAY**

The Big Foot is pulled up on a lawn. Stu, Harold and Frannie are resting uneasily on garden furniture.

**HAROLD**

Frannie, I don't buy Mr. Redman's  
story about waiting for a dog.

**FRANNIE**

Why would Stu lie to us?

**HAROLD**

How do I know what he's really got on  
his mind? It could be murder and rape.

**FRANNIE**

Harold! That's awful.

**STU**

Frannie, Harold is only  
trying to protect you.

Stu's cool bugs Harold who was devouring Frannie with his eyes. Frannie leaps to her feet.

**FRANNIE**

Can I trust you two  
not to shoot it out?

She disappears behind the vehicle. Harold turns on Stu, anxious and angry.

**HAROLD**

Stay away from her, buddy.  
She's my girl. I love her.

Stu nods slowly.

**STU**

Harold, I don't want to cut in.

**HAROLD**  
Promise?

**STU**  
Yeah. I promise.

**LATER - EVENING**

Frannie cooks on the barbeque. Stu -- Harold's eyes follow him -- steps up for a second helping. She speaks under her breath.

**FRANNIE**  
Whatever you think of Harold,  
I owe him. He has looked after me.

**STU**  
(softly)  
Got it. He's young and he's gotta  
learn a girl isn't a cookie jar.

She smiles a little smile. Harold calls out.

**HAROLD**  
What's he saying?

**FRANNIE**  
Stu was saying he likes my cooking.

Frannie gives Stu a wry look, and Stu returns to his seat. Harold smarts.

**LATER - NIGHT**

The EMBERS in the barbeque COLLAPSE shaking the three from their private broodings.

**STU**  
When we met we were  
both doing the same thing.

**HAROLD**  
... What was that?

**STU**  
Looking for other people ... I'd like  
to tag along with you if you'd have me.

**HAROLD**  
No.

**FRANNIE**  
Harold, don't I get a vote?

Stu chuckles, and Harold's and Frannie's eyes turn to him.

**STU**  
Is it gonna start all over again?

Harold and Frannie don't understand.

STU

Two people and you have an argument.  
Three people, and we're already voting.  
Four, and we'll be building a monument  
to someone. Five, and one of us will  
be different. Six, and we'll hate him.  
Seven, and it'll be World War Three ...

HAROLD

I think we can do better than that, Mr.  
Redman ... if there's an inspired leader.  
Stu and Frannie know who aspires to inspired leadership.

HAROLD

Frannie, you've had a long day.  
Time to tuck in. Here.

He goes to Frannie and gives her a pill, taking one for himself.

FRANNIE

Maybe you should offer Stu one.

STU

One what?

HAROLD

A Veronal.

FRANNIE

It stops the bad dreams.

STU

Dreams of a cornfield?

FRANNIE

Yes! And ...

STU

A boogeyman ?!

FRANNIE

Yes. And a woman in a shack?

STU

A black woman picking banjo --

FRANNIE

Harold, Stu's had the same  
dream as you and I have had.

HAROLD

I heard.

STU

We've survived and we have the

same dream ... maybe that's why --

**HAROLD**

I had already deduced that, Mr. Redman.

**FRANNIE**

Harold and I believe the cornfield is a real place ... Harold thinks it's in Nebraska.

**HAROLD**

A Veronal for you, Mr. Redman?  
You'll be spared the bad dreams.

**FRANNIE**

Harold knows what he's talking about.

Harold swills down his pill, offers the bottle of juice to Frannie, who palms the pill before drinking.

Stu notices that when she thinks nobody's watching, she flicks it away.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. TOP OF OIL STORAGE TANK (INDIANA) - NIGHT**

Jerking feet, THUNDERING ECHOES. Trash flails about happily on the huge steel drum. He stops dancing.

**TRASH**

Hey, Trash, lit any good fires lately? Have I ever! ... Oh!

Trash remembers something: a rag is on fire and it leads up to an open portal of the tank. He takes off, and --

**EXT. OIL TANK - WINDING STAIRS - NIGHT**

-- comes stumbling two, three, many steps at a time.

**INTERCUT:** the fire reaches the opening into the tank.

**EXT. PETROLEUM REFINERY - NIGHT**

Trash reaches the bottom of the steps.

**INTERCUT:** flames spill down into the great cavity.

Trash runs, but he's still damn close to the oil tank.

**KA-WHAAMMM.** An enormous EXPLOSION. Trash is lifted off his feet and sent flying.

He lands, skidding on the ground. Trash's eyes burn with fervor. He starts to rise when other TANKS EXPLODE. The whole refinery and the sky lights up. Trash steadies himself against the blasts. He's in ecstasy:

**TRASH**

Hey, Trash, wanna burn

the world down? ... Yeah!

Fire rains from above. It ignites Trash's sleeve. He stares at the flames, mesmerized.

TRASH  
Wow, does it hurt!  
Loony pyro, put it out.

Overwhelmed by the pain, he slaps at the flames, and he swoons.

**EXT. CORNFIELD AND HOMESTEAD - TWILIGHT**

Trash falls backward as an unnaturally large wolf leaps upon him. His scream becomes a gasp of relief. The wolf licks the charred flesh on Trash's arm, salving it with silvery saliva.

Trash can't believe it. He closes his eyes, and when he opens them again, he sees --

-- the Walkin' Dude squatting beside him, his face covered by the brim of the Stetson.

WALKIN' DUDE  
Go west, young man.

The Walkin' Dude starts off through the high cornstalks. Trash scrambles in pursuit.

TRASH  
Why ?!

The Walkin' Dude doesn't stop and only half-turns.

WALKIN' DUDE  
To be my fireman.

TRASH  
(disgusted)  
Fireman?!

Trash stops, giving up the chase. He hears the black woman SINGING some way off; and through an opening in the corn Trash sees --

-- the shack. He starts for it, when suddenly, shockingly close, the Walkin' Dude whispers in Trash's ear.

WALKIN' DUDE  
My fireman: he makes fires.  
I need a top bombardier in my army.

TRASH  
Bombardier? -- Napalm? Frag bombs ?!

WALKIN' DUDE  
Yes, someone in charge of ordinance.  
Follow your heart's desire ... and in the  
City of Lights, I will welcome you. You hear?

The Walkin' Dude takes off into the field. Trash follows, cornstalks slapping at him. And --

**EXT. ROAD - SOME DISTANCE FROM REFINERY - DAY**

-- now awake he staggers away, a huge plume of smoke rising up behind him. His scorched arm is salved with Vaseline which he scoops from a jar.

**TRASH**  
You want the Great Fire?  
You bet. My life for you!

He continues westward, his resolve strengthened.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SHACK TWILIGHT**

Larry Underwood steps slowly, sluggishly toward the black woman, but with the logic of dreams, she recedes from him ... when:

Claws -- no, hands -- women's hands grab Larry from behind.

**EXT. SHACK - HOMESTEAD - CORNFIELD - STRANGER TWILIGHT**

Four women drag Larry from the shack.

The girl who Larry kicked out of the Malibu house, the young woman who rode with him when he escaped the house, his mother and Rita Blakemoor screech in succession: "You're not a nice guy, Larry," "You're an asshole," "You haven't borrowed money?" "Don't let me slow you down." As each woman vents her disapproval, like furies of the old they tear his limbs off.

Larry screams. That is, his head does. He is a bloody mess, his legs and arms separated from his head and torso. But a leg jerks toward the hip socket from which it was wrenched, and a snaking hand starts to push the leg back into place --

-- when the Walkin' Dude's boots stomp down on the leg and the hand, pinning them. Larry looks up in panic.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Only I can put you back together,  
Larry. Only I can make you the  
rock star you should have been.

He kneels by Larry, his face concealed by his Stetson -- yet beneath the brim one eye gleams seductively, and he intones:

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Repeat after me:  
"Sella rebu Natas!"

**LARRY**  
(reacting in horror)

Leave me --

**INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - PARLOR (KENTUCKY) - NIGHT**

**LARRY**  
-- alone.

Larry wakes up in a sweat. It takes a long moment to realize that a woman is staring at him. She is NADINE CROSS, thirty-seven, striking with a luxuriant black hair shot through with strands of white and pinned up school-marm style.

**NADINE**  
You dream of him, too.

**LARRY**  
... Who do I dream of?

**NADINE**  
The mysterious cowboy  
coming through the corn?

**LARRY**  
... And the old black  
woman inside the shack?

**NADINE**  
I must find her.

**LARRY**  
... Why?

**NADINE**  
I want her to look into my heart.

**LARRY**  
... What? I don't get it ...

**NADINE**  
She looked up at me when I peered into  
her shack ... and I knew she could ...  
see, really see, see through ...

**LARRY**  
This is in the dream?

**NADINE**  
Of course ... Mr.?

Larry rises and offers his hand.

**LARRY**  
Larry Underwood.

**NADINE**  
Nadine Cross.

Larry and Nadine shake hands. She is college educated.

**NADINE**  
Then there's Joey ...  
Joey ?! ... Joey, no!

A seven-year-old boy, JOEY, charges at Larry with a carving knife lifted high.

Larry pushes himself up. Joey drives the blade into the sofa inches below Larry's crotch. If Larry hadn't moved he would have been impaled.

**NADINE**  
Joey. Don't you ever do anything like that again. Ever!

Larry shifts gingerly from the awkward position. Joey yanks out the knife. The boy has huge sensitive eyes and is feral, dressed only in dirty underpants.

**NADINE**  
Joey, this is Larry.

The boy snarls at Larry. She smiles with affection:

**NADINE**  
Please, Joey, go and play.  
Larry and I have to talk.

Joey raises the knife. She glares at him.

**NADINE**  
Didn't you hear me !?

Joey saunters off. Larry tries to get his bearings.

**LARRY**  
He's not yours?

**NADINE**  
Not only is he not mine ... I've never allowed myself to be in a situation that could lead up to the conception of a child.

Larry's not sure he's understood right.

**LARRY**  
You're ... ?

**NADINE**  
I've kept myself ... for the man of my dreams.

**LARRY**  
Are you talking about the man in your dreams or the man of your dreams?

**NADINE**  
Years ago I played the Ouija board, and

it told me to wait ... I thought it was you.

**LARRY**  
What ?!

**NADINE**  
Yes. Joey -- I don't know his real name --  
and we fell in together a few days ago.  
Yesterday I saw you walking through the  
countryside ... and I was overcome by a  
feeling ... "maybe you're the Ouija board  
man." Joe and I watched you break in here ...  
and while you slept we sneaked in. I lit the  
fire and put on this beautiful old dress ...

Larry stares. Nadine unpins her hair and it falls to her waist. The fire casts a warm glow.

Larry notices -- the ominous SQUEAK announces it -- that Joey is cruising in a PEDAL CAR  
in a passageway. Larry turns back to the strange ravishing aloof presence that is Nadine.  
He screws up his courage.

**LARRY**  
So am I the man of your dreams?

**NADINE**  
I really doubt it ... but I don't see  
why we can't be friends ... and  
Joey needs a mother and a father.

Larry has nothing to add. Then he does.

**LARRY**  
"Sella rebu natas" ?  
I knew what it meant in  
the dream, but not now.  
What do you make of  
"Sella rebu natas?"

Nadine thinks on it ... and then smiles darkly.

**NADINE**  
Write it down.

Larry does, in caps.

**NADINE**  
Hold it up to the mirror.

He does. It spells and he reads:

**LARRY**  
Satan uber alles.

Disturbed, he feigns nonchalance ... badly.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET (KANSAS) - DAY**

Two young men on bikes. A twenty-two-year-old with a pained but expressive face, NICK ANDROS, pedals a ten-speed. The other, a happy-go-lucky idiot, TOM CULLEN, rides an old-fashioned boy's Schwinn, with a horn. Tom, who is catching up with Nick, HONKS the HORN.

Nick doesn't appear to hear it. Tom pulls alongside, and gestures to help himself explain.

**TOM**  
Tom's tummy hurts.

Nick gives him the thumb and forefinger circle, and motions for Tom to follow.

**INT. LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY**

Tom takes a swig of Pepto-Bismol, and Nick motions that it's enough.

**TOM**  
Holy gee, tummy's better.

In the women's beauty section, they pass a thicket of mannequins and Nick smells something. He stops and turns to a mannequin holding an open bottle of perfume. Tom stares at her.

She blinks: a sexy seventeen-year-old, gussied up and accessorized, JULIE LAWRY, steps from the pedestal.

**JULIE**  
Hi boys! I'm Julie.

Tom jumps in fright.

**TOM**  
Holy gee, a girl!

**JULIE**  
A woman, if you don't  
mind. Who are you?

**TOM**  
I'm Tom, can't read, can't write --

Nick is staring at Julie, taken and afraid; she at him, brazenly.

**TOM**  
--and he's dumb 'n' deaf.

**JULIE**  
Just my fucking luck,  
a deaf-mute and a retard.

Nick points to his eyes and then to her lips. She holds onto his hand, coming onto him.

**JULIE**  
You can read lips?

Nick nods ... apprehensive.

**JULIE**  
I was so spooked all alone,  
with everybody dead ...  
I don't care what you are. Really.  
(to Nick)  
And you're sort of cute.

She draws Nick against her body. Nick can't believe it. He gesticulates to protest.

**JULIE**  
Easy, boy, don't worry ...  
I got a ton of condoms in here.

She shakes her large shoulder bag.

**TOM**  
Holy gee ...

Tom emphathizes with Nick's excitement and anxiety. He watches a seductive Julie lead a confused Nick away.

**EXT. / INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY**

A point of view closes in on Nick and Julie asleep in each other's arms behind the glass of a bedroom suite window display.

**EXT. CORNFIELD & HOMESTEAD - TWILIGHT**

Julie wakes up and blows in Nick's ear, waking him.

**NICK**  
What are you doing?

**JULIE**  
Time to go at it again?

**NICK**  
But I can speak! And I can hear!

Nick is astonished ... ecstatic; then terrified. The Walkin' Dude's gleaming eye peers out at him over her shoulder and beneath the rim of the Stetson. Julie smiles.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Do my bidding and I'll give you what --  
what G -- ... what you weren't given.

**NICK**  
You're e-evil.  
It'd-d be wro-o-o ...

Nick can't finish the word. He can no longer speak. He looks away and strains to see through the cornstalks --

-- the shack beyond the field.

Nick crawls toward it, away from Julie's embrace.

The Walkin' Dude -- concealed by the Stetson -- touches Julie's neck with his lips. She shudders.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Bring me tokens of your devotion.  
I wait for you in the City of Lights.

**INT. / EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - BEDROOM SUITE WINDOW - DAY**

Nick wakes up -- he wrenches himself free from Julie's arms.

Apprehensive, shaking off the dream, Nick hastily dresses. Julie slips into a clinging pink sweater, not bothering with the rest of her clothes. She draws a revolver from her bag and points it at Nick.

**JULIE**  
You're gonna be one of my gifts ...  
tokens ... I want the retard, too.  
(she calls)  
Tom! Come here, boy.

Nick grins mysteriously -- and seconds later Tom speeds toward them on his bike, surprising Julie but not Nick.

Tom careens past Julie, knocking the hand with the revolver -- Nick bolts away. Tom swerves behind an aisle.

**EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - STREET DAY**

Nick comes running out, reaches his ten-speed where Tom is waiting. They start to ride off.

Julie charges after them, shoots as they pedal away; each time the revolver's kick unsteadies her. She's furious.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MAIN STREET - SMALL TOWN (INDIANA) - DAY**

Nadine Cross, Larry Underwood and Joey trek past stalled cars. Wary, Larry keeps an eye on Joey who whacks at everything in his path with a stick.

Nadine Cross, Larry Underwood and Joey trek past stalled cars. Wary, Larry keeps an eye on Joey who whacks everything in his path with a stick.

**NADINE**  
... cars everywhere ...

**LARRY**

I guess people thought they could escape ...

**NADINE**

I figure it differently. A lot of people didn't want to die where they lived. They wanted to go home. To their folks; to their kids; who knows where ...

Darn, if it weren't for all the cars blocking the roads, we could drive there.

**LARRY**

We'll get bicycles.

**NADINE**

... Too slow.

She stops, her mind made up. Larry sighs.

**NADINE**

Joey, break that window.

Joey SMASHES the PLATE GLASS of a motorbike dealership.

**NADINE**

I'm going to learn how to ride.

Nadine steps inside, Larry grabs her arm.

**LARRY**

Nadine, it's not that easy.

**NADINE**

What's your problem?  
And do you have to hurt me?

She glares at him. He sees that his fingers are buried in her soft flesh.

**LARRY**

... I'm sorry.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - TOWN - DAY**

The ENGINE of a HONDA 360 is REVVING. Nadine, her antique dress hiked high, is in the seat. Larry's behind her, his hands on hers. There's an implicit intimacy in their posture. At least that's what Larry believes Joey sees.

Joey -- looking straight at Larry -- cracks open a melon with a big stick. Larry swallows hard and returns his attention to Nadine.

**LARRY**

Once again, Nadine. Your right foot brakes the rear wheel, your right hand the front wheel. Got it?

She glances back with a disarming smile.

**NADINE**

Larry, you got some kind of  
a hang up with motorbikes?

**LARRY**

(lying)

No ...

**NADINE**

You're sure?

Larry flies off the handle.

**LARRY**

Sure, of course I'm sure!

He gets a grip on himself ... and as he dismounts:

**LARRY**

I'll try to go easier on you.

**NADINE**

You should ... see you later.

She takes off. There's a GRINDING noise as Nadine shifts gears, and she glances back guiltily.

Larry hasn't noticed -- he has entered a store.

Larry comes out of a music store with a guitar. He sits on the curb and starts strumming "Baby, Can You Dig Your Man?", calming himself. Joey approaches casually, but he's wielding a stick.

Larry is wary but he keeps on playing. Joey is fascinated by Larry's fingering, and he turns the stick. Larry flinches -- so it becomes a make-believe guitar; and the boy begins duplicating the fingering.

Now Larry is fascinated. He hands the guitar to Joey.

**LARRY**

Go on ...

Joey takes the guitar and begins playing "Baby, Can You Dig Your Man?" It's obviously the first time he's played. His fingering is awkward, but he's quick to correct himself. Then he makes a big mistake.

**LARRY**

Let me show you.

He reaches for the guitar. Joey hisses. He's hellbent on getting it right all by himself. All along Nadine's HONDA can be heard WEAVING through the side streets. There's a sudden CRASH and a SHRIEK. Larry bolts.

**EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY**

Larry runs up to Nadine who is sitting on the tarmac and smiling sheepishly.

**NADINE**  
I guess I got too ambitious.

He pulls her up holding her in his arms.

**LARRY**  
Damn it, Nadine. It's dangerous.

**NADINE**  
This is dangerous too.

She breaks the moment, wrenching herself free.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT**

A barbeque set up in front of the motorbike store casts a warm glow. The rest of the town is dark. Larry, Nadine, and Joey finish eating. Nadine gets up.

**NADINE**  
God, my tailbone sure hurts.

**LARRY**  
Nadine, Joey and I have a little surprise.

Larry begins strumming his guitar, and Joey begins playing on another. They start "Baby, Can You Dig Your Man?", Larry doing the accompaniment; and Joey -- grinning at Nadine -- plays the tune.

Nadine stares in disbelief. While they play:

**LARRY**  
You didn't know?

**NADINE**  
No.

**LARRY**  
He just started imitating me ...  
I'm sure he's never played before.

**NADINE**  
... He's a prodigy.

Joey finishes with a special flurry for Nadine.

**NADINE**  
Oh, Joey, thank you.

**JOEY**  
... Wekome.

Larry and Nadine are astonished. She rushes to him, hugs him.

**NADINE**  
Joey, you can speak!

Nadine kisses Joey, and Larry kisses Joey; and their eyes meet as they kiss the boy.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CORNFIELD AND HOMESTEAD - TWILIGHT**

Frannie Goldsmith runs from a horror she dares not look back at. Stalks slap at her face and body. Ahead she sees the clearing with the shack when the Walkin' Dude grabs her, hurls her to the ground. His studded jacket is slung over his shoulder on a coat hanger. He removes the cheap wire hanger and holding it like a back-alley abortionist's tool, he crouches over her.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

Open your legs, sweetie.

Frannie shrieks. The Walkin' Dude -- his face still concealed from us -- forces her legs open, rips off her panties and begins to slide the hanger into her --

**EXT. FACTORY PARKING LOT (OHIO) - NIGHT**

-- when Frannie wakes up screaming and kicking. She is lying on a flatbed of the Big Foot, and her kicking on the metal resounds loudly. Harold, asleep over the cab, jerks awake.

Stu -- asleep nearby -- yanks open his sleeping bag and hurries to Frannie. Harold is already there, the light of his miner's helmet on her face.

**HAROLD**

Oh, Frannie, more bad dreams?

**FRANNIE**

... I don't want to talk about it.

**HAROLD**

You should take two Veronal each night. I do. I can't let dreams mess with my thinking.

Her eyes desperately seek out Stu's, but Stu looks away.

**EXT. GAS STATION & NOVELTY STORE (OHIO) - DAY**

Harold finishes rigging a clever piece of machinery to manually pump gas out of the underground tank through the air vent and into the Big Foot.

**STU**

Harold, I bet you were number one in your science class.

**HAROLD**

Number one in everything, Stu.  
Start gassing her up.  
(winks at Stu)  
I'll be right back.

Harold heads for the store. Stu works the manual pump; and without stopping he talks to Frannie, softly.

**STU**

Frannie, you've been leaving a trail of Veronals across America.

He takes a fistful of pills out of his pocket. Frannie stares at Stu, amazed and nervous.

**STU**

One way I can figure it is you're pregnant ... you don't want to hurt the baby.

**FRANNIE**

It wasn't Harold. It happened before ...

**STU**

I guessed as much.

**FRANNIE**

Don't tell Harold ... or he'll kill me with kindness.

**STU**

It'll be our secret.

She keeps pumping. Frannie watches him full of yearning. She's about to say something when Harold approaches.

**HAROLD**

For you, Frannie.

He hands her a heart-shaped box of chocolates, a sexy nightie and a stuffed bear. She casts a despairing look at Stu. Stu answers with a stern glance. She bites the bullet.

**FRANNIE**

Thank you, Harold.  
(hugging bear)  
I love him.

**HAROLD**

I love you, too.

The words tumble out of him. He realizes.

**HAROLD**

Stu, let's move out. I want to get Frannie to the old black lady of her dreams.

**EXT. ROAD (ILLINOIS) - DAY**

In the cab of the Big Foot, Frannie is between Stu and Harold who is driving. Harold's teenage lust-crush for Frannie, Frannie's repressed yearning for Stu, and Stu's effort to stay aloof: the tension is palpable.

Ahead there is a pile-up of cars. Harold slows down, looking for a way around or over. He eases toward a pickup which lies at an askew angle in the ditch, as if it had been trying to get around the traffic jam.

Suddenly one woman, SUSAN STERN, appears at Harold's window, and another, DAYNA JURGENS, at Stu's. They both hold pistols leveled at the men's heads.

SUSAN  
Which is it? The old woman  
or that swaggering dude?

FRANNIE  
You've dreamed of the old black  
lady too? We think she's for real.

DAYNA  
Hot damn.  
(calling)  
Girls, come on out.

Two other women edge out of hiding.

STU  
Would you mind getting  
those irons out of our faces.

Susan, young, sensitive, and Dayna, handsome and tougher, lower their pistols.

DAYNA  
We thought we were going crazy having  
the same dream. Like girls in a dorm,  
all getting their period at the same time.  
But if you guys had the same dream too --  
it's an honest to God psychic experience.  
(to the other women)  
Hey, there's an extra guy here.

Frannie stiffens. Dayna points to the pickup.

DAYNA  
That's our wheels down there. Are you  
going to pull or push? I'm Dayna Jurgens.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. TOWN - PARK (OHIO) - EARLY DAY**

Where two Honda motorbikes are parked, Larry, Nadine and Joey have camped overnight. Joey strums on his guitar. Larry sits by Nadine, and like proud parents they watch the prodigy. Larry puts his arm around her, but she stiffens.

NADINE  
(a whisper)  
I wish you wouldn't.

LARRY  
You don't want me to?

**NADINE**  
No. I don't.

Larry draws his arm back. But he's baffled.

**LARRY**  
I don't know if I can believe  
you, Nadine. I feel vibes ...

She turns her face away, her eyes shiny with tears -- Joey, without turning around, jerks his thumb back over his shoulder.

**JOEY**  
L-lady.

A young woman, a pretty no-nonsense Midwesterner, LUCY SWANN, approaches at a run.

**LUCY**  
Thank heaven! People!

Lucy stares at the three as if making sure she's not hallucinating.

**LUCY**  
I was going crazy. I thought  
people were heading west.  
I could hear these engines ...  
And then there are these nightmares --

**JOEY**  
Monster man and lady  
with, with, funny guitar?

Larry and Nadine are surprised by Joey's gush of words.

Nadine hugs Joey. Larry watches them, a flux of emotions showing on his face. Lucy observes the three.

**LATER - DAY**

Larry and Joey are packing the Hondas to hit the road. Lucy sees the chance to speak with Nadine alone.

**LUCY**  
Nadine, tell me something.

**NADINE**  
Yes, Lucy.

**LUCY**  
Are you and Larry ... together?

**NADINE**  
We're friends.

**LUCY**

You know what I mean.

**NADINE**  
... He desires me.

**LUCY**  
Do you want him? Yes or no.

Nadine glances at Larry, then off into the distance, then at Lucy but she avoids her waiting gaze. Her mind racing, agitated, Nadine runs her hand through her hair -- you could believe that it gets a bit whiter right in front of your eyes. Finally:

**NADINE**  
No. You ride with Larry.

She's exhausted by the decision. Lucy glances at her hair not knowing what she's noticing, but she shudders.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. / EXT. HOMESTEAD - SHACK (NEBRASKA) - TWILIGHT**

The ancient black woman who had been glimpsed in the dreams of others, **MOTHER ABIGAIL**, sits in a rocking chair gently swaying and humming: "How I love my Jes -- ". Sensing something, Abigail falls silent.

**A PRESENCE -- FLASH INTERCUT --** steals through the gloaming corn stalks.

Abigail slowly rises, her wizened face etched with apprehension.

The Walkin' Dude's bootfalls alternate with clawfalls and pawfalls, accompanied by **YELPS** and **GROWLS**.

Abigail totters to the window, when **SQUAWKING CROWS** strike at it, begin to **CRACK** the **GLASS** with their beaks. She manages to bar the inner shutters.

Her fear rises as she hears the **TREAD** of **BOOTS** and the **CLATTER** of hundreds of animal **CLAWS** circling the porch.

**CLAWS** frantically **SCRATCH** at the boards. Feline **SNOUTS SNIFF** excitedly at cracks between the boards.

Abigail is terrified by the gnashing of hundreds of teeth. She turns toward the door, and teeth gleam as they tear through the wood revealing the beasts outside -- wolves, **GROWLING** crazed **WOLVES**, their eyes glinting like icepicks.

Abigail picks up her banjo. Wielding it as a weapon she shuffles -- in spite of the terror -- to the door and swings at the wolves' snouts.

At each footfall the Walkin' Dude's boot looks more like a claw. The silver filagree in the leather shines ever brighter till it is a claw with huge talons.

The talons tear up the floorboards of the porch. And weasels scramble in under the shack.

The FLOOR beneath Abigail starts to move, SPLINTERING, the strident GNASHING of the WEASELS deafening. The weasels, their eyes flashing red glints, clamber up through the holes they're tearing open.

Abigail staggers back in a faint, falling into her rocking chair. And --

**INT. HOMESTEAD - SHACK (NEBRASKA) - FIRST LIGHT**

-- she wakes up in the rocking chair swinging wildly back and forth. There's still the disquieting distortion of dream, but Abigail nonetheless gets to her feet.

**ABIGAIL**  
Damn, I must fear no evil.  
I will not fear evil.

There's a sudden GROWLING and ROARING, but Abigail is not at all afraid--

**EXT. HOMESTEAD (CORNFIELD) - SHACK - FIRST LIGHT**

-- and steps out.

Headlights flash and the new SOUNDS are those of ENGINES.

**ABIGAIL**  
I've got company! Got people to feed!  
The stand begins, Lord oh Lordy.

Vehicles are approaching. A beat-up pickup pulls up, and the BEARDED MAN at the wheel stares, as does the WOMAN beside him. In the back are Nick Andros and Tom Cullen; Tom jumps up and down.

**TOM**  
O golly gee, it's her.  
It's her! It's her!

Abigail totters up to them.

**ABIGAIL**  
Welcome! I'm Abigail ...  
Mother Abigail.  
(to herself, re: Tom)  
A bit touched ... but --  
(to Tom)  
-- You're a good soul.

She ruffles his hair fondly. Meanwhile, the Bearded Man is speaking into the C.B. excitedly.

**BEARDED MAN**  
Yeee -- eee -- haw! The old lady  
and the cornfield! They're real,  
and just like in the dream. Over.

**ABIGAIL**  
Hello, Nick.

Nick gestures, puzzled: how did you know my name?

**ABIGAIL**  
We met in our dreams, remember?

Nick nods and grins.

**ABIGAIL**  
To work! There are pies to be baked  
Chickens and a pig to be dressed out.

**INT. SHACK - DAY**

Tom stokes the huge stove -- it looks like a leftover from the dream reality. Abigail and four WOMEN in a cloud of flour knead dough and bake pies in high good humor.

More vehicles are coming: a semi without rig, scooters. Nick pats the head of the pig five men are holding down.

**ABIGAIL**  
Lord, we thank Thee for the gift  
we are about to receive from  
Thy bounty. Bless this pig  
that it might nourish us, amen.

**MEN**  
Amen.

**ABIGAIL**  
Stand ready, boys,  
she's gonna go a gusher.

The wizened black woman lifts a knife into view and slits the pig's -- most of the men look away.

**EXT. SHACK - EVENING**

Abigail, with Nick and Tom at her feet, and about thirty people are seated on the porch, on improvised benches made of old planks and on chrome and plastic garden chairs belonging to the trekkers. The people are from all walks of life, of all ages, type and race. They are digging into chops and fried chicken.

**MAN #1**  
First home cooked meal since ...

He trails off. All understand.

**BEARDED MAN**  
On my way here, I sensed people were  
spying on me. I heard others travelling ...

**WOMAN #1**  
Maybe they're going to ..

to the ... the sexy cowboy?

**ABIGAIL**

Many will go to him.

**TOM**

Holy gee, they go to Boogeyman?

**WOMAN #2**

Is he real, Mother Abigail?

**ABIGAIL**

Y'all dreamt of me. Ain't I real?

**BEARDED MAN**

Who is he? Is he ... ? ...

**ABIGAIL**

He ain't Satan ... but he wouldn't mind being Old Nick. Him and Satan are oold buddies ... Call him the Dude, call him Beelzebub lord of the flies ... or jus the Boogeyman.

**WOMAN #3**

... And who are you?

**ABIGAIL**

I'm ... graced with the gift of the shiny lamp.

**MAN #3**

You got the shining?

**ABIGAIL**

Yes. And the Almighty spoke into me in a dream. Rally an army of the righteous, He said, and make a stand against him. Rally your people this side of the Great Mountains.

**MAN #2**

And he will wait in the West, and his kind will join him there?

**WOMAN #4**

The Rockies will be between us?

**WOMAN #3**

Will that be enough protection?

**ABIGAIL**

No. Your heart must be strong.  
No more questions. Eat up.  
The body must be strong too!

They eat, torn between fear and confusion; and hope: Abigail's exuberance is infectious.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. DESERT (NEVADA) - NIGHT**

His arm haphazardly bandaged, and much worse for the wear, Trash is at the wheel of a Thunderbird, the ENGINE REVVING furiously. The car doesn't move.

The Walkin' Dude is preaching over the RADIO: " -- the exalted shall be abased and the mighty shall be brought down low; and you, the shafted, the unlucky, blessed are you, for you shall inherit -- "

The Thunderbird is stuck deep in the sand. The WHEELS SPIN, the rubber smoking.

Trash keeps pumping the gas pedal. A tire -- the one beneath the gas cap-- catches fire.

**TRASH**  
Morphine!

The passenger seat is full of syringes. He gives himself a shot.

The flames around the gas tank grow: Trash lurches out with a fistful of syringes, and staggers away. Still dangerously close he looks back. He watches, delirious.

**TRASH**  
Fire! Gimme fire and I'll burn  
down the world. My life for you.

The car is going to blow: Trash reaches the top of a dune nearby and his eyes go wide with wonder.

**TRASH**  
The City of Lights!

He is gaping at Las Vegas, ablaze in a dark world.

**EXT. STRIP (LAS VEGAS) - NIGHT**

The Flamingo, the Dunes, the Sahara and all the palaces are open. Cars in the street. People on the sidewalks. Business as usual -- Trash staggers on. -- A cop holds up oncoming cars so Trash doesn't have to stop -- it's like he is expected.

Trash hears MOANS and CRIES above the din of excitement. He looks up and sees --

-- people hanging crucified from the lamp posts. Crows wheel around the dying, alight on them. A crow plucks out a victim's eyeball.

Trash passes a crew with a motorized ladder -- They are not changing a street lamp but stringing up a new VICTIM who calls out: "Mother Abigail... forgive me ... they tortured me."

Trash stumbles on. Through the strange reality: Law and Order meet Bosch and Brueghel. At the sound --

**EXT. M.G.M. GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT**

-- of water, Trash goes crazy. He leaps into the fountain. He drinks, he cools off, he groans in ecstasy.

Hands fish him out. They belong to Lloyd Henreid in paramilitary regalia. Lloyd handles Trash with great respect.

**LLOYD**

Welcome. The Boss has been expecting you, Trash, sir.

**TRASH**

My life for him.  
Take me to your master.

**LLOYD**

He'll call you when he's ready.  
You're in bad shape, man.

He beckons to armed goons who are loitering.

**LLOYD**

Fellas, take the Boss's bombardier up to the Firebird suite.  
Get him a doctor and a nurse.

The goons lift a grinning Trash onto a gurney and whisk him into the plush lobby. Lloyd chugs on a carton of chocolate milk.

Just then, Julie Lawry pulls up in a big flashy Caddy convertible. Three men lie slumped in the back. She addresses Lloyd.

**JULIE**

Hey, Macho Man. I brung the Dude three gifts. These suckers dreamt of that old nigger woman and they were headin' her way. I fucked them silly.

**LLOYD**

(calling to other goons)  
Hang 'em high.

Goons drag away the dazed, suddenly panicked men.

**LLOYD**

You did good, girl.

**JULIE**

Wanna know how really good I am?

She's high on her exploit, and exudes sexual hunger.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SHACK (NEBRASKA) - DAY**

Frannie Goldsmith peers in. The shack is empty. She slowly enters, followed by Susan Stern and Dayna Jurgens.

**FRANNIE**  
The place in our dreams ...

**SUSAN**  
I dreamed of her last night,  
but in a different place.

**FRANNIE**  
So did I.

**SUSAN**  
She was on the steps of a  
building, and above her --

**FRANNIE**  
-- mountain peaks.

**SUSAN**  
Yes!

Stu Redman stops in the doorway.

**STU**  
Harold's got something  
coming in over the C.B.

**EXT. CORNFIELD AND HOMESTEAD - SHACK - DAY**

In the cab of the Big Foot, Harold Lauder is signing off on the C.B. as Frannie, Susan, Dayna, Stu approach. A few others are gathered around. Harold is very excited.

**HAROLD**  
People are converging on Boulder,  
Colorado, at the foothills of the Rockies,  
where we'll prepare to do battle,  
"we few, we happy few,  
we band of brothers!"  
-- Shakespeare.  
Folks, let's move out!  
(to Frannie)  
It's all so medieval, Frannie!  
I'll wear your colors.

Stu notices that Frannie's hand rests on her belly.

**STU**  
Frannie, can you travel some more today?

**FRANNIE**  
Sure. I'm okay.

Stu goes to help newcomers add water to their radiator.

**DAYNA**  
(to Frannie)

What male bullshit, "can you travel some more". But I like Stu. He's a good man.

Dayna heads for the pickup with Susan: others climb into their vehicles.

**ENGINES REV.** At the wheel of the Big Foot, Harold leads a small convoy into the cornfield and west. **CROWS** suddenly rise up before the Big Foot's passage through the field, **SQUAWKING**.

**EXT. STREAM (DISTANT ROCKIES) - DUSK**

Frannie picks her way through the trees and comes out by a stream. Stu is sitting there, staring off at the jagged horizon against a red sky.

**FRANNIE**  
Do you mind?

**STU**  
No.

She sits beside him.

**FRANNIE**  
... I want to talk about my baby.  
I knew about it just before the  
flu hit. i was going to have an  
abortion. My boyfriend, he'd go  
along with whatever I wanted.  
I liked him, a lot I guess. But I  
didn't love him ... not like ... But  
then everybody started to die.  
So few of us are left now ...  
I feel ... it has to be born. I --

She's silenced by a sudden shocking kiss on her mouth.

A human point of view takes the path Frannie took. It stops when it sees Stu and Frannie embracing.

It's Harold. He stares from hiding, anger and hurt rising in his face.

Stu and Frannie finally succumb to their pent-up passion.

**HAROLD**  
(under breath)  
Bitch. And you, Stu,  
are not a man of your word.

Brooding revenge and watching, he's getting excited. Harold -- it is suggested -- masturbates angrily.

Stu and Frannie stare into each other's eyes, lost in each other.

**LATER TWILIGHT**

Harold still watches, when the Walkin' Dude crouches down behind him, his face hidden by Harold's head.

**HAROLD**  
Liars, cheats, filthy --

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Harold, every dog has his day!

Frightened by the voice right behind him, Harold spins around --

-- and wakes up. He had dozed off. He looks to the couple who now lie side by side.

**FRANNIE**  
Stu, can you really I --

**STU**  
I loved you the minute I laid eyes on you ...  
and later, when I figured out about the baby,  
well, it was like you were sent from heaven.

**FRANNIE**  
But why ?!

**STU**  
My wife and I never could have kids ...

**EXT. CAMPSITE BY STREAM - NIGHT**

Stu, Dayna, Susan, Frannie, Harold and a few others are seated around a fire, eating from cans. Harold breaks out laughing, his eyes shiny with tears.

**FRANNIE**  
Harold, what's the matter?

**HAROLD**  
I just think it's funny ... that  
"every dog will have its day".

Frannie is uneasy. She doesn't dare glance at Stu, and Stu at her.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROCKIES - ROAD (UP TO BOULDER, COLORADO) - DAY**

A smiling Lucy Swann clings to Larry Underwood as he ROARS uphill on the HONDA. He slows to a stop, glances back.

**LARRY**  
I think I'd better wait for Nadine.

**LUCY**  
You still love her, don't you?

**LARRY**  
Hey, I love Joey too.

**LUCY**  
You know what I'm talking about.

**LARRY**  
I love you, Lucy ... the best I can.

**LUCY**  
I know. Nadine would like to love you. But she's scared.

**LARRY**  
Scared ?!

**LUCY**  
She comes on to you ... when I'm around. I bet when she's alone with you she plays hard to get.

**LARRY**  
... Yeah.

**LUCY**  
She's decided to hate us ... I was there -- I felt it. A chill ran through me.

Nadine, with Joey behind, pulls up alongside.

**NADINE**  
Joey and I made a pit stop.

She looks at Larry with brazen sexuality.

**NADINE**  
Lead on. To my appointment with destiny.

Larry starts off. Nadine follows, torn between fear and hope.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - AUDITORIUM (BOULDER) - DAY**

Mother Abigail is in her rocking chair. Nick Andros is seated within reach of her hand, and staring off into space. Stu Redman paces.

**STU**  
Ma'am ... there's got to be more people drawn to you, than driftin' to him.

**ABIGAIL**  
How do you figure that?

**STU**  
Deep down, most people aren't bad.

**ABIGAIL**

In my day I've known so many  
folks ... sloppy in their hearts,  
lazy in their heads. Nick.

Nick is not facing her, but as her hand is about to touch his head, he turns to read her lips.

**ABIGAIL**  
Nick, how many folks have been  
real crummy with you? A lot?

Nick -- a mask of sadness -- nods. Frannie Goldsmith runs up.

**FRANNIE**  
People are riding in.

Groaning, Abigail starts to rise, Nick helping her. Stu stands, leaving a holstered pistol on the steps.

**FRANNIE**  
Stu, strap your gun on, damn it.

Stu groans. About to say something --

**FRANNIE**  
Stu Redman, you were voted sheriff  
by an overwhelming majority.

**STU**  
I got voted sheriff on  
account of my Texas drawl.

Amused, Mother Abigail winks at him.

Larry and Lucy ride up followed by Nadine and Joey. People guide the newcomers to the auditorium. Folks come out of dorms and from victory gardens to cheer. Tom Cullen, practicing wheelies, pedals closer. Holding hands, Susan Stern and Dayna Jurgens approach -- they are an item now.-- Harold Lauder emerges from the library, squinting like a mole.

Larry finishes shaking hands with Abigail. Just out of earshot, Nadine watches, apprehensive.

It's Lucy's turn next, and Abigail is her usual flamboyant self. Joey is next. The old black woman tries to lift him.

**ABIGAIL**  
You want to kill me, boy?  
What's your name?

Bracing herself, Nadine steps up.

**NADINE**  
We call him Joey.

Abigail stares at the boy who stares back at her.

**ABIGAIL**

Your name's not Joey ... it's ... it's ...

**JOEY**  
It's Leo? ... Leo Rockaway!  
Nadine-mom, I like her ...

**NADINE**  
Run along, Joey, Leo ...  
don't tire the Mother.

Joey/LEO ROCKAWAY skips toward Larry and Lucy.

Abigail stares into Nadine's eyes and for once she's without words. Nadine lets herself be stared at ... until:

**NADINE**  
You see no hope ... for me?

Abigail is silent; and distressed.

**NADINE**  
... How can there not be hope,  
isn't hope, change, redemption,  
the root of what you believe in?

**ABIGAIL**  
You confuse me, chile.

Silence. Nadine starts to ease away, and anyhow the MAN behind her introduces himself enthusiastically.

**MAN**  
Hi! I'm Mark Zellman.  
I dreamt of you!

Abigail is only half listening, her eyes following Nadine.

#### **EXT. AUDITORIUM AND DARKENED COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT**

Nick and Tom bang on gongs beneath the porch of the auditorium. The new Boulderites, carrying flashlights and candles, and brimming with expectation, converge.

Harold -- in suit and tie and with his hair slicked back -- starts up a portable generator. A cable snakes to the building, the lights within going on.

#### **INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

People pack the place, and they applaud Harold as he enters. There's excitement in the air. Everybody's waiting for Mother Abigail.

The dais is empty. The people are impatient: where is she? Mark Zellman rises to his feet and calls out:

**ZELLMAN**

I've got a suggestion. While we  
wait for Mother Abigail to tell  
us what we should do next ...  
Let's sing our national anthem!  
Let us praise what we cherish.

He starts to sing, alone. Off key. A few others join in. The song doesn't get much better. A few more join in out of a sense of duty. Others are embarrassed or puzzled. Harold grins. Nadine shakes her head -- Lucy elbows Larry.

**LUCY**

Come on, Larry.

Larry joins in, bringing key, rhythm and enthusiasm together, when Nick rushes in.

The deaf-mute gestures wildly and expressively. The singing tapers off.

**STU**

You can't find Mother Abigail?

Nick lip-reads, then nods.

**STU**

Have you looked everywhere?

Nick motions that he has. He goes to a blackboard and writes: **SHE HAS GONE AWAY.** Confusion ... panic spreads among the congregation: "What are we going to do?", "Only she could tell us", "What if she's dead?", "Then who will lead us?", "Without her, we're done for", "He will crucify us, torture us ... Oh, God."

**STU**

Quiet, everybody!

Frannie kisses Stu's hand to wish him luck. Harold sees, and he smarts. Stu goes to the dais. The crowd cheers now that someone is taking charge.

**STU**

There's got to be an  
explanation. Anybody?

But anxious people start talking all at once, to Stu and among themselves. Nadine waits, tense. Harold stands up, motioning for the floor.

**HAROLD**

Hello! ... Hellooo !?

**STU**

Let's listen to what Harold has to say.

Harold preens and works up his confidence.

**HAROLD**

Ladies and gentlemen ...  
don't you know your religion?  
Haven't you people read the Bible?

The question is rhetorical. He has the audience in his thrall.

**HAROLD**

In all religions there are figures ...  
call them prophets, call them saints ...  
and isn't Mother Abigail such a  
figure ?! Does not Mother Abigail  
sometimes speaketh the m --

About to misspeak, Harold stops for a deep breath.

**NADINE**

(to herself)

Mumbo jumbo.

**HAROLD**

The noble tongue of prophecy?  
I say that like a prophet of old  
our Mother Abigail has retreated  
into the desert ... gone into the  
wilderness ... to meditate. Nick,  
don't you think I could be right?

Nick nods with some hesitation.

**HAROLD**

Now ...

Applause breaks out. "Let's go", "She must be out there somewhere." Folks are already leaving. Stu SHOOTs in the air. Everybody falls silent, nobody moves.

**STU**

Well, folks, I finally got to use  
my gun. Harold, keep goin'.

A few laughs. Frannie smiles.

**HAROLD**

Now, should we go look for  
her ... or wait for her in return?

**FRANNIE**

(blurting)

But she's so old. So frail.

**HAROLD**

Frannie, you're right!  
We search for her, I say.

Again there's the impulse to rush out.

**STU**

Easy, everybody. We're going to do this  
right. I want all the four-wheel drives,  
dirt bikes, dune buggies that you can  
find ready and gassed by first light.

**HAROLD**

We'll need walkie-talkies, binoculars, first-aid kits, food, water ...  
And could I make a suggestion, Stu?

STU  
Sure.

HAROLD  
Stu, you should lead a search party that fans out and circles around in one direction, and I --  
(with false humility)  
I am awfully young for this --

Applause breaks out.

HAROLD  
Thank you, I will lead a second search party around in the other direction, and you and I, Stu, we'll meet at the Sunrise Amphitheatre above us in the hills.  
But let's pray that we don't meet ...  
that we can find Mother Abigail before ...

More applause. Stu gives Harold the thumbs up. Nadine watches Harold ... intrigued.

**EXT. WILDERNESS SOUTH OF SUNRISE AMPITHEATRE - DAY**

Wheels bite into the ground, kicking up dirt, then connect. The dune buggy with Stu at the wheel makes it to the top of a rise.

Stu dismounts, and searches the landscape with binoculars. He sees --

-- two other searchers in a Jeep.

**EXT. WILDERNESS NORTH OF SUNRISE AMPITHEATRE - DAY**

Harold rides a dirt bike along a gulch. He draws a .38 and aims at an imaginary adversary.

HAROLD  
Bang!

He spins around, aims.

HAROLD  
Bang!

Harold is practically his draw. He's not searching.

**EXT. WILDERNESS SOUTH OF SUNRISE AMPITHEATRE - LATE DAY**

Closer to the summit. Stu is searching. He CUTS the ENGINE. The roar of silence is broken when:

**STU**  
**Mother Abigail. Mother Abigail.**

Cliffs kick back the ECHO.

**EXT. WILDERNESS NORTH OF SUNRISE AMPITHEATRE - LATE DAY**

Much closer to the summit. Harold ROARS uphill, and he sees a stone perched on a boulder.

He whips out his pistol from his windbreaker, aims, squeezes the trigger, and SHOOTs the stone off the boulder. He grins.

**EXT. WILDERNESS SOUTH OF SUNRISE AMPITHEATRE - LATE DAY**

Nearly at the summit. Stu hears the ECHOING SHOT. He picks up the walkie-talkie.

**STU**  
Is that you, Harold? What's --

**EXT. WILDERNESS NORTH OF SUNRISE AMPITHEATRE - LATE DAY**

Nearly at the summit. Harold speaks into his walkie-talkie.

**HAROLD**  
Just a rattler, Stu.

**EXT. SUNRISE AMPITHEATRE - SUNDOWN**

Stu rides up onto the asphalt ... and a moment later Harold pulls up. They both CUT their POWER. Silence, but for the PINGING of the overheated ENGINES.

**STU**  
Nothing at all, huh?

**HAROLD**  
Nada.

Harold grins and slides his hand into his windbreaker and reaches his weapon.

**STU**  
We'll try again tomorrow.  
Harold, come and have supper  
with us. Frannie would love it.

**HAROLD**  
She would ?!

**STU**  
You don't have to do it for me.  
But for Frannie. She found this  
hundred-dollar bottle of Frenchie  
wine. Only Harold will know

if it's any good, she said.

**HAROLD**  
She said that !?

**STU**  
Yeah. Frannie and I ...  
things change, Harold ... Shake?

Stu offers his hand. Harold begins to withdraw his hand from inside the windbreaker, but something seems to catch ... the hand comes out. Harold and Stu shake.

**STU**  
Harold, your talents are wasted out here. You should be in town inventin' things. Damn, the way you siphoned gas through the vent. That was genius.

Harold is overwhelmed by Stu's unwitting flattery. They kick their **ENGINES ALIVE** and head downhill.

**CUT TO:**

Men and women tug on a rope. They are pulling --

**EXT. AIRBASE (NEVADA) - TWILIGHT**

-- a vintage Korean war trainer-fighter jet from a hangar. Its metal gleams darkly.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CAMPUS (BOULDER) - PARKING LOT- NIGHT**

Lucy and Frannie are waiting. Offroad vehicles enter the lot. Stu coming from one direction, pulls up in front of Frannie in his dune buggy; Larry, from another direction, pulls in alongside.

**LARRY**  
Mother Abigail has got to be dead after two days ... and two freezing nights.

**STU**  
Figure you're right, Larry.  
But these folks ... they'll go crazy without ... without hope.

**LARRY**  
You're right.

Stu and Frannie, and Larry and Lucy, kiss; and the two couple set off in different directions.

**EXT. PATH THROUGH CAMPUS - NIGHT**

As they head along a walkway, Larry puts his arm around Lucy, drawing her closer. They are suddenly startled.

Nadine steps out of the shadows, barring their way. She wears a shimmering blue velvet dress that reveals more than it conceals.

**NADINE**  
Larry, I must talk to you.

**LUCY**  
Shit, Nadine ...

Nadine doesn't even notice her, her eyes riveted on Larry.

**LARRY**  
What? Now?

**NADINE**  
Now. It has to be now.  
(before he can talk)  
Now or never.

He looks at Lucy ... and, resigned, she continues ahead.

**LUCY**  
She's come to get you. Did  
you bring your dog collar  
and your muzzle, Nadine?

To Nadine, Lucy doesn't exist.

**LARRY**  
... I'll be home right away.

**LUCY**  
Sure.

Lucy keeps on going, disappears around a corner.

**NADINE**  
I want you now. And I'm afraid  
I'm too late. I want to stay here ...  
here with these people, with you.

**LARRY**  
Nadine --

**NADINE**  
Let me finish. I want to stay here ...  
and if we're with each other, I'll make it.  
You're my last chance, Larry.

**LARRY**  
What are you --

**NADINE**

I need to be needed.  
Make love to me ... and --

She puts her arms around his neck and presses her body against his.

NADINE  
And save me.

He wrenches himself free.

LARRY  
Damn it, Nadine.

NADINE  
And damn you too, Larry.

She turns and he watches her disappear immediately into the dark, HEELS CLICKING.

**INT. LARRY AND LUCY'S QUARTERS - DORM - NIGHT**

Lucy is seated on the bed in her nightgown, face pinched and eyes shiny. An oil lamp burns. Larry enters.

LUCY  
That was the fastest quickie --

LARRY  
Lucy. I had to listen to --

LUCY  
Shut up. Blow out the  
light. And come to bed.

**INT. NADINE'S QUARTERS - ANOTHER DORM - NIGHT**

Her hands shaking, Nadine lights a lamp. She's distraight.

She goes to Leo's cot, where he's asleep. She smooths his hair, trying to calm herself. Leo begins to toss and mumble.

Even more distraight she walks away and tears off her blue dress. The faint light etches her naked body. Nadine slips into what looks like a coat. She steps to the window -- she's wearing a fur coat inside out. The touch of fur on flesh sends a sensual shudder through her, arousing her. A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM makes Nadine leap ... and Leo stumbles in, waking from a nightmare.

LEO  
The boogeyman ...  
the boogeyman was with you ...

NADINE  
It's just a bad dream, Leo.  
Come to Nadine-mom.

He doesn't enter her embrace. Still in the daze of sleep:

LEO  
Nadine-mom, I want to go  
sleepies with Lucy-mom and Larry.

NADINE  
(lashing out)  
You too will not betray me.  
Go to bed. Go back to sleep.

Frightened, Leo totters away. Nadine takes a deep breath.

**EXT. UPHILL ROAD ABOVE BOULDER - NIGHT**

Nadine exhales. Mounted on her HONDA, wearing only the inside-out fur coat, she ROARS up the hill. She's full of expectation and turned on.

**EXT. SUNRISE AMPITHEATRE - NIGHT**

Nadine sits on the asphalt in the lotus position, staring west where the moon is setting. The breeze whips at her, penetrating the coat, chilling her, moving the fur, arousing her. Before her is the Ouija board.

NADINE  
Come to me ... possess me ...  
and guide my hand. Spell it  
out! Come to me ... poss --

She gasps. And co-existing with ordinary reality, an oversized raven flies into her body from below.

Nadine shudders as its eyes overlay with hers; and she/it watches what her jerking hand begins to spell: YOU WILL --

**CUT TO:**

As it flies backwards a raven becomes --

**INT. MGM PENTHOUSE - VIEW OF LAS VEGAS - NIGHT**

-- a pair of hands. The hands that had created the illusion of the bird belong to the Walkin' Dude and partially conceal his face. The Walkin' Dude is in the lotus position, levitating in midair, facing east; the moon sets behind him.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HOUSE BY CAMPUS (BOULDER) - DAY**

Nadine, in romantic frills and a biker's jacket, is seated on the stoop, waiting. Harold, coming up the walkway with books under his arm, is surprised.

**NADINE**  
Hi! ... I like your house.

**HAROLD**  
(flustered)  
You do? How come?

**NADINE**  
The curtains are always drawn.  
You're a man who cherishes his privacy.

**HAROLD**  
Well, yes ...

Harold unlocks the door.

**NADINE**  
And you lock your door. I hate living  
on campus. Doors unlocked, curtains  
open. It's all so goodie-goodie.  
And everybody is so damn friendly ...

**HAROLD**  
(a dare)  
Would you like to come in.

**NADINE**  
Could be dangerous ...

**HAROLD**  
... !?

**NADINE**  
If I like it I may not leave.

He blushes, stutters, and motions for her to enter.

**INT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Gloomy, but old-fashioned comfortable. There's a TV set and a tape player, and a whole lot of cassettes lying around.

**HAROLD**  
I got my own generator in the basement.

She sits on the sofa in front of the screen and picks up a cassette.

**NADINE**  
"Puss in Boots". I don't  
think that's a fairy tale.

**HAROLD**  
It isn't.

Harold is flustered and he walks funny. He has an erection and is trying to hide it. She knows, and smiles.

**NADINE**  
You have a lot of "naughty" tapes.

**HAROLD**  
Technical tapes on chemistry, physics, too.

**NADINE**  
While the others search in vain for  
Mother Abigail, you research ...

Harold wracks his brain for something to say.

**HAROLD**  
... Coffee or tea?

**NADINE**  
(husky)  
Or me?

**HAROLD**  
Me ... I mean you.

He doesn't move. She pats the place next to her.

**NADINE**  
Sit. Relax.

He sits but doesn't relax. She waits, utterly available. He hugs her, kisses clumsily. She pushes him away.

**NADINE**  
Harold, you must be a virgin.

He clenches his teeth, works up the nerve:

**HAROLD**  
Yes, I am.

**NADINE**  
Well, I am too.

Harold is stunned; even more stunned as she continues.

**NADINE**

I'm yours. Do with me what you want ... I'll do whatever you want me to do to you. I'm a teenager's wet dream come true. But there is one no-no, one thing you cannot, must not do.

HAROLD  
What one thing?

NADINE  
I'm saving myself for someone else. Do you understand?

HAROLD  
For who?

NADINE  
You'll get me ready for him.  
You know who. Say it.

HAROLD  
(tentative)  
... him?

NADINE  
Come on. Say it.

HAROLD  
Boots, the Cowboy of the Dream.  
The one who stomps on useless truths.

She runs her hand up his leg. He slobbers excitedly over her neck; she gasps; he moans, coming. There's a knock at the door.

**EXT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - DAY**

The door opens a crack. Nadine glares out at Frannie.

FRANNIE  
Leo doesn't want to come any closer.

Frannie glances back. She and Nadine can see that --

-- across the street Leo and Lucy are waiting. Leo bounces a ball.

NADINE  
Obviously he doesn't  
want to see Harold or me.

FRANNIE  
Lucy and Larry and I think that you  
should spend some time with the kid.

NADINE  
I'm busy right now.

She slams the door in Frannie's face.

**FRANNIE**  
(under her breath)  
Bitch.

She crosses the street back to Lucy and Leo. Bouncing the ball, Leo is in a trance.

**LEO**  
The bitch ...

Frannie is astonished. Leo and the ball. Up and down.

**LEO**  
--- and the dog ... and  
every dog ... will have his day.

Frannie can't believe what she's hearing. Lucy senses a strangeness. Leo continues to bounce the ball.

**LEO**  
They're making ... nothing ... ?  
Frannie and Lucy exchange knowing looks. Without looking up Leo keeps on bouncing the ball:

**LEO**  
No ... not making babies.

Frannie and Lucy glance at each other in astonishment.

**LEO**  
They're making something ... I don't know.

Just then Dayna whizzes by on a ten-speed. The distraction causes Leo to miss and the trance is broken.

**LEO**  
Dayna! Do you have any gum?

Dayna puts on the brakes and Leo runs to her.

**FRANNIE**  
Can he read minds?

Lucy doesn't have an answer.

**INT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Harold sits at a table that's cluttered with things that can be picked up at any Radio Shack. He draws a shoebox toward him, cautiously, ever so slowly.

**NADINE**  
What's the big deal with a shoebox?

She slides onto his lap. Harold is panicked.

**HAROLD**  
Jesus. Careful.

She soothes him with a caress and a kiss.

**HAROLD**  
Tarahh! My Science Fair project!

He removes the lid of the shoebox and lifts out a "sweating" stick of dynamite -- the box is half full of others like it.

**HAROLD**  
Don't move, Nadine. This is dangerous.  
Very dangerous. It's dynamite, and it's  
old. When it's old it sweats pure nitroglyce-  
rine ... and pure nitroglycerine is incredibly  
unstable. We could be blown sky high.

**NADINE**  
Que sera sera ... if we're blown sky high,  
what we're not doing is not meant to be.

He smiles nervously. He picks up a rag and begins to clean the "sweat" off the stick of dynamite. She pouts seductively:

**NADINE**  
I want my stick of dynamite too.

With one hand she reaches BELOW FRAME.

**HAROLD**  
Nadine! For Chr --

**NADINE**  
Careful ... Harold.

He cleans the stick of dynamite while she fondles him. They are both tense and terribly excited. -- He runs his finger along the stick and picks up a tiny bead of "sweat".

**HAROLD**  
Watch.

He flicks the bead away. It sails across the room.

Where it hits, it makes a tiny firecracker EXPLOSION. And Harold -- it is suggested -- comes.

**NADINE**  
You're unbelievable.

**HAROLD**  
And insatiable.

Grinning, he picks up another stick to clean it.

**INT. FRANNIE AND STU'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

Stu and Frannie are in bed, and she's beginning to show. Stu presses his ear against her belly.

**STU**  
I feel something.

Frannie's mind is elsewhere:

**FRANNIE**  
Harold must be carrying a grudge  
against you; and Lucy swears that  
Nadine is weird. And then there's Leo --

**STU**  
Now wait a minute. Maybe Leo was just  
guessing ... maybe the kid didn't know  
how to say that they were making whoopie.

Annoyed, Frannie yanks the covers up to her head, leaving Stu frustrated.

**EXT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - DAY**

Nadine kicks her HONDA alive. Harold gets on behind Nadine. They ROAR away. Watching from hiding are Frannie and Lucy.

They run up to the door, try it. Locked. They begin circling the house, testing windows. Also locked.

Behind the house they find a low window that gives into the cellar. Lucy tries to yank it open. Nothing.

Frannie -- frustrated -- kicks the frame. It starts to give. Lucy kicks, and the window swings inward.

**FRANNIE**  
God, if Stu catches us.

**INT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

Helped by Lucy, Frannie slides to the floor. A small GENERATOR is PURRING away.

**INT. STEPS UP FROM BASEMENT - DAY**

Frannie and Lucy reach the top. The door is latched on the other side.

**EXT. MOTORBIKE DEALERSHIP - DAY**

Harold kicks a TRIUMPH TO LIFE.

**INT. STEPS UP FROM BASEMENT - DAY**

With the tip of her shoe buckle slipped between door and jamb, Frannie manages to push up the latch.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Harold erupts into view. He's testing the motorbike. Nadine follows on her Honda.

**INT. ENTRANCE - DAY**

The girls step in. Lucy opens a closet.

**LUCY**  
Nadine loves weird clothes.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Harold and Nadine ride slowly side by side.

**NADINE**  
Race you home.

**HAROLD**  
I still have to get used --

Nadine accelerates forward ... Harold does too.

**INT. LIVING ROOM AND ENTRANCE - DAY**

Frannie and Lucy look around not knowing what to search for. Frannie stops by the table which is cluttered with wires, transistors and tools -- no shoebox.

**FRANNIE**  
He loves all this techie stuff. He  
won the Science Fair project twice.

Lucy opens another closet. The shoebox is on the floor. Mildly curious, she crouches by it, opens it. There's a walkie-talkie lying on top of something.

**FRANNIE**  
What have you found?

**LUCY**  
Looks like a walkie-talkie and --

Lucy starts to lift it and reveal wired up dynamite, when she and Frannie freeze at the ROAR of the MOTORBIKES.

**EXT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - DAY**

Harold and Nadine cut the engines, dismount.

**INT. LIVING ROOM AND ENTRANCE - DAY**

Panicked, Frannie and Lucy bolt to the basement door. Frannie trips.

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

Harold turns the lock once.

**INT. LIVING ROOM AND ENTRANCE - DAY**

Frannie makes it to the basement door. The lock turns again. The basement door is pulled closed, but remains unlatched. Harold and Nadine enter.

**INT. STEPS TO BASEMENT - DAY**

Lucy and Frannie tip-toe down.

**INT. LIVING ROOM AND ENTRANCE - DAY**

Harold notices the latch.

**HAROLD**

Nadine, who was in the cellar last?

He draws his .38, and about to open the door to the basement he's struck by a frightening thought.

He runs to the closet in the living room, opens it, and sees the shoebox apparently untouched. He draws a sigh of relief ... and he hears a CRASH.

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

Lucy and Frannie juggle to stop old paint cans from falling to the floor.

**INT. ENTRANCE - DAY**

Harold bolts to the basement door.

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

Lucy boosts Frannie up to the window they forced open.

**INT. STEPS TO BASEMENT - DAY**

Harold, gun in hand, comes down the steps when he hears a frantic BANGING ON GONGS some way off. He stops to listen, continues down.

**EXT. BEHIND HAROLD'S HOUSE - DAY**

Frannie helps Lucy up. Outside the GONGS are louder.

**INT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

Harold is about to see Lucy's feet, when Nadine appears at the top of the steps.

**NADINE**

Something must have happened.  
There's a commotion.

**EXT. BEHIND HAROLD'S HOUSE - DAY**

Frannie pulls Lucy out, and they stumble away.

**EXT. CAMPUS - AUDITORIUM - DAY**

Nick and Tom strike the gongs.

**TOM**  
She's back! Holy gee, she's back!

People -- women, old men and children -- are streaming in one direction; Frannie and Lucy too. They can't believe their eyes.

Mother Abigail staggers through the campus holding onto the tail of Kojack the dog! Dayna is the first to reach the exhausted, weakened old lady and prop her up.

Frannie and Lucy rush to help. Harold and Nadine appear and stare from a distance. He grins.

**HAROLD**  
It's going to work better  
than anything we imagined.

**EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON**

Off-road and four wheel drive VEHICLES come ROARING in. Stu dismounts and Kojack leaps on him.

**STU**  
Kojack !?!

He holds the dog in his arms, and Kojack licks his face. Frannie approaches excitedly.

**STU**  
Is it true? Is she all right?

**FRANNIE**  
Kojack led her here!

**STU**  
What !? Kojack crossed half America ...

**FRANNIE**  
To find you.

She kisses the dog and the man.

**FRANNIE**  
Mother Abigail is in a bad way,  
dehydrated. But we can't  
talk her out of it, she wants  
to speak to all of us tonight.

**EXT. AUDITORIUM - BY SIDE ENTRANCE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Nadine and Harold. He has the shoebox. On impulse:

**NADINE**  
I'll do it.

She snatches the shoebox away.

**NADINE**  
I want to feel committed ...  
I want to feel.

**HAROLD**  
You know where to hide it?

**NADINE**  
Harold. We've gone  
through it a hundred times.

She takes a deep breath and slips inside the building.

**EXT. CAMPUS - AUDITORIUM - SUNSET**

Once again Tom and Nick bang on the gongs.

**EXT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - SUNSET**

Nadine is on her Honda, the ENGINE IDLING. Harold doesn't kick the starter, but fiddles with a walkie-talkie that's strapped to the handle bars of his Triumph.

**NADINE**  
Well?

**HAROLD**  
Just thinking: we don't have  
to go through with this.

**NADINE**  
Too late, Harold, too late.

**HAROLD**  
... Yeah!

He kicks the TRIUMPH ALIVE.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - EVENING**

Frail, sunburnt and unsteady, Mother Abigail stands on the dais, clinging to the lectern. She motions her audience to stop applauding.

The hall is more crowded than last time. In the front rows are Stu, Kojack and Frannie; Larry, Lucy and Leo; Tom and Nick; Susan and Dayna.

**ABIGAIL**  
Hello, old friends, and welcome to those  
who joined us during my ... hiding out in  
the wilderness, hiding in shame. I thought  
I could read the mind of God, and that was  
pride. I went into the wilderness to atone.

They all listen, waiting for some revelation.

**ABIGAIL**  
You have expected --

**EXT. ROAD UP FROM BOULDER - EVENING**

**ABIGAIL'S VOICE**  
(over walkie-talkie)  
-- much too much from me.

Harold and Nadine ROAR uphill. She shouts:

**NADINE**  
What's she saying?

**HAROLD**  
(shouting)  
She's covering her ass ...

**INT. AUDITORIUM - EVENING**

**ABIGAIL**  
Wasn't it enough for me to bring  
you together here? To guide you  
in your dreams? No. You are like  
children hanging onto my every  
word. Have you lazybones figured  
out how to do battle with the  
Devil's Imp, the Man in the West?

Her audience is caught off guard.

**EXT. SUNRISE AMPITHEATRE (ABOVE BOULDER) - EVENING**

Nadine and Harold slow, CUT their ENGINES. The sky in the west is blood red.

**NADINE**  
Do it!

**HAROLD**  
I do it of my own free will.

Harold presses a button on the walkie-talkie: Three short pulses, three long, three short.

**HAROLD**  
Done. In thirty seconds they'll  
be blown to kingdom come.

**NADINE**  
Is killing the greatest sin of all?

**HAROLD**  
I guess. I can do nothing to save  
them now ... but I could still repent.

Nadine glances at him quizzically. High on his words:

**HAROLD**  
Instead I say: the Great Plague has  
wiped clean the counter top of the world --

**INT. AUDITORIUM - EVENING**

**ABIGAIL**  
I can pray for you.

Nick is suddenly alert. He senses something.

**EXT. SUNRISE AMPITHEATRE - EVENING**

**HAROLD**  
And the world ain't seen nothin'  
yet. Our part in this great adven-  
ture will change everything!

**EXT. AUDITORIUM - EVENING**

**ABIGAIL**  
-- offer the wisdom of my many years.

Nick bolts up onto the dais and starts to wave, to motion everybody out. Nobody understands. Frenzied, Nick glances around as if searching.

Utterly desperate, Nick turns to the gaping audience and he makes an inhuman attempt to speak. Blood runs out of his ears, from his nose --

-- and his voice just starts coming out of Leo's and Tom's mouths in near synchrony:

**TOM AND LEO**  
There's a b ... b-bomb in here. Somewhere.  
About to ... explode. Everybody out.  
Tom and Leo are just as surprised as everybody else; Stu, Larry and the others let the information sink in.

**EXT. SUNRISE AMPITHEATRE - EVENING**

Harold is in ecstasy, Nadine radiant at his side.

**HAROLD**  
Nine. Eight ... Seven ...

**INT. AUDITORIUM - EVENING**

Nick glances here, there, and then charges at Mother Abigail knocking her off the dais to one side.

**EXT. SUNRISE AMPITHEATRE - EVENING**

**HAROLD**  
... Three .. Twoooo ...

**INT. AUDITORIUM - EVENING**

Nick lunges in front of the dais -- not far from where Frannie is to getting to her feet. He spreads his body, hugging the edge of the proscenium.

Nick's body erupts into bloody shreds, but it does deflect the explosion.

Frannie is violently slammed back into her chair as the flash expands.

**EXT. AUDITORIUM - EVENING**

The EXPLOSION BLASTS out WINDOWS and doors. And the din of the panicked and dying is heard.

People sit against the walls, heads bowed, muttering a prayer, holding vigil. Frannie, glum, and Stu, supporting her, slowly make their way toward an open door. Kojack follows.

**FRANNIE**

She wants to talk to me?

**STU**

You, me, and only a few others.

A man with a stethoscope, DOC, comes out of a door.

**STU**

How's she doing?

**DOC**

Fading fast ... I got others to tend to.

Stu and Frannie --

**INT. LARRY'S AND LUCY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

-- enter. Mother Abigail is laid out in Larry's and Lucy's bed. Her body and face are badly injured; an IV needle feeds into her withered arm. Her dying gaze meets Frannie's sad and angry eyes.

**ABIGAIL**

Come sit here, chile. You're in pain.

Frannie sits on the edge of the bed, unsmiling. The mood is somber: Larry, Lucy, Leo, Dayna are also in the room. Abigail's voice is weak:

**ABIGAIL**

Stu is strong within, Frannie,  
I want Stu to lead. Lucy, Leo,  
listen up, Larry must go too  
'cause Larry can learn ... and  
if Stu can't lead, Larry will.

**FRANNIE**

(restrained anger)

Lead what? Lead where? What  
are you talking about, Mother?

**ABIGAIL**

Chile --

**FRANNIE**

I'm not a child --

Stu silences her with a glance.

**ABIGAIL**

My time is short. Dayna --

**DAYNA**

They killed Susan. I'm going to catch  
Harold and that bitch Nadine. I'll blow --

**ABIGAIL**

Easy, Dayna. Vengeance ain't  
for you but for the Lord. You're  
a resourceful gal. You must go.

Kojack nudges Abigail's arm.

**ABIGAIL**

Kojack too. Y'all go west, make a  
stand against the Master of Lies ...  
and show him that you'll fear  
no evil, that you'll fear no evil!

**FRANNIE**

You're sending them to die!

**STU**

Frannie, please ...

**FRANNIE**

Millions, no billions, have already died, and  
it all has to do with you somehow, and that  
Dude. I'm carrying a child that doesn't move  
anymore. Doc says it's very weak. And I hurt.

She can no longer hold in her despair, and pain.

**FRANNIE**

Damn you and your murdering God.

**STU**

Frannie!

Abigail jerks her hand forward, striking Frannie's belly.

**STU**

(to Abigail)

What the hell are you -- ?

Frannie gasps. She jumps to her feet and her expression of violence gives way to a smile,  
a big open smile. Her hands go to her belly.

**FRANNIE**

It moved. It's tickling me!

She giggles. Stu's grimace of apprehension becomes a smile. The others are amazed.  
But Frannie's face darkens.

**FRANNIE**

Is this a bribe from your God? Because  
if it is, you can take your "miracle"  
back ... I want Stu in one piece, alive.

**ABIGAIL**

God don't bribe, chile. He jus' make a  
sign and lets people take it as they will.

That quiets Frannie. Mother Abigail is utterly exhausted -- with difficulty she pushes out words.

**ABIGAIL**

Every brave venture should have its  
happy fool, one of "God's chillun" ...  
Tom. Go now, and go as you are,  
go ... and make your stand --

She dies quietly. Stu, Frannie, Larry, Lucy, Leo and Tom stare at her stilled body.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROAD ALONG MOUNTAINSIDE (COLORADO) - DAY**

Harold and Nadine cruise abreast on their motorbikes, Harold on the side where the road drops off. The wind is in her hair, which is totally white now. She wears a flimsy shift, her face, arms and legs exposed to the sun.

**HAROLD**

The only bad thing is  
that I lose you to him.

She steers closer to him, causing him to shift closer to the edge.

**NADINE**

He'll find you the right prize.

**HAROLD**

After you ... any woman is just  
going to be a sack of potatoes.

Nadine smiles. She draws closer still and pats his cheek seductively.

**NADINE**

Trouble with you, Harold, you're  
not really evil. You're a smart-  
ass nerd ... who overreached.

**HAROLD**

I am evil.

She pinches his cheek causing him to drift still closer to the edge.

**NADINE**

You still have baby fat!

**HAROLD**

(indignant)

I don't have baby f --

-- Before Harold can control the bike, he shoots off the road. Continuing, she hears the CRASH.

NADINE  
Oops!

EXT. ROAD THROUGH MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS - DAY

The sun beats down. Nadine rides on, her face, arms and legs red from the exposure. Her hair trails behind her ... a white bridal veil.

EXT. ROAD THROUGH HIGH DESERT - SUNSET

Sunburnt a terrible shade of red, Nadine comes sailing over a rise. She makes out a man leaning against the hood of a Chevy in the middle of the road.

She slows, a strange smile on her face, and comes to a stop before the man. He is the Walkin' Dude: fancy boots, tight jeans, the belt with astrological signs, the jacket which now sports a "Have A Nice Day" button, the Stetson cocked forward.

WALKIN' DUDE  
(sweet sing-song)  
Nadine, Nadine ...  
how I love to love Nadine.

NADINE  
Here I am ...

She gets off her bike. He lifts the brim and we finally see him. Overly handsome, old and young, very masculine but with a few feminine features, he has a powerful presence. His eyes are piercing, one blue, one yellow-green.

Nadine stares at him.

WALKIN' DUDE  
Do I disgust you?

NADINE  
You do ... or maybe I disgust myself ...  
waiting for so many years for something  
impossible ... that's now flesh and blood.  
What do I call you?

WALKIN' DUDE  
Randall ... Randall Flagg.

NADINE  
Randall ?! ... Randall "the Midnight Rambler" !

She giggles, but stops when he unzips his fly. She sees something below frame that terrifies her.

He moves with lightning speed. He carries her to the asphalt. Her sunburnt body scrapes against the rough surface. She gasps in pain.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

You will bear me a child.

He starts to possess her. Her body arches, and her eyes go wide.

**NADINE**

No!! You'll tear me APART --

The scream of agony builds to beyond audibility. Her mouth is wide open, and in the dark cavity we hear a deep strong THUMPING. And in the darkness we see --

-- a lava flow spilling into the sea, steam exploding. And the THUMPING--

**EXT. MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS - MOONLIT NIGHT**

-- becomes the eerie BOOTFALLS. The fancy boots appear not to touch the ground.

But for the boots, his legs pumping, the Walkin' Dude is naked. He runs in great slow motions bounds. He carries Nadine in his arms, her body limp, her thighs streaked red.

YELPING, HOWLING wolves run alongside him.

His breathing is a fierce rasping: he yells:

**WALKIN' DUDE**

My bride ... will bear me ... a  
child ... and on the day ... of its  
birth ... Abigail's city and all of  
her people ... will be turned to  
dust ... A blood sacrifice ...

The figure of the Walkin' Dude with Nadine in his arms runs uphill at an unnatural speed.

**WALKIN' DUDE'S VOICE**

-- in honor ... of my successor.

His declaration ECHOES through the mountains.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROAD ALONG MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY**

Larry and Stu, with a rucksack, walk with Kojack trotting along in his master's shadow. Tom wears a beanie with a propellor, and rides a heavy-duty dirt bike; and Dayna is on her ten-speed. Larry is unhappy.

**LARRY**

Fellas, Mother Abigail said  
"go now, go as you are".  
I don't know about bikes ...

**STU**

Or weapons?

Stu pulls out his pistol. And Tom whips out a CAP GUN, SHOOTs. The others jump in fright.

DAYNA

What she said was more like Bible talk, stuff you have to interpret.

LARRY

She said nothing about guns ...  
All she said was "fear no evil".

Tom sees him first. He gasps.

They continue in silence. --

TOM

Holy gee ...

Frozen in rigor mortis is Harold at the edge of the road, his cheek bones showing through the flesh. His cheeks have been bitten off.

The four stare, and fear comes over them. Kojack doesn't dare sniff too close.

STU

There's a job to do, so let's move it.

DAYNA

Fear no evil?

Under a pall of dream they get going again.

**EXT. ROAD ALONG MOUNTAINside - LATER - DAY**

They continue in silence when suddenly the jet, flying low, is upon them, strafing them.

Tom takes off on his bike, pedaling like a demon, heading west. Stu and Larry press against the rocky slope. They watch in dismay as the jet banks around; they also gape at Dayna.

She steps into plain view at the roadside, and begins tearing off her clothes, about to expose her breasts, --

**INSIDE COCKPIT**

-- and the pilot sees the naked female figure waving to him. He's distracted; flustered for the blink of an eye.

Only a last second yank at the joystick saves him from slamming into the mountainside.

**EXT. ROAD ALONG MOUNTAINside - DAY**

Stu and Larry watch the jet shoot upward and out of control ... till moments later the pilot bails out, the parachute opening in the distance. The warplane disappears behind a ridge followed shortly by an explosion.

Tucking in her shirt, Dayna approaches.

**DAYNA**  
I could see he couldn't  
handle her. What now?

**STU**  
We've been spotted.  
We should split up.

**DAYNA**  
I'll catch up with Tom, okay?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROAD ALONG MOUNTAINSIDE - MOONLIT NIGHT**

The pilot of the jet watches two Jeeps pull up. Armed to the teeth, Lloyd's goons -- male and female -- jump out, followed by Lloyd and the Walkin' Dude.

The pilot swallows hard as the boss struts closer.

**PILOT**  
I only had five hours training, sir.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Should be enough.  
If you're worthy of me.

The Walkin' Dude's eyes glow with rage. The pilot turns and bolts. The Walkin' Dude laughs stridently.

The pilot runs as fast as he can when he hears **CLOCKING BOOTFALLS**, clocking fast, faster.

The Walkin' Dude's bootfalls -- the silver filigree are shiny claws -- no longer hammer the asphalt, but suspended above it they make a **SQUISHING** sound -- a sound that becomes the flapping of wings.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
**You scroooowed up!**

The pilot glances back, terrified. He sees that the Walkin' Dude has his arms stretched forward, and his hands form make-believe wings.

Out of the fluttering hands a crow seems to materialize.

The pilot is so frightened he stumbles and turns to face a crow flying right at him.

Running to catch up, Lloyd and **TWO LIEUTENANTS** hear the **PILOT'S GHASTLY SCREAM**.

The pilot staggers, and Lloyd shines the beam of his flashlight through a hole in the pilot's chest. The pilot crashes to the asphalt. Lloyd and the two Lieutenants gape in awe.

Ahead, the Walkin' Dude is perched on a rock, seeming more like a bird till his posture becomes human again. Lloyd and the two Lieutenants approach.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Go away. I got work to do.

Lloyd and Lieutenants head back to the Jeeps.

**LIEUTENANT #1**  
(whispering)  
I don't get it, Lloyd. We lose our only airplane and the Dude wastes our only pilot.

**LLOYD**  
Hey, I wouldn't question the Boss.  
He's got the big picture ...

**LIEUTENANT #2**  
Yeah, the big picture!

**BACK WITH WALKIN' DUDE**

Still seated on the rock, he snarls, baring his teeth, and a WOLF -- inches from his face -- SNARLS back. He turns away from the wolf and stares ahead, his eyes wide and intense. And --

**EXT. WILDERNESS - MOONLIT NIGHT**

-- suddenly a point of view -- hugging the rocky terrain -- hurtles downhill at a reckless speed.

It runs across the arroyo, bounds up a perilous slope, slinks forward among the shrubs where --

**EXT. RUGGED TERRAIN - MOONLIT NIGHT**

-- Larry and Stu are asleep. It is about to reach them, when -- teeth bared and GROWLING -- KOJACK leaps at the point of view which jerks back.

**EXT. ROAD ALONG MOUNTAINSIDE - MOONLIT NIGHT**

The Walkin' Dude is jolted from trance and into a rage:

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Who were they? Who has the old nigger dared to send against me?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROAD THROUGH SCRUBLAND (UTAH) - DAY**

Alone, Tom pedals along. He smiles at the butterflies, saying "hello". From behind, two JEEPS ROAD up and pull alongside: it's Lloyd and his goons, and the Walkin' Dude.

**TOM**  
Holy gee, the Big Boss.

Tom is caught by surprise but keeps on pedaling. The Walkin' Dude stares at him, and begins to sense something.

**TOM**

Holy gee, you got big guns. Me ...

He whips out his cap gun, shoots. Lloyd levels his automatic at Tom, squeezes the trigger. The Walkin' Dude deflects the weapon and the bullets just miss Tom ... who just smiles.

**TOM**

You got a bigger bang than me, holy gee ...

**WALKIN' DUDE**

(to Lloyd)

Can't you see he's a retard?

They make good workers.

(to Tom)

What's your name?

**TOM**

Tom.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

Tommy, get yourself a job.

Tell them the "Dude" sent you.

**TOM**

Holy gee, yessireee!

The JEEPS ROAR ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. MGM GRAND HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Nadine rattles the doorknob, knowing it's useless. She strolls restless through the plush apartment and, in frustration, reaches for her groin to masturbate.

She thinks better of it, goes to the TV, switches it on. "Triumph of the Will" is playing. She tries another channel. Another part of "Triumph of the Will". Another channel. Again, "Triumph of the Will". Nadine gives up and slouches into an armchair.

The door is unlocked from outside, and the Walkin' Dude struts in. She gives him a bored look.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

You're supposed to ask how my day way.

**NADINE**

How was your day, Randall?

**WALKIN' DUDE**

Tough.

**NADINE**

Sorry.

He grabs her by the wrist and, concentrating, her starts to lift her.

**NADINE**  
Don't hurt me!

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Hurt the mother of my child ?!

He lifts her until she floats midair. She's shocked --

-- when he tears open her dress and rests his hands on her belly.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
I can feel the babe!

**NADINE**  
So soon?

There's panic in her eyes.

**INT. ORDINANCE BUILDING (NEVADA) - DAY**

The workers wear overalls and hairnets. Bombs hang from conveyors. A conveyor starts up, a bomb slowly moving, and two workers converge on it from different directions: Tom and Julie Lawry, she sporting a neat suntan. They begin to lock in the detonator.

**JULIE**  
Hi, I'm Julie. Just got back from vacation  
at Johnny Carson's house in Malibu --  
(eyes go wide)  
Don't I know you?

Tom's face is pinched, but then broadens into a smile.

**TOM**  
Holy gee, don't know if I'd  
forget a pretty girl like you.

Smiling, he busies himself with the detonator. She looks at him, remembering him.

**EXT. ORDINANCE BUILDING (AIR FORCE BASE) - DAY**

Tom and Julie watch as a crane lifts the bomb they've armed from a forklift onto a pyramid structure of other armed bombs. Two vehicles pull up. Lloyd gets out of a Jeep; Trash, out of a Sand Crawler, an all-terrain vehicle.

Lloyd gapes at the precarious pyramid of bombs.

**LLOYD**  
Trashy, I don't know from bombs. But  
ain't it like dangerous to stack 'em like that?

**TRASH**  
Trashy likes dangerous, no?

Lloyd steps away, troubled, when Julie sidles up. She yanks off her hairnet and tosses her mane loose.

**LLOYD**

**Not now. I've got work to do, Julie.**

**JULIE**  
**It's about work, Lloyd.**

**She points to Tom, who's doing wheelies on his bike.**

**JULIE**  
**My co-worker is one of them, Lloyd.**

**Lloyd looks and recognizes him.**

**LLOYD**  
**The retard?**

**JULIE**  
**I met him before, in Kansas ...**  
**on his way to the old nigger woman.**

**Tom -- sensing something -- keeps on pedaling, putting a distance between himself and Lloyd.**

**Lloyd storms up to Trash.**

**LLOYD**  
**Trashy! You've got a traitor working**  
**for you. The retard. I want him caught.**

**TRASH**  
**The "Dude" tells Trashy what to do.**  
**Lloyd is only an orderly in a nuthouse? Yes!**

**LLOYD**  
**I'm the Dude's right-hand man.**  
**I'm taking charge here. Julie!**

**Julie follows him to his Jeep. Trash is a snarl of two voices:**

**TRASH**  
**My dream -- These are -- is the**  
**Great Fire -- just fireworks.**

**Trash leaps into the SAND CRAWLER, FIRES it up, and charges at the pyramid of armed bombs. He knocks the corner bomb out of place.**

**The pyramid begins to collapse, and bombs roll and tumble toward Lloyd and Julie.**

**Lloyd bolts to the Jeep, leaps in, tears off.**

**JULIE**  
**Wait. Wait for me.**

**The bombs overtake her, and --**

**-- the detonator of one hits the ground, and the BOMB EXPLODES.**

Julie is vaporized from sight. Other bombs hurtle forward.

Looking at what he's unleashed, Trash laughs madly.

Driving flat out in the Jeep, Lloyd glances back to see --

-- BOMBS skittering, flying, tumbling, and EXPLODING in his wake.

From a distance, Tom watches airplanes and hangars go up in flames.

At the wheel of the Sand Crawler, Trash weaves erratically, now in utter despair.

**TRASH**

The Walkin' Dude will love Trashy no more.  
(sudden exhilaration)  
Unless! Unless? UNLESS!

The Sand Crawler is about to run over Tom. Tom pedals frantically out of its way. The all-terrain vehicle heads straight for the fence, flattens it, heads out into the hills.

CUT TO:

EXT. / INT. MGM GRAND (LAS VEGAS) - EARLY DAY

The Walkin' Dude is staring out, levitating in the lotus position. PULL BACK till we see the rest of Las Vegas with the sun rising behind it. Then-- SWOOP IN ON a few floors down from the penthouse, onto a ledge, --

-- where a crow alights. Inside a suite, there's a huge, heart-shaped bed.

INT. LOVERS' SUITE - EARLY DAY

In the gaudy bed, beneath a heart-shaped mirror, Dayna and Lloyd break apart after fierce lovemaking.

**DAYNA**

I'm one lucky lady meeting up with you.

She turns from Lloyd and grimaces in disgust.

**DAYNA**

I could feel you taking out on me your grudge against that fellow Trashy? Feeling better?

**LLOYD**

All kinds of better.

Rolling her eyes, her gaze drifts to the window, and she notices --

-- the crow flying away.

**LLOYD**

Trashy's a pain ... but a fucking genius.

**DAYNA**

Sayeth the Boss?

LLOYD  
Sayeth the Boss.

She simpers flirtatiously.

DAYNA  
When do I get to meet the Boss.  
I'm starting to believe you're  
not his right-hand man.

LLOYD  
He's a busy guy.

She gets out of bed, flounces toward the bathroom.

LLOYD  
You shouldn't go around without  
clothes. You're making me horny.

DAYNA  
... Wouldn't we be keeping the Boss waiting?

LLOYD  
(a flicker of fear)  
Oh, shit.

**INT. LOVERS' SUITE - BATHROOM - EARLY DAY**

Dayna enters. She has nearly closed the door when she hears a KEY TURNING in a lock.  
**INT. LOVERS' SUITE - EARLY DAY**

The Walkin' Dude steps in. Lloyd is uneasy.

LLOYD  
Yes, sir?

WALKIN' DUDE  
(smiling)  
Where is she?

Excited, draped in a sheet, Lloyd heads for the bathroom.

LLOYD  
Doll! Guess who --

A glance, and Lloyd freezes and shuts up.

**INT. BATHROOM - EARLY DAY**

Dayna has heard. Through the crack of the unclosed door, she sees the Walkin' Dude from behind. Her heart pounds, her mind races.

**INT. LOVERS' SUITE - EARLY DAY**

The Walkin' Dude addresses Lloyd in a confidential tone.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

Julie, your witness, is dead.  
So until we catch that retard  
Tom, we don't really know if  
he slipped past under my radar.  
(points to his head)  
But this chick of yours --

**INT. BATHROOM - EARLY DAY**

Dayna is too busy to eavesdrop. She rummages through her rucksack, pulls out a knife and special sheath.

**INT. LOVERS' SUITE - EARLY DAY**

**WALKIN' DUDE**

-- So get her.

Visibly shaken, Lloyd heads for the bathroom.

**LLOYD**

Dayna!

**INT. BATHROOM - EARLY DAY**

Dayna has heard, and hears Lloyd coming. Moving with desperate speed, she straps a clip to her forearm, and then slides the blade of the knife into the spring-loaded clasp. She flushes the toilet, and --

**INT. LOVERS' SUITE - EARLY DAY**

-- the sound causes Lloyd to hesitate at the door.

**INT. BATHROOM - EARLY DAY**

Dayna slips into a robe, and pulls the sleeve over the arm which the trick knife is strapped just as Lloyd barges in. His voice quivers:

**LLOYD**

Come on out, Dayna.

She grabs a brush.

**INT. LOVERS' SUITE - EARLY DAY**

She comes out brushing her hair to boost her bravado. Dayna acts surprised.

**DAYNA**

H-h-hello! You're no older than I am.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

What did you expect? A vampire?

**DAYNA**

... Lloyd's shitting in his pants.

It's about me, right?

**WALKIN' DUDE**

Dayna, dear, how did you ever  
believe you could escape my  
roving eye, my psychic tentacles?

**DAYNA**

Tom, the grinning retard, did.

He glares at her, his eyes intense, fierce.

**DAYNA**

You're trying to hypnotize me. Cut it out.

He steps closer. Her hand loosens the sleeve that conceals the weapon.

**DAYNA**

So the future is about paranormal powers?

**WALKIN' DUDE**

And hi-tech. And I have both.  
We're invincible. That's why it's  
useless for Mother Abigail to send  
agents against me. Do you know  
what, Dayna? I'm going to let you  
go ... Lloyd, phone reception, and  
tell them to have a gassed-up  
motorbike ready for the lady.

Lloyd goes to the phone. Dayna fights to suppress hope.

**DAYNA**

Now ... why would you let me go?

**WALKIN' DUDE**

Isn't it obvious? You go home and tell your  
people to stick to your side of the mountains.

The Walkin' Dude smiles affably.

**DAYNA**

What's the catch?

**WALKIN' DUDE**

I want the others to go back, too.  
Who else has Mother Abigail sent?

**DAYNA**

... You think I can remember over  
a hundred names? And faces?

The Walkin' Dude's sweetness turns into angered shock.

**DAYNA**

Just kidding. And testing.

He steps forward and clamps his hand on her neck.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Testing what ?!

She finds a residue of courage.

**DAYNA**  
What you can do, and can't.  
Your powers are not as strong  
as they're cracked up to be.  
Not as strong as you'd like Lloyd  
here, and the others to believe --

He lets out a bloodcurdling scream and flings her across the room. Dayna crashes into the wall.

She crumples to the floor, a rag doll. She's very scared as he steps closer.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
You will tell me what  
I want to know ... Or --  
  
Or I'll start a fire in your  
brain and then you'll tell me.

He stops above her, his burning eyes locked on hers.

**DAYNA**  
(very faint)  
I'll tell.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Of course you will.

**DAYNA**  
(faint rasp)  
I hurt, you hurt my neck, my throat.

She motions with the arm with the concealed knife.

**DAYNA**  
Closer.

He stoops beside her.

**DAYNA**  
Heeere!

And the knife, no, a banana -- with the Chiquita logo -- jerks out of her sleeve and into her hand. About to drive the banana into his stomach, Dayna sees what it is. He laughs uproariously. She's so shocked, she lets him take the banana from her hand.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
You like my little trick?

He does a sleight of hand and, pronto, the banana is the knife.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

One day I'll make water flow uphill.  
But now ... tell me what I want to kn --

**DAYNA**

No!

Drawing on an inner strength, she bolts before he can grab her and lunges at the window, her feet first, using them like pistons to CRACK the GLASS.

She grabs the jagged glass and whips the cutting edge across her throat. Blood gushes.

The Walkin' Dude gets to her too late. He bellows and kicks her and kicks her -- a dead, bloodless body. He senses something and turns to see Lloyd staring.

In a towering rage, the Walkin' Dude closes in on him.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

You think I fucked up?

**LLOYD**

God, no ... I mean, nobody's perfect.

The Walkin' Dude grabs Lloyd and lifts him up, levitates him. He lets go, leaving Lloyd with his toes scraping the carpet. He erupts into a passionate tirade.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

I've done damn good so far. Roads from San Diego to Seattle have been cleared. Busses and trains run on time. There's scheduled T.V. and radio. There's law and order. All misfits have been crucified. My people work hard eight hours a day and play hard eight hours a day. And the wolf and weasel and crow are protected species. And there're no taxes, school is open again ...

His mood is suddenly mellow; and Lloyd is standing with his feet on the floor again.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

By the way, how are the students doing at the Flying Academy?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. DESERT WILDERNESS (ARIZONA) - DAY**

Stu helps an exhausted Larry along a trail under the hot sun. Kojack follows.

The three come to a stand of trees, where a trailer is parked. Stu eases Larry down in the shade, looks around, and steps --

**INT. TRAILER - DAY**

-- inside. Stu picks up canned goods, and passing a guitar, his fingers brush the strings.

**EXT. STAND OF TREES - LATER - DAY**

Larry, Stu and Kojack rest in the shade. They've eaten and drunk from the cans.

Larry finishes tuning the guitar from the trailer and begins humming "Baby, Can You Dig Your Man?".

STU  
Funny you playin' that tune.  
I heard it when the flu began happenin'.

LARRY  
You know anything about it?

STU  
Nah. Do you?

LARRY  
No.

He casts the guitar aside.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MGM GRAND - PENTHOUSE - DAY**

The Walkin' Dude levitates ... projecting.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. DESERT WILDERNESS - STAND OF TREES - DAY**

Stu, Kojack and Larry are figures disappearing into the heat warp, when -- a crow alights on the strings of the discarded GUITAR, setting off WEIRD SOUNDS. The crow PLUCKS a STRING with its beak, and the combined sounds are weirder, LOUDER.

**EXT. DESERT WILDERNESS - DAY**

As Stu, Kojack and Larry trek, the WEIRD SOUND rings in Larry's ear. CHORDS BUILD on the sound, and VOICES and sights materialize: Larry becomes --

-- a rockstar onstage, basking in the adulation of fans.

Stu shakes Larry out of his altered state.

STU  
Larry. You okay?

LARRY  
... Yeah. The heat, I guess.

Stu pours some water over Larry's head.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MGM PENTHOUSE - VIEW OVER LAS VEGAS - NIGHT**

Nadine is bored out of her mind. The Walkin' Dude and Lloyd stare out the window.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

Lloyd, since Trash took off,  
you've done real good.

**LLOYD**

'Preciate that, sir. The boys  
'n girls have been lots happier.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

What boys? What girls?

**LLOYD**

The people in the militia.  
The folks in the weapons factories.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

I see. Lloyd, you'll have to  
learn to like Trashy again.

**LLOYD**

... ?!

**WALKIN' DUDE**

(intense)

I sense it, feel it.

He'll be back.

(easygoing)

He's too crazy not to come back.

Lloyd says nothing, staring off into the distance. Then:

**LLOYD**

Sir!

He points, and from that direction comes a ROAR. The Walkin' Dude and Lloyd see --

-- a B-1 bomber and two F-16s streak past.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

A B-1 bomber! Well done, Lloyd.

**LLOYD**

The F-16s, sir, are armed with sidewinders.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

Thanks.

Lloyd knows he's dismissed. As he exits, the Walkin' Dude goes to Nadine, who lies on a divan, her belly large.

He shoves his hands under her, and lifts her up. Their faces are very close.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Things are looking up, Nadine.

**NADINE**  
Neato.

He jerks his hands from under her -- she stays where she is, levitating. He excitedly exposes her belly.

He floats up himself and hovers over her belly with his mouth. He kisses it, making blowing sounds and the weirdest baby talk.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Uwwwww ... neki sakkad, Chathuluuuu ...

Nadine feels a sharp pain and stares at her belly. Six spikes begin to stick up from the taut surface of her skin -- a claw is pushing up.

**NADINE**  
Oh my God.

The talon-like spikes retreat. The Walkin' Dude grins.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. WILDERNESS - ARROYO (DISTANT LAS VEGAS) - DAY**

Stu helps Larry up the bank and they reach the edge. They can see --  
-- many miles away -- the sun kicking off the buildings of Las Vegas.

**LARRY**  
So far, so good.

The soft rock gives way beneath Stu's feet. He starts to slide back down. He grabs at rocks, but they come loose and he fails to get a purchase.

Stu tumbles all the way to the riverbed, his leg hitting a jagged rock. He gasps in pain, grabs his leg ... it is broken.

He looks up and sees Larry looking down.

**LARRY**  
Are you okay?

**STU**  
Leg's broke ... got some sticks, we'll splint it.  
Stu sees Larry pull back from the edge and from view. Stu is puzzled.

Larry's mind races. Once again the WEIRD SOUNDS EDDY around him. Crows nearby squawk and cackle as they flutter around a carcass.

Larry steps back to the edge of the arroyo and to the ordinary sounds of nature. He smiles down at Stu.

STU  
Where're the sticks?  
Aren't you going to help me?

LARRY  
No, Stu. I'm going it alone. It can't wait.

STU  
What?! --

LARRY  
Stu, don't you remember what Mother  
Abigail said? If you can't lead, I should.  
Your job -- mission -- was to get me this far.

STU  
Hold on there just a min --

LARRY  
But Stu, don't you get it?  
You hurting yourself is a  
sign ... from her ... to me.

STU  
Larry, the sun's gone to your head ... Maybe --

LARRY  
(irascible)  
Maybe what ?!

STU  
Maybe the Walkin' Dude has gotten to you.

Larry just smiles down at Stu.

Stu sees Larry retreat from the edge. He yells out:

STU  
Larry, damn you, I'll have to kill the  
Dude AND YOU. Larry, come back!

Larry doesn't reappear. Stu's distress is much stronger than the pain of his broken leg.  
Kojack whimpers.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROAD INTO LAS VEGAS - NIGHT**

Larry walks down the middle of the road toward the blazing lights.

**EXT. SCRUBLAND OVERLOOKING ROAD (LAS VEGAS) - NIGHT**

On his bike, Tom swoops a rise up and sees --

-- Larry heading toward the Strip.

TOM

Holy gee ... ?!

**EXT. BOTTOM OF ARROYO - NIGHT**

Kojack brings a stick, and Stu -- working feverishly -- completes a makeshift splint.

**EXT. STRIP (LAS VEGAS) - NIGHT**

Acknowledging bystanders and those who spill out of the casinos to applaud him, Larry walks toward the MGM Grand. Police stop traffic for him.

Larry glances up and sees his name in lights: LARRY UNDERWOOD, ROCKSTAR OF THE WEST.

**EXT. / INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**

The Walkin' Dude looks down. He grins smugly.

**EXT. MGM GRAND LOBBY - NIGHT**

Lloyd sweeps forward to meet Larry.

LLOYD

Welcome, Mr. Underwood.  
Your concert will be tomorrow  
night. We've lined up some  
first rate backup musicians.

LARRY

Good.

**EXT. WILDERNESS - ARROYO (DISTANT LAS VEGAS) - DAWN**

Kojack tugging, Stu claws his way up to the edge.

**EXT. BOARDED-UP WEDDING CHAPEL (LAS VEGAS) - DAY**

A boy leads Lloyd and a few goons to the door of the chapel. Some boards have been torn from the door. The boy points inside.

**INT. PLASTIC WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY**

In the gloom, an attractive WOMAN in a sexy waitress outfit is kneeling and praying quietly.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Hail Mary --

Lloyd's goons charge in. She starts to turn --

**EXT. WILDERNESS (LAS VEGAS IN DISTANCE) - LATE DAY**

Propped on an improvised crutch, Stu makes slow but inexorable progress over the rough terrain. Every time his broken leg brushes against something, Stu could scream.

He has to stop. He takes the opportunity to check his revolver. Satisfied, Stu soldiers on.

**EXT. ARENA BY MGM GRAND (LAS VEGAS) - NIGHT**

Larry is on the bandstand with other musicians -- a heavy metal rock 'n' roller, a classical violinist, a cocktail bar pianist in frills. Near Larry are the gaudy MASTER OF CEREMONIES, Lloyd, and goons. They, and the crowd who fill the stands, watch the activity in the arena.

Other goons lead in the attractive woman captured in the chapel, still in her sexy outfit. Meanwhile four open sports cars, their drivers in flashy duds, one of them tricked out as a pirate, back into the arena from different directions.

The Master of Ceremonies signals, and drummers start up a nerve-wracking tattoo. The people in the stands watch, excitement and nervousness rising.

The woman, terribly afraid, tries to calm herself.

**ATTRACTIVE WOMAN**

H-hail Mary, f-f-full ... full ...

The drivers -- one is a woman -- grab her. Ropes run from the back bumpers of each car, and the drivers loop the ends around the woman's wrists and ankles.

Larry watches without expression.

The drivers get in their cars, and inch forward till the woman is suspended by her wrists and ankles -- ready to be quartered alive. The ENGINES IDLE; occasionally there's a REV.

The people in the stands are excited, uneasy, on edge.

Her heart pounding in her throat, she pushes out the words as loud as she can:

**ATTRACTIVE WOMAN**

Our Father ... who ... art ... in ... heaven --

**WALKIN' DUDE**

-- Stay there!

All eyes and spotlights turn to the ramp up to the bandstand. In blue jeans a white silk shirt which gleams with irridescences, under his jacket, the Walkin' Dude makes his entrance. His BOOTHEELS CLICK. He is followed by Nadine who is very pregnant.

**MASTER OF CEREMONIES**

Randall Flagg and bride who  
will give birth tomorrow!

A cheer goes up from the crowd. Larry watches. The Walkin' Dude approaches, and he's easygoing.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

Hi, Larry. Gonna play for us?

**LARRY**

I guess.

Larry's eyes drift toward Nadine. She peeks fleetingly in his direction. They don't make eye contact.

The Walkin' Dude signals; the M.C. speaks into the mike.

**MASTER OF CEREMONIES**  
Engines ready!

The four drivers REV their SPORTS CARS.

**ATTRACTIVE WOMAN**  
Forgive them, for they d-d-don't-t --

**MASTER OF CEREMONIES**  
Tighten ropes.

The drivers inch forward. The ropes become taut, putting tension on her limbs. She's suddenly berserk. Her pleading eyes seek the Walkin' Dude.

**ATTRACTIVE WOMAN**  
Fuck God ... I'll do anything you  
want ... Anything ... But let me live ...

Larry watches impassive. The M.C. turns to the Walkin' Dude who whispers something in his ear.

**MASTER OF CEREMONIES**  
Those who don't wish to look:  
the Walkin' Dude understand ... Go!

The cars take off, and the woman's body is --

The people watch her body being quartered. A gasp of excitement, of disgust, grips the crowd. Some turn away not to witness the horror.

Larry watches impassive. The Walkin' Dude gloats. Nadine's eyes are cast down. Lloyd is disgusted and excited all at once.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
(to Larry)  
It gets the folks' blood worked up.

**LARRY**  
I guess it does.

A clean-up crew enters the arena, and the four cars back into position again.

**EXT. OUTSIDE ARENA - NIGHT**

Tom pedals slowly closer on his dirt bike.

**EXT. WILDERNESS (CLOSER TO LAS VEGAS) - NIGHT**

Stu's inexorability is flagging. He weaves, trips, falls, and doesn't get up. Kojack nudges him, barks.

**EXT. ARENA - NIGHT**

**MASTER OF CEREMONIES**  
Ladies and gents, allow me to  
introduce Larry Underwood,  
the greatest rock star alive --

Applause and cheers from the crowd.

**MASTER OF CEREMONIES**  
And if he wants to stay alive ...  
to earn that right, Larry will,  
here and now, disown the  
teachings of Mother Abigail!

Larry remains impassive. The Walkin' Dude leans toward Larry and whispers to him.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Hey, champ, don't forget to kiss ass.

Larry grabs the mike.

**LARRY**  
Kiss your ass ?!  
(hamming it up)  
Literally ?! For real ?! Okay!

Titters, even snatches of laughter run through the crowd. The Walkin' Dude shoots Larry a searing glance.

**LARRY**  
Loosen up, man, I'm an entertainer.  
I find material where I find it.

Some in the crowd are secretly amused. Goon lieutenants glance at Lloyd for reassurance.

**LLOYD**  
(a whisper)  
You'll see, the Boss will come through.

The Walkin' Dude motions gracefully for Larry to address the crowd.

**LARRY**  
To tell you the truth, folks, Mother Abigail had  
very little to teach. Just one thing, come to  
think of it. She said: "Fear no evil". So I will  
fear no evil. So I do not fear the Walkin' Dude.

The crowd is shocked, disbelieving. The Walkin' Dude grabs the microphone from Larry, and speaks into it.

The FEEDBACK comes over the LOUDSPEAKER as a loud SCREECHING in an unknown language. The Walkin' Dude -- like everybody else on the bandstand and in the stands -- is shocked. He backs away from the mike, and Larry speaks into it.

**LARRY**  
What-was-that ?!

The same question reverberates throughout the stands. Giving it his best:

LARRY  
The Walkin' Dude, folks, feeds on  
fear. Your fear. HE IS EVIL --

**EXT. OUTSIDE ARENA - NIGHT**

Tom hears Larry's words carried by the loudspeakers.

TOM  
Holy gee, he's not a dirty rat!

He turns in circles on his bike, wondering what to do.

**EXT. ARENA - NIGHT**

Lloyd and his goons drag Larry from the microphone. Larry calls out, hamming it up for the crowd.

LARRY  
Hey, police brutality!

Some in the crowd dare to laugh; but most are confused.

**EXT. WILDERNESS (CLOSER TO LAS VEGAS) - NIGHT**

Kojack leading, barking him on, Stu hobbles forward.

**EXT. ARENA - NIGHT**

The goons loop the ropes that are attached to the sports cars around Larry's wrists and ankles. Larry calls out to the crowd:

LARRY  
You people KNOW this is wrong.  
But you're all scared of h --

A panicked Lloyd slaps Larry hard.

LLOYD  
Shut up.

LARRY  
(to Lloyd)  
Easy, you're afraid of him too.

**EXT. WILDERNESS (CLOSER TO LAS VEGAS) - NIGHT**

Kojack leads Stu along the edge of a deep crevice.

**EXT. ARENA - NIGHT**

Larry is suspended midair by his wrists and ankles.

LARRY  
He must kill me because  
he is afraid of what I say.

WALKIN' DUDE  
(to Nadine)  
We'll stop this damn "fear" business.

Nadine nods, eyes downcast. Murmurs ripple through the crowd. The Walkin' Dude whispers something to the M.C. and:

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
Keep tightening the ropes, boys ...  
but slow, real slow ...

The drivers jolt their cars back and forth. Larry is yanked this way, that way. He fights the pain:

LARRY  
This is evil ...  
and I fear ...  
no evil-l-l ...

**EXT. OUTSIDE ARENA - NIGHT**

Riding in circles in a trance, Tom is awakened by a notion. He turns the bike away from the arena, and begins pumping, gaining speed.

**EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

Tom careens forward when -- announced by a RUMBLE -- a huge industrial MACHINE swerves around a corner, suddenly upon him.

Tom skids to a side and the huge vehicle, its engine going full out, spewing smoke, passes inches from Tom. It's too close to see what it is and who the driver is.

Tom remounts his bike and takes off, searching. He calls out quietly, but with intensity:

TOM  
Dayna ?! ... Stu ?!

**EXT. ARENA - NIGHT**

The cars keep up their back and forth jolts.

LARRY  
This pain is evil ... and ...  
I ... will ... fear ... no evil.

Lloyd leaps up on the bandstand, knocks the M.C. off. He takes control of the mike, addresses the crowd.

LLOYD  
I'm a killer. But I'm also an American ...  
and this ain't American. It ain't right. And --

Turning to the Walkin' Dude:

**LLOYD**  
**-- you ain't a man ... You're**  
**some kind of a ... a devil!**

The crowd is shocked. The Walkin' Dude's face is a mask of fear, but it changes into one of demonic wrath.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
**(a whisper to Lloyd)**  
**I am ... a devil.**

The Walkin' Dude jerks a hand at Lloyd's face. And a tiny ball of blue fire leaps from the Walkin' Dude's finger.

Crackling, the ball of fire alights on the edge of Lloyd's mouth, burning the flesh. Lloyd screams in shock, unable to move.

The crowd watches. Larry watches. The Walkin' Dude gloats as he watches the ball of blue energy move across Lloyd's mouth fusing his lips shut, locking Lloyd's scream behind bulging eyes.

The crowd is disturbed, gripped by anxiety, and pity.

**LARRY**  
**Fear no evil ... fear no evil.**

The Walkin' Dude calls out to the crowd.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
**Who else wants to challenge me?**

People glance among themselves: Who will speak first?

**EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT**

Pedaling frantically, Tom searches erratically, and calls:

**TOM**  
**Stu ?! Dayna ?!**

He coasts; and he listens, intense.

**EXT. ARENA - NIGHT**

The small fireball twirls above the Walkin' Dude. He struts triumphantly glaring at people in the stands.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
**So! Who wants to speak up?**

He sees the crowd staring back at him, and suddenly --

-- people spilling down the stands, onto the arena, and out. The reason for the panic is soon evident.

Preceded by its RUMBLE, the huge MACHINE -- an industrial forklift -- CRASHES through the stands, breaking its way in ... and people flee in all directions, scrambling over, trampling each other.

The Walkin' Dude is stunned, a fear rising -- and the ball swells, the fiery light spinning.

Larry, still tethered, is caught in the press of people. Three drivers run. The fourth car is crushed by the huge treads of the industrial forklift.

**EXT. EDGE OF LAS VEGAS - NIGHT**

Tom senses something.

**TOM**  
... Stu? ... Stu!

He pushes down on the pedals, leaves the road and heads into the wilderness.

**EXT. ARENA - NIGHT**

The escaping, panicked people stumble over Larry who struggles to unloop the tethers. He succeeds.

The Walkin' Dude on the bandstand, and Larry in the arena can now clearly see the huge forklift's driver.

He is Trash. His hair and teeth -- when he grins -- are falling out, and his face is a raw red mess with only one eye working. His arms are covered with boils.

The Walkin' Dude stares at Trash in terror. And Larry sees that the ball of fire gets bigger.

**TRASH**  
Sorry about the hassle with  
the bombs, you'll forgive me?  
I brought you the fire of undoing.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
... Undoing?

**TRASH**  
The Big Fire ... The A-bomb.

The Walkin' Dude and Larry's gaze go to the device that lies in the jaws of the forklift -- a thermonuclear bomb.

Utter dread comes over the Walkin' Dude's face, and as it does his face becomes as if made of glass, becoming flesh again.

Larry watches, transfixed as the ball of blue fire grows suddenly, becomes enormous, crackling and throbbing.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Take it away, Trash. PI-I-Please. Can't  
you see the radioactivity is killing you?

**TRASH**

My life for you.

**EXT. WILDERNESS (CLOSER TO LAS VEGAS) - NIGHT**

Stu lurches onward with grim determination.

**EXT. WILDERNESS OUTSIDE LAST VEGAS - NIGHT**

Tom rises and dips as he pedals like a madman. He yells:

**TOM**

Stu ?! Holy gee, there's big danger.

The ball -- diaphanous -- of crackling blue energy begins to spin away. The Walkin' Dude notices -- and his fretfulness only increases -- but he's locked into a contest of wits with Trash.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

Take it away. It's  
dangerous. Very. Lloyd!

Lloyd, his mouth cauterized, looks up.

**WALKIN' DUDE**

Lloyd, get Trash to ...  
help him take it away.

Lloyd's eyes nearly explode from their sockets -- he has to laugh and he's got no mouth.

**LARRY**

Dude ... your magic has dumped on you.

He and the Walkin' Dude see the sphere of energy roll away, passing through the stands.

**EXT. OUTSIDE ARENA AND STRIP - NIGHT**

People escape frantically. Some in cars knock others over, ram other cars. The sphere rolls and spins through matter and people. It sets off/STARTS up CAR ENGINES, BEEPERS on digital watches.

**INT. CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT**

The sphere passes through, triggering off the one-armed bandits. Coins gush out. It sets off ALARMS, JUKEBOXES.

**EXT. ARENA - NIGHT**

**TRASH**

What's the matter with Lloyd?

Larry climbs up on the bandstand.

**LARRY**

Dude, listen. Your magic  
is playing the town.

The Walkin' Dude, Larry and Trash hear the weird cacophony.

**EXT STRIP - NIGHT**

The sphere sets off the lights of Las Vegas. They strobe wildly, dizzying the escaping people. Streams of coins roll underfoot.

**EXT. EDGE OF CREVICE (CLOSER STILL TO LAS VEGAS) - NIGHT**

Stu soldiers on propping himself up on Kojack, skirting the edge of a drop.

**EXT. WILDERNESS BETWEEN LAS VEGAS AND CREVICE - NIGHT**

Tom comes sailing over a rise, yelling:

**TOM**  
**Stu-u-u-u ...**

**EXT. ARENA NIGHT**

**TRASH**  
The Master won't thank Trashy !?!

The crackling surface of the sphere reaches the forklift, starts slowly through it, heading for the bomb.

The Walkin' Dude lets out a melodramatic sigh.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
It's getting flaky here.  
Time to bail out.

**NADINE**  
Dude! You forgot something.

The Walkin' Dude's eyes -- and Larry's -- turn to Nadine. With her fist, she gives her belly a mighty blow.

The sphere spins closer to the bomb.

**EXT. WILDERNESS OUTSIDE LAS VEGAS - NIGHT**

Pumping like a madman, Tom comes flying up a slope.

**TOM**  
**Stu-u-u ... Kojack-k-k!**

**EXT. ARENA - NIGHT**

Down on her knees, from under her bloody skirt Nadine draws a half-human, half monster **BABY CREATURE**, holding it up. It has hollow eyes, slit by dark cat's pupils.

**BABY CREATURE**  
Dada ...

The Walkin' Dude takes one step toward it when he notices the fireball much closer to the bomb. He stops in his tracks.

**WALKIN' DUDE**  
Good try, Nadine, to snuff me ...  
I'm dying ... to come back --

The Walkin' Dude's face starts to grow transparent again.

**LARRY**  
We will fear no evil.

He and Nadine make eye contact. Finally. What could have been is in their eyes. For a second. The surface of the sphere is an inch from the bomb.

The Walkin' Dude disappears. And the Walkin' Dude's clothes -- Stetson, shirt, jeans and boots -- stand upright for the blink of an eye, then collapse.

**LARRY**  
Thank God. I will fear no --

The surface of the blue ball of energy touches the atomic bomb and a blinding white flash obliterates all --

#### **EXT. OUTSIDE LAS VEGAS - CREVICE - NIGHT**

-- expanding. An uncomprehending Stu is on the ground, Kojack tugging on him, stepping back into the crevice, pulling Stu down with him.

Kojack and Stu crash to the bottom.

Above, the expanding flash bleaches out the landscape. Out of the whiteness Tom speeds, his hair on fire. He lunges into the rift.

Where Las Vegas once stood, the flash subsides to AN EERIE DAYLIGHT as the mushroom cloud begins to rise. Shock waves hit with flaming debris, and SONIC BOOMS.

Below, Stu has enough presence to put out the fire in Tom's hair.

Above, the mushroom cloud continues to billow up.

Below, Tom regains his wind.

**TOM**  
Larry did it. Larry called down the hand  
of God. Holy gee, that was something.

Stu looks away, inside himself.

**STU**  
I had to doubt you, Larry. Sorry I didn't  
get a ringside view, but it falls to me to live.

Above, the mushroom cloud reaches the stratosphere, when a wind comes out of the east.

**EXT. SKY - NIGHT**

The radioactive cloud is blown west, dispersed.

**EXT. CREVICE - NIGHT**

Badly hurting, Stu looks up and sees clouds race west.

**STU**

It's blowing west. Boulder's safe from fallout. And us, too.

**TOM**

Holy gee, that's good?

**EXT. CREVICE - DAWN**

The wasteland of the atomic aftermath is tinted pink by the rising sun.

**CUT TO:**

Snow lashes at --

**INT. INFIRMARY - CAMPUS (BOULDER, COLORADO) - WINTER - NIGHT**

-- the windows of the corridor. Lucy helps an incredibly pregnant Frannie down it's length. She's in pain:

**FRANNIE**

It's kicking ... it wants out.

**LUCY**

(to distract her)

Okay, Frannie, what's your choice of names.

**FRANNIE**

(grimacing)

Don't know ...

They pass Leo bouncing the ball -- he speaks without looking up.

**LEO**

If it's a girl, Dayna.

If it's a boy, Larry.

Lucy and Frannie turn toward him in alarm.

**LUCY**

Leo, why did you say that?

Leo is jolted from the trance. In spite of the contractions:

**FRANNIE**  
Why did you pick those two  
names? Larry and Dayna?

**LEO**  
I don't know ...

He does know. It shows on his face, but he hides it from them. He senses he should say a bit more.

**LEO**  
I guess they are the two ... who ...

He's searching for the right words.

**LUCY**  
The two who take the biggest chances?

**LEO**  
Yeah. That's it. The ones who'd  
get into more trouble ove there.

**LUCY**  
And be the ones not to come back ...?

Leo shrugs, hugs Lucy.

**LEO**  
I love you, Mom.

The women smile, but there's a fear they don't want to deal with. The Doc runs toward them.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROCKIES - WINTER (SNOW STORM) - DAY**

Bundled with whatever they've managed to get hold of, and looking very much the worse for the wear, Stu, Tom and Kojack struggle against the driving snow.

Suddenly an animal bounds toward them.

Stu and Tom recover from the shock, but not Kojack. He goes berserk. The animal is a dog. A bitch, and Kojack sniffs her over, and he's off in amorous pursuit. Stu and Tom look up, see Leo looking at them.

**LEO**  
Are they going to have puppies, Uncle Stu?

Stu recovers from the shock of the encounter.

**STU**  
... I hope.

**INT. CORRIDOR - INFIRMARY - DAY**

An excited Leo leads an elated Stu, his beard caked with ice. Tom follows in a state of exhaustion.

**INT. INFIRMARY - ROOM - NIGHT**

Overjoyed, Frannie is holding her newborn baby when Leo shoves Stu into the room.

Tears welling up, they stare at each other. Stu goes to her, and they kiss; and they kiss the baby.

**LEO**

Tom and Stu say that Larry and Dayna won't be coming back.

So overwhelmed that he hasn't been able to say a word to Frannie yet, Stu knows he must deal with Lucy. He puts his arm around her.

**STU**

Lucy, it's true ...

**LUCY**

I sort of knew. Leo prepared me.

She draws the boy to her, her eyes shiny.

**TOM**

Larry saved us all. He called down the hand of God on the boogeyman. Holy gee, what a sight to see!

**FRANNIE**

It's a boy, Stu. Let's call him Larry.

**LEO**

Yeah, my dad's name!

**STU**

Sure.

Stu takes the baby in his arms, turns to Doc and Zellman who are in a state of exhaustion -- they've just delivered the baby.

**STU**

You guys did good.

**DOC**

Considering I'm just a vet ...

**ZELLMAN**

And I'm an optometrist.

People crowd in to see the returning heroes. Lucy puts on a brave face.

**LUCY**

Still so much to do.

**STU**

Yeah, build a new world.

**DOC**

**God, we've gone through a lot.  
We're prepared.**

**ZELLMAN**

**And we've learned so much!**

**STU**

**(the laconic hero)  
Really? Like what?**

**Doc, Mark, and the others don't have an answer. The baby in his arms, Stu turns back to Frannie. Holding Lucy's hand, Leo tugs at Stu's sleeve to get his attention.**

**LEO**

**Like we can't help being happy.**

**Stu and Frannie agree, and even Lucy smiles.**

**FADE OUT**