THE DEAD ZONE

"ZION"

Production #2013

Story by
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THE DEAD ZONE

"ZION"

CAST

JOHNNY SMITH
BRUCE LEWIS/YOUNGER BRUCE
SARAH BANNERMANN
REV. GENE PURDY

GREG STILLSON
BOY BRUCE (Age 10)
PASTOR DAVID LEWIS
MRS. ROSE LEWIS
DR. McCANTS
MRS. McCANTS
ALVIN

NON-SPEAKING

ZION CHURCH PARISHIONERS
CLARA JOHNSON
YOUNG WOMAN SERVING APPETIZERS
TRIMBUL HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND
SIDEWALK CROWD IN MAINE
MOTORCYCLE RIDERS IN AD HOC PARADE

FAITH HERITAGE
STUDENTS
ASSISTANT BAND
STILLSON’S RALLY CROWD
SECURITY GUARD

PARISHIONER #1
PARISHIONER #2
SONNY ELLIMAN
FEMALE LEAFLET VOLUNTEER
THE DEAD ZONE

"ZION"

SETS

INTERIORS

ZION CHURCH
  SANCTUARY
  OFFICE

PASTOR’S HOUSE
  LIVING ROOM
  DINING ROOM
  FOYER

FAITH HERITAGE
  AUDITORIUM
  CATWALK/LADDER

JOHNNY’S SMALL HOUSE

STILLSON CAMPAIGN HQ

EXTERIORS

ZION CHURCH
  ADJOINING PASTOR’S HOUSE

BUS ON INTERSTATE (STOCK)

CLEAVES MILLS (STOCK)

MAIN STREET

FAITH HERITAGE GROUNDS
  AUDITORIUM
  SMITH HOUSE - BOARDED UP

JOHNNY’S SMALL HOUSE

VEHICLES

CLEAVES MILLS CAB

MOTORCYCLES
**THE DEAD ZONE**

**“ZION”**

**PRONUNCIATION GUIDE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD</th>
<th>PRONUNCIATION</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ceylon</td>
<td>si-lān (i as in tip; ā as in father or cart)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sri Lanka</td>
<td>srç-lā-ka (ç as in easy; ā as in father or cart; as in si ng or ink; and the last a is pronounced like “a” in but or banana)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tamil</td>
<td>tam-il (a as in map; i like “a” in but or banana)</td>
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</tbody>
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**bold = emphasis on syllable**
FADE IN:

INT. ZION CHURCH - CLOSE UP - A ROW OF LARGE, FANCY LADIES' HATS

Seen from behind as we pan across, then move to reveal the faces of the ladies themselves: African-American, middle-aged, formidable, fanning themselves with hand-held fans, staring forward with anticipation. Sunday-Best clothing, 1981.

ANGLE - THE PULPIT

A low podium, fronted by a seated row of six African American men in their twenties, in period suits and shades.

ANGLE - A TEN YEAR OLD BOY

Wearing a dazzling white suit steps up to the pulpit, almost casually. He exchanges a glance with his father -- a large, imposing African-American PASTOR sitting next to pulpit. The older man nods his permission to begin. The boy turns to his audience, voice clear and calm.

BOY BRUCE
Our subject today... the End of the World.

He takes a deep breath -- not that he needs to, this is part of the style and the rhythm of the sermon.

BOY BRUCE
I beheld an Angel...

Immediately, scattered voices respond "Amen" "Uh-huh" "Praise the Lord" "Hallelujah" "Glory" "That's right" "Preach it" -- and will continue to do so for the rest of the sermon as the Spirit moves them.

BOY BRUCE
I said I beheld an Angel...

The responses get more energetic.

BOY BRUCE
And he broke the seal...

He steps aside from the pulpit so he can be fully seen.
CONTINUED:

BOY BRUCE
I beheld an Angel and he broke the seal...

He puts his hand on his hip.

BOY BRUCE
Come and see...

A breath.

REVEAL JOHNNY SMITH

Sitting in a pew. The only White face in the entire church. This is a Dead Zone vision we are watching. Johnny glances over at a woman (Clara Johnson) in a big church hat fanning herself next to him.

BOY BRUCE
I beheld an Angel and he broke the seal... said...

RESUME THE BOY PREACHER

Including his father...

BOY BRUCE & PASTOR
(in unison)
Come and see...

Breath.

BOY BRUCE
He said Come and see...

Breath.

BOY BRUCE & PASTOR
Come and see...

The people in front of him are on their feet, the crowd is shouting louder now.

JOHNNY

watches the boy preacher, whose voice is steadily building, carrying the worshipers up with him.

BOY BRUCE
I beheld the sun, black as sackcloth...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

Voices joining --

**BOY BRUCE & PASTOR**

Come and see...

His voice goes louder, more rapid, keeping out in front.

**BOY BRUCE**

And the moon became as blood...

The words pour out in a rush.

**BOY BRUCE**

I beheld the sun, black as sackcloth... And the moon became as blood... And in Heaven there was Silence.

End vision --

INT. ZION CHURCH - DAY - ON JOHNNY

Sitting in the same pew as above. Silent. Johnny glances up --

**JOHNNY'S POV - BRUCE**

Standing at the front of the church, at the pulpit, by an open casket. Completing some comments.

**BRUCE**

I wish I could find the words. After so much time.

The Pastor from the vision is lying in state -- twenty-five years older, but still imposing, still recognizable as the same man.

**BRUCE**

My father would want me to give a sermon. As he taught me. But it doesn't really go with the haircut, Daddy.

It's an odd time for a joke, not entirely inappropriate, but it does reveal a trace of guilt and separation. There are no laughs. And Bruce really feels out of place and uncomfortable and decides to wrap this up.

**BRUCE**

I... thank you all for coming.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He steps away and the guests are disappointed but forgiving in this circumstance. Bruce moves beside his sixty year old mother MRS. LEWIS, comforting her as people move forward and line up to pay their respects...

RESUME

As Johnny stands and moves to get in line.

3 MOMENTS LATER - ON BRUCE

As Johnny moves to him in line...

BRUCE
Thanks for coming back with me, John.

JOHNNY
(nods with sympathy)
I found out more about you in the last two hours than you've told me in the last two years.

BRUCE
(acknowledges)
Lot of ghosts here. Starting with me.

They embrace as good friends would in this situation. And as they do, 180 DEGREE RAMP TO JOHNNY...

4 VISION - SERIES OF EXTREME CLOSE UPS, SLOW-MOTION, VERTIGINOUS:

-- a hand gun firing up (toward a catwalk)...

ECU

-- a bloody hand ripping a red, white and blue bunting draped across the front of the catwalk... as someone falls...

ECU

-- the floor below... as feet scatter to reveal Johnny lying face up... chest and neck wounded and bleeding... crazed eyes in shock, glazing over, dying... and if that isn't strange enough --

-- Suddenly, BRUCE'S FATHER LEANS INTO FRAME NEXT TO JOHNNY, crouching down, taking Johnny's hand, praying

(CONTINUED)
over him. Johnny turns to the Pastor and their eyes connect (and this transcends the moment as though Johnny in the vision has an awareness of the unusual presence of the pastor).

THE VISION ENDS.

INT. ZION CHURCH - DAY - RESUME

Johnny lets go. They BOTH look dazed.

BRUCE
Man, the Zone must be in overdrive today.

Johnny just looks at him, what's he mean? Bruce raises a hand up to his temple.

BRUCE
I could feel you having a vision. That never happened before.

MRS. LEWIS
(murmurs)
Let's keep moving please.

As Johnny starts to move away...

BRUCE
(sotto)
Tell me you saw us on a plane going home tomorrow.

JOHNNY
Not exactly.

Johnny glances down at the man in the coffin -- the same man he just saw praying over his dying body. OFF the mystery of the situation.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ZION CHURCH - DAY

Establish a modest place of worship in a residential/urban neighborhood, with a large sign over the front door: "Church of the Voice of Zion."

A small house for the Pastor is attached directly to the side of the church, allowing passage between.

INT. PASTOR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The reception after the funeral service... casual food and drinks on a buffet table... finding Bruce with a community DOCTOR... we'll call him MCCANTS.... (his wife is also in the room, chatting with someone near-by)...

DR. MCCANTS
It's what he would have wanted.

BRUCE
Doctor McCants, my father and I... we...
(never saw eye to eye on this subject)

DR. MCCANTS
(overlapping)
He told it to your mother on his deathbed, Bruce. I was there.

BRUCE
(quiet, uncomfortable)
I'm no preacher...

DR. MCCANTS
I brought you into this world with my two hands. And I swear to God I think you came out of your mama's womb a preacher - natural born. I've never seen anyone who had the gift like you had as a boy. It's a sin to waste it. It's what your father would say.

BRUCE
(mostly to himself)
Yup. He would all right.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DR. MCCANTS
Your mother tells me you've lived in a dozen different cities since you left... somewhere in Maine, right now, isn't it...

BRUCE
(trying to change the subject)
I like being mobile... it's the great thing about being a physical therapist...

DR. MCCANTS
Could you be any farther from home? Did you stop running away from Indiana when you reached the Atlantic ocean?

Bruce looks around for an escape to this conversation...

BRUCE
Have you tried the chicken? Mrs. Krasner brought it...

McCants holds Bruce's arm as he tries to move away...

DR. MCCANTS
What are you searching for, Bruce? And couldn't you find it here... with your mother... carrying on your father's fine work... cause she's going to lose it if you don't... she will lose the church and the house...

BRUCE
(dry)
Thank you for making sure I understood that...

A man (ALVIN) and his attractive wife (NORMA), both about Bruce's age... move to him as he moves away from McCants...

ALVIN
Long time, bro.

BRUCE
Alvin, too long.

They hug as old friends...

(CONTINUED)
ALVIN
I'm so sorry it has to be for this. Hey, I want you to meet my wife, Norma.

BRUCE
I didn't even know you were married.

Shakes her hand.

NORMA
I'm sorry for your loss.

There's nothing unique about this meeting, strictly perfunctory, funeral talk.

NEW ANGLE
Johnny is standing with Bruce's mother at the gathering.

MRS. LEWIS
Is there a special lady in his life?

JOHNNY
They're all special--

Johnny catches himself. He doesn't want to give the wrong impression, even if it's the right impression.

JOHNNY
--I mean...

But Mrs. Lewis has just stopped a Young Woman serving appetizers from a tray.

MRS. LEWIS
Go back and forth like a typewriter you'll cover the room much faster than if you just drift.

Mrs. Lewis makes the movement with her finger in the air.

MRS. LEWIS
Back and forth and back and forth.

The Young Woman acknowledges and moves quickly away. Mrs. Lewis turns again to Johnny.

MRS. LEWIS
Does he talk about us?

(CONTINUED)
continued: (3)

JOHNNY
All the time.

MRS. LEWIS
(even)
It takes more time to lie than to
tell the truth, Mister Smith.

She doesn't hesitate to ask provocative questions --

MRS. LEWIS (CONT'D)
Are there any other black people
there? In Maine?

JOHNNY
Not a lot.

She thinks about that...

MRS. LEWIS
Is he happy?

Johnny studies this formidable woman.

JOHNNY
Miz Lewis, he's been a great
friend. But he's not a man to
show his feelings, at least not
to me.

MRS. LEWIS
Covers them with a joke, I'll
bet.

JOHNNY
(nods)
To be honest, after today, I
realize I don't know him nearly
as well as I thought. I want to
change that.

MRS. LEWIS
Now, that's an honest answer.

She looks across the room at Bruce who looks uncomfortable
dealing with all the hugs that people want to give him...

MRS. LEWIS
(beat, thoughtful)
I don't think he knows himself
any better than you know him, Mr.
Smith.

Then she smiles gently.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4)

MRS. LEWIS

Thank you for being his friend.

As she's about to move away, she puts an intimate hand on his forearm in a gesture of appreciation... on her touch, RAMP TO HIS FACE...

VISION - MATCH CUT - JOHNNY'S FACE AS WE SAW IT BEFORE IN THE VISION - ON THE FLOOR... DYING...

As before, he turns and makes eye contact with Bruce's father who prays over him... this time at normal speed, we can hear chaos in the walla off camera... there seems to be a big crowd... people running, maybe someone at a loudspeaker telling everyone to be calm and exit in an orderly fashion... but this is a two shot between Johnny and Pastor Lewis...

PASTOR

Deliver him from his sins and let him partake of Thy redemption.

The vision ends...

RESUME JOHNNY

As Mrs. Lewis moves away... off his curious reaction...

INT. CHURCH - DAY

To find Johnny alone... staring at the corpse of Bruce's father... wondering what his vision meant... he slowly reaches out... to touch the body... both afraid and curious...

HIS HAND

Touches the chest... and it ignites a vision --

PASTOR (O.S.)
(mid-conversation)

In time, you'll find your way...

Johnny turns into a --

ANGLE - SPLIT REALITY -

Bruce has a duffel, short hair, and is now wearing casual clothes circa 1992. He's leaving home. His father stands in his way.

(CONTINUED)
PASTOR (CONT'D)
If you put your faith in God....

YOUNGER BRUCE
I lost my faith in God a long
time ago.

The Pastor slaps Bruce hard across the face. The duffel falls to the ground.

PASTOR
Not in this house. You will not
speak like that. Not in this
house.

They stare at each other.

YOUNGER BRUCE
You used me to fill this house.
You used me to fill your collection
plate every week.

PASTOR
(refusing to even
consider the charge)
Doing God's work. You were doing
God's...

YOUNGER BRUCE
Oh so it was God who took my
childhood away? Wouldn't let me
play ball? Go to the movies? Be
alone with a girl. I'm the only
black man in West Indianapolis
who can't dance, Daddy.

A beat. He walks past Johnny toward the pulpit...
YOUNGER BRUCE (CONT'D)
(as though preaching)
"And I heard an angel saying with
a loud voice, Woe, woe, woe to
the inhabitants of the earth..."

It echoes in the hall...

YOUNGER BRUCE
I've never heard the angel, Daddy.

PASTOR
You will.

YOUNGER BRUCE
Armageddon? The end is near?
Please. How can you possibly
believe anything we preach every
Sunday.

PASTOR
(simple, honest)
I read the morning paper. And I
have faith in the teachings...

YOUNGER BRUCE
I don't.

Younger Bruce picks up the duffel in defiance... opens
the door... he stares at his father a long beat, weighing
his choices.

PASTOR
Deny your destiny, you deny God
Himself. And me.

Young Bruce finally decides...
YOUNGER BRUCE
Nobody has a destiny. We're all just stumbling around in the dark.

And exits. We stay a beat on the pastor who is controlled but devastated... and although it must be a coincidence, he seems to look over in Johnny's direction... not eye contact per se... but almost an awareness...

BRUCE
(entering from the party)
There you are.

And unlike most visions... this one lingers as the scene in real time continues... the Pastor never disappears... he sits in a pew and looks sadly straight ahead, perhaps praying to himself; he doesn't pay attention to Johnny and Bruce and how could he - he's in the past... a vision, nothing more...

BRUCE
You told my mom there are no black people in Maine and now she's worried about me.

JOHNNY
I think she's worried about you for a lot of reasons.

Bruce doesn't want to confront his feelings about all this... he puts some distance between him and Johnny... walks over and looks at the cross...

BRUCE
Why is everyone worried about me; I got a job, an apartment, a lot of good white friends...
(beat)
They want me to come home... save the church... like I owe it to him... maybe I do...
His father doesn't look at him; he doesn't see his father. The pastor just looks ahead sadly, continuing a silent prayer.

BRUCE
It feels like he's in the room with us. I think I must be into my own Dead Zone today.

Sighs uncomfortable, stands again...

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Cause I feel him... trying to pull me back...

He moves to the casket... looks at the quiet figure of his father...

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Reaching out from that casket.

He reaches out and touches his father's cheek...

BRUCE
I could never touch him like this when he was alive... it was too personal, you know? It was too...

THE PASTOR
stands, mind working. A tear rolls down his cheek.

BRUCE
studies the body. And a parallel tear runs down his cheek...

(CONTINUED)
BRUCE
I'm sorry I let you down, Daddy.

And Johnny moves to comfort his friend, puts a hand on his shoulder... while Bruce still is touching his father's cheek... (note: it is important that we emphasize this is a three-way connection - not just between Johnny and Bruce but between Bruce and the body of his father as well) and on Johnny's touch... RAMP TO JOHNNY'S HAND... THEN RAMP TO THE PASTOR AND BRUCE'S HAND...

CLOSE ON BRUCE'S FACE... HIS HEAD FEELS LIKE IT'S SPLITTING OPEN... he grabs his head... groans... AND WE TURN 180 DEGREES AS BRUCE'S EYES CONNECT WITH JOHNNY'S EYES... suddenly Johnny's head snaps back as a vision HITS HIM... A CLEAR CONNECTION BETWEEN BRUCE AND JOHNNY IS THUS ESTABLISHED...

BRUCE
John... John...?

BUT INSTEAD OF RAMPING INTO JOHNNY... RAMP TO BRUCE'S FACE...

A FLASH - A LONG RAMP THROUGH THE PARISHIONERS TO BOY BRUCE

BOY BRUCE
Come and see!

CUTTING TO ADULT BRUCE (WITH DREADLOCKS) AMONG THE PARISHIONERS

Shocked, lost, confused, looking at himself as a child (same as Scene 1)...

BRUCE
John? What's happening, John?

RESUME RAMP TO BOY BRUCE

Suddenly pain grips the child and he grabs his head... his father moves to his side, concerned... we RAMP RIGHT INTO THE BOY'S EYES... AS THOUGH HE'S HAVING A VISION OF --

FLASH - SLO MO AS SEEN EARLIER

- A bloody hand ripping a red, white and blue bunting draped across the front of the catwalk... as someone falls...
FLASH -- SLO MO AS SEEN EARLIER

- the floor below... as feet scatter to reveal Johnny lying face up... chest and neck wounded and bleeding...

PASTOR (O.S.)
(overlapping)
Deny your destiny, you deny God Himself. And me.
RAMPING OUT OF YOUNGER'S BRUCE'S EYES

As he stands at the door about to leave home... he drops his duffel and grabs his head in pain AS THOUGH HE'S JUST HAD THE SAME VISION...

FLASH - JOHNNY'S FACE AS WE SAW IT BEFORE IN THE VISION - ON THE FLOOR... DYING...

As before, he turns and makes eye contact with Bruce's father (present day) who prays over him...

PASTOR

Deliver him from his sins and let him partake of Thy redemption.

RESUME YOUNGER BRUCE AND PASTOR FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

YOUNGER BRUCE

(in pain)
Something's wrong. Something's wrong.

PASTOR

Headache again?

Younger Bruce nods silently, almost incapacitated with the pain. His father moves to him and closes the door... Bruce never gets to leave this time... the father puts his arm around the son and they exit toward the corridor behind the pulpit.

PASTOR

It will pass. As all things do. God will show us the way. Everything will be all right now.

They walk by Bruce in the present... and our angle gives an extreme closeup of Bruce...

BRUCE

But this isn't how it happened... John, this isn't...

But as he turns, there is no Johnny - and in fact, the moment Younger Bruce did not leave, Johnny was gone... and more has changed as well... Bruce's hair is shorter, more conservative but he still has a beard (to help distinguish him from the younger Bruce we just saw and establish this as a present day alternate reality - in other words, he doesn't look that much different here.)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BRUCE

John?  Johnny?!

And the casket is gone too.  And he's wearing a preacher's suit.  And bells are peeling.

EXT. CHURCH OF ZION - DAY - ALT. REALITY

Bruce rushes out -- He looks wildly around for Johnny -- but instead, his eyes find a pasteboard sign that reads:

Church of the Voice of Zion
Pastor David Lewis
Elder Bruce Lewis
Sunday Sermon
March 30, 2003
"The Misunderstandings That Divide Us"

Parishioners are beginning to arrive...

PARISHIONER#1
Morning, Elder.

PARISHIONER#2
Bless you, Elder.

Bruce reacts, stunned.  He might as well have landed in Oz.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

22 EXT. CHURCH - AS BEFORE - DAY

Bruce is not feeling at all well... (it could be a lingering headache from the vision or as we will find out, it could also be the effects of a hangover); he puts some distance between himself and the people...

BRUCE
(muttering under his breath)
Okay, John. I'm hoping somehow you can hear me... because I may be caught in one of your visions here... like our Zones have fused together or something... but it's a very strange vision... cause I've seen things that never happened, John... I never went out the door, never left home... and, and I think you may be in trouble, John, cause I saw someone shoot you... talk to me, John, I need you...

DR. MCCANTS
Morning, Elder.

Bruce looks over to see Dr. McCants... looks at him, still confused...

DR. MCCANTS (CONT'D)
Rehearsing your sermon?

BRUCE
My sermon?

Noting Bruce's jumpy disposition...

DR. MCCANTS
Is everything all right?

BRUCE
Got a little headache is all.

(CONTINUED)
DR. MCCANTS  
(knowingly)  
Uh huh.

BRUCE  
(still in a daze)  
Haven't been quite right since the funeral...

DR. MCCANTS  
Funeral, what funeral?

PASTOR  
Bruce, your momma's looking for you...

Moving to reveal his father, in his sixties, current day, at the door to the church...

BRUCE  
Daddy?

PASTOR  
You know she doesn't like to send you out for the service without giving you the once over.

BRUCE  
It's... it's good to see you, Daddy.

PASTOR  
What are you all tongue-tied about this morning?

BRUCE  
We haven't talked for awhile is all.

The pastor looks curiously at Bruce... McCants gives the father a look... the boy is acting strangely...

DR. MCCANTS  
I think the elder might do well in moderating his Saturday nights before his Sunday mornings.

PASTOR  
Go sit down and mind your business, Doctor.

McCants takes an affront, humphs, and goes inside...

A moment alone, the Pastor gives his son a sharply critical
22 CONTINUED: (2)

look...

PASTOR
(sotto)
You don't think people notice?

BRUCE
Notice?

PASTOR
You just pull it together before the service. And use eye drops before you go see your mother.

Other PARISHIONERS including Alvin and Norma are arriving now, effectively ending the communication...

ALVIN
Morning, Pastor...

NORMA
Elder.

BRUCE
Morning.

Nothing at all abnormal about the greeting and yet the Pastor looks at Norma with an extra half beat; we barely notice - she either doesn't notice or ignores it and moves inside. Bruce has so many things he wants to say to his father...

BRUCE
Daddy, I...

PASTOR
(impatient with him)
Your mother's waiting for you.

Bruce studies the face of the man... he almost reaches out and touches him... but can't... and moves inside...

23 INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY - ALT REALITY

Bruce's mother is helping him on with his robe in preparation for Sunday Service. He is objecting even as he gets ready to go through with it.

BRUCE
I can't do this.
MRS. LEWIS
You know your father doesn't preach anymore.

BRUCE
It's been ten years!

MRS. LEWIS
What are you talking about?

She adjusts his tie, considering his face.

MRS. LEWIS
You have got to get a haircut.

BRUCE
Momma if you only knew.

His mind races toward the sermon he has no clue about how to deliver.

BRUCE
"The Misunderstandings that Divide Us."

MRS. LEWIS
Indeed they do.

BRUCE
What am I supposed to say up there?

MRS. LEWIS
Do what you always do, Baby Boy. Just help the folks get happy.

OFF the panic in Bruce's eyes.

INT. CHURCH OF ZION - DAY - ALT. REALITY

Bruce is moving toward the front of the Church, barely able to look at the packed house. His father is seated among the other men flanking the pulpit. Bruce reaches it, then turns toward his father, who nods. Bruce faces the throng.

BRUCE
How y'all doin today?

Silence.

BRUCE
I'm feeling kind of strange myself.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

From the crowd: "Amen."

BRUCE
No, I mean, I'm really feeling kind of strange.

"Preach it!" "Uh huh!" The shouts encourage him, seem to loosen him up. Bruce looks down and sees Clara the hat lady with a monster hat on... laughs...

BRUCE
Mz. Johnson, it's good to see some things never change. Folks behind you ought to be given 'obstructed view' tickets.

Laughs from the PARISHIONERS. Bruce finds himself relaxing into it.

BRUCE
I'm going to just go with this if you don't mind. Try to get into the zen of the moment.

(off confused faces)
Well, maybe we'll hold off on the zen for now.

Takes a deep breath and looks over at his father who looks at him curiously... this is not the usual sermon...

BRUCE
Our subject today... the Misunderstandings That Divide Us... and it's a subject I know a lot about... a lot about...

"Praise God", "Hallelujah"... The connection continues between father and son... and we should cut away to see mom too as she watches this unfold...

BRUCE
Because misunderstandings can drive families apart... far apart... until it's too late to do anything about them...

"Amen!"

BRUCE
So, in a way, I'm glad to have the chance... to be standing here today... with my family again... so I can tell something to my father...

(MORE)
BRUCE (CONT'D)
and to the entire congregation...
in a way I've never been able to
tell it before...

"Tell it"... ad libs...

BRUCE
I have seen the angel.

"Praise God"... and the father isn't sure yet... is this
just another performance or is he really saying something
to me?

BRUCE
I have. I really have.

"Hallelujah!" With more confidence and the old skill --

BRUCE
I have seen the angel.

And the men in front stand, whooping, ready to rock...
And the room starts moving to the rhythms of the gospel
being preached... responses get more energetic...

PASTOR
(with a hesitation)
Come and see.

BRUCE
And he has told me of the fire
that will rain down on mankind...

"I have seen the angel!", "Amen", "Hallelujah"... The
crowd is shouting louder now.

BRUCE
I have seen the angel who would
save us!

Clara Johnson in a big hat is fanning herself...

BRUCE
And his name is John!

"John!" "Praise God." The hall echoes with "John", "John",
"John"...

BRUCE
And he has visions. I think he's
in a vision right now. And we're
all in it, every one of us.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

PASTOR
Come and see.

Someone in the crowd starts singing a gospel song in low a cappella counterpoint to the sermon.

BRUCE
Raise your voices so John can hear us...

"Hear us, John"... More voices, scattered, join in the rising song.

BRUCE
Are you working on this, John?

"Work it, John", "Praise the Lord"

BRUCE
Give me a sign! Any time you're ready, John.

"We want a sign, John"... "Glory"... the singing ratchets up to match his growing intensity, his voice escalates to pull them further. A woman suddenly stands and screams ecstatically, almost painfully, overcome with emotion, stomping her feet and jabbing her arms into the air with her screams. A woman in a nurse's uniform rushes in to attend to her... grabbing her, fanning her... (and this sort of display is not unexpected, it's encouraged)... It's a bedlam of charismatic energy. But Bruce is worried and confused and looks up as though to heaven or up from his own darkness...

BRUCE
(quietly)
Where are you, John?

His father studies him curiously as the room around him is about to explode...

CLOSE ON - A DINING ROOM TABLE - INT. LEWIS HOUSE - DAY - 25
ALT REALITY

Now covered with an array of foods that Bruce's mother has cooked... Mrs. Lewis carries out a platter of babyback ribs... which join the bowls of collard greens and rice and pinto beans and grits...

DR. MCCANTS
Rose, you've outdone yourself...

Moving back to reveal a post-service Sunday ritual at the
Lewis household... family and friends sitting together at the table... Dr. McCants and his wife are there, as are Alvin and Norma... the Pastor has the head of the table, Mrs. Lewis at the other... Norma sits between Bruce and Alvin... Bruce is on her left...

MRS. LEWIS
Don't be silly... it's just Sunday supper as usual...

BRUCE
(wistful)
Just Sunday supper.

Bruce watches with very mixed feelings on his face. Part of him loves being here at this family tradition he abandoned a decade ago, part of him is overwhelmed by the weirdness of it all and the mystery of why it is happening.

MRS. LEWIS
Bless the table fore it gets cold, Bruce.

It takes Bruce a beat but then he clicks into one...

BRUCE
O Merciful God who provides food for the body and soul, you have kindly granted what is spread before us. We thank you. Bless the loving hands that prepared this meal and us who are to enjoy it, please.

They dig in...

MRS. MCCANTS
Don't believe I've ever heard that blessing.

BRUCE
It's Tamil.

ALVIN
Tamil?

BRUCE
A social entity on the island of Sri Lanka...

MRS. LEWIS
I've read about Sri Lanka... it used to be called Ceylon...
BRUCE
Right, Ma, and the Tamil nation is on the northeast corner with their own history, culture and language... interesting people... proud of their traditions...

PASTOR
You're just full of surprises today, "Elder".

MRS. LEWIS
Well if no one else is going to say it, I will - I thought it was one of the best sermons I ever heard...

DR. MCCANTS
Natural born. I always said.

BRUCE
I'm a little out of practice. I mean, I didn't get much time to practice it this week.

MRS. LEWIS
Well, it was heartfelt.

PASTOR
(curious)
Indeed. I never knew you had such an interest in John the Baptist.

ALVIN
Or the Tamil civilization.

NORMA
Did you believe that thing on Clara Johnson's head?

We move down on Norma to find her knee under the table... it moves over and rubs against Bruce's knee...

DR. MCCANTS (O.S.)
I think she feeds that hat.

BRUCE
reacts, almost chokes...

MRS. LEWIS (O.S.)
I didn't even notice.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

She tries not to laugh. She doesn't like to think of herself as gossiping.

BRUCE'S KNEE

Moves away from Norma's... Norma's knee pursues...

ALVIN (O.S.)
Notice? I couldn't tear my eyes away.

RESUME TABLE

NORMA
Nobody could.

UNDER THE TABLE

Norma's left hand...

DR. MCCANTS (O.S.)
That hat had its own gravitational field.

...snakes into Bruce's lap...

RESUME TABLE

The others laugh... and then react as Bruce stands abruptly...

BRUCE
Whoa!

They all look at him...

BRUCE
Is it warm in here or is it just me?

ALVIN
The door's open...

BRUCE
Well, it must be letting all the hot air in.

PASTOR
It's March.
BRUCE
Right.

Bruce doesn't know quite what to do - his father ends it with...

PASTOR
Sit down, Bruce.

MRS. LEWIS
Have some iced Tea.

Bruce sits, reluctantly... and we can only guess what's going on under the table... Norma's left hand is still under there... as she demurely eats her supper...

DR. MCCANTS
The boy may be coming down with something.

MRS. LEWIS
Everybody's got something... and they all bring it to church with them.

But Bruce glances over and sees his father studying him and Norma... his father knows something is going on under the table... Bruce abruptly gets up again...

BRUCE
You know, I just remembered... I have to make a phone call.

And moves out of the room. Everyone is perplexed.

DR. MCCANTS
I'll check him over later.

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY - ALT. REALITY

Bruce is in the small office linking the house to the church. He's pacing, agitated, holding the phone in hand as it rings a number he has just dialed.

BRUCE
Okay, John... maybe it's like that... that time you saw the mall was going to explode and it did that, that DZ overload? Come on... come on... answer the phone, I got to talk to you, man... I gotta know where you are...
CONTINUED:

PHONE MESSAGE
The number you are calling has
been disconnected or is no longer
in service.

He clicks off, shakes his head.

BRUCE
Keep telling myself it's a vision
and it's going to end. Click my
heels three times and say 'There's
no place like home' and it'll all
be over. This cannot be real.
Things like this do not happen.
(beat)
Cell phone. Try the cell phone.

As he starts to dial...

CUT TO:

EXT. MAINE STREET - A CROWD - ON A SIDEWALK - CHEERING - DAY - ALT REALITY

On the street, ten or so motorcycles are riding by in an
ad hoc parade... the riders are neat, each wearing white
shirts and clean bluejeans... but the cycles have been
customized beyond recognition...

Hear a cell phone beneath the din... moving through the
millworkers and college crowd, all of them wearing Stillson
buttons, many waving signs... to find Johnny Smith but
not the Johnny Smith we know and love... this is the Johnny
Smith from the novel, the movie... this is an assassin...
he looks for all the world like Arthur Bremer stalking
George Wallace... neat, a little too neat, a little
desperation in his eyes... not cheering while all the
others cheer around him... "Go-get-'em, Greg"... people
are looking at him because of the phone ringing which
makes him nervous... the phone finally stops ringing...
and he smiles uncomfortably at someone who is staring at
him...

A big bass drum and here's the (small) Trumbull High School
Marching Band... Greg Stillson darting along with the
band, slapping the tuba player on the back with glee...

And to paraphrase Mr. King:

"The crowd is screaming his name, chanting it: GREG...
GREG... GREG..."
"The young guy who had billeted his family next to Johnny is holding his son up over his head so the kid can see. A young man with a large, puckered burn scar on one side of his face is waving a sign that says: "LIVE FREE OR DIE, HERE'S GREG IN YER EYE!" An achingly beautiful girl of maybe eighteen is waving a chunk of watermelon and pink juice is running down her arm. It is mass confusion. Excitement is humming through the crowd like a series of high voltage electrical cables."

Greg rushes over, remarkably close to Johnny - not recognizing him (never having seen him before). A fat woman grabs him around the neck and kisses him... Stillson laughs...

STILLSON
You bet I'll remember you, hon.

SONNY ELLIMAN is directing the motorcycle riders to keep people at bay... pulling the fat woman away...

Johnny gets a glimpse of SARAH in the Stillson entourage... and then suddenly his cell phone rings again... the sound brings Sarah's attention to him... and she sees who it is of course... and immediately turns away... genuinely distressed any time she sees him.

The crowd lurches and suddenly Johnny finds himself face to face with Stillson who smiles at him...

STILLSON
Hey, man, hope you're gonna support us.

And shakes his hand and RAMP TO JOHNNY'S FACE...

THE FULL ARMAGEDDON VISION

RESUME

And after the vision's done... the two men stare into each other's eyes... and there is terror in Stillson's... he pulls his hand out of Johnny's and moves quickly away... as we stay a long beat on Johnny, the cell phone begins to ring again... Johnny ignores it... as we --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY

Close on the phone in Bruce's hands...

JOHNNY'S RECORDED MESSAGE
You've reached the cell phone of John Smith. Leave a message at the beep.

BRUCE
Dammit, John, answer the phone.

He slams the phone down, turns and sees his father standing at the door.

PASTOR
Not the angel I hope. I think their numbers are unlisted.

The Pastor comes in and sits down.

PASTOR
Can we talk? You said before, we haven't talked for awhile. And that's true. I miss it.

BRUCE
Me too, Daddy.

PASTOR
I've been waiting for you to come to me.

BRUCE
I know. And of course, I've been waiting for you to come to me. (beat, realizing) Maybe that's why we're doing this.

PASTOR
Doing what?

BRUCE
(impossible to explain)
Talking like this.

PASTOR
You're talking in circles.

The Pastor studies him with concern... this is not the son he knows... this son is acting strangely...

(CONTINUED)
PASTOR
Something isn't right with you today... I can't put my finger on it...

(beat)
...Were you actually standing in front of the congregation asking me to believe you've been, what, 'born again'?

A beat.

BRUCE
That's closer to the truth than either of us could possibly believe.

PASTOR
Excuse me if I find it hard to accept a day after Officer Lorber brings you home at three a.m. covered in your own vomit. And then sitting at your mama's supper table today watching you and Alvin's missus pretending nothing's going on which I know it is. And she isn't the first lonely wife in this parish you've fooled with.

Bruce reacts, tries to absorb all this. He stands, shakes his head, thinking: could this be me?

BRUCE
(mostly to himself)
Next week's sermon will be about "the road not taken."

PASTOR
The road...?

Bruce studies his father with a heavy heart... unable to explain but needing to reach out to his father in a way he never could in his real life...

BRUCE
I am different today. In more ways than I can explain.

(beat)
You have no idea how hard...

(beat, quieter)
You have no idea how hard I've tried... all my life... to find the answers... that I could never find here...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
BRUCE (CONT'D)

(beat, realizing this himself as he looks into his father's eyes)

...As though the search for meaning itself would somehow bring me closer to you.

(a very long beat)

I... see myself through your eyes, Daddy. I want you to be proud of me. No matter what else happens, I'm glad I had the chance to tell you.

It is an extraordinary thing for a son to tell his father... and completely out of character for the Bruce he's known... the Pastor studies him as puzzled as can be.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT - ALT REALITY

Bruce moves quietly down the stairs, a duffel bag slung over his shoulder, a man ready to go somewhere... as he moves to leave, he pauses as he sees some photos of himself and the family on the wall... studying a picture of the Pastor and Baby Bruce for a moment. Then he looks back up the stairs, says a silent good-bye and moves out of view.

EXT. INTERSTATE - BUS DRIVING - STOCK - A TRANSITION TO:

EXT. CLEAVES MILLS, MAINE - STOCK - ESTABLISHING - DAWN

A shot with a bus arriving? Wishful thinking...

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - DAY - ALT. REALITY

We don't see the house yet. A cab pulls to the curb... Bruce looks out the window... reacts...

BRUCE

Wait here.

Moving with Bruce as he walks us into our view of the house -- past the "Keep Off Property" sign in the yard, a look of concern on his face. He takes in the front of the house -- the windows covered with boards and the heavy-duty Realtor's lockbox on the front door.

(CONTINUED)
BRUCE
(to himself)
Johnny. What's happened? Where
are you?

INT. FAITH HERITAGE AUDITORIUM - DAY - ALT. REALITY
Reverend GENE PURDY is moving with Bruce through the
interior... where red, white and blue banners are being
set up along with Stillson signs and paraphernalia. Around
them, Faith Heritage students work to set up the chairs
and check the podium sound system in preparation for the
opening session.

PURDY
Sorry for the turmoil but we're
preparing for a rally - there's a
wild Congressional election in
Maine this year... we have old
Harrison Fisher shaking in his
boots over our boy Greg Stillson...

BRUCE
I've heard of him.

PURDY
All the way in Indianapolis?
That's very encouraging.

Purdy stops an Assistant going by...

PURDY
Our balloons haven't arrived;
find out where our balloons are.

The Assistant nods and moves off.

PURDY
Now, then, what would a man of God
want with Johnny Smith?

BRUCE
(casually)
I have an interest in psychic
phenomena.

PURDY
Elder Lewis, there are psychics
and there are psychotics.

(MORE)
PURDY (CONT'D)
I fear poor Mister Smith has more
in common with the latter than
the former.

Purdy can't keep the anger out of his voice.

PURDY
The man had the audacity to sue
me over his mother's estate... In
a coma for six years... not a day
went by that I didn't pray for
his recovery.

(beat)
I washed my hands of him a year
ago. I have no idea where you
might find him... nor do I
recommend you try.

INT. LEWIS HOME - DAY

The Pastor is on the phone... his wife is waiting for
news, worried.

PASTOR
Yes, thank you. Thank you very
much.

(hangs up)
Mark deCastrique down at the bus
station says he bought a ticket
to Maine. Bangor, Maine.

MRS. LEWIS
What's in Maine?

PASTOR
God only knows.

MRS. LEWIS
And why wouldn't he tell us where
he was going...

The Pastor shakes his head, doesn't know.

MRS. LEWIS (CONT'D)
Was he having the headaches again?
36 CONTINUED:

PASTOR
...Rose, something's terribly wrong. I don't know what it is but I can feel it in my bones.

He makes a decision... moves toward the bedroom...

MRS. LEWIS
Where are you going?

PASTOR
I'm buying a plane ticket. Going to Maine.

MRS. LEWIS
How will you find him?

PASTOR
I'll find him.

37 INT. STILLSON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Lots of activity... phones ringing... earmarks of a successful campaign... finding Bruce with Sarah...

SARAH
You have to understand - I don't see much of Johnny any more... it became almost impossible...

BRUCE
Impossible?

SARAH
I really don't like to talk about this.

BRUCE
Mrs. Bannerman, it's terribly important that I find...

SARAH
(overlapping)
It's Bracknell. I went back to my maiden name after the divorce.

BRUCE
Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't...

SARAH
(explaining)
Johnny became...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
SARAH (CONT'D)
well, he just wasn't right after
the coma... he never fully
recovered, you know, it's not his
fault...

And this is still very painful for her... sadness mixed
with anger about what she's been through...

BRUCE
(disturbed)
Yeah, well, I'm sure he didn't
have the right therapeutic people
working with him...

SARAH
God knows, I tried... but he was
irrational... my ex-husband even
arrested him once for stalking my
son... The stress of it all - it
finally broke my marriage apart...

Arriving --

STILLSON
Sarah, have you seen the reports
from the pollsters?

(smiling at Bruce,
holding out his hand)
Hello. Greg Stillson. Hope you'll
be with us on election day.

SARAH
Mr. Lewis is a preacher from
Indiana.

STILLSON
That's okay. I'll be running on
election day in Indiana... just
give me a few years.

She gives him the reports he asked for.

STILLSON (CONT'D)
What can we do for you, preacher?

SARAH
He's looking for Johnny Smith.

STILLSON
(reacts)
Your psychic 'friend'.

(MORE)
CONTINUED: (2)

STILLSON (CONT'D)
The one from the parade yesterday...

She acknowledges, troubled.

STILLSON
(joking)
Coming to get your fortune told?

BRUCE
Something like that.

STILLSON
Got a thousand bucks? That's what he charges. The man gives me the willies.

He twirls a finger at his head to indicate Johnny is crazy.

STILLSON
(moving away, smiling)
Good luck. See you in Indiana in a few years.

Sarah's fingering through a rolodex... pulls out a card with Johnny Smith's name and address...

SARAH
This is the last address of his I have. You can keep that. I don't need it any more.

As Bruce reacts...

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - CLEAVES MILLS - DAY - ALT. REALITY

Bruce stands at the door of a modest, slightly run-down house, knocking loudly on the door.

BRUCE
John! Open the door!

He puts his ear to the door -- nothing. He looks around, tries the doorknob -- it's locked. Thinks for a moment.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - CLEAVES MILLS - DAY - ALT. REALITY

The window breaks from the outside, and Bruce crawls through, pushing past the heavy plastic blackout sheet that covers the window. All the windows are so covered, leaving the apartment disturbingly dark, even in mid-day.

(CONTINUED)
A computer screen adds some light to the room. Bruce is amazed at what he finds -- the place is like Johnny's "threat board" basement times ten. And we do an extended MONTAGE as Bruce examines Stillson pics and articles are pinned and taped and strewn about on all available surfaces. If the basement indicated a potential stalker mentality, this looks to be many degrees darker. Among the pictures: photos of famous assassinations... some with progressive time lapse shots: Dealy plaza... arrows superimposed on where the shots were and may have been fired from... George Wallace ambushed by Arthur Bremer... Martin Luther King's death scene... Huey Long's photo... John Hinkley and Ronald Reagan... Oswald in his death growl as he's shot by Jack Ruby... very disturbing images... and notebooks... one is opened to a page and a line is written with a triple circle around it as though to keep it in: "If you could jump into a time machine and go back to 1932, would you kill Hitler?"

But there's more -- as he moves into the bedroom, he finds a shell casing on a desk... from some kind of rifle... and as he opens a closet... he finds guns... a whole mess of guns... and ammunition... Bruce's face is filled with horror...

JOHNNY (O.S.)
What are you doing here?

Bruce turns to see our alternate Johnny staring at him, deceptively calm and controlled...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Who are you?

BRUCE
John, oh man, am I glad I found you. I've been looking everywhere...

JOHNNY
Do I know you?

BRUCE
Yes. Only you don't remember. I remember. I don't know why I remember but I do. My name is Bruce Lewis. Does that sound at all familiar to you?

It doesn't.

JOHNNY
Bannerman sent you, didn't he...

(CONTINUED)
39 CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE
No, John. I...

JOHNNY
I don't know what he told you. But I have a permit for every gun. I have the legal right... the second amendment to the Constitution...

BRUCE
I'm not a cop. John, please. Something has gone terribly wrong. A Dead Zone implosion. I... we... are either trapped in one of your visions or something a lot worse.... I'm your best friend... think, John... try to remember...

JOHNNY
I've never seen you before.

BRUCE
Look, just, just touch me... and maybe you'll see... you'll see what I'm talking about... maybe it'll even break the spell...

Johnny just stares at him evenly... Bruce takes the bull by the horns and moves to him... grabs his arm... we hear a DZ sound effect...

BRUCE
Well?

JOHNNY
'Come and see. I have seen the angel.' You're a preacher.

BRUCE
I'm not a preacher. I'm a physical therapist. I was your physical therapist before everything changed. This isn't you. Everything in this room... it isn't you, John... it's the you that would have been if I hadn't been there...

As he says the above, he makes a point of moving around picking up paraphernalia, ammunition...

JOHNNY
I think you'd better leave.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

BRUCE
Yeah! That's my whole point. I think we both should leave.

But as he's moved around, his eye has been caught...

BY THE COMPUTER SCREEN

displaying the Faith Heritage website announcing the evening rally for Greg Stillson. He sees a blueprint of the Faith Heritage Auditorium on the desk next to the screen. He suddenly realizes what's about to happen.

BRUCE
(putting it together)
The rally. At Faith Heritage this afternoon. Stillson.

He stares at the ammunition in his hand... losing sight of Johnny for several seconds as he does... suddenly --

ANGLE - JOHNNY

brings a massive flashlight hard across the side of Bruce's head.

BRUCE'S POV - JOHNNY

Staring at him, inches away, eyes wild. A beat, as consciousness collapses into a single point of light, which finally disappears into blackness.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

40 INT. FAITH HERITAGE AUDITORIUM - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Red white and blue bunting hung... crowds moving inside... loudspeakers inside playing lively political music...

41 INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - DAY

A worried Pastor Lewis has just introduced himself to a very busy but patient Gene Purdy...

PASTOR
The cab driver at the bus station told me he brought him here...

PURDY
(acknowledges)
Your son was here... early this morning, Pastor Lewis. On a dubious mission.
(off the Pastor's concerned look)
He was looking for a man I've had some unfortunate dealings with named John Smith.

PASTOR
(recalling the sermon and phone call)
'John'? Did you say, 'John'?

PURDY
Local man who claims to have psychic powers. Your son said he had an interest in the subject.

PASTOR
Psychic powers.

And he's obviously shaken... Purdy notices... pauses to offer some compassion...

PURDY
This... obviously is a surprise to you.

PASTOR
Reverend Purdy, I've prayed to God asking for guidance today. But I don't understand what is happening.

(MORE)

(_CONTINUED)
41 CONTINUED:

PASTOR (CONT'D)
There is something terribly wrong
and I can't explain it.

42 BY THE LADDER TO THE CATWALK

A fresh faced young female Faith Heritage volunteer... a
student in her late teens... is carrying leaflets, rushing
to get somewhere, when she sees a man... it's Johnny...
he's carrying a case... she looks at him curiously...

VOLUNTEER
Can I help you?

He looks over to her...

JOHNNY
Electrical. Got a call from
Reverend Purdy's office... someone
named Kennedy...

VOLUNTEER
Mike Kennedy, yes...

JOHNNY
Some kind of problem with the
lighting grid...? Maybe you know
exactly what it's doing...

Looking up at the lights... she follows his gaze... she
has no time for this...

VOLUNTEER
Oh. No. But go ahead, check it
out...

And she rushes away... Johnny glances around...

43 INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - DAY - BRUCE

Is regaining consciousness... holding his head... trying
to gather his wits... his eyes focus back on the computer
screen, still showing the Faith Heritage website...

BRUCE
Oh God... no...
CONTINUED:

Off Stillson's picture on the computer...

OMITTED

INT. AUDITORIUM - GREG STILLSON

Greg Stillson has arrived in the hall... making a grand entrance... huge swell of cheering... band playing... Some of the motorcycle guys are around him... Sonny Elliman glances around...

Like the President entering the chamber for the State of the Union... smiling, shaking hands, pointing to someone he knows...

The crowd loves him...

We tilt up past Stillson... to the catwalk...

INT. UP ON THE CATWALK - CLOSE ON: JOHNNY SMITH'S HANDS

assembling a rifle.

OMITTED

AND

ANGLE ON THE FLOOR - AS THE PASTOR COMES OUT FROM BEHIND STAGE

The crowd is still going wild... the band is playing... balloons and sparkling confetti is falling from the ceiling...

In the midst of all this visual texture, confetti, balloons falling... we're intercutting action... so it's not just a flat shot here... a flat shot there... it's almost surreal... a nightmare...

The Pastor reacts as he sees --

LONG SHOT - HIS POV - BRUCE

entering, moving quickly among the crowd... looking in this fog of excitement for Johnny... he pauses to say something we can't hear to a Security Guard who looks concerned... talks into a walkie-talkie...
51 THE PASTOR

way on the other side of the auditorium - through the confetti... moves through the confetti toward him... it isn't easy with the crowds of people between them...

51A INT. CATWALK - JOHNNY

Lying flat on his back on a bare floor, staring straight up into camera. He holds the rifle horizontally across his chest. From this overhead angle, body and rifle form the unmistakable shape of the crucifix. The SOUND of a microphone coming to life.

51B THE STAGE

Stillson climbs the stairs, still waving to the crowd, and they roar as though his rise to the stage is an accomplishment of sorts... Purdy has moved on stage to greet Stillson... they shake hands, wave... Purdy moves to the podium...

PURDY
God bless you. God bless you all for coming. And God bless Greg Stillson!

More cheers... more music... more chaos... Finding Bruce... Security people talking on headphones...

52 JOHNNY

Moves to his knees and lifts his rifle...

THE BUTT OF THE RIFLE

Thuds as it sockets home next to the shoulder joint, chambering a round, the cheers of the audience covering the metallic kerchang of the rifle.

53 STILLSON

Arms raised in victory... as Purdy smiles and whispers something to Sarah...

STILLSON
God bless you too! Back at you!

Yaay!, goes the crowd... Elliman gets a call on his earphone... his eyes show concern... look out to the crowd... scans the auditorium...
THE PASTOR

Struggles to get through the crowd...

BRUCE

Finally focuses on the darkness of the catwalk... sees the ladder... bounds toward it...

And we move into SLOW MOTION AS --

JOHNNY

flicks off the safety, aims...

STILLSON - IN THE CROSSHAIRS

Waiting for the applause to subside. He smiles with great warmth and sincerity.

JOHNNY'S FINGER

pulls the trigger... the rifle fires...

THE STAGE

And once again to paraphrase Mr. King:

"The slug takes away nearly one quarter of the podium, peeling it back to the bare, bright wood. Splinters fly.

"Across the way, men in topcoats are reaching inside their jackets and Sonny Elliman, his green eyes blazing, is hollering: Down! Greg, get DOWN!

"Stillson stares up to the [catwalk] and his eyes lock with Johnny's in a perfect sort of understanding... the crowd has started to move, panicky as cattle. They all drive into the center aisle. People who had been standing at the rear escape easily but then a bottleneck of cursing, screaming men and women form at the doors..."

Finding the Pastor caught in all this.

JOHNNY

pumps another cartridge into the chamber... and is about to shoot when...

(CONTINUED)
60 CONTINUED:

ANGLE - BRUCE

Coming up the stairs, yelling 'No', at Johnny... but is forced to take cover as...

Continuing Mr. King's description: "...suddenly part of the [catwalk] railing splinters up in front of Johnny's eyes. Something screams by his ear a second later. A window across the way dissolves in a tinkling rain of glass.

"All three of them [motorcycle guys] across the way are holding handguns, their field of fire to the gallery crystal clear...

"He raises the rifle to shoot again but a pistol-slug grooves Johnny's neck... two more bullets strike him then, one high in the chest, the second into the left side of his mid-section, spinning him around into the railing..."

61 ECU

-- a bloody hand ripping a red, white and blue bunting draped across the front of the catwalk... as he falls... (SAME AS SCENE 5)

62 ECU

-- the floor below... as feet scatter to reveal Johnny lying face up... chest and neck wounded and bleeding... crazed eyes in shock, glazing over, dying... (SAME AS SCENE 6)

As he hits the ground, we RESUME NORMAL SPEED...

63 ANGLE - THE PASTOR

Who is only a few feet away from where Johnny fell... looks up shocked and confused at Bruce who is looking down from the catwalk... their eyes connect as Bruce starts to run back downstairs...

64 MOVING WITH STILLSON

arm around Sarah who is crying, terribly upset... reporters following him... has recovered his composure and is spinning the assassination attempt for the benefit of several reporters.

(CONTINUED)
STILLSON
We can only thank God nobody else
was hurt. A madman's bullet will
not scare us off our mission in
this campaign. It will only make
us stronger. Excuse us...

A photographer takes a photograph with Stillson and
Sarah... and we might guess he's going to come out of
this as a hero...

OMITTED

THE PASTOR KNEELS BESIDE JOHNNY
Johnny turns to the Pastor and their eyes connect...
praying for Johnny --

PASTOR
Deliver him from his sins and let
him partake of Thy redemption.

Bruce arrives and pushes his way beside Johnny, during
the prayer. Johnny reaches out and grabs the Pastor's
hand... and somehow Bruce knows what he has to do - he
puts his hand on theirs - the three-way connection again -
and looks at his father - as he does, RAMP TO THE HANDS...

A FLASH - THE PASTOR AND BOY BRUCE IN THE PAST (AS IN
SCENE 1)

BOY BRUCE & PASTOR
Come and see!

RAMP TO THE PASTOR'S EYES...

PASTOR (O.S.)
(overlapping)
Deny your destiny...

THE PASTOR STANDS WITH YOUNGER BRUCE
eleven years in the past at the door about to leave home...

PASTOR
...you deny God Himself. And me.

YOUNGER BRUCE
Nobody has a destiny. We're all
just stumbling around in the dark.

(CONTINUED)
And exits. On The Pastor's reaction... RAMP TO HIS FACE...

Finding the Pastor moving down the aisle... eyes narrow... confused... People are frozen in the line... Johnny is with adult Bruce, having just embraced Johnny which was the first time we saw the alt reality vision... the Pastor looks at himself in the casket...

PASTOR
What... dear Lord... what is...
(going on?)

He looks at his frozen son... reaches out and touches the dreadlocks...

BRUCE (O.S.)
They're called dreadlocks.

The pastor turns to see the alternate Bruce - Elder Bruce - walking through the frozen guests toward him... he is aware now that he is beyond life, that he is experiencing a miracle of some sort... and that plays as subtext as their conversation continues...

PASTOR
You don't think I know what dreadlocks are?

Bruce smiles...

PASTOR
I've just never seen them on my son.

BRUCE
I know.

PASTOR
(studying the frozen Bruce)
I don't like them.

BRUCE
I knew you wouldn't.

As the Pastor turns back to the body in the casket, it slowly begins to make sense to him... and this is an important line because as he explains it to himself, he is helping us understand what has happened --
PASTOR
As a man dies, he dreams of what might have been.
   (beat, realizing)
My last thoughts on this earth were of the day you left...

   BRUCE
Yeah, it's been on my mind too...
   (re: Johnny)
That's what he must have tapped into...

   PASTOR
   (looking at Johnny)
Is he really an angel?

   BRUCE
I don't know. Maybe. This is his vision we're in.

   PASTOR
Are you sure...?

   BRUCE
I'm standing at my father's funeral talking to him in an alternate reality. I'm not sure of anything.

   PASTOR
Would it surprise you to know that I talked to my father at his funeral? It's not so unusual. People do it all the time.

   BRUCE
What happened today, to us... it was unusual.

The Pastor considers, acknowledging...

   PASTOR
   It was a blessing...
   (looking to Johnny)
   ...angel or not.

The Pastor has realized at this moment that his journey... and all the things he's experienced in the vision of an alternate life... have been an opportunity - to 'deliver him from his sins and let him partake of Thy redemption.' And he softly prays over his own body... asking God for forgiveness.

(Continued)
PASTOR
Deliver him from his sins and let him partake of Thy redemption.

After a quiet beat, he turns to his son and studies him...

PASTOR
You were wrong about one thing - we're not all just stumbling around in the dark. You found your destiny...
(re: Johnny)
...at his side. Protecting him.

BRUCE
If I don't come back, she'll lose the church, the house.

PASTOR
(laughs)
Before everyone decides what's best for Rose Lewis, they better talk to her.

Bruce doesn't understand.

PASTOR
She's been after me to retire for years. Got a nest egg, wants to see God's earth before she dies. Guess she'll see it without me...

They look at each other a long beat...

BRUCE
I don't know how to say good-bye.

The Pastor smiles, feeling ready to go now...

PASTOR
Sure you do.

Bruce moves close to his father and hugs him in a bear hug... and as Bruce lets himself get lost in the arms of his father... The whole show-long vision ends the way it began...

INT. ZION CHURCH - DAY - BACK TO REALITY

RAMPING FROM BRUCE'S HAND ON HIS FATHER'S CHEEK... TO JOHNNY'S HAND ON BRUCE'S SHOULDER...

CLOSE ON BRUCE - MOVING TO JOHNNY

(CONTINUED)
as they return to reality... their connection broken...
and only a microsecond has passed.

JOHNNY
Hey, you all right?

BRUCE
You didn't see any of that?

JOHNNY
Any of what?

BRUCE
Because it had to be a vision.
Didn't it?

JOHNNY
You had a vision?

BRUCE
Something. When you touched me.
As I was touching him... somehow the three of us...

JOHNNY
I didn't see a thing. But I have been having strange flashes all day - that didn't make any sense - of being shot... your father praying over me...

Bruce studies him... tries to make sense of it... looks to his father...

BRUCE
John, there's a dead zone in all of our brains, right? We just don't know how to use it. But there are times we get awful close... times like this. I told you I felt like I was into my dead zone today after the funeral. Your abilities - maybe they acted like a lightning rod when you touched me, I'm not sure. But I know how you feel now, John. I know the power of the visions. (beat, as looks at his father, feeling very close to him)
My dad and I, we got a chance to spend some quality time together... well, it wasn't so quality for you.

(MORE)
CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE (CONT'D)
But we... we had a chance to work
some things through... you know?

Johnny looks at him, sees how centered and calm Bruce
is... he reaches up to give his shoulder a comforting
squeeze...

BRUCE
Don't you touch me.

It plays funny but Johnny reacts, pulls back.

BRUCE
I like it here. And you need me here.

Johnny doesn't understand exactly what that means but
smiles curiously.

JOHNNY
You won't get an argument from me.

He leaves Bruce alone with his father... as Bruce looks
to his dad...

INT. BATHROOM MIRROR - DAY

Bruce studies himself in the mirror... his hand raises a
pair of scissors... and as he begins to snip off his
dreadlocks...

EXT. THE CHURCH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Johnny is throwing his overnight bag into the trunk of
his rental car when he looks up and reacts as he sees
Bruce approaching, carrying his bag, clean shaven (should
match the last shot of him cutting his hair) and dreadlocks
gone. Bruce feels Johnny's stare as he throws his bag in
the trunk.

BRUCE
(re: the look)

What?

JOHNNY
Nothing.

He slams the trunk, can't help hanging on to the curious

( CONTINUED )
CONTINUED:

look. Moving to the doors.

BRUCE
( answering the unspoken question)
Spring is coming. It's already starting to get warmer. My ears need air.

JOHNNY
Well, they've got plenty now. You did that yourself, did you?

BRUCE
Why, what's wrong with it?

JOHNNY
It's just that left ear seems a little higher than the right.

They're in the car...

BRUCE
Let's go home, John. You and me -- we have work to do. [or] You and me -- we have a world to save. Come and see.

Bruce and Johnny ride into the sunset and we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END