THE DEAD ZONE

"FINDING RACHEL PART TWO"

CAST

JOHNNY SMITH      GREG STILLSON
SARAH BANNERMAN    JAMES STILLSON
WALT BANNERMAN     SONNY ELLIMAN
BRUCE LEWIS        CHRISTOPHER WEY
REVEREND GENE PURDY REBECCA CALDWELL *
                    RACHEL CALDWELL *
                    *
NON-SPEAKING
LINDA

HOMELESS GUY
MIKE KENNEDY

STILLSON PEOPLE
LEGGY WOMEN *

VOLUNTEERS

AUDIENCE

SHADOWY SUPPORTERS *

SHERIFF’S DEPARTMENT
GUARDS/CORRECTIONAL OFFICERS
DEPUTIES
PRISONERS/JAIL INMATES/FELONS JAIL GUARD

FORENSICS TEAM
PHOTOGRAPHER

TV NEWS CREWS
DEPUTY # 1 *

KELLI

ROSIE

RAGGED SURVIVORS (FUTURE)
POLL WORKER
## Sets

### Interiors
- **Smith House**
  - Living Room
  - Basement
  - Kitchen
- **Bannerman House**
  - Kitchen
- **Rachel’s House**
  - Living Room
- **Hotel Suite**
- **County Correctional Facility**
  - Jail Cells
  - Visitors Room
  - Interrogation Room
  - Corridor
  - Observation Room
- **Rachel’s Office**
- **High School Classroom**
- **Polling Station**
- **Purdy’s Office**
- **Stillson Campaign HQ**
- **Caldwells’ Childhood Home**
- **Hiding Place**
- **Auditorium**
  - Stage
  - Backstage

### Exteriors
- **Smith House**
- **Sheriff’s Department**
- **County Correctional Facility**
- **Faith Heritage Campus**
  - Polling Station
  - Parking Lot
- **Cleaves Mills**
  - Street
  - Rural Road
  - Forest/Woods
- **Office Building**
  - Front & Rear
- **Vehicles**
  - Johnny’s Jeep
  - Rachel’s Car
  - Sheriff’s Cruisers
  - Crime Scene Van
  - News Van
  - Mike Kennedy’s Car
  - Bombed-Out Structure (in future)
THE DEAD ZONE
"FINDING RACHEL PART TWO"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CLEAVES MILLS - DAY

A Warhol-like matrix of nine identical faces fills the screen: faded, rain-stained photocopied missing posters of Rachel Caldwell, taped to a bus shelter. Pull back to reveal -- REBECCA CALDWELL tearing down the old flyers and putting up fresh ones. A homeless guy watches Rebecca; she hands him a few flyers and a $5.00 bill and then moves on, keeping a brave face.

INT. COUNTY JAIL CORRIDOR -- DAY

JOHNNY, in county jail garb, is escorted by two GUARDS as well as WALT, PURDY and his attorney KEITH MORRIS.

WALT
You don't have to do this, Johnny --

JOHNNY
I know that.

MORRIS
In nine years representing murder defendants I've rarely seen a polygraph help a client.

PURDY
Johnny, I've gotten you one of the top criminal lawyers in the country... you should listen to his advice.

JOHNNY
This is different. I'm innocent.

MORRIS
(of they all say that)
Of course you are, Mr. Smith. I'm just trying to position your innocence in the best possible light for a jury.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

They arrive at a doorway, and Morris and Johnny enter. Purdy and Walt remain outside.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - COUNTY JAIL -- DAY

Morris inspects the equipment.

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Mr. Smith? Please roll up your sleeve.

He gestures for Johnny to sit in the chair. The polygraph operator slips a blood pressure cuff on Johnny's arm.

CLOSE ON JOHNNY'S ARM

The cuff goes around his arm; then his arm MORPHS, becoming SCARRED AND TATTOOED; then Johnny MORPHS into a WILD-EYED MANIAC MURDERER as contact with the cuff gives him a VISION. But just for a second; then, he morphs back to himself.

RESUME

JOHNNY
What kind of cases do you do?

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Homicide. Exclusively.

The polygraph operator tapes several electrodes to Johnny's chest and wrist, and almost like ripples in a stream...

JOHNNY
briefly MORPHS into The Maniac Murderer, then a Beady-Eyed Thug, then a Shiftless Drifter Serial Killer, then a No-Good Trashoid Wife Poisoner -- the worst people who have been polygraphed -- before becoming himself again.

RESUME

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
You okay? Your pulse is one-fifty-eight. Like you just ran five miles.

JOHNNY
I'm okay.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Let's get some baseline responses.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY
A little later. Morris, Purdy and Walt watch through the glass.

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Is your name George Washington?

JOHNNY
No.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - COUNTY JAIL - CONTINUOUS - DAY
Johnny is strapped in and the questions continue.

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Is your name Johnny Smith?

JOHNNY
briefly MORPHS into the SERIAL KILLER --

JOHNNY/SERIAL KILLER
Yes.

The needles go wild.

RESUME

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Your name is Johnny Smith, right?

JOHNNY
Yes.

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
That's odd. Let's try again. Is your name Johnny Smith?

JOHNNY
Yes.

The needles are ordinary again.

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Are you sitting down?
JOHNNY flash-morphs into the Wife Poisoner, and then back again --

RESUME

JOHNNY

Yes.
The needles go wild.

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Are you sitting down?

JOHNNY
Yes. I'm sitting down.

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Did you murder Rachel Caldwell?

JOHNNY
morphs into the Shiftless Serial Killer --

JOHNNY/SERIAL KILLER
I don't know all their names --

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Just answer yes, or no. Did you kill Rachel Caldwell?

JOHNNY/SERIAL KILLER
I killed a lot of people --

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Did you kill Rachel Caldwell?

Johnny becomes himself again --

RESUME

JOHNNY
No! No! I didn't. I didn't kill anybody.

Johnny sees the Operator react to the wildly fluctuating needles.

JOHNNY
Morphing, shape-shifting randomly through a parade of killers, faster and faster, building to a crescendo until...
WALT

watching from outside, sees only Johnny -- obviously in some kind of horrible distress. He bursts into the room.

WALT
Johnny! Johnny! You all right?

Johnny is having a panic attack as Walt tears the equipment off him.

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
(re: the readout)
Something must be wrong. I've never seen such a strong indication of deception.

Morris and Purdy enter from the observation room.

MORRIS
This test is over. I need some time with my client.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Morris, Purdy, and Johnny.

MORRIS
That was a debacle. Mr. Smith, I strongly recommend we try to plea you down to lesser charges --

JOHNNY
I didn't do anything --

MORRIS
-- before new evidence comes to light -- like Rachel Caldwell's body.

JOHNNY
I never harmed Rachel.

MORRIS
Proving that is going to be difficult. You're only leaving us one other option.

JOHNNY
(ahead of him)
I'm not pleading insanity.

MORRIS
Legal insanity is different from medical insanity.
MORRIS
We could argue that your dead
zone is the result of brain damage
sustained in your accident. That
sometimes you can't control
yourself --

JOHNNY
You're fired.

MORRIS
What?

JOHNNY
You're fired. Now get out of
here.

Morris looks to Purdy, who has no choice but to acquiesce.

PURDY
Johnny, please reconsider.

Morris packs up his briefcase and leaves.

PURDY
What are you planning to do now?

Johnny looks at Purdy, not sure if he can trust him.

JOHNNY
Prove I didn't do this.

He bangs on the door.

JOHNNY
Guard!

Johnny and Purdy exchange wary looks.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:
JOHNNY
Fine, considering I just failed a lie detector test, have no witnesses, no alibi, and I know things that only a guilty person would know --

SARAH
But you're not guilty. The people who know you --

JOHNNY
-- will never get on my jury.
(a beat)
I need your help, Sarah.

SARAH
Walt told me you think Stillson had something to do with this. I've been trying to find out anything I can.

JOHNNY
Stay away from him! Do you hear me? Don't go back there, it's not safe.
(a beat)
There's something else I need you to do.

SARAH
Anything.

JOHNNY
I've got to find out what really happened to Rachel Caldwell. In order to do that, I need her sister Rebecca's help.

SARAH
But Johnny, she's sure you're guilty.

JOHNNY
I know. Talk to her. Convince her to bring personal objects belonging to Rachel, here, to me. Maybe I can get a vision of what really happened.

SARAH
What if she refuses?

JOHNNY
You can't let that happen.
CONTINUED: (2)

The Guard comes for Johnny, taking him away, leaving Sarah heartbroken, face reflected in the glass.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

A police search in mid-progress. DEPUTIES have spread out Johnny's DVDs and books on the floor, inventorying them. Walt supervises; Reverend Purdy intercepts a FORENSICS TECH who is going through Johnny's movie collection.
PURDY
I'm sorry Sheriff Bannerman, but as the trustee of Johnny's estate, I have an obligation to look out for his interests. Mr. Smith's DVDs are not listed on the warrant. There's nothing incriminating there --

WALT
(to forensics tech)
The books, too.

Purdy sees a DEPUTY manhandling Johnny's books.

PURDY
(to Walt)
What about his books? Your people can't just throw Johnny's things around like that.

WALT
We have to look.
(then quietly)
Listen, Reverend, between you and me, I'm looking out for Johnny, too, but I have a job to do.
(to forensics tech)
I want everything replaced just as we found it.

Purdy looks at the religious books spread out on the floor; Johnny has scores of them, dealing with prophecy, the Bible, the end of the world, and next to those, two dozen books on nuclear politics, and The Bomb. Purdy is startled by BRUCE who arrives, escorted by ROSCOE --

BRUCE
Reverend Purdy? Walt? I can't believe this!

Walt acknowledges Bruce, nods to hang on a sec.

PURDY
Bruce. You know Johnny pretty well --

-- I guess so --

PURDY
(re: bomb books)
Did you know he was so interested in nuclear issues?

(CONTINUED)
BRUCE
    (covering well)
    Shouldn't everyone be?

Walt turns his attention to Bruce.

WALT
    Thanks for coming. Got a few things I was hoping you could clear up.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE / BASEMENT - DAY

FLASH! A Forensic Photographer records the Armageddon Board for posterity. Staring at it are the Photographer, Walt, Bruce, Purdy and Roscoe.

WALT
    (re: board)
    You know anything about this?

BRUCE
    No. Nothing.

WALT
    (to Bruce)
    A lot of stuff about Greg Stillson on there.

BRUCE
    Hmm...

ROSCOE
    He must be obsessed with the guy. Should we notify the Secret Service? Or is that only when the threat is against a President?

PURDY
    You don't believe he was stalking Stillson do you?

WALT
    I'm not sure what to believe, Reverend.

BRUCE
    This is crazy. Johnny just follows politics very closely.

Walt gives him a hard look. Bruce gives him back nothing.

(CONTINUED)
ROSCOE
Shouldn't we at least notify Mr. Stillson that a murder suspect is obsessed with him?

WALT
I'll take care of it.

Walt heads upstairs, Bruce and the Roscoe following. Purdy stays behind as the rest of them leave, scrutinizing the Armageddon board. Deep in thought, he traces the timeline with his finger, ending on the list of possible ways the world ends.

EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Establishing. Prelap --

SARAH
I've known Johnny Smith my whole life...

OMITTED THRU 90

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarah and Rebecca face off across a coffee table.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Before the accident, he was a joyful, funny guy, the class clown -- but also a decent man. His visions? They are real. I've seen firsthand how he's changed people's lives.

REBECCA
I'm sorry, but I don't share your belief in him.

SARAH
I understand that. But he wants you to know that he can help you find Rachel.
REBECCA
(because he's guilty)
Of course he can.

SARAH
Not because he's guilty. Because he sees the truth.

REBECCA
Mrs. Bannerman, I'm a court appointed therapist for juvenile offenders. The kids I deal with have done horrible, violent things. But even the very hardest kids want to tell someone. Want to share their pain. And they do.

SARAH
So they tell you?

REBECCA
Yes, but not directly. Sometimes through stories or artwork. Sometimes they'll make up a reason they know what happened, just so they're not burdened with it. This, second-sight thing, I've seen kids do the same thing. They want to talk, but the guilt is so overwhelming they need to pretend they just "saw" it magically.

SARAH
Johnny's visions are not some attempt to confess to killing your sister.

REBECCA
Denial is a powerful thing, Sarah.

SARAH
You don't need to believe he's innocent for Johnny to help you.

REBECCA
(takes a beat)
What do you want from me, Ms. Bannerman?
INT. JAIL - HALLWAY - DAY

Johnny enters, sees Reverend Purdy.

JOHNNY

Gene...

PURDY

I brought you something.

He hands Johnny a paper bag.

PURDY

It's pastrami and grilled eggplant on olive bread, from Firenze. I seem to remember it was your favorite.

JOHNNY

Why are you here?

PURDY

(a beat)

When they searched your house, I saw something -- something very disturbing. I haven't been able to get it out of my mind...

JOHNNY

You saw my white board, didn't you?

PURDY

Yes... yes I did. So did the police. Greg Stillson's name is all over that board. They think it's evidence that you were stalking him.

JOHNNY

You didn't come here to talk about Stillson did you?

PURDY

No Johnny. I didn't.

(beat)

You've seen something, haven't you?

(MORE)
PURDY (CONT'D)
Something much bigger than Greg Stillson?

JOHNNY
I see a lot of things.

PURDY
What is it Johnny? What did your visions show you? Was it Armageddon? The Apocalypse? Tell me. You don't have to carry this burden alone.

Johnny doesn't answer. How can he? Purdy's involved.

PURDY
During the Cuban Missile Crisis we came very close to ending the world. It came down to two men. Two men who didn't trust each other, but between them were able to stop the worst calamity the world would ever know. These things are not theoretical. The end of the world is a practical problem we all face every day.

Johnny stops in his tracks, and turns to face Purdy:

JOHNNY
Gene... There's only one thing that's held true for every vision I've had.

PURDY
What is that?

JOHNNY
The only person who can stop the things I see from happening, is me. And I can't stop anything from jail. Get me out of here.

PURDY
(worried)
It's not that simple.

JOHNNY
I know you're involved with Stillson. It's time to decide, Reverend. You going to save your ass? Or save your soul?

(CONTINUED)
After a beat, Johnny signals the Guard, who opens the door for him.

JOHNNY
Thanks for the sandwich.

Off Purdy's reaction...

INT. HOTEL SUITE - TWILIGHT
Three leggy elegant women, including Stillson's assistant LINDA, lounge with a city view of Bangor in the background. Follow their gaze to Greg Stillson as the candidate passes out cigars to the men seated around the room, including JAMES STILLSON, ELLIMAN, and TRUAX. Silver trays hold the remnants of dinner.

Stillson sees the television news about to start and yells to Linda --

STILLSON
Linda, turn that up, will you?

Linda languidly complies. All eyes turn to the television:

ON THE TELEVISION
A local NEWSCASTER stands in front of a bar chart --

NEWSCASTER
The last WJDP poll for Maine's Second Congressional District shows Greg Stillson at twenty-eight percent against Melissa Klock's thirty-one percent and Steven Hansz's thirty-two percent: a statistical dead-heat.

(CONTINUED)
NEWSCASTER
Also on the campaign trail --

Stillson lights Truax's cigar.

STILLSON
Here's to that "margin of error."

THE IMAGE ON TV CHANGES

to Johnny Smith in handcuffs being led into the Sheriff's station by Walt. Below a news logo: "RACHEL, WHERE ARE YOU?: DAY 4" with her photo.

NEWSCASTER
...The celebrity suspect arrested in the disappearance of Stillson campaign aide Rachel Caldwell -- Johnny Smith, the so-called Oracle of Cleaves Mills, continues to be questioned by police --

WE SEE: A mugshot of Johnny Smith.

ON STILLSON

STILLSON
(to the TV)
Oracle my ass. You didn't see this one coming, did you Smith?

LINDA
I always thought that guy was creepy...

With the News going on in the background, Stillson flips through a stack of photos.

STILLSON
Sonny? As long as Smith is going to be tried in the press anyway -- we might as well give them the rest of the story.

INSERT PHOTOS: The Armageddon Board.

STILLSON (CONT'D)
Make sure these find their way to our journalistic friends. But don't let them know where they came from. I wouldn't want it to seem like I enjoy kicking a man when he's down.

Stillson glares at Johnny on the television.
INT. BANNERMAN KITCHEN -- DAY

Sarah is forcing herself to flip through the local headlines about Johnny being arrested, including photos of Johnny and the Armageddon board, when Walt enters -- She closes the paper.

WALT
Hello.

It's awkward between them. Suddenly they don't know how to be with each other.

SARAH
How are you?

WALT
I just need to get some clothes.

He leaves the room to grab a change of clothes.

SARAH
(calling after him)
Have you seen Johnny? Is he okay?

WALT
I'm going down there tonight. The victim's sister wants to talk to him.

SARAH
I know. Johnny asked me to talk to her.

WALT
You shouldn't get involved with this, Sarah.

SARAH
Please don't ask me not to help Johnny when he needs me the most.

WALT
I need you.

SARAH
You have me.

WALT
Do I?

SARAH
What does that mean?

WALT
It means I don't know where this marriage is going.

(MORE)
WALT (CONT'D)
I haven't known since Johnny woke up.

SARAH
Walt, please, try to understand.

WALT
I've been understanding. And I'm trying as hard as I can to get Johnny out of this. But I want my wife back.

SARAH
We'll be okay. We'll get through this. It's just with everything going on...

WALT
I've been telling myself that for three years.

They both are lost in thought for a beat.

SARAH
(afraid to ask)
Are you coming home tonight?

WALT
No.
(a beat)
I have to go.

He turns to leave.

WALT (CONT'D)
Tell J.J. I'll drive him to school in the morning.

SARAH
I love you, Walt.

WALT
I know. I love you, too. That's why I'm leaving.

He exits. Off Sarah's conflicted reaction --

INT. JAIL - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT
Roscoe VIDEOTAPES through the glass into the interrogation room where Johnny sits.
INT. JAIL - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Johnny sits in the center of the room, waiting. The door opens, and Walt enters, sitting across from Johnny. Walt leans close, and speaks in a whisper.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WALT
Why are you talking to Rebecca Caldwell?

JOHNNY
I'm trying to find out what happened. That's the only way I'll get out of here.

WALT
Don't do it. She's out to bury you, Johnny.

JOHNNY
I know. But I've got no choice. Bring her in.

Walt stands and raps on the door; he leaves, and Rebecca Caldwell enters, bearing a shoe box. Johnny stands.

JOHNNY
Thank you for coming.

REBECCA
I'm not doing it for you, I'm doing it for Rachel.

Off their looks...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. PENOBSCOT CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NIGHT

To establish (Stock). An ominous, imposing institution.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT


JOHNNY
These are all things that meant something to her, or she touched recently?

REBECCA
Yes.

JOHNNY
Do you want to tell me anything about them?

REBECCA
No. You were going to tell me.

JOHNNY
All right. Some things trigger a vision. Some don't. I never know 'til it happens.

Rebecca takes the objects out of the box and sets them in from of Johnny. We see a hair clip, a class ring, a locket, a fancy pen and a lens cap. He moves his hand back and forth just above the surface of the objects, then GRABS the hair clip so quickly it startles Rebecca, and triggers a VISION WHOOSH.

OMITTED
Johnny sets the hair clip back down.

JOHNNY
You've been watching out for your sister a long time, haven't you? Protecting her. But who took care of you?

REBECCA
What do you mean?

JOHNNY
You had a hiding place -- under a staircase. You and Rachel. You hid there when your parents fought.

Rebecca is momentarily taken aback. Then her innate skepticism kicks back in.

REBECCA
You know, I want to believe you. It's a natural human impulse to want answers. But -- you could have learned that from my sister.

JOHNNY
I didn't.

REBECCA
Doesn't matter one way or another. I came down here so you can tell me what happened to Rachel.

JOHNNY
Let me try something else.
Johnny and Rebecca lock eyes. Without looking, he passes his hand over the objects, suddenly grabbing the pen, triggering:

VISION FLASH:
A FACE, in extremes, hand thrust forward, reaching for us. We jump. Startled. The face burned into our retina. It's STILLSON.

RESUME JOHNNY
Startled as well. Rebecca recoils from his sudden reaction.

REBECCA
What is it?

JOHNNY

Rebecca stands, and shakes her head, no longer attempting to hide her disappointment.

REBECCA
Okay, this has been fun.
(to one-way glass)
I'm through. I'd like to go now. I have better things to do with my time than talk to a liar.

JOHNNY
Liar? What are you talking about? It's Stillson, I saw him. He's the one that attacked your sister.

REBECCA
And you saw this when you touched the pen?

JOHNNY
Yes.

REBECCA
That's funny. Because I just bought that pen at the market across from the jail. Rachel never touched it.

(CONTINUED)
Johnny is stumped, looking away as he wracks his brains.

JOHNNY
Maybe Rachel didn't touch it...
But you did! It must be you he attacks.

REBECCA
Nice try Mr. Smith. I hope the jury sees the same performance.
(turns to the 2-way glass)
I'd like to go now.

Walt enters the room, to collect Rebecca.

WALT
Ms. Caldwell...

JOHNNY
I know you don't believe me. But when the time comes, remember what I said about Stillson. Watch yourself.

She looks back at Johnny, hate rolling across her face before she turns to go.

JOHNNY
Wait... you forgot something.

Johnny picks up the lens cap off the table, triggering:

VISION: EXTREME ON THE LENS CAP

Spinning like a coin in SLO MOTION. As its momentum begins to decay, the lens cap apparently spinning on the floor under Rachel’s desk.

Then we SEE HER. Rachel, falling impossibly slow, her eyes vacant, body absent of life, as she hits the floor with a crushing thud. Her outstretched arm follows her to the ground, her hand landing on the lens cap, stopping its rotation; she is unconscious, but her eyes are still open. One eye is brown. One is blue.

OUT OF THE VISION - JOHNNY
Holds the lens cap out in his open palm.
JOHNNY
She fell, near -- a desk, but not
a regular desk. An artist's easel?
An architect's desk?

Rebecca shakes her head.

JOHNNY
It's covered with editing
equipment.

REBECCA
Right. Pretty good for your fourth
guess, considering you already
know she makes documentaries.

JOHNNY
Her editing equipment -- where is
it? She had it in her house, but
now it's not there...

REBECCA
She moved it to a small office
after her house was broken into.

Johnny thinks back on the vision.

JOHNNY
Your sister's eyes, are they two
different colors?

Rebecca reacts...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
One blue, one brown?

REBECCA
(impressed)
Mr. Smith, that's remarkable.
(busting him)
Except it's not true. Both her
eyes are the same color: brown.

Johnny is embarrassed and stung: he saw what he saw.
CONTINUED: (2)

REBECCA
Tell me what really happened... between you and Rachel.

JOHNNY
I don't know.

REBECCA
You do know... and when you're ready to tell me... I'll be ready to listen.

She turns to go; Walt looks back to Johnny as he escorts Rebecca out.

INT. STILLSON HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

A MISSING POSTER for Rachel rolls out of a photocopy machine as a cute Volunteer lifts a stack of a thousand of them and carries them to a cubicle, where Sarah is working.

SARAH
Great, you and Jay take some volunteers, cover Portland: the train stations, bus shelters, rest stops -- anywhere people pass through.

The volunteers all turn to go. Standing behind them is Greg Stillson himself.

STILLSON
Thanks, guys. We're going to find her, I just know it.
(then to Sarah)
You're doing a great job here, Sarah. If we find Rachel, it'll be because of people like you.

SARAH
Thank you.

The volunteers leave. Greg sits on her desk --

STILLSON
I heard you paid a visit to Johnny Smith.

SARAH
Yes I did. How did you know that?
CONTINUED:

STILLSON
People talk. I'm worried for you. We wouldn't want somebody to get the wrong idea.

SARAH
What do you mean?

STILLSON
If what I hear coming out of the Sheriff's office is true, the case against Smith is a slam-dunk.

SARAH
Johnny is innocent.

STILLSON
Really? Not going to look very good for your husband if it turns out he arrested the wrong man. And if Johnny Smith did do this, your relationship with him might jeopardize his prosecution. You might want to steer clear of Smith... for Walt's sake. Hate to see him lose an election over something like this.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

It's a fairly Spartan editing suite; two metal shelves filled with videotapes and disks; several movie posters; index boards. Two photos of Rachel and Rebecca together, at holidays. Rebecca is working her way through a stack of mini-DV tapes, playing them back on a small VCR, watching them on a monitor.

OMITTED

ON THE MONITOR

B-roll dailies of Stillson HQ; Verité footage of campaign workers stuffing envelopes, printing signs, etc. After a few quick shots -- RACHEL turns the camera around into an E.C.U. of herself as she tail slates the roll.

RACHEL
...tail slate roll 58, Headquarters
B-roll, October 20th.
pauses the video, Rachel's smiling face full frame. Rebecca is comparing a stack of camera-original mini-DV tapes to a spiral-bound log, checking them off one by one. She reaches for the next tape from a stack, knocking several to the floor. She pushes back the chair and crawls under the desk.

HER POV

Under the desk are the two tapes that fell. But just beyond them, something glinting from the shadows on the floor catches her eye...

EXTREME ON HER HAND

slipping across the floor, her slender index finger finding its target, tapping gently on something.

REBECCA

brings her hand up to her eye to inspect something on the tip of her finger... A BLUE CONTACT LENS. She looks from the contact to the image of her sister on the monitor noticing something for the first time. Rachel's eyes are blue. Off Rebecca's thoughtful reaction --

V.F.X. COMPOSITE SHOT - EXTREMELY CLOSE ON --

A distorted orange blur sharpens into an upside down image of JOHNNY in his county jail jumpsuit. The VIEW WIDENS SLIGHTLY to reveal the BLUE CONTACT LENS, balanced between Rebecca's fingertips.
CONTINUED:

REBECCA (O.S.)
I found this in Rachel's office.
You said she had two different
colored eyes. I didn't know she
wore them.

WIDER TO REVEAL - INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY
Johnny sits across from Rebecca. He reaches toward the
tiny lens in Rebecca's hand.

JOHNNY
May I?

She nods. He takes it.

V.F.X. COMPOSITE - THROUGH THE LENS - NDS
A fisheye view of Johnny, his distorted finger approaching
the surface of the lens, as it makes contact:

VISION: RAMPING INTO THE LENS
Our POV literally sucked right through the lens...

EMERGING OUT OF RACHEL'S EYE TO REVEAL:

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT
VISION JOHNNY - dressed in his jailhouse jumpsuit -
WATCHES Rachel and Johnny as they sit in her tiny office,
watching a ROUGH CUT OF HER DOCUMENTARY play on a video
monitor hooked up to an editing system.

ON THE MONITOR - A Montage of various stock footage
showing Stillson campaigning.

RACHEL
You should know, this is a rough,
rough cut...

JOHNNY
Sure, I understand. Is this
everything you shot? Where are
all the original videotapes?

RACHEL
A bunch of them got stolen when
somebody broke into my house.
Luckily it's all backed up on my
hard drive.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She indicates a portable hard drive. Just then the power goes out, plunging the room into darkness.

RACHEL
...okay now that's a little creepy.

Johnny goes to the door and checks out in the hall.

JOHNNY
Looks like it's the whole building.

Rachel turns on a flashlight.

RACHEL
Here, I got a flashlight. It's an old building, the power goes out all the time. The breakers are downstairs in a utility closet.

JOHNNY
I'll go. You stay here and lock the door.

Johnny takes the flashlight and goes, Rachel locking the door behind him. TIME RAMPS FORWARD A BEAT TO FIND RACHEL sitting in her dark office, waiting. Suddenly the beam of a flashlight crosses the frosted glass of her office door, illuminating her face.

RACHEL
Mr. Smith? Is that you?

We hear the sound of the door being jimmed, then swinging open. The beam of the flashlight blinds her. VISION JOHNNY struggles to see the dark figure behind the light, but can't identify him.

RACHEL
Johnny?

The beam of light arcs across the room as the flashlight smashes Rachel behind the ear.
CONTINUED: (2)

RAMP INTO HER CONTACT LENS

knocked loose by the impact. The vision FOLLOWS THE CONTACT LENS TO THE FLOOR IN SLO-MOTION -- where it lands with a THUD as if it weighed a ton.

VISION ENDS, the view RAMPS BACK THROUGH THE LENS TO:

RESUME - JOHNNY AND REBECCA - INTERROGATION ROOM

Johnny still holding the contact lens as he comes out of the vision.

REBECCA
What? What did you see?

Johnny looks at Rebecca, not wanting to say this.

JOHNNY
...Somebody hit her... with a flashlight, at her office. That's how her contact fell out.

Rebecca sits back, absorbing this.

REBECCA
Who? Who hit her?
(then gently)
Was it you, Johnny? Did you hit her?

Johnny puts his head down, thinking. Walt enters.

WALT
What is it, Johnny? What did you see?

JOHNNY
I can tell you what happened -- but you have to take me there so I can show you.

WALT
The D.A. will never allow that. He has all the evidence he needs to convict you.

JOHNNY
I have something the D.A. will want -- but only if you take me to Rachel's office.

WALT
What is it, Johnny?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WALT (CONT'D)
What can you give us?

JOHNNY
Everything you need to convict me.

Off Walt and Rebecca's stunned reaction --

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO
MIKE KENNEDY sits across a computer-printed spreadsheet from Purdy as Purdy scrutinizes the figures. It's tense. Purdy stands up, pissed --

PURDY
How much is left in the Smith trust?

KENNEDY
Not counting the loans you approved to cover our hedgefund losses, it's worth between eight and ten million dollars... on paper. But if we default on those loans...

PURDY
Cash... how much cash?

KENNEDY
Two hundred thousand. Give or take. No where near what Stillson wants.

PURDY
Let me worry about Stillson. If Johnny Smith is indicted, his defense could run into the millions. We've got to be able to cover that.

KENNEDY
From what I hear, there's not enough money in the world to get Johnny Smith off. And if we don't give Stillson what he wants, we're going to be reading about how you looted the Smith Trust in tomorrow's paper... Johnny Smith won't be the only one needing bail money.

Purdy pours over the documents in front of him.

PURDY
There's got to be a way... we can restructure our debt, sell some assets...
KENNEDY
Faith Heritage is a house of cards. Everything you've worked for, everything you've built -- it's all going to unravel faster than you can say "Enron."

PURDY
How could you let this happen?

KENNEDY
Me? You ordered and approved every transaction. I warned you we were overextended. I'm not taking the fall for this. Not alone.

Kennedy turns to storm out.

PURDY
Where the hell are you going?

KENNEDY
To pray Reverend. And I suggest you do the same.

Kennedy exits. Purdy collapses back into his chair, staring at the documents in front of him. He's scared.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Two Sheriff's cars pull up in front of a small, two-story office building with a front and back entrance. Rebecca, D.A. SCHWEIGEL, and Roscoe emerge from the first car. Walt helps a cuffed and shackled Johnny out of the second car. They have a short beat alone to talk before the others can hear.

WALT
I hope you know what the hell you're doing.

JOHNNY
I've got to find Rachel, it's my only chance.

Two more Deputies exit the second car; escorting Johnny toward the building.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

The door swings open to reveal Johnny, standing at the threshold of the office, looking in.

(CONTINUED)
Behind him are Walt, Rebecca, and Roscoe, recording Johnny's "confession" on video.

JOHNNY
We were here, watching her documentary, standing there.

Johnny steps into the room, the others following.
JOHNNY
The files for her documentary
were on a removable hard drive.
It was right there. Where is it?

Walt looks to Rebecca.

REBECCA
I don't know. I never saw it.

WALT
Forensics has been over this room.
There was no hard drive on the
inventory.

JOHNNY
It must have been stolen. Probably
what he was after.

REBECCA
Who?
(then to Walt)
Who is he talking about?

Johnny ignores her question and moves deeper into the
room. With his hands cuffed in front of him, Johnny does
a sweep of the office. A look of concern grows on his
face as he keeps touching things, but gets nothing, no
visions, not even a whoosh.

WALT
Getting anything?

Johnny looks worried as he shakes his head no.

JOHNNY
I don't know... I thought... I
was sure...

SCHWEIGEL
Why is he looking for visions,
doesn't he know what he did?

WALT
Johnny?

Johnny keeps touching surfaces and objects, his frustration
becoming manic. Finally Walt steps in, stopping him.

SCHWEIGEL
What happened next, Mr. Smith?

JOHNNY
The power went out. I went to
check the breakers.

CUT TO:
INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Johnny leads everyone to the rat's nest of circuit breakers in a utility closet. (Roscoe is videotaping throughout.)

WALT
Is that it?

JOHNNY
Must be, but I don't remember.

Johnny goes up to the breaker box, runs his fingers down to the main breaker, touching the switch, triggering:

VISION - INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - FOLLOWING JOHNNY

Day crushes into night, VISION JOHNNY finding Johnny at the breaker box on the night in question. Johnny throws the switch, turning the lights back on inside the building. TIME COMPRESSES as we FOLLOW VISION JOHNNY following himself into --

THE HALLWAY

that leads to Rachel's office, TIME RAMPS DOWN and NORMAL SPEED RESUMES -- VISION JOHNNY following Johnny as he approaches Rachel's office -- finding her door open.

JOHNNY
Rachel?

He runs into --

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE

finding it empty.

JOHNNY
Rachel!

The sound of a car door slamming pulls Johnny to the window.

VISION-JOHNNY'S POV - OUT WINDOW - NIGHT

Rachel's car driving away. We see a man driving, but cannot identify him. THE VISION ENDS.
RESUME PRESENT DAY JOHNNY - AT THE BREAKER BOX - DAY

He comes out of the vision to find himself facing the others.

JOHNNY
He kidnapped her. Knocked her out and took her while I was here.

REBECCA
What is he talking about?

EXT. FRONT OF OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Walt emerges from inside the building, holding the door for Johnny and the others. Johnny scans the parking lot.

JOHNNY
Her car drove off that way. I must have followed them.

SCHWEIGEL
Followed who? What is going on here? Sheriff? This was supposed to be a confession, not a fishing expedition.

Johnny turns his attention back to the door, reaching out to grab the prominent door handle, triggering:

VISION FLASH: HIS HAND - DAY/NIGHT

Morphs into Rebecca's hand, wrapped in a death grip around the handle, her arm being yanked violently but not letting go. The FLASHLIGHT bashes her hand, crushing her fingers, breaking her painted fingernails. As her hand relinquishes her grip, Johnny turns quickly to see where her arm leads, but the vision FADES, night dissolving into day. Where Rachel and the KILLER would have been, now he finds only Rebecca and Walt.

RESUME JOHNNY - DAY

The others watch as he bends down and begins looking around on the ground near the door.

WALT
What are you looking for?

JOHNNY
I'm not sure, maybe a...
(then seeing something)
...broken fingernail.

Johnny starts to reach for it.

(CONTINUED)
One of the other Deputies stops him.

DEPUTY #1
Hold it. That's evidence.

Deputy #1 puts a hand on Johnny's chest to back him up, then reaches down to pick up the nail with his rubber gloved hand. Johnny eyes the sliver of nail, wishing he'd had a chance to touch it.

REBECCA
That's my sister's color - Ice Blue. That's what she always wore.

JOHNNY
I need to touch that.

SCHWEIGEL
No way am I letting you contaminate evidence.

REBECCA
(beginning to believe)
Let him try.

SCHWEIGEL
Absolutely not.

Johnny sees his opportunity, breaking past Walt, and with his cuffed hands, grabs the hand of the Deputy that holds the nail.

WALT
Johnny NO!

TIGHT ON THEIR HANDS
As Deputy #1 struggles to free his hand, Johnny manages to touch the nail, triggering:

VISION: A LIGHTNING FLASH

illuminates A HUMAN HAND, missing a fingernail, protruding from a shallow grave, the rain eroding the soil away from the body.

(note: when we shoot this insert, please do some variations where we ramp off the hand into a blur so they can be cut with the ramp back to reveal vision-Johnny seeing the hand.)

RAMP BACK TO REVEAL VISION-JOHNNY, staring down at Rachel's hand.
CONTINUED:

A LIGHTNING FLASH

illuminates the woods, revealing a barbed-wire fence. Vision-Johnny walks toward the fence.

A SECOND FLASH OF LIGHTING

Reveals a rusty old sign, which is nearly illegible: NO H###ING. B###C###ORN #AN##. VISION JOHNNY begins to read the sign out loud.

VISION JOHNNY

NO... H...ING... B... C...ORN...AN --

(then repeating)

B... C...

RESUME - JOHNNY - PRESENT REALITY

Johnny is still holding onto Deputy #1's hand, still in the vision as the others, particularly Rebecca, watch, dumbstruck by Johnny's behavior. Johnny, the pain of the vision still echoing through him, continues reading the letters aloud.

JOHNNY

(overlapping vision)

NO... H...ING... B... C... ORN...

AN...

Walt, realizing this is important, turns to Roscoe --

WALT

(re: video camera)

You getting this?

Finally, Deputy #1 has had enough, yanking his arm away as Deputy #2 forcibly slams Johnny against the door, restraining him.

REBECCA

What is it Johnny? What were you saying?

JOHNNY

(shaken)

It's a sign. A rusted sign near where...

REBECCA

Near what?

JOHNNY

Rebecca...

(CONTINUED)
MATCHING E.C.U.S ON JOHNNY AND REBECCA - THEIR EYES

He looks into her eyes and she stares back. But instead of the eyes of a killer, she sees the eyes of gentle, empathetic man, the eyes of a man who has seen too much. Suddenly, looking into those eyes, a voice deep down inside of Rebecca says: he's telling the truth.

REBECCA
She's dead, isn't she?

JOHNNY
...Rebecca... I'm sorry.

REBECCA
Look at me. Look in my eyes... I need to know. Did you kill Rachel?

JOHNNY
No...
    (a beat)
    But she is dead.

As this grim news soaks in, Rebecca's belief is washed away by a torrent of denial.

REBECCA
You're wrong. I don't believe you. There's no sign. She's not dead. I don't believe you.

JOHNNY
Rebecca!

Stunned, she turns away and walks back toward the building, her composure dissolving to tears.

SCHWEIGEL
That's enough, Mr. Smith. You dragged us out here, for what? To get a thrill? So you could come back to the place you killed Rachel to make her sister suffer, too?

JOHNNY
No -- No!

SCHWEIGEL
Take him back. I'm ready to file charges.

WALT
Come on Johnny.
CONTINUED: (2)

As Walt leads Johnny away, Johnny looks to Rebecca, who stares back through tears as we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

130A INT. JAIL - VISITING ROOM - DAY

Bruce sits across from Johnny, talking on the phones.

JOHNNY
(weary but still fighting)
Hey. Good to see a friendly face.

The GUARD on Johnny's side hands him a packet of papers.

BRUCE
I brought you the maps you wanted... How you holding up man?

JOHNNY
Been better.
(looks at maps)
This'll help.

BRUCE
Johnny... listen... I know you're going to say no, but I'm doing it anyways... You need to get a lawyer. Start thinking about your defense. I talked to Sarah, we're getting together some of the people you've helped to start a defense fund. There's a lot of people out there that still have faith in you.

JOHNNY
Yeah but for how long?

BRUCE
We can't just stand by and do nothing.

JOHNNY
...I know... You're a good friend man... How's Sarah?

BRUCE
She's hanging tough, but she's pretty shook up by all this. We all are.
(a beat)
Listen Johnny, she didn't want me to tell you this, but she's still working for Stillson.

(Continued)
130A CONTINUED:

JOHNNY
What? I told her to stay away from him.

BRUCE
We all did, but she thought she might be able to find something out to clear you.

JOHNNY
Or get herself killed. Bruce, you have to talk to her, get her out of there...

131 OMITTED

132 INT. STILLSON'S INNER OFFICE - NIGHT

Greg Stillson, James Stillson, Elliman, and Truax are hunched over a map of Maine's second Congressional district, broken into voting precincts, each precinct colored one of three colors: Red, Blue or Green.

STILLSON
Look at these polls. We're up a point. Three points with women.

TRUAX
We're getting a bump from the Rachel Caldwell thing.

ELLIMAN
We should have a volunteer vanish on every campaign.

They all laugh. Except Stillson, oddly quiet. James Stillson is looking at the map. Draws a big red circle around several precincts.

JAMES STILLSON
Look -- these urban districts over here -- if we get a high voter turnout in these minority precincts, it could push us outside the margin of error.

TRUAX
You need those precincts to win.

STILLSON
Maybe it's time to borrow a trick from our friends in Florida.

(CONTINUED)
132 CONTINUED:

Stillson puts a hand around Truax's shoulder.

TRUAX
You purged the voter rolls of felons right?

STILLSON
...I know where you're going. Let's put some of our own poll workers down there. Have them be... overzealous... cross checking that list. Make anybody with similar names prove they aren't a felon. We only need to turn a few people away... slow things down. Get us back inside that margin of error.

Sonny Elliman's phone rings.

ELLIMAN
Yeah? ...hang on. (then to Stillson) It's Purdy's accountant, Kennedy. Says he needs to talk to you.

STILLSON
Good, because I need to talk to him.

132A OMITTED

133 INT. JOHNNY'S CELL -- NIGHT

Surrounded by vision-felons, and trying his best to ignore them, Johnny is going page by page through a book of detailed maps of Maine. The letters NO H ING B C ORN AN are written on his hand in ink.

A long list of possible place names, all beginning with 'No' or 'North' are scrawled on a tablet of paper: North Magasset. North Hebring. North Hybringia. And so on.

One of his maps has an area labeled "HUNTинг PRESERVE."

He looks at his list of words. Draws a line separating ING and B. Fills in the letters "NO HUNTING."
ROSIE and KELLI, two fresh-faced Faith Heritage students, emerge from a building with an American flag draped on the door, and the words "POLLING STATION - NO ELECTIONEERING." They walk toward a parking lot.

KELLI
So, who'd you vote for?

ROSIE
Stillson. Who else?

KELLI
Me too. He's such a hottie.

The girls laugh and continue on, cutting across an empty section of the parking lot. As they pass a single lonely car, Kelli stops in her tracks.

ROSIE
Kelli, what's wrong?

Kelli steps closer to the car, straining to see something inside.

THEIR P.O.V. - DRIVER'S-SIDE WINDOW

Sitting behind the wheel is the body of Mike Kennedy, dead of a self-inflicted gunshot wound. Rosie SCREAMS.

His cell is as crowded as ever but Johnny is oblivious: he's deep in his project. He's been at it all night.

Johnny has several pages of attempted place names, none of which quite fit. He's gotten another book of maps. He flips the page and finds BLACKHORN RANCH.

Grabs his notepad and fills in the blanks:

"NO HUNTING   BLACKHORN RANCH"

Johnny leaps up from his bunk, and bangs on the bars.

JOHNNY
Guard! Guard!

OMITTED
CLOSE ON A VOTING COMPUTER SCREEN with three names: Steven Hansz, Maria Klock, and Greg Stillson. Reveal Stillson himself, preparing to vote; he's mugging for a contingent of TV news crews, everyone laughing as we come into the scene.

REPORTER
Who are you going to vote for, Greg?

Behind the reporter are James Stillson, Sonny, Truax, and a few other Stillson hangers-on --

STILLSON
I know who I'm going to vote for, I'm just not sure how! Anybody know how this thing works?

Laughter; a cute young poll worker steps forward --

POLL WORKER
Just touch the screen.

Stillson does; it beeps.

STILLSON
(to camera)
This is better than video poker!

More LAUGHTER. Stillson knows how to play to the crowd.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Two Sheriff cars are pulled over where a locked gate blocks the road. Rebecca, Schweigel and the others follow at a little remove.

WALT
This is Blackhorn Ranch. It used to be an upscale gentlemen's lodge.

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

WALT (CONT'D)
Covers a lot of territory, Johnny.

JOHNNY
We need to look where the fence is close to a road. Think like the killer.

SCHWEIGEL
That shouldn't be hard for you, Mr. Smith.

Johnny ignores Schweigel as Walt spreads a map out on the hood of the car, Johnny looks up to see Rebecca staring at him, studying him. He holds her gaze for a beat, letting her see that he's not evasive, gives her a nod of respect, then turns his attention to the map in front of him. Off Rebecca's conflicted look...
EXT. WOODS -- DAY

The search party moves through the damp, dank, overgrown woods. Johnny and Walt lead; immediately behind them are Rebecca, deputies, and Schweigel.

WALT
Anything looking familiar?

JOHNNY
Not yet.

SCHWEIGEL
It's going to be dark soon. How much further?

JOHNNY
I'm not sure.

Off Rebecca's anguished look.

OMITTED

EXT. PARKING LOT - KENNEDY'S CAR - LATE DAY

A somber, shaken, Purdy watches as TWO CORONERS examine Kennedy's body.

CORONER
Looks like a suicide...
EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Johnny and Walt wait at the top of a steep incline as Rebecca and the others follow. Reaching the top, Rebecca slips, and Johnny reflexively reaches out with his cuffed hands, catching her. Their eyes meet, then Rebecca looks away, continuing on.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

It's empty, and trashed, like the day after a New Years Eve party. Everybody is already at the Auditorium for the victory party. Everybody but Sarah.

INT. STILLSON'S INNER OFFICE - NIGHT

Sarah is rifling through files, looking for something, anything that might prove Johnny's innocence. Suddenly, she hears the door behind her. She turns to see: Greg Stillson. He shuts the door behind him.

STILLSON
Hello Sarah. What are you still doing here? Everyone else is already at the victory party. Wouldn't feel right to celebrate without you.

SARAH
I was just finishing up some filing.

The phone in Sarah's purse RINGS. Stillson ignores it.

STILLSON
Just like you. Always so on top of everything...

He presses close. Off Sarah's reaction...

INT. BRUCE'S CAR - NIGHT

He's speed dialing Sarah for the tenth time today.

BRUCE
C'mon pick up...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The beams of a dozen flashlights precede the search party. Walt's flashlight arcs across something in the dark, REVEALING:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

THE BLACKHORN RANCH SIGN - NIGHT
Just as it was in Johnny's vision, minus the lightning.

JOHNNY
That's it, we must be close.

SARAH AND STILLSON
Stillson invades her personal space. Sarah eyes the room, looking for a means of escape -- or a weapon.
SARAH
We should get going... everyone's
waiting.

STILLSON
Don't worry... They can't start
without me...
(presses closer)
I never got a chance to thank you
for all the hard work. Especially
helping to organize the search
for Rachel... You know, the two
of you have a lot in common...

EXT. WOODS - BLACKHORN RANCH SIGN - NIGHT
The others watch as Johnny struggles up a slope alone,
looking for the gravesite. We move with Johnny as he
takes the last journey, all alone, moving strangely; ducks
around a tree. Paces forward a few steps; then back;
then turns.

Then, Johnny stumbles on a log, and trips, the cuffs
preventing him from breaking his fall.

ON THE GROUND
Johnny is face-to-face with a woman's partially decomposed
hand, sticking out of a shallow grave. He reaches out to
touch her hand, triggering:

A VISION - T.B.D.

RESUME JOHNNY
Still not knowing who the killer is, but feeling empathy
and pity for this poor girl, the impact of what he saw in
a vision, now a reality in front of him.

JOHNNY
(sad for her)
Rachel...

(We should also shoot an alternate, where he comes out of
the vision, and reacts silently, looking away, dejected,
angry at whoever did this, and angry at himself for not
having been able to stop it.)

INT. STILLSON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT
Bruce pokes his head in the front door of the dark and

(CONTINUED)
empty Campaign HQ. He's got his phone in his hand like he's been dialing, and can hear Sarah's phone ringing inside somewhere in the dark.

BRUCE
Sarah?

Sonny Elliman is sitting in the dark, acting as lookout for Stillson who is in the inner office with Sarah.

ELLIMAN
We're closed.

STILLSON AND SARAH - INNER OFFICE
Stillson smoothly traps Sarah against the filing cabinets. He leans in close.

STILLSON
She was such a sweet girl, but you... you're a woman...

SARAH
(trying to laugh it off)
Greg please...

Sarah surreptitiously reaches behind her, her hand finding a heavy paper weight.

STILLSON
Your husband and Johnny Smith sure are lucky to have had someone like you standing by them... But when I look at you, I see so much more than some housewife stuck here in Cleave's Mills. If I had a woman like you, there's no telling how high we could go... This congressional race is just the beginning of what we could do together...

Stillson seems about to try and kiss Sarah...

BRUCE AND ELLIMAN
Bruce hears a noise coming from the inner office. Elliman starts to shove Bruce toward the door.

ELLIMAN
I said we're closed.

Bruce straight-arms Elliman away.

(CONTINUED)
BRUCE
Get your hands off me.

Elliman goes to punch Bruce, but Bruce blocks and counterpunches, staggering Elliman.

BRUCE
SARAH!

SARAH AND STILLSON - INNER OFFICE
Bruce opens the door to the office.

BRUCE
Sarah?

Stillson looks up from where he has Sarah pressed against the filing cabinets, reacting to Bruce. Sarah uses the distraction to slip past Stillson, joining Bruce at the door.

SARAH
Bruce... I've been waiting for you...

Bruce and Stillson exchange a long look, then Sarah pulls him away.

SARAH
(to Bruce)
We better get going.

Off Stillson's look, watching them go.

STILLSON
Good night Sarah...

EXT. GRAVESITE - NIGHT
Johnny pulls himself up from the ground, a look of horror on his face at the sight before him.
Here, I found her. Up here.

Rebecca breaks past Walt, racing to the shallow, unholy grave where her sister's slightly decomposed hand protrudes from a mound of fresh earth. She turns away, overcome; Walt tries to hold her but she breaks free and holds herself apart from the group, looking down at sister, her loss, inconsolable, her grief, unimaginable.

The victory party is in full swing, Stillson on stage, awash in applause, surrounded by SUPPORTERS and Red, White, and Blue.

-- thank you, thank you. It is an honor and a privilege to be chosen to serve Maine. (holds up his hand) Dirigo. That's our State's motto. It means, "I Lead." And I plan to take to Washington D.C. the values that all Americans hold dear...

The somber group of searchers watch from a distance in silence as the FORENSIC TEAM begins exhuming the body. Walt stands near the gravesite, waiting for them to reveal the victim's face.

Is it her?

Yes.

Rebecca sobs quietly as Schweigel turns to Johnny, who is flanked by two DEPUTIES.

I'm glad you decided to give Ms. Caldwell some closure Mr. Smith. (MORE)
SCHWEIGEL (CONT'D)
You did the right thing. Take him back and re-book him for murder.

JOHNNY
I did not do this.

Walt joins the group.

SCHWEIGEL
You led us to the body. Something only the killer would know.

WALT
His visions led us to the body. You going to charge him with every case he ever solved for us? He didn't kill this girl.

SCHWEIGEL
That's going to be for a jury to decide.

The Deputies turn Johnny and haul him into the darkness. Johnny forces them to stop as they pass Rebecca.

JOHNNY
Please, believe me, I didn't do this.

Rebecca looks up from her grief, meeting Johnny's eyes.

REBECCA
I want to believe you. I do... But...

She lowers her gaze, consumed by grief, not knowing what to believe anymore.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

As Stillson continues, pausing for a huge round of applause. Up on the stage, James Stillson leans in to Truax, speaking over the din.

JAMES STILLSON
What did we win by?

Truax holds up one finger.

(CONTINUED)
138B CONTINUED:

JAMES STILLSON
One percent?

TRUAX
Give or take.

They laugh as the applause dies down, Stillson finishing his speech.

STILLSON
-- honesty, intelligence, the stubborn belief that the values we hold dear are constant and unchanging -- the intelligence to determine what's right, what's wrong, and the strength to act on those convictions.

(beat)
Ladies and gentlemen, if this whole world were a lot more like Maine, what a wonderful place that would be!

Cheers erupt from the audience. Stillson flashes the victory sign as balloons drop, filling the stage, AND THE BAND PLAYS: GOD BLESS AMERICA.

Sonny Elliman appears, fighting his way to Stillson, whispering something in Stillson's ear. Stillson reacts, a dark flash crossing his face.

The MUSIC AND REVELRY rings across the cut as we...

CUT TO:

139 INT. COUNTY JAIL -- NIGHT

At his lowest moment, Johnny sits with his face in his hands, surrounded by the evil felons of his visions, when he hears a voice --

GUARD (O.S.)
Smith! John! The Sheriff wants to see you.

Johnny stands.

140 INT. JAIL - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (FORMERLY WALT'S OFFICE)

A door opens, and Johnny -- still in county jail orange,
and escorted by a Deputy -- enters to find Walt, Schweigel and Reverend Purdy around Walt's desk. At Walt's gesture, the Deputy uncuffs Johnny and closes the door.

JOHNNY
What's going on?

WALT
They didn't tell you?

JOHNNY
No.

WALT
We got a confession.

JOHNNY
Who?

WALT
Do you know Mike Kennedy?

JOHNNY
Of course. He works for Purdy. He handles my Trust Fund.

PURDY
He committed suicide last night.

Johnny gives Purdy a hard look. Purdy stays poker faced. Johnny knows something is wrong with this picture, but isn't going to do anything to stop his release.

JOHNNY
I don't understand... what does this have to do with me?

PURDY
This was found on his desk. It's a suicide note.

WALT
This is a copy. The real note is already on it's way to the FBI lab.

Walt hands Johnny the copy. Johnny reads it.

JOHNNY
He killed Rachel Caldwell? Why?
PURDY
Before she went to work on the Stillson campaign, Rachel spent a summer temping in my office. Kennedy wrote that he met her then and became obsessed with her. He'd also been embezzling from Faith Heritage, apparently for years. Millions of dollars. All of it lost in bad investments. Somehow she found out and threatened to go to the police. He went to confront her and things got out of control.

SCHWEIGEL
Because of the confession and Reverend Purdy's vouching for you, the judge has ordered you released.

WALT
Once the letter is authenticated, you'll be cleared, Johnny.

Johnny brushes against Reverend Purdy, and we hear the signature Dead Zone VISION WHOOSH. He catches Purdy's eye: Purdy can tell Johnny's not buying it.

JOHNNY
Can I ask something? Who won the election?

PURDY
Walt won.

JOHNNY
(more urgent)
For Congress. Who won for Congress?

PURDY
Greg Stillson.

Off Johnny's somber reaction...

141  EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION -- DAY
Johnny steps out into brilliant sunshine.
When his eyes adjust he sees Bruce leaning against his car, smiling -- he's got cut on his forehead and a bandaged hand; Sarah runs across the parking lot to hug Johnny tight. Bruce walks; he's carrying Johnny's cane.

**SARAH**
I was so worried about you, Johnny.

**JOHNNY**
It's okay now, Sarah.

Walt steps outside; sees Sarah hugging Johnny; Sarah sees Walt looking, and pulls away. She crosses to Walt.

**SARAH**
Congratulations on winning.

**WALT**
(unsatisfied)
Thanks.

They look at each other for a long beat, not knowing what to say. Johnny sees the tension between them.

**WALT**
I've got to get back to work.

Walt turns to go, nothing resolved between them.

**WALT**
(to Johnny)
And you... see if you can stay out of trouble for awhile.

Johnny nods as Walt leaves. Johnny reaches out to shake Bruce's hand but Bruce pulls him in for a big bear hug.

**BRUCE**
Welcome back, brother.

**JOHNNY**
(re: Bruce's injuries)
What the hell happened to you?

**BRUCE**
Long story...

Bruce hands him his cane.

**BRUCE (CONT'D)**
Here you go.

Johnny is reluctant to take the cane;

**BRUCE**
What's the matter? Oh yeah. Want me to hang on to it?

(Continued)
CONTINUED: 

JOHNNY
No. Let me have it.

Johnny grabs the cane and is instantly hurled into a --

VISION - INT. BOMBED-OUT STRUCTURE -- ETERNAL TWILIGHT

Johnny and Wey are both backed up against a smashed-out wall, touching the cane-top. The only light is provided by the flickering of distant fires.

WEY
Where have you been?

JOHNNY
I got arrested -- they took away my cane.

WEY
Look out.

He pulls Johnny behind a heap of rubble; A DOZEN RAGGED FEET rush by, a posse searching for Wey. Now Wey and Johnny are face to face; Wey whispers --

WEY
They're after me. How do they know?

JOHNNY
What do they want?

WEY
This...

He holds out the cane top for Johnny to see.

SIX RAGGED SURVIVORS
appear out of the darkness, and leap on Wey, pummeling him, after something. Johnny is helpless to intervene.

Finally one of the survivors yanks the CANE TOP from Wey's hand, and the post-apocalyptic world blows away like dust, leaving Johnny --

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT - CLOSE ON BUBBLES

Johnny stands over his sink, leaning on his cane, staring into his sink, spaced out. The water running, making soap suds.
He looks on his counter and sees the remnants of a T-bone steak, a half-empty bottle of wine, and a glass.

JOHNNY
...damn...

His doorbell RINGS. Then RINGS again. Johnny turns off the water, tries to compose himself, and turns to pick up his cane, which has fallen to the floor.

He opens the door. It's Rebecca.

JOHNNY
Rebecca?

REBECCA
Hello, Johnny.
(off his hesitation)
Is something wrong?

JOHNNY
No, I'm just surprised to see you. Come on in. Please.

Johnny leads her into the kitchen. He offers her a seat, but she prefers to stand, leaning against the counter.

REBECCA
The Prosecutor called and told me about the suicide note. That guy, Mike Kennedy, killed my sister. Just like that.

JOHNNY
I'm so sorry, Rebecca.

She starts to lose it, pulls herself together.

REBECCA
I just came by to say I'm sorry... for not believing you before.

JOHNNY
That's okay. I understand.

She fights to keep her composure.

REBECCA
Thank you for finding her.
(quiet)
I miss her so much...

Rebecca is quietly crying; Johnny wants to put his arms around her, but hesitates. Finally, he can't watch her cry alone anymore, and takes a chance, giving her a shoulder to cry on. Slowly, then without reservation, she accepts his gesture.
The room is covered with shreds of confetti and half-packed office supplies, the detritus of a modern election. Two men pace: Purdy and Stillson. No one else is there.

STILLSON
That's something about Mike Kennedy huh? Suicide's one thing... but killing that girl?

PURDY
Yes, we're all deeply shocked. In many ways he was a good man.

STILLSON
Guess we never really know what our fellow man is capable of, do we?

Purdy stares right back at Stillson, unblinking.

PURDY
No. Only God knows what we're truly capable of.

Purdy hands Stillson a letter sized envelope. Stillson peeks inside, then pockets it.

STILLSON
This everything he had left?

PURDY
That's everything.

Stillson smiles. Purdy smiles bitterly back. Two scorpions in a bottle...

FADE OUT:

THE END OF ACT FOUR

THE END