

FIRESTARTER

Screenplay by Stanley Mann

Based on the novel by  
Stephen King

FINAL DRAFT  
(shortened version)  
April 4, 1983

100 Universal Plaza  
Building 473 RM 107  
Universal City, 91608

FIRESTARTER

FADE IN: (THE PRESENT)

ON A TRAFFIC-THICK STREET IN THE HEART OF A MAJOR AMERICAN CITY, AT ABOUT FIVE-THIRTY IN THE AFTERNOON

a MAN and his DAUGHTER are holding hands as they walk fast, almost run, along the clogged streets. The little girl is seven years old, wearing red pants and a green blouse. Her father is in a worn and scuffed corduroy jacket, plain brown twill slacks. He is looking back over his shoulder at a GREEN CAR crawling along after them in the curbside lane. The child, whose name is CHARLIE (for Charlene) is almost crying with fatigue.

CHARLIE

Daddy, I'm tired. Can't we stop?

ANDY

Not yet, honey.

CHARLIE

Please, Daddy. Please.

Andy pulls his eyes from the pursuing car, looks with great love and sympathy at his daughter's pale face.

ANDY

Okay, be light, be a feather.

And he picks her up, sits her in the crook of his arm. He hurries across an intersection, and the car, with its THREE MALE OCCUPANTS, comes relentlessly after them.

CHARLIE

Are they still there?

ANDY

Yes.

CHARLIE

There aren't as many people on the side streets, and they're darker--

ANDY

Just what they'd want.

CHARLIE

What are we going to do?

ANDY

I'm trying to think!

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE  
I'm scared, Daddy--

ANDY  
So am I, baby, just hold on!

They are coming up to another intersection, and the light is against them. Traffic is pouring across and pedestrians are building up at the corner in a bottleneck. The DON'T WALK sign holds steady, seemingly eternal. The little girl looks over her father's shoulder--

CHARLIE  
Daddy! They're coming!

Andy turns, sees the green car has stopped. The curbside doors are opening, TWO YOUNG, SMOOTH-CHEEKED MEN in business suits are getting out! ORVILLE JAMIESON (O.J.), and BATES. JOHN MAYO remains in the car, behind the wheel. Andy begins elbowing his way through the clog of pedestrians, searching frantically for a vacant cab.

PEDESTRIANS  
Hey, man--  
For Christ' sake, fella!  
Please, mister, you're stepping on my DOG!

ANDY  
Excuse me...excuse me...

CHARLIE  
Can't you stop them, Daddy? Can't you PUSH them?

ANDY  
I don't think I can do it any more!

And he sees a vacant cab! Flaggging madly with his free hand--

ANDY  
Taxi! Taxi!

Behind him, the two men drop all pretense, and run. The taxi pulls over.

O.J.  
Hold it! Police!

Andy opens the cab's back door as a WOMAN in the crowd SCREAMS, and people begin to scatter. He hands Charlie in, dives in after her.



CONTINUED:

ANDY  
I've changed my mind. Take us  
to Albany.

DRIVER  
Where?  
(stares at Andy in rearview  
mirror)  
Man, I can't take a fare to Albany,  
you out of your mind?

Andy pulls out his wallet, grits his teeth, there's only a  
single dollar bill! He holds it up, we can SEE it clearly.

ANDY  
(quietly)  
I'm going to give you a five-hundred  
dollar bill. To take me and my  
daughter to Albany. Okay?

DRIVER  
Jeee-sus, mister--

Andy sticks the bill in the cabby's hand, the cabby looks  
down at it. Andy PUSHES, PUSHES hard, and as the dagger of  
pain rams into his forehead again, once more we HEAR the  
mysterious SOUND AND MUSIC on the track.

CLOSE ON THE DRIVER AND THE DOLLAR BILL

which changes into a five-hundred-dollar bill as he stares  
at it.

BACK TO THREE SHOT

as the driver shakes his head, Andy gives one last little  
SHOVE. In a very quiet voice, speaking almost into the  
cabby's ear--

ANDY  
And it ought to be worth it to you.

DRIVER  
(in a dreamy voice)  
Listen, I ain't turning down no  
five hundred dollars.

ANDY  
Okay.

He sits back, and the thudding in his head BECOMES A SOUND  
WE CAN HEAR, and his eyes swim with pain. He puts a hand on

CONTINUED:

Charlie's leg, gives her a long, loving look. Her hair is shoulder length, and in her sleep she has a calm beauty. As he stares at her, the THUDDING becomes louder, and--

CHARLIE'S FACE CHANGES

--turning into VICKY'S face; and Vicky is young and beautiful, a college student. CAMERA MOVES BACK TO REVEAL that she is in a LECTURE HALL with ELEVEN OTHER STUDENTS, including ANDY. DR. WANLESS, fat and balding, addresses them. While he talks his fingers shread a cigarette into the ashtray in front of him, spilling out little cones of golden-brown tobacco.

WANLESS

We're going to give each of you twelve young ladies and gentlemen an injection. Six of these injections will be water. Six of them will be water mixed with a tiny amount of a chemical compound which we call Lot Six. The exact nature of this compound is classified, but it is essentially an hypnotic and mild hallucinogenic. Thus you understand that the compound will be administered by the double-blind method...which is to say, neither you nor we will know who has gotten a clear dose, and who has not, until later.

Andy shifts uncomfortably, Vicky frowns.

WANLESS (cont.)

The dozen of you will be under close supervision for forty-eight hours following the injection. Questions?

FEMALE STUDENT

Dr. Wanless, did you say this experiment is being done for the CIA?

WANLESS

(carefully)

I don't think I did. I think I said, it was 'for a Government agency.'

BEARDED STUDENT

Is that The Shop?

WANLESS stiffens, the other students look puzzled.

WANLESS

The Shop? Where did you hear about The Shop?

CONTINUED:

BEARDED STUDENT  
Last week's Sunday supplement.

WANLESS  
Yes, well, let's say there are a few  
interested agencies? Any more--

VICKY  
Do we get the two hundred dollars  
before the injections, or after?

WANLESS  
Now that's important. Before.

There are some cheers, and faces turn smilingly to Vicky.  
She lowers her head, embarrassed.

ANDY  
(whispers)  
Right on. I'm broke, too.

Vicky smiles gratefully.

WANLESS  
I'll ask you to fill out these forms,  
and will expect to see you promptly  
at nine next Tuesday.

TWO GRAD ASSISTANTS begin passing out photocopies of a  
questionnaire. As Andy and Vicky wait for theirs,

Andy looks admiringly at the girl. She's tall, with  
light-auburn hair, marvellously clear complexion, wearing  
a powder-blue sweater and a short skirt. Good legs. No  
stockings.

ANDY  
I'm Andy, by the way. Andy McGee.

VICKY  
I'm Vicky Tomlinson. And a little  
nervous about this, Andy McGee...  
What if I go on a bad trip or  
something?

ANDY  
Look, why don't I pick you up next  
Tuesday, take you to the experiment?

VICKY  
It would be good to go into this  
with a friend.

CONTINUED:

ANDY

Quit worrying, we'll both probably  
get the distilled water, anyway.  
We'll be fine.

INT. ROOM 70 - JASON GEARNEIGH HALL - ANDY'S COLLEGE - DAY

A FEMALE GRADUATE ASSISTANT is looping a piece of rubber flex  
around Andy's arm, just above the elbow.

GRADUATE ASSISTANT

Make a fist, please.

Andy does, the vein pops up obligingly, he looks away, feeling  
a little ill. He glances over at Vicky as his IV is put in  
place. She is on the next cot, dressed in a sleeveless white  
blouse and dove gray slacks. Her IV is already in.

ANDY

How you doin' kid?

VICKY

(tries for a smile)

Okay.

GRADUATE ASSISTANT

There.

ANDY

There yourself.

A dozen cots are in the room, all twelve volunteers are lying  
propped up on hypoallergenic foam pillows, earning their  
money. Dr. Wanless is walking up and down between the cots  
with a word for everyone, and a little frosty smile.

ANDY

(to Vicky)

I've been thinking about you.

VICKY

What?

But Wanless has arrived, stands between Vicky and Andy. He  
looks at him, then at her.

WANLESS

Do you feel any pain?

CONTINUED:

VICKY  
Pressure. Slight pressure.

WANLESS  
Yes? It will pass.

Now he smiles benevolently down at Andy, and because Andy is already feeling the effects of Lot Six--

WANLESS - FROM ANDY'S POV

Seeming very tall in his white lab coat. His glasses seem very small.

WANLESS  
And how are you?

TWO SHOT - WANLESS AND ANDY (NORMAL)

But Andy is feeling anything but normal.

ANDY  
When do we start to shrink?

WANLESS  
(continuing to smile)  
Do you feel you will shrink?

ANDY  
Shhhhhrrrrrink.

And he grins foolishly.

WANLESS  
Everything will be fine.

He smiles more widely, and moves away. Now Andy looks back at Vicky again.

VICKY - ANDY'S POV

How bright her hair is! Copper burning bright.

VICKY  
Thank you. What a nice compliment!

TWO SHOT - ANDY AND VICKY (NORMAL)

But their eyes are shining very abnormally.

ANDY  
I didn't say anything.

CONTINUED:

VICKY  
You did.

ANDY  
What did I say?

VICKY  
You said, my hair is beautiful, like  
'copper set aflame.'

ANDY  
I didn't say that, I was thinking  
that!

ANDY - VICKY'S POV

His eyes are glittering, his skin glows, his teeth shine!

ANDY  
I don't think I got the distilled  
water.

VICKY - ANDY'S POV

Her beauty alarmingly beautiful, like an angel gleaming.

VICKY  
(placidly)  
Me neither...

ANDY (over)  
Nice, isn't it?

VICKY  
(dreamily)  
Nice.

BACK TO ANDY (NORMAL)

Somewhere someone is crying. Babbling hysterically. And he turns his head slowly to see what is happening.

WHAT ANDY SEES (IN SLOW MOTION)

Several of the Grad Students are running toward one of the cots that has been placed near Room 70's blackboard. The young fellow on the cot seems to be doing something to his eyes.

ANDY - SQUINTING

Is he seeing this? Frowns. Yes, he is seeing this..but how could he be, because--

## WHAT ANDY IS SEEING (IN SLOW MOTION)

Which we give the impression of rather than a graphic description. The fellow on the cot seems to be hooking his fingers into his own eyes, attempting to claw his eyeballs out of his head! His hands appear to be hooked into claws, and blood seems to be gushing from his eyes. The needle flaps from his arm, in SLOW MOTION. Wanless is running, in SLOW MOTION.

## BACK TO ANDY

staring at this clinically, absorbing the fact that he is, yes indeed, seeing this, but he feels no horror.

## THE YOUNG FELLOW ON THE COT (SLOW MOTION)

with white coats gathered all around him, we can't see HIM any more, but we can see a chart hanging down over the head of the bed, showing the quadrants of the human brain. And now a BLOODY HAND rises out of the huddle of white coats, like the hand of a drowning man. The hand smacks the chart, leaving a BLOODSTAIN in the shape of a large comma. Then the cot is lifted (it is still impossible to see the boy who has clawed his eyes out) and carried briskly from the room.

## CLOSE SHOT - ANDY'S FACE

frowning. Then slowly smiling, forgetting, looking around.

## THE ROOM, THE OTHER VOLUNTEERS (SLOW MOTION)

Giving us (and Andy) a passage of time. Some of the volunteers are laughing, some are weeping, some are being held down in their beds. Vicky is smiling through tears, then singing soundlessly to herself, or dancing with her hands in some interior ballroom. Then--

## MINUTES OR HOURS LATER? ANDY AND VICKY

and a MALE GRADUATE STUDENT coming to Andy's cot--but a graduate student THIRTY-SIX YEARS OLD?! It is Orville Jamieson.

O.J.

How you feeling, guy?

ANDY

(striving for something, then)

Orville Jamieson.

O.J.

Hey, that's right, that's my name.

How'd you know?

CONTINUED:

ANDY

Sure, that's your name...I feel okay.  
How's that other fella?

O.J.

What other fella's that, Andy?

ANDY

(serenely)

The one who clawed his eyes out.

O.J.

(smiling, patting Andy's head)

Pretty visual stuff, huh, guy?

THREE SHOT - ANDY, VICKY, ORVILLE JAMIESON

VICKY

(also serene)

No, really. I saw it, too.

O.J.

You think you did. You just shared  
the same illusion. There was a fella  
over there by the board who had a  
muscular reaction...something like a  
charley horse. No clawed eyes.  
No blood.

He starts away again. ANDY suddenly feels immensely clever--

ANDY

My man, it's impossible to share the  
same illusion without some prior  
consultation.

O.J.

(undaunted)

Hey, with this drug, it's very possible.  
I'll be back in a bit, okay?

ANDY

(when he is gone, to Vicky)

He works for the Shop. He's killed  
four people during his career, three  
men and one woman. He raped the woman  
after she was dead...

VICKY

(with the same all-knowing calm)

The woman was a stringer, and she knew  
Shop secrets..

CONTINUED:

Now she speaks--BUT HER MOUTH DOESN'T OPEN. We HEAR it on track--

VICKY

What's wrong?

Andy's mouth doesn't move, either.

ANDY

Vicky, is that you?

VICKY

Yes.

ANDY

But you're not talking. Your mouth's not moving.

VICKY

It's not?

ANDY

Is mine?

VICKY

No.

ANDY

...he did claw his eyes out.

VICKY

Yes he did.

Suddenly MUSIC begins to flood down from the SPEAKERS in the ceiling. They smile. They drift.

ANDY

I love you. I've always loved you.  
I've known you for a thousand years...

VICKY

That long...yes. I love you, too.

And the MUSIC goes on playing, and Andy and Vicky feel they are moving through aeons of time. The MUSIC changes, cheapens, and the high whining of jets mixes with it, and we are IN THE PRESENT, hearing--

TAXI DRIVER'S VOICE (over)

(distorted)

Albany.

The cheapened music comes from the taxi radio.

VERY CLOSE SHOT - ANDY'S PAINED FACE - IN THE TAXI - NIGHT

And now the Driver's VOICE is somewhat clearer--

DRIVER'S VOICE (over)

Hey, mister, this is it, we're here.

THREE SHOT - ANDY, CHARLIE, AND THE DRIVER

Charlie still is fast asleep against her father; Andy's eyes are opening as the Driver shakes him.

DRIVER

Airport.

Andy's eyes come fully open, then he closes them against the white light of an overhead sodium lamp. There is a terrible, shrieking white O.S., and Andy winces against it.

DRIVER

You okay?

ANDY

(eyes open again)

Headache. What time is it?

DRIVER

Nearly midnight. Sure I can't take you home?

ANDY

...my car's in the lot.

He begins gently to shake Charlie. -

DRIVER

You sure you're okay, mister, you look awful white.

ANDY

I'm fine, thanks...

(careful not to use her name)

...hey, darling...wake up, we're here.

Charlie mutters, tries to roll away from him.

ANDY

C'mon, doll. Wake up.

Charlie's eyes flutter open--the direct blue eyes she got from her mother--

CHARLIE

Daddy? Where are we?

CONTINUED:

ANDY

Albany, sweetheart. The airport.  
Go on.

Charlie slips out of the car, and Andy follows her, trying not to stagger.

DRIVER

Thanks again, man. Listen, hey.  
Great fare.

EXT. THE AIRPORT - NIGHT

As the taxi pulls away from the yellow-painted curb, ANOTHER JET is taking off, and Andy feels as though his head will split in two. He stumbles, and Charlie puts her hands on his arm.

CHARLIE

Oh, Daddy.

ANDY

Inside. I have to sit down.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The green car with Mayo at the wheel, Bates beside him, and O.J. in the back, rushes along. It has been joined by a second car, a TAN FORD in which there are two other agents, RAY KNOWLES and AL STEINOWITZ. CAMERA WATCHES them overtake, and disappear in, the traffic ahead.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Servicemen at the end of their leaves, harried-looking women riding herd on scratchy, up-too-late children, businessmen with pouches of weariness under their eyes. The loudspeaker system announces arrivals and departures. Andy and Charlie sit side by side at desks with TVs bolted to them. Andy is plugging in two quarters.

ANDY

That's all we've got, sweetie, but  
I just have to sit somewhere. I'm  
going to need your help--

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Do I have to?

ANDY

Honey, I'm used up. We have no money. We can't stay here.

CHARLIE

(voice a whisper)

Those bad men from the Shop are coming?

ANDY

...never mind them now, Charlie. We need money--

CHARLIE

...how can I get it...

ANDY

You know.

CHARLIE

(on the verge of tears)

It's not right. It's not right to steal.

ANDY

I know it. But it's not right for them to keep coming at us, either. I explained it to you, Charlie. Or at least I tried.

CHARLIE

About little bad and big bad?

ANDY

Yes. Lesser and greater evil.

CHARLIE

(swallowing hard)

Big bad...is what I did to Mommy--

ANDY

Don't--

CHARLIE

I made Mommy scream--

Andy grabs her to him, holds her, pats her.

CONTINUED:

ANDY

Easy, easy...

For a moment she sobs in his arms, then controls herself, wipes her eyes.

CHARLIE

Does your head still hurt?

ANDY

It's pretty bad...

CHARLIE

Poor Daddy.

And she kisses him, then looks around.

CHARLIE

I'll try.

She gets out of the chair. Andy watches her walk away, his look one of love and concern. He sees her stop at a shopping bag sticking out of the top of a trash basket, sees her take it.

WITH CHARLIE

heading toward the TELEPHONE BOOTHS. About fifteen of them in all, with circular sliding doors. Most of the booths are dark. There is a fat lady in a pantsuit crammed into one of them, talking busily and smiling. On a bench near the booths are a YOUNG MAN IN A SERVICE UNIFORM, and a PRETTY GIRL, even younger. Tears stream down her cheeks as the young man berates her.

YOUNG SERVICEMAN

Look, I told you not to follow me here. We been through it a hundred times.

YOUNG GIRL

But I can't do it on my own! I don't know where to go and even if I did, I don't have any money--

Charlie reacts with a frown to this conversation, even pauses slightly, before going into the phone booth on the end

YOUNG SERVICEMAN

Oh no, oh no. This ain't got nothing  
(cont.)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG SERVICEMAN (cont.)  
to do with me. I'm not the only  
guy you've been seeing.

YOUNG GIRL  
That's not true.

And she weeps even more.

INT ALBANY AIRPORT PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

As Charlie gets into it. She now gives her attention to the  
phone, takes it off the hook, pretends she is talking--

CHARLIE  
Hello, Grampa, yes, Daddy and I  
just got in, we're fine...

--and looks out through the-glass to see if anyone is being  
nosy. She looks at the phone again, and suddenly SHOVES IT,  
a little grunt of effort escaping her, no pain involved here,  
she feels good shoving things. AND THERE IS A DIFFERENT  
MIXTURE OF SOUND AND MUSIC ON THE TRACK, CHARLIE'S OWN  
'SHOVING THEME,' strong, and hot and satisfying. A tide of  
silver pours out of the coin return. She tries to get her  
bag under it, but by the time she does, most of the quarters  
and nickels and times have spewed onto the floor. She bends  
over and sweeps as much as she can into the bag, glancing  
again and again out the window.

OUTSIDE THE PHONE BOOTH

as Charlie emerges, goes to the next booth, hearing--

YOUNG SERVICEMAN  
I am not ready to get married! This  
is not the first time I've told you.  
Will you get out of here, will you  
stop bugging me?!

--and disliking him even more. She closes the door of the  
second booth.

THE HIGHWAY LEADING TO THE AIRPORT FEEDER ROAD - NIGHT

The green car and the tan Ford speed along.

ON ANDY IN THE TERMINAL - NIGHT

waiting, his eyes still clouded with residual pain, the two  
TVs blabbering away.

## WITH CHARLIE IN THE SECOND BOOTH

the almost-full paper bag positioned perfectly this time. She is smiling triumphantly as the coins cascade to the bottom. She leaves the booth.

## OUTSIDE THE BOOTH

where Charlie goes now to the OTHER SIDE of the serviceman.

## YOUNG GIRL

I swear to God you're the only one. I've never slept with anyone else.

## YOUNG SERVICEMAN

(lying)

O.K., you wanna know how I know? So answer me this-- how could it be me when I've had a vasectomy? You're the liar!

He sees Charlie staring at him, holding her paper bag. On the TRACK we HEAR the MIXTURE OF SOUND AND MUSIC that tells us CHARLIE is pushing again. Then she hurries away toward Andy, and the young serviceman is still berating his girlfriend, legs extended, when he suddenly lets out a YELP! and stares for a second in shock at his shoes, which have begun to BURN.

## YOUNG SERVICEMAN

Godamighty!

He flings down the phone, leaps to his feet. Heads turn. A WOMAN sees what is happening, yells in alarm. TWO SECURITY GUARDS who have been noodling with an Alleghany Airlines ticket clerk, look over to see what is going on.

## WHAT IS GOING ON IS THAT YOUNG SERVICEMAN

his army-issue shoes flaming merrily, the cuffs of his dress greens catching, is sprinting across the concourse, heading for the LADIES ROOM, which is nearest. Into it he goes at full speed, trailing smoke, and--

## INSIDE THE LADIES ROOM

A-YOUNG WOMAN is coming out of one of the stalls, her skirt rucked up to her waist, adjusting her Underalls. She sees the young serviceman, the human torch, and lets out a scream, and there is a babble for the few other occupied stalls--

CONTINUED:

WOMEN IN STALLS

What was that? .What's going on?

The young serviceman catches the pay-toilet door the woman's come out of, before it can close, and grabbing both sides of the stall at the top, he hoists himself feet first into the toilet! There is a hissing sound and a remarkable billow of steam. The TWO SECURITY GUARDS burst in, guns drawn.

FIRST SECURITY MAN

Hold it, you in there!

SECOND SECURITY MAN

Come out of there with your hands laced on top of your head!

YOUNG SERVICEMAN

(snarling)

You mind waiting until I put my feet out?!

ON THE AIRPORT FEEDER ROAD - NIGHT

Andy and Charlie hurry along the crunching shoulder of the road. Andy has the BAG OF COINS in one hand, and holds Charlie's hand tightly with the other. The child is wild, guilty--

CHARLIE

...I was just coming back to you, and I saw him, and before I could stop it... it happened! I didn't like him, and it just got away!

ANDY

It's okay--!

CHARLIE

I set him on fire!

ANDY

Charlie--

CHARLIE

I didn't mean to do it, Daddy, I didn't--

ANDY

(shaking her)

Stop it!

(cont.)

CONTINUED:

ANDY (cont.)

(embracing her, then holding her a little distance away)  
I want you to listen to me, Charlie.  
I think this is the most encouraging thing that's happened in a long time!

CHARLIE

Y-you do?

ANDY

You say it got away from you. And it did. But not like before. It only got away a little bit. What happened was dangerous, honey, but...you might have set his hair on fire, or his face.

Charlie winces away from the thought, horrified. Andy turns her face gently back to his.

ANDY

It's a subconscious thing, and it always goes out at someone you don't like. But...you didn't really hurt that guy, Charlie. You...

CHARLIE

I didn't hurt him like I hurt Mommy in the kitchen.

ANDY

You've got to stop thinking about that! It wasn't your fault. It's never been your fault. You hurt her, Charlie, yes, but she understood, she forgave you.

(grimly)

It wasn't you who really hurt her, it wasn't you who killed her.

(then)

We've got to go on now.

He takes her hand, kisses it, leads her back onto the shoulder of the road.

ANDY

Like Indians, huh? Single file, and keep as far over to the side as you can.

CHARLIE

Are they ever going to stop chasing us, Daddy?

CONTINUED:

ANDY

Sure, sure, you'll see.

The two of them walk off into the darkness, the little girl in front, with one hand held behind her, holding her father's, leading him.

EXT. THE AIRPORT - NIGHT

The green car, empty, and the tan ford with Knowles still inside behind the wheel, and Steinowitz standing by his window, are parked at the yellow curb.

INT. THE TERMINAL - NIGHT

The THREE MEN are in different places. O.J. and Bates are questioning AIRLINE TICKET AGENTS; the third man, JOHN MAYO, is with ONE OF THE SECURITY GUARDS that rushed into the ladies room. He is handing him a PICTURE OF ANDY, then a fuzzy PICTURE OF CHARLIE.

MAYO

The girl's a year or so older now.  
Her hair's a bit shorter.

The guard examines the pictures carefully, shuffling them back and forth.

GUARD

I think I seen them both. He looked sick, or something.

MAYO

Did he?

GUARD

He was sitting by the TVs, like death warmed over. The girl was making all these phone calls.

MAYO

Did you see them leave the terminal?

GUARD

Nope, can't say I did.

(hands back photographs)

We've had a big night here, all told. Some fool managed to light his own shoes on fire.

MAYO

Say what?!

CONTINUED:

O.J. and Bates are approaching.

MAYO

Tell that to them!

EXT. AIRPORT FEEDER ROAD - LATER NIGHT

Andy and Charlie move along as fast as they can, trying to hitch a ride. The occasional car sweeps by, ignoring them.

CHARLIE

Are you okay, Daddy?

ANDY

(not fooling himself,  
not fooling her)

So far, so good. You getting tired?

CHARLIE

Not yet...but Daddy...

He stops, and looks down solemnly at her.

ANDY

What is it, Charlie?

CHARLIE

(whispering)

I feel like those bad men are  
around again.

He stares at her, he knows his little girl's 'feelings' are more than just that. He looks about. And in the FAR DISTANCE he can see the green car coming, the tan Ford almost locked to its back bumper.

ANDY

Can you get down that hill without  
falling?

Charlie looks at the grade, which is covered with withered grass.

CHARLIE

I guess so...

ANDY

You know something?

CHARLIE

What?

CONTINUED:

ANDY

You're all I've got in the world,  
Charlie, and I'm happy with that,  
because I'm crazy about you."

CHARLIE

(grins happily)  
I'm crazy about you.

Andy steps over the guardrail cables, and then helps Charlie over. They start down--

CHARLIE

Daddy!

She has lost her footing, Andy grabs for her flailing arm, misses, overbalances himself. Then they are both rolling and sliding down the embankment where other cars rush past--

ON THE HIGHWAY

They could possibly go under the wheels of the rushing traffic--but at the last moment, Andy stops rolling, grabs his daughter, at the same time striking his head and almost going unconscious for a moment. Charlie cries out, bends over her father--

CHARLIE

Daddy, are you all right?

Andy pulls himself together, sits up. Charlie is softly crying--

CHARLIE

I thought you were dead.

ANDY

Are you kidding? Would I do  
that to you?

He embraces her, comforts her.

ANDY

Come on.

They rise, start away again.

THEY ARE ON THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY AGAIN

trying to thumb a lift.

## EXT. THE AIRPORT FEEDER ROAD - NIGHT

The green car whispers along, the tan Ford holding close behind it.

## INT. THE GREEN CAR - NIGHT

Mayo again is driving, Bates beside him. In the back is O.J., holding a .357 Magnum. Bates turns to look at O.J.

BATES

Suppose we catch up with him?  
What do you call it, this thing  
he's got, how he PUSHES people?

O.J.

The Shop figures he may be running  
down by now.

MAYO

(to Bates)

He's overdone it before, and wound  
up in bed. He's doing something to  
his brain.

BATES

Like what?

O.J.

Giving himself pinprick hemorrhages,  
maybe. It could be a progressive  
thing.

BATES

You mean it could kill him?

O.J.

The computer figures there's slightly  
better than a one-in-four chance he  
buys it from a heart attack, or a  
stroke.

MAYO

Let's hope.

## EXT. HASTINGS GLEN - EARLY MORNING

Little more than a wide place in the road. A VAN appears, stops near the SLUMBERLAND MOTEL, a redwood place with the skeletal remains of a harvested cornfield in back, and a pinkish-red neon sign out front that stutters the nonword VA A CY into the dark. Andy and Charlie descend from the van, which starts away at once, and the father and his little

CONTINUED:

girl give it a quick, grateful wave. They turn to look at the motel, start for it.

ANDY

I want you to wait for me outside  
and out of sight. Okay?

CHARLIE

(very sleepy)

Okay, Daddy.

He leads her to an EVERGREEN SHRUB, and she crouches down behind it. CAMERA FOLLOWS Andy over to the office; he rings the NIGHT BELL. A moment, the door opens, a MIDDLE-AGED MAN IN A BATHROBE is there, polishing his glasses. He doesn't say a word, Andy steps by him into--

THE OFFICE OF THE SLUMBERLAND MOTEL - EARLY MORNING

where the man goes behind a desk, and Andy steps up to it--

ANDY

I wonder if I could have the unit  
down on the end of the west wing.  
I parked there.

MAN IN BATHROBE

This time of year, you could have  
all of the west wing, if you wanted  
it. You been driving all night?

ANDY

(with a yawn)

That's right.

As the man gives Andy a printed index card and a pen advertising business supplies, a car passes by in the still-dark morning outside, silent headlights that wax and wane.

EXT. THE SLUMBERLAND MOTEL OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

The gravel crunches under Andy's feet. He walks over to the evergreen shrub where he left Charlie--and Charlie isn't there!

ANDY

Charlie?

No answer. He swallows hard--

ANDY

Charlie?

CONTINUED:

Still no answer. He suddenly looks toward the town road--  
the CARS THAT WENT BY!

ANDY

Oh, my god...

Then: a low, snorting sound from deeper back in the bushes. He leaps toward it, gravel spurting from under his shoes. Stiff evergreen branches scrape his legs--

AND THERE IS CHARLIE. LYING ON HER SIDE ON THE VERGE OF  
THE MOTEL LAWN

knees drawn up nearly to her chin, hands between them. Fast asleep. Andy stands with his eyes closed for a moment, then shakes her awake--

ANDY

Baby...

Her eyelids flutter, then she is looking up at him. Her voice is blurred, still half in her dreams.

CHARLIE

I got out of sight, like you said.

ANDY

(lifting her up, hugging her)

I know, honey. I know you did.

Come on. We're going to bed.

EXT. THE SHOP - LONGMONT, VIRGINIA - EARLY MORNING

Two handsome Southern plantation homes face each other across a long and rolling grass lawn that is criss-crossed by a few gracefully-looping bike paths and a two-lane crushed-gravel drive that comes over the hills from the main road. Off to one side of one of these houses is a large barn, painted a bright red and trimmed a spotless white. Near the other is a long stable, done in the same handsome red with white trim. Some of the best horseflesh in the south is quartered here. Between the barn and the stable is a wide, shallow duckpond, calmly reflecting the sky.

AN ELDERLY MAN WITH KINDLY, SPARKLING EYES

and wearing a woolen British driving cap bikes toward one of the houses. Behind him, over the SECOND KNOLL, is the checkpoint he has come through. The checkpoint is inside a double run of barbed wire. The outer run, SEVEN FEET HIGH, is marked every sixty feet by signs that read: CAUTION!

CONTINUED:

GOVERNMENT PROPERTY. LOW ELECTRIC CHARGE RUNS THROUGH THIS FENCE. A SQUAD OF FIVE GROUNDSKEEPERS circle in little electric golf carts, picking up the bodies of crisped rabbits, moles, birds, groundhogs. The space between the outer and inner runs of barbed wire is ten feet. DOBERMAN GUARD DOGS circle the installation in this run. At each corner of the installation there are GUARD TOWERS, also built of spanking-red barnboard, and trimmed in white. They are manned by PERSONNEL IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES. TV CAMERAS MONITOR everything. The place is secure.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE ELDERLY MAN

as he bikes on, with a smile for the people he passes. An OLD, BALDHEADED MAN in a baseball cap is walking a thin-ankled filly.

HENRY

(raising his hand, calling)

Hi, Cap! Ain't this some kind of day?

CAP

Knock your eye out, Henry. Have a good one.

CAMERA MOVES WITH Cap as he reaches the front of the northernmost of the two homes, gets off his bike, puts down its kickstand. He breathes deeply of the mild morning air, then trots spryly up the wide porch and between the broad Doric columns.

INT. RECEIVING HALL - CAP'S BUILDING - DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN with red hair sits behind a desk, a statistics-analysis book open in front of her. One hand is holding her place in the book, the other is in her desk drawer, lightly touching a .38 Smith and Wesson.

CAP

Good morning, Josie.

JOSIE

Good morning. Orville Jamieson called in, no news yet about the McGees. He'll ring later.

CAP

Put him right through when he does.

JOSIE

Oh, and Rainbird is in your office.

CONTINUED:

CAP  
(somewhat tensely)  
When did he come back?

JOSIE  
This morning.

CAP  
Fine.

He puts his thumb in the proper slot. Something in the console thuds heavily, and a green light flutters, and then remains steady on Josie's board. Cap walks down the hall.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CAP'S OFFICE - DAY

He pauses only to take a deep breath before opening the door, stepping into--

INT. CAP'S OFFICE - DAY

It is at the back of the house. A large bay window gives a magnificent view of the back lawn, the stables in the far distance, and the duck pond, which is partially screened with alders. Cap enters to find Rainbird standing at the window. Rainbird is perhaps two inches shy of seven feet tall. He wears his glossy hair drawn back and tied in a curt pony-tail. His left eye is gone, his countenance is a horror show of scar tissue with runneled flesh. The result of Vietnam. He is the only man in the world perhaps, that Cap is truly afraid of. But he manages a smile.

CAP  
Rainbird, how was Venice?

RAINBIRD  
(with a big smile)  
Sinking.

CAP  
Is our problem there solved?

RAINBIRD  
Our problem there is--terminated.

As Cap goes behind his desk, Rainbird comes around to sit opposite him.

RAINBIRD  
Your secretary rang. Dr. Wanless is here.

CONTINUED:

CAP

There goes a beautiful day...

At which point Wanless enters. He has grayed, he has the pale and frantic look of a man possessed. As he shuts the door behind him--

CAP

The good doctor. What do you want Joe?

WANLESS

Have you caught them?

CAP

We'll catch them. Joe, what do you want?

WANLESS

What do I always want? Why do I stay alive? To persuade you to 'sanction' them both. Extreme sanction, Captain Hollister. Expunge them. Wipe them off the face of the earth.

Throughout Rainbird listens seemingly impassive.

CAP

Wanless, I don't know if I can take this anymore.

WANLESS

Andy McGee and his daughter constitute the greatest danger this nation has ever confronted!

CAP

Crap!

WANLESS

You and your people here have become blinded by what this man and this girl can mean to the security of America.

CAP

Wanless, I'm working for the government, I'm doing my job--

WANLESS

You feel guilty because eight of those  
(cont.)

WANLESS (cont.)  
twelve young volunteers have died,  
committed suicide. You want to  
justify your participation--

CAP  
You were all in favor of it at the time!

WANLESS  
Oh, I know. I didn't realize, none of  
us did. Lot Six was nothing but a  
synthetic copy of pituitary extract.  
A powerful painkiller-hallucinogen--

CAP  
I know that--!

WANLESS  
That pituitary extract is responsible  
for the occasional flashes of psi  
ability that nearly all human beings  
demonstrate from time to time:  
precognition, telekinesis mental  
domination--

RAINBIRD  
(quietly)  
What is the point, Doctor?

WANLESS  
Since the child was born her father  
has been trying to inhibit her use  
of those powers. But suppose his  
control is weakened now? He can't  
hold her back? I'm telling you he's  
got to be killed, and quickly, before  
he loses all control. And if he's  
already lost it, the girl should  
also be killed.

CAP  
Why would he lose control now? After  
all these years?

WANLESS  
Ask yourself this, how exhausting it  
must have been for Andrew and Victoria  
McGee when this child was an infant?  
The bottle is late. The baby cries.  
At the same time, one of the stuffed  
animals right there in the crib with  
her bursts into smokey flame!

CONTINUED:

CAP

She is only a little girl, Wanless.  
She can light fires, yes. But  
you're making it sound like  
armageddon...

WANLESS

Perhaps it will be. Suppose lighting  
fires is only the tip of the iceberg?  
Suppose the talent grows?

CAP

I don't know what you're talking about...

WANLESS

I am talking about a talent which is  
linked to the child's still-undeveloped  
pituitary gland. What happens when she  
becomes an adolescent and that gland  
awakes from sleep and becomes for  
twenty months the most powerful force  
in the human body? Suppose you have  
a child capable of eventually creating  
a nuclear explosion SIMPLY BY THE FORCE  
OF HER WILL?

CAP

That's insane.

WANLESS

Is it? Then let me progress from  
insanity to utter lunacy. Suppose  
there is a little girl out there  
someplace this morning who has within  
her, lying dormant for the time being,  
the power to some day crack the very  
planet in two like a china plate in a  
shooting gallery?

They look at each other in silence. Then Cap turns away,  
goes to look out the bay window.

CAP

But what if we can train the little  
girl? Train her to control that kind  
of power, to use it when she--when we--  
want her to, only then? And if she  
can do that, we'll know we can create  
others who'll be able to. Could we  
ever have more powerful weapons?

CONTINUED:

WANLESS

I want them both killed, Captain  
Hollister--

CAP

Don't give me orders!

WANLESS

--no more experiments! I will not  
be a party to the possible destruction  
of the world we live in. Don't force  
me to go above your head, because  
I swear to you I will if I have to,  
I'll have you and this whole place  
eliminated!

Cap is about to reply in rage, but Wanless slams out of the  
room.

RAINBIRD

An excitable man.

CAP

Dangerous.

EXT. THE SLUMBERLAND MOTEL - OUTSIDE ANDY'S AND CHARLIE'S  
ROOM - LATER MORNING

The blind is drawn.

INT. DARKENED MOTEL ROOM - LATER MORNING

Father and child sleep in the same bed. Andy tosses, turns,  
coming awake as he hears Charlie whimpering in her sleep.  
He turns over, reaches out a calming hand to caress Charlie  
to quiet. He lies in this position, looking at the window  
blind, the pull cord of which dangles down. The blind stirs  
in the wind which comes right through the thin window glass.

ANDY'S EYES

staring at the window blind, the cord.

THE CHART BECOMES ANOTHER WINDOW BLIND

This time in little Charlie's bedroom in Andy's house in  
Port City. CAMERA PULLS BACK and we find Andy tucking Charlie  
in her bed. At this time Charlie is only three years old.

ANDY

You sleep well, sweetheart.  
Dream nice dreams, eh?

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

I will.

Andy starts out of the room, closes the door quietly, leaving only an inch or two open.

ANDY COMES DOWN THE STEPS OF HIS PORT CITY HOME, GOES INTO--  
THE KITCHEN--

where Vicky is looking into the bottom of the stove where a large meatloaf is baking in a pan. She turns, smiles at Andy.

VICKY

Hungry?

ANDY

Starving.

He kisses her on the cheek, sits at kitchen table, picks up an evening newspaper. Vicky is, at the same time, filling the sink with soapy water, putting in used utensils.

VICKY

Is she sleeping?

ANDY

Almost.

VICKY

Did you talk to her about it?

ANDY

I started to. I tried to explain how some people are able to light fires sometimes just by thinking about fires...

VICKY

Does she remember when she burned her own hair in her crib, when she got angry with her teddy bear?

ANDY

She remembers. But I don't know how much she really understands--

VICKY

She's got to understand, she's got to learn how to control it.

At which point Charlie toddles in, in her nightgown, rubbing her eyes.

CONTINUED:

ANDY

Hey, what's going on? We're supposed to be snoozing.

VICKY

Go back to bed, darling.

Vicky puts on two pot holder gloves and turns to bring the meatloaf out of the oven. Charlie hops onto a chair at the table.

CHARLIE

I don't want to sleep now.

VICKY

(a little firmly)

Get into bed, close your eyes, and you'll be dreaming in no time.

ANDY

Go on, baby, do what your mother says.

Charlie answers with the resentment and sudden anger of any normal child--

CHARLIE

I don't want to.

Vicky turns from the stove, holding the meatloaf pan.

VICKY

(forgetting herself)

Go to bed!

CAMERA SWEEPS IN for a CLOSE SHOT of Charlie's usually adorable face, but now it is bloated with rage--

CHARLIE

(a scream)

No!

And suddenly--

CAMERA LOOKS AT THE THREE OF THEM AS

Charlie flings her pyrokinetic power at her mother, and Vicky's gloves burst into flames! She lets out a YELL, drops the meatloaf pan, stands paralysed in horror for a split second then turns and plunges her hands and the gloves into the sink water. At the same time Andy is leaping out of his chair, grabbing Charlie, shaking her.

CONTINUED:

ANDY  
Stop it! Stop it!

Charlie snaps out of her blinding childish rage, and begins to wail.

CHARLIE  
I didn't mean it.

ANDY  
But you did it! You hurt your mother!

Charlie turns a tear-drenched face to Vicky.

CHARLIE  
I'm sorry, Mommy, I'm so sorry!

Vicky now has the gloves off and is wrapping a wet towel around both her scorched hands.

VICKY  
(through her own pain)  
It's alright. Mommy's alright.

But Andy is in terror for her, for the child, for all of them, and he shakes the child again.

ANDY  
You've got to learn! You've got to stop doing this! It's a BAD THING!

Now Vicky runs to the child, picks her up--

VICKY  
Leave her alone, it's not her fault!  
(kissing Charlie)  
Don't cry, baby. You'll learn, I know you will. There, there, shhh, shh, Mommy will take you to bed now.

Charlie continues crying in great braying whoops, her skin all red fever and pale death, her eyes swimming with tears, as Vicky rushes her from the room. Andy stands, shaking, frightened. The telephone on the kitchen table RINGS. He looks at it, picks it up--

ANDY  
Yes, hello?

CONTINUED:

CAP'S VOICE (filter)  
Mr. Andy McGee?

ANDY  
Yes...?

BEGIN INTERCUTTING ANDY WITH CAP IN HIS OFFICE AT THE SHOP

CAP  
It's been a long time, Andy, but  
we haven't forgotten you.

ANDY  
Who is this?

CAP  
We haven't met your lovely little  
girl, but we know you've been  
having some trouble with her. A  
kind of trouble that interests us  
very much. We'd like to help.

ANDY  
We don't need any help! Who the  
hell is this?

CAP  
Captain Hollister.

ANDY  
What do you want?

CAP  
We'd like to see you and your wife  
again, and of course we'd like you  
to bring in Charlene. It would help  
use all very much if we could just  
conduct a few experiments with her.  
Believe me, it would be to our mutual  
benefit--

ANDY  
Go to hell, you bastard!

Andy bangs down the phone, and--

INTERCUTTING STOPS AND WE REMAIN WITH ANDY

as he looks at the phone a moment, then goes into--

THE HALLWAY WHERE HE STARTS UP THE STAIRS as Vicky, wrapping  
the wet towel around her hands again, comes out of Charlie's  
room above.

CONTINUED:

ANDY  
They've called.

VICKY  
Who...?

ANDY  
They want to see us, they want to see Charlie.

VICKY  
Oh, God, what can we do?

ANDY  
Run. Leave town. Live somewhere else.

CLOSE SHOT VICKY

as she registers the implications of this.

CLOSE SHOT ANDY

looking up at her. They both know they will now be relentlessly pursued.

BACK IN ANDY'S ROOM IN THE SLUMBERLAND MOTEL

Where Andy is roused from his remembrance by Charlie moaning in her half-sleep. Again he strokes her head, trying to soothe her--

CHARLIE  
Mommy...

ANDY  
Quiet, baby, sleep...

CHARLIE  
I miss Mommy...

ANDY  
So do I, sweetheart...

As the little girl succumbs to sleep again, CAMERA once more MOVES to Andy's eyes and--

WE ARE ON A DIFFERENT CLOSE SHOT OF ANDY

eating. As CAMERA PULLS BACK we see that he is having lunch in the Buckeye Room, the faculty lounge on the top floor of

CONTINUED:

the University building in which he is teaching. He's having creamed chicken on rice with other friends from the English Department. They are chatting about what they consider the crazed illiteracy of some of their students, laughing, and Andy is smiling.

DON GRABOWSKI

So, I very patiently say to the young lady, 'Try again, dear, what's meant by a couplet?' and she thinks, and lets me have it--'a couplet are young married people.'!

There is some laughter, mostly cynical and cries of "come on, that never happened, etc." and suddenly Andy's music pulses on the track, and CAMERA SWEEPS into a big CLOSE SHOT of him, and we suddenly SEE the image which has sprung into his telepathic brain--

INSIDE HIS SECOND HOME - DAY

Vicky is half-way up the stairs in flight from two men who are bursting in through the front door, racing up after her. Their faces have no features, like men wearing stocking masks, except that they have no masks, it is just that Andy cannot imagine their faces.

BACK TO ANDY AND OTHER TEACHERS

He is jerking back in his chair, half-rising, and others are looking at him. The MUSIC continues, even more urgently.

DON GRABOWSKI

Hey, kid, what's wrong?

ANDY

Look, I don't feel so good. Can you take my one o'clock?

GRABOWSKI

Sure. No problem.

They all stare as Andy races out of the lounge.

EXT. THE UNION BUILDING WITH ANDY RUNNING TO--

his station wagon in the parking lot.

CLOSE ON ANDY IN THE CAR, THE MUSIC POUNDING AND PULLING ON TRACK, AS HE DRIVES RECKLESSLY HOME

These shots of his tormented drive are interspersed with more

CONTINUED:

subliminals of Vicky and her faceless assilants who are grabbing her, wrestling with her, dragging her, doing God knows what terrible things to her.

FINALLY ANDY DRIVES THE OFFSIDE WHEELS OF THE WAGON UP OVER THE CURB

and slams down hard on the brakes, making the wagon's nose dip toward the pavement. Then he is out of the car streaking for the front door, going in to--

HALLWAY OF HIS SECOND HOME

where he stands trembling, trying to pull himself together, not wishing to accept the truth of his images.

ANDY

Vicky?

On trembling legs as he crosses to the living room door, looks in. The light in the room is a low, sick yellow.

ANDY

I'm home, honey...Charlie?

No sound.

ANDY

Daddy's home?

His legs wobble so he can barely walk as he heads into--

THE KITCHEN

where one of the chairs lies on its side at the formica table. The salt shaker has overturned and salt is spilled across the table's surface. Andy stares, swallowing, the sweat of fear shining on his forehead. Stairs lead down from an open door to the LAUNDRY ROOM, and the FAMILY ROOM, which runs the length of the house.

ANDY

You guys down there?

No answer. He goes back to the main kitchen door, shouts up to the BEDROOMS.

ANDY

Hey! Vicky!

Nothing. And horror builds in him, he senses something, turns back to the stairs leading down to the laundry room. Now he's moving fast.

## DOWN THE STAIRS HE GOES

to the laundry room. His heart is pounding. The MAYTAG WASHER gapes open. The dryer fixes him with one glassy porthole eye. Between them, on the wall, hangs a SAMPLER: 'HONEY, WE'RE ALL WASHED UP.' He goes into--

## THE FAMILY ROOM

TV built into the wall, a Ping Pong table, bookshelves; hung on the walls are several framed and matted AFGHAN SQUARES Vicky's knitted. Couches, chairs, a table with board games. A good room. An empty room. He snaps off the light, goes back into--

## THE LAUNDRY ROOM

The front-loading washing machine gapes open. He shuts it without thinking--there is BLOOD on the washer's glass window. Only three or four drops--BUT IT IS BLOOD. He stands staring at it. More blood on the floor. Not even dry. A little sound, a soft, squealing whisper comes to his throat. He follows the stains--he opens the door between the washer and the dryer, and the IRONING BOARD whistles down with a ratchet and a crash--and THERE BENEATH IT, her legs tied up so that her knees are just below her chin, her eyes open and glazed and dead--IS VICKY TOMLINSON MCGEE! With a cleaning rag stuffed in her mouth. He stumbles back, bumps against the dryer START BUTTON, the dryer begins whirling. Andy is shaking, his eyes are wide, his mouth open. He goes back to his wife, pulls her out, works the rag from her mouth. Her head lolls limp on her shoulders. He sees that the blood has come from her right hand, where SOME OF HER FINGERNAILS HAVE BEEN PULLED! There is a small trickle of blood from her nostrils. Her neck has been broken by a single hard blow.

ANDY

Vicky...!

He sinks to the floor with her, weeps frantically. Great sobs of grief. Then a thought makes its way through his grief-filled mind. He looks around.

ANDY

Charlie...?

He gently lays his dead wife down, races again uselessly to the family room, shouts--

ANDY

Baby!

Then he runs through the laundry room, and--

UP THE STAIRS FROM THE LIVING ROOM

as fast as he can, to--

THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE HOUSE - DAY

Andy dashes into CHARLIE'S ROOM--

where he flings open the cupboard, looks under the bed. He leaves the room.

ANDY AND VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

He comes running in.

ANDY

Charlie?

He frantically overturns the bed, wrenches open the cupboard door, looks into the bathroom, then stands like a man drunk with grief and rage, trying to think clearly, to do something positive. He grabs up the phone on the bedside table, tries to think of a certain number, can't remember it, with shaking fingers finds it in Vicky's Phone-Mate. He dials the number and--

JOAN DUGAN (filter)

Hello?

Somehow Andy's voice is perfectly clam.

ANDY

Hi, Joan...any chance my little girl is with you?

JOAN DUGAN (filter)

Yes, she's having lunch with Susan right now.

The flood of relief that swims through Andy is checked by his desperate fear--

ANDY

Joan, listen, don't ask me why, just do as I say.

JOAN DUGAN (filter)

What are you talking about?

ANDY

Please, just do what I ask. Lock your doors--



CONTINUED:

The driver of the other car succumbs, starts pulling over in the traffic, while the agent in the back begins yelling--

AGENT IN BACK

What the hell are you doing?

God dammit, don't listen to him!

But Andy's PUSH has been successful and the driver can't resist.

CAMERA WATCHES FROM THE REST AREA

sees the two cars come pulling in. There are one or two other vehicles here, some people sit at a trestle table, eating sandwiches.

CLOSE ON THE TWO CARS

ANDY

Stop!

The driver slows his car, but the agent in the back is leaning across Charlie, a gun drawn. Andy focuses on him.

ANDY

Put it away!

VERY CLOSE SHOT

The agent's finger on the trigger. It could squeeze.

FULL SHOT

as Andy bears down on the man, himself feeling dreadful pain, a dagger of pain in his forehead as he continues to PUSH. The man with the gun lowers it, stares.

ANDY

Out of the car.

As the two agents, in their hypnotized state, get out, so does Andy from his own vehicle. People in the rest area are watching either glued by fear, or moving away from the same reason.

FEATURING ANDY AS HE STANDS

facing the two agents, while Charlie leaps from the car and runs into his arms. Andy enfurlls her with an embrace, but keeps his eyes on the agents.

ANDY

(to first agent)

You're blind.

CONTINUED:

He PUSHES just as hard as he can trying not to fall from the pain in his own head and the first agent lets out a SCREAM, his hands going to his eyes. Now Andy turns to the second agent.

ANDY

Go to sleep. And stay asleep.

The second agent drops, as if pole-axed. The blind man is staggering around on the grass, holding his hands up to his face and SCREAMING. He walks into a green barrel with PUT LITTER IN ITS PLACE stenciled on its side and falls down in an over-turned jumble of sandwich bags, beer cans, etc.

ANDY

(to Charlie)

Get in the car, sweetie. Go on, hurry.

Charlie runs for Andy's station wagon, while the first agent is SCREAMING OUT

FIRST AGENT

My eyes! My eyes, my eyes!  
What did you do to my eyes,  
you son of a bitch?

He moves, blindly and wildly in this and that direction. Now Andy turns to the few people who have remained in their semi-paralysed state to watch these terrible events. Andy FOCUSES on them--

ANDY

None of this is very important.

A YOUNG MAN

(succumbing, looking relieved)

Thank God.

Andy turns to a young woman holding a baby--

ANDY

Lovely baby you have there. Little boy, isn't it?

During this the blind man is HOWLING and RUNNING, banging into things but no one is now paying any attention.

YOUNG WOMAN WITH BABY

Yes, a boy, his name is Michael.

CONTINUED:

ANDY

Hi, Mike.

He ruffles the baby's mostly bald head.

ANDY (cont.)

(to her and the Young Man)

Nothing's happened here. Nothing at all.

And we hear on the sound track THUDDING like the sound of a horse thundering in Andy's head. He staggers back to the station wagon, gets in. CAMERA WATCHES as the blind agent finally falls, weeping, to the ground. The others Andy PUSHED normally resume their eating and drinking.

INT. SLUMBERLAND MOTEL - MORNING

Very close shot ANDY'S EYES, the pain of this memory slowly fading. He looks at his child...

ANDY

Charlie kid, what are we going to do? Where can we go and be left alone?

He looks at his watch, puts a hand on Charlie, gently shakes her.

ANDY

Wake up, baby, it's time.

EXT. THE MAIN HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The two cars with the agents are approaching the looping road which leads to the Slumberland Motel. The motel itself can be seen in the very far distance. We SEE O.J. in the back of the green car saying something into his walkie-talkie. Knowles, behind the wheel of the tan Ford looks at Steinowitz who is holding a similar walkie-talkie. Steinowitz says something to him and he pulls the Ford out and around the green car, and continues down the main highway. The green car turns onto the road leading toward the Slumberland Motel.

WITH ANDY AND CHARLIE

just about to reach the main highway from the Slumberland Motel road.

CHARLIE

Where are we going?

CONTINUED:

ANDY

I don't know, Charlie, but we've got to find some place to stay for a while, so we can think about what we should do. How we should handle this...

CHARLIE

What do you mean--?

ANDY

We can't run forever, and they're never going to stop coming after us. I was thinking, if we could send letters to the important newspapers, maybe they'd publish our story. Then the Shop would have to lay off.

CHARLIE

Could we go to Granther's?

ANDY

(surprised, looks at her)

What made you think of that ?

CHARLIE

I don't know. It just came into my mind.

ANDY

I was thinking about your grandfather not five minutes ago...

(knows she put the thought in his head)

So I suppose you could say he just 'came into my mind,' too.

Charlie smiles at him innocently, he smiles back. They walk on.

EXT. MAIN HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The tan Ford speeds by the outlet of the motel country road. CAMERA WATCHES as it disappears in the distance and Andy and Charlie come onto the main highway, where a truck is approaching. Andy immediately puts out his thumb. The truck pulls over a few yards ahead of them, and they run for it. When they reach it, the driver, IRV MANDERS, who is wearing biballs and a New York Mets baseball cap, greets them with--

MANDERS

Well, there's a purty little miss. What's your name, missy?

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE  
(promptly)  
Roberta.

MANDERS  
Well, Bobbi, where you headed this morning?

ANDY  
We're on our way to Vermont.  
St. Johnsbury. My wife was visiting  
her sister...and she ran into a  
little problem.

MANDERS  
(gazing at him shrewdly)  
Did she now.

ANDY  
(manufacturing a wide smile)  
Labor. This one's got a new brother.  
One-forty this morning.

CHARLIE  
His name is Andy, isn't that a nice  
name?

MANDERS  
I think it's a corker. Mine's  
Irv Manders. You hop on in here,  
and I'll get you ten miles closer  
to St. Johnsbury, anyway.

They get in, the truck rattles and rumbles away down the road.

EXT. ANDY'S ROOM - THE SLUMBERLAND MOTEL - AFTERNOON

where Mayo sits behind the wheel of the parked green car.

INT. ANDY'S MOTEL ROOM - SLUMBERLAND MOTEL - AFTERNOON

O.J. is looking around the room while Bates is taking back  
from the owner in the bathrobe the PHOTOGRAPHS OF ANDY AND  
CHARLIE.

MAN IN BATHROBE  
That was him, all right. But I  
didn't see any little girl.

O.J.  
Two people slept in that bed.  
(cont.)

CONTINUED:

O.J. (cont.)  
Blond hair's on one pillow, black  
on the other.

BATES  
(listening)  
Shower's still dripping.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - DAY

A quarter of a mile ahead of the truck which can be seen in the distance. The tan Ford is on the shoulder of the highway. It has had a flat tire, and it's rear end is humped up on a jack. Steinowitz is removing the flat, which Knowles stands holding the replacement tire from the trunk. He watches the truck as it comes forward and soon enough is about to pass them. His eyes go wide as he sees Andy and Charlie beside Manders. They see him, but since they have never seen these agents before, they suspect nothing. As it passes--

KNOWLES  
(grabbing Steinowitz's shoulder  
with one hand)  
Christ, it's them!

Steinowitz is immediately upright, watching the truck moving away from them.

STEINOWITZ  
You're joking!

KNOWLES  
No, goddammit, it was them.

STEINOWITZ  
Did you get the number?

EXT. ANDY'S ROOM - SLUMBERLAND MOTEL - AFTERNOON .

O.J. and Bates are coming out of the room, the man in the bathrobe behind them, at the same time as Mayo is shouting--

MAYO  
Right!!

—into the walkie talkie in the car, and is leaping out to yell to the other agents--

MAYO  
We've got 'em!

## INT. MANDERS' TRUCK - DAY

Andy and Charlie crowded in beside him on the torn-leather front seat.

MANDERS

Say, why don't you two come home  
and take lunch with me and the wife?

ANDY

Oh, no, we couldn't--

CHARLIE

Daddy, I'm starving!

Andy looks at Manders. He seems a simple and good man. Andy's desperate to talk to somebody, to unburden. Perhaps this man...

ANDY

Well, if you're sure there's enough--

MANDERS

Always enough. Glad to have you.

Finally shifts into third gear. They are rattling between bright trees, maples, elms, poplars.

CHARLIE

Thank you very much.

MANDERS

My pleasure, Bobbi. Be my wife's  
too, when she gets a look at you.  
Always wanted a little girl, ourselves,  
but that wasn't to be...

## EXT. IRV MANDERS' FARMHOUSE - DAY

ON HIS WIFE--

NORMA

You there, Irv! Who you brought home?

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Norma Manders is standing outside the big white frame farmhouse. It is three stories tall with mint green trim. Two sheds are attached to the rear, one of them zigging thisaway, the other zagging thataway. On the south side a greenhouse wing has been added, and a big screened-in porch stands out from the north side like a stiff shirt. Behind the house is a red barn that has seen

CONTINUED:

better days, and between the house and the barn is what New Englanders call a dooryard--a flat stretch of ground where a couple of dozen chickens cluck and strut. There is a chopping block there with an ax buried in it. Manders has driven his truck up a long dirt road, and is getting out. So are Andy and Charlie, from the other side.

MANDERS

Well, the little girl here is Roberta. This fellow is her daddy. I didn't catch the name yet, so I dunno if we're related.

ANDY

I'm Frank Burton, ma'am. Your husband invited Bobbi and me home for lunch, if that's all right.

Charlie is more interested in the chickens for the moment than anything else.

NORMA

I'm Norma Manders. Come in. You're welcome.

But Andy sees the puzzled look she throws at her husband. They all start inside.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The green car is streaming along. Very close behind it is ANOTHER CAR, and in it, MORE AGENTS, just as young and fresh and hard and cold as the others. Off a RAMP, comes A THIRD CAR, and the agents in the other two look out at it as it joins in behind them, making a growing caravan.

INT. MANDERS' KITCHEN - DAY

Norma is removing plates from the table and Charlie is hungrily attacking a huge slice of apple pie and cheese. Irv and his wife watch in amusement, Andy with delight. Suddenly Charlie belches, then covers her mouth guiltily.

MANDERS

More room out than there is in, button.

CHARLIE

If I eat any more, I think I'll split. That's what my mother used to... I mean, that's what she always says.

CONTINUED:

Andy smiles tiredly.

MANDERS

Norma, why don't you and Bobbi go  
on out and feed those chickens?  
Want to have a little talk with  
Frank, here..

NORMA

(to Charlie)

Would you like to do that?

CHARLIE

Do they peck...?

NORMA

Only their food, honey.

When they have gone--

MANDERS

You want a beer, Frank?

ANDY

It isn't Frank. I guess you know  
that ...

MANDERS

I guess I do. What is your name?

ANDY

(makes a decision)

Andy.

MANDERS

Well, then, Andy, how about that  
beer?

Faintly, they hear Charlie squeal with delight from outside.

ANDY

I guess I could use one.

Manders gets two UTICA CLUBS from the fridge, opens them,  
sets Andy's on the table and his on the counter. He gets  
an apron from a hook by the sink and puts it on.

ANDY

Can I help you?

MANDERS

No, I know where everything goes.

CONTINUED:

Starts taking plates from table, begins washing them.

MANDERS

Cops after you?

ANDY

Cops, sort of, yes...

MANDERS

You snatch the little girl? From her mother?

ANDY

She's my daughter, but her mother didn't put the police on us. Her mother's been dead for a year...

MANDERS

It don't appear you've got her against her will...

(as Andy says nothing)

I picked the two of you up because I thought the little girl might need help. Now I find out you're going under false names, telling a story that's just as thin as a piece of tissue paper. And you look sick, Andy. You look just about as sick as a man can get and still stay on his feet...so, you can see, I might have some questions.

ANDY

Ask. Ask anything.

MANDERS

What do they want you for, Andy? Who are they?

ANDY

Government agents...

He's looking straight into Manders' frank grey eyes, hoping he can trust him, praying he can trust him...

MANDERS

FBI?

ANDY

(decides to plunge ahead)

No. The Shop.

CONTINUED:

MANDERS

The Shop?

ANDY

The Shop is really the DSI--  
Department of Scientific Intelligence.

(so glad to get it out, to  
have a sympathetic ear)

My girl's name is Charlene, Charlie.  
We're part of an experiment that  
happened a long time ago.

MANDERS comes walking back to the table, sits, puts his  
bony chin on the steeple of his fingers.

MANDERS

Tell me about it...

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - WITH CHARLIE AND NORMA

It's the first time we've seen Charlie behaving like a  
normal little girl. She's feeding the chickens, and laughing,  
chasing some without intent to harm, and Norma Manders is  
with her, her forehead creased, puzzled, concerned.

THE CARAVAN OF CARS, LED BY THE GREEN CAR

Five of them now. Heading toward, turning onto a dirt road,  
a deadly snake of cars.

BACK TO ANDY AND MANDERS

Andy's deep into his story, leaning across to Irv, desperately  
trying to convince the farmer.

ANDY

...they want to study her, see  
if they can figure out what makes  
her able to do what she can do.  
They want to use her to reactivate  
the Lot Six program.

MANDERS

...what is it she can do, that got  
passed along to her on these  
chromer--

ANDY

Chromosomes--

MANDERS

--you and your wife gave her?

CONTINUED:

Through the kitchen window they can see Norma and Charlie coming out of the barn. The white sweater flops and swings around Charlie's body, the hem coming down to her calves. There is high color in her cheeks, and she's chatting away animatedly. And looks at her with complete love.

ANDY

(softly)  
She can light fires.

MANDERS

Well, so can I...

ANDY

She can do it by thinking about it. The technical name for it is pyrokinesis. She can't always control it, she could burn up your house, your barn, or your front yard if she set her mind to it. Or she could light your pipe  
(smiles wanly)

Except that while she was lighting your pipe, she might also burn up your house, your barn, and your front yard.

Manders finishes his beer.

MANDERS

I think you ought to call the police and turn yourself in, Andy. You need help.

ANDY

I know it sounds nutty--

MANDERS

Nutty as anything I ever heard--

ANDY

But I swear it's the truth!

Manders is sitting tensely in his chair. They stare at each other. Andy knows the man expects to be attacked.

ANDY

I suppose it doesn't matter much anyway...they'll find us soon enough

Norma and Charlie come in. Charlie's face is bright, her eyes sparkling--



CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Kill you.

(eyes glazed, mouth working  
frantically)

We have to run. We have to--

MUSIC BEGINS, MUSIC SIGNALLING FRIGHTFUL EVENTS, MUSIC  
HISSING LIKE GROWING HEAT

FEATURING ANDY

feeling the heat! Hand to collar, looking quickly at the  
INDOOR THERMOMETER mounted on the wall between the stove and  
the sink. At the bottom a plastic red devil with a pitchfork  
is grinning, mopping his brow. The motto beneath his cloven  
hooves reads: HOT ENOUGH FOR YA? The mercury is rising  
ominously. Manders and Norma are beginning to feel it.

CHARLIE

Yes, that's what they want to do.  
Kill you, kill you like they did  
Mommy, take me away, I won't, I won't  
let it happen. I WON'T LET IT--

ANDY

Charlie, watch what you're doing--

Irv Manders and his wife have drawn together--

NORMA

Irv...what--?

But Manders is looking at the thermometer--

MANDERS

Holy Jesus Christ...did she do that?

ANDY

(up now, hands on Charlie's  
shoulders)

Charlie, do you think it's too late?

CHARLIE

Yes. They're coming up the dirt  
road now. Oh, Daddy, I'm scared--

Andy is desperate, for her more than himself. He is struggling  
to make a decision he detests but has to be arrived at--

ANDY

You can stop them, Charlie.

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE  
No. I could kill them.

ANDY  
Maybe now it's kill or be killed.  
Maybe it's come down to that!

CHARLIE  
No! It's bad. I can't do it.  
It's bad.

ANDY  
It is. Never kid yourself that  
it isn't. And don't do it if you  
can't handle it, Charlie--

THE MUSIC HANGS A SEARING NOTE IN THE AIR.

CHARLIE  
If I do...something...will you  
still love me?

The question hangs between them, lazily revolving.

ANDY  
Charlie, I'll always love you, I'll  
always love you more than anything  
in the world. No matter what.

During the above. Manders has crossed to the window, now turns  
back to them all--

MANDERS  
I think I got some tall apologizing  
to do. There's a whole line of cars  
coming up the road.

SHOCK CUT--THE CARAVAN OF CARS LOOKING SWOLLEN AND STRANGE  
AND TERRIFYING

Approaching the farmhouse.

MANDERS  
I'll stand with you, if you want.  
I got my deer gun.

CHARLIE  
You don't need your gun.

She slips out from under her father's hands, walks across to  
the screen door, in Norma's knitted white sweater looking  
even smaller than she is. She lets herself out. Andy goes  
after her.

## ON THE MANDERS' PORCH - DAY

Andy and Charlie watch the cars approaching. The first car is some twenty yards ahead of the others. Hens squawk and flutter. Andy feels an odd sense of relief mixed in with his sharp terror. It is good not to be running anymore. He stands with his daughter, the sunshine mellow on her blond hair.

CHARLIE

(moaning)

Oh, Daddy, I can hardly stand up.

The FIRST CAR stops, O.J. steps out, Bates and Mayo follow.

O.J.

Hi, Andy. Hi, Charlie.

Now the other cars stop, men begin getting out quickly. We see Knowles and Steinowitz.

CHARLIE

(voice high and thin)

Go away.

O.J.

(to Andy, small smile)

It's over, friend.

(to Charlie)

Honey, you don't have to--

CHARLIE

(screaming)

Go away!

O.J.

'Fraid I can't do that, honey. I have my orders. No one wants to hurt you, or your daddy.

CHARLIE

You liar! You're s'posed to kill him! I know it!

ANDY

(surprised himself to find his voice completely steady)

I advise you to do as my daughter says. You know why she's wanted...you know about the soldier at the airport.

O.J. and Bates exchange a sudden, uneasy look.

CONTINUED:

Manders comes out onto the porch.

MANDERS

You men are trespassing. I want you to get the hell off my property.

Knowles, Steinowitz, and another man have come up to the side stairs of the porch. Charlie throws them a warning, desperate glance, and they stop--for a moment.

O.J.

(low courteous voice)

We're government agents, sir. These two folks are wanted for questioning, nothing more.

MANDERS

I don't care if they're wanted for assassinating the President.

(voice high and cracking)

Show me your warrant or get the hell off my land.

BATES

(voice edged with steel)

We don't need a warrant.

MANDERS

You do unless I woke up in Russia this morning.

NORMA

(from the house)

Irv, come inside!

BATES

If you'll just get in the car, we can discuss all of this. Honest to gosh, there's nothing going on here except--

ANDY

We know what's going on.

The MEN FROM THE OTHER CARS are beginning to fan out and stroll, almost casually, toward the porch.

CHARLIE

(to O.J.)

Please. Don't make me do anything.

CONTINUED:

There is a SOUND growing now, faint, but increasing quickly in volume. The SOUND of WIND, the sound a flaming forest would make as fire whirls through it.

ANDY

(feeling this, shouting)  
Get out! Don't you understand what she's going to do? Can't you feel it? Don't be a fool, man!

MAYO

Please.

(nodding almost imperceptibly  
to the THREE MEN near the porch)  
If we can only discuss this--

MANDERS

Watch it, Andy!

These three men suddenly charge up the porch steps, guns drawn--

KNOWLES

Hold it, hold it--just stand still--

STEINOWITZ

Hand over your--

Charlie turns toward them. As she does so, O.J.. Mayo and Bates comes streaming forward, guns out.

CLOSE SHOT - CHARLIE

Her eyes widen a little.

ANGLE FEATURING CHARLIE, ANDY

with Andy stepping back and wincing as he feels a warm puff of air pass by him, and THE THREE MEN half-way to them on the porch startle and cry out--AS THEIR HAIR CATCHES ON FIRE! Knowles fires in shock, and the gun booms, and splinters of wood jump from one of the PORCH'S SUPPORTING POSTS. Norma, in the doorway, SCREAMS, but Charlie seems not to have noticed. Her face is dreamy and thoughtful, a small Mona Lisa smile has touched the corners of her mouth--SHE IS ENJOYING THIS! And she is turning back to O.J., while the three men on the porch forget their duty to God, Country and the Shop, and are beating at the flames on their heads and yelling!

A MAN BEHIND O.J. FIRES

A window shatters!

CONTIUED:

O.J.  
Not the girl! Not the girl!

Men have poured onto the porch, Andy is seized roughly, dragged toward the railing through the chaos.

MANDERS  
Let him go! Let him--

ANOTHER GUN GOES OFF--and Norma begins screaming her husband's name over and over again!

CHARLIE AND O.J.

She is looking down at O.J., and suddenly the cold, confident look is gone from O.J.'s face--THE SOUND OF THE WIND OF HEAT grows even louder--

O.J.  
(almost conversational tone)  
No, don't...don't--

Suddenly his pants and his sportscoat are blazing. His hair is a burning bush. He backs up, screaming, bounces off the side of his car, half-turns to Bates, arms stretched out.

O.J.'S FACE CATCHES ON FIRE!

For a moment he is all there, screaming silently under a transparent caul of flame, and then his features are blending, merging, running like tallow. Bates shrinks away from him. O.J. is a flaming scarecrow. He staggers blindly down the driveway, waving his arms, collapses face down beside the third car.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The people on the porch have frozen, staring dumbly at this horror. Knowles, Steinowitz and the third man whose hair Charlie fired, have all managed to put themselves out.

ANDY  
(hoarsely)  
Get out. Get out! She's never done anything like this before, AND I DON'T KNOW IF SHE CAN STOP!

Charlie's voice is calm, collected, strangely different.

CHARLIE  
I'm all right, Daddy Everything's okay.

AND THE CARS BEGIN TO EXPLODE

They all go up from the rear, their gas tanks. O.J.'s green car goes up first, exploding with a muffled whrr-rump! A ball of flame rises from its back, too bright to look at. The rear window blows in. The Ford behind goes barely two seconds later. Hooks of metal whicker through the air and patter on the farmhouse roof.

ANDY  
Charlie! CHARLIE, STOP IT!

CHARLIE  
(same calm voice)  
I can't.

The third car goes up! The men tugging Andy leave him in terror, leaping off the porch. One of them (with charred hair) tries to vault over the railing, catching his foot, falling headfirst into a small garden. The stakes for the beans to climb on are there, and one of them rams through this fellow's throat and comes out the other side! Andy looks in horror.

THE REST OF THE CARS GO UP THEN LIKE AN EAR-SHATTERING STRING OF FIRECRACKERS

All the government men are fleeing now, and TWO OF THEM are tossed aside like ragdolls by the concussion, one of them on fire from the waist down, the other peppered with bits of safety glass.

DARK, OILY SMOKE RISES IN THE AIR

Beyond the driveway, the far hills and fields twist and writhe through the heat-shimmer, as if recoiling in terror. Chickens run madly everywhere, clucking crazily.

ANDY  
Charlie, stop it right now!  
STOP IT!

A TRENCH OF FIRE RACES ACROSS THE DOORYARD ON A DIAGONAL

the very dirt blazing in a single straight line as if a train of gunpowder had been laid. The flame reaches the CHOPPING BLOCK, makes a fairy ring around it, and suddenly collapses inwards. The chopping block WHOOSHES into flame.

ANDY  
CHARLIE, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!

SOME SHOP AGENT'S PISTOL IS LYING ON THE VERGE OF THE GRASS between the porch and the blazing line of cars. Suddenly

CONTINUED:

the cartridges in it begin going off in a series of sharp, clapping explosions. The gun jigs and flips bizarrely in the grass.

ANDY SLAPS CHARLIE AS HARD AS HE CAN

Her head rocks back, her blue eyes vacant. Then she is looking at him, surprised and hurt and dazed, and ANDY FEELS THE HEAT, his hair moves, there is a blur of light building up around him--THEN IT GOES as Charlie staggers on her feet, puts her hands up to her face. And then, through her hands, comes a shrill, building scream of such horror and dismay that Andy (and we) fear her mind has cracked.

CHARLIE  
DAAAAADEEEEEEEEE!

And her father sweeps her into his arms, hugs her fiercely.

ANDY  
Shhh, oh, Charlie, honey, shhhh.

The scream stops, and she goes limp in his arms, she has fainted. Andy picks her up and her head rolls against his chest

WITH BATES

far from the farmhouse, clothes charred, face and hands burned, stumbling, staggering for the dirt highway.

BACK TO THE FARMHOUSE

where Irv Manders is down on the porch, leaning against the screen door, legs splayed. Norma has torn a long strip of her dress off at the hem, and is binding the gunshot wound in her husband's arm. Andy stands holding his little girl, staring in shock and guilt at the wounded man. But Manders is smiling a kind of tight, victorious smile.

MANDERS  
There's an old Willy's Jeep out behind the barn--

NORMA  
Irv, no, don't get into this any deeper.

Manders turns a grey, lined, and sweaty face to her.

MANDERS  
Those men came with no warrants and tried to take them off our land.  
(cont.)

CONTINUED:

MANDERS (cont.)  
 One of them shot me. They came and did those things, what do you want me to do, Norma? Sit here and turn them over to the secret police if they get their peckers up enough to come back? Be a good Nazi?

NORMA  
 (huskily)  
 No...no, I guess not.

ANDY  
 You don't have to--

Norma turns a tear-stained face to him, hate and desperation show in her eyes.

NORMA  
 Take the Jeep. Get away. Take your monster and get away.

EXT. THE DIRT HIGHWAY - DAY

Andy behind the wheel of the jolting Jeep, Charlie still unconscious beside him. He drives like hell, and in the very far distance, we HEAR the SOUND OF FIRE ENGINES screaming in the heat-shimmering air.

DISSOLVE:

INT. DR. WANLESS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY THROUGH THE DARK ROOM, past the few chintz-covered chairs, up to the bed. Wanless' cane stands against the lamp table. He is asleep, snoring lightly, his eyeglasses on the pillow right beside him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

And we KNOW that the CAMERA HAS BEEN ACTING AS RAINBIRD, because the stealthy, giant man is about to lean over the bed--he does, and with one large finger tickles Wanless just below the nose. Wanless awakes, sees, opens his mouth to scream--and JOHN RAINBIRD suddenly strikes him across the bridge of his nose with the hard edge of his hand, driving splinters of bone into Wanless' brain. He dies at once.

SEVERAL SHOTS OF ANDY AND CHARLIE IN THE JEEP

with DISSOLVES indicating the journey is taking days. The

CONTINUED:

jeep jigs and jogs along secondary road; they eat sandwiches from paper bags, drink soda drinks; sometimes the child sleeps against her father's shoulder--they are heading for GRANTHER'S PLACE--TASHMORE POND.

THE JEEP MOVES ALONG A DESERTED ROAD - DAY

Dust rises up around the jeep. The air steams in the heat, a blazing sun pours into Andy's eyes. Charlie is munching an apple as--

CHARLIE  
You and Mommy once had a good time at Granther's, didn't you?

ANDY  
We certainly did.

CHARLIE  
Before I was born?

ANDY  
(with a nod)  
Before you were born.

CHARLIE  
We can have a good time there, too, can't we?

ANDY  
Sweetheart, I give you my guarantee.

DISSOLVE:

CLOSE SHOT - CHARLIE

Fast asleep on her father's shoulder. We HEAR THE SOUND OF THE JEEP (O.S.).

ANDY (O.S.)  
Wake up, Charlie.

Charlie jerks awake, stares around--

ANDY  
- Granther's--up ahead, look.

LONG SHOT - WATCHING THE JEEP

as it bounces along a trail heading into a thick stand of trees.

ONE OR TWO SHOTS OF THE JEEP

MOVING THROUGH THE TREES--we can SEE the glitter of water somewhere far up ahead, showing through more trees, tall bushes.

AND NOW THEY ARRIVE AT THE COTTAGE

which is five rooms, wood over a fieldstone base. A deck juts out toward the lake, and a stone pier pokes out into the water itself. The grounds are not too tidy, bearing the drifts of leaves, the blowdowns of three winters but the whole effect is attractive--and safe. Far across Tashmore Pond the pines glimmer gray-green in the sunshine. Andy gets out of the Jeep, his aching back, as Charlie happily runs out on the pier, throws a stone far out into the water.

ANDY

Come on, Charlie, lot of tidying up to do. Nobody's been here since your grandpa died.

DISSOLVE:

SEVERAL SHOTS INSIDE AND AROUND THE COTTAGE

As Andy and Charlie sweep and clean, make the beds, but leave the shutters on the windows.

DISSOLVE:

SEVERAL SHOTS INSIDE AND AROUND THE COTTAGE

As Andy and Charlie sweep and clean, make the beds, but leave the shutters on the windows.

DISSOLVE:

INT. THE LARGE LIVING ROOM IN THE COTTAGE - NIGHT

A log fire is going in the chimney place. Andy and Charlie sit on canvas chairs in front of the fire, a big pot of tomato soup in front of them, eating toasted sardine sandwiches.

CHARLIE

They won't find us here, will they?

ANDY

Well, not right away.

CHARLIE

I didn't see anybody following us.

ANDY  
Baby, after what you did at the farm, they're going to stay far, far away. If they're still planning to capture us, they know it'll have to be a different way.

Charlie looks around, speaks in a pleading way.

CHARLIE  
We've got a new home.

ANDY  
For a while, anyway.

CHARLIE  
It's good, after a year.

ANDY  
(sigh)  
That's right, Charlie, a whole year...

CHARLIE  
Daddy, will things every be alright for us again? Will I be able to go to school again and things.

ANDY  
Of course you will.

CHARLIE  
After you write those letters?

ANDY  
That's right. Tell the newspapers all about it. Then the running'll be over. Charlie, we'll live normal lives, be like everybody else...

CHARLIE  
Can I be?

ANDY  
What?

CHARLIE  
Like everybody else?

ANDY  
Darn right you can!

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE  
(fervently)  
I want to be.

ANDY  
Come here.

Charlie goes onto his lap. He caresses her hair.

CHARLIE  
Daddy...why do people do things  
like that?

ANDY  
Like what?

CHARLIE  
Experiment on people, hurt them,  
like they hurt you and Mommy.

ANDY  
...I'll tell you why, because it's  
a crazy world, with a lot of crazy  
people in it. They throw bombs on  
each other, and the strong loonies  
use the weak ones to make war for  
them, and it's all done in the name  
of progress.

(snorts)  
Progress. It's a big fight for the  
people, honey, a long fight...

CHARLIE  
Can we win?

ANDY  
(kisses the top of her head)  
We're going to give it a hell of  
a try.

INT. THE BEDROOM - GRANTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Andy is tucking Charlie into bed.

ANDY  
How do you feel?

CHARLIE  
(with no hesitation)  
Safe. Good night, Daddy.

CHARLIE IS SITTING WITH HER FATHER ON THE STONE DOCK, FISHING -  
DAY

She cries out in glee as there is a tug on her line, and she flips up out of the water a four-inch-long fish, which sparkles angrily in the sunlight.

Breakfast! CHARLIE

As Andy laughs CAMERA MOVES to see A LITTLE OLD LADY and HER LITTLE OLD HUSBAND tootling by in a LITTLE OLD CAR. They look like every other sixty-year-old couple in the country, but they are not, and we'll soon see who they are. They wave at Andy and Charlie, who return their wave, and drive on off into the woods. Now Andy feels a tug on his line, brings up a fish slightly larger than Charlie's--

Dinner! ANDY

EXT. THE LITTLE TOWN OF BRADFORD, NEAR TASHMORE POND - DAY

A few stores, a Post Office, a little hotel. Barber shop, one garage, quaint, clean. Quiet.

IN THE 'NOTIONS AND NOVELTIES SHOPPE' - DAY

The PROPRIETOR sits on a tall stool behind his counter, smoking a pipe, and watching the little old lady and her little old husband, poking around amongst the goods on display. The man is nearer the open door, and seems bored as his wife holds up this and that coffee cup or plate mat. Across the road, easily seen through the open door, is the Post Office.

PROPRIETOR -  
Staying long in Bradford?

LITTLE OLD MAN  
Stay forever, if we had the money.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
You say that. Since he retired we've been going here, and going there, can't sit still a minute.

LITTLE OLD MAN  
Good to see the world.

PROPRIETOR  
Used to be a good world to see.

CONTINUED:

The little old man's eyes have focused on the Post Office door, which is opening--and Andy is coming out, licking stamps, putting them on SIX ENVELOPES. The little old man coughs twice on the back of his hand, and the little old lady casually looks up. She SEES Andy. She and her 'husband' watch him go down the street to the corner, where he posts the letters.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
Do you have a phone here?

PROPRIETOR  
In the back.

The little old lady goes through curtains to the back, and the little old man keeps watching Andy, who now gets into the Jeep, and bucks away.

INT. CAP'S OFFICE - DAY

He's on the phone, listening eagerly. Nodding. Rainbird stands at the window, watching him. Behind Rainbird we can see the Guards on their little golf carts.

CAP  
All right. Let Bates know, he  
can be there in an hour.

He hangs up, stands, smiles triumphantly.

RAINBIRD  
Mr. McGee?

CAP  
Mr. McGee.

RAINBIRD  
Where are they?

CAP  
A summer cottage near Bradford.

RAINBIRD  
(nods)  
I will bring them here--

CAP  
Just like that? You know what that  
little girl can do--

RAINBIRD  
I know what that little girl can do...

CONTINUED:

He crosses to the desk, picks up a PHOTOGRAPH of Charlie.

RAINBIRD  
That's why I will bring them here,  
so you can do all your tests--on  
the condition that you give the  
girl to me for disposal when you  
are finished with her.

Cap looks at him as if he has never seen him before. His usual  
fear of Rainbird which has seemed to have no particular sub-  
stance until now is now going to find its reason.

What? CAP

RAINBIRD  
I want her when you're finished  
with her.

CAP  
(whisper)  
You're mad.

RAINBIRD  
How right you are.  
(laughs)  
So are you. Made as a hatter. You  
sit here and make your plans for  
controlling a force beyond your  
comprehension. A force that belongs  
only to the gods themselves.

CAP  
What the hell are you talking about--?

RAINBIRD  
Things I'm sure you don't want the  
world to know.

Cap knows completely now that Rainbird has been waiting for  
this moment, that this man is no associate, but his greatest  
enemy. But Cap is not a weakling either.

CAP  
(quiet, cold)  
What's to stop me from having you  
erased? Right here and now?

RAINBIRD  
My word that I've already made certain  
'provisions' that if I disappear, the  
Shop will cease to exist within six  
(cont.)

RAINBIRD (cont.)  
 weeks, and that within six months  
 you will stand before a judge for  
 sentencing on crimes serious enough  
 to keep you behind bars for the rest  
 of your life.

CAP  
 (swallows hard)  
 What do you really want, Rainbird?

RAINBIRD  
 Your word that my involvement with  
 this girl Charlene won't end with  
 my bringing her here, but begin  
 there. I want to--

He becomes thoughtful, moody, introspective--

RAINBIRD (cont.)  
 I want to know her intimately.

As Cap stares at him, horror-struck--

RAINBIRD (cont.)  
 Not that intimately. I don't  
 want her body. But I'll know her.  
 She and I are going to be friends, Cap.  
 If she's as powerful as all things  
 indicate, she and I are going to be  
great friends.

CAP  
 We haven't got her yet...

RAINBIRD  
 Oh, we will have.

CAP  
 Why do you want her?

RAINBIRD  
 (tenderly touching photograph)  
 She is very beautiful. And very young.  
 Yet inside her is the power of the  
 gods. She and I will be close.  
 (his eyes grow dreamy)  
 Yes, we will be very close.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NEAR BRADFORD - DAY

CAMERA WATCHES IN LONG SHOT as the POST OFFICE TRUCK drives  
 along, and a BLUE FORD catches up to it, forcing it to the

side of the road. We remain in LONG SHOT to see EVERETT the mailman yelling at Bates, who is getting out of the Ford, and walking over to him. We see Bates lean into the truck, while Everett is gesticulating angrily--and we HEAR--EVER SO FAINTLY--A MUFFLED, POPPING NOISE. And then we see Bates nimbly darting back to the Ford, with the POUCH in one hand, the other hand tucking something into his back pocket. The Ford zips away.

VERY CLOSE SHOT - EVERETT

His face flattened sideways on the steering wheel, a black and red hole in the middle of his forehead.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

EXT. SUMMER CABIN - THE NEXT DAY

The jeep is waiting.

INT THE CABIN

Andy is filling a carton with CANNED GOODS, Charlie is watching him quietly.

ANDY

You feel it, too, don't you?

The child nods reluctantly.

CHARLIE

It's so nice here.

Andy tapes the carton closed.

ANDY

Listen, come here.

Charlie goes to him. He embraces her.

ANDY

It's going to be all right. Only a little longer. I don't like running either, but at least we're together, and that's something, isn't it?

CHARLIE

Yes.

ANDY

And one day we'll have our own place. Maybe we can even come back here. You'll see.

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE  
Where will we go now?

ANDY  
We're going to hitch a ride to the nearest bus depot, then we'll get a Greyhound back to New York City. We're going to the offices of the New York Times--

CHARLIE  
But you sent them a letter.

ANDY  
Honey, they might not have gotten it.  
She looks at him in silence for a moment.

CHARLIE  
Do you think they took it?

ANDY  
Of course no-  
(shakes his head, starts again)  
Charlie, I just don't know.

Charlie doesn't reply, she bends to pick up the carton.

ANDY  
Let me do that.

CHARLIE  
(screaming at him)  
I can do it!

She begins to cry.

ANDY  
Charlie, don't. Please, hon.  
It's almost over.

CHARLIE  
(crying harder)  
No, it's not. It's never going to be over.

He picks her up and she struggles against him. But he holds her tightly, caresses her, and finally she subsides. Her face is level with his, he kisses her.

ANDY  
Take that.

Now Charlie smiles. Kisses him back.

You take that. CHARLIE

ANDY  
(setting her down)  
Are you ready?

CHARLIE  
I guess so. Daddy...I won't  
make fires. Not even if they  
come before we can get away. I'm  
never going to hurt another person!

ANDY  
Yes. That's all right, Charlie.  
I understand that.

CHARLIE  
I love you, Dad.

ANDY  
(nods)  
I love you, too, kiddo. Let's  
hit the road.

He picks up the carton, goes to the door, opens it. Strong  
sunshine floods in. The little girl joins him, and they step  
out together.

JOHN RAINBIRD IS HALFWAY UP A TALL SPRUCE TREE ONE HUNDRED  
AND FIFTY YARDS AWAY.

He is wearing lineman's spikes on his feet, and a lineman's  
belt holds him firmly against the trunk of the tree. He  
throws his rifle to his shoulders and seats it firmly as  
he sees Andy and Charlie step out of the cabin.

TELESCOPE SHOT

Through the sight Charlie looks as big as a barn door. Her  
shirt is open down to her breastbone.

BACK TO RAINBIRD

Aiming. We SEE Bates coming very slowly and quietly around  
the side of the cabin, where Andy and Charlie couldn't  
possibly see him. He, too, carries a rifle.

TELESCOPE SHOT

The crosshairs sighted on the base of Charlie's throat.

RAINBIRD'S FINGER ON THE TRIGGER

Tightening. It squeezes. There is not explosion, only a hollow phut! and a small curl of smoke from the rifle's breech.

ANDY AND CHARLIE ON THE EDGE OF THE CABIN STEPS

Charlie suddenly stops and makes a strangled swallowing noise. Andy drops the carton immediately. He's heard nothing, but knows something is terribly wrong. Something about his daughter has changed--

Charlie? ANDY  
Charlie?

He stares at her. She stands still as a statue, incredibly beautiful in the sunlight. Incredibly small. What appears to be a LONG NEEDLE is sticking out of her throat just below the Adam's apple. Her hand is groping for it, finds it, twists it to a new and grotesque upward-jutting angle. A thin trickle of blood is beginning to flow from the wound and down the side of her throat.

ANDY  
(a scream)  
Charlie!

He leaps forward and grabs her arm just as her eyes roll up and she pitches forward. He lets her down to the porch, crying her name over and over. He holds her, cradles her, looking out at the sunshiny woods that seem so empty.

ANDY  
(screaming)  
Who did it? Who did it? Come  
out where I can see you!

Bates steps around the corner of the porch, he's wearing Adidas tennis sneakers. He holds his .22 in one hand. Andy doesn't see him.

ANDY  
Who shot my daughter?

His hands go to the needle in her throat, he pulls it out, starting a fresh trickle of blood. Bates shoots him in the back of the neck. The needle imbeds itself. Andy jerks upward on his knees, holding Charlie even more tightly against him. Then he collapses forward over her.

FULL SHOT

OTHER MEN are coming out of the woods, and Rainbird is walking toward the cabin.

BATES  
(grinning)  
Nothing to it.

Rainbird stands looking down at Charlie, silent, terrible.

VERY CLOSE SHOT - ANDY

He's in a room, we don't yet know where this room is. The lighting is dim, flat. His eyes open, focus, dart from side to side. Finally--

Charlie--! ANDY

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
She's all right, Mr. McGee, take it easy.

CAMERA RUSHES BACK and we see Andy is in a bed in a quite comfortably furnished room. There are THREE MEN in the room with him: Two of them are dressed in orderlies' whites, the third wears a doctor's white jacket, but ordinary dark trousers. His name is PYNCHOT, in his late thirties, a perfectly ordinary-looking man (he looks like the kind of doctor who takes your temperature and sends you to six specialists). He's the one who spoke to Andy above.

ANDY  
Where is she? I want to see her!

PYNCHOT  
All in good time. First, let's have a talk, let's get acquainted.

ANDY  
(struggling to get out from under the sheets)  
Go to hell! I want to see my girl!

PYNCHOT  
I tell you, she's all--

But Andy is out of the bed, trying to race to the door, and the two orderlies are grabbing him, wrestling him back. They get him down on the bed again, and all the time he's calling out for Charlie, until Pynchot steps up to the bed, and as one of the orderlies holds out Andy's right arm, pushing up the pajama sleeve, drives in the needle of a hypodermic, and almost at once Andy is still. But not unconscious. He looks with glazed eyes at Pynchot, speaks with a slack mouth--

CONTINUED:

ANDY

What do you want from us...

PYNCHOT

I told you, Mr. McGee, we're going to be spending considerable time with each other, and I wanted to introduce myself. I'm Dr. Pynchot, I'm going to make sure that you're treated well here--

ANDY

Is this the Shop...?

PYNCHOT

This is the Shop.

EXT. THE SHOP - LONG SHOT - DAY

A wind is blowing, moving the branches of the trees, rustling the bushes. The GUARD-GARDENERS patrol the grounds on their electric carts. The DOBERMAN DOGS move restlessly in their barbed-wire pens.

INT. CHARLIE'S QUARTERS - THE SHOP - DAY

We are in the living room, a nicely furnished living room, with a bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom off. In the walls, the doors, the ceilings, are small glass loopholes, like the circular loopholes in hotel doors--obviously the room is overlooked at all times. Indeed we can see in one of these loopholes in the living room ceiling an ever-vigilant eye of a camera. Charlie is in pajamas, too, sweet flannel pajamas, she also has bunny rabbit slippers on, and a bathrobe patterned in flowers. But she is anything but a contented little girl. She is sitting on a chair looking with hostility at Cap who is standing in front of her, holding out a cup of cocoa.

CAP

You drink this up now, Charlie, it's just cocoa--

CHARLIE

I don't want anything.

CAP

(sitting)

Charlie, I've been waiting a long time to see you. You don't have to believe this, but I've actually begun to think of you as my daughter --

CHARLIE

What have you done to my father?

CAP

He's resting, he's fine, just like you. He knows you're all right, he sends his love, and he wants you to cooperate with us--

CHARLIE

You're a liar.

CAP

(with a frown)

Now, now, that's not language for a nice little girl to use.

CHARLIE

Go to hell.

CAP

I see. So you're a stubborn little girl. That's all right. That's normal. You're tired, you're not sure where you are, or what's happened to you, but I want to ease your mind. The reason you are here, Charlie, is because I'm very interested in this ability you've got--

CHARLIE

Pyrokinesis.

CAP

Right. We want to know how far you can go with it. And let me tell you this, Charlie, you'd be doing this great country of ours a really big favor.

CHARLIE

I'm never going to start another fire in my life! I want to see my father.

CAP

(rising)

You drink that cocoa and go to bed. If there's anything you want, just pick up the phone, let us know. Charlie, I know you can't believe this now, but we're going to be pals.

CONTINUED:

Never.

CHARLIE

Cap manages a smile, goes to the door, inserts a plastic card in a slot, the door opens. Just before he steps out he makes a "we're old buddies salute". The door closes. Charlie sits in silent anger for a moment, stares at the cup of cocoa. The cocoa begins bubbling. She pulls her anger from it--

No! You're not going to do it!

CHARLIE

SEVERAL SHOTS

Covered by MUSIC, in which we cannot hear the dialogue, but we know what is being asked of Andy and Charlie. We see Andy, dressed, in his living room, a breakfast tray in front of him. Two orderlies are with him. Beside his glass of orange juice are two Thorazine pills in a little paper cup. One of the orderlies is pointing at them, insisting Andy take them with the juice. He replies with a negative shake of his head and one of the orderlies goes round behind him, wraps his arms around him, while the other force-feeds him the juice and the pills. We see Pynchot and Cap with Charlie in her quarters, they are unwrapping gifts for her, dolls and toys and books, and they are talking to her. And all the while she is shaking her head, turning away from them, NO! We might also see Andy, drugged by his pills, watching the television set in his bedroom, his expression vacant.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE SHOP - DAY - (A WEEK OR SO LATER)

A rather old car comes into the Shop's parking lot. Rainbird gets out. He strolls toward one of the buildings, goes in through a side door.

INT. THE SHOP - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Where orderlies are going on or coming off their shifts, changing into or from their whites. Rainbird walks up to a locker, looks confirmingly at the number on the key in his hand, opens the locker door, takes-off his jacket, he is going to put on the white orderly's uniform hanging inside.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE CHARLIE'S DOOR - DAY

Rainbird pushes A CART down the corridor. The cart is no different from the ones most hotel maids push as they go from room to room. It contains clean sheets and pillow slips,

CONTINUED:

furniture polish. There's a floor bucket and a mop. A vacuum cleaner is clipped to one end of the cart. He stops at Charlie's door, knocks.

Go away!

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Rainbird inserts a plastic card, the door opens, he pushes his cart in.

INT. CHARLIE'S QUARTERS - THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Charlie is playing electronic checkers. The game shows up on her television set. She barely looks up at Rainbird who is closing the door.

Hi, kid.

RAINBIRD

No reply.

RAINBIRD

Yeah, you go on playing your game,  
I'll start in the bedroom.

She doesn't glance at him. He goes off into the bedroom with the vacuum cleaner. We hear it begin to hum O.S.

RAINBIRD (O.S.)

(from bedroom)

My name's John. They call you  
Charlie, don't they?

Charlie doesn't answer. Rainbird sticks his head around from the bedroom door.

RAINBIRD

(with a big smile)

You want to teach me how to play  
that, because I'm no good at games,  
and you can beat me all the time.

CHARLIE

No.

INT. ANDY'S LIVING ROOM - THE SHOP - DAY

Pynchot is with him.

PYNCHOT

Andy, you're an intelligent man,  
so please explain to me why you  
(cont.)

CONTINUED:

PYNCHOT (cont.)  
won't help us? All we want you to do is cooperate in one or two small experiments. Who can it harm?

ANDY  
(somewhat dazedly)  
No more experiments. No more.

PYNCHOT  
You want to see Charlie, don't you?

ANDY  
(looking at him)  
That's all I want.

PYNCHOT  
Well, then, why can't we make a deal?

ANDY  
No deals. I'm her father. I've got a right to see her.

PYNCHOT  
You have, and you will. We're not trying to blackmail you.

ANDY  
What do you call it, then?

PYNCHOT  
Coming to an agreement?

BACK WITH RAINBIRD AND CHARLIE

He's plugging the vacuum into a living room socket now, and Charlie turns off her game, heads into the bedroom.

RAINBIRD  
Must be pretty boring for you, cooped up in here, you want me to ask if maybe I can take you for a walk somewhere? I mean, I don't think they'll let me, but what the hell, I can ask.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
(from bedroom)  
They won't let you...

RAINBIRD  
Yeah, I said that, but I can try.

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Don't bother.

But Rainbird smiles a tiny smile, at least she's talking to him.

DISSOLVE:

INT. A TESTING ROOM - THE SHOP - DAY

A small, white room with drilled-cork paneling. Andy sits at a table; on the table is a BOTTLE filled with a purple liquid. It is labeled INK. Also, a fountain pen in a stand, a pad of notepaper, a pitcher of water, and two glasses. On one wall of the room is a big square of some shimmering material, but you can't see through it. This is the opaque side of a ONE-WAY MIRROR. Andy looks VERY CLEAN, scrubbed, his hair cut short. Cap is with him, eagerly nervous, but maintaining an erect military posture; and Pynchot. Andy is tense, his mouth is dry, his hatred for these men knows no bounds. But he keeps as calm as he can.

PYNCHOT

What we'd like you to do is  
"push" the volunteer into  
pouring himself a glass of water,  
then dumping some of this ink  
into it--

CAP

Of course, it isn't really ink,  
Andy, it's--

ANDY

I know, I know it's grape Kool-Aid--

PYNCHOT

--and making him drink it, believing  
it is ink. You've agreed to it--

ANDY

(to Cap, with a nod to Pynchot)  
He's told you what my prize is for  
making this poor sucker drink in?

CAP

You'll be permitted to go out-  
doors for a while. I believe  
you've expressed interest in that.

ANDY

(suddenly blows)  
I get to see Charlie! Where is  
(cont.)

CONTINUED:

ANDY (cont.)  
she? What are you doing to her?

CAP  
She's perfectly well, there's no--

ANDY  
Let me see her, God damn you, and  
I'll do anything you want!

CAP  
Behave yourself, do as we ask, and  
we'll see.

ANDY  
(to Pynchot)  
You bastard.

CAP  
Will you do it, or not?

What Andy would like to do is kill both these men on the spot,  
but he takes control of his rage--

ANDY  
(a deep breath)  
Okay.

Cap and Pynchot immediately start for the door leading into--  
THE OBSERVATION ROOM

Where Rainbird is standing looking through the one-way glass  
into the testing room. There is electronic equipment of all  
kinds, and two white-coated TECHNICIANS are also there. Cap  
and Pynchot come in, closing the door behind them. Cap goes  
to the console, pushes a button.

CAP  
(into mike)  
Let him in.

A SECOND DOOR in the testing room opens, and a MAN in his  
late twenties walks into the room. Andy turns to him.

WITH ANDY AND THE MAN

ANDY  
Hi.

ALBRIGHT  
How are you?

CONTINUED:

ANDY  
Having the time of my life.  
Sit down.

The man sits, nervous, crosses, uncrosses his legs. Andy is going to do this, so he smiles, extends his hand.

ANDY  
Andy McGee.

ALBRIGHT  
Dick Albright.

ANDY  
Hey, sure, I thought I recognized you. The Dolphins--

ALBRIGHT  
(smiles)  
Right on.

ANDY  
You're a hell of a football player.

ALBRIGHT  
Well, thanks. Bust<sup>ad</sup> up my knee, though.  
(shrugs)  
Had to find something else to do.

ANDY  
Well, shit, man, you came to the right place here. You know what we're supposed to do here?

ALBRIGHT  
All they told me was come talk to you.

ANDY  
Kind of nervous, huh? I don't blame you.  
(focusing hard on the man)  
You must be thirsty.

ALTERNATE ANDY AND THE MAN, AND THE MEN IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

ALBRIGHT  
Yeah, I am kinda thirsty.

His eyes are locked with Andy's.

CONTINUED:

ALBRIGHT

They mentioned...some sort of test.

ANDY

That so?

He watches Albright pour himself a glass of water from the pitcher.

ALBRIGHT

You want some?

ANDY

No, I'll pass.

He suddenly gives a hard 'PUSH'. And we HEAR the MIXED MUSIC AND SOUND ON THE TRACK, but it's distorted, shrill, not its usual full-bodied and frightening self. It hurts Andy, though.

ANDY

Have some ink in it, why don't you?

Albright looks at him, then reaches for the bottle of 'ink'. He picks it up, looks at it, then puts it back down again. He feels distracted, half-off-balance, but the 'PUSH' hasn't worked.

ALBRIGHT

Put INK in it? You must be crazy.

Cap, in the observation room, smacks the console table.

CAP

Damn it! He's not trying!

RAINBIRD

He's tipped over. He's been on the run too long.

(to Pynchot)

And all those damned pills you've been giving him haven't helped.

PYNCHOT

Just give me time--

CAP

Rainbird's right, he's lost it. Time won't help. Increase his medication, I'll decide what to do with him later.

(to Rainbird)

Work on the girl.

CONTINUED:

RAINBIRD

Oh, I am. With a little luck...  
it won't be long, and she will  
trust me like a brother.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

The skies over the Longmont complex are low and black. The groundskeepers are putting away their mowers.

INT. THE STABLES - LATE AFTERNOON

TWO HOSTLERS try to soothe nervous horses that shift uneasily at each ominous THUD from the skies.

RAINBIRD PUSHES HIS CART DOWN A CORRIDOR

He stops by Charlie's door, takes out his plastic card, slots it

INT. CHARLIE'S QUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

She is sitting on the floor in front of the couch, wearing a bright blue Danskin leotard, and nothing else. Her long legs are crossed in a lotus position. An outsider might think she is stoned, but Rainbird knows better, and when he comes in pushing his cart, he looks at her with a smile of understanding. He has a patch over his missing eye.

RAINBIRD

(closing the door)

Hi, kid.

She glances over at him, but doesn't respond. He starts spraying an end table with furniture polish.

RAINBIRD

How you doin'?

CHARLIE

(flatly)

Why do you come every day. I'm not messy.

RAINBIRD

- That's just my job, kid.

Then, with a quick look around at the loopholes, he leans toward her, whispers conspiratorially--

CONTINUED:

RAINBIRD

Because they're full of shit, why else?

Charlie cannot help giving a wavering smile in return. Rainbird starts using a rag on the table, whistling a private tune. We hear THUNDER O.S.

CHARLIE

I want to see my father.

RAINBIRD

Sure you do. Wish I could help you, but I don't even know where the man is! This is a big place, Charlie.

Puts away the rag and the polish. Starts unclipping the vacuum.

CHARLIE

They say they'll let me see him if... I do something. And I don't want to!

RAINBIRD

Hey, can it be that bad, what they want you to do; I mean, if just by doing it you can see your old man?

CHARLIE

It is...

Thunder, and the lights go out briefly.

RAINBIRD

Hey--

But they're on again. A thought flashes into his mind.

RAINBIRD

Storm's on its way...sure hope those lights don't go altogether! No, sir, I wouldn't like that.

He plugs in the vacuum, flicks it on. Charlie rises, goes to her bedroom door, looks at Rainbird, wishing she could trust him, desperate for someone to talk to. To tell, to reveal all to. He smiles at her.

RAINBIRD

Listen, you scared of my face?  
I mean, I can wear a mask, maybe...

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

I've seen worse.

And she goes into the bedroom, closes the door. Thunder and once again there's a momentary dimming of the lights. Rainbird smiles, this could be the moment! He goes on over the rug with the humming machine.

IN CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The room is windowless, only the loopholes show glass. She lies down on her bed, stares at the ceiling. She listens to the vacuum. The lights go out again. (The following is shot in INFRA-RED, so we have the feeling we are 'seeing' in a pitch black room.)

RAINBIRD (O.S.)

(from sitting room door,  
sounding frightened)

Kid!

(when she's silent)

Please, kid...I can't stand the dark...

There's a note of panic in his voice, it gets her off the bed, she goes to the door, opens it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - (INFRA-RED)

RAINBIRD

You got to help me. I got to get out!

CHARLIE

(coming into the room)

Use your card--

RAINBIRD

All the electricity's gone! Card's no good.

He makes a blundering rush for the door, smacking into furniture, begins pounding on the door.

RAINBIRD

Let me out of here!

Then he goes down on his knees, blubbering, weeping.

CHARLIE

(going to him)

What's the matter?!

CONTINUED:

RAINBIRD

I'm sorry, kid...I just...it's the dark. I can't stand the dark!  
(yelling)

Let us out! Hey, let us out!  
People in here!

CHARLIE

(alarmed)

Stop it! We're okay...I mean,  
aren't we?

RAINBIRD

(seemingly taking control)

Yeah, I guess we are...it's just the dark...it's like the place they put me after I was captured!

CHARLIE

Who put you?

RAINBIRD

The Cong!

CHARLIE

Who are the Cong?

RAINBIRD

You don't know...? No, you're too young, I guess. It was the war, kid. Vietnam. The Cong were the bad guys. They wore black pajamas. In the jungle. We were on patrol and we walked into an ambush...there were only six of us that got out. We ran. Went the wrong way...they caught me, threw me into a hole in the ground, and it was always dark. It was like being buried alive. The dark...like this...

He makes a choking sound.

CHARLIE

...what did you eat?

RAINBIRD

They threw down rotted rice. And sometimes, spiders. Live spiders. Great big ones. I'd chase after them in the dark, you know, and kill them and eat them.

CONTINUED:

Gross! CHARLIE

RAINBIRD  
They turned me into an animal. You got it better than me, kid, but it comes down to pretty much the same thing. A rat in a trap. You think they'll get the lights on pretty soon?

CHARLIE  
It doesn't matter. We're together!

This is it! Rainbird has 'unlocked' her! He is (metaphorically) holding her in his hands.

RAINBIRD  
God, kid, if I could help you someday, like you're helping me...

CHARLIE  
...you could. You...you could get a message to my father.

RAINBIRD  
But what the hell is it all about, Charlie, why've they got you and your daddy here? What do they want you to do for them?

WITH ANDY IN HIS QUARTERS (INFRA-RED)

He's in the bathroom, THE TOILET SEAT IS UP, he's retching into the bowl, in the darkness. When he's done, he flushes the toilet, sinks down on the floor, jaws clenched.

ANDY  
(in sick rage with himself)  
No more pills, you bastard, no more pills...how can you help Charlie if you're a goddam zombie!! No more...

LONG SHOT THE SHOP COMPLEX

The storm continues, but there are signs of it ending.

BACK WITH CHARLIE AND RAINBIRD

They are sitting on the living room sofa, Rainbird has his arm around her. They are both trembling. It is still dark.

CONTINUED:

RAINBIRD

God, that is some story, kid, that is some story...wow...but listen... I'll bet I could get in to see your dad.

CHARLIE

You could? You really think you could?

RAINBIRD

I could change with Herbie, one of the orderlies in the other wing. See your dad. Tell him you're okay. Well, not tell him, but pass him a note or something.

CHARLIE

Oh, thank you, thank you.

RAINBIRD

(this is the whole point)  
Shit, maybe you ought to light their damn fires, if you can do it.

CHARLIE

(shocked)  
I told you. It's like letting a...a wild animal out of a cage. I promised myself I'd never do it again. That soldier at the airport, those men at the farm...I killed them. Burned them up!

RAINBIRD

The way you told it, it sounded like self-defense.

CHARLIE

Yes, but that's no excuse to--

RAINBIRD

Also sounded like maybe you saved your old man's life.

Silence from Charlie.

RAINBIRD

Maybe...you do what they want, you know, only as much as you want... that just could be the way for you out of here. I'll see what I can do to help.

The lights flicker on. They sit erect, almost hysterically relieved.

CONTINUED:

RAINBIRD

Oh, my, oh, my...light.

Charlie suddenly throws her arms around him, kisses him.

RAINBIRD

Hey, now. Hold on.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry you got stuck in here with me, John.

(yawns from the tension)

But I'm awful glad, too.

RAINBIRD

Yeah. Now look here, you get some rest, right?

(rising, picking her up)

Come on.

He carries the exhausted child into--

CHARLIE'S BEDROOM

--where he lays her down, covers her.

RAINBIRD

Goodnight, kid.

CHARLIE

Goodnight, Daddy.

And she falls fast asleep. Rainbird stands looking down at her, a triumphant smile on his lips.

INT. LARGE TESTING ROOM - THE SHOP - DAY

In one corner a Sony TV Camera has been set up. Its cords lead through an opening in one of the unadorned, gray, industrial sheet steel walls. There is a steel tray of woodchips on a metal table. Pynchot smiles down at Charlie who is looking carefully around at the room. AN ELECTRO-ENCEPHALOGRAPH OPERATOR is there, wearing an asbestos uniform, and asbestos slippers and a white cloth mask to avoid aspirating any asbestos fiber.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM WITH CAP AND RAINBIRD

and TECHNICIANS, watching through one-way glass as Charlie goes over to an old-fashioned clawfoot tub, a relic of the Shop when it was a Southern mansion. It is full of water.

CONTINUED:

PYNCHOT

Now, Charlie, you know what you're to do?

CHARLIE

(nods)

You go in the other room. I don't want to have to look at you while I do it.

(stares at Pynchot  
inscrutably)

Something might happen.

Pynchot's paternal smile falters a little. He goes out of the room. The Sony VCR hums almost inaudibly. The one-way glass is lightly polarized, making everything in the testing room look faintly blue. The technician in the Asbestos suit is hooking Charlie up to the EEG. A TV MONITOR in the observation room reproduces her brainwaves.

TECHNICIAN IN OBSERVATION ROOM

(to Cap and Rainbird)

Look at those alphas. She's really jacked up.

RAINBIRD

Scared. She's really scared.

Pynchot comes in.

CAP

Everything all right in there?

PYNCHOT

Yes.

TECHNICIAN IN TESTING ROOM

Ready in here.

CAP

(flipping a toggle switch)

Go ahead, Charlie.

WITH CHARLIE

She looks at the one-way glass and sees nothing except her own reflection. Then she looks back at the tray of woodchips. She focuses. THE MUSIC AND SOUND start. She gives a push-- a shove! And she can't help starting to enjoy this, it's her nature--

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

(contemptuously)

Woodchips...they should have given  
me something hard.

ON TECHNICIAN IN THE TESTING ROOM (T.R.). He feels it first. He's hot and uncomfortable and sweaty in the asbestos clothing, and at first he thinks that's all it is. Then he sees that Charlie's alpha waves have taken on the high spike rhythm that's the hallmark of extreme concentration. The sense of heat grows--suddenly he is scared.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM (O.R.)

All watching tensely.

TECHNICIAN IN O.R.

Something's happening in there.

(high, excited voice)

Temperature just jumped ten degrees.

Her alpha pattern looks like the  
goddam Andes!

When Cap shouts his voice vibrates with the shrill triumph of a man who has waited years for the one moment now at hand--

CAP

There it goes! THERE IT GOES!

INTERCUT TESTING ROOM AND OBSERVATION ROOM THROUGH

The tray of woodchips do not so much burst into flame as explode! A moment later the tray itself flips over twice, spraying chunks of burning wood, and clangs off the wall hard enough to leave dimples in the sheet steel. The technician in the T.R. cries out in fear and makes a sudden crazy dash for the door.

CLOSE SHOT CHARLIE'S FACE

Frightened and exultant, HER POWER'S GROWN SO MUCH!

CAP

My God...

PYNCHOT

Look at the walls!

The steel walls are developing a strange, dark ripple. In the O.R. the temperature reading on the thermometer has leaped from seventy to ninety, and it's climbing rapidly.

CONTINUED:

TECHNICIAN IN O.R.

Christ, she's going to blow that room  
to bits!

CHARLIE is frightened, nearly panicked. She turns to the tub and THROWS THE FIRETHING (HER POWER) at it. Water swirls, then breaks into a fury of bubbles. In a space of five seconds the contents of the tub go from cool to a rolling, steaming boil.

CAP

Got it! Got it, we got it all.  
It's on tape...the temperature  
gradient..did you see the water in  
that tub boil? Jesus! Did we get  
audio?

(at a technician's nod)

We DID?...my GOD, did you see what  
she did?

In his ecstatic pacing, he passes a technician, whirls back, grabs him roughly by the front of his smock.

CAP

Would you say there was any doubt  
that she MADE that happen?

TECHNICIAN

No doubt at all, Chief. None.

CAP

Holy God...I would have thought...  
something...yes, something...but  
that tray flew! And she controlled  
it, she threw it into the water!

(rushes to Rainbird, with  
savage satisfaction)

We got it. We got it all, it would  
be good enough to stand up in court!  
Right in the goddam Supreme Court!

He looks at Pynchot, frowns as he sees the man's gloomy face.

CAP (cont.)

What are you so miserable about?

PYNCHOT

(with a glance at Rainbird)

He got her to do it by promising she  
could see her father.

CONTINUED:

So? CAP

PYNCHOT  
But she must never see him.

RAINBIRD  
We don't intend to let her.

PYNCHOT  
She'll never stop asking for it.  
And suppose by some strange accident  
they get together?

Well? CAP

PYNCHOT  
She does whatever he tells her.  
Suppose he persuades her to destroy  
us all?

As the thought sinks in, CAP turns to look disapprovingly at Rainbird.

RAINBIRD  
There's no chance.

CAP  
There's always a chance. They  
can never meet.

RAINBIRD  
(his mildest tone)  
Then you'd better send somebody  
along to get her.

CAP  
(looking at him blankly)  
Huh?

RAINBIRD  
(his mildest tone)  
Well, the guy that was in there maybe  
had an appointment he forgot about,  
because he left in one hell of a rush.  
He left the door open, and your firestarter  
just walked out.

Cap gapes at the glass, as do the others. The room is empty except for the steaming tub, the overturned steel tray, and the flaming scatter of woodchips.

CONTINUED:

CAP

One of you men go get her!

Rainbird grins as all the men in the room go almost as pale as their lab smocks.

RAINBIRD

Sure, which of you wants to go get the little girl?

Then he laughs and laughs and laughs, as he himself starts after her.

DISSOLVE:

IN ANDY'S QUARTERS AT THE SHOP - DAY

CLOSE ON A PAPER CUP OF WATER, a hand with TWO LARGE PILLS in it.

CAP

Here you go, Andy.

ANDY AND CAP

with Andy lying on the sofa, looking dreamily at Cap extending the pills. Andy sits up, takes the pills, pops them in his mouth greedily--sips water.

ANDY

Oh, thanks...thanks...

CAP

You know...we've decided that your power has...diminished, Andy, in fact, you know we've had no appreciable results at all.

ANDY

Well, you keep me drugged all the time. You can't expect me to do my best if I'm stoned. I've done my best, I've tried!

CAP

Yes, yes, of course you have. And I think that you deserve a rest. Now, the Shop has a small compound on Maui, in the Hawaii chain...would you like it if I sent you there for the immediate future?

CONTINUED:

ANDY  
Would I still get my medication?

CAP  
Oh, of course.

Andy lies down again, speaks dreamily...

ANDY  
Hawaii...sounds just fine...

CAP  
Good, well, I'll set things in motion right away.

He turns, inserts his plastic card, opens the door, goes. Andy waits, then sits up, sticks a finger in his mouth, fiddles between gum and cheek, and brings out the TWO PILLS, which have just begun to dissolve. He makes a spitting sound, goes into the bathroom. CAMERA REMAINS where it is, we hear the toilet flushing.

INT. CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM - THE SHOP - DAY

She is sitting on a chair, looking up at Pynchot. Her lower lip trembles.

CHARLIE  
I've shown you enough. I want to see my daddy.

PYNCHOT  
But you will, Charlie, as soon as--

CHARLIE  
(a tearful shout)  
I want to see him now!

PYNCHOT  
Don't get excited, Charlie.

He puts a finger between his collar and neck; is it his imagination, or is it getting hotter in the room? He looks at a thermometer on the wall, apprehensive--

PYNCHOT  
Just don't get excited.  
(wide, friendly smile)  
Listen, how would you like to go to an amusement park? We could rent the whole place for a day, just for you.

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

I don't want to go to any amusement park, I just want to see my daddy.

It is hotter.

PYNCHOT

Getting made at me won't accomplish anyth-

CHARLIE

Yes. Yes it will. And I am mad at you, Dr. Pynchot. I'm really mad at you.

PYNCHOT

Charlie--

CHARLIE

Go away. Tell them I want to see my father, then they can test me some more if they want. Go away!

PYNCHOT

We'll talk again soon.

He rapidly leaves the room. As her anger fades, Charlie feels overwhelmingly alone. She begins crying.

INT. ANDY'S QUARTERS - THE SAME TIME

He lies on his bed, begins frowning as if he feels Charlie's anguish telepathically and tears begin to flow from his eyes, too.

DISSOLVE:

CHARLIE AND RAINBIRD WALK TOWARD THE STABLES - THE NEXT DAY

CHARLIE

Did they assign you to me?

RAINBIRD

Naw. They asked for volunteers. I don't think they got many, after what I hear happened yesterday.

CHARLIE

(a little too sweetly)  
It scared them?

RAINBIRD

I guess it did.

CONTINUED:

They go into--

THE STABLES

Beautiful horses. Charlie is thrilled. The TWO GROOMS watch, smiling.

RAINBIRD

Here's my favorite.

He stops at a stall, Charlie goes up to the splendid horse, her hand trembles to touch its silky coat.

CHARLIE

She's so beautiful!

FIRST GROOM

(coming over)

Well, it's a boy, actually, after a fashion, that is. Call it a gelding.

CHARLIE

What's his name?

FIRST GROOM

Necromancer. Want to pet him?

She does so, thrilled.

CHARLIE

What does Necromancer mean?

RAINBIRD

I think it means something like 'wizard,' or 'sorcerer.'

Charlie strokes the dark silk of Necromancer's muzzle.

CHARLIE

Wizard, sorcerer.

OUTSIDE THE STABLES, CHARLIE AND RAINBIRD RIDE

She's on Necromancer, he's on another beauty.

CHARLIE

You said, if I did what they wanted, they'd let me see my father.

RAINBIRD

Did I know they'd be so stubborn? I guess you've got to do it for them again.

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

But when will I ever stop?

RAINBIRD

Listen, kid, it's like poker. If you ain't dealing from strength, why, you just ain't dealing. Every-time you light a fire for them, you get something from them. Now this is your Uncle John talking to you.

(then)

Hey, listen, about this--what do you call it? This power you've got, I know how scared of it you were before. How do you feel about it now?

When Charlie speaks he listens hard, trying to understand, to join her in her power.

CHARLIE

It's different now. It's a lot stronger. But...I was more in control of it than I ever was before. That day at the farm...

(shivers, voice drops a little)

it just...got away for a little while. It...it went everywhere. But yesterday, when I told it to back off, it did. I said to myself, it's just going to be a small fire, and it was. It was like I let it out in a single straight line.

RAINBIRD

And then you pulled it back into yourself?

CHARLIE

Oh, no, I put it into the water. If I pulled it back into myself...I guess I'd burn up. When do you think they'll let me see my dad?

RAINBIRD

Give them enough rope, Charlie

CHARLIE

Next time, there has to be more water.

And they trot away.

## INT. TESTING ROOM - DAY

A cinderblock wall stands in the middle of the long room. To the left of it is a huge, low tank of water. Into this tank, which is six feet deep, has been dumped more than two thousand pounds of ice. In front of it stands Charlie, looking small and neat in a blue denim jumper and red and black striped rugby socks. Blond pigtails with black velvet bows.

## IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM CAP AND RAINBIRD, TECHNICIANS AND PYNCHOT

Tense. Cameras film it all in living color.

CAP

All right, Charlie. We're ready when you are.

In the 'film' (shown on a smallish screen above the observers) the small girl's head dips slightly, and for a few seconds nothing happens at all. Inset at the left of the film frame is a digital temperature readout. All at once it begins to move upward--70--80--90. After that the figures jump up so rapidly they are just a shifting reddish blur. (WE ARE INTERCUTTING WITH CHARLIE IN THE TESTING ROOM.) The ELECTRONIC TEMPERATURE PROBE has been placed in the middle of the cinderblock wall.

## NOW THE 'FILM' SWITCHES TO SLOW MOTION

To the men watching it happens with the speed of a gunshot.

In extreme slow motion the cinderblock wall begins to smoke. Small particles of mortar and concrete begin to jump lazily upward like popping corn. Then the mortar holding the blocks together begins to run, like warm molasses. Then the bricks begin to crumble, from the center outward. Showers of particles, then clouds of them, blow back as the blocks explode with the heat. Now the DIGITAL HEAT SENSOR stops at a reading over 7000 DEGREES! It's been destroyed.

ALL EIGHT HUGE KELVINATOR AIR CONDITIONERS (RUNNING AT HIGH SPEED) ARE PUMPING FREEZING AIR INTO THE ROOM..

TECHNICIAN (in O.R.)

(frightened)

Temperature in the testing room should be minus fifteen degrees Farenheit, plus or minus five degrees... it's a hundred and five in there!

PYNCHOT

The blocks are starting to burn!

CONTINUED:

CAP

Cinderblocks!

The cinderblocks continue to explode outward and backward, burning as briskly as newspapers in a fireplace.

THEN EVERYTHING IS OBSCURED BY A FURIOUS BLOWBACK OF DISINTEGRATING PARTICLES.

as the whole wall vaporizes.

RAINBIRD

(even he, low, in awe)

Oh, my God...

ON CHARLIE

making a slow-motion half-turn, and a moment later the calm surface of the icy water in the tank is convulsed and boiling.

OBSERVATION ROOM TEMPERATURE READ-OUT

The heat in the room which has crested at ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE DEGREES (even with all eight conditioners) BEGINS TO GO BACK.

ON CHARLIE

Her face beaming with joy and triumph that is not altogether childlike. She turns to the ONE-WAY GLASS. Now in her triumphant look there is pleading, and tears are beginning--

CHARLIE

I want to see my father!

PYNCHOT

(quickly into mike)

Soon, Charlie, when you've shown us a little more--

CHARLIE

If I don't see him--

(weeping now)

I'll make something happen! Can you hear me? I'LL MAKE SOMETHING HAPPEN!

INT. CAP'S OFFICE - EVENING

Cap, Rainbird, and Pynchot are present. Cap and Rainbird have brandies. A single desk lamp is on.

CONTINUED:

PYNCHOT

I'm telling you, we're not through with testing her!

CAP

What else do we have to know? She drove the temperature up to 7000 degrees, she gathered the power back in herself and threw it into the ice like a javelin!

RAINBIRD

Perhaps Dr. Pynchot would like to see her blow up a country before he gives in.

PYNCHOT

I'm scientifically rational enough not to form a complete opinion on two experiments. I'm satisfied, yes, but only partially.

(then)

Have you made the arrangements regarding her father?

CAP

Yes, yes, it's all done.

Pynchot stands a moment longer, still worrying, then he says "goodnight", leaves the room. A moments silence, the men sip their drinks.

CAP

Have you ever thought, Rainbird, what would happen if Charlie ever found out what side you're really on?

RAINBIRD

Oh, yes, I have.

CAP

You'd stand a good chance of finding out what a steak feels like in a microwave oven.

RAINBIRD

And would you shed a bitter tear?

CAP

No. No sense lying to you about that.

CONTINUED:

He sips brandy, gives Rainbird a long, ruminative look.

CAP

When we do know all we want to--

RAINBIRD

When you give her to me--?

CAP

...what are you going to do?

RAINBIRD

John the friendly orderly will come in, he will greet her, and talk to her, and make her smile. John the friendly orderly will make her feel happy, because he's the only one who can. And when John feels she is at the moment of her greatest happiness, he will strike her across the bridge of the nose, breaking it explosively and driving bone fragments into her brain. It will be quick, and I will be looking into her face when it happens...I will KNOW her power. When I die, which I hope will be soon, perhaps I can take that power with me into the other world...

His smile is gentle, kind, and fatherly.

CAP

You're crazy.

RAINBIRD

(not at all offended)-

Oh, yes.

He drains his brandy, and goes on smiling.

EXT. THE GROUNDS OF THE SHOP - THE NEXT MORNING

Bright sunlight floods down on the scene, it is like a picture postcard. Andy and Cap are walking together near the softly moving trees. Andy is continuing to play 'drugged'. But he is not drugged, he is clearer of head than he has been for a long time.

CAP

Andy, I've arranged for you to go to Hawaii.

CONTINUED:

ANDY  
Oh, good, when am I going?

CAP  
Today.

ANDY  
(seemingly befuddled)  
Today?

CAP  
Three o'clock this afternoon.

Andy swallows hard, but Cap is pulling a leaf off a bush, twisting it in his fingers

ANDY  
How?

CAP  
Oh, First Class, comfort all the way--

ANDY  
I mean, what's taking me?

CAP  
From here by helicopter, then an  
army transport plane.

ANDY  
Three o'clock.

CAP  
Three o'clock.

Andy realizes that if he is to make a move for freedom, he must make it now. He steps ahead of Cap, turns and faces him.

ANDY  
It could bite you.

CAP  
What?

Andy forces--and we HEAR THE MUSIC AND SOUND MIX ON THE TRACK

ANDY  
That snake you're holding.

Cap looks at the leaf he's twisting.

CAP  
A snake?

CONTINUED:

ANDY  
The one in your hand.

Cap looks at the leaf.

THE LEAF BECOMES A SMALL, DEADLY SNAKE

Cap stares at it in horror, flings it away.

BACK TO CAP AND ANDY

We see the leaf fall to the ground, and Cap is stepping back.

CAP  
How the hell did I--

ANDY  
You picked it up from the bush.

Cap is staring at him, and Andy knows the 'push' has worked.

ANDY  
I want you to contact the helicopter  
pilot.

Cap struggles against the implanted idea in his brain.

CAP  
No.

Andy pushes again, and Cap covers his eyes as blinding pain  
stabs him.

ANDY  
Contact him and tell him you'll  
be coming along.

CAP  
Coming along? I can't--

Again Andy renews the PUSH (MUSIC TELLS US THIS) and Cap's  
eyes stream with tears--

CAP  
Coming along, yes, I'm coming along.

ANDY  
My daughter will be with us.

CAP  
Her? Her? She's dangerous. She  
can't--we can't--

CONTINUED:

ANDY

(harshly)  
Who made her dangerous? She is  
coming with us, and you are not  
to contradict me again, DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND THAT?

CAP

Yes.

ANDY

Contact the helicopter. We'll let  
him take us to the Army Plane...  
there's got to be a refueling stop  
between here and Hawaii, hasn't there?

CAP

Yes...oh, yes, we'll have to refuel.

ANDY

Fine...do you have a pen?

Cap reaches into his pocket.

ANDY

Any paper?

Cap brings out a little leather note pad.

ANDY

I'm going to write something to  
my daughter. You're going to take  
it to her.

CAP

Of course.

INT. CHARLIE'S LIVING - THE SHOP - LATER MORNING

Charlie sits on the sofa, trembling with excitement as she  
reads the note from her father that Cap has brought her.

ANDY'S VOICE OVER

Charlie, love. First thing: when you  
finish reading this, flush it down  
the toilet, okay. Second thing: if  
everything goes the way I'm planning,  
we'll be out of here this afternoon.

She rises, walks excitedly.

CONTINUED:

ANDY (V.O. cont.)  
 Third thing: I want you to be in  
 the stables at three o'clock, today.  
 I'll arrange for someone to bring  
 you. I miss you, Charlie, and I  
 love you lots.

We hear the slotting of a plastic card in the door, Rainbird  
 enters. He's got his cart with him.

RAINBIRD  
 Hi, kid.

CHARLIE  
 (breathlessly)  
 I have to talk to you.

RAINBIRD  
 What about?

Charlie runs up to him, stands on tiptoe to whisper in his ear.  
 He bends to hear her.

CHARLIE  
 I've got to tell you in the hallway,  
 they listen to us in the room.

Rainbird nods, okay.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHARLIE'S QUARTERS

Charlie speaks in a hushed, rapid voice.

CHARLIE  
 Daddy's found a way to get us  
 out of here. I've got to meet  
 him at the stable three o'clock  
 this afternoon.

Rainbird tenses. But he seems to be overjoyed--

RAINBIRD  
 (whispering back)  
 That's great, how did he do it?

CHARLIE  
 I don't know, but isn't it wonderful?

RAINBIRD  
 Better than that, Charlie, it's a  
 miracle. I'll take you there.

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE  
You'd get into trouble. I wouldn't  
do that to you. You're my friend.

Rainbird realizes that this might be his final moment with her. He must kill her now. While he talks his right arm slowly comes up, he is going to slap her across the bridge of her nose with the side of his hand.

RAINBIRD  
I really appreciate that, kid, but  
I'd do anything for you.

CHARLIE  
I know you would.

And now is the moment he will strike her and kill her, but ANOTHER ORDERLY comes walking down the hall, and Rainbird turns back to his cart, begins pushing it away.

THE OTHER ORDERLY  
(afraid of Charlie, but  
managing a smile)  
Hey, Captain Hollister's assigned  
me to take you to the stables, this  
afternoon.

CHARLIE  
(with a sweet little smile)  
What time?

THE OTHER ORDERLY  
I'll be back for you at about a  
quarter-to-three.

CHARLIE  
Thank you very much.

And with a kindly bob of her head, she steps back into her quarters. The door closes. The orderly breathes in relief, and moves away.

INT. THE STABLES - 2:45 THAT AFTERNOON

Rainbird enters. He has changed into fatigues. The pants pockets are large, deep, and flapped. He crosses to--

THE HEAD GROOM'S OFFICE - DAY

On the wall of which we can see a digital clock telling us it is 2:45. The HEAD GROOM looks up, is surprised to see Rainbird, who is holding out his I.D. with its A-rating stamp.

Yes, sir? HEAD GROOM

RAINBIRD  
Clear this place. Everyone out.

HEAD GROOM  
(tensing)  
The horses too?

RAINBIRD  
Just the people. Out the back.

Now he takes a large HANDGUN out of a pocket. The head groom looks at it with wise, unsurprised eyes. Rainbird holds it loosely, pointed at the floor.

HEAD GROOM  
Is there going to be trouble, sir?

RAINBIRD  
(quietly, a look at the  
wall clock which says 2:46)  
There may be. I don't really know.  
Go on, old man.

The groom gets up from behind his desk, leaves the office from a side door. When he is gone, and the door is closed, Rainbird walks back out into--

#### THE STABLES

Where he crosses to the big double doors and looks out. No sign of anyone yet. He turns away, begins to walk between the stall doors, making sure they are latched and locked. He goes back to the double doors again. Now he sees--

#### TWO FIGURES - RAINBIRD'S P.O.V.

They are still on the far side of the duckpond, three minutes walk away. Charlie and the orderly.

#### BACK TO RAINBIRD

RAINBIRD  
(whispering tenderly)  
Come to me, Charlie. Come to me  
now.

He glances around at the shadowed upper lofts, then goes to the ladder--simple wooden rungs nailed to a support beam. He begins to climb with lithe ease.

UPPER LOFT - WITH RAINBIRD

He lies down, gets comfortable. He is like a waiting lover, only this lover now attaches a silencer of his own construction to the .357 Mag. It crouches over the muzzle like a strange black spider.

OUTSIDE THE STABLE - DAY

Charlie and the orderly reach the double doors, they step inside.

INT. THE STABLE - DAY

Charlie and the orderly stand in the shadowed, empty coolness. As their eyes adjust to the dimness--

RAINBIRD IN THE UPPER LOFT

aims his weapon down at the orderly.

WITH CHARLIE AND THE ORDERLY

they can now see clearly.

CHARLIE

You can go now.

ORDERLY

Hey, groom! Somebody! I got the kid here.

He is holding Charlie's wrists.

CHARLIE

I said you could go now.

Her wrist burns his fingers, he yelps and lets go of her.

RAINBIRD WATCHES THIS DEVELOPMENT CLOSELY

smiling a lover's languid half-smile. Below--

CHARLIE

You get out of here.

The orderly is afraid of her, but just as afraid to leave her here alone, against Cap's orders. He begins to draw his gun, perhaps to march the girl back. Rainbird is thinking: 'Yes, I may have to kill him...'

## WITH CHARLIE AND THE ORDERLY

He has his gun partway out, but Charlie has her eyes on his hand, and suddenly he drops the searing metal with a cry, takes two steps backward, away from the girl, his eyes wide. Charlie makes a half turn away as if the orderly no longer interests her. There is a FAUCET protruding from the wall, and beneath it is a BUCKET half full of water. Steam begins to rise lazily from the bucket. The orderly's eyes are riveted on Charlie.

CHARLIE

Get out of here, you bastard. Or I'll burn you up. I'll fry you.

The orderly turns, flees out the back door. Charlie turns to the main double doors, to go and see if her father is coming, when--

RAINBIRD

(softly)

Charlie.

Charlie stiffens, takes a single step backward.

RAINBIRD

Charlie. Hey, Charlie.

She whirls around, searching--

CHARLIE

(a whisper)

John! Where are you?

EXT. THE STABLES - DAY

A GOLF CART is trundling toward the open double doors of the stable. Andy and Cap are on it, with Cap driving. His eyes look filmed and painful, he is still under Andy's 'push'.

ANDY

How did you persuade her to do your experiments for you?

CAP

Rainbird got to her.

ANDY

Rainbird? Who's he?

CAP

An agent, an exterminator... She thinks he's an orderly.

BACK TO CHARLIE AND RAINBIRD IN THE STABLES

Charlie is walking toward the rungs of the ladder, seeing Rainbird, seeing the gun in his hand which is not pointed at her, assuming it's for their mutual protection.

CHARLIE  
I'm really glad you're here, but  
if anybody found out--

RAINBIRD  
That doesn't matter any more,  
Charlie, nothing matters now  
but you and me. Come on up,  
Charlie. Come to John.

Charlie looks a little puzzled, there's an obvious difference in the way he's talking, the way he's looking at her.

CHARLIE  
My father should be here any  
minute.

RAINBIRD  
I know that. Hurry up, Charlie,  
come to me now.

His voice has an hypnotic effect on her. She places her foot on the bottom rung and Rainbird looks down at her with blazing, lover's eyes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Andy and Cap come in. They both see Charlie starting up the ladder to the upper loft.

ANDY  
Charlie!

His daughter spins around, sees him. Great joy floods through her.

CHARLIE  
Oh, Daddy--

ANDY  
Come here, sweetheart!

She runs into his arms. As he hugs her--

CHARLIE  
Is it true, are we really going away?

ANDY  
Yes, baby, we really are.

Charlie looks at Cap wonderingly, then leans to her father's ear and whispers--

CHARLIE  
You pushed him.

ANDY  
(whispering back)  
You're right.

Charlie turns back from him, gives the bemused Cap another look, then stares up at the loft, where Rainbird now cannot be seen.

CHARLIE  
My friend John is here.

ANDY  
(tensing)  
The orderly?

CHARLIE  
He's up there. Couldn't we take him with us, if he wants to come?

ANDY  
(low, urgent, but careful)  
Charlie, he's the one who shot us, he brought us here.

Charlie stares at him.

CHARLIE  
Oh, no, Daddy. That's John, he took care of my room.

ANDY  
No, he's one of them.

Charlie is stunned, her face suddenly looks ravaged. She turns it up to the loft.

CHARLIE  
It isn't true, is it?

RAINBIRD  
Yes, Charlie, it's true.

Now he raises his gun, points it at Andy.

You tricked me! CHARLIE

Her hand goes to her throat in memory of the dart.

You lied to me! CHARLIE

Lied to you? No. I mixed up the truth, Charlie, that's all I ever did. And I did it to keep you alive. RAINBIRD

(in a rage)  
You come down here before I set everything on fire! I can do it! CHARLIE

(in his soft voice)  
I know you can. But if you do, you're going to burn up a lot of horses. Can't you hear them? RAINBIRD

Once he has called it to her attention, she can. They are nearly mad with fear, whinnying and battering at their latched doors.

#### OUTSIDE THE STABLE - DAY

The orderly who brought Charlie to the stable, is coming back toward it now, gun in hand. He is followed by GROUNDSKEEPERS. Pynchot is running with them. The DOBERMANS are barking, being released. Shop AGENTS are running and unbuttoning coats to free their weapons. Cap's SECRETARY JOSIE is running too, her gun in her hand. Total commotion, a SIREN begins to wail. GATES BETWEEN THE SHOP AND THE OUTSIDE WORLD slide shut and lock automatically. A VOICE IS SHOUTING THROUGH A LOUDSPEAKER--

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Condition bright yellow! I say again,  
condition bright yellow. No drill.  
Converge on stables. Use caution.  
It's the girl, and she's using it!  
Repeat, she's using it!!

#### BACK TO ANDY, RAINBIRD, CAP AND CHARLIE IN THE STABLE

They react to the sound of the SIREN (O.S.), but Charlie's attention is still primarily focused on the dilemma of destroying the horses if she does burn up the barn.

RAINBIRD

(knowing this)

Necromancer is in one of those stables...

Charlie's breath catches in her throat. She turns toward the bucket of water again and is now badly frightened. MUSIC AND SOUND ON THE TRACK, plus Charlie's SHAKING, her terrified eyes, tell us that her power is trembling on the edge of her ability to control it, and in another moment--

No!

CHARLIE

Her teeth gritted, as it is going to blow loose--

Back off!

CHARLIE

--and just go sky high.

CHARLIE  
BACK OFF, BACK OFF, DO YOU HEAR  
ME, BACK OFF!!

This time the half-full bucket does not just steam. It comes to an instant, furious boil. A moment later the chrome faucet just over the bucket twists once, spins like a propeller, and then blows off the pipe jutting from the wall. The fixture flies the length of the stable like a rocket payload and caromes off the far wall. Water gushes from the pipe. Cold water. But moments after the water spurts out it turns to steam and a hazy mist fills the corridor between the stalls. Andy and Rainbird wait in fear that Charlie may not be able to control the power.

BACK OFF!!

CHARLIE

And the relief in the music, which has reached a crescendo, informs us that she is getting control, she can pull it down. Then the music and the sound STOP, and Charlie stands shivering.

CHARLIE

(in a low voice)

What more do you want? Why can't  
you just let us go?

RAINBIRD

No one thinks you can just be let  
go. I don't think even your father  
(cont.)

RAINBIRD (cont.)  
thinks so. You're dangerous, Charlie,  
and you know it. We could let you  
go and the next men who grab you  
might be Russians--

CHARLIE  
That's not my fault!

RAINBIRD  
No, of course it isn't. And I  
don't care about all that, anyway.  
I never did. I only care about you.  
Now climb up to me. Don't make  
me shoot your father.

ANDY  
Don't listen to him, Charlie.  
But Charlie is trembling, afraid for him.

CHARLIE  
(to Rainbird)  
You won't hurt him if I come up.

RAINBIRD  
You've got my real word.  
Andy steps to her, takes her arm--

ANDY  
Don't do it, baby--  
But she is pulling away from him.

CHARLIE  
Do you promise he'll be all right?

RAINBIRD  
Yes.

Now Charlie almost runs to the ladder. At the same time  
Andy realizes what he must do, and as he yells out--

ANDY  
(to Cap)  
Kill him!

--he tackles Charlie, pulling her to the ground. Cap, reacting  
to the powerful PUSH, draws his gun and races forward, firing  
wildly up at where he thinks Rainbird must be.

## FEATURING RAINBIRD

As bullets fly by him, barely missing him, forcing him to react by leaning forward out of his hiding place, firing down at Cap.

FROM BELOW

Where Andy looks up from the ground as Rainbird is exposed above. At the same moment that Cap is struck in the forehead by Rainbird's single bullet, Andy shouts out with all the remnants of his power--

ANDY  
Jump!! (at Rainbird)

## FEATURING RAINBIRD

unable to resist the PUSH, but his face twisted in the effort. He must, and does, PUSH HIMSELF AWAY FROM THE EDGE OF THE OVERHEAD LOFT WITH ONE HARD THRUST OF HIS ARMS.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIS FALL TO THE GROUND

But he is still holding the gun. And even when he hits the floor badly and sprawls forward with a broken leg, he holds on to it. He raises it, points it at Andy, FIRES!

No! No! CHARLIE

At the same time, ANDY'S HEAD SNAPS VICIOUSLY TO THE RIGHT, and blood flies from the left side of his neck in a flood!

CHARLIE  
(screaming, clapping hands  
to her face)  
No! Daddy! Daddy!

RAINBIRD  
(on the ground, murmuring)  
Charlie. Charlie, look at me.

But the child runs to her father, bends to embrace him. He is not yet dead.

RAINBIRD  
Charlie.

Charlie turns to him. He is sprawled on his belly, steadying the gun with both hands. He is smiling.

There. So I can see your eyes.  
I love you, Charlie.

And he fires. The power leaps crazily out of Charlie, totally out of control, on its way to Rainbird.

SLOW MOTION

it VAPORIZES the chunk of lead that would otherwise have buried itself in Charlie's brain. For a moment it seems that a high wind is rippling Rainbird's clothes, but it is not just rippling, running like rippling. It is the flesh itself, bones that are already charring and blackening and flaming.

NORMAL SPEED

The horses in the stalls go made with fear. A ripple runs along the doors of the stalls, and the latches fall off, twisted out of shape by the heat.

AND THE BACK OF THE STABLE (IN SLOW MOTION) IS BLOWN

out in a tangle of smoking timbers and boards as the power passes Rainbird and bellows onward, like something shot from a psychic cannon. The splintered shrapnel whistles for sixty yards or more in a widening fan, and THOSE SHOP AGENTS who have been standing in its path might as well have been hit by a broadside blast of hot grapeshot. One AGENT is neatly decapitated by a whirling slice of barnboard siding. The ONE NEXT TO HIM, is cut in two by a beam that comes whirling through the air like a runaway propellor. A THIRD has an ear clipped off by a smoking chunk of wood.

NOW HORSES ARE FLEEING OUT OF THE STABLE

and OUTSIDE THE AGENTS and GUARDS are turning and running, half insane with fear. The back of the stable looks as if half a dozen sticks of dynamite have gone off there. Tumbled, burning beams frame a blackened hole that is perhaps twenty-five feet across.

CHARLIE FALLS BESIDE HER FATHER

Horses run past them.

CHARLIE  
(whimpering)  
Daddy...Daddy?

Charlie...come here...get closer...  
ANDY

Oh, Daddy, you're bleeding...  
CHARLIE

No time...listen, Charlie...  
ANDY  
don't waste your tears on me...

Don't talk, Daddy, rest...  
CHARLIE

No. Time.  
ANDY

(manages to get on one arm)  
You have to get away if you can.  
If you have to kill the ones in your  
way, Charlie, do it. It's a war.  
(his voice failing now)  
You get away if you can, Charlie.  
Do it for m're. Do you understand?

Charlie nods. Overhead, near the back, another rafter lets  
go in a flaming Catherine wheel of orange-yellow sparks.  
We HEAR the music and sound on track as the heat rushes out  
at them as if from an open furnace flue.

Make it--  
ANDY  
(coughs up blood, forces  
the words out)  
--make it so they can never do anything  
like this again. Burn it down, Charlie.  
Burn it all down!

Daddy--  
CHARLIE

Go on, now, before it all goes up.  
ANDY

I can't leave you.  
CHARLIE  
(shaking, helpless voice)

Andy smiles, pulls her even closer, as if to whisper in  
her ear. But instead he kisses her.

--love you, Ch--  
ANDY

And he dies.

OUTSIDE THE STABLE COMMOTION CONTINUES

Wild agents are shooting at everything, the horses are galloping past them. Pynchot is running between TWO AGENTS.

PYNCHOT  
Stop! Stop, dammit! Stop shooting  
the horses!

A WOMAN AGENT  
(screaming)  
The girl!

(pointing)  
THE GIRL!

CAMERA SWINGS, AND THERE IS CHARLIE STANDING

with her head down, small and deadly in her denim jumper and dark-blue knee socks, trenches of fire already beginning to radiate from her toward them, like strands of some deadly spider's web. She is submerged in the power, and it is a relief. Trenches of fire race across the grass toward the ragged line of men. Some of them are breaking now, running. Charlie skews one of the lines of fire to the right with a mild twist of her head, and Pynchot and the Two Agents are engulfed, their clothes becoming so many burning rags.

THE ORDERLY FIRES AT CHARLIE

Something whizzes by her head. She PUSHES at him so suddenly and with such great force--

THAT A WRECKING BALL OF A GREAT INVISIBLE CRANE MIGHT HAVE  
HAVE STRUCK HIM

He flies forty feet, not a man anymore, but a boiling ball  
of fire.

THEN ALL THE ATTACKERS BREAK AND RUN

and Charlie stands watching them, engulfed in her own power, thinking--"good, good for you!" She begins to walk toward the nearer of the TWO HOUSES which stand a little distance from the BARN.

windows break like gunshots. The ivy trellis bursts into arteries of fire. The paint smokes, bubbles, flames. Fire runs up onto the roof like grasping hands.

ONE OF THE DOORS BURSTS OPEN

a whooping, panicked bray of a fire alarm, and TWO DOZEN SECRETARIES, TECHNICIANS AND ANALYSTS come piling out, running across the lawn toward the fence, veering away from death by electricity.

CHARLIE TURNS THE POWER FROM THEM ONTO THE FENCE

The neat chain-link diamonds droop and run and weep molten metal tears. The fence overloads, shorts out segment after segment.

THE DOGS ARE GOING MAD NOW

their coats stand out in crazy spikes. - They rush into the erupting fence, fly straight up into the air.

FROM THE SHOP MOTOR POOL

an armored Cadillac limousine with government plates races out. The sunroof is open and a MAN'S HEAD AND TORSO pokes through it. Elbows braced on the roof, he begins to fire a light submachine gun at Charlie.

SHE TURNS HER POWER ON THE ARMORED CAR

Its gas tank explodes, enveloping the rear of the car, the tailpipe shoots into the air like a javelin. The man is incinerated, the limousine's special self-sealing tires run like tallow.

FROM THE SECOND HOUSE

Secretaries and others are fleeing. The house where Rainbird betrayed Charlie. She turns her power on it.

THE SECOND HOUSE AS CHARLIE FOCUSES ON IT (MODEL SHOT)

The chimney rises into the sky like a brick rocketship. Beneath it the twenty-five room house disintegrates. Stone, lengths of board, rise into the air.

A SECRETARY'S CHAIR, THE SWIVEL SEAT WHIRLING MADLY

is flung out of sight with the speed of a bolt shot from a crossbow.

CHARLIE AND THE DUCKPOND

125.

struggling. CAN SHE STOP? She makes a huge effort, turns her power into the duckpond. The whole pond, roughly fifty feet across and four feet deep, is boiling!

AND NOW, OVERHEAD, THE HELICOPTER IS APPROACHING

thinking to pick up Cap, Andy, and the girl.

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

the PILOT and ONE GUARD look down in horror at the devastation below.

WITH CHARLIE

looking up. She wrenches her power from the pond, flings it upward.

AND THE MACHINE IS STRUCK AND HIT BY IT

and it becomes a firecracker of glass and metal, and the shards spin burning to the ground.

CHARLIE STANDS ALONE

sobbing, but joyous... She looks around. The fires are burning down, the pond is cooling.

CHARLIE  
For you, Daddy...

EXT. THE MANDERS' FARM - DAY

Norma Manders is working on some flowers with a small spade. She HEARS a truck approaching, and with her we turn to SEE a battered vehicle coming along toward the farm house. Her eyes widen in surprise, conflicting emotions cloud them, as she sees Charlie coming down from the truck, turning to thank the driver. Charlie takes one or two steps forward, comes to a halt, not knowing if she will be welcome. She and Norma remain positioned for a long moment, then--

NORMA  
Irv. Come out here.

ON CHARLIE

waiting, praying.

FULL SHOT CHARLIE, NORMA AND IRV

As the farmer comes out of his house, an unlit pipe in one hand, a tamper in the other.

CONTINUED:

NORMA

Look who's here.

Charlie takes another three steps, stops again. Norma is looking at her husband who gives an affirmative nod to her, and begins smiling. Norma rises from her flowers, starts walking toward Charlie. Charlie moves to her, and finally they meet, and Norma sweeps the little girl up in her arms. Irv Manders smiles more broadly.

EXT. NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING - NEW YORK - DAY

Charlie enters shot, Irv and Norma Manders with her. They go in through the doors.

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICES - THE NEW YORK TIMES - DAY

The RECEPTIONIST is just hanging up the phone, as Charlie comes in with Irv and his wife, from an elevator across the way.

RECEPTIONIST

(with a smile)

Yes, dear?

CHARLIE

I'd like to see somebody.  
About a story.

RECEPTIONIST

(nice, but condescending)

Really? And what kind of story do we have?

CHARLIE

I'll tell them.

RECEPTIONIST

(frowns)

They're very busy now.

Charlie focuses on her, a small PUSH.

CHARLIE

It's important.

And as the receptionist, in Charlie's power, reaches for the phone--

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

THE END