

HEMOGLOBIN

by

Charles Adair, Ron Shusett, Dan O'Bannon

rewrite by

Gerald Sindell

Producer: Ed Elbert

January 22, 1986

TITLE UP: "DELFT, HOLLAND. 1652."

1 EXT. VERMEER'S STUDIO - DAY 1

The camera brushes past a wooden sign, tooled with gold: "Jan Vermeer".

2 INT. VERMEER'S STUDIO - DAY 2

This is the mammoth room with the black-and-white checkerboard floor and huge east window made famous by the master in every painting he did. VERMEER (young 20's) is working on a commission: a portrait of a well-to-do aristocratic WOMAN.

The subject's back is to us. We cannot see her face.

NARRATOR

Countess EVA VAN DAAM, second in line to the House of Orange and blood relation to the House of Hanover, was a narcissist - one of the great ones. Unable to make love to herself, she settled on her own twin brother as the only suitable substitute.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON THE WOMAN'S PORTRAIT. Through Vermeer's eye and the skill of his hand, we are permitted to see the details of her appearance. She is a pale, consumptive beauty, wearing several pieces of weirdly, evocatively carved ivory.

NARRATOR

When the British Navy defeated the Dutch in 1652, the King's physicians were sent to evaluate the progress of science among the conquered. His Majesty was astounded at the reports of hemophilia and other, previously unknown diseases running rampant among the nobility, as a result of their custom of intermarriage, and more shockingly, their odious penchant for incest.

THE UPPER PART OF THE FACE - INCLUDING THE EYES - IS ONLY SKETCHED - NOT YET PAINTED. Just charcoal lines on white canvas.

NARRATOR (Cont'd)

When Eva Van Daam learned that her favorite pastime had been banned, she packed up her clan - her brother, her cousins, nieces and nephews - and transplanted them to the New World.

The SOUND OF A HEARTBEAT, sneaks in.

NARRATOR (Cont'd)
 Building a great mansion there, she
 gradually closed the doors to outsiders.
 Eventually, the Van Daam clan disappeared
 from view...

CAMERA MOVES INTO A TIGHT CLOSE-UP OF THE PAINTED FACE as Vermeer starts to paint in one of the EYES...

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. BLOODSTREAM

3

The SOUND of the heartbeat is now matched by the IMAGES of RED CORPUSCLES HURTLING PAST US - hostile - fighting, not flowing, with each other.

TITLES UP: "HEMOGLOBIN."

FADE IN:

4 INT. TAXI - DAY

4

An intense feeling of urgency permeates the back seat of the taxi, where an unusual couple peer anxiously at the streets flashing past them. The woman is KATHLEEN, twenties, beautiful, large, and strong. Her apprehension is focused on her husband, JOHN, maybe a year or two younger than she, who is dressed elegantly in a white suit, dark sunglasses hiding his eyes. He is pale to the point of bluish, and using all his strength to keep his grip on the cab strap as they hurtle through the streets.

CAB DRIVER
 You want the South pier?

KATHLEEN
 If that's where the ferry is...

5 EXT. SAVANNAH, GEORGIA - DAY

5

The taxi passes through a busy business street, modern stores, drive-in banks, a Burger King.

INT. TAXI

Kathleen is concentrating on John, ready for anything. His eyes close and he starts to pitch forward. She grabs him, and he is startled back to consciousness.

KATHLEEN
 You have to eat something!

JOHN
 (ignoring her)
 You really want to spend our last days
 together on some God-forsaken island? We
 could be headed for Paris, right now!

She will never give in (at least in front of him) to the idea that these could be his last days.

KATHLEEN

It's not our last days together! You can't give up so easily.

(she rummages in her purse,
finds an apple)

Here...

She holds it in her bare hands and expertly splits it. This girl's as strong as John is frail. She hands him a half, then suddenly changes her mind and takes it back.

KATHLEEN

(picking out the seeds)

Don't eat the seeds. Contain cyanide.

She hands the apple to him and watches him valiantly try to eat. He takes small bites, chewing thoroughly, swallowing like it's medicine.

JOHN

What about Bermuda - a honeymoon cottage, an isolated beach of pink sand... Whatever happened to our honeymoon, anyway?

CAB DRIVER

You folks going over to the island?

KATHLEEN

Right.

CAB DRIVER

Sure you don't want to wait and see which way the storm's gonna' go?

KATHLEEN

No time.

6 EXT. SAVANNA PIER - DAY

6

The taxi pulls up to the foot of a pier.

Kathleen pays the driver while John carefully gets out. For the first time, we see that he has a cane which he uses more for balance than support. John is struggling to maintain some sort of dignity in the face of physical collapse.

Kathleen easily hefts two large suitcases from the trunk and catches up to John, who is already walking down to the pier.

7 EXT. FERRY GANGWAY - DAY

7

A thirty-five foot barge of questionable seaworthiness rocks at its moorings as several large boxes are carried from the boat to a waiting maroon van.

REVERSE ANGLE

On Kathleen and John as they walk toward the ferry, trying to see what's going on.

BACK TO FERRY

A closer POV. Now we can read the gold lettering on the van: "WEAVER COUNTY OFFICE OF THE CORONER."

CLOSE ON JOHN

Surprised.

JOHN

How thoughtful. Sent the coroner to meet me.

ANGLE ON THE FERRY

A sign that curves over the gangway frames the scene. It reads: VAN DAAM ISLAND FERRY. The workers are struggling with the last of six simple pine coffins, which they are carrying off the ferry and stacking on the pier. The coffins appear to be fresh from the ground with dirt still clinging to them.

WORKER

Easy with it! It ain't made of much...

8 EXT. FERRY - DAY

8

Kathleen and John cross paths with the workers carrying the coffin, and step on the barge. The ferry operator, Linda, gives them a hand on.

FERRYWOMAN

We're going to shove right off - want to get in before the storm.

Kathleen guides John to a railing at the front of the craft. There are no seats, so he braces himself against the railing, Kathleen, and his cane.

The boat pulls away from the dock.

KATHLEEN AND JOHN'S POV OF THE PIER

The workers are trying to lift the coffin from the ground to carry it toward the truck. They get it half-raised, but the worker at one end lets it slip away from him and his end slams into the pier. The bottom breaks loose, and a shroud-wrapped corpse falls to the ground and rolls off the pier into the water.

ANGLE ON KATHLEEN AND JOHN

In shocked disbelief. They look at each other as if to say: 'Did you see what I just saw?'

JOHN

Make sure they don't do that to me.

KATHLEEN

(please don't torture me)

John!

ANGLE ON THE FERRYWOMAN

Eyes ahead on the horizon, oblivious to the commotion on the dock behind her.

FERRYWOMAN

You folks going over to visit the family plot?

JOHN

We're on our honeymoon.

FERRYWOMAN

Most folks cross over to pay their respects.

KATHLEEN

It's just a cemetery over there?

FERRYWOMAN

Two cemeteries. Rich and poor.

John gives Kathleen an 'I told you so' look.

JOHN

Charming place to take a dying man.

KATHLEEN

(clutching at straws)

But doesn't anybody live there? We heard there's a hotel...

JOHN

(virtually to himself)

London has some nice hotels...

FERRYWOMAN

For the mourners. And there're some fishing families.

Kathleen turns to John who is staring off at the sea.

KATHLEEN

There's still a chance, John. As long as there's a chance, we have to go. It'll only take a day.

JOHN

And then we go where I want to go, if I'm still around?

KATHLEEN
(knowng she might be lying)
You'll be around.

JOHN
(AS HE STARTS TO FAINT)
I'm not so sure...

And suddenly his eyes go blank, and he reaches out for support he cannot see.

CRASH! JOHN'S CANE HITS THE DECK. HIS KNEES BUCKLE AND HE FALLS.

JOHN
Kathleen...

KATHLEEN
Oh, God!

The ferrywoman rushes over to try and help. Kathleen rummages frantically through her purse.

KATHLEEN (Cont'd)
Don't let him swallow his tongue!

Kathleen finds what she is looking for:

CLOSE UP - A LARGE MEDICINE BOTTLE WITH A RUBBER STOPPER, LABELLED "POISON...DO NOT INGEST".

John is out cold.

KATHLEEN
(to the Ferrywoman)
Please get my luggage! Quickly!

The Ferrywoman dashes to the back.

CLOSE UP - THE BOTTLE OF MEDICINE in Kathleen's hand.

KATHLEEN (Cont'd)
(to the Ferrywoman)
Hurry!

The Ferrywoman has already yanked two large suitcases from the storage rack behind the cabin, and started back to her.

KATHLEEN
The medical bag...

She takes it from her, digs out a syringe, and tears it open. To do so, she has to put down the medicine bottle.

CLOSE UP: MEDICINE BOTTLE

Sitting on the deck near the edge. The ferrywoman, in her anxiety, BUMPS THE MEDICINE BOTTLE. IN ONE SWIFT MOVEMENT, THE BOTTLE FALLS INTO THE OCEAN. SPLASH!

KATHLEEN
(hearing the sound)
What?!

FERRYWOMAN
Jesus Christ, I bumped it with my foot!

KATHLEEN
Get it! GET IT!

FERRYWOMAN
It's gone, lady.

Kathleen looks out to the ocean.

9 KATHLEEN'S POV

9

An island, far in the distance.

BACK TO SCENE

KATHLEEN
We'll have to go back!

FERRYWOMAN
They have a doctor over there.

KATHLEEN
Then keep going! As fast as you can.
Please!

CUT TO:

10 EXT. PAUPER'S CEMETERY - DAY

10

CLOSE on the blade of a bulldozer as it churns through the wet clay, peeling back a layer and revealing a pine box.

WIDER ANGLE

A WOMAN is at the controls - YOLANDA, (mid-30's). She holds up the machine and calls out. In the background, similar teams are working away. And as we'll see in the town, attractive women are everywhere, doing masculine jobs.

WOMAN
Hey, Byrde! Wanna check one?

ANGLE ON BYRDE

BYRDE's been running this island her own way for a long time, and she isn't overly concerned what others think of her. In the Old West she probably would have been a madam. She's striding up to the hole that's just been scooped. A COUNTY INSPECTOR tries to keep up with her.

ANGLE ON THE GRAVE

Byrde's carrying a large map of the graves with numbers and names written all over it, and a crowbar.

BYRDE

John Doe number two-four-six. Eleven months in the ground.

And she skillfully jams the crowbar under the lid and pries away. Using the bar to hold up the corner, she peeks inside the coffin, then lets the inspector have a look.

BYRDE

(casually)

Nothing here worth exhuming...

The inspector takes out a tiny pocket flashlight and uses it to check the contents. He shakes his head in disapproval and taps the outside of the box.

INSPECTOR

Substandard materials. The county expects two good years of wear. You aren't giving us six months...

BYRDE

(trying to bluster him out of her life)

You don't know what the horsepie you're talking about. Ain't nothing 'cept bronze gonna' give you two years in this ground and I don't think the governor's expects to get that for forty dollars a head... —

INSPECTOR

The bid says two years of protection. It's another violation.

BYRDE

I need to talk to the governor! Every time he runs for office he talks to me quick enough, looking for either a contribution or gratification...

(she yells to a beautiful eighteen-year-old girl who's been tagging along)

Alice, what the hell are you doin' out here? You're supposed to be trying to reach the Governor.

ALICE
 (ignores the threatening
 tone)
 I did. They say he's out fishing.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. VAN DAAM DOCK AREA - DAY

11

THE FERRYBOAT approaches the island's main DOCKING AREA, with a big sign "VAN DAAM'S ISLAND. POP. 85." On the dock, several young girls are working.

One stands at a makeshift flower stall offering wilted-looking roses and other funeral bouquets and wreathes. But stranger still is the MUSIC. An ancient pump organ is operated by two children - one on her hands and knees, working the foot-pedal bellows with her hands, and the other playing a strange reggae-like funeral hymn. A third child plays the same tune on a steel drum.

CUT TO:

ON DECK, Kathleen holds John. She looks up and takes in their destination.

12 KATHLEEN'S POV

12

The dock, and beyond that, a few buildings clustered into what might be called a town, with a church and its picket-fenced cemetery far in the distance, and ranging on the hills behind the town, the large, half torn-up paupers' cemetery that the women are bulldozing.

-PRODUCTION NOTE: VAN DAAM ISLAND is a genetic hothouse, a fantasy of inbreeding run amuck. Not only are the women (we never see the men) remarkable mixtures of black, Cajun, oriental and European, the flowers, trees, and animals are often unique to this place. And the buildings are almost as strange - all of them dressed to appear as if they are tilted, out-of-square.

THE DOCK

The ferry lands and with the ferrywoman's help, KATHLEEN gathers John and heads toward:

A PICKUP, driven by Yolanda. (It has a massive gun rack with three rifles - throughout the story, Yolanda's motif is guns, traps, bait - anything that catches or kills.)

KATHLEEN
 Can you tell me where the doctor is?

YOLANDA
 Yes, ma'am, he's just up over to...

But she's interrupted by BYRDE, who screeches up in her twenty-year-old Cadillac hearse, carrying the inspector. She just about pushes him onto the ferry.

YOLANDA (Cont'd)

...just ask her.

INSPECTOR

The orders are to remove every intact corpse. That doesn't mean "most."

BYRDE

You can tell Governor Billy that he's gonn'a have to come out here and make an inspection himself. I'm not allowing any half-decayed bodies to be dragged around this town. It's a hazard to the general population!!

Kathleen finally gets a word in.

KATHLEEN

(frantic)

We need the doctor. Where is he?

BYRDE

(seeing her for the first time)

We can get you to the Doctor in the water taxi, Honey, but I already have some insulin handy for my husband.

KATHLEEN

My husband is not diabetic! Where's the taxi?

BYRDE

Alice! Alice!

ANGLE, ANOTHER PART OF THE DOCK. A JAZZY-LOOKING WATER TAXI is parked there. Alice, the beautiful eighteen-year-old comes running up.

ALICE

What, Mother?

BYRDE

Get these folks to Doc Mollo fast, and when they're done, bring them over to the hotel and I'll have a bed fixed up.

ALICE

(taking a limp John under one arm)

What's wrong with him?

KATHLEEN

(taking the other arm)

We have to hurry!

13 EXT. WATER TAXI - DAY

13

They get John inside and lay him on some blankets on the bottom. Directly above him, a sweet-looking white girl, FLORA (7), watches everything with intense interest. Her bangs always seem to cover one or the other of her eyes.

Alice grabs the wheel and tries to start the taxi's engine. She fails on two attempts.

KATHLEEN
Hurry, please!

ALICE
(fumbling with ignition)
They don't let me drive this too often...

KATHLEEN
WHAT?

ZOOM! WITH A TREMENDOUS SURGE OF POWER, THE TAXI SHOOTS AWAY FROM THE DOCK.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. ISLAND - DAY

14

LONG SHOT, as the WATER TAXI shoots at full-bore speed around the edge of it. Alice is being fearless, in fact creative, about rocks and other obstacles in her way.

15 INT. WATER TAXI - DAY

15

Kathleen rummages in a suitcase. John lies without moving.

KATHLEEN
(searching frantically)
All in one bottle! He can't die just because I was stupid!

ANGLE ON THE TAXI

Skimming in and out of dangerous-looking rock formations.

CLOSER ON TAXI

Alice is very interested in Kathleen and John.

ALICE
You folks from Savannah?

Kathleen looks up from her search.

KATHLEEN
We're from Wisconsin.

ALICE
Is that a big city?

KATHLEEN
It's a state. We're from the city of
Minneapolis. It's pretty big.

ALICE
Do you like it there?

Kathleen senses that the girl is really trying to find out something.

KATHLEEN
Yes, we do. We like the people and we like
the changing weather. It snows in the
winter...

ALICE
I don't know if I'd like snow...

16 EXT. DR. MOLLO'S DOCK - DAY

16

They are approaching a shoreside home, small, painted white, with a manicured lawn and a perfect vegetable garden in the back yard - THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE.

At the dock is a small powerboat which sports a Red Cross flag.

THE WATER TAXI smashes into his dock.

ALICE and KATHLEEN, each supporting one arm, carry the unconscious JOHN up the dock and across the lawn toward the house. FLORA follows them - not frantic, just interested.

ALICE
Doc!

DR. MOLLO, (40's) a large and handsome black man, hurries out of the house, and walks swiftly toward them.

DR. MOLLO
What is this?

KATHLEEN
My husband's having a seizure.

He picks John up gracefully, as though he weighed nothing, and starts with him toward the house.

KATHLEEN
(to the doctor)
I'll be right there!

She runs back to the taxi and drags out her bags.

ANGLE ON DR. MOLLO

He looks down at JOHN with great gentleness. John's nose is running with blood, and his white jacket is stained with blood. In spite of the blood, Dr.

Mollo's arms seem like a good safe place to be. Flora tags along.

FLORA

Is he dead yet?

17 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

17

DR. MOLLO, carrying JOHN, enters the house, just as ALICE grabs FLORA by the arm, keeping her from entering.

ALICE

You stay here.

FLORA

(struggling)

I want to watch!

Kathleen struggles up with the bags.

18 INT. DR. MOLLO'S HOUSE - DAY

18

Filled with books, clearly the site of an active research project. The walls around several worktables are covered with hand-drawn charts, some of which resemble family trees.

DR. MOLLO carries JOHN through his living room/study, past the waiting room, and into his surgery. KATHLEEN follows.

When MOLLO speaks, his voice is deep, resonant.

DR. MOLLO

Why do you say it's a seizure?

KATHLEEN

He's had these before. I'm a nurse.

19 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

19

(Blue fluorescence). An ordinary, small examination room with an X-ray unit, refrigerator, lab table, and shelves and shelves of medicines, instruments, and carefully labeled specimens, with one peculiarity: all the furniture is bolted to the floor, and all the medicines and instruments are attached to the wall with metal clamps as if to keep them from falling, like a sickbay in a ship at sea.

Doctor Mollo yanks open John's shirt.

CLOSE UP, JOHN'S CHEST. IT IS COVERED WITH STRANGE WHITE SCARS.

DR. MOLLO

Holy Moses. What are these?

KATHLEEN

(handing him a piece of paper
she finally found in her
files)

Do you have these ingredients?

DR. MOLLO

(bloodying the paper with
his hands)

Yes...well, yes...

KATHLEEN

(an order)

We need them - in those exact proportions!

DR. MOLLO

(Mystified)

Why?

KATHLEEN

An injection!

DR. MOLLO

This formula is outrageous.

KATHLEEN

(forcing herself to be calm)

Doctor, my husband was being treated at
Meninger with this formula. His case is
unique!

DR. MOLLO

I must examine him first! What are those
scars!

KATHLEEN

We don't have time!

SHE STARES HIM DOWN. He goes to his shelves and starts
collecting ingredients.

DR. MOLLO

(an unhappy man)

I hope my instincts aren't playing me false.

Kathleen goes to the examination table and checks John's pulse.

KATHLEEN

Where do you keep your syringes?

DR. MOLLO

(measuring and mixing)

Top right-hand drawer. This is going to
kill him.

Kathleen dashes to the drawer and opens it.

CLOSE UP, DRAWER. All the syringes are clamped into place. Kathleen struggles to remove one.

KATHLEEN

Why is everything clamped in?

DR. MOLLO

The island is tilted. One must be careful with surfaces.

She manages to extract the proper sized needle and unwraps it.

KATHLEEN

Give that to me!

DR. MOLLO

(pouring the serum into a flask)

I want to spin this in the centrifuge first.

JOHN'S OTHER NOSTRIL ERUPTS WITH BLOOD.

KATHLEEN

(grabbing the flask from him)

Pull down his pants!

She plunges the syringe into the flask, fills it, and rushes to John.

DR. MOLLO

I'll...

KATHLEEN

He hasn't got many veins left. I know where they are!

Kathleen exposes John's buttocks. Porcelain, with delicate blonde hairs and many needle marks.

Kathleen injects the liquid into John's flesh. She pulls out the needle. This is the first moment Kathleen has been able to let down for even an instant since the bottle went over the edge.

KATHLEEN

(finally has a moment to answer his question)

He doesn't know where the scars came from. He's always had them.

Kathleen steps back and stares at John - observing.

DR. MOLLO

What now?

KATHLEEN

Now we wait.

20 EXT. DR. MOLLO'S BACK YARD - DAY

20

ALICE and FLORA sit near the garden, watching the storm clouds form over the hills. Flora plays with a red transistor radio, and then extracts a crumpled pack of Camels from her pinafore. She lights one up.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...latest reports are that Hurricane Bruce appears to be moving erratically toward the mainland. Authorities are adopting a wait-and-see attitude before initiating any major evacuation.

Flora looks up at:

MAMMOTH, NASTY CLOUD FORMATION. A BREEZE BLOWS OUT HER MATCH.

ALICE

They've been out of their holes for two weeks, but Groundhog's Day isn't for three months.

FLORA

Maybe the groundhogs are scared of the graveyard pigs.

ALICE

Who told you about the graveyard pigs?

FLORA

Ramona. Mother says there aren't any pigs, but I've heard them.

ALICE

I used to hear them, too. Long time ago, before you showed up, we used to play out by the old Indian mound. Under Thunder Point.

21 EXT. THEIR POV THUNDER POINT - DAY

21

A rounded hill overlooking the ocean. We may be able to make out a wall, and maybe the shell of an old mansion.

ALICE (Cont'd)

And sometimes, at night, I would hear them.

22 INT. DR. MOLLO'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

22

Dr. Mollo is carefully listening to John's heart. Kathleen is drawing some blood from John's arm. She expertly smears a drop into a thin film on a glass microscope slide, puts one drop from a stoppered bottle on it, and hands it to the doctor.

DR. MOLLO

(confirming)

Iodine?

He slips it into his microscope.

23 INSERT - MICROSCOPE SLIDE

23

A low-powered lens, the image racks into focus. Nothing remarkable.

ANGLE ON MOLLO

Lifts back from the scope, switches to a more powerful lens.

MICROSCOPE SLIDE

The more powerful lens. Again, racked into focus. And this time, we can see it - among the normal-looking red cells, a black spider-like cell with black ganglia reaching out.

ANGLE ON MOLLO

DR. MOLLO

What the hell is that?

KATHLEEN

Degenerative Hematoxinoma.

DR. MOLLO

I never...

KATHLEEN

(finishing his sentence)

...Heard of it. It is the only recorded case of its kind in the world.

(hands him a box of slides)

Monthly slides from the past two years. One can track the progression.

John moves slightly on the table.

JOHN

Ohhh...

DR. MOLLO

(looking at John)

Poor bastard.

KATHLEEN

(she's looking for some other papers)

Two years of tests run at Meninger's. And John spent three years at Mayo before coming to us. Prognosis: Negative, capital "N".

She hands him a sheaf of reports, and puts her suitcase back on the counter. IT RESTS THERE A MOMENT AND THEN STARTS TO SLIDE. BLAM! The suitcases slide off the lab table and crash to the floor.

KATHLEEN

Jesus!

He moves quickly to pick it up for her.

DR. MOLLO

These are caverns underneath...all the buildings are settling. If I don't clamp things down...

He demonstrates by placing a small round test tube full of red liquid on a shelf without clamping it in.

CLOSE UP, THE TEST TUBE. It doesn't move at all.

DR. MOLLO

(as if he has just proven his case)

You see? Nothing's predictable.

(sets down test tube)

So. Why have you brought him to this little island?

KATHLEEN

As far as we know, John is an orphan. The last few weeks at the clinic his treatments had begun to fail completely. Finally the hematologists said they were out of ideas. In a disease this rare, without any family history to go on, they were lost. But they felt if we could find a blood relative, then it might be possible to find something, maybe useful antibodies, or even attempt a marrow transplant.

DR. MOLLO

So. Who are John's family here?

KATHLEEN

We don't know, yet. All we know about John's family is that he was packed off to Boston as an infant, twenty-one years ago. John was raised in private institutions in Boston, on a trust fund.

DR. MOLLO

Who established the trust fund?

KATHLEEN

The Strauss family, of Van Daam's Island. We tried to find them by phone, but there weren't any listed.

DR. MOLLO

I am something of an ethnologist here, tracing family lines. I must tell you the name Strauss has never presented itself.

KATHLEEN

We came because we have a birth certificate... I called the county, to check the records. They told us they were kept on the island.

She starts rummaging through the suitcase.

DR. MOLLO

A doctor had to sign it...

KATHLEEN

Here it is.

CLOSE UP - BIRTH CERTIFICATE

The print is small and blurry.

He takes out a magnifying glass and studies the birth certificate.

DR. MOLLO

(reading)

Attending Physician: Asa Peterson.

Witnessed by Lexie Heard.

(to Kathleen)

Peterson died four years ago. I took over his practice. Lexie was his nurse.

(he reads on)

What's this?

KATHLEEN

What?

DR. MOLLO

Under eye color, it says blue and brown. Is that correct?

KATHLEEN

Yes.

DR. MOLLO

I'd like to see that.

Dr. Mollo goes to John. He places his big fingers on John's right eyelid and delicately opens it.

IT IS BROWN.

Dr. Mollo opens the left lid.

THE EYE IS BLUE.

24 EXT. DR. MOLLO'S DOCK - DAY

24

From the WATER TAXI comes a shrieking BEEP BEEP BEEP!

ALICE rushes over to the boat and grabs a small hand mike.

ALICE

What, Mother? (Pause) Can't you dress it yourself? (Pause) Mother, these people will need a ride back. I can't just leave them... (Pause) All... all right, Mother.

She puts down the mike.

ALICE

Flora? Tell the people I had to go back to the hotel. If Dr. Mollo can't give them a ride, I'll come back.

ALICE CRANKS UP THE WATER TAXI AND TAKES OFF.

Flora wanders back toward Dr. Mollo's house.

25 INT. DR. MOLLO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

25

Kathleen and Dr. Mollo.

KATHLEEN

Is this Lexie still around here?

DR. MOLLO

Yes. She lives off by herself near the Van Daam ruins.

(indicating that he feels
Lexie is a little nuts)

She considers herself the 'caretaker'.

KATHLEEN

Does she have a phone?

DR. MOLLO

Probably. But it might not be working...

He picks up a very old telephone (with no dial) and waits.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. BONNIE'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

26

Outside the ancient mobile home, distinguished by the large telephone pole that looms over it and the web of wires that run from the pole to the trailer. Bonnie is hanging up laundry in the fierce wind. She HEARS buzzing from her trailer.

BONNIE

(to no one in particular)

Coming! Just hold on...

She bustles off.

27 INT. BONNIE'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

27

A switchboard is the most interesting piece of furniture in the place. Bonnie finally gets there.

BONNIE
 (very professional)
 Operator.
 (she listens)
 I'm sorry, Doctor. Her lines have been down
 for several weeks.

28 INT. DR. MOLLO'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

28

He puts down the phone.

DR. MOLLO
 Her phone's out. Happens often. The poles
 keep falling down.

KATHLEEN
 How do I get to her?

DR. MOLLO
 You can take the water taxi 'round in the
 morning.

29 INT. DR. MOLLO'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

29

A blue fluorescent tube is dying...flickering around the edges...

John, cleaned of blood and dressed in fresh white, lies face up
 on the table, a dead Egyptian prince lying in state.

JOHN OPENS HIS EYES AND IS AWAKE.

He was dying, and now he has awakened in a white room. His
 perception is that he is in an unearthly place.

Conscious, without his glasses. He tries his limbs...

CLUNK. The red vial, placed insecurely by Doctor Mollo earlier,
 now slips loose from its high shelf and falls to the table below.

It rolls along the tabletop, to the edge, where it falls again,
 to splatter on the floor below.

Right at the feet of Flora, who is starting at John, and his
 eyes, with deep interest.

FLORA
 Is the blue eye your mind's eye?

30 TABLEAU. John and Flora regard each other.

30

31 INT. DR. MOLLO'S LAND ROVER - AFTERNOON

31

Dr. Mollo is driving. John sits in the middle. Flora dozes in
 the back seat. The road is so narrow that the brush often
 scrapes both sides of the vehicle.

DR. MOLLO

The boat's faster, but I don't like the looks of the weather.

(he glances at his patient)

Hope this isn't too rough for you.

JOHN

No, no. Appreciate the tour...

The Rover hits a particularly nasty hole right then, just about breaking John's back. Mollo and Kathleen glance at him to see if he's still okay. John smiles as if to say nothing can kill him.

JOHN (Cont'd)

(ever the inquisitive
tourist)

Do you find the island an interesting place to practice medicine?...

DR. MOLLO

Absolutely fascinating. Did you get to look around yet?

KATHLEEN

He's been unconscious since the ferry over...

DR. MOLLO

Of course. Well, take a look around when you get a chance. This place is a bit like the Galapagos Islands - far enough away from the rest of the world so that Nature has had to do a lot of improvising.

32 EXT. ISLAND ROAD - DAY

32

Suddenly they come upon a child, walking down the road, leading a pig by a rope. They barely have room to pass each other. As the smiling face of the child goes by, they all get a good look at her. Red hair, blue eyes, black skin.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

JOHN

What remarkable looking people there are here.

DR. MOLLO

Exactly!

CUT TO:

33 EXT. PAUPER'S CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

33

The Land Rover crests a hill and is at the top of the cemetery. The bulldozers are still working.

34 INT. LAND ROVER

34

John and Kathleen watch the women at work.

JOHN

Indian ruins?

DR. MOLLO

Hardly. This is the Weaver County cemetery for the impoverished. The county needed to exhume one of the bodies for an autopsy a couple of weeks ago. Found out the coffins were hardly better than cardboard, and...

He looks around to see if Flora's awake. She is, and listening.

DR. MOLLO (Cont'd)

...there are those that say madam

(he spells it out)

b,y,r,d,e has been pocketing the difference. So they county cancelled the contract, and has demanded that all the coffins that'll hold together be dug up for re-burial on the mainland.

JOHN

Amazing. The county can just order all the bodies dug up?

DR. MOLLO

They paid for the burials. For the past twenty years or so Byrde Gordon, and before that her family for more than a hundred years, has had the contract to bury the poor. Now the only burials will be those private individuals that can afford a more romantic resting place near the church. But there's not much of that anymore.

KATHLEEN

(hating the talk of death)

Can we change the subject please?

35 EXT. HOTEL - AFTERNOON

35

The Land Rover pulls up in front of the island's one hotel - "VAN DAAM'S LANDING HOTEL & FUNERAL PARLOR". Yolanda's TRUCK pulls up right behind them.

They get out of the car. Mollo carries their luggage to the entrance of the hotel. As he opens the door, Flora dashes out and goes to her little red wagon.

KATHLEEN

Where would the official records of the island be kept?

DR. MOLLO

Reverend Shea's wife keeps them in the chapel. They are in very poor order. But call me if you have any problems. I have spent some time with them.

JOHN

(saying goodbye forever)

See you on the beach...

DR. MOLLO

Good luck with your research. And if you should need me before you go, I'm here.

Yolanda comes up from her truck, looking for the attention of the doctor.

YOLANDA

Doctor, could you look at my knee again?
It's hurtin' when I clutch.

Kathleen and John watch for a moment as Mollo gives a very close look at Yolanda's tender joint, but their attention is shifted as Flora comes tearing by, showing off, in her wagon. She screeches to a halt in a cloud of dust right in front of the hotel, hops out of the wagon, and goes in. The wagon sits there for a moment, and then begins to roll all by itself!

Kathleen and John watch it pick up a little speed and then crash into a fence.

CLOSE ON FLORA

In the front window of the hotel, watching them watch the wagon.

36 INT. HOTEL - AFTERNOON

36

Kathleen and John at the desk. They ring the bell.

ALICE comes out, to check them in. Kathleen is surprised to see her.

ALICE

Oh, hi. Sorry I had to take off. Mother called me back on the radio.

KATHLEEN

Byrde is your mother?

ALICE

Yes.

KATHLEEN

And there really is a funeral parlor in the hotel.

ALICE

Sure is. Have a funeral coming up in a couple of hours.

KATHLEEN

And this is the only hotel...

ALICE

(laughs)

If there was another one, I'd stay at it.

KATHLEEN

(laughs uncomfortably)

Well, I guess we better have a room then.

JOHN

Have you a Honeymoon Suite?

ALICE

Not exactly. How about the 'Mourner's Special?' Good bath and view of the graveyard. That'll be sixty-five dollars for the night.

JOHN

Have any guide books to the local attractions?

ALICE

Not really...

(reaches for a folded piece
of paper under the counter)

We have this plot map to the cemetery...

KATHLEEN

Can we get somebody to help us with the bags?

ALICE

I can...

She comes round to help.

ALICE (Cont'd)

The porter's out with the fishing fleet.

KATHLEEN

Aren't there any other men on this island?

ALICE

No, except for Doc Mollo.

37 INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

37

Alice puts down a case and walks out. Kathleen dumps the other bag on a rack, and then throws open the windows. John comes to her side and they take in the view together.

38 HER POINT OF VIEW

38

She sees the PAUPERS' GRAVEYARD, and the ocean beyond. Up on the hillside is the CHURCH, a stone building with a steeple.

JOHN

How romantic! Should we order up champagne?

KATHLEEN

I'm going over to the chapel and start going through the birth records.

JOHN

Sounds like fun...

KATHLEEN

You stay here and rest.

She tries to make him sit down.

JOHN

(stubbornly)

And miss the sights? Never!

Kathleen relents. She holds his arm and helps him walk.

39 EXT. CHAPEL - LATE AFTERNOON

39

John and Kathleen walk up the old, cobbled street to the old church. In the graveyard nearby, a canopy stands over an open grave. Across the door hangs a brightly colored, non-Christian, decoration. John takes a moment to admire the structure.

JOHN

(playing the tourist)

A prime example of late neo-Colonial Baptist, with a voodoo twist.

40 INT. CHAPEL - LATE AFTERNOON

40

John and Kathleen nearly trip over TOOT (20's) and BABY LILLY (gorgeous, sensual, 20's) who have spread tools and a Maintenance Manual over the floor near the door. Rainbow patterns from the stained glass windows play across their faces as they discuss what they are working on:

MONTAGE, THE CHIME MECHANISM.

TOOT

The clock...

ANGLE, THE CLOCK.

TOOT

... connects to this trigger...

ANGLE, THE TRIGGER.

TOOT
...which starts the gears...

ANGLE, BIG WOODEN GEARS.

TOOT
...that run up to the belfry.

ANGLE, LOOKING UP INTO THE BELFRY.

BABY LILLY
(sipping woozily from a Dixie
cup)
And de foot bone connected to de... oh, hi!

ANGLE, JOHN AND KATHLEEN.

KATHLEEN
Is one of you Mrs. Shea?

BABY LILLY
(quite taken with John)
No.

John smiles at her.

TOOT
She's in the office. Walk straight back
and hang a left.

KATHLEEN
Thank you.

She and John walk down the middle aisle, through the polished oak pews.

BABY LILLY
He looks so pale...

TOOT
(returning to the chimes)
You jest a normal red-blooded woman
attracted to sickness!

41 INT. CHAPEL OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

41

A TELETYPE MACHINE gives out hurricane warnings.

Mrs. SHEA, (youngish, proper, but attractive) STANDS READING THE WARNINGS.

She stops and peers over her glasses as JOHN and KATHLEEN enter.

KATHLEEN
Mrs. Shea?

MRS. SHEA

That is I.

KATHLEEN

My name is Kathleen Strauss. This is my husband. Dr. Mollo said you might be able to help us.

MRS. SHEA

I'll try. What brings you to Van Daam's Landing? Except for the funerals, we don't get many mainlanders this time of the year.

JOHN

Exactly why we're here.

MRS. SHEA

Come again?

JOHN

We hate to travel when the tourists are crowding the restaurants.

KATHLEEN

The county says all the records for the island are here. We need to look for some family birth records.

MRS. SHEA

Oh, I'm so sorry. The records are kept locked up, and I've left the keys home. We so seldom go into the records...

BABY LILLY sticks her head in.

BABY LILLY

(sipping from her Dixie cup)

Miz Shea! We done it!

MRS. SHEA

That's wonderful.

BABY LILLY

Come and listen!

MRS. SHEA

Just a minute.

BABY LILLY exits, weaving.

MRS. SHEA

(to John and Kathleen,
kindly)

I'll bring the keys tomorrow. Then you can look through the records to your heart's content.

Kathleen is visibly disappointed.

KATHLEEN
We couldn't just break the lock and fix it
tomorrow?...

MRS. SHEA
(shocked at the conception)
You really must be in a hurry!

KATHLEEN
I'm afraid we are.

MRS. SHEA
Well, we can't. It would be a dangerous
precedent. But I won't forget the key
tomorrow.

42 INT. FRONT OF CHAPEL - EVENING

42

John, Kathleen, and Mrs. Shea move through the aisle - ahead of
them, Baby Lilly and Toot toast the chimes with Dixie cups.

Baby Lilly tightens a last screw on the chime mechanism.

TOOT
What time is it?

KATHLEEN
Six o'clock.

ANGLE, THE CLOCK. Toot moves the hands to six.

Everyone watches, breathless.

43 MONTAGE, THE CHIME MECHANISM. WORKING

43

ANGLE, THE CLOCK. The hands hit six...

ANGLE, TRIGGER, which sends a signal to the:

ANGLE, GEARS, which start rotating, with a noisy clatter.

ANGLE, BELFRY, where the BELLS boom out!

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

44 MONTAGE, ISLAND

44

As the various women stop their work and listen to the beautiful
chimes:

TOWN SQUARE (HARBOR). Working WOMEN look up toward the tolling
chapel on the hill.

CLANG!

45 YOLANDA O'BRIEN'S SPORTING GOODS 45

This is an isolated building, a country store. YOLANDA is carrying a box of axes inside as she hears the sound.

CLANG!

46 PAUPER'S CEMETERY 46

GIRLS stop their football game.

CLANG!

47 DR. MOLLO'S HOUSE 47

MOLLO is getting out of his car when the bells reach him. For him, the chimes are very faint.

CLANG!

48 A BLACKENED FENCE 48

Somewhere on the island; like the Great Wall of China. The only creatures here to listen are TWO CARVED FIGURES, like winged lions.

CLANG!

49 INT. HOTEL - EVENING 49

ALICE is looking out the window.

ALICE

They've fixed the bells, Mother.

BYRDE

I don't give a shit if they eat the goddamn bells.

50 INT. JOHN & KATHLEEN'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING 50

Kathleen supports John into the room, and locks the door. Among the night SOUNDS, the strange music we heard at the dock, now wafts across the town.

JOHN

You think I need a tux for dinner?

His constant kidding about being on vacation is taking its toll on her.

KATHLEEN

(just a little testy)

You know, I'm doing this to try and keep you alive. If there's a chance you've got

(MORE)

KATHLEEN (Cont'd)
a cousin or something here, or even somebody
who moved away that we can find, then we
have to do it. I'm not giving up without
a fight. And it's just not fair of you to
torture me for bringing you here.

JOHN
(very quietly)
I thought a condemned man was supposed to
get his last wish.

She gets his pajamas out for him and starts to help him change.

KATHLEEN
You're not condemned yet.

JOHN
What about if we can't find anything
tomorrow? Could we go someplace then?

She runs a finger along a scar on his chest, kisses it, and then
kisses him on the lips. He gets a bright idea.

JOHN
There are some wonderful ways to die...

KATHLEEN
(she would love to)
It's too dangerous...

JOHN
What if there's no hope? What if we're in
Paris and it's my last night?

KATHLEEN
(tearing herself away)
No! I won't talk about it!

She gets out her medical kit and prepares a shot.

JOHN
Come on, promise me. It'll give me
something to live for.

She gives him her own promise.

KATHLEEN
If we find a cousin of yours, I'll take you
to bed and you're gonna be looking for your
brains.

And gives him the shot.

JOHN
(drifting off)
Hell of a way to change the subject...

She lights up a cigarette and stands watching, as he falls asleep.

She listens to him breathe for a moment, then flashes a penlight into his eyes to check the dilation. She doesn't like what she sees.

Quickly, she finds a syringe in her bag, draws blood, and fixes a slide.

Then she leaves the room, closing the door quietly behind herself.

51 INT. HOTEL - EVENING

51

She comes downstairs. No one is in the lobby. She looks around and sees a door with a sign on it: "BYRDE U. GORDON, MAYOR." The door is closed.

Beyond it is another door, open: "FUNERAL PARLOR." She looks through and sees them preparing flowers for a funeral.

KATHLEEN

Alice, can you take me somewhere in the water taxi?

ALICE

I'm sorry, I have to help with the flowers.

KATHLEEN

Oh. When do you think you'll be finished?

ALICE

Midnight at least. Can you drive a boat?

KATHLEEN

Sure.

ALICE

Then take the keys.

KATHLEEN

Thanks. I'll be careful with it. And if I'm not back in an hour, could you see that some food gets up to my husband? A sandwich or some fruit?...

ALICE

Count on it.

She goes outside.

52 EXT. DOCK - EVENING

52

Kathleen goes to the water taxi. The water is very choppy, and the wind beginning to get blustery. She takes an evaluating look at the ocean, and gets in the boat anyway. She starts it up, and roars away down the coast of the island.

53 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR PREPARATION ROOM - EVENING

53

Alice comes through the double doors and watches her mother fiddle with makeup on the subject in the casket.

BYRDE

This funeral will just about cover for the loss of this week's regular trade. I'm working on getting our contract back, but for now, we need this money!

ALICE

Yes, Mother.

BYRDE

This party has some jewelry coming.

She goes to a pretty sizable wall safe, swings it open and sorts through a number of large manilla envelopes. Finally she finds the right one, takes it out and relocks the safe. She rips open the envelope and peers inside.

MARTHA JO enters. She is a striking-looking mulatto - part black, part French. SHE IS FLORA, THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD'S, MOTHER, and they live in the hotel.

MARTHA JO

Mizz Byrde? I've got the governor's office on the telephone.

BYRDE

(acidly)

Took you goddamn long enough!

Byrde hands the envelope to Alice.

BYRDE

Do these...

BYRDE and MARTHA JO exit.

ALICE

Flora?

She looks around, and finds Flora lurking in the shadows, closing up one of the jars of embalming materials.

ALICE

I wouldn't tell this to anybody but you, Flora. I'm going to leave.

FLORA

But what about me?

ALICE

I'll come back for you. I promise.

She takes out the contents of the envelope. Jewelry. Rubies.
Ropes of them... necklaces, bracelets, earrings, and a brooch
the size of a small egg.

ALICE AND FLORA STARE AT THEM. FLORA'S EYES ARE DIFFERENT
 COLORS - ONE BLUE, OTHER BROWN!

ALICE
 (awestruck)
 All of them pretty jewels...buried.

Alice goes to the casket, and HESITATES FOR A MOMENT.

BYRDE BURSTS IN.

BYRDE
 The son-of-a-bitch won't talk to me!

BYRDE STOPS DEAD. SHE SEES ALICE EYEING THE JEWELRY.

BYRDE
 Those got to go into the ground, Honey.

ALICE
 I know, Mother.

BYRDE
 That's a person's last request, and we have
 our duty to honor it.

ALICE
 Right.

BYRDE
 (knowing something BIG that
 Alice doesn't)
 The ground yields up everything in its own
 time. That's what my momma told me, and
 it turned out to be true.

She turns on her heel and walks out.

ALICE TAKES A LOVING LAST LOOK AT THE RUBIES, HOLDING THEM IN
 HER HAND. SHE ALMOST JUMPS OUT OF HER SKIN WHEN BYRDE POPS
 BACK IN.

BYRDE
 And don't go trying to dig up something you
 shouldn't be. Them graveyard pigs are
 getting vicious.

ANGLE ON ALICE

Not sure what to believe.

54 EXT. DR. MOLLO'S DOCK - NIGHT

54

The water taxi chugs up and stops. Kathleen gets out, and moors the boat to the dock.

55 EXT. DR. MOLLO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

55

Kathleen knocks on the door. The wind is rising, and a gust blows her hair.

The door opens, and Dr. Mollo stands there, naked to the waist, a finger stuck into the middle of a huge book, saving his place.

DR. MOLLO

(quickly)

Is something wrong?

KATHLEEN

I hope not. I wanted to use your microscope. And maybe to talk to you.

DR. MOLLO

Well, come in and get out of the wind.

She steps inside, and he closes the door.

56 INT. DR. MOLLO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

56

On the TV, a newscaster is talking about the hurricane.

DR. MOLLO

(leading the way to his surgery)

Got a hurricane brewing up, could hit the island. You ever been in a hurricane?

KATHLEEN

No.

DR. MOLLO

(putting down his book and getting out a lab coat)

Me neither. Could blow the island away.

She puts the slide into the microscope and takes a look.

INSERT - MICROSCOPE IMAGE

The number of nasty black cells has increased to three. Two of them touch, as if breeding.

BACK TO SCENE

She backs away and he takes a look.

KATHLEEN

Only last month, after his injection, his blood would be almost clear for a few days. Now it never clears completely.

DR. MOLLO

Have you tried increasing the strength of the formula?

KATHLEEN

Any more than this puts him into a coma.

DR. MOLLO

(absorbing this, thinking)

Oh...

They face each other in the bluish light for a moment. Then:

KATHLEEN

Can I have a drink?

He pours her a bourbon and soda, and one for himself.

DR. MOLLO

I have made a pastime of researching the complex patterns of inbreeding on this island. I've been able to trace most people's lines back more than a hundred years. I didn't want to be negative when you first told me of your reasons for coming here. I wanted to check my records, and be sure.

KATHLEEN

(braced for disappointment)

And now you've had a chance?

DR. MOLLO

Yes. And unfortunately, I must report that nowhere on any family tree is there a John Strauss, or any Strauss for that matter. And there has never been a mention of a child sent off the island for adoption.

KATHLEEN

I'm sorry to hear that.

DR. MOLLO

That's not to say that someone didn't come here for a short time, have the baby, and disappear. Anything is possible.

KATHLEEN

The church records and Lexie are the only hope.

DR. MOLLO

My records began with the church records.
There is no Strauss there.

KATHLEEN

(letting this sink in)

He is so brave. I can't stand seeing him
suffer.

DR. MOLLO

No one should have to suffer.

KATHLEEN

That was the other reason I came here. Can
I get morphine from you - if he needs it?

DR. MOLLO

Of course.

Suddenly, with a loud BANG, the shutters blow open. Kathleen
jumps a foot, and drops her glass. And then she starts laughing
at her own highly-wired reaction.

KATHLEEN

I guess I'm a little tense.

Dr. Mollo goes to the window and latches the shutters back into
place. Then he turns to Kathleen.

DR. MOLLO

You're shaking...

He puts his hand on her shoulders. They look into each other's
eyes for a long moment.

They break apart.

KATHLEEN

I think it's time for me...I'd better be
getting back.

DR. MOLLO

Yes. It's late.

Unsteadily, she leaves. Dr. Mollo stands and listens for a
moment, until he hears the water taxi start up. Then he picks up
the glass she dropped, and goes into the surgery. A moment later
he reappears with his book and sits down at his desk.

We DOLLY past him, right to the vast chart that's pinned up over
his desk. On it are pictures of many of the townspeople we've
already seen - with lines connecting one to the other. We SEE
the words: Stepdaughter, sister, mother, aunt and grandmother,
written on the lines connecting the photos, and listings of
bloodtypes and other details, too copious to take in all at once.

57 EXT. HOTEL/FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT

57

ALICE slips quietly down the back porch steps.

She is dressed in ragged old clothes. Looking around to see whether she is observed, she sneaks across the rear lawn of the hotel to:

58 EXT. CHEESE CAVE - NIGHT

58

Cut into the side of a hill and fitted with a heavy door. Long since abandoned from its original purpose before the advent of refrigeration, it now is a tool shed.

59 INT. CHEESE CAVE - NIGHT

59

Alice rummages around in the dark, trying not to make any noise. She finds:

A kerosene lantern.

She picks it up but does not light it. She sees that in a corner, almost hidden from view, is a:

Shovel.

She must lean forward, stretching over a pile of junk to get it. She reaches, reaches...

CRASH! THE JUNK PILE COLLAPSES AND ALICE CRASHES TO THE FLOOR OF THE CAVE.

60 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

60

A light goes on in one of the windows.

61 INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL - NIGHT

61

Austere, Victorian, with a washstand in nearly the middle of the room. Porcelain and white tile.

Flora, who has been reading, stands up on the toilet to look out the window.

In her hand is the book she's been reading:

"THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS" by Lewis Carroll (with a Tenniel detail of Alice's face on the cover).

Martha Jo, who has heard the crash, comes in. But Flora has turned her attention to the bathroom mirror.

MARTHA JO

What was that noise?

FLORA

Wasn't me. Mama, can two worlds exist, side
by side? But they don't know each other?

(pointing to her own image
in the mirror)

She thinks I'm a reflection.

62 EXT. RICH PEOPLE'S CEMETERY - MIDNIGHT

62

A pinpoint of light grows larger, revealing Alice trudging beyond the church, toward the new grave, with a lantern and a shovel.

She steps under the tent labeled "Mortuary" and sets down her tools.

She removes the banks of roses and carnations, alarmingly red in the lantern glowing.

CRASH! DRY LIGHTNING!

Alice rolls up the strips of fresh green sod which cover the grave. She stacks them outside the tent.

ANGLE, THE SKY.

THUD! SHE SINKS THE SHOVEL INTO THE EARTH.

63 EXT. GRAVESITE - LATER

63

Alice has dug down four feet. She is covered in grime. She rests on the edge of the hold.

She hears a FAINT SQUEALING SOUND.

She looks around, afraid.

HER POINT OF VIEW:

The cemetery lawn.

The trees at the edge of the forest.

Nothing moves.

SUDDENTLY! A HUGE ANIMAL SHOOTS OUT OF THE FOREST, STRAIGHT AT ALICE!

SHE DUCKS DOWN INTO THE GRAVE!

THE ANIMAL SAILS OVER HER HEAD, and continues on. Alice peers out over the edge of the hole and watches:

THE ANIMAL, a wild pig, running for its life. It disappears into the trees at the edge of the cemetery.

SILENCE.

Alice sighs, relieved, and chuckles at her own fright. She looks up at:

THE MOON AND THE CHURCH STEEPLE

She redoubles her efforts.

THUNK! THE SHOVEL HITS METAL!

Alice bends down and, with the care of an archeologist, brushes with her hands until she has exposed:

THE BRUSHED STEEL COFFIN LID.

SHE OPENS IT.

The corpse's face is in shadow. But the moon's rays hit the rubies, making the throat look like it's been slashed.

Alice reaches for the jewels.

She hesitates. She should not do this.

ANOTHER SOUND RISES, SURROUNDING HER!

A LOUD SQUEALING ... LIKE PIGS!

CRASH! THE BOTTOM OF THE COFFIN SPLINTERS UPWARD! TWO WHITE BONE HOOKS FLASH FOR AN INSTANT IN THE MOONLIGHT.

THE HOOKS PLUNGE INTO THE CORPSE'S CHEST AND YANK IT DOWN!

Alice is left straddling a bottomless pit. For an instant, she cannot move. Then, terror-stricken, she tries to leap to one side.

CLOSE UP, HER FEET. The coffin is empty under her. SHE IS RUNNING IN PLACE.

THE HOOKS SHOOT UP AGAIN! THEY GRAB HER ANKLES AND YANK HER DOWN! THE LID FALLS SHUT.

SHOCK SOUND CUT:

SHATTERING GLASS !!!

64 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

64

CLOSE UP, FLORA'S HAND, holding a metal hair brush. A shard of glass has imbedded itself in her wrist, and ONE TINY DROP OF BLOOD SHIMMERS ON HER SKIN.

Frightened by the sound, MARTHA JO bursts into the room.

Flora, white as a sheet, has passed out cold, surrounded by glittering shards from the shattered lavatory mirror.

MARTHA JO
Oh baby, you failing again?

She has something nearby in a brown bottle that she puts a rag to and waves under Flora's nose.

MARTHA JOE (Cont'd)
I don't know what's happening to you...

FLORA
(coming to, and seeing a
piece of her own reflection
mirror fragment)
She did it!

65 INT. JOHN AND KATHLEEN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

65

WIND. The wind is shaking the windowpanes as Kathleen lets herself quietly into the darkened room.

John is awake, waiting up for her.

JOHN
Where were you?

KATHLEEN
(startled)
Oh, you're up!

JOHN
You're damn right, I'm up. You got me all turned on and then ran out on me!

KATHLEEN
I didn't want to get you overstimulated.
I'm beginning to think you just love me for my injections.

JOHN
Well, there is something special about the way you stick it in.

KATHLEEN
(seeing the plate of food)
They wake you with the food?

JOHN
I was already up. There was some crashing or something around here. Remarkably noisy place for a cemetery - I'll bet half of 'em are turning in their graves. Where were you, really?

KATHLEEN
'Really' I was at Doctor Mollo's.

JOHN
(considering that))
Oh...

KATHLEEN
Do you want to hear the rest of the
'really's'?

JOHN
Only if it's very good news for me.

KATHLEEN
Then you don't want to.

JOHN
(testing the water very
carefully)
Is it very good news for you?

KATHLEEN
What the hell does that mean?

JOHN
I thought you left a little frustrated.
She gets in bed with him and nuzzles him very sweetly.

KATHLEEN
And I came back even more than a little
frustrated.

JOHN
(he gets a really funny look
on his face)
Sounds dangerous...

Suddenly, without warning, there is an EXPLOSION OF THUNDER and
a SIZZLING FLASH OF LIGHTNING outside the window. The windows
rattle in a sudden gust of wind.

Startled, John and Kathleen hold each other very tightly, wanting
to hold each other for ever.

KATHLEEN
(wanting to cry, but she
won't in front of him)
I love you too much.

SLOW FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

66 EXT. VILLAGE - EARLY MORNING

The townswomen are at work, preparing for the storm.

66

67 ANGLE ON BABY LILLY TATUM

67

Disentangling herself from fixing a cluster of wires at top of a telephone pole which has sunk so low in the ground that the wires disappear into the earth at the pole top and reappear a few feet away.

68 ANGLE ON TWO OR THREE WOMEN

68

Hammering up plywood over windows, putting sandbags around doorways, and shoring up stone chimneys.

69 ANGLE ON CONCRETE LAUNDRY BUNKER

69

A few very colorfully dressed women are doing their laundry in the ancient handwringer washers.

The WIND is raising Cain with the laundry on the lines outside, but no one pays too much attention. Yolanda's got an old radio that she keeps retuning - but she only gets snatches of music, static, and news bulletins.

CELINE

Did you hear about the new couple?

DOROTHEA

You mean the sick guy and his wife?

YOLANDA

What about them?

CELINE

Well, it's terrible. She's got him hooked on drugs.

DOROTHEA

Was this before or after she went to see Doc Mollo?

CELINE

It was after.

MARTHA JO

No, it was before.

CELINE

Shut up, I'm telling this. They had a big fight in their room. He's only got a short time to live but she won't do what he wants until they find his cousin.

But they are interrupted by the arrival of Flora, who's carrying a big piece of hand-lettered cardboard. She hands it to her mom.

FLORA

Birdy said to put this up.

They all read the sign at the same time.

INSERT - SIGN

NEW LAUNDRY ROOM REGULATIONS:

1. Due to Cracked Drain Pipes,
Management Requests You LEAVE
YOUR COLORS HOME!!
2. New price per load: \$.75
3. Free Dry (use your own clothespins)

MRS. BYRDE U. GORDON, Prop.

BACK TO SCENE

YOLANDA

Seventy-five cents!

MARTHA JO

I'd rather stink!

CELINE

That Byrde! Like to steal the gold out of
your teeth!

Out of YOLANDA'S RADIO comes a NEWS BULLETIN;

RADIO NEWSMAN (V.O.)

Governor, with a hurricane of this magnitude
facing us, why haven't you ordered an
evacuation?

GOVERNOR'S VOICE (v.o.)

Well Roger, the fact is, the weatherman just
won't say where this one's going to hit.
And right now, it looks like the islands
are going to get the worst of it, and those
people are pretty accustomed to this kind
of thing...

YOLANDA

(harsh laugh)

Yeah - being ignored.

DOROTHEA

(anxious)

They say anything about the salmon fleet?

YOLANDA

No, and I've been listening all morning.

CELINE

Shouldn't we try to contact them?

MARTHA JO

I've tried. But I wouldn't worry too much
- they're not stupid. They have radios.

DOROTHEA

They'll probably come straight home.
They're probably on their way already.

An anxious pause, each of the women alone with her thoughts.

70 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

70

Kathleen and John descend the stairs. He has somehow managed to find a shirt of the local fabric, and looks a bit like a tourist. Byrde rushes past.

BYRDE

Alice!!

(then, to herself)

Where is she?

KATHLEEN

Excuse me! Mrs. Gordon, could Alice take us in the water taxi to see Lexie Heard?

BYRDE

(angry at Alice)

Seems like she ain't available right now.

JOHN

(to Kathleen)

We could always sit by the pool...

KATHLEEN

(ignoring him)

It's pretty urgent. Is there someone else who could take us?

BYRDE

Well I guess if you want to see Lexie alive it could be urgent. She's had more than just a foot in the grave for quite a number of years. One of you know how to drive a boat?

KATHLEEN

I do.

BYRDE

(taking the keys off a hook
behind the counter)

How about an hourly rate of twenty dollars?

KATHLEEN

Oh... Well, okay.

BYRDE

I'll put it on your tab. Now Lexie's place is about half a mile after the doctor's right before you get to the cliffs. You'll get to see the famous Van Daam ruins... Supposed to have been smugglers.

71 EXT. COAST OF ISLAND - DAY

71

LONG SHOT, WATER TAXI. This time it goes all the way around the island. It passes:

ANGLE, DR. MOLLO'S HOUSE.

72 INT. DR. MOLLO'S SURGERY - DAY

72

The good DOCTOR glances up to see the taxi speed past his window. He is engrossed in John's records - piles of them, stacks of them. He compares his northern colleagues' test results to his own.

He picks up a slide.

He stares at it. Puzzled.

Dr. Mollo picks up his microcassette recorder and dictates into it:

DR. MOLLO

This is Doctor Christian Mollo dictating. The date is one July. The subject is John Strauss, twenty-one-year-old male Caucasian, suffering from acute Degenerative Hematoxinoma, now in its terminal phase. I have noticed a unique element in the subject's hemoglobin structure, and am testing various elements of the patient's partially successful prescription formula in an attempt to increase its effectiveness.

73 EXT. WATER TAXI - DAY

73

KATHLEEN

John, look!

THEIR POINT OF VIEW: The taxi rounds a curve, revealing:

THE THUNDER POINT CLIFFS. Dazzling white rising out of the sea. The highest point on the island, like the tip of Gibraltar.

The burnt black VAN DAAM MANSION.

Kathleen docks the boat at a low, vine-tangled spot before the cliffs.

KATHLEEN

You want to wait down here?

JOHN

Are you kidding? Miss the legendary Van Daam ruins, the most famous sight on the island?

74 EXT. BASE OF CLIFFS - DAY

74

JOHN and KATHLEEN walk along the sea, toward the cliffs.

75 EXT. PATH - DAY

75

A white powder trail, leading lazily up the side of the cliffs. The couple start up.

The sky over the sea boils. But today the clouds are white. The climb is very hard on John; he starts sweating.

76 EXT. THUNDER POINT - DAY

76

At last John and Kathleen trudge up to the top of the cliffs. They find themselves in a dense forest.

ANGLE, FENCE.

The Great Wall of China, snaking back through the trees; made of rough-hewn lumber, and burned black. The tree tops which grow beyond it are also burnt and crisp against the boiling sky.

KATHLEEN

I wonder when it happened.

JOHN

Nothing's grown back.

They walk along the black wall silently, in awe. Soon they disappear into the trees.

77 EXT. THUNDER POINT FOREST - DAY

77

John and Kathleen come to a standstill, staring at:

AN IMMENSE GATE, carved in the fence. It is chained and locked. On top of it are TWO STRANGE CARVED FIGURES.

JOHN

Griffins.

The figures are charred and misshapen, but the eagle's head, lion's body, and wings, characteristic of the mythological creature, are distinct. For the first time, something about the place connects with John.

JOHN

Does the smell bother you?

KATHLEEN

(sniffing the air)

Not really.

JOHN

I hate it! It really doesn't bother you?...

They move on, past the gate, past the griffins, through the trees that follow the great snaking fence.

78 EXT. CHURCH CEMETERY - DAY

78

Yolanda and several other women surround Byrde as she comes through the gnarled trees, holding the shovel. On the bright green grass of the cemetery lawn...

... Roses. Red roses, and blood-red carnations - hundreds of them, spread across the green lawn. As though the cemetery were spattered with blood.

ANGLE, Byrde standing, eyes wide.

BYRDE

What in the world?

HER POINT OF VIEW, THE FUNERAL CANOPY. Smashed, ripped as by razors, blowing in ribbons and tangles.

ANGLE, Byrde. She wades through the red roses, staring at the grave.

ANGLE, GRAVE, and the closed coffin inside.

BYRDE

Well, my word!! Anybody want to look inside?

THE WOMEN

No!

BYRDE

Then let's just close it up.

She grabs a shovel and throws the first shovelful back onto the coffin. Yolanda pitches in.

BYRDE

Gives one the creeps thinking there's somebody living on this little island who'd want to go and do a thing like this... I just wonder.

A WOMAN

Maybe sone of the kids trying to scare each other...

BYRDE

May be.

(a thoughtful pause)

Anybody see the doctor last night?

But no one did.

79 EXT. LEXIE HEARD'S HOUSE - DAY

79

Miss Lexie lives in a narrow, two-story colonial house. The building tilts so violently to the right that it seems ready at any moment to collapse.

Beneath the Van Daam mansion, her leaning house is puny - a seed pearl before a monstrous black clam.

JOHN and KATHLEEN appear from the forest onto the mansion lawn. The great lawn needs mowing, and the two people move through the high grass carefully, out into the dazzling sunlight.

They climb the stairs to the front porch, noticing:

A WHEELCHAIR RAMP, snaking up the high stairs.

PORCH. John and Kathleen cross the porch carefully. This is a moment they have both wanted for along time. They are both suddenly terrified.

KATHLEEN

I'll do it.

She BANG ON THE BRASS KNOCKER.

They wait.

SOUND! A WEIRD HACKING WHEEZE, somewhere in the distance.

They both listen. Did they hear that?

Yes, there it is again. A whistling little cough... coming from...

AROUND THE VERANDA CORNER.

JOHN IS BOLD. He strides around the corner, way ahead of Kathleen, and finds himself on an:

SIDE PORCH. A breeze rustles the tangled kudzu vines which cover the porch, so that the little lightbirds the sun makes swap with each other and dart over the porch. At the far end of this mottled space sits a WHEELCHAIR.

IT ROLLS TOWARDS THEM. In it sits a shriveled rat-like creature. LEXIE HEARD.

CLOSE UP, LEXIE, as she glides towards them. She has a long pointed nose jutting out over no chin at all; her hands and bare feet, deformed by arthritis, are almost useless little claws.

She carries a twelve gauge shotgun in her lap.

The wheelchair rolls up to the astonished couple and abruptly stops.

LEXIE
Yes?

JOHN
(stepping forward, formally)
Miss Heard? How do you do? I am Jonathan Strauss.

LEXIE
(twisting her rodent neck
at him)
Strauss? You are Johann Strauss? My, my,
my.

Lexie turns her wheelchair around. She enters two large open portieres into the house and disappears. John exchanges a look with Kathleen, and they follow Lexie into the house.

80 INT. MISS LEXIE'S HOUSE - DAY

80

MUSIC ROOM. The most violently tilted room John and Kathleen have been in on the island. The expanse is bare, with three items of furniture: and ancient Steinway grand, a harpsichord, and a gigantic golden harp silhouetted against a big window. The three instruments are held in their places by bricks and ropes.

Lexie is waiting for them, hovering nervously near the harp.

LEXIE
(she has magically acquired
teeth)
You've come at last.

JOHN
You've been expecting me?

LEXIE
In a way. But first, who is this lovely creature?

KATHLEEN
(smiles)
My name is Kathleen. I'm John's wife. And I am a nurse, as well.

LEXIE
Oh, how I miss working! Would you care for some wine, my dears?

JOHN
(impulsively)
No, not for me, thanks.

KATHLEEN
(shooting John a glance)
Yes, that would be lovely.

Kathleen intuits that there is no money in this house, and the little offering of wine is a matter of pride.

JOHN

On second thought...

Lexie rolls to a great sideboard, where she has wine-glasses. With her arthritis, every movement of pouring the wine is agony. But she does it.

LEXIE

The amenities.

John and Kathleen file by the sideboard and pick up their wine, which is wildly tilted in the glasses.

JOHN

That must have been some fire...

LEXIE

It was many years ago. Ordinarily neighbors help in such a time, but what do you do when the house that burns contains a family which has never showed itself?

KATHLEEN

(absolutely incredulous)

No one ever saw them?

LEXIE

With one exception, no Van Daam has been seen here by any living person.

JOHN

And the exception?

LEXIE

You are the exception.

JOHN

But my name is Strauss.

LEXIE

No, it isn't. It's Van Daam.

A stunned silence.

LEXIE (Cont'd)

In the great fire the islanders tried to stop Doc Peterson from going in. But someone said they could hear a baby crying. He went into the burning house and a few moments later came out, holding you. The smoke was overwhelming. No one could go back in to save the rest of the Van Daams.

JOHN

How old was I?

LEXIE

An infant. Since we didn't know your birthdate, Doctor and I made it the day we found you.

KATHLEEN

(making a joke)

I always thought you were lying about your age...

JOHN

This is crazy! What about my name?

LEXIE

You're named for my favorite composer. I wanted Johann Strauss but the doctor won the argument.

(leaning forward, squinting at him)

I've kept something for you.

The wheelchair disappears. After a moment, Miss Lexie re-enters the room. In her lap is a small tin money box. She opens it, but protectively, not letting them see the contents.

LEXIE

I didn't actually keep it for you. But you should have it. May I see your hands?

Bewildered, he offers them. She takes them, painfully, in her own, turning them over and scrutinizing them with an old nurse's eye.

The piano starts to roll across the room, and at the last moment before it crashes into the harp, its heavy rope tethers snap taut.

LEXIE

(completely ignoring the piano)

Do they give you trouble?

JOHN

No. Why?

LEXIE

(ignoring his question)

I'm surprised. I thought they would. Would you remove your left shoe? And sock.

John does as he is told. Lexie leans forward again, and squints at his foot.

CLOSE UP, JOHN'S LEFT FOOT. Pale, blue-veined. Around the toe next to the little one, is a white scar, encircling the toe.

LEXIE

Does your toe bother you?

JOHN
No. I've always just had a scar.

LEXIE
And your chest?

JOHN
You know about the scars on my chest?

LEXIE
You were cut while Doc Peterson ran with
you through the smoke.

She reaches into the tin box and withdraws a tiny ivory ring.
She gives it to him.

CLOSE UP, THE RING, as John stares at it. It is the diameter of
his little fingernail, yet it is carved with many intricate
figures...infinitesimally small.

LEXIE
See the figures?

JOHN
What are they?

LEXIE
I wish I had back the rainy afternoons I
took it out of its box and wondered. After
twenty-one years, I still don't know what
they mean.

KATHLEEN
(also squinting at the ring)
But inside... what's that?

EXTREME CLOSE UP, THE RING. Inside it, pointing inward, are many
needle-like protrusions of ivory.

JOHN
(astonished, afraid of
something)
They look as if they were meant to cut into
the skin of whoever wore the ring.

LEXIE
Yes. The doctor and I had to work
delicately to remove it.

JOHN
That was mine? On my finger?

LEXIE
Not your finger.

John and Kathleen look at her, puzzled. Then, simultaneously,
down at:

CLOSE UP. THE SCARRED TOE ON HIS LEFT FOOT.

LEXIE

Life is not kind to babies who have odd stories behind them. There was once a deformed baby who was discovered abandoned in the church. The people kept it more like a pet than a person. Doctor and I were determined that nothing like that was going to happen to you.

JOHN

So, you invented my past?

LEXIE

(wiggling her ferrety nose)
We did that, yes. We didn't think you would live, but we had you taken to Children's Hospital in Boston.

JOHN

Thank you for that. And the Strauss family trust fund? Where did that come from?

LEXIE

Doctor Peterson sold some of the Van Daam art that was saved from the fire.

JOHN

Van Daam art?

LEXIE

Haven't you been told? They were sculptors. That's a piece of their art you hold in your hand.

JOHN

It's...

LEXIE

Yes. They never painted to my knowledge, but their sense of touch was acute.

John walks over to the open portieres, and stares out at:

HIS POINT OF VIEW: THE BROODING VAN DAAM MANSION. The wind is up and blowing fiercely. The sky is dark.

JOHN

(Wonderingly)
They were my family...?

LEXIE

They were artists. It was said they traveled halfway across the world for love. Or some form of it...

John steps out onto the verandah, mesmerized by the mansion.

KATHLEEN

(nurse to nurse)

We came to this island because my husband is suffering from a rare blood disease, hemotoxinoma. The progress of the disease has been gradual, until recently. We had hoped to find a relative.

LEXIE

How sad. There are no relatives.

(she gestures toward the remains of the Van Daam mansion)

I'm afraid the end of the road is that burned-out horror.

81 KATHLEEN'S POV - JOHN AND THE VAN DAAM MANSION

81

He stands there, almost helpless, pondering the great burned-out hulk's mystery. He turns toward her, not a trace of hope left.

82 EXT. THE PATH TO THE BOAT - DAY

82

John stumbles down the path, bitterly angry. Kathleen is behind him.

KATHLEEN

I'm sorry, John. I'm sorry I tried.

JOHN

(stopping)

It's okay. I know you meant well.

She is near tears.

KATHLEEN

You saved my life. I wanted to save yours.

JOHN

You can't. Let's just get the hell out of here and say goodbye to each other somewhere wonderful...

He brushes her hair back.

KATHLEEN

(barely able to smile)

Okay.

83 EXT. CHURCH CEMETERY - DAY - WIND

83

ANGLE, BYRDE, walking back toward the hotel with the shovel. She stops and looks back over her shoulder.

BYRDE

(whispering)

God damn you, Alice!

HER POINT OF VIEW, THE GRAVESITE.

Immaculate. She has disposed of the smashed roses, the shredded awning, and righted the grave itself. There is no evidence of last night's horror.

84 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

84

John and Kathleen stand with their bags packed while Byrde totals up their bill.

JOHN

When's the ferry coming back?

BYRDE

(checking her clock)

Oh, you folks have plenty of time. Maybe two hours...

JOHN

Want to take a crack at the church records?

KATHLEEN

No. I want to go forward, forget about this. I hate myself for dragging you here.

85 EXT. HOTEL - DAY

85

Kathleen and John come out with their bags and sit on a bench. Not far away Flora is sitting in the dirt, playing with a ball.

JOHN

Think there's any point in changing my name to Van Daam?

KATHLEEN

It's very complicated. And I like being a Strauss.

Mrs. Shea is walking across the square. She sees them and comes over.

MRS. SHEA

(brightly)

Well, I remembered the key!

KATHLEEN

Thanks, but we've learned what we needed to. We're leaving.

MRS. SHEA

Oh! Well, I hope it was good news.

JOHN

Good and bad. Found out that I did have relatives here but they're all dead.

MRS. SHEA
My goodness! That's terrible.

JOHN
I'm not sure, having never met them. They were the Van Daams. Know anything about them?

MRS. SHEA
The Van Daam's founded this island.

JOHN
That's it?

MRS. SHEA
Not much is known. There aren't any county records on them...

JOHN
Maybe the records were burned in the fire.

MRS. SHEA
I suppose...

KATHLEEN
Now that's strange... Weren't there any death certificates? The whole family died.

MRS. SHEA
Oh, the records don't go back that far.

KATHLEEN
Twenty years?

MRS. SHEA
Oh no, dear. That fire was more than seventy years ago.

JOHN
Seventy! Are you sure?

MRS. SHEA
Of course. Even when I was a little girl, the fire was only a memory for my parents.
(thinking back)
And they didn't like to talk about it...

John and Kathleen stare at each other.

THE CHAPEL BELL BEGINS TO TOLL.

86 INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

86

BYRDE enters and empties the day's take from the money box. She picks up the receiver on the PAY TELEPHONE.

BYRDE

I don't need no dime! It's me! Gimme the hotel.

(pause)

Martha Joe, has Alice been home yet?

(listens for a second)

Thanks.

(then, momentarily confused)

Yes? Who is this? Bonnie, you listening in on me?

87 INT. BONNIE'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

87

She's at the switchboard.

BONNIE

Of course not! I've just got a message for you. They want you quick up to the pauper's cemetery.

BACK TO BYRDE

BYRDE

Oh yeah? What kind of trouble?

She hardly waits for the answer, and slams down the phone.

BYRDE

(thinking hard, confused)

Crap!

She walks over to the sink and pours water into the large glass. She drinks it, then stares at:

ANGLE, HER NEW "REGULATIONS" SIGN. Someone has whited out all the letters in her name except for her initials "B. U. G."

ANGLE, BYRDE. Furious, she throws the glass of water at the sign and stomps out of the room.

ANGLE, CONCRETE FLOOR. Water from the smashed glass trickles down to a large grated DRAIN.

From the drain comes a faint sound:

DISTANT GRUNTING, AS IF HOGS ARE UNDER THE LAUNDRY ROOM FLOOR.

88 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

88

Flora is still playing with the ball. And what a strange game it is! She sits on the ground, watching a ball which is ten feet away. She just sits there and watches it, waiting.

Byrde strides up purposefully and towers above her.

BYRDE

Now, Flora I want you to tell me something.
And I want the truth! You know what happens
to little girls that lie, don't you?

WIDER ANGLE

In the background, KATHLEEN and JOHN watch. They hang back from
interfering with Byrde's cross-examination.

FLORA

Yes, ma'am...

BYRDE

What happens?

FLORA

They fall into ways of darkness.

BYRDE

(surprised at the language)
Yes, I guess you could say that. And you
don't want that to happen to you, do you?

FLORA

No, ma'am.

BYRDE

I didn't think so. Now, what do you know
about Alice? She's nowhere to be found
and you and she were talking hot and heavy
last night.

THE BALL STARTS TO ROLL TOWARD FLORA!!

ON KATHLEEN AND JOHN

Reacting.

BACK TO SCENE

FLORA

I don't know about her.

BYRDE

(not interested in the ball
at all)
She's taken off, hasn't she? She's been
talking about it long enough.

FLORA

I just don't know, Ms Byrde...

Flora lets the ball come to her.

BYRDE

And she stole those rubies, too. Did you
know that?

FLORA
I don't know about that either.

BYRDE
Hmmpf!

And Byrde hurries off. Then Flora very deliberately gets up, leaving the ball where she was, and moves away from it to a new spot, where she again sits down and starts waiting.

John and Kathleen have kind of ambled over to get a closer view. Flora smiles to herself, pleased to be the center of attention for the visitors.

JOHN
How do you know where it's going next?

FLORA
(without looking up)
It finds me.

THEIR POV OF FLORA

Her eyes are deep in shadow. If only she would look up!

BACK TO SCENE

He stops because the ball has started moving - away from Flora and right toward John's feet.

JOHN
Aren't you going to chase it?

FLORA
(firmly)
It'll come to me.

But the ball keeps rolling in the same direction.

TIGHT ON FLORA AND HER TWO-COLORED EYES.

She's tortured. The ball is betraying her, and her showing-off is spoiled.

FLORA
(commanding)
Ball!!!

BACK TO SCENE

But the ball comes to rest at John's feet. Flora rushes to it, and gets her hands on it just as John bends over to pick it up for her. Their eyes meet.

JOHN
Here you go... Oh my God!

KATHLEEN
(fearing for him)
What is it?

JOHN
Look at the beautiful eyes on this beautiful
little girl.

KATHLEEN
Oh??

And she does. She covers her emotions very quickly so as not
to alarm the youngster.

KATHLEEN (Cont'd)
Why how lovely! You have eyes just like
my husband's. Isn't that remarkable?

JOHN
Flora, where is your mother?

FLORA
Over to the hotel.

John and Kathleen head immediately in that direction. Flora tags
along. John is very excited.

JOHN
I can't believe it!!! You were right. I
have a relative here.

But Kathleen is wary, not trusting this incredible turn of
events.

CUT TO:

89 INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY

89

Martha Jo is working in the midst of a swirl of steam. She she
hears a door SLAM and turns to see her daughter approaching, with
Kathleen and John on either side of her. John stares at Martha
Jo, trying to figure out why she looks so different than Flora.

MARTHA JO
(truly alarmed)
My God, what she done now?

KATHLEEN
She's fine, Mrs. Skipjack. We just wondered
if she has ever been seen by Dr. Mollo.

MARTHA JO
Did she faint again?

Kathleen and John exchange profoundly knowing looks.

KATHLEEN
Does she faint?

MARTHA JO
Well she has her spells.

KATHLEEN
Mrs. Skipjack, I'm a nurse, and what I have to ask could be very important to the health of your child, and to my husband. Could I take a sample of blood from Flora so the doctor could look at it?

MARTHA JO
(very suspicious, but afraid)
I don't like no doctorin'...

KATHLEEN
I won't hurt her.
(she looks at Flora)
I promise.

90 INT. JOHN AND KATHLEEN'S ROOM - DAY

90

Flora sits like a good little patient while Kathleen rubs an alcohol prep on Flora's forearm.

KATHLEEN
This may be a little cold.

JOHN
Don't worry. She does this to me every day.

FLORA
(very brave)
I don't mind.
(then, to John)
Do you faint, too?

91 EXTREME CLOSE UP - Blood gurgling up into the body of the syringe.

91

MATCH CUT TO:

92 THE RED SETTING SUN

92

-Over the PAUPER'S CEMETERY - DUSK

Byrde's CADILLAC hearse pulls up, casting its headlights on a group of tired, dirty WOMEN. BYRDE gets out.

BYRDE
(furious)
What's all this about trouble?

YOLANDA
Miss Byrde, do you remember those funny scratches on the coffins we dug up?

BYRDE
What about 'em?

YOLANDA

Turn your headlights in that direction.
We've dug up the brand new ones we just
buried two weeks ago.

Byrde's instincts tell her not to ask any more questions; just to
do what she is told. She turns the car lights full blast on:

ANGLE, SIX GRAVES. The women have just dug them up. INSIDE EACH
HOLE IS A SPLINTERED, BATTERED COFFIN... EMPTY! THE CORPSES ARE
ALL GONE.

ANGLE ON BYRDE

Very worried.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Walking toward the group on the hill is Kathleen and John. John
is having tremendous difficulty making even this simple grade.

BYRDE

You folks miss the ferry?

KATHLEEN

We changed our minds. We hate to be a
bother, but can we rent the taxi again?
We need to get to the doctor's.

BYRDE

Not a great time to go by sea. Tell you
what, you all take my limo here, and I'll
just charge you the same as for the taxi.

KATHLEEN

You're sure it's okay?

BYRDE

No problem, Honey.

93 INT. BYRDE'S CAR - EVENING

93

They're deep in the woods, and it's gotten dark fast. Kathleen
is having a difficult time keeping the huge hearse from scraping
one side or the other of the closely grown forest.

KATHLEEN

Why would she lie about the date of the
fire?

JOHN

Obviously, to make me think I'm a Van Daam.
Flora and I must have come from some other
secret - something Lexie doesn't want out.

KATHLEEN

But why?

JOHN (O.S.)

I don't know! But she's hiding something - protecting someone. Or maybe protecting herself. She knows an awful lot about my scars...

94 INT. DR. MOLLO'S SURGERY - NIGHT

94

Mollo is hunched over his microscope. John is napping on a hospital bed in the background. Mollo looks up and backs away so Kathleen can take a look. She bends over and focuses.

INSERT - MICROSCOPE SLIDE

It is shocking, horrible. The spidery black cells have surrounded and killed almost all of the red blood cells.

BACK TO SCENE

She looks up, her face ashen.

KATHLEEN

How can she still be alive?

DR. MOLLO

One sees this occasionally. A certain level of damage kills the average patient. But then once in a great while, there's the miracle patient who seems to survive when barely anything at all is left to survive on. Her mother has been almost deliberate in avoiding me...

(indicating John)

Let's have a fresh sample from him.

She goes to John and starts to take blood.

KATHLEEN

How long could she survive?

DR. MOLLO

I can't imagine very long. You say she's - already fainting... We need to convince her mother to let her go with you, back to Meninger.

John wakes up on the table as Kathleen withdraws a needle from the inside of his elbow. Mollo puts the blood into a flask.

JOHN

Is Flora's blood any help?

DR. MOLLO

In a way. She certainly has your disease. It is more advanced than yours, yet she lives. It could be her youth... who knows? How do you feel?

JOHN

Well, at the moment, my feet tingle. Like they went to sleep.

DR. MOLLO

Could you try to walk?

He helps him to get up. John stands unaided for a moment, then starts to tumble.

JOHN

I can't really tell if my legs are there...

DR. MOLLO

You must get back to your doctors immediately, and with Flora! Tonight you will stay here, get a good night's sleep.

JOHN

Oh, we can't put you out like that...

DR. MOLLO

I insist. I have been working on your prescription. I have a modification, and if we're fortunate, it might help you until you get back. But I must keep you under observation. This is all unknown territory.

Mollo prepares a syringe.

JOHN

In the short vista of my life, there's been exactly one person who ever really cared for me, and that's Kathleen, and I love her more than my life.

DR. MOLLO

You just sleep now, sport.

He slides the needle into John's arm. John's eyes soon drift shut.

95 EXT. CHEESE CAVE - NIGHT

95

Byrde is walking in the dark to the cave.

96 INT. CHEESE CAVE - NIGHT

96

Byrde walks in and bolts the door behind her. She goes to the rear of the cave, clearing away the fallen debris from when Alice was there.

ANGLE ON DARKER PART OF THE CAVE

Bryde unlocks a small door, takes a deep breath as if to avoid some horrible smell, and opens the door.

SMASH CUT

There, in the semi-darkness, on an ancient silver tray, are the rubies.

ON BYRDE

BYRDE

No! Not these!. Oh, Alice, what did you do?

And she starts to cry in confusion and fright. Then she screams into the black tunnel:

BYRDE

What did you do to my little girl? Bring her out immediately, do you hear?

But there is no sound.

CLOSE ON THE RUBIES

They are now a little bloody, and mixed with bits of human tissue. Whoever left it there wasn't very neat.

BACK TO SCENE

Byrde in for the jewels and gathers them up, leaving the tray. She closes and locks the door, crying softly.

97 INT. DR. MOLLO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

97

Exhausted, Kathleen is trying to read "Blood Forming Organs and Their Pathologies" as Mollo enters. She looks up.

DR. MOLLO

I'm going to run some more hemoglobin tests. I want to see what effect this batch is having on his blood chemistry.

KATHLEEN

(blank)

All right.

He picks up a piece of African sculpture and fingers it.

DR. MOLLO

How are you?

KATHLEEN

I'm tired.

He smiles compassionately at her, and goes back into the examining room.

98 LATER - MOLLO'S BEDROOM

98

Kathleen helps Dr. Mollo put the sleeping John to bed.

KATHLEEN
Where are you sleeping?

DR. MOLLO
On the sofa.

KATHLEEN
I wouldn't dream of letting you sleep on
the sofa in your own house.

DR. MOLLO
Want to arm wrestle for it?

They laugh.

DR. MOLLO
(settling the question)
I like the sofa.

He gets some blankets and a pillow from the cupboard, and goes
into the front room, leaving Kathleen in his bedroom.

He throws the bedcovers on the sofa - turns out all the lights
but one lamp - takes off all his clothes except his underpants.
And sits down with a weary sigh.

He gets out his pipe and tools, and sits in exhaustion, fiddling
and puffing.

KATHLEEN appears in the door to the hall, in her slip.

KATHLEEN
I can't seem to sleep.

Mollo looks at her.

DR. MOLLO
He loves you very much, you know.

Kathleen walks over to the window and stands, looking out. In
the distance, the CHAPEL BELL TOLLS nine times.

KATHLEEN
When John had been at Menninger for a year,
and I was nursing him the whole time, I was
in an automobile accident. I was in a coma
for three days, and when I awoke from
surgery, they told me both my kidneys had
been destroyed. I would have died except
someone had donated a kidney while I lay
unconscious. The donor was John.

There is a short silence.

KATHLEEN (Cont'd)
In his condition, giving up a kidney could
have killed him.

(MORE)

KATHLEEN (Cont'd)
 When they let me see him, I asked him why
 he had done it. He told me that he was in
 love with me.

Silence.

DR. MOLLO
 (finally)
 There's some Valium in the surgery. Bring
 me one, too.

99 INT. HOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

99

A strictly utilitarian room. BYRDE has passed out at the desk,
 with an empty fifth of bourbon at her elbow.

In her typewriter is an envelope addressed to the "Governor of
 Georgia, Capital Building, Atlanta. PERSONAL."

And a handwritten letter under her pen starts:

"Honey, I got a big problem..."

ANGLE, DOOR, behind her. A DARK FIGURE APPEARS. It steps into
 the light and becomes FLORA.

She silently sneaks past Byrde, reaches for something on the
 desk, and extracts a LARGE FLASHLIGHT.

She tiptoes out.

100 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

100

THIRTEEN YOUNG GIRLS (ages 7 - 13) gather in a large clearing.
 The tombstones and trees around them make the clearing an almost
 perfect circle.

MACKLIE
 One potato, two potato, three potato, four.
 Five potato, six potato, seven potato, more!—
 My mother told me to pick this one!!

The counting has landed on a disappointed FLORA.

RAMONA
 (age-old singsong)
 Flora is i-t. Flora is i-t...

DILLY
 What you wanna play, Flora? "It" picks the
 game!

Flora's face light up.

FLORA
 "Flashlight!"

RAMONA
I don't want to play "FLASHLIGHT"!

MACKLIE
Crazy ol' Ramona. "It" picks the game!

FLORA
Hide and seek!!

EVERYBODY
Okay!

FLORA
(covering her eyes)
I'm counting!

THE CHILDREN STREAK FOR THE TREES.

FLORA
One, two, three, four, five, six! Seven,
nine, ten, eleven, twelve! Ready or not,
here I come.

SHE TURNS ON THE BEAM.

She starts wandering off toward the trees. And wander is the operative term.

CLOSE ON FLORA

She is not well. She reaches out for a tree to hold on to.

FLORA
Ready or not...

CUT TO:

VARIOUS EXTERIORS - ISLAND - DAWN

Women search for their children under seething skies.

Dry lightning (lightning without rain) punctuates the search.

BOOM!

CEMETERY. WOMEN appear, calling.

VOICES
Macklie! Romona! Flora!

BOOM!

Frightened, they round a large tombstone and stop, frozen by what they see.

A GROVE OF TREES

One of the trees is wearing clothes!!:

The underclothing is tied outside the other apparel, so it can be seen. Flora's shoes are at the base, pointed outward.

Startled, the women walk down the grove. They keep CALLING.

THEIR POINTS OF VIEW, the various trees. The other children start filtering out of the forest.

ROMONA

We lost Flora somewhere...

101 EXT. DR. MOLLO'S PORCH - DAY

101

Kathleen and Mollo are bringing a simple breakfast outside for the three of them. Under his arm, Mollo has a large roll of paper. John is already in a white wicker chair, warming himself in the brilliant white sun.

ANGLE, THE OCEAN. The sea is dead calm.

KATHLEEN

I've never seen a day like this! The ocean is like glass!

Mollo looks at the ocean. His face darkens.

MOLLO

This must be what they mean by 'The calm before the storm.'

JOHN

How was my hemoglobin this morning?

DR. MOLLO

You don't want to know.

JOHN

That bad?

DR. MOLLO

But there is some good news. Little Flora's blood is the same as yours. And there are other elements in the chemistry that match.

(apologizing)

Of course, my equipment is fairly crude...

DR. MOLLO

(moving right along)

Let me show you something...

He spreads out the great roll of paper - it's a massive genealogy chart. He points out a tiny little box.

DR. MOLLO (Cont'd)

Here's Flora. She's never been a patient, so I know very little about her.

JOHN

Are we cousins?

DR. MOLLO

Her family traces straight back to Cajun
and Portuguese origins.

JOHN

But she hardly resembles her mother.

DR. MOLLO

She doesn't resemble either of her parents.

KATHLEEN

Adopted?

DR. MOLLO

Or maybe she came from the same mysterious
source our Mr. Strauss did. Too bad Lexie's
favorite composer wasn't Beethoveen. We
could be calling you Ludvig...

KATHLEEN

Flora's mother is a little afraid of us.
I think we should all approach her together.

DR. MOLLO

(getting up)

Let's not waste any time. The boat?

102 EXT. DOCK - DAY

102

Byrde is working on the ferry engine. She's got the lid off it,
while it's still running, and she's making adjustments, yelling
toward Linda, who's at the controls in the middle of the craft.

BYRDE

Push on that throttle!!

The engine COUGHS and REVS and white water churns away from the
stern of the boat.

103 EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

103

MRS. SHEA, and several tense WOMEN hover over the TELETYPE
MACHINE.

ANGLE, MACHINE. As Mrs. Shea types on the keyboard, her message
appears on the read-out.

"TWO CHILDREN MISSING. WE MUST HAVE AID."

104 INT. YOLANDA O'BRIEN'S SPORTING GOODS - DAY

104

STEEL JAWS! Pull back to reveal:

YOLANDA surrounded by sharp blades: bear traps, hunting knives,
tent spikes. She is on the telephone.

YOLANDA
 (yelling into the receiver)
 No, nothing! I'm going out again to take
 a look around. What? Hello?

She looks at the dead phone, and slams it down.

SHE EXITS THE SHOP.

105 EXT. YOLANDA'S SHOP - DAY

105

YOLANDA walks out into her back yard. A crude awning is marked "BAIT," and three OLD COCA COLA BINS are marked, respectively, "Salamanders," "Nightcrawlers," and "Newts."

She looks up, shielding her eyes from:

HER POINT OF VIEW, THE SUN. Though the clouds are wild, and lightning and thunder are present, THE SUN IS BLINDING.

CLUNK! A loud thumping starts from somewhere. Yolanda looks around and sees that it is coming from:

HER POINT OF VIEW, THE BAIT BINS:

YOLANDA
 Flora? Alice?

THE THUMPING CONTINUES.

ANGLE, YOLANDA, running to the bins. She throws open the first one.

HER POINT OF VIEW, THE BIN. Full of sphagnum moss, and worms. That's all.

ANOTHER ANGLE, YOLANDA bangs open the second bin.

HER POINT OF VIEW, SECOND BIN. Only moss and pink lizards.

ANOTHER ANGLE. She approaches the last bin. IT IS THE SOURCE OF THE SOUND. She struggles with the lid, which is stuck.

YOLANDA
 I'm coming.

THE LID FLIES OPEN. Yolanda looks in.

HER POINT OF VIEW. BIN. Pitch black. Then,

WHOOSH! A LARGE FAT SHAPE SHOOTS OUT! STRAIGHT AT HER!

ANOTHER ANGLE

It knocks her to the ground, and scoots out across her back yard. With quick reflexes, Yolanda is on her feet, staring at:

106 HER POV - BACK YARD CLOTHESLINE 106

THE THING, naked and low to the ground, makes a straight line for the flapping sheets. IT SUGGESTS SOMETHING BETWEEN A HOG AND AN OBESE MAN.

Confused by the wildly moving sheets around it, IT FLAILS ITS ARMS. The clothesline tumbles down upon it and it becomes entangled.

THE THING is completely covered by the sheets. IT WHIMPERS. It seems to be shielding itself from something.

ANGLE, YOLANDA, again looking up at:

HER POV - THE BLINDING SUN

107 BACK TO SCENE 107

Wrapped in sheets, the THING scurries out onto the:

108 EXT. VAN DAAM'S LANDING DOCK - DAY 108

BYRDE is busy with the engine.

RRR!

109 ANGLE DOCK 109

THE THING, scrambling across the dock toward the ferry, cocooned in billowing sheets like a GIGANTIC WHITE MOTH.

FERRYWOMAN

Stop, Miz Byrde! Stop!

SPLASH! THE THING FLOPS INTO THE WATER RIGHT UNDER THE FERRY.

110 ANGLE - SURFACE OF THE WATER 110

Beneath the surface, the thing's HEAD rams the propellers!

CRUNCH!

111 ANGLE - FERRY 111

It jerks away from the dock. But it is still tied to the railing. It heaves sideways and then comes back at the dock.

112 ANGLE - DOCK AND FERRY 112

The ferry rams the dock and the surface of the ferry is inundated with water.

BLOOD STAINS THE WATER.

113 EXT. DR. MOLLO'S BOAT - DAY

113

His little sport boat is fast and downright important looking with its Red Cross flag. The doctor has a nautical scrambled-egg hat on and looks for a moment as if he's enjoying himself. And then he sees something.

114 THEIR POV - THE DOCK

114

A crowd is gathered around something that has been hauled up on the dock. People hear the approach of the doctor's boat, turn, and when they see who it is, wave urgently.

115 EXT. THE DOCK - DAY

115

Mollo's boat pulls up and he gets out very methodically, as if to counteract the commotion on the dock. He holds his hand out to Kathleen, and then John.

BYRDE

I'll tell you one thing, Doc. Whatever it is, it's beyond your helpin'. It ran into the propeller.

The crowd pulls back to make way for Mollo.

MOLLO'S POV - THE THING ON THE DOCK

As the people back away, we can make out that the thing is still entwined in what is now a bloody sheet. It is a headless mess.

ANGLE ON MOLLO

He carefully bends down and examines the thing for a moment.

DR. MOLLO

Was there a head?

BYRDE

It sank.

Mollo has seen enough.

DR. MOLLO

Yolanda, help me get this into a tarp.
Kathleen, have you ever assisted in a post?

KATHLEEN

It was part of my training.

DR. MOLLO

Would you please see what can do to prepare the mortuary for an autopsy?

A little girl speaks up.

MACKLIE

Was it a person?

DR. MOLLO
 (answering her, but really
 to everyone)
 I don't know yet.
 (then, to no one in
 particular)
 If there's someone here who can swim, maybe
 they'd like to try to find the rest of it.

KATHLEEN
 (turns to John)
 I'll settle you back at the hotel.

JOHN
 I'll be okay. I want to find Flora and her
 mom...

116 INT. CELLAR MORGUE - DAY

116

Aura of intense cold. This is the room in every mortuary that the flowers and formalities of the other rooms are meant to drive from your mind (but never do). The particular horror of the workroom is that there is, obviously, no reason for sterility, or even cleanliness. Clutter.

MOLLO and KATHLEEN are working over the body, which remains for the most part offscreen.

Kathleen is hosing off the object, while Mollo sets up a tape recorder near the table.

DR. MOLLO
 (into the tape recorder)
 Two September, Post Mortem performed by
 Doctor Christian Mollo, assisted by Kathleen
 Strauss, R.N., period. Subject of Post,
 male of unknown origin, hereinafter referred
 to as Subject, period. Object of Post, find
 out what subject is, period. To save time,
 voice of Mrs. Strauss appearing on this tape
 is to be entered into the record.

KATHLEEN
 The dirt's embedded under the skin of the
 arms and hands. That's the best I can do.

DR. MOLLO
 Okay.

Kathleen switches off the water.

DR. MOLLO
 Approximate weight of Subject, two hundred
 thirty pounds, period.

KATHLEEN
 Where shall we start?

DR. MOLLO

Lower extremities.

(he handles one of the legs)

Fibula and tibia, and the entire leg for that matter, extremely flexible, approximately one and one half feet long, period. Atrophied, period. Bones of tarsus, metatarsus, and phalanges have obviously never performed the function of feet, period.

KATHLEEN

Do you want measurements?

DR. MOLLO

Not yet. Let's move on to the arms.

CLOSE ANGLE, ONE WELL-MUSCLED ARM. It grows darker and smaller at the elbow, until the hand and weird HOOK are withered and black.

DR. MOLLO

Cursory examination of upper extremities indicate unusually well-developed triceps and subanconeus, while opposing bicep fairly normal, period. Suggests Subject has spent large portion of his life performing some activity like rowing, period. Dirt embedded under tissue of forearm and hands causing permanent tattooing, period.

CLOSE UP, THE WEIRDLY TAPERED HAND AND ITS PROTRUDING HOOK. Mollo touches the hook, and stops at:

EXTREME CLOSE UP, INSIDE OF SUBJECT'S WRIST.

Growing out of two folds of flesh is a gnarled lump the size of a pea.

DR. MOLLO

Is that a tumor?

KATHLEEN

There's one on the other wrist the same size.

DR. MOLLO

It's scar tissue. Hold the wrist steady!

ANGLE ON KATHLEEN

Kathleen does so. Mollo takes a pair of surgical shears and we HEAR clipping sounds.

KATHLEEN

Jesus!

DR. MOLLO

(dictating)

It appears that fingers have been tied together, with a cord, probably since birth, like a bunch of asparagus stalks. They are partly loose now, partly stuck together by tissue. Purpose of binding appears to be to permanently imbed a hook into the palm of the hand, period.

Kathleen hands him, and he looks at:

CLOSE UP, THE HOOK. Delicately curved and translucent. A precision instrument.

DR. MOLLO

The hook itself is carved of bone-like material; cording appears to be rawhide, period. Will not speculate for the record on function of hook, period.

KATHLEEN

What now?

DR. MOLLO

The genitals.

They move down the SUBJECT'S LEGS.

DR. MOLLO

Complete absence of hair on pubis. However, testicles fully descended, vas deferens developed, indicates sexual maturity, period. Seminal discharge on glans emitted at death indicates Subject capable of functioning as adult male, period. Well, that's that.

But Kathleen is staring.

KATHLEEN

No, it isn't, Doctor. Look.

DR. MOLLO

What?

(a long pause as he stares, too)

Oh, boy.

(into the tape recorder)

Under Subject's sex, strike "male". Above the penis, hidden in the fat, is a small, but fully developed vagina, period. Subject is functioning hermaphrodite, period.

(to Kathleen)

Have you ever seen a hermaphrodite?

KATHLEEN

Only in the textbooks.

DR. MOLLO

Well, I've seen a few. But never with both organs completely developed. Usually one organ or the other doesn't make it through puberty.

(back to dictating)

Hymen is broken, indicating Subject has also functioned as a mature female, period. Placement of organs is such that, for the record, Subject could have practiced sexual monocourse, period.

KATHLEEN

(nervously)

You mean...?

DR. MOLLO

Putting it as simply as possible, this thing could have responded to the remark 'Go fuck yourself,' with affirmative action.

(pointing)

I need the longer scalpel... Okay, let's open this thing up!

DR. MOLLO

(working away)

Internal organs not consistent with those of human being, period.

Off-screen he's moving his instruments around.

DR. MOLLO

Heart unusually small. About the size of a cat's. Weighing...

He withdraws a small yellow organ and hands it to Kathleen.

KATHLEEN

(placing it on a scale)

2.46 kilograms.

She puts the organ in a jar. —

DR. MOLLO

(Handing her a similar organ)

And this?

KATHLEEN

What is this?

DR. MOLLO

(matter-of-fact)

The other heart.

KATHLEEN

(turns white, but weighs it)

2.45 kilograms.

She puts it into another jar.

DR. MOLLO

(into mike)

Subject has two small hearts, one on either side of the chest cavity, period.

(to Kathleen)

The lungs look normal. Let's skip to the digestive organs.

KATHLEEN

Let's skip the whole thing.

Kathleen looks up at the SOUND of footsteps.

DR. MOLLO

Who is it?

JOHN (O.S.)

'Tis I. Mind if I watch?

DR. MOLLO

If you can stand it.

ANGLE ON JOHN, DESCENDING INTO VIEW.

He is deeply disturbed.

JOHN

Promise I won't throw up.

DR. MOLLO

Have they found the head yet?

JOHN

No.

KATHLEEN

(watching him and Mollo's work at the same time)

And Flora?

JOHN

Very bad news - she's been missing since last night.

KATHLEEN

Oh no...

DR. MOLLO

Missing?

John settles himself comfortably on a table, with the body lying between him and them.

JOHN

The children were playing in the cemetery. She disappeared.

ANGLE ON MOLLO

He signals 'time out' to the two of them, so he can dictate.

DR. MOLLO

(probing)

I'm not going to take the stomach out. But
I'd like to see what's in it.

(he cuts)

Whew!

They all react to a strong odor.

JOHN

What is it?

KATHLEEN

Formaldehyde! Did you use...

DR. MOLLO

No, I didn't. It was already in the
stomach. A jar...

She hands him one. Using tongs he extracts some white snaky
things from the stomach and puts them in the jar.

DR. MOLLO

(into mike)

Contents of stomach - unidentified white
meat - mostly ligaments, apparently
saturated in embalming fluid, period.

They look at each other.

DR. MOLLO

Okay.

(he uses his scapel)

Small organ to right of stomach appears to
be ancillary stomach. Contents...

He withdraws several small objects, and drops them into a jar.
Click! Click! Click!

CLOSE UP, JAR. The objects are pebbles.

ANOTHER ANGLE, MOLLO AND KATHLEEN.

DR. MOLLO

Smooth pebbles. Probably used as roughage,
period.

KATHLEEN

It's like a chicken's craw.

DR. MOLLO

Yeah. Let's see what is in that one.

He uses the scapel again.

DR. MOLLO

Small organ to left of stomach appears to be second ancillary stomach, period. Contents ...

Mollo's eyes pops and Kathleen grabs her stomach.

KATHLEEN

God!

CLOSE UP, MOLLO'S TONGS, withdrawing from the third stomach a WRIGGLING SALAMANDER.

DR. MOLLO

Salamanders. Let the record show that although the Subject has been dead for almost two hours, the salamanders in its third stomach are alive and healthy, period.
(to Kathleen)

Now we know what it was doing in Yolanda's bait bin.

KATHLEEN

(a little freaked)
What the hell is this?

DR. MOLLO

'What the Hell?' is right, sister.

Kathleen turns away to compose herself.

DR. MOLLO

I wish I had the head!

KATHLEEN

I don't want any part of it!

He jabs a hypodermic into the Subject's forearm and withdraws bright red blood. Then he throws the hypo into his black bag.

DR. MOLLO

I hope to hell this damn thing doesn't have anything to do with the missing children... Can you roll it into the cooler while I go over to the church?

KATHLEEN

Sure.

DR. MOLLO

I've got to send a telex for help.

He starts up the stairs.

DR. MOLLO (Cont'd)

I'll meet you in the hotel in five minutes.

117 EXT. HOTEL - DUSK

117

It is beginning to RAIN in driving sheets. Mollo starts running toward the church. Trees whip in the wind.

118 INT. CHAPEL - DUSK

118

Mrs. Shea, Byrde, and other women are waiting anxiously around the teletype machine.

CLOSE UP - TELETYPE. CLICKING SOUND. One letter at a time, the message appears:

"ENTIRE DELTA UNDER EVACUATION."

Byrde types:

"FERRY OUT OF COMMISSION. IMPERATIVE YOU
SEND COAST GUARD AT ONCE."

119 ANGLE ON MAIN CHAPEL

119

Dr. Mollo bursts through the doors and runs toward the office.

BACK TO OFFICE

Mollo enters.

DR. MOLLO

Is it still working?

His answer comes from the clacking machine.

BYRDE

We're on with the Governor's office...

Mollo looks over their shoulders.

INSERT - TELETYPE

"NO FACILITIES OR PERSONNEL AVAILABLE TO
AID YOU."

BACK TO SCENE

They stare at the reply.

BYRDE

Jesus!

DR. MOLLO

What's the word from the fishing fleet?

DOROTHEA

They're in Charleston, safe. But they won't
let them out.

CELINE

And we're being told to evacuate, but they won't say how.

MARTHA JO

I'm not leaving without my Flora...

Mollo makes the connection between Martha Jo and Flora.

DR. MOLLO

(putting his arm around her)
Would you come with me for a moment?

120 EXT. HOTEL - EVENING

120

Kathleen helps John up the stairs. The strange MUSIC comes from somewhere.

121 INT. HOTEL - EVENING

121

The PHONE rings incessantly. Kathleen goes over behind the counter and answers it.

KATHLEEN

(into phone)

Hello?

122 INT. BONNIE'S TRAILER - EVENING

122

She's busy at the switchboard.

BONNIE

This is the Operator. Does anyone know where Mr. or Mrs. Strauss are?

BACK TO HOTEL LOBBY

KATHLEEN

This is Mrs. Strauss.

(beat) Hello? Who? Miss
Heard?

Hello.

(beat)

Yes, he's still alive.

JOHN

Tell her thanks for asking...

113 INTERCUT CONVERSATION WITH:

113

123 INT. MISS LEXIE'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK - STORM

123

The wildly tilting flooring and walls shiver. MISS LEXIE grips the phone tightly, while behind her, the baby grand piano slides across the room.

MISS LEXIE
(distraught)
I must see you! I have something to tell
you!

KATHLEEN
What the hell is it?

MISS LEXIE
Mrs. Strauss, I think I can help your
husband.

KATHLEEN
Yes?...

MISS LEXIE
He must see for himself, or he'll never take
his medicine...

KATHLEEN
He can't come! He's too weak. You must
tell me...

MISS LEXIE
He must come right away.

KATHLEEN
It's impossible...the storm!

There is a tremendous FLASH of lightning, and the thunder is
right on top of it. The main windows of the lobby blow in, and
glass is suddenly everywhere.

KATHLEEN (Cont'd)
Oh my God! Hello? Hello?

INT. BONNIE'S TRAILER - EVENING

BONNIE
I think we've lost her. Can you try again
later?

BACK TO HOTEL LOBBY

Kathleen hangs up the phone.

JOHN
We will go. When Mollo gets back...

KATHLEEN
No! I've done too much to you already,
bringing you here, insisting there was hope.
Flora was dying. Even if we find her, she
has nothing to tell us. And Lexie is crazy.
She just wants to torment you.

JOHN

She knows something. She is the only person
in the world with my secret.

124 INT. CHAPEL - EVENING

124

Mollo walks with his arm firmly around her shoulders.

DR. MOLLO

I need to know something about Flora, Martha
Jo. She is a very sick little girl, isn't
she...

MARTHA JO

(starting to cry)

What I didn't try with that child... She
just got weak. Why did she have to go off
with those children...?

DR. MOLLO

Was Flora your natural child, Martha? Or
did she come to you from somewhere?

Martha Jo is stunned.

MARTHA JO

Who told you that? Who's been taking about
me?

DR. MOLLO

Who's child was she? If you tell me, maybe
I can save her life. Or maybe someone
else's.

MARTHA JO

She was such a strange child...

DR. MOLLO

We don't have any time... Who gave her to
you?

MARTHA JO

(coming out of her reverie)

No one did. I found her! She was left in
front of the doors here, wrapped in an old
dress. Only a few days old. Everyone knew
it wasn't mine! But it wasn't their's
either. Nobody here'd been pregnant.

Mrs. Shea comes out from the office and calls across the chapel.

MRS. SHEA

Doctor Mollo. Byrde says to tell you the
machine's comin' up dead.

125 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - EVENING

125

Mollo comes running through the rain. An empty truck almost rolls him over. Was it the wind, or just someone forgetting to set the brakes?

126 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DUSK - STORM

126

The lights are flickering on and off. Kathleen's hammering the shutters closed as Mollo gets in. John appears to be asleep on a couch. Kathleen speaks first.

KATHLEEN

He's passed out. Lexie called. She says she knows how to cure John. The phone lines died so I don't know what the hell she's talking about.

DR. MOLLO

(going to John, not liking his condition)

It's crazy. But maybe she was shocked to see him. Maybe it took her a while to remember...

KATHLEEN

I think we should let him go in peace. It's not fair to drag him up there.

DR. MOLLO

What does he want?

KATHLEEN

To go.

DR. MOLLO

Then we don't have any choice. He's going too fast. We'll have to take the boat to my house and you can take the Rover from there. I must have a few minutes in my lab. There was something bizarre in Flora's blood...

CUT TO:

127 EXT. MOLLO'S BOAT - AT SEA

127

They are all wrapped tightly in yellow storm gear, and Mollo's emergency blue lights are flashing as he roars across the water, ignoring the heavy seas and pouring rain.

TIGHT ON JOHN

Either sleeping or unconscious in Kathleen's arms.

128 INT. MOLLO'S SURGERY - NIGHT

128

Mollo's carrying John, and Kathleen has Mollo's bag, as they come in. Mollo flicks on the lightswitch - and nothing happens.

DR. MOLLO
I have a backup system.

He goes out and in a few seconds we HEAR a gasoline engine start up, and the lights flicker to life as Mollo comes back.

DR. MOLLO
(fixing a syringe with some
mixture)
Here - give him this.

KATHLEEN
(while she works)
I can't see taking him any farther.

DR. MOLLO
No. It would be insane.

But John is slowly coming to!

JOHN
I want to. I've come this far.

DR. MOLLO
I can't allow it! You two stay here and
I'll see what she has to say.

KATHLEEN
Chris, we'll be fine. If you're making some
kind of progress, it's more important you
stay here.

DR. MOLLO
(handing her the keys)
Don't get stuck.

129 INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

129

Kathleen is driving. The rain is coming down heavily, and there is occasional lightning.

JOHN
(after a moment)
Chris is it? What's that all about?

KATHLEEN
People usually go on a first-name basis
after they've done an autopsy together.

JOHN
Sure, I get it - hands touching among the
organs and all that.

130 EXT. LEXIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

130

The Land Rover drives right to the house. Kathleen gets out and runs to the porch.

KATHLEEN

Lexie!! Lexie - are you there?

She disappears into the house and emerges in a few moments.

131 INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

131

Kathleen gets in.

KATHLEEN

I can't find her.

But John is looking ahead, disbelieving.

JOHN

(pointing)

What's that?

132 THEIR POV - EXT. VAN DAAM MANSION GATES - NIGHT

132

In the twin spots of their headlights - there is Lexie Heard, rolling her wheelchair toward the twin griffins, in the storm.

BACK TO SCENE

KATHLEEN

I don't believe it!

133 EXT. VAN DAAM MANSION GATES - NIGHT

133

The Rover pulls up and Kathleen runs toward Lexie. John follows.

KATHLEEN

Miss Lexie!

ANGLE, MISS LEXIE. She is rolling forward, a shotgun in her lap, and her little tin box.

MISS LEXIE

(not surprised to see them)

When I was a child, I was forbidden to play here. But one morning I grew bold, and tried to open these gates.

She touches the gates.

MISS LEXIE

I went in.

(here twisted finger traces
a long, old scar in the
wood)

I ran home screaming.

(MORE)

MISS LEXIE (Cont'd)

Later that afternoon, my father and the village men went through the gates to see what made me scream. When they saw it, they set the mansion on fire. They waited outside with shotguns to kill anything that ran out. When the fire was over, they burned the bodies, padlocked the gates, and no one from the island ever went inside again.

KATHLEEN

What made you scream?

ANGLE, TIN BOX. Miss Lexie opens it and withdraws a set of large keys.

MISS LEXIE

What I saw is still here.

She unlocks the gates.

John and Kathleen pushes them open. It is raining and the lightning is damn near non-stop.

134 INSIDE THE GATES

134

This is a wide promenade leading to the black mansion. Lined with the stumps of great oaks.

JOHN, KATHLEEN, and MISS LEXIE move through the tree stumps and black flowers.

JOHN

That fire was 50 years before I could have been born. What is the truth?

MISS LEXIE

I lied to conceal the circumstances of your birth. No child came out of this house when it was burned. It was on my second visit, that I found you.

KATHLEEN

Second visit?

THUNDER. Miss Lexie clutches her SHOTGUN.

MISS LEXIE

(tensely, looking about)
Keep close to me!

THEIR MOVING POINT OF VIEW, CLOSER TOWARD THE BROODING MANSION.

MISS LEXIE (Cont'd)

This house is made of ship's wood. Soaked in brine, permeated with salt. It couldn't burn down.

They arrive at the STEPS TO THE MANSION.

MISS LEXIE (Cont'd)

Fifty years after the fire, in my middle years, while I was working with Doctor Peterson, I began to take walks here, alone. I had my father's keys. This time, I didn't tell anyone.

She points to:

A HUGE PLANK, lying beside the steps. Kathleen moves it so that it becomes a wheelchair ramp.

135 EXT. MANSION PORCH - NIGHT - STORM

135

BLACK, STRANGELY CARVED RAILINGS.

MISS LEXIE

I was afraid to go inside...

THEIR POINT OF VIEW: THE GREAT DOORS.

MISS LEXIE

But I heard something! And for the first time in all those years, I went back into the mansion!

THEY MOVE TOWARD THE DOOR.

JOHN

Dear God, this smell...what did you hear?

MISS LEXIE

A baby crying!

THEY DISAPPEAR INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE MANSION.

136 INT. MANSION - NIGHT - STORM

136

There are no right angles. Every surface is charred SILVERY BLACK.

Kathleen closes the door. The house falls deathly SILENT: the hurricane is only a distant moaning.

KATHLEEN

It's so quiet!

MISS LEXIE

They built this house to last.

JOHN and KATHLEEN follow LEXIE as she wheels deeper into the rooms.

MISS LEXIE

Here.

THEIR POINT OF VIEW. Under a large PORTHOLE WINDOW, illuminated by LIGHTNING FLASHES.

MISS LEXIE

The sun was dazzling that morning.

LEXIE'S HAND appears in frame, outlining this scene as her voice paints it.

MISS LEXIE

You were there, on your back in the sunlight. You were naked.

ANGLE, JOHN.

MISS LEXIE

I've never seen such eyes! Luminescent!
Even a few days old, you focused on me.
I took you in my arms - you became calm.

The wind is up and whistling through the house, moving things around. CRASH! A FEMALE FIGUREHEAD, a ship's bust with exposed black breasts, crashes down from over a mantel, narrowly missing Kathleen.

KATHLEEN

Oh!

She grabs John protectively, as though the fallen masthead had menaced him, not her.

JOHN

You said you knew a way to save my life!
What is it?

LEXIE

First you'll see, then you'll know...

Lexie wheels away, down a peculiar, bent corridor. John follows, supporting himself on her chair. Kathleen follows them both.

137 INT. DR. MOLLO'S EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

137

PULL BACK from the rotating centrifuge. MOLLO switches it off, removes a flask of blood, and makes a slide.

He puts the slide under his microscope.

HIS POINT OF VIEW, through the lens. Low magnification. Blood cells.

ANGLE, MOLLO. He has to shout into his recorder, because of the noise of the hurricane.

DR. MOLLO

In examining the blood cells of the Subject of the autopsy, I find that these cells are unmistakably human.

Suddenly, he sees something. He is shocked.

DR. MOLLO
Higher magnification...

He rotates the lens head.

HIS POV - MICROSCOPE

A single hemoglobin cell. It has a black, spidery nucleus.

BACK TO MOLLO

Speechless. He stands up. He goes over to a stack of slides.

INSERT - SLIDES

They are marked "HEMOGLOBIN CELLS - DEGENERATIVE HEMATOXINOMA.
PATIENT: JOHN STRAUSS."

BACK TO SCENE

He extracts a slide, and pops it into the microscope next to the creature's blood.

HIS POV

This time, a double image. And the two blood samples are identical.

DR. MOLLO
The sample from the Subject exhibits
hemotoxinoma, which appears to be arrested.

SOUND OF LOUD POUNDING.

ANGLE, MOLLO, turning toward the sound. Someone is knocking on his door.

138 INT. - MOLLO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - STORM

138

A GROUP OF WOMEN, led by CELINE, have not waited for him to answer his door. Dripping wet, they meet MOLLO halfway across the room.

CELINE
Doctor Mollo!

DR. MOLLO
Ladies?

MARTHA JO
It's in the paupers' cemetery.

DR. MOLLO
What have you found?

MARTHA JO

We think it's where Flora went. You have to come...

Reluctantly, he slips the TWO SLIDES into his pocket, and follows the women out.

139 INT. VAN DAAM MANSION DINING HALL - NIGHT

139

The immense table is wrecked and cluttered with the remains of an ancient meal. Spiderwebs drape the ruins.

MISS LEXIE

While she was in Holland, Eva Van Daam had her portrait painted by Vermeer.

Lexie points up at:

ANGLE, OVER THE FIREPLACE.

THE PORTRAIT OF EVA VAN DAAM. Seen at the beginning of the film, it is now finished.

LIGHTNING ILLUMINATES IT. THE EYES ARE PAINTED IN. ONE IS BROWN. THE OTHER IS BLUE.

ANGLE, JOHN

Staring in amazement. The lightning illuminates his own brilliant brown and blue eyes. A mirror faces its image, and the puzzle is complete.

JOHN

(staring at the painting)

My eyes!

John walks by himself into the room, leaving Miss Lexie near the doorway to the great hall.

JOHN

Then, it's true!

Miss Lexie rolls her wheelchair up next to John.

MISS LEXIE

Some of them survived the fire. They escaped that merciless massacre...in the cellars beneath the house.

JOHN

They lived on!

MISS LEXIE

Yes.

JOHN

But why did you lie?

MISS LEXIE
I didn't realize at first that I knew something that could help you. And I wanted to protect you.

JOHN
Protect me from what?

She opens the tin box again, and withdraws something.

CLOSE UP, MISS LEXIE'S HAND. In her palm, TWO TINY HOOKS, translucent, glistening like mother-of-pearl.

MISS LEXIE
They were left in your hands. They were tied to your wrists so you couldn't drop them.

Kathleen puts her hands to her mouth and GASPS.

KATHLEEN
(recognizing the hooks from the autopsy)
Oh, God...!

MISS LEXIE
But you had no instinct to use them. You had cut yourself badly.

John touches his chest.

JOHN
Why would they abandon me?

MISS LEXIE
Because you were different. You were a throwback.

JOHN
Throwback? To what?

MISS LEXIE
You were a human being.

A PAUSE.

Behind John, A SOUND.

He spins around and stares at:

ANGLE, THE DOORWAY

In it, hanging from her hooks embedded in either side of the door frame, is a WOMAN.

She is the female equivalent of the thing Mollo and Kathleen examined earlier. But she is alive. She has breasts. She sways gently back and forth in the doorway.

She is obese, with tiny, useless legs curling under her stomach.

The dress she has on is much too small for her, and it is on backwards.

THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS ARE HIDDEN BY A SHADOW.

ANGLE, JOHN, staring at her. He raises his flashlight, hitting the creature full in the face. Her entire FACE is shown.

CAMERA SLAMS IN ON HER EYES. ONE IS BROWN. ONE IS BLUE.

WOMAN
(grunts like a hog)
A-RUNK! A-RUNK! A-RUNK!

John backs away.

THE WOMAN COCKS HER HEAD VIOLENTLY TOWARDS JOHN.

140 EXTREME CLOSE UP, THE CREATURE'S EYES.

140

SHE HAS NO PUPILS.

BACK TO SCENE

MISS LEXIE
Don't move. She's blind!

With astounding speed, the woman attacks Miss Lexie.

Miss Lexie FIRES the shotgun, but misses the woman. The woman keeps coming, crashing into Miss Lexie.

HER WHEELCHAIR SHOOTS ACROSS THE TILTED FLOOR.

And crashes into the wall.

Kathleen picks up a heavy piece of crockery and cracks it across the woman's head. THUNK!

The woman turns towards her. Kathleen jumps up on the table, and the woman follows her. Both crawl through the crumbling dinnerware, smashing candelabras, plates.

ANGLE, JOHN, dashing to pick up the:

ANGLE, THE SHOTGUN. He picks it up.

ANGLE, THROUGH THE GUNSIGHTS, as John aims at the woman.

He pulls the trigger. CLICK! The hammer falls on an empty chamber.

The woman turns away from Kathleen, and lunges towards John.

HIS POINT OF VIEW, the hideous head coming towards him, with Kathleen behind it, still beating at it. Finally, the woman succumbs to Kathleen's repeated blows. She falls to the floor, dead or unconscious. She folds in on herself, an embryo.

Kathleen runs to John.

Then, ANOTHER SOUND!

ANGLE, THE DINING HALL DOORS. Crawling across the floor is a MAN.

THE MALE TWIN OF THE DEAD WOMAN: OBESE, BALD, DEAD EYES.

They both FREEZE.

THE MALE COCKS ITS HEAD, LISTENING WITH ITS SENSITIVE EARS.

CLOSE UP, EAR

A tiny SQUEAKING noise is heard.

The male LUNGES, striking out with its meathook, bringing it down against a corner of the wall.

He lifts the meathook to his face. Impaled on the end of it is a dead MOUSE.

He smells it, then scrapes it off with the other hook, letting it drop to the floor.

Kathleen shifts her weight slightly, making the floorboards CREAK.

ANGLE, THE MAN. He immediately crawls toward the sound, but bumps into the dead woman.

The man pokes at the body...once...twice...

He raises his head and lets out a long WAIL of grief. John raises the dead shotgun to use as a club.

But the man grabs his dead mate under one powerful arm, and drags her away into the darkness of the house, disappearing.

As soon as the awful pair are gone, Kathleen and John run to Miss Lexie.

In her hysteria, she thinks Miss Lexie is still alive. She pushes the wheelchair through the house, supporting John at the same time.

141 EXT. PORCH - NIGHT - STORM

141

Kathleen trips, and the wheelchair slips from her hands.

Miss Lexie's wheelchair bumps down the steps, backwards, and stops against the trunk of a great oak tree. Kathleen starts toward her. John catches her, and he steadies her.

JOHN
(shouts over the storm)
Leave her! She's dead!

Kathleen gives up on Lexie, and drags John back through the gates, to the car. They take one look back.

142 THIER POV - THE MANSION

142

Framed between the griffons, they can see Miss Lexie, in her wheelchair. From out of the ground, around the edges of the wheelchair, a fat white arm protrudes, flailing at the spokes in the wheelchair, trying to reach the contents.

SOUND OF GRUNTING.

SQUEALING.

143 EXT. PAUPER'S CEMETERY - NIGHT - STORM

143

The rain and wind whip the WOMEN'S hair. They lead MOLLO to a place in the cemetery where a crowd of women has gathered.

ANGLE, THE SIX OPEN GRAVES BYRDE WAS SHOWN EARLIER.

CELINE
(shouting above storm)
Byrde paid us to keep still. She thought
Alice was looting the graves.

DR. MOLLO

And?

MARTHA JO
These are paupers' graves. What is there
to loot?

Mollo looks into one of the graves. —

144 ANGLE, THE GRAVE

144

In the bottom is a GAPING TUNNEL.

145 ANGLE, YOLANDA'S TRUCK PULLS UP

145

Shivering and wrapped in blankets, YOLANDA gets out, carrying coils of rope.

Dr. Mollo waves to them. They come to the gravesite.

YOLANDA
I'm going down!

LIGHTNING illuminates the people's faces.

DR. MOLLO

No, you stay here! Do you have a gun?

Yolanda whips a .45 out of her belt.

DOROTHEA

(in the background)

What are the guns for?

Mollo tucks the .45 into his belt.

DR. MOLLO

(looking around)

Flashlight?

MARTHA JO

(handling him Flora's
flashlight)

Flashlight

He starts towards the tunnel.

Yolanda kneels and loops one end around Mollo's ankle. Yolanda is an expert knot-tier.

YOLANDA

If you tug on it, we'll haul you up, P.D.Q.

DR. MOLLO

(thinking fast)

Only if I yank three times. Less could be accidental.

YOLANDA

(nods)

Three yanks.

He lowers himself into the grave.

He turns and crawls down into the:

146 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT - MUD

146

MOLLO'S flashlight illuminates it. It is a tight space, just room for his head and massive shoulders. It slopes downward.

Water pours down on Mollo from above.

Mollo accustoms his eyes to the dim light, and STARTS HIS DESCENT.

147 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - STORM

147

HOWLING WIND. THE WOMEN take their places holding the rope.

148 INT. LAND ROVER - POV MOLLO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

148

The headlights sweep the front door, where a white note is pinned. Kathleen runs out and comes back to the car with the note.

KATHLEEN

He said he had to go to the paupers' cemetery to check something out. That we should wait here.

JOHN

Fuck that.

149 EXT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

149

Roaring off into the storm.

FURTHER. Mollo wipes the mud from his eyes, points his flashlight into the darkness, and squeezes forward.

He starts sliding downward! He tries to stop himself, but his hands can't grip the slippery mud.

150 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - STORM

150

The rope is moving again.

YOLANDA

(checking to see how much
is left)

Martha Jo - see if you can find some
clothesline in my pickup.

151 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

151

Mollo comes to the end of the tunnel.

MOLLO'S POV

An opening into darkness.

BACK TO SCENE

He wriggles forward, sticks his head and flashlight out.

MOLLO'S POV

A large passageway, deep beneath the earth, large and obviously MANMADE. Paved on all sides with ancient cobblestones, it looks like it could date back to the seventeenth century.

The only SOUND, is water dripping somewhere..

ON MOLLO

He lets himself down, into the passageway. Totally coated in mud, he starts forward. His foot CRUNCHES on something.

He shines his light down. He has stepped on a human bone. They are scattered everywhere, but pushed to the sides.

Mollo advances slowly, through pools of water and crunching bones.

152 HIS POV

152

As the flashlight illuminates the tunnel, he sees: articles of clothing - Sunday best - the kinds of clothing people are buried in.

Little piles of gold teeth.

An artificial leg.

A stainless steel hip pin.

And jewelry - necklaces, earrings, watches.

THE LOOT OF TWO CEMETERIES.

153 ON MOLLO

153

Somewhere, a low squealing begins. Faint. He shines his light around, becoming aware of MANY SMALL TUNNELS like the one he came in, shooting off from this passageway. Some are to the sides, some go straight up, some are in the floor. He shines his light around, looking for the source of the SQUEALING.

THE SQUEALING GROWS LOUDER.

154 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - STORM

154

As Byrde's hearse roars up, spraying mud. Byrde springs from the car. Martha Jo is a few steps behind her, with more rope.

BYRDE

(staring at the open graves) What's going on here?!

YOLANDA

Seems like there's some tunnels underneath here. Mollo's gone down to take a look around...

BYRDE

(she grabs the lifeline rope from her)

Gimme that! Ain't nobody gonna go tearing up my cemetery without my permission...

155 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

155

Mollo is trying to go forward, and feels the rope tighten up. He gives it a little TUG as if to free it from some snag.

156 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

156

The rope jumps in BYRDE'S hands!! She tries to hold on, but the end slips through her fingers and disappears down the grave.
Martha Jo SCREAMS. Yolanda, like a madwoman, grabs the clothesline from Martha Jo, and dives into the tunnel.

157 INT. MUD TUNNEL - NIGHT

157

Yolanda scrambles through the mouth of the tunnel with the clothesline in her teeth.

158 INT. SMUGGLER'S TUNNEL - NIGHT

158

CLOSE ON MOLLO

Frozen, listening. He suddenly whips around.

159 MOLLO'S POV

159

The flashlight beam stops on a CREATURE, hitting it full in the face. It is gnawing on a clearly recognizable human arm.

160 CLOSE-UP CREATURE'S FACE

160

One eye is blue, one is brown. It does not react to the light, but it hears a SOUND, and reacts. Clutching its feast, it disappears down a side tunnel.

BACK TO MOLLO

He's seen enough. He turns and runs back the way he came.

INT. MUD TUNNEL - NIGHT

Yolanda, much deeper now, sees the end of the Mollo's rope and grabs at it. She catches it!

161 INT. SMUGGLER'S TUNNEL - NIGHT

161

Mollo shines his light around, looking for the mud hole he came in by. But which hole is his?

He hears SOUNDS behind him. Mollo starts following his rope guide, which is moving.

MOLLO'S POV

The rope going up into a tunnel.

BACK TO SCENE

Mollo starts hauling himself up into the tunnel.

Just as Mollo is pulling himself up, a CREATURE drops out of one of the feeder tunnels RIGHT OVER MOLLO and SINKS A HOOK into Mollo's arm!

TIGHTER ON MOLLO

Reacting in pain. He wrestles out his forty-five and blasts the creature. He then disengages the hook from his arm.

He yanks three times on the rope. Nothing happens.

162 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - STORM

162

The Land Rover arrives at the gravesite. Kathleen is out in a flash and joins the group gathered around the hole.

KATHLEEN

(to Byrde)

Where's Dr. Mollo?

BYRDE

(she points toward the grave)

They say he's gone huntin'...

KATHLEEN

He's gone down there?! He'll never get out alive.

(sees the rope)

Is he attached to this?

She starts to grab it but Martha Jo stops her.

MARTHA JO

Don't pull on it!! Yolanda's got it in her teeth!

KATHLEEN

She's down there too?

ANGLE ON JOHN

Walking, as fast as he can, toward Yolanda's pickup.

163 INT. MUD TUNNEL

163

Mollo is inching forward and upward, going as fast as he can, hyperventilating.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TUNNEL

YOLANDA IS WORKING HER WAY DOWN, rope in teeth!

YOLANDA'S POV

Just in front of her Mollo appears.

DR. MOLLO

Back up!! Fast! They're right behind me!!

164 EXT. GRAVE - NIGHT - STORM

164

Yolanda's feet appear, backing out of the grave. Several people grab her ankles and haul her out.

KATHLEEN
(as soon as she can see
Yolanda's face)
Where's Mollo?

YOLANDA
Right there! Help him...

And Kathleen just about gets into the pit to grab Mollo. He finally gets out, covered in blood.

ANGLE ON MARTHA JO

Seeing the blood on Mollo, knowing the worst for Flora. She starts to SCREAM.

BACK TO GROUP

Kathleen starts tending to Mollo's wounds, but he starts moving toward the vehicles.

DR. MOLLO
In the trucks! Get out! Everybody out!

KATHLEEN
(seeing the blood)
Is this from them?

DR. MOLLO
They're right behind me...

He turns back to look into the grave, just as a CREATURE starts to come out. BLAST!! Someone has blown it away.

ANGLE ON JOHN

Reloading a twelve gauge shotgun.

DR. MOLLO
Come on! We've got to get everyone to the church!!

165 INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

165

JOHN
But Lexie was killed before she could tell me what she knew.

DR. MOLLO
I've got something to tell you that may have a bearing on that.

JOHN

What?

DR. MOLLO

The one we autopsied - how old would you say it was?

JOHN

Maybe fifty.

DR. MOLLO

Kathleen?

KATHLEEN

At least.

DR. MOLLO

John, they share your disease.

166 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - STORM

166

The Caddie hearse, the Land Rover, Yolanda's pickup and other assorted vehicles come sliding up to the church parking area.

ANGLE ON MOLLO, KATHLEEN, AND JOHN as they walk toward the church.

JOHN

Lexie says I was a reject, a genetic throwback.

DR. MOLLO

I think Flora was too. But these creatures have the disease controlled.

YOLANDA (O.S.)

Look up on the hill!! They're coming out of the tunnel!

Everyone stops and looks.

167 POV - THE CEMETERY

167

Maybe half a dozen grey shapes, moving around the graves, far away.

ON THE GATHERING CROWD

Some people SCREAM.

TIGHTER ANGLE ON MOLLO, JOHN, AND KATHLEEN

JOHN

And Lexie knew what it was.

DR. MOLLO

I think I know, too. I think it's what they eat.

KATHLEEN

Oh God...

JOHN

(terrified)

What they eat?

DR. MOLLO

How badly do you want to live?

That question remains unanswered for the moment as Yolanda comes past.

DR. MOLLO

(to Yolanda)

Get some people to help you, and bring every gun, knife and slingshot you've got down here!

YOLANDA

(thrilling at the prospect
of a battle)

I got some other stuff, too...

And she's off, gathering others to join her.

DR. MOLLO

(to the two of them)

I'll be back in a few minutes. John - get out of the cold! Kathleen - get someone over to Bonnie's and have her reach everyone she can by phone. And then she should get out!

Byrde OVERHEARS this and doesn't like it one bit.

BYRDE

Why the hell should everybody come here?

DR. MOLLO

Because those things are coming out of the ground, and they're hungry. The church has a stone floor.

BYRDE

(nervous)

You're a crazy nigger.

The storm rages, but he is silent for a moment. He turns to her, leveling a truly deadly look.

DR. MOLLO

I think you know what I'm talking about, Byrde.

(to Kathleen and John)

I'll be right back.

168 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

168

TRACK with Mollo as he runs in the driving storm. Word about gathering at the church must be getting out, because people and vehicles are going the other way.

169 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

169

Mollo runs in.

170 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

170

DR. MOLLO

(loudly)

Anybody here?

But there is only the storm, and the CRASH of broken shutters. Mollo starts down the stairs to the mortuary.

171 INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

171

Mollo comes in. The LIGHTS ARE FLICKERING MORE OFF THAN ON. We see him cross the room, and we HEAR the CRASH of bottles breaking.

DR. MOLLO

Damn!

CLOSE ON MOLLO

Looking fiercely for something in the dark. And then he HEARS something. GRUNT, GRUNT.

ANGLE ON DRAIN

Something is down there.

172 INT. BONNIE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

172

The thing is rocking in the wind. AND THE SWITCHBOARD WANTS TO FALL ON BONNIE!! She talks on it, plugs in and out wires, all while keeping the thing pushed against the wall.

BONNIE

That's all I know. The Doctor said evacuate to the church, right now. If you got a gun, bring it! And bang on Baby Lilly's door these lines are failing fast...

She hangs up and starts ringing others.

173 EXT. BONNIE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

173

The wind blows over a tree, AND IT PULLS ALL THE LINES right off the trailer.

174 INT. BONNIE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

174

The board is stone dead. She takes a last look at it, tries a couple of levers, and then with a sense of ceremony, pulls out all the cords. She then takes her pistol off the top of the board, and heads for the door.

175 INT./EXT. YOLANDA'S TACKLE SHOP - NIGHT

175

Yolanda has dressed herself for action, bandoleros, pistols, a few WWII-vintage grenades, even a two-foot machete which dangles buccaneer-like from her side.

Under her vigorous direction, the place is being emptied of guns and ammo.

And for some strange reason, she's got cases of BEAR TRAPS. We TRACK out with the last of the armaments, get on the truck, and join the last of the townswomen as they herd into the church.

176 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

176

Mollo greets Yolanda's crew as they drive up. He's got something wrapped in a bundle, half hidden under his coat.

YOLANDA

I found some old bear traps! Wanna' use 'em?

DR. MOLLO

Good. Start setting them around the entrances. I'll be right back.

177 EXT./INT. CHURCH - TRACKING SHOT - NIGHT

177

With Mollo as he goes in the church with the package prominently under his arm. People are settling in - lighting candles and gathering in small groups.

Mollo looks through the crowd for John and Kathleen. She comes running up to him.

KATHLEEN

(panicked)

I can't keep him awake!

Mollo rushes with her toward a corner of the church. John is wrapped in a blanket, and looks like he might be dead.

DR. MOLLO

(taking his pulse quickly)

Hang in there, my man...

And he scoops him up, and carries him off the to the CHOIR LOFT, with Kathleen following.

178 INT. ENTRANCE TO CHOIR LOFT - NIGHT

178

They go up the stairs and in the door. Kathleen closes the door behind them.

179 INT. CHOIR LOFT

179

Mollo carries John in and sits him down at a long trestle table. And then he places the bundle down, right in front of him.

DR. MOLLO

I can't tell you what to do. I can only say that this might work.

John grips the bundle and looks at him, pale. Kathleen watches in agony.

KATHLEEN

Can't we alter it somehow? Cook it or put something on it?...

DR. MOLLO

No! We can't cook it and we can't put Hollandaise sauce on it. Not now. It might alter the chemistry. If this works, then we can experiment around and find out what it is that's helping.

KATHLEEN

Do you want me to stay?

John has one last joke left in him. He smiles up at her as the gag crosses his mind.

JOHN

Only if you'll join me.

There are FOOTSTEPS and then a KNOCK on the door.

DR. MOLLO

Don't come in! I'll be right there.

MRS. SHEA (O.S.)

Can you come down? There are lots of rumors and the folks are getting pretty stirred up.

DR. MOLLO

Right away.

Mollo turns and walks out, Kathleen going with him.

180 INT. ENTRANCE CHOIR LOFT DOOR - NIGHT

180

Mollo and Kathleen come out and close the door. Kathleen stands there, outside the door, staring at it, agonizing over what John is doing.

MONTAGE - THE TOWN - HURRICANE

Tree limbs fly and pieces of houses tumble in the street. A few stragglers make their way toward the church, barely able to stand against the wind.

181 EXT. THE CEMETERY - NIGHT

181

The storm obscures almost everything - but there are objects crawling around the ground, searching, moving inevitably downward.

182 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - HURRICANE

182

Yolanda and Celine struggle with the terrible jaws of a bear trap.

YOLANDA

Be careful!

CELINE

I am!

BUT SNAP!! THE TRAP SLAMS SHUT! Celine's hand is caught in it in some way.

YOLANDA

Oh God!

Both stare at Celine's hand.

CLOSE UP - HAND

One of her long, long fingernails has been snipped off by the trap. That's all.

BACK TO SCENE

They react, then go right back to work. Mollo comes out from the church.

DR. MOLLO

That's enough! Come in, before they get any closer.

183 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

183

At the heavy front doors. Yolanda and Celine come in, and Mollo closes the doors, and bolts them. He then turns, and waits for attention. Everyone quiets down, and the moment he speaks, his imperial voice fills the church, solemn and authoritative.

DR. MOLLO

Does anyone know of a person who is not yet here?

There is a murmur as people compare notes.

A WOMAN

What about Lexie?

BONNIE

Her phone's been out.

DR. MOLLO

I'm sorry to report Lexie Heard is dead.
(he waits a moment for that
to sink in)

We are all in extreme danger. The whole island is undercut with tunnels, most of them leading to graves. They all meet at an old smuggler's tunnel, hundred of years old. There are creatures living in these tunnels, half human, half I don't know what. They are dangerous, and they appear to be hungry. They are coming up out of the graves, looking for food.

CELINE

Why are they coming up?

DR. MOLLO

Their food supply was cut off. Until a few weeks ago, they lived off the cadavers. Now they have turned to live food groundhogs, mice, us.

BYRDE

So why don't we feed them?

DR. MOLLO

If you have something for them, go right ahead.

(turning away from her)

Yolanda, who are the best shots?

Yolanda points them out and shoves them forward. As Mollo moves to position one of them, Baby Lilly, he calls out:

DR. MOLLO

Get the children up into the balcony. Mothers stay with them. And keep to the floor - away from the windows.

ANGLE - INSIDE THE REAR DOOR

Mollo checks the strength of the door sill at a rear entrance.

ANGLE ON THE FOOT OF THE DOORS

Water is being blown under the door. It runs along the floor. As Mollo walks away, the stones shift slightly.

184 INT. THE CHAPEL - NIGHT

184

Most of the people have settled themselves in the pews, lying down, or huddled in small groups.

ANGLE ON MRS. SHEA

Directing a couple of volunteers in the distribution of tea.

ANGLE ON KATHLEEN

Seeing that things have settled down, turns her thoughts back to John. She mounts the stairs to the choir loft.

185 INT. ENTRANCE TO CHOIR LOFT - NIGHT

185

Kathleen's about to go in. She gets her hand on the door, but it suddenly opens! John stands there, looking almost fit!

KATHLEEN

You're alive!

JOHN

I feel much better.

She rushed to him and holds him.

KATHLEEN

Oh, thank God.

JOHN

I just wish I could get back to the hotel for my toothbrush...

186 INT. CHAPEL - STORM

186

On Mollo, helping arrange a shooting port. He turns and sees:

MOLLO'S POV

John and Kathleen, descending the stairs. John smiles across the room to Mollo, almost embarrassed at his improved health. The WIND takes this moment to build to a terrific fury. There is a WRENCHING SOUND - and John and Kathleen both look toward it.

ANGLE - STAINED GLASS WINDOW

Above the choir loft. The ancient lead framework of the huge center panel bends in, and then EXPLODES in a shower of colored glass, driven by a blast of water and rain, covering everyone in the loft. Women and children scream.

ANGLE ON KATHLEEN AND JOHN

Running to help.

ANGLE ON MOLLO

Dashing for the stairs.

THE CHOIR LOFT

Pandemonium. No one has been seriously hurt, but there is a lot of SCREAMING and bleeding from minor cuts.

ANGLE ON MOLLO -

While he works on a child, across to Kathleen, doing the same thing.

DR. MOLLO

When you saw them, did you think they could see?

KATHLEEN

No. They're blind. But their hearing is like radar. You think they can find us?

DR. MOLLO

Maybe by smell.

187 (CUTTING PIECE) ANGLE ON JOHN

187

He's picked up a shotgun, and now stands facing the rain, peering out over the view provided by the opening through the broken stained glass window.

188 JOHN'S POV - TOWN SQUARE, CEMETERY

188

The bluster seems to be dying in the storm. And as the winds and rain diminish, OBJECTS can be seen, slithering in the mud. Their direction is more SEARCHING, than directly toward the church.

BACK TO JOHN

He turns and faces the choir loft at his feet, and the church spread out below him.

JOHN

Chris!

ANGLE ON MOLLO

DR. MOLLO

(looking up from his patient)

Yes?

WIDER ANGLE

JOHN

The storm is letting up.

DR. MOLLO

It may be the eye. The middle of the hurricane. A few minutes of silence until it hits again.

KATHLEEN

We will all have to be totally silent.

CHOIR LOFT

On Mollo, as he addresses the congregation from the balcony railing. As he speaks, there is an occasional MOAN or CRY from an injured child. This is a war zone.

DR. MOLLO

People, listen to me for a moment.

He gets immediate attention.

DR. MOLLO (Cont'd)

The eye of the storm may be approaching. That means we will have to be totally silent.

(he turns to those behind them)

Even the children, mothers.

(back to the congregation)

The beings outside carry meathooks. They are dangerous. But they are blind. If they cannot hear us, they probably can't find us.

A VOICE

I thought we were safe here.

DR. MOLLO

I hope we are. But we don't know how long it will be before help comes. In the meantime, if the creatures cannot find us here, they may look elsewhere.

ABRUPTLY, THE WIND DIES DOWN.

Dead silence. No rain. Nothing.

Mollo quietly climbs up to where John is, and stares out the window.

MOLLO'S POV

The storm is gone. The moon is out!

SEVERAL CUTS - PEOPLE IN THE CHAPEL

Everyone is still, afraid to breathe.

- 189 EXT. VARIOUS ANGLES - TOWN - EYE OF THE HURRICANE 189
The creatures, stopped in the streets, craning their necks around blindly, listening for sounds of their prey. Some of the creatures wear clothing!
- 190 INT. THE CHAPEL - EYE OF THE HURRICANE 190
THE WAIT. Women sit in absolute silence.
ANGLE ON THE BALCONY
A child stirs in pain and fear. Her mother quickly silences her, firmly, but gently covering her mouth and making fierce eye contact.
ANGLE - TWO OLDER WOMEN
Moonlight through a stained glass window tints their portrait.
ANGLE ON MOLLO
Checking his watch.
INSERT - MOLLO'S WATCH
Less than a minute to midnight.
BACK TO MOLLO
Suddenly, he realizes. Heedless of the sounds of his footsteps, he races down the steps and across to the foot of the clock tower.
- 191 ANGLE ON THE CHIME MECHANISM 191
Click. Twelve o'clock. The trigger sends a signal to the GEARS, which revolve with a noisy CLATTER and:
- 192 EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT 192
With the bright moon right behind, the CHIMES BOOM OUT! —
ONE, TWO, THREE!!
- 193 MONTAGE - CREATURES 193
Stopping, listening, turning their heads toward the sound.
- 194 ANGLE ON MOLLO 194
Rushing to the gears and trying to stop them with his bare hands! They keep turning.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Mollo runs and grabs a wooden chair, runs back toward the mechanism. But Baby Lilly gets there at the same time, and FLIPS a little switch that stops everything cold.

AGAIN, SILENCE.

Mollo quietly crosses the church floor, to get to a lookout.

195 MOLLO'S POV - THE CHURCHYARD

195

The creatures are definitely moving toward the church. They are sneaking around the gravestones, the fences and trees.

BACK TO MOLLO

DR. MOLLO
(in a whisper)

Damn!

Others are looking out the windows, and whispering their horrifying discoveries.

TOOT
It's people, crawling on their stomachs!

MARTHA JO
(whispering to Dorothea)
I see the suit Alvie Johnson was buried in.
I helped Margaret pick it out!

YOLANDA
(itchy on the trigger finger)
Sshh!

TIGHT ON BYRDE

Her world is coming apart. She needs to act, to find a solution, to put the genie back in the bottle. She starts toward the stairs that lead to the the choir room.

196 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

196

The creatures surround the church, crawling towards it.

197 CLOSER ANGLE - THE TRAPS

197

As the creatures approach the traps that are laid in a semicircle around the door, they explore them very carefully with their hooks. They are intelligent about this, and back away from the traps. But one creature, by blind luck, encounters no traps. It moves carefully toward the doors.

198 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

198

Everying sitting in silence. Listening, waiting. And then they hear a SOUND - close.

199 ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOORS 199

At first, only the sound of exploratory SCRAPING. And then, a white hook appears under the door!

200 REVERSE ANGLE 200

Everybody's staring. Guns are trained. Yolanda wants to blow it away. Mollo holds his hand up to her.

201 EXT. CHURCH DOOR 201

The creature pulls its hook back and taps on the door.

202 ANGLE ON OTHER CREATURES 202

Listening. Then moving forward but afraid of the traps. They stop again, not knowing what to do. THEY START WHINING PITIFULLY.

203 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT 203

The SOUND of the whining fills the church.

ANGLE ON THE BALCONY

Byrde emerges from the choir room, carrying John's bundle!

JOHN

Hey, that's mine!

BYRDE

(crazed, and climbing toward
the window where John and
Kathleen are)

They want it.

DR. MOLLO

(from below)

Stop her, for God's sake!

BYRDE

We must feed the pigs!

And she THROWS the package through what's left of the stained glass window.

INT. ANGLE ON THE CHURCH

Everyone stops in disbelief at what she has done. There is momentary silence, and then, the horrible SQUEALING as the creatures go into a feeding frenzy.

204 ANGLE ON THE CREATURES 204

White blades flashing in the moonlight. Ripping, fighting, THEIR APPETITES STIMULATED MORE THAN EVER!!

Some creatures turn from the package, unable to get near, and more boldly approach the church, FORGETTING ABOUT THE TRAPS IN THEIR HUNGER.

205 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

205

JOHN

(to Byrde)

You've always known about the creatures...

BYRDE

(screaming, defending herself
to the whole community)

I know nothing about them. I feed them.
That's what my mother told me to do, and
her mother before that, and the same before
her. And it's always been fine! This is
all the governor's fault.

A couple of the women grab her at the foot of the stairs, and clamp her mouth shut. As they try to quietly wrestle her to a pew, there is a horrible SNAP! outside.

Followed by horrifying SCREECHES and GRUNTS of pain.

ANGLE ON CELINE

Unconsciously holding her injured fingernail.

206 POV - FROM THE CHURCH

206

The creature, struggling, dragging itself away with the trap.

207 ANGLE - JOHN AND KATHLEEN - BALCONY

207

Staring out the huge window.

THEIR POV

The creatures seems to have been momentarily stopped by the horrible fate of the one caught in the trap. They hesitate, and then, start to retreat, mostly in the direction of the church cemetery.

BACK TO JOHN AND KATHLEEN

He looks at her.

JOHN

(just above a whisper)

They're going!

John surveys the quiet exterior. He turns in the direction of Mollo below. He holds out his hands, palms up, as if to say - "That wasn't so bad."

ANGLE ON BABY LILLY

Reaching into her knapsack and taking out a flask of brandy. She pours for everyone near her.

BABY LILLY
(louder than smart)
Well, that wasn't so bad...

Everyone kind of settles down.

ANGLE ON YOLANDA

Not so sure. She's at a side window, staring out into the dark, ready.

ANGLE ON MOLLO - NEAR THE FRONT DOOR

DR. MOLLO
Sshhh!
(he is listening to
something, intensely)
What is that?

He's right. There's a NOISE, a faint SCRATCHING, coming from somewhere.

WIDER ANGLE

Everyone starts listening, trying to figure out what it is.

ANGLE ON BABY LILLY

Pointing to her feet.

WIDER ANGLE

Everyone starts looking at the floor.

THE SCRATCHING BUILDS, GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER!! There must be dozens of them down there, scratching at the stones.

208 ANGLE ON JOHN AND KATHLEEN

208

Turning to look outside because the eye has passed and the STORM IS RETURNING.

209 CLOSE ON A FEW PIECES OF THE STONE FLOOR

209

The slightest CRACK appears.

VERY WIDE ANGLE

Shooting down toward the floor. Everyone seems to shrink from the center.

ANGLE ON THE CRACK

WIDENING.

TIGHT ON MOLLO

His senses are hyper-alive. He is trying to sense MOVEMENT.

ANGLE ON THE ALTER.

Two tall candlesticks, still burning, stand on a narrow cloth that runs the length of the table. Suddenly, THE CANDLESTICKS BEGIN TO SLIDE, ever so slowly.

ANGLE ON THE CROWD

No one notices.

ANGLE ON JOHN AND KATHLEEN

By their window. The wind is coming up.

ANGLE ON MOLLO

Ready for something. The SCRAPING BECOMES MORE FURIOUS.

ANGLE ON MRS. SHEA

Climbing onto a pew, as if to avoid mice.

ANGLE ON ALTER

The first candlestick reaches the edge, and goes over.

ANGLE ON THE CROWD

All eyes go to the source of the sound. They watch the second candle travel toward the edge.

There are several SCREAMS. And then the CLICKING and SCRAPING sounds become the SOUNDS OF HEAVY STONES SHIFTING.

210 WIDE ANGLE TOWARD CHURCH FLOOR - SPECIAL EFFECT

210

~~VIEW OF STAIRS~~
SUDDENLY - the center section of the floor of the church CAVES IN. The stones drop away into darkness.

ANGLE ON THE WOMEN WITH SHOTGUNS

Blasting into the pit. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! There are screams from the creatures and screams from the people. BUT THE HOLE CONTINUES TO WIDEN QUICKLY, followed by pews, and SCREAMING CLAWING PEOPLE.

ANGLE ON BYRDE

Clawing away at her gag, and then trying to race up a bench that is going down. Finally giving up trying to go uphill, she tries to plead with the unknown.

BYRDE

Wait, it's me, Byrde! I'm the one who feeds you...

And she slides into the pit, to do just that.

OTHER ANGLES

As if the jaws of hell had opened up, people are either sliding in, or pulling others out. Some of those trying to help are pulled in.

ANGLE ON MOLLO

One hand on a pew, the other trying to pull Baby Lilly back from the jaws of death.

SUDDENLY - A white hook flashes up from the darkness - and SINKS INTO Mollo's shoulder!.. He CRIES OUT IN PAIN. And then, WHACK!! The half-human arm that terminates in a white hook is DISMEMBERED.

Mollo looks over at his benefactor:

MOLLO'S POV

Yolanda, in the thick of things, hacking away, hauling out whomever she can.

ANGLE ON JOHN AND KATHLEEN

At the top of the balcony, running toward the stairs. He tosses a pistol to Kathleen.

JOHN

Stay there and shoot!

ANGLE - BOTTOM OF STAIRS

John races down and works his way toward the hole. He is taking aim with the rifle, when THE PIT WORKS ITS WAY TOWARD HIM, and he drops in!!

TIGHT ON KATHLEEN

KATHLEEN

No!!!

She takes the pistol in both hands and tries to get a shot in to help John.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Yolanda sees John and makes a grab for him. HE IS SLIPPING DOWN!! She pulls but SOMETHING IS HOLDING ON TO HIM.

JOHN

(in pain)

Forget it.

But Yolanda won't give up. She throws down her machete and pulls out a pistol, and shoot down into the pit. BLAM! BLAM!, and John COMES FREE. She pulls him out - he's bleeding heavily from both legs.

Mollo comes over and starts hauling him up the stairs.

DR. MOLLO

I've got too much goddam work in you to let you die now...

BACK TO YOLANDA

The floor is still collapsing, the circle widening. But those that have fallen in, and have not been rescued, are gone forever. The white hooks flash and click up out of the darkness, but they are out of prey for the moment.

YOLANDA

Ah, fuck you little devils...

And she unclips a grenade from her belt and tosses it in, while yelling to everyone around her -

YOLANDA (Cont'd)

Get back!!

KA - BLAM!! Shrapnel and smoke blow up out of the hole, and there are SCREAMS AND CRIES from the creatures. Mollo yells from above:

DR. MOLLO (O.S.)

Another one!

And Yolanda tosses grenade number two. After it blows, the SOUNDS from the pit diminish to a few groans, and then, finally, nothing.

WIDE SHOT - THE CHURCH AND THE BALCONY

For a long moment, the only sound is the storm. A few kids look over the balcony. Some women start to creep along the edge of the church, toward the stairs.

THE BALCONY

Kathleen and Mollo work on John.

KATHLEEN
 (to John)
 You're going to be okay.

DR. MOLLO
 Thanks to Yolanda.

ANGLE ON YOLANDA

Surveying the pit, daring something to move.

YOLANDA
 I knew I should'a sprung for an Uzi. You
 just never know when something like that's
 going to come in handy.

Kathleen, John, Mollo, and Yolanda share a laugh over that one,
 and we...

SLOWLY FADE TO:

211	WHITE DAWN	211
212	EXT. CHURCH - MORNING	212

Three COASTGUARDSMEN stand at the door of the church, taking in
 the bear traps, and the half-human corpse trapped in it.

GUARDSMAN #1
 Anybody in there?

They try the door. No go. Then they, HEAR a voice.

DR. MOLLO (O.S.)
 Here!

The Guardsmen back up and look at the smashed stained glass
 window above.

GUARDSMEN'S POV OF THE WINDOW

A few faces peer down at them.

DR. MOLLO
 Nice to have you. But if I were you I'd
 take out my pistol and be alert. There are
 hundreds of those things, and they've
 developed a taste for people.

ANGLE ON THE GUARDSMEN

Not sure if this guy is nuts or what. But they take out their
 guns.

CUT TO:

Kathleen sits between John and Dr. Mollo. The ISLAND recedes
 in the distance.

THEY ARE ALL CONSIDERING SOMETHING, IN SILENCE. Finally, somebody has an idea.

JOHN

I could try and make a deal with the morgue.

DR. MOLLO

Impossible. They don't have the authority to do it. There might be a public debate.

KATHLEEN

I don't know about you, John dear, but I think publicity about your cure would be a bad idea. You could end up on the front cover of People.

JOHN

All this talk about food is making me hungry...

DR. MOLLO

(ignoring him)

I could call Western Reserve, talk to my old professor of pathology, make a quiet arrangement as part of a 'research project.'

JOHN

Which it is.

KATHLEEN

(agreeing)

Which it is... John, there's a question I want to ask, and if you don't want to answer, that's okay, and I promise I'll never ask again. But if I never ask, well, I'll just always be wondering...

JOHN

Let 'er rip.

KATHLEEN

It's about your food...

JOHN

Don't be coy. Just blurt it out. We're all adults here.

KATHLEEN

I just wondered how it, you know, ah...

JOHN

Yes?

KATHLEEN

Tastes.

John thinks about that for a second.

JOHN

Tastes? You really want to know?

KATHLEEN

Yes. I'm just curious.

JOHN

And what will you do with this information if I give it to you?

KATHLEEN

I'll just know, that's all.

JOHN

Because if I were to tell you that it was sort of a cross between veal and venison, you might want to try it sometime.

KATHLEEN

No. Never! I could never do that.

(beat)

Really? Veal and venison?

JOHN

No.

KATHLEEN

Well what does it taste like?

JOHN

Actually, it's surprisingly like chicken.

And with that, the CAMERA slowly pulls back, catching the sun glinting off the water. And as we continue upward, we glimpse finally the coast of the mainland, green from the storm, awaiting a most unusual couple.