

SALEM'S LOT

from the novel by
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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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SALEM'S LOT

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CHURCH - DAY/NIGHT 1 *

A cross is silhouetted starkly against the setting sun. The sky is turning blood red at this sunset. We HEAR tinny Latin American MUSIC coming from some cantina. (We do not see the small town, but I promise you it is remote.)

SUPERIMPOSE: XIMICO, GUATEMALA

2 INT. CHURCH - DAY/NIGHT 2 *

CLOSE ON ALTAR. The CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES BACK. We SEE the church is small and old. Swarming with native attempts (under supervision) to paint Christs, Madonnas, Saints. As much gilt as could have been afforded. That certain traditional richness which (we know) contrasts with the poverty outside.

We HEAR several VOICES. They are -- and this should be indubitable -- outsiders, Americans, Yankees. The CAMERA NOW PANS TO REVEAL a man and a boy. The man is BEN MEARS; he is in his mid-thirties. (And we'll refrain from describing him as "attractive in a masculine way" and get on with it.) The boy is MARK PETRIE; he is fifteen or sixteen, but there is a remarkable maturity about him. They are both wearing worn jeans and Indian sandals.

Ben and Mark are on their knees at the altar. They pray silently for some moments. An Indian Sexton merely glances at them; they seem familiar. Christ looks down benignly.

Now they go back toward the entrance to the church. At the font they fill small vials with holy water. The Sexton is there and a coin falls into his hand.

BEN

Father Rosario... Padre... where?
Donde?

The Sexton waves a vague hand at some distant place.

BEN

(continuing)
Back tonight...? Noche...?

MARK

Vuelva?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED; 2

The Sexton shakes his head, again vaguely.

BEN

We'll come back tomorrow. Manana.

3 INT. CHURCH 3

Near holy water font.

Mark looks at the vial of holy water in his hand.

4 CLOSE ON VIAL 4

It is glowing, faintly.

5 UP ANGLE - TWO SHOT 5

Mark looks at Ben, who holds one of his own vials.
It too is beginning to glow.

BEN

They've found us again. Another
one has found us again.

MARK

We have to go further.

BEN

Not yet.

6 CLOSE - BEN 6

He looks down at the vial in his hand.

- 7 CLOSE - VIAL 7
- The glowing holy water is beginning to bubble in the vial.
- SLOW DISSOLVE TO:
- 7A EXT. FULL MOON - CLOSE - NIGHT 7A *
- SLOW DISSOLVE TO:
- 8 EXT. CHURCH - SILHOUETTED AGAINST FULL MOON - NIGHT 8 *
- SLOW MATCH DISSOLVE TO:
- 9 OMITTED 9 *
- 10 EXT. MARSTEN HOUSE - SILHOUETTED AGAINST FULL MOON - NIGHT 10
- NIGHT
- MAIN TITLES BEGIN. *
- UNDER THE LAST FEW CREDITS WE BEGIN -- *
- SLOW MATCH DISSOLVE TO:
- 11 OMITTED 11 *
- 12 EXT. MARSTEN HOUSE - DAY 12
- SUPERIMPOSE: SALEM'S LOT - MAINE - TWO YEARS EARLIER
- It's late spring and the sun falls flat on the Marsten House. We HEAR the SOUND of an APPROACHING CAR. The CAMERA PANS to meet it: a medium-priced model, far from new, driven by a man.
- 13 BEN MEARS 13
- The driver. Just a little road-weary, but still neat, a man who dresses casually yet with some care. Dark glasses mask his eyes without making him the least bit sinister. We would buy a used car from him, but that's not his racket.
- 14 CLOSE - BEN 14
- looking at the house.

- 15 THE MARSTEN HOUSE - THROUGH WINDSHIELD 15
- on the brow of a low hill, commanding the immediate landscape -- huge, rambling, isolated. Sunlight glints from its windows. It is looming as Ben exits car and walks toward it.
- 16 BEN 16
- The sight of the house has an effect on him. He seems somewhat agitated. Muscles bunch his jaw, the skin of his cheek appears to tighten.
- 17 MARSTEN HOUSE - CLOSER (MOVING POV) 17
- Grass grows wild and tall around the house. A sense of neglect, a sense of decay. Paint peeled, windows cracked or broken, shutters hanging askew. Even though it is caught in a slant of golden New England light and stands against a blue sky, like a painting by Wyeth -- Christina's World -- still it seems, yes, it does seem sinister. *
- 18 BEN 18
- And he stares at the house, a film of sweat beginning to form on his face. A runnel of sweat on his arm. His eyes troubled. And the eyes flicking as the SOUND of a DOOR catches his attention. His eyes flicking toward the house, where:
- 19 BEN'S POV - STRAKER 19
- A tall, powerful, impeccably-dressed middle-aged man, dressed in an impeccable black suit, is leaving the house. STRAKER is his name. He does not seem to notice Ben. He gets into an old but polished black Cadillac. (Is he an undertaker? Surely, some connection with death.) The MOTOR GRINDS and the car turns down the driveway, moving with the impeccable ponderousness of a car in a funeral procession. Yes, yes, we surely feel death around Straker.
- 20 BEN - CLOSE 20
- He watches as the car passes him.
- 21 MOVING POV - CLOSE - STRAKER 21
- His eyes turn toward Ben, fix on him with seeming indifference for a moment.

- SALEM'S LOT - Rev. 7/5/79 5,
- 22 THE ROAD 22
- Straker's black Cadillac is going down the road toward the town of Salem's Lot.
- 23 BEN 23
- Finally, he gets into his car, wheels it around, and he too drives toward Salem's Lot.
- CUT TO:
- 24 EXT. SALEM'S LOT - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 24
- Ben Mears explores the town of Salem's Lot (for us). Elevation 239 feet, population 2013. Salem's Lot is populated, though not particularly lively.
- 25 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY 25
- Ben circles the town square, a little park with walkways, benches, flower-bordered lawns. We SEE, with him, the friendly shops that border the square, the low "quaint" buildings. One shop, whose official opening is quietly proclaimed as imminent, is devoted to "Barlow & Straker." Fine furnishings, selected antiques.
- 26 BEN'S CAR 26
- Passing, and then settling into a parking space.
- 27 STRAKER - THROUGH STORE WINDOW 27
- His attention focuses on Ben, as:
- 28 INT. BARLOW & STRAKER - DAY 28
- Our first look, so some small description. The store is filled with antiques and bric-a-brac. A couple of crates, one opened, one unopened, give evidence that Messrs. Barlow and Straker are preparing for an opening. So far so good. But there is a strange and disturbing mix: they also collect taxidermists' specimens -- birds and small beasts (rodents, in particular) which are artfully displayed and yet create an undertone.
- Anyway, there is Straker, pausing in some arrangement, to look out at:

- 29 BEN 29
gets out of the car, looks around.
- 30 THE SQUARE 30
Ben saunters slowly, as though aimlessly, along the sidewalks. He is observed with passing curiosity by some of the townspeople, most especially by PARKINS GILLESPIE, the town constable, a taciturn Yankee who has a master's degree in criminology which scarcely applies to his meagre town duties. He is in a cruiser with his deputy, a man about 30, name's NOLLY GARDENER.
- 31 BEN 31
stops in front of the real estate office of LAWRENCE ("LARRY") CROCKETT.
- 32 STRAKER THROUGH WINDOW 32
also watches Ben, as:
- 33 BEN 33
enters the real estate office.
- 34 INT. CROCKETT'S OFFICE - DAY 34
It is a long narrow office. In front sits Crockett's secretary, a flashy blonde of 24 or 25 named BONNIE SAWYER (with whom he has been having an intermittent affair). Toward the rear, Crockett sits at his rolltop desk. The office is barren and cheerless. But there are dozens of photographs of properties tacked to the walls.

Bonnie pauses in her typing as Ben nods to her and passes to the rear, where Crockett looks up.
- BEN
Mr. Crockett?
(as Crockett
nears)
My name is Mears. Ben Mears. I'm
looking for a house to rent.
- CROCKETT
For how long?
- BEN
Six months, maybe.

(CONTINUED)

CROCKETT
Family?

BEN
No.

CROCKETT
Furnished?

BEN
Yes.

CROCKETT
Can't think of any.

BEN
That house on the hill...?

CROCKETT
What house?

BEN
(vaguely indicating)
As you come into town.

34A CLOSE - CROCKETT

34A

CROCKETT
(surprised)
The Marsten House?

Crockett's voice has risen a bit.

34B BONNIE

34B

as she turns around, eyeing Ben.

34C WIDE ANGLE

34C

BEN
Is it for rent or sale?

CROCKETT
It's sold. I can't think of
anything, not offhand. You might
try Eva Miller's boarding house.

BONNIE
It's real nice.

CROCKETT
On Railroad Street. You go...

(CONTINUED)

34C CONTINUED: (2)

34C

BEN

I remember.

CROCKETT

You remember?

He stares at Ben a moment, before:

BEN

Thank you very much.

He exits with a polite nod to Bonnie. Crockett moves up toward Bonnie's desk. Through the window they can see Ben getting into his car.

35 BEN

35

He turns and looks at them. A slight smile. He knew they'd watch him.

36 CROCKETT AND BONNIE

36

THROUGH the WINDOW we can SEE Ben drive off.

CROCKETT

Funny about the Marsten House.
Vacant over twenty years...

His hand falls a little carelessly on her shoulder.

36A CLOSE - BONNIE

36A

BONNIE

(invitingly)

Cullie's going to Portland tomorrow.

She smiles up at him.

37 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

37

as Ben drives past Barlow & Straker:

38 STRAKER

38

watches him speculatively.

39 GILLESPIE

39

As does Parkins Gillespie, who gets out of the cruiser, leaving Nolly in the driver's seat.

40 BEN'S CAR 40

It disappears around an edge of the square.

41 STRAKER 41

He turns to arrange some more bric-a-brac. Then he turns again, to look out the window, feeling something. And he sees:

42 STRAKER'S POV - CROCKETT 42

coming out of the real estate office, moving along the square in his general direction.

43 GILLESPIE 43

intercepts Crockett, with:

GILLESPIE

'Afternoon, Larry.

CROCKETT

(pausing)

Parkins. How's the missus?

GILLESPIE

Complaining. Car's from Colorado.

CROCKETT

Is that where?

GILLESPIE

Long way from Maine. What did he want?

CROCKETT

Rent a house. Something fishy about him.

GILLESPIE

What?

CROCKETT

Can't say. Think he's lived here before. Knew Railroad Street.

GILLESPIE

He did? Summer visitor?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED

43

CROCKETT

Can't say. Can't put my finger on him. Looks all right, but still. Can't rightly say. Sent him to Eva's.

GILLESPIE

Well...

CROCKETT

Getting warm.

He moves off.

A panel truck with the legend "NED TEBBETS, PLUMBING CONTRACTOR" passes. Crockett flags it down. The driver, a pleasant looking man in his late twenties, leans out. His name is, not surprisingly, NED TEBBETS.

CROCKETT

Can you fix that leak today?

NED

Five. Five-thirty. That do?

CROCKETT

Have to.

Tebbets drives off and Crockett goes on to Straker & Barlow. He opens the door and goes in.

44 INT. BARLOW & STRAKER - DAY

44

As the BELL TINKLES cheerily, Straker turns to Crockett.

STRAKER

Good afternoon, Mr. Crockett.

CROCKETT

You've sure fixed it up.

STRAKER

You think so? You like it?

CROCKETT

Fine job. Sure a lot different from the doctor's office I sold you.

*

STRAKER

I'd have to agree.

CROCKETT

Very tasteful.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

STRAKER

(waiting)

Yes? Thank you.

CROCKETT

(finally)

Mr. Barlow... ?

STRAKER

... will arrive. Soon.

CROCKETT

Lot of people have been waiting...

STRAKER

For Mr. Barlow?

CROCKETT

You know how it is in a small town.
People don't have much to do.

STRAKER

Ah yes. Well, I can assure you
people will find Mr. Barlow well
worth the wait. Especially you,
Mr. Crockett. I've told him how
helpful you've been -- getting us
the house, the store. Oh yes. Oh
yes.

(smiling)

Yes.

CUT TO:

45 INT. BEN'S ROOM - DAY

45

Ben has just set down a portable typewriter on a table near the window of a modest bedroom in Eva Miller's rooming house. The room is furnished in the style you might expect, with regional touches again modest. THROUGH the WINDOW we can SEE, on the hill dominating the town, the Marsten House. A couple of suitcases are on the floor. Ben has arrived.

EVA MILLER was once a blowsy beauty. Now she is merely blowsy, in her middle fifties, yet with a certain amount of restraint in her appearance. She has given up trying to appear young but has not given up trying to appear attractive.

EVA

You're a writer?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

BEN

Yes.

EVA

What do you write?

BEN

Books.

EVA

Have I read any?

BEN

Have you read any books?

EVA

Your books.

BEN

I don't know. How do I get breakfast?

EVA

Kitchen's open to one and all.
Just store your own things separate.
You work at night?

BEN

Sometimes.

EVA

You can't work too late. You'd
be (disturbing)...

BEN

I won't.

EVA

Well... hope you'll like the...

BEN

I'm sure I will.

She starts to exit, pauses.

46 CLOSE - EVA - BEN AT DOORWAY

46

EVA

How'd you happen to come here?

BEN

Real estate fellow...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

EVA
I meant, Salem's Lot. Strangers
don't often come here this time
of year. Not yet.

46A CLOSE - BEN

46A

BEN
I'm not a stranger.

It's a flat statement, but she looks at him in some
surprise. And she is about to ask something, but Ben
is politely yet firmly closing the door.

47 CLOSE - EVA - OUTSIDE BEN'S ROOM

47

She looks perplexed for a moment, then exits.

48 BEN

48

as he crosses to the window and stares out at the
Marsten House. For a long time.

48A CLOSE - BEN

48A

CUT TO:

49 EXT. PARK - DAY

49

A small well-kept park that runs along one of the banks
of the inevitable stream which bisects Salem's Lot. It
is growing a little late in the afternoon. An attrac-
tive woman of about 29 or 30, with a good figure, well-
tailored skirt, blouse, cashmere sweater, expensive
shoes, is sitting on the grass (probably leaning against
a tree), a book spine-open near her, sketching in char-
coal. She has unexpected class. She is moderately in-
tent, but not so intent that she doesn't notice a good-
looking man in his thirties, casually dressed, saunter-
ing through the park, absently approaching. Her name,
as blonde and blue-eyed as she, is SUSAN NORTON. His
name is Ben Mears, of course.

And now, as he is about to pass her, Ben looks down
toward the book. You sense that he wanted a reason to
stop. And he has it.

BEN
That's not a way to leave a book.

SUSAN
It's you?

BEN
Leaving them open that way breaks
the binding.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

SUSAN

It is you?

BEN

People should respect books, even when they're not especially well written.

SUSAN

It is well written.

She picks up the book. The photograph on the back of the book jacket is that of Ben. Writer Ben Mears.

BEN

Can I sit down?

SUSAN

Hey...

He sits down. Takes up the book.

SUSAN

(continuing)

Air Dance. Why'd you call it that?

BEN

Did you read the book?

SUSAN

Not all of it. In fact, I'm just getting into it. In fact...

BEN

In fact you got bored with it.

SUSAN

No. Not in fact. I just...

(indicating sketch)

I just wanted to do this. I'll read it.

BEN

You don't have to.

SUSAN

I want to.

BEN

I'll bet you wouldn't have finished it.

SUSAN

Wow, are you defensive!

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

BEN

Wow.

SUSAN

(angrily)

Wow!

They stare at each other. Finally Ben nods.

BEN

What's your name?

SUSAN

Susan. I teach art at Holly Elementary. My last name is Norton. My father's a doctor. I took your book out of the library because I'd read your other one...

BEN

Title?

SUSAN

I don't remember. Are you neurotic?

BEN

Medium. How about you?

SUSAN

(smiling)

Medium.

BEN

Want to have some dinner?

She does not answer. He puts down the book. Looks at her again. Hey, she is kind of beautiful. So is he, kind of. And this has all played out like one of the scenes from one of his smartass books.

BEN

(continuing)

Got a boyfriend?

SUSAN

Not exactly.

(indicating book)

It says here, married, no children. Still married? Still no children?

BEN

She died.

SUSAN

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

BEN
No children. Lot of memories, some
of them good, some not so good. You
didn't answer my question.

SUSAN
What?

BEN
Dinner?

SUSAN
Love to. How about my house?

CUT TO:

50 EXT. THE MARSTEN HOUSE - DUSK

50

Almost night. A light in one of the upper windows.
The rest of the house is dark. The black Cadillac is
parked in front of the house. There is a preternat-
ural silence. We HOLD a long time, before we...

CUT TO:

51 BEN

51

Again his car parked at the side of the road. Again
he is staring at the house.

52 BEN'S POV - THE MARSTEN HOUSE

52

Focusing, more or less, on the single lit window, high.
An almost hypnotic effect.

53 BEN

53

looking at the house. More than looking. Gripped by
it. A SOUND, a SCRAPING SOUND.

54 CLOSER ON BEN

54

His eyes wide, he turns abruptly, and sees:

55 STRAKER

55

standing in the road, not five paces away, a heavy
walking stick in his hand, a burly man with a heavy
walking stick and burning -- for that moment, burning
eyes.

56 BEN 56
Frozen.

57 STRAKER 57
A very long time. Then a polite nod.

STRAKER
Good evening.

And Straker walks past Ben, going up the driveway toward the house.

58 BEN 58
watches, as:

59 STRAKER 59
opens the door of the Marsten House, turns on a light which sharply silhouettes his powerful figure, and then the DOOR SLAMS shut, Leaving darkness,

60 BEN 60
He is drenched in sweat. Not perspiration - sweat.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

61 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 61

Ben is driving away from the Marsten House as another light winks on and a figure looms at the window. It is:

62 STRAKER AT WINDOW 62

looking after Ben. His body blocks our view into the house. Finally, he turns away from the window, his face impassive.

63 BEN DRIVING 63

As he goes through the Town Square, he is noticed (and noted) by Parkins Gillespie. And Ben briefly notes:

64 CROCKETT, BONNIE 64

coming out of the real estate office. HOLD ON them for a moment, while:

CROCKETT

Good night.

BONNIE

See you tomorrow.
(a slight move
toward him)
And tomorrow night.

But Crockett is already, involuntarily, backing off. Not so far, though, that he doesn't:

CROCKETT

You're sure? You're absolutely
sure?

BONNIE

Oh yes. He's got to make a delivery and a pickup. Anyway, he always calls. You know that.
'Night, honey.

They move toward their cars.

65 WEASEL

65

A shriveled old man who has been sitting on one of the benches, watching them. And he watches as they drive off. He takes a drink of wine from a brown bagged bottle. And almost drops the bottle as he hears:

GILLESPIE (V.O.)

Weasel!

Weasel whips around. Gillespie is bearing down on him.

GILLESPIE

What are you doing out here, Weasel?

WEASEL

Sitting.

GILLESPIE

Spying, more like.

WEASEL

Oh no, Parkins...

GILLESPIE

Cullie set you to it?

WEASEL

Oh no...

Gillespie reaches out, takes the bottle from him, dangles it.

GILLESPIE

Better not.

Weasel's eyes are fixed on the bottle as Gillespie dangles it.

GILLESPIE

(continuing)

That writer who moved into Eva's...

WEASEL

Right down the hall.

GILLESPIE

I heard. Can you keep an eye on him for me?

WEASEL

What's he done?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

GILLESPIE

Keep your eye on him and your
mouth shut. Got that?

WEASEL

What's he done?

GILLESPIE

Murdered eighteen people.

WEASEL

Eighteen people!

GILLESPIE

Every one of them an old man who
asked 'What's he done?'

Weasel finally gets it. A dry hacking laugh.

GILLESPIE

(continuing;
quiet authority)

Just keep an eye on him.

He hands the bottle back to Weasel.

66 EXT. HARMONY HILL (CEMETERY) - NIGHT

66

MIKE RYERSON, in his twenties, with a somewhat unkempt
manner, accompanied by his Doberman pinscher dog. *

67 BEN - MOVING POV

67

driving past (in the direction of the Norton House).

67A CLOSE - DOG

67A *

watching Ben drive past. He growls softly. *

68 MIKE

68

finishing locking the gates when his dog HOWLS. Mike
calms the dog. Then he moves toward his battered old
car.

69 EXT, NORTON HOUSE - NIGHT

69

Ben is driving slowly down one of those quiet streets,
searching out the number. Stops in front of a solid,
stable, season white house.

Susan comes out on the porch, and we know she has been
waiting for him.

69 CONTINUED:

69

As Ben gets out of his car:

SUSAN
(cheerily)
Hello there!

Ben's pace quickens a little as he moves toward the porch.

CUT TO:

- 70 A TRUCK 70 *
- with the legend "Cullen Sawyer - Trucking and Hauling." The lights of an approaching car catch it, hold for a moment, swing away.
- 71 BONNIE'S CAR 71 *
- parking in the driveway near the truck.
- 72 BONNIE 72
- She gets out of the car, straightens herself, walks toward her house.
- 73 A HUGE HAND 73
- crushes a beer can as the SOUND of CANNED TELEVISION PROGRAM LAUGHTER comes from the background. Then the SOUND of the FRONT DOOR OPENING. The beer can is tossed aside. And:
- 74 CULLIE SAWYER 74
- shifts in his armchair, looking toward the door. Even seated, Cullie is a huge man, a linebacker running to fat. About forty. A man's man; you always expect to smell tobacco and beer on his breath. He is looking at:
- 75 BONNIE 75
- closing the door and coming toward him with a bright-toothed cheerleader (always a cheerleader) smile.
- BONNIE
Hi, honey. Whatcha watching?
CULLIE
Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

BONNIE

You want to stay home tonight?

CULLIE

Sure. Why not?

BONNIE

Well, don't get drunk. I want some funning tonight. And you know what happens when you drink too much.

She starts for the kitchen.

BONNIE

(continuing)

I'll get something out of the freezer. Twenty minutes.

CULLIE

Hey, bring me a beer.

75A BONNIE

75A

Her behind gives one extra twitch as she goes into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

76 INT. NORTON HOUSE - NIGHT

76

New England physician. Comfortable, not ostentatious. In the family for several generations, and reflects tradition. Pleasant feminine touches. The oak dining table shines; so does the silver. The meal is ending. The women are clearing away. Susan's mother, ANN NORTON, is in her mid-fifties; she is slightly menopausal and somewhat narrow-minded. Doesn't match up all that well with Susan's Dad (and "Dad" is the right word), who is outgoing, hearty as the dinner, with a lot of warmth and tolerance behind his eyeglasses. (If he were an urban physician he'd probably be dumping Ann for his young receptionist; in Salem's Lot he goes to church.)

NORTON

So you're staying at Eva Miller's. Don't mind telling you she was quite a dish. We kids used to watch her sashay down the street...

(at a look
from Ann)

Well, we did.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

ANN
Men.

SUSAN
(with a wink
at Ben)

Men!

She gets the look.

ANN
Do you want coffee, Mr. Mears?

BEN
Yes, please.

SUSAN
How do you like it, Ben?

The Ben is a subtle dig at Ann.

BEN
Black.

SUSAN
Dad?

NORTON
You know what I think of caffeine.

SUSAN
But you still drink coffee.

NORTON
Mornings only. And I don't
recommend it.
(as the women
leave)

She married a man named Weasel
Phillips. Came up to here on
her, thin as a heron's leg,
smelled like a skunk, never
made a decent living, and no
one could figure out why. Got
divorced, but he still lives
there. How it goes in a small
town.

CUT TO:

77 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

77

as Susan and Ann go about their little duties.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

What is his book about?

SUSAN

His latest is about two men.

ANN

Not one of those?

SUSAN

It's very beautifully written.

ANN

Goes into a lot of detail, I suppose.

SUSAN

Well, that's what sells books, Mother. People want a lot of explicit...

ANN

(sharply)

I don't.

SUSAN

I mean most people.

ANN

I'm not 'most people.' How does he know about those things?

SUSAN

I don't know, Mother. He just knows. But you've got to admit, Mother, he does seem manly.

ANN

That's a matter of opinion. I thought you were seeing Ned Tebbets.

*

SUSAN

I've seen Ned?

*

ANN

He seems serious about you.

SUSAN

Mother, even if I stay in the Lot for the rest of my life, I'm not going to marry Ned Tebbets.

*

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

ANN

You could do worse. He's bought some land with Larry Crockett, is going to build...

SUSAN

Mother!

ANN

Women have to be practical, Susan.

Ann, back straight, attitude rigid, is starting for the kitchen. Susan stops her with:

SUSAN

Mother, Ben's book...

ANN

I won't read it.

SUSAN

(laughing)

I was teasing you. It's about a man and a woman.

ANN

That can be just as bad.

Okay, Susan, you can't win.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. NORTON HOUSE - NIGHT

78

Ned Tebbets cruises by in his truck. He sees the lights in the house. He notes Ben's car.

*

CUT TO:

79 INT. BEN'S ROOM - ON THE DOOR - NIGHT

79

which is opening slowly. (A little -- only a little -- suspense, please.) A form in the shadows. Moving forward. Now being partially revealed by light from the street. Now fully revealed as Weasel snaps on a light.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

It's Ben's work table, set by the window, the Marsten House in the b.g., which attracts Weasel. The typewriter. Scratch pad. Notes. Weasel frowns as he deciphers Ben's scribbling. A page is in the typewriter. Weasel tugs at it to read it better; it comes all the way out. Weasel tries to reinsert it. Trouble.

79A CLOSE - WEASEL

79A

A hand whips PAST CAMERA, slapping Weasel full in the face. A calamitous blow. From Eva. Weasel cringes.

79B WEASEL - EVA

79B

EVA

What are you doing in here?

WEASEL

Nothing, Eva.

EVA

What's that?

WEASEL

Paper. Just paper. Nothing but paper...

But she has already snatched it from him and is scanning it.

WEASEL

(continuing)

Got a lot of scribbling here too.

She keeps reading.

WEASEL

(continuing;
tentatively)

Something about a boy and a...

EVA

A boy and a house.

(reading)

'The house was a monument to evil. Sitting there all these years, holding the essence of evil in its moldering bones.'

*
*
*

She pauses.

WEASEL

Monument? Whose monument? The Marsten House?

79 CONTINUED:

79

EVA

It doesn't say. He stopped in
the middle of a sentence.

(reading)

'Sitting there all these years
holding the essence of his evil...'

She stops. Looks up. At the Marsten House, which can
be SEEN THROUGH the WINDOW, dominating the town.

WEASEL

Sure writes good.

EVA

Wonder what it means.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. NORTON HOUSE - NIGHT

80

Ben is leaving with Susan. There is an exchange of
goodbyes and farewells, cordial from Bill, cautionary
from Ann, as they go. The front door closes as they
go down the walk.

81 MOVING TO BEN'S CAR

81

SUSAN

They like you.

BEN

Your father likes me.

SUSAN

My mother doesn't like anyone.
Except Ned Tebbets.

*

BEN

Who's he?

They are at the car. Ben is holding open the door for
Susan.

SUSAN

Someone I'd been seeing.

BEN

Have been or had been?

SUSAN

A little of both.

He closes the door.

82 INT. NORTON HOUSE - NIGHT

82

Ann turns from the window, as we HEAR the SOUND of Ben's MOTOR GRIND and the CAR DRIVE OFF.

ANN

What is he doing in Salem's Lot?

NORTON

Writing a book, he said.

ANN

Did he say about what?

NORTON

Well, I didn't ask him that, and he didn't say.

ANN

There's a lot of sex in his books.

NORTON

I guess there is...
(looking at her)
... in books, anyway.

She looks back at him, uncompromisingly.

CUT TO:

83 INT. BEN'S CAR - NIGHT

83

Susan is sitting rather close to Ben. Obvious that she is taken with him; obvious that he is taken with her.

BEN

What about Ned Tibbet? *

SUSAN

Tebbets. *

BEN

Tebbets. *

SUSAN

In high school he was BMOC.
Three letter man -- football,
basketball, hockey.

BEN

And you were a cheerleader?

SUSAN

Right.

BEN

Twirled a baton?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

SUSAN

Still can. Want a demonstration?

BEN

Not while I'm driving.

(moment)

So you and Ned Tebbet...

SUSAN

Tebbets. And the answer is, yes.
And then I went to college, and
the answer became, no.

BEN

And after college?

SUSAN

New York. Worked as a junior
in an ad agency, doing layouts
mostly.

BEN

Liked it?

SUSAN

Loved it. But the agency lost
its biggest account, cut back,
and there I was looking for a job.

BEN

Cruel city.

SUSAN

For the working girl who isn't
working. Finally...

BEN

Had to come home?

SUSAN

Retreat. Sanctuary. All beat up
and glad to have loving care.

BEN

Including Ned?

*

SUSAN

For a moment. But I knew it couldn't
work. I broke it off, but Ned
won't accept that. What about you?
How long since your wife died?

*

*

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED: (2)

83

BEN

Two years.

SUSAN

Is that what you're writing about?

BEN

No, I'm writing about a house.

Susan stares at him for some moments.

SUSAN

A house?

BEN

The Marsten House.

SUSAN

The Marsten House? Why?

BEN

Because something about it has followed me all my life. And I don't know why. And I want to find out.

SUSAN

I see. No, I don't see. *

BEN

Where are we going? *

SUSAN

Well, there's the Dell... and there's the movies in Bangor... and there's the Lake.

BEN

What do you want to do?

They look at each other for some moments, before:

SUSAN

Let's go to the Lake.

Ben backs out, spins the car, takes off. As CAMERA PANS TO Ned Tebbets' panel truck --

CU₁ TO:84
&
85

OMITTED

84 *
&
85 *

Perhaps it shimmers in moonlight. Certainly Ben has parked his car at the end of a country road (where country matters are taken care of) and surely he is sitting with Susan on the soft matting of pine needles bordering the lake. He may have even pitched a stone into the lake.

SUSAN

Are you uncomfortable with me?

BEN

Why should I be?

SUSAN

I have this terrible habit of asking questions.

BEN

And I have this habit of evading them. *

SUSAN

Perfect match. I like you, Ben. Modern aggressive female, partially liberated, states her feelings. Does that make you feel uncomfortable? *

BEN

No, it makes me feel good.

SUSAN

Good.

BEN

Partially liberated male confesses vulnerability to partially liberated female. *

SUSAN

How long are you going to stay?

BEN

Oh, I don't know. I'll see how the book goes.

SUSAN

Are you a slow writer?

BEN

Medium.

SUSAN

I hope it's a long book. Will it be a long book?

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Not sure.

SUSAN

Why the Marsten House?

BEN

I've always had this feeling about it. Evil. My aunt worked there, came in every day to keep house for Hubie Marsten. You know about him?

SUSAN

I've heard he was suspected of something... children disappearing and such. And he died there... hanged himself. Suicide or something.

BEN

That's only part of it. Some people say he fell down the cellar stairs. Others claim he hanged himself. I came back here to find out for myself.

SUSAN

Why?

BEN

I don't know. Ever feel... something?

SUSAN

I feel something now.

Ben looks at her. This woman is very direct, and for a moment his guard is up. And then he lets it happen. They embrace. Really, it begins to happen. Because a CAR CRUNCHES around the curve in the dirt road, its headlights catching them. They look back at the headlights, startled.

The headlights go out, leaving us in darkness.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

87 INT. BEN'S ROOM - DAY 87

Ben is at his worktable, hammering away (as all writers fantasize). A cup of coffee gone cold. Possibly he has a cigarette, possibly not. The Marsten House is VISIBLE THROUGH the open WINDOW. Once or twice Ben glances up at it.

88 EXT. MARSTEN HOUSE - DAY 88

Straker exits. He gets into the black Cadillac. We FOLLOW him down the driveway. There is a slight tension in his bearing; he is not quite as composed as usual.

CUT TO:

89 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY 89

A BELL RINGS. Kids debouch into corridor. Moving against the tide is Ned Tebbets. He enters a classroom. *

90 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 90

Susan looks up from some papers she has been gathering. Tidying up. What a surprise! What an unpleasant surprise! Because Ned doesn't come to visit her, and this must be about something. *

SUSAN

Hello, Ned. What are you doing here?
Are you coming back to enroll? *

NED

Only to see you, teacher. *

SUSAN

That's not a good idea.

NED

What's going on with you, Susan? *

SUSAN

What's going on?

NED

Where did you go last night? *

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

SUSAN

You have no right to ask that.

NED

I don't have to ask. You were down at the lake. You were seen there.

SUSAN

This is a small town.

The door opens. A couple of kids are drifting in.

SUSAN

(continuing; quickly)

Can we talk about it later?

NED

I'll wait for you after school.
I'll wait outside.

*

90A CLOSE - SUSAN

90A

as she watches him go out, his body tense with angry self-righteousness. Trouble. Oh yes, a lot of trouble. But she is ready to deal with it.

CUT TO:

91 INT. CROCKETT'S OFFICE - CROCKETT - DAY

91

On the phone.

CROCKETT

Yes. Yes. Right away.

He hangs up, shucks on his jacket, goes toward the door.

CROCKETT

(continuing)

I'll be right back.

BONNIE

Okay, honey.

CROCKETT

Don't say that. Someday you'll forget.

BONNIE

All right, honey.

(giggles)

I forgot.

91 CONTINUED: 91

He glares at her. Was it deliberate? An implied threat? Be nice to me, or else? Crockett exits. Through the window, Bonnie can watch him crossing the square, going in the direction of Barlow & Straker. The black Cadillac sits ominously in front of the shop.

92 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY 92

As Crockett goes through the square, Weasel pipes up from a bench.

92A CLOSE - WEASEL 92A

WEASEL
(slyly)
Getting warm.

92B WEASEL'S POV 92B

Crockett ignores him and proceeds to Barlow & Straker.

93 INT. BARLOW & STRAKER - DAY 93

Straker greets Crockett affably.

STRAKER
Thank you for coming over. I need your help again.

CROCKETT
Always glad to be of assistance.

STRAKER
Yes, and I do appreciate it. As I told you; you will be amply rewarded. Now, I'd like you to have your truck at the Portland docks tonight. At seven sharp, Custom House Wharf. All arrangements have been made.

Crockett has whipped out a small black notebook, gold (plated) pencil.

CROCKETT
Seven o'clock, Custom House.

STRAKER
Two movers will be sufficient, I'd think.

(CONTINUED)

CROCKETT

Two men.

STRAKER

There is an extremely valuable sideboard -- a Hepplewhite to be picked up. It is to be taken to the house. You understand?

Crockett, who has been scribbling, looks up.

CROCKETT

Sideboard taken to house.

STRAKER

Have them put it down in the cellar. Your men can enter through the outside bulkhead below the kitchen windows.

CROCKETT

You won't be there?

STRAKER

No, I must drive into Boston. I'll be back in the morning. And there is one other thing. You will procure four stout padlocks.

CROCKETT

Four?

STRAKER

Four. Your movers will leave the keys to all four locks on the basement table. When they leave the house they will padlock the bulkhead door, the front and back doors, and the shed-garage. You have that?

CROCKETT

I have it.

STRAKER

Thank you, Mr. Crockett. I'm extremely pleased that I can always call on you.

CROCKETT

That you can.

Crockett puts away notebook, pencil, goes to the door. Pauses.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

CROCKETT

(continuing)

And Mr. Barlow... ?

The CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN ON Straker.

STRAKER

(affably)

As I've told you, you should be meeting Mr. Barlow soon. Very soon, Mr. Crockett. I'm sure he'll find it a pleasure.

Crockett tinkles out. Straker's expression changes. He has to sit down heavily in one of the antique chairs. He presses his rolled hand to his mouth and breathes through it as though sucking air through the straw of his hand.

CUT TO:

94 INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE - DAY

94

Not that we know where we are. We SEE some school children, boys and girls, on a stage. There are a few scant, hard-to-define props. One of the boys, about thirteen or fourteen years old, is at the left front stage, holding a playscript (as are all the others), declaiming toward an unseen audience; he is MARK PETRIE. Among the others are DANNY and RALPHIE GLICK, brothers, about one year apart. Mark is reading, in a loud reedy voice.

MARK

Seventeen seventy-six! The winds of revolt swept through the township of Jerusalem's Lot. Soon to be known as Salem's Lot.

BOY 1

Down with the British! Hooray for freedom!

MARK

Men took down their long rifles, kissed their wives and children goodbye, and marched off to join George Washington!

GIRL 1

Daddy! Daddy! Come back safe!

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

BOY 2 (DANNY)

Father! Father! Take me with
you! I'm big enough to fight!

BOY 3

I'll be back, but not until we've
won the right to be free men.

The Boy embraces his "son," "daughter," and "wife." A
determinedly heroic Colonial family.

The pageant (as we will discover it to be) continues
UNDER:

MARK'S VOICE

The war was long and bitter. Men
from Salem's Lot fought at Valley
Forge, suffering through that long
cold winter, gained victory at
Saratoga, triumphed over Cornwallis.
And when the war ended...

GIRL 1'S VOICE

Where is Daddy? Won't he ever come
home?

MARK'S VOICE

Salem's Lot had its share of heroes,
living and dead. They had fought
for the greatest treasure of all --
liberty.

All join in a ragged rendition of "America the Beauti-
ful." This will continue to end of scene.

95 BEN MOVING DOWN AISLE

95

He takes a seat next to a grey wispy man in his early
sixties, a man who peers at the stage through steel-
rimmed glasses with eyes that are much younger than
the rest of his face. He is JASON BURKE and he has
taught elementary school in Salem's Lot for almost
forty years.

BEN

Hello, Mr. Burke.

As Jason turns his surprised blue eyes on him:

BEN

(continuing)

Kids still writing the school
pageant?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

JASON

With a little editorial help from me.

BEN

Only a little, as I remember it.

(smiling)

My name is Ben Mears. You probably don't... (remember me)...

JASON

Of course I do! I've read your books.

BEN

I wouldn't have written them if it weren't for you.

Jason levels him a quietly appraising look.

JASON

You've just said a very large thing, and I want you to explain it. Let's talk about it tonight?

CUT TO:

96 EXT. HARMONY HILL CEMETERY - DAY

96

Mike Ryerson is tending a grave, his dog lying down nearby, when he hears the SOUND of an APPROACHING CAR. It is a truck driven by Cullie Sawyer. Cullie pulls over and Mike walks over to the truck. Dog barks at Cullie and is hushed.

96A LOW ANGLE - CULLIE, MIKE

96A

CULLIE

I don't know how you can work here. It'd scare the hell outa me.

MIKE

It's kinda nice here during the day. Pretty. And quiet, you know?

CULLIE

Too quiet. Especially at night.

MIKE

I'm hardly ever here at night.

(grin)

They are.

(moment)

What's up?

(CONTINUED)

96A CONTINUED:

96A

CULLIE

I need a strong back tonight. Want to make fifty bucks?

MIKE

Fifty bucks?

CULLIE

That's for two of you. You're going to need another strong back.

MIKE

What about you?

96B CLOSE - CULLY

96B

CULLIE

Me? I've got something else to do tonight.

A savage gloating expression steals across his face.

97 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

97

Susan is coming out of the school, with a few stragglers. Her walk is a little hesitant. And why not? Off on the other side of the street she can see Ned's panel truck, Ned at the wheel.

Suddenly:

BEN (O.S.)

Hi!

She turns. There is:

98 BEN

98

popping INTO FRAME.

BEN

Can I carry your books home from school?

Susan's look carries Ben's glance to the street and the panel truck.

BEN

(continuing)

Oh. Sorry.

SUSAN

It's all right.

BEN

I'll...

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Do you have your car?

BEN

No. I walked over to see Jason Burke. Then I decided to wait for you. Thought I might walk you home. Hey, I won't do it again.

He is starting to turn away.

SUSAN

Come on.

They walk down the path to the street. As they reach the street:

SUSAN

(continuing)

Please wait here for me.

HOLD ON Susan as she crosses the street to Ned's panel truck. He is already out. Confrontation time. *

NED *

Get in.

SUSAN

No.

NED *

Susan...

SUSAN

You have no right -- absolutely no right -- to do this.

NED *

You said...

SUSAN

I never...

NED *

You love me. You've said it.

SUSAN

That was a hundred years ago.

NED *

What the hell happened when you got back from New York?

Silence. Ned looks toward Ben. *

98A NED'S POV - BEN

98A *

SUSAN (O.S.)

It's not him. He has nothing to do with this.

98B SUSAN AND NED

98B *

NED

You were doing something at the Lake.

*

SUSAN

Oh, please...

NED

I'll get him!

*

SUSAN

Ned!

*

But Ned has already jumped into the cab of his truck, and as Susan stares helplessly he races off down the street.

*

99 WIDE ANGLE

99

Susan and Ben are left looking at each other, a little shaken, across the empty street.

Then Susan crosses the street to Ben and together they start to walk toward her house.

CUT TO:

100 INT. CROCKETT'S OFFICE - DAY

100

But getting darker now. And we SEE Bonnie turning on the lights as the PHONE RINGS. She crosses to answer it as Crockett enters.

BONNIE

Larry Crockett, Real Estate...

Oh hi, honey. Leaving now?...

(wink at Crockett)

Well, aren't you going to stop by to give me a hug and a kiss?

(rolls her eyes)

What time will you get back home?

Well, if I'm sleeping, don't wake me. I know how you are sometimes, you big bad bear.

A kiss-kiss into the phone (oh, it's ludicrous) before she hangs up and turns to Crockett.

BONNIE

(continuing)

Big bad bear!

Obvious: she has been feeding on Lana Turner late late movies. Dangerous.

CUT TO:

101 INT. NORTON KITCHEN - EVENING

101

Ann is finishing preparations for dinner. Norton leans against a counter.

ANN

He's the kind of man who unsettles her. A writer.

NORTON

Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Longfell...

ANN

Please be serious.

NORTON

I am. Writing is an honorable profession, even in New England.

ANN

I don't know why she's attracted to these artistic types.

NORTON

Because she's one herself.

ANN

What about the one in New York? The painter? Do you want her to go through that again?

NORTON

It was part of her growing up.

ANN

That's the way you look at it?

NORTON

Not entirely. But women do have painful love affairs.

ANN

She's your daughter.

NORTON

She's a woman.

ANN

You could try to protect her...

NORTON

Stop drawing up a whole of particulars against this man. All right, he doesn't have a nine to five job, and he does pound at a typewriter for a living -- something that's mysterious to most of us --

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

ANN

There's no security...

NORTON

Honey, she doesn't have to marry a doctor. Or a plumber. She doesn't have to marry. She's free -- and let's accept that.

(moment)

All right?

(moment)

All right?

ANN

(finally)

Ask him to stay for dinner.

NORTON

Thank you.

He starts out.

102 EXT. NORTON PORCH - EVENING

102

A warm night. INSECT SOUNDS of approaching summer. Ben and Susan are sitting -- only that. Circumspect. And Ben is saying with a slight deprecating laugh:

BEN

Straker.

SUSAN

Who?

BEN

Of Barlow & Straker, antique dealers. Why is he here?

SUSAN

To sell antiques, I suppose.

BEN

Why buy the Marsten House?

SUSAN

Why did you want to live there?

BEN

Why does he?

The door is being opened by Bill Norton as Ben speaks. Norton thrusts his head through the opening.

NORTON

Ben, would you like to stay for dinner?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

BEN

(jumping up)

I'm sorry. I can't. I have to meet someone.

(to Susan's look)

Jason Burke. He started a fire burning a long time ago.

(to Norton)

Thank Mrs. Norton for me, would you? Good night.

(to Susan)

Call you later?

SUSAN

Do it.

For a moment they don't know what to do. Then, awkwardly, they kind of shake hands. And Ben bounds away. Norton is smiling.

NORTON

Why didn't you kiss him good night?

SUSAN

(exasperated)

Oh!

CUT TO:

103 INT. CROCKETT'S OFFICE - EVENING

103

Cullie is kissing Bonnie. Crockett, at his desk in the b.g., is elaborately uninterested. It's not a lavish kiss and they break quickly.

BONNIE

What time do you think you'll get back, honey?

CULLIE

Oh, with all the junking around, locking up those things... Take us five, six hours. Back midnight or after.

(to Crockett)

You stay away from her, you hear?

CROCKETT

(nervous laughter)

I'll try.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

CULLIE

(big grin)

Try real hard.

(pat on fanny)

She's all mine. Right, honey?

BONNIE

Big bad bear!

Cullie winks at Crockett and goes out toward his truck, which is double-parked. Gillespie is bearing down on it. Inside the office, Crockett lets out a deep breath.

BONNIE

(continuing)

He was only kidding. If he suspected anything, would he kid?

104 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - EVENING

104

Cullie and Gillespie reach the truck at the same time.

GILLESPIE

You know better than to leave your truck like that, Cullie.

CULLIE

You wouldn't want me to go to Portland without saying goodbye to Bonnie, would you? *

GILLESPIE

What's in Portland? *

CULLIE

Got to make a pickup for him.
Custom Wharf.

He jerks his head in the direction of Barlow & Straker.

GILLESPIE

You don't say. Know what it is?

CULLIE

(getting in truck)

Lot of old junk from Europe, I guess. Don't know why anyone would open an antique shop here. Do you?

GILLESPIE

I guess they know what they're doing.

104 CONTINUED:

104

In the b.g., we SEE the lights go out at Barlow & Straker. Cullie turns the motor over.

GILLESPIE

(continuing)

Don't leave the truck sitting out here again, Cullie. I'd have to ticket you.

Cullie starts to drive off. He can be seen -- by Gillespie, by Bonnie and Crockett -- driving around the square, passing Barlow & Straker on his way. And there Straker has just exited from the shop, is locking up.

105 CLOSE - STRAKER

105

He turns to watch Cullie drive away. There is a look of anticipation on his face. And we have some small inkling of what he is expecting, don't we?

CUT TO:

105A CLOSE - DOG BEHIND CEMETERY GATE

105A

Fangs exposed. Barking loudly. We are at: *

106 EXT. HARMONY HILL - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

106

Mike Ryerson is locking the gates of the cemetery. His dog is inside, whining at the gate, despite:

MIKE

I'll be back for you... now you just calm down, Faithful... I'll be back soon... you just play with the people...

FOLLOW Mike as he crosses to Ned Tebbets' panel truck, parked just in front of the cemetery. *

NED

Wouldn't leave a dog in there. *

MIKE

Oh, he'll just fall asleep after a while. He's a good old dog. *

(turning)

Okay, okay, cool it, Faithful. Said I'll be back.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

The lights of an approaching truck hit them. It's Cullie. Ned gets out of the panel truck and accompanies Mike to Cullie's truck. CAMERA ACCOMPANIES them.

CULLIE

That dog going to whine all night?

MIKE

Nah, he'll be all right.

Cullie gets out of the cab.

CULLIE

You know where to go and what to do?

MIKE

Sure, got it.

CULLIE

Leave the truck here when you get back. I'll pick it up in the morning.

Mike gets behind the wheel. Ned clambers in beside him. Cullie watches them drive off. Then turns on the dog. *

CULLIE

(continuing)

Shut up!

He throws a small stone at the dog. Would kick if it he could. Don't like Cullie; mean.

CUT TO:

107 INT. BEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

107

Ben has finished dressing. He goes to the window to shut it. Looks off in the direction of the Marsten House.

107A POV - MARSTEN HOUSE (FOG FILTER)

107A *

Lights are on. Now one of them blinks off. Then another.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. MARSTEN HOUSE - CLOSER ANGLE - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

108

ON Straker, as he comes out, not through the front door but through the bulkhead door of the cellar.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

It is very dark and we cannot see him clearly. We TRACK Straker to the black Cadillac. As he opens the car door, the interior light shines on him momentarily. He is dressed entirely in black.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. HARMONY HILL - NIGHT (FOG FILTER; WIND EFFECT) 109 *

The DOG'S HOWLING is suddenly cut off. Cullie listens. A strong wind suddenly comes up. Cullie seems a little shaken. He grinds out his cigarette and walks off.

CUT TO:

109A REVERSE - THROUGH GATES (WIND EFFECT) 109A *

As Cullie walks off, CAMERA LEAVES him and begins to TRAVEL through the deserted (and spooky) cemetery. It finally COMES TO a specific grave, a fairly large monument, topped by an angel with a lamp. (We will read the inscription and deal with this grave later.)

CAMERA CIRCLES the grave until it comes to a section of the wrought iron fence -- a low one -- surrounding the grave which had been torn up out of the ground and twisted with superhuman strength. Crushed beneath this section of the fence is Mike Ryerson's dog.

110 INT. CAB OF TRUCK - NIGHT 110

Mike Ryerson is driving, a tense Ned beside him, *

NED *

What's this all about? You have any idea?

MIKE

He wants Boom-Boom Bonnie to think he's going to Portland. Matter of fact, Crockett himself set up this trip. *

NED *

Larry Crockett? What's he got to do with...

(seeing Mike's expression)

Larry Crockett and Boom-Boom Bonnie!

(he laughs; then:)

What's he going to do?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

MIKE

What would you do if you had a ten gauge in your garage?

NED

(thoughtfully)

I have one. And you know something, maybe you gave me an idea.

Mike's look shows surprise, a lot of surprise. Are they going to talk about this?

CUT TO:

111 EXT. THE DELL - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

111 *

Ben drives up, parks. Very few cars; it's early for any action.

FOLLOW Ben as he goes to the front door, enters.

112 INT. THE DELL - NIGHT

112

A typical New England (or anywhere) roadhouse. In short, a roadhouse. Bar off to one side, quite prominent. Tables elsewhere. A dance area and a bandstand. Also for week nights, a juke box. Restaurant. Social center. High life of Salem's Lot.

Jason Burke beckons as Ben enters. Farther down the bar we can SEE Weasel Phillips, nursing a beer.

JASON

Have a drink?

BEN

Don't mind.

He hitches up on a stool. DEL, the middle-aged friendly bartender, slides along the bar to them.

BEN

(continuing)

Canadian on the rocks.

DELL

We got us a native.

JASON

That's what he is.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

JASON (CONT'D)
 (turning to Ben)
 Return of the Native.
 (quizzically)
 Or is the Prodigal Son?

CUT TO:

113 INT. CUSTOM HOUSE WHARF - NIGHT

113

The warehouse is almost empty. Most of it is in shadow. But light does splash on an upright large wooden crate with a brown invoice envelope taped to the side. Mike and Ned are staring at it when suddenly Mike leaps into the air, kicking and screaming.

NED

What...?

MIKE

Rat! Damned rat!

Ned laughs at him.

NED

Just give him the boot.

MIKE

Hear 'em? I hate 'em!

NED

C'mon, let's get this done.

He slits open the invoice envelope.

MIKE

What's it say?

NED

Heroin. Two hundred pounds...

MIKE

Gimme that.

He grabs the invoice.

MIKE

(reading)

Sideboard. Circus 1780.
 Hellpewhite. What's that?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

NED

Kind of antique. Let's move it.
C'mon, c'mon.

*

They struggle with the crate.

WATCHMAN (O.S.)

You all right there?

A uniformed WATCHMAN is looking on from the side of
the truck.

NED

Everything's under control.

*

MIKE

Want to help us, man?

WATCHMAN

Ha, ha!

NED

(muttering, as they
maneuver the crate)
Works for the government. What
can you expect?

*

MIKE

Get it on the lift gate.

NED

Getting it.

*

MIKE

This way.

NED

Yeh, yeh, yeh.

*

They are wrestling the crate onto the hydraulic hoist
at the rear of the truck.

NED

(continuing)
Got it. What's in it?

*

MIKE

Sideboard.

113A CLOSE - NED

113A *

NED

Yeah, sideboard.

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

113A CONTINUED: 113A

NED (CONT'D)
(breathing heavily)
Know what, funny thing, that crate
feels cold.

113B CLOSE - CRATE 113B

MIKE (O.S.)
Been standing out here.

113C CLOSE - NED 113C *

NED
I don't like it. Something crazy
about this. It feels cold.

113D MIKE AND NED 113D *

MIKE
Want to pry it open?

NED *

Pry it open?

WATCHMAN
Let's move it out, fellers.

MIKE
We're going.

NED *

You want to pry it open?

MIKE
No, no, let's just get it out to
that Marsten House and get rid of
it.

113E DOWN ANGLE 113E

He starts the hoist.

MIKE
One helluva way to make fifty bucks.

They watch -- and we WATCH -- as the crate goes up and
up directly TOWARDS CAMERA to the level of the truck
bed. The light seems to be concentrated on it. Sini-
ster? You betcha.

114 CLOSE - UPRIGHT CRATE

114 ,

At the edge of the truck bed as the lift gate folds
shut.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

115 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT (FOG FILTER) 115

The truck, driven by Mike Ryerson, speeds through the night.

116 INT. CAB OF TRUCK - NIGHT 116

Mike driving.

NED

It feels cold in here. *

MIKE

Yeah, it does. Shouldn't. Warm night. Turn on the heater.

Ned does so. *

Then he turns and looks back through the window of the cab, at:

117 INT. TRUCK - FROM CAB - NIGHT 117

The crate, heavy though it is, jounces slightly, and moves forward, toward the cab. A slight movement, but perceptible.

118 INT. CAB OF TRUCK - NIGHT 118

With Ned turning away from the window. *

NED

The thing's moving. *

MIKE

What thing?

NED

The thing. *

Mike, half-shaking his head, turns to look back at:

119 INT. TRUCK - SIDE ANGLE ON CRATE - NIGHT 119

Again a slight movement. It does seem to be moving toward them.

120 INT. CAB OF TRUCK - NIGHT

120

As Mike turns away, reacting in part to the BLARE of the HORN of an approaching car. (He wrenches them back into lane.)

MIKE

It's the road...

But he seems uncertain.

NED

Stop the truck. We'll open the damned thing.

MIKE

We can't do that.

NED

Something's wrong. It's getting colder in here. *

MIKE

Let's get it delivered.

NED

I want to open it. *

MIKE

No way. Let's get it there.

Another HORN BLARES.

MIKE

(continuing)

Man, let me drive, will you!

CUT TO:

121 EXT. SAWYER HOUSE - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

121

Cullie crouches in the shadows of Bonnie's car, looking at:

122 SAWYER HOUSE - CULLIE'S POV

122

THROUGH the lighted window of the living room we can SEE Bonnie pick up the telephone. She is dialing a number. She is beginning to speak.

123 INT. SAWYER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

123

ON Bonnie, who is dressed in seductive jogging shorts and matching tank top. (Yes, it is something of a caricature.)

*
*

BONNIE

Oh honey, it's safe... Oh, Tiger, I'm gonna lose respect for you... No, I don't want to go to a motel again. I want you right here in my own little bed. That's more exciting to me... No, no, I'm not going to talk like that on the phone. You come here and I'll whisper things in your little pearly ear that'll make your... hair stand up.

(giggles; and
then closes)

You get her or else!

She hangs up. Ball breaker.

CUT TO:

124 INT. MARK PETRIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

124

This kid is fixated on monsters -- all kinds of monsters; movie monsters, plastic monsters, monster masks, etc. We should SEE a poster for the original "Dracula" film, perhaps the original Frankenstein, and so on. All this with the relief of some of the things "normal" kids have in their rooms -- globes, pennants, books, etc.. As we EXPLORE we HEAR:

MARK (O.S.)

1951. A fire started in the Old Mill. It spread rapidly on both sides of Griffen Road and burned toward the Marsten House on Pabsquody Hill.

The CAMERA PICKS UP Mark.

MARK

(continuing)

The wind turned the fire back toward town. Volunteer fire companies came from...

JUNE (O.S.)

Mark!

125 ANGLE

125

There she is in the doorway. Mark's mother, JUNE PETRIE, a pleasant woman in her late thirties, a little plump, a little placid. Nice person.

JUNE

Whatever are you doing, Mark?

MARK

Rehearsing for the pageant.

In the b.g., we can SEE Mark's collection of plastic monsters and kits for making them.

JUNE

Well, keep it down a little, Mark. Your dad is figuring his quarterly taxes.

MARK

Okay, Mom. Oh, and Danny and Ralphie Glick are coming over, after they finish their homework. We're going to rehearse.

JUNE

Did you finish your homework?

MARK

Oh sure, a long time ago.

JUNE

Well, just as long as you and the Glick boys don't disturb your father.

She closes the door.

Mark looks at his script again.

MARK

Volunteer fire companies came from all over the county to help fight the threatening flames.

CUT TO:

126 INT. THE DELL - NIGHT

126

Ben is still seated at a table with Jason Burke.

JASON

Bright boy, Mark Petrie wrote most of the pageant this year. Just as you did. Both talented.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

BEN

Another writer?

JASON

Very possibly. I'd certainly be proud if I helped develop two authors. Makes a lifetime of teaching really worthwhile.

BEN

Well you sure got me started...

JASON

You had the gift, I had the opportunity to continue, but you left then. You were...

BEN

Eleven.

JASON

Tell me something, Ben... Why the Marsten House? I remember it figured in your pageant, too.

BEN

Maybe because my aunt worked there.

JASON

Did she ever tell you anything, about what went on inside the house...?

BEN

No, never.

JASON

Or Hubie Marsten?

BEN

She never talked about him. But, I went up to the house once, on a dare. You know how kids are. I was sweating scared, but I made myself do it. Sneaked around, got in the house. *

JASON

What did you see?

BEN

Ghosts, Jason. Everything -- every shadow, every sound...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEN (CONT'D)

I'm not sure what I saw, but I think I saw Hubie Marsten hanging by his neck. His face green... eyes puffed shut. His hands livid... ghastly. And then he opened his eyes... looked at me... and I took off. Just ran as fast as I could. And I've never forgotten it.

JASON

Well, I wouldn't either.

BEN

There was something. A feeling of...
(abruptly)
Do you believe a thing can be inherently evil?

JASON

A thing? A rock? A tree? I've seen trees that look like tortured spirits...

BEN

A house?

JASON

Well...

BEN

Yes -- the Marsten House, for instance -- can be evil in its stone foundations, its wooden beams, the glass of its windows, even the plaster of its ceilings... evil. The man who built the house...

JASON

Joshua Vaughn, yes?

BEN

Killed his wife, a servant...

JASON

A woman.

BEN

And hanged himself in a bedroom closet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (3)

126

BEN (CONT'D)

Hubie Marsten's wife and sister died mysteriously -- rumors of poison, never proved -- and then he came here and young boys in the area disappeared -- some suspected Marsten, but never proved...

(long moment)

... Never proved.

There is a long look between Ben and Jason. Never proved. Then:

BEN

(continuing)

And now we have a Mr. Straker...

JASON

And a Mr. Barlow.

BEN

Whom no one has ever seen.

JASON

And what you think...

BEN

I think an evil house attracts evil men.

Jason leans back in his chair, staring at Ben.

(CONTINUED)

*

*

126 CONTINUED: (4)

126

JASON

(slowly)

If the house attracts evil men...

BEN

(finishing)

Why did it attract me?

They are looking at each other.

127 INT. TRUCK - SIDE ANGLE - NIGHT

127

The crate is now three-quarters of the way toward the cab. PAN TO Ned's white face at the cab window, and SEE him turn to:

128 INT. CAB OF TRUCK - NIGHT

128

NED

It is moving! Look at it!

But Mike looks grimly ahead.

MIKE

We're almost there. Now shut up,
shut up!

128A INT. TRUCK - CRATE

128A

scraping forward towards the cab window.

CUT TO:

129 A MONSTER (MASK)

129

FILLING the SCREEN. And we hear:

DANNY (V.O.)

What's this one?

We are in:

130 INT. MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

130

Danny is holding up a ghoulish mask, one of Mark's collection.

MARK

It's a ghoulish.

RALPHIE

Girl?

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Ghoul. Like in school.

RALPHIE

There's no one like that in school.

He is a little dumb.

DANNY

Mr. Peterson.

RALPHIE

What's a ghoul?

MARK

(rattling it off)

A ghoul is an evil demon, supposed to feed on human beings, rob graves, prey on corpses, things like that.

DANNY

Why are you so hung up on these things?

MARK

I don't know. Just am.

DANNY

Weird.

The door opens and TED PETRIE, a nice guy in his early forties, comes in.

PETRIE

Danny, Ralphie, your Mom just called. Wants you home.

DANNY

Okay, Mr. Petrie.

RALPHIE

We know our lines, don't we?

MARK

Most of them.

DANNY

You come over our house tomorrow night, okay? Okay, Mr. Petrie?

PETRIE

Sure.

Danny and Ralphie are shrugging into their jackets.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (2)

130

DANNY & RALPHIE
 Good night. G'night. G'night.
 Mr. Petrie.

MARK & PETRIE
 Good night. G'night, boys.

They go out.

Petrie looks around.

PETRIE
 (tolerantly)
 Mark, when are you going to outgrow
 this?

MARK
 Soon, I guess.

130A CLOSER - MARK

130A

as he picks up a Frankenstein with a broken arm.

MARK
 I got to fix this.

He starts to do. In a way we understand that Mark may use these monsters to limit contact with others, including his family. Why? Well, that's a whole other story and not relevant here.

CUT TO:

131 EXT. MARSTEN HOUSE - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

131

The truck lumbers up to the Marsten House. Comes up to a halt at the top of the driveway.

132 INT. CAB OF TRUCK - NIGHT

132

Mike and Ned peer through the windshield at the house. *

MIKE
 You see any lights at all?

NED
 No. Nothing. *

MIKE
 Creepy place.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

NED

You should be used to this, digging those graves and all.

MIKE

Hey, I do that in the daytime. See that bulkhead?

NED

That it over there?

MIKE

Think so. Let me swing around.

132A POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

132A

He inches the truck around so that the headlights fall on the cellar bulkhead.

NED (O.S.)

That's got to be it.

132B INT. CAB OF TRUCK - NIGHT

132B

He starts to turn the truck around. While he does so, Ned looks back through the cab window.

133 ANGLE INTO TRUCK

133

There it is, the crate containing the sideboard. It is really close to the cab window now.

134 EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

134

Mike is backing the truck close to the bulkhead. He brakes, stops, leaving the lights on.

Mike and Ned get out and go around to the back of the truck. They let down the rear hatch.

134A INT. TRUCK - CLOSE

134A

There, flush against the cab window, is the crate.

134B REVERSE ANGLE - MIKE AND NED

134B

They look at each other, then clamber into the rear.

135 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

135

The crate near cab window.

NED

Look!

MIKE

(weakly)

The road...

NED

Road nothing.

MIKE

It's cold. C'mon, let's get it done! C'mon!

They move to the crate, gingerly.

135A CLOSE - HAND ON CRATE

135A

They reach for it. Ned draws back his hand.

135B NED AND MIKE

135B *

NED

It's freezing!

Mike touches it; it is cold. He looks at Ned for a long moment.

NED

(continuing)

This isn't natural, man. It ain't natural.

MIKE

We've got to get it out. So grab it! Let's get it done!

They start to move the crate.

135C EXT. BULKHEAD DOOR - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

135C

As they pull open the doors and drag the crate forward.

135D OVER SHOULDER - MIKE AND NED AT BULKHEAD DOOR

135D *

peering down into blackness.

CUT TO:

136 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (FOG FILTER) (WIND EFFECT)

136 *

Danny and Ralphie are carefully crossing a brook on stepping stones. An OWL HOOTS. Ralphie stops in mid-stream.

RALPHIE

Did you hear that?

From the other side.

DANNY

It's an owl.

RALPHIE

I never heard one before.

DANNY

Sure you did. Hundreds of times. Millions.

RALPHIE

We shouldn't have come through the woods.

DANNY

It's a shortcut. And you can see the lights of Jordan Avenue. See them?

RALPHIE

No.

DANNY

There. Hey. I'm going.

RALPHIE

Wait! Danny, wait!

He jumps to another stepping stone, splashes into the water, gets to the bank. Danny seems lost in the darkness and fog.

RALPHIE

(continuing)

Danny!

A BRANCH SNAPS. The WIND COMES UP abruptly.

RALPHIE

(continuing)

DANNY!

He turns, panicked, hastens toward the shrubbery, stumbling up the path, whimpering. The wind whips the foliage around him.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

RALPHIE
 (continuing)
DANNY! DANNY! DANNY!

As he stumbles along the path, something black looms up in front of him.

And the blackness envelops him, smothering his cries.

CUT TO:

137 INT. CELLAR OF MARSTEN HOUSE - NIGHT

137

Mike and Ned have wrestled the crate to the bottom of the stairs. A single overhanging bulb lights their efforts; it throws huge ominous shadows. They manage to get the crate about six or seven feet from the base of the stairs. Once again, Ned shivers.

*

*

*

NED
 Hey, I want to know.

MIKE
 C'mon, C'mon.

NED
 I'm going to pry it open.

*

MIKE
 You can't, he'll know.

NED
 Who?

*

MIKE
 Him. Straker.

NED
 I'm going to do it anyway. I'll get something from the truck.

*

He goes to the stairs.

MIKE
 Hey, I'm not staying here alone.

But Ned is clumping up the stairs.

*

Mike stays at the bottom of the stairs, his eyes fixed on the crate. He is poised to dash up the stairs. A SOUND causes him to whip around. Then another. Rats?

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

He looks at the crate. A huge rat is on top of it, staring at Mike. Mike gasps and picks up something (anything) and hurls it at the rat. The rat scampers away. Mike is about to scamper too, but Ned is coming down the cellar stairs, carrying a chisel.

MIKE

Hey, Ned...

NED

I'm gonna do it.

He advances on the crate, studies it, looking for the best place to insert the chisel. Finds it. Puts the chisel in the crack, begins to widen it, when:

MIKE

Listen!

Ned stops. *

MIKE

(continuing)

Hear it? *

Ned listens. *

MIKE

(continuing)

Someone's up there. There's
someone in the house!

Mike bolts for the stairs. His terror immediately transmits itself to Ned; he drops the chisel and bolts up the stairs as well. *

138 EXT. BULKHEAD - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

138

As Mike, then Ned erupt into the red glow of the tail-lights of the truck. They glance up at the house. *

139 THE MARSTEN HOUSE - UP ANGLE - QUICK SCAN (FOG FILTER) 139

The house is dark, utterly dark, except for the faint light which filters up from the bulkhead doors.

140 MIKE AND NED

140 *

Ned laughs, a little, and nervously. *

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

NED

Rats, probably. You heard rats.

MIKE

It was someone! Let's split.

They start to get in the cab.

NED

The padlocks. We've gotta padlock the...

MIKE

(behind the wheel)

Here, throw them down the stairs.
And here, the keys, throw them down too.

Ned takes the padlocks and the ring of keys from Mike, goes to the bulkhead. He pitches the locks and the keys down the stairs. They CLATTER on the floor of the cellar.

MIKE

(continuing; from
the truck)

Close it! Close the doors!

Ned shuts up the cellar, quickly, roughly, almost throwing the heavy doors into place. *

He gets into the truck.

141 INT. CAB OF TRUCK - NIGHT

141

The dashboard light defines their features, picks out the film of sweat. They look at each other wordlessly. Then Mike throws the truck into reverse.

142 EXT. MARSTEN HOUSE - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

142

Mike drives the truck recklessly down the driveway, almost veering into the grass, and speeds down the road.

The Marsten House is left silent, dark and (possibly) empty.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

- 143 EXT. SAWYER HOUSE - NIGHT (FOG FILTER) 143
 Larry Crockett drives up, gets out, goes to the front door. His movements are hurried, jittery. A man torn between compulsion and fear. (Who isn't?) The door is opened immediately by Bonnie. Seductive. She puts her arms around him, a little dramatically. Crockett hastily breaks away, closes the door. None of this is lost on:
- 144 CULLIE 144
 who leaves the obscurity of his hiding place and goes to the garage. At the entrance to the garage, he looks back toward the house.
- 145 POV - SAWYER HOUSE 145
 The light in the bedroom is turned off. Larry Crockett is a prude.
- 146 CULLIE 146
 A tight look of grim satisfaction. He goes into the garage.
- 147 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT 147
 Cullie doesn't turn on the light. He doesn't have to. He goes directly to the place where he has hidden his ten-gauge. He strips the oilskin wrapping off it. Then he goes to the garage entrance. He carries the shotgun with the ease of the practiced hunter. *
- 147A SHOTGUN - CLOSE 147A *
 The light from the living room gleams on it. Beautiful and deadly.
- 147B CULLIE 147B *
 He waits.

CUT TO:

- 148 INT. GLICK HOUSE - NIGHT 148
 HENRY GLICK, father of Danny and Ralphie, is on the telephone. His wife, MARJORIE, hovers behind. They are ordinary people. (That is not a term of dismissal; it is a loose definition.)

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

HENRY

Did you happen to notice the time when the boys left?... Oh, you did? Then they should have been here half an hour ago... Ask Mark if they said anything to him. You know how kids...

(looking off)

Hold on!

(another look)

There they are! Thanks. Sorry to have bothered you.

He hangs up.

The Glicks go to the window and look out, at:

149 POV - DANNY (FOG FILTER)

149

coming out of the fog-shrouded trees beyond the yard. He is moving very slowly, erratically, and suddenly collapses beside the backyard barbecue.

150 THE GLICKS

150

They rush out of the house.

151 EXT. GLICK BACKYARD - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

151

And run to Danny, Henry in the lead. Danny is conscious, but dazed.

HENRY

Danny, what happened?

DANNY

I dun... no...

MARJORIE

Where's Ralphie?

DANNY

Don'... Ralphie...

HENRY

Where's your brother?

DANNY

He... I... don't...

He is about to go out.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

HENRY

Get Doctor Norton. And call the
Constable.

(as Marjorie stands,
hand at mouth)

Hurry!

She runs toward the house while Henry bends over Danny.

HENRY

(continuing)

Danny! Danny!

CUT TO:

152 EXT. HARMONY HILL - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

152

Mike and Ned drive up in the truck. They get out. *

MIKE

See ya.

NED

Yeh. *

Ned walks quickly to his truck and, while Mike unlocks the cemetery gates, drives away.

HOLD ON Mike as he opens the gates to the cemetery and steps just inside.

MIKE

Faithful! Here, boy! Here, boy!

No response.

FOLLOW Mike as he moves to the cemetery gates, calling for his dog. Spooky.

And silent.

Mike stops, puzzled. Alarmed. What the hell has happened to his dog? What the hell is happening?

For the first time in his life, the feeling that he is among the dead gets to Mike Ryerson.

He tries once more.

MIKE

Here, boy! Here, boy!

But there is no authority in his voice.

CUT TO:

153 EXT, MARSTEN HOUSE - NIGHT (FOG FILTER) 153

Everything dark. Still. We HOLD ON the house for a long time, becoming more and more aware of the SOUND of a SLOWLY APPROACHING AUTOMOBILE.

Now we SEE the headlights of the automobile as it turns into the driveway and moves, almost stealthily, toward the house. In front of the house, it stops.

It is the black Cadillac. Straker gets out; his movements are deliberate. He goes to the bulkhead door. Frowns as he sees that it is unlocked. Slowly he opens the bulkhead door, peers down the steps. The glow of the cellar light spotlights his face. He sees the padlocks and keys on the floor. This disturbs him. But he leaves the bulkhead door open and returns to the car, going to the trunk, unlocking it. He reaches in and picks up a large shapeless bundle.

We cannot determine the nature of the bundle as Straker takes it in his arms, holding it somewhat away from his body, and goes back to the bulkhead. Then he starts down the stairs.

154 SHOOTING UP THE STAIRS 154

AT Straker as he comes FORWARD TO US. The bundle is now VISIBLE. *

*

154A CLOSE - BUNDLE 154A

MOVING TOWARDS CAMERA. Could it be the crumpled form of Ralphie Glick? Crumpled and unmoving. Dead? Perhaps. *

*

155 STRAKER 155

Reaching the bottom of the stairs he turns toward the crate.

The crate has been splintered; it lies in ruins.

And it is empty.

Straker looks at it without expression.

Then he goes past the crate to a heavy wooden table about the size of a dining table (which indeed it is, or was) and with great care -- it might have been mistaken for compassion -- he places the bundle on the table. He slowly unwraps the tarp to reveal Ralphie Glick. Dead. *

*

155 CONTINUED: 155

He steps back, his job done.

And with the same lack of expression, something of a blankness, he moves to the cellar light switch.

155A CLOSE - LIGHT 155A

It goes out.

CUT TO:

156 EXT. SAWYER HOUSE - NIGHT (FOG FILTER) 156

Light gleams on the shotgun carried by Cullie in one hand as he cautiously -- oh, so cautiously -- unlocks the front door with the other. He slides or slithers (or both) through the front door.

157 INT. SAWYER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 157

The hunter stalks across the living room to where he will flush his quarry.

A short corridor, and there is the bedroom door. Shut.

Cullie listens at the door for a while, masochism feeding sadism.

And then he kicks the door open.

158 ANGLE INTO BEDROOM 158

where Crockett and Bonnie fly apart. It's only a moment before Bonnie screams. And Crockett presses back against the wall.

CULLIE

Well, well, well.

CROCKETT

Cu... Cu... Cull...

CULLIE

(evenly)

I guess I owe Weasel Phillips a case of beer after all.

He raises the shotgun.

(CONTINUED)

BONNIE .

Cullie, this isn't... He broke in.
He was trying to rape me!

CULLIE

He was?

BONNIE

He broke in!

CULLIE

A rapist! Is that it? I'll take
care of him.

The gur nudges forward.

CROCKETT

I didn't... I wouldn't... I mean...
Please... please...

CULLIE

(through him)

Shut up, rapist. Get up. Out.
Out of the bed. OUT!

Crockett, trembling, tumbles out of the bed. He is wearing (we cannot tell too much in this light) shorts which will turn out to be beautifully scarlet. (Crockett is something of a swinger, you see.)

CULLIE

(continuing)

Get up!

As Crockett struggles to his feet:

BONNIE

Cullie, listen...

The shotgun swings toward her.

CULLIE

Shut up!

CROCKETT

Listen. Please. Please don't do
anything. You don't want to go to
jail, do you? Beat me up...

CULLIE

I ain't going to jail for killing
a man who raped my wife.

(to Bonnie)

That's what he did, isn't it, honey?

(CONTINUED)

BONNIE

Ye... yes, yes.

CROCKETT

I didn't. She invited me. I swear...

CULLIE

You invited him?

BONNIE

No, Cullie, no. He called, said he had something to tell me...

CULLIE

So you invited him over?

BONNIE

No...

CROCKETT

("reasonably")

It's not true, Cullie. You don't want to go to jail for the rest of your life, just because of a lie...

CULLIE

C'mere. C'mon, c'mon. Into the living room. We've got to talk this over.

CROCKETT

Right, right, let's talk it over.

CULLIE

(to Bonnie)

We're going to talk it over, honey, and then I'm coming back. Hear me?

BONNIE

Yes, Cullie.

CULLIE

C'mon, Larry, into the living room. Man-to-man stuff.

As Crockett squeezes past him:

CULLIE

(continuing)

I like those shorts, Larry. You must, too, keeping them on like that. Where'd you get them?

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: (3)

158

CROCKETT

Buh... Boston.

CULLIE

Sure look good on you.

(to Bonnie)

Stay right there, puss.

Cullie follows Crockett out of the bedroom, his finger on the trigger.

158A BONNIE ON BED

158A

Frightened. Grips a pillow and holds it close for protection. The bedroom door closes O.S.

159 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

159

They are almost in the middle of the room, before:

CULLIE

Turn around, Larry.

Crockett turns around. His instinct is to start talking.

CROCKETT

I know how it looks, Cullie, but it isn't what you think. You see, what happened was... well, what happened was...

He can't think of what happened. The barrel of the shotgun is poking him.

CULLIE

Grab the barrel, Larry. Easy. Very easy. That's it. Now this shotgun's got a five-pound pull and I've got about three on it now...

(as Crockett puts
both shaking hands
on the barrel)

... Good boy. Now, Larry, hold it right in front of your face... that's it, Larry... right in front...

Larry's hands shake violently.

CULLIE

(continuing)

Careful!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

1:

CULLIE (CONT'D)

You move that barrel and I'll blow you away. Now hold it, just hold it steady... steady, Larry...

Larry is gasping for breath, grasping for control. Not easy, sweat really pouring down his face.

CULLIE

(continuing)

Don't move! Don't move! See what self-control you can have, Larry. That's terrific! You're doing fine, Larry, fine.

Larry isn't doing fine at all.

CULLIE

(continuing)

Close your eyes, Larry.

Larry is staring.

CULLIE

(continuing)

Close them!

Larry squeezes his eyes shut. And Cullie squeezes both triggers.

159A CLOSE - HAMMERS

159A

fall on empty chambers with a double CLICK-CLICK.

159B CLOSE - CROCKETT

159B

And Larry wrenches his head away, and dashes to the front door, fumbles furiously with it before managing to get it open, and in his scarlet shorts dashes out into the night.

159C CULLIE

159C

as he looks after him, choking back his cruel laughter.

Then he sets down the shotgun deliberately and goes to the bedroom door.

CULLIE

(at the door)

Here I come, puss. Here comes Big Bad Bear!

159C CONTINUED:

159C

There is no fun in his voice and moments after he LEAVES FRAME we HEAR the SOUND of the FIRST BLOW and Bonnie's first SCREAM.

CUT TO:

160 EXT. SAWYER HOUSE - NIGHT (FOG FILTER) (WIND EFFECT) 160

Crockett falls down the three steps leading to the front door. He picks himself up, being beyond injury, and dashes for his car.

The WIND COMES UP abruptly.

Suddenly a hand shoots out. A hand that grows larger and larger (and quickly so), developing into five huge claws ending in long, red, pointed nails.

The hand stops Crockett.

Then a figure follows, its BACK TO CAMERA, a black-cloaked figure.

Crockett stares in shock as the figure spreads its arms, and the black cloak begins to envelop him, covering his horror-stricken face.

But before Crockett can be completely enfolded, he suddenly falls straight to the ground. Falls like a stone. Falls dead.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

161 EXT. THE LAKE - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

161

Ben's car is at the end of the dirt road, facing the lake.

CAMERA TRAVELS SLOWLY from the car, along the clearing at the edge of the lake, through bushes and trees, to a small area framed with boulders, trees, shrubs, where Ben and Susan, lying on the ground, are just breaking apart.

They sit up, first one, then the other. And they sit silently for a brief time.

SUSAN

You're going to say...

She pauses. Silence washes over them.

SUSAN

(continuing)

... don't make a big thing of this.

BEN

I wasn't going to say that.

SUSAN

Maybe -- Look, I can't make any commitments?

BEN

No, I wasn't going to say that either.

SUSAN

What were you going to say?

BEN

I wasn't going to say anything.

(touches her,
affectionately)

That okay?

SUSAN

I told you I ask too many questions.

BEN

Maybe I don't give enough answers.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

SUSAN

Maybe we talk too much.

BEN

Maybe we do.

They kiss and hold each other.

Lord knows (well, we know) what would happen if a SOUND didn't attract their immediate attention. A CAR is coming down the dirt road. (A car now! Jesus!) It bumps to a halt. The lights are extinguished. From their place Ben and Susan can't quite see the road, but they listen. And they hear a SECOND CAR approach.

BEN

(continuing)

Traffic jam.

A CAR DOOR OPENS.

BEN

(continuing)

They must have seen our car.

SUSAN

Shhh.

BEN

Ned...?

She presses her fingers to his lips. They are both somewhat tense. Perhaps more than that.

They hear the SECOND CAR STOP. VOICES, MUFFLED. Could be a man and a woman. A CAR DOOR SLAMS. Then ONE OF THE CARS BACKS OFF.

Silence. LAKE SOUNDS. NIGHT BIRDS.

BEN

(continuing;

finally)

I'm going to see.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (2)

161

Ben moves cautiously in the direction of the road. Susan is a few steps behind, also moving cautiously.

In the semi-darkness they can see an automobile parked next to theirs. Ben skirts through the woods to get a better look.

There seems to be a single figure in the car. Behind the wheel.

Ben comes closer.

The figure's head seems tilted back, like a man drinking. But he isn't drinking. And it does seem to be a man.

Ben comes closer.

Yes, it is a man, his head abnormally back. Not moving.

Susan is now at the edge of the woods, holding her breath.

They look at each other. What is this? What should they do? Go to their car? Yes, go to their car.

They circle the other car, which is about eight feet from theirs. They are at their own car. Ben's car. And the figure is not paying any attention to them. Weird. Really weird.

Ben: Got to take a look. (He doesn't say this outright; we sense the words.) Susan: Be careful. (Same.)

So Ben edges to the car and looks in.

A man, definitely. Head back, peculiarly.

BEN
(tentatively)
Hey...

The man doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (3)

161

Susan edges a nervous step closer as Ben reaches gingerly for the door of the car. Then, with an abrupt movement, he wrenches it open.

And the figure slides slowly, slowly toward the open door and, before Ben can react, topples to the ground.

It is a man wearing bright red shorts.

The end of Larry Crockett.

CUT TO:

162 INT. DANNY GLICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

162

Late. Source of light from outside. In the prevailing darkness we can SEE Danny, tossing restlessly, asleep as boys will sleep, but troubled and tossed, presumably by nightmares.

And we HEAR a TAPPING at the window. Arhythmic.

For a long time the tapping may be part of Danny's nightmares. He continues to toss. And then his eyes come open. And he fixes them on the open window.

163 POV - WINDOW

163

Outside the window there is fog. But a fog now suffused with a faint reddish glow.

164 DANNY

164

Curiosity more than apprehension. Is he awake? What is this?

165 POV - WINDOW

165

The fog is taking shape, a shape, slowly, ever so slowly.

166 DANNY

166

Now he is beginning to get a little frightened.

167 POV - WINDOW

167

A human shape, not totally formed as yet.

168 DANNY

168

Watching. Fearful at first, but fixed to the bed, unable to aspirate. And then (we WATCH him through all this) a strange mixture of wonder and relief. Even a kind of awed smile. A child's belief in wonders. Because he sees:

169 POV - WINDOW

169

That it is Ralphie hovering outside the window, tapping on it with some insistence now. And Ralphie is smiling at him. Love of brothers. The kid is back.

170 DANNY

170

But somehow flying, held up in the air. By what?

The tapping continues, and Danny gets out of bed. He crosses the room to the window.

171 CLOSE - RALPHIE

171

His face has a reddish hue, but it is not unpleasant. He is reaching out his small arms toward his brother. He pantomimes: Let me in, let me in.

172 DANNY

172

Opens the window wider.

And Ralphie comes through, levitated toward his brother. His smile widens.

And as his face grows larger and larger, coming closer and closer to Danny's, we SEE (before Danny does) the long, sharp incisors.

CUT TO:

173 EXT. ROAD AT LAKE - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

173

A police car and an ambulance. The car belongs to Constable Gillespie. With him is Nolly. Ben and Susan are there too. Perhaps one or two other people, not necessarily identified.

GILLESPIE

You heard another car drive off?

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Car or truck.

GILLESPIE

Which one?

BEN

Don't know.

GILLESPIE

Do you?

SUSAN

No.

GILLESPIE

Where were you people?

BEN

(vaguely)

Over there.

GILLESPIE

(unmistakable meaning)

Over there.

NOLLY

(from car)

Parkins, come here, will you?

Nolly has opened the rear door of the car and is taking some things out. Not just things; Larry Crockett's clothing.

Gillespie looks at them, looks after Crockett's form being placed in the ambulance, looks to Ben and Susan.

GILLESPIE

You heard two cars...?

BEN

Or a car and a truck.

GILLESPIE

One drove off. And then...?

BEN

One other thing. I think I heard someone get out of the car -- I'm just supposing this because I didn't see it -- and then get into the other car, or truck.

(moment)

That's what I think.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (2)

173

Gillespie looks toward Susan, who is standing with her arms crossed defensively over her chest. He nods.

GILLESPIE

Quite a night. First a kid disappears, then this.

(to Ben)

You're not leaving Salem's Lot, are you? Don't do it.

BEN

I'm not leaving.

GILLESPIE

Don't.

CUT TO:

174 EXT. NORTON HOUSE - NIGHT (FOG FILTER)

174

As Ben drives up with Susan, Norton comes out the side door leading to the garage.

They get out of Ben's car as Bill Norton backs out of the garage. He stops as he reaches:

NORTON

(to Susan; slight reproach)

It's late, Susan.

(to both)

I'm going to the hospital. Danny Glick has collapsed.

He squeals into the street and drives off. They look after him.

SUSAN

Ralphie Glick... Danny... Larry Crockett... all in one night.

BEN

The quiet little town of Salem's Lot.

SUSAN

Everything's happened since...

BEN

Since I came here.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

174

SUSAN

(nervous laugh)

You had nothing to do with... you
didn't even know the Glick boys.
Or Larry Crockett.

BEN

I met them. But that's not what I
was thinking about. I came here to
rent the Marsten House. And somehow
I think my coming has acted as a
kind of catalyst. Brought everything
about. Awakened an evil in Salem's
Lot.

*
*
*

SUSAN

That's...

She stops.

BEN

Nonsense?

Not a question -- a challenge.

CUT TO:

175 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

175

A very weary Henry and Marjorie Glick look up as Bill
Norton comes into the waiting room.

MARJORIE

How is he?

Bill's aspect, posture give a partial answer: it's
bad. But he is aware of the effect and tries to cover
it.

NORTON

Danny never had any attacks of
asthma, did he?

MARJORIE

No.

HENRY

His file is with Dr. Goldring.

His tone is slightly apologetic; Goldring is one of the
other doctors in Salem's Lot.

(CONTINUED)

NORTON

I'll get it from Dr. Goldring. But
meanwhile... any history of rheumatic
fever?

MARJORIE

Danny? No.

HENRY

He's a healthy boy. No major
problems.

NORTON

Ever had a TB skin patch during the
last year?

MARJORIE

TB? Danny's got TB?

NORTON

We're only trying to find out...

HENRY

He's a healthy boy. Athletic. He's
a normal boy.

NORTON

I see.

(breath)

We'd like to keep him for some tests.

MARJORIE

What tests?

NORTON

His reactions are very slow...

MARJORIE

What tests?

HENRY

What is wrong with him?

NORTON

We just don't know yet.

Marjorie slumps against her husband.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

176 EXT. WOODS - DAY

176

Ben is among a number of townspeople (including Cullie Sawyer), Cumberland County police, etc., who are combing the woods where Ralphie Glick disappeared. The search is intense, but we get a feeling of disorganization. This kind of activity is rare in Salem's Lot. (Salem's Lot is going through some life changes.)

Gillespie, armed with a bullhorn, is coming up on Ben. He seems to be bearing down on him, in fact. A hostile bearing. But Ben has seen something and is reaching for it. Some shreds of black cloth. He stops when:

GILLESPIE

Don't touch that!

Gillespie comes up, looks at the cloth caught on a bramble. He turns to Nolly.

GILLESPIE

(continuing)

Get me an envelope.

As Nolly hastens off.

BEN

He always wears a black suit.

GILLESPIE

Who?

BEN

Straker.

176A CLOSE - GILLESPIE

176A

His memory confirms Ben's statement.

CUT TO:

177 INT. BARLOW & STRAKER - ON STRAKER - DAY

177

who is wearing a grey suit. Elegant, but grey. And he is wearing a gracious smile, as he turns toward the door, whose opening TINKLE we HEAR.

STRAKER

Inspector, how good of you to drop by!

Of course he is addressing:

178 GILLESPIE

178

entering the shop, responding with:

GILLESPIE
Plain old constable.

The door closes behind him.

GILLESPIE
(continuing)
See you're just about ready to
open.

STRAKER
Not quite, just about.

GILLESPIE
Got everything in?

STRAKER
Everything important, yes.
Coffee? Tea? Perhaps a sherry?

GILLESPIE
No thanks.

STRAKER
Never drink on duty?
(smiling)
You are on duty?

GILLESPIE
I'm always on duty.

STRAKER
That makes me feel safe and snug.

GILLESPIE
Mr. Barlow arrived yet?

STRAKER
Mr. Barlow is in New York.

GILLESPIE
Coming soon?

STRAKER
Hard to say. He may go to Europe,
a buying trip.

GILLESPIE
So you'll be opening without him?

STRAKER
If necessary, yes, of course.

(CONTINUED)

GILLESPIE

What's Mr. Barlow's first name, by the way?

STRAKER

Official question?

GILLESPIE

Nope. Just curious.

STRAKER

My partner's full name is Kurt Barlow. Kurt with a "k". We have worked together in London and Hamburg. This is our retirement. Modest, but comfortable. We hope to make a reputation in the area... perhaps all through New England. Do you think that's possible, Constable?

GILLESPIE

Anything's possible.

He goes to the door, pauses.

GILLESPIE

(continuing)

How do you like that old house?

STRAKER

It needs work. But we have time.

GILLESPIE

Not bothered by yowwens?

STRAKER

Yowwens?

GILLESPIE

Kids. Local word. You know how kids like to devil new folks.

Straker laughs "warmly."

STRAKER

No. No children.

GILLESPIE

We seem to have misplaced one.

STRAKER

Is that so?

(CONTINUED)

GILLESPIE

Yes, yes, it is. The thinking now is that we may not find him. Not alive.

STRAKER

What a shame. If there's anything I can do...

GILLESPIE

I don't suppose so.

He looks at Straker. "Discovery."

GILLESPIE

(continuing)

By the way, what happened to your black suit?

STRAKER

(blankly)

My black suit.

GILLESPIE

The one I always see you wear.

STRAKER

I have two black suits, Constable. And they're both at the house.

(quizzically)

Am I breaking some town ordinance?

GILLESPIE

No, but I would like to see those suits. Could we go to the house and get them?

STRAKER

I'll bring them down tomorrow. They need cleaning anyway. Any reason?

GILLESPIE

Some. 'Bye.

He is leaving.

STRAKER

Ciao, Constable.

GILLESPIE

Chow?

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: (3)

178

STRAKER

Ciao. The familiar Italian expression for goodbye.

GILLESPIE

I didn't know you're Italian.

STRAKER

I'm not. The word is.

GILLESPIE

Well, you learn something new every day.

He goes out. The door TINKLES behind him. Cheery little sound, matching Straker's cheery little smile, which disappears as Straker moves to the window and watches Gillespie progress across the square.

CUT TO:

179 INT. GILLESPIE'S OFFICE - DAY

179

He is on the telephone. (We will not yet define to whom he is speaking or hear the other voice; it's pretty obvious, anyway.)

GILLESPIE

No, it's not a kidnap. Boy's missing. Probable foul play. I'd like to check out a couple of feelers. First is Benjamin Mears. M-E-A-R-S. Writer. Books called "Air Dance," I think, and something called "Conway's Daughter"... No, I haven't. Don't know if many have. Other's two sorta stapled together. There's a Richard K. Straker... no, don't know what that stands for... and a Kurt with a "k" Barlow. S-T-R-A-K-E-R and B-A-R-L-O-W... Any connection between Mears and the others? That's one of the things I want to find out.

CUT TO:

180 INT. NORTON HOUSE -- NIGHT

180

Ben and Bill Norton are seated in the living room.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

It is filled with books, lighted by shaded lamps. The conversation is earnest.

NORTON

I understand what you're saying. I'm not given to unscientific belief, but I will admit there are many things science can't yet explain -- if ever... I don't see how, for example, Larry Crockett's death has any connection with the Marsten House.

BEN

He rented the house to them.

NORTON

But he died of a heart attack.

BEN

You're sure of that?

NORTON

Autopsy left no doubt whatsoever. None whatsoever.

BEN

It could have been at the Marsten House. And then he was taken to the lake.

NORTON

Well, let me tell you, local gossip tends in a different direction.

BEN

The Glick boys...

NORTON

That could be something else again.

BEN

What is wrong with Danny Glick?

NORTON

We haven't completed the tests. But it could be -- I trust you to keep this to yourself -- it could be pernicious anemia.

BEN

Coming on overnight?

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED; (2)

180

NORTON

We don't know how sudden it is.

BEN

You don't really believe that!

Susan pokes her head in.

SUSAN

Ready?

BEN

Yeah.

SUSAN

We're going to Bangor. To a movie.

NORTON

Can I say something to you?

BEN

Sure.

Ben glances at Susan.

SUSAN

Don't make it long.

She withdraws.

NORTON

Everyone knows that you and Susan were at the lake.

BEN

I'd like you to know...

NORTON

You seem like a pretty nice feller.
And you seem to respect Susan.
And I believe she respects herself.
(rising)

But you could be more discreet,
couldn't you?

His look at Ben ends the conversation.

CUT TO:

181 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

181

CLOSE ON I.V. bottles.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

PAN DOWN I.V. tubes TO Danny, who is lying in what must be a dead sleep. I.V. attachments are fighting the possible anemia. All in all, though, this is just a boy in a hospital room.

181A DOWN SHOT - DANNY

181A

The CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES STRAIGHT DOWN ON Danny as we become aware of an INSIDIOUS SOUND. A TAPPING, arhythmic, almost tentative at first, then more and more insistent. And Danny's eyes open.

181B EXTREME CLOSE - DANNY'S EYES

181B

Slowly he turns them toward the window.

181C DANNY'S POV OF WINDOW

181C

There he is, outside the window, suspended in mid-air, his face suffused with the reddish glow. Beaming with love. Ralphie. Ralphie is tapping at the window. TAPPING at the window.

181D CLOSE - DANNY IN PROFILE

181D

as slowly, ever so slowly, Danny begins to rise from the bed.

181E CLOSE - I.V. ATTACHMENTS

181E

as they fall away.

- 181F WIDE ANGLE 181F
As Danny goes to the window and begins to open it.
- 181G CLOSE - WINDOW LATCH 181G
As Danny struggles to open it. The window resists.
The TAPPING becomes more and more insistent, demanding.
- 181H DANNY AT WINDOW 181H
Finally, with an effort that can only be characterized
as supranormal, manages to push open the window.
- 181I EXT. HOSPITAL WINDOW - WIDE - NIGHT 181I
As Ralphie disappears from sight a shadow looms on
the wall of the hospital. A huge shadow of a man
spreading his arms under a cape, slowly blotting out
the entire wall. The sinister shadow of Barlow.
- 181J INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 181J
Over Danny's shoulder as Ralphie floats toward him.
- 181K RALPHIE - DANNY IN PROFILE (TREADMILL) 181K
We MOVE IN as Ralphie glides closer to Danny.
- 181L OVER SHOULDER ON RALPHIE 181L
The brothers embrace. And Ralphie's head sinks toward
Danny's neck. The back of Danny's head BLOCKS CAMERA.
And all is obscure. All is dark as Barlow's shadow
outside. And we HEAR the first of the SUCKING SOUNDS.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SEVEN

A day
or days
pass

And
a recapitulation
is devised

Which will be aired
before
the following:

Part Two

ACT EIGHT

FADE IN:

182 EXT. MARSTEN HOUSE - SILHOUETTED AGAINST FULL MOON - 182
NIGHT

(This is the same shot from the opening sequence of Part I)

MAIN TITLES.

SLOW MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

183 EXT. MARSTEN HOUSE - DAY 183

Why, the LARKS are SINGING. All is tranquil. It is a peaceful spring morning.

And Straker is coming out of the house with a rather springy step, carrying two black suits, which he lays carefully on the rear seat of the black Cadillac.

Without a seeming care in the world he starts the car and eases down the driveway onto the road leading to Salem's Lot.

184 EXT. ROAD - FOLLOWING THE BLACK CADILLAC - DAY 184

The black Cadillac, Straker at the wheel, moves at a deliberate pace through the bucolic outskirts of Salem's Lot. There is something rather lyrical about what we see.

185 STRAKER 185

Even Straker seems to be responding to the idyllic surroundings. He is certainly an untroubled man.

CUT TO:

186 EXT. HARMONY HILL - MORNING 186

Mike Ryerson is taking his grave digging tools from his caretaker's truck. A path leads to the place where a helper, ROYAL SNOW, a black man of about forty, is already beginning to dig.

MIKE
You seen my dog?

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

ROYAL

Ain't seen him.

Mike walks along a winding path between gravesites calling for his dog.

187 HUBERT MARSTEN'S GRAVE

187

An angel, holding a lamp, over the stone that tells us that here lies buried: "Hubert Barclay Marsten. October 6, 1908. August 12, 1957." There is a fairly long inscription which we won't have time to read. But we can pause enough to register: "God Grant That He Lie Still." All is surrounded by a low cast-iron fence.

188 MIKE

188

He continues around the grave and then stops, registering shock, anger, confusion -- all. Because he is looking at:

189 FAITHFUL

189

His dog, crushed under the fence behind the grave.

CUT TO:

190 INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

190

The usual activity in a compact general hospital, such as might serve Salem's Lot.

Now we FOLLOW one of the Nurses as she begins to make her rounds.

And we FOLLOW her TO the room occupied by Danny Glick.

Danny is lying across the bed on his back, eyes open, blue, staring.

No doubt about it, Danny Glick is dead.

CUT TO:

191 OMITTED

191 *

192 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

192

The black Cadillac circles the town square. No outward effect here either, except that Larry Crockett's real estate office is closed.

Straker parks in front of Barlow & Straker, reaches back into the car, extracts the two black suits.

Without a trace of self-consciousness he walks (in his grey suit, by the way) to Gillespie's office, just off the square and enters.

193 INT. GILLESPIE'S OFFICE - DAY

193

Gillespie looks up as Straker enters with the suits. With characteristic fastidiousness, Straker places the suits over the back of a chair.

STRAKER

When may I have them back?

GILLESPIE

Couple of days?

STRAKER

No more than that, please.

GILLESPIE

I'll try.

STRAKER

I don't have to do this, you know.

GILLESPIE

Understand. Appreciate it.

STRAKER

I'm under some suspicion?

GILLESPIE

(hesitates)

Well, yes.

STRAKER

The disappearance of the boy?

GILLESPIE

Yes.

STRAKER

Because I'm a stranger?

(CONTINUED)

GILLESPIE

Guess so.

STRAKER

And a little... odd?

GILLESPIE

You know how we are here?

STRAKER

No different from people in small towns all over the world. I do appreciate your candor. I'm not charged with anything?

GILLESPIE

No. But I'd like you to stay around.

STRAKER

Oh, I fully intend to.
(going to door)
Don't forget. The suits. As soon as... Crime Lab?

GILLESPIE

F.B.I. In Bangor.

STRAKER

No damage, please. I want them back in excellent condition.
(thin smile again)
And cleaned.

GILLESPIE

I'll see to it.

STRAKER

Ciao. That's Italian for...

GILLESPIE

(tightly)
I remember.

STRAKER

Goodbye, Constable.

He goes out.

After he leaves, Gillespie picks up the suits. He begins to look them over carefully, searching for a tear or rip.

There is none, of course.

CUT TO:

194 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

194

Straker saunters across the square. Saunters is accurate; he doesn't seem to have a care in the world. All the previous tension has been dissipated.

Cullie Sawyer's truck passes behind him. Cullie is driving, Bonnie is beside him. They are tight-lipped. Piled up in the rear of the truck are packed suitcases, cartons, some household furnishings. No question: they are leaving Salem's Lot. Destination? Doesn't matter.

Straker enters his shop.

195 ANGLE ON BARLOW AND STRAKER

195

THROUGH the store window we SEE Straker place a small cultivated sign in the window. "OPENING SOON."

Then he withdraws.

CUT TO:

196 INT. BEN'S ROOM - DAY

196

Ben, wearing jeans and a shirt, is typing. But forcing himself to do it. The work is coming hard. No inspiration. Piece of paper torn out of typewriter. Starts to ball it up, throw it away. No, no, don't do it. Ah yes, the hell with it. Balls it up and into the wastebasket. This isn't the day for it. (Happens to the best.)

Jacket out of the closet, which isn't well-stocked. (We're going to see Ben in essentially the same clothes much of the time.) He goes out, into the corridor.

197 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

197

Down the corridor and:

198 INT. STAIRS - DAY

198

down the stairs.

199 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

199

into the kitchen, where Eva Miller is cleaning up.

BEN

Can I get some coffee?

CONTINUED:

199

199

EVA

There it is. Help yourself.

Ben does so. There is an awkward silence between them, then:

*

sad

EVA

(continuing)

You know I was married to Weasel?

BEN

I heard that.

200

EVA

I was once a big loud broad who turned men's heads... Can you believe that?

im

:s

t

BEN

I believe it.

ie

EVA

I turned heads. Now look.

Ben touches her gently.

BEN

You're beautiful. And I remember you.

EVA

You do?

BEN

I remember when you'd visit with my aunt. You kissed me once. And held me.

EVA

You remember that?

BEN

I remember how I felt. In fact, that's part of what I'm writing about.

(small hug)

And if Weasel reads that, he'll go crazy with jealousy.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ben Mears. Telephone!

BEN

(up)

Coming!

(CONTINUED)

(ENDED)

200 CONTINUED;

200

BEN

The classic conflict.

SUSAN

I have one too, Ben. I got a call this morning.

BEN

Ned?

SUSAN

(shakes her head)

Not that easy. From Boston. Job interview. They've seen my portfolio. It will only be for two days.

BEN

So it's Boston.

SUSAN

Maybe. But it's not that far...

Coffee and doughnuts arrive, the usual amenities attending.

BEN

When do you go?

SUSAN

Tomorrow. Right after my class. Can you come with me?

Ben hesitates.

BEN

Tomorrow's Danny Glick's funeral. I want to stay for that.

SUSAN

Why? You weren't...

BEN

There's no logical why. I just feel a need to be here. And I don't know why.

(nakedly)

I wish you weren't going.

SUSAN

(disappointed)

So do I. But I have to.

BEN

Where are you staying?

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED: (2)

200

SUSAN

With a friend. Girl friend. I'll give you the number and if you want...

BEN

Yeah. Okay.

Silence.

SUSAN

It's only an interview. If I get the job I wouldn't start until the end of June. That isn't too bad, is it?

BEN

It's going to have to do, I guess...
Can't you...?

They look at each other for a long time.

BEN

(continuing)

Damn!

CUT TO:

201 OMITTED
thru
203

201
thru
203

204 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

204

Lengthening shadows. Mid-afternoon indicated. FATHER DONALD CALLAHAN stands by the grave, wearing a stole about his shoulders and holding a book open to the children's burial service. He is a tall man with piercing blue eyes and a ruddy complexion. His hair is greying.

He starts to sprinkle holy water on the coffin and the grave, sanctifying them for all time.

About the grave are grouped all those important in life to Danny Glick (and to us): father, mother, Jason Burke, Gillespie, Bill and Ann Norton, Mark Petrie with his mother and father, Ben Mears. Even Weasel Phillips is there, a little apart. And whoever else we decide to include in this group of mourners.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED;

204

CALLAHAN

Let us pray.

The mourners bow their heads.

CALLAHAN

(continuing)

Lord God, through your mercy those who have lived in faith find eternal peace. Bless this grave and send Your angel to watch over it. As we bury the body of Danny Glick, welcome him into Your presence and with Your saints let him rejoice in Your presence forever. We ask it through Christ our Lord. Amen.

The mourners respond with their "amens."

CALLAHAN

(continuing)

With faith in Jesus Christ we reverently bring the body of this child to be buried in its human imperfection. Let us pray with...

A commotion among the mourners causes Callahan to stop, looking at:

Marjorie Glick, who has fainted. Her husband is bending over her. A couple of mourners, especially Bill Norton, are hurrying to give assistance.

A shadow passes over them all.

Ben looks up and sees:

205 SKY

205

A cloud is beginning to obscure the sun. A chilling, ominous cloud.

CUT TO:

206 EXT. HARMONY HILL GATES - DAY

206

The mourners are driving away from the cemetery.

207 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (WIND EFFECT)

207

Mike Ryerson leaves his pickup truck and walks along the path, carrying his shovel, toward Danny Glick's open grave. Once again he passes Hubie Marsten's grave and once again, unaccountably to himself, he finds himself pausing.

Then he goes to Danny's grave. Tree shadows are falling across it. As he starts to throw the first shovelful of dirt into the grave, a gust of WIND BLOWS up, unexpected, chilling.

Mike has great difficulty shoveling the dirt into the grave. It is almost as if the wind were keeping the dirt away from the coffin.

Mike looks around. For the first time in his life, he is feeling spooked. And he doesn't know why.

CUT TO:

208 EXT. SALEM'S LOT STREETS - DAY

208

ON Ben's car, negotiating its way toward Eva Miller's rooming house.

209 INT. BEN'S CAR - DAY

209

JASON

Have any plans tonight?

BEN

More or less. Susan's going to Boston...

JASON

I heard.

BEN

Hope she gets it.

JASON

Do you?

BEN

Whatever is best.

JASON

Should I believe that?

BEN

Not entirely. But it's what I want to feel.

CUT TO:

210 EXT. GRAVESITE AND TREES - LATE AFTERNOON 210
(WIND EFFECT)

WIND still blows fitfully on the trees. It is getting darker. Sense of closing in. We feel chill.

PAN DOWN TO Mike Ryerson shoveling dirt into Danny's grave.

210A CLOSE - SHOVEL BLADE 210A

as he gets a new scoop of dirt and throws it into the grave.

210B CLOSE - COFFIN 210B

as the dirt lands on the mahogany coffin with a THUD and a RATTLE OF STONES.

210C MIKE 210C

He continues throwing dirt into the grave. Again. Again. And his rhythm begins to break.

210D FLORAL WREATH ON GROUND 210E

A gust of wind sends it swirling across the ground behind Mike. He begins to turn.

210E MIKE 210E

210A turning. Reacts to the SOUND of the WREATH.

MIKE

Royal?

210B But no one is there.

210F MIKE'S POV - LANDSCAPE 210F

210C Some trees bend, but not all, as though a wide hand had pressed several of them forward.

210G WIDE ANGLE - MIKE 210G

forcing himself to throw more dirt into the grave.

An accountable weariness seems to be enveloping Mike Ryerson. It is as though he is succumbing to a low-grade fever or infection. He pauses, wipes the back of his hand across his forehead.

210H POV FROM GRAVE - MIKE 210H

as he spades another mound of dirt, but simply holds it toward the grave.

210-I CLOSE - MIKE 210-I

staring into grave.

210J MIKE'S POV - GRAVE 210J

The grave appears endlessly deep and endlessly dark. Deeper and darker than before.

210K MED. CLOSE - MIKE 210K

Eyes fixed on the grave. He moves, sleepwalking, to the edge.

And suddenly leaps down.

10L DOWN ANGLE - GRAVE 210L
 Mike with a fury begins to shovel dirt from the grave, tossing it high and away. A fury. Until the mahogany coffin is exposed.

210A 10M LOW ANGLE ACROSS COFFIN TO MIKE 210M
 who, with an inexplicable impulse, brings the shovel down on the lock. It doesn't break.

210B 10N CLOSE - LOCK 210N
 The lock is assaulted again and again until it breaks.

210C 10-O OVER MIKE'S SHOULDER ONTO COFFIN LID 210
 as he fumbles for the catches of the coffin. He finds them and pulls. The lid swings upwards.
 At first he sees -- and we SEE -- only the lining of pink satin. Then one dark-clad arm. And then... then the face.

10P CLOSE - DANNY GLICK 210P
 The eyes are open. Wide open. They seem to shine with some inner light.

10-Q CLOSE - MIKE 210-Q
 He is unable to drag himself away from the glittering, frozen stare. His breath clogs and stops in his throat.

10R OVER SHOULDER ON DANNY 210R
 as his eyes lock on Mike.

10S DANNY 210S
 His torso springs upright INTO CAMERA.

10T CLOSE PROFILE - MIKE 210T
 as Danny's face swings INTO FRAME and almost collides with Mike's.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT EIGHT

ACT NINE

FADE IN:

211 INT. EVA MILLER'S - NIGHT

211

Ben is at the wall (pay) telephone, in media res:

BEN

Everything's all right?... How about
the job?... Oh, tomorrow morning...
So, when are you coming home?...
Friday night... No, there's really
no point, is there...? Tonight?...
I'm having dinner with Jason Burke
... Just Jason and me... I miss you,
too.

*
*
*
*
*

As he hangs up, he sees Eva hovering in the b.g.

EVA

Ned Tebbets was around today, fixing
a toilet and threatening to fix you.

BEN

(shrugging)

Hey...

EVA

I thought I'd let you know.

(approaching)

You're a good guy and I'd hate to
see you all busted up.

CUT TO:

212 INT. MARK'S ROOM - FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER - NIGHT

212

(THIS AND THE FOLLOWING SCENE WILL BE INTERCUT.)

The monster FILLS the SCREEN. Something of a shock.

Mitigated when we SEE that we are in Mark Petrie's room
and that Mark is working on a model from a kit. VOICES
FLOAT UP from the floor below: Mark's father and mother.

Mark pauses to listen. From his expression we ascertain
that a long experience allows him to make out the words;
we cannot. So:

INT. PETRIE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

213

We visit with Mark's father and mother in their living-room.

JUNE

Do you think it's affected him,
Ted?

TED

Hard to tell.
(lights his
pipe)
He's got a hell of a poker face.

JUNE

Still waters run deep, though.

TED

(drawing)
Never do know just what he is
thinking.

JUNE

You have talks with him.

TED

Yeah, but still you never know.
He never shows much of anything.
Or tells.

JUNE

I wonder why.

TED

Nothing to worry about. Some
people are like that. Don't forget,
this is Calvin Coolidge country,
just about.

JUNE

Well, Mark isn't Calvin Coolidge.

TED

No, and he isn't going to become
President either.

JUNE

We don't know about that.

TED

I'm willing to give up that part
of the American dream.

(CONTINUED)

JUNE

Mark must feel something. The Glick boys were on their way back from seeing him. And now... did you look at him during the funeral?

TED

He keeps his feelings in hand.

JUNE

I don't want him going in the woods anymore.

Ted puts his pipe away.

TED

I'm going up to see him.

(at foot of stairs)

Sometimes I think his being an only child...

JUNE

(some acerbity)

It's not for lack of trying.

The look between them tells their history. And Ted continues up the stairs.

214 INT. MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

214

Mark is glueing on the left arm of the Frankenstein monster as his father enters the room.

TED

How are you, son?

MARK

Fine, Dad.

TED

Finished your homework?

MARK

Long time ago.

Ted saunters around the room. Picks up a pair of handcuffs.

TED

Can you get out these?

MARK

Easy. Put them on me.

(offering wrists)

Go ahead, Dad.

TED

Well...

(CONTINUED)

Reluctantly he puts the handcuffs on Mark.

TED
(continuing)
Where's the key?

MARK
Don't need it.

TED
That too tight?

MARK
Want it tight.
(tests)
Okay?

Ted watches as Mark twists and wriggles and lo-and-behold.

MARK
(continuing)
Want to tie me up?

TED
I don't think so.

MARK
I can get out of any knots.
(has rope)
Here. Try me. Hands behind the
back...

TED
(tolerantly)
Some other time, son.
(looks around)
You know, sometimes I wonder...
you know, why you're so interested
in monsters and magic and...
Why is it, Mark?

MARK
I always have been. I can't explain
it. It's the way I am.

TED
(nodding)
Hmmm.

MARK
Like you were always interested in
numbers, so you became an accountant.

TED
At least I can earn a living.

MARK
I'll earn a living.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED: (2)

214

Total self-confidence. Ted can't deal with it.

TED

Well, don't stay up too late.

MARK

It's still early.

TED

Sure.

Awkwardly, Ted retires from the room.

Once again, Mark turns his attention to the Frankenstein model.

215 INT. GILLESPIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

215

Nolly Gardener is on the phone, jotting down some notes.

NOLLY

Yeh... yeh... got it... Okay,
that's it? Thanks...

(hearing a door)

Wait, hey wait, he's...

He hangs up as Gillespie enters.

NOLLY

(continuing)

Just had FBI, Boston, on the phone.
Rundown on Ben Mears and those
Straker and Barlow.

GILLESPIE

(nodding at notes)

What did they say?

NOLLY

Straker is British by birth.
Fifty-eight years old. Applied
for extended visa eighteen months
ago. No criminal record at all.

GILLESPIE

Barlow?

NOLLY

Born Germany, left in the twenties,
before Hitler. Naturalized British.
Changed name from Breichen.

(CONTINUED)

GILLESPIE
(impatiently)
Anything else? *

NOLLY
Been in the import-export business
with Straker since 1943. Travels
a lot, but seems to keep to himself.
Straker's the one stays in front.
Shown up yet?

GILLESPIE
Barlow? No. What about Mears?

NOLLY
Born here in Salem's Lot. Left at
the age of ten. Wife died two years
ago in an automobile accident. *
Leftwinger, against nuclear power, *
stuff like that.

GILLESPIE
No record?

NOLLY
Traveled a lot. But...

GILLESPIE
Nothing to connect him with the
other two.

NOLLY
Wouldn't seem.

Gillespie bites on this before:

GILLESPIE
Then why's he so interested in the
Marsten House and why did they buy
it? There's a connection, I'm
telling you.

CUT TO:

216 INT. THE DELL - NIGHT

216

Ben enters, looks around, spots Jason sitting at a
table. He passes Weasel Phillips, nursing his beer
at the bar. The place is a little livelier tonight.

Ben sits down, facing Jason.

As Waitress comes up:

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

216

BEN

Beer.

JASON

How's the book coming?

BEN

Hard.

JASON

Tough way to make a living?

BEN

Not making much of a living, but
't's the only way I know.

Beer arrives, and a pause. Then:

JASON

The Marsten House still the center
of the story?

BEN

Ah-yup.

JASON

What about the Glick boys? Do you
connect them to the house?

BEN

Everything in Salem's Lot connects
with that house. You can see it
from every part of town. It's like
a beacon throwing off energy forces.

A hand suddenly grabs the table. A second. Mike
Ryerson supporting himself. His eyes are glazed. Ben
leaps up to help him, while Jason half rises.

JASON

Mike!

MIKE

(slurring)

'Lo, Mr. Burke.

Jason studies him.

JASON

You on something, Mike?

MIKE

No.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED: (2)

216

JASON
Dope?

MIKE
No. No.

BEN
Sit down.

He eases him onto a seat.

MIKE
Sick. Feel sick.

JASON
Since when?

MIKE
First I found my dog dead. Then
there was the funeral yesterday.
I fell asleep out at Harmony Hill,
didn't wake up till morning.

Ben is leaning forward.

BEN
This happened after Danny Glick's
funeral?

MIKE
Yeah. Came back to finish...
Royal never showed up... and then
I started to get sick... Can I
have a drink?

Ben signals.

MIKE
(continuing)
It's hard to think. Hard.

JASON
What do you remember, Mike?

MIKE
Singing. Sweet. Sweetest singing
I ever heard. And a feeling like
... drowning.

Ben orders a whiskey for Mike.

MIKE
(continuing)
And eyes. Eyes.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED: (3)

216

He clutches his elbows and shudders.

JASON

Whose eyes?

MIKE

Red. And scary. Red and scary.

BEN

Whose?

MIKE

Dunno. I don't remember.

He throws down the whiskey.

MIKE

(continuing)

I dream. I dreamed it all.

BEN

You stayed there all night?

*

MIKE

Yeah, all night.

JASON

And last night?

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED: (4)

216

MIKE

Last night? No, slept all day,
tired. Woke up at night, bedroom
window was open. Must have done
it myself.

JASON

You don't remember?

MIKE

Remember a dream. Someone at the
window, I let him in...

JASON

Who?

MIKE

Just a dream.

BEN

Who?

MIKE

I don't know. I don't know.

He puts his hands in front of his face. He seems to
be crying.

JASON

Mike. Mike, listen. Mike.

Gently he pulls the hands away from Mike's face.

JASON

(continuing)

I want you to stay at my house
tonight. Will you do that? We'll
arrange to see Dr. Norton tomorrow.

MIKE

All right. I don't care.

They start to assist Mike to his feet.

CUT TO:

217 INT. MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

217

Mark, in his pajamas, goes to the window, looks out
into the darkness.

Then he gets into bed and turns out the light.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

217

But his eyes remain open, looking toward the window.

And he finally sees:

218 THROUGH WINDOW

218

A fog beginning to form.

219 MARK

219

He seems impassive, unafraid.

220 THROUGH WINDOW

220

The fog forms into the image of Danny Glick, hovering outside the window. Danny begins to tap and scratch at the window.

- 221 MARK 221
remains unmoving.
- 222 AT WINDOW 222
Danny's lips form words. And we HEAR A VOICE detached from the reality of the moving lips:
DANNY'S VOICE
Let me in, Mark. Let me in.
- 223 MARK 223
Yes, there is some fear in his eyes. He twitches under the covers as the VOICE continues, washing over him:
DANNY'S VOICE
I'm your friend, Mark. I want to play with you.
- 224 DANNY 224
His eyes seem to have grown larger, redrimmed, glowing in their sockets.
DANNY'S VOICE
Open the window, Mark. Let me in!
- 225 MARK 225
* He is getting out of bed. A sleepwalking quality. Slow movements. Hypnotic. He is crossing toward the window where:
- 226 DANNY 226
* His face pressed against the window is saying:
* DANNY'S VOICE
Mark! Open the window!
- 227 MARK 227
He is at the window. His hands reach to open it.
DANNY'S VOICE
The window, Mark. He commands it!

(CONTINUED)

Mark stares at Danny and suddenly, with an immense effort, turns away. Moves to his desk, where the model monsters are on display. The TAPPING at the window accelerates, becomes more and more insistent, demanding, commanding.

But Mark manages to take up a small plastic cross from the display and carry it to the window. He raises the cross with great effort and lays it flat against the window.

MARK

Go away. Go away! GO AWAY!

Through the window we HEAR a loud HISS. And Danny dissolves into mist and the mist dissipates.

Mark stares out the window for some moments. Then he goes back to bed, putting the cross under the covers. He is expecting something, and it happens.

His father opens the door.

TED

(tentatively)

Son? Are you awake?

MARK

Kind of.

TED

Did you have a bad dream?

MARK

I... maybe. I don't remember.

TED

You called out in your sleep.

MARK

I'm sorry, Dad.

TED

Do you want anything?

MARK

No, Dad.

TED

Well, goodnight then.

MARK

Goodnight, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

227

The door shuts.

Mark lies still in the darkness, eyes open, holding the plastic cross, And thinking.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT NINE

ACT TEN

FADE IN:

228 OMITTED 228

229 INT. JASON'S GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 229

Mike Ryerson is standing, back to the door, when there is a KNOCK.

He turns, with:

MIKE

Come in.

His voice can scarcely be heard, but Jason Burke enters, carrying a pair of pajamas.

JASON

These are going to be a little big.

He stops, staring at Mike. Mike is pale, white, and terribly thin. His ribs stand out in circular ridges.

JASON

(continuing;
approaching)

Turn your head, Mike. This way.

Obediently, Mike turns his head.

JASON

(continuing)

Mike, where did you get those marks?

Mike's hand touches his throat below the angle of the jaw.

MIKE

I don't know.

Jason stands restively. Then he goes to the window. He makes sure the catch is securely fastened, rattling it back and forth with distraught hands. He looks out. Beyond the window the darkness and fog seem to press against the glass.

JASON

Call me in the night if you want anything. Anything! Even if you have a bad dream.

Mike is nodding.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED:

229

JASON
(continuing)
Will you be sure to do that?

MIKE
Yes.

JASON
I mean it, Anything.
(at door)
I'm right down the hall.

MIKE
I will.

Jason hesitates, feeling there is more he should be able to do. But there isn't. And he goes out.

CUT TO:

230 INT. BEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

230

Ben sits at the window. It is open. The only illumination comes from a small night light. Ben's eyes are fixed on the Marsten House.

CUT TO:

231 INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

231

Jason lies in bed, listening to the SOUNDS of his house. He hears the subtle settling of the old house. He hears the CLOCK by his bedside. He hears faint passage of WIND outside. And then he hears:

MIKE (V.O.)
(muffled)
Yes. Come in.

Jason starts to get out of bed, but the motion arrests itself. A paralysis of dread. He hears the HASP on the guest room window being TURNED BACK. Then the GRIND of WOOD against WOOD as the window is forced up.

Once again he tries to get out of bed. But the SOUND of the LAUGHTER of a CHILD throws him back like a tangible force. A shuddering groan escapes Jason and he puts his hands over his face. And then he hears SUCKING SOUNDS.

CUT TO:

SALEM'S LOT - Rev. 7/5/79

130.

232 INT. BEN'S CORRIDOR

23

Eva pounding on door.

EVA

Mr. Mears. Telephone! Telephone!

233 BEN AT DOORWAY

233

He opens the door.

BEN

Long distance?

EVA

No, it's Jason Burke.

BEN

What time is it?

EVA

Just after four. Mr. Burke sounds very upset.

234 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

234

Down the corridor, followed by an anxious Eva.

235 INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

235

Down the stairs, to the wall telephone.

BEN

Yeah, Jason.

*

JASON (V.O.)

Can you come over, Ben? Right now?

BEN

What's the matter?

*

JASON (V.O.)

Just come. Come quick.

BEN

Ten minutes.

JASON (V.O.)

Have you got a crucifix? A St. Christopher's medallion? Anything like that?

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED:

235

BEN

Hell no, I'm -- was -- a Baptist.

JASON (V.O.)

Come fast.

He hangs up. As does Ben.

BEN

Do you have a crucifix or a rosary... ?

EVA

In my bedroom. Did Mr. Burke ask for it?

BEN

Yes.
(urgently)
Please!

EVA

(puzzled)
He's not Catholic. I don't believe he goes to church.

BEN

Please!

CUT TO:

236 EXT. JASON BURKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

236

As Ben drives up, he sees that every light on the lower floor is lit up. Ben goes up the walk hastily, but his body indicates tension. The door is opened as he reaches it. Jason is in the doorway, pale, trembling.

JASON

Come in, Ben. Come in.

237 INT. JASON BURKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

237

It is a modest house, full of books and records, the house of a solitary. Jason leads the way into the hallway.

238 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

238

Immediately Jason faces Ben. Ben takes the crucifix from his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED;

238

BEN

It's Eva's.

Ben's eyes fall on two peculiar items on the hallway table: an old-fashioned clasp Bible and a .38 revolver. He picks up the revolver:

BEN

(continuing)

Hey, is this thing loaded?

JASON

I don't think it would do any good.

Ben sets the revolver down.

BEN

You look awful. What's up?

JASON

There's a dead man upstairs.

BEN

Mike Ryerson?

JASON

Yes. Dead.

BEN

Are you sure?

JASON

I am in my guts. Although I haven't looked in on him. I haven't dared. Because, in another way, he might not be dead at all. Remember, Danny Glick died of pernicious anemia and Mike fell asleep after burying him and didn't wake up until morning. And you saw Mike.

Ben looks at Jason. He fingers the crucifix.

BEN

Let's go upstairs and have a look. Take this.

Jason takes the crucifix as they start up the stairs.

239 INT. JASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

239

FOLLOWING Ben and Jason through the house, up the stairs, and into the guest room. (This should be played in full, and for full effect.)

240 INT. GUEST ROOM - OVER MIKE - NIGHT

24

First light is falling on Mike Ryerson, who seems to be sleeping peacefully, as Ben and Jason enter in the b.g. They come to the bedside and look down at Mike.

BEN

He's all right. Sleeping.

JASON

The window's open. It was closed and locked. I made sure of it.

Ben steps to the window, looks out. Dawn is breaking.

BEN

First light.

JASON

Look!

He is pinching the upper hem of the flawlessly laundered sheet drawn up on Mike's chest. Ben looks down. There is a single small drop of blood on the sheet, dried to maroon.

BEN

A single drop? One?

JASON

I don't think he's breathing.

BEN

Mike! Mike, wake up!

No response. Mike's face has a waxen pallor, almost as though made up by an embalmer. And the dawn light catches him in profile, etching a kind of beauty. Ben stretches out a hand and shakes Mike's slightly. Mike's left arm, which had been crossed loosely on his chest, falls limply over the side of the bed and the knuckles rap on the floor, like a request for entry. The SOUND startles both Ben and Jason. Ben steps forward and picks up the limp arm. He presses his index finger over the wrist. *

BEN

(continuing)

No pulse. *

Ben moistens his finger and holds it in front of Mike's half-parted lips. He looks up at Ben. Nothing.

JASON

Marks on the neck?

(CONTINUED)

240 CONTINUED:

240

Ben takes Mike's jaw in his hands and turns it gently.
He examines Mike carefully.

BEN

Nothing. Not a mark. Nothing.

He lets go of Mike's face.

CUT TO:

241 INT. JASON'S KITCHEN - DAY

241

Light is beginning to stream in. Ben and Jason sit at the kitchen table; there is a terrible lack of energy at first.

JASON

I've been doing some reading.
According to folklore, the marks disappear. When the victim dies, the marks vanish.

BEN

Folklore.

*

JASON

This is real. We have to drive a stake through his heart.

BEN

How do we explain that to a jury?

*

JASON

Do you think I'm crazy?

BEN

No.

JASON

Do you believe me about the marks?

BEN

Okay. So where does that put us?

JASON

Puts us in a position where we have to do something.

BEN

He couldn't have had a virus or something and...?

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED;

241

JASON

The window, Ben. And the marks on his neck. And I heard him invite someone in. And then that laughter...

He seems to lose all his force, slumps.

BEN

All right.

He goes to the window, then comes back to Jason.

BEN

(continuing)

Jason, do you know what will happen to you if you even let out a whisper of what you've told me?

Jason taps his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED: (2)

24

BEN

(continuing)

Right. A funny old duck who lives alone on Taggart Stream Road. Can we trust him to teach our children? I can't help you. I saw the body and nothing else. And I'm an outsider, a writer, a crazy.

JASON

But if we do nothing...?

BEN

There is something we can do. We can check this all out. Call Doctor Norton. Then the Constable.

JASON

Yeah, let the machinery take over.

BEN

Tell your story as though you never heard a thing last night. Just say you brought Mike back from the Dell because he was feeling sick... I'll back you up. You went in to check him, couldn't wake him, and called me.

JASON

That's all?

BEN

That's it. Don't even tell Bill Norton he's dead.

JASON

Not dead...?

BEN

How do we know he is? Let the medical people check him out, look for the cause of death.

JASON

All right. I'll make the calls.

He goes to the telephone.

CUT TO:

242 EXT. JASON BURKE'S HOUSE - DAY

242

Full day now. And Gillespie and Bill Norton are with Ben and Jason as a funeral wagon takes Mike Ryerson's body away.

GILLESPIE

All the times Mike drove that not guessing how soon he'd be riding in the back.

(to Ben)

Like you to testify for the coroner's jury.

BEN

I'll be here.

GILLESPIE

That's good.

(to all)

Got to do my paper work. Duplicate, triplicate, don't punch-spindle-or-mutilate.

JASON

We all have to do that, don't we?

GILLESPIE

And they say it's a free country.

He goes off to his cruiser.

While he drives off, and subsequently:

NORTON

What did you want to tell me, Jason?

JASON

Have there been any other people complaining of feeling weak... bad dreams...?

NORTON

No.

BEN

There soon will be.

Bill looks at him sharply, is diverted by:

JASON

Do you believe in ghosts, Bill?

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED:

24.

NORTON
Ghosts? No.

JASON
Witches, wizards?

NORTON
No.

JASON
Werewolves?

NORTON
Of course not.

BEN
How about vampires?

JASON
Come inside, Bill. I'm going to
tell you something and I'm going
to ask your help. And maybe you'll
give it, if you don't decide I'm
absolutely crazy.

Bill Norton looks from one to the other. Are they
crazy? They don't look crazy.

He goes into the house with them.

CUT TO:

243 INT. EVA'S KITCHEN - ON TV SCREEN - DAY

243

where any daytime program infects the tube.

Eva is ironing and watching the program when Ben enters.
He crosses to pour himself some coffee.

EVA
I heard. Awful. Poor Mike.

Ben nods, fishes out the crucifix, hands it to Eva.

BEN
I'm tired. I'll just finish this
and sleep for a while.

EVA
Why in the world did Mr. Burke
want the crucifix?

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED:

243

BEN

I think he must have thought Mike Ryerson was a Catholic.

EVA

He should have known better than that. After all he had Mike in school. All his people were Lutherans.

Ben nods, sets down his coffee, and starts for his room.

EVA

(continuing; after him)

I guess you'll miss the opening.

BEN

What opening?

EVA

Oh, those antique fellers.

BEN

Straker?

EVA

Him and the other feller.

BEN

Has the other feller shown up?

EVA

I don't know that. All I know is they're opening the store today.

244 CLOSE - BEN

244

The CAMERA DOLLIES IN.

Ben knows it is coming toward a climax.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TEN

ACT ELEVEN

FADE IN:

245 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY 245

A reticent sign, an open door proclaim that Barlow & Straker are open. And the curiosity of the town is sending a trickle of visitors (some even customers) into the store.

246 INT. BARLOW & STRAKER - THE EYE - DAY 246

An unblinking eye stares AT US, ALMOST FILLING the SCREEN. What is this?

Well, it's the eye of a large stuffed rodent -- a wolverine, perhaps. Anamalous, to say the least, in an antique shop. And, strange to HEAR, soft CHAMBER MUSIC.

247 LOOKING AROUND (PRYING AND PEEPING) 247

Peculiar. Antiques in the very best condition, of the very best taste. And those stuffed animals (with emphasis on rodents, including a discreet bat) and birds of prey. Unsettling to the customers.

But there is Straker, moving gracefully and easily among them, there to settle them, to explain, to purpose, to propose. A very cultivated man, apparently. He comes out with lines like the following:

STRAKER

Eighteenth century English. Values just beginning to appreciate... This is Welsh, oak of course... Ah yes, Austrian. Something I happened to have in my London establishment...

248 MARK PETRIE 248

He is looking up at the bat, speculatively. Mark has some peculiar ideas, which just happen to be right.

His mother comes to him, holding some piece of bric-a-brac. June's taste is questionable; she's picked the shlock of the store.

Mark comes over.

JUNE

Wouldn't Dad like this?

MARK

Guess so.

But his eyes are now on Straker.

JUNE

(to Straker)

My husband's birthday is next week.
(looking at the
price tag)

Ummmm.

STRAKER

Really quite reasonable.

JUNE

No chance that...?

Straker shakes his head gently, smiling.

STRAKER

I am sorry, but...

JUNE

I understand. I...

STRAKER

Would you like me to hold it for
you? Till the end of the week?
Without obligation.

JUNE

Oh, I'd appreciate that.

STRAKER

Done.

June and Mark go toward the front door.

And there, standing just inside the doorway, is Ben.

As June and Mark pass Ben, there is an exchange of
looks between man and boy. Ben recognizes Mark; Mark
feels he has seen Ben somewhere.

And as the door closes with its TINKLE, Ben comes forward
deeper into the shop.

His attention directs itself to a set of silver.

STRAKER

English.

BEN

Georgian.

248 CONTINUED: (2)

248

STRAKER

Oh, you have some expertise?

BEN

Not really. Just happen to know Georgian. My aunt had some silver. We sold it when she died.

STRAKER

Ah, what a most unfortunate way to acquire knowledge.

BEN

She was housekeeper at the Marsten House. Your house.

STRAKER

She was? How interesting. *

BEN

I've always been curious about the house. *

STRAKER

A great deal of unsatisfied curiosity here.

BEN

A lot of peculiar things have happened in that house. The story goes that the man who built it murdered his wife and a servant. Hubie Marsten was suspected in the disappearance of some children. *

STRAKER

How terrible!

BEN

Interesting? *

STRAKER

Remarkable.

BEN

Do you believe, Mr. Straker, that evil can be inherent in a house?

STRAKER

(laughing)

As much as I believe trees have souls.

BEN

Perhaps they do.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED: (3)

248

STRAKER

You're the writer, aren't you?
On vacation? Or vocation?

Straker is pleased with his little witticism.

BEN

I'm writing a book about the Marsten
House.

STRAKER

And you'd like to visit? Why not?
Mr. Barlow is on a buying trip, but
just as soon as he arrives...

Straker extends his hand amiably. Ben takes it, and
finds himself held in a powerful grip as:

249 CLOSE - HANDSHAKE

249

STRAKER (O.S.)

You're going to enjoy Mr. Barlow.
And he'll enjoy you.

250 TWO SHOT

250

Straker opens his hand, releasing Ben.

CUT TO:

251 INT. BEN'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

251

As Ben enters the darkened room, a figure springs from
behind the door. It seems huge. And we hear:

NED

You creep, you've taken my girl! *

And Ned's fist shoots out, landing his first blow.

CUT TO:

252 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BEN'S POV - NIGHT

252

ON a Nurse who has entered and is nearing him. She is
OUT OF FOCUS. Her face is distorted (FISHEYE) as she
leans toward him. Then it is quickly withdrawn and we
get the impression of her retreating figure.

253 BEN

253

We SEE him now. He is partially bandaged. Evidences
of contusion. He is struggling to clear his head

254 DOOR

254

With Bill Norton entering, the Nurse just behind him, crossing to the bed. He examines Ben briefly. Ben, coming to, is aware of Norton.

NORTON

You took a pretty good beating. No fractures, though. Slight concussion. Do you understand me?

BEN

Yes.

NORTON

Good. We'll keep you here overnight at least, for observation.

BEN

Yes.

NORTON

Ned was arrested, he's sitting in the town jail. I don't think he'll be this foolish again.

Ben says nothing.

*

NORTON

(continuing)

You did get one or two pretty good cracks at him, seems like. Congratulations!

BEN

Thanks. Anyone else? Hospital? Sick?

NORTON

Had a couple of new admissions, but nothing... No.

BEN

What we told you... Jason, me...

NORTON

Out of the question. I don't believe it. And no one else will.

BEN

I want a crucifix...

Norton studies him for a moment, then nods.

NORTON

If it will make you feel better, I suppose we can arrange that.

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED: 254

He goes out.

CUT TO:

254A OMITTED 254A *
thru thru *
254C 254C *

255 INT. JASON BURKE'S HOUSE - CLOSE ON BOOK COVER - NIGHT 255

PAN UP TO REVEAL Jason is in the living room, in a very comfortable chair, reading a book on vampirism, or trying to. He is surrounded by other research material on vampirism. He is restless, alert, apprehensive. And listening. *

255A WIDE ANGLE 255A

Now he hears something. Perhaps the SOUND OF A WINDOW BEING OPENED upstairs. Then a silence. And then a CREAKING. A RHYTHMIC (as yet) CREAKING.

Jason lays down the book and takes up the crucifix from the end table.

And rises to go out of the room.

256 THROUGH THE HOUSE AND UP THE STAIRS 256

The RHYTHMIC CREAKING becomes LOUDER and LOUDER as Jason goes through his small, neat house and up the stairs leading to the bedrooms.

257 INT. UPPER CORRIDOR - NIGHT 257

As Jason approaches the guest room, the CREAKING becomes very NEAR, LOUD, INSISTENT. Clutching the crucifix in his white-knuckled hand, Jason approaches the door of the guest room.

His hand on the knob, he listens. Listens.

And then, almost convulsively, he throws open the door, to see:

258 INT. GUEST ROOM - FROM DOOR - NIGHT 258

Moonlight, streaming through the open window, clearly etches Mike Ryerson...

(CONTINUED)

258 CONTINUED:

258

... wearing a sheet draped over one shoulder like a toga, his eyes closed, as he rocks back and forth in the Boston rocker.

Jason stares at him, caught by the rhythmic movement.

Now Mike opens his eyes. They glitter for just a moment in the moonlight, silver rimmed with red. And blank as washed blackboards.

And Jason is staring into those eyes.

Now Mike stops the motion of the rocker. And rises slowly from the chair, smiling as he gets up, his canines and incisors showing white and sharp.

Jason tears himself away, but:

MIKE

Look at me!

Jason struggles.

MIKE

(continuing)

Look at me, teacher!

The command is obeyed by Jason. He looks.

MIKE

(continuing)

Look! Look. Look! Look at me.

Jason is looking. And Jason is beginning to drown in Mike's eyes. He tries to pull away, but:

MIKE

(continuing)

Look at me! Look!

Jason is unable to stop sinking into Mike's eyes. And Mike is coming closer and closer, the eyes staring red-rimmed, the teeth gleaming white.

And then Jason convulsively steps back.

JASON

No!

And raises the crucifix in front of him.

JASON

(continuing)

No!

258 CONTINUED: (2)

258

Mike's arms go up as though to ward off a blow.

Jason, emboldened, takes a step into the room, holding the crucifix in front of him.

Mike shrinks back.

JASON

(continuing)

Get out of here! Get out! I
revoke my invitation!

Mike staggers, takes four shambling steps backwards, totters against the open window.

MIKE

You will sleep like the dead,
teacher!

Jason takes two quick steps forward, the crucifix a weapon now.

And Mike is suddenly propelled past the edge of balance. He throws his hands high as he crashes backwards out of the window, letting out a TERRIFIED WAIL. *

For a long time, Jason stares at the empty window and the darkness, touched with moonlight, beyond.

He goes to the window and looks down at the garden below.

259 JASON'S PANNING POV - GARDEN

259

There is no evidence of Mike Ryerson anywhere!

260 CLOSE - JASON

260

Suddenly he clutches his heart.

261 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

261

Jason stumbles, still clutching his chest, grimacing with the stabs of pain, to his own bedroom. He pushes open the door.

262 INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

262

A telephone is at his bedside.

(CONTINUED)

262 CONTINUED: 262

Jason crosses the room, falls on the bed, and reaches for the phone. Before his fingers can grip it --

CUT TO:

263 OMITTED 263

263A INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT 263A

Mood lighting. Late. Ned Tebbets lies on the cot, face to the wall.

And now a shadow begins to materialize on the wall. Followed by the form of a man in a cape. When the man turns (invisible to us) and spreads his arms, shadow covers the wall and Ned.

263B CLOSE - JAIL CELL LOCK 263B

Long taloned fingers ENTER FRAME and effortlessly force the lock open.

263C CLOSE - NED 263C

He turns.

263D NED'S POV 263D

Barlow looms in front of him, his arms upraised, the cape about to envelop Ned,

As Barlow lowers his head, we LOOK for a moment INTO the hellish depths of his eyes.

263E ON NED 263E

He opens his mouth to scream, but no sound comes. Instead, the back of Barlow's head BLOCKS CAMERA as he bends towards Ned's neck.

CUT TO:

264 INT. GLICK HOUSE (BATHROOM) - DAY (MORNING) 264

Henry is shaving, when he hears a DULL THUD from somewhere below.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED:

264

He interrupts, lather still on his face, goes to the bathroom door, pokes out his head into the corridor.

HENRY

Marjorie?

(no response)

Marjorie?

Quickly Henry wipes off the lather, dropping his razor into the sink, and goes out into the corridor.

265 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

265

Halfway into the corridor:

HENRY

Marjorie?

His voice has risen, betraying anxiety. And there is no response.

266 THRU GLICK HOUSE

266

At an increasing pace, Henry goes along the corridor of the relatively modest house, down the stairs, into the living room.

HENRY

Marjorie?

And dashes into the kitchen, where:

267 INT. GLICK KITCHEN - DAY

267

Marjorie lies on the floor.

Henry bends over her.

HENRY

Marjorie? Honey? Marge?

She is stirring, trying to say something.

HENRY

(continuing)

What? What are you saying? What?

He starts to let her go..

(CONTINUED)

267 CONTINUED:

267

HENRY
(continuing)
I'll call a doctor.

MARJORIE
No... Help me... sofa...

HENRY
You're sure?

MARJORIE
Sofa... help...

Henry helps her to her feet. We FOLLOW them INTO:

268 INT. GLICK LIVING ROOM - DAY

268

The living room, where Henry solicitously eases Marjorie down onto the sofa.

HENRY
I want Doctor Norton to look at you.

MARJORIE
(shaking head)
No. I'm okay. Weak. Little weak.

HENRY
You haven't been getting much sleep since...

He stops.

MARJORIE
I've been dreaming about him. About Danny.

HENRY
Sure. It's natural.

MARJORIE
He comes back and he says, 'Mommy, Mommy, I'm so glad to be home.'

Henry's hand comforts her.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED:

268

MARJORIE

(continuing)

He says he's my baby. My baby.
And he leans against my chest,
just like when I was nursing him,
and like when he was first getting
his teeth... I can feel his
teeth...

Henry reacts.

MARJORIE

(continuing,
smiling,
beautifully)

It was a lovely dream... lovely
... so sweet having my little baby
back... sweet...

She lies back on the sofa, beginning to fall asleep,
while Henry, frowning a little, does the only thing he
can think of doing now: He keeps stroking her fore-
head and hair.

CUT TO:

269 INT. HOSPITAL - CASHIER'S OFFICE

269

Ben is dressed in street clothes now; the accident is
memorialized in some tape on a portion of his head.
He is checking out as Susan walks up and kisses him.

*

SUSAN

Dad called me.

BEN

It was just a little knock.

SUSAN

Oh, he's going to let you go.
You're all right...

*

(continuing;

swallowing hard)

*

There's more... Ned died last
night.

*

*

BEN

What!

*

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

They found him dead in town jail
this morning. Dad's examined him.
Pernicious anemia.

BEN

Like the Glick boy.

SUSAN

Only Ned had high blood pressure.
And Danny's mother died this
afternoon. *

BEN

Same symptoms?

SUSAN

I think so.

BEN

What does your father say?

SUSAN

He wants to talk to you. And
Jason Burke.

BEN

How is Jason?

SUSAN

He's here, Ben.

BEN

Here?

SUSAN

In the hospital. Intensive care.

BEN

Anemia?

SUSAN

Heart attack. He's stable.

BEN

Susan, go back to Boston.

(CONTINUED)

BEN (CONT'D)

You have to go back to Boston.
 You have to get out of here.
 There's a kind of plague. People
 are dying. Don't you understand
 what's happening?

SUSAN

Do you?

Ben takes a deep breath.

BEN

Yes. I do. The infection is in
 the Marsten House. It's got to
 be rooted out. It's got to be
 destroyed.

He seizes her hand.

BEN

(continuing)

Go away, please! Tomorrow, while
 there is still time.

*

Exits towards the intensive care ward.

CUT TO:

270 INT. INTENSIVE CARE ROOM - NIGHT

270

Ben is leaning over Jason's bedside. Jason is breath-
 ing deeply, steadily; he does not awake.

Finally, Ben leaves the bedside.

271 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

271

Susan is waiting for Ben outside the room.

BEN

Do you know the priest at St. Jude's?

*

SUSAN

Father Callahan?

BEN

Father Callahan.

They go down the corridor.

CUT TO:

272 INT. RECTORY - NIGHT

272

Susan sits quietly in a corner of the room while Ben talks with Callahan.

BEN

Well, do you believe me?

Callahan studies him for a long time.

CALLAHAN

You seem a reasonably balanced young man...

BEN

Do you believe me?

CALLAHAN

I believe you believe what you say.

Ben glances at Susan, before:

BEN

Then you don't believe me.

Callahan pours himself a short drink of sherry. *

CALLAHAN

Well, I am in the business of dealing with the supernatural. But I am an agent of the Holy Catholic Church. And, you see, the overall concept of evil in the Catholic Church has undergone a radical change in this century.

BEN

Influence of Freud.

CALLAHAN

Partly. Evil with a small 'e.'

BEN

Satan with a small tail. No witches, incubi...

SUSAN

(from the shadows)
... vampires.

CALLAHAN

Vampires?

BEN

In Salem's Lot.

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED:

272

SUSAN

Father, have you noticed anything out of the way, peculiar...?

Callahan studies them.

CALLAHAN

Well, the Malloys weren't at Mass this morning, and Mrs. Malloy never misses. And Mrs. Glick -- but she'd suffered a terrible blow.

BEN

Ned Tebbets. Mike Ryerson.

CALLAHAN

And the McConnell baby. You think this Straker is a vampire. Seriously?

BEN

Not a vampire. A vampire's helper. Barlow -- whoever he is -- Barlow is the vampire.

CALLAHAN

And Barlow is here?

BEN

Barlow is here. Possibly in the Marsten House, although that seems obvious. Possibly hiding somewhere else. But Barlow is here.

Another pause.

CALLAHAN

What do you want me to do?

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED: (2)

BEN

First, prepare holy water. Then go to the hospital, sprinkle it over Jason Burke's bed. And pray for him.

CALLAHAN

And then?

BEN

Help us in every way you can -- through prayer, spiritual power...

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Callahan takes the call.

CALLAHAN

St. Jude's... Yes, this is he... Yes, I will. I'll come over.

He hangs up.

CALLAHAN

(continuing)

That was one of my parishioners. It seems his son Mark is telling a wildly imaginative story.

CUT TO:

273 EXT. NORTON HOUSE - NIGHT

273

Susan stands beside her car, looking at Ben and her father, who are silhouetted on the porch. They are talking, quite earnestly. From this distance we cannot hear what they are saying.

But we do SEE Bill Norton go into the house, and we SEE Ben come down the path to Susan.

BEN

He's going to do it.

(We may be able to see Bill Norton make a telephone call.)

SUSAN

At least you'll know then.

BEN

We'll have some medical evidence.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED:

27.

BEN (CONT'D)

Now listen, you must get some hawthorn. Put it all around the house... And the crucifixes we got from Father Callahan...

SUSAN

Mother would never wear one.

BEN

She has to.
(touching her)
They're breeding on one another now. Vampires are creating vampires. And it's a geometric progression. Two times two times four times eight...

SUSAN

It's... (unbelievable)

BEN

In just a few nights...

The front door is opened. Norton comes down the steps, hurries down the path.

NORTON

Ned Tebbets' body has disappeared from the county morgue. And a baby who died this morning. Gone!

BEN

Where's Marjorie Glick?

NORTON

Funeral parlor. In Cumberland.
(moment)

I'll get my car.

*
*

CUT TO:

274 INT. PETRIE KITCHEN - NIGHT

274

Four people are grouped around the kitchen table -- Callahan. Ted and June Petrie, their son Mark.

(CONTINUED)

TED

I think a lot of this comes from Mark's hobby, collecting masks, assembling monsters from kits.

JUNE

He's always been preoccupied with them. It's not healthy.

CALLAHAN

Let's not make those judgments now. Mark, you're sure it wasn't a dream.

MARK

It wasn't a dream. It was Danny Glick.

JUNE

Nightmares seem real.

A light flickers, scarcely.

TED

His subconscious fear...

JUNE

They were close friends...

Lights flicker, arrest their attention. In the b.g., the PHONE RINGS; the ringing is abnormally LOUD.

TED

What...? I'll get it.

And the lights go out.

June screams, more of a gasp than a scream.

We HEAR a CHAIR FALL OVER. ANOTHER. The TABLE begins to ROCK NOISILY. There is tremendous confusion in the darkness (and the SOUND EFFECTS should be felt).

Suddenly the WINDOW over the sink CRASHES inwards, spraying glass onto counter and floor. *

A huge black mass is huddled in a corner, glass slivers glittering ominously on the floor around it. *

Callahan manages to clutch the cross that hangs around his neck. We SEE Mark trying to half-drag his mother toward the living room. We SEE Ted Petrie looking utterly confused and frightened out of his wits. *

(CONTINUED)

The black shape begins to unfold and rise upward. And we SEE, for the first time, BARLOW. His face looms above them all, white, with red lurid eyes like furnace doors to hell, and gleaming long fangs. His long claws shoot out -- seem to extend endlessly -- and seize Ted and June Petrie and clash their heads together, dropping them like stones. *

Mark throws himself against the vampire with a high, keening scream, and Barlow seizes him immediately.

STRAKER (O.S.)

Poor little boy!

And there is Straker, having appeared in the doorway. He is neatly dressed as always, and as always in black.

STRAKER

(continuing)

You can do nothing against the Master.

Callahan moves forward, holding up the cross. Barlow's expression changes immediately to a rictus of agony, but he keeps his grip on Mark. Callahan assays another step forward.

STRAKER

(continuing)

Stop, shaman, or he'll sever the boy's jugular!

And Barlow, to emphasize the threat, makes a predatory downward swoop with an adder's speed, barely missing Mark's flesh.

Callahan freezes.

STRAKER

(continuing)

Back! Back, shaman, priest, back!

Callahan retreats a step, holding the cross at eye level, looking at Barlow over its arms. The long claws are fastened on Mark; the dark red nails are like ten splashes of blood. *

STRAKER

(continuing)

What will you give for that miserable boy?

CALLAHAN

(eyes on Barlow)

What do you ask?

(CONTINUED)

STRAKER

What would you give to reprieve him
this night, to save him for another
night?

CALLAHAN

What do you want?

STRAKER

The Master wants you, priest.
Will you throw away your cross
and face the Master -- your
faith against his faith? Can you
do it, shaman? Are you strong
enough in your faith?

CALLAHAN

Yes.

STRAKER

Then do it!

CALLAHAN

And trust him to let the boy go?

Barlow lets his claws open slowly, one by one, extends
his arms, standing with both hands in the air.

Mark rushes to his parents.

CALLAHAN

(continuing; to
Mark)

Run!

MARK

I think they're dead.

CALLAHAN

Run!

Mark rises to his feet, moves slowly to Barlow, and
spits in his face.

Barlow stiffens, rocks back and forth, and then begins
to reach out for Mark. But Callahan thrusts the cross
forward, driving Barlow back.

MARK

I'm going to kill you.

Mark eddies out of the room as Callahan holds Barlow
back.

(CONTINUED)

274 CONTINUED: (4)

274

STRAKER

Now, your part of the bargain,
shaman.

CALLAHAN

I'm a priest.

STRAKER

(mocking)

Priest. Now -- throw the cross
away -- face the Master -- faith
against faith.

Callahan continues to clutch the cross.

Barlow takes a step toward Callahan.

Callahan holds up the cross.

CALLAHAN

Stay back!

Callahan looks at the cross helplessly.

Barlow reaches out, takes the cross from him, and,
with supernatural force, throws it to the floor. The
black cloth of his garment begins to COVER SHOT as he
approaches Callahan, leans down toward him.

CALLAHAN

(continuing)

No. No!

But there is BLACKNESS. And silence.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ELEVEN

ACT TWELVE

FADE IN:

275 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT

275

We are in the workroom of the small funeral parlor, and the body of Marjorie Glick is on a stainless steel table equipped with gutters and foot stirrups. Bill Norton has turned back the sheet covering the body and, with Ben watching from a stiff-backed chair against the wall, is examining the body. As he draws the sheet over her again:

BEN

What do you think?

NORTON

I'm not going to commit myself but her condition is similar to that of Mike Ryerson -- no surface lividity, no sign of rigor.

Ben has two tongue depressors in his hand. He is making them into the shape of a cross with some medical tape.

*
*
*
*

NORTON

(continuing)

I'm going to call home, make sure they're all right.

BEN

They will be if they follow instructions.

NORTON

I'll make sure they do.

He goes out.

Ben finishes fashioning the cross. His eyes flick to Marjorie's from time to time. The seconds tick away on the wall clock. His mouth has gone dry; he has to wet his lips.

BEN

Bless this cross... in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

275 CONTINUED:

275

BEN (CONT'D)

(ironically; to
himself)

No atheists in foxholes.

(looking at
Marjorie)The Lord is my shepherd, I shall
not want. He maketh me to lie
down beside still waters...

Is there a movement, ever so slight? Ben looks toward
the door; when is Bill Norton coming back? His voice
begins to rise.

BEN

(continuing)

He maketh me to lie down...

(he's got it wrong)

He maketh me to lie down in green
pastures; He leadeth me beside the
still waters... He... He restoreth
my soul...

The sheet is beginning to pulsate a little.

BEN

(continuing)

Bill!

(quickly)

He leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for His name's sake...BILL! ... Yea, though I walk through
the valley of the shadow of death...

275A CLOSE - HAND

275A

as it falls out below the sheet and the fingers begin
to dance jaggedly on the air, twisting and turning.

275B BEN - MARJORIE

275B

BEN

BILL! BILL! BILL!

(desperately)

... shadow of death I will fear no
evil. Thy rod and Thy staff...

MARJORIE

(from under the sheet)

Danny? Danny?

(CONTINUED)

275B CONTINUED:

275B

Ben takes a couple of steps backwards. Marjorie Glick is rising from under the sheet.

MARJORIE

Danny, where are you, darling?

The sheet is falling back, and we can SEE Marjorie's face, the eyes red rimmed, the teeth beginning to show.

BEN

Stay there! Don't move!

But she is swinging her legs over the side of the table, One of the slippers falls off; she pays it no heed.

Bill Norton comes through the door, saying:

NORTON

They're all...

And he stops, seeing Marjorie Glick sliding off the table, staggering, beginning to come toward them.

BEN

(holding the cross
up toward Marjorie,
shouts)

Don't look in her face.

Norton recovers, averting his face.

Marjorie makes a hissing, dismayed sound and throws her hands in front of her face. She totters a step backwards.

NORTON

Got her!

Ben advances, holding the cross out before him. She hooks one hand into a claw and swipes at it. Ben avoids the lunge and thrusts the cross closer. She retreats, bit by bit, toward the table, while Norton circles to the other side. With Marjorie's concentration on Ben and the cross, Norton rips at her shoulder with a scalpel; the cut seals immediately. Marjorie turns on Bill and with a swipe of her arm hurls him across the room; he crashes against the wall but remains on his feet. In an instant, Marjorie is across the room, seizing Norton.

Ben reacts swiftly, grabbing her from behind, jerking her away from Norton.

Watch out! Her hand comes around with frightening speed, and her tongue licks across her teeth as she grabs for Ben.

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*
*
*

275B CONTINUED: (2)

275B

He raises the cross between them and thrusts it at her face.

Backwards she goes, screaming, the flesh of her face smoking, turning black. Ben follows her, holding the cross in front of him, forcing her into a corner of the room.

And she is gone.

And Ben and Norton are left alone in that room, looking at each other, beyond fright.

CUT TO:

276 EXT. NORTON'S CAR - NIGHT

276

Norton and Ben are driving through the dark and empty streets of Salem's Lot.

277 INT. CAR - NIGHT

277

BEN

I called a friend in San Francisco.
He's turned on to the occult.
He says we have to get to Barlow
during the day, before sunset,
get him in his coffin and drive
a stake through his heart.

NORTON

What about Straker?

BEN

Straker's human, he's mortal.
He's the watchdog, the thing's
bodyguard. He prepares the way.
Performs certain rites to
propitiate the Dark Father.

NORTON

How can he be killed?

BEN

Any way at all. Knife, gun,
club -- any way at all.

NORTON

Why did they come here?

(CONTINUED)

277 CONTINUED:

277

BEN

Because you're somewhat isolated here... somewhat inbred... full blooded. Barlow has wandered the earth for centuries... finding new places to victimize...

NORTON

Unbelievable, unbelievable. I've seen it, but it's still unbelievable.

They are pulling up before the Norton house, which is reassuringly filled with light. For a moment they hesitate before getting out.

278 EXT. NORTON HOUSE - NIGHT

278

Ben and Norton hurry up the path. As they reach the front door they stop. A clump of hawthorne is hanging from the lintel. *

BEN

Good girl. *

They go in.

279 INT. NORTON HOUSE - NIGHT

279

As Ben and Norton enter the house, Susan appears at the head of the stairs.

NORTON

Where's Mother?

SUSAN

Upstairs, in your room.

He is starting up the stairs as she descends.

NORTON

She's all right?

SUSAN

Yes.

He brushes past her and Susan continues to Ben.

SUSAN

(continuing)

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED:

BEN

Marjorie Glick rose and joined
the Undead.

SUSAN

The Undead?

BEN

She's become a vampire too.
Soon the whole town of Salem's
Lot... You'll have to go.

SUSAN

Mother and Dad?

BEN

Your father's going to help me
destroy this creature. But you
take your mother, tomorrow,
during daylight...

SUSAN

What about the others?

BEN

Would they believe us? Before
we could make everyone believe,
they'd all be among them.

SUSAN

Can't you get help? The county
or the state police...

BEN

Or the FBI Vampire Squad? No
one would believe this is
happening.

SUSAN

But you say it is happening.

BEN

It is happening.

He puts his arms around her.

BEN

(continuing)

You'll have to be out of town
before sunset tomorrow. Take your
mother with you. Anyone else you
can persuade. And when this is over...

He kisses her. And they lock in an embrace more
desperate and despairing than passionate.

280 EXT. SALEM'S LOT - DAY

280

What a beautiful day! Spring is beginning to yield to summer. Trees are in leaf. Flowers bloom in beds before the houses. Everything sparkles. But where are the people?

Ben, driving through Salem's Lot, must be asking himself that.

And he drives up to the Constable's office.

281 INT. GILLESPIE'S OFFICE - DAY

281

Ben has just come in. Nolly Gardner is behind his desk, lock's up.

BEN

Where's Gillespie?

NOLLY

Parkins phoned in, sick. First day he's been off the job -- ever.

His voice is slow, the words slightly slurred.

BEN

(suddenly noticing
Nolly's slowness)

You feeling all right?

NOLLY

Little tired, matter of fact.
Didn't sleep much last night.
Dreaming.

His feet slowly come down off the deck.

NOLLY

(continuing)

Funny. Dreamed about Ned coming
to see me. Funny dream.

As he starts to get up, Ben moves quickly towards the door.

*

282 OMITTED
&
282A

282
&
282A

282B INT. EVA MILLER'S ENTRY HALL - DAY

282B

Eva answers the door.

EVA

Oh. Oh. It's you.

She has a somewhat glazed expression, a languid manner.

282C INCLUDING BOTH EVA AND SUSAN

282C

as Susan comes into the house.

SUSAN

Have you seen Ben yet this morning?

Eva shakes her head slowly.

SUSAN

(continuing)

I'm supposed to be meeting him...
Came to say goodbye.

EVA

(mumbling)

... May have gone into town.

SUSAN

You look pale. Are you all right?

EVA

Tired. Dreamed last night, all
night. Sweet dreams... Weasel...
young... kissing me... my neck.

SUSAN

(looking worried)

You'd better lie down.

EVA

Yes. I... will.

She turns, almost stumbling.

SUSAN

Eva...

But Eva has started down the hall. Troubled, Susan races
up the stairs.

- 282D INT. BEN'S ROOM - DAY 282D
The door flies open -- Susan sticks her head in and looks around.
- 282E POV - BEN'S ROOM - DAY 282E
The room is tidy -- but empty. No sign of life, no apparent message for Susan.
- 282F BEN'S DESK - DAY 282F
Susan is leafing through some of Ben's manuscript pages, looking for any lead. She looks up.
- 282G FROM BEN'S WINDOW - THE MARSTEN HOUSE 282G
- 282H SUSAN 282H
A responsive chord struck. The Marsten House! The Marsten House!
- 283 EXT. ROAD - DAY 283
Susan is driving out of town, in the direction of the Marsten House.
Topping the rise of the road, she sees it. It is painted by sunlight. Nothing sinister about it. Or is there?
Susan pulls to the shoulder of the road, about where Ben has usually left his car.
She gets out, walks to the edge of the property, looks toward the Marsten House.
- 284 POV - MARSTEN HOUSE 284
Something is moving near the house. Something is moving through the tall, untended grass. Something.
- 285 SUSAN 285
About to retreat to her car, she looks again.
- 286 POV - MARSTEN HOUSE 286
That something is approaching the bulkhead door.

286 CONTINUED:

286

It reaches a place clear of the grass and Susan can see the figure clearly. It is Mark Petrie, and he is bending over the bulkhead door. A sharpened stake lies beside him.

287 SUSAN

287

Her hand flies to her mouth, stopping her shout. She is undecided what to do. And then decides.

She crosses the property line and pushes through the grass toward the cellar door.

288 MARK

288

He is picking the padlock skillfully, gets it open, removes it, and opens the door.

Then he plunges into the cellar, carrying the stake.

289 SUSAN

289

Tripping, stumbling a little in the thick grass, she reaches the cellar door. She hesitates, then starts down the cellar steps.

290 INT. CELLAR - DAY

290

The cellar is dark, some light coming through the open bulkhead door. Susan is at the bottom of the stairs leading into the cellar. She peers into the gloomy recesses; she can see very little.

Now she edges to the foot of the stairs leading into the house. She starts up the stairs. She is on the third step when the bulkhead DOOR SLAMS DOWN HARD, and all is dark.

291 INT. MARSTEN HOUSE - DAY

291

Now we are finally inside the Marsten House. Blinds are drawn, softening the horror of it somewhat. Yes, horror. A chamber -- or chambers -- of horror. Those grotesque examples of the taxidermists' art glare at us everywhere. Debris, detritus, garbage strewn everywhere. (You get the feeling that there is shit all over the place, although if you slip it will be on a banana peel.)

(CONTINUED)

291 CONTINUED;

291

Furniture is gutted, broken. Plaster has fallen from the ceilings, revealing the slats, and paint and wall-paper peeled from the walls.

The odor is noxious.

And Mark is moving through this mess, occasionally holding his hand over his nose, coughing, ready to retch. A rat watches his progress from the staircase steps.

291A NEAR TAXIDERMY BENCH

291A *

Mark passes a decrepit work bench, laden with the tools of taxidermy. Birds, rodents in varying stages of completion stare up at him. He pulls open a drawer and reacts.

*
*
*
*

291B MARK'S POV - DRAWER

291B *

Dozens of glass eyes glare back at him.

*

291C NEAR TAXIDERMY BENCH

291C *

Now Mark hears the muffled SLAMMING of the cellar DOOR.

He is instantly alert and moves out into the hall.

He prowls toward the stairs leading down into the cellar. Several rats scurry out of his way.

There he listens.

And then steps back, ready to lunge with the stake, as the door opens slowly.

And Susan steps out.

Mark and Susan are left staring at each other.

They talk in semi-whispers.

MARK

What are you doing here?

SUSAN

I followed you in. You've got to get out of here.

*

MARK

He killed my parents...

(CONTINUED)

291C CONTINUED:

291C

SUSAN

You can't do it. Ben and my father...
(stops)

Listen!

They listen.

Nothing.

SUSAN

(continuing)

Please!

MARK

You go.

SUSAN

Only if you do.

MARK

I can't.

SUSAN

We'll come back with my father and
Ben Mears. We need help. They'll
help us.

MARK

What's that?

Again they listen.

Somewhere in the house a DOOR CLOSES.

They listen.

A SOUND like WHISPERING, or is it rats' feet?

Fear.

SOMETHING is TOPPLED OVER, somewhere in the house.

Silence.

FOOTSTEPS, or is it a CLAWING SOUND?

The DOOR KNOB turns, stops.

MARK

(hoarse whisper)

He's here!

Recklessly he pulls away from her, throws open the door.

Nothing.

292 VARIOUS SHOTS - MARK, SUSAN

292

SOUNDS entice Mark up the stairs, through the foul corridors, the maze of rooms. Susan tries to follow. While Mark is feckless, Susan is downright scared, but has to go on; she can't abandon the kid. We never see the enticer; we feel and HEAR him.

*
*

Finally, as Susan comes around a corner or enters a room, she almost trips on Mark's recumbent form, the stake lying some two feet from him. She bends over him.

A DOOR SLAMS immediately behind her, causing her to jump right out of her skin. And turn to see:

Straker, larger than life, reaching out his great powerful hands toward her.

Susan screams.

CUT TO:

293 INT. BEDROOM OF MARSTEN HOUSE - DAY

293

A small room, possibly an attic room. The usual unusual squalor. Mark is trussed to a chair, with Straker securing the last of the knots. Straker is in an excellent mood.

STRAKER

Well there, youngster, that will hold you until tonight.

MARK

What will happen tonight?

Straker merely smiles and straightens up.

STRAKER

There!

MARK

What did you do with Susan?

STRAKER

Ah yes.

He goes to the door.

MARK

What did you do to her?

STRAKER

I have taken her to where she wished to go.

*
*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STRAKER (CONT'D)

To meet the man she came here to
meet.

*
*

Another smile and Straker exits.

Mark waits, listening to his RECEDING FOOTSTEPS. Then he begins to test the ropes, starting to twist, to squirm, with a surprising calmness. Mark knows what he is doing, and we can have every confidence in him as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWELVE

ACT THIRTEEN

FADE IN:

294 EXT. SALEM'S LOT - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY 294

Ben is driving through the almost empty streets of Salem's Lot. Although the idyllic atmosphere of the New England small town persists, we feel it is permeated with the evil we know.

Ben's face is drawn, taut, pale.

And finally he pulls up at Gillespie's house.

295 OMITTED 295
thru thru
297 297

298 EXT. GILLESPIE'S HOUSE - DAY 298

Parkins Gillespie, out of uniform now, is piling worldly goods into a battered station wagon. His wife and two kids are in the wagon. The police cruiser is parked off to the side. Gillespie looks up anxiously as Ben leaps out of his car.

BEN

Where are you going?

GILLESPIE

South. Carolina. Visit relatives.

BEN

You can't. He's up there...

(pointing)

... in the Marsten House.

GILLESPIE

Who?

BEN

The man who took the house. His name is Barlow. He's a vampire. We have to destroy him.

Gillespie is laughing thinly.

BEN

(continuing)

What the hell's so funny?

Gillespie's wife HONKS the HORN impatiently.

(CONTINUED)

298 CONTINUED;

298

GILLESPIE

Coming.

(to Ben)

You're crazy. There aren't any
such things as vampires.

BEN

Then what is happening here? What
do you think it is?

GILLESPIE

I don't know. Some kind of
craziness...

BEN

You're frightened.

GILLESPIE

Whatever it is, I'm not saying.

BEN

You're the Constable...

GILLESPIE

Was.

BEN

Running.

GILLESPIE

Running. And you're staying?
You're going to stay. Well then,
if you're going to stay, you come
here. Come here, will you.

He leads Ben to the cruiser, reaches in, takes a gun out
of the glove compartment.

GILLESPIE

(continuing)

Here. Maybe it'll do you some good.

The HORN.

Gillespie starts off.

BEN

This whole town's coming apart and
we need your help!

*

But Gillespie is getting into his car, looking back at
Ben bleakly. He races away.

And Ben is left there, holding the gun.

CUT TO.

299 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

299

Ben drives up, leaving his car in the "no parking" zone at hospital entrance.

There is a noticeable lack of activity.

Ben races into the hospital.

300 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

300

Bill Norton sets down a telephone as Ben hurries up.

BEN
(breathless)
Gillespie's leaving town.

NORTON
(ignoring him)
Have you seen Susan?

BEN
I thought she was at home.

NORTON
No -- she's not --

A pause. The two men stare at each other.

CUT TO:

301 EXT. SALEM'S LOT - DAY

301

And the day is waning rapidly as Ben and Norton drive through Salem's Lot. There is no one in evidence.

They fear what they are beginning to know.

A301A CLOSE - HOLY WATER FONT

A301A*

as Ben's hands, holding vials, ENTER FRAME.

301A EXT. CHURCH - DAY

301A

Consistent with everything else, the church is deserted, and gloomy.

Norton is waiting in the car as Ben returns, carrying several vials of holy water.

NORTON
(indicating vials)
Is it blessed?

(CONTINUED)

301A CONTINUED;

301A

BEN

It is holy water.

NORTON

Did you see Father Callahan?

BEN

(getting into car)

No one's there. Let's go.

They drive off.

CUT TO:

302 OMITTED

302

303 EXT. MARSTEN HOUSE - DAY

303

The sun is beginning to set. Shadows lengthening.
No place to be at night, we know.

304 INT. CAR - DAY

304

Ben and Norton look at each other. As they both spot
Susan's car. They are frightened. Frightened for
Susan, of course, and frightened for themselves.

Ben throws the car into gear and:

305 EXT. MARSTEN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

305

Ben hurtles the car up the driveway, parking next to
the black Cadillac. So, Straker is there.

A glance off shows the sun half-setting.

Ben shifts the weight of Gillespie's gun; it gives him
some small comfort. They grab the vials of holy water
and sharpened stakes.

They go toward the front door.

At the door, Ben hesitates. More: he stops. He is
sweating again, sweating with all the fear we had seen
before.

Norton turns to him, concerned.

NORTON

Ben...? Susan's in there.

(CONTINUED)

305 CONTINUED:

305

Ben opens his mouth, starts to say something.

At that moment, Mark Petrie bursts out.

Ben grabs him, as much to save them from the impact of colliding as anything else.

MARK

They're here...

BEN

Where?

MARK

I don't know.

BEN

Run! Run as fast as you can.
Keep running!

He rushes into the house, with Norton a step behind.

306 INT. MARSTEN HOUSE - DAY

306

They enter the house.

Then a SOUND O.S. A DOOR.

Norton goes to the stairs.

307 INTERCUTTING

307

Once again, the cat-and-mouse game. There are STALKING SOUNDS. Ben on the first floor. Norton inching up the stairs. And again, we feel and HEAR the presence of someone (Straker).

(CONTINUED)

307 CONTINUED:

307

Prolonged again, without being interminable. And again the stalking is watched by those rodents, ferrets, birds of prey.

Suddenly Ben feels someone's presence. He spins, reaching for the gun.

It is Mark.

BEN

(shouting)

Go! I told you to run!

MARK

No.

307A NORTON

307A

ascending the stairs. Several large animals in varying stages of decay hang on the wall.

307B NORTON'S POV

307B

of the second floor landing and several bedroom doors. One is slightly ajar.

307C CLOSE - DOOR

307C

It quickly closes.

307D NORTON

307D

advancing slowly.

307E MOVING POV - CLOSE - DOOR

307E

Silence.

307F CLOSE - NORTON

307F

Moving TOWARD CAMERA.

307G DOOR

307G

Suddenly it bursts open. Straker springs forward!

307H	DOWN ANGLE	307H
	Straight down as Straker comes out of the doorway on- to the landing; reaching out to grab Norton.	
307-I	BEN AND MARK	307-I
	reacting to the commotion on the second floor.	
308	CLOSE - NORTON	308
	in the grasp of Straker.	
308A	STRAKER	308A
	lifts Norton off his feet.	
308AA	CLOSE - NORTON'S FEET	308AA*
	being raised off the floor.	*
308B	CLOSE - NORTON (MOVING)	308B
	SIDEWAYS TO CAMERA as the wall behind him rushes up.	
308C	POV - WALL	308C
	coming closer TO CAMERA.	
308D	NORTON AND WALL	308D
	Just before he is slammed into the horns of a member of the antelope family -- a gnu, a oryx -- or perhaps impaled on the horns of a bull.	
308E	NORTON'S EYES	308E
	at the moment of impact.	
308F	CLOSE - NORTON	308F
	twists for a moment, jerks still.	
308G	SECOND FLOOR LANDING	308G
	as Straker passes on, to be seen by:	

- 309 BEN AND MARK 309
- at the bottom of stairs, as Straker is revealed on the landing above.
- 310 THE STAIRS 310
- Straker rips part of the railing away, and comes down the stairs with the deliberateness of a golem.
- Ben FIRES SHOT AFTER SHOT, and still Straker comes on. Who said a gun would be effective against this creature? Wrong!
- The GUN CLICKS empty.
- And Straker is about three-quarters of the way down the stairs, the piece of railing upraised. A beatific smile on his un-beatific face. And the smile never fades as Straker abruptly, without breaking stride, collapses and tumbles down the rest of the steps.
- And it is still on his face as they look down at him, look into his dead (no longer deadly) eyes. *
- And now at each other.
- MARK
- The cellar.
- 311 OMITTED 311
- 312 INT. MARSTEN HOUSE - DAY 312
- Through the house to the door leading to the cellar, picking their way through the rubble.
- They pass a window revealing the last rays of sunlight.
- 312A AT CELLAR DOOR 312A
- Mark opens the door.
- BEN
- Let me...
- But Mark scampers past him. He goes down the first step. *
- 313 INT. CELLAR - DAY/NIGHT 313
- But now there is no second step.

(CONTINUED)

313 CONTINUED:

313

The stairs have been sawn away. And Mark hurtles into space, landing with a SICKENING THUD.

Ben looks down and then swings out from the remaining step.

He kneels beside Mark, who is getting up.

BEN

Easy...

MARK

I'm all right.
(winces)
Ankle.

BEN

Can you stand up?

Mark manages to stand up.

Ben pokes around for the light switch. Turns it on. The light reveals... nothing. The crate is in splinters. But there is no trace of Barlow. Or anyone.

BEN

(continuing)

I feel him here. Where is he?

MARK

What's that?

He points to heavy dresser, pushed against the wall.

BEN

It's not big enough. And it's flush against the wall.

Mark is at the dresser, straining.

MARK

What's behind it?

They both bend, exert, tilt the dresser slowly, until it topples.

BEN

I knew it!

A small door, chest high, secured by a padlock.

BEN

(continuing)

The root cellar..

(CONTINUED)

313 CONTINUED: (2)

313

Ben finds a rusty hammer which lies on a heap of rubble, and swings it again and again, trying to break the lock. It doesn't give.

BEN
(continuing)

Damn!

Now he takes an axe, strips it of its rubber cover. He takes one of the vials of holy water out of his pocket. It falls, breaks; as it spreads on the floor, it smokes.

They stare at the phenomenon.

MARK
Do it! Do it!

Ben smashes at the door. Again. He splinters the door.

BEN
Now!

They begin to crawl into the root cellar.

314 INT. ROOT CELLAR - DAY/NIGHT

314

The root cellar is small and cell-like, empty except for a few dusty bottles, some crates, a bushel basket of potatoes sprouting eyes in every direction -- and the bodies. Barlow's coffin is at the far end against the wall like a mummy's sarcophagus. In front of the coffin are the bodies of Ralph and Danny, Weasel Phillips, Ned Tebbets, Mike Ryerson, and Marjorie, lying stiff as though rigor mortis has set in. But not Susan.

(CONTINUED)

314 CONTINUED:

314

They step over and around the bodies to reach the coffin.

BEN

We have to take him out of here.

MARK

(wincing)

It must weigh a ton.

315 INT. CELLAR - DAY/NIGHT

315

The coffin is pushed through the door, thumps on the floor. Ben slides through the opening.

BEN

(indicating place
under the hanging
overhead bulb)

Put it down there.

They set the coffin down. Ben looks at his watch.

BEN

(continuing)

The sun's gone down.

Both look down at the coffin, at its locks and seals. Ben touches the first lock; it splits open. Then the others. And the seals.

315A CLOSE - COFFIN

315A *

At last Ben and Mark lift the lid of the coffin and there is Barlow.

*
*

315B CLOSER - BARLOW

315B *

His eyes snap open, glaring.

*

315C BARLOW'S POV - MARK

315C *

Watching.

*

MARK

He...

*
*

And stops.

*

- 315D CLOSE - BARLOW 315D
His eyes, turning red, roll in their sockets, and lock on Mark.
- 315E BARLOW'S POV - MARK AND BEN 315E
BEN
Don't look at him!
But it's too late. Mark is staring back at Barlow.
- 315F SIDE ANGLE - BEN AND MARK 315F
Ben knocks Mark back, away from Barlow's stare, against...
- 315G WALL 315G
as Mark is thrown against the wall.
- 315H BEN AND COFFIN 315H
He fumbles for one of the stakes as Barlow begins to rise from the coffin.
- 315-I BEN'S POV 315-I
as Barlow's torso rises directly TOWARD CAMERA.
- 315J UP ANGLE - BEN 315J
Both hands gripping the stake, raises it above his head.
- 315K CLOSE - HANDS GRIPPING STAKE 315K
As the stake knocks against...
- 315L CLOSE - HANGING OVERHEAD BULB 315L
careening dizzily.
- 315M LOW ANGLE - BEN OVER COFFIN 315M
as the light source swings madly around the room casting eerie reflections on the wall.

315N BARLOW 315N
Half-risen, his eyes blazing red, his lips rolled back.

315-O UP ANGLE - BEN 315-O
The light dancing behind him. Ben slams the stake BE-
LOW..CAMERA RANGE into Barlow's chest.

315P DOWN ANGLE - BARLOW 315P
Screams. His long hands hook into claws.

315-Q CLAWS 315-Q
as they try to pull out the stake.

315R UP ANGLE - BEN 315R
Finds the hammer. Raises it above his head.

315S CLOSE - HAMMER 315S
as Ben brings it down with full force.

315T UP ANGLE - STAKE 315T
protruding from BOTTOM OF FRAME as hammer bashes down
on it.

315U BARLOW 315U
Screams again.

315V BEN 315V
looking down at Barlow.

315W MARK AT WALL 315W
Half-risen. Watching.

315X BEN 315X
looking down, waiting.

315Y BEN'S POV - BARLOW 315Y
 A pause... then one of his claws flies up, seizes Ben's wrist.

315Z CLAW 315Z
 on Ben's wrist.

315AA BARLOW 315AA
 BARLOW
 (with incredible force)
 Let me GO!

315BB BARLOW'S POV - BEN 315BB
 as Ben brings down the hammer again.

315CC CLOSE - BARLOW 315CC
 At moment of impact.

BARLOW
LET ME GOOOOOOOOO!

315DD SIDE ANGLE - BEN 315DD
 Again he drives the stake in (BELOW CAMERA RANGE).

315EE UP ANGLE - BEN 315EE
 And again he drives the stake in, while Barlow's screams reach a crescendo.

315FF BARLOW 315FF
 Screaming.

315GG BEN (WIND EFFECT) 315GG
 looking down at Barlow. A sudden gust of noxious wind drives Ben backwards.

315HH CLOSE - BEN'S HAND 315HH
 as the hammer falls from his hand.

315-II CLOSE - FLOOR 315-II
 as the hammer hits it.

315JJ OVER BEN - ONTO BARLOW 315JJ
 Stake in his heart, starts to rise from the coffin.

315KK BEN'S POV - BARLOW 315KK
 His face coming TOWARDS CAMERA.

315LL CLOSE - BEN AND BARLOW - PROFILE 315LL
 as Barlow's face rises up to meet Ben's.
 But suddenly...

315MM BEN'S POV - BARLOW 315MM
 falling AWAY FROM CAMERA into the coffin.

And now, astonishingly, dissolution begins. Barlow begins to sink back into the coffin, his skin yellowing, blistering. The eyes fade, filming white, falling in. The flesh peels from the head, revealing the skull. The claws turn skeletal, its fingers clicking like grim castanets.

And now, looking up, Ben can see the shapes of the others -- Weasel, Ned, Mike, the others -- crawling out of the root cellar.

BEN
 (to Mark)
 Get out!
 (to the Undead
 advancing towards
 him)
 Where's Susan? Where is she?
 (backing away)
 We'll be back. For all of you.
 We'll be back.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *

And he looks down into the coffin.

Dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

316 EXT. MARSTEN HOUSE - NIGHT

316

Mark is spreading a can of gasoline over the grass.
Ben is splashing gasoline elsewhere.

When they have finished, Ben lights a match, sets fire to the entire book of matches, tosses it into the gasoline-soaked grass. The grass flares immediately.

They go to Ben's car, get in, drive off to the road.

There they sit for some moments, watching the fire inch towards the Marsten House, watch fingers of flame reach out in all directions.

MARK

The wind's blowing toward town.

BEN

(with a final look
towards the house)

Susan, forgive me.

They drive off.

We WATCH the flames slowly surround the front of the Marsten House.

317 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

317

Ben and Mark pass the sign identifying Salem's Lot. They stop, looking back.

A ridge blocks their view of the town, but we can SEE the glow of the flames.

MARK

The town is burning.

BEN

It will burn them out of their hiding places.

MARK

All of them?

BEN

No, not all. But the fire will purify Salem's Lot. And those who are left, they'll be on the run. And on the hunt.

MARK

For us?

BEN

For us.

They drive off.

DISSOLVE TO:

318 EXT. MARSTEN HOUSE - NIGHT

318

The fire has spread. The flames grow higher, licking at the first floor windows. From inside we HEAR the LOUD CRIES and WAILINGS of the Undead. The CAMERA PANS UP past the house TO INCLUDE the full moon looking down benignly at the funeral pyre below.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

319 EXT. FULL MOON - NIGHT

319

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

320 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT (FULL MOON)

320

It is the church we saw in the opening sequence, its facade outlined by electric bulbs.

SUPERIMPOSE: XIMICO, GUATEMALA
TWO YEARS LATER

A place time forgot. Underlying all of this some TINNY MUSIC indigenous to the locale.

A320A INT. CHURCH

A320A:

Once again we SEE Ben and Mark, as in SCENE 3, with Mark looking at the vial of holy water in his hand.

320A CLOSE ON VIAL

320A

It is glowing, faintly.

320B UP ANGLE - TWO SHOT

320B

Mark looks at Ben, who holds one of his own vials. It, too, is beginning to glow.

BEN

They've found us again.

MARK

We have to go further.

BEN

Not yet.

They walk away from the church.

320C EXT. XIMICO - NIGHT

320C

Ben and Mark walk through the narrow rutted street, to a small house --

(CONTINUED)

320C CONTINUED:

320C

-- something of a hut -- on the edge of the remote town.

They go in.

320D INT. HOVEL - NIGHT

320D

As they enter the small living room, lit by dim bulbs, with rickety furnishings (Ben's typewriter might be on a table), Ben looks at the vial of holy water in his hand. It begins to glow.

He exchanges looks with Mark, then silently hands the vial to the boy, and goes into the bedroom.

321 OMITTED

321

&
322&
322

323 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

323

The tiny bedroom is bathed in moonlight. There is a figure on the bed. A woman dressed in what appears to be white satin. A lovely bride. Lying absolutely quiet, still.

Susan.

Ben looks at Susan for a long long time.

Then he approaches the bed. He moves slowly, but inevitably. He bends over her.

Susan's face is young, vital, flushed with health, happiness. Yes, a lovely bride.

Her eyes still closed, she reaches up and touches Ben's face gently, lovingly.

Ben...? SUSAN

Yes. BEN

I found you. SUSAN

I know. BEN

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

I love you.

BEN

Yes.

SUSAN

You were so difficult to find.

BEN

I know.

SUSAN

But now we're together. We will always be together. We will always be young. We will love each other forever. That is his promise.

Ben kneels by the side of the bed.

BEN

Forever?

SUSAN

Forever. Kiss me, Ben.

Ben's right hand steals OUT OF FRAME as he leans toward Susan.

We can SEE the nails of her fingers touching Ben's face elongate, growing pointed and red, blood red. And the other hand coming up, to snake around Ben's head, drawing him down.

SUSAN

(continuing)

Kiss me.

Ben's head is drawn lower.

And Susan opens her eyes -- red-rimmed, deep, glowing, hypnotic.

And her lips part, as though for the kiss, but we SEE the gleaming incisors, canines.

And their faces are almost touching now, and Susan's lips are sliding toward Ben's throat.

And then Ben's right hand flashes up.

The stake.

(CONTINUED)

323 CONTINUED: (2)

323

And the stake is driven down with immense force, right into Susan's heart.

Susan screams. A beat, then:

Ben stands up, looking down at Susan.

324 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

324

Mark is standing as Ben enters.

BEN
There'll be others.

MARK
Do we go now?

Ben nods and as they begin to gather up their things the CAMERA PUSHES PAST them TO an open window TO REVEAL:

325 EXT. FULL MOON - NIGHT

325

The CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE IN on the full moon staring down. HOLD ON MOON. Can it be, for just a trice, we SEE the suggestion of hollowed eyes and gaping grin?

Perhaps.

A wisp of cloud passes over its face.

FADE OUT.

THE END