

THE OVERLOOK HOTEL

by

Glen Mazzara

based on the novel "The Shining" (including
prologue material entitled "Before the Play")
written by Stephen King;
and the 1980 motion picture of the same name,
screenplay by Stanley Kubrick & Diane Johnson

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STUDIO DRAFT

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4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

April 30, 2014
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FADE IN:

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

An ancient lake mirrors a snow-covered mountain.

WE FLY OVER the lake TOWARD the peak, right OVER a tree-covered island. As WE VEER TO the right --

EXT. ASPEN FOREST - DAY

WE LOOK DIRECTLY DOWN ONTO a forest, thick with aspens. A small break in the trees reveals a winding ROAD cutting through, a scar on this otherwise virginal land.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

The road snakes through grassy fields, the mountain still lying ahead. Exposed, we now see the road is dirt -- unpaved, filled with holes and huge puddles. Treacherous going.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE ROAD - DAY

The road twists along the side of a mountain like a vein. On it, a long line of old-fashioned VEHICLES. Model T's. Old-time trucks. Dozens of carts pulled by horses and mules. FRONTIERSMEN drive the exhausted animals like an invading army making its way out of the 19th century and into the 20th.

AS WE VEER TO the left, TOWARD the mountain, INTO a vast, green valley --

SUPERIMPOSE: 1918

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The column advances toward a tunnel.

At the head of this group, WE FIND its leader, BOB T. WATSON, on horseback. He rides point, sitting tall in the saddle. A self-made man born to lead other men. Most would call him a robber baron.

AHEAD OF HIM

A tunnel has been borne into the mountain, its mouth supported by wooden scaffolding. No light escapes it. Only a black MAW, sitting, waiting for Bob T.'s men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The line stops. The men collect around the opening, fearful to enter. They trade looks with each other.

Bob T. studies the scaffolding. Not the sturdiest, but it'll do.

He looks to his left where his favorite son, BOYD, 12, tries to carry himself as tall in the saddle as his father.

To Bob T.'s right, his other son, RICHARD, 8, nervous, soft. Bob T. watches him fearfully pull back on his horse's reins, then digs in his spurs and drives his own steed forward. Boyd gives Richard a comforting glance. Richard directs his horse forward.

AS they enter the tunnel --

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

The headlights from the trucks behind them cast Bob T's shadow on the walls. Huge, imposing. A giant here to tame the land.

Bob T. focuses ahead. AS the light at the end of the tunnel finally comes INTO VIEW --

EXT. ROAD AT TOP OF VALLEY - DAY

The line trudges along, cutting deeper into the valley.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD WITH SNOW - DAY

The line slowly makes its way along an icy path. Bob T. snaps his reins, pushing his horse onward.

VOICE (O.S.)

WAIT!

Bob T. stops and turns.

A truck has slid off the road and is blocking everything behind it. Men rush to its aid.

Bob T. looks on impatiently.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD WITH SNOW - LATER

A makeshift camp has sprung up. Tents. Campfires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob T. drinks a mug of coffee. A COOK approaches and hands plates of food to him, Boyd and Richard. Boyd digs in hungrily, but Richard stares at the sorry grub.

BOB T.
If you don't eat that, these
barbarians will hit you over the
head and take it from you.

Richard looks at him, oblivious that he's joking. Bob T. smiles nervously. Richard tries the food.

BOYD
How much longer, Papa?

BOB T.
If the weather holds, a few days.

RICHARD
And when will Mother join us?

BOB T.
Soon enough. A camp's no place
for a woman. We'll have to pretty
it up first.

Richard nods, disappointed that the answer wasn't "straight away." Bob T. studies his son. Camp's probably no place for him either.

He finishes eating, then hands the dish to Richard.

BOB T.
Son, take this back to Cookie.

Richard stands.

BOYD
I'll go with you.

BOB T.
He can handle it himself.

Richard nods, then collects all the dishes and heads off. Bob T. sips from a flask then lights a cigar.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP - NIGHT

Richard makes his way past hardened MEN used to living off the land. They sit in groups, separated by race. As Richard passes, they look at him suspiciously.

Richard holds the dishes out for a COOK, but the man glares at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Richard puts the plates down on a pile of dirty dishes, then sees the horses, all corralled for the night. He heads toward them.

EXT. MAKESHIFT CORRAL - NIGHT

Richard pets his horse.

RICHARD
Hey, Rascal, you tired? Good boy.
Yes, you're a good boy.

He scratches the horse's nose then HEARS --

A CRASH in the woods just beyond the corral.

He looks around. No one else seems to have heard it. Richard looks into the woods, which stare back at him forebodingly. He steps toward them.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT

Richard picks his way slowly through the woods, stepping over fallen branches as he goes.

He inches forward. As he takes another step, he TRIPS. He hits the ground hard.

He clears away fallen leaves to REVEAL --

A WAGON WHEEL.

He picks it up and examines it a bit, then something deeper in the forest catches his eye. Enthralled, he heads toward it.

With Richard in the b.g., CAMERA FINDS a WRECKED COACH.

It's capsized on its side, the right front wheel missing. The right back wheel SPINS quickly, as if the coach crashed just moments before. But it's surrounded by overgrowth. There's no path.

Richard takes in the sight then approaches the coach and peers in. It's empty, but clothes are strewn all about the clearing, as if thrown or dragged from the coach.

He picks up a little girl's PALE BLUE DRESS.

SNAP.

Richard looks up and SEES --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A WOMAN, 30 or 40, severe, at a distance. Her once-white gown now an ashen gray. Her hair is matted and has fallen out in patches. Her eyes are sunken. She's pale and emaciated. Her mouth is bloody and she holds a HUMAN BONE in her hand.

Richard looks at the woman, his eyes wide with terror, his mouth open.

The woman lies on the ground, CHOPPED UP and BLOODY.

Richard starts to shake.

The woman, now restored and standing upright, turns and walks off into the darkness.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Richard awakens to find Bob T., Boyd and other MEN standing over him. They're relieved he's coming to.

BOB T.

Son, are you all right?

RICHARD

(weak)

Yes.

BOYD

What happened?

Richard doesn't answer.

One man, KILGALLON, 40s, addresses Bob T.

KILGALLON

With all due respect, sir, the boys should stay by your side. These woods may still have Indians in them.

BOB T.

I understood all the tribes have been resettled.

KILGALLON

At the very least, there are bears and catamounts.

BOB T.

Fair enough, Mr. Kilgallon.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T. (CONT'D)

(to men)

Thank you, fellas. You get
yourselves some sleep. He'll be
fine.

The men exit.

BOB T.

That's quite a scare you gave us.
Your mother will have my hide
should anything happen to you.

RICHARD

Did you find the lady?

A beat.

BOB T.

What lady?

RICHARD

In the woods.

Bob T. and Boyd trade confused looks.

BOB T.

We found you by the corral.
Rascal must have knocked you down.

RICHARD

There was a woman. Her carriage
slid off the road.

BOYD

We looked everywhere. No one
found any carriage.

BOB T.

You saw something, did you?

Richard nods.

BOB T.

Just like the other times?

No answer. Bob T. sighs.

BOB T.

I thought you had outgrown this.

(beat)

You will. The West has cured many
an ailment. My grandfather's
consumption.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD

It's not consumption. I saw --

BOB T.

Imagination is a very good thing indeed. My father had it. An iron horse, they told him. That's mad!

He tousles his hair.

BOB T.

He saw opportunity. Didn't waste his time with fictions.

(beat; proudly)

He was a tough ol' sonofabitch. And you're cut from the same cloth. Remember that.

Richard looks at him sheepishly.

RICHARD

But, Papa, her mouth. It was bloody. She carried a bone. A person's bone.

BOYD

What if some settlers lost their way, Papa?

BOB T.

Sounds like one of the McCreadys. But it couldn't possibly be.

The boys listen intently.

BOB T.

John McCready and his party crossed this mountain almost 40 years ago. Were battered by one blizzard after another. Like the Donners before them. Poor bastards got caught in the longest winter anyone had ever seen. Food didn't last long. They finally took to --

Bob T. sees he's scaring the shit out of them.

BOB T.

Doesn't matter. You boys best be off to bed.

RICHARD

But what happened, Papa?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob T. leans over him.

BOB T.
McCready let this land break him.
We can't be soft. Remember that.

RICHARD
I will.

Bob T. sees he's rattled him.

BOB T.
I'd never let anything happen to
you. Either of you. You both
know that, right?

BOYD
Of course.

RICHARD
Yes, Papa.

BOB T.
(to Richard)
And you've got your big brother to
look out for you as well.

That stings Richard. He wishes his father saw him strong
like Boyd.

BOB T.
I'll tell you one thing. Old
McCready did us a favor. His
story scared off all suitors.
That's how I got the deed to this
land so cheap. One man's tragedy
is another man's fortune. I never
wish someone ill, but business is
business. Now get to bed.

He exits. Boyd settles into bed beside Richard.

RICHARD
It wasn't my imagination. She was
there. Do you believe me?

Boyd isn't sure. He wraps his arm around his brother
comfortingly. They drift off to sleep.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A thunderstorm has settled over the valley. The
torrential downpour drives down hard making it slow
going. The long caravan pushes through sheets of rain.

EXT. FURTHER ALONG THE ROAD - DAY

The line has slowed almost to a halt. Bob T., drenched to the bone, rain dripping off his hat, surveys the road.

The pavement is cracked and the road is flooding.

LIGHTNING strikes a tree dangerously close to the men. A horse REARS in fright. The men trade anxious looks, but push on.

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

Bob T., Boyd and Richard sit in a truck cab. The downpour is now so heavy they can't see through the windows.

A KNOCK.

Bob T. rolls down the window. It's Kilgallon. He has to shout to be heard over the sound of the beating rain.

KILGALLON

The road's out ahead.

BOB T.

We're already two months late breaking ground. Those thick-skulled engineers of yours were supposed to grade the road so it doesn't flood.

Kilgallon is soaked to the bones. Miserable. Does not want to be having this conversation.

KILGALLON

We'll have to wait until she passes, then head back to Sidewinder.

BOB T.

Bullshit. Push on. That's what you're paid for.

KILGALLON

Take it as a sign, Mr. Watson. Leave well enough --

BOB T.

You told me you could build my hotel faster than all the other contractors. Now a little rain's stopping you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He starts to open the door.

BOB T.
Get your hats, boys.

He flings open the door and steps out into the rain. Humiliated, Kilgallon looks at Boyd and Richard through the open window.

EXT. STRETCH OF THE ROAD - DAY

Bob T., Boyd and Richard drive horses through the pelting rain. The road is cut into the mountain and is littered with large rocks that have fallen from above.

On the other side of the road is a steep drop to a narrow, fast-moving river below.

Bob T. looks to the horizon at --

THE MOUNTAIN where he'll build the grandest hotel the world has ever seen.

He puts his hands on Boyd's shoulders.

BOB T.
Look at it, Boyd. The top of the world. Beautiful, isn't it?

BOYD
Yes, sir.

Richard sees Bob T.'s hands on Boyd and wishes for his own acknowledgment. Bob T. doesn't notice. He continues to look at the mountain lovingly. Richard hides his disappointment.

As they take in the promised land --

EXT. STRETCH OF THE ROAD - DAY

The long line of trucks and carriages now winds its way along the same stretch. The rain lashes down. Thunder CRASHES.

INT. LEAD TRUCK - INTERCUT

Kilgallon looks ahead, scowling. He SEES --

Bob T. and his sons on a ledge thirty feet above him, looking down.

ON BOB T. AND THE BOYS

BOB T.

The last of the frontier will soon
be gone. This nation's destiny
fulfilled.

Boyd sits taller in the saddle. Richard takes it all in.
Bob T. watches his army march forward. Victory is close.

Below them, the line of men, trucks, and animals snakes
its way along the road. It trudges along, a progression
of immigrant laborers with turn-of-the-century machines,
surrounded by wilderness.

Bob T. beams proudly.

Boyd and Richard watch the line then look back at Bob T.
He seems like a giant to them.

BACK TO KILGALLON

Kilgallon inches his truck forward but the rain is so
torrential, he can't see past the windshield.

BAM. He hits a pothole. His truck slams to a stop.

KILGALLON

Shit!

CRASH! The truck behind him rear-ends him.

BOB T. AND THE BOYS --

-- watch the cars and trucks SLAM into each other,
causing a massive PILE-UP.

BOB T.

Fucking idiots.

BACK TO KILGALLON

Furious, he gets out of his truck. He sees the other men
climbing out of their vehicles as well. He checks his
wheel. Yep, the axle's cracked. He glares up at Bob T.
and his sons hatefully.

KILGALLON

(calls out)
Straighten these trucks out. And
bring me a jack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T. AND THE BOYS --

-- watch the men start to straighten out the mess. The entire line is at a standstill.

BOB T.

This'll cost us another day.

A ROAR rumbles in the distance.

BOYD

Sounds awfully close for thunder.
I thought the storm was passing
through.

The ROAR gets louder.

BOB T.

(confused)
That's not thunder.

RICHARD

Then what is it?

Bob T. isn't sure. He looks down upon his advancing army. One of the horses rears, panicking the others.

BACK TO KILGALLON

He turns toward the direction they've just come from.
Bob T. follows his eyes.

Beat, then --

A WALL OF WATER 20 FEET HIGH spills around a bend.
Kilgallon looks on in horror AS --

The wave SLAMS into the trucks and carts, sweeping them off the road, down to the river below.

BOB T. AND THE BOYS --

-- watch as a FLOOD rages below them, tossing the trucks end over end, like toys. It sweeps away the horses, who fight to keep their heads above water but --

One is SLAMMED into a truck. Blood SPLATTERS. That truck is tossed into another, SMASHING its cab.

ON BOB T. AND THE BOYS

Richard shakes in terror as the SCREAMS of men joins the dying WHINNIES and BRAYING of the pack of animals. METAL is crushed. Bones shattered.

BOB T.

Shut your eyes!

Richard complies, but he can still hear the screams of the drowned and dying men. Boyd can't help but look.

The road is now a vast, turbulent river, sweeping away every bit of Bob T.'s crew.

Trucks and cars float upside down.

IN THE ROAD

A few men try to swim for it, but they're tossed about like rag dolls. ONE is sliced open by a jagged piece of metal.

One MAN grabs ANOTHER's hand but they are slammed headfirst into boulders with bone-crunching THUDS.

The water continues to rage forward.

Kilgallon is swept along by the raging current. He desperately tries to grab hold of branches as he races by, but they tear open his hands. He looks ahead and SEES --

A jagged tree straight ahead of him.

SLAM! Kilgallon is impaled on the tree. It rips clean through him. As he writhes in agony, pinned as the water rages past, he looks over at Bob T. and his sons.

ON BOB T. AND THE BOYS

Richard watches as Kilgallon falls still and dies.

Bob T. stares at the sickening sight. Forget his best laid plans. This is carnage. A slaughter.

The turbulent floodwaters roar below. Kilgallon and a few other BODIES hang from trees, but the rest of the crew is gone. Swept away. Pharaoh's army laid low.

EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT

A small fire crackles in the dark. Boyd and Richard huddle close, trying to keep warm. The rain has stopped, but their clothes are soaked through.

RICHARD
Could anyone have survived?

BOYD
Papa said we had sixty-two men.
None of them made it.

RICHARD
We shouldn't have pushed on.

BOYD
What are you saying? That it was
Papa's fault?

He stands, fists clenched.

BOYD
Don't you dare.

BOB T. (O.S.)
Dare what?

He approaches carrying more kindling. He puts it on the fire.

BOB T.
What were you saying, Richard?

Richard doesn't answer. He's afraid Boyd is going to rat him out.

BOYD
That maybe there was something we
could have done.

BOB T.
That was the very hand of God.

Long beat as the solemnity of the occasion hangs over them.

BOYD
So what do we do now?

BOB T.
We head back to Sidewinder, call
for more laborers. I'll wire your
mother that it'll be a few more
weeks before she can join us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD
You're still building the
Overlook?

BOYD
Of course he is.

BOB T.
This is a hard land. Cruel. That
didn't stop Lewis and Clark or the
'49ers or countless, nameless
others who gave their lives. We
have a God-given duty to claim
this land in the name of the
fallen. We must bear witness.
These were real men, real lives
lost. We owe them a proper
memorial.

Boyd looks at his father with admiration and love.
Richard is also inspired but part of him remains
convinced they need to turn back -- for good.

BOB T.
We'll need to keep this from your
mother. It would be too great a
strain on her. What's done is
done. I have your word?

	BOYD	RICHARD
Promise.		(torn)
		Yes, Papa.

BOB T.
Good. Now turn in. Be sure to
say your prayers for those poor
souls tonight.

The boys get on their knees and start praying. Bob T.
looks off at --

THE DISTANT MOUNTAIN

It's cost him so much. He wants it even more.

OVER BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE: SUMMER

FADE IN:

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL (FRAMED STRUCTURE) - DAY

A CONSTRUCTION SITE MATERIALIZES on the mountain.

HUNDREDS OF MEN dressed in hip-boots, work shirts, and suspenders bustling amidst stacks of lumber, pallets of building material, machines, horses and mules -- all gathered around a massive framed-out --

OVERLOOK HOTEL.

Just a wooden skeleton but already recognizable as the iconic hotel that will capture so many imaginations -- and lives -- over the years.

The work pace is furious, as if this crew is making up for lost time.

A car approaches the site. It pulls in front and stops. The DRIVER exits and opens the rear door. Out steps --

SARAH WATSON, 35, dressed in the latest European fashion. Born and raised far from the frontier, she's clearly out of place. She looks up at --

THE IMPOSING OVERLOOK looking down on her.

The two seem to take each other in.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Mother!

She puts her arms out, and Richard runs right into them.

SARAH

My darling!

She sees Bob T. and Boyd approaching and, still holding onto Richard, greets them with hugs and kisses.

SARAH

Boyd! Look how you've grown.

Bob T. steps forward.

BOB T.

Hello, darling. I hope your ride wasn't too uncomfortable.

They kiss, but it's not as warm as you'd expect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Not at all, although it was
interminable. I couldn't wait to
see my boys.

Richard takes her by the hand.

RICHARD

What do you think? Isn't it
grand?

Sarah takes in the hotel.

SARAH

Oh my -- Bob T., it's magnificent.

He puts his arm around her.

SARAH

The very top of the world, just
like you said.

BOB T.

She's the second most beautiful
thing on this mountain.

She smiles.

BOB T.

Boys, get Mother's things.
(to Sarah)
I'm sure you'd like to rest after
your drive.

SARAH

Don't I get the grand tour?

BOB T.

We're losing light. I want you to
see it when the sun hits the peak.

She pouts playfully.

BOB T.

Tomorrow. I promise.

Boyd and Richard take her bags from the car.

BOYD

This way, Mother.

He and Richard lead the way. Bob T. takes her hand, and
they follow. The happy family, reunited.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Boyd and Richard enter and set down Sarah's bags. Bob T. and Sarah step into the small, sparsely but tastefully decorated cabin. There's a fire in the fireplace.

BOB T.
This is where we'll be staying
until they finish our living
quarters within the hotel.

SARAH
Where do the boys stay?

BOYD
We have our own cabin.

SARAH
By yourselves?

BOYD
It's right next door.

BOB T.
(reassuringly)
They've become quite the
frontiersmen these past few
months.

She looks at her boys.

SARAH
Even you, Richard? You've taken
to mountain life?

RICHARD
(looks at Bob T.)
I love it here. No more cities
for me.

She smiles bittersweetly. Her boy is now more his
father's than hers.

BOB T.
Boys, go wash up. Your mother
needs to rest a spell before
dinner.

They hug Sarah then run out, leaving her and Bob T.
alone. An awkward beat.

SARAH
I hope they haven't been any
bother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.
They certainly did miss their
mother. Their home. We all did.

Beat.

SARAH
You're sweet, Bob T., but given
how much you've had to travel
these past years, I'd be surprised
if you even remember where our
house is.

BOB T.
Philadelphia, isn't it? Or was it
Boston?

She laughs but half-wonders if it's a joke.

SARAH
Well, here I am, ready to give the
West a go.

He approaches her.

BOB T.
We finally have our own home, not
one of your family's estates that
we're eternally indebted for.

SARAH
You didn't seem to mind those
strings when you married me.

He puts his arms around her.

BOB T.
Certainly not. But this is a new
start.

He kisses her. It's awkward at first, but then they warm
to it. AS they get to know one another again --

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL (FRAMED STRUCTURE) - NIGHT

The moon hangs in the night sky, shining over the hotel.

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

Bob T. leads Sarah into another small cabin. Boyd and
Richard follow. They are all dressed for dinner. He
holds out her chair. She sits. The boys sit as well. A
table has been set with china and silverware.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

It's been over a year since we've sat together for a meal.

BOB T.

That can't be so.

BOYD

Remember your trip to South America, Papa? Then we met you in Chicago.

Bob T. nods.

SARAH

I expected to be out months ago. I hope you docked that dreadful contractor for those delays.

A slight beat as Bob T. and the boys trade looks. Sarah doesn't catch it.

SARAH

And then for him to remove his entire crew and leave you in the lurch. It's unconscionable.

BOYD

(boastful)

This new crew's made up for lost time. They've been working three shifts.

SARAH

Perhaps you'll study engineering or architecture when you return to school.

BOYD

I've already learned more here than I could in any stale lecture hall.

Sarah looks at him, then Bob T. and Richard -- a unified front. She holds her tongue.

The door opens and a MAID enters carrying trays. She puts them down to the side, then begins to serve the Watsons. When she steps up to the table, we finally SEE her face clearly.

It's the WOMAN FROM THE WOODS. The one Richard saw carrying the bloody bone. She's dressed neatly and her hair is pinned up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Richard recognizes her. She looks back at him from the corner of her eye, but remains focused on serving them. He stares at her in horror.

SARAH

I thought I'd be the only woman in the camp.

BOB T.

I thought you were.

WOMAN

(Irish lilt)

I'm the cook's wife, sir. It's more proper if I serve you.

SARAH

Thank you. And you are?

WOMAN

My name's Norah, ma'am.

She looks at Richard, who can't take his eyes off her.

PUSH IN ON RICHARD, full of fear.

RICHARD'S POV

Norah lies before him on the carpet, but now dressed in rags, BUTCHERED and BLOODY.

RESUME NORMAL POV

Boyd notices Richard is having one of his spells.

Norah, now dressed as a maid and perfectly healthy, stares at Richard.

BOYD

What's the matter?

SARAH

Darling, are you all right?

No answer.

SARAH

Bob T., he's shaking. He's as white as a sheet.

NORAH (WOMAN)

Should I take him and get him some soup, ma'am?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sarah stands.

SARAH

No, I'll help him to his room.
Will you please bring our food
there?

She lifts Richard out of his seat. Bob T. scoops him up
and carries him out of the room. Sarah rushes after.
Boyd is about to follow, but he turns back to Norah.

She's GONE.

Boyd looks about the room, then chases after his family.
OFF the empty room --

INT. BOY'S CABIN - NIGHT

Sarah wipes Richard's head with a wet cloth. He's tucked
into bed beside Boyd.

SARAH

Have you been having your spells?

Richard looks at Bob T. standing over Sarah's shoulder.

RICHARD

No, Mother.

BOB T.

He's had a lot of excitement with
you arriving.

Sarah isn't convinced.

RICHARD

It was her.

SARAH

Who?

RICHARD

The woman from the woods.

Bob T. and Boyd trade looks.

Sarah looks at Bob T. for an explanation. Bob T. shakes
his head, playing that he's just as clueless as she is.

SARAH

All right, darling, you go to
sleep now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She kisses his forehead and he settles into bed. She then kisses Boyd.

SARAH
Good night, Boyd.

BOYD
Good night, Mother.

Sarah stands and joins Bob T. He smiles warmly.

BOB T.
Good night, men.

He takes a beat to study Richard, then blows out a candle and exits. After a beat, Boyd and Richard whisper to each other.

BOYD
We're all together now. If you don't stop seeing things, we're going to have to leave.

RICHARD
It was her.

BOYD
They're going to put you in a hospital. Is that what you want?

Richard doesn't answer. He lies in bed, facing CAMERA.

RICHARD
I can't help it.

From behind Richard, Boyd protectively drapes his arm around his brother. Richard relaxes, then closes his eyes and starts to drift off to sleep. Boyd looks around the room, then settles down to sleep.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

When they're out of earshot from the boy's cabin, Sarah stops Bob T.

SARAH
When did his visions resume?

He hesitates.

SARAH
Please don't lie to me. You said things would be different.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.
He only had one other.

She takes that in.

BOB T.
I didn't want you to worry. He's
delicate, but he's been holding
his own. Keeping up. This has
been good for him.
(beat)
And it will continue to be. I'm
sure of it.

Sarah studies him. Charming. Self-assured.
Knowledgeable.

BOB T.
What he needs is his mother.

Exactly what she thinks and what she wanted to hear.

SARAH
No more lies, Bob T. I can't take
it.

BOB T.
And you won't.

SARAH
There's nothing else you need to
tell me?

He knows he should come clean about the flood, but
doesn't.

BOB T.
I just didn't want you to worry.

She nods, satisfied. He puts his arm around her and
leads her off.

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL (FRAMED STRUCTURE) - DAY

ESTABLISHING. PRE-LAP:

BOB T. (V.O.)
One hundred and ten rooms in all.
Billiards. Tennis courts.
Croquet.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL (FRAMED STRUCTURE) - DAY

Bob T. leads his family through the wooden frame of what will be the Overlook Hotel.

BOB T.

We call this the Colorado Lounge.

SARAH

It's grand. As wide as three Pullman cars.

She looks around, impressed.

BOB T.

There'll be a fireplace there.

He waves his hand and, as if by magic, the fireplace MATERIALIZES out of thin air.

BOB T.

Grand staircase here.

He waves again and the staircase is there before them. The walls around it appear, freshly painted and hung with artwork.

BOB T.

You'll be able to stand on the balcony and look out over the whole space.

SARAH

It's glorious.

BOB T.

On opening night, you'll be the glorious one, descending marble steps, your Parisian gown flowing. I'll meet you here...

He puts out his arm. She takes it.

BOB T.

This hotel's going to be brimming with Europe's finest. People who have stayed at the Ritz in Paris and Claridge's in London. They'll say the Overlook puts them both to shame.

They turn and there before them is the FULLY-BUILT OVERLOOK HOTEL.

A huge chandelier hangs over the fully decorated lounge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They waltz through to the --

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

-- and now appear in formal clothes. He's in a tuxedo, she's in a flowing Parisian gown, and the boys are in suits.

The hotel is in its full glory. It's decorated with neo-Victorian furniture. The wood glistens. The glass sparkles. The new paint shines brightly. It's luxurious.

And it's bustling with GUESTS and HOTEL WORKERS. Some guests enter the grand entrance.

Some lean on the FRONT DESK where they are greeted by CLERKS. Others carry drinks and look around in wonder at the impressive lobby, then saunter through to the Colorado Lounge. BELLHOPS push packed luggage carts through to service corridors.

SUPERIMPOSE: 1919

We're now at the GRAND OPENING of the Overlook and Bob T., Sarah, Boyd and Richard are cheerfully greeting the hotel's first guests --

BILL STEEVES, same age as Bob T., and his wife SALLY check in. They stand with JAMES PARRIS, 35, tall, heavy, thick red beard, and his wife EDITH, 30, heavy.

With them is another man, RUTHERFORD, 60s, short and portly. His hair and beard are very much turn of the century.

BOB T.

Bill Steeves, so glad you could make it. Hello, Sally.

He kisses her hand, then turns to Parris.

BOB T.

James Parris, welcome.

PARRIS

The great Bob T. Always a pleasure. My wife, Edith.

Bob T. bows.

BOB T.

My wife, Sarah, and my boys, Boyd and Richard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEEVES

Amazing place you've built here.
Your man Rutherford was just
telling us you're in for quite a
pretty penny.

Bob T. cuts Rutherford a look.

RUTHERFORD

I did mention that it was a
grander undertaking than initially
expected, particularly with the
unforeseen circumstances. That
flood --

BOB T.

No one wants to hear how the soup
was made, old buck. They want to
enjoy the meal.

Everyone laughs.

STEEVES

Whatever your cost, with this
crowd, you'll be in the black in
no time.

RUTHERFORD

We certainly hope so.

Steeves looks around covetously.

STEEVES

Another feather in your cap,
Watson. Mining, railroads, now
hotels. Midas himself would be
impressed, wouldn't you say so,
Mr. Parris?

PARRIS

To be frank, I believe Midas would
have kept his attention focused on
sound investments. I hear you're
divesting from the mine in Haggie
Notch. Was that part of your
original plan?

Rutherford looks at Bob T. awkwardly, but Bob T. ignores
him, trying to play off Parris' questions. Before he can
answer --

SARAH

Mr. Parris, may I remind you Midas
was a king, a man of vision. Not
a bank clerk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The message is clear: Do not fuck with my husband.
Parris nods politely, not wanting to engage.

SALLY

I love all the Indian facsimiles.

BOB T.

They're original. I've had
Beauchamp himself combing the
state for authentic artifacts.

She points to some of the lights.

SALLY

Tiffany. Beautiful.

Bob T. smiles, satisfied.

STEEVES

Let me know if First Mercantile
can do anything for you. Mr.
Parris and I have been kicking
ourselves we didn't get in on the
ground floor.

Exactly what Bob T. wanted to hear. He plays it off
graciously.

BOB T.

I appreciate that, Billy. If
you'll excuse us, I see the
Congressman has arrived.

He gestures to --

CONGRESSMAN TAYLOR and his entourage filing in the
entrance.

Bob T. leads Sarah and the boys off. As they step away,
Parris watches them go. He's green with envy.

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - NIGHT

A car reaches the entrance and pulls to a stop.

A PORTER steps to open the door. As he pulls it open, a
black-gloved HAND reaches out. The porter holds it and
we MEET --

ELIZA MASSEY, New York socialite, 35, brilliant,
stunning, a hurricane whose vitality is out of sorts with
this haunted world around her.

She leans out of the carriage and looks up at --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Overlook.

Just another hotel to her. She's lived in many.

Two other PORTERS approach and start to unpack her luggage. The first porter escorts her to the entrance. OFF the Overlook watching them enter --

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Eliza enters and takes in the sight. It's magnificent.

Across the room, Bob T. and Sarah are shaking hands with other guests. Sarah spies Eliza and waves excitedly.

SARAH
(to guests)
Excuse me.

Sarah calls to her from the far end of the lobby.

SARAH
Eliza!

Eliza smiles. The two women run to each other and embrace.

ELIZA
My love.

Sarah clings to her. Eliza kisses her cheek.

ELIZA
It's beautiful. You and Bob T.
should be proud.

SARAH
Thank you.

Bob T. joins them. He and Eliza kiss.

BOB T.
I'm so glad you could make it.

ELIZA
I wouldn't dare miss lending my
support to my sister and sweet
brother-in-law. Really, Bob T.,
this outshines Versailles itself.

BOB T.
The Overlook is the first hotel
west of the Mississippi to have
electricity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZA

The only thing that matters is the bar. I pray one of your bartenders knows how to make an Aviation.

BOB T.

We're beginning the ceremonies soon. They'll be plenty of champagne there.

ELIZA

I hate to drink on an empty stomach.

Sarah laughs.

ELIZA

(to Sarah)

Sweetheart, I have dust in places I don't even want to think about. I'll need a bath before the party.

SARAH

This way.

She kisses Bob T., then leads her sister off. Bob T. smiles, then exits in a different direction.

INT. KITCHEN - ICE ROOM - TIGHT ON A DEAD SALMON - NIGHT

its eye staring right AT us. A shovelful of ice covers it, but the eye peeks through.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

A KITCHEN WORKER, shovel in hand. He digs into a pile of ice and as another WORKER slams down a crate of salmon, the first worker throws ice on it.

A frantic Bob T. watches impatiently. He addresses yet another WORKER, this one carrying a block of ice.

BOB T.

(re: ice)

Take it to the bar.

Bob T. steps out of the crowded storage room and into --

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The place is bustling with WORKERS, food, supplies. A full staff readying the biggest feast Colorado has ever seen.

Bob T. addresses a man with a handtruck stacked with wooden cases of wine.

BOB T.
We can't serve that. I said the
Lafite Rothschild. Put that back
in the wine cellar.

He approaches a SOUS CHEF who is busy cutting strawberries. Bob T. picks through some of the cut ones and throws them to the side.

BOB T.
Bruised, no, no.

He turns to the HEAD CHEF, who is directing his staff in FRENCH. Bob T. picks up a BIG-ASS BLOODY BUTCHER KNIFE, waves it at the Chef --

BOB T.
Marcel, remember, each cut of the
sirloin strip is to be soft as
butter. If we end up throwing
away half a side or two, I don't
care.

Marcel barks out more orders as Bob T. exits the kitchen.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

The empty corridor. Foreboding and eerie.

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - NIGHT

The chandelier gleams over the completely vacant lounge.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The previously-bustling lobby is now empty. Silent.

INT. GOLD ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Even though the hallway is vacant, WE HEAR a band playing Ford T. Dabney's "That's Why They Call Me Shine" over the sounds of a BALL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA TRACKS DOWN the hall and INTO --

INT. GOLD ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

-- where the Overlook Inaugural Ball is happening. Two hundred GUESTS in their finest black ties and designer gowns. The BAND plays before a dance floor packed with couples having the time of their lives.

WAITERS cut through the crowd with huge serving trays.

Bob T., Sarah, Boyd and Richard make the rounds. Bob T. shakes a man's hand as they approach a table and welcome everyone. Sarah smiles dutifully.

Congressman Taylor lights a cigar while a TYCOON talks directly into his ear.

Bill Steeves, Parris and their wives chat with the FOLKS at their table.

Eliza is surrounded by smitten men and their jealous wives.

Bob T. slaps one patron on the back and laughs heartily, Sarah at his side.

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

CLINK! CLINK! CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!

The band has finished their song. Bob T. has taken the stage and is now tapping his champagne glass with a spoon. The crowd hushes.

Sarah takes her seat next to Eliza, Richard, and Boyd. The seat to her side is vacant -- it's Bob T.'s.

Behind them, hotel PERSONNEL and BELLHOPS stand at attention, like a Royal Guard.

BOB T.

Thank you, thank you.
Distinguished guests, Congressman
Taylor, friends, family, it's my
great pleasure to welcome you to
the Inaugural Ball and grand
opening of the Overlook Hotel.

Applause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

I see they've served dinner so please begin. Our chefs are all the way from Paris, and we don't want to start another war if their dishes get cold.

Laughs.

BOB T.

On this momentous occasion, I feel the need to say a few words. I promise to be done by dessert.

More laughs.

Boyd cuts a large piece off his steak and crams it in his mouth. Richard looks down and --

Water starts dripping onto his plate.

He looks up, confused, and SEES --

A DROWNED MAN standing over him. Drenched. Broken and battered. A man killed in the flood.

BOB T.

Nothing warms my heart more than seeing all of you enjoying the most luxurious, most modern hotel of our age.

Richard shuts his eyes, then opens them again.

The man is gone.

BOB T.

You are the Overlook's first guests, and I look forward to seeing you all again next year and the year after that and the year after that.

Richard looks at his father, proudly addressing the room.

BOB T.

I would like to not only thank each of you for joining us...

RICHARD'S POV

Bob T. is surrounded by DROWNED MEN, the ghosts of his crew.

RESUME RICHARD

He shuts his eyes, then opens them.

The line of men is still there, now lining the entire room.

BOB T.

I'd like to acknowledge and thank
my family for putting up with
my... bullheadedness, although I
prefer to think of it as vision.

Laughs.

Richard looks at the guests: Sarah, Eliza, the
Congressman, others. They listen attentively to Bob T.,
oblivious to the drowned men.

BOB T.

I thank them for their support and
good-bearing.

He tips his glass to Sarah. She looks at him
affectionately.

BOB T.

Many people asked me, 'Why, Bob
T.? Why build a hotel at the
rooftop of America?' I'll tell
you. I love it here.

Richard closes his eyes, then opens them again.

The men are gone. The room is only filled with guests
and hotel staff.

BOB T.

These mountains, the valley below.
The forests, the rivers. We may
have made it from sea to shining
sea, but these purple mountains...

Richard looks around fearfully, then breathes easily.
Boyd looks on, satisfied.

BOB T.

For me, my family, this isn't just
a hotel. It's our home, and we're
happy to welcome you to it.

He raises his glass.

Boyd gags on a piece of steak lodged in his throat. He
can't breathe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

To the Over--

Boyd drops his fork. It clatters onto his plate.

Sarah looks at him, surprised, then realizes he's clutching his throat.

Richard shuts his eyes tightly, then opens them. This is no dream.

Sarah slaps Boyd on his back but he leaps to his feet, knocking over glasses on his table. People SCREAM as --

He staggers into another table, sending glasses and plates CRASHING to the ground.

Bob T. springs off the stage and rushes toward his son.

BOB T.

Spit it out! Breathe!

Sarah and the entire room are on their feet, watching in horror. She grabs at her son, but he breaks away and CRASHES into another table. His face is bright red. His eyes bulge. He claws at his throat but can't make a sound.

SARAH

BOYD!

MAN (O.S.)

He's choking!

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh my God.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

Someone help him!

Eliza and other men grab Boyd, patting his back frantically. Boyd looks at his mother, pure terror in his eyes. He clutches his throat, pleading for her to save him.

Sarah looks on powerlessly.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob T., several porters and a few men rush Boyd in as Sarah, Eliza and Richard usher in STEPHEN, 22, nervous as hell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN

I'm just a medical student.

SARAH

Please help him.

Bob T. approaches a long table covered with dozens of plates filled with berries and pastries. Sarah sweeps her arm and sends them all crashing to the floor.

Bob T. gently places Boyd on the table. They lock eyes. Both fear the worst. Stephen steps up.

STEPHEN

I need a knife.

Bob T. grabs the same BUTCHER KNIFE he used before and hands it to Stephen who takes it. He holds it over Boyd's throat.

Richard grabs onto his mother. Sarah turns to Eliza.

SARAH

Take him out of here!

Eliza understands. She takes Richard's hand and yanks him out of the kitchen.

As Boyd gasps for life, Stephen puts his hand on his throat and feels roughly for the blockage.

BOB T.

Steady, man.

(to Sarah)

You shouldn't watch this.

SARAH

He's my son. I'm not going anywhere.

His hand shaking uncontrollably, Stephen puts the tip of the knife on Boyd's throat. The boy's face is dark purple. His eyes are rolling back in his head.

Stephen pushes down on the knife, the tip of the blade punctures the throat. A small ribbon of BLOOD trickles out.

Bob T. puts his arm around Sarah, squeezes her tight.

As Stephen presses down firmly, Boyd's hands SHOOT UP and grab the knife. He WRESTLES Stephen for it, both grasping the handle desperately.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

NO!

BOB T.

Son! Stop!

Stephen strains while Bob T. holds Boyd's shoulders, forcing him back down.

Boyd GRABS onto the knife with both hands, twisting it from side to side, SLICING OPEN his own throat. Stephen is powerless to stop him.

Boyd yanks the blade free, ripping through his neck and SEVERING his own carotid artery.

Sarah SCREAMS.

BLOOD SPURTS up and hits Bob T. and Stephen like a geyser. Boyd drops the knife. It clatters to the floor.

Stephen presses down on the wound but the blood SEEPS through his fingers.

The porters and other men step back in horror.

Bob T. holds onto his son, watching him bleed out, his life slipping away.

Boyd's eyes roll back and his body falls still.

SARAH

No, no, no, NO!

She throws herself on top of him.

SARAH

Boyd!

Bob T. and Sarah hold Boyd. Blood drips onto the floor with its shattered plates. A dark operating room. A twisted butcher's shop.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - MORNING

A long line of horse-drawn carriages are being loaded with luggage. Porters also load a few Model T's.

Bob T. watches from a window above. He looks like a prisoner in a tower.

INT. WATSON SUITE - DAY

Bob T. watches the carriages pull away. Long beat on his back. He turns from the window, and now WE SEE his face -- he's shattered.

He looks across the room. Sarah stares off into space. She won't meet his eyes.

AS Bob T. steps OUT OF FRAME, WE GO OFF the window, sunlight streaming in --

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The once bustling lobby is now nearly empty. A few GUESTS check out at the front desk.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - CORRIDORS - DAY

Empty.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - COLORADO LOUNGE - DAY

The light streams through the windows, but the room's only occupant, Richard, sits in a dark corner.

Eliza crosses the room to him.

ELIZA

I am so, so sorry, Richard, so --

She starts to tear up then collects herself for his sake.

ELIZA

We're going to have the burial soon. Do you know what that is?

He nods slightly. Her heart breaks for him.

ELIZA

And then I'm going to take you all out of here. We'll seal this place up and forget it even exists.

She looks around. The hotel already feels haunted.

RICHARD

It was my fault.

ELIZA

No, honey, it was an accident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD

I saw the men. I didn't say anything.

ELIZA

What men?

RICHARD

The men who died in the flood.

She shakes her head, confused.

RICHARD

Daddy's first crew. They drowned on the road from Sidewinder. We watched them all die.

(beat)

They were at the party.

ELIZA

Your mother told me you see things. And you've been through a great shock. Sweetie, there are no men.

She gently lifts his chin for him to look at her.

ELIZA

And it was not your fault.

RICHARD'S POV

Over Eliza's shoulder is KILGALLON, dripping wet. Rotted.

BACK TO SCENE

Richard SCREAMS.

Eliza is so surprised she nearly falls over.

SARAH (O.S.)

Richard! Richard!

She runs into the room carrying a small suit. She throws her arms around Richard.

SARAH

What is it?

He clings to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZA

He says he saw something.

Sarah clutches him.

ELIZA

He's been through so much. You
all have.

SARAH

They're just dreams. That's all
they are. They're not real. My
baby. They're not real.

She holds him tight. Eliza gives them space, then
notices the suit.

ELIZA

Is that for Boyd?

SARAH

He needs to be cleaned for... he
can't be like that.

Eliza takes the suit.

ELIZA

I'll do it.

SARAH

I'm his mother.

ELIZA

Exactly.

She kisses her sister, then exits, leaving mother and son
to mourn in peace.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - KITCHEN - DAY

Eliza enters and crosses to Boyd, still lying on the
table. All the blood has been cleaned up. A mop and
bucket lean against a nearby counter.

She steps up to the body and stands over it, looking
down.

Boyd, his eyes closed, looks peaceful. A towel covers
the gash in his throat.

Eliza is overcome with waves of grief. Tears flood her
eyes. She looks away only to see --

The BLOODY KNIFE on another counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks back down at Boyd, half-expecting him to open his eyes. She steels herself, then removes the towel.

STAY ON her as she registers that terrible wound. AS she uses the towel to clean the blood --

INT. WATSON SUITE - DAY

Bob T. sits in the dark, a bourbon in his hand.

A gentle knock at the door. Sarah enters. She wears black with a veil over her face.

SARAH

We're ready.

He doesn't move. She approaches him and can see his face for the first time. He's absolutely devastated. Not the strong, dynamic center of her universe.

BOB T.

I can't do this.

Neither can she but she's exhausted. She just needs to get it over with.

SARAH

They're waiting.

He doesn't move.

SARAH

I can't do this either, Bob T. I can't stand there and be strong for Richard. I can't watch as they put my baby boy in a box and lower him into the ground. I'm not made for that.

(collects herself)

But I'll do it. And you will, too.

She holds out her hand. He stands to take it. Together, they exit the room.

EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY

A CONGREGATION watches as a pine casket is lowered into the ground.

Bob T., Sarah, Richard and Eliza, all brokenhearted, stand closest to the grave. Sarah holds onto Richard, tears streaming down their cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob T. tries to retain his composure. He knows this great loss is on him.

Richard looks around fearfully, expecting to see ghosts.

A MINISTER closes his Bible.

Rutherford and other men, dressed in their Sunday best, watch solemnly then, taking their cue from the minister, start to disperse.

Sarah gives one last look then leads Richard away. She stumbles and he catches her. He leads her off.

Bob T. stares into the grave. His fallen son. He doesn't pay any attention to the two GRAVEDIGGERS who wait respectfully to one side.

SHOT FROM ABOVE

The grave is like an open scar in the earth. SNOW begins to fall, softly at first, then heavier and heavier.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - NIGHT

The family eats at the long dining table, each far apart from the others. Bob T. and Sarah sit at the far ends with Eliza and Richard on either side of the table. They eat in silence. There's nothing to say. The clinking of silverware on the china echoes throughout the Colorado Lounge.

Bob T. stops eating and sits back, tears welling up in his eyes.

Sarah watches him sympathetically but doesn't move. She's careful to give him his space.

Richard stops and watches his father. It makes him nervous to see him so emotional but following his mother's lead, he says nothing.

Eliza sits in respectful silence.

Bob T. stands and throws his napkin down on his plate, then strides across the room and exits.

OFF the three of them, in shared pain --

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

Bob T. enters and crosses to the bar.

No one's there.

He steps behind the bar, grabs a bottle of bourbon, and pours a tall glass.

He downs it, then takes a beat as it burns his throat. He pours another, even taller, and sits at the bar.

He looks up at the mirror and SEES --

His own reflection -- older, weaker. Broken.

As he takes a sip, there's --

NOISE behind him, as if someone's CHOKING.

He turns.

The room is EMPTY.

He scans the room, positive he heard something, but he's alone. Slowly, he spins back around and, seeing only his reflection staring back at him, continues his drink.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES DOWN the hall and STOPS at --

ROOM 217.

INT. ROOM 217 - NIGHT

Eliza crosses into the room. She slips off her shoes, untucks her blouse, and pours herself a drink. She then crosses to --

THE BATHROOM

Eliza looks around, then steps to the tub and turns on the faucet. She feels the water. When it heats up a bit, she flips the drainstop so the tub begins to fill. She adjusts the water, then turns to the mirror.

She catches sight of her own REFLECTION. She sets the glass down on the vanity and removes her earrings, putting them beside the glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She starts to unbutton her blouse, then stops. Did she hear a NOISE in the next room?

ELIZA

Hello?

She exits the bathroom.

ELIZA

Is someone here?

She enters the room proper and looks at the door. Closed. She then scans the room. Just as she left it. She takes a beat, then returns to the --

BATHROOM

CAMERA STAYS IN the room as Eliza shuts the bathroom door behind her.

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah tucks Richard into bed.

SARAH

Sleep tight, darling. We're leaving first thing in the morning.

RICHARD

What about Boyd? Won't he be lonely without us?

SARAH

Boyd's not lonely. He's in heaven now.

RICHARD

What if he's not?

SARAH

Don't say that.

RICHARD

I didn't mean anything, Mother. It's just...

He starts to cry.

RICHARD

He always looked out for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

I know.

RICHARD

And I didn't look out for him.

SARAH

Sweetheart...

She kisses him and holds him tight. After a beat --

SARAH

I love you.

RICHARD

I love you, too.

She kisses him again, then stands and tucks him in.

SARAH

Get some sleep.

She turns off the light, then exits.

HOLD ON RICHARD, falling asleep.

Long beat.

Boyd's arm comes INTO FRAME and drapes around Richard.

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

Sarah folds one of Bob T.'s shirts, then puts it in a suitcase full of clothes. There are several others laid out, all open and full. She's getting things ready to leave first thing in the morning.

Bob T. enters. She looks up at him and sees his eyes are red. She can also tell he's been drinking.

He examines the suitcases, then crosses to the closet and removes some suits. He carries them back to the bed and drops them in an open suitcase. He pushes the suits down, but it's a large pile and the suitcase won't close. He pushes down harder -- frustrated -- angry -- until finally, he's smashing the suits down to make them fit.

Sarah watches sadly.

Bob T. slams the suitcase shut, but the clothes are hanging out. He throws the suitcase across the room, then sits on the bed and holds his head in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sarah goes to him, puts her arms around him, and kisses his head.

BOB T.

When he was born, I was at the silver mine in Placer. Couldn't get away, remember?

SARAH

Of course I remember.

BOB T.

And when you had Richard, my father had just been gunned down in Denver.

She nods sadly.

BOB T.

I was always off somewhere. I'd come home every few months, and they'd peek up at me from behind your skirt. There he is. Finally. Papa. Is that what the old sod looks like?

She laughs.

BOB T.

I knew you had everything you could want, but I'll admit, it never felt like a home. It was disconcerting.

SARAH

It wasn't disconcerting.

BOB T.

It was easier for me to be out there on the line. Men driving stakes, laying tracks. Strikes, mudslides. I understand all that. I'm good at that. But the moment I stepped through those doors, with the boys grabbing my legs and you in the parlor... I was lost.

She brushes some hair out of his eyes as she listens.

BOB T.

If I couldn't live in your world, I had to figure out a way to bring you into mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Is that what this Overlook is?
Another world?

Beat.

BOB T.

Boyd understood. He knew what
this place means.
(long beat)
What have I done?

SARAH

I want to blame myself as well.
Maybe I --

He grabs her.

BOB T.

Don't. Don't you do that.
(softer)
This was me. This hotel cost us
everything. Boyd was the price I
paid.

He's thinking about the flood and the men who died
because of his hubris. A curse now hangs over him, a
curse that has taken his son.

Sarah studies him a beat, then --

SARAH

We've all paid that price, my
love. You, me, Richard.

Bob T. looks up. He hasn't thought of him at all.

BOB T.

Richard...

SARAH

We lost a son and Richard lost his
big brother. His whole world. He
may not understand what this place
means but he's your son, too.

OFF Bob T., remembering that he's still a father --

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bob T. enters. He's surprised to find all the lights on
and Richard sitting up in bed, wide awake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

Having trouble sleeping, huh?

Richard clutches the covers. Bob T. straightens them and sits on the bed.

BOB T.

Me, too. I imagine that'll be the case for awhile.

He sees how frightened his son is.

BOB T.

I made a promise to you and Boyd that I would never let anything happen to you. That was a promise I didn't keep. Boyd got hurt and you, you're going to grow up without him. I can't tell you how sorry I am for that. For both of you. I know how close you were. How much --

He chokes back tears, not wanting to break down in front of his son. He needs to be strong now but the pain --

Richard touches his hand.

RICHARD

You don't have to cry for Boyd, Papa. Really. He's not scared.

Bob T. looks at him, not sure he follows.

RICHARD

He told me.

It takes a beat before Bob T. realizes what he's actually saying.

BOB T.

You saw him?

Richard nods.

BOB T.

No, you didn't. You couldn't. He's gone. I know you want to -- I want to as well -- but --

RICHARD

I did. Like the others. The men -- from the flood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.
Stop it! Stop --

RICHARD
I --

Bob T. SLAPS him.

They stare at each other, both stunned. Bob T. then remembers Richard is just a child. A child who needs his father now.

BOB T.
I'm so sorry, Richard.

He delicately brushes Richard's slapped cheek.

BOB T.
Where? You saw him? You can tell me.

Richard is afraid to answer.

BOB T.
(calls out)
Boyd? Are you here? Richard has to go to sleep now. He can't play with you.

He stands.

BOB T.
Boyd? Come out, come out wherever you are.

He crosses to the window --

BOB T.
Are you over here?

He pulls the drapes aside. Nothing. He looks at Richard assuredly.

He crosses to the closet.

BOB T.
Are you in here?

He opens it. Empty. He gestures to Richard -- "See?"

Richard watches him cross back to the bed and stoop down.

BOB T.
Are you under the bed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He lifts the bedsheet and peers UNDER THE BED where --

BOYD holds a finger to his lips -- shhh!

Bob T. freezes, his blood running cold. He stares at his once-dead son, now seemingly alive.

RICHARD

Papa?

Bob T. forces himself to stand his ground.

RICHARD

What is it?

Bob T. lifts the sheet again.

Nothing.

BOB T.

Nothing.

(beat)

You go to sleep. I'll stay here.
Make sure you're all right.

He kisses Richard, then tucks him in. He backs away and sits in a chair facing the bed. OFF Bob T., waiting for Boyd to show himself again --

INT. WATSON SUITE - MORNING

Bob T. enters. He lumbers like he's in a stupor.

SARAH

Is everything all right? Where
have you been?

BOB T.

We can't leave today.

She looks at him incredulously.

BOB T.

We need to stay here. Like a
family. This is where we belong.

She realizes he's wrestling with something.

SARAH

Boyd is gone. We can't change
that. It's time for us to go.

BOB T.

We're staying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
All winter? That's mad.

BOB T.
There's plenty of provisions.

SARAH
How could you even consider --
what are you not telling me?

He wants to tell her about Boyd -- that he IS here, that
they can't leave him behind -- but he realizes she'll
think him insane.

BOB T.
We're ruined.

SARAH
What?

He looks away.

SARAH
How much?

No answer.

SARAH
How much, Bob T.?

BOB T.
It's gone.

She takes that in. A betrayal.

SARAH
All of it?

BOB T.
The railroads, the land. Your
trust.

That hits her hard.

BOB T.
We can't leave. We have nowhere
else to go.

SARAH
How will we live?

BOB T.
I'll keep us afloat until the
hotel re-opens.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T. (CONT'D)

Once money starts coming in,
things'll turn around in no time.

She searches for answers. How did it all come to this?

SARAH

I'll ask Eliza for it. She'll
lend us whatever we need.

BOB T.

No, I won't have your family bail
us out again.

SARAH

You're not right on the subject,
Bob T. Your precious Overlook.
You wouldn't listen to anyone,
kept insisting on this.

BOB T.

Sarah... you know what'll happen.
We'll go back to how it was
before. You with your
distractions, your appointments,
your tea parties. Richard will
pull further into whatever world
has him. And me, I'll have to
start over. I'll be forced to go
as far away as often as possible.

She knows he's right.

BOB T.

If we leave now, we'll lose all we
have left. Each other. The only
way for us to carry on -- you, me,
Richard -- is to stay here.
Together. As a family.

OFF Sarah, torn --

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - MORNING

A heavy fog has descended. A DRIVER waits beside a
running Model T.

INTERCUT --

INT. LOBBY

Eliza, wearing gloves and a jacket, crosses to the main
entrance. She is accompanied by a PORTER carrying her
suitcases. She sees Sarah waiting for her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eliza notices that Sarah is not wearing a jacket. She looks outside to see --

The driver opens the trunk, which is clearly empty. The porter places the luggage inside.

ELIZA

Where are your bags?

Sarah looks at her sadly. Eliza understands immediately.

ELIZA

You can't be serious. You need to get away from this dreadful place.

SARAH

(trying to convince
herself)

This will be good.

ELIZA

You're going to live here? All winter? You'll starve.

SARAH

Bob T.'s taken care of all that.

Eliza can't wrap her head around what she's hearing.

ELIZA

What about Richard? Do you really think this is the place for him now?

Before Sarah can answer, Bob T. approaches.

ELIZA

(using sugar, not
vinegar)

Bob T., darling, my sister tells me there's been a change of plans. Whatever loose ends you may have, I imagine you can handle them from Denver.

He stands next to Sarah.

BOB T.

This is our home now.

ELIZA

(exasperated)

It's a hotel. And this is a mistake.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZA (CONT'D)

(beat; to both)

You've had an unfathomable shock
to the system. You're not
thinking clearly.

SARAH

Eliza, please, let it be.

She looks sideways at Bob T.

SARAH

This is the right thing for us.
It's our decision.

Eliza takes this in -- her sister and Bob T. united.
More a couple than they've ever been. She realizes she's
not going to convince them.

ELIZA

I wish you'd change your mind.

Sarah smiles.

ELIZA

You always were a stubborn one.
I'll write you every week.

She leans forward and hugs Sarah.

ELIZA

Then you take care.

They clutch each other tightly.

SARAH

I love you.

Eliza kisses her, then cuts Bob T. a suspicious look.

ELIZA

Mind her well.

He nods.

ELIZA

I hope this brings you peace.

She exits.

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Eliza crosses to the car. She looks back at her sister
and Bob T. again as Richard joins them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD

She's leaving? Aren't we going
with her?

SARAH

This is where we belong.

She puts her arms around him, but he runs to Eliza and
hugs her.

RICHARD

Good-bye, Auntie.

ELIZA

You take care of yourself,
Richard.

She hugs him.

ELIZA

Remember, the things you see,
they're just pictures. They're
not real. They can't hurt you.

He nods, convinced he knows more about it than she does.
She gets in the car and the driver shuts the door.

Richard rejoins his parents as they watch the driver
cross to his door and get in the car. Bob T. puts his
hands on his shoulders. Richard, surprised, looks up at
his father.

INTERCUT --

INT. CAR

As the car pulls away, WE SEE Bob T., Sarah and Richard
THROUGH the back window, OVER Eliza's shoulder. They
turn and start to enter the Overlook, but before they do,
they DISSOLVE LIKE GHOSTS.

OVER BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE: SUMMER

FADE IN:

INT. GOLD ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Empty. Silent.

INT. GOLD ROOM - DAY

The room is barren except for chairs stacked against the far wall.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Wooden boxes and canned goods line shelves.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

The room is entered by a set of concrete steps on the left. On the right side is a closed DOOR leading to parts unknown.

Bob T. and Richard install the Overlook's new BOILER. The room's poorly lit by a flickering light bulb. No window. The boiler is a great metal monstrosity with many pipes running into it.

Bob T. is on his knees beside it, fastening a pipe with a wrench.

Richard stands on the other side trying to fasten another pipe. Bob T. watches his son struggle a bit, then helps him.

Bob T. nods and Richard flips open a valve. Bob T. removes some matches from his pocket. He's about to light one, but hands them to Richard. Richard takes them, nervously strikes a match, and holds it underneath the boiler, lighting the pilot light.

It IGNITES. Bob T. opens the valve some and the pilot light GROWS.

A BEAT as they watch the hypnotic flame.

Bob T. studies it, then smiles at Richard. Richard realizes this is a moment for them, a step forward. He swells with pride.

OFF the two of them beside the boiler, Richard standing, Bob T. still on his knees, father and son --

INT. THIRD FLOOR - DAY

Sarah steps out of the stairwell and starts down the hall. After a few steps, she stops and looks around, confused. She's never been in this part of the hotel. She continues to look around, then heads back into the stairwell.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sarah follows a hallway along.

SARAH'S POV

The hallway turns a corner.

RESUME SARAH

Curiously, she presses on. She reaches the end of the hall, then turns to FIND --

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

A Victorian-style library/lounge. Ceiling-high wooden shelves are stacked with books. Ladders are hung on rails so one can reach the top shelves. Tasteful sofas, tables, and chairs. Glistening Tiffany lamps. Warm. Inviting.

Sarah is struck with wonder.

She enters and looks around in amazement. She approaches a shelf and examines some of the names of the books --

Brontë, Dickens, Twain.

She delicately runs her finger along a book's spine and then, for the first time in a long time...

Sarah SMILES.

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - DAY

Bob T. stands on a ladder repairing a shutter. As he tightens the hinge, he hears a COUGH. He stops and listens.

Another COUGH -- loud -- almost on top of him.

BOB T.

(worried)

Richard? Are you all right?

He looks around. No one's there.

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Bob T. walks along the side of the hotel. He peers in a window to SEE --

Richard painting a wall at the far end of the lobby.

Bob T. hears another COUGH, but this time, it's the unmistakable sound of CHOKING.

BOB T.
Boyd? Is that you?

He hears it AGAIN and, convinced it's Boyd, he chases after the sound.

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Bob T. runs along the side of the hotel.

BOB T.
BOYD!

He turns a corner to FIND --

EXT. HEDGE MAZE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

A HUGE WALL OF GREEN HEDGES running many yards in each direction, completely cutting Bob T. off.

There's a gap in the front wall, clearly an entrance to what seems to be an expansive maze. Inside the maze are freestanding hedges cut into the shapes of animals -- an elephant, a giraffe, a bear, a rhinoceros. The entrance is guarded by three frightful LIONS.

Bob T. stops, completely startled.

Puzzled, he steps into the maze.

INT. HEDGE MAZE - DAY

Bob T. walks along, bewildered. He brushes the hedges with his hands as he turns this way then that.

QUICK CUTS of him heading deeper into the maze.

TIGHT ON BOB T.

He looks to each side. Where the fuck is he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a few steps forward, then TRIPS. He catches himself, then he makes out something just in front of him.

BOYD'S GRAVESTONE

He examines it in bewilderment. How can that be? In the middle of this maze?

He gets to his feet, turns away from the grave, and starts to head back when he SLAMS into --

HARRY, a gardener, but well-dressed and groomed. He holds garden shears.

BOB T.
What the hell is this?

HARRY
Excuse me, sir?

BOB T.
This...

HARRY
It's our topiary. Brilliant idea.
The children will love it. I've
finally gotten that lion right
where I want her. Would make ol'
Samson himself proud, don't you
think, sir?
(beaming)
Very smart.
(back to Bob T.)
If I may say so myself.

BOB T.
Who are you?

HARRY
I'm Harry, sir. Harry Pryce. You
hired me last week.

BOB T.
I did?

HARRY
You did. To look after all this.

Bob T. doesn't remember.

BOB T.
Good work...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Harry.

BOB T.

Harry.

He starts to walk away.

HARRY

Oh, I wouldn't go in there any further, sir. Would take a man hours to find his way out of it, it being so late. Unless you have a spool of thread, that is.

(points)

That way out, sir.

Bob T. nods, then heads off. In the b.g., Harry starts pruning.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the large, silent, empty kitchen. Stacked metal bowls gleam in the dim light. Large pans hang from hooks. Rows of knives line the wall.

CAMERA MOVES AROUND A CORNER TO FIND --

Sarah carrying a tray of roast beef. As she heads through the kitchen, she stops and SEES --

The TABLE where Boyd died.

Tears form in her eyes but she steadies herself and heads out.

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - NIGHT

Bob T. and Richard are seated at a small round table set for dinner. Bob T. spies Sarah entering the room. He shoots up from his chair.

BOB T.

Let me help you, darling.

He crosses to her and takes the tray. He notices the food does not look appetizing.

BOB T.

Smells delicious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

I'll be pleased if it's at least edible.

Bob T. puts the tray on the table and starts cutting the meat.

BOB T.

Perfect.

Richard pulls out his mother's chair. She sits as Bob T. serves her and Richard.

They serve some roasted vegetables, then bow their heads and hold hands to say grace.

BOB T.

Thank You, Lord, for this meal.
Please remember Your beloved son,
Boyd, always.

SARAH/RICHARD

Amen.

They begin to eat. Bob T. takes the first bite. It's horrible.

BOB T.

My dear, you're as talented as any Frenchman. We should open a bistro in the 6th and drive them all into the Seine.

RICHARD

It's good, Mother.

SARAH

Thank you, darling. With the staff gone, I'll be sharpening my culinary skills. Just like you're learning your trades. We need to make the most of this time.

Bob T. sips his wine.

SARAH

Thank goodness I found the library. So many books. I'll be lucky to make a dent in them by Spring.

BOB T.

You found the what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

The library. Quite a lovely
sitting room.

Bob T. says nothing, hiding the fact that the hotel has
no library.

SARAH

I can't believe I never saw it
before.

RICHARD

That's a smart addition, Papa.
The guests will love it.

BOB T.

That's what's important, isn't it?

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

Bob T. removes his jacket and tie. As he removes his
cufflinks, he SPIES --

A stack of books near Sarah's side of the bed. He
crosses and picks them up, reading their titles.

The Moon and Sixpence by Somerset Maugham; *Dubliners* by
James Joyce; *Milton's Paradise Lost*; and *Frankenstein* by
Mary Shelley.

Sarah enters and he replaces the books.

SARAH

Richard is all tucked in. I read
some Jack London to him.

BOB T.

A man after my own heart.

SARAH

He's challenged me to a croquet
match tomorrow. Will you join us?

BOB T.

I want to reseal some windows on
the top floor. There's a lot to
do before the new season.

SARAH

I never thought our days would be
so full.

She crosses to him and upon reaching him, turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Would you be so kind?

He starts to unbutton the back of her dress. He caresses her neck and slips the dress off her shoulders. He pulls her close and starts kissing the nape of her neck.

She puts her hands out behind her and pulls him close as he continues to kiss her. She turns to him.

They kiss. It's gentle and loving. They take their time, enjoying this intimate space together, forgetting their past pain. The only thing that matters to them now is each other.

They kiss deeply. Passionately. And then Bob T. holds her face gently. She takes a small step back. He slides the dress off her. It drops to the floor and she steps out of it. He takes in her beauty.

She smiles, embarrassed, then closes the distance and starts unbuttoning his shirt.

As they kiss --

ANGLE FROM ACROSS THE ROOM

The CAMERA feels STRANGE -- GHOSTLY -- A VOYEUR. It's as if the Overlook itself is watching them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

PEERING FROM THE ADJACENT ROOM.

CAMERA MOVES SLIGHTLY AROUND a doorjamb to FIND --

Bob T. leading Sarah to the bed.

RESUME NORMAL POV

She lies on the bed. Bob T. looks at her lovingly then lies beside her. They begin to make love.

VOYEUR POV

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER TO the bed, where Bob T. and Sarah, now nude, make love.

CAMERA REACHES the foot of the bed and STOPS. WATCHES.

RESUME NORMAL POV

The love-making becomes more passionate. Bob T. climbs on top of Sarah. He starts to thrust -- passionately -- then forcefully -- then roughly.

She flinches in pain.

Bob T.'s face darkens. He thrusts again -- angrily.

SARAH

Stop.

He thrusts again. It hurts her.

SARAH

Stop!

She pushes him off and stumbles out of bed. She trips and FALLS INTO the night table.

Bob T. watches, horrified with himself.

Sarah gets up and turns to him. There's a bruise on her cheekbone.

BOB T.

(flabbergasted)

I'm sorry... I'm --

SARAH

It was too much.

BOB T.

You've hurt yourself. Darling.

I'm so sorry. I don't know what --

She pulls a sheet around herself. She's embarrassed and shaken.

SARAH

I'm fine.

She feels her bruise.

SARAH

I'm going to get some ice.

She grabs a robe and exits.

Bob T. sits up and thinks about what just happened.

Tries to imagine what came over him.

VOYEUR POV

WATCHING Bob T.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Moonlight streams through the small windows near the ceiling. Sarah enters and flips a light switch.

Nothing happens.

She flips it again and again. Still nothing.

She sighs, then makes her way through the dark kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - WALK-IN FREEZER - NIGHT

TOTAL BLACKNESS. The door opens and some light spills in from the kitchen. Sarah enters a few steps and turns on the interior light. She looks around.

Large blocks of ICE line the walls. Sides of beef hang from hooks.

She approaches one of the blocks. An ice pick rests on top. She lifts it, examines it, then chips away at the ice, knocking off a piece that she holds up to her bruise. It burns so she PUTS THE ICE PICK IN HER POCKET and removes a cloth that she uses to wrap the ice.

She doesn't notice SOMETHING in the doorway blocking the exterior light. As she holds the ice to her cheekbone, she looks at the DOORWAY --

NORAH stares at her.

Sarah jumps.

NORAH

I'm sorry, ma'am. I didn't mean to startle you.

(notices bruise)

Are you all right?

SARAH

(shaken)

Yes. I'm fine. I thought all the staff had left for the season.

NORAH

It's hard to leave the Overlook.
Are you enjoying it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
Given the circumstances.

NORAH
Your boy. No mother should suffer
that. My condolences.

SARAH
Thank you.

NORAH
I've lost a number of children
myself.

SARAH
I'm sorry to hear that.

NORAH
Thank you, ma'am.

An awkward beat.

SARAH
Well, I've gotten my ice. I'll be
heading back to bed.

NORAH
Of course. Good night, ma'am.

Sarah nods politely, then turns to switch off the light.

When she turns back --

NORAH'S GONE.

Sarah takes a beat, then starts to exit the freezer.

The door SLAMS in her face.

BLACK.

SARAH
Hello?

She turns the light back ON, then leans against the door.
The handle doesn't budge. She tries it again and again.

SARAH
Hello! I'm locked in.

No answer.

She tries the handle again, then rattles it. She fights
down her panic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Hello! I'm still in here! Open
this door!

She pounds on the door.

SARAH

Help!

She grabs the handle and shakes it violently.

SARAH

Help!

She looks at her hand. It's smeared with BLOOD.

She backs away, brushing against a rack of shelves lined
with sides of beef, each wrapped in heavy butcher block
paper.

An ARM swings down from one of the sides of beef.

It's small and frail -- that of a LITTLE GIRL -- and
covered with BITE MARKS where pieces of flesh were gouged
out.

The girl's hand hangs limp. Sarah studies it in horror,
then looks around the room.

All of the sides of beef are now severed BODY PARTS --
arms, legs, hands, torsos, all HALF-EATEN, exposing the
GUTS and BONES beneath the rotted flesh.

Sarah grabs the door handle again and rattles it with all
her strength.

SARAH

Help me! Let me --

A red rivulet of BLOOD slowly streaks down the door.
Then ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. The door is DRIPPING BLOOD.

Sarah backs away. She SEES --

BLOOD running in dark red streaks down all four white,
icy walls. The room is BLEEDING.

SARAH

No, no.

She is paralyzed with fear. The blood oozes more heavily
and the walls run red. The room looks alive -- PULSING --
as if Sarah's been devoured and is inside a living body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
Help me, for God's sake!

She charges the door and grabs the handle but it's ripped from her hands as the door flies open to REVEAL --

BOB T.

Sarah falls into his arms. He holds her. She looks around -- no body parts, no blood.

BOB T.
What happened?

She's in shock but forces herself to answer.

SARAH
It was that woman. She locked me in.

BOB T.
What woman?

SARAH
The maid. Norah. I... I guess...
I panicked.

Beat. Neither one of them knows what to think.

BOB T.
We've had a long night.

He clutches her tightly and leads her off. As they exit, he turns off the light and shuts the door.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob T. stands at his desk. He has laid out a set of sketches before Rutherford, who eyes them skeptically.

BOB T.
(excitedly)
Push these trees back, extend the patio, put in a second pool and these rooms become private villas. When we open our doors next season, this place will be bursting at the seams.

Rutherford chooses his words carefully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUTHERFORD

Perhaps I didn't make myself clear, sir. The accounts aren't depleted. They're completely empty.

Bob T. goes right back to the sketches.

BOB T.

We'll be in the black by summer. Of course, we'd have to put in French doors which involves moving these powder rooms --

RUTHERFORD

(raises his voice)
I even closed out the petty cash account last Thursday so I could pay the utilities. There will be no next season!

Bob T. stops.

RUTHERFORD

I'm afraid the damage is done. People are saying the Overlook is cursed.

Bob T. glares at him.

BOB T.

This is Parris. He put you up to this.

RUTHERFORD

Excuse me?

BOB T.

He had you raid my accounts, didn't he?

RUTHERFORD

Sir --

BOB T.

Of course it was. He wants the Overlook. So he sent a sniveling Eastern dandy as a thief.

Rutherford looks at him, trying to gather his thoughts.

RUTHERFORD

I believe the time has come for me to thank you for my employment and give my notice. I'll waive any further emolument.

BOB T.

Go on, then. Get the fuck out of here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T. (CONT'D)

You don't belong in the West anyway. I'm Bob T. Watson. I built railroads. You don't understand what the West is all about. Get out. GET OUT!

AS Rutherford exits, STAY ON BOB T. as he sweeps all the sketches off the desk --

SARAH (V.O.)

(pre-lap)

'There were no sign of a fire to be made, and, besides, never in the dog's experience had it known a man to sit like that in the snow and make no fire.'

OFF Bob T. --

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Richard lies in bed, Sarah sits beside him, reading aloud Jack London's "To Build a Fire."

SARAH

'As the twilight drew on, its eager yearning for the fire mastered it, and with a great lifting and shining of forefeet, it whined softly, then flattened its ears down in anticipation of being chidden by the man. But the man remained silent. Later, the dog whined loudly. And still later it crept close to the man and caught the scent of death --'

RICHARD

He died?

SARAH

Yes, sitting in the snow. He froze to death.

Richard takes that in. Sarah closes the book.

SARAH

Tomorrow, we'll read a happier story.

RICHARD

It was good that the dog survived.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

I suppose so.

She kisses his forehead. He settles down to sleep.

RICHARD

I bet the dog still sees the man.

SARAH

The man's dead.

RICHARD

That doesn't mean anything.

(dreamy)

I still see all the others.

SARAH

What others?

He catches himself.

RICHARD

I'm not supposed to say anything.

SARAH

Darling, you know it's not good to keep secrets.

Richard hesitates, then --

RICHARD

You won't tell Papa I told you?

SARAH

Tell me, sweetheart.

RICHARD

When he brought us up the mountain. The rains came. A wall of water, like a river of snowmelt, it drowned all the men.

Sarah puts it all together.

SARAH

Papa's first crew.

Richard is afraid to say more.

SARAH

And you see them now?

He nods slowly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
Who else do you see?

RICHARD
A lady, Mrs. McCready. She's
Irish. Stern. She says she ate
her babies, then died in the snow.

She ponders this, then a terrible thought hits her --

SARAH
Do you see your brother?

Richard looks at her, too terrified to answer.

SARAH
Richard -- do you see Boyd?

RICHARD
Papa saw him, too.

OFF Sarah, her world crashing down --

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

A glass of bourbon slams down on the bar. A hand raises
it up.

Bob T. drinks. He looks ahead at his face in the mirror.

SARAH (O.S.)
Bob T.!

Bob T. takes another drink.

Sarah enters and crosses hurriedly.

SARAH
Put that drink down and look at
me.

She glares at him. Bob T. puts the drink down.

SARAH
What happened to your first crew?

Bob T. hides his surprise for a few seconds, then
answers.

BOB T.
I told you. The foreman rerouted
them to Denver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
You said no more lies.

She looks at him, heartbroken. Bob T. realizes he's caught, that he's betrayed her.

BOB T.
How could I tell you?

SARAH
Those poor men... and you built this hotel anyway? You were right about Boyd's death -- it's on your head.

BOB T.
Don't say that.

SARAH
It's God's judgment for your sin. That's why he took our boy.

He knows she's right.

SARAH
Richard sees him. And so did you. He's not at peace. He walks this place, this limbo.

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Richard sits up in bed, shaking. He sees SOMETHING.

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

Bob T. and Sarah argue --

BOB T.
Do you hear yourself? Ghosts. You've got cabin fever. From the isolation. The trauma --

SARAH
You look me in the eye and tell me honestly -- for once in this marriage -- you owe me that.
(beat)
Did you see Boyd?

Beat. Bob T. has to admit --

BOB T.
I don't know what I saw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

This hotel, your beloved Overlook,
it's evil. It killed your men and
now our son.

He listens, not wanting to admit she's right.

SARAH

It won't stop. Not until it has
all of us. Don't you see that?
There's something in this very
land.

(beat)

I hate it here.

BOB T.

Stop.

SARAH

You haven't been in your right
mind. You're possessed. This
place has already taken one son.
I won't let it take another.

BOB T.

We are not leaving Boyd behind.
This is our home.

SARAH

It's his grave.

BOB T.

It's his monument!

SARAH

A monument built on the bones of
your first-born son. On cursed
ground. There's something here,
Bob T. It destroyed the
McCreadys, now us.

He takes that in but doesn't react. It's as if he's
fallen into a trance.

SARAH

Bob T., get the car. I'm going to
get Richard. We'll send for our
things.

He doesn't answer. She exits. OFF Bob T., staring into
his bourbon glass --

INT. LOBBY - ANGLE FROM FAR END OF LOBBY - NIGHT

Sarah runs through.

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - VOYEUR POV - NIGHT

Sarah enters and cuts through. She approaches --

THE STAIRCASE --

-- and runs up it quickly, exiting into the --

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Sarah runs along until she comes to a room. She opens the door --

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

-- and enters. She looks at the bed.

It's empty.

SARAH

Richard?

No answer.

She crosses to the bathroom door and opens it.

SARAH

Richard, are you here?

BATHROOM

It's empty.

She crosses back to the bed and looks under it.

Nothing.

She exits back into --

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

-- and proceeds down the hallway.

TIGHT ON SARAH

She's frantic.

RESUME NORMAL ANGLE

She sprints along looking for Richard, then turns a corner to FIND --

BOYD, dressed in his best suit, the one he died in.

Sarah is horrified.

BOYD

Hello, Mother.

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

Bob T. finishes another drink, then slams down the glass. He has a determined look on his face -- he's not going to let Sarah leave. He stands and turns to the exit, only to FIND --

RICHARD standing behind him.

RICHARD

Papa, it's Boyd.

Bob T. looks at him expectantly.

RICHARD

He's angry.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sarah shakes, convinced this is a nightmare. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out the --

ICE PICK.

BOYD

Don't hurt me.

SARAH

You're... you're not my son.

She holds up the ice pick.

BOYD

Of course I am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

No.

BOYD

I'm your baby.

He starts to slowly walk toward her.

BOYD

Remember whenever Papa went away,
you told me I was the man of the
house.

She remembers.

BOYD

And you used to read to me.
Remember my favorite?

She does. She closes her eyes, hoping to God he doesn't
say --

BOYD

Robinson Crusoe.

SARAH

It can't be...

BOYD

It is. Who else would I be? I
love you.

That touches her. He keeps approaching, getting closer
and closer.

BOYD

I'm so alone now, Mother. So
scared. The others, they're
trying to hurt me.

SARAH

No.

Her heart starts to break. She lowers the ice pick.

BOYD

Don't let them hurt me. Please.
Save me. Will you save me this
time?

SARAH

How?

BOYD

Stay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's torn. She wants to believe it's him, wants to stay here, but...

BOYD
If you leave, they'll --

He looks over his shoulder.

BOYD
They're here. Don't let them hurt me.

He reaches out and hugs her, clinging on tightly. She lets him. The ice pick falls to the floor.

As he hugs her tighter, she puts her arms around him and pulls him close. Her son. Her baby boy. It IS him. She holds onto him, then feels SOMETHING.

She pulls away and SEES --

Boyd, now ROTTED and covered with BLOOD. It DRIPS from the gash in his neck.

He smiles wickedly.

BOYD
Stay with me forever and ever.

She screams, then turns and RUNS. Sarah tears down the hall, sprinting toward the staircase.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE

Bob T. and Richard run into the room as Sarah's SCREAMS ring out. They head toward the --

STAIRCASE TO THE SECOND FLOOR.

Sarah emerges at the top of the marble staircase.

SARAH
It's Boyd!

She starts running down the stairs. Bob T. runs to her.

She TRIPS and goes FLYING headfirst down the marble steps.

She hits a step hard -- CRACKING HER NECK -- then flips head-over-heels. Bones SHATTER. It's as if she's a ragdoll being tossed around by a sadistic child.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She comes to a sickening STOP at the bottom.

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE

Bob T. and Richard rush to Sarah's side. They stand over her crumpled body.

RICHARD

Help her.

Bob T. drops to his knees. He feels for the pulse in her neck, then puts his ear to her mouth.

A long beat as Richard watches. He's panicked, terrified.

Bob T. hears the faintest breath.

BOB T.

Sarah, Sarah. You're going to be all right, darling. Stay with us.

He scoops her in his arms.

BOB T.

Stay with us.

He carries her out of the room, Richard on his heels.

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

Richard opens the door and Bob T. carries Sarah in. He places her on the bed.

BOB T.

Sarah, can you hear me?

He arranges the pillows for her.

BOB T.

(to Richard)

Get a wet cloth.

Richard runs into the bathroom. Distraught, Bob T. looks at his wife.

BOB T.

I'm so sorry.

Richard returns and hands Bob T. a wet cloth. Bob T. uses it to wipe Sarah's face. She opens her eyes. Bob T. and Richard look at her hopefully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

You've had a nasty tumble.

She tries to answer but can't.

BOB T.

Can you speak?

She struggles but can't. Bob T. fears the worst.

RICHARD

What's wrong with her?

Bob T. takes her hand.

BOB T.

Sarah, squeeze my hand. Can you
do that? Squeeze my hand.

Her hand lies limp in his. Bob T. realizes she's
paralyzed.

RICHARD

What is it?

BOB T.

She must have broken her neck.
(to Sarah)
Don't panic, dear. We'll take
care of you.

RICHARD

We need to bring her to a doctor.

BOB T.

I'm afraid to move her.

RICHARD

Then bring a doctor here.

BOB T.

And leave the two of you alone?

RICHARD

Papa, she needs a doctor.

Bob T. considers it. He sees he has no choice. He pats
Richard's hand.

BOB T.

Darling, I'm going to fetch a
doctor.

Her eyes go wide with terror. She doesn't want him to
go, to leave her here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD (O.S.)

Papa.

He's standing by the window. He pulls back the curtains so Bob T. can see.

INTERCUT --

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL

A blizzard rages outside. The landscape is covered with new-fallen snow. The car outside is buried up to its windows.

Bob T. looks at Richard and then Sarah as it hits them all -- they're TRAPPED.

OVER BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE: AUTUMN

FADE IN:

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

Richard DISAPPEARS as Bob T. pulls Sarah's blankets up tight around her neck. He kisses her forehead tenderly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON SUITE - DAY

With Sarah still in bed, Bob T. DISAPPEARS and Richard MATERIALIZES, sitting beside her feeding her soup.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON SUITE - DAY

Sarah, alone in the room, stares out the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON SUITE - DAY

Bob T. and Richard sit beside Sarah. Richard looks at his father. No longer the striding giant conquering the West. Now, just another desperate gambler.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

Bob T. sits beside Sarah, holding her hand.

BOB T.
It's good you didn't leave. It's
good we're together.

Sarah watches him, terrified, heartbroken. A prisoner.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

Bob T. sits in a chair beside Sarah. His head is in her lap. They're both asleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON SUITE - DAY

Richard lies beside Sarah reading to her from James Joyce's *The Dead*.

RICHARD
'Yes, the newspapers were right:
snow was general all over Ireland.
It was falling on every part of
the dark central plain, on the
treeless hills, falling softly
upon the Bog of Allen and farther
westward...'

VOYEUR POV

CAMERA watches them from across the room.

RICHARD
'... softly falling into the dark
mutinous Shannon waves. It was
falling, too, upon every part of
the lonely churchyard on the hill
where Michael Furey lay buried.'

RESUME NORMAL POV

As Sarah listens to the words, they resonate deeply.
Tears form in her eyes.

RICHARD

'It lay thickly drifted on the
crooked crosses and headstones, on
the spears of the little gate, on
the barren thorns.'

Sarah's tears start to stream down her face.

RICHARD

'His soul swooned slowly as he
heard the snow falling faintly
through the universe and faintly
falling, like the descent of their
last end, upon all the living and
the dead.'

Richard closes the book and notices she's crying. He
wipes away her tears. She looks at him sadly. He
settles down beside her and lays his head on her chest,
holding her tightly.

She wishes she could put her arms around him.

OVER BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE: WEDNESDAY

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

THROUGH WINDSHIELD --

It's snowing lightly as a car putters along the road to
the --

INTERCUT --

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL

The car pulls to a stop. The door opens and out steps --

JAMES PARRIS, the banker.

He looks up at the hotel, then enters.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Parris walks through like he owns the place. He looks around cautiously.

PARRIS

Hello?

No answer. He heads toward --

INTERCUT --

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE

-- where Bob T., hunched over, has unrolled a carpet runner over the marble staircase. He's dressed in work clothes and we don't see his face. He pulls the carpet tight, then lines up a carpet stair holder on the first step.

As he nails the first bolt into place --

PARRIS (O.S.)

Hello?

Bob T. looks up and we see his face for the first time. He's unshaven, scraggly, hollow-eyed.

He turns to meet Parris, who calls up to him from the center of the room. He's still holding the hammer.

PARRIS

I'll make this quick, Watson.
Snow's falling and I need to
return to Sidewinder by nightfall.

Bob T. glares at him. He knows why he's here.

PARRIS

You're done, old man. We're
putting you in arrears.
Foreclosure.

BOB T.

You can't sell it. Your
shareholders will have fits if you
suffer such a loss. It'll cost
you your head.

PARRIS

The bank'll be happy to let me pay
them thirty cents on the dollar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob T. heads down the stairs toward him, still carrying the hammer.

BOB T.
Fuck you, Parris. I'll be damned to hell before I let you touch the Overlook.

PARRIS
Then you're damned to hell. Look at you, the great Bob T. Watson. Midas himself, now a handyman. Where's your wife -- washing dishes like a common maid?

Bob T. grips the hammer tightly.

PARRIS
I'll have you moved out straight away. Unless, of course, you want to stay on as the maintenance staff.

Parris takes a final look around, then turns to exit.

Bob T. raises the hammer and charges him.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Papa!

Bob T. stops, lowering the hammer. Richard has entered the room. Bob T. looks at him, wondering what he saw.

RICHARD
Who's this?

Bob T. composes himself.

BOB T.
You remember Mr. Parris from the bank, don't you, son?

RICHARD
Hello.

Parris is oblivious to how close he just came to losing his life.

PARRIS
Hello, son. You be a good boy and help your father.

Before Richard can answer --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

Get out of my hotel, Parris. And
keep your hands off it.

He puts his arm around Richard.

BOB T.

Mark my words. We'll still be
here in 1940. Me and my son.
You'll see. You'll never get rid
of us.

Parris looks at him, convinced he's lost his mind, then
exits.

Bob T. watches him go, his arm still around Richard.

BOB T.

He'll see. We're not going
anywhere, right, Richard?

Richard smiles. He's basking in his father's love.

RICHARD

No, sir. We'll stay right here.

Bob T. nods. Richard sees he's still holding the hammer
and gently takes it from him. Bob T. turns and exits,
heading to the Gold Room for a drink.

OFF Richard, holding the hammer --

INT. GOLD ROOM - DAY

Bob T. crosses to the bar. The room is empty, but
furnished. Bob T. sits at the bar.

He looks up and takes a beat.

BOB T.

Tell me your name again.

ANGLE ON KILGALLON

immaculately dressed, dark circles under his eyes.

KILGALLON

Kilgallon, sir, but please... call
me Lloyd.

Bob T. studies him, trying to remember.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.
Lloyd. Have we met?

Kilgallon (now called LLOYD), nods politely.

LLOYD (KILGALLON)
Yes, sir. You hired me. What'll
it be, Mr. Watson?

BOB T.
Bourbon. Rocks.

Lloyd puts ice in a glass, then pours. He sets the drink
in front of Bob T. Bob T. takes it, swills it, then
takes a sip.

BOB T.
I've really gotten myself in a
jam, Lloyd.

LLOYD
I'm sorry to hear that.

Bob T. drinks.

BOB T.
I've been in tight spots before,
mind you. But nothing like this.
(beat)
This might actually be the end of
the road.

He drinks again, full of despair.

LLOYD
Things will turn around for you,
sir. They always do.

He puts another drink on the bar.

BOB T.
What's that? On the house?
Either way, I can't pay for it.

He laughs. Lloyd smiles.

LLOYD
It's from the gentleman in the
corner.

Bob T. looks at him quizzically, then turns to SEE --

A MAN, weathered and gaunt. He's dressed in a ragged,
old-fashioned coat, but has pulled himself together to
make himself presentable. He tips his whiskey to Bob T.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob T. gets up from the bar and crosses to the Man's table.

BOB T.
Thank you for the drink.

MAN
My pleasure.

BOB T.
May I?

The Man gestures for Bob T. to join him.

BOB T.
I don't believe we've met.

MAN
John McCready.

He extends his hand. Bob T. looks at it, then shakes.

BOB T.
Bob T. Watson.

McCREADY (MAN)
Beautiful place you have here, Mr. Watson.

BOB T.
Thank you.

McCREADY
I remember when I first saw this mountain. Long time ago. The morning sun was just peeking over the ridge, lighting up the slope all pink and gold, a ribbon of orange along the crest.

Bob T. smiles. He's seen that same sight.

McCREADY
Felt like I was knocking on the gates of heaven. Good for you for staking your claim.

BOB T.
Why didn't you stake one yourself?

McCREADY
I did, but let's say I fell victim to bad fortune. Some tell I was soft, that I let this land break me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He glares at Bob T.

McCREADY

It was August. The snow caught us out on the mountain face. The rest of my party got skittish. Me, my wife and ten children, they left us high. When food ran out, the girls ate bark. Stripped the trees bare. One night, fire dying low, baby was wailing. Crying, crying. My wife's breast was dry. All those eyes staring at me through the fire. 'Do something. We need to eat, Papa.' Don't you think I know that? And all the time, that baby a'wailin'.

He drinks. Bob T. listens, horrified.

McCREADY

I took it from my wife's arms. A little girl. How she made it that far, Lord knows. There she was, wailing. The wolves come down off the slopes. Other things. Couldn't see them. No moonlight that night, but you could hear them over the wretched baby's screams... I brained it. Hit it upside a bare-bark tree. Only sound then was the snow kept falling. All those eyes -- those mouths. I skinned it. Put the strips on the fire. Some of them wouldn't eat. Lost another girl the next day. That night, by the fire, none of 'em refused. But one-by-one, we lost 'em all.

After a long beat --

BOB T.

You brought that on yourself, McCready. You brained your own child.

McCready holds him with a cold look.

McCREADY

That was the cost of the deed. Me and my family, we paid for this land in blood. Husband against wife. Father against son. That's the true price of the claim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob T. remembers what Sarah told him.

McCREADY

My sweet Norah... she looked at me
all hateful. As long as I'd live,
she'd never let me forget what
happened. She was the Mother of
Ghosts.

(beat)

Her stares wrapped around my neck,
tighter and tighter, a weight
pulling me down. Deeper and
deeper. Like I was drowning.

Bob T. understands all too well.

McCREADY

They say that's not such a bad way
to go. Drowning. That once you
stop fighting, it's actually quite
peaceful.

Bob T. can only hope that's true. McCready looks around
the room admiringly.

McCREADY

But look what you've done here,
Watson. You're sitting at the top
of the world. Your wife must be
proud.

OFF Bob T., McCready's words ringing true --

EXT. CROQUET COURT - DUSK

Richard knocks a croquet ball with a wooden mallet. It
drives through the light dusting of snow, the length of
the court, through a metal ring.

Richard looks down at his mallet and lines up another
shot with the next ball.

The first ball rolls BACK INTO FRAME -- seemingly under
its own power -- and knocks the second one away OUT OF
FRAME.

Richard realizes someone -- or something -- is playing
with him.

EXT. HEDGE MAZE - DAY

Richard approaches the entrance. He looks up at the
HEDGE ANIMALS. They stare down at him menacingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The elephant is now reared up on its hind legs. The lions are crouching, ready to pounce.

His croquet ball rolls out of the maze and stops at his feet. He looks into the maze where --

BOYD

stands inside the maze, at the far end of a corridor.

RICHARD

Go away, Boyd. I'm not playing with you.

Boyd doesn't answer.

RICHARD

You hurt Mother. Go away.

He looks at the far end of the maze.

Boyd's GONE.

Richard backs away slowly, then runs OFF.

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

Sarah sits up in bed.

VOYEUR POV

She's unable to move and forced to stare out the window at the falling snow.

RESUME NORMAL POV

She senses something. Unable to turn her head, she shifts her eyes to --

THE CORNER OF THE ROOM

The exact spot from which the Voyeur POV was watching her.

The door opens and Bob T. enters.

He locks the door, then crosses to the bed and studies her. She looks back at him, uncomfortable, frustrated that she can't speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob T. enters the --

BATHROOM

He pulls the drain stopper, then starts running the water. It collects and the tub begins to fill.

BACK TO BEDROOM

Sarah hears the water. This isn't her usual bath time. She starts to get nervous.

Bob T. reenters the bedroom. He approaches her and caresses her face, brushing the hair out of her eyes.

BOB T.

My poor Sarah. This is no way to live.

Her eyes go wide with terror.

BOB T.

I tried to make this a home. To bring our family together. But you see Boyd's blood on my hands. Instead of that tragedy bringing us together, you let it tear us apart.

She can't defend herself.

BOB T.

You tried to take Richard away from me. You never asked your sister for the money we needed. And now, we're going to lose our home.

She starts to cry.

BOB T.

How am I supposed to raise our surviving son when you've become such a burden? With you looking at me, hateful. As long as I live, you'll never let me forget what happened, will you?

Sarah wishes she could answer. She wants to scream. She looks at Bob T. pleadingly.

NORAH steps out of the bathroom and stands behind Bob T.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORAH
Your bath is ready, ma'am.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

As Richard walks through the lobby, HE HEARS --
A PARTY.

He stops and listens.

Beat. Yes, it is. The sounds of partygoing grow louder.

He pushes himself toward the sound and into --

INT. GOLD ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Richard heads toward the Gold Room, the noise BUILDS,
as if a full gala is in full swing.

He takes a beat, then enters --

INT. GOLD ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The place is packed, full of GUESTS -- all well-dressed
and bejeweled. Flappers everywhere -- feathers, sequins,
gold, diamonds. The band plays. Everyone is happy,
laughing, LOUD.

WAITERS carry trays to each table -- steak, lobster.
Drinks flow. People CLINK glasses, spilling drinks on
each other then laughing it off. The Roaring Twenties
have reached the Overlook.

Two WORKERS put a ladder in place and a PHOTOGRAPHER
climbs to the top.

The guests excitedly pour into the center of the room.

CAMERA is behind the ladder so it BLOCKS the guests who
are front and center.

MAN (O.S.)
Down in front!

PHOTOGRAPHER
On three, say 'Overlook!' One,
two, three --

ALL
MOONSHINE!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUGHS.

The Photographer snaps the photo. The band starts playing Paul Whiteman's "Stumbling." Several women SHRIEK excitedly. The workers remove the ladder. People start foxtrotting.

Richard walks through the crowd in disbelief. As he heads to the center of the room, guests swirl all around him -- dancing, darting about -- but NO ONE actually touches him.

He reaches the center of the room and looks around in amazement. All of the partygoers are seemingly oblivious to his presence.

Richard readies himself, then SCREAMS --

RICHARD

GET OUT!

THE MUSIC STOPS.

The room freezes -- not a sound.

He looks around. All eyes on him.

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

Bob T. carries Sarah, dressed in her white nightgown, into the --

BATHROOM

Norah watches as he lowers her into the tub.

BOB T.

There you go.

Sarah can't stop this. She can only look at him, panic in her eyes.

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

Richard faces the crowd.

RICHARD

Get out. You don't belong here.

Lloyd steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LLOYD

With all due respect, young sir,
you're the one who doesn't belong
here. But you will... soon.

RICHARD

My father built this place. It's
ours.

Lloyd smiles.

LLOYD

Your father is upstairs with your
mother. They'll be joining the
party soon enough.

RICHARD

Leave them alone.

Lloyd doesn't answer. Richard looks around.

RICHARD

What did we do to you?

The partygoers are now the DEAD CREW, the men killed in
the flood. Their clothes are DRENCHED and TATTERED.
Their skin ROTTED.

INT. WATSON SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bob T. pushes Sarah underwater and holds her there. Norah
stands behind him.

Sarah can't move. Can't fight for her life.

SARAH'S POV

Through the water, Sarah sees only Bob T. holding her
down. No Norah.

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

Richard confronts the drowned men.

RICHARD

Leave us alone!

Boyd steps out from behind Lloyd. He's bloody, his
throat severed.

BOYD

Come play with us, Richard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD
Go away. You're not my brother.

BOYD
I am.

He approaches.

BOYD
And I was Papa's favorite.

Richard knows that's true.

BOYD
He said you were soft.

RICHARD
No.

BOYD
That you're weak.

RICHARD
No.

BOYD
Show him. Show him that's not
true.

Richard looks around desperately, then makes a stand.

RICHARD
No. You're not real.
(strong)
I'll burn this hotel down. To the
ground. That way you'll never
hurt anyone again.

Boyd glares at him, then --

BOYD
Send Mother my love.

Richard understands he needs to get to Sarah to save her.
He starts to push through the crowd toward the exit. The
dead men claw at him. He SCREAMS and fights his way
through.

INT. WATSON SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON Bob T. as he holds Sarah under the water.

SARAH'S POV FROM UNDER THE WATER

Bubbles escape to the surface, distorting her view of Bob T.

RESUME NORMAL POV

Bob T. watches the last bubble and then the water goes still. He looks down at --

Sarah, DROWNED.

He sits back on the floor, a wave of emotion spilling out. He realizes what he's done.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Richard sprints out of the stairwell and races down the hall toward his parents' suite. As he reaches for the door, it opens and Bob T. steps out, blocking him.

RICHARD

Where's Mother?

BOB T.

She's at peace.

RICHARD

What did you do?

Bob T. sees the look of horror on Richard's face.

BOB T.

Don't look at me like that.

RICHARD

What did you do to her?

He tries to push past Bob T. but Bob T. blocks him.

BOB T.

Don't you dare look at me like that, the same way she did.

Richard panics, fearing the worst.

RICHARD

Let me see her.

He pushes past Bob T. into --

INT. WATSON SUITE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

-- and sees the empty bed.

He looks around frantically before noticing --

The bathroom doorknob is turning.

Richard watches, horrified.

The door opens slowly to REVEAL --

SARAH, dripping wet and pale white, walking toward him.

He backs away.

RICHARD

No, no, no, Mother!

He realizes she's DEAD. How else could she be walking?

Bob T. enters the room and stands beside her -- his beloved bride.

Richard takes in the sight of his parents. Panic grips his heart. Heartbreak.

BOB T.

Now we can all be together.

Sarah steps toward Richard and puts out her arms.

SARAH

Come here, darling.

RICHARD

No. Stay away. You're not my mother. And you're not my father. You're some thing, some monster.

BOB T.

Son --

RICHARD

(backs away)

No! My father wouldn't kill anyone.

BOB T.

Your hands are clean? I sent those men to their deaths while you watched me. And you did nothing to help your brother. You could have, but you said nothing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T. (CONT'D)
You spilled his blood. Like
father, like son.

RICHARD
No.

He backs away. Bob T. lunges at him but Richard jumps back and Bob T. trips, falling to the floor. Richard darts out of the room. Bob T. gets to his feet and gives chase.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Richard runs for his life.

BOB T. (O.S.)
RICHARD!

He races around a corner.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HALLWAY

Bob T. charges after his son. Murder in his eyes.

ON RICHARD

He sprints along. He frantically tries a door. It's locked.

BOB T. (O.S.)
RICHARD!

BACK TO BOB T.

He turns the corner. At the far end of the hallway, he SEES --

Richard disappear around another corner.

Bob T. tears after him.

ON RICHARD

He tries another door but it's also locked. He pushes into the STAIRWELL.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Richard flies down the steps.

BACK TO BOB T.

He enters another corridor and stops. No Richard. Instead, he sees something lying on the floor in the middle of the hall, as if placed there for him.

A WOODEN CROQUET MALLET.

He approaches it slowly, then picks it up. He holds it up and examines it. He slaps it into his free hand and feels it. Solid. He smiles, then continues down the hall.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Richard runs out of the stairwell and toward --

INT. GOLD ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Richard races to the Gold Room. He reaches the closed doors, holds the handles -- steadies himself -- and then flings the doors open.

INT. GOLD ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The room is empty. All the tables and chairs are stacked to the side as if the room hasn't been touched in months.

He darts across the room to the bar. He reaches around it and grabs --

BOTTLES OF BOURBON.

He approaches the chairs, uncorks a bottle, and pours its contents all over the chairs. When it's empty, he drops the bottle, then uses another one to continue dousing the chairs.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bob T. swings the mallet playfully, then slowly approaches another turn in the hallway. He raises his mallet, expecting Richard to be around the corner. He spins around to find --

A small hallway with a window. A DEAD END.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at it in dismay, then heads back in the other direction.

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

Richard reaches under the bar for --

A BOOK OF MATCHES.

He runs to the chairs, now dripping with alcohol, and strikes a match.

It doesn't light. He strikes it again and this time it lights. He throws it on the pile of chairs and -- WHOOSH! They go up in FLAMES.

Richard smashes a bottle on a table, then flips it over.

After a beat, it CATCHES FIRE.

He grabs a few more bottles, then runs out of the room.

OFF THE FIRE, building --

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bob T. hurries along. He seems confused, as if lost in a maze. He turns a corner and SEES --

THE STAIRWELL.

He gestures toward it with the mallet, then approaches and enters.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Richard strikes a match and drops it onto a pile of books. WHOOSH. It goes up in flames.

INT. GOLD ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bob T. steps out of the stairwell. He hears a NOISE in the Gold Room. He reaches to open the door but the handles are HOT. He grabs them anyway and rips the doors open to FIND --

INT. GOLD ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The room is ENGULFED in flames.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

No!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LOBBY

As he sets fire to some curtains, Richard hears his father's SCREAMS. They're getting closer. Having nowhere to hide, he runs behind the Front Desk.

Bob T. enters the lobby. The room is ABLAZE. All of the curtains are in FLAMES. Bob T. takes in the sight.

BOB T.

FUCK!

He runs to a window and looks up -- the fire has reached the top of the curtain and is licking the wall and ceiling.

Bob T. grabs the burning curtain -- burning his own hands -- and yanks it down. The curtains fall to the ground.

Bob T. runs to another window.

ON RICHARD

He crouches under the Front Desk as Bob T. runs past him.

The burning curtains on the ground begin to SMOLDER.

Bob T. yanks the second curtain to the ground.

The first curtain sets FIRE to the carpet. Bob T. watches in horror as the entire carpet starts to catch.

Staying in a crouched position, Richard scurries along behind the desk, then runs out from behind it toward the Colorado Lounge.

Bob T., surrounded by fire, sees Richard run out.

BOB T.

Richard!

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - NIGHT

Richard dashes toward the marble staircase. Bob T. runs after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

Stop! You're destroying it!

RICHARD!

He screams out, overtaken by rage. He grips the croquet mallet and charges through the Colorado Lounge.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HALLWAY

Richard reaches the top of the staircase and races down the hall.

Bob T. reaches the marble staircase and takes the steps two at a time. When he reaches the top, he looks back. Through the lounge he can see the lobby is ablaze.

The fire spreads into the lounge and Bob T. watches helplessly as the Overlook turns into hell.

Flames lick the walls. The tapestries go up like paper. The furniture ignites.

Bob T. runs after Richard.

STAY ON THE LOUNGE AS --

The ceiling holding the chandelier cracks open. The chandelier falls to the floor and SHATTERS.

ON RICHARD

He runs along a hallway. He turns a corner to find --

The next corridor is filled with SMOKE.

He freezes, unsure what lies within. He drops down to his knees and starts to crawl along, careful to stay below the smoke.

BACK TO BOB T.

Bob T. runs along a different hallway.

BOB T.

I built this place. Our home.
And you ruined it. You all ruined
it. Boyd. Your mother. Now you.

ON RICHARD

As he crawls along, he FINDS --

THE ICE PICK, lying in the middle of the corridor.

He takes it and hurries down the hall.

BACK TO BOB T.

BOB T.

Richard, come here, NOW.

He turns a corner. The hallway in front of him is filled with smoke.

ON RICHARD

He crawls along, the smoke now stinging his eyes.

BACK TO BOB T.

He can't catch his breath. He starts to choke.

ON RICHARD

He coughs and can't see through the smoke at all. He inches ahead fearfully.

BACK TO BOB T.

He pushes himself along, stumbling. He's now coughing violently, gasping for air. We can barely see him through the smoke. He's just a shadow cutting through a fog.

ON RICHARD

He stops. He can't see a thing.

BACK TO BOB T.

He stops and peers through the smoke.

NORAH stands in the hallway. She holds an INFANT in her arms and is surrounded by her nine other CHILDREN. Hollow-eyed and forlorn. The Mother of Ghosts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob T. looks at her.

NORAH and her children lie strewn about the hallway,
BLOODIED and BUTCHERED. A MASSACRE.

Bob T. backs away and heads down --

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

McCREADY stands halfway down the hallway.

McCREADY
Beautiful place you have here,
Watson.

Bob T. blinks hard, his eyes stinging from the smoke.

McCready sits on the floor, his back against the wall,
his head SPLATTERED all over it, a shotgun in his hands.

TIGHT ON BOB T.

The spell is BROKEN and all the pieces snap into place.

There IS a great evil here. It wants families. Husband
against wife, father against son.

Bob T. drops the mallet in disgust. He looks around,
seeing things clearly for the first time.

He must save his son.

BOB T.
Richard! It's me, Papa. I'm
sorry!

ON RICHARD

He listens to his father but only hears --

A MOAN. Animalistic. Inhuman.

BACK TO BOB T.

BOB T.
I love you, son! Please, come
here --

ON RICHARD

The hotel is fucking with him, turning his father's words into anguished, rageful SCREAMS.

BACK TO BOB T.

He races along frantically, now realizing he's got a second chance.

BOB T.

Richard, we've got to get out of here --

He turns a corner --

Richard SPRINGS out at him and PLUNGES the ice pick into his chest, knocking him to the floor.

Richard STABS at Bob T. again and again and again before he realizes Bob T. isn't moving. He raises the pick one more time and looks down at his father.

Bob T., on his back, looks up at his son.

Richard, covered with his father's blood, realizes what he's done.

Bob T. COUGHS UP blood.

RICHARD

You're not my father.

He gets to his feet and slowly backs away.

A SOUND. A slow RUMBLE that builds as it gets closer and closer until finally it is a deafening ROAR.

He looks behind him and SEES --

A WALL OF FIRE spilling around the corner and racing toward him.

He has no choice but to escape past his fallen father. He charges straight ahead, the fire just behind him. As he steps over Bob T.'s body --

Bob T.'s hand shoots up and GRABS HIS LEG. Richard falls to the floor.

Bob T. looks at him with dying eyes, but Richard can't tell if he's back under the Overlook's spell or not. Before he can pull himself free --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The WAVE OF FIRE ENGULFS THEM.

AS FIRE FILLS THE HALLWAY AND WIPES CAMERA --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The same hallway. Empty. No Bob T. No Richard. No fire. No sign of any damage at all. Looks better than it ever has.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GOLD ROOM - DAY

The room is completely restored. No evidence of fire. The tables are arranged evenly about the room for an event. They are lined with chairs and dressed with tablecloths, china, and silverware.

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - DAY

The lounge is also completely repaired -- no, healed. The chandelier sparkles and the original tapestries hang in exactly the same place.

The room's bustling with GUESTS and workers, none of whom we recognize.

Eliza enters and looks around in shock. The Overlook is in full swing. She cuts through the crowd to the --

FRONT DESK

-- where she is greeted by a CLERK.

ELIZA

Excuse me, I'm here to see Mrs. Watson.

CLERK

I'm sorry. I don't have any Watson registered.

ELIZA

She's not registered. She's the owner.

He looks at her, confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZA

Sarah Watson. She's married to
Bob T.

He's dumbfounded.

ELIZA

I've written dozens of letters all
winter without a single response.
Tell them I'm here.

A MANAGER joins them.

MANAGER

Is there something I can help you
with?

ELIZA

I'm looking for my sister, Sarah
Watson. She and my brother-
in-law, Bob T. Watson. The
owners. I need to see them now.

MANAGER

My apologies. I've never heard of
either of them. The owner, Mr.
Parris, should be arriving
shortly. I can ask if he has.

ELIZA

How long have you been working
here?

MANAGER

All season, ma'am.

ELIZA

So how is it you've never heard of
the Watsons?

MANAGER

I can assure you, there is no
Sarah or Bob T. Watson at this
hotel.

He smiles politely.

ELIZA

That's impossible.

MANAGER

Let me get you a room while you're
waiting for Mr. Parris. The
moment he arrives, I'll send him
up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eliza's heart sinks. She looks around, trying not to panic.

CLOSE UP ON MANAGER'S HAND

as he removes the key to Room 217.

He hands it to Norah, who picks up Eliza's bag.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MANAGER

Norah will show you to your room.

NORAH

Welcome to the Overlook, ma'am.

ELIZA

(dazed)

Thank you.

She follows Norah toward the elevators.

NORAH

Would you like me to draw a bath
for you?

They step into the elevators.

INT. ROOM 217 - BATHROOM - A SERIES OF CUTS - DAY

CLOSE ON Norah's hand adjusting the faucet.

CLOSE ON the water collecting in the tub.

CLOSE ON Norah watching the water.

She turns as Eliza enters, wearing a robe.

NORAH

It'll be just another moment.

Eliza watches her.

ELIZA

You've been working here all
season?

NORAH

Yes, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZA

And you've never heard of the
Watsons?

NORAH

(shakes her head)
I'm sorry.

ELIZA

You've been in every room in this
hotel, I imagine.

NORAH

Of course.

ELIZA

Have you ever seen anything
strange?

NORAH

Strange, ma'am?

ELIZA

This hotel... it isn't right. You
must have seen things.

Norah feels the water.

NORAH

That'll do.

She turns off the faucet, then cups some water in her
hand. She drips it into the tub, creating the soft,
eerie sound of trickling water.

NORAH

The Overlook is a splendid place,
if I may say. It has its own
special feeling.

She steps behind Eliza to take her robe. She leans in
close, speaking almost directly into her ear.

NORAH

Oh yes, the Overlook's like no
other place. Some people may not
be obliged to it -- the Overlook,
I mean. They may not appreciate
all that it has to offer.

She holds Eliza's robe as Eliza, a woman who's had
servants all her life, steps out of it. Completely
comfortable with her nudity, Eliza crosses to the tub.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORAH

I don't suppose there's much that
can be done with people like that.

She watches Eliza lower herself into the steaming water
then approaches slowly. She reaches the tub and stands
over Eliza.

NORAH

There's no way to disabuse those
folks, to show them their folly.
No way to correct their thinking.
That's a grand shame. They need
to be corrected.

Eliza looks up at her. There's a charge in the air.

NORAH

The Overlook is very special
indeed. Enjoy your stay, ma'am.

She turns and exits quietly, shutting the door behind
her.

Eliza takes a beat then looks around worriedly. What
happened to her sister? To Bob T.? To Richard?

She closes her eyes, trying to stop herself from
imagining the worst.

She begins to relax, exhausted from her trip. She takes
a deep breath. Her eyes still closed, she doesn't SEE --

A RIPPLE on the water, at the end of the tub, between her
legs. The surface of the water breaks and --

SARAH, pale and rotted, rises from the water. Her white
nightgown clings to her.

Eliza opens her eyes and sees her sister. Her eyes go
wide with terror. She SCREAMS.

Sarah lunges at her and clasps her hands around her neck.
She forces Eliza UNDER THE WATER.

Eliza fights for her life, wrestling with Sarah. She
clutches at her arms, trying to break her grip, but
Sarah's rotted flesh sloughs off the bones. Blood swirls
in the water.

ELIZA'S POV FROM UNDER THE WATER

No Sarah. Just the empty bathroom above the surface of
the thrashing water.

BACK TO SCENE

As she struggles, trying to get to the surface only inches away.

TIGHT ON ELIZA

She takes her last breath, then falls limp. A single bubble escapes her mouth.

OVERHEAD SHOT

Eliza lies DEAD beneath the clear, still water. She's the only person in the eerily silent room.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

James Parris walks through the lobby with his son, DANIEL, 10. He looks around, pleased that business is good.

PARRIS

Never thought your father would be in the hotel business, did you?

DANIEL

No, sir.

PARRIS

I'll tell you, the previous owner did us a favor. He mismanaged this place so badly, I got it for a song. One man's tragedy is another man's fortune. I never wish ill on someone, but business is business. Remember that.

DANIEL

Yes, sir.

Parris notices one of the hotel WORKERS watching him. He stares back at him curiously.

PARRIS

Excuse me, do I know you?

REVEAL BOB T., dressed in a suit. He looks better than he ever has.

BOB T.

I don't believe so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARRIS
You seem familiar.

BOB T.
I'm Watson.

PARRIS
Watson.
(doesn't remember)
And I hired you?

BOB T.
No, sir. I've been here. I've
always been here.

Parris searches his memory, trying to place him.

PARRIS
You're the...

BOB T.
The caretaker.

PARRIS
Well, you're doing a fine job.
Keep it up.

BOB T.
Yes, sir. I will.

Parris leads Daniel off.

Bob T. looks around proudly, then crosses to the front
desk. As he does, he passes --

RICHARD, dressed as a bellhop. He pushes a luggage cart
across the lobby toward the --

ELEVATORS.

The doors open and out steps --

SARAH --

-- now dressed as a maid. Her hair is pulled back and
she looks beautiful. Without looking at Richard, she
approaches a chair and straightens it.

Richard ushers a YOUNG FAMILY into the elevator ahead of
him. The doors close, and he presses the call button to
call the next car.

Sarah crosses through the crowded lobby. It's filled
with guests and workers jostling every which way. Some
living, some dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Bob T. reaches the front desk, WE SEE --

BOYD, behind it, checking in a pair of NEWLYWEDS.

As the throng of patrons continues to swirl excitedly through the crowded lobby, WE STAY FOCUSED ON Bob T., Sarah, Boyd and Richard greeting and serving guests.

They are reunited, together at last -- the First Family of the Overlook Hotel.

FADE OUT.

THE END

THIS SCRIPT WAS PREPARED
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