

PET SEMATARY II

An Original screenplay by Richard Outten

Revised by David S. Goyer

Based upon characters created by Stephen King

THIRD DRAFT

Revised 1/6/91

"PET SEMATARY II"

FADE IN:

INT. LEMARCHE CASTLE, TOMB - NIGHT (1865)

A storm is raging outside. We hear the clap and roll of THUNDER.

TOMB STAIRWAY -

RATS scurry away down the scum-covered steps as the GLOW OF A LANTERN and FOOTSTEPS herald someone's arrival...

GENVIEVE LEMARCHE

emerges around the bend. Mid-30s. Cultured beauty. Her dress and face are smeared with grime and... is that blood we see too? God only knows what's happened to her.

Genvieve ducks under a monstrous cobweb as she passes an open window.

WINDOW

LIGHTNING streaks across the night sky outside. We catch a glimpse of the MOON disappearing behind the clouds.

Genvieve reaches the bottom of the stairs. The tomb itself.

Water trickles in through cracks in the lichen-covered walls, pooling on the tomb floor.

Genvieve moves forward, her lantern throwing distorted shadows over everything...

In front of her is Anton LeMarche's stone sarcophagus.

Genvieve kneels in the water, one hand resting on the spiked iron railing which surrounds the tomb. She reaches the other hand towards a scum-covered plaque, brushing the grime away...

THUNDER and LIGHTNING reach a crescendo as...

A SKELETAL HAND rises out of the water, reaching for her.

Genvieve SCREAMS. The lantern falls from her grasp, sputtering out. The hand reaches for her arm and inadvertently clutches her breast instead...

Genvieve starts to laugh hysterically.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

(exasperated)

Cut! Thank you, Renee. Can we throw some light on the set?

GENVIEVE

I'm sorry...

Suddenly it is lighter. Genvieve can't stop laughing. The groping monster hand disappears back beneath the water.

WE PULL BACK, REVEALING -

It's not 1865. The LeMarche Castle tomb is in fact, a 90s movie set. We are inside a soundstage, on a raised set, so the slugline should really read...

INT. SOUNDSTAGE, LEMARCHE CASTLE TOMB SET -

A FILM CREW scurries about. Everyone is LAUGHING now. The DIRECTOR sits to the right. He and the DP are already huddled over the video-assist monitor. We see the previous scene rewinding at high-speed.

The FIRST A.D. moves in.

FIRST A.D.

Water in the pool's running low,
fill her up!

Crewmembers move towards the set.

An SFX PUPPETEER (i.e., the skeletal arm) crawls out from under, followed by an ELECTRICIAN.

PUPPETEER

I can't see shit down there! I'm
working blind!

GENVIEVE/THE ACTRESS

rises out of the water. Her name is actually RENEE HALLOW and her beauty is undeniable, even in such a disheveled state.

RENEE

This is great, I could've spent
four months on a romantic comedy
with Warren Beatty, and instead,
I've got a horny zombie trying to
cop a feel!

The crew members LAUGH. She's well-liked on the set. Renee grins.
Wardrobe and make-up personnel move in to adjust Renee's
appearance.

RENEE

Uhgh, there's water everywhere...
(beat)
Can I get a cigarette?

The MAKE-UP GIRL pulls a pack of cigarettes from her fanny-pack
and offers Renee one. In a flash, a P.A. appears with a lighter.
Renee mumbles "thanks" as she fires up. She squints her eyes,
trying to see past the set lights.

RENEE

(calling out)
Geoff?
(beat)
Anybody see my boy?

GEOFF (O.S.)

Right here, Mom...

GEOFF MATTHEWS, Renee's 12 year-old son steps into view. Renee's
face lights up when she sees him.

RENEE

How long have you been here?

GEOFF

Couple minutes. I saw the last
shot. That was pretty cool.

Renee grimaces as the make-up girl spritzes her face with a spray-
bottle.

RENEE

(casually)
How did it go with your father
last night?

GEOFF

Good. He said he'd be over for
dinner at eight...
(awkward)
I mean... he misses you, Mom...

RENEE

I miss him too...

RENEE

(continuing)

I just don't want you to get your hopes up, okay? We're trying to work things out, but...

Her voice trails off.

GEOFF

I know, Mom.

RENEE

(affectionate)

You know everything, don't you?

Renee and Geoff are interrupted by a CREWMEMBER who's spraying "atmosphere" about the set with a hand-held smoke machine. Renee coughs.

Off-set, the FIRST A.D. is trying to get the show on the road.

FIRST A.D.

Okay, people! Quiet! We're going to try this another time!

GEOFF

Guess it's showtime.

RENEE

Yep.

Renee kisses Geoff on the forehead. He takes the cigarette from her and moves off the set, standing near the camera.

The director turns back toward Renee.

DIRECTOR

Alright, Renee. Last time. I promise. We nail this and you won't have to do this ever again.

RENEE

That's what you said the first time...

Renee turns and heads back toward the stairs. A P.A. hands her a new lantern. As she reaches the stairs, the house lights dim, creating the proper atmosphere once again.

UNDER THE SET -

The puppeteer gets ready. It's cramped. The electrician checks a power box connection.

The director nods to the camera operator.

OPERATOR

Rolling. Speed...

SLATE BOY

"Castle of Terror." Scene 69A.
Take thirteen.

The slate comes down.

DIRECTOR

Action!

The scene replays itself as before, only now we're watching the action from multiple viewpoints.

We start on the video assist monitor, then move up to...

GEOFF

He grins as he watches the scene unfold.

ON THE SET

Renee has reached the sarcophagus. LIGHTNING flashes. The skeleton hand bursts up, grabbing Renee's arm. The scene continues past the original point of interruption.

UNDER THE SET -

We see an undetected LEAK. Water drips down. The puppeteer shifts position, struggling, and...

...knocks over the power box which SPARKS just as...

ABOVE -

Renee/Genvieve grabs the iron railing with both hands.

Electricity surges through Renee. Her body jerks and writhes like some nightmarish marionette.

UNDER THE SET -

The electrician drags the puppeteer back. Sparks fly.

ELECTRICIAN

Jesus! We've crossed over into
220! Shut down the generator!

ABOVE -

Crewmembers SCREAM and scramble back...

All the circuits are blowing, lights EXPLODING and showering sparks over the whole set. This is not part of the movie.

RENEE

It's awful. She shakes, her SMOKING HANDS frozen to the iron railing by the electricity running through her...

Suddenly, Renee falls forward against the iron. Her face begins to **SMOKE AND SINGE...**

The lights CONTINUE TO BLOW, casting a strobic effect over the soundstage, adding to the chaos.

ON GEOFF

As he witnesses the whole event. He tries to rush forward, but someone restrains him...

GEOFF

Mom!!!!

Suddenly all the circuits in the stage are blown and the LIGHTS GO OUT. Renee slumps back into the water, smoke trailing up from her still form. And we...

CUT TO:

OMITTED (SCENES 2 THRU 2J)

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

An aged GOLDEN RETRIEVER is on the surgical table. CHASE MATTHEWS, D.V.M., gently strokes the dog's fur. He's good with the dog. He's kind. The retriever's owners: a MOTHER and her SON, look on.

CHASE

I think this is probably for the best. He's a very old dog. He has arthritis. He has cataracts in his eyes...

Chase looks at the mother. He's always hated this part.

CHASE

He's had a good life...
(to dog)
...haven't you, boy?

INTERCOM

Doctor Matthews, your son is on line one. He says it's an emergency...

Chase breaks concentration, pulling his eyes away from the mother and son.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE, LEMARCHE CASTLE TOMB SET -

A blur of activity converges on the movie set. A TRIO OF PARAMEDICS. A FIRE OFFICIAL. A POLICE OFFICER. Medical equipment.

Horrified crewmembers watch on, helpless.

WE STAY ON Geoff, momentarily blocked out and then revealed again and again, amidst the commotion of paramedics scrambling to save Renee. The director has his hand on Geoff's shoulder.

Geoff's eyes dart about, taking it all in. Things are happening very fast:

--Renee's hand is lifted. Someone checking her pulse. --Her eyelids parted. A pen light flashing at her fixed pupils.

PARAMEDIC #1 (O.S.)

Run me down a line of normal saline.

--An I.V. needle plunges into the inside of Renee's elbow. --A syringe injects into the I.V. post.

--Hands hook up a life-pack monitor. Renee's dress is torn away. Electrodes press to bare skin. --The monitor screen blinks to life.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)

We have a bradycardic rhythm at 30.

--Another PARAMEDIC dials out on a cellular phone, to the consulting physician.

PARAMEDIC #3 (O.S.)

White female. Approximately thirty five years old. Electrocutation...

--A clear tube is inserted down her throat. --The monitor shows erratic heartbeat.

PARAMEDIC #2 (O.S.)

She's in V-fib.

--There's a renewed urgency even amidst their rush.

--Defibrillator paddles are pressed to her chest.

Geoff looks to the monitor as...

--It goes to flatline.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)

Clear.

GEOFF

No...

Geoff moves forward, pulling away from the director. The police officer moves in and intercepts Geoff, turning the boy away.

Geoff's eyes fix on the monitor. An unbending flatline...

GEOFF

You have to bring her back...

Chase rushes onto the set, pushing past crewmembers. He freezes at the sight of the horrific commotion around Renee's still form.

CHASE

Oh Jesus...

Chase's gaze connects with his son.

GEOFF

(helpless)

Dad...

We pull back from Geoff, Chase, and the commotion around Renee. Farther and farther as the darkness around the set begins to close in...

PARAMEDIC #1 (O.S.)

(urgent)

We're losing her...

Darkness everywhere and we

5 OMITTED

THRU

9G OMITTED

EXT. A DREAMLIKE FOG

A form drifts forward, materializing out of the fog.

It's a CASKET. Appearing as if it's floating among the clouds. PULLING BACK, WE SEE that it's moving along A CONVEYOR. AND NOW, WE CAN make out the faint form of A PLANE as the conveyor descends from the cargo compartment.

The casket reaches the end of the conveyor. A tag marks its final destination: Bangor, Maine. HANDS reach in and lift the casket. FOUR BAGGAGE HANDLERS hoist the casket up onto their shoulders and carry it off.

HANDLER #1

Is it true she grew up around here?

HANDLER #2

Yeah. Over in Ludlow.

HANDLER #1

Huh. Never met a movie star before.

HANDLER #3

Well you're a little late for an autograph.

The baggage handlers laugh as they walk off into the distance. The fog closes around them and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLEASANTVILLE CEMETERY - DAY

We drift down from the gray sky to the somber scene below. Off in the distance, a crowd of MOURNERS are gathered around a grave.

PRIEST (V.O.)

...I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord...

CLOSER -

THE HEADSTONE is adorned with an iron plaque. It reads, simply:

**RENEE HALLOW MATTHEWS
1955-1991**

PRIEST (V.O.)

...She that believeth in me, though she were dead, yet shall she live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die...

THE CASKET is slowly lowered into the open grave. As it descends, WE SEE Geoff and his father, Chase, standing at the forefront of the crowd. Renee's grave is next to those of her parents.

Among the mourners is MARJORIE HARGROVE, an attractive local girl in her early twenties.

Further down the hillside, a wall of NEWS REPORTERS are gathered behind a roped-off media boundary. There is a blinding flurry of PHOTO FLASHES as the press records the scene before them.

A SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT PATROL CAR cruises up the cemetery drive, pulling to a stop near the mob of reporters.

Out of the car steps GUS GILBERT. Gus is nearly forty, with a Sheriff's uniform fitted to his solid, ageless frame. Gruff, maybe a little self-important: Gus likes being a big fish in a small pond.

GUS

(drawing near)

Let's keep it back, folks.
Try to show her a little respect...

A REPORTER ducks under the media boundary, moving in for a closer shot.

He doesn't make it two steps before he's intercepted by Gus. Gus grabs the reporter and shoves him back.

GUS

Hey! What did I just say?

Gus means business. One look into his eyes reveals his intense, no nonsense approach.

REPORTER

Ass-hole...

The reporter backs off.

BACK AT THE GRAVESIDE -

Beneath the gloomy, ominous skies, the lines on Chase's face shade him as a decade older than his thirty-five years. Chase gently places a comforting hand on Geoff's shoulder.

Geoff inches forward, pulling free of Chase's touch. Drawn to his mother, drawn from his father. The only blemishes on his youthful, rosy cheeks are the tears, the endless tears.

PRIEST (V.O.)

I know that my redeemer liveth,
and that he shall stand at the
latter day upon the earth.

Geoff looks upon the casket, gazing into the abyss of despair.

FOLLOWING THE CEREMONY

The crowd has dispersed.

Geoff is standing at the base of Renee's grave. His eyes fixed. Unmoving. Unaccepting.

Chase is nearby, watching, not wanting to intrude on Geoff's private moment.

Gus quietly moves in at Chase's side.

GUS

Did she always have reporters
following her around like this?

CHASE

Pretty much so.

Gus glances at Geoff.

GUS

I hear you moved into town.

CHASE

I wanted to get Geoff out of
L.A. Just start things over, you
know?

Gus nods. Now his eyes fall on Renee's headstone.

GUS

I remember when Renee left. She
couldn't wait to get out of
Ludlow. She used to say that
life moved too slow here...

Chase forces a smile.

CHASE

That's Renee alright.

GUS

I suppose so.

The sky above seems heavy with imminent rain and we...

CUT TO:

12 OMITTED
THRU
15 OMITTED

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Lazy oaks embrace a vintage, two-story Victorian home in the rural neighborhood of Ludlow, Maine. A commercial MOVING VAN is parked out front.

Marjorie, the girl we saw at Renee's funeral, is coming down the sidewalk. She checks the address on the front of the house, then heads up the driveway.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Moving boxes clutter the downstairs.

Chase is weaving through the maze, doing an inventory on the boxes.

A sweaty PAIR OF MOVERS are climbing up the stairs. Each is hunched over, with a garment box balanced on his back. The side of each carton is boldly labeled: RENEE - ATTIC.

MOVER (O.S.)

We've got six more of these. You
sure you want them all in the
attic?

Chase is contemplating a compromise when Geoff appears from the

kitchen doorway.

CHASE

...Geoff, what if we just give the clothes to Goodwill? We'll keep the rest. Just the clothes.

Geoff shakes his head, firm and deliberate denial.

GEOFF

You're the one who wanted to move. Nobody would've touched them if you didn't want to move here...

Chase weakens, giving in.

CHASE

All the 'Renee' boxes go in the attic. Sorry.

Marjorie KNOCKS on the open frame of the front door.

Geoff recognizes her from his mother's funeral. She flashes him a warm smile.

MARJORIE

Hi. I'm Marjorie Hargrove. Your new housekeeper.

Marjorie has a naive, friendly quality about her. She's also blessed with eye-popping genetics. Standing there outside the door, looking more than a little nervous... we can't help but like her. Needless to say, she doesn't look like your typical housekeeper.

MARJORIE

(re: Chase's reaction)
Is something wrong?

CHASE

Uh... no. You just... look different than you sounded on the phone. Please, come in.

Marjorie enters. She grins at Geoff again. Yep. She's nervous alright.

MARJORIE

I'm real excited about working for you Mr. Matthews...

CHASE

Well we're glad to have you, Marjorie. You can call me Chase, by the way.

Marjorie passes her curious eyes over one of Renee's garment

containers.

MARJORIE

I've always admired Ms. Hallow.
That scene she did in Blue
Midnight, where her lover meets
her at the train station...
(she sighs)
I must've watched that movie four
times.

Chase smiles. Marjorie's enthusiasm is endearing.

Just then, one of the movers loses his grip. A garment box bounces
down the slope of the stairs. When it reaches the bottom, dresses
spill over the floor.

MARJORIE

Oh. I'll get that...

Marjorie moves for the spill. The first dress she touches is a
beaded peach evening gown. Her fingers linger on the fabric.

MARJORIE

This is gorgeous. She wore this
at the Emmys, didn't she?

Geoff moves forward, acting overly defensive.

GEOFF

Hey, don't touch her stuff. It
made her crazy when people touched
her stuff.

Marjorie is taken aback by the oddity of Geoff's statement.

Chase catches her eye, shrugging apologetically.

17 OMITTED

THRU

19 OMITTED

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

A VAN is parked outside. The rear side panel is masked off with
tape and a stencil. Chase grabs the corner of the tape and
carefully peels it back, revealing a crisp, new business logo:

ROUND THE CLOCK ANIMAL DOC
MOBILE VETERINARY SERVICE
CHASE MATTHEWS, D.V.M.
Serving Aroostook County

EXT. TOWN - DAY

ESTABLISHING. Shops and businesses situated around a lazy town
square. Quiet. Relaxed. As rural as they come.

WE pick up Chase's van as it cruises by.

EXT. VETERINARY OFFICE - DAY

Chase pulls the van in front of an unassuming veterinary office.

On the door is Chase's nameplate. And on the weathered wall is an outline of letters where the name and title "Quentin Yolander, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine" once was.

Geoff is first out of the van.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Geoff and Chase move inside. The offices look like they were built in the 40s. A dark corridor stretches down the center of the suite. Faded green walls are solid, with few exteriors. It's creepy in here.

Heavy, grey plastic curtains absorb much of the light which does find its way in. Nothing looks like it's been updated in the past fifty years.

CHASE

This doesn't look so bad...

Chase sweeps a curtain aside, revealing the interior to Geoff. Dust swirls in the air.

GEOFF

How long ago did this guy retire?

CHASE

It's been a few years.

Geoff takes a look around, growing uncomfortable.

GEOFF

(skeptical)

A few?

Geoff moves on down the central corridor which seems to grow darker and more dismal with every step. He moves on into the boarding room...

INT. BOARDING AREA - DAY

Rows of kennels are stacked along the walls, smothered with cobwebs. Ancient, rusted surgical equipment is scattered everywhere. The place is a mess. Windows are boarded up and shadows cloak the room.

Over to the right, Geoff hears a RUSTLING.

A CARDBOARD BOX on one of the shelves jiggles. Something is moving around inside it.

Geoff's eyes widen. Still, morbid curiosity propels him forward.

The box rustles again. He reaches for it and...

A CREATURE LEAPS out at him, HOWLING. Geoff SCREAMS and jumps back. The box tumbles over and...

A CAT crawls out. Behind the protective mother, are four of the cutest kittens we've ever seen, MEWING away.

Geoff sighs just as Chase rushes into the room.

CHASE

What's wrong?!

GEOFF

(embarrassed)

Nothing. I just got spooked by a bunch of furballs.

Inside the box is a note. Chase reaches for it. It reads: "And a warm welcome to you."

CHASE

Great, now I've opened an orphanage too.

One of the kittens pads out of the box and looks up at Geoff with sleepy eyes. Her fur is striped.

GEOFF

Well, I'll take one. If it's okay...

Geoff lifts the fragile creature, cradling it in his arms.

GEOFF

She looks like a tiger.

Chase spies an old broom resting in the corner.

CHASE

Tell you what, you do some sweeping up here, and she's yours.

Geoff nods and Chase moves back out into the hallway.

Geoff sets the box back upright and lowers Tiger in with the other kittens. He reaches for the broom and goes to work sweeping away the cobwebs.

Just as soon as he turns his back, Tiger climbs the side of the box, spilling over onto the floor.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

Chase is unpacking a shipment of medical supplies. When he places them in the cabinet, he stirs up a layer of dust.

Tiger scampers by as Chase coughs his way out of the cloud of dust.

INT. WAITING AREA

Tiger sees the front door ajar. And as she approaches to explore what lies beyond--

The door swings open...

ZOWIE, A SIBERIAN HUSKY is staring back at her. He's black and white with blue eyes, with a mask that is at once menacing and majestic.

A pudgy thirteen year old boy, DREW, has a hold of the dog's collar.

Zowie's BARK sends Tiger scrambling.

Drew loses his grip as Zowie yanks free. A strong, paternal command calls after Drew from outside.

VOICE (O.S.)

Drew, you get a handle on that dog, now!

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

Chase spins around at the commotion as Tiger darts across the floor with the barking dog in pursuit.

Mayhem ensues as Zowie's big paws slip on the slick tile.

Geoff rushes in from the boarding area.

Tiger ducks beneath the back of a surgical gurney.

Zowie's snout wedges beneath the base, inches from Tiger's tiny, striking paw.

Drew slides in on his knees, renewing his hold on Zowie's collar. He pulls the dog back.

Geoff rescues Tiger from beneath the gurney.

Drew shrugs sheepishly.

DREW

Sorry. He gets kinda hyper...

Drew's stepfather, Gus Gilbert, enters. The dreaded, domineering voice of authority in Drew's life. WE know him as the sheriff at Renee's funeral.

GUS

Hell, he thought it was lunch.
How ya doin', Chase?
(a handshake)
You haven't met my boy.
(aside)
Drew, where the hell are your
manners.

Drew steps forward and awkwardly offers his hand to Chase. Then Geoff. The boys shake.

GEOFF

He's a cool lookin' dog.

Zowie lurches forward, eager to shower affection on Geoff. Geoff strokes the dog's soft mane.

GEOFF

What's his name?

DREW

Zowie.

Drew puts his palm under Zowie's chin and turns him for Chase to see. There are several scabbed-over gashes on his left cheek.

GUS

Damn dog stuck his nose in on my
rabbits and they ganged up on him.
I swear that dog's an idiot.

DREW

Is he gonna be okay?

With one eye on Zowie, Chase sprays some antiseptic on the examination table and wipes it clean.

CHASE

Let's have him hop up here.

Drew prods Zowie. Zowie jumps up onto the table. Chase looks over the facial lacerations, then turns on a penlight and examines the dog's eyes.

Gus passes a lingering look over Tiger. He reaches in to pet her, making sure it meets with Geoff's approval.

GUS

When I was young I thought cats
were the girls and dogs were the
boys.

CHASE

There are three more girls where
that one came from looking for
homes.

Drew perks up at the thought, but Gus shoots it down.

GUS

Not our home.

Chase takes the light out of Zowie's eyes. He looks to Gus.

CHASE

Thee facial lacerations should heal up pretty quickly. I'll give you som antibiotic cream--

GUS

--Drew, he's your dog. Are you listening to this?

Chase turns to Drew and continues...

CHASE

His left eye is scratched, corneal abrasion. Eyedrops will help, but it's going to take som time. Try to keep him away from those rabbits, huh?

Drew nods, casting a glance aside at Gus.

GUS

(to Chase)

I hear you've got Marjorie Hargrove working for you now.

CHASE

How'd you know that?

Gus gives Chase a knowing grin.

GUS

It's a small town, Chase.

Gus laughs and claps Chase on the shoulder.

GUS

Hey Geoff, did you know your mother and I used to be high-school sweethearts?

Geoff is surprised at this. Surprised and annoyed. Tact isn't a quality that Gus possesses in abundance.

GEOFF

Really?

GUS

(nodding)

Homecoming. Prom. Whole nine

yards.
(to Chase)
Course that was a lifetime ago.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL KIDS are converging en masse for classes.
Chase's van pulls up front.

INT. VAN - DAY

Chase digs some cash out of his wallet. Geoff stares out at the school. He's dreading this.

CHASE

What's a lunch cost these days?
You want ten?

GEOFF

(unenthused)
Sure.

Chase looks at his son.

CHASE

You nervous? New town, new
school. I know it must be pretty
hard for you...

GEOFF

(cutting him off)
I'll be fine, Dad.

Geoff reaches for the door, but Chase stops him. He's trying to reach his son. He really is.

CHASE

(awkward)
Geoff... you have to help me out
here a little...

"MEOW!" Chase drops his eyes to the bulge squirming around in Geoff's jacket. He can't help but smile.

CHASE

Are you sure you don't want me to
pick you up. It's a long ride.

Geoff opens the side panel of the van and slips out his **MOUNTAIN BIKE**.

GEOFF

That's what my bike's for...

Before Chase can say another word, Geoff is gone.

EXT. VAN - DAY

As Chase pulls away, WE SEE the handmade sign taped in the back window:

**PRICELESS KITTENS
FREE TO A GOOD HOME**

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Drew is among a small circle of BOYS. He recognizes Geoff walking his bike from the van. The largest of the boys, CLYDE, takes notice of the unfamiliar face.

Clyde is fifteen, going on twenty. You know the type: local bully, held back a year or two.

CLYDE

Check it out. That's the new kid.
The son of that movie star.

Mischief gleams in Clyde's eyes as he watches Geoff's every move. The other boys follow suit. Clyde always takes the lead.

Geoff fields their penetrating stares. For a second his eyes connect with Clyde's, then he moves on into the building.

Among the boys, Drew is the reluctant participant.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

MRS. GORDON is addressing a room of SEVENTH GRADERS.

Geoff is doodling in his notebook, feeling acutely out of place as he tries to avoid the curious glances the rest of his new classmates are giving him.

MRS. GORDON

People, this is Geoff Matthews.
He'll be joining our class for the
rest of the school year...

As Mrs. Gordon points to him, Geoff drops his face even lower. This is the worst embarrassment a boy could ever suffer. He'd like to throttle Mrs. Gordon.

A freckle-faced boy, DOUG, fires off a question.

DOUG

Hey, what's Hollywood like? Do
you know Eddie Murphy?

GEOFF

(annoyed)
No.

MRS. GORDON

Why don't we save that for later,

Doug?

A girl with braces, SUSAN, continues the interrogation.

SUSAN

What about Julia Roberts?

MRS. GORDON

Susan! That'll be enough.

Susan shuts up. Geoff sinks even lower in his seat.

The kids turn their eyes back to the front of the room.

But one classmate's eyes are still on Geoff. It's Clyde.

Clyde shifts his stare to the squirming lump in Geoff's jacket. He catches a glimpse of Tiger's bobbing nose popping out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Geoff joins the stampede of kids as the BELL releases them for the day. Almost immediately, Clyde and his cronies, STEVIE AND BRAD, fall in step behind him. Drew hangs slightly off to the side, not really wanting to be a part of the intimidation.

CLYDE

What's the hurry, Junior? Where you off to?

Clyde quickens his pace, pulling ahead of Geoff and stopping in front of him. Stevie and Brad move in on either side. Surrounded by peers, it's apparent how small Geoff is for his age.

On the wall next to them is a bulletin board display. Clyde glances at it. Geoff follows his gaze.

DISPLAY

It's one of those corny school affairs with construction paper letters spelling out: "WE REMEMBER RENEE HALLOW." Beneath that are pictures of Renee clipped from various magazines. Cloyingly tasteless.

CLYDE

(feigning remorse)

Too bad about your Mom. Papers said it was pretty gross, getting fried like that. Guess you saw it, huh?

Geoff nods. Clyde raises his eyebrows, pulling Geoff's jacket open.

CLYDE

So, what are you hiding there?

STEVIE

When you bring a friend to school
you're supposed to introduce him.

Geoff's arm tightens protectively around Tiger.

GEOFF

Her name's Tiger.

CLYDE

Tiger? Don't you think that's
kind of a pussy name?

(reaching out)

Can I hold her? I promise I'll be
real careful.

Clyde has a convincing way about him. Geoff reluctantly hands the
kitten over. Clyde is so gentle with the creature that one would
never question his sincerity.

Geoff is just beginning to feel at ease when something changes in
Clyde's tone, something sinister.

CLYDE

Hey, Geoff. You ever seen a
kitten run?

GEOFF

I've seen her run around the
house.

Clyde's eyes narrow. He takes a couple of steps back. Geoff's
heart starts to sink.

CLYDE

No, I mean really run...

(beat)

Like this!

Clyde backsteps and bolts off down the hallway with Tiger. Brad
and Stevie fall in behind him, laughing.

Drew shrugs apologetically. He's torn, but he tears off after them
nonetheless.

GEOFF

Shit...

Geoff runs off in pursuit of them.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Geoff rushes from the building, searching the dispersing crowd.
There they are, tearing from the bike racks, pedaling for the
street.

Clyde sees Geoff and mockingly holds the kitten out for display as

they ride by.

Geoff runs for the bike racks.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Clyde and his cohorts break from the outskirts of town, riding out onto the open road.

Clyde glances back toward the center of town.

Geoff is so far behind he's barely visible.

Clyde returns his eyes to the road ahead, raising Tiger nose to nose with him.

CLYDE

Having fun yet?

Clyde and his smirking buddies ride on, OUT OF FRAME.

WITH GEOFF

giving the pedals all he can, struggling to keep pace with the boys.

35 OMITTED

FURTHER ALONG

Scattered houses sprinkle the landscape ahead. Cochran Lake stretches into the distance beyond the housing.

Clyde's clan cuts from the road and blazes a trail across a residential property. The two-story house is weathered and boarded up. It looks vaguely familiar. Creepy.

And when WE FIND the mailbox post, we know why. The name is faded, but there's no question who once lived there. Five bold letters: "CREED."

Geoff whips by in a blur, still in pursuit.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Clyde and his friends have abandoned their bikes. They've taken position on top of the slope of the hill, standing at the foot of **THE PATH TO THE PET SEMATARY.**

38 OMITTED

EXT. PET SEMATARY PATH - DAY

Geoff pulls his bike to a stop short of the boys. He dismounts and leans it up against a tree.

GEOFF

Just give me the cat, all right?

A devilish grin creeps over Clyde. He strolls down the path toward Geoff. Clyde grabs Geoff's handlebars and, backing up, pulls Geoff and the bike with him.

CLYDE

I would but... there was a little accident...

(feeding off Geoff's alarm)

She was trying to get away. You know, running down my leg... and her head got too close to the spokes. Pretty gross. What's left of her is up in the Pet Sematary. A zip-lock bag might help...

(shrugs)

...but I happen to be out of them at the moment.

Drew shakes his head, disgusted he has to put up with Clyde's antics.

DREW

Come on, Clyde, just tell him where the cat is...

CLYDE

(turning on Drew)

...I TOLD HIM where the cat is!
Now shut up, fuck-face!

Clyde punches Drew in the arm. Drew shrinks back.

Geoff flashes a hateful stare at Clyde.

All of the boys but Clyde are uncomfortably silent. There's something frightening about Clyde... something that extends beyond the standard bully antics. We begin to get the feeling that this kid is genuinely deranged.

CLYDE

(relishing the moment)

You heard about the Creed murders yet? And the place where the dead come back to life?

He motions to the path behind him.

CLYDE

(continuing)

It's just back there. Just down that path...

DREW

(meekly)

Clyde... it's not funny anymore.

CLYDE

Oh? So you got a problem?
What're you gonna do, fat-ass? You
gonna sic big, bad, old Gus after
me?

Drew shuts up. Clyde turns back to Geoff, drawing closer.

CLYDE

What do you think, Geoff? Maybe
you could dig up your Mom and take
her back there. Maybe if you pray
real hard, she'll come back.

With this last remark Clyde has pushed too far. Geoff's face is red with anger.

GEOFF

(quietly)

Just give me the cat, ass-hole.

Clyde's grin falters a moment.

CLYDE

Excuse me, maybe I'm a little hard
of hearing... but did you just call
me an ass-hole?

Clyde pokes Geoff in the shoulder.

CLYDE

You mad, Geoff? Cause if you are,
you should take a shot at me...

This time Clyde shoves Geoff back even harder.

CLYDE

Come on, you pussy! What's the
matter with you?

Clyde moves forward again and Geoff suddenly LASHES OUT, catching everyone off guard.

For an instant, Drew marvels at Geoff's tenacity.

Clyde LUNGES. He hammers Geoff with blows.

Outsizing him by forty pounds, Clyde tosses Geoff to the ground. Geoff struggles, but Clyde's grip proves arresting.

Clyde throws Geoff onto his stomach, forcing his face into the dirt. It looks as if he's ready to smother his opponent.

Drew is the first to rush in. Brad and Stevie quickly follow. It takes all three of them to peel Clyde off Geoff.

Clyde gets to his feet and backs away. There's great pleasure in his crazed eyes as he watches Geoff coughing and gasping.

CLYDE

Fuckin' ass-hole.

Satisfied he's handed out enough ill will for the day, Clyde turns away.

Drew's attentions remain on Geoff. As Clyde strolls by, he grabs Drew's arm and swings him around.

CLYDE

This way, fat-boy.

Stevie and Brad follow. As the group passes Geoff's bike, Clyde gives it a kick, knocking it over. Then they're gone.

Geoff pulls himself to his feet. Brushing off the mess, he heads up the path in search of Tiger.

EXT. PET SEMATARY - DAY

The woods here have grown long with shadows. The air is still and the sound of birds is conspicuously absent.

A WOODEN ARCHWAY frames the entrance to the primitive graveyard. Scrawled across the weatherstained boards is a child's barely legible attempt at "PET SEMATARY."

Geoff trepidatiously enters the clearing of crude, crowded graves. Collars, leashes, bird cages and other accessories adorn the makeshift crosses and headstones.

Geoff moves along the outer circle of markers, each crafted by a child's caring hands.

As he searches, he can't help but notice the heartfelt epitaphs. On the outer circle, he sees a crate-board marker memorializing:
SMUCKY THE CAT... HE WAS OBEDIANT.

MOVING INWARD, the markers are older. The ones he can still read convey a sense of the perpetual cycle of life and death.

Here is a wide, flat, upright board planted deep in the earth: "In Memory of MARTA our Pet Rabbit Dyed March 1 1965."

The next three rows are illegible, the inscriptions are weathered beyond recognition... And then, chiseled into sandstone: **HANNAH THE BEST DOG THAT EVER LIVED 1929-1939.**

And now... "MEOW." Faint. But very much alive.

Geoff picks up his pace, weaving quickly toward the center.

There, he finds Tiger. Trapped in a rusted old birdcage, its base swallowed by the grave.

Geoff opens the door and frees Tiger, stroking the trembling kitten.

Geoff's eyes are drawn to the far perimeter... to the deadfall...

THE DEADFALL looms on the outskirts of the clearing like a pile of skeletal remains. An abstract stairway to things beyond. A wind picks up just then, sending leaves skittering in waves across the ground.

40 OMITTED

EXT. PET SEMATARY PATH - DAY

When Geoff turns around, he finds Drew waiting for him under the archway. Drew smiles, full of respect for Geoff.

DREW

I've never seen anybody punch
Clyde before.

GEOFF

(shrugs)
He pissed me off.

DREW

(his smile fading)
Sorry about your mom.
(beat)
I couldn't handle not having my
mom around. Just having Gus...

He grimaces at the thought.

GEOFF

My dad's not so bad.

Drew glances around at all the makeshift grave markers.

DREW

I swear, sometimes I wish Gus was
dead...

GEOFF

(serious)
You shouldn't ever say that about
your parents, not even your Dad.

DREW

Stepdad. Gus is my stepdad.

Geoff nods knowingly.

GEOFF

What was all that stuff about dead people coming back to life?

DREW

Nothing. It's just an old ghost story. Let's get out of here...

They head off, full of childhood.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

Marjorie is at the stove, fixing up dinner, while Chase scans the newspaper at the table.

Geoff enters through the kitchen door. He moves past them without a word.

CHASE

(calling after him)
Hey! How was your first day at school?

GEOFF

(over his shoulder)
It sucked.

MARJORIE

Now is that any way to talk to your father?

Geoff stops for a moment, turns...

GEOFF

You're not my mother.

...and exits through the opposite door.

Chase looks to Marjorie and offers a sympathetic shrug.

CHASE

Sorry.

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - DUSK

CRUDE CAGES HOUSE DOZENS OF RABBITS. Situated alongside the garage. A sign above the cages reads: PET RABBITS - \$10.00. Bells positioned along the roof threaten to reveal foul play.

Gus is rigging a wire along the base of the cage.

Finishing it off, he hangs the plug next to an outside socket. Moving onto the next chore, he pours pressed alfalfa pellets into feeding slots for the hungry rabbits.

Setting the feed aside, he takes a seat. Opening one of the cages, he grabs a rabbit and sets it on his lap, gently petting its soft

fur.

One of the cages starts to vibrate.

Gus gives it a look: A PAIR OF RABBITS aren't interested in eating, they're joined in fast and furious passion.

Gus gets a chuckle out of the sight.

GUS

Way to go, Romeo...

Gus replaces the rabbit in the hutch. And before he goes, HE SINKS THE PLUG INTO THE SOCKET. An ELECTRICAL CHARGE dances along the base of the cage, a deterrent for intruders.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Drew's mother, AMANDA, withdraws a roast from the oven.

Gus is at the sink, washing his hands. He turns to see Zowie laying at Drew's feet in the living room. Drew is watching a MUSIC VIDEO on TV.

GUS

Drew, I don't remember inviting Zowie in for dinner.

DREW

Just until he heals up?

Gus is wagging his thumb toward the back door.

Drew slumps in defeat.

Gus reaches into the cabinet and pours himself a Bourbon.

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Drew walks Zowie from the house with a dish of dog food. As they pass the rabbit dens, Zowie alters his path. Drew gets a handful of his collar and pulls him back.

Across the yard is an enclosed dog run. Twenty feet long by ten feet wide. Drew puts Zowie inside with the dog food.

Drew strokes Zowie's mane affectionately, then backs away, closing the wood-framed door to the dog run.

INT. DREW'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Amanda's about to put the roast on the table when Gus nuzzles up behind her, breathing down her backside. With his drink in hand, he sweeps her hair aside and zeros in for a kiss on the back of the neck.

Gus eases his free hand around between Amanda and the counter and

presses his palm firmly into her crotch, drawing her body tight to him.

She stiffens at his intimate hold, uncomfortable with his timing.

AMANDA

Gus, please...

At the back door, Drew is watching from beyond the screen, disgusted by the sight of Gus pawing his mother. Drew swings the door open as loud as he can to signal his return.

Gus plants a last kiss on the back of Amanda's neck and backs off. But before he goes, he snatches a chunk of meat from the serving platter. Leveling his leering eyes at Amanda, he stuffs it into his mouth suggestively.

GUS

God damn, you're good.

Drew rolls his eyes and takes his seat at the table, returning his attention to the TV, where another MUSIC VIDEO is on.

Gus glances at the TV, annoyed by the MUSIC. He drops into his spot at the head of the table, blocking Drew's view. Drew leans to the side for a better look. Gus takes notice and leans to the same side to obstruct his view.

GUS

You're breaking the law here,
Drew.

AMANDA

Really, Gus. It won't bother me.

Gus ignores her, inching forward with a confidential, harsh whisper.

GUS

Your mom's spent the last hour
cooking. Stop being a little jerk
and show her some appreciation.

Drew aims the remote control at Gus, as if to shut him up, and silences the TV.

Amanda approaches with the roast. The moment it's on the table, Drew starts dishing up a hefty serving. Gus spears Drew's fork with the serving fork.

GUS

Not that much appreciation. I
thought we were gonna tone down
that flabby ass.

DREW

Hey, I'm so sorry I'm not the stud

that you are.

AMANDA

Knock it off, guys...

Gus throws back a sip of Bourbon.

GUS

(to Drew, quietly)

You watch that mouth of yours,
Drew buddy.

46 OMITTED

EXT. ZOWIE'S DOG RUN - NIGHT

MOVING THROUGH Zowie's enclosed pen, WE SEE no sign of the dog. REACHING the door, WE FIND that the wood around the bottom hinge has been chewed through. The base of the door is ajar, just enough for a dog to have slipped through.

EXT. RABBIT CAGES - NIGHT

In the still of the night, Gus' rabbit pens sit unattended. And then WE HEAR the tinkling of dog tags. Snoozing rabbits awaken as Zowie lumbers INTO FRAME.

Zowie rises on his hind legs, pressing his paws to a cage. Blue sparks fly as Zowie is jolted with the electrical charge.

INT. GUS' ROOM - NIGHT

The ELECTRICAL ZING. The dog's whimpering CRY. And the RINGING OF BELLS reach Gus in rapid succession, rousting him from his sleep. He rolls out of bed and grabs his robe.

GUS

Damn it, Drew. That dog is
history!

Amanda stirs, groggily focusing on Gus' departing figure.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Drew swings open the door to the hallway as Gus marches by, stuffing shells into a shotgun. Panicked, Drew takes off after him.

EXT. RABBIT CAGES - NIGHT

Zowie swings his head in the direction of the house as Gus bursts through the back door. Drew is one step behind.

Gus swings the gun up and fires off a SHOT.

Zowie bolts for the shadows of the hillside.

Drew rushes in and deflects the aim of the rifle.

DREW

Don't shoot him!

Gus' eyes are wild with anger.

GUS

What, Drew? What did you say?!

Gus throws Drew aside, brings the rifle back up and FIRES another random shot after the fleeing dog. All the while, his eyes remain on Drew, as if this were the boy's lesson to be learned.

He squeezes off one more SHOT...

A PAINED YELP echoes from the hillside. Zowie's yelp.

Drew whips his head aside in sickened shock. Even Gus is sobered by the unexpected hit.

All they can hear now are Zowie's WHIMPERING CRIES diminishing in the night.

Drew shoots Gus a look of such unbridled hatred that Gus is speechless. He backs away from Gus and darts off toward the dark hillside.

When Gus turns back for the house, Amanda is standing there.

AMANDA

Jesus, Gus, what have you done?

GUS

Ah, come on, Amanda, stop looking at me like that. He's had ample warning about that dog.

Amanda glares at him, an outpouring of pent-up strain.

Gus defiantly marches past Amanda, entering the house without ever meeting eyes with her.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Drew pauses long enough to listen for Zowie...

Nothing until a FAINT CRY drifts back at him.

DEEPER IN THE WOODS

Zowie limps INTO FRAME. Blood is flowing from the bullet wound in his left hindquarter, trailing from his suspended leg. Every step is a strain.

DREW

comes upon a break in the trees. The hanging moon outlines the knoll stretching beyond. And then, the strained breathing, the hushed WHIMPER.

Drew hesitantly approaches the crest of the knoll.

Zowie is just beyond, lying on his side at the end of the bloody trail. His chest rises and falls almost imperceptibly with every effort to survive.

Drew drops to his knees at Zowie's side and cradles the dog in his lap, shaking his head in denial.

Zowie's weak eyes shift, gazing longingly at Drew.

Drew strokes the fur under Zowie's chin, hardly able to see the dog through his glaze of tears.

Zowie's eyes drift off. His chest falls and doesn't rise again. He falls limp in Drew's arms. Drew hugs Zowie even tighter and he begins to weep.

FROM A DISTANCE

WE SEE the image of Drew with the dog cradled in his arms, silhouetted against the moonlit horizon.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 OMITTED

EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - MORNING

Geoff appears from the garage with his bike and takes off for the road. A WHISTLE catches his ear.

Drew is at the edge of the woods, beckoning for Geoff.

Geoff circles around and doubles back.

GEOFF

I was just going by your house.
Where's your bike?

The closer Geoff gets, the more he sees of Drew's despair. Then he sees the dried blood staining Drew's clothes.

DREW

Zowie's dead.

Geoff's heart sinks. An unspoken moment of sympathy passes between the boys. Fighting the emotions, Drew finally speaks.

DREW

I have to bury him. I don't want
to go out there alone.

There's such grief in Drew's words that Geoff can't resist. He glances toward his house to make sure he hasn't been seen, then blends into the woods.

EXT. PET SEMATARY - DAY

Drew carries Zowie's relaxed form in his arms. Geoff is following, balancing a pickaxe and shovel.

Arriving at the graveyard, Geoff searches the outer perimeter for a vacant stretch of soil. Finding one, he lets the heavy tools fall to the ground.

GEOFF

Is this a good spot?

DREW

I'm not burying him here...

GEOFF

Why not?

DREW

There's a better place...

Drew heads for the base of the deadfall, with Zowie in his arms.

DREW

It's back here somewhere, through the Indian woods. I know we can find it...

Drew continues up the deadfall, disappearing over the crest.

Geoff gathers up the shovel and pickaxe and follows after him.

GEOFF

Hey, wait up!

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Geoff climbs over the peak of the deadfall...

Beyond is a dark swamp, A BOG, looking unlike anything one would expect in Maine. Tendrils of ground fog swirl about vegetation that looks almost prehistoric. Gnarled trees rise up from the murky earth, blocking the sun from view.

Geoff hurries down the other side of the deadfall to catch up with Drew. Somewhere off in the distance we hear an UNEARTHLY SOUND. Not a bird. Not any animal known to man.

Spectral shapes flicker at the edge of Geoff's vision, sinking back into the shadows as Geoff tries to focus on them.

GEOFF

(uneasy)

Drew, where are we going?

Drew doesn't respond. He continues on without another word, hell-bent on finding this "better place."

FURTHER ALONG - DAY

At the boundary of the bog, A STAIRWAY OF HUGE, WIDE STONES rises from the blanket of ground fog. Bordered by fir trees. Leading up the hillside. The final leg of Drew and Geoff's journey.

DREW

This is it... I wasn't sure if it even really existed.

GEOFF

What did?

DREW

The old Indian burial ground.

Geoff's eyes move to the stairway of stones.

GEOFF

Come on, that's just a bullshit story. You said so yourself...

DREW

What if it's not bullshit? If I bury Zowie there, and it works...
(beat)
...he'll come back alive.

GEOFF

Drew, I know your dog died, but... get a grip, man, you're freaking me out.

DREW

Look, if there was even one chance in a million it'd work, wouldn't you want to try?

Geoff feels for Drew. It's pointless to reason.

Drew starts up the stone steps. Geoff has no choice but to follow.

EXT. MICMAC BURIAL GROUND - DAY

Even in broad daylight, the flat-topped mesa has a sense of foreboding isolation. There's an almost palpable sense of "wrongness" about this place. As if the darkness of a dying black hole was seeping out of the ground and spreading across the earth.

Drew and Geoff approach the circle of rocky soil. They stand at the border, looking it over in eerie silence.

Somewhere off in the distance we hear the unearthly SOUND again, only this time, it's closer.

GEOFF

Look, let's just get this over with.

Even Drew seems to have awakened from the haze he had fallen into. He gently sets Zowie's body on the ground.

DREW

If this doesn't work... don't ever tell anyone I did this, okay? You gotta promise...

Geoff nods and hands over the digging tools. Drew swings the pickaxe, sinking it into the ground.

GEOFF

You want me to help?

DREW

You have to bury your own. That's the way the Indians did it. It's like a rule...

Backing away from the burial ground, Geoff takes a seat on a rock at the border of the forest. From there, he watches.

Drew alternates the pickaxe and shovel as he clears a hole in the rocky ground.

WE MOVE IN ON GEOFF, who's looking on with skeptical intrigue as the rhythmic SOUND of the tools continues.

59 OMITTED

LATER -

A cairn is complete: a conical pile of rocks over Zowie's grave.

Drew is now sitting on the rock next to Geoff. Together, they stare at the cairn as if Zowie might climb from beneath at any moment.

DREW

What if he really does come back?

Geoff shrugs, pondering such a thought.

Geoff digs into his pocket and produces a pack of gum, offering one to Drew. With only a quick glance away from the grave, Drew snatches a piece and he stuffs it into his mouth. Geoff does the same.

They sit together in silence. Nervously chewing their gum. Watching the grave.

DREW

I've never had anyone die
before...

(beat)

...but I guess you get over it. I
mean, eventually...

GEOFF

(quietly)

You never get over it.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

The sun dips over the horizon, giving way to dusk.

EXT. MICMAC BURIAL GROUND - DUSK

Geoff's eyes shift from the grave to the darkening sky.

GEOFF

It's getting pretty late. We
better go.

DREW

(disappointed)

Yeah...

They rise, leaving the burial ground. En route, Drew pauses for a
last look at the grave.

DREW

So long, Zowie...

Geoff follows, glancing back at the burial ground. It looks
magical in the twilight, not quite so sinister now.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Drew is walking home along the road, alone.

Headlights blind him as a car approaches. It slows and pulls a U-
turn, stopping at Drew's side. It's Gus' squad car. He pushes open
the passenger door.

GUS

Get in.

Drew takes a step back, shaking his head.

GUS

Your momma's worried sick over
you. You take off in the middle
of the night, you don't show up
for school. What're you trying to
prove?

DREW

I'm not trying to prove anything.
(beat)
I was burying my dog.

Gus turns his eyes away, focusing on the dark road ahead.

GUS

Life is full of lessons. No one's
above it. Not you. Not me...
Now get in the car.

After a moment, Drew approaches the car. Without another word, Gus drives off.

64 OMITTED

EXT. RABBIT CAGE - NIGHT

It's quiet now. And out of the silence comes the JINGLING of Zowie's dog tags. Zowie's LONG SHADOW creeps over the cage, distorted to monstrous proportion by the flickering light.

We move past the cages to the back porch...

We see ZOWIE'S PAW scratching at the door.

INT. AMANDA AND GUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amanda wakens with a start. She rises, eyes focusing on the dark bedroom. Gus is sound asleep next to her. Then, from outside, we faintly hear ZOWIE'S SCRATCHING.

Slowly, Amanda rises from bed, pulling on a bathrobe as she heads for the door.

EXT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Amanda appears at the door. She unlatches it, stepping outside.

AMANDA

Zowie?

Amanda looks down and SCREAMS.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Photos of Drew with Zowie are tacked on the wall above the bed. The one photo of Drew, Amanda and Gus has been altered with a cut-out head of Zowie's pasted on Gus' shoulders.

WE FIND Drew below. He's fallen asleep with his Walkman on. Even with his ears covered, the POUNDING at the door jolts him awake. Half asleep, Drew peels off the headphones.

GUS (O.S.)

Drew, you unlock this door! Right

now!

AMANDA (O.S.)

Unlock it, Drew!

The anger in his mother's voice brings him off the bed. Gus' POUNDING continues.

Drew moves to the door. The inside is secured by a double dead bolt. Instead of unlocking them, he opens a tiny, customized window which gives him a view of the hall.

DREW

What did I do now?

AMANDA

Open the door, Drew.

Drew unlatches the deadbolts and steps back as Gus bursts through the door.

GUS

Where do you come off lying like that? "I'm burying my dog." You think a lie like that's never gonna catch up to you?

Drew backs into the bed, taking a seat.

Amanda comes through the door, and behind her is...

ZOWIE

This is our first glimpse of the resurrected dog. Fur shiny and wet, the gaping gunshot wound in his rear. Zowie's head hangs low, his eyes GLEAMING RED. The husky is covered with dirt from head to toe.

Drew's eyes widen in astonishment.

Zowie staggers across the room towards Drew, nails clicking on the floorboards. Drew shrinks back in uncertain horror as the dog moves closer.

Zowie absently throws his arms up onto the bed, across Drew's lap. And slowly, perfunctory, his tongue licks Drew's cheek. This last action of Zowie displaces Drew's fear. Tears well up in the boy's eyes.

DREW

(a whisper)

Zowie...

GUS

Say your goodbyes. Zowie's going outside. You're grounded, buddy. That's the new law.

Drew lifts his hand from stroking Zowie's fur. His palm is covered with muddy blood.

AMANDA

I never knew an open wound could
smell so bad...

(beat)

Honey, he should have been looked
at this morning. I don't know
what you were thinking. It's a
wonder he's still alive.

Drew gazes into the dog's vacant eyes. It truly is a wonder.

INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chase enters and stops in the doorway.

Geoff sits in front of the television with a pile of videotapes next to him. He's scanning through Renee's old movies with the remote. The sound has been turned down and the effect is a little eerie.

ON THE SCREEN

We see RENEE move through a scene. Geoff hits the slo-mo button and the image winds down. Renee's face. HER EYES stare out at us from the alien universe of the past.

CHASE

(gently)

Geoff...

Geoff doesn't respond. He's captivated by Renee.

Chase moves into the room.

CHASE

Geoff!

Geoff PAUSES the tape. Renee freezes, the image flickering ever so slightly. For an instant, we think we see a FLASH OF Renee being electrocuted. But it's only an instant.

Finally, Geoff tears his eyes away from the screen, resenting his father's intrusion.

GEOFF

What?

CHASE

You alright?

Geoff's face softens. He nods.

GEOFF

Dad... do you think...
(beat)
...you think you and Mom would've
gotten back together?

Chase draws closer. He takes a seat next to Geoff. The pain in his son's eyes is almost more than he can stand.

CHASE

I think so.

CHASE

(continuing)
Your Mom and I loved each other,
Geoff. Don't ever think that we
didn't.

GEOFF

I still can't believe she's
dead...

Chase moves to reach for his son, and suddenly the phone RINGS, shattering the moment.

Chase hesitates, but finally he rises and answers the phone.

After a moment, he returns.

GEOFF

Who was that?

CHASE

Remember Zowie, Drew's dog? He
got hurt again. I'm going over to
take a look at him.

Geoff's eyes widen. He looks like a ghost walked over his grave.

GEOFF

I'm going with you.

Chase nods and exits to get his coat.

Geoff looks back at the TV once more. The image paused.

Renee staring at us from beyond the grave.

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gus, Amanda, Drew and Geoff are gathered around Chase's van.

EXT./INT. CHASE'S VAN - NIGHT

Chase lays Zowie on his side on an examining table and shines an overhead light onto the wound.

Geoff is looking in from outside, utterly bewildered by the living, breathing dog.

CHASE

How'd it happen?

Gus casts a threatening glance in Drew's direction.

DREW

(glaring at Gus)

Some psycho hunter probably got
trigger happy...

Chase is too busy preparing a syringe to notice the nonverbal exchange.

CHASE

I'm going to give Zowie a local
anaesthetic so I can clean up the
wound. I'd like to take him home
tonight for observation.

AMANDA

Fine.

DREW

Can you keep him at your place
until he gets better?

CHASE

Sure...

Drew tenderly strokes Zowie's mane as Chase administers the injection. Zowie stares up at Geoff with dull, blank eyes.

Drew reads Geoff's bewilderment and joins him outside the van. Their words are clear, but whispered.

GEOFF

Maybe he wasn't dead when we
buried him.

DREW

He was dead. You know he was.

Geoff returns his stare to Zowie.

DREW

You can't tell anyone, Geoff.
Ever.

Geoff looks into Drew's eyes and nods in understanding.

69 OMITTED

THRU

75 OMITTED

INT. GEOFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tiger is curled up at the foot of Geoff's bed. Geoff climbs in, careful not to disturb the kitten. As he lays his head back on the pillow...

VOICE (O.S.)

Sleep tight, darling. I'll be
with you soon.

It's a woman's VOICE. A familiar one. Now we hear the rhythmic CREAK of a rocking chair. And with it comes the voice again, humming a HAUNTING LULLABY.

Wide-eyed, Geoff turns his head toward the source...

A WOMAN'S NONDESCRIPT FORM is seated in the rocking chair across the room. Rocking forward, her face passes into a swath of moonlight...

It's Renee. With the rock of the chair, her face recedes back into the shadows. Her soothing HUM remains.

And again, her face passes into the swath of light. And again it retreats.

Geoff raises his hand, reaching out for her.

Renee's hand rises from the shadows, reaching for him.

But suddenly, THE ROOM BEGINS TO STRETCH.

The rocking chair and the bed seem distanced like polar extremes, mother and son hopelessly separated by forces beyond their control.

LIGHTNING FLASHES in the bedside window. Renee is falling farther and farther away.

GEOFF

Mom!!!

Geoff leaps from his bed as the darkness closes in and...

GEOFF

bolts up from his pillow. Awake now, face wet with perspiration. It was a nightmare. Except, if it was a nightmare, why do we still hear...

...the steady CREAK of the rocking chair.

Geoff slowly turns his head once again, repeating the actions of his dreams.

In the shadows, the chair is still rocking. As it comes forward into the moonlight, we see ZOWIE, curled up asleep on the seat of the chair.

Tiger is not on the bed anymore. She's up on top of the bookcase now, wide awake, eyes fixed on the dog. She HISSES.

Geoff stares at the rocking chair, petrified.

INT. CHASE'S OFFICE - DAY

Chase strips off the bandage over Zowie's rear end. The wound is gooey and open.

Geoff reads the concern in Chase's expression. Drew is right there at Geoff's side, looking on.

DREW

What's the deal?

CHASE

I don't know. He's had three days. His immune system should've responded by now...

Chase puts on his stethoscope and checks under the dog's rib-cage for a pulse. He checks a number of places, then shakes his head, totally confused.

CHASE

I can't seem to find a pulse... it must be so weak, it's not registering...

Geoff and Drew share conspiratorial glances as Chase sets the stethoscope aside and extracts a blood sample.

Chase labels the capped vial of blood "ZOWIE" and carefully places it into a packing container. When he closes the lid, we see the preaddressed label:

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

School of Veterinary Medicine
Lab Samples Enclosed

Uncomfortable with Chase's investigation, Geoff reaches for Zowie.

GEOFF

We'll take him back to the kennels, Dad.

78A OMITTED

INT. BOARDING AREA - DUSK

THE KITTENS ARE HISSING, shrinking to the back of their kennel.

Zowie stands motionless before their cage, gazing in at them.

Geoff and Drew are nearby, putting the finishing touches on the bedding inside a larger boarding kennel.

GEOFF

You think my Dad'll figure out why
he's not getting better?

DREW

You think he'd believe it if he
did?

One of the kittens SPATS fearfully at Zowie. Geoff turns to stare
at Zowie.

GEOFF

How can he not have a heartbeat?

DREW

(worried)
Maybe it takes a while...

Drew lifts Zowie into the kennel. Geoff secures the door,
something that clearly must be done from the outside.

Zowie immediately begins to pace back and forth inside the cage.
He turns towards us and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN, CHASE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A SNARLING WEREWOLF rushing at us.

Chase jumps back, frightened out of his wits and we realize...

The werewolf is part of a group of COSTUMED KIDS out trick-or-
treating. The kids LAUGH at Chase's reaction and hurry on,
dragging their candy loot bags behind them.

Chase sighs and turns to lock the office door. He's closing up for
the night.

He climbs into his Mobile Vet Van. We HOLD ON the new sign in the
back window: "A HALLOWEEN TREAT. FREE KITTENS." Beneath that is a
pencil-sketch of a black arched-back kitten.

INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marjorie and Geoff are at the kitchen table with the remnants of
dinner. Geoff is doing last-minute touches on his costume.

Marjorie looks over his costume. He's got a hockey mask pushed
back onto the top of his head.

MARJORIE

So who're you going as, Wayne
Gretzky?

For effect, Geoff slips the hockey mask down over his face before

answering.

GEOFF

I'm going as Jason.

MARJORIE

Jason? Who's he play for?

GEOFF

He doesn't. He hacks people up.

Geoff checks his watch.

GEOFF

I'm late.

As Geoff heads for the door, Chase is just coming in for the evening.

CHASE

Hey! Where're you off to?

GEOFF

I'm going out, Dad!

Geoff ducks out the door. Chase turns to Marjorie.

CHASE

Out?

MARJORIE

He's probably going up to the Pet Sematary. Kids've been going out there on Halloween night for years.

CHASE

What do they do up there?

MARJORIE

Oh, you know... drink beer, tell ghost stories. They try and spook each other out, talking about zombies and things...

(she shrugs)

It's no big deal, Chase. I did it when I was young.

INT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Drew is at the bathroom mirror.

AMANDA

Hold still. Hold still.

Amanda puts the finishing touches of color on Drew's lips. She's done an alarmingly good job of turning Drew into THE JOKER.

AMANDA

You make sure you're home by ten.
If Gus finds out I let you go...

DREW

(sighs)
I'll be home, Mom. Don't worry.
I won't let Gus blow up again...

Amanda looks Drew straight in the eyes.

AMANDA

Drew, I know Gus isn't your
father, but you never even knew
your real father. He walked out
on the both of us, and you
remember that.

(beat)

Gus isn't that way. He has it in
him to love us both. You just
have to give him a chance...

Drew nods respectfully. Amanda gives him a kiss. Drawing back, she
rubs out the lipmarks she's left on his made-up cheek.

83 OMITTED

EXT. PET SEMATARY - NIGHT

Dark clouds paint the foreboding sky. A broken pulse of lightning
streaks through the dense haze.

Abandoning their bikes next to the path, Drew and Geoff approach
the archway. The graveyard beyond is deathly silent.

They pass beneath the archway, entering the clearing.

And now, a soft, chilling VOICE drifts over the graves.

VOICE (O.S.)

Geoff, honey. Mommy's here...

Geoff freezes in his tracks, awestruck as...

A WOMAN'S BODY

swoops down from the darkness above, materializing out of nowhere.
A fluttering negligee. Flowing blonde hair.

RENEE'S FACE appears out of the shadows, masked with sadness.

Geoff swallows the lump in his throat.

Renee's form keeps coming. But even as she approaches, her visage
grows less distinguishable. Just a phantom countenance now. A
shadow framed by golden hair, resting atop a veiled body...

She's coming so fast that she's upon Geoff in no time. He fumbles back, startled out of his wits...

THE BODY is upon him now, flailing wildly. Geoff thrashes and struggles, screaming bloody murder.

Gradually, he realizes the body isn't fighting back. Geoff eases his struggle, lets his scream fall off.

Now he hears wild, mischievous LAUGHTER.

Drew pulls the body away. It's just a heavy wad of stuffed clothing: A DUMMY dressed in a negligee, capped by a blonde wig. It dangles near the end of a slanted wire.

Clyde, Stevie, Brad, and a half dozen other costumed KIDS appear from the nearby cover of bushes, doubled over in laughter.

Clyde tugs at a piece of twine that's connected to the back of the dummy's head and makes spooky sounds. The dummy jumps around on the slanted wire.

Clyde drops the dummy and saunters forward.

CLYDE

Look at this, Junior here
practically shit his pants.

Clyde drops down, nose to nose with Geoff, who's still recovering.

CLYDE

Maybe you're too chicken to hang
out with the rest of the boys.
You gonna run home to Daddy now?

Geoff brushes himself off and rises to his feet. He stares into Clyde's eyes.

GEOFF

Fuck off.

Geoff pushes past Clyde and moves on into the graveyard, somehow managing to keep his dignity intact.

Drew follows, then the rest of the boys, leaving Clyde staring after them, standing alone with the dummy.

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gus' squad car slows to a stop outside. Gus swings open the door and ambles toward the porch.

INT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amanda draws back from the window, mortified. She nervously crosses to the refrigerator and grabs a beer, turning as Gus

enters.

AMANDA

You're home early.

GUS

Nope. Just ran out of smokes.

Gus opens a kitchen drawer and fishes for a pack of cigarettes. He fires one up.

GUS

Where's the boy?

Amanda squirms.

AMANDA

Uh... in his room...

Gus tightens his brow, casting a suspicious eye.

A sickened look flushes through Amanda as Gus pulls his eyes away from her and marches upstairs.

GUS (O.S.)

DREW!

His feet POUND down the hallway. Silence for an instant. Then the powerful swing of Drew's door. Followed by Gus' hastened return down the hallway. And as he hustles down the stairs...

GUS

God damn it, Amanda! You want me to be a father to the boy, and as soon as I lay down the law, you let him break it!

Gus stops before Amanda.

GUS

Where is he?

One step away from terror, Amanda shakes her head. Gus loses his patience. He rips the can of beer from her grip and sends it flying across the room.

GUS

WHERE IS YOUR SON!?

Amanda sighs in quiet defeat.

AMANDA

The Pet Sematary.

Gus turns away and heads out the door.

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wheels spin as Gus' squad car streaks off into the night. The cherry top glows to life, bombarding the countryside.

EXT. PET SEMATARY - NIGHT

By now, nearly TWO DOZEN COSTUMED KIDS have gathered at the Pet Sematary. In the midst of the graves, a small story-telling campfire burns. A number of the boys sip beer, trying to pretend that the bitter after-taste doesn't bother them.

Clyde sits up front. At fourteen, he's the elder statesmen of the group. With a beer in one hand, and a cigarette in the other, Clyde is just finishing up a spooky yarn.

CLYDE

...yeah, that old Louis was one sick fuck... digging up little Gage like so, maggots pouring out of that kid's eyes...

Clyde whistles. He drags on his cigarette and puffs out a smoke ring. Sees he still has an audience.

CLYDE

Ellie was the only Creed that lived. Then one night a few months later, Ellie freaks out, and she hacks up her grandparents with an axe!

(beat)

Police found her licking their brains off the blade... They locked her up in a psycho ward and all she said were two words: 'Pet Sematary. Pet Sematary.'

Clyde stares at the wide-eyed kids. He grins, takes a swig of beer, and moves in for the kicker.

CLYDE

Oh yeah! Almost forgot! Here's the best part. Two nights ago she escapes. Word is, she was heading for Maine. Man I hope she doesn't show up out here.

(feigning concern)

Shit, we wouldn't even notice her, not if she's wearing a costume. She could be one of us...

Clyde casts a suspicious eye on the group. The kids uneasily look at each other, making sure they know who's behind each and every costume.

Suddenly Clyde drops his jaw in exaggerated horror.

CLYDE

Oh my Goddd!!!

Clyde lifts a trembling finger, pointing beyond the group of spellbound listeners.

CLYDE

It's... It's...

The kids are afraid to turn around, assuming Clyde's rigged up some unspeakable terror...

And for an instant, a look of real horror washes over Clyde's face...

A FIGURE

Is coming up the path beneath the archway, rising out of the swirling mist. A frightening silhouette, backlit by the moon.

But then Clyde realizes who it is.

CLYDE

Shit! It's Drew's Dad. It's
fuckin' Gus!

Drew and the others quickly turn around, realizing it's not part of the punch-line scare.

89 OMITTED

THRU

91 OMITTED

EXT. PET SEMATARY - NIGHT

The kids quickly scramble for hiding places in the bordering brush, dropping their beer cans as fast as they can.

As Drew leaps to his feet, he upsets the fire, knocking one of the logs. A FLAMING EMBER rolls to the base of one of the brittle old crosses.

Drew and Geoff run for it.

EXT. PATH, ARCHWAY - NIGHT

Gus moves quickly up the meandering path, sending the blinding beam of his flashlight over the graves.

GUS

You boys better not be drinking!

EXT. PET SEMATARY - NIGHT

Through the thick woods, Drew is flanked by Geoff and Clyde.

DREW

Oh man, he's gonna kick my ass...

Drew starts to take off. Clyde trips him on his first stride. Drew hits the dirt.

CLYDE

Thanks for fucking up our
Halloween, dumbshit!

Clyde recedes into the woods as Gus approaches the campfire. He scans the area with his flashlight, illuminating the various beer cans.

GUS

Drew, you get your ass out here!
Front and center!

Geoff pulls Drew to his feet.

Gus passes the flashlight over the woods. Kids duck away, retreating from their hiding places...

The flashlight sweeps toward Drew.

Drew freezes, spotlighted by Gus' beam. A burst of LIGHTNING floods Drew's horrified face.

GUS

Get out here, Joker.

Geoff remains frozen in the woods nearby, out of Gus' light.

Behind Gus, the wooden cross is completely on fire now.

GUS

You out here making a fool of me?

Drew shakes his head in instant denial.

GUS

I'm warning you, buddy! You don't
play by the rules, I'm gonna
shadow your ass for eternity!

Drew makes a break from his spot in the woods. He weaves through the markers, arcing around the outer perimeter to avoid Gus...

...but Gus is quicker. He zigzags through the crosses and headstones to intercept Drew.

Gus gets a handful of Drew's collar and yanks him in.

GUS

You little shit!

Gus draws his free arm back and smacks Drew across the face. Drew goes down.

GEOFF

is looking on from the woods, horrified. Torn...

DREW

cowers on the ground, trying to scramble away.

Geoff bolts out into the firelight, staring defiantly at Gus in silent accusation.

Gus is beyond furious. LIGHTNING flashes again.

GUS

You get out of here, Geoff
Matthews! This is between me and
my boy!

Geoff doesn't move. Gus starts to advance forward...

...but the GROWL emanating from the woods gives him pause.
Everyone turns...

A RUSTLING is heard in the bushes, and Zowie emerges into the building firelight, flashing his fangs at Gus. His eyes GLOW RED.

Gus freezes, studying Zowie.

Zowie inches forward, poised for the attack.

GUS

Call off your dog, Drew.

Drew shifts his eyes from Zowie to Gus, too terrified to heed such a command.

Zowie brushes past Drew and Geoff, moving in on Gus.

Gus' eyes shift to burning cross at his side. With a swift boot, he kicks over the cross and presses it into his grip.

Swinging the cross like a primitive weapon, Gus connects with the side of Zowie's head.

Zowie spins a full circle from the impact. But he lands on all fours. Unphased. Taking the next step toward Gus. There's something clearly not of this world in Zowie's vicious stare.

GUS

(terrified)
Drew, call him off!

All Drew can manage is a faint appeal.

DREW

Zowie...

Zowie goes for Gus, launching into the air...

GUS

DREW!

...and sinking his glistening fangs into Gus' neck.

AN ERUPTION OF BLOOD showers the closest headstone.

Gus comes helplessly tumbling down with the weight of the dog. His SCREAMS are suddenly cut short as Zowie rips out his throat. His arms flail weakly at his sides, then grow still.

Drew and Geoff stare at the scene, wide-eyed with shock.

Zowie looks up from Gus' neck with dripping, red fangs. For a moment, his eyes settle on Drew. Then Zowie bolts off, disappearing into the night.

DREW

Oh, God. Oh, God...

Drew's eyes shift to Geoff, whose face is flushed with sickened fear.

GEOFF

(a whisper)

Is he dead?

In dazed shock, Drew moves in for a closer look at the body.

Gus' eyes are wide open. Blood is still pumping in rhythm from his jugular with each weakening beat of his heart. It's a gruesome image against the roaring fire.

Drew kneels at Gus' side. He wants to touch him. To shake him awake, but with every attempt, he draws his hand back.

GEOFF

Is he breathing? Can you hear him breathing?

Drew leans forward, turning his ear toward Gus' gaping mouth. And as he inches closer...

GUS' FINGERS TWITCH

His hand jerks up and closes around Drew's neck. Gus stares up at him with his crazed menace.

Drew SCREAMS. His fingers claw at Gus' hand, desperate to pry it loose...

...but then, Gus' hand relaxes as his last, dying ounce of strength fades away.

Drew shrinks back, crouching over the lifeless body as the blazing firelight dances over it. He turns his tear-filled gaze to Geoff.

DREW

Oh man, Geoff... we killed him...
we killed him...
(beat)
What're we gonna do?

Geoff draws closer and looks down into the dead man's face.

GEOFF

We could bring him back.

Drew's eyes widen at the suggestion.

And now, GAZING DOWN on Gus' body, and on the boys, WE PULL UP
INTO A SLOW SPIRAL...

We move ever higher, until we are LOOKING DOWN UPON THE ENTIRE PET
SEMATARY. At the SOUND of a shovel cutting into rocky soil, we...

CUT TO:

95 OMITTED

EXT. MICMAC BURIAL GROUND - NIGHT

Three quick shots:

A SHOVEL sinking into the earth.

GUS falling head down into the grave, landing with a heavy THUD.

SOIL covering Gus' lifeless face.

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amanda is pacing back and forth on the porch, checking her watch every few steps. She sighs with relief as...

Drew appears from the darkness of the woods.

Drew dismounts his bike and carries it up the front porch steps, strangely silent. His clothes and face are caked with dirt.

AMANDA

Jesus, Drew, do you know what time
it is? Did Gus ever find you?

Drew moves on past her into the house.

AMANDA

(calling after him)
Drew? Drew, what happened?

DREW

(trying not to lose
it)
Nothing happened, Mom. We just
ditched Gus, that's all...

Drew pauses and stares out into the unknown darkness of the night.

INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chase is in the study, perusing some files. He looks into the hallway as Geoff arrives home, then glances at the clock. It's late. Very late.

Chase rises. He's both angry and relieved. Right now, though, the anger's winning out.

CHASE

Were you drinking?

Geoff absently shakes his head. He slumps back against the wall, drained from the night's horrors.

CHASE

Drew's Mom called hours ago, the
rest of the kids were back by ten.
Where the hell were you boys?

Geoff shrugs, trying to mask his uneasiness.

GEOFF

Just out.

CHASE

"Out." Well that's great, Geoff.
(beat)
Look, I've been letting you get
away with a lot these past few
weeks, but I'm not going to stand
for crap like this. I don't care
if it's Halloween... it's a school
night, and if you do this again...

GEOFF

(cutting him off)
I'm really tired, Dad... can I just
go to sleep?

Chase stops and looks at his son. Geoff's exhaustion is self-evident.

CHASE

(sighing)
Go on... we'll talk about this in
the morning.

Geoff nods and heads for the stairs.

INT. GEOFF'S ROOM - NIGHT

THE CLOCK is creeping up on 2AM...

THUNDER rumbles outside in the distance and rain starts to spatter the window panes.

Geoff's eyelids fall beneath unbearable weight and he nods off to sleep. Tiger is sprawled out on the blanket against his chest. Slowly, we move back towards the window...

In a flash of LIGHTNING--

GUS' FACE

APPEARS OUTSIDE. Washed in the haunting white glow. Streaked with mud. Caked with blood. Staring in at Geoff.

Geoff is jolted awake by the delayed clap of THUNDER and whips his gaze to the window. Before he can focus...

...the pulse of lightning fades away. And with it, Gus' face. Only darkness remains beyond the window pane.

Geoff returns his gaze to the bedroom, unaware of Gus' appearance. He sinks back to his pillow, already hurtling towards sleep once more.

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MOVING IN ON the house, WE SINGLE OUT a rain-obscured window on the ground floor, the window to Drew's bedroom.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Drew is sound asleep, curled up under the sheets. He clutches his pillow like a life preserver.

GUS (O.S.)

Drew!

Drew's eyes flutter open. He turns towards the window. Now, he hears some activity outside. And then Gus' hushed voice.

GUS (O.S.)

Drew, buddy. I lost my keys.

Drew goes saucer-eyed. He swallows the swelling lump in his throat and rises from his bed.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Drew steadies his quivering fingers just enough to sink the key into the deadbolt on the back door. Drawing the CREAKING door open, he gazes out back.

DREW

(scared shitless)

Gus?

Nothing moves outside. The longer Drew watches, the more eerie each shadow becomes. Spooked, Drew steps back inside, quickly closing the door. He locks it back up again.

When he turns around, he's face to face with GUS.

Drew stiffens, backing into the wall.

DREW

H-how'd you get in?

Gus offers a nightmarish grin and raises his hand, dangling his keys.

GUS

Found 'em.

Drew's eyes follow a flow of blood from Gus' neck to the floor. Gus looks down at his dirty, bloody footprints. He's tracked blood all over the linoleum.

GUS

I'm makin' a mess of your mother's
kitchen floor...

(beat)

I need a shower...

Gus turns without another word and heads for the stairs.

Drew's mouth drops in utter astonishment as he watches Gus clumsily climbing the stairs.

After a moment, he returns his attention to the bloody kitchen floor. Tearing off a wad of paper towels, he wets them and begins to mop up Gus' tracks.

103 OMITTED

AT THE MIRROR - NIGHT

Gazing vacantly at his reflection, Gus covers his ravaged throat with a gauze strip, wrapping it around the circumference of his neck again and again and again.

Behind him, the shower is running, filling up the bathroom with steam.

Finishing the dressing off with a sloppy tape job, Gus reaches for the pajamas hanging nearby. He lazily buttons the buttons, failing to notice their alignment is off. He never did bother to shower. He's still covered with mud.

INT. AMANDA AND GUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gus enters from the steamy bathroom. The shower is still running.

Amanda stirs, sleepy eyes focusing on him.

AMANDA

Gus, hon. I'm sorry about
tonight. You coming to bed?

Gus lifts the covers and climbs in. With him comes the chill of death. Gus presses up behind her. His hand moves beneath the sheets, finding its way over the curve of her waist, caressing. Amanda shivers.

AMANDA

God, you're ice cold...
(turning)
...and you smell! Lord, what did
you get yourself into?

It's then that Amanda sees the bandage around Gus' neck. Blood is seeping through the gauze.

AMANDA

My God, Gus, what happened?

Amanda reaches out to touch him, but Gus stops her hand short of the bandage. Instead, he leans forward and clutches one of her breasts.

Amanda tries to twist away.

AMANDA

Gus... stop it! What's wrong with
you?!

But Gus doesn't stop. He throws himself on top of Amanda, roughly forcing her back onto the bed.

AMANDA

Gus!!!

Amanda's hands beat at Gus' face and back, to no apparent effect. With one arm forced against Amanda's throat, he rips open her nightgown with the other.

We pull away from Amanda's struggles, back to the bathroom. The shower running on and on, cloaking the bedroom in steam.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Geoff is riding along the highway, his backpack full of school books. Drew is waiting on the shoulder ahead. When Geoff approaches, Drew hops on his bike, getting up to speed.

WITH THE BOYS - RIDING

Geoff keeps glancing at Drew, waiting for him to say something.

Drew maintains his enigmatic expression.

GEOFF

Well?

Drew nods. Geoff's eyes widen in disbelief.

DREW

Picture this... Gus comes down to breakfast and he doesn't say a word. He even kind of smiles, like he forgot he hates me. And then you know what he does? He serves me an extra helping of pancakes...

(beat)

I asked him if I was still grounded... "no." I asked him if you could spend the night, and he nods. It's like we're a family. A real family.

The words have their own meaning for Geoff, who stares to the road ahead in deep thought.

DREW

It's weird...

GEOFF

What do you mean?

DREW

It's like he's not Gus anymore. He's different. You know, like Zowie...

They share a chuckle that ends in silent uneasiness.

INT. CHASE'S OFFICE - DAY

Chase enters with a stack of files tucked under his arm. As he organizes them in the large filing cabinet with the others, he listens to his messages on the answering machine.

The current caller sounds a little annoyed...

MESSAGE MACHINE

...Doctor Matthews, this is Elliot Rudman at the university. I've looked over the blood specimen you sent us on canine Zowie...

Chase abandons the filing and immediately returns the call. While it RINGS...

VOICE (O.S.)

Knock, Knock, Doc.

A MOTHER and TWO TODDLERS are standing in the doorway to Chase's office, trying not to intrude on his call.

MOTHER

(quiet whisper)

We saw your sign. Are there any kitties left?

Chase studies them. They look like decent people.

CHASE

Take your pick. They're in the boarding area. You can go on back.

Chase turns away as his phone call is answered.

CHASE

Elliot, it's Chase...

INT. LAB/INT. CHASE'S OFFICE (INTERCUT) - DAY

ELLIOT RUDMAN has the phone tucked under his chin, in the midst of an autopsy. The WHIRR of the saw drowns out his words as he shaves the dome off a dog's skull.

CHASE

I didn't get that...

The pathologist turns off the saw. His words become audible.

RUDMAN

...I said next time it might help if you took the blood sample while the animal was still alive...

The comment hits Chase out of left field.

CHASE

What?

RUDMAN

I don't know what you expected to find, Matthews. There's nothing wrong with the antigens, nothing to indicate an unusual death...

CHASE

Wait, there must be some mix-up. He was... the dog is alive.

RUDMAN

Not this dog. There wasn't enough oxygen in those red cells to pump life into a flea.

Chase is baffled, speechless.

RUDMAN

You took over for Doctor Yolander?

CHASE

Yes... why?

RUDMAN

Because the last person that sent me blood from a dead animal was Yolander...

**110 OMITTED
THRU
112 OMITTED**

INT. BOARDING AREA - DAY

The kennels have been cleaned up, but the room retains its eerie, dimly lit quality.

The DRIP of a faucet reverberates from the far corner.

The mother enters with a toddler clinging to each hand. Their smiles fade at the unsettling surroundings. Slowly, they move down the row of kennels.

TODDLER

Where are the kitties?

INT. CHASE'S OFFICE - DAY

CHASE

(into the phone)
Look, this is ridiculous...

Suddenly, BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS pierce the air. Chase drops the phone and rushes out of the office...

INT. BOARDING AREA - DAY

The toddlers are screaming at the top of their lungs. Mom is burying their heads in her dress.

Chase bursts in as the mother hastily retreats for the exit. Her horrified eyes flash by Chase. In an instant, she and the toddlers are gone.

Chase remains alone, moving down the long row of kennels with mounting trepidation...

Zowie's cage is empty.

Chase shifts his troubled gaze to the...

DRIP DRIP DRIP... as a PUDDLE OF BLOOD forms on the floor.

Chase raises his eyes...

THE KITTENS' KENNEL -

Nothing but bloody ribbons of torn flesh are left of the kittens, dangling from the grid gate. DRIPPING.

Chase looks away as a new level of fear runs through him.

CHASE

Jesus...

It's too gruesome even for a man of Chase's background. Fighting the gag reflex, he searches the room for the missing dog...

...and then he spots the broken glass window vent along the floor. And the pile of blood-spattered shards laying on the tile.

EXT. SCHOOL, STREET - DAY

Clyde, Stevie, and Brad are loitering near the front bike racks. Clyde's smoking away.

As Geoff and Drew come out of the school, the trio moves to intercept them.

CLYDE

Hey!

Just then, Chase's van pulls at the curb, interrupting whatever trouble was about to happen.

Clyde looks from the van to Geoff, and falls back.

DREW

Saved by the bell...

Chase hurriedly rolls down the passenger window as Geoff and Drew approach.

GEOFF

Can I sleep over at Drew's tonight?

Chase is preoccupied with other concerns.

CHASE

Yeah... that's fine...

(beat)

Listen, Drew, I got the tests back on Zowie. He's not well. Don't ask me how, but he got out this afternoon...

Geoff and Drew exchange concerned looks.

CHASE

If he finds his way home, call me,
no matter what the hour, okay? And
don't try to approach him.
Whatever he's got might be
infectious. Understand?

The boys nod their heads.

Chase masks his anxiety with a weary smile. With a wave, he speeds up, leaving the boys.

INT. CHASE'S VAN - MOVING

A MAP of Maine is unfolded on the passenger seat. Chase is on the car phone.

CHASE

Can I have the address for Quentin
Yolander?

Chase jots an address down on the map. He turns the van up a mountain road, winding through the towering pines.

EXT. YOLANDER'S CABIN - DAY

A remote, rustic dwelling nestled into the desolate backwoods.

INT. YOLANDER'S CABIN - DAY

QUENTIN YOLANDER rocks back in his thick hide chair. His world is closed off from daylight by the extensive blinds.

He's holding a SMALL POODLE in his lap. Its big brown eyes are staring back at him.

YOLANDER

You'd be so much more interesting
with blue eyes...

And now, ONE OF THE POODLE'S EYES POPS OUT. Yolander's finger comes through from beneath the eye socket.

On closer examination, WE REALIZE that the dog is not alive at all. Yolander has his hand inside the hollowed-out carcass.

He carefully looks over a container of glass eyes on his desk and selects the right shade of blue. A shot of whiskey rests nearby.

Yolander reaches up into the poodle's belly and fits the blue eyes securely into place.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Yolander ignores it. Maybe he's deaf. Another KNOCK. Yolander turns towards the door, annoyed at the intrusion. And behind that annoyance, there's a touch of madness.

PULLING BACK, we see the rest of the room. Stuffed animals are crowded from floor to ceiling. A product of Yolander's obsession with TAXIDERMISTRY.

YOLANDER

I'm immortalizing a poodle. State your business!

Yolander presses some stuffing into the poodle's gut and begins to sew up the stomach.

CHASE (O.S.)

Doctor Yolander. This is Chase Matthews. I've moved into your offices in Ludlow...

Yolander's attention remains on the needle as he meticulously stitches the belly.

CHASE (O.S.)

(continuing)

...I sent a blood sample out for analysis. They tell me I sent them the blood of a dead animal...

At this, Yolander breaks his concentration. The needle pricks his hand. Blood oozes from the puncture, dripping onto the dog's stomach.

CHASE (O.S.)

...a dog...

Yolander rises from his seat and swings open the door.

Chase stands in the doorway, startled. It doesn't take a genius to figure out that the good Doctor is drunk.

YOLANDER

(glaring)

Why are you bothering me about this? Can't you leave it be?

CHASE

I... um...

Chase glances to the right and steps back...

A BOBCAT

is perched nearby, frozen in mid-pounce. It takes a second for Chase to register that the bobcat has been stuffed.

Now Chase sees the rest of the room... a whole zoo of stuffed animals, looking like a rural version of the Bates Motel.

CHASE

(momentarily thrown)

...the pathologist... he said that
you had reported a similar
incident... with a cat...

YOLANDER

The Creed cat, that's right.
Bastard's name was "Church".
(grins)
Let me guess. Your dog's tissue
isn't healing, pupils aren't
dilating... maybe you can't find a
heartbeat?

CHASE

Exactly! I thought it might be
some sort of blood condition...
immune deficiency or...

Quentin Yolander laughs. It's disconcerting.

YOLANDER

There's no "blood condition." The
dog isn't sick, it's dead.
(drawing closer)
And so was Creed's cat. And so
was his wife the night she was
killed for the second time...

As Yolander moves forward, Chase backs up. He bumps into a whole
shelf of stuffed creatures. To his right, A RAVEN sits frozen on
its perch. Chase regards Yolander as being completely insane.

YOLANDER

(menacing)
You want some advice, friend? You
get in your car, you pick up your
family... and you get the hell out
of that town.

CHASE

Well... uh... thanks...

Chase continues to back out of the door. On his way out, he bumps
into the stuffed raven's perch...

...only this raven isn't stuffed. It spreads its wings and
SCREECHES.

Chase just about jumps out of his skin, tripping out of the
doorway.

116D OMITTED
THRU
116F OMITTED

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gus reaches into the cage and grabs a rabbit by the ears. He casually snaps the neck. Laying the limp carcass on a stump cutting board, he quickly skins it.

Hanging above the cages, there is now a line of furry pelts. Half a dozen.

Drew and Geoff are on the porch, looking on.

DREW

I guess we're having rabbit for dinner.

Gus hangs the freshly skinned fur to dry and violently snatches another hare from the cage.

INT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The dinner from Hell. Geoff splats a helping of mashed potatoes onto his plate, all the while keeping a wary eye on Gus...

Gus is serving himself a chunk of rabbit. It hits the edge of the plate, teetering on the rim. He passes the dish on.

Gus meets Geoff's gaze. For a moment, there's a deadened, vacant look in Gus' eyes. Then slowly, a limp smile creeps over him, sending a chill up Geoff's spine.

Geoff averts Gus' stare. Gus helps himself to potatoes and passes the plate on. He lets go of it short of reaching Drew. Only Drew's quick hands save it from hitting the table.

Amanda comes to the table with a dish of LIMA BEANS. She casts Gus a cold, hateful stare and sets the limas down. She's still angry over last night.

Gus dishes a sloppy scoop and passes it toward Drew. Like before, he lets it drop too early. This time Drew doesn't save it. The lima beans shower the floor.

AMANDA

God damnit, Gus! This isn't funny!

Amanda fetches a dishtowel and kneels to clean up the mess.

Geoff and Drew exchange quick glances. As Geoff reaches for the salt...

...Gus intercepts his wrist. Geoff gulps.

Gus drops his jaw, revealing a gooey mass of food. But the frozen smile and the look in his eyes convey dementia rather than playfulness.

Geoff and Drew can't believe their eyes. They laugh uncomfortably. There's no other response.

Gus LAUGHS too... awkward, terrible laughter. Spitting out food over his shirt and plate as he does so.

The boys stop laughing, but Gus just keeps on going.

Amanda stares at Gus and carries the mess out of the room.

Through his laughter, Gus' bandage has slipped down, exposing part of his ragged wound. The wound glistens, oozing CLOTTED BLOOD and **GOOEY PUS**.

Drew hesitantly reaches for Gus' neck, readjusting the bandage.

Grossed out, Geoff averts his eyes and sets his fork aside.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - LATER

Geoff and Drew enter. Drew swiftly secures the deadbolts on his door.

GEOFF

What was that all about? You think he's trying to scare us?

DREW

I don't know but I'm not taking any chances...

Drew opens the chest at the foot of his bed and produces a SHOTGUN. A box full of shells spill as he withdraws the gun. Cracking open the chamber, Drew loads two shells into the chamber.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

A moonlit horizon. Unmoving. Silent. The kind of silence that pulls at the darkest recesses of imagination.

And now, A LONE FIGURE appears on the horizon. It's Zowie, moving at a deliberate pace.

ATOP A KNOLL

Zowie takes pause. The TINKLING of his collar tags resumes as he drops over the horizon line, cutting down the hill.

INT. CHASE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chase sits in the den, looking exhausted and disheveled. In front of him, the t.v. is on. RENEE'S FACE stares out at us. Chase hits the remote and rises, moving to the back door.

He checks the deadbolt, then secures the chain link as a backup. From somewhere outside, we hear a DOG HOWL.

Chase's eyes drop to the DOGGY DOOR, a holdover from the previous owner. Chase bends down and latches the door.

Now he pauses at his desk... considers... then pulls something out of the bottom drawer. It's a gun.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chase moves to the front of the house, securing that door. Satisfied, he turns off the light and heads upstairs...

WE STAY AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS -

MOVING INTO DARKNESS, shadow and form begin to take shape. We hear a low GROWL and see a flash of RED EYES. It's Zowie. Already in the house.

123 OMITTED

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Coming through the door from the downstairs, Chase stops cold.

RENEE is on the bed. Clothed in a negligee. Lying across a blanket of rose petals. Her eyes meet his with powerful longing.

RENEE

Chase. I miss you so much...

CHASE

(dry-mouthed)

Renee...

Chase approaches. Slowly. Fearful that this is all a dream.

Renee reaches out her hand. They touch. This is not a dream.

CHASE

Oh God...

Chase absently sets his gun on the bedside table as Renee draws his body to hers.

They kiss. Once. Twice. Not a dream.

Renee rolls Chase over, forcefully climbing on top. Chase sinks down into the center of the bed as Renee straddles him.

Slowly, Renee slips off the top of her negligee...

RENEE

(a whisper)

I can come back, Chase...

...and sinks down on top of him, kissing him hungrily.

Her nipples graze his chest, then her breasts flatten as she grinds her hips against his.

Almost instantly, the weight of her grows unbearable. Chase fights to pull his mouth from hers, to breathe...

CHASE

No... Too heavy.

There is no pleasure in his words, just unmitigated horror as Renee's body comes down on him harder.

CHASE

...can't breathe... I can't...

CHASE'S EYES

pop open, frenzied, AS HE COMES OUT OF HIS DREAM.

Chase is alone on the bed, but he's still feeling the weight pressing down on him...

ZOWIE

is laying on his chest, staring back at him, rearing his teeth in a growl...

Zowie LUNGES forward, jaws flashing, and Chase twists sideways...

GNASHING TEETH connect with Chase's shoulder, then with the pillows where Chase's head used to be. A BLIZZARD OF DOWN FEATHERS **ERUPTS...**

Chase scrambles out of bed, flailing for the gun on the bedside table...

THE GUN spins out of reach and across the floor...

Chase DIVES for the gun and reaches it just as Zowie leaps to the floor. In a panic, Chase FIRES WILD...

Zowie abruptly turns and SMASHES through the bedroom window, sending glass flying.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Zowie slides down the room and leaps to the ground below, disappearing into the night.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chase looks on in terror. Finally he pulls his eyes away from the shattered window...

...and catches a glimpse of something in the dresser mirror. Something that sends a chill up his spine.

The flurry of down feathers is floating to the mattress. But intermingling with the feathers are a handful of ROSE PETALS, slowly settling to the bed.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Chase is bare-chested at the mirror, applying a dressing to the dog bite on his shoulder.

Marjorie appears in the doorway with a basket of laundry. She stops short at the sight of Chase standing there in his boxers.

Chase catches her reflection in the mirror and is startled.

MARJORIE

I didn't mean to... I was going to empty the hamper...

Chase turns, shaking off the scare.

CHASE

It's okay.

Marjorie's eyes can't help but fix on the dog bites scattered over Chase's chest and arms.

MARJORIE

What happened to you?

CHASE

I had a little run-in with Zowie.

MARJORIE

You sure did...

Marjorie sets the laundry aside.

MARJORIE

Here, let me do that...

Marjorie looks over the antiseptics Chase has laid out on the sink. Saturating a wad of gauze with hydrogen peroxide, she gently cleanses the gashes on his arms.

There's nothing overtly sexual in her actions, but the gentleness of her touch doesn't go unnoticed by Chase.

MARJORIE

I hope he doesn't have rabies.

CHASE

He doesn't. I don't know what he has, but I'm hoping to God it's not infectious...

Chase stops and looks at Marjorie's reflection in the mirror.

CHASE

Marjorie... what do you know about the Creed murders?

Marjorie stiffens for a moment. Obviously the Creeds are a sore spot for the people in this town.

MARJORIE

Did you ever play that game where you pass a story down a row of people and see how screwed up it gets by the time it's done? People say Louis Creed's son came back from the dead and it drove him crazy...

(she rolls her eyes)

He killed his wife and himself, and that's the end of story. Anything else belongs in the National Enquirer.

Marjorie tapes the bandage over Chase's shoulder too tight. Chase's groan snaps her back to the reality at hand.

MARJORIE

Sorry. Now tell me what that has to do with Zowie?

Chase closes his eyes, shutting out the pain.

CHASE

I wish I knew.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Chase approaches the counter, looking to the ELDERLY LIBRARIAN for assistance.

LIBRARIAN

What are you looking for, Hon.

CHASE

Do you have anything on the Creed murders? I can't find the microfilm from that period...

The librarian's smile vanishes. She lowers her voice, focusing her attention on some paperwork.

LIBRARIAN

We don't keep anything on file from that far back.

CHASE

But you've got files from the previous years...

LIBRARIAN

We have nothing on the Creed murders, sir. Can I get you

something else?

Chase looks around and realizes that a dozen hostile eyes are on him. TOWNSPEOPLE withholding a dark secret.

Chase slowly backs away, eager to escape the field of hostile stares.

127 OMITTED

THRU

129 OMITTED

EXT. HIGHWAY, COUNTRY BRIDGE - DAY

Geoff and Drew have parked their bikes beneath the bridge. They sit on the bank of the creek below, watching the water run past. Geoff is lost in thought.

GEOFF

Do you think everyone that came
back would be like Gus?

DREW

I don't know...
(thinking)
...maybe it depends on what you
were like before you...

GEOFF

(finishing)
Dies?

Drew nods. He tosses a stone into the creek, then looks up at the sun and sighs.

DREW

I gotta go back and do my
chores...

GEOFF

Go later...

Drew shakes his head.

DREW

I can't. Gus'd kill me if I
showed up late.

The boys reluctantly rise and move to their bikes, walking them up the steep grade to the highway.

DREW

See you at school Monday?

Geoff nods. He looks at Drew. The boy is genuinely frightened. But there's nothing either of them can do. They're trapped in their roles as kids.

Both boys mount their bikes. Drew turns...

DREW

You ever think about running away?

GEOFF

All the time.

Drew smiles at this. He waves to Geoff and pedals off.

DREW

(calling back)

See ya!

Geoff waves and heads off in the opposite direction.

WE STAY ON DREW -

As he moves down the road. Up ahead, we hear the approaching WHINE of a motorcycle...

CLYDE

rips by on an old junkyard fixer-up MOTORCYCLE, and he's heading in Geoff's direction.

Seeing him, Drew brakes and pulls his bike into a U-turn, pumping furiously to catch up with Geoff.

ON GEOFF -

Now Geoff hears the WHINE of Clyde's motorcycle. He glances back...

Clyde's spotted him, REVVING the engine.

Geoff pedals like mad, but it's no use. Clyde is closing in on him, grinning sadistically.

Clyde sweeps in next to him, calling out over the ENGINE.

CLYDE

Well look who's here!

Clyde veers right, forcing Geoff towards the shoulder of the road...

131 OMITTED

132 OMITTED

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The ground ahead drops toward a ravine. Geoff has nowhere to go but down the slope. Clyde is right there beside him...

Laughing, Clyde reaches over and grabs ahold of Geoff's handlebar. He jerks it sideways...

CLYDE

Oops!

Geoff's front wheel turns perpendicular. The bike pitches forward, THROWING Geoff into the dirt ahead...

Clyde broadies his bike to a stop. With the engine idling, he hops off.

Before Geoff can get to his feet, Clyde has picked up Geoff's bike and planted it upside down in the dirt.

CLYDE

Guess your Dad's not here to save
you now, is he?

Clyde gets a handful of Geoff's collar and drags him over toward the bike. With his free hand, Clyde cranks the pedal.

The back wheel spins. Faster and faster.

CLYDE

You ever seen a tire take off a
nose?

Through the blur of the spokes, WE SEE Geoff, eyes widening fearfully.

CLYDE

Neither have I.

Clyde forces Geoff's face toward the spinning tread.

CLYDE

Might even kill ya. Wheel might
chew right into your brains. You
could visit your mom.

Geoff tries to get a hold on the frame of the bike for leverage, but his arms don't reach beyond the spinning wheel.

Clyde is full of deranged glee, fueled by Geoff's fear.

But now, A HAND grabs the wool scarf streaming from the back of Clyde's neck and yanks him off of Geoff.

Clyde reels, finding...

GUS standing there behind him. He looks bad. Real bad. His bandages are unwound and his ruined neck is still seeping. His face is unearthly pale. He's deteriorated considerably since yesterday.

CLYDE

(startled)
Jesus Christ, Gus!

Gus levels a threatening gaze at Geoff.

GUS

Go home.

But Geoff remains frozen. Gus fixes him with a stare that could turn flesh to stone.

GUS

I said... GO HOME!!

Geoff snaps out of it and flips his bike over. He gets a running start, making a beeline for the highway without ever looking back.

ON THE KNOLL NEARBY

Drew stops short of the ravine, watching from afar as Gus steps toward Clyde.

BELOW -

Clyde throws up his hands. He's frightened, but he tries to muster up a cocky front.

CLYDE

Come on, Gus, I was just fucking with him...

(nervous laughter)

What're you gonna do? Give me a ticket? I mean, shit, Gus...

Clyde grows increasingly wary of Gus' evil stare. Gus steps closer.

CLYDE

You can't lay a finger on me...

Wrong. Gus lashes out, backhanding Clyde across the face.

Clyde falls to the ground, flat on his back, with his nose gushing blood. Terrified.

Gus turns around and lifts the idling motorcycle. With one hand under the back of the seat, and the other working the accelerator handlebar, Gus advances toward Clyde.

Gus kicks the bike into gear and REVS the accelerator.

THE REAR WHEEL SPINS. On the pavement it would be moving forty miles an hour.

Clyde can't believe his eyes. Pleading.

CLYDE

Gus... what are you doing?

GUS

I'm just fucking with you...

Gus plants his foot against Clyde's chest, pinning him, and lowers the spinning rear wheel TOWARD CLYDE'S NECK. The wheel WHINES like a circular saw.

Gus lowers the wheel. Then jerks it away, flashing a sadistic smile.

Just when Clyde thinks Gus is backing off, the wheel comes down again...

CLYDE

(wailing)

Stop it, man! Stop it!!!

Gus gets into the rhythm as he lowers and retracts the spinning wheel at the terrified bully.

But this time, as the wheel comes down...

CLYDE'S WOOL SCARF, defying gravity, gets swept up, swallowed into the GEARS.

And along with the scarf, here comes Clyde's SCREAMING face. We can only imagine the gruesome instant that follows.

BLOOD sprays up over Gus' arms and chest. And then we hear the sound of CRUNCHING BONES jamming the motorcycle's gears.

GUS

(dead-pan)

Whoops.

He bares his teeth in a death's head grin.

ON THE KNOLL

Drew has witnessed the killing. He's mortified.

BELOW -

Gus tosses the bloody motorcycle aside, slowly raising his eyes up to where Drew stands. His eyes meet Drew's.

Drew hastily jerks his bike around and takes off.

Gus starts after him on foot.

INT. DREW'S HOUSE - DAY

Drew rushes through the front door, SLAMMING it behind him and throwing the deadbolt.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Drew climbs onto his bed and grabs his shotgun from the gun rack. His fingers shake as he flips off the safety.

DREW

Oh man...

Just then we hear the CRACKLE of a POLICE P.A. and Gus' amplified VOICE coming from the yard outside.

GUS (V.O.)

(mocking)

This is the Police, come out of the house with your hands up!

Gus finishes his words with a burst of FEEDBACK and then amplified **MANIACAL LAUGHTER.**

Drew's eyes go wide with terror. He creeps out into the hall, clutching the gun.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Drew tries to look out the window. Then we hear a low, guttural GROWL. Drew slowly turns...

Zowie is standing down the hall, leveling a dead stare. Zowie takes the first step forward.

DREW

(horrified)

No, Zowie! It's me!

Pleading, Drew slowly retreats down the hallway.

Along the way, he backs right into...

GUS, grinning from ear to ear.

Drew recoils against the wall, swinging up his shotgun.

DREW

Stay back!

But Gus just keeps on grinning. He takes a step forward...

Drew pulls the trigger...

And CLICK! Nothing happens. The chambers are empty.

GUS

Forget something, Drew buddy?

Gus raises his hand. He's holding the shotgun shells. He lets them fall to the floor.

Suddenly Gus wrenches the gun from Drew's hands. He swings it and...

...Drew SCREAMS and ducks beneath the blow, as the shotgun butt SMASHES a hole in the wall above his head. Gus flings the shotgun aside and LUNGES for Drew...

Drew races down the hallway to the back door. He turns the latch. The deadbolt has been locked from the inside.

Drew's eyes whip to the keyholder on the wall. All the keyhooks are empty.

Here comes the JINGLING of keys in Gus' pockets as he comes down the hall...

Drew dashes away from the back door.

Gus' eyes shift from Drew's fleeing form to A BOX OF TOOLS in the service closet.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Drew jimmies the knob. Again, the deadbolt is locked from the inside. Tears are streaming down Drew's face now.

FOOTSTEPS approach. Drew spins around...

Gus is advancing, WITH A HAMMER tight in his grip.

GUS

(crazed)

You have the right to remain
silent...

WHAM! Gus SMASHES the hammer into the wall to punctuate his words. Plaster goes flying.

GUS

(continuing)

...while I bash your fucking head
in!

Drew's eyes dart frantically, looking for a way out. The closest route of escape is UP THE STAIRS.

Down the hallway, Zowie starts running forward. Drew's caught between a rock and a hard place...

GUS

You have the right to a lawyer,
but you won't need one...

He runs for it. Gus charges to intercept him...

Drew gets to the stairs first.

GUS

...cause you'll be dead!

WHAM! Gus brings the hammer down with the claw end leading. It sinks into the stair below Drew's feet...

Zowie LEAPS past Gus, tearing up the stairs as Gus wrenches the hammer free...

UPSTAIRS

Drew makes it to the top of the stairs with Zowie right on his heels.

Drew DIVES into Amanda and Gus' bedroom as...

Zowie springs from the floor. Drew SLAMS the door shut, SMACKING Zowie. Zowie collapses to the floor, dazed.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Drew throws the latch on the door. Almost immediately, Gus is outside, POUNDING at the door with the claw end of the hammer. Wood splinters fly as the hammer claw sinks through...

Drew SCREAMS and goes for one of the dormer windows. It's stuck; he can't get it open.

From the hallway, Gus violently SMASHES the door again and again. The door is splintering apart. WE SEE glimpses of Gus through the ragged holes.

GUS (O.S.)

Do you understand these rights,
Drew buddy?!

Drew grabs a chair and HEAVES it through the window...

GUS (O.S.)

**...OR ARE YOU JUST TOO FUCKING
STUPID?!**

The bedroom door EXPLODES INWARD and Gus claws his way into the room...

Wasting no time, Drew climbs through the broken window...

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - DAY

Drew slides down the slant of the roof. He hits the lattice and takes it to the ground with him.

Untangling himself, he gets to his feet...

...and here comes Amanda, ARRIVING HOME.

Drew runs for her car, waving his hands, throwing himself into her

path so she'll go no further. She SLAMS on the brakes.

Drew pulls open the passenger door and dives inside...

DREW

Gus killed Clyde, Mom! He's
trying to kill me!

Just then, the BACK DOOR flies open. Gus steps out.

GUS

Drew, buddy! Daddy's not done
yet!

Amanda spots the hammer hanging from his grip. Gus cracks a sick
smile and FLINGS THE HAMMER at the car...

CRACK! The hammer bounces off the windshield, causing it to
spiderweb.

DREW

Go Mom! Go!!!

That's all the convincing Amanda needs. She puts the car into
reverse and stomps on the gas...

INT. CAR - DAY

Speeding down the highway. Drew and Amanda are mortified.

Suddenly, we hear the WAIL of Gus' patrol car coming up from
behind. Amanda looks to the rear-view mirror...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Approaching from the road ahead is a POTATO TRUCK.

INT. AMANDA'S CAR - DAY

Amanda hips her head back in front of them. The potato truck is
blaring its HORN.

Gus' car swerves out onto the shoulder, speeding up to match her
pace.

DREW

Mom!!!

Gus cranks the wheel, jumping back onto the road, forcing Amanda's
car into the path of the oncoming truck.

INT. POTATO TRUCK - DAY

THE DRIVER stands on the BRAKES.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

THE POTATO TRUCK COLLIDES WITH AMANDA'S CAR. HEAD ON.

Thousands of potatoes explode from the rear of the truck, obscuring our view.

WE HEAR THE HORRIFYING SOUNDS OF CRUNCHING METAL. CRUNCHING BONES. AND SILENCED CRIES.

Gus' vehicle speeds past. WE HOLD on the mess of twisted steel. Clearly there are no survivors.

INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DUSK

Geoff enters first. Wearing a dark suit. Looking pale and empty inside. Chase follows, dressed in black. It's obvious they've been to a funeral.

Without a word, Geoff heads up the stairs. Chase watches on, feeling utterly helpless.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Chase exits from his bedroom, pulling a sweater over a more casual change of clothes. He cocks his head at the SOUNDS of Geoff moving about in the attic above.

The door atop the attic stairway is barely ajar.

Chase wrinkles his brow, concerned. Turning away, he heads downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Marjorie is preparing dinner. Across the room, the kitchen TV is playing...

ON TELEVISION is the evening news. A photo of Drew and Amanda appears above the NEWSCASTER.

NEWSCASTER

... Friends and neighbors came to pay respects for Drew and Amanda Gilbert, who died in a head-on collision Saturday...

Chase enters the kitchen, eyes moving to the TV.

MARJORIE

Those poor people. I saw Gus this morning... he looked terrible.

Chase pulls his eyes away from the broadcast as Marjorie sets dinner on the table. Chase yells upstairs.

CHASE

Geoff, dinner's ready!
(after no reply)

Geoff?!

GEOFF (O.S.)

I'm not hungry.

Chase gives Marjorie an apologetic look and rises from the table.

Meanwhile, the news broadcast continues. A photo of Clyde appears on the screen.

NEWSCASTER

...in other news, the disappearance of a Ludlow youth remains a mystery. Clyde Parker was last seen on Saturday afternoon. His motorcycle was found off Highway 62...

150 OMITTED

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Chase pushes open the door. A spring coil pulls the CREAKING door closed behind him. One look at the attic and Chase turns pale...

A huge window at the far end of the room allows the moonlight to reach all corners of the spacious old attic...

All of Renee's belongings have been unpacked. The entire attic has been converted into a museum-like room, down to the last meticulous detail. A room in preparation for Renee's return.

Gauzy curtains billow out from some unseen draft. Pictures of Renee rest everywhere. Awards. Memorabilia...

GEOFF is seated before the brightly lit, three-way theatrical mirror, casually setting out Renee's make-up.

CHASE

Geoff... what are you doing?

There's an obsessive dementia in Geoff's gaze.

GEOFF

I'm getting things ready for Mom.

Chase sighs. Obviously the strain of Drew's funeral has proven too much for Geoff. He moves closer.

CHASE

(gently)
Mom is dead, Geoff. You know that...

A creepy smile flickers across Geoff's face.

GEOFF

She doesn't have to be.

Chase freezes as a chill runs up his spine.

CHASE

What are you talking about?

GEOFF

I can bring her back. The same way Drew and me brought Zowie back...

At this, Chase is positively spooked.

CHASE

Geoff, this is crazy. Zowie didn't die.

GEOFF

He did. We buried him.

(intense)

There's a place out in the woods... if you bury something there, it comes back alive.

Chase stares at his son. This is insane. It must be.

Just then, the PHONE RINGS downstairs. Geoff continues to stare at his father.

GEOFF

We tried it on Zowie first. And then we did it again, when Zowie killed Gus. Drew didn't want Gus to be dead, so we brought him back, too...

It's too much for Chase. His mouth is hanging agape.

MARJORIE (O.S.)

(outside the attic door)

Doctor Matthews, you've got a call. It's the caretaker at the funeral home. Something about your wife's grave...

Chase nods in private acknowledgement. He stares at Geoff as he backs away.

CHASE

Look, Geoff. Just... just relax, okay. I'm going to take this call and I'll be right back. Okay?

Geoff doesn't respond. Chase pulls open the door and leaves.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chase is on the phone. The CALLER'S WORDS bring grave concern to Chase.

CHASE

What?! Christ, I'll be right there...

Chase hangs up, stunned. He turns to Marjorie, who's watching him with a concerned gaze.

CHASE

(hurried)

Marjorie, I need you to stay late. Geoff is really upset and I have to take care of this. Don't let him leave the house, alright?

Chase is out the door before she has a chance to respond.

151B OMITTED

THRU

151F OMITTED

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Geoff is laying on his mother's bed, weeping. Tiger sits at the foot of the bed. Suddenly she wakens and HISSES.

From out of the darkness...

RENEE'S HAND

ENTERS FRAME, gently touching Geoff's side. And with its arrival, so comes her eerie LULLABY.

RENEE

(a whisper)

I need you, Geoff...

GEOFF

slowly raises his head, bewildered. Renee's hand withdraws into the darkness. He reaches out for her, but she's gone. The LULLABY remains, beckoning from down the attic stairs.

The attic door slowly swings open of its own accord.

Geoff rises from the bed and follows.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS FOYER - NIGHT

Geoff looks into the living room as he passes. Marjorie has fallen asleep on the sofa with the TV on.

155 OMITTED

EXT. PET SEMATARY - NIGHT

The lullaby drifts from beyond the deadfall. The fog rolls inward, towards the distant burial ground. As Geoff moves towards the deadfall, the fog converges around him.

157 OMITTED

EXT. THE BOG - NIGHT

The lure of Renee's lullaby pulls Geoff deeper into the woods. We hear the unearthly ANIMAL HOWL once more.

159 OMITTED

THRU

167 OMITTED

EXT. PLEASANTVILLE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Chase's van pulls to a stop behind a maintenance vehicle.

Chase is greeted by the limping CARETAKER, who quickly leads him off across the rolling hillside.

CARETAKER

...sorry to disturb you, Doctor Matthews, but I thought you'd want to come have a look for yourself. It's the damndest thing...

AT RENEE'S GRAVE -

Chase stops cold, gazing at the ground before him in disbelief...

The grave is a gaping cavity. The casket has been unearthed. Renee's body is missing.

CHASE

Jesus...
(uncomprehending)
Gus did this?!

CARETAKER

(nodding)
He stuck around after the funeral. Told me he had an order to exhume your wife. I didn't think much of it until I saw him drag the body out of the coffin...
(shakes his head)
He put your wife in his truck and drove off right through Amanda and Drew's headstones...

The caretaker points across the hillside...

TIRE TRACKS cut through the manicured grass, cutting a path of destruction right through the field of headstones and on through the fence.

CARETAKER

I swear, nothing this weird has happened since Louis Creed dug up his boy...

(beat)

You want me to notify the authorities?

Chase doesn't answer, he just storms past the caretaker.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The van is speeding down the dark, open highway. Chase is on the car phone, frantic, waiting as it RINGS. There's finally an answer...

CHASE

Doctor Yolander, this is Chase Matthews, we spoke the other day...

Yolander cuts him off.

YOLANDER'S VOICE

(bitter)

You didn't leave town, did you.

INT. YOLANDER'S HOUSE (INTERCUT)

Yolander sits in the darkness, a bottle of whiskey and a tumbler at his side. His "creatures" are all around him, eyes glowing with reflected moonlight. His voice is slurred. The voice of someone who's already damned.

YOLANDER

You sorry bastard. You stayed. I have nothing more to say to you, Matthews...

CHASE'S VOICE

(desperate)

Look, just tell me one thing. Did I treat an animal that had been brought back to life? Did I?!

YOLANDER

What do you think?

INT. CHASE'S VAN - NIGHT

Chase grips the carphone tightly, his knuckles white.

YOLANDER (V.O.)

Believe what you saw, Matthews.
The dog was dead.

CHASE

My God...
(mounting horror)
...how is that possible? You have
to help me, Doctor Yolander. I
don't know what I'm dealing with
here! They've dug up my wife...

YOLANDER'S VOICE

(cutting him off)
I'm retired from my practice,
Matthews. It's your practice now,
and it's your problem.
(beat)
God help you...

CHASE

(screaming)
Wait! Don't hang up!

But Yolander does. And now we hear the DIAL TONE.

CHASE

Shit!

Chase flings the carphone down, looking up as...

An approaching potato truck ZOOMS by. Blinding headlights. A
BLARING HORN. Chase barely swerves out of the way.

Recovering from the scare, Chase reaches over and opens the glove
compartment. He pulls out his gun and sets it on the seat next to
him.

EXT. MICMAC BURIAL GROUND

Geoff climbs the stone steps, reaching the flattop meas. He stops
short, looking over the clearing...

GUS

is standing in the center of the burial ground. He's HUMMING,
mimicking Renee's feminine tone. Now he stops and slowly turns,
regarding Geoff with dead eyes. He's holding a pickaxe and shovel
at his side.

Gus looks to the ground at his side. Geoff follows his gaze...

A VISION OF RENEE'S GRAVE APPEARS -

Headstone. Manicured grass. Thriving flowers. As if it had been
uprooted from her resting place at Pleasantville and set down
right in the middle of the Micmac ground.

And now, the vision of Renee's grave fades away. In its place is a bundle of white: RENEE'S SHROUDED BODY.

Gus raises the pickaxe, offering it to Geoff.

GUS

You bury your own, Geoff.

Geoff slowly nods and approaches, seduced beyond reason.

169 OMITTED

THRU

177 OMITTED

INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marjorie stirs on the couch, blinking her eyes open at the SOUND of a THUD upstairs. Otherwise, the house is dark and silent.

MARJORIE

Geoff?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marjorie starts up the long, dark flight of stairs to the attic. The thin night-shirt she's wearing does little to protect her from the sudden cold. She clutches herself, shivering.

MARJORIE

Geoff? You okay up there?

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Marjorie cautiously pushes open the door. Her concern for Geoff is forgotten as she beholds the Renee Hallow memorabilia.

She moves about Renee's unpacked belongings in bewildered reverence.

The gauzy curtains billow about Marjorie like ghosts. And then she glimpses something beyond the curtains...

A FIGURE

stands in the shadows, wearing the BEADED PEACH DRESS that Marjorie had admired earlier. For a moment we think it's Renee, but as Marjorie draws closer, we see that the dress has been fitted onto a dressmaker's model.

Marjorie lays a hand on the fabric, feeling the contours of the design.

EEXT. GUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Chase's headlights sweep across the front of the dark house. Pulling to a stop, Chase opens the van's door...

ZOWIE

LEAPS out of the darkness, sinking his teeth into Chase's shoulder.

Chase is thrown back over the car seat, grappling with the nightmare dog as it tears into him again and again...

Chase SCREAMS, reaching back for the gun. He grabs hold of it and swings it around... FIRES...

Zowie is BLOWN backwards, clear out of the car, spraying CHASE with BLOOD...

Zowie lands outside on his feet, looking stunned. His chest is a ruined mess. Zowie WHIMPERS and drags himself weakly towards the front porch.

Chase stumbles out of the van, clutching the gun. He's bleeding profusely.

179 OMITTED

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

An old saw is laying in a pile of sawdust next to a square hole that's been cut in the base of the front door.

Chase gives it a look as he tries the door. It's unlocked. Chase enters, bringing with him an illuminating swath from his headlights.

INT. GUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Chase's headlights stream through the windows, distorting the interior. The house looks like it's been through a tornado. A trail of BLOODY PAW PRINTS leads into the kitchen. The stench is repulsive. Grimacing, Chase has to keep himself from gagging.

CHASE

Jesus...

As Chase moves forward, he catches sight of...

GUS

standing in a swath of light. At Gus' feet is Zowie, tongue lolling out of his mouth. Dead for the second time. Scattered around the dog are various tools.

Propped against the wall is the cut out square of wood. It's fitted with hinges at the top.

CHASE

Gus, what are you doing?!

Gus glances down at the dead dog.

GUS

(dead-pan)

I was building a doggy door.

CHASE

God damn it Gus, you dug up my wife! What the fuck is going on around here?!

Gus brings a cordless electric drill up from his side, pointing it at Chase in a threatening manner.

GUS

(grins)

A little drilling. A little killing.

As Gus moves forward, Chase gets a good look at him for the first time. He doesn't look even remotely alive.

CHASE

Holy shit!

Chase levels his gun with a trembling hand.

Gus stabs the air with the drill, feeding on Chase's horror.

Chase pulls the trigger. A bullet pounds Gus' chest. A SPRAY OF FLESH explodes from his back.

Unphased, Gus regains his balance.

GUS

God I hate when that happens...

Before Chase can squeeze off the next round, Gus rips the gun from his grip...

GUS

You got a permit for that?

Opening the chamber, Gus empties the remaining bullets and tosses the gun aside.

GUS

Didn't think so.

Gus fires up the drill. The bit spinZZZZZZ. He DIVES at Chase, knocking him back against the counter. The drill bit SINKS INTO **CHASE'S ARM...**

Chase SCREAMS as Gus withdraws it. Now, he presses it into Chase's shoulder. Chase is on the verge of blacking out now. The pain is unbearable...

Gus withdraws the drill once again, aiming now for Chase's eye.

GUS

(maniacal)

No brain, no pain, Chase. Think
about it...

The whirling drill bit is millimeters away from Chase's eye. He
clutches Gus' arm, trying to force the drill aside...

At the last second, adrenaline kicks in and Chase diverts the
drill. It SINKS INTO the counter-top nearby... STUCK.

Gus ROARS, lashing out, but Chase manages to duck away...

Chase catches sight of HIS GUN on the floor. He scrambles for it,
scooping it up...

BULLETS are rolling across the floor every which way. Chase slaps
his palm down on one and desperately fumbles with the chamber...

Gus' hands CLAMP DOWN around Chase's neck. He swings Chase around
and SLAMS him against the wall, lifting him off his feet...

Chase GASPS as the life is literally crushed out of him...

He brings the gun up beneath Gus' chin and jams it into his ruined
throat. Gus just keeps on throttling him...

GUS

(insane)

Just remember, Chase... I had Renee
first... and now I'm gonna have her
last...

BLAM! The top of Gus' head BLOWS off. His BODY is thrown back by
the incredible force, tumbling him to the kitchen floor with a
HEAVY THUD.

Chase sucks in precious air, then his head snaps up.

CHASE

Geoff!

EXT. GUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Chase stumbles from the house. It's a wonder he's even conscious.
He swings open the van door and throws himself inside, sinking the
key into the ignition.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Marjorie is now seated before Renee's theatrical make-up mirror,
entranced. She's wearing the beaded peach dress.

With the help of Renee's vast array of cosmetics, Marjorie has
turned herself into a stunning beauty.

The lipstick isn't quite right. Turning to the countertop magnifying mirror, she carefully touches up her ruby red lips. Her face fills nearly the entire mirror...

...except for one rim, which reflects the dark, shadowy attic behind her.

A HUGE EYE joins her reflection in the distorting mirror. Marjorie nearly jumps out of her skin. She spins around...

MARJORIE

Jesus, Geoff! Don't sneak up on me like that!

...but no one is there.

THE MAKE-UP MIRROR catches another glimpse. Renee's RED LIPS, magnified tenfold. The lips begin to move...

RENEE

(a whisper)

Did you really think you could be like me?

Renee's fist swings in, SMASHING a panel of the mirror...

Marjorie raises her hands to protect herself against the flying glass. And as her hands come down, she finds...

Renee standing before her. Her ghostly form silhouetted by moonlight. Curtains billowing around her. We never fully see her.

Marjorie's face goes white with fear.

RENEE

Such a young face... but you've got potential...

Renee grabs a fistful of Marjorie's hair, viciously YANKING her head back...

RENEE

We'll do the eyes first. You always start with the eyes...

Renee lashes out, SLASHING a mirror shard across the skin beneath Marjorie's right eye. Marjorie SCREAMS.

INT. GEOFF'S ROOM - NIGHT

Geoff awakens at the commotion upstairs. He rocks forward, rising from his bed.

185 OMITTED

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Geoff pauses at the base of the attic stairway, looking up at the open door. All he hears are the faint SOUNDS of movement.

GEOFF

Marjorie? You know you're not supposed to be in the attic.

Geoff starts up the stairs.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Geoff trepidatiously enters. He weaves through the maze of gauzy curtains. And then he sees her...

Renee is standing in the midst of the attic. She's perfectly made up. Gorgeous. Just as she was on the day she died. She smiles warmly.

GEOFF

Mom...

RENEE

I came back for you, Geoff. We're going to be together again.

Renee raises her outstretched arms to receive him. Through the haze of his tears, Geoff doesn't see the sinister, vacant gleam in her eyes.

INT. CHASE'S VAN - NIGHT

Reaching the house, Chase SKIDS to a stop across the lawn.

188B OMITTED

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Chase cautiously enters with the gun in his grasp. The spring coil swings the CREAKING door shut behind him.

From Chase's vantage point, he can't see them yet. He makes his way around the stripped dressmaker's model, past an upright dressing mirror. And then he sees...

MARJORIE

Slumped against Renee's bed like a ragdoll. We can only see half of her face. It looks untouched. Chase reaches for her...

CHASE

Marjorie?

Marjorie's head rolls sideways, exposing the other half of her face. The skin has been stripped from her skull and peeled back...

Chase turns his head away. And that's when he sees them...

RENEE AND GEOFF

Holding each other tightly. Geoff has his head buried in Renee's breast. Renee looks up from her son, meeting Chase's gaze. Her voice is both seductive and terrifying.

RENEE

Hello, Chase.

Chase gasps. The word "horror" doesn't do the moment justice.

CHASE

Oh my God...

RENEE

We can try again, Chase. We can make it work this time.

Chase sinks back against the wall. He's lost a lot of blood and his strength is leaving him.

CHASE

(shaking his head)

No...

RENEE

Don't you love me anymore, Chase?

CHASE

You're not Renee... Renee's dead...
(screaming)
Geoff! Get over here now!

But Geoff just holds his mother tighter. A hint of annoyance flickers through Renee's eyes. She strokes Geoff's hair.

RENEE

(looking at Chase)

Geoff, honey, why don't you go downstairs. Your father and I need a moment alone. Do it for me?

Geoff looks up at his mother, mesmerized. She releases him from the embrace. He brushes past Chase without a glance and heads for the attic door.

RENEE

Geoff...

Geoff pauses at the door, looking back. Renee's words have a hauntingly familiar ring...

RENEE

I love you.

Geoff smiles. Turning away, he opens the door and...

CLYDE

is standing there, an AXE perched on his shoulder. His face is torn to shit, bones and brain matter exposed. He's covered from head to toe in dirt and clotted blood. He looks worse than any of the undead we've seen. A total walking nightmare.

CLYDE

(grinning)

Hey, Junior. Wanna play?

WHOOSH! Clyde swings the axe, sinking it into the wall just in front of Geoff's face...

Geoff tumbles back onto the floor, snapping out of his trance.

Clyde brings the axe down...

...and Geoff rolls to the side, barely avoiding decapitation.

CHASE

Geoff!

Chase stumbles forward to rescue his son. As he does so, Clyde brings the axe back up, SMASHING Chase in the head with the blunt end...

Chase goes down. Unconscious.

CLYDE

Oops! Looks like Daddy got a boo-boo...

Clyde turns his gaze back on Geoff.

CLYDE

Now, where were we?

Geoff shuffles backwards across the floor as Clyde moves into the room.

Renee passes behind Clyde. She SLAMS the attic door shut and snaps off the knob with a jerk of the wrist, locking them all inside.

Scared out of his wits, Geoff makes it to his feet. Clyde swings again and misses...

Geoff grabs hold of the axe handle, struggling, and the two boys go down...

RENEE

Moves to the vanity. She sweeps a hand across it, sending everything crashing to the ground. Crystal perfume bottles SHATTER, spilling their contents over the floor.

Renee reaches for a lighter and flicks it on. She touches the flame to the perfume-soaked floor...

FLAMES roar into existence, racing across the floorboards, igniting the curtains...

We see the flames reflected in Renee's soulless eyes.

ON GEOFF AND CLYDE

As they wrestle with one another across the floor. Bloody spittle drips from Clyde's face. He flashes a feral snarl.

Clyde LUNGES forward and tears into Geoff's shoulder with his teeth...

Geoff SCREAMS. His hands grope blindly for a weapon and close on a mirror shard. He JABS it up and into Clyde's eye...

Somehow, Geoff manages to roll out from under Clyde. He rises to his feet...

Clyde lets loose a DEMONIC ROAR. He charges, SLASHING the axe wildly, knocking aside curtains and dressing models alike. Nothing's going to stop him. Nothing.

Flames are consuming the attic, licking the rafters, igniting the canopy drapings... devouring everything. SMOKE is rolling across the floor...

Geoff reaches a far wall. He's trapped in a corner. There's nowhere else to go. Behind Geoff is a CIRCUIT BOX. INSULATED CABLES run from the box down through the attic floor. Geoff turns...

And here comes Clyde...

CLYDE

Here it comes, buddy! HERE IT
FUCKING COMES!!!

Clyde swings. Geoff ducks. The axe hits the circuit box behind him, severing the insulated cables...

As Clyde rips the axe out of the wall for another try, Geoff reaches for one of the SPARKING CABLES.

Clyde raises the axe above his head...

CLYDE

Eat it, ass-hole...

GEOFF

EAT THIS!!!

...and Geoff shoves the live cable into Clyde's mouth!

SPARKS shoot out of Clyde's eyes and ears. He jerks back and forth, writhing in a horrific replay of Renee's electrocution.

Then Clyde's face BLOWS APART in a gout of ruined flesh and BLUE FLAME. The circuit is blown and the SMOKING BODY falls...

Geoff drops the cable. The blazing inferno is closing in. He runs to Chase...

Chase is barely conscious. Geoff drops to his knees and pulls his father to his feet...

RENEE (O.S.)

Don't leave me again, Geoff!

Geoff turns...

RENEE

is standing in the midst of the FLAMES, reaching out. The make-up and mortician's wax she wears fall victim to the heat and her "face" begins to MELT AWAY...

RENEE

Don't leave me alone!

Geoff turns away, horrified. With Chase on his shoulder, he reaches the door. Locked. Geoff sets Chase against the wall.

He spots the AXE, still clutched in Clyde's hand. Geoff drags the axe free from the dead boy's grasp and goes to work on the door...

Ignoring Renee's CRIES, Geoff swings the axe again and again, chopping the door apart. He coughs through the smoke. The flames are almost upon them...

Finally, the wood splinters apart. Geoff reaches through and grasps the outside handle, pulling the door open. Then he turns and lifts Chase up once more...

At the door, Geoff pauses for one final, tearful look back. Then his face hardens and he turns away, pulling Chase to safety.

RENEE

NO, GEOFF! NO!!!

ON RENEE

Alone in the fiery storm, SCREAMING. Flames devour her flowing white dress. Her face doesn't even look remotely human anymore.

And as the inferno slowly closes in, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VETERINARY OFFICE - DAY

We PULL OUT from a sign on the door that says "CLOSED".

Chase is just now locking up the door. He's bandaged up, looking a little worse for the wear, but happy to be alive. He turns, grinning...

GEOFF

stands near the van, holding Tiger in his arms.

GEOFF

All set?

CHASE

All set.

Chase joins Geoff at the van and together they climb inside. Chase starts the engine, pulling away from the office.

WE STAY ON THE VAN -

As it moves off down the street, passing the familiar landmarks of sleepy Ludlow.

RISING UP -

We follow the van as it sweeps out of town. Ludlow looks picture-perfect from our bird's eye vantage point. Charming and quiet.

CHASE (V.O.)

So where're we going?

GEOFF

Anywhere but here.

We continue rising up into the brilliant blue sky, losing the van amidst the rolling Maine countryside and we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MICMAC FOREST - DAY

RUSHING over the woods, just above the tree tops. It's an ocean of swaying green beneath us. A forest as ancient and mysterious as anything on the Earth.

AND SUDDENLY -

The endless trees fall out from under us. We find ourselves above the flattop mesa of the Micmac burial ground, swooping downward...

The ground surges towards us. We see Renee's OPEN GRAVE.

The quality of light is different now. We hear the wail of the LONESOME WIND, and perhaps, the WHISPER of something altogether alien.

And on the unsettling note, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END