

THE OVERLOOK HOTEL

by

Glen Mazzara

Based on "Before the Play"

by Stephen King

FADE IN:

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

An ancient lake mirrors a snow-covered mountain.

WE FLY over the lake toward the peak, right over a tree-covered island. As WE VEER to the right --

EXT. ASPEN FOREST - DAY

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

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

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

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE ROAD - DAY

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

AS WE VEER to the left, toward the mountain, into a vast, green valley --

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The column advances toward a tunnel.

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

AHEAD OF HIM

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

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

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

To Bob T.'s right, his other son, RICHARD, 8, nervous, soft. Bob T. sees him fearfully pull back on his horse's reins.

Bob T. digs in his spurs and drives his own steed forward. Boyd gives Richard a comforting glance. Richard directs his horse forward.

AS they enter the tunnel --

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

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

Bob T. focuses ahead. AS the light at the end of the tunnel finally comes into view --

EXT. ROAD AT TOP OF VALLEY - DAY

The line trudges along, making its way deeper into the valley.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD WITH SNOW - DAY

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

VOICE (O.S.)

WAIT!

Bob T. stops and turns.

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

Bob T. looks on impatiently.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD WITH SNOW - LATER

A makeshift camp has sprung up. Tents. Campfires.

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CONTINUED:

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

BOB T.

If you stare at that any longer,  
these barbarians will hit you over  
the head and take it from you. Or  
I just may do so myself.

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

BOYD

How much longer, Papa?

BOB T.

If the weather holds, a few days.

RICHARD

And when will Mother join us?

BOB T.

Soon enough. A camp's no place  
for a woman. We'll have to pretty  
it up first.

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

He finishes eating then hands the dish to Richard.

BOB T.

Son, take this back to Cookie.

Richard stands.

BOYD

I'll go with you.

BOB T.

He can handle it himself.

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

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP - NIGHT

Richard makes his way past hardened MEN used to living off the land. They sit in groups, separated by race.

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

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CONTINUED:

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

EXT. MAKESHIFT CORRAL - NIGHT

Richard makes his way to his horse and pets him.

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

He pats the horse's muzzle then HEARS --

A CRASH in the woods just beyond the corral.

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

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT

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

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

He clears away fallen leaves to REVEAL --

A WAGON WHEEL.

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

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

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

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

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

(NOTE: This is the same dress that will be worn by the Grady twins fifty years from now.)

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CONTINUED:

SNAP.

Richard looks up and SEES --

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

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

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

Richard starts to shake.

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

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. TENT - NIGHT

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

BOB T.

Son, are you all right?

RICHARD

(weak)

Yes.

BOYD

What happened?

Richard doesn't answer.

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

LLOYD

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

BOB T.

I understood all the tribes have been resettled.

LLOYD

At the very least there are bears and catamounts.

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CONTINUED:

BOB T.  
 Fair enough, Lloyd.  
 (to men)  
 Thank you, fellas. You get  
 yourselves some sleep. He'll be  
 fine.

The men exit. Bob T. pushes the hair out of his son's eyes.

BOB T.  
 Took us the better part of an hour  
 to find you. That's quite a scare  
 you gave us. Your mother will  
 have my hide should anything  
 happen to you.

RICHARD  
 Did you find the lady?

A beat.

BOB T.  
 What lady?

RICHARD  
 By the carriage. In the woods.

Bob T. and Boyd trade confused looks.

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

RICHARD  
 There was a woman. She looked  
 ragged. Savage. Her carriage  
 slid off the road.

BOYD  
 We looked everywhere for you. No  
 one found any carriage.

BOB T.  
 What did we say about these little  
 "visions," boy? I thought they  
 stopped.

Richard looks at him sheepishly. Bob T. tousles his hair.

BOB T.  
 Imagination is a very good thing  
 indeed. My father had it. An  
 iron horse, they told him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T. (CONT'D)

That's mad! But it wasn't.

(softly)

He wasn't mad.

The implication being, and neither are you.

RICHARD

Her mouth. It was bloody. She carried a bone. A person's bone.

Boyd looks at his brother worriedly.

BOYD

What if some settlers lost their way, Papa?

BOB T.

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

The boys listen intently.

BOB T.

John McCready and his party crossed this mountain almost 40 years ago. Were battered by one blizzard after another. Like the Donners before them. Poor bastards got caught in the longest winter anyone had ever seen. Food didn't last long. They finally took to eating one another. When they found old McCready himself the next Spring, he wasn't human. Had taken to eating parts of himself. But there was still something in him that realized what he had done -- his wife, his own children. Wrested a shotgun from one of the rescue party, put it in his mouth.

(beat)

He was the last of them.

The boys look at him, horrified. The fact that this is the shittiest bedtime story ever is completely lost on Bob T.

RICHARD

What if a blizzard comes through on us, Papa? We'd be trapped.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BOB T.

Don't you worry about that. I paid top dollar to pave the road all the way from Sidewinder. Your daddy's already blazed the trail.

Richard accepts that.

BOB T.

I'll tell you one thing. Old McCready did us a favor. His story scared off all suitors. That's how I got the deed to this land so cheap. One man's tragedy is another man's fortune. I never wish someone ill but business is business. Now, you boys get yourselves to bed.

He smiles then exits. Boyd settles into bed beside Richard.

RICHARD

I saw her. It wasn't my imagination. She was there. Do you believe me?

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

EXT. ROAD - DAY

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

EXT. FURTHER ALONG THE ROAD - DAY

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

A few cracks in the pavement have formed puddles and the road is beginning to flood.

LIGHTNING strikes a tree dangerously close to the men. A horse REARS in fright.

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

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

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CONTINUED:

A KNOCK.

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

LLOYD

Looks like the road's out ahead.

BOB T.

That can't be.

LLOYD

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

Bob T. will have none of it.

BOB T.

We're already two months late breaking ground. Those thick-skulled engineers of yours were supposed to grade the road so it doesn't flood. I want them dragged into court if I don't get every thin dime back.

Lloyd's soaked to the bones. Miserable. Does not want to be having this conversation.

LLOYD

We'll have to head back to Sidewinder.

BOB T.

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

LLOYD

But the road --

BOB T.

No excuses. You told me you could build my hotel faster than all the other contractors, at a point higher than anyone's ever built before. Now you say a little rain's stopping you?

He starts to open the door.

BOB T.

Get your hats, boys. We'll see for ourselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

EXT. STRETCH OF THE ROAD - DAY

Bob T., Boyd, and Richard on horses wind their way along the road, which now rises out of the valley. They navigate carefully though the puddles and potholes. As they come around a bend, they SEE --

The road straightening out in front of them. Intact. Clear sailing.

Bob T. looks to the horizon at --

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

BOB T.

There it is, boys. The top of the world.

Bob T. looks at the mountain lovingly. Boyd and Richard peer through the rain, wishing they saw what their father saw. They know how important this is to him.

AS they take in the promised land --

EXT. STRETCH OF THE ROAD - DAY

The long line of trucks and carriages now winds its way along the same stretch Bob T. and his sons just rode. The rain lashes down as they slowly make their way.

INT. LEAD TRUCK - INTERCUT

Lloyd looks ahead, scowling. He SEES --

Bob T. and his sons on a ridge above him, looking down.

ON BOB T. AND THE BOYS

BOB T.

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

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

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CONTINUED:

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

Bob T. beams proudly.

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

BACK TO LLOYD

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

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

LLOYD

Shit!

CRASH! The truck behind him rear-ends him.

BOB T. AND THE BOYS

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

BOB T.

Fucking idiots.

BACK TO LLOYD

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

LLOYD

(calls out)

Straighten these trucks out. And bring me a jack.

BOB T. AND THE BOYS

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

BOB T.

This'll cost us another day.  
Let's head down there. More than enough work for everyone.

As they start to move, a ROAR rumbles in the distance.

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CONTINUED:

BOYD

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

The ROAR gets louder.

BOB T.

(confused)  
That's not thunder.

RICHARD

Then what is it?

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

BACK TO LLOYD

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

Beat, then --

A WALL OF WATER spills around a bend. Lloyd looks on in horror AS:

The wave SLAMS into the trucks and carts, sweeping them over the side of the road and further down the ravine.

BOB T. AND THE BOYS

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

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

ON BOB T. AND THE BOYS

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

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

Trucks and cars float upside down.

IN THE RAVINE

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

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CONTINUED:

Another MAN is slammed into a tree, now being tossed around like a matchstick.

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

The water continues to rage forward.

ON BOB T. AND THE BOYS

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

BOB T.

Shut your eyes.

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

Bob T. watches the turbulent floodwaters roar below. A few BODIES hang from trees but the rest of the crew is gone. Swept away. Pharaoh's army laid low.

EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT

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

RICHARD

Could anyone have survived? Maybe they're further on ahead.

Boyd shakes his head.

RICHARD

How many?

BOYD

Hundreds.

RICHARD

We shouldn't have pushed on.

BOYD

What are you saying? That Papa got them killed?

He stands, fists clenched.

BOYD

Don't you dare say that.

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CONTINUED:

BOB T. (O.S.)

Say what?

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

BOB T.

Most everything's soaked through but I found some underbrush for kindling.

The fire grows.

BOB T.

What were you saying, Richard?

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

BOYD

That maybe there was something we could have done.

BOB T.

Against a flood? Boys, we saw the very hand of God. He took those men for a reason.

BOYD

So what do we do now?

BOB T.

We head back to Sidewinder, call for more laborers. I'll wire your mother that it'll be a few more weeks before she can join us.

RICHARD

You're still building the Overlook?

BOB T.

This is a hard land. Cruel. That didn't stop Lewis and Clark or the 49ers or countless others. We can't let the fallen die in vain.

Boyd's happy to hear that. Richard feels it's a mistake.

BOB T.

We'll also need to keep this from your mother. It would be a great strain on her. What's done is done. I have your word?

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CONTINUED:

BOYD RICHARD  
 Promise. (torn)  
 Yes, Papa.

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

He looks off at the distant mountain visible in the  
 moonlight.

BOB T.  
 They died at the gates of Heaven.  
 You couldn't ask for a better  
 resting place than that.

RICHARD  
 Papa... is there anything to eat?

Boyd shoves him with his foot. Bob T. puts his hand up  
 and Boyd looks at him sheepishly.

BOB T.  
 We'll trap a rabbit or two in the  
 morning.

Richard tries to hide his worry.

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

BOYD RICHARD  
 Of course. Yes, Papa.

BOB T.  
 Then say your prayers. We've got  
 a long road ahead.

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

THE DISTANT MOUNTAIN

He wants it even more.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - DAY

A CONSTRUCTION SITE MATERIALIZES on the mountain.

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CONTINUED:

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

OVERLOOK HOTEL

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

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

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

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

THE IMPOSING OVERLOOK looking down on her.

The two seem to take each other in.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Mother!

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

SARAH

My darling!

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

SARAH

Boyd! Look how you've grown.

Bob T. steps forward.

BOB T.

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

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

SARAH

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

Richard starts to take her by the hand and lead her toward the Overlook.

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CONTINUED:

RICHARD

What do you think? Isn't it grand?

Sarah takes in the hotel.

SARAH

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

He puts his arm around her.

SARAH

Right here at the top of the world, just like you said.

BOB T.

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

She blushes. That's not the Bob T. she knows.

BOB T.

Boys, get Mother's things.

(to Sarah)

I'm sure you'd like to rest after your drive.

SARAH

Don't I get the grand tour?

BOB T.

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

She pouts playfully.

BOB T.

Tomorrow. I promise.

She smiles. Boyd and Richard take her bags from the car.

BOYD

This way, Mother.

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

INT. CABIN - DAY

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

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CONTINUED:

BOB T.

This is where we'll be staying until they finish our living quarters within the hotel. The men stay in tents but I couldn't have that for my wife.

SARAH

Where do the boys stay?

BOYD

We have our own cabin.

SARAH

By yourselves?

BOYD

It's right next door.

BOB T.

(reassuringly)

They're fine. They've become quite the frontiersmen these past few months.

She looks at her boys.

SARAH

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

RICHARD

I love it here. No more cities for me.

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

BOB T.

Boys, go wash up. You mother needs to rest a spell before dinner.

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

SARAH

I hope they haven't been any bother.

BOB T.

Not at all. They certainly did miss their mother. Their home. We all did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beat.

SARAH

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

BOB T.

Philadelphia, isn't it? Or Boston? Back there someplace.

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

SARAH

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

He looks at her and smiles. She's got a long way to go before she leaves the East behind.

Sarah knows what he's thinking and holds her disappointment, her hurt.

Bob T. clues in, tries to recover --

BOB T.

Rutherford is running the company's operations so the only thing I have before me is the Overlook. It -- and you -- have my full attention.

SARAH

Like in Newport?

He approaches her.

BOB T.

This time it's true. We finally have our own home, not one of your family's estates that we're eternally indebted for.

SARAH

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

He puts his arms around her.

BOB T.

Certainly not. But this is a new start.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

Bob T. leads Sarah into another small cabin. Boyd and Richard follow. They are all dressed for dinner.

A table has been set with china and silverware.

SARAH

Not exactly living off the land.

BOB T.

I made provisions for your arrival. Trust me, you don't want to eat a can of beans alongside that riff raff.

He holds out her chair. She sits. The boys sit as well.

SARAH

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

BOB T.

That can't be so.

BOYD

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

Bob T. nods.

SARAH

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

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

SARAH

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

BOB T.

This new crew's made up for lost time.

BOYD

They've been working three shifts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

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

BOYD

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

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

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

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

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

SARAH

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

BOB T.

I thought you were.

WOMAN

(Irish lilt)  
I'm the cook's wife, sir. He  
thought it proper if I serve you.

SARAH

Thank you. And you are?

WOMAN

My name's Norah, ma'am.

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

PUSH IN ON RICHARD, full of fear.

RICHARD'S POV

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

RESUME NORMAL POV

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boyd notices Richard is having one of his spells.

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

BOYD

What's the matter?

SARAH

Darling, are you all right?

No answer.

SARAH

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

NORAH

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

Sarah stands.

SARAH

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

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

She's GONE.

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

INT. BOY'S CABIN - NIGHT

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

SARAH

Have you had any of your spells?

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

RICHARD

No, Mother.

BOB T.

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

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CONTINUED:

Sarah isn't convinced.

RICHARD

It was her.

SARAH

Who?

RICHARD

The woman from the woods.

Bob T. and Boyd trade looks.

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

SARAH

All right, darling, you go to sleep now.

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

SARAH

Good night, Boyd.

BOYD

Good night, Mother.

Sarah stands and joins Bob T. He smiles warmly.

BOB T.

Good night, men.

He takes a beat to study Richard then blows out a candle and exits. After a beat --

BOYD

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

RICHARD

I'm sorry. It was her.

BOYD

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

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

RICHARD

I can't help it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

SARAH

When did his visions resume?

He hesitates.

SARAH

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

BOB T.

He only had one other.

She takes that in.

BOB T.

I didn't want you to worry. He's delicate but he's been holding his own. Keeping up. This has been good for him.

(beat)

And it will continue to be. I'm sure of it.

Sarah studies him. Charming. Self-assured. A man who knows things.

BOB T.

I'd bring him to a doctor in Denver but it'll just be the same as last time.

She's sure that's true.

BOB T.

What he needs is his mother.

Exactly what she thinks and what she wanted to hear.

SARAH

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

BOB T.

And you won't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

There's nothing else you need to tell me?

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

BOB T.

I just didn't want you to worry. I'm sorry.

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

INT./EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL (FRAMED STRUCTURE) - DAY

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

BOB T.

This'll be the Colorado Lounge.

SARAH

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

She looks around, impressed.

BOB T.

There'll be a fireplace there.

He waves his hand and, as if by magic, the fireplace MATERIALIZES.

BOB T.

Grand staircase here.

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

BOB T.

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

SARAH

It's glorious.

BOB T.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts out his arm. She takes it.

BOB T.

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

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

A huge chandelier hangs over the fully-decorated lounge.

They wander through to the --

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

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

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

And it's bustling with GUESTS and HOTEL WORKERS. Some guests enter the grand entrance. Some lean on the FRONT DESK where they are greeted by CLERKS. Others carry drinks and look around in wonder at the impressive lobby then saunter through to the Colorado Lounge. BELLHOPS push packed luggage carts through to service corridors.

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

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

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

BOB T.

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

He kisses her hand then turns to Parris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.  
James Parris, welcome.

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

Bob T. bows.

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

STEEVES  
Amazing place you've built here.  
Must have cost a pretty penny.

BOB T.  
I'm sure my man, Rutherford, has  
told you so.

RUTHERFORD  
I did mention that it was quite an  
undertaking, sir. That we had  
some unforeseen circumstances.  
For example, the flood --

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

Everyone laughs. Rutherford holds his tongue.

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

BOB T.  
From your lips to God's ears.

He catches Parris looking around covetously.

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

PARRIS  
To be frank, I believe Midas would  
keep his attention focused on  
solid investments.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rutherford nods in agreement. Bob T. cuts him a look but before he can respond --

SARAH

Midas was a king -- a man of vision -- not a bank clerk.

She holds Parris with her look. Do not fuck with my husband. Parris nods politely, not wanting to engage.

SALLY

I love all the Indian facsimiles.

BOB T.

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

She points to some of the lights.

SALLY

Tiffany. Beautiful.

Bob T. smiles, satisfied.

STEEVES

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

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

BOB T.

I appreciate that, Billy. If you'll excuse us...

He leads Sarah and the boys off. As they step away, Parris cuts Steeves a cold look.

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - NIGHT

A car reaches the entrance and pulls to a stop.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leans out of the carriage and looks up at --  
The Overlook.

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

She then emerges entirely and nods gratefully as two other porters approach and start to unpack her luggage.

The first porter escorts her to the entrance. OFF the Overlook watching them enter --

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Eliza enters and takes in the sight. She nods approvingly.

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

SARAH  
(to guests)  
Excuse me.

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

SARAH  
Eliza!

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

ELIZA  
My love.

Sarah clings to her. Eliza kisses her cheek.

ELIZA  
Darling, you are far too skinny.  
Please tell me the cooks have  
arrived.

Sarah laughs.

ELIZA  
I'm playing, darling. You look  
stunning.

She takes in the room, her arms spread wide. She spins once, soaking it all in.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Thank you.

Bob T. joins them. He and Eliza kiss.

BOB T.

I'm so glad you could make it.

ELIZA

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

BOB T.

One hundred and ten rooms in all. Billiards. Tennis courts. Croquet.

ELIZA

The only thing that matters is the bar. I pray one of your bartenders knows how to make an Aviation. If not, call New York and ask them. And I'll need a bottle of champagne.

BOB T.

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

ELIZA

I hate to drink on an empty stomach.

Sarah laughs.

ELIZA

Seems like I best hurry.

(to Sarah)

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

SARAH

This way.

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

INT. KITCHEN - ICE ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON A DEAD SALMON, its eye staring right at us. A shovelful of ice covers it but the eye peeks through.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

A KITCHEN WORKER, shovel in hand. He digs into a pile of ice and as KITCHEN WORKER #2 slams down a crate of salmon, the Kitchen Worker throws ice on it as well.

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

BOB T.  
 (indicating a wooden  
 table)  
 No ice. We want it tender as  
 possible.

He steps out of the crowded storage room and into --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

BOB T.  
 Bruised, no, no.

He turns to two CHEFS, both of whom are directing their staff in FRENCH.

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The chefs bark out more orders as Bob T. exits the kitchen and crosses into --

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

The empty corridor. Foreboding and eerie.

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - NIGHT

The chandelier gleams over the completely vacant lounge.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The previously-bustling lobby is now empty. Silent.

INT. GOLD ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

CAMERA TRACKS down the hall and into --

INT. GOLD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

WAITERS cut through the crowd with huge serving trays. They put dishes down in front of some guests and lift the silver domed plate covers to REVEAL --

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- A salmon steak with vegetables.

-- a thick cut of sirloin with potatoes.

-- A champagne bottle POPS its cork. The champagne flows into a glass.

-- A woman pops a strawberry into her mouth.

-- At one table, people LAUGH.

-- At another, people CLINK their glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

-- A CONGRESSMAN lights a cigar while a TYCOON talks directly into his ear.

-- Bill Steeves, Parris, and their wives chat with the FOLKS at their table. Two beautiful women stand and all of the men jump to their feet. The women smile and head off to powder their noses.

-- Eliza is surrounded by smitten men and their jealous wives.

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

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

CLINK! CLINK! CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!

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

Sarah takes her seat next to Eliza, Richard, and Boyd. The seat to her side is vacant -- it's Bob T.'s. On the other side of that sits the Congressman.

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

BOB T.

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

Applause.

BOB T.

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

Laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

It's just that on this momentous occasion, I feel the need to say a few words. I promise to be done by dessert.

More laughs.

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

Water starts dripping onto his plate.

He looks up, confused, and SEES --

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

BOB T.

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

Richard shuts his eyes then opens them again.

The man is gone.

BOB T.

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

Richard looks at his father, proudly addressing the room.

BOB T.

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

RICHARD'S POV --

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

RESUME RICHARD

He shuts his eyes then opens them.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

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

Laughs.

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

BOB T.

My wife, Sarah, and my sons, Boyd and Richard, know how important the Overlook is to me.

Boyd notices his brother's behavior. He leans over and whispers in his ear --

BOYD

Not now.

BOB T.

I thank them for their support and good-bearing.

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

BOB T.

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

Richard closes his eyes then opens them again.

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

BOB T.

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

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

BOB T.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He raises his glass.

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

BOB T.

To the Over--

Boyd drops his fork. It clatters onto his plate.

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

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

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

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

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

BOB T.

Spit it out! Breathe!

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

SARAH

BOYD!

MAN (O.S.)

He's choking!

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh my God.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

Someone help him!

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

Sarah looks on powerlessly.

ELIZA

Do we have a doctor? Anyone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A young man, STEPHEN, 22, steps forward.

BOB T.  
Are you a doctor? Help him, for  
chissakes!

STEPHEN  
I'm a medical student.

ELIZA  
Can you help him or not?

Stephen looks around desperately.

STEPHEN  
Not here.

Bob T. and Sarah trade horrified looks.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob T. carries Boyd in as Sarah, Eliza, Richard, several porters, and a few men follow, Stephen in tow.

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

Bob T. gently places Boyd on the table. Stephen steps up nervously.

STEPHEN  
I need a knife.

BOB T.  
For what?

STEPHEN  
To try a tracheotomy.

BOB T.  
What the hell is that?

STEPHEN  
I need to cut a hole in his throat  
to allow him to breathe.

Boyd's eyes go white with fear. Bob T. and Sarah trade heartbroken looks.

BOB T.  
Hurry!

Richard grabs onto his mother. Sarah turns to Eliza.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Please. This is no place --

Eliza understands. She takes Richard's hand.

ELIZA

Let's go.

Richard stands frozen.

Bob T. grabs a big-ass bloody BUTCHER KNIFE and hands it to Stephen who takes it. He holds it over Boyd's throat.

SARAH

Get him out of here!

Eliza yanks Richard and they exit the kitchen.

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

BOB T.

Steady, man.

(to Sarah)

You shouldn't watch this.

SARAH

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

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

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

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

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

SARAH

NO!

BOB T.

Son! Stop!

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

Sarah SCREAMS.

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

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

The porters and other men step back in horror.

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

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

SARAH

No, no, no, NO!

She throws herself on top of him.

SARAH

Boyd!

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - DAY

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

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

INT. WATSON SUITE - DAY

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

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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

INT. LOBBY - DAY

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

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - CORRIDORS - DAY

Empty.

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - COLORADO LOUNGE - DAY

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

Eliza crosses the room to him.

ELIZA

Do you need anything?

No answer.

ELIZA

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

He nods slightly. Her heart breaks for him.

ELIZA

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

She looks around. The hotel already feels haunted.

RICHARD

It was my fault.

ELIZA

No, honey, it was an accident.

RICHARD

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

ELIZA

What men?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD

The men who died in the flood.

She shakes her head, confused.

RICHARD

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

(beat)

They were at the party.

Eliza listens fearfully.

ELIZA

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

She gently lifts his chin to look at her.

ELIZA

And it was not your fault.

RICHARD'S POV

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

RESUME NORMAL

Richard SCREAMS.

Eliza is so surprised she nearly falls over.

SARAH (O.S.)

Richard! Richard!

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

SARAH

What is it?

He holds onto her tightly.

ELIZA

He says he saw something.

Sarah hugs him fearfully.

ELIZA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

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

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

ELIZA

Is that for Boyd?

Sarah nods sadly.

SARAH

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

Eliza takes the suit.

ELIZA

I'll do it.

Sarah stops her.

SARAH

I'm his mother.

ELIZA

Exactly.

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

INT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - KITCHEN - DAY

Eliza enters and crosses to the table where Boyd still lies. As she approaches, she notices that all the blood has been cleaned up. A mop and bucket lean against a nearby counter.

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

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

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

The BLOODY KNIFE on another counter.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

INT. WATSON SUITE - DAY

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

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

SARAH

We're ready.

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

BOB T.

I can't do this.

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

SARAH

They're waiting.

Bob T. doesn't move.

SARAH

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

(collects herself)

But I'm going to do it. And you are, too.

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

EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY

The entire camp watches as a pine casket is lowered into the ground.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Richard looks around fearfully, expecting to see ghosts.

A MINISTER closes his Bible.

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

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

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

SHOT FROM ABOVE

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

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - DAY

The hotel is now covered with a light dusting of snow.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob T. sits at his desk signing one piece of paper after another. He signs the last one and hands it to Rutherford.

BOB T.  
(defeated)  
That should do it.

RUTHERFORD  
I know you've had a terrible  
tragedy, sir, so please forgive me  
for saying...

Bob T. looks at him wearily.

RUTHERFORD  
I think it is a mistake to close  
the hotel for the season. This  
snow will pass. Once summer's  
here... It'll be a tremendous  
loss.

BOB T.  
I know a great deal about loss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUTHERFORD

Of course, sir. It's just that it might be more prudent to close for a few weeks then honor the summer reservations. I could hire a manager to keep things running. Give you time to get away with your wife and son.

Bob T. considers that.

RUTHERFORD

It's the only chance we have of climbing out of debt.

BOB T.

What are you talking about?

Rutherford reaches into his bag and pulls out a stack of bills. He hands them to Bob T.

Bob T. flips through them quickly. Each balance is significant -- \$70,000, \$110,000, \$1,400,000, etc.

RUTHERFORD (O.S.)

It's all there, sir. Denver Electrical, maintenance, landscaping, the second well you sunk, both greenhouses.

BOB T.

Both...?

He doesn't remember authorizing that.

BOB T.

(hoarse)  
It can't be this bad.

RUTHERFORD

It's worse. If my estimates are correct, you'll finish the season \$90,000 or better in the red.

BOB T.

We'll deal with it next year.

RUTHERFORD

I realize this isn't the time to discuss this -- you have far more important matters --

BOB T.

But...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUTHERFORD

But the Overlook's accounts aren't depleted. They're empty. I even closed out the petty cash account last Thursday so I could finish making up the staff's pay envelopes. The checking accounts are likewise empty. Your mining interest in Haggie Notch is closed out, as per your orders. That is everything... that is, everything I know of.

Bob T. looks at him, confused. How did things get so far?

BOB T.

See Bill Steeves at First Mercantile. He'll give me a second mortgage. He's dying to be a part of this.

RUTHERFORD

You've already taken a second mortgage.

BOB T.

Then take another.

Rutherford sees how exhausted Bob T. is and that he's not going to accept how bad things are.

RUTHERFORD

Yes, sir.

He gathers his papers and returns them to his bag.

RUTHERFORD

Again, my deepest sympathies.

Bob T. doesn't respond. Rutherford leaves quietly.

HOLD ON Bob T., then --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

Eliza realizes what's transpiring and sits in respectful silence.

A moment as Bob T.'s grief ripples through them. They all want to comfort him and each other but without embarrassing this proud man.

Bob T. realizes they're all watching him. He stands and throws his napkin down on his plate then strides across the room and exits.

OFF the three of them, in shared pain --

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

Bob T. enters and crosses to the bar.

No one's there.

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

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

He looks up at the mirror and SEES --

His own reflection -- older, weaker. Broken. He considers how far he's fallen.

As he takes a sip, there's --

NOISE behind him, as if someone's CHOKING.

He turns.

The room is EMPTY.

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



EXT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

CAMERA moves down the hall and stops at --

ROOM 217

INT. ROOM 217 - NIGHT

Eliza crosses into the room. She approaches a suitcase laid on a luggage stand and opens it. She removes a dress, lets it fall open, examines it then, satisfied, lays it on top of the bed.

She slips off her shoes, untucks her blouse, and pours herself a glass of champagne. She then crosses to --

THE BATHROOM

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

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

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

ELIZA

Hello?

She exits the bathroom.

ELIZA

Is someone here?

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

BATHROOM

CAMERA stays in the room as Eliza shuts the bathroom door behind her.

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah tucks Richard into bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

RICHARD  
What about Boyd?

SARAH  
(delicately)  
What about him?

RICHARD  
Won't he be lonely without us?

SARAH  
Boyd's not lonely. He's in Heaven  
now.

RICHARD  
What if he's not?

SARAH  
Richard, don't say that.

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

He starts to cry. She goes to him.

RICHARD  
He always looked out for me.

SARAH  
I know.

RICHARD  
And I didn't look out for him.

SARAH  
Sweetheart...

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

SARAH  
I love you.

RICHARD  
I love you, too.

She kisses him again then stands and tucks him in.

SARAH  
Pleasant dreams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns off the light then exits.

HOLD ON RICHARD, falling asleep.

Long beat.

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

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

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

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

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

Sarah watches sadly.

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

Sarah goes to him, puts her arms around him, and sits next to him. She kisses his head tenderly.

BOB T.

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

SARAH

Of course I remember.

BOB T.

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

She nods sadly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

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

She laughs.

BOB T.

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

SARAH

It wasn't disconcerting.

BOB T.

You're kind.

(beat)

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

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

BOB T.

I strode two worlds. And I thought, Bob T., build a third. For awhile I was sure it would work.

SARAH

Is that what this Overlook is? A third world?

Beat.

BOB T.

What have I done?

SARAH

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

He grabs her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

Sarah studies him a beat, then --

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

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

SARAH  
 We lost a son and he lost his big  
 brother. He's so young, so  
 delicate. God knows what this'll  
 do to him.

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

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

BOB T.  
 Having trouble sleeping, huh?

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

BOB T.  
 Me, too. I imagine that'll be the  
 case for awhile.

He sees how frightened his son is.

BOB T.  
 I owe you an apology.

Richard looks at him questioningly.

BOB T.  
 I made a promise to you and Boyd  
 that I would never let anything  
 happen to you. That was a promise  
 I didn't keep.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T. (CONT'D)

Boyd got hurt and you, you're going to grow up without him. I can't tell you how sorry I am for that. For both of you. I know how close you were. How much --

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

Richard touches his hand.

RICHARD

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

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

RICHARD

He told me.

Bob T. looks at him a beat then realizes what he's actually saying.

BOB T.

You saw him?

Richard hesitates, unsure if he should answer or not.

BOB T.

Richard... tell me.

Richard nods.

BOB T.

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

RICHARD

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

BOB T.

Stop it! Stop --

He catches himself, not wanting to lose his temper.

BOB T.

I'm sorry. I know you don't...

He remembers Richard is just a child. A child who needs his father now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

Where? Where did you see him?  
You can tell me.

Richard is afraid to answer.

BOB T.

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

He stands.

BOB T.

Boyd? Come out, come out  
wherever you are.

He crosses to the window --

BOB T.

Are you over here?

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

He crosses to the closet.

BOB T.

Are you in here?

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

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

BOB T.

Are you under the bed?

He lifts the bedsheet and peers under, where --

BOYD holds a finger to his lips -- shhh!

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

Bob T. enters. He lumbers like he's in a stupor. Sarah  
looks up expectantly and is surprised to see Richard  
following him.

SARAH

Why is he out of bed? He needs  
his rest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.  
Trouble sleeping.  
(to Richard)  
Go on.

Richard climbs into Bob T.'s side of the bed.

BOB T.  
I'll sleep on the sofa.

SARAH  
What's this all about?

She sees he's pale, shaken.

SARAH  
Are you all right?

Bob T. gestures to Richard and waves her into --

ANOTHER PART OF THE SUITE

BOB T.  
We can't leave.

She looks at him incredulously.

BOB T.  
These spells --

SARAH  
He had another one.

BOB T.  
(firmly)  
No. He's fine. But he needs to  
learn what's real and what's not.  
If we leave, he's just going to  
carry it with him. After his  
brother's death --

SARAH  
What are you saying?

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

SARAH  
All winter? That's mad.

BOB T.  
There's plenty of provisions.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SARAH  
I can't. How could you even  
consider --

BOB T.  
We can't leave.

SARAH  
Why not?

He doesn't answer.

SARAH  
Bob T., what are you not telling  
me?

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

BOB T.  
We're bankrupt. Ruined. We have  
no place else to go.

SARAH  
What?

BOB T.  
The construction went over. The  
weather costs kept compounding.

SARAH  
How much?

He looks away.

SARAH  
How much, Bob T.?

BOB T.  
It's all gone.

She takes that in. A betrayal.

SARAH  
All of it?

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

That hits her hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

You took it all?

He nods.

SARAH

And you didn't tell me?

BOB T.

How could I?

SARAH

So what do we do? How will we live?

BOB T.

I can keep us afloat until the hotel re-opens. Once money starts coming in, things'll turn around in no time.

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

SARAH

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

BOB T.

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

SARAH

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

BOB T.

Don't say that. This is our home.

SARAH

It's our son's grave.

BOB T.

It's his monument.

SARAH

A monument built on the bones of your first-born son. I can't live here. And damn you for asking.

He knows so much more than her but still can't tell her.  
He presses --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

Sarah... you know what'll happen. We'll go back to how it was before. You with your distractions, your appointments, your tea parties. Richard will pull further into whatever world has him. And me, I'll have to start over. I'll be forced to go as far away as often as possible. I don't want it to be that way but you know it's true.

She knows he's right.

BOB T.

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

He looks at her pleadingly. OFF Sarah, torn --

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - MORNING

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

INT. LOBBY - INTERCUT

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

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

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

ELIZA

Where are your bags?

Sarah looks at her sadly. Eliza understands immediately.

ELIZA

You can't be serious.

SARAH

Bob T. says we need to stay. He's my husband. What can I do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZA

You can tell him to shove off,  
that's what.

SARAH

We'll be a family here.

ELIZA

You need to get away from this  
dreadful place.

SARAH

(trying to convince  
herself)

This will be good.

ELIZA

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

SARAH

Bob T.'s taken care of all that.  
We'll be fine.

Eliza can't wrap her head around what she's hearing. She  
sees Bob T. approaching and crosses to him.

ELIZA

(using sugar, not  
vinegar)

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

He stands next to Sarah.

BOB T.

This is our home now.

ELIZA

(exasperated)

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

(beat; to both)

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

SARAH

Eliza, please, let it be.

She looks sideways at Bob T.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

This is the right thing for us.

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

ELIZA

I wish you'd change your mind.

Sarah smiles.

ELIZA

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

SARAH

I will. I'm in good hands.

Eliza leans forward and hugs Sarah.

ELIZA

Then you take care.

They clutch each other tightly.

ELIZA

I love you.

She kisses her then cuts Bob T. a suspicious look.

ELIZA

Mind her well.

He nods.

ELIZA

I hope this brings you peace.

She exits.

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

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

RICHARD

Good-bye, Auntie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZA

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

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

Richard rejoins his parents as they watch the driver  
cross to his door and get in the car.

INT. CAR - INTERCUT

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

Eliza doesn't look back. AS she wonders if she's doing  
the right thing by leaving them behind --

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - INTERCUT

The car drives OUT OF FRAME.

INT. CAR - DAY

Eliza thinks about leaving her sister behind. And poor  
Richard. And Bob T. -- he's a good man. Her heart  
breaks for all of them. She considers telling the driver  
to turn the car around when --

BAM! The car hits SOMETHING and slams to a stop. Eliza  
HITS the back of the front seat hard.

DRIVER

Are you all right, ma'am?

Eliza holds her head, stunned.

ELIZA

Yes, yes, what was that?

DRIVER

I'll take a look.

He opens the door, steps out, and shuts the door.

Eliza straightens her clothes then leans forward and  
examines her face in the rearview mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a slight BRUISE on her cheekbone. She presses it lightly. Nothing broken.

She then sits back and waits, taking a beat to think through recent events. She shakes her head to herself. It's been a horrible few days.

She continues to wait then realizes the driver is taking longer than expected. She looks out the window and for the first time notices the fog has gotten even thicker. She tries to look through it for the driver but doesn't see him.

She rolls down her window and calls out.

ELIZA

Hello?

She listens but there's no answer. Confused, she opens the door.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Eliza steps out into a blanket of fog. She looks around.

ELIZA

Hello?

No answer.

ELIZA

Are you all right?

She walks around the car but can't find the driver anywhere.

ELIZA

Hello?

The sound is swallowed up by the fog. She looks around nervously then decides to head back toward the hotel.

EXT. FOG - DAY

Eliza walks through the fog, which has gotten even thicker. She proceeds slowly.

EXT. FOG - MINUTES LATER

Eliza presses on. The mist curls around her. As she stumbles along, unsure if she's even going in the right direction, her hand touches something in front of her. She feels --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A HEDGE.

She runs alongside it, all the time feeling it. It's a wall. She comes to the end of it and steps into an open space. She pushes in a few steps then, feeling this is the wrong direction, turns back but --

Steps into the hedge.

She's taken aback. She feels the hedge then studies it to find it's an entire wall in front of her. It runs a few feet then disappears into the fog.

She looks at it, puzzled, then heads in another direction.

INT. HEDGE MAZE - DAY

Eliza stumbles along, getting more and more turned around. She's trying not to panic but the truth is, she's lost.

She stops.

TIGHT ON ELIZA

She's terrified. She looks to one side then another. Where the fuck is she?

She takes a few steps forward then TRIPS. She falls to the ground hard. She collects herself then as she's about to get to her feet, she makes out something in the fog, just in front of her.

BOYD'S GRAVESTONE

She examines it in bewilderment. How can that be? She looks all around her, feeling she's being watched. She's surrounded by hedges -- a MAZE.

But HOW?

She jumps to her feet, turns away from the grave, and starts to run when she SLAMS into --

THE DRIVER.

DRIVER

There you are, miss.

ELIZA

What... what is this place?

He looks at her as if she's not making sense.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ELIZA

How is this possible? He was just buried. This wasn't here. It couldn't just -- how? How did it...

DRIVER

You've had a wee scare, haven't you? Come with me. We need to be going.

He leads her off, still mumbling to herself. AS they disappear into the fog --

INT. GOLD ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Empty. Silent.

INT. GOLD ROOM - DAY

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

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Wooden boxes and canned goods line shelves.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the empty lobby to FIND --

Bob T. and Richard, side by side, painting a wall.

AS the two of them work together --

INT. THIRD FLOOR - DAY

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

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sarah follows a hallway along.

SARAH'S POV

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The hallway turns a corner.

RESUME SARAH

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

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

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

Sarah is struck with wonder.

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

Brontë, Dickens, Twain.

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

Sarah SMILES.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

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

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

Bob T. is on his knees beside it, fastening a pipe with a wrench. Richard stands on the other side trying to fasten another pipe. Bob T. watches his son struggle a bit then helps him.

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

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

A BEAT as they watch the hypnotic flame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

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

CAMERA MOVES AROUND A CORNER TO FIND --

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

The TABLE where Boyd died.

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

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - NIGHT

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

BOB T.  
Let me help you, darling.

He crosses to her and takes the tray.

BOB T.  
Smells delicious.

SARAH  
I'm no chef so I'll be pleased if  
it's at least edible.

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

BOB T.  
Perfect.

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

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

BOB T.  
Thank you, Lord, for this meal.  
Please remember your beloved son,  
Boyd, always.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH/RICHARD

Amen.

They begin to eat. Bob T. takes the first bite.

BOB T.

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

RICHARD

It's good, Mother.

SARAH

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

Bob T. looks at her fondly.

SARAH

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

BOB T.

You found the what?

SARAH

The library. Quite a lovely sitting room. I can't believe I never saw it before.

Bob T. smiles, hiding the fact that the hotel has no library.

OFF the three of them, eating together --

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

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

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

*The Moon and Sixpence* by Somerset Maugham; *Dubliners* by James Joyce; *Sister Carrie* by Theodore Dreiser; *Elric of Melniboné* by Michael Moorcock; and *The Last Man* by Mary Shelley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sarah enters and he replaces the books.

SARAH

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

BOB T.

A man after my own heart.

SARAH

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

BOB T.

I'll try. I want to re-seal some windows on the top floor before it rains again.

SARAH

I never thought our days would be so full.

She crosses to him and upon reaching him, turns.

SARAH

Would you be so kind?

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

She puts her hands out behind her and pulls him close. He kisses her neck more. She turns to him.

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

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

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

As they kiss --

ANGLE FROM ACROSS THE ROOM

They continue to kiss but the CAMERA seems to be watching, a strange POV -- ghostly -- A VOYEUR.

ANOTHER ANGLE, PEERING FROM THE ADJACENT ROOM

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA MOVES slightly around a doorjamb to FIND --

Bob T. leading Sarah to the bed.

RESUME NORMAL POV

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

VOYEUR POV

CAMERA moves closer to the bed, where Bob T. and Sarah, now nude, make love.

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

RESUME NORMAL POV

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

She flinches in pain.

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

SARAH

Stop.

He thrusts again. It hurts her.

SARAH

Stop. Bob T., stop!

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

Bob T. watches, horrified with himself.

Sarah gets up and turns to him. There's a bruise on her cheekbone -- similar to the one Eliza received in the car.

BOB T.

(flabbergasted)

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

SARAH

It was too much.

BOB T.

You've hurt yourself. Darling.  
I'm so sorry. I don't know what --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

SARAH

I'm fine.

She feels her bruise.

SARAH

I'm going to get some ice.

She grabs a robe and exits.

Bob T. sits up and thinks about what just happened. Tries to imagine what came over him.

VOYEUR POV

Watching Bob T.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The room is lit only by the moonlight streaming through the small windows near the ceiling. Sarah enters and flips a light switch.

Nothing happens.

She flips it again and again. Still nothing.

She sighs then makes her way through the dark kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - WALK-IN FREEZER - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

NORAH stares at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sarah jumps.

NORAH

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

(notices bruise)

Are you all right?

SARAH

(shaken)

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

NORAH

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

SARAH

Given the circumstances.

NORAH

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

SARAH

Thank you.

NORAH

I've lost a number of children myself.

SARAH

I'm sorry to hear that.

NORAH

Thank you, ma'am.

An awkward beat.

SARAH

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

NORAH

Of course. Good night, ma'am.

Sarah nods politely then turns to switch off the light. When she turns back --

NORAH'S GONE.

Sarah takes a beat then starts to exit the freezer.

The door SLAMS in her face.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BLACK.

SARAH

Hello?

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

SARAH

Hello! I'm locked in.

No answer.

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

SARAH

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

She pounds on the door.

SARAH

Help!

She grabs the handle and shakes it violently.

SARAH

Help!

The door flies open and Bob T. is standing there. She tries to regain her composure.

BOB T.

You must be careful.

SARAH

It was that woman.

BOB T.

What woman?

SARAH

The maid. Norah.

He looks at her, puzzled.

BOB T.

All the staff is gone. We're the only ones here.

SARAH

She's here. I spoke to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.  
You're exhausted.

He examines her bruise. She SLAPS his hand away then pushes past him and exits.

Bob T. turns off the light then shuts the door.

CUT TO BLACK:

TIGHT ON A MATCH LIGHTING. FOLLOW THE MATCH UP TO --

Bob T.'s lips where he holds a cigar. He lights it then waves out the flame. WE'RE IN --

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob T. sits at his desk, slowly puffing his cigar.

BOB T.  
That's completely unacceptable.

He blows smoke directly at the PERSON sitting across from him but we don't see if there even IS a person yet.

BOB T.  
Bill Steeves and I go back to 1890 together. Whatever happened to loyalty?  
(beat)  
I got him his start, helped capitalize his bank. Kept money with him in '93 when everyone else was shitting their drawers. He'll give me a tenth mortgage if I need it.

REVEAL Rutherford sitting across from him, enveloped in smoke.

RUTHERFORD  
I'm afraid he won't, sir.

Bob T. glares at him.

RUTHERFORD  
The truth is, you're overextended. He considers you a poor risk.

BOB T.  
A poor --  
(beat)  
This is Parris's doing, I'm sure. He wants the Overlook.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T. (CONT'D)

You heard him. Does he think a little bad credit's going to force me to sign it over to him? After what I've sacrificed for this place? It's ludicrous. He'd turn it into a goddamn Luna Park in no time.

Rutherford looks at him, trying to gather his thoughts.

BOB T.

When we open our doors next Spring, this place will be bursting at the seams. Guests will be pouring in from everywhere. We'll be in the black by summer.

Rutherford realizes Bob T. is delusional.

RUTHERFORD

If you don't mind me saying so, Parris would make a fair offer.

Bob T. cuts him a murderous look.

BOB T.

You can't be serious.

RUTHERFORD

Sir, it took me better part of the day to get here. The road is in ruins again and we're not even through the first winter.

BOB T.

So pave it again.

RUTHERFORD

Your coffers are empty. There is no money.

BOB T.

Then get some. Call in a chit.

RUTHERFORD

I have. All of them. The upkeep has bled you dry. After your son's death, none of your intended guests feel comfortable staying here.

BOB T.

Then get new guests.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUTHERFORD

The damage is done. People are saying it's cursed.

Bob T. leaps to his feet, pounding his desk.

BOB T.

Don't you dare talk to me like that. I'm Bob T. Watson. I've made fortunes, built this nation. What have you ever done, you sniveling Eastern dandy? The only curse here is that I have to put up with the likes of you.

Rutherford takes a beat then chooses his words carefully.

RUTHERFORD

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

BOB T.

Go on, then. Get the fuck out of here. You don't belong in the West anyway. You don't understand what the West is all about. Stop wasting my time.

Rutherford stands to leave.

BOB T.

I'll still be running this hotel in 1940. You'll see. Me and my son, Richard. Get out!

AS Rutherford exits, STAY ON BOB T.

PRE-LAP --

SARAH (O.S.)

There were no sign of a fire to be made, and, besides, never in the dog's experience had it known a man to sit like that in the snow and make no fire. As the twilight drew on, it's eager yearning for the fire mastered it, and with a great lifting and shining of forefeet, it whined softly, then flattened its ears down in anticipation of being chidden by the man. But the man remained silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFF Bob T. --

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

SARAH

Later, the dog whined loudly. And still later it crept close to the man and caught the scent of death. This made the animal bristle and back away. A little longer it delayed, howling under the stars that leaped and danced and shone brightly in the cold sky. Then it turned and trotted up the trail in the direction of the camp it knew, where were the other food-providers and fire-providers.

She closes the book.

RICHARD

So he died?

SARAH

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

Richard takes that in.

SARAH

Tomorrow, we'll read a happier story.

RICHARD

It was good that the dog survived.

SARAH

I suppose so.

She kisses his forehead. He settles down to sleep.

RICHARD

I bet the dog still sees the man.

SARAH

The man's dead.

RICHARD

That doesn't mean anything. I see all the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

What others?

RICHARD

(dreamy)  
From the flood.

SARAH

What flood?

He catches himself.

RICHARD

I'm not supposed to say anything.

SARAH

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

Richard hesitates, then --

RICHARD

You won't tell Papa I told you?

SARAH

Tell me, sweetheart.

RICHARD

Before the hotel was built. The  
rains came. We were up on a  
ridge, watching. Papa, Boyd, and  
me. A wall of water, like a river  
when the snow melts, it drowned  
all the men.

Sarah puts it all together.

SARAH

Papa's first crew.

Richard is afraid to say more.

SARAH

And you see them now?

He nods slowly.

SARAH

Who else do you see?

She grabs him.

SARAH

Richard, please, it's important.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD

I saw a lady, Mrs. McCready.  
She's Irish. Stern. Papa says  
she ate her babies then died in  
the snow.

She ponders this then a terrible thought hits her --

SARAH

Do you see your brother?

Richard looks at her, too terrified to answer.

SARAH

Richard -- do you see Boyd?

RICHARD

Papa saw him, too.

OFF Sarah, her world crashing down --

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

SARAH (O.S.)

Bob T.!

Bob T. takes another drink.

Sarah enters and crosses hurriedly.

SARAH

Put that drink down and look at  
me.

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

SARAH

What happened to your first crew?

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

BOB T.

I told you. The foreman rerouted  
them to another job in Denver.

SARAH

You said no more lies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

BOB T.  
How could I tell you?

SARAH  
All those deaths... and you built this hotel anyway? You were right about Boyd's death -- it's on your head.

BOB T.  
Don't say that.

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

He knows she's right.

SARAH  
And you've damned your own son to hell.

BOB T.  
What are you talking about?

SARAH  
Richard sees him.

Bob T. starts to dismiss that.

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

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

Bob T. and Sarah argue --

BOB T.  
Stop. Do you hear yourself?  
Ghosts. You've got cabin fever.  
From the isolation. From the  
trauma of losing Boyd.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SARAH

You look me in the eye and tell me honestly -- for once in this marriage -- you owe me that at least.

(beat)

Did you see Boyd?

Beat. Bob T. has to admit --

BOB T.

I don't know what I saw.

SARAH

This hotel, your beloved Overlook, it's evil. It killed your men, your son. Others before us. That maid.

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

SARAH

It won't stop. Not until it has Richard, me, you. It wants all of us, Bob T. Don't you see that? It wants families. First the McCreadys, now us.

He looks at her anxiously.

SARAH

You haven't been in your right mind. You're possessed, seduced by this place. I won't take the risk. This place has already taken one son. I won't let it take another. We need to leave. Immediately.

BOB T.

We are not going anywhere. We are not leaving Boyd behind. This is our home. We can't leave.

SARAH

There's something here. In the land. It wants father against son, husband against wife. It wants us to spill each other's blood.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

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

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

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

ANGLE FROM FAR END OF LOBBY

Sarah runs through.

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - NIGHT

VOYEUR POV

Sarah enters and cuts through. She approaches --

THE STAIRCASE

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

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- and enters. She looks at the bed.

It's empty.

SARAH

Richard?

No answer.

She crosses to the bathroom door and opens it.

SARAH

Richard, are you here?

BATHROOM

It's empty.

She crosses back to the bed and looks under it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nothing.

She exits back into --

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- and proceeds down the hallway.

TIGHT ON SARAH

She's frantic.

RESUME NORMAL

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

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

Sarah is horrified.

BOYD

Hello, Mother.

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

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

RICHARD standing behind him.

RICHARD

Papa, it's Boyd.

Bob T. looks at him expectantly.

RICHARD

He's angry.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

ICE PICK.

BOYD

Don't hurt me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

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

She holds up the ice pick.

BOYD

Of course I am.

SARAH

No.

BOYD

I'm your baby.

He starts to slowly walk toward her.

BOYD

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

She remembers.

BOYD

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

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

BOYD

*Robinson Crusoe.*

SARAH

It can't be...

BOYD

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

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

BOYD

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

SARAH

No.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOYD

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

SARAH

How?

BOYD

Stay.

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

BOYD

If you leave, they'll --

He looks over his shoulder.

BOYD

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

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

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

She pulls away and SEES --

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

He smiles wickedly.

BOYD

Stay with me forever and ever.

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

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - INTERCUT

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

STAIRCASE TO THE SECOND FLOOR

Sarah emerges at the top of the marble staircase.

SARAH

It's Boyd!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

She TRIPS.

LEFT SIDE ANGLE

Sarah falls head over heels down the stairs.

She comes to a sickening stop at the landing.

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE

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

RICHARD

Help her.

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

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

Bob T. hears the faintest breath.

BOB T.

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

He scoops her in his arms.

BOB T.

Stay with us.

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

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

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

BOB T.

Sarah, darling, can you hear me?

He arranges the pillows for her.

BOB T.

(to Richard)  
Get a wet cloth.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

I'm so sorry.

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

BOB T.

You've had a nasty tumble.

She tries to answer but can't.

BOB T.

Can you speak?

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

RICHARD

What's wrong with her?

Bob T. takes her hand.

BOB T.

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

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

RICHARD

What is it?

BOB T.

She may have broken her neck.

(to Sarah)

Don't panic, dear. We'll take care of you.

RICHARD

We need to bring her to a doctor.

BOB T.

I'm afraid to move her.

RICHARD

Then bring a doctor here.

BOB T.

(thinks)

And leave the two of you alone?

RICHARD

Papa, she needs a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

BOB T.  
Darling, I'm going to fetch a  
doctor.

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

Bob T. goes to the closet for his coat. He throws it on. As he grabs a hat --

RICHARD (O.S.)  
Papa.

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

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - INTERCUT

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON SUITE - DAY

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON SUITE - DAY

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

DISSOLVE TO:



INT. WATSON SUITE - DAY

Bob T. and Richard sit beside Sarah. Richard looks at his father. He's helpless. Bob T. looks away guiltily.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

Bob T. uses a washcloth to wipe Sarah's neck and face. Their eyes meet. He looks away, ashamed.

BOB T.  
I should have listened. You were  
right. This place... it's got me.  
(determined)  
I'll never let anything happen to  
you -- or Richard -- again.

He sits beside her and holds her hand.

BOB T.  
I'm so sorry.

He starts to cry then turns so she doesn't see. He needs to be strong now.

Sarah watches, more heartbroken for him than herself.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON SUITE - DAY

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOYEUR POV

CAMERA watches them from across the room.

RICHARD

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

RESUME NORMAL POV

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

RICHARD

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

Sarah's tears start to stream down her face.

RICHARD

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

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

She wishes she could put her arms around him.

INT. CAR - DAY

THROUGH WINDSHIELD --

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

EXT. OVERLOOK HOTEL - INTERCUT

It stares down at us menacingly.

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

JAMES PARRIS, the banker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks up at the hotel then enters.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

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

PARRIS

Hello?

No answer. He heads toward --

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - INTERCUT

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

As he nails the first bolt into place --

PARRIS (O.S.)

Hello?

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

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

PARRIS

I'll make this quick, Watson.  
Snow's falling and I need to  
return to Sidewinder by nightfall.  
I have no intention of spending  
the night.

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

PARRIS

You're done, old man. First  
Mercantile hasn't seen a mortgage  
payment in months. We're putting  
you in arrears. Foreclosure.

BOB T.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARRIS

The bank'll be happy to let me pay them thirty cents on the dollar. I'll bring in a hotel magnate from Kansas City, someone who knows what he's doing.

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

BOB T.

Fuck you, Parris. I'll be damned to hell before I let you touch the Overlook.

PARRIS

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

Bob T. grips the hammer tightly.

PARRIS

I'll have some men move you out. Unless of course you want to stay on as the maintenance staff.

Parris takes a final look around then turns to exit.

Bob T. raises the hammer and charges him.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Papa!

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

RICHARD

Who's this?

Bob T. composes himself.

BOB T.

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

RICHARD

Hello.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARRIS

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

RICHARD

Yes, sir.

He nods and takes the hammer from Bob T. They watch Parris turn and exit.

Richard examines the hammer, then meets Bob T's look. He's shaken. Bob T. exits quickly, heading to the Gold Room for a drink.

OFF Richard, holding the hammer --

INT. GOLD ROOM - DAY

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

He looks up and takes a beat.

BOB T.

I'm sorry, I could have sworn all the staff left.

ANGLE ON LLOYD, immaculately dressed, dark circles under his eyes.

LLOYD

No, sir.

BOB T.

Tell me your name again.

LLOYD

Lloyd.

BOB T.

(trying to remember)  
Lloyd. Have we met?

LLOYD

Yes, sir. You hired me.

Bob T. nods politely.

LLOYD

What'll it be, Mr. Watson?

BOB T.

Bourbon. Rocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

LLOYD  
I'm sorry to hear that.

Bob T. drinks.

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

He drinks again, full of despair.

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

He puts another drink on the table.

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

He laughs. Lloyd smiles.

LLOYD  
It's from the gentleman in the corner.

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

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

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

BOB T.  
Thank you for the drink.

MCCREADY  
My pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

May I?

McCready gestures for Bob T. to join him.

BOB T.

I don't believe we've met.

MCCREADY

John McCready.

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

BOB T.

Bob T. Watson.

MCCREADY

Beautiful place you have here, Mr. Watson.

BOB T.

Thank you.

MCCREADY

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

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

MCCREADY

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

BOB T.

Why didn't you stake one yourself?

MCCREADY

Let's say I fell victim to bad fortune.

Bob T. waits for him to explain.

MCCREADY

It was August. The snow caught us out on the mountain face. The rest of my party got skittish. Me, my wife, and ten children, they left us high. When food ran out, the girls ate bark. Stripped the trees bare.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCREADY (CONT'D)

One night, fire dying low, baby's wailing. Crying, crying. My wife's breast was dry. All those eyes staring at me through the fire. "Do something. We need to eat, Papa." Don't you think I know that? And all the time, that baby a'wailin'.

He drinks. Bob T. listens, horrified.

MCCREADY

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

After a long beat --

BOB T.

That's on you, McCready. You brained your own child.

McCready holds him with a cold look.

MCCREADY

Your hands are clean?

Bob T. doesn't answer.

MCCREADY

You sound like my wife. She looked at me all hateful. I knew we'd never make it off the mountain. As long as I'd live, she'd never let me forget what happened. She was the Mother of Ghosts.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MCCREADY (CONT'D)

Her stares wrapped around my neck,  
tighter and tighter, like a weight  
pulling me down. Deeper and  
deeper. Drowning.

Bob T. understands all too well.

MCCREADY

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

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

MCCREADY

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

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

EXT. CROQUET COURT - DUSK

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

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

The first ball rolls BACK INTO FRAME and knocks the  
second one away.

Richard looks up at the far end of the court.

BOYD stands in the snow.

RICHARD

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

Boyd doesn't answer.

RICHARD

You hurt Mother. Go away.

He looks at the far end of the court.

Boyd's GONE.

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

Sarah sits up in bed.

VOYEUR POV

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

RESUME NORMAL POV

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

THE CORNER OF THE ROOM

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

The door opens and Bob T. enters.

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

Bob T. turns and enters the --

BATHROOM

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

BACK TO BEDROOM

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

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

BOB T.

My poor Sarah. This is no way to live.

Her eyes go wide with terror.

BOB T.

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

She can't defend herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB T.

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

She starts to cry.

BOB T.

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

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

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

NORAH

Your bath is ready, ma'am.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

As Richard walks through the lobby, HE HEARS --

A PARTY.

He stops and listens incredulously.

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

He pushes himself toward the sound and into --

INT. GOLD ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

He takes a beat, then enters --

INT. GOLD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

The guests excitedly pour into the center of the room. CAMERA is behind the ladder so it BLOCKS the guests who are front and center.

MAN (O.S.)

Down in front!

PHOTOGRAPHER

On three, say "Overlook!" One, two, three --

ALL

MOONSHINE!!

LAUGHS.

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

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

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

Richard readies himself then SCREAMS --

RICHARD

GET OUT!

THE MUSIC STOPS.

The room freezes -- not a sound.

He looks around. All eyes on him.

INT. WATSON SUITE - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATHROOM

Norah watches as he lowers her into the tub.

BOB T.

There you go. There you go.

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

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

Richard faces the crowd.

RICHARD

Get out. You don't belong here.

Lloyd steps forward.

LLOYD

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

RICHARD

My father built this place. It's ours.

Lloyd smiles.

LLOYD

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

RICHARD

Leave them alone.

Lloyd doesn't answer. Richard looks around.

RICHARD

What did we do to you?

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

INT. WATSON SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH'S POV

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

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

Richard confronts the drowned men.

RICHARD  
Leave us alone!

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

BOYD  
Come play with us, Richard.

RICHARD  
Go away. You're not my brother.

BOYD  
I am.

He approaches.

RICHARD  
No. You're not real.

He looks around desperately then makes a stand.

RICHARD  
You won't leave us alone? I'll  
burn this hotel down. To the  
ground. That way you'll never  
hurt anyone again.

Boyd glares at him, then --

BOYD  
Send Mother my love.

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

INT. WATSON SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

SARAH'S POV

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

RESUME NORMAL POV

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

Sarah, DROWNED.

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

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

RICHARD

Where's Mother?

BOB T.

She's fine. She's at peace.

RICHARD

What did you do?

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

BOB T.

Don't look at me like that.

RICHARD

What did you do to her?

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

BOB T.

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

Richard panics, fearing the worst. He starts to cry.

RICHARD

Let me see her.

A figure moves in the doorway. Richard looks up to SEE --

SARAH, dripping wet and pale white, walking toward him. He backs away.

RICHARD

No, no, no, Mother!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

She stands right behind Bob T. -- his beloved bride.

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

BOB T.

Now we can all be together.

Sarah steps toward Richard and puts out her arms.

SARAH

Come here, darling.

RICHARD

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

BOB T.

Son --

RICHARD

(backs away)

No! My father wouldn't kill anyone.

Bob T. gestures to Sarah, then --

BOB T.

I killed those men, too. You watched me. And you did nothing to help your brother. You could have, but you said nothing. You killed him. Like father, like son.

RICHARD

No.

He backs away. Bob T. lunges at him but Richard jumps back and Bob T. trips, falling to the floor. Richard takes off down the hall. Bob T. gets to his feet and gives chase.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Richard runs for his life.

BOB T. (O.S.)

RICHARD!

He races around a corner.



INT. HALLWAY - INTERCUT

Bob T. charges after his son. He has murder in his eyes.

ON RICHARD

He sprints along. He frantically tries a doorknob to a room. It's locked.

BOB T. (O.S.)

RICHARD!

BACK TO BOB T.

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

Richard disappear around another corner.

Bob T. tears after him.

ON RICHARD

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

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Richard flies down the steps.

BACK TO BOB T.

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

A WOODEN CROQUET MALLET.

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

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Richard runs out of the stairwell and toward --

INT. GOLD ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. GOLD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

BOTTLES OF BOURBON.

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

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

A small hallway with a window. A DEAD END.

He looks at it in dismay then turns his head back in the other direction.

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

Richard reaches under the bar for --

A BOOK OF MATCHES.

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

It doesn't light. He strikes it again and this time it lights. He throws it on the pile of chairs and --

WHOOSH! They go up in FLAMES.

Richard smashes a bottle on a table then flips it over. After a beat, it CATCHES FIRE.

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

OFF THE FIRE, building --

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE STAIRWELL.

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

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Richard strikes a match and holds it to a set of curtains. WHOOSH. It goes up in flames.

INT. GOLD ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. GOLD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is ENGULFED in flames.

BOB T.

No!

INT. LOBBY - INTERCUT

Richard hears his father's screams. They're getting closer. Having nowhere to hide, he runs behind the Front Desk.

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

BOB T.

FUCK!

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

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

Bob T. runs to another window.

ON RICHARD

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

The burning curtains on the ground begin to SMOLDER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob T. yanks the second curtain to the ground.

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

Richard senses it's time to go. Staying in a crouched position, he scurries along behind the desk then runs out from behind it toward the Colorado Lounge.

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

BOB T.

Richard!

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - NIGHT

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

BOB T.

Stop! You're destroying it!  
RICHARD!

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

INT. HALLWAY - INTERCUT

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

Bob T. reaches the marble staircase and takes the steps two at a time. When he reaches the top, he looks back. Through the lounge he can see the Lobby is ablaze.

The fire spreads into the lounge and Bob T. watches helplessly as the Overlook turns into Hell.

Flames lick the walls. The tapestries go up like paper. The furniture ignites.

Bob T. runs after Richard.

STAY ON THE LOUNGE AS --

The ceiling holding the chandelier cracks open. The chandelier falls to the floor and SHATTERS.

ON RICHARD

He runs along a hallway. He turns a corner to find --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The next corridor is filled with SMOKE.

He freezes, unsure what lies within.

BACK TO BOB T.

Bob T. runs along a different hallway.

BOB T.

Richard!

(softer)

Son, come here. It's me. Papa.  
I won't hurt you. I would never  
hurt you.

RICHARD listens to his father but only hears --

BOB T. (O.S.)

AAAAGH!

A MOAN. Animalistic. Inhuman.

(NOTE: This is the same moan ANOTHER CARETAKER will  
scream out when he's tracking his own son more than fifty  
years hence.)

BACK TO BOB T.

BOB T.

I love you, son! Please, come  
here --

ON RICHARD, hearing --

BOB T. (O.S.)

AAAAGH!

The hotel is fucking with him, turning his father's words  
into anguished, rageful SCREAMS.

Richard runs into the smoke.

BACK TO BOB T.

BOB T.

I built this place. Our home.  
And you ruined it. You all ruined  
it. Boyd. Your mother. Now you.  
Richard, come here, NOW.

He turns a corner. The hallway in front of him his  
filled with smoke.

ON RICHARD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He runs ahead, the smoke stinging his eyes.

BACK TO BOB T.

He can't catch his breath. He starts to choke.

ON RICHARD

He coughs and can't see through the smoke at all. He inches ahead fearfully.

BACK TO BOB T.

He pushes himself along, stumbling. He's now coughing violently, gasping for air. We can barely see him through the smoke. He's just a shadow cutting through a fog.

ON RICHARD

He stops. He can't see a thing.

BOB T. (O.S.)

Aaaagh!

BACK TO BOB T.

BOB T.

RICHARD!

He pushes on, gasping his last breaths. He takes a few more steps then falls to his knees. He crawls forward, gasping for air.

ON RICHARD

He tries to find his way out of the maze of corridors. He feels his way through the blinding smoke, coughing violently. He freezes.

RICHARD'S POV

Up ahead of him, SOMETHING lying on the floor.

RESUME RICHARD

He peers through the smoke to SEE --

BOB T. lying face down on the floor.

Richard takes in the sight -- his father dead or dying. Tears stream down his face but they're not from the smoke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD

(small)

Papa.

(then)

PAPA!

Bob T. lies still.

Richard hesitates. He isn't sure if he should help Bob T. -- he may come to and try to kill him.

TIGHT ON RICHARD, deciding what to do.

The mallet is still in Bob T.'s hands. Richard realizes he can't take the chance.

As he turns to go back in the direction he came -- leaving his father to the Overlook -- he HEARS --

A SOUND. A slow RUMBLE that builds as it gets closer and closer until finally it is a deafening ROAR.

He looks behind him and SEES --

A WALL OF FIRE spilling around the corner and racing toward him.

He has no choice but to escape past his fallen father. He charges straight ahead, the fire just behind him. As he steps over Bob T.'s body --

Bob T.'s hand shoots up and GRABS HIS LEG. Richard falls to the floor.

He SEES --

BOB T. smiling maniacally. Behind him --

The WAVE OF FIRE.

AS THE FIRE FILLS THE HALLWAY AND WIPES CAMERA --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The same hallway. Empty. No Bob T. No Richard. No fire. No sign of any damage at all. Looks better than it ever has.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GOLD ROOM - DAY

The room is completely restored. No evidence of fire. The tables are arranged evenly about the room for an event. They are lined with chairs and dressed with tablecloths, china, and silverware.

INT. COLORADO LOUNGE - DAY

The lounge is also completely repaired -- no, healed. The chandelier sparkles and the original tapestries hang in exactly the same place.

The room's bustling with GUESTS and workers, none of whom we recognize.

Eliza enters and looks around in shock. The Overlook is in full swing. She cuts through the crowd to the --

FRONT DESK

-- where she is greeted by a CLERK.

ELIZA

Excuse me, I'm here to see Mrs. Watson.

CLERK

I'm sorry. I don't have any Watson registered.

ELIZA

She's not registered. She's the owner.

He looks at her, confused.

ELIZA

Sarah Watson. She's married to Bob T.

He looks at her, dumbfounded.

ELIZA

They built this place. This is their hotel. Please let them know I'm here.

A MANAGER joins them.

MANAGER

Hello. Is there something I can help you with?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ELIZA

I'm looking for my sister, Sarah Watson. She and my brother-in-law, Bob T. Watson, are the owners. I would like to see them.

MANAGER

I'm sorry, ma'am. I've never heard of either of them. The owner, Mr. Parris, should be arriving shortly. I can ask if he has.

ELIZA

How long have you been working here?

MANAGER

All season, ma'am.

ELIZA

And you've never heard of the Watsons?

He shakes his head.

ELIZA

They wouldn't have just left.

MANAGER

I can assure you, there is no Sarah or Bob T. Watson at this hotel.

ELIZA

I'm her sister. Did she leave a forwarding address?

MANAGER

I'm sorry. I wish I could help.

Eliza's heart sinks. She looks around, trying not to panic.

ELIZA

How is that possible?

The manager smiles politely.

MANAGER

Would you like a room?

Eliza, lost in thought, nods. A PORTER wheels up a cart with her luggage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE UP ON Manager's hand as he removes the key to Room 217.

He hands it to the Porter.

MANAGER

I'll speak to Mr. Parris the minute he arrives.

ELIZA

Thank you.

She turns and follows the Porter toward the elevators.

INT. ROOM 217 - DAY

The Porter unloads Eliza's luggage then starts to leave. Eliza gives him a dollar. He nods thankfully then exits.

Eliza looks around the empty room. She's doing all she can to hold herself together.

INT. ROOM 217 - BATHROOM - DAY

A SERIES OF CUTS:

CLOSE UP ON Eliza's hand turning on the faucet.

CLOSE UP ON the water collecting in the tub.

Eliza steps into the tub and lowers herself into the steaming water.

END SERIES OF CUTS.

As Eliza sits there, she looks around worriedly. What happened to her sister? To Bob T.? To Richard?

She closes her eyes, trying to stop herself from imagining the worst.

She begins to relax, exhausted from her trip. She takes a deep breath. Her eyes still closed, she doesn't SEE --

A RIPPLE on the water, at the end of the tub, between her legs. The surface of the water breaks and --

SARAH, pale and rotted, rises from the water. Her white nightgown clings to her.

Eliza opens her eyes and sees her sister. Her eyes go wide with terror. She SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sarah lunges at her and clasps her hands around her neck. She forces Eliza UNDER THE WATER.

Eliza fights for her life, wrestling with Sarah. She clutches at her arms, trying to break her grip, but Sarah's rotted flesh sloughs off the bones. Blood swirls in the water.

ELIZA'S POV

No Sarah. Just the empty bathroom above the surface of the thrashing water.

RESUME ELIZA

As she struggles, trying to get to the surface only inches away.

TIGHT ON ELIZA

She takes her last breath then falls limp.

OVERHEAD SHOT

Eliza lies DEAD beneath the clear, still water. She's the only person in the eerily silent room.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

James Parris walks through the lobby with his son, DANIEL, 10. He looks around, pleased that business is good.

PARRIS

Never thought your father would be in the hotel business, did you?

DANIEL

No, sir.

PARRIS

I'll tell you, the previous owner did us a favor. He mismanaged this place so badly, I got it for a song. One man's tragedy is another man's fortune. I never wish ill on someone but business is business. Remember that.

DANIEL

Yes, sir.

Parris notices one of the hotel WORKERS watching him. He stares back at him curiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARRIS

Excuse me, do I know you?

REVEAL BOB T., dressed in a suit. He looks better than he ever has.

BOB T.

I don't believe so.

PARRIS

You seem familiar.

BOB T.

I'm Watson.

PARRIS

Watson.

(doesn't remember)

And I hired you?

BOB T.

No, sir. I've been here. I've always been here.

Parris searches his memory, trying to place him.

PARRIS

You're the...

BOB T.

The caretaker.

PARRIS

Well, you're doing a fine job.  
Keep it up.

BOB T.

Yes, sir. I will.

Parris leads Daniel off.

Bob T. looks around proudly then crosses to the Front Desk. As he does, he passes --

RICHARD, dressed as a bellhop. He pushes a luggage cart across the lobby toward the --

ELEVATORS

The doors open and out steps --

SARAH

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- now dressed as a maid. Her hair is pulled back and she looks beautiful. Without looking at Richard, she approaches a chair and straightens it.

Richard ushers a YOUNG FAMILY into the elevator ahead of him. The doors close and he presses the button to call the next car.

Sarah crosses through the crowded lobby. It's filled with guests and workers jostling every which way. Some living, some dead.

As Bob T. reaches the Front Desk, WE SEE --

BOYD, behind it, checking in a pair of NEWLYWEDS.

As the throng of patrons continues to swirl excitedly through the crowded lobby, WE STAY FOCUSED ON Bob T., Sarah, Boyd, and Richard greeting and serving guests.

They are reunited, together at last-- the First Family of the Overlook Hotel.

FADE OUT:

THE END