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The Dead Zone

By Jeffrey Boam

"And the Raven, never flitting,
still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
just above my chamber door,
And his eyes have all the seeming
of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming
throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted... nevermore!"

Pretty good, huh? Okay.

I want you to read

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

You're gonna like it.

It's about a schoolteacher

who gets chased by a headless demon.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Can teachers be expelled

for kissing in the hallway?

- They get fired.

- Thank God it's Friday.

You sound like one of my students.

Why don't you carry my books?

I hope you haven't made any plans

for this afternoon.

- Where are we going?

- It's a surprise.

You okay?

- What's wrong?

- I don't know.

- It didn't used to bother me.

- Enjoy the ride, folks?

That's it. Take it away.

- Do you want to come in?

- I'd better not.

Are you all right?

I'm okay.

I had a wonderful time.

Are you sure you don't want to come in?

You could spend the night here.

Better not.

Some things are worth waiting for.

My books.

Johnny, wait!

I'm so crazy about you.

I'm going to marry you, you know?

You'd better.

- Drive carefully.

- I will.

Where's Intensive Care?

Johnny.

Johnny, don't leave me, please.

Johnny, you're going to get better.

I know you are.

Can you hear me?

We're going to get married, Johnny.

Don't leave me.

Hello, John.

My name's Weizak.

I'm Dr. Sam Weizak.

I'm the director of this clinic.

You've been our guest here for a while.

Guest?

It's a funny way of putting it.

How do you feel?

My throat hurts.

Try a bit of water.

Come.

Hey, slow down.

Not so fast. Slow down.

You've been involved

in a terrible traffic accident.

Do you remember?

Am I okay?

Well,

you've been smashed up pretty badly.

What is it?

No bandages.

How come?

Your parents are here.

They're right next door.

I'm going to bring them in now.

Is that okay?

Sure.

Do come in.

- Hi, Mom, Dad.

- John.
Johnny.
Johnny, Johnny.
It's a miracle, John.
I know. I was lucky.
Look here, not a scratch.
The Lord has delivered you
from your trance.
Remember what we discussed,
Mrs. Smith, please.
What's she talking about?
You've been in a coma, Johnny.
Not a trance.
Coma?
For how long?
We're just glad to have you back, son.
That's all that matters.
How long?
Dad, how long?
Five years.
Five long years, John.
Lost for five years.
And now reborn unto me.
Five...
years?
What about Sarah?
Cast her from your thoughts, John.
She's turned her back on you.
She cleaves now unto another man,
a husband.
Husband?
Amy.
Amy.
- Amy.
- Amy is my daughter's name.
Your daughter's screaming.
The house is burning. Your daughter's
in the house. It's not too late.
Amy.
Amy!
Your daughter's screaming.
Amy's screaming. It's not too late.
Your daughter's screaming. Hurry up!
The first order of business

is getting your body back into shape.
Although you've been
exercised regularly,
the ligaments have shortened a little
during the coma.
Am I gonna have to live in a wheelchair?
Not permanently.
And not for very long. Not if I can help it.
I won't deceive you, John.
Your therapy will be long and painful.
But you will walk.
Thank you.
The wolf is loose.
John. John, are you all right?
No match for them.
Horses, fire.
The boy is safe.
The boy is safe.
John! John!
John, are you all right?
Tell me. What about the boy?
You keep saying,
"The boy is safe, the boy is safe."
- What boy?
- You. You're the boy.
I am the boy?
She saved you. She's alive, Sam.
- Who?
- Your mother.
- No, that is not possible, John.
- She survived.
John, my mother is dead.
She's alive. I know her name,
I know where she lives.
But that is not possible, John.
How could you know that? How...
I'm scared, Sam.
What's happening to me?
- Hello?
- Hello.
- May I speak to...
- Yes?
- Is Johanna there, please?
- One moment.

Hello? Hello, who is this, please?

Hello?

Well, you are either in possession of
a very new human ability,
or a very old one.

Yes?

Over here will be fine. Thank you.

I'm trying to get you back on your feet
in a day or two.

Thanks.

This should help you get
some of your strength back.

What's on your mind, Sam?

You were right, John, about my mother.

I got the number from Information.

There it was, right in the phone book.

Did you talk to her?

No, I didn't. I...

She came to the phone,

but I just couldn't talk to her. I...

I hung up.

- Why?

- Why?

Because it wasn't meant to be.

It wasn't meant to be.

Chug, chug, chug. Come on, easy now.

Keep it moving. Keep it moving.

Come on.

Weight down, knees up.

Keep it moving, keep it moving.

Chug, chug.

- That's it.

- That's it?

After all I've done, that's what I get?

Eight lousy steps?

I counted 10.

I'd really like to see you do
some serious chugging.

I'm gonna take a run
around the building.

- You'll stay out here?

- Okay.

- Keep chugging?

- Okay.

I'll see you when I get back.
Johnny.
They told me you were outside.
I am.
I didn't know if I should come or not.
It's all right.
You got your hair cut.
Yeah, a long time ago.
You lost weight.
They call it coma diet,
"Lose weight while you sleep."
I guess you know I got married.
I heard that.
I think you'd like him.
You still teach?
Mothering's a full time job.
Kids, too? I didn't know that.
I'm sorry. I thought your father
would have told you.
He's a wonderful little boy.
His name is Denny.
- How old is he?
- Ten months.
Glad for you, I am.
Please don't look at me like that.
What am I gonna do?
For you,
five years have come and gone.
For me, it's just about the next day.
My feelings haven't changed yet.
Oh, Johnny.
Why did it have to happen like this?
Bad luck.
I never should have let you go that night.
It was my idea, remember?
What a jerk.
Everybody's talking about you.
You're the talk of the town.
'Cause I got my head bashed in
and I'm still here to talk about it?"
Because you have the power
of second sight.
Is it true, Johnny?
The papers won't let up about it.

I keep thinking about a line from a book.
It's The Legend of Sleepy Hollow,
the last thing I gave my class to read
before the accident.

Ichabod Crane disappears.

The line goes,

"As he was a bachelor
and in nobody's debt,
nobody troubled their head
about him anymore."

- Is that what you're afraid of?

- That's what I want.

That's what I want.

I don't approve.

The press has been hounding me
since I woke up.

I want to get it over with.

Once you've set something like this
in motion,
it seems to me you'll never know
where it'll lead.

It's already in motion.

I just wanna stop it.

They went over there and put it out
and that's all there is.

Clement Dardis, WJGE-TV.

What happened to the little girl?

I understand she's fine.

Well, would you call this
a psychic experience?

No, I would not.

Ever had one of these
experiences before?

No.

How about a demonstration, John?

- A what?

- You know, a demonstration.

You got any predictions?

You think Greg Stillson
is gonna unseat Senator Proctor?

- Who?

- Greg Stillson.

Thank you, sir. No more.

- Mr. Smith...

- Hey, wait a minute, please.
How about it, John?
How about the election?
I don't even know
who you're talking about.
Well, you didn't know
anything about this nurse.
That was different.
Well, I...
I touched her hand.
All right. All right.
Now, touch my hand.
Okay, John, touch my hand.
Tell me, is my house on fire, John?
- Do you want me to stop this?
- No, it's okay.
Tell you about your house?
What do you want to know?
You want to know the future? You want
to know if you're going to die? Is that it?
You're gonna die. I'm gonna die.
You wanna know if you're gonna
die tomorrow. Is that right?
You want to know
why your sister killed herself.
All right. Well, go on. Go on.
- It's not all right.
- It's okay.
It's not okay.
- Okay.
- I could tell you now.
I'm not gonna talk about that.
Let go of me, you fucking freak!
Stop it! Please stop it.
Just leave him, the poor boy.
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.
You're hurting him!
Dr. Danvers, call 1522.
Dr. Danvers, call 1522.
Yes, nurse.
She knows you're coming.
- Doctor, thanks for bringing the boy.
- That's all right.
Herb?

It's Johnny, Mom.

Johnny.

Leave your boots outside the door, dear.

Don't go tracking snow

all over the house.

I won't.

You're a good boy.

You're wasting your time here, Sheriff.

You know that, don't you?

Well, you never know, Frank.

Worth a try.

- Mr. Smith?

- Yeah. Yeah, I'm Herb Smith.

George Bannerman, how do you do?

Castle Rock.

- May I come in?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah. Sure. Come in.

Starting to get a little nippy out there.

- That's a nice tree you got there.

- Thanks.

May I do something for you, Sheriff?

Well, actually, if this is your son,

I came to see him. You're John?

Sheriff Bannerman.

Castle Rock.

Well, I guess I've come to you with
what you could call a proposal, John.

It has to do with these murders

we've been having,

the Castle Rock killer,

I'm sure you've heard of him.

Sure.

I don't know whether

it's true or not, John,

about these psychic powers of yours.

But if it is true, John,

I could use your help.

John, maybe you should give him a...

Take a minute to think about it.

But bear in mind, some decent

young women from homes just like this,

have met with terrible, terrible deaths.

Now, I'm at my wits' end.

I've exhausted about every conventional

method of approach to this situation.
I've come up with nothing.
I feel you can help me, John.
You made a mistake.
I was sorry to hear about
your mother's death, John. Mr. Smith.
I understand she was a good woman,
a Christian woman.
I'm not a religious man myself,
I'm sorry to say.
But I will say this,
if God has seen fit to bless you
with this gift, you should use it.
Bless me?
You know what God did for me?
He threw an 18-wheel truck at me!
Bounced me into nowhere for five years!
When I woke up, my girl was gone,
my job was gone,
my legs are just about useless.
Bless me?
God's been a real sport to me.
All right, John.
If you change your mind,
you know where I am.
Merry Christmas to you.
Well?
Well, what?
See? What did I tell you?
Them murders he was talking about,
God-awful things.
Went on all during the time
you were in that coma.
I just don't have the knack for tinsel.
It was your mother who always kept
the tree looking good.
I wish to God she were here now
so she could talk to you about this thing.
I'm not much help to you, am I?
Sure you are.
You are.
You...
- You want to talk about it?
- Not that much to say.

It don't bring you much happiness,
does it, Son?
When it happens,
when the spells come, it feels like...
I don't know.
It feels like I'm dying inside.
No snow. It should snow for Christmas.
Hi.
- I brought you a visitor.
- I didn't know you were coming.
I wasn't sure myself.
I'm glad. If I'd known you were coming,
I'd have cleaned up.
You look wonderful.
You lost the crutches, I see.
Yeah. I still got the limp.
- Is your father home?
- No, he won't be back till later.
- Is that who I think it is?
- His Majesty.
- Danny?
- Denny.
- Say hi.
- Denny.
It's cold. Come on in.
He's asleep.
Last time we were alone together,
you said some things
were worth waiting for.
Well, haven't we waited long enough?
Dad's been carrying on
with Charlene Mackenzie.
Ever since her husband died,
she's got him over there
building one thing or another.
But if you ask me, it's the company
she wants, more than the bookcases.
I heard that.
That's a boy.
There you are, young fella.
I made that for John
the night he was born.
Well, it's an excellent chair.
So, what have you two

been up to all day?

Making bookcases.

Sit down. Dinner's ready.

- Boy, that smells good. I'm starved.

- I hope you'll like it.

I'll bet he will.

He's fed up with my cuisine.

For what we are about to receive,
may the Lord make us truly grateful.

Amen.

You know, it feels good to have a family
eating around this table again.

Am I gonna see you again?

Not like today.

Go inside, you're freezing.

- It doesn't have to...

- Don't say it. Don't say it, Johnny.

I'll just say good night.

Well, guess I'll hit the hay.

I'm gonna watch some TV.

Good night, Son.

Despite renewed efforts on the part
of the police forces in three counties,
the killer is at large, and is likely
to remain so for some time.

We spoke to Sheriff George Bannerman
outside the Castle County Courthouse,
earlier today.

Well, we have no new leads
at this time.

However, there's always the hope
that some citizen,
perhaps in the audience right now,
might have some information
that would be very helpful.

My line is always open and I would
welcome any help we can possibly get.

And that's really all I have to say
at this time. Thank you.

Thus far, nine separate murders
have been attributed
to the Castle Rock killer, dating back
almost three and a half years.
The most recent victim of this

shocking wave of rape-murders
was 15-year-old Debbie Linderman,
a sophomore
at Castle Rock High School.
Her partially clad body
was found just one month ago today,
in the Rock Lane boatyard.
As in the other Castle Rock killings,
cause of death
was determined by the coroner's office
to be multiple stab wounds.
Next on News Eight,
sports and weather with Ron,
after this important message.
I'm gonna help him.
What did you say, Son?
The sheriff that came here,
Bannerman.
I'm gonna help him.
We think the killer
hid around the corner
just out the end of the tunnel there.
When that poor girl came through,
the bastard was waiting for her.
We tell the kids not to
come through here, but damn it,
you know, they like to use this
as a shortcut to school.
He stood right here.
Found a lot of cigarette butts,
same brand.
Eight or nine butts here.
This help you any?
I don't know.
Have you got something
he might have touched or worn?
Frank, give me that package.
It's the only real evidence we have.
Found it in one of the bushes
back there.
Same brand as the butts
we found on the ground.
Here.
Nothing.

I thought I might have felt something,
but I...

That's okay, that's okay.

Can't say we didn't try, huh?

Dispatch to Sheriff Bannerman.

Yeah, this is Bannerman.

We got another body here, Sheriff.

Damn it.

- What's the word, George?

- Is it the work of the Castle Rock killer?

- Sheriff, Sheriff.

- Hey, isn't that John Smith?

- What?

- The psychic. That's Smith, isn't it?

Can you stand back, please?

Just give us a chance. Give us a break.

- Stay away, stand back.

- We're trying to do a story here.

I know you're anxious,
you're just gonna have to wait.

Looks pretty grim to me.

- It looks like one more job for the...

- Dave, get that shot over there, okay?

- Is it a woman?

- Yeah.

Back up.

Anyone know who she is? Dodd?

Yeah, I know this girl.

Her name's Alma Frechette.

She works at the Coffee Pot cafe
across the way there.

Your idea, George, to have a psychic
to help solve the case?

Dodd, get these people out of here.

Move them back!

Come on now, move the people back
and knock it off with those
cameras now. No more cameras.

No more.

- Dodd?

- Yeah?

- Nobody comes up here.

- You got it, Sheriff.

You want to try?

Hey, Alma! Hi.
Hi. What are you doing up there?
Well, I'm waiting for you.
How about a little smile?
She knows him.
What?
She knows him.
Why should I waste a smile on you?
You wanna see something?
It's the goddamnedest thing.
- What?
- Come up here to the gazebo.
She knows him.
Not scared. She knows him.
All right.
Well, what did you want to show me?
"Gazebo." You like that word, Alma?
Come here.
Look at this.
Jesus. You... Let go of me.
- Is this your idea of a joke?
- No joke.
No. Wait!
Are you all right?
Dodd, give me a hand.
I saw him. I was there. I saw him.
- I stood there. I saw his face.
- Who?
I stood there and watched him
kill that girl. Dodd.
- Wait a minute, what're you saying?
- I did nothing.
I stood there
and watched him kill that girl.
- Who're you talking about?
- Dodd!
I stood there. I did nothing.
Dodd.
Dodd, get up here.
He just took off in your car, Sheriff.
I saw his face. I saw his face.
I want you to stay there.
Sheriff. Sheriff.
I thought I told you to stay by the car.

Who's there?
It's Sheriff Bannerman,
I wanted to talk to your son, Mrs. Dodd.
He ain't here.
Well, his patrol car is out here.
Well, his car's here, but he ain't.
He's here. I saw him in the window.
- I'm telling you, he ain't home!
- I'm coming in, Mrs. Dodd.
No!
You leave my boy alone!
You knew.
Didn't you?
You knew.
You...
You're a...
You're a devil
sent from hell.
Yes.
Yes.
Frank?
No! No!
Hello, John.
May I come in?
How did you find me? My father?
Stopped off to see him, and he told me
you moved to a new town.
He's worried about you. And so am I.
There's nothing to worry about.
I'm taking care of myself.
It's about time.
I'm still your doctor, John.
You're still under my care.
We have to...
Well, we have to stay in touch.
Well.
How's the... All healed up now?
Bullet went right through me.
- It's nothing.
- Good.
Nice place you have here.
It's home.
Those headaches are getting worse,
aren't they?

Three, four times a day sometimes.
- I brought you some new medication.
- No! No more pills.
It takes time to recover.
The healing process is slow,
I've told you many times.
I'm not getting better. I'm getting worse.
Isn't that right?
All right.
Now listen.
In the last few months,
I've done some research
into the area of psychic phenomena.
Several cases such as yours,
have been documented.
I was surprised to discover.
And the pattern is always the same.
As the spells, the visions
grow stronger and more powerful,
so the body weakens.
But I don't really need any research
or documentation
to see that this thing
is sucking the life right out of you.
One look at you can tell me that.
You mean I'm gonna die?
How long?
I think we can arrest the process,
reverse it even.
- How do you do that?
- Come back with me.
- Where?
- To the clinic, of course.
No. Absolutely no.
- John, please. You must!
- Why? So you can study me?
No. So I can protect you.
You need to be
in a controlled environment, John.
I wanna show you something.
Come with me.
The cards and letters
just keep pouring in.
What is all this?

It's people with lost dogs, lost children,
lost lives.

- You haven't even opened them.

- I don't have to.

They all want the same thing.

Reassurance, help, love.

Things I can't give them.

My father sends this stuff on to me.

I let it pile up.

Why? Why do you keep it?

This is why I can't go out, live my life.

Why I have to stay locked up

here in the house.

I'm already living

in a controlled environment, Sam.

Nothing can touch me here.

I'm alone.

I'm safe.

"But instead of dying,

she shall only fall into

a profound sleep

which shall last 100 years."

That's my mom.

Okay.

- Bye.

- Bye.

John Smith?

Hi. Hi, I'm Roger Stuart.

I'd like to talk to you for a moment.

Sit down.

What can I do for you?

It's...

It's my boy, my son, Chris.

He needs help.

I've inquired around.

You come highly recommended.

What's the matter with him?

I wish I knew.

He's bright, I know he is,

but he won't take part in school.

He won't join in. He won't learn and...

God! He's so shy.

You think you could help him?

I wouldn't know that unless I met him.

Well, he's not in the car.
He wouldn't come with me today.
You'd have to come out to the house.
No. That's out of the question.
That's just not the way I do it.
It won't work otherwise.
Please.
If you come out to the house,
he'll get to know you,
then you can bring him back here
for the lessons.
Please.
Okay.
Great. Tomorrow morning, Saturday.
I'll send a car over to pick you up, huh?
Thank you.
That reminds me of my first campaign
when I ran for a seat
in the state Senate.
Upstate for my hometown,
my opponent went down to the ghetto.
Roger, believe it or not, he was
actually handing out dollar bills
to them black people down there,
trying to buy votes, I heard about it.
I went down and I said, "All right,
you folks take that money,
put in your pocket, keep it,
then go back, get some more if you can,
because times is rough.
But when you get into that voting booth,
I want you to vote for whomever
well you damn well please."
Well sir, we won that election
by damn near what, Sonny?
Twenty-nine.
Twenty-nine percentage points,
we've been winning ever since.
And those people spent that money
with a clear conscience.
Hi, John, good morning.
Nice to see you.
Gentlemen, I'd like you to meet
my son's tutor, John Smith.

- John, this is Greg Stillson.

- How are you, John?

- Gentleman, this is...

- Sonny Elliman.

Sonny Elliman, right here.

Well, Greg, you got some good ideas.

You got to let me think about them.

Now, listen. Roger, we got
a good thing going and it's going strong
and I want you to be a part of it.

I need your support,

I need your expertise,

I need your input.

And most importantly,

I need your money.

- God bless, Roger. I'll be seeing.

- Thanks for dropping by, Greg.

- I'll see you. Bye-bye.

- Good to see you, Sonny.

My God! What a glorious day!

Amen.

Sorry about that.

- Well, let's go see Chris, huh, John?

- Sure.

Chris? This is Johnny.

Remember, I told you
he was coming this morning?

I'll leave you two alone
to get acquainted.

Your father says
there's something wrong with you.

He wants me to bring you
out of your shell.

I don't know what to do.

You don't have to do anything.

It's my dad that lives in a shell, not me.

Chris has really taken to you, John.

I'm impressed.

- Made lot of progress for one day.

- We just had a talk.

Well, with Chris
that's a real achievement.

You want a drink?

- No.

- Don't want a beer?

- Okay.

- Brian, get him a beer.

Here. Just listen to this.

Ninety-nine.

One hundred!

How you doing?

I'm Greg Stillson.

Just thought I'd stop by here

on my way to the U.S. Senate.

Greg Stillson. Remember,

you met him in the hall this morning?

- Yeah.

- ...coming out all of you.

Boy, you gotta be in good shape

to go the full distance with

those big boys down in Washington.

- Right.

- You got to stay in shape all the time

with those boys,

can't turn you back on them.

You got to stay in better shape

in this country.

What the hell is happening

to this country?

Can anybody tell me

what the hell is going on?

Look here.

I'm reading one of your local papers,

right here on the front page...

Do you believe this guy?

He's just getting warmed up.

Will you vote for him, John?

Shame on America!

I'm not even registered.

- Not registered?

- No.

Well, get registered, pal,

and vote against this turkey.

He's dangerous.

...and I see all around me,

so many unemployed.

What are you people here

in the middle of the day?

Middle of a work day!
You're standing out in the cold.
Look around. Look at each other!
How do you feel about each other?
Are you proud of your communities?
Would you send the guy next to you
to the U.S. Senate?
A real man of the people.
You don't feel good about yourselves.
Jesus, what an act.
Can't they see through this guy?
I'm mixed up. You both acted like
you were friends this morning.
Well, guys like Stillson,
you got to walk a thin line.
You can't get too close 'cause if they
lose, they'll drag you down with them.
On the other hand, if he wins,
and this turkey just might,
you got to make sure you're thought of
as a good friend.
Know what I mean, John?
They're not working.
There's unemployment everywhere.
Well, I've come down here today
with a job for every one of you.
I've come here today with a challenge
for all of you!
I'm challenging you right here now
to join me,
to join a growing army
of volunteer workers on my campaign.
Let's send Greg Stillson
to the United States Senate
and mediocrity to hell!
What can I do for you boys?
You work late, Mr. Brenner.
That's very admirable.
I'm Greg Stillson.
I know who you are, Mr. Stillson.
Now, take your paid gorilla
and get out of my office.
My friend, Sonny, doesn't want to see
anybody get hurt,

but we got a little problem here.
Get to the point, Mr. Stillson.
Well, as you know,
I'm damned near even in the polls.
See, I'm catching on.
The people got a need for me.
I'm gonna win, and I'm gonna win big.
And I'll tell you something else.
I've had a vision
that I am going to be President
of the United States someday
and I have accepted that responsibility,
and nobody, I mean nobody
is gonna stop me.
Now, you can just imagine how I felt
when one of my loyal staff people
brought me your editorial
which is gonna hit the streets tomorrow.
You don't seem to like me, Brenner.
But that's okay.
Because I don't like you, either.
How did you get that?
Well, like you, Brenner,
I'm not at liberty to reveal my sources.
Well, it doesn't make any difference.
Because you're right.
That editorial is gonna hit the streets
tomorrow morning.
Not if we can make a deal.
What the hell are you talking about?
I'm talking about you staying
out of the campaign business,
and me staying out
of the publishing business.
Show him what we've got to publish,
Sonny.
That's your best shot.
I got lots of loyal people on my side,
Brenner.
That young lady in the photographs
with you is one of them.
Now, I've never met Mrs. Brenner,
but I'm damn near sure that ain't her.
What do you think, Sonny?

Is this Mrs. Brenner?

- Doesn't look like her.

- You son of a bitch! You set me up.

- Who you calling a son of a bitch?

- No, it's all right, Sonny.

Let's give Mr. Brenner a chance
to think about his wife and kids
and his position in the community.

What if I don't make a deal, Stillson?

Oh, you'll make a deal.

Otherwise I'll have my friend, Sonny,
take your goddamn head off.

Good idea.

You see, Sonny,

I told you he is a reasonable man.

He's a nice man. I like him.

I like your wife, too.

"Prophet!" said I, thing of evil...

prophet still, if bird or devil!

"By that Heaven that bends above us,

by that God we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if,

within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden

whom the angels name Lenore;"

Chris, skip to the part

where he talks about,

"Will I ever see her again?"

"Eagerly I wished the morrow...

vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow...

sorrow for the lost Lenore,

For the rare and radiant maiden

whom the angels name Lenore;

Nameless here for evermore."

Stop. I'll be right back.

Good afternoon, sir.

We're out in your neighborhood today
talking to people about Greg Stillson.

You're familiar with our candidate,
aren't you?

What do you think?

Yeah, right.

But are you aware

of what Greg Stillson stands for?
Greg Stillson is mounting the
most successful third party movement
this state has ever seen.
Stillson represents
both the poor and the well-off,
the young and the old...
Could you come back? I have a student.
Sure. I know you're busy. Can I
leave you some literature, though?
Sure.
Honey, could you bring
some of those brochures?
Hello, Johnny.
Hi.
Is this where you're living now?
Yeah. I'm back to teaching.
This is my husband, Walt.
Nice to meet you finally, John.
I've heard Sarah talk about you so often.
Hey. Come on back, Johnny.
It's no fun reading by yourself.
Chris, this is Walt and Sarah.
Hi.
We'll let you get back to work.
We've got a lot of ground to cover
ourselves. Don't we, honey?
- Nice to meet you.
- Bye.
Don't forget who to vote for
on election day.
Bye.
Who was that?
You okay?
Why are you crying, Johnny?
Johnny?
What's the matter?
Nothing.
- My ride's here.
- I'm going with you.
- I gotta talk to you.
- Hi, Johnny.
- What is this? What are you doing?
- Pretty good stuff, huh?

I organized a hockey team for Chris
and some of his friends. Huh, Chris?
We have our first practice
this afternoon.
You are looking at the coach.
- Call it off.
- Take that stuff in the garage, okay?
There's going to be an accident.
Call it off.
Call it off?
What for? Chris has been
looking forward to this all week, huh?
- He's really coming out his shell, John.
- Wait.
I gotta talk to you.
We'll have a little nourishment
and then we'll hit the ice.
No, no. Listen to me. Call it off.
There's going to be an accident.
Call it off.
Don't be ridiculous.
We always skate on that pond
until March.
What the hell is the matter with you?
You want to kill your own son?
I'm scared, Dad.
For Christ's sake, John.
Don't be scared.
Just go eat your cookies.
Don't you know who I am?
Of course I know who you are.
You think I'd have you come into
my son's life without checking you out?
But I hired you for your abilities
as a teacher, not as a fortuneteller.
Now, don't give me any argument...
The ice is gonna break!
I want you out of here.
I don't want you
in my boy's life anymore.
And I don't want any argument from you.
I want you do exactly
what I'm telling you now!
No, Dad. You don't know.

It's not safe.
All right. To hell with it!
To hell with the whole thing.
Forget it all, forget the hockey team,
forget the practice,
but I want you out of here.
Whatever you say. I'm sorry about that.
I'll see that you get your final check.
I'm not crazy, you know.
Don't let the boy think I am.
I'm right about this.
But we'll never know, will we?
Give me your hand.
Nothing to worry about now.
My driver will take you home.
You were right.
I'll see you.
Chris?
Hey. What's going on?
You're not even dressed.
You called it off.
I thought you called it off.
That was just to get rid of him.
So, we going or not?
Are you going to sit here
and pout like a baby in your room
or you coming outside
to play hockey with your friends?
Right.
Hello.
Who is it?
Johnny.
- Sarah, see you down there, honey.
- Okay.
Stillson! Stillson! Stillson! Stillson!
Good to see you. Thanks for everything.
Hi. How are you? Thanks for coming.
Good to see you.
Hi.
How you doing? Hey, how are you?
Good to see you.
Thanks very much for coming. Good.
- Do it, General.
- You're insane. I won't.

Do it!
Put your hand on the scanning screen
and you'll go down in history with me.
As what?
The world's greatest mass murderers?
You cowardly bastard!
You're not the voice of the people!
I am the voice of the people!
The people speak through me, not you!
It came to me while I slept, Sonny.
My destiny.
In the middle of the night,
it came to me.
I must get up now, right now,
and fulfill my destiny!
Now you put your goddamn hand
on that scanning screen
or I'll hack it off and put it on for you!
Do it!
May God forgive me.
Congratulations, General.
Complete the sequence, Mr. President.
My destiny.
Thank you, Sonny.
Let them come up.
This is not necessary, Mr. President.
We have a diplomatic solution.
Mr. Vice President, Mr. Secretary,
the missiles are flying.
Hallelujah. Hallelujah.
You okay, Greg?
Greg! Get out!
Stillson! Stillson!
If you could go back in time
to Germany, say,
before Hitler came to power,
knowing what you know now,
what'd you do? Would you kill him?
Is that why you sent for me, John?
To ask me this question?
I have to talk to you, Sam, because
I've had another episode.
Yes?
Go on.

I've been tutoring this boy,
name of Stuart, and
in the vision, I saw him drown.
I saw him die, Sam.
But that's not the point.
In the vision,
there was something missing,
there was something I couldn't see.
How do you mean?
I don't know. It was like
a blank spot, a dead zone.
First of all, tell me,
did the boy, in fact, drown?
You say you saw him drown.
No, no. His father wanted to take him
to play hockey.
I talked him out of it. The boy's alive.
Yes.
Don't you see,
don't you see how clear it all is?
Not only can you see the future,
- you can...
- I can change it.
You can change it. Exactly.
Here.
Yes, John. That is your dead zone.
The possibility of altering the outcome
of your premonitions.
It's fascinating. Let me make a note.
What about my question, Sam?
You mean the one about Hitler?
What would you do?
I don't like the sound of this, John.
What are you getting at?
What would you do?
Would you kill him?
All right. All right,
I'll give you an answer.
I'm a man of medicine.
I'm expected to save lives
and ease suffering.
And I love people.
Therefore, I would have no choice
but to kill the son of a bitch.

You'd never get away alive.
It doesn't matter. I would kill him.
Dear Sarah,
this is a hard letter to write,
so I'll try to make it short.
I can't go on hiding anymore.
That's what I've been doing.
Running and hiding.
You know,
I had this figured out all wrong.
I always thought this power of mine
was a curse,
but now I can see it's a gift.
Anyway, by the time you get this letter,
it'll be all over.
You never will understand why, Sarah.
Guess nobody ever will,
but I know what I'm doing.
And I know I'm right.
Just remember.
There's never been anyone for me
except you.
Just wasn't in the cards for us, I guess.
I'll always love you, Sarah.
Johnny.
It's a historic moment.
We're over here.
Thanks for your support.
Thank you for coming.
Hi, how you doing?
Really appreciate it.
Thanks very much. What's your name?
Greg, you remember
my husband, Walt?
- Hi, Walt. This your baby?
- Yeah.
I'm supposed to do that.
Come on, bring him up on stage.
Stillson! Stillson!
I want to thank all of you
from the bottom of my heart
for the tremendous support
you've given this campaign.
You made this campaign

the most talked about,
the most exciting,
the most important campaign
in the history of this great state.

And I've come here personally
to thank you for that.

Johnny!

- Give me him!

- Don't!

No!

Sonny! They're trying to kill me!

Let go! Let go!

Who are you, you son of a bitch?

Who sent you?

It's over.

You're finished.

Where's that kid with the camera?

He was taking pictures!

- I don't see him.

- You asshole!

It's okay. It's all right.

Johnny, why?

Why?

Goodbye.

I love you.