

THE BREAKERS BELL

written by

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Based on the characters Created by Stephen King

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FADE IN:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

DUST MOTES dance in weak shafts of light filtering through grimy, cobweb-draped windows. The air is thick with the smell of decay and forgotten things. Desks are overturned, chairs splintered, and the blackboard is a faded, peeling canvas. Spiderwebs hang like tattered curtains. This room hasn't seen a child in decades.

Six figures are CHAIR-BOUND, restrained in old, rusted wheelchairs. They wear identical, faded green mental patient scrubs. Their eyes flutter open, one by one, blinking against the gloom, confusion etched on their faces.

JOHN COFFEY (40s, large, gentle eyes) is the first to stir. He blinks, then slowly looks down at his scrub-clad arms, then at the rusty chains binding him. A soft, worried hum escapes him. He fixes his gaze on CARRIE WHITE.

JOHN COFFEY

It's alright, little sister. Try to
be still. It'll be alright.

DICK HALLORANN (60s, a knowing weariness in his eyes) takes in the room, his gaze lingering on the decay, a shiver running through him that has nothing to do with the chill. He tries to move his hands, the chains rattling. He looks at John.

DICK HALLORANN

Easy for you to say, John. You
ain't the one lookin' at walls that
feel like they got eyes.

JOHNNY SMITH (30s, LEAN, A HAUNTED LOOK) OPENS HIS EYES, IMMEDIATELY TRYING TO ORIENT HIMSELF. HE FLEXES HIS BOUND HANDS, A FLICKER OF FRUSTRATION CROSSING HIS FACE. HE SEES THE OTHERS, A QUESTION IN HIS EYES.

JOHNNY SMITH

This place... it feels wrong. Like
something terrible happened here.

CHARLIE MCGEE (10, small, intense eyes) wakes abruptly, her head snapping up. Her gaze is sharp, assessing, far too old for her years.

She looks from her scrubs to the room, then to the other captives. She focuses on a particularly thick, ancient spiderweb in the corner.

CHARLIE MCGEE

I don't like being trapped.

TED BRAUTIGAN (60s, a refined but bewildered air) slowly blinks awake. He looks around, his eyes settling on each person, a faint, almost imperceptible hum resonating in the air around him. He tries to speak, but his voice is raspy.

TED BRAUTIGAN

My head... it's like a thousand voices trying to get in.

CARRIE WHITE (17, gaunt, wide, fearful eyes) jolts awake. Her breathing is shallow, panicked. She tugs at her restraints, a silent scream building in her throat. She begins to shake harder, her eyes wide with a dawning horror.

CARRIE WHITE

(Whispering, choked)

Prom... the pig's blood... Chris... she laughed... they all laughed. And then... Mama. And then... me.

Her voice trails off into a fractured sob, her body convulsing. A heavy, antique globe on a nearby desk begins to spin rapidly on its own, then slowly tips, crashing to the floor with a loud thud, shattering into pieces.

John Coffey's eyes fill with profound sadness, his hum turning into a soft mournful keen. Hallorann watches the broken globe, a deeper understanding of Carrie's power, and her trauma, settling on his face.

DICK HALLORANN

Don't dwell on it, child. Not yet. Gotta figure out where "here" is first. And who put us here.

Johnny's gaze is fixed on the shattered globe, a hollow look in his eyes, as if seeing past it.

JOHNNY SMITH

The last thing I saw... the last thing I felt... was a handshake. A man smiling. And then... fire. So much fire. I tried to stop it. Tried to kill him before he could start it. A nuclear holocaust. And then... this.

Hallorann rubs his temples, a memory fighting its way through the fog.

DICK HALLORANN

Does anyone... does anyone remember how they got here? I just... woke up like this. The cold metal... the rough fabric... nothing before that.

Hallorann closes his eyes, a memory flashing through his mind. A hotel. Fire. A child's terrified scream in his head

DICK HALLORANN (CONT'D)

Fire. That's what I remember. And snow. So much snow. I was trying to save a boy. A boy named Danny, strong with the shining. And his mama. From a place... a bad place. The Overlook. It was trying to eat them. I got them out. Before it burned. But then... just black.

Coffey looks down at his large hands, a shadow passing over his gentle face, a tremor running through his massive frame.

JOHN COFFEY

I had a badness inside me. A terrible hurting. And then... Old Sparky. The green mile. The juice... all that lightning. And then... nothing. Just waking up here.

Charlie suddenly speaks, her voice surprisingly firm, her eyes distant, replaying a final, freeing memory.

CHARLIE MCGEE

I was at an office. In New York. Rolling Stone. Telling my story. My real story. About the Shop. About my parents. I finally got free of them, of Irv and Norma. Free. And then... this.

A beat of silence hangs in the dusty air. Johnny looks at Charlie, a dawning understanding in his eyes.

JOHNNY SMITH

"They"... you've been through this before?

Ted Brautigan closes his eyes, a ripple of sensation passing over the group as his "amplifying" nature subtly influences them.

The air in the room seems to hum with a low, latent energy. He opens his eyes, a flicker of vivid memory entering them.

TED BRAUTIGAN

Low Men. In yellow coats. They came for another. A boy named Bobby. A gifted child. But I... I let them take me instead. It was quiet, just a quick dark. And then... this.

TED BRAUTIGAN (CONT'D)

This isn't random. None of us are. I can feel... currents. Like rivers of thought, all converging here. Someone wanted us. All of us.

Before anyone can respond, a slow, deliberate KNOCK echoes from the far side of the room. All heads snap towards the sound.

The classroom door, old and scarred, creaks open slowly, revealing a tall, imposing man leaning against the frame. He wears faded jeans, a worn denim jacket adorned with several buttons: a bright yellow smiley face, a cartoon pig wearing a policeman's hat with the words "How's Your Pork?", and a classic peace sign. Dusty cowboy boots complete his ensemble. A shadow falls across his face, but there's a hint of a cruel smile playing on his lips.

This is RANDALL FLAGG (ageless, unsettling charisma).

RANDALL FLAGG

Well, now. Look what we have here. Seems everyone's finally awake.

Flagg pushes himself off the doorframe and saunters into the room, his eyes scanning each of them with a predatory gleam. He pauses, his gaze lingering on Ted Brautigan for a moment, a knowing glint in his eye.

RANDALL FLAGG (CONT'D)

Welcome to schoolhouse rock, folks. Class is about to begin.

FADE OUT.