

Production Company:  
Dead Zone Production Corp.

**THE DEAD ZONE**

"LOTTO FEVER"

Production #17-4017

Written by

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Directed by

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THE DEAD ZONE

"LOTTO FEVER"

CAST

JOHNNY SMITH	BOYD LUMELY (pronounced LOOM-lee) *
WALT BANNERMAN	MARSHA LUMELY *
SARAH BANNERMAN	BOB WESTERFIELD
J.J. BANNERMAN	YOUNG HOTTY
DEPUTY ROSCOE	EMILY LUMELY (AGE 10 TO 11) *
	GOON 1/LENNY
	GOON 2/TEDDY
	LLOYD LUMELY *
	DEALER
	COWBOY
	HARVARD GUY/HIT MAN
	BOUNCER
	PHONE OPERATOR VOICE (1 LINE) *
	FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (1 LINE) *
<u>NON-SPEAKING</u>	CAR SALESMAN (1 LINE)

GAS `N GO STATION ATTENDANT

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

CONVENIENCE STORE CASHIER & ARCADE GAME KIDS \*

CAB DRIVER

COUNTRY CLUB MEMBERS & WAIT STAFF

ASIAN WOMAN, WAITRESS, VEGAS WANNABE, MATH WIZARD & MOBSTERS

BACK ROOM MONITORING MEN

THE DEAD ZONE

"LOTTO FEVER"

SETS

INTERIORS

SMITH HOUSE  
FOYER/FRONT DOOR \*

BANNERMAN HOUSE  
KITCHEN

BOYD'S MANSION

POST OFFICE LOCKER ROOM

CLEAVES MILLS COUNTRY CLUB  
CIGAR ROOM

WESTERFIELD'S PRIVATE OFFICE

TRACT HOME  
KITCHEN

CHURCH  
CHAPEL \*

SHERIFF'S STATION

BACK/POKER ROOM  
HALLWAY  
ADJACENT MONITOR ROOM

EXTERIORS

ROADS

GAS 'N' GO  
PUMP  
RESTROOMS

CAR DEALERSHIP

CLEAVES MILLS COUNTRY CLUB

UNKNOWN LOCATION

WESTERFIELD'S FRONT LAWN

TRACT HOME

CHURCH  
PARKING LOT

ALLEY

PARK

VEHICLES

BOYD'S HUMMER

TOW TRUCK (FLAT BED)

WALT'S CRUISER

GYPSY CAB

MARSHA'S VOLVO \*

DARK SEDAN

THE DEAD ZONE

"LOTTO FEVER"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON 1 \*

Johnny ENTERS lugging a suitcase and a carry-on bag. He's not halfway in the door when the PHONE RINGS. He drops his bags, grabs it.

JOHNNY

Hello.

2 INTERCUT - INT. BANNERMAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 2

It's Sarah.

SARAH

You're home.

JOHNNY

Just walked in.

SARAH

How was Boston?

JOHNNY

Great, although I can't say the same about my flight back. You'd think a guy with psychic vision would know better than to sit between a screaming baby and a man with chronic air-sickness.

SARAH

I guess you're human after all. Listen, Walt was going to fire up the grill and rent a few movies. Interested?

JOHNNY

I'm beat. All I want is a hot shower and a soft pillow. Rain check? -- Thanks.

He hangs up, as the DOORBELL RINGS.

JOHNNY

Mister popularity.

2A FOYER

2A

Johnny OPENS the door, as we SEE a nervous-looking man, BOYD LUMELY. In his mid to late 30's, he's slightly twitchy. \*

JOHNNY

Can I help you? \*

He pulls a large handgun and jams it into Johnny's face.

BOYD

Back in the house. NOW! \*

Johnny backs up. Boyd steps in and CLOSES the door.

BOYD

Anybody else here?

JOHNNY

No. Look, whatever you want, take it. I don't keep much cash in the house, but... You can have my watch.

BOYD

Why would I want your watch? \*

(beat)

You don't remember me, do ya? \*

JOHNNY

Should I?

Keeping the gun aimed, Boyd reaches out and TOUCHES Johnny. WHOOSH! \*

3 VISION - INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY - A YEAR AGO 3 \*

*Johnny's on a PAYPHONE in a small CONVENIENCE STORE - the usual aisles of junk food, kids playing arcade games and, over by the cashier, a sign reading "LOTTO: NOW \$1,000,000!"*

*The door chimes as BOYD bops in, clad in a POST OFFICE UNIFORM. He's not as twitchy, certainly not as desperate.*

BOYD

*How's it hangin', my old friend? \**

*The OWNER, an older Asian man, just stares at him.*

BOYD

*Y'know what you need? Y'need one'a those fancy espresso machines. Y'know espresso? Steamed milk? Tiny little cups? \**

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

*The old man looks at him like he's from Mars.*

BOYD

*Still can't speak American. That's  
okay, there's plenty'a room for  
every...*

\*

*(as he TURNS, he SPOTS  
Johnny)*

*What have we got here?*

*He takes particular notice of the Lotto jackpot, then back  
at Johnny. He's got something on his mind.*

BOYD

*(without looking back)*

*Take her easy.*

\*

*As he drops the mail on the counter and heads off.*

JOHNNY

*(on the phone)*

*Thank you, operator.*

*Boyd steps up in front of Johnny with a curious smile. Johnny  
smiles politely and goes back to his business.*

BOYD

*You're that Psychic guy.*

JOHNNY

*Sorry?*

BOYD

*Tommy Smith!*

JOHNNY

*Johnny.*

BOYD

*Right. I never forget a face. That's  
my gift.*

\*

\*

\*

BOYD

*(offering his hand)*

*I'm Boyd. Boyd Lumely.*

\*

*With one hand on the phone and the other holding the book,  
Johnny just nods and smiles...*

JOHNNY

*Nice to meet you.*

*(on the phone)*

*No, not you, operator.*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

*Johnny turns back into the booth, as Boyd glances back at the Lottery sign. You can see the wheels turning.*

BOYD

*(leans in close)*

*Say, John, whadd'ya think about helpin' a brother out?*

\*  
\*

JOHNNY

*Excuse me?*

BOYD

*You know, shoot me a peek into the future. A glimpse of the great unknown.*

\*  
\*

*(off Johnny's look)*

*Give me the Lotto numbers. I don't know about you, but I sure as hell could use a million bucks.*

\*

*Johnny smiles, then realizes he's serious.*

\*

JOHNNY

*You're serious? I'm sorry, but my "gift" doesn't work that way.*

\*  
\*

BOYD

*No kiddin'?*

JOHNNY

*(on the phone)*

*Yes, operator. Uh-huh. Thank you.*

*Johnny quickly jots down some numbers and hangs up.*

BOYD

*(growing agitation)*

*Seems like your "gift" worked well enough to get your name on TV or in some fancy magazine. But I guess I'm just a nobody, right? A crummy civil servant. Something a big shot like you might scrape off his shoe.*

\*  
\*  
\*

JOHNNY

*That's not...*

BOYD

*(on a roll)*

*I know your type. I been gettin' my teeth kicked in by guys like you my whole life.*

\*

*Johnny edges past Boyd, forgetting about his phone number.*

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

JOHNNY

*I really have to go. Good luck.*

\*

*Johnny quickly heads for the door.*

\*

BOYD

*(shouting at him)*

*Aaaw c'mon, John! Spare some of that mo-jo juice for the little people! Even us losers deserve a break once in a while!*

*Johnny glances back one last time, then he's gone.*

BOYD

*Jerk.*

\*

*Boyd sucks his teeth, then notices something. He grabs the book, as we SEE A SERIES OF NUMBERS Johnny scribbled down. He looks at the Lotto sign again. Then fishes into his pocket, finding a couple wrinkled DOLLAR BILLS.*

BOYD

*What the hell?*

*As he heads to the counter to play Johnny's numbers...*

4 RESUME: INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

4

*Johnny snaps out, in disbelief.*

BOYD

*Everything 20-20 now?*

JOHNNY

*Those numbers weren't for the Lotto. It was the phone number for a Thai restaurant. I wanted some take-out, that's all.*

\*

\*

BOYD

*The point is, I played and I won - a million dollars!*

\*

\*

*Johnny looks at the gun,*

\*

JOHNNY

*Why do I get the feeling you're not here to thank me?*

BOYD

*I'll thank you alright. I'll thank you after you get back everything I lost. After you get me back my life.*

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

Off this tense moment,

FADE OUT.

END TEASER