

WWW.

HOTEL

"BASKET CASE"

by

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BROSLIN

.COM

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by Frank Henenlotter

FADE IN

1 INT. PILLSBURY'S OFFICE.

The lights are off. The sound of a key enters a lock. The door opens and DR. PILLSBURY enters, turning on the light. The room is a small, old-fashioned doctor's office where everything looks at least 50 years old.

So does DR. PILLSBURY. He is also extremely upset. Placing his little black bag on his desk, but not removing his coat, he goes directly to a metal filing cabinet, unlocks it, and takes out a medical chart: a manila folder stuffed with papers. He sits at the desk scanning the pages.

CUT TO

2 CLOSEUP of the medical report as he skims through it. 2 The information on the pages is meaningless to us since he flips through them too fast to study. However, there appear to be many xerox reproductions of articals from textbooks and medical journals, copious hand-written notes and even some photographs we cannot make out.

He returns to the notes on the first page. Two words, "PARASITIC TERATA", are underscored and easily stand out. So does "DECEASED", stamped in red ink, which obscures a section of the notes. Clipped to the top of the page is a xerox of a birth certificate which the doctor removes.

CUT TO

3 CLOSEUP DR. PILLSBURY. He raises the birth certificate 3 and we suddenly see that there is not one but two birth certificates -- the second under the first. He looks at both, wipes his forehead and returns to the report.

CUT TO

4 CLOSEUP BOTTOM of the first page. There are two doctors' 4 names written there. The first is "DR. HAROLD NEEDLEMAN" with a Manhattan address and phone number. The other, "DR. KUTTER", just has "N.Y.C." next to it.

CUT TO

5 PILLSBURY grabs the telephone, hesitates for a moment, 5 then dials. A woman answers.

VOICE ON PHONE
Needleman's office.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

PILLSBURY
Is the doctor in?

VOICE ON PHONE
This is his answering service. The doctor isn't here.

PILLSBURY
Well how can I reach him? You must have another number -- his home phone?

VOICE ON PHONE
I'm sorry sir, I don't. Are you a patient?

PILLSBURY
No! I'm a colleague of his. Surely there must be some way I can reach him --?

VOICE ON PHONE
If you'll leave your name and phone number I'll have the doctor call you back. Is this an emergency?

PILLSBURY
Yes! Not a medical one but it's imperative the doctor reach me as soon as possible.

VOICE ON PHONE
Fine. Now what's your name and number?

PILLSBURY
Dr. Julius Pillsbury. . . b-u-r-y.
Area code 518, 395- 7788. That's my home phone. That's where I'll be. And again let me stress the urgency of the doctor reaching me as soon as possible. I don't care how late it is!

VOICE ON PHONE
I'll give him your message, doctor.

He puts the phone down and again wipes his forehead. Gathering the medical chart together, he clamps it under his arm, grabs his bag and leaves.

CUT TO

6 EXT. STREET.

NIGHT

6

Outside PILLSBURY'S office. A small country town whose stores close at 6 and whose streets are deserted by 7. A healthy wind is blowing, scattering dead leaves every where.

(CONTINUED)

3.

6 CONTINUED:

6

The DOCTOR comes out of his office and quickly crosses the empty street. He gets into his car (a late model economy-car that's seen better days) and drives off.

DISSOLVE TO

7 EXT. PILLSBURY'S HOME.

7

A large, old-fashioned gothic; not "haunted house" gothic but the kind you'd see in a Norman Rockwell painting. Open front porch, white picket fence, etc.

PILLSBURY's car drives up and the doctor gets out. Rushing up the porch steps, he stands before the front door fumbling with his keys.

A sound, like someone gurling in an echo chamber, suddenly erupts behind him. But only for an instant. He drops the keys and spins around.

Nothing. Not a sound. No movement. Just the crickets.

PILLSBURY stands there staring. Slowly he squats down to pick up the keys, his eyes still glued to the darkness in front of him. Then, quickly, he unlocks the door and hurries inside.

CUT TO

8 INT. PILLSBURY'S HOME. LIVING ROOM.

8

He shuts and bolts the door, puts his bag and the medical chart on his desk, and scurries into the kitchen.

CUT TO

9 KITCHEN.

9

PILLSBURY grabs the wall phone and dials.

VOICE ON PHONE
Glens Falls Police. Officer Ryan.

PILLSBURY
This is Dr. Pillsbury. I want someone
to --

A noise echoes through the kitchen: like something climbing up the side of the house. The doctor jerks his head up, staring at the ceiling.

CUT TO

4.

10 EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

10

Closeup of the connection where the telephone wire enters the house. An indistinct shadow passes across it as the line grows taut, gets pulled and is severed from the house.

CUT TO

11 KITCHEN.

11

PILLSBURY hears the phone go dead.

PILLSBURY

Hello? Hello?

(drops the phone)

Oh God. . .

He races into the living room.

CUT TO

12 LIVING ROOM.

12

Going to the front door, he rechecks the lock, this time putting on the chain. Then he moves to the windows, making sure they're locked and pulling down the shades. That done, he runs back into the kitchen.

CUT TO

13 KITCHEN.

13

PILLSBURY locks and pulls the shades down on two of the three kitchen windows, then checks the lock on the back door. He pauses to look around. Only one more window to check -- the one over the sink.

He leans over the sink and grabs hold of the lock when the window shatters as a monstrously deformed hand crashes through it. There are only four twisted fingers on it, each of them 2 to 3 times the size and width of a normal human's. One of the digits is perhaps two inches thick and stretches to 7 inches in height. Large swollen veins and small suction cup protrusions cover its baggy skin.

It lunges for PILLSBURY's throat but misses, grabbing the lapel of his coat. The doctor struggles, all the while screaming, until he pulls himself free and runs back into the living room.

CUT TO

14 LIVING ROOM.

14

PILLSBURY runs to a bureau, tugging on a stubborn drawer

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

from which he removes a revolver and a box of bullets. As he loads the bullets into the gun's chamber, the lights go off.

PILLSBURY

Oh no. . . . no . . .

We hear the box of bullets fall and scatter on the floor. Then the sound of another drawer tugged open and a match being struck.

15 PILLSBURY lights a candle when we hear, from elsewhere 15 in the house, another window being shattered and a loud, wet thud. The gurgling noise the doctor heard so briefly on the porch now fills the house. An irregular plodding sound, like someone both stumbling and crawling, grows louder.

PILLSBURY

(shouting)

I've got a gun!

He bends down, frantically picking bullets off the floor and inserting them into the gun. Finished, he holds the gun with both hands and thrusts it in front of him.

PILLSBURY

(shouting)

I'll shoot! Get out or I'll shoot!

He fires wildly into the darkness, scattering his shots in every direction.

On the sixth and last shot there is abrupt silence.

CUT TO

16 CLOSEUP PILLSBURY. He freezes. For about five seconds 16 there is deathlike quiet. He doesn't move a muscle. Not even blink. Nothing.

Then from practically beneath him, that same deformed hand reaches up and covers the doctor's face. It pulls him downward, out of camera range and into the darkness. His screaming is blended with the unearthly roar of the thing that's got him.

For an instant PILLSBURY lurches up, trying to get to his feet. His face and hands are covered with blood, his clothing torn and shredded. But he is quickly pulled downward again. The doctor's screams now mix with a tearing and crunching as if he were being torn apart.

17 The camera pans from the fight to the desk where the 17

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

doctor's bag and the medical chart are illuminated by the candlelight. Hold on the medical chart as the doctor screams one last time and his blood spurts across it.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

18 INT. GREYHOUND BUS.

18

Closeup of an attractive young man about 20 years of age. This is DUANE, our hero. On the seat to the left of him is a knapsack, not particularly full. On his lap he holds a large wicker basket, its cover tightly closed and clasped with a padlock.

DUANE stares out the window, eyes wide and alert, as the bus approaches New York City.

CUT TO

19 NEW YORK SKYLINE from the bus window. Dusk. The sun is just going down. The sky is a bright red.

19

DISSOLVE TO

20 THE BUS pulling into the Port Authority Terminal.

20

CUT TO

21 INT. BUS.

21

INTERCOM

New York. Last stop. Please remember all your personal belongings and thank you for traveling Greyhound (or whatever busline.)

DUANE remains in his seat, waiting for the passengers around him to disembark. Then he puts on the knapsack, holds the basket tightly in front of him, and gets off.

CUT TO

22 INT. PORT AUTHORITY.

22

DUANE carries the basket to a group of seats, empty except for a few people asleep. He puts the basket down in front of him, resting his foot on the lid as if afraid it may suddenly run away. From his knapsack he removes a fold-out map of Manhattan which he clumsily sprawls open across his lap and the seat next to him.

CUT TO

23 THE MAP, his finger crossing it until it reaches the 23
box marked "PORT AUTHORITY" and the intersection of
"8TH AVENUE" and "42ND STREET".

DISSOLVE TO

24 EXT. STREET. NIGHT 24

DUANE, still carrying the basket, moves with a crowd crossing 8th Avenue, caught in the flow of people moving onto 42nd street. Almost immediately, an Hispanic follows DUANE, giving his pitch under his breath --

HISPANIC

Loose joints. Loose joints. Check it out. THC. Black Beauties. Coke. Smoke. Joints and bags. Check it out.

Ignoring him, DUANE gawks at everything like the tourist he is, trying to see it all at once.

CUT TO

25 Movie marquee: SHOCKING BLOOD & GUTS: "THE BABY EATERS" 25

CUT TO

26 A man aiming a Polaroid at a young couple who pose and smile in front of a porno store. 26

CUT TO

27 The neon sign of a huge porno store: "PEEPLAND" with 27
its neon key "turning" in a neon eye.

CUT TO

28 Street people congregating in front of a record store, 28
its disco music drowned out by a portable tape player
carried by a man walking past.

CUT TO

29 Movie marquee: SIXTEEN AND A NYMPHO: "HIGH SCHOOL SLUT" 29

CUT TO

30 DUANE on the northwest corner of 42nd, facing TIMES 30
SQUARE. A man handing out leaflets for a massage parlor with a constant "Check it out! Check it out!" places a leaflet on the basket.

CUT TO

31 Billboard with steam pouring out of a giant coffee cup. 31
CUT TO

32 STREET PERSON, staring at DUANE. 32
STREET PERSON
Hey man, what's in the basket?
CUT TO

33 The animated lights of the Spectracolor sign on the Allied 33 building, almost hypnotic as if flashes out "I Love New York" then changes into a "Crazy Eddie" ad.
CUT TO

34 DUANE, on the corner of 43rd, looks west. 34
CUT TO

35 A dilapidated hotel sign. Not lit but illuminated by 35 street lights.
CUT TO

36 DUANE heads up 43rd, toward the hotel, but stops when 36 he sees the entrance. The building has long been closed and boarded up. A group of junkies huddle in the doorway. DUANE quickly walks past.

37 He continues west until he's back on 8th Avenue. Pausing 37 as he wonders what direction to head in, he catches sight of a SHOPPING BAG LADY a few feet away. She is carefully and methodically investigating the contents of a trash can. DUANE watches her for a moment, then, arbitrarily heads north on 8th Avenue. He looks up.
CUT TO

38 Hotel sign, extending awning-like from the third story 38 of the building. Dirty, weather-beaten neon letters flash out "HOTEL BROSNAN".
CUT TO

39 DUANE staring at the sign. It's the first hotel he's come 39 to so why not? He enters the hotel.
CUT TO

40 INT. HOTEL BROSNAN. LOBBY. 40
Dirty, flea-bitten, run-down and grungy. At the check-in desk is the MANAGER, a husky man with his T-shirt and brow covered with continual sweat. Next to the check-in desk,

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

MANAGER

Coupl'a hours? Coupl'a years? What?
Gimme a hint.

DUANE

Oh. A few days.

MANAGER

By yourself?

DUANE

Yes. Alone. By myself.

DIRTY LOU

All alone in this cold cruel world --

MANAGER

20 bucks a night. In advance. If you
pay by the day it's due at noon.

(pauses as he looks
DUANE over)

This is a respectable hotel. I don't
want no junkies.

DIRTY LOU

He's just a kid. He ain't no junkie.

DUANE

I just need a place to stay.

MANAGER

What's in the basket?

(CONTINUED)

44 CASEY, a hooker, is unlocking the door to her room. 44
 Behind her stands a middle-aged BUSINESSMAN. He passively
 watches her, seemingly disinterested. Only when you look
 close do you see his hand resting on her rear. She opens
 the door and they enter.

45 DUANE looks for 3A, unlocks the door and enters. 45

CUT TO

46 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM. 46

Though larger than expected, one could wither, mold and
 rot and be right at home in this atmosphere. The walls
 are a depressing dull brown; the rug so worn as to be
 functionless; the bed, lamp table, dresser and chair
 seedy Salvation Army rejects.

DUANE puts the basket on the bed and wiggles his knapsack
 off. He walks to the window and opens it.

CUT TO

47 EXT. HOTEL. NIGHT 47

DUANE at the window. The large "HOTEL BROSMAN" sign
 juts out from the building directly next to his window;
 the red neon letters reflecting on his face.

CUT TO

48 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM. 48

DUANE remains at the window, looking out. A breeze stirs
 the pathetic little drapes. The noise of the traffic and
 street now fill the room, but it's a constant hum and
 can easily be ignored.

He turns from the window to the basket, walks over and
 bends down next to it.

DUANE

We're here.

CUT TO

49 INT. LOBBY. 49

The MANAGER and DIRTY LOU are still listening to the fight
 on the radio as DUANE comes bounding down the stairs and
 over to them.

DUANE

Amy place around here where I can
 get something to eat?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

MANAGER
Nothing fancy I hope?

DUANE
No. Something fast. A burger. Pizza.

MANAGER
Plenty of places --

DIRTY LOU
There's one right across the street.

DUANE
Great! Thanks.

CUT TO

50 INT. FAST-FOOD GRILL.

50

Small, greasy place that serves pizza, gyros, burgers, falafels, franks -- you name it.

DUANE bops in and looks at a bunch of shish kabobs sizzling on the grill.

DUANE
Shish kabob, please.

One?
COOK

DUANE
No. . . um. . . twenty.

COOK
Twenty??!

CUT TO

51 EXT. STREET.

NIGHT 51

DUANE comes out, using both hands to hold his pile of shish kabobs, each individually wrapped. And despite his hands being full, a man tries to hand him another handbill for a massage parlor (with a "Check it out! Check it out!")

CUT TO

52 INT. LOBBY. HOTEL BROSNAN.

52

DUANE enters. Both the MANAGER and DIRTY LOU stare incredulously at the armful of shish kabobs.

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER
Are you starving or just excessive?

DUANE
Huh?

DIRTY LOU
You gonna eat them all by yourself?

DUANE
Sure.

DIRTY LOU
But -- that's disgusting!

DUANE
(to MANAGER)
You have a phone book I can borrow?
I've got to check some addresses.

MANAGER
Is one enough? Or do you want a pile
of them too?

DUANE
One's fine.

The MANAGER tosses the phonebook onto the counter and
watches as DUANE juggles the book and the shish kabobs
in his arms.

MANAGER
Just make sure I get it back.

DUANE
(heading up stairs)
Sure thing.

MANAGER
And don't get it covered with grease!

CUT TO

As DUANE gets to the top of the stairs, the BUSINESSMAN
leaves CASEY's room, still as proper and dignified as
when he entered. DUANE pays him no attention.

He puts down the phone book and half the shish kabobs so
he can get the key from his pocket and open the door. As
he unlocks it, CASEY comes out of her room, smiles at
him and heads down the stairs.

CUT TO

54 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

54

DUANE enters, rushing to the bed to let the phone book and shish kabobs tumble onto the sheet. He goes back to the door, locks it, then takes another key from his pocket and unlocks the padlock on the basket. He lifts off the lid as he sits down next to it.

DUANE

Got'cha something to eat.

He unwraps a shish kabob, holds it over the basket and pulls out the stick so the pieces of meat fall inside. Instantly, the basket shakes, accompanied by a loud munching sound. He drops the meat from two more shish kabobs into the basket and holds up two more, still on their sticks.

DUANE

Take your time. There's plenty.

He throws the two of them into the basket, wipes his hands on the bedsheet, then reaches down to his knapsack and removes the same medical chart DR. PILLSBURY had looked through before his death. In fact, Pillsbury's dried blood still stains the cover. DUANE lies across the bed and opens to the first page.

CUT TO

55 CLOSEUP of the names: "DR. HAROLD NEEDLEMAN" and "DR. KUTTER" written at the bottom of the page. 55

CUT TO

56 DUANE flips through the pages of the phone book, looks back at the medical chart, then rechecks the phone book. 56

CUT TO

57 MEDICAL CHART. Next to NEEDLEMAN's address, DUANE marks a check. His pencil moves to KUTTER's name who has no address other than "N.Y.C." 57

CUT TO

58 DUANE flips through the phone book again. Suddenly, the eating sounds stop and a shish kabob stick is thrown out of the basket. 58

DUANE

Finished already?

He picks up the rest of the shish kabobs and puts them

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

in the basket, not bothering to unwrap them or remove the sticks. The chewing noises immediately continue, this time mixed with the tearing and crunching of waxed paper.

DUANE resumes looking through the phone book.

DUANE

Damn! Kutter's name isn't listed.

(slams book shut)

Well. . . Needleman must have the number.

He picks up a shish kabob not dropped in the basket, unwraps it and lies back on the bed. And all the while DUANE is comfortably nibbling on his shish kabob, the loud gorging of something inside the basket continues. Hold for a moment, then

FADE OUT

FADE IN

59 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

59

It is now the middle of the night. DUANE lies asleep in the bed. The medical report is on the dresser. So is the basket, unlocked, the lid still off. Though we cannot see the floor because of the position of the camera, we hear something pacing around the room. DUANE wakes up and looks down at the floor.

DUANE

You're not going to pace the floor all night are you?

(pause; no sound)

No, I don't want to talk now. Go back to sleep.

(he lies back down; still no sound)

Aw, c'mon! We gotta get up early.

By this time it's obvious we can only hear DUANE's side of the "conversation", as there is no other sound in the room except for the creaking of the floor boards.

DUANE

Yeah, yeah. We've been through this before.

He sits back up, wipes his eyes and looks at his watch, lying on the lamp table.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

DUANE

Look, I'm not gonna stay up half the night talking. It's 3:30! I'm going back to sleep.

(bunches his pillow)

I'm not going to debate this! Now goodnight!

Though we still have heard nothing more than something pacing around the room -- and rather quietly at that -- DUANE pulls the pillow over his head, wrapping it around his ears.

DUANE

For Chrissakes shut up! Let me get some sleep!

(muttering to himself)

Always waits till I'm asleep to start a conversation --

FADE OUT

FADE IN

60 Manhattan skyline. Daylight. Morning.

60

DISSOLVE TO

61 INT. HALLWAY. HOTEL BROSNAH.

61

DIRTY LOU tip-toes across the hallway to DUANE's room. He presses his ear to the door and listens. His hand reaches down to gently grasp and turn the knob -- enough to know the door is locked. He looks around, just to make sure no one's door is open, then gets on his hands and knees and looks through the keyhole.

But someone's door does open. CASEY, on her way out, sees DIRTY LOU.

CUT TO

62 CLOSEUP DIRTY LOU, straining to see through the keyhole as CASEY creeps up on him.

62

CASEY

Oh great! --

63 He jumps, bangs his forehead against the door and falls on his butt.

63

CASEY

Last week you were in the dumb waiter.
This week it's keyholes. Wonderful.

DIRTY LOU

Shhhh! There's somebody in there!

CASEY

I figured that!

DIRTY LOU

A kid! Some young boy --

CASEY

You can't be left alone for a minute,
can you?

DIRTY LOU

You should see! Got a roll of bills
on him like this --
(motions)

CASEY

Oh gimme a break --

DIRTY LOU

Carrying it around with him! Loose
in his pocket!

CASEY

You got two seconds before I start
pounding on his door.

DIRTY LOU

No, wait --

CASEY

One.

DIRTY LOU

I'm going! I'm going!

He scrambles to his feet and scurries down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

(muttering to herself
as she locks her door)

Place is a zoo. Keyhole peepers --
Roaches the size of dogs -- Tuba
playing at four in the morning --
Might as well take out the rooms
and put in cages.

She starts to go down the stairs but stops, pauses, and
knocks on DUANE's door instead.

64 After a moment or two, DUANE opens it, looking as if he 64
just woke up.

CASEY

Hi. I live just across the hall and
I -- I didn't wake you, did I?

(CONTINUED)

DUANE

It's ok. I slept later than I wanted to anyway.

CASEY

Sorry about that. Actually the reason I'm bothering you is -- now don't get me wrong -- I don't go butting into other people's business -- But some one's been snooping around your door -- you know, looking through the keyhole and all -- So, if you've got anything valuable in there -- money or something -- just don't go leaving it around.

DUANE

Oh, right. Sure. Thanks.

CASEY

I mean, can't see you getting ripped off at least without having a fighting chance.

(holds out her hand)

Name's Casey.

DUANE

(shaking her hand)

Duane Bradley.

CASEY

Nice to meet you, Duane Bradley. What the hell you doing in this dump?

DUANE

Uh. . . It was the first hotel I came to.

CASEY

Obviously a hard man to please.
Where you from?

Upstate.

DUANE

First time in New York?

Yeah.

DUANE

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

I knew it! Well, this place stinks but there's a lot worse. I've been here about a year. Live and work out of the same room. Keeps me out of the subways. How long you staying?

DUANE

Few days.

CASEY

That's all, huh? Man, the little ol' lady who lived there before you -- I think she moved in when the place opened. Lived there for ages! Real cute grandmother type. She used to tell everyone she was really rich. Owned oil wells down South. Had millions but was hiding from her relatives who were trying to steal it from her. Really!

DUANE

Was it true?

CASEY

You'd swear it after listening to her. She had these big adorable brown eyes and in this sad, soft voice would go --

(imitating)

'They want to hurt me and steal my money. But I'm hiding from them. They don't know where I am.'

(regular voice)

She'd even stop strangers in the street -- people she'd never ever seen before -- and start pouring out her heart to them.

DUANE

What happened to her?

CASEY

Well one day -- out of the blue -- she appeared all dolled up, head to foot, in a wardrobe straight out of the twenties. Big brim hat, white gloves, lots of jewelry, even a little white parasol. And a suitcase. Said she was leaving for the Mediterranean and then a trip 'round the world. She paid her bill and left. Haven't heard a word from her since.

(CONTINUED)

A momentary silence. Then,

DUANE

Wow. . .

CASEY

Yeah, well she was an exception. Everyone else here is your basic creep. A couple of bums and a few assholes but mainly a lot of creeps.

(looks in his room)

What's in the basket? Going on a picnic?

DUANE

Picnic? No, no. Haven't the time.

CASEY

I know what'cha mean. I gotta run myself. Listen, we'll have to get together before you leave -- Go for a drink. I got a lot more weird stories.

DUANE

Okay. Sure.

CASEY

Catch you later, kid. 'Bye.
(heads downstairs)

CUT TO

65 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

65

DUANE shuts the door and walks to the bed where the map of Manhattan is spread out. He fold it up, puts it into his back pocket, tucks in his pants, and goes to the basket. Clasping the lid shut with the padlock, he picks up the basket and heads for the door.

DUANE

Let's go. We gotta pay a visit to a doctor friend of ours.

DISSOLVE TO

66 EXT. W. 18th STREET.

66

A predominantly industrial area. At this time of the day the street is bustling with activity and traffic. Only one figure is not moving: DUANE. He stands motionless, his back against the window of a coffee shop. Holding the

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

basket to his chest, he stands for a long moment staring at the building across the street before crossing over and entering it.

CUT TO

67 INT. LOBBY OF BUILDING.

67

A drab, ugly building. The dingy lobby can only hold a handful of people. The elevator -- without an attendant -- looks like an afterthought; it's about as large as a closet. The flight of stairs across from it seems the more practical way of getting from floor to floor.

DUANE puts the basket on the floor as he checks the wall directory.

CUT TO

68 DUANE's hand moving down the list of names. There, between "NATE'S BRASSIERE AND HOISERY" and "NORTON SPORTSWEAR" is "NEEDLEMAN, DR. HAROLD, M.D. 2nd fl."

68

DISSOLVE TO

69 INT. NEEDLEMAN'S WAITING ROOM.

69

What you'd expect of a waiting room in a building like this: cheap, tacky furniture, plastic plants, a \$2.98 painting on the wall. Even the magazines are missing covers.

But contrasting with these dismal surroundings is SHARON, the doctor's receptionist. She is bright, cheery, bubbling with energy and, as far as DUANE is concerned, the most beautiful girl he has ever seen.

As DUANE enters, SHARON is talking with -- or rather, listening to -- MRS. PEARLMAN, the only patient in the room.

MRS. PEARLMAN

... Yes! So the drugstore said he should've never prescribed it to me in the first place! It was the wrong drug! I'm allergic to it!

SHARON

That's terrible! Does he know you're allergic?

MRS. PEARLMAN

He ought to! This is the second time he gave me the wrong prescription!

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

SHARON

Oh my goodness. . .
 (looks at DUANE)
 I'll be right with you.
 (pointing)
 It's this typewriter.

DUANE looks puzzled. "Typewriter"?

MRS. PEARLMAN

But the drug store can't change it
 'cause it's not their fault. He's
 got to write out a new prescription.

SHARON

No problem. A patient is in there
 with him now but as soon as they're
 done, I'll send you in.

MRS. PEARLMAN

Thank you, thank you.

70 MRS. PEARLMAN takes a seat and SHARON turns to DUANE.
 But before SHARON can speak, MRS. PEARLMAN continues,
 this time addressing both of them.

70

MRS. PEARLMAN

It was terrible! I thought I was
 going to die!

SHARON

I know, I know.

MRS. PEARLMAN

First I got dizzy! Then I couldn't
 breathe! Then my throat felt like it
 was on fire!

SHARON

Well you make sure to tell this all
 to the doctor.

(turns to DUANE)

Hi. This is the one --

(switches on typewriter)

Hear that? It sounds like something
 grinding inside. And the carriage
 won't return. Yesterday it was
 squeaking -- like if a mouse was
 caught inside. Real high-pitched --

(makes appropriate
 sound effect)

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

A PATIENT comes out of the doctor's office and leaves.

SHARON

Goodbye Mr. Clayton.

(turns to MRS. PEARLMAN)

Ok, Mrs. Pearlman. He's all yours.

MRS. PEARLMAN

Oh good!

71 As MRS. PEARLMAN hurries into the doctor's office, SHARON 71 turns to DUANE.

SHARON

Okay. Where were we?

DUANE

I . . . I don't know anything about typewriters. I just want to see the doctor.

SHARON

(embarrassed)

Oh! Oh my goodness! I'm sorry! I just assumed -- I didn't think you were a patient. I'm expecting someone to fix the typewriter this afternoon and I just thought --

(pointing to basket)

I figured that was your toolbox or something.

(starts to laugh)

DUANE

I don't even know how to type.

SHARON

It hasn't worked right since I've been here. He's just too cheap to buy a new one. I should just throw it out. Or shoot it.

DUANE

Uh. . . I don't have an appointment --

SHARON

And you've never been here before or I would've remembered.

DUANE

You see, my regular doctor is upstate and I --

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Really! Where?

DUANE

Glens Falls.

SHARON

Is that near Lake George?

DUANE

No. That's further up.

SHARON

I used to go camping up there all
the time. My girlfriend and I.
Haven't had a chance to this year.

(lowers voice)

So why'd you pick this guy?

DUANE

Oh, well, Dr. Needleman's an old
friend of the family. Is there any
chance I can see him without an
appointment?

SHARON

He'd tell you no; friend of the family
or not. But, as you can see, we've
got hundreds of patients waiting to
see him so we'll just pretend you did
call. . .(looks through appointment
book)

. . . and have an appointment for 11:30.

(looks at her watch)

Oh my goodness! You're next.

DUANE

(smiling at her)

Thanks.

SHARON

(writing on index card)

What's your name?

DUANE

Duane Bradley.

(catches himself)

Oh but don't write that. I want to
surprise him. He'll recognize the
name right away. Put down something
like Smith. Duane Smith.

71

71 CONTINUED:

71

SHARON

He'll appreciate this. He's a
million laughs.

(hands card to DUANE)
And you fill out the rest.

72 DUANE sits next to SHARON's desk, the basket on his lap, 72
on top of which he fills out the card.

SHARON

What's in the basket? Easter eggs?

DUANE smiles but doesn't answer.

SHARON

Just visiting New York or -- ?

DUANE

Yeah. This is my first time.

SHARON

So have you gone to the Empire
State Building yet? And the Statue
of Liberty?

DUANE

No. I haven't had the time.

SHARON

(incredulous)
'Haven't had the time'??!

(loud; seemingly upset)
Well what about Radio City Music
Hall? Or the UN? Had time for them?

DUANE

(very startled; doesn't
know if she's kidding
or not)

No. . . I. . . I. . .

SHARON

What about the World Trade Towers?
Or the Met?

DUANE

It's not that I don't want to but --

SHARON

Any museums? The Cloisters? Chinatown?

DUANE

Actually, I. . . I don't know where
anything is.

(CONTINUED)

A wide grin bursts across SHARON's face. It's obvious she'd been putting him on.

SHARON

Well, if you need a tour guide, I'd be happy to volunteer.

Realizing she just set him up for a date takes DUANE a few minutes to sink in. When it does, he breaks into a glowing, if somewhat incredulous, smile.

SHARON

We'll even buy you some 3-D postcards and an "I Love New York" T-shirt.

MRS. PEARLMAN exits from the doctor's office.

SHARON

(staring at DUANE)

You're next.

DUANE picks up the basket and enters NEEDLEMAN's office.

CUT TO

There are two adjoining rooms: his office and the examination room adjacent to it.

As should be obvious by now, NEEDLMAN is not a well-to-do doctor with a thriving practice. Instead, he's sleazy, seedy and third-rate. In another life, he'd be a used car salesman.

As DUANE enters, carrying the basket, NEEDLMAN is busily scrawling on some forms and papers from a previous patient. He speaks to DUANE without looking up.

NEEDLMAN

Come in, Mister, uh. . .

DUANE tosses him the index card.

DUANE

Smith.

NEEDLMAN

(glancing up)

Smith. Right.

(resumes paperwork)

All right, Mr. Smith, what's the problem?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

NEEDLEMAN
Cough.
(DUANE coughs)
Did that hurt?

DUANE
No.
NEEDLEMAN
Turn around, please.

DUANE turns so his scarred right side passes in front of the doctor who cannot help from staring at it. When DUANE is fully around, NEEDLEMAN presses the stethescope to his back.

NEEDLEMAN
Breathe in.
(pause)
That hurt?
DUANE
Nope.

NEEDLEMAN
Again.
(moves stethescope)
Again.
(pause; removes
stethescope)
I can't find anything wrong.
Suppose you indicate where the pain
is coming from.

DUANE turns to face the doctor.

DUANE
I thought you'd realize. It hurts
here --
(touching the scar)
-- down the side of my chest.

NEEDLEMAN
But? -- How long have you had this?

DUANE
Since I was 12.

NEEDLEMAN
And it still hurts?

DUANE
Everytime I look at it.

(CONTINUED)

NEEDLEMAN

I mean physically. It's thick scar tissue. It isn't raw. There should be no pain.

DUANE

There is. Plenty.

NEEDLEMAN

How did you get it?

DUANE

I cut myself shaving.

DUANE smirks -- not at the joke as much as how uncomfortable NEEDLEMAN is becoming.

DUANE

No, actually it's from some surgery.

NEEDLEMAN

What kind of surgery?

DUANE

Illegal surgery.

NEEDLEMAN

So why come to me? Where's the doctor that performed the operation? I don't know what I can do. He should be the one to go to.

DUANE

But he's upstate. In Glens Falls.

NEEDLEMAN's head jerks suddenly, his eyes fixing with DUANE's.

DUANE

Oh! You know Glens Falls?

NEEDLEMAN

No! Never heard of it.

DUANE

You've been there?

NEEDLEMAN

No! Never!

DUANE

You really should visit. It's so pretty and peaceful up there. That's where I had the operation.

74 CONTINUED:

74

NEEDLEMAN

Then why come here? What do you expect me to do? Where's your family doctor?

DUANE

He's dead. Pillsbury's dead.

NEEDLEMAN

Pillsbury?

DUANE

Very tragic. No one's exactly sure how it happened. Didn't you hear?

NEEDLEMAN

I -- I don't know a Dr. Pillsbury.

DUANE

You don't? Are you sure?

NEEDLEMAN

(loud; upset)

Of course I'm sure! I don't know any Dr. Pillsbury and I've never been to Glens Falls!

DUANE

But he said you specialized in cases like mine.

NEEDLEMAN

Well he's wrong! You're wrong! I'm not a surgeon -- there's nothing I can do for you!

NEEDLEMAN yanks off his stethoscope and returns to his office.

CUT TO

75 INT. NEEDLEMAN'S OFFICE.

75

He sits at his desk, fumbling with some papers, trying to look busy. He won't look up at DUANE who enters, buttoning his shirt.

DUANE

That's really a shame. I could've sworn it was you he told me about. Oh well. Guess we'll never know -- what with Pillsbury dying the way he did. . .

(CONTINUED)

31.

75 CONTINUED:

75

NEEDLEMAN looks up at DUANE.

DUANE

He didn't just die. He was cut in half!

(pause)

Imagine that! The town doctor getting cut in half. Wow. And in a place like Glens Falls.

CUT TO

76 CLOSEUP DR. NEEDLEMAN, sweat pouring off him. He glances away from DUANE to the basket, his eyes drilling into it as if he knows what's inside.

76

Suddenly DUANE shoots out his hand to the doctor who practically jumps through the roof -- But DUANE's only holding out his hand for the doctor to shake.

77

DUANE

77

Thanks anyway, Doc.

NEEDLEMAN feebly shakes it.

NEEDLEMAN

Good day, Mister. . . uh --

DUANE

Jones. Mr. Jones.

DUANE picks up the basket and walks out.

CUT TO

78 CLOSEUP, a deeply disturbed NEEDLEMAN. Hold.

78

CUT TO

79 INT. WAITING ROOM.

79

SHARON

So what'd he give you? 48 hours to live?

DUANE

Naw. We just had a nice chat.

SHARON

Was he surprised?

DUANE

Oh yeah. Very.

SHARON

Anyway, getting back to what we were talking about before -- I get off here tonight at six.

(pause)

Hint, hint.

DUANE

Oh -- I'd like to but -- not tonight.
I can't.

SHARON

(shrugs)

Can't say I didn't try.

80 DUANE walks to the door but doesn't go out. Instead, he pauses for a few moments with his back to us, then carefully places the basket on the floor and sprints back across the room to SHARON.

80

DUANE

(whispering)

May I call you tomorrow?

SHARON

(whispering 'cause he is)

233-3000. He doesn't have hours on Wednesday. I'll have the whole day free.

DUANE

(whispering)

Where do you live?

SHARON

(whispering)

I'll write it down.

(writing)

355 West 71st street. All the way at the end of the block.

(pause)

Why are we whispering?

DUANE

(whispering)

I don't want him to hear.

SHARON

(normal voice)

Who? The doctor?

DUANE

(still whispering)

I'll see you.

(CONTINUED)

33.

80 CONTINUED:

80

DUANE takes the paper with her address, scampers back to the basket, picks it up and leaves.

CUT TO

81 INT. NEEDLEMAN'S OFFICE.

81

THE DOCTOR searches through a pile of notes and papers on his desk until he finds a memo from a few days ago.

CUT TO

82 THE MEMO. After the heading "ANSWERING SERVICE" is a list of names and numbers, all crossed off except for one: "PILLSBURY / GLENS FALLS -- (518) 395-7788. URGENT" which is followed by two question marks.

82

CUT TO

83 NEEDLEMAN dials the number. We hear Pillsbury's phone ring. No answer. As it continues ringing, we

83

DISSOLVE TO

84 INT. MOVIE THEATER. BALCONY.

84

Practically empty. DUANE impassively watches the film, the basket on the seat next to him.

CUT TO

84A TWO ROWS behind him is a DUDE, dressed-to-kill like an overdone pimp. He watches DUANE.

84A

CUT TO

84B DUANE growing drowsy. His eyes keep closing as his head bobs up and down.

84B

CUT TO

84C THE DUDE, quietly rising from his seat.

84C

CUT TO

84D CLOSEUP DUANE, his eyes closed, his head slowly nodding. When his chin touches his chest, he suddenly jerks up, forcing himself awake. He rubs his eyes and glances over to the basket --

84D

It's gone! DUANE jumps up, his head darting in every direction.

CUT TO

34.

85 LOBBY OF MEN'S ROOM.

85

THE DUDE throws the basket to the floor and kicks the padlock until the clasp rips off. He bends down, throws off the lid -- and screams.

CUT TO

86 STAIRWAY OF BALCONY. DUANE is running down the steps when he hears the scream. He charges to the Men's Room.

86

87 Just as DUANE is about to enter, he crashes into the DUDE running out. The DUDE's face is slashed and streaked with blood; the front of his clothing torn and shredded. He pushes DUANE out of the way and runs out of the theater. DUANE enters the Men's Room.

87

CUT TO

88 LOBBY OF MEN'S ROOM.

88

POINT-OF-VIEW of the thing-in-the-basket: We see DUANE rush toward us and kneel down. He looks behind him to see if anyone followed, then quickly puts the lid back on. Before closing it he peers in.

DUANE
(soothingly)
Not now. Not yet. Save it. Save it. . .

DISSOLVE TO

89 INT. NEEDLEMAN'S OFFICE.

89

THE DOCTOR is again dialing the phone when SHARON calls to him. He jumps, not as badly as before, but enough to tell his nerves are shot.

SHARON
You leaving now or should I not lock up?

NEEDLEMAN
(hanging up phone)
No. . . No, I'll be a while. But lock up. Lock up anyway.

SHARON
Okay. See you Thursday.

NEEDLEMAN doesn't answer. He redials the number.

CUT TO

90 EXT. STREET.

NIGHT

90

It's now evening. The camera pans from the front of Needleman's building to a doorway across the street. There stands DUANE, hugging the basket, surreptitiously watching the building.

CUT TO

91 EXT. NEEDLEMAN'S BUILDING.

91

SHARON exits. She doesn't see DUANE or even glance in his direction as she walks down the street to the subway.

CUT TO

92 DUANE. He bends close to the basket.

92

DUANE

He didn't come out. He's still in there.

(straightens up)

Okay. We'll wait.

CUT TO

93 INT. NEEDLEMAN'S OFFICE.

93

NEEDLEMAN holds the phone with one hand while nervously tapping a pencil with the other. We hear the phone ring but no one answers. He hangs up, wipes his sweaty brow, and pulls out an address book.

CUT TO

94 ADDRESS BOOK. He searches through a page of "K"s: 94
"KANE, KAUFMAN, KENDALL, KLEIN" and, finally, "KUTTER -- 668-7936".

CUT TO

95 NEEDLEMAN dials the phone.

95

CUT TO

96 INT. KUTTER'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT.

96

Living room. Large, elegant and very expensive. A MAN and WOMAN, both in evening clothes, are having a candlelight dinner. Behind them is a picture window with a breathtaking view of the city.

THE WOMAN grabs the champagne from the ice bucket and pours the MAN another drink.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN
C'mon! Have some more!

MAN
No! Really! I've had enough!

WOMAN
(laughing)
Nonsense! We're just beginning.

MAN
Listen, if I have any more --

WOMAN
That's all right. I like you drunk.
You're cute when you slobber.

THE PHONE rings.

WOMAN
Shit. Excuse me for a minute, love.

97 SHE throws down her napkin, walks across the room and answers the phone. 97

WOMAN
Dr. Kutter speaking.

(This is the first we learn that Dr. Kutter is female.)

CUT TO

97A

NEEDLEMAN
This is Needleman.

971

CUT TO

97B

KUTTER
Who?
(pause)
Harold?
(like talking to a
little kid)
Harold, I thought I made it clear you
weren't to call me again. Ever.

971

CUT TO

97C

NEEDLEMAN
But something's come up! Something's
happened!

971

CUT TO

97D

KUTTER

I'm not interested. My dealings with
you are over. Finished!

97D

CUT TO

97E

NEEDLEMAN

Will you listen to me! I'm only
trying to warn you!

97E

CUT TO

97F

KUTTER

Of what?

97F

CUT TO

97G

NEEDLEMAN

You remember Dr. Pillsbury? From
Glens Falls? Well a few days ago he
left a message with my answering
service that I urgently get in
touch with him.

97G

CUT TO

97H

KUTTER

So?

97H

CUT TO

97I

NEEDLEMAN

So today a young man comes to see
me. About 20 years old. Using a
phoney name. Nothing was wrong with
him except he's from Glens Falls
and has a deep scar running down
his right side.

97I

CUT TO

97J

KUTTER

Please, Harold. I'm in the middle
of dinner.

97J

CUT TO

97K

NEEDLEMAN

He was baiting me! Asking if I knew
Pillsbury! If I was ever to Glens
Falls! Had a basket with him -- I
think he was taping me!

97K

CUT TO

97L

KUTTER

97L

Harold, you're beginning to ramble.
Why not get to the point.

CUT TO

97M

NEEDLEMAN

97M

It's the Bradley kid! It must be
him! He knows who we are! He's
tracking us down!

CUT TO

97N

KUTTER

97N

And so what if it is him? What's he
going to do? Complain?

CUT TO

97O

NEEDLEMAN

97O

But what he said about Pillsbury --
I've been trying to reach him but
get no answer. And this kid says it's
'cause Pillsbury is dead! Murdered!
Cut in half!

CUT TO

97P

KUTTER

97P

Calm down now, Harold, and pay
attention. Ready?

(pause)

Neither of us know any Dr. Pillsbury.

(pause)

And neither of us have ever been to
Glens Falls.

(pause)

But one of us wants to get back to
her dinner! Goodnight!

98

SHE slams the phone down and returns to the table.

98

KUTTER

Sorry about that, Cuddles. Now,
where were we?

CUT TO

99

NEEDLEMAN hangs up the phone and slumps in his seat.

99

Though the light is on in the examination room and the
lamp on his desk is lit, the office is not bright. Rather,
a dull yellow hangs over the room.

CUT TO

100 INT. LOBBY OF NEEDLEMAN'S BUILDING.

100

All the offices, except for NEEDLEMAN's, have long since closed for the night. Only a dingy exposed bulb illuminates the dark lobby.

A WASHWOMAN is finishing a mop-up of the floor. A few final sweeps with the mop then she plops it into the bucket and wheels it to the washroom at the far side of the lobby.

She dumps the dirty water into the sink and runs the mop under the faucet. That finished, she turns on a portable radio (to loud disco music) and carries it with her across the lobby, entering a door leading to the basement. We hear the music getting softer and softer. . .

101 Everything is quiet. DUANE enters, carrying the basket. 101 He tiptoes across the lobby and up the stairway. He doesn't make a sound.

CUT TO

102 SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY.

102

DUANE reaches the top of the stairs and faces NEEDLEMAN's office at the end of the hall. He removes the basket lid.

CUT TO

103 CLOSEUP of DUANE so we can't see what comes out of the basket as he turns it upside down and gently empties it on the floor. We hear a dull wet thud as something hits the tile and a second, heavier breathing. 103

DUANE
(in a whisper)
Don't forget his address book.

He tucks the basket under his arm and heads back down the stairs.

CUT TO

104 CREATURE'S POINT-OF-VIEW: We are very low, only inches off the floor as we move down the hallway to NEEDLEMAN's door. Finally, we look up at the doorknob as a monstrous, wholly deformed caricature of a hand wraps its elongated fingers around it. 104

CUT TO

40.

105 INT. NEEDLEMAN'S OFFICE.

105

NEEDLEMAN is still behind his desk when the sharp crack of wood splintering and breaking splits the silence. He practically jumps through the roof. Leaping to his feet, he hesitates for a second, then bolts into the waiting room.

CUT TO

106 INT. WAITING ROOM.

106

He stares at the door to the hall. Though the door is still closed, still shut, the doorknob and lock have been ripped right off -- leaving a wide gaping hole.

NEEDLEMAN gingerly swings the door open and peers into the hall.

CUT TO

107 HALLWAY.

107

The doorknob, lock and pieces of wood lie strewn in the center of the hall. There is no sound. No movement.

NEEDLEMAN steps into the hall and cautiously leans over the stairway railing, looking below. He holds very still, straining to hear some sound or see some sign of movement. Nothing.

So he panics.

CUT TO

108 INT. WAITING ROOM.

108

He charges back inside, slams the door shut and barricades it with everything in the room. First he pushes over the sofa. Then the chairs. Finally SHARON's desk, which sends her typewriter, phone and other objects crashing to the floor. When there's nothing left to throw in front of the door, he runs back into the office.

CUT TO

109 INT. NEEDLEMAN'S OFFICE.

109

First he slams and locks the door between his office and the waiting room. Then he spins around, presumably looking for what he can barricade this door with, when he stares at the phone on his desk. He lunges for it but pauses to catch his breath. He lifts the receiver and --

The light in the examination room goes out.

41.

109 CONTINUED:

109

NEEDLEMAN freezes. His mouth hangs open as he stares into the quiet darkness of the room in front of him. Slowly he puts the phone down. He walks to the doorway of the room and looks in. No sound or hint of movement.

CUT TO

110 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM.

110

The camera is inside the room looking out. Everything is black except for the doorway where we see NEEDLEMAN outside, looking in. He reaches into the room, feeling along the wall for the light switch. He leans against the door frame as he gropes for the switch, then -- blink! -- the light in the room goes on --

AND WE FINALLY SEE IT! A small, horrible monstrosity clinging to the side of the wall -- right above the light switch and only inches from NEEDLEMAN's hand!

Its tiny body is a round, pulsating mass of lumps and wrinkled flesh. Two rough veiny arms -- of normal length and ending with the deformed hands we've already seen -- extend from it. They are the only appendages.

But most startling of all: protruding from the twisted folds of skin is DUANE's face. Or almost DUANE's face. The mouth is grotesquely extended and filled with sharp, irregular fangs. . . But otherwise it's DUANE's face. As if someone had grafted his skin onto this deformed monstrosity.

But we are only afforded a brief glimpse. For as quickly as the light goes on, the CREATURE's powerful arms grab the doctor by the head and pulls him forward. In an instant, the monster is clinging to NEEDLEMAN's face.

CUT TO

111 CLOSEUP NEEDLEMAN. One of the CREATURE's claws holds the doctor around the throat. The other claw digs into his forehead, sending blood streaming down his face.

111

CUT TO

112 THE DOCTOR whirls around as he tries to pry the CREATURE from him. Miraculously, he is able to do just that -- pull the CREATURE off his face -- and throws it across the room. NEEDLEMAN charges to the door and unlocks it.

112

CUT TO

113 INT. WAITING ROOM.

113

He charges into the waiting room and stops short, realizing that he's barricaded himself in. Nevertheless, he lunges at the furniture blocking the door, frantically pulling it out of the way. He doesn't have any trouble with the chairs or SHARON's desk, but the sofa is heavy and awkward. He pulls part of it away from the door, then runs to the other end to push it. As he squats to push, the CREATURE leaps up from behind it, his arm striking NEEDLEMAN across the face.

CUT TO

114 CLOSEUP NEEDLEMAN. As he clutches his bloodied face, he stumbles backward, trips and falls. Lying on his back, he tilts his head backward and looks behind him. 114

CUT TO

115 THE CREATURE from NEEDLEMAN's POINT-OF-VIEW: It rapidly 115 scurries toward him -- charging directly at the camera -- though the scene is filmed UPSIDE DOWN, the way NEEDLEMAN sees it.

CUT TO

116 THE CREATURE climbs on NEEDLEMAN, diving for his stomach. 116 NEEDLEMAN struggles to rise, all the while trying to pull the monster from his waist. He stumbles back into his office.

CUT TO

117 INT. NEEDLEMAN'S OFFICE. 117

NEEDLEMAN plummets into a locked glass cabinet, filled with drugs and surgical tools, which crashes to the floor as NEEDLEMAN falls. The CREATURE still clutches the doctor's stomach, though NEEDLEMAN is too stunned, his face too bloody, to do anything more than sit amidst the broken glass and scalpels.

CUT TO

118 THE CREATURE's claws ripping through NEEDLEMAN's shirt and skin. 118

CUT TO

119 CLOSEUP NEEDLEMAN, screaming, as his blood squirts up into his face. 119

CUT TO

120 CLOSEUP NEEDLEMAN'S STOMACH as the CREATURE rips out his entrails. 120

CUT TO

43.

121 OMITTED

121

122 EXT. ALLEY.

122

Abrupt silence; just the quiet hum of the city at night in a fairly deserted area. DUANE waits in the darkness with the basket, staring up at the fire escape.

CUT TO

123 INT. NEEDLEMAN'S OFFICE.

123

CLOSEUP of NEEDLEMAN's face. He lies dead on the floor, eyes open and face up. The camera pans away from him where, unexpectedly, we see his legs and bottom torso lying a few feet from his head. He's been ripped in two.

But the camera doesn't dwell. It continues panning to a window, now open, leading to the fire escape. The CREATURE crawls out it.

DISSOLVE TO

124 EXT. ALLEY.

124

DUANE helps the CREATURE back into its basket.

DUANE

Did you get his address book?

The CREATURE tosses him the book. DUANE flips through it.

DUANE

Great! Kutter's listed! He's got her address. We're in luck.

CUT TO

125 EXT. STREET.

125

We face the alley from across the street. No traffic. A well-dressed couple leisurely stroll down the sidewalk, passing the alley. As they pass, DUANE, carrying the basket, comes out behind them and silently heads in the opposite direction. Camera holds on the alley, then

FADE OUT

FADE IN

126 MANHATTAN skyline. Morning.

126

DISSOLVE TO

127

INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

127

The basket sits on the dresser, its lid closed. DUANE is nowhere to be seen until the door is unlocked and he enters carrying the "DAILY NEWS", a grocery bag and a cardboard box. DUANE brings everything to the dresser, removes the basket's lid and looks in.

DUANE

I brought you some goodies.

From the grocery bag, he takes out three packages of frankfurters -- uncooked.

DUANE

First, some breakfast.

He tears open the cellophane and dumps the raw hot dogs into the basket. The ravenous eating sounds start.

DUANE

I also got you a surprise. Don't look till I'm ready.

As he opens the cardboard box, he turns his back on us so we cannot see what he's unpacking.

DUANE

I don't see any reason you need come with me today. I'm just going to case Kutter's apartment. Gotta find out if she's home or when she'll be back. Maybe I can find out where she works. It's going to be dull. I figure you'll have a better time here with this --

He steps aside and we see a tiny black & white television set. He turns the basket on its side so the opening faces the TV.

DUANE

Ta-Da!

He plugs it in and turns it on, flipping the channels to a game show.

DUANE

Great, huh? Even has a guarantee. Anyway, I'm not sure how long I'll be, but if you get tired of watching TV, I also brought you a paper. Okay? See you later.

DUANE leaves.

128 Cautiously, one of the CREATURE's hands reaches out from the basket to the TV set and spins the channel selector a couple of times. The knob comes off in its hand. 128

CUT TO

129 EXT. STREET. 129

DUANE comes bounding out of a subway exit and runs down the street. He's far too happy and anxious to get there for it to be DR. KUTTER that he's running to.

130 He charges down West 71st street, heading for the very end of the block -- which is a dead end. 130

131 DUANE runs into the entrance of a brownstone and rings one of the bells. The door buzzes and he rushes in. 131

CUT TO

132 INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY. 132

He races up the stairs, (there is no elevator), and knocks on a door. SHARON opens it.

CUT TO

133 CLOSEUP DUANE. Panting and out of breath, but with a wide, beaming grin: 133

DUANE
Hi. . .

DISSOLVE TO

134 EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND. 134

The Statue of Liberty looms in the background as SHARON and DUANE walk toward the waterfront.

SHARON
I gotta get these shoes off. My feet are killing me!

SHARON plops on a bench overlooking the water, removes her shoes and massages her feet.

SHARON
That was a rare thrill. Everytime the wind blew, I thought it was going to collapse.
(DUANE laughs)
Well, we've been up the World Trade Tower and climbed the Green Lady.
Where to now?

134 CONTINUED:

DUANE

(hesitating)

Listen, I -- don't get mad or anything -- but I don't really want to see the city. I only said that. It was just an excuse. To see you again. I --

(sees SHARON's amused expression)

You're not mad?

SHARON

Mad?

(laughs)

I thought you were taking this so seriously, I didn't know how to get out of going any further without slugging you.

DUANE

I thought you wanted to --

SHARON

(affectionately)

You dummy --

(pulls him down on the bench next to her)

I suggested we tour the city for the same reason you went along with it. I wanted to be with you too.

DUANE

You did?

SHARON

Duane --

(shaking her head)

I know an awful lot of guys, Duane, but you're truly unique. Don't they have girls upstate?

DUANE

(embarrassed)

Well I. . . I keep pretty much to myself. I don't really have many friends.

SHARON

You're a dying breed, Duane.

135 She bends toward him and gives him a kiss. Not a passionate one; more like testing him for his reaction. At first, there doesn't seem to be any reaction. DUANE just dumbly stares back at her. Then slowly,

134

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

tentatively, he leans toward her. Within seconds, their mouths are cemented together with DUANE apparently catching up on everything he's been missing. But we suddenly

CUT TO

136 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

Longshot of the room. The CREATURE is still in the basket and out of sight. His little TV broadcasts an afternoon talk show.

The camera dollies toward the basket. As it does, we FADE IN a DOUBLE EXPOSURE of DUANE kissing SHARON. Some sort of telepathic communication is happening between DUANE and the thing in the basket. It knows what DUANE is doing. It also knows DUANE is not waiting for DR. KUTTER. . . .

The DOUBLE EXPOSURE of them kissing FADES OUT as the camera holds on a closeup of the basket. For a couple of seconds there isn't a sound. Then, the thing in the basket screams: the loudest, most unnatural shriek ever heard! Its arm reaches out, smashes the TV, picks up the remains and hurls it across the room.

137 The CREATURE leaps out of the basket onto the dresser -- still screaming -- and throws itself against the wall. Making fists, it pounds the wall so hard we almost expect the wall to break. It grabs the edge of the dresser as it leaps up and down so that the dresser is crashing up and down with it. In short, it throws a temper tantrum.

CUT TO

138 EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND.

Suddenly, DUANE pulls away from SHARON as if a blinding pain shot through him. His face is contorted.

SHARON

What is it? What's the matter?

DUANE

Oh God! Something's wrong!

He stands, clutching his head with both hands.

SHARON

Duane, are you alright?

(CONTINUED)

48.

38 CONTINUED:

138

DUANE
Something's happening! I gotta get
back fast!

He turns away and runs toward the ferry.

SHARON
Duane, wait!

She hurriedly puts her shoes back on and runs after him.

CUT TO

39 LOBBY. HOTEL BROSNAN.

139

The noise of the CREATURE going berserk can be heard all over. The MANAGER and DIRTY LOU stare up at the ceiling as a tenant, MR. BOJARSKI, comes running downstairs.

MR. BOJARSKI
(to MANAGER)
I'm trying to do some writing but
the guy in the room next to mine
is going wild --

MANAGER
Yeah. I hear, I hear.

The MANAGER grabs the pass key and all three head up the stairs.

MR. BOJARSKI
He's going berserk! Sounds like he's
throwing furniture against the walls.
And screaming his lungs out --

CUT TO

140 HALLWAY. THIRD FLOOR.

140

The racket is even louder now. The CREATURE's non-stop screaming brings other TENANTS down the stairs and into the hall. The noise is so loud, it seems to come from everywhere at once.

ELDERLY WOMAN
(sees MANAGER and points
to DUANE's room)
In there! In there!

The MANAGER pounds on DUANE's door.

MANAGER
Open up! Hey! Open up!

49.

140 CONTINUED:

140

With the pass key, the MANAGER unlocks the door and throws it open.

CUT TO

141 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

141

The noise abruptly stops. Everything is suddenly very quiet. The MANAGER and DIRTY LOU enter while the other TENANTS peer in.

Everything is in place. Only the shattered TV lies on the floor. The basket is on the dresser, right side up, with its lid closed. The MANAGER has only to glance around the room to realize no one else is in there.

MANAGER

There's no one here. . .

DIRTY LOU

Where's the kid?

MANAGER

He went out early this morning.

MR. BOJARSKI

(from doorway)

I could've sworn it came from here.

The MANAGER looks down at the broken TV, then opens the closet. It's empty except for a couple of shirts.

MANAGER

Well. . . whatever the hell it was,
it's gone now.

142 DIRTY LOU catches sight of DUANE's bundle of cash lying on the lamp table. He almost drools. But the MANAGER catches sight of DIRTY LOU.

142

MANAGER

Okay, c'mon. Out!

He steers DIRTY LOU to the door.

CUT TO

143 HALLWAY.

143

The MANAGER and DIRTY LOU come out of DUANE's room.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

MANAGER

Okay, everybody. It's all over.
 Whatever it was, it stopped. It's
 gone. Now let's clear the hall --

The TENANTS disperse as the MANAGER locks DUANE's room,
 then turns to MR. BOJARSKI.

MANAGER

You sure it came from there?

MR. BOJARSKI

I thought so, but -- I don't know.

MANAGER

Well, if it happens again -- I
 don't know either. C'mon Lou.

DIRTY LOU

Naw. You go ahead. I'm goin' upstairs
 and lie down a while.

MR. BOJARSKI goes into his room and DIRTY LOU upstairs.
 The MANAGER jiggles DUANE's door to make sure it's
 locked, then heads down to the lobby.

Hold on the empty hall until --

144 Quietly, DIRTY LOU tiptoes down the stairs and over to
 DUANE's door. He inserts a piece of bent wire into the
 keyhole and -- click! -- the door unlocks. 144

CUT TO

145 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM. 145

DIRTY LOU goes directly to the lamp table and snatches
 the pile of bills. He doesn't pocket it though -- he
 counts it as his eyes bulge. With the money still in his
 hand, he opens the drawers of the lamp table -- empty --
 then turns to the dresser and

146 The basket! DIRTY LOU charges over to it. He hesitates
 a moment to glance to the doorway, then flips the lid
 off -- the CREATURE leaping on him before he can react.
 Instantly, blood streams onto his clothes as the
 CREATURE clings to his face. He races to the door, the
 CREATURE clawing his eyes. 146

CUT TO

147 HALLWAY. THIRD FLOOR.

147

DIRTY LOU runs to the stairs, his screams almost drowned by the CREATURE's roar. He tries to pull the thing off him but falls on the stairway. A moment later, he is up with the CREATURE now on his back, gnawing his neck.

CUT TO

148 LOBBY.

148

The screams fill the hotel. The MANAGER races upstairs.

CUT TO

149 HALLWAY. THIRD FLOOR.

149

The MANAGER reaches the third floor and sees MR. BOJARSKI and some other TENANTS looking up the stairs.

MR. BOJARSKI

Up there!

They run up the stairs.

CUT TO

150 HALLWAY. FOURTH FLOOR.

150

The door of DIRTY LOU's room is closed; the screaming from inside abruptly stops. The MANAGER pulls out his set of keys, but when he can't find the right one fast enough, he kicks the door in.

CUT TO

151 INT. DIRTY LOU'S ROOM.

151

The MANAGER runs in only to stop dead in his tracks. The room is spattered with blood. DIRTY LOU is squished between the wall and his bed, his clothing and body shredded and almost entirely drenched in red. The camera pans to the open window --

DISSOLVE TO

152 EXT. 8th AVENUE.

152

DUANE races down the street with SHARON pulling on him.

SHARON

Duane, will you wait a minute --

(CONTINUED)

52.

152 CONTINUED:

DUANE
I can't! Don't follow me!
(he tugs away)

SHARON
What's wrong with you? I only want
to help --

DUANE stops short and stares at the hotel.

CUT TO

153 EXT. HOTEL BROSNAN.

153

A police car is in front of the building; a small crowd
huddled in the doorway.

CUT TO

154 DUANE, looking quite unhinged.

154

DUANE
Oh God! I knew it! I knew it!

SHARON
Duane, will you calm down?

155 DUANE runs to the door of the hotel where CASEY is
among the crowd.

155

DUANE
(to CASEY)
What happened?

CASEY
Someone killed Dirty Lou. Ripped him
to pieces. They just took him away.
The cops have been grilling everyone.

SHARON
Duane, I --

DUANE
(facing SHARON)
You can't come in here!

SHARON
Stop it, Duane!

DUANE
I'm telling you it's dangerous!

SHARON
You're acting like an idiot!

55 CONTINUED:

155

He grabs her by the arm and pulls her away from the hotel.

DUANE

You heard what she said -- he was killed!

SHARON

You're not making sense. There're police inside who --

DUANE

I don't want it killing you!

His expression is so intense, SHARON doesn't argue back. DUANE leaves her and runs into the hotel.

CUT TO

56 HALLWAY, THIRD FLOOR.

156

DUANE races up the stairs and begins to unlock the door to his room when a DETECTIVE, a COP and the MANAGER come out of MR. BOJARSKI's room.

DETECTIVE

(to MR. BOJARSKI)

Thanks. You've been very helpful. We'll probably have more questions at a later time.

MR. BOJARSKI

No problem.

As MR. BOJARSKI closes his door, the DETECTIVE sees DUANE --

DETECTIVE

Would you hold it for a minute?

DUANE freezes. He's caught. They've got him. Only a matter of minutes before they cart him off to jail. . .

DETECTIVE

You live here?

DUANE

Yes.

DETECTIVE

What's your name?

DUANE

Duane Bradley.

56 CONTINUED:

156

DETECTIVE

How long have you been out, Duane?

DUANE

Since this morning.

DETECTIVE

Do you have any pets -- any animals
in there?

DUANE

No. Nothing. Why?

DETECTIVE

One of your neighbors, a Mr. Louis
Groff, was murdered a few hours
ago. And we're questioning everyone
in the building. Do you mind if
we come in?

DUANE

No.

But DUANE still doesn't move. The DETECTIVE reaches
down, turns the key and opens the door.

CUT TO

57

INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

157

The DETECTIVE, the COP and DUANE enter. The MANAGER
remains at the doorway looking in.The first thing DUANE looks for is the basket: it's
still on the dresser, its lid closed. Then he looks
toward the window: it's open. DUANE's so nervous, he's
barely able to move. He stands in the middle of the
room and never moves from the spot.

DETECTIVE

Duane, right before the murder, some
of the tenants claim to have heard
noises coming from this room. Like
someone on a rampage. Any idea what
it was?

DUANE

No. I don't know. I was out.

The DETECTIVE glances down at the shattered TV.

DETECTIVE

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

DUANE

(surprised to see
it shattered)Uh. . . that was an accident. It
happened last night.

DETECTIVE

And you don't own a dog or anything?

DUANE

No.

But DUANE's eyes betray him. For an instant, they nervously glance at the basket. The DETECTIVE catches this and walks over to the dresser.

DETECTIVE

Where are you from, Duane?

He places his hands on the basket's lid --

CUT TO

158 CLOSEUP DUANE. His eyes bulge. He holds his breath.
This is it!! --

158

CUT TO

159 The DETECTIVE flips the lid off! The basket's empty.

159

CUT TO

160 CLOSEUP DUANE. Now he's even more nervous. If the
CREATURE's not in the basket, where the hell is it?

160

DUANE

(stammering)

I'm, uh. . . from upstate. . . Glens
Falls, upstate.

Though he remains frozen to the spot, DUANE's eyes dart wildly about the room, searching furiously for where the CREATURE's hiding. If it's not in the basket, it must be in the closet. Or under the bed. Or --

CUT TO

161 The DETECTIVE looks down at the floor next to the
dresser.

161

DETECTIVE

You always leave your money lying
around like this?

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

DUANE

Huh? --

(he looks down)

CUT TO

162 The DETECTIVE picks up the wad of bills DIRTY LOU must have dropped.

162

DUANE (OVER)

It must've fallen off the dresser --

CUT TO

163 INT. BATHROOM.

163

The COP enters and walks to the tub. The shower curtain is closed. He pulls the curtain to one side and looks behind it. Nothing.

CUT TO

164 The DETECTIVE hands DUANE the money which DUANE quickly pockets.

164

DETECTIVE

And you've been out all day?

DUANE

Yes. Since around nine.

DETECTIVE

Alone or -- ?

DUANE

(watching COP)

No. With someone.

CUT TO

165 The COP walks to the closet and opens it. Nothing in there but DUANE's shirts.

165

DETECTIVE (OVER)

If you had to prove where you'd been and who you were with, would you be able to?

DUANE (OVER)

Sure.

CUT TO

166 CLOSEUP the DETECTIVE. His instinct is telling him something's wrong here, but what? The kid was out and

166

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

no one else is in the room -- He glances around, sure that he's missing something. . .

DETECTIVE

How long are you going to be staying here?

DUANE (OVER)

Few more days.

DETECTIVE

If I want to come back and look around again, would that be alright?

DUANE (OVER)

Sure.

CUT TO

167 The COP comes over to the DETECTIVE and shrugs -- he can't find anything wrong, either.

167

DETECTIVE
Okay, Mr. Bradley, thanks for your help. If you think of anything that may help us, I'd appreciate your getting in touch with us.

DUANE

Yeah. Okay.

The DETECTIVE glances around the room one more time, then he and the COP leave.

168 The moment the door is shut, DUANE leaps at it and locks it. Then he races to the window. 168

CUT TO

169 EXT. HOTEL WINDOW. 169

DUANE leans out, looking up and down the sides of the building. The CREATURE's not there.

CUT TO

170 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM. 170

DUANE pulls himself back in. He's truly baffled. He walks to the center of the room unsure where to look next. Where the hell is it?

CUT TO

171 INT. BATHROOM.

171

The lid over the toilet seat slowly rises, pushed up by the CREATURE's hand.

DUANE runs to the bowl and looks in.

DUANE

Are you crazy?!? You could've had us arrested!!!

As before, only a one-sided "conversation" takes place.

DUANE

No, no! Don't blame this on me! I didn't know he'd break in --

(stammering)

What? -- Wait a minute! -- Hold it! I -- Alright! Alright!

DUANE covers his ears, leans against the bathroom wall and slumps to the floor.

DUANE

(defeated)

Okay. Okay. Yes, I was with a girl. Yes, the receptionist. Yes, I lied to you. No, I didn't go to Dr. Kutter's.

(pause)

I knew if I told you you'd get mad.

(pause)

We didn't do anything. She just showed me around. That's all.

(pause)

I'm not deserting you. I just wanted some time for myself.

72 DUANE lifts the CREATURE out of the bowl, wraps it in one of the hotel towels, then cuddles it in his arms.

172

DUANE

Look, I've helped you with everything so far, haven't I? Killing Pillsbury was your idea. Coming to New York to get the other two was your idea. Wait! Wait! Let me finish!

(pause)

I'm not saying that! I --

(pause)

(CONTINUED)

'2 CONTINUED:

172

DUANE

(continuing)

No, of course you're right. They deserve what they get. All I'm saying is it's been your idea but I've helped you every step of the way. I'd never desert you. You know that. Not after what we've been through.

(quietly)

We'll always be together.

Hold on DUANE. Then

DISSOLVE TO

'3 INT. BAR.

173

A rough, brawling 8th Avenue bar. A mixture of Blacks, Whites and Spanish; hustlers, junkies, pimps, hookers, bikers and loud blaring music. Enter CASEY. She walks the length of the bar greeting and waving to most of the patrons until she stops short and stares. Because at the very end of the bar sits DUANE, the basket on his lap.

CASEY

What the hell're you doing here?
No -- don't tell me. It was the
first bar you came to.

DUANE looks up at her and smiles. He's crooked.

DUANE

Hi, Casey.

CASEY

Oh, baby, are you plastered?
What'cha drinking?

DUANE

Lighter fluid.
(makes a sour expression)

CASEY

Gotta hand it to you, kid. You're doing New York in style. First the Brosnan and now here. You, uh, come here often?

DUANE

I don't even drink.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

CASEY

That's obvious. You're not still upset about this afternoon are you?

DUANE

That isn't half of it. I'm so messed up about a lot of things -- And now this girl I've met -- I don't know what's going on any more.

CASEY

She the one you were pushing away this afternoon?

DUANE

(putting his hands to his head)

Yeah. . . .

CASEY

Looked to me like you overreacted a bit, huh?

DUANE

But I couldn't let her in! I didn't want her to leave but she couldn't come in! . . . Oh, I don't know. -- I'm not making any sense. I don't even know what I'm talking about.

CASEY

Now that sounds familiar. Tell you what. Why don't you and your picnic basket there, take a table with me in the back? I got some heavy boozin' to do and looks like you could use the company. C'mon.

She helps DUANE off the stool.

DISSOLVE TO

174

TABLE IN THE BACK. Strewn with empty glasses. The basket is on top of the table with DUANE's arm resting on it. Both he and CASEY are not only drunk out of their minds, but are in a laughing jag. It takes nothing to send them into hysterical, uncontrollable laughter.

174

CASEY

. . . so I throw toothpaste in my mouth and run out screaming 'Rabies!' The guy leaps up and runs out into traffic bare ass naked!

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

1'

The two collapse with laughter, DUANE pounding the table.

CASEY

(catching her breath)

So tell me, what do you do in Glens Falls?

DUANE

I'm a sorter.

CASEY

A sort'a what?

DUANE

No -- a letter sorter. I sort mail.

CASEY

A mailman?! Hahahahahahaha!

DUANE

Hahahahahahahahahahaha!

CASEY

Oh, that's great! Hey, I got something else I'm just dying to ask you --

Deliberately acting mysterious, she looks around to make sure no one's listening, then leans forward to DUANE.

CASEY

What's in the basket?

DUANE

(leaning toward her)
My brother.

CASEY

Your brother?! Hahahahahahaha!

DUANE

Hahahahahahahahahahaha!

CASEY

What is he? A midget?

DUANE

No, no! We're twins!

CASEY

Hahahahahahahahahaha!

DUANE

Siamese twins! Hahahahahahaha!

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

CASEY

That's funny, you don't look --

DUANE &

CASEY

(together)

-- oriental! Hahahahahahaha!

CASEY

So what happened? Somebody
shrink him?

DUANE

No, he's deformed! Hahahahahaha!

CASEY doesn't crack up this time. "Deformed" is not
exactly a side-splitting punchline.

DUANE

A freak! He looks like a squashed
octopus! Hahahahahaha!

CASEY

(staring at him)

Baby, are you weird.

175

The laughter dies. In its place, years of resentment,
bitterness and secrets pour out in a drunken slur.
Once DUANE starts, he can't stop. . .

175

DUANE

(rapidly)

Our mother died giving birth to us.
He was attached to my right side.
They wouldn't let us go to school or
anything. They kept us hidden. We
were the big family secret. Everyone
hated us. Except our aunt.(he leans toward CASEY
and motions to the
basket)You see, he doesn't like to be seen.
Not even by me sometimes. He likes
the dark. And you know what else?

CASEY shakes her head. She's afraid to interrupt.

DUANE

He talks to me up here --

DUANE taps his head.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

DUANE

(continuing)

Without words. I just hear him. Whispering in my brain. Sometimes he won't shut up. Talks for hours. I used to be able to talk to him like that -- in the head -- but that's when we were still connected. Our aunt said it was our special gift. But since we've been separated, I can't do it anymore.

(pats basket)

But he can still do it to me. In fact, he's even better at it now. He always knows what I'm thinking.

CASEY

(cautiously)

Duane, you're giving me the creeps.

DUANE

They didn't want him to live. But he fooled them. He didn't die. He just got stronger.

(covers his face;
incoherently)

If you only knew what it was like -- kept hidden from everyone -- We're so messed up. Both of us. I don't know which one of us is worse. Oh God --

He slumps forward, his head hitting the table.

CASEY

(shaking him)

Duane? Duane?

The camera dollies in to a closeup of DUANE, lying unconscious on the table.

DISSOLVE TO

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE: hazy and colorless -- like an unclear dream:

176 INT. BRADLEY HOME. NURSERY.

The room is full of RELATIVES, all gathered around the AUNT and the distraught FATHER. A baby bassinet is in the foreground but no one is near it or even approaches it. The FATHER, in a crying rage, is held by the AUNT and DR. PILLSBURY.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

FATHER

(loud; emotional)

They said I needed two names for it!
 One for the boy and one for the
 monster! As if I had two sons
 instead of one freak!

(shouting at bassinet)

It killed its own mother! You want
 a name for it?! How about 'Killer'?!
 Or 'Murderer'?! Or 'Deformity'?!

He breaks down sobbing on DR. LIFFLANDER's shoulder.
 As the group of RELATIVES surround and try to comfort
 him, the AUNT walks over to the bassinet and looks in.

CUT TO

176A INSIDE THE BASSINET, the INFANT DUANE lies asleep.
 Growing out of his right side is the INFANT CREATURE,
 lying awake and alert. The AUNT reaches in and gently
 tucks the little blue blanket around them both.

176A

DISSOLVE TO

177 INT. BRADLEY HOME. PARLOR.

177

The AUNT is speaking with a SOCIAL WORKER, also a woman,
 over cups of tea. The AUNT looks extremely uneasy.

SOCIAL WORKER

The boy is how old now? Twelve?

AUNT

You mean boys. There are two of them.

SOCIAL WORKER

Boys.

(pause)

Yes, of course.

AUNT

(gesturing)

They're upstairs.

CUT TO

177A HALLWAY. SECOND FLOOR.

177A

They climb the short flight of stairs to the second
 floor and walk the length of the hall, the SOCIAL WORKER
 talking non-stop.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

17

FATHER

(loud; emotional)

They said I needed two names for it! One for the boy and one for the monster! As if I had two sons instead of one freak!

(shouting at bassinet)

It killed its own mother! You want a name for it? How about 'Assassin'? Or 'Murderer'? Or 'Deformity'? Or --

He breaks down sobbing on DR. PILLSBURY's shoulder. As the group of RELATIVES surround and try to comfort him, the AUNT walks over to the bassinet and looks in.

CUT TO

177

INSIDE THE BASSINET, the INFANT DUANE lies asleep. Loose-fitting skin from his armpit to waist is connected to the INFANT CREATURE, lying awake and alert next to him. The AUNT reaches in and gently tucks their little blue blanket around them both.

17

DISSOLVE TO

178

INT. HALLWAY OF BRADLEY HOME.

17

The AUNT guides a SOCIAL WORKER, also a woman, to the nursery. From the expression on the AUNT's face, it's something she is reluctant to do.

SOCIAL WORKER

As the boy's aunt, I'm sure you're doing what you think best. I'm fully aware that the local school board has granted the child a special dispensation and that you have a certified teaching credential.

However, the State has final say in all matters and I must examine the child myself before any tutoring can be considered a substitute for --

The AUNT opens the nursery door.

CUT TO

179

INT. NURSERY.

17

YOUNG DUANE, age 6, is stacking alphabet blocks on the floor. He looks up at his AUNT. The CREATURE, sticking out of the slit in DUANE's clothing, knocks the blocks over.

180 THE SOCIAL WORKER. Her mouth hangs open, her eyes fixed to the CREATURE on the nursery floor. She is unable to move. The AUNT closes the nursery door. 180

AUNT

I think we should discuss this downstairs --

She turns the SOCIAL WORKER around and guides her down the hall.

DISSOLVE TO

181 INT. HALLWAY OF BRADLEY HOME.

181

YOUNG DUANE, now age 12, opens the door of his room and steps into the hallway. He holds the CREATURE as he walks, since it hangs from DUANE's waist, through a slit in his shirt, and cannot reach the floor. YOUNG DUANE motions for the CREATURE to be quiet as they tiptoe toward the stairs. As they creep to the banister and look downstairs, we hear angry voices from the dining room.

CUT TO

182 INT. DINING ROOM OF BRADLEY HOME.

182

Present are the FATHER, DR. PILLSBURY, DR. NEEDLEMAN and DR. KUTTER.

FATHER

(to NEEDLEMAN and KUTTER)

. . . but the hospital refuses. Despite my pleading, they won't perform the operation. Which is why Pillsbury contacted you two. I don't care who you are or where you came from as long as this is done now. While my wife's sister is away.

PILLSBURY

(interrupting)

But you must understand the dangers involved! The hospital refused for good reason. Removing the linking tissue may not affect Duane but we don't know about the other one.

NEEDLEMAN

There's too much guesswork involved. It won't let us near it. We can't X-ray or examine it. We don't know how it's put together. Cutting into the cartilage could kill it.

182 CONTINUED:

182

FATHER

It's better off dead! What kind of life will it have the way it is?

PILLSBURY

We're not going to murder your child for you.

FATHER

Child?! Duane is my child! Not that other thing! All I'm asking is that Duane be made normal. Not live his life as a freak connected to some horrible monstrosity. It's too late to change the other one. But at least cut Duane from it!

KUTTER

He's right, of course. The boy should at least have a chance at a normal life.

PILLSBURY

But if we just cut into it --

KUTTER

I can't see how removing the connecting tissue could harm Duane. At worst, he'll grow up with a nasty scar.

PILLSBURY

And the other one? What if it dies?

KUTTER

Doctor, I'm not even sure it's human.
(to the FATHER)

If you're willing to pay for this and absolve us of all legal responsibility, I see no reason why we shouldn't go ahead with it.

DISSOLVE TO

183 INT. DINING ROOM.

183

YOUNG DUANE is struggling on the dining room table, held down by KUTTER, PILLSBURY and his FATHER as NEEDLEMAN prepares a syringe.

FATHER

Hold still Duane! Dammit! Hold still!

CUT TO

183A A needle injected into the struggling CREATURE. 183A
 CUT TO

183B DUANE's eyes roll and close. 183B
 CUT TO

183C PILLSBURY and FATHER tying the CREATURE to the table. 183C
 CUT TO

183D KUTTER preparing the connecting tissue. 183D
 CUT TO

183E NEEDLEMAN placing an oxygen mask over DUANE's mouth. 183E
 CUT TO

183F KUTTER raises scalpel and cuts into connecting tissue. 183F
 CUT TO

183G CREATURE wakes and screams. 183G

KUTTER
 Hold it still!

NEEDLEMAN injects another hypo into the CREATURE as
 PILLSBURY and FATHER try to hold it still.

CUT TO

183H Blood flows from the partially severed connecting tissue. 183H
 CUT TO

183I CREATURE's mouth open and gasping. 183I

PILLSBURY
 Something's wrong!

PILLSBURY raises CREATURE's arm, trying to find pulse.

CUT TO

183J Scalpel continues to cut the connecting tissue. 183J
 CUT TO

183K PILLSBURY holding CREATURE's limp arm. 183K

PILLSBURY
 There's no pulse! I can't find the pulse!

CUT TO

183L Blood flows down DUANE's side. 183L

CUT TO

183M CLOSEUP PILLSBURY. 183M

It's dead! PILLSBURY

CUT TO

183N Scalpel severs the remaining connecting tissue. 183N

CUT TO

183O CLOSEUP PILLSBURY. 183O

PILLSBURY
Did you hear me?! It's dead!!!

CUT TO

183P Blood flows from DUANE's side. He opens his eyes; they roll to the top of his head. Camera blurs out of focus. 183P

DISSOLVE TO

184 INT. YOUNG DUANE'S ROOM. 184

YOUNG DUANE lies asleep in his bed, his torso bandaged from armpits to waist. Suddenly his eyes blink open and he jerks up, awakened by a telepathic cry from his brother.

YOUNG DUANE
Yes, I can hear you.
(pause; no sound)
I understand. Where are you?
(pause; no sound)
I'm coming.

He climbs out of bed.

DISSOLVE TO

185 EXT. BACK YARD. NIGHT 185

Clad only in pajama bottoms and bandages, YOUNG DUANE walks to the toolshed. At the side of the shed are three garbage cans. Behind them, propped against the shed, is a plastic trash bag.

YOUNG DUANE
Belial? --

He moves the cans out of the way as the camera dollies in on the trash bag. Something inside it moves -- just a

185 CONTINUED:

little at first. Then the whole side of the bag bulges and tears as the CREATURE's hand rips through and remains outstretched to YOUNG DUANE.

DISSOLVE TO

186 INT. BASEMENT.

A large, unfinished cellar overly cluttered with un-used furniture, storage cabinets, boxes, garment bags, a workbench and tools. A single exposed bulb creates dark shadows over everything.

YOUNG DUANE holds the CREATURE in his arms as he wraps it in rags, trying to stop the bleeding. The CREATURE moans and makes low gutteral sounds, obviously in pain.

Suddenly, their FATHER's voice fills the cellar.

FATHER

Who's down there? Duane? Is that you?

DUANE, holding the CREATURE, scurries to hide.

187 THE FATHER comes down the basement stairs and looks over the railing.

FATHER

Duane? You down here?

He walks slowly toward the workbench, looking for DUANE among the maze of furniture and boxes.

FATHER

You're not supposed to be out of bed.
What are you doing down here?

He stops in front of a large electrical table saw.

FATHER

(looking around)

Duane? Answer me!

CUT TO

188 DUANE's hand sticking a plug into the socket of a heavy-duty extension cord.

CUT TO

189 THE TABLE SAW comes to life, its blade spinning at top speed.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

18

FATHER
(startled)

Duane? --

CUT TO

190 THE CREATURE grabs FATHER's legs -- both at once -- and jerks them backward. 19

CUT TO

191 FATHER falls forward onto the table saw, the blade burying itself in his chest. His screams drown out the buzzing of the saw. 19

DISSOLVE TO

192 INT. YOUNG DUANE'S ROOM. 19

From YOUNG DUANE's POINT-OF-VIEW: We are in the back of a closet, hiding behind the clothing and toys, but facing the doorway. The AUNT comes into the room and kneels in front of the closet, speaking softly to us.

AUNT

Duane? It's okay. The police have left. Everyone is gone.

(pause)

Dr. Pillsbury told them he performed an emergency operation on your brother last night. And that your brother died and was removed from your side in order to save your life. As for your father, they believe it was some kind of horrible accident. There was even talk of suicide.

(pause)

I'm not going to ask what really happened. I know you and your brother have gone through hell. They believe Belial is dead and we'll let them. It's safer for him this way.

(pause)

Both you boys needn't hide any longer. I'm here to take care of you. Both of you.

She holds out her arms. YOUNG DUANE comes out of the closet and she embraces him. But she remains kneeling, her arms still outstretched until the CREATURE also comes out and into her arms. She hugs them both.

DISSOLVE TO

93 INT. AUNT'S ROOM.

193

The AUNT sits in an old rocker, her back toward us. Facing her, seated on the floor is YOUNG DUANE. The AUNT reads aloud from a large book whose title we cannot make out. As she recites, the camera slowly revolves around them so we will be at DUANE's back and facing the AUNT when we finish.

AUNT

Art thou afraid?
 (pause)
 No, monster, not I.
 (pause)
 Be not afraid. The isle is full of
 noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs that give
 delight and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling
 instruments
 Will hum about mine ears; and
 sometimes voices
 That, if I then had waked after long
 sleep,
 Will make me sleep again; and then,
 in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open and
 show riches
 Ready to drop upon me, that, when I
 waked,
 I cried to dream again.

The AUNT looks down. Cuddled in her arms is the CREATURE.

DISSOLVE TO

94 INT. AUNT'S ROOM.

194

As if asleep, she lies on her bed as DR. PILLSBURY pulls the sheet over her head. DUANE, now an adult, is crying.

PILLSBURY

There's nothing more anyone can do.
 I'm sorry. She was a good woman.

DUANE covers his face sobbing. PILLSBURY puts his arm on DUANE's shoulder, trying to comfort him.

PILLSBURY

Will you be all right? Is there
 anyone you can stay with?

DUANE pulls away from the doctor.

(CONTINUED)

194

CONTINUED:

194

DUANE

We'll be fine. We don't need anybody.

PILLSBURY

'We'?

DUANE

Yeah. Me and my brother.

PILLSBURY

Duane, I realize how upset you are.
This must be a terrible shock for you.

DUANE

You think I'm kidding? Well he ain't
dead. He never was. You thought you
killed him but you didn't.

PILLSBURY

Let me give you something to help
calm you down --

DUANE

Don't worry about me. It's you you
better worry about. 'Cause we've
been waiting. Waiting all these
years for the right time.

PILLSBURY

I think I'd better go --

DUANE

Go ahead and run! It'll do you no
good! My brother's gonna come for
you. He's not gonna let you get away.
And he's gonna get the others, too.
You hear me? He's gonna do to you
what you did to us. You're gonna
pay, you bastard! You're gonna pay!
(breaks down sobbing)

FADE OUT.

(END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

FADE IN

195

INT. HALLWAY. THIRD FLOOR. HOTEL BROSNAN.

195

DUANE and CASEY stagger up the stairs, DUANE still
hopelessly drunk. He carries the basket while CASEY
practically carries him. She guides him up the stairs
and to his door.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

DUANE

I'm okay. I'm okay.

CASEY

Let me have your key.

DUANE

No, no. I can do it. I'm alright.

CASEY

You sure?

DUANE

Hundred percent.

CASEY lets him go. He puts the basket on the floor as he searches his pockets for the key. CASEY unlocks her door, opens it, but doesn't go inside. She watches DUANE. He puts the key in the lock but then starts to sway. CASEY rushes to him, catching him before he falls. She unlocks his door.

CUT TO

196 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

196

They enter, DUANE's arm around CASEY's shoulders as she guides him to the bed. She's not having an easy time of it -- he's practically asleep already. Finally she flops him on the bed, getting pulled down underneath him in the process. She wiggles out from under him and tries to remove his shoes.

Suddenly DUANE jumps up and races to the hall where he picks up the basket. He brings it in and puts it on the dresser.

DUANE

Almost forgot him.

He flops back on the bed and is immediately snoring. CASEY removes his shoes, unbuttons his shirt, and stands looking down at him. He couldn't have been on the level with that story. He just couldn't have. She looks at the basket. A little monster inside it? No. Couldn't be.

197 She walks to the dresser. His deformed brother inside that basket? Ridiculous! She puts her hand on the lid but pulls back. She looks over at DUANE, sleeping peacefully, then back to the basket when she notices the medical report lying next to it. The dried blood on the cover is not easy to miss. She picks it up and opens to the first page.

197

CUT TO

198 CLOSEUP of the birth certificate made out for: "DUANE 198
BRADLEY, MALE, 7 LBS. . ." The camera pans to the other
birth certificate: "BELIAL BRADLEY, PARASITIC DEFORMITY"
and a large "DECEASED" stamped across it.

CASEY turns a few more pages and comes to an 8 x 10
black and white photo. It is almost unrecognizable --
it seems to be a closeup of an eye surrounded by a mass
of twisted flesh. Some sort of inhuman face. . .

CUT TO

199 CASEY looks back at the basket. She's got to open it. 199
She puts the medical report down, places both hands on
the lid, holds her breath and lifts the lid off --
Nothing. It's empty. Oddly, she isn't relieved. She puts
the lid back on, glances around the room, then runs out.

CUT TO

200 HALLWAY. 200

CASEY closes DUANE's door and makes sure it's locked.
Then she enters her room, the door still open.

CUT TO

201 INT. CASEY'S ROOM. 201

Smaller than DUANE's and cluttered with clothing
scattered everywhere.

CASEY enters the bathroom and undresses. When she comes
out, she's wearing only her panties and a loose fitting
T-shirt. She opens the window then walks to the bed.

202 The bed is unmade, its blankets thrown to one side and
all bunched together. A pair of bright red panties lie
on the pillow. She throws the panties to the foot of
the bed and crawls on the mattress. Bunching the pillows
together, she snuggles on top of them, grabs the
blankets and pulls them on top of her --
revealing the CREATURE hiding underneath! CASEY sits
upright and screams, too terrified to move.

CUT TO

203 CLOSEUP of the CREATURE. Its eyeball rolls up and down,
as if examining CASEY from head to foot, then suddenly
lurches forward, its arms outstretched toward her. 203

CUT TO

204 CASEY leaps out of the bed, screaming wildly as she runs for the door. Before running into the hall, she glances back to the bed. 204

CUT TO

205 THE CREATURE still holds its arms out toward her. It throws its head back, opens its mouth and a low gutteral sound fills the room. Not a scream; more like an animal in pain. 205

CUT TO

206 HALLWAY. 206

CASEY throws her door open and charges into the hall, screaming hysterically. Within seconds, TENANTS fill the hallway. Incoherent, virtually unable to speak, she keeps pointing to her room. The MANAGER races up the stairs and grabs her, trying to hold her still.

MANAGER

Alright, alright. Easy now. Calm down.

CASEY

(stammering)

In my room -- something's in my room
-- on the bed --

MANAGER

Easy, Casey, easy.

The MANAGER motions for one of the tenants to hold her as he enters her room.

CUT TO

207 INT. CASEY'S ROOM. 207

The MANAGER enters and looks around. The CREATURE is gone. Everything is as it should be except --

The window is open wider. A strong breeze is blowing inside. The MANAGER goes to the window and shuts it.

CUT TO

208 HALLWAY. 208

The MANAGER shuts the door to her room and takes CASEY in his arms.

MANAGER

It's gone now, Casey. Everything's okay.

76.

208 CONTINUED:

208

CASEY
(sobbing)
I -- I don't want to go back in there.

MANAGER

Okay, okay, you don't have to. You can stay downstairs. Sleep in my room. I'll be right outside the door. Everything'll be alright.

(to the TENANTS)
The rest of you go back to bed!

He guides her to the stairs.

CUT TO

209 INT. LOBBY. HOTEL BROSNAN.

209

Still holding CASEY, they come down the stairs where he escorts her to the room behind the check-in desk.

MANAGER

Okay, now. Just lie down. You'll be safe in here.

CASEY lies on his bed. He covers her with the sheet.

MANAGER

I'll even leave the light on. Okay?
Now go to sleep.

He closes the door to the room and leans on the check-in desk.

MANAGER

This ain't a hotel. It's a nuthouse!

DISSOLVE TO

210 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

210

Camera dollies in on the basket, still sitting on the dresser, its lid slowly closing like the coffin lid in a vampire film.

DISSOLVE TO

211 INSIDE THE BASKET. Closeup of the CREATURE's hands. He is fondling something we can barely make out in the darkness. It looks like a piece of cloth. Slowly, the CREATURE unravels and meticulously examines the fabric: CASEY's bright red panties.

211

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

112 MANHATTAN skyline. Morning.

212

DISSOLVE TO

113 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

213

DUANE wakes up, still wearing the wrinkled clothing of the night before. He cringes and holds his head. He's got a beauty of a hangover. Climbing out of bed, he stumbles over to the dresser and shakes the basket.

DUANE

Wake up. Let's get this over with.

CUT TO

114 LOBBY. HOTEL BROSNAN.

214

DUANE comes down the stairs, holding the basket. Though he's changed his clothes, he still looks awful. The MANAGER, who spent the night asleep on a chair and looks as tired and exhausted as DUANE, calls to him.

MANAGER

Hey, Bradley. You had a call this morning. A girl named Sharon.

DUANE

Sharon? Uh, okay. Thanks.

MANAGER

Up early today, aren't you?

DUANE

(nodding to basket)

Yeah, well, I've got to do the laundry.

MANAGER

Didn't you hear the commotion last night?

DUANE

Huh? What commotion?

MANAGER

Casey screaming.

(pause; watches DUANE for his reaction)

She saw something in her room.

For a moment there is almost panic on DUANE's face.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

DUANE

What was it?

MANAGER

I don't know. Maybe she was dreaming.
 I'm just surprised all the screaming
 didn't wake you up.

DUANE

I had so much to drink last night,
 I was sound asleep. I don't even
 remember coming home.

MANAGER

Casey helped you.

DUANE

Where is she now?

MANAGER

In my room asleep.

DUANE looks upset. His mind is so fogged about last night, he doesn't want to consider the obvious. He heads toward the front door.

MANAGER

(calling to him)

Sharon said to call her back.

DUANE

Huh? Oh, yeah. Okay. Thanks.

He leaves, the MANAGER staring at him as he goes.

DISSOLVE TO

215 LOBBY OF A LUXURY APARTMENT.

215

Closeup of elevator doors opening and DR. KUTTER walks out. The DOORMAN nods to her on her way out.

DOORMAN

Morning, doctor.

She smiles but doesn't answer.

CUT TO

216 EXT. STREET.

216

As KUTTER walks up the street, the camera pans to DUANE, across the street. He bends down to the basket.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

216

DUANE

She just left.

CUT TO

17 5TH AVENUE.

217

KUTTER walks along the avenue unaware of DUANE's presence as he follows her.

CUT TO

18 EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING.

218

Large, modern and very clean -- contrasting greatly with all the other buildings we've been in so far.

KUTTER enters; DUANE following a few moments later.

CUT TO

19 INT. LOBBY OF MEDICAL BUILDING.

219

As the elevator doors close on KUTTER, the camera pans to DUANE who carries the basket to the wall directory.

CUT TO

20 CLOSEUP of the DIRECTORY. Pan along name: "KUTTER, DR. JUDITH, VETERINARIAN".

220

CUT TO

21 DUANE. He's shocked. Angry tears fill his eyes. He bends down to the basket almost unable to speak.

221

DUANE

She's a veterinarian! We were cut apart by an animal doctor!

DISSOLVE TO

22 INT. KUTTER'S WAITING ROOM.

222

DUANE sits with the basket on his lap between a WOMAN holding a cat and a MAN with a huge dog. The dog keeps sniffing at the basket and growling. A NURSE enters.

NURSE

Mr. White?

DUANE rises.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

222

NURSE

(pointing)

The door at the end of the hallway.

CUT TO

223 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM.

223

This is also the first doctor's room we've been in that is clean, orderly and sterile.

KUTTER's back is to DUANE as he enters. She is removing surgical tools from the sterilizer and placing them into the drawer of a cabinet. She looks up at DUANE and smiles.

KUTTER

So. Tell me about your cat. You said on the phone he's badly cut.

DUANE

Yes. On his side.

DUANE places the basket on the examination table. KUTTER closes the drawer of the cabinet and approaches him. She reaches for the basket.

KUTTER

Let's take a look at him.

DUANE leans his arm across the lid, preventing her from opening it.

DUANE

Only it's not a cat.

KUTTER

Oh? I thought you said --

DUANE

And I think I should explain how he got his cut before you see him.

(pause)

Another vet -- a Dr. Pillsbury -- operated on him upstate. Unsuccessfully.

KUTTER

A Dr. Pillsbury you say?

DUANE

Yes. You know him?

(CONTINUED)

223

CONTINUED:

223

KUTTER
(not the least bit
intimidated)

Ah yes! -- I see. I'm beginning to
understand now. You're that kid
Needleman warned me about. The
Bradley boy.

(pause)
The freak we separated.

It's DUANE who's intimidated. He turns a bright red.

KUTTER
What a pleasant surprise after all
these years. You seem to have gone
to a great deal of trouble to find
me. The question is why? I would
assume it's to thank me.

DUANE
(incredulously)
To thank you!??

KUTTER
Well, after all, I made you normal,
didn't I?

DUANE
You did it to kill my brother! Like
a paid assassin!

KUTTER
Oh dear. Hostility.
(slams her fist on table)
Now listen to me you insolent brat.
You've got two seconds to haul your
ass out of my office. I'm not going
to be threatened by some adolescent
punk with a smoldering grudge --
Unless you've grown something else
you want cut off --

DUANE
You bastard --

KUTTER
Or maybe you want something sewn
back on? A pity it died. Otherwise
I could sew it back on for you and --

She stops short and looks at the basket.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

223

KUTTER
What's in the basket?

DUANE
(still reacting)
You despicable, inhuman monster --

KUTTER
You haven't brought me any pet.

She keeps looking back and forth from DUANE to the basket.

KUTTER
What have you got in there.--

She rips the basket lid off and looks inside.

CUT TO

224 THE CREATURE in the basket. It looks up at KUTTER --
and smiles!

224

225

225 KUTTER screams. As she does, the CREATURE's claw grabs
her jaw, its fingers inside her mouth. She pulls back
-- inadvertently lifting the CREATURE out of the basket.
With it clinging to her mouth, she whirls around the
room, trying to shake it off.

226 DUANE rushes toward her. She swings at him wildly,
smashing him across the face. He hits the wall and drops
to the floor.

226

227

227 With the CREATURE still dangling from her now bleeding
mouth, KUTTER leaps for a cabinet and pulls open a
drawer filled with surgical tools. Among them, scalpels.

As the CREATURE chews her neck, she reaches out,
desperately trying to grab one of the knives.

CUT TO

228 CLOSEUP of the DRAWER. The light glistens off at least
two dozen scalpels as KUTTER's hand frantically tries
to reach just one --

228

229

229 Suddenly, the CREATURE is on the back of her neck.
KUTTER tries to pull it off her but instead stumbles
closer to the cabinet and the drawer full of scalpels.
As she approaches, the CREATURE pushes her head lower
and lower --

230 On eye level with the drawer, KUTTER realizes what is happening. She tries to push away from the cabinet but to no avail. Slowly the CREATURE forces her head into the drawer -- 230

CUT TO

231 HALL CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EXAMINATION ROOM. 231

KUTTER's agonized, echoed screams reverberate throughout the hall.

The NURSE runs to the examination room and bangs on the door.

NURSE

Dr. Kutter, what's wrong? Open up!

Dr. Kutter? Hello? Can you hear me?

CUT TO

232 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. 232

KUTTER stands, slightly staggering, but with her back to us. The CREATURE is no longer on her. The cabinet drawer lies on the floor, the blades scattered about.

KUTTER makes no sound. She just stands in the middle of the room, swaying slightly.

CUT TO

233 DUANE putting the CREATURE back into the basket. 233

CUT TO

234 HALL CORRIDOR. 234

The NURSE is still banging on the door and calling to KUTTER as a SECOND NURSE rushes to the examination room with a set of keys.

CUT TO

235 DUANE, raising the basket and exiting from another door in the back of the room. 235

CUT TO

236 The examination room door opens and the two NURSES enter, freezing when they see KUTTER, her back still to us. 236

CUT TO

237 CLOSEUP KUTTER. With her back initially facing us, she slowly turns around. As she does, we see six scalpels embedded deeply in her face. She stares at the camera for a moment, disbelieving, then begins to scream. And scream. And scream -- 237

CUT TO

238 HALL CORRIDOR. 238

DUANE comes out of a door at the opposite end of the hall. He hurries away as KUTTER's screams continue.

DISSOLVE TO

239 OMITTED 239

240 EXT. 8TH AVENUE. 240

DUANE, carrying the basket, slumps toward the "HOTEL BROSNAN". His nose a bit bloody from the punch he received, he looks tired, almost to the point of exhaustion. Just as he nears the front of the hotel, he hears someone calling him.

CUT TO

241 SHARON, running down the crowded sidewalk toward him. For the first time, she isn't smiling. She looks upset. 241

CUT TO

242 EXT. HOTEL BROSNAN. 242

The only reason SHARON doesn't throw her arms around DUANE when she gets to him is because he's holding the basket out in front of him. As it is, she presses against it, and looks as if she's been crying.

SHARON
Oh, God, Duane. Something awful's happened.

DUANE
What? Tell me --

SHARON
I've been with the police all morning.

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED:

DUANE

The police?!

SHARON

Dr. Needleman's been murdered. They found his body sometime last night.

DUANE

They don't think that you -- ?

SHARON

Oh no. Of course not. But it's so awful. I'm still shaking. I mean, I didn't like the man but, God, Duane, someone killing him -- ! I've been a wreck all day.

CUT TO

243 SHARON's breasts pressing against the basket.

241

SHARON (OVER)

I need to be with someone. I don't want to be alone.

CUT TO

244 CLOSEUP SHARON, her eyes filling with tears.

241

SHARON

I want to be with you, Duane.
(fighting back
the tears)I don't know why -- especially
after the way you acted yesterday --
but I just -- You're the first
person I thought of. The only
person I thought of.

(starts to cry)

245 DUANE can't deal with her crying. He doesn't know what to do. He looks around guiltily, as if afraid to be caught with a crying woman. Finally, he puts his arms over her shoulders.

241

DUANE

Don't -- don't cry. It's okay. Really.
It's all right now. Come up. C'mon
upstairs.

They enter the hotel.

CUT TO

246 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

246

DUANE and SHARON enter. He carries the basket over to the dresser while she stands by the door.

SHARON

(sniffing)

They wanted me to identify the body until they saw how bad I was taking it. -- I don't understand why I'm this upset. I just am.

DUANE looks at her from across the other side of the room.

SHARON

And I don't know why I kept thinking of you. But it's all I did. I've been thinking of you all day. Oh God, Duane --

247 She runs to him. They embrace and kiss. Passionately. DUANE's emotions have been bottled up for so long, there's nothing stopping him now. And SHARON is only too willing --

247

248 They fall on the bed, DUANE on top of SHARON.

248

SHARON

(between kisses)

I love you, Duane.

CUT TO

249 DUANE's hand on her breast.

249

CUT TO

250 THE BASKET. A closeup for a split second only. Then

250

CUT TO

251 DUANE's hand moving under her blouse.

251

CUT TO

252 CLOSEUP DUANE. Every sexual feeling he ever suppressed is coming alive inside him. He stops kissing her only to gulp for air before again engulfing SHARON's mouth.

252

CUT TO

253 THE BASKET. Another quick closeup.

253

CUT TO

254 CLOSEUP of SHARON and DUANE kissing. SHARON's mouth moves to his ear. 254

SHARON
Don't stop --

CUT TO

255 THE BASKET. Another split second closeup. 255

CUT TO

256 DUANE rises up, straddling SHARON. He looks down at her. 256
He wants her but there's a slight hesitation.

CUT TO

257 CLOSEUP SHARON, her arms reaching up, caressing his face. 257

SHARON
Take me. Take me, Duane.

CUT TO

258 THE BASKET. The lid flies off as a loud, ungodly roar fills the room. 258

CUT TO

259 DUANE stares at the basket in shock. His hands, however, press on SHARON's head and chest, holding her down on the bed and preventing her from rising or even looking over at the basket. 259

SHARON
Oh my God! What's that?!

She tries to get up but can't. At this point, it's hard to tell if DUANE is deliberately holding her down or just frozen in such a way that all his weight is on top of her.

SHARON
Duane, let me up!

CUT TO

260 THE BASKET. The CREATURE's head sticks out of it, its mouth open wide and screaming. Both its twisted arms reach outstretched toward the bed. 260

CUT TO

261 SHARON tries to shake herself free, but DUANE suddenly reaches to the foot of the bed, grabs hold of the sheet, and pulls it up over SHARON's head. 261

SHARON
(screaming)
Stop! What're you doing? I can't see!!

She continues to fight him and try to pull away, but in what looks like standard operating procedure for a kidnapping, DUANE has the bed sheet wrapped completely over her. He holds her around the waist, lifts her off the bed, and carries her to the door, her legs kicking wildly.

SHARON
(screaming)
Duane! Stop it! Put me down!

CUT TO

262 THE CREATURE's eyeball follows DUANE as he rushes SHARON from the bed to the door. The CREATURE throws its head further back, screaming at the top of its lungs. 262

CUT TO

263 Pressing SHARON between himself and the door, DUANE quickly unlocks it, throws the door open and pushes SHARON out of the room -- bed sheet and all. No sooner does she fall on the hallway floor, does the door slam shut and he relocks it. 263

264 Then DUANE runs over to the basket and pushes the CREATURE back into it, muffling its screams. 264

CUT TO

265 HALLWAY. 265

SHARON pulls the bed sheet off and pounds on DUANE's door.

SHARON
Duane! Open up! What's happening in there? What's wrong with you?

CUT TO

266 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM. 266

DUANE presses into the basket with both hands, holding the CREATURE down and out of sight, its screaming stifled. Angry tears roll down his face.

(CONTINUED)

266 CONTINUED:

266

DUANE

(to CREATURE)

What are you trying to do to me?

SHARON (OVER)

Duane! Open the door! Talk to me!

DUANE

(shouting to her)

Go away! It won't work!

SHARON (OVER)

Are you all right? Open the door
and let me in!

DUANE

(shouting)

No! Go away! Leave me alone! It won't
work! It'll never work!

DUANE punches the basket, repeatedly beating it.

DUANE

(to CREATURE)

Damn you! God damn you!

SHARON (OVER)

Duane?! Duane?!

267

DUANE slinks to the floor sobbing. The CREATURE remains
silent in the basket as DUANE pounds on the floor.

267

DUANE

Damn you! Damn you! Damn you!

SHARON (OVER)

Duane! Duane!

Covering his face with his hands, DUANE curls up on the
floor, ignoring SHARON who continues to call to him and
bang on the door as we

FADE OUT

Hold on the blackness until a shaft of light horizontally
splits the screen. We are still in

268

INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

268

From the CREATURE's POINT-OF-VIEW: We are inside the
basket, the lid slightly open, and peering out. It's the
middle of the night. DUANE is lying on the bed asleep.
He still wears his clothes and is not under the blankets,
looking like he just flopped on the mattress and fell

asleep. We look over at the lamp table to the alarm clock. It is almost 3:30.

CUT TO

269 THE BASKET. Its head sticking out, the CREATURE raises the lid all the way, letting it slide silently onto the dresser. 269

CUT TO

270 THE CREATURE drops onto the floor in front of the dresser, making a dull wet thud. The CREATURE freezes and stares up at DUANE. 270

CUT TO

271 CREATURE'S POINT-OF-VIEW: 271

We are so low on the floor that the bed looks gigantic. DUANE turns over on the bed, though still asleep. When DUANE is again motionless, we move forward, passing the bed to stare up at the lamp table next to it. The edge of the map of Manhattan sticks off the table. Our arm reaches up, pulls on the map and it falls to the floor. We again look over at DUANE. He heard nothing, still sleeping soundly.

We spread the map open on the floor as our deformed fingers trace a path from 44TH and 8TH up to 12TH AVENUE and along the waterfront to 71ST STREET.

We look back at DUANE once more, see that he is still sound asleep, then move to the open window.

CUT TO

272 INT. TAXI. 272

NIGHT

The CABBIIE is giving an animated lecture on the perils of New York City to his PASSENGER in the back seat as the taxi speeds down 8TH AVENUE.

CABBIIE

It doesn't make sense! Carter gives the Bronx twenty million dollars when the bridges leading into the city here are falling apart! The Queensboro, Williamsburg and Manhattan bridge are gonna collapse any day now! It'll be just like the West Side Highway. They won't fix it, they won't tear it down. It just hangs there, dropping concrete on people's heads!

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED:

272

Suddenly, the CABBIE does a double take as he looks out the windshield.

CABBIE

Holy shit!!! What was that?!!!

The taxi screeches to a halt as the CABBIE and the PASSENGER both stare out the side window.

CABBIE

What the hell? Did you see that?! Did you see that thing?!!

PASSENGER

What? I didn't --

CABBIE

Ran right across the road! Never seen anything like it! Scared the hell outta me!

A car horn honks behind them.

CABBIE

(now looking out back window)

Aw shut up!

Horn honks again and CABBIE leans out the window.

CABBIE

Go on! Blow it out yer ass!

CUT TO

273 CREATURE'S POINT-OF-VIEW:

NIGHT

273

We are moving under a block long row of parked cars. As we near 9TH AVENUE, we pause and peer out from behind a tire. A MAN walks past, not seeing us. We wait. The rest of the street looks deserted and there is almost no traffic. We climb up the curb.

CUT TO

274 EXT. TENAMENT.

NIGHT

274

A dirty building somewhere along W. 44TH. A cluster of garbage cans under an open window suddenly move as they get pushed apart. One loudly falls over. The lights in the window go on and a WOMAN rushes to the window.

(CONTINUED)

274 CONTINUED:

274

WOMAN
(strong Spanish accent)
Hey! Get outta here you --

She sees the CREATURE (out of camera range) and goes into hysterics.

WOMAN
Yaaaaah! Ay Dios mio! Mira! Ven aqua!
Afuera! Ay algo alli! Mira! Mira!

A MAN who obviously just woke up stumbles to the window and looks out.

MAN
What?
WOMAN
Mira! Mira! Lo ve?
MAN
It's a garbage can! It fell! Now shut up!

CUT TO

275 CREATURE'S POINT-OF-VIEW:

NIGHT

275

We are looking down at the sidewalk moving rapidly underneath us as our arms alternately pull us forward. We stop and look around. We face the waterfront. Traffic is almost non-existent and the streets appear empty. We turn north and move forward.

CUT TO

276 12TH AVENUE.

NIGHT

276

A quiet area under the West Side Highway. Seemingly deserted, there is no sign of movement of any kind until a woman's scream splits the silence. From an unlit area near the water, the WOMAN runs across the street screaming and waving her arms at an oncoming car.

The car pulls to the curb and two MEN get out. The WOMAN points to the docks.

WOMAN
(incoherently)
Something's over there! Some kind of animal! This horrible thing with one eye and -- ran right in front of me --

(CONTINUED)

276 CONTINUED:

276

They run to the edge of the dock and look into the darkness as the camera pans away from them to a deserted section of 12TH AVENUE under repair. The camera continues moving north --

DISSOLVE TO

277 Various locations along the waterfront area. All are empty, deserted areas where something small like the CREATURE would have no trouble moving unnoticed in the night. Each location is accompanied by either a vague movement in the distance or the sound of the CREATURE's labored breathing.

277

DISSOLVE TO

278 EXT. SHARON'S BROWNSTONE.

NIGHT

278

The camera pans from a closeup of her 4th floor window down to the street below. In front of her building, under a street lamp, is the CREATURE. It stands in the gutter, one arm resting on the sidewalk curb, its body heaving in and out as it catches its breath, its eye staring up at SHARON's apartment.

CUT TO

279 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

279

DUANE is still asleep on the bed. Tossing slightly, his body jerks and his face twitches. He's having one hell of a dream; either a nightmare or -- The camera moves in to a tight closeup of his face.

DISSOLVE TO

DREAM SEQUENCE: in the same hazy, colorless style as the FLASHBACK sequence earlier. We are in

280 INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM.

280

FROM DUANE'S POINT-OF-VIEW: We stand by the window, across the room, watching SHARON sleep. Slowly, quietly, we move toward her, then stand over the bed looking down on her. DUANE's hand reaches out and gently caresses her face, lightly touching her cheeks and lips. Then he feels her hair, picking up a few strands and letting them fall against her pillow.

We look down at her body. Though the sheet is pulled up to her neck, her shapely figure is clearly outlined underneath. Again DUANE gently caresses her body, but

80 CONTINUED:

280

very gently so as not to wake her. One of her legs sticks out from under the sheet. DUANE's hand moves to the leg, savoring the touch of her skin.

We look back at her face. She still hasn't stirred; she must be in a very deep sleep. Cautiously, hesitating slightly, DUANE's hand reaches to the sheet covering her neck and pulls it halfway down.

She is nude underneath, her breasts fully exposed to us. Both DUANE's hands reach out, wanting to touch, but afraid to. We bend down, as if a closer look will compensate for being afraid to touch. But DUANE's hand does touch; very gently, very slowly. First a finger rests on the side of her breast, then another and another until the entire hand engulfs it.

But our dream now gets bolder. As we pull the sheet entirely off her, we climb onto the bed, straddling her much like DUANE did before. Again there is a slight hesitation until we begin to move up and down, up and down on this beautiful sleeping nude woman --

CUT TO

81 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

281

DUANE twitches more and more in his sleep, his face now pouring with sweat. Suddenly he springs awake, jerking up to a sitting position. He wipes the sweat from his face as he sits there trying to separate the dream from the dingy hotel room he sits in. But something else: some kind of worry, even panic, appears on his face. His head jerks to the dresser and the basket, its lid lying next to it.

DUANE leaps off the bed and clutches the empty basket. Then he sees the open window. All at once the reality sinks in: that wasn't entirely a dream he just had --

CUT TO

82 INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM.

282

We are in the same position we were in the dream sequence, from the SAME POINT-OF-VIEW: That is, we are moving up and down on SHARON's nude body while she sleeps. Only this is not filmed in the hazy, colorless style as before. This is only too clear --

SHARON's face twitches and her eyes open. She looks up at us and every form of horror registers across her face. She screams and screams and screams.

283 THE CREATURE, lying on top of SHARON, screwing her. 283
CUT TO

284 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM. 284
DUANE knows exactly what's happening. He grabs the basket and runs out of the room.
CUT TO

285 EXT. 8TH AVENUE. NIGHT 285
DUANE races out of the hotel and charges wildly down the street, the empty basket in his hand.
CUT TO

286 INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM. 286
SHARON struggles, trying to get up, but the CREATURE's massive hand covers her face, pressing her down and muffling her screams. The CREATURE continues to screw --
CUT TO

287 EXT. STREET. NIGHT 287
DUANE, his face contorted with both anger and the pain of his non-stop, full speed running, races through the streets. He disregards lights, traffic, everything in his way --
CUT TO

288 INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM. 288
SHARON continues to struggle. The CREATURE, still raping her, has one hand over her mouth and the other hand holding her arm against the mattress. But SHARON's free arm beats the CREATURE and tries to pull it off as her legs kick. Still, the CREATURE remains on top of her.
CUT TO

289 EXT. STREET. NIGHT 289
A horn blasts and a car skids, almost hitting DUANE who doesn't notice. He charges down W. 71ST, running like a madman.
CUT TO

90 EXT. SHARON'S BROWNSTONE.

NIGHT

290

DUANE races up the steps to the front door. We hear glass break as the door opens and DUANE charges inside.

CUT TO

91 INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM.

291

Closeup of SHARON. The CREATURE's hand presses tightly over her mouth. She continues to struggle though it seems to be entirely in vain. Whether through loss of air, pain or shock, SHARON's eyes roll to the top of her head and she falls back onto the pillow. She is no longer moving.

92 As we hear the sound of SHARON's door being kicked in, DUANE rushes into the room and, for a second, freezes.

292

Because the CREATURE is still screwing her. She isn't moving; she's either dead or unconscious. Her body has scratches all over it. There is blood on her legs. And this horrible, deformed monstrosity is still screwing her.

93 DUANE leaps at the CREATURE and tries to pull it off. The CREATURE won't budge. DUANE pulls and pulls and finally yanks it off. As DUANE holds the CREATURE, he stares horrified at SHARON. There is blood all over her thighs and pelvis. And dripping from the CREATURE.

293

DUANE is not the type who deals rationally with a crisis. Just the opposite. He literally throws the CREATURE into the basket, clamps it tightly under his arm, and runs from her apartment.

DISSOLVE TO

94 EXT. 8TH AVENUE.

NIGHT

294

DUANE hurries toward the hotel struggling and fighting with the basket as if it had a life of its own, screaming at it in another one-sided argument.

DUANE

(screaming)

How could you?!

(beats the basket)

No! Never! Never again!

(the basket almost
yanks from his hands)

She was pure! She was good! She
wasn't one of them!

(punches the basket)

You're finished! You're not getting
loose again!

97.

294 CONTINUED:

294

DUANE holds the lid tightly as he enters the hotel.

CUT TO

295 INT. LOBBY. HOTEL BROSNAH.

295

THE MANAGER, asleep in a chair behind the check-in desk, leaps up as DUANE enters screaming.

DUANE

Why her? Because I wanted her?
Because she wanted me? What's wrong
with you?

He slams the basket against the check-in desk and punches it again, then heads up the stairs still ranting.

DUANE

No! I'll never let you! No way!

MANAGER

What the hell -- ?

CUT TO

296 INT. DUANE'S HOTEL ROOM.

296

The door is still open from when DUANE ran out before. He slams it shut behind him as he enters.

DUANE

(top of his lungs)
No! I won't hear it! Just 'cause
you can't doesn't mean I shouldn't!
No! No!

He throws the basket on the bed and continues beating it.

DUANE

Damn you! God damn you to hell!

CUT TO

297 HALLWAY.

297

CASEY comes out of her room, hearing what sounds like an all-out war in DUANE's room and bangs on his door.

CASEY

Duane? Duane? Are you all right?

CUT TO

298 INT. DUANE'S ROOM.

298

Holding the basket with one hand, DUANE presses the lid against his chest so the CREATURE cannot get out. With his free hand, DUANE packs. He throws the few shirts he had hanging in the closet onto the bed, then picks up socks and other items of his scattered around the room. He not only does this fast, but continues to scream at the CREATURE.

DUANE

(top of his lungs)

Is this the way it's going to be
with any girl I like? I have to
worry about you climbing on them?
If I get my hands on you again,
I'll kill you! I swear it! I'll
kill you!

With all his belongings piled on the bed, DUANE grabs the knapsack. He puts the basket on the bed, resting his knee on top of the lid as he packs.

CUT TO

299 HALLWAY.

299

While CASEY continues to bang on DUANE's door, the MANAGER runs up the stairs with the pass key. He unlocks the door and throws it open.

CUT TO

300 INT. DUANE'S ROOM.

300

As CASEY and the MANAGER enter, DUANE is startled enough to jump back from the bed, taking his knee off the basket.

CASEY

Duane, what's --

DUANE

(screaming at them)

Get out of here!!!

301 Suddenly the lid flies off as the CREATURE sticks out of the basket. It reaches out, grabs DUANE by the crotch -- and squeezes!

301

DUANE screams and doubles over in pain, the CREATURE leaping out of the basket and onto his head, wrapping its arms around DUANE's throat. DUANE gasps for air and falls backward against the window.

CUT TO

302 EXT. HOTEL BROSNAN. NIGHT 302
DUANE crashes through the window, the CREATURE still on his head.
CUT TO

303 The CREATURE's hand reaching out and grabbing the neon "HOTEL BROSNAN" sign. 303
CUT TO

304 DUANE jerks to a halt in mid-air, held by the CREATURE's arm around his throat as the CREATURE's other arm clutches frantically to the sign. DUANE twitches and gasps for air, trying to pull himself free. The red neon letters "NAN" shatter and break as DUANE's body swings against them. 304
CUT TO

305 The CREATURE loses its grip and slides downward, its fingers sinking into the exposed electrical socket of the broken letters. Sparks shoot out and the CREATURE screams. 305
CUT TO

306 THE STREET. People gather and look up, horrified at what they see. 306
CUT TO

307 DUANE, still held in a vice grip around the throat, struggles wildly as the sound of electricity buzzes and crackles behind him. His face bright red, DUANE's eyes roll to the top of his head as he gradually goes limp. 307
CUT TO

308 CLOSEUP of the CREATURE's fingers unable to pull themselves from the socket as sparks and smoke cover its hand. Camera pans to its face: its mouth open, the screaming eventually stops as its eyeball goes white. 308
CUT TO

309 DUANE hangs motionless, still held by his throat, as the CREATURE slides down and lets go of the sign. Both bodies fall to the street. 309
CUT TO

100.

510 CASEY runs to the window, looks down and screams. The 310
MANAGER looks out behind her.

CUT TO

511 The two bodies lying face down and motionless on the 311
pavement, side by side. So close together in fact, that
they look as if they were connected. The camera

PANS TO

512 The flickering, buzzing "HOTEL BROSNAN" sign. It's 312
last three neon letters smashed, the sign now reads
"HOTEL BROS".

FADE OUT

HOTEL
BROSLIN
.COM