

STOP ME!

by Roy Moore

STOP ME

1. EXT - INT - SOROKLY - NIGHT

the soft sound of young voices
Fade up from black to a long shot of a very large ~~house~~ Victorian mansion with turrets and gables, surrounded by spacious snow covered grounds. Warm yellow lights glow from the windows. Hold on this tableau and begin running on credits. The front door opens and several people ~~exit~~ "Thank you" and walk to cars parked on the street.

A girl comes hurrying along the sidewalk and up the front walk and exchanges greetings with the people leaving. As she enters the front door

The camera suddenly begins to move and we realize that we have been watching the house from a suggestive point of view. We hear the creak of footsteps in the snow as the camera moves toward the window from which the voices are heard.

As we approach the house, we begin to hear the laboured, raspy breathing of the person whose point of view we now share. It is somehow obscene and frightening. Finally the camera reaches the window and peers

through. We see a number of young women of college age. This is obviously a sorority house. There are also several young men. The Christmas hymn is just winding down as the young girl we saw enter the house comes bounding in to the room. She is Barbara Pollard, 21, not unattractive but burdened with a deep, abiding, sense of inferiority, which manifests itself in ^a Barb rather black and sarcastic and definitely defensive sense of humour.

We hear the heavy breathing. As we continue to watch from outside, Barb comes to the portable bar near the window and pours herself a drink.

Barb

(Her tone is playful, but it doesn't really conceal her resentfulness, which is real.)

YOU'RE A BUNCH OF SHITHEADS!

I WAS THE ONLY ONE OVER

THERE WORKING TONIGHT.

The two in a couple seated nearby are Phyllis Thompson and her boyfriend

Patrick Cornell. Phyl, as she is called, is twenty one and a very together young lady. She looks at the world with a slightly bemused resignation. Her tolerance and low profile are never more in evidence than when she is dealing with Patrick who is a year younger and absolutely obsessed with sex.

BARB
(TO PATRICK)

AND WHERE WERE YOU?

PHYL

WE WERE THERE THIS AFTERNOON, BARB!

BARB
(FELICITOUSLY)

A LIKELY STORY

PATRICK

How's it look?

4

BARB
(OVERPLAYING)

YULE-ISIT, VERY YULE-ISIT
(TO PATRICK)
GOT YOUR OUTFIT?

PATRICK
(OBVIOUSLY HE IS GOING TO PLAY SANTA)

YEP THE JOLLY RED GIANT
STRIKES AGAIN! WHAT TIME
DO THE LITTLE BASTARDS
ARRIVE?

we hear a phone ring.

BARB

AROUND ONE O'CLOCK.
(she takes a ring on her finger and
puts it down.)

AH YES!

At that moment Jessica Bradley enters.
She is twenty years old, quite beautiful
in a vulnerable and fragile way.

TESS

5

IT'S FOR YOU BARB.

BARB

THANKS JESS

As Barb leaves the room, Camera begins to move away from the window. It moves slowly around the house looking up at the second story. Finally it stops and looks up. We can see the camera's breath in the cold night air. Camera looks around carefully and begins to climb.

~~A INT SORORITY HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT~~
(BACK TO SCENE 6)

EXTERIOR - SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

2.

A hand-held, subjective shot establishing that this is the point of view of the person who is walking outside. We see from the camera's POV as it walks around the side of the house, glancing quickly into the windows. We see the camera's breath on the cold night air and hear the crunching footsteps in the snow. It reaches a trellis running up the side of the house, looks around carefully and begins to climb.

As it reaches the second floor, it looks through a large window down a long empty hallway. The sounds of the party are heard downstairs. The camera continues to climb.

SORORITY HOUSE

2. INTERIOR - SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

3.

In a reverse angle, the camera looks from inside the upper hall at the large window. The shot slowly tilts up ~~to~~ from the window to the ceiling.

3. INTERIOR - ATTIC - NIGHT

4.

Through a wide-angle lens, the subjective camera rummages around the attic. There is the sound of heavy breathing. Rags and half-rotted food and old clothes form a bed in one corner of the moonlit attic and it appears someone has been living here. It bears an unnerving resemblance to a spider's lair. There are dusty old toys in the attic and as the camera passes, a rocking horse squeaks and swings back and forth.

4. INTERIOR - UPPER HALL - ~~NIGHT~~ NIGHT

5.

The camera moves along the ceiling of the upper hall, almost as though it is following the subjective camera's footsteps from below. It comes to rest on a trap door in the ceiling. The camera moves in on the trap door and with a creaking sound of long-uncoiled hinges, it slowly begins to open.

BARB
(Voice only - heard far
off downstairs)
Hey! Keep it down, will you?
I can't hear a damn thing!

The camera tilts down from the attic trap door along the wall to a set of stairs in an alcove off the second floor hall that leads to the attic door.

5. ②

INTERIOR - MAIN FLOOR HALL - ~~NIGHT~~ - BARB - NIGHT

6.

~~Barb has carried~~ the telephone which is on a long extension cord out of the living room into the hall and pulls the large door shut. She returns to the phone on the hall table and picks up her drink.

BARB

Yes, mother, I can hear you now...
yes, it's just a little Christmas
party ... yes, I've had a couple...
Oh, come on, mother, I'm not drunk.
Yes, I have been smoking a little
bit.

(she sighs and takes a
drink)

Yes, I remember my asthma, mother...
with you around, how could I ever
forget?

(Barb looks into the mirror
over the hall table -- she
pushes her hair off her face
and pulls the skin around her
eyes -- she stands back and
looks at her figure in the
mirror and then takes another
drink)

...yeah, I have to do something
tomorrow afternoon, and then I'm
taking the 7:20 train to the city...

6. ②

INTERIOR - UPPER AND LOWER HALLS - ~~NIGHT~~ - BARB-CLARE-CHAS - NIGHT

~~LONG-~~
In a shot through the heavy stair railing, from just around the corner at the top of the stairs, we see Barb on the phone. We hear a breathing sound from the subjective camera.

BARB

Oh, come on mother. You've got
to be kidding! ... Well, why
couldn't I come with you? ...
Well, who the hell is he?...
Oh, Christ Mother! You're a
real gold-plated whore, you
know that... Rude! I was
trying to be a bit more than rude
Mother.

The living room door opens and one of the girls comes
out into the hall with her boyfriend. She is CLARE HARRISON

... /

8
15. CONTINUED

(she's 20, with a childlike beauty -- she is from a small town not far from the college and less sophisticated than the other girls). She is with CHRIS HAYDEN (21, ~~he is~~ athletic, quiet, self-assured and from the town in which the college is located). The camera watches them as they cross the hall to the front door and ~~they~~ kiss goodnight.

CHRIS

Goodnight... I'll see you next week.

CLARE

Call before you come... I'll have to get my parents used to the idea.

Chris tries to pull open the front door but it is stuck.

BARB

(in the background)

Yeah, Jess and a couple of the other girls are going skiing, maybe... sure...

2. INTERIOR - LOWER HALL - NIGHT ~~NIGHT~~ BARB-JESS-NIGHT

8.

7. C.V. ~~cut to~~ Jess. BARB IN B.C.

We see Jess looking at Barb compassionately. Barb and her mother are an old story. Camera follows Phil and Patrick as they move past Jess toward the front door.

PATRICK

Hey, wait up Chris. I'll give you a ride.

BARB

Will you keep it down!

Patrick kisses Phil passionately and tries to ~~slap~~ ^{slide} his HAND DOWN ~~hand under her skirt~~. She pulls away in mock anger.
HER BACK AND INTO HER SLACKS.

PHIL

Jesus, Patrick!

PATRICK

Why don't you ever take me seriously?

... /

9
...
87. CONTINUED

PHIL
Cause you're an idiot.

PATRICK
Yeah, but I'm sexy.

PHIL
You're a sexy idiot. Now beat it.

PATRICK (MAKING FUN OF HIS BAD JOKE)
I guess I'll have to!

PHIL
(meaning)
Oh God, Patrick!
Goodbye,
Patrick and Chris leave.

88. INTERIOR - UPPER HALL ^{• BEDROOM •} NIGHT 9.

Hand-held, turns away from the scene in the lower hall and moves into one of the bedrooms upstairs.

~~89. INTERIOR - BEDROOM - NIGHT~~ 10.

The room is dim. There is only one small bedside lamp on. A cat on the bed looks up suddenly and runs away. The room is frilly and obviously belongs to an older lady. The camera shows a black and white photograph of two young girls beside a vaudeville-type sign which reads MACHENRY SISTERS - SONG AND DANCE. Camera passes telephone on a table. The camera moves on. We hear heavy breathing.

89. INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT ~~BARB - JESS - PHYL - EXTRAS - NIGHT~~ 11.
~~M - BARB - JESS - PHYL - EXTRAS~~

The living room door opens and Barb enters and puts the telephone back in its place on a table just inside the door. The girls are chatting and starting to take dishes and ashtrays out to the kitchen. CAMERA FOLLOWS BARB AS SHE CROSSES THE ROOM.

... /

10
12.9. CONTINUED

BARB (to JESS)

~~Hey, Jess,~~ do you feel like going
skiing for a few days?

as Barb passes Jess and Phil, camera holds on them letting Barb out.

JESS

(she and Phil look at one
another uncomfortably)

Sure, Barb!

BARB (OFF)

My mother's taking a place up at
Mount Holly. Anybody else want to
come?

PHIL

(there is an awkward pause)

Sure, I will, Barb.

10.C.U BARB

BARB (ALMOST DEFIANT)

Great. Who else? How about you
Clare?

CLARE (PASSING IN FRONT OF CAMERA

on her way out to the
kitchen with dishes)

Thanks, Barb, but I've made other
plans.

BARB

(tossing back her drink
and gesturing at Clare
who disappears into the
kitchen)

There goes the only broad in the
whole school whose parents sent her
here because it's a religious college.

11. 2-SHOT JESS & PHIL

There is another long awkward moment. Everyone is
embarrassed. The moment is broken as the telephone
rings. Jess goes to answer it. CAMERA DOLLIES WITH HER OPENING
THE SHOT.

JESS

I'll get it.

(she picks up the receiver)

Hello.

(there is no sound on the
other end of the line)

Hello!...Hello!

(she's about to hang up
when suddenly she hears a
moaning sound on the other
end of the line!)

11. CONTINUED

JESS(CONTINUED)
 HEY,QUIET! It's him again. The moaner.
 (she holds the phone up--
 the other girls all quiet
 down and crowd around to listen)

The sound is a low wailing moan like a wounded animal. Yet, there is something insanely sexual and human about it. It is really quite chilling. Suddenly, the moaning stops and the caller launches into a series of strange voices calling out as if in the throws of some ongoing nightmare. The girls look at one another with an apprehension they are not able to disguise. This is a new twist on the series of sexual phone calls they

have been receiving. The voices are so stridently psychotic that the girls are beginning to get genuinely frightened. Camera moves in tight on phone.

12. CU. BARB

BARB
 He's expanded his act.

Barb moves forward toward phone bringing Clare into the shot.

CLARE
 Could that be one person!

Barb
 (sarcastic)
 No, Clare, that's the Mormon Tabernacle
 Choir doing their Annual Obscene Phone
 Call!

PHIL
 Sssshh!

Camera pans slowly back to Jess and begins to move in tight on her as the girls quiet down and listen to the continuing stream of invectives and madness. Some of the girls start to urge Jess to hang up. Suddenly, the voices stop and the moaning comes back on, intense and ugly

13. M.S. BARB

She steps in and grabs the phone. She is rather tight by now.

BARB
 (forced anger)
 Listen you pervert! Why don't you call the Lamba Chi's... they could
 use a little of this

13. CONTINUED

BARB
(some of the girls giggle--
there is silence on the other
end of the line -- this seems
to provoke Barb)
You creep!
(silence)

Camera dollies around to include the other girls.



13. CONTINUED

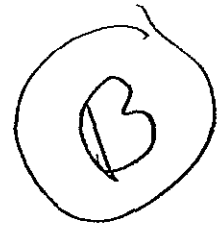
BARB (CONTINUED)
 You stinking little creep. You
 get your rocks off scaring girls
 on the phone. You'd probably run
 the other way if you saw a real one!
 (the silence on the other
 end holds for a moment --
 then is broken by a low
 sickening voice which
 says quietly...)

CALLER
 I'm going to kill you!

14. C.U. JESS

15. C.U. PHYL

There's a pause. The girls are silent. Finally,
 Barb comes on strong, partially out of fear, we suspect.



16. C.U. BARB

BARB
 Why don't you find a wall socket and
 stick your tongue in it. That'll
 give you a charge.
 (silence)
Fucking Creep!

The line goes dead! Barb looks at the phone a moment
 then, slams it down. The girls are stunned.

17. C.U. THE PHONE,

Camera pans slowly up to the girls. They remain silent. Phyl
 breaks the moment.

PHYL (REFERRING TO BARB)
 Super Tongue strikes again!

BARB
 (flippant)
 Fastest tongue in the West.

The girls start to buzz.

JESS
 That was really sick!

CLARE
 I don't think you should provoke
 somebody like that, Barb.

17. CONTINUED

BARB

Are you kidding? In the city, I
get about two of those a day. This
guy is strictly minor league.

(B)

17. CONTINUED

CLARE

Maybe. You know that Townie was
raped a couple of weeks ago!

BARB

Clare! You can't rape a Townie!

CLARE

You really are too much.

BARB (DEFENSIVE)

Listen kid, this is a sorority
house, not a convent!

CLARE

(mildly annoyed)

I'll see ya later. I'm going to pack.

She crosses out of the shot. Jess gives Barb an angry look.



18. 2-shot JESS - CLARE - LOOKING DOWN PAST CLARE TO JESS

JESS

(stopping her on the
stairs)

Come on. She didn't mean
anything.

CLARE

No, it's okay. Really, I
have to finish packing!

She moves up the stairs. Camera singles on Jess then dollies with her
as she moves back to Barb

JESS

Hasn't she had enough trouble fitting
in here without you getting at her
all the time?

BARB

I know a professional virgin when I
see one! And speaking of professionals.
Here comes the Queen of Vaudeville
Circa-1861. TA -DA°

19. C.U. MRS. MAC

The girls turn to see MRS. MAC (the house mother) enter
the front door, carrying packages. Mrs. Mac is a classic
character. Indeed, she is the latter day version of one
of the Vaudeville girls whose picture we saw on the dresser upstairs.

Mrs. Mac (late fifties) is one of those people who con-
tinually mutter to themselves, supposedly under their
breath, but actually for all the world to hear. Her
concern with propriety and proper conduct is totally

12.
19

CONTINUED

surface. Actually, she doesn't give a damn what the girls do as long as it doesn't make waves and jeopardize her own comfortable existence. Of course, she makes a great fuss and pretense about the rules. But above all, the thing that characterizes Mrs. Mac is her habit of smiling and fawning to one and all -- to their face -- and then when their backs (or hers) are turned, launching into a torrent of mutterings, berating the world for the way it imposes upon poor Mrs. Mac. She can be very clever and biting about it and the girls take great delight in her. Adding to her reputation as a character, is her continual subterfuge to hide her steady nips at the old sauce. Her ingenuity in this regard is remarkable.

Camera dolly with Mrs Mac to include the girls.

JESS

~~Mrs. Mac!~~ Where have you been! *MRS MAC?*
The party's nearly over.

MRS. MAC

Shopping! Oh my God, the people who buy for these shops must take tacky lessons. I've never seen such garbage in all my life.

The girls take the packages out of her hand and usher her into the parlour to receive her Christmas present. One of the girls shoves a glass of eggnog into her hands.

~~T. M. M. M. M. M.~~

12.
20INTERIOR - CLARE'S ROOM - NIGHT

12.

Clare turns the light on in her bedroom. She carries the cat we saw earlier. She talks to it soothingly, but the cat jumps out of her arms and goes out into the hall. Clare shrugs.

The sound of the girls downstairs is heard in the background. Clare sets her drink on a night table and starts putting things into her suitcase which lies open on the bed. CAMERA FOLLOWS her as she moves to the closet and takes out a bunch of dresses. CAMERA HOLDS on the closet. As the clothes are swept past, we see a clear plastic bag and through the bag we think we see the distorted face of a man, staring wide-eyed at the girl. At least we think we see the face. It is so distorted and vague we are not sure. We cut back to Clare. She is continuing her packing. Suddenly, she stops and straightens up. A quizzical look comes over her face. She turns to look at the closet. We hear the sound almost at the same time she does; a low moaning; strange, disturbing. CAMERA TRACKS with Clare as she moves slowly toward the sound, "Who is it" she asks, "Come on now" -- "Is that you Ives?". We cut to the hand-held subjective shot and through the bag we see Clare's distorted shape

20. INT CLARES ROOM - CLAUDE - CLARE - NIGHT

M-S CLAUDE - CLOIR

The light comes on and we find Claude, Mrs Mac's cat lying on Clare's bed. Camera pulls back to see Clare lift the cat and cradle it

CLARE

THERE YOU ARE, CLAUDE. MRS MAC'S
SHE'S BEEN ALL OVER FOR YOU

The cat leaps out of Clare's arms the thump. The sound of the girls downstairs is heard in the background. Clare gets her drink on a night table and starts putting things into her suitcase which lies open on the bed. Camera follows with Clare as she moves to the closet and takes out a bunch of dresses. Camera holds on the closet. As the clothes are swept past, we see a clear plastic bag and through the bag we think we see the distorted face of a man staring wide-eyed at the girls. At least we think we see a man. It is so distorted and vague we are not sure.

21. C.U. CLARE

She continues her packing. Suddenly, she stops and straightens up. A puzzled look comes over her face. She turns to look at the Closet. We hear the sound at almost the same time she does, a low moaning, strange, disturbing. Camera tracks slowly with Clare as she moves toward the sound.

CLARE

WHO IS THAT? IS IT...?
YOU, CLAUDE? MRS MAC

22. L.S. SUBJECTIVE OF CLARE.

Through the bag we see Clare's distorted shape approaching us.

23. O.S. CLARE

Camera dollies behind Clare as she approaches. The sound grows

24. M.S. SUBJECTIVE OF CLARE

She moves to the edge of the Closet and

Stops. She peers in. The moaning grows louder. Suddenly it stops. Clare looks, then she leans forward to pull the plastic bag clear. Her face contorts with horror. Before she can scream a hand jolts forward from camera sweeping the plastic bag over Clare's face. She struggles, but the hand holds her in a death grip. The girl continues singing in the background. We hear a squeal off camera.

BACK TO SCRIPT

~~PAGE 12~~

25. INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - MRS. MAC - THE GIRLS - NIGHT
M.S. MRS. MAC

Mrs. Mac as she holds up a rather daring negligee the girls have bought for her.

MRS. MAC
Oh Girls, it's lovely.
(she holds it up as if to
model it -- then under her
breath)
I got about as much use for this as
I do a chastity belt!

26. M-2-S BARB, JESS

Of course, they heard Mrs. Mac. They surpress their laughter. The girls begin to chant, "put it on, put it on!" Mrs. Mac demures, but the girls persist.

27. M.S. MRS. MAC

Finally, she slips the gown on over her clothes. It's quite a sight. She prances around mock sexy.

28. C.U. JESS

JESS
Do the opening for us, Mrs. Mac.

29. C.U. MRS. MAC

MRS. MAC
Oh, no!

30. M.S. THE GIRLS

The girls set up a clamour for Mrs. Mac to do the Intro to the Vaudeville Act she and her sister, Myrtle, used to do years ago. She loves to be coaxed.

PHYL
Come on, Mrs. Mac... You haven't done
it for us in months.

31. MS. MRS. MAC

MRS. MAC,
No! No! No! I'm ~~too~~ tired.
I'm an old lady.

32. M.G. THE GIRLS

The girls shout her down

33. M.G. MRS MAC.

She finally consents and moves off behind the chaper.

34. M.G. THE GIRLS

They give Mrs Mac a round of applause.

35. C.U. MRS MAC

We see Mrs Mac's chubby leg come sliding out from behind the curtain and then she comes screeching out, a ludicrous parody of what once must have been something of a parody anyway.

BLACK
BLACK

~~134~~ CONTINUED

35

MRS. MAC

(soft shoeing)

Hi there, America. We're here to give you the facts. I'm Myrtle. I'm Maude. We're known as the Mac's. We sing, we dance, we set a lively pace, a joke, a grind, an occasional funny face.

36 M-2-5 BARB-JESS

BARB

(sotto voce)

(sprawled across a couch

-- she is quite drunk)

Now I know what killed Vaudeville.

JESS

It must have died in agony.

They try to contain their laughter

~~135~~ INTERIOR - CLARE'S ROOM - NIGHT

14.

37.

Clare's body bumps along as it is slowly dragged across the floor upstairs.

~~136~~ INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

15.

38 M.S. PHIL-JESS-BARB

Mrs. Mac is finishing up her number. The girls are whooping it up.

PHIL

Get the hook.

(sotto voce)

BARB

Are you kidding ... you'd need a bulldozer!

39. M.S. MRS MAC

Mrs. Mac finishes her number. The girls applaud extravagantly. Mrs. Mac blusters. *She moves out among the girls.*

Camera moves with her

MRS. MAC

Ok. Ok. Party's over. Let's get this place cleaned up. If the Dean saw this, I'd be back in Vaudeville.

BARB

(under her breath)

C'mon, Dean!

39

15. CONTINUED

MRS. MAC
What was that dear?

BARB
Oh, uh, I said how is the Dean.

MRS. MAC
Oh! Well, I'm sure he's fine dear.
Up we go.

She helps Barb up and starts her off upstairs. This leaves Mrs. Mac momentarily alone in the parlour. She rushes to a bookshelf, pulls out some books and takes a bottle of Sherry from behind them. She takes a quick glug while she calls out to the kitchen.

MRS. MAC
Oh, Jess, you girls are just too good to me.

She hurriedly replaces the Sherry.

JESS
(coming back into room)
Nonsense, Mrs. Mac.

The telephone rings. Jess stops and watches expectantly, as do the others. A lone moment passes. ~~Finally, Phil picks up the phone.~~

40 C.U. THE PHONE RINGING. CAMERA TILTS UP TO SEE PHIL LIFT THE PHONE. ~~PHIL MOVES INTO THE SHOT.~~
PHIL
Hello?...

PETER
(we hear his voice only)
Hello, is Jess there please?
41 MRS. JESS - OTHERS
PHIL (O.V.)
Yes. It's for you, Jess. It's Peter.

They are all relieved. CAMERA FOLLOWS JESS AS SHE MOVES TO ANSWER THE PHONE.

JESS
(going to answer it)
Thanks.
(picking it up)
Hello.

PETER
Hi... how was the party?

41. CONTINUED

JESS

It was good. Too bad you couldn't make it.

PETER

Yeah, well you know I've been practising for four days straight.

JESS

Yeah, I know. But you've got to find some time. I've got to talk to you.

The other girls move past Jess and go upstairs.
Jess picks the phone up and moves out into the hall.
Mrs. Mac stops on her way up

MRS. MAC

Turn out the lights, dear!

42. C.U. JESS

She nods and turns back to the phone.

PETER

You sound funny. What's the matter?

JESS

Nothing's the matter. I just want to talk to you.

PETER

Why don't you tell me now?

JESS

Because I want to talk to you face to face.

PETER

Jess, I haven't been to bed in three nights. I'm not in the mood to be playing games.

JESS

Look, we'll talk about it tomorrow.

PETER

All right. I'll be in Room 30 all day.

JESS

Okay, I'll see you around 2.

15. CONTINUED

42.

PETER

~~Jess~~, I didn't mean to sound short with you. I guess I'm just exhausted.

JESS

Yeah... it's okay Peter.

PETER

I love you, ~~Jess~~.

JESS

I know ~~Peter~~. I'll see you tomorrow.

PETER

Yeah, goodnight.

Jess hangs up the phone. ~~There is a "thump" sound from upstairs. Jess looks up the stairs puzzled, but then shrugs and walks back into the living room and puts the phone back on the table.~~ *SHE LEANS BACK, DISTRESSED!*

As ~~Jess~~ disappears, the camera PANS SLOWLY 180 degrees and tilts up the elaborate stairway. ~~There is silence except for the sound of the girls in the kitchen. A shadow moves at the top of the stairs.~~ *UPSTAIRS*

*GIRLS
LEAVE TWO -*

17.

16. INTERIOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

~~Mrs. Mac~~
Mrs. Mac is alone, finishing cleaning up the kitchen. She mutters quietly to herself as she reaches behind the stack of dishes in a cupboard and pulls out yet another bottle of Sherry, gulps down a drink and replaces the bottle.

~~MRS. MAC~~

(she is almost frightening in her disarray - her apron over her nightgown, over her dress, her hat akimbo)

~~What a bunch of pigs. You don't feed these girls, you slop them.~~

She takes off her apron and hangs it up, noticing the nightgown.

43 ~~8~~. INTERIOR - MRS. MAC'S BATHROOM - MRS. MAC - NIGHT

We see Mrs. Mac brushing her teeth. Her hat and negligee still on. She looks up with a mouthful of toothpaste and stares at herself a moment then recalls her recent moment in the limelight.

MRS. MAC
(softly, through the
toothpaste)
Hi there, America, we're here to give
you the facts. I'm Myrtle, I'm Maude.
We're known as the Mac's.



She stops looking at herself for a long moment. The rheumy bleary-eyed old broad begins to break through her reverie. She makes a face. Then throws open the medicine chest and takes out still another bottle of Sherry. She tips it up using it to rinse out the toothpaste. She looks down and sees her negligee.

MRS. MAC
Jesus, I wouldn't wear this to
have my liver out.

Then she caps that off with one slug for good measure. She turns and switches off the light, leaving us in darkness.

44. INTERIOR - ATTIC - CLARE - NIGHT

The screen is empty and dark. Suddenly, with a whompf sound, Clare's face rocks into frame in a tight close-up. Her head is swathed grotesquely in the clear, plastic bag which is sucked hideously up into her mouth and nostrils. Her eyes bulge out, staring vacantly. We hear a small child's voice murmuring softly. CLARE ROCKS IN AND OUT OF THE FRAME A COUPLE OF TIMES. THE STRANGE SOUNDS CONTINUE AS WE PAN ACROSS CLARE'S BODY TO THE WINDOW. A LIGHT SNOW FALLS

DISSOLVE

45 EXT - COLLEGE PR - DAY

slow dissolve from the night sky. we hear the chiming of the campus clock before we see the title. The camera cranes down to see the plaque denoting Whitley College. In the background we see a rather

He is Mr Harrison
Harrison
Harrison

distinguished looking gentleman. He paces nervously. A car begins a slow zoom into him. A bus full of children passes in front of camera. After a moment our zoom continues slowly. As we near a tight shot of Mr. Harrison, a snowball comes hurtling in to frame and smashes into the side of his head.

46 INT - MR HARRISON - WLS - CLO - DAY

Mr Harrison leans in to frame groping for his glasses. A young man rushes up to help him. We see the title in the background rushing towards a large house. The young man picks up the glasses and hands them to Mr. Harrison. Camera slings up with them.

MR HARRISON

THANK YOU VERY MUCH. (BACK)

22. CONTINUED

46..

WES

That's okay. I'm sorry, I should have been keeping a better watch on them.

MR. HARRISON

(putting his glasses back on)

Yes, I should ~~say so~~ THINK SO.

WES

Yeah, well I said I was sorry.

47

REVERSE - MR HARRISON - WES

Wes walks away towards the house where the last of the children are entering. Mr. Harrison recovers himself.

MR. HARRISON

Oh, excuse me.

Wes turns around.

WES

Yes?

MR. HARRISON

(walks over to him)

I hate to bother you. I can see that you're busy... but I wonder if you could help me.

(Wes looks at him openly)

You see, I was supposed to meet my daughter here at one o'clock. It's half past now and she's still not here. Her name's Clare Harrison. Do you know her?

WES

Clare Harrison?... yeah, I think so!

MR. HARRISON

... well, I know she lives in a sorority house. I think it's called Kappa Gamma.

WES

Oh, of course, ~~Clare~~ Kappa's our sister sorority. ~~I'm pledged to Beta Chi~~ ~~fraternity~~. Some of the girls are over here today. ~~We're having a party for~~ ~~underprivileged kids~~. But I haven't seen Clare. Their house is ~~just around~~ ISN'T FAR. ~~the corner though~~. I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO GET THERE.

48. EXTERIOR - CAMPUS QUADRANGLE - JESS - DAY

In an extremely long shot, we see Jess sitting alone on a bench in the campus quadrangle. It is obviously quite cold but Jess sits very pensively. We begin a long slow ZOOM TOWARD her. Inexplicably, we hear the very prevalent sound of a very lush Wagnerian piano piece thundering all about us. As we near Jess, it gets louder and louder. Finally, we reach a CLOSE-UP of Jess. She looks up off camera.

49. INTERIOR - FRATERNITY HOUSE - BARB - PATRICK - KIDS - DAY

Camera starts tight on Santa's face as he booms out "HO, Ho, Ho!" Camera pulls back to reveal the large pannelled living room of the fraternity house where about 25 children are playing various games and shouting. Several of the fraternity brothers are playing with the children. In one corner of the room is a table with a large punch bowl where Barb is serving a line of children. An open bottle of champagne stands on the table and Barb keeps a glass full beside her.

Patrick, stuffed and dressed in a Santa Claus costume, stands beside the punch table.

PATRICK

What the hell do you mean, "she's going away for a few days?"

BARB

(gesturing at the children)
Santa! Please!

PATRICK

(furious)
She's supposed to be going away with me! Damn it!

BARB

(filling a cup for a child
and taking a drink of champagne)
Some of us have just decided to go skiing for a few days.

PATRICK

Look, she promised me! All term I've been looking forward to spending a few days alone with her. What a bitch!

49. CONTINUED

BARB
 (looking wide-eyed at a
 little girl in front of her)
 Isn't Santa naughty?
 (she pours herself more
 champagne and holds the bottle
 up to Patrick)

When she looks back, Santa has stomped off across the room. She turns to pour champagne for the next child in line, realizes, sets the bottle down and moves to give them punch.

50. INTERIOR - CLARE'S ROOM - MRS. MAC - MR. HARRISON - DAY

The screen is black. There is faint mumbling. It grows louder and then light breaks onto the screen as double doors are opened to reveal that the camera is in the closet viewing Clare's room. Mr. Harrison and Mrs. Mac are looking into the closet.

MRS. MAC
 Well, her clothes are all packed and
 ready to go, so she couldn't have
 gone far.
 (she closes the closet door)

51. M-2-S MRS. MACE - MR. HARRISON

Camera pans with them around the room

MRS. MAC
 I just don't know, Mr. Harriosn.
 Maybe she went over to Delta Chi.
 There's a party there today
 for underprivileged children.

MR. HARRISON
 Yes, I know.

Mr. Harrison picks up the glass that Clare left the night before on the bedside table and sniffs it. He shakes his head. Mrs. Mac watches him closely.

MR. HARRISON
 Mrs. MacHenry, I never was in agreement
 with Clare staying in a sorority house.
 As house mother, isn't it your
 responsibility to keep control of the
 girls' activities?

51. CONTINUED

MRS. MAC

(with an obsequious tone)

Well, I try to do my best, Mr. Harrison,
but they're all young women with minds
of their own and I don't like to restrict
them too much. I mean times are different
than when you and I were growing up.

MR. HARRISON

Well, I'm very disappointed in the
atmosphere my daughter is living in, and
I intend to do something about it.

(Mr. Harrison pulls the
photograph of Chris out
of Clare's suitcase)

And who is this?

MRS. MAC

(on her way out of the room)

Oh, that's a friend of Clare's
Very nice young man from the town.
Chris Hayden.

Mr. Harrison looks at the picture, distressed, puts it
back in the suitcase and walks past Mrs. Mac out into the
hall. Camera holds on Mrs. Mac. She looks disdainfully after Mr.
Harrison, then follows him out.

52. INTERIOR _ UPPER HALL - MRS. MAC - MR. HARRISON - DAY

Camera dollies with them as they walk to the stairway and stop.

MR. HARRISON

I was under the impression that this
was a religious college and I didn't
send my daughter here to be drinking
and picking up boys.

MRS. MAC

Clare is a good girl, Mr. Harrison.
You should have no doubt about that.
She's a good girl...Uh!...I'm sure
you'll find her at the fraternity
party.

MRS. MAC

Well, I have to go that way to the store, so if you wouldn't mind giving me a lift, I could show you.

MR. HARRISON - I KNOW WHERE IT IS.
~~OF COURSE. BUT~~ I'd be happy to GIVE YOU A RIDE.

MRS. MAC

Wonderful. I'll just get my bag.

~~(she goes into her room and Mr. Harrison starts~~

~~to go down the stairs, but~~

~~Mrs. Mac continues to talk~~

You see, I'm going to my sister's place for Christmas and I have to get some food in for the girls who are staying on for a couple of extra days before I go.

MRS MAC EXITS. CAMERA HOLDS ON MR HARRISON AS HE LOOKS AFTER HER WITH A DISDAIN THAT MATCHES HER OWN. FINALLY HE STARTS DOWNSTAIRS.

53
L 27.

INTERIOR - MRS. MAC'S ROOM - ~~THE~~ MRS MAC - DAY

27.

CAMERA PANS WITH MRS MAC AS SHE

~~THE~~ comes into the room muttering to herself. She walks up to the mirror on her vanity and fusses with her hair.

Mrs. Mac

(quietly -- imitating Mr. Harrison's voice sarcastically in a sing-song way)

I thought this was supposed to be a religious college...

CAMERA TILTS DOWN WITH HER AS she takes a bottle out from the drawer of her

vanity and takes a drink-- she pins a hat on her head somewhat askew -- she continues to mutter to herself)

Am I supposed to be responsible for the morality of every girl in this Goddamn house?

(she shakes her head and looks spitefully out at the hall and has another drink)

Those broads would hump the Leaning Tower of Pisa, if they could get up there.

CONTINUED

MRS. MAC (CONTINUED)

I do my best. I don't know
 what ~~people expect~~ THE GASTAKOS EXPECT.

(she finds her purse and
 starts to put on her lipstick--
 she gets the lipstick on
 half of one lip when she
 stops suddenly --we hear
 the sound of the cat meowing)

Claude? Is that you Claudekins?

(she gathers up her purse
 forgetting all about her
 half-a-lipsticked lip --
 she moves out into the hall)

54

INTERIOR - UPPER HALL MRS MAC - MR. HARRISON - DAY
 CAMERA DOLLIES WITH HER AS SHE MOVES DOWN THE HALL
 MRS. MAC

Claude! Here kitty, kitty, kitty.

Come say goodbye to mommykins!

(she stops--looks around puzzled,
 trying to determine the source
 of the sound -- she looks up,
 shakes her head -- moves down
 the hall)

Here, pretty Claude ... come to mommy...

Here kitty, kitty, kitty ...

She stops. The sound seems to be coming from below. She
 bends over to listen and the contents of her purse spill
 out onto the floor. She bends over awkwardly, gathering
 up the articles.

MRS. MAC

Damn it, Claude! Where are you?

Kitty! Kitty ! Kitty! ... Come on

Claude! You little prick!

Just at that moment Mr. Harrison comes up the stairs, so
 that on the word "prick" they are partically nose to nose.
 He stares at her blankly. We cut to Mrs. Mac from Mr. HARRISON
 MR Harrison with her half-a-lip lipstick she makes
 quite a picture. Mrs. Mac stares at him for a long
 moment, then, never missing a beat, she breaks into a
 toothy smile.

MRS. MAC

This is very kind of you Mr. Harrison.

CAMERA TILTS UP AND PANS TO INCLUDE MR HARRISON

54 ~~28~~ CONTINUED

He stares at here. Finally,

MR. HARRISON
(slightly numb)
Think nothing of it.

He turns and moves out of frame. Mrs. Mac looks after him. She makes a slightly obscene gesture and scrambles up.

55 ~~28~~ INTERIOR - UPPER HALL - DAY

Shot of the alcove at the end of the upper hall, the camera drifts slowly up towards the trap door and we hear the sound of the cat, far in the distance, we hear the front door close.

56

~~28.9~~ INTERIOR/EXTERIOR - ATTIC ~~██████████~~ MRS MAC - CLARE - MR HARRISON - DAY 30.

Extreme high angle of shot from the attic window of the snow-covered lawn of the house. Out from under the eaves Mr. Harrison and Mrs. Mac walk out to his ~~car~~ car parked at the curb in front of the house. Mr. Harrison opens the door for Mrs. Mac and then he gets in. We hear the sound of the cat very close now as the car starts and begins to pull away. The camera pulls back and the corpse appears in the side of the shot.

~~29.5~~ ~~EXTERIOR - COLLEGE CLOISTERS~~ ~~CAMERA'S BURROUNGLE JESS - DAY~~ 31.
~~C.U. JESS. WE SEE HER WHERE WE LEFT HER. SHE STARES~~
~~Phil and Jess walk slowly along the picturesque cloisters~~
~~of a quadrangle at the college. The piano music drifts~~
~~over the scene.~~

JESS

He's just become so dependent on me. It's ridiculous.

PHIL

I think he senses ~~that there's~~ ^{SOMETHING} something in the air.

JESS

Well, what can I do? This course is so competitive, it's just impossible to give him all the time he wants.

PHIL

How do you feel about him?

JESS

Ambivalent ... the relationship just isn't what it started out to be. It's become... unhealthy. He had a terrible childhood. He doesn't really talk about it too much though. He's seeing a psychiatrist, but I don't know why. Ever since he started going he's felt terrible.

PHIL

If you're going to do something about it, you'd better do it soon before things get worse.

JESS

You think he knows I want to call it off... huh?

WE HEAR
 THE THUNDERING
 PIANO WASHING
 OVER US. CAMERA
 BEGIN A SLOW
 PULL BACK AS JESS
 RISES TO GO
 AND SEE HER
 ORDERS...

32 ~~CONTINUED~~

MR. HARRISON

Oh, well I really don't want to intrude.

WES

~~Not at all.~~ Come on in.

MR. HARRISON

Oh, um... well. Thank you.

Patrick, as Santa Claus stands on the stairs in the background throwing gifts to the children. He sees Mr. Harrison.

PATRICK

(to Mr. Harrison)

Ho...ho...ho... And what do you want from Santa Claus this Christmas?
Ho...ho...ho.

He throws a present towards Mr. Harrison who is just entering the house, taking his hat off. Wes catches it just before it hits Mr. Harrison, shakes his head good humouredly.

WES

~~Hey, cool it Santa!~~

~~The door closes. FADE TO BLACK~~

~~57~~ EXTERIOR - COLLEGE BUILDING - ~~DAY~~ JESS - DAY

33.

The dramatic Wagnerian piano piece is playing as we FADE UP on a severe geometrical wide shot of the elaborate gothic building we saw earlier. Hold for several seconds while the music plays and then Jess walks into the static shot along the bottom of the screen. She is the only colour against an otherwise monochromatic shot. She walks to the front door and disappears into the building. The music continues as the shot moves very slowly in tighter on a window on the second floor. Several seconds go by as the camera moves in and then the music stops abruptly.

~~58~~ RECITAL HALL PETER - JESS - DAY
INTERIOR - PRACTICE STUDIO - DAY

34.

C.v. PETER SMYTHE (30, a professional student of music, handsome, but with a somewhat neurotic look about him) is sitting at a grand piano with an incredulous look on his face.

58. CONTINUED

Jess is standing at the opposite end of the piano.

JESS (OFF)
(with little emotion in
her voice)
I'm pregnant.

PETER
Jess' That's fantastic...

Camera pans with him to include Jess as he moves toward her.

PETER
Well, that's great!

JESS
(quiet, but firm)
I don't want it.

59. REVERSE O.S. JESS - FAVOR PETER

We see Jess in profile with Peter behind her. She does not look at him. (Scene 55 will play as master also)

PETER
You don't want it?

JESS
No.... I'm going to have it
terminated.

PETER
(getting angry)
How can you make a decision like
that? You haven't even asked me.

JESS
I wasn't going to tell you
about it.

59. CONTINUED

PETER

(pause)

Jess, I want you to have the baby.

JESS

I can't...

PETER

For God's sake, Jess! Don't you ever consider anyone but yourself?

JESS

I've thought this out very carefully and I know what I'm going to do.

PETER

Do you know how important this afternoon is to me?

JESS

Yes, I do...

PETER

Jess why don't you just get out of here.

Jess looks at him for a moment, then stands to put on her coat.

60. L.S. PETER - JESS

We see the whole recital hall. Jess crosses the hall to the door. Peter calls out to her

PETER

I want to talk to you ^{TONIGHT} ~~tonight~~!

JESS

There's really nothing to discuss, Peter.

60. CONTINUED

PETER
I think there is!

JESS
I'm not going to change my mind.

PETER
We'll see. Will you be there at
nine o'clock?

JESS
Yes....

PETER
Okay... I'll see you then.

Jess walks out of the room

Peter turns slowly, walks back and sits at the piano thoughtfully. He looks at his watch. He begins to play a difficult passage. He plays beautifully for a minute and then makes a mistake. Peter slams his hands down on the piano. The discordant note reverberates.

61. INTERIOR - FRATERNITY HOUSE - BARB - MR. HARRISON - DAY
M -2 _S BARB - MR. HARRISON

He looks thoroughly uncomfortable and out of place in a smaller room off the hall of the fraternity house. He is on the telephone and is forced to shout as there is so much noise in the hall while the children are putting their coats on and saying "good-bye".

Barb, who by this time has had far too much champagne, leans against the doorpost watching him.

MR. HARRISON
(shouting)
Yes, dear. I'm sure there's nothing
to worry about... yes, I've just been
talking with a friend of hers, and
she's going to call around for me.
(he eyes Barb apprehensively
as she towers over him unsteadily)
...yes, well I don't think we'll be
home this evening. It's a bit late
to head out now.

62. INTERIOR - FRATERNITY HOUSE - PATRICK - PHYL - DAY
M - 2 - S - PATRICK - PHYL

Phil leans against the wall with her arms crossed and Patrick kisses her, reaching around behind to clasp her bottom. Just then, in background, Barb comes by ushering some children out. She stares at Patrick's hand placement.

63. C.U. BARB

BARB

Jesus, they ought to call you Santa Crotch,
instead of Santa Claus.

_Barb moves on. Camera begins dolly around Phyl and Patrick.

64. M - 2 - S PHYL - PATRICK

PHYL

You're going to blow your image, Santa.

PATRICK

Say you're not going away skiing.

PHYL

You're not going away skiing.

PATRICK

Oh, come on.
What's going on?

PHIL

Patrick, I can't take you seriously
with that beard on.

He pulls the beard down under his chin and he kisses
her and looks at her passionately.

PATRICK

I've got a place in the hills not
far from here. Ski slopes, a fireplace.
You'll love it. I love you.

Phyl pulls down on Patrick's Santa beard, stretching
it on its elastic.

PHYL

I love you too...but it'll have to
wait...

She kisses him. He becomes more passionate. She pulls
quickly away letting the beard go which snaps up against
his nose.

PATRICK

Ow!

PHIL DUCKS AWAY AND GOES TO HELP BARB

64. CONTINUED

Patrick looks disgruntled and rubs his nose. The last couple of children are on their way out the door and look at him curiously. He looks at them with exaggerated resentment. He growls...

65. C.U. CHILD

He stares

66. C.U. PATRICK

PATRICK

Beat it, kid!

67. C.U. CHILD

The boy's face puckers, and he starts to cry.

68. C.U. PATRICK

PATRICK

Oh, Christ!

69. INTERIOR - HALL OF MUSIC SCHOOL - PETER - DAY

In a glass phone booth, in a long corridor, Peter is trying to support the receiver with his shoulder, tie his tie and finish dialing the last few digits of a phone number. He stops fidgeting and taps his foot impatiently as it rings several times. There is no answer. He looks at his watch, hangs up angrily and gets his dime back. He steps out into the hall, preoccupied.

Another student passes him

STUDENT

Good luck, Peter.

PETER

(snapping back into focus)

Oh, um, thanks Allan....

Camera pans with Peter as he walks back across the hall to the practice studios, still fussing with his tie.

70. INTERIORS - SORORITY - BATHROOM - JESS - DAY

Camera pans up from the water running noisily into the tub. Jess enters the room wearing a slip. She pins up her hair in front of a large mirror which is steaming up. She finishes and then looks curiously at herself in

70

CONTINUED

the mirror. Her eyes wander down. She grabs a towell and wipes the steam off the mirror. She pulls her slip off over her head, takes off her bra and pants. We see only her back and her face in the mirror. The water thunders into the tub. She looks down and runs her hand over her stomach. She starts suddenly and listens.

71

-JESS-

INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM DAY

40.

A shot of the telephone ringing insisently. In the background, we hear the water upstairs being turned off.

Jess, now in a bathrobe, comes down the stairs, through the hall and into the living room. She picks up the phone.
Camera pans up with the phone and begins to move in on Jess.

JESS

Hello... Hello.

There is silence.

JESS

Hello! Oh, hell, not again!

Suddenly, a woman's voice breaks raspy and vile.

WOMAN

Billy!

JESS

Billy? I'm sorry there's no Billy here.

WOMAN

I know you're there nasty Billy. You answer me this minute!

JESS

Look, you've got the wrong number!

WOMAN

Don't lie to me, I know what you did, nasty Billy.

JESS

(puzzled)

Look, I'm telling you, you have the wrong number.

Suddenly the voice changes from that of a woman's to something that sounds almost sub-human. It wails.

71

CONTINUED

Jess slams the phone down almost involuntarily. She looks down at it with a shudder, not sure exactly what to do.

72

MRS MAC - JESS

Suddenly, Jess jumps as there is a loud banging sound.

In a shot from the ^{Bottom} ~~top~~ of the dark panelled stairway, we see down into the front hall where a figure, distorted out of recognition by the elaborate cut-glass front door stands banging on the door. CAMERA DOLLIES TOWARD THE DOOR AS JESS MOVES TOWARD IT

The front door bell rings and Jess steps around and struggles to open the door.

Mrs. Mac is standing there loaded down with groceries.

JESS

Oh, here, Mrs. Mac. Let me help.

Jess takes a couple of the bags.

MRS. MAC

Thank you, dear. We've got to get Mr. Reynolds over here to fix that door.
(and then under her breath)
I must've called that son-of-a-bitch a dozen times about it.

CAMERA PANS WITH MRS MAC AS

She follows Jess through the house to the kitchen.

73

INTERIOR - KITCHEN - ~~MRS~~ MRS MAC - JESS - DAY

41.

M-2

Mrs. Mac sets the bags down on the counter and Jess starts to unpack the groceries and put them away. Mrs. Mac heads back out to the hall to hang up her coat.

JESS

Oh, Mrs. Mac. There was another one of those calls just now.

MRS. MAC

(voice only - from the hall)
Oh, was there, dear?

JESS

It was crazy ... Some woman, then a man wailing...

74

MRS MAC

INTERIOR - FRONT HALL - DAY

42.

Mrs. Mac hangs up her coat ^{THEN} ~~and shuts the closet door.~~
She reaches up on the shelf and grabs the endless bottle

74 ~~43~~. CONTINUED

of Sherry, takes a swig, ~~EMPTYING~~ IT.

MRS. MAC
(shouting back to her)
It's probably just one of your
boyfriends trying to tease you.

Mrs. Mac glances towards the kitchen and starts to
sneak into the dining room.

75 ~~43~~. INTERIOR - DINING ROOM - ~~MAC~~ MRS-MAC-DAY

43.

MRS. MAC
(sneaking through the room
-- shouting to Jess)
Clare Harrison's father was here
today.

JESS
(voice only)
Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't get to say
good bye to her.

Mrs. Mac opens a cabinet door and peers in.

MRS. MAC
Well, you still might. Clare didn't
meet him where she was supposed to.
(then under her breath)
Goddamn it, I know I put that in here.

76 ~~43~~. INTERIOR - KITCHEN - ~~JESS~~ JESS-DAY

44.

Jess stops putting the groceries away.

JESS
(shouting)
Well, do you know where she is?

MRS. MAC
(voice only)
I thought she probably went over
to the fraternity.

Jess resumes unpacking the groceries.

JESS
(not convinced)
Oh, yeah? Maybe she did.

45.

77. INTERIOR - DINING ROOM - ~~MAC~~ MRS MAC - DAY

45.

MRS. MAC
 (as she finds what she's
 been looking for -- muttering
 under her breath)
 Oh... there you are.
 (she pulls out a bottle of
 Sherry and takes herself a
 shot)
 I knew you were in there.
 (she tosses it back and
 quickly replaces the bottle..
 she closes the cabinet door
 quietly and heads back out
 to the kitchen) CAMERA PANS WITH HER.
 The cat...
 (she clears her throat -- the
 Sherry has quite a bite)
 ... the cat is missing. I haven't
 seen Claude all day.
 (sweetly)
 Here, Claude!

She disappears out of the room, clearing her throat again.

78. EXT

- SERGEANT NASH - PHYL - BARB - MR. HARRISON - DAY.

INTERIOR - POLICE STATION - ~~MAC~~

46.

CAMERA PEERS AT THE GROUP FROM OUTSIDE THE WINDOW OF A
 small local police station, festooned with Christmas
 decorations. A ruddy-faced police sergeant stands behind
 a counter, trying to make sense out of what Phil, Mr.
 Harrison and Barb are trying to tell him about Clare.
 They are all talking at once. Barb is very drunk.

ALL

Well, I know she's not at the sorority
 house. We called there. What are you
 going to do about this? What's the
 procedure? ~~Don't you think maybe we're~~
~~jumping the gun?~~ Nobody's seen her
 since last night.

It's obvious that nothing is being accomplished and the
 sergeant is getting irritated.

79. C.U. NASH

SERGEANT NASH

Please! ... could you just give it
 to me one at a time?

80. D.S. NASH PAVON THE GROUP

BARB (OFF)

(rudely)

Well, what the hell are you going
 to do about it?

8. CONTINUED
 81. MEO-35 BETWEEN PHYLL + BARB FAVOR NASH

SERGEANT
 (staring at her
 and pointing at her)
 And you... just shut up!

BARB
 For a public servant, your attitude
 stinks. I think you should...

SERGEANT
 (eyeing her sternly)
 Shut up!

Barb turns away and stares angrily off into space. CAMERA DOLLIES
 OVER TO EXCLUDE BARB AND INCLUDE MR HARRISON.

SERGEANT
 (to Mr. Harrison)
 Now... Mr. Harrison, if you're convinced
 your daughter's missing, you can fill
 out one of these forms.
 (he pulls a sheaf of papers
 out from a drawer and leafs
 through until he finds the one
 he wants and puts it on the
 counter)
 I don't know if it'll be any consolation
 but 90% of the time girls from the college
 have been reported missing, they've been
 off somewhere at a cabin with their
 boyfriends.

MR. HARRISON
 (~~looking over the form~~) (TURNING TO GO)
 Thanks, but that's not much
 consolation.

CAMERA DOLLIES BACK TO INCLUDE BARB WHO LEANS OVER THE DESK
 PUCNACIOUSLY. IT IS ALMOST COMIC.

BARB
 Yeah, just what are you insinuating?

SERGEANT
 (to Barb)
 Look, why don't you just go to the
 counter over there and fill out the
 form?

HELP HIM

BARB
 No! I want to know what you mean
 by that! Just what do you think we
 are?

82. CONTINUED

83. 3-SHOT PAST NASH FAVOR PHYL + BARB

~~Mr. Harrison looks over the form and takes it across the room to fill it out.~~ Phil looks at Barb with a bored expression.

BARB

Well, I think he should take it back!
He's not talking to me like that!

83. M-3-SHOT FAVOR NASH

SERGEANT

I take it back. I take it back.
I'm sure you girls aren't like that at all.

84. O.S. NASH AS IN 77

BARB

Yes, we are, but it's none of your Goddamn business.

Phil takes Barb by the arm and tries to lead her away.

PHIL

Come on, Barb. You're not helping things here at all.

But Barb pulls her arm away from her and ~~sits in a chair~~ ^{STANDS} by the counter, sulking. Phil shrugs and goes over to the other side of the room to where Mr. Harrison is filling out a form.

The police sergeant back at the counter is writing into a book and leans over the counter to Barb who sits stonily.

SERGEANT

Excuse me... could you tell me the number of the sorority house, please!

Barb looks up at him and her attitude seems to change to one of friendliness. The others are occupied across the room.

BARB

Yeah, sure. It's Fellatio 2-0880.

85. C.U. NASH

SERGEANT

(writes and then stops)

~~Fellatio?~~ WHAT?

86 C.U. BARB

BARB

(with an air of impatience)
It's a new exchange. Fellatio.
F-E.

87. CONTINUED
O.S. BARB FAVOR NASH

SERGEANT
That's a new one on me. How do
you spell it?

Desk Sergeant writes carefully.

BARB
(she turns her back on Nash,
facing camera, examining her
fingernails in feigned
boredom)
Capital F -E- l-l-a-t-i-o...

SERGEANT
Thanks!

BARB
Don't mention it.

88 INT - RECITAL HALL - PETER - THREE PROFESSORS - DAY

Camera starts tight on Peter's hands playing the piano, then pulls back slowly. We see Peter's face in the foreground and in the background we see three older gentlemen sitting in three straight-backed chairs, the only chairs in the room. Their faces are expressionless. Peter plays beautifully. He looks very pleased with himself. Suddenly he makes an obvious error. He looks down at the keys, perplexed and plays on.

89. 3 SHOT - PROFESSORS

an. acute angle looking in profile at the three faces. They might as well be statues.

90. C.U. PETER'S HANDS

They stumble badly.

91. C.U. PETER

Beads of sweat form on his forehead

92. M.S. PROFESSORS

Camera slowly pans the three faces. On the last one Peter makes another blunder.

the gentleman's face registers first the slightest reaction, almost imperceptible.

93 L.S. THE ROOM PETER - THE PROFESSORS

Camera makes a sweeping dolly to Peter similar to the one in the earlier scene with Jess. It ends on a medium shot of Peter with the judge seen in the background. Finally, Peter's torment is over; the piece ends. Peter sits looking straight ahead. The professors stand like three toy soldiers and march past Peter. They stop behind him for a moment, seen only from the waist down.

JUDGE
(VERY FORMALLY)

THANK YOU VERY MUCH MR SMYTHE

The gentlemen walk away. Their footsteps echo across the empty room.

back to script
page 43

93

CONTINUED

51

... 43

Peter stares down at the keyboard, biting his lip as the door closes with a hollow boom and their footsteps fade away down the outer hall.

There is silence. He pokes at a key thoughtfully and looks out at the empty room. The note echoes around the room.

He begins to play but very soon makes a mistake. He stops, composes himself, takes a deep breath and tries again. He plays the passage where he made the mistake earlier. CAMERA DOLLIES SLOWLY IN ON HIM

It begins slowly and quietly but as he approaches the difficult passage he plays with more passion. Tears come into his eyes and run down his cheek. He plays perfectly to the end and stops.

94. C.U. PETER'S HANDS. CAMERA PANS UP TO HIS FACE.

He laughs bitterly. He looks disdainfully at the piano and then around the empty room. He gets up slowly and walks towards the door. As he passes a music stand in the middle of the room with a heavy metal base, he stops and thinks a moment.

CAMERA
FOLLOWS
HIM
AS

He turns, takes the top off it and walks with the base back to the piano. CUT TO BLACK. The camera is shooting the raised top of the grand piano. It moves and is suddenly flipped roughly back. It teeters for a second then noisily wrenches off its hinges and falls with a huge clatter to the floor.

95 M.S.
PETER

Peter can now be seen standing on the far side of the piano with a malicious look on his face and the music stand over his shoulder. He raises it and slams it viciously into the works of the piano.

The sound booms around the room. He methodically slams it violently with all his strength several times. Strings snap and chips of wood fly. He stops as suddenly as he began. He sets the base down and coolly surveys his handiwork. CAMERA DOLLIES AROUND TO PEER DOWN INTO THE RUINED WORKS OF THE PIANO. WE

HEAR PETER turn away and calmly walk down the room and out the door. It slams hollowly behind him.

96 INTERIOR - HOCKEY RINK - ~~WINTER~~ JESS-CHRIS-HOCKEY PLAYERS-NIGHT 48.

The hollow booming sound carries over into a large bright skating rink where a hockey practice is taking place. The players skate around passing the puck back and forth and then line up on the blue line and fire shots at the goalie who is well padded and wears a mask. CAMERA PANS TO SEE

CAMERA DOLLIES BEHIND
HER AS SHE ... 44

96

42. CONTINUED

~~At the far end of the building a small door opens and~~
 Jess enters. She glances around and ~~then~~ walks around ~~the~~ TO THE
 side of the rink, down to where the players are. She
 stands behind the screen -- directly behind the goalie,
 trying to attract his attention. But there is too much
 noise on the ice.

Finally, she puts two fingers in her lips and whistles
 loudly. The practice stops. The goalie turns to her.

97, REVERSE FROM BEHIND THE GOALIE JESS IN BACKGROUND.

JESS

(gesturing at him)

Can I see you?

CAMERA MOVES BEHIND
HIM.

The goalie, still with his mask on, nods at her, waves
 at the other players and skates over to her. They speak
 through the wire screen.

JESS

Have you seen Clare today?

CHRIS

No... she went home.

JESS

No. She didn't. No one knows
 where she is.

Chris pushes the mask back onto his head.

CHRIS

What?...

~~INTERIOR - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT~~

49.

~~Jess sits on a bench in the empty locker room. In the
 background a shower is running.~~

JESS

(shouting over the sound
 of the ~~shower~~ HOCKEY GAME.

I thought maybe she was with you
 or at least you might have heard
 from her.

~~Chris is in the shower.~~

98. REVERSE OS JESS FAVOR CHRIS

CHRIS

No... not since last night. It
 sounds a bit alarmist, but maybe
 we should go to the police.

98

CONTINUED

JESS

Her father already did this afternoon,
with Phil and Barb. The police didn't
take it seriously.

Chris turns off the shower and grabs a towel. He comes
into the dressing room to a locker on the opposite side
of the bank of lockers from where Jess sits.

CHRIS

What? Why not?

JESS

I think they figured she was shackled
up somewhere.

~~Chris opens his locker and shakes his head in exasperation.~~

INTERIOR - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

50.

MRS MAC - PHIL - MR HARRISON - BARB

In the dim light of the dining room, Mr. Harrison sits at
the table. Phil sits opposite him and Barb sits slouched
in a big chair in a corner of the room with a drink.

~~Mrs. Mac enters the room. MRS MAC SITS AT THE END.~~

MRS. MAC

Mr. Harrison, really I do wish you'd
eat something. Starving yourself isn't
going to help the situation at all.

He rises to clear the dishes

100 C.U. MR HARRISON

MR. HARRISON

No, thank you very much, Mrs. MacHenry.
I just have no appetite. I feel like
I should be doing something but I don't
know what.

Mrs Mac moves behind him. Camera tilts up to include her

MRS. MAC

Well, just stop worrying. The best
thing you can do is wait here and I'm
sure she'll call or show up soon.

She goes back out to the kitchen. CAMERA PANS WITH HER UNTIL
SHE CROSSES BARB THEN LETS HER OUT HOLDING ON BARB

MR. HARRISON (OFF)

I just wish I knew what to do.

~~There is silence and then from the dark corner of the
room where Barb sits...~~

CAMERA MOVES IN ON BARB.

BARB

(she is even more drunk
than before)

Did you know?... and this is a

100. CONTINUED

BARB (CONTINUED)

Little -known fact....

(pause)

There are some species of turtles...

(she stands for emphasis - camera follows her)

or is it tortoises...no, it's turtles. There are some species of turtles... that screw for three days without stopping...

101. M.S. MR. HARRISON - PHYL - MRS. MAC - WHO ENTERS THE SHOT

They all look up at her dumbfounded.

102. M.S. BARB

She falls back into the chair for dramatic emphasis.



BARB

(Oblivious)

Oh, yes,... you may not believe me but I'm not making it up. They screw for three days.

Mr. Harrison's mouth hangs open. Mrs. Mac tries to intervene.

103. C.U. MRS. MAC

MRS. MAC

Barb, dear.....

104. M.S. BARB

BARB

You don't believe me, do you? Well, it's true... three days without stopping! I'm lucky if I can get three minutes. Three days, honest injun, I know, cause I went to the zoo to watch 'em. It's very boring. I didn't stay for the whole three days actually, I went over to watch the zebras... they only take about 30 seconds.

She starts to giggle insanely. She spins off in a paroxysm of drunken laughter.

105. 3-SHOT - PHYL- MR. HARRISON - MRS. MAC

The others stare embarrassed, not sure what to do. Finally, Barb stops abruptly and stares at them.

106. C.U. BARB

BARB

(appearing almost sober)

54 A

~~54~~

106. CONTINUED

BARB

You think it's my fault, don't
you?!

107. C.U. PHYL

PHYL

Barb, stop it.

54B

~~5. CONTINUED~~
108 M.S. BARB SEEN PAST MR HARRISON IN F.G. ...

BARB

Don't shit me! Why don't you just come out and say it? Go ahead, say it! Say it! You think I drove her off ... If she's dead, you're going to blame me!

109 C.U. MR. HARRISON, -

They are stricken, there is a long silence. Mr. Harrison sits back ~~down~~.

110 2-SHOT MRS MAC PHIL

PHIL

Barb, for God's sake!

111 C.U. BARB

BARB

(she can't go back now)
That's what we're all thinking.
Why don't you just say it.

She starts to sob.

112 M-2-S MRS MAC PHIL Camera pans with Mrs Mac as she goes to Barb.
MRS. MAC

Barb, you don't know what you're saying. You've had too much to drink, dear. Mr. Harrison is going to have a very poor impression of this house.

BARB

I don't give a shit. I'm sick of people insinuating things around here and never coming out and saying what they really mean.

She stands unsteadily.

113 C.U. PHIL

PHIL

Barb, why don't you go up and lie down for a while?

114 M-2-S BARB. MRS MAC

BARB

Oh, shut up!
(pulling away from Mrs. Mac)

And leave me alone, Goddamn it!
I know you think it's my fault!
You've been implying it all afternoon!

115 M-2-S MR HARRISON SEEN IN B.G. BEHIND PHIL
Phil rolls her eyes.

PHIL

Barbara, you're drunk! Go to bed!

116 C.U. BARB

Barb looks at them angrily and then storms out of the room. ~~The others watch her leave with curiosity.~~

117. M-2-S AS IN 109 Camera moves off Phil as she turns to look at Mr Harrison. Camera moves in on him as he closes his eyes.

INTERIOR - LIEUTENANT FULLER'S OFFICE - ~~MRS QUIRRE~~ - LEIUT FULLER - 51.
POLICE STATION - NIGHT

51.

(fighting back tears)

Janice plays Clarinet.
Camera dollies around to include a man sitting

Across a desk in an office lined with maps and files, Lieutenant KEN FULLER watches her and listens sympathetically. He is thirty-five, ambitious, a native of the town and bright.

119. O.S. FULLER FAVOR MRS QUARFEE

When she didn't come home, I called Melady Greene's place, ... that's her best friend, but they hadn't seen her all day. She's only thirteen, Lieutenant, and my husband's a trucker. He's on the road. So, I came over here.

LIEUTENANT FULLER (TURNING PROFILE)

How long is it since anyone saw her, Mrs. Quaife?

Well, not since band practice, this morning.

120

~~5.~~ INTERIOR - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

52.

CAMERA FOLLOWS, 1

~~Jess and Chris come~~ into the main section of the police station and up to the counter. Sergeant Nash rises from his desk.

Here's our star goalie! How's the boy, Chris?

Listen, Nash, you stupid son-of-a-bitch! ~~YOU GOT A~~
~~YOU'D JUST BETTER WATCH WHAT YOU SAY~~ **BIG FUCKING MOUTH**
~~ABOUT CLARE HARRISON BEING SHACKED UP~~
~~SOMEWHERE~~

SERGEANT NASH (DUMBBPUNOEO)

What the hell are you talking about?

120
~~52.~~

CONTINUED

Just then across the room a door opens and Lieutenant Fuller steps out. He is surprised to see Chris.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Hi, Chris. How's your brother?
I haven't seen...

Chris raises the door in the counter and walks through the main room towards Fuller. Jess follows him. *CAMERA DOLLIES BEHIND.*

CHRIS

I've got to talk to you, Ken.

Fuller pulls his office door shut behind him.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Yeah? What is it?

121 REVERSE SHOWING NASH IN B.G.

CHRIS

I want to know why nothing's been done about Clare Harrison being missing ... and how this schmuck gets away with saying the things he does?
(gesturing at Sergeant Nash)

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Why? Do you know her?

CHRIS

Yeah, I've been taking her out.
(remembering Jess)
Oh. This is Jess Bradford. She lives at the same sorority house as Clare... Jess, this is Ken Fuller.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

(nods hello to Jess
-- he opens his office door
and gestures to them to enter)
Come on in for a minute.
(they disappear into the office)
(then to Sergeant Nash)
Sergeant, get me the file on the Harrison girl.

122. C.U. NASH *He shakes his head wearily.*52. INTERIOR - FRONT HALL - ~~REVERSE~~ MRS MAC - JESS - CHRIS - NIGHT 53.

123. Jess and Chris push the big front door open and enter the hall. Through the cut glass door, we see a distorted figure come forward to answer the insistent ringing Mrs Mac pulls open the door. Chris and Jess enter.

~~50.~~ CONTINUED

~~Mrs. Mac, hearing them, has come out into the hall.~~

MRS. MAC

Any news ~~on Clare?~~

Jess and Chris sweep past her

JESS

Yes. Where's Mr. Harrison?

Mrs Mac closer to door

~~50.~~ INTERIOR - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

~~TO NOTEBOOK PAGE 50~~

54.

~~51.~~ Jess, Chris and Mrs. Mac enter the dining room. Mr. Harrison and Phil rise from the table.

MRS. MAC

Mr. Harrison, I think you've met Jessica Bradford and this is the young man I told you about this afternoon... Christopher Hayden.

MR. HARRISON

(shaking his head, but eyeing him warily)

How do you do?

CHRIS

Hello, sir.

MR. HARRISON

~~Young man,~~ I'm very surprised to hear that you've been taking out my daughter. I'm disturbed that Clare has hidden this from her mother and me.

CHRIS

Mr. Harrison, we were going to tell you next week. I was going to drive down to see Clare at your place and we...

JESS

(interrupting)

Excuse me, I think it might be a little more to the point to tell you why Chris is here, Mr. Harrison.

CHRIS

Jess and I just came from the police station. Now, I'm sure there's nothing to get concerned about, but there's another girl missing. A kid from the high school. So, the police are forming

124 - EXT - INT - DINING ROOM - MRS MAC - MR HARRISON - JESS - CHRIS - PHIL - NE

Cut to the subjective hand held camera. We hear the breathing as the camera peers into the dining room window. We cannot hear a word, but we see Jess and Chris enter the room to be introduced to Mr Harrison. They converse a minute then they all leave the room. Camera clucks below window.

125 - EX - INT - FRONT HALL - THE GROUP AS IN 118 - NIGHT

Objective shot looking at the front door. It opens and we see Phil and Mr Harrison putting on their coats.

MRS MAC

GIRLS, IT'S TERRIBLY COLD OUT!

JESS

WE WON'T BE VERY LONG

MRS MAC

They head out the front door.

Phil
(closing it back)

HAVE A LOOK IN ON BARB
WOULD YOU MR'S MAC.

They pass out of frame leaving Mrs Mac
standing at the front door.

MRS MAC

YES, DEAR, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE
BUNDLE UP. ... FIND BE CAREFUL.

We hear the other screaming. Mrs Mac
stares after them. Slowly she closes the door
leaving us in black.

BACK TO SCRIPT
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126
58.INTERIOR - BARB'S ROOM ~~REVEAL~~ MRS MAC - BARB - NIGHT

58.

STAY IN BLACK. Suddenly, the screen lights up as a lamp comes on the frame. It is on a bedside table in Barb's room.

COMES IN AND

Mrs. Mac sits on the bed beside Barb who has passed out, and takes a drink. She talks to the unconscious girl.

Camera moves with her as she undresses Barb

MRS. MAC

God. You don't know how well off you are.

(she puts her drink down on the bedside table -- she is only slightly smashed -- she pulls Barb's shoes off and starts to undress her)

I'm telling you. I must be the best Goddamn house mother on campus ~~to look after you girls this way.~~

(she takes another drink and struggles with the girl's body to get her blouse off)

If they were to give out an award for the best house mother, I'll bet I'd get it.

(Barb's leg is wrapped around Mrs. Mac's shoulder awkwardly as the old lady takes another sip of her drink -- Mrs. Mac puts down her drink and looks at Barb)

What a slob!... twelve years I've been looking after girls like you.

And no gratitude at all. ~~SHIT~~ YOU'D THINK I'D AT LEAST

(she roughly pulls off Barb's skirt and tosses it across the room onto a chair

-- she grunts as she rolls Barb over to take off her bra -- she takes another drink and glances around the room inquiringly)

Boy, I should've been smart like my sister and married a man with money.

(she leans back, dreaming of such a life, and rests her glass with the ice cubes on Barb's bare back)

Boy, what a life I'd have... Florida every winter.

(Barb stirs and moans and tries to swat at the cold drink on her back -- seeing what she's done, Mrs. Mac quickly moves the drink and puts it back on the table)

MRS. MAC (CONTINUED)

~~Oh~~, sorry honey.

(she rubs Barb's back --
Barb moans again)

It's okay, honey. Mrs. Mac is
here. She'll take care of you.

(she takes another drink)

It's okay.

121

~~50. EXTERIOR - PARK - NIGHT~~

~~IN AN EXTREME LONG SHOT WE SEE LT FULLER STANDING UP ON A~~
Several police cars stand in front of the public monument
in the park. About fifty people, mostly from the town,
are in the park being addressed by Lieutenant Fuller on a
bullhorn. WE SEE TWO TEAMS OF HUNTING DOGS AND SEVERAL SNOWMOBILES.

122

Through a window, we see Mrs. Quaife sitting alone in the
back of a squad car. She bites her nails, listening
nervously.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

(from the steps of the monument)

Mrs. Quaife and Mr. Harrison have
asked me to express their thanks to
you for coming out on such a cold
night to help.

(shot of Mr. Harrison
standing watching him with
Jess, Chris and Phil)

Now, Mrs. Quaife has told us that
Janice would very likely have come
through this park on her way home
from school this afternoon. So, the
first thing we're going to do is comb
this park. I'd like everyone to spread
out evenly across the south edge of the
park and we'll walk through. Now make
sure those who have flashlights with
them are spread across evenly and not
all bunched up in one section!

(shots of various people
in the group)

Once we get to the other side, we'll
start knocking on doors around the high
school and work our way over towards the
college. Now, if anyone finds anything,
send someone out right away to tell the
others. Okay? Let's go!

The group breaks up and begins to spread noisily across
the lower section of the park.

~~50~~ 62

127 - EXT - PARK - FULLER - QUAIFE - HARRISON - JESS - PHYL - EXTRAS - NIGHT

In an extreme long shot we see
Lieutenant Fuller with a bullhorn standing
on the base of a statue giving instructions
to a crowd of about fifty people plus
two teams of hunting dogs and several
snow mobiles.

FULLER

MRS QUAIFE AND MR HARRISON HAVE ASKED
ME TO EXPRESS THEIR THANKS TO YOU FOR COMING
OUT ON SUCH A COLD NIGHT TO HELP

128 L.S. FULLER - MRS QUAIFE

Through a squall car window, we see
Mrs Quaipe staring straight ahead fearfully.
In the Background Fuller continues

FULLER

NOW, MRS QUAIFE HAS TOLD US
THAT JANICE WOULD VERY LIKELY HAVE
COME THROUGH THIS PARK ON HER WAY

63

HOME FROM SCHOOL THIS AFTERNOON.

M.S. THE DOGS STAYING ON THEIR LEASHES

FULLER

-- SO THE FIRST THING WE'RE GOING
TO DO IS COMB THIS PARK

130 M.S. - MR HARRISON - EXTRA'S

MR HARRISON STAPES FIRMLY UP AT
FULLER SEVERAL OF THE TOWNS PEOPLE
PEER OVER AT HIM IN THE BACKGROUND,
OBVIOUSLY IN SYMPATHY

FULLER

I'D LIKE EVERYONE TO SPREAD
OUT EVENLY ACROSS THE SOUTH
EDGE OF THE PARK AND WE'LL WALK
THROUGH.

131 M.S. FULLER

FULLER

64

TEAMS WILL LEAD THE WAY,
SPREAD OUT BEHIND THEM MATT!
YOU AND CARLY---

132 M.S THE SNOWMOBILE'S ROLLING UP.

FULLER

... AND GEORGE, GO OUT ON
THE FLANKS THE FUMES'LL MESS
UP THE DOGS, AND DON'T GO MORE
THEN TEN MILES AN HOUR OR YOU'LL BE
NO USE TO US.

133 M.S JESS + CHRIS + PHIL

CHRIS IS RUBBING JESS'S SHOULDER
HELPING HIM TO WARM UP.

FULLER

ONCE WE GET TO THE OTHER
SIDE, WE'LL START WORKING OUR WAY
OVER TO THE COLLEGE.

134 L.S. THE SCENE

65

1000 R

NOW IF ANYONE FINDS ANYTHING
SEND SOMEONE OUT RIGHT AWAY TO
TELL THE OTHERS. ALRIGHT, LET'S GO.

The snowmobiles fan out. The dogs go
leaping off and the search party surges
forward. There is much yapping and shouting.

BACK TO SCRIPT
FOR EDIT

~~8~~ CONTINUED

The noise of many footsteps in the snow and cars and people shouting back and forth continues as the camera tilts up the front of the monument, through the bare branches of trees, to the night sky where clouds race across the moon.

135
~~60~~

EXTERIOR - HOUSE - ~~NIGHT~~ PETER - NIGHT

60.

~~DISSOLVE~~ ^{CUT} to a new shot of the moon. There is silence. Slowly the camera tilts down gradually revealing the sorority house in a very long shot. The silence is broken by the sound of footsteps in the snow and a figure walks into frame. He squats on his heels against a tree and looks at the big sorority house across the street for a few seconds. As he turns his head, we see that it is Peter.

He glances at his watch, rubs his forehead thoughtfully, and then rises and walks out of the frame. The shot stays on the house as his footsteps recede in the crisp snow.

136
~~61~~

INTERIOR - ATTIC - ~~NIGHT~~ CLAUDE - NIGHT

61.

~~DISSOLVE~~ ^A shot of the gloomy attic. Moonlight comes in through the window and the cat wanders through the array of trunks and boxes.

Suddenly, it leaps and lands on the lap of Clare's corpse in the rocking chair which begins to move back and forth. The cat rubs lovingly against Clare. The camera moves up to her face wrapped in plastic, staring emptily as it rocks just slightly back and forth in the moonlight.

137
~~62~~

INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~NIGHT~~ - MRS MAC - NIGHT

62.

At a desk in the living room, Mrs. Mac sits, now dressed in a wool suit and matching hat for travelling. She sips on a drink and writes a note. She signs it, takes another gulp of her drink, picks up the note and begins reading it in a low mumbling monotone.

As she reads in the big old empty house, the camera shoots her from odd angles, occasionally with foreground objects and shows several shots of the dark empty dining room and the long dark stairway leading to the second floor.

137. CONTINUED

MRS. MAC

Dear Girls,....
 (she stops and dots the "i")
 Mrs. Mac is deeply sorry...
 (she sips her drink)
 but she has to go away tonight. I
 know I am obligated to stay until
 all of you girls have left the house
 for the holidays, but...
 (she stops and crosses the "t")

138. L.S. THE EMPTY HALLWAY

I'm sure you will understand that this
 is the only time I could get a ticket
 to go for Christmas to my sister's.

139. L.S. THE STAIRWAY

I'm sure that Clare will show up. Please
 say "good bye" to Mr. Harrison.

140. M.S. THE TRAP DOOR

Merry Christmas to all of you
 Love, Mrs. Mac
 (she sips her drink and thinks a moment)
 Oh.
 (she writes again)
 P.S. I still cannot find Claude. Could
 you keep an eye out for him?

141. M.S. SHOT - MRS. MAC

MR. Reynolds said that he would feed him
 over the holidays...

She pulls a piece of tape off a roll on the desk.
 Camera follows here as she rises and tapes the note to the
 front of the Christmas tree. She glances at her watch
 and hurries out into the hall and up the stairs.

142. INTERIOR - ATTIC - NIGHT

There is the sound of heavy rasping, animal-like breathing
 as a wide-angle lens on the subjective camera PANS AROUND
 the filthy attic. Then there is the whispering sound of a
 man shivering with fear.

CALLER

Oh G-God. No! Please! Stop me!
 Please!

Then there is ominous silence and we hear the soft purring
 of a cat and then the sound of it meowing. The cat is nowhere in
 sight.

143. INTERIOR - MRS. MAC'S ROOM - MRS. MAC - NIGHT

Camera pans with Mrws. Mac as she hurries into the room where one bag stands packed and ready by the door and another lies open on the bed. She scurries about the room, grabbing a couple of last things

143. CONTINUED

ANDtossing them into the suitcase. She pulls the negligee that the girls gave her out of the box and holds it up in front of her. She looks across the room into the mirror and hums and does a couple of dance steps from the routine that she did for the girls.

She stops as quickly as she started. Tosses the negligee into the suitcase on the bed and closes it.

She is pushing the snaps shut when she hears the sound of a car horn.

144. INTERIOR - EXTERIOR - L.S. - O.S. MRS. MAC TO TAXI

She pulls back the curtain and sees a taxi waiting for her down on the street.

MRS. MAC

(muttering)

All right, Goddamn, it. I hear you

Camera pans with her as she pulls the bag off the bed, turns out the light, picks up the other bag and heads out the door.

145. INTERIOR - UPPER HALL - MRS. MAC - NIGHT

Camera dollies back as Mrs. Mac comes out of her room and is about to go down the stairs when she sops and listens. She hears the sound of the cat.

MRS. MAC

Claude!

(she sets her bags down
and listens)

Where are you? Now you stop hiding
like this!

(she heads down the hall)

Goddamn it, Claude, you're going to make me
late!

(she listens at all of
the doors to the rooms)

Come and say good bye to Mamma,
Claude!

(she eventually wends her way to the
stairs leading to the attic
trapdoor -- she listens)

146. C.U. TRAP DOOR

147. M.S. - MRS. MAC

How the hell did you get up there?

(she walks up the stairs

to the trapdoor and starts

to push it open -- the taxi
driver honks his horn

69A

... ~~REA~~

147. CONTINUED

again impatiently -- Mrs.
Mac. stops)
Oh shut up! You can wait.

148 - INTERIOR - ATTIC - MRS MAC - NIGHT

Hand held subject shot with breathing
The trap door creaks eerily as
she pushes it open and Climbs up
another step. Her head comes into
view lit weirdly from below. Suddenly
Mrs Mac exclaims and bends out of
frame.

149 INT UPPER HALLWAY MRS MAC NIGHT

From directly below, we see Mrs Mac
bend over to tend to a stocking she
has torn on a nail.

MRS MAC

DAMN IT CLAUDE, LOOK WHAT YOU
MADE ME DO, (She looks back up)
COME ON CLAUDE. HERE KITTY, KITTY
KITTY.

Dimly in the half light, we are aware
of something swaying above Mrs Mac's head
She does not see it. Camera zooms slowly
toward the object until we can make it
out. It is noose dangling above Mrs Mac
head.

150 INT - ATTIC - MRS MAC - NIGHT

Objective shot head on Mrs Mac. She squints her eyes trying to adjust to the darkness.

MRS MAC

I'VE GOT TO CLEAN THIS MESS UP ONE OF THESE DAYS. COME ON CLAUDE, I CAN'T SEE A DAMNED THING, HERE KITTY (The horn honks insistently from outside) Here Claude, Here Kitty Good damn it Claude I'm gonna have you fixed.

Suddenly she stops and peers into the gloom a puzzled look coming over her face. Immediately the look turns to one of horror.

151 Zoom - Camera zooms rapidly into a tight shot of Claude's grotesque visage.

152 M.S. MRS MAC

She jumps, tumbling back on the ladder we hear a loud thump Mrs Mac looks up.

153. M.S. THE ROPE, FROM Mrs Mac's Point of view, we see the dangling rope start to fall.

154 M.S. Camera in the rope, it falls toward the terrified and helpless Mrs Mac.

155 M.S. Subjective hand held shot. We see the rope grow taut over the rafters.

156 INT - UPPER HALLWAY - MRS MAC - NIGHT.

We see the bottom half of Mrs Mac jerked up thru the trapdoor into the attic. We hear her struggle.

157 INT - FRONT HALL - TAXI DRIVER - NIGHT

The taxi driver has come on to the front porch and we see him through the distortion of the cut glass front door as he rings the bell insistently. Finally he stops ringing and pounds

back to garage
P. 11 E 519

157

-69- CONTINUED

DRIVER

Hey! Is anybody there?

There is silence. He shrugs, turns away and goes down the stairs.

158

~~68~~ INTERIOR - UPPER HALL - NIGHT

There is the creak of rusty hinges as the attic trapdoor is slowly lowered.

159

~~70~~ INTERIOR/EXTERIOR - ATTIC - ~~INTERIOR~~ ^{SUBJECTIVE} MRS MACDUMMY - NIGHT

Extreme high-angle ^{shot} the attic window as the cab driver walks away from the front of the house. He opens the car door and looks curiously up at the big silent house, gets in the car and turns it around. His headlights flare in the lens.

There is the sound of heavy breathing which becomes louder and heavier until it is almost deafening. The subjective camera growls and shrieks and then rages through the attic violently.

Mrs. Mac's hanging body is smashed aside and swings in a broad arc. The camera feels and sounds like a ferocious trapped animal.

It slams up against a wall and turns careening through the attic again with an agonized wail, knocking over a chair and breaking the rocking horse with almost super-human strength. It crashes viciously to a corner with the sound of breaking glass and gags and hisses and growls. It shakes about on the floor and whimpers until the sounds become more human, like a man crying.

160

~~71~~ ^{PARK - JESS - PHYL - CHRIS - MR HARRISON - NIGHT}
EXTERIOR - ~~INTERIOR~~ - ~~NIGHT~~

^{SNOWMOBILE HEADLIGHT}
The beam of a powerful ~~flashlight~~ flares in the lens, ^{THEN MOVES}
Past. Several figures are silouetted against the snow as they cross the park. Lights of houses can be seen beyond them.

Jess runs up past the others to Chris.

JESS

Hey! I'm going to have to split.
(Phil comes over to them)
Peter's coming over to the house
and I can't miss him. I'm late
already.

160

~~74~~ CONTINUED

74

... 68

MR. HARRISON
(coming up, out of breath)
My God, it's cold.

~~CHRIS~~
~~Don't worry, Jess. There are lots~~
~~of people out.~~

PHIL
Yeah, I'll be coming home very soon too.
I'm freezing.

CHRIS
We'll let you know if anything happens.

JESS
Okay, thanks. See you later.

ALL
Yeah. Bye Jess.

Jess runs off down the park to the street. In the background, we hear voices shouting "Janice!" and "Clare!".

~~CHRIS~~
~~Do you want to go back to the house~~
~~Mr. Harrison?~~

~~MR. HARRISON~~
~~Oh, my, no. Not until we've found~~
~~out where Clare is.~~

~~CHRIS~~
~~Okay. We're almost across the park~~
~~and then we'll go somewhere and get~~
~~some coffee or something hot.~~

~~MR. HARRISON~~
~~(his heart really not in it)~~
~~Oh, good...~~

They trudge off towards the lights.

161

~~74~~ INTERIOR/EXTERIOR - ATTIC - ~~NIGHT~~ MRS MAC DUMMY-NIGHT

72.

~~DISSOLVE to a shot of the night sky.~~ The camera tilts to show the curving spires and delicate ironwork lightening rods on the gabled roof of the old Edwardian house. The wind howls. The slate shingles gleam like silver in the

161

~~72.~~

CONTINUED

moonlight as the camera begins a languid crane down from the rooftop, past the eaves to the attic window where the warm glow from a candle burning casts a shadow against the wall of Mrs. Mac's body swinging from the rafter.

A jarring scream cuts in hard and loud.

162

~~73.~~

EXTERIOR - PARK - ~~NIGHT~~ SCREAMING GIRL - BOY - NIGHT

73.

The scream carries over. TIGHT CLOSE-UP of a girl's face, horrified, screaming. Two boys run into frame and are equally aghast. One starts running through a wooded area shouting hysterically for Lieutenant Fuller.

BOY

Hey! Get someone over here!

The other boy at the scene turns and wretches. Still others arrive and stare down horrified and turn away.

163

~~74.~~

EXTERIOR - ROAD NEAR PARK - ~~NIGHT~~ MR HARRISON - NIGHT

74.

Mr. Harrison is standing with a group of people in front of his car drinking hot coffee. He hears the boy's voice. He gives the others a hopeful look and runs off into the park.

~~75.~~

EXTERIOR - PARK - NIGHT

75.

As Mr. Harrison runs through the park, his face shows a mixture of anticipation and dread.

164

~~76.~~

EXTERIOR - PARK - NIGHT

76.

Several more people have arrived at the scene and they all just stare at a spot out of the frame.

164

~~77.~~

EXTERIOR - PARK - ~~NIGHT~~ CHRIS PHYL - NIGHT

77.

Phil and Chris hear the boy shouting for the police and run towards the sound.

165

~~78.~~

EXTERIOR - ROAD NEAR PARK - ~~NIGHT~~ MRS QUATIEC - POLICEMAN - NIGHT

78.

Mrs. Quaife, still sitting in the back seat of a squad car, sees people running past into the park. She looks around

165
78.

CONTINUED

in alarm hearing the shouting and gets out of the car. A policeman takes her by the arm and tries to get her back into the car.

POLICEMAN

It's all right, Mrs. Quaife. Why don't you just wait here?

MRS. QUAIFE

(becoming hysterical
and pulling away from him)
No! ~~God damn it!~~ Leave me alone!
(she starts to run with
the people passing the car)
They found Janice! Didn't they?
They found my baby! I know it!
(pulling away from the
policeman again)
Let me go! ~~Damn it!~~ Where is she?
(she grabs someone
running past)
Where is she? Tell me!
(she runs off into the
park)
~~God damn it!~~ Tell me where she is!!!

166

~~79.~~ EXTERIOR - PARK - ~~NIGHT~~ MR HARRISON - NIGHT

79.

MR. HARRISON

(still running, he shouts)
Where are you?

Voices call out to him and he runs towards a group.

167

~~80.~~ EXTERIOR - PARK - ~~NIGHT~~ CHRIS-PHYL - MR HARRISON - MRS QUAIFE - NIGHT, 80.

Chris is there looking ill. Mr. Harrison rushes up. His face registers shock and revulsion.

Mrs. Quaife runs to the scene, still crying out for Janice. She reaches the group and is silent for a second as the full impact of the scene hits her. Her face contorts in agony and she is about to scream.

168

~~81.~~ INTERIOR/EXTERIOR - ~~HOUSE~~ - ~~NIGHT~~ MRS MAC'S DUMMY - NIGHT 81.

In a shot from outside the attic window we see Mrs. Mac's body, no longer swinging, hanging in the attic. There is silence. She is lit harshly from below. There is a long, quiet pause.

168

~~82.~~ CONTINUED

The jangling ringing of a very loud telephone cuts harshly into the silence.

169

~~82.~~ INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~NIGHT~~ JESS - NIGHT,

82

TIGHT SHOT of a telephone. It is ringing very loudly. HOLD on the telephone as there is a sound of a door being opened and then slammed shut.

A hand wearing a mitt reaches into frame and picks up the receiver. The camera follows it up to Jess's face. She is breathing very hard and her cheeks are red from running in the cold.

JESS

Hello...

She struggles with her coat, trying to get it off, but she stops suddenly realizing that this is the obscene caller again.

This call is as bizarre as it can possibly be made, demonstrating very clearly the magnitude of the caller's psychotic state. The sound of his voice is very loud. He speaks in several widely varying voices, changing fluently from one to another. Some of the sounds are not at all human and punctuated with gagging growls and wheezing. The caller never speaks directly to Jess except in one rasping male voice pleading for help. It is almost as if the other voices are acting out a sequence having nothing at all to do with Jess.

JESS

Hello. Look, who is this?

CALLER

(there is quiet moaning which changes to the sound of a little girl crying and then which builds quickly to where she is screaming in agony, gasping for breath -- this changes abruptly to a man's voice, pleading softly)
Help me! Stop me! Please! Oh, God!
Please! Stop me!

JESS

(confused and very frightened by the call)
What do you want? Why are you doing this? ~~Stop it! Stop this!~~

~~169.~~ CONTINUED

CALLER

(there is a choking sound from which the sounds of a woman's voice, very similar to the woman's voice in the earlier call, emerges, crying)
Now look here! I know that he just isn't capable of such a thing!

JESS

Who are you? For God's sake, what are you doing?

CALLER

(the woman begins crying, sobbing incoherently -- the voice becomes a man, harsh and ugly)
You bitch! I'll fix you!

JESS

(very frightened now)
Stop it! ~~Stop doing this to me!~~ *Why are you*

doing this to me?

CALLER

(there is gasping and a loud wheezing -- then the little girl cries again -- the effect is somehow disgusting)

Jess hangs up the phone, looks at it nauseated, and very confused.

JESS

(shaking her head angrily)
Jesus Christ!

170

~~83.~~ INTERIOR - FRONT HALL - ~~NIGHT~~ JESS - NIGHT

83.

Jess hurries out into the hall to the bottom of the stairs.
CAMERA LOOKS DOWN ON HER FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

JESS

(shouting up the stairs)
Mrs. Mac? Hey, Mrs. Mac! Are you home? Hello?

There is only silence. ~~Start of Jess from behind a door at the top of the stairs as~~ She looks nervously around the hall and walks away.

171

~~84~~ INTERIOR - ATTIC - ~~NIGHT~~ MRS MAC'S DUMMY - NIGHT 84.

Quick cut of Mrs. Mac's face, severely contorted in death, hanging in the attic.

172

~~85~~ INTERIOR - KITCHEN AND BACK HALL - ~~NIGHT~~ JESS - NIGHT 85.

CAMERA FOLLOW JESS AS SHE

~~Jess~~ walks quickly through the kitchen pulling off her coat and hangs it up in the dark back hall.

173

~~86~~ INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~NIGHT~~ JESS - NIGHT 86.

Shot of the telephone. Jess picks it up and dials. The sound is very loud. She is very agitated.

174-JESS

As she is dialing, cut to a shot from the top of the stairs of Jess, with her back to the hall, down in the living room. In a hand-held shot, the camera begins to move slowly down the stairs towards her. We stay on this shot and her voice becomes clearer as the camera moves closer to her.

JESS

Hello... yes, I've been getting obscene phone calls and I want to know what can be done about it... yes... all-right, I'll hold. But only for a minute...

Jess waits. The camera has moved into the room right up behind her. She turns quickly and gasps.

175 C.V. It is Peter.

176 M-2-5 OVER PETER TO JESS

JESS

Peter! My God! You nearly scared the life out of me! Why didn't you say something? I thought Barb was the only one in the house.

Camera follows Peter as he walks over

Peter yawns and tosses his coat over a chair casually. He leans over and picks up a nutcracker and some pecans. Camera follows him back to Jess

~~PETER~~

Yeah? Well you scared the hell out of me too. ~~Yelling for Mrs. Mac like that. I was just taking a little nap on your bed. I hope you don't mind, but it got mighty cold waiting for you.~~

PETER

YEAH WELL YOU SCARED THE HELL OUT ME TOO. WHAT WAS ALL THE YELLING. I WAS

TAKING A NAP. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND BUT IT GOT COLD WAITING FOR YOU.

JESS

~~JESS~~
I'm sorry I'm late, Peter.

I'M SORRY I WAS LATE, PETER.

176
~~86~~

CONTINUED

PETER

YEAH!

~~PETER~~

You have absolutely no consideration
for me whatsoever.

He crosses the scene

JESS

(firmly)

IS MISSING

~~Peter, Clare Harrison is missing.~~

I was out with a search party looking
for her. ~~I ran all the way home!~~

(into telephone)

Yes? Hello?

PETER

(smugly)

How noble.

He moves out of frame leaving Jess in a single.

JESS

(into telephone)

Hello. What's going on down there?

I want to report something!... no,

I don't want to hold!

(then shakes her head,
exasperated -- she tries
changing her approach to
Peter)

How did the recital go?

177 C.O. PETER

PETER

(snapping)

How do you think it went?

He crosses Jess leaving her in a single

JESS

~~Peter~~, what kind of a game are you
playing? I thought you wanted to talk?
So why don't you sit down and quit
attacking me and we'll try to have a
rational ~~adult~~ conversation.

~~PETER~~

(calming down)

Look, ~~Jess~~ I've done a lot of
thinking since this afternoon and
I've come to a few conclusions...

(into the phone again)

Yes. Hello... ~~now~~ stay on the
line. ~~Don't~~ GOD DAMN IT!

... 85

... /

178. INTERIOR - POLICE STATION - NASH - NIGHT

There are numerous people in the small police station and a lot of activity. The Desk Sergeant is trying to talk on the telephone.

SERGEANT NASH
(shouting over the noise
in the station)
Okay, lady calm down now. Let's
have the story...oh, yes? What's
the address?
(he writes)
106 Belmont Street

179. M.S. - MR. HARRISON - PHYL - CHRIS

Across the room, Mr. Harrison, Phil and Chris perk up. Camera pans with them as they come over to the counter - the Sergeant doesn't notice them.

SERGEANT
Yes? How many calls?... well, did
you call the phone company?... oh,
yeah: Well, miss, we're very busy
here... there's been a child murdered
in the park.

180. INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - JESS - NIGHT

She is stunned.

181. INTERIOR - POLICE STATION - NASH - NIGHT

SERGEANT
I don't know when we can get a man on
it. Were the calls threatening?...
oh, yes?... well, I see. It's probably
just one of your boyfriends playing a
little joke... yeah, well, I'll report
it and we'll try to get a man on it as
soon as possible... I'm sorry, miss.
But that's the best we can do!...okay...
Good bye...

The Sergeant finishes writing on a small pad, takes out another piece of paper from under the counter, staples the two together and tosses them into a wire mail basket on the desk behind the counter. Camera tilts down to look in the basket.

182. INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - JESS - PETER - NIGHT

Jess sits in a chair beside the phone with her hands covering her face in frustration.

PETER
(crossing the frame in front of Jess)

81A

...67a

182 . CONTINUED

Look, Jess. I've done a lot of thinking
and I've come to some conclusions.

182 CONTINUED

JESS

(Looking skeptically at him from
between her fingers)

MHMM!

PETER

I'M LEAVING THE CONSERVATORY.

183- C.U. JESS

JESS

(PAUSE)

PETER! PETER, WHAT ABOUT...

184. C.U. PETER

PETER

JUST HEAR ME OUT

Camera follows him as he kneels down in front of
her

JUST HEAR ME OUT ORR?

Jess mocks Peter turns and sits at her feet both facing camera.
during peter's speech camera begin moving slowly in on jess

PETER

JESS I'VE LIVED IN
ONE ROOM FOR EIGHT YEARS

83..

I'M TIRED OF SHARING THE TOILET
WITH SIX OTHER PEOPLE. I'M QUITTING
THE CONSERVATORY... AND WE'RE GETTING
MARRIED!

Jess is stunned, she stares at Peter

185 M-2-S PAST JESS - FAVOR PETER

PETER

WELL?

186 M-2-S REVERSE FAVOR JESS

Camera moves slowly past Peter, lingering
on Jess.

JESS

BACK TO SCRIPT
Peter 6/8/74

JESS
(looking skeptically at
him from between her fingers)
Mhmm?

PETER
~~What~~, I'm leaving the conservatory.

JESS
What about all your...

PETER
(angrily)
Just hear me out...
(~~Jess~~ ~~hears~~ back,
patiently)
~~I've turned into a professional student...~~
~~I'm 30 years old. I was enjoying the~~
~~whole protective atmosphere of the~~
~~conservatory. I was letting the place~~
~~become my life. I don't have any roots.~~
~~I've lived in a bedsitter for the past~~
~~eight years. I'm sick of it. I'm~~
~~going to get a job, teaching. And,~~
~~um, I want to ask you to marry me.~~

JESS
(looks at him, stunned)
Oh my God...
PETER
I'M QUITTING THE CONSERVATORY
JESS

~~What the hell is what supposed to~~
~~mean?~~

BACK TO SCRIPT

JESS
Remember last year, out at Sam's farm,
when you told me about wanting to be
a concert pianist, how it was your
greatest dream, and I told you about
some of the things that I wanted to do?
(Peter nods)

Well, I still want to do those things.
You can't ask me to drop everything I've
been working for and give up all my
ambitions just because your plans have
changed. Be realistic. I can't marry
you.

PETER
Sure you could. What would it change?
We could be married and you could do
anything you wanted to.

177 C.U. JESS

178 C.U. PETER
Peter starts to
pace. Camera
pans with him

PETER
~~Look Jess I've~~
~~turned into a~~
~~professional student~~
~~I've lived in~~
~~one room for~~
~~eight years~~
~~IM TIRED OF SHARING THE~~

TOILET WITH SIX OTHER PEOPLE. (Camera Panses on Jess
as Peter crosses her.)

JESS

187 M-2-S PAST JESS FAVOR PETER

88. CONTINUED
188 C U JESS

JESS
With a baby? It just wouldn't work,
~~Peter~~ I know it.

PETER (OFF)
Well, what are you going to do about
the baby?

JESS
I'm going to have the pregnancy
terminated as soon as possible.

189 C. U. PETER

Camera follows him as he rises and begins to pace including Jess

PETER
(bitterly)
That certainly makes it all sound very
tidy. But what I want to know is how
you can justify getting your degree and
working in the ghetto and all those
altruistic things you talked about at
the expense of a human life? At the
expense of killing my baby!

Camera follows Jess as she rises and crosses to leave

JESS
Look, ~~Peter~~ I told you this afternoon
I didn't want to discuss it. I never
should even have told you about it.

190 M-2-S PETER-JESS

Peter moves toward her and looks her around to face him.
PETER
~~Shit!~~ I'm not going to let you do
this Jess!

~~He rises and begins pacing.~~

191

FULLER-HARRISON-PHIL-CHRIS-NASH-NIGHT

89

INTERIOR - LIEUTENANT FULLER'S OFFICE - ~~NIGHT~~

89.

Mr. Harrison, Phil and Chris and the Desk Sergeant stand
in front of a big old desk behind which is seated
Lieutenant Fuller. He holds the papers which the Sergeant
had just thrown in the mail basket. *Camera tells up from the
papers to see Nash*

SERGEANT
I didn't want to bother you with it,
~~sir~~.

192 M-S

*FULLER-CHRIS HARRISON PHIL: in profile to the others in background.
We are looking past Fuller*
LIEUTENANT FULLER
(sarcastically)

Oh you didn't. ~~How kind of you,~~
~~Sergeant.~~

(to Mr. Harrison)
Isn't this where your daughter
lives, Mr. Harrison?

~~De 46~~ 82

... 70

192. CONTINUED

MR. HARRISON

Yes, it is.

193. M- 2 -S PAST NASH FAVORING FULLER

LIEUTENANT FULLER

A high school girl has been murdered in the park, Mr. Harrison's daughter is missing and now at the house where she lives the other girls are getting obscene phone calls. Don't you think we'd better check it out, Sergeant?

194. M.S. NASH - HARRISON - PHYL- CHRIS - FULLER

SERGEANT

Well, Lieutenant, I guess, sure.

MR. HARRISON

(rising into shot)

Thank you, Lieutenant.

CHRIS

Yeah, thanks Ken

Camera pans with them as they turn to leave the office, the Sergeant holds the door open for them and they go out.

195. M.S. FULLER

Looking at the papers -- he is about to dial the telephone-- He looks at the paper with astonishment. Camera pans with him as he walks to the door.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Oh, Sergeant. Could I see you a moment, please?

SERGEANT

(at his desk)

Yeah... sure, Lieutenant.

He crosses to Fuller.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

(holding up a slip of paper)

Sergeant, what is this?

SERGEANT

Uh, ~~oh~~, that's the number at the sorority house.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Fellatio?

SERGEANT

Yeah, it's a new exchange, F- E.

195
89.

CONTINUED

LIEUTENANT FULLER

New exchange, huh?

SERGEANT

Yeah... Fellatio. One of the girls that was in this afternoon gave it to me.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

She gave it to you, did she?

SERGEANT

(puzzled)

Yeah...

LIEUTENANT FULLER

(ripping the paper back out of the Sergeant's hand)

~~Get out Sergeant.~~

(The Sergeant looks confused)

Nash, ~~to be honest~~ I'm going to have you put in a home. ~~Now get out.~~

FULLER EXITS

~~He ~~tears~~ up the paper and pulls out a phone book. The Sergeant shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head, as he leaves the office.~~

90. ~~INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT PETER - JESS - NIGHT.~~

90.

Jess comes into the room with two cups of coffee. She hands one to Peter who stands leaning against the doorframe and she walks down the room and sits in a chair.

PETER

(quietly)

Thanks... Jess, I don't think you know how much I care about you... I'm sure you know what blowing the recital meant today... I really need you to stand by me just now... I really want you to have the baby, Jess.

JESS

(softly)

Peter, I can't. I'll be happy to stay with you if times are rough right now, but I ~~just~~ can't have this baby.

I LOVE YOU
WITH YOU I
THAT'S WHAT
YOU WANT.

OUT

In a close up we see Peter's fist slam into one of the ornaments on the Yule tree. Camera tilts up to

~~see Peter in foreground, Jess in background. Jess looks at Peter~~

PETER

YOU'RE A SELFISH BITCH.
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT KILLING
MY BABY LIKE YOU WERE
HAVING A WART REMOVED.

~~PETER~~
(slamming his fist angrily
down on a table)

~~You are a selfish bitch! I'm not
going to allow this to happen. You
are not going to murder this baby!
You're talking about killing my baby!
Like you were having some kind of a
wart removed!~~

JESS

Now can you see why I didn't want to
tell you?

PETER

What the hell are you trying to do to
me?

JESS

~~Peter~~ what are you trying to do to
yourself?

197 M-2.5 OVERSHOULDER JESS FAVOR PETER

PETER

(furious) (wheeling on her furiously)
Let's get one thing straight. You
are not going to abort that baby!

JESS

~~Peter~~ you are not going to tell me
what I ~~cannot do~~! CAN AND CANNOT DO.

PETER

Jess, if you try getting an abortion,
~~I'll go to the police!~~

JESS

(standing)
Peter, I think you'd better go.

In the background we hear several people come into the
front hall.

PETER

(he grabs his coat off
of the chair)
You're damned right! I'm going!
You always manage to work things
so they turn out the way you want
them to! You always have everything
you want.

197

~~99.~~ CONTINUED~~Get out!~~

PETER

~~Well this is one time you just may be in for a few surprises!~~JESS, if you do
this, you'll be
sorry!

JESS

~~Peter!~~ I said get out!

He takes one last angry look at her and storms out of the room. *Camera hold on Jess.*

198

~~198.~~INTERIOR - FRONT HALL - NIGHT - FULLER - PHIL - GRAHAM - PETER - NIGHT

91

Peter rages into the hall and stops when he sees Lieutenant Fuller, Phil and another man. He turns angrily and goes out the front door, slamming it shut. Lieutenant Fuller watches him curiously.

199

~~199.~~INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - PHYL - JESS - NIGHT

92

Phil comes to the door and peeks in. Jess is curled up in a chair looking angry.

PHIL

Jess? Are you okay?

JESS

Yeah... I'm fine. Any news, ^{more} ~~on Phil?~~
~~Clare?~~

PHIL

No. But there are some people here to see about the phone calls.

~~JESS~~~~(getting up)-~~~~Oh...~~

She goes out to the hall.

200

~~200.~~INTERIOR - HALL - NIGHT - JESS - FULLER - PHYL - GRAHAM - NIGHT

93

Jess comes out into the hall.

PHIL

Jess, this is Lieutenant Fuller
and ~~Mr. Graham.~~ **I'M GORRY - VH-**

107
92~~CONT~~

JESS

Hi.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

~~Hello~~... are you the one who called
the station?

JESS

Yes.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

~~Well~~, Graham why don't you get
started down here. We're going to
put a tap on your phone. And if you
don't mind, I'd like to take a look
at Clare Harrison's room.*Camera pans with them as they move to the stairs*

PHIL

Sure.

GRAHAM

(taking off his coat)

Where's the telephone?

JESS

There's one in ~~here~~. *THE LIVING ROOM*

Jess points him to the living room.

PHIL

Clare's room's up here.

Lieutenant Fuller and Jess follow her up the stairs. *Camera
tells with them up the stairs*

LIEUTENANT FULLER

How many girls live in this house?

JESS

Usually ten, but there are only
three of us here tonight.

They disappear over the top of the stairs.

201

~~92~~INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT *GRAHAM - NIGHT*

94.

In the living room, Graham, works on the telephone. He
~~has wires and screws spread all over the floor. PICKS UP
THE PHONE AND DIALS A NUMBER.~~~~In the background upstairs, we hear Jess and Fuller talking.~~

202

85.

INTERIOR - CLARE'S ROOM - ~~NEEDS~~ PHYL-GRAHAM-JESS NIGHT 95.*Camera tilts up with him as*

Lieutenant Fuller picks up a hanger off the floor and tosses it onto Clare's bed. Jess and Phil watch him.

Camera follows Fuller around the room holds Jess and Phil alternately in frame.

JESS

They've called several times before but usually they don't say anything. This afternoon there was a call from a woman that I thought was a wrong number. But then she started screaming at me and she wouldn't listen to anything I said.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Who was the last one here to see Clare?

JESS

I think I was.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Now I don't want you to misinterpret this but is there any chance at all that Clare was seeing anyone besides Chris?

JESS (*looking at Phyl*)

No, I'm sure of that.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Clare have any emotional problems? Anything like that?

PHIL

No.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Is this the way she left her room as far as you know?

Fuller picks up the glass that Clare left there the night before and sniffs.

JESS

Yes.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

What's this?

PHIL

We were having a party last night.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Did Clare drink a lot?

PHIL

No. Hardly at all.

LIEUTENANT FULLER *(examining the closet)*

Did anyone see her this morning?

JESS

No, I didn't and all the other girls have gone for the holidays.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Can you give me a list of the girls' home numbers?

PHIL

Yes. I think there's one in Mrs. Mac's room.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Who's Mrs. Mac?

Fuller takes a last look around the room and they leave.

JESS

(on the way out)

She's the house mother.

203

INTERIOR - MRS. MAC'S ROOM - ~~PHYL~~ PHYL-JESS-FULLER-NIGHT 96.

Jess comes into Mrs. Mac's room and turns on the light.

JESS

I know she keeps a list somewhere here.

~~MOVES OUT OF FRAME, CAMERA HOLDS ON FULLER AS HE ENTERS. HE.~~
 She ~~rummages around in papers on the table.~~ ~~Fuller~~ looks around Mrs. Mac's room. CAMERA PANS WITH HIM.

JESS (OFF)

Do you think there's any connection between Clare and the girl they found in the park?

LIEUTENANT FULLER

I don't know. Where is Mrs. Mac anyway?

203

CONTINUED

93

... to

PHIL

She went to her sister's for the holidays.

JESS (OFF)

(pulling out a paper)

I found it.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

(looking at the phone -- he picks it up)

This isn't the same line as downstairs?

PHIL

No, it's Mrs. Mac's private line.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

(Jess hands him the list)

Thanks. Did any of the threatening calls come through on this line?

They leave the room. Jess turns the light out.

PHIL

No. They were all on the house phone.

204

~~197~~

INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~197~~ GRAHAM-FULLER-JESS-PHYL-NIGHT

97.

In the foreground Graham is finishing work on the phone while in the background Jess and Phil are coming down the stairs with Lieutenant Fuller.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Did you get any deliveries yesterday?
... or was there anybody working at the house or anything like that?

JESS

I don't think so. Mrs. Mac would know.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Is her number on here?

JESS

Yes.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

I'm stationing a plainclothesman in a car across the street to watch the house. Also, Graham here is going to be watching your phone line from now on.

204

94

... B

~~F.~~ CONTINUED

They walk through the hall to the living room.

~~INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY~~

98.

They enter as Graham is finishing up.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Is there anyone else in the house?

JESS

Yes. Another girl who lives here,
Barbara Pollock. ~~She had a little~~ (POLLOCK)
bit too much to drink. She's
sleeping upstairs.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Is she the one who was at the
station house today?

PHIL

Yes...

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Yeah... I heard about her. Let's
let her sleep.

(turning to Graham)

You just about finished, Graham?

205 M-S - REVERSE GRAHAM - JESS - PHYL - FULLER

GRAHAM

Yeah.

(he does up a couple of
final screws)

What I've done is tapped this phone
so that when it rings, it'll ring
at the station house too. At the
same time, I'll be at the phone
company checking the location of the
source of the call. Are there any
other phones in the house?

JESS

Yes, the house mother has a line in
her room.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Yeah. It's a different number, Graham.
There haven't been any calls on it.

GRAHAM (BENDING DOWN TO PICK UP HIS TOOLS
CAMERA TILTS WITH HIM)

You're going to have to keep this guy
on the phone as long as possible. We've

no page 95
your #95 was really #86

205. CONTINUED

GRAHAM (CONTINUED)
got a mechanical system and it takes
a while. I know it's not very pleasant
but...

206. INTERIOR - EXTERIOR - HOUSE - NIGHT
L.S. OVER SHOULDER - PHYL - JESS- FULLER - OUT TO CAR

LIEUTENANT FULLER
Come here I want to show you something (off)
We have a man watching the house.
(he points out the window
to a plain car)
You've got nothing to worry about.

The girls nod and look at one another nervously. They
move towards the door.

JESS
Yeah...sure.

207. EXTERIOR- FRONT OF HOUSE- JENNINGS -FULLER - GRAHAM - JESS-
PHYL- NIGHT

Shot through the windshield of a plain car parked across
the street from the front of the house. A man, JENNINGS,
is dozing. He wakes up suddenly and turns to look at the
house. The camera PANS across the street to where Fuller
and Graham are getting into their car. Lieutenant Fuller
gives Jennings a wave and their car drives off down the
street.

The camera PANS to follow the car as it moves away from
in front of the house and follows it down the street. The
car turns a corner and disappears. There is silence.

The camera continues to PAN very slowly and then moves in
on a clump of trees across from the house. It ZOOMS IN
and we see Peter staring malevolently out.

208. INTERIOR - BACK HALL - PHYL - NIGHT

Phil is hanging up her coat.

209. INTERIOR - KITCHEN - JESS - PHYL - NIGHT

Phil comes into the kitchen. They look at one another
and then Phil falls into Jess's arms and begins to cry.
Jess comforts her

JESS
Did you see the little girl?

209

~~101~~. CONTINUED

PHIL

(crying)

No. They had her covered when I got there. I saw the mother though. That was enough.... God, Jess, I know Clare is dead. I can just feel it.

JESS

(patting Phil soothingly)

Oh, come on now, Phil. ~~Don't say that.~~ We don't know that. ~~Now~~
~~even down.~~

PHIL

Poor Mr. Harrison... I feel so sorry for him...

JESS

How's Chris?

PHIL

Oh, he's great. You know Chris.

Phil recovers and wipes at her eyes. They move into the living room.

210

~~102~~. INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~PHIL~~

JESS - PHYL - NIGHT

102

Camera pans with them.

PHIL

I'm sorry Jess. I'm exhausted. I've been taking these pills for my cold and they knock me out. Will you be okay if I go up to bed?

JESS

Yeah, of course.

PHIL

Are you sure?

JESS

Yeah... go on up and get some rest.

PHIL

Call me if there's any news. ~~on Clare?~~

JESS

~~Yeah~~, I will.

PHIL
Thanks. Goodnight.

JESS
Goodnight, Phil.

Phil goes upstairs. Jess stands a moment looking curiously around the living room. She sits down beside the telephone.

~~53~~. INTERIOR - PHONE COMPANY - ~~NEWT~~ GRAHAM NIGHT

Graham is working at a very complex-looking panel in a switching station. The camera travels along a panel as numerous mechanical actions happen and various lights come on and off.

He puts a receiver to his ear and pushes several buttons.

GRAHAM
Yeah. Is it clear at your end Jeff?
... okay... sure... yeah, I'll need
about ten more minutes... okay...
the only way it'll work is if they
both come through the same switching
station... yeah...

He moves to a new bank of switches and looks them over.

~~44~~. INTERIOR - LIEUTENANT FULLER'S OFFICE - ~~NEWT~~ FULLER-JEFF-NIGHT.

In Lieutenant Fuller's office a young man, Jeff, hangs up a telephone. Fuller is on the other phone at his desk.

LIEUTENANT FULLER
(into telephone)
No. I'm sorry we haven't... I
assure you we're doing everything we
can...
(he hangs up)
Jesus!

JEFF
Graham's almost ready at the switching station. Now, when the phone rings in that house, this phone will ring here. The transmitter's been removed so they won't be able to hear anything from this end.

LIEUTENANT FULLER
Great. Thanks.

104. CONTINUED

213 - 2.51+0F LOOKING PAST FULLER TO NASH

There is a knock and the door opens. Sergeant Nash sticks his head in.

SERGEANT NASH

Lieutenant, the men are here from Scarborough.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

(rising from his desk)

I'll brief them out there.

214 EXT-INT POLICE CAR- LIVING ROOM - JESS- NIGHT

105. ~~INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT~~

105.

~~The loud wailing sound of a siren cuts in. We see an almost blank screen and then Jess steps into frame and parts the drapes.~~

~~A police car tears past the house with lights flashing. From her car we see the plain car with Jennings in it down the street. She looks reassured, and closes the curtains.~~ AFTER IT PASSES WE SEE JESS AT THE WINDOW. SHE CLOSSES THE CURTAINS.

~~She picks up the dirty glasses and ashtrays from around the room and takes them to the kitchen.~~

215

106. ~~INTERIOR - UPPER HALL - NIGHT~~

106.

There is the low creaking sound of the trapdoor to the attic slowly opened.

216

107. ~~INTERIOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT~~ JESS- NIGHT

107.

Jess looks up startled and quickly sets the dishes down. In the background, we hear a loud moaning and then someone shouting her name.

217

108. ~~INTERIOR - BARB'S ROOM - NIGHT~~ BARB - JESS- NIGHT

108.

THE SCREEN IS BLACK except for a vertical streak on one side which is completely closed off and the screen is dark. We hear the sound of raspy, heavy breathing and painful moaning.

The door is suddenly pushed open and light falls onto the screen. In silhouette, we see Jess run into the room.

JESS

Barb! What's the matter?

217

100. CONTINUED

She hurries over to Barb and switches on a small bedside lamp. Barb is writhing violently on the bed. Her breathing is very laboured. She is having an asthma attack. Jess grabs her and holds her down. There is panic on Barb's face and she struggles and gasps for air, choking.

218 2SHOT BARB - JESS

She points to an inhaler on the dresser ~~across the room~~ ^{NEXT TO THE BED.}
 Jess quickly brings it to her and strokes her forehead as she gasps on the inhaler. She takes several deep breathes on it and coughs.

JESS

Take it easy. Don't talk, Barb.
 It'll be okay.

Barb nods and drags several more times on the inhaler. Her breathing slowly returns to normal, and she relaxes. Jess strokes her soothingly.

JESS

It's okay... it's okay.

BARB

(still having difficulty)
 Oh my God. I guess I had a nightmare,
 I thought someone was coming into my
 room. I guess it was the scare that
 brought on the asthma attack.

JESS

Well, it's all right now. Just
 relax.

219 - REVERSE 2SHOT FAVOR BARB.

BARB

I should be so lucky to have a
 stranger come into my room.

JESS

(stroking her forehead)
 Feel better?

BARB

(nods)
 How did I get so drunk? I don't
 know what I'm trying to do to myself.
 Boy, I really wiped out tonight.
 (she begins to cry)
 God, sometimes I really wonder what
 I'm doing.

219
~~188~~. CONTINUED

101
JESS

Oh, ~~come on Barb.~~ DON'T, BARB.

BARB

I don't know why I act like that.
The girls here are the only family
I've ever really had and all I do
is drive them away.

JESS

Barb, don't do this to yourself.

BARB

You don't think I know why you said
you'd go skiing? You know I was
going to be alone for Christmas.
Just why do I always drive people
away? That's not what I want to do.

Silence for a few seconds.

BARB

What happened tonight? I thought
I heard somebody yelling.

220
~~189~~.

INTERIOR - UPPER HALL - ~~NIGHT~~ BARB-JESS - NIGHT

109.

We hear the rest of Jess and Barb's conversation over a
subjective shot of the door to Barb's room. There is
breathing over the shot.

JESS

(voice only)

Peter was here. We had a fight.

BARB

What about?

JESS

Oh, it's not worth going into.
He was screaming by the time he
left. ~~His behaviour is really~~
~~getting to be psychotic.~~

BARB

~~Do you think he might be dangerous?~~

JESS

(stops and thinks a moment)

~~No. Why would you ask a thing like~~
~~that?.. well, I don't think so. No.~~
~~I'm sure he isn't.~~

~~100.~~ CONTINUED

Barb is falling back to sleep.

BARB
(drowsily)

Well, maybe you should call him
just so things aren't left in such
an unfriendly state. Remember it's
Christmas...

Her voice trails off as she falls asleep. *Suddenly, we hear a*
chorus of voices burst into a Xmas Carol. Jess rises and starts for the door. The
subjective camera retreats down the hall and turns to peer back at Jess as she goes down
stairs.

~~110. INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT~~

110.

~~Jess finishes dialing a number and listens to it ring.
The clock above the phone shows ten o'clock. There is
no answer. She hears someone come onto the porch. She
puts down the phone and looks cautiously out the window.
There are several children who begin to sing Christmas
carols.~~

~~111. INTERIOR - UPPER AND LOWER HALL - NIGHT~~

111.

~~In a high angle subjective shot from the top of the stairs,
with breathing over it, Jess comes into the front hall,
gets some money out of her purse and goes to the door.~~

~~112. EXTERIOR - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT~~

112.

~~From the children's POV, we see Jess struggle to open
the front door. She eventually does and smiling watches
the children singing sweetly. CLOSE-UPS of a couple of
the younger children. One of them carries a sign for
UNICEF. A mother stand smiling at them. Jess smiles at
her.~~

~~113. INTERIOR - BARB'S ROOM - NIGHT~~

113.

~~CUT TO BLACK. The children's singing can be heard in the
distance. Light begins to come onto the screen and we
see Barb's face sleeping against the pillow. Someone
moves across the room. A shadow crosses Barb's face.~~

CALLER
(talking quietly, as a child)

~~Don't you tell, Agnes. You'll be
sorry. Please don't tell. Please
Agnes. I won't do it again.~~

221 INT-EXT- LIVING ROOM - FRONT LAWN - JESS - CAROLERS - NIGHT

We see Jess enter the shot and pull back the curtains to reveal a chorus of young children. One of them carries a sign for UNICEF. A mother stands smiling at them. Jess leaves the shot.

222 EXT - FRONT LAWN - JESS - CAROLERS - NIGHT

The young carolers raise their voices in joyous song

223 REVERSE: LOOK PAST CAROLERS as Jess emerges from the front door and watches them, a smile on her face.

224 C.U. A LITTLE GIRL

225 C.U. A LITTLE BOY

226 C.U. JESS

~~227~~ 228 - INT - BARB'S ROOM - BARB - CALLER - NIGHT

We find ourselves in blackness. The children's singing can be heard in the distance. Suddenly, a light begins to come on to the room and

We see Barb's face sleeping against the pillow,
and we know someone has entered the room.
A shadow crosses Barb's face.

²²⁸
~~224~~ - L.S. BARB

We are now seeing Barb from the Caller's
point of view. Camera moves slowly toward her.
We hear the raspy breathing, as we hear Barb
the voice start.

CALLER
(QUIETLY, AS A CHILD)

DON'T YOU TELL, AGNES. YOU'LL BE
SORRY, PLEASE. DON'T TELL. PLEASE AGNES,
I WON'T DO IT AGAIN.

Barb stirs uncomfortably in her sleep.

CALLER

THERE NOW, AGNES. IT'S OKAY, IT
WON'T HURT. THAT'S A NICE AGNES,
PRETTY AGNES GO TO SLEEP. GO
TO SLEEP

Barb stirs nearly on the edge of consciousness
now, suddenly the voice goes quiet. Barb

228 CONT

starts to awaken. As she does, a low, gurgling Choking Sound is heard. It is incredibly vile. It builds in intensity and at its peak the voice shrieks out

Caller

NASTY BILLY!

Barb's eyes fly open, she looks up in confusion trying to focus. Her eyes widen

C.V. From Barb's Point of View. We get our first glimpse of the Caller. His eyes. We see only his eyes. A streak of light reflecting from the glass animals falls across his eyes. They are horrible. The eyes of a mindless beast. We sense motion as the Caller moves

229

~~230~~

MED SLIT - CALLER

Through the distortion of one of the little glass animals we see the Caller raise a gleaming knife above his head with both hands. As he swings forward in a great arc we get a distorted glimpse of a horrible face. Was it distortion though the glass or is

that really the face? We hear the beginning of a scream as he strikes.

231
230

EXT - FRONT LAWN - CAROLERS - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSEUP OF ONE OF THE CHILDREN OPENING THEIR MOUTHED WHILE REACHING HIGH NOTE. THE CALM AND TRANQUILITY OF THE CAROLERS WILL BE CONTRASTED WITH THE FURIOUS AND BLOODY MURDER IN THE CUTS THAT FOLLOW.

232
231

INT BARB'S ROOM - NIGHT

Through the glass animal we see the knife gleam for a brief second as it is raised to its apex. There is a cacaphony of screams and animal sounds cutting in every time we cut back to Barb's room.

233
232

EXT FRONT LAWN - CAROLERS - NIGHT

THE CAROLERS ARE HEARD IN THE DISTANCE

235
233

INT BARB'S ROOM - NIGHT

The furious sound cuts in. From Barb's point of view the camera swings wildly about

the room.

~~234~~
~~235~~ EXT - FRONT-LAWN - IT'S - NIGHT

Close up of Jess smiling. The song is nearing its climax.

~~235~~
~~236~~ INT - BARB'S BED ROOM - NIGHT

The furious sounds cut in. We see a tiny animal topple and shatter.

~~236~~
~~237~~ EXT - FRONT LAWN - CAROLERS - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSEUP LITTLE GIRL HOLDING ONE NOTE.

~~237~~
~~238~~ INT BARB'S ROOM - NIGHT.

C.U. CALLERS EYES, THE SOUND IS BUILDING

~~240~~
~~238~~ EXT - FRONT LAWN - CAROLERS

CLOSE UP ANOTHER CHILD HOLDING ?

~~239~~
~~240~~ INT - BARB'S BED ROOM - NIGHT

Close up of a shadow of the wife flicking

~~242~~
248 EXT - FRONT LAWN CHARLES - NIGHT

MED SHOT OF THREE OF THE CHILDREN AS
THEY FINISH THE LONG NOTE CLOSING THE
SONG.

~~241~~
~~242~~ INT BOBBY'S BED ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT ON THE STAFFED ANIMALS. THERE
IS SILENCE EXCEPT FOR A LOW WEeping SOUND.

~~242~~
~~243~~ EXT - FRONT LAWN - CHARLES - JEAN - WOMAN - JESS - NIGHT

C.U. OF JESS APPLAUDING. SHE LOOKS OFF SCREEN.

~~243~~
~~244~~ MED SHOT OF A WOMAN PULLING UP IN A STATION
WAGON. SHE GETS OUT OF THE CAR. CAMERA PANS
WITH HER AS SHE RUNS ACROSS THE LAWN TO
THE CHILDREN.

Back to script

~~Page 51~~

113. CONTINUED

The camera HOLDS on Barb's face. She slowly begins to stir. The child's voice is waking her up.

CALLER

There now. It's okay. That's a good girl. Just go to sleep now. Yes, that's right. Just be quiet. There now. What a good girl.

Barb's eyes slowly open. A shot of just the eyes of the caller. They are very fierce and animal-like.

Terror comes onto Barb's face. A knife blade flashes in the air. Barb's hands reach out to ward off the blow. Small glass animals on the headboard rattle and topple off the shelf. Barb gasps. The knife flashes again. She gags. The camera ZOOMS all over the room from Barb's POV. The caller makes ferocious growling sounds.

Barb's hand grips the blood-splattered sheet. There are more "thunk" sounds. Her hand jumps and then relaxes. The little glass animals lie broken and bloody on the floor. The ferocious sounds continue.

~~114. EXTERIOR - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT~~

114.

~~The children continue to sing. A car pulls up at the curb and another woman comes running up the walk and onto the porch. The singing falters.~~

BACK TO SCRIPT

WOMAN

Jean, get the children into the cars.

She is frightened.

JEAN

Why? What's up?

WOMAN

Please. Just get them into the cars.

Jess comes out onto the ^{LAWN} porch and gives the woman a dollar.

JEAN

Thank you. Merry Christmas.

The children run down the front walk merrily to the waiting cars.

243

110

... 87

~~243~~ CONTINUED

WOMAN

(to Jess)

There was a little girl found murdered
over in the park tonight.

In the background, the telephone rings very loud.

JESS

Yes. I heard.

WOMAN

Your phone is ringing.

JESS

Oh, yes. Excuse me. Goodnight.

WOMAN

Certainly... goodnight.

Jess goes into the house and shuts the door. ~~The woman
runs down the stairs out to the car.~~

244

FULLER - NIGHT

~~244~~ INTERIOR - LIEUTENANT FULLER'S OFFICE - ~~NIGHT~~

115.

Lieutenant Fuller rushes into his office and waits by
the ringing phone, ready to grab it.

245

~~245~~ INTERIOR - SWITCHING STATION - ~~NIGHT~~ GRAHAM - NIGHT

116.

Graham stands in front of a large panel watching.

246

~~246~~ INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~NIGHT~~ JESS - NIGHT

117.

The telephone is ringing harshly.

The atmosphere of the house is changing and Jess is shot
from angles which accentuate her aloneness and vulnerability
in the big house.

During this scene, it becomes clearly evident that the
caller is talking from the telephone in Mrs. Mac's room at
the head of the stairs. There are shots from upstairs, down
through the dark stairwell and into the living room where
Jess is standing. Jess picks up the telephone.

JESS

(hesitantly)

Hello...

(there is just breathing on
the line)

246

~~117~~ CONTINUED

JESS (CONTINUED)
Hello... who's there?

247
~~248~~
118

INTERIOR - LIEUTENANT FULLER'S OFFICE - ~~INTERIOR~~ FULLER - NIGHT 118.

A TIGHT CLOSE-UP of Lieutenant Fuller listening on the phone.

248
~~249~~
119

INTERIOR - PHONE COMPANY - ~~INTERIOR~~ GRAHAM - NIGHT 119.

Graham, at the switching station, scans a large panel. He wears headphones and holds a long cable with a jack on it. He quickly plugs it into a socket in the panel and listens. He pulls it out and tries another.

249
~~250~~
120

INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~INTERIOR~~ JESS - NIGHT 120.

L.S. Looking down on Jess from the stairway.

CALLER

(we hear the sound of a baby crying, very loud -- a woman's voice breaks in harshly)

Stop this! Nasty Billy! Nasty Billy!

What an evil child!

(she is losing control)

You filthy little beast!

(she screams -- there is silence, and then a low wheezing sound -- this develops into the sound of wretching and vomiting)

250 INT-MR'S MAC'S

BEEDROOM - NIGHT

Subjective shot from Mr. Callen P.O.V.

251 INT-LIVING-ROOM-JESS - ~~INTERIOR~~

(Jess listens, very upset by the call and looks around the room)

252
~~121~~

INTERIOR - PHONE COMPANY - ~~INTERIOR~~ GRAHAM - NIGHT 121.

Graham runs from one bank of panels to another and pushes the jack into sockets. We hear the phone conversation over this.

253
254
~~122~~

INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~INTERIOR~~ JESS - NIGHT 122.

There is a shrill powerful scream. Then silence. A man's voice comes on the line.

CALLER

Billy, now you must tell us the

253

122 CONTINUED

CALLER (CONTINUED)

truth, Billy. Your mother and I have to know if ...

(there is a gagging and then silence -- a raspy whispering voice comes on, taunting her hatefully)

You never have had any consideration for me!

(hissing)

It was just like having a wart removed.

(there is a gasp and then silence)

JESS

(shocked)

Oh, my God!

There is a click and she hears the dial tone.

254

~~123~~ INTERIOR - PHONE COMPANY - ~~NIGHT~~ GRAHAM - NIGHT

123.

There is a loud metallic bang sound as Graham pounds his fist against the end of a bank of panels and shakes his head in frustration. He slips off his earphones and dials a telephone.

255

~~124~~ INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~NIGHT~~ JESS - NIGHT

124.

WE ARE SHOOTING FROM OUTSIDE

Jess is standing at the window with her hand over her mouth and an incredulous and frightened look on her face. ~~She looks around the room amazed.~~ The telephone rings loudly. She looks at it. She goes to answer it.

256 C.U JESS - THIS WILL BE A MASTER SHOT CARRYING ALL THE WAY THRU THE CALL WITH FULLER

JESS

Hello...

257 INT-POLICE STATION - FULLER - NIGHT

this is also a master

LIEUTENANT FULLER

I'm sorry Jess. We didn't get it. There wasn't enough time. You'll just have to keep him on longer.

JESS

Oh, I see.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Are you all right? You don't sound too good.

257

124 CONTINUED

JESS
(making an effort)
No, I'm fine.

LIEUTENANT FULLER
You cried out there at one point.
I think you said "Oh, my God". Did
you recognize something?

258
260 - L.S. JESS - SUSPECTIVE HAND HELD SHOT MOVES ACROSS THE UPPER
HALLWAY LOOKING DOWN AT JESS,
JESS

No. I guess it was just kind of
getting to me.

BACK TO 259

LIEUTENANT FULLER
Did the call make any sense to you?
Did it sound like anybody you know?

JESS
Um... no.

LIEUTENANT FULLER
Before when he called, did he use
more than one voice like this?

JESS
Yes. He used several different voices
before.

~~125. INTERIOR - FULLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT~~

125.

LIEUTENANT FULLER
(into telephone)
I don't know what to think. Jess,
do you think it may be possible that
it's somebody you know putting you on?

JESS
No. I don't think so.

LIEUTENANT FULLER
Jess, I forgot. I meant to ask you
before. Who was that guy who was leaving
the house when we arrived tonight?

JESS
~~Oh, that was Peter.~~ my boyfriend, PETER

258

CONTINUED

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Were you having a fight?

There is a lot of noise in the outer office. Fuller's door is pushed open and an old farmer, JACK WELLER, is pulled in struggling by two uniformed policemen. In the outer office we see another policeman in uniform with his pants down and several men looking at his behind which is covered with red spots and bleeding.

259
L.S. LOOKING
PAST FULLER
TO THE SCENE

WELLER

(he hollers in a high-pitched voice)

I'm not lettin' no son-of-a-bitch trespass on my land in the middle of the night .. no matter what kind of uniform he's wearing.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

(rolls his eyes)

Oh shit...

(then to Jess)

Jess, I'll have to call you back.
You okay?

JESS

(voice only)

Yes.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

I'll call you back in a while.
We'll get him on the next one.

He hangs up.

Camera dollies with him as he marches out to the next room

LIEUTENANT FULLER

~~Now what~~ what the hell is going on
~~on here?!!~~

POLICEMAN

He fired on a police officer when we were trying to search his barn.

WELLER

Goddamn right I did. Do it again too.
Bastard was trespassin' !!

POLICEMAN

Cogan got an assful of buckshot.

COGAN (YELLING)

YEAH, AN I'M GONNA MAKE THE SON-OF-BITCH
PICK EVERYONE OF 'EM OUT WITH HIS TEETH

WELLER
NEXT TIME YOU'LL GET THE GUN UP
YOUR ASS TOO, -- SIDEWAYS

115

... 12

~~115. CONTINUED~~

The two men strain to get at one another. Fuller turns
WELLER and walks back toward camera, shaking his head
He's damn lucky that he got!

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Shut up! For Christ's sake. I'm
trying to run an investigation here...
not a three ring circus!

260. ~~116.~~ INTERIOR - UPPER HALL ~~116.~~ JESS - PHYL - NIGHT 126.
SUBJECTIVE HANDHELD CAMERA PEERS DOWN THE HALLWAY WE HEAR THE RASPY BREATHING
Light streams out of an open door at the end of the dark
hall. Phil comes out of her room tying her bathrobe,
followed by Jess. THEY MOVE TOWARD CAMERA

PHIL

(whispering impatiently)
Look, if you think it was Peter,
why didn't you just tell the police?

JESS

Well I'm not really sure!

PHIL

He should be stopped. Whoever
it is they should be stopped. I
haven't had a minute's sleep ...
there's been so much noise in this
house. What the hell was all that
yelling about?

JESS

Barb had an asthma attack ...she
was having a nightmare.

~~They are shot from behind the partly opened door to Mrs.
Mack's room as~~ They head down the stairs to the living room.

PHIL

Is she all right?

JESS

Yeah. She's okay. She's sleeping
now.

261. ~~117.~~ INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~117.~~ JESS - PHYL - NIGHT 127.
~~CAMERA CRANES DOWN WITH THEM AS THEY DESCEND THE STAIRS~~
~~Jess and Phil come into the living room.~~

JESS

He repeated almost word for word
what Peter said to me tonight.

... /

261

CONTINUED

PHIL

Couldn't it just be a coincidence?

JESS

God, Phil. I don't know. I'm so confused.

262 INT LIVING ROOM - PHYL - JESS - NIGHT

PHIL

Look, I really don't think it could be Peter. You know I don't like Peter that much, but I don't think he's that sick.

Camera follows Jess tilting down with her as she sits.

JESS

I can't believe Peter would do this. He's so gentle most of the time... Phil, you know I'm really getting scared.

PHIL

Are you sure that cop's still out there?

263 INT-EXT- LIVING ROOM - POLICE CAR - PHYL - JENNINGS - NIGHT

~~The camera moves with her to the window. We see the plain car down the street from her POV.~~

Phyl moves into the shot pulls back the curtain and looks out.

PHIL

Yeah... he's there.

She walks out of the shot.

264

EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT JENNINGS - NIGHT

128.

From far in front of the police car outside on the street, the camera begins a very slow dolly in on the car.

The only sound is the eerie howl of the wind. The sky is cold and grey. The scene is surrealistic. The street lights glint harshly off the windshield.

The camera continues to move in closer and closer until we can see that the man in the car appears to be dosing again. As the camera moves closer, we see that he isn't sleeping.

His throat has been cut.

The harsh sound of a telephone ringing breaks in.

265

INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT JESS - PHYL - NIGHT

129.

The telephone rings again loudly. The girls look at one another nervously and Jess goes to answer it.

265

129. CONTINUED

JESS

Hello..

266

130. INTERIOR - PHONE COMPANY - NIGHT GRAHAM-NIGHT

130.

Shot of Graham at the switching station. He puts down his coffee and slips on the earphones. He dials the phone.

267

131. INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

131.

PETER

(voice only on telephone)

Jess?

JESS

Yeah?

PETER

(he is obviously very emotionally upset -- he begins crying)

Oh, God Jess, help me. ~~I'm losing my grip on things.~~

268

132. INTERIOR - LIEUTENANT FULLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT FULLER-NIGHT

132.

Fuller listens to the phone and holds the other phone to his chest. He quickly changes phones.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Yeah... see if you can get it...

He listens again to the other phone curiously.

269

133. INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT PHYL-JESS-NIGHT
TIGHT PROFILE OF JESS WITH PHYL SEEN FULL FACE IN BACKGROUND
Phil watches Jess curiously.

133.

JESS

Oh look, Peter, don't cry. We can straighten things out. There's nothing to get so upset about.

PETER

Jess, we can't kill the baby...
please Jess. We can't kill the baby.
(he cries)

270

~~121~~ INTERIOR - PHONE COMPANY - ~~NIGHT~~ GRAHAM-NIGHT

134.

Graham scrambles through the panels trying to find the source of the call.

271

~~125~~ INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~NIGHT~~ PHYLL-JESS-NIGHT

135.

2 SHOT MOVING PAST PHYLL TO A SINGLE ON JESS

JESS

Peter, where are you?

PETER

Please Jess ... please, ~~oh my~~
~~God!~~

(he cries)

You know how I feel about the baby.

JESS

~~Peter~~, please don't do this to yourself.

PETER

(still crying)

Please Jess ... don't hurt the baby.

272 INT-POLICE STATION - FULLER-NIGHT

Fuller looks intensely
JESS
Stop this Peter!

PETER

That's what they always do. We can't be like them, ~~Jess~~.

273 INT-LIVING ROOM-JESS-PHYLL-NIGHT

JESS

Peter tell me where you are?

There is a click and Jess hears the dial tone. She looks at Phil, puzzled.

274

~~126~~ INTERIOR - PHONE COMPANY - ~~NIGHT~~ GRAHAM-NIGHT

136.

GRAHAM

(speaking into telephone)

I'm sorry Ken... yeah... the calls just aren't long enough.

275

~~127~~ INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~NIGHT~~ PHYLL-JESS-NIGHT

137.

Shot through a partly-opened door at the top of the stairs, down through the dark wooden railing, of the phone on the table in the living room. There is breathing over the shot.

275

137. CONTINUED

The phone rings very loud and still from the top of the stairs, in a long shot, Jess walks into frame and picks it up warily.

JESS

Hello.

Phil walks into frame and sits down.

276

138. ~~138.~~ INTERIOR - LIEUTENANT FULLER'S OFFICE - ~~MOON~~ FULLER - NIGHT
CAMERA MOVES AROUND FULLER IN A SLOW DOLLY THIS WILL BE A MASTER FOR THE FULL SCENE

(into phone)

Jess, it's Lieutenant Fuller. Do you want to tell me what that was all about?

JESS

You listened to that?

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Yes... Jess, what did he mean about killing the baby?

(long pause)

Jess... I think it's important that you tell me.

277

139. INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - PHYL - JESS - NIGHT
2. SHOT FROM A LOW ANGLE LOOKING PAST PHYL WHO IS SEATED UP TO JESS STANDING (TO PLAY AS MASTER)

JESS
I'm pregnant. I told him I didn't want to have the baby.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

When did you tell him this?

JESS

Today.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

"We can't kill the baby". That's a strange way to put it.

278

281. C.U. JESS (2ND MASTER)

JESS

Peter is an artist. He's a composer. He's very high strung.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

~~Neurotic, wouldn't you say?~~

NEUROTIC, MAYBE?

278

~~128~~. CONTINUED

JESS (DEFENSIVE)

No more than a lot of people.

279

~~129~~ - INT - POLICE STATION - FULLER - NIGHT

LIEUTENANT FULLER

FULL SHOT WITH NASH
IN THE BACKGROUND

Jess, are you sure you're telling me the whole truth? I've got a strong feeling that you're holding something back from me. I don't want it to be Peter, Jess. But I've got a strong feeling that it ~~is~~ ^{may be}. Look, think back. Was Peter with you at any time when you got any of the calls?

~~129~~ ~~INTERIOR~~ ~~LIVING ROOM~~ -- NIGHT

139.

JESS

(she thinks for a moment
and then excitedly)

Yes! Yes! He was here! He was at the house tonight when the first call came. That's right! It couldn't be Peter!

(turning to Phil
happily)

Phil, it couldn't be Peter! He was here!

~~140. INTERIOR~~ ~~LIEUTENANT FULLER'S OFFICE~~ -- NIGHT

140.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Look, Jess. He's obviously very upset. I think I might like to talk to him anyway. Could you tell me where he is?

JESS

(voice over on telephone)

BUT - When he gets like this, he goes to the Recital Hall at the Music Conservatory and plays.

HE LIVES AT BAKER HOUSE.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Thanks. If you get anymore calls, you've got to keep them on the phone longer. You're not giving our man enough time to get a trace.

280

141.

INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~NIGHT~~ PHYL-JESS-NIGHT

The shot, again, is from the top of the stairs.

JESS

I'm trying. It's not easy. It really upsets me.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

(voice only)

Yeah... okay. Right. You're doing a good job. I'll talk to you in a while.

JESS

Yeah. Sure.

She hangs up. She looks at Phil.

JESS

Thank God, ~~it's not Peter~~.

PHIL

~~Yeah~~. I knew it couldn't have been ~~him~~. PETER

281

FULLER-NASH

142.

INTERIOR - LIEUTENANT FULLER'S OFFICE - ~~NIGHT~~

C.U. A MAP OF THE AREA. CAMERA PANS DOWN FROM THE MAP TO SEE Lieutenant Fuller ~~is~~ standing at ~~the~~ map and Sergeant Nash ~~is~~ with him describing the progress of the search.

SERGEANT NASH

Yeah, they've covered the entire campus area and now they're moving over towards the lake. I don't know where we're going to go from there.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Just let me ~~figure~~ that out, Nash.

SERGEANT NASH

There are more men coming in from Willowdale.

LIEUTENANT FULLER

~~Yeah~~, I think they should start at the south end of the town and just work their way through on a house to house search.

SERGEANT NASH

Okay, ~~yeah~~.

281
~~142~~. CONTINUED

Nash turns and leaves the office.

CAMERA PANS WITH FULLER AS HE

~~Lieutenant Fuller~~ returns to his desk and sits. He looks puzzled. He thinks a moment and then rises. He goes and opens the door. He sticks his head out and speaks to Nash.

NASH LIEUTENANT FULLER
 Sergeant, I want you to get the Dean of Admissions on the phone. I want to see the records on Peter Smythe, a student at the Music College. And have a car sent around right away.

282 -INT-
~~143~~ EXTERIOR - HOUSE - ~~HOUSE~~ JESS-CROWD-NIGHT

143.

Shot of the front of the house. There is silence except for the sound of the wind. A figure stands silouetted in one of the dining room windows. WE HEAR NOISES DOWN THE STREET. CAMERA PANS TO LOOK DOWN THE STREET. A CROWD APPROACHES. ~~In the distance, there is the sound of people approaching.~~

283
~~144~~. INTERIOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

144.

~~Phil~~ CUT IN on the loud sound of water running in the kitchen sink.

Phil stands at the sink letting the water run. She walks across the room to a cupboard and opens it.

As she passes the back door, through the window, we see the haggard and windblown face of an old man. Phil doesn't notice.

PHIL /
 (shouting over the sound
 of the running tap)
 Hey, Jess! Do you want one or two.
~~aspirins?~~

284
~~145~~. INTERIOR - DINING ROOM - ~~HOUSE~~ JESS-CROWD-NIGHT

145.

Jess is standing at the window in the dining room. ~~Phil~~
 OVER HER SHOULDER ~~we~~ we see a large crowd of people coming down the street with flashlights.

JESS
 (shouting)
 Two please! You should see...
 there's a big crowd coming down

²⁸⁴
287. CONTINUED

JESS (CONTINUED)

the street.

(she stands and watches - suddenly
we hear a blood curdling scream from
the kitchen. Jess rushes out of the
shot.)

²⁸⁵
288. INTERIOR - KITCHEN - PHYL - JESS - TWO MEN - NIGHT

Jess rushes into the kitchen. Phyl stands against the wall. Camera pans to the window to see the man standing there. He is speaking, but we can't hear him. He knocks on the pane. The girls stare transfixed. Finally a second man appears with a rifle. Jess gets the idea. She goes to the door and slips the safety chain lock on and opens the door as far as the chain will permit. We see him now and he is quite harmless-looking.

MAN

Hello. Sorry to scare you like that,
miss. We're with the search party.

PHIL

(from out of sight)

What do you want?

MAN

We just wanted to ask you if you've
seen anything peculiar around here
tonight?

PHYL

(moving into shot)

Not until you got here!

JESS

(amused)

Phyl!

285

148. CONTINUED

PHYLL
(SHE LAUGHS)

124

WELL THEY SCARED THE SHIT OUT OF ME!

... 182

YOU KNOW — MAN NO. TWO - WE'RE SORRY MISS, BUT
A girl was found murdered in the
park tonight, ~~miss~~.

WE JESS
Yes, I know.

MAN NO. TWO
Well, we're helping the police look
for the killer.
286 M-3 - JESS - PHYLL - TWO MEN - REVERSE FROM OUTSIDE THE DOOR
JESS
~~Jess glances at Phil who still hides and then moves to~~
open the back door.

JESS
Do you want to come in and rest a
few minutes?

MAN NO. ONE
~~Oh~~, no. Thanks. We don't want
to trouble you. We just wanted to
see if you'd seen anything suspicious
around here tonight.

JESS
No, sorry.

MAN NO. ONE
Well, you just keep your doors and
windows locked up tight and you'll be
safe.

GIRLS
Thanks. We will. Goodnight.

MAN NO. ONE
Thank you. There might be other people
coming to the door, on the search, but
be careful. Goodnight.

THE MEN LEAVE
The girls nod. ~~The men disappear around the side of the~~
~~house. Jess closes the door, and carefully puts the chain~~
~~lock on again.~~

287. 2540T JESS & PHYLL

JESS
(turning to Phil)
You know, I think this is the only door
or window in this whole house that is
locked.

... /

287
~~144~~. CONTINUED

PHIL
 You do down here. I'll get upstairs.

They leave and turn the kitchen light off. ~~PAGE TO BLACK.~~

288
~~145~~. INTERIOR - HALL - ~~PHYL~~ PHYL-JESS - NIGHT 147.

Phil is on her way up the stairs.

PHIL
 Jess, make sure that cop is still there.

JESS
 Yeah, Phil, relax. I'm sure he's still there.

289
~~146~~. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR - DINING ROOM - ~~JESS~~ JESS - NIGHT 148.

Camera follow Phyl.
~~F~~ a tight CLOSE-UP of a hand twisting a lock on a window. From outside the house, we see Jess look out of the dining room window and then pull the drapes.

290
~~147~~. INTERIOR - UPPER HALL - ~~PHYL~~ PHYL - NIGHT 149.

HAND HELD SUBJECTIVE SHOT
 Through a partly-opened door, we see Phil walk past and lock the window at the end of the hall. The door silently opens wider. Phil walks away from the window towards a bedroom. The camera tilts up to show the attic trapdoor now open wide.

291
~~148~~. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR - FRONT PORCH - ~~JESS~~ JESS - NIGHT 150.

From the front walk we see Jess come to the glass front door and push it with her shoulder until the lock snaps with an ominous click.

292
~~149~~. INTERIOR - UPPER HALL - ~~PHYL~~ PHYL - NIGHT 151.

CLOSE-UP on Phil as she comes out of one room and moves down the hall into another door. She pushes it open.

PHIL
 (whispering)
 Barb... hey, Barb? Are you awake?
 (~~she enters the room~~)
 Hey, Barb. Turn on the light.
 Will you?

She pushes the door open and starts in.

126
293 - Hand held subjective shot. We hear the breathing. Camera looks at Phil from behind the door. After Phil clears the door an unseen hand begins to push it slowly shut. Phil¹⁰³ turns and stares at camera. We see her for only a brief moment before the blackness sweeps across her face leaving *us in darkness*
~~From inside the room we see Phil in silhouette as she enters.~~

~~Suddenly the door shuts behind her. The room is black.~~

294

~~152.~~ INTERIOR - MUSIC BUILDING - ~~NIGHT~~ FULLER - NIGHT

152.

The screen remains BLACK and then with a mechanical sound of large switches, banks of light come on in the Recital Hall.

Lieutenant Fuller stands at the far end of the hall by the switches. He glances around the room and is about to switch out the lights and leave when he notices something. His footsteps echo as he walks down the long empty hall.

~~153.~~ ~~INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT~~

153.

Jess comes back into the Living Room and sits down. Her arm hangs down beside the low chair and the camera follows it down to where it is almost touching the mangled form of Mrs. Mac's cat.

~~She rubs her temples and then stops. She rises.~~

295

~~154.~~ INTERIOR - FRONT HALL - ~~NIGHT~~ JESS - NIGHT

154.

Camera pans with Jess as she
~~Jess~~ walks through the hall to the bottom of the stairs and listens.

JESS

(whispering up the stairs)

Phil. Hey, Phil? Are you up there?

The house is silent. She thinks a second, looks around the hall nervously and then starts to go up the stairs.

~~She is more than half-way up when~~ The phone rings loudly. She looks back down at the phone and then up the stairs again. She turns and goes back down.

296

~~155.~~ INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~NIGHT~~ JESS - NIGHT

155.

TIGHT CLOSE-UP on Jess as she walks back to the telephone. She looks at it and then very hesitantly she lifts the receiver.

~~295~~ CONTINUED

JESS

Hello.

CALLER

(this call is the most
electrifyingly bizarre
-- he screams and speaks
in several voices again
and the sounds he makes
are disgusting -- little
girl, screaming)

Mommy! Help!

(she gags)

Billy! Don't do that! Ow...
you're hurting!

(she cries -- older
woman's voice, furious)

I saw that! He put his hand
between her legs! For Christ's
sake! You filthy little animal!

(then as a little boy)

Don't tell Agnes... please.

(then the little girl's
voice again)

Nasty Billy! Nasty Billy!

297

INTERIOR - RECITAL HALL - ~~NIGHT~~ FULLER-POLICEMAN¹⁵⁶ I-NIGHT 156.

Lieutenant Fuller is looking at the smashed piano when
a uniformed policeman runs into the hall.

POLICEMAN

Lieutenant Fuller. That guy's
on the phone again back at the
sorority house.

Fuller turns and runs down the Recital Hall and out the
door.

298

INTERIOR - PHONE COMPANY - ~~NIGHT~~ GRAHAM-NIGHT 157.

Graham runs from one panel to another, desperately
trying to get the call this time. We continue to hear
the call from the house over this as he pushes the jack
into sockets.

CALLER

(he makes meowing sounds
like a cat and then giggles)

298
304
305. CONTINUED

CALLER (CONTINUED)
madly -- then the voice changes
to a whispering, pleading man)
Oh, God! Stop me! Please!... Stop me!
(then he roars and growls
and moans)

299
302

302. EXTERIOR - MUSIC COLLEGE ~~INTERIOR~~ FULLER - POLICEMAN #1 - NIGHT 158.

Lieutenant Fuller dashes into the squad car and listens to the call through the car radio. He looks at the other policeman quizzically.

CALLER
(woman's voice, hysterical)
Damn it! I know what you did!
(little boy)
No, Mommy. I didn't!
(woman again)
You put your hand down between
her legs and then you killed her!
You smothered my baby!
(animal screams)

300
159

159. INTERIOR - PHONE COMPANY - ~~NIGHT~~ GRAHAM - NIGHT 159.

CLOSE-UP on Graham as he pushes the jack into a hole and then his whole expression changes completely. He listens for a second, writes a number down, and then runs across the room and starts rapidly leafing through a book. The sound of the call carries over.

301

301. INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - ~~NIGHT~~ JESS - NIGHT 160.

Jess stands all alone in a pool of light in the big room. She listens to the call with a look of distaste on her face. Occasionally, she looks out into the hall wondering what happened to Phil.

CALLER
(there is silence -- then
the soothing voice of an
older man)
Now, dear, don't worry. We'll
find Agnes. She's probably with
Billy. Yes, that must be it.
She's probably in Billy's room.
Just calm down dear.
(there is silence and

301

160. CONTINUED

CALLER (CONTINUED)
 then a low growling sound
 - the little girl screams
 again)
 Ow! It hurts! Mommy! Mommy!
 (then her voice becomes
 muffled and she screams
 more desperately)

302

~~161.~~ EXTERIOR - MUSIC BUILDING - ~~NIGHT~~ FULLER - POLICEMAN¹ I - NIGHT 161.

Lieutenant Fuller is listening in the squad car when a
 new voice comes on the radio.

SERGEANT NASH
 (voice over)
 Lieutenant Fuller?

Fuller pushes a button on the microphone.

LIEUTENANT FULLER
 Yeah, Nash. What is it?

SERGEANT NASH
 (voice over)
 Graham's on the other line, sir.
 He says he got a trace on this one.

LIEUTENANT FULLER
 Yeah? Let's have it.

SERGEANT NASH
 (voice only)
 He says the calls are coming from
 106 Belmont Street.

LIEUTENANT FULLER
 (angrily)
 Nash, you got it wrong! For Christ's
 sake! That's where the calls are
 going into.

SERGEANT NASH
 (voice over)
 That's where they're coming from too,
 sir.

LIEUTENANT FULLER
 (it hits Fuller)
 Shit!

302 CONTINUED

~~161.~~ CONTINUED

Lieutenant Fuller pushes the button on the microphone again.

LIEUTENANT FULLER
(into microphone)
Jennings!

303

~~162.~~ EXTERIOR - STREET - ~~NIGHT~~ JENNINGS - NIGHT

162.

CLOSE SHOT of the police radio in the plain car in front of the sorority house. Lieutenant Fuller's voice sounds tinny in the static as it comes through the speaker.

LIEUTENANT FULLER
(voice only -- on radio)
Jennings! Goddamn it Jennings!
Answer me! Jennings! Jennings,
where the hell are you?

The camera PANS slowly from the radio across to Jennings' knee and then tilts up to show Jennings' dead face staring vacantly out into space with his throat cut.

PO NOTEBOOK 107

~~163.~~ EXTERIOR - MUSIC BUILDING - NIGHT

163.

~~Fuller, still in the squad car, pushes another button.~~

LIEUTENANT FULLER
Nash!

SERGEANT NASH
(voice over - on radio)
Yes Lieutenant.

OUT
LIEUTENANT FULLER
Nash, I can't get Jennings. Look I want you to call that girl. And look, Nash, first, be calm. Tell her to be calm. Tell her that the guy is in the house. Nash, tell her not to panic. Just tell her to keep calm and get out of the house. Nash, if you blow this one, I'll kill you! Tell her I'll be there in five minutes and try Jennings again.

The car speeds away.

OMI: Y31

132

~~PAGE 107~~

304 EXT. - MUSIC BUILDING - FULLER - POLICEMAN #1 - NIGHT

FULLER, SITTING IN THE SQUAD CAR PUSHES ANOTHER CUTTING.

LIEUT. FULLER

NASH!

SARGLANT NASH.
(OVER RADIO)

YESSIR?

LIEUT. FULLER

NASH, I CAN'T GET TO CLEANINGS.
LOOK, I WANT YOU TO CALL THAT GIRL,
AND LEON NASH, FIRST, BE CALM YOURSELF,
THEN TELL HER TO BE CALM. DON'T
HER THE CUT IS IN THE HOUSE; JUST TELL
HER TO PUT THE PHONE DOWN AND GO
RIGHT OUT THE DOOR.

NASH,
I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY!
I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY!
I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY!

OMI: Y31: 132

133

~~305~~
~~308~~

INT - FRONT HALL - JESS - NIGHT

JESS COMES TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS.
SHE IS OBVIOUSLY VERY FRIGHTENED.

JESS

PHIL! PHIL, PHIL, WHERE ARE YOU?
PHIL, PLEASE ANSWER ME!

THERE IS SILENCE WHICH IS BROKEN BY THE
PHONE RINGING LOUDLY. JESS GOES TO ANSWER IT.

~~306~~
~~309~~

INT - LIVING ROOM JESS - NIGHT

med shot of Jess behind her we see the stairway from menacingly.

JESS

HELLO?

SERGEANT NASH

(HE SPEAKS SLOWLY AND
VERY CALMLY.)

WHO IS THIS?

NASH

IT'S JESS.

NASH

JESS, THIS IS SARGEANT NASH!
ARE YOU THE ONLY ONE IN THE
HOUSE.

JESS

NO PHIL AND BARRY ARE
ASLEEP UPSTAIRS UPSTAIRS. WHY?

NASH
(PAUSE)

ALRIGHT, NOW LOOK JESS, I WANT
YOU TO DO EXACTLY WHAT I TELL
YOU WITHOUT ASKING ANY QUESTIONS
OKAY -

JESS

BUT -

NASH

NO QUESTIONS! NOW JUST PUT ^{THE PHONE} BACK
ON THE HOOK AND WALK TO THE FRONT
DOOR AND LEAVE THE HOUSE.

306 CNT

135

~~100~~

JESS

WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT'S GOING ON?

NASH

JESS, PLEASE JUST DO
WHAT I TELL YOU!

JESS

HE'S COMING HERE ISN'T HE?

NASH

JESS, JUST GET OUT OF THERE,
PLEASE!

JESS

OKAY I'LL GET PHIL AND BARB!
(SHE STARTS TO CLIMB UP Y. & PHIL)

NASH

(YELLING)

JESS! DON'T DO THAT!

306 CONT

136 100
JESS
(INTO PHONE)

WHAT?

NASH
(ANQUISHED)

JESS '... HE'S IN THE HOUSE!
THE CALLS ARE COMING FROM
THE HOUSE!

JESS

She covers the phone and turns slowly to
look up the stairs to the second floor.

Camera zooms up to Phil's partially open door.

307
510 L.S. JESS

From the second floor landing we zoom deliberately
down to Jess, as she stares, completely stricken.

NASH

GET OUT JESS! DON'T GO UP
THERE! POLICE ARE ON THE WAY!

.....

Jess doesn't hear him. Her eyes are
riveted on the second floor.

~~BACK TO PAGE 100~~

Camera pans ~~slowly~~ with Jess as she stumbles backward slowly toward the door. She never takes her eyes from the upstairs landing. She is literally numb with fear. A terrible struggle is seen on her face: Although we can't hear what she says, we can clearly make out the fact that she is mouthing the names of Barb & Phyl. She continues to do so until she reaches the door, then she starts to raise her voice as if all, every act of calling out will free her from her dilemma.

Jess

Barb! Barb!

Silence

Phyl! Barb!

She screams the names in a desperate plea, but she knows there is no way out. We see the resolve grow in her face. She bolts out of the shot.

308

~~317~~ M-S JESS

She runs into the living room and looks around desperately. The spots the camera pans from her and tilts down to the poker by the fireplace. We see Jess' hand reach in and take the poker and move out of the shot.

309

~~318~~ M.S. - JESS

Jess comes warily out of the living room. She follows the camera up the stairs. Her face is white, but she will not go back.

310 INT - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT -

Hand held shot from Jess' point of view. Camera moves deliberately, looking around.

JESS

(SOFTLY)

BARB BARB.

311
~~312~~ - M.S. JESS

Camera moves slowly before Jess as she moves down the hall. As it comes to Barb's partially opened door, it turns to peer at it. Jess moves back into the shot and stop before the door.

JESS

BARB?

She pushes against the door. There is something blocking it. She shoves and it gives a bit. She shoves again and the door gives suddenly. Jess loses her balance, pitching forward. The bulb from the hallway creates a shaft of light which falls across Barb's bed. Camera zooms in rapidly to catch a subliminal impression of Barb and Phyl both propped up in the bed, their heads twisted half way around, their arms akimbo, their eyes bulging.

312 - REVERSE ON JESS

Jess looks up from her knees. The sight n.b. s.o.o. will not register. Her face is blank

312 CONT

140

She cannot comprehend. Suddenly, chillingly, we hear a voice. It cuts right to the bone.

CALLER
(CHILD LIKE)

BILLY'S A BAD BOY! BILLY
KILLED THE BABY!

Jess looks up.

313
316

From Jess' point of view, we look up at the door and there, in the crack between the door and the door frame, the eye of the killer glares out at us madly. After a beat, the door starts to swing toward us slowly.

314 MED SHOT JESS

Jess' fear galvanizes her. She leaps to her feet and shoves the door back against the wall. We hear an outrage cry of pain. Jess pulls the door to and camera pans with her as she flies toward the stairway. Camera swings back to the door. On the other side the caller howls, literally howls in rage. The door starts to open.

³¹⁵
~~318~~ EXT-INT - FRONT HALL - JESS - NIGHT

Thru the cut glass front door we see Jess struggling with ^{the} door. We hear the howling.

³¹⁶
~~319~~ INT - FRONT HALL - JESS - NIGHT

Tight shot of Jess. She tugs at the stubborn bolt. The howls intensify. She looks over her shoulder. We hear footsteps.

³¹⁷
~~320~~ From Jess's point of view we zoom to the upstairs landing. The feet approach.

³¹⁸
~~321~~ M-S JESS.

Camera follows her as she bolts for the back hall. She spies the basement door under the stairwell. She darts for it. The howls reverberate throughout the house.

³¹⁹
~~322~~ INT - CELLAR - JESS - NIGHT

Jess swings the cellar door shut and pushes on the heavy brass bolt. It won't go into the slot. The howls are devastating; the footsteps thunder towards her. Jess struggles, agonized. The footsteps are upon her. The bolt

319 CONT

slides in just as the unseen figure comes hurtling against the door. Jess backs away and the Caller howls and rages and thrusts himself against the door. The door buckles but does not give. Suddenly the noise stops. All is silent. Camera moves in on Jess. She listens. There is silence. Jess moves down the stairs a step. She looks down into the cellar.

320 The Cellar from Jess's point of view. Camera pans the cellar. We see the boiler, the coal chute, the odds and ends. Camera pans by a cellar window just below ground. Camera holds there.

~~321~~
321 - Meet that Jess.

She starts down the stairs and across the basement. She stops to listen. We hear nothing except faintly in the distance, the sound of sirens. Jess starts to move again, then, suddenly, we hear ^{at} the same time Jess does. It is unmistakable. A voice calling her name. Jess holds her breath. Now we hear footsteps.

~~322~~
322 - The Cellar

322 CONT

Camera holds on the cello window to see feet walk slowly by. Camera pans across the blank wall toward the second window.

~~323~~
~~326~~ - C.U. JESS

She clutches the poker and back away toward a corner.

327 - THE CELLER

Camera completes its pan. The figure kneels. We hear Jess's name called clearly now.

328 C.U. JESS

She stares wide eyed.

329 - THE CELLER

The figure bends over now, and rubs the frost off the window and looks in.

~~327~~
~~330~~ C.U. JESS

Her face reflects what she sees.

328 C.U. THE FIGURE

It is Peter!

He tries to open the window. It rattles noisily.

PETER
(MUFFLED)

JESS, I KNOW YOU'RE IN
THERE. LET ME IN!

329 C.U. JESS

There is ominous silence as Jess, watching the window, backs terrified across the room. She knocks several boxes over with a loud noise.

330 C.U. PETER

PETER

JESS, LET ME IN!

Peter kicks in the window, pushes it open and climbs in. The cellar is very dark.

PETER
(VERY QUIETLY)

WHERE ARE YOU, JESS?

He wanders around in the dark looking for her.

PETER

JESS? DON'T HIDE FROM ME, JESS. I
WANT TO TALK TO YOU. JESS, WE CAN'T
KILL THE BABY.

Camera moves into position where we can
see Jess in the background cowering behind
the furnace. Peter looks about. He sees Jess
and moves slowly toward her. Camera follows.

JESS

DON'T COME NEAR ME, PETER.

PETER

JESS, I'M SORRY, JESS.

JESS

GET AWAY FROM ME.

330 CONT

146

In the distance, sirens wail.

JESS

I'M WARNING YOU, PETER. GET AWAY!

PETER

(he reaches out for her)

JESS, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I...

Jess strikes out suddenly hitting Peter across the side of the head with the poker. He falls to his knees.

~~331~~ ³³¹ MED - 2 - SHOT PETER LOOKING OVER SHOULDER JESS.

Peter looks up stunned. He reaches for her again. The poker flies back and she hits him again and again.

332. EXT. POLICE CAR - HOUSE - FULLER - JENNINGS' POLICEMAN #1 - NIGHT

In the extreme foreground we see Jennings staring blankly. The squad car pulls up beside Jennings car. The cop leaps out and runs for the house. Fuller leaps out and sticks his head into Jennings car.

332 CONT

FULLER
 (he sees Jennings)
 OH MY GOD!

He turns and runs toward the house. A second squad car pulls up. In the distance we see the cop breaking the front door glass. As Fuller rushes up, the cop yells out

POLICEMAN #1

THE CELLER!

They start inside.

333 INT - CELLER - FULLER - COPS - NIGHT

We are in darkness. We hear footsteps and voices. Suddenly, the basement door is shattered by the blow of an axe. Light streams thru. The axe falls again and again. The cops burst thru and come bounding down the stairs. They stop short

334 M.S. ZOOM JESS + PETER

We zoom slowly into the scene. Jess lies crumpled, a look of fixed horror. Peter lies at her feet his arms reaching for her. Camera zooms slowly to her stricken face.

~~TYPE~~ or ~~LOOSE~~

17 148

~~148~~

~~XEROX~~ 10 copies

335
~~338~~

INT. JESS' ROOM - FULLER - NASH - JESS - CHRIS - DOCTOR - HARRISON - POLICEMEN #1 & 2 - NIG. IT

Dissolve to an extreme close up of Jess sleeping peacefully. Begin a very slow dolly back. The entire scene that follows will be played during this slow pullback. At first we only hear voices off camera then Chris and Supt Fuller are revealed. As the pullback progresses we see more of the action in the room and in the hallway where it will end up. Several times we see policemen or ambulance attendants cross the lens carrying, but the body's or other police business. We have the feeling of great activity whirling about us as we pull back, always holding Jess center screen. Most of the dialogue that follows is overlapped.

FULLER
(OFF CAMERA)

APPARENTLY, HE MADE A PHONE
CALL AFTER EVERY MURDER.

CHRIS
(ditto)

Will?

335 CONT

2

149

FULLER

WHO KNOWS, CHRIS. I GUESS
HE REALLY WANTS TO STOP
HIM. BY THE WAY, NASH, YOU BETTER
PHONE HIS PARENTS AND GET THEM
DOWN HERE.

~~man~~
We see a ~~face~~ lean in and pull back
Jessie eyelid and then take her pulse. Camera
now includes Fuller and Chris Partially.

DOCTOR

SHE'S UNDER. WHAT TIME DO HER
PARENTS GET HERE.

FULLER

THEY'LL BE HERE IN A COUPLE
OF HOURS. THEY'RE DRIVING DOWN
FROM UNIONVILLE.

DOCTOR

ALRIGHT, I'LL STAY WITH HER
UNTIL THEN.

CITRIS

335 CONT

150

DID ANYONE NOTIFY PATRICK CORNELL?

FULLER

WHO?

CHRIS

PHIL'S BOYFRIEND, ITS OKAY I'LL
DO IT.

Just then Nash moves into frame. He
whispers to Fuller.

NASH

LIEUT I THINK WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE TO TAKE THESE BODIES TO THE
MORQUE IN LINCOLNVILLE. THE HOSPITAL
DOESN'T HAVE FACILITIES FOR THIS MANY
AT ONCE.

FULLER

ALRIGHT, AND NOTIFY THE COUNTY
CORONER THERE TO START AUTOPSY'S
RIGHT AWAY.

NASH
YESSIR!

335 CONT

151

The camera has pulled back and now includes Mr Harrison in the edge of the frame. Two Ambulance attendants move past camera wheeling out one of the girls body.

FULLER

EVERYTHING ABOUT WRAPPED
UP HERE?

NASH

STATE
YESSIR! THE LAB GUYS WILL
BE HERE IN AN HOUR, THEY SAID.
I'VE GOT ME CLACKY OUT
FRONT, YOU WANT ME TO LEAVE
SOMEONE IN HERE?

FULLER

NO, THE DOCTORS & NURSES
STAY WITH HER!

NASH

THE STATIONS FULL OF REPORTERS,
A COUPLE OF THEM FOUND THEIR
WAY HERE. AND THERES TV. GUYS
DOWNSTAIRS THEY WANT PICTURES.

335 CNT

152

FULLER

CHRIST! SEND THEM BACK TO
THE STATION I'LL TALK TO THEM THERE.
WE'RE LEAVING IN JUST A MINUTE.

NASH

RIGHT!

Nash moves by camera, passing Mr Harrison.
The Doctor speaks in the background.

DOCTOR

GOD, THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE. WE'VE
GOT A MASS MURDER ON OUR
HANDS!

At this moment, Mr Harrison starts to crumble.
He begins to moan softly; his body sways
in his chair; his other arm toward him.
Chris leaps to grasp him just as he falls
from the chair. The Doctor comes from around
the bed. Fuller moves to help Chris. Mr Harrison
has collapsed completely. His body hangs limp.
He makes faint whimpering sounds. The Doctor
throws his head back and examines him.

335 CNT

153

DOCTOR

HE'S IN SHOCK! HELP ME
GET HIM DOWNSTAIRS. WE'LL HAVE
TO TAKE HIM TO THE HOSPITAL.

They lift Mr Harrison to his feet and support
him. They move him toward camera.

CHRIS

SHE'S ALRIGHT, MR HARRISON I REALLY
BELIEVE THAT. SHE'S GOING TO
TURN UP.

DOCTOR

HE CAN'T HEAR YOU.

They move past camera leaving her alone,
sleeping quietly. A soft stream of light from
outside falls across her face. We hear
the sounds from downstairs as the men
move out of the house.

FULLER
CRYELLING

M'CLOSKEY! OPEN THE DOOR!

We hear the front door open. The shot continues to hold on Jess as in the distance we hear the men leave the house and the front door closes.

There is silence. Jess lies sleeping soundly. Then, very faintly, not far from the camera, we hear a muffled sound.

The camera turns slowly and looks down the hall. The muffled sound grows slightly in intensity. Camera holds for a moment then begins to slowly down the hall toward the sound. As we move closer the sound begins to become somewhat coherent. Suddenly we realize, to our utter horror, what the sound is. It is the incoherent mulling of a child - Nasty Billy! It is Nasty Billy! It wasn't Peter. Peter isn't the killer! The killer sits crouching in the attic. Camera stops at the end of the hallway and tilts up to look at the trapdoor. The muffled voice is now drifting out to us.

BACK SCRIPT
AT LAST PARAGRAPH
OF SC 154

174. ~~CONTINUED~~

MR. HARRISON

(we hear him crying)
What about my daughter? She's
dead, isn't she?

LIEUTENANT FULLER

Now, calm down, Mr. Harrison.
The search parties are still out
looking for her. We'll find her,
Mr. Harrison. Don't worry. She'll
show up.

The shot continues to hold on Jess in the room as in the
distance we hear the men leave the house and the front
door close.

There is silence. Jess lies sleeping soundly. Then, very
faintly, not far from the camera, we hear a muffled sound.

The camera begins a very slow PAN away from Jess and begins
a smooth dolly down the hall. Very faintly we hear several
cars start up outside and drive off. As the camera moves
farther down the hall, the murmuring becomes clearer as we
get closer and closer to the trapdoor. We begin to hear
voices.

CALLER

(voice only - woman's voice)

Bruce, where's the baby? Where's
Agnes?

(panic coming into her voice)

I can't find my baby!

(little boy's voice)

I can find her mommy! You wait
here. I'll go get her.

(woman's voice, relieved)

Oh, what a good boy you are, Billy.
You're such a good boy to your
mother. Such a nice boy.

The trapdoor moves, at first almost imperceptibly and then
it creaks on rusty hinges as it slowly begins to open.

338 336 ~~174.~~ INTERIOR - ATTIC - ~~CLARE'S~~ CLARE - NIGHT

175.

The screen is murky and empty. The camera PANS to Clare's
dead face. It becomes even more grotesque as a shaft of
light comes onto it from below as the trapdoor creaks all
the way open.

The camera begins to pull back very slowly from Clare's face,

~~175.~~
336. CONTINUED

gradually revealing Mrs. Mac's body hanging from the rafter in the background.

~~176.~~
337. EXTERIOR - HOUSE - ~~DAY DAWN~~ CLARE - COPS - NIGHT

176.

The camera PULLS OUT through the attic window and slowly cranes back away from the house.

Gradually more and more of the front of the house comes into frame. ~~The first grey hints of dawn are beginning to come into the winter sky.~~

The camera pulls farther back and we see two policemen on the front porch. One of the policemen lights a cigarette, walks down the steps to the snow-covered front lawn.

The camera pulls back even farther away until the house is seen nestled among the evergreens and spidery oaks.

Far off in the distance, barely discernable, a telephone begins to ring.

The policemen look up at the house curiously.

BRING ON THE CREDITS. ~~As~~ the ringing of the telephone floats faintly out to us, ~~and~~ the picture fades to BLACK.

EVER MORE STRONGLY

- E N D -

- ✓ 1) overall discussions don't really seem contemporary
- ✓ 2) We're going to black alot
- ✗ 3) at the end the cops should find bodies in the attic
- ✓ 4) it isn't clear that the killer is really going to get away
- ? 5) suggest subjective camera moving down side of house and away.
- ? 6) I don't ~~at~~ think Jess should die. (Live with horror of him knowing her etc)
- ✓ 7) I think that the writer should go over to the university and listen to the students talk.
- ✓ 8) I think Clare has to be a little less delicate
- ✓? 9) The cops coming into the house at the end is a little to fast for me.
- ✓ 10) I think the opening and ending should be subjective camera all the way.
- ✓ 11) a subjective camera approaching the police car while the cop is alone could be interesting. Cut out of it before cop is killed.
- ✓ 12) I think Peter is a bit too obvious as he is written. It could be made more suspicious and less obvious.
- ✓ 13) Make the cops a little more intelligent.

Overall it's a damn good script

(Bob Schoff)