

CANDYMAN

Screenplay by

BERNARD ROSE

Based on CLIVE BARKER'S

THE FORBIDDEN

DRAFT REVISED

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Corrected

1 BLACK SCREEN 1

The SOUND of buzzing bees. The SOUND of a sleepy afternoon, far from here.

Then a voice, CANDYMAN's, murmuring so softly that seduction might be in the air. His voice is dark and rich and filled with remorse.

CANDYMAN (V.O.)

They will say I have shed innocent blood...

The BUZZING grows louder as we...

SLOWLY FADE IN:

THOUSANDS OF BEES

FILL THE SCREEN, dimly perceived, packed together, crawling over one, another.

CANDYMAN (V.O.)

What's blood for, if not for shedding?

The bees become agitated.

CANDYMAN (V.O.)

With my hook for a hand. I'll split you from your nob to your gullet.

The BUZZING crescendos.

CANDYMAN (V.O.)

I came for you...

The bees explode towards us, suddenly becoming airborne.

2 EXT. CHICAGO DOWNTOWN - DAY 2

(FX SHOT - HELICOPTER PLATE & MATTE) A massive black cloud of bees rises as a swarm over the city. Obliterating it from view and then dispersing in a million different directions.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON HELEN BUCHANAN - DAY 3

The bees appear to float across her fine features through the dissolve. Helen, in her mid-twenties, listens intently to someone we cannot yet see.

It is the voice of an eighteen-year-old girl, a freshman.
Her name is MONICA.

MONICA (V.O.)

This is the worst story I ever
heard, and it's totally true. It
happened a few years ago near
Moses Lake in Indiana...

4 EXT. MOSES LAKE - SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 4

A suburban street like any other. The houses only
distinguished by their handyman customizations. We focus on
one house, no different from the others. It is a calm night
with twinkling stars.

MONICA (V.O.)

Clara was babysitting for the
Johnsons...

5 INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 5

We see a pretty little baby going gently to sleep in its cot.
CLARA, an attractive but conservative teenager, bends over
the baby. She sees that the child has settled down and
quietly leaves the room.

6 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 6

Clara walks down the stairs, the image of the responsible
teenager. She heads for the back door.

7 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT 7

Clara peers out into the darkness and beckons to someone. A
leather-jacketed boy, BILLY, steps out of the shadows. He
kisses her hungrily. They go inside.

8 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 8

Billy and Clara kiss and fondle each other on the couch.

BILLY

You know, being alone in the
house, like this, reminds me...

CLARA

Oh yeah?

She gives him a playful whack. Billy starts to undress her,
peeling off her sweater.

BILLY

A story I heard...
 (he kisses her)
 Joey told me.

Clara arches back on the couch, becoming aroused as he fondles her.

CLARA

Tell it to me...

BILLY

There was this girl, babysitting,
 just like you...
 (he continues
 undressing her as
 he speaks)
 The kids are asleep and she's
 watching TV, when the phone rings.
 She answers it, but there's nobody
 there. She's about to hang up
 when she hears a voice...

Billy slides off her shoes and slowly unbuckles her jeans.

BILLY

The voice whispers... "bloody
 murder..."

Clara shivers. Billy continues to undress her.

BILLY

She hangs up and goes back to
 watching TV.
 (he runs his hands
 over her dress and
 down towards her
 navel)
 The phone rings again. She picks
 up and there's the voice...
 (kisses her)
 "Bloody murder..." She dials the
 operator. The operator says
 she'll put a trace on the line if
 he calls back...
 (he starts to slide
 off her jeans)
 He does, though this time the
 voice is louder... "BLOODY
 MURDER!" She freaks. The phone
 rings again. She can't answer it,
 just sits on the couch shaking.
 Finally she picks up, ready to

BILLY (CONT)

scream at him... but it's the operator. The operator says, "Get out of the house!! Get out now!!! We traced the call..."

Clara is spooked.

BILLY

"It's coming from upstairs..."

Clara wriggles off the couch, upset.

BILLY

Hey! I'm sorry... I didn't scare you did I?

Clara recovers quickly, but wants revenge.

CLARA

No.

BILLY

(grinning)

You sure look scared to me.

CLARA

That's nothing. I heard that one before. Come upstairs, I'll show you something really scary. But you have to be quiet...

Billy likes the sound of this.

9 UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT

9

Clara leads Billy past the child's bedroom to the bathroom, tiptoeing.

10 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

10

Billy and Clara regard their reflections in the mirrored door of the medicine cabinet, arms around each other. They talk in whispers.

CLARA

You ever heard of Candyman?

BILL

No.

CLARA

His right hand is sawn off. he has a hook jammed in the bloody stump. If you look in the mirror and say his name thirteen times, he'll appear behind you...

(nibbles his ear)

...breathing down your neck.

(Billy grins)

Wanna try it?

BILLY

Okay... Candyman, Candyman, Candyman, Candyman...

(he counts them off on his fingers)

Candyman, Candyman, Candyman, Candyman, Candyman, Candyman, Candyman, Candyman...

BILLY (CONT)

(the thirteenth time)

Can-

Billy pauses, Clara laughs.

CLARA

No one ever got past twelve!

He grabs her and kisses her. She breaks away.

CLARA

Not here. Go downstairs. I have a surprise for you...

Billy obeys, his anticipation rising. He exits. Clara locks the bathroom door behind him. She reaches in her pocket and produces a contraceptive cap. She regards herself in the mirror, a moment of reflection, considering the step she is about to take. A thought makes her smile...

CLARA

(to herself)

Candyman...

She reaches for the medicine cabinet door and opens it. As the mirrored door opens, we see for the briefest instant, a SILHOUETTED FIGURE, standing behind her.

11 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

11

Billy sits on the couch eagerly awaiting Clara. he hears a terrible sound, an awful WRENCHING, something being ripped in two. He looks up at the ceiling.

A massive red stain spreads across the ceiling...

DISSOLVE TO:

12 CLOSE ON A TAPE RECORDER

12

Wheels turning.

MONICA (V.O.)

What he saw turned his hair white
from shock...

CLOSE ON MONICA

Who we now see is a dumpy bespectacled teenager.

MONICA

He killed her, split her open with
his hook... killed the baby too...

WIDER

We are in a research room at the University of Illinois.
Monica sits opposite HELEN, who listens impassively.

MONICA

Billy got away, but soon after he
went crazy. My roommate's
boyfriend knew him...

Helen barely suppresses a smile.

13 INT. UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR - DAY

13

Helen and Monica walk into the corridor outside the research
room. Helen shakes Monica's hand.

HELEN

Thank you.

Monica heads off down the corridor, which is bustling with
students. We follow Helen in the opposite direction. She
knocks on a door and enters.

14 INT. ANOTHER RESEARCH ROOM - DAY

14

Inside the room is similar to the one we just left. BERNADETTE, a fellow post-structuralist graduate student, sits interviewing a teenage BOY.

HELEN

(seeing they are
busy)

Oh... sorry.

BERNADETTE

It's okay. We're pretty much done.

(to the boy)

So... where did you hear this story?

BOY

My friend heard it on the radio. It's true. Sick, huh? The babysitter roasted the kid just like it was a turkey or something...

He laughs inadvertently.

15 HIGH ANGLE - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

15

The complex concrete quadrangle of the University of Illinois. The giant towers of the Chicago skyline are visible in the background. Students teem about. Helen and Bernadette sit on a low concrete wall.

ON HELEN AND BERNADETTE

BERNADETTE

Oh my God! This could be the one!

She turns the piece of chicken in front of her face, examining it.

BERNADETTE

The original Kentucky Fried Rat.

Helen regards her own lunch less enthusiastically. Bernadette takes a big bite out of the chicken, feigning disappointment.

HELEN
(laughing at her)
Another dead end?

BERNADETTE
Too bad, huh? How's yours?

Helen takes a bite, not without a momentary pause.

HELEN
100 per cent chicken. Sorry.

BERNADETTE
Can you imagine what it would be like, if we actually found the rat? I don't think I could ever eat again...

Helen gets a look of sly determination in her eye.

HELEN
Maybe...but we'd get that slob Purcell right where he lives.

BERNADETTE
You think so? He'd just rip off our thesis, go on the talk shows and tell everybody he was the leading expert on Urban legends...the man who finally got to take a bite of the legendary take-out rat...

Helen looks depressed.

HELEN
Trevor thinks they're going to make him head of the anthropology department. It's unbelievable. His data is so secondhand...

BERNADETTE
The patronizing asshole gets to assess our doctorate?

Helen nods.

HELEN
And you and I are gonna nail him.

16 INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

16

TREVOR BUCHANAN delivers a lecture from the podium. The auditorium is about two-thirds full. Trevor is around forty years old and in good shape. For a professor, Trevor is quite sartorial, not at all the shabby nerdy cliché.

TREVOR

Anyone here remember the craze for pet baby alligators?

DIANE raises her arm, Trevor gives her the floor.

DIANE

When they got too large to keep, people flushed them down the toilet. They live in the sewers. Some of them are thirty feet long...

Trevor grins.

TREVOR

Where did this happen?

DIANE

In Miami. They went blind and albino from living in the dark.

Another student, DANNY, raises his hand. Trevor gestures to him to speak.

DANNY

Sir, it wasn't Miami. It was New York. I read it in the paper...

TREVOR

(sarcastic)

Well then it must be true.

They laugh.

TREVOR

Why would Danny and Diane both be suffering the same delusion in cities a thousand miles apart? Let's face it folks there are no alligators in the sewers. These bizarre events could not have happened to so many aunts, cousins, neighbors and friends of friends...

A SPOTTY BOY takes the floor.

SPOTTY BOY

It's an example of Jungian
collective unconsciousness...

TREVOR

(groans)

You don't believe that science
fiction mumbo jumbo!?

They laugh.

TREVOR

No...it's bedtime stories...it's
round the campfire. These stories
are modern oral folklore. They
are an unselfconscious reflection
of the fears of Urban society.

(he checks his
watch)

And that's lunch...

The audience breaks up quickly. A group of students surround Trevor, asking questions. Helen enters as the others file out the door. She heads for Trevor as he talks to STACEY, a very pretty coed. Trevor's enthusiastic hand gestures accidentally brush lightly against Stacey's chest as he expounds some arcane theory.

TREVOR

(seeing Helen)

Hi honey.

As she reaches him, he puts his arm around her and kisses her.

TREVOR

Do you know everybody?

(indicates his
students)

Mark...Danny...Diane...and Stacey.

Helen shakes hands all round.

STACEY

Hi.

Stacey seems to avoid eye contact with Helen.

Trevor and Helen move away from the group and head out of the lecture theater. We follow them.

17 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LECTURE HALL - DAY

17

As they walk, passersby acknowledge Trevor.

HELEN

That girl, is she alright? She wouldn't look at me and I swear she was blushing.

Trevor gives a wicked grin.

TREVOR

That's because she's in love with me! All those bursting adolescent hormones!

Helen gives him a playful whack.

HELEN

Bighead.
(changing the
subject)
Any news on Purcell?

TREVOR

He's coming in on the redeye tonight.

HELEN

He got the job.

TREVOR

I'm going to O'Hare to meet him. Come with me. Make a good impression.

HELEN

He makes my flesh crawl.

Trevor laughs and kisses her.

TREVOR

Catch you later, sweetheart...

18 CLOSE ON CASSETTE RECORDER - NIGHT

18

Spinning, replaying Monica's story.

MONICA (V.O.)

...if you look in the mirror and say his name thirteen times...

The recorder is switched off.

19 INT. RESEARCH ROOM - ON HELEN - NIGHT

19

She is by a computer terminal, transcribing the tape. She types a sentence and restarts the recorder.

MONICA (V.O.)

He'll appear behind you breathing
down your neck...

She switches the tape off again and starts to type. A knock on the door disturbs her.

HELEN

Hello...

The door opens and HENRIETTA, a black woman in her forties, peers round the door.

HENRIETTA

Can I clean the room?

HELEN

Sure. Don't mind me.

Henrietta enters, leaving her cleaning cart in the corridor, and starts emptying garbage. Helen switches on the tape gain.

MONICA (V.O.)

So Billy began... he looked in the
mirror and said, "Candyman...
Candyman... Candyman..."

The tape stops again. Henrietta chuckles at the mention of Candyman. Helen restarts the tape...

MONICA (V.O.)

...Candyman... Candyman...

Helen notices Henrietta chuckling to herself.

HENRIETTA

Heh heh, Candyman, eh?

HELEN

You've heard of him?

HENRIETTA

Oh yes... oh yes... You doin' a
study on him?...

HELEN

Um... yes. What do you know about
him?

HENRIETTA

Everybody's scared of him... once it get dark. He lives over at Cabrini... My friend told me about it...

HELEN

Cabrini Green?

HENRIETTA

Yeah... in the projects... I live on the South Side, so I don't know too much about it. My friend know all about it... her cousin live in Cabrini. They say he killed a lady...

Helen's curiosity is piqued.

HELEN

Could I talk to your friend?

Henrietta laughs.

HENRIETTA

Sure...

She moves to the door and shouts down the corridor.

HENRIETTA

Kitty!

19 VIEW DOWN THE CORRIDOR

19

Kitty is way down the corridor, mopping the floor.

KITTY

(shouting)
What'd you want?

HENRIETTA

Lady here wants to talk to you.

Kitty starts walking towards us.

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - NIGHT

Henrietta turns back to Helen.

HENRIETTA

She's comin'.

Helen stands.

HELEN
(proffering her
hand)
I'm Helen Buchanan.

HENRIETTA
(shaking hands)
Pleased to meet you... Henrietta
Mosely...

Kitty enters, bemused.

HENRIETTA
And this is Kitty Culver...
(Kitty shakes
hands)
Tell her what you told me about
Candyman...

Kitty shakes her head.

KITTY
Oh... I don't know nothin' about
that...

HENRIETTA
You told me your cousin tell you
all about it.

KITTY
I don't know nothin' 'cept what I
read...

HELEN
Kitty... it may not seem much to
you, but I'd really like to
know...

Kitty sits and begins her tale.

KITTY
All I know is this... A lady, she
was in the tub, when she hears a
noise...

Helen pushes the record button on the tape recorder.

HELEN
Do you know her name?

KITTY
I think she called Ruthie Mae...
so she heard bangin' and smashin',

like a person is tryin' to knock a hole in the wall. So Ruthie, she called 911 an' said, "Someone comin' through the walls" an' they wouldn't believe her!

HENRIETTA

They thought the lady was crazy, right?

Kitty nods.

KITTY

She said, "He's comin' through the walls!!" an' still they wouldn't believe her...

Kitty pauses.

KITTY

When they got there she was dead.

HELEN

She was shot?

KITTY

No. She got killed with a hook...

Helen reacts. Kitty mimes a disembowelment.

HENRIETTA

It's true... yes it is. I read it in the paper...

KITTY

My cousin say Candyman killed her.

ON HELEN

intrigued, a whole new avenue opening up.

KITTY

But I don't know nothin' about that...

21 INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - CLOSE ON MICROFILM SCREEN - NIGHT

Newspaper pages slide past rapidly. Stopping occasionally for a closer look and then continuing.

We glimpse some gruesome pictures of murder victims.

ON HELEN

her brow furrowed in concentration.

ON THE SCREEN

We see a headline: "CAUSE OF DEATH. WHAT KILLED RUTHIE MAE, LIFE IN THE PROJECTS?"

ON HELEN

chilled.

WIDE VIEW

Helen crosses the massive high tech library. She is alone and it is dark.

22 EXT. SANDBURGH VILLAGE CONDOS - NIGHT

22

An internationalist style housing development, tall blocks clustered around manicured lawns. Doormen, twenty-four hour security.

HELEN (V.O.)

Look...

23 INT. SANDBURGH CONDOS - HELEN AND TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment reflects Helen's enthusiastic and outgoing nature. It is smart without being uncomfortable. A proper home.

Helen shows Bernadette a photocopy of the article on Ruthie Mae's murder.

BERNADETTE

I don't like this. This is not one of your fairy tales. Somebody really died. It makes me uncomfortable...

HELEN

That's not the half of it.

She hands Bernadette a pile of photocopies. She leafs through them.

ON THE PHOTOCOPIES

We see a newspaper article about the opening of Cabrini Green, the buildings all shiny and new. The architect proudly shaking hands with the mayor.

HELEN AND BERNADETTE

HELEN

That's Cabrini Green, not that
you'd recognize it now.

BERNADETTE

No kidding. I won't even drive
past it. I heard a kid got shot
there just the other day.

HELEN

Look carefully at this picture...
(she turns the
page)
...and then this one... spot it?

BERNADETTE

No.

HELEN

That's not Cabrini Green. That's
this building... Sandburgh
Village! My apartment was built
as a housing project.

BERNADETTE

What?

HELEN

Once it was finished, the city
soon realized that there was no
barrier between here and the Gold
Coast; no freeway or El Train to
keep the ghetto cut off...So they
did some minor alterations, clad
the cinderblock in plaster and
sold the lot off as condos.

BERNADETTE

How did they get away with that?

Helen gets up and heads for the bathroom.

HELEN

Well they did. Come here...

24 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

24

Helen shows Bernadette the bathroom. It is small, with the
shower, the tub, the sink and the toilet crammed in. Above
the sink a medicine cabinet is set into the wall. The
cabinet has a mirrored door.

HELEN

Here's the proof.

Helen opens the medicine cabinet.

HELEN

It's all in the article about
Ruthie Mae's murder...(she hands the
papers to
Bernadette)The killer, or killers, they don't
know which, smashed his way
through the back of the cabinet...(she raps the back
of the cabinet
with her knuckles)There's no wall there. One piece
of plywood separating us from next
door.

Helen starts to pry open the back of the cabinet.

HELEN

Look.

BERNADETTE

Hey! Stop it! There might be
somebody in the bathroom.

HELEN

It's okay. The apartment's
vacant.Helen holds the wood panel open a crack and Bernadette peers
through.

25 BERNADETTE'S POV THROUGH THE CRACK

25

A dark bathroom, identical to Helen's.

BERNADETTE (V.O.)

That's amazing.

26 INT. BATHROOM

26

Bernadette suddenly jumps back from the medicine cabinet.

HELEN

What's wrong?

BERNADETTE

(whispering)
Someone's in there.

HELEN

(laughing)
There can't be.

BERNADETTE

I thought I saw a light go on.

They both start to giggle. Helen closes the mirrored door to the cabinet.

BERNADETTE

Creepy, eh?

Helen grins.

HELEN

There's more. They even printed the address... Apartment 404 is where it all happened. We finally have a trail to follow...

They catch sight of themselves reflected in the mirror and both simultaneously have the same thought.

HELEN AND BERNADETTE

(chanting together,
giggling)

Candyman, Candyman, Candyman,
Candyman, Candyman, Candyman,
Candyman, Candyman, Candyman,
Candyman, Candyman, Candyman...

They pause, knowing it to be the thirteenth time...

HELEN

Ready? Candyman!

Bernadette looks sheepish.

HELEN

Chicken...

DISSOLVE TO:

27 INT. CORRIDOR HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

27

We are looking down the corridor into the open door of the bathroom. The lights are out. The mirrored medicine cabinet glints in the darkness. Through the bedroom door we see

Helen asleep in bed. She is alone. Trevor has not returned. We move close onto Helen.

The sound of splitting WOOD suddenly wakes her. It is coming from the bathroom. Helen lies still on the bed, listening. From the bathroom comes another sound: a male GRUNT.

Still half asleep, and unsure of what is happening, Helen's eyes scan the room for a weapon.

She hears FOOTSTEPS walking tot he bedroom. Helen watches the doorway, silently panicking. She sees nothing, just darkness.

Then the sound of BREATHING, deep, male, terrifying. Suddenly, in the gloom, she sees the figure of a MAN, lunging towards the bed.

Helen finds her voice and screams. The man grabs her. Helen fights back with all her strength.

A light is switched on.

TREVOR

Hey! Calm down! It's me!

Trevor is holding her. She sees him and stops struggling. She is still half asleep.

TREVOR

Who did you think it was?

He strokes her and kisses her. She puts her arms around him.

HELEN

What time is it?

TREVOR

(kissing her)
It's late, and I'm smashed...

Helen giggles and they start to make love. Over Trevor's shoulder a look crosses Helen's face as Trevor goes into his routine.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

28 MOVING HIGH ANGLE (HELICOPTER) - DAY

28

We are looking vertically down onto a red car as it drives from the steel and glass canyons of the Chicago downtown to an area of vacant lots strewn with garbage. From this height

the city becomes an abstract pattern. The SOUND reaching us as an eerie cacophony of horns, traffic and distant sirens.

29 INT. CAR - DAY

29

Helen is driving, Bernadette is next to her. Both are dressed formally, both seem tense. Bernadette goes through her bag. We see its contents; a can of Mace, an alarm. Helen sees her do this.

HELEN

What's with the arsenal? We're only going eight blocks.

BERNADETTE

You're the one who got us dressed up like cops.

HELEN

I said dress smartly.

BERNADETTE

We look like cops.

They both look at the barren landscape around them. The shattered vacant lots are a no-man's land leading to the ghetto. Beyond, the grimy towers of Cabrini Green rise over the horizon.

BERNADETTE

(consulting the map)

Take a left at the lights...

30 MOVING HIGH ANGLE (HELICOPTER) - DAY

30

Following the car as it turns left and drives into Cabrini Green. Crumbling highrises slide through the frame as Helen's car makes its way across the empty cracked blacktop past burned out cars and shattered streetlamps.

31 INT. CAR - DAY

31

Helen and Bernadette drive slowly through Cabrini. Guarding the entrances to the building are groups of Gangbangers. They stare at the passing car.

HELEN

Which way?

Bernadette's attention is distracted by the eyes boring into her.

BERNADETTE

(hurriedly consulting the map)
Umn... I think...

HELEN

Let's stop and ask.

BERNADETTE

No... no need... go straight.

They are approaching a highrise, some of its windows boarded up with planks and metal shutters. The entrance covered in graffiti. A gash of color against the monotone cinderblock.

HELEN

(seeing the sign on
the building)
Building "Z"... this is it.

As they get closer we see that a group of five Gangbangers stand barring the way to intruders.

HELEN

Let's go.

Bernadette is staring at the Gangbangers, not wanting to get out of the car.

HELEN

What d'you think's going to happen? They're going to shoot you? Rape you?

BERNADETTE

No...of course not...

HELEN

Then let's go.

BERNADETTE

(not moving)
That's not it.

Helen looks at her suspicious.

BERNADETTE

We may look like cops. But how d'you walk like a cop?

HELEN
 (grinning)
 With the cheeks of your ass
 stapled together.

32 EXT. CABRINI GREEN DAY

32

Bernadette gets out of the car after Helen. She tries the
 cop walk. The Gangbangers watch their approach.

HELEN
 (to Gangbangers)
 Hi.

They do not reply but continue staring, unsure of what
 they're dealing with. Helen walks past them to the entrance
 hall.

33 INT. PROJECT BUILDING - DAY

33

Helen and Bernadette stand in the small entrance hall.
 Shattered mail boxes opposite steel elevator doors. Every
 available surface is covered in graffiti; multiple layers of
 designs, names, incomprehensible scrawl. An explosion of
 discordant primary colors.

Inside the building seems so derelict and unwelcoming that no
 human being could inhabit it. Helen and Bernadette walk to
 the elevators and push the call button. The Gangbangers
 watch. There is a long pause. Bernadette feels eyes boring
 holes in the back of her neck. Then one of the Gangbangers
 gives a short laugh. Helen calls the elevator again. It is
 clearly not working. Helen turns determinedly and leads
 Bernadette to the stairwell. They start to walk upstairs.

34 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

34

The windows are boarded and there are no lights. We follow
 Helen and Bernadette as they climb the stairs, which twist at
 right angles every ten steps. Each corner is totally blind;
 who knows what may lie ahead. They hear the Gangbangers
 shouting up the stairwell, voices echoing.

GANGBANGER (O.S.)
 Yo! Cops comin' up the back
 stair!!

Helen winks at Bernadette.

HELEN

The walk sold it.

Bernadette smiles to cover her anxiety.

35 INT. RAMP - PROJECT BUILDING - DAY

35

Helen and Bernadette emerge onto a ramp. A grille is fixed across the balcony like a prison. As they walk along, a giant message is revealed, painted in extravagant colors on the opposite wall. It reads:

SWEETS TO THE SWEET

Helen reaches into her bag and produces a camera. She begins to photograph the graffiti. It is far too large for a single shot so she moves along the design taking a composite picture.

A door, completely camouflaged by the graffiti, opens on a chain. Helen is startled. She sees a Rottweiler growling at her, held back on a chain. A young woman stares out from behind the door. She is small and vulnerable: her name is ANNE-MARIE.

HELEN

Hello... I'm sorry if I-

Anne-Marie slams the door shut, leaving Helen and Bernadette alone on the ramp again. Helen continues to photograph the design. The graffiti seems to converge, perhaps even point to a battered door at the other end of the ramp. Taking pictures all the way, Helen is inexorably drawn towards the door. Bernadette follows, increasingly uncomfortable. The door bears the number 404.

HELEN

Here it is...

BERNADETTE

Someone could be in there.

Helen shrugs and knocks loudly on the battered door.

HELEN

Hello...

No answer. She pushes the door open.

BERNADETTE

(joking to cover her fear)
Don't go in there...

They enter the apartment.

36 INT. APARTMENT 404 - DAY

36

Harsh sunlight streams in through cracks in the boarding. They both almost gag on the smell of urine, which, cloying as incense, permeates the apartment.

BERNADETTE

Jesus, it stinks!

They move past a disemboweled couch, deeper into the gloom. Their feet squelch on the sodden carpet. The walls are covered in scrawl. Helen moves along the short corridor to the bathroom.

HELEN

See... I was right. The layout is identical... This must be the bathroom...

The door is shut. Helen goes to open it.

BERNADETTE

Helen!

HELEN

What's the problem?

Bernadette has lost her nerve.

BERNADETTE

A woman died in there... leave it.

Helen ignores her. Bernadette turns away as she opens the bathroom door.

HELEN

It's okay... there's nothing to see.

We see the broken, soiled bathroom fittings. The layout is the same as Helen's.

HELEN

Wait a minute...

She sees the medicine cabinet. Helen opens it. The back pane has been smashed through, leaving a gaping black hole. Bernadette moves close to Helen, she shivers.

BERNADETTE

That's where he crawled through, right?

BERNADETTE (CONT.)

(pause)

Well, we found it. Let's go.

Helen is taking pictures of the bathroom.

HELEN

Alright...

Bernadette breaths a sigh of relief.

HELEN

(referring to the
hole in the
cabinet)

Just help me up and as soon as I
get back we'll be out of here.

BERNADETTE

.. You're not serious!

HELEN

It's just a derelict apartment.

BERNADETTE

Then what's the big deal? We
shouldn't be hear.

HELEN

You want to nail Purcell or not?

BERNADETTE

Of course I do.

HELEN

Help me up.

Bernadette pauses.

HELEN

I promise I'll be quick.

Bernadette reluctantly helps Helen up through the hole. She
lands on the other side with a clatter.

BERNADETTE

Be careful.

Helen looks back at Bernadette through the hole and
disappears through blackness.

37 INT. APARTMENT BEYOND THE HOLE - DAY

37

Helen moves cautiously through the next door apartment. It is in a similar state of dereliction. She takes photos, using the moment of light from the flash on her camera to guide her way through the sordid piles of garbage. In the far wall of what must once have been the living room, a large hole has been sledgehammered. The thin cinderblock smashed through with ease. Helen clammers through lead deeper and deeper into this labyrinth.

38 INT. BEYOND THE SECOND HOLE - DAY

38

We PULL BACK with Helen as she scrambles through the second hole. The CAMERA reveals something she has not yet seen:

A VAST HEAD has been sprayed onto the bare cinderblock around the hole, which is placed centrally like a mouth. Cheekbones jutting through the dark skin; teeth sharpened to irregular points, all converging on the hole. It is a face filled with ruined beauty, at one terrifying and perversely attractive. A nightmarish vision, to be sure, but somewhere in his eyes is a melancholy.

Helen turns and sees the painting. His eyes fix mercilessly. She raises her camera. There is a whirring sound as she has come to the end of a roll of film. Her bag with the replacements, she left with Bernadette.

HELEN

Idiot.

Her feet stumble against a squalid mattress on the floor. She glances down. Something glistens in the light.

Helen beds down to look more closely. It is a handful of candies - chocolates and caramels - wrapped in bright paper. She opens one and jumps. Something has pricked her finger.

CLOSE ON THE CANDY

A razor blade has been neatly inserted into the piece of candy.

ON HELEN

gingerly picking through the candy. Underneath it are a dozen razor blades. There is blood on several.

39 INT. APARTMENT 404 - DAY

39

Bernadette waits by the hole, immobilized, willing Helen to return. Helen's head appears in the hole.

HELEN

Bernadette-

Bernadette jumps, and then helps Helen out of the hole.

HELEN

I've got to go back... ran out of film...

Bernadette has really had enough.

BERNADETTE

No way!

She closes the medicine cabinet door. As she does so a figure is revealed reflected in the mirror, standing behind them. They spin round. The figure is silhouetted against the daylight from the doorway.

HELEN

Who- ?

The figure holds a Rottweiler at bay on a chain. It is Anne-Marie, the woman who peered at them from the door.

ANNE-MARIE

Hey! What you doin' in there?

BERNADETTE

We're leaving...

Helen shoots Bernadette a look and approaches Anne-Marie.

ANNE-MARIE

You here for the sweep?

HELEN

We're not cops.

(extending her
hand)

We're from the University.

ANNE-MARIE

You don't belong, lady, you don't belong...

HELEN

I'm Helen Buchanan, and this is Bernadette Walsh. We're working on a thesis. We'd like to talk to you if you have the time...

ANNE-MARIE

You case workers?

HELEN

No... Here...

(she hands Anne-
Marie her card)

It'd only take five minutes...

Anne-Marie studies the card. We hear a baby CRYING. Anne-Marie reacts immediately to the sound.

ANNE-MARIE

My baby.

She walks away from them back down the ramp. Helen follows with Bernadette in tow.

40 INT. RAMP - DAY

40

Anne-Marie arrives at her door. Helen close behind.

ANNE-MARIE

Whites don't never come through here, 'cept to cause us a problem.

HELEN

Believe me, that's the last thing we'd want to do.

Anne-Marie enters her apartment. We hear the baby HOWLING. Helen glimpses inside. In total contrast to the abject squalor of the common parts, Anne-Marie has built a home for herself. The furniture may be old and tattered, but the place is clean and comfortable.

40A INT. - ANNE-MARIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

40A

The Rottweiler holds Helen at the threshold while Anne-Marie goes to the baby and picks him up.

ANNE-MARIE

You say you're doin' a study.
What you gonna say? That we're
bad, we steal, we gangbang, we do
drugs?

ANNE-MARIE (CONT.)

(she comforts the
child)

Hush...hush...

Helen tries to move into the apartment. The dog growls.

ANNE-MARIE

We ain't all like those assholes
downstairs y'know. All I want is
to raise my child good.

(she extends her
hand)

Anne-Marie McCoy.

Helen and Bernadette move across the threshold and shake her
hand. The dog still keeps his eye on them.

HELEN

He's a beautiful boy.

ANNE-MARIE

He's all I got.

The child is quiet now.

HELEN

What's his name?

ANNE-MARIE

Anthony.

HELEN

I'm sorry if we disturbed you.

BERNADETTE

We'll get out of your way.

ANNE-MARIE

It's okay...I don't mean to be
rude. It's just most whites ain't
too handshakin' with us.

Baby Anthony is sick on Anne-Marie's shoulder.

ANNE-MARIE

Oh...

She moves to the sink to get a cloth.

HELEN

Let me help.

She picks up the cloth and sponges Anne-Marie's shoulder.

ANNE-MARIE

Thanks. You got kids?

HELEN

No. I'd love one though.

ANNE-MARIE

You can live in the finest neighborhood, in the best house, but if your child is gonna be bad, your child is gonna be bad. That's why I'm gonna monitor him bigtime...

(pause)

You wanna know about Ruthie Mae?

HELEN

Yes.

ANNE-MARIE

They all been here. The cops, the caseworkers, newspapers. They all want to know.

(pause)

I heard her screamin. I heard her through the walls.

Helen is chilled.

ANNE-MARIE

I dialled 911, and nobody came.

(she starts
trembling at the
memory)

Nobody came. Everybody's scared. He could smash right through the walls. I'm scared for my child.

(pause)

They ain't never goin' to catch him.

HELEN

Who?

ANNE-MARIE

Candyman.

41 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

41

PURCELL, a man grown obese on the delights of the lecture circuit, holds court at a table. he is flanked by Trevor and ARCHIE - Bernadette's husband - a man who has a habit of

bursting into loud laughter, whether appropriate or not. Helen and Bernadette have reluctantly accompanied their spouses.

PURCELL

(jutting his lower
lip out as far as
it will go)

...that was how I discovered that
the Poonas think it impolite to
index with their fingers...

Purcell thrusts his lip out again. Archie bursts out laughing. Helen rolls her eyes up in Bernadette's direction. Bernadette gives her a keep-it-quiet look.

TREVOR

Purcell, have you read Janowski's
latest?

PURCELL

(snorting)

How am I meant to take that man
seriously, when he dresses out of
an L.L. Bean catalogue?

Archie laughs again. Purcell's piggy eyes fall on the women.

PURCELL

So how are our two most beautiful
graduate students getting on?
Trevor tells me you've been
dabbling in my favorite subject.

Helen's eyes flash a look. Trevor turns to her imploringly.

PURCELL

(patronizing)

I can't wait to review your data.

Helen is about to say something, but Bernadette jumps in to rescue her.

BERNADETTE

We'd really appreciate that,
Purcell.

PURCELL

Marvelous. I think I could fit
you in tomorrow morning.

Helen is alarmed.

HELEN

We're not ready.

PURCELL

That is precisely the moment I can
be of service...

(looking knowingly
at the men)

Before you wander off down the
path to academic oblivion.

Archie laughs. Helen grits her teeth.

HELEN

Actually, Purcell, I think we're
about to bury you.

The table goes quiet. Bernadette looks pained. Trevor
angry.

TREVOR

Helen-

Purcell sits back in his chair, spreading his hands across
his stomach. An embarrassing pause, broken by Archie.

PURCELL

It is a shame, my dear, that you
should be so needlessly arrogant.
After all, I am considered to have
some knowledge of these Urban
belief tales. However, I
won't push the point. Youth must
be given its head...

Helen bites her tongue. Bernadette tries to make amends.

BERNADETTE

I'm sure in a week or so we'll
have something for you. It's just
that we only went to Cabrini today
and-

Purcell's eyes light up.

PURCELL

Ah! Cabrini Green! Candyman
country.

Helen reacts.

PURCELL

Helen, if you are after the hook-
man, you must read the paper I
wrote about him some, let me
see... ten years ago...

Helen regards him suspiciously.

HELEN

How did you know that we'd traced
the legend to Cabrini?

PURCELL

I didn't. You are merely
following in my footsteps, re-
inventing the wheel as it were.
You do know the Story, don't you?

Helen sighs, swallowing her pride.

HELEN

(quiet)

No.

PURCELL

(to the whole table)

Then how on earth are you going to
bury me!

He laughs.

PURCELL

The legend dates back to the time
when Cabrini Green was a good deal
greener than it is today; before
the great fire, around 1890, I
think. Candyman was considered
something of a dandy, a lady's
man, a seducer. Apparently he was
very good at it and was much
sought after. However, he had the
misfortune to turn the head of the
only daughter of a wealthy
landowner. They met in secret and
were very much in love. He was
black and she was white...

Helen listens, hating the teller, but caught by the tale.

PURCELL

The girl became pregnant and her
father executed a terrible
revenge...

PURCELL (CONT.)

(with relish)

He paid a pack of brutal hooligans to do the deed; they chased him through the town to Cabrini Green. No one had the courage to come to his aid. They held him down and sawed off his right hand with a rusty blade. This was merely the beginning of his ordeal. He was stripped naked and spread-eagled on some rocks. Nearby was an apiary; dozens of hives filled with hungry bees. They smashed the hives, stole the honeycomb and smeared it on his prone body. He was stung to death by the bees...

A pause. Purcell has them all rapt.

PURCELL

So, Helen, tomorrow at nine, come and tell me what you know about our friend Candyman.

He raps the table with his knuckles, applauding himself.

42	DELETED	42
43	DELETED	43
44	DELETED	44
45	INT. APARTMENT 404 - BEYOND THE SECOND HOLE - DAY	45

The image of the massive head FILLS THE FRAME.

CLOSE ON HELEN

staring into his eyes. Almost hypnotized.

She raises her camera and takes a series of shots in rapid succession.

ON THE PAINTING

The flashes from the camera seeming to animate the head.

HELEN

Candyman...

46 INT. RAMP - DAY

46

Helen emerges from apartment 404, glad to be out of there. She walks down the ramp to Anne-Marie's door. A BOY, eight years old, stands on the ramp, as if waiting for her. He has glittering eyes and a strange air about him, as if he were far older than his years. Helen knocks on Anne-Marie's door.

BOY

Anne-Marie ain't in.

HELEN

Oh. Are you sure?

BOY

Yeah. She said you'd be back.

Helen knocks again. The boy stands waiting, impassive. There is no answer. Helen peers in through the windows. It is dark inside. Suddenly a pair of eyes confront her. The dog has jumped up at the window. It stands on its hind legs, panting.. The boy is still waiting. Helen squats down to his height.

HELEN

What's your name?

BOY

Jake.

HELEN

Listen, Jake, I'm Helen. Maybe you can help me. There are some things I need to know about the lady who got killed.

Jake does not react.

HELEN

Do you know anything about that?

Jake stand motionless, then slowly shakes his head.

HELEN

Her name was Ruthie Mae.

JAKE

I don't know nothin'.

HELEN

Didn't anyone talk about it?

Jake stares at her.

HELEN

Jake, it's okay to tell me. I'm not a cop. Nobody will get in trouble.

JAKE

I can't say nothin'... or Candyman'll get me.

HELEN

Candyman?

(pause)

Are you scared of him?

JAKE

I ain't scared of nobody. You're crazy walkin' here on your own, lady. It ain't safe round here...

Helen smiles at Jake.

HELEN

I don't scare easy either, Jake. You don't have to tell me anything.

(pause)

Just show me... show me where I can find Candyman. And I'll make a promise to you. It'll be our secret.

Jake's face betrays nothing.

HELEN

You sure you ain't scared?

Jake looks insulted.

47 CABRINI GREEN - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

47

Jake leads Helen across the battered blacktop past a ruined playground, shattered climbing frames strewn about.

48 EXT. BLACKTOP - MOVING WITH HELEN AND JAKE - DAY

48

They round the corner of building and enter another courtyard. They pass a large pile of smashed furniture and dead saplings.

HELEN

Somebody building a bonfire?

JAKE

Yeah. For the party.

49 EXT. STREET - DAY

49

Helen and Jake are on the perimeter of the project. A crummy little street with a small row of stores. The stores are so defended with grills and mesh on their windows that it is difficult to say whether they are open or closed. Nearby is a basketball court. A group of Gangbangers loiters there. They watch, but keep their distance. By the basketball court is a public urinal, a low concrete block, graffiti encrusted and emitting a stench that leaks out onto the street. Jake stops in front of it.

Jake points at the door.

JAKE

In there.

HELEN

Candyman is in there?

JAKE

My friend Charlie say so.

(pause)

A boy get killed there.

HELEN

Who was it?

JAKE

Ain't sure. Charlie tell me he was weird.

Jake points to his head.

HELEN

Crazy?

JAKE

No... a retard.

(pause)

His mom was in the store...

Helen surreptitiously pushes the record button on the Walkman in her pocket as he begins his tale.

JAKE

...and the boy - he need to go - y'know, to the bathroom. His mom is takin' her time, choosin' this,

JAKE (CONT.)

lookin' at that. The boy start
moanin', so his mom get mad at
him, send him 'cross the street.
He don't wanna go. he say it
dirty there.

Jake pauses, relishing the telling of the tale.

Helen listens, caught.

50 INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

50

JAKE (V.O.)

His mom is at the checkout...

An harassed but pleasant-looking Mother stands in the small
store while a young Girl totals her purchases.

JAKE (V.O.)

...she hears her boy screamin'...

The most appalling animal-like CRIES fill the track.

The Mother's face fills with horror. She starts shaking and
crying.

51 MOTHER'S POV - THE URINAL

51

with the SCREAMS coming from inside. The sounds of an ANIMAL
in its death throes.

52 EXT. STREET - DAY

52

Jake telling the story to Helen.

JAKE

There's a big guy there... he runs
over to check it out...

53 EXT. STORE - DAY

53

The Mother crying.

People collecting on the street, drawn by the dreadful noise.

A huge tough Guy strides fast towards the toilet.

54 TOUGH GUY'S POV

54

charging to the urinal door. Pushing it open...

55 EXT. STREET - HELEN AND JAKE - DAY

55

JAKE

The guy goes in. A big tough guy, right?

(pause)

He come outta there and he's shakin' and cryin'. he only been in five seconds... He comes out, his hair was white. I mean, it turn white! Just like that...

The sound of SCREAMING subsides on the track. Helen is chilled.

HELEN

He was murdered?

JAKE

Worse. He's lying on the floor in a pool of blood, holdin' himself.

Jake clutches his groin with both hands.

56 INT. TOILET - DAY

56

The Boy on the floor, convulsed with agony. As we PULL OUT, we see for a SUBLIMINAL instant: his hands grasping his blood-drenched groin. The CAMERA moves to a toilet bowl. Before we can see inside we...

57 EXT. STREET - DAY

57

JAKE

They found it... floating in the toilet. Can't fix that... better off dead.

HELEN

Did Candyman do this?

Jake nods.

Helen raises her camera and takes a shot of the urinal.

HELEN

Wait here.

Helen enters the urinal.

58 INT. URINAL - DAY

58

Inside, the filth is indescribable. Helen nearly gags as the stench hits her. There are three stalls opposite three filth-encrusted urinals. The basins are smashed and hang limply from the wall. Helen starts taking pictures.

The doors to the stalls are all shut. Helen approaches the first one, stepping over ominous puddles. She pushes the door open, revealing a sordid toilet. Helen looks in the second stall. The same. Helen opens the door to the third stall.

On the wall, in massive letters, written in shit, there is a message:

SWEETS TO THE SWEET

An arrow points to the toilet bowl. Several bees hover around the toilet. Helen takes a picture and then gingerly reaches down to lift the lid.

She jumps back.

The toilet bowl is filled to the brim with bees, all feeding on something unseen. BUZZING angrily. Helen reacts fast and slams the lid back down. She presses the flush, releasing a torrent of water. The BUZZING stops as the bees drown.

59 EXT. STREET - DAY

59

Jake hears the sound of the FLUSH, standing by the urinal. A large MAN - we only see his back - steps into frame behind Jake. Jake turns to him.

JAKE

Candyman...

60 INT. URINAL - DAY

60

Helen hears FOOTSTEPS approaching the urinal. A tall man in a long black leather coat enters, walking slowly. Three others follow him. Seeing Helen, they stand and stare. Nostrils flaring at the overpowering stench.

HELEN

Excuse me guys. I'm done here.
I'll be out of your way.

She moves to go. They are blocking her exit.

HELEN

(in control of her fear)
I'm not interested in your
business. I'm from the University
of Illinois. I don't want to
interfere, or cause you any kind
of problem...

They advance towards her. One of the men goes to grab her
arm from behind. She twists it away for the moment.

HELEN

(aggressive)
Don't touch me, asshole!!

They pause. The invisible line has been crossed. Helen is
in real danger.

HELEN

You are not being smart. My
colleagues know where I am. I am
expected back. You fuck with me
and so much heat will come down...

The man in the leather coat considers this for a moment.

MAN

We hear you are lookin' for
Candyman, bitch...

His right hand is in his pocket. He pulls it out. He is
holding a butcher's hook.

MAN

You found him...

Helen is grabbed from behind. The man swings the hook. It
smashes across her face.

61 EXT. STREET - DAY

61

Jake watches the urinal, frozen. We hear Helen's SCREAMS
mixed with the sound of BLOWS raining down on her. Suddenly
all is quiet. The four men file out of the urinal.

When they have gone, Jake slowly approaches the door.

62 INT. URINAL - DAY

62

The door opens, revealing Helen lying on the floor. She is covered in blood and badly beaten. She tries to pick herself up off the floor.

Jake regards her.

63 INT. 18TH DISTRICT POLICE STATION - LINE-UP ROOM - NIGHT

63

A group of Black Men file into the line-up room. Second from the end is the man in the long coat. They stand facing a two-way mirror.

64 BEHIND THE TWO WAY MIRROR - NIGHT

64

DETECTIVE FRANK VALENTO, a cop in his early fifties with a seen-it-all-before manner, waits for Helen's response.

Helen is badly bruised and swollen.

HELEN

Number six.

FRANK

Good work.

HELEN

How did you catch him?

FRANK

We swept the place. You start on the top floor and work your way down. That way, you flush 'em all out. Whole of Cabrini is locked down now.

HELEN

Oh.

FRANK

This guy is one mean mother. Come up short with the drugs or the money and boom! He'd pop you. You are very lucky to be alive Ms. Buchanan.

HELEN

Did he kill Ruthie Mae?

FRANK

No question. Killed that poor kid as well. He ran the Vicelords.

FRANK (CONT.)

We know all about him. Only reason he wasn't picked up before was we couldn't get anyone to testify. We can't protect them down there and they know that...

HELEN

What about the boy, Jake?

FRANK

We don't need him. We've got you.
(he laughs)
And I guess you weren't planning on hanging out at Cabrini anymore!

65 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

65

Jake sits forlornly with an officer. He looks scared. Frank shows Helen into the room. Jake barely looks up at her. She goes over to him and puts her arm around his shoulder.

HELEN

I wanted to thank you Jake... for saving my life.

He looks at her accusingly.

JAKE

I want to go home.

FRANK

We'll get you out of here right away, kid, you did good...

Jake stares at Helen.

JAKE

You lied. You say it was our secret.

HELEN

It is Jake. You don't have to go to court.

JAKE

Candyman will get me.

HELEN

Candyman isn't real. It's just a story. Like Frankenstein or Dracula. A bad guy took his name

HELEN (CONT.)

to scare you. He's locked up now
and everything will be alright.

Jake believes her, but instead of showing relief, his face falls.

JAKE

Candyman ain't real...

He turns away from Helen.

66 INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

66

Trevor opens the front door and enters. Helen rushes towards him and flings her arms around his neck.

TREVOR

Hey! Hold on!

We see the swelling has gone down on Helen's face.

TREVOR

You're supposed to be the invalid.

They move into the living room.

HELEN

I feel much better.

Helen has cooked dinner, the table is laid for two. She sits Trevor down and goes into the kitchen. She returns with two plates of food. Trevor's face fills with anxiety. The food looks exquisite.

HELEN

You've already eaten?

TREVOR

(lying)

No. Or course not.

67 INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

67

Trevor sits on the couch, Helen lying across his lap. The TV is on with the SOUND OFF.

HELEN

You sure you don't want desert?

Trevor looks stuffed to bursting.

TREVOR

Later honey...
 (Helen frowns)
 It looks delicious...

HELEN

Don't worry, it'll keep. That's
 not what I was thinking.

TREVOR

What's up?

HELEN

The look on that kid's face when I
 told him that Candyman didn't
 exist. It was like he just found
 out the truth about Santa Claus.

TREVOR

And the world just became a duller
 place...

FADE OUT.

68 DELETED

68

69 INT. HIGH ANGLE - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

69

A complex concrete quadrangle. Students teem about, moving
 with great purpose.

70 EXT. CAMPUS QUADRANGLE - DAY

70

Bernadette embraces Helen.

BERNADETTE

It's so good to have you back.

Helen's bruises are almost healed.

BERNADETTE

I'm just glad you're okay. I
 would have totally freaked.

HELEN

You know what bothers me about the
 whole thing? Two people get
 brutally murdered, and the cops do
 nothing. A white woman gets
 attacked and they lock the place
 down. Kind of shows their
 priorities, eh?

BERNADETTE

That guy is evil, you got him put away. That's all that matters.

They are approaching a parking structure.

71 INT. ELEVATOR - PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

71

Helen and Bernadette descend in the elevator.

BERNADETTE

Oh, I have a surprise for you.

She reaches in her bag and produces a box of slides.

HELEN

The photos?

BERNADETTE

Yes! A friend of mine in the photography department managed to rescue most of them.

HELEN

(taking the slides)
I'd written them off, the camera was so smashed...

The elevator door opens. Bernadette goes to leave, but pauses, holding the door.

BERNADETTE

That's not all. I've been in touch with some publishers. There's a lot of interest, since you made the local section!

Helen's eyes light up.

HELEN

We did it, didn't we?

They embrace again and then Bernadette leaves to find her car. Bernadette shouts back to Helen as the doors close.

BERNADETTE

I'll be in around nine and we'll get started.

HELEN

See you there.

Helen is left alone in the elevator as it descends. She fluffs her hair in the mirror, trying to hide a persistent bruise. The doors open again, revealing a MAN standing in the parking structure, reflected over her shoulder in the mirror.

72 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

72

Helen leaves the elevator and walks towards her car. She vaguely notices the man, a talk dark silhouette, standing as if waiting for something, but she pays him little attention. Helen arrives at her car and searches in her bag for her keys. A dark shape crosses the foreground.

MAN

Helen...

She turns at the sound of her name. The man stands a short distance away, silhouetted against a pool of light in the gloomy parking structure. His voice is rich and sonorous.

HELEN

(friendly)

Yes?

MAN

I came for you.

There is a BUZZING sound, the sound of a sleepy afternoon far from here.

HELEN

(still friendly)

Do I know you?

MAN

No. But you doubted me.

Helen opens the car door and is about to get in.

HELEN

I'm sorry. I have to go.

He speaks, murmuring so softly that seduction might be in the air.

MAN

No need to leave yet.

HELEN

(wary)

I'm late...

He moves towards her and light falls on his face. Helen freezes. The fine cheekbones, the sparkling eyes. She has seen this face before.

MAN

You were not content with the stories, so I was obliged to come...

He is finely dressed, his dark suit an antique cut. His right hand hidden in his coat pocket. He pulls his hand out of his pocket. The hand has been crudely sawn off. A butcher's hook rammed into the bloody stump.

CANDYMAN

Be my victim...

ON HELEN

Her eyes fill with terror.

CANDYMAN

moves closer, hook ready.

CANDYMAN

...be my victim.

ON HELEN

Her eyes roll up. She passes out.

SLOW FADE TO:

73 BLACK SCREEN

73

Filled with thousands of bees.

CANDYMAN (V.O.)

(with remorse)

They will say we have shed innocent blood. Then what is blood for if not for shedding?

The bees explode towards us.

SMASH CUT TO:

74 CLOSE ON HELEN'S EYES

74

They open, terrified.

The appalling sound of a woman SCREAMING, CRYING, BEGGING for God for deliverance fills the track.

75 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

75

Helen lies sprawled on the floor. She is covered in blood, as is the bathroom. She checks her torso with her hands. She is intact, the blood is not hers. We hear the SCREAMING and MOANING coming from the other room. The bathroom is identical to her own, but slowly she realizes where she is; Cabrini Green.

Helen picks herself up off the floor. The gouts of blood extend out into the hall. A butcher's cleaver lies discarded on the floor. Helen picks it up for protection.

76 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

76

Helen moves gingerly through the dark apartment. The woman's voice continues. It is Anne-Marie's voice.

ANNE-MARIE (V.O.)

(screaming)

OH GOD!!! OH GOD!!! HELP ME!!!
HELP ME PLEASE!!!

Moving forward, Helen sees the Rottweiler. It lies dead on the floor. Its throat ripped out. The screaming comes from the bedroom door. Helen pushes it open...

77 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

77

The door opens to reveal a terrible sight. Anne-Marie stands twitching and jerking, literally tearing her hair out. In front of her is the baby's crib. It is soaked in blood.

ANNE-MARIE

MY CHILD!!!! MY CHILD!!! GOD
HELP ME!!!

Helen stands in the doorway, dazed, in shock, soaked in blood and holding a hatchet. Anne-Marie sees her through her veil of tears. She lets out a bloodcurdling scream.

ANNE-MARIE

SHE'S HERE!!! SHE'S HERE!!! HELP
ME!!! SOMEBODY!!!

Anne-Marie suddenly lunges at Helen, in an animal rage. Helen steps back to avoid the onslaught of fists and feet. She instinctively raises her arms to protect herself. She catches Anne-Marie on the arm with the cleaver, leaving a deep gash.

HELEN

(trying to back away)
No! Stop! Stop!

78 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

78

Helen backs down the corridor, Anne-Marie coming at her again. And again getting caught on the cleaver.

Behind her the sound of SPLITTING WOOD. The front door is being sledgehammered in.

Anne-Marie lunges. Helen pulls the blade away in time.

HELEN

Stop! Calm down!!

ANNE-MARIE

MURDERER!!!

HELEN

Wha-

The door caves in. Helen glances over her shoulder, still keeping Anne-Marie at bay.

COP (V.O.)

(through megaphone)

Lay down your weapon!

Several COPS edge their way through the shattered door. Guns drawn. Helen drops the cleaver and raises her hands.

Anne-Marie rushes at her from behind.

ANNE-MARIE

SHE KILL MY BABY!!!! SHE KILL MY
BABY!!!!

Helen is knocked to the ground. Anne-Marie grabs the cleaver and raises it. A cop grabs her arm. Helen lies still on the ground waiting for this insane nightmare to end. Anne-Marie is led away, crying hysterically.

COP

Stay where you are!!

Helen does not move. She starts shaking.

COP

Don't move or we'll shoot!!

She looks up. The cops keep their distance, their guns point at her head, their fingers itchy on the triggers. Her legs will not move. A cop jumps on her back. He yanks her arms behind her and slaps on plastic cuffs. Helen is dragged to her feet. The cops frog march her outside.

79 INT. RAMP - NIGHT

79

A helicopter hovers by the building, its light trained on Anne-Marie's apartment, bathing the scene in an eerie glow. Helen tries to speak but the ROAR of the chopper drowns her out. Faces stare at her from doorways. Their expressions filled with hatred.

Helen is led away, her feet tripping as they frog march her along.

80 DELETED

81 INT. SEARCH ROOM - NIGHT

81

The Policewoman face Helen. Disgust on their faces.

1ST POLICEWOMAN

Strip.

Helen undresses nervously, down to her underwear. Her belongings including the box of slides, spread out on the table.

HELEN

(indicating her
bloodstained
clothes)

Could I shower?

1ST POLICEWOMAN

(ignoring her)

Remove your underwear.

Helen strips completely naked.

1ST POLICEWOMAN

Bend over and spread your cheeks.

Helen complies, humiliated and afraid.

HELEN

I want to speak to Detective
Valento.

82 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

82

Helen, her face washed but still wearing her bloodied clothes, sits waiting in the small featureless room with a Policewoman. Frank Valento enters with O'GRADY, his partner, a big mean looking detective.

HELEN

(relieved)

Frank... I have to talk to you...

The detectives sit.

FRANK

Ms. Buchanan, you are under arrest...

HELEN

Please, let me explain...

FRANK

Do you understand?

HELEN

Yes, but listen-

FRANK

You have the right to remain silent. Do you understand?

HELEN

This is crazy. I was attacked.

O'GRADY

Respond to the question.

HELEN

I understand... look, Frank, he came after me, he's trying to kill me...

Frank ignores her and reads from a file.

FRANK

At around ten p.m., Anne-Marie McCoy returned to her apartment. She discovered her dog with its throat cut. She cried for assistance, at which point you attacked her with a meat cleaver. You were still in possession of this weapon when the arresting officers came to her aid.

Helen is about to answer. O'Grady jumps in.

O'GRADY

Where's the baby?

HELEN

(confused)

I... I-

FRANK

Ms. McCoy left her apartment for approximately ten minutes. She went to a neighbor's to make a phone call. The child was asleep. On her return, he was missing from his bed, which was soaked in blood...

O'GRADY

You sick fuck.

Helen starts shaking. The detectives stare.

FRANK

Before I ask any further questions, would you like to have counsel - yes or no?

Helen feels the panic rising, caught in some insane Kafkaesque nightmare.

HELEN

I... I want to make a phone call.

83 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

83

Helen stands by the payphone dialing, the Policewoman standing guard. She waits anxiously for a connection.

84 INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

84

The PHONE RINGING. There is nobody there, the bed is unslept in. The message machine picks up.

TREVOR (V.O.)

(on answerphone)

I'm sorry we can't take your call, please leave a message after the tone.

Helen's VOICE echoes around the apartment.

HELEN (V.O.)

(through phone)

Trevor... are you there?... Pick up!

DIFFERENT VIEWS

of the empty rooms.

HELEN (V.O.)

(continuing;
through phone)

It's an emergency... are you
there?

85 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

85

Helen puts the phone down.

HELEN

(to policewoman)

It's three a.m., where is he?

86 INT. ISOLATION CELL - NIGHT

86

The door CLANGS shut, leaving Helen locked up alone. She sits on the bare bench trying to make some sense of all this. She hears a KNOCKING on the wall from the next cell. Then a VOICE.

VOICE

(through wall)

Hey! You in there!

Helen puts her ear to the wall, it is a WOMAN'S VOICE.

VOICE

(continuing; through wall)

You bitch! You cunt! We know
what you did!

Helen jerks back shocked. The MUFFLED RANTING of obscenities continues. She covers her ears and curls into a fetal position, trying to block everything out.

A wrenching METALLIC SOUND and we...

86 INT. ISOLATION CELL - DAY

86

The door is thrown open. Helen looks up from the bench. She has not slept at all.

Trevor enters with an expensive ATTORNEY. Trevor rushes over to her and helps her to her feet. She is too exhausted to show any emotion.

TREVOR

We're getting out of here.

Helen manages a weak smile. Trevor hands her a change of clothes.

87 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

87

Trevor helps Helen along the corridor, the attorney walking beside them. Cops and police department workers stare as they pass.

They reach the front of the building. Through the glass doors they can see Journalists and TV Reporters waiting. Helen hides behind Trevor. The attorney, John, takes charge.

- JOHN

(to Trevor)

Cover her face... say nothing.
It's half a block to the car.

Trevor takes off his jacket and covers Helen. They move through the door, to face the gauntlet.

89 EXT. 18TH DISTRICT BUILDING - DAY

89

A barrage of questions from the reporters. They plunge through the reporters, who fire questions.

90 INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

90

The image of Helen being led, with the jacket covering her head to the car is on the TV. Helen sits silently on the couch, watching.

TV REPORTER

...a suspect was released after questioning this morning. Baby Anthony is still missing, now feared dead by police officers...

Trevor turns off the TV. The attorney sits facing them clutching his briefcase.

TREVOR

You weren't mentioned. Good.

He tries to comfort her. The attorney stirs and clears his throat.

JOHN

As it stands all they really have on you is the assault. If we can establish the truth of the rest of your story, there becomes no question that it was self-defense. They haven't charged you because

JOHN (CONT.)

they think they'll find the body.
Helen, I'm afraid they're shooting
for murder one...

HELEN

(quiet)

Do you think I did it?

TREVOR

Nobody believes that. It's
impossible.

HELEN

But it's crossed your mind.

JOHN

Is there anything, any detail
however small, that you can recall
that would help us substantiate
your version of events.

Helen regards him with eyes black from exhaustion.

HELEN

I saw him... he threatened me and
I blacked out. I...I don't know
what happened. When I woke up I
was in that place...and there was
blood everywhere...

(pause)

I think he's trying to destroy
me...

Trevor regards her.

91 INT. BATHROOM - DAY (LATER)

91

Helen lies in the bath, half-heartedly washing herself.
Trevor appears at the door.

TREVOR

Can I get you anything?

HELEN

No, it's okay.

Trevor kneels down by the side of the bath and kisses her.

TREVOR

You sure?

HELEN

Trevor...

TREVOR

Uh huh.

HELEN

Where were you last night?

TREVOR

Here. I was fast asleep. I thought you were with Bernadette.

HELEN

I needed you and you weren't there.

Trevor puts his arms around her.

TREVOR

I'll stand by you. We'll get through this.

HELEN

You promise?

TREVOR

I swear to you...

Helen is comforted by his words.

TREVOR

I was going to go to the campus to fetch some work. But will you be okay on your own?

HELEN

You go. I'll be fine.

TREVOR

I'll only be twenty minutes...

He kisses her and exits.

92 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

92

Helen walks into the living room, drying her hair. Her gaze falls on the bag full of her belongings that were taken off her when she was arrested. A thought occurs to her. She opens the bag and gets out the box of slides.

93 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (LATER)

93

CLOSE ON CAROUSEL PROJECTOR

Slides click through the projection gate.

WIDER

Helen has pulled the drapes shut. She projects the slides large on the living room wall.

ON THE SLIDES

Various views of Cabrini Green, the graffiti covered walls, charting Helen's journey up to apartment 404.

ON HELEN

clicking the images through the gate, rapidly. She pauses.

ON THE SLIDES

The wall along the ramp bearing the message:

SWEETS TO THE SWEET

ON HELEN

thinking. She continues.

THE SLIDES

The rapidly changing images take us deep into the apartment. She passes a shot of the medicine cabinet, the flash reflected in the mirror as a bright flare. Finally, she stops on the painting of Candyman. His vast head staring at us.

HELEN

regarding the image, her mind racing.

HELEN
(to herself)
Proof... I need proof...

THE SLIDES

After this image they are all fogged, the film ruined in the camera when it was smashed.

HELEN

sighs and clicks backwards through the slides.

THE SLIDES

We pass the shot of the medicine cabinet again and end up back on the ramp.

HELEN

frowns, something has caught her attention. She moves the slides forward again.

THE SLIDES

She has stopped on the image of the medicine cabinet. A bright flash in a dark frame.

HELEN

twists the zoom lens on the projector, enlarging the image on the wall.

THE SLIDES

As the image grows in size, we can begin to make out the reflection of Helen in the mirror, taking the shot.

CLOSE ON ZOOM LENS

Helen twisting it further.

THE SLIDES

As the image grows in size, in the murky grain behind her reflection, we see Candyman, standing silhouetted over her shoulder.

HELEN

switches off the projector. A feeling of dread washing over her.

WIDER

Helen throws open the drapes, letting the light flood in. She turns slowly to the corridor.

HELEN'S POV

The corridor leading from the living room to the bathroom. The door is open. We see the medicine cabinet. Its position identical to the photograph.

HELEN walks towards the bathroom.

HELEN'S POV

moving towards the medicine cabinet, reflected in its mirrored door.

94 INT. BATHROOM

94

Helen regards her reflection. She looks over her shoulder, down the corridor. Nothing. Gingerly she opens the cabinet, watching the mirror. It inches open showing only the corridor. She breathes a sigh of relief and shakes her head at her irrational fear. Helen reaches in the cabinet for a bottle of paracetamos.

SUDDENLY

A bloodied hook rams through the back of the cabinet.

Helen shrieks and backs out of the bathroom.

95 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

95

Helen backing away from the bathroom. We hear the SOUND of the cabinet being torn from the wall. She heads for the kitchen. As she does so, we see:

CANDYMAN STANDING BEHIND HER, IN THE CORRIDOR!

Helen shrieks and whirls round to face him.

CANDYMAN

Believe in me. Be my victim.

He raises his hook hand.

HELEN

Get out of my house!

Helen glances over to the kitchen. A rack of knives glints in the sun. Helen edges closer to the kitchen. Candyman move towards her.

CANDYMAN

Do you believe in me?

HELEN

What do you think?

They edge closer, the kitchen door to Helen's left. The stalker and his prey.

CANDYMAN

Then why do you want to live?

Candyman suddenly lashes out with his hook tearing a gash in the wall with superhuman strength. Helen darts for the kitchen.

96 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

96

She grabs the largest knife and turns to face him. We hear his footsteps leisurely approaching. Helen grabs a large frying pan, rams it on the stove and pours a bottle of oil into it. She turns the gas on high.

Candyman appears in the doorway.

HELEN

Keep away from me!!

As he stands there we hear the BUZZING of the bees that emanates from him.

He moves slowly towards her.

CANDYMAN

If you would learn just a little from me... you would not beg to live.

Helen glances at the oil, starting to heat. Candyman advances, his voice dropping to a whisper.

CANDYMAN

I am rumor. It is a blessed condition, believe me. To live in people's dreams; to be whispered at street corners, but not to have to be. Do you understand?

The oil is boiling now. Helen waits for the moment to fling it at him.

CANDYMAN

Your disbelief destroyed the faith of my congregation. Without them I am nothing. So I was obliged to come. And now I must kill you...

Helen hurls the pan of boiling oil at him. The oil SIZZLES on his face and coat, but Candyman seems unconcerned. She flings every available object at him; bottles and plates shatter around the kitchen. Nothing slows his advance. Helen is backed into the corner. She lashes out with the knife, trying to keep him at bay. Candyman grabs the knife by the blade and pries it from her hand. He jams his hook under her throat. He whispers in her ear with his sonorous seductive voice.

CANDYMAN

Think; think. If I kill you here
- if I unhook you...

He traces the path of the promised wound with his hook, from the neck to the groin. Seriously, like a seduction.

CANDYMAN

Think how they would mark this place with their talk... point it out as they passed and say, "She died there, the girl with the green eyes." Your death would be a tale to frighten children. To make lovers cling closer in their rapture... Come with me and be immortal...

He digs the hook into her neck, drawing blood.

CANDYMAN

Be my victim.

HELEN

No.

CANDYMAN

I have the child. Allow me to take you or he will die in your place...

HELEN

Oh God... no... no...

Candyman readies his hook for the thrust. Helen closes her eyes, expecting the moment of death.

The DOORBELL rings.

97 EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

37

Bernadette pushes the doorbell. She stands waiting with a bunch of flowers for Helen.

98 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

38

Candyman moves away from Helen. He picks up the knife. Helen sinks into the corner, shaking.

99 EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

99

Bernadette waits. The doorknob turns. Bernadette smiles expecting to see Helen on the threshold. The door swings open.

BERNADETTE

(puzzled)

Helen?

She enters the apartment.

100 INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

100

Bernadette walks into the apartment. Candyman is nowhere to be seen. Bernadette is shocked at the sight of the gash in the wall.

BERNADETTE

(calling)

Helen? Helen?

She move further into the apartment.

101 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

101

Helen crouched on the floor. She is shocked to hear Bernadette's voice.

HELEN

Get out of here!! Run!! He's here!!

102 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

102

Bernadette moves quickly towards Helen's voice.

BERNADETTE

Helen! My God!! What's going on?

103 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

103

Helen screams at her.

HELEN

GET OUT OF HERE!!! NOW!!!

104 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

104

Bernadette is confused.

BERNADETTE

What?

CANDYMAN RISES BEHIND BERNADETTE IN THE HALLWAY MIRROR!

105 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

105

We hear one SHRIEK and then the most TERRIBLE RIPPING SOUND. Helen screams.

HELEN
NOOOOO!!!! NOOOOOO!!!!

Tears run down her cheeks. We hear FOOTSTEPS approaching the kitchen and GUTTURAL BREATHING, deep male, terrifying. Helen grabs a knife, ready to fight to the last.

A figure appears in the kitchen doorway. It is Trevor. He is white as a sheet, his mouth slack with shock. Helen faces him, her face smeared with blood from the shallow wound on her neck, brandishing a knife.

TREVOR
Jesus... Jesus... Jesus...

HELEN
Trevor... he's here... he's here...

She sinks to her knees and blacks out.

FADE OUT.

106 BLACK SCREEN

106

Filled with thousands of bees.

HELEN (V.O.)
Don't let him kill me.

107 CLOSE ON HELEN

107

eyes opening slowly. Then a sudden sharp pain.

CLOSE

on a hypodermic discharging into her arm.

HELEN'S POV

A Doctor leaning over her. She is on the bed. Everything is smashed in the room. The sound muffled. Trevor is by the bed, shaking, terrified.

TREVOR
Oh God... Oh God... I was only gone an hour...

CLOSE ON HELEN

trying desperately to speak. She can only croak.

FADE TO:

108 BLACK SCREEN

108

The bees, BUZZING angrily. The sound is mixed with radio NOISE, FOOTSTEPS and CLATTER.

FADE TO:

109 HELEN'S POV

109

The bedroom is empty, but Helen can hear the NOISE of several people.

ON HELEN

puzzled.

HELEN'S POV

looking to the side of the bed. A Policewoman sits watching her. Some Cops move through the room.

ON HELEN

She swallows to lubricate her throat.

HELEN

(croaking)

Trevor...

The Policewoman regards her severely. Helen tries to get up. Her hands are bound with plastic cuffs. She starts to panic.

HELEN

(louder)

Trevor.

Helen tries to raise herself, it is hard without the use of her arms. The Policewoman moves forward and holds her down by the shoulders.

HELEN

What- ?

She starts to struggle, trying to wriggle off the bed.

HELEN

Get off me...

She wriggles out from under the Policewoman and rolls off the bed. She is up and out of the room before the Policewoman can stop her.

HELEN'S POV

rushing into the living room. The place is swarming with Cops. They cease their activity and turn and stare.

As do the Coroner and his Assistant who are photographing Bernadette's disemboweled body which lies sprawled on the carpet.

ON HELEN

Her hand goes involuntarily to her mouth. The Policewoman grabs her from behind and holds her.

HELEN'S POV

Faces staring at her. Trevor looks up from the couch, ashen faced. Frank Valento is with him.

ON HELEN

too shocked to speak. Her mouth moves but no sound comes. A long terrible moment of silence.

FRANK

Take her outside.

The Policewoman starts to lead her to the door.

HELEN'S POV

As she is led out, she looks back to Trevor. He buries his head in his hands.

HELEN

Trevor...

He cannot look.

ON HELEN

She turns to the Policewoman.

HELEN

Where are we going?

No answer.

HELEN'S POV

Faces staring.

ON HELEN

She starts to struggle. She turns back to the living room.
HELEN'S POV

Faces staring. Trevor cannot look. Frank turns to him.

FRANK

(to Trevor)

Go with her.

Trevor stands slowly and approaches Helen.

ON HELEN

As Trevor approaches, she starts to cry.

HELEN

Hold me Trevor. Hold me.

Trevor puts his arms around her awkwardly. Helen's legs give way and she passes out.

FADE TO:

110 BLACK SCREEN

110

The bees.

HELEN (V.O.)

(barely audible)

He's going to kill the baby.

FADE TO:

111 HELEN'S POV

111

from the back of a car. Defocused lights whirl through the frame.

ON HELEN

her head lolling against the car window, city lights playing across her face. Her eyes wander, drugged.

HELEN

He's going to kill the baby.

DISSOLVE TO:

112 INT. BATHROOM - CABRINI GREEN - APARTMENT 404 - NIGHT

112

We MOVE towards the hole in the back of the medicine cabinet. This is the sordid ruined apartment. A flickering orange

light burns in the void beyond. We hear the sound of a baby CRYING.

The CAMERA passes through the hole revealing a room lit by candles. The walls are spattered with blood. We continue to move forward, through another hole smashed in the wall and into a second chamber. The CRYING gets louder.

The second chamber is more blood bespattered than the first. A row of butcher's hooks dangle from the ceiling. Terrible butchery has gone on in here. We move through to another hole at the end of the chamber. This one is an inky black void. The CRYING gets louder. We move right into the blackness.

DISSOLVE TO:

113 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

113

Helen is wheeled along the corridor on a gurney.

CLOSE ON HER HAND

holding tight onto Trevor as she is wheeled along.

HELEN'S POV

Trevor walking alongside the gurney. He does not look her in the eye. The gurney is pushed through double doors.

CLOSE ON HELEN'S HAND

Trevor lets go, not following the gurney through the doors.

ON HELEN

calling back to him.

HELEN

Trevor!

HELEN'S POV

The doors shut behind the gurney, cutting off her view of Trevor. An Orderly locks them fast, like a jailor.

ON HELEN

still looking back to him.

HELEN

(shouting)

Trevor!

The gurney is wheeled into a small isolation room.

114 INT. ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

114

The room is totally bare except for a bed which is bolted to the floor. Orderlies lift Helen onto the bed.

Then with the speed and efficiency of executioners, they strap her down with thick leather belts attached to the bed. helen starts to struggle.

HELEN

Hey! What is this!!?

They strap her feet, legs apart. Her hands.

HELEN

Stop!!

A belt straps across her waist and another across her chest.

HELEN

You can't do this!!!

(panicking)

He'll come for me!!!

She is utterly immobilized. The Orderlies file out and lock the door.

HELEN

(shouting after
them)

I can't defend myself!!!

She is left alone in the room. Helen's eyes dart around the room. She starts to hyperventilate. Through the window in the door, she sees an Orderly peering in to check on her, then disappears from view.

HIGH ANGLE

Looking down on Helen strapped to the bed.

Slowly, from underneath the bed, unseen by Helen, Candyman slides into view.

SIDE ANGLE

on the bed. Candyman suddenly rises into view. His hook jams against her throat.

HELEN

(screaming)

HE'S HERE!! HELP ME!!

He lowers his face close to hers. He is on top of her, but she can feel no weight. He seems to be floating over her.

CANDYMAN

Shhhhhh... Shhhhhh... They will not hear your cries...

HELEN

SOMEBODY HELP ME!!!!

He runs his hook up and down her legs, stroking her thighs. She shudders at the touch of the cold metal.

CANDYMAN

Was immortality ever so easy? Be my victim...

HELEN

GET OFF ME!!!

CANDYMAN

Allow me at least, a kiss...

She turns her face away from him.

CANDYMAN

Just one exquisite kiss... I beg you...

She turns suddenly to his and spits in his face.

HELEN

MURDERER!!!

Candyman strokes her inner thighs, gently.

CANDYMAN

What do the good know? Except what the bad teach them by their excesses.

He positions his hook to strike, from the groin upwards through the chest. Helen freezes.

CANDYMAN

I won't force it upon you. I won't oblige you to die. But think, you have seen the invisible and experienced the irrational. They have not. They will all abandon you. All you have left is my desire for you...

HELEN

I will destroy you. You are evil.

Candyman seems sad at her rebuttal.

CANDYMAN

You cannot. I have the child. He will die so that my notoriety lives on...

Helen glances at the door. An Orderly approaches. She sees her chance.

HELEN

HE'S HERE!!! HE'S HERE!!!

The Orderly peers in. Candyman darts back under the bed.

HELEN

HELP ME!!! HE'S UNDER THE BED!!!

The door to the isolation room bursts open. Two Orderlies enter. They see Helen writhing and screaming in her restraints. There is nothing under the bed.

The Orderlies barely react. This is an everyday occurrence on the ward. One of them prepares a hypodermic of thiorazine.

1ST ORDERLY

Give her fifty mils, she's waking the others...

Helen takes the massive dose, injected into her arm.

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN

And silence.

115 INT. ISOLATION ROOM - DAY

115

Helen wakes on the bed. Orderlies are undoing her restraints. Helen sits up groggy.

HELEN

I want to speak to my husband...

1ST ORDERLY

Doctor Jaffe wants to see you.

HELEN

How long have I been out?

She stands, a little unsteady but feeling physically fine.

1ST ORDERLY

The doctor will explain
everything.

116 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

116

We move with Helen as she is led down the corridor by the two Orderlies. She passes wards where patients sit shoveling food into their mouths or just staring into space. Some twitch and jerk and jabber to themselves.

The pass through doors. The Orderlies carefully unlock and relock them as they continue through the hospital.

They arrive at an office door and enter.

117 INT. DOCTOR JAFFE'S CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

117

As Helen is shown in, DOCTOR JAFFE, a clinical psychiatrist in his mid-forties, stands and extends his hand. The Orderlies exit and close the door.

DR. JAFFE

Ms. Buchanan... Dr. Jaffe...
please, sit...

He gestures to a chair. Helen looks at him warily.

HELEN

(still standing)
I want to see my husband.

DR. JAFFE

I'm sure we can arrange a visit.

Helen laughs.

HELEN

What?! Have I been sectioned?
How long have I been here?

Jaffe leans forward.

DR. JAFFE

Helen, please, why don't you sit
down.

She sits.

DR. JAFFE

You probably remember little or nothing of the past month. You have been on a heavy dosage of thorazine. We had to stabilize you before...

HELEN

A month?!

DR. JAFFE

We have to assess your fitness to stand trial.

Helen is shocked.

HELEN

Get me my attorney.

DR. JAFFE

This was his suggestion.

(pause)

You have been charged with first degree murder.

HELEN

That's absurd!

DR. JAFFE

Tell me why.

HELEN

He broke in... through the medicine cabinet.

The awful memory of the disemboweled body.

HELEN

....poor Bernadette...

Dr. Jaffe consults a document on his desk.

DR. JAFFE

According to the police report, there were no signs of forced entry...

HELEN

That's wrong. I saw him. I...

DR. JAFFE

Describe him.

Helen does not reply.

DR. JAFFE

How does he appear to you?

(pause)

Does he speak to you?

HELEN

I am not hallucinating.

DR. JAFFE

Have you considered that properly?

Helen is silenced.

DR. JAFFE

The night you were admitted. Did he appear to you?

HELEN

(quiet)

Yes.

Dr. Jaffe turns to a video recorder and pushes play. On the TV we see an image of Helen in the isolation ward. She starts to writhe...

HELEN

(on TV)

HE'S HERE! HELP ME!! SOMEBODY
HELP ME!!

WE MOVE slowly towards Helen as she watches. On screen she jerks like a rag doll; there is nobody else in the room. Helen starts to cry silently. Dr. Jaffe switches off the tape and watches her.

Tears flow down Helen's cheeks.

HELEN

I killed my best friend... she trusted me... she loved me... I cut her open... I... it's not possible... it's...

Jaffe stares; Helen stops crying.

HELEN

Whatever is happening to me... whatever is going wrong, I know one thing. I am not capable of that. No part of me, however hidden, could do that...

Jaffe stares.

HELEN

I can prove it.

Jaffe is intrigued.

DR. JAFFE

How?

Helen turns to a mirror mounted on the wall.

HELEN

I can call him.

Jaffe watches as Helen moves to the mirror and begins the incantation.

HELEN

Candyman, Candyman, Candyman,
Candyman, Candyman, Candyman,
Candyman, Candyman, Candyman,
Candyman, Candyman, Candyman...

She turns back to Jaffe, their eyes meet. Helen faces the mirror.

HELEN

Candyman...

Nothing. Jaffe draws a slow breath, about to speak, a sympathetic smile crosses his face.

SUDDENLY!

BLOOD POURS FROM JAFFE'S MOUTH!!!

Helen spins round.

CANDYMAN STAND BEHIND JAFFE, RIPPING HIM IN TWO WITH HIS HOOK.

Helen shakes, immobilized, as if ten thousand volts were passing through her. Jaffe dies instantly, soundlessly. His body falls to the floor. In two halves. Candyman smiles at Helen.

CANDYMAN

You are mine now. Tonight our congregation shall witness a new miracle.

Candyman suddenly flies at the window. He crashes through and disappears. Helen is left quaking in the room, standing over Jaffe's body. There are urgent KNOCKS on the door.

ORDERLY (O.S.)

Dr. Jaffe? Dr. Jaffe? Is everything alright?

The door handle turns, it is locked. Helen stares at it, vibrating with shock. A loud THUD, as they start to force the door.

Helen heads for the broken window. She climbs out onto the ledge.

118 EXT. HOSPITAL - HIGH ANGLE - DAY 118

Helen emerges from inside. She is thirty stories up. The wind buffets her. She looks across at the next window. She might be able to reach it.

Hanging on by her fingernails, Helen slowly edges across to the next window.

119 INT. WARD - DAY 119

Helen appears at the window of a ward. Some patients see her and start laughing. A NURSE rushes over and opens the window.

NURSE

What the--?

Helen kicks the nurse in the face, sending her crashing backwards.

120 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 120

Helen heads down the hospital corridor. She is dressed in the nurses uniform. Pandemonium has broken out. People rush to and fro. Jaffe's body has been discovered.

GUARD

(shouting)

Seal off the wards!!

Helen unlocks a door with the nurses passkey. She heads for the elevator. She calls it and waits. The elevator arrives and she gets in.

121 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 121

Helen pushes the ground floor button. She anxiously watches the lights as she descends, praying the elevator won't stop.

- 122 DELETED 122
 123 DELETED 123
 124 EXT. CITY STREET - MOVING WITH HELEN - DAY 124

Helen runs through the city, through jostling crowds. The NOISE of the street batters her ears. A police car pulls into the curb behind her. Cops get out of it and run towards her.

CLOSE ON HELEN

running for her life, barging through crowds. She has gone three blocks before she glances over her shoulder. The Cops are nowhere to be seen. She pauses, her breath coming in rasping gulps. Her stomach knotting in pain.

HELEN

Be home, Trevor... please be home...

She pushes on, heedless of the traffic forced to break hard, HORNS sounding.

- 125 EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY 125

Helen stumbles forward as fast as her exhausted legs will carry her.

- 126 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HELEN'S FRONT DOOR - DAY 126

Helen arrives at her apartment. MUSIC is playing inside. A moment of relief. Trevor is home. She leans against the door for support, about to press the buzzer. To her surprise, it swings open, unlocked. Still breathing heavily, she enters.

- 127 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 127

Moving inside, Helen barely recognizes the place as her home. Some walls are stripped, ready for painting, others are completed. Dust covers hide the furniture. POP MUSIC is blasting from the STEREO. Helen moves into the kitchen.

- 128 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 128

All the smashed kitchen units have been removed. And, for that matter, everything else she had put in. Although half-finished, the redecorated kitchen is clearly in a totally different style from her taste.

Helen moves through to the living room, the MUSIC masking any sound from her rasping breath.

129 INT. LIVING ROOM - HELEN'S POV - DAY

129

Entering the living room. Rounding the corner, a ladder comes INTO VIEW. On it stands a woman dressed only in a man's shirt, working away happily with a paint roller, humming along to the crass MUSIC.

ON HELEN

moving into the room and sitting on the brand-new couch. Her entrance unnoticed by the woman. Helen recognizes her though.

It is Stacey, the nubile coed she met at his lecture. Helen watches her, as her breathing calms, the awful truth sinking in.

Stacey merrily continues painting. She completes a section of wall and glances over to the next bare patch. Stacey double takes. She stares frozen at Helen standing there dressed as a nurse.

Helen moves towards her, to switch off the music. Stacey back away, thinking she is coming at her. She half falls off the ladder. Stacey shrieks.

STACEY

(shouting, scared)

Trevor!

Helen takes a step towards her; she flinches.

TREVOR (O.S.)

(mild concern)

You alright in there, darling?

STACEY

(to Helen)

Don't hurt me.

HELEN

Get out of my home.

Trevor enters, dressed in his bathrobe. The sight of Helen stops him dead in his tracks.

TREVOR

(to Helen)

What are you doing here?

HELEN

I live here. Remember?

She moves towards him; he steps back from her as well.

TREVOR

(to Stacey)

Call the hospital.

Stacey moves for the telephone. Helen spins around with sudden aggression.

HELEN

Don't touch that!

Stacey jumps back from the phone. Helen spins back to Trevor. He flinches from her.

HELEN

Scared of something, Trevor?

Trevor and Stacey exchange a look. They are really frightened. Helen folds her arms and considers the new decor.

HELEN

I hate the color scheme.

She picks up a pot of paint and flings it with great force at the wall. Paint splashes everywhere.

HELEN

What were you going to do Trevor?
Wait till I got out before you
told me?

TREVOR

Helen...

HELEN

You knew I was never coming out.
Didn't you?

TREVOR

I... I think we should call the
hospital...

HELEN

If that's what you want, go on, do
it.

A pause. Nobody moves.

HELEN

(she starts to cry)

I'm not a murderer... I'm not...

(she sits)

You're all I had left... it's over...

Trevor takes a step towards her.

TREVOR

I'm so, so sorry...

Helen makes a sudden move. Trevor jumps back like a scalded cat. Helen stands slowly and leaves. They stand back from her, terrified.

As soon as she is out the door, Trevor dives for the phone and dials 911.

130 EXT. CHICAGO RIVER - DAY

130

Helen walks slowly to the edge of the riverbank. She stands regarding the dirty water swirling below her. A jump and it would all be over. Someone else's problem.

ON HELEN

She has made the decision to die.

CANDYMAN (V.O.)

They will all abandon you...

HELEN'S POV

The swirling water.

CANDYMAN (V.O.)

All you have left is my desire for you...

ON HELEN

About to jump.

CANDYMAN (V.O.)

I have the child...

She stops. And then it occurs to her. There is a solution.

CANDYMAN (V.O.)

He will die so that my notoriety lives on...

Helen is suddenly filled with purpose.

HELEN
(to herself)
Never...

She moves away from the brink.

131 EXT. CABRINI GREEN - NIGHT 131

The ominous silhouettes of the project buildings stand dark against the night sky.

132 INT. RAMP - NIGHT 132

Outside apartment 404. A group of Gangbangers patrol the ramp, heading off down the stairwell. When they have gone, we see Helen hiding in the shadows. She takes a pencil torch from her pocket and pushes open the door to apartment 404.

133 INT. APARTMENT 404 - NIGHT 133

MOVING WITH HELEN

as she makes her way through the shattered apartment, a small pool of light from the torch leading the way.

134 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 134

Helen faces the medicine cabinet. She slowly opens it. In the void beyond burns a flickering orange light. Gathering her courage, she climbs through the hole.

135 INT. BLOODY CHAMBER - NIGHT 135

Helen moves into the first blood spattered room. A few candles sputter weak light on the floor. She climbs through the hole into the second chamber.

136 BEYOND THE SECOND HOLE - NIGHT 136

Helen emerges out of the mouth of the portrait of Candyman. A hook comes down from above thrusting into her face. She jumps back reflexively and then sees; she has bumped into one of the butcher's hooks that dangle from the ceiling. She slides the hook out from the ring that holds it. Now she has a weapon. Helen moves towards the large hole at the end of this chamber. The hole is an inky black void. She shines her torch into it, but the beam cannot reach the far wall. The sound of drips falling in puddles REVERBERATES from the void. Whatever is beyond, it is some massive cavern. Helen climbs through.

137 INT. CANDYMAN'S LAIR - NIGHT

137

Helen moves through the dark chamber, sticking close to the wall. The light from her torch reveals a series of murals. In the manner of paintings depicting the progress of a saint they show:

Candyman being chased through the town by the brutal hooligans. A crowd looking on, none lifting a finger to come to his aid.

Candyman stripped naked, his hand being sawn off.

Finally, Candyman splayed out on the rocks, being stung to death by the bees.

From somewhere in the darkness, Helen hears the sound of BREATHING, deep and slow.

Across the vast chamber, many walls smashed through to create a cavernous space within the building, she sees something in the dim light.

It is a bed made from a bloody butcher's slab. Upon it lies Candyman, asleep on his back.

Helen moves silently towards him, brandishing her hook. Ready to strike.

She moves closer and closer, listening to his regular BREATHING. Praying that he does not wake up. She is now close enough to plunge the hook into his head. She raises her arm.

We see his face. His eyes are open.

CANDYMAN

(softly)

Helen...

She smashes the hook down, into his neck. Candyman hardly flinches. He pulls it out as if it were only a thorn.

CANDYMAN

(still soft)

Helen...

He sits up suddenly, grabbing her. The hook falls from her hand. His eyes are filled with longing.

CANDYMAN

You came to me. I had given up hope. But now my heart is filled with joy. Will you be mine?

He places the hook in the small of her back, holding her elegantly. He leads her into a dance.

CANDYMAN

...forever?

They waltz through the chamber, as if not quite touching the ground.

HELEN

The child... we had a deal.

CANDYMAN

Surrender to me now and he shall be unharmed.

As they dance, Candyman slowly raises the hook sensuously up her back. The hook caresses her neck from behind. Gently at first, but then with enough pressure to nick the flushed skin of her neck. She trembles in his arms.

CANDYMAN

Be my victim.

HELEN

No... wait... please...

CANDYMAN

We have a bargain.

HELEN

I'm afraid.

CANDYMAN

Do you fear the pain, or what is beyond?

HELEN

Both...

CANDYMAN

The pain, I can assure you, will be exquisite... as for the beyond... there is no permanence for us in death. Our deeds will be on a hundred walls and ten thousand lips. Should they doubt us again, we can always be summoned with sweetness...

He scoops her up in his arms and leads her to the slab. He lays her on it.

HELEN

I don't want to be remembered that way. I want to be forgotten...

Candyman slides his hook along her leg and thigh. His hypnotic presence and his silky voice seducing her.

CANDYMAN

Helen...Helen, have you never lain awake at night sweating with terror at the thought of oblivion, of ceasing to exist...and felt that dark expanse of nothingness overwhelm you. That is indeed a thing to fear.

He has struck a chord in her.

CANDYMAN

Come with me and be immortal.

The hook slides up her skirt. Helen is aroused.

CANDYMAN

We shall give them something to be haunted by. That, and a story to tell...

He bends down towards her. He stokes her inner thigh with his hook.

CANDYMAN

Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.

Helen's hand slides into Candyman's jacket. And then withdraws fast, as if stung by something.

Candyman's jacket flaps open and she sees-

The contents of his torso have been eaten away. The hollow is now occupied by a nest of bees. They swarm in the vault of his chest, encrusted in a seething mass in the remnants of flesh that hang there. Helen SCREAMS.

CANDYMAN

Sweets to the sweet.

His mouth is close, about to kiss her. His mouth is filled with bees!

HELEN

Noooooooo!!!! Nooooooooo!!!!

The bees suddenly swarm from his mouth, covering her.

Helen withes in agony as the bees cover her; moving on her, searching for morsels of wax in her ears. Sucking at the sugar from her lips. The bees are stinging. The NOISE deafening. His mouth presses to hers. Her tongue forced into the hive. Candyman stares at her. He is saddened by her obvious repulsion. Helen blacks out...

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN

HELEN

(a faint plea)

Stop...

138 INT. CANDYMAN'S LAIR - NIGHT (LATER)

138

Helen wakes on the slab. She swats the air and brushes her body. She has ben stung but is otherwise unharmed. A few bees circle the air. Candyman has gone. She sits up.

HELEN'S POV

Some candles have been lit, illuminating a section of wall. Candyman has written a message. It reads:

IT WAS ALWAYS YOU HELEN

ON HELEN

She steps towards the wall.

HELEN'S POV

moving from the message to the mural of Candyman's death. In the flickering light, we see the faces looking on gleefully at his agony. A group of men hold back a young woman, who is trying to go to his aid. She screams and struggles, but they have her in a tight grasp.

ON HELEN

looking closer to the group.

MOVING INTO EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON THE PAINTING

We see the young woman's face; it is Helen.

ON HELEN

HELEN

(quiet)

It was always you...

From somewhere in the far distance comes an unmistakable sound. The thin plaintive WAIL of a baby crying. Helen tries to identify the direction of the sound. She picks up the hook she dropped earlier and moves cautiously towards the sound.

139 MOVING WITH HELEN OUT OF APARTMENT 404 - NIGHT 139

Helen makes her way out of the apartment, following the trail of the baby's CRYING. She climbs through the first hole. The CRYING crescendos. She dreads the sight that will await her, but through the hole there is nothing. All is quiet. Then she hears the CRYING again, further on. She follows the sound.

140 INT. RAMP OUTSIDE APARTMENT 404 - NIGHT 140

Helen moves silently along the ramp, keeping to the shadows. She clutches the hook, ready for a confrontation.

Helen listens at the dark windows of apartments for the sound of the baby. Nothing. And then it begins again, a distant WAIL, coming from the blacktop.

Helen presses her face to the wire mesh, listening. In the center of the blacktop looms the pile of broken furniture and dead saplings, a makeshift bonfire. She hears the CRY again. It is coming from within the pile.

141 EXT. BLACKTOP - NIGHT 141

Helen moves quickly to the edge of the piled timbers and furniture. She finds a narrow gap, a hollow in the pyramid. The CRYING has stopped. There is only silence. She moves a piece of broken wood and bars the entrance. It slips from her grip and CLATTERS to the ground.

142 INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 142

Jake wakes at the sound of the wood CLATTERING. He throws back the threadbare blanket and peers out the window.

JAKE'S POV

A figure, a dark silhouette with a hook, clambering into the bonfire.

ON JAKE

frightened.

JAKE

(to himself)

He's here.

143 EXT. BLACKTOP - IN THE BONFIRE - NIGHT

143

Helen squeezes through the narrow aperture. Her hands finding wood and rags and what feels like the back of an old armchair, but not the warm skin of the child.

She pushes on, deeper and deeper into the heart of the bonfire. Her dress snags on a nail. Her shins are scrapped, her fingers spiked with splinters.

And there, no more than a yard ahead of her, is the child. Lying in a crude crib of rags, arms and legs waving. He smiles at the sight of her, not crying now.

Helen ducks down to reach beneath a beam of wood, but her fingers miss the forlorn bundle by inches. She stretches farther, but still she cannot reach the child.

HELEN

(whispering)

It's okay... I'm here... it's okay...

144 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

144

Jake leads a group of big Guys silently down the stairs. One of them carries a can of gasoline.

145 EXT. BLACKTOP - IN THE BONFIRE - NIGHT

145

Helen bends double to squeeze into the hidey-hole. The space is so small, she can barely get through. She wrenches herself past the nail covered beams, not caring as her flesh is ripped and torn. Finally, she makes it and picks up the child to comfort him. A wide hand covers Helen's face. She falls back and Candyman embraces her.

CANDYMAN

I knew you'd come...

GASOLINE

is poured onto the bonfire.

A MATCH

is lit.

JAKE

stands watching.

JAKE

(quiet)

Burn him.

The match hits the fire and flames roar up.

INT. BONFIRE

Helen fights to be free of Candyman, to cry out to them, but he holds her lovingly close. Fire roars up around them.

CANDYMAN

Hush my darling... Hush...

Through the first flames, Helen sees a crowd approaching the fire. Drawn out of their homes by the sudden conflagration. As the people gather, a chant goes up.

VOICES

BURN HIM!!! BURN HIM!!! BURN
HIM!!!

Helen tries desperately to cry out. The roar of the flames gets louder and her muffled cries are lost in the sound of the chanting.

She sees how the children's faces gleam; their parents calling them for going too close, and how they disobey. She sees Old Women, chanting, angry, warm their thin blood and smile into the flames.

The ROAR and CRACKLE of the fire becomes deafening. Secure that she could not be heard, Candyman takes his hand from Helen's mouth.

Helen screams her lungs out as the air becomes hotter and the flames start to penetrate the interior of the pyre.

HELEN

HELP ME!!! GOD HELP ME!!!

She can neither be seen or heard through the flames. The child lies in Helen's arms, helpless as the flames near and the choking smoke begins to curl around him. Helen holds him close to her breast, trying to protect his fragile lungs

from the searing heat. She turns to Candyman, her voice cracked and hoarse from the futile screaming.

HELEN

You promised me...

CANDYMAN

It's too late now...

Helen holds the child tighter, trying to curl away from Candyman's embrace.

HELEN

We made a deal...

Looking through the flames at the chanting faces, Helen sees Anne-Marie staring into the fire. Anne-Marie does not chant, she just stands there, her face a mask of tragedy.

HELEN

(her lungs choking)

See her! See her face!! You lied to me!!

Helen hides the child in her dress, trying desperately to protect him as the inner sanctuary of the pyre flames up.

CANDYMAN

(sad)

We must be on our way now, you and I.

Fire is all around them. Anne-Marie's face seems to stare at her, all other faces becoming monstrous, confused. Helen looks at the bundle cradled to her chest. The child's eyes penetrate her, pleading for life. Helen suddenly heads right into the flames. Candyman grabs her, holding her back.

HELEN

Let me go!!

CANDYMAN

I cannot.

She struggles with all her strength.

HELEN

We made a deal!!

CANDYMAN

You cannot survive now, stay... stay...

HELEN

No!

She breaks his grip and plunges into the flames, shielding the child's body, heading for Anne-Marie.

CANDYMAN

Helen!

(terror crosses his
face)

You can't make it!

The shaky construction of the pyre suddenly heaves as it burns, collapsing.

A falling beam lands on Helen, trapping her. She struggles frantically as her dress catches fire. She sees Anne-Marie, staring but not seeing.

Burning debris showers down on Candyman.

CANDYMAN

I would have loved you for all
eternity...

Helen curls over the baby, unable to continue, waiting to be consumed by the flames. The watching faces, Anne-Marie, Candyman and the still wriggling child all float before her as her life ebbs away. Candyman calls to her as she burns.

CANDYMAN

I loved you.

An almighty CRASH and a shower of sparks. The fire is collapsing. Helen waits to be completely engulfed. But she looks up, still alive. A path has been cleared out of the fire. The beam trapping her has been dislodged.

Clasping the baby, Helen drags herself to the opening.

OUTSIDE THE FIRE

somebody SCREAMS.

The chanting stops as one by one they see the terrible sight:

Helen crawling out of the inferno. Flames rising from her back. Nobody moves; they watch appalled as Helen makes her terrible journey, dragging herself to Anne-Marie. A blanket is thrown over Helen. Men try to beat out the flames - a terrible incomprehensible cry comes from her mouth.

Helen rolls over onto her back, revealing the baby cradled in her arms. Anne-Marie bends down and takes him, tears of joy flowing. He is unharmed.

INSIDE THE FIRE

Candyman burns.

CANDYMAN

Come back to me!

He lifts his head, totally aflame now.

CANDYMAN

Come back!!

He throws his head back and gives voice to an appalling ROAR of anguish and pain.

OUTSIDE THE FIRE

The roar of agony chills the crowd as it REVERBERATES around the blacktop.

INSIDE THE FIRE

Candyman's jacket bursts open and the bees rise as a swarm from his chest, some catching alight like tiny meteors.

OUTSIDE THE FIRE

Helen tries to sit. Men hold her down. It is the image from the mural, reproduced exactly.

A massive cloud of bees and sparks rises into the night sky. The fire collapses, engulfing Candyman. Jake looks into the fire and sees Candyman burn, a shapeless lump now.

ON HELEN

She lies back, weak.

HELEN'S POV

The sound becomes MUFFLED. Faces surround her. Everything seems distant.

ON HELEN

A strange calm fills her face.

HELEN'S POV

The twinkling red lights of Emergency vehicles appear in her field of vision.

ON HELEN

Hands take hold of her and lift her gently onto a gurney.

HELEN'S POV

The crowd staring at her, awed. People whisper as she is wheeled past them to the waiting ambulance.

ON HELEN

as she is wheeled through the crowd.

VOICE #1

(whispering)

That's the woman...

VOICE #2

You mean the one who...

VOICE #1

Shhhhh...

As Helen is lifted into the back of the ambulance, her gaze moves up to the night sky.

HELEN'S POV

Sparks shooting out into the sky, like spermatozoa. The sparks dim as they fall and the screen darkens.

ON HELEN

Her face is at peace now, as she dies...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

146 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Helen's coffin is lowered electrically into her grave. A Priest officiates.

Trevor watches, sad. Purcell is there, as is Archie who looks a shadow of his former jovial self. A few others we do not recognize also attend.

Stacey hangs discretely in the background. In the distance, they suddenly hear MUSIC.

The mourners turn and see snaking its way through the tombstones towards them, a procession.

It is the people from the project, maybe three hundred strong.

They make their way to Helen's grave, musicians PLAYING. They are somber, but there is an air of celebration about them.

At the head of the column are Anne-Marie and Jake.

Anne-Marie holds the baby in her arms.

They arrive at the grave. Trevor is moved.

Jake reaches in his pocket. He pulls out Candyman's hook. He throws the hook into the grave.

Anne-Marie throws a handful of candy onto the coffin. One by one they file past the grave, each throwing in candy.

We see Helen's coffin, the hook lying on it. Candy dropping all around like flowers.

147	DELETED	147
148	DELETED	148
149	INT. CANDYMAN'S LAIR - DAY	149

Sunlight shafts through the boarded windows creating a cathedral-like effect.

We track towards a new mural, freshly painted over the old images; it depicts Helen rising from the bonfire like a phoenix, her hair aflame like a halo.

We TRACK closer, onto her face, serene in its suffering, a medieval icon. Up close we see there is a crack in the cinderblock, running diagonally through the image.

A bee crawls through a crack in the wall.

We TRACK into the crack, entering it...

150	INT. CRACK - DAY
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Total darkness, then slowly we perceive;

THOUSANDS OF BEES, packed together crawling over one another.

And then we hear a voice, murmuring softly.

HELEN (V.O.)

Out of the eater came forth
meat...

HELEN (CONT.)

Out of the strong came forth
sweetness.

(softly, seduction)

I came for you.

FADE OUT.

END CREDITS

THE END