

Dead Heat

by

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DEAD HEAT

FADE IN:

MONTAGE -- LOS ANGELES -- DAY

Choked with smog, but gradually we penetrate to some of the city's best-known tourist spots.

EXT. PERSHING SQUARE -- MORNING

Business as usual. A BAG LADY pushes a shopping cart crammed with yesterday's bargains; a KID with a phosphorescent haircut zips around on a customized skateboard.

CAMERA PANS OVER to AN ELEGANT JEWELRY SHOP, moving in to show us a storefront window straight from the Wonderful World of Oz.

INTERCUT -- JEWELRY SHOP, APPROACHING ROBBERS

Quick shots of jewelry on display, a NECKLACE, a TIARA, a velvet showcase of glittery DIAMOND RINGS, etc.

INT. CAR -- DAY

interspersed with quick shots of TWO ROBBERS, pulling STOCKING MASKS over their heads, donning LEATHER GLOVES, jamming ammo clips into UZI SUBMACHINE GUNS, racing through LA in a battered STATION WAGON, finally pulling up to the curb.

INT. JEWELRY SHOP

where a SALESWOMAN with incredible teeth offers a gold bracelet to her latest would-be CUSTOMER, a crone-ish woman with constipated features and blue-black hair.

SALESWOMAN

Here's a nice item, Mrs. von Heisenberg.

MRS. VON HEISENBERG

No, no, no. I want something a little more... suspenseful.

That's when the door SLAMS OPEN and our robbers burst in, brandishing their weapons. Their names are SMITTY and BOB.

SMITTY

(loud)

Nobody move! Purse on the counter, lady. You wanna be dead, here's the chance of a lifetime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. VON HEISENBERG
(complying)
Please... I don't...

SMITTY
On the floor, grandma.

BOB
(to salesgirl)
You, hands on the counter!

Smitty grabs the purse, noses inside it with the muzzle of his Uzi. After a moment he THROWS IT ASIDE.

SMITTY
Cheap old bitch.

BOB
Quit dickin' around, Smitty.

ANGLE -- DISPLAY CASE

As Bob lifts his weapon and SMASHES IT butt-first into the counter glass. It cracks, doesn't break. Bob hits it TWICE MORE, uselessly.

Then Smitty elbows him aside and STRAFES IT on full automatic; the glass seems to SPLASH APART like water. The saleswoman SHRIEKS and dives for cover.

Both men help themselves, stuffing the pillowcases.

ANGLE -- STORE MANAGER

emerging from a back room. She's a nice-looking woman, early forties, close-cropped hair, dressed for success.

STORE MANAGER
What are you doing?

ANGLE -- SMITTY

who OPENS FIRE.

ANGLE -- MANAGER

diving for the floor as bullets SHRED THE DOORWAY above her.

ANGLE -- ROBBERS

SMITTY
Just lookin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
You asshole.

SMITTY
Shut your mouth and fill the bag. We're
on a tight schedule.

Bob starts filling the bag with glittery double handfuls.

BOB
Goddamned bag's got a hole in it.

SMITTY
Now who's the asshole?

BOB
You are.

CLOSE-UP -- COUNTER

as the toothy saleswoman, unnoticed by the robbers, hits a
small RED BUTTON.

EXT. FORD GALAXIE -- DRIVING -- DAY

We hear a heavy rock song blasting on the car radio.

INT. GALAXIE

FINGERS drum out the beat on the dash.

ANGLE -- ROGER MORTIS

Driving. He glances over at his partner and frowns.

Tough but quick-witted and fast on his feet, MORTIS is a
model cop. He believes that stuff about "to protect and
serve." Seriously handsome, he doesn't allow much warmth or
fun to crack his stoic exterior.

ANGLE -- DOUG BIGELOW

Drumming on the dash with one hand, a messy chilidog in the
other. BIGELOW is Roger's off-the-wall alter ego. The kind of
cop who keeps a lookout for hot women with expired tags -- so
he can pull them over and ask them to dinner.

MORTIS
Why didn't you tell me we were going
undercover today? I feel like an FBI
agent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW
Loosen up, Rog.

Mortis starts to loosen his shirt, then thinks better of it.

ANGLE -- RADIO

Squawking to life. Mortis turns down the music.

DISPATCHER
(filter)
5 Adam 38, please respond.

Bigelow grabs it.

BIGELOW
5 Adam 38, what?

DISPATCHER
(filter)
We got a robbery in progress in Pershing Square. Copycat of those holdups you're investigating. Kolberg's there already, the Captain wants you to join him.

BIGELOW
You didn't say "May I..."

He hangs up the phone as Roger slaps the red light on the hood of the car.

ANGLE -- GALAXIE

Squealing around the corner at a terrifying angle.

INT. CAR

Bigelow is rudely thrown to one side. His chilidog goes flying.

BIGELOW
All right, kick ass, Dirty Harry, YEAH!

MORTIS
Hate to lose them this time.

Bigelow bounces half-out of his seat.

BIGELOW
(cleaning off the mess)
But Roger, Roger. You can't get 'em if you're dead, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE -- POLICE CORDON

Two or three black-and-whites are parked at weird angles, blocking the street; a PATROLMAN runs around, laying down traffic cones.

In the foreground is a PLAINCLOTHESMAN, obviously in charge, muttering into a WALKIE-TALKIE. He's Lieutenant JOSEPH KOLBERG, a bureaucrat who's not big on the physical stuff.

KOLBERG

Good morning, detectives. We have a bit of a situation here.

MORTIS

That being...?

KOLBERG

2-11, perps in the jewelry store with automatic weapons. We're staying out of sight, gonna take them when they exit the premises.

BIGELOW

(patronizing)

Couldn't have said it better myself.

MORTIS

Think it's our Cash-and-Dash boys?

KOLBERG

I wouldn't know.

BIGELOW

Who else would pull a clown-ass stunt like this?

ANGLE -- STREET, STOREFRONT

as a PATROLMAN scuttles up to a place of concealment behind a Buick, cradling a SHOTGUN.

INT. JEWELRY SHOP

Bob and Smitty are busily stuffing their pillowcase.

SMITTY

How much you figure's here?

BOB

Too much. Leave it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMITTY

Damn shame.

They start outside.

KOLBERG

(into walkie-talkie)

What are those people doing over there?

(shouting)

Clear those goddamn people out of there.

EXT. STREET

Bob and Smitty head for the car. They're almost there when the cop stands up and raises his shotgun.

COP

Police! Drop your weapons --

But they don't. Bob brings his gun up and the cop fires a double-barreled blast that hits him SQUARE IN THE CHEST. Smitty hits the cop with a 3-round burst that sends him SOMERSAULTING ACROSS THE STREET.

And Pershing Square becomes an urban battlefield.

All the cops fire at the same time, tearing up the curb, perforating the Buick, exploding the store window, slicing open the pillowcase. Gemstones dance like raindrops. Smitty bounces against the wall, reeling from dozens of bullet wounds -- but instead of dying he raises his Uzi and STRAFES THE STREET.

Cops tumble from concealment, clutching themselves. Car windows EXPLODE like china. Tires burst and cars settle onto their wheel-rims, like weary dinosaurs.

ANGLE -- BYSTANDERS

as an assortment of bystanders are MOWED DOWN around him. The bag lady BUCKLES to the pavement; her shopping cart careens down the sidewalk. The kid with the phosphorescent hair has his skateboard SHOT OUT from under him.

ANGLE -- COPS UNDER COVER

Mortis and Bigelow in foreground, trading shots with the robbers. Mortis' gun is a .44 Automag, this big mean elephant-stopping gun that's OBVIOUSLY against regulations.

MORTIS

Why aren't these guys dead? We hit 'em about ninety times each!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW

Maybe they're just flesh wounds.

Mortis glares at him, then sighs.

MORTIS

Excuse me.

Roger scampers over to one of the unmarked cars and LETS HIMSELF IN, yelling over to Kolberg:

MORTIS

Can I borrow this?

KOLBERG

Absolutely not!

MORTIS

Thanks.

He SQUEALS AWAY...

ANGLE -- FAVORING ROBBERS

Still firing insanely, shrugging off police bullets. But as soon as they stop to RELOAD, Roger roars by in his borrowed cop car and BLASTS THEM with his Automag, two shots each.

ANGLE -- ROBBERS

But instead of killing them it just makes them REALLY MAD, so mad that Smitty takes a HAND-GRENADE from his pocket and pulls the pin --

ANGLE -- BIGELOW

-- but Bigelow takes careful aim and FIRES --

ANGLE -- ROBBERS

Shooting the grenade out of Smitty's hand. It falls to the ground.

SMITTY

Oh, oh.

It explodes. He falls. Bob tries to retaliate but Roger's car comes back and BLINDSIDES HIM, squashing him between Roger's front end and the driver's side of a station wagon.

ANGLE -- DEAD ROBBERS IN STREET

Mortis and Bigelow examine the bodies. Bigelow taps Bob's

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRUMPLED REMAINS with his foot.

BIGELOW
(solemnly)
You're under arrest; you have the right
to remain disgusting...

MORTIS
Sure that's necessary?

BIGELOW
Can't be too careful.

Kolberg BREAKS IN, berating Mortis like a coach confronting a
wayward player.

KOLBERG
Mortis! That was the craziest, stupidest,
most dumbfuck stunt I ever saw --

MORTIS
Please, don't thank me, I get my thanks
from helping others.

KOLBERG
You better believe the Captain's gonna
hear about this!

Mortis grabs the ticket off of the car windshield and tears
it up.

BIGELOW
Gee, you think he'll want a word with us?

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN MAYBERRY

Crisp and tidy, papers neatly stacked in IN and OUT baskets.
MAYBERRY sits at his desk, a barrel-chested man with a skull
like the business end of a torpedo.

He SLAMS HIS HAND on the desktop.

MAYBERRY
Unauthorized use of a city vehicle.
Reckless endangerment of property and
lives. Use of a non-regulation firearm.

MORTIS
That was me, not Bigelow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYBERRY

Disrespectful conduct, flippant and tasteless verbal remarks, insubordination.

BIGELOW

That was me.

MAYBERRY

And 18 parking tickets so far this month.

Mortis and Bigelow WINCE, Mayberry laces his fingers.

MAYBERRY

Need I point out that you guys are already on probation twice, and this morning's cowboy adventure puts both of you on the endangered species list? And that your badges go into the shitter if you screw up just one more time?

BIGELOW

Whoa, whoa, whoa Captain. This man deserves a medal! And I deserve one for saving his life!

Mayberry SIGHS HEAVILY.

MAYBERRY

Look. I couldn't help noticing that in spite of Kolberg's whining you did the job, not him. So I'm prepared to cut you a little slack.

MORTIS AND BIGELOW

Thank you, sir --

MAYBERRY

But -- it'd be nice if you could earn it by nailing the rest of these Cash-and-Dash fuckers to the wall with a twelve-inch railroad spike.

MORTIS

We're working on it, sir.

MAYBERRY

Work harder.

INT. POLICE STATION

Mortis and Bigelow emerge into a scene of bureaucratic bedlam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECRETARIES scurry between file cabinets, hunchbacked from decades of paperwork; PATROLMEN lounge in the hallway, trading horror stories; CRIMINAL SUSPECTS are booked and fingerprinted, including a man in a werewolf costume and a Roman Catholic nun.

BIGELOW

Fine man, Captain Mayberry. Make a really good gym teacher.

MORTIS

Are you trying to get fired, is that it?

BIGELOW

Hey, I love this job. I love the power. I love the little badge. I love being a human target for everyone with sniping range of a donut shop.

MORTIS

Does the phrase "crappy attitude" mean anything to you?

Bigelow gives an injured look.

INT. OFFICE

Mortis' desk is neat, clean and perfectly organized; Bigelow's desk is so cluttered with PAPERS, FILE FOLDERS, CANDY WRAPPERS and CRUSHED BEER CANS that we're not even sure there's a desktop under there.

A color TV on Mortis' desk BROADCASTS THE NEWS. Above it is a CORKBOARD with a STREET MAP of Los Angeles. In one part of the map are ten multi-colored PUSH PINS, circumscribed by a HAND-DRAWN CIRCLE.

Bigelow lobs a DART at the circle; it THUNKS into the corkboard. He frowns, holding his thumb up to gauge the wind.

BIGELOW

So... what have you learned from this adventure, Dorothy?

MORTIS

We've had six robberies -- three banks, two jewelry stores and a goldsmith's shop -- all in the past three weeks, all within the same nine-block radius.

In the B.G. we HEAR the TV:

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CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER

In recent months, the Los Angeles freeway system has become a virtual urban battleground during rush hour. With freeway shootings on the rise, many commuters have taken precautionary measures ranging from wearing bulletproof vests to brandishing large caliber firearms. But things really got out of hand last night on the Golden State Freeway when a retired army captain rolled along with rush hour traffic in his newly restored World War II Sherman Tank shouting "Follow me! Follow me!" No one was hurt, but police had to arrest the man and removal of the vehicle caused a four-hour jam in southbound lanes.

BIGELOW

(philosophically)

I guess when you gotta go, you gotta go.

ANNOUNCER

A Melrose Place jewelry store robbery ended in bloodshed today, part of what police say is the most violent string of robberies in city history.

(flips a page)

On Capitol Hill this morning --

BIGELOW

Is that all?

MORTIS

What do you want, a docudrama?

Bigelow heaves another dart. It goes nowhere near the target.

BIGELOW

How many in the gang, do you think?

MORTIS

Hard to say. Descriptions are always different, so we know there's a bunch of them. Maybe they take turns.

BIGELOW

(dart number three)

Sure it's the same folks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORTIS

M.O.s are the same. Perpetrators are heavily armed and work in pairs, often striking in broad daylight with reckless disregard for their personal safety.

BIGELOW

And if you shoot 'em they don't die.

MORTIS

Some drugs do that. PCP users can shrug off all sorts of physical trauma.

BIGELOW

Bullets, Rog?

MORTIS

It's possible.

BIGELOW

Bull shit.

ANNOUNCER (TV)

... Finally, a surprise in the courthouse today, as the last will and testament of deceased mega-millionaire Arthur P. Loudermilk was read in Superior Court.

BIGELOW

(turning to TV)

Hey, Rog. Catch this.

ANGLE -- TV

Behind the announcer, the haggard face of LOUDERMILK is rear-projected.

ANNOUNCER

Arthur Loudermilk, head of a petro-chemical empire spanning three continents, left a fortune valued in the hundreds of millions to a little-known foundation called the "Parcaean Society". No other details are available...

BACK TO SCENE

Mortis whistles.

MORTIS

What would you do with a hundred million, Doug?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW

(musing)

First I'd open a home for wayward
nymphos...

The PHONE RINGS.

MORTIS

Mortis.

SMYTHERS' VOICE

(filter)

It's Smythers. Have I got news for you!
Get down to the morgue, as fast as you
can.

INT. MORGUE

A MANGLED BODY lies under a bloodstained sheet. Bigelow pulls
the sheet partway back, WHISTLING.

BIGELOW

Ever wonder about your death day, Roger?

MORTIS

My what?

BIGELOW

Your death day. Think about it. Everyone
has a birthday, right? You bake a cake
and have a good time. But everyone also
has a death day, the day you're going to
die.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show a little more of the morgue. Two
FIBERGLASS GURNEYS hold Bob and Smitty's shrouded remains;
suction hoses and recorder mikes dangle from the ceiling;
vacuum-pak containers show WEIRD THINGS floating inside.

BIGELOW

Say your death day was April 23rd, okay?
And suppose somehow you knew that?

Roger doesn't want to encourage another of Bigelow's strange
tangents by granting him a reply.

BIGELOW

(excited)

You could have a Death Day party! Invite
all of your friends, pig out, get ripped -
- then you find yourself a beautiful
lady, right, then in the heat of
passion...

ANGLE -- DOORWAY

The door swings open to reveal DR. REBECCA SMYTHERS. Underneath her professional exterior, she's quite attractive. But she's obviously down played her looks, in order to be taken seriously by the medical community.

SMYTHERS
Sorry, did I interrupt last night's conquest?

MORTIS
Hardly.

SMYTHERS
(tight)
Hi, Roger.

Roger smiles, a bit regretfully.

MORTIS
Hello, Rebecca.

Suddenly a wall-mounted POLICE BAND RADIO squawks to life.

RADIO
(filter)
... That's right, Bill, we got a car fire in Lane One of the Harbor Freeway, traffic's backed up for miles...

BIGELOW
What's with the police radio? Afraid the world will end and you'll miss it?

SMYTHERS
That's MacNab's idea, he likes to stay on top of things. You never know what you're gonna hear.

MORTIS
How have you been, Becky?

SMYTHERS
I have a home phone, Roger. Using the mutilated remains of street scum as an excuse to ask after my health is not exactly what I'd call... thoughtful.

BIGELOW
And you call me a degenerate.

Roger looks away. He pokes one of the bodies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS

So what's the story on these John Does
anyway? What's so unbelievable?

SMYTHERS

(sighing)
I'll show you.

Smythers whips the sheet off Bob's chest, showing his
battered torso.

BIGELOW

Nice shot, Rog.

MORTIS

Thank you. Is there enough here to
identify?

SMYTHERS

Wondered that myself. The fingerprints
and teeth are so disfigured they're
worthless. But I noticed one thing.

MORTIS

What's that?

SMYTHERS

Stitches.

CLOSE-UP -- DEAD MAN'S CHEST

Smythers' finger traces a long, vertical cut down the
breastbone, carefully sewn together again.

SMYTHERS

You can see where the cut was made,
traversing the sternum. Incised with an
electric saw.

ANGLE -- EVERYONE

MORTIS

They had surgery?

SMYTHERS

Nope. They had autopsies. They've been
here before, fellas.

Mortis DOUBLE TAKES. Even Bigelow is startled.

MORTIS

You want to elaborate on that, Becky?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMYTHERS

Certainly. These are the bodies of Robert Kristoff and Sam "Smitty" DeLuca. Names sound familiar?

MORTIS

Yeah?

SMYTHERS

Both were gunned down last week. Brought here this same damn room, where I certified them myself. I even took pictures.

She pulls two POLAROIDs from her apron pocket.

ANGLE -- POLAROIDs, TABLES IN B.G.

The photos show Smitty and Bob, lying prone on twin examining tables. CAMERA REFOCUSES on the real Smitty and Bob, lying on the same tables in similar positions. Their faces are unrecognizable.

MACNAB'S VOICE

We all make mistakes, Dr. Smythers.

Everyone TURNS --

ANGLE -- DOCTOR EARNEST MACNAB

to find Dr. MacNab leaning against the doorjamb. Mid-fifties, he's the picture of a coroner risen to celebrity status: Italian suit; gold Rolex and an air of self-importance.

SMYTHERS

Doctor MacNab, I'm not in the habit of signing death certificates for people who just don't feel well.

MACNAB

I would hop not. But the fact is, either you screwed up, or these two boys got up after you were done and strolled out of here.

SMYTHERS

You know how autopsies are performed, Doctor. The body's opened up like a laundry bag. You couldn't possibly survive one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACNAB

I couldn't agree with you more. My question is whether you actually ever gave them one.

SMYTHERS

Oh, I gave them one, alright. But it appears that someone out there likes to sew up dead bodies and bring them back to life.

Mortis, Bigelow, and Dr. MacNab exchange strange looks.

MACNAB

For God's sake, Doctor...

SMYTHERS

Last week I estimated these boys' time of death as 1:00 to 4:00 AM Tuesday, June 30th. This morning I did the same tests, got the same results. They've been dead since Tuesday.

MACNAB

If you examined them last Tuesday, what happened afterwards? Didn't anyone claim the bodies?

SMYTHERS

The, uh... records appear to be missing.

MacNab shakes his head, satisfied.

MACNAB

Doctor Smythers when you've done this job as long as I have, you will hopefully grasp the fine distinction between a resurrected jewel thief and a clerical error.

Smythers stares at MacNab. Mortis and Bigelow look at him like he's a major asshole.

SMYTHERS

(deliberately)

I never forget a body, Doctor.

She stalks out of the room. Bigelow frowns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MACNAB

In five years she'll be damn good. But she's too quick to jump to fanciful conclusions, without taking time to dig for the truth. And that, gentlemen, is what autopsies are all about.

BIGELOW

(under his breath)
What an asshole!

MORTIS

You've got to admit... it's very strange.

MACNAB

(breaking in)
Strange, yes, but --

MORTIS

I better talk to her.

INT. SMYTHERS' OFFICE

It reflects an obsession with things dead. Small stuffed animals. An aquarium with tropical fish frozen into a block of ice. A book entitled "Cryogenics: Fact or Fantasy?"

Smythers is angrily pecking at the keyboard of an Apple computer and dragging on a cigarette, as Mortis enters.

MORTIS

Knock knock.

SMYTHERS

Come to read me my rights?

Mortis sits beside her. Takes the cigarette out of her hand.

MORTIS

I thought we agreed to give these up...

Smythers snatches it back.

SMYTHERS

Yeah, well I kicked one bad habit and picked up another.

Roger stands.

MORTIS

Whoa. And I came in here to give you some moral support.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walks over to the frozen aquarium.

MORTIS

Poor suckers. Don't you believe in fish that swim?

SMYTHERS

No. They're just as pretty and I don't have to feed them.

Mortis knocks on the glass. The fish don't respond.

SMYTHERS

Forget the fish, Roger. What about those corpses? Do you believe me?

MORTIS

Well... there's definitely something weird going on around here.

SMYTHERS

I'll say.

MORTIS

Is there anything else strange about those guys?

Smythers demeanor instantly changes. She starts to become excited.

SMYTHERS

Well, besides the fact that they won't stay dead, I did turn up something unusual in their skin tissue.

MORTIS

What?

She types on the computer.

SMYTHERS

Trace quantities of sulfathiazole, a drug once used on bacterial infections. Pretty obscure stuff.

She stabs a key and the PRINTER STARTS UP.

SMYTHERS

So I checked my handy database for recent pharmaceutical imports --

MORTIS

Your what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SMYTHERS

I keep tabs on all legal drugs brought
into the city, kind of off the record.

MORTIS

Isn't that an invasion of privacy?

SMYTHERS

Yes.

(tearing off a sheet)

Here's what it came up with.

Smythers tears a sheet off the printer and hands it to
Mortis.

MORTIS

(reading)

Dante Pharmaceuticals. 55 Manor Drive.

SMYTHERS

Recent purchaser of fifty kilos of
sulfathiazole.

MORTIS

(pocketing the address)

Are you expecting us to find zombies?

SMYTHERS

Hey, life's a gamble.

CUT TO:

EXT. DANTE PHARMACEUTICALS

A futuristic-looking complex. A sign reads DANTE
PHARMACEUTICALS. Mortis and Bigelow drive up and get out.

BIGELOW

You do the talking, Roger. I'm not sure
how to phrase this.

MORTIS

Let's just tell the truth: that we're
looking for someone who hijacks dead
bodies and brings them back to life to
rob jewelry stores.

BIGELOW

I'd buy it in a second.

INT. LOBBY

A stocky, THICK-NECKED GUARD sits behind a desk, splitting his attention between a bank of MONITOR CAMERAS and the latest issue of PENTHOUSE magazine. His name's WILCOX.

He doesn't look up when Mortis and Bigelow approach him.

MORTIS
(flashing ID)
Good afternoon, Police Detectives Mortis
and Bigelow.

Wilcox makes no reply.

MORTIS
Good afternoon, Police Detectives Mortis
and Bigelow.

Mortis and Bigelow exchange glances. Bigelow pulls down the magazine.

BIGELOW
Hey, sorry to interrupt your erection,
pal, but we'd like to speak with the
management of this facility.

WILCOX
Miss James to the front, please.

MORTIS
Thanks.

Wilcox GRUNTS, and goes back to his magazine. After a moment the interior door opens, and RANDI JAMES emerges.

A gorgeous, sophisticated young woman: a knockout combination of stunning figure, sensuous mouth, and sultry eyes. She knocks Mortis and Bigelow off-balance.

JAMES
What can I do for you?

Bigelow starts to open his mouth. Mortis quickly steps in front of Bigelow, flashing his badge.

MORTIS
Police Detectives Mortis and Bigelow,
Ma'am. Do you manage this facility?

JAMES
I'm in charge of public relations. Randi
James.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She offers her hand. Roger takes it, holds it a moment longer than he should. Finally gives it back. Bigelow notices.

JAMES

What's this all about, Officer?

MORTIS

We're not at liberty to disclose the details, Miss James. But we'd like to ask about your recent purchase of sulfathiazole.

BIGELOW

And if you know any zombies.

Mortis elbows him in the stomach.

JAMES

I beg your pardon?

MORTIS

What's the drug typically used for?

JAMES

Quite a number of things. Let me show you our basic product line...

She takes then inside, brushing briefly against Roger. Bigelow picks up on this too, and scurries after them.

Wilcox shakes his head, turns back to his PENTHOUSE.

TRACKING SHOT -- HALLWAY

Showing laboratories, dissection rooms, etc. LAB TECHNICIANS bustle around, making adjustments and scribbling on clipboards.

One room is full of CAGED ANIMALS: dogs, cats, rats, even a monkey. They don't look happy to be here.

JAMES

Most of our products are over-the-counter items, not terribly interesting to the layman. Cosmetics, personal hygiene, toiletries, and so on. Items everyone uses but nobody talks about.

BIGELOW

Tampons. Hemorrhoid cream. Stuff for crabs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES
(winces)
Among others.

A beautiful blonde research assistant goes by, wheeling a cart.

BIGELOW
Hi!

The blonde smiles at him.

BIGELOW
Sorry, Roger. I got to go do some research.

Bigelow goes off after the blonde as Roger pulls him back and they continue walking.

They pass a room where green-smocked attendants and smearing BEAGLE PUPPIES with sort of greenish gel.

JAMES
All products are thoroughly tested before release to the general public.

BIGELOW
Great. The dog gets sun cancer so we don't have to.

James raises an eyebrow, but Mortis intervenes.

MORTIS
You were telling us about sulfathiazole...?

JAMES
Uh... yes. Nothing special about it. Widely used in the forties, when it was replaced by other compounds. We still use it an antiseptic agent in an herbal skin ointment.

Mortis pulls Smitty and Bob's POLAROIDs from his pocket.

MORTIS
Ever seen these fellas before?

JAMES
Never. Can't say I regret it, either.

BIGELOW
(pointing off-screen)
Hey, what's that?

ANGLE -- ANTEROOM

A door reads ASPHYXIATION ROOM. Beside it is an LED readout panel that says AIR PRESSURE: 100%

JAMES

Sad but necessary -- when we have to kill an animal, it goes in here.

She opens the door. It's a small, plain room, about the size of a walk-in closet. HUGE VENTS cross the ceiling.

A Plexiglas window in the opposite wall shows a BANK OF CONTROLS and a chair.

JAMES

The room's airtight; a piston evacuates the air in the space of a few seconds. The animal perishes quickly and quietly.

BIGELOW

Didn't I see one of these at Disneyland?

JAMES

Well, that's about it, gentlemen. I don't know if I've been any help to you.

Bigelow taps a door labeled DANGEROUS CHEMICALS/NO ADMITTANCE.

BIGELOW

What's in here?

JAMES

Toxic waste products. Properly disposed of, I assure you.

MORTIS

Well, I guess we're all finished, then.

BIGELOW

Wait -- I gotta take a leak so bad my teeth are floating. Got a little boys' room, Miss James?

(whispers)

Got to peepee.

JAMES

(primly)

Down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mortis and James leave. Bigelow goes off-screen, waits a while, and returns. From his pocket he pulls a SWISS ARMY KNIFE and starts to probe the keyhole.

BIGELOW
No admittance, my ass.

After a moment the door POPS OPEN.

INT. RESURRECTION ROOM

REVERSE ANGLE -- BIGELOW

Peering intently into the gloom. He gropes for a light switch, finds it and FLICKS IT ON, lighting the room around him.

ANGLE -- RESURRECTION ROOM

No toxic waste here. But there's a room full of glistening, high-tech machinery. The centerpiece of this display is an elevated, curved silver table, shaped like the bottom half of a sun tanning bed.

Lying on the table, under the canvas, is a HUMAN-LIKE SHAPE.

Bigelow approaches it, suddenly not so sure this was a great idea...

BIGELOW
What the hell is this?

Bigelow approaches it, reaching for the canvas with an unsteady hand. But suddenly there's a RUSTLING SOUND behind him, making him WHIRL AROUND with his gun drawn --

ANGLE -- BENCH

-- but it's just a flap of CANVAS, rustling in front of an air vent.

BACK TO SCENE

Bigelow RELAXES VISIBLY... and that's when two GIANT HANDS grab him from behind, we see a hideous CAVED-IN FACE...

CUT TO:

ANGLE -- LOBBY

Roger and Randi are standing there, a little closer than the situation really demands. Wilcox ignores them, studying his magazine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS

Thanks again for you help, Miss James.

JAMES

Not at all.

MORTIS

You know my partner, he's really...
just...

JAMES

A Neanderthal? Don't bother, the world's
full of them.

Mortis smiles.

MORTIS

Actually, he's...

Suddenly there's a GUNSHOT. Two of them, even.

Mortis bolts for the door. Behind them, Wilcox drops his
magazine and draws a WALTHER PPK and levels is at Mortis'
back --

-- but James SCREAMS "No!" and Mortis spins around, crouching
reflexively. Bullets THUNK into the door over his head.
Mortis FIRES and Wilcox is blown clear out of his chair.

MORTIS

Excuse me.

TRACKING SHOT -- HALLWAY

Much faster this time, following Mortis past the same labs
and around a corner, past a gaggle of technicians --

-- until Mortis STOPS DEAD when he sees:

ANGLE -- ANTEROOM -- BIGELOW AND "THING"

a word about the Thing: he's big and broad, with so many
muscles you could possibly use him in Rocky V except for the
fact that he has NO FACE to speak of. He's STRANGLING
BIGELOW.

ANGLE -- EVERYONE

Mortis OPENS FIRE on the Thing. The Thing GRUNTS but doesn't
let go. Mortis empties his gun into it, bounds forward and
PISTOL-WHIPS the Thing's head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It turns on him. But then BIGELOW BLASTS IT, and we can tell the Thing's not mentally gifted because it can't decide who it wants more.

MORTIS

What is this thing?

BIGELOW

Do you think we need to read it its rights?

Mortis pulls a FIRE EXTINGUISHER off the wall and CLUBS the Thing's head with it. Now the Thing's really mad, it's charging him like a bull when Bigelow LEAPS onto his back, sending all three of them TUMBLING.

ANGLE -- DOORWAY

as Mortis topples back into the ASPHYXIATION ROOM. The Thing topples after him but the heavy door SLAMS SHUT.

Mortis gets up and tries the door. No dice.

ANGLE --ANTEROOM

Where the Thing is still after Bigelow. Bigelow throws and ELBOW THRUST at the creature's throat, HAMMER-BLOWS its ruined face, launches a SPINNING BACK KICK at its breastbone -
- all to no avail.

The Thing GROWLS and comes at him again. Exasperated, Bigelow grabs a fire extinguisher and BASHES it over the head. The Thing makes a GARGLY NOISE and FALLS.

BIGELOW

(making a face)

That's really disgusting.

Bigelow runs to the door and tries it, but it's locked. He's still trying when Wilcox -- wounded and bleeding -- staggers into the frame behind him. Wilcox lifts his gun, aims --

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Facing the Plexiglas window to the ASPHYXIATION ROOM. Roger's still in there, struggling with the door.

In the foreground is a control panel with an LED readout saying ASPHYXIATION ROOM SEALED. Under it is a big red button. A GLOVED HAND reaches into the frame and hits it.

The readout changes to CHAMBER SEALED/BEGIN DECOMPRESSION SEQUENCE.

ANGLE -- MORTIS

as the sound of HEAVY MACHINERY and ROARING, RUSHING AIR makes it all too obvious what's happening. Mortis pounds the door, clawing at the jamb, panicking.

MORTIS

Help! Stop, stop it --

He CHOKES OFF, gasping for air, clawing at his throat...

INT. ANTEROOM

On the hallway display panel, the reading AIR PRESSURE 100% suddenly starts CYCLING DOWNWARD, like a gas pump in reverse, through the nineties and eighties and seventies --

-- when suddenly a BULLET whines off the panel!

ANGLE -- ANTEROOM

Bigelow whirls and sees Wilcox and dodges his fire. Bigelow FIRES BACK, once, twice --

CLICK. He's out of bullets.

Wilcox comes forward, raises the Walther, lowers it again, and falls on his face. Bigelow kicks the body aside, goes to the door and tries to FORCE IT with his shoulder, frantically stabbing buttons on the display panel --

CLOSE-UP -- ANTEROOM DISPLAY PANEL

-- while the readout spins down through the thirties, into the twenties --

BIGELOW

Roger! You okay?

ANGLE -- ASPHYXIATION ROOM

No, he's not. Roger's DYING HORRIBLY, as the sudden vacuum in this little room squeezes the air from his lungs. Blood drips from his nose and mouth. His lips are turning blue.

The roar of escaping air turns to a SHRILL WHISTLE, and stops.

Roger staggers across the room and pounds on the Plexiglas. It won't budge. He puts his face against it and LOOKS INSIDE.

ANGLE -- CONTROL ROOM

where an adorable COLLIE PUP looks in on Roger with a sad, pitying expression. Behind it we catch the barest glimpse of a SHADOWY FIGURE, calmly walking away.

ANGLE -- BIGELOW

Seen through the glass, SILENTLY SCREAMING with blunted rage, hopelessly trying to smash the window.

ANGLE -- ASPHYXIATION ROOM

Roger pounds the glass again, no use, he flails around and crashes into the table and keels over on his back. He lies there with his eyes wide and his mouth open and his fingers clawing the floor.

He dies.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. DANTE PHARMACEUTICALS

Some police cars are parked beside Mortis and Bigelow's. Another car pulls up and REBECCA SMYTHERS gets out, looking upset, carrying a black medical bag.

ANGLE -- LOBBY

Messed up and spattered with blood. Bigelow's there, and a couple of cops in uniform. Bigelow is devastated.

SMYTHERS

What's going on here, Doug? I heard on the radio there was a shooting.

Bigelow stares at her.

Smythers blinks, unable to digest this "information."

SMYTHERS

Doug, where is Roger?

BIGELOW

He... he got locked in the decompression room. He died the way dogs are supposed to die.

Smythers is about to break down. Bigelow grabs her tight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW

Goddamn it to hell, if only I could've
got that damn door open --

Smythers pulls away.

SMYTHERS

I have to see him, Doug.

BIGELOW

It's over.
(gently)
He's dead, Becky.

SMYTHERS

Where is he?

Bigelow shrugs, takes her inside.

ANGLE -- ASPHYXIATION ROOM

With Roger lying right where we left him. Smythers crouches beside him, shines a penlight over his eyeballs, examines his lips and throat and fingers. Tears roll down her face, and she does nothing to hold them back.

SMYTHERS

Oh God, Roger. You thought you were
indestructible.

She swivels around.

SMYTHERS

What exactly happened here, Doug?

BIGELOW

Forget it. You wouldn't believe me.

SMYTHERS

Try me.

INT. RESURRECTION ROOM

The silver bed is now empty, and tilted at an angle towards the floor. Various WALL-SIZED SCREENS around the device show multi-colored readouts of the HEART, BRAIN and other VITAL FUNCTIONS.

BIGELOW

This is where the Faceless Wonder was
lying when he came to life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMYTHERS

Jesus! What the hell did you guys find here?

She walks around the room, inspecting the machinery. Intrigue begins to replace her grief, as her medical instincts take over and she clicks into an "emergency situation" response.

Smythers finds a keyboard attached to a smaller, more conventional computer screen. She puts out her cigarette, and brushes her hand across the keys.

Death.

Smythers presses a carriage return. Nothing happens. She presses another button. The WALL-SIZED SCREENS flicker, jump to life again. A low HUM fills the room. Bigelow and Smythers look around them, spooked.

The screen returns with ENTER: "NAME OF DECEASED," "TIME OF DEATH," INTERNAL DAMAGE."

1) NAME OF DECEASED

SMYTHERS

(to herself)

They must use the sulfathiazole as some sort of preservative until they get them on here.

Smythers types ROGER MORTIS.

BIGELOW

Becky, can we just get the hell outta here?

SMYTHERS

What time did he die, Doug?

BIGELOW

I don't know... forty-five minutes ago...

Smythers types 11:45 AM.

The screen replies SPECIFY INTERNAL DAMAGE.

SMYTHERS

(wondrously)

This is how they do it, Doug. This is how they resurrect the dead.

BIGELOW

Get outta here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She types ASPHYXIATION. The screen responds with PLACE
SUBJECT IN BODY CRADLE FOR RESURRECTION SEQUENCE.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE -- RESURRECTION MACHINE

With Roger now lying in it, Smythers pecks at the keyboard,
while Bigelow looks on.

A wall-sized screen suddenly COMES TO LIFE with a HOLOGRAPHIC
REPRESENTATION of a body, with COLOR-CODED VITAL ORGANS
circling and cross-sectioning themselves.

SMYTHERS
(squinting)
Looks like he's in remarkably good
condition.

BIGELOW
Becky, he's dead.

SMYTHERS
It doesn't matter, Doug. They've found a
way to revitalize dead tissue, like a
starfish grows new limbs. I mean, what
really separates life from death?

BIGELOW
But... the soul, Becky, what about the
soul?

She stares at the brilliantly kaleidoscopic screens.

SMYTHERS
Looks like they may have found a way
around that, too.

Smythers types BEGIN RESURRECTION SEQUENCE. She steps back,
and nervously grasps Bigelow's hand.

BIGELOW
But what if he wakes up a mindless idiot?

SMYTHERS
Then I hope you'll shoot him in the head.

BIGELOW
Thanks a lot.

From the ceiling, and electrical grid sends current coursing
through Mortis' body. He shakes and quivers, like a man
undergoing electroshock therapy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, Roger's body CONVULSES and he SCREAMS, a banshee WAIL that makes fingernails on a chalkboard seem soothing by comparison.

The screen reads SEQUENCE COMPLETE.

Smythers composes herself and peers over at Roger, who looks every bit as dead as before --

-- until his eyes POP OPEN.

MORTIS
Hi, folks.

Smythers GASPS with surprise.

SMYTHERS
You're alive

MORTIS
Of course I'm alive.

BIGELOW
Uh... Roger... how you feeling?

Roger sits up. Thinks about it for a moment.

MORTIS
(euphorically)
I feel terrific! I feel incredible!
(he shudders)
Wow, it's great to be ALIVE!

Smythers grabs him in a glorious BEAR HUG. Bigelow pounds him on the back, delighted.

Then MacNab bursts into the room, carrying a black medical bag. He blinks at Roger in surprise.

MACNAB
I thought you were dead, Mortis.

MORTIS
Sorry to disappoint you, Doctor.

Smythers and Bigelow exchange looks. MacNab stands, approaches Roger cautiously.

MORTIS
Hey, what are you guys doing here,
anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SMYTHERS

What's the last thing you remember?

MORTIS

Well... we were at that research place,
looking around... Doug was fighting this,
this thing... I got locked in that
room...

(shudders)

... Then I must have blanked out, it's
like I was rushing toward this weird
light or something... and I looked down
and saw myself, my body, just lying
there... but when I tried to touch it,
it's like I got hit with ten thousand
volts.

Smythers begins to test Roger's reflexes. They appear to be
fine.

MACNAB

well, it's uncommon, but it's happened
before. Clinically dead people, reviving
at the last possible --

SMYTHERS

Roger here was dead for an hour.

MORTIS

What?!

MacNab watches skeptically as she takes a stethoscope out of
her bag, and places it on Roger's chest.

SMYTHERS

Don't you see, we literally brought him
back to --

Suddenly she stops talking, and moves the stethoscope around.

SMYTHERS

Oh, my God --

MORTIS

What is it?

SMYTHERS

I'm not getting a heartbeat.

MORTIS

Don't be ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She tries again, and pulls back, horrified. Roger takes the scope from her and listens to himself.

MORTIS

May I have that please...

He listens, doesn't get a reading.

MORTIS

Obviously, there's something wrong with this thing.

MacNab snatches it away and listens, with a "You've-got-to-be-kidding" expression. He moves the stethoscope around, tries Roger's throat.

MACNAB

Look, I don't know what's going on in here, but I want Mortis back in the lab for some tests.

SMYTHERS

He doesn't need tests. He's dead.

MACNAB

Impossible.

BIGELOW

Hey, Becky, we've both seen this man shitfaced. He's looked a hell of a lot worse.

Suddenly, Mortis hops off the table and breaks into the argument.

MORTIS

Look, this is stupid. I've never felt better in my life.

SMYTHERS

Without a heartbeat, that's hard to believe.

MORTIS

What are you saying -- that I'm alive, but I'm dead? Like some kind of zombie?

SMYTHERS

I don't know. But somehow this machine stimulates organic tissue without oxygenation. No pulse, no heartbeat, no life -- but all the nerves and muscles work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MORTIS

But how could I think if I was dead? I thought zombies were mindless morons.

SMYTHERS

Depends how quickly they're resurrected, how far gone the brain is. You're lucky, we got you right away.

MACNAB

Dr. Smythers, I have two corpses in the next room that I doubt are making comebacks. So when you're through with this nonsense, you'll know where to find me.

Smythers purses her lips as he storms away. She turns, takes Roger's hand.

SMYTHERS

God, you're cold.

He tears his hand away from her. It strikes a glass beaker, which breaks.

MORTIS

Ouch, dammit.

BIGELOW

(reflexively)

Hey, d'you hurt yourself?

MORTIS

I thought I did...

CLOSE-UP -- ROGER'S WRIST

Sliced open, right about where the RADIAL ARTERY should be --

-- but although Roger pokes and prods it, even pries back a flap of skin, there's only a drop or two of blood...

ANGLE -- ROGER

as the freezing paranoid panic begins to set in.

MORTIS

How come I'm not bleeding?

No one says anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS

How come I'm not bleeding, I cut the
artery --

he stares at the cut that won't bleed and cries out.

MORTIS

I'm no deader than you are.

Bigelow responds with quiet amazement.

BIGELOW

Jesus, Roger, the resurrection machine.
It works.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE -- RECEPTION AREA

Mortis and Bigelow sit facing each other as Mortis examines
his bandage.

MORTIS

I still don't believe it. I'm sorry,
Doug, I just don't.

BIGELOW

Minute by minute, Roger. That's the only
way to take this.
(shrugs)
Hell, it's the only way to live anyhow.

MORTIS

Easy for you to say.

Smythers comes in to join them, looking uncomfortable.

SMYTHERS

(grimly)
Roger... uh... you haven't heard the
worst of it.

MORTIS

I'm dead, Becky! How much worse can it
get?

SMYTHERS

I've been scanning the lab reports. The
resurrection process has... an
unfortunate side effect.

MORTIS

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMYTHERS

Progressive decay of reanimated tissues.
Irreversible cell damage.

(sighs)

You've got ten to twelve hours, tops.

MORTIS

Then what?

SMYTHERS

All the cells of your body will dissolve
into a kind of organic stew.

BIGELOW

Can't you just pop him back in for a
recharge?

SMYTHERS

This thing isn't a toaster-oven, Doug.

(pleading)

Come back to the lab, Roger. Maybe we can
do something.

Mortis appears lost in thought, as he ponders his last
remaining hours of life. Finally he turns to Smythers and
Bigelow.

MORTIS

The only thing I want to do right now is
nail whoever did this to me. You
understand, don't you?

Smythers nods. Bigelow looks like he's about to boil over.

BIGELOW

I'll rip his heart out and hold it in my
hand and watch it until it stops beating.

Smythers grimaces.

MORTIS

Good, Doug. We have to find him first.

BIGELOW

Where do we start?

MORTIS

Let's find Randi James.

BIGELOW

Yeah, she ran off when the shooting
started. Could be anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He crosses to the RECEPTION DESK, leans over and thumbs through a ROLODEX FILE. After a moment he pulls out a card.

BIGELOW
Let's do it.

They head for the door. Roger grabs Smythers, gives her a kiss. She watches them leave, forlornly.

SMYTHERS
Ten to twelve hours, Roger. Don't throw it away.

INT. CAR -- BIGELOW DRIVING

MORTIS
The weird thing is, I feel fine. I could run in the Boston Marathon.

BIGELOW
No, you couldn't. It's not open to dead people.

MORTIS
You think they check?

BIGELOW
They're very strict now, Roger.

Mortis looks in the mirror and frowns.

CLOSE-UP -- CAR MIRROR

Tight focus on the bottom half of Mortis' face. His lips are turning GRAYISH BLUE.

BACK TO SCENE

MORTIS
Ah, shit.

BIGELOW
What's wrong?

MORTIS
Find me a drugstore. I have to fix my face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DRUGSTORE

as Roger sheepishly emerges with a little PAPER BAG. He gets in the car and they take off.

INT. CAR

Roger pulls a tube of LIPSTICK from the bag. Bigelow snickers.

BIGELOW
So... what color d'ya get?

MORTIS
(reading)
Uh... "Mulberry Wine."

BIGELOW
Good choice. Brings out your eyes.

Mortis begins to apply it.

MORTIS
Go to hell.

EXT. STREET, STOREFRONT

The Galaxie roars by. CAMERA FOLLOWS, then HOLDS on a BILLBOARD.

INT. CAR

Mortis is dabbing on the lipstick, blotting it with a Kleenex. He's a MESS.

MORTIS
How do women do this?

BIGELOW
Tribal memory. Hey, check this out!

ANGLE -- HOUSE, SEEN THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A big place, nice-looking. But this one's special because RANDI JAMES is just leaving it, carrying a pastel-blue OVERNIGHT BAG. When she sees our boys she drops the bag and RUNS FOR IT.

BIGELOW
Looks guilty to me.

EXT. STREET

Bigelow FISHTAILS to a stop, bursts out of the car and OVERTAKES HER in five big bounds. She tries to resist and he loves it.

BIGELOW
You left without saying good-bye.

JAMES
Let go of me!

BIGELOW
Going on a trip?

JAMES
Is it any of your business?

Roger approaches them. James GAWKS at him.

JAMES
What happened to you?

Sheepishly, Mortis tries to wipe off the lipstick.

MORTIS
Cut myself shaving. Mind if we ask you a whole lot of questions?

JAMES
Look, I don't know anything about what happened today. I got scared and took off, okay?

Mortis nods toward her apartment.

MORTIS
Why don't we talk inside?

Randi shrugs.

INT. LIVING ROOM

It's a beauty -- tinted skylight, projection TV, plush furnishings, expensive art.

BIGELOW
Nice pad.

MORTIS
You want to tell us what's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES

I told you. I'm their public relations person.

Randi pours herself a drink.

JAMES

At least I was until you two showed up.

BIGELOW

How about if I work her over a bit?

JAMES

(sneering)

I get it. You're the tough cop. Your partner's the nice cop, because he's not too scary with lipstick on.

MORTIS

Look, Miss James, I got locked in that room where they kill the animals and some nut case decompressed me. All I want is to find him.

Randi takes a sip, and raises her eyes to Mortis.

JAMES

I'm truly sorry, but I can't help you. I don't know anything.

Bigelow rips open her overnight bag and DUMPS IT onto the floor. Nothing earth shaking: clothes, underwear, a couple of dog-eared paperbacks, maybe a makeup kit.

JAMES

Hey, get out of there!

BIGELOW

Looks like the lady's going somewhere. Extra panties, dead giveaway.

Bigelow continues to go through the bag's contents, as James keeps an uncomfortable eye on him.

MORTIS

Where were you heading, Miss James?

JAMES

Away from here. I'm allergic to cops. I get hives.

MORTIS

We just want to ask you a few questions.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORTIS (CONT'D)

(looks around)

Like how you can afford a place like this
on a PR lady's salary.

JAMES

I won big on WHEEL OF FORTUNE, all right?

MORTIS

Why do I get the feeling you're not
totally sincere?

JAMES

(angrily)

Look, am I under arrest, or what?

Roger sighs.

MORTIS

This morning there was an attempted
robbery in Pershing Square. Three
bystanders died. We think Dante
Pharmaceuticals was involved.

JAMES

What makes you think I can help?

MORTIS

All we need is a lead, a starting place,
an address --

JAMES

Sorry, can't help you.

Bigelow pulls a videocassette tape out of her purse.

BIGELOW

Hey, what's this?

James tries to snatch it from him, but he pulls it away.

JAMES

That's personal!

BIGELOW

Gotta be a tape machine around here
somewhere.

Bigelow finds an expensive stereo/video complex and pops in
the tape.

BIGELOW

The monitor's ready, Captain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The TV goes on, revealing a FRAIL OLD MAN talking from a hospital bed.

FRAIL OLD MAN
Princess, this may be the last time I
ever talk to you...

James is visibly upset. She moves to turn it off.

JAMES
I'm sorry, but you'll need a search
warrant.

ANGLE -- DOOR

That's when the door BREAKS OPEN with a burst of AUTOMATIC
WEAPONS FIRE --

-- and TWO BIG THUGS with road map scars rush in and STRAFE
THE APARTMENT with Uzi submachine guns. We're talking Cro-
Magnon here, straight from the cave, and they've got the
grunts to prove it.

MORTIS
Get down!

ANGLE -- LIVING ROOM

Mortis grabs Randi and pulls her under the couch as hot slugs
SHRED THE UPHOLSTERY. Bigelow ROLLS ASIDE, ducks into an
alcove.

Bullets spray the wall, floor, ceiling, everything. Two
hanging speakers CRASH to the floor. An AQUARIUM EXPLODES,
spilling fish on the carpet.

The TAPE continues to play.

Mortis pops up and fires, BANG BANG BANG, three direct hits
on Zombie One's midsection. No effect. Bigelow leans out and
BLASTS the other one, ducks back from the return fire.

Then the zombies BLAST MORTIS, getting him right in the
chest. He falls behind the couch.

BIGELOW
Remember the good old days, when guns
killed people?

MORTIS
You're just jealous, that's all.

Mortis gets his gun and stands up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS
Over here, fellas.

The zombies wheel around and Mortis BLASTS THEM BOTH. They still don't die, but they hesitate long enough for James and Mortis and Bigelow to DUCK THROUGH A DOORWAY.

ANGLE -- SHORT HALLWAY

All three hauling ass.

MORTIS
Where does this go?

JAMES
Out back... patio...

BULLETS STITCH the wall behind them. a framed picture of RANDI JAMES DISINTEGRATES. As they duck outside, Mortis slams the door and it's instantly riddled with bullets.

The zombies advance down the hallway, firing at the door, Swiss-cheesing it with bullet holes. Angrily they SMASH it open.

EXT. PATIO

The zombies burst outside. They look around, confused. It's a pleasant spot: wet bar, Jacuzzi, cabana, even a vintage Seberg jukebox blasting a tune from the sixties. Also a wrought-iron table with a sun umbrella.

The place is completely enclosed, no way out. The only sound is the churning of the whirlpool jets as steam rises from the Jacuzzi.

The zombies stalk off in opposite directions. Zombie One kicks lawn furniture out of the way as he slowly advances on the cabana.

Zombie Two heads slowly and suspiciously in the direction of the Jacuzzi, his rifle cocked.

We FOLLOW Zombie One as he advances on the cabana with the absolute certainty that someone is inside. As he approaches, we hear a RUSTLING, a sharp intake of BREATH. The zombie GROWLS --

-- and SMASHES his fist right through the flimsy wall, yanking Bigelow out by the throat, crumpling the cabana. He hurls Bigelow across the patio; Doug hits the ground, dazed, under the umbrella.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zombie One SNARLS and rushes at Bigelow. Desperately, Bigelow WRENCHES the umbrella loose and fights the Zombie Robin Hood-style, using the umbrella as a long staff. Finally, he PLUNGES it into the zombie's chest, piercing him like a paper bag.

BIGELOW

That's really disgusting.

He breaks off as bullets shred the ground at his feet. Bigelow dives for cover as Zombie Two draws a bead on him --

-- when suddenly Mortis EXPLODES out of the Jacuzzi, grabs Zombie Two by the neck and pulls him into the swirling water. Mortis heaves himself out of the tub and tips the JUKEBOX into it, with a szzzzzle! of shorting circuitry.

Sparks DANCE as Zombie Two electrocutes under the exploding Seberg, TWITCHING like a spastic.

MORTIS

They're playing our song.

James stumbles out of the shed, badly shaken, gaping at the ruined patio.

JAMES

What the hell's going on?

MORTIS

Someone wants you dead. Just about managed it, too.

JAMES

But why? I didn't do anything!

MORTIS

Maybe it's what you know.

JAMES

I don't know a goddamned thing. I play tour guide and write press releases.

Flustered, she heads indoors. Mortis starts after her, but Bigelow stops him.

BIGELOW

Hey, Roger, you were underwater for five straight minutes.

MORTIS

That's right, I was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BIGELOW

Do you think you could teach that to my girlfriend?

MORTIS

Sure, is she dead?

INT. LIVING ROOM

Looking -- not surprisingly -- like a battlefield. James gasps and scurries over to the BROKEN AQUARIUM, kneeling by it. Several DEAD FISH lie on the carpet.

JAMES

Damn! They're dead. They always die on me.

BIGELOW

I'd say there were extenuating circumstances.

JAMES

You don't understand. The mollies were my favorite. My favorites always die.

Suddenly Bigelow notices the TV, where the FRAIL OLD MAN is still talking from his hospital bed. Mortis walks in dressed in a terry cloth robe.

FRAIL OLD MAN

So, Princess, I hope you understand everything I've told you. If you have any questions, ask my lawyer. And always remember how special you are.

MORTIS

Hey, I recognize that guy. Arthur Loudermilk. Didn't he just die...?

JAMES

(visibly upset)

Two weeks ago.

(beat)

He's my father.

Bigelow WHISTLES.

BIGELOW

What it is... this bitch is worth some bucks.

JAMES

I'm also the target of a lot of freaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly she looks at Roger.

JAMES

Hey... why aren't you dead? Or even hurt?

MORTIS

It's kind of a long story.

She watches him like a skin-diver eyeing a mako shark.

MORTIS

They can't kill me. I'm dead already. I'm a walking corpse, just like those killers.

JAMES

Oh, this is nonsense. I can't deal with this.

Mortis grabs her.

MORTIS

Miss James, we need your help. And I think you need ours, too.

She looks up at him for a moment. Turns away and begins to talk.

JAMES

All right. Dante Pharmaceuticals was my father's private think tank. Anything that interested him -- from mosquitoes to microchips -- they researched it for him.

MORTIS

So he bankrolled the resurrection project.

JAMES

No! He wouldn't... uh...

BIGELOW

... Use human leftovers to rob jewelry stores.

Randi GLARES at him. Mortis glances at the clock: 4:00 PM.

MORTIS

(impatiently)
Go ahead, Randi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES

Well, last week I delivered some
sulfathiazole to a guy named Thule in
Chinatown.

MORTIS

Where in Chinatown?

JAMES

Forget it. I know my rights.

MORTIS

Are you sure? Let me remind you, just in
case.

He takes his handcuffs and begins to CUFF HER.

MORTIS

You have the right to remain silent --

JAMES

What are you doing?!

MORTIS

Would you rather help us, or cool your
heels in jail?

She hesitates, then sighs.

JAMES

(softly)
All right.

BIGELOW

Uh, Roger... maybe you should get
yourself a change of clothes. Being dead
isn't something you should advertise.

JAMES

I... might have something in the closet.

BOB

(knowingly)
Something for that unexpected overnight
guest, Miss James?

JAMES

From an ex-boyfriend. Very ex.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE -- ROGER IN BATHROOM

Facing a mirror, buttoning up a LOUD PAISLEY SHIRT. He opens the medicine chest, takes out a comb, runs it through his hair. He REACTS as a big clump of hair pulls out.

Roger closes the medicine cabinet and looks into the mirror --

CLOSE-UP -- MIRROR

-- into YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE, this wart-ridden, gray-green WASTELAND of a face, pitte4d and ravaged and horrific beyond words.

ANGLE -- ROGER

Gasping with horror, he backs up, covering his face, trying to shut it out -- only he can't, he has to LOOK AGAIN...

ANGLE -- ROGER FACING MIRROR

... and it's fine, the Roger in the mirror is just like the Roger in real life. But both of them are SHAKEN by the experience.

BIGELOW (V.O.)

Hey, Roger, how you doing in there?

MORTIS

(deep sigh)

Great. Fabulous.

Mortis walks out in new garb. They eye each other.

MORTIS

Don't say it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

The Galaxie's right where they left it, half-blocking the street. The windshield is wallpapered with PARKING TICKETS; Mortis clears them off as the others get in.

MORTIS

How many tickets is that this month? So far, I mean.

BIGELOW

What the hell do you care?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS
Oh, yeah. Good point.

He gets in and they're off.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE -- CHINATOWN

Showing CURIO SHOPS and CHINESE STREET-LANTERNS and PAGODA-STYLE ROOFS and about a million ethnic shoppers, grappling for the pavement.

ANGLE -- STREET

In the foreground is a Chinaman selling live chickens from a street cart. The cart has a hand-lettered sign saying THESE CHICKENS ARE FOR FOOD, NOT PETS. The Galaxie goes by and CAMERA FOLLOWS IT.

INT. CAR (3 SHOT THROUGH WINDSHIELD)

Bigelow driving, Mortis in front, James in back. Chinatown goes by the windows.

BIGELOW
How much farther?

JAMES
Not much. There, up ahead.

ANGLE -- BUTCHER SHOP, SEEN THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

With a display window showing ROAST DUCKS hanging by their legs over a price list in Chinese.

BIGELOW
Great, I'm starving.

ANGLE -- STREET

Bigelow DOUBLE-PARKS and they make their way to the sidewalk. Someone HONKS but he doesn't really mean it.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP

Ducks, chickens, suckling pigs -- something for everyone. Iron ovens line the wall. A waist-high BUTCHER BLOCK sits close by, under a hanging assortment of CARVING KNIVES. A steel door leads to a WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behind the counter is a hairless BUTCHER in a bloodstained apron. If he wanted to, this guy could give inscrutability lessons. He looks up as the others enter.

BUTCHER
You wish something.

JAMES
Yes. I have to -- speak with Mr. Thule.

BUTCHER
Mr. Thule is unavailable.

Bigelow does a bad Oriental dialect.

BIGELOW
Listen, Mongo, we're cops. And if Thule's not out here in ten seconds, we're gonna kick some honorable ass.

BUTCHER
Ah... very well.

The butcher touches an unseen button and a MUFFLED BUZZER goes off someplace. After a moment a GRIZZLED HAND parts a beaded curtain, and MR. THULE steps in.

ANGLE -- MR. THULE

Very old, FRAIL and DESICCATED -- but with a deliciously subtle wickedness to him.

MR. THULE
Ah, Miss James. Always a pleasure.

JAMES
Mr. Thule, something terrible has happened.

MR. THULE
Yes, I know.
(bows to others)
Are these your friends, the police detectives?

BIGELOW
Right the first time, Pops.

MORTIS
(flashing ID)
We're looking for the man who takes deliveries from Dante Pharmaceuticals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. THULE

You have found him. How may I help you?

MORTIS

What did Dante send you?

MR. THULE

Nothing of importance.

Mortis levels his gun between Mr. Thule's eyes. He COCKS IT.

MORTIS

Maybe it's more important than you realize.

The butcher takes a threatening step forward, within reach of the HANGING KNIVES. But he stops, because Bigelow's got him covered.

BIGELOW

Your friend takes one more step, he'll find himself dead.

MR. THULE

Life and death are both expressions of the same eternal spirit.

BIGELOW

You oughta write fortune cookies, pal.

MR. THULE

Let me illustrate.

Thule's hand shoots out to stab a GOLD BUTTON --

-- and an overhead LIGHT FIXTURE spits bolts of electricity that course through those ANIMAL CARCASSES --

-- bringing all of them to sudden and horrifying LIFE!

ANGLE -- CARCASSES

Ducks on hooks WRITHING and WRIGGLING, flapping their wing stubs. ROAST CHICKENS climbing out of iron pans.

PIGS wallowing around with corpse-like HOG SNORTS. A piece of LIVER creeps slug-like across the counter.

One of the ovens FLIES OPEN to reveal an army of CHICKEN WINGS, scrambling to escape. A DUCK'S-HEAD emerges from a boiling pot of soup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something SLAMS into the door of the walk-in refrigerator, leaving a dent, because whatever's in there is BIG and WANTS OUT.

ANGLE -- BUTCHER SHOP

James SCREAMS and Mortis and Bigelow turn helplessly around, wondering what to shoot at first.

BIGELOW
I don't know what it is, but suddenly
I've lost my appetite.

Randi backs into a row of HANGING DUCKS, snapping at her hair. ROAST CHICKENS peck at her legs.

Another duck attacks Bigelow. He fights it off, finally flings it into a MEAT GRINDER. Feathers fly everywhere.

BIGELOW
Okay, that's it. From now on, I'm a
vegetarian.

Meanwhile, the slithering piece of liver leaps off the counter and SPLATS right into Mortis' face. He scrapes it off and throws it aside.

ANGLE -- BUTCHER

Seeing his chance, he grabs a CARVING KNIFE -- a big one, Rambo-size -- and rushes Mortis. Mortis reflexively raises his hand and the knife HACKS INTO IT, between the third and fourth fingers.

The butcher withdraws it for another slice -- and Bigelow BLASTS him in the chest. He SHRIEKS and falls down dead.

BIGELOW
You're kidding. Just one shot? All right!

MORTIS
(wrapping a towel around his
hand)
Not everyone's a zombie, Doug.

ANGLE -- WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR

Which suddenly BURSTS OPEN as a STEER CARCASS lumbers out, stumping around on its cutoff legs like a ghastly, headless dwarf.

MORTIS
Jesus, how do you fight this thing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW

Maybe we could drown it in A-1 Sauce.

ANGLE -- BUTCHER SHOP

The carcass REARS UP on its hind legs, and falls on Mortis. Bigelow grabs an industrial MEAT HOOK, THUNKS it into the baby back ribs and hauls the thing off Mortis. Then Bigelow BLASTS IT TO HELL.

Suddenly, Mortis notices the overhead LIGHT FIXTURE, still pulsing with an eerie glow. He FIRES at it, shattering the filament with a SHOWER OF SPARKS.

He looks down, and recoils in disgust.

MORTIS

What the fuck...?

as we watch, the crawling entrees begin to SPLIT THEIR SKINS, spilling MEAT and GRISTLE all over the floor.

BIGELOW

Okay, now I'm gonna puke.

Mortis gapes at the putrefying entrees with an expression beyond horror, as it occurs to him -- and us -- that in a few short hours, he'll be repeating the performance...

Then he SNAPS OUT of it, as something else occurs to him:

MORTIS

Dammit, where's Thule?

Mortis bolts through the beaded curtain, with Bigelow right behind him.

ANGLE -- BACK ROOM

Cramped and dirty. Mortis bangs open the REAR DOOR and they charge outside.

EXT. ALLEY

Nothing. Garbage, old boxes, a clothesline tied to a fire escape. A mongrel kitten licking itself. Mortis slumps against the wall.

MORTIS

Damn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW

Guy makes one hell of a diversion, don't he?

INT. BACK ROOM

As our heroes return. Randi James stands above them at the top of the stairs surveying the UNKEMPT HIDEAWAY cluttered with ANIMAL PARTS in HAND-LABELLED JARS.

A PEGBOARD on the back wall holds an assortment of SCALPELS, CLAMPS and CALIPERS. Also some blunt NUMBER 2 PENCILS and a well-worn SLIDE RULE.

JAMES

Listen, guys, this is too much for me, I can't take this, I'm getting out of here.

Mortis grabs her shoulder.

MORTIS

I don't think so. You're stuck in this thing, just like us.

James tries to pull free - and notices the GAPING KNIFE-WOUND in Roger's hand.

JAMES

Hey, you're hurt --

MORTIS

Lady, I'm fucking dead.

Bigelow inspects:

A DUCK'S HEAD resting in a shallow iron pan, sprouting an assortment of ALLIGATOR-CLIPPED WIRES. The wires are connected to a jury-rigged machine with a bright RED BUTTON.

Bigelow pokes the button and the duck's head QUACKS.

MORTIS

Zombie-Duck-Heads. What a concept.

BIGELOW

This could replace the whoopee cushion.

Mortis and Bigelow sift through instruments, drawers and shelves, tossing books and debris every which way.

JAMES

(sarcastically)
Stumbling over any clues, detectives?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both shoot Randi a dirty look, and continue to thrash the place. Bigelow loudly SMASHES vases and ceramic pieces on the floor, giving Randi a start, while Mortis quickly shuffles through books and papers.

BIGELOW

You never find anything good until you really trash a place.

JAMES

Imagine what you could do with a search warrant.

Bigelow continues to wreak havoc. But Mortis pauses when he picks up a well-thumbed reference book and a SHEET OF PAPER falls out. The paper's rough along one edge, like it's been torn from a spiral notebook.

He studies the paper, and grabs Bigelow.

MORTIS

Hey, Doug -- look at this.

CLOSE-UP -- SHEET OF PAPER

Two hand-written columns, one of INITIALS and one of CALENDAR DATES. The last one on the page is --

APL

6/12/88

BIGELOW (V.O.)

Dates and initials... what do you think it means?

MORTIS (V.O.)

I don't know. But this is the last one, APL -- what do you want to bet it's Arthur P. Loudermilk?

ANGLE MORTIS, BIGELOW AND JAMES

James reacts with AMAZEMENT.

JAMES

My father? God, you're right, he died on June twelfth.

MORTIS

Bingo! It's a list of death dates. I have a hunch all these folks are recently deceased.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW
Who do you think they were?

MORTIS
One way to find out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Bigelow's driving; Mortis sits in the back where Randi is
STITCHING HIS HAND with a needle and thread.

MORTIS
You're quite a little seamstress.

JAMES
I hope it doesn't get infected.

MORTIS
I'll risk it.

Randi breaks the thread, starts tying it off. Bigelow watches
in the rear view mirror with horrid fascination.

EXT. CITY LIBRARY

As the Galaxie pulls up in front.

BIGELOW
Hey, Rog, you don't have any overdue
books to turn in, do you?

INT. LIBRARY

More books, magazines, and periodicals than you can shake a
card catalog at. Bigelow and James are seated at a large
table as Roger approaches with a double armful of NEWSPAPERS.

MORTIS
This should cover the dates in question.

BIGELOW
(reaching for a paper)
Dibs on March.

All three start going through the papers.

BIGELOW
It's amazing who died in the past three
months. People I never even heard of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES

Here's one: George Nelson Canfield, the denim king. Inventor of sweat-to-fit blue jeans. Died February twelfth.

BIGELOW

Oh, crap.

MORTIS

What is it?

BIGELOW

The Lakers won yesterday, but they didn't make the point spread. I had ten bucks riding on that game.

MORTIS

Doug, back to work.

JAMES

I found one. Oliver Lang, microchip Wizard, March fourth.

MORTIS

Here's another: Howard Preston, commodities broker, April third. See any pattern?

BIGELOW

Yeah, they all sound like a bunch of wussies.

MORTIS

And they all had a nice hunk of disposable cash when they kicked off.

JAMES

Rich dead people. What does it mean?

MORTIS

I'm not sure. But it looks like your father was one of the victims.

JAMES

That's crazy.

MORTIS

This is not what you'd call a routine case.

Mortis drops the paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORTIS

Guess they can have their obituaries back.

He turns away when he notices the WALL CLOCK: 6:15. And suddenly there's this look in his eyes that's really weird, like a rabid dog or something.

BIGELOW

(a little scared)

Hey, Roger, what's wrong, you look really freaked out all of a sudden...

MORTIS

The obituaries... they're writing new ones all the time, they're writing mine --

JAMES

Hey, take it easy...

MORTIS

Roger Mortis, beloved husband of nobody, who drank too much and pissed his whole life away -- and for what? So he could decompose one Thursday afternoon.

JAMES

Roger...

MORTIS

I gotta get outta here.

He gets up, shoves past James and Bigelow.

BIGELOW

Hey, whoa whoa whoa!

TRACKING SHOT -- LIBRARY AISLE

Mortis doesn't listen. He RUNS FULL-TILT through the library, knocking people down and slamming carts aside and BOLTING PELL-MELL for the exit -- until he fetches up against a counter, PANTING.

After a moment Bigelow catches up with him.

BIGELOW

Hey, Roger, that was quite a chase!

Mortis doesn't look up, doesn't respond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW

Not bad for a fella in your condition.
Being dead must agree with you.

Still nothing.

BIGELOW

(despairingly)

Come on, Roger, we don't have time for
this.

At last Roger looks up. But there's this look in his eyes,
it's so WASTED and BLEAK and DESPAIRING we can tell his death
is finally real to him.

MORTIS

I can't do it, Doug. I can't live a
lifetime in six hours.

BIGELOW

Nobody has all the time they need, Roger.
Nobody.

Bigelow tries a grin.

BIGELOW

Hey, Roger, remember when we were back in
training and they told us "You can't be a
good cop if you're a dead cop?"

(beat)

here's your chance to prove 'em wrong.
You're good and you're dead.

Roger stares at him.

MORTIS

Give me a break.

Then he SMILES, just for a second, and it's not much of a
smile but hell, it's all we need.

BIGELOW

C'mon pal. Let's find those suckers and
trash their ass.

MORTIS

That's "asses," Doug, and let's get
going.

Bigelow claps Mortis on the shoulder. He shrugs him off for a
moment, then relents, and puts his arm around Bigelow.

ANGLE -- LIBRARY SHELVES

CAMERA TRACKS with Randi as she walks past endless rows of bookshelves, getting lost in the stacks. She scans the books, running her manicured finger along the spines.

Finally, she stops to linger over a book, cocking her head to read the title. It's Ernest Becker's THE DENIAL OF DEATH. She's reaching for it when --

BAM!!! A matched set of GNARLED HANDS explodes right through the bookcase behind Randi, SCATTERING the volumes!

Randi SHRIEKS as the hands CLOSE around her windpipe --

ANGLE -- MORTIS AND BIGELOW

Stopping dead in their tracks, they draw their guns and run like hell.

ANGLE -- MORTIS

CAMERA TRACKS past the bookshelves as Mortis frantically tries to find the source of Randi's SCREAMS.

ANGLE -- RANDI

Feet dangling inches from the ground, trying desperately to free herself from the zombie's grasp.

ANGLE -- BIGELOW

Charging past row after of bookshelves.

ANGLE -- MORTIS

He spots Randi, and tears down the aisle.

CLOSE-UP -- MORTIS' BELT

As Roger pulls out his SERVICE HANDCUFFS --

ANGLE -- ZOMBIE

-- and expertly SNAPS THEM around BOTH WRISTS, neatly trapping the zombie's arms on either side of the SHELF DIVIDER!

Randi squirms free and falls into Roger's arms.

Roger hugs her as the zombie BUCKS and HEAVES and GROWLS with such ferocity that books are TUMBLING off the shelves like a literary avalanche.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then Bigelow makes a belated appearance.

MORTIS

They shouldn't let people in here if they can't behave.

BIGELOW

You want to -- excuse the expression -- book him?

MORTIS

Nah. I've got a better idea.

CUT TO:

ANGLE -- PAY PHONE -- EXTERIOR LIBRARY

Mortis speaks with angelic innocence as Bigelow looks on.

MORTIS

Captain Mayberry, please... yes, Captain, we have an attempted murder suspect here at the library. He's big and ugly looking and you'll find him in Modern Fiction, under Z for Zombie.

He holds the phone away from his ear as we hear a burst of ANGRY CHATTER.

MORTIS

(to Bigelow)

The Captain says to tell you he's proud of our fine work.

BIGELOW

Tell him thanks very much.

Roger lets the phone drop, still chattering as they EXIT.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY

Mortis, Bigelow and Randi head for the car. Randi shakily applies some makeup.

BIGELOW

Where to, Rog?

MORTIS

Let's pay a call on Loudermilk's lawyer. Find out who gets his money.

INT. CAR

Bigelow's driving, Mortis sits beside him. Randi James is in back, softly crying. Roger tries to comfort her.

MORTIS

Hey, it's going to be okay.

JAMES

I could have been killed back there.

MORTIS

And it's no fun, believe me.

JAMES

You think... they'll try again?

MORTIS

They've come this far.

ANGLE -- ROGER AND RANDI

Growing more and more interested in each other's company.

MORTIS

You know what I heard once?

JAMES

What's that?

MORTIS

The population of the world is so big right now... that half of all the people who ever lived are still alive.

JAMES

Come on.

MORTIS

It's true. If you took all of the people who've died since the beginning of history, and all of the people alive right now, they'd be about the same number.

JAMES

Jesus.

MORTIS

So if anyone asks you if you're gonna die, you can say "I don't know, so far it's only happened to half of us."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES
I'll try to remember that.

She offers him a tentative SMILE.

BIGELOW
(chiming in)
Not only that, but if you multiply the
population of Rhode Island by the square
root of my ex-wife's age --

He breaks off at the sound of the CAR RADIO:

DISPATCHER
(filter)
5 Adam 38, please respond. 5 Adam 38...

MORTIS
What the hell is it?

DISPATCHER
5 Adam 38, Smythers wants you back at the
morgue right away. She says it's a matter
of life and death.

Mortis and Bigelow exchange glances.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE

As the three of them enter the marrow-chilling room with the
gurneys and bodies. Randi SHUDDERS.

JAMES
You two sure know how to show a girl a
good time.

BIGELOW
Don't mention it.

Smythers enters the room, very excited.

SMYTHERS
Roger, I think I may have some good
news...
(she spots Randi)
Oh, hello.

MORTIS
Randi James, Rebecca Smythers.

The two ladies give each other the once-over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES
You work here?

SMYTHERS
Yes, actually I do.

MORTIS
Rebecca is an expert in all types of
forensic pathology.

JAMES
My, what a... unique accomplishment.

BIGELOW
(shivers)
Chillier than usual in here, today.

Smythers turns to include Roger.

SMYTHERS
Wherever did you find the time to make
such a nice new friend?

MORTIS
(weary)
Randi was the PR woman for Dante Labs.

SMYTHERS
I see.

BIGELOW
So, what's the big news?

SMYTHERS
(to Roger)
Take off your shirt. And sit up on the
table.

Roger complies, with a long-suffering expression.

SMYTHERS
So... how you feeling?

MORTIS
Great, Becky. Picture of health.

She puts a THERMOMETER in Roger's mouth. She shines a flash
in Roger's eyes, opens his shirt and studies the skin tone.

CLOSE-UP -- ROGER'S CHEST AND STOMACH

Smythers talks into a RECORDER MIKE, hanging above the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMYTHERS

Subject Mortis comma Roger post-mortem
follow-up 6 July, approx time 6:45...

MORTIS

Oh, for Christ's sake...

SMYTHERS

Abdominal wall shows advanced visceral
putrefaction -- note the greenish areas --
and purpuric spots, symptomatic of sub-
cutaneous hemorrhage.

She rolls up Roger's shirtsleeve and examines the skin.

SMYTHERS

Marbling patterns suggest blood drainage
into extremities, deterioration of muscle
tone --

MORTIS

Do you have to talk into that thing? This
isn't an autopsy.

BIGELOW

But you are dead. And this is a morgue.
And she is a coroner --

Mortis shoots Bigelow an exasperated look. Suddenly Smythers
gasps.

SMYTHERS

Roger -- you've been shot!

MORTIS

(fingering bullet holes)
Oh, yeah -- I meant to tell you about
that.

SMYTHERS

(shaking her head)
It's amazing you lived as long as you
did.

She pulls out the thermometer and studies it.

SMYTHERS

87.2 degrees Fahrenheit. Since you died
you've been steadily cooling off.

MORTIS

So what's the verdict? How long have I
got not to live?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SMYTHERS

Well... decomposition is progressing more rapidly than I'd hoped. I'd give you... oh, maybe three or four hours.

Randi reacts with horror. Roger jumps off the table, angrily.

MORTIS

Then what the hell am I doing here?

Smythers takes his arm.

SMYTHERS

Roger... I think I can buy you a chance. I found something in Dante's files about a special process they've been testing -- to extend the resurrection period beyond twelve hours.

MORTIS

How much longer?

SMYTHERS

I don't know. But it looks hopeful.

He pulls away, but she grabs his hand.

SMYTHERS

Roger... stay here, work with us. Maybe we can postpone your deadline, buy you another couple days.

Roger stands STOCK STILL.

SMYTHERS

For God's sake, Roger, it's worth a try!

At first he doesn't answer. Finally he SHAKES HIS HEAD.

MORTIS

Forget it, Becky. If I waste time chasing miracle cures, I'll never catch the bastard who did this to me.

Smythers' voice begins to break, despite herself.

SMYTHERS

But what if we give you another day? Another week?

MORTIS

Can you guarantee that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SMYTHERS
(very softly)
No.

MORTIS
Then, Becky, I've got a job to do.

Smythers reacts, hurt and emotional.

SMYTHERS
Christ, haven't you learned anything? You
spend ten years out on the streets,
risking your neck -- and now you're dead,
and it's still not enough!

MORTIS
I guess I'm just a glutton for
punishment.

Bigelow CLEARS HIS THROAT.

BIGELOW
So... what now?

MORTIS
I want to take a look at Loudermilk's
grave.

BIGELOW
What do you expect to find there?

MORTIS
I'm not sure. But I'd like to take a look
at his abdominal wall putrefaction.

SMYTHERS
Not funny, Roger.

BIGELOW
How about me?

MORTIS
You can pay a visit to Loudermilk's
lawyer. We'll hit the cemetery, and meet
back at Randi's.

JAMES
If you don't mind, I'll skip the trip to
my father's resting place.

MORTIS
I do mind. I want you where I can see
you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SMYTHERS

I'm not giving up hope, Roger...

Roger grabs her, kisses her gently. Brushes her cheek. Then turns and exits, without looking back.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORGUE -- LATE AFTERNOON

The three of them leave the building.

A large BLUE BMW SEDAN pulls up in front of the morgue. The personalized plates read "BODY DOC." Bigelow whistles.

BIGELOW

Nice wheels! Must be a lot of money in carving up dead people.

MacNab's window slides open.

MACNAB

A little early for your post-mortem, aren't you, detective?

MORTIS

I just stopped by to reserve a body bag.

MacNab LAUGHS unpleasantly.

His window closes and he drives off.

Mortis opens the door of the Galaxie for Randi.

BIGELOW

(sudden concern)

Hey, you sure you're okay, Roger?

MORTIS

I'm turning green. I've got no heartbeat.

My body's dissolving into fertilizer.

(shrugs)

Sure. I'm great.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET -- EVENING

A LONG SHOT of Mortis and James in the Galaxie, speeding by.

EXT. CEMETERY -- EVENING

Endless rows of tombstones, as far as you can see. An ornate STONE CHAPEL SITS AMONG THEM.

Roger and Randi pull up in the Galaxie and get out. But Roger stops to look up at the sky.

JAMES
What is it?

MORTIS
The sun went down. I just realized...
I'll never see it again.

She tries to take his arm, but he shrugs her off and walks away. Randi has to hurry to keep up with him.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM

A big Gothic affair, plenty of cultured marble. Up top is an engraved inscription that reads

ARTHUR PERCIVAL LOUDERMILK
Beloved husband of Loretta

Mortis and James approach the entrance to find it securely PADLOCKED.

JAMES
Now what? I haven't got a key.

MORTIS
Allow me.

He escorts her to the door, takes out his gun and BLASTS THE PADLOCK. The door swings open --

-- and a HORRIBLY DECOMPOSED BODY topples outward, dressed in a three-piece suit. Its face looks MELTED, the features bleeding together like a hideous WAXWORK FIGURE.

JAMES
Jesus, what is this?

MORTIS
I'm afraid it's your father.

James looks horrified.

MORTIS
Whoever took his money didn't want a
zombie millionaire for a senior partner.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS (CONT'D)

So they brought him back and sealed him in. He spent all his resurrected time trying to get out.

Randi looks away.

INT. MAUSOLEUM

Filled with stuff that's wildly inappropriate for dead people.

They walk into a decorator-perfect small apartment, classically furnished in the style of Louis XIV. Like a small room in Versailles. A picture of President Reagan shaking hands with Loudermilk sits on a small table by a couch.

Of course, the main attraction is this extravagant COFFIN, standing open. Close by it is a bedside table with a PRINCESS PHONE.

MORTIS

He's even got a telephone in here!

Roger lifts the receiver; the CORD is cut.

Randi wanders around, GAPING at the surroundings.

JAMES

When I think of my father, trapped in here --

MORTIS

Would you cut out the "poor dad" routine?

JAMES

(double-takes)
What do you mean?

MORTIS

Outside it says "Arthur Loudermilk, Husband of Loretta." It doesn't mention any darling daughter.

James studies him for a long moment. Then:

JAMES

All right. I met him in the hospital. I was there for drug rehab, he took me under his wing.

MORTIS

The daughter he never had.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES

Yeah. He set me up in a great house and got me that job at Dante and -- and I bet he never knew what kind of snake hole he was dropping me in...

MORTIS

So this thing with the zombies came as a complete surprise to you.

JAMES

I swear... you believe me, don't you?

Instead of answering, Mortis SQUINTS at the wall.

ANGLE -- WALL

Where a STRANGE NUMBER is scrawled in Loudermilk's blood -- 2639 362867.

MORTIS

Looks like he left something for us.

He takes out a pad and JOTS IT DOWN.

JAMES

I'm sorry I lied to you, Roger...

MORTIS

(by rote)
... and you'll never do it again. Yeah, I know.

Roger and Randi face each other for a long moment. Then a HAND breaks the frame and clasps Randi's shoulder!

GUARD'S VOICE

Evening, folks.

GUARD

I'm sure you got a great reason to be here. And I just can't wait to hear it.

MORTIS

Detective Roger Mortis, LAPD. I'm investigating a murder. Arthur P. Loudermilk is involved in it.

GUARD

So you stopped by to question him, huh? Got a warrant?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS

Yeah. Signed by a former U.S. President.

Mortis pulls a FIFTY from his wallet, dangles it in front of the guard. The guard SNATCHES it away.

GUARD

Anyone else you want to drop in on? I can getcha a group discount.

MORTIS

Thanks anyway. We have to be going.

GUARD

You don't have to run off. Loudermilk's calendar is wide open.

MORTIS

Are you always this hilarious?

GUARD

Sometimes even more.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM -- NIGHT

Roger and Randi head for the car, as the guard yells after them:

GUARD

Hey, whose murder you investigating, anyhow?

MORTIS

Mine.

They get in the car and drive off. The guard shakes his head.

GUARD

Fuckin' nutcase.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM -- NIGHT

Mortis and James re-emerge and head for the car. But as they get in the car they see a PASTA-FACED ZOMBIE lurch into their path.

James COWERS, but Roger just snarls.

MORTIS

Goddamn it

(he shifts into gear)

Sorry, Pal, but it's you or me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mortis accelerates over the Zombie.

JAMES
Dear God, what was that?

MORTIS
I don't know, but it sure wasn't valet parking.

Roger roars off.

EXT. GUARD GATE

Where the guard's still reading the same comic book. Mortis pulls up and signals him.

GUARD
Have a nice visit?

MORTIS
Breathtaking. Can I use your phone?

GUARD
What's wrong, the crypt phone wasn't working?
(snickers)
Maybe Old Man Loudermilk got behind on his payments.

The guard hands him a WIRELESS PHONE. Mortis DIALS, listens a moment, hands it back.

MORTIS
Thanks anyway.

GUARD
Sure thing. Hey, come again.

JAMES
(to Roger)
Well? What was it?

MORTIS
I don't know. It's not a phone number.

JAMES
You mean, the number's nonsense?

MORTIS
Precisely.

EXT. RANDI JAMES' HOUSE -- NIGHT

Mortis and James approach the front door. It's all broken up, just like we left it -- but from inside comes SOFT NOISE and FLICKERING LIGHT.

JAMES
Funny -- I didn't leave the TV on...

MORTIS
Shit --

He rushes to the door, looks in -- and MOANS.

INT. HOUSE

It's all torn up, of course, just like before -- but two things are different:

First, the projection TV's turned on. And it's showing D.O.A., that great scene where Edmund O'Brien tells the girl, "I'm a dead man. I can walk and talk and breathe but I'm still a dead man!"

The second thing is that Doug Bigelow is hanging upside-down from a ceiling beam, trussed up by his legs, his head submerged in the aquarium. One of the fish is nibbling on his nose.

Mortis goes to him, pulls him out of the water, hugs the body.

MORTIS
Christ, Doug... this isn't happening...

JAMES
Oh my God...

MORTIS
He can't be dead, I'm the one who's dead,
Doug, you can't be dead, too...

JAMES
(touching his shoulder)
Please, Roger...

ANGLE -- BILLIARD TABLE

Mortis covers Bigelow's body with a sheet.

ANGLE -- COUCH

Mortis sits woodenly next to James, staring off into space.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS

This same time yesterday, both of us were fine.

He touches a SORE on his forearm.

MORTIS

He once told me how he read in a book that the average male has 12,000 orgasms in his lifetime. And he actually started counting them. Said that he was gonna have a big blowout party, soon as he broke the average.

JAMES

Roger...

MORTIS

(frail chuckle)
He had 96 to go...

JAMES

Don't think about it...

MORTIS

Jesus...

He starts crying and James COMFORTS HIM like a child. She helps him lie down, starts to unbutton his shirt. The skin underneath is kind of GREENISH-YELLOW.

MORTIS

I'm going to die, Randi. For keeps this time.

JAMES

I know.
(bitterly)
All my favorites die.

She touches his face.

JAMES

I'm here, if you need me.

When Roger doesn't respond, she leans over and KISSES HIM. But Roger stops her.

MORTIS

I'm sorry, it just won't work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES
(sighing)
I know, it's okay. Just forget about it,
Roger. Forget everything.

She nestles beside him on the couch.

ANGLE -- COUCH -- LOOKING DOWN ON THEM

Neither moving.

MORTIS
It's funny, you know.

JAMES
What is?

MORTIS
For 35 years I never gave a shit about
anything. Or anybody. And now every
minute, every second is so important...

Randi takes his hand.

JAMES
I know, Roger. I sat with Arthur on his
deathbed.

CLOSE-UP -- JAMES

her hair spectrally backlit by a wash of lamp light.

JAMES
He taught me that we each have our own
private countdown. There's a certain
number of seconds left before you die.
And once you use them they're gone, and
they won't ever come back.

ANGLE -- BOTH

Mortis drapes his arm over her.

MORTIS
Stay here, Randi.

JAMES
I will, I promise.

She snuggles close. He touches her hair, her throat, her
shoulders. She makes a small, contented sigh...

Mortis FALLS ASLEEP on her shoulder.

FADE TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FADE IN:

ANGLE -- COUCH

Roger and Randi sleeping.

ANGLE -- ROOM

Bigelow walks over to the couch, dripping wet. Gently he nudges Roger awake. Roger opens his eyes with a shock of recognition.

MORTIS

Doug! You're alive!

BIGELOW

Of course. I'm as healthy as you are.

Roger turns toward Randi, but Bigelow pulls him away.

BIGELOW

C'mon, Rog. I want to show you something.

Roger stands, curiously, and follows Bigelow down a hallway.

ANGLE -- HALLWAY

Kind of dim and drab, with a BIG THICK DOOR at the end. Bigelow leads them towards it.

MORTIS

What's this all about, anyway?

BIGELOW

Here, I'll show you.

Bigelow grasps the doorknob and THROWS THE DOOR WIDE --

INT. DINING ROOM

-- AND A HUNDRED PEOPLE YELL "surprise!" at the same time --

-- because the room is packed with ABSOLUTELY EVERYONE Roger has ever known in his entire life, his mom and dad and his high school physics teacher and Sue Ellen Jacobs from the Varsity swim team --

-- and Mayberry and MacNab and Smythers and all the rest of the cast, maybe even this guy in back with muttonchop sideburns --

-- but the real attraction is this great big LAYER CAKE with the sentimental message --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAPPY DEATH DAY, ROGER!

-- next to a cute little SKULL AND CROSSBONES in the frosting.

CLOSE-UP -- ROGER MORTIS

Not sure how to react to all this.

MORTIS

Uh... you shouldn't have...

ANGLE -- EVERYONE

But he trails off as the crowd sings a lusty rendition of that old favorite "Happy Death Day To You... "

BIGELOW

Make a wish!

Roger bends to blow out the candles...

ANGLE -- CAKE

... and a FULL-LENGTH FEMALE SKELETON bursts from the frosting, wearing a French string bikini, sensually DANCING to the music --

CUT TO:

ANGLE -- COUCH

CAMERA PULLS BACK OVERHEAD as Roger wakes with an involuntary SCREAM. After a moment he shudders, blinks, looks around.

He's alone.

MORTIS

Randi...?

he starts to sit up, WINCES and works his elbow back and forth. It's stiff, it hurts him. And GREENISH BRUISES have spread over his flesh.

MORTIS

So this is how it feels to wake up dead.

ANGLE -- HALLWAY

Following Mortis as he limps toward a DOOR standing ajar.

Light spills from the doorway onto the carpet. As we get up close we hear MUFFLED SOBBING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mortis throws the door open.

INT. BATHROOM

Randi James sits on the toilet seat, wearing nothing but an oversized towel. She's crying.

JAMES
(looking up with her back to
Roger)
I'm sorry, Roger. I didn't want to tell
you, I thought you wouldn't understand --

MORTIS
What are you talking about?

JAMES
(starts to turn toward Roger)
I lied about the drugs, I was in the
hospital because I was dying, too, I was
dead --

MORTIS
My God...

JAMES
They brought me back, Roger, just like
you. But they said I'd have a normal life
span as long as I helped them.

MORTIS
Who...?

But she goes on, not hearing.

JAMES
They lied to me...

She reaches out to caress his face. Her fingers dissolve,
fall off. Mortis gapes in horror as she starts to decompose.

JAMES
(garbling it)
I'm sorry, Roger...

Her head breaks loose from her DISINTEGRATING BODY, flop-
flopping onto the floor. Her eyes turn up to Roger,
pleadingly.

JAMES
Please... for-give... me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS
Oh God, oh God.

He staggers back into the hall.

INT. LIVING ROOM

where Mortis sits on the couch, staring at nothing, muttering to himself.

MORTIS
Doug... Randi... it's all going to hell,
everything's going to hell...

Numbly, he picks up the telephone with keypad in receiver and DIALS. After a couple of RINGS we hear a pre-recorded voice.

SMYTHERS
Hi... This is Becky...

MORTIS
Becky, listen they're d...

SMYTHERS
I can't come to the phone now, but if you
leave a message I'll get back to you as
soon as I can.

We HEAR a sharp eeeep! as the recorder kicks in.

MORTIS
Becky, Doug's dead... Randi's dead...
everybody's dead... I'm dead. I'm sitting
here with no pulse in a house full of
dead people...

He starts to cry, chokes it back.

MORTIS
I'm sorry... I haven't got much time
left, Becky... I just wanted to say good-
bye... and... I wish...

The line clicks off, leaving a DIAL TONE.

MORTIS
I wish...

DOWN-ANGLE-PHONE

Mortis frowns, staring at the phone...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... and suddenly a REALIZATION strikes him, you can almost see a LIGHT BULB GOING ON OVER HIS HEAD.

MORTIS
Hey, wait a minute...

He whips out his pad and SCRIBBLES SOMETHING.

CLOSE-UP -- TELEPHONE AND NOTEPAD

Showing the number:

2 6 3 9 3 6 2 8 6 7

as, under it, Mortis writes the corresponding letters from the dial plate:

A	M	D	W	D	M	A	T	M	P
B	N	E	X	E	N	B	U	N	R
C	O	F	Y	F	O	C	V	O	S

Mortis taps the pad with his pen.

MORTIS
(mumbling)
A. A M, A N, A N F, A N D W -- No, B, B
O, B O D --

ANGLE -- MORTIS

His eyes widening.

MORTIS
B O D Y -- damn, that's it!

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

as the Galaxie SQUEALS AROUND A CORNER, toppling a trashcan, waking up a few BUMS sleeping in the street. Roger CRASHES into a phone pole, gets out and BOLTS for the MORGUE.

EXT. DOOR

As Mortis tries it, finds it locked, and BLOWS IT THE FUCK OPEN. He kicks the door in and runs inside, gun drawn.

INT. MORGUE

It's dark, but there's a LIGHT at the end of the hall. Roger heads for it. And sees --

INT. OFFICE

Surprise! DR. EARNEST MACNAB is sitting at a table, combing out his toupee.

MACNAB
(surprised)
Roger! What are you doing here?

Mortis points the gun at his face.

MORTIS
What do you think, asshole?

MACNAB
You'll have to be more specific than that.

MORTIS
Okay. You want specific, her it comes.
You killed me and you killed Doug and
maybe you didn't kill Randi but you
should've had the decency to let her stay
dead.

MacNab sets the comb aside.

MACNAB
What on earth are you talking about?

MORTIS
Revenge, Earnest old chum. And you're on
the receiving end.

MACNAB
But -- this doesn't even make sense! I
was helping you!

MORTIS
I don't think so. Loudermilk's think tank
built a machine for resurrecting people --
and you've been trying it out, haven't
you?

MACNAB
That's absurd. You're losing your mind,
Mortis. Your brain is deteriorating --

MORTIS
When you buried him alive, Loudermilk
wanted to point a finger at you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS (CONT'D)

But he was afraid to write "It's MacNab"
in case you came back and erased it. So
he tried something a little subtler.

Mortis pulls out the NOTEPAD with his free hand.

MORTIS

2639 362867. It's a coded message, using
the numbers-to-letters scheme on any
telephone. here's what it spells: BODY
DOCTOR. Sounds a bit like you, doesn't
it?

MACNAB

That's what happens when you die, Roger.
Your synapses misfire, leading to all
sorts of demented conclusions.

MORTIS

My mind, MacNab, has never been sharper.

MacNab reaches for the phone. Mortis BLOWS it of the wall.

MORTIS

How many others have you buried alive,
MacNab? Canfield, the blue jeans king?
Oliver Lang? Howard Preston?

He jabs the gun at MacNab.

MORTIS

You take their money and brick them up,
is that it?

MACNAB

This is insane.

Mortis grabs his wrist, which sports a gold Rolex. On his
finger is a ring studded with diamonds.

MORTIS

Nice watch. Nice ring, too. I've got a
helluva hunch that if we wanted to, we
could trace them back to those jewelry
store hold-ups.

Mortis tears the ring off his finger. MacNab grimaces in
pain.

MACNAB

Dammit, give me that!

Mortis throws it up in the air, and catches it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORTIS

When you resurrected those robbers, you wanted to test them. So you sent them out to do what they do best -- rob something. And when I stumbled onto all this, you murdered me.

MACNAB

Circumstantial evidence. Wouldn't hold in any court. You now that.

Roger levels his gun at MacNab's face. He's not kidding.

MORTIS

I'm not waiting for any courts, MacNab.

MACNAB

(losing it)

Roger -- don't -- I can help you --

MORTIS

Like you helped Randi James?

Roger FIRES, but he doesn't hit anything because a GRIZZLED HAND grabs the weapon and points it harmlessly at the ceiling.

Then OTHERS GRAB ROGER, four of them, and they're big and strong and they take Roger's gun away and SHOVE him down into a chair and hold him there, struggling.

And MR. THULE steps into frame.

MR. THULE

Good evening, Doctor.

MACNAB

Dammit, why the hell'd you wait so long? Bastard almost killed me!

MR. THULE

Call it... dramatic justice.

MACNAB

Look, Thule, I give the orders here, you're just the hired help. Got it?

MR. THULE

But of course.

MacNab takes the ring back from Mortis, and places it on his finger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MACNAB

Every job has its little perks, Roger. It just takes a while to discover them.

MORTIS

No amount of money's gonna be worth what happens to you, MacNab.

He breaks off into a terrible WRACKING COUGH.

MR. THULE

I see our detective is in rather poor condition.

MORTIS

Not as poor as you'll be, Thule.

MR. THULE

Silence him.

One of the thugs CLOUTS Mortis on the head with a gun butt, stunning him, A clot of bloody hair STICKS to the butt, and the thug has to wipe it off on his shirt.

MR. THULE

Thank you.

(to MacNab)

How do you wish this man killed?

MACNAB

Well, that's a funny thing, Thule. You see, I already killed him once. Killing him again would be sort of redundant.

MR. THULE

You have an alternative?

MACNAB

Yes, I do. Let's handle him just like the others. Stick him someplace where he can't get out and let him... shall we say... stew on it.

MR. THULE

As you wish.

(to thugs)

Bring him, please.

They do.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

In front of the brownstone, the street SLOPES SHARPLY DOWNWARD, a frightening, vertiginous descent. An AMBULANCE VAN is parked by the curb; Thule and MacNab open up the back, as the THUGS drag Roger on-camera.

EXT. STREET

The bad guys and Roger. Behind them CARS GO BY.

MACNAB

Ironic, isn't it, Roger? Your last moments will be spent just inches from freedom, on a busy public street.

MR. THULE

For this very reason, Doctor, we should waste no time.

MACNAB

(to thugs)

Put him in the van. Cuff him to the side rail.

ANGLE -- AMBULANCE VAN

Looking into the rear compartment. There's storage cabinets, an oxygen cylinder, and a STRETCHER with side rails. Two thugs shove Roger in and HANDCUFF his wrist to the rail.

Roger starts to sit down -- and realizes there's already a BODY there, under a sheet. He WHIPS the sheet aside --

CLOSE-UP -- SMYTHERS

-- and finds Smythers, her eyes WIDE OPEN and GLASSY with the terror that only violent death inspires. She has a piece of paper clutched in her hands.

MORTIS

Oh God... no...

SAME ANGLE -- AMBULANCE

MacNab CHUCKLES with macabre delight.

MACNAB

You don't mind sharing the bed space, do you? I know it's a nuisance -- but then, Smythers was always a nuisance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger fights the handcuffs.

MORTIS
(cold fury)
I'll send you to hell, MacNab. You can't
keep me here.

MACNAB
(leaning in)
Can't I? These walls are stainless steel.
And in case you're thinking about calling
for help --
(taps the side panel)
-- it's soundproof. Custom-made. The
perfect place to disintegrate.

MacNab checks his watch.

MACNAB
Which I'm expecting, incidentally, in
about forty-five minutes.

MORTIS
I can hardly wait.

MR. THULE
Let's go, Doctor. We're expected back at
the lab.

MACNAB
Oh, all right. Happy trails, Roger.

They slam the door shut and seal it with a GIGANTIC PADLOCK.

INT. VAN

Mortis looks mournfully at Smythers.

MORTIS
Christ, Becky, not you too.

Mortis YANKS at the handcuff; it won't budge. He gropes in
his pocket for his PENKNIFE and pries at the keyhole, but
it's no use.

One thing he can do, though, is SLIDE the cuff along the
rail. He slides it back as far as he can and KICKS at the
rear door, uselessly.

MORTIS
(loud)
CAN ANYONE OUT THERE HEAR ME?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nothing.

MORTIS

Stupid question, I guess.

He slides the cuff to the front, where an ACCESS WINDOW separates the forward and rear compartments. But it's much TOO SMALL to reach through.

He puts his face up to it, squinting.

ANGLE -- THROUGH ACCESS WINDOW

Not much to see: dashboard, steering wheel, seats. Between the seats is the AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION and EMERGENCY BRAKE.

Through the windshield we see tantalizing glimpses of TRAFFIC and PEDESTRIANS. None of them pays Roger the slightest attention.

INT. VAN

as Mortis yells through the window.

MORTIS

SOMEBODY CALL THE GODDAMN COPS!

Mortis coughs and SPITS UP BLOOD.

ANGLE -- MORTIS AND SMYTHERS

Tenderly, Roger brushes her hair.

MORTIS

I always figured we'd end up together,
Rebecca. But not like this.

He studies the van's interior, forming a desperate plan.
Then:

MORTIS

Hey, Rebecca. How'd you like to go on the
ride of your life?

He yanks at the cuffed hand, reaching with his other hand through the access window. He braces himself and STRAINS against the cuff, as hard as he can.

ANGLE -- FORWARD COMPARTMENT -- FAVORING ACCESS WINDOW

As Roger's hand snakes through. The problem is that the window isn't large enough for his elbow.

ANGLE -- MORTIS

he tries to work his arm in farther but that's all, folks, no dice. Unless --

Roger pulls even harder on the cuff, tugging the stretcher a couple of inches forward.

ANGLE -- FORWARD COMPARTMENT

He's inches from the brake.

ANGLE -- MORTIS

The cuff is biting into his hand, but he just doesn't care anymore --

MORTIS
Oh, hell.

He YANKS at the handcuff with every last fibre of disintegrating muscle...!

ANGLE -- HANDCUFF

It's GOUGING into his wrist, peeling back the flesh of his hand like a potato skin.

ANGLE -- FORWARD COMPARTMENT

Roger GROPEs for the emergency brake. His fingers... barely... grab hold of it.

ANGLE -- MORTIS

Sporting this HELLACIOUS GRIN because he's getting it, he's getting it --

CLOSE-UP -- EMERGENCY BRAKE

as Roger works the little button and RELEASES THE BRAKE.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

The scene we've been waiting for: the ambulance van begins COASTING, ever so gently, DOWNHILL. It rolls right out of the frame...

ANGLE -- STREET

And now we're moving, really moving, the ambulance is a DRIVERLESS JUGGERNAUT scattering cars in its path.

INT. VAN

Still handcuffed to the side rail, Mortis bounces wildly all over the compartment, riding the ambulance like a bucking bronco on a SUICIDAL DOWNHILL PLUNGE.

MORTIS
Yeeeeee... HHAHHH!!!

(Insert INCREDIBLE STUNT SEQUENCE here!)

ANGLE -- INTERSECTION

a full-size WINNEBAGO runs the yellow and BROADSIDES THE VAN,
-- where it EXPLODES, spraying GOUTS OF FLAME clear across
the street with an AWESOME, BOOMING ROAR.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

As an ambulance, a real one this time, comes roaring up with
its siren BLARING and its FLASHER going round and round.

WIDE ANGLE -- ACCIDENT SCENE

Firemen DOUSE the van with chemical flame-retardants. The air
is heavy with THICK BLACK SMOKE. Cops run around, cordoning
off the street with cones and flares.

The ambulance brakes and two ATTENDANTS get out. Their names
are JONAS and WHITFIELD. Jonas is the older one, Whitfield's
new at this.

WHITFIELD
Christ, what happened here?

JONAS
Looks like someone used this store for a
parking space.

A fireman BREAKS OPEN the van's rear door, with a hot belch
of CHARCOAL SMOKE. The fireman and attendants react with
disgust to what they see.

CUT TO REVEAL:

Two body bags on gurneys. Tilt up to attendants.

FIREMAN
Hate to rush you guys out here, just for
a D.O.A.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONAS

That's okay, lets me brush up on my
driving skills.

(to Whitfield)

Ready to go, Frank?

Whitfield nods, and they bend to hoist the body bag -- but
that's as far as they get. Because just then, the bag UNZIPS
ITSELF from the inside and its occupant LETS HIMSELF OUT.

And he's UGLY.

But if you look real close -- not that anyone would want to --
you can just recognize this decrepit horror as our old
friend, ROGER MORTIS.

ANGLE -- EVERYONE

JONAS

Jesus H. Christ!

Whitfield backs up a step, swallowing hard.

WHITFIELD

Easy, mister... you're not well...

Mortis stands up, and his clothes are SHREDDED and his body's
WORSE -- and he's still got that handcuff on his wrist,
trailing a little chain -- but this is not someone you'd ever
want to argue with.

Then a PATROLMAN pulls his gun and levels it at Mortis, and
the gun may TREMBLE a tad but this boy's definitely ready to
use it.

PATROLMAN

That's far enough, uh... sir.

Mortis -- if you can still call him that -- reaches into a
blackened COAT POCKET with a three-fingered hand and pulls
out a somewhat charred DETECTIVE'S BADGE. He flashes it at
the PATROLMAN.

MORTIS

Roger Mortis, City Police.

PATROLMAN

(goggling)

You're a cop?

MORTIS

Surprise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATROLMAN

Uh... you'd better sit down, sir...

MORTIS

I need your gun.

PATROLMAN

What?

Mortis doesn't repeat it; he walks up to the dumbfounded cop and TAKES THE GUN right out of his fingers.

MORTIS

Thank you.

Mortis goes to the patrolman's MOTORCYCLE, idling by the curb; he hops on and ROARS OFF.

EXT. DANTE LABS -- NIGHT

A perfectly quiet night. Peaceful, even.

INT. MONITOR STATION

Where a BORED GUARD sits at a big command console, facing a bank of gray-white VIDEO SCREENS. Each of the screens displays a different area; one shows MacNab, addressing a dozen elderly, well-heeled guests in the resurrection room.

Suddenly GUARD NUMBER TWO comes in, with two steaming Styrofoam cups.

GUARD ONE

Thanks.

He sips his coffee, eyeing the screen.

GUARD TWO

How many of those rich bozos you suppose he's got in there this time?

INT. RESURRECTION ROOM

A gathering of the rich and powerful, this select audience radiates power, influence and (the bottom line) MONEY.

MacNab stands in front of a VELVET CURTAIN, playing the crowd.

MACNAB

ladies and gentlemen... when's the last time you were really, truly, honest-to-God amazed?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACNAB (CONT'D)

When's the last time you saw something so wonderful you couldn't even believe it?

(beat)

Well, get ready. Because it's happening right here, tonight.

OLD MAN

Get to the point, MacNab.

MACNAB

I will, sir. But first, a tribute.

He lowers his head.

MACNAB

Last week, all of us were stunned and saddened by the untimely death of Arthur P. Loudermilk. I'd like to take this opportunity to review his many accomplishments.

The curtain whisks open to reveal Loudermilk's body, arms discreetly folded, in a casket tilted upright. On his face is a BEATIFIC SMILE.

MACNAB

Or better still...

(stepping aside)

... I'll let Arthur speak for himself!

NEW ANGLE

-- to find Arthur Loudermilk, in good health and good spirits, sauntering forward to join MacNab.

LOUDERMILK

Friends and associates... how nice to see you again.

In the audience BEDLAM REIGNS. Men and women CHATTER among themselves in angry, distressed voices.

The OLD MAN stands up and totters forward, gaping in disbelief.

OLD MAN

I saw you buried, Arthur! Dammit, I saw you buried!

Loudermilk shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUDERMILK

I'm afraid you've been mislead, Walter.
The man in my grave is a... volunteer...
personally selected by Dr. MacNab.

MacNab bows, with a flourish.

LOUDERMILK

As you'll see, ladies and gentlemen, the
demonstration you're about to witness
makes burial somewhat... unnecessary.

INT. MONITOR STATION

ANGLE -- VIDEO SCREEN

Loudermilk works the crowd, which is now in a state of
consternation.

LOUDERMILK

Albert -- did you become the world's
largest jet manufacturer, just so you
could leave your fortune to a wolf pack
of scavenging relatives?

INT. RESURRECTION ROOM

Loudermilk addresses another old man.

LOUDERMILK

Harry Lathman -- you turned a tiny oil
company into one of the world's biggest
multinationals. Are you ready to turn it
over to a bunch of grovelling attorneys?

He turns to GERTRUDE.

LOUDERMILK

Gertrude Bellman. Are you prepared to
become a memorial plaque on the
cornerstone of a library building?

GERTRUDE

We all die, Arthur.

LOUDERMILK

Rest assured, Gertrude, that you can
afford not to.

INT. MONITOR STATION

The GUARDS sip coffee, and shoot the shit, their backs to the video screens. Which is too bad, because a RED WARNING LIGHT comes on unnoticed --

But the CAMERA MOVES IN to show us just exactly what's happening at the front of the building.

ON THE SCREEN

Roger arrives in his commandeered chopper, pauses to get his bearings -- and ROARS right up the entrance ramp toward the DOUBLE GLASS DOORS --

EXT. DOOR

-- but his bike hits a CHAIN strung across the ramp, CATAPULTING him forward as the bike jerks out from under him -
-

INT. MONITOR STATION

-- and Roger EXPLODES through the glass, amidst an avalanche of pinwheeling GLASS SHARDS!

GUARD TWO

Holy shit!

INT. RESURRECTION ROOM

Loudermilk's voice QUAVERS with suppressed emotion.

LOUDERMILK

Isn't it frustrating? All that money...
all the raw power right in your grasp --

He pantomimes clutching at sand.

LOUDERMILK

But then it's gone, POOF!, suddenly
you're six feet under and a mob of money-
grubbing nobodys are devouring all that's
yours, like rodents after a lump of
cheese.

The audience begins to FIDGET in their seats.

LOUDERMILK

Isn't it sad? Everybody dies, rich and
poor. Death doesn't discriminate --

With an EVIL GRIN --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUDERMILK

-- At least, not until now.

An INDIGNANT OIL BARON stands up and SHOUTS.

OIL BARON

This is ridiculous!

He begins to leave as the GROUP STIRS.

LOUDERMILK

Let's face it. Poor people are supposed to die -- but the same rules don't apply to us. We're rich. God wants us to live -- FOREVER -- and even if he doesn't, who cares? We can buy him off. No rules to stop us. Do what we want. It'll cost all of you half your fortune. But who cares. You'll have FOREVER to make it back. How much is half your fortune compounded daily at 10% interest for a million fucking years?

(imperiously)

Sit!

They are SILENCED by the intensity in his voice.

LOUDERMILK

Think what I'm offering, sir! Life without end. Your personal savings compounded daily for a million glorious years!

GERTRUDE

What's your gimmick, Arthur?

LOUDERMILK

No gimmick. Eternal life.

GERTRUDE

Bullshit.

He sighs.

LOUDERMILK

Of course it sounds absurd -- impossible! But aside from the proof of my being here, I've prepared for you a very graphic demonstration.

The VELVET CURTAIN opens --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

-- revealing the RESURRECTION MACHINE, glistening under a battery of floodlights. A LARGE FIGURE rests on the resurrection bed, under a Mylar sheet.

Above him, EEG and EKG machines read his nonexistent vital functions.

LOUDERMILK

This man has been dead for hours. Inspect him yourself.

He motions them forward. One by one, they approach the body, morbid curiosity outweighing their gravest doubts.

INT. MONITOR STATION

Roger gets up, raining fragments of broken glass. The guards draw their guns and stare at him, TRANSFIXED.

MORTIS

You can go now. Your services are no longer required.

GUARD TWO

Fuck you --

Guard Two FIRES TWICE into Roger's chest, but Roger doesn't even flinch. He BLASTS the guard in the shoulder; the guard staggers backward and SITS DOWN HARD.

MORTIS

(to Guard One)
How about you?

GUARD ONE

No thanks.

Roger steps past him into the HALLWAY.

TRACKING SHOT -- MORTIS

Walking down the hall Road Warrior-fashion as SIRENS and YELLS echo around him.

Suddenly a GUARD springs from a doorway to bury a COMBAT KNIFE in Roger's back. The blade goes CLEAN THROUGH, jutting point-first from his breastbone.

Howling with fury, the guard CHARGES Roger with his bare hands. Roger spins around -- and the guard IMPALES himself on the blade in Roger's rib cage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger works the blade loose as the guard CRASHES to the floor.

MORTIS

Never knife a guy in the back, pal.

Roger bends down and RETRIEVES HIS UZI. The guard's also carrying a HAND GRENADE.

MORTIS

(pocketing it)

Waste not, want not.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Where Loudermilk addresses the audience, now back in their seats.

LOUDERMILK

Now that you're satisfied with this man's unfortunate condition, I'd like to treat you to a little... product demonstration.

He turns.

LOUDERMILK

Dr. MacNab... if you would.

MacNab types into the keyboard as the resurrection screens jump to life.

LOUDERMILK

This model incorporates our most advanced requirements. The first to afford eternal life without any limitations.

The room GOES DARK as the RESURRECTION SEQUENCE commences.

ANGLE -- HALLWAY -- ASPHYXIATION ROOM

Roger BLOWS AWAY a guard without even breaking stride. But another guard steps away from the shadows and SPRAYS Roger's back with machine-gun fire.

Roger spins and fired, scoring multiple hits, blasting the guard back into the ASPHYXIATION ROOM. But neither one is hurt by the bullet wounds.

CLICK-CLICK. CLICK-CLICK. They're out of bullets, both of them.

Hastily they reload their weapons, meeting each other's eyes, unspeaking. Then they start FIRING again --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- and for a FULL TWENTY SECONDS they just stand there,
blowing the LIVING SHIT out of each other --

-- until the Zombie-Guard grabs a HAND GRENADE and tosses it
at Roger --

-- but Roger catches it and lobs it back --

-- after punching in the RED BUTTON to close the steel door,
trapping the zombie with his own LIVE GRENADE!

Roger turns and KICKS OPEN the door to the Resurrection Room.

REVERSE -- ON ROGER

Roger steps inside as, behind him, a fountain of LIQUEFIED
ZOMBIE-PARTS decorates the hallway. The flickering half-light
casts EERIE SHADOWS on his ruined face.

ANGLE -- MACNAB, LOUDERMILK, MILLIONAIRES

reacting in disbelief to Roger's dramatic entrance. For one
frozen moment, no one moves.

BACK TO ROGER

GRINNING hellishly, he puts out a placating hand.

MORTIS

That's okay, don't get up.

WIDE-ANGLE -- RESURRECTION ROOM

Then MacNab turns to Thule and yells

MACNAB

GET HIM!

-- and BEDLAM REIGNS.

Thule pulls an UZI from the folds of his robe and OPENS FIRE
on Roger, blasting a couple of LUCKLESS MILLIONAIRES in the
way. The others run like hell, tripping all over themselves.

Roger circles the table, trying for a clear shot. Bullet hits
STITCH THE WALLS behind him, but finally he finds his target.

MORTIS

Say good-bye to your eternal spirit,
asshole.

He FIRES, dispatching Thule with a three-round burst.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger starts forward --

-- but a ZOMBIE emerges from the side entrance and BLASTS him, with an inarticulate GROWL.

TIGHT ANGLE

Roger walks RIGHT up to him, ignoring the stream of bullets, and BUTT-STROKES him across the face. The Zombie tumbles backwards, into a giant ELECTRICAL PANEL --

-- and SIZZLES like a FRIED EGG when the hot current SLAMS through him, spitting sparks!

WIDE ANGLE

Loudermilk backs away as Roger approaches.

 LOUDERMILK
What do you want?

 MORTIS
Not you, Old Man. I want him.

Motions to MacNab.

 MORTIS
You're dead, MacNab. You're even deader
than I am.

 MACNAB
I don't think so --

He breaks off as the Mylar sheet RUSTLES, slides off the resurrected body...

ANGLE -- CORPSE'S EYES

They POP OPEN.

Then we PULL BACK, as the corpse stands to reveal... DOUG BIGELOW, looking dull-eyed and cyanotic but just as alive as Roger.

ANGLE -- EVERYONE

For a moment, Roger just stands there in shock. Then he approaches Bigelow, uncertain what to say or do.

 MORTIS
Doug... you're alive...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACNAB

He can't understand you, Roger. He's been brain-dead too long. Which means he's now mindless... and totally obedient.

MacNab turns to Bigelow.

MACNAB

Kill this guy, would you?

BIGELOW

Kill... this guy... would you.

Bigelow starts toward Roger, with robot-like persistence.

MORTIS

Doug, Doug, stop! It's me, Roger --

BIGELOW

Kill... this guy... would you.

MORTIS

Doug, don't...

BIGELOW

Kill... this... guy...

MORTIS

Jesus, Doug!

BIGELOW

... would... you...

Bigelow's hands are closing on his throat when Roger yells:

MORTIS

Hey, Doug, you realize we've got the same death day?

Bigelow FROWNS.

MORTIS

You know what we could do? We could have a death day party, invite all our friends, get ripped --

Bigelow looks from Roger to MacNab and back again, like a bloodhound following conflicting smells.

MORTIS

Shame we couldn't have paid those parking tickets first, huh, Doug?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Now Bigelow's really puzzled, he's like a kid doing his first long division problem.

BIGELOW

Uh...

Loudermilk watches, horrified. MacNab is as hysterical as we've ever seen him.

LOUDERMILK

(to MacNab)

Do something!

MACNAB

Kill him, you brain-dead son of a bitch!

Now Mortis plays his final card:

MORTIS

Hey, Doug, only 96 left to go!

Bigelow releases Roger and blinks at him in surprise.

BIGELOW

Roger? Roger?

MORTIS

(grinning)

Hi, Doug. Welcome to Zombie-Land.

BIGELOW

Roger... he said I should --

Bigelow turns to face MacNab, and something UGLY crosses his face.

BIGELOW

He said I should hurt you. But I'm gonna hurt him.

MACNAB

No!

MacNab grabs up Thule's weapon and BLASTS Bigelow. Bigelow blunders forward, ignoring the slugs --

-- until three shots hit his NECK, blowing him clear off his feet. He CRASHES DOWN and stays there.

MacNab turns the gun on Roger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MACNAB
(breathlessly)
One down, one to go. Bye-bye, Roger.

And he OPENS UP ON MORTIS, firing again and again, filling the room with a HURRICANE OF SHELLS.

ANGLE -- MORTIS

But Mortis keeps coming. The shells TEAR into him, carving him up like a Christmas turkey, but still he keeps coming.

LOUDERMILK
Kill him, why can't you kill him?

MACNAB
Shut up, you old fool.

ANGLE -- MORTIS

So close now that the bullets are tearing holes RIGHT THROUGH HIM, holes we can SEE THROUGH, but still he won't stop --

ANGLE -- MACNAB

-- until MacNab PANICS, turns to run --

-- and BIGELOW rises up in his path, cutting off his escape!

BIGELOW
Leaving so soon?

MacNab looks from one to the other, helplessly.

MACNAB
Bastards, you can't have me.

He puts the gun-muzzle to his head and FIRES.

ANGLE -- MORTIS AND BIGELOW

As MacNab's lifeless body hits the floor. In the distance we hear SIRENS.

MORTIS
You cheated me. Damn it, you cheated me.

BIGELOW
Hey, Roger, it's over, man --

MORTIS
Not quite yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP -- MACNAB'S HEAD

Slamming down onto the resurrection table.

ANGLE -- RESURRECTION BED

MacNab is all set to go. Roger enters the final coordinates and BEGINS THE SEQUENCE.

Current surges into MacNab's body; he starts to SHAKE and CONVULSE.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP -- MACNAB'S EYES

Opening with the sheerest horror ever seen in movies. He CRINGES --

BACK TO SCENE

-- at the sight of Roger's MALEVOLENT GRIN.

MORTIS

Want to see what happens if you resurrect
someone twice?

Roger hits the button AGAIN --

-- and MacNab SCREAMS as his body convulses out of control, every cell overloaded, until he literally EXPLODES into hamburger, splattering everything.

Bigelow makes a face.

BIGELOW

That's beyond disgusting. There isn't a
word for what that is.

The machine continues to WHINE and SHORT OUT. Loudermilk crawls toward it.

LOUDERMILK

Wait! Save the machine! Turn it off!

Bigelow jerks his head at Loudermilk.

BIGELOW

What do we do about Howard Hughes, over
there? He don't look so good.

ANGLE -- LOUDERMILK

Patches of makeup have been wiped away, revealing corpse-mottled skin.

LOUDERMILK

Help me, please help me! You've got to save the machine! I'll give you anything you want... money... power... eternal life... just save the machine!

BACK TO MORTIS AND BIGELOW

MORTIS

Let the sonofabitch die.

Mortis picks up a couple of Uzis, hands one to Bigelow. Loudermilk goes into an absolute PANIC.

LOUDERMILK

No! Stop! You don't understand -- you'll live forever! Forever!

Mortis and Bigelow look at each other, and shake their heads.

Then they turn back to the machine, Uzis in hand, and BLOW IT TO PIECES over Loudermilk's final SCREAM.

They leave. SMOKE and SPARKS fill the room behind them.

ANGLE -- HALLWAY

CAMERA PULLS UP and BACK as the two of them walk away from us, sort of a darkly comic Casablanca finale:

BIGELOW

Man, Roger, you're a mess!

MORTIS

You're not exactly a Forest Lawn poster child yourself, Doug.

As they continue walking, Loudermilk fades into the distance, and the ENTIRE BACKGROUND begins to WHITE OUT.

BIGELOW

Hey, Roger, tell you what. We got time, let's go grab us some fries and a bacon burger, what do you say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS

I say that stuff is crap. Look at me,
Doug. You don't develop this kind of body
by eating junk food.

BIGELOW

You're just jealous, man.

By now their figures are receding into the WHITENESS, as
CLOUDS of supernatural fog enshroud their feet.

MORTIS

You know, Doug... I think this could be
the end of a beautiful friendship.

We notice that Bigelow's going down instead of up -- but
Mortis yanks him skyward again.

As the END CREDITS edge onto the screen, we

FADE OUT.