

H.P. LOVECRAFT'S
FROM BEYOND

Adaptation by

BRIAN YUZNA
DENNIS PAOLI
STUART GORDON

Screenplay by

DENNIS PAOLI

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TARYN PRODUCTIONS
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1 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

An intense young man is typing feverishly at a computer console. He sits in the midst of a large, gabled attic room ringed by humming machinery; oscilloscope computers and recording equipment.

In the center of the room is a large, cylindrical prototype crowned by four large tuning fork appendages. The young man stops typing -- watching the screen.

The word READY APPEARS. The young man takes a deep breath and rises from the console and begins walking around the perimeter checking the readings on the machines and flipping switches.

He then walks to the large cylinder. He reaches toward a switch panel when a woman's shriek cuts through the electronic hummm.

CRAWFORD TILLINGHAST, the young man, looks up. He listens. There is a second scream followed by a man's laughter. Crawford throws himself back into his work.

He turns on the first of four large switches. One of the tuning forks begins to vibrate. It creates a low, bass tone which rises slowly in volume. Crawford checks the monitor and gauges.

CRAWFORD
Come on. Come on --

A slight breeze blows through the attic, and Crawford rubs his forehead. He is feeling the vibrations and the initial exposure is creating a severe headache.

The fork begins to glow a strange violet color and Crawford rubs his eyes, not believing what he sees.

A writhing eel-like creature swims through the air circling the fork.

Crawford slowly approaches the machine staring at the wriggling thing in the air. Suddenly the eel lashes out straight at Crawford, digging its hook-like teeth into his cheek.

Crawford struggles with the snake-like thing, pulling it off his face, tearing out a small piece of flesh. The eel squirms wildly, trying to attach itself to Crawford. Crawford suddenly realizes how to save himself.

He hits the switch on the cylindrical machine and the tuning forks stop glowing and humming. The eel is gone. Crawford, wide-eyed, brings his hand to his bleeding cheek. He looks at the blood on his hand and then, as if awakened from a dream -- dashes out of the attic.

2 INT. STAIRWAY - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Crawford races down a flight of stairs on to a second floor landing. The house is a rambling old place in the colonial style -- ordinary except for bundles of electrical cables which run down the stairs and through the hallways.

Crawford approaches a closed door at the end of the hall. A woman's sobbing is coming from inside. Crawford hesitates a moment and then knocks on the door. There is no answer -- only the sound of the woman crying piteously.

CRAWFORD

Edward! Edward! Pretorious!

A man's voice hisses.

VOICE

Go away!

CRAWFORD

I have to talk to you. The
Resonator -- it's working!

Suddenly the door is flung open, DR. EDWARD PRETORIOUS stands before him, a strikingly handsome man in his fifties. He is pulling on a silk kimono.

PRETORIOUS

If this is your idea of a joke
--

CRAWFORD

No Edward, the new program. It
worked just like you said --

He is interrupted by a choking sob. Crawford looks past Pretorious into the room.

3 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is filled with gleaming bondage equipment -- racks, hand and feet cuffs, and pulleys. In the center of the room a naked young girl is trussed up with leather straps.

A chain attached to a collar around her neck holds her head in place. She wears a leather mask with a strap across her mouth, forcing it open. Her tongue protrudes through a slit in the strap. Her tongue is impaled with a steel spike.

Crawford looks away -- horrified. Pretorious is already walking briskly toward the attic.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

PRETORIOUS

(o.s.)

Pay her and send her on her way.

Crawford rushes to the girl. He pulls the spike from her tongue and unstraps the leather mask.

CRAWFORD

Don't worry I'll take you to an emergency room. You'll be all right.

But as soon as the girl's hands are freed, she begins tearing herself loose and frantically whisks past Crawford, grabs her clothes and runs out of the room. Crawford follows after her.

4 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

The girl is pulling on her coat and running down the stairs.

Crawford runs after her to the top of the first floor stairs.

CRAWFORD

Let me help you!

But she disappears out the front door. Pretorious yells from upstairs.

PRETORIOUS

(o.s.)

Tillinghast!

Crawford turns and heads up the stairs to the attic.

5 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Crawford enters the attic laboratory. Pretorious is staring at the computer screen.

CRAWFORD

You're going to get us both arrested.

PRETORIOUS

Don't be a fool. She's a whore -- she can't go to the police.

CRAWFORD

It's stupid. Especially when you've come so close.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

PRETORIOUS

I'm not close. I'm there. You
saw it work?

CRAWFORD

I only switched on one fork. I
saw something in the air. It bit
me. We have to proceed with
caution.

Pretorious begins circling the room checking the equipment. He
approaches the cylindrical machine. He flips on all four
switches.

CRAWFORD

My God --

The forks begin to hummm louder than before. Crawford's hand
goes to his forehead. He is in pain.

PRETORIOUS

Do you feel it, Crawford?

A breeze blows over a page in a notebook on the console table.
The machine hums louder.

The computer console image blinks -- and changes the equations.

Pretorious' ecstatic look twists into one of pain, his hands
rise to his forehead.

Crawford does not break his concentration on the performance of
the machine. The breeze is now a wind in his hair, pulling on
the collar of his shirt.

The cylindrical machine body starts glowing purple, then violet.
The humming drone raises in pitch and volume. The wind picks
up.

Pretorious, hands to his head in pain, throws his head back and
laughs.

The computer screen goes crazy, lines shifting, image blinking,
characters changing wildly.

The wind dies completely. Crawford's concentration is
shattered. He looks to the crazed computer screen. What he
sees alarms him. He rushes back to the console and works the
keyboard.

CRAWFORD

Shut it off! Edward, turn it off!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

Pretorious' hands part from his head. The red spot is now a small, throbbing bump. The pain in his face only maddens his smile.

PRETORIOUS

Never! Can't you feel it? In
the mind! The mind!

The violet light pulses throughout the Resonator, outlining the forks.

Crawford pounds on the computer keyboard -- to no effect. He turns to Pretorious, yelling his fear.

CRAWFORD

It's out of control! You've got
to turn it off!

But Pretorious' eyes are wide as ashtrays -- with awe and triumph.

PRETORIOUS

Look, Crawford! Look!

Crawford looks up and sees --

-- opaque jellyfish and snake-like creatures swimming and sloshing in the air around the hanging lightbulb that lights the attic.

Crawford's jaw drops in awe.

But Pretorious is triumphant.

PRETORIOUS

See?! Do you see?! I've done
it! I've gone beyond the senses.

CRAWFORD

What are they?

PRETORIOUS

That's what's around us all the
time. That's the reality men
never see!

The hanging bulb shatters. The creatures scatter.

The violet pulsing machine is the only light in the room now, so their faces are a ghastly color. The drone is constant, terrible. The dark around the machine seems darker, a high-contrast blackness through which the attic barely shows, dull violet light just lying on the banks of equipment, until sparks fly from the machine's various connections.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

CRAWFORD

You were right, Edward. Now you have to shut it down. It's overloading.

PRETORIOUS

No! I want to see more. More than any man has ever seen.

The computer screen cracks -- and shatters.

Crawford's fear returns.

CRAWFORD

It's gone beyond the program. It's running itself.

Pretorious, his eyes surveying the room, feels something.

PRETORIOUS

Something's coming.

6 EXT. PRETORIOUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

A weird humming noise emanates from a starkly gabled attic. It rises in pitch. The black painted window cracks, emitting bizarre purplish light.

VOICE

They're at it again with those colored lights and weird noises.

PULL BACK from the window TO SEE more and more of the two-story house with the sharply gabled attic. In most respects it seems a normal house, but it has an unsettling feeling to it.

CONTINUE PULLING BACK PAST a shrub-lined fence, the house getting smaller in the FRAME until we SEE it THROUGH a window from:

7 INT. GILMAN HOUSE - HESTER GILMAN'S POV - NIGHT

A fussy, largish, middle-aged woman. She is standing at the frilly-curtained window, speaking into the phone receiver, holding a little, perfectly groomed lhasa apso in her arm.

HESTER

Last time I called you said you'd send a squad car if there was another disturbance. I'm disturbed. Hello? Hello!

8 INT. GILMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

She slams the receiver back on the body of the phone, scaring the dog, who hops from her grasp onto the telephone table and through the open window.

HESTER
Bunny! Come back!

9 EXT. PRETORIOUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The house, with its violet lit attic windows, sits behind a tall gate. The little dog runs out from the shadows and shrubbery into a pool of street lamp light and barks through the gate at the house. We hear Hester before she emerges from the dark b.g.

HESTER
Come on, Bunny. Come to mama.

Leaned over and importuning, she just approaches the dog when it runs through the bars of the gate, wide enough for its little body. Hester is angry now.

HESTER
You little...

Her anger changes to trepidation as she looks through the gate up at the humming house. She hears Bunny barking, though, and tries the gate. It is open.

10 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Hester stumbles around the side of the house into the light from through the backdoor. She is whispering.

HESTER
Bunny, Bunny, ple-e-ease.

She notices on the back steps little, muddy paw prints. The backdoor is ajar. She is loathe to go in, but she wants her dog. She screws up her courage by getting herself in a huff. She enters the backdoor like a matador enters a bullring.

11 INT. KITCHEN - HESTER'S POV - NIGHT

As she FOLLOWS the prints THROUGH the kitchen. Dirty dishes sit on the table.

She shakes her head disapprovingly.

HESTER'S POV

FOLLOWING the prints into a dark, gloomy hallway --

12 INT. FOYER/STAIRWAY - NIGHT

-- to the base of the stairway. A thick cable of twisted wires runs up it. Here she can hear voices yelling from somewhere in the house above her, but they are indistinct in the hum that seems to subtly vibrate the whole house. She is thinking about leaving, when she hears a bark. It's Bunny at the top of the stairs, barking at a closed door.

Hester cautiously starts up the stairs, making little noises to her dog to get its attention, but it just barks at the door. The intermittently yelling voices seem to come from behind and above this door.

All at once the humming stops. Hester stops. Bunny stops. Then there is a scream -- followed by crashing and banging, a metal-clanging ruckus.

Bunny is barking. Hester decides on action. She hauls her bulk up the last stairs as fast as she can, to the landing.

13 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

She makes the landing, leans down, grabs the dog. We can hear footsteps pounding down toward the other side of the closed door. Just as Hester rises with her pet, an axe blade hacks through and splits the door from the far side.

Hester screams, drops the dog and runs back down the stairs.

There is another crash and the door swings open and hits the wall, a long-handled axe stuck in the wood. Out the door races a terrified Crawford Tillinghast. He heads down the stairs full speed.

14 INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Hester is racing down the steps as fast as she can, screaming, thinking for all the world that she's being chased by an axe murderer. Behind her Crawford flies down the stairs, an unworldly fear on his face. He runs right past Hester.

15 EXT. DOORWAY - NIGHT

Crawford tears open the front door. A siren can be heard approaching, as Crawford runs through the door hellbent -- followed by the screaming Hester.

16 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The siren whines to a stop. Crawford makes the gate at top speed -- and knocks down a uniformed policeman that steps in his path. But another tackles him as Hester makes the gate and stops, hanging onto it, trying to tell the police that Crawford's the man, but she is too out of breath and can only point, uselessly --

-- as the policeman slaps handcuffs on the fallen Crawford. The young man can barely spit out the words:

CRAWFORD

My God -- it -- it -- my God!

Hester, leaning on the gate, remembers.

HESTER

Bunny!

17 INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The house is quiet. The CAMERA TRACKS UP the stairs TOWARD the open door TO the attic, the axe hanging firmly in it. It PASSES THROUGH the door, UP a dark stairway TO the attic. The only light is from outside, breaking the shadows with patches of window light.

In the dark we hear a dog breathing, sniffing. The CAMERA PANS and TRACKS TO one patch of light in which the little lhasa apso sniffs -- at the headless body of Dr. Edward Pretorious covered with slime. The neck is elongated and twisted, around and around, to a point.

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

18 EXT. INSANE ASYLUM - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

19 INT. ASYLUM LOBBY - DAY

THROUGH a wire mesh embedded in thick glass, we SEE a woman approach until we SEE her handsome, sternly set face FILL the small window in a thick door.

A guard by the door hits a button; a buzzing accompanies the slow opening of the door --

-- REVEALING DR. ROBERTA BLOCH, in a white lab coat, head high, the captain of this ship. She steps through the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

Awaiting her are two equally imposing figures. One is JORDAN FIELDS, Assistant District Attorney, in a drab suit with a drab briefcase. The other, in a smart suit, with clearly expensive bag, is DR. KATHERINE MCMICHAELS. The young man steps forward to handle this meeting.

FIELDS

Dr. Bloch, I'm Jordan Fields, from the D.A.'s office. This is Dr. Katherine McMichaels.

Katherine and Bloch shake hands.

BLOCH

I've read some of your work. Impressive.

KATHERINE

So is this facility. Though if you read my work, you know I'm not in favor of locking away schizophrenics.

BLOCH

I know. You're in favor of using them in experiments, like lab animals.

Fields decides to step in again and reduce friction by defining their roles.

FIELDS

We've asked Dr. McMichaels for her expert opinion on the sanity of Crawford Tillinghast as it pertains to his ability to stand trial for the murder of Edward Pretorious.

He is not requesting but ordering her admittance.

Block, chagrined, steps aside as Katherine enters the asylum interior.

20 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The hall is empty, filled only with tortured, agonized voices, low and high, soft and loud. Katherine and Dr. Bloch walk past doors on either side. Through small barred windows in the doors. Katherine can see the patients inside the bright padded cells.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

A door rattles as a twisted, infuriated face growls out the little windows.

MAN

Take them out! Please take them out!

He repeats this throughout.

Then he rebounds, running back full speed toward the far wall. He's bald and wears a strait jacket. He hits the far wall and careens off it, running like mad back for the door, his twisted face growing in size as he approaches.

Katherine recoils as the door rattles again. She continues to the next door.

In this cell, a man with long hair and a long beard kneels in the middle of the floor, muttering what must be prayers. His hands are folded in front of him, rubbing, squeezing. They rise to his beard, grip some hair and pull it, with painful effort, from his chin. Then he chews on the handful of hair, praying throughout.

Katherine proceeds to the next cell.

In it a naked man faces away from her sobbing heavily and loudly. She sees that he is masturbating. She hears her guide's voice.

BLOCH

He's here, Doctor.

Bloch is standing at the next door.

21 INT. CELL - DAY

Crawford Tillinghast sits on a bench. He does not look up when Dr. Bloch speaks to him, Katherine by her side.

BLOCH

Crawford --

He looks up.

BLOCH

Dr. Tillinghast, this is Dr. Katherine McMichaels.

He rises and holds out his hand, open to friendship.

CRAWFORD

I imagine you're a psychiatrist.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

Yes, I am. And you're a physicist. Your record at Miskatonic University was brilliant.

He turns away. A short, ironic snort of laugh escapes him.

CRAWFORD

I had quite a future.

Bloch remains by the door, watching.

KATHERINE

You were working with Edward Pretorious.

His smile disappears.

CRAWFORD

I was assisting Dr. Pretorious with his experiments.

Dr. Bloch watches intently. Katherine tries to be as direct, yet non-threatening, as possible.

KATHERINE

What was the purpose of the experiments?

Crawford is becoming agitated, but is keeping control.

CRAWFORD

To stimulate the pineal gland with resonant vibrations.

This perks Katherine's interest.

KATHERINE

The pineal gland? Why?

CRAWFORD

Dr. Pretorious believed the pineal was a dormant sense organ -- a sixth sense.

KATHERINE

That's not a new theory. The philosopher Descartes believed -- it was the third eye.

CRAWFORD

It's not a theory -- it's fact.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

Dr. Bloch's hand reaches for the door and rests on the handle, but does not open it.

Katherine keeps her cool.

KATHERINE

Then your experiments worked.
They proved the theory.

This is the first time anyone has come close to believing him.

CRAWFORD

Yes!

KATHERINE

Then what went wrong?

He leans toward her for emphasis.

CRAWFORD

Nothing, at first. We saw them!

Now Katherine is openly, intensely interested.

KATHERINE

What did you see?

Crawford is suddenly all expression, face, hands, body.

CRAWFORD

The creatures! Terrible,
loathsome creatures that fill the
air and swim around us all the
time.

Katherine glances at Bloch, who wears the triumphant look of the proud professional who has won the point. The patient is obviously paranoid.

But Katherine is determined. She presses on.

KATHERINE

Are they around us now?

CRAWFORD

Yes! But we can't see them
without the Resonator -- to
stimulate the pineal. And they
can't see us, except in the field
of the vibrations. That's why
I had to destroy it.

KATHERINE

Destroy what?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

Crawford is getting frustrated. Why can't she -- why can't anyone -- understand? He stands.

CRAWFORD

The Resonator -- Fretorious' invention.

Dr. Bloch looks worried now. Her hand turns on the doorknob, but does not pull it open -- yet.

Crawford's mood suddenly swings, though. His eyes open wide, but he sees only in his mind. A sublime terror blunts his fervor to be understood. Now nothing matters except the awful fear he remembers.

CRAWFORD

Then it came.

Katherine sees the danger to herself and the terror in the patient's eyes. She steps toward him.

KATHERINE

What came?

But he cannot speak. He starts to back away toward the wall, eyes seeing inward.

KATHERINE

Dr. Tillinghast -- Crawford -- what did you see?

Suddenly, he looks at her, in her eyes. She must believe.

CRAWFORD

It ate him.

This throws Katherine. She is a little terrified now herself.

But Bloch has heard this before. She opens the door. The attendants enter.

Crawford steps toward Katherine, pressing his point, describing what he saw.

CRAWFORD

Bit off his head.

Katherine is scared, but she doesn't back away. Her hand grasps and closes the cleavage at her blouse, a reflexive defensive move. Crawford comes right up to her, the determination to tell her overcoming his fear of remembering.

CRAWFORD

Like a gingerbread man.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (4)

The attendants step up behind him and a voice rings out across the room.

BLOCH
(o.s.)
Crawford!

He stops, but he still looks into Katherine's eyes.

Dr. Bloch is behind him now, too.

BLOCH
(nodding toward door)
Dr. McMichaels.

He has one last comment for Katherine.

CRAWFORD
I'm not mad. I saw it. I saw it!

Bloch grabs Katherine's arm and quickly ushers her out the door before she can respond.

22 INT. HALL - DAY

Bloch escorts Katherine back down the corridor.

BLOCH
We can't reach him. He keeps
returning to the same fantasy.

Katherine has recovered her professional bearing. She straightens out her suit.

KATHERINE
I want a CAT-scan done on him.

Block is surprised.

BLOCH
Why? You've seen all you need
to see.

KATHERINE
There's always more to see.

23 INT. CAT-SCAN CHAMBER - DAY

Crawford in a hospital gown, lies on a table, restraints across his legs, torso and head. He trembles with fear beneath them.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

Katherine stands beside him as the attendants finish tightening the restraining straps and leave.

KATHERINE

It's a painless procedure, Doctor.
Don't be frightened.

But Crawford's fear is making him irrational.

CRAWFORD

No machines. Please.

There is such genuine pathos in the plea, that she takes his hand.

KATHERINE

I promise you. You'll be all
right.

She can clearly do no more for him. She squeezes his hand and exits.

24 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The CAMERA PULLS BACK THROUGH a thick glass window TO REVEAL a control room full of instrument panels and monitors. Dr. Bloch sits at the panel. Jordan Fields stands behind her.

Katherine enters and stands beside him. She nods to Dr. Bloch, who presses buttons and works the panel.

Through the window they watch the table slide toward a large donut-shaped cylinder, until Crawford's head enters the hole. He is screaming.

Katherine feels his pain and can no longer stand the sound of his anguish. She leans over the panel and hits a button. The sound from the other room -- his screaming -- is abruptly cut off.

She lets out a breath of relief, as a picture pops onto the monitor screens. It is in high contrast primary colors. She stares at it -- then looks closer, fascinated.

The SCREEN is filled with the colorful cross-section of Crawford's brain.

A finger points to a purplish shape in the middle of the image.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

(o.s.)

There. See? The pineal gland is oversized and extending through the optic thalami.

Katherine, Fields and Dr. Bloch stare at the monitor, studying the picture of Crawford's CAT-scan.

BLOCH

Do you think the tumor is causing his delusions?

KATHERINE

I don't think it's a tumor. I think the pineal gland is growing.

BLOCH

That's impossible.

Katherine points back at the picture.

KATHERINE

The CAT-scan bears it out. The pineal stalk is elongating through the brain.

FIELDS

Wait a minute. I don't know from the inside of brains. What does all this mean?

KATHERINE

It could mean that the experiment they were performing actually does stimulate the pineal.

FIELDS

You mean he's not crazy?

KATHERINE

I don't know. But he's not lying. He believes that he saw these -- creatures.

FIELDS

That still doesn't explain how Pretorius died or what happened to his head.

KATHERINE

I want to recreate their experiment. And I'll need Tillinghast to do it.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

BLOCH

That's absurd -- and unethical.
I know your methods. You use your
patients so you can make your
great 'discoveries.' At least here
we try to cure them.

KATHERINE

By locking them up, giving them
drugs, taking their lives away.
I can give him his life back.

Bloch turns to Fields.

BLOCH

I'll give you an expert opinion.
Crawford Tillinghast is a classic
paranoid schizophrenic -- and a
dangerous one.

Katherine turns on Fields from the other side.

KATHERINE

If I can recreate the experiment,
I can find out what happened to
Pretorious.

Fields turns to Bloch.

FIELDS

I'd like nothing better than to
lock this guy up. We got a dead
guy with his head twisted off,
covered in some shit the
pathologist can't even identify.
No other fingerprints found except
Tillinghast's. No blood on the
axe. No blood anywhere. I don't
have shit! I want to know what
the hell happened up there.

(turns to Katherine)

He's all yours.

She smiles, exhilaration and expectation in her eyes.

25 EXT. ASYLUM ENTRANCE - DUSK

Through the mesh we see the staring eyes of Crawford.

Buzzing accompanies the opening of the door, revealing Crawford,
carrying a suitcase, his look grim but composed. He stands
between the two attendants.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

Katherine comes up to him.

KATHERINE
You're my patient now, Dr.
Tillinghast.

He looks back at the attendants, then at Katherine.

CRAWFORD
Thank you. I'll call for an
appointment.

He starts walking toward the door, Katherine hustling along
beside him.

KATHERINE
You've been released into my
custody. You'll have to come with
me.

Katherine strides out toward a plain van waiting at the curb.
Crawford is beside her.

CRAWFORD
Where are you taking me?

KATHERINE
Back to the Pretorius' house.
I want you to recreate your
experiment.

CRAWFORD
(stops dead)
No.

KATHERINE
You can stay here for the rest
of your life or you can come with
me.

CRAWFORD
Do I really have a choice?

KATHERINE
I believe you, Crawford. I want
to see what you saw.

Crawford sets himself, draws a breath and starts for the van.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

The sliding van door opens and a large black man jumps out. BUBBA BROWNLEE is massive, muscles sculpted on a broad bone structure. His clothes are casual. His face is open and honest; there is a third-eaten apple in his left hand as he extends his right for a handshake after opening the door. His voice is a smooth, soothing drawl.

BUBBA

Hi, how ya doin'?

He offers his hand to Crawford, who takes and shakes it.

BUBBA

You must be Doc McMichaels.

KATHERINE

I'm Dr. McMichaels.

Bubba is confused, still shaking Crawford's hand.

BUBBA

Oh, hi. Then you must be the-

KATHERINE

This is Dr. Crawford Tillinghast.

CRAWFORD

The crazy.

Bubba smiles and starts shaking Crawford's hand harder, slapping him on the shoulder.

BUBBA

I'm sgt. Buford Brownlee, but my teammates call me Bubba. I used to play pro football. We were all crazies.

26 INT. VAN - NIGHT

Katherine is driving. Bubba is in the middle and Crawford is wedged against the door. Bubba is eating pretzels and squeezing an exercise grip.

BUBBA

D'ja ever see me on TV? I used to be left outside linebacker for the Memphis Showboats.

CRAWFORD

No, I'm afraid not.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

BUBBA

Don't watch the USFL, huh?

CRAWFORD

I don't watch television.

This amuses Bubba.

BUBBA

Want some?

Crawford carefully takes a pretzel and gingerly takes a bite. Bubba smiles broadly. Katherine watches.

Crawford chews the bite of pretzel -- and looks down at the door handle. His right hand rests on his leg, right next to the handle. The lock button by the window at his shoulder stands tall, obviously open. He looks over at Bubba and Katherine. They seem to be watching the road. Bubba keeps up the conversation while effortlessly squeezing the grip.

BUBBA

I broke this arm eight times.
Still hurts. I can't hardly lift
four hundred pounds anymore.

Crawford's fingers edge toward the handle. Katherine watches intently in the mirror.

BUBBA

'Course I got me a new line o'
work now.

Crawford grabs the handle -- and stares at it. Katherine keeps her eyes on the mirror.

BUBBA

Hittin' criminals is a hell of
a lot easier than hittin' Herschel
Walker.

Crawford's fingers slip off the door handle, back onto his leg. Katherine sees and relaxes, looks back to the road. Bubba eats a pretzel -- whole.

27 EXT. PRETORIOUS HOUSE - NIGHT

Twilight lights the sky behind Pretorious' house. It stands stark at the end of a cul-de-sac, surrounded by a high metal-barred fence with tall gates. The van pulls up in front of the gate.

31 CONTINUED:

BUBBA

Last stop. Everybody out.

Crawford hesitates, then steps down to the ground.

32 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Katherine follows the short walk to the doorway. Bubba unloads the van. The contents include weights and a bar, boxes and a bag of groceries. Another shiver shakes Crawford.

Katherine opens the door and looks back.

Crawford is frozen to the spot where he stands by the van. He fights for control of the body tremors -- and the panic -- that wrack him.

KATHERINE

Dr. Tillinghast, would you care
to show us around?

Bubba lifts several bags and a box with ease. Crawford can't move. Sweat beads on his face.

KATHERINE

Doctor, if you're telling the
truth, the only way to free
yourself is to go back -- through
that door.

He swallows -- and steps forward. He gets to the threshold -- but can go no further. The tremors return.

Bubba is right behind him.

BUBBA

There's nothin' to be afraid of.
I'll show you.

He steps into the deep-shadowed house...

33 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

...and promptly falls flat on his face, bags and box flying. He looks back to see what happened, and sees Crawford silhouetted in the doorway.

CRAWFORD

Electrical cables.

He steps into the foyer, bends down and lifts a large cable of twisted wires from the floor into the fading light.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

CRAWFORD

I rewired the whole house. We
needed more power.

Katherine is flipping a light switch on the wall by the door,
but the foyer remains dim, the interior fathomless.

KATHERINE

Where're the circuit breakers,
Doctor?

There's no answer. Bubba pulls out a small but powerful
flashlight and shines it around the area, but the beam finds
only reception desk covered with unopened mail, a stairway, a
hallway and Katherine. No Crawford.

KATHERINE

Dr. Tillinghast?

BUBBA

Damn. If we lost him -- he knows
the place better'n we do. First
thing is to find the power.

He finds the cable with the flashlight beam. They follow it
down the hall.

34 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

In the dark, the door to the attic stairway stands open as it
did when Crawford fled the house, the axe blade buried in it,
the handle hanging down. Crawford's hand grasps the handle,
wrenches the axe from the door memories, dark and awful, flood
his mind. He disappears into the darkness.

35 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The beam follows the cable down a couple of stairs, along a few
feet of floor, up a wall to a circuit breaker box. A black hand
opens the door on the box, and throws the switch.

Light comes through a doorway above them atop a dark basement
stairway. The cable runs up the stairway.

KATHERINE

This cable must lead to the
Resonator.

BUBBA

First we find the missing mental
patient.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

He heads back up the stairs. Katherine follows.

36 INT. PRETORIDUS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Katherine and Bubba enter a dark room of book-lined shelves, heavy wooden furniture and reading lamps.

Bubba checks around the furniture.

A large tome lies on the desk. Katherine walks over to it and pulls the small chain on a green-shaded desk lamp, turning it on.

Light falls on the cover of the tome. It is leather-bound, in a light color, ornately trimmed.

BUBBA
Okay. s all clear down here,
I'm gon check upstairs.

He leaves.

Katherine opens the book. It is filled with old prints of sado-masochistic eroticism.

She closes the book, turning over the back cover, ready to leave.

It is clear that the seams form two sewn eyeholes, two sewn nostrils, and a long seam that once was lips. A human face.

She recoils.

From upstairs, she hears horrible screaming.

She rushes to the door --

37 INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

-- and hurries up the stairs.

She reaches the landing. To the right, the screams come from an open door. She runs through it.

38 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Bubba stands with his back to her, watching something. Around him the room is furnished in designer bondage devices, whip racks, rubber suits, trapeze, the works. An altar to perverse sensuality. He turns to address her.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

BUBBA

This guy was sure into some weird
shit.

He stands aside TO REVEAL a large video monitor above
sophisticated video equipment. ON the SCREEN a voluptuous woman
hangs chained from a hook in the wall, being whipped by a man
wearing leather from Frederick's. She screams in pain.
Katherine takes a closer look at the man.

KATHERINE

That's him. Dr. Edward
Pretorious.

Katherine punches the "off" button on the VCR. The image goes
black.

KATHERINE (CONT)

I don't care about his private
life.

Bubba shrugs.

BUBBA

Let's look in the attic.

39 INT. ATTIC STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Bubba leads the way up the rickety, squeaky stairs, following
the thick, twisted cable. He takes the steps heavily.
Katherine is right behind him.

40 INT. ATTIC - CLOSEUP OF CRAWFORD - NIGHT

Sweating, clutching the axe.

41 INT. ATTIC STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Bubba pushes open the trap door to the attic.

42 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

They enter. In the dim light from the windows and the trap
door, all they can see is that the room is full of machinery.

Bubba looks for a light source.

Katherine walks toward the vertically cylindrical piece of
machinery, in the middle of the room. She touches it and speaks
under her breath.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

KATHERINE
The Pretorious Resonator.

Bubba finds a hanging, shaded light bulb.

He pulls the chain. The bulb goes bright --

-- just in time to show Crawford, screaming, running at Katherine, the axe held high over his head.

Katherine screams.

Crawford swings the axe -- to a complete, frozen stop over a sphere that sits atop the vertical cylinder. The blade was clearly not aimed at Katherine but above and to the side of her.

Bubba grabs him and has him in a choke hold. He grabs the axe with his other hand.

BUBBA
Is that how you hacked up
Pretorious?

Crawford points to the sphere, his voice cracked by Bubba's hold.

CRAWFORD
That's where I hit it -- I knocked
a fork off.

He looks around the floor. It is covered with a sprawl of parts and shards, tubes, wires, pipes -- and one of the tuning forks. He points to it.

CRAWFORD
There. There it is.

Bubba looks at Katherine, who still leans on the machine, her hand holding the top of her blouse closed, a gesture of after-the-fact defense.

BUBBA
What should I do with him?

KATHERINE
Let him go.

Bubba doesn't like this idea.

BUBBA
You crazy, too?

Her hand opens and smooths her blouse.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

KATHERINE

He's reliving it -- the night of
the murder. Let him go.

Bubba is reluctant, but relaxes his hold.

BUBBA

DA said you call the signals.

Once free, Crawford just stands there, stock still, in awe of
what he sees.

CRAWFORD

Yes. This is how it was.

The attic is much as it was when it was left. The computer and
generating equipment around the room against the sharply angled
walls; the bare copper cable circling the room.

Katherine watches Crawford walk through the glass and metallic
rubble to examine the computers. He runs his hand over the
keyboard and around the blown-out console.

Crawford sees the white outline, left by the police
investigating team, of Pretorious' body. It looks strange
because the outline cuts across the shoulders like the body they
found; it has no head. He steps up to it and stands over it.

CRAWFORD

This is where it ate him.

Bubba wants to hear more about this.

BUBBA

Wait a minute. What ate who?

Katherine thinks this has been enough for the day.

KATHERINE

We can start in the morning,
Crawford.

Crawford doesn't look up but examines a circuit board he's
picked up off the floor.

CRAWFORD

I've started.

Katherine pulls a notebook and a pen from her pocket. She
watches Crawford intently.

KATHERINE

Do you mind if I ask questions
while you work?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

Crawford checks an electronic chip he has just picked up. He is concentrating so hard, he doesn't hear her. So she hovers over his shoulder, watching close.

Bubba wants his druthers known.

BUBBA

This talk about eatin's makin'
me hungry. How 'bout we have some
dinner?

Crawford is at the console, carefully replacing the chip on the circuit board. Katherine is at his side, paying attention. Neither responds to Bubba's request.

This is not the reaction he wanted.

BUBBA

The real danger here is starvin'.

43 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bubba looks in the refrigerator. Beside it on the counter are the boxes and bags of groceries he took from the van. He pulls a plastic bag from the fridge and checks the contents. He makes a disgusted face.

BUBBA

Snails. This Pretorious was a man
of tast.

He tosses the bag into the opened trash container.

He takes several large steaks from a bag and puts them in the refrigerator.

BUBBA

Just not my tast.

He takes a jar of pickles from a box, opens it, picks out a big one and chomps it in half.

44 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Crawford is putting the fallen fork back in its place on the Resonator's sphere, using a screwdriver and concentrating on his work.

Katherine is at his shoulder, making notes on his work and his behavior. She watches his face.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

Suddenly, he turns on her, screwdriver gripped tightly in his fist.

CRAWFORD
Please! Don't stand so close.

Katherine is surprised.

KATHERINE
I'm sorry. I didn't think you noticed.

CRAWFORD
You're just like him. You don't know the effect you have on people.

Her open hand presses the cleavage of her blouse. But this is her first opportunity to really question him.

KATHERINE
You mean Pretorious. What kind of man was he?

Crawford turns back to his work, with renewed effort.

CRAWFORD
He was brilliant. A giant intellect. He let me test theories that were way beyond conventional biophysics. We made scientific history here.

KATHERINE
In a dingy attic. Why was he thrown out of Miskatonic University?

CRAWFORD
They couldn't separate morality from science.

KATHERINE
And you could.

He looks up and in her eyes.

CRAWFORD
I tried. What about you?

She wasn't ready for this

KATHERINE
Me?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

He walks straight at her, forcing her to retreat to the nearby table.

CRAWFORD

Isn't your work more important
than anything else in your life?

KATHERINE

My work is my life, but--

CRAWFORD

You're obsessive--just like him.

She responds aggressively.

KATHERINE

I care about my patients.

CRAWFORD

About me?

She looks in his eyes, and into her own heart.

KATHERINE

Yes.

This is the answer he wanted, but now that he has it, he can't deal with it. He turns and strides, troubled, back to his work. He does not look up from probing the guts of the machine as he delivers his final words.

CRAWFORD

I'll show you what I saw. Then
we have to destroy the Resonator.

KATHERINE

Why?

CRAWFORD

You'll see.

KATHERINE

What will I see?

But he doesn't answer. He is back focussed in on his work.

She sits at the table, regains her composure, and scribbles notes in her notebook.

45 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The top is lifted off a pot on a flaming gas burner. Its contents -- large, fluffy dumplings atop big chunks of meat in a steaming stew -- are poured onto two plates and then a platter, the last one getting far and away the most food, an immense pile.

Bubba inhales deeply the fragrant steam as he licks the serving spoon.

BUBBA

No starvin' allowed. Bubba to the rescue.

46 INT. ATTIC - LATER - NIGHT

Katherine still sits at the table. She tightly closes and rubs her eyes and stretches her neck. The plate of stew sits untouched.

Bubba sets the tray down on the table

BUBBA

You need to eat, Doc. You're losin' it.

She looks at the stew, then over at Crawford -- who is studying a microchip with a large magnifier.

BUBBA

Nice dumplin's.

She looks up, as if out of a daze, and in a reflex grabs the top of her blouse, pulling it closed, covering her cleavage.

KATHERINE

What?

Bubba extends the plate toward her. Now she understands.

KATHERINE

Oh -- don't bother.

She covers her embarrassment by plowing back into her reading and writing.

Bubba shakes his head. He pours her stew onto the platter and sits back down. He lifts his fork again.

BUBBA

I don't understand you doctors.
You're gonna make yourselves sick.

He stabs a hefty hunk of stew meat and eats it.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

She stares at her writing, then at Pretorius' notebook full of writing punctuated by equations -- until the page FADES OUT OF then BACK INTO, FOCUS. She rubs her eyes, sits back in her chair, and looks over at Crawford.

He is delicately putting a microchip on a circuit board.

She sighs and yawns. The only sound is the rhythmic clank of Bubba's fork on the china platter.

She goes back to her work. The writing FADES OUT of FOCUS. Her eyelids fall and flutter. The pencil drops from her hand.

Bubba wipes up the last of the stew gravy with the last piece of dumpling on the end of his fork. He downs it in a gulp, wipes his mouth with a napkin, and he sighs contentedly. He looks across the table at Katherine. Her head is down, asleep on her work.

He reaches over to wake her, then lowers his hand, looks at her peaceful, sleeping face, and decides not to. He takes the fork from her plate, stabs a piece of stew meat from her portion and eats it.

He looks over at Crawford, who is installing the circuit board in the guts of the Resonator beneath the open switchplate. He is intent as ever on his work.

Bubba then looks over at the window. Moonlight streams through it.

He quietly gets up goes to the window, leans between the copper coils, onto the windowsill and looks out.

A carpet of moonlight crosses the black water of the Miskatonic River.

He sighs, an active, outdoor man trapped by his job in a stuffy, cluttered attic.

Crawford finishes screwing the switchplate back onto the body of the Resonator. He sighs; another step in the process finished. He looks over to see Bubba leaning, looking out the window.

Then he looks over and sees Katherine, lying across the open notebooks.

He turns and walks toward her, the screwdriver gripped tightly in his fist. He approaches, but she does not stir.

He lifts the screwdriver in front of his chest -- and grips the metal shaft with his other hand. He never takes his eyes off her --

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

-- even as Bubba's face looms over his shoulder, eyes riveted on the homicide suspect. He speaks softly.

BUBBA

Pretty, ain't she?

Crawford continues to stare at her.

CRAWFORD

She's beautiful.

Bubba thinks it best to change his focus.

BUBBA

How's it goin'? Need some help?

But Crawford doesn't even hear him.

CRAWFORD

He used to bring beautiful women here. Eat fine meals, drink fine wine, listen to music. But it always ended in screaming. I'd lie there and listen to them screaming.

BUBBA

Your boss had some screws loose.

CRAWFORD

He was a genius. The five senses weren't enough for him. He wanted more.

KATHERINE

(O.S.)

Is it finished? Is it ready?

She rubs the sleep out of her eyes.

Crawford suddenly is all business. He turns away and circles the machine pressing buttons, flipping switches and adjusting dials on several control panels, instructing her as he does.

CRAWFORD

I had to bypass the computers. The monitor's useless and the Resonator's magnetic effect erased the memory. So it has to be manually activated. Throw these switches in sequence and when you get 20,000 mega hertz --

He taps an instrument.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

CRAWFORD (CONT)

-- throw this switch --

He puts his finger on the switch. He fights off a terrible memory. He pulls his finger back sharply.

CRAWFORD

-- and a powerful magnetic field vibrates these forks at a precise frequency.

KATHERINE

Stimulating the pineal gland -- allowing us to 'see' with it.

CRAWFORD

Move as little as possible in the field of the Resonator.

KATHERINE

Why?

CRAWFORD

Disturb the field, and they'll see you. It will see you.

BUBBA

What is this 'it' anyway?

CRAWFORD

Pray you don't see for yourself.

CRAWFORD

I'll stay at the switch. If it appears, I'm shutting down.

BUBBA

You sure we're ready for this?

Katherine looks excitedly at Bubba and nods. Katherine follows Crawford to the Resonator and stands at his side. She is awake now, primed for the event.

Crawford looks at the Resonator. He hits the switches in sequence. The needle swings to 20. His hand rises to the last switch, his finger extending.

Crawford pauses.

CRAWFORD

Remember, stay still.

He throws the switch.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (4)

There is the low sound of machinery starting up. Violet sparks appear at the point where Crawford connected the tuning fork.

Katherine's eyes widen and blink at the blinding sparks.

There is the groan of machinery gearing up. More sparks crackle at several connections -- and can be SEEN at spots THROUGH the now translucent cylindrical body.

Crawford shivers and closes his eyes. A breeze wafts the wayward hair on his brow. He is pale.

The Resonator now starts to glow, dimly, intermittently, with a violet light. The sound rises in pitch, a droning hum.

Bubba is digging the show.

BUBBA

This looks great, people.

The Resonator now glows with a steady violet luminosity that does not so much light as lie on the objects around it. The room becomes a phantasmagoria of disorienting images. The humming intensifies. The wind picks up.

Katherine scans the attic for -- she doesn't know what. She breathes through her mouth, perspiration on her upper lip. She wets her lips with her tongue and closes her eyes. The wind blows back her hair. She breathes even more heavily, almost swooning. She grabs Crawford's arm.

Crawford's eyes open. There is a sadness in them. He still quakes. Both his hands curl into fists. A spot on his forehead reddens and seems to throb slightly, but the rest of his face is white.

Katherine's eyes bolt open. There is surprise in them. Her free hand goes to her blouse as it did when she thought Bubba was praising her dumplings. Her face is pale. Her head turns to see her hand holding the arm of the man next to her. Her feelings are confusing, not the ones she thought she would have in this situation, but real, and increasingly sensual. The wind blows her dress against her body.

Crawford's face almost breaks into crying. The spot on his forehead clearly beats rhythmically. The humming fills the attic. He turns to look at her -- and their eyes meet expressively.

The SCENE is getting through to Bubba. He stares at them, exclaiming under his breath.

BUBBA

Oh, man.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (5)

Suddenly the wind dies and in the air right before him, he sees something shadowy, that momentarily resolves into the apparition of a shimmering, tentacled jellyfish-like creature. He's never seen anything like this. This time he exclaims loudly.

BUBBA

What the hell is that?

This breaks the sensual spell on Crawford and Katherine. They look toward Bubba.

KATHERINE

What?

Bubba now sees several of the creatures and some undulating corkscrewing new ones, eel-like, with no eyes. They seem attracted to the hanging light.

BUBBA

I don't know what.

He reaches out toward them -- and a small whiteish -- translucent blob speeds at his reaching arm and impact -- taking a small semi-circular bite of flesh with it.

BUBBA

Ow!

He grabs the wound with his other hand.

CRAWFORD

Don't move!

KATHERINE

There!

She points -- for now she sees the creatures, slashing and flitting around the light. The humming rises in pitch again.

KATHERINE

Is this what you saw?

CRAWFORD

Yes. These -- things are all around us, all the time.

BUBBA

They seem attracted to the light.

KATHERINE

Are these the creatures that ate Pretorius?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (6)

CRAWFORD

No.

The creatures still flop, fall and fly through the air, dimly now, outlined or coated in violet glow.

The droning whines higher, louder. The windows rattle.

The Resonator shines a vibrant violet, the forks are brilliant.

A crack jolts first one window pane, then the other.

Suddenly, the light bulb shatters, the teeming ocean of glinting and gleaming creatures around them flee in swift packs in various directions.

The creatures are gone; the now dark attic is empty of life, except for the three of them. The spot between Crawford's eyes pulses. He is almost in a trance.

CRAWFORD

It's coming.

She looks over to Bubba.

KATHERINE

Are you okay, Bubba?

He's torn his shirt and is bandaging his wound.

BUBBA

Lost a little piece, but I'll be fine.

Katherine's attention is drawn to the window. She walks to it. Crawford calls after her, fearful.

CRAWFORD

When you move in the field, it can sense you.

KATHERINE

How far does the field extend?

CRAWFORD

I'm going to turn it off.

His hand goes to the switch.

A VOICE echoes in the darkness.

VOICE

Crawford.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (7)

It sounds, except for the echoing, like a perfectly normal voice. But it shocks Crawford. He stops and looks around for the origin of the Voice.

CRAWFORD

No.

KATHERINE

Who is it?

Now the Voice speaks as if it were whispering in their ears, each of them individually.

VOICE

Welcome.

They each turn to see who spoke. Katherine curious, Crawford fearful, Bubba aggressive.

BUBBA

Show yourself.

A SHAPE APPEARS, fuzzy, unfocused, in the darkness. The Voice now comes from it.

SHAPE

Welcome home, Crawford.

Crawford, wide-eyed-and-mouthed, can only shake his head.

The figure COMES INTO FOCUS, face first. It is Dr. Edward Pretorious.

PRETORIOUS

I'm glad you came back. Who's the lovely woman?

CRAWFORD

It can't be -- you.

KATHERINE

Dr. Pretorious?

The rest of his shape GAINS FOCUS. He is nude, older than they are but in fine shape.

PRETORIOUS

You have me at a disadvantage, my dear. Crawford, where are your manners? Bring your friend to me.

CRAWFORD

I saw you die.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (8)

PRETORIOUS

No, not die; just pass -- Beyond.

CRAWFORD

It was horrible!

PRETORIOUS

A necessary rite of passage.
Quite wonderful in fact.

BUBBA

Where've you been hiding?

PRETORIOUS

Move toward me, my dear. I want
to 'see' you.

She steps toward him, but Crawford moves between them.

CRAWFORD

How --

PRETORIOUS

-- did I survive? I am the master
here.

CRAWFORD

Is it really you, Edward?

PRETORIOUS

Touch me, if it pleases you, if
it helps you understand.

Crawford moves, step by step, toward him, to him. Pretorious smiles, a canny, knowing smile. All is quiet, except for the hum. Crawford's hand reaches out to his arm -- into his arm. His fingers press into the flesh as if it were soft clay. Crawford pulls his hand back, leaving deep indentations where the fingers were.

Pretorious' smile opens in low laughter.

PRETORIOUS

It's just a body. But my mind
is indivisible, eternal. Bodies
change.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (9)

At this, his lips curl beyond the capacity of lips to curl, until their ends come up off his face. His teeth are bared like a skull's. The muscles of his face break into writhing strips around his features, like tentacles twisting atop a skull -- until they writhe and twist away from the bone and whip and wriggle around it -- until the skull cracks and splits apart, the brain exudes -- and opens revealing itself, a small pine cone shaped mass in the middle -- through which shoots a stream of lightish whiteish gelatinous tissue that builds immediately into a twisting tentacled mass, spots of brightness shining through its transparent skin.

Bubba pulls his gun from the holster behind his hip, and opens fire. The bullets have no effect.

The mass of protoplasm is shooting out toward and around them at an incredible rate. A roar builds with the mass, merging with, then drowning out, the Resonator's drone. The awful jelly twists apart, circling Katherine, Crawford and Bubba with one mass. Katherine runs for Crawford. Crawford runs for the machine. Bubba grabs a chair to defend himself.

The roaring, spreading mass rises up and is about to engulf them like a rushing tidal wave, or a horrendous, gigantic mouth, when Crawford lunges to the Resonator and hits the switch, then the other switches, rapid fire.

All is quiet. Crawford and Katherine lean on the machine. Bubba stands with the chair poised as a weapon over his head. But the roaring "thing" is gone.

The glow is gone from the machine. The first rays of dawn enter the cracked window TO REVEAL only the attic, as it was before the experiment commenced.

CRAWFORD

That will be quite enough of that.

Bubba lowers the chair.

Dust swirls in the rays of light. The calm is tangible. Katherine is amazed. Crawford is catching his breath. They hear a noise.

It is Bubba, wrenching behind the chair.

OMIT SCENE 47
10/14/85

(CONTINUED)

OMIT SCENE 47, PAGE 42
10/14/85

OMIT SCENE 47
10/14/85

48 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A gelatinous ooze FALLS through space --

-- INTO a pan. It sizzles and whitens, except for a yellow part. It is an egg.

Katherine is at the stove. Crawford sits at the kitchen table.

Katherine puts two slices of bread in the toaster and drops some sausages in another pan.

KATHERINE
I feel exhilarated.

This is not the way he feels, and not easy for him to understand.

CRAWFORD
We almost died.

KATHERINE
Incredible creature. It must have total bodily control on a molecular level.

CRAWFORD
And Edward's mind. He's become the beast that ate him. It's evil.

She turns to him, letting breakfast cook itself for a minute.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

Crawford -- we saw, the same things. We proved you're not insane.

Crawford laughs, mostly to himself.

CRAWFORD

Now. I'm not so sure.

She takes his hand.

KATHERINE

No. You faced your fear -- and overcame it. You saved our lives.

They hear a voice from the hall door.

BUBBA

Yeah --

They look over to see Bubba walk in.

BUBBA

I owe ya one.

The toast pops. She butters it.

KATHERINE

Want some breakfast?

Bubba takes a chair at the table.

BUBBA

How can you eat after -- that?

She pours the eggs onto a plate, dripping grease.

KATHERINE

Can't work without eating.

Bubba's usually cast iron stomach turns a greasy mess as she rolls the sausages out of the pan onto her plate.

BUBBA

What work?

She puts her plate on the table, pulls up a chair, and digs in with knife and fork, talking while eating.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

KATHERINE

I've got to record the results.
The pineal gland was stimulated.
Did you see how pale we got? The
stimulated pineal gland secretes
melatonin, which blanches the
skin.

BUBBA

Couldn't o' been fear made you
white, huh? And what about that
headache it gave me?

She has a ready answer.

KATHERINE

Expansion of the pineal.

She gets an idea right there, dropping her utensils on her plate
with a combined "clank."

KATHERINE

I'll have to do a study of the
CAT-scans of schizophrenics. If
there's a statistical correlation
between schizophrenia and an
enlarged pineal -- They may be
seeing -- or feeling -- what we
saw. Their minds may be
influenced by those -- creatures.

She is very pleased with herself, stars in her eyes. She digs
back into her breakfast.

BUBBA

And what about the hard-on I had?
Is there a statistical correlation
for that, too?

This makes Katherine choke on a throat full of food. She
straightens herself in her chair, and a hand reaches for her
blouse.

KATHERINE

Perhaps pineal stimulation causes
an accompanying -- sexual
stimulation. There's so much to
learn.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

BUBBA

Well, we learned what we came for.
He ain't crazy, and that 'it' ate
Pretorius' head. They're gonna
think we're crazy, but that's
their problem.

KATHERINE

We just have to try the experiment
again.

BUBBA

Did you say 'we'?

CRAWFORD

Katherine, you can't.

BUBBA

You don't mean go back there now
-do ya?

KATHERINE

You, always run an experiment
twice to check the results.

Crawford takes a seat at the table and leans toward her, serious
and sincere to the core of his being.

CRAWFORD

I saw it get to him. Katherine,
ruin him -- the need for more.
See more, do more, feel more --
it made him mad.

KATHERINE

Pretorius? I'd like to know more
about him. The Resonator is a
work of genius.

That this is even under discussion is too much for Bubba.

BUBBA

Were we in the same nightmare?
Didn't we all just almost get
eaten by an 'it'?

KATHERINE

All it takes is a hand on the
switch. If it appears, you make
it disappear.

BUBBA

I don't want to turn white, and
I don't want to die.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4)

KATHERINE

Then go -- both of you.

CRAWFORD

No, I won't let you.

BUBBA

No, I won't let you. I'm the law here. You turn on that machine and it's reckless endangerment.

CRAWFORD

We all need some sleep. Get some rest, and then think about it.

BUBBA

We'll get some rest, and then we're goin'.

She starts to see the wisdom of their position.

KATHERINE

You're right. I know you're right -- both of you. I'm just so excited. This is the greatest discovery since Van Leuwenhoek first looked through a microscope and saw an amoeba.

BUBBA

Yeah, except he wasn't down there with the amoebas.

He takes a crust of bread she left on her plate and chomps into it.

KATHERINE

You want some breakfast?

BUBBA

Nah -- maybe just a couple-five-or-six o' them eggs. Is there sausage left?

49 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - POV STRAIGHT DOWN ON - DAY

Bubba, strapped upside down to the bondage board. His eyes are closed, his faced twisted with pain -- as he does sit-ups with weights in his out-stretched hands.

Bare chested, he is a fine physical specimen in just his shorts. He unstraps his ankles and lowers himself to his makeshift bed and looks over at:

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

Crawford lying in the room's only bed. He faces away from Bubba toward the door.

Bubba takes a deep breath, stretches and settles down to sleep.

CRAWFORD

Bubba.

BUBBA

Yeah?

CRAWFORD

She's really something isn't she?

Bubba smiles. He knows naive love when hears it.

BUBBA

Yeah. Really something.

50 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Katherine turns over, TOWARD the CAMERA. She lies there for a moment; then her eyes open. Her hand goes to her head, as if she were troubled. She sits up in bed, pushes her hair back and shakes her head. She looks up at the ceiling.

51 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - DAY

Crawford shivers in a bad dream.

Bubba has fallen asleep, soundly, solidly.

52 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - DAY

The bedroom door opens, and Katherine steps into the hall. She looks around the landing.

The bondage room door is slightly ajar, but the landing is quiet.

Katherine, in her nightgown, walks to the attic door. She pauses, unsure of herself, knowing that this is wrong but that she must do it. She grabs the knob and opens the door. The stairs leading to the attic rise before her.

53 INT. ATTIC - DAY

Dust swirls in shafts of sunlight which shine through cracks in the painted windowpanes. The Resonator stands quiet.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

Katherine comes up the stairs into the attic. She stands (maybe squats) before the Resonator. She holds her head in her hands, then looks at it again. She steps toward it. Her hand stretches out to it. She touches the sphere, lightly strokes it. She runs her hand along one of the forks.

54 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - DAY

Crawford trembles in bed.

Bubba sleeps.

55 INT. ATTIC - DAY

Her eyes glitter with excitement. She touches the switches. Her breast rises with her breathing -- she throws the switches.

The hum surges in the bowels of the Resonator.

56 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - DAY

Crawford shivers and moans. He jerks, throwing the blanket off. He wears pajamas he brought from the hospital.

CLOSEUP his face. Beneath his closed eyelids, his eyes dart and move in the rapid eye movement of dreamsleep. On his forehead, just above and between his eyes, a spot reddens and beats.

57 INT. ATTIC - DAY

Katherine's face takes on a new light, the violet cast from the glowing Resonator. The gauge reaches 20 and she throws the last switch. Then her face closes up in pain. Her hands reflexively reach to the pain -- in her forehead.

58 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - DAY

Bubba's face twitches, but his sleep prevails.

Crawford's face quakes; his eyes twist beneath his closed lids -- until they open. He breathes a word on his waking:

CRAWFORD

Kathy.

59 INT. ATTIC - DAY

Violet glow spreads around the sphere, up the forks. The hum intensifies.

The pain softens in Katherine's head. Her hands come away from her face. A wind blows her hair back, the nightgown taut against her body.

Crawford runs up the stairs into the attic -- and sees Katherine, looking like a classical statue. The sight is breathtaking, but he knows the danger.

CRAWFORD

Turn it off!

KATHERINE

I have to see, to feel -- more.

He heads for her -- and the machine.

CRAWFORD

Turn it off!

She steps in front of him -- and draws him to her, embracing and kissing him, passionately. At first, he struggles to grab her arms and move her out of the way -- but he is in the field of the Resonator's excitation, and she is so beautiful. He returns her embrace, their bodies pressing through their thin bedclothes. Their kiss is long and wild.

60 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - DAY

Now Bubba dreams, turning on the mat, his hand going to his forehead, a deep sound in his throat.

61 INT. ATTIC - DAY

The embracing is frenzied now. Crawford's lips move down her neck and neckline. She is a picture of passion. Her eyes open, though, with a half-realization in them. Her speech is breathy, broken.

KATHERINE

Is it -- the -- machine?

His head turns away, but still presses against her breast. He is feeling a painful truth -- he must stop. He knows that in his case, the passion is not simply a product of the resonant vibrations. It is love. But he thinks her feelings must be induced by the Resonator, and that to save her, he must stop it. So he lies.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

CRAWFORD

Yes -- yes, it's the machine.
We've got to stop it.

Then he hears a voice that freezes his passion over with fear.

PRETORIOUS

(voice over)

Oh, don't stop.

They look to see Pretorious, in his human form, between them and the machine.

PRETORIOUS

I'm impressed, Crawford. Do you
see now, what I was creating?
The key to a new realm of
sensation.

They are frightened, but are keeping their wits, looking around the attic for options.

CRAWFORD

Edward, what have you become?

PRETORIOUS

Myself.

Katherine leans toward Crawford.

KATHERINE

Get the switch. I'll distract
him.

Pretorious reaches for her, his arm lengthening beyond human capacity. He grabs her arm and pulls her to him.

PRETORIOUS

Yes, I do find you distracting.

Crawford tries to bolt for the machine.

But Pretorious has Katherine in his grasp, his other arm going for her throat.

PRETORIOUS

Don't, Crawford.

Crawford stops for fear Pretorious will snap her neck like a candy stick.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

CRAWFORD

Whatever you are, you're still
Edward Pretorious. You're still
human.

PRETORIOUS

I'm more than human. Join me.
Forever.

His hand lowers from her neck to her breast. He puts his lips
to her ears.

PRETORIOUS

Everyone must join me.

Crawford, desperate, looks for a way to help. Then he looks at
Katherine, fear and helplessness in her eyes, sorrow in his.
But he has decided. He turns and runs down the attic steps.

Pretorious laughs.

PRETORIOUS

We'll be waiting for you,
Crawford.

He turns his wicked smile on Katherine.

62 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - DAY

The cables that stretch down the stairs are glowing a sickly
purple as Crawford comes tearing down the steps and across the
landing to the next flight of stairs, seeming to retrace his
flight from the house when he frightened Hester, the neighbor.
But before he can get to the next set of steps, Bubba bolts
through the bondage room door and tackles him, knocking them
both down the stairs.

63 INT. FIRST FLOOR LANDING - DAY

BUBBA

What's goin' on?

CRAWFORD

I've got to turn it off -- the
circuit breaker!

Crawford is up and tearing through the door to the kitchen.
Bubba, in his underwear, looks after him.

BUBBA

Shit! A guy can't get any sleep
around here.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

Bubba runs after Crawford.

64 INT. ATTIC - DAY

Pretorious still holds Katherine with her back against him. His face is in her hair.

PRETORIOUS

Your smell -- your taste.

He licks the nape of her neck. She cringes. His fingers elongate and explore her body, tearing off her nightgown. A lascivious smile crosses his face as he enjoys her nakedness.

PRETORIOUS

In another life I would have
enjoyed you in another way.

65 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Crawford runs through the door and down the basement step, followed in short order by Bubba. The light from the door and the small basement windows still leaves the area dark, dim except for the glowing cables. They are just nearing the circuit box --

BUBBA

You been messin' with that damn
machine --

-- when a creature rises up between Crawford and the box. It is an eel-like creature, only giant. Its circular end has a long, slimy slit for a mouth. It makes a loud but squishy sound.

Crawford and Bubba stop dead in their tracks and fall back a few stairs.

BUBBA

What the hell is that?

CRAWFORD

The field must reach down here.

Bubba looks up at the kitchen.

BUBBA

I'll be right back.

He runs up the stairs to the kitchen -- leaving Crawford confronted by the beast.

66 INT. ATTIC - DAY

Pretorious lets go of her arm and pulls her hair, bending her head so he can look into her eyes. He smiles.

KATHERINE

What are you going to do to me?

PRETORIOUS

I'm going to kiss you.

Pretorious forces his unwelcome kiss on Katherine, when the face of the attacker starts to elongate, rising over her. She can see a human skull behind translucent flesh.

She screams as the skull breaks into pieces and rearranges into a giant insect-like head.

67 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Bubba rips open a cabinet drawer beneath the kitchen counter and grabs a large kitchen knife.

He heads for the door to the basement.

68 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The giant eel makes a lunge at Crawford, who leaps over the railing to the basement floor to avoid it and lands in a squirming mass of the creature's tail.

It swings around toward him, ready to eat.

When Bubba appears down the steps, screaming a wordless battlecry. He buries the knife blade in the creature's back and pulls toward him, down the creature's length. But the blade simply tears through jelly and has little effect on the large lamprey.

Crawford sees a small opening -- the circuit breaker box just behind and to a side of the creature's mouth. He makes a break for it, leaping onto the twisted eel-like thing's back.

His hand reaches out and grabs the box's door, pulling it open. But the creature is slimy, slippery, and he slides off its back without being able to pull the main breaker.

He falls back to the floor. The mouth descends on him and sucks him into the oozing, vertical lips, the mouth barely large enough to open around him.

69 INT. INSIDE THE LAMPREY - POV INSIDE THE CREATURE'S MOUTH - DAY

Crawford, screaming, is sucked into the oozing, mushy cavity. Its juices dissolve the hair on his head.

70 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The enormous eel is sucking him in further.

Bubba grabs Crawford, trying to pull him back out. Crawford, down to his neck in the creature, beats on its flaccid slimy exterior -- until it takes another gulp and encloses his shoulders.

71 INT. INSIDE THE LAMPREY - POV INTERIOR CREATURE - DAY

Crawford's torso struggles in the monster's maw, his face pressing through translucent layers of glutinous tissue until the torture on it can be SEEN. Suction cups within the mouth suck his clothes and body hair away. He is being pulled toward several rows of giant teeth in the creature's craw. Crawford can see them and reaches through the thick ooze with both hands, pushing against the approaching teeth.

72 INT. ATTIC - DAY

The insect head lowers its gelatinous mandibles around Katherine's head. The rest of its body has become a grasping, gripping jelly.

73 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Bubba tugs for all he's worth, but the beast takes yet another gulp of Crawford, to almost his waist, pulling him from Bubba's grasp.

The giant lamprey lifts Crawford away from the stairs, swinging him through the air, his legs kicking wildly.

74 INT. INSIDE THE LAMPREY - DAY

Crawford's face is sucked through the clear jelly of the creature's interior toward the large teeth.

75 INT. ATTIC - DAY

The sloshing jaws close on Katherine's head and begin twisting it.

76 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Bubba sees Crawford's legs flailing out of the giant lamprey's mouth.

The creature is between Bubba and the circuit breakers. At his feet, though, he sees the cable. He grabs it and pulls - and pulls - until it tears, sparking from the box.

77 INT. ATTIC - DAY

The drone dies. The glow on the machine and its cables fade.

The jaws over Katherine's head -- and the rest of the awful gelatinous beast -- disappear.

78 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The giant lamprey disappears -- and Crawford tumbles to the floor. He is a ghastly sight, nude and hairless to the waist, without even any eyelashes. He shakes and grunts against the pain, as Bubba kneels beside him.

79 INT. ATTIC - DAY

Katherine sees the monster is gone, rushes to the Resonator, and throws the switch off. In a fit of irrational anger and fear, she pulls all the connecting cables from the machine.

80 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Bubba lifts Crawford's body in his arms. Crawford groans.

81 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - DUSK

Crawford lies on the bed, still shaking a little, but much more in control. Katherine, in a robe, sits on the edge of the bed next to him, gently rubbing salve on his chest. Even her light touch is painful -- yet pleasant.

KATHERINE

The burns aren't that bad. Your ribs, though --

He grimaces and shivers in pain. She pulls her hand away.

Bubba is packing up his gear and Crawford's.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

He is dressed now. The look on his face is controlled anger. Katherine, waiting for Crawford to calm, looks away -- right into Bubba's glare. It makes her collect herself, regain her composure.

BUBBA

When can he be moved?

KATHERINE

As soon as we wrap him up.

Bubba continues packing.

BUBBA

Then you better get dressed.
We're goin'!

But Katherine is firm in her resolve.

KATHERINE

You take him to the hospital.
I have work to do here.

She returns to salving Crawford's raw chest.

Bubba throws Crawford's bag across the room to the door and steps over in a couple of massive, angry strides to her side.

BUBBA

You're comin' with.

KATHERINE

You've got what you came for --
proof of his innocence. You don't
need me.

This is infuriating to Bubba.

BUBBA

It's gone way beyond that -- and
you know it.

KATHERINE

You're not a scientist. You don't
understand.

He has an impulse of rage, to crush her like a plaster kewpie doll. Instead, he points to:

Crawford, trembling, feverish, a bizarre vision of misery.

BUBBA

There's your results. I
understand that. Do you?

(CONTINUED)

81. CONTINUED: (2)

She looks into Crawford's face, but he cannot return her look. She is truly sorry for what she has done.

KATHERINE

I'm sorry. I thought I could control it.

BUBBA

It's changin' us, Doc, all of us, and not for the better.

But she still knows what she must do. She turns back to him.

KATHERINE

I was wrong to turn on the Resonator with other subjects present. It's clear that only one person should run the experiment.

Bubba's eyes go wild. He has to hit the wall so he doesn't hit her. He is even starting to fear her.

BUBBA

This ain't an experiment. It's suicide!

She is unflustered. Her sense of purpose seems insane to him.

KATHERINE

The presence of other subjects causes dangerous -- distractions. I can stand right at the master switch and maintain control of the Resonator. But I must do it myself.

He steps back, seeing something in her demeanor, hearing something in her speech -- something he recognizes.

BUBBA

I know this behavior. I've seen it on the street. You may be a scientist, lady, but right now you're actin' like a junkie.

Part of a junkie's behavior pattern, however, is denial. She stands stoutly on her rationalization.

KATHERINE

Take him -- and leave.

Bubba sighs.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3)

BUBBA

Wrap him up. I'll get the van ready.

He walks to the door, picks up the bags and turns to say something.

BUBBA

And put some clothes on. Unless you want me to take you kickin' and screamin' -- like that.

He exits.

She rubs her neck. She is tired. Then her hand reaches to her forehead, between her eyes, and rubs there, her eyes are closed, her face showing pain.

She starts to breathe a little harder. She opens her eyes and looks around at the quiet bondage chamber.

She walks up to a standing rack. Leather hand and ankle cuffs hang from leather thongs. She takes a cuff in her hand, feels it with her fingers. She strokes her face with it.

CLOSEUP the spot on her forehead beats softly!

Realization comes over her, she drops the cuff and closes the top of her robe with both hands. She backs away into a wardrobe.

When she bumps it, its door swings open.

Inside are leather suits, masks, and underwear. She looks through a few. She feels one. The hand left on her robe reaches inside. She caresses her breast beneath the robe, she moans low. When her eyes open, there is confusion, fear in them. She looks over at Crawford.

82 EXT. FRONT YARD - DUSK

Bubba is angrily throwing the gear into the van. He slams the van door shut and takes a deep breath. He looks back at the house looming over him. He sighs and heads back in.

83 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - LATER - DAY

A foot in a dark stocking steps into a high, spiked heel shoe. The foot rises and rests on a stack of weights. Hands fasten the shoe straps and run up the long black-stockinged leg to a garter. They adjust the garter and run up the bare thigh between the stocking and a black leather merry widow, up the leather, adjusting the push-up bra, then up the bare cleavage to her neck, behind her neck and through her hair as she leans her head back.

Katherine is a striking, sensual beauty.

She stands next to Bubba's bed, the horizontal rack, with the mat now rolled up and tied up on it. She looks and sees Crawford shiver in the bed.

She steps over to him and sits beside his fitfully sleeping form. Her hand reaches slowly toward him, poised over his bare hairless chest. She touches it.

His whole body cringes and turns away, but he does not wake. Her hand lifts quickly away from his raw torso. She does not want to hurt him. She gently lowers the sheet he lies under until she finds his hairline where the beast did not burn him. It is just at his hips. Soft hairs smooth under her fingertips as she touches there.

He does not cringe. His head turns a little, a low grunt in his throat.

She lays her hand flat below the line but above the sheet. Her little finger reaches down and arches up so the fingertip can rub what she feels.

A shiver runs through Crawford but no apparent pain.

Her hand lowers until she finds what she is feeling for. Her fingers curl.

He moans, dreaming.

She reaches to her own thighs with her other hand, leans her head back and wets her lips.

CLOSEUP as the spot on her forehead throbs and reddens.

BACK TO SCENE

An erection rises beneath the sheet.

She looks down and smiles warmly. She pulls the sheet down. Her eyes widen. Passion should be spreading color to her face but she looks drained, whitened.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

She rises onto the bed and carefully, gently, straddles Crawford. A voice behind her breaks the sensual spell.

BUBBA
(voice over)
What the hell you doin'?

He stands in the doorway. She looks over her shoulder at him. She smiles.

BUBBA
I told you to get dressed.

She steps carefully off the bed and turns to him. She presents her new self to him.

KATHERINE
I did.

He has no time for this.

BUBBA
The van's ready. You're goin'
like that.

She shakes her head as she approaches him, pouting like a Lolita.

KATHERINE
What shame. I love what you've
done with this room.

She does not stop until she is pressed against him. He doesn't give an inch.

BUBBA
You're askin' for it.

She nods, a dreamy smile on her face, as she runs her hands up his broad arms.

KATHERINE
Mm-hm.

Her hips press against him. Her eyes are on fire in her pale, pale face, so pale you can see the red spot just above and between her eyes. Her mouth opens, inviting him.

His face is melting with desire. His hands run up her arms and roughly caress her shoulders.

Now her smile is wild.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

He turns her in one swift motion, pulling her head back -- to see herself in a mirror on the ceiling.

BUBBA

Look at yourself.

He bends her back so she can see how she is dressed in the overhead mirror.

She looks -- and sees the new Katherine, the unbridled sensualist. The confusion and fear return to her face.

BUBBA

Is that who you are?

Her hands rise to her cleavage and close in fists. She feels like crying.

KATHERINE

I don't know. I don't know who I am.

Behind them they hear a voice.

CRAWFORD

(voice over)

Listen.

It is Crawford sitting up in the bed, his eyes wide in his nearly-white, hairless head.

Bubba lets her go.

BUBBA

Crawford, we're leavin' now.

But he is insistent.

CRAWFORD

Listen! The Resonator.

They listen -- and hear a thin, weak hum.

84 INT. ATTIC - DAY

The fork and tubular body of the Resonator brighten. The switches flip on. The needle shoots across the gauge.

85 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The circuit breaker box begins sparking until an electrical arc forms between it and the cables. Bubba tears free.

86 INT. ATTIC - DAY

Blinding arcs join the unplugged cable cords to the Resonator's sockets. The hum drones full blast. The arcs draw the cable plugs into the sockets and weld them.

87 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - DAY

They can now hear the humming loud and clear, and see violet light down the attic stairway.

CRAWFORD

It's him. He's trying to start
the Resonator - from beyond.

BUBBA

How?

Katherine sees the answer.

KATHERINE

By oscillating his molecular
structure - causing vibrations.

BUBBA

Son-of-a-bitch.

He sets immediately into high-performance action. Katherine grabs her robe and follows him to the door. Crawford gets out of bed, and hurt as he is, follows.

88 INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

They run up the stairs; Bubba, then Katherine, then Crawford.

89 INT. ATTIC - DAY

Bubba, faster than they are, reaches the attic, heads for the machine, hand out, reaches it -- and gets a powerful shock, knocking him on the floor.

Behind him Katherine and Crawford have reached the attic. Katherine shouts to Bubba.

KATHERINE

Pull the cable!

They hurry forward to help -- when they are attacked by a swarm of the small, insect-sized-and-shaped organisms. Though small, they turn almost entirely into mouths when they attack, taking small chunks of flesh with them. Katherine and Crawford try to stay still so they won't be seen by the creatures, but his pain jolts him and they attack. Katherine tries to help and they attack her, taking their toll in bites.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

Bubba sees what's happening. He grasps the cable near which he's fallen and pulls with all his strength. But the just-welded plugs hold in the sockets.

From his distress, Crawford calls.

CRAWFORD

Use the axe. The axe.

Bubba grabs the axe off the wall next to the fire extinguisher and lifts it high over his head.

He runs for the machine as he saw Crawford do the first time in the attic, but it throws an arc that hits him and knocks him down again. He hears Katherine screaming. On his knees he lifts the axe over his head and buries it in the cable, severing it. But the current arcs through the metal axehead, and the machine stays on. Bubba rises.

BUBBA

Damn you!

He looks back to see Crawford and Katherine slumping under the onslaught of the insect creatures. He must save them. He takes from a pocket the flashlight he used the first time he entered the house. He waves its beam at his two friends, drawing the attention -- and the attack -- of the small but deadly creatures to himself. They leave Katherine and Crawford in a single drove. They swarm toward Bubba, who throws the flashlight away, only to be attacked by the onslaught anyway. He covers his face and chest with his hands.

Katherine and Crawford have many small bites. They see what Bubba has done, the sacrifice he is making.

CRAWFORD

No!

Bubba struggles to stand, absolutely covered with the milling, feeding creatures. He falls to his knees.

Katherine and Crawford, in their pain, run to help him, to find some way to turn off the miserable machine. It arcs to both of them, sending them flying against a wall. Katherine lifts herself up, screaming, as she sees Bubba fall face first, still covered with the voracious insects, to the floor.

KATHERINE

Bubba!

Suddenly, in a split second, the creatures dart away in one mass, the swarm acting as one. Much of Bubba, below the chest, has been picked to the bone, but some meat remains in patchwork on the face and upper torso. His arms are bones.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

They do not think of their own pain. Crawford takes her in his arms, but she stares at the corpse, too horrified to cry.

There is still life in Bubba's eyes. His head rises slowly, miserably off the floor. He sees his mutilated, ravaged body spread before him. His lips press together, misery in his eyes. A word presses out.

BUBBA

Damn.

Life leaves his eyes and his head falls.

Katherine, approaching with Crawford, turns her face away, into his chest.

KATHERINE

No!

Crawford shares her grief.

CRAWFORD

Katherine.

She looks up, then over at the Resonator -- and a shimmering, glittering pillar of slime, running, oozing like a slow motion waterfall in the air before them. It slowly reshapes itself, reconstituting itself on long tentacles of rigid jelly that oozes viscous jelly. A large, bulbous mass, sprouting and covering over smaller bulbs, like pustules, hangs between the leg-like tentacles.

A debilitating pain in Crawford's forehead curls him up. His fists rub madly between his eyes. Katherine now holds him, trying to help.

KATHERINE

Crawford!

Familiar laughter fills the room.

A face forms on the bulbous mass, showing through the mottled, milky, translucent ooze. It is Pretorious'.

PRETORIOUS

Kiss -- kiss, my dear.

It laughs.

When she sees that it is him again, she turns on the spot and runs for the fire extinguisher still hanging on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (3)

Several of the creature's tentacles widen and elongates into a stretching arm, out of which fingers bulge and drip as it runs across the floor after her, gaining on her, roaring as it goes --

-- until, just as she gets to the wall and grabs the extinguisher, it grabs her, reaching and wrapping around her legs, arms and body. Its strength is incredible, its grip unyielding. The extinguisher clatters to the floor and rolls a few feet in front of her, toward the poised monstrosity.

It smiles at her.

PRETORIOUS

Humans are such easy prey.

Crawford looks up from his pain.

CRAWFORD

Let her go.

It turns its face to him.

PRETORIOUS

Oh, I will, beyond her wildest dreams, for all time.

It turns back to her, a more serious glint in its eye now.

PRETORIOUS (CONT)

She will go into my mind, and I will go into hers. It's the greatest sensual pleasure there is.

Crawford has been brought to his knees by the pain, but he battles it.

CRAWFORD

You never knew pleasure -- or gave it. Only pain.

PRETORIOUS

Don't be unworthy of what I have made you, Crawford. You are evolving into a being that has never existed before.

Crawford's fist rises to the pain above his nose.

CRAWFORD

I'm Crawford Tillinghast.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (4)

PRETORIOUS

Let it happen, Crawford. Let it
out.

Crawford's face screws into an agonized mask of pain. Both fists over his eyes follow the pain around his skull, back over his temples. From between his eyes, the skin bulges in a nub that broadens into a bump, that splits open. He screams.

KATHERINE

Crawford!

Out stretches a fleshy antenna, red and wet, six inches long. At the end of this projection is a small bud, shaped like a pine cone, crusted with large pentagonal cells, but glistening with moisture. The antenna darts about, with a life of its own, the bud "looking" around it, reacting to the environment.

PRETORIOUS

Yes. Now, you can truly 'see.'

Crawford no longer sees with his eyes, for the perception of the protruding pineal gland overrides sight.

POV - CRAWFORD'S PINEAL

The creature no longer looks horrible to him, but beautiful. It's ooziings reflect and refract light like diamonds, twinkling and throwing evanescent rainbows.

BACK TO SCENE

Crawford is awestruck at his new perception, his new self. The protrusion swings wide, high and low, exploring this brave new world.

CRAWFORD

It's so beautiful -- so beautiful.

KATHERINE

What have you done to him?

PRETORIOUS

I only awakened his sleeping
pineal gland. It did the rest
itself.

The "hand" starts to pull Katherine toward the hanging face. She tries to struggle but is no match for the creature's strength.

As she is pulled past the fallen fire extinguisher, she grabs it by the hose end, dragging it with her, until she can grab the cylinder to pull the pin and trigger it.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (5)

She fires its foam contents -- at the Resonator. The wet foam covers and drips down the sphere, into the mass of wires down its tubular core, shorting the circuits. Sparks fly, violet, purple and white. The drone whines up and down, loud and soft.

PRETORIUS

No!

The glow in the machine fades, the whine stops. It has shorted out.

The Pretorious creature disappears.

Katherine releases the extinguisher's trigger and looks toward Crawford. The protrusion slips back into his skull through the hole it tore in his forehead. He falls to the floor.

KATHERINE

Oh, Crawford.

She bends to his fallen body.

Sparks shoot from the machine.

The creature reappears, Pretorious-faced, sending a "hand" rising at her, its voice a roar --

PRETORIUS

You bitch!

This fright determines her action.

KATHERINE

Shit!

She empties the extinguisher into the machine.

The Resonator shorts out. The "hand" disappearing just as it had wrapped around her leg. She throws the empty extinguisher at the machine. It clanks and rattles on the floor. She turns to Crawford checking his vital signs, tears in her eyes.

KATHERINE

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

90 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - ASYLUM - DAY

Crawford lies on an examination table. The wet, red tip of the pineal turns and twists in the slit between his closed eyes, but it does not protrude.

Dr. Bloch takes a plastic bag from an instrument table. She tears it open and puts on the thin rubber gloves inside.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

She takes a long, metallic forceps (or hemostat) and leans over Crawford's head, lowering the open jaws over the bump between his eyes. The red bud of the pineal peeks out of the nub, then eases out a bit and she tries to catch it, but it squirms away and slips back into the bump.

Aggravated, she sets to work again, concentrating closely on the task, bending over her work. She waits, watches --

-- and the wet, red antenna streams out of his head into her face. She recoils, scared, disgusted, forceps flying. She looks back at it, and it is bent toward her at full extension, "looking" at her. They "stare" at each other for a moment, then the antenna arches the pineal back and down, like a snake coiling. Then it slides swiftly back into the slit between his eyes. Bloch is amazed.

A NURSE enters behind her.

NURSE

The police are here.

Dr. Bloch rips off the gloves in frustration.

91 INT. CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

Katherine sits in a chair, a blanket around her shoulders. Beneath it she is still in her badly torn robe and leather wear.

Dr. Bloch enters and steps forward until she stands over her.

BLOCH

Apparently, you told the police
a pretty wild story.

KATHERINE

I told them the truth.

BLOCH

They want my opinion of your
mental state. I'd rather give you
my opinion of your professional
conduct. You're contemptible.

Katherine does not like this, but does not react because she also feels guilty.

BLOCH

I hope you are sane so you
understand what you've done. You
cost Crawford Tillinghast his
mind, probably his life.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

Katherine accuses herself of more.

KATHERINE
And another man's life.

BLOCH
I want you out of here.

Block opens the door to leave.

Katherine has to do what she can.

KATHERINE
You must remove his pineal.

BLOCH
He's my patient now.

She slams the door on her exit.

92 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Crawford lies on the table. The room is quiet. The pineal breaks the skin, swirls one way, then the other, then inches out -- literally an inch at a time -- surveying the surroundings as it extends. After several inches of progress, it is satisfied and reels out to its full length. His eyes open, and he jumps off the table.

93 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The door opens a crack and the fleshy antenna slithers out and reconnoiters.

Policeman is down the hall a little at the nurses' station stirring creamer into his coffee and talking to a nurse.

The antenna retreats, the door opens and Crawford exits, the appendage withdrawn into his brain. He walks down the hall, his eyes open, but not really used. The pineal sneaks out once, twice. Without looking, he takes some food off a tray on a table outside a room -- and spits it out within a few steps. The third time the pineal peeks, it extends a little farther and points toward a nearby door.

CRAWFORD'S POV

Around the door there is a high contrast glow.

He goes through it --

94 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

-- into a dark room. But he does not turn on the lights. The appendage writhes out and wiggles in all directions. There are several plastic barrels against a wall. The pineal extends toward one, and Crawford lifts the top. The appendage stretches down to the liquid's surface, poises like a sniffing snout, and gently touches the dark water.

95 INT. HALLWAY - CRAWFORD'S POV - DAY

The objects bobbing in the liquid in the barrel shine and glitter, like extraterrestrial melons. He reaches in and lifts one up. It drips sparkling drops.

96 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Bloch returns to Crawford's room. The Policeman has returned, and sits in a chair by the door drinking his coffee.

97 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

She discovers that Crawford is gone.

98 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

She turns to the guard.

BLOCH

Call security. He's gone.

He leaps up and runs into the room, as Bloch turns and heads up the hall, angry but too busy with the job at hand -- finding Crawford -- to vent it.

She sees liquid, and thicker ooze, spilling out from under a door. She looks up at the sign. It reads "PATHOLOGY LAB." She enters.

99 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY

In the dark she hears sucking, slurping sounds. She turns on the light and sees Crawford -- standing by a barrel marked "Brains" eating one. His feeler swings freely about, but mostly over his meal.

She is aghast for a moment, but she is trained for shock and her competence prevails.

BLOCH

Crawford, please don't eat those.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

CRAWFORD
They're delicious.

100 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - CRAWFORD'S POV - DAY

The half-eaten brain looks to him like a ripe, luscious melon of odd but brilliant colors.

BLOCH
They can make you very ill.

His eyes seem to try to focus. The pineal retreats, slowly but steadily. He looks at the object in his hand until he sees it.

Then he drops it in the bucket, among the other bobbing brains. He is horrified at his new appetites, at himself.

CRAWFORD
Doctor, what's happening to me?

She comes over to him, takes his arm, and steers him toward the door.

BLOCH
We're not sure, but we're going to find out.

He walks beside her, looking at her. The pineal pokes out just a bit and points at her, like a finger.

101 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - CRAWFORD'S POV - DAY

He can SEE the brain inside her head, shining through her translucent skull. It is lush in its color.

His eyes UNFOCUS. She opens the door.

BLOCH
We're going to go in the hall now,
Crawford.

With one hand he slams the door shut. With the other he grabs her by the throat, choking her cries, and slams her against the door. He carefully puts his mouth over one of her eyeballs and starts to suck. She hits him, but his free hand grabs one of hers, and he jams a knee in her stomach --

-- sucking all the while, until he succeeds. He turns and spits out her eyeball. It rolls once on the floor. Then he puts his mouth back over her eye and starts sucking again. This time it sounds like thick, wet business, and brain matter oozes sometimes between his lips and her eye socket, dripping down that side of her face. On the other side her remaining eye shows panic -- senility -- then nothing.

102 INT. DAY--PARKING GARAGE

An Exit door opens. Through it comes Crawford, the appendage swinging side to side, high and low, surveying the scene.

A van abruptly backs out of a parking space, brakes squealing, the driver in an obvious hurry. We have seen the van before.

Crawford gets a look at the driver. It is Katherine. But she does not see him; she is intent on getting out of there.

When he sees her, his eyes re-focus, the stalk recedes into his skull. He speaks her name, softly, as if remembering it.

CRAWFORD

Kathy.

CU the pineal squeezes out of the skin again.

His eyes go blank.

She throws the van in gear.

He struggles and regains his sight, the bud disappearing again.

He calls to her--

CRAWFORD

Kathy!

--but his cry is lost in the squeal of tires and roar of acceleration as the van pulls away and out of the garage.

Just as it does, an ambulance, lights on but siren off, enters the garage. The DRIVER has to slam on the brakes to avoid hitting Crawford, who turns away from the lights, holding his hand to his forehead.

The Driver, a young male, and a young female PARAMEDIC, jump out of the cab of the ambulance.

DRIVER

Hey! What are you doing here?

Crawford, still in his patient's gown, hands pressed to his head to keep the pineal in, tries to run.

They close in on him and corner him near a parked Mercedes.

DRIVER

Come on, buddy. You're going back upstairs.

PARAMEDIC

Who's your doctor? What floor were you on?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

Suddenly, the pineal slips between his fingers out at them.
They recoil, the Paramedic screaming.

DRIVER

Holy shit! What's the matter with
you?

Crawford grabs him by the throat. The pineal has reclaimed control of his personality. He must feed on the fascinating fruit of the brain. His mouth closes on the choking Driver's eye socket.

The Paramedic attacks him, with little effect.

PARAMEDIC

Stop it! Stop it! Help!

She pulls a pocket knife from a pouch on her belt, opens it and stabs him in the side of the back.

He turns to "see" her, pineal straight at her. Brain matter drips from his lips. The eyeball hangs by a tendon from the Driver's socket.

She screams--until Crawford swats her, knocking her down and out.

The Exit door opens. Muffled voices are heard. People are coming. His pineal withdraws back into his skull.

Crawford drops the Driver and sprints to the open ambulance door. He jumps in the driver's seat.

103 INT. AMBULANCE CAB - DUSK

Crawford switches on the ignition and puts the vehicle in gear. He steps on the accelerator.

104 INT. GARAGE - DUSK

The ambulance screeches forward, turning toward the exit ramp and away, leaving the two young victims, lying on the garage floor.

110 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - DUSK

Crawford pulls her over to a standing rack. He ties her spreadeagle with leather thongs. His red appendage whips the air wildly.

KATHERINE

Crawford! What are you doing?
Crawford!

He stands back from his handiwork; his pineal darts and flits about.

CRAWFORD

I love you, Katherine.

KATHERINE

Crawford, please. We have to get out of here. The Resonator is going to blow up.

CRAWFORD

I want us to be -- together.

He steps close to her. The antenna homes in on her. It rubs down her neckline, under her shirt to one of her breasts.

KATHERINE

I set a timing device on a bomb.
We only have a few minutes.

Crawford is undeterred in his pineal exploration.

CRAWFORD

It doesn't matter.

KATHERINE

If Pretorious can turn on the Resonator, he'll always have a way back here.

He doesn't seem upset about this.

CRAWFORD

He's always here.

111 INT. BASEMENT - DUSK

The fuse box sparks brightly, more seriously.

112 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - DUSK/NIGHT

Now his pineal is poised before her eyes like a wary snake.

113 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - CRAWFORD'S POV

Her brain is all light, like a large jewel.

KATHERINE

It won't just influence us, it'll
assimilate us, devour us -- and
the rest of the human race, if
it can.

Crawford cannot resist the beauty of her brain. He moves his
mouth toward her eye.

CRAWFORD

You're so beautiful.

KATHERINE

Please, Crawford.

CRAWFORD

It won't hurt, I promise.

He puts his mouth over her eye and starts his feeding process.
His hands caress her. She screams -- and screams --

-- until his hands rise from their caressing of her body to
grasp her throat, to choke the screams off as he did with Dr.
Bloch. His anger makes him pull away for a moment. The pineal
circles her face, before it stops right in front of her eyes.
With great effort she stretches her neck -- and bites the fleshy
antenna below the pineal gland. He cries out, a wailing cry of
agony. But she keeps firm her teeth in the appendage. He tries
to pull away, but can't.

At last she bites the pineal off and his scream fills the house.
He falls back against the wall, to his knees, the antenna
slipping back into his forehead. She spits out his pineal
gland, letting it fall from her open mouth, gagging, choking.

114 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

The Resonator starts, but there are no sparks.

115 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - NIGHT

A gust of wind blows through the room. Katherine pulls at the
thongs but they are bound tight.

KATHERINE

Crawford! Help Me!

He is dazed, lost. He closes and tries to refocus his eyes.
His senses come back to him. He is Crawford Tillinghast again.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

CRAWFORD

Katherine.

Before she can answer, out of the violet darkness a huge, translucent hand rushes at her and grabs her, spreading all over her body, including her face. Above them, the face of Pretorious appears out of the protoplasmic mass.

PRETORIOUS

Welcome back, my dear. I've been waiting for you.

Crawford uses the wall to help himself stand.

CRAWFORD

Edward, no!

The monster's voice booms for a word, then modulates.

PRETORIOUS

Yes! The most sensual experience is to know the desires of another mind. And we will know all minds, until there are no more.

The gelatinous mass stretches toward her, face first. Through the face appears a shadow that becomes a shape -- a skull. Crawford yells to it.

CRAWFORD

I know your desires, you impotent pig.

The skull disappears. The face turns to him, roaring.

PRETORIOUS

We are the most powerful being in the universe.

Crawford slides along the wall toward the door, taunting.

CRAWFORD

She'll know -- how pathetic you are. How you can't make love.

The face and the jellied body twist and lean toward Crawford with malicious menace.

PRETORIOUS

Maybe you could teach me.

The gelatinous limb entwining Katherine slips off precipitously and spreads across the floor toward Crawford. But he slips out the door. The beast's body follows its arm after its new prey.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

Katherine strains at the bonds.

KATHERINE
Crawford!

116 INT. STAIRWAY/FOYER - NIGHT

Crawford stumbles down the stairs, the Pretorious beast after him. Weakened, he trips and tumbles down the stairs to the first floor. He tries to get up. The beast has changed shape, with wing-like projections, and swoops down on him.

Doze pins him to the spot. Only his head is free. Pretorious' face on the monster's mass moves close to Crawford's face. It speaks with a cruel irony.

PRETORIOUS
Now I'll know love. Thank you,
Crawford.

The face bulges, as if pushed from behind. It splits at several points, tears apart, and a skull breaks through.

The skull rises over him, the bones breaking up and moving through the translucent jelly into a new configuration, the final result is an enormous insect-like mouth, with swinging cooing mandibles. The mouth lowers on Crawford's head, the mandibles closing on his throat. Crawford yells into the darkness.

CRAWFORD
I love you, Kathy!

The mouth covers his head, which can just be SEEN through the blurry protoplasmic mass. It audibly sucks, stretching the neck to its full length, and further. Then it twists it, slowly, around -- and around. The neck is twisted thinner and thinner, like a wrung-out washrag -- until it gives.

117 INT. BONDAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Katherine still struggles with her bonds. She is frantic with frustration when she sees several snake-like creatures tentatively nosing into the space, floating cautiously, undulating.

She gets an idea. She holds still, takes a breath -- and shakes her right hand. The snakes snap alertly into attention on the movement. She shakes the hand again, harder. One of the snakes darts for it. Just as it reaches her with its mouth open for business, she jerks her hand. The snake misses her hand completely and bites the thong tied to her wrist clean through.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

One hand freed, she reaches over to untie the other. Another snake shoots for her moving hand. She twists and ducks just in time. The creature bites through the thong tied to her left hand, freeing it.

The snakes still hover around her. Slowly, in movement coordinated with their looking away, she reaches into her pocket and pulls out a pack of matches. She opens it and in one quick motion draws a match across the striking surface, lighting it and throwing it away from her toward a corner of the room. The snakes swarm for it, frenzied. As fast as she can, she unties her ankles and flees the room.

118 INT. STAIRWAY/FOYER - NIGHT

She runs down the stairs, toward the door, running for her life. But also calling out to someone.

KATHERINE
Crawford! Crawford!

As far as she knows, there's a chance -- the slightest chance -- that he may still be alive.

At the bottom of the stairs, she trips over something, and falls hard to the floor.

When she looks up, she sees that what she tripped over was Crawford's body -- without a head. The neck is stretched and twisted almost to a point.

She gasps. Suddenly the monstrous mouth lunges at her.

She runs up the stairs, taking them two at a time.

Tearing up the stairs, Katherine grabs the railing, and her finger sink into it. The bannister curls off the staircase, alive, and turns on her, a long, livid snake.

Pretorious' laugh booms an octave higher, more frenzied.

The snake, frightened, turns and slithers away into the growing darkness.

She takes the last few stairs to the landing.

119 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

She makes the landing and looks for the best way out of there. She feels something under her shoes, and looks down. The hallway carpet is an oriental, and the pattern is coming to life.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

Round and flatworms and starfish creatures rise from the designs in the rug, grasping and nipping at her feet.

She turns to go through the bondage room door, but a giant, gelatinous "hand" slams it shut and drips down the door.

She turns to the only available avenue of escape -- the attic stairway.

120 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Katherine reenters the attic.

The Resonator shines intensely violet. The hum is nauseating.

She can read the digital readout. It reads 0:35-0:34.

With incredible speed, a shiny trail of slime shoots along the floor and grabs her. It builds to a jellied mass, the size -- then the shape of a man. It becomes Pretorious.

PRETORIOUS

It will be painful -- but all real pleasure is.

The countdown continues: 0:27-0:26.

It has pulled her within feet of it. The face seems to move toward her, but moving faster from within is the skull. It rips through the face and, open-jawed, attacks her -- when the teeth grow, longer and longer, into fingers that turn and, whole hands now, spread the skull's jaws apart. Through the opening, racing at her, is Crawford's face, screaming.

CRAWFORD

No-o-o-o!

His mouth opens grotesquely wide -- and Pretorious' face appears inside it, shooting out at her. But it does not descend upon her. Rather it rises, curls back and seems to challenge its own body.

From that oozing, spreading and reforming mass, another bulge rises sucking back the filament from Katherine's hand. It takes on the features of Crawford's body.

PRETORIOUS

You fool! Don't you realize what we can do?

CRAWFORD

We can die!

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

His face launches itself at Pretorious'. Through it Crawford's skull appears, open-jawed, on the offensive. The bulge on which Pretorious' face appears elongates, so Crawford's skull misses the face but bites away a chunk of the elongated jelly. The skull then disappears into the body. Pretorious' face dives at an area where Crawford's features are just reassembling. The skull that breaks through it takes a chunk from right beside the emerging face, which rises past it. It sprouts a limb that sprouts a "hand" that tears a tentacle from the monster's body.

Katherine is amazed by the incredible scene before her. But she remembers the danger. She looks to the readout --

0:07-0:06 --

-- The monster is in a feeding frenzy -- turned on itself. Faces, skulls and limbs struggle, devour and disappear. The beast is barely half its largest previous visible size, and dwindling.

She glances at the bomb --

-0:04-0:03 --

-- The monster has almost entirely devoured itself, but still feeds, the faces, skulls and body all smaller now. Behind it she can see the window. She breaks for it.

002-0:01

She runs past the dwindling monstrosity as it disappears into nothingness.

She dives between the copper cables, breaking through the glass of the attic window --

- 0:00.

121 EXT. ATTIC WINDOW - NIGHT

As a ball of flame bursts through the window behind her -- as the whole attic, the whole top of the house, explodes in a fiery, roaring blast as the dynamite detonates.

She hurtles just in front of the shooting flames and spraying debris --

122 EXT. MISKATONIC RIVER

-- and lands in the waters of the Miskatonic River. The water splashes, rolls, ripples, bubbles, and almost calms -- when she breaks through, gasping for breath. She treads water, breaths burning in her lungs, flaming debris hitting the water around her and steaming.

She watches the old house, burning.

She hears people's voices and heads for the shore.

123 EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

Katherine pulls herself out of the water and collapses to the ground.

A group of neighbors have gathered excitedly watching the burning house.

Hester Gilman from next door notices Katherine and rushes to her.

HESTER

My God -- are you all right?

Katherine nods weakly.

HESTER (CONT)

I've called the fire department.
What happened up there?

Katherine shivers, eyes wild.

KATHERINE

It ate him.

Hester backs away, afraid of this mad person.

Katherine begins sobbing and her sobs become strange laughter, her face illuminated by the burning house.

THE END