

# Hellraiser: Hellseeker

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INT. CAR DRIVING DOWN COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

KIRSTY GOODING looks out the passenger window as the trees go whizzing past. She's attractive, late twenties, warmly sophisticated. Something makes her smile. She turns to the driver and thinks real hard as she says this.

KIRSTY

Okay. Cubic root of nine thousand two hundred and sixty one.

TREVOR is her husband, late twenties as well. God gave him brains and beauty. He has used them both prodigiously.

TREVOR

Twenty one. Why do we have to do this now Kirsty?

KIRSTY

Shut up and play darling. Your turn.

TREVOR

Five hundred ninety two thousand seven hundred and four.

KIRSTY

Uh... eighty two?

TREVOR

Eighty four.

Kirsty takes a calculator out of her purse and double checks the math.

KIRSTY

You win! Okay pull over.

TREVOR

(looking at his watch)  
But... I thought...

KIRSTY

(laughing)  
If what I've heard is true this could be the last time for a long long time. Besides we've got a whole seven minutes before the next one. Clock's ticking. Tick-tock...

Trevor waits a moment to see if she's kidding.

KIRSTY

(through clenched teeth)  
PULL OVER NOW.

(CONTINUED)

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Then pulls over to the side of the road. Kirsty reaches over, quickly unzips his pants immediately goes down on Trevor OUT OF FRAME. He reacts accordingly. A little pleasure, utter shock.

KIRSTY'S VOICE  
(from BELOW FRAME)  
Honey what's wrong?

Kirsty rises INTO FRAME once again.

TREVOR  
What isn't wrong? Why are you doing this anyway?

KIRSTY  
(self-conscious)  
I'm... I'm doing a very special thing here. And you can't even ... respond?

TREVOR  
Sorry honey the present situation isn't exactly fodder for an erection. Shouldn't we be getting to the hospital?

FULL ON Kirsty. For the first time WE SEE her big pregnant belly sticking out. She looks at Trevor innocently.

KIRSTY  
I was going to keep breathing you know. You think I'm an amateur or something?

Trevor stuffs himself back in his pants, puts the car in gear and presses the accelerator.

TREVOR  
Just concentrate on the task at hand please. Listen to me. You should be giving ME this lecture.

KIRSTY  
You've been cheating on me haven't you?

TREVOR  
Yes I had a quickie with the neighbor during your last contraction.

KIRSTY  
Roughly two thirds of married men who cheat start during the eighth month of their wives' first pregnancy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR

I would never cheat on you. Not while you're pregnant now you know that.

KIRSTY

(features tightening)  
Okay... uh oh here comes another one.

TREVOR

Share the pain Kirsty.

She takes Trevor's hand and squeezes as hard as she can. IN CLOSE UP WE SEE:

A SOLVED RUBIC'S CUBE sitting between them.

Do we need this vision of the solved rubics cube?

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The car is approaching a bridge.

INT. CAR - DAY

Trevor takes his hand off the wheel to look at his watch.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

One fifteen.

KIRSTY

(in dire pain)  
Oh God..... Trevor, I think my water just broke.

Trevor grabs the wheel again. Kirsty GASPS.

KIRSTY (CONT'D)

Oh my God. It's coming out.

TREVOR

What?

KIRSTY

THE BABY IS COMING OUT! I CAN FEEL IT!  
SONOFABITCH IT HURTS!! AAAGGGGHHH!!!

Trevor looks at her, trying to stay calm.

TREVOR

Okay Kirsty don't panic. Just keep breathing! DON'T PANIC! Put the seat back and hold on to something. Were almost there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kristy's hand moves down the along side the seat between the door and she plunges back with the seat. She looks at Trevor wide eyed.

Shes about to give birth in a Chevrolet.

KIRSTY  
OH MY GOD TREVOR! It hurts!! (breathing heavily) oh my God, Oh my God. Trevor, It's coming out.

TREVOR  
This isn't happening.

Kristy starts to convulse with pain. She begins to tremble and her arms flail about in an attempt to ease her discomfort. She grabs Trevors arm for support.

TREVOR  
Honey, take it easy. Your gonna be alright.

Kristy becomes more violent, kicking her legs up onto the dashboard. She starts grabbing Trevors arm a little more violently, causing Trevors to weave a bit on the road as he recoils.

EXT. CAR DRIVING DOWN COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The car lunges to the side of the road and weaves a bit in the gravel. Up ahead a bridge approaches.

INT. CAR - DAY

Trevor regains control of the car.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
Kristy! Take it easy. everythings gonna be alright. Com'on, start the breathing, with me... come on. One, two-three, and blow..

Trevor starts the lamanns method alone, as Kristy appears to have passed out from the pain. She has her head leaned away from him and is limp in the passengers seat.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
Krist. Honey. Kristy!

Kristy doesn't answer. Trevors puts his arm on her and shakes her. She doesn't react.

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TREVOR (cont'd)  
 Kristy! Honey wake up!

Trevor's attention is now on his unconscious wife rather than the two lane road which stretches across the bridge.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
 Honey, wake up. Please wake up.

And with that Kristy's does exactly that. She lunges toward him in a violent spasm and scares the shit out of him (and us) which causes Trevor to now completely lose control of the car.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

The rest is a blur...

... Trevor loses control of the steering wheel... Kirsty SCREAMS... Their car skids from one side of the bridge to the other-careening toward the guardrail- SMASH!

The car is plummeting toward the river below. Trevor and Kirsty brace themselves. The car hits the surface...

INT. RIVER, UNDERWATER - DAY

Trevor flounders through a disoriented flurry of bubbles. He breaks the surface and gasps for air. Getting his bearings he see the car bobbing on the surface, the current is separating him from his wife.

Treading water, he looks out at the car and there she is trapped inside...

Kirsty

Still belted to her seat. Her eyes are wide with desperation, breath quickening, sinking fast... Kristy pounds the window with her hands, trying to get out. She's trapped.

Apparently giving in, she presses a hand against the windshield just before the car disappears under the surface...

EXT. SHORE - DAY

Trevor paddles hard to the shore. Exhausted, he crawls onto the shore underneath the bridge they just jumped.

Trevor stands trying to process what just happened in the last fifteen seconds. He screams out for his wife, and to what has just happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

Kristy!  
Kristy!

Trevor drops to his knee's in distress.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Oh my God, Kristy! Please Kristy.  
(frantically) I'm so sorry, Kristy.

He hears something from above and looks up. A chunk of the bashed-up guardrail from the bridge has just snapped off and is sailing right down toward him-

TREVOR BLACKS OUT JUST AS THE THING HITS HIM

WHITE LIGHT FLOODS HIS VISION...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Trevor's eyes blink open, darting left and right. He is on a bed, his head bandaged.

AN ANGULAR NURSE ENTERS the room, walking up to Trevor's bed.

TREVOR

Where is she...? Where's Kirsty?

The Nurse grabs Trevor's right arm and straps it to the side of the bed. She isn't exactly one of God's gentler creatures.

TREVOR

Hey, what are you-

She moves to Trevor's legs, strapping them down as well, then his other arm.

By now SEVERAL SURGEONS ENTER the room, features obscured by surgical masks.

The Nurse fastens a clamp around Trevor's head, attaches it to the bed.

Trevor is completely discombobulated. The surgeons gather behind Trevor's bed.

CLOSE ON TREVOR'S FACE as he struggles to see what's happening back there but it's useless.

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CONTINUED:

He cannot move a muscle. He hears a sickening SAWING noise and his eyes bulge in horror.

WIDE as the doctors calmly lift Trevor's freshly sawed cranium from his head exposing his brain. The CHIEF SURGEON- a large unshaven man with magnifying lens already in place make his eyes enormous and his face grotesquely distorted. He walks up, presented with a tray full of evenly arranged pins. He cranks up the magnification of his lenses which make his eyes appear even larger. Though no one speaks his name his name tag reads Dr. Barker.

TREVOR

What are you people doing?!

The Chief Surgeon takes one of the pins and gently pushes into a Trevor's frontal lobe.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What's happening to-!

Trevor's eyes glaze over and his jaw relaxes. The chief surgeon speaks in an english accent.

CHIEF SURGEON

As you can see I just accessed the speech center, temporarily shutting down all verbal ability.

As the Chief Surgeon continues he takes several more pins off the tray.

CHIEF SURGEON (CONT'D)

The goal is find the exact point in the brain where moral decisions are made, the place where right and wrong is distinguished. In exploring this Morality Center I will most likely be triggering memories, disrupting the unconscious. Our patient may experience some distress during the proceedings but they are not due to pain. It is merely our patient- recalling his past...

Chief Surgeon slips another pin into Trevors exposed brain.

CHIEF SURGEON (cont'd)

As he was thrown into the lake, where the beast and the false prophet had been thrown.

The Chief Surgeon voice lowers and his eyes turn black. The eye magification no at a hideous level, showing jet black eyes.

(CONTINUED)

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CHIEF SURGEON (cont'd)  
 Where you will be tormented day and night  
 for ever and ever. (rev.20:10)

Trevor looks at the frowning nurse who is watching over him. Chief Surgeon sticks a needle into another spot on Trevor's brain.

TREVOR'S POV: The nurse is suddenly a pale gargoyle with blackened eyes.

Trevor opens his mouth to scream and-

-IN A BURST OF WHITE LIGHT, AN ANGELIC WOMAN is now standing before him. She is bathed in a haze of white light.

ANGELIC WOMAN  
 Well? What do say Trevor? Que pasa?

Trevor relaxes. His bindings are gone. The gargoyle nurse is gone. The surgeons are gone. And his brain is sitting safely within his inviolated skull, upon which now sit a few electrodes. The bandage is no longer there.

But from his pain wracked expression we know the pain in his head is still very real. He reaches for his head, makes sure its all intact.

TREVOR  
 Where do I start?

ANGELIC WOMAN  
 How's the old noggin? Any change in the intensity?

She touches him gently.

ANGELIC WOMAN (cont'd)  
 Can you describe the pains?

Trevor looks up. The angelic woman smiles back at him. She's in scrubs, a stethoscope dangling from her neck. Trevor winces.

TREVOR  
 I'm not sure. How about a jackhammer in the Occipital lobe?

She picks up a pad and scribbles something on it. Trevor notices she's wearing a nameplate. Dr. ALLISON DORMERE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TREVOR

Are you a dream too?

ALLISON

Still hallucinating as well. Hmm...

TREVOR

What just happened to me anyway? It looked like a dream but it felt like reality.

ALLISON

It's the morphine Trevor. You're on so much of it, you could be asleep and dreaming even with your eyes wide open.

Trevors quickly recalls the accident. Fearing the worst.

TREVOR

Where's Kirsty? Where's my wife?

ALLISON

(confused)

Your wife...?

AN OLDER DOCTOR walks in. AMBROSE. He gives Trevor an icy look, then looks at Trevor's chart.

ALLISON

(to Ambrose)

Still a little hazy. He's still in pain too, even after the morphine. I recommend we admit him. At least for another day...

(leaning in, sotto)

He just asked for his wife...

AMBROSE

Well I can't find any abnormalities. I think we're ready for discharge.

ALLISON

But, Dr. Ambrose-

AMBROSE

(looking up at Trevor)

I think it's time to ween you off these painkillers too. Wouldn't want you to develop a dependency to them. You might do things like come to the hospital for no reason other than to get a fix, wouldn't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Ambrose gives Trevor a fatherly smile then EXITS, not even looking at Allison. Allison watches him go, then turns back to Trevor... then smiles perkily.

ALLISON

Well looks like you're going home! Hope you brought your bus pass.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Trevor starts nodding out. The bus is practically empty. TWO BLACK CHILDREN a boy and a girl sit across from Trevor. A CREEPY OLD WOMAN sits further back, knitting something.

A CHURCH BELL RINGING causes Trevor to wake again up, wincing at the sound. As the church passes the BELL becomes louder and louder.

Trevor hears LAUGHTER and looks up at the children. The girl and her brother seem to be play-fighting over a toy they hold between them. Trevor looks at the toy getting stretched this way and that.

TREVOR

Do you kids mind keeping it down?

The creepy old woman speaks up.

OLD WOMAN

Aww let them be. They're only kids.

Trevor notices what the Old Woman is knitting is a baby's bootie. As the children continue to laugh at him Trevor stares at the bootie tears welling up.

INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT

Trevor lives in a dingy place, one step up from poverty-level. Funny thing is this used to be a nicer place. We see remnants of a feminine touch long since past. Dirty dishes sit in the sink. A cockroach skitters across the kitchenette.

Trevor sits at his TV playing an extremely violent videogame. We're talking heads getting blown off, bodies exploding, limbs being severed. As the end ends a DEMONIC VOICE chuckles from the TV.

DEMONIC VOICE FROM TV

YOU LOSE...

The screen flashes TRY AGAIN? Trevor takes a swig of beer and sits back in the easy chair looking at something atop the TV. A picture of Kirsty.

INT. TREVOR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Trevor looks through an old photo album. Pictures of him and Kirsty. Some pictures of him. A lot of pictures of Kirsty. Smiles, smiles, smiles...

He stops at one close up of them mugging at a camera they've pointed on themselves. All we see is their faces, the rest is dark and blurry, except for one thing. A small shadowy object Kirsty is holding.

EXT. CUBIC ROUTE ACTUARIAL RESEARCH - DAY

Dressed in a button down shirt and tie, Trevor walks up to the pale utilitarian box-like structure.

INT. CUBIC ROUTE, BULLPEN - DAY

It is a maze of cubicles iced by harsh fluorescence. It is a mill of data research, where the TAPPING of fingers on computer keypads never ends...

INT. TREVOR'S CUBICLE - DAY

... no thanks to Trevor, who has already resumed his head-in-hands position at his desk. He rubs his eyes, seemingly blinded by the screen staring back at him.

A MAN Trevor's age rolls up on his office chair beside Trevor, banging into the desk. BRET. Trevor's co-worker and cubicle mate.

BRET

Trevor what is the metric probability of you getting any work done at all today?

TREVOR

Hey Bret. Christ, my head feels like a split coconut.

BRET

Dude there is a track on the carpet between here and the bathroom. It was made by your ass. You've been dragging it all fucking week. What happened to you yesterday?

Bret eyes Trevor suspiciously. Then smiling...

BRET (cont'd)

You never came back after lunch. Did you get a piece o'ass, you bastard?

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TREVOR

Give me a break. I checked back into the hospital- amongst other things.

BRET

Hospital? You haven't been to the hospital since uh...

TREVOR

Since what?

BRET

(getting uncomfortable)

Look never mind. Just get some numbers going- any numbers at all will due. The hills have eyes remember?

Bret casually gestures to a surveillance camera overhead that sweeps across the room like a prison spotlight.

BRET (CONT'D)

I'm just looking out for ya.

Bret slides back over to his work station.

Trevor puts his hands on the computer keys and starts to type. A jolt of pain rips through his cranium forcing him to stop. Bret stops typing and breathes an exasperated SIGH.

BRET

Sixty five point three percent of all headaches are due to low sugar levels in the bloodstream Trevor.

A light bulb seems to go off over Trevor's head.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Inside the narrow room blasted in fluorescent light, Trevor eyes a vending machine, examining its wares. He peruses the sundry sugary snacks, looking for just the right fix.

It's so quiet in here we can almost hear his head pounding in pain. He shuts his eyes. A couple of the fluorescent bulbs over his head wink out and the rest flicker weakly.

When Trevor opens his eyes again he notices the room has gotten considerably darker. He looks up at the weakening lights and grunts in disgust.

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The light is just dim enough now so that he can't see what's in the vending machine. He goes right up to the glass and peers into the machine, using his hand as a visor. This strain on his eyes intensifies his headache.

It's still pretty murky inside the glass case. Trevor squints and just when he thinks he can read a wrapper on... what is it? A candy bar?-

A PALE HAND suddenly presses against the glass from inside the machine. Trevor jolts backwards. The hand is gone. But in the reflection of the glass Trevor notices someone has been standing behind him. He whirls around-

-and is face to face with our worst nightmare: PINHEAD.

PINHEAD

It's too late.

Pinhead lashes out at Trevor striking his face with a clawed hand the rips his face clean off. The lights are back up as Trevor slams against the machine and grabs his face. It's still there!

Where Pinhead was standing is THE WOMAN who just slapped him.

WOMAN

SNAP OUT OF IT!

She is attractive and studious. Her sensible business attire can't hide a very curvaceous body. This is Trevor's supervisor GWEN.

GWEN

Jesus what the hell was that? It's like you saw a ghost or something.

Trevor slowly peers into the vending machine. Nope. Nobody here but your average every-day candy bars. Trevor is dumbfounded.

GWEN (CONT'D)

(angrily)

Come on speak up, Gooding, I'm trying to run a business here. I can't have people flipping out in the break room when they should be slaving away at their desks.

TREVOR

Sorry I just kind of... spaced for a second there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GWEN

Well don't let it happen again. Or I may have to spank you.

Gwen grins sinfully at Trevor and pushes his shoulders back against the vending machine. Before he realizes it, she's kissing him real hard. He gently ducks out from under her, freeing himself.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Get back here, junior bean counter. This is your supervisor speaking.

TREVOR

Please, Gwen. You're- you're all over me.

GWEN

How do you think you got this job, cock?  
(cozying up to him)  
Mmm. I'm still tingling all over from our little midnight swim.

Trevor looks constipated. He has no recollection of this. Gwen strokes his face.

GWEN (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Trev?

TREVOR

Nothing, look. Gwen I really like you-

GWEN

And it shows. Least it did last night at the quarry. In a big way.

Trevor gently pushes her off him again.

TREVOR

Please you're going way too fast for me here.

GWEN

YOU'RE giving ME a speeding ticket? Mr. Mario Andretti himself?

TREVOR

Gwen, my wife's dead.

GWEN

Oh I see. That again. Trevor? I realize it must be hard. But Christ how long does it take someone to move on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TREVOR  
That was cold...

GWEN  
No, making another woman compete with  
someone who's been dead eight months.  
That's cold.

This goes through Trevor like a shot. EIGHT MONTHS!

Here we go- Dolly in zoom out! In Close up of Trevor we...

FLASHBACK

QUICK FLASHES of Kirsty's hand pounding on the windshield, the car sinking into the lake, a quick cut of a dark figure with a bright ring, and shots of two naked bodies slamming against each other in climax course through Trevor's mind. Finally, over the images of erotica we hear Gwens voice as one of the characters.

GWEN (cont'd)  
Yeah, Trevor thats it. Thats it.

And back in the real world, Trevor is now locking lips with a very ready Gwen. His hand is up her skirt. He stops abruptly and pulls back.

TREVOR  
I'm sorry Gwen. I don't know what's  
happening to me. (zipping up) I think  
it's the painkillers, really.

Gwen rolls her eyes. She re-adjusts her self and now getting a little pissy. She's heard this one before.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
They mess with my head. Yesterday gets  
blacked out and a memory from months ago  
is played out in vivid technicolor. Like  
the accident just happened you know?

Gwen softens up. Trevor is so earnest, so vulnerable.

GWEN  
Why don't you let me take you out  
tonight? I promise to make it the most  
memorable night of your life.

She kisses him. He braces himself. She grabs his butt, then goes for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GWEN (CONT'D)

Pick you up round seven. And Gooding? Get some fucking work done.

INT. TREVOR'S CUBICLE - DAY

Trevor relentlessly crunches numbers at his computer. He pauses a moment to stretch and rubs his eyes. A PING from his computer announces he has an INTEROFFICE MEMO- FILE ATTACHED. Trevor goes to the mailbox on his screen, clicks.

Up comes a jpeg slideshow. Each picture is of Gwen dressed in a piece of sexy lingerie. The caption underneath reads WORK HARDER. Looking around his cubicle, he then takes another look at the jpeg. Trevor stands up in the cubicle and we see him peer the outer office looking for Gwen. He sits back down. Embarrassed Trevor closes the memo at least for now.

TREVOR'S PHONE RINGS. Startleing him(and us). He picks it up.

TREVOR

(into phone)

You got Trevor.

MAN'S VOICE

(from phone)

Trevor hi this is Detective Lange from homicide. It's about your wife.

Push in on to a bewildered Trevor.

INT. LANGE'S OFFICE, HOMICIDE - DAY

It is a dank crumbling room. A place where sunlight is not welcome. DETECTIVE LANGE, a handsome graying gentleman who's plagued with a chronic case of post nasal drip, sits at his desk.

Trevor sits across from him. Behind Trevor is another empty desk.

As Lange speaks he SNIFFS wetly every so often.

LANGE

(to Trevor)

Thanks for coming down Mr. Gooding. Has your head healed okay by now?

TREVOR

Where's my wife?

LANGE

Okay then. Here's the scoop.

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CONTINUED:

Lange takes out nasal drops and squeezes some in each nostril as he speaks.

LANGE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
We still haven't been able to locate your the body in that river. And missing persons turned up some evidence that qualified the disappearance as foul play.

TREVOR  
What evidence?

LANGE  
For one thing there were no skid marks on that bridge, the tires were all intact, from what we could tell, nothing wrong internally with the vehicle either. Like the car had been driven off the bridge intentionally.

TREVOR  
It should all in the report. I told you guys everything. She was giving birth in the fucking car. She grabbed the wheel and I lost control.

LANGE  
I did read that, yes. (flipping through the report) What hospital were you going to? I mean the Lodovico Street Bridge isn't exactly on the way to Mercy General.

Trevor looks numb, unable to answer. Lange poker faced, keeps looking through the reoport.

LANGE (CON'T) (cont'd)  
Listen we really are at a stalemate here until we find the body itself. Is there any way you did not tell missing persons everything that happened just before that accident?

TREVOR  
Why wouldn't I tell you everything? (impatiently) Look, I've been fully cooperative...  
(quick to add)  
... to my recollection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LANGE

I'm sorry Mr. Gooding, I meant no disrespect. I'm just doing my job here, OK? I mean between your head injury and the fact that you are on very strong pain medication, you might not be remembering a few details about the crash which might help us here.

Lange takes a deep hit of the nasal spray.

LANGE (cont'd)

What you're recalling could be a fabrication you've made up about it. Do you follow?

CLOSE ON TREVOR'S FACE as he wrestles with this notion.

FLASH BACK:

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - DAY

Kirsty's eyes are closed. She is motionless. Trevor tries to look at her while watching the road at the same time.

TREVOR

Kirsty. Jesus, wake up!

This time she doesn't wake up.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The car fishtails. Trevor loses control and the car skids from one side of the bridge to the other- careening toward the guardrail- SMASH!

The car is plummeting toward the river below... The car hits the surface...

INT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Trevor flounders through a disoriented flurry of bubbles. He swims up to the passenger door and tries the handle. It won't give. Unable to breathe Trevor finally swims up...

EXT. SHORE - DAY

He breaks the surface and crawls onto the shore...

He looks out at the car to where she should be trapped inside...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor's eyes are wide with desperation, breath quickening,  
The car is sinking fast...

He looks at the car and calls out, but there is no Kristy  
insight.

The car disappears under the surface...

Trevor hears something from above and looks up. A chunk of  
the bashed-up guardrail is sailing right down toward him-

TREVOR BLACKS OUT JUST AS THE THING HITS HIM

INT. LANGE'S OFFICE - DAY

LANGE

Mr. Gooding? You still in there?

Trevor blinks and looks around him. Lange is sitting just  
where they were when he saw him last. Only now there's a very  
wary look on his face. Whoa.

TREVOR

Uhh. Yes detective, sorry. Just trying to  
recollect, you know?

Lange nods.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Okay. From what I remember now, maybe my  
wife was thrown from the car when it hit  
the water. Maybe she wasn't trapped  
inside.

Lange checks the report again. He believes Trevor...or does  
he?

LANGE'S VOICE

That's a start. I'll tell the people  
trawling the river maybe it makes a  
difference maybe not. Thanks for your  
help Trevor. If we have any more  
questions you'll get a call from myself  
or my partner Detective Givens.

Lange stands up and backs up awkwardly to a file behind his  
desk. Trevor stares at him suspiciously.

TREVOR

You guys know something I don't?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANGE

All things considered we probably know a lot less than you do. Have a good afternoon, Mr. Gooding.

Trevor exits, both men maintain eye contact as the door closes between him.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

The bus pulls up to the curb. Trevor climbs out and starts walking down the empty street. As soon as the bus pulls away, the only sound heard is Trevor's footsteps.

POV BEHIND TREVOR: We see Trevor's back from a slight distance. Someone is following him.

Sensing this, Trevor looks behind him. Nothing but an empty sidewalk. Trevor hurries his pace, almost there at his apartment building. He glances behind him again. Nope, nobody there... then suddenly-

-A DARK FIGURE passes under a streetlight on the opposite side of the street. Trevor turns a corner not picking up the pace a little. The DARK FIGURE follows, it picks up its pace as well.

Trevor walks and approaches a small alley way. Should he take this home?

A enraged Pitbull nearly rips his nose off as it barks and lunges to the end of a heavy chain leash. Trevor (and us) about piss our pants. The dog continues barking, Trevor regains his composure. Suddenly the dog's attention moves toward the direction of the DARK FIGURE. Amazingly, it stops barking and actually cowers back into the shadows.

Spooked, Trevor rushes up to:

EXT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT

He hurries up to his apartment building and lets himself in.

INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT

He looks out on the street.

The figure is walking up the building opposite his. Its features are shrouded in shadow, but it is definitely staring at Trevor, who slams the apartment door behind him. He peers out at the street from inside the front hall.

The figure is gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevors looks around the apartment. He opens the fridge, it lights up the darkened room. He grabs one of the three items sitting on the wire racks. About to twist off the cap off a cold beer, when a light out his window urges him to investigate. He draws the curtain open and GASPS.

POV OUT WINDOW: Staring back at him, from a dimly lit window in the apartment building across the street, is the SHADOWY MAN that followed Trevor home.

The man's face is shrouded in shadows but Trevor can see he's holding something bundled up in a blanket. The light in the window winks out, rendering it dark again.

Trevor can almost still see the figure somewhere in the darkness still gazing at him.

Trevor looks a little sick all of a sudden, like he can't breathe.

THE BELL FROM A DISTANT CATHEDRAL begins to peel. BONG... BONG... BONG...

Trevor opens his mouth to draw in a breath but instead spits out a massive amount of water!

BONG... BONG... BONG...

Trevor falls to the ground, arms and legs thrashing, heaving up mouthfuls of water. Trevor is drowning...

BONG... BONG... BONG...

In the puddles of water, we see bits of debris: leaves, pebbles, etc. Finally, a hideous eel-like creature's head pokes out of Trevor's gaping mouth- it escapes and slithers across the floor, up the window sill and out into the night.

-the ringing bell stops abruptly and he takes in a humongous lungful of sweet oxygen. He then notices he is completely dry. Stunned, he looks about him.

Trevor is now laying on the easychair, nursing a beer. His videogame is flashing PLAY AGAIN? Whoa.

The BING-BONG! of his doorbell startles him.

Trevor gets the door to find a striking young GOTHIC WOMAN on the other side. Black hair, lipstick, fingernails. She smiles (too brightly for someone with such somber appointments) then summarily lifts her shirt to just below her breasts for Trevor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GOTHIC WOMAN

Here it is, what do you think?

Trevor looks down at her stomach, the lower half of which contains tattoos which just break the surface of her jeans. At its center is a navel pierced with a studded black pearl, which Gothic Woman then plays with. Trevor looks a little confused.

GOTHIC WOMAN (CONT'D)

I saw it on the counter, looked at the name and the rest is history. It's like, named after me. Well...?

TREVOR

(getting uncomfortable)

Oh. Uh... it's beautiful. I'm sorry, I've just been having a weird day...

TAWNY

I totally understand. Listen I don't know if you're into incense but, I bought some, it's called Witching Hour. To inhale it is to love it. I mean the stuff'll clear your head big time. Come on over, I'll burn some for you. If you can't sleep tonight...

She jabs a thumb down the hall behind her.

TAWNY (CONT'D)

... knock on my door, I'm a total insomniac.

TREVOR

No, thanks I've got a... a date tonight-

His eyes roaming her, he finally finds a tattoo on her shoulder reading:

TREVOR (CONT'D)

-Tawny.

TAWNY

(eyebrows raised)

Whew. You bounce right back don't you?

TREVOR

What do you mean?

TAWNY

Didn't your like... whole life get totalled last week?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TREVOR

Last week...

TAWNY

The car accident? Any of this ringing a bell?

Trevor eyes her nervously then:

TREVOR

It's not that kind of date.

TAWNY

Hey even if it is more power to ya.  
(awkwardly)  
Alrighty then. Have a good time.

Tawny ambles off to her apartment. Trevor closes the door and leans against it. He slides down the door and covers his face with his hands. Another headache coming on.

INT. TREVOR'S APT. - SEVEN THIRTY

Trevor paces in his living room. Looks at watch. Then the door. Still no sign of Gwen.

INT. TREVOR'S APT. - DAY

Trevor rummages through a closet. Reaching up to a shelf above him, he tugs at a big cardboard box and pulls. The entire box comes crashing down and out spill about fifty VHS tapes, all hand-labeled: KIRSTY & TREVOR, then the date.

He puts one in the VCR, hits play...

It's his wedding video. Trevor watches the festivity of the wedding ON THE SCREEN, he smiles for the first time.

The wedding portion of the tape ends and a not-so-clean edit takes us into the honeymoon.

CLOSE ON THE TV SCREEN:

INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT

Trevor holds the camera on Kristy who is under the covers in a generic hotel room. She looks into camera as Trevor adjusts focus and squares up the frame.

KIRSTY

Well Trevor. It's been one year. Three hundred sixty five days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR (OFF CAMERA)

Eight thousand seven hundred sixty hours.  
Five hundred twenty five thousand...

Kirsty watches Trevor roam the room. She very comfortable on camera.

KIRSTY

How does feel to be Mr. Kirsty Hughes for a whole year.

TREVOR (OFF CAMERA)

In a word? Lucrative.

KIRSTY

The best business decision if you ever made I'll bet.

TREVOR (OFF CAMERA)

Enjoyable too. The merger never even felt work for one second.

KIRSTY

You know what the family lawyer told me one our wedding day?

TREVOR (OFF CAMERA)

What?

KIRSTY

Never to put you in my will.

TREVOR (OFF CAMERA)

Really? Why?

KIRSTY

Because you'd be staying with me for me and not because you'd get rich if I died for some reason.

TREVOR

But you had more wisdom than to listen to a false prophet

KIRSTY

There is no wisdom, no insight, no plan  
(prvb 21:30)

They share a moment. Kristy stares at him quietly through the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KIRSTY (CONT'D)

And besides, I thought, to hell with it... it's okay if you only married me for my money.

TREVOR (OFF CAMERA)

Really, why's that?

KIRSTY

I only married you for your body.

They laugh. The camera now looks away from Kristy and into Trevors suitcase. Trevors pulls out a wrapped present. A small tightly wrapped, perfectly square gift.

KIRSTY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

The camera now back on Kristy. And the present comes up into frame.

TREVOR (OFF CAMERA)

Happy Anniversary, Mrs. Gooding.

KIRSTY

For me? Trevor! How romantic! Come here, you.

The camera begins to wobble as Trevor climbs onto the bed. Its lands sideways, and we see sheets and covers rustling, accompanied by the sound of giggling and kissing.

The tape ends. SNOW.

INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT

FROM THE COUCH Trevor watches this...Any of this ringing a bell?

BING BONG!

Trevor gets up and pops the tape out.

BING BONG!

He slowly walks toward the door. He opens it to find a pitch dark hallway.

TREVOR

Hello? Who's out there?

GWEN suddenly comes out of the darkness clamping her mouth onto his and examining his tonsils with her tongue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GWEN  
Sorry I'm late dear.

Trevor looks like he'd be more turned on sitting bare-assed on an autopsy table.

TREVOR  
Gwen you scared the living shit out of me.

She pushes him toward the chair and sits him in it.

GWEN  
You are turning into an old fuddy duddy.  
Shoe.

Gwen puts one foot on his chest.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Come on don't make me beat you.

Trevor pulls the shoe off.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Other shoe.

Trevor does the same for the other leg.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Good boy.  
(looking around)  
Where's is it?

TREVOR  
What?

GWEN  
Our little toy. You usually have it up and running by now.

TREVOR  
Do I really want to know what you're talking about?

SMASH CUT TO:

A VIDEOCAMERA ON A TRIPOD TAPING GWEN KISSING TREVOR ON THE EASY CHAIR.

The cable from the camera runs all the way to the TV where WE SEE what's happening as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's intense. Gwen is on top. Gwen aggressively pulls Trevor's shirt off then goes for his belt. Trevor suddenly grabs her hands.

GWEN  
You're kidding me.

TREVOR  
I'm sorry Gwen. I just can't.

Gwen climbs off the chair and throws her jacket back on.

GWEN  
You have definitely got a screw loose,  
Trevor. Goodbye.

Stuffing her feet in her shoes, Gwen's out the door.

Trevor SIGHS, relieved the attack is finally over.

About to turn the TV off and stow away his camera. He looks at the TV and freezes.

THE IMAGE ON THE TV shows that Gwen is still there, undressing Trevor. Only video Trevor is giving in, kissing her back, pulling her clothes off.

Trevor looks at the camera. The red "record" light is flashing. Trevor turns back to the TV walking closer and closer to the screen.

TREVOR  
What the hell?

He waves a hand in front of the camera and his hand actually appears on the TV in front of the sex image.

TREVOR WATCHES

Trevor and Gwen make love in video. Video Trevor turns to the camera (to Trevor) and gives a menacing smile.

Video Trevor looks back up at Gwen, who smiles down at him carnivorously. She licks her lips.

VIDEO GWEN  
There's one thing I should have told you  
right from the beginning Trevor.

Video Trevor doesn't see a knife she manages to slip out of her purse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VIDEO GWEN (CONT'D)

I like it pretty rough.

To Trevor's shock Gwen suddenly drags the knife right across his throat. Blood shoots up at Gwen's grinning face. Blood pours out of Trevor's mouth and down his chest.

FROM THE COLOR SCREEN Trevor, having just seen himself get murdered, shouts:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

TREVOR

No!

Allison stands above him Bic razor in her gloved hand. The bottom half of Trevor's face is covered with shaving cream.

ALLISON

Sorry I thought you were going to stay under longer.

His face is clean shaven, a little shaving cream remains around his chin. He now has several electrodes attached to his cranium. They're connected to an EEG which BEEPS LOUDLY. The noise bothers Trevor. His eyes dart this way and that. He focuses on the Bic razor.

TREVOR

What's happening to me? What are you doing?

ALLISON

You came in for your EEG. You fell asleep and well, I took the liberty of...I'm sorry. You looked like a wreck Trevor.

Trevor seems to like the attention.

TREVOR

I just had the most vivid dream. I was sure I was dying.

ALLISON

Well you can relax now you are quite alive. And as long as you're awake, chin up.

Trevor puts his chin up and Allison continues shaving his neck. Trevor studies her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Well? What do you say Trevor? Que pasa?

TREVOR

(groggily)

Let me see. Oh yeah. My head feels like it's going through a meat grinder. I'm not sure if I'm dreaming or...

ALLISON

(interrupting) That 'poor me' attitude doesn't suit you Trevor. Listen, I don't mean to sound like Pollyanna but things could be worse. There's one good thing about coming so near to the end of ones life. Everything is new and exciting, like your seeing it for the first time. You might see things a little differently from now on.

TREVOR

Your insight is enlightening.

ALLISON

No wisdom, no insight, no plan.

Allison gives him a wink, disarming Trevor.

TREVOR

My wife said that exact same sentence to me the day we got married. She even winked too.

Allison smiles and puts her hand on his.

ALLISON

Do you use this wife thing to hit on all the interns?

TREVOR

(smiling)

No... just you.

Allison wipes his face clean with a towel.

ALLISON

There. Just like a baby's butt.

Allison gets up, grabs a clipboard starts filling out a report. Trevor stares at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR

Allison? Why can't remember what happened to my wife? Is it something I'm on that's... that's making me forget?

ALLISON

Easy there Trevor. You need to relax.

TREVOR

No I need to remember. Look whatever it is take me off it. I can handle pain. I can't handle not knowing...

ALLISON

You need to get better first Trevor. Way better.

(scribbling in the chart)

It's okay to miss somebody. It's okay to still love someone after they're gone. But you've got to quit blaming yourself okay...? Okay?

Allison looks up and notices Trevor's body has slackened, his eyes empty. She drops the clipboard and starts snapping her fingers over his eyes.

ALLISON

Trevor?

He is unconscious. A LOUD STEADY BUZZ sounds from one of the machines behind her as blood begins to leak out of Trevor's ear. Allison jumps up and hits call button above Trevor's bed.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

CODE BLUE!

She yanks Trevor's johnnie down, wheels a defribulator over to his dying body and grabs the paddles.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

It's okay Trevor I'm coming for you.

Allison rubs the paddles together, presses the paddles against Trevor's chest and-

INT. TREVOR'S APT. - DAY

-Trevor sits bolt upright in his bed. His alarm clock is making that same BUZZING noise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor is completely disoriented. He sees a note laying next to him on the bed. It says "You're an animal baby... you-know-who..." He finally looks at the clock. Seven forty five.

TREVOR

Shit, I'm gonna be late!

INT. TREVOR'S CUBICLE - DAY

Trevor is on his computer typing madly. ON THE SCREEN WE SEE he has accessed the local newspaper. He calls up an article reading: ACCIDENT LEAVES ONE HOSPITALIZED ANOTHER MISSING.

He looks at a newspaper picture of the bridge, which is humming with rescue activity.

Trevor's head is pounding. He goes into his desk drawer and pulls out a bottle of aspirin.

Trevor empties the last of the bottle's six tablets into his hand, downs them, chases them with what's left of an economy sized bottle of Mylanta. Trevor can't seem to even look at his computer screen. He hears a DING-DING and looks up.

He has an instant office message waiting. Trevor clicks OK. The instant message reads: "IT'S TOO LATE." Trevor rapidly types up. "WHO IS THIS." The same message is repeated. "IT'S TOO LATE. IT'S TOO LATE. IT'S TOO LATE."

Trevor stands up and looks around mazelike structure of cubicles as far as he can see. All of his co-workers are slaving away on their keypads. Trevor sits back down and cancels the instant message. He ruminates for a moment.

From behind Bret's fingers TAPPING on the keyboard seem to get louder, more frustrated. They finally stop and Bret stretches momentarily.

BRET

Must be nice.

TREVOR

What?

BRET

Getting paid for doing shit.

Bret goes back to work again, fingers HAMMERING away.

TREVOR

Come on, Bret.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRET

Seriously man, you oughta work for the government. You've got the sense of urgency for it.

Trevor himself begins to type, slowly, reluctantly.

TREVOR

Look, I'm doing my best considering okay?

BRET

Hey if the boss doesn't notice who cares right? Just slack all the live long day if you want.

TREVOR

The boss won't notice me doing a bad job because I'm not. Even if the boss thought I was slacking I'd know right away.

BRET

Yeah, how's that?

TREVOR

(smug)

I have my connections

BRET

Really? Do tell.

TREVOR

(smiling)

Gwen.

Bret freezes. He then looks at Trevor, eyes bulging.

BRET

GWEN?

TREVOR

I crap you not. She was all over me yesterday in the break room. And she was a total machine last night too.

BRET

You were supposed to have a date with Gwen last night? GWEN DEARDON? The supervisor?

TREVOR

Serious as a heart attack my friend. I think she literally fucked me brains out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRET

(super sarcastic)

Wow that's quite a feat Trevor  
congratulations. Must be really tough to  
get your brains fucked out by a CORPSE.

Trevor stops and looks at Bret.

TREVOR

What are you talking about?

BRET

Me? This is your sick joke man. Gwen was  
murdered here six months ago. The  
security guard found her all over her  
office. Her head was in the waste paper  
basket. Her stomach was in the filing  
cabinet. Her ass was on the copy  
machine...

Trevor is speechless.

BRET (CONT'D)

They never found the sicko who did it...  
remember?

Trevor still can't speak. He goes into his computer mailbox  
and re-opens the file he'd received from "You Know Who."

He stifles a scream when he sees the jpegs have changed. Sure  
they're still of Gwen. Pieces of her swimming in puddles of  
her own blood. Where it once said "Work harder" it now says  
"Police File."

TREVOR

(to himself)

Jesus Christ...

Trevor looks behind him to make sure Bret hasn't seen any of  
this. He's facing his own computer typing away.

BRET

Man are you ever out of the loop. Either  
that or you've got the worst sense of  
humor this side of Jeffrey Dahmer. What  
is your problem anyway?

Trevor quickly deletes the entire file. Finally...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TREVOR

Honestly Bret? I think I lost my mind.  
And now I'm finding pieces of it, like  
pieces of a wrecked car, scattered on  
the side of the road.

A beat.

BRET

Bud you need to decompress. I told you  
you came back to work too soon after the  
accident.

Trevor says nothing.

BRET (CONT'D)

Hey you know what Trev? I'm going to hook  
you up man. Here...

Bret wheels across the cubicle on his chair and hands  
something to Trevor. It's an oddly designed postcard bearing  
some sort of voodoo mask. The font is faux-Oriental, the kind  
they use for Chinese take-out menus. He looks closer. It's an  
appointment card for an acupuncturist. Sage.

BRET (CONT'D)

This woman will take one look at you and  
know exactly what you need.

INT. SAGE'S OFFICE - DAY

A chart of all the puncture points on the human body is  
tacked to the wall.

Trevor lies on the table. SAGE, a gorgeous ethereal Indian  
woman is at the far end, hovering over the soles of his feet,  
sticking pins into the appropriate places. She looks up at  
him slyly.

SAGE

These headaches you've been getting. Do  
they happen in conjunction with the  
hallucinations?

Sage walks over to one of the cabinets, gathering more  
acupuncture needles. Trevor can't help but notice her shapely  
body, her feline gait. Sage throws a sultry glance over her  
shoulder at him, prompting him to finally answer her  
question.

TREVOR

(unsure of himself)  
Yes, sort of.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR (cont'd)

My head's been in constant pain since the... accident. And the pain increases whenever I, uh... slip into another, I don't know what to call them...

Sage comes back to him, several needles in one hand. She looks into his eyes.

SAGE

Dreams?

TREVOR

I was going to say dimensions. But I guess technically they are dreams.

SAGE

You should always listen to your subconscious. It's trying to tell you something about your waking life.

Sage begins applying the needles fluidly to his upper body now.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

But I never feel like I'm sleeping. It's sort of, waking narcolepsy. I'll be somewhere and then-

(snapping his fingers)

-it's like I was never wherever I was to begin with I was really somewhere else entirely.

Sage puts the last needle in. For the first time Trevor actually feels a relief of pressure in his head.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Ok, whatever that was...do it again. That just set me free of the worlds longest head ache. Is this making any sense?

SAGE (CONT'D)

None whatsoever. Now just relax. Let the needles do the driving.

A PHONE OUTSIDE THE OFFICE RINGS. Sage looks up at the door.

SAGE (CONT'D)

(patting his cheek)

Don't go anywhere. I'll be right back.

Trevor watches Sage EXIT the office. He lies there a moment, bathing in warm sunshine. He is relaxed, pain free.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Behind him, an acupuncture anatomy chart on the wall. Which begins to change its shape. It morphs (or economically changes) into PINHEAD.

Trevor is oblivious as PINHEAD approaches, doll eyes betraying no feeling whatsoever. Then, Pinhead reaches up to his head and begins pulling out one of those infamous pins. It takes a while to come out.

Because it is a foot long. Once out, the needle drips with black ooze.

Trevor hears a noise and believes its Sage who's reentered the room.

TREVOR

I'm thinking this might just be what I needed.

Pinhead speaks but in Sages voice. As he pushes on of the pins into the tip Trevors skin in his back .

PINHEAD

No matter what happens just remember...

Before Trevor can react, Pinhead suddenly jabs the pin down into Trevor's back, pinning him to the table! It sears his skin. In Pinheads recognizable voice...

PINHEAD (CONT'D)

We're all here for you Trevor.

As Trevor reels in terror, Pinhead pulls another foot long needle from his head and thrusts this one into his neck! WE SEE the needle come right out the other side, nailing itself into the table. Trevor can't believe he's still alive!

Pinhead pulls one more out, aims this one at Trevor's arm, and swings down.

quick cuts:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Allison pokes Trevor's arm with a hypodermic. She places a reassuring hand on his chest. Machines behind her are PINGING and BUZZING like crazy. Allison looks a little worried.

ALLISON

Shh. It's okay. Go back to sleep.

Allison blurs out of focus...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... then briefly comes back into focus...

... only now it's A MAN INSIDE A DARKENED ROOM.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - DAY

TREVOR'S POV: Buried in the murky shadow, all that can be seen are his hands, lit by a shaft of sunlight beaming through a blinded window. A ring on the man's left pinky finger glimmers eerily, almost too much. We saw this man in an earlier FLASHBACK

He's holding something. The cube. He speaks in an ECHOED and DISTORTED VOICE.

DARKENED MAN

I know. Divorce isn't good enough.  
Abandonment isn't good enough. There's  
only one way to do it and do it cleanly,  
without leaving a trace of evidence.

The darkened man pushes the cube across the desk towards us.

DARKENED MAN (CONT'D)

Open this and your problem will disappear  
forever. And no one will ever suspect  
you. A word of caution though. A certain  
side effect of the box. Pleasure.  
Pleasures that would redefine the  
parameters of sensation.

Trevors picks up the cube.

DARKENED MAN (CONT'D)

Once the cube is opened there is no  
turning back. Ever.

A LOUD BUZZING NOISE BEGINS drowning out the darkened man's words as we:

dissolve to:

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Trevor quietly wakes up to the sound of his alarm BUZZING again. He stares at the ceiling.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Trevor pushes through the front doors and a RECEPTIONIST greets him with a big smile and a business card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST

Afternoon doll-face. Hey, a police  
detective was just here to see you.  
(looking at the card)  
Some guy named Givens.

She hands the card to him batting her eyelashes. Trevor looks  
at the card as she checks out his package. Trevor reads the  
word HOMICIDE.

TREVOR

Uh thanks this looks a little important.  
Could you let the folks upstairs know  
I'll be late?

RECEPTIONIST

For you bubbalicious?  
(winking)  
I'd lay across a bed of nails.

Trevor walks back OUT and the receptionist watches him go.  
Another female employee walks by staring at Trevor. She looks  
at the receptionist and they both nod in agreement.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

You know it girl. That ass is a three-  
hammer baby. Mmm-mmm-mmm.

INT. LANGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Same office only Trevor is sitting at the other desk across  
from a hawklike MAN who is playing with a yoyo. This is  
GIVENS. If good cop bad cop is the scheme here, he's the  
latter.

TREVOR

I'm sorry. I still... I don't understand  
how this is a homicide case. I mean  
nobody was murdered here... Her body's  
been missing for I don't know how long  
now and...

GIVENS

What did you just say?

TREVOR

I said she's been missing for-

GIVENS

No. No you said HER BODY's been missing.

TREVOR

What's the difference?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIVENS

Last time anybody saw this woman she was alive. You seem to certain she's dead.

TREVOR

(tearing up)

I saw her drowning inside the car, detective.

GIVENS

I read up on you, man. You're a smart guy aren't you? I mean with numbers. Right?

TREVOR

You could say that.

GIVENS

Zero's a number right?

TREVOR

As in one minus one equals zero yes. Where are you going with this?

GIVENS

How many zeros was your wife worth?

Brow furrowing, Trevor stands up.

TREVOR

I need to talk to my attorney. Now.

Givens pushes his phone toward Trevor, who takes it and dials furiously. Givens remains poker-faced. Trevor dials a number.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes I need LARRY ELLIS' office please.

He says the lawyer's name like it's supposed to intimidate Givens. He couldn't care less.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Yeah this is Trevor Gooding I need to speak with Larry... Trevor...? Kirsty Gooding's husband...?

(another beat)

I see do you know when he'll be out that meeting? Fine I'll uh... call back then... Okay you give him the message and he'll call me that's great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

With that Trevor hangs up the phone and EXITS the office.  
Givens BUSTS OUT LAUGHING.

INT. TREVOR'S CUBICLE - DAY

Trevor types bitterly on the computer crunching numbers like a madman.

BRET

I don't know what pissed you off but it's nice to see you getting the job done for a change.

INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT

Trevor plays his videogame with venom. The cries of his kills emanate from the TV, building to a crescendo. Finally we hear a WOMAN'S VOICE come from the TV.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I'M SAVED! MY HERO!

Trevor flicks the REPLAY button.

INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT

Trevor stares at the self-taken picture of him and his wife mugging at the camera. What is it that Kirsty is holding?

INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT

The TV is on. Trevor flips through the channels. He stops on the Nature Channel. A goat is casually munching on some nuts and berries.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

(from TV)

-at the dawning of the agrarian age goat's milk would be considered a suitable substitute for a mother's breast milk. And the sacrifice of a goat would appease an angry god and ensure a bountiful harvest. But in time the ritual would become associated with less hallowed purposes.

HEADLINE: CHURCH DESECRATED WITH BLOOD OF GOAT, LAMB

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Goat's blood is said to hold supernatural properties linked to black magic.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

In conjunction with the pentangle- the five pointed star- the spilling of goat's blood is considered to be either an aphrodisiac that can be used in demonic orgies, or a means by which a high priest may summon Satan himself.

AN ILLUSTRATION of a goat with many eyes appears on the screen.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(from TV)

The Book of Revelations speaks of the anti-Christ as the beast with many eyes. For centuries illustrators have chosen a goat to represent this beast.

His eyes hurting too much to watch any more, Trevor turns the TV off. Out of sheer instinct he suddenly turns to look-

-OUT HIS WINDOW:

The apartment across the street is lit. A STRANGE FIGURE is standing in the window.

Trevor jumps up and rushes over to his window. He looks OUT at that same shadowy man he saw earlier. The man's face is still obscured and is still holding something in a blanket. Squinting Trevor is able to make out what it is:

A SLEEPING BABY. The stranger pulls the baby's blanket over the baby's angelic face. Then the light in that apartment goes out abruptly.

Trevor stares at the darkened window breathing heavily. Is the stranger still in there, watching Trevor in the dark? Trevor cannot tell.

A SUDDEN KNOCKING AT THE DOOR makes him flinch.

Trevor goes to the door, opens it to find:

TAWNY. Only now she's dressed in a skintight black rubber dress. She smiles accentuating a fresh coat of black lipstick.

TAWNY

Hey. Can I borrow something?

TREVOR

Uh... sure, Tawny... what?

TAWNY

You.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tawny grabs the back of his neck, pulling him to her as she kisses him deeply. She grabs his collar and pulls him out to the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She turns around, leading Trevor through the hall like a horse. A very confused horse.

TREVOR

Tawny? What's- what are you doing?

TAWNY

YOU!

Trevor eyes her gorgeous body and decides not to resist quite so much.

INT. TAWNY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Trevor leans against the counter, sipping at a glass of wine nervously. Right next to him, Tawny's at the stove, stirring a pot of something dark and bubbly. She looks up at him, smiling seductively. But Trevor's still a few lengths behind.

TAWNY

You okay?

TREVOR

I'm, uh, not sure... Feeling kind of weird actually.

TAWNY

Really?

Tawny grabs Trevor's balls and he jumps away as if jolted by a cattle-prod.

TAWNY (CONT'D)

I'm kinda feeling nuts myself!

TREVOR

I've never said this to a woman before but can't we talk a little bit before grabbing at each other?

TAWNY

(grinning)

God. Sometimes you can be such an animal. Other times you are the ultimate tease...

She holds up a spoonful of what she's been stirring. It looks like stew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAWNY (CONT'D)

Taste this.

Keeping a hand below his waist Trevor leans toward the spoon, tastes, licks his lips. Then squints.

TREVOR

Wow. That's good. Lots of capers, huh?

TAWNY

For starters. It's also got fennel, asparagus, olives, some more of mother nature's aphrodisiacs... Back in college, me and my roommates used to call it hard-on stew.

TREVOR

Not a very appetizing name.

TAWNY

Have some more.

Trevor takes another sip of it.

TAWNY (CONT'D)

If you ever smelled this coming from our dorm room, you knew one of us was in there getting laid.

TREVOR

You must have been very proud of yourselves...

TAWNY

It's getting hot in here.

Tawny summarily unzips her rubber dress and whips it off.

Trevor is speechless.

Tawny's body is covered with bites and bruises.

TREVOR

Jesus... who did that to you?

Tawny BUSTS OUT LAUGHING.

TAWNY

You're kidding right?

Trevor shakes his head no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAWNY (CONT'D)

You did! God, you are funny tonight.

Tawny approaches Trevor who tenses up.

TAWNY (CONT'D)

Almost like I'm with somebody else.

Trevor starts looking very ill.

TREVOR

Tawny I think I'm going to be sick.

TAWNY

Well now there's a compliment.

Trevor grabs his stomach, lurching over. He can't breath. Trevor looks up at Tawny. But it is no longer her. Tawny has changed into something else entirely.

A CENOBITE.

The Cenobite rips Trevor's shirt open, and we can see movement within his abdomen. Like a baby kicking. Whatever's in their shoots up expanding Trevor's chest cavity.

The Cenobite pins Trevor to the wall and hovers in his face as if about to kiss him.

Before Trevor can scream he is choking. The Cenobite watches with glee as something begins to move up into Trevor's throat, expanding his neck, forcing his jaws open and finally...

... a BLACK EEL pokes its head out of Trevor's mouth. The Cenobite opens its own mouth and the eel starts to crawl inside it. Meanwhile Trevor's about to pass out from asphyxiation when-

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

-he takes a deep grateful breath through an oxygen mask. The various pieces of monitoring equipment around him are BEEPING and PINGING like slot machines.

Allison walks around the room pressing buttons that silent each machine one by one, then walks up to the bed, looking surprisingly calm.

ALLISON

Sorry about that. There was a blockage in your oxygen hose. Won't happen again, promise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor looks relieved. Shell-shocked but relieved.

TREVOR  
I'm certainly keeping you busy huh?

ALLISON  
(smiling)  
Too bad I hate my job...

She strokes his forehead.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
Feeling better now?

Trevor shakes his head.

TREVOR  
These hallucinations I'm having. I think they're more like memories coming back to me in a strange way.

ALLISON  
Well that's not necessarily a bad thing is it?

TREVOR  
If they're blocked memories... I'm starting to realize the reason why I blocked them out. Allison I think I really... screwed everything up.

ALLISON  
Shh. Don't blame yourself Trevor. Please.

TREVOR  
I miss her. I miss my wife.

Trevor takes her hand. Allison looks briefly around her then... climbs onto the bed with him.

ALLISON  
If you need to cry, go ahead. I won't tell.

Holding her hand to his face, Trevor closes his eyes, squeezing out a tear.

CLOSE ON TREVOR'S FACE. WE start to NOTICE subtle differences about Allison's hand. It is very pale, the fingernails black.

Trevor opens his eyes.

INT. TAWNY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

He is now lying on Tawny's bed, which is surrounded by unlit candles. Sunlight streams through her open window. It is her hand he is holding to his face. The rest of her is sitting under the sheet, covered head propped against the headboard.

Trevor drops her hand and it falls lifelessly to the bed beside him. Breathing quickening he reaches up to the black silk sheet covering her head. He yanks it back and covers his mouth in horror.

She's been bound to the bed and gagged with a white cloth that is soaked with blood. A deep vertical incision has been made in her neck, collarbone to chin and her tongue is pulled through the wound so it sticks out the bottom of her jaw. And that's just for starters.

When Trevor looks down he gags when he sees her ribcage has been opened like a set of French doors and her insides sitting in her lap.

The coup de grace? Trevor now sees he is covered with blood. HERS.

INT. TREVOR'S APT., BATHROOM - DAY

Trevor splashes his face with cold water, trying to get his composure back. He stares at the water rushing down the drain for a moment. His breathing stabilizes He finally looks up at his reflection in the mirror...

... to see PINHEAD staring back at him.

Trevor jolts backward in shock and does a double take. It's him now, looking completely unhinged.

Outside the PHONE RINGS. The answering machine picks up with a BEEP.

LANGE'S VOICE

(from answering machine)

This is Lange. We need to talk as soon as possible. It's about your little... dilemma. Give me a call.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Cleaned up now Trevor carefully makes his way back to Tawny's apartment. He tries the door. It's locked. This can't be right. He jiggles the door knob violently, then finally KICKS the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly-

-TAWNY answers the door, looking utterly pissed off. Though still in Goth mode, she's dressed much more conservatively now.

TAWNY  
Can I help you?

TREVOR  
Tawny... I- you're-

Trevor goes to embrace her. She shrinks back, startled.

TAWNY  
Whoa, I have serious space issues, dude.  
What do you want?

TREVOR  
I... think we need to talk, there's  
something really strange going on...

TAWNY  
(a look of recognition)  
Hey you're the guy from down the hall.

TREVOR  
Come on, quit fucking around. Listen it's  
about... what we did together last night.

TAWNY  
(utterly shocked)  
WHAT?!

A VERY DEEP VOICE comes from somewhere behind her.

VOICE  
Who the fuck is that?

TAWNY  
It's that guy from down the hall. He  
thinks we did something with him last  
night.

TREVOR  
Who's- who's in there with you...?

Tawny looks aghast.

TAWNY  
Are you cracking up or something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Suddenly an enormous BRUTE of a MAN, wide as he is tall ENTERS the doorway. He's wearing a black tee, black jeans and, Trevor can't help notice, black nail polish... on fingers and toes. Obviously Tawny's significant other.

BRUTE

What can we do for you, chief?

TREVOR

I... who are you?

Brute takes a sideward step through the doorway, forcing Trevor back two steps.

BRUTE

You know Tawny, you better know me, pal.

TREVOR

Okay. I don't want any trouble. I was mistaken... I'll see you later.

BRUTE

Much.

Trevor turns and hurries off. Brute turns to Tawny who shrugs and makes a twirly motion at her temple. The two go back into her apartment.

INT. TREVOR'S APT. - DAY

Trevor paces in his apartment telephone to his ear. He lets out a heavy breath and looks at his watch. Finally:

OPERATOR (V.O.)

City police main switchboard how may I direct your call?

TREVOR

You already asked me that ten minutes ago just before you put me on hold. I'm looking for defective- I mean Detective Lange.

OPERATOR

Oh he and his partner just stepped out to lunch, can I-?

Trevor hangs up.

INT. BUS - DAY

Trevor sits at the front of the bus agitated. He folds and unfolds Detective Lange's business card in his hands like some frustrated Origami artist.

The SIREN from a passing ambulance drills his ears. The irritating sound eventually fades away but the pain in his head is still there.

The BONGING of a distant cathedral's bell makes him pause. He looks around.

Toward the rear and sees a familiar old lady knitting a baby's bootie. He looks again. The bootie is bright red and dripping... blood? Trevor follows the strand of bright red wool down to their source:

A DYING GOAT laying under the seat. It's insides have been ripped out. Its veins and tendons are serving as the old lady's yarn.

Trevor's eyes bolt back up to the old woman. She continues HUMMING sweetly, her lap speckled with goat's blood. Trevor pulls the wire and an OBNOXIOUS BUZZING goes off. Trevor hurries up to the bus driver as the bus pulls over.

TREVOR

Just open the doors I'll jump off.

BUS DRIVER

Not while the bus is moving, sir.

Trevor clutches his head in pain and waits for the bus to stop. The doors open. He jumps off, knees nearly buckling from the pain. He looks up as the bus speeds off.

IN THE REAR WINDOW the little black girl seen earlier pops up. She's holding her little doll. She pushes a clothespin into its head. Blood drips from the puncture. At the same time Trevor feels an incredible pain sear through his head. He squints at the bus again. The little girl is gone.

INT. LANGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Lange is at his desk eating a sandwich. Trevor comes in angrier than a hornet in a beehive.

TREVOR

Where's my wife Detective Lange? What the hell did you do with her?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANGE

Mr. Gooding I assure you we are doing everything within our-

TREVOR

Why did you leave me that message?

LANGE

I don't know what you're talking about.

Trevor SLAMS his hand down on Lange's desk and gets right in his face.

TREVOR

LIAR!

Trevor immediately turns around and walks OUT.

INT. LARRY ELLIS' OFFICE - DAY

LARRY ELLIS is a somber but handsome young attorney. At present he is at his desk poring through several books on child custody law. He makes notes on a pad beside him as he talks.

LARRY

(not looking up)

Basically they know where your wife's body is and they're not telling you as a tactic to get you to confess? Yet neither of them has come out and told you that you're a suspect. Is that what you're trying to say?

Trevor sits on the other side of the humongous office in a chair so big it practically swallows him whole.

TREVOR

Look Larry I know you never thought too much of me. And I know this all sounds a little fucked up.

LARRY

A little? Try unbelievably.

TREVOR

I swear these guys are like playing mindgames with me. I think they got a hold of my e-mail address at work too.

Larry is not buying this for a nanosecond. He trims some brown leaves off a small plant as he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Trevor barring the more outrageous aspects of your claim you are not the only widower the police have questioned when foul play is suspected.

TREVOR

Hey ninety five point three percent of all murders are committed by either a spouse, a direct relative or a close friend that's common knowledge. But this wasn't murder it was an accident-

LARRY

(concentrating on his notes)  
And as far as hiding a body goes? I find it hard to believe even the dirtiest of cops would keep a victim's remains hidden simply to get someone to confess. It's absolutely preposterous. Now I'm not saying I don't believe you, I'm....ambiguous. There's quite alot of money behind all this.

TREVOR

How much do I stand to inherit if Kirsty is presumed dead?

Larry sighs and walks over to his desk. He presses a button on his intercom.

LARRY

Rosie can you bring in the Gooding papers?

ASSISTANT'S VOICE

(from intercom)  
Right away Mr. Ellis.

TREVOR

Uh. Ballpark would be fine Larry.

LARRY

In the vicinity of eight million four hundred fifty thousand. Or is it sixty-

TREVOR

What happens if I'm convicted of Kirsty's murder?

LARRY

Well they'd have to prove it in a court of law for one thing-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR

Please Larry. Pretend you like me and humor me.

LARRY

Seeing you were her sole benefactor, and I'm the executive of the will, Kirsty's entire estate would have to be donated to the city.

TREVOR

Hello? City? Cops? It's a fucking conspiracy!

LARRY

Pardon my glibness Trevor but you sound like a raving lunatic. The next time you seek counsel it should be of the psychiatric type. You're obviously on the verge of some nervous collapse.

TREVOR

Thanks for your concern Larry. And fuck you too.

Trevor gets up and heads for the door.

LARRY

(to Trevor's back)

I never thought your late wife was the sharpest knife in the drawer. But marrying you was the dumbest thing she ever did!

On his way out Trevor nearly runs down Larry's ASSISTANT who was just coming IN with a large file. Trevor's gone.

INT. CAB - DAY

Trevor looks despondently out the window. The cab stops and Trevor hands some money to the CABBIE up front.

TREVOR

You can go. I'm going to be here a while.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Trevor gets out of the cab, which drives off leaving him on the bridge looking down at the water below.

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - DAY

Police tape FLAPS between the trees. Other than that there is no sign of an investigation. Trevor walks out of the woods on the shore, through the police tape and to the water's edge.

He begins to walk the shore looking out at the still water. He scans the area where the water meets the land, trying to remember.

Something on the surface few feet away catches his eye. It's a rock sticking up. No it's something else. Trevor walks right up to the water and puts his feet on a couple of large rocks breaking the surface. He bends down and looks at...

THE CORNER OF A BLACK CUBE. He quickly reaches down, tries to pick it up. It seems to be stuck just below the surface. Trevor pulls harder and finally it gives. Trevor slowly lifts the black cube out of the water and GASPS when he sees-

-A WHITE WATERLOGGED HAND CLUTCHING IT FROM BELOW!

Trevor GASPS and lets go. And just as the cube (along with its owner) SPLASH under the surface-

-ANOTHER WHITE HAND breaks the surface grabbing Trevor's wrist!

As Trevor Struggles he looks up to see the dark figure standing above him holding a rock over his head. Just as he swings down towards Trevors head-

smash cut to:

INT. ALLISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Trevor jumps scaring the hell out of Allison who has just gotten done taking his pulse.

ALLISON

Jesus I wish you would stop doing that.

Trevor looks down at himself. He's on an examination table in his normal clothes not a hospital johnnie. That's a good sign.

TREVOR

Allison...

Trevor tries to put his thoughts together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON

Well Trevor? What have you got to say for yourself? Que pasa?

TREVOR

(voice quivering)

Allison we have GOT to talk about this medication you've got me on.

ALLISON

I'm all over it.

Allison shines a penlight in his eye.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Blink.

Trevor blinks. Satisfied, Allison sits on the bed next to Trevor and takes his hand.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Okay. What we're going to do is up the Topomax to two per day instead of one, see if that takes care of these hallucinatory seizures you've been having. The extra Topomax won't interfere with the painkillers either but... You're going to be thrilled to hear this part but we have been told by some patients it affects the memory somewhat...

TREVOR

(weary)

Really? Does it affect the memory?

Allison looks concerned. Then her features soften.

ALLISON

You're one tough cookie, Trevor Gooding. You keep coming back to your corner for a quick fix up then go right back out into the ring for another round.

TREVOR

Some call it resilience. Others, stupidity.

Allison lets a lapse in the conversation last too long. That look of concern returns as she lingers on his face. She's trying to say something.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Everything okay Allison?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLISON  
(surprised at her own emotional  
outflow)  
Of course, yes.

TREVOR  
The way you just looked at me...

ALLISON  
I know, my bedside manner's horrendous.

Allison finishes writing a few notes, and Trevors rolls down  
his sleeves. He's intrigued.

TREVOR  
So, I'm done. Thats it for today?

ALLISON  
All finished.

Neither of them want this visit to be over.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
How bout some lunch?

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

The two share the end of an empty cafeteria table, eating off  
pastel colored trays.

TREVOR  
Think about it. In the entire world  
where's the most life-threatening place  
you could possibly be at any given  
moment.

ALLISON  
I don't know... Beirut? New Orleans?

TREVOR  
Hint. It's not a geographical location.

ALLISON  
I'm stumped.

TREVOR  
It's inside a moving car.

ALLISON  
Bull...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

I've got numbers to back me up. Over the course of one year more Americans die in car accidents than did during the entire span of World War II.

ALLISON

Okay so... what's the safest place?

TREVOR

Statistically speaking? Inside a moving bus.

Allison LAUGHS.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Millions of people around the world get on busses every day. When was the last time you heard of anybody anywhere dying on a public transit bus?

ALLISON

Okay Mr. Statistics I've got one for you. What's the most common cause of death for adults over the age of eighteen?

TREVOR

Please. Heart attack. That was easy street.

ALLISON

Second most common?

TREVOR

Skin cancer.

ALLISON

Eighty third most common.

TREVOR

Pitbull attacks.

ALLISON

You just made that up.

TREVOR

Like you're gonna check.

They both chuckle, Trevor's expression gets serious. After a moment of silence.

ALLISON

Where you two happy together?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR

We started off to be. She was, I guess I was. I just sort of....butchered up the relationship somehow. (to himself) Bad choice of words.

ALLISON

I understand, I think. Other women?

TREVOR

Yeah. It's like I was a different guy then I am today. I can't remember that guy. I see these women, they think I'm someone else, and I'm not that guy anymore. I'm not sure who Kristy knew.

ALLISON

You were unfaithful, it sounds like your confessing.

TREVOR

I did more than that.

Allison reaches accross the table for Trevors hand. A quiet moment.

ALLISON

Com'on. How bout some fresh air?

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY

Trevor and Allison sit in a couple of chairs looking out at the other rooftops around them.

TREVOR

Lucky for us these chairs happened to be here.

ALLISON

Oh I knew about the chairs already. This is where the emphysema patients come to sneak cigarettes.

She points to the ground at myriad butts scattered at their feet. Trevor smiles and looks at his hands.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Don't tell me. Kirsty used to smoke?

TREVOR

No. She just would have loved it up here... Allison when I was under... did I ever talk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON  
Sure plenty of times.

TREVOR  
Was there anything I said that made you stop and wonder, you know, "where did that come from?"

ALLISON  
Sure plenty of times.

TREVOR  
Well?

ALLISON  
Trevor if someone is talking from a sleep state they are obviously dreaming. So practically everything say is going to sound strange.

TREVOR  
Did I ever talk about the accident?

ALLISON  
No.

TREVOR  
Did I ever talk about Kirsty?

ALLISON  
No. But at one point you did repeat something though. A phrase. You must have been having this recurring dream, you just kept saying this one thing over and over

TREVOR  
What was it?

ALLISON  
You said, "Jealousy arouses a husbands fury, and he will show no mercy when he takes revenge." (Proverbs 6:34) Does that mean anything to you Trevor?

TREVOR  
It means I have alot more questions.

Trevor stares off into the distance.

ALLISON  
Times up for today. I've got to get back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Allison SMILES and pats Trevor's knee. He melts and puts his hand on hers. She slowly takes it away and fixes her hair.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Sorry.

ALLISON

If it makes you feel better that took every ounce of self control I had. Trevor, I never date patients.

TREVOR

I understand... I won't-

ALLISON

No you don't understand. That's why I've been fighting to get you better. So you wouldn't be a patient anymore.

TREVOR

Why didn't you tell me sooner? I would have switched doctors!

ALLISON

Just get better okay?

She caresses his face then looks at her watch.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I have to get back to work. And so do you.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Trevor walks through the maze of cubicles a big smile on his face. He's actually having a good day.

INT. TREVOR'S CUBICLE - DAY

Bret's already looking up at Trevor as he ENTERS.

TREVOR

Don't say a word, Bret.

Trevor's smile disappears when he sees someone's already sitting in his chair. LANGE. He's on Trevor's computer surfing the internet.

BRET

(to Lange)

Guess I'll leave you two alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANGE  
(concentrating on the computer)  
Nice chatting with ya.

Bret gets up and LEAVES as Trevor approaches Lange.

LANGE (CONT'D)  
Sorry I'm in your seat aren't I?

TREVOR  
No please make yourself at home.

Trevor sits in Bret's chair as Lange logs off and swivels to face Trevor.

LANGE  
How's everything, Mr. Gooding?

TREVOR  
Can't we dispense with the games for once?

LANGE  
I thought you loved games.

TREVOR  
I'll just stay out of this conversation until you come out and tell me why you've disrupted me at work.

LANGE  
You and your wife were playing a game shortly before you got into that car accident weren't you?

TREVOR  
Where is she? Where is my wife?

Lange shakes his head and pulls something else out of his pocket. It's The Cube sealed in a ziploc. Trevor cannot conceal a feeling of dread.

LANGE  
We found this curious little object not too far from the site of the accident. No prints but forensics scraped a little dark residue that was caked on one of the corners. It was blood Trevor. Matched some blood we took off your car seat too. Can you tell me anything about it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR  
(to Lange)  
It looks familiar. I think it was in the  
car...

LANGE  
Gee you think so?

Lange puts the cube back in his pocket and stands up.

LANGE (CONT'D)  
Sorry to take up your time like that  
Trevor. Don't work too hard. Oh, before I  
forget. I talked your neighbor out of  
pressing charges.

TREVOR  
What?

LANGE  
The whackjob in the black lipstick who  
lives down the hall? She wanted you  
arrested for harassment. I told her to  
chill out and smoke a joint. I'd look the  
other way as long as she did you know?

TREVOR  
Thanks.

LANGE  
We're all here for you Trevor.

Lange gets up and EXITS. Trevor satys seated, after a beat he  
stands up looking over his cubicle and sees DET. GIVENS  
staring back at him from the door. Trevors sits back down.  
Trevor suddenly clutches his head as if it's been killing him  
this whole time. He goes to his chair picks up the phone and  
dials.

RECORDING (V.O.)  
(from phone)  
We're sorry the number you have has  
either been disconnected or no longer in  
service. If you feel you have reached  
this recording in error-

Trevor hangs up. We can almost hear his head throbbing in  
pain.

He turns around and there's BRET LEANING AGAINST his desk  
eating a frozen yogurt. Staring at Trevor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRET

Frogurt guy's here. They're all out chocolate vanilla swirl or I'd have gotten you one.

TREVOR

I'm sure you would have.

Bret nods, tosses the frozen yogurt container out and sits down.

BRET

Hey if you're not doing anything I'd like to buy you a beer after work. Be just like old times.

TREVOR

What's the occasion?

BRET

I quit. Today's my last day.

This hits Trevor like a ton of bricks.

INT. PUB - DAY

The place is practically empty. Bret and Trevor play darts and work on a pitcher of beer. Country Western plays on the jukebox.

BRET

I've got a better offer. More time off. A sort of career shift, more in the engineering line of work.

TREVOR

How much time off?

BRET

As much as he feels like. Its a much more pleasurable line of work.

TREVOR

As much as he likes?

BRET

Yahtzee. Were all in this together Trev. Trevor there are people who are doing exactly what we're doing but they don't need to wear a tie, punch a clock or have some tight assed supervisor breathing down their necks. Its all about the pleasure Trevor!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

So you're just packing it up just like that?

BRET

Almost that fast. I got a few loose ends to tie up first. Came into a shitload of money recently. I've always wanted to go to take a trip. We're just gonna walk into the airport and decide right then and there.

TREVOR

Yeah? You and who else?

BRET

Someone special.

Bret throws a dart with extra mph. It misses the board entirely and hits the wall. Trevor winces in pain suddenly. He touches his head and looks at his fingers. Fresh blood.

FLASHBACK

Trevor in the car in the water. Thrashing about, he bleeding from his head in the flashback as well. Where's Kristy? He looks in the passenger seat. She's gone.

Trevor takes the cube from the man with the ring. He fumbles with the puzzle box in the darkness.

CU box. It starts to move.

Trevor driving with Kristy, She's going down on him while he's driving.

KIRSTY

Okay pull over.

TREVOR

(looking at his watch)  
But... I thought...

Trevor waits a moment to see if she's kidding.

KIRSTY

(through clenched teeth)  
PULL OVER NOW.

The car comes to a stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Trevor gets the goods while he watches himself in the rear view mirror.

Someone approaches. Trevor zips up, pulls Kristy up out of his lap. Its a cenobite.

Trevor screams and opens the door of the car to make a frantic exit. He dive out onto the pavement and looks back. All is quiet. He's alone a quiet road.

He stands up and into an eerie world of slow motion . Trevor looks up the road and back to find-

A beautiful vision of Allison walking toward him. Walking gracefully, she approaches Trevor. Raises her hand to his face. Trevor smiles, then slowly looks back towards the car.

Inside the car he see's Kristy playing with the puzzle box. Trevors calls out to her.

TREVOR  
Kristy noooo!

And he makes a move toward the car, as the box comes to life. This stops Trevor in his tracks, and he looks toward Allison. Who is now PINHEAD.

PINHEAD  
There is no reprieve for you. Not even in her. She's only a vision I'm afraid.

Tervors looks dumbfounded.

PINHEAD (cont'd)  
The truth hurts doesn't it?

END FLASHBACK

INT. PUB - DAY

Trevor raises his head from the bar. The beers are there but Bret is gone. Trevors stares at himself in the mirror opposite the bar. He looks like shit. He thinks hard about the flashback.

Out the door he goes.

EXT. PAY PHONE - NIGHT

-Trevor's holding the phone up to his ear agitated beyond belief. He'd pace if he could. Instead he just fumes.

TREVOR  
 (into phone)  
 Yes I'm trying to reach one of your interns... Allison Dormere...? She works in the emergency room there... What do you mean...? I just saw her today... Yes I'm sure she works there I've been in and out of that place five times in the last month...! Well good day to you too asshole!

-CLOSE UP on Trevor's hand searching through the D's in the white pages. He slams the book shut in frustration.

-He's on the phone again.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 No such listing...? Could you at least tell me IF she has an unlisted number...? What do you mean there are no Dormeres at all there have to be...! WELL LOOK AGAIN!  
 (a beat, more timidly)  
 H-hello?

Trevor SLAMS the phone down and touches his head again. He looks at his hand. The blood is gone. But the headache is back. Its crippling at this point. He's at his wits end. He reaches into his pocket and finds Pages card. Maybe as a last resort?

THE PHONE RINGS. IT RINGS AGAIN. Trevor presses his palm against his eye. Trevor picks up the phone.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Hello?

WIMPERING VOICE  
 (from phone)  
 Goodbye...

TREVOR  
 Kirsty?

WIMPERING VOICE  
 You miserable sonofabitch!

DIAL TONE.

EXT. SAGE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Trevor is out of breath as he walks up to the last resort. The entrance to Sage's building. The front door is locked. He presses a three digit code on the alarm box. RING. RING. The phone picks up. He's deperate.

SAGE'S VOICE

Hello?

TREVOR

Sage it's me Trevor. You've got to help me.

INT. SAGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Trevor's head hits the pillow on the acupuncture table.

TREVOR

The feeling is very distinct. It's like somebody stuck a shard of glass through my eye and it's embedded halfway into my brain.

Sage nods, patient look on her face.

SAGE

Trevor your body has been completely healed. All the nerve endings have repaired themselves. If there is any pain in your head it's... in your head.

TREVOR

Jeez it's getting awful crowded in there.

SAGE

You are physically better. It's your soul that still hurts.

Sage grabs a bunch of needles from the table.

SAGE (CONT'D)

My teacher told me once there's a puncture point on your body that can lock your soul within it, even after you're dead. So that when you die you're trapped inside your body, watching it corrode for all eternity.

TREVOR

Look, whatever your Marharagi, told you, forget. You've got to get this fuckin pain to stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAGE

It was an analogy. Your soul is locked up inside you. You need to free it Trevor. You've blocked it from the healing process. That's what we need to do now. Heal your soul. And to do that I you have to give in utterly and without any hesitation or doubt. Do you know what I mean by giving in? It's about trust. Do you trust me implicitly?

TREVOR

I don't even know what's real and what isn't how can I trust anyone?

SAGE

You can trust me. Your wife is dead and you need to move past that. And the only way to move past something completely is to go straight through it, not around it. Surrender yourself to your wife's death. Let it chew you up and spit you back out on the other side. It's the only way you can become whole again.

Sage looks Trevor dead in the eye.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

TREVOR

I surrender...

Trevor closes his eyes

A MONTAGE

of Sage dimming the lights so that the room is nice and dark... placing needles into Trevor's body... his shoulders... his chest... his neck... his legs... his face...

Trevor finally opens his eyes to find...

... he's completely naked on Sage's table! And she's making love to his body, which is now filled with needles!

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Wait... what the hell is this...

SAGE

(whispering)

Surrender yourself... surrender yourself...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She holds up a small chunk of ice and begins rubbing it on Trevor's chest. He catches his breath at the cold and begins to shiver.

INT. CAR - DAY

Trevor wakes up shivering. He is in the passenger seat, head resting against a baby blanket. A hand touches his...

... Kirsty's.

TREVOR  
Kirsty... Kirsty?

KIRSTY  
It's okay it was just a nightmare that's all.

Trevor looks at Kirsty. She is breathtakingly beautiful.

TREVOR  
You're alive...

KIRSTY  
Yes. Now go back to sleep. You're driving the rest of the way to grandma's remember?

Trevor looks in the back and for the first time sees an INFANT GIRL sleeping in a car seat behind him.

KIRSTY (CONT'D)  
Trevor I've decided we have got to agree on a name before we reach my mother's. This poor kid's going to be starting preschool as student x if we don't make up our minds. So, I've been thinking, what about Daisy?

TREVOR  
(looking at the baby)  
It's perfect.

KIRSTY  
Well that was easy all of a sudden.

Trevor looks back at Kirsty.

TREVOR  
Kirsty... I'm glad you're alive.

THE SIREN FROM AN APPROACHING AMBULANCE GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER, piercing Trevor's ears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor winces in pain and blocks his ears from the noise. Kirsty looks at him, puzzled. He can only read her lips: "Honey what's wrong? Honey?"

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Trevor's eye rivet open again. A PARAMEDIC is snapping his fingers in front of them. Another paramedic is readying a hypodermic.

PARAMEDIC  
Can you hear me? Just nod.

Trevor nods.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)  
Do you know where you are?

TREVOR  
Ambulance.

PARAMEDIC  
We're just gonna take some blood here.

The other paramedic sticks a needle in Trevor's arm.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)  
You know what day it is?

Trevor shakes his head. The paramedic holds up two fingers.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)  
Okay how many fingers am I holding up?

TREVOR  
Two.

PARAMEDIC  
Can you follow them?

Paramedic moves his hand left to right. Trevor keeps his eyes on it.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)  
Perfect. Hey you remember what happened back there?

TREVOR  
You mean... when the car went off the bridge?

PARAMEDIC  
(laughing)  
Wow you are out of it.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARAMEDIC (cont'd)

No it was nothing that extreme. You were riding on the bus and just collapsed onto the floor. Out cold. Remember being on a bus now?

TREVOR

No... maybe... I don't know.

PARAMEDIC

It's cool. Here we are.

The ambulance comes to a stop.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A couple of orderlies wheel Trevor into the exact room he's been coming to this whole time. The orderlies EXIT and who should ENTER but Dr. Ambrose... and the ANGULAR NURSE who readied him for the brain surgery at the beginning.

DR. AMBROSE

Hello I'm Dr...

TREVOR

Ambrose. I know.

DR. AMBROSE

Have we met?

TREVOR

I've been in here before.

DR. AMBROSE

Take no offense Trevor. I see many patients a day and have an awful memory.

TREVOR

Join the club.

Ambrose holds a penlight up to each of Trevor's eyes and nods.

DR. AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Right. Trevor you just had a seizure brought on by a severe migraine. Things could be much worse. In the next few days you need to take plenty of aspirin, stay out of the sun and make sure you've had at least eight glasses of water by the time you go to bed at night.

Trevor just stares at Dr. Ambrose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Why don't you relax for the next couple of hours? Barring any relapses you should be able to go home after that.

TREVOR

Where's Allison?

Dr. Ambrose looks a little confused.

DR. AMBROSE

Who's Allison?

TREVOR

Allison Dormere. Your intern.

Ambrose looks at the nurse, who shrugs, then back at Trevor.

DR. AMBROSE

Uh we have no intern by that name here Mr. Gooding. Listen I'll be back in a few hours to check up on you meantime relax try not to move around too much.

Ambrose pats Trevor's shoulder congenially and WALKS OUT.

NURSE

There there Trevor. Get some sleep.

Trevor tenses when the nurse smiles.

NURSE (CONT'D)

If you need anything give myself or any of the nurses a call okay? We're-

TREVOR

Don't tell me. We're all here for you Trevor' right? Go ahead say it! You know you want to!

The nurse looks taken aback.

NURSE

What the hell are you talking about...?

Trevor suddenly jumps up yanking electrodes and IV tubes from his body. The nurse is back to normal and very disconcerted.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Trevor! Mr. Gooding lay back down-

Trevor runs out of the woman mowing the woman down in his tracks.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Trevor rushes down the halls of the hospital nearly knocking down Dr. Ambrose.

DR. AMBROSE

Hey!

Trevor races as fast as his feet can carry him easily losing Dr. Ambrose.

INT. OTHER WING - NIGHT

Trevor runs down a corridor through another doorway and into another wing of the hospital entirely. He arrives at the door to Allison's office and throws it open. It's actually a janitor's closet.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - NIGHT

Dressed in janitorial garb, Trevor bursts open the stairwell door and comes out on the roof.

An OLD MAN in a johnnie is sitting in one of the chairs not too far away. An oxygen tube trails from his nose to an oxygen tank at his feet.

OLD MAN

(wheezing)

Okay ya caught me.

He brings a cigarette to his lips and takes a long drag.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Least let me finish will ya? Got one puff left.

TREVOR

I don't work here.

OLD MAN

Music to my ears.

The old man lights a fresh cigarette with the one he's just finished.

Trevor turns to go back and THERE'S ALLISON standing in the doorway.

ALLISON

Trevor. I heard you were looking for me.  
Is everything all right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

Allison! Am I glad to see you!  
(changing his tone) No... everything's  
not right. Not at all.

ALLISON

Come here.

Allison holds him. The old smoker turns and watches with  
curiosity.

TREVOR

Allison I think I did some very, very bad  
things. I mean very bad.

ALLISON

Trevor things like this happen to people  
who experience temporary memory loss.  
Everybody does things they regret. You  
just couldn't remember doing these things  
and now you are so it's a shock to the  
system. I'm telling you. You will never  
get better if you keep blaming yourself  
for your wife's death.

TREVOR

Maybe I wasn't responsible for the car  
accident...

The old man calls out to Trevor wheezily.

OLD MAN

Hey buddy!

TREVOR

(ignoring him)  
... but I'm starting to think I was... I  
was going to...

OLD MAN

Hey buddy!

Trevor turns to the old man.

TREVOR

What do you want?!

OLD MAN

(wheezing)  
Who the hell are you talking to?

Trevor turns and Allison is gone. Vanished into thin air.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Trevor sits at the front of an empty bus rubbing his head. He stares at the spot where the creepy old lady knitting the baby's bootie used to sit. He looks under the seat. There is nothing there.

The HYDRAULICS HISS as the bus comes to a stop.

BUS DRIVER

This is it mister.

Trevor gets up and hurries off giving the driver a cursory glance. The driver doesn't look at Trevor as he speaks.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

Have a good night now.

Trevor EXITS the bus.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Trevor steps out of the bus and faces the ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL. He ascends the steps.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

Trevor sits in the booth across from the tiny screen, behind which is a VERY TIRED PRIEST who is still in his pajamas.

TREVOR

I don't know what I'm doing here. I'm not even Catholic. I just had to tell somebody. It's like, ever since my wife died I don't know what I've actually done or what I've imagined. But I do know if one tenth of what's happening to me is reality... I've done some really awful things in my life. Things that I've... I guess I've blocked out...

PRIEST

What things do you think you've done?

TREVOR

Wow. Let's see. So many sins so little time. For starters I was responsible for the death my wife who by the way was carrying my unborn child. That was so I could collect her eight million dollar estate. I think I killed several women I was having mindless sex with behind her back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR (cont'd)

But I did those murders just for the hell of it. Finally... I think I made some kind of deal with the devil and now he's come to collect my soul. Only he's decided to mess with my head first. How many Hail Marys do you recommend for that one father?

PRIEST

Trevor I'm sure you killed no one. You are very distraught over your wife's death and rightfully so. You did the right thing by confessing to me here tonight. And you should keep praying for the wisdom that will set your soul at ease. That being said, you are still in a highly emotional state right now. It might do you some good to get some professional help. Confess to them the way you confessed to me. In time you'll probably find that the real killer has already been caught. Or better yet... that these murders never happened at all.

TREVOR

But I saw these women. I saw their mutilated bodies. I saw their ghosts. I just know it happened I can feel it...

PRIEST

All you've got is the here and the now Trevor. That's all anyone really has. Maybe this will make things easier to understand. A man goes to sleep every night and has recurring dream that he's a butterfly. In time he begins to wonder if he might actually be a butterfly who dreams he's a man. And at the end of the day does it even matter? All these events you're describing. How can you be sure any of them really happened?

TREVOR

But that's what I need. To be sure... to be absolutely sure...

PRIEST

Shh. It's okay son. There is but one truth. One thing you can be absolutely sure of. And that thing is this:

The priest moves closer to the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
WE'RE ALL HERE FOR YOU TREVOR.

The Priest begins to chuckle ominously.

Resisting the urge to scream Trevor bolts out of the confessional...

INT. CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Trevor rushes out of the confessional. THE CATHEDRAL BELL begins to CLANG. Eardrums getting battered by the RINGING Trevor blocks his ears and rushes toward the exit-

-coming face to face with a gargoyle blocking his path. PINHEAD. Though he speaks softly his voice is heard easily over the bell.

PINHEAD  
Still in the dark I see?

TREVOR  
Who are you?

PINHEAD  
Poor Trevor.

TREVOR  
This game is over do you hear me?

PINHEAD  
I hear everything. And soon you will know everything. More than you ever wanted I can guarantee that. But I want you to think for a minute first. Think about all you've seen. All the clues you've been given.

Pinhead opens his cloak revealing the darkness within. To Trevor's shock he's sucked right into this void inside Pinhead.

INT. CUBIC ROUTE ACTUARIAL RESEARCH, BULLPEN - NIGHT

Trevor is thrust into the interior of his office building. Everyone's gone for the day. The only light is coming in from streetlights outside. Trevor races past the cubicles running out into a hallway.

He looks down one end then the other... where he sees an office light is on. He cautiously approaches the office.

He looks inside.

INT. GWEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Gwen's hacked up body is strewn about the office. Her arms are atop the filing cabinet. Legs under her desk. Ass on the copier.

Trevor hears someone coming. He looks down the hall to see A FLASHLIGHT BEAM TURN THE CORNER, blinding him. It's bearer begins running toward Trevor.

Trevor bolts the other direction heading for the exit. He pushes the door open and slams it behind him only he's not still outside yet...

INT. TAWNY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tawny lies on the bed, dead, tongue sticking out of her neck, ribcage violated.

Trevor hears someone coming toward the bedroom can see the flashlight beam jittering as its bearer approaches.

Trevor rushes toward the window, opens it and leaps out onto the fire escape.

EXT. APT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Trevor's about to climb down the fire escape when he is bathed in the flashlight's beam from inside. Trevor looks down and sees a garbage dumpster full of trash bags below. He jumps.

Trevor sails down three stories and lands in the dumpster. He climbs out and runs to the street as fast as he can. He races down the sidewalk trying to get his bearings at the same time.

Hearing footsteps from behind Trevor turns to see:

The Stranger in the Window not half a block behind Trevor, keeping Trevor's pace. Then... Trevor stops. And turns.

The Stranger stops as well. This has never happened before. Trevor shouts down the empty street.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
WHO ARE YOU!

His voice echoes off the darkened buildings.

The Stranger stands there. Trevor begins walking toward him, blood in his eyes. The Stranger backs away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor bolts into a run and the Stranger takes off running the other way.

The stranger darts into an alley.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Trevor runs into the alley, seeing no signs of the stranger. The end of the alley is pitch black.

TREVOR  
WHERE'S MY WIFE?!

Trevor hears something at the end of the alley. He grabs a broken bottle out of a garbage can and heads toward the darkness. Trevor's teeth are bared now.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
WHERE'S MY WIFE!?

Something GLISTENS in the dark just before the razor sharp edge of a switchblade touches his left jugular. Trevor freezes. OUT OF THE SHADOWS comes... BRET.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Bret... what the fuck...?

BRET  
Tonight was supposed to be the night, Trevor. Remember? I couldn't believe you went through five dart games and didn't even joke about it.

TREVOR  
Bret. What the hell is going on?

BRET  
We were gonna be millionaires you said. Nobody'd suspect a thing. I had never even met her. No connection. Then you went and had that fucking car accident.

TREVOR  
Bret you are making no sense whatsoever.

BRET  
I followed her Trevor. I got to know her life. And what a boring one it was. Six a.m. gym, nine a.m. trendy coffee shop, noon bookstore, one soap operas, four o'clock news, five wait for Trevor to come home. And wait and wait and wait. Nine o'clock get ready for bed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRET (cont'd)

Ten o'clock fall asleep in front of the TV. She did that every day I followed her. Every single day. While you were out fucking your concubines. Every day I felt more and more bad for her, man. And hated you more and more.

Trevor is absolutely speechless.

BRET (CONT'D)

Then I find out you're having nooners with my GWEN. That was all I could take. I didn't want to kill your wife anymore. I wanted to kill you. Even before that little accident I decided to do it on the day we'd set aside for her.

Bret presses the blade against Trevor's neck a little harder, drawing a rivulet of blood.

BRET (CONT'D)

But now that ain't gonna happen either. I fell in love with Kirsty Trevor. The day she died it was like my soul had been ripped from my body. Not just because I lost someone I loved. It's because the child inside her... was mine.

Bret then puts the knife to his neck.

TREVOR

No!

Bret drags the knife across his own jugulars slicing them open. Blood pours out of his smiling mouth. Then something really weird happens. Cuts begin to open up all over Bret's face and his hands. Blood pouring to the ground in buckets.

Bret lifelessly falls into the pool of blood... Before he can process what's just happened, Trevor hears a NOISE behind him and turns to see... several of those slithering sewer monsters coming toward him, surrounding him.

And behind them, SEVERAL SILHOUETTED FIGURES walking slowly toward him. We don't need three guesses to figure out who they are... CENOBITES.

Panicking Trevor reaches down and grabs the knife out of Bret's hand and readies himself for the inevitable attack when-

-the BLINDING LIGHT FROM A POLICE car illuminates the alley. First Trevor notices the sewer monsters are gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Then the figures we thought were Cenobites are actually LANGE and several police officers. Lange looks disappointed.

LANGE

Okay Trevor. Put the knife down.

Trevor does so. TWO COPS rush up to Trevor and one swings his baton down just over Trevor's eye- CRACK!

LIGHTS OUT.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Trevor's nose has been bleeding. His eye is black and blue his lip cut. Trevor looks out the window. The streets are deserted, foreign.

Trevor looks at the rear view mirror. The cop staring back at him averts his gaze. Trevor thinks he sees something crawl into the cop's eye.

Lange sits next to the cop, staring back at Trevor. He takes out his antihistamine and sprays some up his nose.

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

The doors burst open and the two cops, Lange escorts Trevor IN.

The lobby is entirely deserted. Trevor looks around. There are cups of coffee sitting on desks, jackets thrown over backs of chairs. Signs of a recently bustling workplace that has vacated.

INT. CHECK-IN - NIGHT

The cops hustle Trevor up to a counter, finger print him, sit him in a chair. One of them sits at a computer terminal. Despite being indoors both cops keep their sunglasses on.

COP#1

Full name?

TREVOR

Trevor Alan Gooding.

COP#1

Age?

TREVOR

Thirty one.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR (cont'd)  
 Don't you guys ever take your sunglasses  
 off?

smaSH CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The cops hurry Trevor down a dank corridor toward a line up room. Trevor sneaks a peek inside one of the rooms.

INSIDE THE DOORWAY: TWO DETECTIVES have some HAPLESS SOUL strapped to some odd looking electrical contraption.

HAPLESS SOUL  
 I told you I don't know!

DETECTIVE#1  
 Wrong answer!

Detective#1 hits a button and a shock races through the Hapless Soul's body. Just then the other detective notices Trevor looking in and SLAMS the door shut.

The trio comes to the line up room.

INT. LINE UP ANTEROOM - NIGHT

Trevor is shoved into the cramped booth-like room with four other strange looking MEN who all stare at him. Silence for a moment then:

A LOUD BUZZ is heard and the door on the other side of room opens.

COP#1  
 Single file.

Trevor follows the other men. The MAN just ahead of Trevor turns to him.

MAN  
 We're all here for you Trevor.

COP#1  
 NO TALKING!

INT. LINE UP ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor walks IN with the rest of the gentlemen. Hugging the nearest wall they go up a small set of stairs onto a stage. Trevor hears Lange's VOICE overhead.

LANGE'S VOICE  
 Stop and face the mirror!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The five men do as they're told, facing a large two-way mirror on the opposite wall. An awkward moment.

LANGE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Thank you!

The door to the room opens again and Trevor turns, leading the other men back through the anteroom.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The cops hustle Trevor out into the hallway. The next door down opens and out come two more detectives and... TAWNY'S BOYFRIEND, the brute, looking fit to be tied. He sees Trevor and fills with rage.

BRUTE

I hope they fry your ass mutherfucker!

He lunges at Trevor. It takes the detectives he's with and two more cops to keep him from pummeling Trevor. As Trevor's lead away the brute begins to sob uncontrollably.

BRUTE (CONT'D)

(to Trevor)

YOU'RE GONNA BURN IN HELL!!

COP#1

Got quite a fan club don't you, hotshot?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor sits at a tape recorder. Lange sits across from him.

TREVOR

For the last time. I honestly don't know how any of them died...

Lange stands, squirting antihistamine in his nose. He nods at Trevor and WALKS OUT. No sooner has the door closed when it opens again and Givens walks IN. Givens gets right in Trevor's face.

GIVENS

Now I want you to tell me what you remember happening- in your own words- exactly the way you told Detective Lange. But this time I want you to make one small adjustment.

TREVOR

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Givens whirls around revealing Lange's face on the back of his head!

LANGE  
DON'T FUCKING LIE TO ME!

Trevor thinks a moment. He is absolutely numb. He smiles a little insanelly.

TREVOR  
I did it. I killed them all. I confess.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Still handcuffed Trevor is escorted toward the detention area by the cops in the sunglasses. He's silently praying he'll wake up from this one somehow. No such luck. Trevor and the cops round a corner and there's Lange running up to them.

LANGE  
(to the cops)  
Quick detour through the morgue boys.

Lange leads them to a set of elevators.

TREVOR  
Morgue...?

LANGE  
That's right Trevor. The timing was impeccable wasn't it? It's been eight months two weeks and three days but we finally found the body. Just need you to ID it for us.

TREVOR  
Where was it?

LANGE (CONT'D)  
That's the weird part. It just magically turned up in the river less than thirty yards from where the car had landed. Like somebody put it there while we weren't looking.

The elevator doors open and they get in.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

It's a long ride down. Nobody speaks.

Trevor looks at the cops in the sunglasses. One of them takes his pair off. His eye sockets are empty. We can see brain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cop cleans his shades then his mouth smiles at Trevor before he puts the sunglasses back on.

Finally the doors open. Lange unlocks Trevor's handcuffs and the cops push him out the door into a dark corridor.

INT. DARK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Trevor looks back to see Lange and the cops staring back at him.

LANGE

Just keep walking Trevor. You can't miss it.

One of the cops waves bye-bye to him. And with that the elevator doors shut.

Trevor turns around and faces the long corridor. He begins his hike towards its end where an ominous set of double doors awaits.

He arrives at them and pushes them open.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

As soon as the doors open fluorescent lights flicker overhead illuminating two walls of metal drawers and between them: a large slab of marble upon which rests a human form covered with a sheet. Trevor ENTERS.

He makes his way toward the body and stares at it.

A low WHEEZING noise coming from a dark corner just beyond the slab distracts him. Trevor looks and freezes when he sees:

THE GOAT laying on the floor in a pool of blood. It's still breathing. One of the goat's slatted eyes is staring at Trevor as if begging for mercy. A STRANGE RIPPING NOISE is heard. The goat MEWLS in pain then its eye rolls up. Dead.

The animal's body begins to quiver as a tiny wound on its back widens spitting out streams of blood.

Trevor begins to back away as the wound stretches open, giving birth to a rising form...

PINHEAD. He rises completely from the goat, stepping out of the wound. He is red with blood for a second. Then his skin and robe absorb the blood like a sponge. Pinhead approaches Trevor blocking him from the body on the slab.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PINHEAD

How is our little student doing? Has he learned his lesson yet?

TREVOR

I don't know who you are or what you want. I just want to know what's under that sheet...

PINHEAD

Use your mind for something other than numbers dear Trevor. Think about people for a change. People other than yourself. Like the women you slept with behind your wife's back. You were always so confident you had covered your tracks. Always confident your wife actually believed your fervent denials? Part of you must have known she would find out.

flash BACK:

INT. GWEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gwen has Trevor on her desk riding him like a hobby horse. Rain pounds against her window.

EXT. CUBIC ROUTE ACTUARIAL RESEARCH - NIGHT

Kirsty sits inside the car looking up at the window, eyes narrowing.

PINHEAD (O.S.)

Jealousy arouses a spouse's fury.  
And no mercy will be shown when that  
revenge is given.

INT. TREVOR'S APT. - NIGHT

Rubbing the baby that's growing inside her, Kirsty sits in front of the TV watching Trevor having yet another romantic rendezvous with TAWNY.

THE TV SCREEN DISSOLVES to Trevor in bed with yet another woman... and another... and another...

BACK TO:

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

That fatal BELL begins to TOLL. With each peel the walls of the morgue shakes. It's walls begin to rumble and crack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PINHEAD

Even a mind as narcissistic as yours  
must have wondered: What unspeakable acts  
was your wife committing behind YOUR  
back?

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE UP AT: Kirsty, Trevor's lovely wife, raising a rock  
above her.

KIRSTY

(to camera)

Goodbye you miserable sonofabitch!

And SLAMMING a rock down on us.

back TO:

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

TREVOR

What's under that sheet...?

PINHEAD

You probably don't remember the night we  
played. Your first year as husband and  
wife.

FLASH BACK:

INT. TREVOR'S APT., BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trevor and a very pregnant Kirsty sit on their bed, passing  
the cube back and forth. Trevor's the one with the magic  
touch. The cube begins to open in his hands. Kirsty's eyes  
light up as she watches...

PINHEAD (V.O.)

It must have seemed like we were  
uninvited guests crashing your little  
celebration.

ON the walls as shadows begin to flail in pain and panic. OFF  
SCREEN SCREAMS are heard as blood begins to shower the walls  
of the bedroom.

PINHEAD (V.O.)

But someone was expecting us Trevor. And  
everything went according to plan.

back TO:

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

PINHEAD

We were about to come for Kirsty. When we were offered a deal. We don't usually consider bargains but this one was too good to pass up. A tribute to the resourcefulness of a parent hellbent on protecting its spawn. The deal we were offered was this: three more souls in exchange for the life of the unborn child inside Kirsty. The three souls had already been picked out. Needless to say we were very impressed.

The lights dim. Drawers behind Pinhead begin to open. We see Gwen's body, Tawny's, Sage's, Bonnie's.

PINHEAD (CONT'D)

Two of your favorite companions, most supple and delicious as you already know. And the man you had at one time conspired to kill Kirsty with. Until you found out she was with child.

smASH CUT TO:

QUICK IMAGES of Gwen, Tawny, and Bret being rent to pieces by the Cenobites, SCREAMING in vain.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

PINHEAD (CONT'D)

They were all real screamers too. We had a blast. And there was one more. You've seen many things you wished you hadn't. Many nightmares from which you never awoke. They were all clues in our little puzzle. Can you guess now Trevor? Can you guess the fifth soul chosen for us to torment in this little agreement?

The lights flicker overhead, reddening with each strobe. Hundreds of those little sewer monsters come slithering out of the cracks in the walls, racing toward Trevor. He doesn't care.

TREVOR

WHAT'S UNDER THE SHEET?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PINHEAD

(smiling)

Welcome to the worst nightmare of them  
all, Trevor. Reality.

Pinhead grabs the sheet and whips it back.

Trevor's jaw drops in disbelief.

IT'S TREVOR'S BODY. It is blue, bloated and mutilated. The  
corpse's skull has a massive crack in it.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

No... no...

FLASH BACK:

INT. LANGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kirsty sits across from Lange, who slides the cube across the  
desk towards her.

LANGE

Open this and your problem will disappear  
forever. And no one will ever suspect  
you.

INT. CAR - DAY

Kirsty drives. Trevor sits in the passenger seat, in the same  
position we saw him in during his last flashback. Only now it  
is clear the reason his head is resting on the baby blanket  
is to keep his brains from spilling out his split open skull.  
ON KIRSTY'S HAND holding his. It is now covered with blood.

KIRSTY

Shhh it's okay.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The car goes off the bridge landing in the water. Kirsty's  
head breaks the surface. She watches the car sink into the  
river.

baCK TO:

INT. MORGUE

Trevor stares at his own dead body in utter disbelief. The  
sewer monsters begin crawling up his legs. Pinhead smiles.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

NOOO!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The scream ECHOES over Trevor's dead self, which seems so tranquil in contrast. HOLD on the corpse. After a beat the bells stop, as does the rumbling and the cracking. The lights brighten. Serenity. Then:

KIRSTY'S VOICE

Yes. Yes that's him.

REVERSE ANGLE on Kirsty looking down at the corpse wiping her eyes. She looks over to the other side of the body where Trevor and Pinhead had been standing. Where now DETECTIVE LANGE and the coroner DR. AMBROSE had been standing.

The two gentlemen look at each other.

LANGE

Well I guess that's it then. Thank you Mrs. Gooding I realize that must have been tough.

Lange escorts Kirsty to the door. They EXIT but not before Kirsty gives her late husband a parting glance. Ambrose covers Trevor's body and looks OFF CAMERA.

DR. AMBROSE

Alrighty. Let's get started folks.

REVERSE on two other DOCTORS who are busying themselves collecting instrument. ALLISON and SAGE. They walk over to Trevor's body and get to work. Sage sticks a needle in Trevor's arm.

SAGE

Collecting 40ccs of serum...

AMBROSE

Examining cranial fracture...

Allison at his side, Ambrose checks the wound on Trevor's head, pauses to look inside Trevor's eyes.

TREVOR'S POV: Ambrose closing the eyelid again.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Checking oral cavity for blockage...

Ambrose opens Trevor's mouth.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

And we have a winner...

Ambrose pulls a long black dead lamprey out of Trevor's mouth. Looks at the slippery creature for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLISON

Looks like an eel of some kind.

AMBROSE

Guess it was murder after all.

SAGE

Yeah all we need is the eel's motive.

Allison holds out a large freezer bag, into which Ambrose dumps the dead lamprey.

ALLISON

I still don't get it. He's been missing for almost eight months. But this body hasn't been dead more than twenty four hours.

DR. AMBROSE

Makes you wonder what he was up to between the time he disappeared and when he died.

Allison walks right up to the corpse's face.

ALLISON

Well? What do you say Trevor? Que pasa?

DR. AMBROSE

(shivering)

Allison what on earth possesses you to converse with cadavers?

SAGE

(looking at Trevor's corpse)

It's simple, Dr. Ambrose. What if there is no afterlife? What happens when we die? Do we just stay stuck inside your bodies for eternity watching ourselves decompose?

AMBROSE

I'm not following this...

ALLISON

Well if that's the case... wouldn't you want someone to talk to you like a normal human being one last time?

AMBROSE

You two are creeping me out. And I'm a coroner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Allison fixes a stray lock of hair on Trevor's forehead.

QUICK CUTS: Allison slipping a tag on Trevor's toe; sliding Trevor's body into the morgue drawer; her hand turning the lock on the drawer.

ALLISON (O.S.)  
Adios amigo.

INT. LANGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Lange sits across from Kirsty, who signs some paperwork on Lange's desk.

KIRSTY  
I would have come in sooner but I had an important errand to run last night. Out of town. Figures you'd find his body the minute I decide to go off somewhere.

LANGE  
Well you made it down here that's the important part. Thank you for your patience Mrs. Gooding.

She nods teary eyed. She slides the paperwork across his desk and gets up to leave.

LANGE (CONT'D)  
One last thing... When they found him he was holding something. Not to get too graphic but they had to wrench it from his hand.

Lange reaches under his desk then stands revealing:

THE CUBE inside a ziploc bag. Lange and Kirsty exchange a knowing glance.

LANGE (CONT'D)  
Figured you might want it.

KIRSTY  
Of course. That was my... last anniversary present to him.

LANGE  
A token to remember him by now. Goodbye Mrs. Gooding.

She takes the cube.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRSTY

Thank you detective.

Lange takes out his nasal sprayer as she walks OUT. She closes the door behind her and Lange looks up at the closed door. He sticks the sprayer up his nose.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

Kirsty walks toward the exit. On her way she passes a trash can. She discretely tosses the cube into it and rubs her hands together.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The birds are chirping. The sun is shining. Kirsty Gooding walks out the door and takes a breath of fresh air. She skips down the steps of the police station toward the street. She stops in the middle of the sidewalk looking both ways.

A SHADOW COMES up behind her. It's the STRANGER Trevor had seen out his window. He grabs her shoulder startling Kirsty. She turns to see LARRY ELLIS, shit-eating grin on his face. He's holding an eight month old BABY. The one he was drawing.

LARRY

Looking for someone, Kirsty?

KIRSTY

(taking the baby)

You bet I was.

Kirsty plants a multitude of smothering kisses on the laughing child as A NANNY comes up behind Larry pushing a stroller. Kirsty gently places the baby in it.

KIRSTY (CONT'D)

(to Nanny)

Okay we're on our way. Remember her-

NANNY

Lactose intolerance. I've stocked the fridge with Lactaid.

KIRSTY

See you in a couple of weeks. You've got my cell number right?

The Nanny pushes the stroller away, nodding, waving good-bye. Larry smiles as he watches the baby go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Daisy is getting so big.

(beat)

I still can't believe HE was her father.

Kirsty smiles to herself.

KIRSTY

Counselor can we not mention HIM anymore.

Can we just start spending HIS money  
instead.

They walk slowly toward the curb.

LARRY

I've always wanted to go to Madagascar.

KIRSTY

You mean the place with bats?

LARRY

They're called flying lemurs.

KIRSTY

Yeah that sounds like a real blast...

They put their arms around each other.

KIRSTY (cont'd)

I've been thinking about it. This has to  
have been the best eight months of my  
life.

Larry sees a cab and rushes out to hail it.

LARRY (CONT'D)

TAXI!

Something out the corner of her eye scares Kirsty. She turns  
to see Lange standing there.

LANGE

You forgot something.

Lange holds up the cube she tossed out. Kirsty's expression  
falls. But... how...?

KIRSTY

Oh. Thank you.

Kirsty takes the cube.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LANGE (CONT'D)  
No Mrs. Gooding.

Lange turns and Kirsty's shock there's Givens' face... on the back of Lange's head!

GIVENS  
Thank YOU.

Givens smiles at her then walks away. She slowly walks toward the cab where Larry has opened the door for her.

LARRY  
After you my dear.

INT. CAB - DAY

Kirsty slides into the cab looking at the cube in despair. Larry slides in after her.

LARRY  
(to the cabbie)  
Airport please.

He grabs Kirsty's knee. She just stares at the cube.

LARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
What's up?

Larry looks down at the cube. It has magically risen from her palms and begun to rearrange itself in that way we've come to know and love so well.

The cabbie, looking back at the sight, slowly slides the window between the driver and passenger compartments shut.

KIRSTY  
Time, Larry. Time's up.

EXT. CAB - DAY

As the cab drives off into traffic we see LIGHT FLICKER from within it. The cab passes a cathedral. Its BELL BEGINS TO TOLL.

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED :

BONG . . .