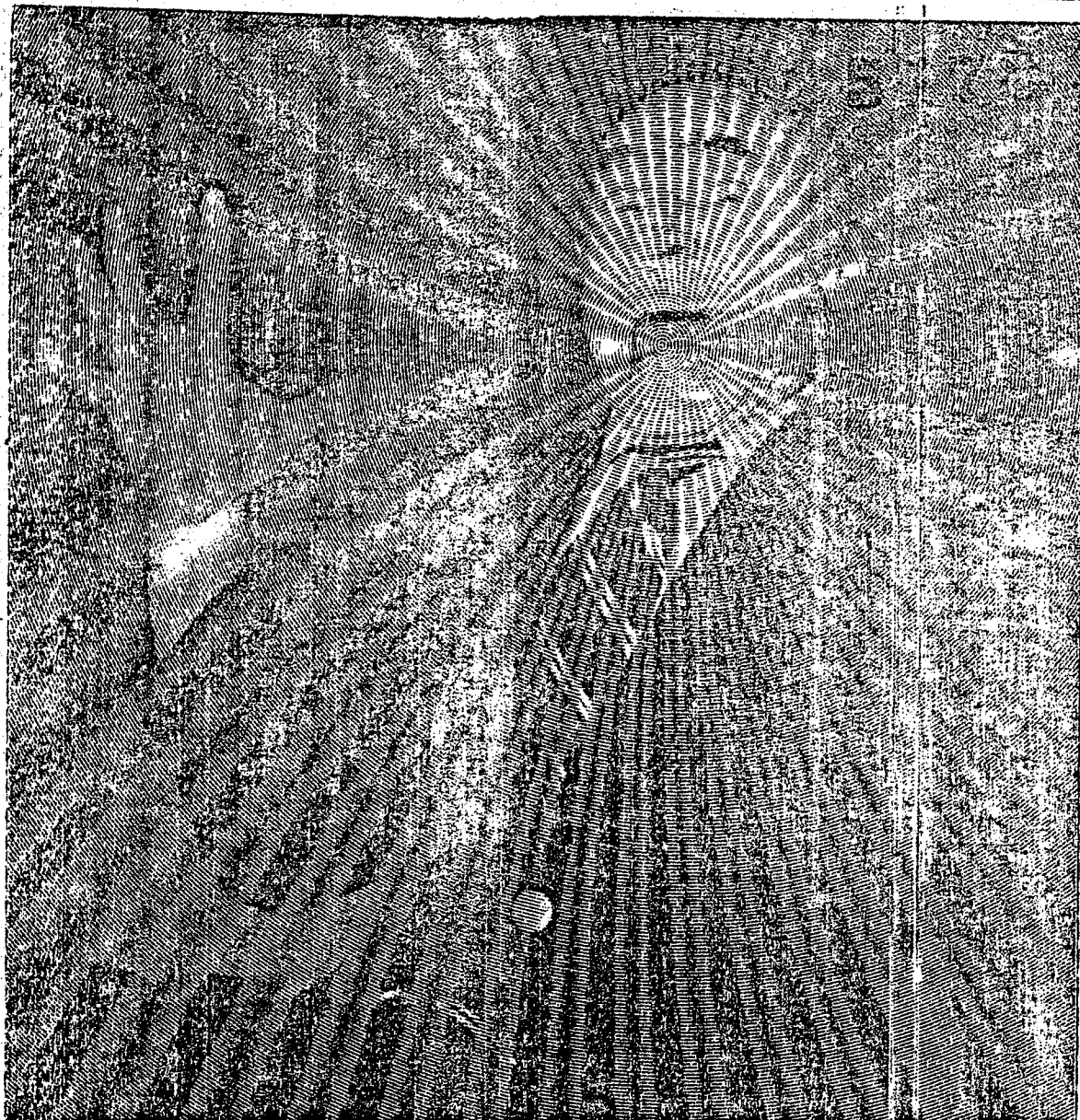


**MEL BROOKS**  
**IN**



**HIGH ANXIETY**  
**HIGH ANXIETY**

✓

"HIGH ANXIETY"

Written by

Mel Brooks

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Produced & Directed By

Mel Brooks

April 5, 1977

NOTE

IN ALL CASES DR. ROBERT THORNDYKE'S NAME IS CHANGED  
TO DR. RICHARD THORNDYKE

"HIGH ANXIETY"

FADE IN

WIDE SHOT - DC-10

1

approaching Los Angeles International Airport. SFX: jet engines changing pitch.

SUPERIMPOSED OVER THIS:

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS

stays on screen for a beat, then fades out.

STEWARDESS

(voice over)

Ladies and gentlemen, the Captain has turned on the no smoking sign. Please extinguish all smoking materials. Make sure your seats are in the upright position and your seat belts fastened in preparation for our arrival at Los Angeles International Airport. Thank you.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE - TIGHTER SHOT OF PLANE

2

approaching runway.

SUPERIMPOSED OVER THIS:

A MEL BROOKS FILM

stays on the screen for a beat, then fades out.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - PLANE

3

CAMERA begins to PAN ACROSS windows. As the CAMERA MOVES along the first four windows, we see faces of excited, smiling passengers looking down at the airport with eager anticipation. The CAMERA MOVES onto the fifth window. We see a CLOSEUP of DR. ROBERT H. THORNDYKE. He is scared to death. Panic is written all over his face as he stares down at the ground rushing up toward him.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE

2

4

from runway looking up at nose of plane about ten feet off the ground. It is a very frightening angle.

The title is SUPERIMPOSED on the screen:

HIGH ANXIETY

The MUSIC, "High Anxiety," fills the air as the title appears on the screen.

Title FADES OUT. Theme continues, Credits continue on, interspersed between landing and airport arrival sequence.

CUT TO:

SHOT FROM BENEATH PLANE

5

as runway speeds dramatically toward CAMERA. The wheels touch down in a white puff of smoke. The unbelievably loud SCREECH of tires hitting runway is followed by an incredible jet HOWL as the engines reverse thrust.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - REAR JET ENGINE

6

SCREAMING.

QUICK CUT TO:

WING FLAPS

7

They flip back into normal position.

QUICK CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - NOSE WHEEL

8

turning and following white line.

QUICK CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT - PLANE PULLING OFF RUNWAY

9

and heading towards gate.

QUICK CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - GROUND CREW MEMBER

10

waving jet in with Day-Glo orange cylinders, his ears covered by white plastic noise muffs.

CUT TO:

HIS P.O.V.	3
Plane approaches gate and comes to a stop.	11
	CUT TO:
CLOSEUP - MOVABLE RAMP	12
moving toward exit door of plane.	
	CUT TO:
TIGHT SHOT - DOOR FROM INSIDE	13
Suddenly it bursts open. We see airline personnel on the other side of the door smiling at us through the entrance.	
	CUT TO:
EXTREME CLOSEUP - STEWARDESS' FACE	14
She is smiling good-bye at the exit door.	
	CUT TO:
LOOSE SHOT - EXIT AREA	15
Passengers are leaving the plane. They mouth "good-bye" as they leave. Dr. Thorndyke appears at doorway, hands Stewardess a little white air-sickness bag, smiles, and sheepishly mouths "thank you" as he exits.	
	CUT TO:
INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - WIDE SHOT - ARRIVAL GATE - DAY	16
A crowd of friends and relatives waiting for arriving passengers. Thorndyke, along with other passengers, approaches the crowd.	
	CUT TO:
TIGHT SHOT - A WOMAN	17
She looks in Thorndyke's direction. Her eyes widen. She begins to SCREAM. She rushes toward Thorndyke.	
	CUT TO:
CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE	18
He is puzzled and frightened.	
	CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

4  
19

The Woman comes rushing at him. Her face is wild with emotion.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE'S FACE

CUT TO:

20

It registers alarm.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - WOMAN

21

SCREAMING.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

22

The SCREAMING Woman rushes at Thorndyke. He SCREAMS in terror as she rushes by him and clutches a little man just behind him.

WOMAN

(delirious with joy,  
still screaming)

Harry! Harry! I can't believe  
it's you!

They embrace. They jump up and down with joy. Thorndyke clutches his heart; he emits a deep sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

23-  
27

depicting the frantic activity of a big-city airport. The shots are UNDERSCORED by highly dramatic MUSIC.

- A. ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE BOARD  
Numbers rotate rapidly.
- B. EXTREME CLOSEUPS OF AIRLINE PERSONNEL  
making announcements.
- C. FACES OF NERVOUS PASSENGERS  
running to catch planes.
- D. VARIOUS SHOES AND LEGS  
walking or running in different directions.
- E. FACES - THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.  
They approach CAMERA almost menacingly and disappear in  
the b.g.

All interspersed with shots of Thorndyke making his way toward the baggage area.

The MUSIC continues to build.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

28

Thorndyke walking down crowded airport corridor.

CUT TO:

MAN-IN-RAINCOAT AND FEDORA

29

watching Thorndyke approach.

CUT BACK TO:

WIDE SHOT

30

MAN-IN-RAINCOAT approaches Thorndyke.

CUT TO:

TIGHT TWO SHOT

31

Man-in-Raincoat and Thorndyke.

Sir?

MAN-IN-RAINCOAT

Yes?

THORNDYKE

Man-in-Raincoat flashes wallet, closes it, puts it back into his pocket.

MAN-IN-RAINCOAT  
Please come with me.

Thorndyke, puzzled, follows.

CUT TO:

ENTRANCE TO MEN'S ROOM

32

Man-in-Raincoat walks in. Thorndyke follows.

CUT TO:

## VESTIBULE OF MEN'S ROOM

33

The Man-in-Raincoat stops. Thorndyke stops. Man-in-Raincoat looks at Thorndyke. Thorndyke looks at Man-in-Raincoat. Man-in-Raincoat suddenly zips open his raincoat, exposing himself.

MAN-IN-RAINCOAT

(very excited)

Do you think I'm attractive?

THORNDYKE

(under his  
breath)

Wow!

MAN-IN-RAINCOAT

Do you go both ways? Are you  
into that?

THORNDYKE

I thought you were a cop!  
Where's your pants? You're  
not even wearing shorts!

Thorndyke backs up and runs.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT - THORNDYKE LEAVING MEN'S ROOM

34

He rushes down the corridor. The men's room door opens behind him. Man-in-Raincoat sticks his head out and SHOUTS after him.

MAN-IN-RAINCOAT

(shouting)

WAIT!!...LET'S TALK! LET'S TRY  
TO WORK IT OUT!

People stare at Thorndyke. He's very embarrassed. Dramatic MUSIC resumes.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

35-  
37

A. ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE BOARDS

The numbers change.

B. EXTREME CLOSEUPS OF AIRLINE PERSONNEL  
making announcements.

Cont.

C. VARIOUS SHOES AND LEGS  
walking or running in different directions.

Again, they're all interspersed with shots of Thorndyke getting closer to baggage area. MUSIC continues to build until it reaches a frantic pace.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL ENTRANCE

38

Thorndyke enters shot wheeling a heavy trunk. MUSIC reaches an unbearable pitch. Doors to street open automatically as Thorndyke walks through.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE

39

Thorndyke exits terminal. Doors shut. MUSIC stops abruptly.

THORNDYKE  
(almost collapses  
in relief)  
My God...what a dramatic airport.

A middle-aged couple exit the airport terminal. A burst of LOUD MUSIC emanates from the open door. Thorndyke reacts. The door closes. The MUSIC stops.

End of credits.

Thorndyke wheels his trunk and anxiously moves away from the entrance area. CAMERA MOVES with him. From o.s. we HEAR a voice:

BROPHY  
(o.s.)  
Dr. Thorndyke! Dr. Robert H. Thorndyke!

Thorndyke stops.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - BROPHY

8

40

He is wearing a chauffeur's uniform. He is holding a 35mm camera up to his eye.

Hold it!  
BROPHY

CUT BACK TO:

THORNDYKE

41

He freezes. We HEAR the SOUND of a motorized camera taking pictures. It whistles and clicks,

CUT TO:

35MM STILL CAMERA'S P.O.V.

42

Thorndyke is caught like a frightened fashion model in a SERIES OF QUICK, RAPID-FIRE SHOTS.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

43

Thorndyke is puzzled by the picture-taking.

THORNDYKE  
Wait a minute. Who are you?

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT

44

BROPHY approaches him and extends his hand.

BROPHY  
I'm Brophy. I work at the Institute. I came to pick you up. I'm going to be your driver and sidekick.

THORNDYKE  
Oh, good. Why the pictures?

BROPHY  
I love to take pictures. I'm very photogenic. I even develop them myself. I got my own dark room. Here, let me take the trunk.

Cont.

Brophy drops to one knee like a weight lifter and picks up the trunk. He struggles and strains.

BROPHY

(struggling)

I got it! I got it! I got  
it! I ain't got it!

He drops it. He begins to pick it up again.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

45

He watches Brophy's struggle, his arms folded.

CUT BACK TO:

BROPHY

46

with the trunk.

BROPHY

It's coming! It's coming! It's  
coming! It's going! It's going!  
It's gone!

Brophy once again falls with the trunk. He gets up. With great determination he spits on his hands, rubs them together energetically, sticks his fingers in his mouth and whistles for a skycap. A skycap comes over, picks up the trunk easily. Thorndyke reaches into his pocket to tip the skycap. Brophy leans over and whispers:

BROPHY

Don't give him too much. It  
ain't that heavy.

Thorndyke hands the skycap a dollar. The skycap nods "thank you."

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE FROM INSIDE TRUNK OF LIMOUSINE

47

looking out. We see the world disappear as the skycap slams the lid shut.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

48

WIDE SHOT of limousine travelling north.

BROPHY

(voice over)

Gee, Doc, I sure am glad you're taking over as the new head of the asylum. We haven't had a real chief since Dr. Ashley died.

THORNDYKE

(voice over)

I just hope I can do as good a job as Ashley did. He was a brilliant psychiatric innovator.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - CLOSE ON BROPHY

49

BROPHY

Yah, innovator...Boy, when it was announced that you were going to take over, Dr. Montague blew his top. Between me, you, and the steering wheel, I guess Montague figured he had the job neatly tucked away in his back pocket... if you get my drift.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE

50

THORNDYKE

Hmmn...is that so?

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT

51

BROPHY

Well, after all, you can't blame him. Dr. Montague's been working under Ashley for the last ten years and then suddenly --

(loudly)

-- BANG!

Thorndyke is startled.

BROPHY

-- From out of the blue -- they go and get you, a professor from Harvard University...No offense.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE

11

52

THORNDYKE

Well, I'm sorry if I've tread on Montague's hopes and dreams, but frankly, I couldn't resist the opportunity to work with real live patients. It's much more exciting than lecturing in a sterile academic atmosphere merely theorizing and postulating over the psychiatric dynamics of mental illness.

In the middle of Thorndyke's speech, we:

CUT TO:

BROPHY

53

He's trying to understand.

BROPHY

That's what they say -- that's what they say.

(beat)

Boy, I tell you, it was a real shock to everybody when Ashley died. The guy was in tip-top shape.

THORNDYKE

Well, you never can predict a heart attack.

BROPHY

(sarcastically)

Heart attack. Ha. Don't make me laugh.

THORNDYKE

Brophy, what are you saying?

BROPHY

If you ask me, I think Dr. Ashley was a victim of...foul play.

Dramatic MUSIC enters on the words "foul play."

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE'S FACE

54

His cheek muscles grow taut with apprehension as the MUSIC gets louder. The SOUND of kettledrums and driving cellos fills the air. The MUSIC grows in intensity. Thorndyke turns his head abruptly and looks out the window.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

12

55

Passing the limousine we see a Bus with big picture windows. On the side of the Bus written in large letters: L.A. PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA. The orchestra is rehearsing inside the Bus. The Musicians are dressed in white dress tails. As the Bus passes the limousine and takes the next turnoff, the SOUND of the MUSIC diminishes and the Bus leaves the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE

56

THORNDYKE

Foul playr...Heh, heh. Brophy, I think your imagination is getting the best of you. Let's not forget that you are working in a psychiatric institution which is conducive to fantasy.

BROPHY

Well, maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I'm wrong.

QUICK CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - BROPHY

57

BROPHY

(under his breath)  
Hey...I know I'm right.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

EXT. INSTITUTE AND GROUNDS - WIDE SHOT - DAY

58

The Institute is set atop a dramatic cliff overlooking the Pacific Ocean. The various buildings are nicely spaced between beautiful green lawns. It is surrounded by a high fence. A sign on the fence reads: "KEEP IN." The limousine approaches the entrance gates and stops next to the microphone just outside the gates. Brophy pushes a button.

VOICE

(filtered, over  
microphone)

Yes?

BROPHY

(shouting)  
Brophy here with the new head  
shrink.

Cont.

The gates open. The limousine starts up the long, circular driveway and approaches the Main Building. We see several patients in bathrobes and white hospital garb being escorted by nurses as they take their morning stroll. ~~FM THE K's~~ We see a patient in a wheelchair being pushed by a nurse. Another nurse reads to a patient on a bench.

BROPHY

Well, Doc, here's your new home.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - CLOSE ON THORNDYKE

59

He looks up at the Main Building.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

60

Carved into the granite above the Main Entrance of the Institute we read:

THE PSYCHO-NEUROTIC INSTITUTE FOR THE VERY, VERY NERVOUS

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY AND ENTRANCE OF MAIN BUILDING -  
WIDE SHOT

61

The limousine comes to a stop. Brophy hops out and opens door for Thorndyke. Thorndyke gets out, looks around.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - THROUGH WINDOW - TWO SHOT - DAY

62

Staring down at Thorndyke we see DR. CHARLES MONTAGUE and CHIEF NURSE CHARLOTTE DIESEL framed in a tight waist shot. Ominous MUSIC builds. They look at each other meaningfully, nod, and then exit the FRAME.

CUT TO:

FRONT ENTRANCE

63

Thorndyke walks up the front steps. From o.s. we HEAR:

BROPHY

(o.s.)

I got it! I got it! I got it!  
I ain't got it!

Cont.

The front door opens as Thorndyke reaches the top of the steps. A Man steps out. He greets Thorndyke enthusiastically.

WENTWORTH

Dr. Thorndyke, I'm delighted to meet you in person. I've read everything you've ever written on psychiatry. Your lectures, your monographs, your books. I'm absolutely thrilled that you're taking over the Institute.

THORNDYKE

Thank you...uh...uh...

WENTWORTH

Wentworth...Dr. Philip Wentworth. I've been with the Institute for two years. I just know that things are going to change for the better now that you're here. You see, ever since Dr. Ashley died, there's been sort of a strange --

Wentworth stops abruptly as we HEAR, from just outside of FRAME, the SOUND of heavy keys JINGLING. Dr. Montague and Nurse Diesel dramatically enter FRAME behind Dr. Wentworth. Wentworth's ebullience rapidly diminishes. He now appears to be very nervous.

MONTAGUE

(with slightly exaggerated cordiality)

Ah, the eminent Dr. Thorndyke. It's a great day here at the Institute for the Very, Very Nervous. May I say that we have been looking forward with much anticipation to your arrival. Let me introduce myself -- I am Dr. Charles Montague. I was in charge here until you showed up.

Montague emits a slight grunt of pain.

MONTAGUE

Oh. Allow me to introduce Nurse Diesel. My right-hand man.  
(quickly)  
Woman.

Nurse Diesel steps forward. She's a stern-looking woman. Her hair is pulled back into a severe bun. Hanging from

her waist we see a huge iron key ring replete with dozens of keys.

DIESEL

Dr. Thorndyke, how do you do?  
I left a complete medical file  
of everyone in the Institute in  
your room. I'm sure you'll want  
to rest a bit and freshen up before  
you meet the rest of the staff.  
Dinner is served promptly at  
eight in the private dining room.  
Those who are late do not get fruit  
cup. Excuse me.

She turns and goes.

MONTAGUE

Well, Dr. Thorndyke, may I say --

DIESEL

(o.s.; sternly)  
Charles.

MONTAGUE

(frightened, fast)  
Good-bye.

He leaves.

WENTWORTH

Do you see what I mean? What I'm  
trying to tell you is --

DIESEL

(o.s.)  
Wentworth.

WENTWORTH

Good-bye.

CAMERA DRIFTS SLOWLY UP to Thorndyke's face as he tries to  
comprehend the situation.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. THORNDYKE'S ROOM

64

Thorndyke is unpacking. He is dressed as we saw him earlier  
except that he has taken off his suit jacket. There is a  
KNOCK at the door.

Cont.

THORNDYKE  
Come in.

The door flies open. We see a little old man framed in the doorway.

LILLOLMAN  
Thorndyke!

THORNDYKE  
Professor little-old-man!

LILLOLMAN  
(correcting)  
Lillolman. Lillolman.  
(under his breath)  
Nobody gets it right.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

65

Thorndyke and Lillolman rush into each other's arms and embrace warmly.

LILLOLMAN  
Thorndyke! Thorndyke! My best pupil. My best student I ever had.

Lillolman pushes Thorndyke away and quickly throws a question at him.

LILLOLMAN  
A patient comes to you. He is suffering from Beldon's Hysteria. He has a seizure in your office. What do you do?

THORNDYKE  
(very quickly,  
crisply)  
Administer two cc's of aqueous thorazene coupled with one cc of somadiozene intra-muscularly.

LILLOLMAN  
And?

THORNDYKE  
Don't take a personal check.

Cont.

LILLOLMAN

That's my pupil. That's my boy. I'm so proud of you. Head of your class at Johns Hopkins. Associate professor at Dartmouth. Full professor at Harvard. And now, head of the most prestigious psychiatric Institute on the West Coast.

(eyes fill with tears)

Excuse me. When you get old, you get emotional.

He sits down and blows his nose loudly into the palms of his hands.

THORNDYKE

Can I get you a tissue?

LILLOLMAN

Yes. Please. I blew too fast.

Lillozman uses the tissue to wipe his hands.

THORNDYKE

Professor, it's so good to see you. So good. I had no idea you were working here at the Institute.

LILLOLMAN

Working's a big word. I'm a consultant. It's a fancy title for a part-time job. I come in two hours a day. I don't bother them. They don't bother me.

Lillozman walks over and opens the French doors.

LILLOLMAN

You know, your predecessor, Dr. Ashley, hired me. It's a shame he died so suddenly. He was going to make some big changes around here. Look at the view out here. It's spectacular. Have you seen it?

THORNDYKE

No, I've been unpacking. I'll get to it.

Cont.

LILLOLMAN

Come now. This is the perfect  
time of day.

Thorndyke clenches his teeth and walks to balcony. He looks  
up.

LILLOLMAN

Look...look below. Is that a  
view?

Thorndyke looks down. He freezes. Frightening MUSIC fills  
the air as we:

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE

66

his eyes wide, still looking down.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT

67

His fingers grasp the rail.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

68

A hundred feet below as we see the ocean, huge white waves  
pound against the enormous black rocks at the base of the  
cliff. The CAMERA STRETCHES unnaturally, elongating his  
P.O.V. The screen WAVES a little.

CUT BACK TO:

CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE

69

His face is white. His hands are pressed tightly over his  
eyes. His mouth wide as he SCREAMS in panic. CAMERA ZOOMS  
into his forehead and through into his imagination. The  
image swirls as Thorndyke sees a picture of himself reeling  
in space. We see into his mind as Thorndyke falls dream-  
like through the air, arms and legs flailing. Over the  
picture we HEAR Professor Lillozman shouting:

LILLOLMAN

(voice over)

THORNDYKE! THORNDYKE!

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE - TWO SHOT

Lillozman grabs Thorndyke and leads him away from the balcony. He sits him down and quickly shuts the french doors. Thorndyke's face is moist with sweat.

THORNDYKE  
(coming out of it)  
I'm sorry, Professor.

LILLOLMAN  
Ah, I see we're still suffering  
from High Anxiety.

Dramatic MUSIC.

THORNDYKE  
Yes, yes, I am. But I'm sure it  
will pass. It's just the excitement  
and tension of taking over this  
new post.

LILLOLMAN  
Bullshit. These things don't let  
go. High Anxiety can be a dangerous  
enemy. If left unchecked, it could  
cost you your life. Tomorrow we  
start our first session of  
psychoanalysis. Haven't had you  
on the couch in a long time. Don't  
worry, we'll lick it.

Lillozman goes to the door and opens it up.

THORNDYKE  
But, Professor, do you really  
think it's nec--

LILLOLMAN  
(interrupting)  
It is ness. Don't tell me what's  
ness. I know what's ness. I know  
my business. These things have a  
rotten way of lingering and lingering.  
Good-bye.

Lillozman leaves. Thorndyke walks over to a table and picks  
up a large dictionary.

THORNDYKE  
(looking down a  
column in book)  
Langley...language...languorous...  
(shuts book)  
There's no lingering.

SLOW DISSOLVE THRU TO:

EXT. INSTITUTE GROUNDS - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

The lights are on in the elegantly appointed dining room. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES toward the lighted window. It MOVES closer and closer until it actually hits the window and crashes through. We HEAR the SOUND of the windowpane breaking. Everybody at the dining table stops eating their fruit cup, their spoons poised in midair. They turn toward CAMERA to see what happened.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

We see the broken pane where the CAMERA came through. Seated at the head of the staff dining room table is Thorndyke. To the right of him sits Philip Wentworth. On his left there is an empty chair. Next to the empty chair we see Nurse Diesel. The rest of the table is completed by the presence of three doctors we have not previously met, DR. BAXTER, DR. WILSON, and DR. ECKERT. They are still staring at the broken window.

THORNDYKE

As I was saying...

They all turn their heads in Thorndyke's direction and resume eating their fruit cups.

THORNDYKE

Before Dr. Ashley's untimely death, I understand he was about to make some radical changes here at the Institute. Does anyone have any idea as to what those changes might be?

WENTWORTH

(nervously)

Well, for one thing, he wanted to change --

DIESEL

(interrupting)

The drapes.

THORNDYKE

What?

DIESEL

He wanted to change the drapes in the psychotic game room.

THORNDYKE

Was that the big change he had in mind? The drapes?

DIESEL

As you know, Dr. Ashley felt that color has a lot to do with the well-being of the emotionally disturbed people.

THORNDYKE

I suppose so...to a degree.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

73

The dining room door suddenly opens and Montague enters and quickly makes his way to his seat. He sits, pulls his chair up to the table, and prepares to eat. He grabs a spoon and automatically starts to eat a fruit cup that is not there. He realizes he is too late. It's been taken away. He drops his spoon in disgust.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - MONTAGUE

74

His face registers bitter disappointment.

MONTAGUE

(under his breath)

Only thirty seconds late.

The ANGLE WIDENS.

MONTAGUE

(to Baxter)

How's the fruit cup tonight?

BAXTER

Nothing canned. All fresh.  
Even the pineapple.

WILSON

I got a kumquat.

Montague looks at Nurse Diesel. She is not looking at anyone. She is chewing slowly, deliberately, smacking her lips.

MONTAGUE

(to Diesel)

You're so strict.

BAXTER

(standing up)

Gentlemen and Nurse Diesel, may I propose a toast to our new leader, Dr. Robert H. Thorndyke.

They all stand up and raise their glasses in Thorndyke's direction.

BAXTER

Long may he reign.

They all drink.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT

75

Nurse Diesel raises her glass, but doesn't drink. She puts the glass down.

SCREEN FLIPS TO:

CLOSEUP - BRANDY SNIFFER

76

filled with a generous portion of brandy. A hand comes INTO FRAME and lifts it. CAMERA FOLLOWS. ANGLE WIDENS to reveal Montague. In one hand he holds the brandy and in the other a cigar.

CUT TO:

DR. WILSON

77

as he holds the brandy.

WILSON

Dr. Montague, what do you think of this brandy? You probably know.

CUT BACK TO:

MONTAGUE

78

He sniffs the brandy as he speaks. CAMERA PANS counterclockwise. We see the various doctors drinking brandy and smoking cigars.

MONTAGUE

Excellent. An excellent brandy. You can tell by just sniffing the aroma. It's much better than the brandy we used to have. I have been saying for years it pays to spend more money and get good imported brandy rather than save a few pennies and buy a cheap domestic brandy that simply cannot compete with the body, the fragrance, and the smooth aftertaste of a fine French cognac.

Cont.

CAMERA COMES TO REST on Nurse Diesel. She is also drinking brandy and smoking a cigar.

MONTAGUE

(o.s.)

I've always enjoyed a brandy that's not too smoky in flavor, and yet manages to retain a character that is bold but never too arrogant or impetuous.

DIESEL

(takes a puff and speaks under her breath)

Who gives a crap.

Montague continues talking. He has obviously heard Diesel.

MONTAGUE

However, there are some domestic brandies that...

(trailing off)

...appeal to the whatevers.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - THORNDYKE

79

THORNDYKE

Dr. Montague, tell me, I'm curious. What's the rate of patient recovery here at the Institute?

MONTAGUE

I'd have to say once in a blue moon.

THORNDYKE

Once in a blue moon?

DIESEL

Unfortunately, Dr. Thorndyke, the recovery rate in a classroom is much higher than it is in real life. We're dealing with sick people here. You understand. Dangerously sick people!!

To emphasize her point she rams her fork into the Dining Room table pinning Montague's coat sleeve forever. He struggles with all his might to free his sleeve.

There is an awkward beat before Eckert speaks.

Cont.

ECKERT

(anxious to lighten  
the atmosphere)

Oh, Dr. Thorndyke, will you be attending the annual psychiatric convention in San Francisco next week?

THORNDYKE

Yes, I think it's important that someone represent the Institute.

MONTAGUE

I was going to go until you showed up --

(then, obviously reacting to a sharp kick in the ankle by Nurse Diesel, he flinches and continues)

I'm sure you'll have a nice time.

THORNDYKE

Thank you.

MONTAGUE

(under his breath,  
to Diesel)

This time I think you broke something.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. THORNDYKE'S BATHROOM

80

Thorndyke is at the sink dressed in pajamas, robe and slippers. He is brushing his teeth.

THORNDYKE

(to himself as he  
brushes)

Up and down and up and down  
and side, side, side, side,  
side. In and out and in and  
out and side, side, side, side,  
side.

Cont.

Suddenly the bathroom window is shattered as a large rock with a note attached to it comes crashing into the bathroom and lands near Thorndyke. It gives him the fright of his life. Thorndyke regains his equilibrium, bends down, unties the string, and removes a big sheet of paper that is attached to the rock.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - PAPER

81

On it we see written in large block letters: "WELCOME".  
Underneath it reads: "The Violent Ward".

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

82

There is a KNOCK on the door. From outside we HEAR:

BROPHY

(o.s.)

Doc! Doc! Are you all right?

We HEAR a door open and Brophy enters the bathroom.

BROPHY

(excited)

Doc! Doc! Is everything all  
right? Is everything all right?

THORNDYKE

(points)

Someone threw a rock through the  
window.

BROPHY

Geez, look at that. A guy like  
that should be put away. Here,  
let me get rid of this for you.

(bends down and  
tries to pick up  
rock)

I got it! I got it! I got  
it!

THORNDYKE

Brophy, forget about it.

We HEAR a STRANGE SCREAM. Brophy and Thorndyke look at  
each other and tear out of the bathroom.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE - WIDE SHOT

26

Thorndyke and Brophy run out of the bathroom and exit through the bathroom door.

83

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

84

Thorndyke and Brophy HEAR the WEIRD SCREAM again.

BROPHY

It's coming from Nurse Diesel's room.

Thorndyke KNOCKS on Diesel's door. The NOISE stops abruptly.

THORNDYKE

Is everything all right in there? Nurse Diesel! Are you all right?

The door opens slowly. Nurse Diesel appears. She is wearing a three-quarter-length chenille robe.

DIESEL

Yes?

THORNDYKE

Forgive us. We heard some weird noises that seemed to emanate from your room.

DIESEL

Weird noises? Heh, heh, heh. It was the TV. I'm sorry it disturbed you. I've turned it down.

During her speech we:

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

85

CAMERA TRAVELS DOWN Diesel's robe revealing sexy, high-heeled, glossy patent leather boots.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

Thorndyke is staring at her boots.

DIESEL

Is there anything else, Doctor?  
It is rather late.

Brophy and Thorndyke look at each other as if to say,  
"Did you see what I saw?"

BROPHY

(embarrassed),  
Yeah, it's late. Good night,  
Doc.

THORNDYKE

Good night, Brophy.  
(then, to Diesel)  
I'm so sorry to have disturbed  
you. Good night.

DIESEL

Good night.

She starts to close the door.

CUT TO:

INT. DIESEL'S ROOM

She closes the door. CAMERA FOLLOWS her as she goes to the closet. She opens the closet door and reveals Montague. His wrists are tied to the crossbar with a thick rope. The rope is extended down to his ankles and tied with a huge knot at the bottom. He is hanging there in light blue silk pajamas.

MONTAGUE

(half whisper)  
Who was it?

DIESEL

It was Thorndyke. You're making  
too much noise!

MONTAGUE

I can't help it. You're hurting  
me. You're going too hard tonight.  
I want you to cut your nails.

DIESEL

Come on, I know you better than  
you know yourself. You live for  
bondage and discipline.

Cont.

Diesel pinches him three times. On each pinch, he SCREAMS "no."

MONTAGUE  
No!...No!...No!...Too much bondage.  
Not enough discipline!

She begins slapping him across the buttocks hard. He SCREAMS "yes."

MONTAGUE  
Yes!...Yes!...I'm so happy!!!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. THORNDYKE'S OFFICE - DAY

88

Thorndyke is seated behind his desk, a folder lies open before him. He is studying case histories. Suddenly a bar of reflected sunlight comes through his window and flickers across his face. Thorndyke moves his head to avoid it, but the flickering beam finds him again. He is slightly puzzled by it. The intercom buzzes. He presses it down.

THORNDYKE  
(into intercom)  
Yes?

FEMALE VOICE  
(over intercom,  
very nasal)  
Dr. Montague is here to see you.

THORNDYKE  
(deliberately)  
Take your hand away from your  
nose and say that again.

FEMALE VOICE  
(over intercom,  
less nasal)  
Dr. Montague is here to see you.

THORNDYKE  
(into intercom)  
Please send him right in.

CUT TO:

## WIDE SHOT

Montague enters briskly. The flickering beam of light disappears.

MONTAGUE  
I'm so sorry I'm late. It took a little longer than I had anticipated to complete my rounds this morning.

THORNDYKE  
Please have a seat.

Montague sits and winces in pain.

MONTAGUE  
(under his breath)  
Aahhh.

THORNDYKE  
Montague, I'm a little disturbed.

MONTAGUE  
Yes, Dr. Thorndyke?

THORNDYKE  
I've been studying some of these case histories and every so often I come across a patient who seems to be functioning in a rational and normal manner. Zachary Cartwright the Third, for instance. His family is paying the Institute twelve thousand dollars a month. According to his files, he should have been discharged months ago.

MONTAGUE  
Oh, these...  
(indicating folders on desk)  
...case histories are really so sketchy. They hardly draw a true picture of the patient's psychosis. Cartwright is a perfect example. One moment he is perfectly rational and lucid and the next he's a living looney tune.

THORNDYKE  
Cartwright is just outside. Would you mind if we examined him together?

Cont.

MONTAGUE

Mind?

He picks up a pencil from Thorndyke's desk and puts the eraser end in his mouth. He plays with the pencil as if it were a cigarette during the following speech.

MONTAGUE

Why should I mind? After all, you're in charge here. You can examine anyone you want.

The pencil suddenly breaks in half. One half stays in his mouth, the other half is in his fingers. He quickly notices what he has done and puts the broken pencil into his jacket pocket. Thorndyke pushes a button on his phone, speaks into the intercom.

THORNDYKE

(into intercom)

Nurse, please send in Mr. Cartwright.

ZACHARY CARTWRIGHT enters the office. He is a skinny, timid little man in his late fifties, dressed in pajamas, robe and slippers. On his robe, over the pocket, are the initials of the Institute: PIVVN.

THORNDYKE

Mr. Cartwright, have a seat.  
Of course, you know Dr. Montague.

CARTWRIGHT

(fearfully)

Hello, Dr. Montague.

MONTAGUE

(hard)

Hello, Zack!

THORNDYKE

Tell me, Mr. Cartwright, do you know why you're here at the Institute?

CARTWRIGHT

Yes, I was brought in two years ago. I was suffering from nervous exhaustion. I used to get sharp pains in my neck and dreamt about werewolves.

Cont.

THORNDYKE

And in the two years you've been here, do you feel you've made any progress?

CARTWRIGHT

I never get those pains anymore and it's been six months since I had a dream about a werewolf.

THORNDYKE

Do you feel if you were returned to the community, you could function in a happy and normal manner?

CARTWRIGHT

I think so. I feel pretty good.

THORNDYKE

(writing)

I see.

During the above exchange, Montague walks around the room, picks up a rubber band off the desk, and puts a paper clip in it. Suddenly, when he's sure no one is looking, he shoots the paper clip into Cartwright's neck.

CARTWRIGHT

(grabbing his neck)

Aaauuggghh!!!

THORNDYKE

What's the matter?

CARTWRIGHT

I don't know. The pain just came back.

MONTAGUE

(to Thorndyke  
behind cupped  
hand)

You see how unpredictable he is?

THORNDYKE

Maybe he's under some tension.

(to Cartwright)

Now, Mr. Cartwright, I really want you to relax.

Cont.

CARTWRIGHT  
I'll try. I'll try.

THORNDYKE  
You mean you haven't had this  
pain for a long time and suddenly  
it's reoccurred for no apparent  
reason.

CARTWRIGHT  
I don't know what it is.

Thorndyke makes some notes in the folder in front of him.

THORNDYKE  
(writing)  
That's interesting.

CARTWRIGHT  
The pain's going away now.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - MONTAGUE

90

He again loads his rubber band with a new paper clip.  
SHOT WIDENS.

CARTWRIGHT  
I feel perfectly --

Montague fires the paper clip into Cartwright's neck.

CARTWRIGHT  
(grabbing his neck)  
Aaauuggghh!!! Aaauuggghh!!!

THORNDYKE  
(jumps to his feet)  
What is it? Is it that same  
pain?

Thorndyke goes around the desk and approaches Cartwright.

CARTWRIGHT  
Yes! Yes! Yes!

THORNDYKE  
Here, let me have a look.

Cont.

Montague quickly positions himself behind Thorndyke. He takes out a werewolf mask from inside his jacket and quickly pulls it over his face. Cartwright looks up and sees the werewolf. He SCREAMS out loudly and backs away, crawling alongside the couch.

CARTWRIGHT

NO! NO! GO AWAY! GO AWAY!

THORNDYKE

It's all right, Cartwright. I just want to help.

Cartwright SCREAMS and continues to crawl backwards in terror. Two Orderlies who have obviously heard the commotion come in. They help get Cartwright to his feet. Montague quickly removes his mask and puts it back into his jacket.

THORNDYKE

(to Orderlies)

Take him back to his room. Give him a sedative and nail some wolfbane over his window.

As the Orderlies drag Cartwright through the door, Montague applies the coup de grace -- a swift, surreptitious, backwards kick in Cartwright's behind. Cartwright SCREAMS again as he is dragged out. The door is closed.

THORNDYKE

I don't understand. It was all so sudden. I've never seen anything like that.

MONTAGUE

Sad. Sad. Tears your heart apart.

He quietly replaces the rubber band. Suddenly the flash of light plays again across Thorndyke's face.

THORNDYKE

There's that reflection again. It seems to be coming from a window somewhere up there.

MONTAGUE

Hmm. It seems to be coming from the north wing. Room thirty-five.

THORNDYKE

Who's up there?

Cont.

MONTAGUE  
I think it's a patient named  
Brisbane.

THORNDYKE  
Arthur Brisbane? The industrialist?  
Head of Brisbane Industries?

MONTAGUE  
Er...yes. I think that's the  
one.

THORNDYKE  
How long has he been here?

MONTAGUE  
Oh, about eighteen months.

THORNDYKE  
I don't remember coming across  
his name in the files. I'd like  
to meet this Brisbane fella after  
lunch.

MONTAGUE  
But he's hopeless. You don't  
want to meet him.

THORNDYKE  
I do.

MONTAGUE  
All right! As you wish. I'll  
arrange it for you.

Montague goes over to the phone, picks it up, and dials.

MONTAGUE  
(into phone)  
Hello? Nurse Diesel? Dr. Montague  
here. Dr. Thorndyke would like to  
visit Arthur Brisbane right after  
lunch.

(pause)  
Good.

(pause, then  
in Pig Latin)  
Oo-yay oh-knay ut-way oo-tay  
oo-day. Et it'gay?

(hangs up phone,  
to Thorndyke)  
Everything will be taken care of.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE'S FACE

He is puzzled at the Pig Latin. The beam of light plays across his face again. MUSIC.

DISSOLVE TO:

THORNDYKE'S RECURRENT DREAM

He is falling through space, his arms and legs flailing, his mouth open in terror. OVER picture, we HEAR the voice of Professor Lilloolman.

LILLOLMAN

(voice over)

Fight it, Thorndyke. Do you hear me? You must fight it. Fight your fear. The only way to overcome High Anxiety is to fight it.

CUT TO:

INT. LILLOLMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Thorndyke is on the leather couch writhing in torment. Lilloolman sits just behind him, leaning over, speaking words of encouragement.

LILLOLMAN

That's good. Fight it. Fight it. Fight. Fight. Fight.

THORNDYKE

(low voice)

Fight. Fight. Fight.

Thorndyke slowly begins to snuff, snivel and shadow box as he rises from the couch.

LILLOLMAN

Good. Good. That's it. Fight. Fight.

Thorndyke is now moving around the room as if it were a fight ring. He throws short left jabs. He hooks. He dances. He throws a few haymakers. His footwork is beautiful. Lilloolman gets more and more excited. He rises to his feet.

LILLOLMAN

Good. Good. Kill it. Beat it. Fight it. You can win. You can win.

Cont.

Lilloolman gives Thorndyke an encouraging tap on the shoulder. Thorndyke throws him a punch. Lilloolman reacts slightly from the pain of the punch.

LILLOOLMAN  
Good. That's all right. Get your hostility out.

Thorndyke grabs Lilloolman's head, bends him down, and gives him four good punches to the body. With each punch:

LILLOOLMAN  
Good. Good. Good.

On the last punch Lilloolman breaks away.

LILLOOLMAN  
Hold it. Hold it. The last one hurt.

Thorndyke continues punching.

LILLOOLMAN  
Okay, that's enough. That's enough.

Thorndyke doesn't hear him. He's lost in a trance. He hits Lilloolman twice in the face.

LILLOOLMAN  
I SAID THAT'S ENOUGH!!

Thorndyke hits him again. Lilloolman backs off and begins to remove his jacket.

LILLOOLMAN  
All right. You want to fight. I'll give you a fight. I'll give you a fight you'll never forget. Come on, you bastard. Throw your best punches. Give me your best stuff.

Lilloolman's footwork is quick and fancy. He does a little Ali shuffle. Lilloolman gives Thorndyke a good punch.

LILLOOLMAN  
Got a good one in there. You didn't expect that, did you, you --

Cont.

Thorndyke lets a right go and connects on Lillolman's jaw.  
Lillolman reacts in pain.

LILLOLMAN

Now you're gonna get it.

They begin fighting in earnest. Montague enters the office.  
He is flabbergasted by what he sees.

MONTAGUE

Doctors! Doctors! What's  
going on here? Please, break  
it up.

He rushes between them and separates them. They come  
together again and continue fighting, ignoring Montague's  
pleas. Montague removes his jacket. He is wearing a  
sweater vest and a bow tie. There are garters around his  
sleeves. Soon he's caught up in the insanity himself. He  
becomes the perfect Referee, admonishing them when they  
hold too long, being very angry at Lillolman for hitting  
below the belt. Lillolman and Thorndyke are in a tight  
clinch.

MONTAGUE

(whispering to them  
as he breaks them up)

All right. All right. Come on.  
They came to see a fight. Keep  
'em up. Keep it clean.

Thorndyke and Lillolman continue fighting. Suddenly  
Lillolman gets lucky with a roundhouse that catches Thorndyke  
in the solar plexus. Thorndyke grabs his stomach in pain  
and falls backwards onto the leather couch again. He  
lies there, exhausted. Montague and Lillolman put their  
jackets on.

MONTAGUE

What happened? How did this  
start?

LILLOLMAN

I put him under hypnosis. He'll  
be coming out of it soon. We're  
having some analytic sessions to  
help him overcome a lingering  
illness...High Anxiety.

MUSIC sting.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - MONTAGUE

38

94

MONTAGUE  
High Anxiety!? You mean  
Thorndyke is suffering from  
High Anxiety?

He stifles a laugh.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

95

LILLOLMAN  
Please don't say anything about  
this to anyone.

MONTAGUE  
Me? Why would I say anything?  
Don't be silly. Excuse me.

Montague rushes out as though the place were on fire.  
Thorndyke slowly begins to come out of it.

THORNDYKE  
You'll never believe what I just  
went through.

LILLOLMAN  
I believe it. I believe it.  
You'll be all right. You're  
strong.

(feels his jaw  
tenderly)  
However, no more sessions for a  
little while, eh?

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

SIGN

96

The sign reads: NORTH WING - VIOLENT WARD - NO VISITORS.  
CAMERA PANS from sign to REVEAL Thorndyke and Montague  
standing in front of a heavy iron door with a little  
opening at eye level. An ORDERLY with a mustache peers  
through the opening to see who's there. When the Orderly  
sees Thorndyke and Montague, he opens the door immediately.  
Montague and Thorndyke enter the guarded area. The Orderly  
shuts the door quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - NORTH WING

39

97

MONTAGUE

(to Orderly)

Norton, this is our new chief,  
Dr. Thorndyke. He would like  
to see Mr. Brisbane.

NORTON

Certainly, It's a pleasure to  
meet you, Dr. Thorndyke.

He extends his hand, they shake.

NORTON

Follow me.

As Norton talks, he turns his face and we see that he is  
only sporting half a mustache.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE

98

THORNDYKE

Norton, I don't mean to pry,  
but could you please tell me  
what happened to the other half  
of your mustache.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - NORTON

99

NORTON

As you know, we get some very  
violent patients in this wing...  
well, last week I guess I wasn't  
on my toes and one of them reached  
out and ripped off half of my  
mustache.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

100

THORNDYKE

Oh, that must have been awful.

NORTON

You'll never know the pain.

Cont.

MONTAGUE

It can be quite dicey up here  
at times. Shall we go?

Norton leads them down the corridor. On each side we see heavy steel security doors. There is a little opening cut into each door at eye level. As they pass one of the doors, a face suddenly appears in the little window. The Man peering out is wearing the other half of Norton's mustache.

PATIENT

(calling out)

Norton! Norton! See anything  
that's yours?

The PATIENT laughs maniacally.

NORTON

(threateningly)

Why, you --

The Patient quickly shuts the opening before Norton can reach him.

THORNDYKE

Obviously a paranoid schizophrenic  
with half a Charlie Chan complex.

Montague nods in semi-agreement. They continue walking. Norton stops opposite a door, takes a key, and opens it. A card on the door reads: ARTHUR BRISBANE. Norton leads the way. Montague and Thorndyke follow.

CUT TO:

INT. BRISBANE'S CELL

101

Mysterious MUSIC begins. CAMERA PANS the darkened room as the men search for Brisbane. We see some chairs, a table, then, two large metal dog dishes for food and water, a long leather leash hanging on a hook, and a large, partially chewed rawhide bone. Finally, we see an oversized wicker doggie bed. Sleeping in it with his head on his "paws" is ARTHUR BRISBANE. His eyes flutter in his sleep as he hears something. He begins to GROWL SOFTLY. Suddenly he jumps up, wide awake, and begins barking at them. He jumps up on Thorndyke.

MONTAGUE

Brisbane! Down! No! No!  
Bad Brisbane! Bad Brisbane!

Cont.

THORNDYKE  
That's Arthur Brisbane? The  
industrialist?

Brisbane sits, drops his head a little. He knows he's  
done something wrong.

MONTAGUE  
(to Thorndyke)  
Don't worry. He won't bite.  
Let him smell you. He thinks  
he's a cocker spaniel.

Thorndyke puts his hand out. Brisbane sniffs Thorndyke's  
hand and begins to lick it. Thorndyke pats him on the head

THORNDYKE  
Good dog, good dog -- I mean  
good Mr. Brisbane.

Brisbane jumps all over Thorndyke.

THORNDYKE  
Down! Down!  
(louder)  
Sit! Stay!

Brisbane sits.

THORNDYKE  
Good. Good boy. This is the  
most complex psychic phenomenon  
I've ever seen...

Brisbane likes Thorndyke. He sniffs up and down Thorndyke's  
leg as Thorndyke continues.

THORNDYKE  
...the transference from human  
to animal. It's amazing. Didn't  
Otto Rank, or was it Kraft Ebbing,  
write an interesting paper on a  
similar case?...

Brisbane begins to pump against Thorndyke's leg.

THORNDYKE  
(lost in thought)  
...I believe it occurred in  
Vienna. The patient suffered  
from delusions --

Thorndyke suddenly becomes aware of Brisbane humping his  
leg, looks down at him, astounded.

MONTAGUE

(quickly)

Brisbane! No! No! Down!  
Down! We don't do that with  
strangers. Norton, get his  
leash!

THORNDYKE

Never mind. I've seen enough.

They start to leave.

THORNDYKE

Extraordinary. Amazing. How  
could a creature like this have  
had the wherewithal to contact  
me by flashing a mirror?

MONTAGUE

Cockers are very bright.

THORNDYKE

That's true.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

EXT. INSTITUTE GROUNDS - WIDE SHOT - DAY

102

Brophy is in the f.g. polishing the limousine. Behind him we see patients, nurses and orderlies strolling along the paths. A wooden sign in the b.g. reads: ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING with an arrow pointing to the right. Underneath that we read: OUTPATIENT CLINIC with an arrow pointing to the right. Beneath that we read: SPLIT PERSONALITY WARD with an arrow pointing to the right and an arrow pointing to the left. Walking into FRAME we see a Patient being helped by a Nurse. The Patient (Henny Youngman) is speaking. As they pass by we hear him rattling off one-liners. After each joke, the Nurse nods and says subtly, "Ba-rump-bum." "Take my wife...please. Anyone." "You know, my wife is a very religious cook. Everything she makes is a burnt offering." "A crook came over to me last night and he says 'stick 'em down.' I says 'don't you mean stick 'em up?' He says 'don't confuse me. This is my first job.'" CAMERA TIGHTENS on Brophy and limousine. In order to achieve a high gloss, he spits and polishes, spits and polishes. From an open window just behind the car, we HEAR bits of conversation between Nurse Diesel and Wentworth.

Cont.

WENTWORTH

(voice over; agitated)  
I swear to God. I won't say a  
word. I can't take it any longer.  
Just let me leave. Please. Let  
me leave!

DIESEL

(voice over)  
You're just as much a part of  
this as the rest of us. No one's  
quitting. Do you hear me? NO  
ONE.

WENTWORTH

(voice over; very loudly)  
BUT I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT.  
WHAT WE'RE DOING IS WRONG!  
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? WRONG!

Brophy stops and turns toward the window. The last sentence  
has arrested his attention.

DIESEL

(voice over; hushed)  
Quiet, you fool. The window's  
open.

Brophy turns back and goes to work on the car. Once more  
he spits at the hood, not realizing the back of his hand  
is in the way. Surreptitiously, he wipes his hand on  
his trousers and continues to polish the car.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE

103

In the shiny hood of the car we see Nurse Diesel reflected  
as she comes to the window. Her face is distorted by  
the curve of the hood. She closes the window.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSE DIESEL'S OFFICE

104

Nurse Diesel finishes closing window and walks to Wentworth.  
He is seated in a chair. As she speaks, she punctuates  
her words by poking her forefinger into Wentworth's collar-  
bone. She speaks very deliberately, her finger poking on  
each word.

Cont.

DIESEL

We have something going here at the Institute for the Very, Very Nervous that's going to ~~make us~~ all very, very rich. And you're not going to screw things up.

WENTWORTH

(holding his shoulder)  
But it's against everything I believe in. Everything that's honest and ethical.

DIESEL

Oh, blow it out your ass.

WENTWORTH

What??

DIESEL

(obviously trying a new approach)  
All right. All right. Maybe I've been too harsh. You can leave the Institute this evening.

WENTWORTH

Oh, thank you. Thank you, Nurse Diesel. I'll never say a word to anyone.

DIESEL

I know you won't.

CAMERA ZOOMS into her eyes. They are cold and calcul  
MUSIC sting.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATE MODEL CAR

105

travelling along Pacific Coast Highway at night. It is raining. Mysterious MUSIC.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

106

Wentworth is staring nervously through the windshield at the road in front of him. The windshield wipers slap the windshield rhythmically. Every so often he glances up anxiously at the rearview mirror.

CUT TO:

TRAFFIC LIGHT IN RAIN

45

107

It goes from yellow to red.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CAR

108

Wentworth stops. A person crosses in front of Wentworth's car, his face hidden by a large, black umbrella. As he comes abreast of Wentworth's car, he raises the umbrella and peers in.

CUT TO:

WENTWORTH'S P.O.V.

109

The ghoulish-looking man's face breaks into a strangely haunting smile. He disappears behind the umbrella once again and continues across the road.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - WENTWORTH

110

He blinks in fear. The reflection of the red light turns to green across his windshield.

CUT TO:

WENTWORTH'S FOOT

111

as he depresses the accelerator.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - SPEEDOMETER

112

as it goes from zero to 5, 10, 20, 30, 40, 50 miles an hour.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LOOSE ANGLE

113

from behind Wentworth. We see lights of cars in the opposite lane coming toward him and disappearing into the dark. With each set of approaching lights, we hear the car sounds crest as they pass and then fade once more as they continue on. Wentworth glances at his rearview mirror again. There are a pair of headlights getting closer and closer. Suddenly, we HEAR the very loud air horn of a monstrous trailer truck.

CUT TO:

## ANOTHER ANGLE

114

Wentworth is scared out of his skin as the truck whizzes by, blowing its air horn once more. Wentworth pulls over to the side of the road and stops to catch his breath. He takes his handkerchief out to wipe his brow. A ~~signature~~ springs from out of nowhere and pounds on the window on the passenger side. BANG! BANG! BANG! Wentworth SCREAMS and clutches his chest in panic.

CUT TO:

## WENTWORTH'S P.O.V.

115

Through the rain-streaked window we see a huge policeman in a rain slicker and hood. He speaks. We HEAR his MUFFLED VOICE.

POLICEMAN

(muffled)

Are you all right in there?

CUT BACK TO:

## SCENE

116

Wentworth indicates "Thank you, I'm fine." He puts the car quickly into gear and moves off.

CUT TO:

## CLOSEUP - WENTWORTH

117

We HEAR a CLICK as he turns on the radio. The SOUND of soft rock fills the car. The number ends. Immediately afterwards we HEAR the jangly throb of hard rock take over. The beat gets faster and the music gets louder. Wentworth reaches down to change the station.

CUT TO:

## CLOSEUP - RADIO

118

Wentworth's fingers on a button. He pushes one, then another. Nothing happens. The station does not change. The SOUND of the MUSIC intensifies. His fingers turn the tuner knob. It won't turn. The MUSIC grows louder.

QUICK CUT TO:

## WENTWORTH'S FACE

119

He is frightened.

CUT BACK TO:

WENTWORTH'S FINGERS

47

120

as he reaches for the volume control. The minute he touches it, it comes off in his hand. He can't get it back on. He throws it away and tries to turn the little metal rod with his fingers. No good. It doesn't work.

QUICK CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - WENTWORTH'S FACE

121

It is filled with panic.

CUT TO:

SCENE

122

The MUSIC is unbelievably loud. Wentworth immediately pulls over to the side of the road and stops the car.

QUICK CUT TO:

TIGHT CLOSEUP - KEY IN IGNITION

123

Wentworth's hand comes into frame, twists the key, and turns off the ignition.

QUICK CUT TO:

WINDSHIELD WIPERS

124

They stop immediately in mid-wipe.

QUICK CUT TO:

RADIO

125

It is not affected. It continues to play. Wentworth's fist comes into frame. He bangs the radio with all his might, but it continues to play.

CUT BACK TO:

CLOSEUP - WENTWORTH'S FACE

126

The MUSIC continues to pound out its super-amplified, insane, driving sound. Wentworth's eyes widen in terror as he realizes something is very, very wrong.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

127

He grabs door handle and lifts it up and pushes. The door will not budge. He pulls the lock button on top of the door. He can't move it. He grabs the window handle and begins to

turn. The handle comes off in his hand. The MUSIC continues to grow in volume. He leaps across the front seat and attacks the door on the passenger side. No good. The window handle comes off in his hand. He pounds the window with his fists, hoping to break it. The pounding fists have no effect on the glass. He moves his back against the door and kicks with all his might at the opposite window. It resists his every effort to break it. He can't take the SOUND any longer. He grabs his ears and SCREAMS. Grotesquely, the screaming becomes part of the hard rock arrangement.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR

128

The MUSIC and SCREAMING are now muffled and mixed with the SOUND of rain. The angle is such that we see the soles and heels of Wentworth's shoes as he kicks at the window for his life. The car shakes with each kick, but the window does not break. Wentworth kicks, kicks, kicks. Suddenly his legs stiffen and for one brief moment his soles remain pressed against the window. Then, slowly, they begin to slide down. He goes limp. The CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES into the car as we:

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

129

The MUSIC is incredibly loud. Wentworth has stopped screaming. He is obviously near death. Suddenly the volume drops dramatically as the rock-and-roll song comes to a soft, tender finish.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - RADIO

130

The song ends. The little metal rod of the volume control turns and clicks "off." The light on the receiver goes out. The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS off radio to:

TIGHT SHOT - WENTWORTH'S FACE

131

His glazed, unseeing eyes stare blankly ahead. His head turns and drops. Wentworth is dead. CAMERA MOVES INTO Wentworth's ear. A trickle of blood makes its way from inside his ear, across his earlobe, and down his neck.

QUICK CUT TO:

49

CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE

132

THORNDYKE

Busted eardrums!!

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL:

EXT. FRONT DRIVEWAY - INSTITUTE - DAY

133

Thorndyke is standing by the limousine. Montague and Nurse Diesel are there.

THORNDYKE

That's a very strange symptom for a cerebral hemorrhage.

MONTAGUE

According to the police surgeon's report, Wentworth suffered a cerebral hemorrhage.

THORNDYKE

You mean to say that the broken eardrums were a result of the cerebral hemorrhage?

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - MONTAGUE

134

MONTAGUE

Cerebral.

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT

135

THORNDYKE

(after a beat)

Do you say Caribbean or Caribbean?

MONTAGUE

Caribbean.

THORNDYKE

I say Caribbean. Do you say tomato?

MONTAGUE

I say tomahto.

THORNDYKE

Oh, let's call the whole thing off. I'm not going to San Francisco. I can't leave the Institute at a time like this.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - NURSE DIESEL

50

136

DIESEL

Dr. Thorndyke, there's nothing you can do. If we receive any additional information about Wentworth, we'll call you. It's important that you attend the Psychiatric Convention. Remember, you are representing the Institute.

CUT TO:

MONTAGUE

137

MONTAGUE

Enjoy yourself, for God's sake. Get your mind off the Wentworth murder...

(quickly)

Accident. Have a good time.

He has obviously been kicked by Nurse Diesel.

CUT BACK TO:

FULL SHOT - SCENE

138

THORNDYKE

Perhaps you're right. I did spend a great deal of time preparing my speech. Yes, yes, I'd better go.

Thorndyke starts to get in the back of the limousine. Brophy is not there.

THORNDYKE

Where's Brophy?

BROPHY

(o.s.)

Here I am, Doc. Here I am.

CUT TO:

BROPHY

139

He comes running down the steps. CAMERA WIDENS BACK to:

SCENE

140

as he approaches the limousine.

BROPHY

(as he runs)

I forgot my camera. Hold it!  
Let me get a picture.

MONTAGUE

Oh, please, Brophy. Not now.

Just as Brophy is about to snap the picture, ~~Montague~~ and Montague put their heads together quickly and flash winning smiles. Nurse Diesel goes up on her toes to get her face in the picture, quickly jumps between Thorndyke and Montague and wets her lower lip and assumes a seductive pose. Brophy's camera clicks. They separate immediately.

BROPHY

Okay, let's go.

He opens the door for Thorndyke.

THORNDYKE

See you in a few days.

Montague and Diesel smile.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE

141

Thorndyke gets in, Brophy closes the door and runs around to the other side. He gets into the driver's seat and slams the door. Suddenly, the car engine starts with a roar and the car moves off. As Montague waves, his arm accidentally crashes into Nurse Diesel's bust.

CUT TO:

TIGHT TWO SHOT

142

Montague grasps his arm in pain. Diesel doesn't move. She hasn't even felt it.

MONTAGUE

Why don't you wear a bra?

DIESEL

(ignoring him)

I want you to come to my room right after dinner.

MONTAGUE

I'm tired. I think I'm going to turn in early. Maybe I'll read a little.

DIESEL

(enticing him)

I'll let you wear my new panty hose.

Cont.

MONTAGUE

(quickly)  
I'll be there.

DISSOLVE THRU TO,

SKYLINE OF SAN FRANCISCO FEATURING THE  
GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY

143

MUSIC over -- "I'll take Manhattan." After about eight bars the music comes to a dissonant halt. We HEAR a baton TAPPING on a music stand. The orchestra breaks into a spirited rendition of "San Francisco, Open Your Golden Gates."

CUT TO:

EXT. HYATT REGENCY HOTEL - SAN FRANCISCO -  
WIDE SHOT - DAY

144

A banner across the front of the hotel reads: WELCOME TO THE AMERICAN PSYCHIATRIC ASSOCIATION CONVENTION. Thorndyke's limousine pulls up to the front door of the hotel.

QUICK DISSOLVE THRU TO

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

145

The lobby is replete with banners and posters representing the various institutions that are participating in the American Psychiatric Convention. The CAMERA PULLS BACK. The lobby of the Hyatt Regency is a tribute to modern architecture. The 17-story structure is built somewhat like a pyramid, however, it is open at the very top. The interior walls of the hotel jut out at a rakish angle and come together at the glass enclosed roof. The extremely modern fishbowl elevators are in full view at all times as they zoom up and down the inside of the building.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S FACE

146

Sting of MUSIC. Thorndyke suffers a shock of High Anxiety. He breaks into a sweat as he sees the elevators quickly rise to the top of the hotel.

DESK CLERK

(o.s.)  
Excuse me. Dr. Robert H. Thorndyke.  
D-Y-K-E.

Cont.

Thorndyke snaps out of it. He looks away from the elevators. He turns and goes to the registration desk. Brophy is standing there next to the DESK CLERK.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

147

THORNDYKE

Yes, I am.

DESK CLERK

Okay. You're all set. Here we go.

The Desk Clerk hands him the pen. Thorndyke signs the register.

BROPHY

Wow, talk about modren.

DESK CLERK

(to Thorndyke)

You and Mr. Brophy are in 1702 and 1703.

X

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE

148

He is obviously upset.

THORNDYKE

Excuse me. I thought that I'd specifically requested a room on a lower floor. Nothing higher than three.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - DESK CLERK

149

DESK CLERK

We had 201 all ready for you. However, a Mrs. MacGuffin called this morning and had us change it to the seventeenth floor.

THORNDYKE

MacGuffin? MacGuffin? I don't know anyone by that name.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

54  
150

BROPHY  
Isn't that strange. Isn't that  
strange.

DESK CLERK  
I'm sorry, sir. We can't do  
anything about it now. We're  
all booked up. But maybe we  
can make a change tomorrow.

BROPHY  
Aw, c'mon, Doc. It's only for  
a coupla nights.

THORNDYKE  
I guess it'll be all right.

The Desk Clerk taps the bell. A BELLBOY enters, takes keys,  
picks up bags.

BELLBOY  
Is there anything I can get  
you, sir?

THORNDYKE  
Yes. I'd like a newspaper.

BELLBOY  
Gotcha. I'll get you one and  
meet you at the elevators.

THORNDYKE  
Please don't forget. It's rather  
important.

BELLBOY  
Yeah, all right. Okay.

The Bellboy exits the shot with the bags.

THORNDYKE  
(to Brophy)  
I want to see if there's any  
mention of Wentworth's death.

CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE

He looks up.

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

We see the glass enclosed elevator quickly speed toward the  
top of the hotel.

CUT TO:

151

CUT TO:

152

CUT BACK TO:

THORNDYKE'S FACE

55

He is visibly shaken.

153

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

154

Thorndyke and Brophy approach elevator. The Bellboy is waiting for them. He motions toward elevator.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - ELEVATOR

155

The doors open. The Bellboy indicates "please enter." They do.

BELLBOY

(pushing a button)

Here we go. All the way to the top.

As the doors start to close, Thorndyke speaks abruptly.

THORNDYKE

Wait! I'll walk --

BELLBOY

What?

Doors close.

THORNDYKE

Nothing.

The elevator starts going up. Anxious MUSIC begins.

CUT TO:

ELEVATOR FROM LOBBY'S P.O.V.

156

CAMERA FOLLOWS elevator. It rises swiftly.

CUT TO:

INSIDE ELEVATOR

157

Thorndyke is very, very nervous. His eyes start to widen as he looks down.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

158

The lobby dramatically shrinks as the elevator continues to shoot upwards. MUSIC builds in intensity as we:

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - TIGHT SHOT - LIGHTED FLOOR  
NUMBERS

10, 11, 12, 14.

BELLBOY'S FACE

nonchalant.

BROPHY'S FACE

He's enjoying the ride.

THORNDYKE'S FACE

He looks as if he's going to faint, MUSIC crests.

INT. ELEVATOR - LOOSE SHOT

BELLBOY  
Quite a view, isn't it?

THORNDYKE  
(too scared to  
speak rationally)  
If you cranst danoy.

Bellboy and Brophy look at each other.

BELLBOY AND BROPHY  
(simultaneously)  
If you cranst da noy?

THORNDYKE  
(waving them off)  
Yes.

Bellboy and Brophy look at each other again. The elevator comes to a stop at the 17th floor. Doors open.

BELLBOY  
Here we are. Top floor. Top of the hotel. You can't get any higher. Watch your step. We're way up there. We're pretty high.

56

159

QUICK CUT TO:

160

QUICK CUT TO:

161

QUICK CUT TO:

162

CUT BACK TO:

163

Cont.

THORNDYKE  
All right already. We know  
we're high.

BELLBOY  
(quietly)  
Seventeen. Top of the hotel.

Thorndyke exits the elevator. Brophy follows him. Bellboy  
picks up the bags and exits the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. MODERN, NARROW, OPEN CORRIDOR - 17TH FLOOR 164

Along one wall we see a number of doors leading to the  
various rooms. The other side of the corridor is composed  
of a simple railing that overlooks the lobby seventeen  
floors below.

BELLBOY  
This way please.

Brophy is looking over the rail.

BROPHY  
Wow! Hey Doc, look at this.  
What a view! This is  
spectacular!

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

165

Apprehensive MUSIC begins. Thorndyke moves along the  
corridor. He presses his back as hard as he can against  
the wall.

THORNDYKE  
I can see it from here. It's  
very nice. Very nice.

Each time he comes to a doorway, he follows its contour  
and continues along the wall. When he comes to the fourth  
door, a Male Attendant suddenly exits the room pushing his  
supply cart in front of him. It collides with Thorndyke's  
back, propelling him towards the rail. Thorndyke hits the  
rail with such force that he starts to go over. MUSIC  
crests.

THORNDYKE  
OHHHHHHHHH...

Cont.

At the last minute Brophy reaches over and pulls him back.

BROPHY

Are you all right, Doc? Are you all right?

CUT TO:

TIGHT TWO SHOT

166

THORNDYKE

I'm all right. I'm all right. Thank you, Brophy.

CUT TO:

MALE ATTENDANT WITH CART

167

MALE ATTENDANT

Sorry. I didn't know anybody was there.

He wheels the cart in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

BELLBOY

168

BELLBOY

Right here, gentlemen. 1702.

X

He opens the door to 1702. On the way in Brophy speaks to Thorndyke.

X

BROPHY

Boy, if you would have gone over you would have been smashed like corned beef hash. Your brains would have splattered all over the lobby. Your guts --

THORNDYKE

(interrupting)

Brophy. Please!

BROPHY

I've got the key, you take care of the Doc.

X

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM

169

The Bellboy leaves Brophy's suitcase at the door, takes Thorndyke's bag, and places it on a little folded-out luggage stand. He goes over, opens the drapes, and adjusts the air conditioner.

Cont.

BELLBOY

Is there anything else I can do for you?

THORNDYKE

(handing him a dollar)

No...oh, where's my newspaper?

BELLBOY

Oh, the newsstand didn't have any left and I didn't want to go around the corner.

THORNDYKE

(anxiously)

It's very important that I get that newspaper.

BELLBOY

All right, all right. I'll get you the paper. I'll get you the paper.

Bellboy leaves with Brophy. He shuts the door behind him. Thorndyke opens his suitcase. He takes out his suit. He takes a hanger from the closet, puts his suit on it. He HEARS the door in the next room closing. He quickly goes to his door, opens it. The Bellboy passes in front of Thorndyke's doorway.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE IN CORRIDOR

170

THORNDYKE

Don't forget that paper.

BELLBOY

(he's obviously had it)

All right! I'll get it! I'll get it! What's so important about a lousy stinking newspaper?

Thorndyke shuts the door.

SCREEN FLIPS TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

171

Thorndyke removes his shirt, puts it on a nearby chair, passes mirror, catches a glimpse of self and stops.

Cont.

He looks at himself and flexes his muscles. Satisfied  
with his body he moves on.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

172

DESK CLERK

(calling off)

Oh, Dennis? Dr. Thorndyke in  
1701 just called down to remind  
you not to forget his...

BELLBOY

I know. The newspaper! The  
newspaper! The newspaper!

He runs out of FRAME. Desk Clerk reacts.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

173

We HEAR the SOUND of a shower and see steam rising.  
Thorndyke enters the bathroom wearing a white terrycloth  
robe. As he enters, OMINOUS MUSIC begins. Thorndyke  
removes his robe.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - THORNDYKE'S LEGS

174

from just above the knees. The robe falls to the tile  
floor. Thorndyke steps between the translucent plastic  
shower curtains and enters shower.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE'S FACE

175

catching the full force of the shower. He loves it.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF DIFFERENT CLOSEUPS

176-  
186

A. Thorndyke taking soap.

B. Lathering up.

C. Picking up shampoo.

Cont.

- D. Taking off cap.
- E. Applying shampoo to hair.
- F. Water dripping over toes.
- G. Water dripping across knees.
- H. Chest.
- I. Elbow.
- J. Shoulder.
- K. Back

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

187

We are in an angle that reveals bathroom door seen through the translucent shower curtain. The bathroom door quietly opens revealing a shadowy figure looming in the doorway. MUSIC segues to high-pitched moaning violins. The figure comes closer and closer to CAMERA. Thorndyke does not notice. He continues to enjoy his shower. MUSIC intensifies. Figure comes closer. It raises its right hand over its head. Clutched in its hand we see something that looks like a large knife. Suddenly, the shower curtain is ripped open.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - THE FIGURE

188

It is the Bellboy with a rolled-up newspaper in his right hand. His face is crazed with rage. He begins to SCREAM in anger as he repeatedly thrusts the paper at Thorndyke.

BELLBOY

(screaming)

HERE! HERE! HERE! HERE!

QUICK CUT TO:

THE NEWSPAPER - THORNDYKE'S CHEST

189

being hit with the paper.

QUICK CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S FACE

190

petrified. He raises his hands to ward off the paper stabbing.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - BELLBOY

62

still SCREAMING.

191

BELLBOY  
HERE'S YOUR PAPER! HERE'S  
YOUR PAPER! HERE'S YOUR PAPER!

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

192

He turns away and gets two paper stabs in the back. He sinks to his knees. He turns forward again. He takes one more in the forehead.

QUICK CUT TO:

PAPER IN HAND

193

stabbing.

QUICK CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S BELLY

194

taking more stabs.

CUT BACK TO:

WIDE SHOT

195

The Bellboy finally throws the paper at Thorndyke.

BELLBOY  
HERE'S YOUR LOUSY, STINKING  
PAPER! HAPPY NOW? HAPPY NOW?  
HAPPY NOW? HAPPY NOW?

He exits SHOT.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - THORNDYKE

196

He is stunned. Water sprays his face and his body as he slides down the white tile holding the paper in his hand.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - DRAIN

197

Some newsprint mixed with water and soapsuds swirls down.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE'S FACE

198

His mouth drops open as if he has actually been stabbed.  
His eyes are open wide, staring.

THORNDYKE  
What a nervous kid.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. THORNDYKE'S ROOM

199

Thorndyke is in front of the mirror, dressed in his suit, adjusting his tie. There is a KNOCK at the door. Thorndyke stiffens. CAMERA FOLLOWS Thorndyke to the door.

THORNDYKE  
(cautiously)  
Who is it?

His query is answered by another KNOCK at the door.

THORNDYKE  
(louder)  
Who is it?  
(beat)  
It's not the bellboy is it?

Still another KNOCK. Thorndyke opens the door just a crack to see who it is. Suddenly, the door bursts open. Thorndyke is flung back. A beautiful, young, blonde WOMAN wearing a chic gray suit and a big picture hat quickly enters the room and slams the door shut. Thorndyke is stunned. She presses her back against the wall next to the door. She looks around the room nervously.

THORNDYKE  
(starts to talk)  
Who are --

VICTORIA  
Get away from the door.

She shoves her hand menacingly into her purse.

THORNDYKE  
Just a second, miss --

VICTORIA  
Get away from me. Don't move.  
Be quiet. They'll hear you.  
Close the drapes.

Thorndyke starts toward the window.

VICTORIA  
Get down. They'll see you.

Thorndyke immediately drops to his knees and continues toward the window. He reaches up and pulls the cord, closing the drapes.

VICTORIA  
Close the other one.

Thorndyke starts to stand.

VICTORIA  
Keep down.

He walks on his knees to other set of drapes and closes them.

VICTORIA  
Come here.

Thorndyke walks toward her on his knees.

VICTORIA  
Get up.

THORNDYKE  
Yes!

He gets up.

VICTORIA  
Sit down.

Thorndyke starts to sit.

VICTORIA  
Not there.

THORNDYKE  
Where?

VICTORIA  
(pointing)  
Here.

Thorndyke starts to sit.

THORNDYKE  
Here?

VICTORIA  
There.

He sits. He bounces up again quickly and heads for the bathroom.

VICTORIA

Don't go.

THORNDYKE

Please, you made me very nervous.  
I have to go to the bathroom.

He continues walking.

VICTORIA

(to his back)

Don't flush...They'll hear you.

Thorndyke stops in mid-step, up on his toes, and pivots back toward Victoria.

THORNDYKE

I don't have to go.

(walks back over  
and sits down)

Now, who are you. Who are  
'they'?

VICTORIA

(sharply)

Don't ask.

(then, softening)

Don't ask. I know I'm being  
followed.

We HEAR the SOUND of the door opening.

VICTORIA

Quick. Make believe you know me.

She grabs Thorndyke and kisses him. Her hands slide down the back of his pants. The Maid enters.

MAID

Sorry. I'll come back later.

The Maid exits the room and closes the door after her.

CUT TO:

TIGHT TWO SHOT

200

The long, passionate kiss ends. Thorndyke is weak. He looks up at her.

THORNDYKE

(breathlessly)

What's your sign?

Cont.

VICTORIA  
 (resuming her icy  
 tone)  
 I'm sorry, it's unlisted.

THORNDYKE  
 Boy, you sure blow hot and cold.  
 No offense...who are you?

VICTORIA  
 My name is Victoria Brisbane.  
 My father is Arthur Brisbane.

THORNDYKE  
 You're the Cocker's daughter?

VICTORIA  
 Have you seen my father at the  
 Institute? Is he all right?

THORNDYKE  
 Oh...uh...he's fine. He's coming  
 along fine. He's very affectionate.  
 He licked me.

VICTORIA  
 (long pause)  
 He what???

THORNDYKE  
 Well, you know he thinks he's  
 a dog these days.

VICTORIA  
 A dog? Dr. Thorndyke, my father's  
 as sane as I am.

CLOSEUP - THORNDYKE

Hmmm.

THORNDYKE

SCENE

VICTORIA  
 Eighteen months ago my father  
 had a nervous breakdown. He  
 went into the Institute for a  
 rest and has been a virtual prisoner  
 there ever since. Frankly, Doctor,  
 I fear for his life.

QUICK CUT TO:

201

CUT BACK TO:

202

THORNDYKE

Miss Brisbane...I assure you I am a competent psychiatrist. I've met with your father and I must tell you, in my professional capacity, that he is deeply disturbed.

We HEAR a KNOCK at the door.

VICTORIA

Don't answer it! If they know I'm here with you, they'll harm my father.

BROPHY

(o.s.)  
Doc, you're late. They're expecting you at the convention hall.

THORNDYKE

(shouting to Brophy)  
I'll be right down.  
(to Victoria)  
He's all right. That's Brophy, my driver. Excuse me. I must go. They're waiting for me.

VICTORIA

Don't you believe me? Don't you believe what I'm telling you?

THORNDYKE

Listen, I've got to go to the convention now. Why don't we meet downstairs at the bar later. We'll talk about it.

VICTORIA

Later at the bar. Good.

They walk out of the room together.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

203

Thorndyke and Victoria walk out of the room together. He takes her arm.

Cont.

THORNDYKE

See? Nobody's here. There are no enemies. There's nothing to worry about.

They start walking down the corridor. CAMERA PANS off them to corridor on the same floor directly opposite them. CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS into a mysterious figure dressed in a black suit and black leather gloves. His arms are folded in front of him and one gloved finger strokes a scar on his cheek knowingly. Slowly his lips part in a menacing smile. A very complicated set of metal braces covers his teeth. They gleam as he smiles. His eyes follow Thorndyke and Victoria Brisbane as they walk up the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL CONVENTION HALL - HOTEL - DAY

204

The room is filled with about one hundred psychiatrists sitting in straight-backed wooden chairs. On the stage a MAN stands in front of a lectern with a microphone. In back of him on the stage are hung huge black and white pictures of famous psychiatrists, their names are underneath. CAMERA PANS ACROSS the pictures: Dr. Sigmund Freud, Dr. Karl Jung, Dr. Otto Rank, Dr. Alfred Adler, and Dr. Joyce Brothers. There is a general hubbub in the room. The Man at the lectern POUNDS the gavel to bring the meeting to order.

MAN AT LECTERN

Ladies and gentlemen, it is a pleasure and an honor to present the new head of the Psycho-Neurotic Institute for the Very, Very Nervous, winner of the Nobel Prize for his works on the use of chemotherapy in severe psychosis. The distinguished Dr. Robert Thorndyke.

Audience applauds. Thorndyke leaves his seat in the first row and walks up to the lectern. He thanks the Speaker, shakes his hand, opens a manila folder, and places it on the lectern.

THORNDYKE

(to audience)

Thank you, thank you.

As the applause subsides:

Cont.

Fellow analysts, psychiatrists, and psychologists, today I would like to discuss some of the lesser known aspects of Psycho Biological Therapy. One of the essential methods of this therapy is to insist that all the patient's problems (conscious as well as unconscious) be clearly identified and its course traced in the life history or distributive analysis...

CUT TO:

BLACK-SUITED, BLACK-GLOVED KILLER

205

we saw earlier. He is seated in a phone booth. CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS into a VERY TIGHT SHOT of his mouth talking into receiver.

KILLER

(into phone)

I don't know what they said. All I know is that they met. What do you want me to do? Kill him? If you want me to kill him, I'll kill him. I don't have to kill him, but I'd like to kill him. I killed Ashley. I killed Wentworth. Another killing or two won't make any difference. It would make me happy. I'd like to kill them both. I think it would be better if I killed them both.

(pause)

Well, let me kill just one then. Whichever one you want.

(pause)

All right. I'll wait. But the minute you say kill them, I'll kill them. I'll kill them both. I'd love to kill them. I'm dying to kill them.

He hangs up the receiver. The phone RINGS immediately. He lifts the receiver to his ear.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

(o.s., filtered)

Just a moment, sir, there are some additional overtime charges on your call. Please deposit another forty-five ce--

With a switchblade knife, he cuts the phone cord in one smooth slice and then hangs up the receiver.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CONVENTION HALL - CLOSE ON THORNDYKE

206

at the lectern. He is winding up his address.

THORNDYKE

And so, in conclusion, let me reiterate that there are no rules. Each patient is a supreme individual endowed with those qualities that distinguish the human being from the slime from which he emerged. Thank you.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT - AUDIENCE

207

They applaud vigorously. As the applause subsides, a member of the audience stands and raises his hand.

CUT TO:

DOCTOR IN AUDIENCE

208

DOCTOR #1

Dr. Thorndyke, may I ask you a question?

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

209

THORNDYKE

Certainly.

CUT BACK TO:

DOCTOR #1

210

DOCTOR #1

Dr. Thorndyke, you mentioned in your address that penis envy should be deemed an antiquated psychiatric concept. Could you expand on that?

Cont.

THORNDYKE

Let's remember that the term  
penis envy was created in a  
predominantly male atmosphere  
of --

During the above a DOCTOR and two young Girls, ten and  
twelve, have entered the hall and are taking seats in the  
very front row.

DOCTOR #2

(quietly to Thorndyke)  
I'm sorry I'm late. Forgive me  
for bringing the kids. I  
couldn't find a sitter.

THORNDYKE

(resuming)  
As I was saying, in a world  
of predominantly male-oriented  
psychology, it was only natural  
to arrive at the term, pee--  
(looks at the  
Girls)  
--peepee envy.

DOCTOR #1

Are you saying there is  
absolutely no validity to...  
(aware of the  
Girls)  
...peepee envy?

THORNDYKE

It has no more validity than if  
we said a man envied a woman's --  
(indicates breasts;  
looks at kids)  
-- balloons.

Another DOCTOR rises.

DOCTOR #3

Dr. Thorndyke, do you feel that  
the trauma of toilet training  
has a bearing on future sexuality  
of the adolescent.

THORNDYKE

Toilet training is a vast area.  
Are we talking about number one  
or cocky-doddy?

Cont.

DOCTOR #3

All right, for argument's sake,  
let's say cocky-doodly.

THORNDYKE

Cocky-doodly, good. In my  
professional opinion, I would  
have to say that going potty  
has very little to do with future  
sexual development. Let me  
backtrack for a second. The  
female erogenous zone --

DOCTOR #1

(interrupting)

You mean the balloons?

THORNDYKE

No, no, no. Lower. Lower.  
Much lower. Where the babies  
come out. The wo-- The  
woowoo.

DOCTOR #1

The woowoo?

THORNDYKE

Yes! The woowoo! One of the  
most important feminine organs  
known to man!

The audience applauds wildly.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - TWO LITTLE GIRLS

211

They look at each other as if to say, "Can you believe  
these people?"

CUT TO:

FINGERS ON A KEYBOARD

212

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are in a:

PIANO BAR

213

A huge black lacquer piano dominates the center of the room. A  
trio consisting of a piano player, a bass player, and a drummer  
is playing soft cocktail MUSIC. People are seated on stools  
all around the piano, their drinks in front of them. Thorndyke  
and Victoria Brisbane are seated near the piano player.  
Thorndyke is dressed in a tuxedo and Victoria in a beautiful  
black evening gown.

CUT TO:

TIGHT THREE SHOT

214

The WAITRESS sets down their drinks.

WAITRESS

Here we are. A B and B and a  
B and B and B.

THORNDYKE

Thank you.

The Waitress leaves. The CAMERA MOVES into a:

TIGHT TWO SHOT

215

Victoria is pointing to Thorndyke's name tag.

VICTORIA

Dr. Robert H. Thorndyke.  
What's the H for?

THORNDYKE

What?

VICTORIA

The H. Your middle initial.  
What does it stand for?

THORNDYKE

(mumbling)  
Harps.

VICTORIA

What?

THORNDYKE

Harpo!

VICTORIA

Harpo?

THORNDYKE

My mother loved them. She saw all  
their movies. She named me Harpo.

X

VICTORIA

Harpo, it's very nice. It suits you.

X

THORNDYKE

Thank you.

X

Victoria raises her glass.

VICTORIA

Anyway, to Daddy's recovery.

Cont.

Thorndyke raises his glass. Their glasses "clink."

THORNDYKE

Feeling better?

VICTORIA

Oh, Dr. Thorndyke. You'll never know how happy you've made me by telling me I'll be able to visit my father at the Institute...I can't believe it. I'm really going to see him.

THORNDYKE

I must warn you, Miss Brisbane. I think you're going to be in for quite a shock.

VICTORIA

I don't care. I know that if I can see him and talk to him, everything will be all right.

MUSIC stops.

PIANO PLAYER

Hey, now it's time for a couple of songs from you people at the bar. Here's the part where I lay back and you take over. How about you, sir? You, ma'am?

A couple of people shake their heads.

PIANO PLAYER

(to Thorndyke)

How about you, Doc?

THORNDYKE

I just sing a little. Certainly not professionally.

Other people at the bar AD-LIB: "Come on, Doc, give us a song." "Sing, Doc." Etc.

VICTORIA

Oh, go ahead. It'll be fun.

THORNDYKE

(to Piano Player)

Do you know 'High Anxiety?'

Cont.

Everybody applauds. The Piano Player gives Thorndyke the mike. Thorndyke gets up.

PIANO PLAYER

You got it. How about B flat?

THORNDYKE

That'll be fine.

The Piano Player starts to play. Thorndyke begins to sing "HIGH ANXIETY."

HIGH ANXIETY

WHENEVER YOU'RE NEAR

HIGH ANXIETY

IT'S YOU THAT I FEAR

MY HEART'S AFRAID TO FLY

IT'S CRASHED BEFORE

BUT THEN YOU TAKE MY HAND

MY HEART STARTS TO SOAR

ONCE MORE

HIGH ANXIETY

IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME

HIGH ANXIETY

IT'S YOU THAT I BLAME

IT'S VERY CLEAR TO ME

I'VE GOT TO GIVE IN

HIGH ANXIETY

YOU WIN

CUT TO:

## VARIOUS REACTIONS

216-  
219

- A. COUPLES  
stop in mid-drink caught up by the magnetic quality of his voice.
- B. A COCKTAIL WAITRESS  
who's about to serve a drink stops, turns, and freezes at the sound of his voice. The drink stays in midair.
- C. THE BARTENDER  
who is in the process of mixing a drink, stops in mid-shake.

CUSTOMER

(to Bartender)

Who is that kid?

BARTENDER

I don't know, but he's got a great set of pipes.

- D. VICTORIA BRISBANE  
She is seeing Thorndyke in a whole new light, obviously falling in love with him.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

220

After the bridge of the song, he begins to move around the room getting a little closer to the customers. He yanks the mike wire behind him very professionally. After the first chorus, he stops at a MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE.

THORNDYKE

(to the Man)

Where you from, soldier?

MAN

Cincinnati.

THORNDYKE

Nice town. Great ball club.

(tapping Man's belly)

Ease up on the linguine.

They shake hands.

Thorndyke continues walking and comes to a YOUNG COUPLE very much in love.

THORNDYKE

Hello, young lovers whoever you are...

(picking a grain of rice off New Groom's jacket)

Just married?

NEW GROOM

(shyly)  
This morning.

THORNDYKE

...and they said it wouldn't  
last.

He finally ends up face to face with Victoria. He sings  
last eight bars directly to her. He, too, is obviously  
falling in love.

BUT THEN YOU TAKE MY HAND  
MY HEART STARTS TO SOAR  
ONCE MORE

HIGH ANXIETY  
IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME  
HIGH ANXIETY  
IT'S YOU THAT I BLAME

IT'S VERY CLEAR TO ME  
I'VE GOT TO GIVE IN  
HIGH ANXIETY  
YOU WIN

At the finish of the number, the entire piano bar breaks into  
big applause. They really like him. A few AD-LIB shouts:  
"More!" "More!" Thorndyke acknowledges the applause,  
casually tosses the mike to the Piano Player, and sits down.

VICTORIA

Gee, you're terrific. Ever think  
about doing it professionally?

THORNDYKE.

No, no. Not really. The big  
bucks are in psychiatry. I mean  
it's so much more rewarding  
emotionally.

Cont.

VICTORIA

Would you excuse me. I'll be right back. I've got to go to the little girls' room.

He gets up to let her out. He inadvertently knocks her purse over. It falls to the floor, opens, and the contents spill out. Thorndyke bends over.

THORNDYKE

Here, let me help you.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - PURSE

221

on the floor as Thorndyke's hands reach in to pick things up. Her wallet is open. In the middle of it we see a picture of Victoria and an older man in one of the clear plastic pockets. Thorndyke's hand picks it up.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

222

THORNDYKE

Forgive me for prying, but who is this gentleman?

VICTORIA

That's Daddy.

Thorndyke brings the picture closer to his face.

CUT TO:

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH - THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

223

We see a CLOSEUP of two faces in the photograph. One is Victoria and the other is an older man we do not recognize. MUSIC sting.

CUT BACK TO:

TWO SHOT

224

THORNDYKE

Daddy? Are you trying to tell me that this man is Arthur Brisbane, your father?

Cont.

VICTORIA

Of course.

THORNDYKE

This is not the man I met at the  
Institute.

MUSIC sting.

THORNDYKE

Something is very very wrong.

CAMERA PANS OFF them to a MAN'S back seated at the bar. Man slowly swivels into CAMERA. It is the Killer we saw earlier. He has obviously seen the photograph and heard their conversation. CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS into his face. He breaks into a weird smile, his metal braces gleam in the dark.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. NURSE DIESEL'S OFFICE

225

CAMERA IS SHOOTING UP through a glass-topped coffee table.  
The table is empty. We hear Montague's voice.

MONTAGUE

(o.s.)

What are we going to do? This is serious. He knows. He's seen the picture. He knows that's not the real Brisbane we showed him.

He ENTERS FRAME and sits at the glass coffee table. In his hands he holds a cup and saucer.

MONTAGUE

What'll we do? What'll we do?  
We'll have to kill him. We'll  
have to let him kill him.

He puts his cup and saucer down on the table covering a part of the CAMERA LENS.

Cont.

DIESEL

(o.s.)  
That's all we need now.  
Another killing.

She ENTERS THE FRAME. We can only see part of her. CAMERA MOVES away from Montague's coffee cup so we can get a better view of Diesel. She is also carrying a cup and saucer. She sits and continues to speak:

DIESEL

First Ashley, then Wentworth.  
We can't kill Thorndyke without  
the police suspecting something.

She puts her cup and saucer down over the CAMERA blocking half the CAMERA'S VIEW. The CAMERA MOVES to seek an unobstructed view.

MONTAGUE

What are we going to do? What  
if he goes to the police?

DIESEL

I've thought of that. He won't  
go to the police if he can't go  
to the police. Pass the sugar  
please.

Montague reaches o.s. to get her the sugar.

MONTAGUE

I don't understand. What do  
you mean if he can't go to  
the police?

His arm brings the sugar INTO FRAME. He puts the sugar bowl down on the table blocking most of the LENS once again. The CAMERA MOVES BACK AND FORTH trying to find a clear view. Nurse Diesel puts some sugar in her coffee and picks up the cup and saucer and stirs. The CAMERA IMMEDIATELY MOVES over to the nice big empty clearing the cup and saucer have left.

MONTAGUE

Why can't he go to the police?

DIESEL

Because the police will be after  
him.

Cont.

MONTAGUE

Why will the police be after him?

DIESEL

Because Thorndike is going to kill somebody.

(beat)

More coffee?

MUSIC sting.

Montague extends his coffee cup in her direction. She pours out some coffee and sits the big coffeepot slowly down over the LENS. The CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE nervously, anticipating the coffeepot's landing. Finally the pot comes down on the table blocking the LENS. The screen goes black.

CUT TO:

INT. HYATT REGENCY HOTEL LOBBY - REGISTRATION DESK 226  
- DAY

Brophy places two keys on the desk.

BROPHY

Here's the keys.

DESK CLERK

But weren't you and Dr. Thorndyke supposed to check out tomorrow?

BROPHY

I don't know. I don't know. The Doc woke up early this morning and said we gotta get back to the Institute right away.

Brophy takes the camera from around his neck and aims it at the lobby.

BROPHY

Boy, this place is really sumptuous. I gotta get a coupla shots before we go.

He starts clicking away at various areas in the lobby.

CUT TO:

82

BROPHY'S CAMERA'S P.O.V.

227

We see various SHOTS of the Hotel in stop-go motion. Suddenly walking into Brophy's lens we see Thorndyke in the distance. We HEAR the camera CLICK and the FRAME FREEZES.

CUT TO:

SAME SHOT

228

Now Thorndyke is getting closer. Camera CLICKS and once again FRAME FREEZES on a TIGHTER SHOT of Thorndyke.

CUT TO:

MASTER SHOT - LOBBY

229

Another PSYCHIATRIST approaches Thorndyke waving.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - PSYCHIATRIST

230

PSYCHIATRIST

Dr. Thorndyke! Dr. Thorndyke!  
I hear you're leaving. What  
about the seminar this afternoon?  
Aren't you going to...

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

231

ZOOM to TIGHT SHOT of Thorndyke. From under his folded raincoat he pulls out a .38 automatic. FRAME FREEZES.

QUICK CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - PSYCHIATRIST

232

He sees the gun. He is confused and frightened.

QUICK CUT BACK TO:

THORNDYKE

233

The FRAME UNFREEZES. He points the gun at the Psychiatrist and fires three times. BANG! BANG! BANG!

QUICK CUT TO:

SLOW MOTION SHOT OF PSYCHIATRIST

234

We see one bullet has struck him in the forehead, one just below the collarbone, and one in the middle of the chest. His expression slowly turns from stunned curiosity to agonized horror as he falls in a slow, grotesque ballet to the lobby floor.

CUT BACK TO:

MASTER SHOT - LOBBY

235

CAMERA RESUMES NORMAL SPEED. We HEAR the SOUND of people SCREAMING and SHOUTING in panic.

QUICK CUT TO:

BROPHY

236

He is completely stunned.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

237

People start moving toward Thorndyke. He threatens them with his gun. They move back. He turns, runs, and disappears around the corner.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - ELEVATOR

238

that has just reached the lobby. The doors open. Dr. Thorndyke steps out. We are now looking at two identical Robert Thorndykes. They stare at each other for a brief second, then the Thorndyke with the gun rips off a mask that covers his face. We see that it is the Killer. He smiles in a quiet, crazy manner at Thorndyke and then thrusts the gun into his hand and swiftly walks away.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

239

He is bewitched, bothered, and bewildered.

CUT TO:

MASTER SHOT - LOBBY

240

Thorndyke, with the gun in his hand, emerges from around the corner. He is nonplussed, seeking an explanation for what has just occurred.

CUT TO:

GROUP OF PEOPLE IN LOBBY

84

A WOMAN SCREAMS.

241

WOMAN

That's him! There he is!

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE

242

People start running toward Thorndyke.

CUT TO:

CLOSER SHOT - BROPHY

243

BROPHY

Doc, Doc! Why did you do it?  
Why did you do it?

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

244

HAND-HELD CAMERA SHOTS of people running toward him. He hears shouts: "Get him!" "Grab him!" "Call the police!"

CUT TO:

TWO SECURITY GUARDS

245

behind the crowd. They draw their guns and start forward.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

246

THORNDYKE

Wait! You don't understand!  
There was another man! I didn't  
...It wasn't me...

Thorndyke realizes his explanations are hopeless. He spins in panic and runs for his life. He turns the corner and disappears down the exit stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT PARK - DAY

247

Thorndyke is in an open telephone booth. He cups his hand over the phone as he speaks.

Cont.

THORNDYKE

(into phone)

Yes.

(pause)

Yes.

(pause)

Meet me at the park. I'll be  
at the North by Northwest corner.

Thorndyke hangs up the phone. He looks around. There's no one in sight. He spots a bench in front of a playground area. He saunters toward the bench. We see a mounted policeman casually making his rounds. His horse trots by slowly as he looks from right to left. Thorndyke hurriedly grabs a newspaper from a nearby trash can, sits on the bench, and opens the paper to hide his face. The mounted policeman gradually moves out of FRAME. Thorndyke lowers the newspaper and breathes a sigh of relief. He studies his watch and then goes back to reading the paper. From o.s. we HEAR the SOUND of a bird flapping its wings as it prepares to land. Thorndyke looks behind him.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

248

Landing on the top spar of a jungle gym is a big black crow.

CUT BACK TO:

THORNDYKE

249

He goes back to reading his paper. We HEAR a little more flapping and fluttering. Thorndyke looks around again.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

250

Now at the top of the jungle gym, in addition to the crow, we see some pigeons and seagulls.

CUT BACK TO:

THORNDYKE

251

He resumes reading. After a moment we HEAR a lot of little chirping SOUNDS. The SOUNDS GROW louder and louder. Thorndyke looks up in another direction.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT

87

Thorndyke is trotting. He is peppered by four more droppings. Thorndyke panics. He breaks into a run.

258

CUT TO:

LOOSE SHOT

259

We see Thorndyke frantically racing across the meadow.

CUT TO:

BIRDS FLYING

260

Thousands of them are after him.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT

261

Thorndyke is running for all he is worth. He is showered by a fusilade of bird droppings. His eyes widen as he spots something in the distance.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

262

A small wooden shed used to house empty trash cans. A perfect sanctuary.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

263

Thorndyke runs to shed, opens door and rushes in. Birds in hot pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. SHED

264

Thorndyke sits on upturned trash can. He is exhausted but safe and happy, but not for long. A lone white bird dropping enters from above and falls onto his lapel. Slowly, with dread in his heart, Thorndyke raises his eyes.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

265

An open roof above the shed which is ringed by bird tails.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

266

The birds cover Thorndyke with a blanket of white doody. Resigned to his fate, Thorndyke drops his head and succumbs to the rhythmic pelting as we leave him.

QUICK FADE OUT

FADE IN ON SIGN

267

which reads Golden Gate Cleaners. Underneath in smaller print, "Same Day Service." CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL Thorndyke entering the shop. He is covered with bird droppings. He looks like General Grant after a tough day on the pedestal. He furtively searches the sky for more white trouble. Satisfied that the birds are gone, he enters the cleaning store. The CAMERA REMAINS FIXED on the doorway. After a minute customers begin to emerge hurriedly. Several of them hold their noses till they get far enough away to breathe once again.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT

268

Newspaper headline. It reads: PSYCHIATRIST GOES BERSERK. Below it in smaller letters: Shoots Colleague for No Apparent Reason. Underneath it we see a picture of Robert Thorndyke in the lobby of the Hyatt Regency in the act of shooting the other psychiatrist. Over this we HEAR Nurse Diesel LAUGHING with glee. CAMERA FINALLY MOVES around to reveal Nurse Diesel reading the newspaper in her bedroom.

DIESEL

It's all working. It's all working exactly as I planned it. Soon Thorndyke will be out of our way forever.

Montague is nowhere in sight.

MONTAGUE

(o.s.)  
You're brilliant. You're evil.  
But you're brilliant.

DIESEL

Thank you. Now should our esteemed patient, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, in a fit of extreme depression, decide to take his own life...

Cont.

MONTAGUE

(o.s.)

Oh, I love your mind. Is the Brisbane estate insurance policy made out to the Institute?

DIESEL

Of course, you putz. Do you think I'm an amateur. And signed I might add. Just think of it. One hundred and sixty million dollars. Ohhh. This is a great day.

(looking into mirror)

I feel so good I'm going to do something I haven't done in years. I'm...going...to...let...my...hair...down.

MONTAGUE

(o.s.)

Ooohhh. You've promised, but you've never done it.

DIESEL

I'm going to do it.

MONTAGUE

(o.s.)

Yes! Yes! Do it! Do it!

She pulls out some enormous bobby pins which release beautiful avalanches of hair that tumble down to the ground all around her. She opens her robe and lets it fall to the ground. Underneath she is wearing a beautiful Cleopatra outfit with little golden snakes encircling her breasts. She moves to the bed and with great effort manages to get most of her hair up onto it. She assumes a seductive position on the bed and places her tresses tastefully around her.

DIESEL

Okay. I'm ready.

She reaches back with her hands and grabs a massive golden tassel just behind the bed and yanks it down. A motor starts. She looks up.

CUT TO:

DIESEL'S P.O.V.

Directly above her is Charles Montague tied in spread-eagle fashion to a giant pulley. He is dressed in leather rags like a Roman slave. We HEAR the SOUND of ancient machinery clanking and creaking as Montague is lowered toward Diesel.

MONTAGUE

I love you, Cleopatra, I love you!

CUT BACK TO:

DIESEL

270

DIESEL

Go, Spartacus, go!

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT - BEDROOM

271

We see Montague being lowered toward Nurse Diesel.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT - STREET ADJACENT TO PARK

272

Thorndyke sits on a bench. He peers furtively from behind his newspaper out at the street. A car enters the FRAME and pulls over to the curb near Thorndyke. It is Victoria. She is richer than we thought. She is driving a Louis Vuitton car. The entire car is covered with the now ubiquitous Louis Vuitton pattern. Victoria gets out of the car and rushes toward Thorndyke. Thorndyke leaps from the bench and runs to meet her.

CUT TO:

TIGHT TWO SHOT

273

VICTORIA

Dr. Thorndyke! Dr. Thorndyke!  
Robert! Robert!

THORNDYKE

Miss Brisbane! Vicki!

They rush toward each other and embrace.

Cont.

VICTORIA

Oh, my darling. I'm so glad to see you. The world's gone mad. Nothing makes any sense anymore. I don't know what to believe or not to believe. My life is all topsy-turvy. One minute you're singing love songs and the next minute you're pumping bullets into an innocent man and then it's not you. It's the other Thorndyke. How much more can a girl take? I don't know where I am. I don't know who I am. I don't know what's happening anymore...

Thorndyke pulls her toward him and presses her face into his shoulder, muffling her sound. He releases her periodically.

VICTORIA

...so worried about my father.  
I don't know where, who, what...

He presses her face against his shoulder. He releases her again.

VICTORIA

...nerves are cracking. I think I'm going to die. I feel like I'm going to explode...

He presses her into his shoulder again. Then:

THORNDYKE

All right, all right! That's enough, Vicki! That's enough!

He releases her.

VICTORIA

I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I'm so close to my period I could scream.

Cont.

THORNDYKE

Come on, we've got to think...  
My only way out of this is to  
prove that it wasn't me who  
committed that murder.

VICTORIA

But how? Look.

She opens a newspaper and hands it to Thorndyke.

VICTORIA

That's you pulling the trigger.  
It's nobody but you.

Thorndyke looks at the paper.

THORNDYKE

How did they get this picture?  
Who took this picture? --  
Brophy, Brophy, of course.  
My 'buddy' Brophy.

Thorndyke continues to study the picture in the paper.

THORNDYKE

Wait a minute.  
(studies paper  
more carefully)  
I was coming down in the elevator  
at the time of the shooting.  
Here's the elevator.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - NEWSPAPER

274

Thorndyke takes out a fountain pen and circles the elevator.

THORNDYKE

(o.s., growing  
more excited)  
See this dot? That's probably  
me!

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

275

VICTORIA

But the figure's so tiny. It's  
unrecognizable.

Cont.

THORNDYKE

You've got to contact Brophy.  
He's got the negative. He's  
got to blow this up and prove  
that that's me in the elevator.

VICTORIA

But Brophy left for the Institute  
this morning. He's probably back  
there by now.

SOUND of mounted policeman's horse's hooves as he makes his  
rounds. Thorndyke grabs Victoria and kisses her passionately.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

276

The Policeman looks at them and smiles as he rides by.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

277

Thorndyke breaks away. Victoria obviously enjoyed the kiss.

VICTORIA

(catching her breath)  
How can you suddenly get so  
excited at a time like this.  
Don't get me wrong. It's not  
that I don't find it titillating.  
It's just that --

THORNDYKE

We've got to separate.

VICTORIA

(disappointed)  
Gee, you're fickle.

THORNDYKE

It's too dangerous. We can't  
be seen together. Go back to  
the hotel. Call Brophy. Get  
him to blow up that picture.  
I'll call you later.

They each go off in a different direction.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

EXT. INSTITUTE

94

ESTABLISHING.

278

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

INT. INSTITUTE - BROPHY'S DARKROOM

279

Brophy swishes an 8 x 10 photograph through a pan of developer. He cradles a telephone in his neck.

BROPHY

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. It's coming!  
It's coming. Holy Toledo! You're  
right! There is a figure in the  
elevator.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - SHIMMERING PAN OF DEVELOPER

280

The photograph we saw in the paper has been enlarged and we begin to clearly see a figure in the descending elevator.

BROPHY

I've gotta keep enlarging this  
thing until we can clearly see  
the Doc's face. Give me a call  
in a couple hours.

Brophy hangs up the phone and takes the photograph out of the developer.

SCREEN FLIPS TO:

CLOSEUP - MUCH LARGER DEVELOPING PAN

281

Brophy's hands hold an enormous 30 x 40 photograph. He moves it back and forth through the developing solution. We begin to see the picture come out. It's a closer shot of the elevator and in it we see a full figure shot of a man that could be Thorndyke.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT

282

Brophy in darkroom. He picks up the picture and goes to the door. He opens the door and goes through to a large, lighted studio. On a cork wall we see four other blow-ups starting with the 8 x 10 and progressing in size to the 30 x 40 that Brophy now tacks up in order on the wall.

SCREEN FLIPS TO:

CLOSEUP - 8 X 10 SHOT

283

Slowly as the CAMERA PANS ACROSS to the larger photographs, CAMERA ALSO WIDENS SHOT. The CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN until it rests on the largest photograph we have ever seen leaning against the entire other wall of the studio. We see clear as a bell in the elevator with a slightly frightened expression on his face -- Dr. Robert Thorndyke. Brophy backs away from the photograph. He goes to the phone.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - BROPHY - DIALING

284

A hand suddenly enters frame. MUSIC sting. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Norton (the Orderly) we first met in the North Wing. Norton takes the receiver out of Brophy's hand and hangs it up. CAMERA DROPS BACK until we reveal Nurse Diesel and Dr. Montague studying the photograph.

DIESEL

Very good. Very good work, Brophy. Unfortunately, it will never be seen.

MONTAGUE

We've got to destroy the negative. Give us the negative, Brophy.

BROPHY

You'll never get it. Never.

Norton pulls out a gun.

BROPHY

(quickly handing him the negative)

Here.

DIESEL

You fools! What good is the negative? That picture's been on the front page of every newspaper in San Francisco. They can blow it up as well.

MONTAGUE

You're right. I never thought of that. We've gotta think. I got it! Norton, we've got to buy every single newspaper in San Francisco. Get a big truck --

Cont.

All three of them stare at Montague.

MONTAGUE  
Perhaps not. Just an idea.

DIESEL  
Norton, take him to the North Wing.

Norton grabs Brophy and starts to take him out.

BROPHY  
No! No! Not the North Wing!  
Give me a break! No! No!

DIESEL  
You see, darling, it's not the negative that has to be destroyed. It's Robert Thorndyke. We've got to kill him. It's getting dangerous. We can't risk this whole thing blowing up in our faces. I think you'd better call our friend with the overbite.

Ominous MUSIC.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - BUG - DAY

285

crawling along white, wooden railing. Suddenly a black gloved hand comes into frame and smashes the life out of it. CAMERA WIDENS to reveal Killer with the braces on his teeth standing on the pier overlooking Fisherman's Wharf. In the b.g. there are small fishing boats, some with nets full of fish from the day's catch. Fishermen in peacoats and stocking caps are hauling in the fish. We HEAR the SOUND of seagulls as they fly overhead looking for food. We can almost smell the fresh, damp, salty sea air. We HEAR a BEEP SOUND not unlike that of a doctor's on-call receiver. The gloved Killer slowly moves his jacket open revealing a small receiver attached to his belt. He disconnects the receiver and looks around, obviously searching for a telephone booth. He spots one and walks toward it. We see a Man talking on the phone. The Killer enters the booth as if no one is in it. He takes the receiver out of the Man's hand, hangs it up, crushes the Man into the side of the booth as he reaches for a dime, puts it in, and starts to dial.

CUT TO:

CLOSER ANGLE

286

The Man is astounded. He begins to protest. The Killer slowly turns in his direction and displays his menacing metallic smile. The Man turns white. He remains motionless in the corner of the booth during the Killer's phone call. The Killer dials a number.

KILLER

(into phone)

It's me. What do you want?  
You want me to kill him? I  
can kill him.

(pause)

Oh, thank you, thank you. I  
appreciate this. I really do.

He hangs up the phone. He pulls out his handkerchief and blows his nose and wipes his eyes.

KILLER

(to Man)

Life is good.

He leaves. The Man in the phone booth slowly slides to the bottom of the booth in a faint.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - SIGN ON ROOM TELEPHONE

287

It reads: HYATT REGENCY. The phone RINGS. It continues RINGING as we PULL BACK to reveal Victoria Brisbane's hotel room. The door to the bathroom opens. Victoria comes out wearing a stunning negligee. She heads for the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

288

The phone booth overlooks the Golden Gate Bridge. CAMERA MOVES IN to a TIGHT SHOT of Thorndyke cradling the phone. We can HEAR a FAINT RINGING. Suddenly there is an explosion of glass as the Killer's leather-gloved fist comes crashing into the phone booth. The gloved hand grabs the receiver from Thorndyke and wraps the telephone cord around his neck.

VICTORIA

(o.s.; filter)

Hello?

CUT TO:

## VICTORIA'S HOTEL ROOM

289

Victoria is seated on the bed.

VICTORIA  
(into phone)  
Hello?

We HEAR the SOUND of heavy breathing emanating from her receiver.

VICTORIA  
(into phone)  
Listen, fella. I don't go  
for this kind of thing.

CUT BACK TO:

## PHONE BOOTH

290

Thorndyke manages to get one hand under the wire as he struggles for his life. He continues to fight for breath.

CUT TO:

## VICTORIA'S ROOM

291

VICTORIA  
(into phone)  
Who is this? Listen, you're  
crazy if you think I'm going  
to stay on this phone and  
listen to heavy breathing.

She listens for several beats. We HEAR more heavy breathing coming from her receiver.

VICTORIA  
(into phone)  
Listen, maybe other girls get  
turned on with these kinky  
phone calls, but I couldn't  
care less. How did you get  
my room number? Did you see  
me in the lobby? Listen,  
mister, I'm not going to  
listen to any more of this.  
I've had just about enough!...  
What are you wearing?

CUT BACK TO:

PHONE BOOTH

292

Thorndyke is still struggling.

THORNDYKE

Jeeeee...Jeeeee...

VICTORIA

(o.s.; filter)

Jeans? You're wearing jeans?  
I bet they're tight.

Thorndyke is losing the battle. His breathing gets weaker.

CUT TO:

VICTORIA'S ROOM

293

VICTORIA

(into phone)

Hello? Hello?

(annoyed)

I can't hear you. You're  
starting to fade.

CUT BACK TO:

PHONE BOOTH

294

We are behind the Killer as he continues to tighten the telephone wire around Thorndyke's neck. Thorndyke, with his last bit of strength, reaches over and grabs the Killer's head. He pulls the Killer down with all his might.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE

295

In the f.g. we see a jagged piece of triangular-shaped glass sticking up through the broken frame of the telephone booth. With his last ounce of strength, Thorndyke shoves the Killer's body onto the jagged glass shard. The Killer immediately releases his grip and gasps in agony. He continues gasping more rapidly until he expires in a death-rattling climax.

CUT TO:

VICTORIA'S ROOM

296

VICTORIA

(into phone)

You animal.

CUT BACK TO:

PHONE BOOTH

4000

297

Thorndyke massages his throat to try and breathe normal again. He grabs the receiver and speaks.

THORNDYKE

(into phone)

Hello? Victoria? It's me,  
Robert.

CUT TO:

VICTORIA'S ROOM

298

VICTORIA

(into phone)

Robert? Robert? Oh, I knew  
it was you all the time. I  
went along with it. Did you  
laugh? I laughed.

INTERCUT DURING THE FOLLOWING:

THORNDYKE

Victoria, I just killed a  
man.

VICTORIA

Another one? Robert, you've  
got to get a grip on yourself.

THORNDYKE

No, you don't understand.  
I just killed the man who  
really killed the man in the  
lobby. Never mind. We have  
no time. Did you reach  
Brophy?

VICTORIA

Yes. And he said there was a  
figure in the elevator and he  
thought it might be you and  
he was going to keep enlarging  
it until he was certain. I  
waited an hour and then I called  
back.

THORNDYKE

And?...And?...

Cont.

VICTORIA

And they said he wasn't there.

THORNDYKE

Oh, God, they know. They've got Brophy. They've got the picture. They've got everything.

VICTORIA

What are we going to do now?  
How can we prove you're innocent?

THORNDYKE

We've got to get back to the Institute. Our only hope now is to find your father and expose Montague and Diesel for what they are.

VICTORIA

How are we going to get out of town? The police are all over the place.

THORNDYKE

Go to the Salvation Army.

VICTORIA

Are they good at this sort of thing?

THORNDYKE

No! Just go to the Salvation Army and get...

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING SHOT  
- NIGHT

299

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

## TERMINAL BUILDING - CLOSEUP - SIGN

It reads: TWA GATE 26 - FLIGHT 201 TO LOS ANGELES - DEPARTING AT 10:00 P.M. PULL BACK to REVEAL, in addition to the normal personnel, there are four San Francisco policemen carefully scrutinizing the passengers as they go through the metal detector walkway.

DISSOLVE THRU TO.

## CORRIDOR

In the distance we see an old couple approaching Gate 26. The Man is carrying an old shopping bag and a twine-covered carton. The Woman is carrying a vinyl print shopping bag stuffed with junk and an old-fashioned purse. She sports a pair of gaudy eyeglasses. The flower-shaped frames are dotted with rhinestones. As they get closer we see that the couple is Robert Thorndyke and Victoria Brisbane disguised as senior citizens. Thorndyke is wearing an old stained pair of suit pants and an ill-fitting non-matching suit jacket. One of his shoes has been cut out to accommodate a bunion on his small toe. The white sweat sock shows through. He wears a tattered old fedora hat with a large brim. His shirt is open and his tie is knotted and tucked under one collar. Thorndyke and Victoria see the cops and look at each other fearfully. They speak in heavy Russian-Jewish accents. Occasionally we CUT TO looks and reactions of policemen, airline personnel and other waiting passengers.

VICTORIA

Here put this in your bag. I can't carry no more.

THORNDYKE

What the heck you buy celery in San Francisco for? You can't get it in the market by the house? Celery I gotta schlepp.

VICTORIA

I thought in case we had a Bloody Mary on the plane.

THORNDYKE

I don't like the Bloody Mary they give you. No sir. No sir. It's too much Tabasco. It's too hot. Murray Weintraub -- that's why he is dead today from the Bloody Marys, from the hot, from the burning. It turned his stomach to a cinder.

Cont.

VICTORIA

Not Murray Weintraub.  
Murray Weintraub is alive.  
He is making decals on shopping  
bags on Lincoln Road in  
Miami Beach. Oscar Birnbaum,  
he's dead from the Bloody Marys.

THORNDYKE

No, no, it's Murray.

VICTORIA

You're thinking of Morris Turtletaub.  
He's the one in Great Neck who  
walks sideways like this.

She imitates an old man's walk.

THORNDYKE

No. He walks like this.

He imitates another old man's walk.

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT

302

Two POLICEMEN are watching the two "old people." The  
Policemen look at each other and shake their heads in  
disbelief.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

303

THORNDYKE

(to Bystander)

She's always right. Always right.  
She always gotta show you up in  
your face. Mrs. Sarcasm.

(to Policeman)

How come your badge is so dirty  
and his is clean as a whistle?  
You married?

POLICEMAN #1

No, sir.

THORNDYKE

There's a smart guy.  
(to another Policeman)  
You married?

Cont.

Yes, sir. POLICEMAN #2

THORNDYKE  
You're a dope like me.  
(to another  
Bystander)  
Where you from?

BYSTANDER  
Philadelphia.

THORNDYKE  
I lived in the Cherry Hill section  
from Philadelphia. Yes. We had  
to move it got so crowded. It  
used to be nice. Now it's all  
schva -- schva --  
(sneezes)  
Sephardic Jews. They so religious,  
you can't even shop on Saturday.  
They throw rocks on your car.

Thorndyke becomes aware of the gates and signs around him.  
He stops.

THORNDYKE  
Wait a minute. Wait a minute.  
What gate is this? I don't  
want to end up in Las Vegas.  
I can't take the excitement.

ATTENDANT  
Sir, will you please put your  
bags up here?

THORNDYKE  
What do you want the bags? Why  
do you want the bags? Why  
can't I keep the bags?

ATTENDANT  
We have to X-ray them.

THORNDYKE  
You want to X-ray the celery?  
What do you think we smuggled  
something in the celery? The  
celery is for dip not for dope.

ATTENDANT  
Please, sir. There are others  
waiting.

Cont.

THORNDYKE  
(to Victoria)  
All right, you go first.

VICTORIA  
You go first. I'm scared.

THORNDYKE  
Just go.

VICTORIA  
Just a second. Is this a  
blower that blows up the  
skirt, and gives everybody  
a free show?

THORNDYKE  
God forbid.

Victoria goes through.

VICTORIA  
Her eyes widen in horror.

VICTORIA'S P.O.V.

We see jammed in Thorndyke's belt the handle of the gun  
that the Killer handed him in the lobby.

VICTORIA  
She indicates to Thorndyke.

VICTORIA  
(under her breath)  
The gun, the gun.

TIGHT SHOT

Thorndyke realizes that the gun is exposed.

CUT TO:

A-303

CUT TO:

B-303

CUT TO:

C-303

CUT TO:

D-303

CUT BACK TO:

BACK TO SCENE

POLICEMAN #2

Please sir, you'll have to go.

VICTORIA

Sam, c'mon. Don't be afraid.  
It don't hurt.

THORNDYKE

(gestures widely  
to everybody)

All right, folks. Here I go.

As he walks through, the metal detector "beep-beeps"  
indicating he has metal on him.

THORNDYKE

What is this? A game show?  
What do I win? A Pinto?

ATTENDANT

Sir, I'm afraid we'll have to  
search you.

THORNDYKE

(expansively)

Search me! Search me! Take  
me. I'm a criminal. I'm a  
criminal. An old man beeped.  
Lock me up. Put me in prison.  
I beeped. I beeped.

POLICEMAN

It's all right. Let him through.

ATTENDANT

It's all right, sir. It's all  
right. You can go on.

Cont.

THORNDYKE

Thank you very much. You're nice boys. You're all nice boys. Write to your mother and father. Keep in touch. They don't forget so quick. They're people too. They worry. They wonder what's going on with you. Where you are and what you're doing. They don't write. They don't care. You don't get a 'hello, pop.' You don't get nothing. A boy is a lawyer, he's smart. He's got a secretary. She could write for him for God's sake.

All the Policemen implore Thorndyke to go through. "Please sir, go through." "Please go." "You're holding up the line. Thorndyke and Victoria walk down the corridor. When they are completely alone, they speak to each other in low voices.

VICTORIA

You were wonderful.

THORNDYKE

You too. C'mon, let's go.

SCREEN FLIPS TO:

CLOSEUP - PILE OF OLD CLOTHES - NIGHT

304

The last thing thrown on the top of the pile is the old fedora hat Thorndyke wore at the airport. CAMERA PULLS UP AND WIDENS TO REVEAL Thorndyke and Victoria. They are just inside the wall on the grounds of the Institute. They are now wearing their normal clothing. Thorndyke picks up the pile of old clothing and hides it in the bushes.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

305

The main building of the Institute is lit up in the b.g. Thorndyke and Victoria sneak across the lawn. They stop at a window and look in.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - THORNDYKE AND VICTORIA

306

They start to climb into the window.

CUT TO:

INT. LILLOMAN'S OFFICE

307

Victoria and Thorndyke are climbing in the window. We are in the anteroom of Professor Lilloolman's office.

Cont.

They walk through into the inner office. CAMERA FOLLOWS as they walk. They spot something.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - THEIR P.O.V.

308

We see the back of Lillolman. He is sitting in his swivel chair, his head slightly tilted to one side. He is very still.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

309

He approaches Lillolman cautiously.

THORNDYKE

Professor Lillolman?

CUT TO:

CAMERA BECOMES THORNDYKE AND MOVES FORWARD AS HE WOULD

310

Ominous MUSIC begins. CAMERA GETS CLOSER AND CLOSER to Lillolman. Thorndyke's hand enters the FRAME.

THORNDYKE

(o.s.)

Professor?...

The hand moves the chair. It slowly swivels around. We see the grotesque portrait of Professor Lillolman. His tongue hanging out of his mouth, his eyes staring blankly. MUSIC crests.

CUT TO:

THREE SHOT

311

VICTORIA

Oh, my God! He's dead!

Lillolman snaps out of his chair.

LILLOLMAN

Who's dead? Who? Who?

Thorndyke and Victoria jump.

THORNDYKE

Professor, we thought you were dead.

LILLOLMAN

That's the way I sleep. It scares the hell out of everybody. What are you doing here? I was worried

LILLOLMAN (Cont.)  
about you. You're all over the headlines. The police have been here looking for you. Why did you have to kill that other doctor? Talk first. Try to settle things with talk. Talk. Talk,

THORNDYKE  
I didn't kill anybody.

LILLOLMAN  
I knew you didn't.

VICTORIA  
Professor, have you seen my father?

LILLOLMAN  
Father? Who are you?

THORNDYKE  
Forgive me, Professor. This is Victoria Brisbane. Her father is Arthur Brisbane.

LILLOLMAN  
Ohhh, yes. How do you do?

THORNDYKE  
Professor, where's Brophy? It's important that we find Brophy!

LILLOLMAN  
I'm sorry to have to say that Brophy was taken to the North Wing.

THORNDYKE  
What?

LILLOLMAN  
According to Montague, the poor fella suffered a terrible mental breakdown today.

THORNDYKE  
But Brophy's not smart enough to have a mental breakdown. Don't you understand what's going on here, Professor? Montague and Diesel are keeping people here who are perfectly healthy and bleeding their families and their estates out of fortunes. They're unscrupulous. They're immoral. And they're dangerous. They've already killed three people to get what they want.

LILLOLMAN  
Holy shit! This place is turning out to be a nut house.

THORNDYKE  
The North Wing! Come on. Let's go.

SCREEN FLIPS TO:

INT. NORTH WING - NIGHT

212

Thorndyke, Victoria and Lillolman are just outside the door leading to the North Wing. Thorndyke tries to reach around through the peephole and can't do it.

THORNDYKE

No good, I can't reach it. What are we going to do? How are we going to get in?

VICTORIA

Wait. Maybe the key's under the mat.

Thorndyke and Lillolman look at each other as if to say, "Boy how foolish can you be?" Victoria kneels down, reaches under the mat, and comes up with the key.

VICTORIA

(handing it to Thorndyke)

Here.

Lillolman and Thorndyke are amazed. Thorndyke takes the key and opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - NORTH WING - NIGHT

313

Thorndyke, Victoria and Lillolman enter the North Wing and shut the door very quietly behind them. They tiptoe down the corridor. CAMERA FOLLOWS them. We HEAR a muffled sound coming from behind one of the doors. Thorndyke points to the door indicating "It's coming from here." Thorndyke lifts the heavy metal crossbar that keeps the door locked. He slowly opens the door and peeks in.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

314

We see in the corner of the cell, bound and gagged, Brophy.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL

315

Thorndyke signals the others to follow. All three rush in quickly. They move toward Brophy. Lillolman unties Brophy's hands. Victoria unties his legs. Thorndyke rips the tape off that covers Brophy's mouth. As he does:

THORNDYKE

Where's Brisbane? Where did they take him?

The tape being ripped off is accompanied by very LOUD SOUND EFFECTS.

BROPHY

They took him to...

He suddenly realizes that he is in incredible pain from the tape that was ripped off his mouth.

BROPHY

YYYOOOWW!!! YYIIIIIIIIIII!!!

THORNDYKE

They took him where, where?

Brophy is still touching the large white patch of tender skin that was under the tape.

BROPHY

Just a second.

(then)

Norton! Norton's taking him up to the...

Brophy looks at Victoria as though he doesn't want to tell her.

BROPHY

...tower. They drugged him.  
They're going to throw him off  
and make it look like suicide.

MUSIC sting.

CUT TO:

VICTORIA

316

Oh, my God.

VICTORIA

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

317

Let's hurry.

THORNDYKE

They rush out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWER - LOW ANGLE - NIGHT

318

We HEAR the SOUND of the ocean waves FOUNGING against the rocks at the base of the tower. Eerie MUSIC begins.

CUT TO:

INT. BOTTOM OF CIRCULAR STAIRWAY - NIGHT

319

looking up. CAMERA ZOOMS IN on Norton. He is half-carrying half-dragging Brisbane up an old, wooden, circular stairway leading to the top of an incredibly high tower. There is no railing on the stairway. Brisbane is obviously drugged. Norton HEARS a SOUND, swings around, and looks down.

CUT TO:

DOOR AT BASE OF TOWER

320

It bursts open. Thorndyke, Victoria, Lilloiman and Brophy rush in.

LILLOLMAN

(pointing up)

There. Look.

They all look up.

CUT TO:

THEIR P.O.V.

321

Norton tightens his grip on Brisbane and climbs at a faster pace.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - VICTORIA

322

Her eyes widen.

VICTORIA

Daddy! Daddy!

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - BRISBANE

323

In his drugged state he half-hears his daughter and responds

BRISBANE

Victoria...

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

A-323

X

Thorndyke draws his gun and takes aim.

VICTORIA

Don't, you'll shoot Daddy.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

324

Brophy starts up the stairs. Lilloiman follows. Thorndyke looks up.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

325

The SHOT begins to wave as if Thorndyke were going to faint  
MUSIC underscores Thorndyke's anxiety.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

326

Thorndyke almost faints.

THORNDYKE

I...I can't...go up...

VICTORIA

What is it?

Lilloolman stops and turns back toward them.

LILLOOLMAN

He's suffering from High Anxiety.  
It strikes one out of seven.

Lilloolman turns back and continues up the stairs.

THORNDYKE

Oh, God. Oh, God. I feel like  
such a...

VICTORIA

(helping)

Coward?

Thorndyke shoots her a look as if to say sarcastically,  
"Thanks for helping." He looks up the stairs.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

327

Lilloolman and Brophy are climbing higher and higher. The  
old, wooden stairs creak under their weight.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - STAIR

328

under Brophy's foot. It cracks slightly.

CUT TO:

NORTON

329

He looks down. He reacts as he sees them getting nearer.

CUT TO:

NORTON'S P.O.V.

They're getting closer.

113

330

CUT TO:

LILLOLMAN

He grabs the wall with one hand and clutches his heart with the other.

331

LILLOLMAN

(gasping for breath)  
I can't go on. I'm not a kid anymore.

CUT TO:

BROPHY

He bounds up the stairs two at a time. He reaches Norton's leg and grabs his pants.

332

BROPHY

I got him! I got him! I got him!

CUT TO:

WIDER SHOT

Norton raises his other leg and kicks Brophy viciously in the head.

333

BROPHY

(quickly)  
I ain't got him.

Brophy grabs his head. He rolls down the stairs past Lillozman and collapses. Lillozman looks at him.

CUT TO:

VICTORIA

VICTORIA

I've got to save him.

334

Cont.

She starts up. Suddenly Thorndyke gets to his feet, grabs her arm, and stops her.

THORNDYKE  
No. He'll kill you. Let me.

With great determination he starts up the stairs. He looks up at Norton and Brisbane.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

335

They are almost at the top. The SHOT WAVES a little.

CUT BACK TO:

THORNDYKE

336

He gulps deeply. His forehead is covered with a thin film of perspiration. He starts moving up...higher and higher. Each step becomes more and more difficult to manage.

CUT TO:

VICTORIA

337

VICTORIA  
Hurry, darling! Hurry!

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

338

He looks down behind him.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

339

The SHOT STRETCHES UNNATURALLY making the ground seem much further away than it really is.

CUT BACK TO:

THORNDYKE

340

He continues slowly on. His face white. His body hugs the wall in fear.

CUT TO:

115

THORNDYKE'S FEET

341

He moves them one at a time. The steps creak and shift under his weight. Suddenly he puts his weight on the next step and the wooden stair breaks. His foot goes through.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - THORNDYKE

342

He is falling through. We HEAR Victoria SCREAM from below. He stops his fall at the last minute by grabbing onto the next stair. Hi is hanging on for dear life.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - THORNDYKE

343

Once more he looks down. The SHOT STRETCHES. He begins to faint. His grasp on the step loosens.

CUT TO:

LILLOLMAN

344

LILLOLMAN

Hold on! Hold on! Pull yourself up! You can do it!

CUT TO:

VICTORIA

345

VICTORIA

He's going to fall! He's going to fall!

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - THORNDYKE

346

Screen waves.

CUT TO:

LILLOLMAN

347

LILLOLMAN

Thorndyke, listen to me! I've researched your case. I know what's giving you the High Anxiety. I found the answer! Go back in your mind. Go back. You're a baby. Your mother and father are fighting. They're always fighting. They're fighting about you!

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - THORNDYKE'S HANDS  
slowly slipping. Screen waves.

348

DISSOLVE THRU WAVES TO

DREAM SEQUENCE - THORNDYKE

349

We are in a kitchen circa 1930. Thorndyke is a baby in a highchair. The scene is hazy, A Man and a Woman are fighting.

FATHER

I hate this kid! He's making us prisoners! We're trapped in this house! We can never go out!

Throughout the MOTHER and FATHER's conversation, the Baby is crying.

MOTHER

What do you want me to do? Get rid of him? Get rid of him? Get rid of him?

FATHER

Shut him up! Shut him up!  
Shut him up! I can't take it!

Baby Thorndyke begins to climb out of his highchair. He is SCREAMING. He is terrified. His weight tips the chair over His Mother SCREAMS.

MOTHER

(screaming)  
He's falling! He's falling!

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - HIGHCHAIR

350

SLOW MOTION as Baby Thorndyke falls through the air. MUSIC through echo chamber grows louder and louder until he hits the floor.

STRAIGHT CUT TO:

THORNDYKE - PRESENT

351

still hanging onto the step. He opens his eyes.

THORNDYKE

I understand now. I understand now. It's not height I'm afraid of. It's parents!

CUT TO:

LILLOLMAN

117

352

LILLOLMAN  
Yes! Now climb, you son-of-a-  
bitch. Climb!

CUT TO:

VICTORIA

353

Tears are streaming down her face. She applauds.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

354

MUSIC becomes very positive, almost heroic. Thorndyke slowly but surely gains his footing. He begins to climb the stairs with renewed vigor.

CUT TO:

TOP OF STAIRS

355

Norton with Brisbane under his arm. He is near the top of the tower now. He puts Brisbane on his shoulder, opens a trap door, and climbs through it.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

356

Thorndyke bounds up the stairs with renewed confidence.

CUT TO:

INT. OPEN TOWER - NIGHT

357

The night wind blows fiercely. Norton drags Brisbane to an open section of the tower. The fresh air is beginning to wake Brisbane up.

BRISBANE

Whe -- Wha -- Who -- Oh, my God.  
No! No!

Norton struggles with Brisbane, dragging him closer and closer to the edge.

CUT TO:

118

TIGHT SHOT - TRAP DOOR

358

Thorndyke emerges. He looks around.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

359

We see Norton just about to throw Brisbane over the edge.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT - TOWER

360

Thorndyke realizes he will never make it in time to save Brisbane. He spots a block and pulley hanging on a hook just above him. He pulls a rope and unloosens it. It swings free.

THORNDYKE

Norton!

Norton turns around quickly, just in time to get the block and pulley square in the face. He reels back against the wall and collapses. He leaves Brisbane teetering on the edge of the tower about to fall over. Thorndyke catches him just in time by the sharp lapels of his checkered suit and pulls him back to safety. Brisbane looks at Thorndyke.

BRISBANE

Thank you. Thank you. You've saved my life.

THORNDYKE

Thank God. It's all over, Mr. Brisbane. It's all over.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

361

From out of a pitch black section of the tower we HEAR a blood-curdling SCREAM. Thorndyke and Brisbane look.

CUT TO:

THEIR P.O.V.

362

Emerging into the light, her face contorted into a grotesque mask of horror, is Nurse Diesel. Her hands are outstretched in front of her like huge, white frightening claws. She rushes forward to push Thorndyke and Brisbane off the tower.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE - SIDE VIEW

363

Just as Nurse Diesel is about to reach them, Thorndyke, with a tremendous effort, twists his body so that he knocks Brisbane to one side and himself to the other. As he falls his legs fly in the air, tripping Diesel as she moves forward. In desperation, to save herself from falling, she grabs a broom that is hanging on the tower wall.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - HER HAND

364

around the broom. It is pulled free from the wall.

CUT BACK TO:

FULL SHOT - DIESEL

365

her eyes wide with terror. She SCREAMS as she falls off the tower still holding onto the broom.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE

366

He rushes to the edge and looks over.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

367

Diesel rides the broom as she falls through the air. She resembles the Witch in Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs as she plunges wildly through the air on her broom. She SCREAMS and CACKLES maniacally. She finally crashes on the rocks below with a blood-chilling thud.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S FACE

368

He shakes his head in disbelief.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT - TOWER

369

Montague emerges from the dark. Thorndyke hears him, spins to face him.

CUT TO:

THORNDYKE'S P.O.V.

120

370

Montague throws his hands in the air, his fingers crossed.

MONTAGUE  
Fins. Fins. I give up. I  
give up. I never liked her.  
I never really liked her.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT

371

Victoria, Brophy, and Lillolman emerge through the trap door. Brophy rubs his head where Norton kicked him. Victoria rushes into her father's arms. MUSIC swells.

CUT TO:

TIGHT TWO SHOT

372

Victoria and Brisbane embrace.

BRISBANE  
My baby, oh, my baby.

VICTORIA  
Daddy, Daddy, I love you.

CUT TO:

TIGHT TWO SHOT

373

Brophy hugs Thorndyke.

BROPHY  
My boss, my boss.

THORNDYKE  
Take it easy, fella.

Thorndyke reaches over to Lillolman and shakes his hand.

THORNDYKE  
Thank you, Professor. You did  
it. You saved my life.

LILLOLMAN  
Hah. And they say we charge  
too much.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

374

BRISBANE

(to Thorndyke)

You saved my life. Who are you?

VICTORIA

That's the fella I'm going to marry.

Thorndyke holds out his hand to Victoria. She reaches for it.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

CLOSEUP - THEIR HANDS

375

as they finally touch. PULL BACK to REVEAL Victoria is pulling Thorndyke into bed. CAMERA RESTS on the newlyweds for a moment. He is wearing tails, she is in a wedding dress. She looks at her new wedding ring.

VICTORIA

Mrs. Robert Harpo Thorndyke.

THORNDYKE

(correcting)

Mrs. Dr. Robert Thorndyke.

Not everybody can be a doctor.

They start to kiss. MUSIC swells. SLOW PULL BACK. Suddenly we HEAR a LOUD CRASH. The CAMERA SHAKES as though it has been jarred. It CONTINUES PULLING BACK to REVEAL a large hole in the wall of the honeymoon cottage. An elderly couple taking a stroll stops to look at the hole. They are bewildered.

MAN

Mary, what is that? Is that a camera?

WOMAN

Yes. It's pulling back. It must be the end of the movie or something, that's what they do. They pull back.

CAMERA CONTINUES BACK farther and farther until...

THE END