

KILLER BODIES

AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

BY

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KILLER BODIES

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

CAMERA PANNING to one particularly affluent section of the city. SUPERIMPOSE;

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

CAMERA PANNING to the elegant Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

TIGHTER SHOT

Front of Beverly Wilshire Hotel as a white stretch limousine pulls up. The DOORMAN in his top hat opens the back door as the CHAUFFEUR comes running around, trying to beat him to it.

Out of the back of the car steps a beautiful young woman, EVE SUMMERFIELD, about 5 foot 10, very stylishly attired in a white summer suit which gives stunning contrast to her flaming red hair--one of her movie trademarks.

DOORMAN

Good afternoon, Miss Summerfield,
you still look great.

CLOSE-UP - EVE SUMMERFIELD

As she turns and stares him down. The words "still look great" have a gnawing effect on her. It is only now, close-up, that we realize she isn't as young as we might have perceived from the medium long shot. The signs of age are beginning to show.

She starts toward the doors to enter the lobby of the Beverly Wilshire. A FAN rushes up with a slip of paper and a pen. Eve scribbles her autograph. Eve starts into the lobby. CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT on the autograph hound as she studies the signature, turning it this way and that. Her friend, ANOTHER GIRL about her same age, comes running up beside her.

FRIEND

Who was that?

FAN

Can you read it?

(beat)

But she was "somebody."

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL

As Eve Summerfield comes out of the elevator, walks to one of the great double-doored suites on the fourth floor. She knocks. The door is opened from within by a very conservatively dressed BUSINESSMAN. CAMERA FOLLOWS Eve into the suite.

BUSINESSMAN

Well, I'd heard you're always an hour late.

EVE

Only on the set.

CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING FORWARD to reveal TWO OTHER BUSINESS TYPES seated on the sofa as they rise to greet her most officiously. The big, burly fellow is JOE CUSHING and he has the air of a huckster about him.

EVE

Mr. Cushing?

CUSHING

Joe. I'd offer you a drink but then I know you don't drink.

EVE

You've been reading my publicity. I'll have a Tanqueray martini, two olives. Well, tell me about your picture.

CUSHING

There isn't any picture.

EVE

Oh, you mean it's for television. I haven't done television.

CUSHING

Let's face it, Eve, you'd be lucky to get a job playing somebody's mother on a miniseries.

Eve sits back in utter shock. She can't believe the man had the affrontary to say this. She gets up, picks up her handbag.

EVE

If you have such a low opinion of me why did you bother to call in the first place? Or did some old boy friend of mine put you up to this??

SECOND MAN

Come on, Joe, be nice. Tell her about the job.

CUSHING

Yes, there is a job.

(he approaches her)

I don't suppose you ever heard of F.I.T.?

SECOND MAN

We've been holding back on the publicity until we could find a spokesperson. Someone in the public eye. Our own Jane Fonda so to speak.

EVE

Are you seriously suggesting that I front for some exercise program?

CUSHING

It's more than that, Eve. F.I.T. is a way of life. It's changed others.

(pause)

It can change you.

There's something rather threatening and spooky about the man now as he draws closer to her. She looks nervously at her watch.

EVE

I have another appointment.

CUSHING

You have no other appointments for the rest of the day. I think perhaps you should come out to the Institute with us to find out what effect the program would have...on you.

SECOND MAN

Think of it. There'll be the exercise book with you on the cover, and the exercise video, and the food and diet supplements for which you'll do the commercials.

CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT ON EVE--trying to hide the anxiety that she cannot quite understand--the fearfulness that grips her. She's afraid of these men.

WIDER ANGLE

CUSHING

You can't possibly turn us down.

With that he wraps a cloth drenched in chloroform over her mouth. She struggles and goes limp.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREEWAY TO CALABASAS - DAY

A luxury limousine goes by with the letters F.I.T. Inc. emblazoned on the side.

INT. F.I.T. STRETCH LIMO - DAY

Eve slumped unconscious in the back seat.

CUSHING

Nothing to be afraid of, Eve. It's going to be like being reborn...into a new body. That's all.

EXT. FREEWAY

As the luxury limo disappears into the distance over the horizon.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL - EVENING

Much activity. Some kind of major event is happening tonight. A couple of gorgeous ROLLS ROYCE CORNICHE CONVERTIBLES are conspicuously parked out front.

INT. LOBBY, CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL - EVENING

A large placard proclaims: F.I.T. Institute meeting tonight 8 P.M. Complimentary. Grand Ballroom.

CHET and SHARON EVERETT enter the lobby where they meet WILMA who has just parked her car. All three are attractive yuppies.

WILMA

I didn't think you'd get him to come along.

CHET

Listen, when I heard there was a complimentary buffet, you couldn't keep me away.

SHARON

I didn't tell him it was all
"veggies."

CHET

Oh, come on. I've got tofu coming
out of my ears. When I married this
girl it was sausages and eggs for
breakfast, hamburgers for lunch, and
prime rib at night.

SHARON

And I smoked! Don't leave that out.
Don't you still love me?

CHET

Sure. But I'm hungry.

INT. CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL BALLROOM - EVENING

Microphones on stage, chairs have been set so the ballroom
has the feeling of an auditorium, a few diagrams have been
placed on the stage and a banner with the initials F.I.T. is
strung across. A life-size cutout of Eve Summerfield in
exercise suit stands beside the podium. A slide projector
will accompany the speakers with visual aids.

Sharon, Wilma and Chet have already taken their seats. The
speaker is Joe Cushing. The same man we saw chloroform Eve
Summerfield.

CUSHING

When you drove up tonight you saw
those two matching Rolls Royce
Corniches parked at the valet.
One of them belongs to me, the
other belongs to my wife Janet
who's sitting out there. Stand
up and take a bow, honey. Take
a look at that girl. Yes, Janet's
a grandma and I'm a grandfather
and look at us!

CAMERA PANS THE FACES of the enthralled spectators.

BACK TO CUSHING

CUSHING

When I first heard about F.I.T.
I was junior sales manager of a
hardware company down near Palm
Desert--clearing maybe "twenty
(more)

CUSHING (cont'd)

two thou" after taxes. Janet had a job too. We were struggling. Now, two years later we have a home up in Aspen, a house in West Los Angeles, a beach house near Trancas. I just bought my eldest daughter a condo of her own in Westwood. And lots of people I brought into F.I.T are doing equally well. Cause that's all it takes is friends. Friends who will go out and tell the world what I'm telling you. Because they know how it feels to be in touch with their bodies for the very first time in their lives.

CLOSE-UP CHET

He whispers to his wife:

CHET

I'm hoping to be in touch with your body sometime tonight.

SHARON

Shhh.

ANGLE ON STAGE

CUSHING

Now let's welcome a great lady of the motion picture screen. Eve Summerfield.

Amid enthusiastic APPLAUSE, Eve appears on stage looking in fantastic shape. She wears an exercise suit in the bold F.I.T. colors.

A slide projection accompanies her "pitch," as she takes over the microphone.

EVE

Thank you, "Cushy." Tonight it's my pleasure to share these pictures of the lovely F.I.T. Institute outside Calabasas. Over forty secluded acres.

CHET

I'll say this--she still looks fantastic.

SHARON

All of a sudden you got interested.

EVE

But the real beauty is what's inside these walls, for F.I.T. is a college of the mind, the spirit and the human anatomy. Yes, we're inviting you to send your body to college.

On the projection screen there are quick flashes of the exercise halls and from the classrooms. It all seems very much as it's described. Nothing fearful.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REAR OF BALLROOM

The lecture portion has ended, the health food buffet has opened. There's also a juice bar. Sharon is deep in conversation at the registration desk.

REGISTRAR

Please understand we're as tough to get into as those Ivy League Schools.

SHARON

I may as well apply. Have I filled it all out correctly?

REGISTRAR

We'll notify you of our decision within five days.

Sharon joins Chet who has been waiting unhappily for her, picking at his platter of celery and carrots without enthusiasm.

CHET

And what do you think I'm going to be doing while you're gone off to boot camp for three weeks?

SHARON

What?

CHET

I'm going to be home eating all kinds of junk food that you don't allow in the house. Just think, three weeks of doing all kinds of decadent, unhealthy things without criticism.

SHARON

You just love being a wreck.

CHET

It's fun. Can we stop off at "The Palm" on the way home? This put me in the mood for a nice rare steak.

CAMERA TRUCKS AWAY from them to focus on some of the OTHER FACES. Among them BYRON, a rather slight looking youth of twenty, extremely shy and reticent. We see him being elbowed out of the way by people at the buffet. Every time poor Byron reaches for something to eat, somebody else seems to get ahead of him and he loses his place in line. He's even afraid to ask the waitresses for a glass of juice as they move past him. Joe Cushing spots him in the crowd and crosses to him, putting his arm around him.

CUSHING

Hello there, friend. Joe Cushing.

BYRON

Guess I must've lost my name tag.
I'm Byron--

Joe fills out a new name tag which each person attending has been asked to sign and stick on their chest with adhesive.

CUSHING

You've got a big frame on you,
Byron. Play much contact sport?

BYRON

No...I'm not very coordinated...
besides, my mother was always
afraid I'd get hurt.

CUSHING

That must've been very frustrating,
Byron. Why, look, your hands are
trembling.

BYRON

I'd wash out. I know it.

CUSHING

Wrong! Let us take all that
frustration you feel and turn it
into muscles. We can make you
into an entirely different person.
Isn't that what you'd like?

BYRON

Maybe...?

CUSHING

Isn't that what brought you here tonight? The hope of becoming somebody else...?

CAMERA MOVES AWAY from them to--

MEDIUM SHOT of the RINALDIS, an Italian-American family. TONY RINALDI, a stocky fifty-year-old, his heavysset wife, ANNA, and their daughter MARISSA who is practically anorexic.

MARISSA

Mother, I need to go home.
I'm sick.

She's looking at that buffet of food and it makes her ill.

ANNA

You saw the slides up there.
What a nice place it is.

TONY

Mr. Cushing, Mr. Cushing, sir.

Joe Cushing stops on the way to the buffet and gladhands them.

TONY

Tony Rinaldi, Rinaldi Van and Storage. We delivered a lot of your equipment to the Calabasas place.

CUSHING

Sure, Tony. So glad you could come.

TONY

We brought our daughter.

(whispers)

She's anorexic, you know. We've tried just about everything.

CUSHING

Let me talk to her.

Tony brings him over and introduces the girl in typical vulgar patronizing fashion.

TONY

Hey, this here is daddy's "Little String Bean." Say hello to Mr. Cushing, sweetheart.

CUSHING

What a beautiful face you have,
young lady.

MARISSA

You're making fun of me, aren't you?

CUSHING

Now you listen up. I've been through
this before with girls like yourself.
Girls everybody else gave up on. We
can get you to stop worrying about food
intake and you start thinking about
muscle growth.

MARISSA

(yells)

I just want to be left alone.

CUSHING

My you're tiny but you're full of
anger, aren't you? We could teach
you to harness that anger.

(to her father)

Why don't you bring her out to see
us? Let me give her a tour of the
place. Better yet, you come by
yourself, Marissa.

ANNA

It's a long drive out to Calabasas.

CUSHING

I'll bet she's a very good driver.
Let her have the car. Give her a
day on her own. Will you promise
me that? Will you promise me
you'll come?

MARISSA

I might.

CAMERA PANS to a line of applicants filling out forms like
lambs to the slaughter.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CHET'S OFFICE AT THE NETWORK - DAY

A development meeting is in progress regarding Saturday
morning programming. The room is full of cutouts and
drawings and exhibits of the a variety of cartoon shows.
Animal Superheroes.

Chet pulls out a six foot high cutout of the "Power Man" cartoon character. A "Conan" look-alike, with loin cloth and muscles galore. He begins his "pitch."

CHET

The whole world is hooked on this muscle craze. So kids want a great body, too. And every Saturday morning, "Power Man" will lead the kids in an exercise class--in between his cartoon adventures. Aerobics and health taught by an animated instructor.

PROGRAM EXECUTIVE

Now that is a novel concept.
Very original, Chet.

At that moment, Chet's cellular interrupts.

CHET

Forgot to turn it off. Excuse me.

(into cellular)

Honey, I'm in a meeting.

CLOSE-UP SHARON

at the other end of the line.

SHARON

I couldn't wait to tell you.
I've been accepted. Wilma got in too.

CLOSE-UP CHET

CHET

What is this about?

SHARON'S VOICE

You remember! The F.I.T Institute. I didn't think we stood a chance.

CHET

You scared me. I was afraid there'd been an accident. Couldn't this have waited until I got home?

CLOSE-UP SHARON

SHARON

It's urgent because I've got to leave now. They're coming to get me in a minibus.

CLOSE-UP CHET

CHET

Today? But the "Emmys" are Saturday night. I can't go alone.

CLOSE-UP SHARON

SHARON

Chet, honey, this is a wonderful opportunity for me. I haven't felt really well since I lost the baby last year. I need...something.

CLOSE-UP CHET

CHET

I understand. I know it means a lot to you. But I'm going to miss you.

CLOSE-UP SHARON

SHARON

I'll call you from F.I.T. in a few days. Good luck with your fall schedule, love.

The phone goes dead as she hangs up on him. Chet returns to his staff meeting to sell the network vice presidents on a new exercise show for kids.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CHET'S BEDROOM - DAY

Several days later. The bed is unmade and laundry lies stacked in the corner as Chet comes home from work and begins to take off his suit and tie. He realizes the place is turning into a disaster area--and so he tries making the bed. It's a huge king size and Chet can't seem to get the sheets and blankets straight. Then the bottom fitted sheet

slips off the mattress. Chet gets winded running from one side of the bed to the other. He climbs over the bed itself--folding and tucking. It's hard work and the covers are still lopsided when Chet gives up the bottle.

He lays back on the bed, picks up the phone and dials a number he reads off the F.I.T. brochure. It rings a long time before it is finally picked up--by a machine.

PHONE MACHINE (V.O.)

You've reached the F.I.T.
Institute. All of our lines are
busy.

CHET

As usual.

PHONE MACHINE (V.O.)

If you care to leave a message
for one of our members, push
five on your telephone.

CHET

This is for Sharon Everett.
This is the third time I've
called. I've tried texting her
and there's no response. What's
going on?

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

INT. CHET'S CAR - NIGHT

Chet is behind the wheel on the way out to visit his wife.

CHET

They probably didn't even give
her the message.

ANGLE ON CALABASAS EXIT

as Chet's car leaves the freeway.

ANGLE ON COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Calabasas area as Chet turns off the main road.

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD OF CAR

Up ahead the huge structure of the very modern F.I.T. building behind great high metal gates.

ANGLE ON CHET'S CAR

driving around the periphery of the gates trying to find the entrance. He doesn't seem to be able to find a way in.

CLOSE-UP CHET--in the car.

CHET

That's great. No front entrance,
no back entrance. What do they do,
pole vault to get in?

ANGLE ON CHET'S CAR

as he parks and gets out, lights up a cigarette, coughs several times, begins to walk around the periphery of the institute. He can see LIGHTS in the windows but they're all frosted windows. The best you can see is the SHADOWS OF FIGURES moving around inside.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON CHET

as he leans close to the fence, resting up against it, pushing his face almost through the grids of the fence.

CHET

Nobody ever answers the phone,
and there's no way to get into
the place. Perfect.

SHOCK CUT:

AT THAT MOMENT, WITHOUT WARNING, A HUGE GUARD DOG LEAPS AGAINST THE GATE, ITS MOUTH WIDE OPEN, ALMOST BITING CHET'S FACE. HE JUMPS BACK JUST IN TIME. THE DOG BOUNCES OFF THE GATE AND LEAPS AGAIN, GROWLING HIDEOUSLY. IT'S IMMENSE, LIKE SOME MUTATION OF A DOG.

CHET

For crying out loud, I think I
swallowed my cigarette.

The dog continues barking and is now joined by ANOTHER EQUALLY IMMENSE GUARD DOG. The two of them leaping and barking and creating havoc.

CHET

All right, all right, I'm going.

He steps backward and right into the arms of a HUGE BRUTE, a security person about 6 foot 4, all muscle. The man wears a short-sleeved shirt that reveals enormous arms, arms thicker than the limb of a tree rippling muscles, and a head rather small in comparison to that giant body.

SECURITY MAN

I'm sorry if I startled you.

CHET

No, the dog startled me, you just made me shit.

SECURITY MAN

Are you trying to find your way?

CHET

I'm trying to find my wife. Sharon Everett. She's been here eight days.

SECURITY MAN

Oh, yes, Sharon. She's great.

CHET

Yes, I always thought so. Have you got a match?

SECURITY MAN

Smoking isn't good for you.

CHET

I've heard.

He finds a match of his own, tries to light the cigarette. His hands tremble a bit and the giant steadies them with his own grip.

CHET

I need to see her. I brought her a few things from the house.

SECURITY MAN

Sharon doesn't require anything.

CHET

Well, there're a couple of items we have to talk about. Family matters. So would you mind trotting her out here?

SECURITY MAN

Sharon's asleep. She's always asleep by seven o'clock. You see, we get her up at four a.m.

CHET

She never used to know there was
a four o'clock in the morning.

SECURITY MAN

Anything you have for her, I'll be
glad to pass it on.

Chet leans over and kisses the big man on the cheek. The
security man seems startled.

CHET

Give her that for me. I'm sorry.
Did I scare you?

Chet turns and sees the SILHOUETTES OF TWO OR THREE OTHER
GIANT MUSCLEMEN coming out of the darkness.

CHET

Don't get jealous, fellows, I've
got kisses enough for everybody.

The security man walks to Chet's car and opens the door for
him. For a moment it looks as though he's going to rip the
door off, but instead he stands calmly, almost like a
parking attendant.

CHET

Is tipping allowed?

SECURITY GUARD

(humorlessly)

Oh no, tipping is forbidden here at
F.I.T.

CHET

How do you guys get in and out of
the place--by bending the bars?

SECURITY MAN

Good night, sir.

CHET

Terrific. Remind me to put you in
a cartoon someday.

Chet gets back in the car, starts the engine and drives
away, but he doesn't like it. He doesn't like it at all.

CAMERA PANS BACK to the brightly lit upper windows of F.I.T.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. EVERETT HOME - DAY

Which we now see is an upper middle class home in the San Fernando Valley on a pleasant street, the perfect place to bring up a family. An F.I.T. station wagon stops in front of the house and Sharon Everett gets out. Reaching into the back seat, she removes a bulky suitcase which she carries with ease up the front walk toward the porch. The station wagon pulls away.

CLOSER ANGLE EVERETT HOUSE, PORCH - DAY

As Chet comes out to greet his wife, whom we note is wearing loose fitting baggy clothes.

CHET

Let me help you with the bag.

SHARON

I've got it.

CHET

I tried to come and see you but they wouldn't let me in.

SHARON

Yes, I heard about that. You shouldn't have bothered, really.

CHET

You could've returned my calls.

SHARON

Rules. You got my cards though.

CHET

They certainly are strict about visitors.

SHARON

They have to be.

She walks past him carrying the suitcase and into the house.

INT. EVERETT HOUSE - DAY

The place is still a mess, the result of three weeks of "Bachelor Living."

SHARON

Well, you're certainly not much of a housekeeper. Did you really miss me?

CHET

I'd like to show you how much.

SHARON

Race you up the stairs.

She grabs the suitcase and runs quickly up the stairs-- considering the fact that she's hauling a big valise. Chet watches her curiously.

INT. EVERETT BEDROOM, SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Sharon is pulling the shades as Chet enters.

SHARON

I'll unpack later.

CHET

Well, did they run you ragged?

He tries to put his arms around her but she slips away and eludes him.

SHARON

Who made this bed?

CHET

I tried. I don't think the sheets fit.

SHARON

I wish you'd joined too. You could have made it. You should see some of the unlikely people that made it.

CHET

First they tell you how hard it is to get in--and then they accept a bunch of nerds.

SHARON

You just hop into bed. I'll be right with you.

She's gone into the bathroom and has closed the door. Chet crosses to where she's put the suitcase and tries to move it out of the way. My God, it weighs a ton. He really has to struggle with it to move it. For a moment he thinks about the ease with which she carried it up the stairs, and it makes him wonder. Then he strips off his shirt and trousers and steps out of his loafers and hops into the bed, pulling back the covers.

Enough light filters through the shades and shutters to illuminate the room in a warm, if dim, glow.

Sharon comes out of the bathroom wearing a robe and slides under the covers beside him.

CHET

I don't want you to take any trips
by yourself again for a long time.

He puts his arms around her and kisses her, fondling her shoulders, and then suddenly he sits up as if shocked.

SHARON

What's the matter?

CHET

You're different.

SHARON

Of course I am. That's the idea.

CHET

I couldn't tell with all those
baggy clothes on, but...

SHARON

Don't turn on the light. Just
touch me. Touch me all over.

CHET

But you've only been gone three
weeks. How could you change so
much so fast?

SHARON

You still didn't say if you like
it. Here, look at me.

She slides out of the bed and stands before him naked. In the semi-darkness we only see her from behind but we see the musculature of her body totally developed. We have seen her before, a firm but slim young woman. She has been altered completely. She has the body now of a female body builder, a weight lifter's body. The muscles on her arms, thighs and legs actually ripple, every muscle seems visible under her freshly tanned flesh.

CLOSE-UP CHET--as he looks at her.

FRONTAL VIEW - OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT PAST CHET

Her stomach muscles are fully developed, the veins in her arms and sides are swollen, distended, not in any way

unattractive to someone who might find the body builder's torso to their liking, but a total shock to anyone not accustomed to this kind of thing, particularly in their own wife.

SHARON

It's amazing how fast you can feel it happening. Right from the first day.

CHET

You're so big.

SHARON

You were scared when I got pregnant I'd lose my figure... and I was scared you wouldn't find me attractive any more. Is this a terrible turn off to you?

CHET

Oh, absolutely not, but you sprung it on me all at once.

SHARON

What should I have done? Sent Polaroids?

CHET

I'm just afraid I'm going to say the wrong thing or give you the wrong impression.

She slides back into bed beside him.

SHARON

Then don't say anything. Just do what you feel like doing to me.

(pause)

What you always do to me.

He reaches out and takes her in his arms, pulls her forward and kisses her. His hands run down over her arms, those huge inflated arms.

CHET

It's stupid I know, but it's just a little disconcerting. I mean I've never kissed anybody with muscles like that.

SHARON

I thought it might turn you on.

CHET

It does, it does. It's great.

SHARON

I'm not a man, you know. I'm
still a woman.

CHET

Stop talking like that. It's just
that I thought you were going to
tone up, get in shape, not alter
yourself so completely.

SHARON

You say 'alter' as if you're talking
about a dog being "fixed."

CHET

Does this mean all of you came
back looking like this?

SHARON

A few seemed to have allergies.
They got sick so they sent them
home early. But those of us who
stayed had great success.

CHET

Allergies to what? Nobody's allergic
to exercise, are they? Did they give
you drugs? Steriods?

SHARON

We're not permitted to talk about
the program. Not with outsiders.

CHET

I'm not an outsider, I'm your husband.
I've got to live with this.

SHARON

Do I disgust you?

CHET

Now stop putting words in my mouth.
It's just that I've read about stuff.
Time Magazine did a piece about them
putting steriods from gorillas into
human beings and having them take on
"ape" characteristics.

SHARON

Do I look like an ape to you?

CHET

No. Of course not. You're gorgeous!

SHARON

Then why don't you get back in bed?

CHET

I'm nervous. I'm allowed to be nervous for a few minutes.

SHARON

They said this might happen.

(she approaches him quickly)

Don't you want me to be healthy and strong? Don't you want me to feel good?

CHET

Yes. Sure.

SHARON

I've never felt better in my entire life. I never felt more in touch with my body.

She steps forward and he backs up.

SHARON

My God, you're afraid of me.

CHET

I am not.

SHARON

Did you think I was going to hurt you? I could you know. I could hurt you very easily.

CHET

I'm sure you could.

SHARON

Is that why you're so repelled by me because you know I could hurt you?

CHET

You're making all this up! I haven't said any of these things.

SHARON

I'm very attuned to body language now. I can sense how you feel.

She turns away to the dresser behind her and in a rage lashes out, smashing a lamp, sending it flying across the room shattering into the wall.

CHET

Congratulations. Where are we going to get a match to that lamp now?

She crosses to the other side of the bed where there's an identical lamp and smashes that one too.

SHARON

Now we don't have to worry about a match. Now you really are afraid. Look at yourself in the mirror. Look at your expression.

CHET

How is a guy supposed to look when his wife comes home and starts smashing up the goddamn furniture?

She curls up on the bed again.

SHARON

Come here, my loving husband. Come here and put your adoring arms around me and hold me tight, and I promise not to break your neck.

CHET

What is that, some kind of threat?

SHARON

(getting soft and
kittenish now)

Aren't you curious to see what it would be like?

Chet starts toward the bed slowly. The urge he has is to run out but common sense tells him not to. She's lying on the bed quite beautiful and quite frightening at the same time.

CHET

(pauses)

Sure I am.

He lies down on top of her and puts his arms around her and kisses her, and kisses her again.

SHARON

It's me. It's me in this body.
I'm the same, only better. You'll
see.

CHET

I love you, Sharon.

Slowly, more securely, they begin to make love. His hands begin to run down her body, over the large musculature, over her long sensual, powerful legs, and she caresses his neck and hair and back softly, sensually, lovingly. Then all at once she shoves him away. HARD!

SHARON

Don't fake it.

CHET

I wasn't.

SHARON

Give me the keys to the Camero
I need to go for a drive.

CHET

Honey, relax--

SHARON

I need to get out of here...
before I do something.

Chet gets the keys out of his pants pocket and tosses them to her.

CHET

Okay. Go if you want to!

She grabs some clothes and exits from the bedroom. He stares after her feeling numb...like he's trapped in some kind of bad dream and can't wake up.

CHET

What did those bastards do to her?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Sharon Everett's Camero glides past. There is very little traffic. It's late at night.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Sharon Everett at the wheel still trembling from her encounter with Chet.

HER POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

She's passing the sleazy section of town. A few all night grind houses, porno shops, street hustlers lounging around the curb, the kind of neighborhood to avoid.

ANGLE ON SHARON

at the wheel studying her surroundings. She abruptly brakes the car, coming to a halt. She sits calmly behind the wheel, lost in thought for a moment, then she makes a U-turn, nearly colliding with an old car that was coming from the other direction. There's the SCREECH of brakes, some cusswords shouted.

EXT. SHARON'S CAR - NIGHT

Returning to that same sleazy street. She makes a right turn into a dark warehouse area.

ANGLE AT CURB

as Sharon pulls over. She looks rather dazed as if she doesn't know why she's doing all of this. She gets out of the car and closes the door without even bothering to lock it. She's got her purse in her hand. She jaywalks to the other side of the street.

HER POV - THE STREET AHEAD

No stores or restaurants. Just closed warehouses and old abandoned buildings. Hardly the place for a lone woman to walk by herself.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT

Sharon crossing the street to the other side. Her high heels clip-clopping and echoing down the block, a clear invitation to anyone that she's coming.

TRUCKING SHOT with Sharon as she moves along the street. CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK with her but now, behind her, OUT OF FOCUS, we can see a figure move out of a doorway and begin walking after her. The FIGURE OF A MAN who does not make any noise at all, as if he's wearing sneakers.

TRUCKING SHOT from behind the man, looking over his shoulder as he slowly gains on Sharon, increasing his pace. Sharon's footsteps still clicking away. The end of the street seems very dark. The street light has been broken.

CLOSE-UP SHARON

She stops walking now.

WIDER ANGLE

as Sharon turns to face the man who has been following her. He steps closer. He's about 6 foot 3 in height. A mean, twisted face. A heavy growth of beard and tiny squinting eyes.

MAN

You must be hard up for it, baby.
I got what you need!

He approaches her. She doesn't move an inch, doesn't back up, just stares at him curiously.

It is as if she knew he would be here--that she came to meet this man--that what is going to happen is inevitable.

SHARON

What do you want?

MAN

No, it's what you want.

He reaches out, touches her, fondling her breast, his other hand running down her back, squeezing her ass, caressing it, and she stands frozen as if paralyzed just looking at him. This filthy denizen of the night running his hands over her body and kissing her neck.

MAN

You are built like a brick--

Then it happens. He doesn't get to finish his sentence. She brings her forearm up right into his throat, smashing his windpipe, sending the man flying back against a brick wall.

The first blow would be all that was necessary to disable him but she doesn't stop. Grabbing him by the shoulders she smashes his head against the wall time and time again.

Her physical strength is amazing and it seems beyond her control. Once she begins, she can't stop. Sharon wants to stop but she continues to pummel and batter the molester until finally he falls to the sidewalk. In only a few moments, the life has been beaten out of him.

LOW ANGLE SHOT

as Sharon looks down at the body, and then at her own hands which continue to tremble.

SHARON
I--couldn't help it--I couldn't
stop--

WIDER SHOT

as she steps over the corpse and walks back toward her car.
She seems in no hurry.

ANGLE ON THE CAR

as she gets in, starts it, driving away, momentarily
forgetting to turn on her headlights. She finally switches
the headlights on and disappears around a corner just as a
SMALL BLACK STREET KID rounds the block and sees her
passing. The only witness to her presence in the
district that night.

ANGLE ON THE BODY

of the battered molester where she left it. A CAT skitters
out of a doorway running over the body and disappearing into
the night.

ANGLE ON SHARON

behind the wheel of the car, driving she knows not where.
Again she changes direction.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

As Sharon pulls up into a no parking zone, leaves the car
there and runs across the street.

INT. THIRD FLOOR OF APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Sharon emerges from the elevator, runs to apartment 3J and
rings the bell.

WILMA'S VOICE
Who's there?

SHARON
It's me. Please open up.

The door is opened by Wilma who lives here by herself. We
notice immediately that Wilma is bigger and stronger than
when we last saw her.

WILMA
Why didn't you phone?

SHARON

I need you, please. Something's happened.

WILMA

You can't come in.

SHARON

I don't know who else to talk to.
Please, Wilma.

Wilma starts to shut the door. Sharon prevents this by placing her hand on the door and exerting her evident strength.

SHARON

Don't get me upset. I seem to lose control when I get upset.

WILMA

You...do...??

SHARON

I don't know why, but I've killed a man. A stranger.

CLOSE-UP WILMA'S FACE

A strange unexpected expression.

WILMA

When?

CLOSE-UP SHARON

SHARON

Tonight, just now. I got angry and --it just happened.

WIDER SHOT

as Wilma opens the door.

WILMA

You better come in.

INT. WILMA'S SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

The furniture seems to be in disarray, things pushed out of the way where they shouldn't be. There's a bottle of scotch on the table and Wilma picks up the glass and finishes the drink she was having when the doorbell rang.

SHARON

I thought no one was supposed to
drink on the program.

WILMA

Don't talk to me about the fucking
program.

SHARON

Alcohol is going to make you sick.

WILMA

I'm sick already. Now finish what
you were telling me.

SHARON

I went to a terrible neighborhood
and walked alone. And then this man
came and put his hands on me. I knew
he would and I let him. I needed that
in order to get the anger and the
anger took control. Like they taught
us at the institute. "Let the anger
do the work for you."

CLOSE-UP WILMA

pouring her drink.

WILMA

Yeah--the anger. Take a look in
the bedroom.

WIDER SHOT

as Sharon looks toward the hall which leads to the bedroom.

SHARON

Why?

WILMA

Just open the door and look in.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Sharon walks the few feet to the bedroom
door, opens it. ZOOM IN. There's a NAKED MALE BODY lying
crumpled on the floor beside the bed. The neck seems
twisted around and the head is almost on backwards, the eyes
are staring wildly at the ceiling.

CLOSE-UP SHARON'S REACTION

She closes the door quickly.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sharon crosses back to Wilma who is pouring still another drink.

WILMA

He's been lying there for hours.
You have to help me get rid of him.

SHARON

Who is he?

WILMA

Ed. I don't know his last name.
I picked him up at a singles bar.
I let him get drunker, and more
frustrated, then I told him to go
home. I knew he was the type to
get rough. He tried slapping me
around. Then I felt myself hitting
him back! My arms and my fists
were acting on their own--as if they
had a life of their own. I wanted
to stop but I kept on hitting him.
Even after he was already dead.

SHARON

That's how it was with me. I
couldn't control my body. Wilma,
we are sick.

WILMA

My hands are still throbbing. Look
at them opening and closing. I'm
not doing that.

SHARON

My God! I almost hurt Chet.

WILMA

So you found some molester instead.
Some low life who didn't deserve to
live. It was your way of protecting
Chet.

SHARON

There must be a doctor who could
help us--

WILMA

Any doctor would pick up the phone and
call the police. You know what I'd
do if they tried to take me to jail?
(more)

WILMA (cont'd)

I'd kill the first cop who put his hands on me.

SHARON

It was something they did to us-- at the Institute. We weren't to blame.

WILMA

Who's going to believe that. We have to help each other, Sharon.

SHARON

What do you want me to do?

CUT TO:

INT. FIRE STAIRS, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sharon Everett and Wilma coming down the stairs carrying the body wrapped up in a blanket tied at both ends.

WILMA

I can handle him alone. You go downstairs and bring the car around to the service entrance.

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

In the alley. The trunk of the car is open. Wilma is dumping the body inside. Sharon just stares blankly as Wilma slams the trunk shut.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR IN MOTION - NIGHT

Sharon at the wheel.

WILMA

Easy, you just ran a stop sign.

SHARON

Maybe we should be locked up where we can't hurt anybody else.

WILMA

You know what it's like inside of a psycho ward? We'd be provoked every day. We'd end up killing over and over again.

(more)

WILMA (cont'd)

(beat)

Besides I think we've got it out of our system now. It was just something we had to do. A side effect. Actually, I feel very calm now, very at peace inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFFSIDE OVERLOOKING A DUMP AREA - NIGHT

Below mounds of twisted refuse, old vehicles, furnishings, debris of all sorts. A dump. The perfect spot to dump a stiff.

And we see the body tumbling over the cliff and down into the junk below, vanishing from sight. CAMERA MOVING UP to Wilma holding the blanket in which the corpse was wrapped, folding it up carefully. Sharon beside her.

SHARON

I want to go home now. I need to sleep.

WILMA

Shit, I'm full of energy. Drop me off near a park. I think I'll jog five miles and have myself a good breakfast.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT

as Sharon drops Wilma off.

SHARON

Shouldn't we call someone at the Institute...?

WILMA

No. They might not let us come back.

SHARON

You still want to go back next week?

WILMA

Sharon, we have to. Whatever we are, we're not the same. I'm afraid something worse would happen to us if we stopped.

Sharon doesn't reply, she just drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

A BLINKING SIGN over a bar proclaims: GIRLS. ALL DAY ALL NIGHT. We see young Byron, the twenty-year-old wimp, cross the street, wearing a rather loose raincoat to cover his newly formed physique. Byron stares up at the sign, peers in through the dirty window at the bar before entering. It's a place he's always feared before, and now he's forcing himself to overcome that fear.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A small stage on which ONE STONED EXOTIC DANCER is performing listlessly. The STOCKY BARTENDER looks suspiciously at Byron while a COUPLE OF PATRONS in the back play pool at the two rather weatherbeaten pool tables. There are about half a dozen people in the place, ITINERANTS, EX-CONS, DRUG DEALERS, a mean crowd.

Byron looks over at the exotic dancer.

BARTENDER

Lookin' for some good pussy?

BYRON

No...I don't know why I came in...

ANGLE ON THE MEN PLAYING POOL

One of them notices the newcomer, nudges his friends.

SAM

That's the momma's boy from around the corner. What you doin' in here, faggot? You want to buy us all a round of drinks? And rub our asses?

CLOSE-UP BYRON

avoiding their looks--

ANGLE ON THE MEN

as they set aside their game but do not put down their pool cues as they cross the bar toward him.

ANGLE ON THE EXOTIC DANCER

Her name is MISTY. She sees trouble coming, and ducks into the back room.

SAM

What you wearin' a big raincoat
like that for on a hot day?

SWEETS

Maybe you got nothin' under it.
Sure he's a flasher. Com'on,
flash us one.

BARTENDER

(putting an unordered
beer in front of Byron)

Two bucks!

Byron reaches into his pocket, takes out his wallet and pays
with a twenty dollar bill. We can see plenty of other large
bills in that wallet.

SAM

Let's have that billfold.

BYRON

You wouldn't try and steal my
money.

SAM

Steal. No we're gonna earn it!

The men spread out around him. They've got their pool cues
which can be deadly weapons, and Byron just waits them out
calmly.

SWEETS

Isn't that what you come in here
for? To get your faggoty ass kicked?

BYRON

I usually cross the street when
I have to pass this place. Some-
times I hear you all the way over
there calling me names. But I
pretend not to.

SAM

But all of a sudden you got a pair
of balls on you!

SWEETS

I think he's just horny for us.

Sweets reaches out with the pool cue to jab Byron in the
chest. He jabs him once and then again. Byron doesn't seem
to react. It hasn't hurt him. Sweets jabs one more time.
Byron reaches out and rips the pool cue out of his hand,

raises it up and smashes it over Sweet's head. Sweets is down on the ground in a second. Out cold. Byron rises, picks the barstool up with one hand and throws it into the midst of the four remaining men. They scatter.

The bartender reaches behind the bar and locates a sawed off baseball bat. Leaning across the bar he slams it across the back of Byron's head. It doesn't have any effect at all and Byron turns, his arm shoots out, seizes the bartender by the throat, and lifts him up across the bar, throwing him down the length of the bar into a stack of bottles.

ANGLE ON THE OTHER FOUR MEN

Sam in front registering panic. He reaches into his jacket pocket and a switchblade knife comes out, but too late. Byron's upon him, smashing his fist into Sam's face which turns to a mound of putty, but before Sam can fall, Byron picks him up in the air over his head, throwing him half way across the bar, landing on the edge of the pool table and bouncing off.

The other three men disburse. There's no way out for them, they're cornered.

VARIOUS SHOTS

as Byron goes after each man. They bust pool cues over his head but he is unstoppable. He pulverizes them.

Two men remain standing now as Byron moves along dragging a man in each hand by the throat. Then he tosses them aside. He feels constricted by the raincoat and rips it open. The buttons go flying in all directions. The raincoat falls off of him and an enormous physique bulging through his shirt, visible now because his sleeves are rolled up, his enormous arms and body in total contrast with the small head. Some horrendous freak. The timid, weak face, the egg-shaped head totally in contrast with the enormous shoulders and biceps and bulging chest.

BYRON

I don't want to do this any more--

Grabbing the remaining man by the shoulders, the other hand wrapped around his forehead he twists the head as far around as it goes until the neck snaps.

Byron looks over the string of bodies.

BYRON

I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

As he turns to go, he hears a whimper. A gasp. He turns, searching for its source.

ANGLE ON REAR OF BAR

Peeking out is MISTY, the go-go dancer, the stripper, absolutely terrified. She's come back thinking the fight was over only to witness Byron in action. Now she's paralyzed with fear. Byron comes toward her.

BYRON

I got mad. Then my body kept right on--

MISTY

Don't do anything to me, mister, please.

BYRON

Do you have a car?

MISTY

Yes.

BYRON

Take me for a ride.

MISTY

Where?

BYRON

I don't know. Home.

MISTY

Your home?

BYRON

No, my mother's there. Your place--take me to your place, please.

He takes her by the arm. A great powerful hand wrapping around her small arm, and the girl forgets about needing any more clothes. She simply heads out the back way, while in the distance we hear the sound of POLICE SIRENS coming.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MISTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small studio apartment in an old building. She enters turns on the light.

MISTY

It's not much.

BYRON

It'll do. I can't go to my apartment, they'll be looking for me. My mother will be so frightened when she finds out what I did.

MISTY

Why did you do it?

BYRON

I don't know. I never hit anybody back before. Do you have any food? I'm hungry all of a sudden.

CAMERA FOLLOWS her into the kitchen. Misty opens the refrigerator, takes out some cold cuts, some eggs.

MISTY

Eggs okay?

BYRON

Fry up half a dozen, okay?

MISTY

You must run up some grocery bill. I'm sorry for your mother.

She sees some roaches running across the sink top and sprays at them with an aerosol can.

MISTY

Damn roaches. Can't kill them. No matter what spray you buy--they love it. They get bigger and stronger.

BYRON

My mother puts boric acid powder. It makes them explode.

MISTY

(while cooking)

They use to say that if there was an atomic war--all that'll be left on earth is the roaches.

She opens a drawer.

HER POV--inside the drawer. SEVERAL BIG CARVING KNIVES. She takes one out--a big sharp one.

MISTY

There's another roach up on the wall. Can you slam it for me?

BYRON

Sure. I can reach it.

Misty steps out of the way, hiding the knife, as Byron turns his back and slams the bug.

BYRON

Got the bastard.

Misty raises the knife with both hands and plunges it into Byron's thick muscular back. It is she who SCREAMS. The knife only goes in partially as if his musculature prevents it from penetrating.

He turns now, reaching back--pulling the knife out and snapping the blade. He stares at her curiously--as if confused--as if to say "Why did you have to do that?" Then Byron's hands start shaking. His arms vibrating almost involuntarily.

BYRON

Not again. Run away from me, Misty!
Run!

But she doesn't move fast enough. Byron grabs her under the armpits and lifts her up onto the kitchen table. He rips her clothes off--kisses her fiercely. His body is raping her!

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP TELEPHONE

In Misty's apartment as Byron dials.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the nude body of his victim sprawled across the room quite dead.

BYRON

(into phone)

This is Byron. Let me talk to
Dr. Snow.

During the pause, Byron returns to the kitchen, opens the refrigerator and takes out the remains of a chicken which he devours ravenously en route back to the telephone. He tries not to look at the girl's body as he passes it.

BYRON

(into phone)

Doctor. It's Byron. No--no no weakness. Just the opposite. I feel like I'm growing stronger every minute, and I need to smash people. I've got to call the police now and tell what I did to this girl--

DR. SNOW'S VOICE

Of course, I will send someone to come and get you. Where are you now?

CUT TO:

INT. RINALDI HOME - NIGHT

A very typical Italian-American home. The Rinaldi's are religious people and their house is filled with Catholic artifacts. Mr. and Mrs. Rinaldi are just returning from evening mass. The husband, Tony, is a huge hulking beast of a man. They notice a suitcase in the hall.

ANNA

Marissa are you back?

TONY

How come she doesn't tell us she's coming home?

They cross to the bedroom and open the door. There's the sound of the shower running.

MARISSA'S VOICE

I'll be right out, mom, I'm taking a shower.

The shower stops and there's a brief pause and Marissa comes out. Her hair is soaking wet. She's wearing a bathrobe that hangs loosely around her. Her parents are both stunned by the evident change. Her face has filled out. She's gained quite a bit of weight. She's no longer a walking skeleton.

TONY

I wouldn't of believed it.

ANNA

It's a miracle. You're a person again.

MARISSA

I want you to see what I look like.

TONY

Put clothes on! Be decent!

She forcibly whirls her father around so he's facing her. It will be a shocking experience for a man like Tony Rinaldo anyway to see his daughter in the nude, but much more than that now since her body is an alien thing--huge rippling muscles in her arms and legs and knots of muscle across her stomach. Her body is beautifully tanned all over and she can easily qualify in a female body building contest. Is this the little anorexic girl that was taken away only a few weeks ago?

ANNA

How can you do this to your father?

Tony is staring at his daughter wide-eyed.

MARISSA

You used to like to look at me when I was your cute little baby girl, then you didn't mind undressing me and looking at me.

ANNA

What's she talking about?

TONY

I don't know.

MARISSA

You said I had a pretty little body then, but you didn't like to look at me later on when I was ugly and dying, then you finally left me alone.

TONY

She doesn't know what she's saying.

MARISSA

Now you'll like me again, daddy, but you won't ever touch me again, will you?

ANNA

What are you accusing him of? How dare you say things like that about your father.

Tony stands frozen, his mouth gaping. His naked daughter standing before him triumphantly, defiant.

She begins to undo the robe.

ANNA

Not in front of your father.

MARISSA

There's nothing to be ashamed about.
My body is beautiful now.

TONY

Hey, don't embarrass me.

Marissa continues to unbutton her robe much to the consternation of her parents. Her father visibly blushes.

MARISSA

What about how you embarrassed
me all these years? The skeleton,
the scarecrow, Miss Skin-and-bones.

TONY

We was just trying to kid you along.

ANNA

All we wanted to do was get you to
eat like a normal person.

MARISSA

Am I normal now?

She drops her robe exposing her naked body to her parents.
Her father abruptly turns his back, mortified.

But Marissa's mother stares in amazement as the girl reveals
her nude muscular body.

Marissa flexes her arm muscles, inhales deeply, expands her
chest. She has the physique of a championship female body
builder. A phenomenal shape.

ANNA

What did they do to you? Tony--look.

TONY

I can't.

Tony turns his back. Marissa comes up behind her father,
puts her hands on his shoulders. He's still facing away
from her.

MARISSA

Turn around and look at me, daddy.
There's nothing to be ashamed of.
My body is beautiful.

TONY

I...never...

MARISSA

Not after I lost all the weight.
Not after I became a monster.
You never came in my room at night
any more.

TONY

Get out. Get out of my house.

ANNA

Oh, my God, I knew it. I would
never let myself believe it.

TONY

She's lying. The bitch is lying.

ANNA

(screams)

You did it. You made her sick.

She runs at her husband who slaps her across the face
knocking her backwards.

TONY

Don't ever talk to me like that
in my own house!

(to Marissa)

Get out of here with our filthy
mouth. You freak!

Tony raises his hand to strike her. As his arm comes down
she reaches out with her hand and grips his wrist, holding
it firm, rendering him immobile. He's a big, stocky man,
but his daughter's strength surprises and terrifies him.
She twists his wrist and he screams.

MARISSA

For years I've dreamed that some-
one would come along and do this
to you but I never thought it
would be me.

ANNA

Don't hurt him. Let him go.

The naked girl holds her father helpless in her hands then
releases him and he falls to the floor at her feet.

MARISSA

Now you get out while I can still
control myself.

Tony staggers to his feet, stumbles to the door, opens it, goes halfway through it then looks back and screams in a raspy voice.

TONY

She's crazy! You're all crazy!

Then he's through the door quickly before she can come after him.

Anna picks up Marissa's bathrobe and puts it over her shoulders.

ANNA

Cover yourself.

MARISSA

Don't you like it?

ANNA

I don't know what to say. It's not like a woman. You're like a man.

MARISSA

No, these are women's muscles. This is what a woman's body can be.

ANNA

They've done something bad to you.

MARISSA

I have to go back to F.I.T., mother. This is only the beginning. You'll see.

Her mother collapses, crying in her arms. Marissa holds the woman gently.

MARISSA

I'll put you to bed, mother.

The once anorexic girl lifts her mother up in her arms and carries her into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. EVERETT HOUSE - DAWN

Sharon Everett is just returning after a harrowing night disposing of a human body.

As she feared, Chet is waiting for her.

CHET

I've been half out of my mind
calling you.

SHARON

I'm sorry. I should have picked
up.

CHET

Is that all you have to say?

SHARON

I'm exhausted. I've got to get
some sleep.

CHET

I didn't know you needed sleep
any more.

SHARON

I don't want to argue...I don't
want to get angry.

CHET

Why is everything you say some
kind of veiled threat? Like if
you were to get angry, something
terrible would happen to me.

SHARON

I didn't mean it that way. I'm
sorry.

CHET

Okay. Apology accepted. How
about a kiss? That's a nice way
to start off a morning.

SHARON

Please don't ask me questions.

She gives him a kiss, a meaningful kiss.

CHET

That's better.

SHARON

Maybe we ought to lie down
again. I've got a few muscles
that you never even dreamed
exist.

CHET

I'll start a chart so I won't
lose track.

The go into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The shades are still drawn. It's dark.

SHARON

Sorry about the lamps.

CHET

What do we need light for? I'm pretty good at finding things in the dark.

They undress. Then glide into bed together and begin making love. Then the doorbell sounds...and it won't stop.

CHET

Maybe just the postman delivering a new set of barbells for you.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

as Chet comes down and answers it. A couple of rather plain looking GENTLEMEN are standing there...with badges.

FORBES

L.A.P.D.

CHET

How can I help you?

DALEY

May we come in?

CHET

What for?

Sharon comes downstairs in a big, loose robe. She's been brushing her teeth. She stands there with toothbrush in hand.

SHARON

What's going on?

DALEY

We're police officers, ma'am.
That is your car in the driveway?
The Camero?

FORBES

Do you know where Temple Street is right off Central in the downtown district?

DALEY

Was your car parked there last night?

CHET

That's an awful neighborhood, isn't it? High crime rate?

FORBES

Yes. As a matter-of-fact, there was a killing on that street last night. Some street hustler got his head bashed in.

DALEY

And we're looking for possible witnesses.

FORBES

One of our patrol cars was cruising the area and made note of a late model Camero parked there. The officers thought the car might be stolen so they took down the license number, and checked it out! The body was found soon thereafter and the car was gone.

CHET

What time was this?

FORBES

Why don't you tell us, sir?

CHET

Well, sure, I had the car last night. I may have been pulled over for a minute. I really don't recall the exact street.

FORBES

But you do remember stopping?

CHET

I had to look at my city map book. I was kind of lost and so I stopped. Okay?

DALEY

Where were you going--that you got lost? I guess we still can't come inside, huh?

CHET

Sure, come on in.

SHARON

Would you like coffee?

DALEY

No thanks. Makes me nervous. We haven't met. I'm Sergeant Daley.

He extends his hand. Sharon gives him a very weak handshake deliberately trying to disguise her physical strength. He looks at her hands and then looks at Chet's hands as well.

CHET

What are you looking at?

DALEY

Your hands. The victim was beaten to death probably by someone with professional training in martial arts. It wasn't a pretty sight.

CHET

I'll have some of that coffee, honey, if you don't mind.

SHARON

Coming right up.

She exits into the kitchen. Chet calls the detectives over and speaks with them softly.

CHET

This is kind of embarrassing. I mean, you can imagine what I was doing cruising that area, so let's not make a big thing of it in front of my wife.

(a beat)

And I didn't see any assault take place. I swear.

DALEY

Hey--no need to swear. You've got a pretty wife there. You don't want to catch anything. So stay out of that area, will you!

The two detectives cross to the door and are gone.

Sharon comes back with a cup of coffee.

SHARON

Well, you certainly got rid of them smoothly enough.

CHET

Did you do it alone?

SHARON

Do what?

CHET

You know.

Her arms begin to shake and tremble as if she's losing control. The coffee that she's holding begins splashing out of the cup and onto the floor, and she throws the cup across the room against the wall just above the couch, and the coffee splatters on the wall and over the sofa.

CHET

You're losing control again.

SHARON

I can't stop shaking.

Chet runs over and grabs her by the wrists. Tries to steady her.

SHARON

Don't hold me. That makes it worse. Let go.

And she shoves him back. He's amazed at her strength but knows enough not to go near her again.

SHARON

I need to be by myself.

CHET

You've got to tell me what happened last night. I love you. You mustn't be afraid of me.

SHARON

You're the one who's afraid. If you could only see your face right now.

CHET

Why would you kill a complete stranger?

SHARON

He tried to attack me.

CHET

I'm sure he did. But why would you give him the opportunity?

SHARON

I don't know. I knew he'd be there. I knew someone like him would be there.

CHET

So you walked the streets until some degenerate came along and gave you the excuse.

SHARON

I needed to...

CHET

And if it hadn't been him, it would have been me. Is that what you're saying? You had to put those new muscles to work.

SHARON

I'm going back to the Institute soon, and maybe the doctor can explain...

CHET

You're not going back there!

SHARON

We have to. We all have to!

CHET

Why would you want to go back?

SHARON

Because I'm afraid of what I'll turn into if I don't.

CHET

Sit down. Relax. Please. Relax and talk to me. Tell me what they did to you.

SHARON

I can't.

CHET

They gave you shots. You never could have had such an increase in muscle mass without shots.

SHARON

It's something new...that the doctor developed in the Soviet Union. It's been tested. It's safe.

CHET

Safe, huh? Look, honey. Right now it's self-defense. A man tried to rape you, you fought back. He just picked on the wrong woman.

SHARON

There are other things you don't know.

CHET

You haven't killed anybody else, for christsake?

SHARON

(turning away)

I have to sleep.

She staggers and falls against the wall. He thinks she's about to collapse. He steadies her.

CHET

Okay, we'll talk about it when I get home from work tonight. But promise me you won't go out of the house.

SHARON

I promise. And whatever happens, don't be afraid of me, Chet. I would never do anything to you.

CHET

Well, the furniture's taken a helluva beating. Come on, I'll tuck you in.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sharon disrobes and slides under the covers. Chet puts a pillow under her head and kisses her. He fixes the blinds so there's no light in here eyes. She's asleep almost instantly, a deep sleep. Chet looks at her with evident affection...and fear.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING, WEST LOS ANGELES - DAY

INT. CORRIDOR, FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Chet walking with HANK CLEARY, a stocky, middle-aged government employee. Very much a company man.

CHET

Listen, Hank, I've known you for years and I've never asked what you do.

HANK

But you've guessed about it plenty.

CHET

Sharon and I are in trouble.

HANK

You mean "big" trouble"

CHET

I want you to see what you can find out about a company called F.I.T. Incorporated. It stands for Functional Internal Techniques. It's run by some kind of a Russian emigre. That's all I know.

HANK

If I come up with anything, I'll give you a ring.

Hank slaps Chet on the back, and Chet starts off in the other direction. The two men split up. Its been a very brief but important conversation.

CUT TO:

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE, COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

As Hank Cleary takes his place at the console and begins to program information into the computer bank.

HANK

F.I.T. Institute.

Something starts to print out. We hold on Hank's startled reaction.

CUT TO:

INT. CHET'S OFFICE AT THE NETWORK - DAY

Chet at his desk looking over art work for the new "Power Man" cartoon program. His secretary comes in.

SECRETARY

Hank Cleary on line one. Say's he's
a personal friend.

Chet picks up the phone. We CROSS CUT BETWEEN CHET AND HANK
in a phone booth.

CHET

Hello, Hank. That was quick?

HANK

Get off it, Chet.

CHET

What?

HANK

Whatever your connections with this
F.I.T. sever them. Just forget it
exists.

CHET

I don't know if I can keep Sharon
away.

HANK

Then take her out of the country
on a long vacation.

CHET

You've got to tell me what this is
all about. People have already
been killed.

HANK

Don't tell me anymore, Chet.

CHET

This really must be big if it
scares the shit out of you.

HANK

There are major people involved.
Believe me, the police and the
FBI can't help. Nobody can help.

Hank clicks off and exits the phone booth. Chet turns and
looks around the office as if he feels he's being watched.

Just down the hall, a small entourage appears led by actress
Eve Summerfield. Chet leans over the desk of a FELLOW
EMPLOYEE.

CHET

What's she doing here?

PROGRAMMING AIDE

That's Eve Summerfield. She's
spokeswoman for the F.I.T. Institute.

CHET

Believe me, I've seen all the spots.

PROGRAMMING AIDE

I think she's on the Morning Show.

(checks the schedule)

That's right, she's taping a segment
for tomorrow's telecast.

CHET

Which studio?

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO C - DAY

The set is being freshened up for today's taping of a segment of a network talk show. We see Chet Everett moving through the studio looking for Miss Summerfield. He makes his way to the dressing room area. One of the doors is open and Eve Summerfield is in the makeup chair. Chet barges in.

CHET

Miss Summerfield, my name is Everett.
I'm with Saturday morning programming.

EVE

Cartoons? How exciting for you.

HAIRDRESSER

I don't care who you are, you're
standing in my light.

CHET

If I could have a minute. It's
about my wife Sharon. She's just
come back from F.I.T.

EVE

You don't look pleased.

CHET

I wonder if you know what's happening
to people up there? How they change
them.

EVE

Shouldn't I know better than anyone
else?

(Eve is wearing a very loosely fitting outfit, the new kind of gypsy clothes with all kinds of drapes and folds, etc. almost like a tent that she's hidden inside of. The important thing is we don't really get a view of her body. She could be big or small, normal or gigantic, you can't really tell. All we know is that she has great legs, which she always had.)

HAIRDRESSER

(pushing Chet away)

You're in my space!

CHET

I'll give you all the space you need.

He grabs the hairdresser and throws him out of the dressing room, slamming the door and locking it.

CHET

People are losing control of themselves.

EVE

From what I can see, you're the
only one who's lost control.

CHET

I'm not going to let you go on the
air and talk more people into signing
up--

EVE

What would you like me to tell them?

CHET

Tell them how decent gentle people
come back from F.I.T. and commit
murders--because they've lost
control of their own bodies.

EVE

You're upsetting me, Mr. Everett?

Her arm shoots out from under her caftan. It's hardly what you'd expect looking at that beautiful feminine face. A gigantically developed forearm, bulging muscles, grabs Chet by the throat.

He tries like hell to break her grip but she's got him with that one powerful arm and she's virtually lifting him off the ground by his throat.

EVE

I shouldn't have had to do this.
Your wife should have taken care
of it--at home. This is a family
matter.

Chet feels as if he's about to black out, then there's a crash as the door of the dressing room is smashed open, the lock broken away and TWO SECURITY MEN from the network run in.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Eve releases Chet. The powerful arm slips back under the caftan and is gone out of sight. Chet nearly drops to his knees as the security guards grab him. The hairdresser is standing in the doorway screaming.

HAIRDRESSER

That's the man that assaulted me.
Can you believe it, he actually
put his hands on me.

SECURITY GUARD

Okay, mister, let's go downstairs
to security.

CHET

I work here. I'm...

EVE

We're due to start taping in
five minutes. May we have some
privacy?

SECURITY GUARD

We'll get him out of here.

The two security guards grab Chet and drag him out of the dressing room. He has only one brief moment to look back at Eve, who stares at him with a triumphant smile on her face.

EVE

We have to tell the audience about
all the wonderful things being
accomplished at F.I.T. don't we?

INT. TV STUDIO

Chet is dragged through it by the security men.

CHET

I'm in Children's Programming. I
have my identification.

SECURITY GUARD

That doesn't give you the right to
go shoving hairdressers around.

CHET

I have to get back home. My wife's
in danger!

Chet shoves one of the security guards and pulls away from
the other and goes running through the studio dodging
cameras and grips.

INT. TV STUDIO CORRIDOR

As Chet hits the fire stairs and runs down.

ANGLE ON SECURITY GUARDS

running in pursuit.

ANGLE ON ANOTHER FLOOR

as Chet gets off the fire stairs, runs down the corridor,
hopping into the elevator just as it closes.

ANGLE ON SECURITY GUARDS

chasing him. They reach the elevator too late as the door
has closed in their faces.

INT. ELEVATOR

As Chet pushes the button for the underground garage.

ANGLE ON SECURITY GUARDS

by the closed elevator.

FIRST SECURITY GUARD.

Maybe he's cracking up. Anyhow,
we'll put in a full report.

INT. ELEVATOR

as it reaches the subterranean garage level B. Chet gets
out, starts to walk toward his car. He feels in his pocket
for his keys. He's about to open the car door when the car
door beside him opens and a VERY LARGE MAN steps out. Then
another TALL MAN appears coming around the back of Chet's
car. He's trapped between the two men.

CHET

What do you want?

The men don't speak, they grab him, pin his arms behind his back. At that moment, a DARK SEDAN pulls up, the back door opens, the two men force Chet into the back seat.

It all happens very quickly. In a moment the sedan is pulling away out of the parking garage.

INT. DARK SEDAN - DAY

Chet is pinned on the floor helpless. He's being taken prisoner by some very professional operatives. It has all gone like clockwork, there has not been the slightest bit of trouble. They have simply picked him up and taken him away.

EXT. RUN-DOWN SECTION OF CITY - DAY

A whole line of boarded up stores that have gone out of business--small shops that have been closed for months or years. The windows have been painted over. Only a small European type bakery seems to remain open.

The black limousine pulls up to the back of the building and Chet is taken out by his silent captors and brought into the back door of the bakery.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Ovens baking strudel, linzer tarts, etc.

Chet is brought in and seated in a hardback wooden chair in the kitchen of the bakery. An ELDERLY GRANDFATHER TYPE turns. He has been brewing a pot of tea, pours the tea into a glass and brings it to Chet.

KEPLER

You'll be careful. The glass is hot but you'll get used to it.

Chet takes the hot glass of tea. It burns his hand but he manages to hang onto it. It is as if they are testing his willpower.

KEPLER

Drink, it's good. There's nothing in it, don't worry.

CHET

I guess you just wanted someone to have tea with.

KEPLER

Maybe you know this man?

He shows Chet a picture of a complete stranger. It is a middle-aged European with a thick bull-like neck.

CHET

I'd like to know who's asking the questions.

KEPLER

Believe me, you're better off not knowing.

CHET

I've never seen this man. Now, are you going to tell me who he is?

KEPLER

What does the name I.W. Vorchek mean?

CHET

Nothing.

KEPLER

Comrade Vorchek is a fellow Soviet citizen who trained many of our Olympic Gold Medal winners. He was particularly effective with weight lifters, breaking many world's records. Then, the athletes began to die. Some from heart disease, others from unexplained causes, but all of them connected with steroid abuse.

CHET

Now you're going to tell me he's got something to do with F.I.T.?

KEPLER

Your beloved wife is back in his hands. She returned to the Insitute at 2:30 this afternoon

CHET

You're wrong. She's home.

KEPLER

Would you like to call her?

CHET

No.

KEPLER

It is such a difficult place for us to penetrate, this F.I.T. We have attempted to place our people among the applicants for the program but they have been screened out each time or murdered. Vorchek never leaves the institute, never makes himself vulnerable to us.

CHET

What are you?

Kepler pours some more tea.

KEPLER

Mostly we are relatives of those who were victims of Vorchek. My own son died at nineteen years of age. I have only his gold medals to remember him, and a duty to avenge him.

CHET

Why not go public? Go to the newspapers? Television?

KEPLER

The truth would be obstructed long enough for Vorchek to disappear again. There are those high in government who have protected him.

CHET

Why would they?

KEPLER

When Germany was defeated and became your ally, so many war criminals were protected. Now that Russia is a Capitalist state, all the rules have again changed.

CHET

You don't mean our own government is in on this?

KEPLER

And you are one of the first to experience the new terror.

CUT TO:

INT. F.I.T. INSTITUTE - DAY

THE DORMITORY. CAMERA MOVING TOWARD one of the private rooms.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Simply but tastefully decorated. A small room with private bath. This chamber occupied by Eve Summerfield, former movie queen, now spokeslady for F.I.T.

Eve is dressed in a caftan and she is seated on the foot of her bed.

Joe Cushing prowls the room, fiddling with a cigar but not lighting it.

EVE

What that young man told me at the studio today, it's all true?

CUSHING

Let's just say there's "some" truth to it.

EVE

I'm not doing any more of your promotions. I won't let you use me to seduce others into this program.

CUSHING

But you're the F.I.T. girl. You're more identified with all this than I am.

EVE

I want to leave this place.

CUSHING

Discontinue your treatments?

CLOSE-UP - EVE

The seed of fear has been planted. She is suddenly apprehensive.

EVEN

What will happen to me if I stop?

CLOSE-UP CUSHING - LOW ANGLE - THREATENING

He speaks very softly, sweetly, but behind it all there is the implied threat

CUSHING

Honey, your entire hormonal balance has been altered and without continued chemical support, the musculature that you've built up in these past few months will go haywire. You'll fall apart right before your own eyes.

Cushing starts to exit.

EVE

Don't lock me in, Joe. Please!

CUSHING

In the morning, look at yourself in the mirror. And look forward to the next morning and the morning after that.

In a moment, he is out the door, it is closed, and she hears it lock from the outside. She crosses to the dressing table where there is a mirror. She looks at her own face in the mirror, and it terrifies her.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Rolling through the city. Kepler is seated in the back seat next to Chet, heading back to Chet's house where Sharon might still be.

CHET

You want me to help you kill him?

KEPLER

He's made your wife into a murderer, hasn't he?

Chet is careful not to admit anything that could incriminate Sharon.

CHET

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

KEPLER

That is how he ties them to him--by their guilt, by their fear of exposure and arrest. He takes control of their bodies and makes them murderers, and they belong to him.

CHET

How do we go about this?

KEPLER

You're a very brave and determined man. I'm surprised.

CHET

Save the compliments. I'm just trying to get even and save my wife.

KEPLER

You will. Go home now and wait. We'll contact you again.

CHET

Let me out on the corner, Mr... What was your name?

KEPLER

Mister K. That's good enough.

EXT. EVERETT'S HOUSE - DAY

Chet heads up the front walk and sees that the garage is wide open and Sharon's car isn't there.

INT. EVERETT'S HOUSE - DAY

Chet finds himself very much alone. Sharon has gone back, just as the Russian said. The phone rings.

CHET

Yes...?

KEPLER'S VOICE

It was nice meeting you.

He clicks off. We HOLD ON Chet's reaction.

CUT TO:

INT. F.I.T. INSTITUTE, NOURISHMENT CHAMBER - NIGHT

They're all here, lying on tables, hooked up to tubes that run into their hugely inflated arms, legs and calves. Wilma, Byron, Marissa Rinaldi and, of course, Sharon Everett.

CMAERA MOVES from patient to patient--focusing in on those tubes--through which we can see the serum flowing into their bodies.

Then the ANGLE WIDENS to reveal DR. SNOW as seen from behind --that thick peasant neck, those broad shoulders, He stands watching silently--in total control.

DR. SNOW
The weakling husband must be handled
--it will be an interesting exercise
for our pupils. All but his wife
will participate.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVERETT'S HOME - NIGHT

INT. EVERETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chet trying to sleep. He's restless, he can't. Then the telephone RINGS.

CHET
Hello. Hello. Is somebody there?
Who's calling at this hour?

VOICE WITH RUSSIAN ACCENT
Get out of the house quick.

CHET
Hello? Mr. K? Is that you?

VOICE
They're coming for you.

Before Chet can ask any more questions, the party hangs up. Chet hoists himself out of bed, goes to the window, looks out.

HIS POV THROUGH THE WINDOW--

A quiet suburban street, nothing moving, maybe it's too quiet.

ANGLE ON CHET - IN THE BEDROOM

He's scared. He crosses to the closet, pulls out a small suitcase, begins packing hurriedly. He thinks he hears something. He stops. He listens in the next room. Is that a sound of perhaps a window screen being taken off one of the windows or is it just a creak, just an ordinary noise in the night...

Chet returns, pulls on a pair of pants over his pajamas, puts on shoes and socks and a sweatshirt.

He hears that noise again, that creak, that footstep? He reaches into the closet and takes out one of his golf clubs. Anything to use as a weapon. He crosses slowly into the next room. Most of the lights are out.

CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM--HAND HELD-- and then suddenly (SHOCK CUT)

SOMEBODY STEPS INTO FRAME DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM, an enormous hulking figure with great shoulders and arms. My God, it's Byron and he's reaching out.

Chet takes one step back and swings with the golf club hard, slamming Byron across the side of the head, bending the golf club completely out of shape. Byron sinks down onto one knee as Chet runs in the opposite direction into the guest bathroom, slamming the door.

INT. GUEST BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chet locks the door, looks for some way to escape. The window behind him. He rips the curtains away, pulls open the window and starts to climb out, kicking the window screen off as he goes.

CAMERA WHIP PANS back to the bathroom door as it is knocked off its hinges and the wood shatters as the enormous Byron comes plowing through. The blow from the golf club which would have killed an ordinary man has only slowed Byron down for an instant.

Chet is through the window just in the nick of time.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

As Chet tumbles on top of some trash cans which fall over. He gets to his feet just as a PAIR OF HUGE FEMALE ARMS reach over and grapple for him. It is Wilma coming out of the blackness to seize him. Chet has a garbage can cover in the other hand which he slams into Wilma's face hard, slamming her again and again until finally she lets go. Then he's heading down the back alley toward the garage.

ANGLE ON BYRON

Trying to get out the small window, but his enormous shoulders and body will not allow him to get through and so he begins to smash away at the wall, to knock the window frame out and whatever portion of the plaster and brick necessary to get out of that bathroom and get in pursuit of his quarry.

VARIOUS ANGLES

Around the house as other figures appear. GIANT MUSCULAR FIGURES silhouetted against the night sky. The creatures from F.I.T. (Sharon is conspicuously absent.)

We recognize the muscular Marissa Rinaldi among them, and they are all bigger, more inflated than ever before. They cut off Chet's path of escape.

INT. OPEN GARAGE - NIGHT

Chet runs inside, moving past his parked car toward the far corner of the garage where a great host of power tools hang on the wall.

He grabs the first thing he can lay his hands on--the electric HEDGE CUTTER. Grabbing it off the hook and whirling around with it just in time, for INTO FRAME rushes Byron. He has his hands on Chet's throat just as Chet throws the ON switch and the hedge cutter begins slicing away. Blood sprays, bone crunches as the hedge cutter attacks human flesh.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON CHET'S FACE so we are spared the blood and gore. The SOUND EFFECT is sufficient to tell us what is happening.

CLOSE-UP - BYRON'S FACE

Immobile, as if he's feeling no pain. He seems still to have hold of his victim and then he falls back onto the ground and we catch a mere flash of severed hands.

WIDE ANGLE - THE GARAGE

as Chet steps over Byron's writhing body and proceeds out of the garage holding the hedge cutter still slicing away at the air as if defying someone to come after him.

Chet runs to his car and locks himself in.

The bloodied figure of Byron comes after the car, smashing his stumps through the windshield just as Chet starts the engine and pulls out, dragging the injured giant a few yards before knocking him off the hood onto the ground.

INT. VEHICLE - NIGHT

Chet is heading down his own driveway. The figure of Marissa Rinaldi looms up ahead. Instead of stopping, Chet steps on the gas. The car collides with Marissa, knocking her about fifteen feet.

REVERSE ANGLE ON MARISSA

being knocked out of the way by the speeding vehicle, but it doesn't disable her, she gets up, hardly injured at all.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As Chet pulls out of the driveway, TWO GIGANTIC ATTENDANTS from the institute converge on him, grabbing the car, holding it. The wheels begin to spin as the back of the car is lifted off the ground. The two creatures are turning the car over with Chet inside. Chet steps on the gas, trying hard to move forward but the wheels are not on the ground anymore. They're in the air and the car is tipping, tipping.

WIDER SHOT

as the car is turned upside down by the two muscular figures.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Chet, upside down now, looking out as arms reach to rip the door away from its sockets. The windows shatter, the sound of metal being twisted as the two giants rip away the doors, reach in to grab Chet.

Chet also smells gasoline pouring into the car. The gas fumes quite evident but not as much of a threat as the massive muscular arms which are reaching for him both through the windshield and through the shadowed window on the passenger side. Chet squirms as far as he can out of the way of the clutching arms, then, as one of them grabs him, he makes the only decision that he can. He reaches into his pocket for his cigarette lighter, flips it on, and...

Almost instantaneously, fire breaks out in the overturned car. The back seat is ablaze. Flames are licking forward. Chet's own jacket is on fire but the flames are licking at the bare extended arms that are reaching in for him. The muscular arms let go. Chet is free for a second. He throws himself to the other side of the car. All his weight against the door which flies open.

EXT. OVERTURNED CAR - NIGHT

Chet comes rolling out onto the pavement, his jacket still on fire. He wiggles out of the jacket, his arm badly burned, his other arm broken. He rolls across the grass, camp with the night dew extinguishing the flames on his shirt and begins crawling away. The two muscular creatures on the far side of the car begin to come around just as the vehicle EXPLODES.

VARIOUS SHOTS

The two giants caught in a sea of flames--writhing in agony as the fire engulfs them.

ANGLE ON CHET

crawling away like some stricken animal, snaking his way across the grass, every movement painful because of his broken arm and now the burns on his back, but he's still alive. The will to survive keeps him going. He knows there are more of them and they might come after him in an instant. He HEARS a siren in the distance. Someone has called the fire department and the police. They're coming.

If only they get here soon enough to save him. Then, as he crawls forward, he finds himself facing a pair of feet and thick powerful legs. He has crawled right into one of them.

A PAIR OF HANDLESS STUMPS ENTER FRAME and wrap around Chet. The pain almost causes him to black out as he is hoisted to his feet and he comes face-to-face with Byron again. His hands are gone, but he seizes Chet in a bear hug and begins to crush him.

Then Byron's head erupts with gunshot wounds as we hear the blast of a .38 caliber service revolver.

WIDER SHOT

TWO POLICEMEN emerging from a prowler car blasting away. They empty their guns at Byron before he finally lets go of his victim and staggers away.

ANGLE ON COPS

They can't believe it. Six shells into the guy and he's still walking. They run to Chet Everett's fallen body.

COP

This guy's nearly had it.

SECOND COP

I'm going after the big sonofabitch.

He reloads his service revolver and goes in pursuit of the seemingly unkillable Byron.

ANGLE ON THE FLAMING CAR AND THE TWO CHARRED GIANTS

who lie beside it, seemingly burned beyond recognition--they now begin to rise to their feet, to rise to their full height. They begin to move in the direction of the police officer who leans over Chet. Two charred hulks approaching

the unsuspecting officer. And then a FLASH OF LIGHT illuminates them as an ambulance pulls up, more police cars, and the fire department, and the two charred beasts turn and slink away around the side of the building and into the darkness.

COP

Did you see those two fuckers!
What the hell were they?

The PARAMEDICS move to where Chet is lying and put him onto a stretcher immediately.

The policeman moves off in pursuit of the shadowy giants who have vanished around the back of the house--charred human beings that will not die but continue to move as if directed by some distant force.

Chet Everett lies on the stretcher with the two paramedics leaning over him.

CLOSER SHOT

as they strap him to the stretcher, fasten the buckles, then they lift the stretcher up and move it to the waiting ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Chet is slid inside on the stretcher. The intern secures the stretcher with clasps.

INTERN

This is going to hurt for a minute
but I'm going to reset that arm and
put on a temporary splint.

CHET

Do it fast.

The intern jerks on the broken arm, pulling the bone back into place. He applies a quick emergency splint.

CHET

Did you see those two men? They
were burned alive and still walking.

INTERN

I don't know what I saw.

There is the distant sound of some gunshots. The police again.

CHET

They'll shoot them but they can't
kill them.

INTERN

Mister, let's not talk about it.
It gives me the creeps.

The second intern-ambulance driver crosses around to the
back of the ambulance. The doors are still open.

2ND INTERN

Let's go.

INTERN

We'll get you to St. Domonic's as
quickly as we can.

He slides out of the back of the ambulance, closing the
doors. Chet is alone in the ambulance.

EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The driver and the intern cross around to the front and
climb in. In a moment the siren is BLASTING and the
ambulance is pulling away from the curb.

INT. BACK OF AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Chet, in the securely fastened stretcher, being carried
through the night. He looks through the side window of the
ambulance, through the transparent curtains for a last look.

CHET'S POV

pulling away from the house. He sees one of the policemen
crossing the lawn dragging the other policeman with him.
The second policeman has been badly injured, blood is
pouring down his uniform shirt. As he collapses on the
front walk, the ambulance turns the corner obliterating him
from view.

CLOSE-UP - CHET IN AMBULANCE

His broken arm hurting quite a lot, he grins and bears it.
He looks out the window again.

CHET'S POV - ST. DOMONIC'S HOSPITAL

As the ambulance goes right by it. One would expect the
ambulance to pull into the emergency entrance but the
vehicle keeps going, picking up speed.

CLOSE-UP - CHET

Puzzled and suddenly afraid.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVERETT HOUSE - NIGHT

The two policemen on the front lawn, one of them injured, the other leaning over him as AN AMBULANCE pulls to the curb. A totally dissimilar ambulance from the one that picked Chet up a few minutes ago. The cop runs to the driver.

COP

It's lucky they sent two ambulances.
We sure as hell need you.

DRIVER

What do you mean, two?

COP

Somebody got here ahead of you.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE AMBULANCE CARRYING CHET - NIGHT

As it plows through the night, its siren blasting.

INT. THAT AMBULANCE

Chet realizing he's in danger. He reaches out for the emergency satchel that hangs on the wall of the ambulance--a canvas bag which holds various pieces of medical equipment and gear. He tears it down off the wall. It tumbles to the floor of the ambulance, various items pouring out of it including a leather case.

CLOSE-UP - INSERT SHOT: LEATHER CASE clearly marked:
"Property of F.I.T."

CLOSE-UP - CHET

There is no doubt now whose hands he has fallen into. He cranes his neck upward trying to see into the cab of the ambulance. The driver and the intern. He realizes now that these are big burly men, probably musclemen under their white garments.

EXT. THE ROAD UP AHEAD - NIGHT

As the ambulance approaches what appears to be a traffic accident blocking both lanes. The ambulance stops. There

is no way for it to pass. There is no sign of either driver of the vehicles.

ANGLE ON THE INTERN AND THE DRIVER

As they get out of the ambulance and look around. Then all at once they are blasted to pieces by unexpected gunfire. They fall to the ground, get up again, and are shot down a second time. They stay down this time.

CLOSE-UP - CHET

Trussed up in the rear of the ambulance. HIS REACTION: absolutely stunned.

CHET'S POV

The back of the ambulance is opened. We recognize Kepler, and an associate, both holding short muzzled UZI machine guns. Kepler climbs in beside Chet.

CHET

I never thought I'd be glad to see you.

KEPLER

You were most heroic, Mr. Everett.
We are impressed.

Meanwhile, the other Russian has taken out a flashlight and is waving it several times. In a moment another vehicle pulls up directly behind with more SOVIETS, two of whom are dressed like AMBULANCE DRIVERS--simple white uniforms, easily duplicated.

CHET

Aren't you going to get me loose?

KEPLER

Not just yet.

OTHER RUSSIANS are removing the bodies of the driver and the intern from the road, placing them in rubber bodybags and then zipping them up and carrying them back to the trunk of their car. The removal process is efficient and quick.

KEPLER

We will ride with you now so you shouldn't be lonely.

The two phony ambulance drivers take their positions in the cab up front.

EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

As once again it cruises along the road in the exact same direction in which it was originally traveling.

It is followed some distance by the armed Russians in two ordinary looking vehicles.

INT. REAR OF AMBULANCE

Chet on the stretcher looking up at Kepler.

CHET

Still the institute?

KEPLER

They will be expecting you. They will open the gate without any questions.

CHET

What do you really want there?

KEPLER

Only Vorchek, and you will get your wife back.

EXT. THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Moving along the road, followed by the two other cars which now keep well back. They turn off their headlights and are no longer visible.

EXT. F.I.T. INSTITUTE

The tall wire fence, lights burning late once again in the institute. CAMERA PANS to the ambulance as it approaches the fence.

There seems to be no entrance to the premises. The fence is continuous all around with no gate. Only now, a portion of the fence beings to descend into the ground, to slide down to below ground level and allow the ambulance to pass through. Then it begins to rise again--before the two other vehicles can reach the gate. Only the ambulance makes it through. The gate rises to its full height again and the passageway into the institute becomes virtually undetectable to the naked eye.

INT. REAR OF AMBULANCE

Chet and Kepler and the other Russians looking out the back window.

CHET

Your associates didn't make it in.

KEPLER

They will be blowing the gate in approximately four minutes.

CHET

So I'm diversion number one, that's diversion number two.

INT. INSTITUTE GROUNDS - NIGHT

As the ambulance draws up to the main building. The two security guards approach. (The same pair who denied Chet entrance earlier in our story.)

They cast only a cursory glance at the drivers who are still inside the cab of the ambulance with the windows rolled up. Their interest is in the passenger.

INT. BACK OF AMBULANCE - NIGHT

As Kepler and his Russian cohorts crouch low on the floor, their weapons ready. They are now using automatic pistols with elaborate silencers. Chet remains strapped to the stretcher.

CHET

You can't leave me tied down like this.

Kepler reaches into his pocket and slips Chet a small but razor-sharp knife.

KEPLER

Once inside, you may cut yourself free. Now be still.

EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

As the security men open the back doors of the vehicle expecting to find only a helpless captive. Instead, they are greeted by a BARRAGE of muffled gunfire.

The huge bodies gyrate about WITHOUT HEADS before finally toppling over.

The security men seem to be dead and the Russians pile out carrying the stretcher with them. Kepler is in the lead.

EXT. AMBULANCE IN COURTYARD - NIGHT

The two phony interns pick up the stretcher to carry it into the building. Their backs are now turned to the bodies of the dead security men.

But now one rises, blinded, his face covered with blood. He seizes on of the Russians from behind, lifting him off his feet.

CHET

Look out!

Kepler points his pistol at the back of the monster's head and fires two silent shots. The creature lets go of the Russian and once again sinks to the ground.

KEPLER

How many times must we kill these people?

ANGLE ON REAR ENTRANCE OF THE INSTITUTE

As the interns carry the stretcher up the steps and into the building followed by Kepler and the other Russians, their guns at ready.

CUT TO:

INT. INSTITUTE HALL - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

The invaders enter. Kepler motions the fake interns to take Chet up in the elevator. The Soviets who are not in uniform join him going up the fire stairs directly adjacent to the elevator. They all move like a precision hit squad.

INT. FIRE STAIRS

As Kepler and his men climb the stairs quickly, checking out each floor.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

As the elevator slides open and Chet is wheeled out onto the gymnasium floor where Wilma and Marissa are compulsively working out with huge weights. They don't even cease the "reps" when they see him--although less than an hour ago they were trying to kill him.

CHET

Well, you girls sure got back here fast enough. Sorry about slamming you with that garage can cover, Wilma. I've turned into a dirty fighter.

WILMA
 (continuing her "reps")
 So you finally decided to join us.
 I'm glad we don't have to kill you.

MARISSA
 You don't have to be afraid. We're
 not angry any more.

CHET
 Glad to hear that. Where's Sharon?

WILMA
 Being re-nourished. You'll see her
 later if the doctor thinks it's
 wise.

Over the loudspeaker system we hear an obviously recorded voice.

VORCHEK'S VOICE
 Test units twelve and C report for
 nourishment to chambers on the
 second floor. Control unit 27
 report to the upper gymnasium.

Wilma and Marissa stand transfixed by the announcement, like mice hearing a bell ring in a feeding experiment they put down their weights.

WILMA
 We have to go now.

MARISSA
 Don't feel bad about running me
 down. It didn't hurt at all.

CHET
 That makes me feel much less guilty.
 Better run along.

MARISSA
 Why? What's the matter?

Chet cranes his neck to look back up the hall.

HIS POV

The fire doors open at the end of the corridor and Kepler and his men enter with machine guns pointed. They could easily mow down everybody in the corridor in a matter of seconds.

MED. SHOT - CORRIDOR

MARISSA

Who are those men?

CHET

Don't try to stop them. They only
want Vorchek.

As the Russians approach with their guns pointed, Wilma and
Marissa block their path.

WILMA

They're after the Doctor!

KEPLER

Step out of my way, ladies.

CHET

Kepler, don't.

Kepler has his UZI pointed and ready to fire but instead he
tries whacking Wilma across the jaw with the butt of the
weapon in hopes that she'll go down like any normal human
being. Instead she just stands there staring blankly at
him.

WILMA

Tell them to go away, Chet.

CHET

They won't listen to me.

Kepler is accustomed to people acting rationally when a
machine gun is point in their face. He is not prepared for
this defiance--or the formidable physiques that are beyond
even what he imagined. Kepler turns to the interns who
carry Chet's stretcher.

KEPLER

Take him into that office. I'll
handle these women. Move.

CHET

Kepler, they don't understand--
There's no need to shoot--

INT. OFFICE

A large paneled consulting room. Chet is brought in and
left there.

RUSSIAN

Smash open the filing cabinets.

The second Russian breaks into the cabinets that line the wall and begins rifling through them. He seems to know exactly what he's looking for.

Outside in the corridor we hear the sudden rat-tat-tat of machine gun fire. We hear Marissa and Wilma scream. Kepler is killing everyone.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COURTYARD - NIGHT

An explosion. The second group of Russians blow the fence and swarm onto the grounds. Huge muscular bodyguards try to stop them, but are themselves contained as explosive grenades are tossed into the midst.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The Russians rifle through the files, locating various key documents, photographing them with their mini-cameras.

Chet watches from his position on the stretcher, then uses his knife to cut himself free from the straps and climbs off.

RUSSIAN

Don't interfere. You want your wife back, don't you?

An alarm has gone off in the corridor and we can hear the sound of machine gun fire as the other Russians deal sudden death to anyone interfering with them.

Kepler now enters the consulting room.

CHET

You told me you came here to avenge your son's death. Was that a lie?

KEPLER

That was one of the reasons.

CHET

Our countries are at peace now! What good will any of this do you?

KEPLER

Those creatures that attacked you tonight--were they human beings?

CHET

Yes, those you just killed were human.

KEPLER

The next batch will be harder to kill--twice as strong--it will exist not only on food but on chemicals and be immune to radiation.

CHET

What are you talking about?

KEPLER

The army of the future. Wars will be fought not by humans--but by them. Haven't you figured out who pays the bills around here? Good old Uncle Sam! And what technology you have, we must have.

ANGLE ON CHET - HIS REACTION

He still has the small knife in his hand that he used to cut himself free from the stretcher. Now Chet lunges forward. He only has one good arm but he uses the weight of his body to shove Kepler against the wall and press the blade to Kepler's throat.

KEPLER

No! Don't!

CHET

I realize that this is juvenile behavior to you. You should never give children knives to play with.

Kepler's men stop photographing the files. They are both armed and ready to kill, but Chet has their boss at his mercy.

CHET

I'll do it! You got me crazy enough to do it!

RUSSIAN

We saved your life tonight.

CHET

I'm an ungrateful sonofabitch. But if you don't haul ass and fast, you're going to see a lot of old Russian borscht splattered all over the walls.

KEPLER

Wait outside.

CHET

Leave the cameras.

The Russians look at their leader, who nods. They set the cameras down.

KEPLER

Proceed to the dormitories. Execute everyone.

CHET

Not my wife. I want my wife brought back here, unharmed.

KEPLER

Mrs. Everett will be brought here, safely.

The Russians depart leaving Chet still holding the knife to Kepler's throat.

CHET

I've only got one good hand. Reach inside your jacket and slide out the gun. Now drop it.

(a beat)

That's it. Now kick it over in the corner there. Thank you.

Chet moves away from Kepler very quickly, for he's sure that the elderly man is adept at self-defense. He pockets the knife, leans down and picks up Kepler's gun and trains it on him.

CHET

Maybe they'll give me a medal for this. Maybe I won't have to pay next year's income tax.

CUT TO:

INT. DORMITORY AREA, F.I.T. - NIGHT

The two Russians proceeding from door to door, kicking each door open and firing inside. Screams are heard from inside these room.

Then from behind them, the Russians are attacked by shadowy giants.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - NIGHT

Chet still holds Kepler at bay. He crosses to a desk. There is a cigarette lighter. He manages to dislodge the plug from the bottom of the lighter with his teeth. He now pours the lighter fluid into the filing cabinet. He picks the cameras up off the table where they've been left and throw them into the same filing cabinet.

CHET

You wouldn't happen to have a match.

KEPLER

I am prepared to offer you...

CHET

Forget it. No summit meetings.

He finds a box of wooden matches, lights one and sets fire to some of the pages. In a moment the filing cabinet is ablaze, the fire spreading from shelf to shelf. In a moment, a portion of the office is a raging inferno.

CHET

We've done enough damage here.

He motions to Kepler to cross the room at gun point and through a door.

INT. PRIVATE RESEARCH LABORATORY

As Chet flicks on the light switch.

Here is the chemical brain center of the entire F.I.T. Institute. The place where the experiments were perfected. It looks like an elaborate chemistry laboratory. A massive science project hooked into the most modern computers available.

There are row after row of beakers and beside them laboratory ledgers documenting the experiments in progress.

CHET

Well, I think we're now inside Vorchek's brain.

CLOSE-UP - KEPLER

His eyes widen. This is what he's come here in pursuit of and he has found it, but is helpless to do anything about it.

WIDER SHOT

CHET

Kepler, your mouth is watering.

In the distance, the occasional sound of gunfire. Alarms begin blasting in the distance. Then the door at the far end of the lab opens and I.W. VORCHEK makes his hurried entrance. This is the first good look at him we've had. His eyes are small and closely set. His jaw is hard and determined. He quickly realizes he's not alone in the laboratory.

DR. VORCHEK

...Kepler.

KEPLER

I.W. Vorchek. Greetings from the families of those you murdered.

(to Chet)

Kill him.

Chet doesn't obey the command.

DR. VORCHEK

(amused)

I hardly think you're in control, Kepler.

CHET

Why don't you two patriots stand next to one another where I can keep an eye on you.

Vorchek complies, crossing the room and coming face to face with Kepler. Two elderly men, both Russians, one a genius, the other a pragmatist sworn to kill him.

KEPLER

Your "ubermenschen" have been eliminated. Your dream is collapsing.

DR. VORCHEK

Not my dream alone.

(to Chet)

All this is funded by your government, young man. Your country wants this work to continue in the name of national security.

KEPLER

I've already broken the news to him.

CHET

There'll be no more experiments
because you're going to die.

DR. VORCHEK

Then who will be around with the
skill to save your wife. To make
her normal again?

CHET

You can't change her back. That's
bullshit--

KEPLER

So we're both here for vengeance.
Pull the trigger.

DR. VORCHEK

It seems that all the cards have
been dealt to you. Such an ordinary
man for such an extraordinary
choice.

CHET

My limited mentality tells me I
should shoot you both.

DR. VORCHEK

(to Kepler)

He has only one good arm. How do
you think he would fare against a
couple of old farts like us?

KEPLER

He might wound only one of us.

CHET

Somehow I don't like the tone of
this conversation.

Now Kepler and Vorchek begin advancing toward Chet.

DR. VORCHEK

Kepler, for what it's worth, I'm
sorry about your son.

KEPLER

It could have been anyone's son.

CHET

Shit. I've got the feeling I better
blow somebody's ass away.

At that moment, both old men rush at him.

Chet has no intention of playing the fool, or the hero. He squeezes the trigger. The GUN GOES OFF.

We hear someone crumble and fall. We HOLD on Chet for a moment--not knowing whom he has shot.

WIDER ANGLE AGAIN

The body on the ground is that of I.W. Vorchek, fugitive scientist from the Soviet Union. The bullet hole is in his chest where it will do the most good. The eminent doctor will not rise to perform any more experiments.

Kepler looks at the body, kneels over it and checks to see that Vorchek is really deceased.

KEPLER

Now you and your wife have even more in common. You're both murderers.

CHEF

Vorchek manipulated her body. You manipulated my head. But that's over now.

KEPLER

So what do you propose?

CHET

Pull the cork out of that flask and pour the contents down the drain. Then we're going to empty all of these beakers until there's nothing left.

KEPLER

And if I refuse to assist you in this lunacy--?

Chet isn't in the mood to argue. With his one good arm he lashes out, knocking a higher shelf over. All of the glass canisters shatter.

CLOSE-UP KEPLER'S REACTION - TOTAL SHOCK

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Chet moves to the next laboratory table, knocking one beaker after another onto the concrete floor where they shatter into fragments. The precious liquid spilling out and running down the drain in the floor into oblivion.

Chet rushes to the next table and inflicts similar damage using the barrel of the gun to smash everything.

Chet now dumps the gun in a large tank of bubbling liquid--thereby permanently disabling it. Now he's got his one good hand free.

CHET

Now for the notes.

Vorchek's notes are piled at the end of the experimental table. There are about twenty or thirty pages of hand written figures and laboratory equations.

CLOSE ON THE NOTES

He begins to burn them, throwing them into the sink where he sets a fire.

ANGLE ON KEPLER

bending down and picking up a fragment of a broken canister from the ground. The jagged edge certainly capable of killing a man.

Kepler lunges at Chet, cutting his cheek. Chet deflects his thrust, twists his arm and the beaker falls to the ground but Kepler brings his knee up into Chet's stomach and then chops him across the side of the head. He's an old man but he hasn't forgotten the rules of combat and Chet, with only one arm, works to defend himself against the onslaught. A few more karate-like blows from the old man and Chet stumbles and falls, then reaches out and grabs Kepler's legs, pulling them out from under him.

LOW ANGLE SHOT THE FLOOR

as Kepler falls striking his head on the concrete. He's stunned for a moment.

WIDER ANGLE

as Chet gets up, hurries back to the sink where the fire still burns and begins throwing the pages in three and four at a time.

ANGLE ON KEPLER

forcing himself to his feet he comes up behind Chet, grabbing him by the broken arm, twisting that broken arm. The pain is excruciating and Chet finally succumbs.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT

as Chet falls to the floor and blacks out momentarily.
Kepler gathers whatever pages he can out of the fire.

VARIOUS SHOTS

KEPLER'S HANDS reaching into the fire, smothering the flames, removing what remnants he can plus the other 20 or 30 pages that have yet not been burned.

LOW ANGLE SHOT

CHET'S EYES beginning to open.

CHET'S POV

His eyes are blurred and coming slowly into focus, seeing Kepler gathering up the documents, he's trying to leave, and going out of focus again.

CLOSE-UP CHET

knowing he must do something.

LOW ANGLE

as Kepler starts to walk out of the lab. Chet crawls forward and grabs him by the legs trying to hold him. Kepler lashes out with his heavy shoes, kicking Chet where it hurts the most, right into that broken arm. Chet lets go and tries to roll out of the way.

Now Kepler looks back, takes only a moment to smile victoriously.

KEPLER

So you see, even with a double bypass,
I'm not too old for the job. Sorry I'll
have to lock you inside, but get used to
it, your own government will probably
lock you up for treason.

Kepler is gone and there is the SOUND of the door locking.

ANGLE ON CHET

lying on the floor, totally defeated. If only he could get up, if only he could get out of this room and save Sharon.

CLOSE-UP CHET

CHET

God, just give me the strength...

Then he sees something.

CHET POV ZOOMING IN ON

ONE OF THE BROKEN BEAKERS--lying on the floor only a few yards away. The stem has been cracked off the beaker but the liquid has not spilled out. A rust-colored liquid.

LOW TRUCKING SHOT

as Chet crawls toward that beaker.

ANOTHER LOW ANGLE

as Chet gently lifts it up so as not to spill a drop and then, leaning his head back and finding a section which will not cut him, he places it to his lips. He pours the serum down his own throat.

He gags on it, begins to cough, but continues to pour. There are several ounces of it.

CHET

God, it burns. All through me.

He slowly gets to his feet, holding the beaker, and finishes off the last drops.

He can feel it going straight into his blood stream giving him a sudden "high."

CHET

Got to be some more, a few drops more.

VARIOUS SHOTS

as Chet begins scouring the laboratory for any more broken fragments, any more spillage. He finds some in the bottom of another overturned flask and swills it down.

CHET

I don't know how much it will take to kill me, but I'll sure as hell find out.

He looks around now for more, more, more, like some hungry rat, a look of starvation in his eyes--thirsting for any possible drop.

Then his hands begin shaking. The upper portion of his body is quivering and he can't stop himself. His broken arm is shaking as well.

CHET

It doesn't hurt.

And then as if a great pressure has built up inside him, he rushes toward the locked door. He smashes himself against it with more force than he ever realized he had and the door caves in. Chet goes plowing through into the corridor beyond.

HIS POV - THE HALLWAY STREWN WITH BODIES

Everything's taking on strange colors, everything pulsating.

CLOSE-UP CHET'S FACE

The veins in his face are swelling, the musculature is twitching, his body temperature increases until he feels like he might explode out of his skin.

CHET

Too much too quick. Oh God, don't
let me die now.

His stomach muscles seem to tense to such a degree that he doubles up in a knot and falls to his knees. We hear HEAVY BREATHING, GASPING, and then, after a moment, he seems to adjust. He gets up again and begins to walk forward with strange ungainly steps.

There has been no visible transformation of his body. He hasn't grown bigger, but he's stronger. He continues in his search for Kepler.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The lights are off. We see Kepler backing away through the gym, weaving between the exercise machines and then coming to a stop as the double doors swing open and Chet's figure is silhouetted.

Chet's VOICE cries out in choked tones.

CHET

Kepler, do you want to see what
it does? Put on the lights.

He staggers forward through the darkness, searching,
looking.

CHET

Direct entry through the alimentary canal like a nice shot of brandy, right into the blood stream. An instant high like shooting up. Come on, Kepler, you can't take notes in the dark. Come on out, I'll let you feel my muscles.

He's breathing more heavily now and it's more difficult for him to talk.

CHET (cont'd)

Don't you want to drain my blood, analyze it. Come on, take a sample. Suck my blood, Kepler, you old Russian vampire!

Without warning, Kepler leaps out of the darkness. He has a 30 pound barbell, swinging it like a club, smashing it into Chet's forehead, a blow that would kill an ordinary man, but Chet brushes it aside.

CLOSE-UP - THE BARBELL

as it topples out of Kepler's hand and hits the floor.

CLOSE-UP - KEPLER. HIS REACTION.

TERRIFIED now.

ANGLE ON CHET

Only a slight trickle of blood where the barbell struck him across the temple.

CHET

Let them hit first! The anger sets in off, and then you hit back.

Chet advances on Kepler who picks up various heavy dangerous objects and smashes them against the oncoming figure of Chet. But nothing stops him. Sections of steel pipe, metal rings, all bounce off of Chet like rubber, and finally he pinions Kepler against one of the huge weight lifting machines, bending him backwards until the man's spine snaps. CRACK!!

HIGH ANGLE SHOT

as Kepler crumples to the carpeted floor of the gymnasium, bent the way no normal man can be and still be alive.

CLOSE-UP CHET

His reaction is that of a spectator--as if someone else had performed the act.

CHET'S POV--PANNING THE FLOOR OF THE GYMNASIUM

Pages scattered, some of the crucial notes. Many are just charred fragments.

ANGLE ON CHET

as he gets gathers up the fragments, and tears them into bits and pieces.

CUT TO:

INT. DORMITORY AREA AND CORRIDOR

Chet stumbles down the corridor, smashing doors open right and left.

CHET

(shouting)

Sharon. Sharon. Don't be afraid
of me. I know what it's like, now.

But there's no response.

Down at the end of the corridor, Sharon appears.

CLOSE-UP CHET

He sees his wife and runs toward her, then stops short.

CHET'S POV

Sharon silhouetted at the end of the dormitory corridor, with somebody behind her. It is supersalesman Joe Cushing. He's got one of the greaseguns in his hand and it's leveled at the back of Sharon's head.

CUSHING

Greetings, old buddy. Where is the
Russian?

ANGLE ON CHET

CHET

He's dead--and everything's destroyed.

ANGLE ON SHARON

as Cushing holds the muzzle of the automatic weapon to her head.

CUSHING

As long as a couple of you live,
it can begin again someplace else.

CLOSE-UP CHET

CHET

Sure--analyze our blood--duplicate
what you find.

ANGLE ON CUSHING AND SHARON

CUSHING

It could belong to us, no partners.
No geniuses to deal with. Just
smart business. We can sell it
to all sides. Nobody ever
negotiated a deal better than
old Joe Cushing.

SHARON

Listen to him, Chet. You have to.

CHET

Why?

CUSHING

Your wife has murdered a few people,
Chet.

CHET

She wasn't responsible.

SHARON

That's not true. I enjoyed it, Chet.
It made me feel good.

Then out of the doorway directly behind Cushing a FIGURE emerges from the shadows, a haggard, ancient looking figure, a woman, almost unrecognizable now. A woman we once knew as Eve Summerfield--an internationally renowned beauty.

Now, denied Vorchek's serum and the all important follow-up treatment, she has deteriorated into this. She has the wilted, sagging look of the walking dead.

EVE

You can't help your wife! Without further treatment, she's going to become like this...like me...

Cushing turns the machine gun on her with one brief blast.

Sharon watches the killing then, terrified, she runs instinctively toward her husband. Cushing panics and shoots her in the back.

Sharon does not fall. She turns and knocks the greasegun out of Cushing's hands.

Cushing makes a dive for the fallen greasegun but Chet grabs it first.

LOW ANGLE ON CHET

as he pumps off a few shots.

ANGLE ON CUSHING

doing the dance of death, bouncing off the walls of the narrow corridor and finally sinking down with a puzzled expression across his face.

CUSHING

Could've sold...anything to anybody--

ANGLE ON SHARON

mortally wounded as Chet drops down beside her, lifting her into his arms.

SHARON

I didn't want to become...that.

HER POV

The body of Eve Summerfield, or what's left of it.

BACK TO SHARON - IN CHET'S ARMS

Then he realizes he is holding a dead woman. She has slipped away from him. Her hand is closed around his in a final death grip. He lies her back on the floor and now tries desperately to undo the final clasp to get his hand released from hers, but he finds it nearly impossible. She seems to cling to him in death. He can't get her to let go.

There follows, the horrible process of prying her fingers loose one at a time. We can see the black-and-blue marks on

his hands where she has clamped down so hard. But finally he is free of her.

He looks at the wedding ring on her lifeless hand. With effort he removes it.

VARIOUS SHOTS - THE CORRIDORS

Strewn with bodies. The massacred "superhuman" race which Vorchek was creating--all dead. Amongst them the bodies of the Russian agents who gave their lives in the process.

Over this carnage the recorded voice of Vorchek coming over the public address system in the time announcement. He's dead but the recording goes on anyway, as usual.

VORCHEK'S VOICE

Section 11 Growth Group D report to
...advanced units your rest period
has ended...

CLOSE-UP CHET'S BROKEN ARM

his nearly paralyzed hand. It is with great effort that Chet slips the ring back onto his own finger. A ceremony of continuing love that even death cannot interrupt.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE F.I.T. INSTITUTE - DAWN

The sun is just coming up as Chet steps into the courtyard. The wire fence has been blown--there's a huge gaping hole in it, where the Russians placed their explosives. Chet wends his way around the few bodies in the courtyard and steps through the broken wire fence. He proceeds down the road without turning to look back. Then he picks up speed and begins to run.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAWN

Chet running, running, running--back toward the city, toward life.

A car zips by him and the occupants notice this "runner" on the road--who pays no heed to the motorist.

INT. PASSING CAR - DAY

A BLACK COUPLE driving cross country.

DRIVER

Look at him go. Another fuckin' health nut--

WIFE

There's such a thing as overdoing it.

DRIVER

Woman, you'll never catch me running like that, unless somebody's chasing my ass.

WIFE

It'll be me!

LONG SHOT - THE ROAD - DAY

The runner barely discernible as he vanishes into the distance--running as if the devil is still at his heels.

FADE OUT.

"KILLER BODIES"

The End