

"LOOKER"

An Original Screenplay

Michael Crichton

SHOOTING SCRIPT

October 1, 1980

"LOOKER"

POP ON:

1 CLOSE ON A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE FACE 1

LISA speaks earnestly to someone O.S. as we BEGIN PULL BACK.

LISA

You probably think I'm beautiful, Dr. Roberts, but I'm not. I have lots of defects to fix. Here is the list right here.

(produces list)

My nose is point two milly-meters too narrow, and my cheekbones, are point four milly-meters too high, and my chin has this little point one bump here, and my aureolar? distance is five milly-meters...

(touching breasts)

... and I have this mole here...

(pulling up sweater)

... on my ribs... So I need plastic surgery. Is something wrong, Dr. Roberts?

We are INSIDE A MODERN SUITE OF OFFICES, which belong to:

2 DR. LARRY ROBERTS 2

Seated behind his desk, LARRY ROBERTS is assured, fortyish, charming -- and at the moment puzzled.

LARRY

No, Lisa. It's just that you're very beautiful, I can't imagine why you would change what God has given you.

LISA

But I need these changes.

She passes list.

3 INSERT - THE LIST 3

Changes written in her own handwriting.

2

LARRY AND LISA

4

LISA

It's for work: I do television commercials, they want a certain look...

LARRY

But these changes are tiny, Lisa. Nobody would notice the difference.

LISA

Dr. Roberts, you did my friends Tina and Cindy and Susan, and everybody says you're the best plastic surgeon in Beverly Hills....

LARRY

Would you excuse me a moment? I'd like you to have a word with my partner, Dr. Belfield.

THE OFFICE HALLWAY

5

PAN FROM Larry talking on a wall phone, to his office door, as JIM BELFIELD, a man his own age in surgical greens, comes out, rolling his eyes. He consults with Larry.

JIM

No question, she's a space case, she's a great-looking girl. How many of these actresses with lists have you done now? Three, four?

X

LARRY

Three.

JIM

It's gotta be some show biz fad...You gonna do her?

LARRY

I don't know...

5 CONTINUED:

5

JIM
(wide-eyed)
You're the best plastic surgeon
in Beverly Hills...

LARRY
I'll do her.

JIM
Great. You do her, and I'll
take her out. She's really a
looker.

6 A SERIES OF FREEZE FRAMES 6

BEGIN MAIN CREDITS as with harsh clinical rapidity we
see photographs of Lisa's face and body pre-operatively.
On her profile...

CUT TO:

7 INT. OPERATING ROOM - MATCHING X-RAY PROFILE 7

PAN DOWN from a BOARD OF X-RAYS to see a MODERN
ITALIAN DIGITAL CLOCK which reads FRIDAY MAY 14 and
over to see Larry doing surgery on Lisa. BRING UP
BLARING ROCK MUSIC and...

CUT TO:

8 INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - A STILL PHOTO - LISA WITH
STITCHES - EVENING 8

Under her eyes, around her nose. PAN DOWN to ANOTHER
STILL, showing Lisa with bruises around the eyes and
nose, and WIDEN SHOT to see these two stills are
stuck into the edge of a mirror, and PAN OVER to
BEGIN:

9 CLOSE ON LISA - A SERIES OF CUTS 9

Now fully recovered, she blows her hair dry, applies
makeup to eyes, cheeks, lips, looking in the mirror.
END CREDITS as we PULL BACK to see her full figure,
sitting before the mirror in her bathroom, wearing
lingerie.

4

ANOTHER ANGLE

10

As the doorbell rings. Lisa glances at her watch, pulls on a bathrobe. The DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN. She hesitates, grins, slips off the robe, steps into a pair of heels. The doorbell rings insistently. Her YORKIE BARKS.

She goes through her plush bedroom into the living room, toward the front door, pausing to survey herself in her mirror. The doorbell rings again, and immediately she opens the door and

LISA

Well, hi, honey...

X

There is A BRIGHT FLASH OF LIGHT, and NOBODY THERE. The dog snarls at her feet, but there is nobody visible.

INT - APARTMENT HALLWAY - EVENING

11

Lisa looks up and down the long hallway, puzzled. Nobody there, yet the buzzer rang just moments before.

BACK INSIDE THE APARTMENT - CLOSE ON THE DOG

12

And PANNING UP as Lisa steps back inside the apartment, frowning. The dog still barks OVER as she moves deeper, then whirls back as the DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

HER POV - THE CLOSED DOOR

13

Firmly shut.

LISA

14

She looks toward the balcony. GAUZY DRAPES BILLOW in the BREEZE, which has blown the door shut. Lisa shrugs. Then she realizes that the dog is now silent, no longer barking.

LISA

Teddy? Te-ddy! Where are you?

We hear a MUTED YAPPING. Lisa looks for the source of the sound, going into the bedroom; she hears the dog but can't find him. X She opens mirrored closets, and the dog comes out irritably.

14 CONTINUED:

14

LISA

Teddy, what are you doing in there?
Come here, you silly boy, we
have to get ready for Bob...

She picks the dog up in her arms, turns, stops cold.

15 WHAT SHE SEES - THE BED

15

A BLACK BRIEFCASE lies open on the bed. The interior is lined with dark velvet, with a hollowed out area. Lisa's finger traces the hollow: it has an odd curved shape.

16 LISA

16

She's worried, now. She glances around the room hastily, her image repeated in the angled closet mirrors. She's alone. Teddy is GROWLING, but it's hard to know why. Just GROWLING.

LISA

Ssssssh...

She looks in the bathroom. Nobody there, just her own face in the mirror, her own cosmetics on the shelves. She goes back toward the living room.

17 THE LIVING ROOM

17

The drapes billow as she edges forward, Teddy GROWLING in her arms. The drapes push against her body, blown by the wind.

18 EXT. FROM THE BALCONY - LOOKING IN - EVENING

18

The drapes outline Lisa's body. This SHOT is somebody's POV.

19 LISA INSIDE

19

As she moves forward, and beyond the gauze we see a HULKING DARK MAN and the dog BARKS angrily and the drapes are illuminated by a BRILLIANT FLASH OF LIGHT, followed by ANOTHER FLASH.

- 20 LISA FROM OUTSIDE 20
Frozen, she stares open-mouthed through the gauze,
pressed by the wind against her face. One hand reaches
out, fingers protruding against the fabric...
- 21 THE UPPER DRAPES 21
as they twist and...
- 22 LISA ENTWINED IN DRAPES 22
seeming to spin, tangled like a mummy in a shroud of
drapes and --
- 23 THE YAPPING DOG 23
coming free from the bottom of the tangle, scampering
off, BARKING.
- 24 THE UPPER DRAPES 24
as abruptly the fabric tears away and --
- 25 THE BALCONY 25
Lisa stumbles, wrapped in gauze, reaching her hands out,
one hand tearing through the thin fabric and stretching
toward the CAMERA and she screams and spins wildly but
loses her balance and --
- 26 LISA FALLING OVER THE SIDE - FROM INSIDE 26
SCREAMING as she descends. HOLD on the balcony. Her
screams abruptly stop.
- 27 EXT. CLOSE ON THE FALLEN BODY - EVENING 27
Still wrapped in fluttering gauze. Blood seeps
through the fabric.
- 28 THE BALCONY ABOVE FROM INSIDE 28
Billowing drapes, and a SHADOWY FIGURE seen behind them,
inside the apartment. The Figure moves off.

29 A POV - THE BATHROOM

29

CAMERA PANS the SURGICAL SHOTS, the cosmetics, to the bathmat. Onto the bathmat drops a SILVER PEN: it has the engraved initials "LR."

30 THE BRIEFCASE IN THE BEDROOM

30

Hands reach into the SHOT, and place an ugly-looking BLACK PLASTIC GUN into the velvet slot, then close the briefcase. The briefcase is lifted away. The bedspread is now yanked askew, and into the creases falls A LEATHER BUTTON -- from a man's sportcoat.

31 WIDE ON THE BEDROOM

31

With the briefcase gone, and the bed askew.

32 WIDE ON THE LIVING ROOM

32

The room deserted, the drapes blowing.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. SURGEON'S OFFICES - DAY

33

Looking toward the entrance as Larry Roberts enters his elegant offices in shirtsleeves.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, Dr. Roberts, your nine a.m. tuck is premedicated. Suzy will scrub for you, and we got a very confidential call from Senator Harrison's office, wanted to know if you work weekends, shall I call the Senator back?

LARRY

Later. He won't get elected President on a facelift, will he?

RECEPTIONIST

He has a high media score in the polls, and he's got great new ads...

LARRY

Great ads... Maybe he can sell soap...

(CONTINUED)

Larry goes past the reception area, where he falls in step with the office manager, a cute girl named JAN.

JAN

Dr. Roberts, we got those Japanese hemostats you wanted, your burns lecture at UCLA is rescheduled for October 15, and you have that fund-raiser tonight, John Reston, black tie...

LARRY

Fine...

Larry continues. Jim is in surgical greens.

JIM

Larry, got anything big this morning?

LARRY

(shrug)

Facelift, sebaceous cyst, a blue nevus.

JIM

What about Senator Harrison?

LARRY

Tight eyes don't make an American president, do they?

JIM

I dunno. I've got some tricky eyes at noon -- Admiral from San Diego, hopes to make Joint Chiefs if he looks young and vigorous enough. The guy's a military genius, but he just doesn't look macho...

LARRY

Maybe he's right...

They come around the corner to a full operating suite. Larry is stripping off his tie. He passes the pre-op area, sees his first PATIENT, a middle-aged woman, bends to pat her arm.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Good morning, Mrs. Emerson, be
with you in a minute...

PATIENT
(groggy)

Good morning, Dr. Roberts...

He moves on, passes SUZY his pouty scrubnurse coming the other way.

LARRY

Give her another fifty of
Demerol, love,...And let's
have Vivaldi today.

SUZY

Vivaldi? On Friday?

X

LARRY

Well, I feel it...

INT - SURGICAL SUITE - DAY

34

STARTING ON A SOLARI ITALIAN CLOCK reading FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 28,
SEVERAL SHOTS of Larry operating deftly, amid sophisticated
electronic equipment. VIVALDI PLAYS.

LARRY ON THE TELEPHONE IN HIS SUPPLY ROOM

35

With surgery going on in the background.

LARRY

Mrs. Anderson, this is Dr.
Roberts. Yes, how are you.
We're raising seven million
dollars for a pediatric burns
unit at the hospital and---
yes, I'm sure you are very
busy, but---well I thought
perhaps at lunch I could show
you what we---no, no, not one
of those boring lunches...Yes,
Tuesday would be fine...

X

X

X

X

X

X

LARRY IN THE CORRIDOR

36

Back in shirtsleeves, Jan falls confidentially into step.

JAN

Someone from the police
called, you know what that was
about?

LARRY

No idea.

JAN

And Cindy Fairmont's here for
her final, but we misplaced
her chart, I got her to fill
out a new card...

Larry nods.

INT - EXAMINING ROOM

37

CINDY FAIRMONT is beautiful, about 25, sitting on an examining
table. Alone, she thumbs through her portfolio, blows a giant
bubble of gum, and looks up as Larry enters.

LARRY

Well Cindy, how're we doing?

CINDY

(pushing gum back)

I have to get new pictures.
These are no good, any more.

LARRY

They look good to me.

CINDY

You've made me perfect now.

LARRY EXAMINING HER

38

Checking tissue recovery around her eyes, her nose, her mouth.
Another bubble of gum emerges.

X

X

CINDY

Sorry.

LARRY

If, ah, you don't mind...

She gets rid of the gum. Examination continues during all the
following:

CINDY

Do I match my measurements? I hope this works. It's supposed to make me super desirable.

LARRY

You were always desirable, Cindy.

CINDY

You free for dinner tonight?

LARRY

No.

X

CINDY

Oh....Don't date your patients, huh?

X

LARRY

I'm busy: a fund raiser for the Pediatric Burns Unit.

CINDY

Lisa told me about that. You did all my friends with exact measurements: Lisa and Susan and Tina...Did I turn out as good as them?

XX-

LARRY

You all turned out very well.

CINDY

I haven't talked to them in ages, I just got back from Tahiti. You ever been to Tahiti?

X

X

LARRY

No.

X

CINDY

It's great, real romantic...

X

LARRY

Will you sit still?

CINDY

Some guys just aren't romantic. (sigh)

X

LARRY

Cindy...

CINDY

Tomorrow, they're putting
me in a Desert Tan! A national
spot!

LARRY

Great. Will you sit still?

INTERCOM

Dr. Roberts, a Lieutenant Masters
from the police is here to see you.

CINDY

You really should pay those
parking tickets. I always cry
and they let me off. Crying
probably won't work for you...

LARRY

You're fine, go on, get out of
here.

(into intercom,
formal)

Send Lieutenant Masters to my
office. You behave yourself.

Larry moves to the door, opens it for her.

CINDY

(exiting)

I always do, it's so boring, I
keep hoping for a little excitement
in my life... A handsome doctor...

Larry closes the door after her, slips on a sportcoat
that hangs on a hook on the back of the door.

A strikingly handsome black man several years his
junior, LIEUTENANT MASTERS, seems impressed by his
surroundings, and is very polite.

MASTERS

I appreciate your time, Dr.
Roberts.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Not at all. What can I do for you?

MASTERS

I want to ask about two of your former patients: Lisa Convey, and Susan Wilson.

(seeing blank stare)

They were your patients?

LARRY

Several months ago... What about them?

MASTERS

Anything you can tell me: they're both dead.

LARRY

Dead?

MASTERS

Last week, Susan smashed her car into a freeway pylon, and Lisa jumped from her apartment balcony last night...

LARRY

That's terrible...

MASTERS

We're just following up.

LARRY

There's not much I can tell you... They were attractive girls who work in commercials; they wanted specific cosmetic changes -- they came in with lists, down to the millimeter -- and I performed the surgery.

MASTERS

Lists? Is that unusual?

LARRY

Never saw anything like it.

MASTERS

Yet you still did surgery on them.

(CONTINUED)

X
X
X
X
X
X

REVISED 10/16/80

14

MASTERS

You think these girls would
commit suicide?

LARRY

I doubt it. Sometimes we see
a post-operative depression
syndrome, particularly if the
patients have unreal
expectations. People who
think that plastic surgery
will make them wittier, or
save their marriage, afterward
find things aren't all that
different, and they become
depressed, but suicide---no---

MASTERS

Could I see their records?

LARRY

Sure....(into intercom)
Ellen, pull charts on Lisa
Convey and Susan Wilson.

INTERCOM

We've been looking for those
charts for Lt. Masters.
They're not in the files. I
looked and so did Jan.

X

LARRY

Keep looking.
(to Masters)
Must be misplaced.

Masters stares at Larry in a peculiar flat way. He hands him photographs.

MASTERS

Things often get misplaced?

LARRY

No, not often.

MASTERS

I agree with you, Dr. Roberts.
I don't think these two girls
killed themselves, they just
don't fit a suicide pattern:
no notes, no phone calls, no
depression, no drugs. Most L.A.
girls OD on drugs, but these
girls were destroyed beyond
recognition. And with Lisa, we
have a report of bright flashes
of light, and a man -- possibly
with a moustache -- in her
apartment just before she died.

Larry looks at the photographs; they're awful. He
flips one over. Stamped on the back is LAPD:
HOMICIDE DIV.

LARRY

You think it was murder?

MASTERS

(watchful)

We are considering homicide, yes.
That's why I'm here.

Larry and Masters stare at each other.

LARRY

(careful)

What are you saying, Lieutenant?

MASTERS

(careful)

Women fall in love with their
doctors -- especially doctors
who give them a new face.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Yes, it's quite common. Men give you presents -- watches or stock certificates -- and women fall in love, their own sort of present.

MASTERS

You date your patients?

LARRY

No.

MASTERS

Then you never went out with either of these girls?

LARRY

Never.

MASTERS

Never visited their apartments on a social occasion?

LARRY

(getting annoyed)

No. Never.

MASTERS

You're sure about that.

LARRY

Very sure.

Masters senses Larry's growing irritation and becomes immediately deferential, closes notebook.

MASTERS

That's all I have for now, Dr. Roberts...

(bends over, under desk)

Oh, is this yours?

He straightens, holding out a silver pen with the initials: LR.

LARRY

(puzzled)

Yes... it's been missing for about a week now.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (5)

39

MASTERS

(all smiles)

So things do get misplaced in
your office.

40 LARRY

40

He takes the pen, and tucks it into his breast pocket.
As he does so, we see that his right sportcoat sleeve
is missing one leather-covered button.

41 MASTERS SMILING AT LARRY

41

MASTERS

Thanks for your time, Dr. Roberts,
let me know when those other files
turn up...

LARRY

... Of course...

MASTERS

(shakes hands)

Thanks again.

Masters delivers his most winning smile.

42 CLOSE ON THE HANDSHAKE

42

featuring Larry's missing button.

43 INT. LARRY'S OFFICES - HALLWAY - CLOSE ON THE DOOR

43

With the name, LAWRENCE ROBERTS MD, Cosmetic and
Reconstructive Surgery, as Masters comes out, closes
the door. He is grim. He looks at an ASSISTANT.

MASTERS

(lifting eyebrows)

We got a big one.

ASSISTANT

He killed 'em?

MASTERS

No question, he killed 'em. Very
cool. This guy's a major freak.

44 THE RECEPTION DESK

44

Larry stops at the reception desk, turns to Ellen.

LARRY

Find those two missing files?

ELLEN

Not yet, but there are four files missing: all four girls you did exact surgery on a few months ago.

LARRY

Why would they be missing?

ELLEN

I don't know, Dr. Roberts. Lisa, Susan, Tina and Cindy. We've been trying to call them to redo the files but we can't reach Lisa and Susan by phone --

LARRY

No, don't worry about that --

ELLEN

And Cindy just left but we have her address because she filled out a new card, and Tina is right here.

45 ACROSS THE WAITING ROOM

45

TINA, very nervous, puts down her magazine. She wears mirrored glasses, stands.

LARRY

Tina?

TINA

Can we talk in private?

46 INSIDE LARRY'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON TINA

46

who has not removed her mirrored sunglasses, and in the reflection we see Larry sitting on the edge of his desk.

LARRY

Change you back? Why, Tina? What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

TINA

I'm too perfect. They're going to kill me, that's why!

LARRY

Kill you?

TINA

They're killing all the girls who are perfect.

LARRY

Who is, Tina?

(beat, no answer)

Who told you to make these changes?

INTERCOM

Dr. Roberts, calling back it's the office of Senator --

Larry pounces on the intercom button, cutting it off.

LARRY

Later. Hold all calls.

TINA

Senator Harrison, that's who it was. He's running for President, and you're helping him... Oh, jeez --

LARRY

What are you talking about, Tina?

Tina takes a cigarette from her purse, searches for a lighter, sets the purse on the floor beside the chair. Her car keys jingle in her lap as she opens her composite to several glossy pictures. She thumbs through them, her hands shaking. Larry watches.

TINA

Listen, I'm on the nine o'clock flight to Chicago to stay with my family, I want somebody in Chicago to put me back the way I was, that's all!

LARRY

If you took off your sunglasses...

TINA

(emphatic)

No! You think I'm crazy?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TINA (CONT'D)
(removing glasses as
she speaks)
You don't know what's going on!
This is too big!

LARRY
What's too big?

TINA
It's much more than commercials!

INTERCOM
Dr. Roberts, long distance from
Chicago, for Tina Cassidy.

Tina seems startled by this news, looks up.

LARRY
You can take it in the other room,
Tina.

She stares for a long moment, frozen like a deer in head-
lamps.

TINA
Nobody knows I'm here! Nobody!
I gotta get out of here...
(putting glasses
back on)
Oh, Jesus, this is bad...

LARRY
(gentle)
Tina...

TINA
(paranoid flash)
Has a big guy with a moustache
been here, has he been here?

LARRY
No, but the police said --

TINA
The police! Oh brother -- the
police are in on it! Did you
mention my name? God, I left
my bags in my apartment...

Tina departs hastily, grabbing her belongings around her,
and Larry follows her out the open door.

47 THE HALLWAY

47

as Larry hurries out after Tina, and runs into his partner, Jim, exiting the office, lugging golf clubs.

JIM

(cheerful)

Wasn't that Tina? I'd know that ass anywhere, she's got a great ass. I wish I could make an ass that good --

LARRY

(tense)

-- Jim, something very weird --

JIM

(happy-go-lucky)

-- Larry boy, as of ten minutes ago, I'm on vacation. Cheer up!

LARRY

Jim, this is really important --

JIM

-- I know, but I have a plane to catch! Bye, girls, see you in two weeks! Take good care of Larry, he needs all the help he can get.

Jim exits with a cheery final wave.

48 LARRY

48

He frowns, turns back into his office.

49 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE

49

He enters, stares at --

50 A BURNING CIGARETTE

50

Tina has left a lipstick-smudged cigarette in the ash-tray on his desk.

51 LARRY

51

He leans forward, stubs out the cigarette, pauses and looks at:

52 TINA'S CHAIR

52

alongside the chair, she has left her purse on the floor.

53 LARRY

53

He picks up the purse, opens it. He rummages through it, finds pills, toothbrush, small bottle with spoon, telephone book... and a handwritten measurement list, clipped to a folded sheet, which he unfolds.

54 INSERT - FOLDED SHEET

54

A computer printout, a bewildering array of columns and figures, too much to comprehend at a glance. PAN to a driver's license.

55 LARRY

55

LARRY

(presses intercom)

Ellen, call Lieutenant Masters
and tell him I've gone to...

(reading)

...402 North Hayvenhurst, Tina's
apartment, and it's an emergency.

56 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - A POINT OF VIEW - TWILIGHT

56

TRACKING QUICKLY toward an apartment door, BREATH
SOUNDS OVER.

57 TINA

57

running, panting, toward her apartment, unlocks the
door.

58 INT. TINA'S APARTMENT - TWILIGHT

58

As she goes in; two packed suitcases stand in the
living room. She rushes to the bedroom, to the closet,
flings her formal Chicago clothes on the bed, strips
off her California clothes, moving hastily. Naked,
reaching for a camisole top, she hears a COUGH OVER.
She looks up, terrified.

- 59 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - TWILIGHT 59
In fading sunlight, Larry's Porsche 928 pulls up, and Larry jumps out, looks up at a new Hollywood hills apartment building.
- 60 HIS POV - UP 60
Rows of lighted apartments in the twilight. SOFT ROCK MUSIC from somewhere. From an upper floor apartment, brilliant flashes of light, like lightning.
- 61 LARRY 61
He runs toward the buzzers at the entrance.
- 62 INSERT - THE BUZZERS 62
PANNING DOWN the names: Cassidy, Tina 907. He pushes her buzzer.
- 63 LARRY AT THE ENTRANCE 63
He holds his finger on the button. A SCREAM makes him turn -- he sees people in the street looking upward, and pointing. More SCREAMS. He runs back toward the street, and looks up and:
- 64 HIS POV - UP 64
A partially dressed body falls directly toward him, camisole fluttering, and he dives away, throwing himself on the lawn and:
- 65 A PARKED SEDAN 65
As the body lands on the roof, and the WINDOWS SHATTER and the roof caves in under the impact, and glass crumbles outward in all directions, and people scream and:
- 66 LARRY 66
as shards of glass blast over him. More SCREAMING as he gets to his feet, looks at:

67 THE PARKED CAR 67

The top is crushed, the windows shattered to opacity. Sticking out over the windshield are a pair of bare legs, sticking out straight -- one twitches, kicking air. Cries of "She's alive," etc. People run forward.

68 LARRY 68

He pushes through the crowd.

LARRY

Get back, I'm a doctor, step back,
I'm a doctor...

69 LARRY AT THE CAR 69

He climbs up to the dented roof, reaches BELOW FRAME to check the carotid pulse, brings his hand back INTO FRAME bloody. We see the leg twitch one final time, then go still. Larry shakes his head. SIRENS BUILD distantly.

70 THE APARTMENT ABOVE 70

A heavysset MAN WITH A MOUSTACHE looks down from the balcony. He has the general air of a bouncer in a very tough bar; he pulls down mirrored sunglasses.

71 LARRY AT THE CAR 71

He runs inside the buildings -- the door is held open by an elderly couple.

72 LARRY IN THE ELEVATOR 72

He exits on the appropriate floor, races down the empty hallway, comes to an apartment with an open door, goes inside. SIRENS BUILD.

73 INT. TINA'S APARTMENT - EVE 73

CAMERA FOLLOWS Larry as he moves through the tacky apartment of an aspiring actress/model, going directly to the balcony, looking down.

74 ANGLE UP TO LARRY 74

as Larry looks down from the apartment balcony.

75 EXT. A POLICE CAR

75

And Masters stands beside it, stares fixedly up at Larry above. Masters frowns. He pushes forward through the crowd toward the front door. As he enters the apartment, HOLD ON A MOUSTACHE MAN to one side. PAN DOWN to the black briefcase in his hand.

76 INT. TINA'S APARTMENT - EVE

76

Larry moves through the apartment, looking at all sorts of things: a bulletin board, a calendar (which has a marked appointment at "DMI Santa Monica"), newspaper clippings pinned on the refrigerator, photographic blow-ups of Tina nude, a bedroom hung in red and looking like a bordello. And alongside the oversized nudes, two suitcases packed for Chicago. Masters sits watching Larry move around.

MASTERS

So you went to her apartment, and while you rang the downstairs bell, she fell to her death.

LARRY

Correct.

MASTERS

Then you saw a man with a moustache on the balcony, and you came up to find him, but when you arrived, you were alone. Is that it?

LARRY

That's it.

MASTERS

That's the worst goddamn story I ever heard.

LARRY

It's the truth.

MASTERS

(disgusted)

Christ.

LARRY

Now look, Lieutenant --

He stands next to a giant blowup of Tina.

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

(angry)

-- Now you look, I deal with scum every day, but rich scum are the worst. You rich bastards always get away with murder. But not this time: I'm gonna nail you, Roberts.

LARRY

There're witnesses here, who saw me downstairs when Tina fell, check the stories...

MASTERS

I'll be checking all the stories, you don't have to tell me how to do my job.

(low, disgusted)

Get out of here.

Larry looks at Masters, shrugs and leaves.

MASTERS

(continuing; as
Larry reaches
door)

Have a good weekend... Doctor.

Larry slams the door angrily. Masters moves to the telephone by the unmade bed of the dead girl, next to a poster of Tina, naked, oiled, writhing in private photographic ecstasy. He dials, carries the phone to the window.

MASTERS

(continuing)

Masters... He's hot, and on his way.

77

DOWNSTAIRS - SUNSET

77

Larry passes the bright flood-lit area where the body is being removed, and the swirling red lights of six police cars, to his Porsche, opens the door, gets in, slams it shut.

78

INT. CAR - EVENING

78

He stares at Tina's purse on the seat beside him. He opens it, removes the computer sheet.

79 INSERT - THE PAPER

79

At one corner it reads: "PSYCHOPROFILE." And underneath, "Digital Matrix Inc."

LARRY
Digital Matrix Incorporated...

80 THROUGH THE PORSCHE WINDOW

80

as Tina's body is carried away on a stretcher.

81 LARRY

81

LARRY
(counting on fingers)
Tina, Lisa, Susan, Cindy... Tina,
Lisa, Susan... Cindy...

DISSOLVE TO:

82 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO - A SILVER SCREEN -
EVENING

82

And Cindy emerges out of the silver, her face appearing like a shimmering death mask and --

83 THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND ASSISTANT

83

on a ladder shooting Cindy and --

84 CINDY EMERGING FROM SILVER AGAIN

84

And this time the SHOT IS WIDER, and we see a backlit bathtub as Cindy emerges from the shimmering water, and lifts up and --

85 THE PHOTOGRAPHER SHOOTING

85

and smiling and nodding and telling her to change and dry her hair and --

86 TRACKING SHOT - BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

86

Eight models stare expectantly AT the CAMERA, a room full of dreamy bored pouty stares as Larry enters the studio. The photographer, STEVE, and his assistant prepare to shoot.

(CONTINUED)

The models, in maillots and leotards, preen and stretch and turn faces toward in the wind machine. Larry shakes hands with Steve, asks a question. Steve points.

CINDY IN A LEOTARD

87

She holds a hairdryer, looks over.

CINDY

Dr. Roberts!

LARRY

Larry.

CINDY

What are you doing here?

LARRY

I know Steve, fixed his hand once. (looking around)
Amazing. I suppose you get used to it.

CINDY

You just dropped by?

LARRY

Actually, I wondered if you were free for dinner tonight.

A FEMALE ASSISTANT darkens her eyebrows with pencil as they talk.

CINDY

For dinner? I thought you didn't date your patients.

LARRY

I don't. I mean it's not a date, it's a fund-raiser, black tie...My date's sick, you see---

CINDY

---Gee, thanks, but I don't think I can make---

LARRY

---And it's with John Reston--

CINDY

John Reston? His company makes half the commercials in Los Angeles!

LARRY

Well yes, I think that's
right...

CINDY

What time?

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SET

88

Arranged on the floor facing upward to Steve and assistant. The models come in and take their positions, lying on the floor. Steve climbs up on a LADDER overlooking the floor.

STEVE

Okay, girls!

LARRY'S VIEW OF THE GIRLS

89

Impossible to tell what is happening.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S VIEW OF THE GIRLS

90

From above, they leap happily against a background.

EXT - RESTON PARKING LOT - NIGHT

91

PAN DOWN from BLACK SKY to the HOUSE, enormous and brightly lit. Classical music plays as Larry parks his Porsche among an elite group of Rolls, Mercedes and limos.

INT - RESTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A PENROSE TRIANGLE

92

HOLDING ON the triangle we realize that it is impossible---it has sides that can't join, angles that can't meet. A HANDSOME MAN steps into the shot, suntanned, fit, vigorous: JOHN RESTON.

LARRY AND CINDY

93

Entering a room with FOURTEEN ELEGANT PEOPLE. All are good-looking; serious money and power. A HANDSOME WOMAN comes up.

JENNIFER

Dr. Roberts? Miss Fairmont?
I'm Jennifer Long. Please
come with me, Mr. Reston is
anxious to meet you.

THE PENROSE TRIANGLE

94

As Reston looks up.

LARRY AND CINDY

95

As they are brought to Reston.

RESTON

Dr. Roberts, the man I've
wanted to see. (shaking hands)
John Reston.

LARRY

How do you do...

JENNIFER

And Cindy Fairmont...

CINDY

(breathless)

Hi...Mr. Reston...

RESTON

(almost ignoring her)

Delighted, you look
lovely...You like my little
puzzle, Dr. Roberts. Like
most things in life, it
depends on how you look at
it...

Reston turns the triangle with his hand; we see that it is not
complete, that it only appears as a triangle from one specific
angle. Reston takes his arm; they go off alone.

RESTON

I've looked over your proposal
and it's extremely
interesting.

Larry glances back over his shoulder at Cindy, who talks with
Jennifer.

RESTON

You want seven million dollars
for a burns unit. Under
appropriate auspices, Reston
Industries would fund four
million.

LARRY

(snapping back)

What are appropriate auspices?

RESTON

(smile)

It would have to be the Reston
Burns Unit, and we'd want

something to say about all
press announcements.

LARRY

For four million, you can have
a very big say...

RESTON

I hoped you'd feel that
way...I gather this is a
personal cause for you?

LARRY

It's my project, my baby.

RESTON

I know the feeling, that
desire to make something you
believe in work. Ah: dinner
is ready now.

IN AN ELEGANT GLASS DINING ROOM

96

Handsome men and women in formal dress, seated beneath a
greenhouse, around a glass table. Larry is seated near Reston at
the head of the table; Cindy is banished to the far end.

LARRY

97

LARRY

(polite)

What exactly does Reston
Industries do?

RESTON

We're a six billion dollar
conglomerate in thirty-seven
countries around the world---
one of those multinationals
that everyone seems to hate
without quite knowing why.

LARRY

So you're looking for a good
image.

RESTON

Corporate image promotion is a
large part of my job.
(smiling) Even though the
facts are pretty boring.
We're diversified into fast
foods, leisure wear and
pharmaceuticals, and we also

make high technology
perceptual devices: military
head-up displays, pinball
machines and television
commercials.

LARRY

Television commercials?

RESTON

Just a sideline, really. I
gather you have something to
do with commercials, too.

LARRY

Me?

RESTON

It was on the news tonight.
Something about girls who died
after surgery for
commercials...A police
report...

LARRY

(tense)

It was just a routine inquiry..
I didn't think my name would
be mentioned.

RESTON

I hope it doesn't cause you
any trouble.

JENNIFER

98

She looks at Larry.

JENNIFER

What's it about, Dr. Roberts?

RESTON

99

He pauses, looks at Larry.

LARRY

100

LARRY

Just a coincidence, really. I
did surgery on several girls a
few months back---commercial
actresses---and some of them
have since killed themselves.

JENNIFER

How awful.

LARRY

Yes, it is. Awful.

Glances to Reston, for his reaction.

RESTON

Well, unstable young actresses looking for easy money in commercials, who find it's tougher than they thought...

JENNIFER

The police can't think you had anything to do with it...

LARRY

No, no, nothing like that.

RESTON

That's good, because we wouldn't want to get involved in anything...awkward.

LARRY

No. Actually, I think the girls all came from some company called Digital Matrix.

RESTON

Did they. (laughing) That sounds quite sinister, eh Jennifer?

JENNIFER

101

She sets down her fork. She is tense.

LARRY AND RESTON

102

RESTON

(amused)

Jennifer runs Digital Matrix.

LARRY

Really...

RESTON

Digital Matrix conducts basic research for Reston Industries.

JENNIFER

It's true DMI measured a number of girls for possible surgery. But we never actually went forward with it,

LARRY

Why did DMI consider surgery?

JENNIFER

We were conducting an experiment involving new visual technology, but we abandoned the whole idea. Are you sure these are the same girls?

LARRY

I think so.

RESTON

Digital Matrix does mostly theoretical research. It doesn't really have practical application.

JENNIFER

I can't believe it. How many girls have died?

LARRY

Three.

JENNIFER

It must be coincidence.

RESTON

That's what it sounds like to me, coincidence. Shall we take coffee in the other room?

INT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

103

CINDY

(coming up)

Larry, you've ignored me all night, now come and meet a friend of mine, she's very cute, so watch yourself....

Larry is led away by Cindy toward a lovely young girl, CANDY.

RESTON AND JENNIFER

104

JENNIFER
You told him everything.

104 (Cont.)

RESTON
I told him nothing.

JENNIFER
And you promised him four
million dollars...

RESTON
I'll never pay it.

JENNIFER
But he does suspect.

RESTON
So what? As soon as the
Sunday presentation is behind
us, you can dispense with Dr.
Roberts and his little girl...

105-106 OMIT
107

LARRY

He laughs and jokes with Candy, who wears a low-cut dress.

RESTON AND JENNIFER

108

RESTON
Roberts has no idea what is
going on.

109-110 OUT

INT - LARRY'S BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

109-110
111

From the living room we hear OVER:

111 (Cont.)

CINDY

I will not spend the night.

LARRY

You will.

CINDY

I can't, I have to work in the morning...

X

And then she begins to squeal, and appears in the bedroom door, carried by Larry. She pounds on his shoulders. X

CINDY

Put me down! I'm doing a Desert Tan in the morning!

He dumps her on the bed, falling on top of her, and there is that inevitable moment. She looks at him and stops pounding on his back; they are both a little out of breath.

CINDY

You certainly are full of surprises. (seductive) What happens now?

LARRY

You get some sleep. Bathroom's over there, you'll find soap and towels and whatever you want. Coffee and eggs in the morning. I get up at six-thirty.

CINDY

(horrified)

Six-thirty! Nobody gets up at six-thirty.

LARRY

Sleep well.

CINDY

Where are you going?

X

The door shuts. She sits up abruptly.

CINDY

Lar-ry!

No answer. She just stares, then hits the pillow in frustration. X

INT - BEDROOM - MORNING

X111

X

Cindy awakes. We see the beach outside; she is astonished, looks out.

EXT - BEACH - DAWN

112

A pale sun rising. Larry jogs along the beach. He passes a BLONDE GIRL in a green bikini; he nods.

LARRY

Hi.

GIRL

Hi, Larry.

He stops at the mention of his name, turns and stares. The girl laughs.

GIRL

Everybody on the beach knows you: Dr. Golden Hands. I'm Pammy. I jog here to stay in shape for commercials.

X

LARRY

You're in great shape, Pammy.

PAMMY

Thanks. Guys like me, even if computers don't. Computers decide commercials, now. Honestly, you wouldn't think people were involved, any more. Well, bye, Larry.

She runs on, and Larry runs in the opposite direction.

INT - BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

CLOSE ON CINDY

113

She holds ICE CUBES to her eyes, talks beneath them.

CINDY

This is very weird, Larry.

LARRY

You do this every day?

CINDY

Only when I'm working. But
you have to admit it's weird.

LARRY

You finished with these eggs?

X

CINDY

Why would you make me stay
here if you weren't going to
hit on me, Larry?

LARRY

Just looking out for your
interests.

CINDY

I don't understand men at all.

LARRY

I'm only trying to help.

CINDY

Help what? I'm not through
with that.

X

LARRY

You'll be late for work.

X

CINDY

(glance at watch)

Oh jeez...

LARRY

I'll drive you.

CINDY

You will?

LARRY

It's Saturday, I have the day
off. I'd like to watch you
work.

X

CINDY

That's sweet. I think it
should be fun.

X

CINDY FALLING - SLOW MOTION

114

And bouncing hard, crunching on the sand. WIDEN SHOT to see a
television commercial being shot:

THE BEACH - VOLLEYBALL GAME - DAY

115

X

115 CONTINUED:

115

SCRIPT GIRL

The line comes after Cindy lands.
'Hey, great tan, how'd you get it?'

DIRECTOR

Who says that?

SCRIPT GIRL

Janet. And she says 'Great Tan,
Desert Tan, it's the best.'

DIRECTOR

Okay, going again.

116 CINDY

116

Wearing a white bikini, she stands like a statue; sand
fluffed behind her; a tape measure is run to her nose;
body makeup is brushed on; she glances over at Larry
and grins.

117 LARRY

117

Watching from the sidelines, he grins back. Someone
mentions the computer, and he looks to:

118 A VAN TO ONE SIDE

118

A featureless Reston Industries van, with TV cables
snaking into it.

119 THE SET-UP

119

With the cameras grinding, an ASSISTANT just beyond
camera range pitches the volleyball to Cindy, who leaps,
but lands awkwardly on her side.

CINDY

Oh gee!

DIRECTOR

Okay, going again.

Cindy stands, and the crews primp her again.

120 THE DIRECTOR AND PRODUCER

120

We hear snatches of conversation:

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

DIRECTOR

The computer says what? I can't
control her jump...

PRODUCER

Do your best... matching computer
... clients want...

121 THE VAN

121

Windowless, cables snaking into it.

A MONTAGE OF SHOTS

122 CINDY LEAPING AND FALLING

122

And we see it again and again and again... INTERSPERSED
WITH:

123 THE DIRECTOR FROWNING

123

124 THE ASSISTANT TALKING INTO HEADSET

124

125 CINDY GETTING TO HER FEET

125

126 THE SLATES - MORE TAKES

126

127 CINDY LANDING HARD ON THE SAND

127

Getting up, confused, and bewildered.

CINDY

What was wrong with that?

DIRECTOR

(turning)

What was wrong with that?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Not enough body twist, according
to the computer.

CINDY

(exploding)

I'm sick and tired of the computer!
I want to just do the scene!

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

DIRECTOR
(comforting)
Cindy. Cindy. It's a thirty
second spot, details count.

CINDY
(pouting)
It didn't use to be like this,
computers telling us what to do...

DIRECTOR
You can do it...

Smile, hug.

128 LARRY

128

He moves away from the set, toward the van. The door
is ajar.

129 INSIDE THE VAN - CLOSE ON AN ARRAY OF SCREENS AND
ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT

129

PULL BACK to see TECHNICIANS work at consoles, speaking
softly. Over the commercial videotape images are an
odd shifting pattern of multi-colored lines and trac-
ings. Aside from test and control patterns, we see
Cindy jump on six screens, in slow motion, the computer
matching up, checking, correcting. Over this we hear:

FIRST TECHNICIAN
Ready for computer lock...

SECOND TECHNICIAN
... Ready... lock... Now!

FIRST TECHNICIAN
Computer match lock. Roll take.

The Technicians don't notice Larry watching.

130 CINDY ON THE SET

130

jumping gamely.

131 INT. VAN

131

as the jump is replayed again and again on monitors
with overlaid computer matchups, perspective lines,
numerical values.

132 CINDY LANDING

132

hard, on the sand.

133 THE COMPUTER SCREEN

133

FIRST TECHNICIAN

Look at that, score eight-point-four.

SECOND TECHNICIAN

We can't shift coordinates to make eight-four work.

FIRST TECHNICIAN

No, got to go to animation...

SECOND TECHNICIAN

Better tell them it's hopeless, we'll have to animate her at DMI.

They look over to see Larry staring inside. They shut the door.

134 LARRY

134

He turns away, frowning, thinking.

135 CINDY

135

She gets up from the sand, biting her lip, as the Director comes over.

DIRECTOR

Cindy, we're going to wrap this setup --

CINDY

-- Wrap this setup?

DIRECTOR

-- You to go for -- tests --
Fascinating -- paid -- a whole new thing.

Wardrobe throws a towel around her. She glances at Larry.

136 LARRY AND CINDY - WALKING AWAY

136

as the commercial breaks up in the background.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

CINDY

They want me to go to Digital
Matrix to be measured.

LARRY

Measured for what?

CINDY

Oh, I don't know.

LARRY

I'll go with you.

CINDY

Why?

LARRY

Why not?

CINDY

You're falling for me, but you're
shy.

LARRY

That's it.

CINDY

Happens all the time. Should I
lighten my hair, what do you think?

137 EXT. DIGITAL MATRIX, INC. - CLOSE ON A MODERN SIGN 137
- DAY

and PAN OVER to see Larry's Porsche drive along a road-
way.

138 THEIR POV - THE BUILDING 138

A sinister imposing black building, looming above them.

139 BENEATH THE BUILDING 139

The car drives by, goes beyond to a parking lot.

140 WIDE ON THE PORSCHE 140

It pulls into the parking lot, they both get out, walk
together toward the building. Cindy protests she is
fine, she doesn't need him, leave her alone... He pro-
tests in turn, she shakes him off, goes into the lobby.

141 HIS VIEW - THE LOBBY

141

High tech, with a TECHNICIAN waiting next to a GUARD. Cindy enters and the Technician shakes hands, leads her upstairs. Everybody smiling. The Guard peers over at Larry, frowning.

142 LARRY

142

peering into the glass lobby. He does not notice Jennifer come up behind him.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Spying on us?

143 LARRY BENEATH THE BUILDING

143

He turns, sees Jennifer smiling, very friendly.

LARRY

Waiting for a friend.

JENNIFER

Want to see inside?

LARRY

Sure.

Larry goes with her into the lobby.

144 POLICE POV - FROM A CAR PARKED NEARBY

144

as Larry and Jennifer go into the lobby. RADIO STATIC CRACKLE. PAN OVER to Masters, tossing the leather button in his hand.

MASTERS

What's his game? He's going inside.
This isn't adding up...

145 INT. DMI LOBBY - CLOSE ON A SECURITY CARD SLOT - DAY

145

Stainless steel with built-in green LED readouts: "RE-SEARCH WING." As the plastic card is put in, the readouts show "JENNIFER LONG / CLEARED." An adjacent black plastic door BUZZES open.

146 JENNIFER AND LARRY

146

JENNIFER

Security precautions... This way,
Dr. Roberts...

Larry follows her.

147 A CORRIDOR - PASSING A GLASS-WALLED COMPUTER ROOM

147

JENNIFER

This is our 3730 computer, which
does all our image transformation
work. It can encode base ten
fourth matrices, so we can handle
far more visual information than
the human eye can take in. This
computer is more powerful than
the human eye...

Larry nods; he doesn't really understand. They move on.

148 INSIDE THE CORRIDOR

148

In the gleaming floor, odd metallic slots curve from
door to door. Doors opening off the corridor are each
fitted with a stainless card slot and glowing LED desig-
nation. One door is marked "LOOKER." Under it, we see
intermittent bright lightning-like flashes of light.
Larry notices, but Jennifer does not explain, and they
continue on.

149 ANOTHER DOOR

149

marked "TEST ROOM." Jennifer's card allows them to
enter.

150 INT. TEST LABORATORY

150

A large room with 10 modular booths, each with a TV
screen, and a high-backed padded chair with a crown
that encircles the heads of test subjects. Nine booths
are being used by women, with commercials being shown;
behind a glass wall, technicians in white labcoats mon-
itor test subjects.

JENNIFER

This is where we do visual testing.
These subjects are looking at
ordinary television commercials that
we're using for research.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

We record pupillary scans... Today we're only testing women, but would you like to see what it's like?

LARRY

Sure...

JENNIFER

I'm afraid it'll be a women's product...

LARRY

I'm very interested in women. And their products.

151 A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS - LARRY IN THE CHAIR

151

Under Jennifer's direction, he slips his fingers into rings on the armrests; there are galvanic sensors. A coiled spring is stretched across his chest to record respirations. He looks a little nervous as the "crown" descends with a HUM over his head. Before his left eye hangs a vertical rod with an attached mirror. The mirror rotates; the size of a dentist's mirror.

LARRY

This is worse than the dentist.

JENNIFER

But it doesn't hurt. I'll show you a stimulus, just relax and watch.

152 CLOSE ON LARRY'S EYE

152

as it moves, flicking back and forth.

153 THE TV SCREEN

153

showing a feminine hygiene commercial: Liberty Feminine Pads.

154 LARRY IN THE CHAIR

154

He watches the commercial. When it is finished, Jennifer raises the mirrored crown.

LARRY

Doesn't seem like anything happened.

155 THE CONSOLE BEFORE THEM

155

Jennifer flips up a black plastic cover, revealing buttons. She presses several. The screen before Larry glows.

JENNIFER

Now we'll see what you were looking at.

On the screen, the commercial replays, but now there is a superimposed white spot, which moves around the screen in zigzag movements.

JENNIFER

(continuing)

The spot shows your point of visual fixation. You're looking at the body of the model, and not at the product.

In fact, the visual fixation spot is moving back and forth across the breasts...

LARRY

(lamely)

I liked her suit...

JENNIFER

Evidently: but that's exactly what we don't want. At a million dollars a minute we want you to look at what we're selling.

156 THE SCREEN

156

We see a bewildering array of lines and data flashing up. The images change.

JENNIFER

Here, the computer's redesigning the commercial to take into account your specific responses: making you look at the product. It's quite precise, down to the millimeter.

LARRY

Down to the millimeter. That's why you wanted plastic surgery...

JENNIFER

Yes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

We intended to create a group of actors with the exact specifications for visual impact. But it didn't work.

Before he can ask why, she presses buttons. On screen, we see Lisa, the last girl Larry performed surgery on. The computer flashes data all around her.

JENNIFER

(continuing)

This is Lisa before surgery, scoring 92.7. After surgery she scores 99.4, the video scan registration limit. So she's perfect. But when she starts to move, selling the product, her score drops back to 92.7, no better than she was before. That girl was our problem -- the girls couldn't maintain their scores. They looked perfect, but they weren't really perfect. So we were forced to take another approach entirely.

157 INT. SOUND STAGE - TRACKING SHOT

157

Having changed into a thigh-length wrap, Cindy enters the sound stage catwalk with a SMOOTH TECHNICIAN in a white labcoat, reassuring, suave.

TECHNICIAN

I assure you, there's nothing to worry about.

CINDY

Does it hurt?

TECHNICIAN

(amused)

It's completely painless.

CINDY

And I get paid two hundred thousand dollars a year?

TECHNICIAN

That's the standard modelling fee, yes.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

CINDY

And I don't have to do anything?

TECHNICIAN

Not once the model is made. After that the computer does everything.

CINDY

It seems like a lot of money for doing nothing.

TECHNICIAN

It's because of who you are.

CINDY

Who am I?

TECHNICIAN

You're perfect in your category.

CAMERA PANS to show a large menacing electronic chamber in the middle of the sound stage. It is reached by a ramp from the catwalk above.

TECHNICIAN

(continuing)

I leave you here. You go there.

CINDY

Alone?

TECHNICIAN

Most subjects enjoy it. Have fun.

He exits as he came. Cindy is alone in the sound stage. She walks tentatively out onto the catwalk.

CINDY

I don't know about this... There must be a catch...

She looks around nervously, then steps out along the catwalk, and onto the surface of the electronic scanning chamber.

158 THE ELECTRONIC SCANNING CHAMBER

158

In the center is a white lighted circle, and around it, complex machinery. Cindy pauses, stares. She takes another step forward, onto a sensing plate. All the room lights dim.

(CONTINUED)

RECORDED VOICE

Please proceed to the lighted circle
after removing your clothing.

CINDY

I knew it.

RECORDED VOICE

Your cooperation is appreciated in
carrying out automated digital
scanning.

CINDY

Forget it.

She goes back toward the ramp, but a plate in the floor
winks, on off, on off, and she hesitates to cross it.
It reads "DO NOT EXIT." No explanation of penalty, but
she turns back.

CINDY

(continuing)

You sure there's nobody watching?

RECORDED VOICE

Please proceed to the lighted circle
after removing your clothing.

Cindy looks doubtful, then decides...

RECORDED VOICE

(continuing)

You will find it convenient to hang
your clothing outside the circle so
they do not interfere with data
recording.

CINDY

(undressing)

Don't be in such a rush.

RECORDED VOICE

When you have undressed, stand in
the center of the circle, for
computer alignment.

CINDY

Okay, okay...

She retains her bra, panties, and heels as she steps
into the circle. She stands at attention.

159 HIGH ANGLE DOWN ON HER

159

standing on the white circle.

160 CINDY ON THE CIRCLE

160

RECORDED VOICE

Please proceed to the lighted circle after removing your clothing. You will find it convenient to hang your clothing outside the circle so they do not interfere with data recording...

Cindy looks disgusted, and long before the message has finished she has stepped outside the circle, discarded the rest of her clothes, and steps back to the center.

CINDY

I hope you're satisfied.
(low)
Perverts.

RECORDED VOICE

When you have undressed, stand in the center of the circle for computer alignment.

CINDY

I'm here, can't you see --

RECORDED VOICE

(continuing on)

Please stand comfortably with your weight equally distributed on both feet...

And the white circle begins to descend.

161 WIDE ON THE SOUND STAGE

161

as Cindy begins to descend into the chamber.

RECORDED VOICE

... and your arms relaxed at your sides. Hold your neck erect, but without tension.

CINDY

But without tension...

She is being swallowed up by the machine. A moment later, she is gone. But a WHIRRING SOUND CONTINUES.

162 INT. ELECTRONIC SCANNING CHAMBER - DAY

162

Cindy's feet descend INTO the SHOT, riding on the white circle of plastic. PAN UP to her face. She stands in a narrow circular chamber surrounded by scanning devices on all sides. Her descent stops.

CINDY

Now what?

As if in answer, scan lines appear on her face.

163 SCANNING ROOM - ELSEWHERE IN THE BUILDING

163

This room is dark, and we see the fuzzy shape of a technician at a console with lots of screens.

164 CINDY IN THE CHAMBER

164

A network of white lines are projected on her body, vertically, horizontally, then cross-hatched squares. The circle she stands on begins to rotate slowly.

RECORDED VOICE

These are Moire lines, which will be read by computer topographic scanners.

Cindy revolves, wide-eyed.

165 WHAT SHE SEES

165

Gun-like lenses and sensors, HUMMING AND PINGING as she revolves, and two shield plates moving around her.

166 SCANNING ROOM

166

A video image follows the vertical encirclement of Cindy in schematic form, with an overlay of numbers and data. Buttons are pushed in the foreground.

167 CINDY IN THE CHAMBER

167

watching the sensors move around her.

CINDY

(joking)

Help. Rape.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

RECORDED VOICE

Please do not move your lower jaw.

CINDY

It was just a joke --

RECORDED VOICE

Failure to comply wastes valuable
computer time.

Cindy rolls her eyes, says nothing. The SENSORS HUM
around her.

168 THE SCANNING ROOM

168

as we see Cindy roll her eyes on a video screen. PAN
OVER to an adjacent screen on a bank of monitors. This
screen has schematicized her eye-rolling action, break-
ing down components of movement into a kind of artist's
sketch -- a first approximation.

169 ANOTHER HALLWAY IN THE BUILDING

169

Larry and Jennifer walk over curved strips in the
carpet.

LARRY

What are these?

JENNIFER

(offhand)

Electronic guide tracks, for
maintenance equipment.

Larry nods, not really understanding. They come again
to the "LOOKER" door with the flashes of light appearing
underneath. As they pass:

LARRY

What goes on here?

JENNIFER

Just a workroom.

LARRY

Can I see it?

JENNIFER

My card won't open maintenance
sections.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

But I think you'll be interested
in our scanning room down here...

They walk on. Larry glances back over his shoulder.

170 LOW ANGLE - THE DOOR

170

Definite flashes of light coming out. A technician comes out and walks off in the opposite direction. He carries in his hand what looks like a partially assembled black hair dryer.

171 THE SCANNING ROOM

171

A MALE TECHNICIAN sits at a computer console, yawning. He has his feet up on the console, which is messy -- a paper bag with a sandwich, coffee, a magazine, his security card. The console screens show Cindy rotating; the images are oddly erotic despite the computerized numbers and the schematic transformations. But the Technician is uninterested.

Jennifer and Larry enter the room, and the Technician jumps -- feet off the table, suddenly alert, cleaning up the mess as best he can. Jennifer ignores him and goes directly to a side video monitor with three screens.

JENNIFER

We can now make commercials
entirely by computer, with no live
actors at all, once the models are
made. Computers animate the images,
dress them, provide voices...

LARRY

Really...

JENNIFER

Here you see a typical computer
model being made. The subject is
in the next room, and the computer
is constructing this three-
dimensional duplicate from the
database.

LARRY

(staring)
That's fascinating...

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

JENNIFER

We aren't making an exact duplicate of the model -- we have programmed the kind of improvements we once did with surgery. Although Cindy has had surgery... If you look here...

172 BACK AT THE CONSOLE

172

Jennifer shows him the multiple screens, continuing her technical dissertation, which Larry barely listens to. On screen he can see the computer transformations happening. And his eye falls on the security card, and an overlying identification tag. Larry leans forward on the table.

LARRY

Incredible. What does this series of lines mean?

JENNIFER

Those're baseline-corrected matrices for major audiences, age segregated. Depending on the audience, we can change programming -- altering the model. For example, if we are attracting a predominately male audience, we increase secondary sex characteristics... for a predominantly female audience, we create another image.

As we watch, "Cindy" created by the computer increases and decreases her bust measurements.

LARRY

Amazing.

(laugh)

That could put us out of a job.

JENNIFER

Oh, I doubt that...

Larry steps away from the console. As he does so, we see that the security card and the tag are gone: he's palmed them.

JENNIFER

(continuing)

Our voice synthesizer is over here...

173 CINDY IN THE CHAMBER - CLOSE ON HER FACE 173
as she stares forward.

RECORDED VOICE

Swallow, please.

She swallows. Her neck muscles move.

174 SCANNING ROOM - A SIDE CONSOLE 174 -

showing Cindy on the monitors in two stages of "reconstruction." It repeats over and over, in different registers:

CINDY

Hi, I'm Cindy, I'm the perfect
female type eighteen to twenty-five,
I'm here to sell for you. Hi, I'm
Cindy, I'm the perfect female type
eighteen to -- Hi, I'm Cindy --
Hi, I'm Cindy...

Larry nods and mumbles appreciatively, glances back at the Technician by the console.

175 THE TECHNICIAN 175

He still hasn't noticed the missing card.

176 LARRY AND JENNIFER 176

as they leave the room. Alone again, the Technician puts his feet back on the desk.

177 EXT. WALKWAY OUTSIDE 177

Jennifer and Larry walk along.

LARRY

This seems like a lot of work just
to make the perfect commercial.

JENNIFER

(cautious)

How do you mean?

LARRY

Oh, you keep hearing about subliminal
messages, and so on.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

JENNIFER

(laughing)

They tried that back in the sixties
-- and it doesn't work. If it did,
everybody would be doing it now.

LARRY

So there's nothing to it?

JENNIFER

Nothing at all. This is all
scientific hard work...

LARRY

Thanks for the tour.

JENNIFER

It was my pleasure.

They shake hands.

178 LARRY BACK OUTSIDE

178

slipping into the car, waiting. Staring at the build-
ing, blank, faceless.

179 THE BUILDING

179

After a moment, Cindy comes out, wiping her brow melo-
dramatically. She comes up to the car, gets in.

CINDY

Boy, that was the weirdest thing
I ever did. Really.

180 EXT. DIGITAL MATRIX BUILDING - DAY

180

as Larry and Cindy drive away.

181 EXT. WALKWAY - RESTON AND JENNIFER WATCHING

181

JENNIFER

He came to DMI.

RESTON

(shrugging)

He came with the girl.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

A DMI security card is missing.

RESTON

DMI security cards are always missing.

JENNIFER

He took it.

RESTON

(exasperated)

Why would he take a DMI card, Jennifer? Has DMI got anything to hide?

JENNIFER

(stares, after beat)

I want to search his house.

RESTON

With the Looker device?

JENNIFER

Yes.

RESTON

Looker isn't perfected.

JENNIFER

We know that.

RESTON

I don't want Roberts upset.

JENNIFER

We took his files, his pen and his button from his office without anybody knowing...

RESTON

Short bursts from Looker only.

Jennifer smiles. The Moustache Man holds the briefcase in his hand. Both nod.

RESTON

(continuing)

The Reston Industries meeting tomorrow night is our most important corporate meeting in the last ten years. Nothing must interfere with it: understood?

182 INT. LARRY'S BEACH HOUSE - MIDDAY

182

CINDY

I don't think it's such an unusual request. I want to go to my apartment and get some clothes.

LARRY

I'll go with you.

CINDY

Alone. Larry, what's the matter? I've lived alone since I was sixteen.

LARRY

Then you've lived alone too long.

CINDY

(staring)

Larry, are you weird, or just in love? You don't seem like the jealous type.

LARRY

I only want to help you.

CINDY

For two days you haven't let me out of your sight, and I'm flattered, but there is such a thing as suffocation and --

RADIO ANNOUNCER

-- on the death of actress Tina Cassidy, who jumped to her death in West Hollywood yesterday. It was the second such death in two days, since the apparent suicide of Lisa Convey the day earlier. Police are puzzled but continue their investigation... (etc.)

CINDY

Larry...

LARRY

Yeah.

CINDY

(flat)

What's going on, Larry.

LARRY

You're fine, Cindy. I promise you.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

There were four of us who had the surgery: Tina and Lisa and me and Susan. Where's Susan?

LARRY

---Susan had an automobile accident last week.

CINDY

Oh shit.

She stares at Larry again.

CINDY

You did all of us.

LARRY

That's right, I did. (long beat) You're fine, Cindy.

CINDY

(more energetic)

The hell I am, what have you got me mixed up in?

LARRY

I don't know.

He fingers the white DMI card a little nervously as he talks to her.

CINDY

You don't know? Then let's go to the police! Let's not just sit here---

LARRY

The police've started investigating, but...

CINDY

What are they doing?

LARRY

Well, they asked me questions yesterday---

CINDY

Right, sure, I could be dead and they're still asking questions. Jesus, Larry---Why didn't you tell me? I think I

X
X
X
X
X

have a right to know if
somebody is trying to kill me--
--where are your car keys.

LARRY

Why?

CINDY

I'm going to my parents to get
some clothes.

LARRY

Do you think that's wise?

CINDY

Do you have a gun?

LARRY

A gun?

CINDY

Yes, you know, a gun? Bang-
bang?

LARRY

No---

CINDY

---Great, Larry. How do you
plan to protect me, by
standing and watching?
Terrific, really terrific.
I'm going to visit my parents
for a while---alone, Larry.
Just leave me alone for a
while, okay? Okay?

She exits, slams the door behind her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - CINDY'S PARENTS' HOUSE

CLOSE ON CINDY AS A BABY

183

And PAN ACROSS A WALL OF PHOTOS to see her increasingly older,
culminating in product shots of Cindy adult and sexy and the door
opens and Cindy enters.

CINDY

Hi, Mom! Hi, Dad! I'm home!

She hesitates.

HER POV - HER PARENTS

184

Two heads poking above the armchairs facing the television. Not moving. Laughing at a TV joke, canned laughter.

CINDY

185

She enters carefully, then approaches her mother, staring forward, as Cindy comes up, and kisses her on the cheek.

CINDY

Hi, Mom.

MOTHER

Oh Cindy, what a pleasant surprise...

X

CINDY

Aw Mom..

X

MOTHER

Your father will be so glad to see you...

X

THE TV SCREEN

186

Showing a commercial for Lisa.

CINDY AND MOTHER

187

As she moves to her father, also watching TV.

CINDY

Hi, Dad.

FATHER

Cindy! My darling baby! How are you!

In marked contrast to her mother, he kisses her, hugs her, and she responds, starting to cry silently, the tears running down her cheeks...

CINDY

Oh, Daddy, Daddy...I don't know what to do....

X

X

FATHER

Trouble with that car again?

X

He glances back at the screen, staring. Cindy also stares.

CINDY

X

Car?

FATHER

I told you the insurance would
kill you. (staring at
screen) Why don't you ever
listen to me, darling?

CINDY

Oh, Daddy, Daddy...

Daddy is leaning to one side, looking past her, at the television
screen. He smiles benignly.

FATHER

I know, baby...Just a minute,
I like this part...

CINDY

188

She just stares at them, and turns away...

EXT - BEACH HOUSE - DAY

189

Larry looking through glass toward the beach, with lots of people
on the sand outside. PAN OVER to see the Moustache Man with his
briefcase. He sets it down, puts on his mirrored sunglasses,
opens the briefcase.

INT - LARRY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

190

CLOSE ON THE SECURITY CARD of white plastic, with DIGITAL MATRIX
INC printed on it. WIDEN to see Larry carrying the card, looking
for a place to hide it.

187 CONTINUED:

187

FATHER

Trouble with that car again?

He glances back at the screen, staring. Cindy also stares.

CINDY

Car?

FATHER

I told you the insurance would kill you.

(staring at screen)

Why don't you ever listen to me, darling?

CINDY

Oh, Daddy, Daddy...

Daddy is leaning to one side, looking past her, at the television screen. He smiles benignly.

FATHER

You're still young, baby. You have time.

CINDY

Daddy! Will you listen to me!

FATHER

Of course, baby... Just a minute, I like this part...

188 CINDY

188

She just stares at them, and turns away...

189 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

189

Larry looking through glass toward the beach, with lots of people on the sand outside. PAN OVER to see the Moustache Man with his briefcase. He sets it down, puts on his mirrored sunglasses, opens the briefcase.

190 INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - CLOSE ON THE SECURITY CARD OF WHITE PLASTIC - AFTERNOON

190

with "DIGITAL MATRIX INC" printed on it. WIDEN to see Larry carrying the card, looking for a place to hide it.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

He starts to take out a book, then stops -- too obvious. He moves around the room. Under the TV? On top of the refrigerator? In the crease of the couch? He flicks on the STEREO turntable, which PLAYS A BEACH BOYS RECORD. He is distracted by SHOUTS AND GIRLISH GIGGLES from the beach, and goes to the window to look out, momentarily sets the card on the white sill, upside down. White on white: it's hidden in plain sight.

191 WHAT HE SEES - THE BEACH

191

Girls frolicking, lots of action, with the BEACH BOYS OVER. They sing "California Girls." It is mesmerizing, the song with these perfect girls... The Moustache Man climbs the steps toward his house, gun in hand.

192 LARRY INSIDE

192

He turns away from the window, apparently having forgotten the card. He hears the DOOR SLAM, and looks back. The door is firmly closed. He shrugs, goes to the refrigerator, gets a frosty beer can, pops the top, goes back into the living room. Midday sun streams in. He sings along, sips the beer. As he goes back toward the window, SUDDENLY THE OUTSIDE CHANGES WITHOUT WARNING. Before he reaches the window, the sun has moved lower in the sky; it is later in the day. Like a jump-cut, shadows shifting in the apartment. The MUSIC HAS ALSO JUMPED, as if the record skipped a groove. He glances at the record.

193 THE RECORD PLAYER

193

It is functioning normally. We are much farther along in the record, another song.

194 CLOSE ON HIS BEER CAN

194

It sweats in his hand.

195 LARRY

195

He sips the beer. Stops.

LARRY

Warm...

He looks at the can, sets it down.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

He stares curiously at the window outside. People still frolic on the beach, everything normal. He turns back and looks at the opposite wall, which includes the bookshelf.

196 HIS POV - THE BOOKSHELF

196

A certain arrangement of books. ABRUPTLY, THE BOOKS JUMP POSITIONS, binders suddenly in a new configuration. And the RECORD IS ABRUPTLY OVER, A REPETITIVE SCRATCHING SOUND.

197 LARRY

197

He's puzzled as hell. He glances at the record, but does nothing. He looks out the window.

198 THE WINDOW

198

It's later in the day, the sun has shifted again. A few people are leaving, packing up.

199 LARRY

199:

He is still stunned. He goes to the television, turns it on, as if it will give him news of some calamity. The TV shows a commercial for laxatives.

COMMERCIAL

Feeling out of sorts lately? Not quite yourself? Unable to concentrate on the world around you? Then maybe you're troubled by -- constipation. Yes, constipation can cause distress, but there's natural, gentle relief in sight, and that relief -- (etc.)

Shaking his head, Larry goes back to the kitchen, runs cold water in the sink, quickly splashes his face with water. He looks up, wipes his face with a dish towel, and we hear DRIPPING SOUND and he looks down in horror at:

200 HIS FEET

200

as the sink water overflows onto them.

201 ANOTHER ANGLE

66.

201

with the water flowing down. He hastily turns off the tap, drops a dish towel on the floor, opens the refrigerator to get another beer.

202 THE REFRIGERATOR

202

As it opens, normal inside. But before he can put his hand in, the interior is suddenly coated with thick frost, as if it has been open a long time.

203 LARRY

203

He is perplexed. He stops his hand reaching forward, takes his hand back. He now hears something from the bedroom. A SOUND, like SOMEONE SEARCHING. He stops to turn off the TV, moves forward cautiously, in a half-crouch, toward the bedroom door. As he goes, we see by the living room window that it is late afternoon.

204 INT. BEDROOM

204

as Larry looks in.

205 HIS POV - THE BEDROOM

205

A SLOW PAN showing everything normal, except that outside the window, the sun is setting.

206 LARRY

206

He can't believe it. He goes to the window. The beach outside is virtually deserted. The sun hangs low in the sky.

LARRY

Oh, my god...

He turns away from the window, sits on the bed.

WOMAN

(singsong)

Where are you... I know you're here
... Lar-ry...

He just sits there, catatonic. After a moment, Pammy appears in the bedroom doorway. She wears a red bikini.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

206

PAMMY

Hi! I came by for a glass of water. Didn't you hear me?

LARRY

Uh, no... no.

PAMMY

Are you sick or something?

LARRY

No... I'm fine.

He gets off the bed and walks downstairs to:

207 INT. LIVING ROOM

207

as Larry and Pammy come in. Pammy enters casually, Larry hesitates at the door, as if he might be delivered a shock. She notices, but says nothing. She moves into the living room, Larry goes into the kitchen, CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM.

PAMMY (O.S.)

Wasn't it an unbelievable day?

LARRY

(pouring her water)

Unbelievable.

PAMMY (O.S.)

Boy, the sun was really great.

LARRY

Yeah...

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM as he brings the glass of water around. He freezes. Pammy now wears a green bikini.

PAMMY

Thanks.

(drains glass)

Could I have another one?

LARRY

Sure.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM back into the kitchen. His hand shakes as he fills the glass again.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

PAMMY (O.S.)

I thought you might come out, but
I guess you were working on
something, huh?

LARRY

I've been working too hard...

PAMMY (O.S.)

What'd you do this afternoon?

LARRY

Oh... you know... the usual...

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM back into the living room. He stops.
Pammy now wears a red bikini again. She stands languid-
ly, holding her hand out for the water.

PAMMY

Thanks, I was really thirsty.
Larry?

Larry doesn't move. He just freezes with the water
glass in his hand. He stares down at the hand.

208 HIS HAND

208

It is shaking so badly the water slops over the sides.
LAUGHTER OVER.

209 LARRY

209

looking up, amazed.

210 WHAT HE SEES

210

IDENTICAL TWINS, wearing green and red bikinis, con-
vulsed in laughter. They can't speak, they are laugh-
ing so hard.

211 LARRY

211

He collapses in a chair.

212 THE GIRLS

212

PAMMY

You should see your face...

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED:

212

TAMMY

It's so funny...

PAMMY

You turned white...

They find it hysterically funny.

213 LARRY

213

sitting in the chair, staring.

214 PAMMY AND TAMMY

214

PAMMY

Oh, oh, he's mad.

TAMMY

Oh, oh, he is. Don't be mad, Larry.
It was just a little joke.

PAMMY

We do it all the time.

TAMMY

I'm Tammy, and this is Pammy.

PAMMY

And we think you're cute.

TAMMY

Yes, we do.

LARRY

You're identical twins...

TAMMY

(laughing)

What did you think, Larry?

LARRY

I thought I was losing my mind...

PAMMY

Isn't that cute?

TAMMY

That's adorable.

Larry stares ahead, hearing the RADIO, giving a Liberty
Feminine Pads commercial.

215 THE TWINS

215

They slide along either side of him, nibbling his ears, sighing, caressing his hair, their fingers intertwining ... They release their bikini tops -- but then they stop. Larry stares obliviously into space, in a trance, and suddenly gets to his feet. He digs into his pocket.

LARRY

My keys, where are my keys?

The twins glance at each other, almost fearfully back off.

216 LARRY

216

He exits, leaving the twins standing there.

217 THE TWINS

217

They stare at each other.

TAMMY/PAMMY

(in unison)

He's really crazy...

218 EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - EVENING

218

Larry is walking along purposefully, when Cindy pulls up in the car alongside him.

CINDY

Hey, Larry!

He continues walking, oblivious to her.

219 INT. SUPERMARKET - EVENING

219

Larry enters through HISSING doors.

220 AMONG THE AISLES

220

SHOPPERS all dressed in tennis or track clothes, or some other sports attire. Larry strides through, purposefully.

Larry passes a SUPERMARKET GIRL, crouched down marking prices, and looks back.

LARRY

Do you have new Liberty Feminine Pads?

GIRL

Whatever we got's up there.

LARRY

I don't see new Liberty Feminine Pads for confidence, even in those early days. You know what I mean.

A SHOPPER

I know what you mean. But perhaps you haven't considered the three c's.

LARRY

The three c's?

SHOPPER

Convenience, cost and comfort -- with maximum absorbency. Perhaps you've shied away from a tampon product.

LARRY

Ah, a tampon product...

SHOPPER

I recommend a tampon product for convenience, cost, and comfort.

LARRY

New Liberty Feminine Pads have unmatched protection, super comfort and super absorbency you get only with Liberty Pads. They let you live free. Believe me, take Liberties wherever you go.

SHOPPER

Umm... whatever you say.

LARRY

Well, do you carry new Liberty -- uh -- new Feminine -- uh -- new --

He stares around the supermarket, coming to his senses. The Shopper and supermarket Girl stare. Larry smiles as best he can.

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED:

221

LARRY
(continuing)
Thank you so much for your
assistance...

222 CINDY

222

watching. He comes toward her. She puts her arm
around him. They walk out of the store.

CINDY
Larry, what happened to you?
They walk on, he talks to her. She stops.

CINDY
(continuing)
You want to go back to where?

223 EXT. DMI - NIGHT

223

The sinister building gleams at night as Larry's Porsche
pulls up.

224 BENEATH THE DMI BUILDING

224

Larry and Cindy park and walk back, look into the
guarded lobby.

225 INT. DMI LOBBY - CLOSE ON A TELEVISED BASEBALL GAME
- NIGHT

225

and PAN TO A GUARD who watches and never glances over
as Larry and Cindy enter the complex.

GUARD
Evening...

LARRY
(moving upstairs)
Evening...

GUARD
(bored)
Sign in...

LARRY
Right...

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED:

225

GUARD
(never looking over)
And the time...

LARRY
Right...

Larry and Cindy go to the first security door, and Larry puts the card in the slot, and the DOOR BUZZES open, and they go through.

226 THE GUARD AREA

226

On one CRT behind him, we see printed out in green:
"J. MORTON/SECURITY DOOR ACCESS PERMITTED 23:13:54."
The Guard watches the game, ignoring this screen.

227 INSIDE THE NEXT CORRIDOR

227

It is lit by harsh naked night lights.

CINDY
This big place, and he was only
watching the ball game! Do you
like the Dodgers or the Angels?

LARRY
This way...

CINDY
Maybe you don't follow sports at
all. I like the Dodgers myself.
It's creepy here.

LARRY
Cindy...

They move off down the hallway. They come to the door
marked "LOOKER." They pause.

CINDY
(whispering)
You're very brave, for a doctor.

LARRY
Sssssh.

He puts his card into the slot. The LED green lettering
instantly flashes "J MORTON" and then nothing happens.
The door does not buzz open. They remain stranded in
the corridor.

228 BACK IN THE GUARD'S AREA

228

The screen now flashes a new line: "J. MORTON/LOOKER ROOM 101 ACCESS DENIED 23:14:22." Underneath another new line: "J. MORTON/LOOKER ROOM 101 ACCESS DENIED 23:14:25." And a new line: "J. MORTON/LOOKER ROOM 101 ACCESS DENIED 23:14:29."

229 BACK TO THE CORRIDOR

229 -

Larry is trying the card again, and a final time. But nothing happens. He removes the card.

CINDY

What's wrong?

LARRY

I don't know.

CINDY

What do we do?

LARRY

I don't know...

CINDY

You know, Larry, there's a lot of times when you don't know, you know?

He walks down the hallway to the next door.

230 THE NEXT DOOR

230

Above the card slot it reads "STORAGE." Larry inserts his card. The LED green print flashes "J MORTON/ACCESS CLEARED." The DOOR BUZZES open. They enter the room.

231 THE STORAGE ROOM

231

Dark, and full of jumbled equipment, including broken crowns from the testing room, and other equipment. They step among the boxes and apparatus, sinister shapes in the dark.

232 EXT. DMI PARKING LOT - NIGHT

232

Moustache Man gets out of a black sedan and walks forward to the entrance. He stops as he sees Larry's Porsche. He frowns.

233 INSIDE THE LOBBY

233

as Moustache Man comes up to the Guard, stares at the screen showing the access.

234 THE SCREEN

234

J. Morton has clearly tried 3 times to get into Looker room 101, and has gone instead into storage room 102.

235 MOUSTACHE MAN

235

He frowns.

236 BACK IN THE STORAGE ROOM

236

Larry and Cindy move among the boxes.

CINDY

What's in here?

LARRY

Nothing.

CINDY

Then why are we here --

LARRY

Because I want to get into the other room --

CINDY

-- Sssh!

She points off into a corner, among the jumbled boxes and equipment, where we hear a CLUNKING AND HISSING SOUND, followed by a GROWLING LIKE A DOG. They both hold their breath, and then Larry moves forward to find the source of the noise...

CINDY

(continuing)

Be careful!

Larry glances back, then stares forward, just in time to see:

237 A ROBOT

237

It looks like a rectangular cart, and it grinds forward to Larry, then stops, as if surveying him.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

237

It makes a TICKING SOUND. Larry doesn't move. After a long moment, the robot pivots 90 degrees and passes Larry, apparently dismissing him. He sighs, relieved. But the robot now moves directly toward Cindy.

238 CINDY

238

She backs off, worried, until her back is to the wall, and she's stuck in a corner. She doesn't know what to do.

239 THE ROBOT

239

It halts three feet in front of her. TICKING again. A side panel opens and mechanical arms reach laterally to pluck up a wastebasket. The robot dumps the wastebasket into its internal hopper, then resumes its DOG-LIKE GROWL.

240 CINDY AND THE ROBOT

240

Briefly relieved, for now the robot produces a sinister thick pronged extension arm that rises vertically to Cindy's head height. The robot comes directly toward her. Cindy is appalled; the robot is right up to her, the prong coming toward her head and her eyes widen and the prong snaps forward --

And plugs into a stainless nipple at her head height. The robot delivers a jet of gas; gauges snap full. The arm retracts. GROWLING again.

241 CINDY AND LARRY

241

They exchange looks: the robot just does maintenance. Meanwhile, the robot follows the magnetic strips in the floor to the door. The door opens, and it rolls out to the hallway. Cindy and Larry recognize the significant point -- the robot has total access to the laboratories.

242 THE HALLWAY - THEIR POV

242

The robot trundles along the floor track, previously seen, toward the Looker Room. It stops outside the Looker door and TICKS.

243 LARRY AND CINDY

243

They run like hell toward the robot, hoping to get there in time...

244 INSIDE THE LOOKER ROOM

244

as the robot enters, with Larry and Cindy riding on top of it, thus entering the forbidden room. They climb off the cart. It grinds away to a far corner, following magnetic strips. Cindy and Larry are now alone in a darkened laboratory, rather like the testing room we saw earlier, but with different proportions. There is only one large screen here, and a great variety of computer consoles and recording equipment. The consoles are on, glowing in the night.

The Moustache Man is in the room, ducks down. They do not see him.

One console screen shows Larry and Cindy entering the room -- as seen from an overhead video camera. Larry flicks on the room lights.

CINDY

Pretty messy. What is this, some kind of laboratory?

LARRY

That's what we're here to find out.

He starts turning on switches.

245 THE SCREENS

245

They come to life. On a counter Larry sees several pairs of mirrored sunglasses set out in a row, and next to them, a looseleaf manual. He opens the manual, thumbs through it.

246 INSERT - MANUAL

246

The title page reads: "LOOKER PARAMETERS: Light Ocular-Oriented Kinetic Emotive Responses." As the pages are flipped, we see lots of data, confusing, bewildering detail.

247 LARRY

247

looking.

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED:

247

LARRY

Looker... Light Ocular-Oriented
Kinetic Emotive Response...

CINDY

What's that mean?

LARRY

Beats me. These are Looker
defenses...

248 INSERT - THE BOOK

248

It diagrams the defense gun, a smoke gun. PAN DOWN to
see the actual smoke gun on the floor. It is a little
like a small vacuum cleaner. Stencil: "LOOKER DE-
FENSE."

249 LARRY

249

LARRY

Smoke is a defense against light
weapons...

250 THE SCREENS

250

They show commercials. One reads: "LOOKER TEST --
PUPILLARY INPUT -- COMPUTER ANIMATION." It shows a
housewife doing a mop commercial. It looks normal at
first.

HOUSEWIFE

When my husband comes home from a
hard day of work, I'm ready for
him...

She runs her hand up and down on the mop handle in a
phallic way. But something is happening with her eyes.

CINDY

Gee, is that computer animation?
It looks really real. Just as
real as the real thing, you know?

LARRY

(glancing up from
manual)

Yeah, it's pretty good.

He goes back to the manual.

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED:

250

Cindy stares at the screen, and he ignores it. But Cindy is getting fixated.

CINDY

I mean, can computers make people now? I think that's spooky, it must be mathematics. I don't understand mathematics at all.

251 THE SCREENS

251

Beneath is printed: "LOOKER INPUT BEGINS." And we ZOOM IN on the eyes of the model: there is a flickering pattern on the pupils, a kind of rotating gleam which is hypnotic. The woman on screen continues to talk.

HOUSEWIFE

I work hard to keep my home beautiful, and it takes plenty of hard work, but I'm up to it -- with the help of my secret helper, new special power X-7 Superclean.

252 CINDY WATCHING

252

She is mouthing the words silently as she watches. ZOOM IN on her eyes.

253 THE SCREEN

253

ZOOM IN on the model eyes, flickering.

254 LARRY WITH THE MANUAL

254

He runs his finger down the page, along the columns of figures.

LARRY

Looker is a computer-generated visual pulse coinciding with alpha rhythms, which puts people into an autohypnotic suggestible trance... Look at this, Cindy. Cindy?

255 CINDY

255

She is in a trance, staring at the television.

256 THE TELEVISION

256

Now showing a creme rinse commercial, a MODEL swirling in SLOW MOTION, her hair bouncing like oceanic waves, as she says:

MODEL

For truly sensual hair, thick and powerful and strong, just the way you like to get it, you need new Concentrate V-11. New protein Concentrate V-11 makes your hair sensuous and beautiful and utterly desirable...

CINDY

(low)

New protein Concentrate V-11 makes my hair thick and strong and utterly desirable...

Larry stares at her, then back at the screen.

257 THE SCREEN

257

ZOOM IN on the animated eyes. A flickering pulse there.

258 LARRY

258

He looks away abruptly. He turns to Cindy, still in a trance. He stands in front of her, blocking the screen, and shakes her. She blinks, comes out of it.

CINDY

Gee. I have to get some new protein Concentrate V-11.

LARRY

Later...

He turns back to the manual, flips more pages. We now see:

259 INSERT - THE MANUAL

259

A section marked "LOOKER PROJECT APPLICATIONS." And we see the design plan for a gun. Specifications showing how to aim at the face, and the light bulb. Stamped over each picture is "NOT FINAL -- UNDER DEVELOPMENT -- FULL SECURITY."

(CONTINUED)

259 CONTINUED:

259

CINDY

What happened?

LARRY

Computer animation puts a hypnotic light pulse in the eyes. But they're also developing some kind of gun...

CINDY

I don't like guns.

260 ACROSS THE ROOM

260

The Moustache Man rises. He has an odd-shaped gun in his hand.

261 LARRY AND CINDY

261

LARRY

Cindy, this is a gun like no other ever made, this gun is really something --

Cindy looks over his shoulder past him, screams, and DISAPPEARS. Just disappears, right before our eyes, her scream cut off in mid-shriek. Larry whirls, looks around the room. He is alone. He looks back: Cindy is still gone.

262 LARRY ALONE IN THE ROOM - LOOKER FIGHT SEQUENCE

262

He moves around cautiously. Commercials play on the monitors, but he avoids looking at the screens. He reaches for a pair of mirrored glasses when suddenly we JUMP CUT to see Larry smashing bodily five feet off the ground against a far wall. We have not seen him cross the room. Larry collapses to the floor, gets to his feet, looks around. He is totally confused, afraid, angry.

LARRY

Cindy, are you here? Cindy?

He looks around: nobody else in the room. Just the sound of his own breathing, and the commercials playing. He steps back, tensing himself, ready for anything but again we JUMP CUT as he slams full-body against another corner of the room, and slides down, a bundle of groaning pain. He gets slowly to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

262 CONTINUED:

262

Blood runs from his lip; he stares at the room.

The room is empty.

Larry is being thrown around but there is nobody there to do it. And suddenly his body takes a topsy-turvy tumble, whipping laterally through space, apparently of its own accord. He tumbles over electronic equipment, lands hard on the floor. Groaning, Larry lifts his head fractionally, peers out with one eye.

At floor level, looking beneath an electronic console, he sees two feet moving toward him. There is someone in the room with him! Encouraged, he stands. But by the time he is standing so that he can look over the top of the console -- there is nobody there. As before. He just stares.

LARRY

Who's here? Who is it?

Larry looks down to see his shirt crumpling on his chest, as if grabbed by invisible fists. The sight fills him with horror. In the next moment, invisible forces fling him across the room against another wall, and he collapses to the ground.

Larry is in real pain now. Blood drips from his mouth and chin. He wipes it away. He hears a GROAN, looks over, sees Cindy slumped against a wall, half-conscious. But he can't deal with her now. He moves backward in a crouch, but it is ludicrous -- there is no one to fight. He comes up with his back to the wall, waits, drops his head a little in fatigue and --

The wall where his head just was suddenly caves in backward by some unseen force. A powerful blow that just missed his head.

LARRY

Jesus.

He ducks down and away, but the next blow comes from behind him. Larry is propelled forward toward the consoles, slams over them, a gut-crunching impact that knocks the breath from him.

Bent over the console, Larry's nose touches one of the monitors. Blood drips from his chin onto the video screen. He slowly opens his eyes. He stares at the monitor, upside down. The monitor shows the room as seen by the camera over the door. And it clearly shows the Moustache Man advancing toward Larry from behind, with the Looker gun in hand.

263 INSERT - THE LOOKER GUN

263

being adjusted from "LO" to "HIGH," with a dial.

264 BACK TO SCENE

264

Larry turns, but there is no one there when he looks. And then the entire room is sucked away from him (by computer animation) and then he is propelled forward, shot TOWARD CAMERA.

He is flung roughly away, across the room, spinning over the floor. He gets to his feet and tries to crawl on his hands and knees to the monitor, and the nearby mirrored sunglasses. Along the way we deduce he is kicked in the stomach because he abruptly slides sideways, bent double.

But Larry gets up quicker, now. He understands he is fighting an invisible man, and he has a goal. He shields his eyes with his hand, and listens. He hears BREATHING, grabs a chair and swiftly slides it across the room toward the source of the breathing.

The chair stops abruptly, halfway across the room. Just stops. We hear a GRUNT OF PAIN. Larry is satisfied -- he's made contact. He gets to the monitor, has one clear look at the position of the Moustache Man in the room, grips a pair of glasses tightly and sees in the monitor the Moustache Man floating through the air toward him, delivering a karate kick, and we HOLD on the monitor and see Larry lifted off his feet and flung backwards through space by the unseen impact of the kick, CAMERA PANNING HIM as he sags to the floor. He is taking a terrific beating and it can't go on.

In the monitor we see the Moustache Man approaching Larry, gun ready. But Larry has turned away, and as the Moustache Man approaches and prepares to fire the gun, Larry whirls to face his attacker: wearing mirrored glasses. Light flashes on the lenses.

The Moustache Man is frozen rigid, as the light from the gun is reflected off the lenses back onto his face. But it's weak: he recovers -- just in time to see Larry splinter a large glass fresnel lens over his head. The Moustache Man topples backward, dropping the gun, and sliding across the floor. He gets to his feet and raises his hands protectively, very wary now as he sees that --

Larry, wearing mirrored glasses, holds the gun.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED:

264

The Moustache Man's hands are raised not in surrender, but defense. As Larry FIRES, he blocks the shot of light. Larry FIRES again. The Moustache Man moves across the room, head bent. He is going toward the sunglasses. He soon will have his own defense -- except that at the last minute, Larry smashes down a steel bar and the glasses are crushed in a shower of sparkling mirrored glass.

The Moustache Man backs off and dodges but Larry FIRES again and the Moustache Man is hit, frozen. Larry walks up to him: bleeding, cut, torn, exhausted, threatened, tired, and fucking furious. He takes one step back, one step forward, and delivers a place kick to the man's balls, sending him howling backward, head over heels across the room.

The Moustache Man recovers, starts to get to his feet, and is HIT again by Larry's light-gun. The Moustache Man freezes in an alert position, as if he were about to do situps, his face is contorted in pain.

265 LARRY

265

He stares at the Moustache Man, anger spent. He looks at the screens, the dozens of commercials running all around the room. He looks over and sees Cindy, groaning in a corner, goes to her.

LARRY

Cindy, you okay?

CINDY

(dramatic)

Just wonderful, thanks...

LARRY

Good.

He goes back across the room, to the manual, compares the gun in his hand to the manual images. It's the same.

LARRY

(continuing; reading)

The Looker device -- fires high-intensity visible spectrum point-four second pulse causes heightened suggestibility, point-six pulse causes trance state, spastic rigidity, blank out and loss of time sense...

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED:

265

He stares at the gun with new respect. He looks at the multifaceted lenses, like an insect's eye highly magnified. Still wearing the mirrored sunglasses, and FIRES in his own face.

266 HIS POV - THROUGH GLASSES

266

The light pulses in a complex patterned swirl.

267 LARRY

267

He understands now. Behind him, the Moustache Man is coming around, Larry FIRES again and freezes him once more.

He helps Cindy to her feet, sidesteps the Moustache Man who is still in a position like a bullfrog. Larry is pleased with himself.

LARRY

Come on, we did it, we worked the whole thing out, now we're going to get out of here...

He reaches for the door, pulls it open, and as he does so an interior sign flashes: "ILLEGAL EXIT." They stare at one another.

268 INT. HALLWAY

268

As they step out, the night lights click out, throwing the corridor into blackness -- and then the overhead grating lights come on, one after another. Larry and Cindy begin to run toward the exit, as if trying to catch up with the lights.

269 INT. CORRIDOR - ANOTHER VIEW

269

There is no alarm, no sound, no guards. They just run, as corridor lights come on overhead. Eventually they beat the lights, getting ahead of them...

270 INT. CORRIDOR - FROM COMPUTER ROOM

270

as guards race through the labyrinth, and pass us, and then Cindy and Larry continue on down.

271 EXT. DMI - NIGHT

271

ZOOM BACK as Larry and Cindy exit. The parking lot is flooded with flashing blue light. They jump into the car. Larry tosses the Looker gun into the back seat, hiding it, and:

272 INT. PORSCHE - LARRY AND CINDY

272.

Larry bends to start the ignition, turn on the lights. Cindy stares ahead.

CINDY

Uh, Larry, we have a problem.

Larry looks up, also stares.

273 THEIR POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

273

The Moustache Man is illuminated in their headlights, holding his gun in both hands, ready to shoot.

274 INT. RESTON'S HOUSE - GLASS DINING ROOM - NIGHT

274

To THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE, Larry and Cindy are led through the living room. In the f.g., SENATOR HARRISON rises to the occasion.

HARRISON

It's a pleasure to be here, at the home of my good friend, John Reston, President and Chairman of Reston Industries, worldwide.

275 RESTON AT THE TABLE

275

beaming, benign, in control, but looking at Larry and Cindy.

HARRISON

John Reston is also managing the commercials for my presidential campaign... He seems to think he can make me more compelling than I am in real life -- and I welcome any improvements!

Laughter.

(CONTINUED)

275 CONTINUED:

275

HARRISON

(continuing)

Because my real interests I think all of you share. What about our economy? What about our balance of payments? What about our national purpose? America is in deep, deep trouble, and we are deceiving ourselves...

276 THE MOUSTACHE MAN

276

standing in the hallway beyond, as Larry and Cindy are led away.

277 RESTON

277

He quietly excuses himself, exits the dining room. Jennifer notices that Reston is leaving, turns back to the speaker.

278 INSIDE A GIRL'S LACY BEDROOM

278

Already seen. Larry and Cindy wait, hearing the PARTY FAINTLY OVER. Cindy stares up at the ceiling...

CINDY

I always wanted a room like this...
(seeing mirror
over bed)

Well, almost like this. Are they going to kill us, do you think?

LARRY

I don't know.

CINDY

I think they are, because we know too much. But what do we know, Larry?

Reston enters the room, and the door is shut behind him.

RESTON

Actually, quite a lot, wouldn't you say, Dr. Roberts?

(extending hand)

Delighted to see you again. How are you?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Keeping busy...

RESTON

Good, good. You look well...
And you, Cynthia?

CINDY

Oh, I'm great...

RESTON

I apologize for these surroundings,
but we weren't expecting more
company. Is there anything I can
do to make you more comfortable?

CINDY

How about a car to the airport?

RESTON

We'll arrange your transportation
later.

LARRY

You used the Looker device to
put the girls in a trance, then
kill them... But why? Why bother?

RESTON

Those three girls -- and Cindy
here -- were the living embodiment
of our computer research. They
were the measurements. We had
to destroy the database.

LARRY

But you don't need people anymore.
You use computers to create
perfect commercial images. You
killed three people...

RESTON

We don't kill people. We assist
them in reaching long term goals.
We're not just selling soap. The
stakes are much greater.

CINDY

(low)

Senator Harrison...

(CONTINUED)

RESTON

You see? These girls all talk,
we had no choice. The future of
America is at stake.

LARRY

I have a Looker gun.

RESTON

(unconcerned)

We'll get it back.

LARRY

I gave it to the police.

RESTON

You mean Lieutenant Masters?
He's downstairs now, very
ambitious young man.

(seeing Larry's
expression)

You're in my way -- but with the
fast life you lead, who's to say
you won't drive off a cliff in
a day or so? Especially after
Miss Fairmont's body has been
found under incriminating
circumstances...

Larry suddenly realizes he's way over his head. Reston
has him, and has always had him. Cindy has been watch-
ing from near the window:

CINDY

That's terrible!

RESTON

If you will excuse me, I have to
get back to the next President
of the United States...

Smiling pleasantly, Reston exits, leaving the door ajar
behind him.

CINDY

(whisper, by
window)

Larry. Come here. Are you
athletic?

Larry approaches the door cautiously, listens. He hears:

(CONTINUED)

278 CONTINUED: (3)

278

RESTON (O.S.)

Take good care of them. I don't want anything to interfere with the conference tomorrow night. That conference is the key to everything.

LARRY

(to himself)

Conference...

The door opens abruptly to reveal a NONDESCRIPT MAN with a gun. Larry steps back.

NONDESCRIPT MAN

Sit tight, folks.

The door is closed, and locked with a CLICK. Larry goes over to Cindy, by the bed.

LARRY

Cindy, we have to get out of here, something is happening tomorrow night --

CINDY

Larry? Are you athletic? Because this could be a little hairy...

279 INT. THE DINING ROOM DOWNSTAIRS

279

Reston resumes his seat. Senator Harrison continues to talk.

HARRISON

We are talking about values: American values. I mean, fairness and justice, I mean, an honest day's work for an honest wage...

280 EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

280

Larry and Cindy are outside the window, moving along a ledge, narrow and dangerous. There is no way down. Cindy is leading.

LARRY

(hissing)

How do we get down?

(CONTINUED)

280 CONTINUED:

280

CINDY

(pointing)

There.

She points to the adjacent terrace above Reston's greenhouse dining room. She intends to walk across the terrace, and then escape beyond. Through the greenhouse glass, they can see the diners, the table below.

LARRY

(disbelieving)

Great.

CINDY

Well, it's the only way!

They move on cautiously, stepping onto the terrace, hesitating.

281 THE TERRACE

281

A menacing guard steps out, smoking a cigarette, and stares out at the view. PAN DOWN TO Larry and Cindy hiding behind the balustrade. They look back at:

282 BACK INSIDE THE DINING ROOM

282

HARRISON

... I mean, liberty and freedom for all, I mean, the pursuit of happiness... We have the right, each and every one of us, to pursue happiness, to be freed from the restraints of bureaucratic interference...

As Harrison drones on, PAN WITH a cigar box as various guests take cigars, and END ON Reston and the final cigar is removed and the lid shut, and in the mirror of the lid, he sees Larry and Cindy moving... He stands while the servant lights his cigar, and then he glances up, carefully...

283 EXT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

283

Larry and Cindy cross. The speech by Harrison is MUFFLED from inside. They can look right down on Reston.

284 BACK INSIDE THE GREENHOUSE

284

The listeners are bored, stifling yawns, even as Harrison works himself up to a fever pitch.

HARRISON

We must grasp this opportunity for freedom! We must risk all to have a new world, and a new order! Television is the most powerful source of order in the post-industrial world! Television dictates opinions more effectively than armies or secret police! Television can rule!

Reston smiles avuncularly, but with inner tension. The other listeners are checking their watches and yawning. One woman leans back, yawns, and in doing so looks up at:

285 HER POV - CINDY AND LARRY ABOVE

285

moving over the roof.

286 THE WOMAN

286

She glances around hastily. But no one else has noticed. She jabs her husband, glances up. Harrison drones on. More guests jab one another.

287 LARRY AND CINDY ON THE ROOF

287

They are ever closer to the edge, moving down... Cindy looks up and WHIP PAN TO the window, where the guard is coming out, moving recklessly.

288 LARRY AND CINDY

288

They stare, move more hastily, making noise.

289 RESTON

289

He stares upward, glowers angrily.

290 BACK ON THE ROOF

290

Larry and Cindy move faster to the edge. The guard is coming forward recklessly, brandishing his gun.

291 HARRISON BELOW

291

HARRISON

In these rapidly-changing and unexpected times of stress for all of us, we can never be sure of what we will see...

Stops talking, stares.

292 HARRISON'S POV

292

All his listeners are staring upward and...

293 EXT. THE HOUSE - LARRY AND CINDY

293

as they land on the ground, and dash away.

294 THE EXTERIOR CORRIDOR - TRACKING LARRY AND CINDY

294

as they run toward the pool, and the ALARM SOUNDS...

295 THE POOL

295

A guard standing by the parked cars goes running toward the house as he hears the alarm. Larry and Cindy jump up from the bushes and climb into his Porsche.

296 EXT. RESTON HOUSE - THE FRONT DOOR

296

The Moustache Man comes running out, in time to see Larry SQUEAL out of the parking lot. Moustache Man raises his gun, but it's too late, the car sweeps past him.

297 LARRY'S CAR

297

Taillights glowing away down to the gates, as the ALARM FADES, and the car turns the corner and is gone.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

RESTON (V.O.)

My name is John Reston. My name is John Reston. Hi, I'm John Reston...

298 INT. RII'S 18TH FLOOR - NIGHT

298

Harshly lit, carpenters work in the auditorium, setting up SPEAKERS which SQUEAL, and a variety of screens which hang from the ceiling, while Reston in shirt-sleeves speaks at a microphone, setting levels. VOICES SHOUT from all directions, projectors flare, and images gleam. This is the preparation for his big show.

299 MOUSTACHE MAN

299

approaching him. Looking hang-dog, hesitant.

300 RESTON

300

He stares.

301 MOUSTACHE MAN

301

He shakes his head.

302 RESTON AND MOUSTACHE MAN

302

A screen above glows with pictures of Reston, and we hear a recited litany:

VOICE OVER

John Reston is the most dynamic and innovative business leader in the world today. His restless, searching intelligence combines noble purpose with elegant execution.

Etc.

RESTON

Kill them. They've gone someplace they think is safe, someplace nobody will look. Get the girl back; he can't do anything if we have her. And get rid of him. I'm tired of Dr. Larry Roberts!

VOICE OVER

John Reston never tires of confronting the challenges of the future. Reston Industries is a worldwide industry leader.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

302 CONTINUED:

302

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

Count on Reston Industries! Today,
tomorrow, forever!

(break)

Is that right, 'today, tomorrow,
forever'?

RESTON

Yes, forever! Forever!

VOICE OVER

Okay, we have to synch up the
visual, give us a level, please...

303 INT. LARRY'S OFFICES - CLOSE ON AN OPERATING TABLE - 303
NIGHT

Bathed in a pool of light. SNORES OVER. Larry ENTERS THE SHOT, moving restlessly around the room, as if looking for a weapon, although he holds the Looker Gun in his hand. He comes to Cindy snoring on a cot in the recovery room. He brushes hair back from her face gently. He glances at his watch.

304 INT. HIS OFFICE - NIGHT 304

Larry closes his door, flicks on his desk lamp, stares at his familiar objects, although everything seems different now.

305 INSERT - THE DESK TOP 305

He picks up a card, brings it TO CAMERA. Masters' card.

306 LARRY 306

Decisive, he picks up the phone to dial. No dial tone. He glances at the phone lights: they don't light. He rattles the button: nothing. The phone is dead. He hears the CLICK OF A DOOR. He listens: WHISPERS. He snaps off his desk light. He sits in cold moonlight, shining through the windows. We hear a SOFT THUMP-THUMP of some mechanical device. Larry gets up cautiously. Cindy's SHORT CRY makes him move forward faster. At the door, he opens it, gun ready, and...

307 INT. OPERATING SUITE - NIGHT - FOG

307

Larry stops dead. His operating rooms -- the entire complex -- is full of WHITE FOG. There is the persistent THUMPING. Larry moves out, crouched. Moonlight diffuses into the operating room. There are no snores. Larry moves forward.

308 CINDY'S BED

308-

Empty. The sheets hang over the side -- signs of a struggle. A lamp has been overturned: it gleams harshly upward from the floor.

309 LARRY

309

He hears a voice. He whirls, and FIRES: The Looker gun releases a soft wide pulse of innocuous blurry light.

A MAN (V.O.)

He's here. . .

ANOTHER MAN (V.O.)

Now!

There is the PHITT! OF SILENCED MACHINE PISTOLS, and GLASS SHATTERS in spiderwebs around him. Larry ducks down, under the cot. He looks up cautiously.

310 HIS POV - LONG SHADOWS

310

cast in the fog.

CINDY

Let me go --

She is silent again.

A MAN

(chuckle)

Hell of a looker, ain't she.

The shadows move off, heading toward the reception area. Larry moves over to the operating room, the source of the chugging.

311 THE OPERATING ROOM

311

He trips over something. He bends close.

- 312 INSERT - THE DEVICE 312
- It is marked "LOOKER DEFENSE" and it is the smoke gun.
He clicks it off.
- 313 HIS POV - THE SHADOWS 313
- They stop, hearing the sound stop. Stillness.
- A MAN
Wanna go back?
- ANOTHER MAN
Naw.
- A MAN
We better go back and finish him
off...
- 314 LARRY 314
- He flings open windows, rattling the blinds, ducking
down as the SILENCED BULLETS FLY. But the smoke will
now clear.
- 315 THE OPERATING ROOM 315
- Smoke drifting out in the currents of air.
- 316 THE SHADOWS AHEAD 316
- They murmur indistinctly "Go back and get him..." and
"No way, the fog is clearing..." "Kill him..." "Yeah,
kill him..."
- 317 LARRY 317
- Long pause. He moves forward, in a crouch. He reaches
onto the operating area, takes away a scalpel.
- 318 THE SHADOWS 318
- They move back, toward Larry in the operating room.
He clicks off the operating light. The shadows pause,
move on.
- 319 LARRY 319
- He leans against the wall, holding the scalpel ready.

320 WITH THE TWO MEN

320

They are moving back to the operating room, guns drawn. As another light goes out: they point to the operating room nearest. Nod: he's in there.

321 LARRY

321

He leans forward, toward the door, holding the scalpel and...

322 ONE MAN

322

Silhouetted against levelors, he leans forward, gun ready and...

323 LARRY

323

Seeing the gun come around and it comes to point toward him and he slashes with the scalpel and...

324 THE MAN

324

He screams in agony and...

325 THE HAND WITH THE GUN

325

As the gun is dropped, and blood drips on it and...

326 LARRY

326

He ducks down as the window above him is SHATTERED BY BULLETS, and then he spins away and the wall is punctured by BULLETHOLES and light spurts through tiny pinholes in fog. VOICES move away, and we hear a DOOR SLAM.

327 THE RECEPTION AREA

327

Nobody there, apparently.

CINDY (O.S.)

Larry!

328 LARRY

328

He listens intently, finally gets up, his face prickled by light.

CINDY (O.S.)

Larry? Stay down, they want to --

Larry ducks as more GLASS SHATTERS around him. Then the door opens, and he looks up in time to see two figures drag a limp third -- Cindy -- away. Larry is powerless to stop it. The door shuts.

Larry gets up. He sighs. The smoke billows around him.

BLACK SCREEN.

And suddenly lights sizzle on, brightly, illuminating umbrellas. Six girls in sports outfits strike poses on starting blocks as ROCK MUSIC BLASTS. A succession of FREEZE FRAMES against white. We are...

329 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO - MORNING

329

Girls pose for the photographer, Steve, as he shoots a sports layout. A TELEVISION near the camera SHOWS the morning NEWSCAST. Larry appears, hair damp, rubbing his clean-shaven chin; the girls wave gaily, laugh. The Assistant sets a sandwich on a table, and Larry sits down. The posing girls laugh and giggle; Larry smiles back, munching. Larry loses his smile glancing over at...

330 THE TV SET

330

The TV now SHOWS the three dead girls. Nearby, the photographer takes pictures.

331 LARRY EATING

331

Apparently oblivious, smiling.

332 THE TV

332

With Larry's face on TV. The photographer calls for Candy.

333 LARRY

333

Frowning as Candy, previously seen, arrives from make-up wearing a bathrobe.

(CONTINUED)

333 CONTINUED:

333

CANDY
Larry, how are you!

LARRY
(preoccupied)
Hi, Candy.

CANDY
You going to Reston's party
tonight?

LARRY
The party... Yes, as a matter
of fact, I am.

CANDY
It's the most important party,
everybody will be there.

LARRY
Where is it again?

CANDY
(laughing)
Come on, you know where it is.

LARRY
No, really...

CANDY
Don't pull my leg -- it's long
enough already.

Swinging leg.

LARRY
You mean the party at his house.

CANDY
No, silly, it's at his corporate
offices in Century City, eight
o'clock. Larry?

Larry leaves.

334 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - MASTERS AND THREE COPS - THRU SPIDERWEBS

334

As lights come on, they survey the bullet-shattered
glass in the office. Masters frowns.

(CONTINUED)

334 CONTINUED:

334

MASTERS

We made a mistake about Dr. Roberts.
Somebody's trying to kill him.

335 EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - CLOSE ON THE RESTON
INDUSTRIES LOGO - AFTERNOON 335

In chrome letters eight feet high, reflecting Larry's
Porsche moving past them.

336 LARRY DRIVING 336

past the Reston Building in Century City. The RADIO
CHATTERS COMMERCIALS.

337 PANNING THE CAR 337

as it goes along. HOLD on a black Mercedes sedan,
parked outside RII.

338 LARRY AT THE WHEEL 338

RADIO (V.O.)

Have you lost purpose in your
life? Does everything seem
hopeless? Are you tired and
defeated? Have you lost your
faith in mankind? Then maybe
you're ready for Mindology, the
science of positive thinking.
The Reverend Tom Arthur, champion
high-jumper and founder of
Mindology, has all the answers
to give you a new lease on life,
a new sense of the future, that
great striped crossbar in the
sky. Remember, this is the first
day of the rest of your life.

Larry comes to a stoplight, stops.

339 HIS CAR AT THE STOPLIGHT 339

waiting for the light to change. The black Mercedes
pulls alongside him.

340 LARRY IN HIS CAR

340

He glances over at the black sedan, sees the Non-descript Man driving, and the Moustache Man. The Moustache Man grins at him.

RADIO (V.O.)

You can have a new purpose, a new reason for being alive, and it can begin right now.

341 THE CARS AT THE STOPLIGHT

341

As the light changes, and Larry shoots forward in his Porsche. The black sedan tries to catch up.

342 LARRY DRIVING

342

glancing back nervously.

RADIO (V.O.)

Yes, folks, miraculous as it may seem, these are the possibilities for a bright, glowing future, for you! Now! Yes, I say now! Because it is all happening, right now!

The sedan pulls up alongside. Moustache Man has the gun. He aims and FIRES; Larry looks away. He drives on.

343 THE TWO CARS

343

racing through heavy traffic, as Moustache Man tries to shoot.

344 LARRY IN HIS CAR

344

He has his own gun at his side. He lifts it and FIRES.

345 THE BLACK SEDAN

345

Moustache Man is hit in the face, frozen. The sedan drops back.

346 LARRY DRIVING

346

and trying to watch in the rear mirror, as he moves forward through traffic.

- 347 INSIDE THE BLACK SEDAN 347
The driver is shaking Moustache Man, then smacks him twice across the face, trying to bring him around.
- 348 LARRY AT A STOPLIGHT 348
Schoolchildren cross the street. The black sedan pulls directly behind him.
- 349 IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR 349
He sees the driver shaking Moustache Man.
- 350 LARRY 350
SQUEALING forward as the light changes.
- 351 THE TWO CARS 351
The black sedan comes around to one side again: now, both driver and Moustache Man wear mirrored sunglasses. Moustache Man FIRES HIS GUN.
- 352 LARRY 352
He covers his face with his hand, blocking the light.
- 353 THE TWO CARS 353
Maneuvering through traffic. Another stoplight ahead.
- 354 LARRY IN HIS CAR 354
Waiting tensely, head turned away.

RADIO (V.O.)

A late bulletin from Malibu, where police are looking for Dr. Laurence Roberts, a Beverly Hills plastic surgeon, missing in connection with the unexplained deaths of three actresses...

355 THE CARS

355

as the black sedan now moves about half a car length in the lead. Moustache Man leans out and FIRES backward at Larry. Larry ducks and twists but he doesn't dare take his eyes off the road ahead for long away. He does the only sensible thing under the circumstances: he makes an abrupt right turn onto a side road. The black sedan continues on.

356 LARRY ON A SIDE ROAD

356

A quieter residential area. Houses to the left, greenery on the right, the suggestion of a park. Larry looks in his rearview mirror.

357 THE REARVIEW MIRROR

357

No cars in sight.

358 LARRY

358

He smiles -- followed by another look, and a frown.

359 THE MIRROR

359

It shows the black sedan, coming around from a side street, taking up a following position.

360 LARRY

360

He frowns at the rearview mirror and...

361 FROM AHEAD - THE BLACK SEDAN

361

as Moustache Man FIRES and...

362 LARRY

362

as we see light reflected on his face off the mirror and hear the ROAR OF THE ENGINE, and ZOOM IN on his eyes and abruptly...

CUT TO:

- 363 PAST LARRY TO THE FRONT WINDSHIELD 363
- The car is stationary, and red water streams down over the windshield, as if in the middle of a torrential rainstorm. The water suddenly turns green. A child peers in.
- 364 LARRY IN THE CAR 364
- Green water pours over all the windows, drums on the roof. He comes to his senses, looks around. Distant SIRENS BUILDING.
- 365 EXT. MUNICIPAL PARK - EVE 365
- Larry stumbles out of the driver's door, and is instantly soaked. The car sits with all four wheels in the basin of a municipal fountain, with a child on the hood. Larry shuts the door, takes the gun with him, and sloshes through the fountain basin. He glances back, sees dirt ruts in the perfect lawn where the car has obviously careened wildly through the park up to the fountain.
- 366 LARRY STARING BY THE FOUNTAIN 366
- He remembers nothing of this ride.
- 367 PEOPLE IN THE PARK 367
- Kids in sandboxes, nannies with prams, mothers with young children -- all stare at Larry curiously, and a little afraid.
- 368 LARRY BY THE FOUNTAIN 368
- He stands there numbly as the SIRENS BUILD.
- 369 THE STREET 369
- as the first SIREN-HOWLING CARS arrive, a police car and also an ambulance. Cops and attendants run up to the Porsche in the fountain, look inside. Larry is gone.
- 370 MORE CARS ARRIVING 370
- Three more police cars and the black sedan. A jumble of cars, flashing lights and uniformed men milling around the fountain.

- 371 LARRY 371
He hides in nearby bushes.
- 372 HIS POV - TELEPHOTO SHOT 372
The police talk with Moustache Man and Nondescript driver, who act the role of innocent witnesses -- how they saw the car drive off the road and onto the fountain, etc.... The Moustache Man pantomimes Larry with one hand on the wheel, and one hand holding a gun. The police are grim, as they look around.
- 373 LARRY WATCHING 373
Frowning.
- 374 HIS POV - THE POLICE 374
as they take out their guns, and spread out through the park. This is serious business, looking for a murder suspect.
- 375 A SANDBOX 375
as a child points toward the bushes, saying he went there.
- 376 THE COPS 376
They run toward the bushes, toward Larry's hiding place. No sign of Larry. They look back at sandbox.
- 377 THE SANDBOX 377
The child is smacked by his attractive mother.
- 378 POLICE CARS BY FOUNTAIN 378
with the CHATTER OF A HALF-DOZEN RADIOS. Larry sneaks up to one police car, gets into the back seat, drops out of sight.
- 379 HIGH ANGLE DOWN ON PARK 379
The cops searching.

- 380 MOUSTACHE MAN AND NONDESCRIPT MAN 380
watching the search near the waterlogged Porsche. They react frowning as the search is called off.
- 381 LARRY IN THE POLICE CAR 381
staring upward, listening.
- 382 HIS POV - THE CEILING OF THE CAR 382
as we hear the CRACKLE OF RADIOS, and the multiple ORDERS to move on. Then SHOUTS, then one CAR DRIVING OFF, then another. The search is apparently ended. TWO COPS get into his car, and it drives off.
- 383 LARRY 383
He waits. The SIRENS DIE; the car moves along quiet streets. He sits up.
LARRY
Officers, I've got a story you won't believe.
- 384 HIS POV - THE COPS 384
as they look back at him. They are RII private security police; their shoulder insignia reads RII SECURITY GUARD.
ONE COP
I think we just got our Christmas bonus.
- 385 LARRY STUNNED 385
He just sits back in the seat.
- 386 EXT. CAR - PANNING IT 386
as it drives off. It's black, and has no roof lights. A shield on the side reads "RESTON INDUSTRIES RII SECURITY PATROL." Larry has crawled into the wrong car.

387 INSIDE THE CAR

387

One Cop drives and talks on the radio to headquarters.

LARRY

Take me to the police. The real police.

FIRST COP

That's not a good idea. You're wanted for three murders. You're better off with us, Dr. Roberts.

SECOND COP

(on radio)

He armed?

FIRST COP

(looking)

No, not armed.

SECOND COP

(on radio)

Not armed. Bringing him back,, yeah, sure...

388 LARRY

388

He stares forward. PAN DOWN TO his foot, which covers the Looker gun, still on the floor, where he was lying.

389 THE TWO COPS

389

FIRST COP

Reston's got a reception tonight, wants you quiet until it's over. Afterward you'll see your friend Cindy.

390 LARRY

390

Dripping wet, exhausted, sitting back in the seat, defeated.

LARRY

Cindy... Where is she?

391 INT. 19TH FLOOR - BLACK SCREEN - EVENING

391

with a rim light on Cindy, who looks up as a few lights come on.

(CONTINUED)

391 CONTINUED:

391

Directly behind her we see a grid metal ceiling; she is obviously high above the floor. She hears the CLICK OF HIGH HEELS, and PAN DOWN TO the brisk figure of Jennifer striding TOWARD US from the darkness. She steps onto a motorized lift, rising to Cindy's height as it stops. Jennifer strides past Cindy, who has been handcuffed to the leg of a computer monitor console, on a high platform in one corner of a soundstage.

JENNIFER

Good evening.

CINDY

Could you loosen my hand?

JENNIFER

Later...

CINDY

It hurts. I mean, it really hurts a lot...

Jennifer sighs, removes a key from her labcoat pocket, loosens the handcuffs a notch, locks up again. She drops the key in her pocket. Cindy watches this procedure. Jennifer goes back to the console.

CINDY

(continuing)

Larry's going to save me.

JENNIFER

Any minute now.

Jennifer presses buttons on the console, absorbed in her own thoughts.

392 INT. CENTURY CITY GARAGE - LARRY IN THE BACK SEAT - 392
EVENING

Dripping, helpless, as the car goes down a ramp, underground.

393 UNDERGROUND - THE VIEW AHEAD

393

The car stops to allow girls in RII uniforms to pass. Among the girls are Tammy and Pammy, but Larry shows no reaction. The car goes on.

394 LARRY

394

He looks back over his shoulder at the girls, giggly as cheerleaders.

LARRY

(to Cops)

I guess you know about Looker.

FIRST COP

Looker? What's Looker? There's a bunch of lookers.

Nodding to girls.

LARRY

You don't know about Looker?

395 ANOTHER GROUP OF UNIFORMED GIRLS

395

Laughing as they walk along. They pass the parked RII car. One Cop sits rigidly behind the steering wheel. The other is propped up in the back seat. Neither moves. The girls walk along, shout and wave to the Cops.

CANDY AND OTHERS

Come on, boys, you'll miss all the fun, it won't be the same without you...

Etc. The girls move on.

396 CLOSER ON THE CAR

396

PAN FROM the Cop behind the wheel, TO the Cop in the back seat, who is naked, as far as we can see.

397 INT. RII GARAGE LOBBY - CLOSE ON THE LOOKER GUN -
EVENING

397

in its holster. WIDEN as Larry enters the lobby dressed as an RII cop. He passes another distinctive chrome RII logo, and the impressive chrome listing of regional offices from New York to Rangoon. Well dressed people go toward the elevators and Larry merges with them. HOLD on Masters and another cop by the entrance. Masters recognizes Larry, but restrains his partner; let him go.

398 NEAR THE ELEVATORS

398

as Larry sees Tammy and Pammy, handing out programs and repeating, "Reception on the eighteenth floor, please take the elevators to your right..." Elegant people take programs, and move to the elevators. Larry manages to avoid the twins as he slides to the elevators.

Moustache Man guards the elevator, but doesn't notice Larry. Everybody waits for the elevator. Larry doesn't know which way to turn -- one way, he'll be recognized by Tammy/Pammy, the other, by Moustache Man. Then Moustache Man recognizes him.

MOUSTACHE MAN

(blurting)

Hey...

LARRY

(benign smile)

How are you? Nice to see you again.

Larry is safe among this influential crowd. Moustache Man's mouth works wordlessly.

LARRY

(continuing)

How's the wife and kids?

The elevator doors open; he gets on with the others; Moustache Man is powerless to interfere. The doors close; Larry smiles.

399 INT. RECEPTION - 18TH FLOOR - THE PODIUM AREA - NIGHT

399

A complex of screens of all shapes and sizes, some vertical, some horizontal, flashing images and data. Reston at the podium.

RESTON

Tonight you'll see the advances Reston Industries has made in commercial sciences...

400 LARRY

400

He gets off the elevator, with the crowd. He slips to one side.

401 RESTON

401

RESTON

Television is the most powerful selling medium in the history of mankind. The average American now spends 15 years watching the tube, twenty percent of his life span.

The screens graphically reproduce the data.

402 LARRY

402

He is moving behind the screens, going for Reston. He takes out his gun.

403 RESTON ON THE PODIUM

403

Reston sees him, but continues, very cool.

RESTON

Think how remarkable that is! Who could have predicted that free people would voluntarily spend one-fifth of their life sitting in front of a box with pictures? Fifteen years sitting in prison is punishment, fifteen years sitting in front of television is entertainment. And the average American spends more than one and a half years of his life just watching television commercials. Fifty minutes a day, every day of his life, watching commercials. What power! Yet commercials have been as crude as snake-oil pitches. Until now. Now, RII has scientific commercials!

404 LARRY ON THE STAGE

404

Moving past the screens, ever closer to the podium, he feels the Moustache Man pressing a gun to his back.

MOUSTACHE MAN

You're a dead man. Down.

Larry freezes, glances back. No one sees them.

405 RESTON ON THE PODIUM

405

RESTON

Tonight, we will show you some of this new generation of television commercials, generated as you watch by our computer, on the nineteenth floor just above us.

406 INT. NINETEENTH FLOOR - JENNIFER AT THE COMPUTER CONSOLE - NIGHT

406

with ten monitors. One monitor shows Reston talking; a second shows the crowd; the others are all dark. As Reston talks, Jennifer begins throwing switches. PAN FROM Jennifer TO Cindy, who watches the crowd monitor.

407 THE CROWD MONITOR

407

showing Larry moving among the crowd, with the Moustache Man at his back.

408 CINDY AND JENNIFER

408

Cindy bites her lip. Jennifer ignores the crowd monitor.

409 THE MONITORS

409

RESTON

... commercials combining computer-generated actors and settings in a highly effective way, the way of the future...

Jennifer presses buttons, and the upper row of screens blossom with actors created by the computer.

410 DOWNSTAIRS - TAMMY

410

TAMMY

Larry!

She rushes up, wearing an RII uniform.

TAMMY

(continuing)

Larry, what are you doing here?
You look good in a uniform.

(CONTINUED)

410 CONTINUED:

410

LARRY

It suits me...

TAMMY

(seeing Moustache
Man)

Hi, I'm Tammy...

Holds out hand.

411 TAMMY'S HAND

411

She shakes hands with a gun, and immediately pushes it down to the floor. PAN UP TO Moustache Man, shocked. Larry bolts for the elevator.

412 THE ELEVATORS

412

As a crowd gets off, Larry gets on. Reston still talks. The doors close, PAN UP TO the numbers: the elevator goes to "19."

413 RESTON ON PODIUM

413

RESTON

And so, without further ado,
we are proud to present RII's
latest visual development!

He steps off the podium, moving rather hastily away.

RESTON

(continuing; to
Moustache Man)

Where is that son of a bitch?

414 LARRY IN THE ELEVATOR

414

as the doors open, and he steps out into a dark, very modern TV studio. He moves out among set flats, his Looker gun ready.

415 JENNIFER AT THE COMPUTER CONSOLE

415

High in a corner of the studio. Beneath her, TV CAMERAS HISS from set to set, automatically. Cindy stares downward.

CINDY

This is really something.

- 416 DOWNSTAIRS ON THE 18TH FLOOR 416
- On the big Advent screen, and on the smaller screens, a promotional film for Reston Industries runs. The crowd watches with moderate interest, ignoring Reston, who slips away into the elevator with Moustache Man. The doors close. PAN OVER TO see Masters. He frowns, looks up at the lighted numbers.
- 417 INSIDE THE ELEVATOR - RESTON, MOUSTACHE MAN, AND A SECURITY GUARD 417
- Moustache Man takes out his revolver and breaks it open. Reston holds out his hand; the security guard gives him his gun.
- 418 LARRY IN A KITCHEN SET 418
- Very American, gingham, dark now.
- 419 AT THE ELEVATOR DOOR 419
- As the doors open, the two men step off. The security guard remains behind. Reston gives hand signals: they separate to search.
- 420 THE COMPUTER CONSOLE 420
- as Jennifer presses a button: "LIGHT BACKGROUNDS."
- 421 LARRY IN THE KITCHEN SET 421
- Suddenly filled with blazing light. Larry ducks down, hiding.
- 422 A BEDROOM SET 422
- as low night lights come on.
- 423 A BEACH SCENE 423
- with sand dunes and a slatted fence curving away toward the ocean surf on a painted backing.
- 424 AN AUTOMOBILE 424
- standing nearby, gleaming in the reflected lights which come on.

425 A MIRRORED EXERCISE ROOM SET

425

with gleaming chrome Universal Exercise Machines, and a back wall of lit translucent lucite, as the lights come on.

426 RESTON AND MOUSTACHE MAN

426

They hesitate, seeing the lights come on. They are not sure what to do.

427 THE CAPITOL DOME - A PAINTED BACKGROUND

427

as lights come on. The painting flutters slightly. Reston hesitates by the edge. In front of him, an office wall rolls into place, blocking him from view, and a camera slides into position.

428 THE CONSOLE

428

Jennifer punches: "FIRST SEQUENCE," and "COMPOSITE." PAN UP TO an image of Senator Harrison. Against black limbo, the Senator emerges from a swirl of computer data readings. His image smiles. His eyes gleam with a peculiar intensity. He is matted onto the background of the senate office wall, with the Capitol building beyond.

HARRISON

Good evening, I'm Senator Harrison, sharing with you some of my private thoughts on the eve of the national election. Perhaps you feel as I do, that our great nation is swamped with bureaucracy, bound up in red tape, manipulated by media campaigns, barraged by 2,000 commercial messages every day.

PUSH IN on flickering eyes.

HARRISON

(continuing)

Well, my friends, there's hope -- and I am the hope. I will save you from the media...

429 THE DOWNSTAIRS ROOM

429

The audience, milling and drinking, falls silent to stare at Senator Harrison on the screens, watching every move and gesture.

(CONTINUED)

429 CONTINUED:

429

They don't talk, they don't drink, they don't do anything. They just stare -- in a trance.

430 JENNIFER AT THE CONSOLE

430

nodding, satisfied at the reaction. PAN TO Cindy, who stares, horrified.

CINDY

You can't do this! They don't know what's being done to them!

JENNIFER

They love it. Look at them.

431 THE AUDIENCE BELOW

431

watching and laughing.

432 BACK TO JENNIFER AT HER CONSOLE

432

She presses another button: "RUN SERIES." The monitors show all the different sets, and all the different computer-generated actors to be matted. Another button: "COMPOSITE."

433 THE KITCHEN SET

433

Larry feels the set begin to move. The set is on rollers, and moves forward toward the waiting lenses of the video cameras.

434 THE CONSOLE

434

as the next pair of images are combined on the kitchen set. The set now shows a matted-in Housewife with her hair tied up, and a spray can in her hand. The Housewife is Cindy.

HOUSEWIFE/CINDY

I admit it, I have trouble with bugs and roaches, even in my kitchen.

435 LARRY IN THE KITCHEN SET

435

Alone. Movement has stopped. He gets to his feet, gun in hand.

436 THE MATTED COMPOSITE

436

Larry appears to stand up alongside Cindy, who takes no notice of him. He stalks around, holding gun menacingly.

HOUSEWIFE/CINDY

What with everybody coming and going, and all the activity of a large family, well, what's a mother to do?

437 AT THE CONSOLE

437

CINDY

That's me!

JENNIFER

Damn! How did he get here?

Jennifer pushes a button: "AUTOMATIC FORMAT CONTINUE," then moves hastily away from the console, rides the lift down to the ground. Cindy continues to stare at the console.

CINDY

It looks just like me...

438 THE DOWNSTAIRS ROOM

438

As the audience views the commercial, the spell is broken, they seem to come out of their trance; they stare at one another.

HOUSEWIFE/CINDY

But I've found the answer right here. New formula Blast. Gets rid of those pests fast, painlessly, and odorlessly. New Blast, for hard to get rid of pests.

The audience murmurs surprise at Larry stalking around. Some laughter is heard.

439 CINDY BY THE CONSOLE

439

Biting her lip, she glances down toward the floor. PAN DOWN TO see Jennifer disappearing into the depths of the studio. A wall of lights burning behind a translite as Jennifer hesitates at the far end, moves forward, heels clicking.

- 440 LARRY IN THE KITCHEN 440
Alone, he creeps forward, we hear his footsteps. He
EXITS FRAME.
- 441 MOUSTACHE MAN 441
Waiting, hearing FOOTSTEPS, he leaps out and sees:
- 442 AN URBAN NIGHT TRANSLITE 442
Looking realistic and then we see a shadow on the
translite, gigantic and out of scale, and the Moustache
Man watches the shadow, and FIRES and holes poke through
the translite and...
- 443 JENNIFER BEHIND THE TRANSLITE 443
Spurting red from her chest, she stumbles backward and
falls against the rows of lights, several sputter out.
- 444 MOUSTACHE MAN AT THE TRANSLITE 444
rushing forward, looking. Reacting to her death: too
bad. He slinks away. HOLD on the translite. Jennifer's
shadow moves, reaches out, clutches at the translite
surface, dripping blood.
- 445 THE BEDROOM SET 445
Moustache Man enters, sits on the edge of the bed.
- 446 THE CONSOLE 446
The screens flash: "AUTOMATIC FORMAT CONTINUES." It
now automatically combines the bedroom set and animates
TWO ACTORS in bed.
- 447 THE BEDROOM SET 447
with Moustache Man sitting on bed.
- 448 THE DOWNSTAIRS ROOM - MONITORS 448
A Couple lies in a double bed, the Moustache Man sitting
at the foot of the bed.

(CONTINUED)

448 CONTINUED:

448

WIFE

What's the matter, honey?

WHINING HUSBAND

Oh, these pressures, I can't sleep. I'm all upset.

WIFE

(getting up in
nightgown)

Don't worry, darling. I've got just the thing, for a sleepless night. New gentle action Snooze.

WHINING HUSBAND

I've tried medicines before,
but nothing helps.

The Moustache Man stares (by accident) at the husband.

449 THE AUDIENCE ON THE EIGHTEENTH FLOOR

449

They laugh uproariously.

450 JENNIFER ON THE LIFT

450

She sits, presses the button, dies. The lift goes up, carrying Jennifer, lifeless, OUT OF THE SHOT.

451 THE CONSOLE

451

With TINNY LAUGHTER as Cindy looks back, hears the WHIRR OF THE MOTORIZED LIFT bringing Jennifer back up to the console level. Cindy peers around the corner, sees Jennifer's shoulder and labcoat, not moving. The handcuff key is in Jennifer's pocket; Cindy moves forward to get the key. Her right arm still chained to the console leg, she stretches and reaches forward to Jennifer's pocket. Jennifer is slumped over, chest bloody, eyes closed. With TINNY LAUGHTER OVER, Cindy peers at the dead face, turns and reaches into Jennifer's pocket...

452 CINDY'S BACK - A BLOODY HAND

452

reaches forward, clutches Cindy's shoulder.

- 453 CINDY 453
She opens her mouth in silent terror, whips around
and...
- 454 JENNIFER 454
Her eyes snap open and...
- 455 CINDY 455
shrieking in hysteria and pushing the bloody hand away
and it leaves streaks and...
- 456 JENNIFER 456
falling sideways, dead now, eyes open and...
- 457 CINDY 457
shrieking in terror, the key forgotten, and...
- 458 RESTON 458
hearing the screams and...
- 459 MOUSTACHE MAN 459
hearing the screams, getting off the bed and
- 460 THE AUTOMOBILE 460
which sits relatively unlit, when abruptly the SHRIEK-
ING STOPS. A long pause. Larry peers into the car,
climbs in, and the car begins to move. He starts to
close the door.
- 461 MOUSTACHE MAN 461
He hears a car DOOR SLAM and he freezes.
- 462 RESTON 462
freezes at the same SOUND.

- 463 MOUSTACHE MAN ON THE BEACH 463
- He comes out into the lit sand dunes, as the car slides into position on a track. He is much larger than the perspective picket fences. He starts to walk over a sand dune and falls through. He backs off, creeps around the car, crouched over. HOLD the car and Moustache Man. A WHINE and the Moustache Man whirls and FIRES but stops as he realizes it is...
- 464 THE VIDEO CAMERA 464
- automatically whirring into position.
- 465 INSIDE THE CAR 465
- Larry is crouched down beneath the front seat, hearing the SOUND OF SHOTS.
- 466 MOUSTACHE MAN AND CAR 466
- He is crouched near the front bumper.
- 467 A TV CAMERA SLIDING INTO POSITION 467
- The red light blinks on: it's activated.
- 468 THE COMPUTER CONSOLE 468
- A GIRL in a bikini blossoms out of blackness on a screen, then...
- 469 THE COMPOSITE 469
- The Girl in a bikini strolls up to the car.
- GIRL
- Isn't this something? You've never seen anything like it before -- because this is the new luxurious Dodge Omni Deluxe.
- In the composite, Moustache Man moves away, as if he has seen the Girl and is uncomfortable, although he has not: he's only reacting to the camera.
- 470 LARRY INSIDE THE CAR 470
- hesitating, then looking up.

471 THE COMPOSITE

471

The Girl runs her hand over the top of the car.

GIRL

This new Omni is full of power options, and it gets surprising MPA mileage! Safety first!

We see Larry sit up inside.

472 THROUGH WINDSHIELD - STROBE

472

Larry sees Moustache Man, who FIRES. A silenced PHITT!, and the WINDSHIELD SHATTERS outward in spreading tentacles, we literally WATCH glass breaking.

473 COMPOSITE

473

The Girl leans against the door, her arm draped over the roof.

GIRL

You'll be impressed by the safety features this car offers, the comfort and security it provides, even out here on the beach --

The front WINDSHIELD SHATTERS opaque alongside her, but she takes no notice.

474 THE AUDIENCE

474

roaring, spilling their drinks. Yet several no longer laugh -- this is too strange.

475 LARRY IN THE CAR

475

He peers around the shattered windshield and FIRES HIS LOOKER GUN from the driver's window.

476 MOUSTACHE MAN

476

Hit by Looker, he freezes.

477 THE COMPOSITE

477

as the Girl stands by the door and moves to the front bumpers.

(CONTINUED)

477 CONTINUED:

477

GIRL

And this Omni is really safe,
for your entire family! Safety
first!

478 WIDE ON THE CAR

478

and Larry gets out, moving past her, gun in hand.

479 THE AUDIENCE

479

No longer laughing. Tense, nervous.

480 MASTERS

480

as he looks at the screen, sees Larry.

TAMMY/PAMMY

Help him! They're trying to
kill him!

481 THE BEACH SET - BEGINNING TO MOVE

481

Larry goes past the car door, ignoring the ignition BUZZ from the open door. He goes over to Moustache Man, takes his gun, looks curiously at the silenced pistol. The set movement provides another configuration, revealing...

482 RESTON

482

sneaking around, sees Larry and FIRING and...

483 LARRY AND MOUSTACHE MAN

483

With the SPITTING SOUND OF A SILENCED PISTOL, Larry ducks, and one arc LAMP SHATTERS. But Moustache Man is unable to duck; the next SHOT flings him bodily across the set, hooking him onto a beam as the set moves, dragging him and dropping him into the kitchen set, where he flops onto the table. Blood drips from a neat hole in his forehead.

484 LARRY

484

Holding two guns in his hand, he looks at the silenced pistol, shakes his head, sets it down, moves off.

(CONTINUED)

- 484 CONTINUED: 484
- PAN him as he is lost in darkness. The BUZZ OF IGNITION STOPS. Larry stops, too.
- 485 THE CAR 485
- Reston has just closed the door. He glances around.
- 486 THE COMPOSITE 486
- showing the Girl, and Reston staring around.
- GIRL
Don't take my word for it.
See for yourself at your local
Dodge dealership today. Seeing
is believing!
- 487 THE AUDIENCE 487
- murmurs: "It's Reston... they have guns," etc.
- 488 A BLACK AND WHITE GRIDWORK ON THE STAGE 488
- as Reston moves through the grid, close to projector, the gridwork gleaming hot off his face. Reston EXITS FRAME. HOLD on the SHOT as Larry steps out of the grid on the back wall, having hidden there during Reston's move.
- 489 CINDY 489
- On the platform above, she is fumbling in Jennifer's pocket for the key to her handcuffs when suddenly Jennifer's pocket WHIRRS downward. Cindy is startled.
- 490 RESTON 490
- as he comes up to the monitor platform. Staring tensely away, he presses the lift button. The LIFT WHIRRS down to him. He continues to stare away, hearing SOUNDS on the set, swinging his gun. Behind him, Jennifer descends, dead. Reston reaches out, not looking, and touches her bloody breast. He reacts in horror, realizes what has happened. He looks up.

491 HIS POV UP

491

Nobody in sight. Cindy is gone.

492 RESTON

492

He clutches the body of Jennifer in a macabre embrace, and sets her clumsily on the floor; he stands on the lift.

493 THE LEVEL ABOVE

493

as Reston rises INTO THE SHOT, and clambers forward toward the console. Cindy is nowhere to be seen. On the console, the matting process continues inexorably, automatically. Reston is powerless to stop it.

494 THE NEXT COMPOSITE

494

A FAMILY around the breakfast table, oblivious to the dead bleeding Moustache Man set before them.

A BOY

Aw, Mom, do we have to have the same old thing again?

A GIRL

Yeah, I'm tired of this old breakfast.

HUSBAND

(husbandly)

They're right, dear. How 'bout something different?

MOTHER

(to camera)

I try to give my family a well-balanced diet, but breakfast can be a problem. That is, until I found new Oaties. They're terrific!

495 THE AUDIENCE DOWNSTAIRS - AS SEEN ON CONSOLE

495

They are shaking their heads. Some are leaving.

496 CLOSE ON RESTON

496

He looks at the screens; his plans are ruined; he has pure hate in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

496 CONTINUED:

496

He has only one goal now, one object remaining. PAN TO the console: Reston can see Larry slipping around the sets. PAN DOWN TO see Cindy's handcuffs linked to the leg. She is under the table and waiting for Reston to leave.

497 HER POV - UNDER THE CONSOLE

497

Reston's feet facing her. Almost touching. His hand drops, holding a gun.

498 LARRY MOVING CAUTIOUSLY

498

Not easily seen behind a bank of arc lights. He steps near the exercise room as the chrome equipment starts to move, RUMBLING, away from him. Video cameras slide toward him, automatically setting up the next shot. Larry watches the equipment pass him; grabs hold of one, glances upward and sees...

499 RESTON

499

On the platform above, he glances down at the console monitors, watching Larry.

500 LARRY ON THE EXERCISE EQUIPMENT

500

He jumps off to grab a ride on a camera rolling toward him.

501 CINDY'S POV - RESTON'S FEET

501

Abruptly, they move away, back down to the stage. Cindy sighs. She is free but Larry is not. She clambers up.

CINDY

Oh, Larry...

502 RESTON DESCENDING ON THE LIFT

502

With fury in his eyes, he stalks forward.

503 LARRY

503

He rides a video camera, hidden from Reston by the camera body. Reston doesn't see him.

504 RESTON

504

moves toward the mirrored exercise set, steps inside. He looks to one side, and sees himself repeated by mirrors, which angle everything in all directions. He backs off. But in the mirrors, he sees Larry behind him, riding the camera. Reston whirls, FIRES REPEATEDLY at the camera.

505 LARRY DUCKING BACK

505

as the BULLETS SPANG OFF the video camera and he FIRES HIS LOOKER GUN but Reston averts his eyes and...

506 THE COMPOSITE

506

showing LEOTARDED GIRLS exercising on machines before mirrors. Reston seems to be SHOOTING at them as they exercise.

ONE GIRL

It's hard work to stay healthy,
and men sometimes don't understand.

Reston FIRES past her.

ONE GIRL

(continuing)

But not my husband, I keep him
interested with good health,
exercise, and -- new tangy Spurt
toothpaste. Spurt makes any
mouth fresh and alive. Right,
girls?

A chorus: "Right." The composite shows a WIDE SHOT, Reston moving among the girls, BLASTING HIS GUN when suddenly one of the mirrors SHATTERS and...

507 MASTERS

507

coming forward, FIRING A REAL GUN, unsilenced, deafeningly loud.

508 RESTON IN THE COMPOSITE

508

Another mirrored WALL SHATTERS and is spattered with blood and Reston slumps to the ground and the girls exercise over him, legs crisscrossing... Masters checks that he's dead.

509 MASTERS AND LARRY AS SEEN IN THE MIRROR WALL

509

Masters, bent over Reston, looks up at Larry.

MASTERS

You all right?

LARRY

Still think I killed those girls?

CINDY

Well, he didn't, because I'm one of them, and I'm still alive, so there.

MASTERS

Sorry, but I had to be sure.

LARRY

(ironic)

Sure.

Larry rides the elevator up to Cindy.

510 LARRY

510

At the console, unlocking Cindy, then looking at her wrist, which is bloody. On screen, we see the 18th floor room virtually empty, the final people departing.

CINDY

Everybody's going home.

LARRY

That's a nasty cut there. I know just the man to fix it for you.

CINDY

You're a doctor.

LARRY

Not me. I don't date my patients.

He puts his arm around her, helps her to her feet, exits with Masters. We hear distant SIRENS OVER, and the CRACKLE OF Masters' police WALKIE-TALKIE.

FADE TO BLACK.

POP IN:

511 A MONTAGE OF TELEVISION COMMERCIALS

511

from around the world -- in Swahili, in Thai, in German, in British, in Malay, in Tamil...

RUN END CREDITS OVER, and...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END