

THE MAN WITH TWO BRAINS

by

Carl Reiner

George Gipe

Steve Martin

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FADE IN:

1 INT. TIMON CRESWELL'S HOME - NIGHT 1

The dining room. It is expensively furnished with a long table, high-backed chairs, and dark wood walls partly covered with tapestries and family portraits. Several tropical fish tanks filled with fine specimens surround the table.

At one end of the table sits TIMON CRESWELL -- sixty-ish, a cute, gentle man. He's picking at his food, glancing occasionally at the woman who sits opposite him. He is dressed in expensive dinner jacket.

The woman is DOLORES BENEDICT, who, in her late twenties, is stunningly beautiful and curvaceous. She is clad in a flimsy gown. Instead of eating, she sits quietly, smiling with evil intensity.

DOLORES

What's the matter, Timon? You're not eating. I thought you loved fish.

TIMON

They taste funny. Were these fresh?

DOLORES

They should be. They came right out of that tank.

Timon looks around nervously at the fish tank behind him. He reacts with horror.

POV

An empty fish tank.

ANGLE ON TIMON

as he explodes from the table and moves toward the tank.

TIMON

Elmer! Maude!

He turns to Dolores, shaking with rage.

TIMON

You cooked my babies?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

DOLORES

I didn't think you'd want to eat
them raw.

WIDER SHOT

He moves toward her.

TIMON

You... you... you...
(he swallows his
rage a moment,
eyes misty)
Why? Why do you do these things?

DOLORES

Because I love to see those veins
in your temples throb.

TIMON

(looking heavenward)
Oh, God, I deserve this for leaving
my darling wife.

DOLORES

Your wife is a cow.

TIMON

(trying to con-
trol his anger)
A cow?! You... you...!

He bares his teeth in rage.

CUT TO POODLE: Also baring fangs and GROWLING at
Dolores.

Timon starts for her.

TIMON

You heartless shrew. You'll never
do this to another man.

DOLORES

Oh yes, I will! I'll do it, I'll
do it and I'll do it again!

He picks up a poker and lunges toward her. He sudden-
ly clutches at his chest.

TIMON

My pills... Where...?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dolores notices pill bottle on sideboard and quickly grabs it.

DOLORES
(backing away)
Want your nitroglycerine, dearie?

He gasps assent, his eyes wide and full of pain.

DOLORES
(continuing)
Come and get them.

She moves farther away. He holds out hands for pills.

TIMON
Please. Give me --

She laughs and dances away. With a sudden lurch, however, he manages to grab her and tear her gown partly off.

DOLORES
Take your hands off me, creep!

She breaks away, glares at him angrily.

DOLORES
(continuing)
Here's your pills.

She drops pills into another fish tank.

DOLORES
(continuing;
to fish)
Eat up now.

2 INT. CAR - NIGHT

2

At wheel -- DR. MICHAEL HFUHRUHURR, self-assured and about 36.

In passenger seat a reporter, OLSEN, holding a pad.

MICHAEL
Would you read what I just said back to me? I'm afraid it might sound pompous to your readers.

(CONTINUED)

OLSEN

(reads)

My brilliant research in brain transplantation is unsurpassed and will probably make my name live beyond eternity.

MICHAEL

No, that's okay... Take out the 'probably.'

OLSEN

Doctor, have you always been interested in science, even as a child?

MICHAEL

I don't know if I was interested in science or the slime that goes along with it -- snakes, frogs... and then, when I saw how slimy the human brain was, I knew what I was going to do with my life.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSEUP of Timon, his face growing beet-red from rage.

TIMON

I'll kill you...

He swipes at Dolores with poker. Dolores evades him, runs into cat, who HISSES at her.

ANGLE ON poodle, GROWLING and crouched to spring.

Dolores place kicks cat across room, through a goal-post-type sculpture or lamp. She laughs as flying cat SHRIEKS in pain. (NOTE: A stuffed cat in spread-eagle position.)

Timon, with a great effort, moves menacingly toward Dolores, brandishing the poker.

CLOSEUP: Fish tank, as fish gulp down nitro pills.

TIMON

God -- give me just one good shot at her!

He is nearly on Dolores, having trapped her in one corner of the room.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

She tries to get away but he clutches her gown, holding her.

SOUND: A watery EXPLOSION.

Both Timon and Dolores look toward fish tank.

POV

Fish are exploding.

TIMON (V.O.)

Donna! Percy!

TIMON AND DOLORES

Timon grabs her by throat, squeezes.

DOLORES

Take your fingers off me, you impotent prune.

She kicks him in groin. As he falls, he grabs a carving knife from the table.

4 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

4

Dolores, her gown in tatters, crosses through living room. As she does so, the dog leaps to its feet and SNARLS at her.

5 INT. DINING ROOM DOORWAY - NIGHT

5

Timon, with knife, lurches after her. The dog follows.

6 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

6

Dolores at door as Timon bursts into room.

TIMON

I'll kill you! I'll kill you!

DOLORES

I get so excited when you're angry. It makes me feel so much closer to the reading of the will.

TIMON

You won't get a penny -- I changed my will months ago, when I found out that you were doing it with everyone but me.

(CONTINUED)

DOLORES

You son of a bitch... Well, I guess I'll have to find me a new man to torture.

TIMON

You...!

Timon, brandishing knife, chases after her. The dog follows, BARKING.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

OLSEN

Dr. Furrier...?

MICHAEL

That's Hfuhruhurr.

OLSEN

I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

That's alright, a lot of people mispronounce it. It sounds just the way it's spelled... H-F-U-H-R-U-H-U-R-R... Hfuhruhurr.

OLSEN

Hufhruhurrurrurrur.

MICHAEL

Good, you just went a little past it.

OLSEN

Doctor, I know you were very shaken with the tragic death of your wife. You were unable to talk about it for awhile.

MICHAEL

Yes... when it first happened, I found I couldn't talk about it, but time goes by, and I'm fine now. Her name was Rebecca.

(sobs uncontrollably
and pounds steering
wheel)

Why?? Why... why...

8 EXT. LAWN OF TIMON CRESWELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

8

Timon, with knife, continues after Dolores.

TIMON

Devil woman! Devil woman!

Suddenly clutching chest, he falls to the ground. The dog comes to him.

DOLORES

(stops and slinks
over to Timon;
like to a child)

Ah-h-h... is Ookims having a
massive heart attack? What a
shame, with me so young and hot.

TIMON

(to dog)

Pom-Pom... rip her throat out!

He expires. The dog GROWLS and gets ready to spring. Dolores spins away from dog, who is nipping at the hem of her gown, and she runs toward the road, kicking at him as she goes.

ANGLE ON DOG

which suddenly stops and, like his master, dies of a heart attack.

9 INT. CAR - NIGHT

9

Michael's still sobbing and pounding the wheel.

MICHAEL

Why... why... why?

OLSEN

Dr. Hfuhruhurrurur...

MICHAEL

(through his sobs;
correcting)

Hfuhruhurr. I'm sorry, she was
everything.

Michael nods toward dashboard -- on it sits a beautiful figurine of a woman, her head jiggling as the car moves along.

OLSEN

Is that... her?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

No, it's just a statue of her.
Our Spanish gardener, Ramon
Mendez... He made it for me after
she...

(he sobs)

I love the way her head moves...

(he imitates
bobbing head)

She looks almost alive.

(impersonating
the nodding)

She was such an agreeable person.

(he gets lost
in memory)

One time...

OLSEN

(shouts)

Watch out!

MICHAEL

(screams)

Rebecca-a-a-a!

The car hits Dolores, throwing her over the car and on-
to the road behind, where she lands directly on top of
her head. She then teeters briefly before timbering
flat onto her back.

Inside car, both men lurch forward as brakes SQUEAL.
The reporter bumps head against windshield and leans
forward groggily.

10

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

10

Michael runs from car to Dolores' body. He looks at
blood coming from head wound, then sees her moonlit
face.

MICHAEL

(mutters)

An angel.

An 8-YEAR-OLD GIRL, clad in pajamas, comes onto scene,
watches interestedly.

Michael presses knuckles against Dolores' breastbone,
then presses knuckles against eyebrows, all the while
watching for reaction of her arms and legs. He glances
toward the reporter, who is still partially out of it.
He looks at Little Girl.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Little girl...

LITTLE GIRL

(shyly)

Yessir?

MICHAEL

I want you to do something very important, okay?

LITTLE GIRL

Okay.

MICHAEL

I want you to run home and call the E.R. of North Bank General Hospital, 932-1000, and tell them to set up O.R. 6 immediately and contact anesthesiologist Isadore Tuerk, 472-2112, beep 12. Then send an ambulance with a paramedic crew and light I.V., D-5 and W, KVO. Can you remember all that?

LITTLE GIRL

I think so. ER, North Bank General Hospital, 932-1000, set up OR 6, contact anesthesiologist Isadore Tuerk, 472-2112, beep 12, ambulance with paramedics and light IV, D-5 and W, KVO.

MICHAEL

Good.

LITTLE GIRL

Sounds like a subdural hematoma to me.

MICHAEL

Oh, it does, huh?
(shouts)

It's not your job to diagnose.

LITTLE GIRL

But I thought --

MICHAEL

Just go!

She runs off and he shouts after her:

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Three years of grade school and you think you know it all. Well, you're still wet behind the ears. It's not a subdural hematoma, it's an epidural -- Goddamn, that makes me mad!

Olsen comes up in time to catch the last line.

OLSEN

Hematoma?

MICHAEL

Head trauma. Possible uncal hernia or blood clot.

OLSEN

Exactly how serious is that?

MICHAEL

If she's not operated on within the hour, serious enough to turn this beautiful woman into a zucchini.

11 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

11

Michael, dressed in green operating gown, enters and is met by Olsen, who accompanies him down the hall.

OLSEN

What a great ending to my article. A beautiful woman gets hit by a car and needs brain surgery. And the man who hit her is the world's greatest brain surgeon, who operates on her and saves her life. What a story.

MICHAEL

If I save her life, Olsen. If I save her life.

NURSE (V.O.)

Dr. Furrier... Dr. Furrier... wanted in Dr. Brandon's office.

Michael passes NURSE at Nurse's station, who is announcing P.A.

NURSE

Dr. Furrier...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MICHAEL
 (to Nurse;
 stridently)
 Hruhruhurr!

Michael continues down the hall and into Dr. Brandon's office.

12 INT. BRANDON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

12

MICHAEL
 Dr. Brandon, you wanted to see me?

DR. BRANDON is at his desk, his hands together and his face in thoughtful reflection.

BRANDON
 Yes... Michael... you know how I
 admire you and your work. But
 this operation you're about to
 perform... I feel it is ill-
 advised. A doctor shouldn't
 operate on a patient he himself
 has injured... It would make him
 too emotionally involved.

MICHAEL
 Don't you think I'm aware of that?
 There is only one other person
 who I would trust to perform this
 operation -- Dr. Shlermie Beckermann.

BRANDON
 Dr. Beckermann was murdered in
 Europe. You know that.

MICHAEL
 Exactly. Not only is he dead, but
 he's 6,000 miles away.

He exits.

13 INT. PREP ROOM

13

Michael enters. Young Doctor JONES and an intern stand over table on which Dolores lies unconscious. Jones has razor in hand. Men are seen only from waist up. All four stare intently at woman on table.

MICHAEL
 What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

JONES

Shaving her...

MICHAEL

This is a brain operation.

JONES

I know.

MICHAEL

(staring at crotch)

Dr. Jones, may I remind you we are men of medicine. We can't come in here and act like schoolboys doing silly pranks... That looks ridiculous, shaving a young lady's ... into the shape of a...

JONES

Sorry, sir.

MICHAEL

As a matter of fact, you won't have to shave anywhere, Jones. We'll be using my Cranial Ziplock method.

JONES

Fine.

MICHAEL

(looks down
at Dolores)

A heart!

Michael exits.

14 INT. OPERATING ROOM

14

MONTAGE of Michael as he operates. He is distracted by seeing bits and pieces of Dolores' body. At one point, her breast is partially exposed.

MICHAEL

Cover her breasts, I'm not made of steel. I am a man... flesh and blood.

A nurse covers her. INTERSPERSE CUTS of a TICKING CLOCK that always shows the same time.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

CLOSEUPS: Oscilloscope or instrument to watch her heart pattern. At one point it has the outline of breasts.

Also in MONTAGE: CLOSEUP of respirator, EKG, gauges, faces of nurses, hands passing scalpels, eyes, feet, ears, sweat, doorknob. INTERSPERSE cotton swabs being tossed into a receptacle, and then an empty box of Cracker Jacks, a nurse's hand writing on a clipboard -- doing a crossword puzzle. During the MONTAGE, an alley cat jumps up onto the edge of the operating table.

MICHAEL

(to cat)

Scat!

The cat jumps off the table. More DETAILS of hospital equipment and, finally, a man eating pizza surprised that he's in the MONTAGE.

Then finally to Michael, finishing Cranial Ziplock. NURSE hands him something. BELOW FRAME, he pantomimes screwing a jar lid back on, to accompanying SOUND EFFECT.

CLOSEUP: Dolores' face. As the rotating action continues, we see long hair pass over her face several times.

MICHAEL

There. Now all we can do is wait.

OLDER NURSE

Yes. Now it's in the hands of someone greater than you.

MICHAEL

There's no one greater than me.

OLDER NURSE

I meant God.

MICHAEL

Oh... In that field...

Michael exits.

15 EXT. LAWN OF TIMON CRESWELL - DAY

15

A crew of policemen or coroners place sheet over body of Creswell.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

DOLORES (V.O.)

Where am I?

MICHAEL (V.O.)

In a hospital. You had an accident.

SCENE CONTINUES as another crew places smaller sheet over body of dog.

DOLORES (V.O.)

(sweetly)

Oh, I hope I haven't caused anybody any trouble... I'm so tired.

16 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

16

Michael is at bedside of a heavily sedated Dolores.

MICHAEL

Shhh. Shhh.

DOLORES

Who are you?

MICHAEL

I'm your doctor. Don't try to talk.

(puts his finger on her lips)

Shh.

Dolores sensually opens her lips. His finger falls into her mouth. Michael shudders lightly and enjoys it. Older Nurse enters. Michael quickly pulls his finger out of Dolores' mouth, looks at it, shakes it like a thermometer and puts it back in.

MICHAEL

Nurse, ten milligrams of Valium every four hours, continue the I.V., and flowers... with a card: 'I enjoyed working on your brain' ... and sign it -- Oh, just leave it anonymous.

Michael checks his watch, as if timing a pulse.

17 INT. MICHAEL'S HOME - NIGHT

17

He walks in with briefcase, flips on one light and stands in semi-darkness, obviously lost in thought.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

After a moment, he opens briefcase and takes out X-ray, which is of skull and reads: "Benedict, Dolores."

Michael looks from X-ray to portrait on wall. It is full-length portrait of gorgeous woman in a formal gown, obviously Rebecca.

Michael looks from X-ray to portrait, then holds X-ray up to light.

From behind him, we see him move X-ray so that it is in front of picture.

MYSTERIOSO MUSIC

HIS POV: Head of Rebecca is blotted out, then replaced with X-ray of Dolores. Result is formal-gowned woman with X-ray head. (A PROCESS SHOT)

His expression changes. He is suddenly ashamed. He looks up at painting.

MICHAEL

Rebecca... darling... I can't help comparing her to you. She has a behind so sexy you'd like to eat lunch off it, just like we did... But she doesn't have your... Well, she does, but I don't know that they have the same, uh, wonderful ... heft. Rebecca, I've had the top of her head off, but that's as far as it went. I know I'll never recite our favorite poem to anyone else but you --

(he recites)

'In Dilman's Grove my love did die,
And now in ground she'll ever lie,
None could e'er replace her visage...'

18 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

18

Dolores is lying in a deep sleep.

MICHAEL

'Until your face brought thoughts
of kissage.
Kissage light and kissage fair,
And kissage soft upon your hair,
I never thought I'd find new love,
After she died in Dilman's Grove.'

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

He sighs, looks at Dolores lovingly and blows in her ear. An OLDER NURSE enters, carrying a tray of pills. Michael pulls himself together.

MICHAEL

Oh good, you're here. Nurse, make a note: No response to blowing in patient's left ear.
(blows into other ear)
Right ear minimal.

NURSE

(snidely)
Do you want to do the ear test on Mr. Feldman?

MICHAEL

Yes, do that and get back to me on it with the results.

NURSE

(nods)
Yes, Doctor.

She exits. Michael watches Nurse leave, then turns to Dolores and gently puts his finger on her lips, which she immediately suckles.

19 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

19

Michael is sitting in chair drinking wine and thinking of Dolores. He suddenly feels the eyes of Rebecca staring at him from the portrait. He gets up and turns off the picture light. He sits again, but feels Rebecca's eyes still on him. He turns to see Rebecca's eyes lit and staring. He gets up and turns the portrait to the wall. He sits and again feels something. The portrait strains on its cords and slowly and painfully twists itself over.

20 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

20

Dolores is lying in bed with flowers behind her. She holds a book in her hands. When she speaks, her voice is a bit thick, as if she is still somewhat sedated.

DOLORES

'The Complete Poems of John Lilyson.
England's Greatest One-Armed Poet...'

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

You know, he's the one who wrote 'In Dilman's Grove' and 'The Pointy Birds.' He died at age twenty-six in 1894. He was the first person ever to be hit by a car... and to think, you almost...

DOLORES

But I didn't.

MICHAEL

You might have.

DOLORES

Don't think about 'might haves.'

MICHAEL

I can't help it. There are so many 'might haves' in life... 'Might haves' and 'What ifs'... and 'Didn't ought to have been unleses...'

DOLORES

But that's all over now, Michael, dear.

MICHAEL

That man you ran away from that night --

DOLORES

Poor old Mr. Creswell. He invited me there to show me his tropical fish. At least that's what he said. When he got fresh, I ran out.

MICHAEL

That flimsy gown you were wearing --

DOLORES

He spilled wine on my dress. Deliberately -- I see that now -- and had me change. It was all my fault, in a way.

(she starts to sob)

I should never have gone there alone... I guess I'm too trusting.

MICHAEL

Poor thing.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

He puts his hand on her shoulder. Their faces are very close together.

CLOSEUP: Her hand, which pushes button on bed controls.

Slowly, without moving their heads, their lips come together by remote control.

A long kiss.

21 INT. MICHAEL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

21

Michael stands before portrait of Rebecca.

MICHAEL

Oh, Rebecca, darling. If you think there's anything wrong with my feelings for Dolores, just give me some kind of sign.

It gets suddenly dark. THUNDER, lightning, portrait starts vibrating, HOWLING WIND, MOANS, SCREAMS, two ceramic vases on sideboard also vibrate and fling themselves past Michael and smash against a wall.

MICHAEL

(oblivious)

Any kind of sign... and I'll keep on the lookout for it.

(pause; silence)

Meanwhile, I'll put you in the closet.

22 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

22

MINISTER

... in sickness and in health...
'til death do us part...

DOLORES

(in bed)

I do.

MINISTER

I now pronounce you man and wife.

As Michael bends to kiss Dolores, the staff offers congratulations, and then toasts with plastic glasses of champagne.

MICHAEL

I don't see how I can be any happier than I am right now.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

DOLORES

(smiles)

Neither do I...

Michael closes his eyes and kisses her. Dolores' eyes are wide open, glaring with evil anticipation.

23 EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

23

ISNELDA, the housekeeper, and RAMON, the gardener, wait at the front door. The car is at the curb and Dolores is in a wheelchair.

MICHAEL

There you are, darling, your new home -- the House of Hfuhruhurr.

SHOT of beautiful house with potted flowering plants on the porch.

DOLORES

(weakly)

What are those assholes doing on the porch?

MICHAEL

I put them there. And it's not 'assholes,' it's pronounced 'azaleas.' You're not going to enter your new home in a wheelchair.

He picks her up and throws her over his shoulder and carries her toward the house. As he approaches the house, he flips her into his arms to carry her across the threshold newylwed style.

24 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

24

Michael enters through the front door with Dolores in his arms. He stops in the hall, overcome with emotion.

MICHAEL

I never thought this moment would come again. I want it to last forever.

He stands blissfully with Dolores in his arms.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK:

SOUND: BIRDS CHIRPING.

FADE UP. It is morning.

25 INT. HALL - DAY

25

CLOSEUP: Breakfast tray being carried. Isnelda, carrying tray, approaches Michael, who is still holding Dolores. She is asleep. Michael's hair is mussed and he has five o'clock shadow.

ISNELDA

You want to eat in the kitchen or here again?

MICHAEL

(exhilarated)

In the kitchen. But let us get cleaned up first.

He carries her toward the bedroom.

26 INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

26

CLOSEUP: TV screen. PRESENT DAY STAR being interviewed by TALK SHOW HOST.

STAR (V.O.)

... It'll be in the theatre next month. I think it's a very funny movie and I can't wait for people to see it.

Michael enters and stops to watch the TV set, which is on the breakfast table in front of Dolores.

HOST (V.O.)

(STAR'S NAME), would you ever do a nude scene in a motion picture?

STAR (V.O.)

Only if it has nothing to do with the story and it's done in poor taste.

Dolores notices Michael.

DOLORES

Hello, darling.

She switches the channel. The movie, "Donovan's Brain," comes on.

CLOSEUP: Brain pulsating.

DOLORES

Yuck.

(CONTINUED)

She switches the channel.

MICHAEL

Wait, turn that back. That's my favorite movie, 'Donovan's Brain.'

DOLORES

It's disgusting. I hate brains.

MICHAEL

(kidding her)

But this brain is different. It's alive, it thinks... it's going to take over the world.

He laughs and sips coffee. Dolores shuts off the TV. She is at the breakfast table, still in a wheelchair.

DOLORES

Is that all you're going to have for breakfast?

MICHAEL

All I have time for, I'm late. How do you feel?

DOLORES

I'm fine. It's just that I wish I could get out of this wheelchair so I could help around the house.

MICHAEL

You will... it takes time to recover from a major operation. You'll be up and about soon... Just be patient.

He tightens her skull cap. He moves to the door, picks up his briefcase from the side table and comes back to her.

MICHAEL

See you tonight, darling.

DOLORES

Yes, dear.

She subtly turns her cheek so that his kiss misses her mouth. He goes out.

Dolores watches him go, then suddenly notices something through dining room window that causes her to spring from her wheelchair and move to window.

Outside, older man (RAMON MENDEZ) works in garden with well-muscled younger man (JUAN).

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

Dolores looks at Juan with great interest.

SOUND causes her to turn suddenly.

Michael has returned for his hat.

MICHAEL

I forgot my --

(then, noticing that
she has left wheel-
chair)

Darling, you're up!

Dolores collapses. He rushes to her.

DOLORES

I... I shouldn't have gotten up...
But I wanted to surprise you and
walk into your arms tonight when
you came home. I love you so much,
who's that man out there?

She nods toward window.

MICHAEL

What man?

(he looks out window)

Oh, that's only Juan. He works
for Ramon.

DOLORES

Oh, thank God. He frightened me.

MICHAEL

Ah, he's just a big, good-natured
bag of muscles.

DOLORES

There's just something about him
that makes me quiver. How often
is he here?

MICHAEL

Just one day a week.

DOLORES

Which day?

MICHAEL

Tuesday.

(CONTINUED)

DOLORES

Is he ever alone? I mean, does Ramon go off while he's here?

MICHAEL

Sometimes. Why?

DOLORES

(feigning fear)

I'd like to know. Tell Ramon to warn me if he's going to leave me alone with that Juan person.

MICHAEL

All right... if that will make you feel better.

DOLORES

That will make me feel much better.

Michael kisses her again and goes off. Through window, Dolores watches him draw Ramon aside and say something to him, then get in car and drive off. Dolores smiles her wicked smile.

27 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

27

Michael walks down the hall with Dr. Brandon.

BRANDON

So, how's married life?

MICHAEL

(hesitantly)

Well, it's... I... I don't know. I've been a bit on edge for the last few weeks.

BRANDON

Maybe it's your coffee.

MICHAEL

No, Doctor... I... well, when a woman who just had brain surgery says she has a headache, you've got to listen.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

BRANDON

Oh, don't worry. A recently
married woman with a young, eager
husband... You will soon hear,
'Take me! Take me!'

28 INT. MICHAEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

28

CLOSEUP: Dolores.

DOLORES

Take me! Take me!

Juan comes into her arms.

DOLORES

Oh, Juan, Juan...
(suddenly)
... You're through!

JUAN

I don't think I am.

We see that Dolores is looking at Ramon, who has just
entered.

DOLORES

What are you doing here?

RAMON

I'm sorry, senora. I didn't
mean...

DOLORES

How dare you spy on me.

RAMON

I was not spying, Senora Hfuhruhurr.
I had trouble with the car --

DOLORES

Pack your leaf blower and magic
weed cutter and get out!

Ramon turns to leave.

RAMON

Don't worry, I go. I can't
stand to see you deceive Dr.
Hfuhruhurr.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

RAMON (CONT'D)

You... you... you know what you
are... you... you... you know...
you... you... you know!

Ramon starts out and turns.

RAMON

C'mon, Juan. How can you stay
with that she-wolf?

JUAN

I'm weak.

He shrugs. Dolores' hand reaches up and pulls Juan's
head OUT OF FRAME.

29 INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY

29

Michael and Dolores, at table, eat silently for a
moment.

DOLORES

By the way, I let Ramon go this
morning.

MICHAEL

Ramon? What's happening? You
let Isnelda go last week.

DOLORES

I told you I caught her stealing
from the freezer.

MICHAEL

But Ramon -- he's such a fine man
-- What did he do?

DOLORES

He came up behind me and grabbed
my breasts.

MICHAEL

(incredulous)
What?

DOLORES

You heard me. He said he was just
'measuring me' for a new dashboard
ornament.

MICHAEL

I... find that hard to believe.

(CONTINUED)

DOLORES

You'd better believe it. Because he said he had to 'measure' Rebecca a lot before he got her right.

MICHAEL

Rebecca --

He finds it hard to control himself. Dolores comes to him.

DOLORES

You're upset. So am I, darling. I want to be everything to you Rebecca was...

She takes his hand and uses his finger to etch her face.

DOLORES

(continuing)

... and give you everything Rebecca gave you... do everything she did...

She sucks his finger.

MICHAEL

When can you start?

DOLORES

Tonight, when you get home from the hospital.

MICHAEL

(his finger still
in her mouth)

I have two operations, but I can do them quickly, they're just brain operations... I'll just get my hat... and sunglasses... and briefcase...

He does the above without taking his finger out of Dolores' mouth.

MICHAEL

Can you see me to the door?

They walk out together, his finger still in her mouth.

30 INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

30

Michael is performing two brain operations simultaneously. Two complete hospital staffs and set-ups with Michael operating between two tables. Nurses, anesthesiologists and assistants are following his instructions. He has a scalpel in one hand and a suture in the other. He finally picks up two cranial hair hats and spins them into place in one coordinated motion.

31 INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

31

Michael rushes in, closes the door and, with a look of lustful anticipation, he walks determinedly toward the bedroom, dropping his briefcase as he goes.

32 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

32

Michael, hat in hand, comes into the bedroom.

DOLORES (V.O.)

Is that you, darling?

MICHAEL

Yes.

DOLORES (V.O.)

I'm chilling some wine for us.
Would you open it?

Michael takes the bottle from the table next to the chair and sits.

DOLORES (V.O.)

(continuing)

Darling, there's something I want to show you.

Dolores enters from the bathroom, wearing a towel. She dances across the room, picks up some lingerie and scampers back to the bathroom.

DOLORES (V.O.)

Did you pour yourself a nice big glass, darling?

MICHAEL

Yes, dear.

He does so. Dolores enters wearing sexy lingerie and poses seductively.

(CONTINUED)

DOLORES

Darling, does this do anything for you?

MICHAEL

(his body tensing)

Uh... yeah... I felt my weight shift.

DOLORES

Oh, good, I'm so happy.

She takes the glass of wine from Michael.

DOLORES

(continuing)

I want our first night together to be exciting.

MICHAEL

I do too. That's why I didn't mind waiting until... you... were ready...

DOLORES

I hope this waiting hasn't been too difficult on you.

MICHAEL

It's worth it.

DOLORES

Darling, this nightgown... it fits very snug and you might have trouble undressing me, so you may have to tear it to get it off my body.

MICHAEL

I can tear, I've done that.

DOLORES

I can't wait... you man of steel!

MICHAEL

(delighted)

Man of steel?!

DOLORES

I can't wait 'til next Thursday.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

MICHAEL

Thursday? Today is Monday.

DOLORES

I'm sure my headache will be gone by them... You don't mind waiting, do you?

MICHAEL

(stands)

Oh, no, no.

Michael stands up. His hat remains stuck to his fly, as though resting on a hook.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Oh, no, I understand, I'm fine. I can wait, I'm in no rush... I have a headache, too. I think I'll go for a walk.

(looks about)

Now where did I put my hat?

He wanders about looking for his hat. With his BACK TO THE CAMERA he finds his hat and puts it on. He walks to a window with his hand outstretched, and leans against the sill. The WINDOW SHATTERS from the force of his "Steely Dan."

33

INT. CHIEF OF STAFF'S OFFICE - DAY

33

Dr. Brandon, the venerable chief of staff, is at his desk, his hands together in a contemplative pose. Michael enters and starts pacing.

MICHAEL

What did you want to see me about, Dr. Brandon?

BRANDON

I'm concerned about you.

MICHAEL

Really? So, what's the concern?

BRANDON

My staff tells me that you seem a bit jumpy lately.

MICHAEL

(pacing)

Jumpy?

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

Michael, how are things at home?

MICHAEL

(screams)

Great! Great! I'm married to the most beautiful girl in the world ... How can it be anything but great?

Michael walks up a wall (a la Donald O'Connor) and does a 360 flip, which seems to calm him.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

And it's going to be greater as soon as we consummate... our tribal rights...

BRANDON

Three weeks and you haven't made love to your wife yet? No wonder you're tense.

MICHAEL

(defensive)

Dr. Brandon, the woman just had major brain surgery. She's had enough unpleasantness... And I'll have you know that in the finger sucking department, I'm extremely satisfied.

BRANDON

(thinks a moment)

Hmmm... I think you both could use a new environment... a romantic one.

MICHAEL

What environment can be more romantic than the House of Hfuhruhurr?

BRANDON

The house where Rebecca's memory still haunts the bedroom?

MICHAEL

... and where her perfume still lingers in the seat covers...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

BRANDON
Have you even been to Vienna,
Doctor?

MICHAEL
No.

BRANDON
Well, you know, the Viennese
Institute of Craniology has asked
many times for you to lecture there
on your theories about brain
transplants. Why not take them
up on it. Make it a business/
honeymoon trip.

Dr. Brandon stands, his hands stuck to his face in the
contemplative pose.

BRANDON
(continuing)
Vienna is one of the most romantic
cities in the world...

MICHAEL
You may be right. I've got to do
something to get us started. When
are you scheduled to have your
hands removed from your face?

BRANDON
Today at three o'clock.

MICHAEL
You've got to be very careful
with that Krazy Glue. Thank you,
Dr. Brandon.

Michael exits.

34 STOCK SHOT OF 747 TAKING OFF 34

35 INT. WINDOW AT AIRPORT 35

Michael and Dolores are watching the plane take off.

MICHAEL
Pretty soon we'll be one just
like that.

DOLORES
Yes.

The lobby is thronging with dignified visitor-members of the Craniology Institute -- doctors, professors and scientists accompanied by short, dowdy, unimpressive wives. Through this crowd comes Michael and a ravishingly attired Dolores -- slit skirt showing long legs and low bodice showing lots of cleavage, sexy but classy. Michael and Dolores walk to registration desk.

DESK CLERK

(looks up, notices
Dolores)

May I, uh, help you?

MICHAEL

Yes, I'm Dr. Hfuhruhurr... I believe you're holding a special room for us?

DESK CLERK

(checks list)

Yes, I'm holding a suite. Do you prefer -- a double, or twin beds?

MICHAEL

A double bed.

DESK CLERK

A double bed.

MICHAEL

Could you send up a bottle of champagne and put a "Do Not Disturb" on the phone for the next three hours?

DESK CLERK

Yes, sir.

The Desk Clerk hits a bell on the desk and a young BELLBOY enters.

DESK CLERK

(to 13-year-old
Bellboy)

Take Mrs. Hfuhruhurr and this lucky son of a bitch to suite 729.

BELLBOY

(in high voice)

Yes, sir.

(to Michael)

Are these your bags?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Yes, five.

BELLBOY

(in high voice)

Very good, sir.

He sees Dolores for the first time. Her sensuality causes him to immediately pass through puberty.

BELLBOY

(his voice gradually deepens to a baritone)

I'll meet you on the seventh floor.
Suite seven-twenty-nine.

He suddenly stops and stares at Michael.

MICHAEL

What's the matter?

BELLBOY

I think I just went through puberty.

Touching a mustache that slowly grows before our eyes.

BELLBOY

(to Dolores)

Thank you, madam!

He picks up the bags and exits. Dolores slithers toward the elevator on Michael's arm. At the elevator, a Louis Pasteur-like SCIENTIST comes up to him.

DR. PASTEUR

(to Michael)

Sir, may I speak with you?

MICHAEL

Yes.

DR. PASTEUR

I'm Dr. Frederic Pasteur, Chief of Neurology at the Vingerstauten Clinic.

MICHAEL

How do you do, Doctor? I'm Dr. Hfuhruhurr.

(CONTINUED)

DR. PASTEUR

Doctor, I must tell you, I'm a great admirer of your work and I've read many of your papers.

MICHAEL

Well, thank you.

DR. PASTEUR

I hope you wouldn't think me too presumptuous if I were to offer you ten thousand dollars to touch ... just touch your wife's naked behind.

MICHAEL

It's a very flattering offer, but I'm afraid it's out of the question.

DR. PASTEUR

Twelve thousand five hundred?

MICHAEL

No, it's our honeymoon. I'd like to be there first.

DR. PASTEUR

I understand perfectly, Dr. Hfuhruhurr. I hope you'll forgive my intrusion into your privacy...

MICHAEL

Please, don't mention it.

DR. PASTEUR

My card... I'm writing 'wife's behind' on it, in case you forget who I am...

Michael takes the card and puts it in his pocket.

MICHAEL

Thank you.

Bellboy exits room. A moment later the door opens. Dolores' hand reaches out and sensously places a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the doorknob"

DISSOLVE TO:

38 INT. VIENNA HOTEL SUITE

38

CLOSEUP: Michael's sweaty face. His hair is in disarray. A cigarette comes to his lips and he takes a drag.

MICHAEL

I never in my wildest dreams ever thought it could be like that. That was the most exciting sexual encounter without actually having it that I ever... almost... had...

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to include a reclining Dolores who has a satisfied sneer on her face.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

... to get that close and not have it... it was... it was... it was the fastest shutdown since they closed the Japanese commissary at Pearl Harbor. I think we set a new record from standing start to full droop.

39 INT. HOTEL VIENNA LOBBY

39

Michael exits the elevator and is met by DR. FELIX CONRAD.

CONRAD

Doctor, I am Dr. Felix Conrad. I'll be escorting you to the lecture hall. Did you just step off the elevator?

MICHAEL

Yes.

CONRAD

You're either very brave or you haven't heard about Vienna's elevator killer.

MICHAEL

Elevator killer?

CONRAD

People have been getting on elevators on one floor, only to arrive at another floor... dead.

MICHAEL

Like... Beckermann?

(CONTINUED)

CONRAD

Yes, Dr. Shlermie Beckermann. A brilliant brain surgeon... one of your colleagues.

MICHAEL

Yes. It was a great loss.

CONRAD

I'm thankful you're all right. The Academy is looking forward to hearing you lecture this morning.

MICHAEL

I hope I don't ruffle any feathers. My speech may seem a bit radical for some of the old guard.

CONRAD

It would take quite a bit to shock any of this crowd.

40 INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

40

An audience of distinguished doctors and professors.

CLOSEUP: A "Rumpole of Bailey" type professor, DACHSIN, beet-red, raging violently. Dachsins speaking in German double-talk, gesticulating, fuming and shouting for about 30 seconds.

INTERCUT his fuming with Michael on podium, standing with Dr. Conrad. Finally, Dr. Dachsins comes to a finish. Michael leans toward Dr. Conrad for a translation.

MICHAEL

What did he say?

CONRAD

Welcome to Vienna, the Waltz Capital of the World. We hope your stay in our lovely city will be a pleasant one and that you have the opportunity to partake of the many delights that are available to visitors.

Michael nods and smiles. Dr. Dachsins nods and smiles back.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Gentlemen, the age of the transplanted of a human brain is rapidly approaching. We have the knowledge and the technology. All we need now is the pioneers who will dedicate their skills to laboratory experiments. I envision a day when the brains of brilliant men can be kept alive in the bodies of dumb people.

ANGLE on Audience.

AUDIENCE

Murmururrrrrr.

MICHAEL

(to Conrad)

What're they saying?

CONRAD

They're just saying... murmururrrrr.

MICHAEL

I see.

Michael walks to cadaver.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

To make transplanted easier, I recently invented the Cranial Ziplock method of entry to the brain.

He begins to unscrew top of head.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

By employing modern laser technology, it's possible to create a pattern of threads in the skull whereby a large section can be unscrewed without having to shave the head. And as a safety feature, we have made it child-proof. To open it, you have to press down while turning.

(he unscrews the hair-covered skull lid)

And, voila! The human brain!

Three lemons roll out. The audience murmurs. Michael looks inside.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

MICHAEL

Where is this man's brain?

CONRAD

Stolen. It's the fourth incident
this month.

Conrad steps forward and takes control of the meeting.

CONRAD

(continuing)

On behalf of the European Academy
of Surgeons and Scientists, I wish
to apologize to our American
colleague.

Crowd murmurrrrrs affirmatively.

CONRAD

(continuing)

As this demonstration cannot proceed
without a brain, this afternoon's
lecture is concluded.There is confusion as the crowd gets up. Michael makes
his way off the podium and exits into the hall.

41 INT. INSTITUTE HALL - DAY

41

Michael enters from the lecture hall and is met by DR.
ALFRED NECESSITER, a distinguished but rumpled member
of the Academy.

NECESSITER

Oh, Dr. Furr?

MICHAEL

Hfuhruhurr.

NECESSITER

I'm Dr. Alfred Necessiter.

He slaps Michael twice across the face and then kisses
him smack on the lips, bending him over into a dip.

MICHAEL

How do you do?

NECESSITER

I suppose you're wondering why I
did that.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

MICHAEL

I understand the kiss, I'm cute.
But why the slap?

NECESSITER

I kissed you for your enthusiasm for keeping brains alive, and I slapped you for advocating transplantation as the method for going about it. If you would be so kind, I'd love to share my work with you. You seem to be the one person in all Vienna who might understand it. I'd love you to visit my laboratory, in my home at Castle Hundedreck.

MICHAEL

A laboratory in a castle?
(he laughs)

I thought only mad scientists set up their laboratories in castles.

Dr. Necessiter laughs. They both laugh hysterically, building to a maniacal laugh by Necessiter.

NECESSITER

(laughing)

Come, we're off to Castle Hundedreck!

They exit laughing, as they pass a bank of elevators.

42 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

42

CLOSEUP: A gloved hand holding a hypodermic. An American TOURIST type enters the elevator.

TOURIST

(into CAMERA)

Well, hello there. I never expected to see you here.

Suddenly, the Tourist's eyes roll in his head and he slumps to the floor.

43 EXT. CONDOMINIUM - DAY

43

A cab pulls up to the curb. Necessiter and Michael alight. As Necessiter pays the cabbie, Michael's POV: Castle Hundedreck, a modern 12-story condominium. Michael, perplexed, follows Necessiter into the condo.

44 INT. CONDOMINIUM - DAY

44

Michael follows Necessiter down the hall to the apartment door, passing an elderly condo-type couple.

MICHAEL

You must forgive me, Dr. Necessiter, but I expected Castle Hundedreck to be dark and foreboding.

NECESSITER

You mean like this?

He opens the door and we see the interior, which is that of a murky, dank old castle, with a twenty-foot ceiling, stone stairways, statuary, massive sconces, etc., including the creaking door.

45 INT. CASTLE - DAY

45

Michael enters, walks in and looks around. He goes back to the entrance and peeps in and out the door, amazed.

MICHAEL

This is extraordinary... From the outside it doesn't look this roomy.

NECESSITER

Well, I had a good decorator. It's amazing what a little paint, a few throw pillows and a fag can do. Come, let me show you the laboratory.

They continue down the hallway.

46 INT. LABORATORY - DAY

46

It is very dark. Necessiter turns on a light, revealing living brains in small Plexiglas cabinets. As the lights go on one after the other, the effect is rather like a well-coordinated half-time show at a night football game.

MICHAEL

Brains! Brains! Good Lord, you must have fifty brains here.

NECESSITER

Fifty, to be exact.

They begin to walk down lines of them.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

I've never seen so many brains out of their heads before.

NECESSITER

And even more important, each of them is alive.

MICHAEL

Alive?

NECESSITER

Yes, Doctor, these brains are being kept alive by a fluid I've developed which has the exact electrolytic balance necessary to hold them in a state of suspended animation.

MICHAEL

What is the fluid?

NECESSITER

Water, cationic protein, polypeptide, glycerine, formaldehyde, citric acid, methyl-paraben, poly-sorbate 20, green number five and fragrance.

MICHAEL

That's hair spray! Those are the exact ingredients in 'Groom and Set' hair spray.

NECESSITER

Yes, and I'm suing them.

Michael walks down the line of brains.

MICHAEL

(reads card on tank)

Brain #19, male, 3½ pounds, born May 3, 1922.

(reads another)

Brain #20, male, 3½ pounds, born... hmmm, what a way to spend your birthday.

(reads another)

Brain #21... nothing.

NECESSITER

Oh, on some brains we have no data.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Dr. Necessiter, what is the nature of your work that you need so many living brains?

NECESSITER

Doctor, I believe the transplantation of the human brain is not only impractical but is one of the yuckiest things I can imagine. My vision, doctor, is to be able to take the thoughts and data from a dying brain and transfer them into another body.

MICHAEL

That's totally impractical, impossible and im... practical.

NECESSITER

You said 'impractical' twice.

MICHAEL

Yes, for emphasis.

(peers closely at
brain in case)

Dr. Necessiter, this brain is less than six hours out of its head. There's still a slight capillary dilation. And the size... 750 grams at least. Dr. Necessiter, this brain was taken from the cadaver at my demonstration this afternoon.

NECESSITER

Very astute, Doctor. Yes, this brain is from that body. The city morgue sent the wrong corpse, one I had already extracted the brain from, and filled with lemons to replace the weight.

(in explanation)

I have an agreement with them. For a nice tip, they send me brains from bodies that have died in the right way.

MICHAEL

And what is the right way for a body to die?

NECESSITER

For my purpose an injection of 200 CC's of ammoniated strychnochlorahype into the buttocks. It causes the brain to die last.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Ammoniated stry... That's the exact ingredient of 'Windex!'

NECESSITER

Yes, who would have thought that the very thing that makes your windows squeaky clean can also cause such a perfect brain death?

MICHAEL

Dr. Necessiter, are we talking about murder?

NECESSITER

Yes, I believe we are.

MICHAEL

(aghast)

You're condoning murder, aren't you, Dr. Necessiter?

NECESSITER

I'm not condoning it, I'm merely rooting for it. The elevator killer inadvertently kills in a way that benefits my research. As long as it's happening, I'm happy to take advantage of them.

MICHAEL

(shouts)

Dr. Necessiter, the only time we doctors should accept death is when it's caused by our own incompetence!

NECESSITER

(shouts back)

Nonsense! If the murder of twelve innocent people can save one life, it will have been worth it.

LOUD KNOCK on wall.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hey! Keep it down in there, Goddammit!

NECESSITER

(bangs on wall)

You're the one to talk, with your radio blaring all night long.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NECESSITER (CONT'D)

(to Michael)

I'm sorry, Dr. Hfuhruhurr. These stones look solid, but they're only an eighth of an inch thick. These condo walls are so thin you can hear a mouse fart. Doctor...

MICHAEL

(confused)

Oh, yes...

NECESSITER

Let me show you how far I have progressed in my experiments. Did you know a Dr. Shlermie Beckermann?

MICHAEL

Yes, my colleague... killed by your elevator killer?

NECESSITER

Killed, yes... but dead, no.

MICHAEL

You mean you're preserving Shlermie's brain one of those jars like so much marmalade?

NECESSITER

No, Shlermie Beckermann is not in a jar... He is walking and talking.

MICHAEL

I must see him. Take me to him.

NECESSITER

I must warn you, doctor...What you are about to see is the most incredible, awesome --

SOUND: PHONE.

NECESSITER

Excuse me, doctor?

MICHAEL

Incredible what? Awesome what? What am I going to see?

NECESSITER

Just a moment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (5)

46

NECESSITER (CONT'D)

(picks up phone)

Hello... yes.

(excited)

I'll be there immediately.

He hangs up.

MICHAEL

What about the awesome...?

NECESSITER

I'm afraid I must leave. There's
a fresh brain for me to pick. The
elevator killer has struck again.

MICHAEL

What about Dr. Beckermann... and
incredible...

NECESSITER

Come for dinner tonight with Mrs.
Furrear.

MICHAEL

Hfuhruhurr.

NECESSITER

Hfuhruhurr... Eight o'clock -- see
you then.

He exits, laughing happily as he goes. Michael crosses
to phone and dials.

INTERCUT:

47 INT. VIENNA HOTEL, TELEPHONE OPERATOR

47

OPERATOR

Vienna Hotel, I'm sorry, sir,
that line is busy. Would you
like to leave a message?

48 INT. NECESSITER'S LAB - NIGHT

48

MICHAEL

No, I'm on my way there.

He hangs up.

49 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

49

Dolores is on the phone, wearing a lacy peignoir.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

DOLORES

Would you go to fifteen thousand?
It's only money, Dr. Pasteur...
Good, fifteen thousand cash! Right
now is fine... and just touching,
nothing else.

She hangs up.

50 INT. MAIN LABORATORY - NIGHT

50

Michael starts out, passing the brains as he goes.
He suddenly stops. He is confused. Something mysterious
has touched him. He turns and stares at the collection
of brains. He is drawn to BRAIN #21. He stands there
a moment, trying to fathom what it was that drew him
back. He finally shrugs and leaves.

51 EXT. HOTEL VIENNA - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

51

Michael enters hotel.

52 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

52

Dolores in beautiful negligee, Dr. Pasteur sitting
calmly on a couch.

DR. PASTEUR

Now, if you will pull up your
robe.

She does so, exposing her buttocks toward him and away
from CAMERA. (NOTE: Scene to be shot with a minimum
of skin exposed.)

DR. PASTEUR

Now, just walk around a little
for me.

DOLORES

(ungraciously)

All right.

53 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

53

Whole bank of elevator doors are open but no one is
using them. Instead, people are lugging valises and
suitcases up stairs, even women and children.

Michael enters, watches a moment. then gets into
elevator and presses button and leans in a corner.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

At the same time, a high-strung MAN, obviously in a rush but debating with himself, starts for elevators. After a moment of silent debate, Man, not aware of Michael, enters elevator.

54 INT. ELEVATOR CAR - VIENNA HOTEL - NIGHT

54

The doors close and Man discovers Michael. He tenses up, as does Michael. They do a ballet of nervousness, eyeing each other suspiciously, each thinking the other is the elevator killer. Then the Man presses his floor number. Just before the elevator reaches the Man's floor, Michael sneezes. The noise frightens the Man and he faints.

55 INT. HALLWAY - ELEVATOR CAR - VIENNA HOTEL - NIGHT

55

The door opens and a room service WAITER sees the body, screams and drops his tray.

WAITER

It's the murderer!

A couple of tourists scream and race down the hall. The doors close.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR CAR

Michael leans down and examines the Man. Very professionally, he removes one shoe and a sock. He waves the sock under the Man's nose. The aroma awakens him.

MICHAEL

Are you all right, sir?

HIGH-STRUNG MAN

I think so. I'm sorry, I thought you were the elevator killer.

Michael helps him to his feet as the doors open. A House Detective and a Cop with weapons drawn are there, a BELLBOY standing by.

BELLBOY

(pointing to Michael,
who exits elevator)

That's him, officer... and that's the man he murdered.

MICHAEL

Excuse me.

He walks down the hall. Cops disgustedly put guns away.

56 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

56

CLOSEUP: Dr. Pasteur peering interestedly at the subject before him. PULL BACK to reveal that the subject is Dolores' behind. Dr. Pasteur's hand is poised to touch.

DOLORES

Go ahead, touch it!

Michael enters.

MICHAEL

(aghast)

What's going on here?

DOLORES

Don't interfere. He's offered me fifteen thousand dollars to touch my behind.

(to Pasteur)

Go on, touch it! Touch it!

DR. PASTEUR

(tentatively)

Uh... I couldn't raise the money.

MICHAEL

(shouts)

What? That's fraud.

(to Dolores)

And you, you, you cheap tramp.

Dolores casually drops her robe to cover her behind. Michael picks up a vase and throws it to the floor. It bounces back up into his hands.

DR. PASTEUR

Ah, a 19th century Indian rubber vase!

MICHAEL

Get out of here, you pervert!

Dr. Pasteur scurries toward the door.

MICHAEL

(aghast)

How could you let a stranger get anywhere near your...

DOLORES

(casually)

He was going to give me fifteen thousand dollars.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOLORES (CONT'D)

And if you want to know the truth,
I would have let him touch it for
five hundred dollars.

DR. PASTEUR

That I could raise! May I use
your phone?

DOLORES

Yes.

MICHAEL

How could you do such a thing?

DOLORES

Why not? It's all profit. I
have absolutely no cash invested.

DR. PASTEUR

(into phone)
Room 706, please.

MICHAEL

Do you know what you've done?

DOLORES

Yes... I've made the veins in your
temples throb. Oooh, I love that.

DR. PASTEUR

(into phone)
Hello, George. It's down to five
hundred dollars... Would you bring
up my travelers' checks?

MICHAEL

This is the end, Dolores!

DR. PASTEUR

(phone in hand)
Would you take two of us for nine
hundred?

MICHAEL

I am not a violent man, but if you
accept that offer, not only are we
through, but I will not be responsible
for what I might do.

DOLORES

(to Dr. Pasteur)
Doc, you got a deal!

(CONTINUED)

DR. PASTEUR

Come on up, George... I got us
two for one.

Michael, teeming with rage, roams the room looking for things to destroy. He breaks a pencil, tears up one page from a note pad, destroys the flower in Dr. Pasteur's lapel, opens and closes the window drapes real fast several times, slams a drawer, then pulls off his own shoe and throws it out the window.

MICHAEL

(shouts)

By the powers vested in me as an American citizen taking up temporary residence in a foreign hotel, I hereby declare our marriage null and void... I am making a citizen's divorce. E pluribus unum... and when I return, I expect you to be gone.

He storms out.

57 INT. CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

57

A dejected Michael walks to the door and rings bell.
The BUTLER opens the door.

BUTLER

Yes?

MICHAEL

I'm Dr. Hfuhruhurr.

BUTLER

Oh, yes. You and your wife are expected for dinner.

MICHAEL

My wife won't be here.

BUTLER

Oh, I do hope she's not ill.

MICHAEL

She's not ill -- she's a vulgar, cheap slut!

BUTLER

Yes, I've heard. Come in, sir.

Michael enters.

Butler ushers Michael in.

BUTLER

Would you care for a drink, sir?

MICHAEL

I don't think I'll be able to
care for anything ever again.

BUTLER

Yes, sir.

Butler exits, leaving Michael alone.

Adjacent to the den is the brain laboratory. The row of brains can be seen in background. Michael, dejected, sits in easy chair, thinks for a moment, then reaches into breast pocket and brings out the bobbing head statue of Rebecca. He stares at it for a moment, then places the doll eye-height on the arm of his easy chair and looks at it with deep pain... his brain is on fire ... his voice filled with emotion...

MICHAEL

(singing softly)

'I could never weary,
Looking at you,
Looking at you,
All my life, my dearie,
Looking at you,
Looking at you.'

Now a WOMAN'S VOICE joins him in a duet.

TOGETHER

'I wish that I were able
To make you say "I do"
And sit across the breakfast table
Looking at you.'

Michael stops.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(finishing song)

'Looking at you!'

Michael suddenly realizes that a voice has been accompanying him. He spins around to find no one there.

MICHAEL

Who's there?

(CONTINUED)

The only SOUND is that of the GURGLING brain tanks. He looks toward brain room -- nothing. Confused, Michael examines the doll, turns it over, shakes it -- nothing. Then he goes to the brain room and sings again.

MICHAEL

'I could never weary,
Looking at you,
Looking at you.'

Silence. Michael decides that it was his imagination. He turns to look somewhere else.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(sings)
'All through life, my dearie,
Looking at you,
Looking at you.'

Frightened and confused, Michael hones in on the area the song is coming from. It is Brain #21, the brain that contacted him earlier.

MICHAEL

(to brain)
Is this a joke?

WOMAN'S VOICE

What?

MICHAEL

Is this a joke?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Who are you? What's happening?

MICHAEL

I don't know.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Who are you?

MICHAEL

Dr. Michael Hfuhruhurr.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hfuhruhurr?

MICHAEL

That's right. You're the first...
uh... first English-speaking
object who ever pronounced it
right.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN'S VOICE

How else could you pronounce it?
It's H.F.U.H.R.U.H.U.R.R., isn't it?

MICHAEL

Yes. And who are you?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Anne... Anne Uumellmahaye.

MICHAEL

(spells)
U.U.M.E.L.L.M.A.H.A.Y.E?
Uumellmahaye?

ANNE (WOMAN'S VOICE)

(amazed)
Yes!... Where am I? It's so dark
in here.

MICHAEL

You're in a doctor's laboratory.

ANNE (V.O.)

Am I all right?

MICHAEL

Uh... not really.

ANNE (V.O.)

Will I be able to play the piano
again?

MICHAEL

Uh... I would think... no.

ANNE (V.O.)

Why did you call me an object?

MICHAEL

I'm... I'm sorry... I didn't know
what to call you.

ANNE (V.O.)

Why?

MICHAEL

You don't know?

ANNE (V.O.)

No... what is it? Please tell me!

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Well, Miss Uumellmahaye, it seems that... you have no body...

ANNE (V.O.)

I don't? What happened to my body?

MICHAEL

It's dead... gone. You're a disembodied brain... kept alive by a scientist.

ANNE (V.O.)

But we're talking... I must at least have lips, a throat, a tongue.

MICHAEL

Nothing... Just a tank. I'm sorry.

Anne starts to WEEP. Michael takes out his handkerchief, realizes there are no eyes to wipe, settles for wiping moisture off the glass tank.

ANNE (V.O.)

But how can I hear you? I must have ears... A brain with ears ... Ugh!

MICHAEL

No, no ears. I think it's some kind of telepathy...

ANNE (V.O.)

You mean like on Johnny Carson when he plays Carnac?

MICHAEL

Yes. Let me try something.

He concentrates hard.

ANNE (V.O.)

Uh... Sis, boom, bah.

MICHAEL

That's right -- describe the sound made when a sheep explodes. It is telepathy.

ANNE (V.O.)

What's going to happen to me?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Nothing, now that I know you're
alive. I'll tell Dr. Necessiter
... Oh, no -- 'Francis the Talking
Mule!'

ANNE (V.O.)

What?

MICHAEL

An old movie where everyone thought
this man was crazy because he heard
a mule talk and no one else could.

(he backs away)

Maybe they won't be able to hear
you.

(confused)

I have to find out. I'll bring
Dr. Necessiter back after dinner
... You stay here...

He catches himself and exits.

59 INT. NECESSITER'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

59

Dr. Necessiter and Michael are at dinner.

NECESSITER

More stuffed cabbage?

MICHAEL

No, thanks.

NECESSITER

They give me gas, but I can't
resist them. It's a pity your
lovely wife couldn't join us.
Has she seen much of Vienna?

MICHAEL

Yes, and vice versa... Uh, Dr.
Necessiter, do you believe in --

NECESSITER

Telepathy, Doctor? No!

MICHAEL

Doctor, why don't we --

NECESSITER

Have ourselves a brandy in the
laboratory, Doctor?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

MICHAEL

How did you...?

NECESSITER

Well, you were in my laboratory when I came home. All through dinner you've been distracted and glancing toward it -- you obviously wish to know more about my work. Come, I'll show you what I'm going to do with that 'fresh grape' I picked this evening.

He gets up and exits. Michael follows.

60 INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

60

Michael and Dr. Necessiter enter. Michael stands by Brain #21.

MICHAEL

(pointedly, toward brain)

Well, we're really in here, Dr. Necessiter... you and me.

ANNE (V.O.)

Michael, I'm so glad you're back ... I thought you were a dream.

MICHAEL

(to Necessiter)

Did you hear that, Doctor?

NECESSITER

Of course I did. I let it... damn cabbage! I didn't think you could hear it all the way over there. Doesn't cabbage affect you?

ANNE (V.O.)

Did he hear me?

MICHAEL

(to both)

No.

ANNE (V.O.)

Shall I try talking louder?

MICHAEL

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

NECESSITER

Oh, you broke one too.

Necessiter puts his hand on a rather large infernal machine.

ANNE (V.O.)

Hello... hello... hello
... hello... Hey, Doc!
Woof, woof. Testing,
one, two, three, four.

NECESSITER

(continuing)
Here it is, Doctor!
The X-1 Machine! It
will change the course
of humankind.

Anne WHISTLES loudly.

MICHAEL

(mumbles)

How can you whistle without lips?

NECESSITER

Very well put! An excellent metaphor. How can I indeed whistle without lips? Or, to put it another way, 'How can a brain function without a body?' This machine will solve that. I will be able to transfer the entire contents of one brain into another brain.

ANNE (V.O.)

(whistling throughout the following)
Hey!... Hey, bub!

MICHAEL

(to Anne)

Francis the Talking Mule.

The WHISTLING STOPS.

NECESSITER

Yes, exactly, Doctor. There will be many 'Francis the Talking Mules' before we are ready to put these brains in humans... much like your Dr. Beckermann.

MICHAEL

Shlermie Beckermann! Oh, yes... what have you done to him?

NECESSITER

Done to him? For him... Come see for yourself.

(CONTINUED)

Necessiter unlocks door and exits.

MICHAEL

(to Anne)

Yes, I'll be happy to leave this room and come with you for a minute.

ANNE (V.O.)

What? What happened? What happened?

MICHAEL

I can hear you and you can hear me and he can't hear you and you can't hear him and he can hear me and I can hear him.

NECESSITER (V.O.)

(calls)

Dr. Hfuhruhurr!

MICHAEL

(shouts)

I'm coming.

(to Anne)

That's to him, not to you.

ANNE (V.O.)

I'm frightened...

MICHAEL

Don't be... Things are never as bad as they seem... At least you still have your health.

Michael exits.

It is a minimally-equipped office/playroom. In it are a bed, a desk, a chair, a telephone, a microscope, a tire hanging from the ceiling and a photograph of Mrs. Beckermann. A gorilla sits dumbly behind the desk. Michael enters.

NECESSITER

(referring to gorilla)

Dr. Hfuhruhurr, I believe you know this gentleman.

MICHAEL

(incredulous)

Is... is that Dr. Beckermann?

NECESSITER

Sort of... You understand, of course, that the brain of a gorilla is smaller than a human brain, and most of Dr. Beckermann's great knowledge could not be accommodated. But he still shows many of the Doctor's personal traits.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

The gorilla stares at Michael.

NECESSITER

(continuing)

Talk to him. You're the first person he's seen from his former life.

MICHAEL

Dr. Beckermann? Shlermie... It's me, Michael Hfuhruhurr.

The gorilla makes GORILLA SOUNDS and scratches his balls.

MICHAEL

That's him, all right. We never liked to shake hands with him.

Michael falls wearily into a chair.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

I'm sorry, Doctor. I've seen a lot of things today that are new to me. I can't sort out if what you're doing is right or wrong...

NECESSITER

Look, he's dialing.

The gorilla dials phone.

NECESSITER

He always dials the same number, 274-1155.

MICHAEL

Helen Wurtzmuller. A nurse he fooled around with. He must be lonely.

NECESSITER

Perhaps soon we'll get him a companion. Come, Doctor.

Necessiter and Michael start off.

GORILLA (V.O.)

'Bye.

SHOT: Gorilla waving bye-bye.

62 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

62

CLOSEUP: PHONE RINGING

Dolores, packing her bags, picks up the phone.

DOLORES

(into phone)

No, he's not in... This is his wife.

INTERCUT:

a distinguished, elderly lawyer, GLADSTONE.

GLADSTONE

I'm James Gladstone, calling from New York. I'm the attorney for Dr. Hfuhruhurr's step-grandmother. I wanted to inform the doctor of her passing.

DOLORES

Passing what?

GLADSTONE

Away... She was cremated this afternoon. We need the doctor's signature on some documents before we release his share of the estate.

DOLORES

Um... How big is his share?

GLADSTONE

He was left the Amagansett house, some jewelry and cash.

DOLORES

Oh, how terrible that old Grandma died.

GLADSTONE

Yes, she was a very kind, loving and...

DOLORES

(interrupts)

How much is this stuff worth?

GLADSTONE

What? Oh... I'd say the jewelry is worth about eight hundred thousand dollars, the house, three and a half million, and in securities and cash, about fourteen million.

DOLORES

I see... I'll tell my darling husband, and thank you very much.

She hangs up, crosses to window, thinks... A plan evolves in her head. She crosses to the desk, sits, and starts writing a note.

64 INT. HOTEL - HALL - NIGHT

64

A confused and tired Michael approaches hotel room door. He hesitates, opens it with his key and enters.

65 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

65

A wind is blowing the curtain at the window. It catches Michael's attention. He notices a note on the floor in the middle of the room. He picks it up.

CLOSEUP: Note: "My darling husband: By the time you read this, I will be dead. My broken body will be lying seven floors below, I hope impaled on the sword of the statue of King Ludwig. My only regret is that I caused you pain. I hope my insurance money brings you some happiness. May I burn in hell for what I've done to you. Au revoir."

SOUND: A LOUD, BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM, trailing off as if someone has leapt from a building.

66 INT./EXT. VIENNA HOTEL - L.R. WINDOW LEDGE

66

Michael rushes to a window and looks down.

MICHAEL

(pounds the sill)

Oh! No... No!...

Suddenly, he sees Dolores standing on a ledge. He is confused, looks down to empty courtyard.

MICHAEL

You're alive!

DOLORES

Yes.

MICHAEL

But the scream...

DOLORES

I was rehearsing.

MICHAEL

But it had that falling away sound.

DOLORES

Why not rehearse it the way it's going to sound?

(she does sound again)

Splatt!!... Don't come near me.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Why are you doing this?

DOLORES

Because I am evil, bad... I do terrible things... I don't know why... it's uncontrollable... It's something in my brain. Ever since the accident and the operation...

MICHAEL

It's my fault --

DOLORES

Oh, nooo... Don't blame yourself ... I'm evil...

MICHAEL

You're not evil. An evil person doesn't write notes like this. An evil person doesn't feel remorseful. An evil person doesn't have a body like yours! You're not evil, you're sick!

DOLORES

Sick?

MICHAEL

Yes, from the operation. I made two hundred and fifty-seven synapse connections in your brain. They probably haven't all healed yet. Your erratic behavior must be the result of a traumatized brain. You're going to be well... Take my hand, we'll lick this thing together.

DOLORES

No, no, I'm no good... You're better off without me. And, besides, you divorced me.

MICHAEL

No, no, a citizen's divorce is invalid unless both parties are of sound mind and body. The law is very clear on that...

Michael climbs onto the ledge.

(CONTINUED)

DOLORES

Stay away! I can't stand hurting
you anymore. Goodbye, my darling.

Dolores starts to lean forward, as if to jump. Michael
lunges toward her.

MICHAEL

No!

Michael's foot slips and, as he starts to fall, he
turns, facing the building, and by sheer will is able
to hold onto a perfectly smooth wall. One hand starts
to slip off the wall. Michael quickly licks the palm
of that hand and slaps it onto the wall, as if it were
a suction cup. He does the same to his other hand.
Hand over hand, he suctions his way over toward the
ledge.

CLOSEUP: his feet, dangling.

SOUND OF THE SUCTION CUPS POPPING as he moves toward
Dolores. He finally arrives and grabs her.

MICHAEL

Don't worry, you're safe. You're
with me now.

Without Michael seeing, Dolores unhooks from a railing
the window washer's hook that has secured her there.
Michael leads her from the ledge, in through the window.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dolores and Michael enter.

DOLORES

I want to make it up to you.

MICHAEL

When? Thursday?

DOLORES

How about Tuesday?

MICHAEL

Next Tuesday?

DOLORES

Today Tuesday.

MICHAEL

Later today?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

DOLORES

Now.

MICHAEL

Right now or later now?

DOLORES

Now now.

MICHAEL

Wow wow.

Dolores lets her robe fall from her shoulders and she lowers herself to the floor. Michael looks hungrily down at her. He starts unbuttoning his shirt.

DOLORES

Oooh, I love a clean, smooth,
hairless chest...

Michael quickly rebuttons his shirt and, instead, undoes his belt buckle, steps out of his pants and then, without bending over and with his hands still in UPPER FRAME, he makes a quick, jerking movement with his lower body. A shoe flies upward INTO PICTURE. He catches it and tosses it aside. He makes another movement and a second shoe flies up, which he tosses aside. Then another similar movement, followed by a sock flying INTO FRAME, then does same with second sock. He then lowers himself on top of Dolores, supporting himself at arm's length. The T.V. set has been on and we see and hear a Vienna STRING QUARTET playing a romantic selection.

DOLORES

I'm a little nervous.

MICHAEL

I understand.

He lowers himself onto Dolores. What follows is a sexual CLOSEUP MONTAGE of two people making love. It seems there are more than two bodies at play -- i.e., three breasts, three male hands, three female legs. At one point, two female rear ends side by side, making one behind look like it has three buttocks. Steam starts to envelop their bodies.

CAMERA PANS to the T.V. set. The quartet slowly becomes aware of Michael and Dolores and, from the T.V. set, gawk at the two lovers. Thick clouds of steam rise in front of the T.V. screen.

68 INT. VIENNA HOTEL HALLWAY - ROOM 729

68

Steam is slipping out from under the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

69 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

69

Two spent lovers, Dolores curled up and asleep on Michael's shoulder. Michael is staring reflectively into space.

MICHAEL

(to a sleeping
Dolores)

Oh, Dolores, darling, I didn't know it could be like that. It was so... so very... professional... We are finally man and wife, under the holy laws of matrimony, in sickness and in health... till death...

Dolores turns in her sleep and sends a fist crashing into his face. Her hand relaxes and Michael lowers it to his mouth and kisses it.

MICHAEL

... do us part.

SOUND: MYSTERIOSO MUSIC.

Michael's eyes open. He sits up and listens intently, confused.

ANNE (V.O.)

Help...

MICHAEL

What?

ANNE (V.O.)

Help...

He gets up as if in a trance and begins dressing. Dolores rolls over but doesn't awaken. Finishing, Michael finds a pen, hastily scribbles a note, and exits.

70 EXT. NECESSITER'S CONDO - NIGHT

70

Michael raps on door. Butler answers.

BUTLER

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Is Dr. Necessiter in?

BUTLER

No, Doctor.

MICHAEL

May I wait for him?

BUTLER

Yes.

He smiles and closes door. Michael waits a moment, then raps again. Butler opens door.

MICHAEL

I meant, may I wait for him inside?

BUTLER

Yes.

Michael enters.

MICHAEL

May I wait in the laboratory?

BUTLER

I'm afraid it's locked, sir. Dr. Necessiter always locks it when he's gone. You may wait in the den, but he may not be home for hours.

MICHAEL

Good... yes, the den is good.

Michael enters den and crosses urgently to door of Brain Room. It is a heavy oaken door with iron bracings. He finds it locked. He very gently leans his shoulder against it and falls through it. The door was literally made of paper and balsa wood, painted to look massive.

The Butler enters, carrying a brandy on a tray, and sees Michael on the floor.

BUTLER

Are you all right, sir?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

I'm fine, fine.

(he gets up)

I leaned against the door.

BUTLER

The doors in this condo are paper thin... Everything is so cheap. Here. Look at this.

He pushes his finger through a paper wall, painted to look like stone.

BUTLER

I'll leave this brandy for you, sir.

Butler exits room.

INT. BRAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Michael enters and crosses to where Brain #21 was stored. It is gone. He becomes worried.

MICHAEL

(calls)

Miss Uumellmahaye! What have they done to you?

ANNE (V.O.)

Hfuhruhurr?

MICHAEL

(his ears perk)

Uumellmahaye!

ANNE

Hfuhruhurr?

MICHAEL

Uumellmahaye?

They continue saying each other's name. Michael hones in on the direction from which the VOICE is coming. It is behind another massive-looking door. He tries it. It is locked. He easily puts his hand through the paper panel, reaches in and unlocks the door.

INT. BRAIN TRANSFERENCE LABORATORY - NIGHT

Michael enters.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Uumellmahaye?

ANNE (V.O.)

Dr. Hfuhruhurr.

Michael crosses to a cage containing a gorilla.

MICHAEL

Miss Uumellmahaye?

The gorilla sits there eating a banana and staring at Michael.

MICHAEL

(pained)

Oh, no, no, no, no, no! How horrible... How could he have done it?... To take a beautiful, superior human mind and place it into a stinking, hairy, nose-drooling, banana-gobbling, ass-scratching jungle nitwit who doesn't know the meaning of the word toilet paper...

(to gorilla)

Nothing against you personally.

ANNE (V.O.)

Dr. Hfuhruhurr... I sensed something was different, that's why I called you... What's happened to me?

MICHAEL

(not wanting to
upset her)

You... you're a very beautiful...
gorilla.

ANNE (V.O.)

I... I... don't feel like a gorilla.

MICHAEL

Well, you sure look like one.

ANNE (V.O.)

I can't be... I can't see or touch...

Michael, realizing that her VOICE is behind him, turns and crosses to the infernal machine. He opens a metal door and finds Anne's brain resting in its tank.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Miss Umellmahaye?

ANNE

Call me Anne.

MICHAEL

Oh, thank God... You're still a brain.

ANNE

Why did you think I was a gorilla?

MICHAEL

Because that's what Dr. Necessiter plans for you. But don't worry, I have other plans.

Michael reaches into the machine and removes the tank containing Anne's brain. He exits.

INT. BRAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Michael enters, hears FOOTSTEPS and quickly puts Anne in a utility closet. The Butler enters.

BUTLER

Sir, I'm about to retire.

MICHAEL

Really? You seem so young...

BUTLER

No, I mean retire for the night. Can I offer you anything?

MICHAEL

No... uh... yes... I would like a brandy and a... head of cabbage...

BUTLER

A head of cabbage?

MICHAEL

Yes. Raw.

BUTLER

Anything else?

MICHAEL

A marking pen.

(CONTINUED)

BUTLER

Very good, sir, right away.

CLOSEUP: A large knife slicing a cabbage in half. A marking pen makes squiggly marks on it, marks that make it resemble a brain. It is then placed in an empty container and put with the other brains.

CLOSEUP: Another brain being placed in the infernal machine.

76 INT. CAB - NIGHT

76

Michael places brain beside him.

MICHAEL

(to cabbie)

Hotel Vienna -- and drive carefully.
I don't want my brain bouncing all
over the back seat.

CABBIE

Yes, sir.

ANNE

Oh, how exciting. The Hotel Vienna.
I had lunch there once... Of course,
that was when I had a mouth...
Their potato pancakes were so light
and delicious I couldn't stop
eating them... They had to drive
me away from the table with
bayonets.

They laugh.

ANNE

(continuing)

I was with a young man who acted
like he'd never seen cleavage
before.

MICHAEL

Cleavage?

ANNE

I liked him. He was so young and
so full of love... and I was just
full.

MICHAEL

So you were unmarried?

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

Yes, single.

MICHAEL

Anne... What did you look like?

ANNE

Well, I was told I was pretty. I had blonde hair. I was five feet seven. I was always trying to lose a couple of pounds. I was twenty-five...

Anne sighs sadly.

MICHAEL

What's the matter?

ANNE

I just realized that I don't have any statistics any more. No handsome young man will ever invite me to lunch again. I'll never be able to partake of the mysteries of love. I'll never see a painting by Van Gogh or play a Mozart concerto... or read the poems of John Lillyson.

Michael slams his foot down on the floorboard. The car SCREECHES to a halt as if it were braked. The cabbie is bewildered, and looks at his own brakes.

MICHAEL

(amazed)

You know John Lillyson?

ANNE

'In Dillman's Grove my love did die,
And now in ground she'll ever lie --'

MICHAEL & ANNE

(together)

'None could e'er replace her visage,
Until your face brought thoughts of
kissage.'

ANNE

Ohhhh...

MICHAEL

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

Poems and memories are all I have now. I'll never feel kissage again ... I'll never feel the warmth of a man next to me. I'll never wake up in the morning smelling of his body. I'll never feel strong hands moving over my eager flesh.

Michael slowly starts to put his arm around the brain case during the following.

ANNE

(continuing)

I'll never run my hungry hands from his chest to his stomach to his abdomen. I'll never feel his breath on my neck, his tongue in my... Are you married?

Michael's arm is around case.

MICHAEL

Uh... no!

ANNE

(sighs)

Ah... that's the best news I've had since I was murdered.

77 EXT. VIENNA HOTEL - NIGHT

77

The cab stops.

CABBIE

Hotel Vienna.

78 INT. HOTEL VIENNA LIVING ROOM - DAWN

78

Michael, carrying brain, enters quietly. He sets Anne down in the hall coat closet and covers her with a raincoat.

MICHAEL

(whispers)

You're in my room now, on a gold-leafed Florentine table by the window, overlooking the gardens.

He moves a pair of shoes to one side.

ANNE

I can almost smell the flowers.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

MICHAEL

Sleep well, Anne.

ANNE

Good night, Michael.

He closes the door.

79 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - DAWN

79

Dolores is in bed, sound asleep. Michael enters quietly, takes off his clothes and starts to slip into bed.

DOLORES

(awakening)

Good morning ...

MICHAEL

Yes. I was just getting up.

He gets out of bed.

80 INT. HOTEL LIVING ROOM - DAY

80

Dolores and Michael are at breakfast.

MICHAEL

You know, I've been thinking. There's no reason to rush back home. I'm due for a sabbatical and there's a lot of wonderful experimentation going on in this city, a lot of scientists and a lot of brain research. We could rent a little cottage... I could set up a laboratory and we could be very comfortable. So what do you think of the idea? I'll just go out now and look for a place.

DOLORES

Whatever you want, dear. Do you want me to go with you?

MICHAEL

(putting on jacket)

Noooo... it's not necessary.

DOLORES

But I'd love to go.

SOUND: KNOCK.

(CONTINUED)

A handsome WAITER enters.

WAITER
May I take the table?

MICHAEL
Sure, go right ahead.

DOLORES
(eyeing waiter)
But you're right, darling. It isn't
necessary for me to go along. I'll
just be in the way.

She gets up and crosses to bedroom.

DOLORES
(continuing; as she
passes waiter)
I'll just take off these clothes,
slip into the tub and take a nice,
long, hot bath.

MICHAEL
(moving toward closet)
Great! Great!

Dolores exits. The Waiter starts folding up the
corners of the breakfast table cloth.

81 EXT. VIENNA STREET - DAY 81

Michael, driving a rental car, stops in front of a pet
store. He enters store.

FLIP TO:

Michael exiting store carrying a large package. He
gets into car, looks at newspaper ad and drives off.

82 INT. COTTAGE - DAY 82

Michael, with a pussy cat decorated pet carrier in
hand, now housing the brain, enters. A REALTOR greets
him.

REALTOR
You must be Dr. Hfuhrrrrrrrr?

MICHAEL
Hfuhruhurr... yes.

(CONTINUED)

REALTOR

Ah, you have a cute little kitty
cat in there.

(peeks through
peephole)

Hello 'katzeleh.' I see you...
peek-a-boo. Ah, how cute, all curled
up in a ball... C'mon, wake up,
wake up, wake up.

(pushes his finger
through air hole)

C'mon, kitty, give my finger a little
lick.

MICHAEL

(shouts)

Enough!

REALTOR

(pulls finger out)

I'm sorry... Well, let me show you
the place. A lovely French Normandy
living room...

MICHAEL

(to brain)

A lovely French Normandy living
room.

ANNE

Sounds beautiful.

REALTOR

(opens door)

And in here, a large airy country
bedroom with a view of a three-
hundred year old oak tree.

MICHAEL

(to brain)

A large, airy country bedroom with
a view of a three-hundred year old
oak tree.

REALTOR

(stares at Michael)

Hmm... yes.

The Realtor opens another door.

REALTOR

And this is a nice, large walnut-
panelled study.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

A nice, large walnut-panelled study.

REALTOR

With a wood-burning fireplace.

MICHAEL

With a wood-burning fireplace.

REALTOR

With a --

MICHAEL

With a --

REALTOR

View of the --

MICHAEL

View of the --

REALTOR

Lake --

MICHAEL

Lake.

REALTOR

Beyond.

Realtor wants Michael to repeat "beyond," but he doesn't.

ANNE

I sounds so cozy, like a storybook cottage.

REALTOR

Beyond... beyond? You don't want to play any more?

MICHAEL

It's perfect. We'll take it.

83 INT. HOTEL VIENNA LIVING ROOM - DAY

83

Michael enters just in time to see the Waiter turning up the last corner of the breakfast tablecloth... the one he started turning three hours ago.

MICHAEL

(calls)
Dolores!

84 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

84

DOLORES

(in tub)

Be right out, just finishing up
in the tub.

85 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

85

The Waiter, who is barefoot and whose hair is dripping
wet, pushes table past Michael, who doesn't notice.

86 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

86

Michael rushes into bedroom, grabbing suitcases and
starting to fill them.

MICHAEL

Darling, I found us a beautiful
cottage. I think we should go
there right away.

DOLORES

(draped in towel)

What's the rush?

MICHAEL

(packing)

I set up an experiment there and
I told it I'd be right back.

87 EXT. COTTAGE DEN WINDOW - DAY

87

Through the window can be seen the brain tank resting
on a table. A shaft of sunlight catches a corner of
the table.

88 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

88

A car passes by with Dolores and Michael.

89 INT. CAR - DAY

89

DOLORES

Why are you driving so fast?

MICHAEL

I want to show you our new home.

DOLORES

What's this experiment you're doing?

MICHAEL

Just some boring brain stuff.

(CONTINUED)

DOLORES

You're not going to have mice and rats in the house, are you?

MICHAEL

God, no. Just... some beakers and test tubes, maybe a few books and a microscope... and a brain.

DOLORES

A brain?

MICHAEL

Uh, just a small three-pounder. You'll never see it. I'll keep it locked up.

They drive a moment in silence. Michael makes a turn which brings the sun into his eyes. He squints and puts on sunglasses.

90 EXT. COTTAGE DEN - DAY

90

The sunlight has now moved across the tank. A beaker which sits in front of the tank catches the shaft of sunlight and focuses it like a magnifying glass directly onto the brain.

91 INT. CAR - DAY

91

Michael and Dolores are riding along silently.

ANNE (V.O.)

(very, very softly)

Help...

Michael's ears perk up. He listens and his face darkens in worry.

ANNE (V.O.)

Help...

92 INT. COTTAGE DEN - DAY

92

CLOSEUP of brain tank with focused sunlight making a hot spot on the brain.

93 INT. CAR - DAY

93

ANNE (V.O.)

(softly)

Help!

(CONTINUED)

Michael becomes alarmed and guns his motor. The car jerks forward, sending Dolores tumbling violently into the back seat.

DOLORES

(head pops up)

What the fuck??

Michael, staring ahead, drives with frenzied determination off the road, cutting across a meadow, a stream, a furrowed field, and finally back onto the road.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Michael drives up to the cottage at 50 mph and brakes sharply, sending Dolores flying back into front seat, her head under the dashboard and her legs in the air. Michael dashes out of the car and races into the cottage.

INT. COTTAGE - DEN - DAY

The focused sun ray has now started a pinpoint of charred tissue to appear at the base of the brain. Michael crashes into the room and rushes to the brain. He immediately recognizes the problem, pulls down the shade, opens the tank and sprays hair spray on the brain.

ANNE

(sighs)

Ahhh! Michael, are you here?

MICHAEL

I'm here.

ANNE

What happened?

MICHAEL

The sun was starting to burn a hole in your medulla oblongata. But I think you're all right.

ANNE

Am I? I feel kind of whooey.

MICHAEL

Whoozy?

ANNE

Yes, whooey...

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Hmmm.

(checks position of
the char on the brain)
Anne, would you say the alphabet for
me?

ANNE

Why?

MICHAEL

Please, say it!

ANNE

All right. A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-
J-K-L-M-N-O-P-Q-R-S-T-U-V-W-X-
Y....

MICHAEL

Go on...

ANNE

There isn't any more. I went
through the whole alphabet from
A to...

MICHAEL

A to what?

ANNE

From A... to...

MICHAEL

What about Z?

ANNE

I said...

MICHAEL

Oh, my God... What do you call
that animal that has black and white
stripes?

ANNE

A... ebra.

MICHAEL

Just as I thought -- the sun
destroyed your Z cells. I shouldn't
have left you alone.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

Don't feel bad. After all I've lost, what's one lou_ey letter.

DOLORES (V.O.)

Michael, where are you?

Dolores enters, a bit disheveled.

DOLORES

(continuing)

What the hell were you trying to do?
You were driving like a maniac.

(sees brain)

Son of a bitch! Is that a brain?
That's disgusting! Son of a bitch!
It looks like regurgitated tapioca.
What are you going to do with it?

Because he doesn't want the brain to know that Dolores is in the room, Michael begins to whistle his answers, and pantomiming that they should leave the room. To aid in his pantomime he grabs a Klaxon horn that hangs as a decoration on the wall and uses it a la Harpo Marx to converse.

ANNE

Why are you whistling like that?

DOLORES

What is this whistling and honking?

MICHAEL

(talking to both women)

I'm just happy you're all right.

ANNE

Oh.

DOLORES

Oh.

Michael herds Dolores out, whistling and honking.

Dolores and Michael are at den door. Michael closes the door.

MICHAEL

Look, Dolores, when I'm working with the brain, no one can talk. The sound waves wap up against the brain tissues and cause a lot of damage.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That's why we have ears to protect our brains. So if you have a question, I'll just honk an answer -- one for yes, two for no, and three for everything else.

DOLORES

Doesn't honking make sound waves?

MICHAEL

(laughs)

You're so naive. It's much, much different... Start unpacking and I'll be out in a while.

Michael exits back into den.

DOLORES

You mean you're going to start working now?

SOUND: ONE HONK.

DOLORES

What am I supposed to do in the meantime?

SOUND: THREE HONKS.

Dolores stares at the door, upset at being rebuffed.

97 EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

97

The lights in the bedroom and den are on. Through the bedroom window we see Dolores, dressed in a black negligee, preparing for bed.

98 INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

98

Dolores sprays some cologne on her body and starts to turn down the bed. She suddenly hears talking.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

The final number doesn't tell the story. Aaron had more opportunities.

Dolores can't fathom who Michael is talking to.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

(continuing)

Ruth lost almost a whole season because he was drunk...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Funny you should mention that... The Babe took a lot of flack because he looked black... How many games did Hank Aaron pitch and win? Tell me that... Boy, you're a tough one to budge.

DOLORES

(calls)

Michael, are you alone?

SOUND: ONE HONK.

DOLORES

(seductively)

I'll be waiting for you in bed.

SOUND: ONE WEAK HONK.

Dolores is confused.

INT. COTTAGE DEN - NIGHT

Michael, wearing a robe and pajamas, a glass of wine in hand, is seated in front of the brain.

ANNE

Michael, we're not discussing pitching, we're discussing who the better hitter wa...

MICHAEL

Was. No, we're discussing who was the better ball player. And we'll finish this tomorrow.

ANNE

Michael, it wa- fun tonight.

MICHAEL

It wa- fun for me too. Good night.

ANNE

Good night.

Michael exits.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael enters, yawns theatrically, kisses his wife quickly and passionlessly, falls into bed and rolls over.

(CONTINUED)

DOLORES
(sexily)
Don't you want to make love?

MICHAEL
(mirthlessly)
Oh, yeah, great, great... here we
go...

Michael rolls over on top of Dolores and does one hump.

DOLORES
Hm. That feels so... over...

MICHAEL
It just keeps getting better and
better.

Michael gives one sigh of pleasure and rolls off.

MICHAEL
(happily)
Good night.

101 INT. COTTAGE DEN - DAY

101

CLOSEUP of a steaming hot Belgian waffle. A dollop
of soft whipped butter is placed on the waffle.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
First, I'm putting on rich, creamy
butter covering every little square
in the waffle, making it a sea of
brown and gold.

ANNE (V.O.)
Hmmm... tell me now the syrup.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
It's hot... It's thick... It's maple.

A stream of syrup falls on the waffle.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
(continuing)
I'm pouring now... A golden descending
rope of syrup is moistening every
crevice of the sweet cake. My fork
is poised expectantly over this
steaming nectar... and I'm digging in.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

ANNE (V.O.)

Oooh, take a big forkful and slosh
it around in the syrup.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Yeah.

A fork cuts a chunk out of the waffle and slushes it.
We MOVE with it to Michael's mouth.

102 INT. DEN - DAY

102

Michael is eating breakfast across from the brain.

MICHAEL

~~Hummmmm.~~

ANNE

Is it good?

MICHAEL

Yeah. I wish you had a mouth...
and I never said that to any woman
before.

ANNE

~~Mmmmmmm...~~

103 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

103

DOLORES

Michael, are you in there?

SOUND: ONE HONK.

Michael enters.

MICHAEL

What?

DOLORES

Are you going to be in there
forever?

MICHAEL

No, no... Just a day or two.

DOLORES

Well, I'll go into town and look
around for something to do.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Aw, don't go... But I understand it's not much fun with me cooped up with my work. Why am I so damned dedicated? Why don't I just chuck it all and go with you and have fun? Because I know that that little bit of fun, that little bit of lost research could cost thousands of lives. Damn, I'm dedicated!

DOLORES

Bye, darling.

She kisses the air and exits.

MICHAEL

(kisses air)

Bye.

He crosses back into room.

104 INT. DEN - DAY

104

Michael enters and goes to brain.

MICHAEL

Anne, I can spend the whole day with you today... Are you busy?

ANNE (V.O.)

Yes, but I'll cancel all my appointments. A whole day together! I don't think there's a girl floating in any tank anywhere who's as happy as I am!

105 EXT. A GOLDEN POND - DAY

105

A LONG SHOT of the lake. On it, we see a canoe gliding along. Michael is rowing. Across from him is the brain tank, protected by a parasol.

CLOSER ANGLE: Michael adjusts the parasol.

MICHAEL

Don't want you losing any more letters.

ANNE

Michael, you make me feel so guilty.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Why?

ANNE

You do so much for me...and I do nothing for you.

MICHAEL

(aghast)

Are you out of your head? I'm sorry, I keep forgetting. As far as I'm concerned, you're the most complete woman I've ever known. All my life, I've only wanted women who were tens. You, you're a minus five --- a minus twenty. You're just one step above vaseline, but I love you. Goddammit, I love you. You don't know how many times I've changed my life because of the lure of a great body. I'm going to tell you something I've never told anyone before. Remember I told you about Rebecca?

ANNE

She was very beautiful, wasn't she?

MICHAEL

She had the best body you've ever seen. But she had the intelligence of a shoe horn... that's not fair. A shoe horn knows how to help you get your shoes on. I had more interesting conversations with the painting of her than I ever did with her. I see now that life with Rebecca was like watching stucco fade. And now, for the first time, I'm aroused by a mind. I feel alive, really in touch with another person.

ANNE

I wish I could kiss you.

MICHAEL

I've been thinking about that.

ANNE

Really?

MICHAEL

Really. I bought you a pair of wax lips.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

He shyly takes them out of his pocket.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

I was going to stick them on your tank... Is that crazy?

ANNE

Oh, please.

Michael attaches them to the glass and gently kisses the wax lips.

106 EXT. BANK OF POND - DAY

106

Dolores has binoculars trained on the canoe.

CLOSEUP: Through binoculars, Michael kissing brain tank.

Dolores takes binoculars down. In her face, we see puzzlement laced with scorn.

107 EXT. POND - DAY

107

Michael pulls away. The wax lips are sticking to his lips.

MICHAEL

~~Hmmmm.~~

ANNE

Was it good?

MICHAEL

(taking lips off)

Pretty good... They don't really part.

He drops the lips into the water.

108 INT. COTTAGE DINING AREA - DAY

108

Michael and Dolores are eating their dinner.

DOLORES

Were you out on the lake today kissing your brain?

Michael hesitates for a split second, then answers.

MICHAEL

(casually)

No.

(CONTINUED)

DOLORES

Didn't you take the canoe out today?

MICHAEL

No.

DOLORES

That's funny. There was a man who looked just like you out on the lake kissing a brain tank.

MICHAEL

Must have been somebody else.

DOLORES

Somebody else?! How many men look like you and have brains floating in tanks?

MICHAEL

Around here? Hundreds.

DOLORES

Stop it! Stop it, Michael! I know there's something weird going on between you and that brain.

MICHAEL

Weird? There's nothing weird. It's my work.

DOLORES

It's your work to kiss a dead brain?

MICHAEL

She's not dead, she's alive.

DOLORES

So it's a she. You care more for that brain than me. After I've been so good to you. I've been your cook, your maid, your lover... I've been understanding about your work... And now you treat me like a doormat.

She breaks down and cries.

MICHAEL

(his expression softens)
You're right. God, how could I behave this way?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You've been so good to me since August the fourteenth... That's the day I found you out on that ledge... You were going to kill yourself for me.

(building in intensity)

For me... for me... for me... for me...

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

MICHAEL

(continuing; calmly)

That's probably for me...

(he gets dramatic again)

For me... for me...

(he picks up phone)

Hello... Who? Yes, Mr. Gladstone...

What papers? No, I didn't get your message. What? My grandmother...

(he sits, dejected)

When? August the fourteenth?

(glances at Dolores)

No, she didn't tell me... I'll call when I get back to the United States.

(he hangs up deliberately)

August the fourteenth! The day you learned about my inheritance is the same day you started to be nice to me. What a coincidence.

He holds up his hand and starts to remove his wedding ring.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

I have a present for you.

The ring is stuck on his finger. He wrestles with it, wets it with his saliva, tries again unsuccessfully, runs tap water over it, tries soap, all the while glaring at her. Frustrated at not being able to remove the ring, he leaves.

Dolores, a murderous gleam in her eye, crosses to the stove, opens the oven door, lowers the rack, turns on the gas flame and leaves the room.

Michael is throwing clothes into a suitcase, muttering, and periodically trying to remove the stubborn ring.

110 INT. COTTAGE DEN - DAY 110

CLOSEUP: Brain being picked up. Dolores carries it out of the room.

111 INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN - DAY 111

Dolores enters, carrying brain. She opens the oven door and slides the brain in.

112 INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - DAY 112

ANNE (V.O.)

(weakly)

Michael... Michael!...

Michael is suddenly aware that Anne is in trouble. He bolts from the room.

113 INT. COTTAGE DEN - DAY 113

Michael rushes in and discovers that the brain is missing. He rushes out in panic.

114 INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN - DAY 114

Michael dashes in and faces Dolores.

MICHAEL

Where's my brain?

DOLORES

How should I know? I'm making
Cervelle au Beurre Noir.

MICHAEL

Cervelle au Beurre Noir! I know
that that is! I had it once in
France, when I was in the Army...
at a small cafe... I was young and
impetuous, I would eat anything.
Cervelle au Beurre Noir... that's --

(he shouts)

Brains in Black Butter!

Michael rushes to the oven and retrieves Anne.

MICHAEL

Anne... Anne... Say something...
please?

Dolores is amazed to see Michael talking to a brain.

ANNE (V.O.)

I'm... I'm... all right... I think...

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(checks the brain)
Count to ten.

ANNE (V.O.)
One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight -- ten.

MICHAEL
(accusingly to Dolores)
You! You cooked her nines!

Anne moans.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
You! You!
(he backs her
toward door)
Out! Out of my house! Out of my
life!

DOLORES
You lay one hand on me and I'll
kill you.

MICHAEL
You kill me and I'll see that you
never work in this town again.

DOLORES
You try to stop me from working in
this -- you're crazy! You kiss
glass... You talk to brains.

She grabs a heavy candlestick and starts to swing at him. He grabs her hand and wrestles the candlestick from it. He gets her in an armlock and pushes her to the door.

115 EXT. VIENNA COTTAGE - DAY

115

Rain is pouring down. The door opens. Michael pushes Dolores out the door and flings her into a mud puddle.

DOLORES
(screaming)
I'll get you for this! You nigger-
kike-wop...

MICHAEL
Into the mud, scum queen!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

One more thing -- you're never getting a penny of that inheritance! First thing Monday morning I'm signing it over to the Institute for Cranial Research for the Poor.

He flings her white coat into the mud and slams the door.

DOLORES

(in the voice of
the Exorcist)

By Monday... you'll... be... dead!

116 INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN - DAY

116

Michael rushes up to Anne.

MICHAEL

Anne! Anne!

ANNE

Michael... Who did you call a scum queen?

MICHAEL

Oh... I... I was talking to my mother on the phone.

ANNE

I'm so frightened, Michael.... So many strange things are happening... I feel the world slipping away... If only we could be together... really together...

MICHAEL

(very moved)

We can, darling. We can.

117 INT. NECESSITER'S LAB - CLOSEUP - NECESSITER - NIGHT

117

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Dr. Necessiter... I want to become a brain.

NECESSITER

What are you talking about?

MICHAEL

I want you to build a tank for two. I want you to put me in with Anne Uumellmahaye.

(CONTINUED)

NECESSITER

Anne Uumellmahaye?

MICHAEL

Brain #21 to you.

NECESSITER

Ah, so you're the one who stole
Brain #21. Where is it?

MICHAEL

In a pet carrier in the trunk of my
car. I told her it was a box seat
at the Vienna opera.

NECESSITER

Do I understand you correctly?
You want me to remove your brain
and put it in a tank with Brain #21?

MICHAEL

Yes. We can communicate. We're in
love. It'd the only way we can be
together.

NECISSITER

Not necessarily. Might I suggest
an alternative? My research has
advanced to the point where I am
able to transfer a human mind into
the body of a gorilla.

MICHAEL

I couldn't fuck a gorilla!

NECESSITER

(implying he may
have considered it)

Yes, I know. But there is one
other alternative -- a human subject.

MICHAEL

You mean you can transfer the contents
of one brain into another human body?

NECESSITER

In the past week I've had two near
successes.

MICHAEL

What do you mean by near successes?

(CONTINUED)

NECESSITER

In my laboratory are two subjects
who do nothing but this --
(he makes a raspberry
sound while applauding)
-- but I think I've solved the
problem...

MICHAEL

What are the odds?

NECESSITER

I'd say there's a fifty percent
chance that she'll be normal and a
fifty percent chance that she'll do
this --

He applauds and makes raspberry sound.

MICHAEL

It's too risky.

NECESSITER

Not at all. At least she'll be
alive.

MICHAEL

What kind of life would that be?
(raspberry-applauds)
At parties -- theatres -- concerts --
(raspberry-applauds)
I know her, she'd hate that... I'd
rather have her in a tank.

NECESSITER

You won't have her there for long.

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

NECESSITER

It's a miracle she's still alive.
She's out lived every brain I've had.
You'll be lucky if she survives the
weekend.

MICHAEL

All right, I'll do it. What do we
have to do?

NECESSITER

Wait.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Wait? For what?

NECESSITER

For a body that's died in the right way. Or pray that the elevator killer strikes again.

MICHAEL

That could be days. She could be dead by then.

(he agonizes)

I'll check the hospitals, the morgues, everywhere dead bodies hang out.

NECESSITER

I'll prepare the laboratory... in case you're not successful. I'll have the gorilla wired and ready.

MICHAEL

I'll find a body.

He exits.

118 INT. VIENNA MORGUE - NIGHT

118

Michael and ATTENDANT enter. The scene is shot so that Michael and Attendant are seen from the chest up. No bodies are visible.

ATTENDANT

Well, it's highly irregular.

MICHAEL

(hands him money)

Does this make it regular?

ATTENDANT

Yes, sir. Now then, what are you looking for, doctor?

MICHAEL

(agitated)

I'll take any female body, as long as it's fresh. Anything...

ATTENDANT

All these bodies are fresh...

(he picks up corner of a sheet)

Will this do?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Yes, it doesn't matter... anything fresh... uh, wait a minute. She's got kind of a big nose, hasn't she?

ATTENDANT

How about this one?

Another sheet rises INTO FRAME.

MICHAEL

No, I don't like tattoos... Anything in a brunette?

ATTENDANT

Here's one...

MICHAEL

I don't think so... She doesn't have any... va-voom.

ATTENDANT

She is dead.

MICHAEL

Still...

ATTENDANT

Isn't there anything you like?

MICHAEL

No, nothing really leaps out at me.

119 INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

119

Dolores and PAWNBROKER. Dolores is examining an automatic pistol.

DOLORES

Do you have a long barrel?

PAWNBROKER

Yes.

He gives her one. Dolores checks the gun professionally, pulling out the clip and testing the action of the trigger.

DOLORES

A little stiff. I'll file down the 'sere' pin myself. Give me a box of dum-dums.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

PAWNBROKER

They're illegal, madam.

DOLORES

So's killing your husband.

(takes box)

Give me regulars, I'll make them myself.

120 EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

120

Michael is hiding in the shadows. With growing desperation, he watches the ambulances unloading their accident victims. He checks each body to see if it is a potential doner. None satisfies him.

121 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

121

Dolores is making dum-dums and loading her revolver.

122 INT. CAR - NIGHT

122

A desperate Michael drives along. Suddenly ahead, we see a beautiful woman in a clinging gown step from a limousine. A motorcycle zooms by Michael's car.

CLOSEUP: Michael viewing accident with horror, which quickly turns to delight for him.

MICHAEL

(mumbles)

I think we've got a winner.

He stops his car and dashes out.

123 EXT. VIENNA STREET - NIGHT

123

A crowd has gathered around the body. Michael pushes his way through.

MICHAEL

Let me through, I'm a doctor.

DOORMAN

You're too late.

MICHAEL

Good.

ANGLE on the stupendous body of a buxom girl in a strapless gown lying limp in the gutter. Her face is turned away and hidden by her flowing silken hair. Michael bends down and gently turns her head to the CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

It is STEVE MARTIN in drag, every bit as ugly as he was in "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid."

MICHAEL

She's beautiful! She's perfect!

STEVE IN DRAG

(opens her eyes)

Wo bin ich du? (Where am I?)

Michael is taken aback.

DOORMAN

She's alive!

MICHAEL

No, she's dead, she's dead. She has to be dead!

Michael starts to choke her. The Doorman and onlookers wrestle him off. Michael, off by himself, stares bewilderedly at the hands that almost killed someone. He realizes that he can and must kill to get a body that suits him. He stumbles back to the car.

ANNE (V.O.)

Michael?

Michael opens the trunk.

MICHAEL

Anne.

ANNE

I've been calling you... Michael, what's going on?

MICHAEL

Intermission.

ANNE

Was the tenor good?

SOUND: MUSIC STING, zooming into:

CLOSEUP: of a bottle of Windex.

MICHAEL

(breathing heavily)

Brilliant. Next comes the death scene, and the lovers are reunited.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (2)

123

He opens his black bag and takes out a hypodermic, which he loads with Windex.

MICHAEL

(recites)

'In Dillman's Grove my love did die.'

He laughs strangely. Anne innocently laughs along with him. Michael's attention is drawn to:

ANGLE on a couple of prostitutes loitering near the Hotel Vienna. Michael reacts by slamming the trunk down. Their laughter cuts off sharply. Michael exits.

124 INT. HOTEL VIENNA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

124

Dolores picks up the gun, twirls it authoritatively, slams in a clip, pops it into her purse and exits.

125 EXT. VIENNA STREET - NIGHT

125

Michael approaches two fur-coated PROSTITUTES who have their backs to him. They turn at the sound of his FOOT-STEPS. Their caked makeup and over-rouged faces make them grotesque.

1ST PROSTITUTE

(in a thick accent)

You want I make you feel good?

MICHAEL

No, thank you... just looking.

Michael walks past them and sees a third PROSTITUTE lingering in a doorway, a raving beauty. She gives him a smoldering look.

MICHAEL

You're beautiful. Is there some place where I can see the rest of you?

She jerks open her fur coat, revealing the best body in the history of women.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Good, good... Where can we go?

She answers in a whiny, nasal, irritating voice that underlines her lack of intelligence:

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

PROSTIE 3

Weeelll, we can go to my room. It's up on the fourth floor. My name is Fran.

Michael winces.

FRAN

(continuing)

What is it? My voice? Did I blow the deal? Oh, I shouldn't talk until I make the deal. I know my voice is terrible... It irritates people so much they want to kill me.

MICHAEL

Keep talking... Keep talking.

Fran leads Michael into the building.

126 EXT. HOTEL VIENNA - NIGHT

126

Dolores comes out of the hotel just in time to see Michael disappear into the seedy hotel.

127 INT. LOBBY SEEDY HOTEL - NIGHT

127

Michael and Fran enter the elevator.

FRAN

You know my favorite song? 'Duke of Earl.'

(sings in the same awful voice)

'Duke, Duke, Duke, Duke of Earl, Earl, Earl...'

The door closes and we hear the SINGING continue as the elevator rises.

128 EXT. VIENNA STREET - NIGHT

128

Dolores crosses to the building and finds Michael and Fran gone. She takes up a position where she can watch the door.

129 INT. SEEDY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

129

Fran is singing "Duke of Earl" as Michael enters the room.

130 EXT. VIENNA STREET - NIGHT

130

Dolores looks up at building and sees a light come on in a fourth floor room. She also sees Michael appear at the window and lower the shade. She pats her purse to check her gun and starts toward seedy hotel.

131 INT. SEEDY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

131

Fran is in the bathroom singing.

FRAN

'Duke, Duke, Duke, Duke of -- '
(shouts)

Make yourself at home, honey, I'll
be right out.

(sings)

'Earl, Earl, Earl -- '

Michael takes out the hypodermic and squirts the air out of the needle.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

(arguing with his
conscience)

It's murder!... No, it's not murder,
her body will still be alive... But
her mind will be dead... But her body,
her body! I can have it all, the
perfect mind in the perfect body...

Yes... Yes... Kill... Yes...

(he picks up the rhythm
and sings along with

Fran to the tune of
"Duke of Earl")

Yes, yes, yes, kill her, kill, kill,
kill --

With hypo poised, Michael walks toward the bathroom door, which is ajar. We can see Fran's buttocks. She is washing her face in the basin.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

(with hypo poised)

Yes... Kill... Kill... Kill...

(he shouts)

I can't!

FRAN

(coming out)

Can't what?

Michael squirts the hypo onto the mirror.

MICHAEL

Can't stand dirty mirrors.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

He grabs a hanky and starts wiping the mirror, explaining.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

It's my... thing. It's what I'm into. I can't stand dirty glass! Here's twenty dollars. Thanks for letting me do your mirror. When it gets dirty again, call me.

He beats a hasty retreat.

132 INT. SEEDY HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

132

Michael leaves the room, shuts the door and sighs in relief.

133 INT. SEEDY HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

133

Dolores pushes the button for the elevator, her eyes filled with hate and determination. The elevator door opens and Dolores enters. She turns, a look of recognition crosses her face.

DOLORES

What are you doing here?

Elevator door closes.

134 INT. SEEDY HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

134

Michael crosses to the elevator and pushes the button. He waits a moment, then the doors open.

135 INT. ELEVATOR

135

Michael looks in and registers horror.

POV Dolores, propped up against elevator, is dead. As Micheal holds the elevator door open, he sees a mysterious hand holding a hypodermic needle. The CAMERA PANS from the hand up to the face of THE FAMOUS AMERICAN STAR whom we saw being interviewed on TV earlier. Michael goes to Dolores and checks her pulse, then speaks to Star.

MICHAEL

I can't believe it... You! You're the Elevator Killer!

The doors close.

(CONTINUED)

(ACTUAL NAME OF STAR)

Yes.

MICHAEL

Why?

STAR

I don't know... It's just that I love to kill. I've always enjoyed killing. But after I became famous, it became too hard. So many witnesses. Everybody recognized me. I couldn't lurk anywhere. I'd hear, 'Who's that lurking over there? It's that (STAR'S NAME)?' So I started coming to Europe to kill, and it worked out really well for me... until now.

The Star drops the hypo, resigned to being captured. Michael touches Dolores' neck.

MICHAEL

She's so beautiful... death agrees with her. This may be the thing that saves our marriage.

STAR

I guess you're going to turn me in?

MICHAEL

I can't. I don't have time.
(he pushes button)
Promise me you'll turn yourself in.

STAR

I promise.

136 INT. SEEDY HOTEL LOBBY

136

Elevator doors open. Michael has Dolores' body on his shoulder.

MICHAEL

Now don't forget to turn yourself in.

STAR

I'm going to telephone the police right now.

The Star exits the elevator and crosses toward the phones. Michael exits.

137 EXT. SEEDY HOTEL - NIGHT

137

A LONG SHOT of Michael coming out of hotel carrying Dolores, who is draped over his shoulder. He flings Dolores over the fender, opens the door and deposits her in the front seat. He then opens the trunk.

MICHAEL

Anne, how do you feel?

ANNE (V.O.)

I'm tired. How's the opera?

MICHAEL

Wonderful. The tenor is singing now.

ANNE

What's he singing?

MICHAEL

(sings)
'Ridi, Pagliaccio --'

Michael cries.

ANNE

(coughs)
Beautiful, beautiful... I'm very...
very sleepy...

She snores gently.

MICHAEL

Anne! Anne, stay awake!

The SNORING continues and he realizes she's failing.

MICHAEL

(continuing)
Oh, my God!

He takes the pet carrier out of the trunk and puts it on Dolores' lap.

138 INT. CAR - NIGHT

138

Michael gets into the car.

139 EXT. SHOT OF CAR ZOOMING ALONG

139

140 INT. CAR - NIGHT

140

Anne moans weakly.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

MICHAEL

Anne, hang in there. Soon... soon
we'll be together.

SOUND: SIREN.

141 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

141

A police car speeds along, chasing Michael's car. It
finally overtakes it and cuts it off.

142 EXT. ROAD - CARS PARKED - NIGHT

142

A POLICEMAN alights and comes to Michael's car.

POLICEMAN

(in German, with
subtitles, beneath)

Sie sind zu schnell gefahren. Kann
ich Ihren Fuhrerschein sehen?
(You were speeding. May I see your
license?)

MICHAEL

Huh?

POLICEMAN

(repeats slower,
subtitles beneath)

Sie sind zu schnell gefahren. Kann
ich Ihren Fuhrerschein sehen?

MICHAEL

(leans over and
reads subtitles)

Oh. I'm sorry, Officer.

POLICEMAN

Oh, you speak English. Good.

(to buddy in patrol car)

Sie können schon mit den Untertiteln
Schluss machen.

SUBTITLE APPEARS: "You can stop with the subtitles."

POLICEMAN

(shouts angrily)

I said you can stop the subtitles!

(checks to see)

That's better. We have more room
down there now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
(he looks at license)
Dr. Hfuhruhurr, what's the rush?
(he looks into car)
What's the matter with her?

MICHAEL
Oh, she's just... drunk... dead
drunk.

POLICEMAN
And you? Have you had a little to
drink?

MICHAEL
No, I dron't dink. I mean, I
don't drink.

POLICEMAN
Get out of the car.

Michael gets out quickly.

POLICEMAN
(continuing)
Stretch out your arms and touch
your finger to your nose.

Michael does so.

POLICEMAN
(continuing)
Walk that white line.

Michael does so.

POLICEMAN
(continuing)
Do two handsprings and a neckspring.

Michael does so.

POLICEMAN
(continuing)
Now, shuffle off to Budapest and
back.

Michael does tap step.

POLICEMAN
(continuing)
All right, you're not drunk. You
can go but drive carefully.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (2)

142

MICHAEL

I will. Thank you, Officer.

As Michael gets into the car, Dolores falls forward, her eyes staring lifelessly.

POLICEMAN

Wait. This woman isn't drunk --
She's dead!

MICHAEL

Dead? My God, I'd better get her
to a cemetery right away!

Michael backs the car up, smashing into the police car, then guns away, leaving a damaged police car to limp after him.

143 INT. CAR - NIGHT

143

Michael is driving with purpose.

MICHAEL

(tapping brain tank)
Anne... Anne, how are you?

ANNE

(weakly)
I'm so tired... so sleepy...

MICHAEL

Don't go to sleep. Walk around,
walk around.

144 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

144

POLICEMAN

(into microphone)
Heading south on Hundedreck Drive.
I'm losing him... send assistance.

145 INT. CAR - NIGHT

145

MICHAEL

(singing)
'Duke, Duke, Duke -- ' C'mon, sing!
(sings and raps on
brain tank)
'Duke of Earl, Earl, Earl -- '

146 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

146

Michael's car zooms by. Two police cars turn onto the road and follow.

147 EXT. NECESSITER'S CONDO - NIGHT 147

Michael's car SCREECHES to a halt and he alights. He opens the rear door and starts to drag Dolores out,

148 INT. SECOND POLICE CAR 148

POLICEMAN #2

(peering about)

He turned into the Hundedreck complex. We'll find him.

149 EXT. CONDO - NIGHT 149

Michael, carrying Dolores and the brain tank, struggles into the building. The police car comes into view just in time to see Michael enter the building.

150 INT. CONDO HALL - NIGHT 150

Michael is at elevator, carrying Dolores and the brain. He goes into the elevator and the doors close.

151 EXT. CONDO - NIGHT 151

The police race out of their car and into the building.

152 INT. CONDO HALL - NIGHT 152

The police see the elevator indicator going up and they race for the stairs.

153 INT. NECESSITER'S FRONT DOOR 153

Michael carries Dolores and the brain through the door. The police see him enter and race down the hall.

154 INT. NECESSITER'S CONDO FOYER - DAY 154

MICHAEL

(to Butler)

Lock and bar that door.

Michael continues toward the den as the Butler locks the door and lowers two heavy wooden door beams into place.

155 INT. LAB - NIGHT 155

Michael, carrying his load, enters. A gorilla is lying asleep on one table with electrodes on his head. The other table is empty, awaiting Dolores.

MICHAEL

Dr. Necessiter. Quickly. Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED: 155

He throws Dolores on the table and the brain into the infernal machine.

156 EXT. CONDO HALL - NIGHT 156

The police, with battering ram, ram the door unsuccessfully two or three times.

157 INT. LAB - NIGHT 157

MICHAEL

(calls)

Dr. Necessiter!

Necessiter enters unsteadily, carrying a bottle of wine.

NECESSITER

Calm yourself, my dear boy. Here, have a drink.

MICHAEL

No time for drinks. Anne is dying.

NECESSITER

You're dying, I'm dying... My machine is dying... My machine, my wonderful machine!

MICHAEL

What are you saying?

NECESSITER

My machine will not react to the throwing of a lever or the turning of a dial.

158 INT. NECESSITER'S CONDO HALL - NIGHT 158

The policemen with battering ram rush toward Necessiter's door and crash through it.

159 INT. LAB - NIGHT 159

MICHAEL

(exploring)

There must be some way to fix it.

160 INT. DEN DOOR 160

INSPECTOR

(checks door)

Locked! I'll help. Men, back off a bit. One, two, three --

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

With battering ram, they rush toward the massive-looking door that leads to the lab. They fly through the paper door, across the lab, through the stone-painted paper wall.

161 EXT. CONDO WALL - NIGHT

161

Police fly through the air into swimming pool below.

162 INT. LAB

162

Michael, examining the infernal machine, notices something he wouldn't have seen if the outer wall had not been torn away.

MICHAEL

Dr. Necessiter?

NECESSITER

Yes?

MICHAEL

The transformer of your machine!
Are you aware that it's coin-operated?

NECESSITER

Good God, I forgot all about that.
When I built the machine, I used
the guts of a juke box.

They fish in their pockets for coins.

163 EXT. POOL - NIGHT

163

The police are dragging themselves out of the water and racing back into the condo.

164 INT. LAB - NIGHT

164

They find coins and load the machine.

SOUND: Machine comes alive, and so does Necessiter.

MICHAEL

(to Necessiter)

All right?

NECESSITER

All right!

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(opens door to
Anne's machine a la
Senor Wences)

All right?

ANNE
(very weakly)
All right.

Necessiter rushes to Dolores and prepares her for the procedure by doing wonderfully complicated things with machine levers and wires that our art director and special effects people will create brilliantly and economically.

NECESSITER
Set the Hemo Farcac Overload
point 6.

MICHAEL
Set the Hemo Farcac Overload
point 6.

Michael throws switch.

NECESSITER
Septum ludegation factor zero 3.5.

MICHAEL
Septum ludegation factor zero 3.5.

Michael turns knob.

NECESSITER
Aortic petrification ratio two
over five.

MICHAEL
Aortic petrification ratio two
over five.

Michael throws another switch.

Dr. Necessiter coughs. Michael impersonates the cough.

NECESSITER
Set the theramin at 1945.

MICHAEL
Theramin at 1945.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: (2)

164

Michael turns on an actual theramin and plays it. Weird SOUNDS EMANATE, and the machine comes to life with light and vibration, or whatever our special effects people come up with.

During this, Necessiter surreptitiously plugs an electrode into a panel on the gorilla's table.

165 INT. CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

165

The gang of wet policemen rushes toward Necessiter's lab.

166 INT. LAB - NIGHT

166

Michael and Necessiter standing at machine.

NECESSITER

We're ready to effect transference.
Ten, nine, eight --

The policemen, guns drawn, burst into the room.

MICHAEL

(rapidly counts down)

Seven, six, five, four, three,
two, one!

He leaps forward and pulls the lever. Blinding, WHIRRING NOISES AND MUSIC blend to a cacophony of light and sound.

INSPECTOR

(gun pointed at
Michael)

Stop! You are under arrest for
murder!

MICHAEL

(shouts)

We are not murdering! We are
resurrecting! Moving life from
one body to another!

INSPECTOR

You're playing God!

MICHAEL

Somebody has to!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(slowly losing his mind)

Too long we've left untended the placement of appropriate minds in receptacles suitable to the accomplishment of moral and spiritual platitudes. It is our manifest destiny to rectify the sins of mankind.

(beside himself now)

For copies of this speech, send one dollar to Box 3912 Stone Mountain, Georgia. That's Box --

INSEPECTOR

I've always wanted to shoot one of these guys.

He shoots Micheal in the arm. Michael falls back into the machine, hitting dials and levers, causing the machine to spark and burst into flames. Michael rushes to the burning machine to retrieve Anne's brain. He opens the door of the machine just as it EXPLODES with such ferocity that it blows Michael out the hole in the wall.

167 INT/EXT. CONDO WALL

167

Michael falls two floors and lands in the pool.

168 INT. LAB

168

Necessiter glances at Dolores and the chimp. Their eyes are fluttering.

NECESSITER

The operation seems to be a success.

169 INT/EXT. CONDO WALL

169

Necessiter crosses to the open wall and looks down at the steaming body of Michael floating in the pool.

NECESSITER

But the doctor died...

The SCENE SLOWLY FADES TO BLACK.

170 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

170

CLOSEUP: Michael lying in bed. His eyes flutter and open.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(softly)
Where am I?

DR. BROWN
In the hospital.

MICHAEL
How long have I been here?

DR. BROWN
Six weeks. Your wife's here. She's
in the waiting room.

MICHAEL
Whose brain does she have?

DR. BROWN
I don't know. She just told me to
tell you that as soon as you're
strong enough she's going to take
you to the -oo to see the -ebras.

Michael, elated, starts to rise out of bed.

DR. BROWN
Doctor, you've been in bed for six
weeks, you're not strong enough to --

MICHAEL
I'm strong enough. I want to see
her.

DR. BROWN
Nurse, tell Mrs. Hfuhruhurr her
husband is awake.

The NURSE exits.

MICHAEL
Wait. I can't let her see me like
this.

He struggles out of bed and falls on his face.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
That's better. At least she can
see I'm up and around.

He starts to pull himself up on the doctor's leg.

171 INT. WAITING ROOM

171

There is an assorted group of WOMEN reading magazines, smoking and sipping coffee. The Nurse enters.

NURSE BREEN

Mrs. Hufferer?

A 250-pound Dolores looks up from her large, overstuffed pita bread sandwich.

DOLORES

(swallows and
corrects)

Hfuhruhurr!

NURSE BREEN

Your husband is awake and can see you.

Dolores/Anne, flushed with happiness, puts her sandwich in her purse.

DOLORES/ANNE

Thank you!

Dolores/Anne starts out and hesitates.

NURSE BREEN

What's the matter?

DOLORES/ANNE

I'm afraid for him to see me.

NURSE BREEN

Why?

DOLORES/ANNE

I never told him I was a compulsive eater. I've made this body so fat.

Nurse Breen smiles comfortingly, takes her by the arm and gently leads her out.

172 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

172

Michael, hanging onto Dr. Brown for support, comes out of his room and into the hall.

ANGLE on Dolores and Nurse coming around a corner. Michael and Dolores see each other and freeze.

CLOSEUP: Michael staring, his face expressionless for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(tentatively)
Anne, is that you?

DOLORES/ANNE
Yes, Michael.

Michael struggles on unsteady legs toward her as she walks slowly toward him. They embrace.

DOLORES/ANNE
Aren't you disappointed I'm fat?

Michael is unable to see anything but her inner beauty.

MICHAEL
What fat?

He kisses her, puts his arm around her and they walk down the hall with their backs to us. They are silhouetted against the sunset that is seen through the window. They sing "Looking at You." As they walk, the following legends appear SUPERIMPOSED:

AMERICAN STAR (STAR'S NAME) LIED AND DIDN'T TURN HIMSELF IN. HE IS STILL AT LARGE.

THE FORMER DOLORES HFUHRUHURR IS NOW AN APE LIVING WITH DR. SHLERMIE BECKERMANN IN A CAGE SOMEWHERE IN VIENNA.

SHOT OF THE TWO APES applauding and making raspberry sounds.

BACK TO DOLORES/ANNE AND MICHAEL at the window, with the sunset behind them, kissing as we...

FADE OUT.