

MARTIN

GEORGE ROMERO'S "MARTIN"

TIME: NOW

PLACE: AVERAGE AMERICAN TOWN

CHARACTERS:

- MARTIN - a Vampire of 84 who has carried the family curse to America - or an emotionally disturbed young man who has been turned into a psychotic by his family's old world superstitions.
- TATI CUDÁ - a religious fanatic - now is or imagines he is the patriarch of the Vampires. He is pledged to Martin's salvation or destruction.
- CHRISTINA - Cuda's granddaughter - does not believe in the old legends and superstitions but Cuda is sure she is destined to be a carrier of the family curse and is determined to break up her impending marriage.
- MRS. SANTINI - an alcoholic adultress - but Martin's first sexual experience with a consenting, conscious female.

① The camera pans a tabletop. We see extreme close ups of candy bars and paper-back books. One book is titled MATHEMATICAL TEASERS AND BRAIN TWISTERS; another: THE WORLD'S TUFFEST CROSSWORDS; another: SOLITAIRE AND PATIENCE GAMES.

A man's hands open the SOLITAIRE book to the instructions for the game of CLOCK. The camera picks up the heading: TIME REQUIRED: THREE MINUTES. CHANCE OF WINNING: 1 in 100 GAMES.

The same hands lay out the card tableau for CLOCK. Slowly, we have become aware of the sound of a train. As we pull back to reveal the Solitaire player, we realise that he is sitting in a Club Car on a long-distance train.

It is night. An occasional light moves accross the windows making shadows dance. The car is quite dark. There is a small lamp which illuminates the Solitaire table, and further down the car's length, the only other light burns, where another man, a rumpled business type, shuffle through legal-sized papers.

The playing card tableau ready, the Solitaire man looks down the car at the businessman. Then he looks at his watch. It is clear that he is waiting-out the businessman; wishing he would retire for the evening.

① The card player is young. Or he looks young. Eighteen or nineteen. He is neatly dressed, but in inexpensive, Murphy-Mart sport clothes. His hair is conservatively cropped and his face is innocent and

boyish. He is very tense, however. He nervously bites his cuticles, and his hands shake as he tries to deal with the playing cards. He checks his watch again.

The businessman finishes reading one of his files, yawns, and appears as though he is going to leave. The card-player holds a card in mid-move as he watches the businessman with hope; but the rumpled executive pours the last of his cold coffee from its warmer into his cup and begins to re-read the file.

The young man disrupts the Solitaire in disgust, and the suddenness of the action catches the eye of the businessman. The young man avoids eye contact, and proceeds to shuffle the deck for another game. He is really strung-out. His hands are almost spastic as he tries to deal the cards. He momentarily abandons the deal to snatch up a candy bar. He rips the paper away with his teeth and roughly bites off an enormous piece of chocolate. He tries to calm himself in a very studied manner. He breathes several deep breaths and he closes his eyes as he concentrates on relaxing.

The train lurches and the lights blink out. The businessman utters an audible:

(2)

Businessman: SHIT.

The young card-player welcomes the darkness.

An occasional light flashes past the windows, and the young man stares at the rural countryside which rolls past the speeding night coach. Silently, the credits begin. They blink in and out with no particular heralding.

After a time, when the lights fail to come back on, the businessman spits out another:

Businessman: SHIT !

This one more vehement. The young man looks across the darkness. He hopes the light failure will prompt the other man's retirement.

The lights blink on again. The young man startles, and his eyes react painfully to the light. When he looks at the businessman, eye contact is made, and the older man takes it as an invitation to make talk.

Businessman: RAILROADS, RIGHT ? SHIT.

The young man doesn't respond, but he keeps his eyes on the businessman, as a threatened animal keeps his eyes on a predator. The impending conversation is threatening to the young man.

③

Businessman: YOU USED TO BE ABLE TO GET A CUP OF COFFEE ALL NIGHT. ALL NIGHT THEY USED TO HAVE SERVICE. CUP OF COFFEE... SANDWICH...

Still no response. But the older man won't quit. He stands in the aisle and stretches. The young man looks down and continues to deal his Solitaire. He is aware that the businessman is approaching down the aisle, but he consciously avoids looking up.

The older man stands at the side of the Solitaire table and looks down at the cards. Even though the game is rather mindless, the young man acts as though it is requiring his total concentration. He turns up several cards in the tableau, making the appropriate moves.

Businessman: YOU PLAY ANY TWO-HANDED GAMES ?

The direct question demands some reaction. The young man looks up.

Businessman: A LITTLE POKER...RUMMY ?

The young man starts to say something, but it never turns into words. He simply shakes his head "no" and returns his attention to the Solitaire. When his hand starts to shake, he abandons the cards for a moment and bites at his candy bar again. He stares at the tableau as though engrossed. He tries to will the other man into leaving him alone.

His eye flashes to a movement on his tabletop. The businessman's hand reaches for the paper-back books.

Businessman: CROSSWORDS.

The young man reacts as though a part of himself was touched by the meddling intruder. There is anger on his face as he stares at the businessman. The man thumbs through another book.

Businessman: MATH. I NEVER DO ANY OF THIS SHIT.

The man thumbs to the inside front cover where, printed in a child-like crudeness, is an ink legend: THIS BOOK BELONGS TO MARTIN MATHIAS, 209 WARREN ST., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, 11700.

Businessman: INDIANAPOLIS, HUH ?

Martin realises that the man has seen the identification legend, and he reacts to this further intrusion. He reaches up with a gesture that demands the book's return, but the businessman keeps the paper-back.

Businessman: HEY, THE BIG RACE AND ALL THAT. YOU GO TO THE RACE ?

⑤
Martin just looks up into the man's eyes, his anger growing. The twitching returns to his hands.

Businessman: I GUESS EV'RYBODY IN INDIANAPOLIS GOES TO THE RACE, RIGHT ?

Martin, unable to bear any more, roughly snatches his book back from the startled businessman. The lights blink out again. Martin stares up at the older man, extreme anger in his eyes. He is like a coiled cobra. His face looks suddenly demonic in the darkness, despite its almost angelic features.

Another set of silent titles blink on and off as the two men stare at one another. Perhaps the main title could appear under Martin's piercing eyes. Finally:

Businessman: HEY, WELL FUCK YOU, HUH ?

He turns and the threat is gone. The light comes on.

Martin watches the man return to his own seat, where he gathers his papers and plops them into an attache case. He looks back once at Martin, shaking his head and mumbling. Martin pretends to be involved in his Solitaire.

His possessions in tow, the businessman moves up the aisle again. Martin tenses. The man stops. Martin feels his stare even though he doesn't look up.

(6)

Silence, but for the rattle and screech of the train on the rails. Martin starts to shake again. He holds himself as steady as he can.

Businessman: HEY, ARE YOU ALRIGHT ?

Martin looks up and his intense stare startles the older man.

Businessman: ARE YOU ALRIGHT ?

Martin's face is frozen in a tight ferocity.

Businessman: YEAH, WELL, LIKE I SAID, FUCK YOU, PUNK.
FUCK YOUR ASS !

The man leaves the car mumbling as he goes.

Martin immediately springs up from his table, darts down the aisle and clicks off the light over the businessman's seat. Then he returns to his own space, gathers up his books, cards and candy, quickly stuffing them into a large duffelbag, his only luggage.

His hands quickly explore his clothing. He pulls a pen from his shirt pocket along with cigarettes and a lighter. He stuffs them into the pocket of a tweedy sport jacket which hangs from the rack above. He slaps at his pants pockets and we hear the jingling of keys and small change. He pulls the noisemakers out and drops them into the jacket pocket as well. Then he flops down into his seat and removes his shoes.

7

He calms himself for a moment, taking more deep breaths. He reaches up and clicks off his light, then he stands and reaches into his duffelbag. He produces a slender case of black leather, which he slips into his back pocket, and he pulls something else from the bag, but we cannot see what it is. He stands for a moment in the

darkness, and the movement of the train on the battered and decaying old rails makes him sway and almost lose his balance. Lights from the swiftly racing countryside flash across his eyes which once again look demonic, but now with determination rather than anger. He moves to the door of the club car.

The next car is a Pullman lined with draped sleeping berths. Martin stealthily moves down the aisle between the drapes. Three-quarters of the way down the aisle, a man's hand hangs limply out from between the drapes. Martin stares at the bizarre appendage, and he moves cautiously around it, afraid that the lurching motion of the train will throw him against the hand waking the sleeping passenger.

He negotiates the length of the car without incident, and he pauses in the breezeway between the Pullman and the next coach, a Sleeper. He quietly slides the doors open and slips through.

The doors on the private sleeping compartments are all closed, and the corridor, with its dim overhead lights, gives the impression of a morgue vault.

8

Martin moves to a door about mid corridor. It bears the number nine. He stares at the door a moment, and listens with his ear pressed close, but nothing can be heard over the clatter of the train. He looks up and down the corridor, then stands silently in the shadows.

We begin to hear a voice-over narration, but it is delivered in a very candid, off handed manner, as though the speaker, Martin himself, was speaking confidentially to a close friend. The words are not carefully selected and delivery is quiet and unassuming. The vocabulary is limited, as that of a child or a slightly retarded person:

Martin (VO): I KNEW I'D BE ON A TRAIN, AND A TRAIN IS A GOOD PLACE, SO I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING BEFORE I LEFT NAPTOWN.

I DID IT A LOT OF TIMES IN NAPTOWN, THOUGH. A LOT OF TIMES. I WAS IN NAPTOWN A REALLY LONG TIME. MAYBE THAT'S WHY I DECIDED TO WAIT FOR THE TRAIN.

Martin moves quickly to the end of the Sleeper corridor, and slips quietly into the public washroom. He locks the door and leans against a wall. He looks at his hands. One of them clutches the still indiscernable equipment which he pulled from his duffelbag. His hands shake.

Martin: I DIDN'T WANT TO BE SO SHAKY, THOUGH. I HATE
 9 WHEN I GET SHAKY. WHEN IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME
 SINCE I DID ANYTHING, I GET SHAKY.

Calming himself, Martin starts to deal with his business. We see that the paraphernalia in his hand is a sterilly wrapped, disposable hypodermic and a small serum vial. He unwraps the syringe, stuffing the crumpled papers in his pocket, and fills the chamber with some

of the fluid from the vial.

Martin:

THAT'S WHY I PICK OUT PEOPLE RIGHT AFTER I'VE DONE IT. LIKE, RIGHT AFTER I DO IT AND I'M FEELIN' GOOD, THAT'S WHEN I PICK OUT THE NEXT PERSON I'M GONNA DO IT TO. THEN I WATCH 'EM FOR A WHILE, AND FIGURE OUT HOW I'M GONNA DO IT WITHOUT GETTIN' CAUGHT. LIKE I DO ALL THAT BEFORE I GET SHAKY. WHEN I'M SHAKY, AND I NEED IT REAL BAD, I MAKE MISTAKES. I FORGET THINGS. ALMOST GOT CAUGHT A COUPLE TIMES.

LIKE I HAD THIS PERSON PICKED OUT IN NAPTOWN. HAD IT ALL FIGURED OUT, HOW I WAS GONNA DO IT. THEN UNCLE PALONIS DIED AND I KNEW I'D BE ON THE TRAIN SOON, SO I LET THE PERSON GO.

I LET PEOPLE GO A FEW TIMES. EVEN WHEN THEY WERE JUST RIGHT. IT'S ONE OF MY FAVORITE THINGS, TO LET PEOPLE GO.

IT'S ONE OF MY LEAST FAVORITE THINGS TO WATCH THEM AFTER I'VE PICKED THEM OUT. TO WATCH THEM, AND FIND OUT WHAT THEY DO, AND FIGURE OUT HOW I'M GONNA DO IT TO THEM WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT.

10
THAT'S MY LEAST FAVORITE THING. BECAUSE I GET TO KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THEM TO START LIKING SOME OF THEM. AND I NEVER GET TO KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THEM TO NOT LIKE THEM AGAIN. IT'S MY LEAST FAVORITE THING, WATCHING THE PEOPLE I PICK OUT.

Martin completes the business with the hypodermic, stuffs the serum vial into his pocket, and holds the needle in the air, forcing the bubble out with the plunger until a hairstream of fluid squirts out.

Martin: AND IT'S HARD AFTER YOU WATCH A PERSON FOR A LONG TIME, BECAUSE YOU THINK ALL THE TIME ABOUT WHAT IT'S GONNA BE LIKE, AND IT'S NEVER AS GOOD AS YOU THINK. ESPECIALLY THE SEXY TIMES. IT'S NEVER AS GOOD AFTER YOU WATCH THE PERSON FOR SO LONG.

 THAT'S WHY IT'S NICE SOMETIMES TO JUST SEE SOMEBODY AND PICK 'EM OUT AND DO IT TO 'EM, RIGHT AWAY, WITHOUT THINKING ABOUT IT SO MUCH.

 THAT'S WHY I WAITED FOR THE TRAIN, BECAUSE I KNEW IT WAS EASY ON A TRAIN, EASY TO DO IT AND NOT GET CAUGHT.

He leans against the wall, composes himself. The camera goes in on his face slowly. He is smiling in anticipation of his act.

Martin: I JUST DIDN'T KNOW WHO IT WOULD BE. WHO WOULD BE ALONE. WHO WOULD BE EASY. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD BE

 SUCH A SEXY ONE. THAT PART WAS JUST LUCKY...

Flash back...train station. Martin is milling in the crowd which is about to board the train. He is staring at a woman. She is well dressed in a tailored way. She wears a Mona Lisa smile as she passes through the gate with her small overnight case. She is a

vision to the open-mouthed young man. She fits his fantasies perfectly. He follows through the crowd. The businessman, who we saw in the club car, brushes past roughly.

Businessman: EXCUSE ME.

But Martin doesn't take his eyes off the woman's back as she struggles to negotiate the tall steps onto the train, her dress pulling tightly over the contours of her body.

[3] Real time: Martin opens the washroom door and checks the corridor. Silence and inactivity. The doors to the sleeping compartments seal in their respective passengers. Martin moves quietly down the dark aisle.

3 Flashback: Martin is walking behind other passengers down the same corridor. Somewhat ahead, a conductor shows the fantasy woman into compartment number nine. As Martin, carrying his duffelbag, files past the spot, he hears:

Porter: MADAM IS BY HERSELF TONIGHT ?

Woman: ALL ALONE.

Porter: SHALL I WAKE YOU FOR PITTSBURGH ?

Woman: 12 GOD, NO. I'M GOING THROUGH TO NEW YORK.

Porter: ALRIGHT, THE BIG APPLE.

Woman: THANK YOU.

She smiles warmly as she hands the porter a tip. This action is just as Martin passes the doorway. The young man stares helplessly at the glorious, fantasy smile, and the TV Commercial hair that

billows as the woman tilts her head in a beautifully feminine gesture. She closes the compartment door. Martin, stopped in his tracks by the vision, stares at the number nine as the porter rushes off and other passengers push past him.

[3] Real time: In the night corridor, Martin stares at the number nine. He listens at the door. He stares again at the number.

Martin: IT'S REALLY NICE TO PICK SOMEONE OUT AND JUST BE ABLE TO DO IT RIGHT AWAY. ESPECIALLY A PRETTY LADY. IT'S SO NICE TO NOT HAVE TO THINK AND WORRY. THINKING AND WORRYING ARE SHITTY. MY LEAST FAVORITE THINGS. AND EVEN THOUGH I WAS GETTING SHAKY, THE TRAIN WAS SUCH AN EASY PLACE. ENOUGH NOISE ALL THE TIME. REALLY EASY. AND EASY TO GET RID OF THE PERSON AFTERWARDS.

He pulls the slender leather case from his hip pocket. It contains a neatly laid out set of burglary tools and other shiny, metal things, which we may or may not recognize yet as being such items as a surgical scalpel, a straight razor and several single-edged blades.

13

Holding the syringe in his teeth, Martin deftly puts one of his tools to work in the lock on compartment number nine. He looks up and down the corridor again as the tool seats in the tumblers. He leans close to the lock and gently urges it into submission with the fingers of a practiced second-storey man.

When he feels the lock open, he tries the doorknob. Satisfied that he has succeeded, he meticulously replaces the tool in its case, and deposits the kit back in his pocket. He takes the hypodermic from his mouth and stands with a hand on the doorknob. He takes several deep breaths and checks the corridor once more for activity. Then he stares at the number nine again. His fantasy is about to be fulfilled.

⑥ Quick flashback: The woman in the doorway. She smiles...tosses her head...her hair billows.

⑦ Fantasy: Still in the muted tones of the flashback: Martin bursts into compartment number nine. The woman, wearing a lacy gown designed in Martin's mind, sits up in her bed. She smiles the same smile...tosses her hair. Martin rushes to her. She embraces him...

[3] Real time. Hard image...dark in the night. Martin bursts into the compartment. The fold down bed is empty. The room is empty but for signs of the woman's presence...an open book, the overnight case. The sound of a toilet flushing. Martin realises that the woman is in the bathroom. He quickly and quietly closes the compartment door and locks it. The tiny bathroom door starts to open. Martin crouches in the cramped corner so that he is behind the bathroom door when it is open wide. 14

The woman emerges yawning. She is wearing a rather frumpy cotton night shirt, which is not at all alluring, but for the fact that it is still hiked up above her crotch as she scratches the inside of one of her thighs.

The only light is dim, from a small reading lamp at the head of the bedchamber,,but Martin is thoroughly exposed when the woman idly pushes the bathroom door closed behind her. She doesn't look in his direction, but she staggers the two steps to the edge of the bed. Martin is tense, holding his hypodermic at the ready.

Before she climbs into the bed, the woman picks up her book and tosses it over near her suitcase, then she reaches down the back of her night shirt and scratches some more. Martin stares at her from behind. She wears a net cap over her hair, which is pulled up, and she has a grotesque cream over her face.

She starts to lift herself into the bunk in a most graceless way, and her eyes fall into the corner. She registers a brief instant of fear, but Martin, with the speed of a snake strike, is on her. One of his hands goes instantly over her mouth, while the other plunges the needle randomly. It enters her abdomen, right through the nightshirt. He depresses the plunger injecting the drug, then he tosses the hypodermic onto the pillow so he can use both arms to stay the woman's thrashing. The drug acts quickly, but for a time Martin has to contain the woman's struggling. She punches and kicks, and the young man has to put the full weight of his body against hers, keeping one hand at all times over her mouth.

15

The woman's hand bangs against the metallic edge of the bed at one point, and a bright spot of blood appears. She tries to grab his face and his hair. Martin has to dodge about artfully to avoid her clutching fingers.

Soon the drug overtakes the woman, and her struggle grows weaker. Martin continues to apply as much pressure as he can, until he feels certain that she is too weak to resist meaningfully or to cry out.

Slowly, he lets her go. Her arms fall limp, and saliva runs from the corner of her mouth where Martin's hand had kept it captive.

She has bitten him, and as he stands to look down at her, he brings his hand to his mouth and sucks at the blood and saliva. The woman moans, not quite unconscious:

Woman: OH, JESUS...WHAT...WHAT DO YOU WANT...
 WHAT DID...WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME...WHAT WAS IN THAT...
 WHAT IS IT...PLEASE DON'T...PLEASE...LEAVE ME...

Martin goes about his business as the woman passes through the last aware seconds of her life. The drug was only an anesthetic, but she will die by other means.

Collecting the hypodermic, Martin moves to the window of the little compartment. He tests it and discovers that it can be opened fully. He pitches the needle out into the rushing night, then breathes in a few great gulps of air. The woman is still murmuring when Martin stands to face her.

16

Woman: I...I DON'T...HAVE ANYTHING...YOU CAN...YOU CAN
 HAVE...ME...JUST DON'T...DON'T...

Martin moves to her in one great stride, and he quickly snatches the netting from her hair. The flowing locks fall around her creamed face and the young man runs his fingers through their softness. Then he takes up her wounded arm. He caresses it up and down. Then he leans forward and licks at the blood from her open cut.

Suddenly he stands. His hands are shaking again. He is urgent and desperate about his work. He strips naked, and piles his clothing next to the woman's overnight case. He produces a razor blade from his kit and moves quickly into the bathroom. He sizes up the tiny room and sets the blade down on the edge of the stainless steel wash basin. He returns to the bedchamber.

He stares at the woman for a moment. She is still on the edge of total sleep, but she is too far gone to utter real words any more. She moans slightly. Her eyes widen in a last effort to retain awareness, but she falls away quietly.

Martin drops onto her, pushing up her nightshirt so as to feel her belly and pelvis against his chest. He is really shaking as he reaches up under the shirt to touch her breasts. He stares at her face. The cream is ugly.

He dampens a washcloth in the sink basin. He scrubs the woman's face clean.

17

He rummages through her belongings. He finds her make up. He tries

to make her look as she did that afternoon, but his shaking hands cannot apply the lipstick and the eyebrow pencil with any smoothness. She turns out looking like a drunken hooker or a kewpie doll poorly painted.

Frustrated, the young man falls on her body again, and he works the nightshirt entirely free, so that her limp form is completely naked. He rolls on top of her, carressing and kissing. He starts to shake violently. He stands. Some of the thickly applied lipstick has smudged off on Martin's face.

He struggles with the woman's body. He drags it out of the bed and across into the tiny bathroom. He leaves her lying on the floor as he tries to close the door around her feet. Succeeding, he snatches up a towel and stuffs it along the opening at the bottom of the door. He checks the tiny space carefully, and, satisfied, he slowly lowers himself into a position on the floor, pulls the woman over on top of himself, and embraces her.

18

He goes through a series of explorative sexual probings of the woman's body: kissing, stroking, etc. He is getting very excited very quickly. He tries to move her arms and her hands so that he can imagine her responding. He kisses her mouth and he plays with her hair. He opens her limp eyelids and stares at her face. His body begins to undulate with sexual movements.

His hand reaches up for the wash basin and he pulls down the razor

blade. He kisses her more and he licks at the bloody arm. The wound is near the wrist. He works at the bloody area with the edge of the blade, making it bleed more. He licks the blood. He starts to moan with pleasure.

He probes more with the razor. A real stream of blood runs down the unconscious woman's arm. Martin licks and swallows. His body moves against hers. He sets the blade on the floor for a moment so that he can spread her legs and seat her limp body properly for him to enter her. He manages this, and he begins to pump brutally. He is almost at peak excitement. He fumbles for the blade, brings it up and slashes it through the vein in the woman's wrist. Blood flows in great spurts. He tries to take as much as possible into his mouth. He swallows, almost gagging. He pumps harder. He moans in ecstasy as he achieves a climax.

19

He is still sucking at the gushing wound as he calms down sexually. Then he falls limp. He brings the assaulted wrist to a posture which allows the blood to flow near his mouth. He closes his eyes and lies very still and relaxed. The only movement is an occasional darting of his tongue as he allows warm rivulets into his mouth.

The ever-present sound of the train still clacks away in the night.

The woman is lying half in and half out of the washroom. A towel is wrapped around her wrist so as to prevent blood from running. Martin has cleaned most of the dripping red from his own body and enough from the corpse of the woman so as not to stain the compartment as he drags her across to the gaping window.

The night air rushes through Martin's hair. He has the upper half of the woman's body hanging out of the train window. He watches the passing terrain, waiting for an appropriate spot. A place isolated and rugged enough to severely bruise and cut the body so the cause of death will be disguised.

The train crosses a steel trellis which spans a rocky ravine. Martin pushes. The woman's body falls ignominiously through the steel ramparts which rip and batter it on its way to the rocks below.

20

Martin looks back until long after the trellis disappears from sight. The wind whips his hair. He breathes. He is much calmer.

Martin: (VO) THINGS ARE NEVER AS GOOD AS YOU THINK THEY'RE
 GONNA BE. BUT I KNEW THE TRAIN WOULD BE EASY.
 I LIKE TRAINS. ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY GO FAST !

Martin is cleaning the blood from the washroom with a meticulous precision. He is still naked. He wrings wet towels out in the sink basin, and he checks carefully for any stains he missed.

Martin: THIS IS THE SECOND TIME I DID IT ON A TRAIN.
 I DID IT ON THE TRAIN WHEN I FIRST WENT TO
 UNCLE PALONIS'.
 I'M GLAD I WAITED AND DIDN'T DO IT TO THE PERSON
 I PICKED OUT IN NAPTOWN. I'M GLAD I LET THAT PERSON
 GO.

Martin checks the bed compartment. He flings his stained razor blade out the train window, then he produces a neatly folded plastic trash bag from one of his trouser pockets. In the washroom, he stuffs the wet towels into the bag, then he washes the last stains out of the sink basin with his hands.

He organizes the woman's belongings, so they are not thrown around in disarray, and, the room in order, he throws the "trash" out the window.

21

Then he dresses and checks to see he has all his tools and his precious bottle of serum.

Martin: I WAS WITH UNCLE PALONIS A LONG TIME. I DIDN'T
 LIKE HIM. HE WAS A GYPSY. HE BELIEVED IN MAGIC
 AND GHOSTS AND ALL THAT SCARY STUFF. I DIDN'T LIKE

HIM AT ALL. AND HE DRANK A LOT AND HE SMELLED BAD.
I'M GLAD HE'S DEAD NOW.

Martin stealthily opens the cabin door and he peers into the corridor. No activity. Quickly, he emerges, closing the door behind him. Then he pads down the corridor and through to the adjoining Pullman.

As he walks the aisle between the draped berths, the sleeping man's hand still hangs limply out of the curtains. Martin maneuvers past it, and makes for the club car.

④ Back at his place, he stuffs his supplies back into his duffelbag. He sits and pulls on his shoes, then he stares out the window at the swiftly moving countryside.

Martin: TATI VODA IS VERY OLD. SO I WON'T HAVE TO STAY
 WITH HIM SO LONG.

⑨ Porter: PITTSBURGH ! PITTSBURGH !

22
Several passengers are moving down the corridors of the Pullman and Sleeper cars. Martin, his duffelbag in tow and jacket slung over his shoulder, moves behind a small group of people. They walk down the Sleeper corridor. It is early morning. The sound of the train is different as it slows down to pull into the station.

The porter is coming in the opposite direction, weaving through the disembarking passengers as he checks his list. He stops at cabin number fifteen and knocks...

Porter: PITTSBURGH !

Martin's eyes are tense as he watches the porter. The man stops at number eleven...

Porter: PITTSBURGH !

The porter and Martin meet in the corridor almost directly abreast with the door to cabin number nine. Martin's eyes flash at the number. The porter, checking his list, passes number nine and moves on to number seven...

Porter: PITTSBURGH !

Martin moves slowly toward the end of the car. Anyone not knowing the events of the night before would have noticed nothing in his behavior.

(11) Martin steps off the train into the decaying elegance of Pittsburgh's Pennsylvania Station. It is a grand old stone edifice, with the pride of a lost era. It stands at the end of an otherwise Renaissance downtown area built of metal and glass oblong towers.

Martin walks through the majestic arches of the building, over the flat-finish cobblestone that once welcomed important travelers to the Steel City; the pride of the Industrial Revolution; the heart of the work-muscle, work-ethic that once was.

Now the carved stone crumples over its gingerbread edges, and the great halls are inhabited by hobos and servicemen. Derelict humanity futilely looking for hand outs from those too poor themselves to be travelling by air.

The old shoe shine stalls are inactive. Even the refreshment counters are closed, but for a small hot dog stand, which offers the cheapest in junk fare. At one end of the little counter is a newspaper rack, and standing there; folding the morning paper under his arm, is a man who is a remnant of the old days of the great railroads.

He is old with a grey hair that is almost white. He sports a neatly trimmed moustache and a small goatee. He wears a white suit, complete with vest and watch-chain, and his shoes are white as well. In his left hand he clutches the ornately carved handle of a great walking stick, and he uses the stick to take his weight as he takes a few tentative steps towards Martin.

Martin slows slightly as he notices the old man. He doesn't recognize the man's features as much as he recognizes a presence which is singularly extraordinary. The old man draws closer.

Tati Voda: YOU ARE MARTIN MATHIAS ?

Martin nods the affirmative.

Tati Voda: I AM ~~TATI~~ VODA. COME. WE MUST TAKE ANOTHER TRAIN.

With no further conversation; no amenities; no offer to help with luggage; no indication of pleasure or displeasure, the old man turns on his heels and walks swiftly, for his walking-stick limp, toward the building's main entrance. Martin stares for a moment, stopped in his tracks by the perfunctory greeting, but the old man never turns back. Martin hurries along behind him.

(12) In Pittsburgh's Strip-District, the old man in white walks proudly down cobblestone streets and past the little produce markets. Steam rises in great clouds from manholes as muscled Italians and Greeks unload great wooden crates of vegetables and sea food and fruit.

There are no sidewalks, per se, only little loading docks and small sections of curbing. Tati Voda walks right down the street itself, almost defying the rushing auto traffic. He walks a direct and straight line, never veering except to avoid a puddle. Martin follows silently.

The two walk through a section of the downtown area, past the old stone court house and the jail, all magnificent monuments to the

days that were. A clock chimes the hour. Seven A.M. Activity is only beginning to mushroom on the streets. People spill out of electric street cars and move off to the old stone office buildings. In the background, seen through the caverned walls of the old town, the new glass towers shine in the early sun, as though they are live things approaching...soon to overtake and swallow up the proud past.

(12)

At the B & O Station on the other end of the city, the two men walk out onto the platform to await the commuter train. Tati Voda has not broken stride since he picked Martin up. He maintains his pace right up to a precise spot on the platform, where he suddenly stops cold. It is the spot where he will wait for the 7:15. Both hands move to the carved ball atop the walking stick, the stick is planted on the ground directly in front of the proud figure, and the old man sets his chin determinedly. He will not move, nor will he speak, until the train arrives.

Martin drops his duffelbag and looks around. He can see accross the platform and out onto the Parkway, starting to hum with commuter traffic. Beyond can be seen Mount Washington and the silhouettes of the great steel mills with their enormous smoke stacks and furnaces.

The station itself is quiet. Only one other person, an old woman in the traditional blacks of mourning from sixty to death, stands

several yards away, clutching an old net shopping bag. She has made her daily visit to the produce yards, and is carrying home the fresh stuff of tonight's goulash or sauce or soup or whatever.

Once or twice, Martin looks at Tati Voda. The old man must feel the stare, but he doesn't react at all.

Leaving his duffelbag, Martin suddenly walks toward the main terminal. He is going to the bathroom. Tati Voda, out of the corner of his eye, is aware of Martin's leaving. He doesn't even twitch. He just stares off accross the platform.

When Martin disappears from sight, the old man relaxes slightly. He looks after the younger man, and down at the duffelbag. There is concern on his face for the first time.

(14) In the dirty washroom, with its graffiti walls, Martin splashes water on his face. There is an all but unconcious wino sprawled on the floor of the room, one shoe missing and the traditional paper-bagged bottle lying empty on its side.

Martin tries the paper towel dispenser, but it is empty. He tries to swab the water from his face with his hands, but cannot totally dry himself. He stares at his face in the stained and broken mirror above the sink. He smiles warmly, happy to see his reflection.

As he leaves the room, he stops for a moment, staring down at the pitiful drunkard. He bites his lip.

Martin: BIG CITIES ARE EASY. THERE ARE ALWAYS PEOPLE
 WHO I COULD DO IT TOO AND NOT GET CAUGHT.
 PEOPLE DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE IN BIG CITIES.
 THEY DON'T CARE HOW YOU LOOK. THEY DON'T TRY TO
 TALK TO YOU ALL THE TIME. I HATE WHEN PEOPLE
 TALK TO YOU WHEN YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK.
 I USUALLY DON'T TALK MUCH.

Martin turns and leaves the washroom. He stops in the terminal at a bank of vending machines. He runs his hand over the large machines that offer candy bars and cracker snacks, but he settles for a small gum machine at the end. He drops in a penny and pops a little blue gum ball in his mouth. He hears the sound of a train approaching, and he hurries toward the platform.

Martin: TATI VODA'S LITTLE TOWN WILL BE HARD. BUT IT'S
 NOT THAT FAR FROM THE CITY. I CAN SAVE MY MONEY AND
 RIDE THE TRAIN AND COME TO THE CITY WHEN I WANT TO.
 I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL LIKE TATI VODA OR NOT.

As the train pulls in, Martin walks the platform. Tati Voda has resumed his statue-posture. He stares off and through the train as it crosses his line of sight.

Martin: HE DOESN'T TALK MUCH. THAT PART IS NICE.
BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM HAPPY WITH ME AT ALL.
MAYBE HE'S JUST NOT A HAPPY PERSON. BUT I DON'T
THINK SO. I THINK IT HAS TO DO WITH ME.

When the inbound commuters leave the train, Tati Voda and Martin climb aboard. The old man never looks at Martin. He simply moves into a seat at the very back of one of the cars, and sits at the window.

⑦ Martin slings his bag and jacket up onto the baggage rack, then sits next to the old man.

As the train pulls out, Tati Voda opens his newspaper and begins to read, or he appears to be reading. Martin just looks past him and watches the city through the window.

Martin: HE DOESN'T TALK MUCH. THAT PART IS NICE.
BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM HAPPY WITH ME AT ALL.

(18)

The train creaks into the little station at Braddock. The station is inoperative, that is, there is nobody in attendance. It is an old shell of a building, abandoned but for the fact that the train still makes a stop there.

(19)

Tati Voda and Martin walk through the little town. Once a bustling mill town, now the industry is closed. It is a depressed area in the definitive sense, and its buildings and public housing projects silhouette against the sky like the skeleton of an already rotten corpse.

Martin: TATI VODA IS OLD, AND THEY SAY IN THE FAMILY THAT HE STILL BELIEVES IN THE OLD WAYS. THAT COULD BE VERY BAD FOR ME. BUT HE'S NOT A GYPSY LIKE UNCLE PALONIS.

They walk down an old street where the residences are also remnants of more prosperous times. The wooden structures, once inhabited by the Captains of the Steel town, now peel in the sun, and great reaching fingers of tall weeds reach through cracks in walls and fences as bees buzz about the wild flowers.

An occasional woman walks along with groceries. We see nobody young. The woman from the train, the old Italian in blacks, trudges out of an alleyway, having taken a short cut. She almost bumps directly into Martin. The young man looks at her with real curiosity, but she reg-

isters nothing. Tati Voda, never looking back, misses the incident, but Martin stops a moment in the street. The old woman trudges off and turns up a weedy path toward a large house. An even older man, who has been sitting on a stoop, greets the woman. He moves to take the grocery bag from her, but she just slaps him on his hand and carries into the kitchen entrance.

Martin's eyes scan the neighborhood. In one side yard, a group of old Italians roll Boche balls and play Mora. On another stoop, an old woman babysits a grandchild, and in a window directly above a shade tree, a wrinkled man in a shirt and tie vigorously polishes a violin.

Martin notices that Tati Voda is far ahead, and he quickly steps out to catch him. Tati Voda turns into a pathway which leads to his home, an old house which fits the neighborhood perfectly, but for the fact that it is more neatly kept. There are fewer weeds and half the house is newly painted. In fact, a ladder still stands at the side where the painter, Tati Voda himself, left off yesterday.

The old man pulls a set of keys from a retractable device which hangs on a belt loop, and he easily opens the well oiled lock on the old front door. He enters the cool darkness of the front hall, leaving the door ajar for Martin, but never looking back with any gesture of welcome.

Martin is slow to walk up the path as he examines the house with his eyes.

Martin: THE ARE GOOD OLD WAYS AND THERE ARE BAD OLD WAYS. MY LEAST FAVORITE THING ABOUT THE OLD WAYS IS THE MAGIC. THE WAY SOME OF THE OLD ONES BELIEVE IN MAGIC. AND IN GHOSTS AND OTHER SCARY THINGS LIKE UNCLE PALONIS.

Martin climbs the front stoop and enters through the old door of the house, closing it quietly behind him. Tati Voda stands at a clothes tree, in the process of removing his jacket and rolling up his shirt sleeves. He keeps his vest and does not loosen his tie.

Martin: THE OLD ONES WHO BELIEVE IN THE MAGIC NEVER LIKE ME BECAUSE THEY THINK I'M A PART OF ALL THAT. THEY THINK I'M A KIND OF GHOST.

Tati Voda: (suddenly turning to Martin with intense eyes).

NOSFERATU !

The word tightens every one of Martin's muscles. It answers the question about the old man's beliefs in four accusatory, damning syllables. The English translation: Vampire !

Tati Voda: I WILL FIRST SAVE YOUR SOUL.

WHEN I HAVE RESCUED YOU

Martin quietly sets down his duffelbag.

Tati Voda: NOT THERE. I SHOW YOUR ROOM.

The old man turns and walks briskly up the stairs. Martin follows with his things.

Midway down the musty hall, the two pass a bedroom door which bears a set of obviously new locks. The bright brass of the hardware contrasts unquestionably with the old dark wood. The door is also regaled with great sprays of garlic. Martin is both amused and angered by the protective measures. He walks past silently.

He is surprised to discover a second door with the same measures evidenced. Then, at the end of the hall, the old man opens a door which has not been dressed or blessed. It opens into what will be Martin's room.

The decor is fitting of the old house, articles brought down from the attic. Spartan, but comfortable enough, with a bed and beureau and night table. There is an old pair of print curtains at the single window, and a closet door supports an old tintype landscape which hangs perfectly square from a single nail.

Martin steps to the center of the room and drops his bag at the foot of the bed.

With a very sudden move, Tati Voda lunges for the beaureau and snatches a cloth from where it draped an upright mirror, suddenly unveiling the glass as one would unveil a sculpture. The old man stares into the mirror at an angle which catches Martin's reflection. The reflection exists, to the old man's chagrin.

Tati Voda: PAMGRI !

Martin smiles through his reflection, gloating over the fact that the reflection dispells a part of the myth.

Tati Voda: YOU ARE THE FIRST ONE TO COME TO ME. *pause*
 I KNEW ONE DAY ONE OF YOU WOULD COME TO ME.
 IT IS THE FAMILY'S SHAME. *pause*
 WHEN WE KNEW PALONIS WOULD DIE, I GOT THE LETTER
 FROM THE OLD COUNTRY. IT TOLD ME IT WAS YOU WHO
 WOULD COME.
 AND NOW....I SEE YOU. YOU ARE HERE.

They look at each other. Martin starts to say something, but stops himself. He smiles again.

Tati Voda: COUSIN. NOSFERATU.
 TO SEE YOU...TELLS ME I AM RIGHT.
 YOU ARE FROM ELENA BULYARESSE. FROM DEREKUOI, MY
 FATHER'S PROVINCE. YOU ARE OLDER THAN I.
 YET YOU ARE SO YOUNG. JUST BEGINNING.

The old man's lips all but twitch as they shape a frowning anger.
The smile slowly melts from Martin's face.

Tati Voda: I WILL NOT ALLOW IT. YOU WILL NOT LEAVE HERE,
NOSFERATU. *pause*
I WILL NOT EXPOSE YOU FOR IT WOULD BE THE DISGRACE
OF ALL OF US. BUT I WILL CLEANSE YOU...
AND I WILL KILL YOU...BEFORE EPIPHANY.

Martin smiles again.

Tati Voda: FAMILY LAW PUTS YOU IN MY HOUSE. IN THE SHAME OF THE
HOUSE I WILL FEED YOU...I WILL GIVE YOU WORK.

The old man moves for the door. Martin turns his body so as to stay
facing his cousin. His hand on the doorknob, Tati Voda turns and
speaks more:

Tati Voda: YOU MAY COME AND GO...BUT YOU MAY NOT TAKE PEOPLE
FROM THIS CITY. IF I HEAR OF IT...A SINGLE TIME...
I DESTROY YOU WITHOUT SALVATION.
YOU MAY NOT ENTER MY ROOM. WHEN I WISH TO SPEAK WITH
YOU, I WILL.
MY GRANDAUGHTER STAYS WITH ME. YOU MAY NOT ENTER HER
ROOM. I HAVE TOLD HER NOT TO SPEAK WITH YOU, BUT SHE
WILL. YOU WILL NOT ANSWER.

Tati Voda: (cont.)

TOMORROW, YOU MAY REST. THE NEXT DAY YOU WORK IN
MY SHOP. *puce*

I HAVE BEEN TOLD YOU ARE IMBECILE.

CAN YOU SPEAK ?

Martin nods his head slowly.

Tati Voda: SPEAK.

Martin stands smiling.

Tati Voda: SPEAK SO I CAN HEAR YOUR VOICE.

SPEAK, NOSFERATU !

Martin: IT ISN'T MAGIC, TATI VODA.

IT'S JUST SICKNESS. IT'S ... JUST SICKNESS.

Tati Voda is almost hypnotized by the soft-spoken words. The ancient fears flash across his face. He tries to forget the curse and he forces himself to be functional; get more information:

Tati Voda: YOU...YOU CAN WRITE...AND READ ?

Martin nods again. The young man's face is sympathetic. He pities his cousin's beliefs even though his backward sensitivity.

Tati Voda: YOU WILL NEED IT IN YOUR JOB.

With that, everything said, the old man turns quickly into the hall, pulling Martin's door shut behind him. Martin stands for a moment, smiling at the closed door, then, slowly, the smile turns into an anger. He looks at the mirror and the cloth which lies across the beaureau top. Suddenly he lunges for the door, darts into the hall and just catches the door to his cousin's room closing.

With long strides Martin moves to Tati Voda's room and grabs the door knob. A loud click can be heard as the old man has obviously thrown one of the new locks.

A sudden flashback...a man in a turn-of-the century costume just slams a door and a period-costumed Martin falls against it...

Real time...Martin throws his weight on Tati Voda's door.

Tati Voda, aware of the onslaught, scrambles to a little religious shrine in the corner of his room...fear on his face.

Flashback...Period Martin crashes through a locked door. Period stranger cringes, holding up a Crucifix.

Real time...Martin crashes through Tati Voda's door with a second thrust of his body. The old man spins, quivering. He holds up a Crucifix.

Tati Voda: YOU WILL NOT ENTER MY ROOM...NOSFERATU...
YOU WILL NOT...(he is almost screaming)

[227] Flashback...the period stranger clutches the Crucifix...Period Martin rages toward him with anger...an old woman, big and peasant-strong, rushes into the room, attracted by the commotion.

[227] Period man: YOU WILL NOT TAKE FAMILY BLOOD...YOU WILL NOT TAKE FAMILY BLOOD...

[227] Real time... Martin rushes at Tati Voda. The old man is desperate with fear. He almost upsets his little shrine...a statue of the Madonna wobbles like a duckpin...it is about to fall...

[227] Flashback...A statue of the Madonna falls from a table which is upset by the Period man. It shatters on the floor, and the man's cringing body pulls a lace doilie from the shrine. When it falls, the man falls with it, his arms pushing the table away from a bed nearby. The peasant woman grabs Martin's arms from behind...

Woman: NOSFERATU ! NOSFERATU !

[227] Real time...

Tati Voda: NOSFERATU !

[227] Flashback:... As the Period man scrambles, he kicks something loose from under the bed. It skitters across the wooden floor. It is a

long stick of wood, carved down to a sharp point at one end. The business end of a mallet can be seen spinning out from under the slipcover. Martin's eyes go wide with terror. The peasant woman has wrestler's grip on Martin from behind. The Period man lunges for the wooden stake. Martin struggles toward it, kicking at it with his feet, dragging the old woman along behind him...

1022] Martin: (period)
IT ISN'T MAGIC...IT ISN'T MAGIC...
IT'S SICKNESS...IT'S SICKNESS...

Just as the Period man's hand is about to close on the stake, Martin's foot kicks it away. It flies into a corner. Martin spins violently. He breaks the old woman's grip. He faces her and she steps back out of reach...

1217 Real time...the Madonna stops wobbling. It does not fall. Tati Voda whispers:

1218 Tati Voda: NOSFERATU....

Martin stares at him. The young man is still poised in anger, but he calms himself, and he pulls away quietly...he is about to speak but we go to a quick...

1219 Flashback...so that the voice is of the Period Martin...

Martin: THE OLD WAYS ARE BAD...
 IT ISN'T MAGIC...
 I AM NOT A GHOST...I AM NOT A GHOST...

2217 Real time...

Martin: I AM YOUR COUSIN...
 I AM YOUR COUSIN, MARTEN !

221 Flashback...Martin rushes past the peasant woman and out of the room.

217 Real time...Martin spins away from the old man and reaches the door in two great strides. He snatches roughly at the garlic sprays which adorn the door. He pulls them over his neck and they hang there like Hawaiian Leis...

Martin: YOU SEE...YOU SEE...

Tati Voda still clutches the Crucifix. Martin steps toward him again, his hands tightening desperately on the cloves...

Martin: YOU SEE....

He steps closer, his voice becoming more urgent...he rips off several cloves, and the spray falls apart. Garlic rolls over the floor and bounces about the old man's feet. Martin pushes one bunch into his mouth, biting into the cloves...

Martin: YOU SEE...YOU SEE...:

His mouth is full. Pulpy pieces of the pungent stuff fall from between his teeth. He is almost crying. He stops and looks down at his cousin. The old man holds the Crucifix higher.

Suddenly Martin spits out the garlic and snatches the cross from his cousin's hand. He snaps the artifact in two pieces, throwing them roughly across the room.

The young man calms himself. He speaks quietly.

Martin: THERE IS NO MAGIC, TATI VODA.
 EVEN I KNOW THAT.
 THERE IS NO...MAGIC.

He turns away and walks out of the room, frustrated with his own inability to speak articulately, desperate over his plight, fully believing in his own normality which has been persecuted through his young eighty four years.

Tati Voda scrambles for a drawer under the shrine. He pulls it

open and rummages quickly among its contents. He fingers through a set of eggs which roll about on the drawer bottom. They are painted with colorful designs. The old man selects one which bears the crude image of a horned demon sprawled under a Crucifix with a sharp pointed end. The point is about to pierce the demon's heart.

Tati Voda carries the egg quickly into the hall. Martin is just abreast of Christina's door when he hears the sound of his cousin's entry. He turns. Tati Voda cracks a small hole in one end of the egg with the edge of his Crucifix. He frantically sucks at the contents of the shell.

Martin knows the ritual. In anger he snatches the garlic from Christina's door. He throws it on the floor. Then he reels back toward his own room where he falls against the door jamb, pounding his fists on the old wooden frame.

The rotten egg all in his mouth, the old man advances on his cousin, holding the egg and the Crucifix out ahead of him. When he draws very close, Martin looks into his face with pleading eyes. The old man spits the contents of the egg onto the boy's forehead.

Tati Voda: NOSFERATU...

YOU WILL NOT SURVIVE ME !

Tati Voda backs away slowly, all the way to the end of the hall.

Then he turns and disappears down the stairs.

Martin stands in the doorway to his room for a moment, then he calms himself, moves inside, closing the door, and walks to his wash basin. He matter-of-factly washes the egg from his face.

It is slightly later that morning. Tati Voda has put himself back together...jacket, walking stick etc. He looks the dapper shopkeeper as he approaches the door of his Butcher Shop.

The establishment is one of only few shops that still do business on the main commercial street of Braddock, and, just as his home, the little store is cleaner and much better kept than its neighbors.

Several old women stand impatiently outside the shop, waiting for it to open. They mumble almost inaudibly as the old man approaches and pulls on his retractable key chain.

Tati Voda: SORRY, LADIES.

He removes a sign which he had taped to the front door. It reads:

MONDAY, JUNE 9...NOT OPEN UNTIL 11 A.M. UNAVOIDABLE BUSINESS.

Inside the shop, the old man trudges through the sawdust and moves to a pass-through behind the display counter. He removes his jacket and slips a long apron, stained with meat blood, over his vest. He rolls up his sleeves and ties the apron cord behind his back as the ladies converge on the display counters.

Women: (working it out)
 YOU FIRST ?

Women: (cont.)
 NO, YOU WERE FIRST.
 IT'S ALRIGHT.
 YOU GO.
 I HAVE TIME.
 YOU GO FIRST.

Tati Voda begins to bring his wares out from the freezer in the back of the shop. He slaps them into their spots in the display.

Woman: JUST A POUND OF CHOPPED MEAT, TATI VODA.
 LEAN, YOU KNOW HOW I LIKE.

Tati Voda: MRS. KUCHINKAS, YES, I KNOW...

He busies himself with the meat. He uses a grinder to prepare it.

Tati Voda: I'M SORRY I WAS LATE TODAY.
 BUT YOU KNOW I NEVER MISS A DAY.
 IN FORTY THREE YEARS.

Woman: YOU NEED HELP HERE, VODA.

Tati Voda: WELL...MY COUSIN ARRIVED TODAY FROM INDIANAPOLIS.
 YOU'LL SEE HIM HERE. HE'S GOING TO HELP ME.

Women: (Oooooing and Ahhhhhing)
IS HE NICE, TATI VODA ?
IS HE OLD LIKE YOU.
LIKE ALL OF US, YOU MEAN.
WHEN SINCE A NEW YOUNG MAN MOVED INTO BRADDOCK ?

Tati Voda: WELL, ACTUALLY, HE IS A YOUNG MAN.
NOT EVEN TWENTY. YOU KNOW OUR PALONIS DIED JUST
A SHORT TIME AGO, AND MARTIN HAS COME TO MY HOUSE.

Woman: SO YOU'LL HAVE HELP. AND IN THE FAMILY, TOO.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY.

Tati Voda: I MUST TELL YOU, MARTIN'S A LITTLE...SLOW.

Women: (mumbling...commiserating)

Tati Voda: BUT HE CAN READ AND WRITE. HE SEEMS PLEASANT ENOUGH.
PERHAPS...IF HE BEHAVES HIMSELF...I CAN RUN DELIVERIES
AGAIN.

Women: DELIVERIES. LIKE THE OLD DAYS...(mumble mumble)

Tati Voda: YOU'LL FORGIVE HIM HIS STRANGENESS, LADIES.
YOU SEE...IT'S A FAMILY PROBLEM. NOT IN MY DIRECT
LINE, YOU UNDERSTAND...BUT...AMONG DISTANT RELATIVES.

Women: (mumbling)
 HOW GOOD OF YOU TO TAKE HIM, TATI VODA.
 WHAT A WONDERFUL MAN, OUR DEAR BUTCHER.

One old hag lurks at the corner of the display rack. She is not swept along with the obvious reactions of the others. She twists her face with disapproval.

Mrs. Bellini: A YOUNG MAN IN THE HOUSE WITH CHRISTINA ?

The remark takes everyone aback. The other women fall silent, not certain if they should have noticed the impropriety themselves or if Mrs. Bellini is simply being her haggish, complaining self.

Mrs. Bellini: RELATIVE OR NO, THAT ISN'T RIGHT.

Tati Voda: WELL, MRS. BELLINI, I....

Mrs. Bellini: YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE IT, VODA. HOW WILL IT LOOK ?

Tati Voda: IT LOOKS AS YOU WANT IT TO LOOK, MRS. BELLINI.
 MY FAMILY KNOWS HOW TO BEHAVE.
 WE HAVE PRIVATE LAWS IN OUR FAMILY. AND THEY ARE
 STRICTER THAN YOU KNOW.

The other women join behind the Butcher with a barrage of comments:
 YES...AND IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS ANYWAY...TATI VODA IS A GOOD MAN !

It is afternoon. Martin is in his room. The window shades are drawn against the afternoon sun, yet he wears a pair of sunglasses. He is lying on his bed, propped up by an elbow and the side wall. Surrounding him on the bed and atop the nightstand are his paperbacks. He is reading one called BILL SEVERN'S BIG BOOK OF MAGIC. He is studying a trick and practicing with some little colored balls and handkerchiefs.

His deck of cards is also spread out on the bed as he has been practicing card tricks as well.

We see other books, one on ELECTRONICS MADE EASY, one which is a CROSSWORD DICTIONARY, one called TEACH YOURSELF TO DRAW.

Suddenly Martin gets up and leaves his room. He trots down the stairs and looks about. He moves quickly into the kitchen where he begins to rummage through the drawers. As he moves through the house we see indications of the life style of Tati Voda. Things are old but neatly kept. Pictures abound, from old tyntypes to new Polaroids, and they trace a family lineage. Martin pays no particular attention. In one drawer, he finds some secretarial supplies. Pencils, paper, etc. He pulls out a roll of Scotch tape and stuffs it in his pocket.

Then he spots a bowl of nuts on the counter. He takes up a little knife and grabs a walnut. He carefully cuts the shell in two at

the seam, then he scrapes out the nut meat, eating it as he does. He then pulls a dollar bill from his wallet, folds it into a little square, and inserts it in the walnut shell. With some glue from the other drawer, he puts the nutshell back together and sets it on top of the stack in the bowl.

He is just putting away the supplies when he hears a noise at the front door. He scoops things back in the drawer and slides it shut. As he steps to the kitchen doorway, he leans out into the entrance hall and all but bumps into the rushing figure of a young woman. She is dressed very conservatively and looks the proper working girl with her short hair and little purse. She is startled by the sudden appearance of the young man, and she looks at him through great, sad eyes. They are both silent for a moment, the suddenness of the confrontation making the moment uncomfortable.

Christina: YOU'RE MARTIN ?

Martin doesn't respond. Not even a nod. The young woman seems slightly nervous...

Christina: IS...IS VODA HOME YET ?

Martin suddenly turns and rushes away, up the stairs and down the cool darkness of the upper hall.

Christina is left open mouthed. She quietly sets down her purse,

not quite knowing what to do.

Just abreast of the door to the young woman's room, Martin stands in the shadows. He looks down, noticing the garlic sprays he snatched off the door earlier. In one quick move he picks up the garlands and hangs them back up on a nail in the door. Then he rushes into his own room, closes his door and throws the bolt lock.

(6) An hour or so later, Christina, having changed into a housedress, is bustling about the kitchen preparing dinner. She is skilled in the old-world way of keeping several dishes going at one time, so that the many courses of the meal will be ready in exact sequence. She has a small radio playing, and we hear a telephone talk show. A hearty-voiced announcer with a smile in his words is trying his best to deal with the problems of the lonely people who call in.

Christina moves to a tall cupboard near the hallway door. She throws it open and scans the shelves within for a box of bread crumbs and other last minute ingredients. When she pulls out what she needs, she closes the door to reveal a man's figure standing in the shadows quite nearby. It is Martin. His appearance makes her jump...

Christina: OH...OH, I'M SORRY.

I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME DOWN.

Martin doesn't respond, he just moves quickly into the room and heads directly for the drawer which contains the secretarial supplies. He pulls the roll of Scotch tape from his pocket and plunks it into the drawer, then he slides the drawer shut and stands with his back to it, leaning against the counter. He looks at the girl. She is still transfixed at the cupboard door, clutching the boxes she had pulled from the shelves. She moves back to her cooking.

Christina: I'M MAKING STUFFED CABBAGE. DO YOU LIKE IT ?

When the young man doesn't respond, she looks up from her stove.
They stare at each other.

Christina: DO YOU LIKE STUFFED CABBAGE ?

He shakes his head...no.

Christina: TERRIFIC. (back to cooking)
WELL, IT'S VODA'S FAVORITE.
THINGS AROUND HERE ARE DONE VODA'S WAY.

Martin mumbles something in response. Christina can't hear him, so she moves down the counter and snaps off the radio.

Christina: WHAT ?

Martin looks up into her eyes, but the contact is too much for him.
He breaks the stare and reaches over to turn the radio back on.

Christina: (making small talk)
OH, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE LISTENING.
THAT'S A CRAZY SHOW. IT'S ON ALL NIGHT FROM SIX
TO SIX. I LIKE TO LISTEN TO IT, TOO. YOU HEAR OTHER
PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS AND YOUR OWN SEEM LIKE BLESSINGS
SOMETIMES.

She busies herself with the meal again, recognizing that the ice can't be broken easily with Martin.

The radio drones with a weepy caller who is expounding on the inequity of the welfare state. Christina burns a finger on a casserole. She sucks in air and puts the burned hand to her mouth. Martin looks at her intensely. She catches his stare.

Christina: VODA SHOULD BE HERE.
 HE OPENED LATE TODAY SO HE COULD PICK YOU UP.
 SO I GUESS HE'S WORKING LATE. HE'S GOTTA PUT IN AT
 LEAST EIGHT HOURS, SICK OR HEALTHY, RAIN OR SHINE.
 I'D CALL IF WE HAD A PHONE. SUPPER'LL BE RUINED
 IF HE'S NOT HERE SOON.
 WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK...SOME WINE OR SOMETHING ?

Martin shakes his head no. At least it's a direct response, and it makes Christina feel slightly more comfortable; at least she isn't talking to the wall. She busies herself again. Martin draws closer to the radio. He is actually interested in the show.

Christina: DO YOU BELIEVE THAT ? NO PHONE.
 WELL, VODA AND I HAD A TERRIBLE ARGUMENT ABOUT THAT
 THE OTHER DAY, AND I'M HAVING ONE PUT IN MY ROOM.
 AS LONG AS I PAY FOR IT AND AS LONG AS THE BELL ISN'T
 TOO LOUD. (she laughs)

She turns to the young man suddenly with an idea. She looks very feminine...very housewifish...potholders in her hands, she reaches up with the top of her wrist to brush back her bangs and blot the heat from her brow...

Christina: SAY, WOULD YOU LIKE A PHONE ?
 AN EXTENSION'S ONLY A FEW MORE DOLLARS.
 I'D BE HAPPY TO MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS...
 WE CAN SHARE THE BILL FOR THE CALLS WE MAKE...

Martin looks at her. She has reached out with a friendly offer. It is almost moving to the young man. He doesn't know how to deal with it...

A noise at the front door. Tati Voda has arrived. The door slams.

Christina: WELL...YOU TELL ME IF YOU WANT IT, OK ?

Martin is nervous. He doesn't want to be caught in the kitchen with Christina. He rushes to the back door, which opens out onto a yard at the rear of the house. He moves quickly out onto the back porch, pulling the door quietly shut behind him. Christina is puzzled by the action, but she puts it off to Voda's forbearing presence.

Christina: GRANDFATHER ?

Tati Voda simply grunts from the hallway where he is repeating the morning procedure of depositing walking stick and jacket at the clothes tree. He rolls up his shirt sleeves and starts to move toward the kitchen.

29 On the back porch, Martin surveys the situation. There is an old wooden bench which hangs on chains from hooks in the porch roof. The young man sits quietly, his hands on his lap. He stares across the yards in the back alley. There is some activity. People deposit garbage, some work on small gardens.

There is the sudden sound of a motorcycle revving up. Martin's eyes scan the area. Appearing from behind a hedge row, a helmeted rider squeals into the alleyway on a big Harley. Martin follows with his eyes. It is the only young person in sight.

The cyclist spots Martin on Voda's back porch. He pulls up at the fence and lets the bike idle...he, too, is attracted by the sight of another young person...a countryman in a foreign land.

Cyclist: (calling)
HEY, WHAS HAPP'NING ?

Martin stares at the rider. Once again, he feels threatened by the thought of conversation. The cyclist revs again and pulls out down the alley.

18 Voda stands in the kitchen doorway. He addresses Christina.

Tati Voda: YOU SAW HIM.

Christina: HE'S ON THE BACK PORCH.

The old man is slightly concerned that there has been obvious close contact. He moves to the window and he looks out at Martin.

Christina: HE'S SO QUIET...HE SEEMS SO...
 I DUNNO, SO FRIGHTENED OF THINGS...
 HE'S AFRAID OF HIS OWN SHADOW...

Tati Voda: HE IS THE DEVIL !
 THE DEVIL KNOWS HOW TO LOOK INNOCENT.

Christina is irritated by the old man's obsession. He just stares out the window. Martin sits very still, his hands in his lap.

29 At the dinner table, Christina eats delicately. Martin has finished, leaving much of his stuffed cabbage untouched.

Tati Voda eats ravenously and loudly. He belches as he sops up sauce with a piece of bread. He stuffs it in his mouth and washes everything down with a great gulp of red Hungarian wine, which he sloshes about in his mouth before swallowing. Then his hands fall on the table with a great thud, indicating that he has finished.

In the distance, a little clock chimes in a high pitch, and the old man checks the watch on his vest chain for accuracy.

Martin's soft voice breaks the silence:

Martin: DO YOU HAVE A DOLLAR BILL ?

The other two look up at him in amazement, then at each other.

Christina is the first to react.

Christina: YOU NEED MONEY, MARTIN. I CAN LOAN YOU SOME MONEY.

Tati Voda: (irritated)

CHRISTINA. MARTIN HAS A JOB.

I CAN GIVE YOU MONEY TOMORROW MORNING. AN ADVANCE.

Martin: I JUST WANT A DOLLAR BILL. I WANT TO SHOW YOU

SOMETHING. I'LL GIVE IT RIGHT BACK.

Christina gets up from the table and moves into the hall in search of her purse. Voda stares at the young man, who smiles back calmly. The young woman reenters the room having produced a dollar bill. She brings it to Martin and he takes it eagerly and begins to fold it into a small square. His eyes look up at the others with an impish expression on his face. His tongue even shoots up and curls over his upper lip. He looks like a child who is demonstrating a newly learned skill.

Christina returns to her chair, watching. Voda looks suspicious. The little square completed, Martin stands and pulls a large handkerchief from his pocket. He sets the folded bill on the back of one of his hands, then brings the handkerchief up to cover it. He blows on the spot, then pulls the cloth off. The bill is gone. His hand is empty.

Tati Voda's expression doesn't change. Christina reacts politely.

Christina: WOW...THAT'S GOOD, MARTIN. VERY GOOD.

Martin holds up a finger as if to say "wait...that's not all." He rushes into the kitchen and returns with the bowl of walnuts. He places the bowl in front of the girl, lifts the pre-prepared shell and hands it to her with the nutcracker. It is obvious what she is expected to do. She cracks open the walnut to find a dollar

Bill folded exactly as hers was. She is honestly surprised.

Christina: OH HO...THAT'S GREAT...THAT'S REALLY GREAT.
HOW DID YOU DO THAT ?

Martin looks at the old man with real eye contact. Voda's face is still stern and suspicious. Martin triumphantly pulls out his handkerchief. He turns it up-side-down as that we can see a patch of folded Scotch tape underneath, it holds Christina's bill against the cloth.

Christina: OH..HA HA...BUT YOU SHOULDN'T SHOW US HOW YOU DO IT.
THAT WAS GREAT, MARTIN...

But Martin doesn't react. He is interested only in Tati Voda. He looks directly at the old man, who wrinkles his mouth.

Martin: THINGS ONLY SEEM TO BE MAGIC.
THERE'S NO REAL MAGIC.
THERE'S NO REAL MAGIC EVER.

The doorbell interrupts the moment. Christina rushes off. Martin is slightly afraid of who might be calling. He quickly pockets his supplies. He even grabs up the bowl of nuts and takes them back into the kitchen. As he comes back into the dining room, Christina is ushering in a large man in working overalls. He sets down a lunch bucket and newspaper, and he speaks with a deep

voice and vocabulary which reveal his ignorant nature. He isn't a bad person, just simple in ways and manners.

Arthur: HULLO, VODA.

Tati Voda: GOOD EVENING, ARTHUR.

Christina immediately introduces Martin, a pleasure Martin would just as soon avoid. Another stranger...and one obviously associated with Christina...the young man is somehow jealous.

Christina: ARTHUR BOLANIS...THIS IS MY COUSIN, MARTIN.

Arthur doesn't extend his hand, but just sits at the dinner table as he speaks:

Arthur: HULLO, MARTIN. FROM INDIANAPOLIS ?
THAT'S A GOOD TOWN. I HEAR THERE'S WORK THERE.

Tati Voda: THERE IS WORK EVERYWHERE, ARTHUR.
PEOPLE JUST DON'T BOTHER TO LOOK FOR IT.

Arthur: I'M TALKIN' ABOUT DECENT WORK WITH DECENT MONEY.
ANY FOOD LEFT ?

Christina moves the serving bowls closer to Arthur, and he immediately begins to sample things directly from the serving spoons. Martin rushes out of the room. Christina is the only one who cares.

Later. The radio is playing in Martin's room. The same telephone talk show is going on. An old woman is discussing an operation she had recently. She sounds drunk, and her giggling voice tries to sound seductive in her private romance with the announcer. Martin listens intently as he plays another Solitaire on his bedspread.

He hears the sound of the back screen door squeaking, and muffled footsteps on the back porch, which is below his window. Then he hears the distant voices of Arthur and Christina. He turns the radio down and moves to the window so he can listen.

Arthur: I'M NOT GONNA LIVE HERE, AND IF I BUY A HOUSE
I AIN'T BUYIN' NO EXTRA ROOMS FOR THE OLD MAN.
THAT'S IT, CHRISTINA.

Christina: BUT THIS IS SUCH A BIG OLD PLACE. AND IT'S GONNA
BE MINE SOME DAY. WHY SHOULD WE SPEND MONEY ON
ANOTHER HOUSE ?

Arthur: IT'S MY MONEY WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT. AND I AIN'T LIVIN'
IN NO HOUSE THAT BELONGS TO MY WIFE.

Martin suddenly becomes aware of another sound. A light tapping... scraping...and a little jingle, as of a small bell.

He follows the sound to the door of his room. The noise comes from directly outside. Martin snaps open the door. Veda has mounted a small bell, like one that would be inside the door of a little store,

to the outside of Martin's door. Whenever the door is opened, the little bell will announce it. Martin looks at the bell, and down into the old man's eyes.

Tati Voda: NOSFERATU !

It is morning. Martin wears his dark glasses and shades his eyes with his hands. He walks alongside Tati Voda, or a few steps behind, as it is difficult to keep up with the old man's pace.

Tati Voda is dressed just the same, and he brandishes his walking stick proudly. They pass a few people on Commercial Street, and the old man greets them warmly.

In the Butcher Shop, Martin sits in a corner reading. Tati Voda serves several customers. He introduces some of them to his cousin. They are pleasant enough, but they view the young man suspiciously.

Tati Voda: MARTIN. THE STEAKS FOR MRS. ANDERSON, PLEASE.

Martin moves to the rear of the store, and he enters the large walk-in freezer. Great slabs of meat clutter the refrigerated room and hang from hooks still wet with blood.

Martin: (Voice over again)

THE WORK IS VERY EASY. I HAVE LOTS OF TIME TO READ.
THE PEOPLE LOOK AT ME STRANGELY SOMETIMES,
BUT I DON'T THINK TATI VODA HAS SAID ANYTHING TO
ANY OF THEM. THAT WOULD BE AGAINST THE FAMILY RULES.
I TRY TO BE FRIENDLY. I SMILE EVEN WHEN I DON'T
WANT TO. I JUST DON'T LIKE TO TALK.
MAYBE THAT'S WHY PEOPLE THINK I'M STRANGE.

Martin brings several steaks out to Mrs. Anderson, who seems to be of a more affluent class than the average townspeople we have seen.

Mrs. Anderson: THANK YOU, YOUNG MAN.

VODA, YOU'RE GOING TO START DELIVERING AGAIN ?

Tati Voda: WHEN MARTIN GETS A LITTLE MORE FAMILIAR.

I THINK WE WILL MAKE DELIVERIES, YES.

IF YOU CAN BEHAVE, MARTIN. CAN YOU BEHAVE ?

(this last directly at the young man)

Martin smiles nervously and he looks at Mrs. Anderson with embarrassment on his face.

Mrs. Anderson: HE SEEMS PERFECTLY WELL BEHAVED TO ME.

Tati Voda: YES, HE'S JUST A LITTLE SLOW. I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD

ABOUT THE PROBLEM WE HAVE WITH MARTIN.

Mrs. Anderson: YES, BUT HE SEEMS PERFECTLY WELL BEHAVED TO ME.

Martin smiles at the woman.

(33)

Another day. Martin walks down Commercial Street carrying two bags of meat. They are marked with addresses and they have bills stapled to their curled up tops. Martin squints even through his dark glasses, but he seems generally happy.

Martin: (v.o.)

IT'S REALLY NICE TO BE OUT OF THE STORE.

I LIKE THE WAY THE STORE SMELLS. AND I LIKE THAT I CAN READ A LOT, BUT TOO MANY PEOPLE COME IN AND TRY TO TALK TO ME.

MAKING THE DELIVERIES, I CAN SEE THE TOWN AND LEARN WHERE EVERYTHING IS. THAT'S GOOD STUFF TO KNOW.

As Martin walks, we do environmental studies of the depressed area. We see more elderly people. We see the mortal machine starting to fail...the mortal world dying as Martin walks through the streets sporting his longevity.

At one end of the town, the only working plant is in operation, and a loud, crushing roar accompanies the working of the great machine

behind the compound walls. It is an auto compactor. Martin watches for a moment as the big jaws crush the old junker cars down and vomit out large metal cubes.

Martin: I COULD DO IT TO PEOPLE IN TOWN IF I WANT TO.
I COULD DO IT SO TATI VODA WOULD NEVER FIND OUT.
THERE'S LOTS OF WAYS.
AND LOTS OF PEOPLE THAT NOBODY WOULD EVER MISS.

(24) Out...a tired looking, middle aged woman opens her front door. She has been vacuuming and she is sweating through a cotton housedress which is torn in several places.

Woman: OH, HELLO, MARTIN. THANKYOU.

She takes one bag of meats from the young man's arms and disappears into her house.

Woman: WAIT JUST A MINUT, I'LL FIND MY PURSE.

Martin stands in the open doorway, peering into the darkness within. An old Italian across the street is making a pass over his front yard with a power lawnmower. The sound is loud. Soon, the man disappears around the side of his house, and the sound gets dimmer. There is nobody else in sight. Martin is alone at the inviting doorway.

The woman reappears with money in her hand. She hands him a few bills.

Woman: THERE. THAT'S FOR THE ORDER...AND...

THIS IS FOR YOU.

She drops a few coins in Martin's hand.

Woman: CAN I GET YOU A LEMONADE OR SOMETHING ?

Martin smiles. He looks into the dark, cool hallway. He shakes his head, no, but his smile broadens.

2) He is walking again, with the last bag to be delivered.

Martin: (V.O.)

I LIKE TO SEE NEW PEOPLE. I SEE PEOPLE WHO NEVER
COME INTO THE STORE BECAUSE THEY USE THEIR TELEPHONE
TO TELL TATI VODA WHAT THEY WANT.

He turns into a pathway which leads up to a rather large old house,
and he checks the address as written on the delivery bag.

Martin: I LIKE TO LOOK AT THE ADDRESSES AND TRY TO IMAGINE
WHAT THE PEOPLE WILL BE LIKE. THE ADDRESSES AND THE
NAMES.

The bag reads: MRS. DULENAS... *Scientific*

Martin: SOMETIMES THEY LOOK JUST LIKE THEIR NAMES, AND THEN
OTHER TIMES...THEY'RE REALLY DIFFERENT...

36
Mrs Dulemas opens her door. She is completely out of place. She is fairly young and prettily dressed. She looks tired, but her hair and make up are fixed well. In the coolness of her doorway, she is a vision to Martin. He stands open-mouthed.

Mrs. Dulemas: WELL. THAT WAS QUICK. I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T COME 'TIL LATE THIS AFTERNOON.

Her smile is warm and friendly, even though something about her demeanor seems to be struggling against great sadness and dissatisfaction.

Mrs. Dulemas: IT'S GOOD YOU CAUGHT ME. I WAS JUST GONNA RUN DOWN TO THE K.MART.

She accepts the bag of meat, and starts to move into the house. Then she turns suddenly.

Mrs. Dulemas: I CAN RIDE YOU BACK DOWNTOWN IF YOU LIKE.

The thought frightens Martin slightly. He backs off a step onto the porch shaking his head no.

Mrs. Dulemas: WHY NOT. IT'S SUCH A HOT DAY.

Martin just looks at her, still in awe at her pretty appearance.

It's not so much her features as her feminine dress and gestures...

her hair...like the woman on the train...like Christina with the potholders brushing back her bangs. The images which sexually attract Martin are all subtly soft and distaff.

Mrs. Dulemas: COME ON, DON'T BE SILLY. WE'LL GO.

She disappears down the hall to deposit her delivery in the kitchen.

Cut. The two get into the front seat of Mrs. Dulemas' car. It is old by about six years, but she keeps it clean. There is a suction-cupped Crucifix on the dash. Martin stares at it.

Mrs. Dulemas: THIS IS SOMETHING. YOU COME ALL THE WAY UP TO
DELIVER THE STUFF, AND I DELIVER YOU ALL THE WAY
BACK DOWN TOWN. I COULD HAVE PICKED IT UP MYSELF.

Martin looks at her, feeling embarrassed. What she has said is quite true. He feels very uncomfortable. She pulls the car out and drives with abandon.

Mrs. Dulemas: HEY, I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING BY THAT.
I'M GOING RIGHT PAST. IT'S JUST TOO BAD THAT YOU
HAD TO WALK ALL THE WAY UP THAT'S ALL.

A long silence as the car pulls onto Commercial Street.

Mrs. Dulemas: LISTEN, DO YOU HAVE A MINUTE ? I NEED GAS.

Without waiting for an answer, she pulls the car into a corner gas station, and glides it alongside the pumps. There are no other customers, and the attendant trots up to her window promptly.

Mrs. Dulemas: DOLLAR'S WORTH OF REGULAR, PLEASE.

The attendant reacts with slight irritation. The woman is embarrassed and she looks at Martin, but he is insensitive to the implications. She pursues the point anyway, feeling it necessary to explain.

Mrs. Dulemas: MY HUSBAND PUTS IN ALL THE MILEAGE WHEN HE'S OUT
GALLIVANTING, SO I'M NOT GOING TO USE MY MONEY TO

FILL THE TANK FOR HIM.

I GET LITTLE ENOUGH AS IT IS.

Martin swallows. He looks out his passenger window. He shifts his body slightly. He is nervous.

Mrs. Dulemas: I KNOW, YOU HAVE TO GET BACK. IT'LL JUST BE A MINUTE.
COULD YOU REACH IN THE GLOVE THERE AND HAND ME THE
LITTLE NOTEBOOK THAT'S IN THERE.

Martin looks at the glove compartment, then up into the woman's eyes.

Mrs. Dulemas: IN THE GLOVE. THERE'S A LITTLE NOTEBOOK.

Martin complies. He moves gently and he treats the compartment and notebook as though they were fragile things. As though he were touching the woman's private parts. He leaves the compartment door open.

Mrs. Dulemas takes a pencil from where it is lodged in the spine of the notebook, and she makes notes of the mileage and the amount of gas she has put in the car.

Mrs. Dulemas: MY HUSBAND'S A FANATIC ABOUT THIS. HOW MUCH GAS.
WHEN. WHAT'S THE MILEAGE.

Martin stares into the glove compartment. There is a little pill bottle and a plastic tube of suntan lotion. There is a pantyhose egg. Private parts. The woman suddenly reaches past Martin to flop the notebook back in the compartment. Her closeness for that brief instant makes the young man tighten. He looks up at her. She leans back and smiles.

Mrs. Dulemas: I'M SORRY. I'M THE COMPLAINING OLD HOUSEWIFE.
IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, GET OUT OF IT, RIGHT?

Martin looks startled. He thinks she meant that if he didn't like it he could leave. She reads his expression and he makes a slight move for the door handle.

Mrs. Dulemas: OH...I DON'T MEAN YOU.
I MEAN ME. IF I'M SO DISATISFIED I SHOULD JUST GET
OUT OF IT AND SHUT UP ABOUT IT.
ANYWAY...(she sighs...brightens)
IN THE MEAN TIME. IT'S NICE TO HAVE SOMEBODY AROUND
TO COMPLAIN TO.

The attendant returns and the woman rummages through her purse for some money. She pulls a rumpled dollar bill from her wallet and gives it to the garage man, then she puts her purse in order again and restarts the car.

Mrs. Dulemas: YOU REMIND ME OF A DOG I USED TO HAVE.

Martin reacts with embarrassment. He is nervous again.

Mrs. Dulemas: OH, I DON'T MEAN THAT TO SOUND FUNNY. I HAD THIS
OLD DOG. MUTT. HE USED TO SIT ON THE FLOOR AND
GIVE ME THOSE EYES...(she looks at Martin's eyes
drawing the parallel)...
I USED TO REALLY BE ABLE TO TALK TO THAT OLD DOG.
AND HE'D JUST LISTEN AND LISTEN...UNTIL I GOT IT
ALL OUT OF MY SYSTEM. NEVER SAID ANYTHING. NEVER
TALKED BACK. HA HA...

She looks at the young man again. This time he smiles. She smiles back.

Mrs. Dulemas: ANYWAY...

She pulls the car over to the curb. They have arrived at the Butcher shop. Martin is surprised, and sorry for the ride to be over.

Mrs. Dulemas: SEE YOU NEXT WEEK, OK ?

Martin just gets out of the car quickly and closes the door. He faces the car, but all the woman can see is his waist, his hands hanging on his sides as his thumbs pick at his forefinger cuticles. As he looks through the open passenger window, he can see Mrs. Dulemas' legs, with her skirt hiked up in the heat.

She pulls out slowly. Martin takes a step after the car. He stops at the curb and calls loudly.

Martin: THANKYOU...

The woman isn't sure if she heard anything or not. She looks in her rear-view mirror and sees the young man leaning toward her. She stops and pushes in the emergency brake, then she opens her door and stands up looking at Martin.

Mrs. Dulemas: LISTEN...DO YOU DO ...OTHER KINDS OF JOBS...

HANDIWORK...YARD WORK...STUFF LIKE THAT ?

Martin freezes up again, threatened. She sees the ice form, so she

backs off the inquiry before she gets a "no".

Mrs. Dulemas: WELL...LET ME KNOW, MAYBE WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT.
SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.

And she is gone. Martin stands and watches the car roll away. A few people drift past him on the street. They walk without purpose.

Martin: I COULD DO ANYTHING I WANTED. SOME PEOPLE LIKE ME.
IT WOULD BE EASY.
I JUST HAVE TO BE CAREFUL.
I'M SURE I COULD DO IT. I'M SURE I COULD DO IT SO
NOONE WOULD FIND OUT IT WAS ME.
I JUST HAVE TO BE CAREFUL...

37 He turns. Tati Voda is watching from the Butcher shop window. There is worry on the old man's face. Martin meets his stare with a smile.

38 CUT: Martin sits on the commuter train into Pittsburgh. He looks out the window at the passing steel mills.

Martin: IT'S EASIER IN THE CITY. AT LEAST FOR NOW.
NOBODY CARES ABOUT ANYTHING IN THE CITY.
NOBODY'S WATCHIN' YA ALL THE TIME.

(57) Martin is in a downtown area of Pittsburgh which neons sex all up and down a bright strip. Movies, Books, Devices for Stimulation...

CUT: he is playing a pinball machine...

Martin: AND IT'S EASIER TO FIND PEOPLE. PEOPLE THAT YOU
DON'T HAVE TO REALLY CARE ABOUT.
AND IT DOESN'T TAKE THAT LONG TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO
DO IT. OR WHEN TO DO IT THE SAFEST WAY...

He is thumbing through porno magazines on a large rack. A gum-chewing proprietor eyes him suspiciously. A few Sailors and porn-strip peddlers wander through the place.

Martin: IT'S STILL MY LEAST FAVORITE THING, THOUGH.
WATCHING AND WAITING. THINKING ABOUT WHAT IT'LL
BE LIKE. LIKE THE SUPERMARKET LADY...

(HP) CUT: Late afternoon...people file in and out of a large supermarket in the big city. There is a Policeman who stands at the shopping cart depot, but several blacks and inner-city toughs hang around the edges of the parking lot. Among them, is Martin Mathias. He is unnoticed. He is just waiting quietly, his eyes locked on the entrance of the store.

A young housewife, very pretty and extremely well dressed in a skirted suit, comes out of the store and wheels a loaded shopping

cart toward her station wagon. Martin's eyes are intense. His mouth is slightly open. We recognize the type immediately...soft hair, Mona Lisa smile...femenine gestures and slender build...

CUT: Supermarket interior. The same woman is smiling and talking with the girl at the check out register...it is another day, as the woman is dressed differently...still very fashionable...pretty... She pays by check, and as her open checkbook sits on the counter, Martin, in the checkout line with a few small items in his arms, makes a mental note of the address written across the top of the checks...

Martin: IT WAS EASY TO FIND OUT WHERE SHE LIVED. IT'S ALWAYS PRETTY EASY. YOU CAN EVEN JUST FOLLOW THEM IF THERE'S NO OTHER WAY. BUT THAT CAN BE HARD. YOU NEED A BICYCLE OR SOMETHIN.'

41 CUT: Another day...same woman...third outfit...her wardrobe is indicative of her affluent state. She is pulling her station wagon into the driveway of a large, expensive house on the edge of one of the City Parks. The garage door closes, as with an electric door control. Across the street, Martin buys ice cream from a push cart vendor. He watches the house.

42 CUT: Martin is in another outfit. He is standing at the woman's front door. It is morning. He rings the bell. The woman opens

the door. She looks very pretty...she smiles...

143 Flashback...train lady...smiling...hair billows...

144 Flashback...Christina...smiling...brushing bangs...

145 Flashback...Mrs. Dulemas...smiling...hair flows...

[42] Supermarket Lady: YES...

Martin hands her a small note. On it is hand written:

I AM A DEAF MUTE. WILL YOU HELP ME THROUGH SCHOOL ?

The lady looks up and smiles warmly again...

A man's voice from within the house:

WHO IS IT DEAR ?

Lady: OH...ER...

The husband appears, curious...she hands the man the note. Martin seems very calm.

Husband: OH...WELL...I DON'T NORMALLY LIKE SOLICITATION THIS WAY, BUT...

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out some loose change. It jingles into Martin's hand.

Husband: HERE YOU GO.

As the door closes, Martin examines the security alarm system.

CUT: It is night. Martin watches the house from across the street. The husband, dressed in a suit, leaves through the front door. He is carrying a suit bag and an overnighter. The pretty lady kisses him goodbye. She is wearing a frilly night dress under a serving robe.

Martin: SOMETIMES IT TAKES A WHILE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TIMES WOULD BE BEST, BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A GOOD TIME SOONER OR LATER...

The husband leaves in a second car.

CUT: Martin explores the house on the outside. It is later, and he is shrouded in the dark shadows out of street-light range. He looks carefully at the security system leads which extend from window to window.

Martin: SOMETIMES THERE ARE BURGALAR ALARMS OR BIG DOGS OR STUFF LIKE THAT. I HATE BIG DOGS. THEY SCARE ME. BURGALAR ALARMS ARE EASIER THAN BIG DOGS. BUT EVEN SOME BURGALAR ALARMS ARE HARD. THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY, THOUGH.

CUT: Martin is in his room. He is working on a small electronic unit which we cannot identify.

There is a gentle knock on his door. We hear Christina from the hall.

Christina: CUPPER, MARTIN.

Martin plops down his things, and rushes for the door. He throws it open and the little bell jingles. Christina is already halfway down the hall toward the stairs. She turns when she hears the bell. Martin looks at her.

Christina: SUPPER'S READY.

Martin: YOU TOOK IT DOWN.

Christina: WHAT ?

Martin: (pointing)
YOU TOOK IT DOWN.

His finger indicates the door to her room. The garlic is gone.

Christina: OH...YES...I...I THOUGHT IT WAS...STUPID...
A STUPID SUPERSTITION...I...I DIDN'T WANT IT THERE,
THAT'S ALL.

Martin just looks at her quietly. She smiles.

Christina: WASN'T I RIGHT ?

Martin nods in the affirmative.

Christina: COME DOWN TO SUPPER, HURRY. I'M GOING OUT TONIGHT.

49

At the dinner table, Tati Voda's presence is obviously missing. Christina and Martin eat without speaking. Once in a while, they look up at each other, but their eyes never meet.

50

Later, Martin is washing the dishes. He does the job very meticulously. He enjoys it, and really gets into it. He uses no short-cuts. He does one item at a time, first washing, then drying, then storing away. The telephone talk show is playing on the radio.

Christina walks slowly into the kitchen. She is dressed to go out, a little sweater over her summer frock, but she is looking at her wristwatch, checking it against the kitchen wall clock.

Christina: I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS...

OH, I'LL BE SO GLAD WHEN THE PHONE GETS PUT IN.

Martin just looks at her as he dries another dish.

Christina: (really fed up)

DAMN IT !

She whips off her sweater and pushes up the sleeves to her dress.

Christina: HERE, LET ME HELP.

Martin: (clutching a dish against his chest protectively)
NO, IT'S MY JOB.

Christina: WELL, I JUST WANT TO HELP YOU WHILE I'M WAITING.

Martin: NO...IT'S MY JOB.

Christina is slightly irritated at how difficult Martin can be at times, but most of her annoyance comes from the fact that Arthur is over an hour late. She drifts across the room and flops on a kitchen stool near the radio.

Christina DO YOU MIND IF I TURN THIS OFF ?

Martin shakes his head no. She snaps off the radio. The room is very quiet but for the sound of crickets in the night and the slight rustle and squeek of the towel on the clean dishes.

Martin: I'M GLAD YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN THE MAGIC.

She looks up at him. It is the first time a real conversation on the problem at hand has been started.

Christina: WELL, I DON'T...I REALLY DON'T.

Martin: I KNOW...AND I'M GLAD.

He goes for another dish. He runs the tap water to wash it. She watches him a moment...

Christina: I'M SO SORRY YOU HAVE TO GO THROUGH IT ALL.
IT MUST BE AWFUL FOR YOU.

Martin: IT IS. IT IS AWFUL.
THERE'S NO MAGIC. THERE'S NO MAGIC IN ANYTHING.

Christina: THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'RE RIGHT.
 THAT TRICK YOU DID WITH THE DOLLAR...
 THAT WAS A...VERY NICE WAY OF TRYING TO SHOW IT.
 BUT, YOU SEE...TATI VODA'S...WELL HE'S VERY OLD.
 WELL, YOU KNOW. YOU WERE WITH PALONIS. HE WAS
 THE SAME WAY.

Martin: IT'S ALRIGHT. AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T GET CRAZY.
 SOMETIMES THEY GET CRAZY.

Christina: HOW OLD ARE YOU, MARTIN ?

Martin: OH, I'M OLD. BUT IT'S JUST A SICKNESS. IT'S NOT MAGIC.

This takes Christina back. But she attributes it to Martin's retarded mentality, or what she assumes to be retardation.

Christina: JUST A SICKNESS...(she shakes her head, she pities
 the young man)...
 LISTEN..I...I COULD HELP YOU...
 WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE A DOCTOR...OR...

Martin: OH, I'VE SEEN A LOT OF DOCTORS. THEY DON'T KNOW
 WHAT TO DO, EITHER. BUT AT LEAST THEY DON'T BELIEVE
 IN MAGIC.

Christina: WELL...MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T BE STAYING OUT WITH
 THE FAMILY...MAYBE...WELL MAYBE YOU SHOULD BE STAYING
 IN A...WELL IN A HOSPITAL...OR...A HOME...

Martin: NO. THAT WOULD BE VERY HARD FOR ME.

Christina: WELL, I THINK THIS IS HARD FOR YOU.
AND I THINK IF THE FAMILY REALLY WANTED TO HELP
YOU, THAT'S WHAT THEY SHOULD DO.

She suddenly gets up from the stool and paces around the floor.

Christina: THEY'RE CRAZY...THEY'RE THE ONES WHO....
(she catches herself...she has gotten so comfortable
with Martin that she has forgotten his fragility)

I'M SORRY...I JUST...

YOU SEE I GREW UP WITH IT, TOO.

NOSFERATU. NOSFERATU. THE FAMILY CURSE.

IT'S THE MIDDLE AGES ! IT'S...

DO YOU KNOW THAT I ACTUALLY HAD AN ENGAGEMENT
BROKEN UP BY MY ~~MOTHER~~ BECAUSE SHE WAS AFRAID I
MIGHT HAVE ~~V. MANY~~ CHILDREN... THAT...

She tries to laugh slightly through the bitterness, but she doesn't
succeed in disguising her hatred for the myth that pervades the
family. She turns to the young man pleadingly.

Christina: OH, MARTIN. GET OUT OF IT. GET AWAY. LET ME HELP
YOU. WHO CARES ABOUT THE FAMILY SHAME. IT'S SHAMEFUL
TO LET THIS GO ON !

Martin: I COULDN'T GO IN A HOSPITAL. THAT WOULD BE VERY HARD
FOR ME. I'LL BE FINE. I'M ALWAYS FINE.

She looks at him. She gives up for the moment. Her body relaxes.
She looks at her watch...

Christina: DAMN !

Martin takes up another dish. Christina idly slings her sweater over her shoulders.

Christina: I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IT SOME MORE, OK ?

Martin just dries the dish.

Christina: I'D REALLY LIKE TO TALK SOMETIME. AND MAYBE WE CAN
EVEN TALK TO GRANDFATHER. OK ?

Martin: I'LL TALK TO YOU. NOT TO HIM.

Christina: ALRIGHT. THAT'S ALRIGHT.

He puts the dish away and takes up another dirty one.

Christina: SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME TO HELP ?

He shakes his head no. She glances up at the wall clock.

Christina: WELL, I'M GONNA SIT OUTSIDE FOR A WHILE.
IF ARTHUR COMES I'LL JUST LEAVE WITH HIM, OK ?

At the mention of Arthur's name, Martin turns to face the sink.

Martin: I DON'T LIKE ARTHUR.

She doesn't know how to react. She remains silent, uneasy. Martin faces her again.

Martin: ARTHUR MAKES YOU FEEL BAD. I DON'T LIKE HIM.

Christina: WELL...THANKYOU FOR THINKING ABOUT ME, MARTIN...I...
I DON'T LIKE IT MUCH WHEN HE MAKES ME FEEL BAD, EITHER.
(she tries to make a joke of it)

Martin just stares at her, his hands drying a dish.

Christina: WELL...WELL, I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.

She turns to leave the room. Martin takes a few steps toward her and speaks eagerly:

Martin: I'D LIKE TO HAVE A PHONE.

She turns to face him.

Martin: I DECIDED. I'D REALLY LIKE TO HAVE A PHONE.
I NEVER HAD ONE OF MY OWN BEFORE.
I COULD HAVE IT RIGHT IN MY ROOM, COULDN'T I ?

Christina: SURE.

Martin: WELL. I WANT IT. THEN I COULD CALL THE RADIO MAN,
COULDN'T I ?

Christina: IF YOU WANTED TO.

Martin: I DO. WILL YOU TELL ME HOW MUCH MONEY IT IS ?

Christina: SURE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT TOMORROW. THEY'RE
SUPPOSED TO PUT THE LINE IN ON MONDAY.

Martin: MONDAY.

He turns back to the sink. He grabs another dish. He seems very happy...

Martin: MONDAY...

Christine watches him for a moment, then she turns and leaves the kitchen.

Q (51)

At Betty's Corner Cafe, the local saloon on Braddock's Commercial Street, the crowd of "regulars" is bemoaning its state through a constant mist of whiskey and beer. Betty is a sixty five year old woman who has been tending bar in the same spot for forty years. There is a coterie of patrons, all men, fifty five and older, who gather at the old bar when it opens at nine A.M. and can still be found there at midnight. They each have stories of the days when Braddock was prosperous... "WHAT BRADDOCK MAKES, THE WORLD TAKES!" And each has a considered set of opinions with respect to the causes of the moral and economic collapse of the world. The men have, in essence, already died, having been interred temporarily at Betty's Cafe, where they await the arrival of the rest of the souls who are still out and twitching through their final days. Their state offers no hope for the world. They absolutely believe, although perhaps not consciously, that the end of civilisation is in sight. With the closing of the mills and the impending bankruptcy of the welfare bank, life's very vital organs were terminally diseased. In the hearts of the men at Betty's, there is no more fire. They simply wait for the end.

At one end of the bar, Tati Voda checks his watch and decides to order another whiskey. He is unsteady on his stool, and his words slur through lips which are heavy with drink. Arthur Bolanis chugs at a tall draft of beer.

Arthur: NO. I GOTTA GET OUT !

Tati Voda: GO. LIKE MIJLIAM GURINSKAS, LIKE MOLENOWSKIS...
EVEN CORELLI THE PRIEST... I SAY 'GO'... TO ALL OF YOU!
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE HERE, THEN WE DON'T NEED YOU!

Arthur: I WANNA BE HERE. I BEEN HERE SINCE I WAS A KID... BUT...
I'M A GOOD MECHANIC. I SHOULD BE FIXIN' CARS IN
STEAD OF...PULLIN' 'EM APART AND JUNKIN' 'EM.

Tati Voda: SO GO. ALL OF YOU GO.
WHEN THEY START THE FURNACES AGAIN YOU'LL BE SORRY
YOU LEFT.

The men along the bar pick up on Voda's comment and a reaction moves
down the counter like a wave breaking: FURNACES...OLD DAYS...START UP
AGAIN...IMPOSSIBLE...MANAGEMENT...WELFARE...ETC.

Arthur: I JUST WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND ABOUT CHRISTINA.

Tati Voda: BUT YOU THINK I WANT HER TO MARRY !
SHE WORKS. SHE COSTS ME NO MONEY. SHE COOKS MY SUPPER.
TO TAKE HER AWAY IS NO FAVOR TO ME, BOLANIS.

Arthur: I JUST GOTTA GET SET UP, YOU KNOW.
COUPLE THREE YEARS...PLACE LIKE INDIANAPOLIS...
THEN I COULD SEND FOR HER, YOU KNOW.

Tati Voda: YES, AND I'LL BE BURIED. AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO
TAKE CARE OF ME.

Arthur: COME ON, VODA. THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN.

Tati Voda: IT'S GOOD FOR CHRISTINA NOT TO MARRY YET.
SHE'S YOUNG FOR HER YEARS. MAYBE IT'S GOOD FOR
HER NEVER TO MARRY.

(he leans closer and gets confidential...in control
despite his massive intake of alcohol)

Tati Voda: (cont.)

YOU KNOW, WE HAVE PROBLEMS, BOLANIS.
IN THE FAMILY.

YOU'VE SEEN THE BOY, MARTIN.

Arthur makes the connection. His face gets squinty.

Tati Voda: IT'S A PROBLEM. IT'S A PROBLEM.

IT'S THE SHAME OF US, BOLANIS.

He looks up at Arthur and throws out the capper:

Tati Voda: YOU WANT CHILDREN, DON'T YOU ?

(52)
Martin comes through the front door quietly and he walks to the edge of the front porch. He looks out into the night.

He hears a slight shuffling and a little human snuffle. He looks over at the shadows near the railing, and sees Christina, still in her sweater. She has seen him come out, and she is trying to conceal the fact that she has been crying.

Martin: YOU'RE STILL HERE.

Christina: I GUESS...I GUESS HE COULDN'T COME...
HE HAD NO WAY TO PHONE...I...

Martin: I TOLD YOU. I DON'T LIKE ARTHUR.
HE MAKES YOU FEEL BAD.

Christina: OH, MARTIN, IT'S NOT JUST ARTHUR.
I DON'T EXPECT ANY BETTER FROM ARTHUR.
IT'S...
IT'S EVERYTHING...IT'S EVERYTHING...

She rushes into the house, unable to hold back her tears any longer.

Martin stands staring at the door for a moment. Then he turns and looks out across the street again.

Martin: (V.O.)

PEOPLE MAKE EACH OTHER FEEL BAD ALL THE TIME.

PEOPLE ARE DIFFERENT. EVERYBODY'S DIFFERENT.

BUT PEOPLE TRY TO MAKE OTHER PEOPLE THE SAME AS

THEY ARE. OR MAKE THEM BELIEVE THE SAME THINGS THEY

BELIEVE. IT'S CRAZY WHAT PEOPLE DO TO EACH OTHER.

Martin looks down at his hand. It rests on the porch railing.
It is twitching slightly.

Q 3
CUT: Martin is walking down Commercial Street at night.

On one corner, the young man from the alley, who was riding the
Big Harley, stands around the entrance to the local greasy spoon
with a group of other blue jeaned young people. As Martin walks past
a few of the kids throw jabs at him...:

Kid: HEY, BIG MARTIN. WHA'S HAPP'NIN' MAN.
WANNA SCORE SOME DOPE, MAN.
OH, MAN, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GET HIM TOASTED ?
EVER SEE A CRAZY PERSON GET STONED MAN.
IT'S LIKE GETTIN' A DOG DRUNK...

Martin just walks through the group without reacting.

Martin: (V.O.)
THE THING I LIKE LEAST ABOUT LIVING REALLY LONG
IS THAT THERE'S SO MUCH FEELING BAD ALL THE TIME.
SOMETIMES I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO LIVE REALLY LONG.
BUT THAT'S PART OF THE SICKNESS.

4
As Martin passes Betty's Cafe, he looks in the window and spots
Tati Voda with Arthur. He stops in his tracks and looks in through

the big plate glass. The men at the bar are singing. The sound is loud, even through the window and closed door.

Martin: SOMETIMES I THINK I'D REALLY LIKE TO HURT PEOPLE.
I MEAN...JUST HIT THEM AND HIT THEM AND HURT THEM
REALLY HARD...
SOMETIMES WHEN I'M DOING THE BLOOD WITH A PERSON...
'AND I'M REALLY ANGRY ABOUT THE THINGS PEOPLE DO...
THEN I'LL TRY TO HURT THE PERSON I'M DOING IT TO...
OR TRY TO IMAGINE THAT I'M HURTING THEM...
BUT THEY CAN'T REALLY FEEL IT 'CAUSE I'VE ALREADY
GIVEN THEM THE NEEDLE.
I DON'T LIKE WHEN I GET THAT WAY. I LIKE THE SEXY
TIMES...
BUT IT MAKES ME FEEL GOOD WHEN I'M ANGRY...
I THINK I'D LIKE TO HURT SOMEBODY WHO WAS AWAKE
SOMETIME...I THINK THAT WOULD REALLY MAKE ME FEEL
GOOD.

He stores at Arthur. The workman is laughing loudly and sweating.
He waves a draft of beer in rhythm with the song of the men at
the bar.

55
 Night. Martin's hands are shaking. He adjusts a rheostat on the electronic device we saw in his room. We discover that he is crouched in the shadows near some large, neatly trimmed shrubbery. He dials the rheostat a little more, and we hear a loud clicking rumble.

The device has shorted the radio signal of the electric garage door opener at the house belonging to the Supermarket Lady. The door has started to rise.

Still crouching, Martin scrambles through the opening even as the door is still rising. He carries an Army surplus knapsack, and as he enters the garage, he stuffs the electronic device into the cloth bag. He dodges around the station wagon and tries to avoid the gardening supplies. He leans against a back wall and catches his breath.

As the door reaches its fully open position, it trips a switch which turns on an overhead lightbulb built right into the electric unit. The brightness washes over Martin, and he startles. Then he hears a noise at the door into the main house. He ducks quickly and crouches, out of sight, on the cement floor next to the big car.

The house door opens wide, and silhouetted in the light from within, stands the Supermarket Lady. She is dressed in a long, flimsy robe, and she looks beautiful. She has been attracted by the rumbling sound of the garage door. She looks across the garage suspiciously, puzzled as to what might have opened the door. She calls her husband's name:

Lady:

DAVID ?

The woman takes a few steps into the garage. Martin is absolutely frozen...not breathing.

Lady: DAVID ?

She walks a little further, to the mouth of the open door. Her hands come up over her front as she realises she is dressed only in a flimsy robe. She stands a moment, looking up and down the driveway. Martin can see a little edge of her arm. He slowly pulls his knapsack closer, fearing that it might be visible if the woman should turn around. He tucks his feet under the car, moving breathlessly.

The woman, satisfied that her husband has not returned, but still puzzled over what tripped the electric opener, starts back toward the door to the main house. She looks up at the mounted device. She seems as though she is about to cross to the other side of the two-car room, which would bring her around the wagon, but finally she rushes to the door. She pushes a button which lowers the garage door, and the light blinks out. Martin breathes deeply, the sound covered by the rumble of the big rollers.

The door slams down and the quiet is very pronounced after the loud rumbling. The woman stands for a moment, looking into the darkened room, then she turns and disappears into the main house, closing the door behind her.

After a time, Martin moves out. He slips around the wagon and approaches the door to the main house. First he tries the knob. It is locked. He pulls out his burglary kit and goes to work on the lock with one of the small tools. He delicately feels for the tumblers, and soon

they trip. He tries the knob and it turns.

The door swings open without squeaking. Martin peers into a cellar hallway. It is quiet. The lights, which were on earlier, silhouetting the woman when she entered the garage, are all out. He pads down the hall and discovers a laundry room. Also empty and quiet. He spots the stairway which leads to the upper house.

Returning back to the garage, Martin retrieves his knapsack and brings it in through the laundry room to the foot of the stairs. He begins to climb.

At the top landing, there is another door. He tries the knob slowly and quietly. It turns. Being extremely careful, he swings the door open slowly, making no sound.

He peeks into a dining room and kitchen combination. All lights are out but for a small nightlight over the stove. There is no sign of activity. He ventures in, looking up and down the hall both ways. Silence...quiet...

Martin surveys the situation. Down a long hall, past the living room of the old house, is another stairway. It leads obviously up to the bedrooms. In the shadows, Martin prepares himself. He pulls his hypodermic out of the sack and loads it, then he pulls out a large towel and his little leather kit of instruments. He sets them neatly on the bottom carpeted stair. Then he falls back into the shadows again and removes all his clothes.

The faint sound of a nighttime television show can be heard coming from upstairs. There is an occasional peal of laughter from an audience, an occasional piece of music, a commercial, applause. Naked, and clutching his tools, Martin climbs the stairs.

In the upstairs hall, Martin is faced with closed doors. There are three rooms. He traces the sound of the television until he determines which room the woman must be in. He falls against the wall for a moment.

Flash...he throws open the door...the woman is smiling...her hair soft and billowing in slow motion...

Flash...the woman on the train...her arms open wide to accept Martin...

Flash...porn film from a penny arcade crank movie...a trampy looking woman undulates...spreads her legs...runs her hands down her thighs...

Flash...pages turn in a porn magazine...breasts, legs, erotically posed women on frilly bedspreads...

Real time...Martin throws open the bedroom door. The sound of the television show increases...he rushes into the room...

A bearded young man rolls off the Supermarket Lady...she is left with her legs tucked up in the air...The man is startled...frightened...the woman screams...

Martin is stunned...he stands in the room, naked...anger in his eyes. The bearded man starts to regain his composure. He reacts.

Bearded man: HEY...WHAT THE HELL...

Martin: WHO ARE YOU ? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ?

Woman: OH MY GOD, HE'S CRAZY...BE CAREFUL, LEWIS, HE'S CRAZY...OH MY GOD...

Martin: WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ?

Bearded man: ALRIGHT...LISTEN...
(he starts to straighten himself out on the bed.
he moves so that he will be free to react...to
jump...)

Martin: WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ?
(almost screaming)
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ?

Before the bearded man can get himself extricated from the sheets, Martin lunges with startling speed. His screaming anger is raging all over his face. He throws himself into the bearded man like a bowling ball hitting a set of pins. Bodies sprawl. The man rolls against the woman, and Martin is on top. The hypodermic needle plunges all the way to the hilt into the bearded man's side, and the plunger sends the full load of serum coarsing into his blood stream.

The woman starts to babble, almost incoherently...

Woman: OH MY GOD...OH JESUS...HE'S A CRAZY MAN...
LEWIS BE CAREFUL...PLEASE...WHAT DO YOU WANT...
PLEASE DON'T HURT US...PLEASE LEAVE US ALONE...
OH MY GOD, LEWIS...

Martin just rails in anger. He is still shouting:

Martin: WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ?

The man is focused on the pain in his side. He pulls out the needle...

Bearded man: HOLY SHIT...WHAT THE...WHAT'D YOU GIMME...
WHAT WAS IN THAT...

Martin's fists fall on the man's face. He doesn't land well formed punches, his arms just pound, as a woman's might, but the sheer frequency and speed beat the man down onto the bed. The woman is pinned beneath the struggling bodies. She continues to babble.

Martin: WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ?
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE !
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE !

The man starts to fight back, but he is so shocked, and he is pinned down by Martin's weight. The young man's fists continue to pound. Blood appears at the bearded man's mouth and nose...

Woman: OH MY GOD, HE'S GOING TO KILL US...
OH, MY GOD...MY GOD...LEWIS DO SOMETHING...
OH PLEASE...PLEASE DON'T KILL US...LEWIS, HE'S
GOING TO KILL US...

The bearded man finally gets a grip on Martin's face with his hands. He starts to push up, but Martin's fists continue to beat, and the hold is broken once or twice. Finally, the bearded man, using all his strength, pushes Martin from the top position. Martin rolls over onto the woman. She screams and babbles louder...

Martin lunges at the man again, but this time the man gets a grip on the wrists and Martin can't swing. But the bearded man is growing weaker from the injection, and when he tries to straighten himself

into a kneeling position, still holding Martin's wrists, it makes him light headed. He reels slightly, and one of his knees slips off the bed. Martin breaks the hold and leans back. The two look at each other. The man's eyes are going bleary.

Woman: OH MY GOD, LEWIS...WHAT'S THE MATTER...
LEWIS, WHAT'S THE MATTER...

Lewis: HE SHOT ME WITH SOMETHIN'...
WHAT...WHAT WAS IT...

The man staggers even more. He stands at the foot of the bed. Fear comes into his eyes. Martin scrambles up close to the headboard. The woman cringes away.

Woman: OH JESUS...WHAT IS IT...MY GOD...YOU'RE CRAZY...
WHAT IS IT ? WHAT IS IT ...LEWIS ?

The bearded man staggers a few steps backward. Martin's eyes are locked on him. The woman starts to scramble out of the bed. Martin lunges for her, pulling her back. She starts to scream again, and Martin uses all his strength to keep a hand clasped over her mouth. She bites and kicks for a moment, then the sound of a crashing lamp stops her. Her frightened eyes look across the room. Lewis has staggered against a little nightstand. The lamp and the little feminine knick knacks have tumbled to the floor. Lewis is trying to support himself against the wall. Martin knows that the drug is about to put the man out. He bites his lip, waiting.

Lewis: OH...JESUS...PLEASE...TELL ME
WHAT IS IT ? DID YOU KILL ME ? WHAT IS IT ?

Martin re-positions himself and tightens his grip on the woman's head. He is sitting, his back to the headboard. He pulls the woman almost onto his lap. One hand holds her mouth tightly, while the other arm holds down her hands. But at this point, the woman is hypnotized by the weakness and the rubbery movements that are conquering her lover's body.

Martin looks at Lewis. The bearded man musters all the strength he has left. He tries to catch his breath. He lunges toward the bed.

Lewis: YOU CRAZY MOTHERFUCKER...WHAT THE HELL WAS IN
 THAT NEEDLE? YOU CRAZY MOTHERFUCKER...
 YOU CRAZY...MOTHER...FU...

The man falls against the foot of the bed. His knees have crumbled to the floor and his upper torso falls forward onto the sheets. As the bed tosses from the falling figure, the woman starts to struggle again. Martin has to tighten all his might over her mouth to keep her quiet.

Then Lewis looks up. His eyes meet Martin's. There are beads of sweat over his face. He is frightened. Martin stares back without sympathy. Then the bearded man slides slowly out of sight and onto the floor.

Silence. Martin sits with the woman in his arms. After a moment she starts to murmur. She is greatly afraid. She whines and tries to break Martin's grip. He tightens his arms, his eyes still locked on the foot of the bed where the bearded man slipped from view.

Suddenly a hand, quivering, flops back up onto the bed. Martin and the woman fall silent again. She is hypnotized. The muscles in the forearm tighten and a shoulder appears as Lewis makes a last valiant struggle to affect his fate.

The bearded man pulls his body up and onto fours. He then tries to crawl across the floor. He is moving away from the bed. Martin's eyes scan the room. On a dresser under the window there sits a little princess telephone. It is clearly Lewis' goal. Martin weighs whether or not to intervene. He decides to sit tight, trusting in the serum. Lewis pulls himself a few feet closer.

The woman, also realising the objective, starts to squirm again. She tries to speak, but Martin's hands are too tight in restraint.

Lewis gets closer...closer...then he collapses on the floor and lies still.

For a long moment, Martin holds the woman against his body. Her eyes roll back in her head. She is trying to see her captor. He won't let her head turn. He just stares at the prone figure in the middle of the rug. Anger comes back into his face...

Martin: WHAY WAS HE HERE ?

 WHY WAS HE HERE ? HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.

With a sudden movement, he rights himself and throws the woman back against the headboard. He is kneeling over her legs, poised. She is free of his grip, but she is mesmerized by the lean figure which

coils at her like a cobra...

Woman: WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO TO ME...PLEASE...PLEASE...

Martin: WHY DID YOU DO THIS ?

WHY WAS HE HERE ? WHY DO PEOPLE...

PEOPLE...

He punches her suddenly in the face...

HURT...

Another punch...

HURT...

Another...and another...

HURT EACH OTHER !

The woman is stunned. She is bleeding from the mouth and her eyes are rolling in something close to unconsciousness.

Martin hits at her again...and again. She falls on the pillows. He looks down at her, panting. She struggles to rise up on her arms.

He punches her head. She falls again. She moves to rise once more.

He pulls her up by the hair and punches again...and again...

and again...

She falls into the pillows and lies still.

Martin slowly gets his breath.

After a time, he stands off the bed. He looks at the two limp figures, then he looks around the room. He sees the woman's robe lying throun across a chair. The man's clothes are strewn about randomly. He looks from Lewis' body to the woman's back to Lewis'. Then he quickly looks around for the hypodermic, finds it, and leaves the room.

At the bottom of the stairs, Martin pulls his vial of serum from the knapsack and loads the syringe with another dose. He squirts some into the air to rid the chamber bubble, then he trots back upstairs.

As he steps into the bedroom, the woman is just regaining consciousness. She is struggling to lift her upper torso up onto her arms. Martin quickly moves to the bed and plunges the needle into her arm. He depresses the plunger. The woman reacts with pain and fear, but she is already punchy, and she just falls back into the pillows, murmuring.

After a moment, Martin starts to gather up the bearded man's clothes. He takes an inventory...shoes...socks...pants...shirt...underwear...

The woman starts to move. She is in a stupor, but she is struggling to the edge of the big bed. She too is making a try for the phone. Martin lets her go. He balls up the man's clothing all inside the shirt and tosses the bundle onto the floor near where Lewis is lying. Then he moves to the nightstand which the bearded man upset. He picks up the trinkets and sets them all right.

The woman manages to swing her legs over the side of the bed. She is murmuring weakly.

Martin deals with the lamp. He tries to set it back upright, but it wants to fall. He discovers that it's base is just bent, and he straightens the metal frame which holds the shade screw. Only the lightbulb is really broken. He straightens the lamp and restores it on the nightstand, then he gathers up the broken pieces of the bulb.

Jan appears to be regaining some of her strength. Her eyes
, but she clears them enough for her to look at Martin. She sees
gather up two of her women's magazines. He takes them to the lamp
uses them to scoop up the little pieces of glass from the bulb.

She makes a final effort to get off the bed, but her weakness over-
s her totally, and she rolls off onto the floor.

Jan pays little attention. He takes the bits of broken glass into
master bathroom and deposits them in the trash basket.

In the bedroom, he replaces the magazines. Then he walks to the
television, which has been on all the while, and he snaps it off.

Jan then moves to the bearded man and begins to dress him.

In the dark shadows of the street at night, Martin lurks behind a
bush. A single car moves slowly up a street, its headlights
making the shadows move. When the car is gone, all is quiet save for
the sound of crickets. Martin looks across the street from his point
of view. The street is fairly narrow. On the other side is a large
park with abundant foliage and large trees. A short, two-foot stone
wall runs along the street at the edge of the park. The street itself
and a little wall are the only obstacles between Martin and the
relative safety of the wooded area.

Martin pulls up Lewis' shoulders and he drags the limp form out from behind the hedgerow. Lewis is clothed, now, but Martin is still naked. He takes a deep breath and looks up and down the street. Then he drags the limp body, as quickly as he can, out onto the open street. It is a great struggle, and at one point, his grip loosens and the bearded man slumps to the ground.

With all his might, Martin manages to make the opposite curb. Then he pulls the unconscious Lewis over to the little wall. He pants for a moment, looking up and down the street again. His hands are shaking and he tries to calm himself. There are other houses in sight beside the Supermarket Lady's, but they are all dark as their inhabitants sleep.

Martin slings the upper torso of the man's body up over the wall, then he falls panting with exhaustion again. Suddenly, he spots the pinpoint of headlights coming up over the far hill. He scrambles to push Lewis' bottom half over the wall, and he dives over himself. Just then a Police cruiser appears on the street. The officer in the passenger side of the front seat is shining a spotlight along the wall. Martin lies flat to the ground.

The car passes without incident, and Martin kneels up slowly. Peering over the wall, he sees the car hang a U-turn down the street a little way. It returns in the opposite direction. Martin ducks down again, but this time, the cruiser picks up speed and roars away over the hill.

Martin takes a little time to calm himself, then he looks down at the bearded man who is lying on his stomach in the weeds next to the wall. Martin rolls him onto his back and looks down into his face with growing anger.

Deeper in the park, Martin drags his unconscious victim down through some shrubbery and under an isolated stone bridge which spans a tiny creek. The spot is very dark, and the impression that something hidden there would never be discovered is absolute.

Martin lets the man fall and he kneels beside him exhausted and quivering. He looks at Lewis' face again.

Now he lets his anger build to a peak. His face is twitching...

Martin: YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE...
 YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE...

Flashback...Martin is lying atop a naked woman. He is dressed in his turn-of-the-century garb...he is startled by something. He looks up. The other period man, who we saw in the earlier flashback, is standing in a doorway staring at the tableau.

Martin lifts himself off the woman. There is a profusion of blood over her body, and the stains run down Martin's clothes. He wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

The man in the doorway is bearded. He looks very like Lewis.

Period man: NOSFERATU !

Real time: YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE !

Martin is almost shouting. He is shaking the unconscious Lewis by his shoulders...

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE !

Flashback...Lewis is crashing through the doorway...the same scene we saw earlier...the period man cringes back against his little Religious shrine. The Madonna falls and shatters...

Flash...Lewis staggering against the nightstand...the lamp falls...

Martin charges at the period man...he holds up a Crucifix. The big peasant woman enters the room. There is the struggle. Martin kicks away the pointed stake and breaks the hold that the woman has on

him. He runs to the door of the old fashioned room and looks back at the period bearded man...

Martin: YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE !

He turns and runs away...

Martin tosses the unconscious Lewis down onto the ground. He quickly brings a large, sturdy bush twig up to the bearded man's throat and pushes one end against the flesh. He pushes and pushes. The stick makes a deep impression, then finally pops through and sinks into the throat deeply. A great gush of blood spurts forth like a geyser, and Martin crouches down to drink the warm redness. It splashes over his shoulder and runs down his back. It almost covers him completely in its profusion...

A great splash...the period Martin has dunked his shirt in a small stream. It is night, and he looks about in the shadows. All is quiet. He scrubs, trying to remove the large blood stains from the cloth...

Martin: PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS DOING THINGS THEY SHOULDN'T DO.
 SAYING THINGS THEY DON'T MEAN.
 THAT'S WHY I DON'T TALK MUCH. UNLESS I'M REALLY
 SURE ABOUT SOMETHING, I DON'T TALK AT ALL.

The period Martin pulls off his trousers. He kneels in the stream, still scrubbing out the blood.

Martin: OR ELSE...PEOPLE MAKE THINGS UP...
WHEN THEY DON'T KNOW...OR WHEN THEY'RE NOT SURE
ABOUT SOMETHING...THEY'LL MAKE THINGS UP...
JUST SO THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY. ~~THEY~~
IT'S LIKE PEOPLE CAN'T STAND THINGS THEY DON'T
KNOW ABOUT.
THAT'S WHY THEY TRY TO MAKE MY SICKNESS INTO
SOMETHING MAGIC...LIKE I WAS A GHOST OR A DEVIL
OR SOMETHING...

The period Martin thinks he hears something...he looks up...

Martin: IT GETS SCARY SOMETIMES...
AND SOMETIMES I THINK THEY'RE REALLY GONNA CATCH
ME AND HURT ME...OR EVEN TRY TO KILL ME...

Deep in the woods can be seen a slight light flickering and moving...
Period Martin's eyes flash with attention. He squints to see.

Martin: YOU HAVE TO REALLY STAY CALM WHEN THAT HAPPENS.
AND YOU JUST HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT THE ONES THAT ARE
AFTER YOU ARE NEVER CALM. PEOPLE ARE NEVER CALM
WHEN THEIR ANGRY. THAT'S DANGEROUS...BUT IT CAN HELP
YOU, TOO...

The light turns into shapes...the shapes of little flames. Torch lights marching through the woods. The sound of an irate mob can be heard. Period Martin stands and tries to judge distances.

Martin: AND FOR A LONG TIME...I DIDN'T CARE IF THEY'D KILL
 ME...THAT REALLY HELPED ME STAY CALM...
 MOST PEOPLE SPEND THEIR LIVES WORRYING ABOUT DYING...
 FOR A LONG TIME...I WISHED I WOULD DIE...
 OR I WISHED SOMEBODY WOULD KILL ME.
 IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME FOR ME...
 A LONG TIME FULL OF CRAZY PEOPLE...

The torches draw closer. Period Martin bolts. He runs downstream, leaving his bloody clothes in the water. He runs through the woods...

593
 Real time...Naked Martin, covered with Lewis' blood, runs through the woods and crouches at the low wall across the street from the

83
 Supermarket Lady's house. He peers over the wall, but all is quiet. He vaults the stones and runs a crouching run across the street.

573
 Making it to the shadows of the big house, he runs along the hedge row and into the open garage. He pushes the electric button which lowers the rolling door. We notice that the bulb is out of the socket, hence the total darkness. Martin picks the bulb up in

his hand and moves through the laundry room toward the cellar stairs. As he walks through the house, we hear his voice again:

Martin:

I'M PRETTY CAREFUL ABOUT NOT GETTING CAUGHT NOW.
I'VE LEARNED A LOT OF THINGS. I HAVE GOOD TOOLS.
AND I HAVE THE INJECTIONS. IT WAS REALLY HARD
BEFORE THE INJECTIONS. I GOT A LOT OF IT WITH
THE KEYS FROM THE LADY THAT WAS NURSING FOR UNCLE
PALONIS. BUT THERE'S A DATE ON THE BOTTLES FOR WHEN
IT'LL BE NO GOOD ANY MORE. THEN I'LL HAVE TO GET
SOME MORE SOMEHOW. BUT THAT OUGHT TO BE EASY.
THAT STUFF'S ALWAYS EASY.
EVERYTHING'S BEEN PRETTY EASY LATELY...

Martin has made it back up to the bedroom. The Supermarket lady is still lying on the floor near the bed. Her hair is billowed over her arm, and her naked body looks relaxed...reposed...

Martin quickly showers off the blood and cleans the tub out carefully. He dries himself with his own towel, and is careful not to drip.

Martin:

EVERYTHING BUT PEOPLE.

PEOPLE ARE THE HARDEST THING.

SOMETIMES I WISH I HAD SOMEBODY TO TALK TO ABOUT IT.

BUT THEN I SEE PEOPLE TOGETHER...THEY DON'T TALK...

NOT REALLY...THEY DON'T SAY WHAT THEY MEAN...

~~THEY JUST KIND OF USE EACH OTHER THE SAME WAY I~~
~~USE MY BLOOD PEOPLE...~~

BUT THEN...THEY HAVE...THE OTHER...

THEY HAVE THE SEXY STUFF...WHENEVER THEY WANT IT...

He bends down and strokes the woman's hair. He turns her up on her back and looks at her naked body.

Martin: I'M...I'VE BEEN TOO SHY...
I'VE BEEN MUCH TOO SHY TO EVER DO THE SEXY STUFF...
I MEAN...DO IT WITH SOMEBODY WHO WAS AWAKE...
IT MUST BE NICE WITH SOMEONE WHO'S AWAKE...
BUT I'VE BEEN ... SCARED OF THAT...~~I'VE EVEN BEEN~~
~~SCARED OF BUYING IT THE WAY PALONIS USED TO.~~ *Pay*
WOMEN... I'VE EVEN BEEN SCARED OF THAT
SOMEDAY MAYBE I'LL GET TO DO IT...
AWAKE...
AND WITHOUT THE BLOOD PART...
JUST DO IT WITH SOMEBODY...
AND THEN...BE TOGETHER...AND TALK ALL NIGHT...

As we hear his voice, we see Martin pull the Supermarket Lady up onto the bed. He caresses her unconscious form and rolls over and over through the frilly sheets with her. He manages to enter her, and he pumps...slowly at first...then faster and faster until he achieves a climax.

The woman is still unconscious. Martin gathers all his things and makes a final check. He leaves the house in a very organized state. The returning husband, should he arrive home now, would find nothing amiss. He might not even believe the woman's raving nightmare when she awakened from the drug the next day.

But the husband is off on a trip somewhere...she'll awaken alone...
and in a stupor...she may think it was all a dream.....
Until the Police found Lewis in the park.

13
On the morning commuter train, Martin rifles through Lewis' wallet.
We see the identification cards and the credit cards. Pictures...
one little snapshot of the Supermarket Lady herself...
Martin keeps that...and he keeps any cash he finds...then he tosses
the rest of the wallet out the window of the speeding train.

64 It is morning. Martin is in his bed, trying to open his eyes.

Tati Voda leans over him screaming at top voice...

Tati Voda: YOU WILL GO WITH US TO CHURCH !
 YOU STAY IN MY HOUSE. WILL YOU EMBARRASS ME LIKE THIS ?
 THIS IS A CATHOLIC FAMILY ! I WILL NOT BE SEEN
 WITHOUT YOU IN CHURCH !

65 In the little Catholic Church, a few parishioners dot the pews.
The Priest rather idly chants through a Latin portion of the Mass.
Tati Voda fingers a Rosary intently. Christina sits and reads a
hymn book. Martin watches the attendants. He stares at the Crucifix
above the Altar. The hands and hip and forehead of the Christ are
running blood.

66 After Mass, Christina and Martin smile at each other. Tati Voda is
seen on the steps of the old building talking with the young Priest.
Then the old man walks down the front path, and Martin and Christina
fall in behind him on the way home.

Tati Voda:

CHRISTINA. WE HAVE SUPPER LATE~~Y~~ TOMORROW.

I TOLD THE NEW PRIEST TO COME TO OUR HOUSE FOR
SUPPER TOMORROW.

YOU WILL MAKE A GOOD MEAL.

Christina casts a glance at Martin. Martin is smiling.

67

Martin: PEOPLE LIVE A CERTAIN WAY. IT'S LIKE ME.
I LIVE A CERTAIN WAY. AND THAT DOESN'T CHANGE.
YOU CAN'T CHANGE WHAT A PERSON IS...

Martin sits on the back porch. He can see Christina through the kitchen window. She is busy with housely chores. Tati Voda is high on his ladder, painting the house. Martin stands and walks toward the ladder.

Martin: IF I HAD A LOT OF MONEY, I COULD LEAVE IT ALL.
BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL EVER HAVE A LOT OF MONEY.

Tati Voda: GO AHEAD, MARTIN !

Martin looks up. Not understanding. Voda is high on the ladder. He looks down at the young man, a taunting expression on his face.

Tati Voda: GO AHEAD. PUSH ME DOWN.

Martin realizes how close he is standing to the bottom of the ladder. He backs off a step. The thought of pushing the ladder had never crossed his mind.

Tati Voda: GO AHEAD, MARTIN. THIS IS YOUR CHANCE.
YOU CAN BE RID OF ME.

Martin turns and walks away.

68
The phone men are just leaving. They bustle through the house and out into their truck. Tati Voda is dressing for work. He shakes his head with frustration as he watches the phone men leave.

69 Martin, in his room, caresses his new telephone fondly...

Martin: TELEPHONES MAKE PEOPLE TALK.
MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SEE THE PERSON YOU'RE
TALKING TO. IT'S LIKE THEY'RE NOT REALLY THERE.
AND THEY'RE FAR AWAY SO THEY CAN'T HURT YOU.
IT'S A VERY EASY WAY TO TALK. A TELEPHONE.

He paces out of his room and down the hall. He hears Christina's voice coming from her room. Her door is slightly ajar. He can see just the edge of her as she paces into view...then paces away... then paces into view again...she is speaking on the telephone to Arthur:

Christina: BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, ARTHUR. I DON'T PARTICULARLY
CARE.
THAT'S RIGHT. I WISH YOU ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD
AND I HOPE YOU'LL WRITE TO ME SOMETIME AND TELL ME
HOW YOU'RE DOING AND...AND THAT'S IT...THAT'S ALL.

70
Martin is smiling broadly. He is in the Butcher Shop. He seems happier than he has ever been. He is practicing with a little ball and some colored handkerchiefs. One of the customers drifts over to him...

Women: WHAT'S THAT, MARTIN ? WHAT ARE YOU DOING ?

Martin: IT'S A TRICK. SEE.

Concealing the ping pong ball in his hand, he makes the handkerchiefs appear to change color, by pulling them through prepared holes in the ball and making the switch behind the concealing hand.

Women: THAT'S VERY GOOD, MARTIN.

Other women in the store look over. A few gather around.

Women: THAT WAS GOOD. I SAW THAT. IT WAS VERY GOOD.
WHAT ? WHAT'S HE DOING ? WHAT'S MARTIN DOING ?

Martin: IT'S A TRICK...SEE...

He does it again. The women Ooooh and Aaaah... Voda just busies himself with an order behind the counter. Then Martin reveals the ping pong ball...he shows how the trick is done...

Martin: IT'S JUST A TRICK. IT ISN'T REALLY MAGIC. SEE THE
HOLE IN THE BALL. WATCH...

He does the trick again, this time the gimmick can be seen.

Martin: SEE...SEE HOW I DO IT ?

Women: MARTIN...YOU'RE SPOILING IT...DON'T TELL US HOW IT'S
DONE...DON'T SHOW HOW YOU DO IT...THAT SPOILS IT !

Martin: BUT IT ISN'T REALLY MAGIC.

Q
41 Martin walks down the street with delivery orders. He still seems happy.

Martin: YOU'LL SPOIL IT ! YOU'LL SPOIL IT !
PEOPLE THINK IT'S SPOILED WHEN YOU SHOW THEM WHAT
SOMETHING IS ALL ABOUT.
PEOPLE WOULD RATHER MAKE THINGS UP.
MAKE UP THE MAGIC.

The young-tough cyclist roars past with a blue-jeaned chick hanging off the rear of his bike.

Cyclist: HEY, MARTIN. BRING HOME THE MEAT, MARTIN.
YOU GOT ONE THERE FOR MRS. DULEMAS ?
WATCH OUT, MAN. SHE'LL EAT YOU UP.

The bike roars away, it's two riders laughing loudly.

47 Martin is repairing a door hinge. Mrs. Dulemas brings him a glass of soda. It is nicely prepared in a tall glass full of ice.

Mrs. Dulemas: SURE YOU DON'T WANT SOMETHING IN THAT ?

Martin looks up at her, not immediately catching her meaning. She holds up a bottle of whiskey. He shakes his head no.

She is dressed in tight slacks and an open blouse. She is trying to look alluring. She moves to a big easy chair. The house is decorated as well as might be expected, the source of the furniture being the local Sears. The woman flops into the chair and picks up her own

drink, to which she adds a liberal shot from the bottle.

Mrs. Dulemas: YOU DON'T MIND IF I DO, RIGHT ?

Martin just continues his work, having gulped down his soda without stopping for air. The woman watches him from behind.

Mrs. Dulemas: BASTARD WAS SUPPOSED TO TAKE CARE OF THAT BEFORE
HE HAD TO GO OUT OF TOWN.

BASTARD.

Martin doesn't respond. He works at the hinge quietly.

Martin:

(V.O.)

PEOPLE THINK THAT THEY'RE THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS
IN THE WORLD. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS THE MOST IMP-
ORTANT THING, BUT I KNOW IT'S NOT PEOPLE.

SOMETIMES THE THINGS PEOPLE DO ARE IMPORTANT, BUT
NOT THEM THEMSELVES.

IMPORTANT THINGS GET DONE. IF ONE PERSON DOESN'T DO
THEM, THE NEXT ONE WILL.

PEOPLE SHOULD WORRY ABOUT THE THINGS THEY DO, NOT
WORRY ABOUT THEMSELVES SO MUCH.

PEOPLE SHOULD BE CAREFUL ABOUT THE THINGS THEY DO.

PEOPLE MAKE MISTAKES BECAUSE THEY WON'T REALLY SEE
WHAT THINGS ARE ALL ABOUT.

THEY MAKE STUFF UP.

Mrs. Dulemas has gotten out of her chair. She has idly drifted over
to where Martin is crouched working on the hinge. Now she lets one
of her hands drift down to the back of his head. His whole body
tightens. She leans forward and kisses him on the temple.

Martin recoils from her touch and his body slams against the door banging it into the wall with a loud thud. He looks like a cornered animal. Mrs. Dulemas is startled by the action...

Mrs. Dulemas: I'M SORRY, MARTIN...

YOU'RE...YOU'RE JUST...SO NICE...

SO GENTLE...

I JUST...I JUST WANT TO HUG YOU.

Martin's hands come up protectively onto his chest. He clutches the screwdriver he has been using. In his hand, the tool has the attitude of a dagger.

He looks up at the woman questioningly. She makes another move with her hand, reaching for his hair. He pulls further away.

Mrs. Dulemas: OH, MARTIN, DON'T BE SO AFRAID.

Martin: THE DOOR'S FINISHED.

He stands up suddenly and tosses the screwdriver into a toolbox, slamming the lid shut. Then he all but runs out of the house.

Mrs. Dulemas sips her drink.

13 Father Howard sits at Voda's dining table stuffing food into his mouth sloppily. Voda eats heartily as we have seen him do before. Christina makes the rounds pouring coffee. Martin plays with his fork in his food.

Voda is the first to finish, sopping up gravy in bread and stuffing the final morsel into his perpetually grinding mouth. He speaks through the food.

Tati Voda: FATHER CORELLI WAS IN BRADDOCK...FORTY TWO...
NO, FORTY THREE YEARS WHEN HE LEFT.

Fr. Howard: THAT'S...ER...THAT'S A LONG TIME.

Tati Voda: YES, ALONG TIME.

The Priest puts his hand over his coffee cup to stop Christina from pouring...

Fr. Howard: ER...NO...THANKYOU...ER...I'LL HAVE A LITTLE MORE
WINE, PLEASE.

She complies.

Tati Voda: YOU LIKE THIS WINE. GURINSKAS MADE THIS WINE.
I HAVEN'T MUCH LEFT.

Fr. Howard: GURINSKAS. I DON'T KNOW GURINSKAS. CATHOLIC ?

Tati Voda: A GOOD CATHOLIC, YES, FATHER HOWARD. BUT YOU
WOULDN'T KNOW HIM. HE LEFT EVEN BEFORE CORELLI.

Fr. Howard: OH, I'M SORRY. I WOULD HAVE COMMISSIONED HIM TO
MAKE SOME WINE FOR THE CHURCH. I HOPE IT'S NOT
SACRILEGE TO SAY THAT THE WINE AT ST. VINCENTS IS
PUTRID.

The Priest laughs loudly. This draws Martin's eyes. Christina sits
back at her place silently. Voda burps and sloshes coffee around in
his mouth.

Tati Voda: YOU WERE SENT HERE, OR YOU ASKED TO COME ?

Fr. Howard: OH, NO...DIOCESE SENT ME. WHEN FATHER CORELLI RETIRED.

Tati Voda: CORELLI WAS YOUNGER THAN I AM. HE ASKED TO LEAVE.
HE LEFT. LIKE THE REST OF THEM. THEY THINK THIS
TOWN IS FINISHED.

Fr. Howard: I THINK YOU'RE WRONG. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE REST
OF THEM, BUT I THINK YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT FATHER CORELLI.

Tati Voda: I KNEW HIM FORTY THREE YEARS. WE TALKED.

Fr. Howard: AND YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS ILL ?

Tati Voda: AH. HIS STOMACH ? SOME OF IT WAS MY BAD MEAT AND

THE REST WAS...

(he points a finger at his head, so as to say:
"all in the mind.")

Fr. Howard: OH, NO. IT WAS CANCER. HE'S VERY NEAR THE END.
IN FACT...I HAVEN'T HEARD. HE MAY EVEN BE GONE.

The Priest makes the sign of the Cross, then he sips wine. Voda follows instinctively with the sign of the Cross, but his face looks as though somebody slapped him. Martin smiles

Martin is in his room. The radio talk show is on the air. He plays Solitaires, a different game this time, referring to his book of rules. We hear snatches of the radio program between Martin's narrative:

Martin: MOST PEOPLE TRY TO BE GOOD. TATI VODA TRIES TO
BE A VERY GOOD MAN.
PEOPLE JUST DON'T LIKE NEW THINGS.
THEY DON'T LIKE THINGS TO BE DIFFERENT THAN THEY
THOUGHT THEY WERE.
YOU HAVE TO JUST...PROVE IT TO THEM...I MEAN, REALLY
PROVE IT...SOMEHOW.

THEN YOU'D BE ABLE TO TALK ABOUT IT AND THEN THINGS
WOULD BE NICER.

BUT IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO THINK DIFFERENT THAN
YOU ALWAYS THOUGHT. A REAL LONG TIME.

IT'S LIKE ME WITH THE SEXY STUFF.

IT'S TAKING ME A LONG TIME TO STOP BEING SHY.

WE'RE SURE...MADE FUNNY.

WE REALLY ARE MADE FUNNY.

He focuses on the broadcast, stopping his Solitaire. A woman is
talking over a runaway teenage daughter. The announcer consoles her
and the smile is still in his voice.

Christina serves cordials on a hand-painted antique tray. Voda takes
his and asks her to bring the bottle. She passes the tray to Father
Howard and sets a third glass by her own chair before she leaves the
little sitting room. It is dark both from the dimness of the lamps
and the heavy furniture and draperies. A little clock chimes in
the hall.

Mati Voda: THIS IS A TOWN FOR OLD PERSONS, FATHER HOWARD.
YOU KNOW THE THINGS AN OLD PERSON WANTS FROM
A PRIEST ?

The Priest was just sipping the cordial when Voda's question dropped like a bomb. He swallows. He doesn't quite know what to say so he sort of snorts with a smile...

Fr. Howard: OH. THIS IS...VERY SWEET.

Tati Voda: CHOCOLATE. (he brushes his lips back to clean the syruppy stuff from his teeth)
AFTER A BIG SUPPER...CHOCOLATE.

Fr. Howard: IT'S VERY SWEET.
(he sets down his glass gently, having only sipped)

Tati Voda: (the subject is not ended by any means)
AN OLD PERSON NEEDS A PRIEST WHO THINKS THE WAY
THE OLD PERSON THINKS. A PRIEST WHO BELIEVES IN THE
OLD WAYS.

Fr. Howard: YES, THAT'S WHY I USE THE LATIN MASS HERE IN BRADDOCK.
I THINK THE PEOPLE...

Tati Voda: DO YOU BELIEVE THERE ARE DEMONS, FATHER HOWARD ?
DO YOU BELIEVE THE DEVIL CAN ENTER A PERSON'S SOUL ?

Fr. Howard: ER...HEH HUH...WELL, I...(he sees the old man's earnestness, and he composes himself)
I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE ABOUT THAT.

Tati Voda: YOU DON'T KNOW, FATHER HOWARD ?
YOU SEE, THIS IS WHAT I MEAN. THIS IS NOT WHAT AN
OLD PERSON WANT TO HEAR FROM A PRIEST.

Christina has re-entered the room and overheard enough of the conversation to get the gist. She plunks the licquor bottle down next to her grandfather's chair, and he pours from it immediately. She is disgusted.

Christina: FATHER HOWARD, CAN I GET YOU SOME MORE COOKIES ?

Fr. Howard: NO...THANKYOU...

Christina: CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING ELSE ?

Fr. Howard: NO...REALLY, I'M FINE.

Tati Voda: (interrupting the interruption)
YOU SEE, IF OUR PRIESTS CANNOT SAVE US FROM SUCH
THINGS...WHO CAN, FATHER HOWARD?

Fr. Howard: WELL, I'VE HAD SEVERAL CONVERSATIONS ABOUT THE
SUBJECT WITH SOME OF MY COLLEAGUES, AND...ER...
IT'S...IT'S A DIFFICULT ISSUE...IT'S...IT'S
DEFINITELY SOMETHING TO BE DEALT WITH.

Christina: GRANDFATHER, STOP IT.

his motives. She sips her cordial as the old man pours more from the bottle into his own glass.

Fr. Howard: I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU SAW THAT MOVIE.

WELL, I THOUGHT IT WAS GREAT.

ALL ANYONE COULD TALK ABOUT WAS HOW FILTHY AND
DESPICABLE IT WAS...WELL, AFTER ALL, IT WAS
SUPPOSED TO BE DEPICTING THE DEVIL HIMSELF...

I THOUGHT IT WAS GREAT.

76
Christina is seeing Father Howard to the door.

Christina: I'M SORRY. GRANDFATHER CAN BE ...WELL, VERY BORING.

Fr. Howard: HARDLY BORING.

Christina: DIFFICULT THEN, BUT I HOPE YOU'LL COME BACK.

Fr. Howard: ACTUALLY I'M NOT GOING TO BE HERE LONG.
I'M DESERTING LIKE THE REST OF THEM. YOUR GRANDFATHER
WAS RIGHT.
THE FACT IS THERE'S TALK OF CLOSING THE PARISH.

Christina: OH, THEY CAN'T !

Fr. Howard: MAY HAVE TO. THERE'S JUST... NO WAY TO KEEP IT
RUNNING.

Christina: IS THIS GONNA HAPPEN RIGHT AWAY ?

Fr. Howard: WELL, THEY'RE STILL RAGGIN' IT OUT, BUT...
NOT FOR A LITTLE WHILE, I GUESS..
HEH...SOMEONE ACTUALLY BROUGHT UP AT THE MEETING...
TO TRY TO SIT IT OUT FOR FIVE YEARS. LET THE PEOPLE
AROUND HERE PASS AWAY IN THEIR OWN PARISH.
FIVE YEARS...THEY'LL ALL BE GONE...AND THE CHURCH
WON'T MATTER TO ANYBODY.

Christina: THAT'S AWFUL.

Fr. Howard: DON'T THINK WE CAN STICK IT OUT THAT LONG THOUGH.
NOBODY'S PICKIN' UP OUR TAB.

Christina: I'M SORRY.

Fr. Howard: OH, IT DOESN'T EFFECT ME.
DOESN'T EFFECT ME AT ALL.
I'LL GET OUTA YOUR HAIR. IT WAS A DELICIOUS DINNER.
SEE YOU SUNDAY.

He disappears into the night. Christina watches him go for a moment, then she turns back into the house, closing the front door.

She walks quietly down the hall. A dimlight emanates from the sitting room. Voda's voice calls...

Tati Voda: CHRISTINA.

She stops and looks into the room. She can only see the back of his chair. A little swirl of cigar smoke rises like a spirit in the glow of the side lamp.

Tati Voda: COME AND SIT.

She is slightly irritated, but she walks into the room. The old man is leafing through a stack of old family picture albums. He never looks up at his granddaughter. She sits in the chair she had earlier.

Tati Voda: YOU ARE ANGRY WITH ME.

Christina: GRANDFATHER, IT'S CRAZY.
I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S HAPPENING.
IT'S A NIGHTMARE...FOR YOU AND FOR HIM.

Tati Voda: YOUR FATHER WAS NOT FROM OUR PART OF THE WORLD.
YOUR MOTHER KNEW. SHE BELIEVED.

Christina: IF SHE DID, THEN THANK GOD I WAS TOO LITTLE TO
KNOW HER.
VODA, I KNOW, IF ANYONE DOES, WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR
THAT BOY. WHEN MOTHER AND FATHER DIED I WENT TO
LIVE WITH UNCLES AND GRANDFATHERS.
TO BE WITHOUT PARENTS AND THEN TO GO TO PEOPLE LIKE
YOU AND PALONIS AND WHOEVER BEFORE ...

Tati Voda: MARTIN HAD HIS FATHER UNTIL HE WAS THIRTY TWO.

Christina: MY GOD, GRANDFATHER, HE'S JUST A BOY !

Tati Voda: (HE IS LOOKING THROUGH OLD PHOTOGRAPHS. THE THINGS
HE SAYS SOUND LIKE UNQUESTIONABLE FACTS IN THE WAY
HE PRESENTS THEM...UNEMOTIONAL, HESITANT WITH DATES)

THAT WAS IN 19...24...1923...1924

Christina: HOW CAN YOU BELIEVE SUCH...

Tati Voda: LOOK IN THE BOOKS, CHRISTINA. WE HAVE THE BOOKS OF THE FAMILY. DID YOU EVER LOOK ?

Christina: OF COURSE THE BOOKS WILL SHOW IT. THE BOOKS...
THOSE DAMNED BOOKS SHOULD BE BURNED. THAT'S WHERE YOU GET YOUR HORRIBLE IDEAS !

Tati Voda: ASK THE BOY HIMSELF. ASK MARTIN. HE WILL TELL YOU.

Christina: HE'S...UNBALANCED...HE'S MAD.
AND YOU AND YOUR BOOKS HAVE DRIVEN HIM TO IT.

Tati Voda: HE IS NOSFERATU. HE WAS BORN TO ELENA BULYARESSE AND RUDY MATHIAS IN THE OLD COUNTRY IN 1892.
(the old man looks up into her eyes)
HE IS YOUNG FOR NOSFERATU.

She is about to say something, but his piercing eyes stop her. He doesn't seem at all crazy. He is simply outlining a family lineage.

Tati Voda: THERE HAVE BEEN NINE SUCH ACCURSED IN THE FAMILY.
THERE ARE THREE STILL ALIVE. MARTIN IS ONE.
(he looks at the photos. We see some of them)
CHALSO MALDOLLI IS THE ELDEST IN THE FAMILY NOW.
FROM THE OLD COUNTRY HE WRITES THE LETTERS TELLING WHO WILL TAKE THE PANGRI INTO THEIR HOUSE.
WE OBEY. FIRST FOR THE FAMILY SHAME AND AGAIN BECAUSE

TO DEFY THE EVIL ONES IS TO BRING A CURSE UPON
ONESELF.

I WILL NOT SHAME THE FAMILY...BUT THE DEVIL...
THE DEVIL CAN TAKE MY SOUL...

I WOULD HAVE DESTROYED THE CHILDREN THE MOMENT THEY
SHOWED THE SIGNS.

(there is passion in his face...conviction)

ELENA BULYARRESSE COULD NOT DESTROY HER CHILD.

SHE TOOK HER OWN LIFE IN STEAD.

NOW MARTIN COMES TO ME.

Christina is almost hypnotized by his monologue. She sits hardly
breathing so as to hear his soft voice clearly.

PEOPLE CANNOT COME TO OTHER PEOPLE'S BELIEFS.

IT'S HARD FOR YOU, I KNOW. IT'S HARD FOR ANYONE YOUNG
BECAUSE THE YOUNG TODAY HAVE ALL THEIR...FACTS...
AND EXPLANATIONS...

DO YOU BELIEVE GOD'S WHOLE WORLD RUNS BY THE LAWS OF
THE FEW SCIENCES WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DISCOVER.

NO, CHRISTINA. THERE IS MORE.

BUT PEOPLE ARE SATISFIED. THEY KNOW SO MUCH THAT THEY
THINK THEY KNOW ALL. AND THEY DON'T ALLOW FOR ANYTHING
BEYOND THAT KNOWLEDGE.

AND THAT MAKES IT EASY FOR NOSFERATU. THAT MAKES IT
EASY FOR ALL THE DEVILS.

IT'S ALSO EASY BECAUSE THERE IS SO MUCH EVIL.

It is afternoon. The great jaws of the auto compactor grind old machines into solid blocks of junk. Martin watches through the fence. He is carrying a delivery bag.

Arthur Bolanis walks through the big junkyard. He spots Martin through the wire fence and he trots over.

Arthur: HEY, KID. I WON'T SEE YOU AGAIN. YOU KNOW I'M LEAVIN'.

Martin stares at him. No response.

Arthur: WELL...ANYWAY...I WON'T SEE YOU AGAIN...
HEY, UNLESS YO WANNA COME TO THE PARTY TONIGHT.
THERE'S A PARTY AT BETTY'S. FOR ME LEAVIN'.
WYNCHA COME? HUH ?

Martin stands silent for a long time, then he shrugs his shoulders.

Arthur: ALRIGHT SO MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU THERE...

The big workman trots back into the yard.

179
Mrs. Dulemas opens her door and Martin stands holding out her order.

Mrs. Dulemas: OH, JUST A MINUTE, MARTIN, I'LL GET SOME MONEY.

She takes the bag into the house. As she walks down the hall she calls over her shoulder.

Mrs. Dulemas: HOW ABOUT A LITTLE PAINTING TOMORROW. ^{Gary's} CHARLIE'S OUT OF TOWN AGAIN, HE LEFT THE GAME ROOM HALF FINISHED.

She disappears into the kitchen. Martin looks up and down the street. There is no activity. He steps quietly into the house and closes the front door behind him. The latch clicks just as the woman reappears in the hallway. The sound stops her. Martin stands, inside the closed door and stares at her. She is fumbling with her wallet.

Martin: YOU WANT ME HERE SO YOU CAN DO SEXY THINGS WITH ME, RIGHT ?

She is thunderstruck. She just stares, her mouth open.

Martin: WELL, I'VE NEVER DONE IT...AND I'VE BEEN SHY.
BUT I DECIDED I'D LIKE TO DO IT WITH YOU..

Mrs. Dulemas sets down her wallet on a hall table and she walks toward the young man slowly.

Mrs. Dulemas: YOU'VE NEVER DONE IT ?
(she pulls up very close to him)
YOU'VE NEVER DONE IT ?

He shakes his head no.

Mrs. Dulemas: POOR BABY.

She reaches up for his face with her hands.

Martin: I BOUGHT THOSE THINGS TO WEAR. I GOT THEM IN A
MACHINE.

He is fumbling in his pockets. Mrs. Dulemas smiles with pity.

Mrs. Dulemas: NO. THEY'RE NO GOOD. THEY DON'T FEEL GOOD.
YOU JUST LEAVE THAT PART OF IT TO ME. DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT.

Martin: I DON'T WANT TO MAKE A KID. I SHOULDN'T EVER MAKE
A KID. BECAUSE OF MY SICKNESS, YOU KNOW.

Mrs. Dulemas: (pressing closer)
POOR BABY.

Q
Martin and Mrs. Dulemas are making love. Even though he is on top, her body gyrates desperately. She is doing most of the pumping. She clutches at him, mauling with eager hands. She pulls at his hair. Her arms and legs wrap around him. She is moaning loudly. She pumps harder and harder. Martin is enjoying it, but his eyes are wide and puzzled. He can't conceive of such abandon.

The woman starts to come. She pushes against him, gyrating, thrusting harder. Her arms pull his face down to hers. She kisses him deeply. Then as she reaches her climax, she almost screams as she holds him against herself with her arms and legs and she rolls back and forth on the bed.

After a short time, she relaxes, but she keeps their bodies in position.

Martin: DID YOU GO ?

She laughs. He is embarrassed. She catches the embarrassment and soothes him with kisses and caresses.

Mrs. Dulemas: OH, BABY...DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF...OOOOOOH...IT FEELS SO GOOD.

She rolls her hips around a little. He is still inside her.

Martin: I DIDN'T GO.

Mrs. Dulemas: MMMMMMMMM. THAT'S GOOD FOR ME.

Martin: WHAT DO YOU MEAN ?

Mrs. Dulemas: JUST WAIT A MINUTE AND YOU'LL SEE.

Martin: WHAT ?

Mrs. Dulemas: I MEAN WE CAN KEEP GOING. JUST GIMME A MINUTE.

Martin: BUT I DIDN'T GO.

Mrs. Dulemas: YOU WILL...WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME. JUST RELAX.

She throws her arms back onto the pillows. Martin is still inside her, propped up on his arms. She moans, satisfied.

Martin: DOES IT FEEL THE SAME FOR A...FOR A LADY?

Mrs. Dulemas: AS IT DOES FOR A FELLA ? (she plays with his hair)
MMMMM, I HOPE SO. I GUESS IT MUST FEEL KINDA THE
SAME. IT FEELS GREAT.

Martin: OH...OH...(his face goes limp)

Mrs. Dulemas: WHAT, BABY.

Martin: OH...I FEEL LIKE I'VE GOT TO GO...
OH...I DON'T THINK I CAN WAIT.

She smiles and wraps her legs back up around him. She holds his face in her hands..

Mrs. Dulemas: GO 'HEAD, BABY. IT'S OK.

Martin: (beginning to move slowly)
OH...OH...

Mrs. Dulemas: GO 'HEAD, BABY. COME, BABY. GO 'HEAD.

He closes his eyes. His head throws back.

Mrs. Dulemas: MMMMMMMM. COME, BABY.

She starts to move against him, to help.

Martin: NO...NO...JUST...JUST LIKE THIS. (she stops)
JUST LIKE THIS. JUST LIKE THIS.

He stares down into her face. His body tightens. He pushes into her deeply but slowly, and without any further pumping, he has a shuddering climax. He moans slightly through his open mouth. Then he just breathes hard. He is still staring at her.

Mrs. Dulemas: THERE.

She runs her hands gently over his body. He shivers, still staring into her face. She laughs at his stare. He keeps it up. There is no threat in his eyes, it is a look of amazement, as though some revelation has just dawned.

Mrs. Dulemas: HEY...YOU ALRIGHT ?

Martin: OH, YES, I'M FINE.
THANK YOU FOR DOING THIS WITH ME.

Mrs. Dulemas: OH...HA HA...YOU'RE SO CUTE...I JUST LOVE YOU.

She hugs him. Her remark was impulsive and innocent, the same way she might address a puppy. Martin's face has a puzzled expression as he lets her pull him down onto her chest. He lies there a moment while she holds him tightly. Then he speaks very softly.

Martin: I LOVE YOU, TOO.

The smile slowly disappears from her face. She realizes what she has triggered. We see a wave of worry breaking over her eyes.

somehow. Martin senses something from her posture, so he walks around to see her face. She turns away, but he sees her tears.

Martin: WHY ARE YOU CRYING ?

She makes a "leave me alone" gesture and, taking her drink, she weaves over to the kitchen dinette set and flops into one of the chairs.

Martin: WHY ARE YOU CRYING ?

Mrs. Dulemas: IT'S NOTHING.

Martin: DID I HURT YOU ? WHAT DID I DO ?

Mrs. Dulemas: IT'S NOTHING, MARTIN. YOU DIDN'T DO ANYTHING.

Martin: YOU'RE WORRYING ABOUT HAVING A KID. I SHOULD HAVE
WORN ONE OF THOSE THINGS....

Mrs. Dulemas: OH, JESUS, NO, MARTIN...NO...

(she looks right up into his face, shaking her head
with pity. The tears have marked her face and her
hair is still rumpled from bed. She looks very
tired)

IT'S NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU.

Martin: REALLY?

Mrs. Dulemas: REALLY.

Martin slowly comes to the table. He sits, looking at her. She sips her drink and takes her eyes off the young man. She stares around the kitchen as a prisoner would stare around a cell, hoping for something previously unnoticed in the all too familiar walls.

Mrs. Dulemas: WORRYING ABOUT HAVING A KID... (she laughs bitterly)

~~I CAN'T HAVE KIDS. I CAN NEVER HAVE KIDS.~~

(she looks at Martin)

SOMETHIN' WRONG INSIDE, I DUNNO...

(she throws down a big swallow of whiskey)

SO. IS THAT GOOD FOR ME OR BAD FOR ME ?

GOOD FOR ME ?

Martin just stares at her. He doesn't know how to respond, or even if a response is really wanted.

Mrs. Dulemas: BAD FOR ME ?

(still no response)

NO OPINION. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE SO GREAT TO HAVE AROUND, MARTIN, YOU HAVE NO OPINIONS.

(a slight annoyance flashes into Martin's expression)

EVERYBODY AROUND ME'S GOT OPINIONS ABOUT ME.

Martin: I KNOW. THAT'S MY LEAST FAVORITE THING.

Mrs. Dulemas: HA. YOUR LEAST FAVORITE THING.

WELL, IT'S MY LEAST FAVORITE THING, TOO.

She gets up to pour another drink.

Mrs. Dulemas: WHAT THE HELL.

SO I DON'T LIKE OLIVES, RIGHT. SO FUCKING WHAT !

She returns to the table. She reads the puzzled expression on Martin's face. She explains her remark.

Mrs. Dulemas: THEY ALL USED TO SAY TO ME: YOU MARRIED AN ITALIAN,
^{AND} ~~MARTIN~~, YOU GOTTA LEARN TO LIKE OLIVES.

YOU LIKE OLIVES, MARTIN ?

He nods. Yes. He smiles.

Mrs. Dulemas: OH, ^{maehr} ~~YES~~, YOU DON'T SEE HOW WIERD THIS IS.
 WHAT ~~ARE~~ ^{AM I} DOING? WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING WITH YOU?

Martin: I WON'T TELL ANYBODY.

Mrs. Dulemas: OH. OH YOU, POOR, SWEET ^{BABY} ~~LITTLE~~ ~~WID~~.
 YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE.

Martin: LUCKY ?

Mrs. Dulemas: YOU AND ME HAVE A LOT IN COMMON, MARTIN.
BECAUSE WE'RE DIFFERENT.
YOU'RE LUCKY BECAUSE IT DOESN'T MATTER TO YOU.
YOU DON'T CARE. YOU MAY NOT EVEN REALIZE IT.

Martin: OH, I KNOW I'M DIFFERENT.
I HAVE MY SICKNESS.

Mrs. Dulemas: HA...SEE WHAT I MEAN ?
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL.
OH BOY DO I WISH I COULD GET THERE SOMETIMES.
GET WHERE YOU ARE...
GET....

She lets it hang, her wish for oblivion. She shakes her head slightly then takes a big swallow from her glass.

Christina's face is set; determined. We know she is serious.

Christina: I QUIT MY JOB.

Tati Voda looks at her for a long time. He doesn't let his facial expression reveal his amazement.

Tati Voda: YOU'LL GET ANOTHER.

He starts to walk away from her, but she stops him with her voice.

Christina: NO, AROUND HERE.

The old man looks at his granddaughter.

Christina: THIS IS TWICE IN MY LIFE THAT THIS CRAZY, MYSTICAL...
BULL SHIT HAS EFFECTED ME PERSONALLY.
WELL YOU ALL CAN GO ON MESSING EACH OTHER UP...
I'M THROUGH !

Tati Voda: DON'T USE SUCH LANGUAGE, CHRISTINA.

Christina: ARTHUR TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR CONCERN FOR ANY CHILDREN
WE MIGHT HAVE.

Tati Voda: YES. WELL I AM CONCERNED. ~~I COULDN'T TELL THEM~~

~~ABOUT THE PROBLEM.~~

Christina: OH NO. MUCH TOO SHAMEFUL. BUT ISN'T IT CONVENIENT
 THAT MARTIN IS SO CRAZY LOOKING. YOU COULD SAY...
 LOOK AT POOR MARTIN...IT'S THE FAMILY PROBLEM...
 HE'S WHACKO...AND YOU WOULDN'T WANT YOUR KIDS TO
 TURN OUT THAT WAY, WOULD YOU...
 YOU COULD TELL HIM THAT...THAT'S NOT SO SHAMEFUL...
 NICE LITTLE BIT OF INSANITY IN THE FAMILY GENES...
 IT'S SUCH BULL SHIT, GRANDFATHER.
 IT'S SO GOD DAMNED HYPOCRITICAL.
 WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU.
 THERE IS INSANITY IN THIS FAMILY. AND YOU GOT IT...

Tati Voda has been advancing on the girl. His eyes are angry. When
 he reaches her, he slaps her, very hard, across the face. It stops
 her cold.

Tati Voda: YOU WILL NOT USE SUCH LANGUAGE IN MY HOUSE !

Christina: LANGUAGE ! SHIT ON THE LANGUAGE !

He slaps her again...

Christina SHIT ON THE LANGUAGE !

Another slap...

Christina: (she is crying)

SHIT (slap)

SHIT (slap)

SHIT (slap)

She finally pulls away. She cannot win the duel. She falls across the sitting room and throws herself against the door jamb. The old man stares at her in anger. Then he walks to the clothes tree and gets his jacket. He calmly puts it on, straightens himself, and walks right past the girl into the hall. He stops to pick up his walking stick.

Christina: YOU DON'T EVEN HEAR ME.

Tati Voda: I HEAR YOU. YOU ARE JUST WRONG.

Christina: OH. WELL, GOODBYE, GRANDFATHER VODA.

She turns and starts for the stairs.

Tati Voda: WHERE WILL YOU GO.

Christina: I'M GOING WITH ARTHUR TOMORROW MORNING.

Tati Voda: CHRISTINA...

Christina: (she turns to face him)

OH, DON'T WORRY, WE WON'T HAVE CHILDREN.
WE PROBABLY WON'T EVEN WIND UP TOGETHER.
ARTHUR AND I ARE...IMPOSSIBLE ANYWAY.
WE'RE JUST GONNA SHARE THE DRIVING.
SEE, I DON'T PARTICULARLY CARE THIS TIME, GRANDFATHER.
IT DOESN'T MEAN THAT MUCH THIS TIME.
BUT I'M NOT TAKING THE CHANCE THAT IT EVER WILL.
SO YOU CAN JUST SIT HERE AND EAT EACH OTHER UP.
OR SHOULD IT BE...DRINK EACH OTHER UP ?
LIKE THIS WHOLE DAMN TOWN JUST SUCKED ITSELF DRY !

She turns and runs up the stairs. The old man calls to her.

Tati Voda: CHRISTINA.

She looks down at him.

Tati Voda: YOU'RE WRONG.

Christina: WELL, THEN...TOO BAD FOR ME !

She runs upstairs and disappears from sight. The old man checks his watch and turns to leave the house. As he crosses the front porch, Martin is just running up the stoop. The young man is smiling.

01
Martin: I'M COMING TO THE PARTY. ARTHUR INVITED ME.

Tati Voda just stares as the boy runs past him breathless with enthusiasm. It is a totally new expression for Martin. Voda looks worried as the trotting figure disappears into the house. He stands on the stoop for a moment, then walks down to the street, his walking stick tapping ahead of him.

23
Martin rushes into his room and immediately clicks on the radio. The talk show is on the air. A man is asking about certain historical dates, trying to set a point in time during WW II. Martin gathers some of his magic supplies, but he is attracted to the radio conversation.

23
In her room, Christina is sniffing. She wipes her face and continues to pack. She is cleaning out her cupboard and her dresser. Her radio is also on, and the talk show can be heard. The announcer is referring to the call about the mysterious date.

Annrcr: WELL, I SURE HOPE SOME CALLER CAN GIVE US THAT INFORMATION. IT'S SEVENTEEN AFTER SEVEN HERE ON THE BIG DOUBLE T...HELLO, YOU'RE ON THE LINE WITH THE BIG BEAR...

Voice: YES. I THINK THAT MAN WAS WRONG ABOUT THAT DATE.

Annecr: YES SIR, AND WHEN DO YOU THINK IT WAS...

Voice: IT WAS 1944...AND IT WAS JULY...NOT JUNE.

Annecr: AND ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THAT, FRIEND. YOU SOUND A
LITTLE YOUNG TO HAVE BEEN THERE...HA HA HA....
PICK IT UP IN SCHOOL..

Voice: I'M OLDER THAN I SOUND.
I WAS THERE.

All the while, Christina has registered on the voice of the caller.
She has moved closer to the radio and even turned it up slightly.
She recognizes the voice...

Christina: MARTIN ?

She shrugs her shoulders. The voice is distorted over the telephone
hook up. She passes it off to imagination. She continues to pack.

At Betty's, the town regulars are drunk as usual. They sing and dance and shoot sloppy pool on the old bumpy table. The noise is incredibly loud. The room is filled with smoke and the beer and whiskey flows.

Arthur Bolanis commiserates with several of the men who will remain in Braddock. He has the air of a soldier who is leaving the front lines. He loves his buddies, but is glad to be leaving.

Voda slams down an empty glass on the bar, straightens himself and stands.

Tati Voda: MARTIN.

He walks for the door, expecting the boy to follow. Martin is involved in doing a trick. He completes it and the men applaud and enthuse over the demonstration drunkenly.

Men: THAT'S GREAT. THAT'S TERRIFIC. HOW'D'YA DO THAT ?

Martin: I CAN'T SHOW YOU. THAT WOULD SPOIL IT.

Tati Voda: MARTIN. LET'S GO HOME.

There is an outburst from the men urging Voda to let the boy stay. Without waiting for a response from the old man, Martin moves to a table where he has set up his supplies in an old shopping bag.

Angrily, Voda walks out the door. His biggest irritation is that Martin exhibited disobedience in front of the other men.

Martin notices that the old man has left. He rummages through his bag. We notice items from the novelty store on the tablecloth.

It is very late at night. Voda walks through the shadows. He passes in front of the old Church and blesses himself. The sound of a distant motorcycle dies into infinity and the little street falls deadly quiet.

Only Voda's footsteps and the dim sound of the crickets can be heard as the old man enters an alleyway. The rest of the town is asleep. He turns a corner and is about to walk under an arching grape arbor, when something catches his eye.

Standing at the other end of the arbor tunnel, in a slight mist which rises from a sewer grate, is a spectral figure in a long flowing cape. Voda freezes. His face takes a long while to register fear. The silhouette moves slowly forward.

Voda backs off a few steps. He stumbles on a little curb and almost

loses his walking stick. He looks over his shoulder. The spectre has reached the mouth of the arbor, and its arms go up so that the cape seems to form wings.

The old man turns and stumbles quickly away. The figure follows.

Voda is breathing hard, scrambling in a panic. The agile figure has no trouble keeping up. The old man turns a corner again and enters another narrow alleyway. He stumbles over garbage cans and falls against a brick wall. He drops to all fours as the spectral silhouette appears at the head of the alley. The black arms rise again and the cape looks like a giant bat.

Voda crawls along the cobblestones but he is backed into a corner. The figure advances. The old man cringes. He curls into a ball, drawing his walking stick up across his chest for protection. The figure is very close now. The old man makes the sign of the cross and struggles to pull a Religious medal out from its place under his tight shirt collar.

We see the face of the spectre. It is Martin, but his features are stark and white. The old man raises his stick and holds out the Religious medalion. He is whispering a frantic prayer. Martin leans forward. He opens his mouth. We see that his incisor teeth are greatly extended into the long fangs of a Vampire.

The old man blesses himself again and closes his eyes tightly,

waiting to be stricken. He shivers in fear, the shadow of the cape darkening his face...

Then we hear Martin giggle. The shadow pulls away.

Voda opens his eyes and looks up.

Martin reaches for his mouth. He pops out the set of plastic, novelty store teeth, and holds them up for the old man to see. His giggle turns into a slight laugh. His hand brushes against his face and some of the white cream rubs off. He lets the old tablecloth fall from his shoulders.

In a flash, Tati Voda scrambles to his feet. He raises his stick and beats it at the boy. THUMP ! It stops Martin's laugh.

Tati Voda: YOU...DEVIL....

Another blow with the stick.

Tati Voda: YOU ARE THE DEVIL !

Martin is stunned by the hard blows. The cane rises again. This time as it falls, Martin's hand is quick enough to grab the hilt. His strength is enough to match the old man. They stand, faces contorted, all four hands on the old cane. It is a stalemate. Martin pushes harder and the old man backs off to the wall.

For a moment we believe that Martin's anger will make him strike out at Voda, but his face slowly melts away his rage and he smiles slowly.

Martin: IT'S A COSTUME.
IT'S ONLY A COSTUME.

Quite suddenly, Martin lets go of the walking stick, and he quickly steps back into the alley snatching up his "props". Then he walks briskly down the alley toward home. Tati Voda makes the sign of the Cross again, his hands shaking.

Martin: (V.O.)
IT'S HARD TO PROVE THINGS TO PEOPLE.
ESPECIALLY ABOUT THINGS THAT SCARE THEM.
IT'S HARD TO SHOW PEOPLE THAT THEY SHOULDN'T BE SCARED
OF SOMETHING THAT SCARES THEM

Voice: UH HUH. WELL, I GUESS...I GUESS THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN TRUE.

Martin: I GUESS. I DUNNO.

Voice: SO YOU'RE NOT A SCARY VAMPIRE. YOU DON'T...JUMP OUT
FROM THE SHADOWS IN THE MOONLIGHT. HEART-FAILURE TIME,
TYPE OF THING...

Martin: I'M NOT A VAMPIRE AT ALL.

86 (cont)

Martin is lying on his bed. He talks quietly into his telephone. His radio is turned on, but it is playing at a very low volume, so that the retarded signal of the radio broadcast will not interfere with the actual call. He talks to the radio announcer. Ten seconds or so after the real conversation, we hear it echo on the retarded broadcast signal. The double audio creates a strange ambience.

Martin: I MEAN...NOT THE GHOST KIND...NOT LIKE IN THE MOVIES.
I JUST NEED TO HAVE BLOOD SOMETIMES...IT'S A SICKNESS.

Annecr: YOU JUST NEED TO HAVE BLOOD SOMETIMES. RIGHT.
WELL, THAT'S NOT SCARY AT ALL, RIGHT ?

Martin: IT'S A SICKNESS. IT'S JUST A SICKNESS.

Annecr: OK...AND HOW OFTEN DO YOU...HAVE THE NEED ?

Martin: I DUNNO...I LOSE TRACK...NOT ALL THE TIME...
THAT'S NOT LIKE IN THE MOVIES EITHER.
I SAW A MOVIE ONCE WHERE IT WAS EVERY NIGHT. THAT'S
CRAZY. THOSE MOVIES ARE CRAZY.

Annecr: CRAZY. WELL, ARE YOU GONNA DISPELL ANY OTHER MYTHS
FOR US, COUNT ? LIKE...GETTING BACK INTO THE GRAVE
BEFORE MORNING...GARLIC...CRUCIFIX...WHAT ELSE ?

Martin: IT'S ALL CRAZY.

Annecr: UH HUH. SO YOU DON'T BURN UP TO A CRISP IN THE
SUNLIGHT...NOTHING LIKE THAT, HUH ?

Martin: THE SUN HURTS MY EYES SOMETIMES...ESPECIALLY WHEN
IT'S ALMOST TIME...WHEN I START TO GET SHAKY...

Annecr: RIGHT...WELL, LISTEN, COUNT, I GOTTA TAKE A BREAK
HERE...NIGHTIMERS, WE BEEN TALKIN' WITH THE COUNT.
OUR NIGHTIMER WHO CALLS EVERY NOW AND AGAIN.
A REAL, HONEST TO GOODNESS VAMPIRE. IF ANY OF
YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS YOU'D LIKE TO PASS ON TO
THE COUNT, GIVE US A CALL HERE AT 333-9090.
COUNT, YOU KEEP CHECKIN' IN WITH US.
WE'LL BE BACK IN A MO'.....

Martin still holds the phone to his ear. We hear the announcer
repeat his speech on the retarded broadcast, then the radio segues
into a commercial jingle. As the radio plays on, the announcer
speaks, off the air, to Martin on the phone...

Annecr: HELLO...

Martin looks at the receiver. He is surprised to hear the off-air
voice.

Annecr: HELLO...COUNT...WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS...

Martin: HELLO.

Annecr: YEAH...HEY, LISTEN, THIS IS TOO MUCH, MAN.
I MEAN THIS IS REALLY GREAT. WE GET ALL KINDS OF
CALLS ABOUT IT. LEMME KNOW WHERE I CAN REACH YA.

Martin is silent. He is really taken aback. He stares at the telephone.

Annecr: MAYBE WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT...SOME KIND OF
PERSONAL APPEARANCE STUFF...PROMOTIONAL FOR THE
STATION...YOU GOT FANS OUT THERE, COUNT.

Martin hangs up the telephone quickly. The recognition is a threat.
He sets the phone on his night stand. The soft sound of the radio
continues. The commercial ends and the announcer comes back on the
air.

Annecr: ALRIGHT, NIGHTIMERS. WE'VE BEEN CHATTING WITH...
THE COUNT ! (he does a bad Lugosi)
HE'S OUT THERE...SOMEWHERE...
AND HE'LL BE CALLIN' IN AGAIN. I KNOW YOU NIGHTIMERS
LIKE TO HEAR FROM HIM. KEEP THE CALLS COMIN'...

87
Christina rushes out of her room with two suitcases. She is breezing down the hallway when Martin startles her as he bounds up the stairs. He notices the suitcases...

Martin: ARTHUR IS OUTSIDE WITH HIS CAR.
 WHERE ARE YOU GOING ?

Christina: I'M...I'M LEAVING, MARTIN. WHERE'S VODA ?

Martin: IN THE KITCHEN.
 ARE YOU...LEAVING ? REALLY LEAVING ? WITH ARTHUR ?

Christina: I'M JUST RIDING WITH HIM TO SAVE THE MONEY.

Martin: OH. THEN YOU'RE NOT...YOU'RE NOT GONNA...GET MARRIED
 OR ANYTHING...

Christina: NOT TO ARTHUR, NO...WE'VE TALKED ABOUT THAT.
 HE MAKES ME FEEL BAD, YOU KNOW...

Martin: I KNOW.

Christina: MARTIN, I'M GOING TO WRITE TO YOU. I'LL TELL YOU
 WHERE I AM.

Martin: OH, GOOD. OH, THAT WILL BE GOOD. I NEVER GET LETTERS.

Christina: I KNOW, MARTIN...I KNOW...

She reaches out for his face. He recoils ever so slightly, then he relaxes and lets her touch him.

Christina: THE THINGS...THE THINGS THAT VODA...BELIEVES...
ABOUT YOU...YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT ?

Martin nods.

Christina: THOSE THINGS...ARE...
THOSE ARE VERY OLD BELIEFS...THIS FAMILY HAS...
PASSED THEM ON AND PASSED THEM ON...
GOD KNOWS WHAT THAT'S DONE TO YOU...MAYBE THAT'S EVEN
WHY...YOU'RE THE WAY YOU ARE...

Martin: OH, NO, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN THIS WAY.
I'VE ALWAYS HAD THE SICKNESS. THEY JUST THINK IT'S
MAGIC. THEY THINK I'M A GHOST.

His innocence makes her feel deeply for his plight. She grips him warmly at the back of his neck.

Christina: MARTIN, I'M GOING TO HELP YOU SOMEHOW.
I'M GOING TO TALK TO SOME PEOPLE. YOU NEED HELP.
GRANDFATHER NEEDS HELP. I CAN'T LET THIS GO ON.

Martin: I THINK IT'S BETTER NOW.
I FEEL BETTER. I HAVE FRIENDS NOW.

Christina: I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHERE I AM. IF YOU NEED ME, YOU
CAN CALL...OR YOU CAN EVEN JUST COME...I'LL PAY FOR
IT...I'M GOING TO HELP YOU, MARTIN.

Martin: NO. YOU'LL FORGET ABOUT ME.

Christina: NO.
NO I WON'T...WHY DO YOU THINK I'LL FORGET ABOUT YOU ?

Martin: BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING AWAY.
PEOPLE GO AWAY SO THEY CAN FORGET WHERE THEY WERE.

She stares at him. She is startled by the simplistic wisdom. She
doesn't even want to face it.

Christina: I WON'T FORGET. I WON'T FORGET, YOU'LL SEE..
I'LL TELL YOU WHERE I AM...

She rushes past him, leaving him on the stairwell. She starts down
the hall, leaving her suitcases near the front door. Voda is sitting
at the kitchen table eating a piece of smoked fish. She looks at the
old man from the kitchen door. He feels her presence, but he doesn't
turn to face her. He bites the fish again and pulls a bone from his
mouth. Christina turns and walks quickly down the hall.

She snatches up her suitcases and rushes out the door. Martin bounds up a few steps so as to look out the landing window.

88

He sees Arthur help the girl with her suitcases, then the big workman slams the car trunk and gets in behind the wheel. Christina is about to sit in the passenger side, when she turns and faces the old house. She appears as if she will return to say something...some last goodbye...last pledge to remember...

Then she sits into the car quickly and slams the door. The old Chevrolet roars loudly as it rolls away down the street.

Martin watches for a long time. Suddenly, Voda's voice calls from below.

Tati Voda: MARTIN. WILL YOU FINISH YOUR BREAKFAST ?

The voice in the otherwise empty house emphasizes the fact that the two men are alone together. The little clock chime rings as Martin slowly moves down the stairs.

In the kitchen, the young man joins Voda at the table. The old man is still gnawing at the fish skeleton, and pulling little bones from his mouth. Martin nibbles at a muffin.

Tati Voda: WELL. NO MORE OF CHRISTINA'S COOKING, YOU KNOW.
NO MORE WASHING. CLEANING. ~~THEY ARE NOT WASHING. THEY ARE NOT CLEANING.~~

Martin watches the old man's face. Voda resists looking up into his eyes. He wipes his mouth and sips his strong coffee. He pulls a large lemon peel over his teeth, using the rind to brush away any food particles wedged there.

Tati Voda: I HAVEN'T ENOUGH MONEY TO HAVE SOMEONE COME IN.
I WILL COOK. THE REST, YOU WILL LEARN TO DO.

He finally looks up. He stares at Martin as though he is facing-off for a gunfight.

Tati Voda: BETTER FOR US TO BE ALONE, ANYWAY.
IT WILL BE MUCH EASIER FOR US...
BEING ALONE.

0
Martin is walking through town. The auto compactor is busy with new wrecks. Old men and women do their chores. A group of workmen board up a store along Commercial Street, a store that has finally closed after a long struggle against extinction.

Martin:

(V.O.)

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STAY CALM.

THINGS WORK OUT. NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE.

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING YOU CAN FIND TO DO.

THINGS ARE NEVER AS BAD AS THEY SEEM.

PEOPLE GIVE UP TOO EASY.

Mrs. Dulemas opens her door. Martin holds her delivery bag.

Mrs. Dulemas: I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE. IT'S SO LATE.

Martin: I BROUGHT YOURS LAST. OTHERWISE I COULDN'T STAY.

Mrs. Dulemas: HOW 'BOUT WE GO FOR A RIDE SOMEWHERE ?

*
sub

92

On a hill in the countryside, Mrs. Dulemas and Martin sprawl on the ground. Her car is parked nearby. They are isolated by foliage, but the hill overlooks a great industrial valley. The stacks and ovens of an enormous steel complex crowd the horizon, and great billows of orange pollution rise into the sunset sky.

Mrs. Dulemas: I WISH...YOU COULD JUST...SHOOT ME UP WITH SOMETHING...
OR...TAKE AWAY A PIECE OF MY BRAIN...SOMETHING...

Martin just looks at her. He is sympathizing as much as he can.

Mrs. Dulemas: TOO BAD WHAT YOU GOT AIN'T CATCHING.
THAT'D BE GREAT.

Martin: SOME PEOPLE THINK IT IS CATCHING.
IN MOVIES IT'S CATCHING.

She looks at him slightly puzzled, but she thinks he is referring to his insanity.

Mrs. Dulemas: WELL...ON THE OFF CHANCE THAT IT IS...
GIVE IT TO ME, BABY...DO IT...

She opens her arms wide and lays in the grass on her back. Martin looks down at her. He wears a slight frown.

Martin: (V.O.)

THERE'S A LOT OF PEOPLE I COULD DO IT DO
IF I WANTED.

I KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE. I KNOW WHAT THEY DO.
I'VE WATCHED THEM A LOT AND I KNOW WHAT THEY DO.
I KNOW WHEN THEY'RE ALONE.

I COULD DO IT EASY WITHOUT GETTIN' CAUGHT.

Mrs. Dulemas stretches to reach the side of Martin's face. She pulls him down on top of herself. She kisses him desperately. He just stares at her with pity.

93 CUT...Several women are in the Butcher shop. Voda fills their orders. One or two greet Martin who sits in his chair at the rear playing Solitaire. Mrs. Bellini, the complaining old hag, snatches her order bag from the counter and crosses in front of Martin.

Mrs. Bellini: MARTIN, YOU'RE LAZY. YOU'RE A LAZY BOY.
HE'S A LAZY BOY, VODA. MAKE HIM WORK.
PEOPLE HERE WORK HARD. MAKE HIM WORK.

She toddles out of the store. Martin stares at her.

Martin: (V.O.)
THERE ARE EVEN PEOPLE I WOULD LIKE TO DO IT DO.
BECAUSE THEY MAKE ME ANGRY SOMETIMES.

Q 94
Mrs. Bellini is trudging down a back alley carrying a net shopping bag. There is no one else in sight. Martin watches her from the shadows. Voda is in the background painting the side of the house. Martin follows the old woman.

In another alleyway, the old woman moves silently through the dusky darkness. Martin appears at the mouth of the little passage. It is perfectly isolated.

Martin: BUT...I DUNNO...I DECIDED TO LET THEM GO...
I JUST...DECIDED TO LET THEM GO...

95
CUT...Night. Martin sits on the swing on the back porch. There is moonlight dancing over his face. He stares at his hand. It is shaking slightly.

We hear the sound of a motorcycle. Martin looks up. The young tough roars by and he spots Martin. His chick hangs off the back of the bike. His helmet visor is up and he sips from a can of beer.

Cyclist: HEY...LOON-O...WHOOOOO HOOOOO...LOON-O...

The young tough and the chick laugh loudly. He throws the beer can right into Martin's yard. The bike roars up the alley and stops.

Martin stands up and walks into the yard where he picks up the dripping can.

Martin: EVEN THE ONES WHO ARE REALLY MEAN TO ME ALL THE TIME.
 I JUST DECIDED TO...LET THEM GO...
 IT'S LIKE I KNOW THEM TOO WELL...IT'S FUNNY...
 WE'RE MADE FUNNY...

In the darkness of his driveway, the cyclist chains up his bike. His girl stands nearby. The spot is perfectly isolated. Martin watches from the shadows, still clutching the beer can.

Martin: SO I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO.
 I'M GETTIN' PRETTY SHAKY. I'M REALLY GETTIN' SHAKY.

96
 Martin is in the city. He stands outside the Supermarket. He sees several pretty women as they wheel their shopping carts. He watches them all intently. We see close-ups of their faces. Their hair billows...their movements are feminine...they seem perfectly in keeping with Martin's earlier fantasy images...we watch his eyes...there is none of the earlier excitement...no inspiration...

Martin: AND...WHEN I TRY TO FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT TO...
 I CAN'T DECIDE...IT'S LIKE...NONE OF THE LADIES
 LOOK PRETTY...I DUNNO...
 I USED TO BE ABLE TO DECIDE FAST...
 I USED TO BE ABLE TO FIND SOMEBODY REALLY FAST...
 NONE OF THE LADIES LOOK PRETTY...OR SOMETHIN'...
 MAYBE IT'S JUST BECAUSE I'M DOING THE SEXY STUFF
 WITHOUT THE BLOOD NOW...DOIN' IT WITH AN AWAKE PERSON...
 I DUNNO...

97
 Martin is in the novelty store. He flips through the magazines. He watches the people. Two heavily made up hookers are putting the make on a group of guys at the pinball bank. Martin eyes the women. His hands are shaking violently now.

Martin: I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING...I'VE GOT TO PICK SOMEBODY...
 I'M GETTING SO SHAKY...I MIGHT MAKE A MISTAKE...

Voice: A...MISTAKE ?

Martin: I MIGHT MAKE A MISTAKE AND GET CAUGHT...

Voice: HEAR THAT, NIGHTIMERS...THE COUNT IS GETTIN...
THIRSTY...SO WATCH OUT, NIGHTIMERS...HE MIGHT BE
IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD...

98
Martin is lying in his bed. His hand, which holds the phone to his ear, is trembling steadily. He is disturbed by the announcer's light treatment of his problem. He hangs up the phone with a hard bang. The radio plays softly, repeating the conversation with its retarded broadcast...

Martin's voice

on the radio: ...MAKE A MISTAKE AND GET CAUGHT...

Annrcr: HEAR THAT, NIGHTIMERS...THE COUNT IS GETTIN...
THIRSTY...SO WATCH OUT, NIGHTIMERS...HE MIGHT BE
IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD... (phone click)
OOOP...OOOP, I THINK...YES...YES, THE COUNT HAS
HUNG UP ON US...HE'S OUT THERE, NIGHTIMERS...
HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE...

Martin's is trembling, as though in the throes of a fevered illness. His eyes are wide. He looks about the room. Shadows dance as the filmy curtains blow in the moonlight. Suddenly there is a sound at

the door. The lock clicks. Martin sits upright in bed. The radio continues to play...

Annecr: CHECK THE MOON, NIGHTIMERS...IS THE MOON FULL...
IS THIS A NIGHT FOR EVIL ?

The door opens slowly. Martin's eyes are wide with terror...

79
Flashback...Martin (period) is backed into a corner...he stares at a door which is slowly opening...we see a figure outside, but cannot discern it...a slight glow appears at the doorway as the opening widens...

98] Real time:

Annecr: IS THIS A NIGHT...FOR A BLOOD FEAST...

The door continues to open...a hand is seen holding two lit candles in the rough configuration of a Cross...a dark figure silhouettes against the light from the hall...

97] Flashback...a hooded figure appears in the doorway, followed by the Peasant woman and the bearded man. The hooded figure holds up two candles in the attitude of a Cross...The Peasant woman rushes into the room and dumps a great turd of excrement at Martin's feet...

[8]
Real time: The man with the candles is very old. He wears a Priest's vestments. In his other hand is a Bible. Voda follows him into the room carrying a tray full of bottles...oils, wines... and other artifacts...the Priest is mumbling in Latin.

Annecr: IS THIS THE NIGHT ? IS THIS THE NIGHT...
LOCK YOUR DOORS...BOLT YOUR WINDOWS...

[99]
Flashback...The bearded man is sucking painted eggs and spitting out the contents at Martin. The hooded Priest is railing...moving the candles in circles and patterns around Martin's face...The Peasant woman mumbles over a Rosary...

11]
Real time: The Priest is getting very emotional...He snatches oils from the tray...he sprinkles them over Martin. Martin is sinking down into his pillows...trying to pull away...Voda watches in the candlelight...

Annecr: ALRIGHT...ENOUGH OF THIS VOODOOCCCCOOO...RIGHT, NIGHTIME
WE'LL BE BACK AFTER THIS WORD.....

A bright and snappy advertising jingle starts to play. The Priest wails his Latin loudly, with great peaks of emotion. He sprinkles oil and swallows wine. Then he spits the wine onto Martin....

Q [97] Flashback...but we can still hear the advertising jingle...

A glob of egg yolk hits Martin squarely in the face...the hooded priest holds the candles very close...Martin slaps at them violently. The flames go out and one of the wax sticks breaks in two, but the Priest never breaks his rhythm...

98] Real time: The Priest waves the candles...Voda offers the tray. The Priest grabs up a large medal and Crucifix on a chain...he waves the artifacts in Martin's face...Martin breaks out of his corner... The advertising jingle plays on...

Q 99] Flashback: Martin bolts. He pushes past the Priest and the Peasant woman. He all but knocks the bearded man over...he crashes through the door...

98] Real time: Martin pushes past Voda. The old man still holds the tray. The bottles jingle around...one spills over, another crashes to the floor. Martin stands in the doorway for a moment and stares, incredulous, back at the tableau in the room. Voda stares back. Martin bolts away and is gone. Voda looks at the empty doorway for a time. The radio still plays. Then the old man looks back at the Priest. The poor, senile Father Zulemas continues to incant over the empty bed. He lowers one of the candles down to the sheets and sets a small fire. His voice raises loudly with great passion as he

clutches his Bible and passes it through the rising smoke several times. Voda stares puzzled. The Priest sips more wine and spits it into the flame. He makes great arching circles with the candles. He sprinkles oils. Then he kneels in front of the bed. The action makes him almost fall over and in doing so, he nearly knocks Voda over. The tray wobbles again. Another bottle falls and its contents drip down onto the Priest's head. He never breaks the rhythm of the emotional chanting.

100
It is very dark. In a garbage-filled alley in the produce yard section of the big city, two bums argue over the remnants of a wine bottle. One of them grabs the bagged bottle so roughly that the other man, trying to hold on, falls into the gutter. The man with the bottle staggers a few feet away.

The man in the gutter starts to pull himself up. He approaches the other hobo and is about to reach for the bottle when a blur of black shadow suddenly lunges from behind a loading dock. The shadow takes the shape of a human figure. It swings something large and heavy down against the man's head. There is a great thud and crack of a skull shattering, and the wine bottle falls to the street where it shatters into bits. The Hobo falls limply.

The other hobo looks up into Martin's face. The young man moves toward the derelict. The Hobo backs away, but he stumbles in his drunkenness. Martin lunges and swings his weapon again. It is a piece of metal piping. It thuds against the hobo's head, but Martin is not trying to kill and the blow is light. The man staggers and falls, but he is still conscious. Martin is shivering...there are tears in his eyes. He swings again, but the man moves and the blow lands on his shoulder. Martin regains his balance. The hobo tries to crawl away on all fours. Martin swings the pipe again. It connects and the man rolls over onto his back, bringing his arms up to protect himself.

Martin stares down at him. The hobo is very still. Martin is quivering...crying...The hobo moves again...

Martin: NO....NO...GO TO SLEEP...

He strikes again with the pipe. It hits the man's protecting arms.

Martin: GO TO SLEEP...I JUST WANT TO PUT YOU TO SLEEP...

He swings again. It hits the arm again. The man rolls over onto his stomach. His hands are clenched behind his head. Martin reaches down and struggles to un-pry the clutching fingers...

Martin: JUST GO TO SLEEP...I DON'T NEED TO KILL YOU...
I DON'T NEED TO KILL YOU, TOO...

The man suddenly uses all his energy to try to scramble away. Martin keeps a grip on one of the hobo's wrists, and the old man reels about and falls onto his back. His free arm comes up over his head, but Martin plants a good blow with the pipe. The man is stunned. He goes limp and falls into the gutter, his hair sloshing in a puddle full of garbage. His eyes are still open.

Martin is desperate. He drops his pipe and picks the man up by his shirt. The old fabric tears and the man falls back in the filth. Martin pulls him up again, until the hobo is sitting upright. Then the boy brings his hands together and raises them back. They are shaking violently, and his face is dirty from tears. He swings his doubled fists hard against the hobo's head. The old derelict finally falls over, unconscious.

Martin stands over the man. He is shaking violently. He almost can't control himself. He rushes to the other victim. He falls over his body. His trembling hands fumble over the street and he pulls up a section of the broken wine bottle. With great shivering hesitation, he tries to decide where to cut the man's skin. He finally crouches down and with one, sudden slash, cuts right through the shirt at the man's inner elbow. The cut is deep and the blood gushes, despite the constraints of the shirt. Martin puts his mouth to the wound. He sits in the wet street and lets the warm liquid fill his mouth. From a distance, he looks like a hunched animal, feasting on its prey.

101

The great noise of a huge window shattering...an alarm bell...

Martin scrambles through the broken window and into the dark aisles of the Army-Navy store.

He is somewhat calmer now...efficient. He pulls off his bloody shirt and snatches up a new one from the countertop. He struggles with his pants, also covered with blood. He can't get them off over his shoes. The alarm bell is incessant. The loud ringing is driving Martin to distraction. His pants get caught on his shoes and he has to kick the shoes off his feet. He struggles with the knots in the laces. He is bare chested, wearing only underpants and socks. The underpants are stained where the blood blotted through. He hears a siren. His eyes get wild.

102

Flashback...the scene at the river...period...Martin trying to wash the blood from his clothes...the mob approaching through the woods...

101]

Real time:

Martin pulls on the new pants from the rack in the store. He snaps up the new shirt. It is tangled with pins and little tags. He tries to free it up. The siren is louder.

102]

Flashback...the torches in the trees...the sound of the mob overlapped onto the siren sound...Martin scrambles in the river...

Q We see torch flames...

101 We see the flashing light atop a Police Car...

Loud siren. Martin, still in the store, cannot put the new shirt on. He scrambles. He grabs up his bloody clothes and his shoes. He juggles them in his arms...

102 We see him splashing in the river...losing his footing...the torches are very near...

103 The Police Car rounds a corner...it screeches to a stop...One Officer hops out. the other stays in the car talking on the radio...

104 Martin crashes down river...the torch flames are in hot pursuit...

The Police flashlight glares...The light beam catches Martin squarely just as the young man lunges past the Officer. The Policeman staggers back against a wall. Martin bolts out of the store and onto the street. The other Officer, at the car, jumps out, drawing his gun, but Martin ducks into an alleyway.

105 The Policeman from the store trots after the boy on foot. The man at the car sits back in and guns the engine. He follows with the car.

Martin breaks around another corner. There is more light. He is panting with fear. He ducks past a vacant loading dock and weaves in and out between the great trucks that wait for the morning's loads. The Policeman with his flashlight trots into the area. The car drifts along behind him. We can hear the radio loudly as the station house asks for information and location.

Martin bolts from behind a truck and ducks into a wooden loading bay just inside the great doors of an open warehouse by the railroad tracks. As he runs out from behind a stack of crates, he startles a man who he almost knocks over. Another two men jump up. Two of the strangers are Black, dressed in street-cool. The other is white. They are obviously dealing...

Man: HEY...LOOK HERE...

Martin crashes around them. The Officer appears with his flashlight. The men all scatter, pulling weapons. The Officer scrambles to chase them...

Officer: OH...HOLD IT...HARRY...CALL FOR BACK UP...HARRY...

The dealers shout at each other as they run in different directions. One hops into a big Cadillac and guns the engine. The confusion is dizzying. The Officer on foot crashes into the white man as he breaks out from behind some crates. The white man suddenly stabs the Officer several times. The Policeman's gun goes off, roaring

in the empty warehouse. The white man runs desperately into the shadows. The Officer, cringing in pain, rolls off and takes aim at the running man's back. He gets off two shots. The man is hit.

Suddenly, a foot kicks the gun from the Officer's hand. It skitters across the floor. The foot then kicks at the Policeman's head. The Policeman falls unconscious and the man who kicked him, one of the Blacks, breaks for the large doors of the warehouse.

The other Officer, at the car, stands up, his gun steadied on the roof of the vehicle. The white man, who is already wounded, comes staggering out of the warehouse.

Officer: HOLD IT...

The weaving white man pulls a gun. The Policeman fires. The man is hit again.

The big Cadillac is roaring directly toward the Police Car. The Officer fires at the white man again. This time, the man falls dead, his body crashing through a stack of cartons.

The second Black man, the one who kicked the Policeman in the warehouse, makes a break through the alley. He is running for the roaring Cadillac. The Officer takes aim and fires several times. The running Black man sprawls into the street. The Cadillac barely avoids hitting him, in fact, the front fender slams the sprawling

man's head as he falls, cracking his skull loudly. The car, in swerving, is hurtling right toward the Officer. The Policeman raises his gun and fires several times through the car's windshield. The driver is obviously hit and he slumps at the wheel. Then the great screeching mass of metal slams into the Police Car, pinning the hopeless Policeman and crushing his chest and stomach.

All is quiet. Only the squawk of voices on the Police band can be heard. Five men lie dead or dying.

Martin quietly moves out of the shadows and, still carrying his clothes and shoes, he slips off into the night...

104
Martin: I DUNNO WHAT I'LL DO.
I GUESS I'LL STAY. I DUNNO.

He is in a public toilet in the railroad station. He has washed himself off and he is pulling on his new shirt. A hobo is asleep on one of the toilets, his rumpled pants down around his ankles.

Martin: I'M FEELING A LOT BETTER...ABOUT ME...
I'M NOT AS SHY AS I USED TO BE.

Voice: UH HUH...WELL, THAT'S GOOD.

Martin: YES. IT IS GOOD. IT IS GOOD.

Voice: BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO ?

Martin: NO, I REALLY DON'T. I REALLY DON'T.
I NEVER GOT A LETTER FROM CHRISTINA.
I KNEW SHE'D FORGET.

Voice: UH HUH. THAT'S TOO BAD.

Martin: . YEAH. THAT IS TOO BAD.
IT'S TOO BAD THAT PEOPLE FORGET.

105
Martin is on the Commuter train. The light of dawn is glaring on his eyes. He reaches for his sunglasses, but he is wearing the new clothes from the Army-Navy store. The pockets are empty. He pulls at the window shade, but it is stuck. He shields his eyes with his hand.

Voice: HOW ABOUT A NICE CASTLE UP IN THE MOUNTAINS.
 NICE LITTLE HIDEOUT WHERE YOU CAN WAYLAY UNSUSPECTING
 TRAVELLERS.

Martin: YOU NEED A LOT OF MONEY FOR THAT.
 OUR FAMILY USED TO HAVE MONEY. NOT ANY MORE, THOUGH.
 EVEN THE ONES IN THE OLD COUNTRY DON'T HAVE A LOT
 OF MONEY ANY MORE.

Voice: UH HUH...

Martin: I'VE THOUGHT OF DOING A BIG ROBBERY.
 I THINK I'M SMART ENOUGH TO DO THAT.
 I'VE NEVER GOTTEN CAUGHT YET, AND I'VE DONE A LOT
 OF THINGS THAT PEOPLE WOULD LIKE TO CATCH ME FOR.
 I THINK I COULD DO A BIG ROBBERY AND NOT GET
 CAUGHT.

Voice: UH HUH...

106

A sharp cleaver slices through the necks of a row of live chickens as they hang screeching up-side-down from a pole. Their bodies jump and flutter even after their heads are severed.

Voda collects his order from the chicken man. Martin just stares at the gurgling torsos of the slaughtered birds.

Martin: YOU GET USED TO THINGS, YOU KNOW ?

Voice: UH HUH...SURE...

Martin: YOU GET USED TO YOUR LIFE.

Voice: UH HUH.

Martin: THEN IT ALL GETS EASIER.

Annecr: NO, MAN, HEY...
HEY, I'M WITH YOU, MAN. RIGHT ON, YOU KNOW ?

Martin: WELL...
I DUNNO WHAT I'M GONNA DO.
I REALLY DON'T.

Martin hangs up the phone suddenly. He is slightly irritated by the announcer's flip tone. The radio repeats the last part of the conversation over its retard:

Annecr: HEY, I'M WITH YOU, MAN. RIGHT ON, YOU KNOW ?

Martin: WELL...
I DUNNO WHAT I'M GONNA DO.
I REALLY DON'T.

109

Martin knocks on Mrs. Dulemas' front door. He is clutching her delivery order. He watches the neighborhood. There is some activity, but nobody is paying particular attention. He faces the door again and knocks with some irritation, then he tries to ring the doorbell. There is no answer.

He looks over toward the driveway. The station wagon is there. He tries the door. It opens. He looks around the neighborhood again, decides it is safe, and he enters the house, closing the door behind him.

The house is bright with sunlight from the windows. Martin sets down the delivery bag on the hall table, and he moves down the hall.

In the bathroom, lying in a tub full of cold water, Mrs. Dulemas stares through dead eyes at the flower print wallpaper. There is blood everywhere. A razor blade sits on the edge of the tub.

Martin stands in the doorway, crying.

Martin: I DIDN'T DO IT.

I DIDN'T DO IT.

Voice: UH HUH. OK.

Martin: I REALLY DIDN'T.

Voice: OK.

Martin: 'BUT IN A WAY I'M GLAD IT'S ALL OVER.

CUT...Martin lies in bed. He talks on the phone.

Martin: I WAS REALLY GETTIN' MIXED UP.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE FRIENDS.

Voice: NO. THAT'S RIGHT. YOU GET INVOLVED AND IT'S...
DANGEROUS, RIGHT ? YOU GET IN TROUBLE.

Martin: RIGHT. YOU FORGET. YOU MAKE MISTAKES.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE FRIENDS. EVEN IF IT'S JUST FOR
THE SEXY STUFF.

Voice: RIGHT. THE SEXY STUFF. THAT'S THE WORST DANGER
OF ALL. THAT'LL GET YA EVERY TIME, COUNT.

Martin: THAT'S ANOTHER WRONG THING IN THE MOVIES.
VAMPIRES ALWAYS HAVE LADIES...SOMETIMES A LOT OF
LADIES. WELL THAT'S WRONG, TOO. YOU DON'T NEED THAT.

Voice: OH, YOU DON'T NEED THAT, HUH ? WELL, YOU'RE A
BETTER MAN THAN I, GUNGA DIN...HA HA...

Martin: YOU REALLY DON'T...I MEAN...IF THE MAGIC PART WAS
REAL AND YOU COULD GET THEM TO DO WHATEVER YOU WANTED
AND LIKE THAT...THAT WOULD BE DIFFERENT...

Voice: OOOOWEEEEEE...WOULDN'T IT, THOUGH.
PARTY TIME, RIGHT ?

Martin: BUT IN REAL LIFE...IN REAL LIFE...
YOU CAN'T GET PEOPLE TO DO WHAT YOU WANT THEM TO DO.

Voice: AINT IT THE TRUTH.

Martin: IT IS THE TRUTH. IT IS.
AND I'M GONNA STOP TRYING TO SHOW PEOPLE THINGS.

Voice: RIGHT ON, BROTHER. LIVE FOR YOUR OWN SELF.
WHATEVER IT TAKES, RIGHT ?
GET THROUGH THE NIGHT, RIGHT ?

Martin: I FEEL REALLY GOOD.
I FEEL REALLY, REALLY GOOD.

111
All is quiet. The dark blue light of dawn is just tinting the room. Martin is asleep. His face appears relaxed. He is almost smiling.

Suddenly, we hear the soft chords of music. Tinny, as though far away. We recognize the opening notes of the National Anthem.

Martin stirs, but does not awaken.

Close-up...the radio...Martin has left it on all night. The station signed off, and the morning broadcast is just beginning.

A wrinkled hand turns the radio knob. The sound clicks off.

Voda stares at the sleeping youth. He advances toward the bed.

Martin's eyes suddenly pop open. He looks up.

Tati Voda: I WARNED YOU, MARTIN.

The boy's eyes are puzzled. He rubs at the sleep which still fogs his vision...

Tati Voda: NOBODY IN THE TOWN, I SAID.
NOBODY IN THE TOWN !

Martin is puzzled still. He frowns slightly, not comprehending.

Tati Voda: I HEARD ABOUT MRS. DULEMAS, MARTIN.
DID YOU THINK I WOULD BELIEVE THAT SHE KILLED

HERSELF ? DID YOU THINK I WOULD BELIEVE THIS ?

Martin feels something on his chest. He looks down. The pointed end of a large wooden stake is depressed against his heart.

Tati Voda: YOUR SOUL IS DAMNED, MARTIN...

NOSFERATU !

The old man raises a large mallet. Before Martin can protest, the mallet head slams down hard, driving the wooden shaft deep through the boy's chest. Blood spurts over the room. Tati Voda breathes hard. He straightens himself. He stares down at the slaughtered youth. He makes the sign of the Cross.

112

The telephone men are taking the phones out of Voda's house even as he is leaving for the shop. It is early morning. He hurries the workmen along as he worries over the time on his watch chain timepiece.

113

On the bright morning street, Voda greets some of his friends cheerfully as he walks through the brisk chill of a new day.

114

The little bell on the shop door jingles as ladies enter the meat store. Voda serves them happily. They chat.

Through the big front window, the old man's eye catches a glimpse of a bright new car pulling up to the curb. It appears out of place. He watches, suspiciously, as two men in drab suits climb out of the vehicle. They check the storefront sign and start for the door of the Butcher shop. They enter.

Voda serves the customer he is waiting on, then the old man turns to the strangers.

Tati Voda: GENTLEMEN ?

Man: VODA ZINDARICH ?

Tati Voda: YES.

The man is slightly embarrassed. He takes note of the customers, and decides not to flash his I.D....

Man: ER...CAN WE SEE YA A MINUTE ?

Tati Voda: OH...YES...ER, LADIES...

The few women who still mill around the display case obediently file out of the store. Some of them mumble...

Women: WHAT IS IT, VODA ? IS THERE SOME TROUBLE ?

Tati Voda: NO NO NO, LADIES...NO TROUBLE...
WHAT TROUBLE COULD THERE BE ?

Women: WHAT ABOUT OUR MEATS. WE HAVE TO GET OUR MEATS...

Tati Voda: IN A MOMENT, LADIES...JUST...JUST DO THE REST OF
YOUR SHOPPING...I'LL OPEN AGAIN IN JUST A MOMENT...

Women: IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE. IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE, VODA.

Tati Voda: NO TROUBLE. NO TROUBLE.

As the last of the women are escorted out of the shop, the room falls very quiet. The bell jingles as Voda closes the front door

and pulls down the shade over the door glass.

Tati Voda: GENTLEMEN ?

The old man moves behind his counter, where he is comfortable.

Tati Voda: I WOULD OFFER YOU SOMETHING, BUT I HAVE NOTHING
HERE...WE COULD GO TO MY HOUSE...

Man: NO...NO WE'LL JUST BE A MINUTE...

Man 2: ACTUALLY...WE HATE TO BOTHER YOU LIKE THIS...

Man: ONE OF THOSE THINGS WE GOTTA FOLLOW UP ON, YOU KNOW.

Tati Voda: WHAT IS IT ?

Man: WELL...IT'S...

Man 2: IT'S SO CRAZY...IT'S REALLY CRAZY...

Man: YOU KNOW THE NIGHTIMERS...IT'S A RADIO SHOW,
TELEPHONE RADIO SHOW.

Tati Voda: I DON'T LISTEN TO THE RADIO.

Man: YEAH, WELL IT'S A SHOW WHERE PEOPLE CALL UP ON

THE TELEPHONE AND TALK TO THE D.J....IT'S ON ALL NIGHT...

Man 2: IT'S CRAZY...CRAZY PEOPLE CALL UP...DRUNKS...
CRAZY PEOPLE...

Tati Voda: YES ?

Man: WELL...SOME GUY'S BEEN CALLIN' UP...SAYIN'...
SAYIN'...

Man 2: SAYING CRAZY THINGS...CRAZY THINGS.

Man: YEAH.

Man 2: WELL...WE WOULDN'T CARE ABOUT THAT...BUT SOME OF THE
STUFF THIS GUY'S BEEN SAYIN, YOU KNOW ?

Tati Voda: YES.

Man 2: WELL...IT KINDA TIES IN WITH A COUPLE CASES WE'VE
BEEN WORKIN' ON, YOU KNOW...

Tati Voda: GENTLEMEN...WHAT IS THIS TO DO WITH ME ?

Man: WELL...WE GOT A PHONE CALL...

Tati Voda: A PHONE CALL ?

Man 2: SOMEBODY CALLED, YEAH...

Man: PROB'LY A CRANK...PROB'LY NOTHIN'...CALLED AND SAID
THE VOICE OF THIS GUY ON THE RADIO...SOUNDED LIKE
SOME KID YOU HAD WORKIN' HERE...YOUR NEPHEW OR
SOMETHIN' ?

Tati Voda: MY COUSIN ?

Man 2: COUSIN. I DUNNO...KID YOU HAD WORKIN' HERE.

Tati Voda: MY COUSIN, MARTIN, YES.
HE WAS CALLING THE RADIO ?

Man: WELL, WE DON'T KNOW...WE'RE JUST FOLLOWIN' UP...

Tati Voda: OH, I DON'T THINK SO...
OH, I REALLY DON'T THINK SO, GENTLEMEN.

Man 2: WELL...WE DON'T KNOW...WE'RE JUST FOLLOWING UP...

Tati Voda: HE HARDLY EVER TALKED TO ME EVEN. I DON'T THINK SO.
NOT THE RADIO.

Man: WELL...WHERE IS YOUR COUSIN...ER...MR. ZINDARICH ?

Tati Voda: OH...HE'S GONE.
HE WAS JUST HERE ON VISA...
FROM THE OTHER SIDE, YOU KNOW...
I DON'T THINK HE WOULD CALL THE RADIO...

Man: SO...HE'S NOT EVEN IN THE COUNTRY ANY MORE ?

Tati Voda: THAT'S RIGHT...HE WENT BACK...

The Detectives look at each other, evaluating the story with their eyes. They still seem slightly embarrassed.

Tati Voda: (expressing his only real concern)
WHO WOULD CALL AND REPORT SUCH A THING ?
SOMEBODY TOLD YOU IT WAS MY MARTIN ?

Man: WELL...LIKE I SAID...WE FOLLOW ALL THESE THINGS UP...
THE WHOLE THING IS CRAZY...

Tati Voda: WHO WOULD REPORT SUCH A THING ?

Man: I DUNNO...SOMEBODY FROM AROUND HERE...SOMEBODY
THOUGHT THEY RECOGNIZED HIS VOICE.

Tati Voda: BUT...WHO ?

Man: DON'T KNOW...AND IF I DID, I COULDN'T TELL YA.

Man 2: DON'T WORRY...JUST A CRANK...WE GET HUNDREDS OF THINGS LIKE THIS...BUNCH OF NUTS CALL THIS SHOW ANYWAY...

Man: ALL NIGHT BROADCAST...THIS GUY THAT RUNS IT...
HE'S A NUT HIMSELF...HE ENCOURAGES THIS KINDA SHIT...

Tati Voda: BUT WHO WOULD CALL AND REPORT MARTIN ?

Man: LOOK...DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT...
WE JUST HAD TO...CHECK IT OUT...WE GOT THE CALL SO WE
HAD TO PUT IN THE REPORT.

Man 2: WE'RE SORRY TO BOTHER YOU...

Tati Voda: YES...ER...

The men are already making for the door.

Tati Voda: ER...I'M SORRY...I'M SORRY I CAN'T OFFER YOU GENTLEMEN
SOMETHING...HERE...HERE, TAKE SOME SAUSAGE...
TAKE SOME SAUSAGE TO YOUR WIVES...YOU'RE MARRIED ?
TAKE SOMETHING HOME...

Man: NO...NO, WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT.

Man 2: WE'RE SORRY WE BOTHERED YOU...IT'S NOTHIN' TO

WORRY ABOUT...

Man: REALLY...JUST A BUNCH OF NUTS...

Tati Voda: YES...BUT WHO WOULD CALL AND REPORT SUCH A THING ?

The men are gone. Voda stands in the open doorway. The women are still milling about the shop entrance.

The Detectives file through the women and make for their car.

Women: TROUBLE, VODA? I KNEW IT WAS TROUBLE.

Tati Voda: OH...NO, NO LADIES...NO TROUBLE...

Women: YOU'RE OPEN AGAIN, VODA ? WE CAN COME IN ?

Tati Voda: YES...YES...COME IN...COME IN...

He lifts the shade over the door and the bell jingles as he lets the women back into the shop.

The Detectives cast snickering looks at each other as they sit into their car.

Man: JESUS.

Man 2: MAN...THIS FUCKIN' WORLD IS....IS...

Man: YEAH.
LET'S GET LUNCH.

The car pulls out.

Woman: HOW IS THE BRISKET, VODA ? I LIKE A BRISKET.

Tati Voda: OH...IT'S VERY NICE TODAY, MRS. DURBIN...VERY NICE TODAY.
I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU...

Women: IT LOOKED LIKE TROUBLE TO ME, VODA...
MEN LIKE THAT USUALLY MEAN TROUBLE...
YOU'RE HAVING PROBLEMS WITH MONEY, VODA ?

Tati Voda: IT WAS NOTHING...NO TROUBLE...NO TROUBLE AT ALL...
MRS. DURBIN...THE BRISKET...
(he plops it on the countertop)

AH...WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY...

Women: YES...YES IT IS...BEAUTIFUL...

Tati Voda: YOU KNOW...I THINK I'D LIKE TO HAVE...
MAYBE SOME MUSIC IN THE SHOP...
WOULDN'T THAT BE NICE ?

Women: YES...VERY NICE, VODA...VERY NICE...

Tati Voda: I THINK...MAYBE I GET...A RADIO.

Women: A RADIO...OH...OH, GOOD IDEA...A RADIO...

Tati Voda: YES...DO ANY OF YOU LADIES LIKE TO LISTEN TO
THE RADIO ? DO YOU LISTEN TO THE RADIO ?
MRS. DURBIN ?

Women: I DON'T...NO...TOO MUCH NOISE...I DON'T HAVE ONE.

Tati Voda: SURELY...THERE MUST BE...GOOD STATIONS TO LISTEN TO...
AREN'T THERE ? DON'T ANY OF YOU EVER LISTEN ?

Women: NO...NOT USUALLY...NO...JUST JUNK ON THE RADIO...

Tati Voda: WELL...I THINK I'LL GET A RADIO, ANYWAY...
THERE MUST BE SOME...SOME GOOD MUSIC...

Woman: YES...THE SHOP IS QUIET WITH MARTIN GONE.

Tati Voda: YES...IT IS...VERY QUIET...

The camera starts to pull back. The conversation continues.
The camera leaves the Butcher shop completely and moves down
Commercial Street. We see the whole town in panorama...we still
hear the conversation:

Women: WHERE DID MARTIN GO, VODA ?

Tati Voda: BACK TO THE OTHER SIDE.

Women: THE OTHER SIDE...NICE TO GO TO THE OTHER SIDE AGAIN.
I'LL NEVER SEE THE OTHER SIDE AGAIN.
NO...I'LL DIE HERE...
SO MANY PEOPLE ARE LEAVING...

Tati Voda: YES...

Woman: WE ALL LEAVE ONE DAY.
WE ALL LEAVE.

116 The camera zeros in on Voda's house across town. The ladder is still
against the wall, the painting as yet unfinished. The camera moves
in on the back yard...

Tati Voda: YES...ONE DAY...WE ALL GO HOME...
TO THE OLD COUNTRY...
OR TO HEAVEN, YES ?

We hear the jingling of the shop bell. Someone has come into the store...but we only hear the sound as the camera still moves in on the yard...on a large up-turned flower bed...

Woman: (a new voice)
TO HEAVEN ?
OR TO THE DEVIL.
WHEREVER WE CAME FROM...WE GO BACK.

Tati Voda: OH...MRS. YULGA...THE DEVIL ?
WHO COMES FROM THE DEVIL ?

The camera moves in on the freshly turned garden...deep within the newly planted leaves, we see something foreign...the camera draws closer...it is a small Crucifix. It is stuck into the ground upside-down....we are looking at Martin's grave...

Tati Voda: WHO COMES FROM THE DEVIL, MRS. YULGA ?

Mrs. Yulga: SOME DO, VODA.
SOME DO, YOU KNOW.

We hear the sound of Summer flies around the Crucifix...

Tati Voda: MRS. YULGA...YOU LISTEN TO THE RADIO ?

FADE OUT

