

ICM

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"SO HELP ME GOD!"

Screen play by

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PROLOGUE:

EXT. NEW YORK. FERRY. EARLY MORNING

The early morning sun glints on the shining spokes of a stationary bicycle wheel. As it rolls into motion.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show a group of early morning bikers boarding the ferry. The statue of Liberty can be seen across the river in the distance.

There are very few passengers at this early hour, and for a second or two the CAMERA dwells on them as they go aboard.

Then the CAMERA starts forward as if to board itself. It goes up the gangway, climbs the first rung of stairs and stops, looks around. It rests on a young girl, an early bird, carrying a knapsack, with a camera slung over her shoulder. She is on the other side of the boat and walks along the far deck, the body of the boat in between her and the CAMERA. As she walks, the CAMERA walks, traversing the length of the boat.

There are sounds of departure, a whistle blows and the boat gracefully slides away from the dockside.

CAMERA watches as the girl sits on a bench in a remote corner of the upper deck, takes off her knapsack and slings the camera from her shoulder. For a second she glances towards CAMERA, smiles. Then she gets up and goes to the railing. The statue of Liberty is framed over her shoulder. She takes a photograph of it, then turns towards CAMERA. On impulse she raises her camera and points it at CAMERA. Snaps photograph. Smiles.

Then, capriciously, she holds out her camera to CAMERA, inviting it to come forward and take her photograph. CAMERA moves towards her, stops in front of her. She smiles invitingly, offers the camera. CAMERA goes towards it and stops, looking at it for a second. Then two hands come into frame and go to take the camera from her.

But the hands don't take the camera. They continue on above it towards her face and throat. Her expression changes. The strong, long fingered hands grip her around the throat and squeeze. Her hands claw at CAMERA filling the lens. Her eyes bulge. Her face turns blue. She is being strangled to death.

Her camera falls with a clatter to the ground. The noise of the camera falling breaks the spell and the hands release the girl and she falls lifelessly against the rail. The rail is low and as she is released, she falls backwards against it. Her dead weight causes her to overbalance and she falls overboard into the water below. Camera rushes to the rail and watches. Heads appear on the deck below and someone shouts "PASSENGER OVERBOARD." People are running. CAMERA PANS down to her camera. It is cracked and broken. The hands come into frame and try and put the pieces together again. Then the hands deliberately pick up the camera and place it carefully on top of the knapsack where it will be clearly seen.

FRAME FREEZES.

TITLES:

"SO HELP ME GOD"

FADE IN:

1. EXT. CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY (ESTABLISHING SHOT) - DAY

2. INT. CRIMINAL COURT - DAY

A trial is in progress. DET. LT. FRANK KELLER is testifying for the prosecution. The Deputy District Attorney, IRWIN KEESLEY is completing his questioning.

KELLER

I could feel the bullets go by me.

D.A.

And you had a full and unobstructed view of the man firing?

KELLER

I did.

D.A.

And is the man in this courtroom?

KELLER

The defendant.

D.A.

Let the record show that Lt. Keller is pointing to the defendant, Richard Wexler.

3. CAMERA WHIP PANS to the defense table. RICHARD WEXLER, dressed in an expensive Italian suit, a silk tie, his hair impeccably groomed, seated beside his counsel, one of the city's young hotshot defense attorneys, MARK HAMPTON. Also at the defense table is KAREN BRYANT, a lovely and gifted trial lawyer.

4. WIDER SHOT - THE COURTROOM

D.A.

Your witness, Mr. Hampton.

Hampton rises and crosses to the witness.

MARK

Just a few questions.

KELLER

Yes sir.

Cont.

MARK

After Officer Meyers was shot, you failed to pursue the gunman?

KELLER

I remained with the wounded officer and tried to save his life. Unsuccessfully.

MARK

When was the next time you saw the defendant?

KELLER

The following afternoon when he surrendered himself to me at the Homicide Division on West 30th Street.

MARK

Does that sound like the actions of a man who tried to kill you only the day before?

D.A.

Objection. Calls for a conclusion.

MARK

Withdrawn. You recognized him immediately at that precinct when he came to give himself up?

KELLER

I certainly did.

MARK

Isn't it true that upon arrival at the police station the defendant waited in your outer office for nearly three quarters of an hour? Waited patiently while you walked back and forth past him at least half a dozen times without ever taking any notice of him?

KELLER

Absolutely not.

MARK

If I produce witnesses to confirm that Mr. Wexler arrived at ten minutes after two and wasn't arrested until almost three o'clock, and all that time he was seated in plain view of you...

(beat)

...and when you finally gave him your attention, the first words you said to him were, "What can I do for you?"

KELLER

I didn't expect to see him there.

Cont.

MARK

Did you expect to see him at the top of that flight of stairs firing a .38 caliber revolver at you? Weren't you predisposed to get out of the way of those shots? Weren't you looking at the gun flashes rather than at the face of the man behind that gun?

D.A.

The witness has already testified as to what he saw.

MARK

Was the front of your shirt and suit splattered with the blood of Officer Meyers?

KELLER

It was.

MARK

Wasn't there blood on your face? And caked in your hair?

KELLER

If you say so.

MARK

I'm not testifying. Will you please answer the questions?

KELLER

There was blood all over the place.

MARK

Even in your eyes?

KELLER

I told you I saw him!

JUDGE

Mr Hampton, you better move on.

MARK

He fired twice more. You fired three times. All this in the matter of seconds

KELLER

Yes.

MARK

And you missed him all three times?

KELLER

Yes.

MARK

When the defendant surrendered himself, were there any bullet wounds found on his body?

KELLER

No. None.

MARK

Didn't that surprise you? Weren't you sure you'd hit him?

KELLER

No.

MARK

Can you tell us how far away the gunman was when you returned his fire?

KELLER

I'd say thirty to forty feet.

MARK

From here to the rear of the courtroom. You couldn't hit a man at that range with three tries, but you could positively identify him?

KELLER

Yes!

MARK

When was the last time you qualified on the police firing range, Lieutenant?

KELLER

I can't give you an exact date.

Mark turns to the defense table where Karen supplies him with an official looking document.

MARK

May I refresh you? March 14, a Tuesday of this year. Does that sound correct?

KELLER

You know more than I do.

MARK

Well, I hope not. Did you have a good day at the range, Lieutenant?

KELLER

I did just fine.

MARK

Yes, I'd like to enter Lieutenant Keller's score on the firing range as rebuttal Exhibit A. Will you read the result to the court, Lieutenant?

KELLER

(reads)

"Superior marksman."

MARK

Then I suggest that with your skill with a .38 revolver you couldn't possibly have missed all three shots. That you did wound the real killer of Officer Meyers!

KELLER

The hall was only lit by a 25 watt bulb, and I had Meyer's body slumped up against me--I was off balance.

MARK

In fact, you nearly fell backward down those stairs?

KELLER

Nearly.

MARK

In that dim light--in that moment of chaos--you saw nothing but a blur firing at you from above.

KELLER

I saw Wexler! I'm not changing my testimony.

MARK

No one expects you to. After all, the prosecution has based it's entire case on that testimony.

D.A.

Counsel should save its remarks for the summation.

MARK

If there is a summation. At this time the defense moves for a directed verdict of "Not Guilty."

JUDGE

The jury is excused temporarily while I consider this motion.

MARK

Oh, yes, Lieutenant Keller, I'm finished with you.

5. CLOSE-UP KELLER

He's furious. He's been made a fool of on the stand. He glares at Mark Hampton as he passes him, then heads up the aisle and out of the courtroom.

6. ANGLE WIDENS

As Mark walks back to the defense table.

KAREN
Very nicely done. I learned a lot.

MARK
Let's wait for the judge's decision.

WEXLER
You did it. You made an asshole out of that cop.

MARK
You're lucky his aim was piss poor or there'd be no trial

JUDGE
I'll see counsel in my chambers.

Personnel begin to file out of the courtroom. The defendant takes Mark Hampton's arm

WEXLER
You're expensive but you're worth it.

MARK
My taking your money is your only punishment. But next time you commit murder, call somebody else.

WEXLER
(winks at Karen)
I'll hire her. By then she'll know all your tricks.

The BAILIFF escorts Wexler out of the courtroom. Mark and Karen pass the district attorney in the aisle.

D.A.
I hope you're proud of yourself for putting one of the city's worst drug dealers back on the street.

MARK
Next time you catch him, don't bring him to court. Shoot him.

Mark walks away. The D.A. turns to Karen.

D.A.
Is there anybody he wouldn't defend?

KAREN
Commit a crime and find out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TENNIS CLUB - DAY

Mark Hampton is just coming off the court after a vigorous set of doubles. His partner, SAM BELTZER, is one of the senior members of the law firm for which Mark works.

BELTZER

Somebody down at city hall really has a hard on for you.

MARK

I can't imagine why?

BELTZER

They've gone back over your record since the time you passed the bar. They claim you've failed to contribute any time to service of the court.

MARK

I hope I'm not giving the firm a bad name.

BELTZER

It's nit-picking, but next thing you know, they'll be dragging you up before the Ethics Committee.

MARK

There's a hundred lawyers in this city who have done less than I have.

BELTZER

Cut them off at the pass. Accept a case from the public defender's office.

MARK

I'm swamped as it is.

BELTZER

I've found exactly the right client. A bona fide psycho. Ben Farber is the attorney of record but I've gotten him to agree to step aside for you. There should be no problem to plea bargain the poor bastard into a mental hospital. You'll be done with it in three days tops.

MARK

Put the paperwork on my desk. Better yet, I'll have Karen take care of it.

BELTZER

But you have to show up in court.

MARK

God, this is like being kept after school.

BELTZER

Well, you've been a bad boy. You drew dirty pictures on the blackboard.

MARK

From now on I'll be loveable.

BELTZER

No you won't.

CUT TO:

7. INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

A fantastic view of Manhattan is visible from this elegant corner office on the 55th floor. Karen is going over the documentation on the case Mark has been forced to handle.

KAREN

Farber already filed the appropriate motions. You're set for a court appearance on Tuesday at 10 a.m. And don't ask. You can't get out of it.

MARK

No prior record. No motive. Just another wacko that kills a strange girl for no reason.

KAREN

Now, would you care to meet your client? Just so you recognize him in court.

CUT TO:

8. INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, CITY JAIL - NIGHT

Mark Hampton and Karen interview the prisoner, DAVID NEWGATE. A rather tall, well built man in his thirties who seems to shrink down, trying to disappear into himself.

KAREN

The twelfth of this month, it was a Saturday...do you have any recollection where you were? Between eight and twelve a.m.?

NEWGATE

They say I was at...

MARK

We're not asking you what they say, we're asking what you remember.

NEWGATE

I was in a park, Battery Park. Down where you can see the Statue of Liberty.

KAREN

That's where you boarded the ferry. Pick it up from there.

Cont.

NEWGATE

The morning was so clear, so crisp, about halfway out in the harbor, Manhattan started looking like a scale model. Fake somehow. It gets small so quickly. I walked to the top deck. I was the only one up there for a while. And then the girl came out.

MARK

Yes, tell us about her.

NEWGATE

She was just some girl.

KAREN

Tell us what you thought about her.

NEWGATE

She was taking pictures so I thought she must be from out of town visiting, all by herself. I felt sorry for her. All alone in the city doing the things people like to do together.

MARK

Let's move on. What happened next?

NEWGATE

I thought maybe she'd like me to take her picture with her camera. You know, so she could be in the picture along with the skyline. I started toward her. She looked up and then he put his hands around her throat. I didn't see his face. He must have come up behind me. He had his hands around her throat and he was squeezing so hard she dropped her camera and I bent down to pick it up because it looked like it was broken. Some parts had cracked off and I was picking them up.

MARK

Someone was strangling her and you were down on your knees picking up pieces of a camera?

NEWGATE

Like I said, it looked like an expensive camera. I thought she'd be so upset. She was trying to scream, but his hands were so tight, she couldn't. She just made sounds.

MARK

This man who was choking her...why didn't you look at him?

Cont.

NEWGATE

I guess I was afraid if I looked at him, he would hurt me too. If I could identify him, he would kill me...so I was careful not to look. And it took a very long time. I realized how long it took to strangle someone. In movies, you know, it always happens so fast. They "shake" a person by the neck and it's over. But she kept clawing him, like a bird in a trap, quick little movements.

MARK

Is that how your face got scratched?

NEWGATE

I don't know how that happened.

NEWGATE

For a second I thought I could see the blood circulating through his arms--like in those films they used to show us in biology class in school where you can see through people.

MARK

How did she go overboard?

NEWGATE

When he was done with her, he dropped her. And she fell backwards against the rail. That's when I reached out to try and stop her but I was too late. She was gone.

KAREN

And so was the man. But there were other witnesses. When you turned, you saw them.

NEWGATE

Yes. They were looking at me.

KAREN

And they said you did it.

NEWGATE

I still had her camera in my hand. I thought they were angry because I broke her camera.

KAREN

So you jumped over the rail to a lower deck and then leaped onto the pier as the ferry came in. You're quite an acrobat.

NEWGATE

I was surprised at myself. I'd never been particularly athletic.

MARK

Have you ever been treated by a psychiatrist?

8. Cont.

NEWGATE

Just the ones the police sent to see me. Why are you defending me? You don't know me.

KAREN

It's part of our profession. Helping those who need help.

NEWGATE

There's another reason why that other lawyer is gone now--and you're here. He sent you!

MARK

Who?

NEWGATE

Him. The man with the hands. He's what brought you to me. It's his will.

MARK

Why would "he" care if you're convicted or not?

NEWGATE

You're so smart, can't you figure that out?

MARK

We're going to have a talk with prosecutor now.

Mark and Karen put away their notes and buzz for the guard--who arrives in a few moments and lets them out.

NEWGATE

Be careful, Mr. Hampton. If he finds fault with you, he could hurt you too.

KAREN

Would you let him this time? Would you stand by and watch again?

NEWGATE

I'd have to.

They exit down the corridor. Glad to be leaving the company of this "sickie."

9. INT. MAIN LOBBY, THE TOMBS

Below are the cells housing prisoners. The floor above occupied by the police and judiciary. Mark and Karen cross the lobby in the company of D.A. ELLIOT BOGARDUS.

KAREN

He's clearly a paranoid schizo.

BOGARDUS

Agreed. If you'll enter a plea of guilty, we'll accept the psychiatric reports.

MARK

We both want this guy in a mental hospital for the rest of his natural life.

BOGARDUS

You're a prince.

MARK

That's me. I just saved the city twenty five thousand dollars in court costs. We've got to get together for dinner sometimes.

BOGARDUS

You always say that . I think the last time we did it was four and a half years ago and I picked up the check.

MARK

Well, next time we'll split it.

BOGARDUS

Like I said, you're a prince.

The three of them pause as an alarm goes off.

KAREN

What's that about?

Police on duty in the lobby immediately block the exits, sealing them.

OFFICER

Everyone move back away from the exits.

BOGARDUS

There's been an escape.

1ST OFFICER

No one will be permitted to leave the building until their identification has been checked. You can go on if you like, Mr. Bogardus.

BOGARDUS

I'll be seeing you, counselor. (pointing Mark out to the guard) Careful of this guy. He's a suspicious character.

Bogardus is permitted to leave while everyone else is held back.

1ST OFFICER

Locate some form of identification with your picture on it, Driver's license is okay.

Something disturbs Mark. He walks back toward the elevators. Karen follows. A POLICE SERGEANT is clearing the elevator of passengers.

9. Cont.

SERGEANT

I'm sorry sir, but these elevators are no longer in use.

MARK

Who broke out?

SERGEANT

That mental case Newgate.

KAREN

We were with him an hour ago. He seemed so calm.

MARK

How could he get out of his cell?

SERGEANT

Damned if I know.

MARK

We're Newgate's attorneys.

SERGEANT

Well, you'll have to find him first.

MARK

We need to go back down to the lockup--to find out what happened.

SERGEANT

Sure. Take this elevator down, ask for Captain Shay. He's ranking officer on duty. It's up to him.

10. ANGLE ON MARK AND KAREN STEPPING INTO THE ELEVATOR

The ELEVATOR OPERATOR looks to the Sergeant for instructions.

SERGEANT

It's all right. Take them on down.

11. INT. THE LOCKUP BELOW

Swarming with activity, armed police are everywhere. The elevator door opens, Mark and Karen step out. CAMERA FOLLOWS them down the concrete corridor toward the cell blocks.

All the prisoners have been removed from their cells. Each cell is being thoroughly searched.

We can see the BODY of a guard has been placed on a stretcher.

12. CLOSER SHOT - THE BODY

Horribly mangled. The man's obviously dead.

13. WIDER ANGLE

As the corpse is wheeled past Karen and Mark.

INTERN

Something tore his chest open. The prisoner must have had some kind of sharp instrument.

At that moment, CAPTAIN SHAY interrupts.

SHAY

No more questions. Who the hell are you?

MARK

Newgate's lawyers.

Mark presents his card.

KAREN

Maybe we can get him to surrender.

SHAY

It's a little late for that. He's out of here. Maybe he's upstairs somewhere in the building.

KAREN

How could he have passed through all this security?

SHAY

Only one way. He had help. You were the last ones to see him.

MARK

Captain, I consider David Newgate to be insane. I have no interest in helping him get free. My only concern is to see he has a fair trial.

SHAY

Well now it's two counts of homicide!

CUT TO:

14. INT. LOBBY OF LUXURY OFFICE BUILDING, MANHATTAN - DAY
As Mark and Karen take the elevator to their 55th floor offices.

15. INT. 55TH FLOOR, THE ELEGANT OFFICES OF MARK'S FIRM, HESSELTINE AND BELTZER

Mark and Karen get off the elevator and stroll past the receptionist. We can see it's a very large firm.

16. INT. MARK'S OFFICE

As he enters, his secretary, MINDY, follows him in.

Cont.

16. Cont.

MINDY

You've had a couple of calls from Channels 11 and 4. What's going on?

KAREN

Don't ask.

(to Mark)

I'll be in my office if you need me.

Karen goes next door to her own office.

MARK

(to Mindy)

Switch on the TV out there. If anything comes on about Newgate, call me.

MINDY

On TV?

MARK

He's escaped.

The senior law partner, Sam Beltzer, now wanders into Mark's office.

BELTZER

I just heard! I'm sorry I got you into this.

MARK

So am I.

BELTZER

Damnit. They'll never make the same kind of deal for a cop killer.

MARK

Well, thanks to you, I'm the attorney of record, and the court is not going to allow me to withdraw now.

BELTZER

This case is developing an unpleasant degree of visibility.

Mindy appears in the doorway.

MINDY

It's on CBS. They interrupted the regular program.

17. OUTER OFFICE

A small desk size TV is on.

Cont.

NEWSCASTER

"...the murder suspect, David Newgate, who today made an apparently unaided escape from the prison facility below Manhattan's Hall of Justice. The escape resulted in the death of one officer, Patrolman Mitchell Connolly, 34, who was on duty in the cell block.

"This station will continue to bring you updated coverage of the manhunt for David Newgate. We return now to our regularly scheduled program."

And a game show comes back on.

MARK

(to Mindy)

It's five O'clock. Go home!

MINDY

You'll be all right?

MARK

Have the switchboard take all my calls.

She exits closing the door.

A few moments later the phone on his desk RINGS again!

MARK

I said no fucking calls.

He doesn't answer and the phone continues to ring. Mark grabs the phone, listens--

MARK

This is my private line. Will you please call on the main switchboard?

(pause)

Hello?

The line seems dead, silent. He's about to hang up when he gets the eerie feeling that he knows who it is.

MARK

How did you get my direct line?

(a beat)

Answer me... Newgate?

NEWGATE'S VOICE

I'm afraid.

MARK

You damn well ought to be. You've got the whole New York police force ready to shoot on sight.

NEWGATE'S VOICE

I didn't do it.

MARK
Which killing? The cop or the plumber?

NEWGATE'S VOICE
I saw them both happen but I couldn't stop him.
He doesn't listen to me. He's so much stronger
than I am.

CUT TO:

18. CLOSE-UP - NEWGATE IN TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY

Newgate is disheveled and exhausted with a soiled raincoat
buttoned over his prison uniform.

NEWGATE
He likes to make me watch. I think that's why
he does it, to make me watch.

19. CLOSE-UP MARK

MARK
Where are you?

20. CLOSE-UP NEWGATE

NEWGATE
I don't know.

MARK'S VOICE
(on other end of line)
Look for a street sign post on the corner.

Newgate opens the door to the phone booth, steps out into
the street, still hanging onto the telephone receiver.
Someone has come up behind him. A WOMEN with armful of
groceries who wants to use the phone. She's staring at
him impatiently. Newgate is totally disoriented. He
can't find an identifying sign. He turns to the woman.

NEWGATE
Where am I? What's this street?

WOMAN
What are you, some kind of foreigner?

NEWGATE
Would you tell my friend where I am please?

WOMAN
Tell him yourself.

NEWGATE
Please, just speak to him.

He holds out the phone. The woman passes the grocery bags
to David Newgate and slides into the phone booth, taking
the phone.

WOMAN

I don't know what's wrong with your friend.

CUT TO:

21. CLOSE-UP - MARK ON OTHER END OF THE LINE

MARK

Miss, just tell me your location. Exactly where you are, then give him back the phone and walk away.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Don't tell me what to do.

CUT TO:

22. INT. PHONE BOOTH

The woman is still on the phone behaving hostilely.

WOMAN'S (cont'd)

Do somebody a favor and they have to tell you how to do it.

MARK'S VOICE

Where are you? What street!!!

23. CLOSE-UP SIDEWALK OUTSIDE PHONE BOOTH

As the woman's packages suddenly drop to the ground. The groceries inside shatter, milk comes pouring out and grape juice. Everything is smashed.

24. CLOSE-UP THE WOMAN'S EXPRESSION

Her reaction.

WOMAN

What did you do?

The look of anger turns to one of horror.

25. INT. MARK'S OFFICE

Mark on the phone as he hears a scream come through the receiver.

MARK

Newgate, can you hear me? Newgate?

Mark listens. He hears the horrible screams of the woman as if she's being murdered on the other end of the line.

Mark

Newgate, don't do it. You don't have to do it again!

26. INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

As the glass window in the side of the booth smashes and the woman topples through it, bleeding, and already quite dead.

CAMERA PANS UP to the street. David Newgate is gone.

PEDESTRIANS are crossing now to stare at the woman hanging across the jagged glass of the phone booth.

27. INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

He still grips the phone. Then finally a VOICE is heard.

VOICE

Who is this?

MARK

The woman I was talking to, what happened to her?

VOICE

I'm sorry, mister, you're in for a shock. Your friend, the lady, she's been killed. Hold on, don't hang up, the police are coming.

Mark slowly hangs up the receiver. Suddenly his head is aching, a blinding headache. He can still hear that woman screaming over the telephone. He can still hear her death cries ringing in his ears.

CUT TO:

28. EXT. RAIN SWEEPED STREET - NIGHT

Mark Hampton running through the torrential rain no topcoat. He's getting soaked. He steps into a doorway to get out of the rain.

SHOCK CUT:

29. TWO HANDS WITH GIGANTICALLY LONG FINGERS SNAP out of the darkness of the doorway--seizing Mark around the throat--choking the life out of him. He is dragged to the pavement. At his feet, twisted and bloodied is KAREN'S CORPSE, a strange smile across her dead face. Mark can't break the fiend's grip. He's dying. Then he sees someone coming. A WITNESS stepping into the light. It is David Newgate -- witnessing Mark's murder as he claimed he witnessed the others. And we know now that we are in a dream. A nightmare!

30. INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark wakes up screaming. He accidentally strikes Karen who is in the bed beside him.

Cont.

30. Cont.

MARK

Did I hurt you?

KAREN

What the hell were you dreaming?

MARK

I can't remember. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

KAREN

You're soaking wet.

31. CLOSE-UP TELEPHONE RINGING LOUDLY

Karen picks up the receiver. CAMERA RISES to her face.

KAREN

Yes, he's here, but he's asleep. Who is this?

There's a pause, then she turns to Mark.

KAREN (cont'd)

It's him!

32. ANGLE WIDENS AS MARK GRABS THE PHONE

MARK

David. I'm on your side. I want to help you.
Come back in and let the doctors take care of
you.

33. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE as we begin to hear David Newgate's
voice on the other end of the line.

NEWGATE'S VOICE

I can't. He won't let me.

(a beat)

Morris wants you to talk to "them."

MARK

Who's Morris? Who does he want me to talk to?

ANOTHER VOICE is on the line--a man.

HUSBAND'S VOICE

I don't know who this is, but please help us.
He's got my wife and son inside and, I don't
know what he wants, I don't know what he's going
to do to us.

MARK

Where are you?

HUSBAND'S VOICE

423 Lafayette Street, apartment 12. Tell him to
leave us alone. Tell him to...

The voice is cut off in mid-sentence by a SCREAM.
Something is happening to this man. The phone seems to
fall to the floor and Mark can hear more screams.

Again, he is listening to a murder in progress.

34. WIDER SHOT

Karen is hearing it too.

KAREN

Why is he doing this to you again?

Then the phone seems to go dead. Mark slams it back onto
the hook, runs to his closet, grabbing clothes, getting
dressed fast.

KAREN

He's killing people right this minute. A
family!

MARK

Dial 911. Give them that address, 423 Lafayette
Street, Apartment 12. It's a few blocks away.

KAREN

Don't go there.

Karen quickly picks up the phone and dials emergency.

KAREN

(into phone)

Hello. I want to report a murder in progress.
Yes. Karen Bryant is my name. I can't go into
how I know. Will you listen and stop asking
questions!

Mark is already slipping into his shoes and running to
the door.

KAREN

Let the police find him--and kill him. Isn't it
better for everyone if they kill him?

But Mark is already out the door.

CUT TO:

35. EXT. MARK'S COOPERATIVE APARTMENT BUILDING, SOHO DISTRICT
- NIGHT

As his Mercedes races up out of the underground garage.
He makes a sharp left turn.

36. EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Mark's Mercedes speeds across Soho.

37. CLOSE-UP MARK AT THE WHEEL

He doesn't hesitate to run some traffic lights.

38. EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, LAFAYETTE STREET - NIGHT

Former factories which have been converted into multiple dwellings.

There are no police cars in view yet. Mark double parks, gets out, enters the building.

39. CLOSE-UP THE VESTIBULE

He tries the door. It is unlocked. He looks back over his shoulder.

MARK

Where are the goddamn cops?

40. INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Mark running up the stairs to the second floor.

41. HIS POV SWEEPING THE DOORS

Apartment 10, 11 and finally, 12. It's half open.

42. INT. APARTMENT 12

Mark runs in. CAMERA FOLLOWS him in CLOSE-UP.

We don't see the bodies. We don't see the blood. All we see are Mark's reactions as he moves from room to room-- trying to control himself, trying to hold back the tears as he uncovers the victims and becomes ill.

43. CAMERA STAYS with him as he stumbles into the bathroom, drops to his knees, lifts the lid of the toilet, but before he can do more, a GUN ENTERS FRAME, pointed at his head.

44. WINDER ANGLE - BATHROOM

THREE COPS crowding into the bathroom, all with guns aimed at Mark.

PATROLMAN

Give me any fucking excuse.

Another cop drags Mark to his feet, shoves him against the wall and gives him a rough frisk.

MARK

I'm the one that called you.

PATROLMAN

The call came from a woman.

The cops haul Mark out of the bathroom, handcuffing him.

45. INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

PATROLMAN

You have the right to remain silent...

At that moment Det. Lt. Keller enters along with other plainclothesmen. We remember him from the earlier trial. The detective Mark discredited on the stand. They recognize one another.

KELLER

Newgate did this?

MARK

(after a pause)

He's my client. It's privileged.

KELLER

You're a witness. The girl told us he called you while the murders were in progress. You heard him doing it.

MARK

No, he said "Morris" was doing it.

KELLER

He's got a partner? A pair of them--like the hillside strangler case in L.A.?

The phone begins to ring in the living room. Everybody's eyes turn to it. Keller nods. The patrolman answer it.

PATROLMAN

Yes.

(he listens; turns to the others)

Lady on the line. She wants to speak to a Mark Hampton.

MARK

That's me. It must be Karen.

One of the cops removes Mark's handcuffs.

MARK (cont'd)

But she wouldn't know this number.

Mark takes the phone from the patrolman.

MARK

(into phone)

This is Hampton.

46. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON MARK'S FACE

As he hears an ELDERLY WOMAN'S VOICE on the phone. a terrified voice.

LADY'S VOICE

He says you're the only one who can help me.

MARK

Oh God! Is he there with you now?

LADY'S VOICE

Yes.

MARK

Put him on.

In a second David Newgate's voice is again recognizable on the other end of the line.

NEWGATE'S VOICE

You saw what he did?

MARK

You're about to do it again, aren't you?

NEWGATE'S VOICE

He makes you listen. He makes me watch.

MARK

Morris. Yes. Let me talk to Morris. Put Morris on the phone.

NEWGATE'S VOICE

He never talks--but he makes himself understood.

47. WIDER ANGLE OF ROOM

As Lt. Keller goes to the extension phone in the bedroom. We can see him through the doorway listening to the conversation.

MARK

I'm sure Morris can hear me. I'm sure he hears my voice.

NEWGATE'S VOICE

Naturally he hears you.

48. CLOSE-UP MARK

Grasping the phone so tightly that his hand trembles.

MARK

Tell him, it's not enough to listen. I want to see too. I don't want to miss out on anything. Tell him to wait. I'll come over and I can see. Don't do it until I get there.

NEWGATE'S VOICE

Yes, that might be all right. Give him the address.

LADY'S VOICE

19 Riverside Drive ground floor. Please come quick.

And the phone goes dead.

49. WIDER SHOT - THE ROOM

As Lt. Keller comes running out from the bedroom.

KELLER

19 Riverside Drive ground floor.

MARK

Maybe your boys can get there a little faster this time.

KELLER

You ride with me.

CUT TO:

50. INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Speeding through the night. Keller at the wheel. Mark beside him.

KELLER

Do you still think you can defend the sonofabitch? After what you saw upstairs?

MARK

I'd rather put a bullet in his brain. But that's off the record.

KELLER

He seems to have the hots for you. Likes to have you listen in...while he does his "thing"

MARK

He says it's all Morris' idea. Have you ever encountered a dual personality?

KELLER

Some of the bastards claim to be three or four people locked inside one body. But I never buy that bullshit. Juries don't believe it either.

MARK

Is that the place?

51. THEIR POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

As the car pulls up.

52. EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - NIGHT

There are other police cars there and a police emergency vehicle. RED LIGHTS are blinking causing sweeping shadows to fall across the sides of the buildings.

As they get out of the police car, a DETECTIVE crosses to Keller.

DETECTIVE

The victim identified as Ethel Fielding, early seventies. Caucasian. Dead only a few minutes.

KELLER

Your client didn't wait for you.

Mark turns and pounds his fists on the roof of the police car in frustration.

KELLER

Let's go inside. Maybe he'll phone again.

MARK

I don't want to go in there.

KELLER

Come along, counselor.

53. INT. THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

POLICE PHOTOGRAPHERS are taking pictures, OTHER COPS dusting for fingerprints, the corpse being placed in a rubber body bag.

54. CLOSE-UP THE BAG

As it is zipped closed. We catch only a flashing glimpse of a pale OLD LADY.

55. CAMERA RISING UP to Mark's face. He's exhausted. He hasn't slept. He's now seen four bodies in one night.

MARK

I'm worried about Karen. She's at my place. He knows the private phone number, and maybe he knows the address. she could be in danger.

KELLER

What about the eight million other potential victims?

MARK

You're not going to let up on me, are you?

KELLER

It makes me feel better.

They sit and stare at the telephone in the room for a few moments. Nothing happens. It doesn't ring.

MARK

Can I phone her?

KELLER

Have you dusted the phone yet?

TECHNICIAN

Yeah.

KELLER

Okay, make your call but keep it short.

Mark picks up the phone and dials.

56. INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Karen answers the phone.

KAREN

Did they get there in time?

MARK'S VOICE

No.

(a beat)

I want you to go back to your place. Don't walk. Call a radio cab to pick you up.

57. CLOSE-UP KAREN

KAREN

I want to see you.

58. CLOSE-UP MARK

MARK

I'll go straight to the office. I'm going to draft a request to the court to allow me to withdraw.

59. CLOSE-UP KAREN

KAREN

I think that's a good idea.

60. CLOSE-UP MARK

MARK

He's made me into a witness. That's good enough reason to disqualify me.

He hangs up.

61. ANGLE WIDENS

To reveal Keller looking at him.

KELLER
The court'll find another bleeding heart lawyer
to take up the cause.

MARK
Do you think you could get one of your cars to
drop me off at my office. I keep a change of
clothes there.

KELLER
Sure. Monahan, take learned counsel wherever he
wants to go.

CUT TO:

62. EXT. MADISON AVENUE SKYSCRAPER - EARLY MORNING

There's almost no one on the streets as a police car stops
and Mark gets out. He's rather disheveled. He hasn't had
any chance to shave. He enters the building.

63. INT. VESTIBULE OF THE SKYSCRAPER

Cleaning personnel mopping the floors as Mark crosses to
the elevators.

64. INT. 55TH FLOOR OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

As Mark gets out. All the offices are vacant. The
secretaries haven't come in yet. Mark walks down a long
corridor toward his private domain.

65. INT. MARK'S OFFICE

He strips off his jacket and sits down at his desk with a
pencil and yellow legal pad and drafts his resignation.

66. CLOSE-UP ONE WORD

"RESIGN" as it is scrawled across the page.

DISSOLVE TO:

67. INT. MARK'S BATHROOM

Mark is shaving, staring at his image in the mirror,
looking at himself as if seeing a stranger. CAMERA
FOLLOWS as he crosses back into the office. Looks in a
drawer for a clean shirt. It's not there!

68. CAMERA SWEEPS AROUND until we see that someone is now
seated in the high-backed chair opposite the desk.
Someone holding Mark's brand new shirt.

Someone slowly taking the pins out of the unworn shirt and
tossing them in a wastebasket, a few feet away, one at a
time, slowly, methodically, removing an endless number of
pins from that shirt. Removing the cardboard liner and
plastic stays in the collar and all the tags. It is David
Newgate.

NEWGATE
I had nowhere else to go.

69. CLOSE-UP MARK

He tries to control his fear.

70. ANGLE WIDEN as Newgate ENTERS FRAME and continues to withdraw the tiny pins from the shirt.

MARK
You didn't wait for me.

NEWGATE
Morris broke his promise.
(a beat)
He always has to have his way.

MARK
I guess it's hard to get rid of old friends.

NEWGATE
He's not a friend.

MARK
How long has he been with you? Since you were a child? Do you remember Morris when you were small?

NEWGATE
No I was alone then. He showed up later on. And then sometimes he'd leave me and not come back for weeks. He said he only did bad things when I was around because I brought that out in him. He said that I was so afraid...and that made him want to do more. He loves making me afraid.

MARK
Is he here now? Morris?
(a beat)
Morris, are you here?

NEWGATE
Oh, you're lucky that he's not. He doesn't like you at all. He'd tear you apart.

MARK
Why me? I've never even met him.

NEWGATE
He says you're not really on my side.
(he laughs)
They put so many damn pins in these things. Sometimes you get all dressed and you've overlooked a pin, and it jabs you. I wonder of a little pin like that could kill you if it penetrated the right spot.

70. Cont.

He has a small pin in his hand, just a tiny shirt pin. He gets up, the shirt on his lap falls to the floor. Newgate crosses toward Mark holding that small pin.

71. CLOSE-UP MARK AND NEWGATE

As the psychopath places the pin at Mark's head between his left eye and his left ear at a particularly tender place.

NEWGATE

A short pin like this couldn't reach the brain.

Mark reaches up slowly, removes the pin from Newgate's hand. He tosses it aside.

NEWGATE

You wouldn't leave me, would you, Mr. Hampton? You're the only one I've got. Promise you won't leave.

72. CAMERA DROPS DOWN to Mark's desk. There's that yellow legal pad there. We can see the handwritten draft of the letter to the judge. We can read: "I wish to withdraw..." as the words fill the screen.

73. WIDER SHOT - MARK AND NEWGATE

Mark can't be sure if Newgate has read this draft of the letter. He had ample time in the office to take a look.

MARK

I have to be honest. I told the police about Morris.

NEWGATE

I'm glad you did. You're my lawyer, not his.

MARK

They said it was probably an "act."

NEWGATE

If you saw Morris, you'd know it wasn't an act.

MARK

Well, when can I see him?

NEWGATE

Oh, I dropped your nice new shirt on the floor.

He picks up the shirt, straightens it carefully.

MARK

Where did you get my home number? And my private line here?

Newgate is fondling that shirt in his hand like some kind of loved object.

NEWGATE

I wish I could have a life like yours. Success and people that care for me. Now you're going to lose all of this because of me. Because if you're my friend, then you're Morris' enemy. The people he killed, he wasn't mad at them. They didn't matter. But his plans for you are much worse.

Then Newgate rushes toward Mark. Mark backs up thinking it's the beginning of the attack. But then it's just Newgate grabbing him by the shoulders and hugging him.

NEWGATE

It's up to me to save you. And there's only one way I can do that.

MARK

What's that?

NEWGATE

As long as I'm around, you'll stick by me. That's the kind of man you are. So it's all up to me.

Then without warning, Newgate turns and picks up one of the high-back wooden chairs. He rushes toward the huge glass window overlooking the City of New York and smashes the chair against the glass, once, twice, three times until the glass begins to shatter.

74. CLOSE-UP MARK

Almost frozen in place. This sudden outburst of violence stuns him.

75. WIDER SHOT

The glass is cracking now. Newgate turns and looks back at Mark, a big joyous smile on his face.

NEWGATE

You care about me, Mark. You may be the only friend I ever had. God bless you.

Then Newgate turns, runs toward the cracked glass window, throwing himself against it.

It SHATTERS completely.

Newgate sails through it, plunging down 55 stories toward the street below.

76. EXT. THE BODY OF NEWGATE BEGINNING ITS FALL

77. OVERHEAD SHOT - 55 STORIES STRAIGHT DOWN TO THE STREETS OF NEW YORK

As Newgate falls. And CAMERA begins a DIZZYING SPIN.

78. CLOSE-UP MARK

Running to the window, in time to see Newgate drop out of sight.

The wind at 55 stories above the street is intense. It blows hard against Mark. Another portion of the glass in the window collapses. Mark jumps back as shards of glass narrowly miss him. Then he peers out again.

79. HIS POV OF THE STREET BELOW

No sign of the body. Newgate is not down there.

80. CLOSE-UP MARK

He can't see the body.

81. EXT. STREET BELOW IN FRONT OF SKYSCRAPER

A few people entering the building, coming to work. Delivery trucks passing by. No sign of any body. There are some fragments of glass on the sidewalk but fortunately they have not fallen on anyone.

Other than that, everything is quite ordinary.

82. ANGLE ON MARK LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW

Still unable to find any trace of the jumper. He walks away from the window, passing his desk. CAMERA FOLLOWS. Mark looks down at the yellow legal pad at the letter of resignation he was drafting. He rips the page off of the pad, crumples it, throws it in the trash basket.

83. EXT. SIDE OF SKYSCRAPER - DAY

CAMERA PANNING along TILTING down from the broken window above, moving down some five stories, then SWEEPING across the face of the superstructure.

About five floors below Mark's office, the building widens slightly. There's a ledge of 5 to 6 feet. It is here on this ledge that the body of David Newgate has been swept by the intense wind. As with many jumpers, he has not gone all the way down. He has been thrown against the building and held there by the torrents of wind that even now sweep across the body, ruffling the clothing and the hair. David Newgate has tried to take his life, but has failed. We see this now as his hand rises, groping out into space, and then falls to his side dangling over the 50 floors of open space above the sidewalk. But he is alive. And so is Morris.

CUT TO:

84. INT. OUTER OFFICE - LAW FIRM - DAY

We see a couple of uniform policemen along with the employees of the law firm who are just reporting to work.

SECRETARY

What happened?

POLICEMAN

Some guy took a dive out of one of your windows.

The elevator opens and Karen gets out. She starts to walk down the hall toward Mark's office. CAMERA FOLLOWS. Mark is coming in the opposite direction. He intercepts her.

MARK

Let's go in here.

KAREN

What's wrong with your office?

He leads her into the conference room.

85. INT. LAW OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

It's deserted. The huge windows again affording us a sweeping view of the city.

MARK

It was Newgate.

KAREN

He killed himself?

MARK

The poor sonofabitch did it to save me.

KAREN

Well, at least you're out of it. It's better for everyone.

MARK

The look on his face. He really trusted me and I couldn't have cared less about him.

There's a knock on the door. It's the policeman sticking his head in.

POLICEMAN

They found him. Not down on the sidewalk, five stories below on the ledge, and he's alive.

86. ANGLE ON MARK AND KAREN

87. CAMERA DOLLYING in for CLOSE-UP OF MARK
His reaction. Part relief, part anguish. It is not over.
It is only the beginning.

CUT TO:

88. INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Newgate is recovering. His arm and chest in a cast. He lies handcuffed to the bed by the other wrist. Another restraint on his ankle. The room is guarded by police.

Mark is approaching the bed. CAMERA MOVING with him
Newgate looks up.

NEWGATE

I tried but Morris wouldn't let me die.

MARK

Can I be alone with my client, please?

At that moment, Lt. Keller pauses in the doorway.

KELLER

I thought you were taking a walk on this one?

MARK

Wait outside.

Lt. Keller nods. The cops step outside the door, but Keller is not taking any chances of another escape.

KELLER

Leave it open.

Mark is alone with Newgate now. He pulls over a chair and sits beside him

NEWGATE

What did he mean by that? Taking a walk?

MARK

Nothing. You still fell five floors and you're alive.

(beat)

A miracle.

NEWGATE

A curse.

MARK

The district attorney's pushing ahead with the trial. Now you're being charged with five counts of murder. And he's demanding the death penalty to be reinstated.

NEWGATE

The electric chair.

MARK

No one's been executed in this state in the last eighteen years.

NEWGATE

Morris knew that's what they would do. He caused it.

MARK

Morris has a last name, doesn't he? Tell me his full name.

NEWGATE

Morris Ulric.

MARK

Tell me everything you know about him.

NEWGATE

He wouldn't like that. He could take me out of this hospital now, like he did the jail, but he doesn't want to... he wants that...electric chair.

MARK

I'll let you rest.

Before Mark gets to his feet, Newgate has fallen asleep. Mark motions for the NURSE.

MARK(cont'd)

Look at all that eye motion.

NURSE

He's dreaming already.

89. INT. CORRIDOR OF LOCKED IN WARD, PRISON HOSPITAL - NIGHT
Lt. Keller is waiting.

KELLER

All of a sudden you're feeling sorry for him?

MARK

I don't know.

KELLER

Or maybe it's the money. I hear there's going to be a book. Ought to be a best seller.

MARK

Where'd you hear that?

KELLER

It was in one of the columns this morning. I should've figured you wouldn't miss out on the publishing rights.

MARK

You won't believe me--but it wasn't my idea.

DISSOLVE TO:

Mark dining with executives of the publishing company,
EDWARD BRODY and ELIZABETH SANFORD.

BRODY

The son of Sam law precludes a criminal from
profiting from his crime by publishing his
memoirs. But that doesn't prevent a defense
attorney from writing about the case once the
verdict has come in.

ELIZABETH

We'll hold off auctioning the paper back rights
until after the appeal. If there is an appeal.

BRODY

That means your book could appear in less than
two and a half years.

MARK

I don't know why I'm having so much trouble with
this.

ELIZABETH

Your agent said you'd be all for it.

MARK

I can't do it. This Ulric thing has gotten me
all screwed up.

BRODY

Who's Ulric?

MARK

A fantasy figure. Morris Ulric does the
killing, Newgate just watches.

ELIZABETH

Did you say Ulric, U-L-R-I-C?

She laughs. Mark bristles at this.

MARK

What's so funny?

ELIZABETH

I think you've been "had," Mister Hampton.

MARK

Oh, is that right?

ELIZABETH

Don't you know who Morris Ulric was?

BRODY

I'd like to know.

ELIZABETH

Naturally, you don't read any of the books you publish. That's up to me. We editors do all the work.

MARK

What about this Ulric?

ELIZABETH

We put out a book about three years ago. It didn't do very well. "Shadows Over The City." Nonfiction. The history of the most heinous crimes ever committed in New York throughout the centuries.

BRODY

I recall we took a beating on that one.

ELIZABETH

Well, we know at least one person bought a copy. There was a chapter in there on Morris Ulric, the only man in the history of New York ever to be burned at the stake...as a witch or a demon, or whatever they called them in those days.

MARK

Do you remember when?

ELIZABETH

Along about the same time as those trials in Salem.

BRODY

We'll find you a copy.

MARK

Don't bother.

He's already getting up from the table.

BRODY

What about your dinner?

MARK

You eat it.

CUT TO:

91. INT. MANHATTAN BOOK STORE - NIGHT

Mark is walking way to the back of the store to the "remainder" section. Here there are stacks of books marked down from their original price. Some \$1.98, others for \$1.00. It is on the dollar table that Mark finds a copy of the book "Shadows Over the City." He leafs through.

92. ANGLE OVER HIS SHOULDER

He finds the chapter on Morris Ulric. There is a crudely drawn sketch of a man purporting to be the Ulric. Despite the long hair and the beard, the resemblance is quite evident. It is a picture of David Newgate.

93. CLOSE-UP MARK'S REACTION

CUT TO:

94. INT. DR. BRENNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark is seated opposite DR. BRENNER, a psychiatrist, who has been glancing at the book.

DR. BRENNER

It's symptomatic of his pathology. He's haunted, hears voices. Then he stumbles across this book and this chapter on Ulric. And like yourself, he sees the resemblance to the drawing.

MARK

I'd say you're rationalizing.

DR. BRENNER

I've dealt with a great number of these claims of reincarnation. It's amazing the details that they can reproduce. How convincing they can be. But always, I discovered, that somewhere in their childhood they had access to that information.

Mark takes the book back from the doctor.

MARK

Sorry, but I've got a dollar invested in this.

DR. BRENNER

Watch your step, Mark. They say any psychosis can be catching.

CUT TO:

95. EXT. MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK - DAY

A museum which specializes particularly in the artifacts and history of the city itself.

96. INT. MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, THE VAST LIBRARY - DAY

Mark is wading through volumes of old history of the city and of Morris Ulric's trial and execution. Karen is beside him taking copious notes.

MARK

Copy this down.

KAREN

"He claimed to be the incarnation of Satan himself..."

MARK

He was executed on February 14. Burned at the stake at a location close to the corner of Houston Street and West Tenth. Here's an old map of the city. Here's a current map.

KAREN

Does this really matter?

MARK

A building stands there now. An apartment building that was erected in what...

He checks out the figures and facts in another book of records.

MARK (cont'd)

Before the war, 1939. And you know who resided in that building in a garden apartment-- apartment B? David Newgate lived there for the last six years.

KAREN

Sure. He moved there after he read the book.

MARK

The book only came out three years ago. Before that nothing had been written about Morris Ulric for hundreds of years.

KAREN

There must have been something. The researchers found out.

He ignores nearby readers who signal him to keep quiet.

MARK

Read on. He was unrepentant and swore that his execution would unleash a wave of terror more terrible than anything the city had ever experienced. Make note of this date, then look at this. Not two days later a plague began, cholera. Over four thousand people perished, most of them children. An epidemic that brought the city to its knees.

KAREN

There's no air in here. I just don't feel well.

MARK

I'll Xerox this page and meet you out front.

CUT TO:

Karen is seated on the concrete steps, her head aching badly--as Mark joins her.

KAREN

It's all superstition. Nothing you can introduce as evidence in court.

MARK

Why not?

KAREN

The law doesn't acknowledge the existence of the supernatural.

MARK

Every time a witness is sworn in, he puts his hand on the Bible and he takes an oath. "I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God." If God isn't supernatural, what is?

KAREN

Since when did you start believing in Supreme Beings?

MARK

We're not discussing my beliefs. We're talking about what's admissible. If the court acknowledges the existence of God, then it can't discount the existence of...the devil. Okay, I said it. The devil.

KAREN

Oh, my God.

MARK

Now you're talking.

KAREN

Stop playing these stupid little word games. I have a career to consider, too.

MARK

Morris Ulric was tried in this state and executed nearly three hundred years ago. The existence of the devil was admissible in his trial. That's a pretty old precedent to fall back on.

KAREN

If you're going to walk into court and cite demonic possession as a defense, I won't be seated next to you.

She walks away, leaving him on the steps.

CUT TO:

Mark is talking to FATHER MALLORY, a priest who looks like an ex-football player now approaching his sixties.

MALLORY

No, no, you've got it ass backwards. Demonic possession is no defense, it's an admission of guilt. They used to torture prisoners to make them admit it. And then put them to death because of it.

MARK

Those were the old rules.

MALLORY

Human nature hasn't changed much, son, throughout the centuries. When we find someone's been consorting with the devil, we still have the irresistible urge to terminate their existence. We don't want to deal with them.

MARK

This isn't the inquisition. It's the criminal court of the City of New York and I'd like to count on you as a witness.

MALLORY

To what?

MARK

An expert witness. To testify to the reality of demonic possession.

MALLORY

I've had precious little personal experience.

MARK

You know more than you're willing to admit.

MALLORY

I'm not sure how the church would feel about me testifying in these matters. This is private church business, not ordinarily talked about in the secular world.

MARK

There are devils. There have been exorcisms.

MALLORY

You wouldn't be trying to sensationalize this case to try to draw the jury's attention away from the real guilt of this man.

MARK

I want you to see him, father.

MALLORY
He's not a Catholic.

MARK
You're into converting people.

MALLORY
Sure I'll see him. I'm certain it'll give me a few choice after dinner stories to tell.

MARK
Before I arrange it, read this book. Just this chapter.

MALLORY
"Morris Ulric."

MARK
You may be seeing some of him, too.

Mark turns and looks up at the figure of Jesus on the cross above the altar of the church. Yes, truly there are supernatural forces that exist. He feels it here in this church. He feels it in his heart. He turns back to look at the priest.

MALLORY
Now , I'll give you something to read.
Mallory hands him a small copy of the Bible--the New Testament.

MARK
Yeah, I've seen these in hotel rooms.

MALLORY
I thought it might come in handy for once.
Since you're working in our territory now.

Mark looks down at the Bible.

99. CLOSE-UP THE BIBLE CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND

Clutched hard.

CUT TO:

100. INT. SECURITY CELL ISOLATION BLOCK - DAY

As guards escort Father Mallory and Mark Hampton down the corridor lined with cells to the solitary confinement section in which dangerous prisoners like David Newgate are housed.

101. INT. NEWGATE'S CELL - DAY

As it is unlocked. There are no bars on this cell, just a huge iron door with a peephole in it.

MARK
Page - 43

David, meet Father Mallory.

MALLORY

I'd like to hear your side of it.

102. CLOSE-UP DAVID NEWGATE

Squatting in the far corner of the cell. He seems frightened of the priest.

NEWGATE

It's not a good idea for you to be here.

103. THREE SHOT

As Mark and Father Mallory sit on the cot opposite Newgate.

MALLORY

Won't you sit here beside us? It must be cold down there.

MARK

Father Mallory won't do anything to hurt you.

NEWGATE

He can be hurt.

MARK

He's on our side.

MALLORY

Let me talk to David alone. There's hardly anything that I haven't heard before, David. Nothing that could shock me or make me turn away from you.

MARK

I'll wait outside.

NEWGATE

Don't leave him here with me.

MALLORY

But I'm not afraid. Go on now, Mark. I'll be fine.

Mark raps on the door. The guard opens it.

MARK

The father's going to remain.

Mark exits from the cell and it is again locked. Now the priest and the prisoner are alone.

MALLORY

Now come and sit here or do I have to squat down there on the floor with my arthritis?

After a moment, Newgate gets up and joins the priest.

MALLORY (cont'd)

You're not alone in this cell, are you, David? You feel another presence with you just as I do. Wherever I go, I feel he walks beside me. He whispers in my ear, and I'm not afraid. I'm talking about Jesus Christ who died for our sins. Even yours, David.

NEWGATE

No, not mine.

MALLORY

He can forgive, even what you've done.

NEWGATE

I haven't done anything.

MALLORY

Yes. You feel a presence as I do but it's not a force of love and forgiveness.

NEWGATE

You know him very well.

MALLORY

Let me see your eyes. Let me see if there's someone in there.

He reaches out and turns David around so he's looking directly into his eyes.

MALLORY (cont'd)

All I see is a very frightened young man who's lost touch with God. But Jesus can enter into your heart, enter your body.

NEWGATE

There's no room. I'm full.

MALLORY

You've invented an evil spirit in order to avoid responsibility for your crimes.

NEWGATE

You asked to see him and he wants you to.

104. NEWGATE RISES and walks away to Father Mallory into the shadows. When he turns we move in closer to his face. It is in shadow but we can see his face contort. The skin seems tighter over the cheekbones, the face tauter, then the eyes become piercing, and seem to burn from the inside.

Ordinarily David Newgate had green eyes, but now there's a fire burning behind the pupils, rings of red appear to circle the green.

Newgate's personality has changed and now his voice begins to change.

NEWGATE/ULRIC

We've met before, Mallory. Many times. I've been with you when you betrayed your vows. I've been with you when you laid with the Bryan woman and the Hastings woman. Yes, as long ago as that.

MALLORY

How could you know such things?

NEWGATE/ULRIC

I'm here to take your confession, father. Don't run away. You were so brave a moment ago sitting beside a murderer, looking into his eyes, so full of Jesus, so full of yourself.

MALLORY

Let me go.

NEWGATE/ULRIC

I'm not touching you. Why don't you pound on the door and maybe they'll let you out.

The priest tries to get up but his legs won't move. He's paralyzed.

NEWGATE/ULRIC

You've walked with Satan more often than with Jesus. You wear a costume as to a masquerade. Let me hear you pray. You want to leave, pray to leave. Speak to Jesus.

MALLORY

I can't remember how.

NEWGATE/ULRIC

You never knew how. Your prayers were never heard.

MALLORY

Never?

NEWGATE/ULRIC

Know this! You're a false priest and those that sought absolution through you have been damned.

MALLORY

No, you mustn't say that. Not them, not all of them.

NEWGATE/ULRIC
Who should know better than I.

MALLORY
Who are you? Say your name!

NEWGATE/ULRIC
See me and name me yourself.

105. TIGHT ON FATHER MALLORY

He continues to shake his head. He doesn't want to look into those fiercely glowing eyes.

106 CLOSE-UP NEWGATE'S EYES

Tiny, burning dots of light. Piercing concentrated energy.

107. CLOSE FATHER MALLORY

Trying vainly to avert his glance from those eyes. The intensity of Newgate's piercing gaze makes him want to avert or close his eyelids but he cannot.

107A. CLOSE NEWGATE/ULRIC

He reaches out his hands towards Father Mallory's face.

107B. CLOSE FATHER MALLORY

As Newgate's hands come into frame and touch Father Mallory's eyes, closing the lids.

107C. TWO SHOT FATHER MALLORY AND ULRIC

NEWGATE/ULRIC
You have seen me. You will not see again.
107D. CLOSE SHOT FATHER MALLORY
Father Mallory opens his eyes. They are blank and sightless. He stands, reaches out with his hands to feel. Cannot believe he cannot see. He stumbles around the cell, helplessly.

FATHER MALLORY
Oh my God! Guard! Guard!
108. WIDER SHOT-CELL
As the doors fly open. The guards have heard his screams and they rush in, followed by Mark.

Almost immediately, David Newgate collapses, faints.

While Father Mallory gropes aimlessly in a never ending world of darkness that has fallen upon him, he stumbles into the guard's arms. The guard looks at his face. The sockets are deep set and only white stares back at his face.

GUARD

Oh, Jesus! His eyes. What's happened to his eyes?

Father Mallory is dragged out into the corridor. The cell door slams.

109. INT. CELL BLOCK

Where Father Mallory is lowered to the floor by the guard. Mark leans over him.

MALLORY

It was the one inside him. I saw him. I saw his face.

MARK

(shouts)

Get a doctor. Someone find a doctor.

MALLORY

No. Bring me a priest. A real priest.

One of the guards runs to fetch help.

MALLORY

Mark, listen to me--

MARK

Yes, father?

MALLORY

Newgate is the vessel that carries him. If Newgate dies, it sets him free.....to prey on us all. He mustn't die...Don't let him die.

And the priest passes out as the delirium carries him into a coma.

Mark walks to the door of the cell, looks through the peephole.

110. HIS POV THROUGH PEEPHOLE - NEWGATE

Unconscious on the floor of the cell, drained and exhausted after the ordeal. His body is writhing and twitching in spasms. It's like there's something inside of him surging around, trying to get out.

The arms and legs seem to swell and then to contract. The body twists and turns into positions that no normal person could endure.

111. CLOSE-UP - MARK'S EYE THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

CAMERA MOVING FORWARD until his eye FILLS THE SCREEN.

CUT TO:

112. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM OF LAW FIRM - DAY

Mark Hampton is facing the two senior law partners. The men who took him into the firm right out of law school.

BELTZER

You don't want that mass murderer walking out of the courtroom a free man?

MARK

I'm putting the real murderer on trial.

The telephone buzzes.

BELTZER

(yells into intercom)

I told you to hold the calls.

He walks to a panelled cabinet, opens it, takes out a decanter of whisky.

BELTZER (cont'd)

I need one.

HESELTIME

Now let's get this straight. You've uncovered the identity of the actual killer?

MARK

I can't discuss it now.

BELTZER

Bullshit, young man. The reputation of this firm is at stake.

MARK

My concern now is with my client. The firm can take care of itself.

HESELTIME

We may have to.

MARK

Is that some kind of a veiled threat?

There's no reply. The two partners simply walk out.

113. INT. SECURITY INTERROGATION AREA - DAY

This is a special room with a glass partition in it. A prisoner can be kept in isolation and converse with his lawyer over a telephone--while the attorney sits on the other side of the thick plate glass.

David Newgate has been held in isolation. Now Mark Hampton faces him through the grimy glass, long in need of a cleaning. Newgate appears dazed, disoriented. He's blinking steadily. His eyes unable to focus.

MARK

Then why is he afraid of me? If he's so powerful, why doesn't he come out so I can see him?

NEWGATE

He could hurt you.

MARK

He needs me.

NEWGATE

He tolerates you.

MARK

I want to call him as a witness.

NEWGATE

No.

MARK

Why won't you let him speak for himself?

Mark leans closer to the glass, his reflection overlapping the face of the defendant. Their eyes almost interlocking in the reflection.

MARK

Come on, Morris Ulic, talk to me.

Then David Newgate slumps back in his chair, his jaw slackens, the telephone receiver slides from his hand, he's no longer speaking into it, but how his lips begin to move again.

And ANOTHER VOICE comes from his body, a deep guttural voice rises from within, a voice so powerful that it penetrates the glass partition. The voice reverberates through the glass without aid of the telephone and his eyes open wide and begin to glow.

ULRIC

You believe you chose me as a client. I chose you. I made it happen.

(beat)

Because I knew you'd make the perfect servant.

MARK

I'm not your lawyer. I'm Newgate's.

ULRIC

You can't separate us.

MARK

I can try...I can try to save him from you.

ULRIC

You can't even save yourself. I control what happens in your mind. I control what will happen in that court.

MARK

You want Newgate to die?

ULRIC

It's not necessary that you understand. Only that you pay respect.

MARK

Respect? That's an odd word coming from you.

ULRIC

Go to the old lady's funeral today at three o'clock. You'll see a demonstration of what I can do. Of what I may do...if incited.

MARK

Blinding a priest showed enough for me.

ULRIC

No, not quite enough.

At that moment, the entire glass partition shatters right into Mark's face as if an explosion has gone off. Fragments of glass splatter everywhere. Mark is thrown backward in his chair by the blast.

114. ANGLE ON MARK

Hitting the floor among a rainstorm of glass particles.

115. ANGLE ON ULRIC

On the other side of the now shattered partition, rising to his feet slowly as he transforms back into David Newgate again.

Newgate stares at the broken partition as if he's never seen it before. Then guards rush over and club him with their bellies and drag him out of the conference chamber.

116. ANGLE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PARTITION

Lying amongst the shattered glass, Mark Hampton, as other prison guards come running to his aid.

GUARD

What happened? That glass is two inches thick.

They roll Mark over, brushing the splinters of glass off of him and helping him up.

2ND GUARD

I don't see a mark on you. Not even a scratch.

GUARD

By all rights, you oughta be on the way to the hospital right now. You live a charmed life, mister.

MARK

Charmed or cursed. What time is it?

GUARD

A little after two.

MARK

Excuse me. I've got a funeral to attend.

Mark exits. The two guards are staring at the shattered petition and all the fragments of glass scattered around the floor.

2ND GUARD

He ought to thank God.

117. INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The body of Ulric's last victim lies in its casket. The elderly Mrs. Ethel Fielding. Her FAMILY and FRIENDS are gathered to pay their respects. There are three generations of Fieldings here: her children who are already in late middle-age, their children in their early twenties, and some six - and seven-year-olds, the great-grand-children.

The casket is surrounded by floral displays. People pass by the casket voicing comments like "She looks so peaceful," "They've done a wonderful job with her," etc.

Parents are doing their best to keep the children calm. The services are scheduled to begin shortly.

The FUNERAL DIRECTOR stands at the doorway to the chamber as more family and friends filter in signing the register.

We recognize Mark as he enters, by passing the guest book. He checks his watch. It's 3 o'clock.

A middle-aged man extends his hand.

MYRON

I'm Myron Fielding. I'm afraid I can't place you.

MARK

Mark Hampton.

MYRON

Did you know my mother?

MARK

No, we never met. We spoke on the phone...once.

MYRON

I'm afraid you still have me at a disadvantage.
Exactly, what are you doing here?

MARK

I was--told to be here. I'm an attorney.

MYRON

We don't need an attorney.

While Myron and Mark talk in whispers, CAMERA PANS to Myron's wife and their seven-year-old boy.

HARRIET

Come and kiss grandma good-bye.

TED

I don't want to.

HARRIET

It's all right, she's just asleep.

118. CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON THE LITTLE BOY

He keeps shaking his head.

TED

No.

HARRIET

It's only grandma.

CAMERA DOLLIES as Harriet takes the boy's hand, leading him in closer, past the other guests toward the casket.

119. BOY'S POV

LOW DOLLY ANGLE SHOT MOVING toward the coffin with the old lady visible inside, all cosmetized and ready for burial.

120. ANGLE ON MARK WITH MYRON

Who has taken him by the arm in an attempt to usher him out.

MYRON

You have no business here. Will you please leave?

At that moment one of the OTHER SONS crosses over, seeing that there's a problem.

MYRON

Some ambulance chaser trying to make a buck.

HAROLD

No, he isn't. I saw this guy's picture in the paper. In The Post. He's Newgate's lawyer.

MYRON

What do you want from us?

Other members of the family are now clustered around to see what's happening. The funeral director also comes over.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Haven't you any decency at all?

Mark is surrounded now by half dozen of the "bereaved."

Meanwhile, behind them the small boy, Ted, is being led up the coffin, up to his grandmother.

121. CAMERA PANS AWAY from Mark to focus in on what's happening at the casket.

The little boy is stepping up on a small platform that enables him to lean into the coffin. His mother stands beside him urging him on.

122. TIGHTER SHOT - THE BOY

Steadying himself. He obviously doesn't want to do this.

He's starting to lean over to kiss the body, to kiss his grandma on the forehead a last farewell.

His mother turns and looks back at the commotion which is increasing in volume. We can hear VOICES RAISED now as relatives and friends demand that Mark be tossed out.

Meanwhile seven-year-old Ted leans closer and closer, pursing his lips, finally pressing them against grandma's cold forehead. CAMERA MOVING IN still closer on the kiss.

Then suddenly, without warning, Ethel Fielding's arms spring up and encircle his body, ensnaring him in a vice-like grip. At the same time her dead eyes open staring vacantly at young Ted, their faces so close that his mouth is touching her.

Ted starts to scream.

123. ANOTHER ANGLE

As the Mother turns and sees what's happening, and cries out!

The corpse of her mother is crushing the boy as her arms tighten their grip, draining the life out of him. Their lips are touching. CAMERA WHIP PANS to the cluster of bereaved family members and the mortician - whose attention now turns from Mark Hampton to what's happening in the coffin.

They're horrified.

Ted's screams are being squeezed into horrifying gasps.

124. CAMERA TO CLOSE-UP OF MARK HAMPTON

This is what he's been brought in to see. This is the demonstration David Newgate predicted.

125. ANGLE ON THE CASKET

The dead grandmother still clinging to the young boy--as his mother attempts to pull him free. She is screaming hideously.

Everyone else seems frozen in place. Not knowing what to do.

Only Mark Hampton manages to move forward--running to the casket, attempting to help the mother pull the child from the grip of his dead grandmother.

126. TIGHTER SHOT

As Mark struggles to free the boy from the elderly hands that seem to hold him in an iron grasp.

And then as suddenly as the nightmare began, the arms drop back to her sides. The boy collapses on top of her, still screaming hysterically.

Mark pulls the boy free and the child begins to gasp for air. He's frantically rubbing his hands across his face and mouth trying to get the taste of death out. His father, Myron, picks the boy up and stares into the casket.

Ethel Fielding seems to have a smile on her face. Steam rises from the casket. A HAZE fills the room. CAMERA RISES to Mark, backing away from the casket. The mother drags the boy from his father's arms and clutches him to her.

127. OMIT

128. WIDER ANGLE

Now Mark starts to run, to flee from the funeral parlor. But Harold, one of the sons, runs after him, grabbing him and whirling him around.

HAROLD

You knew something like this was going to happen! That's why you came!

MARK

I was warned.

Harold strikes Mark across the face hard--but Mark makes no effort to defend himself or fight back.

MARK (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry for us all.

Then Mark runs out of the room, past the bewildered funeral director who is speaking to another MORTICIAN who has just entered.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Well, we've never had anything like this before.

CUT TO:

129. INT. SMALL COURTROOM UTILIZED AS A JURY SELECTION ROOM - DAY

A JURY is being impaneled. Both the prosecutor and the defense attorney have the right to challenge these prospective jurors.

MARK

Mr. Smithers, have you read about this case in the newspaper? Or heard about it on television?

SMITHERS

Couldn't help it. There's been a lot on.

MARK

Have you made your mind as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant?

SMITHERS

Well, I don't know.

MARK

That's exactly the right answer. Until you've heard the evidence, you really don't know.

SMITHERS

That's what I said.

MARK

Mr Smithers, do you believe in God?

SMITHERS

Sure I do.

MARK

And do you believe in the devil?

SMITHERS

I don't understand the question.

MARK

It's a very simple question. Do you believe that Satan exists? Beelzebub, Mephistopheles, whatever name you want to call him. An embodiment of all evil.

BOGARDUS
Objection, Your Honor. I don't see the
relevance of this line of questioning.

JUDGE
If counsel is going to debate the devil,
impaneling a jury is going to be hell.

The spectators all join in the laugh.

MARK
Then I take it your honor acknowledges the
existence of hell.

JUDGE
I think we'll retire to my chambers. My own
private hell.

CUT TO:

130. INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

A small office lined with law books. The Judge is alone
with Bogardus and Mark.

JUDGE
I'm not about to allow you to turn this trial
into a revivalist meeting.

MARK
I have a list here of religious leaders of all
denominations that I intend to call to establish
the existence of the devil. Expert witnesses.

BOGARDUS
You're trying to confuse the issue. The man
murdered five innocent people.

MARK
He didn't murder anybody.

BOGARDUS
And I suppose he didn't blind that priest?

MARK
Absolutely not. Newgate isn't a criminal, he's
a victim. The victim of demonic possession.

BOGARDUS
Of what?

MARK
You know what I'm talking about.

JUDGE
Well, you're not going to talk about it in my
courtroom.

MARK

That's my entire defense, Your Honor.

JUDGE

I thought you'd be going for diminished responsibility.

BOGARDUS

He's proposing an unacceptable defense. Everybody could use it. Nobody's guilty. They were all possessed by evil spirits. We'd have to set everybody free.

MARK

I'm talking about a true case of possession.

BOGARDUS

Nobody even knows what that is. There's no legal definition.

MARK

After this trial, there will be.

JUDGE

I'll permit you to ask prospective jurors if they believe in God. Just God, nothing more. Your average juror is not prepared to give the kind of answers that you want. Nobody is.

MARK

I'll work within those guidelines.

BOGARDUS

I'm warning you, I'm going to try to keep out any reference to Satan, or whatever name you choose to call him.

MARK

Ganging up on me?

JUDGE

I won't allow fear and superstition to cloud the minds of these jurors.

MARK

Wouldn't think of it. Only facts. Cold hard facts.

BOGARDUS

Shall we return to court?

JUDGE

Go on, Mr. Bogardus, I'd like to have one last word with counsel.

Bogardus exits from the judge's chambers. The judge comes from behind his desk to stand beside Mark.

JUDGE

If I'm not mistaken, you were in one of my lecture classes at Harvard.

MARK

Two of them.

JUDGE

How did you manage to stay awake?

MARK

I didn't.

They both laugh for a moment, then the judge continues:

JUDGE

I hate to see you throw it all away because that's what you'll be doing if you follow this course.

MARK

As bad as all that?

JUDGE

They'll think you've lost your marbles. I already do, but I don't count. It's the people that would be hiring you, the important clients. I mean look what happened to all of those lawyers that were running around years ago claiming Oswald didn't kill Kennedy. They had all kinds of facts. All kinds of backup. But how many of those lawyers do you ever hear about anymore? The ones that ran for public office lost. The ones that were with good firms were let go. They're outcasts. That's what happens when you mix in with the lunatic fringe.

MARK

Mentioning the devil officially makes you a lunatic?

JUDGE

In church no. In court yes!

MARK

That's why I better get myself a jury that goes to church regularly.

JUDGE

I've done my duty. You've been forewarned.

DISSOLVE TO:

131. INT. LARGE COURTROOM - DAY

The trial has been convened. The TWELVE JURORS and TWO ALTERNATE JURORS are being sworn in. They're taking the oath.

JURORS

...so help me God.

JUDGE

You understand you are not to discuss the case with anyone or amongst yourselves. Now do I hear any motions? Very well then, Mr. Bogardus, you may begin.

Bogardus rises and faces the jury.

BOGARDUS

In my eighteen years with the district attorney's office, I've never seen facts so incontrovertible, I've never seen crimes so brutal and remorseless.

(pause)

I didn't believe I would ever again stand before a jury and demand the penalty of death. But the United States Supreme Court has ruled that the death penalty is constitutional, that it should remain on the books for extreme cases. For such vicious crimes, there can be punishments. It is my responsibility to demand that verdict. It is your responsibility to return that verdict.

He takes his seat and Mark begins his opening remarks.

MARK

Fifty years ago or more, psychiatric findings were not admissible in court. Judges would not allow them, jurors were not permitted to hear evidence of mental illness, of diminished responsibility of the mental state of the defendant. Well, that's all changed now. It wasn't easy. Attorneys fought to get psychiatric evidence into the record.

JUDGE

Is counselor changing his mind in entering an insanity plea?

MARK

No, Your Honor, I'm going to prove that the defendant, David Newgate, was powerless to control his own actions. That the crimes committed were not committed by him. I'm going to prove beyond any doubt that David Newgate is a victim. As much of a victim as any of the five who perished. David Newgate's life has been taken from him also. He has suffered torments unthinkable to any of us. You will not condemn him when you learn all the facts. You will see things in this trial that may make you feel fear or revulsion. But I urge you to control that fear and listen for the truth.

132. TIGHT SHOT - BOGARDUS AND HIS ASSISTANT

BOGARDUS

(whispers)

Well, at least he didn't mention the devil yet.

CUT TO:

133. INT. LAW OFFICE CORRIDOR - 55TH FLOOR - DAY

Mark gets off the elevator in time to see Karen carrying a cardboard box full of her belongings in her arms.

MARK

You always were good at packing.

KAREN

I've been offered a spot at Stein and Leggett.

MARK

Better salary?

KAREN

Worse, but I can't be choosy right now.

MARK

Because of me?

KAREN

You made your choice.

MARK

I didn't realize what was going on behind those beautiful blue eyes.

KAREN

You know I'm interested in democratic politics. Who'd vote for a congress-woman who once consorted with the devil?

MARK

The devil's probably gotten a lot of people elected. You may have missed out on your big chance. You could have been president.

KAREN

Are you getting any sleep at night? You look awful.

MARK

Nice of you to mention it. I'm playing on the jury's sympathy.

KAREN

A dozen eye witnesses have already testified. You can't impeach any of them. You've lost!

She starts down the hall, he stops her.

MARK

What if I win the case? Turn it all around?

KAREN

It's a no win situation. Get an acquittal for David Newgate and he'll kill again. Then you'll share his guilt.

MARK

Karen, he can kill any time he likes. He has the power to be out of that cell in a second. He's only there because he wants to be.

(a beat)

For some reason he needs to be executed. And that's why I can't let it happen.

FADE TO BLACK:

134. OVER THE DARKNESS WE HEAR BOGARDUS' WORDS

BOGARDUS (V.O.)

The prosecution rests.

FADE IN:

135. INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The trial is in progress. We FOCUS ON MISS MUNDY, the elderly court stenographer, taking down the transcript. She seems visibly disturbed by this particular case. She's trembling

JUDGE

Are you ready, Mr. Hampton?

MARK

The defense will call but one witness. David Newgate.

BAILIFF

David Newgate, take the stand.

136. ANGLE ON NEWGATE

As he rises from the defense table and walks slowly toward the witness stand.

137. ANGLE ON THE BAILIFF

As he picks up the Bible and crosses to administer the oath. He extends the Bible.

138. ANGLE ON NEWGATE

Taking his place in the witness box, staring down at the Bible.

NEWGATE

I can't.

JUDGE
You will take the oath.

MARK
Take the oath, David.

BAILIFF
Place your hand on the Bible. Do you swear to
tell the truth, the whole truth, so help you
God?

Newgate reaches out, tentatively places his hand on the
Bible. CAMERA MOVES INTO

139. CLOSE-UP NEWGATE'S HAND

Resting on the leather cover of that Bible.

All at once the Bible begins to sizzle and steam.

It is burning.

Newgate's hand is burning it's own imprint into the cover
of the Bible.

140. ANGLE ON THE BAILIFF

As he recoils, holding the Bible gripped in his hand,
looking at it.

141. HIS POV

Newgate's palm outlined clearly in glistening ash. It
has been branded into the leather cover. A burnt smell
fills the courtroom as the Bailiff in his nervousness
drops the Bible to the floor of the court.

142. ANGLE ON SPECTATORS

They're all on their feet trying to see what's happening.

143. ANGLE ON MARK

As he moves to the fallen Bible, picks it up, and holds it
for the jury to see.

144. ANGLE ON THE JURY MEMBERS

Astounded. It's quite a demonstration.

145. WIDER SHOT - THE COURT

BOGARDUS
This is not a magic show, Your Honor. Will you
caution the defense attorney to stop the cheap
theatrics.

JUDGE

Mr. Hampton, this is outrageous. I'm holding you in contempt, and find you one thousand dollars. You'll see the bailiff immediately after we adjourn.

MARK

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE

If there are any more stunts, you'll spend the night in a cell. Now proceed.

MARK

Will the witness complete the oath? By himself, please.

NEWGATE

I know it. I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth...

MARK

Finish it, please. You can say it. Just try.

NEWGATE

So help me God.

MARK

Take your seat, please. For the record, will you state your name?

NEWGATE

David Newgate

MARK

Do you go by any other name?

NEWGATE

No.

MARK

Have you ever used any other names?

NEWGATE

No.

MARK

Were you present on the Staten Island ferry on April 12th of this year?

NEWGATE

I was.

MARK

Were you present when the decedent Sandra Hoffman was murdered?

NEWGATE

Yes.

MARK

Did you see the killer?

NEWGATE

I was there.

MARK

Please answer the question. Did you see the killer? Can you identify him?

NEWGATE

Morris Ulric.

MARK

Yes, Morris Ulric. Is he present in this courtroom now?

There's a buzz in the courtroom as everyone begins looking around, including District Attorney Bogardus. People in the spectator section are looking at one another. Is there one amongst them that is going to be identified as the true murderer?

146. ANGLE ON WITNESS STAND

As Mark approaches David Newgate.

MARK

Will you identify this Morris Ulric, please?

NEWGATE

He's here.

MARK

Will you show him to us, please?

NEWGATE

I can't.

MARK

Yes you can. You've sworn to God. You believe in God, don't you?

NEWGATE

Yes.

MARK

Then show him to us. Let us see Morris Ulric.

NEWGATE

Only if he wants to...I can't make him.

MARK

I call on Morris Ulric to testify.

The District Attorney jumps up.

BOGARDUS

What is going on here? Your Honor...

Then his words choke off because something is starting to happen to the witness.

147. ANGLE ON THE WITNESS

Who is gasping for breath, beginning to tremble and shake, his hands grabbing onto the rail of the witness box as he goes into a series of spasms.

JUDGE

Mr. Hampton, your witness is ill.

MARK

No, not ill.

JUDGE

Do you wish an adjournment?

MARK

Absolutely not.

(to witness)

Morris Ulric, are you there?

BOGARDUS

Your Honor...

JUDGE

sit down, Mr. Bogardus.

The Judge is interested in what's happening, so is everyone in the court.

148. ANGLE ON THE SPECTATORS

Half out of their seats.

149. ANGLE ON THE WITNESS

His facial features are becoming distorted.

150. CLOSE-UP ON HIS HANDS

Grasping the rail of the witness box, the veins in the back of the hands begin to swell and pulsate.

151. ANGLE ON MARK

He has seen this transition once before.

152. ANGLE ON THE JUDGE

153. OMIT

154. ANGLE ON DAVID NEWGATE

As he becomes Morris Ulric. The lips pull back into a snarl, the eyes have become bloodshot with an eerie green glow about them. They seem to pulsate with power.

Newgate is turning into a completely different individual. One quite evil, quite dangerous. Every vestige of David Newgate is gone.

155. ANGLE ON THE JURY

CAMERA DOLLYING past them. This is certainly more than they bargained for when they came to sit in judgment. They feel like they're trapped in someone else's nightmare. CAMERA PANS to Mr. Bogardus as he attempts to make another motion.

BOGARDUS

Your Honor, I move that the jury be excused until...

JUDGE

I told you to sit down, Mr. Bogardus. And be silent. I will hear this witness.

156. ANGLE ON THE WITNESS STAND

MARK

Morris Ulric, is that you?

ULRIC

I'm here.

MARK

Remember, you are under oath.

Ulric begins to laugh, a deep, throaty laugh.

MARK(cont'd)

I'll ask you the same question I asked David Newgate.

(a beat)

Have you used other names?

ULRIC

Too many to remember.

MARK

Can you tell us your date of birth?

ULRIC

I've been born many times in many places.

MARK

Did you kill the Hoffman girl?

Ulric whirls and looks directly at the jury.

ULRIC

I could kill all of you? Do you think the few feeble guards in this courtroom could stop me?

JUDGE

Be silent! I'll have no more threats in this courtroom.

MARK

You've appeared here voluntarily, Morris Ulric. You've come for a reason. You want something of this court.

ULRIC

I faced courts before. And always I have been found guilty.

MARK

And executed?

ULRIC

Yes.

MARK

How many times?

ULRIC

As many times as I have been born, you fool. I'm born only to die. Don't you know we all are? The agony of birth, and the agony of death, that's all there is, and in between is nothing.

MARK

Were you burned?

ULRIC

Oh, yes. More than once. And drawn and quartered and flayed, and boiled alive in hot oil.

MARK

So the electric chair holds no terrors for you?

ULRIC

As you said, I have burned before.

MARK

Yes, in this city. Nearly three hundred years ago. The only man ever to burn at the stake.

Mark crosses to the defense table, picks up a book, and brings it back. It's one of the histories of the City of New York

MARK

This is your picture? A rendering of you?

Ulric laughs. Mark hands the book to the judge.

MARK

I'd like to introduce this as defense Exhibit A.

JUDGE

It will be so admitted.

Then Mark crosses with the book to the jury, passes it to the foreman who looks at it and passes it down the row to the other jurists while Mark continues his questioning.

MARK

And each time you die you are born again, you grow stronger?

ULRIC

Oh, yes.

MARK

And what about David Newgate?

ULRIC

He is nothing--a vessel.

MARK

You have lived in other men before?

ULRIC

Always I must inhabit them with their petty aches and pains, their hungers... their infantile perversions. Through them I comprehend the weakness of men, and they disgust me.

MARK

So when you die, he dies with you.

ULRIC

He's blessed to have been the instrument of my coming...

MARK

You might better say damned. Who are you really, Mr. Ulric? Tell us a name we can understand you by. Tell us the place you come from.

ULRIC

Oh, yes. I must. I'm under oath.

(he laughs)

You've heard of it. But do you believe in it?

(rises to his feet)

You will all know "hell" soon enough.

MARK

Will we all go to hell, Mr. Ulric? Or is hell coming to us? Is that what your death is going to bring to us?

JUDGE

Take your rest, Mr. Ulric.

ULRIC

Yes, Your Honor.

Ulric sits down, mocking the authority of the court with his strict obedience to the judge. He flashes him a smile, totally malevolent.

157. ANGLE ON THE JUDGE

As a chill runs through him. He tries not to show his fear.

158. ANGLE ON BOGARDUS

Jumping up.

BOGARDUS

First we get a magic show, now a Halloween party. I have seen some masterful performances in court, but this deserves an acting award. And I think it's gone far enough.

MARK

Do you wish to cross examine the witness, Mr. Bogardus?

BOGARDUS

I wouldn't lower myself to participate in this mockery of our system. The jury should be instructed to disregard this entire...

Bogardus doesn't get to finish. At that moment, the windows shatter in all the corners of the courtroom. Glass goes flying inward onto the spectators and the jury. There are SCREAMS everywhere.

A large shard of glass is catapulted across the courtroom ripping across Bogardus' cheek, causing a huge gash along the side of his face. He is bleeding profusely.

BOGARDUS

Oh, my God.

A wind is blowing through the courtroom now. A powerful wind swept in from without as the glass shattered as if some great force outside was bursting in upon this courtroom, this place of rationality.

Now, in a few moments, logic has turned into bedlam. Law books, legal briefs and documents are blowing everywhere. The tables and chairs are turning over.

People are running up the aisle to try and get out of the court. The doors seem to be sealed.

159. ANGLE ON REAR DOORS

People ganging up, pushing each other out of the way, attempting to claw the doors open, but they seem to be sealed from without.

160. ANGLE ON MORRIS ULRIC

Seated on the witness stand, amused at the terror.

161. ANGLE ON THE TERRIFIED JURY

Guarded now by the bailiff and by the armed guards who have their weapons out.

Weapons that are pointed at the man on the witness stand.

Everyone in the place is scared shitless of him, including Mark Hampton.

MARK

You've shown us what you can do

ULRIC

I've shown you nothing.

JUDGE

We'll adjourn so Mr. Bogardus can receive medical attention.

ULRIC

We shall not adjourn. Not yet.

MARK

You have something more to say to this court?
Say it!

ULRIC

When I'm gone you'll make yourselves forget.
You will rationalize all this away. You will say that Morris Ullric is just an evil man like many evil men who deserve to die. Just a man who loves to kill his fellow men.

(a beat)

But you see, you are not my "fellows." You are the creatures I torment. From your hatred, I draw my nourishment, and that is the cycle that must go on. I will earn your hatred and your punishment, and I will return again and again to punish you more severely! For I have devices that make your electric chair a puny toy! I must die, but it is you who must suffer. And so it goes on. I play my part as you play yours.

162. TIGHT SHOT - THE JURY MEMBERS

CAMERA MOVING past the various FACES. These ordinary people are mesmerized with fear.

163. ANGLE ON THE WITNESS STAND

As Morris Ullric begins to curl up, almost to shrink before our eyes, sitting back in the witness chair, hunching his shoulders, bowing his head.

MARK

Wait. I have more questions.

ULLRIC

No more.

MARK

You're not David Newgate? You're not the defendant in this case? Answer me.

But Ullric is disappearing back into the character and the form of David Newgate again, refusing to reply.

MARK

You must answer. You're not Newgate. You're not the man on trial here. You've possessed him. Inhabited his body. You want to take him with you to your death. Answer me! You are the fallen angel!

164. ANGLE ON MORRIS ULLRIC

He will not answer. Once again we watch the transformation as Ullric becomes David Newgate who seems now to come out of some kind of trance, not even aware that Ullric took over.

His hands, his face, his eyes, all return to the normal state. Slumped on the witness stand, David Newgate is so confused that he begins to cry, to weep bitterly.

MARK

It's all right, David. They heard. The jury heard.

165. ANGLE ON REAR OF COURTROOM

As the back doors come flying open and a NUMBER OF UNIFORMED POLICEMEN come running down the aisle, pushing their way through the crowded spectators who have jammed the aisle trying to get out. A POLICE SERGEANT runs up to the Judge.

SERGEANT

An oil truck exploded in a gas station right on the corner.

JUDGE

Yes, we saw the effects of that explosion.

BOGARDUS

Well, that explains it, Your Honor.

MARK

Now, call it a coincidence!

BOGARDUS

That's exactly what it was. A coincidence. Something to be seized upon and used by the defense to create the impression of supernatural happenings in this courtroom. Well, I've been cut by a shard of broken glass. That's all there is to it. I haven't been touched by any devils, and neither has the defendant.

JUDGE

I'll hear no more rhetoric at this time. We will adjourn.

MARK

I have more questions for the witness.

JUDGE

Then recall him at some future date.

MARK

Your Honor, the man is in a semi-comatose state, this may never happen again.

BOGARDUS

It never happened in the first place.

JUDGE

Mr. Hampton, the District Attorney is in need of emergency treatment. We will adjourn.

The judge raps his gavel and leaves the bench. Mark can do nothing to prevent it. The jurors are already being escorted into the jury room beyond.

Mark hurries to Newgate who is still sobbing.

MARK

They saw it. They may not believe it, but they saw it.

NEWGATE

What does he look like? I can feel him inside me. I can see his hands reaching out and doing what he does, but I've never seen his face. Is he like me?

MARK

Nothing like you.

NEWGATE

I'd be better off dying to rid the world of him.
Just let me die.

MARK

That's exactly what he wants.

BAILIFF

Time to take him back.

MARK

In a minute.

(to Newgate)

Ulric never lied. He told the absolute truth.
He knew they'd never believe him.

David Newgate gets to his feet. He's very shaky. The
Bailiff has to help him.

NEWGATE

I won't have to testify again, will I?

MARK

No. I won't put you back on.

Newgate is escorted out of the courtroom. Mark walks up
the aisle. Some of the spectators are still lingering
behind.

SPECTATOR

How'd you pull it off? I mean, it was great.
You really had me scared shitless.

MARK

I'll bet.

SPECTATOR

You should have seen the look on the jury's
face. Too bad it wasn't televised. That
Newgate's another fucking Lon Chaney

Mark ignores him and walks out of the court shaking his
head, knowing that almost everybody is going to be
thinking the same thing. That it was a trick.

CUT TO:

166. EXT. COURTHOUSE - A BLOCK AWAY

Firetrucks and firemen surrounding the filling station
which is still ablaze.

167. INSERT SHOT: THE BURNING OIL TRUCK IN THE MIST OF THE
FIRE

168. ANGLE ON MARK

Walking up and standing with other bystanders, gawking at
the firemen doing their best to contain the conflagration.
Mark turns and looks back.

169. HIS POV

Windows of the courthouse across the street. The glass has been blown out of many windows on many floors.

A perfectly rational explanation for what happened in the courtroom.

CUT TO:

170. TV SCREEN - THE NIGHTLY NEWS

NEWSCASTER

In a display right out of Jekyll and Hyde, the defendant at the celebrated Newgate murder trial today took on an entirely new personality before amazed jury members as he claimed to be one Morris Ulric, a man who had been born and died many times before. The prosecuting attorney had no opportunity to question the witness about his alleged prior lives because of a nearby explosion that caused the court to be adjourned prematurely. On the national scene, the president today invoked the War Powers Act and additional vessels were sent into combat zones off Central American coastal waters.

CUT TO:

171. INT. EMERGENCY MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY

District Attorney Bogardus' face is being bandaged by an intern. Mark enters.

MARK

You didn't seem too anxious to cross-examine my witness. Did he scare you?

BOGARDUS

(to Doctor)

Forget the pain. Can't you give me something to make him go away.

MARK

Look, we'll enter a plea of guilty. Life imprisonment on five different counts--to be served consecutively. No possibility on parole. I think after today that's reasonable.

BOGARDUS

After today, that's impossible. The jury wants to nail this sonofabitch. He threatened them. Right in court. He said he'd kill them and their families. I'm not letting him cop a plea and then go out and keep his promise. Not when I have an enthusiastic jury that'll strap him right in the chair.

MARK

Obviously, you didn't listen to what he said.

BOGARDUS

Well, that's what we have a court stenographer for. Maybe she listened.

CUT TO:

172. INT. COURTHOUSE - COURT STENOGRAPHER'S POOL - DAY

Mark enters.

MARK

I'm looking for Miss Mundy.

TYPIST

She's in there.

He locates the 60-year-old woman at a desk in the next room.

MARK

Miss Mundy, I went over yesterday's transcript and it's incomplete.

MUNDY

Counselor, I've been doing this for over twenty-eight years without any complaints.

MARK

We both heard the voice that came out of Newgate's body. It's not here. Not the threats, not the words, none of it.

MUNDY

Leave me alone.

MARK

I can't. I need this for the appeal. What happened to you? Tell me what happened.

MUNDY

There won't be any appeal. He's going to die. He must die.

MARK

I want to see your original notes. The original tape.

Suddenly the elderly lady grabs a scissors from her desk and tries to stab him. Mark struggles with her, grabbing her wrists. Both of them falling across the desk. The sedate older woman, prim and proper, a typical old maid, has turned into some seething, furious agent of death, a homicidal maniac.

Other members of the secretarial pool come running in. They stand by in virtual shock as Mark has no choice but to strike the woman hard across the face, knocking her sense-less. a moment later, she begins to go into a fit, gasping and writhing.

The other women lift Mundy off the desk and lie her flat-- attempting to exercise the primary rules of first aid. Mark, meanwhile, picks up papers and documents from the floor, looking for the original tapes of the testimony. Then he looks into a nearby trash can.

173. HIS POV - IN THE TRASH CAN

It's full of ashes. Something has been burned. Rolls of transcribing tape.

Everything that Mark is seeking has been destroyed prior to his arrival. The original court records are gone.

CUT TO:

174. INT. COURTROOM

The final summation are in progress. District Attorney Bogardus is addressing the jury. (His face still bandaged.)

BOGARDUS

The state has produced a record number of eyewitnesses to the murders. Murders to which the defendant himself freely admits, indeed, proudly boasts of. He thinks that by playing the lunatic in this courtroom, he can fool this jury. He believes that by a clever acting job, he can hookwink you ladies and gentlemen into setting him free--because he's not one person but two. Well, it's been tried before, ladies and gentlemen, and hasn't fooled other juries and I'm sure you've seen right through it. The prosecution has shown that in his youth, David Newgate had considerable acting experience and, indeed, you have seen him give the performance of his career, his last performance I hope. There is no Morris Ulric, there is only David Newgate, the murderer who must answer for his crime, just as you are the only jury. If you fail to convict this man, he will go on killing. He told us that. If you heard nothing more, that should be enough. The prosecution rests.

CUT TO:

175. MARK HAMPTON IN HIS FINAL SUMMATION

MARK

(to Jury)

This is not the first time a tribunal has witnessed supernatural behavior in a court of law. It's happened over and over through the centuries. But in less enlightened times, that vision, that experience, caused judges and juries to condemn the defendants to hideous tortures and punishments. Physical possession by the devil was punished always by death. But the Dark Ages are over.

MARK(Cont'd)

(MORE)

In our world of enlightenment, we do not punish the innocent along with the guilty. We cannot kill David Newgate in order to punish Morris Ulric. Of course, that's exactly what Ulric wants you to do. He wants you to be his accomplice in his evil, in his destruction of an innocent human being. He possesses Newgate and then you destroy Newgate for him.

176. TIGHT ANGLE PLAYING ON THE FACES OF THE JURY AND ALTERNATE JURORS

As Mark continues. Perhaps they think he's out of his mind.

MARK'S VOICE

I ask you to do God's will not satan's. I ask you to free David Newgate under the law--and at the same time to free him from the evil spirit that possesses him.

177. CLOSE ON DAVID NEWGATE LISTENING

As his fate is decided. CAMERA PANNING to the figure of Father Mallory sitting sightless in court, listening to the summation.

MARK'S VOICE

For I honestly believe as surely as there's a God in heaven, that the power has been given to this jury to exorcise the demon that inhabits this most unfortunate human being.

178. WIDE SHOT - THE COURT

As Mark concludes.

MARK

I ask you to read the transcript which is incomplete...and remember the parts that you heard that are now missing from these documents, and to wonder why they vanished. This was not mass hallucination, this was not mass insanity, this was a man possessed by evil, and this is no longer just a jury room in the superior court of the City of New York. This can be a hallowed place, a place of God, as holy a place as any church on earth. For here good and evil are doing battle at this very moment.

There is a long silence.

JUDGE

Mr. Hampton, have you concluded?

Mark is exhausted, totally drained--but he continues in little more than a whisper.

MARK

Nearly two thousand years ago an innocent man was convicted of a crime he had not committed, and he was executed. If you believe that happened, if you believe that such things could happen, then you cannot make yourself an accomplice to such evil again. You have the power to free David Newgate from damnation. All you need utter are those two words--not guilty.

Then Mark crosses to the defendant, David Newgate, and places his hand on Newgate's shoulder. Then the judge addresses the jury

JUDGE

Before the jury retires, I will read them the instructions of this court.

DISSOLVE TO:

179. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE COURTROOM

Mark pacing alone. Waiting for a verdict.

CUT TO:

180. INT. JURY ROOM

TWELVE JURORS are arguing the case amongst themselves.

HARPER

To tell you the truth, I wouldn't ever feel safe if that sonofabitch was still alive.

The black jury foreman named BAILEY rises.

BAILEY

He's defying us. Daring us. And I'm for taking his dare. I'm for shoving him right into the electric chair.

MCGOWAN

Now wait. We're only arguing his guilt or innocence. After that we have to have a separate vote to determine the punishment.

MRS. SYKES

I say guilty. I've always thought so.!

HARPER

We all think he's guilty, and all that stuff about Satan, that's an act. His "crazy act."

A small nervous man named THOMPSON, who has said nothing now gets to his feet.

THOMPSON

Excuse me. May I speak?

BAILEY

Sure. We didn't forget about you.

MCGOWAN

Say anything you like.

THOMPSON

The man is mentally ill. I can't find him guilty when everything he has said demonstrates me that he needs psychiatric care.

MRS. SYKES

But it has to be unanimous.

THOMPSON

It won't be.

HARPER

You'll stand in the way of a conviction? You're going to have blood on your hands if he kills again!

THOMPSON

I think he should be in a padded cell forever but I don't see putting him in the electric chair.

MRS. SYKES

That's what he seems to want.

THOMPSON

That's why I know he's crazy.

BAILEY

There are eleven of us against you.

HARPER

You can hang this jury. This sonofabitch will have to be tried all over again.

THOMPSON

You won't change my mind.

The door opens and the bailiff comes in.

BAILIFF

Ready to escort you back to the hotel now.

THOMPSON

(to other jurors)

I don't want to discuss this any further! I have no intention of being influenced.

Thompson is the first one to leave the jury room.

The other jury members gather up their belongings.

They had to put one imbecile on the jury.

181. EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

As the jury members flanked by UNIFORMED POLICE walk across the street from the courthouse heading in the direction of the nearby hotel where they are sequestered.

They pass the adjoining street corner where a new skyscraper is being erected.

182. LOW ANGLE SHOT - THE SKYSCRAPER

Workmen up above. Some forty stories above the street a gigantic crane juts out over the sidewalk. It must weigh 20 tons. It is immense.

183. HIGH ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN

The figures of the twelve jury members escorted by the uniformed police crossing at a crosswalk.

184. CAMERA PANS TO THE RIGHT. We see the crane begin to tremble, tremors running through it. The workmen up there notice and run for their lives.

185. ANGLE ON THE STREET

The jury members moving along at a rapid pace. CAMERA FOCUSING on Thompson, very ill at ease, self-conscious. He knows all the other jury members hate him.

186. ANGLE ON SUPERSTRUCTURE ABOVE

A sudden rumble as the crane seems to break loose and topple forth. An enormous section of steel snaps off and plunges down toward the street below.

187. EXT. STREET

The only people below are the jury members. They scatter in all directions--diving for cover.

188. LOW ANGLE ON THE SECTION OF STEEL CRANE

Plunging down into their midst.

189. ANGLE ON THOMPSON

As he is struck by the crane and crushed under it. There is very little left of him. He's mashed into the sidewalk in an instant.

And then it's over.

190. HIGH ANGLE SHOT

The eleven remaining jury members and the guards gape at the remains of Thompson. Now WORKMEN from the construction site come running into the street.

191. LOW ANGLE SHOT - ACROSS CRUSHED BODY

As the other jurors stare at him

HARPER

Bad luck for Thompson

MRS. SYKES

And bad luck for the defendant.

192. INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE

Due to the untimely death of Mr. Alex Thompson, Mr. Alex Friedman, an alternate will be sworn in and replace him in the jury room.

BAILEY, the foreman of the jury, rises to his feet and turns to address the court.

BAILEY

Your Honor, before Mr. Thompson died, we already reached a verdict.

The other jurors turn towards Bailey, unsure of what he is going to say.

JUDGE

Was the verdict unanimous?

BAILEY

Yes, Your Honor.

The other jury members are clearly puzzled, but no one speaks.

JUDGE

Very well.

193. ANGLE ON DAVID NEWGATE

Seated beside Mark Hampton as they tensely await the verdict.

193A. ANGLE ON THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY

BAILEY

We find the defendant, David Newgate, guilty of murder in the first degree.

194. ANGLE ON JURY MEMBERS

They are clearly disturbed by what Bailey has said. They look at him questioningly.

BAILEY stares them down, defying any one of them to question him. To dare put them all through the agony of another trial or repeated evidence.

195. ANGLE ON MARK AND NEWGATE

NEWGATE

It's their right.

JUDGE

We will convene tomorrow at nine a.m. to commence the penalty stage of these proceedings.

NEWGATE

What happens next?

MARK

The jury decides the sentence. It's pretty certain they'll agree on the death penalty.

NEWGATE

Then let them kill me soon.

MARK

We can appeal.

NEWGATE

Why? When it won't do any good? He'll make it turn out as he wants it to. I don't want to fight him anymore.

DISSOLVE TO:

196. NEWSPAPER HEADLINES: "JURY DEMANDS DEATH FOR NEWGATE"

In PULLING BACK you see that it's being read by a PATRON on a corner stool of a somber bar not far from the courthouse. The kind of place frequented by off-duty cops and civil servants. CAMERA MOVES down the bar past some of the SEEDY PATRONS to see Mark Hampton leaning on the bar, looking tired and unkempt.

MARK

Another vodka rocks.

BARTENDER

Don't you think you've had enough, Mr. Hampton?

MARK

I'm sure I have.

BARTENDER

Do you always go on a binge like this when you lose a case?

MARK

I've never lost before. I'm a sore loser.

Mark turns and sees Det. Lt. Keller in the bar watching him.

MARK

Buy you a drink, Keller?

KELLER

You made an asshole out of me once in court. Well, what goes around, comes around. So who's the asshole now?

MARK

If I said I was sorry about that?

KELLER

I'd tell you to go fuck yourself.

MARK

Yeah, well I guess that would be a reasonable suggestion under the circumstances.

KELLER

I hear you're no longer with that fancy law firm.

MARK

Yeah, this is my new office. That corner table over there.

KELLER

You really going to appeal the conviction?

MARK

All the way to the supreme court.

KELLER

Who's going to pay for all that?

MARK

I suppose I am.

KELLER

Maybe I ought to let you buy me a drink. In a couple of months, you won't be able to afford one.

FADE IN:

197. EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - DAY

Across the street is the entrance through which vehicles may pass into the prison courtyard.

But here, across the street, petitioners may march carrying their placards, their signs, their protest materials.

They are carrying all kinds of signs, homemade, and each of them glaring and announcing in large bold letters the innocence of the condemned. One big placard says: "WE WERE WRONG." "SAVE HIM." Another reads: "HE MUST NOT BE PUT TO DEATH." Mobile TV news units cover the bizarre happening.

CAMERA PANS to the corner. A taxicab has pulled up. Mark Hampton gets out. He has a good deal of trouble finding enough money in his pocket to pay the cab fare. He needs a haircut and his clothes look like he slept in them.

198. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Directly opposite the prison. We can see the granite walls, the guards on duty, the searchlights, the guard tower. CAMERA PULLING BACK through the window and crossing the room to reveal Mark Hampton lying on the bed. The wall paper's peeling. The adjoining bathroom is tiny with rusted fixtures. All and all it's the last place we would have expected to find a successful attorney like Mark who wouldn't have been found dead here and now he's living here in plain sight of the prison. There's a KNOCK on the door.

MARK

Come in.

The door opens and Karen enters.

MARK

Well, this is a surprise.

KAREN

I couldn't believe it when they told me you were living here.

MARK

I took it for the view. You certainly look fine.

KAREN

Hard work agrees with me. It's a small firm, but I may be in line for a partnership.

MARK

I wish you the best.

KAREN

Look, I have a tremendous case load. That's why I thought you might help me. There's a felonious assault matter coming up. It's complicated. I could struggle through it but someone like yourself...

MARK

Karen, are you offering me a job?

KAREN

I know you must be awfully busy yourself, but...

MARK

I have nothing to do.

KAREN

But why? Why are you doing this to yourself?

MARK

Because it doesn't matter. In a few weeks, nothing will matter.

KAREN

You really believe that stuff about the devil incarnate. If madness can be an epidemic...it's happening here.

MARK

Then you better clear out before you catch something.

KAREN

I'm not afraid, Mark. Not of you.

MARK

It's not me you have to worry about. It's him. Don't you see? He's substituting an electric chair for a crucifix. Making a mockery out of our faith.

KAREN

Let me get you out of this room. Let me buy you a decent meal.

MARK

Sit down.

He takes her by the arm and forces her to sit on the foot of the bed. Behind her we can see the searchlights of the prison sweeping across the street, sometimes striking the wall of the hotel, and once in a while flashing through the window to cast strange shadows on the wall of Mark's tiny room.

KAREN

I'll listen, but some place else.

MARK

No. Here! He wants to be hated. He needs to be the focal point of all the hate in the world. That's why he committed such hideous crimes. That's why he escaped and killed more. That's why he wanted me to hate him too. He gains strength from hate just as Jesus drew his power from love.

KAREN

He'll be dead in a few days and that'll be the end of it.

MARK

No, the beginning. That's how Christianity began, isn't it? With an execution and resurrection.

KAREN

You honestly believe he's going to rise from the dead?

MARK

And what he'll bring with him will be evil beyond what anybody can imagine. A totality of evil that will last for thousands of years,

KAREN

What the hell are you drugged out on? This isn't you, Mark.

MARK

How do you know? How could you ever know me? I never cared about anybody else...

KAREN

You've tried everything a lawyer can do. Besides, what's to prevent him from hanging himself in his cell one day?

MARK

You still don't understand. It has to be done to him. Humanity has to do it. They have to murder him so that the hate directed to him will come back against them a million times over. That's why he had to be tried by a jury. Twelve. That's the magic number, isn't it? You can't have eight or nine apostles, you've got to have twelve.

(beat)

That's why he has to be executed! That's why it's so important he go to the chair! They don't crucify people any more.

KAREN

You're starting to sound like one of those guys who stands on street corners.

MARK

Find me a good location and I'll set up a shop.

KAREN

It's clear you don't want my help.

She starts for the door. He runs after her.

MARK

But I do. I know I'm not being perceived as a rational person. I need someone who still has credibility to present these briefs and move for a stay of execution.

He goes to a bureau drawer and takes out some dog-eared pages.

KAREN

What did you spill on these?

MARK

I don't know. Coffee or something. It has to be retyped anyway, but if you'll read it over it makes sense legally. I think I've argued properly but I'm not in any condition to walk in there myself.

KAREN

I can't.

MARK

Do this for me. It'll only take a few hours. There's an appointment for tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock. Go to Albany. Keep the appointment. Be my representative.

(a beat)

I can't appear. You can see that I can't.

KAREN

Yes, I see.

In a moment, she puts her arms around him and holds him. And suddenly he's sobbing on her shoulder like a child. Actually crying.

KAREN

Mark, what happened to you?

MARK

Please read this. You'll agree my arguments are sound, my precedents are clearly cited. Don't walk out without reading it. I don't have anybody else.

She takes the documents over the lamp. Reads over a few paragraphs on each page.

KAREN

You're arguing that a defendant shouldn't be allowed to prejudice his own case, to create an atmosphere in the courtroom which produces attitudes contrary to the facts.

MARK

I put a little reverse English on the ball.

KAREN
This sounds like you.

MARK
Yeah, but this doesn't look like me. Will you argue it for me?

KAREN
Four o'clock. Yes, I'll go.

Mark sits down at the bed and begins crying again, crying with absolute relief. Suddenly he's not alone, someone is in this with him. Someone he once loved.

MARK
You know I did love you. I just didn't love myself.

KAREN
Do you want me to stay with you?

MARK
It wouldn't be any good. I'd only disgust you.

KAREN
You couldn't do that.

She takes his face between her hands and kisses him sweetly on the mouth.

MARK
No, don't. That part of me is gone. There's nothing left. Just go now and keep your promise.

KAREN
Where will you be?

MARK
On death row with him. He thinks he's won. But we'll surprise him, we'll cheat him of that.

KAREN
Mark...

MARK
Don't look at me anymore. Just walk out the door.

She turns and without looking back she exits.

199. INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A rather seamy place with the wallpaper stained and peeling in places. She walks down the corridor. Occasionally a door opens and some rather haggard-looking face peers out--welfare cases, lost souls, relatives of those in jail nearby.

As Karen reaches the stairs, she stops and she lets go with all the tears that she's been holding back. In her hand she holds the legal brief that he has written on the yellow legal pad. She clutches it to herself almost as someone would clutch a child.

200. INT. MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

He stares out the window at the prison, at the revolving light from the guard tower.

CUT TO:

201. INT. SECURITY CELL, DEATH ROW

Ulric is there. The evil one himself, staring out the window into the courtyard, his face intermittently illuminated by that searchlight that passes by. He too is waiting.

202. INT. DEATH HOUSE - NIGHT

The electric chair stands shadowed and unoccupied, but waiting.

203. CRUCIFIX IN CHURCH

The figure of Jesus on the cross. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal:

204. INT. PRISON CHAPEL

The figure of Mark Hampton kneeling there in a pew. The prison CHAPLAIN is standing nearby.

CHAPLAIN

You're the first attorney that's ever visited a client and stopped off in the chapel first.

MARK

I need all the help I can get.

CHAPLAIN

Your man refused to see me. Do you think he might change his mind?

MARK

If you value your own life, Chaplain, stay away from death row.

CHAPLAIN

I can't stand to see a man go to his maker without some attempt to save his soul.

MARK

He has no soul.

At that moment, the warden, EDWARD POLK, enters the chapel.

WARDEN
They said I'd find you here.

MARK
Heard anything from Albany?

WARDEN
Not a word. But we'll keep the phone lines open.

(beat)
I don't feel very good about this. I haven't executed a man here since I took over. I get no satisfaction from it. I'd be just as happy if you got your stay.

MARK
Don't let my client hear that. If he thought you had any sympathy at all, he'd have to kill a few guards.

CUT TO:

205. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, ALBANY, NEW YORK - DAY

The GOVERNOR and HIS ADVISORS in the company of Karen. She's arguing Mark's case for him.

KAREN
By affirming this verdict, you'd be allowing an irrational person to exercise control over a rational system--our courts.

GOVERNOR
Very well put. And yet you see the position I'm in politically if he escapes again and slaughters more people...

(beat)
I don't want to get a lot of congratulatory fan mail from devil worshippers.

KAREN
Will you grant us a stay of execution so this case can be argued before the District Court of Appeals?

GOVERNOR
They rejected your writ twice before.

KAREN
Not in its current form. This has been newly revised.

GOVERNOR
By Mark Hampton? Is he all right?

KAREN
Yes, he's all right.

GOVERNOR
I'll go over this with the State Attorney
General and get back to you.

KAREN
There's isn't much time.

CUT TO:

206. INT. NEWGATE'S CELL, DEATH ROW - DAY

As Mark is ushered in.

MARK
Hello David. Are they treating you all right?

NEWGATE
They keep away from me. They're afraid.

MARK
Do you enjoy that?

NEWGATE
Ulric does. Ulric likes me to be afraid too.

Suddenly Newgate leans forward and his face seems to change, almost instantly to alter, not so much a physiological condition as a matter of sheer personality. He is Morris Ulric now.

ULRIC
Don't think I'll die easily! I can resist the voltage. They'll have to pass it through poor Newgate five or six times. He'll smell his own burning flesh. I'll see that they cook him well...

MARK
And then what?

ULRIC
You'll see. You'll be there.

MARK
There's no rule that says I have to attend.

ULRIC
But you will be there, for Newgate's sake.

MARK
I suppose I will.

ULRIC
I will do my damndest to impress you.

And then ULRIC is gone and Newgate is himself again.

NEWGATE
He could escape, and take me with him. He did it before. But he won't.

MARK

Try to get some rest. I promise I won't leave the prison. I'll be here for you.

Mark places his hand on Newgate's shoulder, trying to give him some reassurance although he feels none himself. Then he exits from the cell.

CUT TO:

207. INT. PRISON CHAPEL - DAY

Mark is again praying, alone in the tiny place of worship. He hears footsteps behind him and a PRISON ORDERLY enters with pail and mop. Instead of cleaning the place, he kneels down in the pew beside Mark. This man is a trustee.

MARK

Macklin?

TRUSTEE

I heard you wanted to see me.

MARK

They tell me you can get your hands on just about anything inside these walls, if a person's willing to pay the price.

TRUSTEE

I could put it under that bench. Come back in a couple of hours, and it might be there.

Mark reaches into his pocket and takes out an envelope. He opens it up to show that there are a few large bills inside it.

MARK

This is the best I could do.

TRUSTEE

I'll see if I can accommodate you.

Mark and the trustee finish their alleged prayers and rise to their feet.

TRUSTEE

Leave now. I got these floors to clean--and I don't want you tracking them up.

MARK

I appreciate this. If you ever need any legal help...

TRUSTEE

You're the one who needs help.

Mark starts to walk out of the chapel, he looks back. The trustee is busily mopping away and the place has taken on the harsh smell of disinfection.

TRUSTEE

If I ever need a lawyer, you're the last one I'd choose. You're nuts. And you're probably not going to get out of this prison alive.

208. EXT. PRISON WALLS - NIGHT

Darkness has fallen but the usual groups of protesters who always gather on these occasions are parading their placards and chanting. Television camera has arrived on the scene and will remain until the execution is concluded.

209. INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Warden Polk waits beside his deputy warden, FRED BURGER.

BURGER

I never thought I'd be disappointed at having to miss an execution. But this bastard--

WARDEN

Remain by this telephone in the event of a Stay.

BURGER

I don't think the governor's that stupid.

WARDEN

Neither do I. Saving Newgate would be political suicide. The whole damn country hates his guts.

The Warden exits from the office.

210. INT. DEATH ROW CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Warden walks up the hallway and into the execution chamber. CAMERA FOLLOWS, DOLLYING FORWARD toward the electric chair which stands in the center of the concrete room.

WARDEN

Well, I'm here.

EXECUTIONER

I'll test the mechanism now.

The executioner moves to the control panel and throws the switch. The lights dim for a second. We hear the surging sound of the current passing through.

EXECUTIONER

Well, the damn thing works. We won't disappoint anybody.

CUT TO:

211. CELL DOOR BEING OPENED - NIGHT

A PRISON GUARD steps into Newgate's cell.

PRISON GUARD

Feel like eating?

NEWGATE

No. I couldn't.

Then all at once Newgate becomes Ulric who runs forward seizing the guard in an iron grip.

ULRIC

It's you who should partake of a last meal.
Because I may kill all of you.

The guard backs out slamming the door but Ulric grabs the bars and peers out at him. His face distorted and quite insane.

ULRIC

And the Warden too! Call your families and say good-bye. I'm going to take each one of you with me!

212. ANGLE ON THE GUARDS IN THE CORRIDOR

Virtually scared out of their wits. They will rest a lot easier when this maniac has been fried in the chair.

CUT TO:

213. INT. PENITENTIARY, RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

As a small bus pulls up and the witnesses to the execution disembark. Among these witnesses are District Attorney Bogardus and Det. Lt. Keller. There are various news reporters, police officials, a minister, and Father Mallory.

Sightless and walking with a cane, he is helped, by the young priest who serves as his aide. Everyone goes through a signing process. They must then pass through metal detectors. They are thoroughly searched for cameras or recording devices. Mark enters the reception area and greets Father Mallory.

MARK

I didn't think you'd be up to coming.

MALLORY

You said I was needed.

MARK

For my sake.

MALLORY

A blind man can't be much of a witness.

MARK

I think you may be the best witness of all.

At that moment the Warden enters and greets the witnesses.

WARDEN

I want to make it clear that no outbursts will be tolerated and no direct communication with the prisoner is permitted.

214. ANGLE ON THE WITNESSES AND REPORTERS

Silent. No one voices an objection.

215. WIDER SHOT

CAPT. OF GUARDS

Please hold the conversation to a minimum and follow me.

The warden stops in front of Mark.

WARDEN

Do you wish to see your client again?

MARK

I'll see him in the execution chamber.

WARDEN

I thought you'd be walking beside him.

MARK

Don't worry. He won't give you any trouble. He's looking forward to this.

The witnesses and reporters all are given badges which are pinned on their lapels to identify them. Then they proceed like some ghostly procession down the corridor, deeper and deeper into the prison itself.

Det. Lt. Keller and District Attorney Bogardus walk close together, constantly whispering amongst themselves.

216. ANGLE ON MARK

Walking behind the group, deviating now to detour into the small prison chapel. He looks back into the hallway.

217. HIS POV

The procession of witnesses with Father Mallory tiptapping his cane and the young cleric leading him along as they proceed toward their destination: the EXECUTION CHAMBER-- in the death house.

The parade in protest continues. As the CAMERA PANS across the faces, we see a familiar face pushing through the crowd towards the front. It is BAILEY - the foreman of the jury, who lied. He is clearly disturbed, sweating, filled with guilt now that a man is to die. He watches as the protestors march and chant. Then suddenly, he grabs a placard from a man near him and holds it high.

BAILEY

No more killings - stop capital punishment.

His voice is louder and more strident than the others as he joins in their vigil.

218. INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

As Mark walks in. He returns to the pew where he was praying earlier. He kneels and reaches down under the bench.

219. LOW ANGLE BELOW

There's something there wrapped in a soiled towel.

220. TIGHT ON MARK

As he unwraps it. We don't see what it is but he tucks it under his shirt and buttons his jacket.

221. WIDER SHOT - THE CHAPEL - NIGHT

As MARK walks back into the corridor, stopping for a moment to light a candle before he leaves.

222. CLOSE SHOT - THE SOLITARY CANDLE BURNING

CAMERA TILTING UP to the image of the Savior on the altar - who has taken the suffering of the world unto himself.

223. CLOSE-UP A BARE LIGHTBULB

Dangling from a frayed cord. CAMERA PULLING BACK to reveal

224. INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - NIGHT

Witnesses and reporters have been ushered in and taken up the eleven of the twelve hard back chairs in a restricted area.

The final chair is reserved for Mark Hampton himself, attorney for the condemned.

Now Mark appears and is admitted to the death house. He walks past the electric chair and is escorted to his aisle seat in the first row. D.A. Bogardus and Det. Lt. Keller eye Mark cynically as he seats himself next to Father Mallory.

MALLORY
Doesn't Newgate need you now?

MARK
He hardly exists any more. Morris Ulric is in absolute control.

MALLORY
since I've lost my sight, I see Ulric so much clearer now. At night, when I dream--I can still see his face.

CUT TO:

225. INT. DEATH ROW - NIGHT

As Newgate's cell is unlocked.

PRISON GUARD
You're certain you don't want the chaplain?

NEWGATE
No one.

PRISON GUARD
Well then, we're ready for you.

Newgate rises to his feet and walks out of the open cell. Four officers are awaiting him. They will be his escort. If necessary they will drag him forcibly to the execution chamber and strap him into the chair.

PRISON GUARD
Make it easy for us and for yourself.

2ND GUARD
Walk between us.

And Newgate obediently walks "the last mile.". There's no sign of Morris Ulric now, only the passive and helpless David Newgate. CAMERA DOLLIES back as Newgate walks between the four guards. About halfway up the corridor, his legs seem to give out. He almost falls. One of the guards supports him.

NEWGATE
I'm sorry.

GUARD
You're doing all right.

NEWGATE
Thank you.

GUARD
I'm not a religious man, but I know a prayer or two. I could recite it with you.

NEWGATE

If he'll let me.

GUARD

There's no one to stop you.

226. CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK as the procession continues toward the death house.

GUARD

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed by Thy name...

NEWGATE

Yes, Hallowed by thy name...Thy Kingdom Come,
Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

CUT TO:

227. INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

Deputy Warden Burger is sitting there looking at the telephone, and also watching a basketball game on television.

228. INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - NIGHT

The witnesses are silent as the condemned man is brought in. And now, for the first time, David Newgate sees the electric chair. CAMERA MOVES in for CLOSE-UP NEWGATE.

229. HIS POV

CAMERA DOLLYING in on the electric chair, awaiting him.

230. ANGLE ON THE EXECUTIONER

Standing near the switch. PANNING to the PRISON DOCTOR, who will pronounce the prisoner dead after the execution.

231. ANGLE ON THE WITNESSES

DOLLYING IN on Mark's face.

232. CLOSE ON NEWGATE AGAIN

With the prison guard leaning close to whisper in his ear.

PRISON GUARD

...and deliver us from evil...

NEWGATE

...and deliver us from evil...

CUT TO:

233. INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As the special direct line phone RINGS. Deputy Warden Burger stares at it. He can't believe it. He picks up the receiver.

BURGER

Deputy Warden Burger speaking.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE
This is Governor Craigen's office. Will you
hold the line for the governor, please?

BURGER
Yes.

ANOTHER VOICE ON TELEPHONE
This is Governor Craigen. Hello, Burger, do you
recognize my voice?

BURGER
I do.

234. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Karen is there, amongst other jurists. The governor is
talking into the speaker phone. He has some documents on
his desk to which he is affixing his signature.

GOVERNOR
Burger, I have just signed a Stay of Execution
pending a writ being filed tomorrow in the Court
of Appeals.

BURGER'S VOICE
I understand.

GOVERNOR
Inform Warden Polk. And return Newgate to his
cell.

235. CAMERA MOVES IN on Karen. She can't help but smile.
She's done her job well. Apparently Mark sent just the
right girl to the capital.

CUT TO:

236. INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Deputy Warden Burger still on the phone.

GOVERNOR'S VOICE
Well, get going, Burger.

BURGER
There's plenty of time.

Burger hangs up, starts to walk towards the door. Then
suddenly he feels weak. Totally dizzy.

BURGER
Not now...

His chest is swelling and heaving abnormally with every
beat of his heart. He stares down at himself in
disbelief. Then perspiration is running down his face.
Then as we watch, the sweat begins to turn red in color.

236. Cont.

BURGER

Help me! Help me!

Indeed, he is sweating blood. And the pounding inside him, the pressure becomes unbearable.

BURGER

Why is this happening now...?

Then Burger's heart bursts--his chest is torn open from within! It's as if we see a man turned inside out before our eyes. And from the television, we hear the cheers of the crowd watching the basketball game at Madison Square Garden. CAMERA MOVING on the screen, on that wildly enthusiastic audience.

CUT TO:

237. AUDIENCE IN DEATH ROW

Awaiting the execution. (Over them we carry the SOUND of cheers of the fans in Madison Square Garden) while these witnesses sit somberly in silence.

238. ANOTHER ANGLE - EXECUTION CHAMBER

As the Warden reads the sentence aloud.

WARDEN

As warden of this institution, I am executing the sentence directed by the Superior Court of the State of New York in the matter of David Newgate. And may God have mercy on his soul.

Newgate steps forward, moving under his own volition in the direction of the electric chair. Then he whirls and faces CAMERA and we see that it is not Newgate's face but it is Morris Ulric -- more Ulric than ever before.

Even more than in the courtroom.

ULRIC

You don't bring death, you give me life.

239. CLOSE-UP WARDEN

He takes a step backward, as do the guards.

240. CLOSE-UP ULRIC

ULRIC

I was born of fire and I will be reborn.

He walks to the electric chair defiantly--without fear!

241. ANGLE ON THE EXECUTIONER AND PRISON DOCTOR

Frozen in position.

242. ANGLE ON THE WITNESSES

Wide-eyed. Some of them have seen executions before but never one like this. Never one where the victim so willingly participated.

243. ANGLE ON ULRIC

Seating himself in the chair like some king taking his throne.

ULRIC

Come, I can't do this alone. Attach the electrodes!

WARDEN

Proceed. Go on!

Hesitantly two of the guards approach. Their job is to tighten the leather straps around Ulric's legs and wrists, and then attach the electrodes to the ankles, chest and forehead.

Suddenly the room has a strange, clammy pall to it. A chill runs through the air, it makes Mark tremble.

The guards reach Ulric/Newgate but they seem afraid to touch his flesh, to come in personal contact with him.

ULRIC

Don't keep me waiting.

244. ANGLE ON MARK

As he jumps up in the witnesses' section.

MARK

Don't touch him.

The guard back away. That's all they needed to hear.

WARDEN

Take your seat.

MARK

You're giving him strength!

WARDEN

Remove that man.

The remaining guards start toward the spectator's section. But Mark is already running toward the electric chair itself. Straight toward Morris Ulric.

Father Mallory tries to rise and in his blindness he almost stumbles, his cleric associate steadies him.

MALLORY

Mark, you can't help him.

MARK

I'm helping us all. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

245. LOW ANGLE SHOT ON MARK

As he reaches inside his jacket and pulls out a crude home made revolver, fashioned from a piece of sawed off pipe. A gun manufactured within these prison walls.

246. ANGLE ON ULRIC - HIS REACTION

He virtually seethes like some cornered animal. He is the devil incarnate, leaping at Mark--clawing at him with those elongated fingers.

247. ANGLE ON MARK AND NEWGATE/ULRIC

Mark opens fire at point blank range, pumping three quick shots into Morris Ulric's heart.

MARK

David - you're free!

There are SCREAMS of horror from the witnesses. Det. Lt. Keller vaults out of the witness section attempting to reach Mark, whose chest is swelling and pounding now. The same thing is happening to Mark that happened to Burger. He's sweating droplets of blood. He is going to be torn inside out! But he hangs onto the gun and fires again.

Ulric recoils from the shots, falls backward, grasping for the electric chair like a drowning man.

248. CLOSE ON ULRIC

Blood pouring from his mouth as he turns his gaze across the execution chamber.

249. ANGLE ON THE EXECUTIONER

Standing by the switch which suddenly moves by itself. The executioner's hand is no longer on it, but it is flipped as if by some unseen force and electricity surges through the coils and across the room into the electric chair.

250. ANGLE ON THE ROOM

As the lights dim and the sound of electrical surges can be heard. The electrodes on the chair dangle loosely, unattached to any victim. Ulric reaches out attempting to grasp them with both hands.

Ulric is in almost a Christ like position, kneeling before the chair, reaching out with both arms in opposite directions and trying to grasp the conductors so that the electricity may pass through his entire body.

So that he may die as prophesied! So he may be reborn. But Mark will not allow it to happen. Although in great pain himself, he grabs Ulric by the hair, pulling him back away from the electric chair.

251. CLOSE ON ULRIC'S HANDS

Reaching out for the conductors, trying to find that surge of electricity. He can't reach.

252. WIDER SHOT

Mark presses the gun to the back of Ulric's head, just as the prison guards seize him.

They are too late, the gun explodes one more time, placing a bullet in Morris Ulric's brain.

Ulric falls backward, away from the electric chair, writhing, kicking and clawing. His clothes ripping open now as his body within begins to change, as he begins to alternate into some beast, something we've never imagined or seen before. Even the shoes are torn apart as clawed feet emerge. His shirt already split for the execution now tears completely off to reveal inhuman flesh covered with hair.

Ulric in death is beginning to resemble a Hieronymus Bosch drawing of a creature from hell. The pain and pressure in Mark's chest begins to subside. The sweating ceases.

253. LOW ANGLE SHOT - DET. LT. KELLER AND D.A. BOGARDUS

Amongst other witness appalled by the sight of the creature disintegrating right before their eyes. For once, Bogardus is rendered speechless.

254. ANGLE ON FATHER MALLORY

Groping his way forward praying audibly.

MALLORY

In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit...I pray for the liberated soul of David Newgate...

255. WIDER SHOT - EXECUTION CHAMBER

The electric chair itself bursts into flame now as if its circuits have shorted out. It is burning furiously, being consumed by fire. All the lights in the room have gone out. Everyone is seen only in the reflections of the flames which casts grotesque shadows on the concrete walls.

256. ANGLE ON THE MONSTER

That Ulric has become. All facades have been lifted. He is pure evil and he has been destroyed.

257. ANGLE ON MARK WITH FATHER MALLORY

Suddenly standing beside him, staring down at the disintegrating corpse.

MALLORY

Yes, he is as I saw him in darkness.

MARK

You can see him now?

MALLORY

Yes. I see him.

In deed, Father Mallory's sight has returned. His eye sockets are no longer vacant. His blindness is gone. The veil has been lifted.

MARK

Can you see any of David Newgate in him?
Anything at all?

MALLORY

Newgate is gone. he's with God now.

Father Mallory kneels beside the disintegrating corpse and speaks in Latin making the sign of the cross over the body.

The electric chair is consumed by fire, while the creature whose claws still reach out longingly for it, is crusting over and decaying, drying up like some empty hollow thing. Gone is the spirit of David Newgate, an innocent man possessed.

258. CLOSE-UP MARK

MARK

I couldn't save him. I could only save everyone else.

The guards seize Mark, handcuff him and begin to lead him out of the execution chamber. He's a murderer and he's been apprehended. There are many witnesses to his act.

He has done the unthinkable. He has killed a man who was about to be executed by the legal authorities. Society was about to take this life in the name of the law...

Instead, Mark Hampton took this life in the name of all humanity.

Mark passes D.A. Bogardus who stops the guards for a moment.

D.A.

He wouldn't have died in the chair, would he?

MARK

you know he wouldn't.

D.A.

You're a fool, but God bless you.

Mark takes one last look back.

259. HIS POV

Father Mallory still kneeling over the crumbled ashes that once was Newgate. The monstrous form has now disintegrated.

260. WIDER SHOT - THE DEATH HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is filled with smoke and haze and, as the door is opened into the corridor, the light that enters gives the place the aura of a church rather than an execution chamber. The charred electric chair itself is merely a skeleton and now as it crumbles away there's something about the portion remaining intact that appears curiously similar to a cross.

Another and more ancient form of execution...

...that has become a symbol of salvation.

261. ANGLE ON MARK HAMPTON

As he is led out by the authorities. A prisoner, yet freer than ever before in his life.

Mark Hampton does not feel alone. Some greater power walks beside him and has guided him, and now as the guards usher him off, WE HOLD on the long empty corridor that leads away from death row.

All footsteps have echoed into nothingness, then we SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

SO HELP ME GOD

