

EXEC. PRODUCER: Richard Donne
David Giler
Walter Hill
Joel Silver
PRODUCER: Bill Teitler
DIRECTOR: Howie Deutch

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

"... Only Sin Deep"

by

Fred Dekker

REVISED FINAL

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Blue 4/11/89
Pink 4/12/89
Yellow 4/19/89
Green 4/22/89

"Only Sin Deep"

FADE IN

1 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - LOOKING IN A WINDOW 1

at reflections of rainwashed streets.
Street people. Cars. Neon. Suddenly --

A GIRL'S FACE

comes into frame, also reflected in the glass.
She is strikingly pretty; dark brown hair, brown eyes.
Meet SYLVIA VANE, 19. Occupation: hooker.

As she primps... admiring herself...
A SECOND HOOKER steps up behind her:
Meet RAVEN, 24. Black, too much make-up, been around.
She smirks at Sylvia's vanity.

RAVEN

You know somethin', honey? If
I had a dollar for every time
you stood admiring your own face...
I could get off the streets and
go retire in the Bahamas.

Sylvia flips her off, finishes touching up her lipstick.
She is wearing a black leather skirt, lacey white socks,
black pumps.

SYLVIA

Yeah, well this face happens
to be my meal ticket...
(turns to Raven,
smiling sweetly)
"Honey".

She goes back to primping herself, as Raven notices:

A MAN, sauntering toward them.
Sylvia sees him also, and looks away with distaste.
The guy is overdressed, and a walking jewelry store.
In short, your basic PIMP.

PIMP

Hey, baby. How's business...?

He kisses Raven's cheek and fondles her butt as she slips
him a wad of cash. He turns to Sylvia.

CONTINUED:

1 CONTINUED:

PIMP

(leering)

How 'bout you, sweet thing? Huh?

Sylvia tries to ignore him. Lights a cigarette. He moves toward her, admiringly.

PIMP

Pretty girl like you could use a manager, you hear where I'm at?

SYLVIA

Don't do me any favors.

PIMP

Just talkin' business, sweet thing.

He moves closer. Puts a hand where it doesn't belong. She promptly removes it, and turns on him coldly:

SYLVIA

I'm only going to say this once:

(Eastwood:)

You touch me again... I'll shoot your dick off.

A beat. Then the pimp starts LAUGHING. Like this is the funniest thing he ever heard.

PIMP

Whooo, little girl's got a attitude, don't she?

Suddenly -- violently -- he GRABS her by the hair, and pulls her to within inches of his face. You can almost smell his breath. His voice is a venomous hiss.

PIMP

Well, you listen up, little girl. This is grown-up time out here. You wanna have a attitude, you might need some protection...

Sylvia grimaces, looks off-camera, SEEING: A BLACK CADILLAC STRETCH LIMOUSINE cruising by.

PIMP

Pretty girl like you could get ugly real fast with a attitude, you hear where I'm at, sweet thing?

In tremendous pain, Sylvia GRUNTS a reply. He lets go. She SPITS at him. Misses.

CONTINUED:

1 CONTINUED:

1

He smiles. Wags a finger at her. He gives Raven a kiss, then saunters away with that patented pimp-swagger. Raven levels a serious glance at Sylvia.

RAVEN

Real smooth. You keep that shit up, you ain't gonna last another night out here.

SYLVIA

(bitterly)

What makes you think I want to last another night out here?

But her attention is on THE LIMO, as... It pulls to a stop at the curb outside:

2 AN UPSCALE TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT BUILDING

2

with an Art Deco front facade and a uniformed DOORMAN. Sylvia seems hypnotized by this vision of "the good life".

RAVEN

Yeah, well, where else you got a right to be? Huh?

Sylvia looks at her, then nods meaningfully in the direction of the townhouse where WE SEE:

A DOORMAN opening the limo's passenger door. A handsome, trendily-dressed BACHELOR emerges. He helps his equally elegant DATE disembark.

RAVEN

Well, well, well. Mister GQ. Every night is party night.

Sylvia smiles at her suggestively.

RAVEN

Oh, keep dreamin', girl. Who says you're invited?

The playboy's DATE is wearing a low-cut evening gown offset by expensive jewelry and a diamond-studded handbag.

RAVEN

Besides... his kinda lady's got class. Check it out.

CONTINUED:

SYLVIA

Hey, the only class she's got is the kind you lock in a safe deposit box. You take away the clothes and the jewels, and what's she got that I haven't got?

RAVEN

Him...?

The young man -- RONNIE PRICE, by name -- escorts his date into the building. Sylvia's eyes narrow.

SYLVIA

Not for long she doesn't...

She turns around, looks up the street toward:

3 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

THE PIMP, talking with some STREET PEOPLE. Sylvia gives him a two-fingered WHISTLE. The pimp looks up.

Sylvia smiles an apologetic "come hither" smile. The Pimp looks suspicious... and starts this way. Raven looks at Sylvia quizzically. Sylvia winks at her.

SYLVIA

Check it out.

She walks away, and meets the Pimp half-way. WE SEE her gesture toward a nearby alley.

4 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

They move into the shadows of the seedy, urine-soaked alley. The pimp sizes her up.

PIMP

So...? You wanna talk business?

Sylvia smiles. Her voice is pouty, sensual, and soothing all at the same time.

SYLVIA

That's right, baby.

The pimp slowly cracks a smile. His hands start roaming. She doesn't stop them. She purrs like a cat.

And then... something in her eyes changes. Her smile is positively devilish. Her hand is near his crotch.

CONTINUED:

SYLVIA
Strictly... business.

Her gaze flick downward. His follows, excited.

K-CHUK -- !

She has just COCKED a small-frame automatic pistol.
It is aimed inches from the pimp's vitals. He freezes.

Except for his hands. Those go up.
Sylvia goes for his wallet with her free hand.
Fishes it out. Ruffles through it.

PIMP
That's all I got, I swear to God.

SYLVIA
(frowns)
The jewelry. Now.

He takes off his rings, gold chains, etc.

On his wrist is a solid gold, jewel-inlaid Rolex
Presidential. Twenty-five grand new.

SYLVIA
And the watch.

PIMP
Ah, baby, please, no --

SYLVIA
What is this, Let's Make A Deal?
Give me the fucking watch! Or
don't you hear "where I'm at" -- ?

She jams the gun barrel into his scrotal regions.
Sweating, he pulls the watch off his wrist, and hands it to
her. She examines it appreciatively. Smiles. Looks at him.

SYLVIA
Like I said: Strictly. Business.

5 EXT. CITY STREET - SAME

We HEAR three muffled GUN SHOTS from the alley.
Raven REACTS -- looks up -- SEES:

Sylvia emerging from the alley, hands full of booty.
Raven looks at her with disbelief.
Sylvia walks right past her.

CONTINUED:

5 CONTINUED:

5

SYLVIA

Don't look now, honey... but you're freelance.

A smile slowly spreads on her pretty face...

6 INT. PAWN SHOP - THE NEXT DAY

6

The pimp's watch and jewelry are spilled out of a paper bag onto a counter. WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL an aging PAWNBROKER.

He pulls on a pair of wire-rimmed bifocals and begins examining the jewelery, as... WE MOVE WITH SYLVIA, as she wanders around the dingy, musty pawn shop:

PAWNBROKER

Where'd you say you got these...?

Shelves, brimming with old radios and TV sets. Second-hand appliances. Musical instruments. Firearms. The usual. But there are other things...

SYLVIA

An acquaintance of mine... he had an accident...

Mounted animal heads, weird statues, icons from foreign cultures. Definitely not your run-of-the-mill pawn items. Sylvia approaches what looks like a voodoo statuette.

She stares at it, transfixed.

Low DRUMS and HAITIAN CHANTING are HEARD on the SOUNDTRACK. In her mind. They grow louder... and LOUDER, UNTIL --

The BELLS on the shop's door RING LOUDLY -- ! The pre-eletric-eye kind; to signal a patron has entered. Sylvia turns. The pawnbroker looks up.

A hideous old CRONE has entered, carrying something. She approaches the counter. She is shaking with rage. Without warning -- she THROWS the object across the room --

We see a glimpse of white, like a plaster cast, before -- CRASH -- ! It EXPLODES among the toasters and waffle irons.

She turns to the pawnbroker, hatred in her eyes, then... Overcome with emotion, unable to further articulate her rage, she RUNS OUT, sobbing.

Sylvia watches with confused amusement.

CONTINUED:

SYLVIA

You didn't tell me you were a teen idol.

The pawnbroker says nothing.

Sylvia moves to the counter, gesturing to the jewels.

SYLVIA

So...? How do we work this?
I have a month or two to redeem
this stuff?

The pawnbroker drops the watch and jewels onto the counter.

PAWNBROKER

Four months. Plus 12 percent.

(pause)

That's IF I was gonna take it.

SYLVIA

What's that supposed to mean?

PAWNBROKER

It means if this watch was any hotter,
I'da burned a hole in my hand, that's
what -- ! A guy needs asbestos gloves,
some o' the shit people bring in here...

SYLVIA

What are you talking about? That's
a Rolex!

PAWNBROKER

It's HOT is what it is! You could
fry a big ol' egg on the sumbitch!

He pulls off the glasses, tosses the watch on the counter.

PAWNBROKER

I'm sorry, but I ain't buyin'
your jewelry OR your jimcrack story.

Sylvia looks at him. Confused. Angry.
She suddenly gathers the jewelry.

As she turns to go, the pawnbroker looks at her...
Really looks for the first time...
And behind his eyes, something clicks.

CONTINUED:

PAWNBROKER

Wait.

Sylvia stops.

SYLVIA

I thought you weren't interested.

PAWNBROKER

In them things.

She turns to him. Backlit, we see for a moment her true beauty, a beauty blunted by her make-up and hard life.

PAWNBROKER

But I can see you got something worth a whole lot more...

He grins, revealing yellow, crooked teeth. Sylvia makes no attempt to hide her revulsion.

SYLVIA

Thanks but no thanks.

PAWNBROKER

I'm not talkin' about that.
I'm talkin' about your beauty.

Sylvia looks confused.

SYLVIA

My beauty. Of course, silly me.
What was I thinking?

She cracks a patronizing smile as if to indicate this guy is either from banana-land or merely very stupid.

PAWNBROKER

Ten thousand dollars. Cash.

The words are like an ice-cube on a hot day. The old man's eyes gleam. Riveting. Intense. Sylvia looks at him, speechless.

INT. PAWNSHOP BACK ROOM - LATER

Sylvia sits in a salon chair, with a shower cap over her head and a plastic smock covering her shoulders. She counts a wad of cash as the old pawnbroker mixes something in a bowl behind her.

CONTINUED:

7

CONTINUED:

7

SYLVIA

Let me get this straight. For ten grand, you want a mold of my face --

-PAWNBROKER

Not your face. Your BEAUTY.

SYLVIA

Whatever.

She looks at her pawn ticket.

SYLVIA

(sarcastic)

And I have four months to redeem my beauty if I want it back, right?

The pawnbroker smiles, lifts the bowl...

SYLVIA

You know something, old man -- there are people who play with a full deck... And then there's you.

PAWNBROKER

Hold still now. I hope you ain't claustrophobic.

He commences to POUR a cloudy goop over her face, as we PULL BACK... FURTHER... and FURTHER... into a CLOSET, where WE SEE...

Shelf upon shelf of shell-white face molds.

ALL of the faces are those of BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

HARD CUT TO:

8

OMIT

8

9

OMIT

9

10

INT. APARTMENT ABOVE PAWNSHOP - ON SYLVIA'S FACE-CAST

10

WE PULL BACK as the old pawnbroker surrounds the fresh cast with strange objects (snake vertebrae, a vial of blood, etc.), all the while muttering an HAITIAN INCANTATION.

He finishes, rises, opens his eyes as if coming out of a trance. He turns to an old-style four poster bed with a gauze canopy over it. Under the canopy is a coffin.

CONTINUED:

INT. FOYER

Barely discernible above the din of pretentious trend-oids is the RING of a DOORBELL. A tuxedoed DOORMAN responds.

Several PARTY-GOERS look up, and --
Time seems to freeze, as --
The door is opened, TO REVEAL --

SYLVIA VANE

stands framed in the doorway in one of those old-style Hollywood glamour shots James Wong Howe used to make a career out of.

Back-lit, dressed-to-the-nines, drop-dead beautiful, the sight of her is enough to make a man forget his own name.

Unfortunately, this doesn't mean the doorman recognizes her. He checks a clipboard. Looks toward Ronnie for an okay.

But Ronnie is already looking at Sylvia.
How could he not? He nods to the doorman.
Who allows Sylvia to enter.

Ronnie gestures to a PHOTOGRAPHER -- one of those guys that takes pictures for the social pages. He steps forward with his camera. Sylvia smiles as he snaps a FLASH-PHOTO.

She moves on, toward the bar. all eyes are on her.
She orders. Her eyes on Ronnie. His eyes remain on her.

The mating ritual has begun.

Ronnie excuses himself from his date.
He crosses to the bar. Approaches Sylvia.

RONNIE

Hello.

SYLVIA

Hello, yourself.

(she looks around)

Does all this belong to you?

(Ronnie shrugs, nods)

Life's tough.

RONNIE

I get by.

SYLVIA

Hope I'm not tearing you away
from your guests.

RONNIE

Well, I saw you, and... let's just
say something more important came up.

CONTINUED:

SYLVIA

That sounds like a cheap sexual innuendo.

RONNIE

I'm sorry. It was supposed to sound like an expensive one.

Sylvia smiles, nods to indicate Ronnie's abandoned DATE.

SYLVIA

So... you don't think it's rude to abandon your date to go make a pass at other women?

RONNIE

Who's making a pass? We haven't even met yet.

SYLVIA

Good point. I'm Sylvia Vane.

They both smile. She holds out her hand. He takes it.

SYLVIA

That's V-A-N-E, as in weather... nice to meet you.

RONNIE

Ronnie Price. As in: "everyone has theirs"?

SYLVIA

That wouldn't be that pass we were talking about, would it?

Ronnie smiles. He has yet to let go of her hand. You can cut the sexual tension with a knife.

RONNIE

I'd say we're still at the flirting stage.

Sylvia's drink arrives. She coyly pulls her hand away to take it from the BARTENDER. As she sips, she looks over Ronnie's shoulder, SEEING:

RONNIE'S overly-coiffed DATE, watching them, annoyed.

SYLVIA

Don't look now, but I think Miss Clairol is getting the wrong idea.

Ronnie doesn't take his eyes off Sylvia.

CONTINUED:

RONNIE

I was kinda hoping the wrong idea
could become the right idea.

Without warning, Sylvia hauls off and SLAPS him in the face.
It is hard and loud and if the idea was to get lots of
attention, she scored. Ronnie puts his hand to his red,
stinging cheek.

RONNIE

What are you, a Psycho?

Sylvia smiles, sips her drink.

SYLVIA

Just playing hard to get.

She finishes her drink, sets it down, walks past him.
Confused, Ronnie follows.

EXT. ELEVATOR

Ronnie holds open doors.

RONNIE

You don't think it's a little
rude to slap your host then
leave without saying goodbye?

Pause.

SYLVIA

Thank you for the drink, Mister
Price. You have a lovely townhouse.
Goodnight.

She starts to go.

RONNIE

Wait.

He grabs her naked arm.
Pulls her close. They are inches apart.
In their own little world.

RONNIE

I don't know the first thing
about you. At least tell me
why you came.

SYLVIA

I haven't.

(looks at him)

Yet.

CONTINUED:

That sexual tension you could cut with a knife?
Forget the knife. Get a meat cleaver.

SYLVIA

Look. We're playing games.
You know it, I know it. Because
the fact of the matter is, you
do know the first thing about
me... You knew the second I
walked through that door, the
second you laid eyes on me...
that I was the girl of your
dreams... didn't you?

RONNIE

(pause)

You want to get out of here?

SYLVIA

I thought you'd never ask.

She laughs, and takes his hand, and they both enter into
the elevator.

16

EXT. ELEVATOR

16

Ronnie Price exits. New wardrobe indicating time transition.

17

INT. PENTHOUSE BATHROOM - DAY (FOUR MONTHS LATER)

17

A JEWELLED ANKLET is brought into frame --
A thin gold chain with a charm hanging from it:
a diamond-encrusted 'V' with a smaller 'S' over it.

Sylvia's initials.

In this configuration, the letters ironically resemble a
dollar sign. As the hands FASTEN the trinket around a
silky, female ankle, WE MOVE UP her leg and --

SUPER: FOUR MONTHS LATER

As the TITLE FADES, WE REVEAL:

SYLVIA, luxuriating in a huge, suds-filled bathtub/jacuzzi
surrounded by mirrors. RONNIE kneels beside her, fastening
the anklet. He then produces a matching NECKLACE with he
drapes over her chest and fastens behind her neck.

SYLVIA

Oh my God, Ronnie, they're gorgeous!

RONNIE

No, no, correction: YOU are gorgeous.
These are just... real expensive jewelry.

Sylvia laughs and lies back in the tub happily as Ronnie
POPS OPEN a champagne bottle, and pours her a glass.

CONTINUED.

RONNIE

Listen, um... I've been thinking.
Remember what you said the night
we met? That "girl of my dreams"
stuff?

SYLVIA

Yes...?

RONNIE

Let me tell you a little secret...

He pours himself a glass. They toast.

RONNIE

You weren't lying even a little bit.

They drink. He rises and undoes his tie as Sylvia looks at
herself in the surrounding mirrors. She smiles. Perhaps
"gloats" would be more apt. Except...

CAMERA MOVES IN AS

Her brow furrows. She frowns. Touches her face.
As if the person looking back at her from the mirror is...
somehow different... Somehow changed...

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT - OVERHEAD SHOT

A round, satin-sheeted bed also surrounded by mirrors.
Ronnie and Sylvia make love. As he grunts and thrusts with
passion, she looks impassively up AT CAMERA.

WE SLOWLY ROTATE DOWN ON HER as she stares at her moonlit
reflection, wondering if the light is playing tricks on
her, or if there are lines that weren't there before.

There are. They appear to be age lines...

DISSOLVE...

INT. BATHROOM - THE NEXT DAY

A COUNTER jammed with jars and bottles containing every
conceivable variety of emollient, skin cream and cosmetic
known to man. TILT UP TO REVEAL:

Sylvia, looking at herself in her vanity mirror.
Whatever her problem is, it's worse now. Unignorable.

It's as if her whole face is not so much aging as,
ever-so-slowly, molecule-by-molecule, starting to melt.

CONTINUED:

In the b.g. Ronnie packs for a business trip

RONNIE

Listen, I'll only be gone a
a couple days...

As he talks, Sylvia frantically applies various emollients
onto her face, trying to cover the wrinkles and sags.

RONNIE

Probably end up sitting on the
company jet signing papers. Maybe
if I'm real lucky, I'll get to
watch some fat Texans get drunk.
Won't that be exciting...?

In frustration, Sylvia THROWS a makeup jar down. CRASH!
Dressed and packed, Ronnie appears in the doorway.

RONNIE

Sweetheart -- ? You okay?

SYLVIA

(covering)

I just dropped something.

Ronnie reacts to the Tammy Fay arsenal.

RONNIE

What is this, the make-up counter
at Macy's? You're a knock-out,
for Chrissakes, what do you need
all this junk for?

SYLVIA

Just a little... acne or something.
I feel like I'm in high school again.

RONNIE

Well, when I get back from my
trip, we can go to the prom,
what do you say?

Sylvia mock-chuckles, but doesn't face him.

RONNIE

What, are you playing hard to
get again? Come on, zit-face,
gimme a goodbye kiss.

As she finally turns to meet his embrace, she reaches for
the light switch with one hand... and turns the lights OFF.

CONTINUED:

19 CONTINUED:

19

For an instant, we see that her eyes have changed, too. That there is something in them we've never seen before...

Fear.

20 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

20

A polite, well-to-do DERMATOLOGIST sits behind a desk in a pleasantly-decorated office. He gestures to someone o.s.

DOCTOR

Please -- have a seat.

He appears slightly uneasy. Trying to be reassuring.

DOCTOR

Well... it does not appear to be cancer, let me say that right up front.

CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES AROUND... TO REVEAL SYLVIA, sitting, facing the doctor and wearing mourning black, obviously to justify the black lace veil which covers her face.

DOCTOR

I think we can also safely rule out a pituitary disorder, specifically acromegaly, which, to be honest, was my first concern...

He opens a medical file folder. Peruses its contents.

DOCTOR

Your record here shows you have no history of reconstructive surgery. Is that true?

SYLVIA

Are you calling me a liar?

DOCTOR

(momentarily off-put)

No... Of course not. I'm only saying that -- silicone implants, injections, those procedures can sometimes lead to the kinds of symptoms you're displaying, that's all...

(pause)

Now... as I explained before, dermatology is my specialty, but your condition could very well be glandular. There are a number of specialists I could refer you to --

CONTINUED:

SYLVIA

Doctor, all I want is a simple answer to a simple question...

She WHIPS her veil off to REVEAL (Gasp! Choke!) -- Her FACE has become even more grotesque and ghastly. Her eyes plead from under misshapen folds of flesh --

SYLVIA

What's happening to my face?!

The doctor rises. Growing increasingly uncomfortable.

DOCTOR

Look, you're under a great deal of stress right now --

SYLVIA

Oh, you figured that out, huh?

(she RISES)

Look at me. 48 hours ago, I could have any man I want. Now, I couldn't get arrested! What am I going to look like tomorrow, huh?!

DOCTOR

(measured)

Miss Vane, if you will take a seat, and calm down, I will attempt to explain this to you...

Reluctantly, she resumes her seat. The doctor sits on his desk, facing her.

DOCTOR

Now I'm not going to lie to you. What's happening to your face is not something I see every day. But according to my tests, the evidence would indicate that your facial, epithelial tissue...

(uncomfortable pause)

Well, frankly, your skin seems to be aging at an accelerated rate. Now, that's not to say that the condition is irreversable...

As the doctor speaks, WE MOVE IN ON SYLVIA, in shock.

DOCTOR

However, it's very important that you tell me if you can remember any time in -- say, the last six months, that you might have been exposed to

20 CONTINUED:

20

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 any kind of toxic materials...
 Contaminated water, gas, radiation,
 anything out of the ordinary that
 could have caused this --

Suddenly, Sylvia stiffens. Tense.

21 SERIES OF FLASHCUTS - HER MEMORIES

21

A) THE VOODOO DOLL in the pawn shop.
 B) THE OLD CRONE running out in tears.
 The one that looked like Sylvia looks now.
 C) THE PAWNBROKER staring at Sylvia, smiling, and saying:

PAWNBROKER
 (ECHO effect)
 Your beauty...

C) THE BACK ROOM, and the alternate mold being taken, and

22 BACK TO THE PRESENT - SYLVIA - DOCTORS OFFICE & HALLWAY

22

as it all becomes clear. She gasps. Rises,
 And STUMBLES OUT of the office --.

DOCTOR
 Miss Vane -- ?

CAMERA MOVES WITH HER, as she RUNS, panic-stricken,
 FUMBLING through her handbag, TEARING things out of it,
 worthless compacts, receipts, change, frantically searching
 for her only hope -- and then she FINDS IT, and STOPS in
 her tracks, and smiles, almost laughs, the look in her eyes
 hinting at madness, as she HOLDS UP her discovery --

The pawn ticket.

23 INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

23

THOSE LITTLE BELLS ON THE DOOR RING LOUDLY as Sylvia blasts
 into the shop to confront the old pawnbroker, who is at the
 counter, helping a YOUNG GIRL.

The girl turns upon hearing the bells.
 She looks at Sylvia, whose face is covered by the veil.

The girl is beautiful.

CONTINUED:

SYLVIA

Get out of here! Don't do business with this man!

The girl backs away, looking at the strange veiled woman with unease. The girl exits the shop and Sylvia slaps the pawn ticket and a wad of cash onto the counter.

SYLVIA

I want it back. Ten grand plus twelve percent. There's my ticket.

The pawnbroker looks at the ticket impassively.

PAWNBROKER

You didn't look at this too careful, did ya?

Sylvia GRABS the ticket back and lifts her veil to look at it. And you thought her face couldn't look worse?

It's worse.

PAWNBROKER

I told you the time limit was four months.

(points to the date on the ticket)

Four months from this date... would be the sixth.

He points to a girlie calendar on the wall behind him.

PAWNBROKER

Today's the seventh.

SYLVIA

You son of a bitch.

PAWNBROKER

Sorry.

Sylvia seethes through her dark veil. She turns away.

IN CU, WE SEE her remove her little automatic pistol from her handbag -- the one she used to hold up the pimp.

SYLVIA

Okay, how much...?

PAWNBROKER

You missed the deadline, lady --

SYLVIA

I KNOW I missed the fucking
deadline, if you're gonna mark it
up, mark it up, just tell me
HOW MUCH -- ?!

A pause you could drive a truck through.

PAWNBROKER

One. Hundred. Thousand.

Sylvia quietly COCKS the gun.
Because of the veil, we do not see her face.

We DO, however, see her swivel her head.
As if she's just seen something.
Which she has, because:

HER POV - THROUGH PAWN SHOP WINDOW

A POLICE OFFICER ambles by with two cups of coffee.
He looks in at the pawnbroker, smiles with recognition.
Sylvia replaces the gun. The cop enters the shop.

COP

Hey, Joe, how's tricks?
(to Sylvia)

Ma'am.

He sets one of the coffees in front of the pawnbroker as he
sips from the other.

COP

That's four bits you owe me.

Abruptly, Sylvia LEAVES. The two men watch.
Once she's gone:

POLICEMAN

Must be Alpo Time, huh?

They both LAUGH.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT - SERIES OF VIOLENT SHOTS

as Sylvia RANSACKS the penthouse for valuables --
PLUNDERS drawers and closets --
THROWS expensive furs onto the bed --
EMPTIES jewelry cases onto the satin sheets --
GOLD and JEWELRY spill out and GLINT in the light --

Conspicuous is the "SV" NECKLACE Ronnie gave her.

CONTINUED:

And folks...? That's when Ronnie walks in.

RONNIE

What are you doing, who are you -- ?

Sylvia looks up, her mind numb.
She and Ronnie freeze like waxworks in tableau.
She suddenly looks toward:

A FRAMED PICTURE OF HERSELF

It is the photo taken the night they met.
The night of the party.
The young, unblemished, drop-dead beautiful Sylvia.

WE RACK FOCUS TO HER REFLECTION in the glass --
A reflection of the old, hideous, drop-dead ugly Sylvia.

And that's when she realizes:
Ronnie doesn't recognize her.

SYLVIA

Ronnie -- ?

Ronnie looks spooked. How does she know his name?

RONNIE

How do you know my name?

He surveys the shambles the penthouse is in, the jewelry lying haphazardly all over the bed.

RONNIE

I'm calling the police.

He picks up the phone and hastily dials 911.
Keeping his eye on Sylvia the whole time.
A squeaky voice ANSWERS:

PHONE VOICE

911 emergency, go ahead --

Sylvia goes for her handbag.

RONNIE

Yeah, I want to report a burgl --

BLAM -- !

The first shot takes him by surprise.
He continues staring at Sylvia. With disbelief now.
He starts to say something, but --

BLAM -- !

CONTINUED:

The second shot cuts him short.
He still looks confused. Like this isn't happening.
It is not until the third shot --

BLAM -- !

-- that he finally drops the phone.

PHONE VOICE

Sir...? Sir, give me your
location -- Hello!?

Blood slowly seeps across Ronnie's shirt.
He buckles, but does not fall.
He does not look in pain, though he is in pain.
He does not look afraid, though he is dying.

What he does look, is pissed.

RONNIE

(a dying hiss)

Who are you...?

Beneath the brutal folds of flesh, a smile appears on
Sylvia's hideous face. Her teeth and eyes positively shine.

SYLVIA

Don't you recognize me, lover..?
(dramatic pause)

I'm the girl of your dreams...

BLAM BLAM BLAM -- ! She empties the gun into him,
knocking him backwards onto the carpet in a growing pool of
his own blood, his bubbling moans fading to the belching
gusts of a fresh corpse losing its fluids and gases...

Crazed, sweating, Sylvia hastily gathers the jewelry and
valuables, stuffing them into her handbag. She throws the
gun in last, but...

As she BOLTS the scene, the gun FALLS OUT of the bag and
onto the floor. In her crazed state, Sylvia obviously
leaves it behind. WE PAN OFF the weapon TO...

The framed photo of Sylvia, looking beautiful and innocent...

DISSOLVE:

25 EXT. PAWN SHOP - THE NEXT DAY 25 *

A sign hangs on the door: *

"CLOSED. HRS: 10 A.M. - 5 P.M. Please Call Again" *

Sylvia appears, her veil over her face. *

She sees the sign on the door, looks at her watch. *

CURSING, she rattles the door-knob violently. *

She KICKS the door. *

26 INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY - OMIT 26 *

27 EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY 27 *

Sylvia approaches the back entrance to the pawn shop. *

She looks around, checking that the coast is clear. *

Then hoists a trash can... and THROWS IT AT THE DOOR. *

28 INT. BACK ROOM OF PAWNSHOP 28 *

The door now ajar, Sylvia enters. *

Looks around. No sign of the pawnbroker. *

She SEES her face-cast on a table, surrounded by icons. *

She gingerly picks it up, then notices: *

A set of louvre doors. *

Flickering candle-light glows from behind them. *

Sylvia reaches for one of the handles. *

Slowly OPENS the doors... *

INSIDE is the coffin containing the pawnbroker's DEAD WIFE. *

Except NOW THE CORPSE'S FACE IS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL -- ! *

As she stares with horror, a FIGURE APPEARS behind her. *

VOICE *

That's how she used to look... *

Sylvia WHIRLS -- startled -- *

There stands the old pawnbroker, a newspaper under his arm. *

He is strangely calm. *

PAWNBROKER *

She used to be beautiful... *

Now I need other women's beauty *

to keep her that way. Small price *

to pay, I think. *

Under her veil, Sylvia starts to lose her grip on reality. *

SYLVIA

Look, I don't know what kind of
crazy voodoo shit you're into here,
and I don't really care, but we
made a deal, so HERE -- take it -- !

*
*
*

She holds up her handbag, violently EMPTIES OUT the jewels
she stole from Ronnie's place.

*
*

SYLVIA

That's worth more than a
hundred thousand, now give
it back to me, do you hear me -- ?!

*
*
*
*

She TEARS AWAY her veil to reveal that her face has reached
its final horrible stage of degeneration.

*
*

SYLVIA

GIVE ME MY BEAUTY BACK -- !

*

The pawnbroker grins strangely.
Starts to unfold the newspaper.

*
*

PAWNBROKER

Sure. Fine. I could do that...
I could give your beauty back...

*
*

He OPENS the front page for her to see.
A tabloid headline screams:

*
*

PLAYBOY ICED BY GOLD-DIGGER
Millionaire Ronald Price Found Shot To Death
Police Launch City-wide Manhunt for
Suspected Mistress

*
*
*
*

The pawnbroker grins at her sickly.

*

PAWNBROKER

If you're sure that's what
you really want...

*
*

Sylvia GASPS, realizing the implications.

*

RING DING DING.

*

Tension.

*

Sylvia and the Pawnbroker look toward the front.
She tosses him a helpless glance.

*
*

He moves through the curtain to:

*

29 INT. PAWN SHOP - SAME 29 *

The COP from the earlier scene has come in for his traditional coffee-and-bullshit session with the pawnbroker. The pawnbroker sets the newspaper on the counter. *

COP

Hey, Joe. How's tricks? *

30 INT. BACK ROOM - (INTERCUT) 30 *

as Sylvia HEARS the voice, she RECOGNIZES it as the cop's. Once again, things are going from bad to worse. She freezes, so as not to be heard. *

31 INT. PAWNSHOP - SAME 31 *

The cop moves to the counter. Sets down the pawnbroker's cup of coffee. He notices the newspaper, picks it up. *

COP

Hey. D'you read this story? *

PAWNBROKER

I skimmed it. *

COP

Classic. Dumb broad took every scrap of jewelry this guy bought her, right? So she offs him and leaves the murder weapon on the floor. Can you believe it? *

PAWNBROKER

What, her fingerprints were on the gun? *

COP

Not only that, they were on record already from a soliciting rap! We are talking Rocket Scientist Time. The second this broad shows her face anywhere, she's got a one-way ticket to the electric chair. *

32 INT. BACK ROOM - SAME 32 *

Sylvia looks at her jewelry on the floor. Thinks better of it. *

33 CONTINUED:

33 *

She takes her face-cast, and starts to slowly make her way out the back door of the pawn shop, while... *

34 INT. PAWN SHOP - SAME

34 *

The cop looks admiringly at the newspaper photo of Sylvia. *

COP

Oh, well. Face like that, who needs brains, huh? *

CUT TO:

35

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

35

Sylvia shambles down the sidewalk, worn, beaten, hopeless. She makes no attempts to hide her hideous face. PEDESTRIANS react with requisite horror.

She seems beyond caring... About anything.

She holds her face-mold laxly in one hand as she walks. She passes a storefront window, and looks into it... At her horrible reflections.

Not watching where she's going, she WALKS INTO somebody coming from the other direction. The plaster face-cast slips from her grasp, and --

IT SHATTERS INTO A MILLION SHARDS on the sidewalk.

She looks down at it --
Then UP at the person she ran into --

IT IS RAVEN, her former fellow prostitute.

Raven REACTS to Sylvia's ugliness, but naturally, there's no hint of recognition.

RAVEN

Why don't you watch where you're goin', you old triflin' ugly bitch?

She moves on. Sylvia watches her go.. then looks down to the shattered remnants of her face-cast.

She drops to the sidewalk beside them, PEDESTRIANS walk around and over her. She reaches out pathetically for the plaster shards...

35

CONTINUED:

35

For her lost beauty.

She begins to SOB as we... PULL AWAY, and UP...
REVEALING the whole street.

Night is descending. Hookers ply their trade.

Rainwashed streets. Cars. Neon.
Steam rising from manhole covers.
STREET PEOPLE with hollow eyes.

FADE OUT