

THE ENTITY

by

Frank De Felitta

OVER A BLACK SCREEN SUPERIMPOSE:

-- Probably the last person in
the world to believe it could
happen was Carlotta Moran.
-- But it did happen --
-- And it happened to her --

EXT. WEST LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

An orange moon hangs like a weird ball among slicing clouds. Below, there is the HOWL of an echoing TRAIN WHISTLE. The CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO SHOW the City of Los Angeles: spread out, the skyline against the dying day, darkness already eating into the streets, where the lights are turned on against the immense dark sky. The TRAIN HOWLS again.

EXT. WEST LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The CAMERA WENDS ITS WAY THROUGH the factory yards, avenues, and empty lots of West Los Angeles, cutting corners sharply, going down, as though looking for something in particular.

EXT. WELLMAN SECRETARIAL SCHOOL - NIGHT

Against the angry ocean clouds of Santa Monica at twilight stands a row of small factory buildings and converted office buildings. One of them has lighted windows. As the CAMERA WENDS ITS WAY STEALTHILY TOWARD the lighted window, we begin to make out the SOUND of TYPEWRITERS, feverish and awkward. Framed inside the window is CARLOTTA MORAN, a petite, brunette woman in her early thirties, wearing a soft sweater and tweed skirt. Behind her, other young women, all Latin, Black, or from the lower classes, type as furiously as they can.

INT. WELLMAN SECRETARIAL SCHOOL - NIGHT

MR. REISZ, a thin, balding man, strolls up the aisle, stopwatch in hand, the CAMERA TRACKING WITH HIM. He studies the stopwatch as he speaks.

MR. REISZ
And... Stop!

The CLATTER of TYPEWRITERS ceases. Mr. Reisz looks around.

MR. REISZ
Twenty-five words -- Anyone?

Several hands are raised. Mr. Reisz walks over to the one nearest him, Carlotta. He leans over to examine her paper.

MR. REISZ
Very good, Carlotta. Watch the numbers. It's a long reach.

There is something unmistakably sensual in the softness of Carlotta's face, the deep black eyes, a feeling of vulnerability. Even the brittle Mr. Reisz seems to soften in its influence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. REISZ
(demonstrating)
Practice this. Cross over. Reach
and cross over --

As Carlotta practices, Mr. Reisz hovers over her, his concentration equally divided between Carlotta and her technique. Carlotta is earnestly absorbed at the keyboard pattern, determined, intelligent, and is unaware of the effect she has on Mr. Reisz, who gives her shoulder a slight squeeze of approbation.

MR. REISZ
Good, good --

EXT. WELLMAN SCHOOL - NIGHT

Women are stepping through the large doors into the misty night. Most are greeted by men, but not Carlotta. As the babble of voices dissipates, Carlotta steps down from the building, briefcase under arm, and catches up to JUANITA, an olive-skinned beauty.

CARLOTTA
Mind my walking to the parking lot
with you?

JUANITA
Of course not.

JOE, a youth of Latin extraction, approaches, takes Juanita's arm.

JUANITA
Joe, you know Carlotta Moran.
Jerry's friend.

JOE
Yeah, hi.

CARLOTTA
Hi.

ANGLE

They arrive at Carlotta's old Buick. She unlocks the door and climbs in, while Juanita and Joe wait.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Carlotta buckles her safety belt. Juanita appears at the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUANITA
You be all right now?

CARLOTTA
Yeah, thanks.

JUANITA
Anytime. Good night.

Carlotta watches Juanita and Joe walk off, arm in arm. Apprehensively, she locks the car door, turns on the ignition, and drives off.

EXT. CAR

Carlotta's Buick traverses an unmistakably Los Angeles skyline: the tall palm trees, the neon avenues, the flash and tawdry glitter of the intersections, and, far above, the darkening hills.

INT. CAR - CARLOTTA

Carlotta drives, somewhat tensely, absorbed in the worries of her life, thinking, when she gradually feels a premonition that she is not alone in the car. She casts a glance over her shoulder, sees nothing, and turns back again.

EXT. KENTNER STREET - NIGHT

A middle-class street, a cul-de-sac in West Los Angeles. A lone street light sheds an unnatural blue glow over the small tract houses. The street is deserted, silent. CAMERA WENDS ITS WAY SLOWLY TOWARD a house situated at the dead end, a small, single-story dwelling with garage attached. A faint light filters through the drawn shades of the living room, and the garage is sharply alight. The SOUND of a RADIO PLAYING country music softly insinuates itself. The Buick SQUEALS its way up the street and comes to a stop in front of the house, and Carlotta steps out.

SUPERIMPOSE: "OCTOBER 4, 1976 - 10:05 P.M."

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The MUSIC is LOUDER now. Carlotta opens the front door and enters. She tosses her briefcase onto a chair and pauses a moment to collect herself. The room and furniture, while not tawdry, are expressive of a hard life, and struggle. Carlotta sighs, picks up the mail from a table and, perusing it casually, walks into the:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITCHEN

The MUSIC is LOUDER now. Carlotta opens the refrigerator, surveys a nearly barren interior: half-loaf of bread, open container of milk, solitary egg. She closes the fridge and opens the door to the:

GARAGE

BILLY, her son, works on a hoisted engine under a glaring work light. Black with grease, he hums along with the MUSIC. Billy is fifteen, and big, powerfully built. He doesn't see Carlotta who stands in the doorway, a fleeting smile crossing her face.

CARLOTTA

Hi.

Billy looks up through the glare of the work light, squinting.

BILLY

Oh, hi, Mom.

CARLOTTA

Anybody call?

BILLY

(somewhat surly)

No, your boyfriend didn't call.

CARLOTTA

You sure?

BILLY

(tersely)

If he'd called, I'd tell you. But he didn't call.

Carlotta's attention returns to the mail in her hand as she walks slowly toward Billy. A letter draws a reaction, and she frowns. Quickly, she tears open the envelope and reads. She gazes at Billy, puzzled.

CARLOTTA

What's this all about?

Billy looks up, takes the letter and nervously reads it.

BILLY

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

What do you mean, you don't know?
It's a letter from your principal.
Why does he want to see me?

BILLY

(tautly)
I said, I don't know.

Carlotta gazes at Billy deeply, then retrieves the letter and slowly walks to the door. She turns back.

CARLOTTA

You gonna knock it off soon?

BILLY

Yeah.

CARLOTTA

Please lower the radio.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

JULIE, aged seven, and KIM, aged five, are fast asleep in bed, both clinging to battered stuffed animals. A light falls across their faces as Carlotta softly opens the door and tip-toes across the room. She adjusts the covers and lightly kisses them.

BATHROOM - NIGHT

A wall of steam obscures Carlotta as she steps from the shower and dries her body with a large towel. She wears a shower cap.

CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A single lamp illuminates the room. It is situated beside a huge carved bed, an Italianate monstrosity with carved tendrils and angels on the headboard and baseboard. Carlotta sits at her vanity combing her hair. The lamp, behind her, sheds an aura of light around her shoulders, as she vigorously pulls the brush through her long, lustrous hair. It is starkly silent, save for the stroke, stroke, of the hairbrush. Carlotta gazes at herself in the mirror and seems pleased with what she sees. Then her eyes move to:

INSERT

A photograph of herself and JERRY RODRIGUEZ, wedged into the corner of the mirror. They are sitting at a table in a nightclub, both smiling stiffly into camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

Her face softens at the memory it evokes. She continues brushing her hair.

EXT./INT. - CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A light breeze stirs the foliage outside Carlotta's bedroom window. Through the sheer curtain, Carlotta can be SEEN at her vanity, brushing her hair with patience. She shifts her weight, crossing her leg, the slender calf VISIBLE as the robe parts. The CAMERA MOVES EVER SO SLIGHTLY AND SLOWLY FORWARD TOWARD the window.

INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

From the same angle, we OBSERVE Carlotta brushing her hair. Except that now the CAMERA IS UNMISTAKABLY INSIDE the room. Carlotta turns her head to brush the other side of her hair, so that she is gazing AWAY FROM CAMERA. The sound of the brush, brush is all we hear. Very slowly, CAMERA MOVES TOWARD Carlotta.

CLOSE SHOT - CARLOTTA

CARLOTTA SUDDENLY PAUSES, BRUSH IN HAND. CONTINUING THE EXACT RHYTHM OF THE BRUSH, HERETOFORE OBSCURED BY IT, IS THE SOUND OF AN ALMOST BREATHLESS WHEEZE. THE SHOCK PENETRATES CARLOTTA. HER EYES WIDEN, AND SHE MOVES AS THOUGH TO TURN, ALL THIS IN LESS THAN A SECOND.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT

There is a SOUND of a FIST ON FLESH. Horror shows on Carlotta's face. A line of blood spreads from her frightened lips. All these shots happen very quickly. At no time do we glimpse her assailant.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT

Carlotta is spun through the room, the CAMERA FOLLOWING as she opens her mouth to scream.

ANGLE

She is slammed on the bed, face up, and a pillow smashed down over her face. Caught between breaths, Carlotta can only moan in horror as her attacker forces the pillow harder and harder onto her face. We do not see who it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSER ANGLE

Carlotta twists her head violently side to side, to escape the pressure of the pillow. Her flailing arms cannot seem to budge it. Her pathetic moans are accompanied by her attacker's heavy breathing as he works up his nature, grunting in anticipation and delight. Carlotta's eyes widen in further horror as she realizes what is to happen and is filled with sudden energy. She bucks and kicks and her arms flail wildly, fingernails like claws seeking the face of -- who? For still we do not see her attacker.

EFFECT SHOT

CAMERA ANGLING DOWN ON Carlotta as, barely VISIBLE in the darkened room, her legs are pulled apart and pushed upward over her head, and she is penetrated. She emits a scream that can be heard through the multi-layered pillow. Then, in rhythmic, pulsating motion, the CAMERA BEGINS TO PUMP AWAY,, IN AND OUT, IN A SERIES OF STEADY STROKES, causing Carlotta to twist and writhe in an agony that is unstoppable. Meanwhile, the grunts and groans of her attacker quicken in fervor and pace as he approaches climax, and goes over the edge in a shuddering sob of depraved pleasure.

CLOSE - CARLOTTA

HER FACE FREES ITSELF OF THE PILLOW -- SHE SCREAMS, AND SCREAMS...

CEILING LIGHT

BLOOMS INTO CAMERA LENS as it is switched on. Billy rushes up to the bed brandishing a large wrench. His face is alive with terror.

BILLY

Mom!

CARLOTTA

bolts up in bed, screaming, staring at Billy, not knowing him.

BILLY

Mom! What is it?

Carlotta instinctively grabs the sheet and covers her battered body. She is whimpering, moaning, her eyes roving around the room with a fear that is pure animal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE

Billy takes a hesitant step toward her. His face expresses a pitifully tender fright, as he pleads:

BILLY

Mom!

His voice brings forth some instinct in Carlotta, some need to take over, to mentally focus, to act. Tears run down her face.

CARLOTTA

Oh, Bill!

Billy goes to her. They embrace. Carlotta sobs.

CARLOTTA

Billy, Billy, Billy...

BILLY

What is it, Mom? What's wrong?

Carlotta looks around. WIDEN ANGLE. Save for Carlotta and Billy, clinging to each other, there is no one else in the room. Carlotta's eyes rove about seeking, searching.

CARLOTTA

Where is he -- ?

BILLY

There's nobody here.

CARLOTTA

Check the windows.

Billy hesitates.

CARLOTTA

Check the windows!

Billy rises and goes to the windows, trying each one.

BILLY

They're locked.

CARLOTTA

Then he's still in the house.

BILLY

There's no one here, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA
I want you to call the police!

BILLY
Mom, there's nobody in the house.
The front door's locked, and no one
came through the garage.

Carlotta's mind is reeling. Billy seems almost calm now.

CARLOTTA
(uncertainly)
Didn't you see anybody? Didn't you
hear anybody?

BILLY
Only when you screamed.

JULIE AND KIM

have appeared at the bedroom door and stand there terrified

BILLY
Go back to bed. It was just a
dream. Mommy had a bad dream.

But the girls stand as though frozen in the doorway.

CARLOTTA
Look in the bathroom.

The girls turn like automatons, gaze into the hall bathroom.

CARLOTTA
Well?

JULIE
(near tears)
There's nobody in there.

Billy goes to them, gently calms them.

BILLY
You've had bad dreams, too. Now
Mommy's had one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE - CARLOTTA

She has controlled her shaking. Her expression is confused. Sitting on the edge of the bed, the sheet wrapped around her, a consciousness returns to Carlotta, as though it had been, after all, a dream. A kind of waking up, a kind of return from the depths of hell.

CARLOTTA
(softly)
A dream?

BILLY

Frightened, trying not to show it, trying not to believe her.

BILLY
Yeah... That's all... a dream.

CARLOTTA

Tired, sore, assailed by an awful anguish, her hands move up against her body, as though to explore, and she rests her head against the bedstead and closes her eyes, sighing.

CARLOTTA
Oh... Jesus ... Jesus ...

CUT TO:

EXT. SIGN - DAY

"Department of Welfare - County of Los Angeles."

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Carlotta is seated opposite a BLACK WOMAN at a small metal table. One has the impression that the woman sees hundreds of people throughout the day and is vastly overworked. She shuffles through papers, and Carlotta nervously crosses her legs. Slowly, Carlotta removes her sunglasses. An ugly bruise is revealed at the side of her right eye, but the woman doesn't notice as she never once looks at Carlotta directly.

WOMAN
You're supposed to notify us of any jobs you have tried to get.

CARLOTTA
I haven't tried to get any. I'm going to school.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Can you tell me the names of three employers you have contacted in the last month?

CARLOTTA

I told you, I'm going to school...

WOMAN

(making a notation)

Then you have made no contacts?

Carlotta watches in dismay, uncertain what bureaucracy has in store for her.

INT. WELLMAN SCHOOL - NIGHT

In the clatter of typewriters, Carlotta's face is intent on her typing.

EXT./INT. WELLMAN SCHOOL - NIGHT

From the exterior, over dense shrubs, CAMERA GAZES AT Carlotta as she types. Her attention suddenly invaded, Carlotta glances up and looks out the window, AT CAMERA.

MR. REISZ

punches his stop watch.

MR. REISZ

And stop! Anyone do thirty words?

Carlotta shakes herself from the premonition and she looks at the page in dismay.

CARLOTTA

(sotto voce)

Oh, Jesus --

Juanita leans forward to console Carlotta.

JUANITA

Don't worry. It happens to me too sometimes.

Carlotta smiles wanly, appreciatively. Then she furtively glances at the window. CAMERA MOVES IN ON her face, pinched with worry.

SLOW DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. KENTNER STREET - NIGHT (RAIN)

A steady rain falls on the corner street sign: "Kentner Street." The street glistens in the fluorescent glare. CAMERA MOVES TOWARD the Moran house.

SUPERIMPOSE: "OCTOBER 5, 1976. 11:05 P.M."

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT (RAIN)

A broken gutter discharges a torrent of water from the roof, splashing noisily down the shingles of the bedroom side of the house. CAMERA MOVES PAST a clump of dripping foliage toward the window of Carlotta's bedroom, which is dark.

INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carlotta lies awake in bed, listening to the rain fall. She is wide-eyed, alert, expectant, her hair fanned out on the pillow, her ears exposed to all the myriad SOUNDS that the RAIN MAKES. CAMERA INCHES IN ON HER FACE, as a new SOUND begins to infiltrate the rain, a NOISE LIKE MICE SCRAMBLING THROUGH THE WALLS, only bigger than mice, like small dogs, SCRATCHING and COMING THROUGH. Her nostrils dilate with fear, and with the smell of something rank. She bolts, sweating, in the bed.

CARLOTTA

Rising INTO FRAME, she is suddenly driven backwards like a shot. About to scream, she is struck a savage blow, and though we see no fist, we do see a distinct reddening of her cheek. The force of the blow has rolled her nearly over and she puts out her arm to brace herself. But her arm is knocked out from under her, and her face is forced into the pillow. Carlotta struggles and gasps, and her legs kick out, but meet nothing.

EFFECT SHOT

ANGLING DOWN ON Carlotta as some unseen power grabs her waist and pulls her up, so that she is on all fours. CAMERA ZOOMS FORWARD as her nightgown is thrown over her head, and she is penetrated from behind O.S. And now the pumping commences, the CAMERA MOVING RHYTHMICALLY IN AND OUT IN SLOW, PULSATING STROKES to the accompaniment of labored breathing.

CLOSE - CARLOTTA

Her face twisting about in the pillow, but being pressed down into it, forcing her to gasp for each breath until she is choking under the steady pounding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And now, through all the miasmic horror, she hears a Voice, a thin, high-pitched, mewling Voice, like that of a child, but older. It chuckles, and then speaks:

VOICE
Open, cunt!

The whole bed is now rocking as the seducer moves toward climax. Carlotta twists and coughs, but she manages to extricate her face from the pillow, and she screams, and screams...

THE CEILING LIGHT

sparkles IN THE CAMERA LENS as it is switched on, and ARNOLD GREENSPAN, the next door neighbor, rushes in: an old man with knobby knees, an overcoat thrown on over his pajamas, a tire iron in his hand. Behind him is Billy's terror-ridden face.

GREENSPAN
Mrs. Moran! Mrs. Moran!

ANGLE - CARLOTTA

SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY, SOBBING AND MOANING ON THE BED.

GREENSPAN
Mrs. Moran! Are you all right?

Gradually Carlotta's terror abates, and she gazes blankly at both of them, shivering like some dumb beast.

GREENSPAN
Billy! Go call the police. Tell
the operator --

CARLOTTA
-- No! Don't.

GREENSPAN
Mrs. Moran, you've been --

CARLOTTA
I don't want the police.

Greenspan lowers the tire iron, approaches the bed.

GREENSPAN
Wouldn't it be best to speak with
someone? They have women police --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

I don't want the police. Leave me alone.

Drawing the blanket around her she rises to a sitting position. Greenspan watches her, his confusion mounting.

BILLY

The same thing happened last night.

GREENSPAN

-- Last night?

Carlotta comes down from her hysteria and begins to weep.

CARLOTTA

Oh, God! God in heaven!

BILLY

Last night it was even worse.

Greenspan is looking at her strangely now, his confusion turning to concern.

GREENSPAN

Please, Mrs. Moran. You and the children -- you come over to our place. We have room. You sleep there tonight. Tomorrow we can talk about it...

Carlotta rises, walks to the door unsteadily, her whole body wracked with pain, but she tries to put on a front for Greenspan.

CARLOTTA

No, I'm all right, Mr. Greenspan. Everything is fine.

GREENSPAN

Fine? I'm not so sure. Look, you have to talk to someone. You have to explore this thing...

Carlotta walks out of the room, Greenspan following.

LIVING ROOM

As Carlotta walks into the living room, she sees Kim and Julie standing at their bedroom door, sniffing like they were sick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENSPAN

...I want you to feel free to come
over and have some coffee with us.
And talk. About whatever you want.

CARLOTTA

(tautly)

I will. Good night, Mr. Greenspan.

The note of dismissal gets through to Greenspan. He nods briefly, then looking toward the children with a small smile, he walks to the front door and opens it. Before leaving, he turns once more, then nods and leaves. Carlotta sinks wearily onto the sofa.

CARLOTTA

I didn't mean to kick him out. I
just wanted to think by myself for
a while.

BILLY

Sure, Mom.

Carlotta gazes at the girls, standing, weeping, in the doorway. All at once, Carlotta breaks down and starts weeping herself. She extends her arms to the girls, and they quickly scamper to Carlotta, climb upon her and cling to her. Carlotta looks up at Billy and in an unspoken gesture beckons to him. His eyes, too, are misty, as he kneels before her and she reaches out to include him in her embrace. They are all in tears now.

CARLOTTA

You think I'm going crazy?

JULIE & KIM

No, Mom! Oh, Mom, of course not!

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT (RAIN)

The family SEEN in a close-knit embrace THROUGH THE RAIN
SPATTERED WINDOW. CAMERA PULLS BACK to a FULL SHOT of the
house.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - DAWN

It has stopped raining. A pale sky signals a new day. The
DRIP, DRIP from the BROKEN GUTTER is the only SOUND heard.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Carlotta is seated opposite the PRINCIPAL of Billy's high school, a short, rotund man, whose mask of smiles is somehow unpleasant.

PRINCIPAL

Billy has a marked mechanical aptitude, Mrs. Moran. We don't question that. But his ability to concentrate on the verbal and mathematical has slipped below his capacity.

CARLOTTA

I wasn't aware --

PRINCIPAL

In a year, he can enter a trade school. But they have standards, too. And right now he is headed for trouble.

CARLOTTA

I had no idea. He doesn't tell me about school --

In some way that becomes apparent, the Principal has begun noticing the soft form of the woman before him, without once losing the mask of friendly concern. His eyes subtly, explore Carlotta, who is quick to notice.

PRINCIPAL

It's not a reflection on you, I'm sure, Mrs. Moran.

Carlotta, uncomfortable under the Principal's scrutiny, rises.

CARLOTTA

I'll talk to my son.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

CAMERA PANS past a clog of afternoon traffic to a telephone booth situated at the far end of a service station. Carlotta is inside the booth talking into the telephone.

CARLOTTA

Can you give me a number where I can reach him?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A swank, modernly appointed office featuring a large picture window overlooking Los Angeles. A MAN in shirtsleeves is speaking into the phone. On the wall behind him is a huge map of the United States, bristling with varicolored pins.

MAN

'fraid not.

(glances at map)

Right now Rodriguez is somewhere between Denver and Spokane. He's due back in three weeks; care to leave your name in case he calls?

CLOSE - CARLOTTA

She bites her lip indecisively.

CARLOTTA

No, never mind. Thank you.

She hangs up the phone slowly. Then, a sudden premonition causes her to turn sharply and gaze through the glass booth, her eyes narrowing in fear and confusion.

SLOW DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The night is still, silent. A pale moon sheds an unearthly glow on the house.

SUPERIMPOSE: "OCTOBER 12, 1976 - 10:45 P.M."

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Billy has just finished sawing an 8 x 4 sheet of plywood lengthwise.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Julie and Kim are in the bathtub, splashing each other while Carlotta briskly towel-dries Kim's hair.

CARLOTTA

Stop it, Julie.

JULIE

She's splashing me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIM

I'm not!

Carlotta rises, smiles wanly, wearily.

CARLOTTA

Well, stop it, both of you.

(as she leaves)

Five minutes, girls. I want you in
bed by eight.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Leaving the bathroom, Carlotta passes the door to her
bedroom, which is still ajar, as it was a week ago. She
pauses, her eyes feverish, and stares at it.

ANGLE - FROM LIVING ROOM

Billy enters with the plywood and wedges it under the sofa
pillows.

BILLY

This should make it better. Give
your back more support.

He turns to see Carlotta, standing in the hallway, staring
fixedly at the bedroom door.

BILLY

(hesitantly)

Maybe -- maybe you should try...
in there. I mean... it's been a
week and nothing's happened... no
dreams, I mean...

Carlotta does not respond to this, but we can see that she is
giving serious thought to Billy's suggestion.

INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The ANGLE TAKES IN the entire room as Carlotta slowly pushes
the door inward and hesitantly crosses the threshold. She
flicks on the ceiling light. Her eyes are pin-pricks of
intensity as they rove about the room, searching for any
unusual signs.

HER POV

CAMERA MOVES AROUND the room, past vanity, closet windows,
and carved bed. Everything seems normal, benign, even the
angels on the bedstead gaze beatifically back at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE - CARLOTTA

Her face seems to relax a bit.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE DOWN ON Carlotta in bed. The lamp on the night-table sheds a weak glow. It is silent save for the TICKING of the ALARM CLOCK beside her, which reads: 2:13. CAMERA INCHES TOWARD Carlotta. Her eyes are half-closed, heavy with sleep, which she tries to resist, but it's a losing battle. As CAMERA CLOSSES IN ON her face, her eyelids flutter and finally remain quiescent in sleep. CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE INTO her eyes. Suddenly, they snap open. Alert. Aware of something amiss. It starts with a premonition, but is quickly confirmed by a SOUND -- a TREMBLING IN THE ATMOSPHERE which causes lamp and clock to jitter on the night-table.

ANGLE - CARLOTTA

She springs up INTO FRAME, her senses keened.

CARLOTTA

Bill!

The room trembles as though by an earthquake.

EFFECT SHOT - VANITY

A cosmetic bottle explodes. PAN TO WINDOW: The drape rips off its rod.

EFFECT SHOT - CARLOTTA

bolts out of bed.

CARLOTTA

Bill!!

Her dress is by the bedside, ready for her. She quickly drapes it around her, buttoning buttons, and dashes to the door. The night-table skitters across the room, missing, her by inches, and crashes into the wall.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Billy scrambles out of bed, dashes into the hallway, meeting Carlotta.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA
There's something coming!

The bedroom door SLAMS behind them under its own volition.

CARLOTTA
(hysteria mounting)
Let's get out of here!

We HEAR the bedroom behind the door CRASHING with THROWN FURNITURE.

BILLY
(terrified)
Mom!

CARLOTTA
Grab Kim! I'll take Julie!

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The girls are awake, holding each other tightly. Carlotta grabs Julie; Billy sweeps up Kim, the blanket draped over her legs.

BILLY
Should I take the blanket!!?

CARLOTTA
Yes! Yes! Take it! Get out!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (EFFECT SHOT)

As they rush to the front door, the NOISES from the bedroom SOUND as if it were being systematically torn apart.

CARLOTTA
Holy Christ!

Tears of rage course down her cheeks as she fumbles with the bolt on the front door, but Julie in her arms hampers her movements.

CARLOTTA
Damn! Damn!

The girls are crying; Billy, too. Suddenly something heavy is thrown against the bedroom door causing it to crack, and a Voice from the very depths of hell, shouts from the other side:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE
(muffled)
-- Cunt!

Carlotta finally opens the front door and they dash out.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The Buick is parked in the driveway. In an instant, they are in the car. Carlotta slips it into reverse and shoots backwards into her neighbor's shrubbery. She GRINDS it into first, spins the tires, SQUEALING and ROARING out onto Kentner Street.

INT. BUICK - NIGHT

The houses rush by as Carlotta floors the gas pedal.

CARLOTTA
Christ, did you hear that, Billy?

Billy, sitting petrified in his underwear, says nothing.

CARLOTTA
(whirls on him)
Didn't you hear it?

BILLY
Yeah, Ma, yeah.

He looks at her strangely, his eyes glistening with tears. The girls in the back seat are whimpering with fright.

EXT. BUICK - LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

The car shoots through a red light, past a lonely intersection, and SQUEALS around a corner.

INT. BUICK - NIGHT

Billy gazes bug-eyed out the windscreen.

BILLY
Slow down, Mom. You're going
sixty.

Carlotta eases a bit on the accelerator. She seems to be operating in a vacuum, by pure instinct, like a frightened animal.

CARLOTTA
Where the hell are we?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

We're near Colorado Avenue.

Carlotta gathers herself a bit, eases off on the gas pedal.

CARLOTTA

(glancing back at the
girls)

Listen, kids, we're going to be all
right. You got that? You guys
okay?

She gazes at Billy, in his underwear.

CARLOTTA

Better wrap that blanket around
yourself, Bill. I'm going to
Cindy's.

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

A huge pink building, like all the other apartment complexes
on the street. Blue and red exotic lighting makes the palm
trees in front look like horrible, sickly plants. The Buick
comes to a stop in front of the building. Carlotta and the
children emerge and climb the stairs to the second level.

EXT. SECOND LEVEL - CINDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A water fountain gurgles below. Carlotta and the children
approach a door marked "2C." Carlotta pauses to whisper:

CARLOTTA

Listen, let me do all the talking.
Whatever I say, that's what
happened. Okay?

They nod their heads solemnly. Carlotta presses the
doorbell. A distant BUZZER is HEARD. But no one comes to
the door. Carlotta presses it again. Then a hand parts the
drape slowly at the window beside the door. The door opens
and CINDY NASH stands on the threshold. She's about thirty,
really quite pretty, but right now she is wearing an old
bathrobe.

CINDY

(keeping her voice low)
Carlotta! Billy. What --

CARLOTTA

Oh, Cindy --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY
Don't cry, honey. Come on in.
Everybody. Come on in.

They follow Cindy through the door.

INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cindy switches on a table lamp revealing a cluttered, claustrophobic room. The carpet is frayed, the walls are cracked, and the furniture has seen better days. Cindy speaks as they enter, in a soft whisper so as not to awaken GEORGE, who can be heard SNORING, O.S.

CINDY
What was it? A fire?

CARLOTTA
No. We... got thrown out of our place.

CINDY
You got thrown out? By who?

CARLOTTA
We -- just had to get out...

CINDY
Had to... I don't get it. What happened?

The girls start to weep. Cindy breathes a piteous sigh.

CINDY
Aw, kids. Look, you want to stay here, is that it? Sure.

Cindy quickly goes to the hall closet and returns with an armful of blankets and two pillows.

CINDY
Here, wrap yourselves in these.
Julie and Kim can sleep on the couch. Billy, you can curl up on the hassock.
(to Carlotta)
I'm afraid it's the floor for you, hon.

CARLOTTA
Thanks, Cindy. I don't know what I'd've done...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY
(knowingly)
It's man trouble. It's Jerry,
isn't it?

CARLOTTA
No, no. He won't be back for three
weeks.

CINDY
That's okay, tell me tomorrow.
(to the children)
You all get some sleep.

CARLOTTA
Good night, Cindy.

Cindy tip-toes into her own bedroom and softly closes the door. Carlotta is so bone tired she can hardly stand. Slowly she sinks to the floor and, grabbing a blanket, draws it around her shoulders. The children have settled themselves in, and Kim has already fallen asleep. Through the thin walls of the bedroom we can HEAR CINDY'S DISTINCT VOICE and GEORGE'S GRUMBLING REPLY., O.S.

CLOSER - CARLOTTA

Slowly she rests back on the pillow and turns her head away from the children. Tears begin to form in her eyes. Tears of exhaustion, frustration, fear. She is crying, but making no sound.

INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - DAY

Captain Kangaroo is entertaining the girls as they lay on the floor munching bowls of cereal. Billy is still asleep in the corner, the blanket covering his head. GEORGE enters from the bedroom. He is in his forties, a big man, prematurely gone to fat. He hesitates when he sees his floor covered with kids and pillows and blankets. He breathes a silent "Christ," then steps over the girls and peers into the kitchen. Finding no one there, he comes back into the living room, seems to see something outside on the balcony, and gingerly steps across bodies to the window. He peers out.

HIS POV

Through a veil of curtains we SEE Cindy and Carlotta, standing by the upper steps some distance away. Carlotta wears the dress of the night before. Cindy is in robe and slippers.

EXT. BALCONY OUTSIDE APARTMENT - DAY

Cindy is stunned, her hand at her mouth.

CINDY

-- Raped?

For a long moment neither can speak. Then tears appear in Cindy's eyes and she gathers Carlotta to her. They embrace, weeping.

CINDY

-- Oh, baby -- Oh, my God -- I'm
sorry --

CARLOTTA

It was -- I feel like -- ruined --

CINDY

Baby, baby -- oh, my God! How did
it happen?

CARLOTTA

I was all alone in my bedroom and --
something grabbed me -- smothered
me -- I nearly fainted.

CINDY

Did you call the police?

Carlotta pulls away from Cindy's embrace.

CARLOTTA

-- No -- I mean --
(a beat)
There was no reason to.

CINDY

What in God's name are you talking
about?

CARLOTTA

(trying to find the right
words)
-- Cindy -- it was and it wasn't --
I was raped, beaten, but when the
lights went on, there was nobody
there.

CINDY

Maybe he got out through the
window?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

No, the windows were locked.

CINDY

I don't understand. You were --
attacked, or you weren't -- ?

CARLOTTA

Of course I was. He beat me. He
almost strangled me. Then he --
used me, terribly. And when it was
over, he vanished -- like he was
never there --

Cindy leans against the railing, unable to comprehend the
import of what she hears.

CARLOTTA

You see? You see? There's no
answer, is there? It's true and
it's not true. It happened and it
didn't. I flipped out! I flipped
out, Cindy! Twice!

CINDY

It happened again?

CARLOTTA

The next night! Why do you think I
ran like hell out of there when it
started the third time?

For a long moment neither speak. Cindy, usually so sharp and
quick, seems at a total loss. Finally, she says:

CINDY

All right. Then you stay here,
Carlotta. But I think you should
see a psychiatrist.

CARLOTTA

I can't afford a shrink.

CINDY

You can go to the clinic at the
university. Payment is strictly
optional, and if you're on welfare,
the payment is zilch.

CARLOTTA

I hate the thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY
Think about it, anyway. Come on,
let's go in.

The two women walk to the apartment door, Cindy pausing to say:

CINDY
Don't tell George. He's a bit
straight-laced about things.

Carlotta nods and they enter.

INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - DAY

As they walk into the living room, George is emerging from the bedroom, dressed for work.

GEORGE
Is it possible to get breakfast in
this place?

CINDY
In a minute, George.

GEORGE
Christ.

He goes to the TV and LOWERS it to a whisper. The girls groan with displeasure. Carlotta gives them a sign to keep quiet.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY

It is a warm, lovely week-end day and the park is filled with visitors, strolling, picnicking, playing touch football.

CARLOTTA - DAY

Seated on a blanket amidst the remnants of their picnic lunch, Carlotta seems more relaxed, fresher, the bruise near her eye all but faded. She searches the distance, and she smiles.

HER POV

Billy is tossing balls out to Julie and Kim, who scramble over each other to field them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

Carlotta's expression turns wistful, as though wishing to freeze this lovely moment in time.

INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The children are asleep. Carlotta lies on her floor-bed awake, listening to the SOUND of MUFFLED VOICES coming from the bedroom.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Well, why didn't you tell her!

CINDY (V.O.)
Oh, George, I couldn't. She's got no place to go!

GEORGE (V.O.)
God damn it! It's been over a week --

CINDY (V.O.)
Shhhh!

GEORGE (V.O.)
I don't give a damn if she does hear. Now you tell her tomorrow! Understand?

Carlotta is gazing up at the ceiling, biting her lip. Now what?

INT. NASH KITCHEN - DAY

The morning sun spills through the window brightly. Cindy sits forlornly at the table sipping coffee; Carlotta enters, bouncing, happy, her face wreathed in smiles, an ebullience that is patently false, and that does not escape Cindy's sharp eyes.

CARLOTTA
I really got to thank you for all you've done, Cindy. I think it's time we split. You know?

CINDY
Really, I don't know. If you feel okay...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

I feel really great again. And I don't think those nightmares are going to happen any more. Besides, it's been long enough. The kids miss their home.

CINDY

I don't know. I've been thinking, Carly. Maybe you should move.

CARLOTTA

That's impossible. I have a lease. If I don't honor it, welfare will. Besides, I don't think it's the house at all. I think it's me.

On the edge of tears, Cindy can no longer restrain them. She rises and hugs Carlotta to her. Soon, Carlotta is also crying.

CINDY

Oh, Carly -- I'm so sorry ...

CARLOTTA

Hey, c'mon now. Tell you what. I'll spend a couple of days with my folks.

CINDY

Your folks? Carlotta --

CARLOTTA

Sure. A couple of days in Pasadena. Big house, room for the kids to run around. Julie and Kim have never met my parents.

CINDY

I know.

A note of dread enters Carlotta's eyes which she tries to repress.

CARLOTTA

Couple of days. Big breakfasts out on the patio... The works...

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - PASADENA EXIT - DAY

The Buick leaves the freeway at the Pasadena off-ramp.

INT./EXT. PASADENA STREETS - TRAVELLING

Past a segment of Orange Grove Boulevard. The houses are old, imposing, with broad lawns and immense palm trees. It is old California here, harking back to a time of beauty and grace.

INT. BUICK - DAY

Carlotta's expression is tense as she passes the homes of her youth and her mind becomes alive with memories.

INT. DILWORTH HOUSE - NIGHT - (EFFECT SHOT)

CAMERA WANDERS THROUGH gauzy corridors, ROAMING through dark rooms with heavy curtains, and rich, funereal furnishings.

EXT. DILWORTH PATIO - DAY - (EFFECT SHOT)

Another gauzy remembrance of Sunday breakfast and a gathering of people, finely dressed ladies and gentlemen, sitting on filigreed garden chairs, listening to PASTOR DILWORTH, Carlotta's father, a large, imposing man in his forties, read from the Bible.

PASTOR DILWORTH

(reverb)

"And thou shouldst have one to
comfort thy soul, and cherish thy
old age... who loveth thee, and is
much better to thee, than if thou
hadst seven sons..."

Her MOTHER, a slim, mousey lady in her late thirties, listens to her husband with a look of utter distaste.

INT. DILWORTH DOORWAY TO BEDROOM - NIGHT - (EFFECT SHOT)

A MUFFLED VOICE RESOUNDS THROUGH the house, her father's VOICE, cursing, shouting obscenities that can hardly be heard, until a tiny hand pushes the door open, to reveal Pastor Dilworth standing over his wife who lies on the floor, sobbing hysterically.

PASTOR DILWORTH

(reverb)

Bitch! Damned bitch!

The door is slowly, silently pulled shut.

BEDROOM CEILING - NIGHT - (EFFECT SHOT)

A kaleidoscope of plaster figurines inset into the ceiling mouldings sparkle and dance in Carlotta's subjective vision. Her BREATHING increases, and her MOANS escalate, as she approaches the climax of her first masturbatory experience. Suddenly, there is her father standing above her, gazing down at her with eyes that are flaming and a face that's distorted with anger and disgust.

PASTOR DILWORTH
(reverb)
Foulest sin, to abuse thyself!

BATHTUB - NIGHT - (EFFECT SHOT)

From beneath the water's surface, the face of Pastor Dilworth wavers hideously before Carlotta's memory. Then he lifts her through the water's surface and brings her, coughing, spluttering and screaming before his crazed visage. CAMERA SWAYS BACK AND FORTH AWAY FROM him.

PASTOR DILWORTH
(reverb)
Turn they face to me, child! Hear
me, child! "From the woman came the
beginning of sin, and by her we all
die!" Die! Die!

EXT./INT. BUICK - DAY

The brakes SQUEAL raucously as Carlotta brings the car to a sudden stop, causing Billy to almost smash forward into the windshield. Carlotta sits there limply, breathing hard, unable to move.

BILLY
Gee, Mom! What gives?

But Carlotta cannot speak. The girls in the back seat press forward, concern on their faces. After a moment's hesitation:

EXT. PASADENA STREET - DAY

The Buick makes a fast "U" turn and heads back to Los Angeles.

INT./EXT. - MORAN HOUSE - EVENING

From the dark living room, CAMERA ANGLES THROUGH the window as the Buick pulls up into the driveway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We can VAGUELY HEAR the girls' VOICES and LAUGHTER as they clamber out of the car and run to the front door. Carlotta follows behind them, not quite so eagerly. It is not necessary to unlock the door, since they failed to lock it when they left. It now CREAKS mournfully as Carlotta twists the knob and pushes it slowly open. Kim and Julie scamper past her and rush into their own room. Billy enters next, and turns on the overhead light. Carlotta remains standing on the threshold, as though afraid to enter. Billy turns to her.

BILLY
Same ol' place.

Carlotta enters tentatively, her eyes scanning every nook and cranny of the room, seeking some corroboration of the nightmare.

HER POV

The room indeed seems no different from usual. Even the door to her bedroom seems solid and undamaged.

CLOSE - CARLOTTA

Taking it all in, with some amazement.

CARLOTTA
I could've sworn that door was broken.

WIDEN ANGLE. Billy walks courageously to her bedroom door and opens it wide. Carlotta slowly takes a few steps forward, so that she can see into the bedroom.

HER POV

Inside the sheets are fallen from the bed. The lamp lies on the floor, the shade stepped on and bent. A bottle of cologne lies shattered on the floor, and the vanity is tipped back against the wall, but otherwise, the room seems perfectly normal.

INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carlotta enters and walks to the vanity. At her lightest touch, it falls back into place. She examines the mirror for cracks, but there are none. Amazed, Carlotta circles slowly through the room, picking up a bottle, the sheets, replacing the broken lamp on the table. Billy stands on the threshold watching her. She gazes up at the ceiling for signs of damage, but there are none. She shakes her head in wonderment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

It was a crazy night, Mom.

The girls rush into the bedroom holding their stuffed animals.

JULIE

Clown was lonely, Mommy.

KIM

Pierre, too.

The front doorbell RINGS.

INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Billy precedes Carlotta through the hallway and living room to the front door. He opens it and Cindy stands on the threshold, a small overnight bag in her hand. She smiles vividly.

CINDY

Hi, folks. Remember me?

Carlotta's face softens with pleasure. The girls rush up to her.

CARLOTTA

(warmly)

-- Cindy!

CINDY

I knew you wouldn't go to Pasadena.

(a beat)

Got a room for a weary traveller?

CARLOTTA

(softly -- with love)

Cindy.

INT. MORAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

The clock reads: 11:40. Cindy is washing, Carlotta drying.

CARLOTTA

What about George?

CINDY

As far as he knows, I'm with my sister in Reseda. Not that he gives a particular damn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carlotta turns off the light and they walk into the living room.

CARLOTTA

Thank you, Cindy. I was feeling a little, you know, strange about the whole thing.

Cindy plops herself on the sofa which is super-stiff from the board. The sheets are piled up on the side.

CINDY

I could just use your couch --
(makes a face)
I guess.

Carlotta laughs.

CINDY

Unless you'd rather sleep on it?

CARLOTTA

No, no. It kills my back. I'll be all right.

CINDY

(smiles in agreement)
Just leave the door open.

CARLOTTA

Sleep tight, Cindy. And thanks again for everything.

Carlotta turns and goes to her own room.

INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carlotta enters the bedroom forthrightly, in a no nonsense manner. She is determined to be positive and moves briskly about, ripping off the sheets to make the bed afresh. But it doesn't work, and soon, tormented by the memories of the past nights, she can only stand there unable to function.

CINDY (O.S)

Hey?

Carlotta turns, sees Cindy standing on the threshold, and rushes to her. They embrace tightly, Carlotta in tears.

CARLOTTA

-- Oh, Cindy, Cindy --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY
Come on, come on -- nothing's gonna
happen.

They cling to each other, Cindy's expression softening into a sad smile. Then, with a naughty glint in her eye:

CINDY
-- Hey, if he should come -- ask
him if he's got a friend.

Carlotta bursts out laughing. Soon they are both laughing, a touch too loudly and hysterically.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM the bedroom window to a FULL SHOT of the house. The LAUGHTER diminishing, until the only SOUND is the BREEZE WHIPPING THE FOLIAGE, causing shadows to dance weirdly across the facade of the house.

MATCH CUT TO:

SAME ANGLE AS ABOVE - DAWN

It is dawn, and the wind has died down.

INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - MORNING

Carlotta's eyes snap open, and she bolts in bed, her face alert, her nostrils flaring as she smells something.

INT. MORAN KITCHEN - MORNING

Bacon is sizzling under Cindy's supervision. The children are dressed for school, sitting around the table, eating.

ANGLE - THE DOOR

Carlotta peers round the edge of the door jamb and gazes in pleased amazement at what she sees.

CARLOTTA
Well, look at you all.

There is a general murmur of "good mornings."

CINDY
Sleep good?

CARLOTTA
Great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Look, hon, I didn't want to wake you, but it's nearly eight, so you better hurry. You go to school. I'll get the kids off and clean up. Here's your coffee.

She accepts the coffee from Cindy and sips it with pleasure.

CARLOTTA

(gratefully)

Wow, Cindy. You're a wonder.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - DAY

Julie and Kim accompany Carlotta to the Buick and kiss her fervently goodbye. Carlotta gets in the car and slowly backs out and drives off. The girls stand watching after her.

EXT. SANTA MONICA STREET - DAY

The Buick cruises down a wide boulevard in the flow of light traffic.

INT. BUICK - DAY

Carlotta seems genuinely refreshed this morning. She fiddles with the radio, then decides to turn it off. She gazes ahead.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The avenue is a bright collage of creamy color and blue sky.

CLOSE - CARLOTTA

She drives carefully, though her mind seems to be on distant thoughts. She comes to a red light, and stops.

MALE VOICE

(deep, rumbling)

Good morning, cunt!

Carlotta freezes. She checks the radio dial. It's off. She looks out to the side.

HER POV

Two male Latin faces look down at her from a beat-up truck in the adjacent lane. Their eyes fall down past her neck, her shoulders, her breasts and hips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

The CAR behind her HONKS. She presses the accelerator.

FIRST SENILE VOICE
(thin, demented)
Hit her, poke her!

Carlotta whirls around. No one in the back seat. She rights the wheel just in time to avoid hitting another car.

EXT. THE BUICK

wheels sharply around an oncoming car.

INT. BUICK

Carlotta is breathing rapidly, her face fraught with fear.

SECOND SENILE VOICE
Get her on the palisades! Drive
her off the pier!!

Carlotta's head spins about. Her eyes wide with terror. Searching. But there is no one in the car. She opens the electric window.

FIRST SENILE VOICE
Drive her off the cliff! Off the
cliff!

Carlotta presses down on the accelerator, trying to escape from -- ?

EXT. THE BUICK

speeds down the avenue, passing other cars.

INT. BUICK

Carlotta is wild-eyed, panting like an animal.

CARLOTTA
(shrieks)
Stop it!

Now multiple LAUGHTER, raucous, foul, commingles in her ears.

MALE VOICE
Remember me, cunt!

The steering wheel slips through her hand, turns by itself.

EXT. BUICK

It turns sharply to the right, onto the main artery of Santa Monica, on its way to the ocean.

INT. BUICK

Carlotta grabs at the wheel but cannot budge it.

CLOSE - HER FOOT

depresses the accelerator, under its own volition.

CLOSE - CARLOTTA

In desperation she tries to raise her foot off the accelerator but cannot. She screams.

SENILE VOICES
Pinch her! Poke her!

CARLOTTA
(weeping hysterically)
Dear God, dear God! Oh God, my
God --

CLOSE - DOOR LOCK

Snaps down under its own power.

AUTOMATIC WINDOW

It rolls up by itself.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Pedestrians hesitate, then move back, as the Buick speeds past them.

CARLOTTA

Mumbles prayers between her sobs of anguish.

CARLOTTA
I'm sorry, dear God, I'm sorry for
everything --

MALE VOICE
Shut up!

FIRST SENILE VOICE
Burn her! Burn her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE - CIGARETTE LIGHTER

Snaps in by itself and begins to heat.

CARLOTTA

Screams, her hands hanging uselessly at her side, waiting for the inevitable end to the whole grizzly nightmare.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The pier is just ahead and the Buick is speeding toward it.

CLOSE - CARLOTTA

She shuts her eyes.

MALE VOICE

Farewell, Carlotta!

Suddenly, Carlotta's eyes snap open, and in a sudden vicious move, she twists the wheel so hard that the car screeches.

INT./EXT. THROUGH WINDSHIELD - PIER APPROACH - DAY (SLOW MOTION)

The car careens over the sidewalk. Two men, lounging in the shadows of the building, seem to fly back as the car lurches toward them. In an abstraction, the window breaks in like a wave as the car hits a pole.

EXT. BUICK (SLOW MOTION)

as it impacts against the pole, the metal grille buckles, fenders and interior engine parts are thrown from the ripped hood. Then everything is still.

INT. BUICK

Carlotta is hunched forward. The engine is smoking. FOOTSTEPS approach and soon several men are looking through the broken windows. Their VOICES are muffled as they work to extricate her.

INT. NEUROPSYCHIATRIC CLINIC - WEST COAST UNIVERSITY - DAY

UN-FOCUSED SHOT OF Carlotta, a deformed REFLECTION SEEN in the glassed-in partition of the examining room: a small cubicle devoid of decor and spartanly furnished. She is sitting on a chair, folding and unfolding her hands, as CAMERA FOCUSES. She is watching someone O.S. like a seared animal, seems on the edge of losing control.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA PANS to GARY SNEIDERMAN, sitting across from her. Handsome, boyish, wearing a white jacket, he leans forward toward her awaiting an answer, which is not forthcoming.

GARY
Carlotta?

CARLOTTA

Her eyes gaze at him unseeing. Her voice is empty.

CARLOTTA
What?

GARY
What makes you think it was not a
real man who raped you?

Carlotta licks her lips, watching him, her dark eyes, afraid.

CARLOTTA
-- He just -- evaporated -- when
Billy turned on the light --

GARY
You felt him in you, though?

CARLOTTA
Definitely.

GARY
He felt like a man?

CARLOTTA
A big man.

Gary leans back, pleased. They are making progress.

GARY
And the following night, the same
thing happened.

CARLOTTA
This time from behind.

She gazes down, embarrassed.

GARY
Do you take drugs?

CARLOTTA
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

What did you think happened?

CARLOTTA

I -- I wasn't sure -- I -- I knew I was sore. I felt terrible inside. You can't mistake that. I'm not sure if he -- if he...

GARY

Ejaculated?

CARLOTTA

Yes. I think he did. He was foul.

GARY

You smelled him -- ?

Carlotta nods. Her fingers absorb her interest, locked in her lap, intertwining, back and forth.

GARY

You said it happened a third time.

CARLOTTA

I heard him coming. I ran out of the bedroom. I drove to my friend's house.

GARY

And then?

CARLOTTA

I stayed with Cindy a few days. I felt better. We all did. I couldn't stay there forever. I went back home with the kids. Cindy stayed with me that night. Everything was fine. Then -- this morning -- driving to school --

GARY

He tried to kill you.

A long pause. Carlotta studies the intense young man in front of her with odd curiosity, as if seeing him for the first time.

CARLOTTA

You think I'm crazy, don't you?

Gary rises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

Right now, we have to take some medical tests, a few psychological tests. They don't hurt.

CARLOTTA

(rising)

Now?

GARY

Yes, I'd like to get them started.

Carlotta appears frightened of the idea.

GARY

I'll be with you if you like.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The night is misty. A light drizzle falls.

INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Billy leans over Carlotta's shoulder, daubing disinfectant to her bruised skin. Carlotta, seated in an overstuffed chair, winces.

BILLY

It's a miracle you're alive. The Buick's totalled.

CARLOTTA

Think you can fix it?

BILLY

I'm not sure. It won't be cheap.

The WHISTLE of the TEA KETTLE SOUNDS distantly. Billy puts down the bottle of disinfectant and hurries into the kitchen, passing Kim, who stands at the doorway, gazing worriedly at her mother.

KIM

Did the doctor hurt you?

Carlotta turns to her tenderly.

CARLOTTA

No, honey, no. Not at all. Mommy just talked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carlotta leans back in the club chair, her eyes closed. Billy enters from the kitchen and sets the cup of tea beside her. Weary, depressed, frightened, she can still manage a smile of thanks.

CARLOTTA
Thanks, Bill.

Billy starts to leave.

CARLOTTA
(worriedly)
Billy.
(he turns)
If Jerry calls, for God's sake,
don't tell him anything. That's
all I'd need.

Billy's expression tightens with hostility.

BILLY
Is he really coming back?

Carlotta, fighting for calm and patience, fixes her son with a firm look. Her tone, however, is soft, gentle.

CARLOTTA
Understand something, Bill. I like
Jerry. And he's trying to like
you. You owe him that much in
return. And besides, it doesn't
matter what you think of him. He's
my friend. Do you know what I
mean?

Billy remains standing for a long moment, gazing down at the floor. Then, without a word or gesture, he turns and goes back into the kitchen. Carlotta gazes after him, her face flooding with sadness.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The rain has let up and the moonlight sheds a soft glow on the window-side of the house. CAMERA MOVES IN TOWARD the darkened bedroom window.

INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Carlotta, asleep, tossing and turning, caught in a dream which mobilizes her face.

INT. GRUBBY ROOM - DAY (EFFECT SHOT)

Gauzy, distorted vision of cracked walls, peeling plaster, and FRANKLIN MORAN, a thin, wiry, long-haired beatnik, wearing a leather motorcycle jacket, grinning INTO CAMERA.

FRANKLIN

(reverb)

Well, whaddya think, Carly? Sure
beats Pasadena by a mile -- !
C'mere! Let's celebrate --

He plunges forward INTO CAMERA, obliterating the memory.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (EFFECT SHOT)

Bright light shards dance IN THE LENS. A doctor's sweaty face hovers OVER CAMERA. Carlotta's screams accompany the emergence of the slick and bloody infant, which is given over to a nurse.

INT. GRUBBY ROOM - NIGHT (EFFECT SHOT)

A distorted view ANGLING DOWN at infant sucking at Carlotta's breast. Franklin's grease-smeared face, thrusts itself at Carlotta's other breast, attempting to share the meal. Carlotta's hand pushes him off.

FRANKLIN

(drunk)

Aw, c'mon. He can only use one of
'em.

He attempts it again, only to be shoved back with greater force. His face darkens with anger. He splutters drunkenly:

FRANKLIN

Okay, bitch! I'm goin'. Where
they ain't no baby shit! Stinking,
goddam hole! Shit of a life!

He rushes out, slamming the door hard, causing plaster to fall. CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO suckling infant, oblivious of everything.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE MEET - DAY (EFFECT SHOT)

STOP FRAME MOTION OF a motorcycle speeding up a ramp and catapulting in free-flight over forty huge oil barrels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUICK SHOTS (STOP FRAME)

Crowd faces, SCREAMING, SHOUTING, then silence, as:

EXT. MOTORCYCLE IN FLIGHT - DAY - (EFFECT SHOT) (STOP FRAME)

At the apex of its arc, the motorcycle begins to roll end over end, flinging Franklin, helmeted and goggled, wearing the same leather jacket, straight INTO CAMERA. Time seems suspended as Franklin hurtles slowly TOWARD US, his mouth agape, his face stretched out into a grimace of horror.

INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

Carlotta abruptly awakens, wide-eyed, terrified, biting back a scream. Then, realizing it was a dream, she collapses back onto the pillow in anguish, her breathing rapid.

LONG SHOT

Carlotta, SEEN from a slit in the bedroom door. We HEAR the SOUND of heavy BREATHING. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN TOWARD Carlotta.

CLOSE - CARLOTTA

The torment of her dream is still in her eyes, when suddenly: she has barely time to gasp, "Oh, no -- !" when she is pulled upwards INTO CAMERA and slammed back down on the bed.

CARLOTTA

No -- please -- please --

CARLOTTA - (EFFECT SHOT)

ANGLING DOWN ON Carlotta as her nightgown is thrust over her head. As she starts to scream, the pillow is thrust over her face, stemming the sound. A sultry WHISPER, rough and windy, speaks:

MALE VOICE

Easy --! Easy -- easy -- !

Carlotta throws herself violently upward, flinging the pillow aside, but she is slammed down again. Her nightgown is stuffed into her mouth. Her attacker raises her legs upward to afford easier entrance. She bucks and kicks, in vain.

SENILE VOICE

Cooperate! Squeeze!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now the CAMERA begins its slow, pulsating MOVEMENT IN AND OUT, as the strokes escalate to frenzy and finally to climax. Carlotta's eyes reflect horror, and an interminable, plunging pain.

MALE VOICE

(spent)

Ahhhhhh!

(then, breathily)

Nice... tell the doctor... you're
a nice cunt...

Gradually the pulsations cease along with the heavy breathing. The distortion clears. And Carlotta, viciously abused, in torment, turns her head into the pillow and sobs.

EXT. NEUROPSYCHIATRIC CLINIC - DAY

A large double-glass door bears the printed legend:

"West Coast University - Neuropsychiatric Institute"

and below it:

"Walk-in Clinic."

INT. NPI CLINIC - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Gary Sneidermann examines Carlotta's wounds. CAMERA MOVES BACK from a CLOSE SHOT OF a raw, red bruise lining from her neck down to her shoulder. She sits immobile, back TO CAMERA, in bra and skirt. A nurse stands by. Gary gently touches the sore areas.

GARY

Did you sleep in the bedroom?

CARLOTTA

Yes.

GARY

Why don't you try the couch
tonight. It's closer to Billy's
bedroom. Ask him to keep his door
open.

Gary studies a hickey, with teeth marks, on the side of her breast, just under the bra strap. He is unable to conceal his amazement.

GARY

Was there an odor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA
Yes. Disgusting.

GARY
Did he speak with you this time?

CARLOTTA
He called me the usual names. He told me to tell you that I was a nice...

GARY
What?

CARLOTTA
(glances at nurse, lowers her voice)
Cunt.

GARY
Okay, you can get dressed.
(as she does)
You said something was on your face.

CARLOTTA
Yes, a dwarf. There were two of them.

GARY
Dwarfs? Did you see them?

CARLOTTA
No. I -- just had the impression that it was someone small. His voice was high-pitched. He told me to cooperate.

GARY
Did you?

Her expression is bitter; her voice filled with repugnance.

CARLOTTA
Did I? What the hell do you think I am? I wanted to kill him!

Carlotta finishes buttoning her blouse. There is a pause.

CARLOTTA
The bruises, the bites, they're real, aren't they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

Yes. And your feelings are real.
The rest I need more information
about before I can explain it to
you.

CARLOTTA

Haven't the tests told you
anything?

Gary clears his throat, adopts a professional demeanor.

GARY

The general idea, Carlotta, is that
certain phases of our lives never
really die. They continue to exist
within us. For certain, specific
reasons, they come back. By coming
back they cause anxieties,
hallucinations, delusions.

CARLOTTA

Dr. Sneidermann, these things that
happened were very real. As real
as you are to me now. It didn't
feel like a delusion at all.

GARY

Of course. These forces that we're
dealing with are very strong.

Carlotta sighs. It is a painful moment.

CARLOTTA

So it's all in my mind?

GARY

I believe that to be the case.

Carlotta's eyes mist over with tears.

CARLOTTA

This is a long-time proposition,
isn't it?

GARY

It can take time.

CARLOTTA

(soberly)
I don't have time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

Why not?

CARLOTTA

-- My... boyfriend... Jerry.
He's coming back soon. He's very
skittish about insane people. His
mother committed suicide.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES WITH Gary Sneidermann as he crosses the lobby to
a line of vending machines. As he reaches into his pocket
for coins, his attention is caught by:

HIS POV

Carlotta stands at the large double doors, gazing out into
the misty night. CAMERA WIDENS ANGLE as Gary WALKS INTO
SCENE.

GARY

Carlotta? Is anything wrong?

Carlotta turns to him, smiles wanly.

CARLOTTA

Yes -- my ride. I don't know where
my friend is. She's always on
time -- unless she's had car
trouble.

GARY

Did you call her?

CARLOTTA

(nods)
She's not at home.

Gary looks at his watch.

GARY

I'm on my dinner break.
(takes her arm)
Come on.

He ushers her through the double doors.

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

It's an old MG, with an engine that WHEEZES and GROANS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Outside of the hospital environment, Gary seems especially boyish as he guns the engine and speeds down the broad avenue.

GARY

Now is when I find out how much my patients trust me. I drive fast.

Carlotta, seeming more relaxed, gazes at him wonderingly.

CARLOTTA

You're not a real doctor, are you?

GARY

What makes you say that? I'm a resident, which is a doctor. But I do have a supervisor.

CARLOTTA

You just look young, that's all.

GARY

Well, I'm not that young.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

As it turns a corner and heads swiftly down a neon-fringed street.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Carlotta rests her head against the vinyl bolster. Gary flashes glances at her.

GARY

Are you a native Angeleno?

CARLOTTA

Almost. Pasadena.

GARY

(smiles)

This city is full of millions of people and all of them are from someplace else.

CARLOTTA

I did live for a time in Nevada.

GARY

Las Vegas?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA
No. The desert.

GARY
Really? What were you doing out there?

CARLOTTA
Living.

They drive in silence a while.

GARY
Pasadena, huh? That's supposed to be a wealthy community.

CARLOTTA
Parts of it are very wealthy.

GARY
What about the part you come from?

CARLOTTA
Very wealthy.

After a pause.

GARY
I'd like to ask you something. Out of curiosity.

CARLOTTA
Okay.

GARY
Why is it necessary for you to live on welfare?

CARLOTTA
I ran out of money.

GARY
(smiles)
I meant, your parents -- couldn't you ask them for help?

CARLOTTA
I didn't want to.

GARY
A matter of principle?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

No. I Just didn't want their help.

(after a long pause)

When I lived in Nevada, I had the opportunity of being with a very wonderful person. Julie's father. And Kim's. And I learned it was better to be independent of most people.

(looks at Gary)

Welfare is only temporary, Dr. Sneidermann. Soon I'll graduate from school. I'll get a good job.

GARY

I'm impressed.

CARLOTTA

By what?

GARY

Everything. Your independence. Knowing who you are and what you want. Keeping your family together. And doing it the hard way.

Carlotta lowers her eyes demurely, then smiles, genuinely touched.

CARLOTTA

I'm glad you approve of me.

EXT. KENTNER STREET - NIGHT

The MG turns the corner and heads down to the end of the cul-de-sac.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Gary brings the car to a stop in front of Carlotta's house. He waits for her to open the door, but she doesn't stir.

CARLOTTA

You mind if we sit here a minute?

Gary looks at her, his face softening.

GARY

No, I don't mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the silence, Gary studies her lovely profile, silhouetted against the street light. His expression seems to mirror more than concern for simply another patient. There is a warmth in his eyes, almost a yearning, expressing needs of his own. So absorbed is he, that he fails to notice that Carlotta is gazing through the streaked window at her house with eyes that are stark with fear.

CARLOTTA

I dread going into that house.

Her voice pulls him back from his thoughts. He moves closer to her.

GARY

Your house is not haunted,
Carlotta.

CARLOTTA

Then I must be totally insane -- to
see and feel these things.

GARY

(softly)

Listen to me. In that clinic where
we meet, there is a fifty-three
year old woman who speaks to a baby
that isn't there, nurses it -- I'm
serious -- diapers it, and it
doesn't exist. There's a seventeen-
year-old boy who climbs steps that
aren't there. It happens. Much
more often than you think. And
each patient swears that what he
sees, smells and feels is no
hallucination.

CARLOTTA

Then I'm no different.

GARY

There's one difference. They have
to live in an institution. You
don't.

CARLOTTA

Don't you think I will? Someday?

Gary takes her hand in both of his.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY
(strongly impassioned)
No. Why should you? You've
already made the commitment to get
better. While you're still
fundamentally healthy.

Carlotta reacts to the strength and conviction of his words,
and the warm contact of his hands. Gary notes her appraising
eyes upon his hands covering her own, and he slowly withdraws
them. Carlotta looks at him, and smiles gratefully,
trustingly.

CARLOTTA
Thank you, Dr. Sneidermann.
Somehow, you make it seem better.

GARY
I'm glad, Carlotta.

He reaches across to open the door for her, but she has
already opened it and steps out.

CARLOTTA
Good night, Dr. Sneidermann.

GARY
Good night, Carlotta.

She shuts the car door. Gary guns the engine and wheels the
car around the cul-de-sac. CAMERA MOVES INTO Carlotta,
gazing after the departing car. CAMERA PANS TO the house
behind her, dark, forbidding, ominous, and MOVES SLOWLY IN.

CUT TO:

INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julie rushes in from the bedroom, screaming hysterically.

JULIE
Mommy! He's hurting Kim!

Carlotta rises, hurries toward bedroom. In the hallway Kim
crawls along the floor. Her lips are bleeding, and she is
sobbing.

JULIE
He pushed her! She was standing in
the bathroom, and he --

Carlotta has picked up Kim, cradling her, rocking her, when:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE FRONT DOOR (EFFECT SHOT)

It CLICKS shut. CAMERA PANS TO the window. It lowers with a BANG and the lock twists shut, all by itself.

CARLOTTA

Her face mirrors the chill that courses up her spine. Her eyes are wide with fear as she carefully places Kim down on a chair and gazes at Billy, who enters from the kitchen and stares weirdly at Carlotta.

CARLOTTA
(whispers)
Do you smell it?

Billy is speechless. Julie and Kim cling to each other.

THE COUCH (EFFECT SHOT)

The blanket and sheet slowly fold back, for Carlotta.

CARLOTTA

Stares in horror at the couch. Suddenly she is in the grip of an invisible force, which grabs her and drags her forcibly to the couch. She screams, flails her arms, but is powerless.

CARLOTTA
-- Oh, God! Billy -- he's got me!

BILLY

rushes to his mother and grabs her by the shoulders,, tries to pull her back. A tug-of-war ensues in which Billy's strength is not equal to the opposing force. He braces his feet against the door.

CARLOTTA
Oh, God -- ! He's got me! Save
me, Bill -- !

KIM AND JULIE

cling to each other, screaming.

BILLY

is catapulted back, as though from an invisible blow. Tears flow from his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He rises quickly and beats the air in front of Carlotta, who writhes on the couch, her face twisted in pain.

BILLY

Look, Mom! I'm driving him away!
See? I'm driving him off!

He beats his fists in the air above Carlotta. She sinks to the floor, her body shivering.

CARLOTTA

Oh, Bill! It's the worst it ever
was -- !

BILLY

(shouts to Julie)
Yell! We'll drive him away! You
too, Kim!

THE GIRLS

shout and wave their arms.

BILLY

Louder!

They jump up and down, create a bedlam.

BILLY (EFFECT SHOT)

is yelling and beating his fists in the air when suddenly he is sucked into the center of the room, spun and turned about like a piece of cardboard in the wind. Something seems to batter at him and he covers his eyes with his hands, crouching over, then kneeling on the floor, trying to protect himself.

CARLOTTA

released by her attacker, stares in horror at Billy's plight. She clutches her head, is about to scream when:

THE CANDLESTICK (EFFECT SHOT)

skitters off the shelf and hangs five feet in the air. Then, with a murderous velocity, it crashes down on...

BILLY

He throws up his hand to ward it off, but the candlestick strikes him on the left wrist. CAMERA WHIP PANS TO Carlotta who screams:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA
Billy!! Oh, God!!

BILLY

stands up, his eyes flashing in delirium, his hair distended and wild. He moves strangely, jerkily, angrily, picks up a lamp from the table and swings it back and forth in front of him. The shadows roar over the walls.

BILLY
(sobbing)
Go away! You bully! Leave us
alone! Bastard!

JULIE AND KIM

Gazing in horror, totally caught up in the madness of the moment.

JULIE
He's gone, Billy! He's gone!

BILLY

groans, his motions gradually subsiding, until he ceases altogether and puts down the lamp. He puts his hand to his sweated face, then sinks to a chair, breathing hard. The girls rush to him in tears.

CARLOTTA

can only shake her head in dumbstruck terror. She crawls over to Billy and embraces him. Soon they are all crying.

CARLOTTA
Dear God, dear God, dear God -- !

INT. DR. WEBER'S OFFICE - DAY

Located on the ground floor, the window looks out on a view of the quad: a tree-shaded area of the University. Students can be SEEN strolling by outside. The office is cramped with furniture and artifacts collected throughout the years. DR. HENRY WEBER is a man in his late fifties, his graying hair sparsely covering a cherubic, apple-cheeked head. He is given to puffing vigorously on an unlit pipe, which he is presently doing as he peruses the report on Carlotta Moran. Gary Sneidermann sits across from him as Dr. Weber mumbles certain facts gleaned from the report. Three other residents, two male, one female, sit quietly by, waiting to present their cases.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When Dr. Weber speaks, his comments are not directed exclusively to Gary, but to the other residents as well, turning the conference into something of a classroom exercise. We get the immediate feeling that Weber relishes these moments.

DR. WEBER

Go on.

GARY

Her children are feeling this thing now, too.

DR. WEBER

Folie a quatre. The madness of four. A mass illusion.

(to the group)

Hysteria is contagious. Given the right circumstances, anyone can be made to see and feel things that are not there.

GARY

Do you think I should bring in the children? Find out what's really going on?

DR. WEBER

No. They'll tell you exactly what the mother tells you. What do you expect them to say? Lock up my mother, she's crazy?

Dr. Weber gazes thoughtfully at the report.

DR. WEBER

Very touching, what kids will go through to protect a parent.

GARY

Isn't there danger to them? Her son injured his wrist last night.

Weber shakes his head.

DR. WEBER

Not in the long run. It's all a direct response to Carlotta. You know, she is really demanding that they support her ego. She's terrifically frightened of being isolated. Who wouldn't be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

(shakes his head)

I don't mind admitting, Dr. Weber,
that I'm beginning to feel a little
isolated myself.

Weber puts down the report and looks out the window.

DR. WEBER

Tell me, Gary. What happened to
her husband?

GARY

Killed in a motorcycle crash. They
had been arguing about sex and he
left. Seems he killed himself on
purpose.

Weber turns to face Gary significantly.

DR. WEBER

Guilt, Gary. Try to find the
origins of the guilt. What kind of
man is her father?

GARY

Minister. Presbyterian.

DR. WEBER

Now who imposes guilt better than a
minister?

GARY

There's something else that may be
significant.

DR. WEBER

Shoot.

GARY

It happened after her first
husband, Franklin Moran, died. She
took the infant and went to a town
in Nevada. Worked as a waitress in
a cafe. Met a retired rancher
there. Much older. Sixty-four.
He gives her two daughters.

DR. WEBER

I hope I'm in that shape when I get
to be his age.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

They're together nearly ten years,
then he dies. It was during the
spring floods. Coronary. The
second man to die on her. But this
time she's cooped up in the tiny
cabin. Can't get out. Three kids,
two of them infants. And he just
lies there, dead... for days.

DR. WEBER

So?

GARY

These attacks are accompanied by
the smell of rotting meat.

Weber frowns. He isn't buying. Sneidermann persists.

GARY

It's such a direct connection.

DR. WEBER

Precisely. But in the unconscious
there are rarely direct
connections. Maybe once in a while
something gets cooked up into a
dream symbolism. But most of the
time it goes way back. As far back
as you can get, to the infantile
neurosis. In Carlotta's case it
shows up in every relationship
she's ever had.

GARY

What do you mean?

DR. WEBER

Take a look at her record. This
adolescent she fell in with. A
typical over-grown kid. Tries to
show he's a man, which he's not.
Then the old man. That's safe sex,
Gary.

GARY

They gave her three children.

DR. WEBER

It doesn't take sex to make babies.
Not real sex.

(sees Gary's puzzlement)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WEBER (cont'd)
You want a conjecture? She's
masturbating. This entire circus
she's invented is to cover up what
every little girl does.

(studies report)
What about this new boyfriend,
Rodriguez?

GARY
She met him a year ago. Very
stable, ambitious type. Serious
about life. Wants to marry
Carlotta. But there's a
complication with Carlotta's son,
who is now fifteen.

DR. WEBER
A triangle?

GARY
Well, the problem is, when
Rodriguez comes to town he stays
with her in the house. Sleeps with
her.

DR. WEBER
Pleasant situation.

GARY
He and the boy came to blows the
last time. It nearly ruptured the
relationship.

Weber addresses the group.

DR. WEBER
This is precisely the kind of
situation that can energize a
breakdown.

GARY
Because of the son?

DR. WEBER
Because of Rodriguez. Mature man.
He wants the real thing. No more
faking with kids and old men.
Faced with the real thing, Carlotta
buckles. She goes back to her
infantile reality.

Satisfied with himself, Weber decides to light his pipe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WEBER
Arrange for a group session, Gary.
I think it's time we all took a
look at Carlotta Moran.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A fog envelops the dark house. The street lamp radiates a cruel blue light as the moisture swirls in a visible mist.

SUPERIMPOSE: "November 3, 1976, 1:15 A.M."

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julie and Jim are huddled together asleep. Kim sleeps fitfully.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK FROM Billy's bedroom door, which is open. Billy has moved his bed so that it is close to Carlotta's couch. He lies on his stomach, fast asleep.

CARLOTTA

Her eyes, SEEN vaguely in the darkness, are utterly hopeless, as she stares into the dark void above her, tired but afraid to sleep. Then, she reacts at a SOUND. A soft CREAKING.

BILLY'S BEDROOM DOOR

It closes softly with a barely discernible CLICK.

CARLOTTA (EFFECT SHOT)

She does not bolt, or sit up, but turns her face to the door.

CARLOTTA
(a dread whisper)
Billy?

MALE VOICE
Shhhhhh.

Her eyes widen with terror, and though she breathes with difficulty, she remains perfectly quiescent. Her whisper is almost inaudible:

CARLOTTA
Don't hurt me! Please!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE VOICE

Shhhhhhhh.

Delicately, the blanket and sheet is pulled down from her throat, exposing her bosom beneath a sheer nightgown.

CARLOTTA

Who are you? Where do you come from?

She remains as though paralyzed while invisible fingers caress her breasts under the nightgown, causing the material to ripple.

CARLOTTA

Who are you? Show yourself!

The invisible fingers withdraw and CAMERA ZOOMS BACK FROM Carlotta as though her assailant backed off from her. Carlotta pushes herself back against the pillow, into the shadows as she stares ahead at a revelation that is totally mind boggling.

CARLOTTA

Oh, my God!

CAMERA MOVES IN ON Carlotta's stunned face as she stares and stares:

CARLOTTA 'S VOICE

At first it was like smoke, a kind of vapor, but denser. It spread out in front of me like a green light, growing and expanding, and little by little it began to take shape. First the neck formed -- the powerful shoulders -- the veins -- standing out -- ears that came to a point. And lips -- cruel lips, smiling lewdly. And eyes -- eyes -- the eyes were slanted -- almond-shaped -- Chinese eyes -- They bored through me -- knew me -- knew everything about me there was to know...

DR. WEBER'S VOICE

Who is this Oriental creature, Carlotta? Why does he come to bother you?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Carlotta sits in the midst of a group of doctors. Beside Dr. Weber and Gary, there is a woman in her fifties, DR. CHEVALIER, a man in his late sixties, DR. WALCOTT, and a youngish man named DR. WILKES.

Carlotta hesitates before answering Dr. Weber's question.

CARLOTTA

I honestly don't know, Dr. Weber.

DR. WALCOTT

Is it the same creature each time, do you think?

CARLOTTA

It's not a creature. It's a man.

DR. WALCOTT

Now, Carlotta. Even though he has appeared to you, is he real? In the way that I am real?

CARLOTTA

Well -- I told Dr. Sneidermann -- he certainly feels real while it's happening. Afterwards I think maybe it was just a fantasy or something. But then there are bruises all over my neck and arms, or the drapes are torn, or the children are harmed by it. Then I think that it must be real.

DR. CHEVALIER

Why do you think he calls you foul names, Carlotta?

CARLOTTA

Well. Some men -- when they -- you see, with a woman -- They use these words. Very evil words. Not to hurt, though. It's a way to, you know, sort of --- for themselves --

DR. CHEVALIER

To excite himself?

CARLOTTA

Yes, that's it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. CHEVALIER

Then why does he want to hurt you?
Why did he hurt Billy?

CARLOTTA

He was warning us.

DR. CHEVALIER

What was he warning you?

CARLOTTA

To be cooperative.

DR. WILKES

Why does he attack you, Carlotta?
Why not someone else?

CARLOTTA

I suppose he chose me.

DR. WILKES

Chose you? Why?

CARLOTTA

I don't know. I suppose he finds
me attractive.

Carlotta is blushing.

DR. CHEVALIER

Would it be a reflection on you as
a woman if he left you -- if you
were cured?

Carlotta senses that she's been trapped. Her blush of shame
turns to one of anger.

CARLOTTA

Of course not; I hate this whole
thing. It's like a nightmare and I
can't wake up. I just want to get
rid of him --

Dr. Weber quickly attempts to soothe the situation.

DR. WEBER

Of course, you're right, Carlotta.
We are doing what we can. But it's
just not something you can put a
splint or bandage on. It takes a
while to find out exactly where the
disorder is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

Well, I don't know how much good
all this talking is doing. Talking
doesn't seem to help. It hasn't
with Doctor Sneidermann.

CLOSE - SNEIDERMAN

Sits there silently, uncomfortably, feeling terribly
inadequate.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

It is a few minutes later, and Carlotta has left. Dr.
Chevalier pours a cup of coffee for herself, then walks to
join the other doctors who are sitting around, deep in their
own thoughts. Dr. Chevalier sits in their midst and turns to
Gary. Her tone is subdued.

DR. CHEVALIER

You have a schizophrenic on your
hands, Dr. Sneidermann.

DR. WALCOTT

Definitely.

DR. WEBER

(reluctantly)

I must agree. Dr. Wilkes, what is
your opinion?

DR. WILKES

Yes. No doubt.

CLOSE - GARY

He looks terribly depressed.

INT. LAX AIRPORT - NIGHT

A smattering of people await the debarkation of a flight,
Carlotta among them. She looks very chic in her best suit,
and she's had her hair done. She looks lovely, yet her face
mirrors all the complexities she is feeling: the terrors of
the past weeks commingling with the excitement of the moment.
She spies Jerry, and her face softens with joy and with need.

JERRY RODRIGUEZ

is tall, well-proportioned, darkly handsome. From his dress
and manner we sense his determined effort to escape the
barrio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pushes his way through the crowd to Carlotta and crushes her to his chest. Carlotta yields entirely to him as their lips meet, their emotion making them awkward. They say nothing, merely look into each other's eyes.

INT. SEASIDE MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The ocean waves break with a fluorescent glow on shore. CAMERA PULLS BACK THROUGH the window into the dark room. They are in bed, closely, a soft moon warming their faces, their bodies. They have finished making love and rest in each other's arms.

CARLOTTA

I guess I made a lot of noise.
I'll bet the whole motel heard.

JERRY

Don't worry about it.

Their hands play along her breast, the fingers interlocked.

JERRY

I went through hell without you,
Carlotta. I really did.

CARLOTTA

We shouldn't be apart, then.

There is a silence. Then Jerry reaches for his lighter and flicks it on. As he lights his cigarette, the glow illuminates Carlotta's body, before she can pull the sheet over her.

JERRY

Hey, what happened? You cut
yourself?

(he plays the light over
her body)

There. Down there.

Carlotta blows out the flame.

CARLOTTA

There was an accident. I ran the
Buick against a telephone pole.

JERRY

Jesus! Why didn't you tell me?

CARLOTTA

I didn't want to worry you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jerry lies down beside her and blows smoke at the ceiling. He wants to say something but finds it difficult.

JERRY

I couldn't help but think about us,
Carlotta. About Billy. All the
time I was gone.

CARLOTTA

He's just young. He can't control
his feelings. When you come over --

JERRY

In a way, I don't blame him. I'd
like to make it right between us...
all. You know what I mean -- ?

Carlotta nods; Jerry turns to her.

JERRY

I'm going to Seattle tomorrow, but
when I come back I'll be
transferred to San Diego -- for
good. It's such a beautiful town,
Carlotta. We'll be happy there.
All of us.

Carlotta kisses his fingers. He gathers her to him.

CLOSE - CARLOTTA

Her eyes are moist, troubled.

INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (EFFECT SHOT)

ANGLE DOWN on Carlotta. CAMERA PULSATES rhythmically, in and out, as strong spasms shake her in wave after wave of an agony or an ecstasy that will not stop. She is delirious; her breasts heave spasmodically, and she twists and bucks, but not in fright or rebellion as much as sheer sensuous pleasure. An ocean of pleasure seems to surround her, as she achieves climax and dissolves in the warmth of the air. The PULSATING CAMERA MOTION CEASES, leaving her limp and breathing hard. Perspiration dampens her hair at the temples. She cannot open her eyes. She is exhausted. Completely exhausted. And now we HEAR the SOUND OF LAUGHTER: soft, silken, confident.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - DAY

It is a bright, sunny morning. A lovely butterfly winks among the pansy border that separates the Moran house from the Greenspan house. MRS. GREENSPAN, a kindly, sweet lady in her late sixties, has paused at her weeding to watch the interplay between butterfly and flowers, her old eyes filled with the wonder of it all.

MORAN PORCH

Carlotta emerges from the house. She moves slowly, with difficulty, caught up in a lethargy that consumes her. A dizzy spell causes her to hold onto the post for support. Then, seeing Mrs. Greenspan, O.S., she smiles wanly and with an effort, walks over to her.

MRS. GREENSPAN

Good morning, Carlotta. You look pale.

CARLOTTA

(weakly)

Ever since I've been sick, I stay in too much.

MRS. GREENSPAN

Well, you get some sun. That's God's own cure.

CARLOTTA

I want to thank you, Mrs. Greenspan -for taking care of my little girls.

MRS. GREENSPAN

It's our pleasure, Carlotta. At our age we don't have many left.

Mrs. Greenspan continues her weeding. After a moment:

CARLOTTA

Mrs. Greenspan, do you believe in ghosts?

MRS. GREENSPAN

I don't know, Carlotta. At my age only experience counts. The best thing is for you to trust the doctor.

Carlotta nods her head in a desultory way.

INT. MORAN HOUSE - DAY

Julie and Kim stand in the middle of the living room, a terrible concern on their faces. They listen to a SOUND which comes from the bathroom -- the SOUND OF RETCHING. Julie finds the courage to walk up to the bathroom door, and timidly ask:

JULIE
Mommy? Are you all right?
(no answer)
Mommy?

CARLOTTA'S VOICE
(weak; depleted)
Y-Yes. Yes, honey, I'm okay.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

CAMERA ANGLES THROUGH the empty frame of the cabinet MIRROR. Gradually, Carlotta's pale, clammy face steals INTO VIEW, as if afraid at what she will see in the mirror. Her eyes are stark; carry the burden of a conviction too awful to even contemplate as she stands there,, horror-stricken, looking at herself in the mirror.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - NPI - DAY

Gary Sneidermann gazes gravely across at Carlotta who, even in her debilitated state, looks unusually pretty.

GARY
Have you told Jerry?

CARLOTTA
No. Why should I?

GARY
Well. Obviously he's going to know
sooner or later.

CARLOTTA
It's not Jerry's baby.

Gary observes her carefully, reading the nonverbal clues, the facial signs, the body gestures.

GARY
What makes you so certain?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

He can't have babies. He had malaria, when he was in the army. It left him sterile. Besides, if it had been possible with Jerry, I'd have been pregnant a long time ago.

GARY

Is there someone --

CARLOTTA

I don't sleep around, Dr. Sneidermann.

GARY

Then what are you trying to say?

CARLOTTA

(starkly)

I'm carrying his child.

Gary tries to hide his dismay at finding Carlotta so deeply entrenched in her delusion. He struggles for words.

GARY

Why do you think it's his child?

CARLOTTA

Maybe it's just Indian folklore, but -- Bob Garrett, the man I lived with in Nevada, once told me that -- the legend goes that a woman does not really conceive unless she -- she feels the earth move.

GARY

You mean you had an orgasm.

CARLOTTA

Yes.

GARY

With -- ?

CARLOTTA

Yes.

GARY

When?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA
Soon after Jerry left. That was
the first time.

GARY
(stunned)
The first time?

CARLOTTA
(blushing)
It happens all the time now. I was
afraid to tell you.

GARY
Why were you afraid?

CARLOTTA
Because it's -- disgusting -- these
feelings he gives me. I I try not
to let it happen -- but I can't
help it.

Gary strives to bury his anguish at hearing this new
revelation.

GARY
I don't believe you're pregnant,
Carlotta.

CARLOTTA
I just missed my second period, Dr.
Sneidermann.

GARY
Will you take a test? It'll only
take a few minutes, and we'll know
the results by tomorrow.

CARLOTTA
(after a beat)
Certainly.

INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (EFFECT SHOT)

Carlotta moves crab-like over the sheets whimpering in terror
as CAMERA PURSUES her in PULSATING thrusts and feints,
seeking to grab her.

CARLOTTA
-- Leave me alone!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The heavy, breathy VOICE GROWLS with rage. Carlotta is on the floor, jammed between the bed and wall. She grasps the lamp and holds it up in front of her, but it is snatched out of her hand and thrown across the room.

CARLOTTA

No -- No -- please --

CAMERA ZOOMS at her as she screams.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Billy bangs at the closed door as Carlotta's MUFFLED SCREAMS filter through. He jiggles the knob, but it's locked. He continues banging and throwing himself against the door, to no avail.

BILLY

(shouts)

-- Mom! Mom!

CARLOTTA'S VOICE

Oh, God! I'm bleeding! I'm
bleeding!

Another terrible SCREAM sends Billy rushing to the telephone in the living room. He snatches up the receiver.

BILLY

Operator! Operator! Get me the
police!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - OUT-OF-FOCUS SHOT OF GARY SNEIDERMAN -
DAY

sitting by Carlotta's bedside gazing down INTO CAMERA. Gradually he comes INTO FOCUS and we SEE in his expression more than professional concern. His manner is somewhat shy, his words less direct. He smiles gently.

GARY

Hi.

CARLOTTA

looks up at him, her eyes slightly crossed as she focuses. Fatigue has softened all the features of her face, makes her eyes dark and dreamy. The delicate skin, the small features are all suffused with a soft glow, as when a child wakes from sleep. In her illness, she is breathtakingly beautiful. Her voice has a lethargic quality.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

Oh, Doctor Sneidermann. I thought I was dreaming.

GARY

Carlotta, you're going to be all right. There was no infection. You'll probably be discharged by evening.

CARLOTTA

All right.

There is a momentary impasse before Gary speaks.

GARY

The test was negative.

CARLOTTA

What test?

GARY

The pregnancy test. There was no baby, Carlotta.

CARLOTTA

Of course not. He came and took it back.

GARY

Carlotta, if I went home with you, I'd find something with blood on it. Something long and sharp. Am I right?

CARLOTTA

(near tears)

I don't know what you're talking about.

GARY

You hurt yourself, Carlotta.

She turns her head away from him.

GARY

Carlotta, we've known each other now for two months.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY (cont'd)

I want you to remember all the things we discovered together, all the hidden things about your parents -- and about Franklin -- things you had buried away in the darkest corner of your mind, too terrible to bring back and have to think about. Remember how much better you felt when we made those discoveries?

CARLOTTA

So?

GARY

Now I have another prescription for you. One I want you to take.

CARLOTTA

You're frightening me.

GARY

It's not frightening, Carlotta. It doesn't hurt. My supervisor and I have discussed it, and we both agree that you should be placed in the hospital. For an observation period.

Carlotta visibly retreats from him, moving back in her bed.

CARLOTTA

I don't want to be locked up.

GARY

You won't be locked up. It's for a short period of time. Just to take better care of you.

Carlotta looks around the room with dismay, seeking a path of escape. But there is no escape.

CARLOTTA

What about my children?

GARY

If they can't stay with your neighbors, we can arrange a temporary foster parent for them. We do that all the time.

Carlotta's eyes become moist with resignation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

So it's come to that, hasn't it?

She reaches for a Kleenex and blows her nose, avoiding Gary's gaze.

CARLOTTA

Can I let you know tomorrow?

GARY

What's to think about?

CARLOTTA

I have to talk to my children.
(then fervently)
Please.

Gary relents finally, nods his agreement.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

SUPERIMPOSE: "January 16, 1977. 5:10 P.M."

The sun is low on the horizon, blending with the leaves, shaking in a flurry over the tract house. Julie and Kim are seated on the sidewalk, playing jacks. They cast occasional glances at the house, as if there were something odd about it. Which there is. The shades are drawn on all the windows.

INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The wall heater is making a HISSING SOUND. CAMERA MOVES to the window above it. It's not only shut, but stuffed with rags around the edges. CAMERA PANS to front door, which is similarly sealed. CAMERA PANS to the couch, and Carlotta, stretched out upon it, fully dressed. Her eyes are shut, and she moans in delirium.

CLOSE - CARLOTTA

moaning, mumbling a name from the corridors of her memory.

EXT. DESERT VISTA - MORNING (EFFECT SHOT)

A desert sunrise, gauzy, dreamlike, red plateaus and a tiny ranch. BOB GARRETT, late sixties, his hair white, his face deeply lined and tanned from the weather, comes INTO VIEW. His voice is soft, kindly, and echoes hollowly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARRETT

-- You always had the gift of life,
Carlotta. You were with people who
didn't... Forgive them. They were
trapped. They didn't control their
own lives...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT (EFFECT SHOT)

An oil lamp casts an eerie light on Garrett's face as he
hunches OVER CAMERA working hard to help Carlotta, O.S., in
the final moment of delivering her baby. His face distorts
weirdly, going IN AND OUT OF FOCUS, with each thrust and
GROAN of pain.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT (EFFECT SHOT)

In the flickering light of the oil lamp, a newborn child is
held up TO CAMERA. Garrett's voice is husky with joy.

GARRETT'S VOICE

Julie's sister, Carlotta. She's
come.

CAMERA MOVES to Garrett's face: tired, spent, grateful.

GARRETT

You've given me everything,
Carlotta. It's as though a river
suddenly had a second source.

EXT. TO INT. CABIN WINDOW - NIGHT (EFFECT SHOT)

Rain beats hard on the windowpane, bursting in tiny
explosions on the glass. And beyond the glass, THROUGH NEAR
OPAQUE VEIL of watery starbursts, we SEE Garrett, lying abed,
his gnarled face twisted in a grimace of agony, his breathing
labored and faltering, groaning and shouting in his final
delirium.

GARRETT

-- I can't breathe! C-Carlotta!
Help me! I can't breathe! Help --
Help -- me! Carlotta! D-Don't
leave me! Don't -- Car -- lotta!
I -- I -- I can't breathe -- !!

INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Carlotta's eyes -- waver open, then close, caught in her own
delirium. She is panting, sucking at air like a drowning
person.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She tries to force her eyes open, but her pupils disappear into her head, unable to fight against an overpowering lethargy.

WIDER ANGLE

Desperately, she tries to sit up, but rolls off the couch. She clutches her head, trying to breathe, but chokes horribly, lethargy forcing her down into sleep again. She twists around on the floor, using the last of her energy to raise herself.

CLOSE - CARLOTTA

forces her eyes open and sees:

HER POV

The RADIATOR, HISSING lethal gas into the room. PAN to front door: edges stuffed with rags. PAN to the window, shut and sealed.

BACK TO SCENE

She stares transfixed at the HEATER, HISSING out its call to death, and hears the SOUND of soft LAUGHTER.

MALE VOICE

Goodbye -- my sweet cunt -

Carlotta fights to rouse herself and, slowly, succeeds in crawling toward the window, fighting for breath and to stay awake.

THE WINDOW (EFFECT SHOT)

It looks a million miles above her, at the end of a long tunnel.

CARLOTTA

With a burst of energy, she grasps at the end table, pulling it down upon her. Then, grabbing the table lamp firmly, and with a shout of rage, she hurls the lamp THROUGH the GLASS.

THE WINDOW (EFFECT SHOT)

The GLASS CRACKS in STOP FRAME MOTION, falling outward in sheets and CRASHING over the ground outside.

INT. CORRIDOR - NPI - DAY

Walking down the antiseptic corridor is Carlotta, flanked by Billy, Julie and Kim. Her step is unfaltering, her face is determined. And she carries no overnight bag.

INT. DR. WEBER'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Weber is sitting at his desk. Gary stands behind him. Both are silent, waiting. The door opens, and the secretary ushers Carlotta and her family into the room.

DR. WEBER

Good morning, Carlotta. Please sit down.

Not the least bit flustered, Carlotta takes a seat. Her children gather around her protectively. Resolve shows itself on her face.

CARLOTTA

I've decided that I cannot let myself be committed.

DR. WEBER

This is a university clinic, Carlotta, not a mental institution.

CARLOTTA

That's a technicality. It amounts to the same thing.

DR. WEBER

Why don't you want to place yourself under observation, Carlotta?

CARLOTTA

It's rather simple. I fear for my life. There was an attempt on my life last night. The gas was turned on in my living room, and the windows and doors were locked tight and sealed with rags.

Gary, shocked, is about to say something, but Weber holds a hand up.

DR. WEBER

Carlotta, we can institutionalize you for this suicidal attempt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

It was no suicide attempt, Dr. Weber. I've never wanted to live more. But I'm going to be dead if I enter the hospital. He's stronger than you are, and he will kill me if he has to.

Dr. Weber looks directly into Carlotta's eyes.

DR. WEBER

Then what do you want to do, Carlotta? Stay home and be victimized?

CARLOTTA

Yes. I will stay at home. I will see Dr. Sneidermann. Go to secretarial school. When I graduate, look for work. But the one thing I won't do is go into the hospital.

DR. WEBER

You're going to be beaten, frightened --

CARLOTTA

No, I won't.

DR. WEBER

Why not?

CARLOTTA

Because I'll cooperate.

Dr. Weber pauses, his eyes becoming less sharp, even softening.

DR. WEBER

Will you see Dr. Sneidermann today?

CARLOTTA

Yes.

DR. WEBER

(nods)

You can have lunch in the cafeteria. My secretary will give you and your children some guest tickets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carlotta stands.

CARLOTTA

Well -- all right -- Thank you, Dr.
Weber.

They leave, softly closing the door behind them. Gary and Dr. Weber exchange glances. Gary seems almost angry.

GARY

Good Lord, these grandstand plays!
Why does she need this delusion so
desperately?

DR. WEBER

Carlotta is in danger of
disintegrating. She's using this
Oriental fantasy as an extreme
method of plugging the dike.

A thought is beginning to formulate in Gary's mind. A thought that makes him speak slowly as it crystallizes.

GARY

... Desire... can be a very
frightening and powerful sensation.
(looks at Dr. Weber)
I wonder who's hiding behind that
Oriental mask.

DR. WEBER

Easy, now. Watch your step.
Psychiatrists, even the best of
them, sometimes have a way of
suggesting diagnoses to their
patients. Don't you fall into that
trap.

But Gary hardly hears Dr. Weber's words, as his mind is churning.

STILLS

A series of engravings, depicting bat-winged demons, pointed-ear crones, dogs with the faces of children, men hanging from gallows while ravens peck at their eyes, snakes with wings, flying, and a woman dancing in the forest with a bull.

GARY'S VOICE

There was a time, Carlotta, when
people did believe in ghosts.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY'S VOICE (cont'd)
They believed in witches, demons,
goblins -- And they were very
strong. They abused people
sexually. Sometimes they were said
to impregnate women -

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - NPI - DAY

Carlotta and Gary are seated next to each other, looking
through a heavy volume of pictures. As he flips the Pages,
Carlotta stares at the drawings, repulsed, yet fascinated.

GARY
So why did they see these things?
Because they were a way of
expressing something that
frightened them.
(looks at Carlotta)
Let's say a man -- a man who wanted
to be good -- he had a desire for a
neighbor's wife. It grows and
grows. He finally invents this
creature. Of course, it's a
picture of his own desire, which is
hideous to himself. You see what I
mean.

CARLOTTA
No.

GARY
All right. Let's get back to the
present. My supervisor had a case
once in which a woman developed a
loathing for the smell of paint.
Why? Because she had found out
about a case of incest in her own
home. Her husband had had
intercourse with their young
daughter. It had happened while
their house was being painted. Now
everything was blocked out except
the memory of the paint. Do you
understand, Carlotta?

CARLOTTA
(laughs nervously)
I have no need of inventing
monsters, Dr. Sneidermann.

GARY
Okay, let's take your Oriental
fantasy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY (cont'd)
 What do we know about him? He's
 big. Very big. Muscular. He
 shows you things you never knew
 about before. Completely powerful.
 And who helps him? Tell me,
 Carlotta, who does he have by his
 side? Two small ones. Isn't that
 right? Two little ones and one big
 one.

Carlotta looks at him with a sudden strange force. Her voice
 is strident; her face flushed.

CARLOTTA
 It's obscene, Dr. Sneidermann!
 What you're suggesting!

GARY
 I didn't suggest anything, Carlotta
 -- I merely said...

Carlotta stands up abruptly. Her face is twisted with fear
 and with rage. She shouts hoarsely:

CARLOTTA
 Obscene, Doctor Sneidermann!

GARY
 (rising)
 Carlotta -- calm down --

She backs away from him, as if he were something loathsome.

CARLOTTA
 I'll calm down! But not here!

She turns and rushes from the room. Gary gestures after her,
 a pleading gesture, fraught with anxiety, and with something
 more, an awful sense of loss, of abandonment.

INT. MORAN GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Billy's face reflected in the chrome metal of the hub cap.
 His features are monstrously distorted, bending an,-' curving
 over the chrome; twisting his face and smearing his eyes into
 a kind of slant. He hums along with the RADIO MUSIC as he
 works on the brakes. Then Carlotta's image appears in the
 chrome behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

standing behind Billy, watching the demented, twisted face in the chrome. She seems to visibly shiver as her eyes remain fixed on the image in the chrome. Softly, she murmurs:

CARLOTTA
It's not true --

BILLY

turns around and looks up at her.

BILLY
What?

He rises, wiping the grease from his massive hands and his muscular arms. Carlotta's gaze shifts to his naked torso, and the shining, rippling musculature. She cannot speak, except to mumble:

CARLOTTA
Oh, God...

BILLY
(puzzled)
What's wrong, Mom?

Carlotta steps away from him, her eyes glued to his huge, masculine form, as if seeing him for the first time.

INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - EVENING

George, dressed in his best outfit, paces the floor. He is upset, angry. He goes to the window, peers through the curtain.

INT. TO EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - HIS POV - EVENING

THROUGH the SLIT of the curtain Cindy and Carlotta are SEEN seated on the balcony steps, deep in conversation. Cindy, too, is dressed for the evening.

EXT. BALCONY STEPS - NIGHT

Carlotta is at the brink of total hysteria.

CARLOTTA
If you'd only heard him! It was
obscene!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY
Well, he has to probe --

CARLOTTA
Probe! I'm not going back! Never!

The door opens behind them, and George emerges. His expression is tight, his voice clipped.

GEORGE
You ready?

CINDY
What? Oh, George -- yes, I'm ready.

George walks past them and descends the steps.

GEORGE
I'll get the car.

Cindy sighs and rises. Carlotta rises, looks at Cindy gratefully.

CARLOTTA
I hate laying all this on you.

CINDY
We'll be back in an hour. I'll get a headache. Meanwhile, you stay here. You'll be safe here.

Cindy gives her a hug and descends the steps. Carlotta watches after her, a wan smile on her face. She enters the apartment.

INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - EVENING (EFFECT SHOT)

Carlotta instinctively starts to bolt the door, then thinks better of it. She walks into the center of the living room. The clock reads: 6:05. She walks to the telephone and dials a number. When there is no answer, she dials another number.

CARLOTTA
Hello -- Mr. Greenspan -- yes, I'm fine. Are the children there?
(her eyes cloud)
Yes, all right, put him on --

She bites her lip. For a moment she holds the receiver away from her. Then she brings it closer again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA
(in a strange voice)
Hello, Billy -- how are you? Are
the girls all right -- ?

Behind her, the window curtain billows inward.

CARLOTTA
What? Doctor Sneidermann? Did you
tell him where I was? Good. No. I
don't want to talk to him now --

Suddenly, the telephone receiver flies from her hand.

THE DOOR (EFFECT SHOT)

The bolt locks by itself.

CARLOTTA (EFFECT SHOT)

rises in panic stares in horror.

CARLOTTA
-- No -- God -- No -- please -

A wall of bric-a-brac next to her topples upon her sending
CERAMIC animals SHATTERING over the floor. Carlotta falls
under the impact, starts to crawl away, when a blow flings
her against the window.

THE END TABLE (EFFECT SHOT)

rises under its own power, flies across at Carlotta with
shotgun velocity, missing her, but SMASHING the WINDOWPANE.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF APARTMENT - EVENING

About to climb into the car, Cindy turns at the SOUND OF
GLASS SHATTERING and Carlotta's SCREAMING. She stares up at
her apartment window in shock.

CINDY
Carly!

She rushes toward the entrance of the building. George gets
out of the car and hurries after her.

INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - EVENING (EFFECT SHOT)

Carlotta's face is livid with fear as she screams and
screams. Suddenly the suit she is wearing is ripped from her
body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE VOICE
Shut up, bitch!

She tries to escape, kicking, pummelling the air in front of her, but another blow sends her crashing back against the wall.

EXT. NASH APARTMENT - EVENING

Cindy and George rush up the stairs. The door is locked, and her key doesn't open it. Neighbors peer out of their doors as Cindy beats on the door wildly and shouts:

CINDY
Carly! Open the door!

George pushes her aside, starts throwing his weight against the door.

INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - EVENING (EFFECT SHOT)

A shower of clothes, GLASS, magazines, DISINTEGRATES into splinters and shreds, swirling about like a storm.

CARLOTTA

is pressed into the corner of the room, staring maniacally at the maelstrom, clutching her head, screaming, her hair in wild disarray.

HER POV (EFFECT SHOT)

Coat hangers, cosmetic bottles, pillows, torn drapes, whirl around the center of a veritable hurricane. A built-in wall cabinet SHATTERS and becomes part of the raging whirlwind.

THE DOOR

bulges violently as George, O.S., attempts to crash through it.

CARLOTTA

seeing the front door breaking, giving way, shrieks:

CARLOTTA
Cindy! Stay away -- ! Stay away --
!

MALE VOICE
Bring in your friends! Bring them
in!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOOR

George's hand flounders through the ruined edge of the door, slapping around for the bolt, and finally opening it. He and Cindy can only gape in horror at the sight that appears before them.

GEORGE
Christ -- !

THEIR POV (EFFECT SHOT)

Carlotta, half naked, pressed into the corner, sobbing, while around her is the subsiding storm of household articles: furniture, pictures, dishes, clothes, moving like a living pile on the floor.

BACK TO SCENE

With a staggering dismay, George takes a step into the shambles of his former life. Cindy, crying hysterically, rushes past him to:

ANGLE

Cindy gathers Carlotta to her, and they both sob.

CARLOTTA
Oh, Cindy -- He wanted to kill me --

GEORGE

stands in the center of the wrecked living room, staring dumbfounded.

GEORGE
Christ! She's torn the fucking
place apart!

CINDY AND CARLOTTA

Sobbing, Cindy whirls on him, and in a rage shouts:

CINDY
No, George! She didn't! He did!
You saw it with your own eyes! We
both saw it!

GEORGE

stands there, gazing lamely at his wife, unable to say anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

trembles violently in Cindy's arms. There is a peculiar, dazed look on her face, yet now her eyes are wide and filled with hope.

CARLOTTA

You saw it? You saw it?

CINDY

(nods, in tears)

It was such a terrible sight, Carly
-- I would never have believed --

Carlotta now breaks into a soft, grateful crying. Spasms shake her shoulders, as she clings to Cindy.

CARLOTTA

They saw it. They saw it.

CINDY

(rocking her gently)

Oh, God, Carly. I never should
have sent you to a doctor.

(with force)

You don't need doctors. You need a
spiritualist!

OVERHEAD ANGLE

CAMERA SLOWLY RISES ABOVE Carlotta and Cindy, weeping softly, clinging to each other, and George, standing mute and incredulous, in the center of a scene of utter devastation.

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON - NIGHT

Silhouetted in a wooded grove is a ramshackle house-trailer. A seedy, time-worn sign proclaims it to be the headquarters of "ROBERTA PARSONS - ASTROLOGICAL READINGS SPIRITUAL INTERCESSIONS - TAROT." Cindy's car is parked in front of the trailer.

INT. CINDY'S CAR - NIGHT

Cindy sits behind the wheel of the parked car, a lost, forlorn expression on her face. Her eyes are glazed with weariness as she watches the front door of the house-trailer. She reacts as:

EXT. DOOR OF HOUSE-TRAILER - NIGHT

It opens, and Carlotta emerges, carefully climbing down the broken steps in the dark. Her face is pale, drawn.

INT. CINDY'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Cindy steers the car down a narrow, rutted road to the main highway. Both she and Carlotta are exhausted, unnerved. The strain of the past weeks has brought them to the end of their patience.

CINDY

What did she do?

CARLOTTA

She took thirty-five dollars from me, that's what she did.

They drive in stony silence for a while, then:

CINDY

There's a group in Santa Monica called The Children of Om. Gloria swears they're for real.

CARLOTTA

(explodes)

Forget it! I'm sick of every one of them! All they do is take your money!

CINDY

(close to tears)

Well, don't yell at me. I'm just trying to help.

CARLOTTA

There is no help! Nowhere! They're all a pack of phonies! Starting with your dear friend Gloria!

CINDY

(in tears)

That's not fair, Carly! Do you think I'm having a good time? Do you know what my life's been like lately? George hardly speaks to me anymore. I think he's ready to leave me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cindy cannot drive further because of tears. She brings the car to a stop and continues to weep. Carlotta, sorry, and in tears herself, embraces Cindy warmly. For a long moment, they simply hold onto each other and cry.

CARLOTTA

Oh, God, oh, God, I'm sorry...

CINDY

He's so mean, Carly. I dread going home. I don't know what to do.

Carlotta's expression becomes firm with resolve as she reaches a decision she doesn't care for particularly.

EXT. NPI - CLINIC - DAY

The embossed brass sign affixed to the glass doors of the new medical wing of West Coast University reads:
NEUROPSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE - WALK IN CLINIC. Carlotta approaches the door to the clinic with great reluctance. It's an admission of defeat. And so she remains, hand on the door pull, weighing her next move, before finally turning and walking away from the building.

EXT. COLLEGE STREET - DAY

Carlotta walks listlessly past shop windows, unseeing, disinterested.

INT. TO EXT. UNIVERSITY BOOK SHOP - DAY

CAMERA ANGLES THROUGH a WINDOW DISPLAY of books as Carlotta, abstracted, walks slowly by. Her eyes drift toward the window display, and a consciousness of her surroundings returns to her. Her step slows as she studies the various volumes in the window, pausing to examine one carefully.

INSERT

A display of books entitled: "Psychic Self-Defense."

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Carlotta wanders among the stacks labeled: "Psychology," studying the titles on the shelves. Her eyes are intense. Her lips silently form the titles of certain volumes. She pauses at one.

HER POV

Among other books is one called: "GHOSTS IN LOS ANGELES."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

Carlotta pulls out the book and peruses it, flicking through the pages. Gradually, among the MURMURING VOICES about her, she focuses on two youngish male voices that come from the other side of the stack. The voices belong to Eugene Kraft and Joe Mehan.

KRAFT'S VOICE

The relation between the emotional state of the subject and the frequency of events was never established.

MEHAN'S VOICE

What about the cold spots, and the odor -- the smell of dead meat?

Carlotta's interest is suddenly piqued. They are discussing matters she's familiar with. She carefully pushes several books on the shelf aside, and peers through the gap, whereupon she sees Kraft and Mehan. KRAFT, the shorter of the two, is precise, voluble, and quick-acting. MEHAN is taciturn, easygoing, calm. They are unaware of Carlotta as she eavesdrops on their conversation.

KRAFT

I still don't concede the case.
Cold spots and odors rarely occur
at the same time that objects move
randomly.

Carlotta presses her face forward into the gap, dislodging a book, which brings their attention to her face, peering at them. Carlotta, slightly embarrassed, clears her throat timidly, and in a trembling voice says:

CARLOTTA

Excuse me. I have them both.

Kraft and Mehan gaze at her, speechless.

INT. PARAPSYCHOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY

CAMERA ANGLES THROUGH GLASS DOOR PANE, with printed legend: "PARAPSYCHOLOGY -- Elizabeth Cooley, Ph.D." Beyond is a large room, part laboratory, part classroom, with about 20 STUDENTS: young men and women, sitting about on old desk-chairs. Gene Kraft is at the head of the class, facing the students.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He has just finished speaking, and DR. ELIZABETH COOLEY, a handsome woman in her fifties, rises from a seat in the back of the room and walks to the front of the class.

CUT TO:

INSIDE

DR. COOLEY

... Well, I've never heard or read of anything like that. I've had cases in which women were tweaked and poked in a mischievous fashion, but nothing like -- what would you call it, Gene? -- spectral rape?

KRAFT

If the woman is to be believed.

FEMALE STUDENT

You say she was seeing a psychiatrist?

KRAFT

That's right.

FEMALE STUDENT

I'd like to know what the diagnosis was.

MEHAN

That's no problem. She was a patient here.

Dr. Cooley reacts.

DR. COOLEY

You mean the university clinic? Was she formally released?

MEHAN

I'm not certain.

DR. COOLEY

Find out what her status is.

KRAFT

Are you worried?

DR. COOLEY

(To Kraft, and to the class)

Frankly, yes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. COOLEY (cont'd)
I've seen too many of us go down in flames. We're one of the last parapsychology departments in any major university on this continent. People resent what we're doing. That's why I bury myself in ESP studies -- because they don't make waves.

(she smiles)
Spectral beings are your department. I wish you luck.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: February 8, 1977, 9:15 P.M.

There is no moon. A cloud bank obscures the stars. A nervous energy is HEARD in the GUSTING ocean BREEZES, which cause the foliage to slap against the side of the house.

INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gene Kraft and Joe Mehan work swiftly and silently setting up their equipment. Instruments are being set up in the living room, hallway, and Carlotta's bedroom. Carlotta sits on the couch watching them move quickly in and out of the rooms, attaching wires to gear with practiced hands. Kraft notes Carlotta's interest.

KRAFT
These meters show changes in temperature and pressure -- physical changes. There's no such thing as a psychic meter. All we can do is try to measure the physical changes that result when and if... he appears.

Carlotta nods, though obviously does not understand.

MEHAN
Your children, Mrs. Moran. Do they often spend the night away?

CARLOTTA
Whenever possible. It's -- dangerous for them here -- especially at night.

CAMERA MOVES IN on Carlotta. Suddenly, her nostrils flare, as an odor assails her. She speaks in a whisper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA
Do you smell it?

CLOSE - KRAFT AND MEHAN

They freeze at their work, keening their senses. Kraft's face wrinkles in disgust.

KRAFT
My God... it's awful.

WIDER ANGLE (EFFECT SHOT)

There is silence everywhere in the house, as they remain, immobilized. Then, a LOW METALLIC GROWL SOUNDS from beneath the house, GROWING and GROWING until the house itself is shivering and shaking. A picture falls from the wall, the GLASS SMASHING. Kraft and Mehan gaze about wide-eyed. Carlotta rises.

CARLOTTA
(hisses)
He's angry. He hates your being here.

BOOKSHELF (EFFECT SHOT)

A large volume dislodges itself from the shelf and flies across the room towards Carlotta. CAMERA WHIP PANS TO SEE it miss her by inches. Her face becomes white as alabaster. The shaking diminishes gradually and finally ceases altogether. It is deathly still again.

CARLOTTA
(softly)
See? I wasn't lying.

KRAFT
(swallows)
Does this happen often?

CARLOTTA
All the time.

KRAFT
(to Mehan)
Get the cameras.

Mehan nods, but it is a moment before he can bring himself to move.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

It is several hours later. The wind whips furiously about the yard and driveway, stirring up dead leaves from the hedges.

INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The shades are drawn and the room is pitch black, but the atmosphere is alive with SOUND, as the WIND beats against the shingles and RATTLES the WINDOWPANES. CAMERA MOVES FROM the clock on the night table, which reads: 4:05., TO SEE Carlotta, stretched out on the bed fully dressed, asleep. CAMERA PANS to the other side of the room where Kraft and Mehan sit quietly at their cameras, waiting. Although they are very tired, the anticipation of what may at any moment happen keeps them alert. Mehan whispers hoarsely:

MEHAN
Over the door!

Kraft's eyes focus above the door.

THE CLOSET DOOR (EFFECT SHOT)

Above the door, in the darkness, a blue area begins to form. It hangs, casting a glow, then becomes transparent and is gone.

KRAFT AND MEHAN

have risen and are clicking away with their cameras.

KRAFT
My God, did you see that?

CARLOTTA'S VOICE
He's trying to come in.

CARLOTTA

is sitting up in bed, her eyes glued to the closet door, shivering with fear. Kraft and Mehan join her at the bedside, their cameras ready for action. They all watch the door. Then:

THE CLOSET DOOR (EFFECT SHOT)

Suddenly a cloud forms, bursts asunder, and showers cold sparks into the bedroom. Then it's pitch black again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRAFT AND MEHAN

fire away at it with their cameras.

CARLOTTA
He's mad all right.

KRAFT
(excited)
Did you get it, Joe?

MEHAN
Yeah, I think so. My God, what a
stench!

CARLOTTA

rises from the bed, staring at the door in fear and wonder.
Then her eyes widen and her mouth drops open. She points to
the door.

CARLOTTA
There he is! He's coming through!

Kraft and Mehan strain their eyes to see what she sees.

THEIR POV

There is nothing to be seen at the door or above it.
Carlotta's voice rises in hysteria.

CARLOTTA'S VOICE
There! He's there! Do you see
him? Oh, my God! He's standing in
front of me!

BACK TO SCENE

Carlotta shrinks away to the wall, her hands out in front of
her. Kraft and Mehan fire their cameras.

CARLOTTA
But he's weak! He's only half
formed! He doesn't have the power
to make it all the way!
(her eyes brightening)
He's scared! That's it, he's
scared of you! He's scared of your
cameras, and your instruments!
(she laughs weirdly)
He can't make it! I don't believe
it! Die, you bastard!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CLOSET DOOR (EFFECT SHOT)

A crack of static electricity shoots out from the door and buries itself in the wall above their heads. Kraft and Mehan duck.

KRAFT

Jesus Christ! Joe, are you all right?

MEHAN

I'm all right. Maybe we should get Mrs. Moran out of here!

CARLOTTA

(laughs wildly)

He can't hurt me! Now I've got my army with me!

A kind of sparkle slowly comes from the closet, bright specks of iridescent sand that coalesce and burst with a loud EXPLOSION.

KRAFT AND MEHAN

Their cameras fire in a sustained burst.

KRAFT

Got it!

THE VANITY (EFFECT SHOT)

A glass butterfly glows and rises from the vanity, disintegrates, sending a shower of rainbow-colored wings gently through the air. Carlotta claps her hands and yells, tauntingly:

CARLOTTA

Oh, c'mon! You can do better than that!

THE ALARM CLOCK (EFFECT SHOT)

rises into the air. As it hangs over the bed, the alarm gives off a soft CHIME, then EXPLODES IN SLOW MOTION, sending pieces of metal wafting through the air. Kraft and Mehan stand staring at the display dumbstruck, their excitement overcoming their fear. Carlotta stamps her feet and bursts into shrill laughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA
Is that all you can do? My girls
can do better than that!

THE CURTAINS (EFFECT SHOT)

waver, separate, and tear loose from the rods. The gaily-colored material floats over Carlotta like an enormous canopy. Carlotta laughs and reaches up for the material, pulling it down over her, wrapping herself in it, in a wild display of sheer contempt.

CARLOTTA
You're dead! You're dead!

THE ROOM

Morning light seeps through the window, as Carlotta circles round and round in the material, laughing, dancing, crying...

CARLOTTA
Dead! Dead! Dead! Dead!

KRAFT AND MEHAN

watch her, stunned, from a corner of the room as she flings open the window and, as the morning breeze dampens her hair, shouts out into dawn of a new day:

CARLOTTA
Oh, dear God! What a beautiful
morning!

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - DAWN

CAMERA PULLING BACK from Carlotta's face as the wind whips her hair and batters at her joyous face.

CARLOTTA
Thank you, God! Thank you! Thank
you! Thank you!

INT. PARAPSYCHOLOGY LAB - DAY

Dr. Cooley carefully extracts a photograph from the hypo tray and rinsing it briefly hangs it on a wire holder. Kraft and Mehan are close beside her as she adds the photograph to an array of others and studies them. The first shows a blue-green wave arching across a black void. The next photograph shows a cloud-like formation, from which long streamers shoot out and trail away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Other pictures show luminescent auras surrounding a pebbly surface, which is the wall above Carlotta's bedroom closet. Dr. Cooley's face is avid, yet her tone is cautious:

DR. COOLEY

They're fascinating, of course, but Uri Geller and Ted Serrios can also project psychic images on film.

KRAFT

She saw him, Dr. Cooley!

DR. COOLEY

But you didn't. Nor did Joe. Nor did your cameras. The finest lenses, the fastest film couldn't even catch a wisp of him.

Kraft has just finished developing another photograph. He whisks it out of the hypo and with a flourish:

KRAFT

One of them caught this.

The photograph is different from the others, depicting a greenish ball of light hovering just above the closet door; its edges so clear-cut as to obviate the possibility of it being an aberration of the film or the camera. Dr. Cooley's interest ignites as she studies the photograph.

DR. COOLEY

When are you planning to go back?

MEHAN

(playing it cool)

Why do you ask?

DR. COOLEY

I'd like to be there, if you care to invite me.

Kraft and Mehan exchange a look that signifies that at least this represents a partial victory for them.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - DAY

Several cars are parked on the street and in the driveway of the Moran house. Billy can be SEEN inside the garage, working on the Buick. Gary Sneidermann's M.G. pulls up across the street from the house. He slowly gets out and stands for a moment, observing the number of cars parked in front and the constant stream of students entering and exiting with equipment and boards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He then sees Billy standing in front of the garage, wiping his greasy hands on a cloth. Gary walks toward Billy.

BILLY

looks up at Gary warily. Gary smiles pleasantly, though he's nervous.

GARY

Hi, Billy. Your mother inside?

Billy vaguely nods his head.

INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carlotta is emerging from the bedroom, when she sees Gary Sneidermann through the screen door. She comes to a stop on the threshold of the living room. Gary peers through the screening.

GARY

Hello, Carlotta. Can I come in?

CARLOTTA

-- Yes, of course.

CAMERA MOVES with Carlotta as she walks to the screen door and opens it. They stand facing each other. Carlotta seems flustered, not knowing what to say. Gary is similarly tongue-tied.

GARY

You look very good.

CARLOTTA

I've never felt better, Dr. Sneidermann.

Kraft enters from the bedroom toting a camera case and tripod.

CARLOTTA

I'd like you to meet a colleague of yours. Mr. Kraft is from your university.

Kraft puts down the gear and, smiling, extends his hand.

KRAFT

I'm in the psychology department...
Dr. Cooley's lab.

Gary frowns, glances at the tripod and camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

What are you photographing?

KRAFT

We're taking infrared photographs
of the bedroom at night.

GARY

What for?

KRAFT

Well, nothing's defined to the
point that I'd like, but we did get
some highly interesting light
formations and several spark
constellations that could have been
caused by the discarnate entity.

Gary reacts sharply. He looks at the young man in front of
him.

GARY

-- Discarnate entity -- ?

KRAFT

(nonplussed)

Why, yes -- of course --

Carlotta laughs.

CARLOTTA

This is Doctor Sneidermann. I
should have told you that. I used
to visit him.

Kraft looks uncertainly at Gary.

GARY

I'm a resident in the school of
psychiatry.

A wave of hostility emanates from Kraft. He immediately
clams up and stalks off with his equipment.

CARLOTTA

Would you like some coffee, Doctor?

He turns to face her -- fighting his anger.

GARY

Thank you.

EXT. MORAN BACK YARD - DAY

Carlotta and Gary are on the back porch, sipping coffee. Carlotta sits on the wooden railing, next to him, not looking at him.

GARY

Why aren't you coming back,
Carlotta? Why won't you talk to me
on the telephone?

CARLOTTA

I feel fine now. There are no more
attacks. I have no reason to see
you.

GARY

Don't you think I care about --
what happens to you...

CARLOTTA

It's only because of them in there
that I've been able to find any
peace at all. They've been able to
prove --

Gary makes a face.

GARY

Prove? Do you remember that book I
showed you? Bats and dragons?
That's what they're looking for in
there. Fantasies. Is that what
you decided is going to help you?

Carlotta's face becomes taut as she turns to face Gary directly.

CARLOTTA

I believed in you. You know I did.
I really wanted to believe in you.
But every time you discovered
something new about me, something
worse happened. How much longer was
that going to go on?

GARY

Carlotta --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

I got sick of hearing you say it
would all go away when we get down
to the basic problem. As though it
was in me!

GARY

(explodes)

Well, Goddammit! It is!

Carlotta seems to shrink away from him. Her face becomes bland with contempt. Her voice is soft, but her words are final.

CARLOTTA

I think you'd better go.

Gary stands there, wanting to grab hold of her, shake her, make her listen, but all he does finally is shake his head and sigh, and leave.

INT. MORAN GARAGE - DAY

Billy's head is in the engine when a shadow falls across his work light. He looks up at Gary, who hands him a card.

GARY

In case you should need me, Billy.
It's my private number.

Billy takes the card gingerly so as not to smear it with grease, and watches Gary cross the street to his car.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

It is between classes and the lovely, tree-lined walks are filled with strolling students, chatting, laughing. Among their number is Dr. Weber, walking alone, hands in pockets, dead pipe in mouth, puffing away. Behind him Gary Sneidermann jogs through the crowd, hurrying to catch up to Dr. Weber. They stroll together side by side, Weber acknowledging him with a brief nod, but neither speaking, until it spills out of Gary like a dam breaking.

GARY

You want to know why she isn't
coming back? She's fallen into the
hands of some charlatans who are
feeding her delusions! They're
watching her visitations!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY (cont'd)

They've got the house wired to look for poltergeists and entities and Jesus Christ, Dr. Weber -- she's bought it! She refuses to see me!

DR. WEBER

What charlatans, Gary?

GARY

They say they're from the university!

DR. WEBER

From our university?

GARY

Psychology, they said. Dr. Cooley.

DR. WEBER

(grins broadly)

Elizabeth Cooley. Bless her heart. So she's behind this. That's not psychology, Gary. That's parapsychology. Fly-by-night psychology.

GARY

So how do we get rid of these assholes?

DR. WEBER

They aren't snake-oil peddlers, Gary. These are academic brethren.

GARY

They're confirming her delusion! They have to go!

Dr. Weber tries to light the pipe with little success.

DR. WEBER

There's nothing you can do. Not legally. Not medically. It's her life, her house, her delusion. Until she crosses the line of legal sanity, nobody can touch her.

Gary's anger seems to grow as they walk. Dr. Weber casts an anxious glance at him.

DR. WEBER

I don't want any grandstand plays out of you, Gary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY
I have a responsibility.

DR. WEBER
Your responsibility is to treat
your patients within the rules of
the university. Is that clear?

GARY
(barks)
Very clear!

Gary picks up his pace, outdistancing Dr. Weber, who slows down and gazes after his young resident with concern and sadness.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: FEBRUARY 18, 1977, 10:20 P.M.

HIGH ANGLE VIEW, DISCLOSING a large number of cars and several trucks parked on the street and in the driveway. It is strangely silent and still, save for the full chorus of NIGHT CREATURES.

EXT. BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES IN toward the window of Carlotta's bedroom. Though it is closed and the shades are drawn, we HEAR Carlotta's VOICE, vague, indecipherable, yet strong and strident, speaking.

INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (EFFECT SHOT)

In the pitch blackness, Carlotta's face is feverish, wild, as she loudly beckons to the entity, taunting him, enticing him to appear. CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING a room packed with students. All are poised behind cameras and electronic gear, breathlessly waiting. Kraft and Mehan stand behind Dr. Cooley, who is sitting close to Carlotta, studying Carlotta, who seems to be preening, putting on a show for their benefit.

CARLOTTA
Come on and show yourself, you
coward! Now that I've got my
forces here with me, let's see how
brave you are! But you don't dare,
because you're afraid -- ! You're
scared silly -- !

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, a series of comet-like lights begin flitting about above their heads. There is a collective gasp, and the cameras fire away.

TV SCOPE (EFFECT SHOT)

Carlotta SEEN THROUGH the SCOPE of a NIGHT VISION TV CAMERA. Everything appears brightly lit.

CARLOTTA

(wild, hysterical)

Is that all you've got the guts to do? A couple of itty-bitty lights? Big, brave hunk of man like you? Why, you're nothing but a puling coward, that's what you are! Show yourself! Let us all see what you're made of -- !

BEDROOM (EFFECT SHOT)

A shower of sparks bursts over their heads. The students duck away from the display, murmuring in amazement.

DR. COOLEY (EFFECT SHOT)

watches intensely, her eyes bright with suspicion.

CARLOTTA'S VOICE

Oh, come on! We don't want your fireworks, we want you! Show yourself, damn you!

The lights come fast, hard, and are so intense now that they reflect off Dr. Cooley's stunned yet cautious face.

DR. COOLEY

(addressing the entity)

If you have intelligence, and can understand what I'm saying, blink once for yes, and twice for no.

The lights vanish.

DR. COOLEY

Are you dead?

The lights blink once. "Yes."

DR. COOLEY

Are you trapped in this environment?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The lights blink twice. "No."

DR. COOLEY
Do you intend to harm Carlotta
Moran?

The lights blink once. "Yes."

CARLOTTA (EFFECT SHOT)

Her face fills with terror. Her voice is subdued.

CARLOTTA
-- Why? Who are you?

DR. COOLEY'S VOICE
Will you appear to us now?

The lights blink twice. "No."

CARLOTTA
(shouts; in tears)
You can't appear because you're a
devil from hell, afraid to show
yourself to my army! You wait till
I'm alone! Then you come forth to
hurt me.
(sobbing)
-- To hurt my children...

WIDER ANGLE

The lights have ceased. Dr. Cooley rises.

DR. COOLEY
That's it, kids. Somebody open the
windows and get some air in here!

The windows and doors are opened, and when the lights are switched on we SEE the blank, ashen faces of the witnesses to this incredible event. For a long time, no one speaks. Dr. Cooley herself seems lost in the depths of her own thoughts, as she watches Carlotta, being ministered by several girls, who bring her water and comfort her. Then, Dr. Cooley turns and slowly leaves the room, with Kraft, Mehan, and a group of other students gathered about her.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM

Emerging from the bedroom, Dr. Cooley continues to muse over the startling phenomenon she has just witnessed. The students are all bristling with questions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STUDENT

What do you think, Dr. Cooley?

DR. COOLEY

Hard to say -- it could be a projection.

STUDENT

A psychic projection emanating from Mrs. Moran?

DR. COOLEY

There have been cases. The unconscious, under emotional pressure, can become a violent generator of dreams, hallucinations, delusions, and also psychic entities.

KRAFT

(somewhat downcast)

Then you don't think it's independent of Mrs. Moran?

DR. COOLEY

I didn't say that. It's possible it is. I've always believed that there are several planes of existence, distinct and separate, and only one which we, as human beings, inhabit.

MEHAN

(in awe)

An external intelligence. A discarnate entity -- How do we get at him?

KRAFT

We have to try to isolate it. Draw it in somehow. Find a way to bring it into a controlled situation.

DR. COOLEY

(her enthusiasm building)

You need more controls than you have in this house. You need to control the environment, the entire electromagnetic spectrum. You're talking about hundreds of thousands of dollars!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRAFT

(smiles)

Are we talking about it, Dr.
Cooley, or are you?

DR. COOLEY

(smiles)

I guess I am.

(considers)

Well, there is the Roger Banham
Foundation Grant. It could be
shifted to this project.

Kraft and Mehan stare at her, their eyes shining.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A taxi is parked in the center of the street and Jerry
Rodriguez is paying the driver.

INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Students are spilling out of the bedroom, carrying equipment,
their faces alive with excitement and LIBBING comments.

Carlotta emerges in the flow of students; tired, fearful, but
inwardly elated at their corroboration. As she steps across
the threshold of the living room, she stops suddenly and
gazes in shock at:

HER POV

SEEN through a mass of bodies is Jerry, gazing at her,
perplexed.

BACK TO SCENE

Carlotta's recovery is instantaneous. Putting on a warm
smile, she presses through the mob to Jerry, and embraces
him.

CARLOTTA

Jerry -- !

He holds her momentarily, then raises her face gently by the
chin and looks into her eyes.

JERRY

What gives?

CARLOTTA

Why didn't you call?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY

I did. Every time I got a
different voice on the line.
What's going on?

CARLOTTA

-- Oh -- These are some people from
the university.

JERRY

The university -- ?

CARLOTTA

Come. Take me somewhere quiet.
I'll tell you all about it.

JERRY

(a beat)
Sure.

INT. NANTUCKET LIGHT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The moonlight casts a golden glow through the plate glass
window that looks onto the Pacific. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO
Carlotta and Jerry, seated at a window table across from each
other. A WAITER places lobster and salads before them. When
he leaves:

JERRY

Sick? What kind of sick?

CARLOTTA

Things have come to me. In the
night.

JERRY

Nightmares, you mean?

CARLOTTA

Like nightmares. The people you
saw in the house are doctors --
psychologists -- they have a theory
that something in the house keeps
me from sleeping. They're trying
to help me.

JERRY

Some of them looked pretty young to
be doctors.

CARLOTTA

They're from West Coast University.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jerry seems to be wrestling with all kinds of thoughts. Suddenly, ravenously, he forks his salad and begins eating.

CARLOTTA

You're not mad, are you?

JERRY

(his temper on a short fuse)

It's not a question of mad -- okay, yeah! Since you ask! I mean, who brings a university full of kids into their house because they can't sleep? You can't sleep, you take a pill! You go see a regular doctor!

CARLOTTA

You think there'd be all those people in my house if there wasn't something wrong? I'm on welfare, Jerry, I wasn't giving a party...

JERRY

All I'm asking for is a simple explanation. I still don't know what's bugging you. I mean, don't treat me like a jerk. I'm not a jerk, Carly. Can't you trust me? Can't we talk like people who love each other? What's happening?

CARLOTTA

I can't tell you... yet. Because I don't know the difference between what is happening and what I think may be happening. The only thing I know clearly is it started when you left. I don't say that with any blame or accusation, but that's when it started.

(weeps)

I can see you still don't know what I'm talking about.

JERRY

You're right, I don't know what you're talking about. But I can see that there is something wrong in your life, and I want to help you.

(softening)

I love you, Carly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY (cont'd)
I'm not going to ask you to cross
your tees and dot your eyes for me
if you can't.

CARLOTTA
Maybe it would all go away if we
changed our lives. Starting now.

JERRY
Well, starting in a couple of
weeks.

CARLOTTA
(pulls away)
-- In a couple of weeks -- ! I
need you now!

JERRY
Now listen, you know what my
commitment is, to you and the kids.
You know I love you. You also know
that I have a job to do.
(takes her in his arms)
Everything I promised you will come
true, Carlotta. It's gonna happen.
But I am beginning to understand
that you need something that I
haven't been giving you. And it's
more than just me. It's a feeling
that you really belong to somebody.
(kisses her)
You have me, Carly. In a couple of
weeks it's gonna be forever.
(then)
C'mon. Let's go home.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy is in bed, awake. His face mirrors all the anguish he
is feeling as he listens to the sound of SOFT VOICES O.S.

INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM AND HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carlotta and Jerry are sitting in the darkness on the couch.
She holds in front of her a lovely silk nightgown.

CARLOTTA
It's beautiful.

Carlotta bends to him. They kiss.

JERRY
Go put it on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

All right.

Reluctantly, Carlotta goes to the bedroom. Jerry rises and takes off his jacket, dropping it on the couch. He loosens his tie, then takes out a cigarette and lights it. For a moment, he stands there smoking; then, walking gingerly in the darkness, he goes to the window and looks out at the night street. His eye is attracted to a gauge fixed to the windowsill -- one of Kraft's instruments. He studies it, slightly mystified.

A sound, like a soft MOAN, comes from the bedroom. Jerry turns, a puzzled look on his face.

The sound is repeated: a kind of extended MOAN, like a child making fun.

Jerry's face relaxes, and he smiles.

Another MOAN.

JERRY

(gently chiding)

Carlotta, Carlotta --

He walks toward the bedroom, feeling his way in the darkness.

She MOANS again.

Jerry growls back, a mock tiger's growl. He laughs, stumbling, trying to find his way through the hallway. He bursts out laughing as he accidentally sticks his hand into the linen closet and finds a mess of wires in a tangle.

She MOANS again, and this time it does not sound funny.

Jerry goes to the door and tries the knob. The door is stuck.

JERRY

(whispering)

Carlotta?

She MOANS a long, soft, despairing moan. Jerry leans against the door. It doesn't move. He pushes.

JERRY

Carlotta!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jerry bashes the door open. It bangs against the wall and bounces back, hitting him on the arm. He enters the dark bedroom, sees:

CARLOTTA

on the bed, in her nightgown, dimly perceived in the darkness -- her body is arched, and her hips slowly undulate, as she moans: "Ohhhhhhhh!"

JERRY

rubs his eyes in disbelief.

CARLOTTA

bucks and heaves in the grip of some overwhelming ecstasy, and suddenly gasping:

CARLOTTA

Oh! Oh! Oh!

JERRY

backs away, a sickened expression on his face, watching, watching:

CARLOTTA

grasping, pulling something toward her, gasping for air -- And the bed dipping under her weight, the springs squealing rhythmically.

CARLOTTA

Oh Jesus! Jesus! Oh!

JERRY (EFFECT SHOT)

watches insanely. He rushes forward and wrestles himself onto her thrashing limbs, when suddenly, he is flung back by an awful blow. He quickly rises, trembling, his face a mask of pure horror.

JERRY

Stop it! Stop it!!

He reaches blindly in the dark, finds a spindly wooden chair, and raises it high above his head -- is about to bring it crashing down on Carlotta when:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

hurtles toward him shouting:

BILLY

You bastard! You dirty bastard!

Billy's weight hits him full on and they go down together, Billy's fists thudding into his chest, his face, his groin. Blindly, Jerry lashes back as they wrestle and fight savagely, crashing backward against the vanity, knocking it over, shattering cosmetic bottles.

CARLOTTA

Her moaning has stopped as, rolling clumsily, she slips off the bed and sits there, holding her head, watching Jerry and Billy mauling each other. Her expression is wild, crazed.

JERRY AND BILLY

Their faces and fists are bloodied as they pound away at each other; Billy sobbing; Jerry panting, groaning. And now, above the din of battle, we HEAR the SOUND of LAUGHTER -- soft, cruel, contented.

CARLOTTA

understanding the full horror of what has taken place, and hearing the LAUGHTER BUILDING, covers her ears with her fists and screams.

INT. DR. WEBER'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

The DOORBELL RINGS, continually, stridently. Dr. Weber appears from the study, dressed in slippers and robe. He goes to the door and unlocks it in several places, then opens it a crack. Seeing who it is, he opens it wide and Gary enters. He is out of breath, as if he had run a race. His face is taut with fatigue.

GARY

I-I'm sorry, but --

Dr. Weber puts a finger to his lips, gestures that someone is asleep elsewhere in the house. They walk quickly into the study.

INT. WEBER'S STUDY - NIGHT

Dr. Weber shuts the door before speaking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WEBER

What is it, Gary?

GARY

The Moran woman. Her son called --
Seems her boyfriend saw the same
thing Carlotta always sees -- he
tried to knock it off with a
chair -- he could have killed her,
Dr. Weber.

DR. WEBER

He's suggestible, Gary. Like Billy
and the girls. He must have picked
it up from Carlotta.

GARY

Those two punks are responsible.
We've got to castrate them!

DR. WEBER

Stay out of it, Gary.

GARY

(rises, strongly)

I'm not going to stay out of it! I
want those two guys banished from
her life!

DR. WEBER

I don't see what the hell we can
do.

GARY

Get through to the Dean. Make him
pull those creeps back.

Dr. Weber's face stiffens. He doesn't like being pushed.

DR. WEBER

All this for the Moran woman?

GARY

Somebody has to look after her.

DR. WEBER

Doesn't have to be you.

GARY

Well, it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dr. Weber studies Gary closely. For the first time sees how deeply involved with Carlotta he is.

DR. WEBER
(gently)
Let her go, Gary! You have no choice. Professionally -- and personally.

Gary looks at Dr. Weber, presenting a face that expresses the extent of his emotional dilemma.

GARY
I can't let her go!

DR. WEBER
(sternly)
What do you mean, you can't!?

GARY
(exploding)
I don't know what I mean! Every time I try to analyze my feelings it comes out weird, crazy -- I'm as crazy as she is.
(shakes his head in dismay)
I mean -- what the hell am I doing in the middle of her nightmare?
(in tears)
It's a goddamn cliché, isn't it, Dr. Weber?

DR. WEBER
(feeling deeply for Gary's plight)
It happens, Gary. More often to patients. But sometimes to doctors.

A small, weird smile appears on Gary's face as a sick thought occurs to him. In a soft, lost voice, he says:

GARY
I can just see my mother's face --
'Hey, Ma, I'm in love with a crazy lady. No, she isn't Jewish.'

His smile grows and grows, and soon he is laughing, and then sobbing, uncontrollably, Dr. Weber goes to him and places a gentle hand on his arm. Weber's eyes are filled with a profound sadness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WEBER
I'll go to the Dean.

INT. UNIVERSITY FACULTY DINING ROOM - DAY

DEAN OSBORNE, a man in his sixties, is wending his way down the cafeteria-style line, selecting a dietetic luncheon, and feeling terribly badgered, as Dr. Weber pursues him down the line, filling his ear.

DR. WEBER
-- and because of Dr. Cooley's two students, the delusion spread to her boyfriend. Last night he tried to assault her, thinking he was hitting the hallucination. She could have been killed. I simply have to demand some constraints be put on them.

Dean Osborne moves down the line, selecting foods, not answering.

DR. WEBER
You know what they're after, Frank? They're after a psychic entity. That's a ghost, Frank! A ghost! Doesn't this whole thing smell to you?

OSBORNE
A lot of things smell to me. I can't close them all down. You know what they're doing in fine arts building? Growing mold on an acre of bread! Is that art, Henry? You know what the theatre department tried last semester? They were fucking on stage. That's right. Fucking! Hell, if I'd known you could have gotten credit for that --

DR. WEBER
Frank, what these birds are doing is dangerous! How can you go about photographing psychic entities in a house where there's a psychotic person? You're going to fixate her permanently!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSBORNE

It's her legal and medical right to speak with anyone she wants. The university has no jurisdiction over people's lives. Besides, the experiment will be conducted under strict medical supervision.

DR. WEBER

(taken aback)

-- Experiment? What experiment?

OSBORNE

Dr. Cooley submitted a project design that will take place under university auspices -- within the confines of the medical institute -- and with a qualified doctor in attendance. That way this woman can be tested for psi powers, or 'entities' or whatever, and at the same time her physical and mental safety will be assured.

Dr. Weber is flabbergasted.

DR. WEBER

-- You mean -- the university is actually going to fund this bullshit?

OSBORNE

No, Henry! Dr. Cooley is funding the project from her own special grant -- and she will be charged for every last paper-clip, believe me.

DR. WEBER

(stunned)

And you're going to allow it -- ?

OSBORNE

I not only am, but have. I okayed her project design this morning.

Dr. Weber can only stand there, shaking his head.

DR. WEBER

(softly)

Christ.

INT. SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: APRIL 11, 1977, 12:15 P.M.

Carlotta, dressed in robe, is sitting up in bed, reading a magazine and munching an apple. It is her own, ornate bed, in what seems to be her own bedroom, and she seems unusually relaxed.

CAMERA STARTS A SLOW MOVE UPWARD, gradually REVEALING the entire structure of the house on Kentner Street, kitchen, living room, bedrooms and hallway, connected in the same spatial relationships as her own home. The same carpets are on the same old floors; the furniture sags in its accustomed places; shoes and a few magazines lay on the floor, as though the occupants had lived there for years. But what we are actually looking at is a set, a carefully constructed duplication of the house on Kentner Street, erected in the university laboratory -- a huge affair the size of a large gymnasium.

As CAMERA CONTINUES ITS SLOW MOVE UPWARD, we SEE that the rooms have no ceiling, and that in the darkness above them, is a catwalk encircling the central area around all sides, so that anyone can walk completely around and look down at the interior, twenty feet below. Video cameras and various surveillance equipment are attached to the railings of the catwalk, monitoring the activity below. In a sense, Carlotta and the facsimile of her home are under the scrutiny of an enormous microscope.

From the scene's opening, we HEAR the following soft-spoken VOICE over conversation:

BROWNE'S VOICE

My God, this must have cost a fortune.

DR. COOLEY'S VOICE

The Roger Banham Foundation is not only generous, but completely behind what we're doing. I must say, however, we got some flak from the university. They've given us two weeks to complete our work and get out.

BROWNE'S VOICE

How long has she been here?

DR. COOLEY'S VOICE

This is her fourth day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROWNE'S VOICE

-- Has anything -- ?

DR. COOLEY'S VOICE

Not yet.

BROWNE'S VOICE

Well, she seems comfortable. Is that her own bed?

DR. COOLEY'S VOICE

They're all her own furnishings, transported from her house. All the rest is simulated -- walls, floors, even the lighting is programmed to duplicate day and night. We've discovered that most subjects perform better in psi experiments if they're totally relaxed, assume a diminished level of brain activity.

CAMERA HAS RISEN TO the level of the catwalk, twenty feet above the rooms. We now SEE Dr. Cooley, Kraft, and Mehan poised on either side of WOODROW BROWNE, an elderly man. They are leaning over the parapet gazing downward into the simulated environment. Browne keeps a pad in hand; his manner is casually deceptive. Now he reaches out and gently touches a large piece of equipment attached to the railing below him.

DR. COOLEY

Mr. Kraft engineered that.

KRAFT

We've shielded off this entire space so as to be able to control the electromagnetic wave structure within it. With this assembly we can duplicate what we measured in the Moran home.

BROWNE

Why?

KRAFT

To induce the entity to appear.

BROWNE

(smiles)

Suppose -- to take an extreme possibility -- it doesn't come?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. COOLEY

Then it doesn't come. We don't
invent anything here.

Browne shakes his head in amazement and turns to Dr. Cooley.

BROWNE

Might I speak with Mrs. Moran?

DR. COOLEY

Certainly.

INT. LABORATORY - METAL STAIRWAY - DAY

The stairway connects the catwalk with the simulated
environment. Dr. Cooley and Woodrow Browne descend the
steps.

BROWNE

Well, it's obvious you believe in
what you're doing, Elizabeth.

DR. COOLEY

We're not playing games, Woody.

BROWNE

It all seems so -- I don't know --
exotic.

DR. COOLEY

The very nature of parapsychology
is exotic.

BROWNE

-- If -- this entity -- should
exist, where does he come from?

DR. COOLEY

Where do the stars come from?
Where does life come from? Sooner
or later the problem of origin ends
in mystery.

BROWNE

But why does he come for her?

DR. COOLEY

(considers)

Why or how -- That's what we hope
to get out of the next few days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They have arrived at a large, heavy door, resembling the door to a meat locker. Dr. Cooley inserts a key into the lock, opens the door, and ushers in Mr. Browne.

INT. SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT - DAY

Carlotta is in the living room when they enter.

DR. COOLEY

Carlotta, this is Woodrow Browne,
science editor of the Los Angeles
Times. Do you mind if we chat for
a few minutes?

CARLOTTA

Of course not.

Browne gazes about.

CARLOTTA

Would you like a cup of tea?

BROWNE

(laughs)

It really is a home, isn't it?
Yes, I'd love a cup of tea.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAB - DAY

A burly STUDENT sits at a desk in front of the door marked:
"Psychology Sciences Lab. #4 Keep Out". Gary Sneidermann
stands before the desk watching the student run down a list
of names on a sheet. Gary is tense, tired, his eyes red from
lack of sleep, his temper on a short fuse. The Student
shakes his head.

STUDENT

Sorry, Sneidermann. Authorized
personnel only.

GARY

You go tell Dr. Cooley that the
medical school is not prohibited
from making on-the-spot checks!

Confused, the Student rises and goes to check. After he's
left, Gary waits a brief moment, then quickly goes to the
door and opens it. He peers through a slit, then enters.

INT. SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT - DAY

It is quite dark along the outer walls of the simulated house. Gary steals along the perimeter, keeping to the shadows, his eyes roving about the cavernous chamber. He sees, above him:

HIS POV

The walls lead up to the catwalk, bristling with cameras and gear.

BACK TO SCENE

Gary's gaze shifts down to the large door that opens into Carlotta's "house." He walks up to it and tries the large handle, but it's locked. At that moment, the handle turns and the door opens heavily. Gary jumps back into a shadowy area just as Dr. Cooley and Browne exit. Carlotta stands on the threshold.

BROWNE

Thank you, Mrs. Moran.

CARLOTTA

Goodbye, Mr. Browne.

Carlotta stands at the door watching them find their way through the dark chamber. Gary steps out of the shadow.

GARY

Carlotta.

Carlotta turns, startled. As her eyes adjust to the darkness.

CARLOTTA

Hello, Dr. Sneidermann.

Gary walks slowly to her. Carlotta glances behind her, somewhat nervously, at a loss at what to say.

CARLOTTA

They've made a natural environment.
For him. So he'll come here.

GARY

You believe them?

CARLOTTA

I want to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY
They're frauds, Carlotta.

CARLOTTA
(turns angrily from him)
You keep saying the same thing over
and over. I don't know why you
bother.

GARY
Don't you know?

CARLOTTA
No.

GARY
It's because I care about what
happens to you.

She laughs. Gary's face is filled with anguish.

GARY
I care very much, Carlotta.

Carlotta seems unnerved. She steps back, then looks at him,
again.

CARLOTTA
Well, you're a very strange man,
Dr. Sneidermann.

There is a long pause.

GARY
Have you heard from Jerry?

CARLOTTA
(with bitterness)
He won't return my calls.
(smiles wanly)
I told you once, Dr. Sneidermann --
Jerry is allergic to crazies.
(sadly)
I can't say that I blame him.

GARY
Not everyone is like Jerry.

Carlotta gazes at Gary narrowly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

Don't close yourself off, Carlotta.
You have to keep contact with at
least one person who truly cares
for you, or else you lose touch
with reality.

CARLOTTA

What are you trying to say?

GARY

I'm trying to say that -- you and I
can make that contact.

Carlotta is silent. Her dark eyes glisten, animal-like.

CARLOTTA

(softly)

I don't want to make contact.

Gary takes a step backward, his face flushed with
embarrassment.

GARY

All right. I guess that's why I
really stopped by. To make sure
you knew that.

Without another word, he turns and walks off into the
darkness. Carlotta stands watching after him, a totally
confused, lost look in her eyes.

MONTAGE:

A SERIES of SEQUENCES SHOWING the passage of the days.

A) BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carlotta stretched out on the bed, in the grip of a
peaceful drowsiness. Her eyes close.

B) EFFECT SHOT (DREAM)

Bright flowers fall in SLOW MOTION upon Carlotta's smiling
face.

C) BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carlotta's eyes open. She stretches, smiling.

D) OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PULLING BACK FROM TV screen showing Carlotta in bed, smiling. Dr. Cooley watches along with Kraft, Mehan, and several other students. They are still, quiet, waiting.

E) LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carlotta is tidying up the room, dusting the furniture, humming as she works.

F) SMALL LAB - DAY

Kraft works at a drafting table on an over-view of the Kentner Street house. Mehan, students and several workmen crowd around him as he draws a line which bisects the living room, and explains (MOS) to the workmen what he wants.

G) LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carlotta is sitting on the couch, reading, oblivious of the workmen who lower a huge sheet of tempered glass by crane into a sliding panel which bisects the living room.

H) BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carlotta bolts in bed, frightened.

DR. COOLEY'S VOICE
(over loudspeaker)
Do you need a tranquilizer,
Carlotta?

CARLOTTA
Uh -- What? -- No -- I mean, no.
I'm all right.

I) THE CATWALK - DAY

Kraft, Mehan, and several students are affixing an assembly to the railing directly above the living room. It is composed of two tanks and a flexible hose with high pressure nozzle. The tanks are marked "LIQUID HELIUM -- DANGER" in red. Below them we SEE Carlotta, stretched out on the floor, doing sitting-up exercises, with a nurse in attendance.

J) BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carlotta is sitting on the edge of her bed in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. COOLEY'S VOICE
(over loudspeaker)
Can't sleep, Carlotta?

CARLOTTA
-- What? Oh -- no, Dr. Cooley. I
guess I could use that
tranquilizer.

K) OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Carlotta, SEEN on TV screen, in kitchen, heating something
on stove. She seems terribly distraught. CAMERA MOVES TO
Kraft and Mehan, lying on cots, awake. Suddenly, a LOUD
SOUND is HEARD. They spring up in bed, see on the monitor
that Carlotta has dropped a hot pan.

CARLOTTA
(in tears)
Please come -- !

Kraft and Mehan dash off.

KRAFT
(en route)
Get Cooley!

L) LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kraft, Mehan and Dr. Cooley, in dressing gown, stand
silently, listening to Carlotta.

CARLOTTA
I felt him.

DR. COOLEY
How long ago?

CARLOTTA
A few minutes ago. At the window.

Dr. Cooley walks to the window, gazes out into the
simulated night.

DR. COOLEY
What did he want?

CARLOTTA
He wants to harm us.
(a beat)
I'm afraid for all of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M) EFFECT SHOT (DREAM)

Bird-like forms float, their wings stiff and un-flapping, in an unreal sky. They are dead, but still they float, buoyant on greenish, sulfurous clouds.

N) BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carlotta's eyes snap open, awakening from the nightmare. She does not move -- only her eyes flit about, staring, staring -

O) OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM Carlotta's staring eyes on TV monitor. Dr. Cooley sits at the console, watching the screen avidly. Kraft and Mehan stand behind her, their eyes glued to the monitor.

P) LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carlotta, SEEN THROUGH the living room WINDOW, pacing frantically. She seems at the end of her rope. She stops suddenly -- stares at the window starkly, AT CAMERA, then slowly walks to the window and stares out. Her voice is deathly.

CARLOTTA

He's out there.

DR. COOLEY'S VOICE

(over loudspeaker)

Outside? You mean in the air?
Outside the building?

CARLOTTA

No -- outside the world. He wants
to come in to the world where I am.
He wants to destroy us all.

Slowly she pulls down the shade, obscuring CAMERA'S VIEW.

Q) OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

The monitors are focused on quiescent rooms. Carlotta is nowhere to be seen. CAMERA PANS TO Kraft and Mehan in their cots, awake.

KRAFT

I want to see him, Joe. I want to
see him so badly I can taste it --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA'S VOICE
(a strangled cry)
Please -- ! Help me -- ! Mr. Kraft!
Mr. Mehan -- ! Oh, please -- !

Kraft and Mehan bound out of their beds and dash off.

R) SIMULATED HOUSE - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN UPON the rooms as Kraft and Mehan search for Carlotta, but she's nowhere to be seen.

CARLOTTA'S VOICE
-- Help me! Mr. Mehan -- !
Please -- !

Kraft takes the bedrooms and kitchen, Mehan the hallway and bathroom. He finds the bathroom door closed. He bangs on it.

MEHAN
Mrs. Moran -- ! Are you all right!

He tries the knob locked. He bangs against the door, Kraft Joining him, and together they break it open.

S) BATHROOM - NIGHT

They find Carlotta, in her robe, huddled in a corner, weeping from fright.

CARLOTTA
He came for me.

MEHAN
Just now?

Dr. Cooley rushes in, dressed in robe.

CARLOTTA
He threatened all of us. There was such hate in his voice. He -- he's afraid of being trapped by you.

Kraft, Mehan and Dr. Cooley exchange glances.

KRAFT
Did you know we had a method of trapping him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

(sobs)

I don't know what you're talking about!

MEHAN

Because it's true. We've engineered something to trap him. We're trying to work out a way so that it isn't dangerous to you.

INT. SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

CAMERA ANGLES UP at the liquid helium assembly, and the nozzle pointing down at:

CAMERA WHIP PANS DOWN TO a table containing four items: a rubber ball, an ingot of steel, a red rose, and raw meat.

CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK REVEALING a large group assembled at the far end of the living room, including Kraft, Mehan, Dr. Cooley, Carlotta and about a dozen students.

AT A SIGN FROM KRAFT, THE GLASS PARTITION STEAM-ROLLERS ACROSS THEIR PATH LIKE A SHOT, BISECTING THE LIVING ROOM, AND LOCKS INTO POSITION WITH A LOUD CLANG. THE GROUP IS NOW SEPARATED FROM THE TABLE.

THE NOZZLE (EFFECT SHOT)

Spews a shot of liquid helium down at the table, accompanied by a small HISS, then a muffled ROAR. The vapor spreads over the items, billowing into a steam cloud which obliterates the table.

THE GROUP

From behind the glass, watch in amazement and awe. When the cloud dissipates, each item revealed to their stunned eyes is covered by a layer of white frosting.

KRAFT

waits a moment, then at his signal, the glass partition slides back into its slot. Cautioning everyone to remain where they are, Kraft steps up to the table, fitting a thick glove over his hand. He reaches gingerly toward the rose. It shatters delicately at his touch, the stem and petals falling as powder. He pushes the ball off the table. It shatters like glass. He does the same with the steel ingot and the meat, which also shatter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRAFT

If and when our friend comes, we want to put a handle on him. By spraying any material substance with liquid helium, we will immediately bring its temperature down so low that its molecular activity ceases. In which case it will be frozen.

MALE STUDENT

What if nothing happens?

KRAFT

Then it means the apparition does not contain matter.

FEMALE STUDENT

What about Mrs. Moran? I mean -- the danger?

KRAFT

The system won't be activated until Mrs. Moran is behind the glass wall, which is double-paned and tempered, with a vacuum between the panes.

Carlotta steps forward toward the table -- her body tense from exhaustion, her eyes wide with hope and determination.

CARLOTTA

I'm not afraid. If you can catch him, I'm not afraid.

INT. DR. WEBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Weber is on the phone, talking to Dean Osborne. Gary sits across from him, steely-eyed with anger and out for blood.

DR. WEBER

...Dr. Sneidermann is here with me, Frank. One of Cooley's students told him they've moved in some pretty lethal equipment up there. Liquid helium and God only knows what else --

(he listens)

-- I know this is their last night, but, Frank, how long does it take to kill a person?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WEBER (cont'd)
 (he listens, then sighs)
 All right, Frank. Let's not blow
 our tops. I just wanted to sound
 you out --
 (he hangs up)
 I can't figure him anymore.

GARY
 (rising)
 Do we really need his approval?

DR. WEBER
 (smiles bitterly)
 You need to learn a lot about
 campus politics --

GARY
 (explodes)
 Fuck campus politics!

Gary charges out of the office. Weber, startled, rises.

DR. WEBER
 Where are you going?

GARY
 To yank her away from those goddamn
 lunatics!

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: April 22, 1977, 9:45 P.M.

Carlotta is VISIBLE on four separate monitor screens. She is slumped on the couch in the living room, quiescent but watchful. CAMERA PULLS BACK: the room is packed with students, standing behind Dr. Cooley, Kraft and Mehan, who are seated at the console. In the semi-darkness, we SEE a collage of staring eyes and perspiring faces illuminated by the flickering screens.

INT. SIMULATED LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carlotta sits on the couch, her eyes roving about, her senses keened for a sign of his presence. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN ON her. Her eyes fasten upon an ash tray next to her on an end table. Did it move? Her eyes ask. Suddenly, it slides across the table and flies against a far wall, smashing. Carlotta gasps.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

All eyes are fixated on the monitor screens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. COOLEY
RSPK activity. What's the time?

MEHAN
9:47. Temperatures dipped.

Kraft presses forward to a screen.

KRAFT
I think she's beginning to smell something.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Carlotta's expression is one of disgust. She cringes deeper into the couch, and whispers:

CARLOTTA
They'll get you. If you come here tonight -- they'll get you --

MONITORS

Carlotta, a maroon figure tinged with green around the extremities burrows deeper and deeper into the couch.

CLOSE - COOLEY

Staring hard at the monitors, with growing apprehension.

COOLEY
I hope we're not underestimating this thing.

KRAFT
What do you mean?

COOLEY
It's just that we've gone to extraordinary lengths to invite a force into our world we know nothing about. I hope we don't live to be sorry.

The SOUND of a COMMOTION -- muffled shouts and scuffling -- comes in from outside the observation room. Dr. Cooley turns angrily.

DR. COOLEY
Keep them quiet out there!

INT. DR. WEBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Weber is sitting in the dim light of his office, lost in thought, when the PHONE RINGS. He picks it up, listens.

DR. WEBER
(tiredly)
All right, Elizabeth, take it easy.
I'll come and get him.

He hangs up, sighs wearily, and rises.

INT. SIMULATED LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carlotta is roaming around the living room, nervously rubbing her elbow with her hand. She is frightened as she waits for a sign, a sudden noise. She stops abruptly, and shouts:

CARLOTTA
What's the matter -- ? You
afraid -- ?

OBSERVATION ROOM

MEHAN
She's talking to him again! She
senses him there!

CAMERA MOVES TO SEE Gary Sneidermann being held by two burly students, his face flushed with anger and frustration.

GARY
You're out of your minds! -- All of
you!

Dr. Weber appears through the door behind him. Gary spins out of the students' grasp and plunges toward him.

GARY
Dr. Weber -- she's hysterical!

Dr. Weber glances at the monitors, which display several angles of Carlotta pacing furiously back and forth.

DR. WEBER
Elizabeth, how much longer is this
going to go on?

Dr. Cooley's attention is riveted on the monitors, oblivious to all that's going on behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRAFT

There's something in there!
There's a fluctuation of light!
She's definitely seeing him!

Gary pulls away and exits into the outer corridor. Dr. Weber follows closely. CAMERA MOVES WITH them.

DR. WEBER

They're not lunatics, Gary.
Besides, there are other
considerations.

GARY

Are you going to stop it!?

DR. WEBER

No! They have a right!

Gary turns on his heels and rushes down the stairway.

DR. WEBER

-- Gary!

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Gary descends the stairs two at a time. Dr. Weber appears at the landing above him.

DR. WEBER

I'm warning you, Sneidermann!

CLOSE - DR. WEBER

He watches after the departing Gary, swallows nervously. In a matter of a few moments, he seems to have become an old man. A chorus of excited VOICES emanate from the observation room.

AD LIB VOICES

He's there! She sees him! My God,
it's real!

Dr. Weber turns and slowly enters the observation room.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Dr. Weber enters slowly, his expression whipped, beat -- his tired eyes go to the monitors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONITORS

Carlotta is still backing away from some unseen presence. There is a definite illumination reflecting off her face and body.

CARLOTTA

They'll trap you! They'll kill
you!

BEDROOM

Carlotta has backed to the wall, staring weirdly at a place above her. A glowing emanation makes her skin look strangely colored. Slowly, she side-steps along the wall, toward the door.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Kraft seems agitated. Into mic.

KRAFT

Carlotta! Move to the protected
area!

Dr. Weber and Gary strain their eyes to see what they see. But Mehan seems suddenly elated as he examines read-outs from the computers.

MEHAN

The laser-generated diffraction
patterns -- they're changing -- Low
frequency waves! He's here!

SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT HIGH ANGLE (EFFECT).

Carlotta is standing in the center of the room, enveloped in a glow that is greenish-blue. She is rooted to a spot, her eyes roving about, as CAMERA MOVES slowly into her.

The glow bathes the entire scene, changing to an icy blue, its intensity growing rapidly.

As CAMERA MOVES into a CLOSE SHOT, we SEE Carlotta shiver from a sudden chill, and her breath begins to be visible in ribbons of steam. She clutches her arms around herself for warmth -- her eyes never ceasing to rove about the room for any sign of his presence. The silence is total.

OBSERVATION ROOM

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cold has begun to penetrate the observation room, and all remain starkly quiescent, scarcely breathing, feeling the temperature dropping and waiting for the next thing to happen.

Mehan shivers and clutches himself.

SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT

Carlotta stands rooted to the same spot, watching, waiting, shivering with cold. At last she can take it no longer, and sidesteps to the bed. Removing the afghan, she drapes it around herself. Her teeth chatter as the glowing emanation intensifies toward absolute ultra-violet.

CLOSE - THE WALL MIRROR (EFFECT)

begins to frost over.

CARLOTTA

retreats toward the wall near the bed. She hugs the afghan to her shivering body.

OBSERVATION ROOM

All, including Dr. Weber, are trembling with the cold, swinging their arms against their bodies for warmth. Their steaming breaths fill the room.

GARY

shivers with cold.

MEHAN reads the temperature gauge.

MEHAN

We're approaching zero!

SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT (EFFECT)

Shivering uncontrollably, Carlotta stares toward a point at the center of the room.

CARLOTTA

Games! Games! Is that all you can show me?

The ultra-violet emanation slowly graduates up the spectrum towards red a white, hot, searing red... causing Carlotta to suddenly fling the afghan from her. Her face glistens with pods of perspiration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OBSERVATION ROOM

All are sweating profusely, ripping off their coats.

DR. COOLEY

is coughing, choking from the sudden change in temperature.

ALL

are literally pouring sweat as Mehan reads the gradiometer, which is peaking wildly.

CLOSE - THE MONITOR (EFFECT)

The screen explodes with a shattering of glass.

MEHAN

his startled eyes glued to the helium control unit. The buttons depress on their own accord.

MEHAN

Christ!

SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT

Carlotta stands with her back splayed against the wall, her eyes roving wildly about as the temperature gradually returns to normal. Then a SOUND begins to assert itself. She gazes upward in horror toward the source:

THE HELIUM ASSEMBLY UNIT

slowly starts to move along the tracks above the living room.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Kraft and Cooley's expressions become alarmed.

KRAFT

Don't bring the helium in yet,
Joe!!

MEHAN

(terrified)
I'm not doing it!

GARY AND WEBER

can only watch in dumb amazement, as:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE HELIUM ASSEMBLY

ponderously moves onward above the bedroom and comes to a stop.

CARLOTTA

crawls onto the bed and shrinks back against the headboard, her eyes glued upon:

THE NOZZLE

slowly twists, snakelike, aiming itself at various parts of the room below, tauntingly.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Mehan and Kraft are both at the console trying to stop the self-motivated buttons. They press counter switches and finally, in desperation, rip out the power lines. But the buttons continue to depress themselves in patterns that control the direction of:

THE NOZZLE

which now seems to be carefully stalking:

CARLOTTA

Her back pressed firmly against the headboard, her eyes riveted on the nozzle taking aim above her.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Kraft and Mehan frantically try to counter the computer patterns. Mehan, beside himself, shouts:

MEHAN

Try to short it!

KRAFT

Can't! It's self-energized!

Dr. Cooley stares at the bizarre patterns emitting from the computer tapes.

DR. COOLEY

These read-outs are going crazy!

Gary plunges into FRAME, a heavy stool poised above his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY
(shouts)
Get out of the way, you maniacs!

And he brings the stool crashing down on the console which erupts in a shower of smoke, sparks, and flame. But still the buttons continue to work themselves. And, more horrible, the:

RED SAFETY SWITCH

snaps back, revealing to helium control button. It depresses.

SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT

With a ROAR and a HISS a burst of helium spews forth a fog of white steam. It finds its mark on the mattress, which immediately freezes in a white, phosphorescent glaze and burns a large hole right next to Carlotta., She jumps away just in time, rolling off the bed and onto the floor.

CARLOTTA

wide-eyed with fright, crawls across the room toward the door, ever-observing the:

STALKING NOZZLE

above her. It lets go with another blast, hitting the wall sconces and shorting them. A shower of sparks fall upon Carlotta as the entire environment is Plunged in darkness. Only a strong overhead work-light illumines the balance of the action, making for eerie, knife-edged contrasts. Carlotta screams, rises to her feet, and runs out of the room into the:

BATHROOM

With a ceiling above her head to protect her, Carlotta feels momentarily safe.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Gary still smashes away at the console as Kraft turns to Mehan in desperation.

KRAFT
I've got to disconnect those hoses!

As he dashes out, Mehan shouts after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEHAN

Gene, no! You'll be killed!

DR. WEBER

thrusts an angry face at Dr. Cooley.

DR. WEBER

This is your fault, Elizabeth!
You're responsible!

DR. COOLEY

No, Dr. Weber. A force beyond our
knowledge is responsible.

DR. WEBER

(with an ugly laugh)
Try telling that to a board of
inquiry.

THE NOZZLE

takes aim at the bathroom ceiling and lets go with a blast.

BATHROOM

The ceiling freezes, glows phosphorescently, then shatters with a ROAR. Carlotta screams as a second blast of helium bursts the water pipes, which spout a cascade of water, shorting the electrical heating assembly. The tiny room is filled with freezing water and bright sparks as Carlotta, whimpering in fright, goes to grasp the door handle leading to the girl's bedroom. But just as she does a third blast of helium strikes the floor length door mirror, which freezes, fogs, cracks and crumbles. Carlotta stands back in shock, then rallying her courage, pulls open the door and enters the girl's bedroom.

CATWALK

Kraft gingerly picks his way along the catwalk toward the tracks on which the helium assembly is mounted. He climbs over the railing and carefully crawls along the tracks toward the rear part of the helium assembly.

GIRL'S BEDROOM

Carlotta is standing in the bedroom, her eyes directed at the helium nozzle above her. She sees the door to the hallway, and starts to cross over to it when: the nozzle sends a blast of helium directly into the heart of a large, stuffed animal, ripping its innards and causing it to explode.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carlotta reacts in horror at the toy animal's destruction, knowing full well that at any second that could be her. She rushes for the door and runs out into:

THE HALLWAY

Carlotta's objective is the door leading to the living room, and the protection of the glass cubicle. But just as she starts for the door, a blast of helium hits the hot water tank situated in the hallway, causing it to burst like a dam, gushing a torrent of water across the floor, which immediately freezes to icy slickness. Carlotta slips and slides in a useless attempt to reach the living room door, and is finally forced to retreat toward the kitchen door.

KRAFT

shivers under the impact of each frigid blast. His clothes and skin are steaming, as is his breath, but he valiantly continues onward.

KITCHEN

Carlotta is now moving like an hysterical robot through the gauntlet of each new episode. Slowly, carefully she edges toward the dining area, and into the living room and the protection of the glass cubicle. But as she is crossing the kitchen, a blast of helium cuts off her path by tearing a large hole in the refrigerator, which immediately shorts and emits a noxious smoke that makes Carlotta's eyes water and causes her to cough and stagger back. A second blast strikes the gas range, bursting the feeder pipe and igniting the gas, which sends a torch of fire shooting across the room at Carlotta. She falls back in terror, against the door leading to:

BILLY'S BEDROOM

No sooner does Carlotta burst in and slam the door shut behind her than the nozzle directs a long, frigid blast of helium at a shelf of Billy's L.P. records, causing them to fly about the room like a hailstorm of scaling discs. They whirl about with such a force that several of them embed themselves into the plaster walls. One even penetrates the wooden jamb directly above Carlotta's head.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Gary and Dr. Weber are in a state of shock as their eyes remain glued to the monitors. Mehan and Dr. Cooley work desperately to control the helium nozzle, to no avail.

KITCHEN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The torch of fire cuts across the doorway to Billy's room. The door opens, and Carlotta, on all fours, creeps beneath its searing flame. Passing under it successfully, she rises and starts to run toward the dining area when the nozzle directs a stream of helium at the glass cupboard, freezing it and shattering its entire contents. But Carlotta is not to be stopped. She plunges through the shower of powdered glass and crockery and makes it to the dining area, when a zap of helium strikes the chandelier directly above her head. It explodes, sending shards of knife-like glass flying about like darts. One blade of glass strikes Carlotta's sleeve, pinning her to the wall. Her face is ravaged with fear and sheer anger. She rips her sleeve from the wall and strides tall into the living room.

CATWALK

Kraft edges along the tracks to the rear assembly, gazing down in fear at:

CARLOTTA

As she crosses the threshold into the living room, the nozzle shoots short bursts of helium into the floor before her footsteps, and around her body. Still Carlotta persists ahead in cold defiance. Her body is nearly frozen, her breath spews gasps of steam, but she continues toward the glass cubicle. Suddenly, the flooring, weakened by the bursts of helium, collapses beneath her, causing her to fall into the shallow opening. Carlotta is weeping tears of pure rage and hatred as she struggles out of the hole and crawls across the threshold of the protected area.

OBSERVATION ROOM

All express a look of relief as Mehan quickly presses a switch.

LIVING ROOM

The glass wall steam-rollers across the cubicle, sealing Carlotta inside.

THE NOZZLE

has paused in its destructive mission, as if considering its next move.

KRAFT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

has gained the rear housing of the assembly, and straddling the upper casing, Pulls out d wrench and begins to disconnect the feeder hoses to, the main assembly.

THE NOZZLE moves slowly around to the glass partition of the cubicle.

CARLOTTA

watches through the protective glass as;

THE NOZZLE

dead-aims right at her.

CARLOTTA

shrinks back to the farthest wall as she stares at:

HER POV

A long blast of helium spews forth with a huge ROAR, inundating the entire glass partition. But the glass resists this assault, fogging over slightly, but not shattering. The nozzle then lets go with a second, stronger, more concentrated blast. This time the glass fogs, then becomes opaque, then commences steaming and sputtering, and finally melts like a waterfall before:

CARLOTTA'S

stunned eyes.

KRAFT

The force of the blast dislodges Kraft from his perch. His fingers desperately grasp at the hoses and he clings to them, his body swinging above the steaming wreckage below. Straining, shivering with the cold, he puts all his strength in trying to hoist himself back up to the tracks, his weight and efforts putting an enormous strain on the hoses which stretch and start to break.

CARLOTTA

Her face is a mask of pure hatred as she slowly emerges from the cubicle, stepping over shards of steaming glass. Shivering in the frigid temperature, her eyes directed upward at the helium assembly, she shouts in a voice filled with rage:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA
All right, bastard! I've finished
running, so do what you want!

THE NOZZLE

directs its sights upon her.

CARLOTTA

voice rising in hysteria.

CARLOTTA
(shouts)
Come on! What are you waiting
for???

INTERCUT

KRAFT

trying to hoist himself onto the tracks and succeeding but at
the cost of the hoses starting to crack and break.

CARLOTTA

shouting up at the helium assembly:

CARLOTTA
You think you've weakened me? Well,
you haven't! I've found a strength
inside me stronger than your power!
Stronger than these goddamn
machines...

She continues to speak throughout the following:

OBSERVATION ROOM

Gary starts to charge out of the room. Dr. Weber grabs his
arm

DR. WEBER
Don't go down there, Gary!

Gary pulls away from his grasp and dashes out of the room.
Dr. Weber turns to Dr. Cooley, his voice wavering with
uncertainty.

DR. WEBER
What the hell's happening,
Elizabeth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. COOLEY
(triumphantly)
It's just an hallucination, Dr.
Weber!

CARLOTTA

CARLOTTA
Take your time, buddy, take your
time. I'm thankful for the rest.
Truly. I'm so tired of everybody
poking at me! Doctors, machines,
you! Poke, poke, poke. Use, use,
use! I'm your whore! I'm the
doctor's whore! The school's
whore! Well, I'm not anybody's
whore! A whore gets something in
return!

She continues to speak throughout the following:

KRAFT

hoisting himself over the edge of the tracks, straining the
hoses.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Mehan, Dr. Weber and Dr. Cooley's eyes are riveted on Kraft,
who dangles dangerously.

GARY

plunges down the steps of the metal stairway three at a time.

CARLOTTA

Her diatribe continuing.

CARLOTTA
They stick me in this doll house.
Which I'm supposed to believe is
mine. Turn my heartbeat into a
graph. My genitals into a
playground! He wants this part of
me, you want that part of me, fuck
all of you! Because I got total
control of myself. And I'm calling
the shots now, I'm waiting for you,
motherfucker! Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRAFT

gains the tracks, letting go of the hoses. They start to spew a thin ribbon of frigid steam at the connections. Kraft stares at it, horrified, and shouts down to Carlotta.

KRAFT

Mrs. Moran! Watch out! The helium!!

He starts to scramble back along the tracks to safety.

CARLOTTA

unheeding, her diatribe continuing unabated.

CARLOTTA

(laughs insanely)

Helium? What do I care about helium? I have seen all worlds! I have stood up to all worlds! And you know what comes out shining? Above it all?? That little part of me that is pure me, and no one else. And whether you show yourself or not, no matter how they graph me with their machines, there is an undeniable part of me that I have found through all of this insanity. It's my unshakable faith that no one, no one, can ever put a stamp on me.

THE HOSES

The steam gains in force as Carlotta continues shouting below.

CARLOTTA

(O.S.)

It took me going through hell and back. But I came up with it.

GARY

runs around the shambles of the simulated house, stopping short at an opening vent out of the wall through which Carlotta can be seen, shouting up at the steaming assembly with a crazed voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOTTA

I can stand up to all of it. While the rest of you won't show your faces. Not you! Bastard! You don't have the guts to show how scared sick you are. And you up there! Hiding behind your screens, and monitors and silly little graphs. No one else really has the guts to come out and stand here! Well, I'm here! I'm as close to your fucking helium as I can be. So fire away!

Gradually her face lights up with a look of pure victory. Her lips peel back in a smile that is joyous.

CARLOTTA

Ah-hhhhhhhh...! Yeah, yeah, yeah -- ! Good! Great! That's it! Come on! Don't be afraid! At last! At last! Welcome! Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome!!!
(shouts)
He's here, everybody! He's here!
He's here! He's here!!!

THE HOSES

break loose, spewing a cloud of uncontrolled helium, just as:

GARY

grabs Carlotta and pulls her back with a force that sends them both catapulting over a wall of debris.

HELIUM TANKS

ROAR their full contents into the simulated environment, covering everything in a blanket of frigid steam.

OBSERVATION ROOM

The glass window freezes and collapses in a waterfall, the impact sending Cooley, Mehan and Weber smashing against the back wall. INSTRUMENTS freeze and POP as Mehan quickly opens the door and drags Cooley outside into the corridor. Weber, chattering with cold, crawls after them.

GARY AND CARLOTTA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Burrowed deeply behind a pile of shattered debris, Gary shields Carlotta's body with his own as the frigid cloud of steam passes over them. Wisps touch Gary's jacket which whitens and powders off his body.

KRAFT

Tucked behind an el of the super-structure, he is just able to avoid the full effects of the lethal cloud, but he too is not entirely spared as a section of his hair turns white and powders before our eyes.

MEHAN, COOLEY, WEBER, STUDENTS

hurry around the upper corridor, and carefully descend the frozen metal stairway into the environment. Their breaths spew steam.

KRAFT

climbs down the frozen ladder into the midst of clearing vapors. He walks slowly into a CLOSE SHOT, his eyes gazing upward, squinting to penetrate the-dense atmosphere, almost afraid of what he will see.

MEHAN

walking hesitantly into a CLOSE SHOT, eyes warily directed upward toward the clearing center of the laboratory.

CARLOTTA AND GARY

huddled together behind the pile of debris, peer over the edge and stare at the clearing center of the environment.

DR. COOLEY

walking through a swirl of vapor into a CLOSE SHOT -- her eyes staring hard at a point above and beyond her, her breath spewing ribbons of steam.

KRAFT

is the first to see it, o.s. As his eyes begin to penetrate the clouded atmosphere, they widen with unrestrained joy.

MEHAN

too, begins to gather the size and scope of their quarry, o.s., and though he takes a cautionary step backwards, he cannot contain his delight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WEBER

seeing the entity o.s., his face twists in a grimace of dumb incomprehension.

CARLOTTA AND GARY

Rising to their feet, they can only stare and stare at the colossus before them.

THE ENTITY (EFFECT)

CAMERA PULLING BACK from what seems to be an enormous iceberg, towering twenty feet in~height, in the center of the laboratory. As the vapors clear, we SEE that unlike the furniture, which powdered and shattered under the assault of the helium, this SPUTTERING, BUBBLING, SPITTING mass of ICE apparently houses a force which keeps the skin of ice intact.

REACTIONS FROM ALL

Rooted to their spots,-they can only gaze in awe at the spectacle before them. Then, one by one, they start to take tentative steps toward it.

THE ENTITY

The SPUTTERING tower of ICE exudes a greenish glow, not unlike the apparition we saw in Carlotta's bedroom, as the sheath of ICE begins to CRACK with sharp, SNAPPING sounds.

REACTIONS FROM ALL

They stop in their tracks and gaze in awe and fear at the CRACKING ICEBERG. The SOUNDS INCREASE in volume as huge hunks of steaming ice drop off the iceberg and fall to the ground with loud EXPLOSIONS.

CLOSER ANGLE

A large crack widens in the iceberg. CAMERA MOVES into the greenish core within.

DR. WEBER

shakes his head, dumbstruck, and removes his glasses, which have become fogged. Suddenly, the glasses fly out of his hand and are sucked into:

THE WIDENING CRACK

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

in the iceberg. Now more cracks appear, as if whatever force is at its center is awakening and flexing its muscles. Great pieces of ICE FALL to the ground EXPLOSIVELY, as the greenish glow brightens and graduates up the spectrum of light.

REACTIONS OF ALL

Their faces reflect the changing color spectrum as a suction now begins to exert itself on their persons, causing their clothing to pull away from their bodies, and loose articles to fly from their clothing and into:

THE CRACKS in the iceberg.

DR. COOLEY

struggles to keep from being pulled forward into the suction, losing her necklace in the process.

KRAFT

clings to a metal post as he fights the strong pulling effect. The wrench he still holds in his hand flies out of it.

CARLOTTA

separates herself from Gary and allows the force to take her to it, whereupon she stands before it, her hair flying askew, her clothing distending and ripping in the powerful suction, as she gazes upward at the fiery display, with a mocking expression on her face.

GARY

stands clinging to a shattered piece of wreckage, staring, in stupefied amazement. He starts to move toward Carlotta, when:

FULL SHOT - THE ICEBERG (FOR MAXIMUM SHOCK EFFECT)

with heart-stopping suddenness, the entity flings off its coat of ice with the force and sound of a TORNADO. And there, revealed for several seconds, is a figure of glassine transparency with a core of pulsing lights that coalesces in its center. It's a display of living energy, with a cohesive form of strength, like that of laser-light.

REACTIONS OF ALL

Particles of ice shower over their bodies. Colored lights reflect over their stunned faces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE ENTITY

As it gets hotter and hotter, we witness a kaleidoscopic, thermographic display of changing colors, going from green to purple to a blinding-hot red, and -- with a ROAR of NEAR-HUMAN ANGER -- it EXPLODES in a blinding storm of hailstones.

QUICK SHOTS - ALL RECOILING; FROM THE EXPLOSION

Gary and Carlotta are thrown back from the blinding explosion, ice pellets raining down upon them.

Kraft and Mehan are catapulted backward by the powerful force.

Dr. Weber is knocked down, and shields his face from the icy blast.

Dr. Cooley is driven backwards into a mound of wreckage.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAB - DAY

Even the Student standing guard has been thrown down by the terrific concussion. Rising shakily, he rushes to the door and attempts to open it, but it's jammed. Several students rush up the corridor toward him.

STUDENT

What the hell happened?

GUARD

I don't know.

Together, they put their combined strength against the jammed door and batter it open.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

The beams of searchlights cut across the steaming wreckage of the simulated environment.

DR. WEBER

picks his way carefully through the wreckage, his eyes large and incredulous. He bends down and picks up his broken glasses.

DR. COOLEY

is rising from a pile of wreckage.

MEHAN, KRAFT, DR. COOLEY, DR. WEBER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mehan shakes his head, bends down and picks up a broken piece of circuitry, bits of scorched video tape clinging to it.

MEHAN

It's all destroyed. We got nothing!

DR. COOLEY

(strongly)

We got everything! There were witnesses!

She turns to Dr. Weber, who stands beside her, shivering uncontrollably. His eyes are distant, his expression vague and helpless. Dr. Cooley fixes him with a severe look.

DR. COOLEY

Right, Dr. Weber?

DR. WEBER

(licks his lips)

What?

DR. COOLEY

I said, there were witnesses. You did see it!

Dr. Weber shakes his head as if to clear it, and coughs spasmodically. His voice quavers.

DR. WEBER

I'm not sure what I saw. It was...
like a... dream, a nightmare...
I'm not sure of anything.

DR. COOLEY

(seething with anger)

Damn you! Damn you! Damn you!

ANGLE

on his knees and gasping, his clothing torn, Gary digs frantically through piles of debris with his bare hands, throwing huge chunks of plaster, glass and metal over his shoulder. His breathing is labored as he works feverishly to clear a path through to Carlotta, trapped behind a steaming mountain of wreckage.

ANGLE - OTHER SIDE OF WRECKAGE

A light breaks through the darkness as Gary pulls apart the rocks and shards, making a hole large enough to see through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA MOVES into a CLOSEUP of Gary. Dazed, totally unnerved, he gazes through the opening at:

HIS POV

There is no sign of Carlotta.

BACK TO SCENE

Gary gazes dumbstruck through the opening. In a quavering, uncertain voice, he calls:

GARY
Carlotta -- ! Carlotta -- ! For
Christ's sake! Somebody help me!

But, like The Entity, Carlotta appears to have vanished in a cloud of smoke.

EXT. MORAN HOUSE HIGH ANGLE - EARLY MORNING

The pale glow of the new day sheds a weak glow over the house. BIRDS CHIRP the coming of morning. CAMERA SLOWLY DESCENDS as the sound of a CAR approaching is heard. It is a taxi, which drives up to the front of the house and stops.

CLOSER ANGLE

Carlotta steps out of the taxi weakly. Her dress is tattered, her hair is in wild disarray; her expression is lost and tortured. She asks the driver to wait, then turns to the house. She stares at it starkly. Then, taking a deep breath, she walks purposefully up the walk and climbs the porch.

INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Though-the shades are drawn, we can HEAR Carlotta's FOOTSTEPS and perceive her shadow as she mounts the porch steps and walks up to the door. Without hesitation, the knob turns and the door opens. The light from without frames Carlotta in silhouette and reveals a room barren of furniture and furnishings. Fearlessly, Carlotta walks into the center of the living room, leaving the front door open behind her. She glances at the bare walls, rugless floor and peeling ceiling, then walks into;

THE HALLWAY - DAY

and crosses over,into the

GIRLS' BEDROOM - DAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This room is also bare and forlorn. Carlotta enters briskly, knowing where she is going and why. She strides to the closet, opens the door and bends down to a pile of cast-off clothes and toys, and rummages through it. She finally finds what she's seeking: Julie's stuffed clown. She snatches it up and leaves the room.

LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carlotta appears from the hallway and approaches the open, front door, when suddenly:

THE FRONT DOOR

slams shut in her face.

ENTITY
(Over deep reverb)
Welcome home, cunt!

CARLOTTA

Momentarily stunned, she quickly recovers, and her face immobilizes in a look of pure, defiant hatred. Her attention shifts to the window as Cindy's car comes to a stop in the driveway.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Cindy opens the car door and steps out. Julie, Kim and Billy are in the back of the car still in the process of dressing. Billy is helping Kim lace her shoes. Cindy goes to the trunk, opens it and pulls out several packed suitcases.

CARLOTTA

Her eyes mist. Her children are her reality, her strength, and she watches them through the window. Her eyes brim with tears of love. She turns from the window and faces the closed door. Without hesitation, she opens the door and walks calmly out, leaving the door open behind her. CAMERA MOVES to the window to see Kim and Julie spill out of Cindy's car and run up to Carlotta as she crosses the lawn... Carlotta hands the stuffed clown to Julie, who hugs it close to her. Cindy and Billy carry the suitcases to the waiting taxi. Carlotta picks up Kim and follows them to the taxi. The cab driver has gotten out and stows the suitcases in his trunk. The group stands there momentarily as the driver finishes arranging the suitcases in the trunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSER ANGLE

Carlotta and Cindy gaze at one another mistily. They don't speak, but their eyes convey all they feel. Then Cindy takes an envelope out of her purse and hands it to Carlotta.

CARLOTTA

Thanks, Cindy. And God bless you.
I'll pay you back as soon as I find
work.

Carlotta puts the envelope into her purse, and takes out a slip of paper, which she hands to Cindy.

CARLOTTA

Here's my aunt's address. I'll
write you as soon as we get there.

CINDY

(reads the address in some
awe)

Wow! Texas!

Cindy gazes at Carlotta and each of her children as she desperately tries to hold back tears.

CINDY

Gee, kids, I'm gonna miss you.

She bends down and hugs each of them, then embraces Carlotta. By now they are all perilously close to tears. Carlotta quickly pulls away from her friend and hustles the children into the taxi.

CAMERA RISES as the taxi turns around and moves down the street. Cindy remains standing, gazing after the departing taxi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUPER LEGEND:

"The real Carlotta Moran is today living in seclusion in Texas with her children. In recent months, her attacks have abated. The parapsychology laboratory which investigated her case has been disbanded and removed from the curriculum of one of Southern California's largest universities."

ROLL CREDITS.

FADE OUT.

THE END