

MORGAN CREEK

Presents

A

CARTER DE HAVEN

PRODUCTION

WILLIAM  
PETER  
BLATTY'S  
THE  
EXORCIST

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9  
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DE HAVEN PRODUCTIONS  
(213) 469-6622

SHOOTING SCRIPT  
Rev. 4/28/89  
2nd White

3-21  
13-33

1.

FADE IN:

1 LONG SHOT - HEALY TOWER ON GEORGETOWN CAMPUS 1

We are on 36th and "O" SHOOTING TOWARD front gates of the University.

2 EXT. 36TH AND "N" STREET IN GEORGETOWN - LATE AT NIGHT 2

We are SHOOTING toward Prospect Street. Nothing stirring.

3 LONG SHOT - PROSPECT STREET 3

SHOOTING UP from corner of 37th and Prospect.

All the above are in BRIEF CUTS. But now we LINGER ON:

4 UP SHOT - "EXORCIST STEPS" 4

Bathed in moonlight, they plunge precipitously to "M" Street far below.

SUPERIMPOSE: "GEORGETOWN 1974"

The letters BURN IN SLOWLY and HOLD. We wait. Then abruptly:

5 ORIGINAL FOOTAGE (STOCK) 5

Karras crashing through window, tumbling down steps.

6 INT. POLICE PATHOLOGY LAB - NIGHT 6

An abstract space: moody light, polished floors, an examination table flanked by a PATHOLOGIST and a CRIMINALIST. As we COME UP on the shot, the darkness of the ambulance interior is invaded by a powerful examination light being drawn down toward us with a PNEUMATIC SOUND by the Pathologist's hand. There follows a:

SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS

detailing the action: the faces of the Pathologist and the Criminalist; Karras's hand hanging limp over the side of the table, each finger wrapped with an identifying tag (as are his toes)...

(CONTINUED)

... examining instruments on stand along the wall; an electronic weighing scale hooked up to the table whose face bears the legend: "ELECTRON SCALE"; below that, "MICROKILOGRAMS"; Karras's face, EEG electrodes implanted in his scalp, his eyes open in the glassy stare of death, his face bruised and lacerated, the EEG monitor display. Throughout the series, we hear the steady flat electronic TONE of the EEG that signifies lack of any brainwave activity.

We END the series with a CLOSE SHOT of the Pathologist's hand turning off the EEG monitor, ending the tone.

LOW ANGLE AT KARRAS FROM EEG MONITOR POV

On either side, the Criminalist and the Pathologist. Karras's head is in f.g. Through an open door we see KINDERMAN seated on a bench in the hallway, his head in propped hands, forlorn. He looks up at us. A beat. Then he slowly rises and comes to stand at end of table, his eyes brimming tears as he stares down at Karras. Then he looks up to meet the gaze of the Pathologist, looks down, nodding, and turns away to leave with a swallowed:

KINDERMAN

Okay.

As the two men watch him walk away, Kinderman softly repeats the "okay." Then he turns a corner and disappears from our view. The men return their attention to Karras.

CLOSEUP - HAND CLOSING KARRAS'S EYELIDS

CLOSEUP - ELECTRON SCALE

PATHOLOGIST (O.S.)

You want to run the black light?

LONG SHOT - MEN - FROM DOOR POV

CRIMINALIST

Yeah, there might be some fibers or hairs.

PATHOLOGIST

The guy jumped.

CRIMINALIST

Maybe somebody pushed him.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

AT BLACK LIGHT LAMP

being run slowly over Karras's upper body. It makes a HUMMING SOUND.

CLOSE AT ELECTRON SCALE

The counter moves up one gradation with an audible CLICK. The room lights begin to flicker.

CRIMINALIST (O.S.)

What was that?

PATHOLOGIST (O.S.)

What was what?

LOW ANGLE AT PATHOLOGIST AND CRIMINALIST FROM EEG MONITOR POV

The Pathologist looks up at ceiling lights as they continue to flicker, going almost to black. At the same time, and on the CUT, we hear the EEG monitor's electronic BEEP. Both pathologists turn to look at the O.S. monitor as we hear a SECOND BEEP, signaling brain-wave activity. But when we CUT TO:

EEG MONITOR DISPLAY

It goes utterly flat again, a steady, dead TONE accompanying the white line. At the same time, the flickering ceases, and there is full luminescence again.

FULL SHOT FROM MONITOR POV

as the two men exchange expressionless glances. And then quickly:

7 THE MAIN TITLE

7

The same type style, the same red on black lettering.

And "TUBULAR BELLS."

Having established the spooky credentials of authenticity, we do not linger long but go quickly to:

8 EXT. HEALY CLOCK TOWER - GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY -  
LOW UP SHOT - NIGHT

8

DISTORTED by a WIDE-ANGLE LENS. Nightmarish. The hands are set at ten before four. We hear an ominous, attacking jolt of the SCORE, an unsettling announcement of terror to come. A dream: we are in black and white.

9 EXT. 36TH STREET IN GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

9

At the left, Holy Trinity Church. Ahead, Prospect Street. Deserted. More quick attacks of the threatening CHORD.

10 INT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH - NIGHT

10

FULL SHOT toward altar from back of church. The church is dimly and eerily lit by moonlight seeping through windows and by offertory candles and votive candles, most of the latter on the main altar and flanking the tabernacle. On the back wall of the church, a life-sized crucifix. The jolts of SCORE CONTINUE through:

CLOSE AT STATUE OF VIRGIN MARY

an UP ANGLE, catching some of the offertory candles below it.

AT A PEW BENCH

and the single, fresh rose lying there, a priest's round Roman collar resting at an angle on its long stem.

FULL SHOT - AT CONFESSIONAL BOX

The door to the confessor's booth is wide open. The LAST JOLT of SCORE. Then:

FULL SHOT - CHURCH REAR DOORS

Two beats.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - HEAD OF VIRGIN MARY STATUE

Two beats. Then quickly:

ROW OF WEEKLY MISSAL PAMPHLETS IN BACK OF PEWS

EXTREME CLOSEUP - HAND OF CHRIST ON CRUCIFIX

CLOSEUP - HEAD OF CHRIST ON CROSS

AT CHURCH REAR DOORS

as they burst open explosively, blown by a powerful gust of wind that is accompanied by some SHATTERING, unearthly shrieking SOUND.

CLOSE AT TABERNACLE - VOTIVE CANDLES

as they are extinguished by the wind. The SOUND assaulting us, shaking us.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10 .

CLOSE AT HEAD OF ST. JOSEPH STATUE

Candlelight flickering on its face is extinguished by wind. The SOUND, undiminished. Pamphlets blown against it and past it.

AT CHRIST ON CRUCIFIX

as the statue's eyes open, stare directly INTO CAMERA. The CUTS have been of stabbing quickness. And now we go to a shocking and almost complete silence as:

WIDE MOVING SHOT TOWARD OPEN CHURCH REAR DOORS

Only the moonlight remains. And a new SOUND: a sinister, eerie BREATHING as the SUBJECTIVE CAMERA (HAND-HELD) MOVES toward the back of the church. In a rear pew, his eyes fixed on us as we approach and pass him, is a silently staring black male child (THOMAS KINTRY), aged about twelve. He wears a windbreaker emblazoned with the legend, "POLICE BOYS' CLUB," and is holding a rose by its stem in a hand that rests in his lap. And into the silence has come a new SOUND, muted and ominous -- a kind of TAPPING, muffled yet profound, as of a fingertip pad thumping on wood. The TAPS are irregular yet rhythmically clustered, alien code tapped out by a dead man. As we are near the doors, we CUT OUT TO:

11 EXT. 36TH STREET IN GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

11

Nothing stirring, no sounds at all but the TAPPING and the BREATHING as the CAMERA GLIDES toward the plunging stone steps at the corner of Prospect and 36th. From a doorway to our left, the Kintry boy steps out to intercept us, silently offering us the rose. But we pass him by, the TAPPING growing more present, ever LOUDER, as the CAMERA gradually speeds up its pace, and is at its loudest, larger than life, terrifying, as we reach the landing at the top of the steps. And suddenly we are plunging, careening, tumbling end over end down the steps! The SOUND of the SCORE is a terrifying, pulsing ululation created by voices and electronics. But just before we smash against the street:

12 EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - SUNRISE SHOT

12

Centered in the huge orange ball of a mist-shrouded sun, three police helicopters WHIR toward us hazily in SLOW MOTION like giant apocalyptic insects.

DYER'S VOICE

"A light shall shine upon this day,  
for the Lord has been born unto us."

13 EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - DAWN (FOG)

13

Across from us on the heights, Georgetown and the University. Quietly cutting through the other-worldly fog that shrouds the face of the waters is a Georgetown University crew team scull. On the opposite shore, the red lights atop massed police cars rotate, flashing red, beside the Potomac boathouse dock. On the dock, distant police activity.

SUPERIMPOSE: "GEORGETOWN 1989"

DYER'S VOICE

"And He is called Wonderful... God  
... the Prince of Peace."

14 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAWN

14

We are flying low and fast over the Georgetown campus, heading for the river. Prominent IN SHOT THROUGH WIND-SHIELD is Healy Tower. Talking into communicator:

CHOPPER PILOT ("ONE")

Hello, "Dockside Hunter" --

It continues under:

15 EXT. GEORGETOWN CAMPUS "QUAD" - DAWN (GROUND FOG)

15

The doors of Dahlgren Chapel are open. Through them we see FATHER JOSEPH DYER saying Mass. From right to left, the choppers overfly the chapel, zooming ACROSS THE FRAME with a tremendous ROAR, and as they cross, we hear electronic RADIO STATIC and:

CHOPPER PILOT'S VOICE

-- sweep completed. Negative  
finding. Over.

MALE VOICE (ATKINS)

Roger. River repeat. Acknowledge.

CHOPPER PILOT'S VOICE

Chopper One confirming, dockside.  
River repeater. Over.

ATKINS' VOICE

Roger.

By now the crosstalk has faded in inaudibility. In the clear:

DYER

"The Lord is my light and my  
salvation."

16

INT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL - DAWN

16

We are in a LOW FULL ANGLE from rear of church and are SLOWLY PUSHING IN. Dyer's hands are upraised as he reads from Mass card and we HEAR, muted:

CHOPPER PILOT'S VOICE

Over.

DYER

"Peace I give you; my peace I leave you. Not as the world gives do I give to you."

The CAMERA has STOPPED and we go to:

MEDIUM CLOSE UP ANGLE AT DYER

The Mass card is in f.g.

DYER

(continuing)

"Let not your heart be troubled."

17A EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - DAWN

From camera chopper, a HIGH SHOT tying together the University spires, Key Bridge and the river. Sun dapples the waters and the police choppers are black bugs flying a search pattern, low, over the waters. One of them, on the east side of the bridge, is headed west toward one of the Key Bridge arches, while a second, hugging the D.C. shore, is on the west side and is headed east, while a third chopper enters frame, very close in foreground, and descends toward the river. We HEAR, distantly:

\*

\*

2ND CHOPPER PILOT'S VOICE

(filter)

Hello, One, this is Two here.

One, this is --

17B ANGLE AT DOCK THROUGH KEY BRIDGE ARCH

In the f.g., a chopper rumbles slowly through FRAME, east and low over the waters, and another chopper enters frame in b.g., flying west past the dock, which we see framed and centered in the arch.

During this we are HEARING, amid the clatter of the choppers, a steady pulsing of repeated, short ELECTRONIC BLEEPs, reminiscent of the EEG monitor in earlier scene.

(CONTINUED)



CRIME LAB WAGON

Standing by it, studying a sketch on a large sketchpad is police pathologist STEDMAN. His expression is shadowed by puzzlement and dark foreboding. He looks up toward SOUND of sobbing. The sketchpad shows a crude zodiacal sign of the Gemini.

AT POLICEWOMAN (WHITE) - BLACK WOMAN (MRS. KINTRY)

Mrs. Kintry is well dressed, looks refined; early middle age. It is she whom we have heard sobbing throughout this sequence, as we now see. Her face is buried in the shoulder of the policewoman, whose arms are around her consolingly.

LT. WILLIAM F. KINDERMAN

The world-weary homicide detective is on one knee as he holds up the edge of a canvas tarp while he studies something beneath it which we cannot see. A strobe light's wink washes him as an O.S. police photographer shoots the lump beneath the tarp. Kinderman's look is one of stunned horror. He can't take much of it, drops the tarp and looks away.

AT MRS. KINTRY - POLICEWOMAN

Mrs. Kintry looks up toward O.S. dredge and begins a prolonged, heart-stopping cry of grief and awful realization.

MRS. KINTRY (O.S.)

Ohhhhhhhhhh!!

AT KINDERMAN

as he looks up at O.S. dredge, his eyes filled with tears and rage. The scream is rising in pitch, building.

ZOOM AT DREDGEBOAT

The "catcher" mechanism is rising up out of the muddy waters with a much-encrusted severed head as:

MRS. KINTRY (O.S.)

Tommyyyyyyyyy!!

The heart-stopping shriek pours into the engine sound, overcoming it, then bleeds into the silence of:

22 EXT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL - THE QUAD - DAWN 22

Faint SOUNDS of early activity in the university refectory.

ALTAR BOY (O.S.)  
How'd I do on my theology quiz?

DYER (O.S.)  
I recommend you change your name to Rajneesh.

23 INT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL SACRISTY - DAWN 23

In a LONG ANGLE from altar, through door we see Dyer and Altar Boy in sacristy. Their vestments are off and they are folding them. Altar Boy wears thick eyeglasses with violet tinting.

ALTAR BOY  
Really?

DYER  
"God is like a power mower?"

The Altar Boy inclines head to side and makes a gesture with hand conceding that maybe Dyer has a point.

DYER  
No kidding.

ALTAR BOY  
Father, everything's relative.

DYER  
It is?

ALTAR BOY  
Or maybe not.

DYER  
I like a man who knows his mind.

Closing closet door on vestment he's folded and tucked away on shelf:

ALTAR BOY  
Well, that's it. I gotta hurry now, Father.  
(heading for door to exterior)  
I'm driving to Philly.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - SINGLE RED ROSE IN HOLDER

DYER (O.S.)  
Speed kills.

(CONTINUED)

ALTAR BOY (O.S.)  
Who's to say?

DYER  
Not me.

The Altar Boy turns at door to exterior.

ALTAR BOY  
You know, Father, you mentioned a  
Damien Karras in your prayer for  
the dead.

DYER  
(sad and haunted)  
Yes, I did.

ALTAR BOY  
Father, isn't he -- ?

DYER  
Yes.

ALTAR BOY  
The one who died in a fall on  
those steps?

DYER  
That's right, Tim. Fifteen years  
ago today.

ALTAR BOY  
You hear all kinds of -- (stories)

DYER  
Philbin, get lost.

ALTAR BOY  
(turning to go)  
I am Flight.

CLOSE AT HOLY WATER FONT

as Altar Boy's hand dips into it.

DYER (O.S.)  
Please drive carefully, Tim.

ALTAR BOY (O.S.)  
Maybe so.

We've heard the DOOR OPEN. Now:

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

AT DYER

as he looks up at the SOUND of the door closing, and then down into his sadness.

24 EXT. PROSPECT STREET - VERY EARLY MORNING

24

The streets are deserted. Dyer forlornly crosses the street at a diagonal and comes toward us. Members of the Georgetown University crew team - some carrying a scull on their shoulders -- pound up the "Exorcist" steps to the landing and jog away toward the campus, shouting out a cadence and crossing Dyer's path as he arrives at the top of steps and halts. He stares down sadly.

DYER'S POV - DOWN SHOT - THE STEPS

The CRIES of the crew team are muted, fading; they die away. A soft gust of wind blows a section of newspaper ACROSS THE FRAME at bottom of steps forlornly.

25 INT. JESUIT DINING HALL - EARLY MORNING

25

After an ESTABLISHING CUT OR TWO of the activity, we SETTLE on a table where Dyer sits with the UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT, an ex-navy chaplain. Around them, a scattering of other priests in various attire, most in their clericals, but a few dressed informally in civvies. While Dyer breakfasts, the President smokes and stirs his coffee, the better to drily and inscrutably react to Dyer's quirkiness. Dyer wears a comic T-shirt. The university President is the only Jesuit dressed in clerical suit and Roman collar. CAMERA IS CIRCLING TABLE FROM REAR as:

PRESIDENT

Joey, what did you say that offended Tom Lowry? He's our biggest benefactor.

DYER

Oh, he is?

PRESIDENT

What'd you say to him?

DYER

"Jesus loves you. Everyone else thinks you're an asshole."

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

The President lowers his brow to a propped hand. Here the CAMERA is now FRONT on them and STOPS as a bespectacled ELDERLY JESUIT in sweat-soaked jogging attire passes closely by, a towel draped from his neck. His shuffling steps are agonizingly slow, and one hand rests on a hip. With a nod of acknowledgment:

ELDERLY JESUIT

Father President.

PRESIDENT

(weak and despairing)

Good morning, John.

ELDERLY JESUIT

(to himself)

Back aches.

With a sidelong glance at the elderly Jesuit:

DYER

Do we really have to have our own Olympics?

PRESIDENT

Any plans today, Joe?

DYER

What's up?

PRESIDENT

We need to kick around some names for a speaker at commencement.

DYER

Pee-Wee Herman's out the window, then?

PRESIDENT

What's good for you?

DYER

This morning or tonight.

PRESIDENT

Tonight's fine.

DYER

This afternoon I'm at the flicks. "It's a Wonderful Life."

PRESIDENT

Very nice.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25\*

DYER  
I've seen it thirty-seven times.

PRESIDENT  
That's commendable.

DYER  
I'm taking Bill Kinderman with me.

PRESIDENT  
The cop?

DYER  
Every year he gets depressed on  
this day so I try to cheer him up.

PRESIDENT  
Oh, it's today.

Dyer nods.

PRESIDENT  
(continuing)  
I'd forgotten.

26 INT. PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - DAY

26

We are SHOOTING from the doorway of Kinderman's office. Activity. Stedman is walking toward us briskly, and a Desk Officer looks up toward the office as we hear:

KINDERMAN (O.S.)  
I cannot believe that you just  
said that!

27 INT. KINDERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

27

Present are Ryan and Atkins.

AT KINDERMAN

From behind his desk, the detective is fuming at Ryan, who is O.S.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

KINDERMAN

Do you know what "Macbeth" was about?

AT ATKINS

standing impassively, arm resting on top of a tall filing cabinet next to coat hooks, coats, on wall. He still wears the black seaman's cap and leather jacket over black turtleneck.

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

I'll tell you!

AT RYAN

He is seated on couch, his gaze down and averted, sullen and defiant as Stedman enters FRAME and sits on couch beside him, casting a puzzled, interrogatory glance to the O.S. Kinderman as:

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

It's a play about the numbing of the moral sense!

MASTER SHOT FROM DOORWAY - THE SCENE

KINDERMAN

(to Stedman)

I tell Ryan we've got nothing to go on in this case --

MED. CLOSE ON KINDERMAN

KINDERMAN

-- and you know what he says to me? "Win some, lose some."

CLOSE AT ATKINS

turning to look at the O.S. Ryan.

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

You are a racist, Ryan, did you know that?

CLOSE AT KINDERMAN

KINDERMAN

(at Stedman)

On the entrance exam for new policemen they ask, "What are rabies and what would you do for them?"

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

AT SOFA - RYAN AND STEDMAN

Ryan knows what's coming, looks away from Stedman as:

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

Ryan said, "Rabies are Jewish  
priests and I would do anything I  
possibly could for them."

On "priests," Stedman has turned an expressionless  
stare at Ryan.

CLOSE AT KINDERMAN

KINDERMAN

What was the murder weapon,  
Stedman?

CLOSE AT STEDMAN

STEDMAN

I'd be guessing.

CLOSE AT KINDERMAN

KINDERMAN

If not us, who?

CLOSE AT ATKINS

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

If not now, when?

CLOSE AT STEDMAN

STEDMAN

Alright, something like garden  
shears, maybe.

CLOSE AT KINDERMAN

as he tosses some object -- a letter opener? -- he's  
been gesturing with onto desk despairingly.

KINDERMAN

(low aside)

We're abandoned.

CLOSE AT STEDMAN

STEDMAN

Didn't get you.

(CONTINUED)



27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

FULL SHOT FROM DOORWAY

as Kinderman heads for Atkins and coat rack, turning a significant, black look on Ryan.

KINDERMAN

I was signaling beings on Mars.

CLOSE ON RYAN

glowering up sullenly as Kinderman passes.

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

Sometimes they answer.

SLIGHTLY SIDE ANGLE - FULL AT ATKINS

but FAVORING Kinderman as he walks INTO SHOT, and takes his coat from the hook and puts it on, his glance taking in Atkin's seaman's dress as:

KINDERMAN

You're enjoying your luxury cruise on the "Patna," Lord Jim? Now please telex right away and most urgently for the file on the "Gemini Killer."

RYAN

The Gemini's been dead for fifteen years.

KINDERMAN

Who was talking to you!

RYAN

But he's dead.

KINDERMAN

He should live so long!  
(moving closer  
to Stedman)

And the autopsy? When, please?

STEDMAN

Tomorrow.

KINDERMAN

"And tomorrow."

(turns, heads for door)

I am leaving you. Ryan and Stedman, go home. Go home to your families and talk about Jews.

28 INT. KINDERMAN'S KITCHEN - DAY 28

We are in a country kitchen. At kitchen counter, mixing batter the old-fashioned way for a cake or strudel is MARY KINDERMAN, the detective's wife. Seated in a rocking chair is Mary's sour, elderly mother, SHIRLEY.

SHIRLEY

What kind of a job is that,  
detective! All hours he's out  
eating Danish with hoods!

\*  
\*

As we hear the FRONT DOOR OPEN:

MARY

You know, Mama, when you're right  
you're right.

\*

SHIRLEY

Is that so?

\*

29 INT. KINDERMAN HOME FOYER - DAY 29

Kinderman is slipping off coat and hanging on coathook as:

SHIRLEY (O.S., continued)

Darling, please don't patronize  
me. It hurts old people when  
they vomit.

\*  
\*

As Kinderman shakes his head ruefully:

MARY (O.S.)

That you, honey?

30 INT. KINDERMAN'S KITCHEN - DAY 30

As he enters, heads for Mary, kisses her cheek, picks up a donut in its package sitting on counter before heading for breakfast table and sitting.

\*

KINDERMAN

Hello, sweetheart. Yeah, a piece  
of me.

MARY

(wiping hands on apron)  
Starving?

\*

KINDERMAN

No, not really. Just some coffee.

MARY

You've been up since five o'clock.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

KINDERMAN

(holding up the donut)

I've got this. And so how was  
your tour of Virginia?

\*  
\*

MARY

Terrific. We stopped at a diner  
and instead of potatoes they gave  
Mama grits and she says right out  
loud, "These Jews are crazy!"

\*  
\*

SHIRLEY

They are! They're fahblondjet!

MARY

Real loud. How was your day?

By now, Mary has followed Kinderman to the table with  
his coffee, where she sits with him.

KINDERMAN

A fabulous triumph. Our  
trackers at long last brought in  
Mushkin, the Georgetown terrorist  
and scourge of society who breaks  
into houses and completely  
redecorates.

Down the stairs and heading for the front door has come  
JULIE, Kinderman's eighteen-year-old daughter. She is  
dressed for dance class, carries pointe shoes, and  
wears her hair in a single long, thick ponytail. Mary  
reads the depression behind Kinderman's facade, puts a  
hand on his arm, leans in to him. Quietly, concerned:

MARY

You okay, Bill?

\*

KINDERMAN

Yeah, I'm fine.

\*

JULIE

Hi ya, Daddy.

KINDERMAN

And goodbye?

Julie gives Kinderman a quick peck on the cheek, heads  
for front door as Shirley stares at her with hooded  
eyes.

And Julie exits:

KINDERMAN  
Watch out for red shoes.

MARY  
Julie wants to change her name. You  
know, a stage name.

KINDERMAN  
Like what?

MARY  
Well, like Kelly Febre.

SHIRLEY  
Do you hear?

KINDERMAN  
Kelly's nice.

SHIRLEY  
It's not nice, it's the fiendish  
beginning! Then the next thing  
Doctor Feinerman will spritz up  
her nose so it matches the name  
and after that comes the Bible and  
the Book of Febre and in the Ark  
there'll be nothing that looks  
like a gnu, only cleancut-looking  
animals named Melody and Tab, and  
then the Dead Sea Scrolls they'll  
rediscover in the Hamptons!

MARY  
Could be worse.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

SHIRLEY

How worse?

KINDERMAN

The Psalms of Lance? \*

As Shirley turns away with a dismissive wave of the hand:

MARY

So you're home now?

KINDERMAN

(checking wristwatch)

No, out again.

SHIRLEY

(a barely audible  
grumble)

Lance.

KINDERMAN

It's the day I have to cheer up  
our friend, Father Dyer.

SHIRLEY

That's your friend?

KINDERMAN

He's a Jew, he's just trying to  
"pass."

MARY

(quietly)

Bill, he's gone too far.

KINDERMAN

I know.

31 EXT. KEY THEATRE - CUT AT DYER'S ROMAN COLLAR - DAY 31

Dyer is in front of the theater, looking this way, then that, for Kinderman, as we PULL BACK from our featuring of the round Roman collar to a FULL SHOT disclosing the street beyond. He is dragging on a cigarette and turns to SOUND of a POLICE SIREN'S APPROACH.

32 ANGLE FROM INSIDE LOBBY BEHIND TICKET-TAKER (BIOGRAPH) 32

A police patrol car SCREECHES to a rubber-burning halt in front of us, and Kinderman hastens out, scowling at Dyer, who is pointedly checking his wristwatch.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32\*

Immediately taking the offensive, Kinderman pauses to confront Dyer:

KINDERMAN

And so what are you doing here -- founding an order called "Lurking Fathers"?

FRONT SHOT - TICKET-TAKER

watching the O.S. duo's approach as:

DYER (O.S.)

I've been standing there for centuries. Four new popes have been elected.

FULL SHOT AT TICKET TURNSTILE - TICKET-TAKER

as Kinderman and Dyer hurry in. Kinderman is reaching for his wallet as:

DYER (continuing)

That's a lot of white smoke.

KINDERMAN

(flashing detective I.D. at ticket-taker)

Official business!

Following him in, Dyer's eyes roll upward to heaven as he mouths a silent "I'm sorry." Both men quickly pass OUT OF FRAME as ticket-taker stares after them.

FRONT TRACKING - KINDERMAN

KINDERMAN

So alright, so I'm late. So I know it. I'm sorry. I . . .

He halts, abruptly noticing that Dyer isn't with him. He looks around for him, spots him O.S.

THEATRE LOBBY - SHOT FROM BEHIND REFRESHMENT COUNTER

In b.g., Kinderman frowns in consternation as he moves to Dyer, who is standing at the edge of a group of waiting patrons at the theater refreshment counter. A lot of popcorn is being served.

As we narrow to a CLOSE TWO:

COUNTER ATTENDANT

You want butter on it?

(CONTINUED)

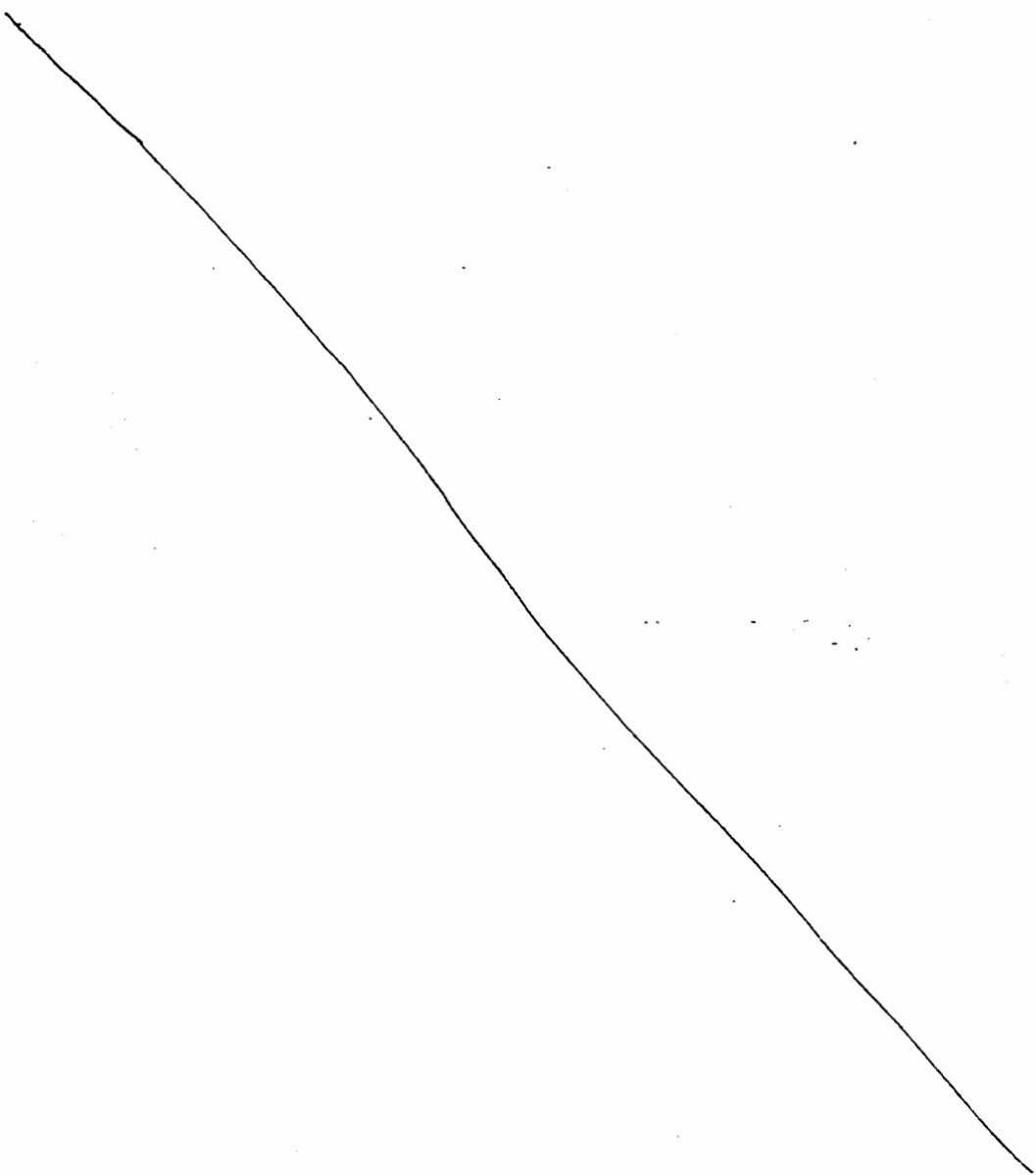
YOUNG THEATER-GOER  
Yes, and two Cokes, please?

COUNTER ATTENDANT  
Medium?

YOUNG THEATER-GOER  
Large.

Kinderman has nudged in between Dyer and another patron.  
Dyer has an anxious eye on the O.S. Counter Attendant.

\*  
\*  
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(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

KINDERMAN

What are you doing?

DYER

I need some lemon drops.

KINDERMAN

We'll be late for the start of the picture.

DYER

I once spent a year hearing children's confessions and I wound up a lemon drop junkie. The little weirdos keep breathing it on you along with all that pot. Between the two I've got a feeling that it's probably addictive.

KINDERMAN

That's an interesting theory, Father Joe.

DYER

You agree with it?

KINDERMAN

I rush to find any common ground between our planets.

33 FULL AT MOVIE SCREEN

33

A scene from "IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE" -- the scene on the bridge.

CLOSE TWO AT KINDERMAN AND DYER

Dyer seems not to be listening to the O.S. dialogue. He is pensive, far away, his gaze lowered. Kinderman is beaming with an innocent delight even as he brushes away a tear. He looks over at Dyer, sees the priest staring down sadly, doubtless thinking of Karras. It spoils Kinderman's enjoyment. He looks down, shakes his head.

34 EXT. BIOGRAPH THEATER - DAY

34

We are TRACKING with Kinderman and Dyer as they walk up the street. Kinderman has Dyer by the arm. Both men have the blues, but Dyer is more obviously so.

(CONTINUED)



KINDERMAN

Come on, let's go and get a bite.  
We'll critique, we'll discuss.

DYER

You look beat, Bill. Go home and  
get a rest.

As they halt and Kinderman checks wristwatch:

KINDERMAN

No, I can't go home.

DYER

Why not?

KINDERMAN

Never mind.

DYER

Why not?

Standing with his face in very close to Dyer's, and,  
looking deadly grim, if not dangerous:

KINDERMAN

The carp.

DYER

The -- ?

\*  
\*

Kinderman silences him with a gesture.

KINDERMAN

My Mary's mother is visiting,  
Father, and Tuesday she's cooking  
us a carp. It's a tasty fish.  
I'm not against it. But because  
it's supposedly filled with  
impurities, Mary's mother buys it  
alive and for three days now it's  
been swimming in my bathtub. Up  
and down. Cleaning out the  
impurities. And I hate it. I  
can't stand the sight of it moving  
its gills. Now you're standing  
very close to me, Father. Have  
you noticed? Yes. I haven't had  
a bath in days. So I never go  
home until the carp is asleep:  
I'm afraid that if I see it while  
it's swimming I'll kill it!

35 EXT. BELLS AND CROSS ATOP CHURCH - DAY 35

Below, the streets of Georgetown.

36 EXT. 36TH STREET - ENTRANCE TO HOLY TRINITY CHURCH - DAY 36

As the BELLS continue to RING, we see parishioners going up steps to evening Mass, a few students hurrying from across the street.

37 EXT. CORNER OF 36TH AND "P" IN GEORGETOWN - DAY 37

We are GENTLY ZOOMING at opposite corner, SHOOTING toward Prospect Street, as NURSE ALLERTON comes toward us, gently guiding a very slow-moving ELDERLY WOMAN IN BLACK, who is reminiscent of the "Vision of Death" in Iraqui sequence of "The Exorcist." From her hat there falls a finely knit black veil. The face behind it is sweet and clear of all possibility of guile. Behind us, the SOUND of CHURCH BELLS continues. From the left, a cheerfully animated group (SEVEN) of GEORGETOWN STUDENTS, two of them obviously basketball players, ENTER FRAME, crossing the path of Allerton and the old woman. We HOLD as they wait at the corner while two or three automobiles pass. Now we are CLOSE on the women. Allerton's face is an unreadable mask of strength and shadow. The old woman grips the straps of a large shopping bag that is zippered at the top. From O.S., the SOUND of the STUDENTS' VOICES.

38 INT. THE TOMBS RATHSKELLAR - EARLY EVENING 38

Booths, tables, rectangular bar. The walls are festooned with prints and lithographs of old Georgetown, the University's early days, bygone heroes and beloved faculty. The place is filled with students, some faculty, parents. A lively buzz of conversation and activity. We ESTABLISH with a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS of:

BAR ACTIVITY - STEINS HANGING FROM CEILING

SHOT OF OARS OVER FIREPLACE

JOHN THOMPSON AND STAFF IN BOOTH

WAITRESS TAKING ORDER FROM PROFESSOR IN BOOTH

And then we are on a group of lithos and photos on wall. Among them, a smiling photo of Father Karras. We are VERY SLOWLY PANNING THEM to arrive at the Karras photo as we hear:

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

No one could do that scene like a Jimmy Stewart, Father -- no one. What a film! It's so innocent, so good. It fills your heart.

DYER (O.S.)

You said the same about "Eraserhead."

REVERSE ANGLE - KINDERMAN AND DYER IN BOOTH

Beyond, the bustling activity. Dyer is smoking a cigarette, sipping coffee; before him a plate of untouched food, an omelet. In front of Kinderman, a half-eaten burger, fries. Bringing a fry toward his lips without interest, he holds up and puts it down, then, glaring at Dyer:

KINDERMAN

Most Jews, they pick a priest to be a friend, it's always someone like Teilhard de Chardin. What do I get? A priest who calls children "little weirdos" and treats all his friends like Rubik's Cube, always twisting them around in his hands to make colors. What's the matter? You're not eating.

Downcast, eyes on tablecloth:

DYER

Too spicy.

KINDERMAN

I've seen you dip Twinkies in mustard. Come on, eat something, Gandhi. Stop fasting. The teeming masses need your strength.

Dyer shakes head, turns and looks into CAMERA at O.S. photo of Karras as:

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

You're so stubborn.

Kinderman briefly follows Dyer's gaze, then looks back down at table.

KINDERMAN

(continuing; nodding head; softly)

I know. I know. Me too.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

INSERT: PHOTO OF KARRAS ON WALL

DYER (O.S.)

What a beautiful man he was. So  
loving. So terribly kind.

BACK TO SCENE

KINDERMAN

The whole world is a homicide  
victim, Father. Would a God who  
was good invent something like  
death? Plainly speaking, it's a  
lousy idea. It isn't popular,  
Father. No, it isn't a hit, it's  
not a winner.

DYER

There you go blaming God.

KINDERMAN

Who should I blame? Phil Rizzuto?

DYER

You wouldn't want to live forever.

KINDERMAN

Yes, I would.

DYER

No, you wouldn't. You'd get  
bored.

KINDERMAN

(doggedly)

I have hobbies. In the meantime,  
we have cancer and Mongoloid  
babies, and murderers, monsters,  
prowling the planet, even prowling  
this neighborhood, Father, this  
minute while our children suffer  
and our loved ones die and your  
God goes shtravansing through the  
universe blithely like some kind  
of cosmic Billie Burke while we're  
dropping like flies by the  
hundreds of millions. Tell me how  
such a God could be good? Please  
explain it. On this question your  
Pope always takes the Fifth  
amendment.

DYER

So why should the Mafia get all  
the breaks?

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN

Oh, enlightening words, Father.  
When are you preaching again? I  
feel keen to hear more of your  
insights.

DYER

It all comes out right, Bill.

KINDERMAN

When?

DYER

At the end of time.

KINDERMAN

That soon.

DYER

We'll be there, Bill. We all live  
forever. We're spirits.

Kinderman is glum, depressed, a little bitter, as now  
he stares down for:

KINDERMAN

How I'd love to believe that.

DYER

It's that kid who got killed on  
the dock, Bill, isn't it? I heard  
it on the news.

Kinderman nods slightly. His head is still down.

DYER

(continuing)

Want to talk about it?

Kinderman shakes his head, averting his gaze. Dyer  
extracts a fresh pack of cigarettes, observing the  
quiet detective as he fiddles distractedly with a  
packet of matches. As he breaks the seal on the cig-  
arette pack:

DYER

(continuing)

I heard you knew him.

Still downcast, Kinderman nods. Then after a beat:

KINDERMAN

A little.

(another beat)

Police Boys Club.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED: (4)

38

Lighting his cigarette, Dyer nods. He exhales smoke, watches. Kinderman waits.

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

His name was Thomas -- Thomas Kintry. A black boy. Twelve years old.

Kinderman nods his head slightly, repeatedly, as he stares into some numbing recollection. Abruptly, he breaks it off, staring away at the restaurant crowd, then lowers his gaze to the table again.

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

The killer drove an ingot into each of his eyes, and then cut off his head.

A young WAITRESS hovers, indicates Dyer's omelet as Kinderman reaches for his coffee cup. In the grip of his trembling hand, the cup rattles against saucer. \*

WAITRESS

This okay, Father? \*

He nods tersely. \*

WAITRESS

(continuing)

I can get you something else.

DYER

No, that's okay.

WAITRESS

(to Kinderman)

Some more coffee? \*

Kinderman shakes head, watches her leave. Then: \*

KINDERMAN

In the place of his head was the head from a statue of Christ. Done up in blackface. You know? Like a minstrel show, with the mouth and the eyes painted white. "Mr. Bones." Like an "end man," Father.

Dyer looks up slowly and Kinderman meets his gaze.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (5)

38

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

The boy had been crucified on a  
pair of rowing oars.

AT BAR

as a stein of beer is passed to a customer.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (5)

38

FULL SHOT - STUDENTS SITTING IN BOOTH

The students are spirited, merry. Framed between them is a poster advertising the Georgetown-Virginia football game of April, 1892. From the laughter of the students, we GO quickly TO the silence of:

39 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL BOX - DAY

39

ON THE CUT, a wooden panel slides back with a final, sharp THUD, opening up a window between the confessor's and the penitent's boxes. We see the Priest -- FATHER KANAVAN. His face is averted.

PRIEST

(nodding)

Yes.

The Penitent speaks. The voice is a WHISPER, labored and raspy, and the voice is so husky and reminiscent of Mercedes McCambridge that we cannot tell whether it is that of a male or a female. It is extremely distinctive.

PENITENT (O.S.)

I have -- a scrupulous conscience, Father.

PRIEST

Yes.

PENITENT (O.S.)

This need -- to confess so many things. If I step -- on two straws in the shape of a cross, I feel -- that I have to confess it.

PRIEST

Yes.

PENITENT (O.S.)

It torments me.

PRIEST

Try to make a good confession, and remember, Christ forgives all our sins.

PENITENT (O.S.)

Only little things.

The Priest nods assent and understanding as:

(CONTINUED)



39 CONTINUED:

39

## PENITENT (O.S.)

(continuing)

Nothing. Seventeen of them,  
 Father. The first was that  
 waitress near Candlestick Park. I  
 cut her throat and watched her  
 bleed. She bled a great deal.  
 It's a problem that I'm working  
 on, Father: all this bleeding.

The Priest has begun to react, at first nonplussed, and then with a growing dreadful surmise in his eyes as the Penitent's eerie, raspy BREATHING grows louder and louder. A SOUND of something like shears cutting fabric.

39A INT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH - DAY

39A

We are FULL AT THE CRUCIFIX over the main altar as we hear a woman SHRIEKING in horror, a general awed and shocked WALLA of O.S. church parishioners.

ANGLE AT BACK OF CHURCH - ELDERLY WOMAN IN BLACK

Her veil is down. She is walking to back, pushes open a door, disclosing Nurse Allerton in the b.g., leaning against foyer wall with arms crossed. Allerton comes forward, stands beside the Elderly Woman as latter turns to stare back at the commotion. Her face is very sweet, her expression a little helpless and -- confused. She doesn't understand what's going on. Allerton's face is emotionless, somehow implacable. The Old Woman still grips the shopping bag.

ANGLE AT WOMAN PARISHIONER

She sobs hysterically while being supported by a male parishioner beside her. Beside them, the church: a muted UPROAR among the parishioners.

ANGLE AT TWO CHILDREN

aged three and four. They stare toward the SOBBING.

FULL AT THE CONFESSIONAL BOX

so that we can see the penitent's boxes as well; then we ZOOM to the confessor's box only. The door is open. The confessor, Father Kanavan, is seated, slumped against the confessional wall at a grotesque angle. Above his round, bloodstained Roman collar there is no head. The Priest's head is on his lap, facing out to us and held in the dead Priest's hands, as if being offered for display. The SCREAMING in b.g. is at its loudest, most piercing, as we quickly GO TO:

40 INT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH - STAINED GLASS WINDOW  
- NIGHT

40

light rain falling against it.

RYAN DUSTING FOR PRINTS ON SLIDING PANEL

He is on the Penitent's side of the box.

UP ANGLE AT CRIME TEAM PHOTOGRAPHER SHOOTING BODY (O.S.)  
with strobe. He is laconic, gum-chewing.

STATION OF CROSS

Jesus falling.

EMPTY CONFESSOR'S BOX

Door open, empty, bloodstained.

SINGLE RED ROSE BELOW STATUE OF THE VIRGIN MARY

Same statue as in the original film, but prior to its  
desecration.

Through the series above, we hear a GURNEY being  
wheeled in, stopping.

HIGH SHOT - STEDMAN AND AMBULANCE TEAM

as Stedman adjusts a sheet to cover body of Priest.  
Then ambulance team starts to wheel the body out, but  
halt as Kinderman approaches.

KINDERMAN

Wait, please. Hold it, just a  
moment.

As they halt, Ryan comes up to the gurney.

RYAN

I was thinking, Lieutenant --

KINDERMAN

(glowering up at him)  
This is new. Do you want me to  
call United Press or should we  
keep this little miracle here in  
the church?

RYAN

Do we really need prints from  
inside the sliding panel? All  
you'd get is the prints of the  
Priest.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

KINDERMAN

Yes, I know that.

RYAN

What's the point of it?

KINDERMAN

I'm padding the job.

Ryan scowls and walks away under Kinderman's smoking, threatening gaze. Then Kinderman slowly stares down at the gurney. He pulls back enough of the sheet to reveal the Priest's right hand. He examines it as if not for the first time. The index finger is missing, neatly severed at the stump. Now Kinderman walks around, pulls back enough of the sheet to allow his examination of the Priest's left hand. We do not see what Kinderman sees; but it apparently has some ominous meaning for Kinderman. He replaces the hand, pulls the sheet over it, stares for a moment at the spot. Then:

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

Go ahead.

SLOW ZOOM

As the medics LEAVE SCENE, we PUSH IN CLOSER on Kinderman. He lifts one of his hands. It is trembling. He looks up with a chilling dread.

41 EXT. STREET - HOLY TRINITY - NIGHT

41

The ANGLE is LONG, includes Holy Trinity and the Georgetown General Hospital building which is on the next corner, same side of the street. The restaurants are closed, the street dark. The only persons we see are two pretty and young NURSES walking up the street. A wind blows a section of newspaper down the street. The Nurses are laughing.

42 INT. HOLY TRINITY - HIGH, FULL SHOT - NIGHT

42

It is empty. The only light, the ghostly flickering of votive candles. In the silence, we hear an odd SOUND from the confessor's box; a SOUND that keeps repeating as the CAMERA DRIFTS to it.

42A INT. CONFESSOR'S BOX - ANGLE FROM PENITENT'S SECTION

42A

Above the sliding panel section, a small Crucifix.

(CONTINUED)

42A CONTINUED:

42A

Kinderman's left hand rests on the pull affixed to the panel. He is pensive, puzzled by something. As we come in, the CAMERA IS IN MOTION, slightly circling and inexorably CLOSING on Kinderman. He drops his hand, shakes his head and lowers it, exhausted, pinching bridge of nose with thumb and fingertips. When we have CLOSED TO AN EXTREME CLOSEUP of him, with a startling suddenness, we hear the panel as it is pulled back very swiftly with a shocking REPORT. Startled, Kinderman jerks up his head.

ANGLE AT KINDERMAN FROM PENITENT'S SECTION

Kinderman's head jerking up, staring AT US.

ANGLE FROM CONFESSOR'S SECTION - POV AT ATKINS

Atkins stares in from penitent's section, where he is kneeling.

ATKINS

(quietly)

We've got an autopsy report on the boy.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE KINDERMAN AND ATKINS

as Kinderman unconsciously leans his head and his ear in close to Atkins' mouth, like a priest hearing confession. His face is TO US; he does not look at Atkins as:

KINDERMAN

(almost a whisper)

Yes?

ATKINS

Kintry didn't die from the decapitation. He was injected with a drug called succinylcholine. They use it in electro-shock therapy.

Kinderman listens, expressionless.

ATKINS

(continuing)

But injecting ten milligrams for each fifty pounds of body weight causes immediate and total paralysis. The kid couldn't move or scream while the killer was nailing and cutting him up.

(CONTINUED)

42A CONTINUED: (2)

42A

## KINDERMAN

He was conscious?

## ATKINS

Yes. He was fully aware. The drug attacks the respiratory system. He died from slow asphyxiation.

## AT KINDERMAN

looking up slowly in horror.

42B CLOSE AT VOTIVE LIGHT BURNING

42B

We hear very slow and deliberate FOOTSTEPS ECHOING on the tiles of the church floor.

## CLOSE AT FACE OF VIRGIN MARY STATUE

The footsteps SOUND.

## HIGH CRANE SHOT - THE CHURCH

Empty save for Kinderman. The main lights have been turned off: there is only the highly focused light on the statues, and the flickering light from votive candles. Kinderman is slowly scanning the church, as if for clues, then puts his head down, a hand to his chin, deeply pondering as he ambles.

## CLOSE REAR TRACKING - KINDERMAN

A step or two. But then he freezes in his tracks as he hears something from O.S. and behind him: a low, muffled GIGGLE, a little girl's but sardonic, evil -- in fact, the demon's giggle on beholding Karras trying to resuscitate Fr. Merrin in "The Exorcist." That very image FLASHES ON THE SCREEN SUBLIMINALLY. The SOUND is repeated, but breaks off abruptly as Kinderman turns. We TRACK FRONT with him as he walks, his eyes darting warily around, and then he stands still and, as he stares all around, the CAMERA PULLS UP to achieve a WIDE, FULL SHOT of the church, disclosing that there is no one there but Kinderman. He looks straight up INTO CAMERA.

43 EXT. HOSPITAL STREET - ESTABLISHING - DAY

43

(CONTINUED)

44 INT. HOSPITAL MAIN LOBBY - DAY

44

We are LONG on the hall at left where white light bathes the tall, robust NUN who strides toward us serenely, and are PULLING BACK further to encompass the INFORMATION/RECEPTION DESK and the very active center hall beyond it. Kinderman is at desk, carrying sack of White Castle hamburgers and a very large stuffed toy penguin, and is listening to an answer to a question as INFORMATION LADY points to her left. We FOLLOW KINDERMAN as he moves briskly in that direction, but we HOLD our position -- and he exits FRAME -- as a more contemporarily clad nun (2ND NUN) intercepts a MAN WITH SCOTTIE DOGS on a leash who has entered lobby and waves him off, shaking her head.

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AT HOSPITAL ELEVATOR BANK - DAY

Just past elevators, in a corner, a life-sized statue of Christ. Kinderman races into SHOT, hurrying to catch elevator before doors close. For a moment we HOLD ON STATUE as doors close and we HEAR:

KINDERMAN (O.S.)  
You're going up?

WOMAN IN ELEVATOR (O.S.)  
I don't know.

\*

44A INT. ROOM IN HOSPITAL - DAY

44A

Merriment, a FAMILY, FRIENDS. The patient is a LITTLE GIRL, head bandaged, in bed. Birthday cake, candles lit, is whisked into the room by an Emmet Kelly type circus CLOWN who enters the room on roller skates singing "Happy Birthday" while the others join in.

\*  
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45 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

45

We are TRACKING FRONT FULL with Kinderman as he passes the birthday room and we HEAR the SINGING. He is checking room numbers. He stops, looking ahead, as he sees:

POV WALL - STATUE OF CHRIST OR CRUCIFIX

Beside it, the legend "NEUROLOGY" painted on wall.

We HEAR his FOOTSTEPS starting up and away.

46 INT. PRIVATE ROOM IN NEUROLOGY WARD - DAY

46

The FOOTSTEPS APPROACH O.S. Dyer is sitting up reading a newspaper. Kinderman enters and walks hurriedly to bedside.

KINDERMAN

And so what is this nonsense!

DYER

Look, there's nothing really wrong. They're just doing some tests.

KINDERMAN

You mean they couldn't find a rabbit?

Picking up paper and burying face in it:

DYER

I don't know you.

Grabbing top of paper and folding back to see banner:

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN

(incredulous)

This is Women's Wear Daily you're reading?

DYER

So what! Am I supposed to give spiritual advice in a vacuum?

(his gaze flicks  
to the bear)

Is that for me?

KINDERMAN

(as Dyer takes bear)

I just found it in the street. I thought it suited you.

Dyer embarks upon a fit of delicate coughing.

KINDERMAN

(continuing; sitting)

Oh, so we're doing "Anastasia" today. I thought you told me that there's nothing really wrong with you!

DYER

There isn't. My brother Eddie had these same stupid symptoms for years.

KINDERMAN

(exploding)

Your brother Eddie died at thirty!

DYER

So what? He got killed in Viet Nam.

KINDERMAN

There could be some connection!

DYER

(incredulous)

A connection?

Kinderman rubs a hand over face, abashed.

KINDERMAN

I'm just tired.

Gesturing at phone:

DYER

Call the desk and book a room.

(CONTINUED)



A young Oriental or Black NURSE (NURSE HARA) has hurried down the hall and now pokes her head into the room.

NURSE HARA

Things okay in here, guys?

KINDERMAN

(a little sharp and defensive)

Yes, I'm fine!

And as Hara withdraws with raised eyebrows, Kinderman sits again and, without missing a beat:

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

Now, you're sure it's not serious, Joe? \*

DYER

Well, with Eddie --

KINDERMAN

(jumping up)

Don't mention Eddie!

DYER

With my brother it was nerves.

KINDERMAN

(sitting again)

Yes, you do make people nervous.

DYER

Only sinners.

KINDERMAN

Everybody!

Kinderman glowers, reaches over and plops the bag of burgers onto the bed next to Dyer.

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

Here, I brought you a hamburger, Father.

DYER

I'm not hungry.

KINDERMAN

Eat half. It's White Castle.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

46

DYER

Where'd the other half come from?

KINDERMAN

Space, your native country.

A short, stout nurse (NURSE BIERCE) waddles into the room with a tourniquet and hypodermic needle. She is a veteran. Tough.

NURSE BIERCE

Come to take a little blood from you, Father.

DYER

Again?

NURSE BIERCE

What's "again"?

DYER

Someone took it already twenty minutes ago.

NURSE BIERCE

Are you kidding me, Father?

He points to a little round piece of tape on his inner forearm.

DYER

There's the hole.

She has already turned away, grim and gimlet-eyed as:

NURSE BIERCE

There it sure as hell goddamn ratshit is.

KINDERMAN

Eat the burger. It's got pickles.

DYER

I will.

KINDERMAN

Couldn't hurt.

Bierce stands outside the door to room and shoots down the hallway:

NURSE BIERCE

Who stuck this guy?

(CONTINUED)

DYER

Nice and peaceful here, isn't it?

KINDERMAN

Idyllic.

NURSE KEATING has entered, pushing a drug cart in before her. The cart's wheels are very squeaky and make a very distinctive ominous SOUND. She picks a chart from the cart, and, checking it:

NURSE KEATING

Mister Horowitz?

As Kinderman gives Dyer an inscrutable look:

DYER

No.

NURSE KEATING

This is 402?

DYER

404.

Withdrawing cart and imitating "Saturday Night Live's" Emily:

NURSE KEATING

"Never mind."

Kinderman's gaze is fixed thoughtfully on the cart as:

DYER

Go in peace, and may the Schwartz  
be with you, my child.

Dyer has picked up the newspaper and is into it as:

KINDERMAN

That's a drug cart?

DYER

Why not?

KINDERMAN

Almost anyone could steal  
something from it.

DYER

I heard about what happened in the  
church.

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN  
(playing dumb)  
Beg your pardon?

DYER  
(pretending absorption  
in the newspaper)  
Father Kanavan.

KINDERMAN  
We found some kind of drug in him,  
Father. He didn't feel a thing.  
He had no pain.

DYER  
Oh, well, that's good.

We know from his voice that he knows Kinderman is  
lying.

KINDERMAN  
Don't you think you should be  
reading from the gospels or  
something?

DYER  
They don't give you all the  
fashions.

KINDERMAN  
This is true.

DYER  
Damn right.  
(setting down paper)  
Goosey gowns are getting boring.  
Could you get me something serious  
to read?

KINDERMAN  
(checking watch,  
getting up)  
I should be going.

DYER  
Can't you pick me something up?

KINDERMAN  
(burying face in hand)  
My God, the grammar!

DYER  
Be a pal. I want the Star and the  
National Enquirer.

46A EXT. HALLWAY - DYER'S ROOM - DAY

46A

We are SHOOTING from the doorway as:

KINDERMAN

There are Jesuit missions in India, Father. Couldn't you find one to work in? The flies are not as bad as they say. They're very pretty. They're all different colors.

Dyer, indifferently sorting through newspapers, magazines spread on his bed messily:

DYER

See, these are all last week's editions. I've read them.

KINDERMAN

You'll forgive me if I now leave this mystical discussion? Too much of aesthetics always gives me a headache. Plus I'm visiting two patients in another ward, both priests: Joe DiMaggio and Jimmy the Greek.

(turns and starts out)

I am leaving.

DYER

Is it something I said?

KINDERMAN

Mother India is calling you, Father.

Dyer watches fondly as Kinderman disappears from view. Staring at empty open doorway:

DYER

'Bye, Bill.

47 INT. NEUROLOGY WARD - HALLWAY - DAY

47

We PICK UP Kinderman walking past Charge Desk and FOLLOW him to elevators. He pushes "Down." Another alcove in b.g. Elevators doors open. He steps in. Doors close. As Kinderman steps into the elevator, he gives us a clear view of what we previously couldn't see behind him in the alcove: A full-sized statue of Christ. This one's head is missing. We ZOOM.

48 INT. DEN IN KINDERMAN'S HOME - NIGHT

48

A desk lamp is turned on. Kinderman is seated at desk. He picks up a framed photo on his desk, and in an INSERT we see it's a photo of Damien Karras and Kinderman, both smiling happily, each with an arm around the other's shoulder. Kinderman is in shirt sleeves, Karras wears a T-shirt. Each holds a can of beer. Kinderman sighs.

KINDERMAN (O.S.)  
(fond, sad whisper)  
Damien.

49 INT. POLICE CRIME LAB - DAY

49

Kinderman, Stedman, Atkins and Ryan. On a blackboard, a sketch of the confessional box, suspects' names. There is also a scale mock-up of the sliding panel of the confessional box. Stedman is pale and unshaven. Kinderman holds a lab report. O.S., the muted SOUND of a Telex machine; an occasional TELEPHONE ring. As we ENTER THE SCENE, we briefly glimpse in QUICK CUTS:

CLOSE ON MOCK-UP OF SLIDING PANEL

as Ryan's hand slides it shut with a sharp retort.

CLOSE ON BLACKBOARD SKETCH

CLOSE AT KINDERMAN READING LAB REPORT

His eyes flicking up over it at an O.S Stedman as:

STEDMAN (O.S.)  
Father Kanavan's vocal cords were  
paralyzed. He couldn't make a  
sound.

CLOSE AT RYAN OBSERVING

STEDMAN (O.S.)  
He couldn't cry out for help.

CLOSE AT STEDMAN

STEDMAN  
So the killer was able to take his  
time.

Hereafter, each speaker is in CLOSEUP as:

KINDERMAN  
Succinylcholine again.

(CONTINUED)

STEDMAN

In precisely the proper dosage to cause the paralysis. A fraction too little has no effect, while a fraction too much causes instant death.

KINDERMAN

So the killer has medical expertise. Did we find a hypodermic syringe at the crime scene, or as usual only the Crackerjack prizes the rich kids are constantly throwing away?

RYAN

No syringe.

KINDERMAN

And the fingerprint analysis?

RYAN

Most of the prints were the priest's.

KINDERMAN

You said "most?"

RYAN

Yeah, we got something else.

CLOSE AT BLACKBOARD SKETCH

as Ryan walks INTO SHOT. He indicates the sliding panel on right side of sketch of confessional booth.

RYAN

Right here, on the inside pull of this panel. It's weird.

KINDERMAN

You're invoking supernatural causes?

RYAN

No one touches that pull except the priest.

KINDERMAN

(quietly)  
And the killer.

AT STEDMAN

turning away from sketch to stare:

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

AT KINDERMAN

TRACK FRONT with him as he moves to model of the sliding panel arrangement. Then, demonstrating:

KINDERMAN

You see? The killer wants the panel closed so the next in line to make his confession doesn't see that Father Kanavan is dead.

And as we PUSH IN TO A CLOSEUP of the panel:

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

And he reaches in -- slides it almost shut -- and then he has to pull his hand out and finish the job from outside.

(he demonstrates; turns to Ryan)

So the prints on the oars from the crucified boy match the prints on the panel. Correct? They're the same.

Ryan and Atkins look at one another, then at Kinderman.

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

Well, aren't they?

After a long beat, Ryan shakes his head. Kinderman stares at him, then looks to Stedman and back to Ryan.

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

Two different people committed these murders?

50 EXT. KINDERMAN'S HOME - UP ANGLE - WIDE ANGLE LENS 50  
- NIGHT

Moonlight. A light on in upstairs bedroom. We hear the TOCKING of the pendulum clock in the kitchen. Then:

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

Where's Julie?

MARY (O.S.)

At dance class.

(CONTINUED)



50 CONTINUED:

50

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

So late?

MARY (O.S.)

Bill, it's only ten o'clock.

The room light is extinguished.

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

It's very late.

51 INT. KINDERMAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

51

Moonlight seeps in, eerily illuminating the pendulum clock which shows the time to be 5:20. Now we FADE UP an overlay, another SHOT: Kinderman faced toward us, asleep in his bed. As we PUSH IN SLOWLY to him, a rosary floats down through the scene in SLOW MOTION, then another, and we FADE UP the SOUND of a train departure announcement at a train station. Along with it, we are SLOWLY FADING UP other SOUNDS, bleeding them in from the next SHOT: a million murmurings; children's voices arguing over the rules of a game; the music of a spirited string trio; and, low but persistent under it all, an ethereal, atonal chorus of VOICES reminiscent of that in the "Unearthed Monolith" sequence in "2001." The TOCKING of the pendulum clock, meantime, is growing much louder; so that we are SHOCK CUTTING to relatively more muted sounds as we go to a dream in black and white.

52 INT. SANTA SOPHIA, TURKEY - DAY

52

The great cathedral, now a museum, in Istanbul. We are ANGLED UP at the upper reaches of the massive structure, sunlight shafting through the tall, high windows in incandescent columns. The SOUNDS that have been bleeding in are now UP FULL and the P.A. train departure announcement continues. White doves fly about. \*

P.A. ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Your attention, please. The twelve-eighteen to Elsewhere now departing from Track Eleven. All passengers boarding, proceed to the gate. Last call.

The pendulum clock SOUND -- which will be heard throughout the sequence -- is now held under, muted.

52A AT SANTA SOPHIA WINDOW - DAY

52A

White light pouring through, white doves flying through FRAME. P.A. ANNOUNCEMENT repeated.

52B AT TRAIN ARRIVAL/DEPARTURE BOARD

52B

The one at Grand Central Station. But now no earthly destinations are listed, and as the narrow metal announcement slats rotate, changing over we see listed destinations like "BORDERLAND," "SECOND WING," "THIRD WING," "INTENSIVE CARE," "EARTH," "RECONSTRUCTION UNIT" and "ELSEWHERE." During this:

P.A. ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Last call. Your attention,  
please.

And he repeats the previous announcement, which will spill over into:

AT STATION INFORMATION BOOTH - DAY

A Young Woman, timetable in hand, is asking for information. She is clad in hospital gown, robe, slippers. The Being behind the window giving information looks like an angel: he is winged, wears white robe.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

We are in a vast concourse, an immense expanse filled with hospital beds and teeming multitudes of people engaged in various quiet activities, endless row upon row of hospital beds. All the people are dressed in pajamas, hospital gowns or robes. Most are conversing or reading. Other odd beings are present, such as the one seen in the information booth, Winged Men, like angels. White-robed, moving among the beds and the ethereal columns of sunlight, the angels are larger than life, their faces mythic with strength and a searing goodness, Galahads painted by Michelangelo. The general atmosphere is of peace. Here and there, a hospital drug cart.

AT STRING TRIO

They resemble the trio in "The Green Man," ditsy-looking old maids.

FRONT TRACKING - TWO DWARFS

as they struggle to carry a vastly oversized replica of the pendulum clock in Kinderman's kitchen. Its mechanism is working, producing the TOCKING sound we have been hearing -- and will continue to hear -- under the remainder of the sequence.

(CONTINUED)

52B CONTINUED:

52B

AT HOSPITAL DRUG CART

AT LUGGAGE

stacked forlornly, awaiting a departure. Tied old leather bags. Frayed travel stickers. A bright red volleyball bounces and dribbles THROUGH FRAME.

CLOSE AT HANDS HOLDING HYPODERMIC SYRINGE

up to the light, aspirating it.

ZOOM AT BED - KANAVAN

On the bed, sitting up in a daze, his open eyes empty and stunned as he stares into memories of horror, is the murdered priest, Father Kanavan. His neck is circled with dark stitches, as if his head has been sewn back on with some leathery material. Sitting on the edge of the bed is a "Doctor Angel," who holds the priest's hand in a gesture of comfort and consolation. Behind the bed, another drug cart.

HIGH FULL SHOT - THE SCENE

The beds, the patients. Infinite extension.

FULL FRONT MOVING SHOT - KINDERMAN

He ambles at an easy pace, a sightseer, his expression pleasant, mildly curious. He is passing by the TWO BOYS and a GIRL -- aged in the neighborhood of nine to twelve -- who have been arguing over the game. They are at CAMERA RIGHT. One of the boys holds the bright red volleyball, arguing over some rules infraction with the other boy, while the girl sits on floor, face in her propped hands, disconsolately staring at Kinderman as he passes.

FIRST ARGUING BOY

No, Eddie, that isn't the rule!

SECOND ARGUING BOY

It is!

CLOSE AT GIRL

looking at Kinderman passing.

CLOSE AT KINDERMAN

as he turns from girl to something O.S. at CAMERA LEFT as:

(CONTINUED)

52B CONTINUED:

52B

OLD MAN IN DREAM (O.S.)

But I don't belong here!

\*

FRONT MOVING SHOT - KINDERMAN POV (SUBJECTIVE CAMERA)

At right we see another "DOCTOR ANGEL" (SECOND ANGEL) at the bedside of an OLD MAN (OLD MAN IN DREAM). The Old Man is protesting to the Angel, who is checking a hypodermic syringe for air bubbles.

OLD MAN IN DREAM

Can't you see that? It's all a  
mistake! It's a mix-up.

\*

\*

Turning to us, the Old Man implores us:

OLD MAN IN DREAM

(continuing)

Hey, tell him! Would you tell  
him, please? Tell him I'm alive!

SECOND ANGEL

This will help you to sleep.

\*

Giving up on Kinderman (CAMERA), the Old Man sinks back on bed with a despairing groan.

OLD MAN IN DREAM

Oh, for God's sake!

CLOSE AT KINDERMAN - FRONT TRACKING

As he turns his gaze from camera left to camera right on hearing:

FIRST DREAM WOMAN'S VOICE

Earth, come in, please.

AT RADIO GROUP - MOVING SHOT - SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

At CAMERA LEFT, we see a group huddled intently over a table on which stands a reel-to-reel tape recorder hooked up to a powerful amplifier and pre-amp, and a noise reduction unit. The group comprise a WOMAN (FIRST DREAM WOMAN) who with one hand rocks a baby buggy back and forth behind her while she is talking into a microphone that is plugged into the amplifier; a MAN (SECOND RADIO MAN) and a CHILD standing by her; and a BLIND MAN seated at side. All are wearing stereo headsets connected to the amplifier.

FIRST DREAM WOMAN

Can you hear us? We are attempting  
to communicate. Come in, please.

(CONTINUED)

## DREAM BLIND MAN

(grumpily)

The living are deaf.

The CAMERA SWINGS gently right as from right there steps into our path, back pedalling before us as we continue to approach, a SECOND DREAM WOMAN, who speaks directly to us.

## SECOND DREAM WOMAN

We come here first.

Hearing the growing loud TOCKING of the pendulum clock, she steps OUT OF FRAME to right and out of the way of the dwarfs, who are coming at us from straight ahead, still precariously carrying the clock, and passing us, right. During this:

## SECOND RADIO MAN (O.S.)

I want to talk to my wife.

## FIRST DREAM WOMAN (O.S.)

Well, then, wait your turn!

And as we pass a young man, aged around fifteen (YOUNG DREAM MAN), standing sadly at the left:

## YOUNG DREAM MAN

Tell my mom I'm okay.

And from the opposite perspective we hear the voice of Thomas Kintry:

## KINTRY BOY (O.S.)

Lieutenant!

The CAMERA SWINGS RIGHT to pick up the young black boy introduced in the opening dream sequence -- Thomas Kintry.

He still carries the rose and wears a T-shirt emblazoned with "POLICE BOYS' CLUB" across its chest. He has the same vivid stitch marks circling his neck as did Kanavan and there are holes in his wrists and his feet: we see one of them clearly as he raises his hand in greeting. His smile is wide and beaming as:

## KINTRY BOY

Hi, Lieutenant! How you doin'?

## KINDERMAN

I'm so sorry you were murdered,  
Thomas. I miss you.

(CONTINUED)

52B CONTINUED: (4)

52B

Kintry has seen something at O.S. right which has caused him to let go of Kinderman's hand and slip away and OUT OF FRAME to left, the smile gone from his face. His eyes still on the O.S. something:

KINTRY  
(just above his breath;  
distractedly)  
Miss you, too.

As the CAMERA SLOWLY CLOSSES on him, Kinderman stares after Kintry, then looks to right, checking to see what made Kintry leave him. Abruptly he stops. Though his expression remains pleasant, he looks mildly curious and surprised.

CLOSE AT HANDS LAYING OUT TAROT CARDS

We are PULLING BACK to disclose a huge and magnificent BLACK ANGEL (THE ANGEL OF DEATH) and Dyer sitting on edge of cot. The Angel is laying out the Tarot cards which Dyer is studying. The Angel pauses, a card in hand and ready to lay down, as he looks up past Dyer, and at the O.S. Kinderman. Dyer turns to follow his gaze. On his face there is a slightly sweet-sad expression, mysterious but not unhappy, the shadow of a smile. His neck, like Kanavan's, is encircled by large and raw-looking stitches. On the CUT, we have softly introduced the clarinet solo from Tommy Dorsey's "SONG OF INDIA," to which we then add a very muted SOUND of a ringing telephone, the TOCKING of the pendulum clock, speeded up.

AT TOMMY DORSEY DOUBLE - A FEW BAND MEMBERS/ANGELS

We jump to another part of the song, a loud full band section. The band consists of angels. The PENDULUM SOUND is loud, rapid fire.

AT PENDULUM CLOCK - UNDERCRANKED

The arm swinging at a furious pace. The telephone RINGING sound has been growing.

AT ANGEL'S HAND LAYING OUT TAROT CARDS - UNDERCRANKED

Very speeded up, frantic.

53 INT. DYER'S ROOM IN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

53

We are CLOSE on Dyer. His eyes are wide open but dead as his head and torso are being alternately lifted and powerfully slammed down onto the bed. The shriek of accompanying bursts of terrifying SCORE, and then CUT to the relative quiet of:

54 EXT. KINDERMAN'S HOME - DAWN

54

As we enter the SHOT, we hear a telephone RATTLING in its cradle as it is lifted off, and then quickly:

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

Kinderman.

Four or five beats before, in a stunned, low voice:

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

(continuing)

What are you telling me?

55 INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR DOORS - EARLY MORNING

55

We are SHOOTING AT elevator doors as they open, revealing a stunned Kinderman who simply stands, staring dully ahead. We hear the MUFFLED SOBBING of Nurse Keating from O.S.

56 INT. HOSPITAL - HALL IN NEUROLOGY WING - EARLY MORNING 56

We are SHOOTING down a long angle. In the medium distance, on the right, is the Charge Desk, and almost directly across from it is Dyer's room. Outside the door, uniformed policemen; a hushed hubbub among nurses and interns behind the desk; and from an indeterminate source, the MUFFLED SOBBING. One nurse guides a curious, befuddled patient back to his room as she soothes him. As Kinderman appears, all conversation ceases and only the sobbing is heard. Kinderman goes to door of Dyer's room, stops. A policeman opens door for him. He stares into room.

57 INT. DYER'S ROOM IN HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

57

We are SHOOTING from the doorway. Ahead of us, on the bed, a white sheet covers Dyer's body, flattening at the point where his head should be. But it is not bloodstained. To the right of the bed, a few feet in front of a window, a bedside table on which are arrayed in neat precision, a multitude of specimen jars that are filled with a reddish fluid. The bed has been pulled away from the wall, where Ryan is placing a plastic sheet over a legend scrawled above the bed in letters of blood, making a cast of it, so that we cannot make it out. A police photographer is photographing the bed, the strobe flashing, and as a hospital pathologist (DR. BRUNO) stares down from the right side, Stedman is leaning over, drawing back the sheet. Pouring through the windows, an unearthly light that suffuses the room.

(CONTINUED)

STEDMAN

I've just -- (never)

RYAN

(sotto)

Alan!

Stedman looks up at Ryan, becomes aware of Kinderman's presence at the door, staring toward CAMERA. As Stedman straightens, Bruno follows gaze. Now we begin to slowly move toward the bed (SUBJECTIVE CAMERA) KINDERMAN POV, and as we do, Ryan steps away to side and Stedman and Bruno gravely move toward door and OUT OF FRAME. The CAMERA HALTS. We still hear the SOBBING, though more faintly.

AT KINDERMAN

He is standing at the foot of the bed. Stedman, Bruno and the photographer settle themselves, wordless. Kinderman stares tragically.

CLOSE AT STEDMAN AND BRUNO

watching Kinderman.

AT PHOTOGRAPHER

quietly and efficiently loading fresh film into camera.

CLOSE AT RYAN

observing; reacting, lowering head; he is moved.

WIDE SIDE ANGLE

Kinderman walks slowly around to the bedside. He is in shock. For a few beats he stands motionless. Then he reaches under the sheet covering Dyer, draws left hand up to his view, and examines the palm. He nods slightly, replaces the hand, deliberately moves around to the other side of the bed and lifts Dyer's right hand. Kinderman stares, motionless -- the index finger is missing. After two or three beats, he gently replaces the hand. Now again he pauses, staring down, head bowed. He moves to the head of the bed and again stands motionless for a time. Then at last he reaches out to grasp the top of the bed sheet covering Dyer. In the SHOT is the photographer, who pats his chest areas of coat for cigarette pack, finds it in lower pocket, pops one into his mouth one-handed: utterly blasé.

(CONTINUED)



## AT KINDERMAN

A barely perceptible sigh of heartbreak escapes him as he briefly gathers himself, then whips off the sheet. Though we cannot see what he sees, we see the photographer going numb at the sight of it. Kinderman looks up at something O.S. on the wall behind the bed. His expression is of wounded disappointment, despair, the emptying out of all hope. His eyes are glistening.

## POV SHOT - CRUCIFIX OVER BED

## BACK TO SCENE

Kinderman looks back down at head of bed. He tenderly replaces the sheet, and as we gradually WIDEN THE ANGLE, we FOLLOW Kinderman to the window where he stands with his back to us and mourns.

## CLOSEUP - RYAN

as he looks away from the head of the bed to the O.S. Kinderman. He registers a surprising compassion. We hear the DOOR OPEN and CLOSE.

## FULL SHOT - THE SCENE

Enter DOCTOR FREEDMAN, the agitated hospital administrator. A dynamic and formidable younger man, he is reminiscent of Rick Patino, coach of the N.Y. Knicks.

FREEDMAN

Look, I'm Dr. Freedman. I'm the chairman of --

KINDERMAN

(quietly; not turning)  
Get out of here, please.

FREEDMAN

Oh, you're in charge? Well, then, I'd like to have a quiet (little word) --

KINDERMAN

(a shout)  
Get out!

Freedman's face reddens with rage as the policeman takes his arm and gently but forcibly removes him from room.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (3)

57

CASPARELLI

(gently)

Come on, sir.

FREEDMAN

Arrogant son of a -- !

Door closes, cutting it off. Kinderman pinches eyes with fingers, composes himself. Camera strobes keep flashing. Kinderman lowers his head for a time, absorbing the shock and grief. When at last he looks up with a deep breath:

KINDERMAN

So.

He looks at the specimen jars on the meal tray to his right. He frowns.

AT KINDERMAN

from other side of the tray, with the jars in the foreground of the SHOT. Kinderman moves toward the tray. On the cross:

KINDERMAN

What are these?

WIDE ANGLE - THE ROOM

Now the technician with the camera stops shooting, lowers the camera, turns and looks at the hospital pathologist. The man working at casting the writing on the wall also pauses in his work, his head at an angle suggesting he is listening attentively. A protracted silence as Kinderman stoops over the jars, examining them, but not touching. Outside, the sun is darkened and we hear a low, distant rumble of THUNDER.

CLOSE AT WALL - CRUCIFIX OVER DYER'S BED

As the sunlight goes, a shadow slips up and over Crucifix.

AT WINDOW

as light RAIN spatters against it.

AT KINDERMAN

examining the jars. Except for the PATTERN of the rain, the room is hushed. At last Kinderman notices the silence, stops his activity. He inclines his head to the side, turning it only slightly as he asks:

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (4)

57

KINDERMAN

Well, what are they? What's in them?

A beat or two. Then:

BRUNO

Father Dyer's entire blood supply.

Perhaps Kinderman blinks; but he does not move a fraction or change expression. Then very slowly he turns to face Bruno. After a beat or two:

KINDERMAN

What?

No response.

HIGH ANGLE - THE SCENE

Everyone is immobile, frozen in tableau; and except for the muffled, faint SOBBING from O.S., there is a deathly silence. A few beats. Then:

KINDERMAN

All of his blood?

No reaction or response, and after a few stunned, incredulous beats, Kinderman turns around to look down at the jars.

THE JARS - KINDERMAN

We are SHOOTING from behind the jars as the detective leans down closer to them.

STEDMAN

And not a drop of it spilled. All neat. There's not even a smudge on the jars.

Kinderman stares at the jars, unable to assimilate the stupendous, incredible horror. A few beats. Then, dazed, Kinderman turns to face Stedman, his back to us.

STEDMAN

(continuing)

There's only the writing in his blood.

KINDERMAN

(dazed)

Writing?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (5)

57

STEDMAN

(nodding toward O.S.)

On the wall.

Kinderman swiftly whirls, staring at a spot on wall above Dyer's bed, O.S., where the plastic has been taped to take a cast of some writing there. Kinderman moves OUT OF FRAME, walking deliberately toward the spot.

CLOSE AT WALL - WRITING AREA

Kinderman slowly moves into the SHOT, stares, then abruptly rips the sheet of plastic off the wall.

INSERT - WRITING ON THE WALL

Scrawled in blood in a labored, uneven lettering:

I T ' S A W O N D E R F U L L L I F E

The flash of a strobe bounces off it.

58 INT. NEURO HALLWAY - DAY

58

Shooting LONG toward the Charge Desk again, from the start we are ZOOMING STEADILY toward them as Kinderman emerges rapidly from Dyer's room, all business, as Atkins, leaning over side of Charge Desk and making notes. A POLICEMAN at Charge Desk sees Kinderman, heads for him quickly.

POLICE SERGEANT

Lieutenant.

KINDERMAN

Get a squad of men and make sure all the hospital doors are locked. Make a patterned search.

(grabbing Sergeant's arm as latter starts away)

No one in, no one out except for emergency cases.

(sending him off)

No one!

POLICE SERGEANT

Right!

KINDERMAN

(to Atkins)

And now when was the body discovered?

(CONTINUED)

## A CIRCLING, CLOSEUP PAN OF PATIENTS' FACES

as they watch the scene, rapt, almost wistful longing in their faces. Most are elderly, but one is in her thirties, another in his forties.

## A ZOOM TO A NURSE

dispensing medication to a patient.

## A SIDE ANGLE ZOOM TO A NURSE

standing across from bed where a male patient stares at her, as she holds a cardigan sweater open, encouraging him softly to get up and slip into it.

## A ZOOM TO A WOMAN PATIENT STARING OUT WINDOW

About 60, she has a strong and scarred face. Her lips moving silently, her stare is vacuous. We will see her again in the final sequence as a character called NURSE "X."

## A ZOOM TO NURSE AT CHARGE DESK

She is filling in charts. We will see her again also in the final sequence (as the nude and bludgeoned nurse).

## A ZOOM TO FULL FIGURE OF A MALE PATIENT

shuffling along in slippers. His lips are moving as he mumbles to himself incoherently. He is elderly. PAN to his slippers.

## MED. REAR TRACKING SHOT AT ENTRY DOORS - KINDERMAN AND TEMPLE

They take a step or two inside and then halt. Temple is a young Virginian who radiates robust mental health, a contrast to Kinderman's gloomy air of foreboding.

TEMPLE

No, this is the Open Ward.  
They're all harmless.

KINDERMAN

Yes.

TEMPLE

Some more serious problems here too, though, of course. Some catatonics. Some with Alzheimer's... autism.

(CONTINUED)

## LOOSE FRONT TRACKING - KINDERMAN AND TEMPLE

TEMPLE

You can see, though, that mostly they're just old and very senile.

KINDERMAN

Then they move about freely?

TEMPLE

(amused)

Sure.

A toothless OLD MAN has ENTERED FRAME, accosting Temple.

OLD MAN

I want cereal this morning. And figs. Don't forget the damned figs.

As they leave him behind, another patient accosts Kinderman, the Elderly Woman in Black. Her voice is that of the killer in the confessional box! (She is the same Old Woman from earlier scene.)

ELDERLY WOMAN

Are you my son?

Kinderman halts and removes his hat; speaks with gentility and courtliness:

KINDERMAN

I would be proud to believe so.

ELDERLY WOMAN

You're not my son.

She stand behind as they keep walking. Temple points O.S.

TEMPLE

There's your girl.

## HIGH FULL SHOT - THE DAY ROOM

Kinderman and Temple are standing still, staring at an exceptionally frail-looking octogenarian (MRS. CLELIA) who sits catatonically on the edge of a chair. In her face there is a transparent, helpless innocence. After a moment Kinderman walks up to her while Temple stands back, watching.

(CONTINUED)

AT MRS. CLELIA

She is humming an airless tune, but as Kinderman's shadow falls across her she stops humming and looks up serenely and expectantly. Kinderman squats down close to her. Removing his hat:

KINDERMAN

Mrs. Clelia, my name is William Kinderman.

MRS. CLELIA

Yes.

KINDERMAN

Would you help me, please?

MRS. CLELIA

What about my radio?

KINDERMAN

Ma'am?

MRS. CLELIA

I said, my radio. Aren't you going to fix it?

(grumbling; away)

Nothing ever gets fixed around here. Just a whole bunch of pies and anchovies. Go away. I don't ever talk to strangers.

KINDERMAN

I'm the radio repairman, Mrs. Clelia.

MRS. CLELIA

Well, then, fix it.

KINDERMAN

What's wrong with it?

MRS. CLELIA

Dead people talking.

(she holds out her hands)

It's right here. Do you see it?

KINDERMAN

Yes, I see it.

MRS. CLELIA

I just knew you weren't really a radio repairman.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (4)

60

Kinderman looks quizzical.

MRS. CLELIA  
(continuing;  
compassionately)  
That's a telephone I'm holding.

Kinderman stares. She puts a maternal hand to his cheek. Her tone is comforting and consoling, and her expression is pitying as:

MRS. CLELIA  
(continuing)  
That's all right. Lots of people  
wouldn't know the difference  
either. It's all right. You have  
a very kind face. You'll do well.

CLOSEUP - KINDERMAN TURNING TO LOOK AT TEMPLE

FULL AT WINDOW - TORRENTIAL RAIN

61 INT. HALL OF PSYCHO WARD - FRONT TRACKING - KINDERMAN 61  
- TEMPLE - DAY

TEMPLE  
You caught her on a talkative day.

KINDERMAN  
You're being funny?

TEMPLE  
No, she's quasi-catatonic. In and  
out.

Kinderman has stopped, looking ahead.

KINDERMAN  
What's this?

62 INT. HALL OUTSIDE DISTURBED WARD - DAY

62

POV SHOT - THE DISTURBED WARD

Just ahead, the corridor has widened into a large square space. In the center is a circular glass booth, a control station. A Nurse (NURSE AWAD) looks up from some reading material and smiles. To the left is a formidable-looking heavy metal sliding door with a one-way glass panel in the center.

(CONTINUED)



62 CONTINUED:

62

AT TEMPLE - KINDERMAN

TEMPLE  
The "Disturbed" Ward.

Kinderman looks sideways at Temple, eyebrows arched. Temple reads his thoughts, shakes his head. Two POLICEMEN brush briskly past them. The search team has arrived.

TEMPLE  
(continuing)  
Sure, Neurology's just around the corner, but --

Kinderman puts a hand on his arm to stop him as he turns toward the Policemen who've gone by:

KINDERMAN  
(at Policemen)  
Look everywhere! Look in the closets! In the cracks in the walls!  
(back to Temple)  
I'm sorry. You were saying?

TEMPLE  
(bemused)  
Listen, no one could get out of there, Lieutenant. It's impossible.

KINDERMAN  
Certainly. But open it, please.

Temple nods at Nurse as he goes toward door, Kinderman following. The metal door slides open -- revealing still another metal door. Another press of a button in the control booth and the second door starts to side open.

63 INT. DISTURBED WARD - SHOOTING AT INNER METAL DOOR

63

as it slides fully open, disclosing Kinderman and Temple standing there. Kinderman looks around, walks in, and Temple follows. The doors slide shut behind them, Kinderman turning to look at the sound when first door slides into closed position. O.S., muffled, we hear disjointed RAVINGS AND MUTTERINGS of the inmates. Temple has moved to a four-button panel beside door, indicating it to Kinderman.

(CONTINUED)

## TEMPLE

To get out, you punch a four-digit combination. That sends a signal out to the control booth. The inner door opens. The control booth operator visually checks through the one-way glass, and if it's staff, she lets them out. And there's a new combination every day.

## KINDERMAN

I want to take a look around.

64 INT. ISOLATION CORRIDOR OF DISTURBED WARD - DAY

64

Kinderman and Temple are ambling toward us, Kinderman staring through each observation panel into the padded rooms. Muffled utterings, oaths and ravings. From somewhere, we hear a high-pitched MALE VOICE quietly calling out:

## VOICE

"Kinderman."

Kinderman stops short, turns half around to cell he just peered into.

## REVERSE ANGLE - KINDERMAN - TEMPLE

Observation window of cell Kinderman just passed is in f.g. of SHOT. Kinderman comes slowly back to it, frowning oddly. He stares into the cell.

## KINDERMAN'S POV

Padded cell. Light seeps through two high windows. A single bare light bulb hanging by wire from the ceiling. Against left wall, a cot. Sitting on it, head slumped to his chest so that we cannot see his face, a dark-haired man in a straitjacket. Long leather restraints affixed to his legs and to eyebolts in the floor. In the room, a cart bearing equipment for the checking of vital signs; a wash basin; a commode; and another fold-down at the right side of the room opposite the man in the straitjacket. He is PATIENT "X."

We hear BRISK FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

## ATKINS (O.S.)

Lieutenant?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

AT KINDERMAN - ATKINS IN HALL

ATKINS

Doctor Freedman's really pissed.  
He wants to see you.

65 INT. PATIENT "X"'s CELL (CELL 11) - DAY

65

We are CLOSE on the observation pprt. Kinderman nods,  
and quickly follows Atkins OUT OF FRAME. When their  
footsteps have faded to silence, we hear:

PATIENT "X" (O.S.)

"Death, be not proud..."

As the CAMERA SLOWLY ANGLES AROUND to a view of the  
cell of Patient "X" (NOTE: cover with a straight CUT  
to "X" for the entire speech):

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

"... though some have called thee  
mighty and dreadful, thou are not  
so, though soonest our best men  
with thee go, rest of their bones  
and soul's delivery. But those  
thou dost think'st thou dost  
overthrow, die not, poor Death,  
nor canst thou kill me..."

66 INT. NEURO CHARGE DESK OFFICE - DAY

66

The office is glass-enclosed, soundproof. In the room  
are Atkins, Temple, Freeman and Kinderman.

CLOSEUP - FREEDMAN

FREEDMAN

(angry and vociferous)

We're a hospital here, not a war  
front!

CLOSEUP - ATKINS

He's dialing a desk telephone.

FREEDMAN (O.S.)

How do you expect us to keep  
people calm when you're -- !

66A INT. NEURO CHARGE DESK AREA - DAY

66A

Through the glass we see -- but do not hear -- Freedman continuing his harangue at Kinderman, whose head is lowered as he repeatedly nods, sometimes answers. Temple is out of the way, downcast, arms folded. Atkins talks on telephone. We hear a door CREAKING as we see, reflected in the glass, two attendants wheeling Dyer's body out of his room on a gurney. Kinderman slowly looks up, stares numbly through the glass. Grief.

AT ATTENDANTS

wheeling out gurney with Dyer's body.

66B INT. NEURO CHARGE DESK OFFICE - AT FREEDMAN - DAY

66B

Simultaneously

FREEDMAN  
Look, I fully appreciate your trying to prevent further tragedy and horror. But think of the state of our patients' minds when you've got these policemen here prowling the halls with their...

ATKINS  
No no no! Send every schlepper and tech that we've got. Understand me? Everyone! Now! On the double!

AT ATKINS

Simultaneously

FREEDMAN  
... guns and their uniforms and SWAT teams, maybe. I mean, how can we --

ATKINS  
The Lieutenant wants fingerprints taken, all the hospital staff and some patients. Yeah, that's --

AT FREEDMAN

Simultaneously

FREEDMAN  
What? What was that he just said? He said fingerprints?

ATKINS  
-- right, get 'em over here, Joey. Get 'em over here now. On the double.

(CONTINUED)

66B CONTINUED:

66B

AT ATKINS

Simultaneously

FREEDMAN  
 Not on your life,  
 goddammit! No, sir!  
 No way, Jose! We've  
 got patients with  
 coronary problems,  
 with cancer. Think I  
 want a hundred lawyers  
 running up and down  
 the halls?

ATKINS  
 Listen, Joey, get it  
 done or it's your  
 ass. Understand me?  
 Do it. Just do it...  
 No, he's standing  
 right here. You want  
 to talk to him, Joey?  
 No, I thought not.

Atkins hangs up, watches Freedman.

AT FREEDMAN

FREEDMAN  
 Ever hear of malpractice suits?

AT KINDERMAN

KINDERMAN  
 (quietly)  
 Have you heard of the Gemini  
 Killer?

AT TEMPLE

as he looks up oddly at Kinderman.

FREEDMAN (O.S.)  
 Have I what?

KINDERMAN  
 I said --

AT FREEDMAN

FREEDMAN  
 Yes, of course I've heard of him.  
 So what?

AT TEMPLE

TEMPLE  
 (shadowed)  
 He's dead.

(CONTINUED)

66B CONTINUED: (2)

66B

AT KINDERMAN

KINDERMAN

That's right. He died in the electric chair.

AT TEMPLE

TEMPLE

And so why are we --

AT KINDERMAN

as he holds up hand for silence.

KINDERMAN

Please. Just a moment. I'll explain. Yes, the Gemini Killer is dead, we all know that. But remember all those stories in the press and on TV about the Gemini's strange M.O.? I'll remind you. Supposedly -- supposedly -- the victim's left-hand middle finger was always found severed, always found missing. In addition, on the victim's back, we were told, the killer would carve out a sign of the zodiac, the Gemini symbol, the "Twins."

INTERMIX MASTER, INDIVIDUALS, CLOSEUP REACTION SHOTS through Kinderman's long speech:

FREEDMAN

(impatiently  
dismissing)

That was fifteen years ago!

TEMPLE

Go ahead, Lieutenant.

FREEDMAN

Temple, why are you en--  
(courageing) --

KINDERMAN

(shouting)

Will you shut your mouth!

Freedman is stunned into silence. After a pause, still pinning him with his stare:

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN

(continuing; quietly)

The Gemini M.O. that you've heard about is false. The missing finger was not on the victim's left hand, it was on the right. And it was the index finger...

(holding up finger)

... this one! And the sign of the Gemini was carved not on the back, but on the victim's left-hand palm! Only San Francisco Homicide knew that, no one else. The misleading information was fed out to the press to help them weed out the crackpots coming every day and saying they were the "Gemini Killer." "How'd you kill them?"

(holds up left-hand middle finger)

"This finger I cut off," says the looney, "and on their backs I put my mark." "Next case." But in this case, gentlemen -- in this -- three decapitations -- three victims with...

(holds up right-hand index finger)

... this finger severed, the correct one! And the sign of the Gemini...

(displays left palm)

... here. Here! And one more thing. The Gemini wrote letters to the Chronicle boasting of his murders. And always he doubled his final l's. Whatever the word. Two l's. As with "wonderful."

REACTION SHOT - TEMPLE

He looks stunned.

AT KINDERMAN

KINDERMAN

(quietly)

Yes. And the victims' names: always starting with a "k", like his father, Karl, the famous evangelist that he hated and wanted to shame, that he wanted to kill and keep killing and killing.

(CONTINUED)

66B CONTINUED: (4)

66B

FREEDMAN

(awed murmur)

But the priest. Father Dyer.  
Joseph Dyer.

KINDERMAN

(quietly)

Father Dyer's middle name was  
Kevin.

67 INT. ISOLATION ROOM IN DISTURBED WARD (CELL 11) - NIGHT 67

The only illumination is from the light in the hall. We can make out PATIENT "X" sitting up on his cot, a straightjacketed figure in the darkness. We cannot see his face. We hear a whispered:

PATIENT "X"

Kevin.

68 EXT. GEORGETOWN HOSPITAL - NIGHT 68

We are SHOOTING SLIGHTLY UP FROM A LOW ANGLE, the scene DISTORTED BY A VERY WIDE ANGLE LENS. The street is nearly deserted and, still slick from the rain, reflects the gleaming moonlight. A breeze blows a styrofoam cup across the street.

69 INT. HOSPITAL PATHOLOGY LAB - NIGHT 69

A windowless basement area. Cadavers, the usual dissection tables, freezer lockers. Kinderman and Bruno. The latter is tall and very powerfully built; light reflects spookily from his rimless eyeglass lenses, further shielding whatever thoughts may lie behind this utterly stoical, expressionless face. The lighting is dim. As we COME IN, Kinderman is picking up a knife from table on which is spread many other instruments of dissection.

BRUNO

Even that could do it.

KINDERMAN

Would it take a lot of strength?

BRUNO

No, not at all. Very little.

As Kinderman places knife back on table, we TRACK with him and Bruno as they slowly move along it.

(CONTINUED)



69

CONTINUED:

69

KINDERMAN

I'm surprised.

BRUNO

Even less with a wire or a coat hanger.

KINDERMAN

Really.

Kinderman has stopped, staring at the most wickedly terrifying instrument imaginable, something resembling large garden shears. Bruno has followed his stare, picked up the shears.

BRUNO

Spring-activated. Open it, it closes on its own. \*

Kinderman has taken the shears from him gingerly, regarding them with awe. He opens them partway, but with great difficulty.

KINDERMAN

It takes strength just to open it. \*

Taking the shears:

BRUNO

Oh?

Bruno opens the shears quite easily, though we hear the SCRAPE of tight metal rubbing; and the blades snap back together viciously when he relaxes the tension.

BRUNO

A little stiff. Needs adjustment.

KINDERMAN

What's this?

BRUNO

What?

KINDERMAN

This. This label.

BRUNO

(removing it)  
Just - shipping tag. \*

KINDERMAN

It's new?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

BRUNO

Just came in.

KINDERMAN

A replacement?

Bruno nods.

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

Where's the old one? Missing?

EXTREME CLOSEUP - BRUNO

as he stares.

70 OMITTED

70

71 EXT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL - NIGHT (LIGHT RAIN)

71

LOW ANGLE UP SHOT AT DAHLGREN CHAPEL

WIDE ANGLE LENS. Nightmarish DISTORTION. Is there a mocking voice in the electronic MOAN that we hear?

72 EXT. HEALY BUILDING - NIGHT (LIGHT RAIN)

72

ANGLE AT HEALY BUILDING

from behind Dahlgren. An eerie, whistling WIND gusts lightly. From ground floor hallway and a second-floor office complex of the Healy Building, light glows. Wrapped in the wind SOUND is another: an eerie, lilt- ing VOICE -- Patient "X"'s -- moaning "Kinnnnnder- mannnn." Simultaneously, all the lights along the ground floor hallway begin to flicker.

73 INT. EMPTY GROUND FLOOR HALL OF HEALY BUILDING -  
LONG SHOT - NIGHT (LIGHT RAIN)

73

An eerie, pneumatic, frightening SOUND. The hall lights continue to flicker, and then they go out. And now we hear the same female GIGGLE that we heard in Holy Trinity Church.

74 INT. LANDING NEAR G.U. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT  
(LIGHT RAIN)

74

We are FOCUSED on a mural opposite office entry. From somewhere a muted SOUND of typing.

(CONTINUED)

74 INT. FOYER NEAR G.U. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT 74

A muted TYPING SOUND from afar and O.S. First we are FULL on a WALL MURAL opposite office. Then we are WIDE, disclosing door to office is ajar, and including a statue of the founder of the Jesuit order, St. Ignatius Loyola which, after the WIDE SHOT, we come closer to for a FULL SHOT STATUE. The round Roman collar is prominent and clear. During these SHOTS:

\*  
\*

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

Two priests and a crucified boy.  
Father Healv. There is clearly  
some religious connection. But  
what is it?

75 INT. UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT 75

The University President and Kinderman. The eerie, whistling WIND blows outside and occasionally RATTLES a windowpane. Scotch bottle on desk. The President swirls a drink around in the glass he is holding.

KINDERMAN

I don't know what I'm looking for.  
Father: I'm groping. But, besides  
being priests, what might Kanavan  
and Dver have in common? What  
connective little link might be  
between them?

The O.S. typing SOUND STOPS as the President looks down into his sadness. shakes his head.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

(barely audible)

I don't know.

\*

Kinderman acknowledges the reply with a slight nod, and then he too stares down reflectively. And the pendulum clock in the office abruptly STOPS. As they notice the sudden silence, the two men look up, find the clock with their eyes. After a moment, the President looks out the window. Murmuring:

\*

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

(continuing)

It could be that exorcism.

Kinderman looks over at him questioningly. The President turns to meet his gaze.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

The MacNeil kid -- Regan MacNeil. You  
know -- that exorcism over on Prospect  
Street that Damien Karras did. The one  
that killed him.

\*  
\*

From O.S. we hear that same suppressed, demonic, young female GIGGLE. Both men turn their gaze to the SOUND.

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED

75

POV SHOT - PARTIY OPEN DOOR TO RECEPTION ROOM \*

From outside, down the hall, an unearthly SOUND, as of WOOD CREAKING, the plank of an ancient ship, followed by an UNINTELLIGIBLE WHISPERING VOICE filled with sorrow and longing. The voice is wrapped inside a bellows-like breath SOUND. This slides into another strange and muffled SOUND, like plaster being lightly CHIPPED at with a chisel and hammer.

75A

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

75A \*

SHOT THROUGH OPENING IN DOOR TO PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

as the sound continues and the President and Kinderman stare. Then the SOUND abruptly CEASES. After a beat, slowly and deliberately, Kinderman rises and comes toward us and into a BIG CU, pushes door open very slowly. He looks around warily, then stares at: \*

DOOR TO HALLWAY - POV SHOT

The stained glass door is slightly ajar. \*

76

INT. HEALY FOYER AREA - NIGHT \*

We are SHOOTING from LONG down the hallway. The statue of Loyola is not where it was, it's gone; and just behind our vantage we HEAR more of the light CHIPPING SOUND, a hammer and chisel working plaster; plaster particles falling and hitting floor thinly. The SOUND CEASES as, after two or three beats, we see Kinderman slowly opening door to hallway. \*

CLOSE AT KINDERMAN PUSHING DOOR OPEN \*

The hall lights in ceiling begin to flicker. Kinderman glances up at them. \*

FULL AT ENTRY HALL FRESCO

as the lights continue to flicker.

LS HEALY HALLWAY

as the flickering lights dim, then go out entirely, yielding the hallway up to moonlight.

CU KINDERMAN

76

CONTINUED:

76

He is staring right down the hallway, but turns to us as he HEARS an O.S. EERIE CREAKING of WOOD, as of a surreptitious footfall.

LS OVER RAILING AT KINDERMAN IN DOORWAY

The detective is staring toward the continuing CREAKING SOUND, which is below our vantage, and is followed by the strange, whispered and hauntingly sorrowful and longing VOICE, unintelligible, and wrapped within some other disturbing ELECTRONIC SOUND, something we've never heard before.

LS KINDERMAN FROM STAIR LANDING IN HALLWAY

He is staring toward the fresco and railing. Out of his view, hidden behind wall to right and in foreground, is another statue of Loyola. It has been grotesquely desecrated, the face over the roman collar painted to look like "The Joker," Batman's arch enemy, and in one hand a long, wicked jungle knife has been propped. On its head rest sits a woman's long-haired wig. The knife, the mad stare, gleam in the moonlight. Meantime, down the hall, Kinderman moves warily right to left toward the railing.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

Back pressed against a wall, gaze angled toward Kinderman, it is an androgynous figure, hair long and unkempt, curly strings, and dressed in a priest's clericals, Roman collar and all. At its side a hand grips the handle of a wickedly long, gleaming medical dissection shears. Is it "Nurse X"? Mrs. Clelia? Dr. Temple? Kinderman looks up AT US, then retreats OUT OF FRAME.

UP SHOT FROM LANDING BELOW RAILING

Kinderman walks INTO SHOT, leans over, scanning area below. The lights flicker, dim down eerily.

REAR CLOSE ANGLE - KINDERMAN

We hear a muffled, quick PADDING OF FEET, very light. Almost in slow motion, Kinderman starts to turn to the SOUND.

Then, simultaneously, a terrifying SHRIEK of scorn assaults us, and a black-clad and gloved figure swiftly appears from LEFT SIDE OF FRAME and a little back of us, a gloved hand bolting to the nape of Kinderman's neck. The CAMERA RUSHES BACK from him as he jerks around with a start, emitting a brief, loud, involuntary cry, only to find himself faced by a SECRETARY wearing black sweater, black coat, jeans, bizarre black felt hat and Reeboks. In rapid succession:

SECRETARY

Oh, excuse me.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT (O.S.)

Alice?

She holds a folder.

SECRETARY

(to President O.S.)

The speech!

(hurriedly, she  
presses the folder  
on Kinderman)

Would you give this to Father,  
please, Lieutenant?

And as she hurriedly leaves:

SECRETARY

(continuing)

Gotta run. What's the matter with  
these lights?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

KINDERMAN  
(finishing it)  
Was Kintry's mother.

80 EXT. BOTTOM OF "EXORCIST STEPS" - NIGHT

80

We are ANGLED UP, SHOOTING from close to the bottom. The macabre priest figure (NURSE "X"), shears in hand and at side, walks quickly INTO SHOT, stands briefly staring down from top landing, then moves quickly OUT OF FRAME in direction of hospital.

81 INT. CRIME LAB COMPUTER ROOM - ESTABLISH - DAY

81

We are assailed by the loud WHIRRING of the computers.

CLOSE AT TWO COMPUTERS

Side by side, they suddenly halt. They have found a match: two identical sets of fingerprints.

CLOSE AT KINDERMAN - RYAN - FROM BEHIND COMPUTERS

KINDERMAN  
That's impossible!

82 INT. DYER'S ROOM IN HOSPITAL - ANGLE AT JARS - DAY

82

on bedside table. They are now empty. We hear slow, deliberate FOOTSTEPS approaching O.S.

CLOSE ON MRS. CLELIA

She is sitting on edge of bed. She turns to the O.S. SOUND as the footsteps halt.

FULL AT KINDERMAN

standing just past doorway.

FULL SIDE ANGLE - THE ROOM

Temple leans against a wall, measuring the dramatic change in Kinderman as the detective removes his hat, silently stares at Mrs. Clelia, whose hands are folded serenely in her lap as she turns her gaze away from Kinderman and casts her gaze downward and inwardly. A beat or two. Then Kinderman slowly advances to the bed, sits beside Clelia. His voice is almost gone.

KINDERMAN  
Mrs. Clelia?

(CONTINUED)

No reaction. Temple stares down at his shoes.

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

Do you remember coming in here  
when the priest died, Mrs. Clelia?

Now she turns to stare emptily at the detective, but makes no other move, no sound.

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

Do you remember?

MRS. CLELIA

You're the radio man.

Temple, surprised, looks up.

KINDERMAN

Yes, that's right. Do you  
remember coming in here?

A silence as she simply stares vacantly. Kinderman acts defeated, then makes another foray. He points to the specimen jars, now empty.

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

Do you remember coming in here and  
touching those jars?

At first, no reaction. Then she turns her head slowly to stare at the jars.

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

Why did you touch them, Mrs.  
Clelia?

Another silence. She does not move or speak.

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

Why were you in here? Did  
somebody bring you in here?

Another silence.

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

Was there anyone else in the room?  
Who was in here?

(CONTINUED)



82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

She turns her head back to Kinderman and points to the jars.

MRS. CLELIA

That radio isn't mine. Mine is newer.

Kinderman looks mutely at the jars, and then Temple.

83 EXT. DYER'S ROOM - DAY

83

Kinderman exits, defeated. Behind him, Temple comes out. A uniformed Policeman at the door.

TEMPLE

Oh, Lieutenant.

Kinderman stops, waits for Temple to catch up.

TEMPLE

(continuing)

I think there's something you should know.

84 EXT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - CHARGE DESK BOOTH - DAY

84

Outside, Charge Desk activity. Inside, Temple and Kinderman. We cannot hear the dialogue. Temple is talking. His manner is hesitant and strained. Kinderman's head is down, now and again nodding. Suddenly, the detective looks up attentively, caught by something Temple has said. Kinderman asks a question.

85 INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - CHARGE DESK BOOTH - DAY

85

TEMPLE

Yeah, that man in the isolation tank. You know, the one that you looked in on?

KINDERMAN

(quietly)

Yes?

TEMPLE

(hesitant and strained)

The police brought him in here fifteen years ago. They'd picked him up wandering the "C&O" Canal down around Key Bridge.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

TEMPLE (CONT'D)

Total amnesia. No ID. They brought him to us here and his condition grew worse. He ended up a catatonic, completely withdrawn without even any intermittent states of excitement, no going in and out of it at all. It was total. But recently...

He pauses, biting his lip, staring down. Kinderman waits.

TEMPLE

(continuing)

Well, about six weeks ago he slowly began to come out of it. Every day he got better. Just a little. But better. And then all of a sudden he got violent; really bad news. We've been giving him electro-shock therapy, and as of two weeks ago, he's been in isolation. The thing is, Lieutenant...

KINDERMAN

Yes?

TEMPLE

He says he's the "Gemini Killer."

86 INT. ISOLATION CORRIDOR OF DISTURBED WARD/CELL 11 86  
- DAY

Temple is unlocking door to padded cell. The door is pulled open and Kinderman looks in.

KINDERMAN'S POV - CELL 11

Patient "X." His head is sagging to chest so that his face is obscured.

87 INT. CELL 11 - REVERSE ANGLE - KINDERMAN STANDING 87  
IN HALLWAY - DAY

He slowly starts toward us, halts, looking down.

DOWN SHOT - PATIENT "X" - KINDERMAN'S POV

Slowly, "X" starts to raise his head, but before we see his face, we go to:

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

CLOSE SLIGHTLY UP ANGLE - KINDERMAN

watching. Then suddenly his eyes widen in shock. He takes a step backward.

88 OMITTED 88

89 INT. CORRIDOR OF DISTURBED WARD - DAY 89

Kinderman bolts out into the hall, reaches out, and slams the door shut behind him. He covers his face with a trembling hand.

Temple stares at him, puzzled. In a shaking voice, hand still over his face:

KINDERMAN

I want a file on that man! Get it now!

90 INT. TEMPLE'S OFFICE - DISTURBED WARD - DAY 90

Through a glass wall we see activity in patient's ward beyond. Agitated, Kinderman is whipping through the pages of a patient file, turning each page with a loud, snapping SOUND. Then he tosses it roughly into a filing basket. With a controlled edge to his voice:

KINDERMAN

This file is thin, Dr. Temple. It is thinner than a bakhlava leaf. No age. No description of what he was wearing. Were you here when this man was brought in?

TEMPLE

No, I wasn't.

KINDERMAN

Who was?

TEMPLE

Nurse Allerton, I think.

(leaving)

I'll go and get her, Lieutenant.

KINDERMAN

Yes, get her.

Kinderman watches him close the door behind him and move to a nurse (Nurse Allerton) talking to a patient in the ward.

(CONTINUED)

Kinderman picks up the file again distractedly, desultorily scanning and turning a page or two as Temple and Allerton converse, then come and enter Temple's office. As Allerton enters and sits:

ALLERTON

You want to know about the man in Cell Eleven.

KINDERMAN

Stretch your memory. What was he wearing when they brought him in? Can you recall?

ALLERTON

God, that's such a long time ago, Lieutenant.

KINDERMAN

Was he dressed like a priest?

She frowns in puzzlement at him.

ALLERTON

Like a priest?

KINDERMAN

Were there signs of any injuries? Blood? Lacerations?

ALLERTON

(indicating file)

That would be in the file.

Kinderman, clearly no longer himself, shouts harshly, picking up the file and slamming it down for emphasis of his words.

KINDERMAN

It is not in the file!

(to Temple)

It is not!

91 INT. ISOLATION ROOM (CELL 11) - SHOOTING AT DOOR - DAY

91

The door is pulled open by Allerton and Kinderman stands framed beyond the doorway, hands in coat pockets. He stares for a moment. Then he slowly walks forward into a CLOSE SHOT, staring down.

92 REVERSE ANGLE - CLOSE DOWN SHOT

92

as the straitjacketed Patient "X" slowly lifts his face up to CAMERA (Kinderman).

PATIENT "X"  
It's a wonderful life!

The man is Damien Karras.

93 INT. HALLWAY - NEUROLOGY WARD - DAY

93

We TRACK WITH Kinderman and Atkins as they walk briskly. Atkins tries to make notes as:

KINDERMAN

Two men in plainclothes on every ward. Rotate them. Twenty-four hours a day. And two in the Disturbed Ward; one inside close to the entry door, and one outside the door. Ask the Jesuits at Georgetown for dental records on a Father Damien Karras. And see if he ever had a saliva test taken. That would give us a positive identification.

ATKINS

What for?

Kinderman halts him.

KINDERMAN

Father Karras was a Jesuit psychiatrist at Georgetown University. The man was a saint. My best friend. I loved him. Fifteen years ago he jumped or was pushed to his death down that long flight of steps next door to the Car Barn. Atkins, I saw it. I watched him die.

(a beat)

He appears to be the man in Cell Eleven.

94 EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY - JESUIT CEMETERY - DAY  
(VERY LIGHT RAIN)

94

LOW WIDE SHOT AT GRAVESTONES

They are row on row. We hear a low eerie WIND and also the SOUND of gravediggers in the final stages of unearthing a coffin.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

At the moment, we hear DIGGING and earth being thrown.

AT NEARBY ROAD - POLICE AMBULANCE - PATHOLOGY ATTENDANTS

The SOUND of the digging, deliberate, inexorable.

AT KINDERMAN AND ATKINS

The ANGLE is slightly LOW. The men are staring down at the O.S. grave being excavated. An occasional shovel or dirt fly THROUGH THE FRAME and the wind has their coat-bottoms flapping.

KINDERMAN

Do you know what the physicists say now, Atkins? They say that there are no such things as things; that matter is really a kind of illusion, and electrons can travel from place to place without having to move through the space in between and can even travel backwards in time. In such a world perhaps there shouldn't be a thing like surprise.

The digging SOUNDS cease, the shovels put aside. And now we hear HASPS prying open the lid of a coffin. It slowly CREAKS fully open. Silence as they stare down into the O.S. coffin below.

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

It isn't him.

The wind picks up sudden energy and the coat-bottoms flop and billow vigorously amid swirling sand and rain.

95 INT. DISTURBED WARD CORRIDOR - AT ISOLATION ROOM DOOR 95  
- DAY

Nurse Allerton unlocks and pulls open the door, disclosing Patient "X" staring sardonically at CAMERA, smiling. SUBJECTIVE CAMERA (Kinderman) moves into the door as we hear DOOR close and lock behind us. Sardonically chuckling as "X's" gaze follows CAMERA as it moves to right and then drops about three feet.

96 INT. PATIENT "X'S" CELL (CELL 11) - ANGLE FROM NEAR 96  
DOOR

Kinderman is seated on a pull down canvas cot secured on bolts, opposite "X." Silence, except for the desultory DRIPPING of a leaky faucet. Then:

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN

Who are you?

Patient "X" continues to stare. A long silence. The DRIPPING. Then:

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

Who are you?

And now, in a voice that is a blend of electronics added to the voice of the actor:

PATIENT "X"

No one.

(a long beat, then)

Many.

A protracted silence as the men continue to stare at one another, motionless. The DRIPPING. Then:

KINDERMAN

Do you know me?

PATIENT "X"

I can do imitations. Listen.

Here "X" lays back his head and produces a sound that is the authentic NEIGHING of a horse. At the end he stamps his feet, like hooves. There is a silence. Then, at last:

KINDERMAN

Who are you?

PATIENT "X"

You know.

KINDERMAN

Are you Damien Karras?

PATIENT "X"

Ah, you haven't any medical records for him, have you? No tedious fingerprints?

KINDERMAN

Are you Karras?

PATIENT "X"

(in a raspy whisper)

I'm the Gemini Killer, James Venamun!

(CONTINUED)

A few beats. The DRIPPING.

KINDERMAN

The Gemini is dead.

The light bulb above them flickers wildly, then sputters, dimming the cell to an eerie semi-darkness. Kinderman's eyes go up to the light, then back to "X" as he chuckles softly, sardonically. Then opens his mouth in an O and from it there issues the SOUND, soft at first, of a train locomotive getting underway, then gathering speed, rushing down upon us, thunderous, KLAXON shrieking. It is a chilling, astonishing performance.

CLOSEUP - KINDERMAN

reacting, stunned.

FULL SHOT

In a moment, the imitation ceases. And now "X" imitates the train station announcement, from Kinderman's dream. It is the identical voice.

PATIENT "X"

"Your attention please. The twelve-eighteen to Elsewhere now departing from Track Eleven."

He laughs sardonically at Kinderman's look of shocked recognition.

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

Life is fun. Yes, I really am the Gemini, Lieutenant. I can prove it.

KINDERMAN

Why do you call me "Lieutenant?"

PATIENT "X"

Don't play games with me, fool! Remember Karen? Little ribbons in her hair? Yellow ribbons? I killed her. After all, it was inevitable, wasn't it? "A divinity shapes our ends" and all of that. I picked her up in Sausalito and then dropped her off at the city dump. At least some of her. Some of her I kept. I'm sentimental.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



PATIENT "X" (CONT'D)

It's a fault, but who is perfect, Lieutenant? Not me. In my defense, I kept her breast in my freezer for a time. I'm a saver. Pretty dress she was wearing. Little peasant blouse. Pink and white ruffles. I still hear from her occasionally -- screaming. I think the dead should shut up unless there's something to say.

Here he puts back his head and repeats the strident and chillingly authentic BRAYING of an ass. Then looking at Kinderman:

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

Be calm. I hear the sound of your terror ticking like a clock.

A silence. The DRIPPING sound. Then:

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

Yes, I also killed the black boy by the river. And the priests. Not my style. Not my normal cup of tea. Oh, yes, their names began with "K," that little modicum at least I was able to insist upon. But they were off my beaten track. You understand? I kill at random. That's the thrill of it. No motive. That's the fun. But the black boy and the priests were -- different. I was -- obliged -- to settle a score on behalf of -- a friend.

KINDERMAN

What friend?

PATIENT "X"

You know. A friend over here.

(a beat)

The other side.

Patient "X"'s tone drops the mockery, instead, a trace of uneasiness and -- fear. A beat, and then:

(CONTINUED)

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

I'm so cold.

(beat)

And afraid. There is suffering over here. It isn't easy. No, not easy. They can sometimes be cruel. Very cruel.

The CAMERA has begun a SLOW MOVEMENT DOWNWARD toward Patient "X."

KINDERMAN

Who is "they?"

PATIENT "X"

Never mind. I cannot tell you. It's -- forbidden.

After a silence, Patient "X" abruptly emits the LOWING of a steer, resonant, loud, authentic and shattering.

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

I do that rather well, don't you think? Well, why not? After all, I've been taught by the Master.

KINDERMAN

Who is that?

PATIENT "X"

The One. There is only One. By the way, do you know that you are talking to an artist? I sometimes do special things to my victims. Things that are creative. But, of course, it takes knowledge and a pride in your work. Did you know, for example, that decapitated heads can continue to see for about -- oh, perhaps twenty seconds. So when I have one that's gawking, I hold it up so that it can see its body. That's an extra I throw in for no added charge. I must admit it makes me chuckle every time. But why should I have all the fun? I like to share. But, of course, I got no credit for that in the media. They only want to print all the bad things about me. Is that fair?

(CONTINUED)

## PATIENT "X"

By the way, do you know that you are talking to an artist? I sometimes do special things to my victims. Things that are creative. But, of course, it takes knowledge and a pride in your work. Did you know, for example, that decapitated heads can continue to see for about -- oh, twenty seconds. So when I have one that's gawking, I always hold it up so it sees its body. That's an extra I throw in for no added charge. I must admit it makes me chuckle every time. But why should I have all the fun? I like to share. But, of course, I got no credit for that in the media. They only want to print all the bad things about me. Is that --?

## KINDERMAN

(with a sudden loud sharpness)

Damien!

## PATIENT "X"

Don't shout, please. There are sick people here. Observe the rules or I shall have you ejected. Incidentally, who's this Damien you insist that I am?

## KINDERMAN

Don't you know?

## PATIENT "X"

I know nothing. Except that I have to go on killing Daddy. I must shame him. Are they calling these "Gemini" killings in the papers? It's important. You must get them to do that, Lieutenant.

## KINDERMAN

The Gemini is dead.

(CONTINUED)

96

CONTINUED:

96

FULL AT PATIENT "X"

PATIENT "X"  
 (a look of menace  
 and a low hissing  
 voice as)

No, I'm not! I'm alive! I go  
 on! I breathe! Now see to it that  
 it's known or I will punish you!

\*  
\*  
\*

FULL AT KINDERMAN

KINDERMAN

Punish me?

\*

FULL SHOT FROM DOOR POV

PATIENT "X"

Yes. Do you dance?

\*

KINDERMAN

What do you mean?

PATIENT "X"

Never mind.

KINDERMAN

What do you --

The question is interrupted as "X" puts back his head and, with flawless pitch and in the voice of a choir-boy, begins to sing "Panis Angelicus." Just before completing a full verse, he breaks off.

PATIENT "X"

Did you like that? I think I'm  
 rather good. Yes, I'm multi-  
 faceted, as they say. Life is  
 fun. It's a wonderful life, in  
 fact. For some. Too bad about  
 poor Father Dyer.

AT KINDERMAN

He lifts a lowered head to stare at "X." Silence.  
 The DRIPPING. Then:

AT LEG RESTRAINTS

PATIENT "X" (O.S.)

(continuing)

You know I killed him.

(CONTINUED)

PATIENT "X"

Did you like that? I think I'm rather good. Yes, I'm multi-faceted, as they say. Life is fun. It's a wonderful life, in fact. For some. Too bad about poor Father Dyer.

Kinderman stares. Silence. Then DRIPPING. Then:

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

You know I killed him?

A silence. Then, as the CAMERA starts a SLOW MOVE into him:

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

An interesting problem. But it worked. First a bit of the old succinylcholine to permit one to work without annoying distractions; then a three-foot catheter threaded directly into the inferior vena cava -- or, in fact, the superior vena cava -- it's a matter of taste, don't you think? Then the tube moves through the vein from the crease of the arm and into the vein that leads into the heart.

Kinderman's eyes widen with growing certainty that this is the truth and his body leans slowly forward toward Patient "X." Meantime:

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

Then you hold up the legs and squeeze the blood manually into the tube from the arms and legs. A little shaking and pounding at the end for the dregs. It isn't perfect, there's a little blood left, I'm afraid, but regardless, the overall effect is astonishing, and isn't that really what counts in the end?

After the CAMERA has achieved a CLOSE SHOT of Patient "X," it PANS OVER to Kinderman, who is terrifying in his stillness and stiffness of expression.

(CONTINUED)

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

Yes, of course -- good show biz,  
Lieutenant -- the effect. And  
then off comes the head without  
spilling a single drop of blood.  
I call that showmanship,  
Lieutenant. But then of course no  
one notices. Pearls before sw- --

Kinderman has risen, moved to "X," and now backhands  
him across the face. Blood trickles down from "X"'s  
nose. Then he slowly lifts his head. A crooked grin.  
Kinderman trembles, still angry but remorseful. "X" is  
growing somnolent again as:

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

A few boos from the gallery, I  
see. That's all right. I  
understand. I've been dull.  
Well, I shall liven things up for  
you a bit, Lieutenant. The Master  
is throwing me a scrap from his  
table; a little reward for  
faithful service. Something fun.  
Something random. Something -- my  
way.

"X"'s head has sagged, his words grown slurry and  
barely audible. And now he emits a sardonic and weak  
little chuckle. Then Kinderman leans his head down  
close to "X"'s mouth to catch the faint words that now  
come:

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

Good night, moon. Good night -  
Amy... telling her beads... her  
beads... her --

His head drops all the way. Kinderman shakes him by  
the shoulder, looks up, alarmed, when he gets no  
response.

97 INT. HALL OF DISTURBED WARD - OUTSIDE CELL 11 - DAY 97

We are SHOOTING down the hall, where two policemen are  
posted. Beside door to cell, in f.g. of SHOT, is an  
emergency equipment cart. Atkins rounds a corner and  
is steadily approaching as Allerton hastily unlocks  
cell door, rushes into cell, disappearing from our  
view.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

He passed out.

ALLERTON (O.S.)

Again?

Kinderman has emerged, and beckons policemen to him.

KINDERMAN

Oh every shift -- pass it on! --  
one of you never leaves this post!  
Have you got that? One of you  
never leaves!

Allerton has appeared at the door. Grabbing the cart  
and pulling it into cell:

ALLERTON

I think he's hemorrhaging!

Kinderman takes Atkins by the arm, and we TRACK FRONT  
with them as he draws Atkins forward and away from the  
policemen.

KINDERMAN

Atkins!

ATKINS

What is it?

KINDERMAN

The man in that cell: he knows  
the details of the murder of a  
girl named Karen that happened  
many years ago.

ATKINS

Yes.

KINDERMAN

It was a Gemini killing that never  
appeared in the press.

From inside the cell, an outraged shout:

ALLERTON (O.S.)

What the hell is going on around  
here!

98 INT. TEMPLE'S OFFICE IN DISTURBED WARD - DAY

98

Kinderman sits at desk while Allerton bandages his  
hand.

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN

When I told you that the man in Cell  
Eleven fell unconscious, you said something.

ALLERTON

Really?

KINDERMAN

Yes, I think you said, "Again."

ALLERTON

Might have done.

KINDERMAN

You mean it's happened before, this --

He suddenly winces as she touches the hand.

ALLERTON

You want to hit people, that's what happens.

KINDERMAN

How often has he fallen unconscious before?  
Many times?

ALLERTON

No, not really. It's just been this week.  
I think the first time was Sunday.



KINDERMAN

And again?

ALLERTON

The next day. If you want exact times --

KINDERMAN

It's on your chart?

ALLERTON

Yes, that's right.

KINDERMAN

Any other times?

ALLERTON

Early this morning. Just before we found ...

She hesitates. He quickly leaps in.

KINDERMAN

Yes. That's alright.

ALLERTON

(barely audible)

I'm really sorry.

KINDERMAN

When this happens, does it seem like normal sleep?

ALLERTON

(tightly)

Nothing's normal about that man.

KINDERMAN

Does -- ?

ALLERTON

His autonomic system slows down to almost nothing: heartbeat, temperature, breathing. But his brainwave activity's exactly the opposite. It accelerates.

KINDERMAN

(softly pondering)

"Accelerates."

ALLERTON

There. Keep that on until the weekend.

Kinderman glances at the bandaged hand, flexes it absently.

KINDERMAN

You're most kind.

ALLERTON

No, I'm not.

KINDERMAN

Have you ever told the man in Cell Eleven what happened to Father Dyer?

ALLERTON

No, of course not.

KINDERMAN

Might someone else have told him?

ALLERTON

Why would they?

KINDERMAN

(eyeing her levelly)

I don't know.

ALLERTON

I don't either.

Abruptly rising to leave, Kinderman holds up the bandaged hand as:

KINDERMAN

Thanks again, Miss.

ALLERTON

Why did you hit him?

Kinderman turns to glance at her, holds the look a moment, then turns away, leaving. As she reaches for her cigarettes:

ALLERTON (contd)

Take it easy on that hand.

KINDERMAN

Yes, I will.

ALLERTON

(a murmur)

Save your servant.

Kinderman stops, glances back at her, his brow furrowed in mild puzzlement. She catches the look immediately.

ALLERTON (contd)

Oh, that's something that our "friend" said one time.

KINDERMAN

"Save your servant"?

ALLERTON

It keeps running through my mind.

KINDERMAN

An odd expression.

ALLERTON

What was odd was how he said it -- his voice. It was so different.

KINDERMAN

In what way?

ALLERTON

He sounded -- I don't know -- decent -- nice. And there was so much emotion in his voice; it almost made you want to cry.

KINDERMAN

And what else has he said in that voice?

ALLERTON

Only one other thing.

KINDERMAN

What was that, please, Miss?

ALLERTON

He said, "Kill it!"

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DUSK

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

He was buried the next morning. Closed coffin. The usual. All that I remember.

INT. RIGGS LIBRARY ON GEORGETOWN CAMPUS - DUSK

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

But who was the last person ever to see him? Would you know?

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT (O.S.)

Brother Fain.

KINDERMAN (O.S.)

Beg your pardon?

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT (O.S.)

Brother Fain.

Now we come up on the SCENE.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT (contd)

At least I think it was. Wait a second. Hold it.

(MORE)

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

(looks up, now certain)

Yeah, that's right. That's who it was. Brother Fain. He was left to dress the body and seal up the coffin. Then no one ever saw him again. Sad case. He'd always griped about the Order not treating him well. He had family in Kentucky and kept asking for assignment someplace near them. Never got it. Toward the end he --

KINDERMAN

(interjecting)

Toward the end?

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

He was elderly; eighty, eighty-one. He always said that when he died he'd make sure he died at home. We always figured he just split because he sensed it was coming. He'd already had a couple of pretty bad coronaries.

Kinderman begins to pale, reacts strangely. The President notices.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

(continuing)

What's the matter?

KINDERMAN

Brother Fain -- he had two heart attacks precisely?

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

Yeah, two. What about it?

No response. Kinderman is still reacting, thinking.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

(continuing)

Is -- ?

KINDERMAN

The man we found in Damien's coffin. You remember, he was dressed like a priest?

The President silently nods.

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

His vital organs were remarkably preserved.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

(very softly)

Is that so?

KINDERMAN

We did an autopsy, Father, and discovered -- Well, he was elderly, perhaps in his eighties, and we made out the scarring of three major heart attacks -- two before, plus the one that killed him.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

(just above a whisper)

Yes?

KINDERMAN

We have every indication that he died of fright.

INT. RIGGS LIBRARY ON G.U. CAMPUS - DUSK

Kinderman moves along the stacks, scanning book titles. He stops, touches a book. On the spine we read: The Roman Ritual. He plucks the book out, checks table of contents, then leafs back to page 645. His eye scans a little way down the page, and then he reads aloud, murmuring:

KINDERMAN

"Save your servant, who trusts in you, my God. Let him find in you, Lord, a fortified tower in the race of the enemy."

He looks up thoughtfully and we go TIGHT to the page he is reading from, ZOOMING to an EXTREME CLOSEUP of the heading:

CHAPTER II  
RITE FOR EXORCISM

101 EXT. KINDERMAN'S HOME - NIGHT

101

Only the kitchen light is on. Kinderman sits at kitchen table, reading. We hear the steady TICK-TOCK of a PENDULUM CLOCK in the kitchen.

102 INT. KINDERMAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

102

FULL AT PENDULUM CLOCK

The ominous, steady sound. The clock shows it to be 3:10.

AT THE TEA KETTLE ON STOVE

Steam wisping up from the spout. During the above we hear:

KINDERMAN'S VOICE

"In the twentieth century, at least in the western world..."

AT KINDERMAN

He sits at kitchen table sipping at mug of tea while he reads from a copy of a book called "POSSESSION," by Traugot Oesterreich.

KINDERMAN

"...over eighty percent of all victims of possession insist they are the spirit of someone dead."

\*

He looks up thoughtfully.

Now we hear an ominous, low SCUFFING SOUND, rhythmic and approaching, a sound like the inmates' eerie walk heard in earlier scene, and as Kinderman looks concerned and wary, we are PUSHING IN to an EXTREME CLOSEUP of him, which we achieve just as the sound stops. Then, as Kinderman's eyes dart to the sound, we hear the SOUND of a REFRIGERATOR being OPENED.

AT JULIE

Dead on her feet, she stands in her nightgown and ballet slippers, one hand holding open the refrigerator door as her crusted eyes stare into the fridge vacantly. Suddenly her hand stabs into the fridge, removes half a sandwich, and she shuffles away as if in trance, heading back to her room. We FOLLOW just long enough to TILT DOWN for a LOW, CLOSE TRACKING SHOT of her ballet slippers.

AT KINDERMAN

We hear the scuffing of the slippers again as he follows her with his eyes. She walks into SCENE, kisses Kinderman on forehead, leaves.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

'Night, Daddy.

KINDERMAN

Pleasant dreams, Julie, dearest.

JULIE (O.S.)

It's so late.

KINDERMAN

(softly to himself)

Yes, it is. It's very late.

(as his eyes find the  
text he was reading)

Very late.

He looks aside to a copy of New Testament lying open, face down, on his desk. He puts aside "Possession" and picks up New Testament. His fingers run down page, stop as he finds the passage. Reading aloud in a murmur:

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

"And Jesus said to the man who was possessed, 'What is your name?' And the man answered, 'Legion' -- for we are many.'"

Kinderman looks aside, thoughtfully frowning; then he murmurs:

KINDERMAN

(continuing)

"Many."

His gaze flicks up to:

SLOW ZOOM TO PENDULUM CLOCK

The TICK-TOCK growing louder, ever louder, then abruptly to:

Silence. The same familiar angle we have been establishing all along: Down the hall to the right, the Charge Desk; left and opposite the desk, Father Dyer's former room, now empty. A POLICE OFFICER ambles toward us and PAST FRAME: a SECOND POLICE OFFICER approaches the charge desk, leans across it to quietly converse with NURSE KEATING, who is writing entries in charts on desk. She is alone behind it.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

A flirtatious, familiar conversation. Then the Second Officer wanders around corner of Charge Desk and out of sight. We hear his soft STEPS fading down another corridor.

AT NURSE KEATING

writing. We hear something: an odd, CRACKLING SOUND. She looks up. Waits. We hear it again. She looks in the direction.

ANGLE FROM OTHER SIDE OF CHARGE DESK

Nurse Keating staring at door to patient's room two to left of Dyer's room. Door is slightly ajar. The SOUND -- twice.

ANGLE FROM END OF HALL

Nurse Keating stands staring for a time, motionless. Then slowly, reluctantly, she comes around from behind the Charge Desk. She stops in front of it, looks in each direction for a sign of a policeman. No one.

104 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - AT DOOR - NIGHT

104

The SOUND. Louder. From somewhere in this room. Very slowly and apprehensively, Nurse Keating opens the door, enters a step, looks.

KEATING'S POV

Stillness. A patient sleeping on side, faced away from us. The patient's hair is dark.

AT KEATING

entering very haltingly, scanning the room.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

scanning from left to right, then HALTS as we hear the SOUND again. CAMERA QUICKLY SHIFTS LEFT to sound's source. A drinking glass on bedside table. It contains ice.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Keating silently approaches the glass.

CLOSE ANGLE AT GLASS

The SOUND again: ice chips popping and cracking.

(CONTINUED)



ANGLE AT KEATING - GLASS - BED BEHIND HER

She puts a hand to her heart and exhales a slight sigh of relief. And suddenly emits a startled, terrified yelp as the patient rolls toward her in a lightning move, raising up and grabbing the bedrail.

PATIENT "A"  
Jesus Christ, can't I get any sleep? What the hell do you want?

NURSE KEATING  
I'm very sorry.

PATIENT "A"  
Bad enough you get me up at half-past-five to have breakfast.

AT NURSE KEATING BACKING OUT DOOR.

NURSE KEATING  
Sir, I'm sorry.

as she backs into hall, closing door.

PATIENT "A"  
Yeah, you're sorry. You do it on purpose. What's your name, you? I'm going to report you.

NURSE KEATING  
My name is Amy Keating. Goodnight.

Punctuating the line with a firm closing of the door, Keating starts back to the Charge Desk.

LONG ANGLE - HALL

The same as before. As she crosses, we hear from inside the room:

PATIENT "A" (O.S.)  
Angels of mercy, horseshit!

Reacting, Keating halts in mid-step for a beat or two as from various patient rooms comes a scattered and weak APPLAUSE. The Police Officer who chatted with Keating earlier comes to her.

SECOND POLICE OFFICER  
You okay?

(CONTINUED)

## NURSE KEATING

Yeah, I'm fine. I'm just jumpy,  
that's all.

## SECOND POLICE OFFICER

Okay.

While she goes back to behind Charge Desk, he goes to end of hall opposite CAMERA POV and posts himself in front of double doors, where there is a stool on which he sits and lights a cigarette. When Nurse Keating gets back to her papers, she looks over toward him and he waves reassuringly. She smiles and returns to her work.

ANOTHER SOUND. Different. Like an air compressor's sigh. Eerie. She looks up. ANOTHER SOUND -- more like a hollow knocking cushioned by velvet. She has turned her head to its source: Father Dyer's empty room.

## CLOSE AT NURSE KEATING

KEATING'S POV - DYER'S ROOM - THE NUMBER ABOVE IT

The SIGHING SOUND.

## LONG ANGLE DOWN THE NEUROLOGY CORRIDOR

Nurse Keating comes around the Charge Desk; hesitates to see that the Police Officer is still there, then moves slowly forward to the door. She does not see what we see in the b.g. A THIRD POLICE OFFICER has pushed open one of the double swing doors and silently beckons the Second Police Officer to come with him. The latter rises and both disappear behind the doors into the other wing. Meantime, Nurse Keating searches through her key hoop, finds the right one, unlocks the door to Dyer's old room. She pushes it open slowly and cautiously, and, before entering, reaches inside to the wall switch and turns on the lights in the room. Now she pushes the door fully open and looks around -- then she enters with an assured manner, disappearing from our view. And now the Second Police Officer comes back through the doors, but walks briskly around corner and out of sight down the hallway to the right, where we hear the SOUND of DOORS to another wing as he goes through them O.S. At the DOOR SOUND, Nurse Keating, brisk and calm, exits Dyer's old room, turns off the lights from outside, and starts back toward the Charge Desk.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

Almost immediately, the door to Dyer's room flies open silently behind her and, with an accompanying shriek of the SCORE, there swiftly emerges a figure hidden by the bedsheet draped over it, outstretched hands thrusting a pair of DECAPITATING SHEARS toward Keating at neck level. The moment the figure appears, we SWIFTLY ZOOM, but just before the shears overtake Keating, we go abruptly to the silence of:

105A INT. NEUROLOGY WING HALLWAY - NIGHT

105A

CLOSE AT HEADLESS STATUE OF CHRIST

The SOUND of steady, deliberate FOOTSTEPS reverberate.

106 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM IN NEUROLOGY WING - NIGHT

106

CLOSE AT TEMPLE

He is seated, hunched over in a chair, head buried in both propped hands. The FOOTSTEPS approach.

CLOSE AT ATKINS

seated on a window ledge, he looks up toward the footsteps.

AT SENILE OLD MAN - NURSE BLAINE

The Old Man is toothless, sits vacantly in a wheelchair. Seen leaning sideways against a wall behind him, red-eyed, face wet with tears, silently distraught, is Nurse Blaine. The FOOTSTEPS are near. They stop.

SENILE OLD MAN

Is it dinner time? I like dinner.

AT DOORWAY - KINDERMAN

He is standing in hall, looking into the room at O.S. bed, removing hat as we PUSH to him.

REVERSE ANGLE - THE ROOM

as we QUICKLY ZOOM to the bed where a white and blood-soaked sheet lies atop a headless body.

SENILE OLD MAN (O.S.)

I like dinner.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

AT OLD MAN

He looks up trustingly as Kinderman walks INTO SHOT, then stares into space and begins to make silent automatic movements. We PUSH TIGHTER as Kinderman crouches over, leans close to him, observing. Then Kinderman looks O.S., first inquiringly to Temple, then Atkins.

AT ATKINS

ATKINS

He's a patient from the Open Ward in Psychiatric. They found him passed out in the hall near the Charge Desk.

CLOSE AT TEMPLE

TEMPLE

He's semi-catatonic.

CLOSE TWO SHOT - SENILE OLD MAN AND KINDERMAN

SENILE OLD MAN

I like dinner.

CLOSE AT NURSE BLAINE

She silently convulses.

107 INT. CORRIDOR IN NEUROLOGY WING - NIGHT

107

In f.g., Stedman leans back against wall, CAMERA RIGHT, tapping a notepad against his side as he stares down at the floor. Muted and routine HOSPITAL INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENTS. Kinderman emerges from the patient's room, confronts Stedman. Stedman looks up at the detective's questioning eyes. The CAMERA has PUSHED IN to a CLOSE TWO.

STEDMAN

Nurse Keating was slit down the middle. Cut open. All her vital organs were removed.

INTERCUT FRONT CLOSEUPS - KINDERMAN - STEDMAN

A silence as Kinderman struggles to absorb the deadly information. Then:

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

STEDMAN

Then the killer stuffed the body  
with other materials and sewed her  
back up.

KINDERMAN

What other materials, Stedman?

STEDMAN

Rosaries. Catholic rosaries.

108 INT. DISTURBED WARD - ISOLATION CORRIDOR - EARLY  
MORNING

108

We are SHOOTING DOWN the empty hall. Kinderman is  
slowly approaching from the end of the corridor. WIDE  
ANGLE LENS. Some of the light bulbs in the ceiling  
flicker and burn out. Kinderman halts and casts his  
gaze up toward the lights.

109 INT. PATIENT "X"'S CELL (CELL 11) - EARLY MORNING

109

CLOSE AT SLOWLY DRIPPING FAUCET

CLOSE AT LEG RESTRAINTS ON PATIENT "X"

CLOSE AT LIGHT BULB DANGLING FROM CEILING

as it begins to flicker.

FULL SIDE ANGLE FROM DOOR POV

"X" is sitting on the cot. Kinderman is seated as  
before, on far side of room opposite "X." The light  
bulb continues to flicker, dims, flutters, puffs out.  
There is now light only from the hall (through the  
port) and the high windows. We INTERCUT A CLOSEUP OF  
KINDERMAN as his glance tilts up warily to the light,  
then back to "X." In a low, threatening growl:

PATIENT "X"

Stop going to priests. It takes  
months to get permission for an  
exorcism.

Silence again. The DRIPPING sound. Then:

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

Did you get my message? I left it  
with Keating. Nice girl. Good  
heart.

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN

(softly)

You killed her?

PATIENT "X"

You must put it in the papers, Lieutenant. You must tell them these are Gemini killings. I will make it worth your while. Death will take a holiday. Just once. For one day. In the meantime, about this body of mine. Friend of yours?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

"X" leans his head back and emits the strident BRAYING of an ass. Abruptly he breaks it off and stares at Kinderman.

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

Well, there I was so awfully dead in that electric chair. I didn't like it. Would you? It's upsetting. Yes, I felt very poorly. There was still so much killing to do, and there I was, without a body. So unfair. But then along came -- well -- my friend. You know -- one of them -- those "others" over there.

KINDERMAN

What "others"?

PATIENT "X"

(a loud whisper)

The cruel ones.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

A long pause; then:

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

The Master.

Silence. Only the DRIPPING. Then:

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

He thought my work should continue. But in this body. This body in particular, in fact. Let's call it revenge. A certain matter of an exorcism, I think, in which your friend Father Karras expelled certain parties from the body of a child. Certain parties were not pleased, to say the least -- the very least. And so, my friend --

(a beat)

-- The Master -- he devised this pretty scheme as a way of getting back; of creating a stumbling block, a scandal, a horror to the eyes of all men who seek faith: using the body of this saintly priest as the instrument of -- well -- you know -- my work. But that's a bonus -- a perk -- a little extra. The main thing is the torment of your friend Father Karras as he watches while his body rips and mutilates the innocent, his friends, and again and again, on and on! He's inside with us! He'll never get away! His pain won't end!

(an abrupt recovery and calm)

Gracious me, was I raving? Please forgive me. I'm mad. Now and then I have to shout and tell lies. Naughty lies. Now where was I? Oh, yes. Yes, the Master. He was kind. You see, he brought me to our mutual acquaintance, Father Karras. Not too well at the time, I'm afraid. Passing on. Yes. In the "dying mode," as we say.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (3)

109 \*

## PATIENT "X" (CONT'D)

So as Karras was about to slip out of his body -- is this true? -- why, the Master was slipping me in. Ships that pass in the night and all that. Slickly done. Oh, some confusion when the medics said Karras was dead. Well, he was dead, technically speaking. I mean, in the spiritual sense. His time was up. He wanted out. But I was in. A little traumatized, true; after all, his brain was jelly: lack of oxygen and all that sort of thing. Being dead isn't easy. Never mind. I managed. Yes, a maximum effort that at last got me out of that cheap little coffin. Vow of poverty. Disgusting. Never mind. Toward the end a bit of slapstick and comic relief when that old Brother Fain saw me climbing from the coffin. It's the smiles that keep us going, don't you think? The little giggles and bits of good cheer. But after that it was all blue Mondays for a while. Fifteen years. So much damage to Karras' brain cells. So many lost. It's not enough to be a spirit, you see. There's no magic. In this artificial box you call a world, we cannot touch except through bodies. Understand? We must operate through neurologic systems -- brains that function -- and your friend's was nearly past resurrection. Quite a chore to regenerate his puny little brain cells. Yes.

(going into a reverie)

It's taken fifteen years. So many years.

## KINDERMAN

Who are you?

## PATIENT "X"

(in reverie; barely  
audible; pitiable)

Just a traveling man. One who moves.

(CONTINUED)



KINDERMAN

Are you Karras?

PATIENT "X"

(his eyes shift  
venomously to  
Kinderman)

I'm the Gemini.

KINDERMAN

How can I believe that? \*

PATIENT "X"

You are issuing a clear invitation  
to the dance.

KINDERMAN

What do you mean?

PATIENT "X"

We shall see.

KINDERMAN

(troubled)

Please explain that.

PATIENT "X"

(raising voice)

We shall see!

Kinderman stares, puzzling over the exchange; he is  
worried. Silence. The DRIPPING. Then:

KINDERMAN

If you want me to believe that  
you're the Gemini Killer --

PATIENT "X"

(is he mocking?)

Oh, I do.

KINDERMAN

If you want me to believe it and  
believe that you are really  
committing these murders, you must  
tell me how you manage to get out  
of this --

Patient "X" interrupts, begins to sing "Drink To Me  
Only With Thine Eyes," in that pure, sweet choirboy's  
voice; then abruptly breaks it off in mid-phrase with:

(CONTINUED)

PATIENT "X"

I like plays. The good ones -  
Shakespeare. I like Titus -  
Andronicus the best. It's sweet.

He launches into the eerie LOWING of a steer. When  
it's finished:

PATIENT "X"

It's getting better. Incidentally,  
it was wrong of you to hit me.

KINDERMAN

How do you get out of here?

PATIENT "X"

Empty vessels are so easy to posses.

KINDERMAN

I don't understand that. \*

PATIENT "X"

Nor do I. \*

A few beats, then;

KINDERMAN

If you killed Nurse Keating, how  
did you get out of this cell?

PATIENT "X"

Just friends.

(a long beat)

Old friends. You know, Lieutenant,  
there are so many possibilities. I  
don't know. Do you think this might  
be true? I think possibly I really  
am your friend Father Karras. Maybe  
later I revived at -- well -- a terribly  
embarrassing moment and then wandered in  
the streets without knowing who I was.  
I still don;t, for that matter. And  
needless to say, of course, I'm quite  
naturally hopelessly made. I have dreams --  
of a red rose -- and then of falling down a  
long flight of steps. Is that something  
that actually happened to Karras? If it  
did, then I surely must have damaged my  
brain. Did that happen, Lieutenant?

KINDERMAN

(whispered)

Yes, that happened.

(CONTINUED)

PATIENT "X"

Other times I dream I'm the Gemini Killer. These dreams are very nice. They feel so comfortable. I go butchering and slaughtering at will, but it's always in someone else's body. Different bodies all the time. Many bodies. It's so odd. And I can't sort out the dreams from the truth. I'm deranged. You're quite wise to be skeptical, Lieutenant. Still in all, it's a fact that you're a homicide detective, so it's clear that there are people being murdered. I don't know. There are still so many other possibilities. Maybe the Gemini had an accomplice who is still at large and very active, Lieutenant; and perhaps I'm telepathic or have psychic powers that give me all my knowledge of the Gemini murders: the new ones; the old ones; the ones before time and space began and fire and the rage were born. Tell the press that I'm the "Gemini," Lieutenant. Final warning.

KINDERMAN

What was that?

PATIENT "X"

Never mind.

KINDERMAN

What do you mean?

PATIENT "X"

Never mind!

Silence. The DRIPPING. Then:

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

Father Dyer was silly; a silly person.

KINDERMAN

Who killed him?

PATIENT "X"

I've told you.

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN

Who -- ?

Patient "X" interrupts in a sudden shout that has the force of a thunderclap, a voice booming with an impossible volume and power:

PATIENT "X"

How many times must I tell you it was I! I, the Gemini, fool! It was I!

During the few beats it takes Kinderman to recover from this astonishing outburst, we hear the SOUND of a nurse running toward us down the hall. Then:

PATIENT "X"

(continuing; quietly)

I can help.

KINDERMAN

Help what?

PATIENT "X"

Your unbelief.

Another silence; then "X" sags a little. A soft sigh of weariness.

PATIENT "X"

(continuing)

I'm tired. So tired.

Kinderman rises, slowly moves closer to hear a STRANGE VOICE murmur:

STRANGE VOICE

Bill, help me!

It is, for the first time, the authentic voice of Damien Karras!

KINDERMAN

Damien!

But immediately "X" jerks his head up and emits a harsh, savage:

PATIENT "X"

No!

FRONT AT KINDERMAN

taken aback.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (8)

MERRIN #1

109

AT PATIENT "X"

PATIENT "X"

Little -- Jack Horner.

KINDERMAN

(stunned whisper)

Damien!

PATIENT "X"

Child's -- play -- Lieutenant.

*WOMAN  
50'S*

110 INT. NEURO WARD CHARGE DESK - DAY

110\*

CLOSE SIDE TRACKING AT WHEELS OF WHEELCHAIR

as it is pushed to Charge Desk by an ATTENDANT. Coming up on the SHOT, we are PULLING BACK AND AROUND TO A FRONT TRACKING on the patient in chair, a three-year-old boy (KORNER BOY). At the desk to receive him is NURSE MERRIN. She looks at the boy, frowning and troubled, then at the Attendant as:

ATTENDANT

Here's a handsome little fellah for you, Julie.

\*  
\*

NURSE MERRIN

(low and gritty)..

Are you kidding me?

ATTENDANT

Transfer from Pediatrics, Nan.

(leaning over to

boy, cajoling)

Got to have an operation tomorrow, right, Peter?

He hands Merrin a slip of paper. She scans it, looks gravely up and meets Attendant's gaze: it's serious. She drops her gaze to Korner. Tenderly:

NURSE MERRIN

Hello, precious. What's your name?

AT KINDERMAN

He comes to counter, his mind and emotions in turmoil.

KORNER BOY (O.S.)

Peter Vincent.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

NURSE MERRIN (O.S.)

Come on, smile. Let's see a  
smile.

Bending his head into propped hands:

KINDERMAN

(a whisper)

Dear God!

CLOSE AT MERRIN

NURSE MERRIN

Can't you smile for me, Peter?

CLOSE AT KORNER BOY

smiling shyly.

NURSE MERRIN (O.S.)

Why that's a beautiful smile.

AT KINDERMAN

looking up and over at the boy, then at telephone on  
counter as:

NURSE MERRIN (O.S.)

I can't read this, Jim. The last  
name? Is it -- ?

ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Korner. K-o-r-n-e-r.

AT KORNER BOY

as, happily, proudly:

KORNER BOY

Operation!

AT NURSE MERRIN

She's fighting tears.

NURSE MERRIN

(writing)

That's right. Going to make you  
lots better.

AT KINDERMAN

talking into telephone.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

KINDERMAN  
(consulting slip of  
paper)

May I speak to Father Healy? It's  
urgent.

FULL SHOT

NURSE MERRIN  
Now, let's see where we can put  
you up today, my little man. Oh,  
here we go. Four-eleven. Let me  
double-check something.

AT KINDERMAN ON PHONE

KINDERMAN  
Do you expect him back soon?

INDIVIDUALS OF KINDERMAN - NURSE - KORNER BOY -  
ATTENDANT

KINDERMAN  
(on phone; watching  
the boy)  
No, I'll try again later.

NURSE MERRIN  
'Bye, sweetie.

ATTENDANT  
Wave 'bye-'bye.

KORNER BOY  
'Bye-'bye.

KINDERMAN  
All right, thank you.

NURSE MERRIN  
(waving)  
See you later, alligator.

FRONT ANGLE - KINDERMAN

We are SHOOTING from the POV of a bench opposite Charge  
Desk. Kinderman comes TO US, and we ANGLE around as he  
sits. We COME IN CLOSE on him. He is thinking very  
hard. Then he looks up as he hears:

NURSE BLAINE (O.S.)  
Come on, sweetheart. Let's get  
back to your room.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (3)

110

KINDERMAN'S POV - NURSE BLAINE - AN OLD FEMALE PATIENT

The Nurse is guiding her. The Patient looks sweetly befuddled, wide-eyed and vulnerable.

NURSE BLAINE

Okay? Just take it easy.

The Patient turns to stare at Kinderman (O.S.).

CLOSE AT KINDERMAN

His brow furrows in deep thought. He remembers:

KINDERMAN'S VOICE

(reverb)

How do you get out of here?

PATIENT "X"'S VOICE

"Old friends"... "Empty vessels are so easy to possess." "Old friends." "Many bodies." "I'm a traveling man. One who moves. One who moves. One who -- "

It breaks as Kinderman lifts head.

111 INT. "OPEN WARD" - AT DOOR - DAY

111

Kinderman enters, stops, scans the room, then begins to walk through it. We FOLLOW him as he carefully scrutinizes each and every one of the patients' faces, alertly searching for some anomaly. Some of them sit, semi-comatose, catatonic and making automatic movements and mouthing words without sound. Kinderman stops to observe an old woman who is conversing with her radio. Then he turns his head, as if sensing some movement. Or sound. His brow furrows. We PULL BACK TO:

LONG SHOT - KINDERMAN - THE ROOM

Above and unseen by Kinderman, plastered to the ceiling, is Mrs. Clelia. She is upside down, her palms pressed to the ceiling, like an enormous insect. She scuttles rapidly about the ceiling in brief, silent, erratic bursts, making sudden stops, zigzagging, terrifying, as Kinderman slowly steps TOWARD US, still seeking the source of his discomfiture. As he stops, Clelia stops directly above him and cranes her neck down to stare at him. Everything else about the room is normal and just as it was.

(CONTINUED)



111 CONTINUED: 111

MED. LOW ANGLE AT KINDERMAN

Above him, Clelia, her long hair flopping down, her face a demonic mask of insane rage, scuttles into FRAME. \*  
As she cranes her neck to stare down at Kinderman below, a \*  
religious medal drops from her hospital gown and swings back \*  
and forth on its chain. Kinderman moves OUT OF FRAME. \*

111A INT. SUPPLY CLOSET IN "OPEN WARD" - DAY 111A

The arm of a woman garbed in nurse's uniform slowly and silently pushes the door slightly ajar, and through the opening we see Kinderman. Clelia. Kinderman is looking around. Just as he turns to stare in our direction, the door is pulled shut.

111B INT. "OPEN WARD" - AT KINDERMAN - DAY 111B

staring toward closet. He looks down. Something's bothering him. Then he looks up, scanning the room quickly, searching for something, frowning in puzzlement.

111C INT. NURSE'S BOOTH - DAY 111C

We are SHOOTING THROUGH THE GLASS FACADE at Kinderman as he turns his gaze TOWARD US. Thinks. Then he swiftly advances TOWARDS US. As he does, Clelia scuttles rapidly away from him.

111D INT. SUPPLY CLOSET 111D

Again the door is pushed slightly ajar from within.

111E INT. NURSE'S BOOTH - DAY 111E

Kinderman comes closer, and in the b.g. a figure in nurse's uniform (Nurse "X") crosses laterally from the supply closet alcove to the front doors of the room. She carries a white canvas shopping bag. She exits as Kinderman puts his face against glass, peers into booth. His gaze flicks downward and suddenly he is alarmed. He rushes around to the door to the booth, enters.

KINDERMAN

Oh my God!

KINDERMAN'S POV - NURSE - ZOOM

Sprawled on the floor, the almost nude body of the Open Ward/Ward Charge Desk Nurse established in earlier scenes. A small pool of blood around her head.

112 INT. HALLWAY NEAR "HARMLESS" WARD - MED. CLOSE 112  
FRONT TRACKING SHOT - NURSE "X"

Cadaverous of visage, hollow-eyed, the late-middle-aged woman walks with inexorable rhythm. B.g., the police guards in front of "harmless" ward conversing. As she rounds a corner into another hallway, she halts as we hear approaching CONVERSATION from behind CAMERA POV.

REAR ANGLE AT CONFLUENCE OF CORRIDORS

Nurse "X" slips into a darkened alcove and waits, staring sightlessly as Atkins, Dr. Temple, and Dr. Freedman appear and then stand in the confluence, continuing their conversation. The CAMERA TILTS DOWN to the large shopping bag she is gripping. Poking out are the gleaming tops of the missing dissecting shears.

FREEDMAN

But where do you draw the line?  
We have patients -- !

TEMPLE

The man is right! He's right!

A pneumatic WHEEZE... They have passed through a door and it closes.

113 INT. ROOM IN HOSPITAL - DAY . 113

The Korner Boy lies back on bed, Nurse Blaine fluffing his pillow.

NURSE BLAINE

Feeling sleepy yet?

Drowsy, he nods his head. TV is ON. CARTOONS.

NURSE BLAINE

(continuing)

Here, we'll leave on the picture  
but turn off the sound.

She does so, goes to door, turns off light, exits room.

CLOSE DOWN SHOT - KORNER

He is sleeping. Flickering rays of TV cartoons running silently FLICK OVER him. Darkness: the blinds and curtains are drawn.

FULL SIDE ANGLE

so that door to room and all of the Korner Boy are visible in SHOT.

(CONTINUED)

MERRIN #2  
P24.

After three slow beats, the door flies open swiftly but soundlessly. A Nurse enters, closes door behind her. She is carrying a shopping bag. Blaine returning?

CLOSE DOWN SHOT - KORNER

O.S. SOUND of shopping bag being set down on floor: RUSTLING of paper as something is slipped out of the bag; the soft FOOTSTEPS approaching us. Meantime, Korner stirs, turns over in bed, squinting AT US.

SIDE ANGLE - THE ROOM

Her BACK TO US, the nurse arrives at side of bed. She appears to be holding something in front of her, hidden. She starts to raise her arms and lean down toward the Boy with:

NURSE

Look what I've got for you,  
dearie.

AT DOOR TO KORNER'S ROOM

as Kinderman, Atkins, two policemen burst into room.

SIDE ANGLE - THE ROOM

Outcries from the Boy; the Nurse; the policemen as Kinderman grabs the Nurse in a stranglehold.

KINDERMAN

I've got her! Hit the light!

KORNER BOY

I want my -- (mommy)!

KINDERMAN

Hit the light! The -- (light)!

AT ATKINS

as he hits light switch by door and turns TO CAMERA.

AT KINDERMAN, NURSE MERRIN

choking in his arm lock:

NURSE MERRIN

You're choking me to death!

She is gripping a teddy bear.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

AT KORNER BOY - POLICEMAN

The policeman cradles the Boy protectively in his arms as:

KORNER BOY

• (crying)  
I want Mommy.

AT ATKINS

looking into shopping bag, which is filled with toys and stuffed animals. As Atkins plucks out a robot:

NURSE MERRIN (O.S.)

God Almighty!

AT NURSE MERRIN

She is kneading a sore neck as:

NURSE MERRIN

What the hell do you think you're doing?

AT KINDERMAN

staring at Merrin, perplexed.

NURSE MERRIN (O.S.)

Are you crazy? What on earth -- ?

AT KINDERMAN

as he shifts his gaze to Atkins.

NURSE MERRIN (O.S.)

-- is the matter with you?

AT ATKINS

lifting a toy robot from the bag and holding it up for the O.S. Kinderman.

ATKINS

Just toys.

AT BED - KORNER BOY - POLICEMAN

Merrin swoops INTO SCENE, pushing policeman aside and picking up boy to comfort him.

NURSE MERRIN

Is that a crime? Alright, sweetheart, don't be frightened.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (3)

113

AT KINDERMAN

KINDERMAN

(to himself)

Who is she after? She is after  
someone! Who?

AT MERRIN - KORNER BOY

NURSE MERRIN

Do you treat your own family like  
this?

FRONT TRACKING KINDERMAN

with Atkins trailing as Kinderman speeds for the door.

KINDERMAN

Come on, Atkins! We may only have --

Abruptly he stops, registers a dawning and shocking  
realization.

AT MERRIN

NURSE MERRIN

Aren't you leaving? Please leave!

REVERSE ANGLE AT KINDERMAN

His BACK TO US, he turns, staring at her, as:

NURSE MERRIN (O.S.)

I cannot wait for you to leave!

KINDERMAN'S POV - MERRIN

with a QUICK ZOOM TO AN EXTREME CLOSEUP of Merrin's  
name tag. It reads: "JULIE MERRIN."

CLOSE AT KINDERMAN

staring, wide-eyed. We PUSH IN GRADUALLY TO AN EXTREME  
CLOSEUP as we hear his thoughts:

PATIENT "X"'S VOICE

Do you dance?

KINDERMAN'S VOICE

I don't know what you mean.

PATIENT "X"'S VOICE

-- that's a clear invitation to  
the dance -- to the dance -- to  
the --

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (4)

113

The ZOOM ABRUPTLY HALTS as:

KINDERMAN

Julie!

114 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

114

Nurse "X" walks out into the street, the shopping bag in hand.

115 INT. KINDERMAN'S KITCHEN - CLOSEUP - TELEPHONE - DAY

115

RINGING. Mary's hand comes INTO FRAME, lifts off receiver.

FULL SHOT - THE KITCHEN - MARY

She is answering phone. B.g., Julie is at table reading a magazine while the MOTHER stirs a pot on stove, watching warily as:

MARY

(into phone)

Hello? Oh, Bill. Bill, honey, where -- ?

(she listens)

Um-hm.

(she nods)

Um-hm.

116 INT. NEUROLOGY CHARGE DESK - DAY

116

Kinderman, his manner urgent and fearful, is listening, a telephone at his ear. As the CAMERA PUSHES IN SLOWLY, we can hear the BUSY SIGNAL, louder and louder, and as Kinderman takes the phone a little away from his ear, at the loudest. He looks up, alarmed, and we QUICKLY CUT TO:

117 INT. KINDERMAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

117

Mary is still on phone.

MARY

Okay, sweetheart.

She hangs up phone moves to stove.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

MARY  
(continuing)  
That was Bill. There's a nurse  
coming over with a package.

118 EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY 118

A taxi tools along unhurriedly.

119 INT. TAXI BACK SEAT - DAY 119

Nurse "X" sits expressionless, staring straight ahead.  
Beside her on the seat sits the canvas bag.

120 INT. KINDERMAN'S KITCHEN - DAY 120

Again, the PHONE rings. Both Julie and Shirley make as  
if to answer it, when:

MARY  
No, don't answer it!

JULIE  
What?

SHIRLEY  
I shouldn't answer?

MARY  
Bill wants to keep the line clear  
for a while. If he calls, he'll  
give a signal: two rings.

SHIRLEY  
(a mutter)  
Now it's signals.

121 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY 121

Kinderman races out the doors, jumps into a waiting  
squad car.

122 INT. SQUAD CAR - KINDERMAN - POLICE DRIVER - DAY 122

The Driver is a tall and very brawny Stuntman.

KINDERMAN  
Come on, move it! Move it!  
Hurry! Break laws!

- 123 EXT. SQUAD CAR - GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY 123  
It lurches forward, burning rubber. Flashing lights come on, the SIREN wails.
- 124 INT. TAXI - NURSE "X" - DAY 124  
Her face a blank of dread, she turns head lightly to look out window.
- 125 EXT. TAXI - GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY 125  
Nurse "X's" cab, moving along at a smooth and inexorable pace, turns a corner leading into a quiet and arboreal residential area.
- 126 INT. SQUAD CAR - KINDERMAN - DRIVER - DAY 126  
Kinderman is frantic. Head bowed into fingertips, he murmurs:  
  
KINDERMAN  
Oh, please, God! Please!
- 127 INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR - GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY 127  
We are SHOOTING through the WINDSHIELD as the car SCREAMS around a corner precipitously, narrowly missing being sideswiped by an oncoming truck.
- 128 INT. TAXI - AT NURSE "X" - DAY 128  
Still staring straight ahead, she lifts a hand and rests it atop the canvas bag.
- 129 EXT. TREE-LINED RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY 129  
In a LONG ANGLE, the taxi rounds a corner and approaches us, slowing down and pulling over to the curb in front of Kinderman's house, though we cannot see the latter.
- 130 INT. TAXI ON TREE-LINED STREET - DAY 130  
The taxi slows to a smooth stop. Nurse "X" turns head to stare out window toward O.S. house.



131 EXT. GEORGETOWN ROAD - SQUAD CAR - DAY 131  
SCREAMING along.

132 EXT. TREE-LINED RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY 132  
CLOSEUP WOMAN'S GLOVED HAND RINGING DOORBELL - DAY

133 INT. KINDERMAN'S KITCHEN - DAY 133  
Mary, Shirley and Julie reacting to RING of doorbell.

MARY  
(wiping hands on apron  
and moving to answer)  
It must be the nurse.

134 INT. SQUAD CAR - KINDERMAN AND DRIVER - DAY 134

135 INT./EXT SQUAD CAR - STREET - DAY 135  
Another hair-raising driving maneuver SEEN THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD. SCREECHING of tires and SIREN.

136 INT. PATIENT "X'S" CELL - DAY 136  
We are CLOSE on the quiet scratchings of the EEG monitor on the emergency cart. The CAMERA TILTS UP SLOWLY to Allerton who lifts a section of the scrolling graph paper to examine it. Her narrowing eyes then shift to:

POV PATIENT "X"

unconscious on the cot, EEG sensors attached to his scalp, his eyelids fluttering rapidly. The scratching SOUNDS.

137 EXT. SQUAD CAR - CLOSE MOVING SHOT - DAY 137  
We are TRACKING the flashing light, the SIREN atop the car.

138 INT. SQUAD CAR - KINDERMAN, DRIVER - DAY 138

KINDERMAN  
Cut the siren! We're close!  
Driver shuts off SIREN.

139 EXT. KINDERMAN'S STREET - DAY

139

With CAMERA STATIONED in front of Kinderman's house, we see the squad car careen around corner far down the street, head for us, stop. Kinderman and Driver leap out of car, guns drawn.

AT KINDERMAN - DRIVER

We are SHOOTING from the POV of the front door of the house as the Driver peels around to the side and Kinderman rushes toward us. Fishing for a key in his pockets, he suddenly halts, raising his gun, as we hear the turning of door LOCK.

CLOSEUP FRONT DOORKNOB TURNING

and door starting to open.

AT KINDERMAN

leveling gun in crouch position. The CREAKING of the door opening. Then a look of surprise.

REVERSE ANGLE - FRONT DOOR - JULIE

A copy of Vogue in one hand, she stares at Kinderman, flicks her gaze down to the O.S. gun without interest, and then, picking up the magazine to her gaze, she calls into the house in a bored, distracted voice:

JULIE

Mother, Daddy's home.

Immediately, Mary is INTO SCENE, blankly eyeing the gun.

MARY

What's this?

140 INT. ENTRY HALL OF KINDERMAN'S HOME - DAY

140

as Kinderman instantly embraces Julie emotionally. In a husky whisper:

KINDERMAN

Oh, my precious!

JULIE

(annoyed)

Dad, I'm reading!

KINDERMAN

Thank God you're alright!

(CONTINUED)

SHIRLEY #2 132.  
140

140 CONTINUED:

Now Shirley makes her entrance, her hands laden with linen dinner napkins, silverware.

SHIRLEY

It's beginning. There's a Storm Trooper out in the back!

O.S. phone RINGS. Julie disengages, runs off.

MARY

Billy, what is going on?

KINDERMAN

(sheathing gun)  
I am crazy. That's the whole explanation.

SHIRLEY

(grudging praise as she exits into kitchen)  
Well, you're honest.

As Kinderman starts walking to kitchen, and Mary and CAMERA FOLLOW in a FRONT TRACKING SHOT.

MARY

Bill, let's start from the beginning. What's this -- ?

KINDERMAN

Everything's all right.

MARY

No, it isn't alright. What's this nurse thing?

KINDERMAN

(halting)  
What nurse?

NURSE "X" (O.S.)

Hey, hello...

He looks into kitchen.

141 INT. KINDERMAN'S KITCHEN

141

Julie is talking to a boyfriend on telephone. Shirley is setting table. And seated at table is Nurse "X." On her face a thin, inscrutable smile. We ZOOM to her as:

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

NURSE "X"

... Hello, hello. So nice to see  
you.

AT KINDERMAN

drawing gun and settling quickly into crouch-firing  
position, aiming gun at "X" as:

KINDERMAN

Julie, run! Get away!

Mary is INTO FRAME, pushing down his gun arm.

MARY

Oh, will you stop it!

AT NURSE "X"

Her expression is innocent, weary, befuddled. In a  
feeble old voice:

NURSE "X"

I'm so tired.

Shirley is setting the table, hesitates before setting  
a place in front of her.

SHIRLEY

Is she staying for dinner?

FULL SHOT - THE ROOM

as Police Driver comes quickly into kitchen, gun drawn,  
and Kinderman stands dumbfounded, staring at Nurse  
"X." Kinderman holds an arm up, stopping him.

KINDERMAN

It's alright, Frank.

MARY

(shouting)

I don't want all these guns in the  
house!

CLOSE AT JULIE .

JULIE

Look, I'm talking on the phone.  
do you mind?

(into phone)

Steve, I'll call you back later.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (2)

141

FRONT TRACKING KINDERMAN - POLICE DRIVER

Kinderman is slowly advancing to table as:

POLICE DRIVER

(befuddled)

Lieutenant?

KINDERMAN

(softly)

Put it up, Frank.

Mary comes INTO FRAME beside Kinderman as:

MARY

What kind of shenanigan is this, Bill? What kind of a nurse is this? Bill, I open the door for the woman, she faints, she wakes up and says, "When is it bedtime? I'm tired."

KINDERMAN

It's alright.

Mary marches back toward cooking area with:

MARY

Some alright!

Kinderman has stopped, crouches down slowly.

CLOSE SIDE TWO - KINDERMAN AND NURSE "X"

as his head comes INTO FRAME close to hers. His eyes examine her intently.

NURSE "X"

Is it bedtime?

KINDERMAN

(gentle compassion)

Yes. Yes, it's almost bedtime, dear.

NURSE "X"

I'm so tired.

KINDERMAN

Yes, I know. It's alright. It's alright.

AT MARY AT STOVE

turning on flame under pot.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (3)

141

MARY

The poor thing. I'm going to give her some soup.

AT KINDERMAN - NURSE "X"

as Julie settles into a chair between them with her Vogue.

JULIE

Excuse me, Daddy.

FULL SHOT FROM COOKING AREA

Shirley is at a serving table or dresser at left of table. Kinderman is straightening up, walking back toward us thoughtfully, shaking his head. Police Driver is on telephone, dialing.

AT MARY

heating soup kettle.

MARY

Bill, explain this to me, would you?

Kinderman is approaching, close to her; frowning in thought, he nods.

KINDERMAN

Yes, I will, dear. In a minute.

(beat)

Just a minute.

He has now walked into a big CLOSEUP, stopped.

NURSE "X" (O.S.)

Oh, Lieutenant.

The voice is altered, deeper, husky -- like Mercedes McCambridge's.

AT KINDERMAN

as he turns head with awful surmise.

AT NURSE "X"

as she bends toward shopping bag at her side, reaches into it and extracts a twin to the terrifying-looking dissection shears seen in the hospital lab. On her face, a demonic, spiteful glee.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (4)

141

NURSE "X"

I've been waiting for you,  
Lieutenant. I wanted you to see  
this.

She has opened the shears, moving them toward Julie's neck. Julie is oblivious, absorbed in her magazine. We have NARROWED THE SHOT to the shears, and are TRAVELING with them.

LOW ANGLE FRONT SHOT - KINDERMAN - "X'S" POV

He is tearing straight at us, right arm outstretched, shouting:

KINDERMAN

Julieeeeeeee!

CLOSEUP - MARY - SCREAMING

Both hands to her cheeks, horrified.

FULL SHOT - JULIE - SHIRLEY

as Shirley reaches out to grab Julie by the hair.

CLOSE AT JULIE - THE SHEARS' BLADES

Shirley's hand has Julie by the hair, yanking her out of reach just as the blades snap shut on the air where her neck was.

AT NURSE "X" - KINDERMAN - POLICEMAN

A struggle. "X" has enormous strength. She tosses off Kinderman and then, in a WIDE SHOT (SPECIAL EFFECT) tosses the Policeman as if he were a Saltine, sending him flying across room into wall.

CLOSE AT SHIRLEY - JULIE

staring in terror, Shirley embraces Julie protectively.

JULIE

Oh, my God, Gramma!

AT "X" - KINDERMAN

Once again Kinderman clutches at "X." They struggle. Her eyes gleam with a spiteful satisfaction at Kinderman as she hisses at him:

NURSE "X"

He's still inside with me, you  
know -- your friend!

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (5)

141

The words are cut off. "X"'s eyes widen, staring off as  
now there comes from her mouth a prolonged cry -- the  
real voice of Karras shouting:

\*  
\*  
\*

KARRAS'S VOICE  
Noooooooooooooo!

\*

And as Kinderman reacts with wonder, pressing with a  
furious determination, the CAMERA TILTS FORWARD AND  
DOWN with "X" as she is forced backward to the floor,  
with Kinderman hanging onto her as she emits the unearthly  
cry. The instant before they hit the floor:

\*  
\*  
\*

TO BE CONTINUED.



142 INT. CORRIDOR OF DISTURBED WARD - DAY

142

The CAMERA is positioned by the door to "X"'s cell. In the distance walking purposefully toward us, is Kinderman. Exiting the cell with an emergency cart is an INTERN, who pushes cart out of FRAME.

\*  
\*

Along the hall a PATIENT CALL LIGHT blinks on, then another, each accompanied by a CALL CHIME SOUND. As Kinderman arrives at Cell 11, Allerton emerges, closes door behind her. As she locks it:

KINDERMAN

He's awake now, correct?

ALLERTON

How'd you know that?

Her answer confirms something for Kinderman -- regrettably. He lowers head slightly, nodding as she turns to him.

\*

ALLERTON

We had to use electroshock. His vital signs were slowing down to zero.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KINDERMAN

Open up and then lock it behind me.

Allerton looks up toward another CHIME SOUND behind CAMERA POV:

ALLERTON

Oh, okay. You'll be long?

KINDERMAN

No, not long.

As she opens door and PATIENT CALL chime ahead sounds insistently, Kinderman enters and Allerton calls down corridor:

ALLERTON

Hey, somebody give me a hand down here, will ya?

\*

143 INT. PATIENT "X"'s CELL - KINDERMAN ENTERING - DAY

Allerton is closing door. Kinderman takes a few steps forward and stops.

(CONTINUED)

143

CONTINUED

143

AT PATIENT "X" - KINDERMAN'S POV

On his lips, a faint, mocking smile.

PATIENT "X"

Wasted morning. Don't worry. We'll  
get her.

AT KINDERMAN

as he draws his .38 Detective Special, holds it down  
by his side, his eyes brimming as:

KINDERMAN'S POV - PATIENT "X"  
sitting on the cot trussed in straitjacket.

AT KINDERMAN  
as from coat pocket Kinderman draws his .38 Detective Special.

KINDERMAN  
I believe. Pray for me, Damien. You're  
free.

His gun aimed at "X," Kinderman fires.

FULL SHOT FROM DOOR POV - THE CELL  
as Kinderman continues to fire deliberately, two more shots in  
all. Patient "X" slumps over on the cot. Kinderman lowers  
the gun to his side. From O.S., the racing of Allerton's  
FOOTSTEPS, the rattle of the key in the lock. Kinderman has  
crossed now to stand over the cot and we hear again -- and  
for the last time -- the authentic voice of Damien Karras, a  
dying murmur:

KARRAS  
We won -- Bill.

And as Kinderman raises the gun and places it inches from  
"X"'s head -- and brain --

EXT. POTOMAC BOATHOUSE DOCK - DUSK

Two giddy Georgetown students, a BOY and a GIRL. The Boy is in rowboat, and is tugging Girl by the hand to get in, and she is resisting, giggling.

BOY STUDENT

Come on, get in, Sue.

GIRL STUDENT

No, you promise first.

BOY STUDENT

Okay, no rocking.

From above, a MUFFLED GUNSHOT SOUND. A brief glance toward the SOUND by the Girl; it is but a moment.

BOY STUDENT

Let's go.

GIRL STUDENT

(getting aboard)

Okay, okay. Oh, we're lucky. It's a beautiful day.

BOY STUDENT

Sure it's beautiful. Mid-terms are over.

SHOT FROM VIRGINIA SIDE

The dock, the spires of Georgetown University behind it, the sun making dapples of gold on the water. We hear from afar, muted:

BOY STUDENT

God, I feel like I've been let out of jail.

GIRL STUDENT

Be romantic.

BOY STUDENT

"Be romantic"?

GIRL STUDENT

Recite something for me. Some poetry.

BOY STUDENT

Poetry.

GIRL STUDENT

Something really nice.

BOY STUDENT

Lemme see.

GIRL STUDENT

Something pretty.

BOY STUDENT

"When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me;  
Plant thou no roses at my head,  
Nor shady cypress tree:  
Be the green grass above me  
With showers and dewdrops wet;  
And if thou wilt, remember,  
And if thou wilt -- forget."

SCORE AND CREDITS.

FADE OUT.

THE END