

"THE FURY"

A Screenplay by

John Farris

Based on the Novel by

John Farris

FINAL
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NOTE: PRONUNCIATION

"GILLIAN" is pronounced with a hard G

"THE FURY"

FADE IN ON

EXT. GRANT PARK - CHICAGO - DAY

1

We're near the fountain, facing the city. The walkways of the park, on a fine summer day, are crowded, and there's a festival atmosphere.

CAMERA TRACKS BEHIND TWO GIRLS carrying schoolbooks. The girls are GILLIAN BELLAVER and her best friend LARUE. AS THE CAMERA MOVES CLOSER we overhear their conversation:

GILLIAN

...So I said, Mother, what do you want from me? You have this terrific job, you're all over the world, I get to see you once a month if I'm lucky, okay, I'm happy for you. I really am. Just don't try to run my life when you happen to be around the house for a few days, and feel like playing mom.

LARUE

They just don't know how to let go. But they get so hurt when you try to explain.

(thumbs through
a notebook)

Okay, let's see if you know this junk. January 10, 1946 --

GILLIAN

The first United Nations general assembly was held in London. I told you, I never forget dates --

LARUE

Who was elected president of the assembly?

GILLIAN

But I can't remember names! Ohhh... Larue, don't tell me, how am I going to get this straight if you --

LARUE

I didn't say anything.

GILLIAN

Yes, you did, you said 'Raymond,' I heard you.

LARUE

I did not, and his name wasn't
Raymond anyway, it was --

GILLIAN

Raymond...Dunwoodie!

Suddenly Gillian turns toward THE CAMERA with a look of
astonishment and, perhaps, apprehension.

GILLIAN'S P.O.V. - RAYMOND DUNWOODIE - DAY

2

standing behind a trash can, which obviously he has be
looting for discarded treasures to fill one of the
shopping bags he carries. RAYMOND'S hair is too long
unwashed, his glasses have one cracked lens, his clo...
is borderline bum. He is staring at Gillian in wonder and
delight.

INTERCUT:

ANGLE ON RAYMOND WITH THE GIRLS - DAY

3

as Larue also looks around.

LARUE

Who's Raymond Dunwoodie?

GILLIAN

He...is.

LARUE

Well, who's he?

GILLIAN

I dunno.
(disturbed)
Come on.

The girls walk on.

LARUE

Paul Henri Spaak of Belgium.

GILLIAN

Oh, yeah, right.

LARUE

The five permanent members of
the U.N. Security Council are --

GILLIAN

The U.S.; Russia -- I don't
know, let's skip it.

Cont.

Larue looks back; Raymond is following them.

LARUE
Guess what, we've got a buddy.

GILLIAN
God.

LARUE
Do you want to give him money?

GILLIAN
No.

LARUE
Well, he probably won't bother
us.
(looks at Gillian)
You're not afraid of him, are you?

GILLIAN
No. He's -- it's just that he's
in some kind of -- let's skip it,
hey, Larue?

She is prompted to look around again at Raymond, who is in
a high state of excitement and mopping his brow with a
handkerchief. He heads for a phone booth. The girls walk o

OUT 4-
7

ANGLE ON PARK DEPARTMENT VAN 8

stopping in the roadway not far from Raymond. We see a MAN
in a tree near Raymond, whose trimmer is really a sensitive
microphone monitoring Raymond.

ANGLE ON PHONE BOOTH WITH RAYMOND IN IT - 9
VAN IN B.G. - (SPLIT DIOPTR) - DAY

Raymond holds the receiver of the phone between his shoulder
and his ear as he takes a flat bottle of whiskey from a
shopping bag. His face is flushed with excitement.

PETER SANDZA'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Hello?

RAYMOND
Mr. Johnson? It's Raymond Dunwoodie.
Now look, I haven't changed my mind,
I mean there's nothing I can do for
you -- personally.

RAYMOND (Cont.)

(drinks)

But I may have somebody who
can locate your son.

PETER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

You better not be wasting my time.

RAYMOND

I'm at the beach. I made contact.
A kid, maybe seventeen. But she's
psychic.

PETER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Get her.

RAYMOND

I don't have her yet. But I could
get her. Listen, Mr. Johnson, it's
going to cost. I don't mean fifty
or a hundred bucks. Not for this
girl.

INT. PARK DEPARTMENT VAN

10

It contains sophisticated electronic eavesdropping
equipment, including TV screens. On two of the screens
we see Raymond in the phone booth. Two men in the van
listen intently to Raymond's conversation with Peter. A
third man, ROBERTSON, is on the telephone.

PETER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

How much?

RAYMOND'S VOICE

(o.s.)

One -- thousand -- dollars.

PETER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I don't have that much, Raymond.

ROBERTSON

Dunwoodie paid off for us. He's
talking to Sandza at the Plymouth Hotel.

X

CHILDRESS' VOICE

(o.s.)

Take care of Dunwoodie before we
pick up Peter. And find out about
the girl.

ROBERTSON
Checking already, sir.

(NOTE: Sc. 10 contains Sc. A-22)

NEW ANGLE - RAYMOND IN THE BOOTH - DAY

11

RAYMOND
That's a sad story, Mr. J.
Almost as sad as the story you
told me about your boy.

Cont.

PETER'S VOICE

(o.s.)
I can raise it. Where are you?

RAYMOND

You don't need to come to me,
Mr. Johnson -- I'll get the girl,
and then I'll get back to you.

And Raymond hangs up with a touch of arrogance, confident
that good fortune is smiling on him today.

EXT. PARK - NEAR A PARK DRIVE - DAY

12

Gillian and Larue are walking.

LARUE

The first time I didn't want to,
either, and it wasn't all that
great, he didn't know what he was
doing. But then it was okay. And
then after a while I mean God it
was fabulous --

GILLIAN

How come you're not still going
with him?

LARUE

Oh, you know, there were a lot of
severe personality conflicts --

NEW ANGLE - TO INCLUDE RAYMOND DUNWOODIE -
GIRLS IN B.G. WALKING AWAY FROM THE FOUNTAIN

13

Raymond follows.

LARUE

Sometimes I think you're not even
interested in boys.

GILLIAN

(preoccupied)
I'm interested.

LARUE

Buddy Maddox is still crazy about
you --

GILLIAN

I like Buddy. But I just don't
want to be pushed into anything
serious.

On the drive a police car appears, moving slowly. Raymond
looks at it.

REVISED - "THE FURY" - 7/8/77

FULL SHOT - GILLIAN AND LARUE WALKING -
RAYMOND IN B.G.

6
X
A-13

Gillian frowns and hunches her shoulders as if a cat has walked over her grave. She almost turns. In b.g. Raymond steps into a space behind tall bushes. After a few moments he reappears.

LARUE

Could I ask a personal question?

GILLIAN

Sure...

LARUE

Gillian, you're not afraid of sex, are you?

GILLIAN

No, of course not! I told you, Larue. I just don't like being -- pushed, that's all.

She looks back suddenly, but again Raymond has anticipated her, and hidden himself. The girls go a different direction, toward a wooded area. Raymond reappears.

OUT 14

NEW ANGLE - WOODED AREA - ANGLE ON TWO BOYS
NEAR GILLIAN AND LARUE

A-14

LARUE

Hey, there's Tommy Kavanaugh, that prick! I haven't seen him for weeks --

She goes running after the boys, leaving Gillian behind. Gillian watches with a slight smile, then goes to a water fountain for a drink. This section of the park is backed by trees and hedges, forming an effective maze.

HIGH ANGLE - RAYMOND AND GILLIAN - DAY

B-14

Raymond approaches Gillian, a hedge between them. In b.g. the police car is cruising. Gillian drinks from the fountain. Her back is to Raymond.

LARUE'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Hey, Gil, let's go --

As Gillian straightens up, Raymond moves as if to intercept her; then he hesitates and starts to turn his head. As he does so, he is shot in the head with a revolver, the sound of it all but lost in the vast space of the park.

OUT C-14-
17

REVISED - "THE FURY" - 8/15/77

HIGH TOP SHOT

7
X
18

Raymond falls over dead as Gillian hurries off to join Larue, oblivious to Raymond's fate. The police car we noticed earlier arrives on the SCENE, followed by another, followed by an ordinary sedan. Men converge on Raymond, whose right foot is still dancing spastically from the bullet in his brain.

The latest arrivals on the SCENE are two young men named ROBERTSON and DEMASI. Without hesitation Demasi kneels and turns Raymond's pockets inside out, finding a slip of paper with a phone number written on it.

OUT 19

ANGLE ON GILLIAN AND LARUE - DAY

20

chatting happily as they leave the park.

OUT 21-
26

EXT. SAN MARINO HOTEL - WEST VAN BUREN STREET -
DAY

The day clerk, general manager, chief bouncer and porter, a big balding man named BLACKFISH, does a desultory job of sweeping. A BUM in rags is huddled to one side of the steps where his face catches the sun. Blackfish turns his broom around and pokes the Bum in the ribs. He says meanly:

BLACKFISH

The Presidential Suite's ready
for you now.

The Bum smiles, barely conscious, barely sober.

BLACKFISH

Cost you three dollars a day for
the Presidential Suite. You got
three dollars?

The Bum shrugs apologetically.

BLACKFISH

How much has you got?

ANGLE ON THE STREET - DAY

A number of sedans appear, quietly, zip-zip-zip, and one of them is a dark sedan carrying CHILDRESS. Meanwhile the Bum searches his coat pocket, pulls out a handful of linty coins.

ANGLE ON BLACKFISH AND THE BUM - DAY

as the sedans pull up, bracketing the San Marino. Blackfish peers at the handful of change.

Cont.

BLACKFISH

Fifty cents? I wouldn't let you
piss on my steps for no 50 cents.

He looks at the sedans, now discharging men. Blackfish
gives the Bum a final poke.

BLACKFISH

Get on out of here, less you wants
to be teted off by all this law.

NEW ANGLE - DAY

30 X

The Bum creeps away as two men jog up the steps to the
beautiful San Marino and go right in, ignoring Blackfish,
who steps discreetly aside. These men are followed by
DeMasi, Robertson and GREENE.

Blackfish has lost his capacity for surprise, and police
in this hall are almost a daily occurrence. But he has
sized these men up instantly and realizes they are not
Chicago cops.

ROBERTSON

Step inside off the street, please.

BLACKFISH

Why, sure.

INT. SEDAN - ANGLE ON CHILDRESS - DAY

A-30 X

He is sitting by himself in the backseat, waiting.

OUT 31

CLOSEUP - A PHOTOGRAPH OF PETER

32

A reasonably good likeness.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

33 X

Blackfish, DeMasi, Greene, and Robertson, who is holding
the photo. More men coming in all the time; they seem
to know just where to go and what to do.

ROBERTSON

This man registered here?

BLACKFISH

Just come on myself, half hour ago.

Cont.

DEMASI

We think he's been here a few days.

BLACKFISH

(slyly)

Not the po-lice, is you?

DeMasi is handy with identification. Blackfish reads it with care.

BLACKFISH

I'm what you call well-traveled -- but I don't believe I've heard of you gentlemen befo'.

ROBERTSON

We don't spend a dime on public relations.

Blackfish hands the photo back to Robertson.

BLACKFISH

That would be Mr. R.V. Johnson in Room 512. Left off the el'vator.

DeMasi and Robertson move smartly toward the elevator. Blackfish calls to DeMasi, and produces a key.

BLACKFISH

Don't go bust my door down, guvmint man. Take a passkey.

He throws the key to them.

OUT 34

INT. FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY AND ROOM 512 - DAY A-34

DeMasi, Robertson and Greene get off the elevator and proceed to Room 512. They draw their guns; key goes in the lock. As the door opens, P.O.V. SHOT over their shoulders of Peter Sandza going through the window to the fire escape. He has a revolver in one hand. He's wearing only an old pair of trousers.

EXT. HOTEL FIRE ESCAPE - ANGLE FROM BELOW - DAY 35

as Peter jumps from the fire escape into the parking garage across the alley.

INT. ROOM 512 - DAY A-35

DeMasi climbs through the window, frees a walkie-talkie from his coat pocket. Greene makes a quick search of Peter's belongings. Among them are some well-worn press clippings..

INT. GARAGE - PETER - TRACKING SHOT - DAY

B-35

He runs down a ramp of the garage and is almost hit by a car coming up the ramp.

EXT. HOTEL FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

C-35

DEMASI

(into walkie-talkie)

He's in the parking garage.

Another car SCREECHES into the alley below DeMasi and more men get out. They run into the garage.

ANGLE ON PARKING GARAGE (FAR SIDE) - DAY

D-35

Peter leaps from the garage onto a fire escape outside a walk-up flat. He wrenches aside a defective window guard and climbs into a bedroom window, disturbing a couple of cats who had been lounging on the sill.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

E-35

Government men fanning out, searching for Peter.

EXT. HOTEL/INT. SEDAN - ANGLE ON CHILDRESS - DAY

F-35

as he listens to the communications between his agents on the car's radio. His face is expressionless.

OUT 36-
38

INT. KITCHEN OF THE WALK-UP FLAT - DAY

39

There are five cats. A man named NUCKELLS is watching the TV news while he eats his breakfast. He wears horn-rimmed glasses balanced on the end of his nose. His wife VIVIAN, in a housecoat, fries eggs and sausages.

Nuckells can't believe the outrages perpetrated on the citizens of the U.S. the day before. Each capsule report of calamity, doom and global ill-will is greeted with: "I swear to God!" or, "Can you believe this? Can you believe human beings act like this?" It is a sort of ritual with them, we gather.

VIVIAN

You ask me today where you can find the milk of human kindness, I have to tell you frankly, the whole world's dried up at the tit.

Cont.

NUCKELLS

(nodding)

I swear to God.

From another room of the flat Nuckells' aged MOTHER calls:

MOTHER NUCKELLS' VOICE

Vivian? (o.s.)

VIVIAN

Yes, Mother Nuckells. Be right there. Why don't you try to make it to the pottie by yourself for a change?

Not what Mother Nuckells has in mind. Her voice is shaky.

MOTHER NUCKELLS' VOICE

Vivian? (o.s.)
Somebody's in my room!

Nuckells reaches out to turn off the TV, growing pop-eyed with apprehension. His wife freezes to the stove and utters an urgent prayer. Peter Sandza appears in the kitchen doorway, gun in hand.

PETER

All right now. I won't hurt you.
I just need some clothes.

Behind him Mother Nuckells comes slowly down the long hall, using a walker. She may be half-blind and senile, but she's a big woman and she still has a strong voice.

MOTHER NUCKELLS

He came in my window. Who is he?

X

VIVIAN

(to her husband)

I told you we should have moved to Melrose Park. Harry, this wouldn't be happening in Melrose Park!

Nuckells can't take his eyes off Peter.

NUCKELLS

You want clothes?

Cont.

PETER

Old clothes. Anything you've got that's decent.

They appear not to understand. Peter almost shouts at them

PETER

You can see I need more clothes! I can't go anywhere like this.

NUCKELLS

(hopefully)
Just -- clothes.

PETER

Well -- I had to leave the hotel in a hurry. So if you could spare a couple of dollars --

NUCKELLS

(rolling his eyes
to heaven)
I knew it.

EXT. BORDENDALE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS - DAY

A-39

OUT 40-
42

INT. PHYSICS CLASSROOM - CLOSEUP - A LIONEL
ELECTRIC TRAIN - DAY

43

A vintage locomotive pulls a complement of freight cars around a circular track and across a trestle, amid styro-foam hills. SOUNDTRACK: A TONE which is the result of passive (Alpha) brain waves as recorded by an electro-encephalograph.

CAMERA PULLS BACK GRADUALLY during the following dialogue. An experiment in biofeedback technique is underway in the classroom. Gillian and Larue are members of the class. So is a young lady named CHERYL, who wears smart tinted glasses despite the fact the room has been darkened for the experiment.

The teacher is MRS. STRAFFIN. The guest lecturer is DR. ELLEN LINDSTROM, a neurobiologist doing parapsychologic research. The subject is an associate of Ellen's, a pretty young woman in her mid-twenties named HESTER MOORE.

Cont.

ELLEN

This is an example of bio-feedback. We're converting the very low voltage Alpha wave energy into electricity to run the train. And this train will only run when Hester is in Alpha.

Demonstrating this, THE TONE changes as Hester's wave changes to Beta (active). She finds her way back to Alpha and the train moves on.

CHERYL

(whispering)

Golly, I haven't had so much fun since I was two years old.

DEB

(whispering)

Can she make toast and put the coffee on?

ELLEN

As you may have hoped, at least I hope you've hoped, there are more practical applications of bio-feedback training. If you can learn to regulate your brain waves, you can gain control over your heart rate, blood pressure, headaches, back aches...even, ladies, cold feet.

DEB

(whispering)

My brother's into EST, and, you know, all that garbage --

ELLEN

I work at Paragon Institute, where we study the phenomena of extra-sensory perception; we're using bio-feedback techniques to tap the almost limitless resources of the human mind. By that I mean such things as thought transmission, commonly known as telepathy.

PAM

(whispering)

No more telephones?

Cont.

DEB
(whispering)
Bullshit. It's all bullshit.

ELLEN
In our opinion, too many of us
get by on a primitive level of
consciousness, much like twilight
sleep.

Ellen indicates another machine, a magnetometer, placed
where the girls can see the dials.

ELLEN
This machine is called a
magnetometer; it records
fluctuations of the human
electromagnetic field during
our experiments.

Beta again. The tone changes.

ELLEN
I guess Hester has had it.
Thank you, Hester.
(walking through
the classroom)
I want to stress that no
particular 'talent' is needed
to learn this...anyone can
achieve Alpha with a little
patience.

Ellen has come to Gillian; she smiles expectantly at her.

ELLEN
Would you like to try?

Cont.

Gillian makes a face and shakes her head emphatically. But they are all looking expectantly at her. A couple of girls snicker.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - GILLIAN

44

as the last electrode of the EEG is placed on her forehead.

ELLEN

Remember that 'Alpha' is another word for 'passive.' Try to visualize sitting in a theatre in front of a blank screen. Let that screen fill your mind -- okay?

Gillian shrugs and glances at the scale model train, then sits back listening to the Beta tone through earphones. Almost at once THE TONE CHANGES and the train moves. Dr. Lindstrom is frankly amazed; she glances at Mrs. Straffin.

ANGLE ON ELECTRIC TRAIN

45

picking up speed on the track, running without hesitation.

INTERCUT:

SHOTS OF GILLIAN'S PASSIVE FACE WITH THE TRAIN (GOING EVER CLOSER TO IT, UNTIL THE TRAIN LOSES SOME OF ITS "TOY" LOOK) AND THE FACES OF THE GIRLS WATCHING HER

46

Then, while HOLDING on Gillian, we:

CUT TO:

INT. DR. SUSAN CHARLES' DRESSING ROOM - CLOSE ON
SUSAN - GILLIAN'S P.O.V. - SPLIT DIOPTER - DAY

47

As the train continues to whiz around the track on the lower part of the screen, Susan climbs from her bath and wraps a towel around herself.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A-47

IN SLOW MOTION the scale model Chief cracks up realistically amid styrofoam hills.

OUT 48-
50

MAGNETOMETER

51

registering a phenomenal gauss count.

FULL SHOT - GILLIAN

52

as she rises and cries out, tearing the electrodes from her head.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF HARRY AND VIVIAN-NUCKELLS
- DAY

53

The room is cluttered with bric-a-brac including two cats and three kittens. Mother Nuckells, thrilled to have company, is seated near Peter Sandza, talking a streak. Mr. and Mrs. Nuckells are side by side on the sofa and under the gun, petrified. Peter has dressed. He's eating from a plate in his lap, his gun steady in the other hand.

MOTHER NUCKELLS

I'd say I'm pretty sound, considering the ravages of time. For instance, I don't have the use of any more than one of my limbs or vital organs. Good thing the Lord God Jehovah built in so many spare parts. But when the old ticker gives out, well, that's it.

PETER

Sure 'nuff.

VIVIAN

How long -- do you think you'll be staying?

PETER

(his mouth full)

Can't tell.

Cont.

MOTHER NUCKELLS
Oh, shuddup, Vivian. Let this
boy enjoy his breakfast.

She puts a hand on Peter's knee and looks up at him,
blind but obviously taken with him.

MOTHER NUCKELLS
What is it they want you for?

PETER
(smiling grimly)
I'm a high-level security risk.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

54

Cheryl enters, where she is joined by her friend Betsy.

BETSY
Did you get it yet?

CHERYL
No.

BETSY
(consternation)
It's been almost three months --

CHERYL
Shut up, Betsy.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA

55

Several girls, including PAM, JODY and DEBORAH, are looking
at, and gossiping about, Gillian.

JODY
I used to really like Gill, you
know --

DEB
I don't know what to say to her
anymore. That big show she put
on in biology this morning --

Cont.

PAM

I think she's losing her mind --

JODY

Sometimes she looks at you and
it's like she knows something
about you -- that just gives me
the creeps --

PAM

Creepo --

JODY

Yeah, oh, right --

DEB

(more practical)

Oh, well, you don't believe all
that stuff -- about Gillian being
psychic --

PAM

Maybe it's worse than that. She
could be possessed. I mean it.
Well, it happens.

DEB

Come on, Pam. That stinks --

Gillian and Larue reach the table; there are two seats
available. Pam attempts to keep them from sitting down.

PAM

Gillian, I was saving that seat
for Cheryl --

LARUE

How about this one?

PAM

Well, you could have that one,
Larue --

LARUE

Why don't you shove it up your ass,
dear? C'mon, Gil, sit down.

X

As they sit, Cheryl arrives. Pam goes into a flap.

PAM

Cheryl, I tried to save you a
seat, but Gillian just took it --

Cont.

Unnerved by Cheryl's grim look, she overturns a glass of milk.

CHERYL

Good Lord, Pam, if you're that nervous why don't you masturbate?

She puts her tray down and appropriates a chair elsewhere, squeezing it in at the head of the table, sitting beside Larue, with Gillian on her left. There is momentary silence at the table. The girls are giving Gillian the eye. Gillian is determined not to be bothered. She and Larue put their heads together and talk quietly. Gillian nods and smiles.

CHERYL

You two are so sweet. When'ya getting married?

Both girls give Cheryl their full attention, which is all she wanted.

CHERYL

Seen any ghosts today, Gillian?

A strangled giggle from ONE OF THE GIRLS. Gillian glances at Larue, who says on her behalf:

LARUE

That's not very funny, Cheryl.

CHERYL

Gillian's not very funny. I mean, there are more mature ways of getting attention, don't you think?

Gillian then looks across and smiles vaguely at Cheryl, not conciliatory but not wanting to fight, either. She goes back to her lunch when Larue changes the subject for everyone's benefit, but Cheryl continues to stare at Gillian.

LARUE

Have you seen Mr. Wadkins' new girl friend?

That prompts a CHORUS: "Oh, wow." "Where do you suppose he found her?" "She teaches Romance Languages at Hunter." "Oh, God, no, she's a teacher?" "You know who she looks like?" "Who?" "You mean you haven't seen 'Deep Throat'?"

Cont.

CHERYL
(to Gillian)
Read my mind.

GILLIAN
What?

CHERYL
Tell me what I'm thinking. Right now. I mean, read my mind, that's what they say you can do, isn't it?

GILLIAN
No, I can't read minds! That's ridiculous.

LARUE
Listen, Cheryl --

CHERYL
Shut up, Larue! I just want to find out something, that's all.

GILLIAN
(tired of it all)
Okay --

CHERYL
Hey, great! Everybody pay attention. Gillian's going to perform for us.

GILLIAN
I didn't say I was -- I'm no mind reader. I don't even know what I'm thinking half the time.
(the joke falls flat)

I don't know anything about crystal balls or -- that junk. Can't we just -- drop the subject?

CHERYL
Oh, Gillian, you're so full of shit.

A couple of the other girls appear to agree.

LARUE
Cheryl, you asshole. Just stop.

GILLIAN
(quietly)
She can't help being upset. She has to take it out on somebody.

CHERYL

What'd you say?

Gillian has had enough. She starts to pick up her tray. She says, with foreboding:

GILLIAN

Oh, hell, you don't want everybody to know you're preg --

As she starts to walk away, Cheryl rises indignantly and grabs her.

CHERYL

I'd like for you to explain that remark, Gillian! Just what do you think you know about me?

CLOSEUP - CHERYL'S HAND ON GILLIAN

56

Then we:

CUT TO:

BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE TWO GIRLS

57

The girls around them in SOFT FOCUS. As tension builds a trickle of blood appears below one of Cheryl's nostrils. And Gillian is in the reverie we noticed during the biofeedback experiment.

GILLIAN

I won't tell. I don't want to hurt you, Cheryl. Let go! I don't want --

CLOSE ON CHERYL

58

as she reacts to the blood flowing. OUTCRY FROM THE OTHERS.

FULL SHOT - THE TABLE

59

The girls reacting as Cheryl rises, blood copiously spilling and staining her clothes, both hands to her face. Gillian retreats as Cheryl screams in panic. UPROAR IN THE CAFETERIA as a couple of teachers rush to Cheryl's side.

ANGLE ON GILLIAN

60

Still retreating in horror, she runs into Mrs. Straffin.

GILLIAN

I couldn't help it, I couldn't!
I'm sorry! God, I'm going to
be sick!

EXT. THE SAN MARINO HOTEL - NIGHT

61

Traffic is fairly heavy; most of the stores are open along West Van Buren, and the sidewalks are crowded.

ANGLE ON COURTYARD - LOOKING UP AT LIGHTED
WINDOWS OF THE NUCKELLS' FLAT - NIGHT

62

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

63

Mother Nuckells, using her walker, comes clumping in, talking as if she's never stopped. She says to Peter:

MOTHER NUCKELLS

I put some cookies in a bag
for you, you might get hungry
later on.

Peter is preparing for his getaway. He has tied and gagged Harry and Viv Nuckells on the sofa. "M*A*S*H" occupies the TV. Peter is wearing Harry's clothes, which are baggy on him. He has also appropriated Harry's glasses and whitened his hair with liquid shoe polish. From a distance, he'll do. X

MOTHER NUCKELLS

How's your hair, dry yet?

PETER

It's fine.

MOTHER NUCKELLS

That Shinola will wash right out.

PETER

I've finished tying the folks up.
I'd appreciate it if you could
wait until after 'MASH' to let
them go. X

MOTHER NUCKELLS

'MASH?' I'll wait till 'Sunrise
Semester!'

X

Peter grins at her and picks up a cane which Grandma probably used in her more sprightly days.

Cont.

MOTHER NUCKELLS
Might as well just leave 'em
there. They ain't got anything
to say I want to hear. I've
heard it all before. Peter --
that your real name?

PETER
Uh-huh.

MOTHER NUCKELLS
Can't think of a reason why you'd
make up lies to tell me, what do
I matter anyhow? So if all you've
been telling me is the truth --

PETER
I haven't lied to you.

MOTHER NUCKELLS
Then I hope you find your son.

PETER
(grimly)
If he's alive, I'll find him.

MOTHER NUCKELLS
And if those Feds get in your
way -- shoot 'em. Just shoot
'em. It's all they deserve.

PETER
There's a lot of them. And they
just keep coming at me...

MOTHER NUCKELLS
(trembling with
indignation)
Kill 'em!

Peter puts a hand on her shoulder and kisses her cheek.

PETER
Don't get all worked up
Mother Nuckells. 'Bye.

Cont.

Peter leaves with his cookies and his cane. As soon as the door closes the Nuckells begin to struggle and mumble behind their gags; they fall in a heap off the sofa. Mother Nuckells just turns and clumps her slow way out of the room, shaking her head.

ANGLE ON WEST VAN BUREN STREET - NIGHT

64 X

Peter emerges two doors down from the San Marino, coming out of an alley, moving haltingly like an old-timer. He immediately attracts the attention of two BLACK YOUTHS, who follow him, sizing him up, whispering to each other.

But Peter is soon aware that he has worse troubles: men who are a little too well-dressed for the neighborhood are 1.) behind the heavy grill of a store window, 2.) watching the street from a car, 3.) watching from a rooftop and 4.) the elevated track overhead. The neighborhood is blanketed by his pursuers, he can't escape.

ANGLE ON CLARK STREET - NIGHT

65 X

In the uptown traffic there's a white Cadillac that has a showroom sparkle about it. In the car are two off-duty policemen, still in uniform: BOB, behind the wheel, and MARTY, his middle-aged partner.

INT. BOB'S CAR - TWO SHOT - NIGHT

66 X

Music playing.

BOB

Listen to that, I mean have you ever heard better fuckin' stereo sound in your life?

MARTY

(grinning)

You lucky son-of-a-bitch.

BOB

You got to get you one of these, Marty. It'll change your whole outlook. You'll still be broke, but you won't be drivin' broke.

MARTY

Oh, you lucky son-of-a-bitch.

Cont.

Bob caresses the dashboard of his new car as if it's a particularly erotic portion of a woman's anatomy.

BOB

Aw, baby, do I love you? Yeah!

EXT. WEST VAN BUREN STREET - ANGLE ON PETER-
FIXED BY BINOCULARS - NIGHT

67

as he slows in the middle of the street, almost stop
wondering what to do.

EXT. ANGLE ON THE WINDOWS OF THE SAN MARINO HOTEL
- NIGHT

68

High up -- they command the street. Childress and Robertson
are at these windows behind Peter. There are OTHER MEN in
the room, the command post. WE HEAR WALKIE-TALKIE CHATTER
IN THE NIGHT: "Position N, Position N, report." "Position
H, we think our man has made us." "Okay, Position H, hold
where you are. There's no place he can go."

ROBERTSON

(to Childress)

How can you be sure it's Sandza?

CHILDRESS

He had to be in the neighborhood.
All we had to do was wait. Peter
trained me. I know his style.

ROBERTSON

Ten months. And two million
dollars to track him down.

He looks awkwardly at Childress' ruined arm.

CHILDRESS

It might even be worth it.

EXT. CLARK STREET - NIGHT

69

The white Cadillac with the two cops in it is checked by
a red light. In b.g. Peter suddenly moves faster, crossing
the street, his cookies and cane in one hand. His shooting
hand is in his coat pocket. He taps on the right side
window of the car.

EXT. TO INT. THE HOTEL - NIGHT

70

Now Robertson has binoculars trained on Peter.

Cont.

ROBERTSON

What's he doing?

POSITION N'S VOICE

(walkie-talkie)

Looks like off-duty cops in that Cadillac behind us.

CHILDRESS

There's nothing he can do now.

But he looks a little worried.

EXT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

71

Marty has rolled down the window,

MARTY

Help you?

PETER

You're under arrest.

MARTY

Whaaatt?

Marty sees the revolver then, the muzzle a scant four inches from the major artery in his neck.

PETER

You're under arrest -- for impersonating police officers. Move over, I'm taking you in.

Peter drops the cane and cookies in the street, and as the light turns green he hops into the front seat with the two policemen.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

72

BOB

Hey, look, buddy, what the hell do you think you're --

MARTY

(acute anxiety)

Bobby, Bobby, he's got a piece. It's sticking in my armpit, Bob!

Cont.

BOB

(to Peter)

Okay. What do you want me to do?

PETER

Make a U-turn. Down the alley
and head for the drive. Fast.

EXT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

TIGHT TRACKING SHOT as it swings around the corner,
right into the alley, goes very fast and straight down
the alley.

EXT. CLARK STREET - NIGHT

A-73

Chase cars one and two follow.

INT. CHASE TWO - NIGHT

74

LANDER and GREENE. Greene has the walkie-talkie.

GREENE

Position H, he's with those
cops, running west -- bound
toward the drive. Do we take
him off their hands?

EXT. TO INT. COMMAND CENTER AT THE HOTEL - NIGHT

75

Childress shakes his head as he and Robertson move to the
door.

EXT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

A-75

Approaching Lower Wacker Drive.

ALLEY - CHASE ONE AND CHASE TWO - NIGHT

B-75

They are westbound after the Cadillac, which they have
temporarily lost sight of.

ALLEY - ANGLE ON DOOR - NIGHT

C-75

Swings open, propelled by a man carrying trash can into
the narrow alley.

EXT. ALLEY - FROM INSIDE CHASE ONE - NIGHT

D-75

They just miss the man and send the trash can flying, losing
a headlight in the process.

REVISED - "THE FURY" - 8/15,

28

ANGLE ON MAN IN DOORWAY - NIGHT

E-75

as Chase Two flashes by, inches away.

EXT. WEST VAN BUREN - NIGHT

F-75

Car awaits Childress and Robertson.

EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE - NIGHT

G-75

CADILLAC goes by followed by Chase One and Chase Two v
Quincy Street.

INT. CHASE ONE - NIGHT

H-

CHASE ONE DRIVER

(into microphone)

Chase Two, we have him on the drive
at Quincy, northbound. Topguy One,
do you copy?

EXT. CAR - ANGLE ON CHILDRESS AND ROBERTSON
- NIGHT

I-75

ROBERTSON

(on radio)

Chase One, copy. We are right
above you.

X

EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE - NIGHT

J-75

Cadillac flies toward us, followed by the two chase cars.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

76

Peter looks behind him, sees the chase cars bunched back
there. Then he looks at the fog bank across the river.

BOB

(to Peter)

Should I drive a little faster?

PETER

No, drive slower.

BOB

Slower?

PETER

Right now you're the only two
people in the world I feel safe
with. I want to enjoy your company.

Cont.

Marty and Bob exchange looks. Marty does the humoring, as Bob gratefully slows down.

MARTY

Sure, sure, why not? We'll just, like, cruise around, and maybe after a while you want to talk, What's your name?

PETER

Peter.

MARTY

I'm Marty and this is Officer Eggleston.

BOB

Hi, Peter. Why don't you call me Bob?

PETER

Hi, Bob. New car?

BOB

Picked it up half an hour ago. I, uh, sure wouldn't want anything to happen to it.

PETER

(preoccupied)
Don't blame you.

MARTY

(sniffing)
Is that -- shoe polish in your hair, Peter?

PETER

Yes, it is. I'm in disguise.

MARTY

(chuckling)
That's a pretty clever disguise.

PETER

It didn't work, though. They were waiting for me. They must have waited all day. I have to give Childress a lot of credit. The son-of-a-bitch.

MARTY

(very sympathetic)
Somebody's after you, is that it?

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

A-76

ROBERTSON

What do you suppose he's telling those cops?

CHILDRESS

Whatever it is, they won't believe him.

OUT

77

EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE - TRACKING SHOT - CADILLAC
NORTHBOUND - NIGHT

78

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

79

PETER

I worked for a government agency you never heard of. They took my son away from me. They needed him, so they just took him. It's a frightening power these people have. They can make anybody disappear, any time. Somebody's got to stop them. But I'm only one man...

Marty's seriousness matches Peter's.

MARTY

Yeah, well, that's right, and if you don't mind my making a suggestion -- maybe we can help, Peter.

BOB

(nodding, also
very serious)

You see, Pete, Marty and myself have had experience dealing with, you know, the kind of people who get their kicks from bothering other people, harassing them --

MARTY

I've got an idea, why don't we all stop and have some coffee and --

Peter all but screams at them:

Cont.

PETER

Don't stop! And get the hell
off the drive! We're sitting
ducks down here!

MARTY

(sweating)

Okay, Peter -- look, man we're
on your side. We're just trying
to help.

OUT

80-
81

EXT./INT. CAR - NIGHT

82

CHILDRESS

(into radio)

Chase cars, tighten up on the
Cadillac. Go alongside if you
can. Let's find out what Peter
has in mind.

EXT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

83

Chase One and Chase Two close in slowly.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

84

PETER

Two sedans have been following
us. Standard government issue.

Bob checks his mirror, says softly to Marty:

BOB

He's right about that. They've
been with us all the way.

PETER

(icily calm now)

Bob, I want you to lose those cars.

Ahead of them is a busy intersection at the foot of a bridge.
Fog obscures the other (north) side of the bridge. Heavy
traffic crosses the intersection.

BOB

Lose -- ? Uh, well, how do you
think I should go about -- ?

Cont.

PETER

There's a construction site the other side of the bridge. When we get there, follow my instructions exactly. Understand? Because if they can make me disappear, they can make you disappear, too.

EXT. INTERSECTION

85

The Cadillac stops for the light. Stealthily, ominously, Chase One and Chase Two pull up into flanking positions.

INT. CHASE ONE

86

The man riding shotgun cocks his automatic weapon.

INT. CADILLAC

87

Peter intently watches the traffic at the intersection. Marty and Bob are surreptitiously checking the occupants of the two Chase cars, who are surreptitiously checking them. No one can see very well.

EXT. CHASE TWO

88

It rolls to within twenty feet of the Cadillac.

INT. CADILLAC

89

We have come full circle in the attitudes of the cops toward Peter. They were convinced he was crazy, but his calm determination plus the fact that two cars have been tailing them has rattled the officers. Marty clears his throat nervously.

MARTY

Something going on here -- they look like Feds to you?

BOB

Who knows?

Marty tries to smile at Peter.

MARTY

Peter -- I'm worried that gun's going to go off -- you know, by accident, when we hit a few bumps.

PETER

You do have something to worry about there.

Cont.

BOB

You said across the bridge when
the light changes?

PETER

We're not going to wait for the
light to change, Bob.

BOB

We're not?

PETER

GO! --

Peter yells, having picked his spot, and Bob reacts
instinctively, flooring the accelerator to catapult the
Cadillac through a space between two trucks.

ANGLE ON INTERSECTION - NIGHT

90

Chase Two is immediately in pursuit, but has to play stop
and go with vehicles skidding through the intersection.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

91

BOB

(praying)

Oh, God, please God -- don't let
anything happen to my new car!

ANGLE ON THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

92

The Cadillac slashes by; it is followed, at a distance of a
couple of hundred feet, by the Chase cars.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

93

Ahead of them are yellow warning lights delineating the
construction site. There are flashers, reflectors, luminous
long arrows marking access and detours -- in the fog it's a
hazardous maze.

PETER

Turn right between the second and
third flasher -- and GET MOVING!

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

94

The Cadillac skids onto a road between flashers.

PETER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Put your lights out!

REAR TRACKING SHOT - CADILLAC - NIGHT

95

The lights go out, and almost immediately the car is swallowed by fog. Only flashers and arrows remain, the arrows pointing in different directions, indicating areas for night deliveries.

CHASE TWO - NIGHT

96

comes skidding into the site and slows. Chase One almost plows into Two from behind. Chase One then pulls up beside Two.

CHASE ONE DRIVER

Which way?

CHASE TWO DRIVER (LANDER)

I don't know! You go right, I'll go left. Kill your headlights, they're no good in this soup.

INT. CHASE TWO - NIGHT

97

as Lander follows the left-hand arrows.

OUT

98

EXT./INT. CAR - NIGHT

A-98

Childress looks across river at the construction site.

CHILDRESS

(on radio)

Now we know what Peter had in mind.

INTERCUT:

CHASE ONE WITH CHASE TWO - NIGHT

99

as they prowl at very low speed through the construction site. This sequence is lit by strobe flashers that resemble heat lightning in hell, the territory fenced and angled, huge pieces of construction equipment appearing out of the fog-like prehistoric beasts. Gradually the sequence should assume the proportions of a king-sized nightmare. Both drivers and their partners have automatic weapons ready. They are very tense. The men in the two cars communicate by radio, each man speaking in low tones. Otherwise, they're lost touch with each other. The truth is, they're just plain lost.

EXT. CHASE TWO - NIGHT

35

100 X

creeping through the site.

CADILLAC - NIGHT

101

From concealment behind a shed it pulls out behind Chase Two and follows at a funereal pace just far enough behind to be invisible.

INT. CHASE TWO - NIGHT

102 X

They are approaching another collection of flashers and arrows.

GREENE

Now what?

LANDER

Don't know.

(pause)

Hear anything?

GREENE

I don't know. Do you?

LANDER

Yeah. I definitely hear something.

The Cadillac behind them suddenly comes alive: musical horn, flashers, spotlight -- and swings out around them at high speed. In front of Chase Two it makes a sharp right turn and disappears down an alley. All of its lights go off again. Lander steps on the gas and Greene gets on the radio.

GREENE

Chase One, Chase One, we're in pursuit of the Caddy --

CHASE ONE DRIVER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

What's your position, Chase Two?

GREENE

How the hell would I know?

EXT. CHASE TWO

103 X

comes to a barrier and screeches to a stop. Backs up. Greene rolls down the window. His weapon is the American 180, an automatic rifle equipped with a laser light that pinpoints the target by projecting a dot of red light. Lander keeps backing up, looking for room to turn.

GREENE'S P.O.V. - TAILLIGHTS

104

GREENE

Take a left, take a left,
I see them --

EXT. CHASE TWO

105

Lander bears down on the taillights. Greene starts throwing lead.

INT. CHASE ONE

106

Shot to pieces, the car veers out of control, crashes. The driver, mortally wounded, gasps into his microphone.

And the car begins to burn.

EXT. CHASE TWO

107

Pulling up near Chase One, Greene, shocked, gets half out of the car. His attention is claimed by the distinctive red taillights of the Cadillac, moving eerily slow across his line of vision fifty yards away. Greene jumps back into Chase Two.

GREENE

Dead ahead -- go!

Lander floors the accelerator. Chase Two leaps down an alley of reflecting arrows and...

ANGLE ON BUILDING SITE - NIGHT

108

out onto a mixing-truck platform built fifty feet above a huge hole in the ground. Chase Two plunges down, along with its occupants, and car explodes.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

109

driving away on the other side of the excavation. There is a dull explosion in the pit behind them, the fog lighting up

MARTY

Mother of God! You set them
up -- you really set them up,
didn't you?

Cont.

PETER

I worked here a couple of weeks.
I know my way around. GET MOVING,
BOB!

BOB

What's the hurry? We lost 'em.

PETER

SHUT UP! They'll still keep coming.
Don't you understand that, they
never stop coming!

EXT. DESERTED PIER ON LAKE MICHIGAN - NIGHT

110

The Cadillac comes into view with all lights out, drives
midway onto the crumbling pier. Peter backs out of the
car, still holding the gun on Marty.

PETER

Both of you get out now. Leave
the engine running, Bob.

As Bob gets out he trails a hand along the dazzling side
of his car.

BOB

I can't believe it. Not a scratch.

PETER

Throw your pieces in the lake.

They do so. SOUND of HELICOPTER APPROACHING; searchlight
probing down through fog. Peter looks up.

MARTY

What are you going to do now,
Peter?

Peter edges into the driver's seat. Bob is disturbed,
but he doesn't say a word.

PETER

When you see Childress, ask him
if it was worth his arm.

BOB

What happened to his arm?

PETER

(putting the car in gear)
I killed it with a shotgun.

Cont.

BOB

Hey, Peter, now wait --

But Peter has a maniacal look in his eye as he slams the door.

PETER

Tell Childress to follow me.
I want him to follow me this time!

Peter takes his foot off the brake and the Cadillac leaps toward the end of the pier. Bob is transfixed.

BOB

Not in my car, man!

OUT A-110

INT. LIVING ROOM - PSI FACULTY - NIGHT

111

Robertson on the phone; Childress b.g. Robertson murmurs something, hangs up, turns to Childress.

ROBERTSON

He wasn't in the car.

CHILDRESS

Of course not.

OUT 112-
115

EXT./INT. HESTER MOORE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

116

She hurries across the living room to snatch the receiver of the ringing telephone. We can HEAR SOMEONE ON THE OTHER END BREATHING, but that's about it. Hester makes a face.

HESTER

Oh, it's you...that was a good one, really passionate. Listen, I hate to cut you off, but I'm a nurse and if my phone's tied up and they can't get hold of me -- so maybe you could breathe for somebody else tonight? How about Andy Warhol? Terrific personality; talent -- wow! And he's built better than I am.

While Hester talks THE BREATHING INTENSIFIES, BECOMES FRANTIC.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - ON A LONELY STREET - NIGHT

117

START LOW ON a trickle of water, TILT UP TO Peter clutching the receiver of the phone, trembling, teeth chattering so he can scarcely speak.

PETER

I n-n-need your b-b-b-body...

ANGLE ON HESTER

118

She hangs up immediately, looking horrified. She stares into space, whispering:

HESTER

Ohmygod. Ohmygod.

OUT

119-
B-120

EXT. KENNEDY EXPRESSWAY - NORTHBOUND - NIGHT

121

Light traffic. Hester's van streaks by.
(NOTE: 2ND UNIT)

INT. VAN

122

Hester is driving. Peter is bundled up in a robe.

HESTER

Why do we always have to meet in the van? What's wrong with my place? Okay, for the sake of argument let's assume that everyone who works at the Institute has his phone tapped. But nobody's watching me, for heaven's sake.

PETER

You just don't have any idea of what we're up against.

HESTER

I'm nobody! I just work there. I don't have access to any vital secrets.

PETER

Raymond Dunwoodie was a psychic. If he'd had enough time he would have found Robin for me. Childress must have been watching him...have you had a chance to check the files at Paragon?

Cont.

HESTER
Peter, Robin is -- he's --

PETER
Dead.

HESTER
I'm sorry...according to the records --

PETER
Of course that's what the records say! Childress keeps the records.

HESTER
(hates to say it,
but:)
What if it's true?

PETER
Look at me, Hester! I'm proof --
proof that my son is alive.
Otherwise Childress wouldn't be
so anxious to put me away.

Peter's attention shifts to a side-view mirror.

PETER
That car's been back there too
long. Get off at the next exit
and lose it.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY

123

Hester makes a screeching turn from the wrong lane, scaring
the daylights out of several other drivers.

EXT. BELLAVER APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

124

KATHARINE BELLAVER, an expensive-looking beauty of 45, is
getting out of a limousine, aided by her Chauffeur. She
has an attache case with her, and appears to be a little
travel-weary. GO TO GILLIAN WATCHING FROM AN UPSTAIRS
BALCONY. VOICE OVER:

KATHARINE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Gillian, I know you're upset. But
I was told that Cheryl has a history
of nosebleeds.

INT. GILLIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She's in the bathroom washing her face; Katharine, wearing around-the-house clothes, sits on the edge of the bed. Gillian reaches for a towel and goes into the bedroom.

KATHARINE

An icepack stopped the bleeding
in five minutes --

Cont.

GILLIAN

But I'm trying to tell you,
I made it happen.

KATHARINE

That's impossible.

GILLIAN

(highly agitated)

Well, what about when you started
bleeding? Remember a couple of
weeks ago? You said yourself that
cut was healed. But it opened right
up...it was like a warning.

Katharine sits down and attempts to place a comforting
hand on her daughter. Gillian draws back.

GILLIAN

Don't!

KATHARINE

Why not?

GILLIAN

You might -- it could happen
to you, worse than Cheryl.

KATHARINE

I had a long flight -- and I'm
tired -- and I'd like for you to
stop carrying on like this.

GILLIAN

Don't be mad at me.

KATHARINE

Gillian I'm not. But I always
thought we could tell each other
anything -- anything, no matter
what.

GILLIAN

We can, Mother, I love you.
But I'm afraid...

KATHARINE

Afraid to let me touch you?

GILLIAN

Yes!

Cont.

KATHARINE

I'm home, and I'll stay as long as you need me. I promise. What we really should do is talk to someone. Dr. Brenneman has had wonderful success working with young people, and --

GILLIAN

Oh, no. I'm not going to a psychiatrist.

Gillian puts her face in her hands. Then she is calmer having made up her mind about something.

OUT

INT. FOYER OF PARAGON INSTITUTE - ANGLE ON STAIRS - NIGHT

128

In response to the doorbell, Ellen Lindstrom crosses the foyer and opens the door. Gillian is standing outside.

ELLEN

(surprised)

Hello, Gillian --

It's obvious Gillian is distraught, but there's a look of resolution in the set of her mouth.

GILLIAN

Dr. Lindstrom -- I know I'm not a mental case -- but I really could use some help.

ELLEN

We all need to ask for help sometimes. Come in, Gillian.

Ellen puts an arm around her, bringing her inside.

OUT 129

EXT. PARAGON INSTITUTE - NIGHT

A-129

CAMERA PULLING BACK as Ellen closes the door for a FULL SHOT of the building.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE ROOF - DAWN

130

Hester's van is parked there.

INT. VAN - DAY

131

Peter and Hester have made love. Peter looks somewhat more tranquil than when we last saw him, but he's rubbing the palm of his right hand as if it's causing him pain.

HESTER

How long did you follow me around before you decided to take a chance on me?

PETER

Two months.

HESTER

Thank you for picking me. Instead of one of those sexy breads I work with.

PETER

Hester, you have no idea how beautiful you really are.

Hester, smiling, snuggles closer to him. But Peter's mood, as always, changes quickly.

PETER

Somewhere there's a hell of a lot of research going on -- much more elaborate than the setup at Paragon. God knows what they're doing to my son.

HESTER

Peter, if Robin is still -- I promise, I'll find out where he is.

Cont.

PETER

(brooding)

You take too much for granted.
You trust too many people...

CAMERA MOVES TO A CLOSEUP of a bullet scar in the palm of his right hand.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - ISRAEL - PETER AND ROBIN A
- DAY

having an all-out race on the beach. The beach is part of a luxurious seaside club, which we will see more of as the sequence unfolds.

Peter has the edge in their race but Robin gains slowly, and they are head-to-head when they finish the lap. FROM WATER LEVEL CAMERA TILTS UP to Childress, who has a stopwatch in one hand, timing the race. In this FLASHBACK SEQUENCE Childress has the use of both arms. Robin climbs out of the water while Peter, very winded, lies on the beach.

CHILDRRESS

Look at that time! Three minutes,
twelve seconds.

PETER

I won.

ROBIN

You did not!

PETER

Sorry, Robin -- the old man can
still get the best of you.

ROBIN

(appealing to Childress)
I beat him, didn't I? You saw it!

CHILDRRESS

From here it looked too close to
call, fellas.

Robin is ready to plunge back in.

ROBIN

Okay, let's race again -- ten laps
this time. We'll start from the
jetty.

Peter, exhausted and laughing rolls over on his back.

Cont.

PETER

What are you trying to do to me.
You won. You really did.

Robin throws a towel at him. Peter laughs harder.

CHILDRRESS

All this exercise is making me
hungry. Let's have lunch.

Peter picks himself up off the beach and throws his arm around Robin. They all head toward the bathhouse-changing room. Childress is intercepted by a WAITER.

WAITER

Mr. Childress? Telephone for you,
sir. On the terrace.

CHILDRRESS

(to Peter)
Go ahead, I'll catch up.

CUT TO:

CLUB RESTAURANT - ON THE TERRACE - DAY

B

Peter and Robin at a table. They have changed out of their bathing suits. Peter has just ordered lunch. The Waiter walks away.

ROBIN

What will it be like, living in
the States?

PETER

I don't know, I've been away a
long time.

ROBIN

Since mom died?

PETER

(studying Robin)
Yeah.

ROBIN

Why are we going to Chicago?

PETER

Good school for you...the best.
You could go out for football.

ROBIN

Give up soccer?

PETER

Football's more popular in the States. Football players are more popular with the girls.

Robin glances at him and smiles, but the smile doesn't last. Peter watches his son compassionately.

ANGLE ON CHILDRESS - ON THE TELEPHONE

C

standing so he can keep an eye on Peter and Robin in b.g.

CHILDRESS

Get here as quick as you can. I'll tell Peter.

He hangs up and walks away from the phone.

TERRACE - AS BEFORE

D

ROBIN

School, sports -- that's for the kids who fit in. Not for the freaks.

PETER

What is this?

ROBIN

If I knew what was wrong with me, I could --

PETER

Nothing's wrong with you!

ROBIN

Maybe I'd do okay in a zoo.

PETER

What the hell are you doing, feeling sorry for yourself?

No answer.

PETER

Okay...you have a talent that could shock the hell out of people. But that talent could also be put to good use --

ROBIN

No!

Cont.

PETER

It's nothing to be ashamed of. Childress knows how you feel -- that's why he wants you to go to this school in Chicago. You'll meet other kids there who are -- special like you. I'll be with you all the way. If it doesn't work out, we'll do something else.

Robin looks hopefully at his father.

PETER

Did I ever lie to you?

NEW ANGLE - TO INCLUDE CHILDRESS AS HE REACHES
THE TABLE

E

CHILDRESS

Robin, would you excuse us for a minute?

Peter gets up immediately and Childress, an arm around his shoulders, leads him away from the table. CAMERA GOES TO Robin and STAYS ON him for a few moments.

TWO SHOT - CHILDRESS AND PETER

F

CHILDRESS

Your cover's been penetrated, you'll have to get out of here fast. The airport's not safe, you'd better go by boat.

PETER

Robin stays with you.

CHILDRESS

Of course.

PETER

I better tell him.

ANGLE ON TABLE

G

Peter walks back to the table. He sits down across from Robin. He picks up his wine glass and drains it. He motions to a waiter for a refill.

ROBIN

What's up?

Cont.

Peter starts to place the glass down and it suddenly bursts apart in his hand. He's been shot in the palm. He looks up to see the Waiter, with a bullet hole in his chest, fall across the table. Childress races towards them, turns over the table, creating a shield against the sudden gun fire.

To the right, the Arab Commandos, wearing distinctive head gear, shoot their way through a group of tourists. From the wall above, security guards exchange fire with them.

Directly in front, two speed boats race toward the shore carrying more Arab commandos. One boat lands on the beach the other on a stone pier to Peter's left.

Childress, Peter and Robin are hopelessly pinned down. They draw their guns and fire back but it is just a matter of time before the Arabs get to them.

PETER

I'm going to try to make it to that boat -- and draw their fire. Then you take off with Robin.

ROBIN

(protesting)

No!

PETER

(to Childress)

Take care of him.

Before Childress can stop him, Peter runs down the steps to the pier where the Arabs are climbing out of their boat. (An Arab with a 35 mm. arri. stops Peter's escape). Peter shoots them both, jumps into the boat, and speeds out toward the open sea.

From a tower high above the restaurant, an Arab takes aim, hits Peter's boat, exploding it out of the water. Robertson shoots the Arab out of the tower.

Meanwhile, Robin is struggling with Childress, refusing to be dragged away. Robertson arrives, takes Robin from Childress and Childress runs up the pier looking for Peter in the water.

ROBIN

Killed him -- they killed my dad!

IN THE WATER

H

The burning boat, Peter's head breaks the surface. He swims feebly to the edge of the pier and goes up a ladder. An Arab gun leveled, is waiting for him. Before he can shoot, two quick shots knock him down. Peter, dazed, struggles to the deck of the pier. Childress appears out of the smoke,

Cont.

revolver in hand, looking at the dead man. He looks at Peter. Peter smiles and shakes his head as if he can't hear a thing...the explosion has deafened him. But Childress isn't talking. He raises the revolver and shoots Peter with it. Peter is hurled backwards into the water.

PETER'S VOICE

(o.s.)
You can't trust anybody. I could
get you killed, Hester.

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT - PETER AND HESTER IN THE VAN - DAY A-131

HESTER

You have to get scary, don't you?
I'm fine! Nobody's after me!
You're the one who keeps disappearing,
and, God, I don't see you, days at
a time, weeks, all I can do is call
and call that elevated train number,
and maybe once in a while some wino
answers...

She hugs him hard enough to crack his ribs, sobbing. Peter touches her. It's obvious that he cares about her; at the same time he is frightened that his obsession may well be the death of Hester.

OUT 132-
157

CUT TO:

REVISED - "THE FURY" - 8/15/77

'53

EXT. ASTOR STREET - AFTERNOON

158

TRACK A LIMOUSINE toward Paragon Institute.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

159

KATHARINE

'Paragon Institute' sounds like
a haven for quacks. But their
references are good.

The limousine stops across from Paragon. Katharine eyes
the house suspiciously.

KATHARINE

Gil, the more I think about it
the more I'm convinced this isn't
an appropriate course of action.

GILLIAN

Mother, I like Dr. Lindstrom. And
I'm old enough to know what I'm
doing.

Gillian opens the door and gets out.

KATHARINE

I don't intend to let you stay
here until they've answered a
lot of questions -- I mean that,
Gillian.

OUT

160-
161

INT. FOYER OF PARAGON INSTITUTE - DAY

162

It's like a private home. Ellen Lindstrom crosses in
response to the bell, opens the door to Gillian,
Mrs. Bellaver, and the Bellaver chauffeur, who has
Gillian's luggage.

X

ELLEN

Hello, Gillian. Mrs. Bellaver,
I'm Ellen Lindstrom. Please come
in. Dr. McKeever is monitoring
a test in one of our labs, he'll
be with us shortly. Why don't
we have a look around?

INT. LIVING ROOM - TRACKING ELLEN, GILLIAN AND
KATHARINE THROUGH THE HOUSE

A-162

KATHARINE

Lovely. I know I've been here
before. This was Babe Gifford's
house.

ELLEN

We bought the house from the Giffords. It was so beautifully furnished we tried to make as few alterations as possible. Gillian's suite is particularly attractive --

KATHARINE

(to Gillian)

But I don't understand why you insist on staying here, Gillian. I'd feel much better --

MCKEEVER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

That was my idea, Mrs. Bellaver.

MCKEEVER joins them, and they keep walking. McKeever is an unpretentious, gregarious man who knows how to charm the ladies.

ELLEN

Katharine and Gillian Bellaver -- our director, Jim McKeever.

MCKEEVER

(to Katharine)

We have young people staying with us all the time while they help with our evaluation program. We can do a better job of judging psychic ability if there's a minimum of distractions. Of course it's not all work and no play. There's a game room and a good library down the hall here -- do you play backgammon, Gillian?

Gillian nods.

MCKEEVER

And our housekeeper is the best Irish cook in Chicago, I'm sorry to say.

He pats his waistline; Katharine smiles grudgingly.

KATHARINE

I'd like to know what kind of -- 'program' you're talking about.

MCKEEVER

Certainly. Why don't we have a look in one of our workshops, I think you'll be interested in what we're doing here --

INT. DR. MCKEEVER'S OFFICE - DAY

B-162

as McKeever enters with Ellen, Katharine and Gillian. The workshop is clean, bright, colorful, functional -- a game room, a playroom. It is divided into soundproofed areas on three levels. A simple test in telepathy is underway, involving a sender, a receiver, a few cutouts or other large, easily identifiable objects. Observers can monitor both sender and receiver on closed-circuit TV. It looks like a lot of fun, as McKeever describes the test to Katharine and Gillian. He concludes:

MCKEEVER

Telepathy is a timeless form of communication. My five-year-old daughter was very good at this. But the older and more sophisticated we become, the more we rationalize what our senses try to tell us.

KATHARINE

So this is all Gillian will be doing?

MCKEEVER

And similar tests, under my personal supervision.

ELLEN

We'll take very good care of her, Mrs. Bellaver.

EXT. PARAGON INSTITUTE - DAY

C-162

McKeever and Ellen Lindstrom are in the b.g. as Gillian says good-bye to her mother.

GILLIAN

I'll be fine, don't worry. And I'll see you in a couple of weeks.

KATHARINE

Call you as soon as I get to Paris -- you know where I'm staying --

GILLIAN

Sure. Have a great trip.

Gillian kisses her. Katharine gets into the limousine, and Gillian watches as it drives away.

EXT. PARK NEAR PARAGON INSTITUTE - ANGLE ON GILLIAN, MCKEEVER AND MCKEEVER'S IRISH SETTER - LATE AFTERNOON

D-162

McKeever and Gillian are having ice cream as they stroll along

Cont.

GILLIAN
'Paragon' -- the best there is.

MCKEEVER
Something that can't be equaled:
the incredible power of the human
mind. We hope you'll learn to use
that power in order to develop your
gift.

Gillian looks around at him, annoyed.

GILLIAN
It's not a gift. It's like --
having a bad tooth, and never
knowing when it's going to hurt.

MCKEEVER
That's because a part of the mind
you've never used before becomes
sensitized.

GILLIAN
Sensitized to what?

MCKEEVER
The bioplasmic universe. In that
universe is a record of every human
impulse, word, and deed -- from
lives past and lives to come.
Occasionally you make a connection
between the timeless world and the
physical world -- you have what
clairvoyants call a 'vision.'

GILLIAN
I can't see anything about me,
though, it's never about me. I
guess I'm glad it's not --

She shudders from some deep internal bleakness. McKeever
studies her sympathetically.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - DAY AND NIGHT

E-162

Eight or ten SHOTS, representing the passage of a couple of
days. We have Gillian and the Housekeeper, MRS. CALLAHAN,
unpacking Gillian's things in her suite; Gillian at dinner
with Ellen Lindstrom and McKeever; Gillian playing with
the dog; Gillian trouncing McKeever at backgammon; Gillian
in the workshop studying the aura of her own hand, which
is like seeing the universe, in vivid color.

EXT. PARAGON TREE ATRIUM

Gillian and Hester are seated in a happy mood. Mrs. Callahan enters.

MRS. CALDHAMAN
Anything I can get for you two ladies?

GILLIAN
I don't think so.

HESTER
Now wait a minute, Gillian, let's think about this. Tell you what -- how about two hot fudge sundaes. Two scoops of vanilla ice cream, one chocolate, walnuts, some fruit, whipped cream and a big cherry on top.

Hester smiles and looks at Gillian. Gillian in shock.

GILLIAN
Hester, you'll absolutely corrupt me. If my tests aren't finished soon, I'll gain 15 pounds. Terrific. I'll solve one problem and gain a new one.

HESTER
Come on, Gillian, you're gorgeous. The guys must be crazy about you.

GILLIAN
What about you, Hester? Paragon can't be the whole world.

HESTER
Who cares about Paragon -- I mean all it is is a job, the pay is pretty good. When you get to be my age you start to worry less about weight and more about security.

GILLIAN
Cut it out. Tell me about your guy. I know there is one. After all, I do have ways of knowing.

She laughs.

Cont.

HESTER

(a little more serious)
Okay. Okay. There is a guy.
A real character. You wouldn't
believe what I have to put up with
from him. But I dig him. What
about you?

GILLIAN

Well, no one special but I guess
romance could be just around the
corner. Hester, I'm glad I met
you.

HESTER

Me too. I really like you,
Gillian.

Mrs. Callahan enters with two huge, grotesque ice cream
sundaes.

HESTER

Hey, come on. Here's today's
substitute for love.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STAIRCASE AT PARAGON - DAY

F-162 X

Gillian walking upstairs with McKeever.

GILLIAN

I took dance for two years, and
fencing, because Mother insisted.
She thinks I'm not very graceful.

MCKEEVER

When I was your age, I had one
great ambition -- to be Fred Astaire.
As you can see, I failed miserably.

As they reach the top of the stairs, McKeever takes an'
hand momentarily.

CLOSEUP - HANDS

G-162 X

There is a prominent scar across the back of McKeever's
hand. Gillian's fingers touch it. INSTANTLY:

INT. STAIRCASE - PARAGON - FLASHBACK TO MCKEEVER H-162 X
AND ROBIN SANDZA - NIGHT

WE ARE STILL ON THE STAIRWAY, BUT AT NIGHT. SOUNDTRACK:
labored breathing, the sounds of someone running hard.

ANGLE ON GILLIAN - DAY

I-162 X

Head turning, she sees:

INT. HALLWAY - FLASHBACK - GILLIAN'S P.O.V. - J-162 X
ROBIN RUNNING IN THE HALLWAY BELOW - NIGHT

which looks different -- furnishings, paintings, etc. He
is pursued by McKeever and a couple of the Paragon tech-
nicians, who block access to doorways, turning him toward
the stairs. He runs up the stairs, McKeever behind him.

MCKEEVER

Robin, nobody's going to hurt you!

INT. STAIRCASE - TWO SHOT - MCKEEVER AND GILLIAN K-162 X
- DAY

Gillian tries to pull free of him.

MCKEEVER

Gillian, what's wrong?

OUT 163-
170

INT. PARAGON - FLASHBACK CONTINUATION - ON THE
STEPS - NIGHT

171

There is a large window at the landing. McKeever lunges at Robin, momentarily stopping him, but Robin tears free. Then, off-balance, he teeters toward the window.

MCKEEVER

Robin, no!

This time he lunges in an attempt to save Robin from going backwards through the window, but he misses. His hand is cut by flying glass as Robin disappears from view.

CLOSE SHOT - MCKEEVER'S HAND LINKED WITH GILLIAN'S
- DAY 172

But his hand is now so bloody and slippery he can't hold her.

FULL SHOT - DAY

173

Gillian, horrified, backs away from Dr. McKeever.

GILLIAN

Don't touch me anymore! Please
don't touch me!

Mrs. Callahan comes down the steps to take charge, putting an arm around Gillian, guiding her upstairs, as McKeever whips out his pocket handkerchief and wraps it around his bleeding hand.

EXT. PARAGON INSTITUTE - NIGHT

174

Hester leaves her van across the street, hurries to the Institute.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

175

KRISTEN MEYER, McKeever's assistant, Ellen Lindstrom and EIGHT or TEN OTHER MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES of the Institute are meeting when the door cracks open and Hester, wearing a nurse's cap, tunic and pants, enters with an apologetic smile.

Dr. McKeever keeps the hand that has bled in a pocket of his jacket.

MCKEEVER

Tomorrow we do some real testing --
make things as challenging as
possible for Gillian.

While he speaks, Hester goes through a xeroxed profile of Gillian on the clipboard in front of her.

Cont.

MCKEEVER

Nelson, as soon as Gillian begins to demonstrate her psychometric talents I want complete audio and videotape records of the tests.

TECHNICIAN

Will she be working in the Farraday cage?

MCKEEVER

No. This girl's not a cheat. She's the real thing.

Hester looks up at this pronouncement, a hint of excitement in her eyes.

MCKEEVER

Do we have any bleeders in the group? Anyone who's had even minor surgery in the past three months? How about ulcers? Hester, Kristen, if you girls are into your monthlies I don't want you around when Gillian is testing.

KRISTEN

Are you serious?

MCKEEVER

I'm very serious. Gillian's power to psychometrize is spontaneous. She creates an enormously powerful electromagnetic field. Almost everyone exposed to it will bleed. They may bleed a little, or a lot.

TECHNICIAN

What is this kid, a vampire?

MCKEEVER

I don't want to hear anymore funny remarks like that!

KRISTEN

How do you account for it?

MCKEEVER

We can't account for it. Not yet.

INT. BEDROOM OF GILLIAN'S SUITE - NIGHT

176

Gillian is attended by McKeever, Ellen, and Hester. Hester has just given Gillian a shot.

Cont.

HESTER

Will you be needing anything else
from the pharmacy, Dr. McKeever?

McKeever, intent on Gillian, shakes his head. Gillian, eyes
closed, breathes peacefully.

ELLEN

(eyes on her watch)

The Evipal should take effect
in a few moments.

In her bed Gillian stirs and sighs.

MCKEEVER

Gillian, can you hear me?

GILLIAN

(eyes still closed)

Yes.

MCKEEVER

Are you all right?

GILLIAN

...Tired.

MCKEEVER

Do you know where you are?

GILLIAN

Yes.

ELLEN

Do you know who we are?

GILLIAN

Dr. Lindstrom. Dr. -- McKeever.

ELLEN

Would you open your eyes now, Gillian?

After a few moments Gillian opens her eyes and looks at each
of them. McKeever smiles at her. She tries to smile back.

MCKEEVER

Gillian, what were you seeing on
the stairs this afternoon?

GILLIAN

That boy -- Robin. I never knew
his name.

ELLEN

But you've seen him before?

GILLIAN

Yes.

Hester, taking all this in, has been jolted by mention of Robin Sandza. It's obvious she is already thinking of the piece of news she has for Peter.

INT. MCKEEVER'S OFFICE - STILL LATER THAT NIGHT

177

Ellen fixes drinks for herself and McKeever.

ELLEN

Gillian and Robin were in touch telepathically. Think of what we could accomplish if Robin were alive...

McKeever looks a little sick.

MCKEEVER

I'm sending her home.

ELLEN

Jim! Why?

MCKEEVER

Because I don't want to be responsible for Gillian Bellaver!

ELLEN

You don't mean that. It's late, and we're both overexcited. This is a marvelous opportunity for us! We only had Robin for a few days -- but I think Gillian really wants to work with us, and she's the best subject for PSI research I've ever seen.

McKeever shakes his head; he has a lot on his mind, which he feels inadequate to explain.

MCKEEVER

Even the most backward tribes, the most primitive cultures on earth, would welcome the birth of a Robin Sandza -- and in time he'd become their magician, their prophet, their great healer. But there's no place for these kids in our culture, because they are so superior to what we hold sacred -- and history teaches that what a culture can't assimilate it destroys!

Cont.

Disturbed by his tone, Ellen looks closely at him for a clue to his trouble. It comes out of left field:

ELLEN

Jim, what really happened to Robin Sandza?

MCKEEVER

He was running on the steps -- taking them two or three at a time -- he slipped and went through the window.

ELLEN

But why was he running?

MCKEEVER

(broodingly evasive)

I don't know, Ellie. I wasn't here.

McKeever pours another stiff shot for himself, which troubles Ellen.

ELLEN

Why don't you come up to my place? I'll scramble some eggs, we can talk --

MCKEEVER

No. I'll just finish this, stretch out here for a couple of hours. What time is it?

ELLEN

Quarter past four.

MCKEEVER

Later than I thought...thanks, Ellie.

ELLEN

Well...good night, Jim.

She switches off the overhead light, leaving the room in ser darkness. McKeever, pilloried by his thoughts, slumps deep in the chair behind his desk, drinking.

INT. JIM MCKEEVER'S OFFICE AT PARAGON INSTITUTE A-177
- MORNING (FORMERLY SC. 187)

The doctor is sleeping uneasily in his chair, empty glass held loosely on his chest. SOMEONE opens drapes and morning light floods McKeever's face. He stirs, raises a hand to protect his eyes. All he can see is the dark shape of a man approaching.

CHILDRRESS

Good morning.

Cont.

A-177 Con

McKeever rubs his aching head and looks from Childress to Robertson, who is standing by the office door.

MCKEEVER
(to Childress)
What do you want?

CHILDRRESS
My arm hurts. That's a funny thing. Why should it still hurt, it's dead, isn't it? You're the brain expert, so tell me -- is it all in my head, Doctor?

MCKEEVER
That's an over-simplification... but there's nothing I can do.

CHILDRRESS
Not what I came for, anyway. Tell me about Gillian Bellaver.

McKeever looks stupidly at him, trying to conceal his surprise.

INT. DRUG STORAGE ROOM - DAY

B-177

Hester, preparing to go off the night shift, overhears the following:

CHILDRRESS' VOICE
(o.s.)
My people always know what's going on here -- even if you're a little slow to keep me informed. Will the girl be another Robin Sandza?

RESUME SC. A-177

MCKEEVER
No.

CHILDRRESS
Poor Peter...if he only knew that Robin doesn't care anymore... doesn't care whether his father is alive or dead.

MCKEEVER
What the hell have you done to that boy?

Cont.

CHILDRRESS

He's being treated like a prince.
He is royalty. Unique. The Chinese
don't have one. The Soviets don't
have one. In all the world there is
no one quite like Robin Sandza.
Unless -- it's this girl.

MCKEEVER

How can you hold him against his
will, and get any kind of results --

CHILDRRESS

Against his will? You don't understand
Robin's needs. But we do. Are you
testing the girl today?

MCKEEVER

She's failed every test; she's a
fake, and I'm sending her home. I
don't have time to waste on --

CHILDRRESS

Don't do that, Doctor!

Childress is furious, and McKeever cringes.

CHILDRRESS

Don't ever...try...lying to me.

MCKEEVER

For God's sake -- she's just a
child! She doesn't know anything,
she has no control over what she --

CHILDRRESS

Robin Sandza had no control when he
came here. Just raw ability. Doctor,
I wish you could see him now.

MCKEEVER

(weeping)
For God's sake --

CHILDRRESS

Get yourself together. I don't want
you fudging your responsibilities.
This girl is important to me. I'm
assigning extra security --

MCKEEVER

Why?

CHILDRRESS

If I know Peter, he penetrated your
security weeks ago. He probably
knows I have Gillian Bellaver.

X

Cont.

Pause. McKeever is too shocked to speak.

CHILDRESS

I don't know who Peter's confederate is. But I've been looking into it.

CLOSEUP - A CLOCK IN A STORE WINDOW -
SEVEN-THIRTY A.M.

178

Actually a few seconds before seven-thirty, according to the sweep second hand of the clock. The glass reflects Hester, on the other side of the street, rushing to a phone box.

EXT. STREET - ANGLE ON HESTER - DAY

179

She puts a dime in the slot and quickly punches out the number she long ago committed to memory. We STAY WITH Hester as the PHONE RINGS a couple of times, then:

ANGLE ON A BOOTH ON AN ELEVATED PLATFORM -
SOMEWHERE IN MIDTOWN CHICAGO.

180

The booth is unoccupied. The phone rings as we PULL BACK to SHOW the long platform and the early risers waiting for their train; SOUND OF A TRAIN leaving on the opposite track drowns out the RINGING OF THE PHONE. Meanwhile:

ANGLE ON HESTER

181

She is counting soundlessly and perhaps praying at the same time.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - A WATCH ON PETER SANDZA'S WRIST

182

Ten seconds past seven-thirty. He's holding a pole in an El train just arriving at the station where the phone is ringing.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ELEVATED STATION

183

as the train doors open and Peter sprints across the platform to the phone outside the turnstiles near the change booth. Peter wears glasses with heavy rims that effectively mask his face.

ANGLE ON HESTER

184

on the street miles away. She has begun to cry. She puts the receiver of the phone down, hesitates:

ANGLE ON PETER

185

leaping over the turnstile and reaching the phone just in time to brush a curious teenager aside. He lifts the receiver.

VERY CLOSE ON THE RECEIVER IN HESTER'S HAND

186

as she comes within an inch of hanging up. Peter's small voice says urgently, "Hester!" She quickly brings the receiver back to her ear, smiling and crying and unable to speak right away. Finally, she chokes out:

HESTER

Peter -- thank God.

(Now SC. A-177) 187

EXT. PARAGON INSTITUTE - DAY

188

PAST security van as Ellen Lindstrom goes up to the door.

INT. SECURITY VAN - DAY

189

Television monitoring screens show Ellen inside Paragon.

INT. FOYER OF PARAGON INSTITUTE - DAY

190

ELLEN

Where's Dr. McKeever?

KRISTEN

They're getting ready downstairs for Gillian. And Gillian's having breakfast.

Ellen has started for the stairs; she changes her mind.

ELLEN

I could use a cup of coffee...

INT. MORNING ROOM - DAY

191

located at the rear of the house, below ground level. The room is spacious, filled with sun from a skylight. There's a kitchen adjacent to the Morning Room. A flight of steps (6) goes up to a door opening on an alley behind the Institute. There are hanging baskets and glass shelves

Cont.

filled with flowers. A wall clock will be referred to from time to time during the following SEQUENCE. Gillian is seated at a glass-topped table. She picks at her food. Ellen walks in and closes the door behind her.

ELLEN

Good morning!

Gillian smiles politely.

ELLEN

You're not eating much.

GILLIAN

I'm not very hungry this morning. Dr. Lindstrom, didn't you hear what happened to me yesterday? His hand started bleeding --

ELLEN

Yes, I do know about that.

GILLIAN

Well, what are you going to do? It's why I'm here, can't anybody help me?

ELLEN

We have to help each other... Gillian, do you remember much of what we talked about last night?

GILLIAN

Last night? Were you here last night, Dr. Lindstrom?

Gillian looks slightly panicked by her inability to remember; Ellen hastens to reassure her.

ELLEN

While you were with Dr. McKeever you had some sort of -- vision -- that upset you, you were in a fugue state for awhile. We gave you something to help you relax, and I made the suggestion that you consciously forget what was troubling you. Apparently it worked better than I thought. So you don't remember anything about Robin Sandza?

Cont.

GILLIAN
No. Who's Robin Sandza?

ELLEN
A boy your age. With powers,
like yours.

ELLEN
(lighting up)
Like me? Where is he? Do you
think I could talk to him?

From her purse Ellen has taken a contact sheet of black and white photographs, candid shots of Robin. She places the photos in front of Gillian, who is instantly absorbed in a study of Robin.

ELLEN
Do you know him?

GILLIAN
Feel like I do...

ELLEN
What can you tell me about
him?

Gillian looks doubtfully at Ellen, then places her right hand on the contact sheet. Her fingertips move subtly over the surface, not with a purpose, but as if her hand is independent of her mental processes. WHILE THE CAMERA MOVES IN for a CLOSEUP of Gillian, she begins to experience, rather than see, Robin. Gradually as she speaks tremors become more pronounced, involving her entire body.

GILLIAN
He's...not very clear, like he's
dreaming, or not awake yet. Or...
drugged.

FLASH CUT TO:

ROBIN'S P.O.V.

A-191 X

as he receives a subcutaneous injection, administered by hypodermic syringe.

X

BACK TO GILLIAN

B-191

She winces.

GILLIAN

Why are they doing that? What's wrong, I don't know what's happening...

SOUNDBRACK: machines of all kinds, whirring, clicking, recording.

Gillian begins panting.

FLASH CUT TO:

EMPTY THEATRE - DAY

C-191 X

ONE ENORMOUS EYE - GILLIAN'S

D-191

FLASH CUT TO:

MACHINES AND TECHNICIANS

E-191

appear suddenly.

X

FLASH CUT TO:

THEATRE - DAY

F-191

A few seats are occupied now. The men and women, several wearing clinical white jackets, are just waiting.

TWO SHOT - ELLEN AND GILLIAN - DAY

G-191

Clock between them. It is ten minutes to nine.

ELLEN

Where is Robin now, Gillian?
Gillian!

GILLIAN

I don't --

OUT 192-
196

FLASH CUT TO:

ECHOENCEPHALOGRAPH OF ROBIN SANDZA'S BRAIN

197

SUSAN CHARLES' VOICE

(o.s.)

Just keep watching, Robin. Nothing
you see will hurt you. Keep watching.
Nothing you see...

OUT

198-
202

FLASH CUT TO:

MOVIE TRAVELOGUE TO BE DESCRIBED BELOW

A-202

TWO SHOT - ELLEN AND GILLIAN - DAY

B-202

ELLEN

Where are you, Gillian?

Gillian's eyes are closed. But her head jerks around as if
she is alarmed.

ANGLE ON PLAQUE BY THEATRE ENTRANCE

C-202

It reads: SHEFFIELD MEMORIAL THEATRE/WOODLAWN COLLEGE FOR
WOMEN/GIFT OF MR. AND MRS. ERNEST D. SHEFFIELD.

CLOSE SHOT - SUSAN CHARLES

D-202

speaking softly to CAMERA as it TRACKS BACK into the theatre
with her.

SUSAN

We had wonderful results yesterday,
Robin. But you must keep your eyes
on the screen. Keep watching, no
matter what happens.

ANGLE ON GILLIAN

E-202

She reacts.

X

TECHNICIANS AT PSI FACULTY

F-202

monitoring various machines which make up a recording studio
type console in the theatre. Behind the console are a number
of comfortable chairs; in front of it, an Advent tele- X
vision. TECHNICIANS' VOICES: "Let me have that electro-
aurogram reading again, please. "Pulse, 65 and steady."
"Slight increase in activity in the occipital lobe and
reticular formations..."

INT. PSI THEATRE/INT. PARAGON MORNING ROOM -
DAY

G-202

The Advent flicks on.

INTERCUT:

SUSAN CHARLES, DR. IVES AND GILLIAN

GG-202

as if they are all seated side by side behind the console. Susan has a simple headset on, so she can monitor Robin's reactions.

INT. PSI THEATRE - QUICK CUTS - ROBIN'S HANDS
AND FEET - DAY

H-

His feet are bare, resting on a metal contact plate. There are electrodes on both wrists. Robin's face is visible in the reflections on the panel throughout sequence.

ADVENT SCREEN: TRAVELOGUE

I-202

A garishly over-colored, steamship line production from the fifties. Stereotyped shots of a subtropical port, colorful natives, the ship weighing anchor, a romantic sunset, a young honeymoon couple from Iowa leaning on a rail and looking east with a solemn glaze in their eyes while the Jackson Beck-type narrator intones:

NARRATOR

As the sun sets behind the tranquil palm-fringed Islas Canarias, our pulses beat faster and our thoughts turn eastward, for tomorrow we will have our first glimpse of the fabulous dark continent -- Africa!

INT. PARAGON MORNING ROOM/INT. PSI THEATRE -
INTERCUT GILLIAN AND THE TRAVELOGUE - DAY

J-202

as the ships dock in Casablanca harbor, and we see Arabs for the first time. ROBIN SANDZA'S RESPONSES are indicated by the VOICES OF TECHNICIANS IN THE LAB, although we see only Gillian's reactions to what Robin is feeling. "Heart action arrhythmic..." "Pulse 180 and rising..." "Spin waves in the fluctuating force fields..." "We have a magnetometer reading of 2000 gauss..." "Pronounced anxiety waves..."

Suddenly we are watching footage of the attempted assassination of Peter Sandza, with particular emphasis on the Arab gunmen pursuing him. Robin begins to make horrid noises of distress.

ELLEN'S VOICE

(o.s.; faint)

Gillian -- help me!

ROBIN (O.S.) TAKES A DEEP, SHUDDERING, AGONIZED BREATH.
Then:

1ST TECHNICIAN'S VOICE
Sneak circuit.

2ND TECHNICIAN'S VOICE
We have a computer malfunction...

Gillian turns her head quickly. She closes her eyes, trembling violently.

ROBIN'S P.O.V. - ADVENT TELEVISION

K-202 X

It goes up in a blaze of glory and much of the testing equipment explodes.

X

OUT 203-
205

INT. PARAGON MORNING ROOM - ANGLE ON GILLIAN -
DAY

206

She can't move or open her eyes. SOUNDTRACK: CRASH OF DISHES to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. PARAGON MORNING ROOM - ANGLE ON THE TABLE -
DAY

207

IN SLOW MOTION the breakfast things cascade to the floor as the tablecloth is pulled from the table.

ELLEN

A-207

Bleeding from mouth, nose and ears, she falls hard on the glass table. Gillian screams.

X

EXT. EXHIBITION HALL - DAY

208

X

where the boat show is in progress.

INT. EXHIBITION HALL - DAY

209

X

CAMERA MOVING to Peter and Hester, strolling an aisle between yachts.

HESTER
Peter, it's impossible -- there's no way I can get her out of that place -- I'll blow it!

Cont.

PETER

Hester, she's not a prisoner at Paragon -- not yet, anyway.

Peter steers Hester away from a TV news crew filming a movie on the deck of a cabin cruiser.

PETER

(calm and persuasive)

Don't worry, it'll look good. No one will blame you.

HESTER

But what can I say to Gillian? What if she won't listen?

PETER

There's something about you, Hester. People just naturally want to believe you. So tell her everything -- tell her what they've done to Robin and me. Make Gillian understand one thing: all her family's money can't buy her out of the trouble she's in.

Hester is still petrified, but Peter, hypnotically confident holds her gaze.

PETER

I need this girl, Hester. She can take me to Robin.

HESTER

She was doped the last time I saw her, it'll take --

PETER

I want her tomorrow.

HESTER

T-tomorrow? But -- all right. I'll do my -- my -- are you sure you'll be there?

PETER

I'll be there.

INT. BEDROOM IN GILLIAN'S SUITE AT PARAGON
INSTITUTE - LATE AFTERNOON

210

The room is semi-dark. Gillian, who is in a state of shock following her ordeal, is being looked after by Kristen Meyer

GILLIAN

Do you think I could call my
mother -- I really want to talk
to my mother --

Kristen shakes a couple of tablets out of a bottle.

KRISTEN

You'll talk to your mom in a
little while. But you've had
an awful shock, you need to rest.

GILLIAN

What are those for?

KRISTEN

It's a sedative -- like aspirin.
You take aspirin, don't you?
(hands her a glass
of water)

That's a good girl -- drink plenty
of water --

GILLIAN

(after swallowing
the tablets)

I need to see Dr. McKeever --
I need to know about Ellen.

KRISTEN

Sure, he'll be here. And I'll stay
with you. Why don't you just put
your head on the pillow and relax --

GILLIAN

No -- maybe I better go -- get out
of here --

But she hasn't the strength to resist Kristen, who gently
eases her down in the bed.

KRISTEN

It's all right, Gillian. We'll
take real good care of you. Don't
worry.

Gillian's eyes are closing. But she glances at the doorway
and sees somebody watching.

CLOSEUP - CHILDRESS

211

RESUME SCENE 210

212

She doesn't know him, of course. But she is now too far gone to be alarmed. Her eyes close completely.

INT. TOP OF STAIRS - LATE AFTERNOON

213

X

Childress comes out of the suite, walks toward McKeever. Robertson follows.

McKEEVER

X-rays were encouraging. Ellen's showing signs of consciousness. It had to be a cerebral hemorrhage. Something in the brain just gave way when Gillian --

CHILDRESS

She's a fake? You were going to send her home? Is this the kind of cooperation I can expect from you, Doctor?

McKeever is speechless. Childress looks at Robertson.

CHILDRESS

I want Gillian Bellaver at PSI Faculty. Tomorrow.

McKEEVER

Do we let her mother know? She's wealthy -- She has powerful friends. Gillian can't just disappear --

Childress merely turns and smiles at him from the bottom of the stairs. Then he looks again at Robertson, a meaningful look as Robertson comes up behind McKeever. McKeever cringes, but he doesn't dare look around at Robertson.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARAGON INSTITUTE - NIGHT

A-213

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - PARAGON INSTITUTE - NIGHT

B-213

Not quite as nice as the one Gillian has. There's a slightly neglected, disused air about it. The door is ajar. We PASS from the door and PICK UP Gillian, by reflection, in a mirror or window, as she wanders around the room, touching, registering impressions.

SUSAN CHARLES' VOICE

(o.s.)

Robin?

Gillian turns quickly, sees?

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - ANGLE ON SUSAN - DAY

C-213

in the doorway, but the time has changed, from NIGHT to DAY: details of the room are different, too, as Susan walks toward CAMERA.

SUSAN

Are you all right?

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - ANGLE ON GILLIAN - NIGHT D-213

Gillian recognizes Susan. She opens her mouth as if to speak, but it's Robin's voice we hear.

ROBIN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Yeah...

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - NEW ANGLE - SUSAN
APPROACHING THE BED - DAY

E-213

shaking her head sympathetically.

SUSAN

That wasn't a very smart thing to do. You could have been badly hurt. Why were you running? You didn't have to use the window -- you know there's a door.

ROBIN

They'd just let me walk out the door --

SUSAN

Okay, why didn't you come to me?

ROBIN

You're one of them. And I hate this place -- I want to get out of here. Away from the doctors, and the tests. They're driving me crazy, and I can't sleep.

SUSAN

You want to get away from me too?

ROBIN

What do you care?

SUSAN

Well, I do care, Robin...I care very much. Don't you trust me anymore?

Cont.

ROBIN

Yes.

SUSAN

You really would like to get out of here?

ROBIN

Yes.

SUSAN

Then we'll go together.

ROBIN

Where?

SUSAN

I have this place in the country. In Lakeview, north of Chicago. It's big and peaceful -- you can go hiking, swim, ride a trail bike. You don't have to see anyone, or talk to anyone, if you don't want to -- not even me.

(pause)

Hey, c'mon, we'll have some fun. We could have a great time.

She puts a hand on him. The touch is tentative; her manner is supremely confident.

HESTER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Gillian?

Gillian loses her hold on the vision of Robin and Susan.

OUT F-213

INT. ROBIN'S ROOM - NIGHT (FORMERLY SC. 228) G-213

deserted now, except for Gillian, as Hester looks in.

HESTER

Gillian?

GILLIAN

Hello, Hester.

HESTER

I've been looking everywhere for you.

Cont.

HESTER

Yes it was.

GILLIAN

He's in terrible trouble now.
And those people should be
trying to help him --

HESTER

We must help him.

GILLIAN

But they won't leave him alone,
it's like they're deliberately
trying to hurt him.
(shuddering; doesn't
want to be hurt either)
He just can't trust them --

Gillian stares at Hester, trying to size her up. Hester
smiles calmly at the girl.

HESTER

You know where Robin is, don't
you?

Gillian nods.

HESTER

Would you like to see him?

Gillian has been giving that a lot of thought.

GILLIAN

I need to see him.

Hester eagerly sits Gillian down, sits close to her, speaks
quietly and quickly.

HESTER

Okay, okay, I think we can
work that out.

She shows Gillian two packaged tablets which she has in
her hand.

HESTER

Dr. McKeever says I'm supposed
to give you these -- to keep
you harmless and happy, know
what I mean?

Cont.

HESTER

Dr. McKeever says I'm supposed to give you these -- to keep you harmless and happy, know what I mean?

Gillian looks sharply at her, appalled. Hester disposes of the tablets.

HESTER

But you have to pretend you took them, because I have to get you out of here tomorrow. Otherwise you'll be in terrible trouble yourself --

GILLIAN

How do you know?

HESTER

Shhh, please -- Gillian, no matter where you go in this place somebody is always listening.

GILLIAN

What's wrong? What are you saying?

HESTER

Oh, honey, I've got so much to tell you -- and I just hope you believe half of it.

EXT. HELICOPTER - AERIAL VIEW OF PSI FACULTY - 214
MORNING.

INT. HELICOPTER/EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF PSI FACULTY - 215
MORNING

PAST Childress as the chopper overflies PSI Faculty and approaches a mammoth old house. As the helicopter circles for a landing we see:

EXT. PSI - AERIAL VIEW - ANGLE ON ROBIN AND 216
ROBERTSON - MORNING

Robin in shorts and track shoes, Robertson in a jogging outfit, working on Robin's pole vaulting. It's more like punishment than sport, the way he goes about it.

EXT. PSI - AERIAL VIEW - CAR DRIVING UP FOR 217
CHILDRESS AS THE HELICOPTER LANDS

Robertson also comes jogging from the woods to be there.

EXT. PSI - TERRACE - SUSAN AND DR. IVES

218

X

She looks steadily and somewhat bleakly at him as he approaches. Robertson, as always, is just behind Childress. Childress stops two feet from Susan, and smiles. Susan doesn't move. Childress touches her cheek with his one hand the only human gesture we'll ever see him make. Susan closes her eyes.

CHILDRESS

You look tired.

SUSAN

I am tired.

CHILDRESS

How's the Boy Wonder?

Susan stares at him for moments longer, and almost smiles. It's a sick joke, and the joke's on her.

EXT. PSI - ANGLE ON ROBIN POLE VAULTING
(THROUGH BINOCULARS) - MORNING

219

X

DR. IVES' VOICE

(o.s.)

We're not sure what generates
his force --

EXT. PSI - TERRACE - MORNING

220

Childress has the binoculars. In the b.g. a houseman named KEN is mixing drinks. Susan goes extra-heavy on the booze: in fact, she takes the bottle from Ken to insure her full ration. Robertson has changed from his jogging outfit to a suit.

DR. IVES

But he's building the power of
an atomic reactor --

SUSAN

Or an atomic bomb.

CHILDRESS

Can't you calm him down?

DR. IVES

Every day he has 3000 milligrams
of Phenobarbital and 1000 milligrams
of Prolixin. On trial days we
double that dosage.

CHILDRESS

What the hell are you saying?
That's enough to kill him!

DR. IVES

In Robin's case the psychological parameters influenced by drugs are sharply limited. The problem seems to lie in the cerebral cortex, where most of the normal functions of the ego take place. Tranquillizers don't have the desired effect.

Childress has been staring at Susan as she downs her drink.

SUSAN

His ego is monstrous, and his normal drives are affected. Hunger, sex -- he overindulges or he has no interest at all.

Childress raises the binoculars to study Robin.

EXT. PSI - GARDEN - ANGLE ON ROBIN
(THROUGH BINOCULARS) - MORNING

221

He continues to pole vault.

CUT TO:

EXT. PSI - AT HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT -
SUSAN'S HAND - MORNING

222

Her fingers mimicking Robin as she holds or accepts a glass.

CHILDRESS' VOICE

(o.s.)

What's he trying to prove?

FULL SHOT - TERRACE - MORNING

223

SUSAN

Mentally Robin has developed a perfect psychotronic relationship with all kinds of machines. He feels he should be able to turn his own body into a machine. He's above average physically. But when he fails his frustration is intolerable.

X

CHILDRESS

How does he perform in bed?

Robertson is amused; Susan struggles to be clinical.

SUSAN

Robin wants to please me. That's what matters.

CLOSE ON ROBIN

224

drenched in sweat. Now his vaulting is more compulsive than ever, as if there's a devil after him.

ANGLE ON TERRACE - FAVORING SUSAN

225

as she nervously helps herself to another drink.

SUSAN

Robin needs a rest. No trials for at least a month.

CHILDRESS

Sorry.

SUSAN

He's been working under tremendous pressure. We planned to get away, just the two of us --

CHILDRESS

No. We almost lost him once, Susan.

X

SUSAN

(her insistence touching on terror)

I promised him we'd get away.

It can't be said that Childress is terribly moved by this, but he does reconsider the wisdom of a break for Robin.

CHILDRESS

Take him down to the city, then, and show him the sights. But be back here in twenty-four hours.

(to Robertson)

Arrange for the men you'll need to keep an eye on him.

SUSAN

No! No guards.

Childress looks to her for an explanation.

SUSAN

I promised -- I told Robin we'd be alone. He'll know. It'll ruin everything!

CHILDRESS

Not a chance.

Cont.

SUSAN

Please, I can handle Robin!
But if he knows we're being
followed everywhere we go --
I don't know what he'll do.
Let me do it my way.

Childress studies Susan, then nods curtly. He raises the
binoculars again for another look at Robin.

EXT. PSI - CLOSEUP - ROBIN'S TORTURED FACE
- MORNING

226

as he runs, sobbing and panting.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLD CHICAGO MALL AND AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY A-226

OUT 227

(NOW SCENE G-213) 228

INT. OLD CHICAGO MALL - CLOSEUP - ROBIN - DAY 229

walking. His expression is neutral. PULL BACK and TRACK him PAST a strolling ragtime band INTO a crowded restaurant which overlooks the huge indoor amusement park.

OUT 230

INT. OLD CHICAGO RESTAURANT - ROBIN'S P.O.V. - SUSAN CHARLES - DAY 231

She's with two men her age, perhaps colleagues. They're wearing those "HI! MY NAME IS --" identification tags. One of the men, tall and very good-looking, has his arm around Susan. And she's digging it.

BACK TO SCENE 232

Robin is observing them; a quick flash of anger in his eyes.

ROBIN'S P.O.V. - SUSAN (SUBJECTIVE CAMERA) 233

A kiss on the cheek from the tall one; then the men are gone and Susan turns, still laughing at a parting jest. She sees Robin.

SUSAN

There you are!

TWO SHOT - SUSAN AND ROBIN 234

as he joins her. If he was angry before, he's furious now.

ROBIN

Who are they?

SUSAN

Some friends of mine from the Institute for Advanced Studies...

ROBIN

Seeing them later?

Susan, sensing a scene, is quick to link her arm with Robin's.

SUSAN

No, of course not, I'm with you, remember?

Cont.

ROBIN
Which one of them are you going to
screw first?

SUSAN
Robin --

Robin jerks his arm free of Susan's and stalks away.

ROBIN
Get away from me!

SUSAN
(rooted, watching him go)
Oh, God...

INT. OLD CHICAGO MALL - ANGLE ON ROBIN - DAY 235

walking, sometimes shoving his way through the crowded mall.

INT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY A-235

Big enough for 25,000 people at one time, and it's near
capacity today.

ANGLE ON TOUR GROUP OF VISITING ARABS B-235

They are getting the red carpet treatment from Old Chicago
officials. The Elderly Man who is the center of attention,
obviously a prince among his kind, has one of his sons, a
boy about Robin's age, with him.

ANGLE ON ROBIN C-235

who enters at the other end of the park, and the expression
on his face is scary. We TRACK him as he comes to various
rides; as he walks past them things go wrong, as follows:

LIGHT BULBS IN AN ADJACENT RIDE D-235 X

begin to explode. X

OUT E-235 X

ANGLE ON THE ARABS F-235

about to board an attraction called "The Plane," which X
consists of seats for one or two passengers suspended on
arms that form a wheel. In operation the wheel rises and
tilts at a steep angle. The riders at the highest point
are perhaps thirty feet from the floor, and really flying.

ANGLE ON PLANE RIDE

G-235 X

as the Arabs are seated, and Robin approaches.

He virtually goes into a trance at the sight of the Arabs.
If necessary we'll FLASH BACK at this point to the Arabs in Casablanca who mounted the attack on his father.

The ride begins, and we INTERCUT between the Arabs and Robin as he studies them. The prince is in one of the seats with his son. As the ride reaches its maximum speed and elevation WE ISOLATE Robin IN SHARP FOCUS as the people around him are blurred and unidentifiable.

Suddenly the plane occupied by the Arabs begins to detach itself from the ride. It hurtles through the terrace of the restaurant where Robin met Susan earlier. It careens across the restaurant striking a group of Arabs seated at a table. X

OUT H-235-
249

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

A-249

Distant SOUNDS of sirens, yelpers outside. Susan is looking for Robin. She sees him, a hundred feet away, leaving the amusement park. Susan hurries to catch up. She calls. Robin doesn't turn. Then he pauses to look in a shop window. She approaches him apprehensively. SIRENS LOUDER OUTSIDE THE BUILDING.

SUSAN

Robin? Are you all right?

Robin is motionless for a few moments, as if he hasn't heard her, or is being deliberately rude. Then he turns toward Susan. His face is boyish-looking again, cheerful -- and even innocent.

ROBIN

Sure. I'm tired of this place.
Let's go somewhere else.

INT. PARAGON INSTITUTE - MCKEEVER'S OFFICE - DUSK 250

Kristen is typing when Hester comes in. Hester is just a little frantic, and unnerved, and doing her best to cover it up.

HESTER

Hey, isn't he back yet?

Cont.

KRISTEN

'Fraid not, Hester, still at the hospital with Ellen. Can I help?

HESTER

Dr. McKeever prescribed for Gillian this morning, but we're out of Quaalude. He was very specific about using a non-barbiturate so I guess I'd better run to the drugstore. Is that mail ready to go? I'll drop it at the post office for you.

KRISTEN

I'd really appreciate it, Hester.

Hester fills a shopping bag with parcels and bulky envelopes

HESTER

No trouble.

EXT. ROOF OF PARAGON INSTITUTE - DUSK

251

There is a man on the roof of Paragon, TOPGUY ONE. The man is bored. He takes his walkie-talkie from his belt.

X

TOPGUY ONE

Topguy two, this is Topguy One. Uh, do you have any coffee left?

ANGLE ON TOPGUY TWO - DUSK

252

He is silhouetted against the lights of the apartment building beside Paragon Institute. He is the doorman. The two men are only about 25 feet apart.

X

TOPGUY TWO

Topguy One, that's affirmative, I have about one cup of lukewarm coffee left. Do you wish to negotiate a trade?

HIGH ANGLE - PARAGON INSTITUTE - DUSK

253

HIGH ENOUGH to SHOW the surrounding neighborhood and allow a glimpse of heavy traffic on both Lake Shore Drive and North Boulevard, which intersect a block away. It's the rush hour and there are a lot of people walking along Astor Street.

Cont.

Gillian murmurs assent as she eats. She's apparently lost in a reverie as Hester hurries past her and up the steps. At the door Hester puts down the shopping bag, fumbles for the plastic card which will electronically unlock the door. When the door clicks open Hester turns and upsets the shopping bag with her foot.

HESTER

Oh, well, shit.
(waving off Mrs. Callahan)
Don't bother.

Hester snatches up the mail. Gillian placidly spoons up soup. Hester glances at her, alarmed and then frantic. Gillian has stopped eating, the spoon suspended and forgotten near her mouth. Her eyes are blank; she seems witless and paralyzed, as if she has lost her nerve.

Hester, having worked her way to the bottom of the steps, fumbles for the last of the mail. She shoots another look at Gillian, muttering under her breath:

HESTER

For the love of God, move your ass!

Now Mrs. Callahan is on the way, bringing Gillian her sandwich. Looks at Hester.

X
X

HESTER

(dismally)
I know, I'm sorry, I'm going.

Suddenly Gillian is up, creating no stir. She approaches the steps and bends over.

GILLIAN

Here's one you missed.

HESTER

Oh, thanks, Gil --

Gillian gives Hester a hard shove and Hester goes flying back into Mrs. Callahan. Gillian is out the door like a shot. Hester is dazed. Mrs. Callahan pitches her like a toy against the nearest wall and grabs a walkie-talkie from a pocket of her coat sweater. She tromps up the steps after Gillian crying:

CALLAHAN

Security! The girl is running.
The girl is running.

X

TOPGUY ONE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Topguy Two, I have a Hershey Bar to trade.

TOPGUY TWO'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Topguy One, I read you, Is that with or without almonds?

INT. SEDAN - DUSK

254

X

parked in the alley across from Paragon. TOPGUY THREE grabs his walkie-talkie and cuts in on them.

TOPGUY THREE

X

All right, Asshole One and Asshole Two, stop cluttering up this frequency!

INT. PARAGON INSTITUTE - DUSK

255

Hester goes hurrying along a hallway, carrying the shopping bag full of mail. She enters the Morning Room.

INT. MORNING ROOM - DUSK

256

Gillian, barefoot and in her pajamas, looks up briefly and without expression, then resumes, slowly and carefully, spooning soup into her mouth. Mrs. Callahan is busy serving.

HESTER

Here comes the pony express!

As she breezes through, not daring to look at Gillian:

CALLAHAN

Will you be gone long, dear?

HESTER

I'm going to whiz to the post office and whiz to the drugstore. How's Gillian?

CALLAHAN

Like a little lamb. Bacon, Lettuce and tomato, Gillian?

Cont.

REVISED - "THE FURY" - 8/11/77

89

EXT. ASTOR STREET - ANGLE ON GILLIAN

257

running North (TRACKING SHOT). Gillian, very fleet, is on her way to Lake Shore Drive. There are a lot of PEDESTRIANS on the long block.

ANGLE ON HESTER

258

reaching the street.

EXT. PARAGON INSTITUTE - DUSK

259

There is plenty of activity around the building. Our security van is visible. THE DOORMAN comes out with a walkie-talkie. In the alley across the street is a sedan, engine running. But the driver can't immediately follow Gillian up the one-way street. Hester runs after Gillian, tangles with an AGENT, knocking him down.

EXT. NORTH AVENUE - ROBERTSON IN THE PARK - DUSK 260

Robertson is jogging toward North Avenue.

FULL SHOT - NORTH AVENUE (LOOKING TOWARD ASTOR) - 261 X
DUSK

Security car and Hester pursuing Gillian, who heads for a checker cab parked at the curb, rear door open. Peter looks out from the front seat of the cab, aims his revolver, shoots the driver of the sedan, which swerves, crushing Hester against a parked car. Peter gets out as Gillian, near the cab, turns in horror. Robertson, running hard, reaches Gillian. Peter shoots him, grabs Gillian and throws her into the back of the cab.

PETER

Stay down!

OUT 262-
263

FULL SHOT - THE CAB

264

Peter jumps back in, and drives away.

OUT 265-
268

EXT. LAKE SHORE DRIVE

269

The cab is lost in heavy southbound traffic.

OUT 270-
310

OUT 311

INT. BUS - NIGHT

312

Not too crowded, and nearly everyone is asleep. Gillian looks totally drained; there are tear tracks on her face. Peter sits and drinks.

PETER

I killed her. I knew I would
the first time I said 'hello' and
conned her into helping me,
(takes another
drink)

She would have done anything for
me. Get some sleep.

GILLIAN

Don't stop. Please talk to me.
I'm afraid to close my eyes.
Afraid of what I'll see.

PETER

(offers bottle)
Sip this.

GILLIAN

No.

PETER

Sip it! You'll feel better.

She drinks.

A woman is glaring from a nearby seat. Peter smiles and touches Gillian's jaw.

PETER

Best thing in the world for a
toothache.

GILLIAN

Tell me about Robin.

PETER

You tell me.

GILLIAN

Sometimes I know what's happening
to him -- what he's thinking, what
he feels. I'm like a -- a receiver,
and Robin sends pictures.

PETER

Jesus, that's amazing. You're
like twins. Good looking kid,
isn't he?

GILLIAN
Uh-huh.

PETER
You're just the kind of girl
Robin would like.

GILLIAN
I am?

Peter studies her. He takes a bottle of Scotch from a
paper sack. He's already had a couple of drinks.

PETER
I raised Robin all by myself.

Gillian looks at Peter.

PETER
His mother died in childbirth.

GILLIAN
How come you never married again?

PETER
There just hasn't been anybody.

GILLIAN
Hester?

PETER
(pensively)
Maybe.

GILLIAN
When did you last see Robin?

PETER
Eleven months. He was growing
up so fast. I'm a good athlete,
but Robin's better. The last day
at the Club we raced ten laps in
the pool, and I was really pouring
it on -- but he beat me. I said,
'I won.' He said, 'You did not.'
I said, 'I did too -- by that much.'
(shows his fingers)
Robin jumps up to the edge of the
pool and says, 'Okay, let's race
again.' I just looked at him.
I was so tired, I couldn't move.
'All right, you won!'

Cont.

By this time both Gillian and Peter are laughing.

PETER

Tell me, Gillian, how is he?

GILLIAN

(thinking;
lying)

Okay...

Peter puts his arm around her and smiles.

PETER

Okay. Yeah, we're all gonna be
okay. That's a promise.

OUT 313

EXT. BUS - JUST BEFORE DAWN

314

Pulling into a small town.

NEW ANGLE - BUS IN THE STATION - DAWN

315

A couple of people getting off.

INT. BUS - DAWN

316

Gillian is curled up in her seat, asleep, a blanket over her. Peter is gone. The bus pulls out, and Gillian wakes up. She looks around and is suddenly alarmed. The bus moves slowly. Someone comes out of the bathroom, but it isn't Peter. Gillian raises the window shade. She sees Peter walking up the street away from the bus.

GILLIAN

No!

And she hurries down the aisle to the front of the bus, past a far couple settling in with a lot of packages and hand luggage. Gillian gets to the driver.

GILLIAN

Stop, let me off! I'm supposed
to get off here!

The driver sighs and lets her off. Gillian runs toward Peter, calling him. At an intersection she is nearly flattened by a big truck, steps back in time but falls. Blinded by tears, she just sits there as the truck pulls away. She tries to get up again, but without success. Suddenly Peter is there to pick her up, not all that gently.

Cont.

PETER

What the hell do you think
you're doing?

GILLIAN

You were going to leave me!

PETER

You got me here -- now stay out.
He's my son. It's my fight.

GILLIAN

I don't know who I can trust
anymore.

PETER

(shoves her)

That bus goes all the way to
Seattle! You were safe!

Peter takes money from his jacket pocket and puts it in her
hand.

GILLIAN

You can't leave me.

PETER

(slaps her)

You get on that bus and don't
come back.

He turns and walks away, but Gillian runs after him.

GILLIAN

(grabs him)

But I can take you right to him.
He needs us now!

PETER

It's too dangerous. People around
me get killed.

GILLIAN

People around me get hurt too.
I make them bleed. Robin can
help me!

She embraces Peter.

PETER

All right, all right, Gillian.

Cont.

He gently disengages himself.

PETER

C'mon, dry up.

With that he turns and starts across the street to a gas station.

GILLIAN

No! Don't go!

PETER

(exasperated
again)

I have to go to the bathroom.
Honest to God. Then we'll get
ourselves a boat.

Cont.

He squeezes her shoulder in passing. Gillian is able to smile.

OUT 317-
324

EXT. CABIN CRUISER

A-324

crossing the lake, Peter at the controls; Gillian seated beside him, staring out in the direction of the campus. She puts her face into her hands.

PETER

Gillian?

GILLIAN

We are getting closer. I can feel him.

EXT. STONE HOUSE ON CAMPUS - DUSK

325

It is ablaze with light. Looking into windows on the third floor, we watch Ken the houseman setting a table for dinner in the king-size sitting room of Susan Charles' apartment. CAMERA PANS PAST bedroom windows which reflect light from the fireplace inside, to the bathroom windows as Susan steps out of her tub, wrapping a big towel around herself.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

326

Susan walks slowly to the hearth. She has a glass in one hand, the ice cubes tinkling. She sits as close to the fire as she can, and drops the towel. Beads of water glisten on her skin. She reaches for a full bottle of whiskey on a cart close by.

CLOSEUP - SUSAN

327

As she drinks, she looks slack and exhausted, survivor of some deadly combat we can only imagine.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER - DUSK

328

Gillian stares at the wooded coastline -- suddenly she turns to Peter.

GILLIAN

Stop, stop! We're passing him.
(pointing to the
woods above the shore)
He's up there!

Peter turns the boat shoreward. They land on the beach, get out, and head up into the woods.

INT. SUSAN CHARLES' SITTING ROOM - DUSK

329

Ken hums to himself as he goes about his duties. There is another fireplace in the sitting room, tall enough for a man to stand up in, deep enough for a bear's den. Near the hearth is a round dining table and a serving trolley loaded

Cont.

with hors d'oeuvres. The table is separated from the serving trolley by a three-piece folding glass screen, brass bound. On each glass panel there is a stylized, sandblasted relief of cocks fighting. At the table Ken fusses with his flower arrangement.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

330 X

Susan, with her glass pressed against one cheek, brushes tears from her other cheek as she stares at the fire. She is about to take another sip from her glass when a hand comes out of nowhere and smashes the glass from her hand. Susan gasps and turns, hands smothering a further outcry as she stares up at Robin Sandza.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

331 X

Ken looks up from the table, frowning.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

332 X

Robin, holding the bottle of whiskey in one hand, looms over Susan. He won't show his face until just the right moment; for now his features are in shadow. He's handsomely dressed: Gucci loafers, gray slacks, a suede shirt-jacket. Susan has a hard time catching her breath.

SUSAN

You scared me -- so bad --

ROBIN

(reasonably)

I don't like it when you smell like this stuff.

SUSAN

Please just leave me alone for a few --

ROBIN

I got tired of waiting. Why are you taking so long?

SUSAN

Robin, I needed a good soak -- and a little privacy.

KNOCK AT THE BEDROOM DOOR.

KEN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Dr. Charles, is everything all right?

Cont.

Susan is wrapping the towel around herself.
the bedroom windows and looks out.

Robin goes to

SUSAN

Yes. Would you hold the others
downstairs when they arrive? I
need -- just a few more minutes.
I'll ring you.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

333 X

Ken walks away from the door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

334 X

Susan picks up a piece of the glass which Robin smashed.

SUSAN

I enjoy a drink once in a while.
I'm allergic to barbiturates and
I haven't been sleeping.

ROBIN

Can't you sleep?

He uncorks the bottle of whiskey and sniffs.

SUSAN

Not when you don't sleep. And
you haven't closed your eyes for,
it's been almost five days. I
don't know how you can stay on
your feet.

ROBIN

(sampling the
whiskey)

I feel okay.

SUSAN

Oh, Robin! You're off in another
world. And I did that, I know
I've pushed you beyond mortal
limits. So I share the b-blame,
and I'm s-s-sorry...

ROBIN

(having another
drink)

I've wondered why you drink this.
Okay I guess.

Cont.

SUSAN

(approaching him)

Robin, let me have my bottle back.

And he drinks again.

SUSAN

Robin, easy. That doesn't go
with your medication.

Robin turns, smiling. He holds out the bottle to her, but when Susan reaches for it he pulls back and has another drink.

SUSAN

(about to come
unraveled)

I don't want to play. I can't
play games tonight!

Robin ignores her and just drinks.

SUSAN

Will you put that goddam bottle
down?

ROBIN

It won't hurt me. Nothing hurts
me. You could put poison in it,
and it wouldn't hurt me.

(raising the bottle
to his lips)

Is that what you'd like to do?

SUSAN

What?

ROBIN

Poison me. Get me out of the
way.

SUSAN

For God's sake, what a miserable,
stupid thing to say to me!

ROBIN

You wouldn't do it?

Cont.

There is a palpable ugliness in the room now, a monstrous threat that intimidates Susan despite her anger.

SUSAN

No. No!

ROBIN

But you lie to me. That's a kind of poison.

SUSAN

I do not lie to you, Robin. And I'm tired of -- accusations! Your sick, demeaning possessiveness! Your taunts and brutality and --

Robin turns smoothly and throws the bottle against the hearth.

ROBIN

Smash.

He giggles unexpectedly, then plucks the towel from Susan. She stands naked before him, defenseless, demoralized.

ROBIN

Lie down.

CLOSE SHOT - SUSAN

335 X

complying, her face rigid with loathing. SOUNDS of Robin loosening his trousers. CAMERA STAYS CLOSE ON Susan as Robin eases himself down on her.

ANGLE ON SUSAN'S HANDS

336 X

She hits the carpet convulsively, over and over, with one fist.

SUSAN

No -- I just don't want to!

SOUNDTRACK: Robin panting.

TIGHT TWO SHOT

337 X

Susan, past all endurance, spits in Robin's face and screams:

SUSAN

I said no!

HEAD SHOTS

33

Their faces inches apart. Now we see Robin, really see closely for the first time. His reaction to being spat on is not rage, but boyish shame. Tears well up in his eyes. His lower lip quivers.

SUSAN

(sobbing)

I'm not a machine. I can't go on and on like you can! Because it isn't kind. It isn't loving. It's humiliating!

With her fingers she wipes at the slash of spit livid freckled nose. Robin, stunned, jerks his face aside

SUSAN

Oh, God, Robin. Sweet, sweet Robin! I loved you so. What's happened? I want my boy back. My beautiful --

Her hands are on his head, groping blindly. He jerks his head all the way o.s., leaving Susan clutching at air. She watches him, terrified.

HER P.O.V. - ROBIN

339

struggling to get his pants up as he flees the room. It might be comical, under other circumstances. He slams the door behind him.

CLOSE ON SUSAN

340

lying on the carpet, shaking from terror and passion.

OUT 341

EXT. WOODS NEAR PSI WALL - DUSK

A-341

Peter and Gillian moving through wooded area and approach PSI wall. Peter and Gillian climb wall and enter PSI facility.

INT. SUSAN'S SITTING ROOM - CLOSE ON A CASEMENT
WINDOW - NIGHT

342

open a couple of inches.

X

EXTREME CLOSEUP - ROBIN'S FINGERNAILS

343

scratching at the arms of a leather chair, part of a grouping
near the windows.

LONG SHOT - BEDROOM DOOR - NIGHT

344

Susan comes out. She is wearing an ankle-length white wool
skirt, white suede boots, a long-sleeved white blouse with
a high, Gibson-girl collar, and a white wool bolero vest.
She has added no ornamentation, not even finger rings.
SOUND OF Robin's NAILS SCRATCHING, CLAWING at the leather.
It's a long walk for Susan across the room to the chair in
which Robin is sitting, hidden from us. WE CONTINUE TO
WATCH FROM A NEUTRAL CORNER.

When she reaches the chair she hesitates, then bends over
Robin. CAMERA STILL KEEPS ITS DISTANCE. Their voices are
low, intimate.

ROBIN

Go away.

SUSAN

Can't we make up?

ROBIN

You spit on me!

SUSAN

That was -- I'm very sorry,
won't you just try to understand
the strain I'm under? I'm so
worried about you.

CLOSE ON ROBIN'S FINGERS

345

working: SCRATCH, SCRATCH.

CLOSE ON SUSAN

346

SUSAN
(suffering)
Stop...

ANGLE ON ROBIN'S HANDS

347

They freeze into fists.

INTIMATE TWO SHOT

348

SUSAN
Thank you, darling. Now please
forgive me. Please, please?
Susan wants you to forgive her.
Susan's sorry she acted so terrible.

Robin is resentful and suspicious.

ROBIN
You said we could go away for
a whole week, why'd we have to
come back so soon?

SUSAN
My plans were changed. By a
higher authority.

They are both silent. Susan is motionless, lips pursed,
listening to him breathe. She dares to touch him. He
yields.

ROBIN
Could we go some other time?

SUSAN
Well -- I'm sure I could arrange it.

ROBIN
Okay.

SUSAN
Kiss?.

Robin allows himself to be kissed. He puts his hands in
his lap and is mercifully quiet. His eyes are half closed.

WIDER ANGLE

349

Susan straightens, dazzled with relief. She smiles.

Cont.

SUSAN
(attempting a light tone)
I just have to have something to
eat!

CLOSE ON SUSAN - THROUGH A PANEL OF THE GLASS SCREEN 350

uncovering one delicacy after another on the hot cart, loading a plate, sampling. She is ravenous, intent on telling Robin about each goodie as it comes to her. Meanwhile:

ANGLE ON ROBIN

He goes walking quietly across the carpet. It might be interesting to CUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN HER ACQUISITIVE HANDS AND HIS PROWLING FEET until the moment he stops and:

CLOSEUP - ROBIN'S HAND 352

turns the key in the lock of the oak door. He pockets the key.

CLOSEUP - SUSAN 353

studying the implications of the locked door. Perhaps she licks a fingertip, childishly. In the next few moments it will become evident that the natural order of their relationship has been reversed: now Susan is the child, a mortally threatened child.

SUSAN
Why'd you do that?

FULL SHOT 354

Robin approaches her slowly.

ROBIN
So nobody can get in.

SUSAN
Why don't -- Robin, what's the matter?

ROBIN
You know.

SUSAN
I honestly don't.

Cont.

ROBIN
It's that...damned...girl.

SUSAN
What girl?

ROBIN
The one who's like me.

SUSAN
Like you? There's nobody --

ROBIN
You think I don't know she's
around? Where did you hide her?

SUSAN
I don't know anything about --

Robin leans on the serving cart and stares at Susan.

ROBIN
That's a lie.

SUSAN
No, it isn't.

ROBIN
She'll do all the things I can
do. You won't miss me at all.

SUSAN
Robin, what are you saying?

ROBIN
(pointing to the table)
Company's coming.

SUSAN
Yes.

ROBIN
(counting on his fingers)
You. Me. Dr. Ives. Childress.
The girl. That makes five.

SUSAN
But you can see we're not
expecting anyone else. There
are just four place settings.

Cont.

GILLIAN
You're killing herrrrrr!

Peter appears to grab her and try to calm her down. But Gillian is hysterical and loud. SUDDENLY LIGHTS COME ON EVERYWHERE AROUND them. Peter runs, dragging Gillian with him toward a stone wall which he hopes to use for cover. X

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 359

as Susan pitches face down on the pale carpet.

ANGLE ON ROBIN 360

watching from behind the screen as Susan screams and chokes.

ROBIN
Susie, get up.

FULL SHOT 361

Susan, her back to us, crawls away from him on hands and knees.

ANGLE ON ROBIN - AS BEFORE 362

ROBIN
I can make you get up.

And suddenly Susan does pop up, right in front of us.

ROBIN
Turn around.

She is jerked around to face him, levitated slightly.

ROBIN'S P.O.V. - SUSAN 363

ROBIN
(o.s.)
Turn around again.

Her toes inches from the carpet, she jerks full circle. Her eyes stare hideously at him.

ROBIN
(o.s.)
Again.

He begins to spin her in the air, faster and faster. As she spins, her white outfit begins to fill up with blood.

ROBIN

Four for dinner. I won't be here.
I'll be dead. The girl's taking
my place after you poison me.

SUSAN

That's ridic --

With unprecedented violence Robin erupts, pushing the wheeled
cart past Susan and into the fireplace. Logs blow up in
fountains of sparks as the cart overturns, spilling food.
Smoke rolls over Susan and she backs away, choking. Robin
stands still, turning his head to stare at her. The glass
screen is between them. Suddenly Susan is in pain, clasp-
ing her head with both hands.

ROBIN

(dispassionately)
What's the matter, Susan?

SUSAN

It feels like -- I don't know!

Robin glares at her through the smoke and the glass.

ROBIN

Remember? I told you I didn't
have to touch you to hurt you.
I'm hurting you now. Because
I don't love you anymore. I'm
tired of you.

VERY CLOSE ON SUSAN

355

clutching her head. Tears flow.

HER P.O.V. - ROBIN

356

his face distorted by the tears, the smoke between them.

SUSAN

Don't! Whatever you're doing,
stop -- !

EVEN CLOSER SHOT - SUSAN

357

The pores on the backs of her hands have begun to bleed,
bubbles of blood forming as if, metabolically, she has come
to a boil. Susan screams.

EXT. PSI FACULTY WOODS - NIGHT

358

X

Gillian is screaming too, piercingly.

Cont.

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ANGLE ON ROBIN BEHIND THE SCREEN

364

going slowly to him as the stylized fighting cocks run red with Susan's blood.

OUT 365

ANGLE ON AXE

366

inside, crashing through the door.

ANGLE ON ROBIN

367

turning his head and losing concentration.

EXT. PSI FACULTY - COMPLEX OF BUILDINGS - NIGHT

368

Peter and Gillian are on the run. Lights are flashing all over campus. Peter has Gillian by one hand but Gillian is far away in her mind, groaning and crying as she relives Robin's murder of Susan, and she's no help to Peter.

ANGLE ON ATTACK DOG - NIGHT

369

running silently through the campus.

ANGLE ON A ROAD - NIGHT

370

Security people arrive on foot near the scene. Childress is among them.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - ANGLE ON THE DOOR - NIGHT 371

Axes break it down.

ANGLE ON THE GLASS SCREEN

372

Robin has gone.

ANGLE ON DOOR - INSIDE

373

Two SECURITY MEN come crashing through.

ANGLE ON PETER AND GILLIAN - NIGHT

374

Peter is jumped by attack dog as he straddles wall. Gillian goes down screaming, straddled by one of the dogs. Electric torches cross and recross the SCENE as Childress' men converge on them.

PETER

Don't move, Gillian, he'll kill you!

And for the first time we see a look of desperation on Peter's face.

OUT 375-
378

PSI FACULTY - NIGHT

379

Childress has not budged from his spot as Peter is brought to him. Gillian is just behind Peter and very frightened.

GILLIAN

Peter...!

CHILDRESS

Too bad, Peter, you almost made it.

Peter tries to claw at him but is restrained.

PETER

Where is my son? Where is he?

CHILDRESS

Give up. I've had ten months of this. When are you going to give up?

GILLIAN

Somebody listen to me! You've got to stop him before...

EXT. WINDOW - SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

380

Ken and the other security man crash through the window, falling to the veranda below.

EXT. VERANDA - NIGHT

381

The window is lit up from the lights below beaming upward from the perimeter of the veranda. A small group is huddled around the two fallen men. Gillian and Peter are marched to the veranda by three security guards. Childress walks behind them. Dr. Ives approaches Childress.

DR. IVES

If you want him back then leave him alone. Turn off the lights and go to bed. Robin will come out of there to find out why he's not the center of attention anymore.

CHILDRESS

That's a terrible idea.

(turns to Peter)

Okay Peter. You said you wanted to see your son.

Cont.

CHILDRESS (Cont.)
(points to window)
He's waiting for you. Bring him
out.

INT. SUSAN'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

382

Peter pushes open the door. The room is still filled with smoke. He can't see well, even with the powerful flashlight in his right hand.

PETER
Robin, it's Dad! If you're here
please answer me!

Peter moves into the smoke. He sees a human figure across the room, lying against the wall. He goes toward it.

EXT. VERANDA - NIGHT

383

Gillian has drifted somewhat apart from the others.

INT. SUSAN'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

384

Approaching the figure, Peter is horrified to find out the figure is Susan. She sits up on the carpet, her blood-soaked blouse spread vividly around her. Susan's face is shrunken, her open eyes seem to fill half her face. Her arms are bent in a broken-doll attitude.

PETER
(to himself)
Oh, my God!

He reaches down just touching her head. It falls to one side, her neck obviously broken. He turns back to face the smoke-filled room.

PETER
Robin?

Still no response. The CAMERA CRANES above Peter to discover a pair of feet hanging in the air. It CONTINUES UP to show Robin levitated in the corner of the ceiling, watching Peter from above.

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EXT. VERANDA - NIGHT

X
385

Gillian telepathically sees Peter from Robin's P.O.V.
She feels his anger and madness.

INT. SUSAN'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

386

Peter searches across the room, stopping in front of the broken window. He calls down to the men below.

PETER

He's not here!

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON ROBIN

A-386

Robin swings across the wall until he is in a direct line opposite Peter, from the other side of the room. His body brushes against a mirror. It falls and shatters. Peter turns back looking at eye-level through the smoke, and sees nothing.

PETER

Robin?

No response again.

PETER

Son, I know they told you I was dead. They lied. I've spent two years looking for you. I never gave up. What's the matter son? Don't you recognize me? Can't you -- say hello to your old man?

EXT. VERANDA - NIGHT

387

Gillian telepathically sees Robin starting to nose-dive down on his father. She cries out.

GILLIAN

Peter!

INT. SUSAN'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

388

But Robin's furious assault takes Peter by surprise. He swoops down on him swinging the empty whiskey bottle.

Cont.

Peter has a glimpse of the bottle aimed at his head and jerks his left elbow high to take the blow. Off balance, they go out the window together.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

389

Peter and Robin fly out the window, but Peter catches the window frame with one hand and grabs the free-falling Robin with the other. Robin dangles face-up, eyes wide, hand-to-hand with Peter. Peter's other hand precariously grasps the swinging window frame. He looks down at his son.

PETER

Robin, reach up with your other hand. Get ahold of my jacket, climb over me.

Robin reaches up, but slowly. He looks deeply into Peter's eyes. His hand moves on, touches Peter's face. Peter's grasp slips on the window frame.

PETER

Oh Robin. Come on. I'm losing you. I'm losing you.

Unexpectedly something savage breaks through the deadly expression on Robin's face. His hand turns into a claw, and he rakes at Peter's face, screaming. Peter jerks his head away and stares in horror at his son. In an instant Robin, writhing in air, is totally demented. And blood begins to flow from Peter's ears. A look of dreadful sadness crosses his face. His eyes close.

CLOSEUP - PETER AND ROBIN'S HANDS

390

Peter very deliberately lets go of his son.

PETER'S P.O.V. - ROBIN

391

falling.

GROUND LEVEL - NIGHT

392

Everyone scatters as Robin falls among them. Gillian is closest. And the first to reach Robin's side. Childress can't believe it. Then he screams at Peter.

CHILDRRESS

Peter! Peter you son-of-a-bitch!

ANGLE ON PETER

X
393

Peter pulls himself onto the window ledge.

INT. SUSAN'S SITTING ROOM - P.O.V. SHOT -
OVER CHILDRESS' SHOULDER - NIGHT

394

Childress throws open the door. Directly opposite him
Peter is pulling himself inside the window. TRACK Childress
TOWARD the window.

CHILDRESS

You let him go! I saw it!
You killed your own son! Why?
Goddam you...I know you're not
dead! Give me an answer!

CLOSE ON PETER'S GOOD RIGHT HAND

395

as Peter very slowly lifts the hand and makes an unmistakable
gesture, index finger extended.

ANGLE ON CHILDRESS - NIGHT

396

He can't believe it; Peter just won't give up. Childress
turns, holding out his good hand. Robertson puts his
automatic in it. Childress shoots Peter three times. He
turns, gives the gun back to Robertson.

CHILDRESS

Get him out of here! Get him
out of my sight.

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAWN

397

OUT

398-
406

INT. PSI - ANOTHER BEDROOM - MORNING

407 X

as the faintly colored light of dawn comes through the windows. Gillian stirs in the canopied bed. The windows are open slightly, and a breeze keeps the curtains in motion. Gillian is now in the grip of a terrible anxiety too close to the surface of consciousness to be called a nightmare.

NEW ANGLE ON GILLIAN - MORNING

408 X

She wakes up and sits up in shock. Then she looks slowly around the unfamiliar room, CAMERA ASSUMING her P.O.V.: a hearth and the remains of a fire, a couple of shadowy doorway and ells, the brightening windows.

FULL SHOT - THE BEDROOM - MORNING

409 X

Gillian gets out of bed and puts on a robe that has been provided for her. Even this minimal amount of exertion is too much for her. She leans against a bedpost for support, eyes closing.

CHILDRESS' VOICE

(o.s.)

Good morning.

He is standing in the doorway to another room, watching her, a cup in his hand.

CHILDRESS

I made coffee. Would you like some?

Gillian stares at him, not exactly terrified, but like an animal who has been hazed to the point of insensibility. She can't do anything but cling to her bedpost. Childress walks slowly toward her, offers the cup again.

CHILDRESS

No? In a little while, then.

(drinking)

Warmer by the fire. How did you sleep? Okay? I was here most of the night. I guess you don't remember.

Gillian's teeth are chattering. He takes a poker and stirs up the fire.

CHILDRESS

Move a little closer to the fire, Gillian.

Cont.

She does so: four or five steps. Childress smiles and picks up his coffee again. During the next couple of minutes he will prowl around her, drawing carefully closer as Gillian turns slowly to keep him in view. Otherwise she reacts according to the following monologue:

CHILDRESS

I know what you've been through the past couple of days. I know how exhausted you must be, it'll take more than one night's sleep. I know how I feel. Peter was my friend. Oh, that's true. Maybe the best friend I'll ever have. But I had to do what I did. You saw what happened. Peter could have saved Robin. Instead he let him go. Deliberately destroyed his son. I hope you won't judge me too harshly. I can't say if I was right, or wrong -- I only know I acted, and it's done. Robin is gone. Peter's gone, you're the only one who matters now. And I'll see to it that you're protected. Nothing bad can ever happen to you now, Gillian. That's my promise to you. Oh, I know. You'd like to go home. You want to be with your mother. But she'll never really understand, will she? You know in your heart you can't go home. Yes, I know that hurts. Hurts so much you want to lie down and die. But you have to survive. You're a healthy, strong young girl who must survive. So you'll begin by putting the tragedies behind you. I think that'll be easier if you accept my help. All the bad things you may have heard about me just aren't true. I'm not a bad man, Gillian. All I'm asking for now is that you trust me. Time will take care of the hurting. That's the simple truth.

Now he pauses in front of Gillian, and looks at her with his keen fatherly eye until she is forced to return his look. Tears have started and some of the stunned, shattered expression has left Gillian's face. ALL THROUGH Childress' MONOLOGUE WE HAVE HEARD HER BREATHING. NOW WE HEAR HER HEARTBEAT TOO, SUBTLE AT FIRST.

Cont.

CHILDRESS

Tears are good, Gillian. Don't be afraid to cry. Tears are just what we need right now...

Gillian falls into his one-armed embrace, weeping aloud. He's rather been expecting it. He begins to stroke her hair. Her arms tighten around him. He smiles.

CHILDRESS

I'll be a good father, Gillian. You can depend on that.

He closes his eyes and kisses her forehead, then her cheek. CAMERA FAVORS Gillian, while he kisses her, then SWINGS SLOWLY AROUND TO his face. Gillian is panting for breath. Childress is smiling, his eyes still closed. It's the smile of a contented man.

Then Childress opens his eyes and as he does so we see nothing but bloody gel, blood suddenly streaming down his cheeks, and his expression changes to horror as he realizes he is blind but doesn't know why. Gillian tears herself free of him and he puts his hand to his gory cheeks.

CHILDRESS

Gillian!

Gillian sprints to the door, but it is locked. She turns her back to the door then and concentrates on Childress, who is crashing around the room, blind, bleeding, clutching his head.

CHILDRESS

Stop! Gillian! The pressure!
What are you doing to me?
Gillian, Gillian, help me!

Gillian, for the first time and last time in this sequence, speaks:

GILLIAN

You go to hell.

Except for the small amount of blood from his eyes, Childress is not bleeding anywhere else. But he is motionless now, except for the violent trembling of a volcano just under the skin, and he seems to realize something pretty awful is about to happen. He throws back his head and screams.

Cont.

And then Childress just blows up, as if a bomb has gone off inside him, his body is seen to disintegrate in an explosive cloud of bloody froth, head, arms, chest, and WE COVER THIS FROM SEVERAL ANGLES ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY, THEN:

CUT AWAY TO:

CLOSEUP - GILLIAN - DAY 410

ANGLE ON A TOY ELECTRIC TRAIN 411

traveling around a circular track, as in Sc. 45, pg. 15.

SPLIT DIOPTER 412

Gillian and the train. As the train continues to whiz around the track on the lower part of the screen:

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PSYCHIC RESEARCH LAB - CLOSE ON A BOY 413
GILLIAN'S AGE - SPLIT DIOPTER - DAY

Electrodes are attached to his head. He reacts in horror to:

REPRISE - CHILDRESS BLOWING APART - SPLIT DIOPTER 414
- DAY

INT. LAB - DAY 415

It's similar to the classroom at Bordendale School, but the array of machines is more impressive; they are similar to, but not duplicates of those we saw at PSI Faculty. The boy conducting the experiment with the train rises in fright and perhaps pain, tearing off the electrodes. A COUPLE OF LAB ASSISTANTS hurry to help him.

ANGLE ON FACES OF THE OTHER STUDENTS 416

Consternation; shock. PAN TO:

OBSERVATION BOOTH 417

where PSI research workers monitor the powerful electro-magnetic impulses generated by the young man. And now we have an idea of just where we are: two of the observers wear Russian military uniforms, insignia of high rank. One of the Officers turns and speaks urgently to the other. The second Officer nods. CAMERA GOES TO HIM. HOLD.

FADE OUT

THE END

ALTERNATE ENDING
(NOTE: SCENE 410 TO END)

GO TO GILLIAN IN CLOSEUP - DAY

SUPER: SHOT OF A FOUNTAIN IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Bottom half of the screen: traffic flashing by.

CUT TO:

BUS - LONG SHOT - DAY

Traffic still going by in f.g. as above.

REPRISE: Childress explodes, with fountain SUPERED.

INT. BUS - YOUNG MAN GILLIAN'S AGE - DAY

standing, holding onto a pole on the crowded bus. His face registers shock and horror.

SOUND TRACK: someone on the bus screaming. His head turns convulsively; he sees SOMEONE ELSE'S HAND NEXT TO HIS OWN ON POLE.

Blood is streaming down the other person's hand.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END