

"THE NINTH CONFIGURATION"

Twinkle, Twinkle, Killer Kane

Screenplay

by

William Peter Blatty

based on his novel

MAY 1975

"THE NINTH CONFIGURATION"

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. SUNRISE SHOT (OPTICAL). THE BALL OF THE SUN ALMOST FILLS THE FRAME. INSIDE THE SUN, BLACK SPOTS. AS WE SUPERIMPOSE MAIN TITLE CREDITS, THE SPOTS GROW LARGER, A DISTANT PURR, THE SOUND GROWING LOUDER UNTIL THREE HELICOPTER GUNSHIPS (U.S. MARKINGS: MARINE CORPS) FILL THE FRAME WITH THE ROARING AND WE QUICKLY CUT TO:
- 2 EXT. AERIAL TRACKING DOWN SHOT - HELICOPTER BLADES FILLING THE FRAME - DAY
- 3 INT. HELICOPTER GUNSHIP COCKPIT - DAY
Flying low. Confused radio chatter. With different colored grease pencils, PILOT is drawing map or writing instructions on the plexi-glass canopy.
- 4 MEDIUM LONG FULL FRONT SHOT - SUPPLY ROAD IN VIETNAM
A long line of U.S. and South Vietnamese infantry in single file on either side of highway, marching with arms braced on rifles over shoulders. Four or five jeeps and weapons carriers driving down in between, bracketing, in center of road, THIRTY NORTH VIETNAMESE CIVILIANS being shepherded along by THREE AMERICAN MARINES (TWO PRIVATES; ONE CORPORAL) AND TWO S. VIETNAMESE RANGERS. The civilians all carry bundles, packs; some carry children. At rear of civilian pack (they are bunched somewhat) is an OLD WOMAN. Meanwhile, the three copters are coming at us from behind them, and all look up as they overfly low and through the FRAME, kicking up dust with the wash of their blades. As the Vietnamese civilians begin to pass through FRAME, the CAMERA pulls away to the right side and we TRACK with civilians.
- 5 OTHER CIVILIANS - TRACKING
The elderly among them are complaining, sore and tired.
- 6 TRACKING - MARINE CORPORAL
The Corporal is in the f.g. of the shot. B.g. we hear distant sounds: mortars, strafing (the copters behind us), small arms fire. Then, from O.S. rear of line we hear OLD WOMAN calling out in pleading tones. A few civilians look back. The Corporal continues on a bit: he hasn't noticed. Then he does and he halts, turns and sees something O.S.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

CORPORAL

(raising hand in air)

Hold it up there, folks.

(starting to move to rear of line)

Hold on now.

We hear O.S. a Vietnamese Ranger ordering the civilians to stop, in Vietnamese. They halt. Meantime, we are following the Marine Corporal in a TRACKING SHOT as all the civilians now turn to look back over their right shoulders at Old Woman O.S.

7 REVERSE ANGEL - TRACKING - CIVILIANS IN B.G., CORPORAL BEHIND

We are quite CLOSE, framing full the heads of the civilians and the Corporal.

8 MEDIUM LONG SHOT AT CORPORAL APPROACHING CAMERA

When he is close, he halts, looking down through CAMERA POV. Meantime, a Vietnamese RANGER enters FRAME from behind, observing.

CORPORAL

Hurt your leg there, Mama?

9 CLOSE ANGLE (POV) OLD WOMAN

Wailing and weeping, she has apparently sprained an ankle and indicates it to the Corporal through gestures.

10 FULL SIDE ANGLE CORPORAL, WOMAN, RANGER

RANGER

She cannot walk.

As Corporal hands rifle to Ranger:

CORPORAL

Here, you hold this a minute for me, wouldjya?

11 SERIES CLOSE ANGLE FACES OF CIVILIANS - DETAIL - SUFFERING

12 FULL SIDE ANGLE CORPORAL, OLD WOMAN, RANGER

The Corporal has turned his back to the Old Woman, stooping low and gesturing for her to climb on his back.

CORPORAL

(continuing; to Old Woman)

Okay, Mama, now you climb right on aboard. C'mon, get on. We'll getchyou there.

The Ranger speaks to her in her language. She climbs on to soldier's back, nodding and happily chattering.

- 13 CLOSE SHOT OLD WOMAN'S FACE HAPPY
- 14 FRONT FULL THREE SHOT WOMAN, CORPORAL, RANGER
(NOTE: USE CRANE)

As she completes boarding movement:

CORPORAL

Good goin'.

The CAMERA is now ANGLING AROUND to side and behind them as Corporal takes rifle from Ranger and:

CORPORAL

Now you hang on tight there, ma'am.

Now the CAMERA is RISING to a HIGH FULL REAR SHOT of the entire group as the Corporal, moving forward, calls out to the other soldiers of his squad:

CORPORAL

Okay, let's move it, gang! Let's
truck on down the highway!

The civilians are moving again, the Private waving them on and moving alongside them as:

MARINE PRIVATE

(quietly)

Coax your asses gently forward, friends.
Let us shake it and move it a -- (long)

Before he finishes the word:

ABRUPT CUT TO:

- 15 EXT. MARINE CORPS REAR COMBAT AREA - DAY

Still close to the action. The CAMERA is on a MARINE CAPTAIN. He leans against a weapons carrier while listening, a "Walkie-Talkie" to his ear. O.S., against the BATTLE SOUNDS, we also HEAR a commotion of Vietnamese VOICES, in particular that of the Elderly Woman, wailing and tearfully protesting something. For a beat or two, as we COME IN, we HEAR an indistinct incoming VOICE (sounds of COMBAT b.g.) that the Captain is listening to through "Walkie-Talkie", but then looks up, O.S.

- 16 POV CIVILIANS FEATURING OLD WOMAN

She is hysterical. The Corporal, to side of FRAME, is approaching. Civilians are very close to the Captain.

- 17 BACK TO SCENE

CAPTAIN

(into "Walkie-Talkie")

Hold it. Hold it a minute.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

INTO FRAME has come the Corporal.

CAPTAIN

What is it?

CORPORAL

That old woman, she don't want to be stripped, sir.

CAPTAIN

Do you blame her?

CORPORAL

Don't you think we could search her without takin' off all her clothes, there, Captain?

The Captain considers, brow wrinkling in worry.

CAPTAIN

Well, it's -- I dunno. I mean --

WALKIE-TALKIE VOICE

(filter; STATIC)

Hey, man, come on! Ya got me hangin' under fire!

CAPTAIN

(quickly)

Don't strip her. Take her over to the side and run her over.

CORPORAL

(exiting)

Right, Captain.

CAPTAIN

And carefully!

CORPORAL

Yes, sir. You bet.

And almost simultaneously with this, the Captain has returned to his "Walkie-Talkie" conversation.

CAPTAIN

Yeah, okay, let's have the rest of the poop on the --

QUICK CUT TO:

18 MED. HIGH DOWN SHOT - THE GROUP

As Corporal walks over to civilians and takes Old Woman by arm and gently leads her to side of -- yet still near -- the Captain. The CAMERA, during this, is SLOWLY CLOSING.

CORPORAL

No, no, no, no, it's all right.
(Vietnamese word for
"all right"; then
continues)

You just walk on over here and take it easy, ma'am; no one's gonna take off your clothes.

He halts her. She is still protesting and wailing. As the Corporal turns away to set down his rifle against a tree, CAMERA has closed to a SINGLE on him. His back is to Old Woman as:

CORPORAL

No, sirree. We'll just take a looksee, here, ma'am, for a second and --

19 AT OLD WOMAN

She reaches under the folds of her dress.

20 CLOSE AT CORPORAL

as he straightens up and turns back to Old Woman:

CORPORAL

(continuing)

-- then I'll take you back over to --

He halts, staring -- stunned -- at:

21 POV ZOOM TO CLOSE OLD WOMAN

The Old Woman has plucked a grenade from between her legs, swiftly pulls the pin and tosses it at Corporal's feet and swiftly racing OUT OF FRAME.

22 CLOSE FOLLOW OF THE GRENADE ROLLING, BOUNCING

23 CLOSE AT CORPORAL - LOW UP SHOT

as he stares down numbly, transfixed.

CORPORAL

(not an epithet; a prayer)

Jesus.

24 SIMULTANEOUS CUTS OF:

- (1) THE CORPORAL (DUMMY) FLYING UPWARD, IMPELLED BY A SOUNDLESS BURST OF AIR
- (2) WIDE ANGLE LONG SHOT, THE BLAST

QUICK CUT TO:

25 CLOSE ON CAPTAIN

He is staring O.S. toward Corporal, and we INSTANTLY HEAR the EXPLOSION of the GRENADE, the beginning of the Corporal's SCREAM; and SEE shattered particles of the Corporal's flesh and blood splattering the Captain's stunned face --

CUT TO:

26 EXT. STARRY SKY - DUSK - SUPER MAIN TITLE

Dusk is sifting in. We HEAR a steady ELECTRONIC BLEEPING and the DISTANT SOUND OF AN AMBULANCE SIREN which also persists through SHOTS 27-38.

27 EXT. SPACECRAFT - HIGH DOWN SHOT - DUSK

The CAMERA is MOVING DOWNWARD & SLIGHTLY TO SIDE. Illuminated by floodlights, the spacecraft is poised upon its launching pad. There is frantic, confused activity as white-overalled TECHNICIANS race about and the AMBULANCE speeds to the launching pad.

28 EXT. MANSION - MOVING DOWN SHOT (HELICOPTER) - DUSK

29 EXT. CLOSER ANGLE SPACECRAFT, MOVING DOWN SHOT (HELICOPTER)
- DUSK

30 EXT. MATCHING SHOT, MANSION TOWER

31 EXT. MANSION - WIDE ANGLE UP SHOT - DUSK

Fog mists upward from rotted leaves, hugging the mansion. The mansion is Gothic and grotesque, gargoyled and gabled, and the DISTORTION of the WIDE ANGLE LENS imparts to it an added nightmare quality. The ELECTRONIC BLEEPING persists, and begins to accelerate.

32 ON MANSION GARGOYLE

It's mouth gapes wide in silent, hysterical, never-ending shriek.

33 ON BUST OF DEMON

Grinning above an open, gabled window.

- 34 RAPIDLY INTERCUT GOTHIC MANSION TOWER
(OUTER COURTYARD AREA) with:
- 35 MATCHING ANGLE OF SPACECRAFT, and back to:
- 36 SPIRE
- 37 BUST OF DEMON
- 38 INT. ROOM IN MANSION - DUSK

MOVING DOWN SHOT ON MAN ON COT

Attractive and in his thirties, the man (MANFRED CUTSHAW) lies perspiring in the throes of a nightmare as the CAMERA SLOWLY DESCENDS and the ELECTRONIC BLEEPING PICKS UP TEMPO, eventually building to a frenzied crescendo.

INTERCUT SHOTS OF CHAOTIC ACTIVITY ON SPACECRAFT GANTRY PLATFORM AS AMBULANCE ENTERS B.G.

(39 & REPEAT 40)

We HEAR an indistinct hubbub of frantic, shouting DREAM VOICES (ECHO CHAMBER). Above the confusion, we can clearly MAKE OUT:

MAN'S VOICE

What is he, crazy? What the hell's hap -- (pening)?

2ND MAN'S VOICE

(overlapping)

Watch him! Pin his arms! He's gone and flipped his freaking -- (lid)

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

(shouting over "lid")

Going to the Moon is bullshit, dammit!
Now -- !

(louder shout)

Take your hands off, creep! I'm fine!
I just don't want to go, that's all!
I just don't want to -- !

Abruptly, both the BLEEPING and the VOICES CUT OUT as Cutshaw leaps awake, bolt upright, and OUT OF FRAME.

- 41 LOW SIDE ANGLE - CUTSHAW

He is staring out window, BACK TO CAMERA, supporting his weight on an arm. His intense whisper is not a warning, but a sure premonition and colored by hope:

CUTSHAW

Somebody's coming.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

Two long beats; then Cutshaw rises and moves toward the window.

42 TRIPOD SHOT AT CUTSHAW THROUGH WINDOW

Cutshaw comes to window. He is staring up at us.

43 INT. CUTSHAW'S BEDROOM (STAGE)

SKY SHOT FEATURING THE MORNING STAR - DUSK

The star known as "the forerunner" blazes bright in the predawn sky.

44 BACK TO SCENE

We now SLOWLY PULL BACK from Cutshaw until we are in a LONG SHOT of the mansion, meantime SUPERIMPOSING:

"Hamlet is mad and sent into
England. 'Twill not be seen
in him there. There the men
are as mad as he..."

After LOSING SUPER, a beat; then we GO IN RAPID FLASHES to various shots of the mansion area (later in the day; more light), to include, among others:

45 STREAM: (FOG)

46 OMINOUS UP-ANGLE FULL SHOT MANSION FROM ROAD BELOW
OUTER COURTYARD: (FOG)

47 DOWN SHOT AT INNER COURTYARD: (FOG)

48 MANSION SPIRE: (FOG)

49 GARGOYLE: (FOG)

50 BUST OF DEMON: (FOG)

From a distance:

CUTSHAW (O.S.)

(deliberately)

Robert Browning had the clap and he
caught it from Charlotte and Emily
Brontë.

GROPER (O.S.)

(a shout)

Shut your mouth, you crazy bastard!

CUTSHAW (O.S.)

You don't want to hear the truth.

51 AT GARGOYLE: (FOG)

GROPER (O.S.)
(lower tone)
Krebs, sound assembly.

CUTSHAW (O.S.)
He caught it from both of them.

GROPER (O.S.)
Shut up!

As CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK and DOWN to disclose an American flag flying atop mansion inner courtyard spire, we HEAR a MILITARY BUGLING ("Assembly") from O.S. Amid a SOUND of FEET RUNNING DOWN MANSION STAIRS WITHIN and GENERAL HUM of RANDOM TALK, the CAMERA discloses a man wearing a coonskin cap (ZOOK) throwing open an upper mansion window.

ZOOK
Everyone out of the whirlpool bath!

As Zook rushes away from window, a lower window is disclosed. Standing there is another man wearing a purple bandana, golden earrings, red-and-white-striped pirate's shirt, fatigue trousers and Marine Corps "boondockers". Tucked through the sash around his waist is a fencing foil. He throws a rope out the window, the end secured somewhere in his room. On the toss:

FAIRBANKS
Gypsies stole me as a child.

When the CAMERA reaches ground level we see BUGLER standing in front of main door to mansion, and a man wearing a football helmet with faceguard (BEMISH) comes tearing out of mansion main door and TWO OTHER MEN (KLENK and FIRST INMATE) have come running into courtyard from another door (the far one), all racing to a spot opposite mansion main door. Fairbanks is preparing to climb down rope.

BEMISH
Sink the Bismark!

KLENK
May Day! May Day!

52 SIDE ANGLE FAIRBANKS SLIDING DOWN ROPE

as he very slowly passes INTO and DOWN OUT OF FRAME:

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

FAIRBANKS

(subdued tone; to no
one in particular)

I'm coming down.

53 AT MAIN DOOR TO INNER COURTYARD

as Nammack appears in doorway. He wears khaki pants and a T-shirt with a large "S" laundry marked onto it. He removes glasses to look up at Fairbanks, INMATES ONE and TWO tearing past him through door into courtyard.

NAMMACK

Good God, men, this is a case for --

As ZOOK tears past him, and before he can say "Superman", he looks toward an interrupting O.S. voice above and opposite him.

GROPER (O.S.)

Move it, Major Nammack!

54 ANGLE AT COURTYARD FROM INNER COURTYARD GATE

Groper is leaning out of second storey window opposite mansion door as Nammack runs to underneath window to join Zook, Klenk, Bemish and First and Second Inmates in a chaotic attempt at forming a military line. Inmates Three and Four run out from CAMERA POV toward the spot. Out of the mansion main door races GOMEZ and from end door comes Fifth Inmate. Fairbanks is still descending, but close to the ground, racing to the formation when he touches down. During all this:

GROPER

(continuing)

Get into formation!

BEMISH

(loud call)

Hillo ho ho, boys! Come, bird, come!

55 FULL AT INNER COURTYARD GATE (GATE WITH LAMPS)

While Sixth and then a beat later Seventh Inmate runs by, SPOOR is standing, remonstrating with a large, disreputable looking dog. Stamping foot:

SPOOR

Stay! Stay! How's it going to look?

56 FULL ANGLE AT THE MEN MUDDLING TOGETHER

muttering and poking one another in the dress-right-dress position, attempting to form a military line. They are directly opposite the main door.

(CAST: See diagram for order of line-up.)

57 ANGLE FEATURING BEMISH, ZOOK

BEMISH
 (at Zook)
 You know, I wish you'd douche.
 Sincerely.

ZOOK
 (to Bemish)
 Whoever you are behind that mask,
 you're a pain in the ass! Now
 watch the elbow!

58 ANGLE FEATURING KLENK, NAMMACK

as Fairbanks breaks into the line beside Klenk.

NAMMACK
 (to Klenk beside him)
 Where's my cape? Have you seen my
 cape?

FAIRBANKS
 Hell, what's a cape! Just fucking
 fabric!

NAMMACK
Fabric?...

FAIRBANKS
Foolish fucking fabric!

SPOOR
 (breaking into
 the line)
 Come on, Fairbanks, have a heart.

FAIRBANKS
 (drawing and flourishing
 the fencing foil)
 My heart is welded to my
 (pronouncing the "w")
 sword!

59 ANGLE FEATURING GOMEZ, FIRST INMATE

Latter holds a helium balloon tied to a string.

GOMEZ
 Damned fog! There's no color in the
 air!

FIRST INMATE
 Where are we?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

CUTSHAW (O.S.)
(loud and commanding)
All right, now, attention!

60 TRACKING SHOT CUTSHAW

from behind the other men (over their heads) as he moves along the line, scrutinizing them severely as they pop to attention. He wears dirty white sneakers and -- over his fatigues -- an N.Y.U. athletic sweater with a black armband. He is carrying a Harpo Marx "bladder" cane. He halts, raises the cane, as CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE ON HIM.

61 LONG ANGLE FROM BELOW STEPS

Cutshaw honks horn three times. The men raise their arms in the outstretched salute of ancient Rome.

THE MEN
(together)
Hail -- Caesar!

Spoor's dog sits sedately on haunches in front of him. He BARKS (once). Then the men drop their arms and freeze, hushed and unmoving, like the Damned awaiting judgement.

CUTSHAW
Good.

62 CLOSER ANGLE

CUTSHAW
Lieutenant Dorian Zook! You may take two giant steps and kiss the hem of my garment!

ZOOK
Sah!

CUTSHAW
The hem, Zook, mind you, the hem!

Zook takes two steps.

CUTSHAW
(coolly critical)
Excellent form, Zook.

ZOOK
Thank you, sir; I try.

CUTSHAW
Just don't let it go to your freaking
-- (head)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

VOICE (GROPER)
 (shouting over him)
 Cutshaw, get into formation!

The men shriek like hysterical women.

63 INT. MANSION MAIN DOOR TO INNER COURTYARD

REAR TRACKING SHOT - GROPER EXITING INTO COURTYARD

as he approaches them, a chorus of BOOING goes up from the men. Over it:

ZOOK
 (to Groper)
 Hey, where's my Ho Chi Minh decoder ring! I sent in the goddamn boxtops, Groper, where the hell's the -- !

He is cut off by:

GROPER
 (shouting)
Quiet!

On the line, Groper has halted and there is immediate silence. CAMERA is MOVING AROUND TO A FULL SIDE ANGLE FEATURING GROPER AND CUTSHAW, who is at end of line.

GROPER
 Good. Cutshaw, where is Captain Fromme?

CUTSHAW
 Heaven knows, but it just doesn't seem to be saying.

THE MEN
 (together)
 Manfred speaks! All hail to Manfred!

64 AT CUTSHAW AND SPOOR (OVER GROPER)

CUTSHAW
 (quietly, but with feeling)
 Sir, I've asked them not to do that.

SPOOR
 (to Cutshaw)
 But you didn't ask us right!

CUTSHAW
 You're talking interlocking puzzles.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

SPOOR

Manfred, you should've said, "Simon Says".

65 ANGLE AT GROPER

Groper's eyes narrow to slits as his gaze flits back and forth from Cutshaw to Spoor.

CUTSHAW (O.S.)

Oh, is that the rule?

SPOOR (O.S.)

(incredulous)

Is that the rule?

CUTSHAW (O.S.)

Shit, nobody told me!

SPOOR (O.S.)

What are you, a baby?!

66 EXTREME LOW SIDE ANGLE - GROPER, THE MEN

SPOOR

You couldn't research it? You couldn't just ask any cop on the -- ?!

GROPER

(bawling)

"Simon Says" knock it off!

Immediate silence. Groper's words sizzle like raindrops on hot volcanic rock:

GROPER

(continuing)

You yellow creeps!

67 TRACKING SHOT - GROPER OVER HEADS OF MEN

(He is moving left, toward Cutshaw.)

GROPER

Just who in the hell do you think you're kidding with your phony little squirrel act? Well, bad news, boys. The new C.O. will be here tomorrow and he's a psychiatrist.

ZOOK

(pleased)

And a mild-mannered mother image, we hear.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

GROPER

You hear correct. A diaper changer.
But he's good. And he's coming
specifically to find out if you're
psycho or faking it, boys. And that
shouldn't take him but a day. Either
way, boys --

68 REPEAT OF 66

CUTSHAW

(a step forward,
interrupting)

Could we knock off this "boys" shit,
Captain, please? It makes us feel
like we're cocker spaniels and you're
Ralph Morgan in Tortilla Flat. It's
a --

69 INTERCUT GROPER, CUTSHAW

GROPER

Cutshaw, what have you got there?

CUTSHAW

Where?

GROPER

(indicating "Harpo" horn)

What's that in your hand?

70 LONG SHOT MANSION FROM FRONT

Distantly:

CUTSHAW (O.S.)

A foghorn. Chinese junks have been
reported in the area.

GROPER (O.S.)

Someday, I'll break your back, I
promise you.

71 EXT. INNER COURTYARD - FULL SIDE ANGLE INMATES, GROPER

CUTSHAW

Someday I'm going to leave Fort
Zinderneuf.

(a look at the men)

I'm getting tired of propping up bodies.

72 AT GROPER (OVER THE MEN)

GROPER

(making for Cutshaw)

Ah, you simple, snotty -- !

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

Groper stops as the men have commenced to HISS.

73 CUTSHAW - THE MEN HISSING

Cutshaw sounds the HORN two or three times.

74 AT GROPER

GROPER

(continuing)

Yeah. Hissing you're good at,
you slimy snakes!

75 AT MEN OVER GROPER'S HEAD

CUTSHAW

(lightly applauding)

Bra-vo!

And the other men take up the light, tea-room applause.

SPOOR

Good image!

FAIRBANKS

Splendid Groper!

76 MEDIUM LONG SIDE ANGLE SHOOTING FROM INNER COURTYARD GATE

CUTSHAW

(one step forward)

One more thing, sir.

GROPER

What's that?

Cutshaw gives him the "arm", half-turns away; then, in the immediate silence following the "arm" gesture:

CUTSHAW

(puzzled; to himself)

Who's coming?

77 EXT. CRAGGY HILL - OVERCAST - DAY

CAMERA RESTS UP-ANGLED at back of three rude wooden crosses atop the hill. On them hang THREE CRUCIFIED MEN. The crosses are silhouetted against a sky darkened by roiling, windswept masses of clouds, and we HEAR a quiet discussion going on between the FIRST and SECOND MEN. (See APPENDIX "A" for lead-in dialogue.) We HEAR LAUGHTER. At end of lead-in dialogue, CAMERA HALTS.

And DISCLOSE that the FIRST and SECOND CRUCIFIED MEN, on either side of the THIRD CRUCIFIED MAN in the center, are attired in the uniforms of Marine Corps Generals, and wear overseas caps. They are tied to their crosses by heavy rope; but the Third Crucified Man is nailed to his cross through the hands and the feet, and pressed to his bloodied head is a crown of thorns. His head droops and is angled sideways and his eyes are closed (and will remain closed throughout the scene, in the course of which he will never speak or move). He is a perfect figure of Christ. The crosses on either side of him are angled to the sides, so that the First and Second Men can carry on their discussion. Though they at times address remarks to each other, the main sense of the scene is that they are briefing the man in the middle. They are speaking in ordinary, workaday tones, and NOW WE ARE CLOSE ENOUGH to understand their dialogue.

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN
(sobering)

Yes.

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN
(to Third Man)

It started, we think, with Creighton.

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN
(to Third Man)

That's right Colonel Kane, Lieutenant Creighton. Creighton refused to go into a combat zone and got hit with a general court-martial; they handed him three-to-six years' hard labor, and that was just about the last we've seen of your usual conscientious objectors.

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN
(to Third Man)

Well, yes, and coincident with that, Colonel, was the start of an extraordinary rash of flip-outs of very large numbers of men -- mostly officers -- who seem to have simply cracked up.

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN

"Seem".

79 THE CAMERA DRIFTS VERY SLOWLY AROUND TO SIDE AND REAR
OF CROSSES AS:

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

(to Third)

Yes, "seem" is the operative word. As I said, this didn't start until Creighton was sentenced, which, of course, makes it highly suspicious. So the obvious question Colonel, is simply are these officers and men really schizo, or in fact are they only just faking instability in order to avoid going into combat without getting blasted like poor Lieutenant Creighton; or perhaps as a protest against the war.

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN

(to First)

No, it's combat, and I do think they're faking.

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

Yes, perhaps, but then isn't that the point, Ed? No one really knows for sure?

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN

(shrugs, then:)

My opinion.

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

(to Third Man)

Psychological testing's told us nothing, Colonel, so we've set up eighteen of these "centers".

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN

Well, we call them "rest camps", but they're really experimental stations, each with a different approach to the problem. Now, yours is the 581st, Colonel Kane. It's in Northern California.

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

(undertone)

I thought England.

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN

The inmates are Marines and a sprinkling of Air Force. Mostly "fail-safe" crewmen.

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

Like Nammack?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN

Yes, Major Nammack! That's an excellent example, Al. Tell the Colonel.

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

Well, I'll read a little bit from his dossier. Here...

80 DOWN SHOT RESEMBLING DALI'S "CRUCIFIXION"

The First Crucified Man now has a hand free of his bonds, and is holding a dossier from which he reads.

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

"Only minutes before reaching the 'fail-safe' point, the co-pilot, Captain Hooker, reported extreme hydraulic malfunction, whereupon the pilot, Major Nammack, quietly stood up, ripped off his helmet and stated: 'This is a case for Superman'." Then he --

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN

(lowering and shaking head)

Brother!

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

(lowers dossier)

Ed, don't make judgements.

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN

Sorry.

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

Another good example is Cutshaw. You know -- the astronaut. He spent five years preparing for a moonshot, and then at the very last second, couldn't go.

81 SLOWLY MOVING FRONT SHOT (SLIGHT UP ANGLE)

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN

(to First)

Wouldn't go!

(turning to Third Man)

Said he --

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

(cutting him off)

Ed, I think the Colonel might prefer to learn some of these things first hand.

The First Crucified Man quickly makes a head move at Third Man, his expression pantomiming to Second Man a surreptitious warning not to blab any further lest Third Man grow alarmed.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN

Wha -- (t)?

(getting it)

Oh, right. Yes, of course.

CAMERA is CLOSING IN on face of Third Man, and LOSING the other two as:

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

Well, it won't be any picnic, Colonel, but we think your permissive methods will turn up new insights. You're the finest psychiatrist in uniform, and --

The First Crucified Man keeps talking, but his voice is interrupted and drowned out by the loud and urgent blasts of an automobile HORN HONKING.

MALE VOICE (DRIVER)

You idiotic -- !

The Third Man opens his eyes, jerking head up as if startled by the SOUNDS.

82 INT. STAFF CAR - DAY

From passenger POV, we SHOOT through windshield. The Driver is a Marine Staff Sergeant. As car brakes screech and the car swerves a bit, we see an open truck has pulled out into road and is starting to turn right. A Stop Sign is posted at right of side road from which truck has emerged. The truck is old and dilapidated and bears the faded markings of the Pepsi-Cola Company. This SHOT is but a one-beat flash, as we go to:

83 INT. BACK SEAT MARINE CORPS STAFF CAR - DAY

The lone passenger has apparently been napping or day-dreaming, and has just awakened. We HEAR the O.S. SCREECHING of automobile tires braking, the car slightly swerving. The passenger is in the uniform of a Marine Corps Colonel and is the Third Man in the crucifixion SCENE. He is COLONEL HUDSON KANE: strongly built; rugged face suggesting a haunting sensitivity; and eyes that overwhelm you with their suggestion of some mystery and a massive, coiled power. His manner of speech is very gentle. His movements are catlike, very graceful. Nothing escapes him: his senses seem everywhere at once.

84 INT. STAFF CAR (REPEAT OF 82)

as the car careens to a halt, the Pepsi-Cola truck ahead.

85 EXT. ROAD AT DRIVER LEANING HEAD OUT OF STAFF CAR - DAY

DRIVER

(shouting)

That's a Stop Sign over there!

86 MOVING SHOT AT BACK OF TRUCK

It is packed with drunk and drinking Hell's Angels types, both male and female. Boisterous. To left and nearest CAMERA, two of them (male, FIRST and SECOND CYCLIST), hold, respectively, a beer can and a wine bottle and are astride motorcycles being carted with them. To right and nearest CAMERA is, unaccountably, a Hari Krishna Buddhist, bound and gagged, and staring wide-eyed at CAMERA. Second Cyclist wears leather vest over bare chest, is barefoot, Earthquake McGoonish. The two cyclists give staff car driver (CAMERA) the finger.

87 INT. STAFF CAR PASSENGER POV - DAY

Truck is moving down road. Driver pulls head back in, looks up into rear view mirror in which we see the eyes of Kane, inscrutable.

DRIVER

Sorry, sir.

KANE

That's all right.

88 CLOSE UP ANGLE AT MANSION BUST (OUTER COURTYARD)

GROPER (O.S.)

Sergeant Krebs said you were missing for calisthenics. Where were you?

CUTSHAW (O.S.)

Schmucks dance after breakfast; sheiks sleep.

89 CLOSE AT ANOTHER MANSION DETAIL

GROPER (O.S.)

You stuck-up -- (prick)

CUTSHAW (O.S.)

(over him)

Groper, there is nothing less attractive than a scorpion that pouts.

90 HIGH DOWN SHOT OUTER COURTYARD

The inmates are standing at attention, but in an almost closed circle. Cutshaw stands a few paces forward of it. Krebs stands with Groper.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

GROPER
Get back into line.

CUTSHAW
(turning head slightly
toward circle)
Line?

91 EXT. LONG SHOT - STAFF CAR CROSSING PARAPET

It stops at sentry box.

GROPER
(reverberating)
Fall in and straighten it out!

We HEAR Cutshaw's HORN SOUND twice; once.

92 EXT. MANSION AT SENTRY BOX - DAY

We are shooting FRONT at Kane's staff car from a point behind the entry gate. A MILITARY POLICEMAN has handed a paper back to Driver, steps back and salutes Kane. He presses a button which raises wooden barrier. During the above:

BEMISH (O.S.)
What happened in Boston, Willie?

ZOOK (O.S.)
Bupkis.

KLENK (O.S.)
I think Captain Groper has chutzpah.

93 REPEAT 91

CAMERA picks up the staff car leaving sentry gate and coming up road to outer courtyard and follows it, PANNING AROUND to a FULL SHOT of the inmates and the car as the car comes to a halt nearby the inmates who are now in a semi-circle bowed backwards. During this:

FAIRBANKS
Groper's back and Garson's got him!

CUTSHAW
Leviticus, chapter 8, verse 10.

GROPER
Shut up.

CUTSHAW
Verse twelve.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

GROPER
 (seeing car)
 All right, here he comes! It's the
 new C.O.! Attention!

BEMISH
 (a shriek)
 "Frankie, your mother forgives me!"

GROPER
 Straighten that line, I said!
Simon said!

As they comply:

GROPER
 All right, dress it up.

As they chaotically comply (with a "dress-right"):

ZOOK
 (a shriek)
 Motherfuckah!

GROPER
 I said, dress it up, you monkies!

94 REVERSE ANGLE (FROM ABOVE) - CAR - INMATES

Driver exits car, opens door for Kane, who steps out, eyeing the men in the courtyard expressionlessly as Driver goes to remove luggage from trunk of car. During the above action:

CUTSHAW
 "Monkies"?! Fie, on your couth, sir,
fie! How dare you -- !

GROPER
 Cutshaw, shut your mouth! And
 Fairbanks, chuck away that sword!

FAIRBANKS
 (as Groper advances
 on him)
 What? Chuck away my lucky sword?
 That's just like --

95 CLOSER ANGLE GROPER, FAIRBANKS

He is interrupted as Groper now struggles to wrest the sword from his grip.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

GROPER

Give it, damn you! Give it!

As BOOING and HISSING fill the air:

FAIRBANKS

Marine brutality!

96 FRONT ANGLE ON STAFF CAR, KANE AND DRIVER (PASSENGER SIDE)

As Driver deposits Kane's luggage and "pops to" in front of him, Cutshaw is urgently honking the horn and:

BEMISH (O.S.)

Unfair!

ZOOK (O.S.)

Resign! Resign!

DRIVER

That's all of it, sir.
(saluting)

Good luck, sir.

Kane returns the Driver's salute. The inmates have taken up the improvised song, "Ring-a-ling-ling-ling, blow it out your nose".

KANE

Thank you, Sergeant. Take care.

The Driver nods, turns away and walks around car to driver's side, opens door. Then he halts, gives Kane an odd look. Something about Kane puzzles and disturbs him.

97 CLOSE AT DRIVER

98 REVERSE ANGLE - KANE

We are on Kane's back as he watches the inmates singing while Groper tries (ad lib) to restore order. We are on the shot for about four beats when Kane slowly turns his head and stares inscrutably at the Driver.

99 CLOSE AT DRIVER

100 SAME AS 98

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA, simulating Driver POV, gets into car.

101 REVERSE FULL ANGLE - KANE

Car door closes and car drives off. Kane turns around to look at the inmates. Fairbanks has kept his sword.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

GROPER (O.S.)
Attention! Attention! Dammit,
"Simon Says" attention!

And in the immediately ensuing silence we HEAR:

FAIRBANKS (O.S.)
Listen, I know my rights! I want
to see my urologist!

CUTSHAW (O.S.)
Aha! Do you hear that Groper? You
hear it?

We HEAR staff car turning around (and during the following it will go by us, heading for gate). A man in white MEDIC uniform, with a stethoscope around his neck, steps quietly INTO FRAME beside Kane and stares at inmates, shaking his head sadly and with compassion. (He is the Captain who, in the Vietnam sequence, gave the order not to strip the Old Woman!)

Simultaneously

MEDIC
Poor bastards.
(turns to
Kane, after
latter eyes
him)
Kane?

Kane nods.

MEDIC
(continuing)
I'm Fromme, the Center
medic.

KANE
(initiating
a handshake)

MEDIC
Sure glad you're aboard.
I can use all the help
I can possibly get.

KANE
(looking to
inmates)
Yes.

GROPER (O.S.)
(stammering)
Please be good.

CUTSHAW (O.S.)
Get that freaking
hunchback out of the
belltower! We've had
enough hot lead on our
backs!

GROPER (O.S.)
Dress up that line!

CUTSHAW (O.S.)
With what? Gardenias?

GROPER (O.S.)
Dress it!

ZOOK (O.S.)
Every day new rules!

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

Simultaneously

MEDIC
Jesus, they're really
far gone.

KANE
Where are my quarters,
please? Could you show
me?

MEDIC
Oh, it's simple, just
follow the yellow brick
road.

GROPER (O.S.)
(over a general
muttering and
mumbling)
Come on, come on!
(a few beats)
All right, attention!
(mass clicking
of heels together)
Now, then, where the
hell is Fromme? And
I'm not gonna ask you
guys a -- (again) --

During all of the above, Klenk is singing, "Let Me Entertain You". Kane inclines head, puzzled.

MEDIC
Just follow the
yellow brick --

The inmates drown out both Groper's and the Medic's lines with a lusty singing of "Where, Oh, Where Has My Little Fromme Gone".

102 ON GROPER AND THE INMATES

Groper turns toward Kane (and CAMERA)

GROPER
There he is!
(shouting)
Captain Fromme, fall in!

103 ON MANSION DOOR

Framed in the doorway is a man clad only in his underwear and shoes. He is LIEUTENANT COLONEL FELL.

FELL
(shouting)
And get out of my clothes, god
bless it!

As he starts toward Kane and Fromme, we briefly TRACK FRONT with him.

104 ON KANE AND CAPTAIN FROMME (THE "MEDIC")

A Marine Corps Sergeant (CHRISTIAN) pops to before Kane, saluting. He is slight, perpetually deadpan, crisp in his manner and never ruffled by the madness about him. The SINGING persists O.S.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

CHRISTIAN

Sergeant Christian reporting for duty, sir!

FROMME

And pretty damned well about time, Kildare!

(indicating Kane)

Now get this man into surgery! Or are you planning to let him bleed to death while you and your buddies play soldier! What the hell is this, a hospital or a nut house! Now why don't you -- ?

Simultaneously, Christian, smoothly but forcibly, marches Fromme away and OUT OF FRAME (with Fromme halfway through his speech) and Fell ENTERS FRAME from opposite direction, smoothly whipping his stethoscope from Fromme as he passes him.

FELL

(to Christian)

Don't let him wrinkle the pants!

FROMME (O.S.)

No, not the stethoscope! Give it back! Give me back my stethoscoooooope.

Fell, looking ludicrous in his underwear, salutes Kane, the saluting hand retaining hold of the stethoscope.

FELL

(saluting, on Fromme's "back")

Colonel Richard Fell, M.D., sir!

105 CLOSE AT KANE

He stares skeptically.

106 BACK TO SCENE

FELL

Really!

From O.S., a general BOOING and HISSING has replaced the singing.

Simultaneously

KANE

Have you been drinking?

CUTSHAW (O.S.)

Sergeant Christian, unhand that man!

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

Simultaneously

FELL
What! In uniform?

ZOOK (O.S.)
Release him! Release him!

KANE
I see.

NAMMACK (O.S.)
Unchain Fromme!

GROPER (O.S.)
Simon Says, QUIIIIEEETTTT!

Kane at last returns the salute as silence follows, except for Fairbanks who begins to recite (O.S.) Tennyson's poem beginning, "The splendour falls on castle walls..." (See APPENDIX "B".)

Another Sergeant (KREBS) pops INTO SCENE. Like Christian, he performs his functions with expressionless manner and crisp bearing.

KREBS
(saluting Kane)
Sergeant Krebs reporting for duty.
(as Kane returns salute)
I'll take your bags, sir.

KANE
Thank you, Sergeant.

They start toward steps, Kane staring up toward inmates.

107 GROPER, THE MEN

Groper is moving to Fairbanks, who is still reciting.

GROPER
(choked stage whisper)
I said "Simon Says" quiet!

FAIRBANKS
(drawing sword)
Fool! Fairbanks was from his mother's
womb untimely ripped.

108 ANGLE ON INMATES - CLOSE ON CUTSHAW AND ZOOK

O.S., Fairbanks recites while Groper does an obscene, profane recitation of Fairbanks' qualities.

CUTSHAW
This one's dangerous.

ZOOK
You're kidding.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

CUTSHAW

Look at his eyes. He knows too much.

Zook, confused, stares at Cutshaw, then follows the astronaut's gaze as we move in CLOSE at Cutshaw.

109 CUTSHAW'S POV

coming up steps on to landing. ZOOM to CLOSE AT Kane staring back intently at Cutshaw, as:

GROPER (O.S.)

(whispered hoarsely)

"Simon Says" shut up!

110 FRONT AND SLIGHTLY DOWN SHOT - ON GROPER - FACING THE MEN

as Fairbanks falls silent. Groper sighs with relief and weariness from the strain. Then:

GROPER

All right. Pre-sent -- ha'hms!

The CAMERA is RISING to WIDEN the ANGLE TO INCLUDE Kane, and as Groper crisply executes an about-face, his hand flying up smartly in salute, we hear from the men, O.S., the staggered and unmistakably FLESHY SMACKING SOUND of fifteen men simultaneously giving Kane "the arm". Instantly we go to:

111 FRONT FULL SHOT - ON GROPER - WITH HAND IN SALUTE

and turning ashen as he HEARS (O.S.) the sound of a lone man urinating on the ground.

GROPER

(in a numb, low
monotone)

Sir, I present the group.

112 INT. MANSION MAIN HALL - NIGHT

We HEAR FOOTSTEPS INTERMITTENTLY THROUGH:

FULL SHOT PAINTING

It depicts a tree whose terminal branches metamorphose into the coils of a boa constrictor crushing the head of a male infant. Its creator has captioned it: "MOTHER LOVE".

113 FULL - ON SECOND PAINTING

Infinitely busy and chaotically detailed. Flung together in it are such items as a jackhammer; a dismembered arm; an onrushing train; the wheels of a lathe, a staring, baleful eye; a bloody axe; a bullet in flight; a creature that is half lizard, half woman.

114 FULL - ON THIRD PAINTING

Below, an index finger pierced by a needle; bleeding, pointing straight up at a silvery bomber pierced by a spear. On the bomber's fuselage, painted in red letters, is the word "ME". Between the bomber and the finger is a hydrogen mushroom cloud.

115 FULL - ON FOURTH PAINTING

The head of a Negro Christ.

Light which had splashed upon the painting now dims as we hear a LIGHT SWITCH CLICK. The CAMERA PANS OFF THE PAINTING, revealing we are in the MANSION MAIN HALL and we see KREBS moving to dispense medication to a few inmates.

116 HIGH DOWN SHOT - HALL

We are SHOOTING DOWN from the second floor (where officers and staff are billeted). Like the exterior of the mansion, the interior is Gothic, massive and nightmarish, with high cathedral ceiling crisscrossed with dense, dark beams. The main hall is cluttered with lounge chairs, chess sets, ping-pong table, television set. In one section are easels on which are propped weird paintings executed by the inmates. Off the main hall are doors leading to the C.O.'s office (Kane's), the Clinic, the inmates dormitory, the Adjutant's office (Groper's), and one utility room. Heavy, dark drapes frame large cathedral windows and are floor-to-ceiling from second story balustrade. Except for Krebs, the hall is otherwise deserted. Kane's office door is partly open, light splashing out.

117-118- A SERIES OF SHOTS OF THE MANSION HALL
119-120 AREA ENDING WITH:

121 AT FLOOR - LIGHT SPLASHING OUT OF KANE'S OFFICE DOOR

as we HEAR:

KANE (O.S.)

I don't understand it. Why this place?

FELL (O.S.)

It's rent control.

KANE (O.S.)

Beg pardon?

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

FELL (O.S.)
It belongs to Amy Biltmore. She
built it for her husband, the
Count of Eltz, around 1910.

KANE (O.S.)
Um-hmm.

FELL (O.S.)
The Biltmore's are letting us use
it for nothing. Also, secrecy's a
factor.

KANE (O.S.)
Mmm.

122 UP-SHOT CEILING (VOICES MORE DISTANT)

FELL (O.S.)
You don't approve, I take it.

KANE (O.S.)
The atmosphere is hardly therapeutic.

FELL (O.S.)
But it's appropriate.

KANE (O.S.)
To what?

FELL (O.S.)
Disordered minds.

123 ECU BOMBER PAINTING - THE "ME" DETAIL ON THE FUSELAGE

124 INT. CLINIC - NIGHT

CLOSE AT FELL'S HAND HOLDING GLASS AND REMAINS OF ICE CUBES

FELL (O.S.)
He's here, sir.

125 WAIST SHOT - FELL

Fell is on the phone. He is immaculate in his medic's
jacket, with pressed shirt and tie. On his shirt collar,
Colonel's leaves.

FELL
(into phone;
after a beat:)
This afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

As he listens again -- briefly -- Fell reaches out the hand holding glass and places it on desk top directly in front of a grinning, gleaming human skull that is hooked up, via a rubber tube, to a water cooler. In the skull's ear cavity is a "tap" mechanism. The rubber tube runs into the skull's oral cavity. During this:

FELL (O.S.)

(continuing)

Well, I also feel pretty rocky,
General. This place is a ma- --
(he is about to
say "madhouse")

This place is depressing. I
needed half a quart of Scotch
before I could sleep last night.

126 CLOSE AT SKULL

As Fell listens again, he turns the tap mechanism and water pours out through the tube in the skull's mouth, into glass, causing "Bromo" powder to fizz up.

127 AT FELL AS HE SHAKES HEAD, THEN:

FELL

I don't believe in pills, sir.

Fell listens briefly, then:

FELL

(into phone)

I dunno. Too soon to tell.
(listens briefly)

All right, sir.

(a beat)

Goodbye.

He hangs up phone, stares at skull.

FELL

Don't blame me. I told them
not to operate.

128 EXT. MANSION - HIGH SHOT - DAY

It is raining heavily. (Fog will do.)

129 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - DAY

The dark, open-beamed architecture is carried through in here as well. Formerly a study, the room now contains a desk, several chairs, a sofa, filing cabinets and bookshelves. Near the door is a flag-stand containing U.S. flag and squadron pennant. Behind the desk, to L. and R., windows with window seats.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

Kane is unpacking books from a suitcase open on his desk. He carries several to a bookshelf built into the wall beside window. As he stacks the books, his gaze is drawn to the window; to the rain. He pauses, arrested. CAMERA has PUSHED IN ON HIM.

130 SIDE ANGLE - KANE

He is in profile, staring out window. The SOUND of the RAIN subtly and steadily INCREASES IN VOLUME. Then we HEAR ECHO CHAMBER VOICES.

MAN'S VOICE

(urgent, hoarse whisper)

Are you all right, sir!

131 ANOTHER ANGLE

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the window, the rain, almost LOSING Kane.

MAN'S VOICE

Are you all right, sir!

132 CLOSE FRONT SHOT - KANE

Staring hypnotically out window.

MAN'S VOICE

(beat)

Are you all right, sir!

(beat)

Are you all -- !

The voice is cut off by the SOUND of a CLOSING DOOR.

133 ON KANE

His BACK TO CAMERA, he turns head very slightly, sensing something. Then:

FELL (O.S.)

(Bela Lugosi accent)

Welcome to Transylvania, doctor.

KANE

(expressionless;

dropping gaze a notch)

Do you plan to get dressed?

134 SIDE ANGLE

In one hand Fell carries a cup of coffee; in the other, dossiers. He is still dressed immaculately as in 125. But he is trouserless.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

FELL

Well, now, how can I get dressed when Captain Fromme won't surrender my pants! You don't want me to rip them off.

KANE

(picking up
some books)

No, we mustn't use force.

FELL

We mustn't wrinkle the pants!

(as Kane begins
stacking books
on shelf)

Well, he'll take them off neatly as soon as Cutshaw gives the order.

KANE

Cutshaw!

FELL

Cutshaw. The reluctant astronaut. Look, I only arrived here myself just a couple of days ago, but can I give you some advice?

KANE

Can I stop you?

FELL

No.

KANE

I thought not.

FELL

Cutshaw's the ringleader. Pamper him. Humor him. Get him to like you and you've got it made. But get him on your back, and they'll tear you to pieces.

KANE

I'll try to remember that.

FELL

(tossing dossiers
on desk)

Case histories on the men.

135 AT KANE

As Kane picks up the dossiers, looking them over and sitting on edge of desk:

KANE

Thanks.

Kane looks up at SOUND of DOOR OPENING.

136 AT CUTSHAW

Cutshaw stands framed in doorway, looking imperious. His fatigues are open at the neck and upper chest, disclosing a dog tag and another medal hanging from chain around his neck. A honk of the "Harpo" horn.

137 FULL SIDE ANGLE

Cutshaw slams the door shut with a loud bang. Fell is sitting on window casement.

CUTSHAW

May I come in?

KANE

I suppose you may.

Cutshaw is moving to desk as:

CUTSHAW

So you're the "new boy".

138 CLOSE AT KANE

Kane is unmoving and expressionless; but in his eyes, one may read matters deep. Fell is in SHOT, b.g. Kane is looking down at desk at something O.S., and we HEAR SOUNDS O.S., and Fell, too, is staring, as:

KANE

Yes, I'm Colonel Hudson Kane.

139 FULL FRONT SHOT - THE SCENE

Cutshaw is walking around desk, knocking things off it.

CUTSHAW

Do I call you "Hud"?

KANE

Why not call me "Colonel"?

CUTSHAW

Why not call you Shirley MacLaine!
Why the hell are we quibbling?
You're on the way out! I'm acting
on orders to so inform you.

140 AT CUTSHAW - FELL'S POV

CUTSHAW
 (instantly darting
 a severe glance at
 Fell)
 And are those my jockey shorts,
 Colonel Fell?

141 BETWEEN 138 & 139

FELL
 I'll check the monogram.

KANE
 (interested)
 Who ordered you so to inform me?

CUTSHAW
 Unseen forces far too numerous to
 enumerate! Check the file!

Cutshaw brazenly seizes the dossiers from Kane's hands,
 and discards one after another, tossing each in the air
 as he searches for one in particular. During this:

CUTSHAW
 It's all in the file! It's under
 the heading "Mysterious Voices"!
 Joan of Arc was not demented, she
 had acutely sensitive hearing.

He has come to the folder marked "CUTSHAW" and tosses
 the remaining dossiers away, pages scattering everywhere.
 Folding his own folder over at first page, (neither Kane
 nor Fell stare at pages or react at all) he thrusts it
 into Kane's hands. During above action, as CAMERA starts
 MOVING IN CLOSER:

CUTSHAW
 (continuing)
 Hah! Here it is! Now read it!
 Read it out loud! It's my therapy!

KANE
 Why not -- ?

CUTSHAW
 (shouting)
 Read it or I'll go crazy, dammit!
 I swear it! And you'll be responsible!

KANE
 All right, Cutshaw.
 (looking down at dossier)
 Please sit down.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

CAMERA is now still.

Instantly, Cutshaw puts an arm around Kane's neck and leaps swiftly and nimbly onto his lap. Kane looks up and for a moment both men stare into each other's eyes wordlessly, frozen in tableau. Kane's expression is unreadable. After a pause; and with Fell looking down into his coffee cup, motionless:

KANE

(continuing; softly)

On a chair.

Hunched over like Groucho Marx, Cutshaw glides swiftly to casement, sits beside Fell, and assumes a posture much like Rodin's Thinker, staring unblinkingly and intently at Kane. (Fell ignores him, throughout.) Kane momentarily holds his gaze, then looks to the dossier. THROUGH REMAINDER OF SCENE, Fell seems more interested in Kane's reactions than Cutshaw's, eyeing Kane shrewdly from time to time.

KANE

(continuing; reading)

"Cutshaw, Manfred M., Captain, United States Marine Corps. Two days -- "

CUTSHAW

(quietly interrupting;
staring at Kane's hands)

Your hands are very large.

KANE

I know.

Fell drops his gaze to Kane's hands as:

CUTSHAW

(looking up)

Fuck you. Now get on with my file.

KANE

(reading)

"Two days prior to a scheduled space shot, subject officer, while dining on the base, was observed to pick up a plastic catsup bottle, squeeze a thin, red line across his throat, and then to stagger and fall very heavily across a table then being occupied by the Director of the National Space Administration, gurgling: 'Don't -- order -- the swordfish!'"

Kane remains frozen, eyes fixed on the dossier, while Cutshaw's gaze remains fixed on Kane. We HEAR Fell demurely slurping coffee, looking inscrutable as he briefly eyes his cup, then looks away and down at floor.

142 HIGH DOWN SHOT - THE SCENE

All unmoving.

KANE

(continuing)

"Later that same afternoon, subject officer suggested to a Lieutenant General that he shave off his moustache in view of the fact that he might easily be mistaken for a chronic child molester reported in the area by -- "

143 FULL AT KANE

Cutshaw in FRAME (over shoulder).

Kane breaks off, staring up at Cutshaw, incredulous.

KANE

(continuing)

Cutshaw, did you really say -- !

144 SAME AS 141

CUTSHAW

(upset; a hand on his medal)

You're looking at my medal, Hud!
Stop looking at my medal!

KANE

I wasn't --

CUTSHAW

Yes, you were! You covet it!

KANE

(after two beats,
resumes reading)

"The following morning at -- "

CUTSHAW

(looking at medal)

Isn't it beautiful?

KANE

(looking up)

Yes, it's a --

CUTSHAW

There! I knew it! You were looking
at it!

KANE

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

CUTSHAW

Yeah, you're sorry! Well, what the hell good is sorry! How the hell can I sleep now waiting for a covetous kleptomaniacal Colonel to come creeping around to my bedside after taps, so he can rip away my medal!

CAMERA MOVES SLIGHTLY TO RIGHT:

KANE

Well, now, if I did that you'd awaken.

CUTSHAW

The hell I'd awaken! Powerful drugs could be insinuated into my soup! Go ahead. I'm listening.

KANE

(reading)

"The following -- "

Simultaneously

KANE

(continuing)

" -- morning at 0500 -- "

CUTSHAW

(low undertone)

Coveting is a sin!

KANE

(continuing
after a beat)

"The following morning at 0500 -- subject officer entered his spacecraft, and upon receiving his instructions from Control to begin his countdown, he was heard instead to say: 'I am frankly sick of being used!'

(a beat)

"While being carried from the launch site, subject officer plainly announced that if he were 'nominated he would not run' and that if 'elected would spend his term in office vomiting'.

(glance at Cutshaw)

Sometime later, subject officer plainly stated that 'going to the Moon was naughty, impolite, uncouth, and in any case bad for his skin'."

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (2)

CAMERA FOLLOWS CUTSHAW AS:

CUTSHAW
 (leaping up and
 rushing to bookshelf)
 All right, pack up and leave, Hud!
 I've had it!

One by one, Cutshaw proceeds to pluck books from the shelves, tossing them to floor.

145 FULL SHOT FROM DOOR - POV

KANE
 Captain, why won't you go to the
 Moon?

CUTSHAW
 Why do camels have humps and cobras
 none, Hud! Shit, man, don't ask
 the heart for reasons!

KANE
 Why won't you go?

CUTSHAW
 Why should I, Hud? What's up there!

KANE
 When Christopher Columbus sailed
 from Spain, did he ever dream that
 he'd find America?

CUTSHAW
 All he ever dreamed about was compasses!
 (turning to Fell)
 Idiot starts out looking for India and
 plants the flag on Pismo Beach!

KANE
 Well --

CUTSHAW
 (turning from the books)
 Hud, I've seen the freaking Moon rocks!
 They've got little bits of glass inside.
 Now isn't that exciting?

KANE
 But --

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

CUTSHAW

"Better a handful of dry dates
and content therewith than to
own the Gate of Peacocks and be
kicked in the eye by a broody
camel."

As Cutshaw returns to plucking out books:

KANE

Cutshaw, hasn't it ever --
(occurred) ?

146 FULL AT CUTSHAW

Cutshaw has spotted something and interrupts.

CUTSHAW

What the hell's this, Hud? Aquinas?
What's -- ?

(he has spotted
another, and whips
it off shelf)

Douay Bible! Hud, what in the -- ?!

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Cutshaw advances on Kane, incredulous.

CUTSHAW

(continuing)

Hud, are you a Catholic?

KANE

Yes.

Cutshaw rips Kane's shirtsleeve, from the wrist all the way up to the elbow, and examines Kane's arm. Kane watches him expressionlessly.

KANE

(continuing)

What are you doing?

CUTSHAW

Looking for needle holes, you
idiot! Show me a Catholic and
I'll show you a junky!

(tugs down sleeve)

You're clean!

147 FULL SIDE ANGLE (RIGHT SIDE)

The door flies open. Framed in the doorway is Gomez, carrying a palette and brush. He has a slight Latin American accent.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

GOMEZ
Doctor Fell, I need attention!

FELL
What's the trouble?

GOMEZ
Who but Douglas! Always Douglas!
Again he has given me that fiendish
"Mark of Fairbanks"!
(turning)
Look! I am bleeding!

148 INSERT ON THE SEAT OF GOMEZ'S TROUSERS

Slashed into the seat of his trousers is a large "F".

149 BACK TO SCENE - CAMERA PUSHING IN CLOSER AND TO LEFT

as Gomez now advances on Kane and rubs brush into paint as:

FELL
Get a Band-Aid from the clinic.

GOMEZ
Colonel, you are ill?

KANE
No, I'm not.

GOMEZ
Very strange. Your coloring is
absolutely bilious!

FELL
Look out, Kane! Get out of his -- !

Fell stares down, too late. In lightning strokes, Gomez has brushed carmine paint onto each of Kane's cheeks.

150 SIDE ANGLE FULL

GOMEZ
There! Not a Portrait of Jenny,
perhaps, but at least no more
Dorian Gray!
(brush upheld)
Ciao!

As he exits:

151 FULL AT KANE

We HEAR office door close, and then desk drawer being
SLAMMED shut. Kane looks. PULL BACK to:

152 CUTSHAW - KANE

CUTSHAW

(with a stack of
Rorschach cards)Okay, I'm ready now for my ink
blot test! It absolutely flips
me!(thrusting cards
on Kane)Now, while you're fresh with all
those roses in your cheeks!

KANE

(wiping cheeks
with handkerchief)

Well, right this moment I'm --

CUTSHAW

(angry shout)

A psychiatrist! Now do your duty,
dammit!(switches to a
wheedling tone)I'll be good for a week! Hud, two!
Do two and I'll be good! Okay?

KANE

(takes cards with
a weary sigh)

All right.

CUTSHAW

Hot apricots!

153 MEDIUM FULL SIDE ANGLE (TO INCLUDE FELL)

KANE

(indicating chair)

Sit down here.

Fell comes over and stands at desk. Cutshaw pulls chair over and sits in front of desk as Kane sits behind desk. Cutshaw has air of furious concentration. Kane holds up a card in front of Cutshaw. CAMERA IS ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY PUSHING IN.

KANE

Now what do you see?

CUTSHAW

(pressing nose
against the card)My whole life rushing past me in
an instant.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

KANE
(sliding away top
card)
And this one?

CUTSHAW
Kafka talking to a bedbug.

KANE
(putting cards
on desk)
Correct.

CAMERA HALTS.

CUTSHAW
(incredulous)
You're full of shit, do you know
that?

FELL
I thought it was Kafka.

CUTSHAW
(at Fell)
You wouldn't know Kafka from
Bette Davis.
(at Kane)
And you, you're a mental case.

KANE
Perhaps I am.

CUTSHAW
Ingratiating bastard! You're
insane but I adore you!

Rising, Cutshaw rips chain from his neck, and segregates his dog tag from the other medal, tossing medal and chain onto desk.

CUTSHAW
Here, you junky! Take the medal!
In the meantime, this one here,
I'll keep. The inscription's too
personal.

KANE
(interested)
What does it say?

154 OVER SHOT

CUTSHAW
 (reading from
 dog tag)
 "I Am A Buddhist. In Case Of
 Accident, Call A Lama"!

Plucking a book off desk, Cutshaw "Grouchoes" toward the door.

KANE
 Now may I expect you'll be good
 for a week?

CUTSHAW
 You may not! I'm an incorrigible
 liar!

155 FULL AT CUTSHAW

He throws open door so that it bangs against wall; then:

CUTSHAW
 (urbanely)
 May I go?

156 INT. MANSION MAIN HALL NEAR KANE'S OFFICE - SIDE ANGLE - DAY

Near door to Kane's office, Spoor has back pressed against wall, eavesdropping. We HEAR one HONK of the Harpo Horn. Then:

KANE (O.S.)
 Which book did you take?

CUTSHAW (O.S.)
 "I Remember Mama" by Oedipus Rex.

157 FRONT SHOT SPOOR

Two more Harpo Honks, and then Cutshaw moves INTO FRAME. Spoor raises his eyebrows in a question at him, and Cutshaw responds with the "O.K." sign. Spoor nods and continues listening as CAMERA FOLLOWS Cutshaw eyeing the book. He stops at the door to the dormitory.

158 INSERT - HAND HOLDING BOOK: "ST. THOMAS AQUINAS"

159 BACK TO SCENE

The astronaut glances back toward Kane's office, his expression troubled. Then he enters the dorm. As he opens the door we HEAR:

ZOOK (O.S.)
 How did it go?

Door closes.

160 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DAY

Kane is eyeing Cutshaw's medal.

KANE

(low)

St. Christopher.

Fell moves to him, stooping to pick up a book at Kane's feet, as:

FELL

Protect me.

(eyeing book cover)

"Elementary Psych".

As Kane takes the book from him:

KANE

Old college textbook.

FELL

(eyeing titles as
he and Kane gather
more)

Saved them all, I see.

KANE

They come in handy, sometimes.

FELL

You know, you're lucky.

KANE

(rising and out
of frame)

Really.

He stacks books by window, part of which is VISIBLE IN SHOT, rain splattering against it. Kane's face is averted from Fell and is in shadow.

FELL

Yup. Oh, running the show here's no damned picnic...but at least you've been properly assigned.

KANE

Well, so have you.

FELL

I'm a gynecologist.

KANE

(without missing a beat)

I see.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

FELL

You see?!

161 CLOSE AT KANE - FACE IN SHADOW

KANE

Before Pearl Harbor, I thought I was going to be a priest. We're all miscast -- one way or another. Just being born into this place -- that's the ultimate miscasting, I would think.

FELL

I don't get you.

KANE

(pauses at stacking)

Haven't you ever had the feeling that we were meant for -- someplace else? Think about it: earthquakes...cancer...wars...if that's the environment we were meant for, why do they horrify us? If they're merely our natural environment, why do we think of them as evil unless -- well, unless we were programmed for something else.

162 AT FELL

KANE (O.S.)

Maybe conscience is only an old racial memory of what we were programmed for; a memory of how things were. Just suppose that we haven't evolved -- that we've really gone backwards, more and more alienated from -- God.

163 CLOSE AT BACK OF KANE'S HEAD

KANE

And maybe that's why men go mad. Maybe everything evil is a frustration -- a separation from what we were meant for...and maybe guilt is just the pain of that separation...that loneliness for God. I don't think evil grows out of madness; I think madness grows out of evil.

A DOG BARKS O.S. Kane looks (AT CAMERA) to the SOUND.

164 ANGLE ON SPOOR'S DOG

BARKING and bounding through door.

165 SIDE ANGLE THE ROOM

as Spoor's dog runs straight to Kane, throwing his paws up on him. Spoor appears at door. Addressing his dog:

SPOOR

So there you are, you loafer!
(advancing)

Lazy -- !

Groper appears back of Spoor, restraining him.

GROPER

Back, boy!
(starting to hustle
Spoor out; to Kane)
Sorry, Colonel. It's hard to keep
track of these --

KANE

Let him be! They may see me
whenever they need to, day or
night.

166 ANGLE AT DOOR, GROPER

Through the open door we glimpse Fairbanks, swinging down rope from second floor to first, ululating shrilly.

GROPER

(annoyed, releasing
Spoor)

Whatever you say, sir.

Groper turns and begins to exit as Kane sits behind desk.

GROPER

(continuing)

Yes, sir.

Groper closes door behind him with a slight slam to indicate his annoyance.

167 SIDE ANGLE (SAME AS 165)

SPOOR

(indicating Groper)

That man is a lunatic and dangerous!

168 FRONT SHOT SPOOR

from Kane's POV as Spoor approaches him with:

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

SPOOR

Once -- one night -- I was walking
the grounds and I hear this
whispering, see, and I look! And
up in the branches of this cypress
tree there's Groper, crazy Groper!
He's talking in whispers with an owl!
Now what they were saying I couldn't
testify...they were whispering, I
couldn't hear clearly, and what I don't
know for a fact, I won't say! That's
the kind of a --

169 SIDE ANGLE THREE-SHOT

from LEFT side of room.

FELL

Spoor --

SPOOR

(to Fell)

No, their words weren't clear, sir!
Besides that, it's hearsay!

FELL

There isn't a cypress tree on the
grounds.

SPOOR

(pitying tone)

Look, Doctor, it's easy to dig up
a tree...and, anyone with money can
fill in a hole!

KANE

(patting dog)

Is this your dog?

SPOOR

Does he look like my zebra? What
the hell's wrong with you?

(as dog licks

Kane's hand)

Hey, look, I think he likes you!

CAMERA STARTS PULLING BACK TO FULL SHOT.

KANE

What do you call him?

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

SPOOR
 Irresponsible! He's ten minutes
 late for rehearsal!
 (to dog; pointing
 to door)

Out!

By now we are FULL SIDE ANGLE, as the dog trots out obediently. Then, as CAMERA PUSHES IN a little CLOSER, and finally ANGLES AROUND TO RIGHT SIDE OF ROOM:

FELL
 (introducing)
 Lieutenant Leslie Spoor, a "Fail-Safe" crewman, sir. A navigator. Colonel Hudson Kane.

SPOOR
 (leaping onto Kane's desk and sitting)
 A pleasure!

KANE
 And what are you rehearsing?

SPOOR
Julius Caesar!

FELL
 Lieutenant Spoor is adapting Shakespeare's plays for dogs.

SPOOR
 A labor of love! A massive problem! Dammit, somebody's got to do it!

KANE
 Did you teach Shakespeare in civilian life?

SPOOR
 Not at all, sir, I repossessed cars.

KANE
 That's commendable.

SPOOR
 A joy, sir! A clash by night! Gifted Leslie Marvin Spoor versus the Criminally Underprivileged. I loved it, sir, I loved it! What are you driving, incidentally?

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (2)

KANE

A staff car.

SPOOR

Paid for?

FELL

Please tell the Colonel about
Julius Caesar.

SPOOR

(to Kane)

Want to come to rehearsal? We're
doing that terribly gripping scene
where this huge Dalmatian whips
his toga around him --(pantomiming
the move)-- thusly -- and snarls, "Et tu,
Bob, Son of Battle?"

170 KANE AND FELL, B.G., REAR ANGLE AT SPOOR (F.G.)

SPOOR

(after a beat)

You hate it.

Spoor's dog BARKS O.S.

171 AT KANE

KANE

No, no, no, I'm just thinking
about it.

172 FRONT ANGLE SPOOR

SPOOR

Sure, we'll discuss it more fully
later! And I'd like your opinion
on a problem in Hamlet. What a
puzzler! You see, if I cast a
Great Dane in the part, they'll
accuse me of --

More urgent BARKING from O.S.

SPOOR

(continuing)

Why do I have to live like this!
One part and he's a star!

(to door)

Hold on! I'm coming, I'm coming,
Rip Torn.

(to Kane)

Anon, Colonel Pussycat! Adieu!

173 ANGLE AT OPEN DOOR TO KANE'S OFFICE FROM OUTSIDE
IN MAIN HALL

as Spoor swoops out of the office (AND TOWARD CAMERA)
and Kane simultaneously rises.

SPOOR

Shit, where are your manners,
Rip Torn?
(then, from O.S.:)
Where the hell were you raised?
In a barn?

KANE

(after several
beats, staring
after Spoor as
Fell walks into
SHOT, beside him)
They're all that bad?

FELL

Or that ingenious.

KANE

You mean, if they're faking it.

FELL

That's right.

CAMERA PUSHES INTO ROOM AS:

FELL

(continuing)
They've all got high I.Q.'s --
some near genius. As a matter of
fact, most other fakery that I've
heard of falls into the class of
simply falling out of parade in
front of a reviewing stand and
urinating, preferably on some
field grade officer's leg, which
by comparison, seems pretty mundane.

KANE

Yes, it is rather lacking.

FELL

But, then, why are they faking?
If they're faking. The Marines?
There's a reason -- get the hell
out of combat. The "fail-safe"
crewmen? Flying with the means to
annihilate a city is a reason for
neurosis I can understand. But what
about Cutshaw?

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

KANE

Yes.

Fell's trousers come flying INTO FRAME, wrapping around Fell's neck. Kane and Fell stare at:

174 DOOR

Cutshaw leaning in.

CUTSHAW

Fromme has decided to give all
his goods to the poor of brain!

And he slips away and OUT OF SCENE with first one, then two more HONKS.

175 ON FELL

Eyeing the trousers.

FELL

Not a wrinkle.

Fell looks up, turns head at SOUND of books being shelved.

176 AT KANE

He is rearranging books, and as CAMERA ANGLES AROUND TO DISCLOSE HIS FACE, we see a TEAR OR TWO RUNNING DOWN HIS FACE, AND HE PAUSES TO THINK.

CUT TO:

177 EXT. MANSION - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Fog; light rain.

178 INT. MANSION MAIN HALL - NIGHT

The CAMERA, stationed HIGH, broodingly PROBES the area. From somewhere in the mansion, a clock TOLLS TEN. Krebs moves from door to door, securing the area, and white-jacketed MEDICAL ORDERLIES are dispensing medications to SEVERAL INMATES (none of the featured players), who sit either listlessly reading magazines, or staring into space with eyes that seem to be looking into memories of numbing pain and sorrow. These men are definitely not playing any games. Klenk is banging coffee machine, complaining, the machine apparently out of order.

179 ANGLE

As CAMERA NOW DRIFTS to open door to Kane's office, we SEE that the Colonel is seated at his desk, elbow propped atop it, with brow in one hand and a pencil in the other as he studies a book. A single desk lamp is the sole illumination. Various dossiers are on the desk, one or two of them open. The CAMERA -- AT LOW ANGLE -- PUSHES INTO:

180 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A LIGHTNING FLASH is SEEN through window; then ROLLING THUNDER is HEARD as Kane underlines something in the book and then makes a notation in one of the dossiers. Kane again rests head in hand as he concentrates on the book. The CLOSER we get to him, the LOUDER the O.S. SOUND of RAIN, and we HEAR the familiar ECHO CHAMBER VOICES.

MAN'S VOICE

Christ, forget about it, Colonel!
Let's get out of here!

(beat)

Christ, forget about it, Colonel!
Let's get -- ! Colonel, what are
you holding?

Kane looks up, listening to the voice.

MAN'S VOICE

(beat)

Colonel, what are you holding?

(beat)

Colonel, what are -- ?

181 EXT. RAINY JUNGLE - DAWN

In an UP-SHOT, we SEE the grease-smearred face of a Marine Corps SERGEANT staring down at something, horrified and filled with fear and revulsion.

SERGEANT

Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, it's
his -- !

182 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON KANE - NIGHT

Kane jerks head up to stare at:

183 DOOR - KREBS

KREBS

All secure, sir.

184 SIDE ANGLE KREBS, KANE

KANE

(under tension;
repressing pain)Tell Colonel Fell I would like
to see him.

KREBS

Checked out for the night, sir.

KANE

Then, when he gets back. And
close the door, please.

Krebs nods, closing the door on Kane. Kane appears to be suffering from an extreme headache. The CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES INTO HIM, FINALLY ANGLING AROUND TO A FRONT SHOT. During this, Kane shuts his eyes tight, clutching his temples. Then the pain seems to diminish. As he opens his eyes, his gaze falls on Cutshaw's medal and chain. He seems mesmerized by it, and very slowly picks up the chain by its ends, bringing it gradually closer to his face. The CAMERA is now ECU of Kane. Abruptly, we HEAR SOUND of DOOR SLAMMING shut. Kane stares O.S. at:

185 CUTSHAW IN OFFICE NEAR DOOR

He is clad in swimming trunks, an oversized and gaudily striped beach towel draped over him like a serape. In one hand he holds a child's pail and shovel; in the other, a beach ball.

CUTSHAW

Let's go to the beach!

186 SIDE ANGLE - KANE

After a pause of two beats, staring:

KANE

It's night and it's raining.

Cutshaw immediately flops forward to in front of desk.

CUTSHAW

I see you're determined to start
an argument!

KANE

(looking down at
desktop; weary and low)

No.

CUTSHAW

Okay, then let's play doctor.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

Kane mutely looks up at him.

KANE

No.

CUTSHAW

Then "jacks"! Do you want to
play "jacks"?

KANE

No, I don't.

CUTSHAW

Good Christ, you don't want to
do anything! There's nothing to
do around this place! I'm going
crazy!

CAMERA begins to MOVE IN.

KANE

Please, go to bed.

CUTSHAW

(looking out
window at rain)
Hey, isn't that beautiful? Don't
you love sunsets?

KANE

Cutshaw --

CUTSHAW

What do I have to do just to get
in a word with you! Offer sacrifice?
Well, here then!

CAMERA HOLDS as Cutshaw upends the beach pail, slamming
it down on Kane's desk (on papers, dossiers), then lifts
it, leaving a shaped mound of damp earth there.

CUTSHAW

(continuing)
I've brought you a mud pie! Now
can I talk?

KANE

Will you talk about the Moon?

CAMERA BEGINS TO ANGLE AROUND THEM TO OTHER SIDE OF ROOM.

CUTSHAW

Listen, everyone knows the Moon is
Roquefort. I've come here to talk
about Colonel Fell.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

What about him?

CUTSHAW

Major Nammack approached him this morning with a strange and wondrous illness, and do you know what that heartless butcher prescribed? A suicide pill with a mild laxative side-effect.

KANE

What was the illness?

CUTSHAW

I blush to repeat it.

KANE

Repeat it.

CUTSHAW

Very well. Major Nammack has a tipped uterus.

KANE

I see.

CUTSHAW

Yes, I daresay you do!
 (abruptly switching
 to a cajoling tone)
 Hey, let's go to the beach!

KANE

It's dark and it's raining.

CUTSHAW

Now you're just being silly.

Starts to cough. Then:

187 HIGH OVERHEAD SHOT THE ROOM

Cutshaw "Grouchoes" swiftly to sofa and leaps upon it sprawling out on his back like one in analysis. On the move:

CUTSHAW

And now a few words about my childhood.

Cutshaw holds his body rigid, arms pressed tight to his sides, his gaze directed up at the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

CUTSHAW
 (continuing)
 I was born in North Dakota --
 (in a tiny) --

KANE
 (interrupting)
 Your records say Jackson Heights,
 New --

CRANE DOWN AND CHANGE ANGLE to:

188 FULL LONGISH SIDE ANGLE KANE, CUTSHAW

CUTSHAW
 (sitting up again
 with an angry shout)
 Look, I'll sit over there, okay,
 and you come lie down here and then
 we'll see how well you do. Where
 the hell were you born?

KANE
 I was --

CUTSHAW
 You weren't born! You landed!

And Cutshaw again flies back into the prone, rigid position.

189 KANE F.G., CUTSHAW B.G.

CUTSHAW
 (continuing; serenely)
 My mother was cute. But not my
 father. Old Groper was mean, Hud,
 downright --

KANE
 Groper?

CUTSHAW
 Captain Groper.

190 AT KANE

KANE
 Captain Groper was your father.

CUTSHAW (O.S.)
 By clerical error. I was the first
 illegitimate test-tube baby in
 history and now will you kindly quit
 interrupting? Whose therapy is this?

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

KANE

Yours.

CUTSHAW (O.S.)

Good.

191 AT CUTSHAW

CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN TO HIM as:

CUTSHAW

(again serene)

I had three maiden aunts on Groper's side. Their names were Ugly, Vulgar and Tawdry, and every Christmas they'd buy me a Monopoly game from a Thrift Shop and the board was always missing. I never had a freaking board! Sure, I finally made one, but how does it sound, Hud: "Go directly to jackknife and do not pass frog?!" Hell, I never even saw a proper board 'til I was twenty and I had to put ice on the back of my neck to stop the trembling! Ah, well, screw it! So I never had a board. But I'd never use that as a copout, Hud, that Jack the Ripper bullshit.

192 AT KANE

KANE

Jack the --

193 SAME AS 189

Kane halts as Cutshaw turns head to him with a look of incredulity and warning over the interruption; then returns to the supine position. Now the CAMERA is PUSHING IN ON CUTSHAW as:

CUTSHAW

Jack the Ripper was misunderstood. At the age of six he had a lucky knife called "Rosebud" and somebody stole it so Jack spent the rest of his lifetime looking for it, but he had it in his head that his knife had been hidden in somebody's throat!

(turning to Kane)

Now do you buy that crap?

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

KANE

No, I don't.

CUTSHAW

You're funny that way. I once knew a kid used to torture caterpillars, cut 'em up and burn 'em. Do you know why he did it, Hud?

KANE

No, why?

CUTSHAW

Because he was a bastard! And he grew up to be a bastard! Every mean, insensitive, grown-up bastard started as a bastard! Show me a kid who would torture a caterpillar and I'll show you a son-of-a-bitch who sends threatening letters to Father Flanagan! Like Groper! Groper's up to his freaking knees in the blood of caterpillars, Hud! He's a regular Santa Claus.

194 KANE B.G., CUTSHAW F.G.

CUTSHAW

(continuing)

Every Christmas he jumps in his sled and delivers napalm to the poor.

195 SAME AS 189

CUTSHAW

(continuing;
he fidgets nervously
sliding his black
armband up and down)

I'm getting restless, Catherine Earnshaw. You talk.

KANE

Why do you wear that armband?

CUTSHAW

I'm in mourning.

KANE

For whom?

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

CUTSHAW

For God!

KANE

Then I gather --

CUTSHAW

(leaping up and
coming to Kane)That's right. I don't belong
to the "God Is Alive And Living
In Argentina" club. I believe in
the devil! Know why? 'Cause the
devil keeps doing commercials!

Kane's interest is piqued. He is alert.

196 SIDE ANGLE TWO-SHOT (LEFT)

KANE

But --

CUTSHAW

Hud, I do not want to talk about
God! Now change the subject!

KANE

You pick a subject.

CUTSHAW

Feet!

KANE

What about them?

197 FULL FRONT SHOT THE ROOM (FROM DOOR POV)

CUTSHAW

I can't stand the sight of them!
How could a so-called beautiful
God give us ugly, padding things
like feet!

KANE

So you can walk.

CUTSHAW

I don't want to walk! I want to
fly! Hud, feet are disfiguring
and disgraceful! If God exists,
then he's a fink! Or more likely
a Foot! A giant, all-knowing, all-
powerful Foot! Are we Sons of God?
Well, I can think of things more
noble and aesthetic than the human
gastro-intestinal system. What's
so divine about having to eat and
dump, will you tell me?

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

KANE

Maybe the angels made us, Cutshaw.

CUTSHAW

What?

KANE

I said, maybe the angels made us.

198 SAME AS 196

CUTSHAW

(fascinated, Cutshaw
bolts over to Kane's
desk, leaning across)

Can you prove that there's a Foot?

KANE

I just believe it.

CUTSHAW

Can you prove it?

KANE

There are some arguments from
reason.

CUTSHAW

(spreading the mud
pie dirt all over
desk)

Here, draw diagrams in the dirt!

199 INT. INMATES' DORMITORY - NIGHT

MOVING SHOT along rows of cots, wardrobes, footlockers; a scattering of writing tables. Some of the inmates are preparing for bed; others sit passive, withdrawn, depressed. We come to Zook, Nammack, Bemish and Fairbanks, playing poker. Fairbanks is shuffling the cards. There is an air of unguardedness and normalcy about them as:

FAIRBANKS

Okay, seven-card.

NAMMACK

Anything wild?

FAIRBANKS

Deuces, threes, fives, sevens,
nines and jacks.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

ZOOK
 (covering face
 with hand, muttering)
 You're a very sick man!

FAIRBANKS
 Oh, come off it. I was kidding.

BEMISH
 What's the time?

NAMMACK
 Ten-twenty.

BEMISH
 (rising)
 Better deal me out. I think
 Manfred's got me next on the
 program.

As Zook cuts cards:

FAIRBANKS
 (he nods)
 Go ahead. We'll see ya later.

We follow Bemish to nearby cot, where he picks up helmet
 and starts to put it on as we HEAR:

FAIRBANKS (O.S.)
 (continuing; dealing)
 Okay, everything wild except one-
 eyed jacks.

200 INT. KANE'S OFFICE ON KANE - NIGHT

He is staring up O.S., head propped wearily on hand as:

KANE
 (wearily)
 All right. In order for life to
 have appeared spontaneously on
 Earth, there had to be a protein
 molecule of a certain configuration
 and --

CUTSHAW (O.S.)
What configuration?

KANE
 The configuration "9". That was
 the necessary building block. Not
 just one of these molecules --
millions of them. And --

201 LONG SIDE ANGLE CUTSHAW AND KANE (SAME AS 196 & 198)

Cutshaw is hanging by his feet -- upside down -- from a beam, hands clasped back of head and gently swaying as he listens to Kane.

CUTSHAW

(imitating Bela Lugosi)

Astute observation, doctor -- for one who has lived only one life.

202 AT KANE - THE CAMERA SLOWLY CIRCLING HIM

KANE

And according to the laws of probability -- and given a planet the size of Earth -- do you know how long it would take for one of these molecules to appear entirely by chance? Roughly ten to the two hundred forty-third power billions of years.

(holding up a thick volume)

You couldn't fit the number of zeroes in that figure in the pages of this book. Or ten of these books. And I'm talking about the odds against just one of these molecules appearing. For the spontaneous evolution of life, we'd require millions. And I find that far, far more fantastic than simply believing in a God. Now how does that strike you?

203 SAME AS 201 - CUTSHAW AND KANE

CUTSHAW

It sends all the blood rushing up to my head!

KANE

And beyond the --

He is interrupted by the O.S. SOUND of a heavy HAMMER BLOW against wall outside office.

204 AT KANE

Kane looks to the sound.

205 REPEAT 203

CUTSHAW

(his body vibrating
from the blow as
beam shakes)

Why did Custer have to call Sitting
Bull a "Spik"?

Kane gets up and heads for the door as we HEAR ANOTHER
HAMMER BLOW and SOUND of someone RUNNING DOWN STAIRCASE.

206 INT. MANSION MAIN HALL WALL - NIGHT

Bemish -- now wearing his face guard and high altitude
Air Force crash helmet -- uses both hands to sedulously
pound away at wall beside Kane's office, with a short-
handled sledgehammer. He has already pounded out a
considerable hole in the plastering when Groper races up
to him and rips the hammer from his grasp.

GROPER

I hid it, dammit, I hid it! Now
where did you get it!

Bemish deftly whips the hammer back out of Groper's grasp.

BEMISH

Captain, kindly stand aside.

Groper raises a fist as though to strike at Bemish.

GROPER

You little -- !

Kane steps INTO SCENE.

KANE

Captain!

GROPER

Sir, he's -- !

KANE

I don't care what he's doing!
(eyeing hole)

You're not to lay hands on him!

GROPER

Colonel -- !

Kane turns to stare at Groper, causing latter to break off.
Something in Kane's eyes has suddenly chilled him, hitting
him like a physical blow as he takes a step backward, numbly
salutes, then exits.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

GROPER

Yes, sir!

207 ANGLE ON GROPER

CAMERA FOLLOWS Groper as he heads slowly for staircase.

BEMISH (O.S.)

See how he listens?

KANE (O.S.)

You're Captain Bemish.

BEMISH (O.S.)

Don't pin me down.

Groper turns for a troubled, baffled look at Kane; looks down, pondering, then moves on, shaking head.

KANE (O.S.)

Why do you do that to the wall?

BEMISH (O.S.)

I beg your pardon?

208 ON KANE AND BEMISH - HOLE IN WALL

Kane has a fatherly arm around Bemish's shoulder. In the b.g., we can GLIMPSE Spoor at other end of room coaching "Rip Torn", we would judge, on how to play a "scene".

KANE

Why do you do that to the wall?

BEMISH

I thought you were kidding?

KANE

Why do you do it?

BEMISH

In the interest of science and nucleonics! Because I'm convinced we can walk through walls! You see, it's the spaces -- the empty spaces between the atoms in my body -- or yours, if you don't mind my getting personal. May I?

KANE

Yes.

Nammack is BANGING on coffee machine.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

BEMISH

The size of the spaces -- the empty spaces between the atoms in that wall -- when you look at them relative to the size of atoms -- is just immense! It's like the distance, frankly speaking, between the Earth and the planet Mars! And -- !

KANE

(headache again)

Come to the point, please.

BEMISH

What's the hurry? The atoms won't leave! Hell, they're not going anywhere!

KANE

(softly)

I understand that.

BEMISH

Atoms can be smashed; they cannot fly! Do you have to go tinkle or something?

KANE

No.

BEMISH

Listen, don't be ashamed. We're only human.

KANE

Captain, why do you strike the wall?

BEMISH

The spaces -- the same immense empty spaces between the atoms in the wall also exist between the atoms in your body! So walking through the wall is merely a matter of gearing the holes between the atoms in your body to the holes between the atoms in that wall -- that naughty, stubborn, fucking -- !

Bemish has punctuated his speech with a swing of the hammer at wall, sending plaster spewing in all directions. Bemish stares sullenly at the new hole he's created, as does the expressionless Kane.

209 AT KANE, BEMISH FROM WALL POV

BEMISH
(muttering,
eyeing wall)

Nothing.

210 HIGH ANGLE FROM SECOND FLOOR LANDING

As Bemish turns to Kane:

BEMISH
I concentrate hard. I try to exert the full force of my mind, my incredible mind, on all of the atoms of my body so they'll mix and rearrange and fit exactly all those spaces in the wall! Then I try the laboratory method! I try to walk through it -- through the wall! Like just a few minutes ago when I took a running bash! And I failed, Colonel! Horribly!

He strikes the wall again. Plaster falls. Then:

211 REPEAT 209

KANE
Captain, why do you hit the wall?

BEMISH
(sullenly staring
at wall)
I am punishing the atoms! I am making of them an example, Colonel! An object lesson! A thing! So when the other atoms see what's coming -- when they're convinced I'm not fooling around -- they'll fall into line!

(with another
swing at the wall)
They'll let me pass through!
(staring at wall)
Independent snots! Shape up or ship out!

KANE
(gently lifting
hammer from Bemish's
grasp)
May I?

212 REPEAT 210

BEMISH

Go ahead! Swing! Enjoy! Maybe they'll listen to a stranger!

KANE

No, I had something else in mind.

BEMISH

Something -- ?
(yanking at the
hammer, outraged)
Theft! Give it back!

213 WAIST-SHOT, KANE, BEMISH

BEMISH

Give it -- !

Bemish abruptly ceases tugging, puzzled by his failure to budge the hammer an inch from Kane's apparently effortless grasp. PUSH IN CLOSE AT BEMISH as he eyes Kane oddly for a beat. Then:

BEMISH

Your grip is very, very strong.

214 AT DOOR TO DORMITORY

Cutshaw peers out at Kane and Bemish, staring intently.

KANE (O.S.)

I think that your problem may lie in the properties of the hammer. Some nuclear imbalance impinging on the ions.

215 INT. INMATES' DORMITORY - NIGHT

As Cutshaw closes door, we HEAR:

BEMISH (O.S.)

Interesting theory.

Cutshaw stands by door in troubled ponder, brow furrowed.

216 INT. MANSION - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON inmate's painting on easel: the one containing the detail of the powerful arm holding sledgehammer. TIGHT ON latter as:

KANE (O.S.)

Would you mind if I kept the hammer for study?

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

BEMISH (O.S.)

You're not gonna play with it or anything!

KANE (O.S.)

No.

The CAMERA MOVES TIGHT TO the baleful, staring eye in the same painting and HOLDS there.

BEMISH (O.S.)

Okay. Good night.

KANE (O.S.)

Good night, Captain Bemish.

217 UP SHOT - GROPER

Standing at second floor balustrade, staring down at Kane. Quickly ZOOM TIGHT TO Groper staring suspiciously as we HEAR the O.S. OPENING and CLOSING of dorm door.

218 GROPER'S POV - DOWN SHOT - KANE

Standing motionless and alone in the hall, Kane stares at the sledgehammer in his hands as CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD him. We HEAR THROBBING SOUND, a HEARTBEAT. When CAMERA has him FULL, he looks up (INTO CAMERA) at Groper.

CUT TO:

219 EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Only dim light here and there through windows.

220 INT. MANSION DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A single low light is on. We are SHOOTING LONG TOWARD DOOR as a sleepy-eyed, scratching Spoor (and dog) enters in his pajamas. He goes through double doors to kitchen area, but the dog, instead of following him, comes directly to CAMERA POSITION and sits, making friendly gestures at someone unseen. Spoor emerges from kitchen area with a plate of meat and bottle of milk, starts toward a table, then stops, for:

SPOOR

Rip Torn?

He looks about, sees dog, starts toward him, then halts, as he stares, puzzled, into CAMERA at something unseen above and behind the dog.

SPOOR

Colonel?

221 EXT. STREET - DUSK

A light mist of rain falls. (Wet down pavement.)

222 FRONT FULL TRACKING SHOT - FELL AND ANOTHER MAN

Both men are walking a few steps to curb of street. Then they stop. The man with Fell is a MARINE CORPS LIEUTENANT GENERAL. We HEAR A CAR APPROACHING as they walk.

GENERAL

Sorry we had to roust you like this, but as soon as he got the word on what we were trying, he hit the ceiling. We needed all the ammunition we could get -- and in a hurry.

A Marine Corps staff car pulls up and the Driver of the car gets out and comes around to open door for Fell.

FELL

Was I convincing?

GENERAL

I think he bought it.
(shakes Fell's hand)
He'll take you to the airport.
Thanks. And good luck.

FELL

Goodbye, sir.

CAMERA is PULLING UP to DISCLOSE that we are directly in front of the outer gate to the White House. We LOSE the staff car, Fell and the General, and are FULL ON White House as we HEAR CAR PULL AWAY, O.S.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

223 EXT. MANSION AREA - LONG HIGH SHOT TREE - DAY

224 FULL AT UPPER BRANCHES OF TREE

Cutshaw and Spoor are lodged there. Cutshaw holds a bucket filled with whitewash.

CUTSHAW

Spoor, you are crazy, really crazy.

SPOOR

I'm telling you, Kane is the one who's crazy! He just sat there doing this!

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED:

Spoor pantomimes meaningless "automatic actions" characteristic of certain disassociative mental states while Cutshaw evidences quiet desperation with Spoor's account. (At some point, squirrels run through scene.)

CUTSHAW

(pointing)

Get down.

SPOOR

The whole time, doing this! Hell, he never even saw me.

CUTSHAW

(still pointing down)

I want you to fall like an overripe mango.

SPOOR

A lot of psychiatrists are deeply disturbed. They've got the highest suicide rate of any profession in the world, and that's a fact, Mighty Manfred, you can check it!

CUTSHAW

(now cautiously interested)

Yeah?

SPOOR

He's Gregory Peck in Spellbound! He comes to take charge of a mental asylum and he's really nuts himself! It was just like the movie, Manfred, I swear it! I took a fork and on the tablecloth in front of him I made ski tracks and he fainted! Just like Gregory Peck in Spellbound!

CUTSHAW

(turned off again)

Down. Get --

He halts, putting hand to Spoor's mouth to stifle a response as he sees something below them. He now carefully spills out the whitewash, sending it falling. We HEAR a splashing SOUND from below, and then, as Cutshaw beams:

GROPER (O.S.)

(low)

You son-of-a-bitch!

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED: (2)

Spoor cups his hands and hoots at Groper in imitation of an owl. An owl now lights on a branch and Spoor stares at it.

225 FULL SHOT - THE "BOMBER" PAINTING - DAY

The CAMERA is very slowly PUSHING IN ON IT as we HEAR (after two beats):

KANE'S VOICE

He told me I loved him -- after
I killed him.

SERGEANT'S VOICE

Christ, forget about it, Colonel!

KANE'S VOICE

I cut off his head with the wire
and he kept on talking, kept on --

SERGEANT'S VOICE

Colonel, what are you holding?

KANE'S VOICE

Just a boy.

SERGEANT'S VOICE

(no beats between)

Colonel, what are you holding? What
are you holding? What are -- ? Oh,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, it's his head!
You've got his -- !

By now CAMERA is CLOSE AT or FEATURING the "ME" on the bomber fuselage and we CUT INTO:

226 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kane, at his desk, looks up as:

ZOOK (O.S.)

You!

The SOUND of RAIN which has persisted through previous shot, has abruptly ceased on the cut. Kane's stare is wide and vacant.

227 SIDE ANGLE - KANE, ZOOK

ZOOK

Yeah, you!

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

KANE
(rising)
Yes, how can I help you?

ZOOK
(low aside, as he
turns head and wipes
brow, exasperated)
Ah, God, I'm so tired.

KANE
How -- ?

ZOOK
Oh, who do you think you are,
you creep!

KANE
I'm Colonel --

ZOOK
(coming around
side of desk)
No, you're not! Now, dammit,
quit playing "Let's Pretend"!

KANE
(suddenly tense)
Pretend what?

ZOOK
That you can't read my thoughts!
That we're not on Venus and that
you are not a Venusian! That you
haven't illegally invaded my mind
to make me believe that I'm still
on Earth!

KANE
(relieved)
I --

ZOOK
(a shout)
Come off it, sweetheart! Can the
crap! This is all a hypnotic
illusion! I'm not on Earth and
you're not an Earthman! Both of
us are standing here knee-deep in
fungus, creep, and you're a giant
brain!

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED: (2)

KANE
(clutching at
head; wearily)

Please --

ZOOK
Don't give me stories! I've
had all I can take! Goddammit,
just give me back my flying belt!
You've got my spaceship haven't
you? What in the hell do you
want with my belt?

KANE
You want to fly.

ZOOK
No, I want to play Tinker Bell in
drag in a fungoid production of
Peter Pan! Better straighten your
tentacles out there, baby, I'm
starting to worry about you, you
know that.

KANE
(head throbbing)
Perhaps I'm getting worried about
myself.

ZOOK
Oh, funzies! Was that a Venusian
wisecrack? Beautiful. No, really
that's all I need: old vaudeville
jokes from a bug-eyed monster.

Kane starts forward, and Zook follows, CAMERA TRACKING.

ZOOK
(continuing)
Now you've got my star maps, you've
got my zap gun. Why do you have to
have my belt?

Kane halts and seems to recognize Zook for the first time
during this discourse.

KANE
You're Captain Zook.

ZOOK
Christ, I know that! Look, --

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED: (3)

KANE

Captain Zook, I'm going to help you. But first, it is absolutely essential that you accept at least this much: I am not a Venusian.

ZOOK

Oh sure, baby, sure. You're an Earthman. Swell. Tell me, who won the ballgame today?

KANE

Which -- ?

CAMERA TRACKS FRONT from outside office as Zook follows Kane out of office and into:

228 INT. MANSION MAIN HALL - DAY

ZOOK

Wrong! Listen, level with me, sweetheart. Are you just one giant brain or are you two brains glued together kind of sloppy. I've gotta be honest with you, kid, on account of there are times when I ask you questions and you don't answer me too good. Now what have you done with my belt?

Krebs moves INTO FRAME.

KREBS

Colonel?

ZOOK

Another tumor heard from!

KREBS

(at Kane)

Can I help you with anything?
(indicating Zook
with subtle move
of head)

At all?

Simultaneously

KANE

Krebs, has anyone a key to the drug locker?

KREBS

Only the medic, sir. He's still not back.

ZOOK

(muttering)

Look at them! Aren't they beautiful: One brain lies and the other one swears to it just like -- !

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED:

ZOOK

(continuing;
a sudden shout)You bet he's not back, you creeps!
(pointing up)He's flying around up there with
my belt! Now get him down from
there, you monsters! Get him -- !

At the start of Zook's speech, Krebs lifts his brows to Kane in a question and Kane nods affirmatively. And now Christian ENTERS SCENE, assisting Krebs in hustling away the raving Zook in one liquid motion, scooping him up by the shoulders so that his feet barely scrape the floor. CAMERA HOLDS ON Kane, lowering his head and clutching his brow again as he hears Zook continuing:

ZOOK (O.S.)

(continuing)

-- down and make him give me back
my belt! Get him down right now!
Get him down or I'll burn your
freaking fungus! You hear?
Goddammit, I'll break your saucers,
you'll be grounded just like --

QUICK CUT TO:

229 EXT. MOONSCAPE

A dream-like quality. It is the familiar Apollo landing sequence from the newsreels. To the right is a landing module and an astronaut, his space suit inflated and moving slowly toward us, calling:

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

(ECHO CHAMBER)

Heaaattthcliiiiiff...

FELL'S VOICE

(softly)

Kane.

The astronaut turns to CAMERA LEFT and then halts on seeing something O.S. as now we PULL BACK, widening the frame until we disclose that the astronaut is looking at the crucified Kane-Christ figure (NOTE: NO UNIFORM IN THIS SHOT), who in turn is looking at him. When we have achieved the full shot, the astronaut raises both arms to the figure, palms up.

FELL'S VOICE

(louder than before)

Kane!

QUICK CUT TO:

230 INT. KANE'S MANSION BEDROOM - DAY

Kane, in a close-up, is jerking awake, startled as he whips head up at CAMERA.

231 REVERSE ANGLE FELL

Wearing a rain-drenched raincoat, he is looking down into CAMERA.

FELL

Shouldn't sleep like that.

232 FULL SIDE ANGLE SHOT - FELL, KANE

Kane, who was apparently sleeping atop the bed cover, is bare to the waist but wears trousers. Fell is bending over him, his hand on Kane's shoulder. He has just awakened him. Kane is tightly gripping Fell's wrist.

FELL

Wrinkles the pants.

KANE

What time is it?

FELL

(eyes watch)

Eight-fifteen. I got word you were looking for me.

Kane looks at him, then rises. Through the following, Kane goes into bathroom through:

233 FULL FRONT SHOT TOWARD BED

KANE

Where were you?

FELL

(sitting on
bed step)

Personal matter. Got an uncle in trouble.

Kane is O.S. IN BATHROOM NOW. He turns on water, then:

KANE (O.S.)

Any way I can help?

FELL

I'm afraid he's beyond it.
What's up?

KANE (O.S.)

Captain Zook could have used some sedation. Please make up a duplicate key to the drug chest.

234 AT FELL THROUGH BATHROOM DOOR

FELL

Oh, I won't be wandering anymore.

KANE (O.S.)

Better make one up anyway and leave it with me.

FELL

You look beat. Did you get any sleep?

KANE (O.S.)

Every time I dropped off, there was another of the men at the door.

FELL

Keep it closed.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA (HAND-HELD) MOVES INTO BEDROOM AS:

KANE (O.S.)

No, they've got to have access to me any time they please.

Fell rises and accompanies Kane (CAMERA) to a wardrobe closet, beside a shrine area in bedroom as:

FELL

Look, I've got a suspicion these constant bangings on your door are just part of a plan to convince you they're sick and that it's all for real. They did the same thing to me my first day here. Than it slackened off. Until you arrived.

Fell has wound up on right side of shrine.

235 FULL SHOT KANE, FELL

Kane turns for a moment to eye him, considering. Then he turns away, rejecting the notion.

236 SHOT AT KANE, FELL FROM INSIDE SHRINE

KANE

No. It's the trick of a child who misbehaves to get attention, then hopes that you'll finally get around to discussing what's really on his mind. Like Cutshaw. He's all hung up on God. But talking about God isn't cool so he uses nonsensical methods to work his way up to it. Nammack's uterus, for instance.

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED:

FELL
Nammack's -- ?!

KANE
Forget it. It's very involved.

FELL
(undertone)
Yes, they usually are.

Fell sees that Kane's head is bent and his eyes are closed. Brow furrowed, his fingers pinch the bridge of his nose as though he were reacting to the pain of a headache.

FELL
Something wrong?

Kane shakes head.

FELL
Something right?

KANE
I just flashed on a dream I keep having.

FELL
You tell me your dream, as Caesar's wife said to Sigmund Freud, and I'll tell you --

KANE
It isn't my dream.

FELL
What's that again?

237 FULL HIGH SHOT

KANE
(troubled)
It isn't my dream. A patient of mine -- a Colonel back from Nam -- he had a grotesque recurring nightmare... Ever since he told me about it -- I keep dreaming it. Weird?

FELL
Yeah, I guess you might say so.

KANE
It's about a head, a severed head.

FELL
Damien.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

Kane looks up at him.

FELL
 Father Damien He spent his
 life working among the lepers
 on Molokai -- until he finally
 contracted the disease himself.

A knock at the open door. It is Groper. In his hand,
 he carries a letter.

GROPER
 Colonel, could I see you for a
 second?

238 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - AT WINDOW - DAY

CAMERA is LOOKING OUT ON rain.

KANE (O.S.)
 To my darling, my dearest, my
 flaming secret love: How I've
 hungered for this moment when I
 might rip away the mask and
 unburden my aching, bleeding
 heart. My sweetest, I saw you
 but an instant.

CAMERA PANS AROUND TO FULL SHOT of Kane reading from a
 letter while Groper stands before him at modified parade
 rest, angry.

KANE
 (continuing;
 reading)
 "A semi-instant! Yet I knew I
 was your slave! Wondrous creature,
 I adore you! You are sandalwood
 from Nineveh, truffles from the
 Moon! In my dreams, I am a madman!
 Yes! I rip away your dress, and
 then your bra, and then your glasses,
 and I -- "

(looking up)
 Groper, is this necessary?

GROPER
 Yes, sir! Look at the signature!

KANE
 (reading)
 Captain --
 (halts briefly;
 then goes on)
 Captain Marvin Groper, 581st
 Rehabilitation Center, Monterey,
 Cali -- ...

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED:

He trails off, stares at Groper.

GROPER

Sir, I got phone call after phone call this morning from broads who got letters like this one.

KANE

(holding up letter)

Where did you get this?

GROPER

(suddenly uncomfortable)

Well, some of them --

KANE

Some of who?

GROPER

These women, sir.

KANE

Um.

GROPER

Well, they happened to come here today, and --

KANE

"Happened"?

GROPER

Well, sir, I asked them -- the ones with nice voices and --

KANE

(interrupting)

Groper -- ?

GROPER

(erupting in
angry frustration)

They're ugly, sir, ugly as sin and I think that the bastard who wrote all those letters needs some kind of punishment and restriction!

KANE

Who wrote them?

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED: (2)

GROPER

(sliding envelope
across desk to Kane)Look at the envelope, Colonel! The
address! Sir, there's only one
mind here that's this diabolical!

(pointing)

See that? It's made up to look like
it's been mimeo'd; like it's part of
a mass commercial mailing!

239 SAME, BUT AS LONG AN ANGLE AS POSSIBLE

KANE

(examines envelope;
then:)

"To Occupant".

240 EXT. AT UPPER MANSION WINDOW - SLOW ZOOM (UP) - DAYFog. In the window, a parody of Frankenstein scene,
Cutshaw, made up to resemble "Igor" (bright wig, false
crooked, jutting teeth, long fingernails etc.) is
playing a recorder (flute, not phono) eerily. He halts,
sensing someone O.S.

241 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - DAY

TWO-SHOT: CUTSHAW & GROPER

Groper grips Cutshaw's arm with one hand, and with the
other snatches false teeth from the astronaut's mouth.
Still in "Igor" attire, Cutshaw spreadeagles his arms
sacrificially at Kane (O.S.) and in the process
"accidentally" cuffs Groper's face with his hand, on:

CUTSHAW

Yes! I wrote the letter! Now
shoot me for giving the spinster
hope! For providing depravity
to the deprived!

GROPER

(low)

What an act!

CUTSHAW

(recovering the teeth)

Yes, never mind the space race,
Colonel! Feed me to giant ants!
Go ahead. Make widows of 500
"Pen Pals"!

242 SIDE ANGLE CUTSHAW, GROPER, KANE AT DESK

Kane has head propped on fist, staring at desk-top and never looking up.

GROPER

(to Kane)

Sir, he's got to be restricted!

CUTSHAW

(leaning across
desk; low, guarded)

Beg pardon, but I've noticed an exotic odor, sir, and being as you're a Colonel, I'm forced to assume it's Captain --

Cutshaw peripherally notes Groper advancing on him, menacingly, and leaps to a position back of Kane.

CUTSHAW

(continuing)

Don't let him touch me! I'm crazy!

GROPER

Sure, you're crazy!

KANE

(a warning;
here he looks up)

Groper...

GROPER

(halting)

Yes, sir.

CUTSHAW

(impersonating "Igor")

Hah! Dey try to keel Igor.

(indicating neck)

But Igor still alive and now dey dead!

243 FRONT SHOT KANE, CUTSHAW

as Cutshaw cackles.

KANE

(sniffs)

Have you been drinking, Groper?

244 FULL SIDE ANGLE

GROPER

(a desperate shout)

Yes!

(CONTINUED)

244 CONTINUED:

KANE
Control yourself.

Then, from O.S. the SOUND of Bemish HAMMERING at a wall. Groper stares at Kane, wild-eyed.

KANE
Handle that disturbance.

Groper, going for door:

GROPER
Yes, I will, sir.

245 ANGLE AT DOOR, GROPER

GROPER
(continuing)
Yes, indeedy, you can surely
bet I -- (will)

He is interrupted by Kane coming over him:

KANE (O.S.)
Groper.

Groper has just pulled open the door and now turns to look at the O.S. Kane, and as he does, we see Fairbanks swinging close past the door on a rope, appearing from one side of the frame and vanishing into the other. During this:

GROPER
Yes, sir?

246 AT KANE

KANE
Gently.

247 BACK TO GROPER

He stares smolderingly, then quickly exits, closing the door behind him and we immediately hear his startled shriek, coupled with the O.S. SOUND of what apparently is Fairbanks hitting him on the back-swing.

248 SIDE ANGLE THE ROOM

Kane and Cutshaw stare toward door. Then Cutshaw turns to Kane:

CUTSHAW
Colonel Aquinas, you were groovy!
My next impression: a human fly!

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

Cutshaw races at a wall and flings himself at it in an abortive attempt to climb it. He fails.

CUTSHAW
(chagrined)
Bemish is right. There's something
wrong with this fucking -- (wall)

KANE
(over "wall")
Why did you write those letters?

Cutshaw turns and looks at Kane. He is suddenly very melancholy, very down, and very much himself for a moment.

CUTSHAW
(after a beat)
Just to make someone happy.

He walks dejectedly to door, opens it, stops on:

KANE
What are you looking for,
Cutshaw?

249 AT CUTSHAW TURNING TO KANE

250 AT KANE'S DESK - CUTSHAW'S POV

A whitish, bleached-out hue to the scene as in place of Kane we see Joe Di Maggio -- in N.Y. Yankee uniform -- sitting in Kane's place.

251 BACK TO 248 (SIDE, ANGLE)

Kane is Kane. Cutshaw stares. Hold a beat or two.

SOUND of RUNNER approaching O.S.

252 ANGLE TO INCLUDE DOORWAY

SOUND continues until Groper appears in doorway, triumphantly flourishing Bemish's sledgehammer.

GROPER
Got it!

CUTSHAW
(to Kane but pointing
to Groper; dispirited)
Look, look Hud! See the idiot?
See the idiot swing the hammer?

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED:

With a look at Groper, Cutshaw, handing Groper the teeth, EXITS SCENE, and Groper enters, halting as he FILLS THE FRAME.

GROPER

Some of this stuff's just got to stop, sir!

253 INT. MANSION MAIN HALL NEAR KANE'S OFFICE - DAY

Cutshaw is heading for dorm when he stops on hearing:

GROPER (O.S.)

It gets out of hand!

KANE (O.S.)

(reluctant; discouraged)

Maybe so. I don't know. Maybe we do need a few restrictions.

Cutshaw's eyes narrow; he reflects anger, then determination, as he moves to dorm and enters, closing door.

254 EXT. MANSION FULL DOWN SHOT - NIGHT

The rain is unrelenting.

255 INT. MANSION MAIN HALL - NIGHT

CLOSE AT TV SCREEN

(Johnny Carson monologue.)

256 HIGH SIDE ANGLE

A few inmates watch television; two sit totally withdrawn and staring. Nearby to Kane, Gomez works quietly at a canvas. Kane is studying the chaotic painting. Fell joins Kane.

FELL

I've been thinking of buying that one.

257 FULL SHOT OF PAINTING

The one with the chaotic detail: sledgehammer, etc. Carson SOUND O.S. through 260.

258 KANE AND FELL - INCLUDE PAINTING

FELL

(as Kane looks to him)

How's the boy?

(CONTINUED)

258 CONTINUED:

KANE

Not bad.

FELL

(indicating the
painting)

Mean something?

KANE

All of them mean something,
Colonel. They're like dreams.
Clues to the unconscious.(points to "index
finger" pointing)This one is obvious. It's
Nammack's. He's a "fail-safe"
pilot.

FELL

Um.

KANE

Guilt.

FELL

Yeah. The most damaging commodity
around.

KANE

No. It's for the spirit what
pain is to the body. A warning.
Something's wrong. Get it fixed
before it kills you.

FELL

But --

We HEAR a dog BARKING and:

SPOOR (O.S.)

Colonel!

259 A LONGER ANGLE

as Spoor and his dog approach Kane and Fell.

SPOOR

I'm in trouble, sir! Big trouble!

FELL

(low)

Take an enema and call me Tuesday.

260 CLOSER ANGLE

Kane turns an odd look upon Fell, which Fell returns with a look of "What did I do?" Meantime:

SPOOR

(to Fell)

Not physical trouble, motivational!

(to Kane; falling

in step as they

approach Kane's

office; TRACKING)

Colonel, "Hamlet"! Hamlet's madness!

O.S. BANGING at coffee machine. Instantly:

FELL

(at someone O.S.,

urgent warning)

Bemish!

BEMISH (O.S.)

I wasn't gonna touch it!

261 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - SHOOTING THROUGH DOOR - NIGHT

as Kane and Spoor approach:

FELL

Hold out your hands.

Fell stands back until he is satisfied, then follows Kane and Spoor inside. During all this:

SPOOR

I'm having an argument, sir, a rouser! And I'd like you to settle it once and for all!

KANE

I'll try.

SPOOR

Listen, no one can knock you for trying! Look, now, some Shakespearean scholars say that when Hamlet's pretending he's crazy, he really is crazy! Correct?

KANE

That's right.

By now, they have entered the office and CAMERA PULLS BACK WITH THEM.

(CONTINUED)

261 CONTINUED:

SPOOR

But other Shakespearean scholars say that when Hamlet's pretending he's nuts, he really isn't nuts! It's an act! Now, Colonel, I come to you as a shrinker and as a sympathetic pussycat. Please give me your opinion.

KANE

Tell me yours first.

CAMERA HOLDS. Fell passes through FRAME, but Kane halts.

SPOOR

(as Kane moves
OUT OF FRAME)

Ah, what a sweetheart! What a dumpling!

262 FULL SIDE ANGLE THE ROOM

Fell is on sofa and Kane, enroute to bookshelf, freezes as he HEARS and we SEE Spoor run to desk and lean atop it, his dog following. Fell averts his face, covering laughter with a hand as he shakes his head and draws a reproving glance from Kane as Spoor lectures Kane and Fell.

SPOOR

Now, then -- look at what Hamlet does. First, for openers, he shtravanses around the palace in his underwear. Correct?

263 AT SPOOR - PUSHING IN SLOWLY TO A FULL SHOT

SPOOR

(ticking off the
points on his fingers)

And then he calls the king his "mother"; tells a nice old man he's senile; throws a tantrum at a theater party; and then he starts talking dirty to his girlfriend while she's sitting there watching the play! She just came there to watch it. What did she come there for, for God's sakes? She came to hear Hamlet's dirty mouth?

KANE

(seated)

What -- ?

(CONTINUED)

263 CONTINUED:

SPOOR

(over him)

Like a sewer, Hamlet's mouth!
 Good Christ almighty, that's his
girlfriend there!

FELL

Ophelia.

264 OVERHEAD SHOT THE SCENE

SPOOR

Please! No names! All I ask you
 is, seeing as how he's acting, is
 he really and truly nuts?

Simultaneously

FELL

No!

KANE

Yes.

SPOOR

Both of you are wrong!

As Kane and Fell exchange looks, Spoor drops to sitting
 position on desk.

265 STARTING POSITION OF 263

Play him moving between Kane and Fell, persuading, back
 and forth.

SPOOR

Take a look at what happens:
 His father dies; his girl leaves
 him flat; then comes an appearance
 by the father's ghost -- bad enough
 -- then the ghost says he was
murdered! And by whom? By Hamlet's
uncle! Who recently married Hamlet's
mother! Listen, that by itself is a
great big hangup; Hamlet, he liked
 his mother -- a lot! Never mind that,
 it's filth; I don't want to talk filth!
 All I say is what happens to this poor
schmuck is very unsettling, that's the
least! And when you see he's a
sensitive, high-strung kid, all these
 things are enough to drive him crazy!
 And that's especially when you
 consider that all of this happened
 in very cold weather!

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED:

KANE

But then we're agreed: Hamlet's insane.

Spoor now moves to Kane on:

SPOOR

He isn't insane! He's pretending!
 (as Fell gives Kane a grin of triumph)

But! If Hamlet hadn't pretended he would have gone crazy!

KANE

(suddenly alert)

Oh?

SPOOR

See, Hamlet isn't psycho. But he's hanging on the brink. A little push, a little shove and the kid is gone! And Hamlet knows it! Not his conscious mind -- subconscious. So his subconscious makes him do what keeps him sane, sir. Namely, acting like he's not! 'Cause acting nutty is a safety valve! A way to let off steam! A way to get rid of your aggressions and all of your fears and all of your guilts and heaven knows what else!

FELL

And all of your --

SPOOR

(to Fell)

Watch, you! Don't talk dirty!

FELL

I never talk --

SPOOR

Quiet, you, I know you! A dirty mind and a dirty clinic. Even the dental floss is dirty!

(to Kane)

Where was I?

KANE

Hamlet.

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED: (2)

SPOOR

Right! Hamlet keeps from being psycho by pretending that he's psycho! By doing ridiculous, terrible things! And he knows that it's safe, you get me: safe! Look, if I did what he does in that play, they'd lock me up, they'd put me away in an institution! In a prison! Sure! They'd punish me! But him, Prince Royal Garbagemouth? He gets away with murder! And why? Because nuts are not responsible!

KANE

Spoor, does Hamlet think he's crazy?

SPOOR

Nobody crazy thinks he's crazy! Now, then, notice! Here's the climax, here's the caper! Notice the crazier Hamlet acts -- the more he indulges himself -- the healthier he gets!

KANE

(to himself)

That's so!

SPOOR

Well, all right, then, let's settle the argument. Which opinion is correct?

KANE

I agree with yours.

SPOOR

(triumphantly,
whirling on his
dog)

There! See?! Stubborn, temperamental idiot! Now do you believe me?! From now on we do the scene my way!

(to Kane)

God bless your aorta, Colonel Pussycat!

266 INT. MANSION - MAIN HALL - KANE'S OFFICE DOOR - NIGHT

SPOOR

Rip Torn, you don't know shit!

(CONTINUED)

266 CONTINUED:

Spoor and his dog exit and move toward dorm, CAMERA FOLLOWING and DISCLOSING Cutshaw, back pressed to wall near Kane's door. He seizes Spoor, pulling him to him.

CUTSHAW

(whispered)

Did he buy it?!

SPOOR

(normal tone)

Hell, I bought it, Manfred! I
think something's wrong with us!
We're -- !

Cutshaw claps a hand over Spoor's mouth, fearful lest Kane overhear.

267 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Fell is scanning books on shelf, looking for one in particular, as Kane sits, pondering, staring at phone. We HEAR Fell's finger rippling over book spines as he goes from one to another.

268 CLOSE AT FELL

checking books, the sound louder.

269 CLOSE AT PHONE

270 CLOSE AT KANE

271 SAME AS 267

Kane continues staring for two beats, then reaches for phone, dials, with:

KANE

It fits.

FELL

(turning to him)

What are you doing?

KANE

Calling Pendleton. I need some supplies.

FELL

What for?

KANE

A monumental indulgence of the men.

(CONTINUED)

271 CONTINUED:

Fell comes to desk, depresses phone cradle button, as
CAMERA COMES IN CLOSER.

FELL
Before you do that -- can I show
you something?

KANE
What?

Fell hands Kane a book. Kane stares at cover.

FELL
Here. "Madness in Hamlet".

KANE
Yes, I can read that.

FELL
Try reading the insides of your
books. This one here in particular.
That's where Spoor dug up the "Hamlet"
theory.

Still eyeing book, Kane slowly hangs up phone as:

FELL
Or Cutshaw, more than likely.

Kane looks to Fell, puzzled.

FELL
(continuing)
Groper laid on some rules today.
Like no more visitations with you
after seven o' --

KANE
(icy)
Groper had no right! I told him
maybe!

FELL
I told Groper.

KANE
You hadn't the right!

FELL
I had the duty!

KANE
What do you -- ?

(CONTINUED)

FELL

Colonel, I'm the medic! The physical health of every man in this command is solely my responsibility and that extends to you! Where your body is concerned, you're just a patient! Mine! My patient! And your dear and glorious physician can see that you're driving yourself too hard and too damned fast for your own damned good! And so far as Hamlet is concerned, it's an obvious ploy dreamed up by Cutshaw to lift the restrictions, to allow him to bug you around the clock.

KANE

(softly)

You're quite convinced of that.

FELL

I am.

As Kane takes phone off hook:

KANE

Good.

FELL

Now who the hell are you calling!

KANE

Pendleton.

FELL

(cutting off dial
tone again; a request)

Colonel -- read the book.

KANE

That won't be necessary. I believe you. And I believe what you say about Cutshaw. It's a gambit. And that's what convinces me that the "Hamlet" theory is correct.

FELL

Again?

KANE

Just call it intuition. I can't explain it; but something inside me tells me this gambit is like those paintings out there in the hall: someone's disguised and terrified shout for us to help him. And telling us how!

(CONTINUED)

271 CONTINUED: (3)

FELL

And that someone is Cutshaw?

KANE

His subconscious.

A beat as Fell and Kane lock glances, unmoving. Then:

272 CLOSE ON TELEPHONE CRADLE

as Fell removes his finger and we HEAR the HUM of a DIAL TONE.

273 EXT. PENTAGON ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

The rain; always the rain.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

274 INT. PENTAGON CORRIDOR - DAY

We HEAR from an open office to side:

GENERAL (O.S.)

(SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN)

"One Great Dane, two Pekinese,
Dalmatians". Um-hm.

275 INT. PENTAGON OFFICE - DAY

Seated at a desk and speaking into telephone, as an AIDE sits close by, is the General from earlier sequence. As he talks, he refers to a typed copy of a requisition form in his hand.

GENERAL

(into phone)

"Wolfhounds, Cockers, Afghans -- "

(dropping hand

holding form irritably)

-- what in the hell are they for?

(listens)

How did I find out about it?! A

copy of the requisition -- one marked

"Filled", I regret to say -- came

through from Pendleton this morning!

Now what are you doing with those dogs?

(listens)

You'd rather not say.

(listens)

No, I'm not ordering you to tell me,

Colonel. Let's move to another

subject.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

275 CONTINUED:

GENERAL (CONT'D)

(holding up list)

Like pulleys and paints. What the hell are they for?

(listens)

I see. Just --

(a look at his Aide)

-- like the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel? Care to venture a comment on either the frogman suit or the jackhammers, Colonel.

(listens)

Oh, I see. They -- they want to play "Great Escape".

(consulting list)

Uh-hmm. Sure you want to go on with this, Colonel?

(listens)

Um-hmm. Well, just one more, then. The, uh, flying belt. What about the -- ?

(listens)

Peter -- Pan.

(rubbing his brow)

Uh -- have you considered the possibility that he might just fly right over the wall.

(listens)

He -- he promised he wouldn't do that.

(flat, soft tone)

Colonel. I think you're off your rocker! You -- !

(a beat)

You don't want to talk about that either.

276 INT. MANSION CLINIC - DAY

Fell speaks guardedly into phone. From O.S., we HEAR SOUND of JACKHAMMER.

FELL

(into phone)

No, I don't sir. You gave me carte blanche if I'd take this assignment. Are you reneging?

(listens)

General, yesterday you opened still another of these centers. That's nineteen so far and growing and no one's got answers except maybe here! And this one is purely experimental, so why should we -- !

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

276 CONTINUED:

FELL (CONT'D)

(listens)

Kane's got a very special insight.
He sees things nobody else could
see! He -- !

(listens)

General --

(listens briefly)

General --

(listens briefly)

General, at least -- if nothing
else -- it's helping him! The only
cure for him right now is curing
the others! It's his driving
obsession! He -- !

(listens briefly,
looks up toward O.S.)

JACKHAMMER SOUND)

Jackhammers.

277 INT. MANSION MAIN HALL - UP SHOT - GROPER - DAY

Standing at second floor balustrade, staring down,
incredulous and wide-eyed, floor-to-ceiling pulleys
vertically traversing the FRAME in front of him. We
HEAR JACKHAMMERS and the YAPPING and BARKING of many
dogs.

278 DOWN SHOT AT MAIN HALL

With Groper silhouetted in f.g., SIDE OF FRAME. Below,
door to basement staircase is open, and it is from there
that the intermittent JACKHAMMER SOUNDS emanate. Outside
the door to the utility room sit Christian and Krebs, each
holding a skein of leashes attached to a mount of dogs of
varying breeds, yapping and barking. And, heaving up INTO
FRAME, directly in front of Groper is a scaffold attached
to the pulley system. On it is Gomez, mixing paints in
buckets. As he passes groper, he tips his beret to him.

GOMEZ

Buono giorno, Captain "Frogface"!

GROPER

(hoarsely whispered)

Jesus!

GOMEZ

Captain, you are out of uniform.

279 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - KANE AT WINDOW LOOKING OUT - DAY

Through window we see the rain outside and Fairbanks
zooming around the area on his motorcycle, performing
acrobatics. Kane's eyes are pouched and dark from lack
of sleep; he looks utterly spent.

280 SIDE ANGLE KANE, EXCLUDING VIEW THROUGH WINDOW

We follow Kane as he moves away from window and to his desk. Standing behind it, he glances through a dossier then reflexively jerks his head up at the sound of the motorcycle apparently entering the mansion main hall. He composes himself, looking back down at the dossier, then moves to two easels now in his office, studying the paintings on them. One is the atomic cloud painting, the other easel holds a charcoal sketch pad. Sketched on the top sheet is the face of a beautiful woman. Kane eyes it a moment, then picks up sketch pencil and makes a few quick changes and additions. Then he looks at it again and impulsively lifts the pencil to slash an "X" across it; then reconsiders, puts down pencil and heads for door.

281 INT. MANSION MAIN HALL - OUTSIDE KANE'S OFFICE - DAY

As Kane steps out, he is almost knocked backward by Fairbanks zooming by on the motorcycle, then proceeding to circle the hall.

282 INT. MANSION BASEMENT - SHOOTING DOWN THE STAIRS - DAY

Two of the inmates are sedulously ripping up the basement flooring with jackhammers. To the side, an inmate named KLENK and Bemish lean against shovel handles, examining a blue print tacked to an easel. Cutshaw refers to it with a wooden pointer.

CUTSHAW

(indicating)

Tunnel One -- Tunnel Two --

Tunnel Three! Tunnels One and

Two are decoys! Three is the -- !

(shouts at jackhammer
wielders)

Knock that off a second!

(back to blue print)

Tunnel --

283 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Cutshaw is again interrupted, this time by Fairbanks zooming down cellar steps on his motorcycle, halting directly in front of Cutshaw, who eyes him severely as Fairbanks HONKS CYCLE HORN twice.

CUTSHAW

Couldn't you have knocked?

FAIRBANKS

All secure, "Big X".

(CONTINUED)

283 CONTINUED:

CUTSHAW

(a scowl -- or "eye"
take -- then back to
blueprint)

Three, as I said, is the big one.
Three is maximum security!

KLENK

Manfred, where do these tunnels go?

CUTSHAW

My son, they go absolutely nowhere!
(spotting something
at top of staircase
he shouts up joyously)
Heavenly caribou, you are ours!

284 CUTSHAW'S POV - UP SHOT - KANE FRAMED IN DOORWAY

Looking down.

CUTSHAW (O.S.)

Ours alone and no one else's!

A cheer goes up from the men below and the motorcycle
HORN is HONKED repeatedly. Kane raises his hand in a
little wave.

285 EXT. MANSION STREAM - DAY

UP SHOT FROM BRIDGE AT BEMISH - KLENK OBSERVING - CASTLE B.G.

ZOOM to Bemish in mid-stream wearing a "frogman" suit and
flippers. He takes three steps and halts for:

BEMISH

(watery, gurgly
REVERB)

The atoms in water have manners!

286 INT. MANSION HALL - DAY

ON CLOT OF YAPPING DOGS

The CAMERA PULLS BACK, DISCLOSING Christian and Krebs
staring expressionlessly into space as utility room door
flies open, REVEALING Spoor, who gestures imperiously out
door as he addresses someone O.S.

SPOOR

Out! You hear me? Out!

A rather large chow pads despondently out of the office
as Spoor shouts after him.

(CONTINUED)

SPOOR

And tell your stupid agent not
to waste any more of my time!
He's a first-class --

Spoor breaks off as Kane steps INTO FRAME, staring after
the dog. Spoor turns to him.

SPOOR

(continuing)

Look at that! Can you imagine?!
Here I am casting Julius Caesar,
and what do they send me? A dog
who lisps!

(turning to utility
room, calling in)

Nammack! Out! You hear me! Out!

Out steps a sulking Nammack outfitted in a "Superman"
costume.

NAMMACK

(to Spoor)

Look, give me a reason, just one
reason that makes some -- !

SPOOR

(lowering face
into hand, quietly
exasperated)

Colonel! Do me a favor! Explain
to this moron that in none of the
plays of Shakespeare can there be
a part for Superman!

NAMMACK

There could be the way I explained
it!

SPOOR

The way you ex -- !

(whirling to Kane)

You know what he wants? You want
to hear? When the conspirators
draw their knives, he wants to
rescue Julius Caesar! Ready?
Swoop down like a rocket, pick him
up and then go hurdling mighty
temples at a single, incredible
bound! He -- !

(whirling on Nammack)

Nammack, what in the hell is wrong
with you?! Are you -- ?

(CONTINUED)

286 CONTINUED: (2)

Paint splatters down in gobs from above upon them and they leap back, staring up at:

287 UP SHOT - GOMEZ ON SCAFFOLD

Painting ceiling.

288 DOWN SHOT ANGLE ON SPOOR, KANE AND NAMMACK

Spoor points up at Gomez.

SPOOR

That man is crazy!

And as Nammack continues staring up at Gomez, Kane leans his back against wall and lowers his head into a weary hand. Spoor calls out to Krebs, O.S.:

SPOOR

Krebs!

And instantly a large Afghan races into the utility room from O.S.

SPOOR

(continuing)

Television actors! Always in a hurry!

Zook traverses the FRAME from left to right, zooming four feet off the ground and wearing a Buck Rogerish jet belt harnessed to his back, its twin nozzles WHOOSHING steam.

SPOOR

(continuing;

looking after Zook)

Very nice, but I just can't use you.

Kane still has head lowered into hand, and just as Zook has passed OUT OF FRAME, Kane lifts his face out of his hand, looking blankly forward; then sees Nammack staring at something O.S.; turns to follow Nammack's gaze. Nammack is staring blankly at Zook. Spoor, meantime, has started into utility room, but now steps out again to watch Zook, just as we HEAR SOUND of a terrible collision -- lamps falling over, etc. Spoor turns a glance at Nammack, gesturing with head toward Zook.

SPOOR

Go talk to your brother. He's got the "falling" sickness.

(CONTINUED)

288 CONTINUED:

He enters room and closes door behind him. Door opens again and Spoor hands doggie "Pooper Scooper" to Nammack, then closes door again. Kane waits, head down, but Nammack stares at the O.S. Zook. A few beats, and then Zook comes INTO FRAME, dazed, and without a word or a look, hands his damaged flying belt to Kane, who never takes his eyes off Nammack, and continues on OUT OF FRAME.

NAMMACK

(at Kane)

By the way, sir, you're out of uniform.

KANE

(staring down
at belt)

I know. They haven't arrived yet.

CUTSHAW (O.S.)

Nammack, get down here and dig, man! Dig!

Immediately -- as Nammack EXITS SCENE -- the O.S. JACKHAMMERS start up again. CAMERA PUSHES TIGHT at Kane as he reacts to the sound, shutting eyes tightly and convulsively gripping his brow.

289 INT. MANSION BASEMENT - CLOSE ON JACKHAMMER - DAY

As it drills relentlessly, the SOUND very loud and grating.

290 EXT. MANSION - CLOSE ON GARGOYLE - NIGHT

The rain. ECHO CHAMBER VOICES:

KANE'S VOICE

(a whisper)

Bless me, Father, I have sinned.
Eighty-one men -- I've killed --
eighty-one men -- I've killed --

291 EXT. RAINY JUNGLE - DAWN

In a moderate UP SHOT, we see the grease-smearred face of a Marine Corps SERGEANT staring down at something, horrified and filled with fear and revulsion.

SERGEANT

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, that's his
head! You've got his -- !

292 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kane is at his desk, elbows propped and face in both hands. The CAMERA IS HIGH and AT HIS BACK, SLOWLY PUSHING DOWN toward back of his head.

PRIEST'S VOICE
(ECHO CHAMBER)
Ego te absolvo...

KANE'S VOICE
No, Father!

PRIEST'S VOICE
Ego te absolvo...

Simultaneously

KANE'S VOICE	PRIEST'S VOICE
I can't be forgiven...	<u>...in nomine Patris, et</u>
I can't be forgiven...	<u>Filii, et Spiritu Sancto...</u>
I can't be for- --	

293 EXT. RAINY JUNGLE - CLOSE UP - SERGEANT - DAWN

SERGEANT
Colonel, what are you holding?
Colonel, what are you -- ?!

294 INT. CONFESSIONAL BOX - PENITENT'S BOOTH

Behind the gauze screen, we SEE the CONFESSOR silhouetted as he raises his hand in the sign of absolution.

PRIEST'S VOICE
Ego te absolvo.

The screen suddenly slides back with a SLAM, revealing not the Priest but the familiar severed head of the young Viet Cong. The eyes open and it speaks.

HEAD'S VOICE
(in the Priest's voice)
Go in peace, my son.

295 REVERSE ANGLE - KANE IN PENITENT'S BOOTH

Mouth wide, he is shrieking in horror. A FLASH OF SUBLIMINAL INTERCUTS of Kane and the mansion gargoyle -- jaws agape -- as the shrieking continues until both sight and sound are abruptly cut off by a quick sliding shut of the gauze screen. The SOUND of its closing is the sound of a DOOR SLAMMING SHUT.

296 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON KANE - NIGHT

as he jerks head up, startled, staring at:

297 KANE'S POV - GROPER

He is attired in Nazi Storm Trooper uniform.

GROPER

(beside himself)

Sir, why do I have to wear this?

298 AT KANE

Kane is not quite with it yet, is squinting, blinking his eyes.

KANE

What?

299 SIDE ANGLE KANE, GROPER

GROPER

I said, why do I have to wear this?

KANE

Captain, it's Psychodrama. Role-playing. A standard tool of therapy. The inmates are playing the role of Allied prisoners of war attempting to tunnel their way to freedom.

300 CLOSE AT KANE

KANE

(squinting up at Groper)

We are their captors.

301 KANE'S POV - ON GROPER

The FRAME is blurry and wavering.

GROPER

Hell, we're their prisoners! Nothing but yellow-bellied goof-offs having a ball out there! Why do I have to help their fun! I'm not a psychiatrist!

302 ON KANE

Staring wide-eyed at Groper and in the grip of a volcanic rage.

GROPER (O.S.)

Sir, it's an unfair imposition and frankly, I --

(CONTINUED)

302 CONTINUED:

Kane starts slowly to rise. He begins with a seething, hoarsely whispered, trembling fury, and builds to a shout.

KANE

Jesus! Jesus Christ, man!
 Why don't you love somebody a
 little! Why don't you help
 somebody a little! Help them,
help somebody --
 (all run together)
 -- you caterpillar-torturing
 bastard you're going to wear that
 uniform, bathe in it, sleep in it,
 try to take it off and I promise
 you'll die in it! Is that clear?!

*He identifies
 totally with
 the patients'
 position.*

By now Kane stands hunched over desk, weight supported by trembling fingertips.

303 KANE'S POV - ON GROPER

The FRAME IS BLURRED AND WAVERING as Groper, awed and frightened, backs up, his hand groping for doorknob. Just as he turns to look for it:

304 INT. MANSION MAIN HALL - KANE'S OFFICE DOOR - NIGHT

With CAMERA FOLLOWING, Cutshaw approaches door with several sheets of paper stapled together in his hand. As he throws open the door with his wonted force, we HEAR a heavy THUD, and then SOUND of a body falling to floor within. We are SHOOTING THROUGH DOOR as:

CUTSHAW
 (to Kane)
 Just wanted -- !

Then he abruptly turns, eyeing someone O.S. and to side as we HEAR Groper MOANING.

305 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - ANGLE ON DOOR - NIGHT

Groper is sprawled on floor, lifting his head and moaning as Cutshaw grabs flag off wall and plants his foot on Groper's head, pressing it back down to floor with:

CUTSHAW
 I claim this swamp for Poland!

In the background, an inscrutable Christian has just walked past open door carrying a "Pooper Scooper" for dog droppings.

306 ON KANE

Putting a hand to eyes, shielding them as he lowers head.

KANE

(low; shaky)

Groper, get out of here!

307 FULL SIDE ANGLE

As Groper scrambles to his feet and exits, while:

CUTSHAW

(to Groper)

Immediately! And keep that uniform clean; I'm putting you in for "Best of Show"!

Cutshaw gives Groper a helping shove out the door and slams it shut, then advances on Kane, who is seated now, eyes still shielded, his hand pinching bridge of nose.

CUTSHAW

(continuing)

Now, then, Major Strasser! Tomorrow night we're switching roles! You'll be the inmates and we'll be the guards!

(tossing papers on desk)

Here, study your part for tomorrow night's interrogation.

(indicating on page)

Notice, incidentally, that you crack on page three. But you're getting a trial, fair and square. Kangaroos can be kind; they're not all bad!

(looking swiftly to wall)

By the way, have you fixed that freaking wall?

KANE

No.

CUTSHAW

But you'll fix it.

KANE

Yes.

CUTSHAW

Who are you?

308 CLOSE AT KANE

as he looks up, tense, surprised.

309 FULL AT CUTSHAW

CUTSHAW

(continuing)

That's right -- who the hell
are you? You're too groovy to
be human!

Cutshaw (CAMERA FOLLOWING) moves to the sketch pad on easel, rips away the sketch of the woman's face and starts to sketch, continuing throughout remainder of SCENE. The pad is obscured from both Kane and CAMERA. On the move:

CUTSHAW

I'll sketch a "Wanted" poster
on you. Have you ever killed
a lamb?

The CAMERA begins to PULL BACK to a FULL SHOT of the room as:

KANE

No.

CUTSHAW

Then you aren't P.T. Barnum.
Who the hell are you, Colonel
No-Face? All this suspense is
a pain in the ass. Are you
Gregory Peck?

KANE

I would --

CUTSHAW

P.T. Barnum slaughtered lambs.
He set up a cage at sideshows,
and he stuck in a panther and a
lamb together. And there was
never any trouble. Huddy, the
public just went lollipops!
"Lookit! A panther and a lamb
and they don't even argue! They
don't even discuss!" But, Hud,
what the public never knew was
that it was never the same lamb!
Same old panther, though, one with
regular eating habits -- once a
day at intermission! Ate a lamb
every day for three hundred days
and then they shot him for asking
for mint sauce! Hud, are you sure
you're not Gregory Peck?

(CONTINUED)

KANE

No, I'm not.

CUTSHAW

You're not sure?

KANE

I'm not Gregory Peck.

CUTSHAW

Hud, animals are innocent. Why should they suffer?

KANE

Why should men?

CUTSHAW

Seducer, don't try that one on me! It's a setup! You've got answers for it. Like, "pain makes you noble", and "how could a man be more than a talking, chess-playing panda bear if there weren't at least the possibility of suffering!" But what about animals, Hud? Does pain make turkeys noble? If there's a "Foot" and he made panthers, "Foot's" got bunions! And what about human panthers, Hud! The ones in the jungle! And how come cannibals think eating fricasseed stranger is groovy! Why hasn't "Foot" laid down the law!

KANE

He sends out missionaries, Cutshaw.

CUTSHAW

He ought to send "A-1" sauce and chutney! That the cannibals would use! Why the hell doesn't "Foot" just make an appearance and give us the word?! Is he running short on tablets of stone? My Uncle Eddie owns a quarry. I can get them for him wholesale.

KANE

You're asking for miracles.

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED: (2)

CUTSHAW

I'm asking "Foot" to either
 shit or get off the pot!
 Diarrhetic strange gods have
 been waiting in line!

KANE

What -- ?

CUTSHAW

(over him, angry
 accusation)

A bus load of orphans went over
 a cliff today. I heard it on
 the news.

KANE

Maybe God can't interfere in
 our affairs.

CUTSHAW

Yes, so I've noticed.

KANE

Maybe he can't because to do so
 would spoil his plan for something
 in the future, some evolution of
 man and the world that's unthinkably
 beautiful and worth all the pain.

CUTSHAW

I say it's spinach and to hell with
 it.

KANE

(eyeing him intently;
 leaning forward)

You're convinced that God is dead
 because there's evil in the world.

CUTSHAW

Correct.

KANE

Then why don't you think he's alive
 because of the goodness in the world?

CUTSHAW

What goodness?

KANE

Everywhere!

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED: (3)

CUTSHAW

You're committable.

KANE

If we're nothing but atoms, just
molecular structures no different
in kind from this desk or this
pen -- then how is it there is love
in this world -- love as a God
might love -- and that a man will
give his life for another.

CUTSHAW

Never happened!

KANE

Yes, it's happened.

CUTSHAW

Just give me one -- one example
that you know of personally!

KANE

There's --

CUTSHAW

Personally!
(swivelling easel
around to view)
It's finished!

Cutshaw has sketched a purple, arched, and winged foot
with a halo above it and a bunion on a toe. Cutshaw
sets down sketch pencil, Grouchoes to door, pulling it
open; then turns to Kane.

CUTSHAW

Tomorrow's Sunday. Take me to
Mass.

KANE

Are you Catholic?

CUTSHAW

No, but I love to worship statues
as long as I don't have to look
at their feet!

310 INT. MANSION MAIN HALL - HIGH FULL DOWN SHOT - NIGHT

Cutshaw exits Kane's office to dorm, humming very happily,
and enters. Heading toward dorm door and approaching each
other slowly from opposite sides are Christian and Krebs.
Both wear Nazi "S.S." uniforms; each has a rifle slung over
his back; and each has a large German Shepherd in tow.

311 MEDIUM LONG SHOT AT DORM DOORS

as Christian and Krebs meet, both halting and eyeing each other expressionlessly.

KREBS

I'll bet my savage dog can
lick your savage dog.

312 INT. SECOND FLOOR OF MANSION - NIGHT

The CAMERA is STATIONED by stair landing, and is effectively the EYES of an unseen person who is scanning the area below, the stare fixing at last on open door to Kane's office. Light spills from within the office. It is late and no one is in the main hall. The CAMERA (HAND-HELD) DESCENDS the stairs (we HEAR MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS): MOVES to door to dormitory; door opens and we ENTER.

313 INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

Moonlight falls on the cots as CAMERA MOVES IN several paces, SCANNING the sleeping inmates. One of them -- Fairbanks -- is awake, and stares up at the visitor (CAMERA) with puzzlement; then turns head away on pillow. CAMERA then RETREATS SLOWLY BACK into:

314 INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

The CAMERA TILTS UP to OBSERVE Groper walking down hall and around a corner of upper floor; then TILTS BACK DOWN and MOVES to open door of Kane's office; PAUSES a moment to LOOK IN. Kane is deep in study; lifts his gaze a moment; nods slightly in acknowledgement of the unseen presence; then returns to perusal of the book. The CAMERA MOVES ON to Fell's office and ENTERS.

315 INT. FELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY to desk; the presence sits and uses a key to unlock desk and extract a pen and then a dossier marked on the front: "KANE, HUDSON C., USMC." Presence's hands pick up pen, open dossier to a half-filled page, and begins to write.

316 INSERT: HAND WRITING WITH PEN

We READ:

"He continues to..."

And we:

CUT TO:

317 EXT. FRONT OF MANSION - DAY

A fine mist of rain. Kane exits mansion and enters back seat of staff car.

318 INT. BACK SEAT OF STAFF CAR - DAY

Kane closes door, then stares at Cutshaw, already seated beside him. He wears a clean khaki uniform, stiff with starch. He is clean-shaven, and his hair is thick with Vaseline. But he also wears his dirty white sneakers, his tattered N.Y.U. sweater and a high Buster Brown collar tied with bright red bow.

KANE

Would you like to go back and change your clothes?

CUTSHAW

Would "Foot" give a shit about what I'm wearing?

Kane holds Cutshaw's gaze for a beat, then settles back.

KANE

(at Driver)

Go ahead.

319 EXT. MONTEREY CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY (LIGHT RAIN)

Kane and Cutshaw emerge from car. Kane starts forward, then halts, looking back to Cutshaw who stays behind, suddenly looking frightened and apprehensive. Then the astronaut looks to Kane; then takes Kane's hand, clutching it tightly. They start forward.

320 INT. REAR OF CHURCH - DAY

We HEAR the SOUND of Mass already in progress (perhaps a minute prior to reading of Gospel) and are SHOOTING FRONT THROUGH open inner doors as Kane and Cutshaw approach and enter. Cutshaw lets go of Kane's hand and starts forward and goes OUT OF FRAME as Kane turns to dip his hand in a holy water font, blessing himself. Then, turning and starting forward, he halts, staring numbly, then starts quickly forward.

321 MOVING SHOT TOWARD ALTAR, CUTSHAW

as he rockets down the aisle, affecting a stiff, listing "mechanical-mannish" gait. He halts (AND CAMERA WITH HIM) near a front pew, turns to Kane (and CAMERA) with:

CUTSHAW

(loud stage whisper)

Hud, up here! Let's see the statues!

322 FRONT SHOT - PRIEST ON ALTAR

Hands upraised, he does a take, then turns for look at congregation. Then, with a sigh, he turns back to altar. Kane is moving down the aisle as Cutshaw bumps past kneeling parishioners and into pew. The priest turns back.

323 AT PEW - CUTSHAW

Kneeling and looking beautiful as Kane slides in beside him. Kane stares at him, but Cutshaw ignores it. Kane then looks front and as he does:

CUTSHAW

Is that (Kathryn Kuhlman) ?
(Billy Graham) ?

324 ON STAINED GLASS WINDOW

Rain splattering.

PRIEST (O.S.)

"All that ever came before me
are thieves and robbers".

325 ON PRIEST IN PULPIT, READING GOSPEL

PRIEST

"And the sheep do not hear
them. I am the door. If
anyone enter by me, he shall
be saved; and he shall go in
and out and shall find pastures".

326 ON KANE AND CUTSHAW

Standing in pew, listening.

PRIEST (O.S.)

"The thief comes only to steal
and to kill and to destroy. But
I have come that they may have
Life --

Kane's gaze travels to:

327 KANE'S POV - CRUCIFIX ABOVE CENTER ALTAR

ZOOM to FULL SHOT as:

PRIEST (O.S.)

-- and have it more abundantly.
I am the Good Shepherd. The Good
Shepherd gives his life for his
sheep".

328 CRUCIFIX

CRUCIFIX ABOVE ALTAR IS NOW MATCHING FULL-SIZED MAN. As prolonged THUNDER ROLLS, the figure on the cross looks up at Kane, gushing blood in torrents from the hands, feet and side, flowing down wall and spilling onto and down from altar as CAMERA FOLLOWS.

329 ON KANE

Convulsively grimacing, shutting eyes tightly as he jerks head away. A slight whimper. Cutshaw turns to eye him oddly.

330 ON COLLECTION BASKET BEING PASSED FROM HAND TO HAND

CAMERA PULLS BACK to DISCLOSE Kane and Cutshaw kneeling one pew forward. Kane is stuffing wallet into inside coat pocket, hands a dollar bill to Cutshaw. The basket is passed to their pew. Kane deposits a bill, passes basket to Cutshaw. Cutshaw grips it tightly, tilts his head down, poking his nose into basket, sniffs loudly, then passes it and pockets Kane's dollar bill. Kane stares for a while; then looks down.

CUT TO:

331 FRONT SHOT AT PRIEST AT ALTAR

PRIEST

"Lamb of God who takest away
the sins of the world..."

332 INT. MANSION FULL SHOT AT FRONT DOORS - DAY

SOUNDS of HAMMERING, DOGS, MOTORCYCLE. As Kane and Cutshaw enter, Cutshaw is gripping Kane's hand. They halt inside door.

CUTSHAW

Thanks. I dug it.

Cutshaw starts away, but Kane yanks him back by his hand.

KANE

Cutshaw, why did you keep the
dollar?

CUTSHAW

(seems sincere)

I want a fudgsicle.

And he EXITS FRAME. Kane stares after him. He stares up, sees:

333 POV AT CEILING

Gomez is at work painting the ceiling in psychedelic patterns.

334 BACK TO SCENE

Kane starts toward staircase, CAMERA TRACKING, and runs into Fell coming from opposite direction, buttoning trenchcoat. In b.g. is door to Kane's office. Painted on it is the legend: "LINUS PAULING LOVES AYN RAND".

FELL

How's the boy? Did Cutshaw behave himself?

KANE

As usual. Where are you going?

FELL

To the beach.

Fairbanks zooms past them on motorcycle.

KANE

(a little stunned)

It's winter and it's raining.

FELL

I'm just going there to eat, not to swim. There's a diner there with great eggs benedict. I'd be glad to have some company, Kane.

KANE

No, I think I'll lie down for a while.

FELL

(with a subtle searching look as Kane starts past him)

Sure.

335 AT DOGS

336 AT FAIRBANKS

Zooming about.

337 DOWN SHOT KANE ASCENDING STAIRS

Motorcycle and dog SOUNDS O.S.

338 INT. SECOND FLOOR OF MANSION - DAY

As Kane steps onto landing, CAMERA FOLLOWS. Kane turns and Krebs approaches (in Corps uniform).

KREBS

Oh, there you are, Colonel.
Have you seen the new man, sir?

KANE

Who?

KREBS

The new inmate, Colonel. He got in about half an hour ago. I put him in your office. I didn't think you'd want him mixing with the others until you'd -- well -- sort of explained things to him. He seems -- well, pretty straight, sir. Just combat fatigue, from the look of him, I'd guess.

KANE

Have him fill out the forms.
I'll be there shortly.

KREBS

(moving off)

Right, sir.

339 REAR TRACKING SHOT KANE

As he moves toward his bedroom, CAMERA FOLLOWING.
He hears from below:

MAN'S VOICE

Got a light, pal?

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)

Yeah, sure. Keep 'em.

Kane has abruptly halted, and turns on:

MAN'S VOICE

Thanks.

Kane stares numbly at the O.S. MAN.

340 KANE'S POV - DOWN SHOT - KANE'S OFFICE DOOR

Standing in open doorway to Kane's office -- lighting a cigarette -- is the newly arrived INMATE: a Marine Corps Sergeant in still-damp raincoat.

341 TIGHT ON KANE

He registers shock and recognition.

342 KANE'S POV - DOWN SHOT - SERGEANT

The CAMERA IS SLOWLY ZOOMING to him as he idly turns scanning the mansion, fanning out match and tossing it away. Then he looks back up toward Kane, shocked as CAMERA ZOOMS SWIFTLY TIGHT on his face. It is the face of the Sergeant in Kane's nightmares.

SERGEANT

(aghast)

God Almighty! "Killer" Kane!

343 EXT. RAINY JUNGLE - DAWN

The CAMERA is MOVING QUICKLY FORWARD, simulating the jog of a man (the CAMERA his eyes) picking his way through brush and trees until we SEE the COLONEL in Kane's nightmares ahead of us, kneeling, his back to us, the Viet Cong's body partly visible in front of him.

SERGEANT'S VOICE

Colonel! Colonel, it's me! Come on,
Let's -- !

We are FULL on Kane now as CAMERA halts abruptly.

SERGEANT'S VOICE

(continuing)

Hey, you got a "Charlie"!

KANE

(numb; dreamlike)

Just a boy.

SERGEANT'S VOICE

Are you all right, sir?

KANE

I cut off his head and he kept on talking. Gilman, he spoke to me after I killed him.

SERGEANT'S VOICE

(alarmed)

Colonel, come on! It's getting light!

KANE

He told me I loved him. After I killed him.

(CONTINUED)

347 EXT. RAINY JUNGLE - DOWN SHOT - KANE - DAWN

Kane holds up the head, his body angled around TOWARD CAMERA into which he turns and stares with mindless agony, jaw slack.

348 EXT. THE GRASSY SLOPING FIELD - DAY

In a HIGH FULL SHOT we SEE the Little Boy (Huddy) chasing butterfly. We HEAR his giggling laughter. But OVER it, we HEAR ECHO CHAMBER EFFECT of TELETYPE MACHINE CLATTERING and:

MALE VOICE

Special orders coming in, sir...
Special orders coming in, sir.

SECOND MALE VOICE

It's a mistake, sir. Some computer must have goofed. It puts you in charge of a Stateside asylum. See? Gives your M.O.S. as "Psychiatrist". And the serial number's wrong. There must be another Colonel Kane. There must be another Colonel Kane. There must be another Colonel --

We have been MOVING to a FULL or CLOSE SHOT of the boy and as the boy laughs INTO CAMERA:

KANE'S VOICE

(hoarse whisper)

Yes.

349 EXT. JUNGLE - DUSK (or DAY for NIGHT)

Moonlight reflected off rice paddies. Start with a slightly HIGH, FULL SHOT OF KANE, in Class B uniform (boots, khaki trousers, khaki shirt with neck open), no hat, standing in middle of field in EXTREMELY HEAVY RAIN, staring at his hands, which are raised, palms up, the hands are extended, catching the rain. The CAMERA is pulling UP and AWAY from Kane to a VERY WIDE SHOT as:

SECOND MALE VOICE

It's a mistake, sir. It's a mistake, sir. It's a mistake, sir. It's a mistake, sir. It's a mistake, sir. It's a mistake, sir. It's a mis -- !

The VOICE has been building in volume to a BOOMING CRESCENDO as we:

QUICK CUT TO:

350 MED. SHOT - LITTLE BOY

As he picks a flower. The CAMERA is PUSHING CLOSE as:

KANE'S VOICE

No, I'm not a psychiatrist, Fell.
I'm a guerrilla warfare specialist.
I'm Kane. "Killer" Kane.

We are CLOSE on the boy as he holds up flowers to CAMERA.
FREEZE THE FRAME.

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

(shock and tinge of revulsion)
My God, he's killed eighty-one men with
his --

QUICK CUT TO:

351 EXT. RAINY JUNGLE - SAME DOWN SHOT - DAWN

Kane has head angled TOWARD CAMERA (as before), holding up head, and CAMERA is in MOTION, MOVING at Kane as he shrieks out a cry of agony and torment.

352 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

An enraged, hysterical Cutshaw is using a chair like a club to knock over lamps, furniture, anything in sight. PULL BACK from CLOSE at chair smashing something. Then:

CUTSHAW

Tell me again about the rabbits,
George, about God, about goodness
in the world. You lying, butchering,
bloody bastard. None of it's true.
Not God! Self-sacrifice. Not -- !

He upends an entire shelf. Door bursts open. Groper.
Cutshaw aims a warning arm at him.

CUTSHAW

Don't you touch me!

353 FULL AT CUTSHAW

CUTSHAW

(continuing)

Don't come near me! That's your
bloody, green-soaked brother up
there! That's Kane! That's
"Killer" Kane! He'll cut your head
off with a wire!

Cutshaw hurls an object at Groper.

354 FULL SHOT THE ROOM

as object flies and Groper exits slamming shut the door.
Cutshaw slumps down against window, dazed.

CUTSHAW

I needed you!

355 CLOSER AT CUTSHAW

356 EXT. MANSION - KANE'S OFFICE WINDOW - NIGHT

Not the one broken by Cutshaw. As the astronaut stares out, leaning head against arm, raindrops streak the windowpane like tears. CAMERA DRIFTS UPWARD to window of Kane's bedroom. Kane is staring out, head bowed.

357 INT. KANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kane is at window. The Sergeant (Gilman) stands by bed. Fell sits on edge of bed, head in hand, eyes shielded. CAMERA is SHOOTING THROUGH BED CANOPY.

KANE

I'm sorry to see you here, Sergeant
Gilman.

SERGEANT

Colonel, I'm sorry. I wouldn't
have said anything if I'd known
what was -- (going on)

KANE

(turning head slightly)
Sergeant -- I meant that I'm sorry
to see you here.

358 CLOSE AT SERGEANT

SERGEANT

(a beat as he stares;
then lowers gaze,
abashed)

Yes, sir.

359 FRONT ANGLE FEATURING KANE WITH SERGEANT - FELL B.G.

Kane's face is in shadow.

KANE

What happened?

SERGEANT

I dunno, sir. Just tired, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

359 CONTINUED:

KANE

Don't worry. It's all going
to turn out fine. Now get some
rest.

SERGEANT

I will, sir. Thank you.

The Sergeant quietly opens door, then turns:

SERGEANT

Colonel, I don't know what's goin'
on but I really am sorry I queered
your deal.

He stares, silent, for a little; then exits. Kane lowers
head.

360 FULL SIDE ANGLE

Silence for a time. Then:

FELL

Why?

No response. A long silence.

FELL

You knew you'd be found out.
Why did you do it?

No response again. A few beats.

FELL

Were you trying to get away from
combat?

No response. A few beats. Then:

KANE

(head still down,
softly, almost a whisper)
Something inside me told me I could
help them, some -- intuition.

(a beat; then,
fervently:)

Time! Just a little more time!

Kane HEARS the ROAR of a motorcycle. Fell looks, and
Kane swiftly throws up window to look out.

361 EXT. MANSION - KANE'S BEDROOM WINDOW - KANE - NIGHT

Kane leans out shouting:

KANE

Cutshaw!

362 EXT. MANSION AREA - POV - NIGHT

Cutshaw zooms away from mansion on Fairbanks' motorcycle.

KANE (O.S.)

Cutshaw!

363 EXT. ESTATE DRIVEWAY - FRONT SHOT - CUTSHAW - NIGHT

On motorcycle, zooming TOWARD CAMERA in the rain.

364 LONGER ANGLE TO INCLUDE SENTRY BOX

An M.P. is hustling out of a sentry box as Cutshaw crashes through the barriers and rounds corner on to highway and OUT OF VIEW as M.P. leaps back out of his way.

365 FRONT TRACKING SHOT - CUTSHAW

Speeding down highway. He swerves to avoid a collision. Even in the rain, we can tell Cutshaw is crying.

CUTSHAW

Ah, Jesus!

366 INT. MANSION SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Kane rushes out of bedroom to balustrade, leans over.

367 DOWN SHOT - POV - GROPER

Groper comes in from Main Door.

GROPER

(up at Kane)

He got away, sir!

368 ON KANE

Starting for staircase. The he abruptly halts, staring down at:

369 MAIN HALL - DOWN SHOT - POV

All of the inmates are there, some sitting, some standing, and all have turned to stare silently up at Kane, frozen in tableau.

370 ON KANE

Transfixed.

371 CLOSE ON ZOOK

Staring up. PAN other inmates.

372 FULL DOWN SHOT - INMATES STARING UP AND UNMOVING

We HEAR a door OPENING from above, O.S.

373 INT. KANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Kane woodenly enters, Fell is on phone.

FELL
(on phone)
No, no, he's harmless.
(beat)
Right.

Fell hangs up, stares at Kane.

FELL
Highway Patrol. They'll find
him. Take it easy.

KANE
I'm to blame.

374 ON FELL - TRACKING

FELL
Oh, you're the one! I always
wondered who made the world! Now
wouldn't you know it would be a
Marine? Come on, Colonel, come
off that kind of -- !

He halts seeing:

375 POV

Kane is gone.

376 EXT. BEACHSIDE TAVERN - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Badly in need of some paint and repair. Flashing neon sign proclaims: "MURDERER'S ROW". Almost a score of motorcycles are parked outside. VW pickup truck from Scene 86 is also there. From within, we HEAR boisterous VOICES; JUKEBOX ROCK 'N ROLL.

377 INT. TAVERN - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A bar; booths; jukebox. It is crowded with disreputable-looking, leather-jacketed MEMBERS (male, with a sprinkling of females) of a motorcycle club. On their jackets, the inscription: "LUCIFER'S LEGION". Two couples dance the latest inanity.

378) INDIVIDUAL SHOTS OF THE ACTIVITY

379)

380)

381 ON BOOTH

Cutshaw sits alone and enroute to oblivion, downing a straight shot of whiskey. In front of him on table are five more full glasses and two empties. As Cocktail WAITRESS starts by him, he grabs her hand. She is very young and pretty and wears a large and prominent wedding band on her finger.

CUTSHAW

Hey! Hey, one more Scotch, please.

WAITRESS

Sir, there's five right there in front of you!

As she smiles brightly, exiting SCENE:

CUTSHAW

I wanted six.

382 ON BAR - SERVICE AREA

TWO drunk CYCLISTS are at bar, darting glances toward Cutshaw.

FIRST CYCLIST

It's him! I know it's him!

SECOND CYCLIST

You're nuts!

FIRST CYCLIST

Up yours! I've seen his pictures in the papers!

The Waitress appears at the Service Area, b.g. and near.

SECOND CYCLIST

You don't read the papers!

Simultaneously

SECOND CYCLIST

Newsreels!

WAITRESS

Two beers, two bourbon rocks.

She looks at the Cyclists as:

FIRST CYCLIST

Look at him! Look at his face!
That's him! The Astronaut! The
one who lost his marbles!

(CONTINUED)

382 CONTINUED:

Waitress glances toward Cutshaw.

SECOND CYCLIST

Him or you? What's he doin' in a
dump like this? Explain that.

FIRST CYCLIST

He's in that nut house right close
by here! He could've escaped!

SECOND CYCLIST

For how much?

FIRST CYCLIST

A beer and a shot in the mouth.

SECOND CYCLIST

(after downing a drink)

Okay.

He nods for his buddy to follow and they move toward
Cutshaw. The Waitress glances to Cutshaw, then back to
bar as drinks are set on her tray.

383 ON CUTSHAW IN BOOTH

The Two Cyclists approach. One stands, leaning against
booth top, as the other slides into seat opposite Cutshaw.
He stares at the latter intently. Cutshaw, lifting a
glass to his lips, pauses, returns the stare. CAMERA has
ANGLED AROUND TO:

384 ANOTHER ANGLE

CUTSHAW

You desire an audience?

FIRST CYCLIST

What's your name, "mac"?

CUTSHAW

Edgar Cayce.

And as Cutshaw puts shot glass to his lips, the First
Cyclist snatches it out of his hand, eyeing his buddy
with:

FIRST CYCLIST

Wise-ass!

In the meantime, Cutshaw has deftly picked up another full
shot glass and is raising it to his lips as First Cyclist
turns back to him and snatches this one away also.

(CONTINUED)

384 CONTINUED:

FIRST CYCLIST

Your name.

CUTSHAW

(eyeing the snatched-
away glasses)

My maiden name or married?

(waving O.S.)

Waitress!

As Cutshaw makes a move, First Cyclist pulls back fold of Cutshaw's sweater, revealing the "U.S.M.C." stitched above chest pocket of Cutshaw's fatigues.

FIRST CYCLIST

(at Second)

See? Marines? "U.S.M.C."!

CUTSHAW

(lifting a third
shot glass)

"Unbridled Sex for the Masses Club".

First Cyclist plucks glass away from Cutshaw and tosses the contents into his face.

CUTSHAW

(serenely)

Is it something I've said?

FIRST CYCLIST

(at Second)

If I lose this bet, I'll punch him
in the mouth!

Waitress has come INTO SCENE.

CUTSHAW

(at Waitress)

One Scotch and two spittoons,
love. Fill 'em with caterpillar
blood. My friends are very, very --

The First Cyclist cuts him off, grabbing his fatigue front and jerking him forward with one hand, while cuffing his face once, twice, three times, with the other.

WAITRESS

Hey! Hey, cut that out!

SECOND CYCLIST

(at Waitress)

You mean this?

(CONTINUED)

384 CONTINUED: (2)

He has reached his hand back of her and apparently squeezed her buttocks, for she whirls, knocking his arm away. But Second Cyclist grabs one of her wrists and presses his body against her, backing her hard against section of booth. CAMERA SHIFTS TO RIGHT.

SECOND CYCLIST
Much better! Perfect position!

The Waitress shoves abortively at his chest.

WAITRESS
 Oh, God, get away!

Cutshaw lurches to feet to assist her.

CUTSHAW
 Hey -- !

But First Cyclist shoves Cutshaw down and to the side, causing the astronaut's head to bang hard into corner of booth. Almost simultaneously, First Cyclist is ripping off Cutshaw's dogtag chain. During the above we HEAR:

SECOND CYCLIST (O.S.)
 Move it baby!

WAITRESS (O.S.)
 I'm pregnant! Get away from me!
 Stop pressing! Stop it! Please!
 You're hurting -- !

The First Cyclist, after a brief glance at dogtag, calls to his buddy.

FIRST CYCLIST
 Hey, it's him! It's really him!
 I got his dogtag, Eddie, it's him!

385 ANGLE (SAME AS 383)

As Second Cyclist relaxes pressure on Waitress in order to reach for the dogtag being handed him.

FIRST CYCLIST
 It's the big shit astronaut!

Waitress throws a look at Cutshaw, pulling himself up and groaning.

SECOND CYCLIST
 You're kiddin'!
 (examining dogtag)
 Jesus! Believe it?

386 SIDE ANGLE WAITRESS, SECOND CYCLIST

as Waitress slips away, CAMERA TRACKING FRONT with her.
As we FOLLOW her to Ladies' Rest Room we HEAR:

FIRST CYCLIST

(shouting)

Hey, guess what we got here! A
goddamn celebrity! A chicken,
wigged out astronaut!

An O.S. HUBBUB as:

THIRD CYCLIST (O.S.)

Who is he?

387 CLOSE AT WAITRESS

The Waitress pauses at Rest Room door for a glance back
toward Cutshaw, then swiftly enters as:

FIRST CYCLIST (O.S.)

Manfred Cutshaw! Let's make him an
honorary member of the club! Okay?
That's friendly.

388 INT. REST ROOM - NIGHT

Waitress is picking up receiver of wall pay phone,
depositing dime; dials 411.

WAITRESS

(nervously; after a
beat; into phone)

Yes, could you help me, please!
In Monterey is there a -- well --
like a kind of asylum for Marines?
(a quick beat)

Marine Corps.

389 INT. TAVERN NIGHT

At bar, two Cyclists pin Cutshaw's arms as First Cyclist
holds up stein of beer to crowd. Cutshaw is meek, head
lowered.

FIRST CYCLIST

First we baptise the chicken mother!
Let's have the countdown!

ALL THE CYCLISTS

Ten! Nine! Eight! Seven! Six!
Five! Four! Three! Two! One!
Zero!

(CONTINUED)

389 CONTINUED:

And as they all cheer and applaud, First Cyclist pours the beer slowly over Cutshaw's head.

FIRST CYCLIST

(pouring)

Everything "A.O.K." there, fuckup?

390 EXT. MANSION ON SHATTERED WINDOW OF KANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The rain is now but a gentle mist. Kane is at desk, back to CAMERA, elbows propped on desk and head in hands. A beat, two. The PHONE RINGS. Kane leaps to alertness, scooping up the receiver instantly. He says something which we cannot hear; listens.

391 INT. CLINIC - NIGHT

Fell is speaking to Groper, Krebs, Christian and Sergeant Gilman. Groper has a set of orders in his hand, and he is reading them as:

FELL

When he got the orders, Kane was commanding a Special Forces camp just south of the D.M.Z. By the time he'd hit the States we'd caught the mistake. But by then it was clear that he meant to go through with it. We'd been watching him. We'd heard stories about him cracking. He seemed on the edge of a very bad breakdown. But how do you tell a man like that? How do you put him in a place like this?

Groper looks up from the orders, shakes his head in amazement.

FELL

Kane didn't pick his line of work. Originally he was a pilot. He had to bail out behind enemy lines once -- and fought his way out. That time he killed an even dozen. Headquarters figured he had a talent. Made him a specialist. They'd drop him behind the lines on special missions, and let him get back as best he could. And he always did. He wasted eighty-one men with his hands; with a knife; with a wire. But Kane had a monkey on his back. A scrupulous conscience.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

391 CONTINUED:

FELL (CONT'D)

And it ripped him apart. Then some computer dropped a stitch and gave the poor bastard a halfway out: a way to find help without facing his illness; a way to do penance for the killing by curing; and a way to hide ...hide from himself. So we let him go through with it; we let him pretend to be the other Kane, the psychiatrist. We were experimenting. Kane was on the inside looking out. So we hoped that he just might come up with an answer; some new insight. And he did. I believe that the men have been responding to him. But he's suffered a setback today -- a pretty bad one. His one big hope is to cure the men. Or at least see improvement. And that takes time -- time and your help.

(indicating papers
Groper is holding)

You've seen my orders. I'm in command. But I want Colonel Kane to play out the string.

We HEAR from O.S. the SOUND of a car SCREECHING OUT for a quick getaway. Groper goes to window and looks out.

FELL

(continuing)

Sergeant Gilman -- I want you to try to convince the others that you were mistaken. Would you do that?

SERGEANT

Oh, yes, sir; for sure, sir.

GROPER

(going for phone)

That was him! In the staff car!

FELL

Let him go!

GROPER

But -- !

FELL

That's an order! And Groper, you, Christian and Krebs will back up Gilman. So will I.

(CONTINUED)

391 CONTINUED: (2)

*this '134
revealed*

GROPER

Colonel, let me get this straight.
Are -- ?

FELL

I'm a psychiatrist.
(a long beat)
Kane is my patient.

*too late
in the story*

392 INT. TAVERN - FULL DOWN SHOT - NIGHT

The Cyclists are in a circle, shoving Cutshaw back and forth to one another like a staggering beach ball as they all sing -- with rock rhythm -- "Fly Me To The Moon".

393 EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Staff car SCREECHES to a halt. Kane quickly emerges and rushes into tavern.

394 INT. TAVERN - FULL HIGH SHOT - NIGHT

Kane enters, observes what's happening, breaks through the circle of bodies as Cutshaw is shoved staggering to the floor. Kane quickly kneels beside him, propping up his back.

395 ON CUTSHAW AND KANE

KANE

Cutshaw!

SECOND CYCLIST (O.S.)

Hey, it must be his keeper!

GIRL CYCLIST (O.S.)

Looks it.

Clapping hands in time, the Girl Cyclist begins to sing, "Here We Go Gathering Nuts in May" and the others take it up as Cutshaw smiles wanly and bitterly at Kane.

CUTSHAW

(as Kane pulls him
to feet)

Been meeting your family.

Kane starts to help Cutshaw forward, and is intercepted by First Cyclist as others keep singing and clapping hands.

FIRST CYCLIST

That's my beach ball, man. Put
it down.

(CONTINUED)

395 CONTINUED:

KANE

(softly)

This man is ill. Now please let go.

FIRST CYCLIST

You leggo of my beach ball.

KANE

Let us through, please.

FIRST CYCLIST

(yanking Kane back)

Pretty please!

KANE

(Kane stares at him for a beat; swallowing hard; then:)

Pretty please!

FIRST CYCLIST

(yanking him back again)

And Marines are chicken!

(as Kane merely stares:)

Say it.

KANE

(eyes glazing and staring)

Marines are chicken. Now may we go, please?

FIRST CYCLIST

Say you're a beach ball.

KANE

(tongue thickening)

I -- am a beach ball.

And as Kane starts forward again with Cutshaw, First Cyclist shoves him savagely across floor to opposite side of the circle with:

FIRST CYCLIST

Just in time! We need a new one!

The group starts shoving Kane back and forth. He is passive and unresisting. But his eyes grow more and more feverish and wide-staring. The group howls, cheers on each pass. One of them -- a girl -- sticks out a leg, tripping him up and sending him sprawling.

396 LOW SHOT - KANE

Pulling himself slowly to hands and knees as:

Beer! FIRST CYCLIST (O.S.)

Comin' up! SECOND CYCLIST (O.S.)

Kane stares feverishly up at:

397 CUTSHAW

Staring down numb and wide-eyed at Kane.

398 LOW SHOT - KANE

As beer is poured on his head and he continues staring at Cutshaw, almost trembling with the effort of restraint. Someone's boot flies INTO FRAME, kicking Kane's butt and sending him sprawling again.

FIRST CYCLIST
Fuckin' slob! Now clean up the mess!

399 ON CUTSHAW

Numbly staring.

400 LOW SHOT - KANE

As he starts to rise again, a hand shoves his head into the beer puddled on floor, and First Cyclist kneels beside Kane.

FIRST CYCLIST
Lick it!

401 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Cutshaw suddenly rushes at First Cyclist, pulling his hand away from Kane's head.

CUTSHAW
Stop it!

Second Cyclist pulls Cutshaw away, pins him. First Cyclist presses Kane's head down again.

FIRST CYCLIST
Lick it!

402 LOW ANGLE - KANE, FIRST CYCLIST

FIRST CYCLIST
 (eyes gleaming with
 almost erotic appetite)
 Lick it! Come on! Lick it! Lick
 it and we'll let you go!

Kane's eyes are bulging, feverish, every ounce of his being repelled and straining. He tentatively begins to put out his tongue.

403 ON CUTSHAW

Struggling to break free. Over the group's shouting and urging:

CUTSHAW
 (shouting; frenzied)
 Don't do it, Kane! Don't let 'em!
 Don't let 'em do it to you! Kill
 the bastards! Kill them! Kill
 them! Ki -- !

The last word becomes a howl of torment as Cutshaw looks away, burying his face in shoulder of Cyclist pinning him.

404 ON GIRL CYCLIST

In the circle as a low sigh goes up from group.

GIRL CYCLIST (EIGHTH)
 Jesus! He did it!

405 FULL DOWN SHOT

As Kane lifts face from floor and slowly pulls himself up to hands and knees. Second Cyclist kicks him from behind, sending him rolling with:

SECOND CYCLIST
 That's for disgracin' the fuckin'
 uniform!

406 TIGHT DOWN SHOT - KANE

Staring wildly up at:

407 REVERSE ANGLE - CUTSHAW

Looking at him.

CUTSHAW
 Don't let 'em!

408 TIGHT DOWN SHOT - KANE

Eyes bulging, mouth agape. He slowly raises his head, looks around him.

409 KANE'S POV - THE CYCLISTS

The FRAME is BLURRY and WAVERY as CAMERA PANS their jeering faces.

CUTSHAW (O.S.)

Kane, don't let 'em! Please!
Don't let 'em!

All the SOUNDS begin to CROSS FADE into ECHO CHAMBER VOICE:

SERGEANT'S VOICE

Christ, let's get out of here, Colonel!
Let's go! Christ, let's get out of
here, Colonel! Let's go! Christ, let's
get out of here, Colonel! Let's -- !

The Sergeant's voice cuts out as First Cyclist steps into frame with a heavy stein full of beer.

FIRST CYCLIST

I think this schmuck needs another
beer!

He pours beer over the O.S. Kane, the CAMERA UP-ANGLED, and amber fluid pours over frame as First Cyclist pours out entire contents of stein.

FIRST CYCLIST

(at Kane)

Okay, or do you think you'd rather
have a martini?

As the other Cyclists laugh, Kane's right hand reaches up into frame and clasps itself over the hand of the Cyclist holding the beer stein. (NOTE: Cyclist is left-handed.) The Cyclist turns a jeering smile to his buddies and does not see Kane's left hand coming up into frame.

FIRST CYCLIST

Ahhhh. He wants me to give him
some more.

Kane's left hand has grasped his right, holding the Cyclist immobile and the Cyclist is jerked around, not by Kane's left hand, but by the right which is apparently squeezing his hand into the beer stein. It is apparent from the Cyclist's reaction that the force being exerted is stunning. The Cyclist gives a silent half-scream, eyes popping, as the beer stein actually breaks, and as the fingers grind into the broken glass, the silent scream becomes penetratingly audible, trailing off as the Cyclist crumples in a faint from the shock.

410 REACTION SHOT, THE OTHER CYCLISTS

Stunned silence.

411 AT KANE THROUGH LEGS OF THIRD CYCLIST

Kane is rising, turning to face the others, the body of the First Cyclist behind him. The legs we are shooting through start to move forward. Kane crouches forward to meet him and suddenly the Third Cyclist's back is filling the FRAME and flying backward through it.

412 AT SECOND CYCLIST

SECOND CYCLIST

Get him!

413 AT CUTSHAW

turning to look at:

414 BAR - FOURTH CYCLIST

breaking a whiskey bottle over bar and moving in to the action.

415 AT CUTSHAW

turning to look at:

416 POV FIFTH & SIXTH CYCLISTS

pulling out switchblade knives. Then in rapid succession:

417 SEVENTH CYCLIST

flying through the air into mirror.

418 EIGHTH CYCLIST (GIRL)

hurtling through air and hitting wall, crumpling.

419 KANE

Apparently having hit Fourth Cyclist with his fist, sending him crashing into telephone booth, demolishing it.

420 NINTH CYCLIST

Kane with Ninth Cyclist by the head and neck, and as if he weighed no more than a splinter, uses him as a scythe to cut down Fifth and Sixth rushing at him with knives, one of the knives cutting into the Ninth Cyclist's body.

421 TENTH CYCLIST

has climbed atop bar and flings himself through the air at Kane, who greets him with a tree-felling blow to the stomach on the fly.

422 ELEVENTH CYCLIST (GIRL)

carrying length of pipe rushes him from left of frame. He hits her powerfully in the stomach then breaks her jaw with his knee.

423 REAR ANGLE KANE

as he turns into CAMERA, seeing something.

424 FULL SIDE ANGLE

Twelfth Cyclist with broken bottle rushing Kane from right side of frame. Kane clenches hands over head, hits him a pile-driving blow that crumples him. Silence, then we HEAR O.S. SOUNDS of two or three motorcycle engines REVving UP and TAKING OFF, CYCLISTS RUNNING OUT OF BAR. Kane stares down, silent, unmoving.

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK TO FULL SHOT.

There is no one left to fight. Kane stares numbly, unmoving, and Cutshaw and Bartender slowly rise from protected places as we BEHOLD a scene of incredible carnage. Perhaps fifteen bodies lie sprawled, twisted and bloodied. Kane stares down at his hands, palms up. FREEZE THE FRAME for a beat.

425 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The clouds are thinning, brushed by winds. We begin to SEE the moon. A SOUND of car PULLING UP; then car door OPENING and CLOSING; then another car door OPENING.

426 ON MANSION DOOR

as Groper opens it, looks out, then looks inside, calling softly to someone O.S.

GROPER

It's them.

427 ON STAFF CAR - CUTSHAW, KANE

Cutshaw holds door open for Kane, who sits on passenger side of front seat staring vacantly at the astronaut.

CUTSHAW

(softly)

We're here, sir.

(CONTINUED)

427 CONTINUED:

Kane continues to stare. Then Cutshaw extends a hand to him. Kane's gaze drops slowly to the hand.

CUTSHAW
(continuing)

We're here.

Kane takes his hand and gets out of car. Then Cutshaw waits behind, watching Kane as the latter starts woodenly for mansion door. Fell is looking out from clinic window.

428 INT. MANSION - SHOOTING TOWARD FRONT DOORS - NIGHT

Cutshaw watches b.g. as Kane advances as though in trance, Groper holds open a door. As Kane enters:

GROPER
I see you found him okay, sir.
Glad you're --

His words trail off to nothingness as Kane seems neither to see nor hear him, but merely turns the corner, heading for staircase.

429 HIGH FULL SHOT - MANSION MAIN HALL

The lights are subdued as Kane moves toward staircase. Groper watches him, then turns to look at Cutshaw as the Astronaut enters, pauses, exchanges looks with Groper, then stares after Kane. As Kane passes clinic, clinic door lock CLICKS and door CREAKS slightly ajar.

430 DOWN SHOT - FROM TOP OF STAIRCASE - KANE

As he ascends in trance state. His footfalls are in rhythm with the pulsing THROB of a HEARTBEAT. When he reaches landing, CAMERA TRACKS with him to his bedroom door. As he opens it:

431 FULL DOWN SHOT - MAIN HALL

Groper, Krebs, Christian and Cutshaw stare up at Kane and we HEAR the CLOSING of his bedroom door. Immediately, door to clinic opens and Fell steps part way out, looking up toward Kane's bedroom. Then he looks to Cutshaw, who returns his gaze. A beat. Two. Then:

CUTSHAW
(at Fell; with
sense of foreboding)
What's wrong with Kane?

(CONTINUED)

431 CONTINUED:

FELL
(after a beat)
Come in here.

PHONE RINGS O.S.

432 EXT. MONTEREY HIGHWAY - CLOSE MOVING SHOT - FLASHING RED
TURRET LIGHT OF HIGHWAY PATROL CAR - NIGHT

SIREN WAILING.

433 HIGH SHOT

Patrol car speeding along highway.

434 INT. MANSION - ON CLINIC DOOR - NIGHT

As Cutshaw opens it, emerges, a haunted expression on his face, staring up at Kane's bedroom door. Leaving door open, he moves toward staircase and OUT OF FRAME, disclosing a disconsolate Fell sitting on window ledge. From O.S., the FAINT WAIL of patrol car SIREN.

435 TRACKING SHOT - CUTSHAW

As he ascends staircase, the SIREN WAIL getting gradually LOUDER. He goes to Kane's bedroom door -- and for the first time, knocks; waits; then grasps doorknob.

436 INT. KANE'S BEDROOM - ON DOOR - NIGHT

Cutshaw enters, closes door behind him, leans against it and stares O.S.

CUTSHAW
Colonel.

A beat. No response. Then -- cocking his head at a puzzled angle -- Cutshaw starts forward, CAMERA TRACKING.

437 MOVING SHOT - ON KANE

He sits near open bay windows in straightbacked chair. He has a blanket wrapped around him, and stares vacantly into nothingness. A book lies open on his lap. As we COME UP to FULL SHOT, CAMERA HALTS.

CUTSHAW (O.S.)
Colonel Kane, sir?

Kane slowly turns his gaze to CAMERA (and Cutshaw). His eyes are tragic, distant, numbing.

438 ON CUTSHAW

He reacts almost as if struck a blow. He backs up to edge of bed, sits, never taking his eyes off Kane.

439 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Kane turns his gaze away from Cutshaw, staring vacantly.

KANE

I'd like my cocoa, now.
(a beat)
Where's Ann?

CUTSHAW

Ann?

KANE

My wife. I thought you knew her.

CUTSHAW

No.

KANE

She left me when I died.

Cutshaw stares, eyes welling up. Then he rises and moves to windows, his back to Kane (and CAMERA).

KANE

Cutshaw.

CUTSHAW

Yes, sir.

KANE

(stiffly turning
gaze to him)
Why won't you go to the Moon?

CUTSHAW

(a long silence;
then:)
Because I'm afraid.

KANE

Afraid.

CUTSHAW

That's right, sir.
(looking up at sky,
back still to CAMERA)
See the stars? So cold? So far?
And so very lonely -- oh, so lonely.
All that space -- just empty space
and so -- so far from home.

440 EXT. KANE'S BEDROOM WINDOWS - CLOSE ON CUTSHAW - NIGHT

Looking up at sky, tears are coursing gently down his cheeks as he continues:

CUTSHAW

I've circled 'round and 'round
this house -- orbit after orbit
-- and sometimes I'd wonder what
it would be like -- never to stop --

441 EXT. STARRY SKY - POV

A few wisps of cloud fleeing before high winds; a sickle of moon.

CUTSHAW (O.S.)

(continuing)

-- and circle alone up there --
forever. And what if I got there
-- got to the Moon -- and couldn't
get back? Hell, everyone dies;
but I'm afraid to die alone -- so
far from home.

442 EXT. KANE'S BEDROOM WINDOW - CUTSHAW - NIGHT

CUTSHAW

(continuing)

And if God's not alive -- that's
-- really -- really -- alone.

The Patrol Car SIREN has now come up FULL. Cutshaw observes as car stops below. We HEAR car doors OPENING and CLOSING. He turns to look at Kane.

443 INT. KANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kane stares vacantly into space.

KANE

You're very -- ill. There
isn't much -- time -- but --
I'll cure you.

CUTSHAW

That's right, sir. You will.

KANE

And the others. Not -- much
time -- but there is -- a way
-- a way -- you'll see.
(a barely perceptible
distant smile)

Shock treatment.

(CONTINUED)

443 CONTINUED:

CUTSHAW

(turning, then:)

What, sir?

Kane lowers his gaze; closes his eyes; then lowers head to chest.

KANE

(trailing off
to a whisper)

I think -- I'll have my --
cocoa (long pause) later.

Cutshaw stares. Nothing else comes. He moves to Kane quietly, lifts the open book from Kane's lap -- peruses the open pages a moment -- then covers Kane's hands with blanket. He marks the page in book and moves softly toward door.

444 INT. MAIN HALL - ANGLE FROM SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Inmates in robes and pajamas buzz with low chatter. The focal point of their attention is door to Kane's office.

445 INT. SECOND FLOOR - ANGLE ON KANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cutshaw emerges from bedroom, carrying the book. He moves to balustrade, stares down. Then he opens the book and glances at marked page.

446 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Inside are Fell, Groper, Christian, Krebs and TWO HIGHWAY PATROLMEN.

FIRST PATROLMAN

Where is he?

FELL

I can't let you have him.

SECOND PATROLMAN

Come on, Colonel! We're -- !

FELL

No! You admitted yourself that he was provoked!

SECOND PATROLMAN

That's right, but --

FELL

No, goddammit, that's final!

(CONTINUED)

446 CONTINUED:

FIRST PATROLMAN

We're taking him in, sir. Sorry.
But we are. And if you won't produce
him, we'll find him ourselves.

(nodding to other
Patrolman, indicating door)

Frank!

Fell throws his back against door, blocking them.

FELL

Hold it! You take him now and it
will destroy him! As a doctor, I'm
not going to let that happen. Now
figure the odds. Every man in this
room is a Karate expert.

447 ON KREBS

Reacting with surprise that belies Fell's claim.

FELL

Go ahead. Try to take Kane. And
here's tomorrow morning's headline:
"Highway Patrol Guns Down Marines
on Monterey Beachhead"! And just
one warning if you try me: Shoot
to kill!

The Patrolmen stare at Fell, uncertain. One makes a
tentative move forward; then stops, stares around at the
other Marines; then the Patrolmen stare at each other.
First Patrolman throws a frustrated look at Fell and moves
to telephone with a disgusted:

FIRST PATROLMAN

Ahhhhhhhh!

(he picks up phone,
then looks to Fell)

Can I use your phone?!

FELL

Is it a local call?

448 INT. MAIN HALL - UP SHOT - CUTSHAW - NIGHT

He is moving slowly down the staircase, deeply disturbed
about something he can't quite pin down.

KANE'S VOICE

(ECHO CHAMBER)

There isn't much time -- but I'm
going to cure you. There isn't
much time. There isn't much time.
There isn't much --

(CONTINUED)

448 CONTINUED:

Cutshaw again halts, this time with a dawning and frightening realization. He turns, looks toward Kane's room and races up the stairs.

449 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

First Patrolman is on phone.

FIRST PATROLMAN

(into phone; deadpan)

Well, now, Captain, I thought I explained that.

(listens)

That's right, sir. Bein' as we're locked inside this room, we couldn't get to the radio. It's in the car, sir.

(listens)

I'm sorry you took it that way, Captain. No sarcasm intended.

(listens)

Okay, sir.

(hangs up)

On his way. Can we talk to the other one?

FELL

Promise no funny stuff?

FIRST PATROLMAN

No, sir, no funny stuff. Nothing too funny about triple homicide.

Fell nods soberly, staring at floor. Fell reaches to open door.

450 INT. MANSION - FULL DOWN SHOT FROM SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

With balustrade at bottom of FRAME. Fell and the others emerge from Kane's office. Inmates cluster about them.

451 REVERSE ANGLE

With the group in f.g., we can SEE second-story landing above and Kane's bedroom door slowly opening.

ZOOK

(at Fell)

What's goin' on, sir? What do these cops want?

BEMISH

Are they straight?

(CONTINUED)

451 CONTINUED:

Above, b.g., Cutshaw is slowly emerging from Kane's bedroom, carrying a limp Kane in his arms. He moves slowly toward balustrade and VERY SLOWLY ZOOM to CUTSHAW, LOSING OTHERS as:

FELL

There's nothing wrong. Now go back to bed.

GROPER

Where's Cutshaw?

FAIRBANKS

Not goin' to the Moon -- is that a felony?

FELL

(giving it up)

Krebs, check in the dorm. And Christian, see if he's up with --

GROPER

Jesus!

FAIRBANKS

Oh, my God!

We are now FULL on Kane and Cutshaw. Kane's shirtsleeves are rolled up slightly. His wrists, hands, and portions of his uniform are bloodied. Cutshaw is still staring down at Kane as tears course down his face.

CUTSHAW

He's killed himself!

452 EXT. SKY - UP SHOT - CLOSE TO SUNSET

Puffy white B-58 contrails streak across the sky.

455 EXT. MANSION AREA - CLOSE ON TREE BRANCH - CLOSE TO SUNSET

For the first time, the tree is in bloom; the air is clear; and on the branch, a bird SINGS. Through this and next two SHOTS, we HEAR SOUND of approaching automobile.

454 CLOSE ON FLOWER BUSH IN BLOOM

Bird SONG O.S.

455 ANGLE ON HORIZON - BEACHSIDE

Pelicans swoop low for fish. The almost-setting sun is a huge orange ball.

456 FULL HIGH SHOT - MANSION AND DRIVEWAY

Deserted except for the N.A.S.A. staff car driving across parapet. It stops a third of the way across.

457 CLOSER ANGLE

The staff car stops. Driver leaps out and comes around to hold open door as Cutshaw emerges from rear seat and stands looking up at the mansion. He is immaculate in Marine Corps uniform, a N.A.S.A. or astronaut's pin in his lapel. He stares. He walks to where the inmates used to line up and into a FULL SHOT. He looks down. We HEAR a BREEZE that whips at his coat and an almost subliminal WHISPER:

WHISPERING VOICE

Mighty Manfred.

458 HIGH SHOT, THE SCENE

Cutshaw is still looking down.

BEMISH'S VOICE

(muted, afar)

Hillo ho ho, boys, come, bird --
(come)

459 FULL FRONT SHOT - CUTSHAW

as he looks up at mansion (O.S.) and the voice cuts out.

460 EXT. HIGH SHOT INNER COURTYARD

Cutshaw entering.

461 LEVEL ANGLE CUTSHAW

as he scans, savors. He stops in front of the mansion main door, looks around, then up; then down again at the door.

462 INT. MANSION - MAIN HALL DOORS - CLOSE DOWN SHOT

Very slowly, one of the doors CREAKS open and Cutshaw looks in; then enters slowly, gazing all around him as CAMERA PULLS UP to HIGH FULL SHOT. Sunlight shafts through windows. The rugs, the drapes, the furnishings -- all are gone. We HEAR low ECHO CHAMBER EFFECT of intermittent motorcycle SOUNDS. Cutshaw stops. Then we HEAR ECHO CHAMBER SOUND of Bemish's hammer SLAMMING into wall; and a single, tentative motorcycle SOUND, still low. Cutshaw stares at floor. Muted ECHO CHAMBER:

GROPER'S VOICE

Dammit, I hid it! Now where did
he get it!

(CONTINUED)

462 CONTINUED:

ZOOK'S VOICE

Goodness knows, sir!

SPOOR'S VOICE

(shouting)

Mighty Manfred!

And now MOTORCYCLE and HAMMER SOUNDS come up LOUD. Then as Cutshaw looks up, they all cut out abruptly. Though his gaze is traveling elsewhere, Cutshaw's steps are bringing him near Kane's office. When his gaze lights upon it, he halts, stares; then moves to it. CAMERA is DESCENDING to him, so that as he opens the door to office, we have a VIEW of the inside. It is barren. As CAMERA PUSHES IN VERY SLOWLY to where Kane's desk used to be, we HEAR.

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

Let's go to the beach!

KANE'S VOICE

It's night and it's raining.

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

I see you're determined to start an argument! Okay, "jacks", then. Want to play "jacks"?

KANE'S VOICE

No, I don't.

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

Good Christ, you don't want to do anything! There's nothing to do around this place! I'm going crazy! Why don't we -- ?

463 INT. KANE'S OFFICE - ANGLE ON DOOR - CUTSHAW

SHOOTING from behind desk. Silence as Cutshaw stares in, hand on doorknob. Then his gaze drops sadly. He turns and closes door behind him.

464 INT. MAIN HALL - FULL DOWN SHOT - NEAR SUNSET

Cutshaw moves slowly away from Kane's office, heading for staircase, glancing around. We HEAR FAINT, INTERMITTENT SPURTS of MOTORCYCLE REVVING.

SPOOR'S VOICE

Can you imagine? Here I am casting Jusius Caesar, and what do they send me? A dog who lisps!

INTERMITTENT MOTORCYCLE REVVING -- MUTED CRASH OF BEMISH'S HAMMER.

(CONTINUED)

464 CONTINUED:

ZOOK'S VOICE

Listen, level with me, sweetheart!
 Are you just one giant brain or are
 you two brains glued together kind
 of sloppy! One brain lies and the
 other one swears --

Cutshaw abruptly realizes he is at foot of staircase and
 halts, looking up as all SOUNDS cease.

465 DOWN SHOT FROM LANDING - CUTSHAW AT FOOT OF STAIRS

Looking up. A beat. Then he starts to ascend slowly.
 Again. ECHO CHAMBER:

KANE'S VOICE

Are you in mourning?

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

Yes.

KANE'S VOICE

For whom?

(three quick beats)

For whom?

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

Let's go to the beach!

KANE'S VOICE

It's dark and it's raining.

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

Let's go to the beach!

FELL'S VOICE

He said he thought madness grew
 out of evil and not the other way
 around.

A beat.

KANE'S VOICE

For whom?

(three quick beats)

For whom?

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

I know why he did it. He did it
 for us. He thought it might cure
 us.

FELL'S VOICE

Shock treatment.

(CONTINUED)

465 CONTINUED:

Cutshaw is on the landing, walking toward Kane's bedroom as CAMERA TRACKS FRONT with him.

KANE'S VOICE

How is it there is love as a God
might love and a man will give his
life for --

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

One example! Just give me one that
you know of personally!

KANE'S VOICE

For whom? For whom? For -- ?

The VOICES CUT OUT as Cutshaw halts in front of Kane's bedroom door. He stares at it a moment. Then he reaches for doorknob; then grows self-conscious and, after a hesitation, lightly raps at the door.

466 INT. KANE'S BEDROOM - SUNSET

Cutshaw slowly pushes open the CREAKING door, looks in; then enters.

467 ON BAY WINDOWS

We HEAR Cutshaw's FOOTSTEPS as CAMERA PUSHES SLOWLY to windows. Cutshaw's hands ENTER FRAME, opening them. Then he sits on window ledge, silhouetted at SIDE OF FRAME, looking out at a gorgeous sunset.

CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES IN, eventually LOSING Cutshaw as:

KANE'S VOICE

I'm going to cure you.

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

One example!

KANE'S VOICE

...there is love as a God might
love and a man will give his life
for another.

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

Never happened!

KANE'S VOICE

...and a man will give his life
for --

(CONTINUED)

467 CONTINUED:

CUTSHAW'S VOICE

Never happened! Never happened!
Never -- !

PRIEST'S VOICE

"I am the Good Shepherd".

HOLD on sunset for a beat.

468 EXT. MANSION - PARAPET - CUTSHAW - SUNSET

Cutshaw exits gate and crosses the parapet to staff car, which is faced around to leave. The Corporal is leaping out of car to open door for him. At the car, Cutshaw turns for a look at the mansion, CAMERA having PIVOTED to a FULL SHOT of car, Cutshaw and Driver.

469 CLOSE SIDE ANGLE FROM OPPOSITE SIDE OF CAR - CUTSHAW, CORPORAL

Both staring up at mansion O.S.

CORPORAL

Sure heard some stories about
this place, sir. Some psychiatrist.
A killer.

Cutshaw turns to eye him.

CUTSHAW

(softly)

He was a lamb.

CAMERA SLOWLY REVERSE ZOOMS as Cutshaw continues to hold the Corporal's gaze for a few beats; then he gets into car. Car drives off, Cutshaw staring back through window at mansion as CAMERA RISES while END CREDITS ROLL.

FADE OUT

THE END

SCENE 56

CASTLE

- FOURTH INMATE
- FIFTH INMATE
- SIXTH INMATE
- SEVENTH INMATE
- FIRST INMATE
- GOMEZ
- (SPOOR: BREAKS IN)
- FAIRBANKS
- KLENK
- NAMMACK
- SECOND INMATE
- ZOOK
- BEMISH
- THIRD INMATE
- (CUTSHAW, LATER)

APPENDIX "A"

(LEAD-IN CRUCIFIXION DIALOGUE - PAGE 16)

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN

Well, I'm glad you had a good flight over. Sorry about the rush, but we needed you badly. Maybe you can make out some sense in this craziness. Right now it's got us stumped.

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

It's pretty weird.

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN

Speaking of weird, have you seen the Admiral's new secretary, Al?

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

In a Frankenstein movie.

Both men LAUGH.

SECOND CRUCIFIED MAN

I thought rank had its privileges.

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

He must have used his up.

Second Crucified Man LAUGHS.

FIRST CRUCIFIED MAN

Well, all right -- getting back to cases.

APPENDIX "B"

(TENNYSON POEM - PAGE 28)

The splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.