

"THE SILENCE OF THE HAMS"

by

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Final Draft

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1. EXT. SAN MARCO SQUARE. VENICE. DAY. 1

HIGH ANGLE EST. SHOT of San Marco Square: superimposed, the caption
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

2. EXT. RIALTO BRIDGE. DAY. 2

SHOT of the Rialto Bridge. CROSS FADE to...

3. EXT. GRAND CANAL/EIFFEL TOWER. DAY. 3

A gondola tied up at a pier. CAMERA PANS beyond it and upward to discover the Eiffel Tower. Superimposed, the caption:

BEVERLY HILLS, FRIDAY, AUGUST THE THIRTEEN
CHRISTMAS

CROSS FADE from the tip of the Tower to woods in the distance.

4. EXT. TRAINING COURSE. DAY. 4

A man in a sweatsuit with a build that's anything but athletic is running along a pre-established course. It's FBI recruit JOE D. FOSTER. We read his name on the front of his sweatshirt. He comes to a halt for a moment, panting while he runs in place, and looks at the stopwatch on his wrist.

5. EXT. TRAINING COURSE (FURTHER ON). DAY. 5

TRACKING SHOT... Ex-President, GEORGE BUSH runs up on the right of JOE with his entourage of bodyguards behind him, all dressed in black suits and dark glasses and all running.

BUSH

Morning, Joe.

JOE

Morning, George. Still running I see?

BUSH

Sure, I used to run for office.

JOE

Now you only run to office.
(he laughs)

BUSH

(he laughs -- pause)
What's so funny?

Then President BILL CLINTON appears to the left of JOE, jogging alongside.

CLINTON

Morning, Joe.

JOE

Oh hi, Bill, how's it going?

CLINTON

Fine, fine. (glancing over to BUSH)
Dawn of the dead, is it?

BUSH (to JOE)

I see the presidential escort is out,
but where is the president?

JOE

Here he is.

BUSH

Here? I only see her husband.

CLINTON

(laughs -- pause)

What's so funny?

CLINTON huffs and puffs.

BUSH

(indicating CLINTON)

Why is he blowing so hard?

JOE

You know... he doesn't inhale!

BUSH

(imitating the voice of
CLINTON)

And no-one in the U.S. of A. will inhale
after I've taxed the air that they
breathe.

CLINTON

What did you mean by that...?

BUSH and CLINTON stop running. The two begin a heated argument. JOE quickens his pace -- CAMERA JIBS UP -- JOE exits frame under the camera.

BUSH and CLINTON commence a full-scale abuse match that soon becomes physical. Their respective escorts do likewise.

6. EXT. WOODS. DAY.

6

JOE is doing push-ups. We see his head coming in and out of frame. One, two, at the third time THE CAMERA TILTS DOWN to find a beautiful WOMAN dressed in a gym suit -- panting.

WOMAN

Thank you, Joe.

JOE

My pleasure.

JOE pops up and runs off.

- | | | |
|------|---------------------------------|-----|
| 7. | EXT. STREET. DAY. (OMITTED) | 7 |
| 8. | EXT. SKYSCRAPER. DAY. (OMITTED) | 8 |
| 9. | INT. OFFICE. DAY. (OMITTED) | 9 |
| 10. | EXT. CEMETERY. DAY. (OMITTED) | 10 |
| 11A. | INT. AIRPLANE. DAY. (OMITTED) | 11A |
| 11B. | EXT. AIRPLANE. DAY. (OMITTED) | 11B |
| 11C. | EXT. FBI BUILDING. DAY. | 11C |

We see various people going to work. Suddenly JOE pops up into frame -- he is doing standing squats. As he stands he flings his arms to the sides, knocking passersby in the face. He squats down, disappearing from frame. Moments later he pops up again, closer to CAMERA, and unwittingly hits some more people in the face. Again he squats down and disappears. He pops up a third time, then turns and runs past camera.

- | | | |
|-----|---------------------------------------|----|
| 12. | INT. FBI OFFICES. MAIN ENTRANCE. DAY. | 12 |
|-----|---------------------------------------|----|

JOE runs down a stairway where a uniformed SERGEANT stops him.

SERGEANT

Joe D. Foster?

JOE

(looking down at the name on
his chest)

Uh...uh, that's me.

SERGEANT

The boss wants you, move it.
Where the hell you been?

JOE

Out on the training course, sir...

SERGEANT

Shut up, boy, I didn't authorize you to
speak.

An AGENT comes through the door adjacent to JOE. We see the AGENT in MIDSOT. He stuffs a newspaper in JOE's face.

ANGRY AGENT
 (pointing to the paper)
 Unbelievable!.. Have you read this?...
 Now a guy can get a sex change one day,
 come into the office the next and we're
 supposed to call him Madam!!!... UN -
 BELIEVABLE!!!

He stomps off without waiting for a reply. We discover that he's wearing a mini skirt, nylons and high heels!

SERGEANT
 Never mind that boy, Remember: here you
 not only have to know how to talk, you
 have to know how to listen, this is the
 F...B...

JOE notices the open door -- a pet peeve. He slams the door shut. The letter "I" of the gigantic gilded FBI sign on the wall behind him comes off and falls on the Sergeant's head.

SERGEANT
 (howling with pain)
 ...I!!!!

The SERGEANT collapses to the ground.

13. INT. FBI OFFICES. CORRIDORS. DAY. 13

JOE and the SERGEANT walk along the FBI corridors. The SERGEANT has his head bandaged, including a six-inch bump. They pass an interrogation room. CAMERA STOPS to investigate. We TRACK "through" the door to find...

14. INT. FBI OFFICES. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY. 14

An interrogation set-up as in "Basic Instinct".

FIRST AGENT
 Miss Sharon Bone... cut the crap and
 come clean.

SHARON BONE
 (she answers with a seductive
 tone)
 I told you what happened that day. I
 have nothing else to say.

FIRST AGENT
 You're lying, Sharon Bone. Stop pulling
 our legs.

The Sharon Stone lookalike crosses her legs, we

CUT TO:

C.U. revealing hairy legs wearing jockey underwear.

15. INT. FBI OFFICES. PUTRID'S OFFICE. DAY.

15

JOE is ushered into the boss's office. The SERGEANT leans in, holding the door open with one hand.

SERGEANT

Wait here, boy, and stay put, because remember, knowing how to wait is one of the secrets of the F B....

Joe, fascinated by the boss's office, doesn't hear him and kicks the door shut behind him with his foot: the Sergeant's fingers are violently crunched and the poor man explodes in a howl.

SERGEANT

...I!!!!

The still screaming SERGEANT is tended to by other agents, one of whom turns to a colleague and says:

AGENT

I always said he would have been better off in the CIA.

They leave and on the door behind them we read the sign: DEFICIENT BEHAVIOR SCIENCES - Col. Pete Putrid.

JOE's attention is drawn to a bulletin board in the center of which is a news clipping surrounded by macabre photos of victims. The headline reads: PSYCHOKILLER KILLS 120TH VICTIM - IS HE SERIOUS?

While JOE looks at the photos in horror, behind him we see beyond a glazed window the silhouettes of people coming and going, among them there's also an elephant.

15A. INT. FBI OFFICES. RESTROOM AREA. DAY.

15A

A restroom door next to the office bangs open and out comes PETE PUTRID, big and fat, typical face of a hardened old cop.

PUTRID

Hi Joe, sorry to keep you waiting but I don't feel too good. I must have eaten something that upset my intestines. Must have been those oysters fried in the shell with Mexican beans, onions and paprika. It's the sixth time I've gone to the pot.

A BLACK AGENT steps into the restroom which PUTRID has just come out of and from which strange smoke and steam is now wafting. CAMERA lingers on the closed door while we hear PUTRID's voice as he begins to explain:

PUTRID (OFF)

The mission I'm entrusting to you is very delicate. It's a dirty job, really stinks.

The restroom door swings open and the BLACK AGENT comes out: he's become white and his hair stands straight up on his head.

BLACK AGENT

Yeah yeah, stinks like hell!

15B. INT. FBI OFFICES. PUTRID'S OFFICE. DAY.

15B

We're back in PUTRID's office.

PUTRID

The killer is a psychopath, an extremely dangerous man. To get the most information possible we've decided to question all prison inmates with the same hang-up.

JOE

And what conclusions have you reached?

PUTRID

None. There are no psychopathic inmates in the entire U.S. of A.

JOE

Too bad. I'd have paid 10,000 dollars to meet one.

PUTRID

(showing him a photo)

Here he is. I just remembered we have one, in the Hollywood nuthouse. Pay up, Joe.

JOE

But boss, it was just a figure of speech...

15C. INT. FBI OFFICE. MAIN AREA. DAY.

15C

JOE closes the door -- they have got to keep their conversation secret. The door hits a loading trolley that zooms across the office, hitting the SERGEANT's legs while he is leaning out the window, still licking his wounds.

PUTRID (OS)

Boy, remember we don't use figures of speech around here, remember you belong to the F B...

The SERGEANT's legs give way on impact and he falls out the open window.

SERGEANT

...I!!!

JOE and PUTRID look out the window.

15D. EXT. FBI BUILDING. SIDEWALK. DAY.

15D

The SERGEANT with his previously bandaged arm and head lies splattered on the sidewalk.

15E. INT. FBI OFFICES. PUTRID'S OFF./ELEVATOR. DAY.

15E

JOE, visibly shocked, begins to write out a check. While PUTRID begins to brief him on his mission, CAMERA peeks beyond the office window, where the doors of an elevator are opening: an agent on horseback rides out, crosses the office, dismounts and sits at his desk. Next to it is a typical hay-filled stall where a hand in cowboy duds looks after the horse.

PUTRID (OFF)

You'll go to Hollywood to question him. But first sign here, that's it, now your thumbprint...fine, now your noseprint and earprint... perfect, now standing on one hand you have to hop over there and with your feet dump this file in the cabinet... well done, and finally, make me a toasted cheese sandwich in 5 seconds...go!... Okay! I knew you could do it.

PUTRID with a huge toasted cheese sandwich in his hands takes his leave.

PUTRID

Congratulations, boy, but remember, that man is as smart as a gorilla and strong as a fox. Be careful.

JOE

(stuffing a still-smoking toaster back in a briefcase)
Thank you, boss.

16. EXT. HOLLYWOOD NUTHOUSE ENTRANCE. EVENING.

16

JOE drives his car through the gate and up the driveway to the Hollywood nuthouse. He unwittingly runs over a couple of guards.

16A. EXT. HOLLYWOOD NUTHOUSE. EVENING.

JOE arrives in front of the Hollywood Nuthouse. The building is rundown and lugubrious and JOE, staring at it on the way up, runs into a lamppost which falls onto a nurse and other inmates of the asylum.

JOE's face is in front of the closed spyhole on the front door. Hardly has he rung the doorbell when the spyhole door slides open and we see the guard's face.

JOE

Good evening, FBI. I have an appointment.

The door opens: in reality it's only a piece of a door held up by the guard like a mask.

17. INT. HOLLYWOOD NUTHOUSE. ENTRANCE/WINGS. EVENING.

17

The two walk past the entrances to several wings where we read the signs: MANIACS WING, BAD MANIACS WING. They stop in front of UNBELIEVABLY BAD MANIACS WING.

GUARD

The man you want to see is in this wing.
Goodbye.

He slides the spyhole door shut across his face and leaves. At the same time a huge iron barred gate swings open before JOE's face with the typical NOISES of turning keys and creaking hinges and bangs loudly against the wall. The door opens, JOE can't see anyone, he looks down to find a MIDGET GUARD. JOE notices that the keyhole is positioned very high. The MIDGET GUARD who has just opened the gate closes it again.

18. INT. HOLLYWOOD NUTHOUSE. UNBELIEVABLY BAD MANIACS' WING. EVENING. 18

JOE and the MIDGET GUARD head into the wing.

MIDGET GUARD

Buddy, you better be real careful.
Doctor Animal is very dangerous.
His intelligence goes beyond the border
of the human mind, his savagery goes beyond
the borders of the animal.

JOE

(trying to make a joke)
How can he go beyond all these borders,
if he's here he can't have a passport.

The MIDGET GUARD shuts him up by showing him several pictures:

MIDGET GUARD

There's little to laugh about -- look
what he did to his victims, take those
photos. It's terrible!

The MIDGET GUARD points to a group of photos high up on a shelf. JOE stands up on his tiptoes to reach for them but he just can't manage. The MIDGET GUARD taps him on his knee -- he'll get them.

CUT TO:

CU of MIDGET GUARD's hand picking up the photographs.

CUT BACK TO:

JOE, bewildered.

JOE's POV: we see some photos showing pizza pies: one with tomatoes, mozzarella and a girl's still-screaming severed head; another with mushrooms and part of an arm and hand that's giving us the finger; another with ham and two large round woman's buttocks.

JOE

So that's why they called him Doctor
Animal-Cannibal Pizza.

MIDGET GUARD

He was a psychiatrist. One day he got evicted. Homeless and with no office, and being of Italian origin, he began to see his patients in a pizza joint during closing time. It was there that the psychiatrist's perversion mixed with that of the pizza cook.

19. INT. HOLLYWOOD NUTHOUSE. TUNNEL. EVENING.

19

The two are standing at a grate beyond which a tunnel leads down to another gate.

MIDGET GUARD

Go down this tunnel. Then I'll open the automatic gates which will lead you to Doctor Animal's cell. Once inside, don't stop on your way and don't be afraid of the other inmates in the wing.

JOE passes through the first gate which clangs violently shut behind him. JOE turns to face the MIDGET GUARD whose face is at the same level as JOE's. The MIDGET GUARD gives him a last warning.

MIDGET GUARD

Above all, don't feed Doctor Animal. Once upon a time a guard succumbed to his flattery and gave him a tomato. The poor slob was found ground up in a bottle of ketchup on a table at McDonald's in San Diego.

JOE
Thanks for the advice.

JOE turns to go, then he has a thought.

JOE
Don't forget, this is a delicate case,
my visit is top secret.

The MIDGET GUARD is back to midget size.

MIDGET GUARD
Don't worry, my lips are sealed.

As JOE starts down the tunnel the MIDGET GUARD's voice echoes behind him.

MIDGET GUARD (OFF)
Hey guys, we got another asshole cop going
down to see Animal Cannibal! Give me the
phone, I want to call the newspapers!

20. INT. HOLLYWOOD NUTHOUSE. UBMW GATES. EVENING.

20

JOE is at the bottom of the stairs. In rapid succession barriers open before him every two feet: a normal gate, an old door in wood and bronze, a Star Wars-type steel hatch, a black and gold royal French gate, a ship's hatch, and a stage curtain which lets him into...

21. INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT. EVENING.

21

An elegant restaurant dining room where several distinguished couples are having dinner to the music of a string trio.

JOE turns to the MAITRE in astonishment.

JOE
Excuse me, what's a nice restaurant doing
in a place like this?

MAITRE
My dear sir, it's the only place in
America where you can dine without fear
of being robbed.

JOE
What does it cost to eat here?

MAITRE
\$250.

JOE
See? It's not true, you can get robbed
here too. Excuse me, which way to the
Unbelievably Bad Maniacs' Wing?

The MAITRE walks JOE to a curtain. He pulls a cord and the curtains separate to reveal a medieval castle gate opening and a drawbridge lowering. The MAITRE beckons JOE to cross over the drawbridge into the darkness.

21A. EXT. DRAWBRIDGE OVER MOAT. NIGHT.

21A

JOE walks over bridge where he reads a signpost:

DANGER: LAWYERS!

JOE looks down into the moat to see a crowd of hungry LAWYERS, all dressed in suits and brandishing pens and contracts to sign. They are immersed in black water. JOE shudders.

22. INT. HOLLYWOOD NUTHOUSE. ANIMALS' WING. EVENING.

22

Before him is a long dark corridor. From the cells come strange panting sounds and howling.

JOE's POV: from the first cells horrible inmates hurl themselves at the bars trying to get at him.

HORRIBLE MAN

Aaaaaah!!...

In the next cell a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in torn clothes, her hands clutching the bars, screams - no, howls... but with pleasure: three muscle-bound inmates are possessing her.

In the following cell a woman with a hatchet stands over a battered and bruised man lying in a bed.

MISERY WOMAN

Get it in your head: Misery mustn't die,
you understand? Misery mustn't die!

We leave her as she raises the hatchet overhead and we only HEAR the THUD and the strangled SCREAM. A little further along there's a strange light. JOE approaches it.

22A. INT. ANIMAL'S CELL. EVENING.

22A

In the larger cell, protected by a big glass partition, DOCTOR ANIMAL stands with his back to us in a oversize chef's hat, Clark Gable ears, and with his hands clasped behind his back. A toilet and bed are stuck to the wall. Without turning around he speaks to JOE in a firm, soothing voice.

DOCTOR ANIMAL

Sit down, my dear girl. Don't say a word,
you're a reporter from the N.Y. Times,
you're black, you're dressed in yellow,
you hate policemen and you're still on your feet.

ANIMAL turns around. He realizes he's pulled a boner and his ears start to flap like a butterfly.

JOE

I'm agent Joe D. Foster, FBI. I'm white and male. I'm here for some advice on how to nail the Psychokiller. Congratulations, Doctor Animal, you didn't get one right. Why don't you work for the weather forecast?

ANIMAL is nervously pacing the cell swearing to himself.

DOCTOR ANIMAL

It's all this being in jail, it's ruined me. They don't let me analyze anyone and so I've lost my psychological powers. Mmmmm I'm so pissed off, I want to take a bath in tomato sauce, I want to sink my teeth into a hot ham, I want to - I want -

Animal's expression grows diabolical, he's pressed against the window inches from Joe.

DOCTOR ANIMAL

...I want to make a pizza with some nice fresh brain.

Seized by a crisis, Animal presses his nose against the airholes in the armored glass and inhales. JOE is shaken by the force of ANIMAL'S sniff. Items from JOE'S jacket shoot out, sucked away. ANIMAL turns suddenly to the CAMERA: he has a pencil, comb and handkerchief sticking out of his nose.

DOCTOR ANIMAL

Miss Foster, I like you. I think I'll help you solve this case. I have a nose for these things. My time is precious. Tell me what can't I do for you.

JOE

Doctor Animal, I've been entrusted with a most delicate case, the first of my career: There's this killer...

DOCTOR ANIMAL

(interrupting)

Ah, an interesting case: a dog... who assaults women, killing them by biting their ankles. I've never had a case like this... Excellent...

JOE

No, sorry, I think you've misunderstood me.

DOCTOR ANIMAL

(continuing)

... could be a doberman... an Alsatian, Lassie or Rin Tin Tin gone crazy after years of unemployment. Excuse me, Miss, I'm very tired, I'm going to rest now. I think my suggestions could prove useful... good night.

ANIMAL goes to his hanging bed. He climbs in and flicks the light switch. A blinding light blares onto the cell.

JOE

(walking away)

Incredible, this man respects no law - not even the law of gravity.

23. EXT. CITY STREETS. DAY.

23

An intersection in a high-rise district: skyscrapers, stores, bus stops, taxi stands, crowded sidewalks. Superimposed the caption:

LOS ANGELES: A DAY LIKE ANY OTHER

We catch a moment of the city's daily life: pedestrians bumping violently into each other. We see a bank where cops crouching behind their squad car trade fire with masked bandits six feet away behind a dustbin... between them pass an old lady with her dog, businessmen, women with shopping bags. As they're hit they fall on top of each other in an ever growing pile.

MAN (OFF)

Hurry up, this man is dying !

24. EXT. STREET. DAY.

24

A man in a hat in trench coat holds up the head of a dying man crumpled on the sidewalk.

TRENCH COAT MAN

Don't die, quick, tell me who it was... who was it

DYING MAN

It was...it was....

TRENCH COAT MAN

Tell me, quick, who was it...who was it?

DYING MAN

It was...it was... the Gymp!

The dying man expires. The Trench Coat Man gets up and walks off...limping

25. EXT. JOE'S APARTMENT. DAY.

25

We ANGLE UP to the top floor of a skyscraper and MOVE IN toward a window...

26. INT. JOE'S APARTMENT. DAY.

26

A shapely young woman, JANE, and her fiance JOE D. FOSTER are getting dressed.

CU of JANE, upset.

JANE

Joe, I'm sick of sneaking around doing during my work breaks; either we get married or no more pokey.

CU of JOE looking JANE in the eyes. He's much taller so he's staring almost straight down.

JOE

Jane, marrying you is my dream, but right now times are hard.

JANE

Yeah I can feel how hard they are...
but money isn't everything.
I can make do on your...
(significant glance at JOE's crotch)
... cash flow.

JOE covers his crotch with his hands.

JOE

Let's not touch that subject anymore for today. Hey, lunch is over, you gotta get back to the office.

He steps forward to kiss her, but... we discover the two are back to back. They realize it and turn around, looking for each other... they embrace.

JANE is by the window.

JANE

Joe, it's years we've been hanging out together in L.A...

A gondola floats past the window behind her.

JANE (continues)

I can't take this anymore, I want respectability, I want corn flakes.

JOE

What are you trying to tell me, you wanna leave me? You know this is a delicate moment, I have to finish up my FBI training course. They've assigned me a very important case that could launch my career, and you're asking me to marry you, knowing I just got a divorce?... Okay she was my mother, but she was still a woman...and she still loves me. By the way I've got to remember to pay the alimony this month - but I have no money, so how can I marry you? You just don't want to understand, Jane, you're selfish, I know you're sick and tired of hearing this, aren't you?

JANE is covered with spider-webs and stares at him fixedly.

He puts his jacket on...

JOE (continues)

We must leave, darling.

He embraces her. Her face registers shock as she feels a large, solid mass pressing against her midsection. She glances down at his crotch and we see that there is indeed a large bulge in his pants.

JANE

My goodness Joe, I've never seen you so... mighty... before.

JOE reaches down into his pants

JOE (nonchalant)

This is nothing. I always get this way when I'm in the act... of solving a case.

JOE's hand emerges from his pants, holding a large gun.

JOE (continues)

Wait, I'll give you a lift.

JANE

Don't bother, I'll catch the bus right outside.

She opens the door. A city bus stops in the building corridor.

27. EXT. JANE'S OFFICE BUILDING. DAY. 27

JANE enters her office building.

28. INT. JANE'S OFFICE BUILDING. LOBBY. DAY. 28

JANE comes into the lobby of the building where she works and steps into the elevator...

29. INT. JANE'S OFFICE BUILDING. ELEVATOR. DAY. 29

The doors close. OS we hear a metallic countdown:

VOICE (OS)

Five, four, three, two, one, zero!

The elevator takes off like a rocket. C.U. OF NUMBERS INCREASING.

30. INT. JANE'S OFFICE BUILDING. ELEVATOR 32ND FLOOR. DAY. 30

The elevator doors open and a dwarf-like JANE, "shortened" by the G-force, steps out as if all is normal and heads for her office.

31. INT. JANE'S OFFICE. DAY. 31

JANE enters her office. Her co-secretary is already hard at work: an ancient, white-haired biddy who's never quite sure what she's doing.

The OLD SECRETARY tidies up her desk which is mess of cups, stains, coffee grounds and sugar.

JANE

Hi, is Mr. Laurel back yet?

The OLD SECRETARY gazes at a framed photograph of MR. LAUREL on the wall behind her desk. She sighs longingly.

OLD SECRETARY

No, that poor sweet man is working hard,
sponging lunch off that rich
Scandinavian client.

The OLD SECRETARY picks up a coffee mug and her uncontrollable trembling causes her to slop it all over. She approaches JANE.

OLD SECRETARY

You look funny, you want some coffee?

JANE

No, seven years you've been asking me
if I want coffee... I DON'T want coffee...
I HATE coffee...

OLD SECRETARY

(hand shaking violently)

...But this is decaffeinated, it won't
make you nervous at all...

The door opens and in walks MR. LAUREL, a small man, nearly bald and with a kooky mustache. Behind him is his Swedish client. OLAF, typically tall and black.

OLAF

Sweet ladies...

(spots Old Secretary and
corrects himself. To Jane)

Sweet lady, today's a red-letter
day! Your boss jes' closed one
humongous deal! Hardy, break out
the drinks!

LAUREL

Laurel, my name's Laurel!
Jane, will you get the deed ready
for that country estate, the one
where he wants to build the artificial
lake suited for trout and salmon fishing...

(to OLAF)

a terrific deal...

(to self)

I stuck it to him I stuck it to him -

(to JANE)

...for \$400,000.

OLAF

And here they are!

He tosses several wads of money onto JANE's desk, then sits on a corner of the desk and makes a verbal pass:

OLAF (continues)

I... always pay cash.

JANE hefts a wad of bills, but stares right at OLAF's crotch:

JANE

Mmm... that's what I call a wad.
What's your name?

OLAF

Olaf... I'm Swedish.

JANE

(Whispers)

Are you really Swedish?

OLAF
Not really. My father's Finnish and
my mother's Russian.

The OLD SECRETARY arrives with a tray loaded with steaming cups of coffee. Her shaking makes the cups clink and slide, spilling coffee every which way.

OLD SECRETARY
Have some coffee. It's good for your
circulation.

OLAF
No, thanks. I don't like coffee, I
prefer Salmon juice.

She rams the tray repeatedly into OLAF's back:

OLD SECRETARY
Have some coffee. It's very good. Why
don't you tell him, Mr. Hardy.

LAUREL
Laurel, my name's Laurel!!

LAUREL whirls and floors her with a punch in the face. Tray and cups fly across the room.

LAUREL (continues)
When she acts like that I could just
punch her in the mouth...
(to JANE)
Jane, please put this money in the
safe.

JANE
OK Boss...

LAUREL and OLAF go into LAUREL's office. The OLD SECRETARY, battered and bruised, totters after them, continuing to ram her tray and cups into OLAF's back. The door closes behind them.

JANE, instead of putting the money in the safe, sticks the wads wads of money into her cleavage. The wads disappear one by one as if sucked in. Then JANE hurriedly leaves the office.

OLD SECRETARY (OS)
Drink my coffee, it's good!

OLAF (OS)
I don't want yer goddam coffee, Mr.
Chaplin, why don't you tell her!

We hear a violent fight: punches, yells...

LAUREL

(punch)

My name's Laurel.

(another punch)

The OLD SECRETARY bursts back into the outer office. Her face is black and blue and one eye is puffed up.

OLD SECRETARY

...Never fall in love with your boss!

32. EXT. CITY STREETS. INTERSECTION. DAY.

32

JANE is in her car, a bulging envelope full of money on the seat beside her. She stops at a red traffic light. Sees three road signs:

"JANE'S HOUSE" to the left.

"JANE'S OFFICE" to the right.

"TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN" straight ahead.

JANE drives straight ahead.

33. EXT. CITY SUBURBS. DAY.

33

The city recedes behind her. The camera is at street level. As she drives along, her face reflects her troubled thoughts, which we hear...

JOE'S VOICE (OS)

...marrying you is my biggest dream,
but I don't have a dime. If I had...

LAUREL'S VOICE (OS)

...Please Jane, put can you put the
money in the safe...

OLAF'S VOICE (OS)

...here's the \$400,000. I always pay
cash...

From CU of JANE at the wheel, ANGLE WIDENS to discover JOE, LAUREL and OLAF inside a convertible driving alongside JANE's car, yelling their lines through bullhorns.

DISSOLVE TO:

34. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. TWILIGHT.

34

Night is falling. JANE is tired.

She comes to a stretch of open countryside and pulls off the road.

Settles down in the car for the night...

MUSIC THEME

She clutches her money-filled purse to her breast and falls asleep.

CAMERA TRACKS BACKWARDS as JANE's snoring grows and grows until it drowns out both crickets and MUSIC THEME.

JANE
(SNORES)

With each "rumble", leaves and twigs fall from a tree next to the car.

35. INT. JOE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

35

The phone rings. JOE wakes up with a start: his head is full of colored hair-curlers.

JOE
Hello! Who's speaking?

PETE PUTRID (OFF)
This is your commander, Joe. Get
over to the Hellraiser Park on the double.
The Psychokiller has struck again.

JOE
On my way, boss.

JOE hops out of bed: he's wearing a see-through Baby Doll nightie under which we can see leopard-spotted panties.

36. INT. JOE'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

36

JOE is in the bathroom, he begins to shave. Once finished, he disappears out of frame to rinse off the remains of the shaving cream. When he reappears he is drying his face with a handtowel. He puts the handtowel down to reveal a full mustache and beard.

37. EXT. SHACK. NIGHT.

37

An abandoned shack out in nowhere. Several police cars with flashing bubble lights are parked around it. A COP comes toward CAMERA with outspread arms to keep back curious onlookers...

COP
All right, stay back please, there's
nothing to see, keep moving, let us
do our job, stay back please....

There's nobody around: only one horse, two sheep and a dog.

Outside the shack, Commander PETE PUTRID is talking to Joe. They're half-covered by a flashing bubble light in CLOSE-UP. Behind them a pallbearer picks up his end of a coffin and enters the shack, but the coffin is very long and continues to pass by for the duration of the chat without us ever seeing the rear pallbearer.

PETE PUTRID

This is the worst murder the
Psychokiller has ever committed...

JOE

The guy must have been dead for quite
a while, you can smell the stink all
the way out here.

PETE PUTRID

No, don't worry. It's just my breath, I
don't think I digested the live rabbit
patties with fried pork lard sauce...
(calling out)
Sergeant!

The ill-fortuned SERGEANT appears on the scene. His head is bandaged, his arm is in a sling, his leg is encased in plaster from the thigh down and he is walking on crutches. He looks at JOE disapprovingly.

SERGEANT

Yes chief?

PETE PUTRID

Has forensic come up with anything?

SERGEANT

Yes, go on in.

PETE PUTRID

You see, Joe, the Sergeant is a prime
example of loyalty to the force. Always
on the job, even when he's feeling a
little under the weather.

JOE and PUTRID start to walk towards the scene of the crime. JOE accidentally kicks the SERGEANT's crutch from under his arm. The SERGEANT begins to teeter.

JOE

Well done, Sergeant.

JOE pats the SERGEANT on the back sending him flat on his face.

38. EXT. SHACK. NIGHT.

38

The FORENSIC EXPERT comes out of the shack and meets up with PETE PUTRID and JOE. In the background we still see the coffin being brought in. The FORENSIC EXPERT tries to greet PUTRID but they get it mixed up; the man holds out his hand and PUTRID salutes, then the man salutes but PUTRID holds out his hand.

PETE PUTRID

Find anything, any prints?

FORENSIC EXPERT

Just one, over there.

The FORENSIC EXPERT points to a wall bearing a thumb print about six feet in diameter.

JOE

You find anything else interesting?

FORENSIC EXPERT

Yes, this. What do you think?

He shows JOE a girlie magazine full of big-breasted naked women.

JOE

Sorry, I've already read it.

During their conversation we hear flash bulbs going off.

39. INT. SHACK. NIGHT.

39

PUTRID and JOE enter the shack followed by the end of the coffin and the rear pallbearer. They stop beside a photographer taking shots of a topless girl against a colored backdrop with the aid of mobile studio umbrella-flash lamps and cameras.

PUTRID and JOE's faces are twisted in horror as they look into the room where the murder took place. The body has been chopped up into pieces: two legs with the pant legs still on, the arms still in their shirt and jacket sleeves, the head face down with only the nape or its neck showing, the clothed torso with necktie, then a side of beef and various hamburgers lying around the room...

JOE

You sure there was only one victim?
There's so much stuff here it looks
like it was twins.

We hear the BONGING of tower bells as we see a typical clock with Roman numerals: the hands shift to Midnight. ANGLE WIDENS to show it's not a tower clock but JOE's wristwatch with that type of face and those bells.

40. EXT. SHACK. (FULL MOON IN THE SKY) NIGHT. 40

Outside the shack among the trees clouds part and a foreboding full moon appears...

41. INT. SHACK. NIGHT. 41

Suddenly like in "Hellraiser" the human parts begin to move closer to each other, the hamburgers begin frying...a cook's spatula flips them over...from the shadows on the wall we understand that the body is recomposing itself, now it's whole again and moving; it's Luciano Pavarotti (look-alike) who starts singing "O sole mio".

PAVAROTTI

"Che bella cosa na jurnata e sole,
l'aria serena dopo la tempesta..."

42. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAWN. 42

To the notes of "O Sole Mio" we're back to Jane's car.
A COW raises her head skyward and explodes in a

COW

Cockadoodledooooooooo!

43. INT. DUBBING STUDIO. DAY. (OMITTED) 43

44. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. 44

A MOTORCYCLE COP straight out of CHIPS pulls up to JANE's parked car. The motorcycle, a huge Harley-Davidson, has thirty headlights, and the COP is black, 6'6" with a tough, square-jawed face.

We follow the COP's boots to JANE's car door. A welcome mat, bottle of milk and newspaper sit on the ground outside the door.

In the car, JANE in curlers and dressing gown is brushing her teeth.

The COP leans in the window to question her. His voice is high and effeminate.

COP

Got a problem, Ma'am?

JANE

Yes, the tar on my gums, it's really unsightly...

COP

May I see your driver's license, please?

JANE rummages in her purse, trying to keep the COP from seeing the money, and fishes out her license.

The COP opens the license, and suddenly an enormous rubber dangles down...

JANE

(promptly getting hold of it)
Ups, sorry, it's Joe's, my boyfriend.

COP

Oooooo! Can I have JOE's phone number?

JANE

No!

The angry COP moves to the rear of the car and checks the license plate. CU on the personalized number:

FUCK U 6445

COP

(To himself)
It wouldn't be the first time...

The COP goes to his cycle and pulls off his helmet. Under it he's wearing a DJ's earphones. He picks up the radio mike and presses the call button.

HQ replies instantly:

HQ VOICE

Come in, Romeo 6, anything to report?

The COP rams a cassette into the stereo tape deck on his cycle, and a hot disco beat provides the background to his report, which he "raps" in a shrill grating voice as he does a Michael Jackson dance around the cycle.

COP

("rapping")
Good mornin' Lou and Harold too,
an' I wanna tell you the sky is blue,
an' I'm way out here after checkin' my gear,
an' loadin' my gun, I've just stopped a hon'...

45. INT. POLICE H.Q. DAY.

45

At HQ, the row of radio operators disgustedly switch off their transceivers...

46. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (SCENE CONTINUES)

46

The COP is back in front of the car. JANE, all dressed and putting the last touches to her make up, eyes him like a sow in heat.

COP

Well, everything seems ok, but don't forget, when the cat's away...

He looks at JANE expectantly, waiting for her to finish the saying.

COP (continues)

...when the cat's away...?

JANE's in trouble...

JANE

Uh....uh...there's a silver lining?

The COP squints at her suspiciously. Hands back her license:

COP

The mice will play!

JANE drives off very slowly. After five yards, she suddenly tromps on the gas pedal and leaves the COP in a cloud of dust covering him from head to toe in dirt.

COP

"There's a silver lining"...I don't buy that.

The COP turns to go. As he turns around we see his back -- it is perfectly clean.

47. EXT. DESERT ROAD. DAY.

47

JANE'S car drives along a desert road. She whisks past CAMERA to reveal a polar bear or seal crossing the road.

48. EXT. DESERT ROAD. JANE'S CAR. DAY.

48

The car tears along the country road.

JANE glances in her rearview mirror and sees the COP tailing her.

The SUSPENSE MUSIC grows...

SUSPENSE MUSIC

EXTREME CU of JANE under stress. The MUSIC grows unbearable... She changes radio stations, and the SOUNDTRACK becomes a smoochy instrumental tune.

SMOOCHY INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

JANE checks the mirror: the COP is no longer there. She relaxes.

49. OMITTED.

49

50. OMITTED. 50

51. OMITTED. 51

52. EXT. FBI OFFICE BUILDING. EVENING. 52

Establishing shot of FBI building.

53. INT. FBI OFFICES. MAIN AREA. EVENING. 53

From the other end of the office we see HILARY CLINTON being escorted into the office towards the cells. She is handcuffed and curses the police officers who have arrested her. Four photographers trail her, snapping pictures of her as she rants.

HILARY

This is a free country -- I know my rights! You can't arrest me!

POLICEMAN

Ma'am, smoking a cigar in a non-smoking restaurant is a federal offence.

HILARY

My husband will hear about this...
You'll pay for this...

POLICEMAN

Can't pay much more than what we're paying already, lady.

HILARY is taken away by the two police officers. CAMERA follows them out and stops at:

54. INT. FBI OFFICES. PUTRID'S OFFICE. EVENING. 54

JOE is speaking to a group of colleagues sitting in armchairs and at their desks in the spacious head office. All have their backs to him.

JOE

...and so in conclusion let me say that if we want to nail the psychokiller it's going to take teamwork, your teamwork, because you're the best of the bunch: so, guys, chin up, chest out and keep those eyes open!

The agents are all asleep, some in their chairs, others leaning against each other at their desks, some on their feet leaning against the wall. Our SERGEANT is sleeping on a hospital bed with both legs suspended from wires. In corner of the room PUTRID calls over to JOE. He's holding a phone in one hand, a mildewed cheese sandwich in the other with green liquid dripping from it, and he's talking with his mouth full.

PETE PUTRID

Hey Joe, it's the Mayor. He wants to know what's happening with the Psychokiller case, I told him you're handling it...

(to himself)

...so if there's any fuck-up it's his ass....

JOE comes over and Putrid hands him the phone.

PETE PUTRID

Don't worry he's very understanding...

PUTRID turns to the window where a canary hangs in a cage and burps with a liberating sigh; the canary instantly keels over and lies on the floor of the cage with its legs straight up.

JOE moves around the huge office with the receiver in his hand; the cord keeps lengthening behind him. When he retraces his steps the cord winds around a colleague's neck and strangles him; other agents get tangled up in it.

JOE

Mr. Mayor it's nice to meet you,
I'm agen-

MAYOR (OFF)

(his voice is acid, he shouts
like a madman)

It's not nice to meet you! 121 murders in
one month, all committed by a single crook!
What the hell are you doing about it I'd
like to know! Hanh?!

JOE

Your Honor I've contacted just the man who
can unravel this mess...

During his frenetic wandering back and forth we discover a Mexican cleaning woman who's hanging out her wash on a free section of the telephone cord; the office by now is piled high with tangled cord, with agents and passersby trapped in it everywhere.

MAYOR (OFF)

(more furious than ever)

Listen, agent, I'll give you 48 hours:
if you don't bring me that killer's head
your career will be over before it begins!
If you have an informer, pressure him, squeeze
him, make him spill everything he knows!

JOE walks out the front door of the FBI building and down the steps to his car, still holding the phone with the cord trailing behind him.

JOE

Don't you worry, sir, the Psychokiller's days are numbered. If you don't trust me because you don't know me, surely you trust Pete Putrid's squad?

MAYOR (OFF)

Noooo! The only thing they've come up with in the last two years is a parking ticket - and the car was mine!

JOE has gotten into his car: he starts the engine.

JOE

Thank you, Mr. Mayor, you've been a great help.

He hangs the receiver up on a typical public phone hook attached to the dashboard of his car.

JOE

Where'd I put my weapon...

He searches his pocket, then looks behind him with a smile.

JOE

Ah! There it is, how stupid of me.

The car starts off towing a trailer on which sits a howitzer, while the phone cord trailing from the car door drags a knot of people tangled up in it out of the building entrance....

56. EXT. DARK ROAD. NIGHT.

56

JANE'S car drives past CAMERA in the rain.

57. EXT. DARK ROAD. JANE'S CAR. NIGHT.

57

JANE is driving in a torrential downpour.

The visibility grows worse, and she puts the wipers on high speed.

The downpour has become a cascade. With visibility down to zero, JANE slams on the brakes.

CRASH OF REAR-END COLLISION

JANE's car has been rammed by the Special Effects Crew's water truck, which was behind her spraying her car with "rain".

The countryside all around is dry as a bone.

DISSOLVE TO:

58. INT. JANE'S CAR. NIGHT.

58

JANE is driving again. It's still raining. She peers out the windshield looking for something.

59. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. NIGHT. (JANE'S POV)

59

She suddenly spots a motel and an old house and decides to stop for the night.

60. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. NIGHT.

60

She pulls up outside the motel. Gets out of the car.

The office is deserted. JANE glances at a gloomy house on a little hill behind the motel.

61. EXT. CEMETERY HOUSE, NIGHT (JANE'S POV)

61

She sees a shadow at a window, but then a VOICE right behind her makes her jump...

ANTONIO (OS)

Good evening.

62. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. EVENING. (SCENE CONTINUES)

62

It's ANTONIO MOTEL, the motel owner.

A bolt of lightning splits the sky and lights up his satanical face.

ANTONIO

Welcome to the Cemetery Motel.

63. EXT. ROAD TO CEMETERY MOTEL. NIGHT.

63

The neon "CEMETERY MOTEL" sign suddenly blinks on.

63A. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. NIGHT.

63A

JANE

"Cemetery" is a strange name for a motel.

ANTONIO

This is not a motel called "Cemetery".
This is a cemetery called "Motel".

A bolt of lightning illuminates the tombstones around the motel.

ANTONIO

My name is Antonio Motel... I come from
a long line of Motels, owners of this
piece of land that has been ignored by
one and all.

They start to walk towards the office.

ANTONIO (CONTINUES)
Here one really rests in peace.

64. INT. CEMETERY MOTEL OFFICE. NIGHT. 64

JANE steps into the office. ANTONIO follows, quickening his pace, when he hears a strange SOUND in the distance...

65. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. NIGHT. 65

Out of the darkness and through the rain comes a cluster of 30 headlights: it's the MOTORCYCLE COP. He doesn't see Jane's parked car.

COP
Boy I've had a shitty day!

He accelerates and exits FRAME.

66. INT. CEMETERY MOTEL OFFICE. NIGHT. 66

The office is small and stark.

JANE
I'd like a room.

ANTONIO
With pleasure.

A flash of lightning again lights up his maniacal face. THUNDER rumbles through the room. Through the window behind ANTONIO we see the same lightning bolt hit the COP on his motorcycle.

ANTONIO
I have one -

A second CLAP OF THUNDER drowns out his voice.

CLAP OF THUNDER

This sets off a sequence in which ANTONIO repeatedly tries to speak, but is cut off each time by a CLAP OF THUNDER.

JANE stares at him, not understanding a word.

ANTONIO whistles innocently. Pretends to speak...

CLAP OF THUNDER

ANTONIO
Sorry, but the storms around here are really treacherous, they sneak up on you and stab you in the back, cut right through to the bone...

JANE

Listen...

ANTONIO

(getting carried away)
...blow after blow after blow...

JANE

I'd like a room.

ANTONIO

(seized by a madness)
...striking, slicing, cutting, hacking,
lopping...
(he abruptly gets hold of
himself)
...right away, Ma'am. I have one all
made up, Cabin 13. See, it's the
off-season. During the season we're
closed. Pick a key, any key. They're
all the same.

The keys on the rack are all numbered 13.

JANE

Talk about rotten luck, I hate 13.

ANTONIO

I'll take you there. This way, please...

He starts to usher her out.

JANE

Is it nice and cool?

ANTONIO

Oh, very cool.

JANE steps outside.

ANTONIO

Cool?... It's very cool. Cold as a tomb.

He steps out after her as a deafening ROLL OF THUNDER echoes overhead.

ROLL OF THUNDER

67. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. FRONT PORCH. NIGHT.

67

JANE and ANTONIO stop at the first door along the porchway. They look toward the road and see...

68. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

68

An ambulance. Two medics are loading the scorched and smoking Cop onto a stretcher.

MEDIC

What happened, Officer?

COP

(more effeminate than usual)

Mmmm a sudden lightning bolt got me from behind
...what a charge, it was beautiful!

69. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. FRONT PORCH. NIGHT. (SCENE CONTINUES)

69

ANTONIO

Here we are.

Cabin 13 is right next to the office.

JANE

Thank you. Good night, Mr. Motel.
Where are you from? You have a
strange accent.

ANTONIO

I'm originally Italian.

JANE

Ah, you're Italian -- I love Italy.
(dreamy) your beautiful cities...
London, Paris, Moscow -- what a
wonderful country.

ANTONIO

I'm sorry I don't remember your name,
y'know, nobody ever comes here, it's
hard to remember them all.

JANE

My name is Jane...

ANTONIO

Ah, Jane, like my cousin Maria. If
You need anything, just knock on
the wall, I won't answer anyway.
Ah, I almost forgot, I'd like you
to have dinner with me later. There's
an Italian restaurant quite close with
does terrific Italian food.

JANE

Ah, great! I love Italian. Let's go!

ANTONIO
I'm sorry, it's closed.

JANE
Well, see what you can do. I can
never get to sleep unless I get
something into my...

She strikes a seductive pose and pats the lower part of her stomach.

JANE (continues)
...tummy.

She breaks into a stripper's gyrations...

DAVID ROSE "STRIPPER" - STYLE MUSIC

and wiggles her way into her cabin, tossing a last sexy look over her
shoulder and licking her lips...

70. INT. JANE'S CABIN. NIGHT.

70

The classic sparsely furnished room of a 1950's motel.

JANE hangs her coat on a hook. The walls are lined with paintings of
dead bodies with knives sticking in them. A bookshelf is stuffed with
mystery books, a skull, and a skeleton hand bookend.

JANE picks up the remote control to switch on the TV and checks the
programs on the pay tv catalogue: the titles of the day, completed
with gory pictures, are: THREE TIMES DISMEMBERED; DEAD, MINCED AND
EATEN ALIVE; LOVE STORY (with the picture of Ali McGraw and Ryan
O'Neal). Suddenly, distant HEATED VOICES attract her attention.

71. EXT. JANE'S CABIN. WINDOW. NIGHT.

71

She goes to the window and looks out...

72. EXT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. NIGHT. (JANE'S POV)

72

Silhouetted against a lit second-floor window of the scary house, is
the outline of the MOTHER. In another window on the same floor,
ANTONIO is hanging the wash out. He is arguing with his
mother.

MOTHER (O.S.)
How many times have I told you, no
women in the house!

ANTONIO
But Mummy, she looks like a perfectly
decent guest. And she has a nice back,
nice and wide...

MOTHER (O.S.)
You did wrong and that's that! Fanculo!
You must have straw in your head, you
Stronzo, Stupido!

73. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. FRONT PORCH. NIGHT.

73

JANE and ANTONIO meet on the porch outside the office. ANTONIO is carrying a tray with a covered casserole dish.

JANE
I hope I haven't created a problem,
Mr. Motel.

ANTONIO
No, no problem. I remembered you love
italian food: do you like spaghetti?

JANE
Yes, terrific!

ANTONIO
Oh, I'm sorry. I prepared tacos.

ANTONIO walks towards the office.

ANTONIO (continues)
Come on, since I can't invite you up to
the house, because of my mummy, my
mother.... how can I put it... Daddy...
we'll eat in my office. See? It's
stopped raining outside.

74. INT. CEMETERY MOTEL OFFICE. NIGHT.

74

The office is in darkness. ANTONIO turns on the light: it's pouring rain in the room.

JANE
My God, it's pouring in here!

ANTONIO
Ah! I said "outside".

He steps into his back parlor. JANE follows.

75. INT. CEMETARY MOTEL OFFICE. BACK PARLOR. NIGHT.

75

The parlor walls are crammed with stuffed fish. JANE eyes them curiously: a herring, a salmon, a trout, a swordfish piercing a haybale, and then see a stuffed horse's ass with wings and straw coming out of it. ANTONIO places the tacos on a table.

JANE

What a strange office, you like to stuff fish?

ANTONIO

How'd you guess? It's been my hobby since I was a bambino. This area is full of lakes.

He walks under several trophies. JANE bends over provocatively to have some tacos.

JANE

So you like stuffing things?...

JANE sits in an armchair, munching a taco. Just to be sure, she checks it.

JANE

How'd you ever get into such a weird hobby?

ANTONIO

I don't know, you get into it and then it... kinda takes over...

He passes beneath a chair hanging from the wall.

JANE

So you spend all your time stuffing fish and... arguing with your mother.

ANTONIO

Arguing with my mother? My mother and I are good friends. Mamma is my best friend.

He launches into a retouched version of Marilyn Monroe's song "My Heart Belongs To Daddy", with "Mummy" substituting "Daddy". An ORCHESTRAL BACKGROUND underscores the song.

ANTONIO

(SING SONG)... "but my heart belongs to Mummy-y-y-y!"

ANTONIO does a weird dance with JANE during which her head bangs against various pieces of furniture.

JANE

Very good! You know "Yamma Ya"?

ANTONIO

No.

JANE
That one that goes...

She gets up and starts singing and dancing to the famous Neapolitan song "Funiculi Funicula". This time it is Antonio's turn to receive a dose of punishment.

An ORCHESTRAL BACKGROUND underscores her performance.

JANE
"....Yamma yamma, yamma yamma ya-a..."

ANTONIO links arms with her and joins in a funny little dance with strange bounces and gestures, moving out...

JANE AND ANTONIO
"Yamma yamma n'coppa yamma ya,
funiculi funicula funiculi funicula...
n'coppa yamma ya funiculi funicula-a-a!!

76. EXT. CEMETARY HOTEL. FRONT PORCH. NIGHT.

76

JANE stops outside her door. With a mischievous smile she turns to ANTONIO.

JANE
I'm going to take a shower. When
I'm done, if you're not tired, why
don't you join me?

ANTONIO
Why, are you coming apart?

JANE looks at ANTONIO, baffled. She continues.

JANE
We could have a little... something...
before turning in. All you have to do is
knock...

She makes a knocking gesture in front of his nose, then enters her cabin and shuts the door.

CU of ANTONIO staring at the door.

ANTONIO
Knock, huh?

His fist suddenly jerks into FRAME clutching a mean-looking knife. He stabs the door several times.

ANTONIO
(repeating maniacally)
Knock knock!

ANTONIO, his eyes wide open, moves along the porch back to the office, repeatedly stabbing the wall.

ANTONIO
Knock knock...knock knock....
I don't know why but my head
feels strange tonight.

77. INT. JANE'S CABIN. NIGHT.

77

JANE is undressing. As each garment slips to the floor, she becomes more and more sensual.

As her dress slides down her body, CAMERA moves beyond her to a painting of 100 eyes. One of them moves...

78. INT. CEMETARY MOTEL OFFICE. BACK PARLOR. NIGHT.

78

The eye is ANTONIO's. Face glued to the wall, he peeks through a hole...

79. INT. JANE'S CABIN. NIGHT. (ANTONIO'S POV)

79

JANE languidly continues to undress. She lifts her leg and begins to roll down her thigh-high stocking.

80. INT. CEMETARY MOTEL OFFICE. BACK PARLOR. NIGHT. (SCENE CONTINUES) 80

ANTONIO'S strained and sweating face, the tongue between his lips, his strange movement, makes us think that he is masturbating.

ANGLE WIDENS from ANTONIO'S face to reveal him sitting astride a workbench, his feet pedalling a grindstone on which he's sharpening an already very sharp knife. His eye never leaves the hole.

81. INT. JANE'S CABIN. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

81

JANE stands in front of the shower and takes off her bathrobe and CU of her FEET. First we see the bra and panties fall on the floor, and then we also see an overnight bag fall on the floor, followed by a Roman helmet, a scuba tank, two silicone breast implants.

IN THE SHOWER:

JANE's hand turns on the shower...

CU on bath gel whose brand name is 'VIOLENT DEATH.' She pours a little on a sponge and then the CAMERA follows her arm as she moves to wash her breasts--she has three.

SUSPENSE MUSIC

CU on JANE's suspicious face.

SUSPENSE MUSIC GROWS

Through the plastic curtain surrounding the tub, JANE thinks she sees a SHADOW...

SUSPENSE MUSIC GROWS DEAFENING

JANE yanks open the shower curtain.

IN THE BATHROOM:

The bathroom is filled with MUSICIANS playing the suspense music. The MUSICIANS freeze.

SUSPENSE MUSIC STOPS DEAD

As if caught in the act, the MUSICIANS get up and leave.

IN THE SHOWER:

Suddenly....A SHADOW...

A HAND tears the curtain open. Out of the semi-darkness, the figure of the MOTHER starts stabbing JANE repeatedly with a wicked knife.

In rapid succession, we see a series of CAMERA shots similar to Hitchcock's ones in the stabbing scene, the knife stabs at her foot, then at her elbow, then at a birthday cake with "CEMETARY MOTEL" written on it, then on JANE who poses as a pin up when the knifedriffs next to her face. JANE turns to reveal dotted lines on her back, similar to those in the illustrations of butchery animals.

JANE

I knew 13 was a shitty number...

THE MOTHER, seeing JANE is still alive, stabs her twice more as hard as she can...

JANE

(groaning)

I never got to take my shower...

Another two stabs.. JANE rips the curtain down.

JANE

...or have a little something before turning in...

The MOTHER shoots her two or three times in the back with a revolver.

JANE

I wonder who the hell is gonna enjoy my money...

The MOTHER whips out an AK47 and fires a burst into her back.

JANE raises her head as if to make another comment...

The MOTHER pulls a bazooka out from under her skirt and takes aim...

83. INT. JANE'S CABIN. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 83

ANGLE on the half-open door of the bathroom: we see the flash and hear the explosion, while we see a shower of fragments of tiles and smoke through the flash of the bazooka going off, as FLOOR-LEVEL CAMERA TRACKS BACKWARD to the cabin door. A newspaper lands IN FRAME. Block headlines read:

SECRETARY KNIFED IN SHOWER
Killer May Have Been Helped
By Army

The front page photo shows JANE half-buried under spent shells and abandoned weapons.

84. EXT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 84

The usual second-floor window is lit: we see ANTONIO'S silhouette as he argues with his Mummy.

ANTONIO
Mummy, what have you done? What's
all this blood?

MOTHER (OS)
How the fuck should I know? How
dumb can a son get? First he makes
a mess, then he comes and asks me!

Antonio's MOTHER kicks him squarely in the groin. ANTONIO doubles over in pain.

85. INT. JANE'S CABIN. BATHROOM. NIGHT. (OMITTED) 85

86. EXT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. NIGHT. (OMITTED) 86

87. INT. JANE'S CABIN. NIGHT. 87

The purse slung over his shoulder, ANTONIO drags JANE's body, wrapped in the shower curtain, out of Cabin 13.

ANTONIO
She's dead... She's dead.

88. EXT. CEMETARY'S MOTEL. FRONT PORCH. NIGHT. 88

Her hands suddenly grab hold of the door frame.

ANTONIO
She's not dead.

There's a tug-of-war.

89. EXT. CEMETARY'S MOTEL. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

89

ANTONIO wins, and with great effort drags the body toward JANE's car. He opens the trunk and starts to dump her in...

JANE's arms have become twenty yards long. ANTONIO rapidly "reels" them in.

He dumps in the purse and shouts the trunk, glances furtively around, climbs into the car and drives out of FRAME.

ANTONIO

(to himself)

It's lucky no-one saw me.

The next instant a PRIEST flanked by ALTAR BOYS enters FRAME, following him. They're followed in turn by a FUNERAL PROCESSION of weeping RELATIVES and many MOURNERS.

DISSOLVE TO:

90. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT.

90

A sinister shroud of mist hangs over a swamp near the motel. CAMERA PANS to reveal ANTONIO pushing Jane's car into a mucky bog...As the car sinks into the muck, ANTONIO nervously chews his fingernails.

The car continues to sink. ANTONIO walks away smiling, while we see the sign:

DO NOT THROW LITTER IN THE POND
AREA PROTECTED BY WWF & EPA

CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing numerous car wrecks, toxic cans, skeleton legs sticking out from the mud, the half buried fuselage of a plane.

A RUSTLING in the reeds at the edge of the bog...

91. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT. (LATER ON)

91

Out of the muck emerges the MUMMY from Terence Fisher's 1959 movie. He holds JANE's limp body in his arms...

He lays her down in a clearing and stares at her.

JANE moans: she's still alive! She bites her lip in pain, but her expression is... sensual.

The MUMMY gets turned on. His tongue slithers out between the bandages. The bandages over his groin begin to bulge...and split open...The MUMMY straddles JANE... from behind the bushes, the MUMMY's bandages shoot up into the air. We hear the couple's GRUNTS.

The MUMMY's hand appears and drapes a fistful of bandages, then a section of arm - which is immediately retrieved...

JANE

Wow, well this end ain't broken.

CRUNCH!

JANE

Oops, sorry.

The MUMMY lets out a scream and runs off with his hands on his crotch.

MUMMY

Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh!

DISSOLVE TO:

92. EXT. JOE'S APARTMENT. DAY.

92

Establishing shot of JOE's apartment.

93. INT. JOE'S APARTMENT. DAY.

93

JOE is at the dining room table writing a letter.
INSERT: We read the letter...

JOE'S VOICE

Dear Jane, My darling, I've been thinking about what you said. You're right, the hell with being broke, let's get married anyway, all I really want is you. Therefore please fill out the attached form: A) Is the house you live in yours? B) Please list all stocks and bonds held. C) List any other possessions of value: furs, jewelry, stamp collections etc...

A white angora cat leaps onto the table and purrs as she rubs against JOE's hand. He impatiently grabs her by the tail and tosses her away. The cat lands against a whirring fan near the door; a cloud of white fur billows up over a painting of a snowy landscape and floats back down creating a snowstorm effect. The fan tips over on the floor while the meowing cat flees. CAMERA TILTS UP from the fan lying on the floor to reveal LILY wearing a red dress with her back to us. The breeze from the fan lifts the back of her skirt showing off her beautiful legs. She glances at JOE from over her shoulder. She looks stunning. JOE is mesmerized. LILY turns to CAMERA and we discover that she is extremely pregnant.

JOE

What's with
(he points to Lily's stomach)
...that!?

What? LILY

JOE
You're pregnant!

LILY
Pregnant? Are you crazy?! Listen,
buster, I'll break your face! Where
have you hidden my sister Jane.

JOE
You're Jane's sister? So that's why she
never invited me to her house, she was
afraid of competition from uh... what's
your name?

LILY
My name is Lily.

JOE
Ah, Lily. And I bet your last name is
like Jane's.

LILY
Yes, Lily Wine.

JOE
Wine?

LILY
No thanks, I'm a teetotaller. Enough of
this, I want to know where Jane is. She
been missing since Friday.

JOE
Jane, gone? My God I had no idea,
that's terrible. I'm very worried...
(suddenly becoming very suave)
What're you doing for dinner tonight?
We might come up with some ideas
together.

LILY
Cut it out, I don't believe a word
you're saying.

JOE (continues)
Can I offer you an egg nog?

LILY
Cut it out, tell me where you
stashed Jane or I'll call the
cops!

VOICE (OS)

No need to do that.

Standing at the front door is detective MARTIN BALSAM (who played the same role in the original "Psycho").

BALSAM

Hi, my name is Martin Balsam, I'm a private eye.

JOE

Come in.

BALSAM

No, I'm sorry, I never enter a house without a search warrant.

BALSAM enters.

LILY

Can you show me your i.d.?

He comes over and flashes his ID.

INSERT: the photo on the card is not of Balsam but of a luscious blonde.

JOE

You know you look better in pictures.

BALSAM

You should see me in a bikini.

LILY

Hey, I know you - yeah, yeah, I remember, I saw you entering JOE's apartment.

JOE looks at her in bewilderment.

LILY (continues)

It was, it was...about 20 seconds ago.

BALSAM

Very good. Good memory.

JOE

(to Balsam)

I, I 'm FBI agent JOE D. Foster.

The two try to greet each other but BALSAM holds out his hand while JOE gives a military salute and vice versa.

JOE

What brings you here?

BALSAM

I was tailing this young lady.
I'm looking for your sister too.

JOE

My sister? I'm an only child. If I had a
sister I would have married her.

BALSAM

Who cares about your sister? Her sister.
(to Lily)
I was hired by your sister's boss,
Mr. Laurel. Your sister took off
with...\$400,000.

JOE

Fu - \$400,000?! She shouldn't have
done that. I'll go find her right
now!

He dashes out of the apartment, pulling his jacket on.
BALSAM moves to stop him, but is held back by LILY.

LILY

Let him go, he's very much in love..

BALSAM

With your sister?

LILY

No, with money. Whenever he comes
to see her he puts in for travel
expenses.

BALSAM

It's all beginning to fit: sucked
dry, she got wise and split with a
refill from Mr. Laurel, that nice, nice man.

LILY

Did you get a good impression from him?

BALSAM

No. But I got a nice check. I have an
idea, but I cannot explain it to you.
I'm convinced that your sister is hiding
out around here somewhere.

LILY

What makes you so sure?

BALSAM

What?

LILY

That she's around here somewhere.

BALSAM

Around here somewhere? Don't be stupid.
Only an idiot would say that. Right.
As soon as I get a lead I'll let you
know.

He starts to walk out.

LILY

(optimistic)

Thank you, Inspector, I'm sure you'll
find my sister. He'll break the case
he'll break the case...

Balsam walks straight into the wall behind the open door.

LILY

(abruptly pessimistic)

He'll break his nose he'll break
his nose...

94. EXT. HOLLYWOOD NUTHOUSE. DAY.

94

Establishing shot.

95. INT. HOLLYWOOD NUTHOUSE. UBMW WING. DAY.

95

JOE is going to the wing where DOCTOR ANIMAL is being held. As he
moves forward, behind him he HEARS gates being closed repeatedly:
closure....2 turns of a lock, closure, 2 turns of a lock,
closure....An inhuman SCREAM echoes in the distance;

GUARD (OFF)

Arrrgh!! You stupid sonofabitch how
many times have I told you, LOOK before
you slam the gate to see if there's
anybody in it!

This is immediately followed by SOUNDS of a scuffle.

JOE walks past CAMERA which lingers on a poster tacked to the brick
wall which reads:

CITY OF HOLLYWOOD - The Mayor announces
a visit today by FBI Agent Joe D. Foster
to Doctor Animal. You are kindly requested
to tell no one. TOP SECRET.

96. INT. HOLLYWOOD NUTHOUSE. ANIMAL'S WING. DAY.

96

JOE passes a cell full of screaming MEN POSSESSED. But also in the next cell there's screaming and brawling: the RAPE CULTURISTS.

RAPE CULTURISTS

- Help, let us out...we can't take any more!
- Have mercy, we want a lawyer!
- Somebody stop her, she's too much, she's squeezing us like lemons!

Behind them the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN with the torn clothes who was being raped during Joe's first visit is trying to drag her cellmates into the bed.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Come on you softies, I want it again!
You've only done it once each today, you've got to get your average up!

In the next cell, sitting on the bed with a pen in his mouth, is a ... man's torso, no arms or legs. Before it stands the crazy woman from JOE's first visit: she's holding a notebook in one hand while she brandishes her hatchet in the other.

MISERY WOMAN

Come on, honey, write that Misery is still alive, come on, I haven't got much of you left to cut up!

JOE continues, passing by a cell from which blue smoke is wafting. It is the cell of HILARY CLINTON. Inside, she is puffing a huge cigar and is talking on the phone, and is surrounded by the four photographers who continue to snap pictures.

HILARY

(on the phone)

Bill, I told you. You shouldn't have passed that fucking law!

96A. INT. ANIMAL'S CELL. DAY.

96A

JOE has come to ANIMAL's cell.

JOE

Doctor Animal, excuse me...

DOCTOR ANIMAL appears, lifting himself into frame as in Coppola's "Dracula". He is sporting the same hairstyle.

DOCTOR ANIMAL

Don't tell me anything: you're black, yes...you're Agent Parker, you're you're wearing white and you've come to tell me my sentence has been reduced.

ANIMAL turns and sees it's JOE again.

JOE

Hi, at least you got the agent part right today.

Animal ears start flapping, then he desperately starts to pace the cell.

DOCTOR ANIMAL

I can't take it anymore, shut up in here, I'll end up going crazy, I need to talk to someone, to feel a brain in my hands: pizza with brain was my specialty, you know...

JOE

I know, Doctor Animal, I'm here to offer you a deal. My woman has disappeared and I'm afraid she may have fallen into Psychokiller's clutches...you know who he is?

DOCTOR ANIMAL

And if I did, what can you offer, you're just a crummy agent with no power, you don't have a cent. Therefore I couldn't care less about your woman.

JOE

Forget me, but Jane has \$400,000 with her. And a dickhead private eye is running after her to get it back for the legitimate owner. I've got to get to her first, I mean we do: with just half that amount we could team up to open the ANIMAL PIZZA chain, right? Just think, for \$20 a shot: a pizza and a beer. And after 6 shot, the House Special cooked by Doctor Animal himself: PERSONALIZED PIZZA, with your own arm, and ear, your loved one diced up like mozzarella...

ANIMAL's eyes glow with the thought.

DOCTOR ANIMAL

It's been years since anyone has talked to me so romantically. Okay, Psycho was a customer of mine: I saw right away that he was an interesting subject when he managed to escape from the meat slicer I'd tied him to - I was going to slice him up for pizza with ham. He was great, you know, all lean meat, not an ounce of fat. The next time, he came with his mother, what a nice lady...we got over twenty portions out of her...

JOE

What? With Psycho's help you killed his mother?

DOCTOR ANIMAL

We tried to, but she ate all the pizza before the oven got hot and escaped. Since then, the killer whose real name is Antonio, began to hate his mother who had made him look bad in front of me, his maestro.

JOE

Doctor Animal, before my doll...our dollars come to a bad end, where is Antonio?

DOCTOR ANIMAL

He's very near, very near...and he'll be even nearer when he sees the contract, the logo and the decoration plans for ANIMAL PIZZA. Remember, we have a deal... But I'm tired.... I must rest... We'll talk later.

DOCTOR ANIMAL leaps into the air and lands feet up on the ceiling. He crosses his arms and sleeps.

JOE

I don't know what it is, but there's something strange about Doctor Animal.

97. EXT. HOTEL "STRIP". NIGHT.

97

PUTRID and JOE are walking warily through an ill-famed neighborhood.

PETE PUTRID

If Psychokiller is anywhere near, according to Animal's theory we'll nail him: I've got undercover agents scouring all the worst sections of town, ready to pick up on anything suspicious.

They stop next to a little group of prostitutes with their backs to them.

PETE PUTRID

(indicating her)

What do you think?

JOE

Thanks, boss, but I'm on duty right now, I'll take a raincheck.

PETE PUTRID

Hey guys...any news?

The prostitutes turn around: they're old agents in drag, one has a moustache, one a terribly receding hairline and a pock-marked face...

AGENT-PROSTITUTE

Not a thing, boss. We haven't seen one suspicious item.

A car stops and a man leans out and addresses the Agent-Prostitute.

MAN

Hey Pretty Woman, how the years pass, huh?
How much you want?

AGENT-PROSTITUTE

20 bucks, but no kissing, got it?

MAN

Okay, okay, but I want the underarm tickling at no extra cost.

The Agent-Prostitute climbs into the car.

AGENT-PROSTITUTE

Sorry, boss, the kinda money you pay me, I gotta make ends meet somehow.

The car drives off and crosses paths with Inspector Balsam's car heading in the other direction toward the heart of the neighborhood.

98. EXT. EXORCIST MOTEL. (BALSAM'S CAR). NIGHT.

98

BALSAM leans out the window to read the motel signs...

The EXORCIST MOTEL; a night clerk stares out the office window at the passing car. Then his head starts to swivel around and around...

99. EXT. RIPPER INN. (BALSAM'S CAR). NIGHT.

99

The JACK THE RIPPER MOTOR INN; a luggage-laden bellboy comes out with a young lady in tow. The bellboy deposits the luggage on the sidewalk. The girl tips him, picks up her bags and traipses off. A hatchet and three butcher knives are embedded in her back...

100. EXT. MICHAEL JACKSON HOME. (BALSAM'S CAR). NIGHT.

100

BALSAM comes to the gloomiest place of all. The sign is hard to read. He leans way out to see better...it says MICHAEL JACKSON'S HOME.

BALSAM stomps on the gas pedal in terror.

101. EXT. CEMETARY MOTEL. FRONT PORCH. DAY.

101

ANTONIO is behind a hedge near the porch having a whiz.

SOUND OF CAR PULLING IN

ANTONIO turns to reveal in fact he's holding a hose pipe and is watering the flowers.

DETECTIVE BALSAM pulls up to the hotel. ANTONIO and BALSAM look at each other. BALSAM pushes a button, and is thrown out of the car, upwards, in an ejector seat. A few moments later he comes down with a parachute, landing in front of ANTONIO'S feet.

BALSAM

Hi there. This motel is so tucked away I almost didn't see it.

ANTONIO

Yeah it happens a lot. In fact I wanted to open an eye clinic there at the corner, see?

He points.

BALSAM

No.

ANTONIO

Think I'll open here too. Care for a cookie?

BALSAM

No thank you.

He takes the cookie and eats it.

ANTONIO

If you'd like a cabin, step on into the office.

BALSAM

No thanks, we can talk out here.

He hardly finishes the phrase when he steps inside.

ANTONIO follows.

102. MOTEL OFFICE. INT. DAY.

102

BALSAM shows ANTONIO a photo of Jane.

BALSAM

You know this woman? Ever seen her? Her name is...Jane Wine.

ANTONIO

Wine?

BALSAM

No thank you, I don't drink on duty.

He pulls out a bottle of Chianti and drowns it.

ANTONIO

I've never seen her.

On the wall behind BALSAM hangs a large poster of Jane.

BALSAM

You're absolutely sure?

ANTONIO (continues)

100% Scout's honor. Don't you believe me? You want to check the register?

BALSAM

I wouldn't dream of it.

BALSAM is already checking the register. His fore finger runs down a column of names: Jane Wine, Jane Wine, Jane Wine, Jane Wine, Jane Wine, Jane Wine, Jane Water. The finger stops.

BALSAM

Antonio, I think you better come clean. I recognize the anagram of her signature. When did she arrive?

ANTONIO is against the ropes. No way out. He babbles a confession.

ANTONIO

She was here...Sunday. But she... checked out the next morning.

BALSAM

Ah, Tuesday. Then what happened?

ANTONIO

Well, it's ...it's been a long time...

ANTONIO is extremely tense. Beads of sweat form on his forehead...

ANTONIO (continues)

It was raining, she was starving, so I whipped up some sharp kni - some sandwiches. After she ate she wasn't hungry anymore...

The beads turn to rivulets...

ANTONIO

Then she went right off to bed in the swam - in her suite...

The rivulets become a cascade.

Two windshield wipers pop into FRAME from below and begin wiping ANTONIO'S face...

ANTONIO (continues)
She told me she had a long trip
ahead of her the next morning...

BALSAM
How did she pay you?

ANTONIO
With a check.

He holds up a wad of bills.

ANTONIO (continues)
Now do you believe I'm telling
the truth?

BALSAM
(pocketing the money)
I don't really care. I'm not saying
you're not telling the truth, just that
you're a liar. Antonio, you're hiding
something from me...

ANTONIO
That's not true...

BALSAM
You're hiding something from me...

BALSAM opens abruptly ANTONIO'S shirt, and we discover that he wears a bra underneath.

ANTONIO
So, what's the problem?

BALSAM
Nothing, I thought you were wearing
a bra.

ANTONIO
Why don't you come with me, Mr. Balsam,
I have to make the beds. That way
you'll see I've told you all I know...

He starts out, murmuring diabolically to himself.

ANTONIO (continues)
It's not true, it's not true...

He pulls himself together and steps outside.

BALSAM follows with a distracted glance around the room that makes him walk into the wall rather than out the door.

102A. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. FRONT PORCH. DAY.

102A

Still stunned, BALSAM turns right instead of left toward the cabins.

103. EXT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. DAY. (BALSAM'S POV)

103

BALSAM notices someone at the window of the sinister house behind the motel... We see a large satellite dish on the roof of the house, then hear sounds of a TV set:

TV ANNOUCER (O.S.)
Julie Corman, come on down!
Let's hear it, folks!

BALSAM hears strange

HAMMERING NOISES

come from one of the motel cabins.

BALSAM looks through the doorway of the cabin where the noises are coming from.

104. INT. CEMETERY MOTEL. CABIN/FRONT PORCH. DAY.

104

Inside, ANTONIO is nailing several boards together.

BALSAM
What are you doing, Mr. Motel?

ANTONIO
I told you, making the bed. I make them every morning. I tell you, running a motel is a killing job... heheheheh.

He can't help the satanical snicker.

BALSAM
Listen Antonio, I saw somebody at the window in that house out back. Is anyone living there?

ANTONIO
No. I mean, yes, my mother. She's retired. The only thing she does is watch Wheel of Fortune on TV.

BALSAM
Listen Antonio, if Jane were still
here, in that house, you'd tell me,
wouldn't you?

ANTONIO goes to the doorway and confronts BALSAM nose to nose.

ANTONIO
Mr. Balsam, I would never lie.

BALSAM
Not even if Jane Wine gave you a
stack of money to keep your filthy
fork-tongued two-faced back-stabbing
bad-breathed mouth shut?

ANTONIO
Listen, no woman screws me...
(to self)
much less a half-assed private
dick like you...
(to Balsam)
As I was saying, even if she did
happen to screw me, she could never
have screwed my mother!

BALSAM
Ahah! So your mother met Jane.
I'd like to have a word with her.

ANTONIO
No way. I believe we have nothing
more to say to each other, Mr. Balsam.
Now please leave before I tell you to
(yelled)
GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!!

BALSAM
I'm not going anywhere until I've
talked to your mother. I'll be seeing
you.

105. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. PARKING LOT. DAY.

105

Contradicting himself once again, BALSAM walks out and climbs into his
car.

ANTONIO
I won't be seeing you.

BALSAM
Goodbye!

The starter whines but the engine doesn't catch. The two men
continue to say goodbye like in the old Laurel and Hardy movie.

ANTONIO & BALSAM
 Goodbye...goodbye....goodbye...
 goodbye...goodbye....goodbye...

106. EXT. CEMETARY'S MOTEL (FULL MOON IN THE SKY), NIGHT. 106

Clouds drift across the full moon above the motel. OS we hear the chirping of crickets and ANTONIO and BALSAM continuing to say goodbye.

107. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. FRONT PORCH. (LATER ON) NIGHT. 107

CU of ANTONIO in the dark. An off-screen ROAR. The car's headlights suddenly illuminate his diabolical face. The car backs up and drives off, leaving him alone in the eery moonlight.

ANTONIO
 What a jerk. He left without saying
 goodbye. He'll never find that woman.
 Her body is lifeless, unfeeling. No
 living soul will see eyes on her again.

QUICK CUT TO:

108. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT. 108

CU of JANE and the MUMMY still humping away.

JANE
 Aahhhhhh....

MUMMY
 Aaahhhh....

The MUMMY gets up, turns around and with a cavernous voice announces:

MUMMY
 Next.

CAMERA discovers a long line of monstrous beings waiting to make it with JANE: Dracula, Frankenstein, Visitors, zombies, Werewolf and Elephant Man...

109. EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH/LILY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 109

DETECTIVE BALSAM's car pulls up to a phone booth.

BALSAM steps into the booth, dials a number.

SPLIT SCREEN: BALSAM is on one side. On the other a nervous, rotund LILY answers the phone.

LILY
Hello, hello, helloooo!

BALSAM
Lily, calm down, it's me, Marty
Balsam. I found out where your sister
spent Sunday night.

LILY
(shouting hysterically)
Oh nooo! Why? ...Why? Oh God, why
her of all people?!...

BALSAM
Wait, I haven't said anything tragic,
Lily.

LILY
I'm sorry, I just remembered that
Barbara Streisand movie I saw last
night.

While speaking, the detective hands Lily a handkerchief through the
imaginary line that separates her from him in the other half of the
frame.

BALSAM
She slept at the Cemetary Motel. This
guy Antonio, the manager, crumbled
under pressure and confessed. Out
on the old freeway.

LILY
Who, the manager?

BALSAM
No, the motel.

LILY burst into tears again.

LILY
Oh, my God, no! Why?...

BALSAM
Wait a minute, Lily, I haven't
said anything about...

LILY
I'm sorry but I hate freeways. Please
go on.

BALSAM
Your sister had the cabin right next
to the office. Number 13.

LILY

Talk about jinxes! I'd rather get myself killed than sleep in a room with that number!

BALSAM

Come on, Lily, don't be so superstitious...

He opens his jacket to check his piece and we notice his collection of horseshoes, rabbit's feet and four-leaf clovers he has pinned to the lining. He closes his jacket and pats it reassuringly.

BALSAM (continues)

...13, that's a lot of hogwash. Anyway, I'm not satisfied yet. This guy has an invalid mother who I believe saw Jane. And whether Antonio Motel likes it or not, I'm going back to Motel's motel and question her.

LILY

It's your ass, that's what you're paid for, but don't think I'm going there with you.

BALSAM

Please, don't insist, I'm going there alone. A quick little talk and I'll get back to you in about an hour.
(suddenly goes gooey sweet)
A bientot, ma cherie...

LILY

I don't know how to thank you, I'll never forget what you... I was saying, I'll never forget... I'm...I'm uh...I forget.

DISSOLVE TO:

110. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

110

The DETECTIVE's car pulls up to the motel.

BALSAM gets out. He stealthily climbs the path toward the forbidding house behind the motel, bent on finding ANTONIO'S mother...

SUSPENSE MUSIC

111. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. FRONT PORCH. NIGHT.

111

Hidden in the motel porch shadows, ANTONIO watches...

112. EXT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

112

BALSAM gingerly climbs onto the front porch of the house. The only sound is the chirping of crickets. At the front door, BALSAM gives a last wary glance around and enters.

CAMERA shifts to a movie poster on the wall next to the door:

"DON'T OPEN THAT DOOR"

113. INT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. ENTRANCE AND STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

113

The front door opens directly into the living room. The house is like a tomb: decadent furniture, gloomy decor...

From beyond the curtains of a window comes the eery WHISTLING WIND typical of horror films.

A flash of lightning, thunder, the wind builds to a howl...

The curtains lift and flap violently, vases are blown off tables, chairs tip over, paintings fly off the walls. BALSAM is caught in the middle of this tempest.

One hand clamping his hat to his head, BALSAM leans into the wind and struggles toward the window. Reaches out to something hidden by the curtains... An air conditioner. Balsam yanks out the plug and the tempest vanishes as if by magic. The only sound is the chirping of crickets.

BALSAM's attention is drawn to the steep, forbidding staircase leading to the second floor. He removes his raincoat and we see that he has a colored dart board on his back.

CAMERA DOLLIES BACKWARD, "leading" BALSAM to the upper landing... But the CAMERAMAN bumps into a window sill behind him and topples backwards out the window.

The nice MIDDLE CLOSE-UP of BALSAM becomes a jerky jumble of ceiling, window and the outside wall of the house as we "feel" the CAMERAMAN fall and land with a tremendous jolt.

CAMERAMAN (OS)

Aahhhhhhhhhhh!

114. EXT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

114

From grass level, CAMERA continues to frame the upper window from which the cameraman fell. BALSAM leans out, trying to comprehend what's happened.

115. INT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. STAIRWAY. NIGHT (SCENE CONTINUES).

115

INSIDE: BALSAM is still leaning out the window. At the bottom of the stairs we see BACKLIT the silhouette of Antonio's mother. She raises her arms to reveal a Batman-type cape. She starts to fly, lands just behind BALSAM and stabs him.

BALSAM lurches backward. As in the original film, we see the famous shot of him suspended in mid-air and flapping his arms as he flies backward down the stairs... on the ceiling... out the house... over the parking lot where we find a crowd of people looking up to CAMERA, screaming. Up into the sky... along a freeway... ending up landing on the floor of the entrance hall at Antonio's house.

The MOTHER is instantly upon him, stabbing him over and over with her wicked knife.

DETAIL of her arm coming up for each new blow. First with the knife, then with a hatchet, then a file, then a carrot, then a vibrator...

The MOTHER's skirt fills the screen as she gets up. She steps away to reveal BALSAM's body stuck like a pin cushion with dozen of various knives, even in his hat, plus bananas, carrots, an umbrella, a fork... Sticking in his forehead is a plastic sword-shaped swizzle stick.

116. EXT. ANIMAL'S PIZZA JOINT. NIGHT.

116

The back doors of a pizza delivery van swing open and two POLICEMEN help DOCTOR ANIMAL climb out -- he's wearing a straitjacket.

DOCTOR ANIMAL

Agent Joe D. Foster here yet?

POLICEMAN

Not yet, but he should be here soon.

The OTHER POLICEMAN places a baseball mask onto DOCTOR ANIMAL.

POLICEMAN

I'm sorry but this is necessary. And you've promised to co-operate.

CUT TO:

A THIRD POLICEMAN winds up to pitch a baseball...

CUT TO:

The POLICEMAN now with a baseball bat, swings at the ball. Behind him, as catcher squats ANIMAL.

ANIMAL

(ripping his mask off)

What the hell kind of a swing is that?
You almost knocked my head off!

The two start to argue heatedly.

117. EXT. STREET CORNER. NIGHT.

117

SQUEALING TIRES. It's JOE arriving in his car, but he takes the corner too fast and instead of entering the street where they're waiting for him, he slides off the street and disappears behind a wall, from behind which comes a terrific CRASH and an explosion with flames and smoke shooting into the air.

118. EXT. ANIMAL'S PIZZA JOINT. NIGHT.

118

JOE emerges from the smoke and flames like in "Terminator". He steps over to DOCTOR ANIMAL who is no longer wearing the mask.

JOE

Doctor Animal, I kept our bargain:
this is the beginning of the Animal
Pizza Chain.

JOE presses a remote control button and suddenly colored neon lights flash on, lighting up the windows of a brand new pizza joint like an amusement park. Above the entrance is a fancy sign: "ANIMAL PIZZA".

DOCTOR ANIMAL

I can't believe it, all this for me...
(abruptly changes his tone)
Let me see the contract with the company
percentages.

JOE

Here. You want to see the license too?
Here.

The little group enters the pizzeria.

119. INT. ANIMAL'S PIZZA JOINT. NIGHT.

119

DOCTOR ANIMAL

We registered with the Chamber of
Commerce?

JOE

Here it is, and this is the rental
contract for the building and here's the
leasing contracts for the oven and equipment.

DOCTOR ANIMAL

The photos of the waitresses with their
phone numbers?

JOE shows ANIMAL each item he asks for.

DOCTOR ANIMAL

The cook's dental X-rays? The bathroom faucets? The spare tire for the cleaning woman's car? Okay! Looks like we're all set.

JOE

Where's Psychokiller, Doctor Animal? A deal is a deal, let's have it, spit it out.

ANIMAL turns to the counter and spits.

DOCTOR ANIMAL

He's right near here, just outside town at the Cemetary Motel: to avoid suspicion say you're a colleague of Detective Balsam's and that you're looking for him.

JOE sniffs sharply, he feels in his pockets for something, nothing.

JOE

I'm nervous, very nervous....excited...
anguished...I need something to calm me down..
something....I need,I need...

He lunges over to the counter, grabs a handful of flour and sprinkles out a six-foot long line, rolls up a sheet of paper and... snorts away. He straightens up: his face is completely white.

JOE

Thank you.

JOE runs out. ANIMAL turns to the agents.

DOCTOR ANIMAL

Well boys, how about a pizza? I mean we're old friends...two nice hot juicy pizzas...come on, free my hand, at least one...

The two agents look at each other: what's wrong with a bite to eat? One of them looks out at the street: no one's there.

120. EXT. ANIMAL'S PIZZA JOINT. NIGHT.

120

The AGENT lowers the shutter... CAMERA CLOSES IN on it, while we HEAR Animal's voice coming from inside as he gets ready to carry out his plan.

DOCTOR ANIMAL (OFF)

Thanks boys, I'll make you a pair of pizzas to die for....

The SOUND of a scimitar WHOOSHING and WHACKING, two strangled SCREAMS...

DOCTOR ANIMAL (OFF)
Gee, they already did!

121. EXT. ENTRANCE TO FREEWAY. JOE'S CAR. NIGHT. 121

JOE, coked to his glazed eyeballs and hair standing on end, careens up an exit ramp and onto a freeway the wrong way.

122. EXT. FREEWAY. NIGHT. 122

He starts to dodge oncoming cars, motorcycles, trucks...

123. INT. JOE'S CAR. NIGHT. 123

The car radio blares a traffic bulletin:

NEWSCAST
Warning to southbound motorists on
the Hollywood Freeway: there's some
nut coming at you the wrong way.

JOE swerves right and left...

JOE
Some? Must be two hundred!

124. EXT. ROAD TO CEMETERY MOTEL. NIGHT. 124

He roars down a ramp and onto the old road leading to the Cemetery Motel. Reads the motel sign. His POV: CAMERA PANS down from the word "Motel" to a skull and crossbones.

Now terrified, JOE begins to feel cravings for more coke. Finding nothing in his pockets, he pulls out the ash and butt-filled ashtray and empties it in one powerful snort.

124A. INT. JOE'S CAR. NIGHT. 124A

Now terrified, JOE begins to feel cravings for more coke. Finding nothing in his pockets, he pulls out the ash and butt-filled ashtray and empties it in one powerful snort.

125. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. NIGHT. 125

From inside JOE's car we SEE the CEMETERY MOTEL illuminated by a flash of lightening. The car pulls up to the motel.

JOE warily gets out. Stops. Feels something odd in his mouth...Spits out the dashboard lighter.

Then walks up to the office door and enters.

126. INT. CEMETERY MOTEL OFFICE. NIGHT.

126

JOE looks around. Calls out softly:

JOE
Detective Balsam?

127. INT. CEMETERY MOTEL OFFICE. BACK PARLOR. NIGHT.

127

Peers into ANTONIO'S private back parlor.

JOE
(softly)
Detective Balsam...?

No answer.

128. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. FRONT PORCH. NIGHT.

128

JOE comes out of the office and shouts at the top of his lungs:

JOE
Detective Balsam!!!

No answer.

He heads for the house...

129. EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT.

129

ANTONIO is near the bog where he thinks he sank Jane and her car. With a shovel he finishes burying something...

ANTONIO
Nosy snoop of a private eye!
Nobody will ever suspect you and
your car are under here!

Balsam's car is under a mound of dirt; the mound is the exact same shape as the car. A little cross is planted on the "roof".

ANTONIO'S attention is drawn to the shouts from the nearby motel.

JOE (OS)
Detective Balsam!!...Detective Balsam!!CU of ANTONIO:
the CAMERA comes up very quickly behind ANTONIO'S back and smashes him
in the face when he turns. ANTONIO collapses on the ground.

130. EXT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

130

JOE is climbing the path to the house.

JOE
(continues to shout at the top
of his lungs)
Detective Balsam!!...Detective Balsam!!!
Detective Balsam-a-a-a-!!!

He reaches the porch. In a last try he cups his hands around his mouth and screams:

DETECTIVE BAL-!

A cascade of water cuts him off.

MOTHER
(thundering Texas accent)
Only way to stop a hog when it's
rutting!

A second later he also gets the bucket on his head.

131. EXT. JOE'S. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

131

Establishing shot of Joe's Apartment.

132. INT. JOE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

132

JOE enters his apartment soaked to the bone. LILY waddles over to him.

LILY
Boy it must've been really rough!
You're sweating like a hog in heat...

JOE
Fuck you. He didn't come back here?

LILY
He who?

JOE
(exasperated shout)
Detective Balsa-a-a-a-a-m-m!!!

Another bucketload of water crashes down, hitting only JOE.

A second later he also gets the bucket on his head. LATER ON:
LILY is drying JOE's hair with a towel.

LILY
He wasn't at the motel?

JOE
No. Nor was Jane. I didn't even see
the manager, what's-his-name...

LILY

Frank?

LILY finishes with JOE's hair and leaves frame.

JOE

Yeah, Antonio. Not having a search warrant I couldn't enter the house. My mission is top secret.

LILY is holding an opened newspaper in which we read BLOCK HEADLINES: DETECTIVE ALSO VANISHES; WHAT WILL JOE D. FOSTER'S NEXT MOVE BE? - with a photo of a thoughtful JOE.

JOE

There was only his mother, she didn't open the door, just dumped a pail of water on my head

LILY

Good thing she missed.

JOE

It's weird, too weird. Balsam called just to say he had this little hunch and now he's vanished.

LILY

Poor Jane, who knows where she could be? I bet she's in trouble, I bet they've done things to her, I bet they've tortured her...

JOE listens impassively, almost uninterested...

LILY (continues)

I bet they've swiped the money!

JOE grabs and shakes her violently.

JOE

No, not that! We'll find it her, alive and in cash.

JOE makes a phone call. INSERT: JOE's hand picks up a black phone receiver. When he raises it to his ear the receiver is white.

133. INT. PUTRID'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

133

An old fashion phone rings in Putrid's apartment. When PUTRID picks up the receiver it's become an ultra modern one. PUTRID is half naked and wearing only a funny S and M vest in studded black leather.

PUTRID
Who the fuck is that at this
hour?

JOE (OS)
Hi, boss. I'm so glad you're not
mad at me for calling at this hour.
I've got a couple leads: there's
a damp motel outside town where strange
things are happening. I'd like a
search warrant so I can stick my
nose in that house.

PUTRID
Listen Joe, I'm about to stick my
proboscis in a much warmer place
but just as damp. Getting a warrant
would take too long and anyway this
mission is top secret.

Through the open window behind Putrid we see an enormous billboard
with the flashing notice: PUTRID IS TALKING TO JOE D. FOSTER ABOUT
THE PSYCHOKILLER CASE.

PUTRID
Try the Ranger. He's in charge of
issuing motel licenses so he's got
a good excuse for getting you in
without arousing suspicion. I gotta
go now, I picked up a real curvy
little virgin out at a ranch. Goodnight.

PUTRID hangs up, and cracking his whip in the air he turns to the
bathroom.

PUTRID
You ready, honey? I can't wait!

134. INT. PUTRID'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

134

In the bathroom a COW in a huge pair of pink panties turns toward
him:

COW
Mooooooooo!

135. EXT. RANGER'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

135

LILY and JOE walk up from the car to the house, Lily's protruding
stomach in full view. They stand at the front door of a tiny, one-
floor house.

LILY

Joe, don't you think it's a little late?

JOE

Absolutely not, the Ranger lives his job. He's one of the few officials in this town who's available at any hour.

He rings the doorbell.

A light goes on in a window.

A VOICE shatters the night silence.

RANGER (OS)

Who the fuck is that, breaking my chops at this hour of the night?! I hope his tires blow out at 200 miles an hour on a curve! I hope he turns cuckoo and becomes extinct!

JOE and LILY look at each other in bewilderment.

The door opens and the RANGER'S WIFE appears. She wears very thick spectacles.

RANGER'S WIFE

Honey, you won't believe this. It's the mailman with a nun...

JOE

Ma'am, I'm Joe D. Foster. I've got to talk to the Ranger.

RANGER'S WIFE

Oh, Joe, I recognized you right away.

She takes LILY by the arm and ushers her inside...

RANGER'S WIFE (continues)

Come on in, come on in, you know you get handsomer every day...

then turns back and takes JOE by the arm and leads him in too.

RANGER'S WIFE (continues)

You come in too, Sister, you don't want to stand outside all night.

136. INT. RANGER'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

136

They enter. The living room is enormous. The RANGER comes down a long staircase: it's John Astin, star of T.V's ADDAMS FAMILY, dressed very formally with a tuxedo and a sheriff's badge on his lapel. JOE, LILY and the RANGER'S WIFE see him and snap their fingers.

RANGER

Howdy, Joe, excuse my appearance
but I was sleeping. What's goin' down?

The RANGER'S WIFE turns to a trench coat hanging on a coat rack, thinking it's her husband.

RANGER'S WIFE

Honey cover yourself up, you'll
catch your death o' cold!

She buttons the trench coat collar.

JOE

Ranger, I...I don't know where to
start...

THE RANGER sits in an armchair, takes a cigar out of his pocket and knocks on a big box lying on a side table. A dirty foot comes out with a lit match between its toes. The RANGER lights his cigar.

RANGER

Thanks, Smelly Thing!

While the foot disappears by closing the box, the RANGER looks at JOE and prompts him to continue.

JOE

I was saying....I'm engaged to Miss
Lily's sister, and it happens
that...

JOE starts re-enacting the events leading up to his meeting with the RANGER. He overturns chairs, rolls over, stands on a table and generally does a little song and dance.

JOE

You get the picture?

RANGER

Well if I understood right, Joe,
you're sayin' that...

The RANGER repeats JOE's actions, with one or two changes.

RANGER

Right?

JOE

Yeah, except for one or two steps.

RANGER

Listen Joe, there's something that doesn't jibe. You say you saw a lady, Antonio's mother, in that house. Joe, Antonio's mother died ten years ago!

CAMERA moves from JOE's stupefied look to LILY's terror-filled face as she turns to the RANGER'S WIFE, who turns and takes her husband's hand, thinking he's Lily, and says earnestly:

RANGER'S WIFE

It's true, Miss, you've got to believe him: I picked out the dress poor Mrs. Motel was buried in: Day-Glo pink.

LILY

But it doesn't make sense! Detective Balsam saw her, he even went back to the motel to question her.

RANGER

Ladies and gentlemen, Antonio's mother is dead. So: who's that woman?

His question is punctuated by a

DEAFENING CHORD OF TERROR MUSIC

All four clap their hands over their ears.

137. OMITTED.

137

138. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

138

Establishing shot of the hospital.

139. INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. DAY.

139

JOE flanked by two AGENTS, walks down a hospital corridor.

JOE

Tell me how it happened, quick.

1ST AGENT

You know how the boss is, he picked up this little virgin at a ranch, must have gotten carried away...

2ND AGENT

You don't do certain things at his age.

140. INT. HOSPITAL. ROOM. DAY.

140

They come to PUTRID's room: he's in bed, looking very pale.

JOE

What the hell happened, boss? How could a night of love do this to you?

A rack next to PUTRID's bed holds an intravenous bottle full of clear liquid; a goldfish is swimming in it. On a bedside table is a framed photograph of the cow.

PETE PUTRID

Boy, you don't know what sex is. She had my wheels going, I couldn't see straight. My only mistake was asking her to get on top...she banged me flat.

1ST AGENT

(whispering like a gossip)

And then her husband showed up...

PETE PUTRID

You rotten bigmouth! I heard that. Trouble is I didn't hear the husband, he was a huge black mother. I'd seen his face before, I think it was on a trip to Spain but I can't remember where...

JOE

I was just at the Ranger's...

PETE PUTRID

I know, he called me and asked me something really weird: if I knew your friend Lily's blood type. He promised he'd go over to the motel today to take a look around.

JOE

Okay boss, I'll go meet him.

A NURSE leans into the room. It is Charlene Tilton. She has a syringe in her hand, which she tests.

NURSE

(to the others -- from the doorway)

Visiting hours are over. Mr. Putrid must rest.

Both Agents leave, followed by JOE.

2ND AGENT
(flirting with the NURSE)
Where are you from?

NURSE
Dallas.

JOE
(at the door)
Keep out of trouble, chief. No more
women, eh?

JOE exits, slamming the door behind him with his foot. The door hits the NURSE on her ass -- the syringe sails into the air, the NURSE goes flying towards PUTRID's bed and lands with her head under the covers, between his legs. A second later the syringe lands in her backside causing her to lose consciousness. PUTRID looks under the covers.

PUTRID
Done already?

141. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. DAY.

141

LILY and JOE enter bowling alley. The RANGER and his WIFE are playing. The RANGER lines up and bowls. He makes a discreet score. It's his wife's turn. Instead of aiming down the alley she turns to her left towards other players... She bowls and the other players go down like ten pins... STRIKE.

RANGER
Howdy, Joe. What brings you to these
parts?

JOE
We want to know how the visit to the
Cemetery Motel went.

The totally nearsighted WIFE goes to pick up a second ball. She speaks to LILY, thinking it is JOE..

RANGER'S WIFE
Why, Joe, the Ranger has already
been, he went out before coming here...

She leaves.

RANGER
Now Joe, I know you're not the
seeing-illusions type, but there
was no lady at the Cemetery Motel,
much less Antonio's mother...

Behind the Ranger, his WIFE appears. She launches her ball and we hear an off screen CRASH.

RANGER (continues)

There was only Antonio. He confirmed that your sister, Miss Lily, had registered under a fake name, and that as soon as Balsam found out where she was headed he took off.

JOE

(to self)

If that sonofabitch screws me out of that money I'll wreck his career.

LILY

But, Ranger there's still something out of whack out there.

RANGER

Yeah, I noticed it too...

JOE and LILY grip hands in expectation.

JOE

What?

RANGER

The heating. That motel was cold as a witch's tit, felt like a morgue.

His WIFE addresses the back of another player's old leather jacket.

RANGER'S WIFE

Talking about morgues, why don't you have lunch with us? I've fixed some nice cold frozen chicken.

She reaches out and pats the back of the jacket as if it were Lily's cheek.

RANGER'S WIFE (continues)

My God, Lily, you should get some facial cream...

RANGER

Great idea, come on home with us, that way you can sign a formal complaint.

This time behind the RANGER we see his wife attached to a bowling bowl hurtling towards the pins off-screen... STRIKE! We see bowling pins go everywhere in scene.

RANGER (CONTINUES)

And then I can make you out a search warrant so you can officially search the motel and erase all doubts. We'll be waitin' for ya.

He goes off alone. On the way out, LILY and JOE pass a restroom.

LILY

Sorry, Joe, five minutes to powder my nose.

LILY enters the restroom and we soon hear the sound of someone peeing. In the meantime, a bowling ball comes hurtling past JOE, knocking a passerby on the head.

JOE looks at the fallen man and notices a small puddle of water emerging from beneath the bathroom door. The puddle swells. JOE throws open the bathroom door and discovers LILY, washing her hands in an overflowing sink.

LILY

Could you please help me -- I can't turn the water off...

CUT TO:

JOE and LILY at the door of the bowling alley, and as they exit the RANGER comes hurtling after them with a blood-curdling yell...

RANGER

Aaaaaahhhhhhhh....

JOE and LILY cower in terror.

RANGER (continues)

...aaahhhhh Joe I almost forgot: Antonio's mother asked me to tell you to stop howlin' under her window at night. 'Bye.

He goes off.

LILY and JOE look at the camera as if to say "something's wrong here."

142. EXT. DESERT ROAD. (JOE'S CAR). DAY.

142

JOE and LILY are driving along in his car (FRONTAL CAMERA CAR SHOT).

JOE

Lily, we can't afford a mistake, how do we do this?

LILY
Well the least suspicious way I think
is to be a man and wife asking for a room.

JOE
Man and wife.....mmm.....asking for....
mmmm...a room...

The thought of ending up in bed with Lily is getting him all hot and bothered.

LILY
Sure, they ask for a room to be
together. Like we just wanted to stop
off in this motel to spend some time
with each other, in a room, alone, to
make love...

JOE (continues)
...mmmm terrific, I can't wait!

He screeches to a halt and leaps on her. She tries to fend him off.
A struggle ensues. During the grapple JOE's face is pressed against
LILY's pregnant tummy. A fist from within LILY's stomach punches JOE
in the mouth.

JOE (to himself)
Two against one... that's not fair.

JOE instantly lets go and resumes driving.

142A. EXT. GASOLINE STATION. DAY.

142A

LILY and JOE arrive at the gasoline station. JOE comes out of his car
holding a black-eye. He stops an ATTENDANT.

JOE
Where's the Ice Machine?

ATTENDANT
In the back.

JOE
Thank you. Put in ten Dollars.

The ATTENDANT opens the gas cap but his attention is drawn by the car
door opening. LILY's long voluptuous leg appears. Her hand
caresses it tantalizingly. She loosens her hair and lets it flutter
over her naked shoulder and launches a deep glance over to the
ATTENDANT.

The ATTENDANT is growing excited. The gas nozzle he clutches in his
hand rises to the occasion.

What follows is a sensual ballet of glances and actions between LILY and the ATTENDANT...

When they both are exhausted by this foreplay the ATTENDANT attempts to penetrate her gas tank with his fuel nozzle. But he doesn't manage at first try.

CUT TO LILY... A mixture of pain and ecstasy on her face.

CUT TO FUEL NOZZLE: Second try.

CUT BACK TO: LILY licks her lips.

The nozzle eventually succeeds. And at that precise moment, LILY steps out of the car carrying her pregnant weight. The ATTENDANT is astonished.

JOE arrives on the scene. He looks horrified. On the pump meter we read \$250.

JOE

What is this?

ATTENDANT

I'm sorry. I filled it up.

143. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. NIGHT.

143

JOE and LILY pull up outside the motel.

144. EXT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

144

ANTONIO peeks out from behind a window curtain in Antonio's house...

145. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. FRONT PORCH. NIGHT.

145

JOE comes out of the office.

JOE

He's not here. Where the hell is this Antonio?

LILY

Joe, I just saw somebody peeking out the window up there.

JOE

Let's go take a look...

They start for the house, but ANTONIO, hands innocently stuck in his pockets, is coming down the path.

JOE & LILY

Hi.

ANTONIO

Hi. I suppose you want a cabin.

LILY

Yes.

(murmurs to JOE)

I don't like it, I don't like it,...

JOE

(murmurs back)

Nor do I, he looks evil...

LILY

Not him, the motel. I much prefer the Hilton.

ANTONIO

Please, come with me.

He leads them toward the office. As he passes in EXTREME CU, he mutters through clenched teeth:

ANTONIO

Where do I bury these two, there's no more room...

They all enter the office.

146. INT. CEMETERY MOTEL OFFICE. NIGHT.

146

ANTONIO hands JOE a key.

ANTONIO

There you go, Cabin 13.

JOE knocks wood on the counter. LILY knocks wood on JOE's head. A knocking sound comes from within LILY's stomach. JOE looks dumbfoundedly at her, then:

JOE

Listen, I'd like a record of our staying here...

ANTONIO

No problem, already done.

He slips on a pair of earphones, opens a cupboard in which there's a reel-to-reel recorder. He pushes the playback button.

JOE'S, LILY'S & ANTONIO'S VOICES

(badly recorded)

Joe: We'd like a double...

Lily:...with separate beds.

Antonio: There you go, Cabin 13.

SOUND OF KNOCKING WOOD ON COUNTER
SOUND OF KNOCKING WOOD ON JOE'S HEAD

ANTONIO stops the record.

ANTONIO
It's not digital but it'll doogital.
Well, enjoy your cabin.

JOE
That's funny, you're not going to
ask for identification?

ANTONIO
Oh it's OK, I trust you. All right,
give me your driver's license.

LILY
We don't have one.

ANTONIO
No problem. Have a nice stay.

JOE
Aren't you going to get our bags?

ANTONIO
OK, I'll go get your bags.

LILY
We don't have any.

JOE
Aren't you going to make us pay in advance?
We might take off...

ANTONIO begins to get nervous.

ANTONIO
All right, thirty dollars.

LILY
We don't have it.

ANTONIO (to self)
These two are gonna come to a bad end,
I can feel it...

147. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. FRONT PORCH. NIGHT.

147

The three come out of the office. They stopped in front of the door to the room where Jane was killed. We don't see it because they're blocking it.

LILY

(to JOE in a low voice)

I feel Jane was here, I have a strange premonition.

ANTONIO

Here we are, make yourselves at home...
uhh... at home.

The door is draped with a wreath and Jane's epitaph. They enter and ANTONIO makes a slow, deliberate gesture of benediction...

148. JANE'S CABIN. NIGHT.

148

A clock on the wall. The hands spin rapidly, midnight, 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock...from late night to early morning. JOE and LILY are searching the cabin. Behind them, the hands of the clock are still spinning rapidly.

LILY suddenly stops dead and stares at the bathroom door.

SUSPENSE MUSIC

JOE notices her bloodhound expression.

JOE

Lily...

LILY moves trance-like toward the half-open door.

LILY

I feel something strange, I have to go in there...

JOE

Lily...

LILY enters and pushes the door almost shut behind her.
A CRY...

LILY (os)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

We hear an extended cascade of peepee followed by a toilet flushing.

JOE resumes searching for clues.

LILY's face glows with relief.

JOE (OS)

Lily...

LILY comes back into the room. JOE is hanging from the ceiling light.

JOE

Look, I found this letter.

LILY

Where was it?

JOE

Here, under the bed.

He lets go and drops to the floor. Shows the letter to LILY, who reads in a low voice:

LILY

"I was here, Antonio's mother killed me,
don't forget to pay the gas bill,
love and kisses, Jane."

(bursts into tears)

Noooooo! Wahhhh!

JOE

Lily, come on, get hold of yourself, we all
forget to pay the gas bill. And maybe Jane
wasn't killed by the lady, it could be
a mistake...

LILY sees a ray of hope: Jane may still be alive!

LILY

If only it were!

JOE

Maybe Antonio killed her.

LILY bursts into tears again and starts beating JOE...

JOE

...or she may have gotten run
over by a truck...

LILY's howls grow louder.

JOE

...or devoured by a cannibal
on a California vacation...

LILY is hysterical.

JOE

...or torn to shreds by a
harvester? ...or accidentally fell into
a vat of sulphuric acid? ..or...

149. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. DAY.

149

Jane's cabin door: from inside come LILY's muffled sobs and thumps as she continues to clobber JOE who keeps suggesting possible fates for Jane.

JOE (OFF)

...she might have been hit by lightning.....or shot to death by a squad of tanks...or... Lily? She could still be alive. I don't think anyone's died in this place.

CAMERA TRACKS BACKWARD to reveal the total silent desolation of the motel. Then suddenly, from under the earth a ZOMBIE's head appears. Then further along, another ZOMBIE crawls out from under the ground. The earth slowly becomes littered with gruesome zombies, one of which is a MICHAEL JACKSON LOOK-ALIKE. The music starts and we're led to believe that we're leading into a "Thriller" type dance sequence. Instead, the music takes a turn and the ZOMBIES do an old fashioned square dance.

150. INT. JANE'S CABIN. DAY.

150

LILY paces nervously back and forth.

LILY

I can't take this anymore, I've got to find out once and for all. I want to know the truth about my sister! Joe, you go and distract Antonio while I go see the lady and question her.

JOE is standing in front of the clock pounding nails into it to keep the hands from moving.

JOE

Come on, Lily, it's too risky. If what the letter says is true, you and the lady alone...We FBI agents are specialized in taking dangerous action. No, it's better if I distract Antonio and you can go talk to the old lady.

LILY hugs him over her mid-section bulge.

LILY

Thanks, Joe. I'll never forget you for...for uh...

She looks momentarily lost.

LILY (more)

...for uh...sorry, I forget.

They leave.

151. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. FRONT PORCH. DAY.

151

JOE signals LILY to stop. They're just short of the office door. He goes on alone. As he passes the door a hand grabs his shoulder.

ANTONIO

Miss...

JOE

Mister, not Miss, if you don't mind.

ANTONIO

I was saying, 'Miss...issippi Burning's' a good film, have you seen it?

JOE

No, I prefer 'Roger Rabbit'. I just stepped out because my wife wants to take a nap.

Unseen by ANTONIO, JOE waves at LILY to go.

JOE

But I'm not sleepy. I kind of feel like chatting, y'know, just to kill time...

ANTONIO

Just to kill time. Please, come on in...

As JOE enters, ANTONIO mutters to himself:

ANTONIO

..If there's anything to kill, I'm always available!

152. EXT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. DAY.

152

LILY has gone around the back of the motel and is heading up the path to the house, ominous and terrifying on its little hill.

SUSPENSE MUSIC

She starts to climb the path steps. Step by step she comes across: A billboard advertising

VISIT THE KILLER'S HOUSE

OPEN 24 HOURS

A stall with a little old biddy selling ghoulish souvenirs: toy bathtubs with stabbed dolls in them, all kinds of wicked knives, plastic models of Antonio's house...

A MEXICAN selling oranges and a NIGERIAN selling carpets and African goods. Other street vendors trying to hawk horror goodies.

LAST VENDOR (OS)

Don't buy that crap! Knives are old hat...

He appears. It's FREDDIE KRUEGER from "A Nightmare on Elm Street". He shoves his wares at LILY: a real buzzsaw with a price tag. He guns it.

SOUND OF BUZZSAW

LAST VENDOR (MONSTER)

Get the latest! This is state-of-the-art technology!

LILY moves on, ignoring them all. Her eyes are riveted on the house...

She reaches the front door. Cautiously opens it. Enters... CAMERA shifts to the movie poster we saw earlier. Only the title has changed:

DON'T ENTER THAT HOUSE 2

153. INT. MOTEL OFFICE. DAY.

153

JOE keeps up a running conversation with ANTONIO to give LILY time to search the house. But ANTONIO is starting to get a little restless...

JOE

Looks like I'm doing all the talking, aren't I? I should think living alone in a place like this would make a person jump at the chance to talk...

ANTONIO

You're right. I love to talk to everyone at the motel. Is it my fault that when I'm through I realize there's no one here?

JOE

Antonio, living like this could drive a person...crazy.

ANTONIO

Wha...what are you trying to say? Are you insinuating that... that I might be crazy.

To the tune of a funny song, he begins hopping nervously around the room like a madman, emitting strange sounds and gulps, like in Joe's dance. To the end of this dance...

ANTONIO

(making odd sounds)..

Go on, if you think I'm crazy, say it...
go ahead, say it!

JOE

I...I'm only saying that if someone like
you had the chance to lay his hands on
\$400,000 by swiping it from a poor defenseless
girl, he'd most certainly go off his nut, he'd
do anything. Antonio, for \$400,000...
a man would kill!

JOE has grown feverish and glassy-eyed; the thought of the money has
made him go off his nut.

He lunges at ANTONIO'S throat, pins him to the counter and tries to
choke him.

JOE

I'll molder ya! Where'd ya hide it,
you ugly evil praying mantis!

Though in dire straits, ANTONIO never loses his mocking smile.

ANTONIO

I'll never tell you. That money is mine
now, Big Jim!

JOE

So you're not gonna talk, huh my fine
feathered friend? Well I bet your old
Mom will!

ANTONIO

My Mummy. You poor asshole -
(suddenly realizes)
Where'd the girl go?

He wrenches free and runs to the back parlor window. Looks up at the
house...

154. EXT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. (ANTONIO'S POV) DAY.

154

All the vendors are outside Antonio's house and they point up to the
windows... Someone walks past the window on the second floor. It's the
unmistakable pregnant silhouette of LILY, with a sign in her hand
"GUESS WHO IT IS."

155. INT. CEMETERY MOTEL OFFICE. DAY (SCENE CONTINUES).

155

JOE leaps on him again, but ANTONIO reaches out, yanks a pair of elk
horns off the wall and crowns JOE with them. JOE collapses to the
floor.

ANTONIO dashes out.

156. INT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. DAY. 156

LILY glances out the living room window...

157. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. DAY. (LILY'S POV). 157

ANTONIO is sprinting up the path toward the house.

158. INT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. DAY. (SCENE CONTINUES) 158

LILY notices a little door ajar at the bottom of the steps. Her curiosity aroused, she descends...

159. INT. ANTONIO'S FRUIT CELLAR. DAY. 159

It's pitch dark. LILY hears all these strange high pitched little voices. LILY gropes for the light switch. Flicks it on... we see ten monsters in a bar like STAR WARS with the famous music.

LILY

Termites.

She takes a can of Raid and sprays them. They all fall dead. She blows on the can. She spins the can and puts it back in a holster as though she were a gunslinger. A naked hanging bulb casts a feeble light across the room. There's something in the shadows of a far corner...

LILY moves forward for a better look; it's the MOTHER, sitting with her back to LILY in a dilapidated swivel chair.

LILY moves closer. Thinking she's found ANTONIO'S mother, she calls:

LILY

Mrs. Motel... Mrs. Motel...

No answer. LILY moves still closer.

LILY

Mrs. Motel... Mrs. Motel...

Trying to get a reaction, she touches the figure's shoulder.

The MOTHER swivels around and the wig falls off. It's not the MOTHER, but a mummified ANTONIO in a dress. He's completely stuffed, straw coming out of his mouth, nose, ears...

LILY

Antonio!!!!

TERROR MUSIC

In her fright LILY leaps backwards and bumps her head on the hanging bulb, which wobbles back and forth creating a spectral effect.

The glare from the swaying bulb slashes across LILY's terror-stricken face. Behind her appears another ANTONIO, a fiendish figure wielding an awesome knife. He hurls himself at her...

But behind the fiendish ANTONIO appears JOE, elk horns still stuck on his head. In a flash he blocks ANTONIO, floors him and pins him down. The elk horns finally tumble off.

LILY points in shock to the embalmed corpse in the swivel chair.

LILY

But if that poor mummy is Antonio...
 (points to the man held by
 JOE)
 ...who's he?

JOE notices something odd about his ANTONIO'S jawline.

JOE

It's an old trick used by Doctor
 Animal's patients...

He grabs a hunk of skin and pulls. Off comes a rubber mask and wig... it's Antonio's real MOTHER.

JOE

...it's Antonio's mother!

MOTHER

Yes I'm Antonio's mother, for fiscal reasons known as The Psychokiller. My madness has superseded that of my maestro, Doctor Animal. I got rid of that degenerate brat because he ruined my life! He loved lawns, grass, and to piss me off. He'd bring the animals I killed back to life by stuffing them. I always hated him, him and his damn straw! Always stuffing everything! All day long, stuff stuff stuff straw straw straw! So I killed him..BECAUSE I HAVE ASTHMA!!
 (begins to wheeze)
 Just looking at him gives me an asthma attack!
 (more wheezing)

JOE

Gee Ma'am I'm really sorry...

He abruptly changes gear and starts throttling her.

JOE (continues)

I didn't catch on earlier! Where'd you hide the money, you wheezy old bitch?! Tell me right now or it's off to the hayloft!

MOTHER

Hide?

Her cackle echoes ominously through the fruit cellar.

Hahahahaaa, 'Hide!'...Buried! It's in the bog with Jane's body!

LILY

It's not true, it's not true...

The RANGER'S WIFE appears unexpectedly in the doorway.

RANGER'S WIFE

It's not true, Jane's alive!

The RANGER'S WIFE tears off a rubber mask: she's...JANE come back to life.

JOE & LILY

Jane?!!

JANE comes over to the MOTHER, still held by JOE.

JANE

Thought you'd killed me, didn't you, you old bag? Stabbing me and sinking me with my car. Good thing it was a lemon...

(sneering)

Lemons float! Then a friend fished me out and administered a few...injections that gave me a new lease on life!

Knowing her sister only too well, LILY smirks...

LILY

'Injections...'

JANE rushes over to her.

JANE

Lily, I'm alive!

Instead of hugging JANE, LILY holds up a hand to stop her.

LILY

Hold on, Jane, I'm not Lily, I'm...

LILY pulls off a rubber mask and reveals her true identity: she's DETECTIVE BALSAM.

BALSAM
....Detective Martin Balsam.

MOTHER
I don't get it, Balsam. If you're alive,
who'd I stab 'n stab 'n stab to death?

BALSAM
RoboCrap, the Japanese import version of
RoboCop. I use him whenever the degree of
difficulty gets over 1.1...

He holds up a pocket-size transmitter with a telescopic antenna.

BALSAM (continues)
He's completely radio-controlled. In
fact I'll call him in right now, his
mission isn't over yet.

He flicks on the transmitter. It lights up and starts to emit a faint
electronic

BEEP BEEP BEEP

160. EXT. SWAMP. DAY.

160

The car-shaped dirt mound at the edge of the swamp

161. INT. BALSAM'S CAR (COVERED BY DIRT) DAY.

161

Inside ROBOCRAP Balsam is slumped over the steering wheel, his back
bristling with knives, carrots etc. We hear the

BEEP BEEP BEEP

ROBOCRAP straightens up, opens his eyes: one has a glowing red pupil
like Terminator 2.

161pt. EXT. SWAMP. DAY.

161pt

The car roars out of the mound, loose dirt falling off all around
except from the windshield...

It backs up and drives in reverse, OUT OF FRAME...

LOUD IMPACT OS

A platform with Klieg light and two gaffers topple INTO FRAME with a
CRASH.

162. EXT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. DAY/NIGHT.

162

Establishing shot of Antonio Motel's house, half in daylight, half in moonlight. Attached to the side of the building is a satellite dish.

163. INT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. FRUIT CELLAR. DAY.

163

JANE purrs to JOE.

JANE

Darling, I've still got the 400 grand.
Come on, let's split.

JOE holds a hand to his ear as if to hear better, but instead peels off a rubber mask...

JOE

I'm not Joe, I'm...

and reveals himself to be Jane's boss: LAUREL.

LAUREL

Mr. Laurel, your boss.

BALSAM

So that's why you were so keen on the money.
And to think you thought I was Lily and wanted
...hahaha... wanted to get me in the sack...
hahaha...and I was a man all along!

LAUREL

So? If it meant getting my money back...

He wheels on JANE and snaps petulantly:

And as for you, may I please have my
money back?

BALSAM

Mr. Chaplin is right.

LAUREL

Laurel, my name is Laurel.

BALSAM

To start with, return what you stole.

LAUREL and BALSAM grab JANE as if to shake it out of her, but from the doorway booms the voice of the RANGER.

RANGER

Hold it! Let her go!

ALL PRESENT
(Snapping their fingers)

The RANGER!!!

The MOTHER whips out a roll of bills and turns to the others.

MOTHER
3 to 1 says he's really not the Ranger,
any takers?

She's ignored.

MOTHER (continues)
When they act like that I could just
kill 'em...

RANGER
I'm not the Ranger...

He peels off his mask. He's actually... OLAF.

OLAF
I'm Olaf. Those megabucks are mine.

LAUREL
Oh no they're not, they're mine.
You bought that estate for \$400,000!

OLAF
Estate? This is what you call an estate?
This is the Addams' house!

CUT TO RANGER:

RANGER
Really?

The MOTHER realizes LAUREL has sold her home for a fortune and goes berserk. BALSAM has a hard time restraining her.

MOTHER
What?! You rotten swindler, you sold
my house?! You just up and sell my little
nest, my cozy corner? You filthy
double-dealing shyster shark!

LAUREL squirms under BALSAM's accusing stare.

BALSAM
Mr. Jerry Lewis, how could you sell a house
for \$400,000 without even asking the owner?

MOTHER

400?! That stronzo, figlio di puttana,
he said he'd only be able to get me 10!

OLAF

OK, then I can jes' take back my dollars.

He takes the money from JANE, but LAUREL assaults him with the small purse. They have a good old-fashioned tussle.

OLAF & LAUREL

- That's mine, give it here!
- The hell you say, you fraud!
- Let go or I'll call the cops!

The MOTORCYCLE COP from the start of our story appears in the doorway. He comes down the stairs.

COP

No need, I'm already here.

MOTHER

A uniformed policeman in my home sweet home?
This ain't the little shop of horrors it
used to be!

OLAF goes over to the COP.

OLAF

Listen here, Officer...

COP

I'm not an officer, I'm...

THE COP doffs his mask. He's actually Laurel's OLD SECRETARY.

OLD SECRETARY

...Mr. Keaton's old secretary.

LAUREL

(crying)

Laurel, my name is Laurel.

QUICK SHOTS of reactions:

LAUREL

But...it's my old secretary!

JANE

My co-worker!

MOTHER

My sister!

The OLD SECRETARY tries to embrace the MOTHER.

OLD SECRETARY

(gooey sweet)

Yes dear, I'm your beloved sister...

But the MOTHER wards her off.

MOTHER

Beloved my ass! It was you that
first took Antonio out to play in
the hay!

OLD SECRETARY

If it hadn't been for me you've never
have let him out of the house - just
because his loyalty to his dead daddy
made him poison your lover!

JANE

'Dynasty' was never like this...

The OTHERS also show their incredulity:

CHORUS

Rhubarb rhubarb rhubarb...

OLAF

I don't wanna get involved in no
family squabbles, I'm leavin' -
with my money.

But the MUMMIFIED ANTONIO clamps a straw-tufted hand on his shoulder
and stops him dead with a tomb-like voice:

MUMMIFIED ANTONIO

Just a minute.

Everyone takes a step back in terror.

CHORUS

Oooooohhhh...

OLD SECRETARY

Antonio?

MUMMIFIED ANTONIO

No I'm not Antonio...

With his straw-tufted hand he pulls off his mask: he's JOE.

The MUMMY starts to unwind his bandages, starting from his head.

Various SHOTS of dumbfounded faces.

The bandages whirl off to reveal the real ANTONIO...and LILY, wrapped together with him. They're locked in a deep kiss.

BALSAM turns to JANE.

BALSAM

Nice family you've got.

JOE

(grins)

Look at her, look at her! Plays vestal virgin with me, then goes and falls for the first wimp she ties up with.

JANE

Soooo, tried to get your fingers in that little pie too, huh? But I've got to stay on a diet?! You pig!

She knees him in the groin. JOE doubles over.

ANTONIO

Hi everybody, I'm the real Antonio and I'm alive.

The MOTHER is completely agog.

MOTHER

My son's alive? Then who the hell did I kill?

ANTONIO

Your lover.

He turns to his aunt, the OLD SECRETARY.

ANTONIO (continues)

I didn't poison him. Mummy's lover was really tacky, he was a chemist. he hated grass, which meant straw... I told Doctor Animal about my anxieties and he suggested the most drastic cure.

164. INT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. FRUIT CELLAR. (FLASHBACK) NIGHT.

164

A FADED SHOT of the LOVER in a white lab coat conducting experiments in the cellar.

A HAND offers the LOVER a slice of pizza loaded with bright red tomato sauce.

ANTONIO'S VOICE (Narrating)
I gave him a pizza with indelible tomato
sauce, knockout drops, and a laxative...

The LOVER eats...then runs frantically OUT OF FRAME.

165. INT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. BATHROOM. (FLASHBACK) NIGHT.

165

The LOVER, still in his lab coat, is slumped lifeless on the toilet.
The trickle of red liquid at the corner of his mouth and on his shirt
looks like blood.

ANTONIO'S VOICE (NARRATING)
My mother found him fainted on the toilet...

The MOTHER comes into the bathroom and sees her LOVER.

MOTHER'S VOICE (NARRATING)
I thought he was dead, that you
killed him...

The MOTHER furiously grabs a large pair of scissors from a shelf and
stomps out of the bathroom.

ANTONIO'S VOICE (NARRATING)
Your hate for me really bothered me,
so I made your lover up to look like me
...as advised me by Doctor Animal.

ANTONIO'S hands violently slap make-up on the LOVER's face until it
looks just like his...

166. INT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. (FLASHBACK) NIGHT.

166

ANTONIO carries the made-up body into his room and sticks it in his
bed.

ANTONIO'S VOICE (Narrating)
...and you, you pervert of a mother,
you stabbed him thinking it was me!

The MOTHER enters the room and stabs what she thinks is her son:
thunk thunk thunk!

Each stab is punctuated by

THE STRAIN OF VIOLINS

END OF FLASHBACK

167. INT. ANTONIO'S HOUSE. FRUIT CELLAR. DAY.

167

ANTONIO'S revelations have astonished all.

MOTHER

Noooo! I killed Brutus, my lover!
How wicked, how evil can you get?
Nooooo...!

BALSAM

But if ANTONIO'S alive, then there's
nobody dead here...

MOTHER

(sobbing)

My lover's dea-ad!

JANE

So who cares? He could have been anybody,
he wasn't even in the movie.

ANTONIO hugs LILY.

ANTONIO

I'm alive. Thanks Lily.

They kiss.

OLD SECRETARY

Hooray! Antonio's alive!

CHORUS

Hoorayyyy!!!!

They all cheer except the MOTHER.

MERRY MARCHING MUSIC .

168. EXT. CEMETERY HOUSE. DAY.

168

To the strains of the MERRY MARCHING MUSIC, our CHARACTERS come dancing out of the house and down the path toward the parking area. ANTONIO and LILY in the lead, followed by the OLD SECRETARY and the OLAF, LAUREL, JANE and JOE and finally BALSAM handcuffed to the MOTHER.

169. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. PARKING LOT. DAY.

169

CAMERA follows the group to discover the parking area decked out and lit with party lanterns. A conga line of CHEERLEADERS snakes in and out among our CHARACTERS.

OTHER CITIZENS are dancing Ring-Around-A-Rosy etc....

169A. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. PARKING LOT. DAY.

169A

Off in a corner FBI chief Pete Putrid is next to a police car. He's talking into a radio mike whose cord stretches out of the window from inside the car.

PUTRID

The situation is under my control. I don't need reinforcements. Like always, Mr. Mayor, I did this single-handed, don't forget that for my promotion. Agent Joe D. Foster who was on the case? I think he's on vacation. Over and out.

PUTRID hands the mike back to the officer sitting in the car: the other end of the cord is plugged into the officer's ear.

MIKE AGENT

Okay, chief, I'll report to Headquarters.

The car drives off. JOE comes over to PUTRID.

PUTRID

Congratulations, kid, good work. I've talked to the Mayor about getting you a promotion.

JOE

Thanks, boss, you're an example to all of us in the FBI. You sticking around for a bite to eat?

PUTRID

No thanks, I must have eaten something bad for my stomach.

PUTRID's enormous paunch moves as if something inside is trying to get out.

PUTRID

Must have been that rabbit, maybe it wasn't cooked enough...

169B. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. PARKING LOT. DAY.

169B

On a raised stand, the local HIGH SCHOOL BAND is playing the March we've been hearing.

Various SHOTS of our HEROES dancing.

169C. CEMETERY MOTEL. PARKING LOT. DAY.

169C

ROBOCRAP arrives in Balsam's car. He still has various objects sticking out of his back. His red eye glows in anger. Through the windshield we see that he is heading straight for a group of partygoers.

169D. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. PARKING LOT. DAY.

169D

Balsam's car ploughs into the back of the group and we see partygoers fly everywhere.

169E. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. PARKING LOT. DAY.

169E

Off in a corner BALSAM and the MOTHER are playing tug-of-war with the transmitter.

MOTHER

I got a hit! I got a hit!

169F. (OMITTED)

169F

169G. (OMITTED)

169G

170. EXT. CEMETERY MOTEL. FRONT PORCH. DUSK.

170

LILY kisses ANTONIO as the OLD SECRETARY looks on.

OLD SECRETARY

What a lovely couple... Ok Antonio, go take a shower, you're sweating like a pig. Landsakes, with that mother of yours, if it weren't for me...

ANTONIO

Ok Auntie. Lily, I love you.

LILY looks at him tenderly.

LILY

I love you too, Joe. Go wash, you smell like Kevin Costner after Dancing With Wolves.

ANTONIO waves after them as they leave. In the background the last partygoers are drifting homeward.

ANTONIO enters the cabin behind him and closes the door.
CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the door number: 13!

SUSPENSE MUSIC

171. INT. JANE'S CABIN. BATHROOM. SHOWER. NIGHT.

171

ANTONIO'S hand turns on the shower...

ANTONIO'S in the shower washing...

From inside the shower through the plastic curtain: out of the shadows approaches...the unmistakable figure of ALFRED HITCHCOCK.

He yanks open the curtain and stabs ANTONIO over and over with a big butcher knife.

ANTONIO collapses to the tub bottom, dragging the curtain with him.
HITCHCOCK's famed profile and familiar voice:

HITCHCOCK

Every self-respecting mystery must
have at least one victim. And he
certainly deserved it...You cannot
only die laughing.

HITCHCOCK walks away to the classic melody of the ALFRED HITCHCOCK
PRESENTS television series. Stops.

HITCHCOCK

Ah, I almost forgot: I'm not Alfred.
I'm...

He brings a hand to his face and tears off his mask: it's DOCTOR
ANIMAL PIZZA, with his familiar chef's hat which inflates to its
full length on his head.

CAMERA moves from ANTONIO'S slumped body to a poster on the tiled
wall:

Coming Soon
EZIO GREGGIO'S NEW FILM
REAR WINDOW

The words half-hide a picture of a large fanny protruding from a
curtained window.

VIDEOCLIP MUSIC

END TITLES start to roll.
