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SHOCKER  
(No More Mister Nice Guy)  
an original screenplay  
by  
Wes Craven

Revised (Blue) 1/12/89  
Revised (Blue) 1/17/89  
Revised (Pink) 1/17/89  
Revised (Green) 1/26/89  
Revised (Yellow) 2/13/89  
Revised (Goldenrod) 2/20/89  
Revised (Buff) 2/23/89  
Revised (Cherry) 3/21/89  
Revised (Orchid) 3/28/89

Registered, WGAw  
1988

## 1 MONTAGE ON STILLS

1

TITLES OVER BLACK. FADE UP ON a subtle TV-SOUND MONTAGE -- the blare of GAME SHOWS, COMMERCIALS, CHASE SCENES -- and then

TITLES CONTINUE as PICTURE FADES UP ON A MONTAGE OF STILL PHOTOS -- each more frightening than the one before. Multiple VICTIMS of homicide -- all in homes, all ordinary people, all families.

Now at FULL VOLUME, THE TV SOUND BECOMES --

## TV NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Whoever the killer is, police are sure only of the following -- he is male and savagely powerful -- in almost all cases he has battered his way to his victims through locked doors -- and is so intelligent he's managed not only to elude police for these nine months but escape identification of any kind.

AS TITLES END, THE B&W STILLS CUT TO COLOR TV FOOTAGE --

## 2 EXT. TV NEWSFOOTAGE/TITLES -- NIGHT

2

A GUERNEY -- emerges from a door, followed by another, then another. TV CAMERA PANS WITH THEM, past frightened faces of NEIGHBORS, past disgusted and frustrated COPS, CORONER'S MEN, NEWSPEOPLE. There are flares of lights, guerneys collapsing into backs of coroner's vans. The TV images are 'noisy', HANDHELD, terribly real.

## TV NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O./CONTD)

And now it has happened again -- in the early hours of this morning the killer struck once more, again killing an entire family, again escaping without being seen. And this city's descent into frustration and terror deepens.

3 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS (CINEMATIC FOOTAGE) -- DAY.

3

As a HAND (FILM) ENTERS FRAME we PULL BACK TO REVEAL we've been watching on a small color TV propped on the counter of a lunch stand. JONATHAN ANDERSON, 20, good-looking in a jock sort of way, has taken it upon himself to change channels -- (SWITCHING TO A TV MONTAGE OF FOOTBALL VIOLENCE).

VOICE (O.S.)

Jonathan -- !

He steps back from the TV, pleased with the change.

JONATHAN

Schneider caught for five  
touchdowns yesterday in Dallas.  
What you watching that crud for?

The COUNTER-PERSON, 19, ENTERS FRAME to shove a Coke across the counter.

COUNTERPERSON

I haven't had a good night's sleep  
in a month, thanks to that creep.

JONATHAN

So, if you don't like the news,  
don't watch it. Simple.

He tosses down his money and lopes off with an easy wave. Our SHOT PANS WITH HIM, now REVEALING THE LOCATION, a college campus in early morning, the light benign, the costumes of the students bright with promise.

COUNTERPERSON

Hope you don't play football like  
you live your life.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. COLLEGE FOOTBALL FIELD -- DAY.

4

A SCRIMMAGE. CLOSE ON JONATHAN ANDERSON, 20 -- splitting off from the snap, cutting through the secondary like a deer, his running brilliant -- almost reckless.

THE SIDELINES -- lots of KIDS watching him the way they'd watch a rock star -- rapt, amazed at his ability and charisma.

BACK ON JONATHAN -- as he cuts back to loose his coverage, (a tall kids named BRUNO), and suck in the rocketing pass in one flawless move. But as he flashes past the sidelines he breaks concentration to grin at a GIRL -- and he's instantly slammed into by RHINO -- a two hundred fifty pound brute who sends Jonathan flying head over heels. \*

There's a mass of spikes and helmets diving over the lost ball.

RHINO

Keep looking at the girls, Romeo.  
Making me look good.

Bruno trots by, laughing. Rhino pulls Jonathan up. \*

JONATHAN

(straightening his  
pads)

Lucky shot.

VOICE (O.S.)

What the hell's happened to your  
concentration, Jonathan?

WIDEN TO REVEAL -- COOPER, Jonathan's coach. An ex-linebacker  
himself, Cooper makes Rhino look small. \*D

COOPER (CONTD)

You staying in training, or you  
sneaking out at night?

JONATHAN

Staying in training, Coach Cooper.  
Swear to god.

Cooper eyes him.

COOPER

You could be one for the record  
books, Jonathan. You come up the  
hard way, and you got great  
talent.

(sticks his face  
right up to  
Jonathan's)

But I don't know if you got  
greatness. To be great yourself  
you gotta concentrate your will on  
greatness. \*D

(leans back and  
grins)

Otherwise you look away and  
somebody creams your ass for you.

(looks off and  
points)

Like that poor girl over there  
with no shirt on. \*

Jon's head snaps around, looking for the non-existent girl, and  
Cooper hits him on the helmet so hard the helmet flies off.



COOPER

That's what I'm talking about.

Cooper stalks away. Jonathan scrambles for his helmet, ignoring the laughter from Rhino and the rest of the guys.

JONATHAN

Won't happen again Coach.  
Promise.

COOPER

Promises are dime a dozen. A will  
to greatness, that's what I want  
from you.

Cooper jerks his thumb; Jonathan scrambles to rejoin scrimmage.\*

ON THE SIDELINES the pretty girl Jonathan was grinning at before he was hit -- ALISON CLEMENT, 19 -- watches, concerned. She is, incidentally, the kind of girl sailors kill for.

Rhino leans up from the opposing line, eyeing Alison, then Jonathan.

RHINO

You look like you been up all  
night screwing.

JONATHAN

Just haven't been able to sleep.

Rhino grins knowingly.

RHINO

You get more ass than a toilet  
seat. Don't lie to your man  
Rhino.

Jonathan gives the big guy the nicest smile.

JONATHAN

Shut up and tie your laces before  
you kill yourself.

Rhino looks down just when the ball's snapped -- and Jonathan runs right over him -- like a man possessed, taking the hand-off -- willing his way through a wall of muscle and armor -- leaping through an opening and breaking clear for the goal, laughing over his shoulder.\*

JONATHAN

Sorry, Rhino -- where there's a  
will there's a way!

Of course he's not looking where he's running at all, and slams \* directly into the steel goal post, hitting it at full stride. Head-first. He goes down like a load of bricks.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN -- as he stares with glazed eyes at the dirt. Rhino pulls up and looks at him with a big grin.

RHINO  
Instant Karma.

Cooper races over, impressed.

COOPER

That's more like it, Jonathan!  
That's concentration -- that's  
using your will! And your head.

\*

(rolls him over, sees  
the stars in his  
eyes)

You look like shit, incidentally.  
Take the rest of the day off.

\*

He blows the whistle and gestures for the others to get back at it as Jonathan weaves off the field.

AT THE SIDELINES -- Jonathan's wrapped in a warmup jacket by a student/trainer, PAC MAN.

PAC MAN

You could have a mild concussion,  
Jonathan. You want to see the  
doctor -- ?

\*

JONATHAN

I'm okay, Pac Man -- really.

He looks for the bench, and sees the girl, Alison, about to say something. Jonathan gives a silly grin, stumbles over the bench and goes sprawling among the Gatorade.

She walks over and surveys him thoughtfully.

\*

ALISON

Are you okay?

Jonathan looks up, dazed.

\*

JONATHAN

Do I know you?

ALISON

Alison.

(no recognition)

Alison Clement.

\*

(still none)

I sit next to you in Chemistry.

(zero)

We've been going out on and off  
for a year. You once told me you  
wanted me to bear your children.

\*

\*D

JONATHAN

(blank)

Did you?

\*

ALISON

Did I what?

JONATHAN

Have my children. Maybe you  
should call them, I want to see  
our family before I go...

ALISON

We haven't had children yet. We  
haven't even slept together.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*



JONATHAN  
Why not?

ALISON  
I won't let you.

JONATHAN  
Good. I want to be respected as a  
person first.

She smiles a slow, wonderful smile.

ALISON  
I'll walk you home.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. MARYVILLE STREET -- SUNSET.

5

MUSIC -- something wonderful. The sunset sky is a study in red; headlights blink on like jewels in the fabric of this small American town. The people on the street scurry, as if afraid of the approaching dark. From among them Jonathan and Alison emerge, Jonathan still in his football uniform, carrying his helmet, the two laughing. Jonathan stumbles, catches himself.

ALISON  
(touches his head)  
Straight to bed with you.

JONATHAN  
Now we're talking.

ALISON  
You're crazy, you know that?

JONATHAN  
That's why you like me.

Then he stops. Turning as if to an inner voice.

ALISON  
What?

JONATHAN  
Something...

Increasingly uneasy, he forces himself in a new direction,  
SCREEN RIGHT.

6 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY-FOR-NIGHT.

6

MUSIC creeps in, threatening. Jonathan and Alison move down an unlit suburban street, alone in the night. The darkened houses bristle with television antenna against a disturbed sky, and from all their windows comes the BLUISH LIGHT of their television sets, and the strains of the NATIONAL ANTHEM.

ALISON

Jonathan, where are we?

JONATHAN

I was raised on this street. My  
family still lives here...

\*

He stops as a chill runs through him. THE NATIONAL ANTHEM  
ENDS. All the houses go DARK as one. There's the SOUND OF  
DISTANT THUNDER. Jonathan points O.S.

\*

\*

\*

JONATHAN (CONTD)

That's their house...

\*

Ahead, among the somber homes of this quiet suburban street is a house with a beat-up white van in its drive -- lettering on its side: PINKER'S TV REPAIR -- Service In Your Home.

The front door of the home is open, swinging slowly on its hinges. Darkness inside, \*

JONATHAN

Alison, I don't think you should  
be here...

But when he turns back to her, she's simply vanished. Leaves  
BLOW ACROSS FRAME.

Jonathan turns back to the house and starts across the lawn.

7 INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT. 7

Jonathan enters and immediately stumbles over the body of a pajama-clad TEENAGE BOY, dead in a creeping rose of blood. A dropped flashlight illuminates his still hand. The fingers are broken.

Jonathan kneels by him in shock.

JONATHAN

(whispered)

Bobby....! \*

But Bobby is gone.

Jonathan looks around. Bloody footprints lead upstairs. footsteps that reveal a crippled walk. the left step dragged in a smear of blood, the right step normal. And suddenly from upstairs we hear BATTERING ON A LOCKED DOOR and a WOMAN'S SCREAMS FOR HELP.

JONATHAN

Mom -- !? \*

WOMAN

Jonathan -- help us!

The DOOR SPLINTERS O.S. -- the SCREAMS INTENSIFY. \*

Jonathan sprints up the stairs three at a time. \*

8 DELETE 8

9 INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT. 9

Jonathan tops the stairs and bursts into this darkened room, through the shattered door hanging on its hinges. As soon as he's in, he's facing the dance macabre of a woman of 45, DIANE, with a hulking MAN -- powerful arms dark with tattoos, the huge knife in his hands barely held back by the desperate woman as he waltzes her crazily around the room.

Beyond, a screaming GIRL cringes behind her bed. The woman sees Jonathan -- clearly knows him --

DIANE

For godsakes, Jonathan, help us -- please!

The enraged killer twists around and locks eyes with Jonathan.

This man is, in his every aspect, incredibly evil, intense and alert. And he smiles, intrigued, as if he knows Jonathan.

SLASHER

What're you doing here, dipshit?

Jonathan is dazed by this weird familiarity. He doesn't know this man. Yet he can hardly find his voice.

JONATHAN

Let her go.

The killer does -- he drops the woman and moves towards Jonathan, one foot dragging in a long scrape. Stops right in front of Jonathan.

KILLER

You here to watch? Then watch.

And with that he limps back towards the woman. She darts between him and the child, eyes crazed with horror and determination. The killer raises the knife -- the woman screams -- Jonathan leaps for the knife. But the instant he should make contact with the killer, Jonathan inexplicably passes straight through him -- losing balance with the unexpected lack of contact. He pitches forward as the WOMAN BEGINS SCREAMING HORRIBLY --

-- and Jonathan falls into an abyss, tumbling down into blackness --

10 INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM (W/ TV PLAYBACK -- NIGHT.

10

AWAKENING -- lurching up, gasping, drenched in sweat, in the middle of his own waterbed. The WOMAN'S SCREAMS ECHO OFF INTO INFINITY AND ARE GONE. We're aware it's raining very hard outside; the windows flash with LIGHTNING, water courses down their panes.



B/G a TV is on, turned down low, its image (STOCK) is of an aerobatic plane arcing in slow motion, trailing fragments of its broken wing, diving into a crowd, blossoming into fire. ALISON, startled out of her own sleepy watch in a nearby chair, shuts it off and rushes over.

ALISON

Jonathan? You have a bad dream?

He stares around, lost.

JONATHAN

My family...

(beat)

What's going on?

Alison touches his head.

ALISON

Remember? You ran into the goal post. Whacked your head...

(explaining her  
presense, flustered  
by his look)

I stayed -- I was worried for  
you...

He wraps her suddenly in his arms.

JONATHAN

Marry me when we graduate.

She's caught off-guard, flushed. For once he seems dead serious.

ALISON

You sure you're okay? You seem  
different.

Jonathan stares at himself in a nearby mirror, then back to her, as if seeing both of them for the first time.

JONATHAN

Something's different.

The PHONE RINGS. Alison picks it up.

ALISON

Hello?

(reacts)

Hello, Lieutenant Parker.

ALISON (CONT'D)

(hands the phone to  
Jon, a little  
scared)

It's your dad. He sounds funny.

Jonathan takes the phone cautiously.

JONATHAN

Don? The family all right?

He listens, goes white, drops the phone and lurches OUT OF  
FRAME RIGHT.

ALISON

Jonathan!

CUT TO:

11 EXT. THE HOUSE FROM THE DREAM -- NIGHT.

11

CAMERA ON CRANE, ANGLED DOWN. IT'S POURING NOW, the RAIN  
really coming down -- as JONATHAN tears right back INTO FRAME  
FROM CAMERA LEFT -- and just as suddenly is intercepted by  
his foster father, LT DON PARKER, 50.

PARKER

You don't want to go in there,  
Jonathan!

(blocks Jonathan from  
the house)

Believe me, son.

CAMERA LOWERS INTO A TWO SHOT WITH THEM AT THE DOOR -- Jon  
looks at the man. Parker's tough face -- already deeply carved  
by sleeplessness and what he's seen before on this case -- is  
now ravaged by grief as well. Jonathan clearly has never seen  
him like this. He sags back, stunned.

JONATHAN

Bobby and the new girl?  
(off Parker's look)  
Mom?

Parker just nods, waving away a TV CAMERA that comes blaring in  
on them with its lights.

PARKER

They're all gone. I tried to tell  
you -- there's nothing you can do  
here --

He draws Jonathan away from the TV NEWSREW, OUR CAMERA EYE-  
LEVEL WITH THEM NOW, PULLING BACK WITH THEM TO REVEAL THE HOUSE  
AS THE SAME WE SAW IN THE NIGHTMARE, only now surrounded by  
police, reporters and the grim paraphernalia of a murder scene.

Alison rubs Jonathan's arm as if to put feeling back in. But \*  
Jonathan is in shock, and only now realizing that Parker is \*  
too.

JONATHAN

I'm so sorry --

(low)

Diane was the best mom... \*

He can't go on, and couldn't anyway, a REPORTER pressing in -- \*

REPORTER

Lt Parker -- with the killer now \*  
murdering your own family, do you \*  
think this will intensify your so-  
far unsuccessful search for the  
identity of the killer -- !?

Jonathan goes for the guy -- nearly throttling him before \*  
Parker and his men haul him off as we -- \*

CUT TO:

12 EXT. (TV NEWS VIDEO) -- NIGHT.

12

THE TV CAMERA P.O.V. -- PICTURE SLEWING BACK TO NORMAL AS THE  
CAMERAMAN REGAINS HIS FOOTING -- Jonathan, Parker and Alison  
turning their backs, walking away, CAMERA PANNING BACK TO THE  
HOUSE as a NEWS COMMENTATOR continues excitedly V.O. --

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Emotions ran high as the phantom-  
like devastator of families struck \*  
again late last night -- this time \*  
almost certainly in a calculated \*  
blow --

CUT TO

13 EXT. CEMETERY (TV NEWS VIDEO CONTD) -- DAY.

13

WIDE ON FUNERAL OF THE FAMILY -- Jonathan, Lt Parker, Alison \*  
and Cooper there, as well as Rhino, Pac Man, Bruno, various \*  
TEAM MEMBERS, many of PARKER'S MEN, and others as well -- under \*  
umbrellas -- THE RAIN NOW A MIST. SHOT MOVES IN ON PARKER AS \*  
THE COMMENTATOR CONTINUES -- \*

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

-- killing the wife and two foster \*  
children of the police lieutenant \*  
leading the search for the killer \*  
himself. This is Walker Stevens \*  
for Channel 8 News in Maryville. \*

THE SHOT, HAVING REACHED C.U. ON PARKER, NOW MOVES ON TO FOCUS ON JONATHAN. And an ANCHORMAN continues.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

Interestingly, local college  
football star Jonathan Parker was  
also a foster child raised by the  
couple, after being found beaten  
and wandering alone alongside a  
country road when he was just  
seven years old.

\*

\*

\*

THE TV SHOT CUTS TO SHOTS OF THE COFFINS (3); AS OUR CAMERA  
(FILM) BEGINS TO PULL BACK, OUT OF THE FRAME OF THE TV SET'S  
IMAGE NOW --

\*

\*



14 INT. BAR (FILM) -- DAY.

14

OUR WIDENING SHOT now REVEALS THE TV IN A BAR, THEN PANS TO JONATHAN AND LT PARKER ENTERING. The rain has stopped; the street glistens with moisture.

ANCHORMAN (CONTD)

As yet, Lt Parker and his police have still not so much as identified the killer, who has claimed seven families to date -- almost 30 souls -- and left an entire city afraid to sleep. Meanwhile --

By this time the BARTENDER sees the two and switches the TV over to a ROCK VIDEO. Parker and Jonathan take a booth.

CLOSER ON THEM IN THE BOOTH as a WAITRESS approaches.

PARKER

Can't go anywhere without hearing about the bastard.

(to waitress)

Jack Daniels on the rocks.

JONATHAN

Coke.

Jonathan looks out the window.

JONATHAN

(as waitress leaves)

I guess you're wondering why I've called you here.

He looks older; haunted. Parker nods.

PARKER

Yeah, guess I am.

JONATHAN

I dreamed of the murder, Don.  
Just the way it happened.

Parker lights a cigarette, beat.

PARKER

Not that unusual, Jonathan.  
Things like this happen, people get bad dreams. I've had a few of my own, lately.

Jonathan turns and looks at him.

JONATHAN

No, I mean I dreamed it the night it happened, before you called. Not only that, I saw what happened in the house.

Parker returns his look a long moment.

PARKER

You don't know what happened in that house.

(lower)

You don't want to.

JONATHAN

Bob was killed in the living room. His flashlight was laying right next to him.

(low)

The fingers on his right hand were broken.

The waitress arrives with the drinks. Jonathan waits until she goes away. Parker's just staring at him.

JONATHAN

(indicates with his own fingers)

These three.

Parker downs his drink in one swallow, eyes never leaving Jonathan.

JONATHAN

(even lower)

Diane and Sally got it up in Sally's room.

There is so much pain in the words you can almost cut it with a knife. Parker gives a little twitch.

PARKER

(uneasy)

What is this shit?

Jonathan rocks a little in his seat. As he's been telling this, he's also been seeing from Parker's reactions that his dream was... real.

JONATHAN

Then that is how it was, isn't it?

Parker, trying to stay one jump ahead and not doing too well at it, retrenches.

PARKER

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

JONATHAN

(amazed, almost to himself)

This is so weird -- I knew it wasn't just an ordinary dream -- it was so real -- I could smell the blood...

(looks up, lower)

Then I know what he looks like. I even know he has a limp.

Parker stands up and tosses money on the table.

PARKER

Just because I'm your father doesn't mean I have to listen to this crap!

He's out the door.

15 EXT. BAR/STREET -- DAY.

15

Jonathan tears after him, grabbing him, spinning him around.

JONATHAN

Dad, listen --

\*

Parker slams Jonathan against the nearest wall, twisting his arm behind him and hissing in his ear.

PARKER

What the hell is with you? You on drugs?

Jonathan grimaces with the pain, but has just thought of something else, too, and manages to get out the question --

JONATHAN

You find tracks of a truck in the drive?

Parker stares at him incredulously for a heartbeat, then releases him. It's clear he did. He clears his throat uneasily.

JONATHAN

I saw it, Don. I saw him, I saw his truck.

## JONATHAN (CONTO)

(growing realization)

I even saw his name on the truck.  
I bet I can take you to where he  
works.

Parker looks at him one last time.

PARKER

Tell me. I'll check it out.

JONATHAN

I'll show you. That way or no  
way. I want to be in on this.

PARKER

That's against departmental  
procedure. You know that.

JONATHAN

Tonight.

(beat)

You want this guy or not?

CUT TO:

16 EXT. CLAYBOURNE BLVD -- NIGHT.

16

TWO BLACK AND WHITES AND AN UNMARKED CAR SLIDE TO THE CURB.  
We're in a ramshackle industrial area, mostly deserted, flanked \*  
by railroad yards on one side and slum housing on the other. \*

17 INT/EXT. PARKER'S CAR -- NIGHT.

17

Jonathan looks around, then spots it. Points.

JONATHAN

There.

Parker looks.

PARKER

There?

JONATHAN

There.

18 EXT. CLAYBOURNE BLVD -- NIGHT.

18

Doors open quietly. Two uniformed cops from each car, and  
Jonathan and Parker from the unmarked. Parker looks across the  
street nervously. There is an old, large tin-walled building \*  
there. Its flaking sign reads: "PINKER'S TV REPAIR. We do it \*  
in your home." \*

The place is down at the heels. And somehow... evil. \*



PARKER

Well, hell, it's closed.

JONATHAN

He's in there.

Parker just looks at him. Jonathan nods. The other cops huddle in, expectant, curious.

PARKER

(nodding towards the building)

All right, it's like I said. A simple look-see here, no pieces out, no bullshit. Far as I know, this guy's a goddamned Eagle Scout.

SERGEANT

(indicating Jonathan)

And this is because he dreamed something...?

PARKER

You volunteered. Deploy your men, sergeant.

SERGEANT

Yessir.

(to two of the men)

You two take the alley.

\*  
\*

The sergeant gives a glance at Jonathan and darts off, followed by a green ROOKIE. The other two head towards an alley threaded by an overgrown railroad spur.

\*  
\*

PARKER

(low)

This is screwball beyond belief.

JONATHAN

Yesterday I'd've agreed with you.

(shrugs)

Maybe I am nuts...

(looks to the building)

When we talk to this guy I'll know for sure.

PARKER

How?

JONATHAN

If I'm not nuts, we'll recognize each other from the dream.

Parker throws up his hands and heads across the street. The place has no lights on outside, but is lit nonetheless by an eerie BLuish LIGHT from within.

19 INT. TV REPAIR SHOP -- NIGHT.

MEDIUM, FROM WITHIN THE SHOP, LOOKING BACK TO THE FRONT DOOR. We can see our guys peering in, trying to see a sign of life. Around us the screens of dozens of TELEVISION SETS, most out of their cases, glow with the same image, a dark, brooding HORROR PICTURE unspooling on some midnight station. It is from these that the bluish light pours, jumping and quivering with the images they carry. No movement, no sound or person in here, though.

MOVE IN ON THE FRONT DOOR, CLOSE ENOUGH to HEAR Parker.

PARKER

If I get a chance, we'll come back  
when the place is open.

JONATHAN

He's in there. I can feel him.

Parker looks at Jonathan a long moment. Somehow he knows.

PARKER

(to the Sergeant)

Break it.

\*  
\*

The sergeant blinks.

SERGEANT

We got no warrant. That's  
breaking and entering.

PARKER

The place was already broken into.  
We are investigating an apparent  
burglary.

SERGEANT

Right.

THE DOOR SMASHES OPEN -- Parker, the Sergeant and the Rookie  
slip in, followed by Jonathan. \*

VARIOUS ANGLES -- as the three cops 'clear' the place -- poking  
lights and guns into every nook and cranny. Nothing. Not a  
living thing.

PULL BACK WIDE, PARKER AND JONATHAN FOREGROUND. The images on  
the televisions are getting more and more violent. This looks  
almost like a snuff film. The mood and tone of the place is  
dark, lethal, threatening.

PARKER

I thought you said he was here.

Jonathan looks around, chagrined.

JONATHAN

I thought he was.

CAMERA MOVES ABRUPTLY ACROSS THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE PLACE, ROUNDING A CORNER, DISCOVERING THE GRIZZLED SERGEANT. He's searched enough. He lights a cigarette, disgusted.

SERGEANT

(to himself)

Dream on, Lieutenant.

He takes a drag. From somewhere nearby, there is a sound, a covert STEP, SCRAPE. Like someone with a really bad limp.

The Sergeant cocks his head.

Next second a HAND shoots out from between the parts racks and clamps over his mouth -- snapping his head back into the shelving unit!

A door-size section of the shelves pivots and the Sergeant is jerked bodily into blackness. We just barely glimpse the big, quick, powerful man -- the dark tattooed arms, the face we've seen only in the dream. Horace Pinker in the flesh!

Next second Pinker's gone with his flailing victim, and the shelving unit is back to normal!

MOVING WITH JONATHAN -- he couldn't have seen what's happened, but we can see his senses are burning with the message of threat, of Pinker's presence nearby. He comes round the corner and looks down the stack of equipment.

Nothing but a single dull glow on the floor.

CLOSER IN JONATHAN'S POV TO THE BURNING CIGARETTE.

BACK ON JONATHAN -- darting over, looking around -- feeling that sensation of being watched...

CUT TO:

BEHIND-THE-SHELVES P.O.V. -- PEERING OUT OF CONCEALING DARKNESS TO JONATHAN. We HEAR BREATHING.

XCU -- ON THE FACE OF PINKER -- eyes narrow as a pig's, watching Jonathan, mapping his face and soul with a hatred hard to watch.

CUTTING BACK TO THE STORE ITSELF -- WITH JONATHAN.

JONATHAN

Don!

PARKER -- races to the call, finding Jonathan standing there alone. The sense of fear hangs in the air.

JONATHAN

Wasn't one of your guys just here?

PARKER

How the hell would I know?  
(looks around,  
already uneasy with  
this fiasco)  
Sergeant?

The rookie emerges into sight. Peers around, confused.

ROOKIE

Sarge was just there.

They all look around, the sense of fear growing.

PARKER

Sarge!?

No answer.

JONATHAN

Oh, shit...

Jonathan is staring at the floor near the equipment shelves. From under the shelving unit, a thick creep emerges, of red, red blood. Parker wheels on the Rookie.

PARKER

Call for backup!

The rookie goes running -- Parker calling after him too late --

PARKER (CONTD)

And tell the guys out back!

He sees the rookie didn't hear that, turns in frustration to the wall and he and Jonathan fall on the shelves, tearing away the equipment, prying desperately at the metal.

PARKER (CONTD)

The bloody bastard!

21

20 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SHOP -- NIGHT.

20

LOW ANGLE ON THE SHOP'S BACK DOOR -- as it eases open. Our ANGLE is so low, all we glimpse are polished black shoes and blue trousered legs. Oh, and we also see that one leg drags its foot; it makes a chilling, SCRAPING SOUND.

The figure moves steadily towards the street at the end of the alley. Down there we can SEE the other two cops, huddled in the night's chill. From their nonchalance, we see they know nothing of what's happened inside.

CLOSER ANGLE WITH THE TWO --

COP # 1

Parker gonna keep us here all night or what?

COP # 2

Really. I could use a cold one...

Both cops hear the scraping footfall behind them at the same time. They wheel around. A FIGURE looms INTO FRAME FOREGROUND. A fully uniformed COP. The two relax with a laugh.

COP # 1

Judas...

This cop turns back to the street. The other is more talkative.

COP # 2

Scared the crap outta me!  
(looks closer)

They call you in from another Precinct? I --

\*

\*

He never finishes the sentence. The new "cop" lunges forward with a quick thrust to the belly, and the real cop is coughing blood as he plunges OUT OF FRAME with a look of horrified surprise.

The first cop jerks around only in time to see the last glint of the blade arc under his chin. Heels backwards with a garbled cry and falls into the alley, his throat cut ear to ear.

21 INT. TV REPAIR SHOP -- NIGHT.

21

Parker and Jonathan give one last pull at the door -- it yields suddenly and the body of the Sergeant spills out, throat cut, his uniform gone. Beyond, they see a room full of the most terrifying occult paraphernalia -- paintings, apparatus -- obscene words scrawled on the wall -- candles and a dark altar -- strangled cats hung upside down.

And beyond this obscenity, the narrow corridor leading straight to the alley.

22 EXT. THE ALLEY -- NIGHT.

22

ANGLE TO THE BACK DOOR -- Parker and Jonathan burst out, Parker \* racing to FOREGROUND, where he stops, appalled to find the two cops posted to guard the alley. Corpses now.

A split second later Pinker's shabby white van rockets by in the street, sideswiping a parked cop car, disappearing like a flash.

PARKER

Jesus!

Parker takes off on the run, Jonathan right behind him.

23 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT.

23

Parker streaks for his car, but jams on the brakes as he discovers the rookie arranged across Parker's windshield, splayed out and dead, Parker's radio mike still clutched in his hand, the cord cut and twisted around his bloodied neck.

Every tire on the car is flat.

Parker looks to the two black and whites. Both are sitting on their rims, tires slashed as well, and both have their radio mikes cut and tossed in the street.

PARKER

Christ!

JONATHAN

Maybe I --

Parker wheels on him, livid!

PARKER

You stay out of this now -- this is police business -- my business! That fucker's killed four of my men -- you think you can mess with a guy like this? Get the hell home and let me handle this!

(to self)

Phone -- I gotta get to a phone.

He tears off for the TV shop, leaving Jonathan alone. He looks at the dead rookie.

CUT TO:

24 INT. PRINTING PRESS (STOCK).

CLOSE ON HIGHSPEED NEWSPAPER PRINTING PRESS -- as the morning edition roars down its chutes.

SOUND THUNDERING, MUSIC DARK AND DRIVEN -- A MUSIC/PICTURE MONTAGE --

25 DELETE

DELETE

26 EXT. SHABBY URBAN STREET/HOTEL -- MORNING.

EARLY MORNING ON THE CITY. The VOICE of a TV ANCHORMAN FADES IN, sounding the beginning of the bad news.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

Good morning Maryville. Storm clouds are moving in once more, although today might provide a temporary respite from the rain...

CAMERA FINDS A NEWSPAPER VENDOR -- his small stand plastered with the headlines -- KILLER IDENTIFIED!! SEVERAL PEOPLE crowd around reading the newspaper AS CAMERA TILTS UP TO A NEARBY SEEDY HOTEL.

ANCHORMAN (CONTD V.O.)

But it doesn't help for the sun to come out for a city afraid to unlock its windows...

27 INT. A ROACH INFESTED HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING.

CLOSE ON TABLE -- the SCRAPING FOOT approaches, then the newspaper is spread out. (CAMERA SEES ON THE FOREARMS OF THIS READER -- Pinker's forearms -- covered with tattoos -- icons of violence -- knives, death's heads, swastikas, occult symbols.) And the headlines of the newspaper scream out the same message the TV now blares -- SLASHER IDENTIFIED -- ELUDES ARREST ATTEMPT!!

ANCHORMAN (CONTD V.O.)

Last night a man thought to be the long sought-after Slasher was surrounded by police, only to escape in a burst of new killing that left four officers dead and a police department in shock.

CAMERA PANS UP AND RACK-FOCUSES TO THE TV. We SEE STOCK FOOTAGE OF A POLICE FUNERAL PROCESSION DISAPPEAR, REPLACED BY A POLICE ARTIST'S DRAWING OF PINKER, fairly accurate, his eyes terrifying even in the drawing.

## ANCHORMAN (CONTD)

His name is Horace Pinker. A virtual phantom until yesterday, he was identified at last through a most unusual means -- according to the police report, a young man dreamed of the killer...

CAMERA PANS BACK TO THE NEWSPAPER -- TILTS BELOW THE HEADLINES TO A PICTURE OF JONATHAN obviously taken from a school football promotional brochure.

As the narrator wraps up this special twist of his morning feature, the powerful HAND ENTERS FRAME and tears out Jonathan's picture. Slowly. Deliberately. And the BREATHING of the unseen man is harsh, driven.

## ANCHORMAN (CONTD V.O.)

A junior at MidWestern Tech named Jonathan Parker -- who, along with his father, Police Lt Donald Parker, was recently a victim of the same Family Slasher himself...

\*

CUT TO:

28 INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- DAY.

28

PHOTOGRAPH OF JONATHAN AND ALISON. Leaning close together, in love. OVER THIS we HEAR heavy, rasping BREATHING.

CAMERA PANS AWAY ACROSS THE BED. Empty, its covers wildly askew. The BREATHING grows increasingly ragged, almost desperate. We PAN PAST THE OPEN BATHROOM. We SEE IN, SEE Alison in the bath. The PAN CONTINUES, the BREATHING gets even more harsh and wild as our PAN LIFTS AND CENTERS CLOSE ON A DOORWAY. A CHROME BAR spans the doorframe near its top. We SEE HANDS there, gripping. A moment later Jonathan's head ENTERS FRAME as he completes the last, excruciating chin-up.

## JONATHAN

(grunting to himself)

'Two hundred...!

WIDE -- as he drops to the floor, glistening with sweat. He looks haunted, a little crazy beneath the surface. Alison exits the bath in the steaming b.g., wraps herself in Jonathan's old robe and comes out to him. She has a slightly guarded look, a little haunted herself. But she masks it as she steps up to him.

## ALISON

You forgetting your nine o'clock practice?

## JONATHAN

No -- just leaving.



She nods, eyeing him. He pulls on a sweat shirt and grabs his books..

ALISON

You okay?

JONATHAN

Just worrying about an exam.

She cocks her head at him, as in "This is Alison you're talking \* to."

ALISON

Your dad'll catch him. Now he knows who he is...

JONATHAN

He's never even seen him...

He heads for the door, then stops.

JONATHAN

Oh, almost forgot...

He pulls a small box from his jeans and gives it to her.

JONATHAN (CONTD)

Happy birthday, Alison.

His eyes sparkle. She opens it.

CLOSE ON IT as she lifts it out -- a small gold heart on a delicate chain.

ALISON

Jonathan. In the middle of all this, I can't believe you'd even remember...

She opens the robe -- pressing her body to his. \*

He embraces her, rocking her.

JONATHAN

Thanks for being with me. I mean...

She kisses him deeply, then holds him away.

ALISON

You'll be late.

Jonathan sees her tears.

ALISON

Just happy. Go -- I'll see you at practice.

She gives him a little shove and watches him go. And as the door closes behind him, a shiver runs through her body.

ALISON (CONTD)

(very low)

Jonathan Parker, I love you so much...

\*

29 EXT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- DAY.

29

TRACK WITH JONATHAN, FOLLOWING HIM TO HIS CAR, CAMERA SWINGING BEHIND HIM until he gets inside. Pressing in on him.

CUT TO:

30 INT. HALL/BEDROOM/BATHROOM -- DAY.

30

ANGLE ON THE BIG OLD TV IN JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- Alison's hand coming INTO FRAME to turn it on, then leaving. We SEE STOCK FOOTAGE OF A RAINSTORM -- broken trees, downed power poles, streets with gutters rushing with water --

TV NEWSCASTER

The storm continues to remain in the area, last night pouring three inches of rain in outlying districts, accompanied by high winds. In local news --

CLOSER ON THE TV. Jonathan's picture pops up on screen, football costume and all, then instantly DISTORTS as THE SOUND OF A HAIR DRYER WHINES UP OFF SCREEN. CAMERA PANS OFF THE TV TO THE BATHROOM. Alison is in there, back to the doorway, bent to drape her hair into the hot wind, weaving in that peculiar dance women do with hair dryers. She hasn't heard the TV at all.

TV NEWSCASTER (CONTD/O.S.)

-- Police had speculated earlier this morning that the man thought to be the Slasher -- Horace Pinker -- had eluded their dragnet and left the area --

31 INT/EXT. JONATHAN'S CAR -- DAY.

31

Once inside his beat up old Chevy, Jonathan shows the strain. He wipes his hands through his hair, then shakes off the tension and puts the key in the ignition.

CLOSE ON THE IGNITION, JONATHAN'S HAND. He turns the key.

WIDE -- the instant the car starts the radio blares on --

RADIO NEWSCASTER

...but he apparently struck again  
early this morning, killing a  
family of five in their sleep.

CLOSE ON THE RADIO --

RADIO NEWSCASTER (CONTD)

In this the latest work of what is  
thought, because of distinctive  
patterns Police refuse to make  
public, to be the Family Slasher --

JONATHAN'S HAND ENTERS FRAME -- and shuts the radio off.

CUT TO:

32 INT. BATHROOM -- DAY.

32

CUTTING TO AN ANGLE CLOSE TO ALISON. The HOWLING OF THE DRYER  
wipes out any other sound. Yet she suddenly straightens. turns  
off the dryer. The SOUND OF A COMMERCIAL is the only thing the  
TV offers now.

COMMERCIAL ACTOR (O.S.)

I thought I was getting my clothes  
clean, until my best friend told  
me the truth...

Alison grabs the TV remote and shuts off the TV. She cocks her  
head. listening without turning. The heart gleams at her  
throat.

ALISON

Jonathan... I don't think you  
should go out today...

33 EXT. JONATHAN'S CAR -- DAY.

33

Jonathan just sits in the car in the drive.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON HIS FACE FROM FRONT ANGLE. He seems shaken.  
unsure of what to do next. Behind him, the empty space of the  
back seat seems to cry out danger. But nothing happens.  
Jonathan throws the engine into gear and heads off down the  
street.

CUT TO:

34 INT. BATHROOM -- DAY.

34

Alison wipes a clear space in the fogged mirror of the  
bathroom.

ALISON

Please god, keep him safe.

The words are hardly out of her mouth when PINKER LUNGES INTO FRAME with a horrendous SCREAM, striking her from behind -- face livid, eyes wild! On Alison's shattering SCREAM we

SMASH CUT TO:

35 EXT. COLLEGE FOOTBALL FIELD -- DAY.

35

TIGHT ANGLES ON A FULL SCRIMMAGE -- ALISON'S SCREAM CROSSMIXING WITH THE SHRILL SCREECH OF COOPER'S WHISTLE and the snap of the ball.

HAND-HELD TIGHT ON JONATHAN taking the hand-off -- wheeling and slamming through the line with fire in his eyes -- the GRUNTS, CLASH OF PLASTIC ARMOR, the THUD OF FEET, RASP OF BREATH -- and a final roar from Jonathan as he cleanly outdistances Rhino, leaps two other tacklers and flashes across the goal line.

More shrill WHISTLES and CHEERS -- from side-line fans and team mates alike. Pac Man brings him Gatorade, Rhino thumps him on the back.

RHINO

All right!

Jonathan checks the side lines. Calls to one of the girls --

JONATHAN

You seen Alison?

The girl shakes her head.

COOPER (O.S.)

Jonathan.

Jonathan, still grinning, looks over. His coach, Cooper, is just staring at him. And Parker stands next to him, just as grim.

PARKER

Jon, I'm so sorry...

36 INT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- DAY.

36

MOVING WITH JONATHAN as he rockets through the front door (a glimpse of an AMBULANCE, SPECTATORS outside), through the clutch of startled cops in his living room to his bedroom, Pursued by several.

37 INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM -- DAY.

37

Jonathan follows the flashes of cameras to the bathroom, stopping in CU in its doorway. By then it's too late for the cops to prevent him from seeing.

CAMERA PULLS BACK INTO THE BATHROOM, and as it does, FRAME FILLS MORE AND MORE with an awful drench of scarlet. Horace Pinker has painted the bathroom red with Alison's life-blood. And OUR FINAL CAMERA ANGLE, LOOKING ACROSS THE BRIMMING TUB FROM ITS FAR SIDE, PUTS ALISON'S HAND AND FOREARM FOREGROUND, draped languidly over the rim, so pale and white against that awfully-daubed tub with its pink, spilling water. The posture looks like one final gesture of supplication. Or farewell. The body is deep beneath the water. \*

SNAP-ZOOM RIGHT BACK INTO JONATHAN'S EYES. They flick up to the wall.

REVERSE, IN HIS POV. We SEE the words written in blood: "Jonathan -- Happy Birthday -- Horace Pinker!"

BACK ON JONATHAN as Parker bursts in and gently pulls him away.

DISSOLVE TO:

38 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR -- DAY.

38\*

Low light. Jonathan approaches the coffin. The place seems deserted, until... \*

MORTICIAN (O.S)  
I did the best I could. \*

A slight PAN REVEALS a MORTICIAN, hovering nearby. \*

MORTICIAN (CONTD)  
Cuts can be hidden, but drowning  
can do terrible things to facial  
muscles. \*

Jonathan just stares at him. \*

JONATHAN  
Drowning? \*

MORTICIAN  
Oh yes, that probably killed her  
before. There were bruises on her  
arms where he held her under... I  
took care of all of that -- she  
looks just fine. Was she a close  
friend? \*



29A

JONATHAN

Get out.

The mortician swallows, seeing Jonathan's face emerge into light for the first time -- a study in pain and rage.

MORTICIAN

Sorry, so sorry...

The man disappears into the shadows.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN AT THE COFFIN -- with her. Alison is as white and beautiful as a porcelain doll. In a dress of eggshell white. Still at her neck is the gold heart.

Jonathan touches it once, bends and kisses her gently on the lips, then turns and walks away.

39 EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY.

39

A simple ceremony, with the friends and family of Alison, Cooper, Parker and Jonathan, gathered to say their good-byes, all shocked to be at such a ceremony so soon again. Girls are crying openly; Rhino, Pac Man and the guys from the team are pale guardians.

All watch as the coffin is lowered into the ground. Jonathan drops a handful of soil, whispers something into the dark, then steps back.

CLOSE ON PARKER -- grim, watching him carefully. Almost, despite himself, professionally.

40 EXT. PRESS BOX/FOOTBALL STADIUM -- MAGIC HOUR. 40 \*

HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN ON THE COUNTRYSIDE AND FOOTBALL STADIUM. CAMERA PANS AND RACKS FOCUS, REVEALING JONATHAN, FOREGROUND. He's on the roof of the press box overlooking his own playing field. \*

Deep in thought, studying the countryside, studying his next move. \*

40A DELETE 40A \*

41 EXT. STADIUM/JONATHAN'S CAR -- MAGIC HOUR. 41 \*

Jonathan trots down the stadium stairs, vaults the fence, drops to the track, and -- CAMERA TRACKING WITH HIM -- lopes to his car. Rhino's already in there. Expectant, but not sure this isn't a put-on. As Jonathan closes the door, CAMERA MOVES IN TO TWO SHOT. \*

JONATHAN

You know what to do, now, right?

RHINO

Yeah. I think you're high on something, but I know what to do.

JONATHAN

Good. Fasten your seat belt. \*

CUT TO:

42 EXT. A RESIDENTIAL STREET -- DAY FOR NIGHT. 42

Jonathan's car appears, rolling slowly, and when it's closer we see Jonathan, watching, listening. Then he stops, right in the middle of the street, and gets out. Rhino starts to follow, but Jonathan waves him back.

Jonathan glances around, seeing --

A STREET SIGN -- Maddalena Street and Wagner Avenue.

JONATHAN -- turns back, his eyes drawn by an invisible force towards an apartment complex. He HEARS a sudden sound -- OF A DOOR BEING BATTERED DOWN. He looks back to Rhino. Making sure he's there.

Then turns and starts running.



SC 43 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAYS -- DAY FOR NIGHT. \*

ANGLE DOWN STAIRS TO/FROM STREET -- Jon races up the stairs  
PAST CAMERA. \*

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY AND STAIRS -- Jon races to the foot of the  
stairs -- and sees a woman appearing suddenly at the top of the  
stairs, screaming for help. A moment later Pinker lurches into  
view and grabs her. Then he sees Jon. \*

JON

Come on, you bastard -- take me  
on!

PINKER

You got it, asshole!

Pinker drops the woman and charges. Jon holds his ground  
despite the big knife, but cries out -- \*

RHINO! \*

-----  
43A INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT (DREAM)

LOCK DOWN -- Pinker lunges, but at that split second JONATHAN  
DISAPPEARS. Pinker crashes into the wall, reacts in rage and  
confusion, then turns and looks back to the woman. \*

She sees him see her, turns and runs back into her apartment in  
terror. Pinker takes back off after her. \*

44 INT/EXT. STADIUM/JONATHAN'S CHEVY -- NIGHT. 44

A split-second cut to Jonathan in the car -- asleep --  
screaming in his nightmare --

JONATHAN

Rhiinoo!

Rhino, watching him like a hawk -- leaps on him and starts  
shaking him like a terrier would a rat!



44A INT/EXT. ROAD NEAR STADIUM/JONATHAN'S CHEVY -- NIGHT. 44

At the same split second Jonathan bolts out of sleep with a shout -- Rhino shaking him like mad -- crashing back into consciousness --

JONATHAN

Shiiit!!!

Jonathan looks around, rubbing his eyes. No knife. No Pinker.

RHINO

I do it right?

Jonathan gets himself together, delighted he's awake and in one piece.

JONATHAN

You did it perfect, Rhino.

(gives him a whack,  
then remembers)

Maddalena and Wagner!

He jams on the ignition. Rhino gives him a look of utter bafflement as the car lurches forward.

45 EXT. COLLEGE AVENUE AND STREET -- NIGHT.

45 \*

Jonathan peels out of the campus and tears off down the street.\*  
As soon as his car is a safe distance away, four other cars  
roar to life in the shadows of the street, their headlights  
flashing on -- POLICE CARS. They tear off after Jonathan. No  
sirens, no dome lights.

46 EXT. MADDALENA STREET AT WAGNER AVENUE -- NIGHT.

46

Jonathan and Rhino pull up and get out, looking up at the  
apartment complex. Jonathan tries desperately to orient  
himself from the dream.

JONATHAN

This looks like the place, I  
think...

RHINO

You swear this ain't a put on,  
right?

Jonathan doesn't have a chance to respond. The night is split  
by a horrendous SCREAM. They reel around -- but just then the  
police cars slide up behind them, silent as sharks. Jonathan,  
needless to say, is astonished to see them.

Parker gets out, gives a wry smile.

PARKER

Evening, Jon.

JONATHAN

What you doing here?!

PARKER

My job.

There's a second SCREAM O.S. Parker jerks around.

PARKER

(to one of his men)

Keep these two here!

An officer, (PASTORI), instantly puts himself between Jonathan  
and the apartment complex. Parker races off with the rest of  
his men. Jonathan looks at Rhino. Rhino, without blinking an  
eye, straight-arms their guard so hard the guy flies ass over  
teakettle fifteen feet down the street. Jonathan and Rhino  
take off like shots.

SC 47 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAYS -- NIGHT. \*

ANGLE DOWN STAIRS TO/FROM STREET -- Parker and his men tear up the stairs, hearing CRIES FOR HELP O.S. \*

AFTER THEY PASS, Jon and Rhino run in from outside, and race up the same way, followed by a fuming Pastori. \*

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY AND STAIRS -- Parker and his men haul into view when Pinker appears at the top of the stairs, hauling the woman as hostage. He sees them, sneers as Parker and his men draw their guns. \*

PARKER

Freeze, you bastard -- I'll blow your head off!

Pinker drags the terrified woman in front of him as a shield. \*

PINKER

Take your best shot -- she won't mind!

Just then Jonathan rounds the corner. Pinker instantly sees him -- calls directly to him -- \*

PINKER (CONTD)

Had to bring Daddy along, huh?  
Eat this!

He flings the woman down the stairs towards Parker and his men, directly in their line of fire. Meanwhile he disappears down the hall.

Before anyone else can react, Jonathan leaps over the cops and woman and is after Pinker in a flash.

PARKER

Jonathan!

ANGLE UP HIGHER FLIGHT OF STAIRS (LOWER STAIRS FROM STREET CHEATED FOR THIS) -- Pinker races INTO FRAME from below, runs up stairs, Jonathan hard on his heels. \*



48 EXT. THE APARTMENT COMPLEX ROOF -- NIGHT.

48

Pinker bursts across the darkened rooftop in giant limping strides, but is forced to stop at the brink of the roof.

Separating him from the next rooftop and escape is a fifteen foot gap. But fortunately for him there's an old ladder laid across the gap, bridging it. He turns, sees Jonathan bursting through the door, and makes his decision. He limps across the plank, arms out for balance, and just makes it. He looks back.

IN HIS POV WE SEE JONATHAN -- coming like a locomotive!

PINKER -- waits until the last split-second, then dumps the plank over the edge. Jonathan jams on the brakes, barely stopping himself before plunging over the sheer drop.

Pinker runs laughing off into the dark.

REVERSE TO JONATHAN -- as Rhino and Parker with all his men pound out onto the roof. Parker and his men see Pinker's gained the far roof, ducking out of sight.

PARKER

(to his men)

Back down -- cover the other building!

They go tearing back down the stairs. Jonathan looks back to the other roof.

ANGLE ON PINKER -- on the far roof. Pinker emerges from hiding, races to the doorway leading to that building's stairs. It's locked! He looks back towards Jonathan, then starts smashing on the door.

BACK ON JONATHAN -- he races away from the gap, turns, and pours on the steam, running straight for the abyss. Rhino's eyes widen.

## RHINO (CONTD)

Jonathan -- forget it!

But Jonathan keeps on going -- and vaults from the edge of the building, arching dizzily through the air and landing successfully on the far side.

## RHINO (CONTD)

Jesus!

ANGLE ON THE FAR SIDE, ON PINKER -- turning from the half-smashed door as he hears Jonathan hit. He wheels around just as Jonathan smashes into him feet first!

Pinker sails backwards, knocked silly.

Jonathan lurches over him, but Pinker twists and kicks out with vicious quickness, catching Jonathan in the knee, and this time it's Jonathan who goes down! Pinker comes up with the knife and starts towards Jonathan, lunging and slashing. \*D \*

Jonathan lurches backwards, takes a slash through the ribs -- grabs a television antenna and snaps it down in Pinker's face. But Pinker sweeps it out of his way like a twig and keeps on coming.

The roof is a veritable forest of the rusted television antennas, and the fight weaves among them -- Jonathan feinting and darting, barely keeping out of the reach of that gleaming blade -- using all his broken field skills. At last he ducks behind a ventilator housing and disappears. \*

Pinker literally tears the sheetmetal unit apart with his bare hands, sparks flying from the blade as it slashes the metal away -- and then Pinker is through it.

But Jonathan isn't there.

He comes from Pinker's blind side with all the force of a linebacker, slamming into him low and hard -- knocking the huge man back. But Pinker doesn't go sprawling -- there is a fantastic agility to this murderous piece of muscle and brain -- he rolls, flips sideways and slashes out with the knife, catching Jonathan across the cheekbones, and Jonathan goes down hard.

Pinker leaps over him, knife ready --

But next second Parker and half a dozen of his cops bursts onto the rooftop, guns leveled on Pinker.

PARKER

Drop it! I mean it, goddamit!

\*  
\*

Pinker freezes, looks to Jonathan. Then slowly drops the big knife, turns to Jonathan with a leer. Utterly relaxed.

PINKER

She died real hard, y'know? Your girlfriend.

Jonathan goes for the guy, a killer's cry in his own throat. He's just barely able to be pulled off by Parker and two big cops, and twists and screams at Pinker like a madman himself.

JONATHAN

Go to hell, Pinker! I'll see you dead, you bastard!

Pinker, grabbed and being cuffed, just grins that malicious, hateful grin. \*

PINKER

You like killing, too, hmm? It's in the blood -- you and me -- killers pure and simple -- \*

JONATHAN

I want you dead, you fucker! I want to see you die!

Pinker is dragged away now, leering over his shoulder until he disappears in a sea of uniforms and is gone. Parker wheels on Jonathan, checking him out. \*

With his own motives to hate, Parker's still startled to see the fury and murderous hatred in Jonathan's eye. \*

PARKER

You want to see him gone, the State'll do it for you, Jonathan. He'll fry for sure. He's history.

JONATHAN

(low)

I want to be there.

PARKER

What?

JONATHAN

I want to be there -- if they give him the chair, I want to be there.

Parker just shakes his head. \*

PARKER

Don't be crazy. It's over -- let it go. Anyway, we gotta go get some sewing done on you, buddy.

Jonathan jerks away, oblivious to the cut and his own blood.  
His eyes are possessed.

JONATHAN

No, I want to see him die. I've  
earned it. I want to see him die.

Parker looks at him a long moment. Shrugs.

PARKER

Maybe we've both earned it.  
(seeing the intensity  
of Jonathan)  
I'll get us box seats.

HOLD ON JONATHAN'S BLAZING EYES ANOTHER MOMENT, THEN --

FADE TO BLACK:

SOUND FADES UP ON:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...the young man has proven to be  
Horace Pinker's nemesis. Jonathan  
Parker, instrumental in the  
capture of the killer, then served  
as star witness during the long  
months of trial. And since it was  
Pinker who killed his 19 year old  
girlfriend, Alison Clement, it  
seems almost poetic justice that  
it's been Jonathan Parker's  
testimony that has made certain  
the unrepentant Horace Pinker,  
murderer of over fifty men women  
and children, will die early  
tomorrow morning in the State  
Penitentiary's electric chair.

A DEEP MUSIC CUE BEGINS

BURN ON:

ONE YEAR LATER

PICTURE FADES UP ON:



37

49 EXT. PENITENTIARY -- DAY.

49

A remote, ominous place -- stone and steel set among naked woods, cloaked in grey clouds. Again, the SOUND OF THUNDER somewhere over the horizon. At the front gate, Cooper, Rhino and Pac Man stand with Jonathan. Jonathan's thinner now, and the scar across his cheek is grim and permanent reminder of his enemy.

PACMAN

You okay, Jonathan?

\*

JONATHAN

(coldly)

Just fine.

COOPER

We'll be right here in case you need us.

RHINO

If there's a problem I'll come in and personally break his neck.

Jonathan doesn't grin. He's changed that way, too. They shake hands, then Parker appears at the entrance. Jon joins him and they go in together, leaving the others behind.

50 INT. EXECUTION SUITE -- DEATH CHAMBER.

50

CLOSE ON THE ELECTRIC CHAIR. Huge. Medieval. Set in its own small chamber. There's nothing else in here but a stethoscope on an old brass wall hook.

51 INT. EXECUTION SUITE -- OUTER ROOM.

51

WIDE. The chair and its windowed chamber is set into the far end of this space, which affords room for a dozen straight-backed '30's-issue chairs. Between them and the chair's chamber is a brutally utilitarian station with a Square D electrical panel with one of those big grey switches. Finally, affixed to the wall, a clock, and a black telephone with no dial.

PAN TO THE DOOR -- as REPORTERS, a woman who will prove to be the execution DOCTOR, the EXECUTIONER, and the REST OF THE WITNESSES enter, Jonathan and Parker with them.

The witnesses sit, uneasy. The chair is an overpowering presence. Even its emptiness is ominous.

JONATHAN

Where is he?



PARKER  
Choking on his last meal, I hope.  
(glances at watch)  
They should be going for him right  
now.

52 INT. DEATHROW CELLBLOCK CORRIDOR -- DAY

52

ANGLE DOWN THE CELLBLOCK CORRIDOR. A PRIEST AND TWO GUARDS approach the cell.

GUARD #1  
You hear what his last wish was?  
A TV set in his cell. You believe that?

\*

\*

GUARD #2  
Must like his soaps, Huh?

\*

PRIEST  
(Reaching cell).  
All right, my son, it's time to...  
(reacts sharply)  
Oh my god....

\*

The guards start scrambling for their keys as we --

CUT TO:

53 INT. PINKER'S CELL.

53 \*

NOTE: Pinker's deathrow uniform, important later, is this: dayglo-orange coveralls with a black and white checkered band running horizontally across the chest and back, with DEATH ROW stenciled boldly in back, and PINKER in front.

PINKER -- dressed in this garb -- sits crosslegged in front of a blazing circle of smuggled black candles. Their dancing light plays over the centerpiece of this chilling ceremony -- an inverted cross. And above is the cell's television set, outer case off to expose its innards -- its screen showing only a hash of snow.

Then from this electronic swirl emerges a DARK SWIRL OF SOMETHING INTO THE AIR, something powerful and evil and clearly from another dimension -- so palpable that the candles are all blow out as if in a hurricane.

As for Pinker, he's twitching and pulsating like someone possessed. Then the SHOT REVEALS THE AUTOMOTIVE JUMP WIRES -- one end's clamps connected to the wiring of the television set, the other end clamped to Pinker's two hands!

The GUARDS AND PRIEST struggle frantically with the door BACKGROUND -- jamming the key in the lock. But Pinker's just leans back and grabs a handful of the bars behind him -- and ten feet away, the guard holding the key in the door convulses in a shower of sparks and goes down hard.

GUARD # 1

Yiiiiii!

Pinker returns to his lotus position, eyes closed in sublime \*  
calm now -- foam dribbling from between his clenched teeth --  
bluish SPARKS playing like St. Elmo's fire around his saliva-  
glistening thin lips luminescent as they draw back in a hideous  
grin.

We can just make out his voice -- evil to its foundations --

PINKER

Yessss -- lemme have it, lemme  
have it!

Suddenly the roiling cloud swirling around his head coalesces  
into something resembling red-glowing eyes -- a twisted  
suggestion of cruel mouth -- and a VOICE, LOW, WHISPERING and  
utterly, utterly evil, says to the twitching man...

VOICE

You got it, baby.

The cloud rolls back into an amorphous swirl again, snaps back  
into the glowing TV and disappears as the TV detonates in a  
reddish gush of sparks. Pinker's back arcs with a jolt of  
electricity -- his gaping eyes show a terrible satisfaction --  
and GLOW with the same deep, demonic red we saw in the cloud.

The second of the guards finally dares to retry the key in the  
lock -- and gets the door open. He races in, grabs a towel,  
slings it around Pinker and pulls him backwards, breaking the  
contact between the man and the SPARKING jumper cables.

Pinker falls in a heap. The first guard, shaken and glazed \*  
from the jolt he's taken, joins his buddy, and the two look \*  
around. \*

GUARD # 1

What the hell was that in the air  
-- you see it?

GUARD # 2

(thoroughly spooked)  
Smoke, I guess. Musta fried his  
fuckin' brains!

They drag him out into the corridor while the Priest destroys  
the black mass in fury, kicking candles and inverted cross to  
the four corners of the room. The TV smokes like some evil  
censor.

PRIEST

God damn this! God damn this  
blasphemy!

54 INT. DEATHROW CELLBLOCK CORRIDOR.

54

The guards shake Pinker, slapping his face, assuming he's gone.

FIRST GUARD

You better do mouth to mouth.

SECOND GUARD

My ass! You do mouth to mouth --  
this guy's an animal!

He snaps cuffs on Pinker and steps back. Pinker lies in a heap. The other guard is beside himself.

FIRST GUARD

The warden hears we let him zap  
himself, we'll get our asses  
canned!

But seeing the other guard isn't going anywhere near Pinker, the First Guard grits his teeth and bends over the corpse, prying open his mouth -- putting his mouth to Pinker's, breathing in, leaning back, letting the air out, leaning down, breathing in again --

-- And Pinker strikes like a snake -- biting hard into the man's mouth -- sinking his teeth deep into the unfortunate guard's lower lip. The guard pulls back in horror and pain -- his lip stretching out hideously, still in Pinker's teeth. The other guard lurches in -- prying at Pinker's mouth -- accompanied by the gurgling shrieks of his partner and the chaos of the whole cell block going berserk --

-- And Pinker strikes in a new direction -- releasing the first guard, snapping down on two of the prying fingers of the second.

SECOND GUARD

Noooooooo!!!

But Pinker bites down like some hideous bear trap. There's a sickening CRACK and the Second Guard reels backwards as Pinker spits out his fingers.

PINKER

Finger lickin' good!

The first guard is roaring in pain, blood pouring from his mouth -- the second is no better -- and now both men set upon Pinker -- kicking and beating him in a frenzy until half a dozen other GUARDS come running up and haul them off.

The priest, nearly in shock himself, kneels over Pinker. The SERGEANT of the new guards steps over, nervous, hard.

GUARD SERGEANT

The fucker alive?

PRIEST

My God, I don't know...

And then Pinker looks up, his voice low but utterly clear.

PINKER

Why I'm fine, boys, just fine.

(his face splits  
slowly in a wide,  
insane grin)

Let's get on with the killing.

Something in that voice, in those eyes sends the blood right out of everyone else's face. The priest crosses himself and turns away.

55 INT. THE EXECUTION SUITE.

55

THE DOOR SLAMS OPEN -- Pinker and his shocked escort enter. One of the guards opens the door to the execution chamber. They turn to Pinker. He looks to the witnesses, sees Jonathan -- and all his wild, insane energy focuses on that young man.

PINKER

Come to look Death in the face,  
schoolboy?

Pinker is shoved roughly into the chamber. He makes no move to escape -- in fact, that said, he limps straight to the chair and plops himself down like a man about to have his hair cut and happy to have it done. The guards begin to slit Pinker's pants at their cuffs.

The Priest enters, shaking. Pinker seems to look right into his soul, bringing the dank chill of his evil with him.

PRIEST

(forcing himself to  
say it)

Would you like to pray with me, my  
son?

Pinker just leers.

PINKER

I'm no son of yours, you old  
pederast -- pray with your  
choirboys!

The priest goes white -- Pinker's voice is altered -- deepened and darkened into the chilling voice that could be coming right out of the black mass's evil vapors. The priest clutches his rosary and backs out of the chamber.



Pinker cranes around in his seat, twists against the leather straps now biting into his wrists, and fixes Jonathan with his eyes. Once again -- as in the bedroom of Jonathan's nightmare -- there's that look -- of mocking familiarity --

ON JONATHAN -- looking away.

BACK IN THE EXECUTION CHAMBER -- Pinker giggling obscenely as the guards get out. The big door slams and the bolt is thrown.

The executioner takes his station by the switch, glancing at the big clock on the wall. The minute hand creeps towards the twelve.

The chaplain murmurs a hasty prayer, averting his eyes from those of the man in the chair. Pinker scans them all with a terrible energy, and dark, dark humor.

Jonathan eyes the guards nervously, noticing they're covered with a sheen of sweat, sees Parker leans over to them --

PARKER

(low to guards)

Something happen at the cell?

One guard refuses to acknowledge at all, the other just shakes his head and mutters --

GUARD SERGEANT

It'll be over soon...

The doctor shakes her head.

DOCTOR

Not right, it's just not right.

JONATHAN

(turning to her)

What's not right?

DOCTOR

This whole process -- it's barbaric -- we're treating this man as if he were some sort of animal.

Jonathan's face is a mask of stone.

JONATHAN

Why give animals such a bum rap?

Jonathan waves Parker off with a look. His eyes are troubled by the doctor's words. Next moment there's a stir. The door to the outer corridor opens and closes, and the WARDEN is in the room. He strides to the front of the chairs and motions everyone to sit.

WARDEN

Ladies and gentlemen, as Warden of this facility I am directed by the State to ask you all to bear witness in this the execution of Horace Pinker in accordance with the laws of this great state. In most cases this is a duty I would rather was not mine. But today I feel justice is being served.

He looks around.

WARDEN (CONTD)

Is the State Medical officer present?

DOCTOR

I am. I...

WARDEN

(noting her paleness,  
low)

First one of these you've been assigned to?

(she nods)

Over before you know it.

He nods to the man at the switch, glances to the clock, (now one minute from the hour), then steps to the observation window and speaks into a microphone.

WARDEN

Does the prisoner have any final words?

Pinker lifts his head under the copper cap and looks at the Warden, then turns to Jonathan. Smiles, and asks in a chilling voice --

PINKER (FILTER)

Your pitiful little memory's wiped it all out, hasn't it?

(grins his hateful grin)

I used to beat you real good -- sonny -- I was beating you good when your momma tried to stop me with a gun --

Surprisingly, Parker lurches up in his chair --

PARKER

Shut up! You hear me?!

The Warden sheels around in surprise and anger.

WARDEN

The witness will sit down and  
remain silent!

(not liking it, but  
inforcing it)

The prisoner is entitled to speak.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Parker looks to the Warden, to Jon, then sits, ashen, eyes on  
Pinker.

PARKER

You bastard.

Pinker's eyes have never left Jonathan's. The only change in  
them, if any, is that they are even more evilly, compellingly  
familiar. Jonathan has gone white, something dark and  
frightening stirring within him, looming up into half-  
consciousness. Pinker's sarcastic, steel-cold voice is lancing  
deep into the young man's forgotten, buried past --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PINKER

I was beating you good when your  
momma tried to stop me with that  
gun she snuck into our happy home  
-- you saw me kill her -- don't  
you remember how she screamed?  
And how clever you were, grabbing  
that gun and shooting me right  
through the knee -- little pecker-  
head with that big gun, blasting  
away at your daddy with murder in  
your eyes... Like father, like  
son...

\*

(gives Jon an obscene  
'kiss' in the air;  
then, to Warden)

What you waiting for? Do it, you  
insect.

\*  
\*

The Warden looks to Jonathan, confused.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN -- absolutely mute, stunned. Parker stone  
beside him.

ON THE WARDEN, twisting to look at --

THE CLOCK -- as the minute hand crosses twelve.

The Warden looks to --

THE TELEPHONE. Its silence is the final word. \*

CLOSE ON THE WARDEN -- \*

WARDEN  
(quietly, to  
executioner)  
You heard the man. \*

And the executioner throws the switch. \*

PINKER -- convulses with a hideous grunt. \*

JONATHAN -- registers a terrible mixture of confusion, revenge  
and horror. \*

Next instant ALL THE LIGHTS GO OUT. \*



SHOUTS, SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS. Then the LIGHTS STRUGGLE BACK ON, up from a weird ORANGISH GLOW to FULL POWER.

JONATHAN -- looks to the chamber. The revenge is gone from his face -- only horror left now.

PINKER -- is slumped over in the chair, the copper plate knocked off his smoking head. But his eyes are open, and fixed on Jonathan. And now his face cracks in that awful leering smile.

DOCTOR

(low)

Oh my god, oh my god...

WARDEN

Check him out, Doctor! Now!

WIDE -- the doctor bolts into action -- racing for the chamber. Jonathan rises to his feet, pinching himself furiously. But this is no nightmare -- and Pinker is rising, slowly, like a zombie, to a sitting-up position, his whole head smoking, his blazing eyes fixed only on Jonathan. And a hellish, insinuating LAUGH slides out of his gaping, smoking mouth.

A split second later the doctor reaches Pinker, and the instant she touches him there's a BRIGHT EXPLOSION OF SPARKS BETWEEN \* THE TWO. The woman arcs backwards with an anguished CRY -- and \* the whole place plunges into UTTER DARKNESS ONCE AGAIN.

The only SOUND is a busy SIZZLING.

Again the SHOUTS, although this time the tones are nearing animal fear -- even panic. Then there's a WOMAN'S SCREAM -- and then a god-awful silence.

The LIGHTS claw their way back on. SPUTTERING, FLICKERING, then finally reaching FULL BRIGHTNESS -- revealing Jonathan staring in shock.

REVERSE IN HIS P.O.V. -- The guard at the door to the outer corridor is sprawled out on the floor -- the door is open -- and Pinker is gone from the electric chair!

Pandemonium!

They race to the guard. Dead -- neck broken. Then to the doctor, sprawled in the execution chamber. The woman groans, \* deep in shock.

DOCTOR  
Get me to a hospital -- for  
godsakes, please....  
(collapses)

WARDEN  
Call up the ambulance!

SGT OF THE GUARDS  
Already gone with two of our guys  
-- Pinker bit off two fingers and  
--

WARDEN  
(cutting him off, to  
Parker)  
-- I need a man and a car!

PARKER  
Pastori!

Pastori and the Guard Sergeant snatch up the woman and drag her  
out the door. The Warden wheels on the rest of his men.

WARDEN  
I want the whole goddam cell block  
sealed until we find him -- he  
won't get far after taking a hit  
like that!

MEN GO RUNNING OFF. JONATHAN -- looks into the execution  
chamber.

HIS P.O.V. TO THE CHAIR -- Smoking. Empty.

Parker sees the look.

PARKER  
Forget what he said, Jonathan.

JONATHAN  
Was it true?

PARKER  
It's been in the news that you  
were a foster kid. He was messing  
with your mind. Forget what he  
said.  
(trying to get  
Jonathan's eye)  
Son?

JONATHAN -- looks away, ashen. Then seems to sense something -- almost smell something. He turns and finds himself looking through an open doorway into the electrical power source for the execution room. The door is wide open, revealing the electrical guts of the closet, smoking and sizzling, still smarting from whatever happened to it. \*

Something about that power, that snapping danger. \*

Jonathan slams the door on it. And as he does, the body of Horace Pinker -- hidden until now behind this opened door -- falls out right onto him -- fried to a crisp, smoking and gape-faced! \*

Jonathan falls back with a cry -- the body clatters to the floor amid a great outcry of astonishment. Everyone crowds around, astonished --

Parker prods the corpse with his foot. The body -- still clad in the charred dayglo-orange DEATH ROW coveralls -- slews away, light as ash.

PARKER \*

Jesus, that chair really kicks  
ass... \*

ANGLE ON JONATHAN -- staring down at the obscene thing. Its whitened eyes stare right back at him, glazed and lifeless. Like the eyes one might see on the husk left behind by an insect gone on to a larger, more powerful form.

JONATHAN

I gotta get some air --

He bolts from the place, Parker after him.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. PENITENTIARY -- DAY.

56

LOW ANGLE TO PRISON. Pastori and the Sergeant burst out with the doctor, and with the help of several GUARDS rush her to Pastori's police car. They tumble the woman onto the back seat, the Sergeant trying to get in with her. But she's revived somewhat. Slaps his hands away from supporting her -- moans churlishly --

DOCTOR

Leave me alone -- just let me lie down, for godsakes!

The guard shrugs as she moans onto the back seat -- he jumps into the front passenger's seat and the squad car careens off down the road. Cooper, Rhino and Pac Man watch, wondering what the hell's going on inside.

56A EXT. FRONT GATE -- DAY.

56A \*

The car tears through the gate and off down the road.

56B EXT. PENITENTIARY -- DAY.

56B \*

Jonathan exits the penitentiary and leans against the wall, sucking in the cool air. Pac Man, Cooper and Rhino are there, but respect his silence. Parker emerges behind him, lighting up and hunching against the wind.

PARKER

Looks like rain by tonight.

57 INT/EXT. POLICE CAR -- DAY.

57

Pastori pours it on, leaning forward to see through the light haze of the drizzle now falling.

PASTORI

How's she look -- she gonna make it?

The Sergeant leans back and checks the woman (OFF SCREEN BOTTOM), then turns back to Pastori, shrugging.

GUARD SERGEANT

Looks pretty good. Sleeping like a baby.

And at that split second the doctor lurches up with a demonic shriek and grabs the Sergeant around the head -- twisting with terrific strength! Her face is a study in furious dementia, her hair a Medussa's snarl of electrified insanity -- her blazing eyes snapping right into Pastori's --

PASTORI

Jesus Christ -- what the hell you doing -- ?!

DOCTOR

Just feel like a little head, sport!

She gives a final gleeful twist -- and the Sergeant's head twists free!

Pastori, at the wheel, jerks away, horrified as the woman lurches over the seat for him.

DOCTOR

C'mere, good-lookin'!

PASTORI

Get away from me!

He twists away from her -- then jerks around in panic as AN AIR HORN BLASTS through his consciousness.

He reacts in terror --

IN HIS P.O.V. -- he sees he's swerved over the center line -- sees the big TANKER TRUCK bearing down on him -- a split-second before the concussion. Then everything is fire, fire, fire.

58 EXT. PENITENTIARY -- DAY.

58 \*

Jonathan is walking towards his friends, ready to leave and put it all behind him -- when the FRONT GATE GUARDS react to what seems like rolling thunder. Jonathan jerks round and looks down the road.

58A EXT. PRISON GATE & ROAD (HANSON DAM) -- DAY

58A \*

From where the road hooks behind the treeline, a huge FIREBALL rolls into the sky, sucking a plume of ugly black smoke after it.

58 (CONTD) EXT. PRISON FRONT GATE -- DAY

\*

TIGHT ON JONATHAN -- reacting --

\*

59 EXT. SITE OF THE WRECK -- DAY.

59 \*

The sky is dark now -- and the truck and car burn like hell. A fire truck pours on water, but as yet there's no way anyone can get near it. We can hear Parker's nervous, harried voice.

PARKER (O.S.)

What the hell d'you mean, where's the doctor?

PARKER ENTERS FRAME, PURSUED BY JONATHAN. He jabs his finger in the direction of the fire --

PARKER (CONTD)

She's in there, that's where -- you got an asbestos ass, go see for yourself!

He lights a cigarette and rasps in a lower voice --

PARKER (CONTD)

What the hell you so interested in the doctor for, anyway? Pinker's dead. Go home -- get drunk or something.

Jonathan shakes his head, a crazy look in his eye.

JONATHAN

I don't think he is dead.

Parker, already badly shaken, swerves and stares at Jonathan. Even Cooper, Pac Man and Rhino, nearby, are taken aback.

PARKER

What're you, crazy?



JONATHAN

I... I didn't feel anything at  
that body, like I usually did...  
(struggling to find  
words)

I mean, it was as if it wasn't him  
any more.

PARKER

It wasn't. It was just so much  
fried meat. Good riddance. It's  
just too bad he took so many with  
him.

FIREMAN (O.S.)

Lieutenant! Over here!

\*

He wheels and stalks away -- starting to run as he sees the  
FIREMEN scrambling in the same direction with a stretcher.

PARKER -- races after the fireman, across the road and down the  
far side into the weeds, where FIREMEN and PARAMEDICS work  
furiously over --

PARKER

Pastori!

He races down to his cop, who moves, alive, though clearly in  
shock and barely conscious. The firemen are already moving him  
into a stretcher.

FIREMAN

Must've been thrown clear --  
lucky!

\*

Parker helps with the stretcher as Jonathan appears over his  
shoulder, coming as if to a beacon. His face grim, possessed  
by a singular look of repulsion and mission.

Jonathan starts to trot as the surviving cop is rushed up the  
shoulder towards the ambulance -- Jonathan now running as they  
roll him across the asphalt. Parker sees him at the last  
minute -- sees that look and instinctively grabs him a split-  
second before Jonathan tries to look in Pastori's eyes.

\*

PARKER

What the hell you doing?!

JONATHAN

Who is that?!

PARKER

That's one of my boys -- Pastori  
-- he survived!

He looks again at Jonathan, at that almost insane look in the  
young man's eyes.

JONATHAN

Ask him what happened to the  
doctor -- ask him! He knows  
something -- I can feel it!

He lurches for the door of the ambulance as it slams shut.  
Parker wrestles Jonathan back, waves the ambulance away and  
then gestures for Cooper Rhino and Pac Man -- who're already on  
their way over, concerned themselves.

PARKER

Get him out of here --  
(to Jonathan)  
Go home, Jonathan -- it's been too  
much for you -- you need to get  
away from it -- need to sleep and  
get it out of your head!

And Rhino and Cooper, as gently as possible, drag Jonathan  
towards their van. And the skies crack open, and it begins to \*  
RAIN. Hard. \*

CLOSE ON PARKER -- watching after. The ambulance rockets \*  
behind him, SIREN BLARING. \*

DISSOLVE TO:

60 EXT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT.

60

Cooper's van stops in the wet, deserted street. The WIND is in  
the trees, up to no good. Jonathan gets out, staring at his  
house. His trio of friends get out too. No one knows quite  
what to say.

JONATHAN

Thanks guys. Sorry for the scene  
back there.

COOPER

You've taken a couple good shots  
-- take a few days off. We'll get  
back to the real world at practice  
Monday.

JONATHAN -- takes a deep breath, his bone-deep fatigue turning  
inexorably to a perception of fear.

HIS P.O.V. TO THE HOUSE -- dark, haunted by the memory of  
Alison. He turns to Cooper.

JONATHAN

Coach, I'm sorry, but I'm off the  
team. I gotta see this thing  
through.

RHINO

What?! Whataya mean, see it  
through. You've seen it through!

JONATHAN

Sorry, Rhino.

Cooper shakes his head.

COOPER

That's just the opposite of what  
you gotta do, Jonathan. You gotta  
stay with what's left, gotta work  
your way through by playing, not  
running away.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Jonathan holds Cooper's eyes.

\*

JONATHAN

Cooper, Rhino, you guys know me.  
You know I don't run away.

\*  
\*

Then he turns and walks into his house.

PAC MAN

You need someone to talk to,  
Jonathan -- you call!

\*  
\*

RHINO

Me too, Jon!

But Jonathan's already inside. We can hear the locks locking,  
one by one. Even the chain.

\*  
\*  
\*I

DISSOLVE TO:

61 INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

61

HIGH ANGLE DOWN ON JONATHAN ON HIS BED -- sprawled in the  
darkened room, lit only by the wane glow of the TV, bobbing  
slowly on the gentle swells of the waterbed. THE TV IMAGE IS  
OF THE SURFACE OF A LAKE, HEAVING GENTLY, BOTTOMLESS. Jon

seems to watch it in a daze as we CRANE DOWN TO HIM, CLOSER AND CLOSER. And as we draw nearer, we begin to HEAR DRIPPING, insistent, DRIPPING. At last, as we're in EXTREME CLOSEUP, Jonathan switches off the TV. Listens.

The DRIP, DRIP, DRIP is too loud to ignore now.

WIDER -- as Jonathan rolls sleepily out of bed, rubbing his head. The waterbed sloshes, low, oceanic.

JONATHAN

(low)

Damn faucet...



He pads across the room into the bathroom.

62 INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT.

62

Without bothering to turn on the light, Jonathan twists the sink's faucets. Then cocks his head.

The DRIPPING wasn't coming from the sink after all. It's coming from the tub/shower.

He turns on the light, pulls back the shower curtain. The whole shower enclosure is dripping, as if in a rain, the tub, brimming and red. And then the surface of this red water dimpled with its own rain moves, and Alison rises from it, like some grim Venus painted by a mad Botticelli -- rises straight up, dripping water and blood -- her eyes staring, her hand coming up in supplication. And her strangled voice is from another dimension.

ALISON

Jonathan... he stabbed me and  
drowned meeee.... He drowned me  
slow....

Jonathan goes white.

ALISON (CONTD)

You gotta stop him...

She takes a step towards him. He stumbles backwards, terrified.

JONATHAN

What -- I stopped him, Alison --  
he's dead!

She wags her head, her eyes wild, like a sheep on the ramp to the slaughterhouse.

ALISON

Gotta stop him Jonathaaaaannnnnn...

She takes another step towards him. Holding out her hand. Sad, warning.

ALISON

He's learning how to move --  
he's gonna be uncatchable soon --  
it'll be slaughter!

JONATHAN

Alison -- please! He's history --  
he's gone!

63 INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

63 \*

Alison pushes after him as he stumbles backwards into the bedroom -- shaking her head no, hair flinging drops of red to the floor, pleading madly, insistently.

ALISON

No -- he's not -- he's on the  
move! You gotta stop him -- gotta  
-- !

She suddenly rips the necklace and heart from around her bloody neck -- thrusts it at him --

ALISON (CONTD)

Remember our love -- use this --

JONATHAN

Alison -- baby -- please go back,  
go back -- !

Her face contorts like a lost child's and a great shiver runs through her as she stretches for him --

ALISON

Hold me, Jonathan -- I'm so cold,  
so cold!

She lunges for him, and the two spill backwards onto the waterbed in a horrible tangle, Jonathan screaming --

JONATHAN

Alison -- No!

As they hit THE SURFACE OF THE BED ITS SURFACE TURNS TO THE SURFACE OF THE LAKE -- THE PHANTOM WATER SPLASHING FROM THEIR IMPACT AS WE --

SMASH CUT TO:

64 INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- DAY.

64

CLOSE ON JONATHAN -- twisting wildly on the bed -- jerking upright into wakefulness.

CAMERA ZOOMS RADICALLY BACK -- REVEALING JONATHAN ALONE ON HIS BED. Hyperventilating, eyes wild as he searches the room for the girl.

CLOSER AGAIN ON HIM -- shaking, gleaming with sweat. The TV hisses its imageless SNOW, the station long ago signed off. Jonathan rubs his head, dazed.

And then he looks down, seeing something gleaming on the  
rumpled sheet.

Something gold.

He reaches down and comes up with Alison's gift, the necklace  
with its shining heart.

He closes his shaking hand around it as -- .

SCREEN PLUNGES TO BLACK

65 INT. JONATHAN'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY.

65

FADE UP ON JONATHAN -- packing his things. The place is bare except for the few boxes that hold his belongings. Books, clothes, weights, banners, posters -- all are stripped away now, part of a vanished past.

Jonathan seals the last box, stands and wipes the sweat from his forehead.

Forces himself to walk back into the bedroom.

66 INT. . BEDROOM/BATH -- DAY.

66

The place has been completely repainted, is almost surgically clean, the bed covered only in white sheets. The electric relaxation chair is still there, and Jonathan plops into it and flicks the switch. The chair churns and rolls against his back. But it's no good. Jonathan shuts it back off and stands.

Jonathan looks into the bathroom.

ANGLE ON THE TUB -- gleaming white, scrubbed and scrubbed again until there's no trace of the blood. But still there's something haunted about the whole room.

There's a KNOCK at the front door.

Jonathan turns, annoyed.

JONATHAN

If you're here to see the apartment, go next door to the landlord's!

A beat, then --

VOICE (O.S.)

Police, Jonathan.

67 INT. FOYER/LIVING ROOM -- DAY.

67

Jonathan comes to the door and almost opens it. Then for some reason pauses before opening the locks, and uses the peep-eye.

68 EXT. DOORSTEP -- DAY.

68

IN JONATHAN'S FISH-EYE P.O.V. -- we SEE a cop. He's half turned away, checking the street, so we can't see his face entirely. But what we can see doesn't look so healthy; it's pasty and sheened with sweat.

68A INT. FOYER -- DAY.

68A

Jonathan cocks his head. Why a cop?

THE COP (O.S.)

Jonathan? Your father, Lt Parker,  
wants to see you down at the  
station. I got a car out here.

Jonathan shrugs and starts to unbolt the door, then stops. The telephone has begun RINGING. Jonathan turns for it, but the cop BANGS even harder on the door from the other side.

COP (O.S.)

Jonathan? You hear me?

The answering machine clicks on. Jonathan is locked, trying to figure out what's bugging him, as his own voice says --

JONATHAN (O.S./ANSWERING MACHINE)

Hi, this is Jon. Leave a message  
when you hear the beep.

Jon starts to unlock the door again, then stops once more as he hears his FATHER'S VOICE through the machine. A voice that's shaken, unsure, even a little frightened.

PARKER (ANSWERING MACHINE)

Uh, Jon. This is your dad. I...  
thought I'd call and tell you...  
um, Pastori, my cop that survived  
the car wreck yesterday. Well,  
he's disappeared from the  
hospital. I wondered if you knew  
anything about it...? Jon? You  
there?

Jon turns back to the door.

JONATHAN

Pastori?

No answer. He looks again through the peep-hole.

69 EXT. DOORSTEP -- DAY.

69

IN JONATHAN'S FISH-EYE P.O.V. -- we SEE the cop, Pastori, a look of true evil lighting his bloodshot eyes -- bringing his big service revolver up, aiming straight at the peep-eye. \*

70 INT. FOYER/LIVING ROOM -- DAY.

70

Jonathan jerks back from the door as the shot shatters the eye-hole. He scrambles away as the door explodes with one shot after another!

71 EXT. BACK DOOR/BACK YARD OF JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- DAY. 71

Jonathan streaks out of his back door and runs around the corner of the house. Pastori flashes into view out front, FIRING a SHOT that tears wood from the corner of the house next to Jonathan's head. Jonathan tears off in the opposite direction.

ANGLE AT THE YARD'S FENCE -- as Jonathan takes it in one vault, Pastori pumping into view behind him, BLASTING away.

PASTORI

Hold it right there, Jonathan!

But Jonathan keeps on going. The cop races up -- we see his limping, lurching gait now -- drags himself over the fence, face pouring sweat, hands shaking.

72 EXT. EDGE OF NEIGHBORHOOD/A PARK -- DAY. 72

Jonathan runs out of another back yard, looking over his shoulder. The cop is still coming, with the determination of the Devil himself, reloading. But it's also clear that this is an injured man -- somehow wrested out of the hospital and driving himself -- or being driven -- far beyond what his body should be doing in its condition.

Jonathan runs across the street and into the park.

The cop lurches forward a few steps, cocking his pistol, his left leg dragging in a severe limp now. Nearby, several people \* in the park are on their feet, witnessing with shock.

JONATHAN

Pastori -- what the hell you  
doing?!

\*  
\*  
\*

Pastori screams back -- desperate and filled with hatred. \*

PASTORI

You shut your fucking face,  
shithead! Get down on your face  
-- now!

Jonathan looks around. Realizing. \*

JONATHAN

Pinker? You think I'm gonna let  
you shoot me like a dog? \*

\*  
\*

The cop straightens a little -- the eyes gleam through the sweat, and Pinker/Pastori grins -- and it's Pinker's whole \* manner and style of speaking that snaps over the wretched man.\*



PASTORI/PINKER

Then eat this, asshole!

And he fires, and fires again! And Jonathan twists away and runs, clutching his arm.

MOVING WITH THEM -- Jonathan running like the superb athlete he is, Pinker/Pastori pursuing with the tenacity of true possession -- raging on even after he's thrown his empty gun after Jonathan.

MOVING WITH JONATHAN -- keeping the man in sight over his shoulder --

WIDER -- as he runs straight up a hill, not even pausing until he reaches the top. Once there he stops, turns and looks back and down.

Pastori has sunk to the earth, spent. Looking up to Jonathan. And his voice sounds terribly human now, frightened and weak. \*

PASTORI

Help me, Jonathan -- please.

Jonathan pauses. Looks around. Looks back to the cop. Swallows. Maybe he is crazy, he seems to be thinking. You can see the compassion creeping back into his face.

JONATHAN

Pastori?

PASTORI

Help -- please. H..How'd I get  
out of the hospital? Jesus, help  
me... \*

Jonathan starts back down.

ANGLE AT PASTORI -- as Jonathan draws up to him, cautious but concerned.

JONATHAN

You... uh, you feel yourself,  
Pastori?

Pastori just makes a pleading gesture and holds his hand out to Jonathan. Jonathan takes a step closer. Then --

VOICE (O.S.)

What happened? He okay?

Jon turns to see a JOGGER approaching.

JONATHAN

He, uh...

He turns back to the fallen cop just in time to see Pastori pull out his backup snub-nose .38 from his ankle holster.

Jonathan dives as the SHOT blasts the bark from the tree inches behind him. Jonathan dodges off, never looking back as the bullets whine past his head like angry hornets. Pastori/Pinker turns and blasts the jogger off his feet and starts clawing his way towards him!

CUT TO:

73 EXT. IN THE PARK PROPER -- DAY.

73

ANGLE ON A NEW SECTION OF THIS UPPER PARK. A place of broad meadows and city views. Strolling LOVERS and DOG WALKERS.

Jonathan sags against a park bench, exhausted.

Suddenly he gives a start and jumps up in the air as something whams into his ankle with a tiny BRIING-BRIING!

JONATHAN

Oww!

WIDER -- REVEALING a LITTLE GIRL on a tricycle -- the cutest little thing you could imagine. Blond, big blue eyes. About seven. She's banged into his ankle with her front wheel.

LITTLE GIRL

Ooops. Sorry, mister.

Jonathan hops around a little, but has to laugh.

JONATHAN

That's okay, sweetie. No harm done -- just hit my crazy bone. You should take it easy on that thing though.

LITTLE GIRL

I will. Sorry. Bye.

She gives him a shy smile and tools off down the sidewalk.

Jonathan shakes his head at his growing paranoia and walks off the other way.

CUT TO:

NEARBY WALKWAY -- REVEALING THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE JOGGER -- and though it's not clear what's happened, the wounded jogger has apparently grabbed her -- her tricycle is spilled over nearby. But on the cut, the jogger falls away, his wounds overcoming him, a dazed look in his eyes. And the little girl calmly disentangles herself, stands, then looks around with sudden alertness.

\*

She spots a huge BULLDOZER some distance away, idling near a road repair crew broken for lunch. She starts for the bulldozer, and as she does we notice her limp for the first time. She drags her left leg as if she'd taken a bullet through it some time, long, long ago.

\*

But despite this she climbs up into the driver's seat like a little blond monkey, really making time!

CUT TO:

JONATHAN, MOVING WITH HIM -- trying to relax into the spring day, the sunlight. Suddenly a VOICE --

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me -- sir!

WIDER, REVEALING A YOUNG MOTHER -- looking very concerned as she darts up to Jonathan.

YOUNG MOTHER

Have you seen a little girl?  
Blond, on a tricycle?

Then she sees the blood on Jonathan's shoulder.

YOUNG MOTHER

Oh... Sorry...

CUT TO:

THE LITTLE GIRL -- popping the dozer's brake, slamming the throttle forward with insane energy --

LITTLE GIRL

(pure evil rage)

Come on, you fucker -- move!

WIDE -- The thing lurches off into the park, the possessed tot bouncing in its seat like a demon on a bull from hell!

CUT TO:

JONATHAN -- calling after the mother, who's already rushing off in her search for the little girl.

JONATHAN

She was just here -- she can't  
have gotten far.

The mother already is fifty feet away, panicking.

MOTHER (DISTANT)

Amanda! Amanda -- where are you?!

Jonathan turns and walks away, shaking his head. Then stops dead in his tracks, looking down. He looks down. The dead jogger lies sprawled across the little girl's tricycle.

Jonathan turns and looks off, suddenly vulnerable. A split second later -- the bulldozer smashes out of the bushes, ROARING straight for him!

Jonathan dives -- the bulldozer slews by and SMASHES into a tree -- KA-WHAM!

Jonathan leaps up and twists around -- the little girl leaps off the far side of the bulldozer with a curse! \*

Incredibly fast she (DWARF STUNT PERSON # 1) darts from behind the dozer -- out across the lawn and dives into a bank of bushes. Jonathan tears after her. Before he can get to the bush, though, she leaps out (DWARF STUNT PERSON # 2) -- straight over his head -- hits and rolls and darts for a tree. \*

Jonathan, though, has the advantage and catches up with her, snatching her (CHILD ACTRESS) off the back of the tree --the kid now SCREAMING and biting like a crazed Tasmanian Devil! \*

The mother, a good distance away, hears this nonetheless, and wheels, seeing her little girl being wrestled spitting and cursing to the ground. She absolutely freaks. \*

MOTHER

Get away from my little girl!

She takes off running for Jonathan, blood in her eye. \*

CLOSE ON JONATHAN AND LITTLE GIRL -- the child clawing at his eyes -- voice terrifying in its evil -- \*

PINKER/LITTLE GIRL

Gonna rip your lungs out, you sonuvaBITCH -- !

Jonathan sees it's a loosing battle -- Tasmanian Devil on one hand -- mother steaming in on him on the other with murder in her eye. But suddenly he has a realization -- reaches in his pocket with one hand and desperately pulls out Alison's gold heart. \*

The screaming child stops mid-sentence -- seeing the heart -- her face paralyzed by fear. She throws up her little hands -- \*

JONATHAN

Get out of her, Pinker -- you bastard!

PINKER/LITTLE GIRL

Noooo!

About that instant the mother arrives -- falling on Jonathan like a she-lion -- pummeling him about the head and shoulders.

MOTHER

Get away from her!

Jon twists around, warding off her blows -- \*

THE LITTLE GIRL -- instantly seizes the opportunity and kicks \*  
Jonathan hard in the groin!

Jonathan doubles over -- but in his agony manages to toss he \*  
heart onto the girl's chest. \*

TIGHT ON THE LITTLE GIRL -- as the glistening form of Pinker  
smokes out of her chest -- sizzling past the heart -- escaping  
with an audible SHRIEK of pain.



WIDER -- as the mother stumbles back in horror, and the FORM OF PINKER, dark and boiling and evil as hell regains its feet -- now in the original form of Pinker himself -- dayglo orange prison coveralls with the checker across the chest -- head charred by the copper skull cap of the electric chair! And he dives straight onto the mother -- knocking her down and dissolving into her in one horrible SNAPPING, ELECTRICAL action. The mother gives a terrible cry of agony -- and then goes into convulsions.

Jonathan struggles to his feet. The little girl is crying hysterically, the mother is up on one elbow, a terrible gleam suddenly in her eyes, and a HUGE ROAD WORKER is running over -- with a pickaxe in his big hands.

He sees the mother, the little crying girl, and then Jonathan.

#### ROAD WORKER

This creep bugging you, ma'am?

The split second the big man touches the woman a BOLT of some STRANGE ENERGY snaps BETWEEN THEM, the woman falls back with a groan, the road worker convulses, hunches over as if kicked in the stomach, then slowly straightens, eyes glowing with hate, as --

Jonathan moves for the heart. The worker slams down with his pick, nearly taking Jonathan's hand. He kicks out, knocking Jonathan flying, then lifts the heart on the end of the pick and flings them both with all his strength.

REVERSE -- They arc through the air and splash into the lake a hundred feet out. The road worker snaps a huge clasp knife open. Jonathan turns and runs. \*

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON THE ROADWORKER'S EYES -- watching Jonathan running off, EYES GLOWING A DEEP, EVIL RED. \*

#### PLUNGE TO BLACK

74 EXT. LOCATION TO BE DETERMINED -- DAY.

74 \*

FADE UP ON LOCATION, PULL BACK AND PAN to REVEAL JONATHAN, RHINO, PAC MAN AND COOPER. They're just finishing binding up Jonathan's wound. Jonathan accepts a jacket from Pac Man, all the while checking the perimeter, as if Pinker might leap out at any second. \*

#### COOPER

The wound's not too bad, but I still think you should go straight to your father and put yourself in protective custody. \*

JONATHAN

(shakes his head)

I'm not gonna go hide and leave  
Pinker free to kill whoever he  
chooses. I'm gonna get him.

COOPER

I don't get it -- you saying  
Pinker's alive somehow, and just  
jumping in and out of people like  
the goddam clap or something?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JONATHAN

I know it sounds crazy but that's  
what he's doing. Maybe he's using  
electricity -- because of the way  
he died, I don't know. All I know  
is I saw him do it five times  
today.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

COOPER

So let's just grab the fucker!

\*

RHINO

-- and break his neck -- I'd love  
to break his neck.

JONATHAN

You'd be killing an innocent  
person to get Pinker. That's the  
whole problem.

\*  
\*  
\*

COOPER

(reconsiders)

Maybe you just hit that goal post  
too hard.

\*  
\*  
\*

Pac Man scratches his head, not so sure.

PAC MAN

The whole nervous system is  
electrical, Coach. It's  
theoretically possible for an  
outside force to take it over,  
same as a terrorist can take over  
a TV station.

Cooper shrugs in frustration.

COOPER

Then why not do like you said you  
did with this cop -- you can out-  
run anybody Pinker gets into, and  
when the they're out of energy,  
Pinker's forced back out. Then we  
break his neck!

\*

Jonathan shakes his head.

JONATHAN

No good. He's not forced out that  
way until he's used all the life  
of the person he's in. I can't  
kill people just to get Pinker  
out.

\*  
\*  
\*

(beat)

But there's something that can  
force him out on the spot --  
before he's killed the body he's  
in --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

COOPER

What is it -- I'll get you ten of  
'em.

\*  
\*

JONATHAN

There's only one, and it's at the  
bottom of the lake.

\*  
\*

COOPER

Bottom of the lake?

\*

JONATHAN

(nods)

I know pretty much where it is, so  
it shouldn't be too hard. I've  
got a diving mask in my closet --  
I just need you guys to get it.

\*  
\*

(lower)

I can't go back to that house.

\*

Cooper looks at him a long moment, then shrugs.

\*

COOPER

I'll get your mask and meet you at  
the lake in half hour --

\*  
\*

PAC MAN

And I'll get you some fresh  
clothes and something to eat, too.  
No problem.

\*

Jonathan shakes Cooper's and Pac Man's hands.

JONATHAN

Thanks, guys. I'll never forget  
this.

Rhino steps next to Jonathan.

RHINO

I'm not letting you out of my  
sight.

Jonathan looks at him. Too big to argue with. He shrugs and  
the two duck off down the stairs and across the field into the  
trees. A moment later they drop out of sight. \*

Cooper and Pac Man look at each other.

COOPER

He is nuts, right?

PAC MAN

(without a moment's  
hesitation)

Out of his skull, coach,  
absolutely off his rocker. \*

(beat) \*

But that doesn't make him stupid.

Cooper thinks on this, nods at the wisdom; the two head off. \*

HOLD ON THEIR EXIT, then PAN TO REVEAL --

THE CONSTRUCTION WORKER from the park -- in hiding. Watching  
it all. Face cold as death. \*

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP ON:

75 EXT. THE PARK -- MAGIC HOUR.

75

WIDE ON THE PARK -- a Turner painting, light lambent on the  
water of the small lake. A few last STROLLERS, a MAN with a  
small DOG. PAN TO JONATHAN AND RHINO. Waiting in the shadows  
at the lake's edge. Jonathan glances at his watch, nerves  
wearing thin.

JONATHAN

Coach isn't coming -- he's having  
a good laugh somewhere with Pac  
Man right now.

RHINO

No way Coach would jerk you  
around.

JONATHAN

He's an hour and fifteen minutes  
late. Is that like Coach?

(realizes)

Or maybe the cops are all over the  
place -- people saw me running  
from Pastori -- god knows --

(looks back to the  
lake, increasingly  
agitated)

Pinker's gonna start killing  
again, tonight if I don't stop him  
-- I can feel it coming. I gotta  
go get that thing -- !

He takes off running for the lake -- crazed and desperate --  
Rhino after him -- catching him in the shallows -- sure his  
friend is crazy now --

RHINO

Maybe if I go look -- tell me what  
it is!

JONATHAN

You can't see anything in that  
muck without a mask and lights --  
no one can -- I gotta go back to  
my place.

He heads off -- Rhino after him again -- catching up --

RHINO

You gotta go? What the hell you  
talking about? We gotta go -- I'm  
with you on this.

Jonathan pulls away --

JONATHAN

Get lost! No deal!

He heads off again -- Rhino chasing --

RHINO

Fuck you -- you need a friend,  
that's Rhino -- that's the deal!  
(frustrated as Jon  
refuses to stop)  
What're you, god? -- Hey!

He grabs Jonathan and spins him around, and in the same move  
Jonathan slugs him.

The hit that cracks off Rhino hardly moves him. Not  
physically, at least. But he stares at Jonathan as if he's  
been shot.

Jonathan is just as shocked. He swallows.

RHINO

You know what I could do to you if  
I wanted, right?

(low)

But that aint what I'm about.  
What about you, what you about?

JONATHAN.

(low)

Sorry, Rhino. But you're not my  
friend with this. I got one  
person I loved killed, I'm not  
gonna do it again. I do this  
myself.

Rhino opens his mouth but can't find words.

65

## JONATHAN (CONTD)

You want to be my friend, let me  
be.

He holds Rhino's eye a long beat, then turns and walks away.  
Rhino looks like he's just been kicked in the stomach.

\*D

FADE TO BLACK

76 EXT. JONATHAN'S STREET -- NIGHT.

76

FADE UP ON THE STREET -- deserted. Quiet. A dark figure  
approaches, still at a dogtrot. Jonathan. Watching the  
shadows. Running like a fugitive. Ducking to his house.  
Jonathan finds the bullet-riddled front door open. He goes  
inside.

\*

\*

\*

\*D

77 INT. FOYER/ LIVING ROOM.

77

The place is empty as a tomb. Blue in the still moonlight.

Jonathan turns on the lights in the hall. Then cocks his head.  
From the direction of the bedroom, there is a sound. Someone  
taking a shower.

Jonathan swallows hard. Forces himself to go forward.

78 INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM.

78

There is no light on in this bedroom, nor is the bathroom light  
on either. Just the sound of the shower, pouring hard, and  
changing, the way it does when someone's in there. Jonathan  
eases open the door.

79 INT. BATHROOM.

79

Moonlight streams in through a window, revealing the blood,  
everywhere, smeared on the walls, pooled on the floor, tracked  
into the tub. And steam, rolling over it all.



On one wall, written in blood, are the words -- "Stop him,  
Jonathan, pleeease....!!!"

Jonathan, white as a sheet, looks to the shower. Someone's is  
in there.

JONATHAN

Alison?

No answer.

Jonathan pulls back the curtain.

But it's Cooper who's taking the shower, the big man's clothes stained dark with blood, as are his arms and hands. And especially the big knife in his hands, the knife he's cleaning so methodically.

His huge muscular head turns lazily, and the smile he smiles is far too evil for it to be his alone.

COOPER

Evening, Jonathan. Alone now, hm?

Jonathan takes a step backwards.

JONATHAN

Coach Cooper. What...?

Cooper steps out of the tub, gesturing to the knife in his hands.

COOPER

If someone gets in your way,  
Jonathan, you gotta run right  
through him. Remember what I told  
you?

Jonathan sees the man take his first limping step and turns and runs for his life. Cooper bursts after him with the speed of a maddened beast -- and his voice is now Pinker's evil howl.

COOPER/PINKER

I'm gonna rip your lungs out,  
Jonathan!

Jonathan slams the bathroom door in his face -- Cooper/Pinker blasts straight through it, shattering it on its hinges.

COOPER/PINKER

No more Mister Niceguy!!

80 INT. LIVING ROOM/FRONT DOOR.

80

Jonathan tries for the front door but Cooper, in a blindingly fast limping/running dive, hits him at the back of the knees and takes him down. Jonathan twists away, barely evading the sweep of blade, kicking Cooper back but still blocked from the front door.

JONATHAN

Coach, no... Not you...

The big man laughs, and now we hear Pinker's voice ring through loud and clear.

## PINKER/COOPER

Coach Cooper's bye-bye, asshole.  
You too!

Pinker/Cooper lunges forward -- and only Jonathan's lightning-fast reflexes save him -- he barely dodges the blow as the knife buries itself in the wall.

Jonathan does the only thing he can -- kicking into Pinker's bad knee with all his strength. Cooper/Pinker goes down -- and Jonathan dives past him, deeper into the house.

He darts in desperation back into the bedroom.

81 INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM.

81

Jonathan slams the door and locks it. Next second Cooper/Pinker slams into it from the other side. Jonathan jams a chair under the knob. The door seems to hold. Suddenly Cooper/Pinker stops his barrage. Jonathan looks around in desperation.

Jonathan turns and looks at the closet. There on the shelf amid other bits of jock-junk left from his hasty packing is a Louisville Slugger, \*

Jonathan grabs it. \*

Then notices the bloody string tied around it, leading back into the upper reaches of the closet. \*

Then the voice seeps through the far door. Insidious, mocking. \*

COOPER/PINKER (O.S./CONTD)

Jonathan... Don't look down... \*

Jonathan looks down despite himself. \*

He's standing in blood. \*

Jonathan desperately tries to free the bat of the string -- and next second the body of Pac Man, slashed and bloody -- topples over him -- knocking him backwards with its dead load! \*

Jonathan crashes to the floor, his dead friend atop him -- and Cooper smashes the door to kindling. Jonathan struggles up as Cooper limps into the room with evil glee. \*

COOPER/PINKER (CONTD)

Pac Man liked you too much,  
Jonathan -- he wouldn't let me in.  
That's a no-no. Now, time to die,  
sweety.

He takes a step forward -- but only one. Suddenly there's a welling up of LIGHT from the bathroom -- an intense, obliterating light that whites out the entire bathroom and its bloody scrawls. Then Alison walks out of its center.

Jonathan's mouth drops open. He literally pinches himself. Nope, not a dream.

And Pinker/Cooper, too, is stopped in his tracks. It's Alison \* for sure -- but not the bloodied victim from the first vision. \* She is unscarred now -- clothed in pure light -- a spectral, \* brilliant vision of utter beauty and purity. And she lifts her hands to Cooper, her face filled with supplication and love -- and speaks --

ALISON

Cooper, for your own sake fight  
him -- don't let him have your  
soul.

\*  
\*  
\*

And COOPER/PINKER actually hesitates. There is such weight and authority to the words that the man convulses in conflict -- \* Pinker trying to maintain control -- Cooper, a powerful man with an obviously powerful will of his own fighting to return to autonomy.

Jonathan sees this and joins in, despite his horror --

JONATHAN

It's like you said, coach --  
everything's a matter of will --  
will him out!

\*

Jonathan takes a step towards Cooper -- and Pinker slashes out in rage, barely missing -- yet next second Cooper's free hand grabs his knife hand and struggles to restrain it. And the man's face is a study in torn desire -- a nightmare of half homicidal mania/ half friend desperate to help. And the mouth struggles open -- and Cooper's, not Pinker's voice manages to get out --

COOPER

(barely able to  
speak, desperate)  
Jonathan -- he's so strong -- I  
can't get him out -- !

And with that his knife hand not only jerks away from his free hand, but it stabs back at the other hand, piercing right through!

And the face contorts again -- becoming savage -- utterly determined -- and again the voice is Pinker's --

COOPER/PINKER

I can eat this wimp's willpower  
for breakfast, Jon-bo!

But the words are no sooner out than the bleeding left hand  
snaps around the wrist of the knife hand once more --  
determined and powerful -- and the face and voice return to  
Cooper's control one last time --

COOPER

I will it for you, Jonathan -- to  
get this bastard!

Then two things happen almost simultaneously -- the head,  
facial expression and voice snap back to Pinker's for one  
desperate second --

PINKER

Nooo!!

And next second Cooper puts all of his strength and will into  
his left hand and pulls his right hand snapping back into his  
chest -- burying the big knife in his heart!

PINKER

Aiiiiiiiiii!!!!

And the big man goes down, his expression returning fully to  
Cooper as he dies, eyes on Jonathan.

And even as he's hitting the floor -- Pinker as ectoplasm is  
clawing his way out of the body -- desperate as a rat deserting  
a sinking ship!

Jonathan recoils in horror -- then, thinking Pinker vulnerable,  
grabs him. But the instant he touches the emerging thing a  
tremendous BOLT OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY knocks him flying in a \*  
BLINDING ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE! \*

Jonathan flies backwards, hits the wall hard and doesn't move. \*  
In fact, he looks quite dead.

Pinker makes a move towards Jonathan -- but Alison quickly \*  
steps over her fallen lover -- and the piercing light from her \*  
aura drives Pinker back. We can see that now Pinker's in \*  
desperate straits as well -- dying for human energy -- \*

PINKER

-- Get out of my way, bitch! I  
need a body!

ALISON

Go back to hell where you belong,  
Pinker.

Pinker convulses with some inner collapse -- and next instant \*  
staggers out through the shattered door. \*

Alison sinks to Jonathan, running .

Now Alison is certainly not corporeal -- she is, one would have  
to say, some sort of creature of light. But she comes down to  
Jonathan like any woman would to her lover -- runs fingers of  
light over his face, and then simply lays herself over him, \*  
covering him with the protection of her light. And she \*  
whispers in his ear -- \*

ALISON

Jonathan -- I've got something  
very important to tell you -- wake  
up! \*

82 INT. HALLWAY NEAR FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT.

82

Meanwhile Pinker -- or the shimmering, sparking thing he's  
become -- is dying, barely able to stagger across the living  
room. He gets as far as the hallway near the front door and  
collapses. And the energy -- the bluish plasmic tumble of evil  
energy that makes up his body -- flickers and begins to go out.

CLOSER ON HIM -- he looks around, desperate. Then, at the last  
second before he wickers out into nothingness, he seems to have  
some evil brain-storm, and reaches out --

CLOSER ON HIS HAND -- two glowing fingers lengthening, sticking  
directly into the wall socket! A moment later a punch of  
ELECTRICITY jolts into his arm even as the LIGHTS SHUDDER AND  
DIM in the hall.

CLOSE ON PINKER -- like a junkie at last getting his fix --  
eyes bright, mouth dropping open in pleasure -- bliss.

PINKER

Contact... \*

Next moment when somebody's POUNDING on the door. \*

Pinker lurches up, looking around for an escape route, hand  
still plugged in, body beginning to glow now.

Again the POUNDING -- LOUDER -- and a VOICE --

PARKER (O.S.)

Open up in there -- Jonathan?  
Open up -- it's me, Don!

Pinker recoils in hatred, like a trapped animal smelling its worst enemy, and suddenly, his body throbbing with the energy now, he seems to realize something profoundly important.

PINKER  
(to himself)  
Wait a minute -- why not?

\*  
\*  
\*

He looks to the socket -- and smiles an evil, triumphant smile as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

83 INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

83

JONATHAN -- rolls over groggily, Alison hovering near him.

\*

JONATHAN  
You swear that's true?

\*  
\*

ALISON  
I swear it.

\*  
\*

PARKER (CONTD O.S.)  
Jonathan?!

Alison looks up in apprehension as the SOUNDS OF PARKER SMASHING AGAINST THE FRONT DOOR become louder and louder, and suddenly she VANISHES in a gush of wind. And Jonathan is alone.

84 INT. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT.

84

Back in the hallway we see Pinker's breakthrough -- he's literally inserting himself into the socket -- flowing into it in a glowing, electrically throbbing ectoplasm-- his whole body becoming as plastic and fluid as plasma.

Parker's creaming the door -- the wood's starting to give -- but before it does Pinker makes it through to the other side -- and with a last crackling of garish LIGHT disappears. There's a shower of SPARKS from the fixture, and the LIGHTS BLOW in the hall, pitching it into darkness.

Next moment the door gives and Parker kicks his way in, gun drawn.

He looks around on full alert. But there's no sign of anyone.

He sniffs the air. A sharp, rancid smell stings his nostrils.

LT. PARKER (CONTD)  
(to self)  
Smells like the goddam electric chair in here.

He looks around, ready for anything.

LT. PARKER  
Jonathan?

85 INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

85

Jonathan struggles to his knees, still groggy.



JONATHAN  
(weak)

Don?

\*

No answer. He stands, and weaves for a second, noticing the lights of the place flickering weirdly, going low, almost off, then surging back on.

86 INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT.

86

Jonathan comes in from the bedroom, the living room dim with the shades drawn. He reaches for a lamp -- and at the same moment Parker lurches out from a doorway, gun drawn -- eyes wide --

\*

\*D

\*

\*

LT PARKER

FREEZE!!!

Jonathan jumps a mile -- Parker sees who it is and pulls his gun away.

\*

\*

PARKER (Cont.)

Jesus H!

He lowers the gun and shakes his head.

\*

PARKER

What the hell's going on in here  
-- I thought I heard a fight!

\*

\*

\*D

JONATHAN

(voice shaken,  
haggard)

\*

\*

Pinker -- he's here -- you didn't  
see him?

Parker looks at Jonathan critically. Jonathan, incidentally, by now is pretty much of a wreck -- his clothes bloody and torn from fights, his eyes haunted by what he's seen.

PARKER

What the hell's this Pinker  
business?

He takes a step closer, peering into Jonathan's eyes as if into a mystery.

JONATHAN

You'd never believe me.

PARKER

It might interest you to know  
there's an A.P.B. out on you --  
half a dozen people witnessed  
Pastori chasing you in the park.

(carefully)

He's dead now, too.

JONATHAN

What was Pastori doing out of the  
hospital, in uniform?

Parker doesn't answer this. He pulls out a cigarette and strikes his lighter, hands shaking. And in that light he sees Jonathan's torn and bloody clothes for the first time.

PARKER (CONTD)

Holy shit... What you been up to?

Jonathan looks away.

JONATHAN

I wanted Pinker dead so much --  
and when I got that wish it only  
made him stronger.

(shakes his head,

dazed, avoiding

Parker's eyes)

You think I killed that cop?

Parker sort of shrugs.

PARKER

Fucked if I know. You're sure  
talking screwy enough. But...if  
you did, you must've scared him to  
death.

JONATHAN

What do you mean?

PARKER

I mean there wasn't a mark on him.  
He was just... dead.

Parker takes a drag and pulls Jonathan around until they're looking at each other.

PARKER (CONTD)

We've been family a long time,  
Jonathan, through some real hard  
times. I've seen you turn a  
screwed-up childhood into  
straight-A's and a football  
scholarship. I've been proud to  
be your father and I could never  
see you as a killer.

(beat)

Besides, Pastori's body was a...  
husk. Same as...

JONATHAN

Same as Pinker's.

Parker nods, then stops, looking over Jonathan's shoulder.

PARKER

Oh, Jesus...

He pushes past Jonathan into the bedroom.

87 INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

87

WIDER. Parker discovers the body of Cooper, and then of Pac  
Man. Both dead by knife.

Parker looks back to Jonathan. Eyes his bloody clothes and  
hands in a new light.

He touches his gun again, almost sadly.

PARKER

I gotta take you in, son.

JONATHAN

Don, don't.

But Parker just looks behind Jonathan -- and Jonathan turns to  
see several COPS already there -- easing in, guns drawn.

JONATHAN

Dad --

PARKER

I called for backup when I heard  
the fighting inside -- what do you  
want?!

Jonathan slumps. A moment later the place is swarming with  
cops.

PARKER (CONTD)

Read him his rights.

As Jonathan is grabbed, Parker sags onto the bed.

PARKER (CONTD)

Christ I'm tired.

\*

One of the cops tries to turn on a light with a wall switch. Nothing. He looks to Lt Parker.

COP

Lieutenant, try that light, would you?

Parker reaches to the bedside lamp. Instantly he's stung by a strong SNAP OF ELECTRICITY -- jumping back sucking his finger.

PARKER

Shit! What the hell's with the electricity in this place?!

He looks around abruptly, weaving slightly. Then something seems to occur to him.

PARKER (CONTD)

I'll get you the best lawyer I can, Jonathan. Frankly you're in very deep shit.

(to his men)

Put him in my car -- I'll book him myself.

And before Jonathan can say a word he's hauled out of the place. Parker looks to the two bodies.

LT PARKER (CONTD)

Sure as shit can't tell a book by its cover, huh, guys?

88 EXT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT.

88

ON PARKER'S CAR -- as Jonathan is shoved in. The door is slammed and locked, and the cop stands guard. From inside the house come the flares of FLASH CAMERAS; the air is filled with the SQUAWKS OF THE DISPATCHER. NEIGHBORS are starting to come out.

89 INT. PARKER'S CAR -- NIGHT.

89

CLOSE ON JONATHAN -- sinking back in the seat, spent. He closes his eyes, like a man trying to make his life into a nightmare so he can wake up. Then he opens his eyes again, abruptly.

He looks back at the house.

IN HIS P.O.V. we SEE PARKER in the doorway, barking a few last orders, then moving across the lawn to another group of cops, jabbing his finger here and there, laying out their tasks.

But it's nothing he says that has caught Jonathan's ear. It's his gait.

Parker is limping, taking one good step, dragging the other.

He turns suddenly to his car, locks eyes with Jonathan. Then glances down, realizing, then back to Jonathan.

Jonathan goes white.

He presses back against the far door. Locked solid.

Lt Parker grins. It's a nasty, lethal grin, and is there only for an instant.

Jonathan dives against the door -- pounding desperately against it to no avail -- until suddenly --

-- The window to the door SMASHES to atoms -- a big hand comes through and pulls Jonathan straight through the window and on outside.

90 EXT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT.

90

RHINO HAS ARRIVED -- obviously not content to moon back by the lake -- and is assessing the situation by the split second as he throws Jonathan halfway across the lawn to land on his feet --

RHINO

Explain later! Get the hell out!

Jonathan exchanges a flash of thanks, spins and takes off like a bat out of hell -- dodging and cutting like the broken field runner he is! \*

CLOSE ON PARKER/PINKER racing over -- furiously whipping out his gun and FIRING at Jonathan -- blazing away. \*

A second later Rhino cuts past three cops lunging for him and bulls into Parker, knocking him flying. Parker hits and rolls, comes up with his gun pointed right at Rhino's face and pulls the trigger. \*

But the gun is empty. Parker/Pinker wheels around in rage -- sees he's not hit Jonathan -- and screams at his men. \*

PARKER/PINKER

Kill him -- shoot the fucker! \*

Kill him! \*

But his men are too stunned to move, just looking at him. They can't believe that he's shooting at his own son, no matter what the suspicions. And that voice -- shocks them all into silence. It's utterly and irretrievably evil. Evil to its core.

Parker jumps into his car with a hoarse curse and roars out of the drive, leaving his men in utter shock.

91 EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT.

91

MOVING WITH JONATHAN -- running for his life -- desperate, eyes glazed with panic and pain -- and by the way he's pulling one leg, we know he's been hit. Suddenly a swerve of dome lights screeches into the alley ahead, siren blaring, and the cop car bears down on him at top speed. It's Parker.

Jonathan lurches to a stop, then does the only thing he can do -- he goes up -- leaping and grabbing the bottom of a fire escape ladder, and hauls himself up as Parker's car shoots by inches beneath. Jonathan hauls himself up hand over hand as the car fishtails around in a wild braking turn..

Parker leaps out, jams a new clip into his automatic and starts FIRING. \*

MOVING WITH JONATHAN, clawing his way up the steel stairs of the fire escape now, bullets slamming and SPARKING off the steel all around him. \*

PARKER/PINKER -- is coming up the fire escape like a runaway freight train -- reloading again as he runs.

92 EXT. MAIN ROOFTOP -- NIGHT.

92

Jonathan races across what proves to be a larger, lower roof, sees he's trapped, and heads for one final, higher roof. Behind him Parker/Pinker is closing fast.

PARKER/PINKER

Dead end, asshole!

JONATHAN

Dad -- fight him -- please!

But Pinker/Parker just lets loose with a volley that sends shots ricochetting off ventilators and stone -- and Jonathan spins away, dodging for his life. As Parker/Pinker reloads again, Jonathan sees his only out -- the tall TRANSMITTING TOWER on the upper roof -- a skeletal spire reaching up perhaps another fifty feet into the night, topped by a huge dish-shaped antenna. Jonathan starts climbing for that roof.

JONATHAN  
(to himself)  
Use it up -- use up his energy!

CLOSE ON PARKER/PINKER. Sucking air by now. It's been a pretty good climb even up to this level -- and the new climb is straight up a steel-runged ladder.

Parker/Pinker tries a few shots, but his breath is so ragged he can't hold his aim steady. He uses up five shots and misses them all, so with an oath he starts climbing.

93 EXT. THE UPPER ROOF AND TOWER -- NIGHT.

93 \*

MOVING WITH JONATHAN -- starting up the tower, the city a dizzy skein of light beneath him, the stars flung around his head. He ducks as a new hail of lead smashes around his head and body, and he barely catches himself before falling off into the abyss. He works himself around to the far side of the tower, putting the tower between himself and the bullets, but putting himself out over the absolute drop to the street far below.

WITH PARKER/PINKER -- wild with rage now, gaining the higher roof, panting and heaving, firing blindly as he curses --

PARKER/PINKER  
You sonuvabitch -- die -- die you  
rotten little -- !

And suddenly his gun is empty. He frantically searches his pockets for a fresh clip. None. He swears again and flings the gun away, clutching his chest, then surging onto the tower ladder.

94 EXT. MAIN ROOFTOP -- NIGHT.

94 \*

As a SECURITY GUARD races out onto the main roof from the building just as Parker's gun comes smashing down onto a ventilator.

SECURITY GUARD  
Jeez!  
(yelling up)  
Hey -- you guys get in front of  
that dish, you'll be fried alive!

SECURITY GUARD (CONTD)

(louder)

I'm talking about 50,000 volts of microwave television transmission coming out of that sucker -- you get in front of it, you'll be zapped good -- it's like one giant microwave!

\*  
\*

JONATHAN

(distant)

Shut it off and call for help -- please!

The gaurd does a take.

SECURITY GUARD

Shut off the basketball game? You crazy? People'll come and tear this place down!

95 EXT. THE TRANSMISSION TOWER -- NIGHT

95

Jonathan is at the top, directly at the dish, lit erratically by the blood red of the flashing aircraft-warning light at the tower's top. He's at the back of the dish, safe for the time being, but there's a powerful SIZZLING HUM coming from the dish's front, and it's clear there is enormous power surging through the thing. We can even hear, in an ethereal, hallucinogenic way, the SPORTSCASTER howling out the progress of the game.

\*

SPORTSCASTER (FILTER)

And the Wildcats tonight are smashing Detroit -- just killing them -- its a slaughter -- who would have thought that this club would be capable of utterly destroying a club like Detroit -- and yet -- Wilson breaks free -- drives through -- jams it through the hoop with both hands!

And by now Parker/Pinker has clawed his way up to Jonathan's level, grabbing at his feet, pulling them away from the rungs.

JONATHAN

Dad -- please -- don't!

\*

Jonathan very nearly goes down this time, barely managing to grab a rung with one hand, kick his father away, gaining purchase again, and teetering up even higher, up onto the topmost catwalk of the thing, just behind the upper lip of the dish, the red beacon light flashing in his eyes.

\*  
\*



JONATHAN

Dad -- Fight the bastard! Dad --  
can you hear me?

But Parker/Pinker comes on, driving Jon back to the brink of the catwalk. But just as he's about to grapple with Jon -- Parker clutches suddenly at his chest -- hanging on for dear life with one hand.

PARKER

Oh my god, my heart!

JONATHAN -- sees what's happening --

JONATHAN

Dad -- you okay -- you there!?

But Parker or Pinker can't hear anything over the roar of blood in the ears -- and Parker's body goes into a full coronary.

PARKER

(as himself)

Oh, Jesus -- what's happening?!

He doubles over on the ladder, grabs his chest with both hands, and flails backwards.

He pitches out into blackness, clawing around as he goes, grabbing the rim of the dish, but falling directly in front of it with his body.

There's a moment of partial relief, hanging there by his fingertips, then a quickly-dawning look of horror and realization as the microwaves tear into his cells -- the THIN REEDY VOICE OF THE SPORTSCASTER SNAPPING AND SIZZLING OUT OF HIS MOUTH -- his body going LUMINESCENT -- smoking -- eyes wide -- and PINKER COMES CONVULSING OUT OF THE BODY -- CLAWING HIS WAY OUT LIKE A CAT FROM OF A RED-HOT OVEN.

Pinker gives a devastating look at Jonathan --

PINKER

Alright, asshole. I'm nation-wide now.

And with that he simply flows into the beam of electrons -- skittering away molecule by molecule into the beam of transmission -- then suddenly shooting into it with a hoot of triumph. There's a bluish blur, like a laser shot, straight out across the sky from the dish. And Pinker is gone!

Jonathan looks back in shock. Parker, abandoned to himself now, looks up at Jonathan.

LT PARKER

Jonathan. I'm so sorry.

And he starts to let go.

JONATHAN

No!

Jonathan grabs out and at the last split second manages to snare his hand -- and he has him. He pulls him back up with every ounce of strength in his body and gets him to the ladder, wedges him into the strutwork at the back of the dish.

Jonathan sinks against his father, hugging the steel rungs of the ladder, shaking like a leaf.

JONATHAN (CONTD)

Dad, you all right? -- I didn't  
even know you had a bad heart!

\*  
\*

Parker looks up, smiling weakly --

\*

PARKER

I don't. You know that, I know  
that... but Pinker didn't...

\*  
\*

He sags against Jonathan, barely holding on, but alive.

\*

From below comes the long winding of POLICE SIRENS. And Jonathan holds on to his father for dear life.

JONATHAN

Jesus... help me...

\*

FADE TO BLACK

82

96 OVER BLACK

96

BURN ON:

SEVEN DAYS LATER

WE HEAR --

TV NEWCASTER (V.O.)

With the arrest of Jonathan Parker, increasingly implicated in the murders following the electrocution of Horace Pinker, the horror seemed to be over.

FADE UP ON

97 EXT. A SUBURBAN HOUSE -- DAY (TV IMAGE)

97

THE NEWS -- images of bodies being wheeled out on guerneys, shocked neighbors looking on, grim cops and coroner's workers. MUSIC ENTERS, grim, unrelenting. We realize it's far from over.

TV NEWCASTER (V.O./CONTD)

But last night an apparant copycat murderer struck Maryville, killing an entire family and leaving an obscenely grizzly threat to Jonathan Parker scrawled on the wall, signing the name "Pinker". Police are further baffled because there was no sign of forced entry -- the family apparently awake and watching TV at the time the killer struck.

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

TV CUTS TO:

98 DELETE

98

99 INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

99

TIGHT SHOT OF JONATHAN'S FACE. Gaunt, hardened by battle, alert.

TV NEWCASTER (V.O./CONTD)

Meanwhile Jonathan Anderson has been released by authorities -- following the testimony of his father, police Lt Donald Parker, who, though suffering from severe microwave burns, was able to give testimony that his son, Jonathan, was not only innocent but had saved his life.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SHOT MOVES TO REVEAL RHINO, BRUNO (THE TEAM'S CENTER), THEN OTHER FOOTBALL PLAYERS -- and we see we're in Jonathan's stripped bedroom, watching TV --

\*  
\*

TV NEWCASTER (V.O./CONTD)

Indeed police lab reports confirm that the deaths of Coach Sydney Cooper and student assistant coach Roy "Pac Man" Stuart now appear to be the result of a murder/suicide.

The faces take on the pain of this.

TV NEWCASTER (V.O./CONTD)

-- Incredibly, Coach Sidney Cooper is the prime suspect in those deaths, since it was his fingerprints alone found on the knife. We --

JONATHAN -- shuts it off. Outside, thunder rolls across the sky.

JONATHAN

Coach didn't do it, guys. Neither did Pac Man. I want you to know that.

He turns to Rhino.

JONATHAN

You still up for this?

Rhino stands, set and determined.

RHINO

We're friends, right?

Jonathan nods solemnly.

JONATHAN

Right.

RHINO  
(indicating all of  
them)  
And we're a team, right?

ALL  
Right!

RHINO  
(back to Jonathan)  
So we'll do what you asked us to  
do. It's a federal offence,  
incidentally, and technically  
nearly impossible,  
(grins)  
but hell, we're the Warriors,  
right? We eat that kinda stuff  
for breakfast!

TEAM  
Right!

JONATHAN  
(looks at his watch)  
Exactly at midnight. It'll just  
give me time.

RHINO  
You got it.  
(beat)  
May I ask why we're doing this?

JONATHAN  
No.

RHINO  
Right!

They all do one of those football huddle handclasps and then  
slip out of the house.

Jonathan watches them go as thunder rolls outside his window.  
Then he crosses the room and picks up the telephone. Dials.

JONATHAN  
Hello, KPIN Television? Jonathan  
Parker. I've got an exclusive  
story for you on the murders last  
night.

99A EXT. PARKER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT (NEW SCENE)

99A \*

WIDE ANGLE ON THE HOUSE -- There is a LIGHT in the upstairs window where Jonathan's foster mother and sister died, a television TRANSMITTING TRUCK parked out front. A TELEVISION NEWS CREW rushes inside, camera and all.

99B INT. LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM -- NIGHT (NEW SCENE)

99B \*

The room has been cleaned up since the murders, but still has a haunted look. Jonathan is talking to a worried TV REPORTER as the camera comes into the room. There are already LIGHTS being set, and a large TV monitor has been set up on a stand.

TV REPORTER

Let me get this clear -- you want us to go on live at five minutes to Midnight -- and if we do, you guarantee to produce the person responsible for the copy-cat killings last night?

JONATHAN

You have my word.

The guy looks at Jonathan. Something about his manner wins the reporter's cautious trust.

TV REPORTER

You make a fool of me live and I'll --

JONATHAN

I'm going to make you so hot you'll be anchoring network news so fast your head will spin -- that's what I'm going to do. You're ready for that, right?

Jonathan picks up his diving mask and heads for the door.

TV REPORTER

Hey -- where you going?

JONATHAN

I'm gonna go get the killer for you. Bring him here. All you have to do is have this camera on and feeding the station by five to midnight.

TV REPORTER

No way I'm gonna just do what you tell me if you're not here!

D = DELETE

84

JONATHAN

So don't. Let the other networks  
get the story first, I don't care.

He turns and walks out of the room. By now the TV CAMERA is  
set and turned on. The room appears in the monitor.

CAMERAMAN

You want us to pack back up?

The TV REPORTER'S IMAGE swings into C.U. IN THE MONITOR, biting  
his lip.

TV REPORTER

No... leave it -- I'll call in and  
see what the boss says. I got a  
funny feeling this kid means  
business.

DELETE SC. 100  
DELETE SC. 101

DELETE SC. 100  
DELETE SC. 101

102 EXT. THE PARK -- DAY FOR NIGHT.

102

The place is eerily lit -- a thin bluish light, and thick mist.  
And now Jonathan appears, walking with determination into the  
darkness of this park, diving mask still in hand. We notice  
the place is utterly without sound, save for the sound of  
water.

ANGLE FROM SHORE -- a thick mist here, rising off the warmer  
lake into the cool night air. Jonathan puts on the mask.  
Looks out to the stretch of still water.

\*  
\*  
\*

ANGLE FROM OUT IN THE LAKE, TO SHORE AND JONATHAN -- as  
Jonathan walks straight in, fully clothed, then starts  
swimming.

\*  
\*  
\*

103 EXT. THE POWER STATION/ REALITY --NIGHT.

103 \*

A deserted area, a high hurricane fence with a sign -- DANGER  
-- KEEP OUT.

The Athletic Department's van pulls up, lights already out. A  
pause, then Rhino, Bruno and the others pour out. And now  
they're all dressed in black and are loaded with enough  
equipment to equip a SWAT team.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*D

RHINO

(glances at watch)

Seven minutes and counting.

They dart to the fence, and as WE PAN WITH THEM THE MOVE  
REVEALS THEIR TARGET -- a huge ELECTRICAL INSTALLATION, with  
transformers, towers, and signs saying HIGH VOLTAGE -- DANGER  
-- MARYVILLE LIGHT AND POWER.

\*

\*D

BRUNO

This is crazy. \*

RHINO

Sometimes crazy is what it takes. \*

Shut up and cut the fence. \*

Bruno starts cutting the fence. As he does, the sky opens up, RAIN pouring down in buckets.

104 EXT. THE LAKE -- DREAM/NIGHT.

104

OUT IN THE LAKE -- the surface of the water quiet a moment. \*  
Then Jonathan bursts to the surface, gasping. He treads water, \*  
getting his breath. It's clear he's been up to this for a \*  
while, and is already getting tired. He looks at his watch, \*  
then dives again. \*

He's gone a long while this time; when he surfaces he's really \*  
gasping -- and he still hasn't found what he's searching for. \*  
He tears off the mask, wipes his eyes, and in his exhaustion \*  
drops the mask. He flails out for it, only succeeding in \*  
knocking it farther away. It sails through the air and \*  
splashes into the water a good ten feet away. It sinks and is \*  
gone. \*

Jonathan looks around in desperation

Nothing.

In rage and pure cussedness he dives again, and is down a very  
long time -- until he bursts back into the air choking like a  
half-drowned man.

He looks up to the moonlit sky, closing his eyes in  
frustration.

CLOSE ON HIM -- \*

JONATHAN

Please... \*

There's a sudden movement in the water -- and Alison surfaces \*  
right behind him -- scaring the wits out of him! \*

ALISON

Jonathan -- \*

He back-pedals away, she moves towards him -- not swimming -- \*  
just moving effortlessly. Jonathan turns and swims away as \*  
hard as he can. \*

ANGLE AT THE SHORE -- as he flails into the shallows. He finds \*  
footing, runs out of the water. Looks back. Alison has \*  
vanished. \*



D = DELETE

pg.86&amp;87

Then her arm snakes around him from behind, and she gently pulls his face around -- looks deep into his eyes.

ALISON

Don't be afraid, Jonathan.

But Jonathan is terrified -- she's touching him, caressing his face.

JONATHAN

You're not alive, Alison!

ALISON

So? I'm here.

She kisses him. And incredibly, he finds himself kissing her back. And they sink to the glistening grass.

WIDE ON THEM AND THE LAKE -- cloaked in mist.

105 EXT. THE POWER STATION/ REALITY --NIGHT.

105

Rhino's squad, employing an amazing array of home-made scientific equipment, is now inside the fence, following the guidance of their sensors to a large steel shed. \*  
\*D

BRUNO

Central unit should be in there. \*

(tries lock) \*

Too bad, it's locked, let's go. \*

RHINO \*

Pick it.

BRUNO \*

That's a felony!

RHINO

No, that's a lock. Pick it. \*

Bruno starts picking the lock. \*

(DELETE CHEERLEADERS' SCENE) \*

LIGHTNING rips the sky -- the storm is getting mean. \*

CUT TO:

106 EXT. THE LAKE -- DREAM/NIGHT.

106

Again, no rain. CLOSE ON JONATHAN AND ALISON -- lying in each other's arms, Jonathan asleep. Suddenly Alison jerks up, sensing something. She shakes Jonathan --

ALISON

Jonathan -- Jonathan --

She shakes him even harder --

CUT TO:

107 INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- REALITY/NIGHT.

107

JONATHAN pulls away, protesting deeper into the blankets. Rain beats on the windows. LIGHTNING throws the room into split-second fragments of shadow and light.

PAN OFF JONATHAN TO HIS TV.

It BLINKS ON.

The TV PICTURE that appears is of a BIRD in a tree. The show one of those WILD KINGDOM clones so common on late-night TV.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The red crested nuthatch is one of nature's most elusive arboreals, with a light, lilting song and --  
(sound of heavy blow)  
Ugh-ooff!

We HEAR a BODYFALL. Then the tree shakes, the bird flies off with an alarmed squawk. Next second Pinker climbs up into view, like some huge evil bear. He looks around, then sneaks over and peers right out of the television, like a burglar looking in a window.

And then he starts sliding right out, right THROUGH THE SCREEN AND INTO JONATHAN'S ROOM.

108 EXT. THE LAKE/DREAM -- NIGHT.

108

Alison shakes Jonathan even harder --

ALISON

Jonathan -- wake up --

And Jonathan wakes, groggily. Looks at her.

JONATHAN

Whuh -- ??

ALISON

Jonathan -- it's Pinker!

Jonathan looks around dizzily. There are strange PEOPLE out there in the mist. Austere, luminescent people. Cooper, Pac Man -- even Diane, his foster mother -- hovering just beyond clear definition. \*

DIANE

Jonathan -- stop sleeping --  
please!

PAC MAN

Wake up, Jonathan. Don't let him  
catch you sleeping.

COOPER

Watch your ass, boy! Don't get  
caught nappin'!

\*  
\*

Jonathan turns back to Alison.

JONATHAN

I don't want to go through with  
this -- why should I go back --  
why be away from you in that  
madness?

\*  
\*  
\*

ALISON

You've got to, Jonathan, or you'll  
die.

JONATHAN

So I die -- I don't want to be  
away from you again.

\*

She kisses him, whispering in his ear.

ALISON

You'll never be apart from me  
again -- ever.

And in a blinding moment she moves right into him -- merging  
herself with him in a quick surge of BRILLIANT LIGHT.

SMASH CUT TO:

109 INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

109

Jonathan sits bolt upright in his empty bed amidst a FLASH OF  
BLINDING LIGHT. He looks around.

\*  
\*

The room is empty, the storm assails the windows, the  
television is on.

\*  
\*

Jonathan rolls out of bed, groggy. Looks at the TV. Another  
program now, an equally insipid midnight EVANGELIST --

\*  
\*

## EVANGELIST

And the Beast shall rise out of  
 the pit and walk among the world  
 -- and great shall be the  
 devastation. Woe to the man who  
 is without God -- and woe to the  
 man and woman who has not  
 contributed to this ministry --  
 who has not dug deep to send cash  
 or check to this anti-beast  
 brigade of True Believers girding  
 for battle -- send your dollars  
 for Jesus now!

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

Jonathan goes into the bathroom, gets a drink of water, comes  
 back and plops down in his electric relaxation chair. Turns it  
 on and sinks back into the vibrating back.

\*  
\*

CLOSER. He sighs. Then notices something. The necklace  
 around his neck.

\*  
\*

He touches it, amazed at its reappearance.

\*

Then he looks up.

\*

IN HIS P.O.V. -- The TV, its PICTURE ROLLING strangely now.  
 And the evangelist has his face right up to the screen --  
 whispering hoarsely --

\*  
\*  
\*

## EVANGELIST

Beware the Beast -- he is among  
 you -- check your perimeter --  
 check your perimeter -- check your  
 perimeter -- check your perimeter  
 -- !

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Back on Jonathan -- listening, mesmerized by the weird chant.  
 At that instant the chair lurches to life -- its back suddenly  
sprouting the thick arms of Horace Pinker's -- arms that snap  
out and around Jonathan from behind -- arms that are bright  
day-glo orange!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Jonathan staggers up -- the chair clutching itself to his back.  
 Jonathan twists to look and sees the two upholstery buttons at  
the chair's top mutate now -- blinking open into two pig-like  
eyes -- eyes that veer around and leer at him with insane  
intensity!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

And now the chair's back bulges upwards -- the form of a skull  
 become apparant beneath it -- and then the face of Pinker  
 himself peels out from it -- leering over his shoulder --  
 hissing in his ear --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PINKER

This Barcalounger's gonna kick  
your ass!

Wide -- as Pinker's feet and legs stretch out of the chair's bottom, and Pinker flings Jonathan across the room -- the last of the chair's shape returning back into his own! Only the cord and plug from the chair is left, running into Pinker's side -- and through this cord -- as if by Pinker's will -- a sudden CHARGE OF ELECTRICITY shoots into him. He takes it like Pop-eye would take a can of spinach, then flings the cord away and turns to face Jonathan -- ready for anything -- fully  
Pinker again!

\*  
\*

Jonathan charges -- but his first touch with Pinker sends a harsh bolt of ELECTRICITY snapping between him and Pinker -- driving him back, weakening him dangerously. Jonathan twists away in desperation and staggers out of the room -- Pinker now on the offensive -- glowing and snapping like a megavolt demon!

\*

110 OMIT

110 \* OMIT

110A INT. FRONT DOOR/FOYER -- NIGHT.

Jonathan takes two steps for the front door and Pinker MATERIALIZES OUT OF A CEILING FIXTURE THERE, dropping down into the foyer with a shower of sparks.

PINKER (CONTD)

Hard to outrun Redi Kilowatt, asshole!

Jonathan tears off through the living room --

110B INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT.

Jonathan runs in terror through the living room while PINKER BLURS FROM ONE ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE TO ANOTHER all around him zapping from one to the other in blinding shots of day-glow orange bolts -- his cackling laughter driving Jonathan on in panic! Jon lunges into his bedroom --

111 INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

111

PINKER (CONTD)

Come on, boy, let's take a ride in my voltswagen!

Jonathan barely makes it when Pinker catches him, enveloping him in his arms -- and instantly VOLTAGE is coursing over Jonathan, stunning him, driving him crazy with pain. In this last moment of desperation, Jonathan does the only thing he can -- he twists around, grabs the heart and shoves it in Pinker's face.

Instantly Pinker reels back -- Jonathan pursuing for the first time. Pinker, looking around for escape, suddenly realizes his out -- and dives headfirst back into the television, disappearing into the old-time black-and-white war footage now playing there. \*

CLOSE ON JONATHAN -- as he clutches the heart for all he's worth --

JONATHAN

If you're really in me, Alison,  
give me power to do this! \*

-- And with that he turns and dives through the TV right after Pinker! \*

112 DELETE

112 \*

113 OMIT

OMIT 113 \*

Jonathan looks around, amazed he's made it. But he doesn't have long to celebrate -- next instant AN INDIAN jumps over the rocks nearby, spots Jonathan and draws his knife. But instantly Pinker leaps out of nowhere -- tackles the Indian, wrestles away his knife and kills the poor bastard with it -- then turns to Jonathan.

PINKER

No one but me gets to do it,  
Jonathan.

He charges -- knife raised -- and Jonathan flails backwards, barely avoiding the cut, falling into --

114 VARIOUS BATTLEFIELDS -- (COLOR/B&W TV-SPFX OPTICAL). 114

Plunging straight into a Public Channel DOCUMENTARY of modern warfare -- a SERIES OF SHOTS of blasted trees and barren trenches peopled by Germans, Asians and Americans fighting to the death in pitched battle -- EXPLOSIONS -- ARMOR -- TRACERS -- NAPALM -- All while a NARRATOR rattles on dispassionately --

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the last eighty years alone, over one hundred twenty million people have been killed outright in warfare between "civilized" nations. This is the equivalent of the combined populations of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, The Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland and East Germany -- or the entire population of the United States in the 1930's.

Jonathan and Pinker are every bit "there" in the middle of this madness (OPTICALLY INSERTED INTO STOCK FOOTAGE)-- Jonathan barely evading Pinker while dodging EXPLOSIONS, reeling out of harm's way -- pitching from one shot to the next -- pursued relentlessly by Pinker. And Pinker, who now has a bayonet-fixed rifle, brings the rifle butt up across Jonathan's head -- knocking him reeling.

Pinker lunges after him, ready to drive the blade home.

Jonathan twists away and falls OUT OF FRAME onto --

115 EXT. DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE, GROUND ZERO -- DAY. 115

Jonathan lands with a crash on a barren stretch of desert, barely conscious. Pinker leaps out of thin air and lands behind him -- laughing at his helplessness. He throws away the rifle --



PINKER

I don't know about you, but I'm  
having a blast!

Next second a horrendous ATOMIC EXPLOSION whites out the  
horizon. A second later the blast arrives, knocking Jonathan  
flying O.S. Pinker after him, wind-sailing the terrifying  
blast wave --

115A INT. A COUCH-POTATO LIVING ROOM -- DAY (FILM).

115A\*

CLOSE ON A BIG-SCREEN TV as Jonathan and Pinker smash straight  
out of the TV image and crash into the living room of a family  
of COUCH POTATOES -- mother, father and two kids leaping up in  
terror as Pinker and Jonathan fight like tigers in their living  
room, utterly trashing the place.

Jonathan is taking a terrible beating -- barely hanging on!  
But at the last possible moment -- glancing at his watch -- he  
grabs the couch potatoes' remote TV beeper and dives right back  
into the TV, followed by the raging Pinker.

The woman pops up from hiding -- looks around at her ruined  
living room.

WOMAN COUCH POTATO

I've heard of audience  
participation shows, but this is  
ridiculous!

116 OMIT

116 OMIT

116A INT. EVANGELIST'S SHOW -- TV

116A \*

Jonathan crashes into this palace of piety -- knocking the  
Evangelists reeling --

EVANGELIST

Sweet Je-sus!

PINKER

Not quite, asshole!

Pinker blasts the man with a right that sends him tumbling into  
the choir, then wheels on Jonathan.

\*D

PINKER

(to Jonathan)

What're you lookin' at your watch  
for, pencil neck -- you're not  
gonna give me the slip again!

JONATHAN

I'm not going anywhere, Pinker --  
we are!

Jonathan takes the beeper out of his pocket and hits the channel button hard. Their "location" switches several times in rapid succession (sudden "channel-flipping") -- even as Pinker charges -- Jonathan hits the button one last time and suddenly they're in --

117 OMIT

117 OMIT

117A INT. LITTLE GIRL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

Sally's bedroom -- PLATE -- just as the "channel switches" to this location, Pinker connects with Jon.

WIDER -- Pinker drives Jon crashing across Sally's bed, where the reporter and his cameraman have been waiting, sending them scattering, terrified by the sudden, inexplicable appearance of two translucent combatants that nonetheless are knocking things flying in every direction. The reporter and his man reel off towards the bedroom door, Pinker and Jon crash into the far left corner.

REPORTER

Holy shit! It's him -- Horace Pinker!

CLOSER -- ON PINKER AND JON IN THE CORNER -- as Pinker hauls Jon up, seeing the reporter with a grin.

PINKER

Special bulletin, huh? Well I'll give you a show --

(to Jon)

Killed your momma and sister here, I'll do you here too!

But Jon smashes out with a sudden heart-necklace-in-fist punch that stuns Pinker, and another blow that sends the knife flying. It arcs through the air and lands nearly at the reporter's feet, over by the door.

Pinker retaliates with his own punches, which drive Jon back across the bed, where he lands at the foot of the bed, stunned. And the necklace falls from his hand onto the floor.

ANGLE WITH THE REPORTER -- seeing the knife. He stoops to pick it up -- and is ZAPPED by an electric charge that nearly knocks him silly. Pinker steps INTO FRAME and picks up the knife. The reporter turns tail and runs, followed by his cameraman. The leave the camera running, on its tripod. Pinker turns back to Jon.

PINKER

I guess tonight's story was just too shocking for him.

Pinker advances on Jon, kicking away the necklace.

PINKER (CONTD)

Say your prayers, sucker. I'm gonna do this real slow.



118 EXT. ELECTRICAL POWER STATION -- NIGHT.

118

Back with Rhino, Bruno and the squad -- at last succeeding in picking the lock on the power housing. They swing open the door.

BRUNO  
(pointing)  
That's it.

REVISED (YELLOW) 2/13/89

95

RHINO

Gimme a crowbar.

\*

119 OMIT

119 OMIT

119A INT. LITTLE GIRL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

119A

Pinker lurches over Jon, raises the knife to strike. But before he can stab down -- Jonathan brings the beeper out of his back pocket and points it right at Pinker --

INSERT ON THE REMOTE BEEPER -- as Jonathan's finger hits "FREEZE FRAME". And Pinker freezes in his tracks!

PINKER

Hey!

Jonathan staggers up, amazed himself at the effect. He notices the Video Monitor, adjusts the camera, walks back to the monitor and sits, adjusting its hue.

PINKER

What the hell you doing!?

JONATHAN

You bought into TV, Pinker, you're bound by its rules.

WIDER -- JON STANDS and raises the beeper to Pinker -- his dialog and attitude reflecting a strange, almost compassionate outrage.

JONATHAN (CONTD)

Gonna show you something.  
Remember Bobby? --

Jon beeps Pinker to his feet, then --

PINKER -- SMASHES INTO THE NEAR WALL -- ONCE, TWICE!

ON JON -- Jon beeps Pinker into the near corner --

JONATHAN (CONTD)

and Mom -- ?!

PINKER -- crashes into the corner, smashing the lamp and table.

ON JON -- beeping Pinker hard across the bed --

JONATHAN (CONTD)

Sally -- ?

PINKER -- across the bed, the floor, into the far wall!

ON JONATHAN --

JONATHAN (CONTD)

Remember all the other families?

Jon smashes Pinker into the window's dormer --

JONATHAN (CONTD)  
 (to beat of Pinker)  
 Men -- women -- kids --  
 defenseless in their beds!

Jon whips Pinker back across the bed --

ON PINKER -- diving across the bed and into the original wall!

BACK ON JON -- whipping Pinker to his feet --

JONATHAN (CONTD)  
 Remember just one name name? --  
 try, try, try!  
 ("whacks" Pinker  
 three times)

PINKER -- hits himself three times in the head with the lamp  
 (VIDEO SPFX -- RAPID REPEAT PRINTING).

ON JONATHAN -- beeping Pinker down --

JONATHAN (CONTD)  
 Try to remember their pain!

ON PINKER -- crashing/sitting in the corner.

JONATHAN (CONTD)  
 No? Then up on the bed -- up in  
 the air -- up -- up -- and just  
freeze.  
 (and Pinker does)  
 Good.

ANGLE ON PINKER.

PINKER  
 Hey -- what the fuck!

Jon pockets the remote beeper, crossing.

JONATHAN  
 I've shown you what you could  
 never remember, Pinker -- what it  
 feels like to be victimized.  
 (stoops)

PINKER  
 Get me a violin, why don't you!

Jon comes up with Pinker's knife.

JONATHAN

At the mercy of some guy's hate  
and weapon.

(the knife is now at  
Pinker's chest)  
Doesn't feel so good, does it?

PINKER

Go ahead -- do it!

Jonathan -- looking like he agrees -- lifts the knife and  
brings it down hard!

PINKER

Yeah!

But it's a throw, not a stab -- and the knife crashes out  
through the window. Pinker looks back to Jon, astonished.

JONATHAN

Not my way.

PINKER

It is your way -- you're a chip  
off the old block -- like it or  
not!

JONATHAN

No good -- I've learned the  
secret. Maybe you were my father,  
but you know who my father is now?  
Me. I'm responsible for who I am.  
Nobody else.

Jon's crossed back to the TV monitor.

PINKER

I get down from here, you're dog  
meat!

JONATHAN

(looks at watch)  
Three minutes to midnight, Pinker,  
when Rhino blows the Maryville  
power station. Then we'll see  
who's dogmeat.

Pinker reacts in disbelief and terror as Jon nods, adjusting  
the monitor's position.

JONATHAN (CONTD)

The town power goes, the TV goes  
-- and whoever's in this TV room  
goes right out with it.

Jon passes his hand through the TV monitor's screen, as if it were air instead of glass --

JONATHAN (CONTD)

Whoever gets out before just might survive.

(checking watch)

Three minutes.

Jon walks back to his takeoff point. But Pinker's cocked his head

PINKER

Wait a minute. It was three minutes before. Your watch's taken a licking...

(a terrible leer

cracks his face)

and I don't think it's ticking no more.

Jon looks, realizes...

JONATHAN

Shit...

VOICES (SOUND OVERLAP)

Five, four, three -- !

Jon wheels --

JONATHAN

Rhino -- No -- !

120 EXT. ELECTRICAL POWER STATION -- NIGHT.

120

GUYS

Two, one -- ZERO!

RHINO, now in thick rubber gloves and dark goggles, brings a crowbar down -- a shower of sparks shoots out. The kids jump back as all hell breaks loose in the power panel -- circuits frying, fuses blowing -- a fireworks of electricity lighting up the place --

120A INT. LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM -- NIGHT.

120A

ON JON -- as THE LIGHTS DIM AND BRIGHTEN WILDLY -- causing the "TV-ness" of the whole room to snap and roll for an instant. Jon loses his footing and goes down -- and when the room suddenly re-stabilizes, Jon sees --

PINKER -- crashing to the bed, unlocked and free!



JON struggles up, runs for the TV monitor -- but he's tackled by Pinker before he can make it -- is driven into the far wall and down!

Pinker hauls Jon up and slams him backwards into a corner, hitting him so hard Jon is out, laying there without moving.

Pinker starts towards Jon -- but the LIGHTS IN THE ROOM again SHUDDER, GO ALMOST OUT -- and again JONATHAN, PINKER AND THE ROOM itself GLITCH AND ROLL -- TV gone haywire!

120B EXT. ELECTRICAL POWER STATION -- NIGHT. 120B

A final burst of sparks, and the power in the whole place goes out. Rhino and the gang look around in amazement --

RHINO  
Holy shit -- it's working!!

121 EXT. CITYSCAPE -- NIGHT. 121

HIGH ANGLE DOWN ON THE CITY. Two huge blocks of the city's LIGHTS BLINK ENTIRELY OUT, one after the other.

122 OMIT \*

122A INT. LITTLE GIRL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT. 122A

The electricity struggles back full one last time -- Pinker veers around, panicked. Jon is barely reviving. Pinker hastily straightens the TV monitor, leaps back, ready for his exit dive.

PINKER  
See you on the late show, asshole!

He runs for the TV, lowering for his dive.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN -- somehow clearing his head enough -- sprawling out and grabbing at a wire running along the floorboards near him -- yanking wildly --

INSERT -- A POWER CABLE pulls out of the wall with a snap of SPARKS.

CLOSE ON THE TV MONITOR -- It BLINKS OFF --

WIDE (STUNT) -- Pinker might as well have been trying to dive through a brick wall -- shattering through the Monitor's screen. He and the set go to the floor in a shower of SPARKS, and it's quite clear that exit is closed forever.

ANGLE ON JON, struggling to clear the cobwebs, checking Pinker out --

PINKER -- bloodied and enraged -- reaches among the shattered remains of the screen --

CLOSE ON PINKER'S HAND -- grabbing a long shard of broken glass.

WIDE -- The LIGHTS FLICKER ominously as Pinker lurches to his feet, livid with hate, the dagger of glass in his hand.

PINKER  
Sign off time.

He starts his last, limping advance.

ANGLE ON JON -- trapped and defenseless among the ruins of this child's room -- but he sees something -- reaches for it --

CLOSE ANGLE ON HIS FIST -- closing around the heart and chain where it was kicked by Pinker!

PINKER -- charges!

ON JON -- coming up INTO FRAME in one smooth move, heart still clenched in his fist -- bringing round a haymaker to Pinker's jaw that connects with a TREMENDOUS BURST OF ELECTRICITY. Pinker cartwheels backwards in a SHOWER OF SPARKS, landing hard on the little girl's bed. Stunned.

Jon turns and races for --

THE VIDEO CAMERA -- as the LIGHTS FLICKER -- barely making it back.

Jon straightens the camera, hangs the heart over its lens, leaps back as Pinker starts to revive on the bed --

Jon runs for the camera!

JONATHAN -- SEEN THROUGH THE P.O.V. OF THE TV CAMERA'S LENS -- dives straight into lens -- and smashes through.

PINKER STAGGERS UP ON THE BED -- terrified --

PINKER  
No!

IN HIS P.O.V. -- we SEE the camera -- knocked off-balance by Jonathan's crashing dive. It teeters, then falls straight forward on its lens a split second before Pinker gets to it. The camera EXPLODES IN SPARKS.

ON PINKER -- ERUPTING IN SPARKS on the bed and then --  
EXPLODING!

122B INT. TV-BETWEEN-THE-WORLDS 122B

JON careens through the atomized atmosphere of TV run amuck.

123 INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT. 123

Jon smashes out of his TV onto his bedroom floor.

123A EXT. CITYSCAPE -- NIGHT. 123A

LAST GRID OF CITY LIGHTS GOES DARK.

123B INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT. 123B

All the lights in the room and all the lights outside GO BLACK.

Jon recovers, stands and looks around, lit only by the  
wickering flames in the bowels of the TV.

An unearthly, absolute silence.

The storm has abated.

Jonathan "beeps out" the fire of the ruined TV and leaves the  
room.

124 EXT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT. 124

Jonathan exits and looks around.

People are coming out onto their porches. Laughing, wondering.  
No streetlights.

MAN NEIGHBOR

Jonathan -- I just saw you on the  
tube! Was that real?

JONATHAN

Real enough.

WOMAN NEIGHBOR

Wow, what a storm that was! But  
look at the sky now!

Jonathan looks up.

The huge storm clouds have gone, and the sky is dense with  
stars.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN, walking out into the street, alone.

JONATHAN  
(very low)  
You there? You see those stars?

ALISON'S VOICE  
(very near)  
Absolutely beautiful.

Jonathan closes his eyes, and the most sublime smile comes over his face.

JONATHAN  
It is.

He turns and walks away.

CUT BACK TO THE SKY.

We see a constellation suddenly apparent -- unmistakably in the shape of a heart, hung out and shining among the fields of stars.

125 OMIT

\*

FADE TO BLACK FOR --

END TITLES.