

Stuart Gordon Presents

# **DEATHBED**

by  
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FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT  
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A series of flashcuts. Intense. Vicious. A nightmare caught on 1920s silent film.

WE SEE:

A WOMAN'S WRIST LASHED WITH A SILK NECKTIE TO THE GLEAMING IRON TUBE OF AN OLD FASHIONED BED HEADBOARD.

HER EYES REACT IN ANTICIPATION AS:

A FAT MAN'S HANDS, THICK AND HAIRY, ROUGHLY FONDLE HER UNDER A SHEAR SILK NIGHTIE.

ANGLE ON THE WOMAN'S MOUTH

She takes deep pleasure-filled breaths as the hairy hands slowly move down smooth thighs, peeling away silk stockings.

ANGLE ON THE FAT MAN

He makes the bedsprings squeak like a hellish calliope.

BACK TO THE WOMAN

Her eyes, mouth, and tied hands respond with mind-numbing pleasure.

ANGLE ON THE FAT MAN'S RIGHT HAND

It unties a silk necktie around his bloated neck. He lifts the tie to his mouth where an engorged tongue guides a wide rear apron between yellow teeth, anchoring it as he loops the silk around and through itself creating a hard "choking knot" that is put in the hollow of the Woman's throat.

THE TIE IS PULLED TIGHT

The terrible knot collapses the Woman's trachea, her eyes reacting in horror as the delightful debauchery becomes deadly.

GASPING FOR AIR THE WOMAN SEES:

THE FAT MAN'S MOUTH OPENING WIDE.

The big mouth looks...*hungry*.

It comes closer and closer to her own.

AROUND HER NECK THE TIE IS PULLED EVEN TIGHTER

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

A thin line of blood outlines the break in her skin as her gurgling last breath is choked out.

THE FAT MAN'S MOUTH HOVERS LESS THAN AN INCH AWAY FROM THE DYING WOMAN'S MOUTH.

We HEAR:

A DEATH RATTLE EXHALE OF THE WOMAN'S LAST BREATH.

We SEE:

BEAUTIFUL MULTI-COLORED STRANDS OF LIGHT - A DOUBLE HELIX OF GOSSAMER THREADS - EXIT THE WOMAN'S MOUTH.

We're seeing her LAST BREATH.

It's greedily sucked up by:

THE FAT MAN'S MOUTH

He consumes the gossamer threads with the painful hunger of an addict on a crack pipe.

ANGLE ON THE WOMAN'S HAND

Her lashed hand goes limp. Blood outlines the ties binding her, and blood streaks the gleaming iron.

ANGLE ON THE DEAD WOMAN'S FULL FACE

SHE'S VERY YOUNG, WITH RAVEN BLACK HAIR CUT IN THE STYLE OF A LATE 1920S FLAPPER'S "BOB," LIKE LOUISE BROOKS OR CLARA BOW.

We pull back from her face to look down on the entire bed.

From our POV we can't see the exact shapes of the iron head and foot boards, but we do see the back of the Fat Man's body as he rolls off her, leaving the Woman tied across the mattress like game about to be gutted.

The Woman slowly fades into the bed leaving the blood on the iron to mark her suffering.

ANGLE ON THE BLOOD STAINED IRON

It's absorbed by the iron.

FADE (IRIS) OUT

FADE UP ON:

2 INT. A FREIGHT ELEVATOR - PRESENT DAY

2

Blackness.

Two big blue doors open to reveal double safety railings made of wooden slats. The railings are raised by:

ART, a slovenly dressed man in his 60s.

ART

Go right on in.

He ushers in:

JERRY, a 30-something in blue jeans and flannel shirt;

KAREN, a pretty, but very understated woman in her mid-20s.

Art enters and slides the safety railings back down. He stands next to the controls and hits the "up button." The elevator slowly lumbers up four floors.

An awkward silence - broken by Art.

ART (CONT'D)

Yeah.... Still got a hell of a lot of fixin' to do, but got one at the top that's livable. Re-wired it, roof's tight as a drum, put in new copper pipes and even one of them low flush toilets.

(beat)

Think it'll suit you kids real nice.

Another uneasy silence - the kind apartment hunters frequently encounter.

They watch the floors pass by...

JERRY

(making conversation)

Looks like a nice building.

ART

Oh, yeah. Nice building. Nice.

KAREN

And quiet.

ART

Oh, yeah. Quiet. Nice and quiet.  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

At the top floor Art brings the elevator to a jumpy stop.

ART (CONT'D)  
Here we are - high as she goes.  
Don't go no higher.

Art lifts up the safety railing and opens the doors to:

INT. A SMALL HALLWAY - DAY

Art quickly leads the way.

ART  
It's just down here.

He pulls a planet-sized key ring out of his pants and fumbles with the keys.

ART (CONT'D)  
Let's see here. Think this one...?

He tries a key. Doesn't work. Tries another. Same result.

ART (CONT'D)  
Damn it! Where'd I put that son of  
a bitch?

He suddenly reaches into his pocket and pulls out a single key.

ART (CONT'D)  
Oh, yeah, I forgot. Gotta replace  
this thing.

3 INT. LOFT / EMPTY - DAY

3

They enter a spacious room; a warehouse conversion with exposed brick, industrial windows and a high beam ceiling.

ART  
Here she is.

ANGLE ON KAREN

She's completely taken with the apartment and wanders the sun-filled room like a kid in a candy store, especially attracted to a sunlight-soaked brick wall.

KAREN  
It's beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

Karen walks over to the wall and slowly reaches out to touch the bricks.

CUT TO:

4 INT. LOFT / LITTLE KAREN FLASHBACK - DAY

4

A CHILD'S HAND TOUCHING THE BRICKS

ANOTHER ANGLE

We see a sad girl about 11 years old, A YOUNGER VERSION OF KAREN.

The bricks seem to soothe Little Karen. She puts her face against the sun on the bricks letting the warmth warm her cheek.

JERRY'S VOICE

So, it used to be a warehouse?

CUT BACK TO:

5 INT. LOFT / EMPTY - DAY

5

JERRY, ART & KAREN

ART

Yeah. Back in the thirties. Been shut up ever since the war, though.

(beat)

Damn building still needs a hell of a lot of work, but this one...well, this one's livable. Plenty of breathing room.

Jerry walks through the big space to a steep STAIRCASE on the brick wall. There's a door below the stairs. Jerry opens it to reveal: A CLOSET.

ART (CONT'D)

Yeah, just a closet. Good place to hide your skeletons, huh?

Jerry ignores Arts attempt at humor and looks up the stairs to see:

AN OMINOUS LOOKING METAL DOOR AT THE TOP.

JERRY

Where does that go?

Art joins Jerry at the bottom of the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

ART

That goes nowhere.

JERRY

Nowhere?

ART

Don't really know what's up there -  
never did get a key for it.  
Probably just a storeroom.

Jerry looks around the rest of the space.

JERRY

No bedroom?

ART

Well...

KAREN

You don't need a bedroom, not in a  
space like this. You really did a  
fantastic job, Mr. O'Rourke.

ART

(proudly)

Well...

(beat)

There is a dressing room behind  
that wall. And of course, a kitchen  
and a reading room.

JERRY

A reading room?

ART

Most people call it a bathroom.

ANGLE ON KAREN

She walks over to the far brick wall dominated by the  
beautiful industrial windows.

KAREN

Jerry, look at this view - it's  
fantastic!

From Karen's POV we SEE:

A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS AND THE "HOLLYWOOD"  
SIGN ON TOP OF MT. LEE.

ANOTHER ANGLE

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

Karen is joined by Art and Jerry.

ART

Yep. Always sunny in here. And you get a great look at the Hollywood sign. Used to say "Hollywoodland" when this place was built but now it don't. Can't remember why they changed it.

ANGLE ON KAREN

A triumphant smile spreads across Karen's face.

She's home.

CUT TO:

6 INT. LOFT - A FEW DAYS LATER

6

A couple of Latino moving men haul the last of the furniture into the huge apartment.

KAREN & JERRY are seen setting up a big drafting table, positioning it next to the windows - to receive the optimum amount of sunlight.

ART ENTERS

as the movers exit to fetch more furniture. He walks over to Jerry & Karen.

ART

(to Karen)

Finally found that lease.

He hands Karen the piece of paper.

ART (CONT'D)

It's all standard. No big deal.

KAREN

We sign on the bottom?

ART

Guess so, kiddo. Just somewhere on the damn thing.

Karen signs, then Jerry. He hands it back to Art.

JERRY

It's official?

(CONTINUED)

KAREN  
(beaming)  
Official!

Art looks at the drafting table

ART  
So...your an artist, huh?

JERRY  
Karen does kids books.

ART  
Oh, yeah? Should get some of your  
books for my grandkids. 'Course,  
oughta get some grandkids first.

Art slaps his belly and lets loose with a loud, rolling  
laugh. Karen & Jerry smile.

ART (CONT'D)  
(suddenly to Jerry)  
What's your line kiddo?

KAREN  
Jerry's a photographer.

ART  
Photographer, huh? What kind of  
stuff? Don't do any of them  
"nudies," do you?

Art breaks into another guffaw.

JERRY  
Yeah. Sometimes.

This stops Art cold.

ART  
Oh, yeah? Well... Huh.

Suddenly, the moving men re-enter.

MOVER  
'scuse please, but where you want  
bed?

CUT TO:

7 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - LATER

7

JERRY falls exhausted onto a very plain futon bed that's been set up in a kind of ALCOVE in the back of the loft featuring a large window made of opaque glass bricks. From the futon he can look into the main room and SEE:

KAREN BY THE DRAFTING TABLE UNPACKING ART SUPPLIES, NEATLY ARRANGING THEM ON A NEARBY TABLE.

JERRY  
Will you stop already?

KAREN  
Almost through.

JERRY  
Lord, you're anal.

He rolls off the futon, walks up behind her and hugs her.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
'Course it's what I love about you.

KAREN  
(laughing)  
Jerry!

He suddenly sweeps her off her feet and carries her to the futon.

JERRY  
Before you do anything else,  
there's one very important thing  
you have to do, if you really want  
to make this place a home.

KAREN  
What "thing?"

He drops her on the futon.

JERRY  
The bad thing.

SMASH CUT TO:

8 INT. LOFT - NIGHT

8

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING EXPLODING OUTSIDE THE WINDOWS

We SEE:

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

JERRY AND KAREN MAKING LOVE ON THE FUTON.

Another lightning flash illuminates the lovers...

...but in complete contrast to the dramatic lightning, their lovemaking is ordinary and rather bland; a standard "missionary" affair.

KAREN has her eyes closed and is barely moving, while:

JERRY is a frantic blur -- sweat beading on his forehead, dripping from his nose like icicles.

He tries rolling Karen on top. There's a little tug of war, a wrestling match, but it's obvious Karen doesn't want to move, and, much to Jerry's frustration, holds him right where he is.

JERRY CLIMAXES AND SHUDDERS.

He rolls off her and takes a lung filling breath.

KAREN LOOKS UNCOMFORTABLE.

It's obvious they've been through this many times before.

KAREN  
(almost to herself)  
It just hurts sometimes.

JERRY  
Honey, did I say anything?

Jerry turns away.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I know this is a touchy subject,  
but couldn't we try something new  
sometime?  
(trying to be clever)  
If I hurt you, teach me a lesson.  
Punish me. Tie me up.

KAREN  
Yeah, right.

JERRY  
So don't tie me up but teach me  
lesson and get on top...please.

Karen kisses him.

KAREN  
It's just...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

JERRY

I know, I know. It hurts sometimes.  
But we can work on that. It doesn't  
have to hurt. Believe me, that's  
the last thing I want.

KAREN

I know. It's just...  
(beat)  
Some things are hard for me.

Jerry looks into her eyes then lifts up the sheet and looks  
down at himself. He looks back at her, a grin spreading  
across his face.

Karen laughs. Jerry grabs her and they kiss again.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. LOFT - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

9

SHADOW STREAKS FROM RAIN POUNDING AGAINST THE WINDOWS.

They cover the huge brick backbone of the apartment like a  
surreal network of arteries and veins.

*The shadow web make the bricks seem to breathe.*

INT. THE LOFT / THE BED ALCOVE - NIGHT

On the futon we see:

JERRY

dead to the world, but:

KAREN

is wide awake and watching the dancing shadows. It's her  
first night in a new place and her face shows it. She  
snuggles up to a big pillow and shuts her eyes.

BUT A LOUD, BREATHY SOUND, like the inhaling of a great  
beast, opens them.

She looks toward the source of the weird SOUND. It's coming  
from:

THE STEEP STAIRCASE THAT CAN BE SEEN FROM THE FOOT OF THE  
BED.

The stairs are very dark and more than a little bit sinister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO KAREN

She curls up to Jerry and tries to disappear under the covers.

FADE OUT

FADE UP ON:

10 INT. LOFT - THE NEXT MORNING 10

ANGLE ON JERRY AND KAREN

They stand at the apartment's front door. Jerry is giving a robe clad Karen a kiss. He doesn't look too happy.

She puts a hand on his chest.

KAREN  
It'll pick up.

Jerry SIGHS. He sounds depressed. Resigned.

JERRY  
Know what the agency told me on  
this one?  
(beat)  
The bed's the star. The bed.

KAREN  
You know how good you are. You  
shouldn't worry so much.

JERRY  
I'll call you.

He's about to EXIT but suddenly stops.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
This really is a great place,  
honey. We did good.

Karen smiles. They kiss again and he EXITS.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 INT. LOFT - A FEW HOURS LATER 11

Karen is at her drafting table in the main room luxuriating in the sunlight streaming through the big windows while tacking a blank piece of paper to the drawing surface.

(CONTINUED)

She is also making a cup of instant hot chocolate, the water coming from an old electric TEA KETTLE that sits next to her on a small table cluttered with art supplies.

She sips the chocolate and is about to start sketching when she HEARS:

A WEIRD SQUEAKING SOUND.

It's a metallic sound that sounds like - springs - springs being overworked. The SQUEAKING echoes though the loft, bouncing off the brick walls and totally distracting Karen - it's a very annoying noise like mice in the walls.

KAREN

What *is* that...?

She gets up and looks around the apartment, trying to pinpoint the source of the squeaking. She finds it's coming from:

THE STAIRCASE

We FOLLOW Karen to the stairs and the annoying sound is definitely much louder. She looks up the steep stairs to:

THE OMINOUS DIRTY METAL DOOR

The noise is coming behind it.

BACK TO KAREN

She *has* to find out what's squeaking and starts climbing the stairs. We FOLLOW her to the top.

The SQUEAKING doesn't stop - it is, in fact, much louder and more frantic. She reaches out to try and open the door and:

THE SQUEAKING SUDDENLY STOPS.

She pauses, and tries opening the door. The old doorknob is almost falling off but the door is locked tight and doesn't budge. Karen pulls harder and HEARS:

TERRIBLE POUNDING AND SCREAMING

It's as if a huge BEAST is trapped behind the door and is intent on BREAKING OUT.

KAREN IS TERRIFIED

She lets go of the door and runs down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

We FOLLOW her to the drafting table. The telephone hasn't been hooked up yet so she fishes in her purse for the CELL PHONE. She quick punches in a number.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Mr. O'Rourke? Hi, it's Karen Kepek.  
Something's happening here -  
there's something you need to see!

CUT TO:

12 INT. ART'S APARTMENT - DAY

12

ART is sunk in an easy chair devouring a mustard dripping hot dog.

He looks like an arm-chair pirate with a talkative COCKATOO on his shoulder.

ART

Oh yeah? What's that, kiddo?

THE COCKATOO

(imitating Art)

What's that, kiddo?

ART

(to the bird)

Will you shut?

THE COCKATOO

What's that, kiddo?

SMASH CUT TO:

13 INT. LOFT - A SHORT TIME LATER - DAY

13

Art stands next to Karen in the Main Room with his big tool box.

ART

So, it was sort of a squeaking?

KAREN

That's how it started. But then I heard pounding and...well, I guess it was screaming.

ART

*Screaming?*

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

But it stopped when I got off the phone to you.

Art SIGHS and digs into the tool box. He pulls out a CROWBAR and an old FLASHLIGHT. He sticks the flashlight in his pants.

ART

Think it's time to see what's behind door number one.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOFT / BY THE METAL DOOR - DAY

Art is on a small stoop in front of the metal door BANGING on it with his fist.

Karen is just below him on the top step.

ART

Hello! Hello! Anybody in there?!

(beat)

If somebody's in there we're coming in!

He stops pounding and sticks his ear on the door.

Silence.

ART (CONT'D)

(to Karen)

Don't hear nothin'. Do you?

KAREN

No.

He wedges the crowbar into a small space by the door and door jamb. He puts his weight on it and starts straining to open the door.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Be careful.

ART

(straining)

Come on, you lousy...!

The crowbar bores into the metal but the door doesn't budge. Art stops pulling and wipes away some sweat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He spits on his palms and grabs the crowbar. He tightens his grip on the bar and starts banging against the door with his shoulder - hitting it like a linebacker on a practice sled.

ART (CONT'D)  
COME ON, YOU MISERABLE...OPEN!!

His cursing coalesces into a powerful yank and the metal door POPS OPEN INTO THE ROOM with a firecracker BANG.

ART IS OFF BALANCE AND FALLS FORWARD INTO DARKNESS.

Karen jumps up on the stoop - she's worried.

KAREN  
Art? You okay?

ART'S VOICE  
Yeah, yeah. Fine.  
(beat - shouting:)  
Anybody in here?! Huh?!

14 INT. SECRET ROOM / PRESENT - DAY

14

Art pulls out the FLASHLIGHT he put in his pocket and has to shake it on like a metallic maraca. He plays the anemic light into the dark and we suddenly see:

A FLASH OF GOLD

ART  
Ho - lee shit!

The light has flashed on what looks like AN ANCIENT ARTIFACT MADE OF GOLD -- but the flashlight suddenly blinks off plunging the room back into darkness.

We HEAR frantic metallic shaking as Art tries to get the light back on.

Suddenly, there's an EXPLOSION of LIGHT.

ANGLE ON KAREN

She stands beneath an old free hanging light bulb -- her hand on its beaded chain, her eyes wide and staring at something OFF SCREEN.

From her POV we SEE:

AN OLD IRON BED AND MATTRESS.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

The bed sits next to a free standing Art Deco mirror about five feet high, its glass cracked and dirty.

ART (CONT'D)

Almost messed my drawers. Thought we was lookin' at goddamn gold.

But to Karen, they have found a treasure -- she can't take her eyes off:

THE IRON HEADBOARD.

It is absolutely unique. The headboard is in the form of a CIRCLE - it's white with beautiful CASTINGS painted GOLD - what Art mistook for treasure.

ANGLE ON ART

He looks around the small room. It's almost hermetically sealed - there are no other doors or windows.

ART (CONT'D)

Don't think anybody could have been in here, kiddo. Ain't no windows or doors - and that door was sealed tighter than an old nun's ass - 'scuse my French.

ANGLE ON KAREN

She's also looking around the small room and has to agree with Art.

KAREN

Yeah, you're right. Nobody could have been in here.

BACK TO ART

He finally focuses on the old bed.

ART

Huh! Will you look at this thing?

He touches the HEADBOARD. Karen joins him.

KAREN

I know. It's beautiful.

He steps back to admire the impressive bed in the antique light.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

ART

I mean, this ain't the sort of  
thing you want to hide, is it?

ANGLE ON THE OLD LIGHT BULB

It suddenly sparks and burns out, plunging the room back in  
black.

CUT TO:

15 INT. JERRY'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

15

A FLASH OF LIGHT washing over:

A BEAUTIFUL MODEL with deep cleavage made deeper by a tight  
silk teddy.

She takes long deep breaths, doing an horizontal bump and  
grind on top of an ordinary bed.

ANGLE ON JERRY

He's perched like a vulture on top of a step ladder high  
above the model. He isn't too happy with the mattress dance.

JERRY

(climbing down)

Sweetie... again, please don't  
pose, the bed's the star. Just take  
a deep breath... relax.

The model exhales an extremely theatrical last breath and  
collapses corpse-like onto the bed.

Jerry shoots with his assistant, GLORIA, a small framed woman  
in her 30s whose face is haloed with a living explosion of  
frizzy blonde hair, a glance that could melt lead. She  
silently agrees. He looks back at the model.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Um... what's your name again?

THE MODEL

Cassandra.

JERRY

Cassandra.

(beat)

Cassandra, I think you're over-  
doing it just a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA

Oh? This doesn't look relaxed?

JERRY

It's beyond relaxed, dear.

(beat)

Come on, hon, it's a comfy bed, not a coffin. Work with me! Show me how incredibly comfy it is.

(beat)

Remember... the bed's the star.

Jerry starts shooting, washing Cassandra with light. He circles like an angry wasp as she stretches and sighs on the bed.

JERRY (CONT'D)

That's right, show me how you love it! Oh, boy-o-boy, is it comfy!

That's right, make us see it! Show it to us! C'mon, bring it out!

DON'T HIDE IT!

CUT TO:

THE ANTIQUE IRON BED has replaced the futon in the alcove with the glass brick window.

Karen is putting a bed sheet on the mattress while Art is on his knees polishing the GOLD CASTINGS in the round footboard. Suddenly, something comes over him.

KAREN

Why *would* somebody hide this?

Art becomes quiet and suddenly looks at Karen with a bizarre, lusting stare.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Why?

ART

(confused)

Huh?

KAREN

It is weird that somebody would hide something like this...

(beat)

Maybe it was a storage room?

(CONTINUED)

Karen climbs up on the mattress to tuck in the sheet and suddenly becomes a vision of unintentional lust as she bends over the edge of the bed.

From Art's POV she looks irresistible.

Karen runs her hand over the mattress.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
It's sooo soft.

Art stares at Karen as she caresses the mattress.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
You really ought to feel it.

Lust has turned Art a shade darker than shredded beets. He's breathing heavily, sweating like a pig. He can't take his eyes off Karen and his heart is in his throat.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Touch it.

ART  
(suddenly)  
Gotta go!

The old man jumps up and heads for the door.

KAREN  
(surprised)  
Mr. O'Rourke?

Art is quickly out the door. Karen watches - very confused at his sudden departure.

CUT TO:

Jerry is back on the ladder clicking off a few more, semi-pornographic shots of the salacious Cassandra. He looks bored and defeated and climbs down.

CASSANDRA  
We're finished?

JERRY  
We are.

He takes Gloria by the arm and pulls her away from Cassandra.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (CONT'D)  
(to Gloria)  
This is fucked. They're never gonna  
buy these. We're just going to have  
to eat it.

GLORIA  
Re-shoot?

JERRY  
Yeah. And get me a model  
that's...maternal.

GLORIA  
(smiling)  
More of a..."Aunt Bee" type?

JERRY  
Don't be ridiculous. Just get me  
somebody that actually sleeps in a  
bed.

JERRY walks over to a corner of his small studio and pulls  
out his CELL PHONE. He speeds dials a number.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
(on the phone)  
Hey. How's it going.

KAREN'S VOICE  
Jerry...

JERRY  
You sound surprised.

KAREN'S VOICE  
I do?

JERRY  
Yeah.

CUT TO:

Karen is on the antique bed.

KAREN  
Well, I guess...  
(beat)  
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY'S VOICE

Anyway, I'm about finished here.  
Want me to pick anything up?

KAREN

No, um...  
(beat)  
You still have your suit at the  
studio?

JERRY'S VOICE

Yeah.

KAREN

Wear it home.

JERRY'S VOICE

Why?

KAREN

We're going some place special to  
eat.

JERRY'S VOICE

We are?

KAREN

No flannel or jeans allowed.

JERRY'S VOICE

Whoa. Must be special.

Karen looks into the weird headboard.

KAREN

Oh, it is. It is.

JERRY'S VOICE

Okay. See you in a few.

KAREN

Bye.

JERRY'S VOICE

Bye.

Karen hangs up the phone. She rolls over on to her side and  
reaches into the curved tubing of the mandala/headboard.

In the headboard she sees:

BLOOD DRIPPING FROM THE WHITE IRON BELOW HER HANDS

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

She pulls away and the blood disappears.  
Karen shakes the weird vision out of her head.  
She rolls out of the bed like a circus acrobat.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 INT. IN FRONT OF THE LOFT DOOR - THAT EVENING 20

Jerry is dressed in a long black overcoat. He's trying to open the door, but the lock won't turn.

He knocks on the door.

JERRY

Karen?

(beat)

I can't get this thing open.

CUT TO:

21 INT. LOFT / CANDLE LIT - EVENING 21

THE LOCK WITH THE KEY IN IT is lit in soft candle light and fills the screen.

KAREN'S HAND turns the key to open it.

KAREN'S VOICE

It's open.

The door opens revealing:

Jerry, dressed to the "nines" and looking very surprised.

JERRY

Karen?

From Jerry's POV we SEE:

KAREN SEDUCTIVELY DRESSED IN A SILK CAMISOLE.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Why aren't you dressed? I thought we're going someplace "special."

KAREN

We are.

She steps aside REVEALING:

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

THE ANTIQUE BED SURROUNDED BY CANDLES AND A HUGE FEAST SPREAD OVER EVERY INCH OF THE BIG MATTRESS.

The food is one thing, but the bizarre iron bed is quite another.

JERRY

Where did this come from?

KAREN

Can you believe it?

JERRY

No. Where did it come from?

KAREN

There...

She points up the staircase to the metal door.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Hungry?

SMASH CUT TO:

22 INT. LOFT / ON THE BED - SOME TIME LATER - NIGHT

22

Jerry & Karen lounge on the bed as they finish the feast. His jacket is off and his shirt open.

Karen slowly pulls herself up the headboard, posing on the circle of iron.

KAREN

(suddenly)

Why don't you take my picture?

JERRY

Huh?

KAREN

Take my picture.

She turns around and strikes the kind of pose usually seen in magazines doubled wrapped in plastic.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I want to pose for you.

Jerry is silent.

He looks at her in what could only be described as mind numbing amazement.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

A fantasy is finally coming true and he can't believe his eyes.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
What's the matter?

JERRY  
Well, you know...  
(beat)  
This isn't like you.

She glances over her shoulder with a nuclear come hither look.

KAREN  
I thought this is what you wanted.

JERRY  
I'll get my camera.

CUT TO:

23 INT. LOFT / JERRY TAKES PHOTOS - NIGHT

23

A FLASH SHOT OF KAREN ON THE BED...

We see a series of sexy poses as Jerry circles Karen like a mesmerized moth, clicking off rapid fire shots with the motor drive, always using the big iron headboard as an anchor in the compositions.

KAREN

is totally lost in the titillating positions; every inhibition melted.

JERRY

still can't believe what he's seeing. He's speechless.

KAREN  
So?

JERRY  
So?

KAREN  
So you like?

JERRY  
I like, I like.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

JERRY (CONT'D)  
It just takes a little bit of  
getting used to.

She rolls over on to her back, putting her hands into the  
headboard, pretending they're tied to it.

Jerry clicks off the final picture.

KAREN  
(smiling)  
This help?

Karen doesn't move.

Jerry drops his camera and joins her on the bed.

She keeps her hands bound in the headboard as Jerry tears off  
his clothes.

Karen trembles with pleasure. Their lovemaking is very  
passionate; both are experiencing a new kind of ecstasy.

SMASH CUT TO:

24 INT. SECRET ROOM / PAST - ANY 24

A WOMAN'S HAND (FROM THE PROLOGUE) BEING TIED TO THE  
MANDALA/HEADBOARD

SMASH CUT TO:

25 INT. LOFT - NIGHT 25

BACK TO KAREN

reacting to the strange image, her own wrists touching the  
iron. Their lovemaking becoming even more intense as we see:

MORE FLASHCUTS FROM THE PROLOGUE

SMASH CUT TO:

26 INT. SECRET ROOM / PAST - ANY 26

The Woman's hands and feet struggling against the iron head  
and footboards.

SMASH CUT TO:

27 INT. LITTLE KAREN'S BEDROOM / PAST - ANY 27

THE PROLOGUE IMAGES ARE INTERCUT WITH:

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

A YOUNG GIRL'S WRIST

BOUND TO A WOODEN HEADBOARD WITH PLASTIC HAND CUFFS.

The Young Girl struggles to get free.

CUT BACK TO:

28 INT. SECRET ROOM / PAST - ANY 28

THE PROLOGUE WOMAN'S HANDS AND FEET

struggling against the bindings, pulling so hard they bleed.

Her blood streaks the white iron like a barber's pole.

CUT BACK TO:

29 INT. LOFT - NIGHT 29

KAREN IN BED BECOMING VERY AGGRESSIVE.

She rolls on top of Jerry, all the while keeping up the frenzied lovemaking.

JERRY

is even more amazed as she assumes the position he's been longing for; but everything is too intense and happening too fast.

He sits up, his hands all over her, taking hold of her arms, her shoulders. Finally coming to rest around her neck.

Karen keeps up the frantic pace.

SMASH CUT TO:

30 INT. SECRET ROOM / PAST - ANY 30

A NECK TIE PULLED TIGHT AROUND THE PROLOGUE WOMAN'S NECK

The tie is choking her -- a hard knot cruelly pressed into the hollow of her throat.

CUT TO:

31 INT. LITTLE KAREN'S BEDROOM / PAST - ANY 31

THE YOUNG GIRL'S EYES GOING WIDE WITH FEAR

The Young Girl is actually LITTLE KAREN, frantically trying to break free of the plastic handcuffs as:

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

A MAN'S BONEY FINGERS GRAB HER NECK.

CUT BACK TO:

32 INT. LOFT - NIGHT

32

PRESENT DAY KAREN PANTING, TRYING TO CATCH HER BREATH

Jerry leans backwards and starts squeezing her neck, like he's strangling her... until...

BOTH REACH SHUDDERING CLIMAXES.

Jerry releases Karen's neck. He falls backwards onto the mattress.

Karen rolls off and lays next to him.

Both are covered with sweat and panting for breath.

JERRY

is smiling, he's never experienced anything remotely like this.

KAREN

looks far away, still caught in the weird images.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

33

Water is running into the sink. Karen splashes some on her face and SEES:

A TERRIBLE RED WELT AROUND HER NECK WHERE JERRY HAD HIS HANDS.

She touches it and sees the same horrid welts around her wrists.

CUT TO:

34 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

34

JERRY PULLS SOME JUICE OUT OF THE REFRIGERATOR.

Karen suddenly enters. She grabs him and spins him around.

KAREN

Jerry, look!

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

JERRY

Whoa. Almost made me spill my  
juice.

KAREN

Look!

She touches her neck.

Jerry looks but there's nothing there. Her wrists are also  
clean.

KAREN (CONT'D)

See it?

JERRY

What?

She touches her neck.

There are no welts on her neck or wrists. Her skin is smooth  
and clean.

KAREN

I thought...

She suddenly grabs Jerry and hugs him very hard.

KAREN (CONT'D)

God, you're making me crazy!

CUT TO:

35 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - NIGHT

35

ANGLE ON: JERRY AND KAREN IN BED HOLDING EACH OTHER.

KAREN

What are you thinking?  
(snuggling closer)  
Tell me.

JERRY

Well, actually...  
(beat)  
Actually, I was thinking about how  
lucky I am. I mean, you don't know  
how long I wanted to do something  
like this.

KAREN

(smiling)  
Oh, I know. Believe me, I know.

(CONTINUED)

Jerry puts his hand into Karen's hair, forcefully grabbing her, looking deep, deep into her eyes.

JERRY

I love you.

KAREN

I love you.

They come together in a soul sucking kiss and we move past them to:

THE STEEP STAIRCASE AND THE BLACKNESS BEYOND

JERRY'S VOICE

I feel like a door's been open.

A RUSH OF AIR (LIKE A GREAT BEAST INHALING)

VIOLENTLY PULLS US INTO THE BLACKNESS. WE'RE SURROUNDED BY EVIL SOUNDING JAZZ FROM THE 1920s, SOMETHING LIKE JELLY ROLL MORTON'S "NEW ORLEANS BUMP."

FADE UP ON:

Karen is at the drafting table sorting through a pile of drawings.

They are beautiful pastel chalk drawings of happy children in happy scenes. Karen's work has a appealing lightness about it -- sentimental without being maudlin.

THE ANSWERING MACHINE IS FLASHING A RECORDED MESSAGE.

(While she listens to the message Karen makes herself a cup of hot chocolate using the water from the electric tea kettle that is always on the boil.)

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Hi Karen. Sorry to call you so late, but I just got this great assignment for you. Kalem Publishing is doing a book about natural childbirth and they want a scene in the late 1800s, you know, something with one of those old fashioned iron beds. You think you could come up with something?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

Karen smiles and looks over at the mandala/headboard.

CUT TO:

37 INT. LOFT / DRAFTING TABLE AREA - SHORT TIME LATER - DAY 37

She faces the bed, busily drawing the intricate details of the mandala/headboard beautifully illuminated by the brilliant sunlight. She's focused and draws very fast, constantly comparing the real thing to what's on paper. As she looks:

A BLOOD-STAINED BLACK & WHITE SILK NECK TIE ABRUPTLY APPEARS ON HEADBOARD.

Rivulets of blood flow down the shining white iron from beneath the neck tie and just as abruptly, they disappear as:

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

BACK TO KAREN

The phone startles her and she grabs it.

JERRY'S VOICE

I cannot get last night out of my head.

KAREN

Jerry...

JERRY'S VOICE

I can barely walk. What did you do to me?

KAREN

You know, I just...

JERRY'S VOICE

What?

KAREN

I thought I saw...

She looks back at the mandala/headboard. It's clean.

JERRY'S VOICE

What?

KAREN

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY'S VOICE  
So...any plans for tonight?

KAREN  
No.  
(beat)  
I might have to work, though. That  
call last night was about an  
illustration.

JERRY'S VOICE  
Great!

KAREN  
Yeah. And you won't believe what  
it's about.

JERRY'S VOICE  
Tell me.

KAREN  
I'd rather show you.

CUT TO:

He's back in his standard costume of jeans and flannel shirt,  
holding the camera containing Karen's erotic pictures,  
rewinding the film.

JERRY  
Show and tell, eh?

KAREN'S VOICE  
I really better get back to work.

Jerry pops out the roll of film.

JERRY  
Yeah, me too. But it really was  
great last night, wasn't it?

KAREN'S VOICE  
Yeah.

Gloria ENTERS.

GLORIA  
She's ready.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Okay, I'll let you go. Keep it warm  
for me. Bye.

Jerry hangs closes his cell phone and puts the roll of film  
in his pocket. Gloria to the new model on the bed.

GLORIA

"Keep it warm for me?"

JERRY

Screw you, Glo.

GLORIA

No. Thanks, though.

Jerry starts ITCHING himself. The comfortable looking flannel  
shirt suddenly seems to be bothering him.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(seeing Jerry itch)  
Something wrong?

JERRY

This damn shirt.

ANGLE ON THE BED

A new model is on the mattress.

Her name is DOROTHY, a much more conservative looking woman.  
Definitely more maternal than sexy, wearing a full length  
cotton nightgown.

JERRY (CONT'D)

So...ready to work?

DOROTHY

Absolutely.

Still itching, Jerry climbs the ladder.

JERRY

I guess Gloria told you that the  
star of this shot is the bed?

DOROTHY

Yes.

JERRY

So what I want to see is something  
that tells us how relaxing the bed  
is.

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY

Well, that shouldn't be too hard.

She lies back on the bed. It looks perfect -- complete relaxation, not a hint of sex to be seen. Jerry studies her from his perch. Something bothers him. Even more than the shirt.

JERRY

No. More like...

He raises his hands above his head. Dorothy does the same.

DOROTHY

Like this?

He climbs down and places her hands next to the bed posts.

JERRY

Like this. Now, can you arch your back a little bit?

DOROTHY

Like this?

JERRY

Right! Now, if you could spread your legs. Try to make them reach the posts.

A flash of concern washes across Dorothy's face but she complies.

ANGLE ON GLORIA

She walks over and pulls Jerry away from the bed, dumbfounded by what he's doing.

GLORIA

You can't shoot her like that.

JERRY

What?

GLORIA

It looks like she's tied to the bed.

(beat)

Maternal...remember?

DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. LOFT - EVENING

40

We see a rough charcoal sketch of:

A LOVELY FAMILY SCENE: A VERY PREGNANT VICTORIAN MOTHER IN KAREN'S IRON BED WITH A GRANDFATHERLY DOCTOR AND TWO CUTE KIDS TOUCHING HER DISTENDED STOMACH, FEELING FOR THE BABY.

JERRY'S VOICE

Very maternal.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Jerry is at the drafting table with Karen, looking at the drawing.

KAREN

This bed was a God-send.

JERRY

Oh. By the way. Got something for you.

Jerry lays the 8 x 10 black and white prints of Karen's impromptu photo session over the drawing.

THE PHOTOS

are very erotic as Karen exhibits a natural sensuality in front of the huge circular headboard.

ANGLE ON KAREN

She blushing.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Think they came out rather well.

KAREN

Can't believe I did this...

But it's obvious that Karen is very pleased with them.

She studies an especially striking print showing her sensually crucified on the round iron headboard like a Vedic Goddess. But there's something else in the picture.

A streak of light...

A wisp of smoke...

Something - *else* - directly behind the iron headboard.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

KAREN (CONT'D)  
What's that?

JERRY  
Oh, the white?  
(beat)  
I don't know...it's in the others  
too. Probably a light leak, or the  
film. But other than that...

KAREN  
looks up at Jerry. She smiles.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Other than that...they're perfect.  
(beat)  
They're you.

CUT TO:

41 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - NIGHT 41

KAREN AND JERRY IN IRON BED.

Once again, they're engaged in passionate lovemaking.

KAREN is on top, while:

JERRY PANTS

He shuts his eyes; his body reveling in every movement.

KAREN

reaches for her silk robe lying on the bedsheets.

SMASH CUT TO:

42 INT. SECRET ROOM / PAST - ANY 42

THE PROLOGUE IMAGE OF THE FAT MAN'S LIPS AND BAD TEETH  
ANCHORING AND STRETCHING THE SILK NECKTIE.

CUT BACK TO:

43 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - NIGHT 43

KAREN HOLDS THE ROBE SASH BETWEEN HER HANDS

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

She loops it around and through itself, creating a hard choking knot.

SMASH CUT TO:

44 INT. SECRET ROOM / PAST - ANY 44

THE SAME ACTION FROM THE PROLOGUE, THE FAT MAN'S HAIRY HANDS PULLING A KNOT IN THE SILK.

CUT BACK TO:

45 INT. LOFT - NIGHT 45

KAREN QUICKLY WRAPPING THE ROBE SASH AROUND JERRY'S NECK.  
She pulls the knot just below his Adam's apple.

SMASH CUT TO:

46 INT. SECRET ROOM / PAST - ANY 46

THE WOMAN'S SMOOTH NECK  
as the tie is pulled tight, collapsing her trachea.

CUT BACK TO:

47 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - NIGHT 47

JERRY'S EYES GOING WIDE WITH BOTH DELIGHT AND DREAD  
as Karen pulls the sash tight choking off his breath.  
For a split second we SEE:  
THE FEAR OF DEATH IN JERRY'S EYES.

CUT TO:

48 INT. SECRET ROOM / PAST - ANY 48

THE WOMAN'S EYES...

CUT TO:

49 INT. LITTLE KAREN'S BEDROOM / PAST - ANY 49

LITTLE KAREN'S EYES...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

PLASTIC HANDCUFFS PUT ON A LITTLE GIRL'S WRISTS BY AN OLDER MAN'S HANDS.

CUT TO:

50 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - NIGHT

50

ANGLE ON KAREN'S EYES

going wide with the realization of the deadly game they're playing. She yanks the sash off Jerry's neck. She rolls off of him, utterly amazed at what she did, grasping the sash in her hand.

JERRY

What's the matter? I was kind of getting into it.

Karen's hand falls over the edge of the bed and she lets the sash slowly slip from her fingers and drop to the floor.

FADE OUT

FADE UP ON:

51 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - LATER THAT NIGHT

51

KAREN AND JERRY LAY IN THE BED

Jerry is dead to the world, buried in impenetrable r.e.m. sleep, flat on his back and snoring.

Karen lies on her side, her back to him and wide awake. She can't sleep. The pictures of binding and choking ties flashing in her head won't let her.

With a sigh, she rolls out of bed.

CUT TO:

52 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

52

Water pulses from a huge massaging shower head as Karen steps into the flow, letting it manipulate the tight muscles in her back. It seems to have the desired effect. She takes deep, steady soothing breaths, tension draining away like the water.

BUT THE HORRID IMAGES WON'T LEAVE HER.

JERRY BEING LASHED AND CHOKED - THE SAME THING HAPPENING TO THE WOMAN IN THE PROLOGUE - AND PLASTIC HANDCUFFS ON A LITTLE GIRL'S WRISTS.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

Karen can't wash the loathsome images out of her head. Tears mix with shower spray.

SMASH CUT TO:

53 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

53

KAREN'S HAIR, A STORM OF SWIRLING STRANDS AS SHE BLOW DRIES

The whirl of the fan is very loud, but above the hot electric wind we hear:

A GASPING, CHOKING NOISE FROM THE MAIN ROOM.

The gruesome noise almost drowns out the hair dryer. She switches it off and HEARS:

MORE GASPING

It echoes through the dressing room, coming from the MAIN ROOM.

Karen wraps a bath towel around herself.

CUT TO:

54 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - NIGHT

54

Karen shivers from a sudden blast of frigid air as she steps out of the dressing room into the apartment. Breath clouds come out of her mouth.

From her POV we SEE:

THE WOMAN

SEEN IN THE PROLOGUE, WITH A FLAPPER'S "BOB" HAIRCUT, LYING NEXT TO JERRY IN THE BED.

Jerry is on his side, his back to the Woman.

THE WOMAN

WEARS A SILK SLIP AND IS TIED HAND AND FOOT TO THE iron TUBING WITH NECK TIES. ANOTHER TIE IS SEEN AROUND THE WOMAN'S NECK, STRANGLING HER WITH A "CHOKE KNOT".

The Woman struggles against the ties, gasping for every breath, looking at Karen with pleading, pain-racked eyes, mouthing the words:

*HELP ME*

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

Karen turns on a light and:

THE WOMAN DISAPPEARS

KAREN

Jerry!

KAREN LEANS OVER THE BED AND SHAKES HIM.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Jerry! WAKE UP!

Jerry is the kind of person who could easily sleep through an 8.5 earthquake but Karen's persistent shaking and shouting finally rouses him.

JERRY

*What...?*

KAREN

Someone's in here!

JERRY

What?

KAREN

I saw somebody in here.

JERRY

Where?

KAREN

Jerry, I think someone's here.

Jerry sits up. He rolls out of bed and turns on another light. He obviously thinks Karen is dreaming.

JERRY

Okay, okay. Where...where did you see them? Who did you see?

KAREN

They were right by the bed.

(beat)

A woman, I think.

This bit of information piques Jerry's interest.

JERRY

A woman?

KAREN

I think...I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

JERRY

Well, okay. A woman. Let's have a look.

CUT TO:

55 INT. LOFT / MONTAGE SEQUENCE - NIGHT

55

A QUICK MONTAGE - CHECKING THE APARTMENT

\* JERRY AND KAREN AT THE FRONT DOOR - LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE.

\* SHINING A FLASHLIGHT AT THE WINDOWS - ALL SHUT TIGHT.

\* LOOKING IN THE BATHROOM - EMPTY.

\* THE METAL DOOR AT THE TOP OF STAIRS - SHUT TIGHT.

CUT TO:

56 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - LATER THAT NIGHT

56

JERRY AND KAREN BY THE BED.

Jerry is turning off the bedside light and getting back into bed. He wants to sleep.

Karen is still wide awake. She stands next to the bed.

JERRY

(yawning)

Honey, you were probably still asleep.

KAREN

I wasn't. I don't think I was.

JERRY

We're just not used to this new place, that's all.

(beat)

You coming to bed?

KAREN

Not just yet.

JERRY

Why don't you have some hot chocolate? That usually helps you sleep.

KAREN

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

JERRY  
And honey?

KAREN  
Yeah?

JERRY  
Can you turn off the light?

CUT TO:

57 INT. LOFT / BY THE DRAFTING TABLE - NIGHT 57

ANGLE ON: A PACKAGE OF HOT CHOCOLATE BEING POURED INTO A MUG.

Karen uses the hot water from the ever-present electric tea kettle.

ANOTHER ANGLE

KAREN looks at:

THE BIG IRON BED

looks very eerie in the yellow street light. Moving tree shadows charge it with a kind of dark electricity.

BACK TO KAREN

She's still sipping the chocolate. Lost in thought she turns to:

THE DRAFTING TABLE

There's a blank piece of sketching paper attached to it, crisscrossed with window pane shadow.

KAREN

idly picks up a broken stick of charcoal.

THE CHARCOAL

suddenly has a life of it's own. It rapidly moves across the sketch paper like an Ouija Board's *planchette*. It DRAWS:

AN OVAL - MORPHING IT INTO CHEEKBONES AND A CHIN - PUTTING A HARD LINE ACROSS THE TOP - THE BANG-LINE OF A FLAPPER'S BOB...

ANGLE ON KAREN

She still holds the mug of chocolate.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

And she's watching the drawing appear on the paper as if her hand is controlled by some one else.

FADE OUT

FADE UP ON:

58 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - THE NEXT MORNING

58

JERRY WAKES to the annoying BEEP BEEP...BEEP BEEP...of his wrist watch alarm. He checks the time then turns off the alarm and finds himself alone in the bed.

JERRY

Jesus.

He looks over at the drafting table and sees:

KAREN HUNCHED OVER THE TABLE, HARD AT WORK.

He rolls out of the bed and pulls on faded, comfortable looking jeans. He starts ITCHING again, crazily scratching at his legs like he's allergic to the jeans.

He scratches over to Karen.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(sleepily)

Watch-ya-doin'?

On the drafting table he sees a pile of sketches of:

THE WOMAN WITH THE FLAPPER'S BOB

LOOKING OUT AT US WITH HELPLESS, PAIN-RACKED EYES AS A KNOTTED NECK TIE CHOKES THE LAST BREATH OUT OF HER.

Karen is vigorously drawing the Woman from every conceivable angle.

Jerry picks up a haunting portrait of the dying Woman.

He ruffles through a chaos of drawings on the table and finds a stunning sketch of the Woman tied to the bizarre mandala/headboard, while he sleeps next to her...a veritable reproduction of the sight last night.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What's this?

KAREN

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

Jerry screws his face into a paternalistic grin that would make Rush Limbaugh jealous. He keeps looking at the bizarre pictures.

JERRY  
Come on, what is this?

KAREN  
I really don't know. They just...

Karen falls silent. She wants to say something but isn't sure.

Jerry puts the drawing back on the table.

JERRY  
Well, they're certainly weird.

Jerry starts buttoning the flannel shirt. He starts itching again; it's bothering him as much as the jeans.

Karen sees it.

KAREN  
You got a rash?

JERRY  
Cheap clothes.

Jerry is dressed and glances at his watch.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Got to get going. I'm already late.

He kisses her, but she doesn't respond. She looks away and heads back to the drafting table.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
See you tonight.

Karen still ignores him.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Okay?

KAREN  
Yeah.

Jerry sighs and EXITS.

Karen follows and locks the door, leaving the key in the lock.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

WE FOLLOW KAREN BACK TO THE DRAFTING TABLE

THE SKETCHES OF THE WOMAN COVER THE TABLE.

Karen clears away the drawings to reveal another that has been buried beneath them:

A LITTLE GIRLS WRISTS IN TOY HANDCUFFS; THE HANDCUFFS HOLDING THEM TO BEDPOSTS.

BACK TO KAREN

She's studying the drawing. It seems to affect her more than the rest.

Suddenly, she looks up at:

THE BRICK WALL

WE MOVE TO THE BRICKS.

CUT TO:

59 INT. LOFT / LITTLE KAREN FLASHBACK - DAY 59

LITTLE KAREN'S HAND TOUCHES THE BRICK WALL.

PLASTIC HANDCUFFS DANGLE FROM HER WRIST.

CUT TO:

60 INT. LOFT - DAY 60

BACK TO KAREN

Her contemplation broken by:

A LOUD SCRAPING SOUND IN THE HALL.

We FOLLOW Karen over to the front door. She opens it to SEE:

ART HAULING SOME PIPES PAST THE DOOR.

KAREN

Mr. O'Rourke?

ART

Sorry for raisin' such a ruckus, kiddo, but I gotta get these bastards down to the laundry room.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN  
That's all right.  
(beat)  
Would you like something to drink?  
Coffee? A cup of tea?

ART  
Well...

Art stares at her for a long moment.

ART (CONT'D)  
Well, wouldn't happen to have  
somethin' cold, would you?

KAREN  
Some juice?

ART  
Well, I was thinking...maybe a Bud?

CUT TO:

Art is draining a bottle of imported beer and looking at the iron bed.

ART  
So... how's this damn thing  
treating you?

Before Karen can answer he suddenly makes a decision.

ART (CONT'D)  
You know I was thinking. Why don't  
you keep the damn thing? I mean, I  
don't need it, and you was the one  
that really found it.

KAREN  
Keep it? But it could be worth  
something.

ART  
Listen kiddo, these old metal beds  
just ain't me, you know? Kind of  
give me the willies. Reminds me of  
hospitals.

KAREN  
I...I don't know what to say.

(CONTINUED)

Art takes another long swig and empties the bottle.

ART

Well, I'll be saying thanks and getting back to work.

KAREN

Oh, one thing...

ART

Yeah?

KAREN

I was wondering if...if you knew of any murders happening here?

ART

Murders?

KAREN

Not recently. Maybe in the twenties?

ART

Cripes, kiddo. How old do I look?

KAREN

Is there any way of finding out?

ART

Well, I don't know...

She turns on the charm.

KAREN

Could you try?

ART

Yeah, but why would you want to know about something like that?

KAREN

(vamping)

I've...got a friend doing a book on the Gang Wars of the Twenties, and...and you mentioned how this might have been a bootlegger's place.

ART

Well, I'll *try* to check it out.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

Thanks, Mr. O'Rourke.

ART

It's ART. That "mister" sounds way too respectable.

KAREN

Thanks, Art.

ART

Don't mention it. And don't let them bedbugs bite.

She smiles as Art exits.

KAREN WALKS BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD.

But instead of returning to the sketches, she sits down in front of her DESK TOP COMPUTER instead.

She logs on to the Internet and goes to a GOOGLE-LIKE SEARCH ENGINE.

A pause.

She finds herself pondering what to type in the SEARCH TEXT BOX. Finally, she enters:

UNSOLVED MURDERS STREET LOCATIONS

She hits the ENTER key and a page of Web site links appears, sites like:

**1998 Murder**

... of the **murder** dates and **locations** since 1991 can be ... Sicari, 22, of Market Street, was convicted of ... Three Recent **Unsolved Murders**. Please call Sergeant ...

**1997 Murder**

... of the **murder** dates and **locations** since 1991 can be found ... Three **Unsolved Murders** Since 1991. Please contact ... 9, 1995 at 304 Prospect Street. At 3:30 pm ...

**The Tylenol Murders**

... outlying areas. One **unsolved** cyanide poisoning occurred ... tried for the **murders**, too many details ... the Wells **street** store, sits in ... other suburban **locations** can be ...

**holy terror: new york's mad bomber**

(CONTINUED)

... tossed in the **street**. Three months later ... and sophisticated; the **locations** more and more ... gangsters, serial killers, **unsolved murders**, sex killings, crimes ...

### Location Scouts

... 3111 East 44th Street Chattanooga, TN 37407 ... Quits"-Columbia Pictures, **Unsolved** Mysteries-(Three Wheeler Murders); IC-TVA ... in Chattanooga-**Locations**; C-Nike ...

### Crime Finders

... the **streets** where bodies were found ... every city has stories of **unsolved murders** ... some in known, some unknown **locations** ...

KAREN CLICKS ON THE "CRIME FINDERS" LINK.

The Web site is called up.

It talks about the sites of famous and not so famous murders and other crimes.

*Find the location of the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre*

*Take a walk with the Boston Strangler*

Karen scrolls down the page and finds something that says:

**FIND THE CRIME**

Below it is a text box that says:

**ENTER THE ADDRESS**

Karen clicks into the box and types:

454 Victory Street

(We don't see the City and the State she enters.)

She clicks SUBMIT and in a few seconds sees a screen that reads:

***Sorry - No Matches Were Found***

She's disappointed but also sees:

***Can't find it? Send us a message!***

***If it can be found, Crime Finders will!***

(CONTINUED)

There's a small text box for a return e-mail address and a larger one for the message. She enters her e-mail address as: kepek@mindlink.net

In the large text box she types:

*Trying to find any information  
about murders in the vicinity of  
454 Victory Street in Los Angeles,  
CA during the 1920s to the 1930s.  
Murder victim or victims are female  
and probably killed by  
strangulation with a neck tie.  
Thanks for your help.*

She clicks the Submit Button under the text box.

Suddenly, the phone rings. She turns up the answering machine volume to monitor the call.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Karen? It's me. Have you finished  
that childbirth thing for Kalem  
yet? They...

Karen picks up the phone.

KAREN

Hi, just got in.

(beat)

Almost finished. I'll have it out  
by tonight. Bye-bye.

She hangs up the phone and looks at the drafting table covered with the terrible portraits.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Shit!

DISSOLVE TO:

Karen is putting the finishing touches on the beautiful black and white charcoal sketch of the Victorian childbirth scene.

It's a Rockwellian picture of an older country doctor watching as a little boy and girl feel for their unborn brother or sister in their mother's extended abdomen.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

The mother wears an old fashioned nightgown buttoned up to her neck. She lays in an exact replica of the hidden iron bed.

ANGLE ON KAREN

She's exhausted from drawing the Victorian childbirth scene. She gets up and we FOLLOW her to:

THE IRON BED IN THE BED ALCOVE

She turns on a bedside clock radio and lies on the mattress. Relaxing New Age synth music fills the room as Karen settles in for a little nap.

But the synths start changing. It becomes the evil sounding Jelly Roll Morton music from the late 1920s.

And Karen starts GASPING for air.

BLACKNESS

WE HEAR AN EAR SPLITTING RUSH OF AIR AND ARE

RIPPED OUT OF KAREN'S MOUTH

WE HOVER HIGH ABOVE THE BED, LOOKING DOWN ON HER.

KAREN'S MOUTH IS WIDE OPEN. IT LOOKS LIKE SHE HAS STOPPED BREATHING.

SUDDENLY, THERE'S A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OF WHITE AND WE:

FADE DOWN ON:

64 INT. SECRET ROOM / PAST - ANY

64

ANGLE ON: THE EMPTY iron BED IN ANOTHER TIME.

WE FIND OURSELVES IN THE HIDDEN ROOM AND EVERYTHING IS BRAND NEW.

A wooden radio next to the bed is cranking out the unsettling 1920s music heard on Karen's radio through a big, red amplifying horn, and the old light bulb is now inside a beautiful Tiffany shade.

GLOWING, MULTI-COLORED VAPORS RISE out of the bed, CRYSTALLIZING into:

KAREN LAYING ON THE BED.

A TRANSPARENT CORD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PULSING with BRILLIANT LIGHT, FLOWS out of her MID-SECTION.

She follows the strange umbilical cord - it goes across the room and into:

THE MIRROR

BACK TO KAREN

She's fascinated by it and rolls off the bed. She follows the cord to the mirror and looks deep into the glass to SEE:

POV - HERSELF - STILL ASLEEP IN THE BED IN THE LOFT.

The the mirror is like a window to waking reality and the transparent cord is tethering her to the physical world.

A SQUEAKING BED is HEARD. She SPINS around to SEE:

The FAT MAN with the greasy SLICKED-BACK HAIR and finely cut SILK SUIT on top of the WOMAN - bound ankle and wrist to the bed. The Fat Man is wrapping a SILK NECK TIE around her neck.

THE WOMAN SCREAMS but is literally choked off by the strangling tie.

BACK TO KAREN moving towards the WOMAN.

ANGLE ON THE FAT MAN

He sees Karen coming. He smiles -- it's exactly what he wants her to do. He pulls the tie tighter around the Woman's neck; the "choking knot" cutting deep into flesh.

THE WOMAN TURNS TO KAREN.

She can't talk, the words are choked off in her throat. She can only mouth the words: HELP ME

And we suddenly hear:

A RINGING TELEPHONE

It STOPS KAREN DEAD. She's FROZEN, like a still picture, as the telephone grows louder.

She tries to move, but:

THE TRANSPARENT UMBILICAL CORD HOLDS HER FAST - SHE WANTS TO MOVE TO THE BED BUT CAN'T.

SMASH CUT TO:

65 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - EVENING 65

HIGH ABOVE KAREN STILL IN THE BED...

She lies lifeless below, her mouth a gaping hole.

THE TELEPHONE KEEPS RINGING

and in another ear splitting rush of air, we are:

PULLED BACK INTO KAREN'S MOUTH AND BLACKNESS.

SMASH CUT TO:

66 INT. LOFT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER 66

KAREN SUDDENLY INHALING & WAKING UP IN THE BED

She PANTS and picks up the ringing telephone, but there's no one on the line.

Still gasping she sees:

THE DRAWINGS OF THE WOMAN SCATTERED ALL OVER THE APARTMENT

But instead of the SUFFERING, HELPLESS FACE:

THE WOMAN IS NOW A DECAYING CORPSE

GRAY, WORM EATEN FLESH peels off her SKULL; her EYES ARE EMPTY SOCKETS, her MOUTH an OBSCENE HOLE. And she's still being choked with the neck tie.

BACK TO KAREN

She has no idea what to make of them but the terrible drawings fall from her hands when she SEES:

THE VICTORIAN CHILDBIRTH SCENE ON THE DRAFTING TABLE

THE SIMPLE WARM SKETCH HAS BEEN CRUELY DRAWN OVER:

*Now the mother's hands are raised above her head, tied to the iron tubing in the headboard with toy handcuffs.*

*The doctor sits on top of the helpless woman, riding her, crushing the unborn child inside with his bulk.*

*In his hands, like reins, the ends of a necktie are tightly wrapped around the mother's neck.*

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

*The children are twin demons, laughing as the doctor pulls on the necktie, choking the life out of their mother, laughing at her bulging eyes, her gasping mouth and engorged tongue, laughing as the last breath leaves her dying body.*

BACK TO KAREN

She can't believe what she's seeing.

She's about to CRUMPLE the terrible sketch...but suddenly thinks better of it and puts the picture into an oversized graphics cabinet drawer.

FADE OUT

FADE UP ON:

67 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - NIGHT

67

WE'RE HIGH ABOVE KAREN AND JERRY IN BED.

KAREN

is asleep, but is tossing and turning.

WE MOVE TOWARDS HER AND SHE SUDDENLY WAKES.

She's panting and covered with sweat. She can barely catch her breath and her wide eyes tell us that she's been caught in another nightmare.

She turns to talk with Jerry and SEES:

THE WOMAN WITH THE FLAPPER "BOB" - THE WOMAN SHE'S SKETCHED -  
THE WOMAN SHE'S DREAMED

The Woman is tied to the headboards iron tubing with neck ties and there's a tie around her neck.

The Woman is struggling against the ties. She looks at Karen with pleading, pain-racked eyes.

She mouths the words:

*HELP ME*

KAREN TURNS ON A LIGHT

THE WOMAN DISAPPEARS

KAREN SCREAMS

A WAIL of rage and fear and frustration.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

It wakes Jerry out of a deep sleep.

JERRY

Karen?

She doesn't answer. She rolls out of bed.

Karen opens the drawer with the desecrated pregnant Victorian sketch. She quickly takes it out.

ANGLE ON JERRY IN THE iron BED.

He watches Karen coming back to the bed.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Jerry sits up.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

Karen puts the mutilated sketch on his lap. She makes him look at it.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What?

KAREN

I didn't draw this.

JERRY

You didn't draw this.

(beat)

So you didn't draw this.

(beat)

What were you screaming about?

KAREN

(ignoring him)

I drew it...but I didn't draw this.

Jerry sighs.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I want to get out of here.

This wakes Jerry up.

JERRY

What?

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

I don't want to be here.

JERRY

What are you talking about?

Karen looks back at the drawing.

KAREN

I didn't draw this!

CUT TO:

Jerry sits at Karen's drafting table sipping coffee. He's looking at the various sketches of the Strangled Woman and the Victorian childbirth scene.

JERRY

A ghost. Karen. A ghost.

KAREN

I don't know what it is. I just know something's here and I don't want to be here.

JERRY

But this place is perfect...

(beat)

Karen, we've been looking for the past year and this place is perfect. And we signed a year lease. How can we break it? He could charge us for a whole fucking year.

KAREN

I don't care. I don't want to be here anymore. You can stay if you want to, but I can't be here.

Jerry looks like he's about to blow. But he takes a deep breath and calms down.

JERRY

Listen, before we do anything rash, why don't you talk with Carla?

Now Karen looks like she's about to blow.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN  
(incredulous)  
Your *shrink*?

JERRY  
Just talk with her. If nothing  
else, she's a neutral party. And if  
you still feel we have to move,  
well...

Jerry looks at her.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Just talk with her.  
(beat)  
You've been under a lot  
pressure. Moving is a lot of  
pressure. Just talk with her, okay?  
(beat)  
If you still feel we have to leave  
after that...  
(beat)  
Well, just talk with her.

Karen gathers up the drawings. She calms down. Jerry is  
making sense.

KAREN  
Will you go with me?

CUT TO:

Karen is dressed in a conservative suit. She gathering up the  
drawings while waiting for Jerry.

JERRY'S VOICE  
You're going to take those?

Karen looks up at Jerry (who is off screen) and looks very  
surprised.

KAREN  
(smiling)  
What are you wearing?

ANGLE ON JERRY

He's dressed in very expensive looking silk shirt and pants.

Karen touches the shirt.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

KAREN (CONT'D)

Silk?

(beat)

You haven't worn silk in years.

JERRY

Better get going. Carla's always on time.

70 INT. A PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

70

Karen and Jerry are sitting comfortable chairs in a nicely appointed but very understated office. Directly across from them sits:

CARLA YOUNG

a strong and sympathetic woman in her 50s.

Carla is looking at the terrible sketches. She ponders them, then asks:

CARLA

Karen, would you be willing to be hypnotized?

ANGLE ON KAREN

She looks very surprised.

KAREN

Hypnotized?

CARLA

Yes. I know you believe you didn't draw these pictures, but they had to come from somewhere. I think they come from a place you're not remembering, and I think hypnosis can take us to that place.

BACK TO KAREN

She looks very unsure.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Of course, if you feel uncomfortable, we don't have to do this.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN  
No, it's not that, I...  
(beat)  
I've never been hypnotized.

CARLA  
It's perfectly safe. It's just a  
relaxation technique.

JERRY  
I've done it.

Karen looks over at Jerry. She's dumbfounded.

KAREN  
You?

JERRY  
Yeah.

CARLA  
(to Karen)  
Now, don't feel pressured.

KAREN  
No, no. I want to know. I know they  
came from...somewhere.

SMASH CUT TO:

71 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - FEW MINUTES LATER 71

A SMALL CRYSTAL

catching a beam of sunlight, making it into a rainbow.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The crystal is being held by Carla just above Karen's eyes.

KAREN'S EYELIDS are fluttering. She's about to go under.

CARLA  
When I count to three, you'll be  
asleep.  
(beat)  
One... Two... Three. Sleep.

KAREN'S EYES SHUT.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Karen, can you hear me?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

KAREN

Yes.

CARLA

All right. I want you to feel relaxed and at peace and let your mind drift backwards, to when you first saw the apartment.

KAREN

Yes.

CARLA

What do you see? What attracts you?

SMASH CUT TO:

72 INT. LITTLE KAREN'S BEDROOM / PAST - DAY 72

SUNLIGHT ON A BRICK WALL

LITTLE KAREN'S HAND TOUCHES THE BRICKS

FLASHCUTS OF:

A SILHOUETTE OF A MAN IN A DOORWAY.

LITTLE KAREN'S EYES WIDE WITH FEAR.

A MAN'S HAND CUFFING LITTLE KAREN'S HAND WITH TOY HANDCUFFS.

LITTLE KAREN'S FACE SOAKING UP THE WARMTH OF A SUN-SOAKED BRICK WALL.

CUT BACK TO:

73 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY 73

ANGLE ON KAREN IN CARLA'S OFFICE

CARLA

What are you feeling?

KAREN

Bricks.

CARLA

Bricks? Why bricks?

KAREN

Safe. Can't follow.

(CONTINUED)

CARLA  
Who can't follow?

KAREN DOESN'T ANSWER.

Her face contorts -- intense r.e.m. under her eyelids. She has trouble breathing.

She's scared out of her wits, caught in a nightmare.

JERRY sees Karen's distress and is very concerned.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Karen? Who can't follow?

KAREN  
(screaming like a child)  
HE CAN'T! HE CAN'T! HE CAN'T  
FOLLOW!!

Karen is about to burst. Carla calms her with a smooth, soft voice.

CARLA  
All right, Karen, all right. Just breathe. Relax. You're perfectly safe, yes? You feel the bricks? Karen?

KAREN  
(catching her breath)  
Yes. Yes.

CARLA  
When I count to three you're going to wake, and you're going to remember everything. And you're not going to be afraid because you know you're perfectly safe, yes?

KAREN  
Yes.

CARLA  
All right. One... Two... Three.  
Awake.

KAREN WAKES.

From her eyes, we see that she does indeed remember everything.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

CARLA (CONT'D)

Karen? Would you like Jerry to  
leave?

KAREN reaches over and takes Jerry's hand. She shakes her  
head "no."

CARLA (CONT'D)

What are you remembering?

KAREN

(simply)

My parents divorced when I was  
eleven and I went to live with my  
mother at her parent's house. My  
mother's brother still lived at  
home.

Karen pauses. She takes a deep breath. Karen holds Jerry's  
hand harder.

CARLA

Can you go on? Do you want to stop?

Karen shakes her head "no" again and continues.

KAREN

My uncle would sneak into my room.

(beat)

He...he had these plastic  
handcuffs...toys...

CUT TO:

74 INT. LITTLE KAREN'S BEDROOM / PAST - ANY

74

MORE FLASHCUTS:

LITTLE KAREN IN BED.

A thin silhouette coming towards her - her wrists fastened to  
wooden bed posts with plastic hand cuffs - her eyes wide with  
terror.

CUT BACK TO:

75 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

75

ANGLE ON KAREN IN CARLA'S OFFICE

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

It didn't last long. He got drunk one night and drove straight into a tree. It was a county road and the steering wheel trapped him in the car while it burned.

Karen falls silent, thinking.

KAREN (CONT'D)

While it was happening I had a hiding place in my grandparent's basement...

CUT TO:

The basement is made of the same brick as Karen's apartment but what catches our eye is a MASSIVE STEAM FURNACE, a huge thing from the 1920s with a big round boiler and a web of pipes wrapped around it like up turned tentacles.

The furnace is in the corner of the basement.

WE SEE WHAT KAREN DESCRIBES.

KAREN'S VOICE OVER

My grandparents had an old house with one of those gigantic furnaces, you know? The kind with those big pipes sticking out everywhere. There was this little space behind the pipes I could just squeeze through. No one else could get through and I would sit there for hours, right up against a brick wall that looked exactly like the wall in our new place.

CUT BACK TO:

NEW ANGLE ON: KAREN IN CARLA'S OFFICE

KAREN

Guess that's why I felt at home there. It reminded me of The Away Place.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

KAREN (CONT'D)

It's what I called the space behind the furnace, a place away from everything, a place completely safe.

CUT TO:

78 INT. FURNACE ROOM / PAST - DAY

78

WE SEE SUN SOAKED BRICKS BEHIND THE FURNACE

Little Karen puts her hand and her face on the bricks, soaking up their warmth.

CUT BACK TO:

79 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

79

Both Jerry and Carla are stunned by Karen's amazing story.

A pause.

CARLA

Sometimes stressful events in our lives can stimulate repressed or forgotten memories. It's very common.

KAREN

Yes, but...

CARLA

Yes?

KAREN

(looking at the sketches)  
But why would I be seeing her?

Carla picks up a sketch of the strangled flapper.

CARLA

Well, it would take more than one session to find that out.

(smiles)

She's probably a projection, a kind of psychological escape valve. A way to put what happened to you outside yourself.

(beat)

But really, we'll need more than one session to understand it. Have you had counseling before?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

KAREN

No.

CARLA

I think you should.

Karen is silent.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Well, think about it. In the  
meantime, I'm going to prescribe  
Valium. Nothing long term, just  
something to help you sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

80 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - NIGHT

80

KAREN AND JERRY IN BED UNDER THE SILK SHEETS.

Jerry cradles Karen in his arms.

JERRY

I love you so much.

KAREN

I know. I love you too.

JERRY

And if you ever need to talk about  
it...

KAREN

(over him)

I know, I know.

Jerry takes Karen's hand. He kisses it and starts looking at  
her wrist.

JERRY

What that bastard did to you.

He takes her hand and places the wrist next to a iron post.

JERRY (CONT'D)

With a plastic handcuff.

KAREN

is a bit creeped by Jerry's wrist fascination. She tries to  
move but he holds it tight.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

Jerry...

JERRY

takes her hand and kisses her wrist.

JERRY

What that bastard did.

Karen pulls away.

KAREN

Let's not talk about this right now, all right?

(beat)

I just want to get some sleep.

JERRY

Sure.

(beat)

I just...

KAREN

What?

JERRY

I just don't want anything like this coming between us. Ever.

KAREN

(over him)

It's not going to come between us, honey. It's not.

(beat)

Let's get some sleep.

JERRY

Okay.

They KISS.

Karen rolls over on her side, her back to him.

Jerry sighs. He's wired. He can't sleep.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'm going to get some water. Want anything?

KAREN

No.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

Jerry rolls out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jerry is finishing a drink of water. He puts the glass down and looks at himself in the mirror.

He doesn't like what he sees - he looks exhausted, spent. He's a man in need of a long rest.

INT. THE LOFT / BED ALCOVE - NIGHT

Jerry ENTERS. He slips into bed and looks at Karen - her back is towards him and she appears to be sound asleep.

ANGLE ON JERRY

He's still wide awake. Can't sleep. He turns over onto his side and puts a hand on Karen's shoulder, gently pulling her over onto her back SUDDENLY SEEING:

KAREN IS NO LONGER KAREN - IT'S THE WOMAN WITH THE FLAPPER'S BOB INSTEAD.

The Woman embraces Jerry and rolls him on his back. She quickly climbs on top of him.

ANGLE ON JERRY

He can't believe what is happening.

ANGLE ON THE WOMAN

Karen's silk camisole seems to suffocating her and she rips it off. She starts making wild love to Jerry, holding nothing back, panting with passionate pleasure.

The Woman grabs the bedsheets and wraps them around herself. She reaches a shuddering climax and falls on top of Jerry.

She rolls off him, her face wrapped in the sheets.

ANGLE ON JERRY

He doesn't know what to make of all this. He sits up and taps the Woman. No response - she's still wrapped in the sheets like a mummy.

Jerry leans over her and pulls away the sheets to REVEAL:

THE WOMAN AS A DECAYING CORPSE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY, WORM EATEN FLESH PEELS OFF HER SKULL; HER EYES ARE EMPTY SOCKETS, HER MOUTH AN OBSCENE HOLE.

CUT TO:

82 INT. LOFT / BED ALCOVE - NIGHT 82

ANGLE ON JERRY WAKING UP FROM THE WEIRD DREAM.

He's covered with sweat; he's caught up in the sheets and the dream of the Woman. The sheet seems to be choking him, he has to fight to disentangle himself.

He's frightened and looks over at Karen but she's sound asleep, a vision of peace and silk.

Jerry takes a deep breath and wipes the sweat away with the silk sheet.

He rolls out of the bed.

INT. THE LOFT / DRAFTING TABLE AREA - NIGHT

Jerry walks over to the drafting table.

THE FOLDER WITH KAREN'S EROTIC PHOTOS SITS ON THE SMALL TABLE - ILLUMINATED BY BRIGHT MOON LIGHT.

JERRY

opens the folder and flips through the photos. He stops on:

KAREN "CRUCIFIED" ON THE CIRCULAR HEADBOARD

But Karen no longer intrigues him - his focus is on:

THE WISPY SHAPE BEHIND THE HEADBOARD

DISSOLVE TO:

83 INT. LOFT / THE DRAFTING TABLE - DAY 83

ANGLE ON KAREN'S MUTILATED VICTORIAN PREGNANCY SKETCH.

She's hard at work erasing the crude over-drawing of the pregnant woman's hands tied to the iron tubing in the circular headboard with toy handcuffs.

The phone rings and she answers.

KAREN

Hi...

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

KAREN (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's finished but I wasn't able to send it out last night.

(beat)

I'll be home.

(beat)

You will? Great, I'll get it out today. Thanks a lot.

She goes back to the drawing and starts restoring the mother.

84 INT. JERRY'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

84

Jerry has one of Karen's erotic prints on a LIGHT TABLE. He's intently studying the alleged LIGHT LEAK with a jewelers loupe.

CUT TO:

85 INT. JERRY'S DARK ROOM - DAY

85

A green/yellow SAFETY LIGHT is turned on and Jerry enters the tiny closet-size room.

We see an ENLARGER clamped to a table top. The enlarger itself is on a long metal pole so it can be raised or pivoted.

JERRY

raises the enlarger to the top of the pole then swings it over the table so the lens is pointing to the floor.

He tapes an 8 x 10 piece of white cardboard to the floor, directly under the enlarger's lens.

He finds the negative with the "light leak" and puts it in the negative carrier. He cleans it with a squirt of compressed air then puts the carrier back in the enlarger.

He turns on the enlarger and aims the "light leak" portion of the picture on the white card board as a negative image.

He focuses the lens.

ANGLE ON THE CARDBOARD ON THE FLOOR

In the dark image that is the bright light, we begin to see something take shape.

CUT TO:

86 INT. LOFT / DRAFTING TABLE AREA - DAY

86

Karen is still hard at work repairing the drawing.

We now see her erasing the doctor sitting on top of the helpless woman and re-drawing the woman's pregnant belly.

Suddenly from her COMPUTER SPEAKERS we HEAR:

*MAIL IN YOUR BOX!*

She goes over to the computer and clicks on a blinking mail box.

It opens an e-mail that reads:

*From: hholmes@crimefinders.com*

*Subject: 454 Victory Street Murders*

*To: kepek@mindlink.net*

*Regarding your recent inquiry about murders at or around the address of 454 Victory Street, Los Angeles, CA. The reason you received no hits is because the name of the street was changed to Victory right after World War Two; originally it was called Angell Street. Using that as the address you would have gotten the following link:*

*Angell Street Murders*

*Sincerely,*

*H. H. Holmes*

BACK TO KAREN

She clicks on the link for Angell Street Murders.

A DETAILED DOCUMENT APPEARS, ILLUSTRATED BY A POLICE DEATH PORTRAIT OF THE WOMAN KAREN DREW.

CUT TO:

87 INT. JERRY'S DARK ROOM - DAY

87

In the green/yellow safety light Jerry is developing the 8 x 10 enlargement.

THE PRINT

is face down in a shallow developer tray and Jerry is agitating it by tipping the tray back and forth.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

After a few seconds he uses some plastic tongs to flip the paper over and we see an IMAGE begin to fade into view.

Jerry lifts the 8 x 10 black and white print out of the fixer tray. He holds it by the corner and SEES:

A BLURRY IMAGE BEHIND IRON HEADBOARD, HOLDING ONTO THE MANDALA/HEADBOARD.

IT LOOKS LIKE A FAT MAN DANGLING A NECK TIE OVER THE IRON HEADBOARD.

The Fat Man is very hard to see - it's like a figure that's been caught in motion - blurred and streaked.

THE ONLY CLEAR THING IS THE NECKTIE HE HOLDS.

BACK TO JERRY

He can't believe what he's seeing. He sits down on a nearby stool and stares at it.

Jerry suddenly jumps up. He puts the print in a file folder and buries it in the bottom drawer of a file cabinet.

89 INT. LOFT - DAY

89

Karen is at a laser printer. She's printing out the entire Web document about the Angell Street Murders.

We SEE:

SEVEN POLICE DEATH PORTRAITS OF STRANGLED WOMEN.

Below their pictures are their death dates ranging from 1928 to 1931.

Karen gathers up the papers. She pages through them, amazed at what she's found.

KAREN

Seven...

SHE TAKES THE PRINTED PAGES AND EXITS.

90 INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - DAY

90

Karen hurries down the stairs with the papers in her hand.

WE FOLLOW HER DOWN THE STAIRS.

CUT TO:

91 INT. BASEMENT HALLWAYS - DAY 91

Karen enters a large basement. She walks down the hallways looking for something.

She comes to a door with an old grocery store sign that reads:

**HEAD CHEESE**

Karen goes over to the door. She sees that it's open. She KNOCKS.

KAREN  
Mister O'Rourke... er, Art?

No answer, but her knocking opens the door wider. She pushes it and ENTERS.

CUT TO:

92 INT. ART'S APARTMENT - DAY 92

Inside the apartment Karen is confronted with an ocean of clutter. Art is a classic "pack rat" and something sits on just about every square inch of the big apartment: piles of old news papers, decaying furniture, ripped cardboard boxes, dead televisions, rusting tools, etc.

It's a warren of useless stuff; a home version of the Salvation Army Second Hand Store.

KAREN  
Hello? Art? You home?

From deep inside the clutter she HEARS:

ART'S VOICE  
Hello, kiddo!

KAREN  
Hello, Art.

ART'S VOICE  
Hello!

Karen starts winding her way through the stacked junk.

KAREN  
Yeah, hello.  
(beat)  
Um, remember when I asked you if  
there were any murders here?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

KAREN (CONT'D)

Well, you won't believe what I found on the Internet! There *were* murders here; at least, bodies were found around this building and the neighborhood. Bodies of seven women. They were all strangled; seven unknown women choked with neckties back in the 1920s and 30s, but the killer was never found.

Karen has wound her way through the clutter to a huge ROLL TOP DESK. There's a HIGH BACK EXECUTIVE CHAIR in front of the desk, its back towards us. Karen sees ART'S ARM dangling from the chair.

ART'S VOICE

Hello, kiddo!

Art's one note "conversation" is beginning to worry her. She walks closer to the desk.

KAREN

Art? Are you okay?

She walks directly behind the high back chair.

On the desk she SEES:

ART'S COCKATOO STROLLING THE DESKTOP.

THE COCKATOO

(imitating Art)

Hello, kiddo!

KAREN

Art?

She spins the desk chair around, REVEALING:

ART SLUMPED IN THE CHAIR.

HIS EYES ARE BULGING; HIS MOUTH IS OPEN WITH A PURPLE BLOATED TONGUE.

HE'S BEEN STRANGLED WITH A NECKTIE THAT'S STILL AROUND HIS NECK.

THE COCKATOO

Hello!

KAREN SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

And so does the bird.

BLACK OUT

SLOW FADE UP ON:

93 INT. LOFT - THAT EVENING

93

We see the iron BED sitting in the evening light.

The apartment appears empty. We HEAR:

THE DOOR OPENING.

AT THE DOOR JERRY AND KAREN ENTER.

They're depressed and exhausted; they've just had a grueling four hours being interviewed by a detective at the local Police Station.

JERRY

Want something to drink?

KAREN

No.

We follow her over to the drafting table. She's been holding the print out of the Angell Street Murders and puts it on top of her drawings of the Woman.

Jerry ENTERS with a bottle of beer. He sees the print out.

JERRY

Don't think it was such a great idea showing that to the cops.

(beat)

Whoever killed those women didn't kill Art; the guy would have to be over 100 years old by now.

KAREN

Well, the detective did say it could have been a copy cat.

JERRY

Yeah, and he also said that doesn't usually happen with 80 year old murders, didn't he?

Karen looks back at the drafting table and picks up some of the drawings of the dying, strangled Woman.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN  
Maybe I should have shown some of these.

JERRY  
Oh, come on Karen. What would that prove?

A pause.

KAREN  
(suddenly:)  
I want to get out of here.

JERRY  
But the cops don't want us to leave.

KAREN  
Leave town. They don't want us to leave town.  
(beat)  
I just don't want to be *here* anymore.

Jerry takes a swig of beer.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Jerry, let's leave.  
(beat)  
I can't spend another night here, not after this. Can you?

JERRY  
Yeah, you're right.  
(beat)  
Let's blow this popstand.

Jerry looks over at:

THE IRON BED

We slowly move into it.

SMASH CUT TO:

JERRY AND KAREN PACKING THE APARTMENT.

They are human whirlwinds: stuffing suitcases, remaking collapsed boxes, packing them with the scattered books and dishes.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

They fill the apartment with an anxious energy - they seem to be up against a terrible deadline.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jerry is lugging some heavy suitcases to the front door.

JERRY

Hey Karen?

KAREN

Yeah?

JERRY

Can you recheck the dressing room?  
I think I got everything but once  
we're out of here I want to stay  
out.

KAREN

Okay.

KAREN

hurries into the dressing room.

JERRY

stands the doorway, mentally going over everything they absolutely need to pack.

He's by the bed and looks up the staircase to:

THE METAL DOOR AT THE TOP.

THE DOOR SUDDENLY SWINGS OPEN.

JERRY

What the fuck...?

He looks around for Karen but can't wait for her and quickly climbs the stairs to investigate.

95 INT. SECRET ROOM / PRESENT - NIGHT

95

Jerry enters the hidden room. He suddenly SEES:

THE IRON BED SITTING IN THE ROOM, EXACTLY WHERE IT WAS  
ORIGINALLY FOUND.

*BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE - THE BED IS STILL DOWNSTAIRS IN THE  
ALCOVE - ISN'T IT?*

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

There's a FILE FOLDER on the bed's mattress.

He opens it. It HOLDS:

THE 8 X 10 OF THE GLOWING SHAPE BEHIND THE HEAD BOARD.

It's the same picture Jerry buried in the darkroom file cabinet in his office. He closes the folder; he's completely confused and suddenly HEARS:

A TINY SQUEAKING SOUND BEHIND HIM.

He turns around to SEE:

THE ADJUSTABLE FLOOR MIRROR SLOWLY MOVING BACK AND FORTH - ROCKING LIKE AN OLD MAN'S ROCKER - SQUEAKING ON ITS HINGES.

It's odd and ominous and almost laughable.

JERRY WALKS OVER TO THE MIRROR.

He sees his moving reflection and stops the movement by holding the edge of the mirror with his right hand.

ANGLE ON JERRY'S REFLECTION

With a quizzical look he studies the mirror and himself.

He lets go of the mirror.

It doesn't move. Stays still.

A pause.

SUDDENLY - A HAND BURSTS OUT OF THE REFLECTION OF HIS FACE.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The hand is coming directly out of the mirror. It fastens on JERRY'S THROAT making him gasp for air.

IN THE MIRROR

THE FAT MAN IS SEEN BEHIND THE GLASS - A WICKED SMILE EXPOSING ROTTEN TEETH.

THE FAT MAN DISSOLVES INTO A KIND OF SMOKE.

ANGLE ON JERRY

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

FROM THE POV OF THE SMOKE, WE ARE SUCKED INTO HIS GAPING MOUTH.

CUT TO:

96 INT. THE STAIRCASE - NIGHT

96

ANGLE ON THE METAL DOOR

It SLAMS SHUT.

CUT TO:

98 INT. LOFT - NIGHT

98

Karen is in the Main Room and HEARS the door slam shut.

KAREN

Jerry?

She runs to the bottom of the stairs and looks up the steep steps.

THE METAL DOOR IS CLOSED

KAREN (CONT'D)

Jerry?

Suddenly, the door POPS open.

A pause.

JERRY WALKS OUT AND CLOSES THE DOOR.

He walks down the stairs and looks as if nothing has happened.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

JERRY

Sure. Why?

KAREN

The door was shut.

JERRY

I was just double checking.

(beat)

So we get everything?

(CONTINUED)

KAREN  
(confused)  
Mostly.

JERRY  
Did you check the bathroom?

KAREN  
No. I thought you did.

JERRY  
Better double check it. I really  
don't want to come back.

KAREN  
Okay.  
(beat)  
But don't go back up there. Please.

JERRY  
I won't.

KAREN WALKS BACK INTO THE DRESSING ROOM.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Not without you.

He hurries over to:

THE FRONT DOOR WHERE THE PACKED SUITCASES AND BOXES SIT.

Jerry puts his key into the lock, locks it, then:

BREAKS THE KEY OFF INSIDE THE LOCK LOCKING THEM INSIDE.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

From a small box labeled "PILLS" Jerry takes out a bottle of VALIUM - the pills made out to Karen by Dr. Carla Young.

He finds a mug and dumps a fistful of Valium pills into it, crushing them with a spoon.

Jerry tears through other boxes and finds a package of instant hot chocolate. He dumps it on top of the Valium, then mixes it with HOT WATER from the faucet.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jerry reaches into his shirt and pulls out:

THE 8 X 10 PRINT OF THE GHOSTLY FAT MAN BEHIND THE HEADBOARD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PRINT STARTS TO SMOKE AND BURN.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jerry is seen burning the picture with a match over the metal sink.

CUT TO:

99 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

99

Karen is going through a cabinet under the sink, boxing a few more items. A knock is heard.

JERRY'S VOICE

It's me.

KAREN

It's open.

Jerry ENTERS with the mug.

JERRY

Made you some hot chocolate.

Karen takes the mug of chocolate. She looks unsure and doesn't drink.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What? It's just warm. The way you like it. Thought you could use a break.

(beat)

I worry about you, you know.

Tears appear in Karen's eyes. She hugs Jerry.

KAREN

God, Jerry. I love you so much.

ANGLE ON JERRY

JERRY

Drink your chocolate. It's getting cold.

Jerry smiles - but it's not his smile.

JERRY'S LIPS ARE THE BLOATED LIPS OF THE FAT MAN - HIS TEETH YELLOW AND ROTTEN.

CUT TO:

100 INT. LOFT - NIGHT

100

The TELEPHONE is ringing. The ANSWERING MACHINE takes the call.

ANGLE ON KAREN

She's ENTERING the main room.

She's feeling the effects of the pills Jerry mixed in the hot chocolate; she's moving in slow motion.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Hi, Karen. It's me again. Just wondering what's happening with the Kalem illustration. You know, the iron bed, Victorian child birth thing. They've been calling me and I haven't heard from...

The answering machine is suddenly turned off.

ANOTHER ANGLE

JERRY'S LEFT HAND is on the machine. In his right hand he holds a SILK NECK TIE.

He smiles.

ANGLE ON KAREN

She's by the iron bed and woozy from the pills. She sees THE TIE.

KAREN

Why do you...?

JERRY moves towards her.

KAREN can barely stand but instinctively backs away. Suddenly, everything has changed.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Did you put something in the...

She keeps moving away. She's unsteady, can barely stand. She starts crabbing sideways to the front door.

Jerry stays with her.

JERRY

I only want you to relax.

(CONTINUED)

Karen keeps moving to the door. Jerry is no longer hiding the threat. She knows she's in trouble.

KAREN

I don't... want...

Jerry shadows her.

JERRY

You're exhausted.

He puts a tie in his mouth, chewing it, biting with the Fat Man's rotten teeth.

KAREN STUMBLES TO THE DOOR.

But the key is broken off in the lock. She can't open it.

JERRY THROWS THE BROKEN KEY AT HER FEET.

JERRY (CONT'D)

No rest out there.

KAREN

tries to make a run for it - somewhere, anywhere. But the sleeping pills have really kicked in and she stumbles.

Jerry easily catches her.

JERRY (CONT'D)

There's nothing for you out there.

(beat)

This is the place.

He puts the necktie around her neck.

ANGLE ON THE METAL DOOR.

Once again it OPENS by itself revealing the blackness beyond. We are PULLED in and HEAR:

JERRY'S VOICE

The away place.

BLACKNESS

FADE UP ON:

ANGLE ON KAREN'S SLEEPING VALIUM FACE.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

Suddenly she WAKES - gasping for breath, her eyes wide with horror.

WE SEE:

A NECKTIE WRAPPED AROUND HER NECK.

ANOTHER ANGLE

JERRY IS ON TOP OF HER, CHOKING WITH THE NECKTIE.

Karen tries talking but Jerry chokes her harder.

*This can't be happening...*

ANOTHER ANGLE

KAREN IS ON THE IRON BED INSIDE THE SECRET ROOM.

KAREN'S HEAD

is violently turning from the choking, but stops on the old MIRROR.

THE MIRROR

IS AGAIN ROCKING BACK AND FORTH

But this time it's much faster.

The mirror suddenly STOPS and in the glass we see the reflection of:

THE 1920S FLAPPER

Roles are completely reversed:

Now it's the Woman helplessly watching Karen's suffering.

BACK TO KAREN

She looks at the Woman.

BACK TO THE MIRROR

In the glass we SEE:

THE WOMAN - ANGRY AND FULL OF FIRE

THE MIRROR CRACKS AND THE WOMAN DISAPPEARS.

BACK TO KAREN

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

The fight has been choked out of her. She's on the verge of giving up, her eyes rolling up into her head.

JERRY BENDS DOWN.

He opens his mouth - hungrily - to suck out her last breath...and with what sounds like her last breath, Karen groans:

KAREN

*...help...*

Karen looks up at Jerry like the helpless child she was as he chokes out her last breath. She feels life leaving and stares at his face to SEE:

A WOMAN'S PALE HANDS SUDDENLY COVERING JERRY'S FACE.

THE HANDS PEEL AWAY JERRY'S FLESH - REVEALING:

THE FAT MAN BENEATH

The hands belong to the Woman and she uses her FINGERNAILS to CLAW the Fat Man's eyes like a wild cat, making him release the tie and grab her hands.

KAREN WASTES NO TIME.

As the Woman pulls Jerry/Fat Man away she rolls off the bed and stumbles to the hidden door with the tie still wrapped around her neck.

CUT TO:

102 INT. LOFT - NIGHT

102

KAREN stumbles down the stairs, gasping for breath and woozy from the Valium.

She rushes across the main room, desperately making her way to the front door.

She can't open it. She SEES:

THE KEY BROKEN OFF IN THE LOCK.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

KAREN is frantically searching through the packed boxes.

She finds what she's looking for: A SILVER HAMMER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We FOLLOW Karen to the MAIN DOOR. She's desperately trying to open the broken lock by HAMMERING at it.

She's totally engrossed and doesn't SEE:

THE FAT MAN (IN JERRY'S CLOTHES) BEHIND HER.

HE WRAPS THE TIE AROUND HER NECK.

KAREN SPINS AROUND AND TRIES HITTING HIM WITH THE HAMMER.

THE FAT MAN EASILY GRABS THE HAMMER AND THROWS IT OVER HIS SHOULDER.

FAT MAN/JERRY

Let's go to bed.

THE FAT MAN PULLS ON THE TIE LIKE REINS.

It drops Karen to the floor.

HE DRAGS KAREN ACROSS THE FLOOR CAVEMAN STYLE TOWARDS THE STAIRCASE TO THE HIDDEN ROOM.

ANGLE ON KAREN

One hand grabs the choking tie - the other tries to grab something to stop the Fat Man. It suddenly lands on:

THE SILVER HAMMER

103

INT. LOFT / BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS - NIGHT

103

KAREN

is able to flip over and STRIKE OUT with the hammer, landing a hard blow on the Fat Man's SHINS - IT DROPS HIM TO HIS KNEES.

Karen scrambles to her feet and tries to run but the Fat Man dives after her and grabs her by the ankles.

THE FAT MAN PULLS AND DROPS KAREN TO THE FLOOR.

Karen falls hard on her back but still has the hammer in her hand.

SHE SITS UP AND BENDS FORWARD - SHE HITS THE FAT MAN ON THE HEAD WITH HAMMER.

ANGLE ON THE FAT MAN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He grimaces and rapidly moves his bleeding head from side to side - it's almost as if he's trying to shake off both the blow and the blood.

HIS HEAD MOVES SO FAST IT BECOMES A BLOODY FLESH BLUR - AND WHEN IT STOPS WE SEE:

JERRY'S BLEEDING FACE LOOKING UP AT KAREN.

It's the old Jerry, terribly wounded, looking up at her with pleading pain-wracked eyes.

KAREN FALTERS

She's seeing Jerry - the Jerry she loved.

JERRY

Karen...what are you doing to me...?

It's working, BUT:

JERRY'S HELPLESS, PLEADING FACE BECOMES A BLUR AGAIN - SHAKING VERY FAST.

IT CHANGES BACK TO THE FAT MAN.

His lips pull back into an obscene grin - laughing at Karen.

THE BLEEDING FAT MAN REACHES UP AND GRABS KAREN BY THE NECK, TRYING TO CHOKE HER.

This time, Karen doesn't hesitate.

SHE PUMMELS THE FAT MAN WITH THE HAMMER - STRIKING HIS HEAD AS HARD AS SHE CAN.

Blood spurts onto Karen creating a red abstract painting on her face and clothes.

SHE REDUCES THE FAT MAN'S HEAD TO A BLOODY PULP.

THE FAT MAN'S MOUTH OPENS WIDE AND WE HEAR:

A LAST BREATH - THE DUMB ROAR OF A DYING BEAST.

IT LEAVES IN A SWIRL OF BLACK, POLLUTED SMOKE, AND SO DOES HIS VISAGE:

JERRY'S BATTERED FACE RETURNS TO THE DEAD BODY.

BACK TO KAREN

(CONTINUED)

She's exhausted and drained - but looking at the body of her lover she can't help but touch his lifeless, blood-covered face.

A pause.

Tears flow down Karen's face and she forces herself to stand.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Karen can barely walk - every bit of her strength - emotional and physical - has been spent in the life or death fight.

*Almost on autopilot she painfully makes her way over to the bed in the alcove...*

She sits on the mattress and lays on her side, on the very edge - her back to the rest of the bed.

ANOTHER ANGLE

From high above the bed we see:

THE FAT MAN'S FORM SUDDENLY RISE FROM BENEATH THE SHEETS LIKE - A GHOST.

ANGLE ON KAREN'S FACE

She's unaware of what's happening and is drifting off to oblivion when:

A NECK TIE IS SUDDENLY WRAPPED AROUND HER NECK. THE TIE IS LIKE A LASSO AND SHE'S PULLED OVER, ON TO HER BACK TO SEE:

THE FAT MAN (HIS FACE BACK TO NORMAL) LEERING DOWN AT HER.

THE FAT MAN

Kiss.

BACK TO KAREN

HER MOUTH IS WIDE OPEN, GASPING FOR AIR.

FROM KAREN'S POV WE SEE:

THE FAT MAN GRINNING - OPENING HIS OBSCENE MOUTH - COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER.

IN AN EXPLOSION OF SOUND WE'RE PULLED INTO HIS GASPING MOUTH AND...

BLACKNESS

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (3)

103

*A long pause.*

104 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

104

FROM BLACK WE'RE PULLED OUT OF KAREN'S MOUTH.

Karen is asleep. Dreaming. Sighing. There's a weird smile on her face. She starts laughing - a crazy giggling.

SHE SUDDENLY OPENS HER EYES.

ANOTHER ANGLE: SHE'S IN A HOSPITAL GOWN, STRAPPED HAND AND FOOT TO A METAL HOSPITAL BED - KEPT IN PLACE WITH LEATHER RESTRAINTS ON HER WRISTS AND ANKLES.

For someone in such a terrible predicament, she looks amazingly happy.

BLACK OUT

105 INT. KAREN'S HOSPITAL DOOR - NIGHT

105

We are outside Karen's door - a small "view slat" is opened so we can look inside and see Karen strapped to the bed.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A YOUNG MALE ATTENDANT is peering into Karen's room.

BACK TO KAREN

She's smiling at the young man, enticing him with parted lips and bedroom eyes.

BACK TO THE YOUNG ATTENDANT

He quickly opens the door with a pass key.

106 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

106

The Young Attendant slowly moves to Karen. He's frightened but extremely turned on.

ANGLE ON KAREN

She returns his licentious gaze. She eggs him on; makes him come closer.

THE YOUNG ATTENDANT PUTS HIS HAND ON KAREN'S LEG.

We follow it as he caresses her leg, moving higher, into the inside of her thigh.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

KAREN RESPONDS, SHE LOVES IT. THE ATTENDANT COMES CLOSER

He gets up on the bed, puts his face over hers. He's about to kiss her but Karen suddenly looks very helpless and glances at:

THE LEATHER RESTRAINTS

The Attendant understands. He smiles and unstraps the restraints. Karen is ecstatic.

She runs her hands through his hair, moving down the sides of his face...

AND SUDDENLY GRABS HIS FACE, IMPALING FINGERNAILS INTO HIS FLESH, MAKING BLOOD FLOW.

FAT MAN'S VOICE

Kiss.

ANOTHER ANGLE

KAREN'S FACE IS NOW THE FAT MAN'S GRINNING FACE.

BACK TO THE ATTENDANT

He opens his mouth to SCREAM and we ARE SUCKED INSIDE THROUGH A WHIRLWIND OF HORRIBLE NOISE:

--like a great beast inhaling

--like a backward scream.

**THE END**