

DARK CITY

by  
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**REVISED DRAFT**  
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**DARKNESS**

A LOW RUMBLE increases in volume.

**FADE UP:**

A BLACK-GLOVED HAND wraps around a bulky electrical lever,  
thrusts FORWARD.

SNAP! - Electricity arcs through darkness.

O.S. sound of MACHINERY turning ON.

**TITLES OVER**

MONTAGE OF CLOCKS starting - various. Second hands turn -  
TICKING gets louder.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

SHADOWS DANCE. A bare bulb swings from the ceiling revealing:  
clothes on a chair, puddles of water on the floor...

SLEEPING EYES in and out of darkness. The eyes open.  
Confusion.

WIDEN ANGLE ON JONATHAN WHITE - a man in his early thirties,  
dark featured.

He sits up. Water splashes. He's in a tub of long cold water.  
His neck aches like he's been sleeping forever.

He looks down into the murky water around him. A feint movement beneath the surface, something swimming - A SMALL DARK SHAPE. Startled, he leaps from the bath.

ANGLE - THE SWINGING LIGHT BULB. The man's hand reaches up, stops the light-bulb mid swing.

He steps to a circular window. The glass is cracked, covered in grime. He wipes it, this only smears the dirt.

It's dark out there.

**EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT**

ANGLE ON WHITE - from outside the window, through blurry glass.

A RAPID FLYING P.O.V. PULLS BACK in silence. The window is a SPECK on the side of a vast grey tower.

**BACK IN THE BATHROOM**

White shivers, cold. He stares down at the puddle he drips on the floor. He looks at his feet and legs, covered with numerous SMALL BITES. He dries the bloody wounds with a towel.

He picks up the clothes lying on the chair, puts them on. Loose trousers with braces, a plain shirt, leathers shoes with HOLES in both soles. In his trouser pocket he finds a key - a room number on a plastic tag.

He hears splashing in the bath-tub. He steps over, looks into the murky water. Suddenly a SMALL SILVER FISH leaps from the water, lands at his feet, panting heavily and flapping about.

He leans down, picks the fish up, throws it back into the water.

Like a blind man, he feels the walls, comes to a door in the shadows. He hears something on the other side, hesitates, hand inches from the doorknob. He leans down.

**TIGHT ON HIS EYE**

Blinking through the key-hole.

P.O.V. OF AN EMPTY ROOM - A glimpse of motion - the door across the room (leading to a corridor?) is shutting.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

WHITE pushes the door open, steps into the adjoining room.

No sign of life. Cheap decorations. He walks around cautiously. Turns lights on. Then reconsiders. Turns them off again. Disturbed, he studies his features in a wall mirror.

ANGLE ON OPEN BATHROOM DOOR - the fish has jumped from the tub again and is flapping on the floor.

White steps back into the bathroom. He picks up the fish again, doesn't know what to do with it, so he puts it in his pocket.

#### **BACK IN THE OTHER ROOM**

He searches through things. A grey overcoat in the closet. He goes through the pockets, finds a WALLET. No I.D., just a laundry bill, some money and a postcard from a sea-side town.

ANGLE ON A REVOLVER on the bed-side table. He picks it up, his grip tightens on the handle, his finger applies pressure to the trigger and...

#### **BANG!**

The gun goes off. A BULLET RICOCHETS wildly around the room, bounces off the metal bed-head, smashes a vase, embeds itself in the wall.

Startled, he holds the gun away from him like it might go off again. He examines it carefully now. Opens the chamber.

TIGHT ON THE GUN - Five bullets left.

He turns the chamber carefully, shuts it, puts the gun in the inside pocket of the coat.

He moves to the bed. A RIPPED PHOTOGRAPH on the rug. A fragment of a woman's face, her left eye. He lifts the fragment up. There's handwriting on the back, part of a note:

**...MEANS THE MOST TO ME. LOVE YOU  
FOREVER. - E...**

The rest is missing.

He sits on the edge of the bed. As he does this, he notices something else on the floor.

HIS P.O.V. - follows a dark stain on the floorboards, to a woman's bare foot behind the bed. He stands abruptly, fumbles across the bed to stare into a dark corner of the room.

In the shadows he can make out a woman's naked BODY lying in a pool of blood. Her eyes stare lifeless.

White stumbles back in horror, throws his hands across his mouth.

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

White stumbles from the room, leans against a wall for support.

Lights flicker.

At the end of the corridor, elevator doors open. Light and music flood out.

**INT. LOBBY - NIGHT**

White staggers from the elevator, moves past a deserted front desk. A VOICE from the back room:

**HOTEL MANAGER O.S.**

Hey, you! You gotta message.

White stops, looks uncertainly towards a bead curtain.

**WHITE**

What?

**MANAGER O.S.**

Message in d'box! You deaf?

White sees several nooks for messages and keys in front of him. Reaching across the desk, he glances through the bead curtain into the manager's office. TELEVISION SOUNDS O.S.

**HIS P.O.V.**

Hard to see - the man sits in the chair, lit by the glow of the T.V. set. White grabs the note, looks at it. A PHONE NUMBER, also his room number, and what appears to be his name: JONATHAN WHITE. That's all. White thrusts the message in his pocket.

**MANAGER O.S.**

Got my money?

**WHITE**

What? I... How long have I been here?

**MANAGER O.S.**

Jeez, too damn long if you ask me!  
What about the two weeks y'owe me...

Totally confused, White turns to leave, sees something. Stops.

HIS P.O.V. - A painting on a wall (cheap print variety) - waves on a beach. A breeze rustles the pages of a calender, pinned beside the picture.

TIGHT ON WHITE - MOVE IN on his ear. O.S. SOUND - surf crashes on shore. A WOMAN'S VOICE WHISPERS:

**VOICE O.S.**

What is your name... What is your name...

He backs away from the painting, looks about the lobby in panic - sees a sign: TOILETS. A painted hand points the way.

**MANAGER O.S.**

Hey!

WHITE (without turning)  
I'll be back later.

**MANAGER O.S.**

Yeah. Well, y'better be.

CAMERA REVEALS A FIGURE - watching from a shadowy corner of the lobby.

As White runs out, the MYSTERY MAN picks up a pay-phone, dials. Whispers into the receiver in a foreign language.

**INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

White pushes shakily through a red door, runs down a corridor. Pipes steam and drip water. He rounds a corner, slips, nearly falls.

**INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Puddles on the floor, stains on the walls.

White bursts through the door and into a cubicle. He bends over a toilet bowl and VOMITS.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

He looks up, wipes his mouth on his sleeve. A breeze tugs at his stringy hair. A tiny ventilation grill above the cistern looks out at the street.

**HIS P.O.V. - OUTSIDE**

Sheets of newspaper blow past. A full moon, surrounded by blood red clouds, hangs above empty streets.

**INT. CINEMA - NIGHT**

A WATCH - on a hairy wrist. Seconds tick past. Soft flickering light. VOICES O.S.

ANGLE ON FRANK BUMSTEAD - police inspector. He looks down at the watch. Time to leave. He STANDS, heads for an illuminated exit sign.

Images flicker on a SCREEN. The inspector rushes to the door, runs into an USHER, who gasps.

BUMSTEAD (to usher)  
Gesundheit!

Bumstead quickly moves off.

**INT. CINEMA LOBBY**

The INSPECTOR makes a call, licks the tip of a pencil, scribbles in a notebook. Behind thick glass, he argues soundlessly into a phone.

BIG IN FOREGROUND - a popcorn machine rattles noisily.

**INSIDE THE BOOTH**

The inspector is upset, face strained. A MALE VOICE chatters quickly through the receiver.

BUMSTEAD (cuts in)  
...but you told me the meeting was  
ten-thirty.

A burst of chatter.

**BUMSTEAD**

I know, sir, but I can't make it at  
nine-thirty... It's - um - well,  
inconvenient...

A stream of chatter stops him.

**BUMSTEAD**

Yes, sir... I understand... Yes...  
But, I've done fine so far without an  
assistant...

The inspector tries to interject as the VOICE cuts in again...

**BUMSTEAD**

But... But I... I...  
(defeated)  
Nine-thirty. Yes.

**INT. MEN'S ROOM**

We are underwater. WHITE's FACE swims into view. Bubbles spew from the mouth, the eyes stare in horror.

**ANGLE ON MEN'S ROOM**

White washes his face in a sink. He looks up, wipes his face dry with his coat. He turns towards the door to leave.

There are TWO - identical. He cannot remember which he came through. Takes a guess, opens one and steps into darkness.

He realizes he's picked the wrong door, tries to go back but the door CLICKS behind him: locked.

**INT. CONCRETE TUNNEL**

Pitch black. Trickling water. A distant voice over a P.A. system recites names, followed by numbers. A LIGHT, far away. White walks towards it.

He steps into a bare concrete area, a public phone hangs on a blank wall. He pulls a coin from his pocket, puts it in the slot, dials the number on his message. Ringing - no answer.

Suddenly White feels cold.

**VOICE O.S.**

There you are.

Startled, White drops the phone and turns. A figure moves forward out of darkness:

ANGLE ON THE MYSTERY MAN from the hotel lobby. The stranger

wears a long black coat, dark glasses, and has extremely pale skin. He is completely bald. He studies White carefully.

White glances about nervously - walks back up the corridor, his eyes pinned to the man.

**MYSTERY MAN**

You are lost, yes?

White retreats faster.

A FLASH OF STEEL - a dagger appears by the stranger's side, gripped in a black leather glove. He moves forward, a grin on his pale face.

White stops, backs against the wall.

**MYSTERY MAN**

Co-operate. Do not make this difficult.

White panics - he's cornered. He remembers the revolver. He pulls it from his coat and LEVELS it at the stranger, his hand shakes terribly.

ON THE STRANGER continuing to advance. Something about his eyes makes White immobile, unable to think clearly.

**MYSTERY MAN**

You will not shoot, yes. There is a place in your mind, a corner of darkness...

THE GUN FIRES again and again. Red splashes appear on the man. His shoulder. His leg. His neck. He walks forward, with spastic jerks as bullets RIP into him.

A final shot POINT BLANK into the stranger's forehead. A stream of black liquid spouts from the hole.

Blue smoke clears. The man stands motionless, his mouth hangs open. Then his eyes roll up, and he collapses to the ground.

**INT. MORGUE - NIGHT**

CLICKING of new leather shoes, walking, striking tiles. INSPECTOR BUMSTEAD strides down a silent corridor. He reaches into his pocket, removes a SURGICAL MASK, places it over his nose and mouth.

**WIDER ANGLE**



Bumstead steps up to a bald man with a moustache standing at the end of the corridor. The man, who is dressed identically to the inspector, is his superior: CHIEF-INSPECTOR STROMBOLI.

**BUMSTEAD**

Good evening, sir.

**STROMBOLI**

Yes. This way.

STROMBOLI leads the inspector into a tiled room containing several COVERED BODIES. The two men are greeted by a cheerful-looking MORTICIAN.

**MORTICIAN**

Welcome, gentlemen. You're early.  
Here for the examination, right?

Stromboli nods, then ignores the mortician and walks along the row of corpses. Bumstead follows.

**STROMBOLI**

The handiwork of an extremely sick individual.

He throws back covers to reveal horrible mutilations.

**STROMBOLI**

You've read the reports. Not much to go on. We know nothing about him, except that he likes to cut them... Always the same type of blade. Forensics match in each case... Anyway, it's all in the reports, read them for yourself.

STROMBOLI shakes his head, turns away from the final body, looks at the inspector.

**STROMBOLI**

Why are you wearing that thing on your face?

**BUMSTEAD**

Germs, sir. These places are full of them.

**STROMBOLI**

I see.

(continues)

One thing's for sure, he's ambitious.

You'll be a busy man from now on.

**MORTICIAN**

You can say that again.

Stromboli looks annoyed at the smiling man. The Mortician becomes serious and goes back to his work.

**BUMSTEAD**

What about Thompson, sir? Wasn't this his case?

**STROMBOLI**

Thompson suffered a kind of severe delusion or some damn thing. Anyway he isn't with us any longer. The case is yours. Go through his files. Take what you need.

(less business-like)

By the way, how's your mother?

**BUMSTEAD**

She's getting better, thanks. She...

STROMBOLI (cuts in)

Very good...

The chief-inspector turns, paces to the door briskly.

**STROMBOLI**

Let's go, Bumstead. So much to do and so little time.

**EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT**

A large faded BILLBOARD advertisement on a building facade. A portrait of a smiling woman clutching a product called, "LUMP-O" - a cereal box carton.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN STEADILY, rises upwards, CLOSER on the woman's face, finally enters a hole at the centre of her **PAINTED IRIS.**

**INT. STAIR-WELL**

A raftered room on the other side of the billboard. CAMERA TILTS TO a convoluted staircase - at the base, the SHADOW OF A MAN runs.

FEET pace rapidly. TILT UP TO REVEAL - WHITE.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as he tries to lose himself from possible pursuers. He steps through a low archway into a back alley, rounds a corner.

A DEAD-END. White stops, looks around, then up. He's breathing heavily, trying to catch his breath. He starts to shake.

ABOVE, the walls stretch into darkness. An OPENING way up there - he can see stars. Something dark crosses the gap of sky. A RUSHING NOISE in the distance. Wind starts to pick up.

Trash is being kicked up. A sheet of NEWSPAPER wraps around White's leg. He tries to kick it away repeatedly but it won't come off. He bends down, grabs it to throw it away, but something grabs his eye.

He stares at the page for a moment - then his LEGS SLIP from under him and he falls to the ground. He holds his head like it's going to explode. A whimper deep in his throat. His body is trembling violently.

PUSH IN TIGHT on the paper on the ground. A front-page headline: MAN-HUNT CONTINUES FOR SERIAL KILLER!

White looks up - terrified. The RUSHING NOISE O.S. again.

#### **HIS P.O.V.**

ON THE WALL facing him, a DOOR has appeared where moments before there was nothing. The door creaks open to reveal ANOTHER DOOR WITHIN. This one extends outwards on the end of a lengthening wooden shaft.

White, stands quickly, thrusts the newspaper into a pocket. Tries to side-step the ADVANCING DOOR but it's too late, he can only open it and step through, to avoid getting pinned to the wall.

#### **INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT**

HAND-HELD P.O.V. THROUGH the swaying beads hanging in the back-room doorway. TWO FIGURES peer into the room.

#### **FIGURE 1**

We are looking for Jonathan White.

THE HOTEL MANAGER looks up, moves forward into light: a squat, hunch-backed man with glasses. He steps through the beads, glares at the intruders.

**MANAGER**

What for?

ON THE MEN - an uncanny resemblance to the one who tried to kill White. Black coats, glasses, pale skin. Creepy.

A BLACK GLOVED HAND flashes forward, grips the manager's face and doesn't let go. The manager struggles, gulps for air. He's pushed back heavily against the wall.

**MAN 1**

Which room is he in?

The leather glove SQUEEZES, blood trickles from the manager's ears, through the fingers.

**INT. ROOM 43**

ANOTHER (VERY SHORT) FIGURE is searching the room. He hears NOISES O.S. in the corridor, runs to the door, presses against the wall.

ON THE MAN - FREDRICK - a stunted body, an oversized head, thick limbs. The rest of his features lost in shadow.

The door swings open, a shaft of light floods the dark room.

ON THE TWO MYSTERY MEN as they step in and look around. They search the room, knock stuff over. One of the men kicks at the woman's corpse in the corner. Behind him, Fredrick, still hiding near the door, slips into the corridor unnoticed.

**EXT. FLYING P.O.V. - NIGHT**

A FLYING PERSPECTIVE past buildings. An INSECT-LIKE BUZZING O.S. Way down BELOW, in a canyon of silent buildings, a LONE FIGURE walks.

**EXT. DOWN ON THE STREET**

A breeze pulls at WHITE's hair and coat. He takes out the wallet - a few dollars.

**HIS P.O.V. AS HE WALKS**

The city is DEAD. Empty. Desolate. Buildings hang down out of black. Day-time was never invented.

As he puts the wallet back in his pocket, a BUSINESS CARD he

hadn't noticed, flutters to the ground. He stops, picks it up. In simple print: DOCTOR D.P. SCHREBER M.D., a phone number. Scribbled handwriting on the back says: Thursday 0930.

ON WHITE - he glances across the street.

HIS P.O.V. - A cafe. A broken NEON FISH buzzes above the doorway.

### **INT. CHINESE CAFE**

He walks up rickety stairs, into a small room with five or six tables. Empty. Dirty. He sits and waits.

A CLOCK ticks on the wall - midnight. White coughs, for attention.

A NOISE from a doorway. A SHADOW moves towards him, dragging one foot as it walks. A SMALL ASIAN WOMAN appears and limps to his table. She speaks very quickly IN CHINESE. He does not understand.

She points to a chalk board on the wall - a list of dishes also in Chinese, only one in English - the last one. At the bottom. In small print. "NOODLES".

WHITE (nods)

The noodles. I'll have some noodles.

The old woman rips a YELLOW TICKET from a pad, gives it to White. A number on it. She points her crooked finger again at a SPEAKER BOX above a small serving window in the wall. A greenish fluoro pulses from the room within.

**WOMAN**

We call.

She leaves again.

White looks about the empty room. Insects are zapped on an illuminated DEVICE hanging on the wall. An old air-conditioner RATTLES noisily.

NOISES from the kitchen - voices argue in Chinese, a baby cries. Then SILENCE.

White removes the newspaper from his coat and spreads it on the table.

He overcomes his fear, starts to read the article. Leans forward, hands trembling. Without realising, he holds the

paper OVER A CANDLE burning on the table. The paper CATCHES FIRE, is engulfed. He drops the flaming page on the table. Now the table-cloth starts to burn.

White is frantic. On a nearby table he finds a pitcher of water, and dumps this on the flames. It kills the fire but leaves a black hole in the table-cloth. The paper is ash.

He moves to another table pretending nothing happened, fans the smoke away.

**INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

BUMSTEAD is moving quickly. He suddenly trips and falls to the floor. He curses under his breath, then looks up.

**HIS P.O.V.**

A door - THOMPSON: DETECTIVE/INSPECTOR on the frosted glass. Bumstead stands, pushes into the office.

**INSIDE**

A total mess - paperwork everywhere, dozens of used coffee cups, rotting food in greasy paper bags. Bumstead shakes his head.

**BUMSTEAD**

A real shame...

He starts to look around.

TIGHT ON FILING CABINET - a drawer is pulled open. Thompson's files are also a mess. Bumstead continues to shake his head. He reaches for a file. A loud SNAP!

**BUMSTEAD (screams)**

**YAAAAAAAAAAH!**

He recoils. A mousetrap has snapped over his fingers. He pulls it off his hand, throws it to the floor, cursing.

**INT. CHINESE CAFE**

White is still waiting for his food.

He leans down to scratch an itchy ankle, lifts his trouser leg to examine the bites - worse, inflamed. He uses a napkin to wipe at the pus.

AERIAL PERSPECTIVE OF A FLY - circling the room, looking down on White.

ON THE FLY - It lands on a plate of half eaten food on another table. The creature is some kind of SURVEILLANCE DEVICE - half insect/half machine. It's spying on him. MOVE IN TIGHT as inbuilt camera lenses focus in its head. It shits on the food behind it.

White is oblivious to this. He's finished examining his leg, is sitting quietly. He yawns. His head nods forward briefly.

A NOISE. White looks up.

A TRAP-DOOR has opened in the ceiling. Two feet in black leather shoes descend from the hole. A sea breeze blows through the room. The SOUND OF SURF, SEAGULLS CRYING.

ON White's nose twitching. He can smell the ocean.

The WALLPAPER COMES ALIVE - like a seething tangle of worms.

One by one, THREE MEN in black coats lower into the room, floating on air. They pull out knives, step forward.

ON WHITE rigid with terror.

ON THE MEN - though their faces cannot be seen clearly in the gloom, they too resemble the MAN who confronted White earlier. They walk towards him slowly, holding knives above their heads. Ready to attack. They lean over him, pause dramatically.

**MAN 1**

Don't fall asleep.  
(chuckles softly)  
Might never wake, yes.

This Man turns to the others. They all smile, then turn back to White.

**MEN (in unison)**

Fifty-six.

ANOTHER VOICE has been speaking softly - now it is louder. Repeating:

**VOICE**

Fifty-six... Fifty-six...

ANGLE - a chair falls to the floor.

White leaps up from the table, terrified, disoriented. Just a

DREAM - he had dozed.

WIDEN ANGLE - The place is still empty. White glances to the serving window. A DISH waits for him, framed in the glowing fluoro square. He gets it. A bowl of soupy liquid with noodles. He sits down.

He is about to start eating - realizes he has a fork instead of a spoon. Picking up the bowl again, he heads to the kitchen.

**INT. CORRIDOR**

He takes a door beneath a set of wooden stairs and finds himself in another corridor. He looks about, unsure which direction to go in.

**INT. SERIES OF ROOMS - LATER**

White is lost, still holding the soup.

He moves through a number of RUSTED METAL DOORS that open and shut automatically. Each reveals another room or corridor. Deserted spaces long forgotten - dusty, crumbling.

He feels the fish moving about in his pocket, pulls it out and looks at it.

White holds the dying fish in one hand, the bowl of cold soup in the other. Disgusted, he puts the fish into the bowl.

**INT. CORRIDOR**

**A TICKING SOUND O.S.**

White stops. Looks up. A large clock suspended from the rafters. A tug at his coat.

Standing beside him is FREDRICK - the little man from White's hotel room.

FREDRICK (stutters)  
Where have you been? The doctor's  
been worried about you.

**WHITE**  
What? Who are you?

Fredrick looks nervously down the corridor.



**FREDRICK**

Címon, letís go! We donít have any time.

The little man grabs Whiteís sleeve, starts to pull him along.

**WHITE**

Hold it a minute. Letís start at the beginning, huh?

ANGLE ON - the top of a set of stairs in front of them. Two dark figures appear.

Fredrick looks up at them in horror.

**FRERICK**

Shit!  
(looks at White)  
Quick! Run!

Both men run like crazy, White awkwardly holding the bowl of soup. They come to a junction, each takes a separate corridor. Fredrick finds some stairs, climbs two at a time.

White climbs INTO FRAME, looks around, finds another corridor. The little man is nowhere to be seen. White reaches another junction - several corridors branch off.

**HIS P.O.V. PANNING AROUND**

Each passageway completely deserted.

**WHITE**

Shit.

He keeps running.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY**

A PHOTO FLASH - illuminates the dead body of the hotel manager, slumped in his own blood.

Bumstead leans INTO FRAME, examines the corpse. He notices several stab wounds in the manís abdomen. Various cops search the room.

One cop walks up to the Inspector.

**COP**

We got another one upstairs

BUMSTEAD (deadpan)

Great.

**INT. ROOM - NIGHT**

A SMALL ROOM with arched windows that look over the city. Fredrick is pulling a notebook and pen from under an upturned table.

He scrawls rapidly, screws the message into a tight tube, then puts it into a METAL CYLINDER he finds beneath the table also.

He glances out a window, notices A FIGURE standing beneath a street-lamp below, looking up at him. Startled, Fredrick darts back into shadow, goes to a wall covered in about a dozen vertical PIPES running up into the ceiling.

TIGHT ON ONE OF THE PIPES - he opens a small hatch and puts the metal cylinder in it. The cylinder is snatched from his hand, sucked into the pipe with a rush of air.

**WIDER**

Fredrick steps back, a sigh of relief. A shadow falls across his back. He turns. He screams.

**INT./EXT. VARIOUS**

TIGHT - rushing along lengths of rusted pipe, at blinding speed. The cylinder races around corners. It clanks and grinds. HURTTLES up the side of a building. THEN PLUMMETS underground. Rushes through darkness.

**EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT**

THE CAMERA MOVES along a bridge-like structure. An enclosed corridor supported by rotting wooden pylons. Under the bridge, pipes spew sewage into stagnant water.

ANGLE ON WHITE WALKING - seen through a series of illuminated, dirty, windows. He occasionally glances into the bowl he holds before him.

**INSIDE**

TIGHT ON the fish swimming weakly in the soup.

ANGLE ON WHITE - He stops, looks up at O.S. SOUND of clattering metal. A pipe runs the length of the corridor -

the invisible clanging cylinder races away, into darkness.

Then the silence is shattered by a piercing series of SCREAMS somewhere in the building. White hurriedly moves towards the source.

#### **ANOTHER CORRIDOR**

White rounds a corner, stops, notices a small rectangular HOLE in a wall. ANOTHER SCREAM, weaker now - He runs to the hole in the wall and looks through.

#### **HIS P.O.V.**

A small, very ordered ROOM. A fake fireplace bathes the room in a warm glow.

White cranes his neck forward, stretches his head through the hole. He can see into an adjoining room to his right - two dark figures stand over a man on the floor lying in a pool of dark crimson. The man looks up - it's Fredrick - just as both dark figures stab him repeatedly with bloody daggers. He doesn't scream this time, just gags on blood running from his mouth.

Suddenly a sliding door SLAMS onto the back of White's neck, traps his head in the hole. He struggles, tries to free himself. Drops the bowl of soup. It shatters on the hard floor, makes a mess.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM - The killers look up at the smashing noise.

BACK IN THE CORRIDOR - White pulls with all his strength. The door gives and he stumbles backwards. He is about to run away but glances at the floor.

The fish is flapping about - still alive.

#### **EXT. STREET**

White darts from a doorway, trips and falls. He sprawls at the base of sweeping stone steps. He looks at a building towering above him. Chiselled in the facade, above the entrance:  
**LIBRARY.**

#### **INT. POLICE STATION**

A series of ply-wood SILHOUETTES race through frame. Stop suddenly, mechanically. LOUD GUNSHOTS. Chunks of ply-wood

blast away violently.

BUMSTEAD is practising his marksmanship.

A HAND - on his shoulder. He whips around, startled.

ON MISS CRENSHAW - a young, stiff-looking woman.

**BUMSTEAD**

Dammit!

**MISS CRENSHAW**

Sorry, sir.

**BUMSTEAD**

Don't ever sneak up on me like that!  
Who are you?

**MISS CRENSHAW**

Patricia Crenshaw.

She puts out her hand.

**MISS CRENSHAW**

I'm your new assistant.

**BUMSTEAD**

I didn't requisition a secretary.

**MISS CRENSHAW**

The Chief-Inspector thought you might  
need a hand.

**BUMSTEAD (uncertain)**

Oh.

He takes her hand tentatively. They shake.

**MISS CRENSHAW**

I've taken the liberty and had  
Inspector Thompson's office searched,  
as I believe you instructed. All  
clear now, sir. They found several  
more traps and things were filed  
under pretty strange categories...  
Poor man.

**BUMSTEAD**

Good.

**MISS CRENSHAW**

You won't regret this, sir.

**BUMSTEAD**

Fine.

Bumstead moves off.

**INT. LIBRARY**

White steps into a vast, empty room, stops beneath a big sign saying, SILENCE in formal letters. The place seems abandoned, then he notices a hint of movement. Cigarette smoke snakes into the air, a light, across the expanse of polished floor.

He walks up to an elderly female LIBRARIAN sitting behind a desk, smoking, reading. White looks somewhat distraught still.

**WHITE**

Keep newspapers here, birth certificates, records of deaths, that kind of thing?

The librarian looks up from her book.

**LIBRARIAN**

Which would you like first?

**WHITE**

Okay. Newspapers.

She takes her glasses off. Her eyes are TINY, like pin-heads. She studies White.

**LIBRARIAN**

Are you alright?

He looks around - restrained panic.

WHITE (looks at the woman)

Sure. I'm fine.

LIBRARIAN (nods)

Mmm-hmm. Stairs at the end of the hall. Third floor. Turn left. Section C-7. Row 35, near the toilets.

She replaces her glasses, watches White rush away.

**LIBRARIAN**

Don't mention it...

She blows her nose into a handkerchief. The snort ECHOES  
**LOUDLY.**

**INT. LIBRARY CORRIDOR**

White rushes down a dark hall lined with bronze statues. He finds section C then walks between towering rows stacked with old volumes. Comes to number 7.

He follows an arrow past row after row - finally finds Row 34 but then it skips straight to letters again, A, B, C, etc.

No Row 35.

He stops and looks around - sure enough a door displays a small sign: TOILETS.

White is sweating profusely. He now sits on a chair, takes off his shoes, rubs his feet. He pulls a book from a shelf behind him, looks about, opens the book and tears several pages out, folds them, stuffs them into his shoes to plug up the holes.

He gets up, tries to backtrack, comes across an elaborate diagram of the library interior. An arrow points to a section near a wing labelled: MAPS. Near the arrow it says: YOU ARE **HERE.**

He keeps walking.

He finds the door to the maps wing but the door is locked, a sign is nailed to it: WE ARE REMODELLING. WE APOLOGIZE FOR ANY **INCONVENIENCE.**

White, annoyed now, tries to force his way in. Puts his shoulder to the door, pushes several times. It CRUMBLES under his weight - rotten.

He finds himself in a DUSTY ROOM.

**HIS P.O.V.**

A narrow room, filled with rows of bookshelves with stacks of old newspapers.

TIGHT ON WHITE - he steps forward, pulls a folded newspaper off the shelf. The instant he picks it up, it crumbles to dust in his hands. He picks up another, and another, each in turn breaking apart and dissolving to nothingness.

**INT. DARK CHAMBER - NIGHT**

TWO SILHOUETTED FIGURES face each other across a polished black table. They speak in a foreign language. A phone rings. Figure 1 picks up the receiver and listens attentively.

Figure 2 is involved with various metal shapes he is trying to lock together. A complex puzzle. He gets impatient with the puzzle, dashes it to the floor.

Figure 1, on the phone, hangs up and writes something. Hands the note to Figure 2, who in turn drops it into A CHUTE.

#### **CONTROL ROOM**

The note falls from a slot in the wall before Figure 3 (in shadow yet again). He reads from the note over a silver microphone, still in the unfamiliar tongue.

TIGHT ON A SPEAKER - his distorted voice. A final mysterious person - Figure 4 - listens to the announcement. He takes a stick and moves a small cut-out figure of a man across a board, away from a large grouping of similar cut-outs. The board resembles a planning table in a war-room.

A HIGH ANGLE as the CAMERA PULL BACKS on the grouping of cut out figures. More and more of them. Ten. Twenty. A hundred. A sinister army.

#### **INT. INTERSECTING STREET - NIGHT**

White is in a phone booth. He removes the note from his pocket, dials. No answer again. He dials the OPERATOR. A muffled voice over the line.

#### **WHITE**

I'm trying to reach nine zero eight triple two. I can't get through...

(beat)

What?!...

(angry)

Shit!

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a coin, puts it into the slot. He's sweating again. He wipes his brow with a trembling hand.

#### **WHITE**

It is?... Which area is that number listed in?... Is that near the ocean?... The ocean... Never mind. Have a Jonathan White listed?...

WHITE. Seventeen? All Johns? I  
see... Never mind.

He hangs up, then removes the business card he found in his wallet. He is about to dial but decides otherwise. He steps into the street.

**A HIGH ANGLE**

White walks between tall buildings, towards a narrow street that branches off into two separate routes. He stops. He can't decide which branch to take - he steps to the left, then steps back, takes a few steps to the right, reconsiders again...

**INT. POLICE STATION/BUMSTEAD'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

TRACK ALONG - piles of towering files bursting at the seams with paperwork - TO FIND Bumstead hunched over notes, photographs and files. His eyes are rimmed with red. He doesn't seem to be getting anywhere.

**CRENSHAW O.S.**

Coffee?

He looks up. The secretary stands in the doorway with another big pile of paperwork.

**BUMSTEAD**

What? I don't drink coffee. A cup of tea would be good. Milk and no sugar.

Crenshaw puts the paperwork down on Bumstead's already overcrowded desk.

**CRENSHAW**

Making progress?

He looks at her like she just slapped him.

**BUMSTEAD**

These are the investigations of a madman. He has fabricated an entire bizarre paranoid delusion with no internal logic whatever.

(without looking up)

This is a mess. A horrible mess.

(looks at her now)

It's the second time now.



Miss Crenshaw looks concerned.

**BUMSTEAD**

Look at this!

He holds up a sheet of white paper - a report. The woman steps over and looks at it.

**BUMSTEAD**

You typed this report?

**MISS CRENSHAW**

Yes, sir. Anything wrong?

**BUMSTEAD**

Wrong? Look at this!

The woman bends down, adjusts her glasses, examines it.

**MISS CRENSHAW**

It seems fine.

**BUMSTEAD**

Fine? Look here!

His finger points at the bottom of the page - a tiny, INSIGNIFICANT ink smudge.

**BUMSTEAD**

How can I submit this?

**MISS CRENSHAW**

I'm sorry...

**BUMSTEAD**

Do you wash your hands before you type things?

**MISS CRENSHAW**

Why, yes.

**BUMSTEAD**

Well be more careful, please.

An embarrassed beat, then:

**RI-I-I-ING!**

Bumstead reaches for the phone but Crenshaw is on it first.

**CRENSHAW**

Inspector Bumstead's office...

Yes... Yes...

She cups the receiver with her hand, looks at Bumstead.

**MISS CRENSHAW**

Yes, sir. The Chief-Inspector said  
he would see you now.

**INT. POLICE STATION HALL-WAY**

TRACKING SHOT towards a door: CHIEF-INSPECTOR on the frosted  
glass. A hand reaches INTO FRAME, knocks twice.

**STROMBOLI O.S.**

Enter!

**INSIDE**

Bumstead steps into the office - finds STROMBOLI wandering  
about the room, distracted, searching for something...

**STROMBOLI**

What is it?

He pulls the waste-basket up and empties the contents onto his  
desk, sorts through it.

**BUMSTEAD**

A formality. I need to speak with  
Thompson. Officially I need your  
written permission.

Stromboli is looking through his desk drawers now.

**STROMBOLI**

Why do you want to speak to him?

**BUMSTEAD**

A hunch. He might be able to...

**STROMBOLI (from under desk)**

Bumstead, don't be so paranoid.  
Leave him alone - he's a sad case.

**BUMSTEAD**

It's extremely important to my  
investigation...

**STROMBOLI**

I'll be the judge of that. Anything  
else?

**BUMSTEAD**

Actually, I was wondering, sir, if you could let me have a few uniforms, to follow up for me...

STROMBOLI O.S. (pokes head above desk)  
Absolutely not. Up to my ears in cases right now - can't spare anyone.

Stromboli becomes distracted again - stands up, looks behind pictures hanging off the walls. A big sign suspended above his desk says, SO MUCH TO DO AND SO LITTLE TIME - his motto.

**BUMSTEAD**

Lost something?

**STROMBOLI**

What makes you think that! If you would learn to concentrate on facts, not get so side-tracked - you might get things done faster, Bumstead...

The door clicks shut. Stromboli looks up - the inspector has gone.

**EXT. PLAZA - NIGHT**

White walks under stone archways.

Across an empty plaza is a sign above a door: DRUGS OPEN 24 HOURS and in smaller print, recently added beneath: SHAVE & HAIRCUT \$5.00.

**INT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT**

White walks between bare, dusty shelves. Only one shelf carries products - BOX AFTER BOX OF "LUMP-O". He moves up to a small counter. A man with thick glasses, dressed like a BARBER, is seated there.

**WHITE**

I need something to keep me awake.

**BARBER**

Looks like you need a haircut to me.

**WHITE**

Thanks. Just some pills.

**BARBER**

Only two bucks. Shave as well...

WHITE (annoyed now)

Your sign says you sell drugs -  
well, I'm here to buy some. Okay?

**BARBER**

Relax. Sure!

He waves dramatically to a shelf above his head, with several bottles of all sorts of different coloured capsules.

**BARBER**

Tell you what - let me cut yer  
hair, give ya watcha need half price.  
Can't argue at that!

WHITE (evenly)

I don't want a haircut.

**LATER**

CAMERA TRACKS OFF a clock on a wall - REVEALS WHITE in a barber chair. The BARBER gleefully works on WHITE's hair. A thin OLD GUY in a moth-eaten suit steps from behind a curtain, smiles, playing a violin. He's passionate but bad.

BARBER (talks fast)

Cut hair when I was in the navy,  
y'know - haven't lost the touch.  
Bet you're happy 'bout that. Huh!

**WHITE**

Sell maps?

**BARBER**

What of?

**WHITE**

The city. I need to get to the  
ocean.

**BARBER**

Nope. No maps. Ocean, huh? On  
vacation?

White doesn't answer. The old guy with the violin moves back and forth behind White, smiling as he plays.

**BARBER**

Grandpa thought customers might like  
some mood music.

WHITE (unconvinced)  
Nice...

**BARBER**  
You still look familiar. Itís  
driving me nuts! Sure I donít know  
ya from somewhere?

WHITE (nervous now)  
Not me.

Barber looks out the front window as his hands busily trim  
hair.

**BARBER**  
Mnunn. Cold lately.  
(lathers up Whiteís  
face)  
That night, couple weeks ago. That  
was real cold. Remember that?

**WHITE**  
Not really...

**BARBER**  
Yeah, Iím like that. Senility says  
the wife. But she sure canít  
complain. Heh. The erector set still  
works good.  
(points to head)  
And this ainít no fucking rug!  
Gíhead. Feel it! All mine!

Grandpa laughs and plays louder.

**GRANDPA**  
Yes! Feeeeel it!

PUSH IN ON WHITE - he smiles weakly.

**INT. DETAIL - NIGHT**

A HAND scrawls cryptic diagrams into a notebook.

**PULL OUT TO REVEAL**

DOCTOR SCHREBER at his desk. Heís bearded, with thick lensed  
glasses. He puts the phone down, sits quietly at his desk,

staring into space, lost in thought.

A LOUD RATTLING NOISE FILLS THE ROOM. Schreber looks up.

**HIS P.O.V.**

A rusted pipe runs across the ceiling and down one wall. He steps across to the pipe on the wall, leans down, looks into an open hatch at its base.

Without warning, out of the hatch pops the metal cylinder FROM SEVERAL SCENES PREVIOUS and bounces off the doctor's head.

He curses, picks it up, opens it. He plucks out the note and reads FREDRICK'S SCRAWLED MESSAGE:

DOCTOR, I DID AS YOU ASKED. BUT  
THINK I MADE STUPID MISTAKE. HOPE  
THINGS DON'T GET BACK TO YOU. SORRY.  
- FREDRICK.

Schreber looks up - then PUNCHES HIS FIST into the desk angrily.

**INT. EMPTY BUILDING**

A P.O.V. MOVES DOWN halls made of wood slatting - the floors, walls and ceilings are bare boards. FOOTSTEPS O.S.

TIGHT ON - a man's shadow as it descends a wooden staircase.

REVEAL WHITE - He rummages in a paper bag as he walks. Pulls out two capsules, swallows them. Now he pulls out a pack of "LUMP-O", rips it open, eats ravenously.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

White steps out into a street, turns a corner, drops the empty packet of cereal. Now he sees TWO FIGURES APPROACH. He hides behind a wall before he is seen. Suddenly a deafening RINGING startles him. He looks across a plaza.

HIS P.O.V. - A CHURCH. A bell-tower, black against the sky.

White stares up into the night.

**INT. CHURCH - NIGHT**

White walks in, sits on A PEW, towards the back of the room,

glances over his shoulder. He tries to blend in with the SMALL GATHERING OF PEOPLE sitting silently around him.

A PRIEST - appears at the altar, cloaked in a blood-red robe, followed by two altar boys also in red. They move past a statue of an insect-like creature, walk in circles chanting softly, stop and stare at the congregation through eye-slits in their hoods. The priest begins his sermon.

**PRIEST**

Beware! The night is deadly. There is a criminal among us.

White looks forward.

TIGHT ON the priest's hand - It rises, points, moves over the heads of the congregation, accusingly. Suddenly the red finger jabs towards an OLD WOMAN in the front row.

**PRIEST**

It could be she! The innocent across the street!

All the congregation turn and stare at the woman. She's terrified.

The hand moves slowly now, across to a BEAUTIFUL JAPANESE WOMAN several rows back.

**PRIEST**

Or the temptress next door!

The priest pauses dramatically then:

**PRIEST**

Or mister nervy stranger at the back!

Suddenly the finger is pointing at White. All the faces turn, stare suspiciously at White.

ANGLE ON WHITE - frozen with fright. Fortunately his face is obscured by shadow and the priest lowers his hand, continues the sermon. The people look away.

**PRIEST**

You are thinking it could be anyone?  
And you're right! Why, it could even be Mother!

White goes to leave. As he stands he notices the DOORS of the church open - two figures step in and move into the candle-light.

MYSTERY MEN - White's bizarre pursuers. They look around.

White ducks down, crawls between pews, startling several of the congregation. He motions to them to keep quiet. He runs into the legs of the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN the priest pointed out. She is startled momentarily but looks down at him, smiles.

PRIEST (continues sermon)  
Evil stalks our streets. It seeks to  
hide in our hearts. Have you not  
evil within you now?

White sees a nearby CONFESSION BOX. Staying low, he runs, almost knocks over a large illuminated candle-holder, darts inside. The girl watches him.

A GAUNT-FACED WOMAN stands. Hysterical. She looks at the priest.

GAUNT WOMAN  
He took my little boy! I'll rip out  
his eyes!

INSIDE - White breaths relief.

HIS P.O.V. - carved on the dark stained wood in front of him is a crucified insect. A voice surprises him. Another PRIEST, OLDER.

OLDER PRIEST  
You have sinned?

WHITE  
NO. Ah...

White watches the two Mystery Men walk past, through the ornate wooden grill in front of his face.

PRIEST  
I am listening.

WHITE (lying)  
There's a... woman. I don't know  
but I think I, ahh...

PRIEST  
You fornicated?

The Mystery Men look towards the box for a moment, towards White, but keep walking.



**WHITE**

No. I, ah...

**PRIEST**

You seem restless.

The Mystery Men seem to have gone. White takes out the gun, keeping it hidden from the priest. Opens the chamber.

TIGHT ON THE GUN - Only ONE BULLET left.

**WHITE**

Someoneís after me.

**PRIEST**

Then we must call the police.

**WHITE**

No. I mean... that isnít necessary.

The silhouette on the other side of the box leans forward.

**PRIEST**

I see. Then who is after you? What sins have you committed?

**WHITE**

Just let me sit here for a moment?  
Iíll go soon, and stop bothering you.

The priest suddenly stares incredulously at White. His eyes widen in horror.

**PRIEST**

Youíre the murderer?  
(starts to yell)  
Yes! That must be it! Donít kill me!

White lunges, grabs his collar with one hand, slaps the other over his mouth. The old man stares at him, trembling uncontrollably.

**WHITE**

Shut up! Listen. Walk out quietly.  
(holds up gun)  
Understand?

The priest nods stupidly. White pushes him out of the confession box, grabs his coat from behind, puts the gun to his back. Together they head for the doors. Still no sign of the Mystery Men.

**PRIEST**

Don't kill me!

**WHITE**

Shut up!

**PRIEST**

Please...

White loses his temper, grabs the priest, shakes him violently.

**WHITE** (not so quietly)

I'm not going to kill you, okay!

Faces turn.

The priest kicks White in the leg, bites his hand. While White is wincing in pain, the priest breaks away.

**PRIEST** (shouting/pointing)

**CRIMINAL!**

People start to scream and run. The GAUNT WOMAN points at White.

**GAUNT WOMAN** (screams insanely)

It's him! Rip out his eyes!

Frightened, White holds the gun out. Everyone panics, scatters. People run for the exit. Religious statues topple and smash. The gaunt woman is pushed screaming to the floor, trampled by the crowd.

Amidst the chaos, the two MYSTERY MEN appear across the room, see White, head towards him. He turns and runs.

## **A STAIRCASE**

White climbs narrow stairs rapidly.

## **INT. BELL TOWER**

White stops, nowhere left to go, just a long drop to the street through a series of arched windows. A low, raftered room, three huge black BELLS.

Suddenly a groan of gears in the ceiling and the bells start to swing, build momentum.

CLANG! CLA-A-A-ANG! A cacophony of noise.

White puts his hands over his ears in pain, then turns to the stairs.

#### **HIS P.O.V.**

Through the swinging bells - the MYSTERY MEN climb the last few steps on the other end of the dark room. They advance slowly, clutching daggers.

White raises his gun. Aims. Difficult to find his target - the approaching MEN are obscured by the bells.

White steps sideways, never taking his eyes off the Men. They follow him slowly, pivoting about the bells in the centre of the tower, pursuers and pursued remaining a semi-circle apart.

WHITE (shouts)  
What do you want? Tell me!

The Men stop. So does White. They separate, now approaching him from OPPOSITE sides, moving around the bells.

White doesn't know who to point the gun at - he swings back and forth, one to the other, faster and faster, as the Men approach.

He lets them get uncomfortably close, then swings to his right, thrusts the gun to one Man's forehead. FIRES. The Man steps back, spouting liquid from the bullet hole, hits a low railing, FALLS into the shaft at the centre of the tower.

The second Man SWINGS his dagger at White.

White falls backwards, dropping his gun clumsily. The Man advances, smiling - kicks the gun across the wooden floor.

White, clutching at straws, lifts his foot, kicks down hard on a loose floorboard. The board flies up, pivoting against White's heel, catches the Mystery Man with a CRACK under the chin.

White runs at the off-balance Man, head-butts him in the stomach. The Man recoils, can't stop, steps off backwards into space, PLUMMETS INTO DARKNESS towards the street below.

White relieved, turns, dusts himself, picks up his gun. Looks down at the floor. Broken glass and capsules everywhere - he dropped the bottle of pills during the scuffle. Starts to pick them up.

Behind him SOMETHING is rising.

The shadowy Mystery Man is LEVITATING HIMSELF back up to the bell-tower. He lands behind White, approaches, lifting his dagger, closer and closer.

White glances around.

The Man lunges, pushing White towards the shaft beneath the swinging bells. White FALLS, dangles over dark space, the Man stands above him.

MYSTERY MAN (shouts)  
Do not make us hurt you...

The bells are swinging very close to the Man.

**MYSTERY MAN**  
It will be inconvenient, yes...

Suddenly, to White's amazement, the shiny black rim of a bell clips the Man's head. SLAMS it against a low wooden beam in the ceiling. A splash of black liquid. The Man slumps to the ground, his head crushed beyond recognition.

White pulls himself up - stands over the Man's body, trying to decide what to do. A MOVEMENT catches his eye.

TIGHT ON the collapsed Man's ear - something moves inside. A BLACK INSECT, half-dead, crawls out of his crushed head.

White revolted, SQUASHES the insect under his shoe.

**EXT./INT. VARIOUS - MONTAGE**

RAPID MOVE ACROSS MYSTERY MEN screaming. Faces contort with pain. INTERCUT WITH:

Electricity ARCING between electrodes.

A building against the sky. The windows EXPLODE. Glass blows out, raining down on the street.

A concrete wall SPLITS OPEN. Slime oozes through the crack.

An old man, walks on a deserted street, looks up at the sky. One of the lenses of his spectacles CRACKS without warning. A chair falls over in a dark room.

A woman under a hair-dryer gossips on a phone. Suddenly the phone emits a high-pitched shriek. Her ear spouts blood and she screams.

A small transistor radio emits a high frequency and short circuits with a spark.

**EXT. BUILDING**

TIGHT ON - a wristwatch spinning backwards rapidly - completely haywire.

INSPECTOR BUMSTEAD stands on a street corner staring blankly at his watch. Taps it several times, annoyed, then looks up at a THREE STOREY BUILDING. He holds a piece of paper in his other hand - on it a number rapidly scrawled: 23.

**HIS P.O.V.**

The dilapidated building - arched windows only on the topmost floor. A faded number on the facade - also 23. The windows light up continuously with rapid bursts of white light.

**INSIDE**

The inspector climbs a staircase, enters a dark room.

TWO FIGURES move about. Bumstead glances at a UNIFORMED MAN, standing beside a fake fire, who acknowledges his arrival.

To the side, A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER flashes something swinging back and forth, hanging from the ceiling. It looks like... Fredrick. Dead. His arms and legs missing. A pool of blood beneath the mutilated torso.

Bumstead looks at the cop.

**BUMSTEAD**

How long have you been here?

**COP**

Maybe ten minutes...  
(looks at his watch)  
That's strange.

**BUMSTEAD**

Spinning backwards?

The cop is shaking his watch, tapping it with his finger. He looks up. Bumstead indicates his own watch.

**COP**

Yours too?

Bumstead nods. He removes a notebook from his pocket, walks about the room, glances at objects, makes notes.

Bumstead steps over to a small RECTANGULAR HOLE in the wall. He examines it carefully, then bends down and puts his head through. On the other side is a corridor snaking off into darkness. Just beneath the hole, is a broken dish and a puddle. Lying half in the puddle is the business card of Doctor D.P. Schreber M.D.

Without removing his head from the hole he shouts to the nearby cop.

**BUMSTEAD**

I want prints over here...

Suddenly the door has caught Bumstead's head in it. He struggles. The cop and the photographer run over to help.

**EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT**

MOVE IN ON a doorway. Above it a small illuminated red sign:

**DOCTOR D.P. SCHREBER M.D.**

**REVERSE ANGLE ON WHITE**

He stands on the street, under the sign, rummaging in his wallet, obviously looking for the business card he doesn't have anymore.

**INT. WAITING ROOM**

A white room, bare. Dirt stains the walls near the air-vents. A NURSE is typing behind her desk.

A THUMPING fills the room. The nurse stands, removes her shoe and hits a pipe running along the wall several times. The noise stops.

The front door creaks open and White enters. She watches him step into the room.

**WHITE**

I want to see the doctor. It's important.

**NURSE**

What time was your appointment?

WHITE (angry)  
Look! Tell him I'm here. Now.

He's leaning across her desk threateningly.

NURSE (scared/standing)  
Yes, certainly... Who should I say?

**WHITE**  
No idea. Just get him...

Suddenly a door opens and DOCTOR SCHREBER, clutching a file of papers, steps out. He freezes, stares at White. The papers fall from his hands to the floor.

**INT. DARK CHAMBER - NIGHT**

A group of DARK SILHOUETTES file into a concrete room.

The MYSTERY MEN have gathered. Like the Men who pursue White, they wear coats, leather gloves, dark glasses, and have near white skin.

One MAN points to diagrams on a chalk board and speaks in the peculiar foreign tongue.

TIGHT ON THE DIAGRAM - a path through the city. A circle marks the point where the red line ends - a cathedral. The Man goes into broken English - a guttural accent.

**MAN 1**  
It has failed.

ANOTHER MAN stands at the rear of the room.

**MAN 2**  
This is becoming dangerous, yes!

YET ANOTHER MAN starts to tremble violently, seized with some kind of convulsion. He froths at the mouth and throws his head about. A TALLER MAN standing beside him opens a silver box, removes a small WRITHING WORM. He places this on the tip of the trembling Man's tongue, who swallows it and calms down.

**MAN 3**  
Let's get this over with.

ANOTHER MAN rises suddenly, pushes forcefully to the front of the group.

**MAN 5**

What about the dance-steps! This is my responsibility, we must resolve this issue, yes?

THE MEN turn to face him. He is out of line. He becomes irritated, as if to say something further, then pulls himself short, sits down.

**MAN 5**

Sorry.

**MAN 3**

The situation has changed.  
(pacing the room)  
This one is in possession of knowledge...

**MAN 1** (cuts in)

...to avoid influence, yes.

**MAN 4**

A freak!

**MAN 1**

Impossible!

RUMBLING NOISE O.S. attracts everyone's attention. They all look to a round portal high on a wall. The noise is louder. several figures on stilts run past outside the opening - then the noise subsides. The MYSTERY MEN go back to more important things.

**MAN 3**

It gets interesting, yes.

**MAN 2**

Stop this! It has gone too far!  
Tell Mister Black!

Man 2 stares blankly into space, he makes a peculiar clicking noise with his mouth, his eyes roll upwards.

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE**

THE CAMERA GLIDES down a corridor, towards a door - a sign says, DOCTOR IS: IN.

**INSIDE**

White sits in a leather chair across from an ornate wooden desk. THE DOCTOR paces up and down in front of glass jars



containing preserved specimens. He stops, looks at White.

**SCHREBER**

You remember nothing? Who you are?  
What you've done?

**WHITE**

You know something about me?

**SCHREBER**

Ah, that would be cheating, wouldn't  
it?

(smiles)

Is there nothing you remember? Not  
even a detail? You must try.

**WHITE**

You think I haven't been trying!

(calms himself)

It's like there was never anything  
there.

(pauses)

Just water.

**SCHREBER**

Water?

**WHITE**

Waves... A beach. A woman  
whispering. That's all.

(looks up, yawns)

I need to stay awake. Do you have  
any pills?

The doctor walks to a glass cabinet and removes a bottle, takes  
out two green capsules. Hands them to White. Sits behind the  
desk again.

**SCHREBER**

What does she say? The woman.

**WHITE**

Asks my name. Over and over. Just  
like a broken record. Only thing is,  
I can't answer. I've no idea what my  
name is.

**SCHREBER**

Your name is John White.

**WHITE**

That's what people keep telling me.

The doctor walks to a small sink in the corner, returns, hands White a glass of water. White swallows the pills.

**SCHREBER** (indicates pills)  
And what's this about? Why?

White stands up, starts to pace nervously.

**SCHREBER**  
Bad dreams?

**WHITE**  
Yes.

**SCHREBER**  
Tell me about them...

**WHITE** (interrupts)  
Yeah well, why don't I ask some questions for a change.

**SCHREBER**  
If you like.

**WHITE**  
You're supposed to be my doctor, right?

**SCHREBER**  
That's right. I am your doctor.

White is very agitated now, his voice is getting edgy.

**WHITE**  
Known me for long?

**SCHREBER**  
Well...

**WHITE** (cuts in)  
Am I a killer?

**SCHREBER**  
I cannot say... You don't know the answer to that?

**WHITE**  
I told you, I can't remember a thing!

White reaches across abruptly, GRABS the doctor.

WHITE (angry now - shouting)  
Look, you know something about me,  
out with it! Let's end this  
bullshit! I want answers!

The doctor is obviously scared.

**SCHREBER**

We won't get anywhere like this.  
Please. Let's take things in easy  
steps...

**INT. BUMSTEAD'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT**

TIGHT ON DRAWING PINS - Being pushed into a map. A seeming  
random pattern across the terrain of the city. Each pin is  
labelled: VICTIM 1, VICTIM 2,... etc.

**WIDER ON BUMSTEAD**

He's tired, like he hasn't slept. He's looking at the map  
stuck to a wall. There's several neat piles of folders on the  
kitchen table in front of him. The kitchen itself is  
incredibly neat - everything completely organized.

Bumstead shakes his head slowly, turns away from the board.  
Picks up a cup of hot tea, pours milk into it from a small jar.

TIGHT ON THE TEA CUP - Cream SWIRLS into a rapidly dissolving  
spiral. Bumstead looks up. Puts down the cup hurriedly, turns  
back to the map.

With a thick pen he traces a line between each point marking  
the location of the victims. He steps back to examine his  
handiwork.

A SPIRAL - moving outwards. Beyond the last victim it  
becomes a dotted line, following the same trajectory but with a  
big question mark beside it.

Bumstead glances over to a blackboard with a list of names and  
addresses on it. He holds up the doctor's card and stares at  
it. He turns it over, notices an address on the back.

**INT. DOCTOR SCHREBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

SCHREBER is showing WHITE a series of CHARTS. The doctor seems  
nervous about White's potential for further violence.

**SCHREBER**

Put simply... a penetration of the left parieto-occipital area of the cranium... complicated by inflammation that resulted in adhesions of the brain to the meninges. Without going into detail... the formation of scar tissue altered the configuration of the lateral ventricles, producing incipient atrophy of the medulla...

WHITE (cuts in)

Look. It was a simple question. Can someone kill and not remember it?

SCHREBER (smiles)

I'm sorry. I get carried away sometimes. Possible? I'm... ah, afraid so.

**WHITE**

Did she drown? The woman you told me about?

**SCHREBER**

Not exactly. She was found in a canal, disembowelled. Throat cut. Blood drained. The body wrapped in a bed-sheet.

White shakes his head, looking blankly at the doctor.

**WHITE**

Horrible...

**SCHREBER**

You remember nothing, eh?  
(shakes his head)  
Let me show you something.

Schreber turns, points to DOUBLE-DOORS. He walks towards these. White follows.

**SCHREBER**

Formation of memories is the most important of brain functions.

**THE DOORS ARE OPENED**

They step into a room of living animal experiments.

**SCHREBER**

We are little more than a sum of memories. From them we reference who we are, where we're going. Without a past we are nothing. This is why you are so interesting.

**WHITE**

I'm nothing then.

**SCHREBER**

Anything but, my friend.

The two men look down on a monkey with the top of its head missing, squirming in a mechanical device that restricts its movements.

**SCHREBER**

It feels no pain.

White turns and starts to pace away. Schreber reluctantly follows.

**WHITE**

Can I get my life back?

**SCHREBER**

Maybe.

Schreber points dramatically at a wooden structure containing two rats.

**SCHREBER**

We know of two kinds of memory.  
Firstly, declarative memory.

The rats perform various activities involving mazes and geometric symbols. Schreber turns to look at White, eyebrow raised.

**SCHREBER**

And then there is procedural memory.

TIGHT ON HIS SLENDER FINGER - pointing to a machine also run by rats. The object is to make it through a guillotine device. One rat is successful, the other is chopped neatly in two.

**SCHREBER**

Follow?

White nods.

**SCHREBER**

Research on simple animals can be...  
useful. To show us where memory  
storing systems are located, for  
example. I am building an experiment  
with hamsters next.

(looks at nearby cage  
of hamsters)  
Cute little things.

Schreber puts a hand on White's shoulder.

**SCHREBER**

Listen to me talk! You must be  
hungry.

White nods again, extremely troubled.

**INT. HALL-WAY (DOCTOR'S RESIDENCE)**

Schreber's office is an annex of his living quarters - a  
maze-like series of rooms and halls. White is led down a dark  
hall by Schreber, clutching a candle.

**SCHREBER**

Whole damn wing lost power. Wiring's  
old. Keep meaning to get it fixed.  
Here we are.

They've stopped outside a flaking door.

**INT. KITCHEN**

A small eat-in kitchen. Dirty and run-down. White, sits at a  
bench, as Schreber removes items from the refrigerator. The  
doctor holds up a large FROZEN fish.

**SCHREBER**

Ah. Beautiful! Head and all! Just  
how I like 'em!

ANGLE ON FRYING PAN ON STOVE - The fish lands in it and starts  
to sizzle furiously.

**ANGLE ON WHITE**

**WHITE**

I'm sorry. About before.

**SCHREBER**

I don't blame you for getting angry.

You are in a frustrating situation.  
You must be patient though. Trust me  
completely. I'm here to help.

A set of swinging doors on the other side of the room open  
slightly and THE NURSE looks in.

NURSE (to Schreber)  
I have to talk to you.

**SCHREBER**  
It can't wait?

She shakes her head, with a serious expression, then darts out  
again.

SCHREBER (to White)  
Excuse me. Ah, make yourself at  
home.

He leaves.

Alone, White looks around the bleak room. He takes off his  
coat and sits down again. He removes the FISH. The eye opens.  
The creature looks up at him. It breaths painfully.

**WHITE**  
Still kicking, huh?

He puts it back in his pocket.

The OTHER fish is spattering oil everywhere. Smoke starts to  
fill the room. White, steps over and looks at the frying pan.  
The fish is turning black. He turns the heat down.

He notices a SMALL HOLE in the wall. At eye height. He steps  
across, looks through.

TIGHT ON WHITE'S eye through the hole.

**HIS P.O.V.**

A dark room. Shadows on the wall. Something wet, some kind of  
ANIMAL, moving in the darkness. He can hear breathing and  
whispering voices.

White's eyes start to blur, he rubs them.

**SCHREBER O.S.**  
How are things in here?

White spins, like he's caught doing something wrong. The

Doctor walks across to the stove, prods the frying fish with a fork.

**SCHREBER**

Ah, nearly done. So tell me about your dreams. I'm very interested.

White is having a hard time focusing.

**WHITE**

Just the typical fabrications of a distorted mind. You know, chased by mysterious men in black, that kind of thing...

WHITE'S P.O.V. - ANGLE ON Schreber with his back turned, at the stove. THE IMAGE is blurring.

**SCHREBER**

Ah, our friends in black... they are not just a figment of your imagination you know, in fact none of what you are experiencing is anything but real.

Smoke rises thickly around the doctor.

**SCHREBER**

I know everything about you. You have no choice but to trust me.

Flames are shooting up around Schreber from the frying pan. His arms catch fire, and he suddenly spins around clutching flaming daggers in both hands, his whole body engulfed in fire, his face charred, black flesh hanging off his skull.

**SCHREBER**

Scarey, isn't it?

White startles awake.

Schreber stands at the stove looking at White. Everything is normal.

**SCHREBER**

Are you feeling alright?

White stands awkwardly, pulls his coat on.

**SCHREBER**

What are you doing?



**WHITE**

I have to go...

**SCHREBER**

You can't go yet. We've got so much  
to talk about...

Suddenly White feels faint - leans against the wall to steady  
himself.

**SCHREBER**

You're tired. You need to lie down.

ON WHITE - swaying.

**WHITE**

Those pills...

**HIS P.O.V.**

The scene is distorted - like looking through water. Things  
start SPINNING.

SCHREBER (echoic)

Yes. A little something to help you  
relax. Harmless...

A tile floor RISES rapidly TOWARDS CAMERA.

**CUT TO:**

**GREY LIMBO**

Objects float underwater. They rise upwards amidst bubbles,  
break the surface. A storm at sea - dismembered BODY PARTS  
float all the way to the horizon.

TWO FOETUSES in separate jars are talking to each other through  
the glass.

**FOETUS 1**

This is madness. If we're caught...

**FOETUS 2**

Shut-up. Help me with these  
straps...

**INT. EXAMINATION ROOM**

WHITE wakes strapped to an examination table. SCHREBER and the  
NURSE loom above him. The nurse hands Schreber a long, chrome

SYRINGE. The doctor moves towards White.

SCHREBER (holds syringe up)  
Now you must relax, Anton.

A DOOR-BELL RINGS O.S. The nurse makes for the door.

**SCHREBER**  
Leave it!

He's tapping the side of the syringe, squirting out air bubbles. THE DOOR-BELL RINGS again - very insistent. Schreber looks at the nurse, annoyed.

**SCHREBER**  
Damn! Whoever it is - get rid of them!

She heads to the door - turns back.

**NURSE**  
Keys.

Schreber puts the syringe down, fumbles in his pocket, pulls out a huge collection of KEYS on a ring, walks to the nurse, hands them to her.

White manages to wriggle a hand free from the leather strap holding him. The nurse leaves, the doctor shuts the door, locks it. He steps over to White.

**SCHREBER**  
I'm sorry I had to put you through this, Anton.  
(lowers syringe to  
White's forehead)  
There will be some pain, but things will be easier this way.

White lashes out, PUNCHES the doctor in the face. His glasses go flying, and he falls to the floor, blinded, scrambling for the spectacles.

A convenient scalpel cuts White from his remaining bonds. He undoes the last strap around his ankles as the doctor replaces his glasses and leaps at him trying to drive the syringe INTO **WHITE'S FOREHEAD.**

The struggle continues - each man tries to turn the syringe on the other. White pushes the doctor, who falls backwards. Schreber leaps onto him, both fall against a tray of medical instruments.

A loud THUMPING on the examination room door. White is grabbed from behind, pinned down with the syringe INCHES from his face.

A CRASH O.S. Splintering wood. The door bursts open.

A ROTUND SILHOUETTE - is revealed, clutching a police special, flashing a badge. A squeaky, over-excited, voice:

**BUMSTEAD**

Hold it!

Schreber and White FREEZE in mid-struggle, look at the inspector. Behind him, the nurse appears in the hallway.

**BUMSTEAD**

Police. Nobody move.

**SCHREBER**

He tried to kill me!

**BUMSTEAD**

Shut up! Everybody stay calm...

Bumstead steps into the light, shoves his gun in White's face, handcuffs him. Bumstead searches White, finds the revolver, takes this. Also takes his wallet. He glances at the doctor, who hides the syringe behind his back.

**BUMSTEAD (to Doctor)**

You Schreber?

Schreber nods blankly.

Bumstead runs his hand over White's side pocket - feels something.

**BUMSTEAD**

What's that?

White says nothing. The inspector opens the pocket and looks in.

**BUMSTEAD (disgusted)**

A fish, huh?

**EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

An old-fashioned BLACK SEDAN drives over a rusty suspension bridge. Stone gargoyles look down at the lone vehicle. It's been raining. Streets are empty.

## **INSIDE THE CAR**

WHITE and the INSPECTOR drive silently. Bumstead has appointed his un-marked police vehicle with all the comforts of home. Hot thermos. Note pad holder, complete with light. Coat hanger. Gun rack. A system for everything.

### **BUMSTEAD**

Dammit!

(glances at his  
watch)

I'm curious? How many so far?

He shakes his watch, puts it to his ear.

### **WHITE (confused)**

What? I...

### **BUMSTEAD (counts on fingers)**

Let's see, there's the little guy  
with no arms or legs. And the young  
boy?

### **WHITE (disturbed)**

Young boy?

CLOSE ON WHITE - frightened now.

### **BUMSTEAD**

The six year old. Sure, you  
remember.

Bumstead pulls something from under the dashboard. A SANDWICH, carefully wrapped and prepared. After glancing at his watch again, he bites into it.

### **BUMSTEAD (chewing)**

Y'know, the kid you left in the meat  
packing plant, cut into pieces.  
Packed into brown paper parcels,  
wrapped in twine, that kind of thing.

No answer.

### **BUMSTEAD**

You sure have demonstrated a great  
deal of... imagination. The baby  
was the best though. Several cops  
lost their lunch over that one. Head  
twisted off, spine pulled out,  
yeech...

WHITE (cuts in)  
Stop it. You're making me sick...

**BUMSTEAD**

We count seven so far. Anyone we missed?

RADIO CRACKLE O.S. - A tinny voice cuts in.

**VOICE**

Inspector Bumstead... Inspector...

Bumstead picks up a microphone, speaks into it.

**BUMSTEAD**

What is it, Crenshaw?

**CRENSHAW**

Just reminding you... your eight pee em...

**BUMSTEAD**

Dammit.

(looks at watch)

Very efficient, as usual, Crenshaw. Remind me to give you my watch. It needs fixing.

**CRENSHAW**

Yes sir.

Bumstead replaces the microphone under the dashboard, takes a SHARP CORNER as he finishes off the sandwich.

**WHITE**

Where are we going?

**BUMSTEAD**

Shut-up.

Bumstead pulls out a small brush, cleans the fallen crumbs from his trousers, keeping a hand on the wheel.

White is silent - his wounds continue to bother him. He leans down to scratch through his trousers.

WHITE (quietly)

Shit!

**BUMSTEAD**

Gesundheit!

WHITE (looks up)  
I didn't sneeze.

**EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

The INSPECTOR's car pulls up and stops.

**INSIDE THE CAR**

WHITE  
What are we doing here?

Bumstead grabs a bunch of flowers off the back seat.

BUMSTEAD  
Get out.

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

BUMSTEAD pushes the handcuffed WHITE through a swinging metal door. They enter a sterile air-conditioned room. An effeminate MALE NURSE sits behind a glassed-in counter. Directly opposite is a small WAITING ROOM through a glass panelled door. Bumstead pushes White into this room.

BUMSTEAD  
Wait here.

The inspector shuts the door behind him. White looks about the blank room, takes a seat. He can see Bumstead, through the glass panel in the door, walk up to the male nurse opposite.

**OUT IN THE CORRIDOR**

The inspector talks to the male nurse through a tiny opening in the window.

BUMSTEAD  
Bumstead. I'm here to see my mother.

**BACK TO WHITE**

He cannot hear anything of what Bumstead is saying. He sees him take out his wallet and show his badge. The male nurse is concerned, looks over towards White, then opens a drawer, hands Bumstead a KEY. The inspector steps back to the waiting room door and LOCKS IT from the outside. He looks at White for a moment, then walks away, along the corridor.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM**

Bumstead enters darkness - pneumatic MACHINE NOISE fills the gloom. He walks quietly to his mother, encased in a metallic contraption, something like an iron lung.

BUMSTEAD (whisper)  
Brought you these.

He places flowers on the bedside table. His mother just stares expressionless into space, in a coma. He sits on a metal chair, looks at the woman. Her life-sustaining machines hiss and breathe.

**INT. POLICE STATION**

A FINGER presses down on the sticky surface of a page. It pulls away revealing an inky finger-print.

**WIDER**

White is standing in a bare room, in front of a finger-printing machine. He's alone. A blast of electrical FEED-BACK. White looks up at a speaker mounted to the wall.

MECHANICAL VOICE (through speaker)  
Move - forward.

White follows a painted line on the floor, stands against a wall, in front of an old-fashioned camera. A slot opens in the wall behind him, mechanical arms spring forward, restrain him, one arm holds a sign with a number in front of him. A flash goes off, the click of a shutter.

MECHANICAL VOICE  
Left - profile.

A claw lowers from the ceiling, grips White's head, turns it abruptly - the camera fires.

MECHANICAL VOICE  
Right - profile.

The claw turns his head the other way. The camera fires again.

MECHANICAL VOICE  
Move - forward.

Across the room A BUZZER SOUNDS, a red light flashes above a door. White is released by the mechanical hands, walks over,

opens the door and steps into darkness.

LIGHTS COME ON - extremely bright. A room for line-ups - markings on the white wall behind White indicate varying heights, a darkened window faces him. He is obviously to be identified by an unseen person.

A buzzer sounds again, a light indicates another door.

**VOICE**

Move - forward.

White moves into another room. A chair faces a large wheel painted in a black and white spiral. He sits down - the wheel turns, faster and faster.

**VOICE**

Watch - the - wheel.

The wheel stops after several seconds.

**VOICE**

Move - forward.

The next room is full of scientific equipment.

**VOICE**

Stand - behind - the - screen.

White sees a metal-frame X-ray machine - he steps across to it. The screen lights up, filling the room with a green glow. We can see the shape of his skeleton. Where his pocket would be, is the tiny skeleton of the fish.

**VOICE**

Move - forward.

The next room is empty.

**VOICE**

Face - the - wall.

White turns. As soon as he has done this hears a door open behind him. FOOTSTEPS approach. Blows rain down on him, fists, boots, clubs. He slides to the floor. The lights go out.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

LIGHTS come on again. White is dazed - in a chair, a bright light in his face blinds him.



**VOICE**

What's your name?

WHITE (squints into light)

I don't remember.

**VOICE**

Oh, no?

White shakes his head slowly and looks at the floor. The light is angled away, pointed down towards A TABLE. White can see now.

**HIS P.O.V.**

A featureless room. STROMBOLI stands over him, behind him is BUMSTEAD and two shadowy guards. Bumstead picks up an envelope, removes a SERIES OF PHOTOS, hands these to Stromboli.

**STROMBOLI**

John...

He throws the first shot down on the table in front of White. A black and white police photo of a murder victim.

**STROMBOLI**

...Murderer.

Another photo goes down. Another victim. Another and another. Each more grisly than the last.

**STROMBOLI**

You'll sign a confession?

White nods. He's looks utterly lost.

Bumstead steps across to a small speaker box on the wall near the only door, presses a button.

BUMSTEAD (into speaker)

Okay.

TWO GUARDS immediately step through the door, GRAB White by his arms. They carry him off.

**INT. PRISON CELL**

White is woken by a UNIFORMED GUARD shining a light in his eyes.

**GUARD**

Visitor.

**INT. VISITING ROOM**

White is led into an empty pale green room with a glass barrier down the middle. The guard tells him to sit and wait.

The door on the other side of the barrier opens with a squeak - DOCTOR SCHREBER steps in, looking frightened.

WHITE (to guard)  
Keep him away: He's insane.

The guard just smiles, looks at the doctor knowingly.

**SCHREBER**  
Please, stay calm.

WHITE (to guard)  
This man wants to kill me.

The guard remains indifferent.

SCHREBER (to guard)  
Just one of his many delusions -  
it's nothing.  
(a whisper to White)  
Shut up! Listen, damn you! This is  
a fortunate coincidence - we won't  
get another chance like this. Listen  
to me.

WHITE (turns to Doctor)  
What do you want?

**SCHREBER**  
You're innocent...  
(still a whisper)  
You didn't kill anyone.

WHITE (sarcastic)  
What am I doing in here then?

**SCHREBER**  
Listen to what I have to say. Decide  
for yourself.

**AN ADJOINING ROOM**

The dark silhouettes of BUMSTEAD and ANOTHER COP watch from behind a two-way mirror.

**BUMSTEAD**

What's he doing here?

**COP**

Says he is the man's doctor...

(taps side of his  
head)

You know...

**BUMSTEAD**

I know it's his doctor...

(into intercom)

I need the file on..

(reads clip-board)

Daniel Paul Schreber M.D.

**MISS CRENSHAW'S VOICE O.S.**

Schreber. Yes. Isn't that his  
doctor?

BUMSTEAD (evenly)

Yes.

(beat)

And it's SCHREBER - with an 'h'.

**MISS CRENSHAW**

Yes. An "h".

The inspector looks up from the speaker.

HIS P.O.V. - THROUGH THE MIRROR, White seems to have calmed  
down.

**BACK IN THE VISITING ROOM**

**SCHREBER**

The men in black - they're the  
killers.

White stands abruptly, pushes himself against the glass.

**WHITE**

You're a liar!

**SCHREBER**

No, it's the truth.

**WHITE**

So you're telling me the truth this  
time? Is that it!

The doctor removes a SMALL SYRINGE from his black bag, places it on the table in front of the glass, blocks it from the guard's view.

**SCHREBER**

If you would only take this, inject it in your brain, everything would be much clearer.

**WHITE**

Not that again...

**SCHREBER**

Everyone get's one - very much like this...

(points to syringe)

But this one's special. It will help you understand, everything...

**WHITE (cuts in)**

I'm not injecting anything into my brain.

**SCHREBER**

Anton - I mean, John, there has been an experiment, a dangerous experiment. I arranged it. It was a lie from the beginning. It almost worked, but things did not go as they should have. You have been left - blank.

Schreber waves frantically at the air surrounding him.

**SCHREBER**

You can change this, all this.

(points at syringe again)

But you must take it.

White stares blankly at him for a moment, then:

**WHITE**

You've been working too hard.

**SCHREBER**

Please! Don't be foolish! Time is short. Let me show you something. Look at this syringe.

**WHITE**

Why?

**SCHREBER**

Don't ask stupid questions. Look at it.

White reluctantly does this.

**SCHREBER**

Concentrate. Imagine the syringe rising. Picture it floating above the table.

**TIGHT ON WHITE**

**SCHREBER**

Do it!

**WHITE'S P.O.V.**

The syringe starts to vibrate, actually RISES INTO THE AIR - floats stationary between White and Schreber.

**WHITE**

It's a trick.

**SCHREBER**

No it isn't. You are doing it! Now raise it over the glass and...

Suddenly the syringe spins towards the doctor, IMPALES itself in his shoulder. He yelps, grabs it.

**WHITE**

Oh, sorry...

The doctor pulls out the syringe, is about to say more when a **BUZZER SOUNDS**.

**MECHANICAL VOICE**

Your - time - is - up.

Schreber looks to where the voice came from - a speaker above their heads.

**SCHREBER (looks at White)**

I gave you your chance, now it's too late. They'll learn you are here soon. It's all over.

**INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR**

DOCTOR SCHREBER paces towards the exit. BUMSTEAD steps in front of him. The doctor is startled.

**BUMSTEAD**

Doctor! What brings you here?

**SCHREBER**

Just visiting my patient.

**BUMSTEAD**

Really? And how is his state of mind?

**SCHREBER**

He's seriously disturbed...

The doctor is nervous, glancing about.

**BUMSTEAD**

You seem a little edgy. Everything okay?

**SCHREBER**

Yes, of course. Everything's fine...

He tries to push past. Bumstead grabs his arm.

**BUMSTEAD**

To tell you the truth, I'm glad we've run into each other like this. Maybe you can help me tidy some loose ends.

**SCHREBER**

Loose ends?

SCHREBER looks like a trapped animal, when:

**VOICE O.S.**

Bumstead!

Bumstead turns to look down the corridor. He sees STROMBOLI peaking out of his office door.

**STROMBOLI**

I need to speak to you. Immediately.

The door shuts again. Bumstead turns back. The doctor is GONE - the corridor empty.

**INT. HOLDING CELL**

White is staring through a glass door at A COP. A KETTLE WHISTLES O.S. The cop gets up and moves off.

White looks up.

**HIS P.O.V.**

A small WINDOW, high up on the wall. Impossible to get to, even if his hands weren't cuffed. Nothing he can do - he looks at a clock on a wall.

PUSH IN on the clock - TICKING GETS LOUDER.

**INT. POLICE STATION**

BUMSTEAD enters STROMBOLI'S office. A nervous CHIEF-INSPECTOR is flanked by TWO STRANGE-LOOKING MEN in ill-fitting brown suits.

**STROMBOLI**

Bumstead, these... er, gentlemen are here to collect White.

Bumstead suspiciously eyes the two men, beside STROMBOLI'S desk.

**BUMSTEAD (to men)**

Who are you?

**STROMBOLI (even more nervous)**

Please, Bumstead. Co-operate - it's easier.

**BUMSTEAD**

This is highly irregular. I have a right to know.

**MAN 1**

We are from a mental asylum.

He notices that this man's moustache is LOP-SIDED. The other man wears spectacles WITH NO LENSES in the frames, clutches an un-lit pipe in his teeth.

**STROMBOLI**

Yes. That's right. He's ill - he needs expert help.

**BUMSTEAD**

I see...

**MAN 1**

Yes, Inspector. Has he been displaying any strange... behaviour?

**BUMSTEAD**

He's been a little angel...

**STROMBOLI**

If you could show them to the holding cell now.

SLOW MOVE IN on Bumstead's face.

**IN THE CORRIDOR**

Bumstead and the MYSTERY MEN walk towards the holding cell. Bumstead glances up through the glass in the door before he enters. IT'S EMPTY.

He fumbles furiously for the key in his pocket - BURSTS into the room. White is gone. But where? Bumstead throws a look back TO THE FRONT DESK.

**MAN 1**

Where is he?

The cop is just returning, holding a cup of coffee. He looks at the inspector, sees the room is empty. A nervous twitch knocks the cup from the cop's hands.

TIGHT ON THE CUP - smashing on the floor.

**INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT**

Underground. CONSTANT NOISE O.S. of trains arriving and departing but none are seen.

CAMERA MOVES PAST broken tiles on a wall to REVEAL: WHITE - sitting amidst rubbish on the ground, looking around, confused, groggy from sleep. He looks down at his hands, unsuccessfully tries to free them from the cuffs.

**MOVE IN TIGHT ON WHITE**

He starts to cry. He puts his head in his hands, his body spasms with each sob.

SEVERAL ANGLES of the empty corridors of the subway. White's crying is heard - echoic.

BACK ON WHITE - A small feminine HAND touches his head.



Startled, he throws himself back, like he's about to be attacked.

THE BEAUTIFUL JAPANESE WOMAN from the church looks down at him.

**INT. POLICE STATION**

BUMSTEAD and the COP are getting grilled by STROMBOLI.

**BUMSTEAD**

Yes, sir. I'm sorry... But I don't understand how it was possible. The only window was twenty feet up a vertical wall, he was cuffed...

**STROMBOLI**

(shouts at cringing  
**COP**)

How could you have been so stupid?

**COP**

I'm sorry, sir.

**STROMBOLI**

Alright, get out.

Bumstead gets up and leaves.

**STROMBOLI**

You stay.

The cop hustles out, shuts the door.

**STROMBOLI**

Bumstead, you're starting to annoy me. This case is very important to me. Just a little warning: I've got my eye on you inspector, remember that.

**BUMSTEAD**

Yes, sir.

He leaves.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING**

White, awkwardly trying to hide his cuffed hands in his coat, follows the JAPANESE WOMAN up a flight of dark stairs. she

keeps looking back at him, smiling but SAYS NOTHING.

**INT. APARTMENT**

White and the woman step into a run-down apartment. She points to a couch. White looks uncomfortable. She smiles again, then turns on the radio. MUSIC.

She steps into an adjoining bedroom, leaving White alone. He gets up and starts to tune the radio. A babble of fragments of voices and music, then: A NEWS REPORT...

**NEWS READER O.S.**

...earlier this evening it was reported a man fitting his description had been apprehended.

White listens nervously.

**NEWS READER O.S.**

...and now for a message from LUMP-O food products...

Across the room he can see the woman's bedroom door ajar. He crosses to the doorway and looks in. The woman stands naked against a deep red wall, her back turned. She has an elaborate TATTOO on her back - looks like an INSECT. She puts on a dressing gown and TURNS SUDDENLY.

White steps back before she notices him, he goes back to the couch.

She steps from the doorway holding a BAR OF SOAP in her hand. She sits down beside White and takes his hands, gently lathering soap around the handcuffs, continuing to smile at him. White looks down.

His hands seem to have SHRUNK - they poke out of his sleeves like tiny children's limbs. The cuffs effortlessly slip off.

White looks at the woman, then back at his hands - NOTHING STRANGE, they are normal size, but somehow the cuffs have been removed. He looks at the woman again, grateful. He can't help smiling.

**HIS P.O.V.**

Her eyes. Her lips. Her neck. She leans forward, goes OUT OF FOCUS.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

She touches her tongue to his lips. Kisses his face. She pushes him back on the couch and pulls her dressing gown open. White does not respond - seems uncertain. She sits upright, astride his body, unbuckles his belt, opens his shirt, caresses his chest. She stops, her face in shadow.

Slowly, White lifts his hands to her breasts, touches them. She starts to breath deeply.

OUT OF FOCUS - their bodies entangle, begin to move rhythmically. The CAMERA TRACKS SIDEWAYS, REVEALS a microphone behind a chair, leads us to a mirror on a wall. On the other side of the one-way glass a reel-to-reel tape recorder is picking up the SOUNDS OF HEAVY BREATHING.

#### **OUTSIDE**

The building the lovers are in SLOWLY RISES into the air, past taller buildings and floats out over the city. Its shadow moves past empty plazas and across faces of grey towers.

#### **INSIDE**

White sleeps, as buildings move past outside the window. He opens his eyes, FORCES himself awake. Looks across the dark room.

The JAPANESE WOMAN stands naked at the window, clutching a large red megaphone. IN PERFECT ENGLISH she shouts down at the streets drifting past.

#### **JAPANESE WOMAN**

He's up here! He raped me! Hurry!  
Before he kills again!

#### **OUTSIDE**

MYSTERY MEN stand on roof-tops, watching the building drift past.

#### **BACK IN THE ROOM**

White runs to the window, GRABS the woman. As they struggle, the building is landing softly in another part of the city.

LONG SHADOWS move towards the entrance...

WHITE WAKES UP AGAIN - finds he is still on the couch. NO SIGN of the woman. Then he notices her standing by the window (minus megaphone). The wind pulls at her black hair. A distant SIREN O.S.

He gets up, walks over, stands beside her, looks out at the dark city. She ignores him, goes back to the couch, turns on a table-lamp, puts her hands before the lit bulb, casts animal shadows on the wall.

White watches her. He walks across and sits next to her. She points to herself.

WOMAN (a whisper)  
Sachiko.

He nods slowly, looks at her. She waits for him to respond with his name. He shrugs, remains silent. Then he puts his hands in the light, makes his own animal shadow.

**WHITE**  
That's me. I'm a shadow.

She smiles at the shadows.

**WHITE**  
Do I look like a murderer to you?

She just keeps smiling, not understanding. Kisses him. He notices an old phone on a corner table, removes the note again and rings the same number. This time, after several rings the call is answered.

**WOMAN'S VOICE O.S.**  
Yes?... Who is this?... Who's there?...

White remains silent. Sachiko stands and leaves the room.

**WOMAN'S VOICE O.S.**  
John? Is that you?

**WHITE**  
Who is this? What do you know about me?

In the darkness of a doorway Sachiko hesitates momentarily. She slides a hand into White's coat, removes the wallet. She takes out some cash, puts the wallet back, then she MOVES OFF.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

BUMSTEAD pulls up in his car. Across the street is DOCTOR SCHREBER'S surgery.

He is about to get out of the car, when the SURGERY DOOR OPENS and A FIGURE steps into the street. Bumstead watches the shadowy man for a moment. Then gets out and FOLLOWS, assuming it is Schreiber.

#### **ALLEYWAY**

Bumstead follows inconspicuously. Without warning, the figure stops and TURNS. Bumstead backs into a doorway to hide. He gets a glimpse of the gaunt features of a MYSTERY MAN in the dim light of the alley.

When Bumstead steps into the alley again there is no sign of the Man - like he disappeared into thin air. A SHADOW crosses the wall beside Bumstead. He spins, looking around behind him. Then he looks up into the air.

#### **HIS P.O.V.**

The shadow of a LEVITATING FIGURE crosses the face of a building.

#### **INT. APARTMENT BUILDING PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT**

SOUND OF A WOMAN SOBBING O.S. A wet dog sits in a corner gnawing a bone. A crackly voice recites a list of names from a small speaker-box mounted to a wall. A TREMBLING FINGER presses a door buzzer.

SACHIKO, opens the door and looks out.

ANGLE ON - A STRANGE WOMAN in the dark corridor adjusting her hair nervously. She pushes past the Japanese woman, into the room.

#### **INSIDE**

##### **WOMAN**

John.

WHITE stands inside the room, looking at the woman, expressionless. The woman suddenly leaps forward, grabs him, kisses him passionately.

White tries to push her away, but she takes his hand, pulls it inside her dress, makes him touch her breasts. He pushes harder, she trips on a chair, falls to the floor. She starts to cry.

#### **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING FACADE**

The CAMERA MOVES past flaking bricks - to a window. Behind the glass WHITE and SACHIKO sit across from the WOMAN who attacked White. She is talking, though nothing can be heard, drying her eyes with a handkerchief.

**INSIDE**

The strange woman looks at White intently between sobs.

**WOMAN**

Please believe me. It's me, John.  
Your WIFE. I wouldn't lie to you.  
You told me I could come and see you  
- now you want to just send me away  
again...

White looks AT THE FLOOR.

HIS P.O.V. - a crack in the floorboards - movement underneath.

**WHITE**

I thought it would make more sense.  
I'm getting the pieces, but when I  
put it together it feels like...  
Like you're telling me about somebody  
else's life...

**WIFE**

It's the truth... I need you. I  
know you're innocent.

**WHITE**

How do you know I'm innocent?

**WIFE**

Of course you are. You couldn't do  
those terrible things. Come home with  
me - maybe things will make sense  
then...

**WHITE**

I can't do that. It's dangerous.  
What about my parents? Do you know  
where I can find them?

**WIFE**

They're dead, John.

He stands and walks to the window - looks out at the city.

**WIFE**

You have an uncle. You were very close.

She fumbles in her handbag, pulls out a notebook, scribbles something on a piece of paper, hands it to White.

**WIFE**

This is where he lives. I'm sure he would like to see you.

WHITE (taking paper)

Thanks.

WIFE (looks at him for a beat)

Don't you want me? My body?  
Remember how my skin feels? Touch it. I...

She notices Sachiko - becomes self-conscious. Sachiko silently stands and leaves the room. The wife puts her face in her hands, overcome with tears.

**WHITE**

What's your name?

WIFE (looks up - still sobbing)

Elizabeth.

White removes the torn fragment of the photograph he has in his wallet, holds the black and white eye up to her face - it matches.

WHITE (thoughtful)

Yes...

In the darkness of a doorway Sachiko watches the couple. She **MOVES OFF.**

**ELIZABETH**

I want to help...

**WHITE**

Alright. Here...

He pulls the postcard from his wallet, holds it up so the woman can see it.

**WHITE**

Know this place?

She looks at the card.

ELIZABETH (stops crying)  
Of course. Your home town - where  
you grew up...

White stands abruptly, startling the woman. He glares down at her intensely.

**WHITE**  
How do I get there? Tell me.

**WIFE**  
That's easy. You...

She trails off into silence. Her hand, about to point in a certain direction, freezes in mid-air.

**ELIZABETH**  
...strange, I forgot.

White sits back down quietly.

**WHITE**  
Yes. Very strange.

**INT. BATHROOM**

Sachiko locks the door behind her and steps to the middle of the room, lifts a small round rug off the tiled floor.

Underneath is a TRAP-DOOR. Opening it, she climbs down a hole.

**UNDER THE FLOOR**

In the semi-darkness she moves to a WOODEN BOX. She cranks a small metal handle on the box which makes the lid open. Music plays softly.

She looks into the yawning black mouth of the box. A WORM-LIKE apparition threads its way out of the hole, wraps about her thigh. She breaths deeply, shuts her eyes.

**INT. TENEMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR**

LOW ANGLE TRACKING SHOT - feet walk along a tattered rug, approach a door. Bumstead's shoes, shiny as always.

**INT. TENEMENT ROOM**



A KNOCK ON THE DOOR startles a huddled man in a blanket, sitting before a small t.v. set. This is THOMPSON - the detective with mental problems. He's unshaven, haunted.

Clutching a shotgun, he steps to the door, peeks through a spy-hole.

**HIS P.O.V.**

Bumstead, back turned, glancing at his watch.

Thompson backs away, points his gun at the figure through the door.

**THOMPSON**

Go away!

**BUMSTEAD O.S.**

Open up, Thompson. It's me...

Thompson puts his eye to the door again.

**THOMPSON**

Bumstead?

THROUGH THE SPY-HOLE LENS the inspector turns, looks at us, his face DISTORTED, fish-like. Thompson undoes four locks, opens the door a crack, but leaves it chained.

**THOMPSON**

Can't let you in... sorry.

**BUMSTEAD**

I'm on the serial killer case, need to talk.

**THOMPSON**

Not that. Anything else.

Thompson wipes at the sweat on his forehead.

**BUMSTEAD**

You don't look so well... C'mon, let me in Thompson.

Thompson stares at Bumstead, then silently unchains the door and lets him through.

**THOMPSON**

I can't talk about that. As long as you understand, that's all.

The room is very dark. Bumstead is assailed by a wave of putrid smells. It's a mess - rotten food, overturned furniture, dirty clothes.

**THOMPSON**

Pull up some garbage - make yourself at home.

Thompson smiles weakly. They sit down, face each other in the gloom. A RAT scuttles past Thompson. With lightning reflexes he throws a shoe at it. The rat runs under a table. He looks back at Bumstead, smiles, slightly insane.

**THOMPSON**

They've taken my mind, my memories...

**BUMSTEAD**

What? Who has?

**THOMPSON**

Is that your idea of a joke? I don't remember...

(looks around)

Take my advice, Bumstead. Get off this case. Now.

**BUMSTEAD**

What is going on?

THOMPSON (looks more frightened)

Wish I could tell you, Bumstead.

Strange business. I...

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

He screams horribly. Stands, clutching his head. Startled, Bumstead falls backwards off his chair. Thompson, still clutching his head, runs and starts POUNDING HIS FACE against the wall.

**THOMPSON**

Get away! Leave me alone!

Thompson's head is CHANGING - bloating. It rapidly elongates into a pink fleshy tube.

Thompson's head continues to grow - his features are lost beneath folds of skin. His screaming is stifled. Thompson falls to the floor. His head HUGE NOW - larger than his body. Small tendrils sprout from the main appendage.

Bumstead takes cover behind a sofa.

Then, as violently as the head began to transform, it stops.

Bumstead peaks over the sofa at the huge throbbing purple growth sprouting from Thompson's collar. At the top of the growth an orifice opens.

An EXPLOSION of green bile spouts into the room - covers everything in sight...

Then the head starts to shrink. Thompson's features appear again. It returns to normal size. Thompson groans, sprawled on the floor, clutching his head.

Bumstead looks on in horror.

**THOMPSON**

It's - it's disgusting, I know...

Thompson's face is heavily bruised, covered in sweat. His nose starts to bleed - he wipes it on his sleeve.

**BUMSTEAD**

Jesus! We have to get you to a doctor...

**THOMPSON**

No... No doctor...

Bumstead stands unsteadily.

**BUMSTEAD**

But... How long has this been happening?

**THOMPSON**

A few days... a few weeks - dunno, I can't remember.

(stands slowly)

Worse thing is, I never know if it will change back again... Now, please leave me alone.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

WHITE, ELIZABETH and SACHIKO sit around a small table, eating quietly.

Without warning, Elizabeth starts to cry again. White tries to ignore her. Sachiko looks sadly at the wife, puts a hand on her shoulder, gives her a handkerchief. The woman quietens down.

They resume eating but in no time Elizabeth again bursts into tears. White looks at her now.

ELIZABETH (through sobs)  
Sorry...

Sachiko leans across and puts her arm around Elizabeth, helps her to her feet. Elizabeth hangs onto the woman as she is led from the room. White can hear the sobbing still, as the women move through to the bedroom.

**INT. BEDROOM**

They sit on the edge of the bed - Sachiko holds Elizabeth's hand, smiles at her.

ELIZABETH (calmer now)  
I'm sorry... This is embarrassing -  
my husband doesn't know who I am...

With this, she starts to cry again.

Sachiko leans forward and tenderly kisses Elizabeth's lips.

**INT. DARK CHAMBER - NIGHT**

TIGHT ON TWO MYSTERY MEN speaking in whispers. The Men continue talking as THE CAMERA RISES, through several levels of concrete and machinery TO REVEAL:

**EXT. ROOF-TOP - NIGHT**

OTHER MYSTERY MEN are rigging a wire to some kind of antenna device.

**BACK DOWN IN THE DARK CHAMBER**

The group of MYSTERY MEN have gathered once again. One addresses them all.

**MYSTERY MAN**  
The line of junction between two  
edges!

MEN (unison)  
**YES!**

**MYSTERY MAN**

We have located him. Now is the time, yes.

A switch is thrown. Electricity sparks to life. A hum is in the air.

#### **MYSTERY MAN**

Let the tuning commence!

The congregation of MEN place ELECTRODES to their foreheads in a trance-like manner. They chant, quietly at first, steadily building in volume. The MEN stand and MOVE RHYTHMICALLY to some inner beat.

The CAMERA MOVES ACROSS to a diagram pinned on a board. A representation of a man's legs. Trousers rolled up above the knees, showing a number of bite-like wounds on the flesh. Labels point out various parts of the legs in medical fashion - the legends are an unknown language.

#### **ON THE ROOF**

The antenna glows with a ghostly green light. O.S. SCREAMS RISE UP FROM THE STREET.

#### **INT. APARTMENT/KITCHEN - LATER**

White downs a cup of black coffee, staring blankly out the window. O.S. distant screams.

He glances across to a wall, notices A FLY there - something about it looks WRONG.

#### **FLY'S P.O.V.**

A distorted electronic image of White's FACE looming up.

At exactly that moment the FLY TAKES OFF, flies erratically down the hall, around a turn and disappears. White follows.

#### **HALL-WAY**

White moves quietly towards the bedroom door.

#### **HIS P.O.V.**

It is ajar, dark inside. Movement. The women are naked on the bed. The JAPANESE WOMAN has her eyes shut, head back in ecstasy. The WIFE is bent over her, kissing her stomach.

ANGLE ON WHITE - watching through the crack in the door. The

women are oblivious.

He moves away slowly, feeling strange. His feet stop making contact with the floor. He grabs a table to steady himself. The table-cloth comes away, things spill to the floor and smash. He's FLOATING.

White desperately reaches out to grab something, holds the light-fixture in the ceiling. It breaks off in a cloud of plaster. Sparks briefly illuminate. He falls heavily ONTO THE CEILING - now the floor. The apartment is upside down.

He stares up at furniture and objects.

### **THE BATHROOM**

White steps into the room, eerily illuminated by a glowing heater stuck to the floor. Water is running - filling the tub and overflowing, making a suspended puddle above White's head.

White takes off his clothes and climbs the wall, towards the floor. It's difficult, but he reaches the tap, turns it off. Pulls himself towards the tub.

Gravity becomes NORMAL AGAIN as he sinks in the warm water. He's incredibly weak - floats limply in the bath. Submerges his face. A distant throbbing O.S., like a huge machine heart somewhere in the building.

He opens his eyes, still underwater, stares up at the ceiling.

### **HIS P.O.V.**

A blurry DARK FIGURE moves into his vision. It stares down at him.

White rigid with fright, cannot focus on the figure through the thin veil of water. The FIGURE reaches out. A GLOVED HAND grabs White about the throat, holds him forcefully. White gulps for air, swallows water. His eyes widen. He tries to stop the hand strangling him but can't.

Suddenly the hand pulls away. The BLURRY FIGURE stumbles back and ERUPTS into bloody explosion. The body splits apart, throwing internal organs through the room.

White awakens in the bathtub. He looks about the room. Empty. Silent. He gets out of the water, starts to dress.

### **EXT. BUILDING**

BUMSTEAD'S car pulls up. He gets out, stained here and there with bile.

**INT. APARTMENT**

A HIGH ANGLE on the slain bodies of the JAPANESE WOMAN and WHITE'S WIFE. TWO COPS wander about the dark room, doing stuff. Bumstead walks up to the cop in charge.

**COP**

All the same entry wounds. It's definitely him.  
(indicates Sachiko's corpse)  
She lives... lived here. A prostitute.

**BUMSTEAD**

The other one?

**COP**

His wife.

**BUMSTEAD**

Jesus. Small world.  
(looks around)  
Where's the photographer?

**COP**

No one available.

A third YOUNG COP steps up to the cop in charge, glancing at the bile on Bumstead's suit.

**YOUNG COP**

They won't come out.

**COP**

We'll interrogate them anyway.

The cop leads Bumstead behind a WOODEN PARTITION. A small area neatly arranged - a double bed, various possessions. Someone obviously lives here. The room is empty however.

**COP**

This is the family of the victim - apparently they were in the apartment when he committed...

BUMSTEAD (looks around empty room)

What are you talking about?

**COP**

Oh, yes...

He walks to THE BED, bends over and lifts the bed-spread. In the shadows underneath, Bumstead can make out SEVERAL FACES. A man, an old woman, three or four children.

**COP**

They don't speak English...

**BUMSTEAD**

How will we interrogate them?

**COP**

Well, sir... I don't know exactly.

Under the bed, Bumstead can see a LITTLE GIRL. He walks over to her. She puts a hand over her mouth, edges away.

**BUMSTEAD**

It's alright. I won't hurt you.

Without coming out from under the bed she hands the inspector a crumpled paper. He looks at it then glances over his shoulder.

**HIS P.O.V.**

The wooden room divider. The CAMERA MOVES IN steadily, into a crack running along the length of the divider - we can see the room on the other side, with the cops moving about.

Bumstead looks back at the page he holds in his hands.

**HIS P.O.V.**

A child-like DRAWING. Two men, stick figures, dressed in black, with impossibly big knives, slash at two screaming women.

Unmistakable - MYSTERY MEN.

**INT. DARK CHAMBER - NIGHT**

DOCTOR SCHREBER walks stiffly into the room and sits at the head of a boardroom table. He's cold, pulls his coat up about his neck. The long table is lined on both sides with immobile **MYSTERY MEN.**

A DARK FIGURE walks into the room, steps up to the other end of



the table. This is the enigmatic MISTER BLACK - only ever seen hidden in shadow.

MISTER BLACK (addressing Men)  
Gentlemen.  
(peers at Schreber)  
Doctor.

He sits, dark and mysterious.

**MISTER BLACK**  
I have called this meeting for a purpose, yes?  
(turns to Schreber)  
It is clear to you we are - unhappy, yes?

**SCHREBER**  
Yes, of course. I...

**MISTER BLACK**  
The tuning failed - when our agents arrived he was gone. He knows things - predicts things. Explain to us, Doctor. Why is the situation this way? Yes?

Schreber seems distinctly uncomfortable.

**SCHREBER**  
I'm not certain I fully understand myself...

**MISTER BLACK**  
No excuses, dearest Doctor! Answers. Yes?

MYSTERY MEN (chant in unison)  
Answers! Answers!

**MISTER BLACK**  
You said this would be containable! Nothing works this time. Why is this so?

**MYSTERY MEN**  
Why! Why!

**SCHREBER**  
I - ah - I... it's a little cold in here don't you think?

**MISTER BLACK**

We must find him. This is your responsibility.

SCHREBER (thinking fast)

Yes, of course...

**INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICE**

Bumstead once again scratches his head in front of a map. The little girl's drawing is pinned to his board. His attention wanders. He notices a FLY CRAWLING across the wall in front of his face. He leans closer, studying it.

The intercom crackles to life. The insect flies off.

MISS CRENSHAW (through intercom)

A call, sir.

**BUMSTEAD**

Who is it?

**MISS CRENSHAW**

Won't say. Says he must talk to you.

**BUMSTEAD**

Put it through...

A light flashes. Bumstead picks up.

**BUMSTEAD**

This is Bumstead. Who is this?

He listens intently.

**INT. BUMSTEAD'S OFFICE**

BUMSTEAD enters. He looks nervous. His SECRETARY sits at her desk in an adjoining office, filing her nails.

**BUMSTEAD**

I need everything on the Jonathan White case.

**MISS CRENSHAW**

Yes, sir. Everything?

**BUMSTEAD**

All the important stuff. Wrap it up for me.

The inspector turns to face her, a little manic. She is staring at him.

**BUMSTEAD**

Please - I'm in a hurry.

MISS CRENSHAW (evenly)

Certainly.

**EXT. POLICE STATION**

BUMSTEAD steps from the doorway and walks across to his car briskly.

**INT. BATH-HOUSE**

Bumstead moves down a long corridor full of people in towels and swimming outfits, waiting silently. They sit lined by a wall, staring into space.

Bumstead walks into a larger tiled room, full of steam. He walks beside a heated pool - naked people swim about weakly or sit on the edge washing themselves. He steps up to A FULLY DRESSED MAN, sitting silently on a bench. It is WHITE.

A feint smile brushes across White's lips as he looks up at the inspector. He looks away, like he's forgotten something. Stands, walks over to the pool, cups his hand, bends down, scoops some water.

Bumstead sees White has picked up the LITTLE SILVER FISH.

**BUMSTEAD**

Why give yourself up?

**WHITE**

I - ah - couldn't think of anything else to do. I thought maybe you know something...

(beat)

I'm scared.

**BUMSTEAD**

That was a pretty good escape act at the station. How did you do that?

**WHITE**

I woke up in a subway. I don't know how I got there.

BUMSTEAD (not convinced)  
Uh-huh.  
(pauses)  
What are you scared of?

**WHITE**  
People... after me.

**BUMSTEAD**  
Who?

**WHITE**  
I don't know who they are.

**BUMSTEAD**  
Why are they after you?

**WHITE**  
Don't know that either.

**BUMSTEAD**  
Don't know much, do you?

**INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT**

Metal scraping.

PIANO ACCORDION MUSIC wafts on a breeze, someone breathing.

HIGH ANGLE - Down through an OPENING metal hatch. A dim laboratory IS REVEALED - a maze of scientific instruments. Elongated shadows move about.

MYSTERY MEN are hunched over something. Behind them a diagrammatic chart of the evolution of the human brain.

MAN 1 bends across to a CONTROL PANEL, works a switch. A small speaker in a metal box crackles to life. SOUND OF DISTANT SURF. A WOMAN'S VOICE:

**VOICE**  
What is your name... What is your name...

Wires lead from the metal box to a HUMAN BRAIN within a metallic container. Electricity arches across electrodes.

More sounds from the speaker: WATER BUBBLING. HIGH HEELS WALK DOWN STAIRS. BED-SPRINGS. LOVERS MOAN PASSIONATELY.

MAN 2 steps forward and pulls a bloodied sheet from their handiwork.

A PUPPET-LIKE CREATURE is revealed. Small - two and half feet tall. The top of its head an open hatch containing the BRAIN. Wires lead to this.

TIGHT ON PUPPET'S EYES - They glance about the room. Its body is a series of geometric shapes and polished surfaces.

MAN 1 shines a torch into the puppet's eyes.

#### **INSIDE ITS HEAD**

Gears turn, illuminated by the beam of the light. The gears part slowly to reveal a small writhing INSECT screwed to a metal plate.

MAN 2 shows the puppet PHOTOGRAPHS: WHITE as he looks currently, shots of him as a teenager, a young boy, a baby. Photos of what we realise are his parents, standing on a seaside pier sirtiling and waving. Where he went to school. A red push-bike he owned as a boy. His first sweetheart. Then a photo of a young woman smiling - his WIFE.

MAN 3 holds up a small sea shell to the mechanical ear of the puppet creature - MORE SOUNDS OF SURF...

A FIGURE clutching a wooden cane looks on from the shadows. His pale hand fondles the ornate handle of his cane - a carved silver insect. It's MISTER BLACK. Man 3 steps up to him.

#### **MISTER BLACK**

You have duplicated the personality, yes.

#### **MAN 3**

It is ready. The Doctor was most helpful.

Mister Black turns towards the OTHER MEN.

#### **MISTER BLACK**

I hear a clock in my head, and I like it!

MEN (respond in unison)  
We hear clocks in our heads, and we like it!

#### **MISTER BLACK**

A world in our likeness!

**MEN**

A world in our likeness!

The Men close the hatch in the top of the puppet's head. SQUEAK... CLUNK! The puppet tests out its MANY WEAPONS, a series of nasty-looking blades snap out of its small body, then retract.

**INT. INSPECTOR'S APARTMENT**

Bumstead leads White through the front door, into a SITTING ROOM. Everything is extremely neat and organized, plastic coverings on all the furniture. White steps towards a sofa.

**BUMSTEAD**

Please. Not that way. If you could just follow the covering - the carpet gets stained and it's impossible to clean.

White stops. Bumstead indicates a CLEAR PLASTIC MAT running through the room.

**BUMSTEAD**

Everything the department knows about John White is in this. Here.  
(hands file)  
Excuse me for a moment.

White flips through it. Details of White's history.

**IN THE BEDROOM**

Bumstead removes an empty suitcase from a closet. Begins to place neatly folded clothes within it.

**BUMSTEAD (calling to White)**

Age thirty one. Brown hair. Green eyes. Five feet, ten and a half inches tall. Until recently worked for a firm manufacturing scientific equipment. Wife's name - Elizabeth. Father and mother - Harold and Edith. Both dead. A history of mental instability... etcetera, etcetera.

Bumstead walks back into the sitting room, packed bag in hand. He looks at White leaving through the file.

**BUMSTEAD**

That stuff helpful?

WHITE (disappointed)

I suppose...

(looks up)

Why are you helping me?

**BUMSTEAD**

You're case has been driving me crazy. You see, I pride myself on being thorough. There's too many loose ends with your case.

(a beat)

Thought it was best you were hidden until we understand more about the facts. What do you know about these men in black?

White looks up, pauses as if he didn't understand Bumstead, then:

**WHITE**

If you shoot them here...

(points at his forehead)

you can kill them. They're not people - like us - got insects in their heads... Got any disinfectant?

The inspector is caught off-guard by the question.

WHITE (continues)

It's my legs. Been bitten. Giving me trouble.

Bumstead walks silently to the bathroom, opens a medicine cabinet.

BUMSTEAD (to himself)

Insects?

He returns clutching a small bottle and some cotton wool.

**BUMSTEAD**

Here.

(hands things to White)

Careful with your trousers. That stuff stains.

The inspector gives white back his revolver and his wallet.

**BUMSTEAD**

Here.

Bumstead paces thoughtfully, careful to stay on the plastic protective covering. He turns, glares at White, who dabs his legs with the cotton wool.

**BUMSTEAD**

Any idea what part the Doctor plays in this business?

White shakes head.

**BUMSTEAD**

Let's try and find out, shall we.  
(points at White's shoe)  
Lace is untied.

White looks down. Bumstead doesn't lie.

**INT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT**

The BARBER is shaving under the armpit of a client. GRANDPA snores in a corner, his feet buried under a pile of hair clippings..

The BELL hanging above the door rings. The door swings open.

**BARBER**

He with you shortly, sir...

Several heads turn, THEN LOOK DOWN to see the PUPPET. The puppet wheels forward and stops.

BARBER (not really looking)

Hello, sonny. Cute outfit. Mother get it for you?

The puppet crosses the room threateningly. TWO OTHER CLIENTS look up startled from their newspapers and girly magazines.

ON THE PUPPET - it wheels up to the barber's leg and GRABS HIS TROUSER with a mechanical claw. The puppet holds out a PHOTO OF White.

PUPPET (incoherent obscenities)

**EEEEEEEEK... AHHHHHHH!...  
SHHHIIIIITTTT!... FUJUUCKER!!**



BARBER (looks down, scared now)

Huh?

He's grabbed and THROWN into a nearby chair. The puppet leaps onto the bench in front of him - he's frightened, so are the customers.

Puppet wheels up and down on the bench in front of the customers - stopping to glance at individuals in a threatening manner, holding out the photo of white.

It leans forward, spinning its blades - HAIR FLIES. Screams o.s.

The PUPPET retracts its weapons - COVERED in blood. It wheels forward, through the door and into the street.

THE CAMERA PANS to reveal a scene of complete carnage. Blood covers the walls. FOUR BODIES slumped about the room. Each has an outlandish hairstyle.

**INT. BUMSTEAD'S CAR**

White looks at the inspector - street lights pass over his features. Bumstead stares at the road.

**BUMSTEAD**

I didn't tell you the entire reason I helped you. It started with two little girls. Twins. Used to play with them when I was young. Couldn't remember for the life of me what they looked like, then I understood why...

He looks at the dashboard, brushes away a small piece of lint.

**BUMSTEAD**

They didn't have faces.

**WHITE**

What?

**BUMSTEAD**

That's right. Just seamless flesh across the front of their heads. No mistake. I just hadn't remembered it that way. Up until then they had been normal little girls in my memory.

(looks back at White)

That's not all. Once I started examining them, all sorts of things about my life, had... inconsistencies. It was like a game. I would think about a person or a place, or an event. Then I would turn the lights off. Sit down in a comfortable chair... And study each detail of this subject.

He glances at White, then back to the road.

**BUMSTEAD**

Everything was liquid beneath a thin surface that had always seemed solid to me...

Bumstead and White are quiet momentarily, then:

**BUMSTEAD**

Is there anything you haven't told me about this business? Even the most insignificant thing?

**WHITE (thinking)**

No. Nothing I can think of. Except...

**BUMSTEAD**

Go on.

**WHITE**

Well. The only thing I've been certain of, all this time, is that I need to get to the ocean. The point is no one seems to know how to get there.

**BUMSTEAD**

Why, that's ridiculous. You just...

He trails off. Shakes his head slowly.

**BUMSTEAD**

We'll get to the bottom of this. I mean it.

**INT. SCHREBER'S SURGERY**

The doctor is sitting at his desk, when the door bursts open suddenly. White and Bumstead move into the room and grab the

doctor before he can protest.

**BUMSTEAD**

I met a friend of yours the other night, doctor. Tall fellow. No hair. Rather pale skin...

**SCHREBER**

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

**BUMSTEAD**

That's surprising. He was leaving your office at the time...

**SCHREBER**

You are mistaken.

**WHITE**

What are you hiding?

**SCHREBER**

Nothing. I don't know anything!

BUMSTEAD removes his revolver, sticks it in the doctor's face.

**SCHREBER**

Please, they'll kill me...

**BUMSTEAD**

I think it's time you introduced us to your little friends.

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

SCHREBER, BUMSTEAD AND WHITE sit in Bumstead's car in an alleyway.

Schreber points to a SOLITARY METAL DOOR in a wall.

**SCHREBER**

In there.

**BUMSTEAD**

Just like that?

The threesome step from the car, keep close to a wall.

Schreber alone steps up to the door, leans down to a mat at the foot of the door, lifts it and takes a KEY from underneath. He unlocks the door, opens it, puts the key back, goes inside. He

waves the other men forward.

White and Bumstead step up to the door - Bumstead looks at the mat - it says: WELCOME on it.

#### **A CORRIDOR**

Through the door - AN ELEVATOR. There is only a down button. Schreber presses it, several seconds later the doors open.

They step inside. The doors close, the lift descends.

#### **BUMSTEAD**

What is this place?

#### **SCHREBER**

You wouldn't believe me if I told you, Inspector. Have patience - you'll see for yourself.

When the doors open again the three men look out on a DARK **PASSAGEWAY.**

#### **EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT**

The PUPPET wheels up to the sweeping set of stairs at the base of the building. It stops, WHEELS BUMP into the steps repeatedly. It looks down and shrieks with a string of mechanical obscenities.

#### **INT. MYSTERY MEN'S UNDERWORLD**

WHITE and BUMSTEAD follow SCHREBER down a corridor to what appears to be an ancient crypt. They enter a door - it has something written on it in a strange language.

#### **INSIDE IS A ROOM**

They stumble around in the darkness, Schreber finds a light switch, suddenly White STOPS dead in his tracks - Bumstead turns to him.

#### **WHITE**

Look.

White points to a wall featuring a line of brass hooks. On these hooks hang MYSTERY MEN coats - that's not all. Each hook carries A FACE.

Bumstead and White step closer, look at the faces. They seem to

be elaborate, very life-like MASKS.

**SCHREBER**

Put them on.

White and the inspector look at each other, incredulous.

**OUTSIDE - THE CORRIDOR**

The door opens. White, Bumstead and Schreber step out, wearing poorly fitting masks and coats - DISGUISED AS MYSTERY MEN.

**FURTHER ALONG THE CORRIDOR**

The three men come across a small area with a raised platform, between arches. A number of OPEN CARTS roll past on tracks - the scene resembles some bizarre amusement-park ride. The carts are numbered on the side - all of them empty.

**SCHREBER**

Get in. Hurry.

White, Bumstead and Schreber hop aboard. The cart takes them into a DARK TUNNEL, deeper into the secret underworld of the MYSTERY MEN. They MOVE THROUGH a subterranean landscape of unexplained contraptions and bones.

**WHITE**

(to Bumstead)

Where do you think this goes?

**BUMSTEAD**

It sure isn't the fun-fair.

The cart finally comes to a stop in a cave. Bumstead, White and Schreber leap out and hide in a dark doorway, as a LONG LINE OF MYSTERY MEN walk past them.

**SCHREBER**

Follow me, and do exactly as I do.

They join the end of the line, falling into step.

**INT. DARK CHAMBER**

The MEN, with WHITE, BUMSTEAD and SCHREBER in tow, enter and sit in a number of rows of wooden chairs. White and the inspector do the same.

MORE MYSTERY MEN appear in circular portals high up on the concrete walls. ONE MAN faces the others at the front of the

room.

**MYSTERY MAN 1**

Eleven past eleven - the Night of the  
Eye.

The seated Men start to CHANT.

**MEN**

**NIGHT OF THE EYE! NIGHT OF THE EYE!**

A MAN in the front row stands.

**MAN 2**

The Eye is too small for the head of  
the pin!

**MAN 1**

Yes!

ANOTHER MAN stands. Next to the first, who sits again.

**MAN 3**

What is it that floats on the water?  
The Eye!

**MAN 1**

Indeed!

So it goes around the room, each Man takes his turn announcing  
part of the strange ritual. It will be White, Bumstead and  
Schreber's turn shortly. White is worried, looks at the  
others.

**WHITE (whisper)**

What do we do?

**SCHREBER (hisses back)**

Fake it!

**BUMSTEAD**

What?

SCHREBER is next - he stands abruptly.

**SCHREBER**

The eye. Master of time and space!

Then it's Bumstead's turn.

**BUMSTEAD**

The Eye - um - delicious with

horseradish on rye!

MAN 1 at the front seems confused for a moment - SEVERAL of the others turn towards Bumstead.

MAN 1 (uncertain)

Good.

The inspector sits back down - whispers to White without looking at him.

**BUMSTEAD**

Nothing to it...

White stands. Hesitates. Then:

**WHITE**

Eye... eye, captain!

White sits down, shaking his head, embarrassed.

**MAN 1**

Um - yes...

THE MAN NEXT TO WHITE rises up - keeps rising, FLOATS IN THE AIR above the Men's heads.

**MAN 4**

My spine will bend for the Eye!

He turns sideways, still floating.

**EXT. ALLEY**

BACK ABOVE GROUND, Bumstead, White and Schreber run from the door at the end of the alley-way, tossing their masks away.

**BUMSTEAD**

Was that for real down there?

**SCHREBER**

I'm afraid so.

The inspector stops walking suddenly, grabs White, holds him back.

**BUMSTEAD**

What the hell is that?

At the end of the alley the PUPPET advances menacingly. Schreber takes his chance and runs down an alley and

disappears.

**BUMSTEAD**

Quick. My car.

Fortunately BUMSTEAD'S CAR stands nearby. The two men leap in, start it up. Bumstead guns towards the puppet standing in the glare of the headlights.

The puppet's head opens, a TINY PROPELLER pops out, spins, lifting the puppet into the air. The car passes beneath it at speed. Screeches off into a street, races along between tall buildings.

**INSIDE THE CAR**

**WHITE**

What now?

**BUMSTEAD**

This ocean business... I know where I can find a map. I need to go back to the station. Where will you be?

White thinks for a moment, pulls the paper his wife gave him from his pocket.

**WHITE**

I'll go see an uncle of mine.

(reading)

Five - one - eight - three - double  
six - three...

Bumstead scribbles on the pad mounted to the dash, battles with the wheel, driving at breakneck speed.

**BUMSTEAD**

Good.

(looks in rear  
mirror)

Uh-oh...

White turns and looks behind them.

HIS P.O.V. - HEADLIGHTS gaining on them.

ON THE PUPPET - sitting AT THE WHEEL of a stolen car, driving like crazy.

**BACK IN BUMSTEAD'S CAR**

White takes out his gun - AIMS at the rapidly approaching



car.

WHITE (remembers)  
It's empty.

**BUMSTEAD**

Take mine.

Bumstead pulls a gun out of his coat. They swap.

The puppet PULLS ALONGSIDE, a mechanical arm extends towards Bumstead's front tire. A SPINNING BLADE extends from the end of the mechanical arm.

**PUPPET**

**ARRRRRRRRGGGHHHH!... HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!!**

TIGHT ON THE BLADE heading for the spinning wheel. White fires. Shells hit the PUPPET'S car, shattering windows.

THE BLADE cuts into the tire - it pops loudly, goes flat, metal SPARKS off the road.

White is thrown forward, hits his head on the dash. Bumstead fights to keep control, SWERVES into the side of the other vehicle, making it scrape a concrete wall, hits garbage cans flying.

The PUPPET'S car falls behind - then swerves off into a side-street and disappears.

BUMSTEAD (looks behind him)  
Where did it go?

WHITE (looks back also)  
Don't know.

Both look FORWARD AGAIN - to see the PUPPET'S CAR pull out in front of them, BLOCKING THE WAY. Bumstead's car is going too fast. Slams the brakes.

TIGHT ON PUPPET - Screaming with insane joy as Bumstead's car approaches like a bullet.

**INSIDE INSPECTOR'S CAR**

**BUMSTEAD**

Jump!

Bumstead rips the phone number from the pad. The two men LEAP.

The car continues onwards.

**CRASH! KA-BOOM!**

In the glow of the flaming wrecks, the two men pick themselves up from different sides of the street. Look at each other, turn and head in OPPOSITE directions.

CAMERA MOVES IN on mangled metal - a MECHANICAL CLAW starts to pull itself from the wreckage.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

White steps up to a SMALL DOOR in the side of a building. A sign above the door depicts an underwater scene, crammed with fish, sea-weed, bubbles floating to the surface. Dominating everything is a GREEN MAN with scales - a KING NEPTUNE-type.

**INSIDE**

White stops in front of a ticket booth, beside a faded blue curtain. In the booth a TICKET SELLER is snoring with his mouth hanging open, his head sagging. White knocks on the window. The man wakes with a start.

**TICKET SELLER**

Yeah. That's what I said!  
(looks at White -  
rubs head)  
What..?

**WHITE**

I'm looking for this address.

The man squints at the card White holds up, nods groggily.

**TICKET SELLER**

Upstairs. Through there.

He thumbs the blue curtain. Curls up, shuts his eyes again.

**BEYOND THE CURTAIN**

A dark room full of BUBBLING NOISES AND WATER DRIPPING - an aquarium.

Several corridors meander between large glass panels that look into illuminated tanks of sea creatures.

White moves past a shadowy doorway. He can barely make out **STAIRS.**

**INT. HALL-WAY**

White moves cautiously in the darkness. On a door a tiny NAMEPLATE says: K. WHITE. The door is unlocked. He opens it and goes in.

**INSIDE**

An entrance hall of an apartment. A large number of MOUNTED FISH of all sizes line the hall.

PHOTOS on the wall - family portraits. White examines these, concentrates on one in particular - a young boy on a red push-bike, in the background a sign with a faded image of a girl in a bathing suit: WELCOME TO BLUMBVILLE! it says.

A strange WHIRRING NOISE O.S. White hides behind a sofa. Whatever is making the whirring noise moves past slowly. White cannot see what it is.

**VOICE O.S.**

John?

White turns to see an OLD MAN in his pyjamas sitting in a WHEELCHAIR. The man pushes a lever on the side of the chair. A whir of electric motors. The chair carries him out of the shadows. White steps from behind the sofa.

**MAN**

Are you alright? What are you doing here? Is this one of your jokes, John? It's been so long, I thought you'd forgotten your uncle Karl?

**WHITE**

Uncle... Karl.

**INT. AIR-CONDITION DUCT**

A P.O.V. - MOVING THROUGH a dark, claustrophobic pipe. TWISTING around tight corners, DARTING down straight lengths of ducting. Dim light spills from wire grills spaced along the walls.

WE TRAVEL up to one grill, at the end of a long stretch of tunnel - stop, nowhere left to go. We can see through the gaps in the wire, looking down into...

**THE ROOM**

White and uncle Karl are having a SLIDE-SHOW. Shots of a recent vacation - the uncle doing a series of mundane things.

KARL (chuckling)  
Not often I get a chance to show these.

He changes the slide: an image of him standing against a brick wall.

**KARL**  
And this is me again about - um - I would guess about twelve feet further to the right of the last shot. Now just behind the wall is the hotel I stayed at - sweet little place...

The PHONE RINGS. Uncle Karl wheels over, picks up the receiver.

KARL (talks down the line)  
Hello... Yes, he's here...  
(holds out the phone to White)  
It's for you.

White concerned - takes the phone.

**WHITE**  
Yes?  
(he listens)  
Oh, it's you... Yes... My uncle apparently... Just looking at some memories... You have? That's good.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Bumstead talks to White on the phone. He stands in a dark room, surrounded by charts and maps.

**BUMSTEAD**  
At first I thought there was no way to get to the ocean... The buildings are a barrier, no windows, no doors - everything just, well, ends - only thing would be drill a hole. But then, I saw it, one door, just one... Inside a tenement building...

Bumstead is interrupted by a NOISE O.S. He looks to a frosted

partition - dark figures walk past on the other side. He quickly sorts through SEVERAL MAPS, making as little noise as he can.

BUMSTEAD (whisper)  
We can meet later - but first I  
have to do something. Look I got to  
go...

**CUT BACK TO:**

White holds THE PHONE, listens to Bumstead on the other end.

**WHITE**  
Where can we meet?... Alright.  
Good...

As White hangs up he notices A DOOR behind a big old crockery cupboard. The cupboard has been pushed up against the wall, hiding the door.

**BACK IN THE POLICE STATION**

BUMSTEAD quickly folds the map and shoves it into his pocket. As he turns and runs from the room we NOTICE A DARK FIGURE standing behind a shelf in the room.

**IN UNCLE KARL'S APARTMENT**

UNCLE KARL continues to change slides - the noise echoing about the room. White moves over and sits down next to him.

**KARL**  
Look! This is a good one!

**WHITE**  
What is that door?

**KARL**  
Which one?

**WHITE**  
There. Behind the cabinet. Where  
does it go?

The uncle watches the slides.

**KARL**  
Such a joker! Like your father.

**WHITE**  
No. Have a look.

He leads the old man over to the cabinet.

**WHITE**

You see it?

**KARL**

Yes.

**WHITE**

Where does it lead?

**KARL**

It must be a closet or something.

White pushes at the cabinet. The old man helps. They only manage to push several inches - it is very heavy. White decides to just climb over it. He squeezes through, opens the door and climbs a set of dark stairs. Uncle Karl watches.

**KARL**

Don't trip over. It's dark up there.

**INT. ATTIC - NIGHT**

TIGHT ON a light switch - it is flipped.

AN ATTIC - full of books, boxes, discarded possessions. White picks up a book and opens it - the pages have been eaten out by a swarm of ROACHES. He drops it in disgust as the insects scurry over his hands.

In a small wooden box are several toys he examines with great interest. At the bottom of the box he finds a SMALL DOG-EARED DRAWING BOOK. On the cover is a colourful scrawl in child's writing - a title: ANSWERS - BY JONATHAN WHITE, AGE NINE.

White sits down and flips through the book in the dim light. Page after page is filled with neat handwriting and drawings. As he reads segments from the book he seems more and more disturbed. He flips through faster and faster.

**HIS P.O.V.**

Pages flip past, stopping occasionally. Glimpses of DIAGRAMS. The MYSTERY MEN and THEIR WORLD. Cross-sections of the MYSTERY MEN, the cavity in their head with the INSECTS INSIDE clearly illustrated. EVERYTHING.

PUSH IN CLOSE on White. He looks up, STUNNED.

**INT. UNCLE KARL'S APARTMENT**

White emerges from the attic, clutching the small book to his chest, lost in thought. He steps quietly into a hall-way - notices the old man putting THE PHONE back on its cradle.

**KARL**

John, I didn't see you there.

A NOISE O.S. White and Uncle Karl turn. A VENTILATION GRILL falls off a wall, revealing a hole. EYES shine from the darkness.

THE PUPPET leaps from the hole. Its blades unfolding, spinning wildly before it hits the carpet. It faces the two men.

**KARL**

What is that?

WHITE (to Karl)

Get back!

**KARL**

Filthy beast! Shoo! Go on! Shoo!

He wheels forward, attempting to scare the puppet off.

**WHITE**

No!

The puppet goes for Uncle Karl. A whirr of metal, BLOOD SPLASHES ACROSS WHITE and the walls. Uncle Karl SCREAMS horribly.

White grabs a chair - holds it above him. The puppet turns from the dead man in the wheelchair. White lets it have it. The chair CRASHES DOWN, splintering into pieces.

The puppet is dazed, but immediately recovers. White has a fire-poker now. As the puppet advances, he swings, connecting with the creature, hurtling it across the room, into a wall. White runs out the door.

**IN THE CORRIDOR**

He leaps into a waiting elevator. Pushes the top floor button.

THE ELEVATOR SHAFT - The elevator moves upwards.

**INSIDE THE ELEVATOR**

White looks through the circular window in the door.

HIS P.O.V. - Floor after floor SLIDES PAST - deserted. He looks at the floor indicator. TIGHT ON NUMBERS lighting up: **86, 87, 88...**

Then the elevator stops, the doors open, looking down a dark corridor. The PUPPET is at the end. It turns to face him, SUDDENLY RACES FORWARD, a horrible high-pitched shriek from its mechanical voice box.

White STABS the buttons of the elevator frantically, the doors won't close. The puppet is upon him. He JUMPS, straight up. It goes under him, CRASHING INTO the back of the elevator. White hits the down button one last time, and leaps out of the compartment AS THE DOORS CLOSE.

A MECHANICAL extendible arm shoots out and grabs White around the ankle. DRAGS him across floor. THE PUPPET shrieks wildly again, as...

ITS ARM - is JAMMED in the closing doors now. Lift descends. The puppet squeals. The arm SNAPS OFF.

White stands, pulls dislocated arm off his ankle. He can hear the elevator descending. Suddenly it STOPS - starts returning to his floor. White turns and runs again.

The lift doors BURST OPEN - the ENRAGED CREATURE emerges and races after him.

He tears around a corner - finds himself in a dead-end. Nowhere to go. He can hear the puppet approaching along the corridor. Suddenly he notice A GRILL on a wall ABOVE HIS HEAD. He pulls it off, climbs into an incredibly tight pipe. Crawls frantically.

He sees a LIGHT ahead. An opening. He kicks the grill off. A sudden gust of wind.

**HIS P.O.V.**

The pipe leads to the outside of the building - nowhere to go except a hundred stories STRAIGHT DOWN. He screams, almost falls. Turns to start crawling back.

Suddenly the end of the pipe fills with WHIRRING METAL BLADES. The puppet has followed him in and is advancing.

No choice - he looks out the hole. SEES A PIPE on the outside of the building, running vertically near the opening.



It looks impossible but it's his only chance.

He climbs out, balancing himself on the lip of the opening, REACHES for the pipe. The puppet is almost upon him. He swings across, gets a HAND on the pipe. He slips, DANGLES - holding on - one hand on the pipe, one on the edge of the hole. The pipe is greasy, slippery, can't grip it.

SUDDENLY he hears a MECHANICAL CLICKING - TURNS to see the puppet standing on the edge of the hole, inches from his hand. A soft noise reverberates in its voice box - a mechanical giggle? A circular blade on one of its arms starts up, moves down onto White's HAND.

TIGHT ON HIS EYES - sweat beads and runs down his forehead.

TIGHT ON THE BLADE - as it cuts into flesh. BLOOD spatters White's face as he grimaces with intense pain. He can't hold on.

HE FALLS, plummets through space. Screaming.

#### **INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

A GROUP OF SURGEONS stand about BUMSTEAD'S MOTHER on her life-support machinery. The surgeons have face-masks on and are in deep shadow. The woman stares blankly, still in a coma.

#### **IN THE RECEPTION AREA**

BUMSTEAD looks up from his wristwatch.

#### **BUMSTEAD**

I can't wait any longer...

He is standing in front of the MALE NURSE in the glassed-in counter.

#### **NURSE**

I'm sorry. I told you, she is being examined...

He turns and storms off down the corridor. The NURSE stands, shouting after him.

#### **NURSE**

Mister Bumstead!

#### **INSIDE MOTHER'S ROOM**

One of the "doctors" leans down and grabs a handful of WIRES

leading out of a box beside the woman.

**SURGEON**

We will teach the pig to meddle in  
our affairs. Yes.

He pulls the wires out in a burst of electrical sparks - ALL  
THE MACHINES DIE. The woman comes to life momentarily, starts  
to claw at the glass shield in front of her face, like she is  
suffocating. The life drains from her weak body and she is  
**STILL.**

ANGLE ON THE DOOR - it bursts open. Bumstead is standing  
there. The masked surgeons are startled, they turn rapidly to  
face him.

BUMSTEAD (steps forward)

What is happening?

**SURGEON**

Ah, Inspector Bumstead! We are glad  
you are here - I'm afraid we have  
done all we can. Yes. Your Mother  
has passed. Yes.

Bumstead turns towards his mother.

**BUMSTEAD**

But she was getting better...

**SURGEON**

We are sorry. The cancer - it was  
fatal.

Bumstead turns to the men, confusion in his eyes.

**BUMSTEAD**

She doesn't have cancer.

The men glance at each other for a moment, then back at the  
inspector.

**SURGEON**

We knew that. Yes.  
(the other men nod)  
Anyway - she is dead.

Bumstead leaps forward, RIPS OFF one of the surgeon's masks.

ANGLE ON THE MAN - He turns to look at Bumstead, pale skin,  
staring eyes, a MYSTERY MAN. TWO OTHER MEN grab him from  
behind.

BUMSTEAD (struggles)  
I'll kill you all!

One of the Mystery Men steps up to the struggling inspector, places the palm of his hand across Bumstead's eyes.

**MYSTERY MAN**  
You will obey us, yes. In your mind  
there is a dark space...

**TIGHT ANGLE**

Bumstead's hand reaches out, fumbles at a tray of surgical implements, grabs a SCALPEL.

**WIDER**

He cuts into the hand of one of the Men holding him, SPINS AND DRIVES the scalpel into the forehead of the Mystery Man attempting to hypnotise him.

The other Men leap towards him.

**EXT. CANAL - NIGHT**

**TIGHT ON WHITE'S FACE**

His eyes are shut tight. He opens them, slowly LOOKS AROUND, curious why he isn't dead.

**WIDER ANGLE**

White floats in MID-AIR, hovering ten feet or so above a dark body of water. He looks amazed. Shuts his eyes, rubs them, opens them again. Still floating.

He clenches his fists and TENSES his body. Slowly he starts to MOVE FORWARD, hovering at an even height over the water.

**WIDER STILL**

SEVERAL ANGLES feature the figure of White levitating across the harbour, past half-sunken buildings and rusted ships.

TIGHT ON WHITE - He comes to a stop. Smiles in amazement. Then he suddenly plummets into the water, like a trap-door has opened beneath him.

ANGLE ON BUBBLES floating to the surface. White's FACE rises slowly out of the water.

**WIDER - CITY SKYLINE**

A SMALL OBJECT floats towards the ground at the end of a tiny white parachute.

**BACK ON WHITE**

He swims across to a small boat, climbs aboard, pushes himself silently through the still canals of the city.

**EXT. HARBOUR**

Oil tankers move silently through inky water.

White paddles the boat to the bottom of A PIER, climbs a rotten ladder. He runs off into the shadows.

**BACK IN THE WATER**

The PUPPET cuts through the waves, pushed along by a rear propeller. It reaches the pier, climbs to the top. The prop retracts, and the creature wheels forward slowly, onto a concrete surface. It looks around - it knows White is there somewhere.

**PUPPET'S P.O.V.**

A trail of WET FOOTPRINTS on the ground. It follows them, is led to a crane cabin.

INSIDE THE CRANE'S CABIN - is White, a lunatic grin on his face, at the controls.

A NOISE O.S. startles the puppet. It looks up.

**PUPPET'S P.O.V.**

Follows the crane up into the air. The crane is swinging around against the dark sky. A HUGE METAL CONTAINER dangles, stops above the puppet.

**ON WHITE**

**WHITE**

Nice knowing you.

TIGHT ON WHITE'S HAND - It pulls a lever.

THE CONTAINER - Shakes and starts to fall.

THE PUPPET - Screams up at the plummeting container.

**WIDER**

The container crashes into the ground, crushing the creature.

Silence. Dust floats in the air.

**EXT. STREET**

BUMSTEAD's running. He looks a mess, clutching a bleeding gash in his side, cuts on his face, clothes torn - but he made it out alive...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROOF-TOP**

BUMSTEAD sits on the ground, leans against a wall, breathing heavily - he's losing a lot of blood.

He waits.

A NOISE O.S. startles him - A FIGURE in the shadows across the roof.

**BUMSTEAD**

White?

It's too big to be White. The man steps from the shadows.

**STROMBOLI (walking forward)**

Hello, Bumstead.

He's holding a gun, levelled at the inspector. Bumstead lies bleeding, against the wall. He points his own gun at the advancing man and pulls the trigger.

**CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!**

**BUMSTEAD**

Dammit.

Stromboli is upon him, grabs the empty gun, throws it away, picks up the inspector, leans him against the wall. Without Stromboli holding him up, Bumstead would not be able to stand.

**STROMBOLI**

Why do you always have to find things out the hard way! Couldn't you just do your job, you idiot? I told you,

didn't I? These people are not playing games, Bumstead. They can do anything they want, don't you understand?

BUMSTEAD (a hiss)  
You're one of them. You bastard...

STROMBOLI (laughing)  
In a way, we all are, inspector!  
You. Me. Everybody!

Stromboli carries Bumstead towards the EDGE of the roof. He keeps laughing.

**STROMBOLI**  
Time for that early retirement,  
Bumstead. Didn't bring the gold watch  
I'm afraid.

BUMSTEAD (weakly)  
No... Please...

**INSPECTOR'S P.O.V.**

THE EDGE looms up - a long drop to the street.

**EXT. STREET**

White paces nervously through empty streets. He stops, to get his bearings, then turns and runs into:

A SILHOUETTED FIGURE in a bizarre metal contraption on wheels. A skeletal hand reaches out to White, grabs his arm. An inhuman moan.

Terrorised, White pulls back.

**FIGURE**  
Ahhh... it hurts!...

The mechanized figure trundles forward, pins him to a wall. A streetlight reveals...

DOCTOR SCHREBER covered in blood, encased in a metal framework covered in silver blades.

**WHITE**  
What happened to you?

**SCHREBER**

I'm... being... punished.

The blades are connected to the wheels - they turn when he moves forward, metal cuts into his flesh, slowly SKINNING HIM ALIVE. A torture machine. Between screams of intense pain, the doctor speaks.

**SCHREBER**

I had to - ahhhh - find you... I..  
I...

The doctor shuts his eyes, a trickle of blood runs down his face.

**WHITE**

What is it?

**SCHREBER**

We are... living in their dreams...

Schreber turns and rolls off into the night, screaming - BLADES SPIN furiously, peeling back flesh. He glances at White one last time.

**SCHREBER**

Insect... dreams...

**EXT. STREET**

WHITE is running. As he approaches the building he hears a scream - looks up to see a figure PLUNGE OFF the roof.

He runs over. Looks down at the twisted body. THE INSPECTOR moans - barely alive. White kneels by his side.

BUMSTEAD'S hand moves across to an expanding POOL of red beside him, traces an 'H' on the ground in the blood.

WHITE (reading)

Aitch?

The inspector seems to be dying, then revives momentarily, puts A MAP in white's hand, looks up at him:

**BUMSTEAD**

Gesundheit!

His eyes roll up and he GOES LIMP. White stares at the body, then:

**WHITE**

I didn't sneeze.

**INT. MORGUE - NIGHT**

The MORTICIAN turns off the lights in the main hall and steps into his office, sits down, pours himself a hot drink; turns on the radio, opens his conic-book.

A NOISE O.S. disturbs him and he gets up, walks out of his office, looks into the darkness.

HIS P.O.V. PANS around the empty morgue. Nothing. Decides to go back to his office. He turns and is startled by three MYSTERY MEN obstructing his path.

**MAN 1**

We are looking for the White victims.

**MORTICIAN**

And who the hell are you?

The mortician catches a glimpse of the shiny dagger Man 1 is clutching by his side. He becomes very scared.

**MORTICIAN**

Over there. Numbers eight to twelve.

THREE MEN look over to where the mortician has pointed in unison. Man 1 looks back.

**MAN 1**

Thank you.

A FLASH OF STEEL. The mortician's throat SPOUTS blood. He grabs reflexively at the gash and falls back onto the floor, DEAD before he hits the tiles.

The Mystery Men step to an adjoining chamber. Man 2 puts down a Box he is carrying, opens the lid. A green glow oozes out. The other Men manipulate levers on a control panel on a nearby wall. Stainless steel doors open. Body-length trays slide into the dim light. SHAPES covered in white sheets.

Man 2 with the box removes a GLASS SYRINGE, filled with a glowing green liquid. He steps TO THE BODIES and injects each with the syringe, through the sheets. When he has finished he steps back, places the syringe back in the box. The MEN leave silently.

All is silent and still.

Then the shape beneath a sheet starts to SIT UP. Then another,



and another.

**INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

WHITE is running again, clutching BUMSTEAD'S MAP.

**CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP**

REVEALS the entire corridor. KEEPS PULLING BACK - until the view is impossibly wide - like a cross-section of the building he's in, a doll's house with the roof taken off. The TINY FIGURE runs, amidst a dark network of surrounding rooms and passages.

**CONTINUE PULL BACK**

White is no more than a SPECK - the hall-way stretches ENDLESSLY in both directions, behind and in front of the moving figure, through an infinite labyrinth.

**WIDER STILL**

We no longer make out the figure. The x-rayed environment resembles some intricate aerial map of the vast city - the corridor an ever increasing SPIRAL.

**INT. ORNATE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

White reaches the top of a spiral flight of stairs.

**HIS P.O.V.**

APARTMENT 'H' - a rusted metal letter on the door. White steps forward. He knocks once and the door creaks open, unlocked.

**INSIDE**

The rooms are empty, derelict, strewn with rubbish. Mould grows on the damp walls. A door stands at the end of a long empty room. He can hear the muffled sounds of SURF, SEAGULLS. White starts to walk forward, smiling. As he approaches the door he begins to feel colder.

He opens the door and looks out. A blast of SUNLIGHT - blue ocean and sky.

**VOICE O.S.**

John White...

White does not turn about, he takes a step forward, then

another - and RUNS INTO THE SKY - A PAINTED WALL. He glances up at a small SPEAKER built into the wall - the SOURCE of the sea-side SOUND EFFECTS.

He hears the click of the gun being cocked behind him. Hopes dashed, he turns. ANGLE ON A MYSTERY MAN - a gun pointed at White's stomach.

**MYSTERY MAN**

There is nothing, Mister White.  
Beyond the city. Never has been.  
Unfortunate. Yes?

White is led into a pitch black room.

**INSIDE**

TIGHT ON WHITE'S FACE - In the darkness - he looks across to the Mystery Man standing beside him.

**WHITE**

How did you know where to find me?

**MYSTERY MAN**

We knew you would turn up here  
eventually... Been waiting for you,  
yes. Hoped you wouldn't make a  
nuisance of yourself on the way...

The Man motions with the gun for White to walk forward. As soon as White turns to do this, the Man slips from the room and shuts the door, cutting off any existing light.

A NOISE O.S. - some kind of machine being turned on - lights start to come up all over the room.

It's a normal, average-sized, living room. All the furniture has been removed and replaced with chairs, tables, podiums - an arrangement resembling an IMPROVISED COURT of law. In fact, White realizes he is standing behind some kind of witness box.

The apartment is devoid of people, though almost immediately a door opens to the side (looks like it would lead to the kitchen) and a series of figures step through. MYSTERY MEN.

All the MEN take up specific positions around the room, without uttering a word, but don't sit. One MYSTERY MAN opens a curtain beneath an arched entrance - beyond it, within a very small room, stand DOZENS OF PEOPLE, crammed shoulder to shoulder. The people stare at White silently - a bizarre gallery of spectators.

An eerie silence falls on the room.

The kitchen door opens again. White is shocked to see the VICTIMS WALK INTO the room and adopt positions in what is obviously the area for the jury.

The DISEMBOWELED CORPSE OF A WOMAN steps out of the shadows, pushing a pram. Her throat is cut, she is shrouded in a white sheet.

Within the pram is the BABY clutching its own head, with spine attached, under its arm.

Then the mutilated FREDRICK hops out, followed by the three brown blood-stained paper parcels containing what is left of the YOUNG BOY.

Finally, his WIFE and the JAPANESE WOMAN, still in passionate embrace, take their positions.

Another door opens - a closet. Within stands the figure we have only seen as a shadow - the elderly MYSTERY MAN with the cane. MISTER BLACK slowly reaches above him and pulls at a chain hanging from the ceiling - the light snaps on inside the closet. Somewhere, a long way off in the same building, a toilet is heard flushing.

He is much older than the rest, carries himself with authority as he hobbles across the room to a raised podium, supporting his withered body on his cane. Looks like he will play JUDGE.

Everyone in the room now sits. Mister Black looks at White.

ANGLE ON WHITE - He starts to tremble, not so much from fear, but cold.

**MISTER BLACK**

Welcome.

White just looks at him, still clutching the small notebook called: ANSWERS.

**MISTER BLACK**

John White, you are to be tried for murder, yes. You wish to confess to these crimes now?

White is silent. He leans over and scratches his legs through the fabric of his trousers. They itch like crazy.

Mister Black turns to the assembled people.

**MISTER BLACK**

Very well. The testimony of the prosecutors. Yes.

TWO MYSTERY MEN stand and step across to a wooden easel. MAN 1 stands beside it, reveals a series of visuals, charts, etc. drawn on stiff cardboard. MAN 2 uses a pointer while he describes the evidence to support their case.

**MYSTERY MAN 2**

We will show that John White is abnormal, a menace to society, a dangerous sick individual, and that the court should have no mercy in finding him guilty and punishable to the extreme for his crimes.

MAN 1 places a large black and white photo blow-up on the easel. It shows White at the door of the JAPANESE WOMAN'S apartment, clutching a kitchen knife, covered in blood.

**MYSTERY MAN 1**

Exhibit A shows the accused leaving the scene of his most recent crime, yes. A photo taken by a remote camera planted by one of our agents.

White watches in stunned silence.

A general murmur of agreement through the room as the point is made. Mister Black turns to the victims, nods his head slowly.

**MYSTERY MAN 2**

Exhibit B...

MAN 1 removes a small tape recorder, hands it to MAN 2.

**MYSTERY MAN 2**

Actual tape recording of accused committing aforementioned crime, yes.

He turns a switch, the reels spin slowly. A hush fills the room.

VOICE 1 (sounds like JAPANESE WOMAN)  
No... Please...

A scream.

VOICE 2 (sounds like White)  
Shut up!

Another scream. A ripping sound.

VOICE 3 (sounds like his WIFE)  
John! Don't...

Another scream.

White is standing up, involuntarily, he can't listen to this any longer.

WHITE (a squeak, almost inaudible)  
Stop it! This is a lie...

Mister Black turns to White. The Men testifying stop the tape and look at him also.

**MISTER BLACK**  
Something to say? Ready to confess?

The Men in the audience turn and all stare at White, as do the victims and the spectators in the adjoining room.

WHITE (back to a whisper)  
I didn't kill anyone.

**MISTER BLACK**  
Speak up. Yes.

WHITE (finds his voice)  
It's lies. Everything.

He grips the barrier before him.

A SHRIEK from the pram containing the BABY - it rocks violently from side to side.

The DISEMBOWELED WOMAN rises from her chair. She has difficulty standing, her limbs stiff. She looks at White, opens her mouth to say something, but no sound comes out. Instead a tiny RED CRAB scuttles out, across her face, and falls to the ground. She sits down.

White is stunned.

**MISTER BLACK**  
Bring the witnesses.

AN OLDER COUPLE are led out of the kitchen by a Mystery Man. Shown to seats behind a podium. The woman looks sadly at White.

**MISTER BLACK**  
You are the accused's parents?

**FATHER**

That's right.

**MOTHER**

Yes.

**WHITE**

Wait a minute...

**MISTER SLACK**

You had your turn! Let them speak.

WHITE (angry)

My parents are supposed to be dead!  
You can't keep changing the damn  
rules like this! Why go through this  
ridiculous set-up! Why don't you  
just kill me and be done with it!

MISTER BLACK (smiles at parents)

Please, continue...

**WHITE**

This is insane!

He looks over to the victims.

**WHITE**

It was them, not me.  
(points at the  
Mystery Men)  
They killed you.

Looks back at the Mystery Men.

**WHITE**

You have invented all this. History  
is a lie, not just mine, everyone's -  
a fiction. You are the authors.

His knuckles go white as he squeezes tighter on the barrier.

**MISTER BLACK**

A fanciful idea, Mister White.

**WHITE**

Everyone has a job - a function. Each  
one teaches you more about your  
invention. I'm what is called a  
murderer.

The whole court listens in silence to White's testimony.

**WHITE**

You've given everybody memories, but  
I missed out. The Doctor saw to that  
- played your own game. And now...

WHITE looks at the MYSTERY MEN, then back at MISTER BLACK.

**WHITE**

You're trying to get rid of me.

There is silence. Whispers. Faces staring.

**WHITE**

Why do I threaten you? You're scared  
aren't you?

MISTER BLACK and the gathered MYSTERY MEN look speechless at  
White. Suddenly everyone bursts into spontaneous LAUGHTER, led  
by Mister Black.

A terrible cackle fills the room - all the MYSTERY MEN laugh  
hysterically, so do the mutilated victims. The spectators in  
the adjoining room remain silent.

**MISTER BLACK**

Ah - a plot. Now we have a plot!  
(chuckling)  
Very inventive...

The older couple behind the podium look disturbed.

**MOTHER**

Please, John, you're embarrassing  
us...

**WHITE**

Shut up!

**MISTER BLACK (chuckling still)**

You have proof? Evidence? Yes?

**WHITE (holds up notebook)**

It's all here!

Mister Black seems startled by the book, then pretends it's  
nothing.

**MISTER BLACK**

A book of delusions. Anything else?

**WHITE**

But I...

**MISTER BLACK**

I see.

(turns to the  
victims)

The verdict, yes...

**WHITE**

Wait, this isn't fair...

The DISEMBOWELED WOMAN stands again. This time she opens her mouth, there is a bubbling noise, water runs out, then:

DISEMBOWELED WOMAN (whisper)

Guilty...

White is agitated, fear in his face. Mister Black stamps SOME PAPERS before him repeatedly.

ON THE PAPERS - official-looking documents. The stamp says: **GUILTY.**

CLOSE on White's eyes.

**MISTER BLACK**

Before I pronounce sentence...

Suddenly the papers on the bench in front of Mister Black BURST INTO FLAMES. Mister Black recoils, almost falling off his chair, taken by surprise. The Mystery Men all look at White, a murmur of concern.

Mister Black looks up at White - angered.

**MISTER BLACK**

How dare you use your tricks on me!

White, genuinely surprised, looks around. Several Mystery Men BACK AWAY from him, scared.

**WHITE**

I didn't realise...

**MISTER BLACK**

Shut up, freak! Monster! You are insignificant.

He glares across the room, angrily. An WOODEN CHAIR in a corner starts to vibrate.



CLOSE on Mister Black's eyes.

The chair rises into the air - HURLS across the room at White.

Mister Black laughs as it crashes into the wall. White ducks just in time.

The gathered Mystery Men erupt into enthusiastic applause.

White regains his composure and tries some mind tricks of his own. He lifts a small table into the air, and makes it spin - a knife and fork dance back and forth on the surface, as several plates (from a stack in the kitchen) hurl, firstly at the spinning table, then go flying across the room, smashing near Mister Black, making him dance back and forth comically.

This display is accompanied by a rousing rendition of a WALTZ playing on a floating gramophone White has also activated with his mind.

SEVERAL Mystery Men are TERRIFIED. White is amazed at his own performance.

**MISTER BLACK**

You'll regret that.

Mister Black is furious, spluttering, spit flying from his mouth.

MISTER BLACK (shouts)

**SHUT IT DOWN!**

A Mystery Man by the window, picks up a phone and dials furiously. Everyone in the room remains silent - waiting.

**MAN ON PHONE**

Yes, we have a problem here. Shut it down immediately.

White doesn't understand what is going on. O.S. the SOUND of machinery WINDING DOWN.

ANGLE ON a clock hanging on the wall. ON the SECOND HAND. It suddenly STOPS.

All eyes are on Mister Black.

**MISTER BLACK**

This has all gone too far. Yes, much too far.

Mister Black starts to SHAKE. His eyes shut, clenches his

teeth, grips the insect on his cane, plants his feet firmly to the floor.

Around the room WALLS CRACK, plaster rains down from the ceiling...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

All over the city things START TO FALL APART - a devastating impact on the landscape.

**MONTAGE**

A street CRACKS OPEN. Beneath the pavement are pulsating intestine-like organs. These burst open with pus...

A building vanishes...

A car on a street corner flies into the air...

A telephone box STARTS TO SPIN, faster and taster, digging itself into the concrete. Monstrous INSECT LEGS sprout from the hole left behind...

Geysers of STEAMING BILE spurt into the night sky...

BLACK EXCREMENT forces up out of a sewer, runs down stone steps...

THE CITY is coming apart...

**CUT BACK TO:**

**INT. APARTMENT H'**

The room looks like an earthquake hit it - broken furniture and gaping holes torn in the walls.

Several MYSTERY MEN huddle behind an upturned table, watching WHITE and MISTER BLACK. They face each other, both still standing - mental energies focused against each other in battle.

The fighting is taken its toll on both men.

A DAGGER hangs suspended in mid-air, slowly rotating to face White with its shining silver blade.

Mister Black is clenching his rotting teeth, tightening bony fists by his side. Pushing every ounce of mental power at the knife.

White, bleeding from a gash in his cheek, is straining his mind against the knife.

The blade STARTS TO MOVE, ever so slowly at first, towards White. His body is shaking with his mental effort. A bead of sweat runs down his brow, dripping into his eye, blurring his vision.

He is losing.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

We see an OUT OF FOCUS IMAGE. A group of dark figures. WHITE regains consciousness, strapped to a kitchen table. From his perspective, in the immediate foreground, a figure speaks as he removes a syringe from White's FOREHEAD.

**FIGURE**

Good as new. Yes. Everything is easier now.

His vision CLEARS, he can see. It's MISTER BLACK. Behind him a SMALL CROWD who turn out to be MYSTERY MEN.

Mister Black suddenly pulls at his own face, removes the mask.

Underneath is a mess of PULSATING ORGANS AND INSECT PARTS. This is what Mystery Men really look like. He laughs, starts to MOVE rhythmically - a strange dance-step. The others join in, as they too pull off masks.

Each Man reaches up to his left ear in unison. They pull squirming INSECTS out, hold them up to the light. The insects scream triumphantly.

White screams too. And he can't stop.

Everything goes BLACK. Then the sound of a key rattling in a lock. A door slowly creaks open...

**INT. SEASIDE HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

A P.O.V. enters a small room.

Dappled SUNLIGHT through a tattered lace curtain. A clock ticks on a wall. A cough O.S. from the corridor. A FAT MAN, talks as he enters:

**FAT MAN**

It's small but clean...  
    (it isn't)  
...and the view's nice.  
    (points to window)  
Isn't it?

JOHN WHITE enters. He is haggard, eyes rimmed with red. He still holds the small black NOTEBOOK, tight to his chest. He stands in the centre of the room, looks up. Strangely, though the room is very small, it extends upwards several stories - windows sit at various heights.

White walks to the lace curtain, opens it with shaking hands.

#### **OUTSIDE**

A narrow street and at the end, the ocean. The sound of distant surf, he can taste the salt spray.

                    WHITE (without turning)  
I'll take it.

The man behind him blows his nose loudly and turns to go, shutting the door. White puts the notebook down on a table near the open window.

#### **LATER**

White has fallen asleep on the bed.

He wakes, troubled. Stands and walks over to the sink next to the bed. He moves like he is underwater. The sea-breeze tugs at the curtain, draws him to the window.

#### **HIS P.O.V.**

Down the street to the small patch of sand between buildings. TWO FIGURES approach each other.

He pulls out his wallet and removes the torn photo of the woman, places it against the pillow on the bed. He sits on the edge of the bed and lifts his trousers, looks at his legs nothing out of the ordinary.

White is disturbed by a TINY MOVEMENT in his coat pocket. He reaches in and pulls out a small, EMACIATED FISH.

Disgusted, he drops the fish to the floor, looks at the creature. White raise his foot. His heel comes down with a sickening SQUISH.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN STEADILY towards the notebook near the

window. As the SHOT TIGHTENS we can read the title on the cover: ANSWERS - BY JONATHAN WHITE, AGE NINE.

Now a sudden GUST OF WIND blows open the book. The pages flicker past. Glimpses of happy things. A child's drawings of smiling people. The sun shining down on a blue ocean full of sailing boats. Fields of colourful flowers. Cute animals.

**INT. LONG CORRIDOR - DAY**

SOUND OF SURF, distant, muffled.

CAMERA MOVES slowly towards a door. The final door - no others beyond this. ECHOIC FOOTSTEPS.

TIGHT ON WHITE - His haggard face moves through darkness. He looks down at his walking feet.

HIS P.O.V. - White sees water, waves breaking, through the cracks in the floorboards of the hallway.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

The cracks around the closed door are illuminated, white-hot, by the SUN outside.

ON HIS HAND - As he reaches towards the handle.

ON HIS FACE - As the door opens. A sharp line of light cuts across his features, as his eyes blink and water. The wind pulls at his messy hair. SURF NOISE is louder now.

REVERSE ANGLE - WIDER - OUTSIDE looking through the door, along a long wooden pier jutting out into a blue seascape. At the end of the pier stands the tiny figure of A WOMAN WITH RED HAIR. She looks out at the ocean, her back turned.

ANGLE LOOKS BACK at White standing in the open doorway, squints into the sun. Suddenly he looks relieved, almost happy for the first time. He steps OUT OF FRAME briskly - a weight gone from his shoulders. Everything is clear finally, he knows exactly what to do.

A voice recites names over a P.A. system.

**REVERSE ANGLE**

A TRACKING SHOT follows White, moves down the pier toward the woman. As White steps up to her, she turns and smiles.

WOMAN (indicates the sea)

Beautiful.

White nods slowly. He looks out of place in his crumpled suit. He stares out at the ocean. Seagulls fly over. Sun reflects off waves.

**WHITE**

Yes...

**WOMAN**

What's your name?

He looks at her. Smiles. Then, slowly, brings his hands to her throat.

**WHITE**

John... White.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**CREDITS**