

"HELLRAISER"

A Screenplay by

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TITLE SEQUENCE

In the darkness, a blood-curdling cacophony: the squeal of unoiled winches the rasp of hooks and razors being sharpened; and worse, the howl of tormented souls. Above this din one particular victim yells for mercy – a mixture of tears and roars of rage.

By degrees, his incoherent pleas are drowned out by the surrounding tumult, until without warning, his voice pierces the confusion afresh – this time reduced to a naked scream.

From the din, music. An unearthly rhythmical sound. And from the darkness, in rhythm with the music, an image appears.

A house: NUMBER 55 LODOVICO STREET: an old, three storey, late Victorian house, with gaunt trees lining its overgrown garden. It's curtains are drawn, there is newspaper over it's top window.

The image appears and is wiped off, again in rhythm with the music. A second image, of the house again, only closer, appears. Then darkness again. Then the house a third time, from the driveway. So it continues, as the titles begin to run. Images appearing from darkness, and then wiped off again, all following the same slow tolling of the soundtrack.

The images now take us inside the house. First the hallway. Then the staircase. Then the empty rooms. Number 55 has been left unoccupied for many years, it seems, though much of it's furniture remains, covered in dust-sheets. On the mantelpiece of one room, a plaster saint. In the kitchen, evidence of life here. Opened tins, bread, bottles of spirits; a glass.

We move upstairs, the images still divided by darkness. We see the upper landing. An open door, and through it, a makeshift bed, blankets strewn. An open suitcase, and it's contents; more liquor.

We move up a flight, and approach a room off the top landing, the door of which is also slightly ajar. The light within swings backwards and forwards, and for the first time we understand the rhythm of image and then darkness, which has taken us through the title sequence. It is the rhythm of the light in this room, as it swings to and fro.

We move towards the door, as the final title is sucked through the gap into the Torture Room beyond.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

The bare bulbs in the room we've entered swing violently, disorienting us. There are chains – dozens of them – disappearing with the darkness of the ceiling: all are swinging back and forth. Some end in hooks, with pieces of skin and sinew adhering; some are serrated, others simply drip blood.

The bell tolls on.

On the blood-spattered floor, a box, some six inches square, which resembles an elaborate Chinese puzzle box. Later, we'll learn its name and function. It's called the Lament Configuration, and it's a way to raise Hell. LITERALLY. For now, it remains an enigma.

A hand, its flesh systematically pierced with needles, reaches down and picks the box up.

In close up we see just what an elaborate construction it is, made up of sliding panels and mysterious chambers. It is open at present, its polished innards exposed. Out of it, a banal melody, played on a hidden mechanism. The hands, which belong to one of the demons – a CENOBITE – move over the box.

CENOBITE

(unseen)

It's over...

Delicately, the hands begin to reconstruct the box, sliding the well-oiled parts back into place, the tune simplifying with each manoeuvre.

The room is getting darker. The chains are disappearing into the gloom.

We see tantalizing glimpses of other figures, turning from the light and fading into the darkness. We catch sight of monstrous faces, but only for the briefest of moments. Then they're gone.

The box is almost returned to its unopened condition.

The last sounds to fade are the tune from the box, and the bell.

It tolls on as the final panel of the box is slid into place.

The light stops swinging. The panel clicks. The tune stops.

At last, a long shot of the room. At the far end the window is covered with yellowed newspapers. There is dust settling through the air.

Otherwise it is empty.

The bell fades.

It's as if nothing ever happened here.

Except...

Somewhere, very quietly, a creaking that could be the sound of floorboards, or the low, agonized gasp of a thing barely alive.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The wind is blaring as we watch the door of Number 55. From the doorstep, voices. One is that of LARRY COTTON, the other his wife JULIA. Clearly LARRY is attempting to get inside. We hear the sound of keys tried in the lock.

LARRY
It's ONE of these.

JULIA
We're going to freeze to death.

LARRY
O.K. O.K.

The sound of another key tried in the lock.

JULIA
Maybe somebody changed the lock.

LARRY
(slightly irritated)
Like who?

JULIA
Just a thought –

LARRY
Ah!

The key is turned.

LARRY
Success.

The door swings open.

LARRY
Voila!

We see the pair on the doorstep. LARRY is an American in his early forties, an attractive man who has lost his edge in recent years. He looks harassed; he smirks too much. A little, but significant, corner of him is utterly defeated. JULIA, his wife, is English: and looks perhaps ten years his junior. She is beautiful, but her face betrays a barely buried unhappiness. Life has disappointed her too, of late: and LARRY has been a major part of their disappointment.

LARRY
Well. This is it.

They step over the threshold.

INT. UPPER LANDING - DAY

The door of the Torture Room creaks, as the wind blows it opens an inch. From downstairs, we hear JULIA's voice.

JULIA
It smells damp.

LARRY
It's just been empty a while.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

LARRY slams the front door.

INT. UPPER LANDING - DAY

The Torture Room door creaks closed again.

LARRY
(from below)
Besides, it's an old house.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

He stands in the hallway, not certain which way to go from here.

JULIA
How long since you were here?

LARRY
The best part of ten years.

LARRY picks up some mail – circulars mostly – from behind the door, then leads JULIA through from the hallway to explore the ground floor.

LARRY
I wanted to sell it off at one point,
after the old Lady died, but I
couldn't get Frank to agree.

He opens one of the doors, and looks inside.

LARRY
(with pleasure)
Christ. It's not been touched.

He continues along the passageway. He opens another door, and steps into a large room. He opens one of the curtains. Light pours in, dust-laden shafts falling on the sheeted furniture.

LARRY
Look at this.

JULIA lingers in the doorway.

JULIA
Why didn't he want to sell it?

LARRY
(dismissively)
I don't know. Probably wanted a
hideaway.

He pulls a sheet off a chair.

LARRY
Look at this stuff.

The chair is ugly; old fashioned. JULIA is unimpressed.

JULIA
Not exactly modern.

LARRY
(shrugs)
We'll sell it. Sell everything.

JULIA
I thought half of it was your
brother's?

LARRY
He won't complain. He can pay off

some of his creditors.

LARRY is getting more enthusiastic about the place by the moment. He leaves the room, moving past JULIA to explore further.

LARRY

You know we have to let Kirsty see this place, before we do anything to it. She'll love it.

JULIA

You mean we're moving in?

LARRY pauses. Looks at her.

LARRY

You don't like it?

JULIA shrugs.

JULIA

It's better than Brooklyn.

She turns back down the hallway. He watches her, then follows.

LARRY

You're still blaming me.

JULIA

No. I'm not.

LARRY

You wanted to come back to London.
We came back.

We are hearing the tip of a debate they've had dozens of times, which immediately annoys them both.

JULIA

All right.

LARRY

So what's the argument?

JULIA
(cold)
No argument.

LARRY
Oh Christ. Julia...

JULIA wanders back to the bottom of the stairs. Then starts to climb.

LARRY
(exasperated, to himself)
Shit.

INT. LANDING - DAY

JULIA climbs the stairs, her face charged with suppressed feeling. She's sick of LARRY; his enthusiasm depresses her, his compromises anger her. What's between them is stale, like this house.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

The door opens a fraction.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

LARRY has stepped into the kitchen, to find the remains of the food we briefly glimpsed in the titles sequence, now rotted and fungal. It smells, to judge the expression on his face. It also puzzles him. Then, from above:

JULIA
Larry!

He leaves the kitchen and retraces his steps to the bottom of the stairs.

JULIA
Larry!

LARRY
I hear you.

He starts up the stairs.

INT. LOWER LANDING - DAY

LARRY reaches the top of the stairs.

LARRY
Where are you?

JULIA
(out of sight)
In here.

LARRY follows JULIA's voice to the end of the corridor.

JULIA is standing in a doorway. Beyond, the 'bedroom' we saw in the titles sequence, untouched since then.

JULIA
Squatters?

LARRY steps past her, and throws back the blankets.

Wood-lice scurry away. He goes to the suitcase, and starts looking through it. Besides clothes there's a lot else that speaks of its owner: bric-a-brac picked up in a lifetime of adventuring; handful of bullets; fragments of an erotic statue; coins and notes from a dozen countries. Amongst the stuff, some photographs.

LARRY peers at them. One pictures a good-looking intense man in his mid to late thirties, in bed with a naked Chinese girl.

LARRY
Frank.

At the door, we see JULIA almost flinch at the name.

JULIA
He's here?

LARRY
He's BEEN here. There's stuff in the kitchen. He must have made a hasty

exit.

The 'phone rings downstairs. JULIA jumps.

LARRY
That'll be Kirsty.

LARRY stands up and leaves the room, moving past JULIA in the doorway, who is left to stare down at the bed FRANK has slept in, and the suitcase of belongings. As we hear LARRY clatter downstairs it seems JULIA's face is close to tears.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

The 'phone continues to ring. LARRY steps through and picks up the receiver.

LARRY
Hello...?

There's no answer.

LARRY
Hello...?

INT. FRANK'S 'BEDROOM' - DAY

JULIA goes to the open suitcase, and looks at the photographs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

LARRY
(on 'phone)
Is there anybody there?

He puts down the 'phone. He goes back out into the hall.

INT. FRANK'S 'BEDROOM' - DAY

Nervous that LARRY will return and see what she's doing, JULIA is going through the photographs.

LARRY
(from below)
There's nobody there –

The sound of his foot on the stairs. Hurriedly, she selects a photograph of Frank without the girl, and pockets it.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

LARRY is climbing the stairs.

LARRY
I'm surprised it's even connected...

The 'phone rings again.

LARRY
Shit.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mission accomplished, JULIA leaves the bedroom, taking one last glance at the sweat-stained sheet and the indented pillar where Frank lay. A lone wood-lice crawls over the sheet, navigating the folds. She closes the door on the sight. Downstairs, the 'phone stops ringing.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

LARRY has picked up the 'phone.

LARRY
Who's there?

KIRSTY
(barely audible)
Daddy?

CUT TO:

INT. KIRSTY'S ROOM - DAY

KIRSTY, the daughter of Larry's first marriage, and his only child, on the 'phone. She is barely twenty, beautiful in an unpretentious way: a dream of a girl-next-door. We can't see much of the room she's in at the moment, the shot is too tight.

LARRY (V.O.)
Kirsty?

KIRSTY
I got through.

LARRY (V.O.)
Where are you?

KIRSTY
I found a room.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

LARRY
(on 'phone)
What did you say?

INT. KIRSTY'S ROOM - DAY

KIRSTY
I said: I found a room.

We begin to draw back from KIRSTY now, as she continues to speak to her father. She's sitting on a battered chair by the door. The room she's in is cramped and dirty.

From outside, the sound of trains going by.

LARRY (V.O.)
I thought you were going to stay
with us for awhile?

KIRSTY
(pained)
No Dad.

LARRY (V.O.)
You'd like the house.

KIRSTY
YOU'D like my room.

LARRY (V.O.)
Do you want me to come over?

KIRSTY

(hastily)

No, no. Not just yet. It needs...
re... some work.

That it does. The place, now we've got a good view of it, is
a total dump.

LARRY (V.O.)

Well I want you to see the house.

KIRSTY

I'm not going to change my mind,
Dad.

As she speaks she reaches forward to pull a picture, tacked
to the wall, of a orangutan, with breasts collaged onto it,
down. She succeeds. Beneath there's a large hole in the wall,
which the picture was there to conceal. Plaster falls from
it.

KIRSTY

(mouths the word)

Great.

LARRY (V.O.)

Well come over, will you? See the
place?

KIRSTY

Maybe later in the week. First I've
got to find myself a job.

LARRY (V.O.)

What for, honey? You know we can
look after you. You've made the
gesture –

KIRSTY

It's not a gesture. I want to do
this on my own. Come on, trust me a
little will you?

LARRY

I do. I'd just feel happier if you were with us.

KIRSTY

I'll come over and see you in the next few days. You can show me the mansion. O.K.?

LARRY (V.O.)

You will keep in touch.

KIRSTY

Of course. Every day.

LARRY (V.O.)

O.K.

KIRSTY

Take care, Dad.

LARRY (V.O.)

Call me tomorrow.

KIRSTY

I will. See you.

She puts the receiver back, and looks towards the window.

A dog is barking outside: a lonely sound. Despite her bravura while speaking to Larry, it's apparent from her expression that it's taken some determination on her part to resist his offer and she is a little anxious.

INT. HALLWAY OF LODOVICO STREET - DAY

JULIA is three steps from the bottom of the stairs

LARRY

Well?

JULIA

(resigned)

Why not?

LARRY
(smiles; he's pleased)
We'll move in Sunday.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

A church bell rings. Off-screen, we hear voices: two men are attempting to move a bed into the house with LARRY masterminding the manoeuvres. We HEAR their efforts, but we don't yet see them. Our interest is in JULIA, who is unpacking a tea-chest in a room which is still full of draped furniture.

1ST MAN (O.S.)
We're not going to get it in.

2ND MAN (O.S.)
Tip it! Tip it!

LARRY (O.S.)
Wait! Wait! Watch the fucking paint work.

1ST MAN (O.S.)
Look, do you want the bed in or not?

LARRY (O.S.)
Just take it slowly.

1ST MAN (O.S.)
Oh, sod you.

2ND MAN (O.S.)
Eh, Chas, slow it down like the man says.

LARRY (O.S.)
It'll go in.

1ST MAN
Famous last fucking words.

JULIA's face through this has been almost devoid of expression. She's holding so many feelings inside; deep inside. Now she moves from one box to another, and opens it to find it full of bathroom bric-a-brac.

She picks it up and goes through into the hallway.

The bell continues to ring.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The three sweating men have the bed wedged in the door.

LARRY
(not seeing Julia)
Alright, let's give it another try.

2ND MAN
(sees Julia)
Do you really need this bed, lady?

LARRY turns. Sees JULIA.

LARRY
How are you doing through there?

JULIA
It looks like a bomb's dropped.

2ND MAN
Got any beer?

JULIA
There's some in the 'fridge.

Nobody moves to get it. Certainly JULIA has no intention of being waitress. She goes to the bottom of the stairs.

LARRY
I'll get it.

LARRY disappears through into the kitchen. JULIA starts up the stairs, watched appreciatively by the two men in the doorway. One leans over and whispers to the other, who laughs. JULIA glances back at them. The whisperer licks his lips; the meaning of the gesture perfectly apparent. JULIA heads upstairs.

EXT. NUMBER 55 - DAY

KIRSTY arrives at the head of the drive. The two men are drinking beers. The bed has not been moved.

She wanders down the drive towards the house.

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

2ND MAN
(seeing Kirsty)
It's my lucky day.

KIRSTY
Hi.

2ND MAN
Want to buy a bed?

KIRSTY
Not much.

She moves past them, attempting to insinuate herself between the bed and the door-jamb. They watch, enjoying her efforts.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

KIRSTY
Dad?

LARRY emerges from one of the rooms, looking harassed.

His face lightens as he sees his daughter.

LARRY
Honey!

They hug each other.

KIRSTY
Big house.

LARRY
You like?

KIRSTY

Me like.

Another hug.

LARRY

I'll show you around when we've got
this damn bed moved.

KIRSTY

Is Julia here?

LARRY

Upstairs.
(his voice lowers)
Treat her gently, huh? She hates
moving.

KIRSTY

(dryly)
Surprise.

LARRY

(a gently chiding
voice)
Kirsty.

KIRSTY

O.K. I'll be nice. You get on with
the muscle work. I'll make myself
some coffee.

LARRY

Kitchen's through on your left.

KIRSTY kisses LARRY, and goes through to the kitchen.

LARRY turns back to the door. The men have been watching
KIRSTY. LARRY clearly dislikes the scrutiny.

1ST MAN, out-stared by LARRY, looks away. The 2ND MAN is
unperturbed.

2ND MAN

That your daughter?

LARRY
Uh-huh.

2ND MAN
(grins oafishly)
Got her mother's looks.

LARRY
Her mother's dead.

2ND MAN's grin fades.

2ND MAN
Oh.

LARRY
Julia's my second wife.

2ND MAN
(weakly)
Lucky man.

LARRY
Damn right. Now are we going to move
the bed or not?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is chaotic. Cutlery, crockery, utensils, pans and foodstuffs have been heaped on every available surface. KIRSTY has found the kettle, but is having difficulty turning on the tap. She struggles with it. No joy. Just a rattling sound in the pipes as the system lurches into action.

INT. LOWER LANDING - DAY

The pipes rattle and chug behind the plaster. The CAMERA moves along the corridor, hugging the wall. At the end of the corridor stands JULIA, in a patch of sunlight. She has the photograph of FRANK in her hands.

She looks intently at it.

A CLOSE-UP of the photograph. Then FRANK's voice.

FRANK
Can I come in?

JULIA looks up from the photograph.

INT. JULIA'S FLASHBACK - DAY

A front door opens. On the step of another house stands FRANK, with two suitcases. It's raining outside; HARD. The rain has plastered his hair to his scalp, which only emphasizes his raw good looks.

He's unshaven; his eyes are dark, and intense.

Again, the line she remembers:

FRANK
Can I come in?

The splash of rain on the step becomes a spurt of water, as we

CUT BACK TO:

the present day.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The tap has come on suddenly, spraying KIRSTY with water. She jumps back, soaked.

KIRSTY
Shit! Shit!

She reaches to turn the pressure down.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The men are struggling with the bed again.

LARRY
(calls through)
Are you O.K.?

KIRSTY

(from kitchen)
Sure.

INT. LOWER LANDING - DAY

Again, JULIA returns her gaze to the photograph.

INT. JULIA'S FLASHBACK - DAY

The same scene: FRANK in the doorstep. Now we

CUT TO:

the person who opened the door. It's JULIA; a younger JULIA, her hair arranged differently, her clothes brighter. It is two weeks before her marriage to LARRY. She looks at the man on the doorstep without a trace of recognition on her face.

FRANK
You're Julia, right?

JULIA
That's right. Who are you?

FRANK
(a dazzling smile)
I'm brother Frank.

JULIA
(smiles)
Oh.

FRANK
I came for the wedding.

He looks at her, eyes glittering. His hold on her is almost mesmeric.

FRANK
There is going to BE a wedding?

JULIA
Oh. Oh yes.

FRANK

Well can I come in or not?

JULIA

I'm sorry. Of course. You're very welcome.

He steps inside. Now he is close to her, rain running down his face. We can hear his breath; sense the almost intimidating intimacy of his presence.

FRANK

That's nice to know.

(pause)

Have you got a towel?

INT. LOWER LANDING - DAY

JULIA stares down at the photograph. Off screen, KIRSTY's voice:

KIRSTY (O.S.)

Have you got a towel?

JULIA looks up. At the top of the stairs, KIRSTY soaked from the tap. JULIA looks up, and hurriedly pockets the photograph.

JULIA

Kirsty.

KIRSTY

Hi. I got soaked.

JULIA

There's a towel in the bathroom.

KIRSTY

Which is where?

JULIA

Just to your left.

KIRSTY ducks into the bathroom. We

CUT BACK TO:

JULIA. It's clear the memory of her first meeting with FRANK has affected her deeply. The tears that threatened earlier are close.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

KIRSTY has unbuttoned her blouse and is drying herself.

KIRSTY

Did Dad tell you I got a room, by the way? Waterloo. Center of the known universe.

Silence from outside.

KIRSTY

Julia?
(she puts her head
out of the bathroom)

INT. LOWER LANDING - DAY

JULIA has gone.

INT. UPPER LANDING - DAY

The door of the Torture Room is pushed open. JULIA steps inside.

INT. LOWER LANDING - DAY

KIRSTY hears the creak of footsteps on the boards above. JULIA's behaviour puzzles her, but she's not about to waste time thinking too hard about it. She starts downstairs again.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

We have an odd, hovering point of view of JULIA, as she steps inside the room. Something about the atmosphere distresses her.

There is a scratching sound. She looks down. A wood-lice, recalling Frank's forsaken bed, crawls along the edge of the skirting board. She crosses to the window, and tears away a little spy-hole in the aged newspaper.

From downstairs, the voices of the bed-movers.

1ST MAN
Have you got it?

2ND MAN
I've got it. I told you –

LARRY
Wait! Wait!

The light through the window falls on her eye.

The screen becomes a white-out, from which emerges:

INT. JULIA'S FLASHBACK - DAY

A bedroom, with afternoon sunlight pouring between the slats of bamboo blinds. Outside we can hear children playing summer games. Inside, a fly buzzes.

JULIA, the younger self, is holding her wedding dress in front of her, displaying it.

JULIA
Well?

FRANK (O.S.)
I don't want to see the dress.

JULIA
But you said –

FRANK
I don't want to see the dress.

JULIA lets the dress drop a few inches in front of her. She stares at FRANK.

FRANK
You know what I want.

Still she doesn't let the 'defence' that the dress offers – a reminder of her imminent marriage – fall. She stares

though, and there's an invitation in her eyes.

FRANK

I want you.

Now we

CUT TO:

FRANK. He is not so bedraggled as in the first scene, but the heat of the day has brought a sheen of sweat to his face. Standing half in shadow he looks almost dangerous.

Now JULIA lets the dress drop, putting it on the bed behind her.

FRANK

That's better.

FRANK steps towards her.

JULIA

What about Larry –

FRANK

Forget him.

FRANK takes hold of her. She doesn't resist him, though there is barely disguised fear on her face.

He puts his hand inside her blouse.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

In extreme CLOSE UP, JULIA blinks into the light through the window, as LARRY's voice from downstairs calls her from her reverie.

LARRY

Slowly, will you? Slowly!

Again, a white-CUT, from which emerges:

INT. JULIA'S FLASHBACK - DAY

The two are naked on the bed, both sweating now.

Beneath them, the wedding dress, crushed under their weight.

Their love-making is not straight-forward: there is an element of erotic perversity in the way FRANK licks at her face, almost like an animal, his hold on her too tight to be loving. The sequence escalates into a series of strange details from their locked bodies. Nails digging into palms; sweat rivulets running down their torsos. And once in a while we see their faces. JULIA watching FRANK, mesmerized and amused by his intensity; FRANK almost pained by his desire to push the experience TO THE LIMIT. Their passion is rendered stranger still by the way the light through the window falls on their bodies, making striped creatures of them.

At last, as their urgency increases, we move up until we're looking directly down on the bed. From here it is JULIA's face we can see, and the ecstasy of the moment has seized her. Her arms are flung up over her head; her eyes are closed as she murmurs:

JULIA

Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God.

The scene whites out.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

JULIA is still staring into the light. She sobs, very quietly.

JULIA

(a whisper)

Oh Frank...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Downstairs, LARRY and the men have moved the bed across the hall to the bottom of the stairs.

All three are weary now, and getting careless.

As they start up the stairs we see trouble ahead for LARRY, whose hand is moving closer and closer to a nail protruding from the woodwork of the bannister.

LARRY
(to Movers)
Will you take the weight while I
take a step up?

He backs towards the stairs – and the nail.

LARRY
Damn it, will you take the –

The side of his hand is impaled by the nail. He cries out. The weight of the bed, which he cannot relinquish, drives the nail deeper, and gouges a long cut from the ball of his thumb to his wrist. Blood pours out.

LARRY
Christ!

1ST MAN
What's the problem?

LARRY
My fucking hand!

He drops his edge of the bed, and disengages his hand from the nail upon which he's injured himself. He lifts his hand, from which blood is pouring.

LARRY
You fucking ass-holes.

1ST MAN
Who are you calling a fucking ass-hole? It's this bastard bed that's your fucking problem!

LARRY isn't listening. He's looking at the wound in his hand. He hates the sight of his own blood. Any moment, he may faint.

LARRY
...Oh Christ...

But not in front of these bastards. He turns and starts up the stairs, groggier by the moment.

LARRY
...oh... Christ...

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

JULIA is standing in the middle of the room. A single dart of light, through the hole she tore in the newspaper, strikes her face. Softly on the soundtrack, the scrabbling noise of the woodlice.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The bed has been put down. 1ST MAN and 2ND MAN are putting on their coats. KIRSTY comes through from the kitchen.

KIRSTY
What's happening?

2ND MAN
We're leaving.

KIRSTY
Where's my father?

1ST MAN
He's fucked off.

2ND MAN
(mock chiding)
He... LANGUAGE.

1ST MAN
Sorry. He's gone upstairs. So we're
fucking off too.

2ND MAN takes a sheet of paper from his jacket.

2ND MAN
Will you sign for the bed?

KIRSTY
Sure.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

LARRY, his hand running with blood, climbs the last flight of stairs.

LARRY
(weakly)
...Julia...

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

JULIA hears him, and turns from her silent communing with the room. She crosses towards the door. Too late.

It opens. LARRY steps inside, blood pouring from his right hand, which he attempts to staunch with his left hand.

JULIA
What have you done?

LARRY
I cut myself.

Blood has started to drip, unnoticed by either of them, onto the bare boards. Heavy splashes.

LARRY looks sick; his face clammy with sweat. She stares at him without a trace of feeling for him on her face.

JULIA
Is it deep?

LARRY
I don't know, I haven't looked. You know me and blood.

JULIA
You're NOT going to faint.

LARRY
(he leans against the wall)
Shit.

JULIA
Let me see.

She goes to him. He looks away as she unglues one hand from the other, and looks at the wound. Blood comes faster, hitting the floor between them.

JULIA

It's probably going to need stitches.

LARRY

I'm going to throw up.

JULIA

No, you're not.

The blood keeps hitting the floor. Slap; slap; slap.

JULIA

We'll get you out into the fresh air.

He is again clamping his hand over the wound, as JULIA helps him to the door. They leave the Torture Room.

We hear their voices receding down the passageway, as we again assume that hovering view point. The floor, is heavily spattered with blood.

JULIA

Take it slowly.

LARRY

So damn stupid.

JULIA

You're done worse.

LARRY

I'll be scarred for life.

JULIA

No you won't.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

KIRSTY is half way up the stairs, as JULIA and LARRY head

down.

KIRSTY

What happened?

JULIA

Just an accident. He's all right.
Will you drive? He needs stitches.

KIRSTY

Sure.

JULIA

The keys are in the kitchen.

KIRSTY heads back to the kitchen. JULIA helps LARRY towards the front door.

The CAMERA swings away from them, upstairs, and begins to track...

LAP-DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UPPER LANDING - DAY

...we continue to track, towards the Torture Room.

Downstairs, the front door slams.

LAP-DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

From outside, the sound of a car door slamming. An engine starts. The car drives away.

We move towards the blood on the floor. As we watch, it begins to disappear, as if being absorbed by the room. We pan up to the wall. The plaster is not quite smooth; indeed, it now begins to grow restless, and cracks. Something begins to move in the wall...

WEDDING SCENE (FLASHBACK)

The screen is white, until a veil is lifted from it and we

are staring into LARRY's smiling face. Off-screen, the Priest's voice:

PRIEST

You may kiss the bride.

As LARRY leans forward to do so, we cut round to JULIA, the recipient of this kiss. Though she smiles as she receives the kiss, her glance strays towards the front pews. Her gaze first settles on her maid-of-honour KIRSTY, then behind KIRSTY to FRANK who is standing tapping his fingers on the pew. Now he looks up at her, his glance lethal. Then, he breaks into a smile that displays his utter contempt for the ritual in hand, and with it JULIA's glance returns to LARRY, whom she embraces.

The scene whites out.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY (ADDITIONAL FLASHBACK)

We cut to a room in LARRY's house, littered with wedding presents and cards, celebrating the imminent wedding. JULIA is standing beside the window, watching FRANK, who walks around the room like a caged animal.

LARRY enters, with a bottle and glasses, his manner jovial. He fails to notice the glances between JULIA and FRANK.

He sets the bottle in the middle of the table.

LARRY

You should have called.

FRANK

I didn't know if I'd get here.

LARRY

Well, we're pleased you did.

(to JULIA)

Aren't we, sweetheart?

JULIA smiles.

LARRY

Look, I'm going to have to leave you

guys to keep each other company.

JULIA

Larry....

LARRY

Anyway, it's bad luck to see too much of the bride before the wedding.

He exits. As he does so, FRANK moves to the table, his eyes on JULIA all the time. As he pours a glass of whisky, we hear an outer door slam.

FRANK

What shall we drink to?

He lifts the glass.

FRANK

(ironic)

Wedded bliss?

JULIA

(defensively)

I'm very happy.

FRANK

Sure you are.

He crosses to her.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

An explosion of laughter. We

CUT TO:

the remains of a rack of lamb, its gravy now congealed, scraps of meat adhering to the bone here and there. This is the centre-piece of the table reduced to a battlefield by the guests who are laughing off-screen.

We pass along the table, taking in dirty plates and cutlery, napkins, glasses and emptied wine bottles. Finally we reach JULIA, who is still sitting at the table, while the others

have retired to more comfortable seats. She looks utterly miserable, and a little drunk.

The room has been spruced up for the party. Candles are burning on tables and mantelpiece, there are pictures on the walls. But this is essentially cosmetic. The place has not been refurnished or redecorated.

We move to the party guests. Two we recognise: KIRSTY, and LARRY, who is presently entertaining the gathering with an account of his accident. The others are new faces. An American couple: BILL UNDERWOOD and his wife EVELYN, who are of an age with LARRY, and a younger bespectacled man – a work colleague of LARRY's – STEVE O'DONNELL.

One other man is seated at the table - he may be a colleague of LARRY's. (Much of the following dialogue is to be improvised). All are drunk.

A brandy bottle sits on the table between them, and half a dozen other liqueur bottles besides. STEVE, it soon becomes apparent, has his eyes on KIRSTY.

LARRY is half-way through his hospital story, gesticulating wildly as he goes through the tale, much to the pleasure of the rest. His hand and lower arm are heavily bandaged.

LARRY

– always hated the sight of my own blood. I go out like a light. Anybody else's? No problem. But mine... you know... goes straight to my head. Anyhow, damn doctor's poking around and I'm saying: I'm going to pass out, and he's saying, no you're not, no you're not. Next thing I know –

We

CUT BACK TO:

JULIA, who watches her husband, unamused.

LARRY

– I wake up on the floor.

Gales of laughter at this.

LARRY

And it was HIM who was looking sick.

While the following dialogue runs we see that STEVE has claimed one of the paper serviettes from the table and is tearing it – a litter of pieces surrounding his chair – into a pattern, much to KIRSTY's amusement. He looks up from his concentration to see her looking at him. They smile at each other.

BILL

Probably thought you'd sue.

LARRY

I should do it!

EVELYN

Doctors –

LARRY

I know. And he's saying: I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.

BILL

HE'S sorry.

LARRY

Right...
(he has picked up the
brandy bottle)
Anyone for more ?

EVELYN

(protests)
No... no... I...

LARRY

Come on, you're only young once –

LARRY fills up her glass.

LARRY

(to Kirsty)
What are you drinking, love?

KIRSTY
(giggles)
I've forgotten.

LARRY
Steve?

STEVE
We're on the Cointreau.

KIRSTY
That's right. Cointreau.

STEVE picks up the bottle.

STEVE
I'll do it.

He fills up KIRSTY's glass.

KIRSTY
I won't be able to stand.

STEVE
So lie down.

She casts him a sly glance. He smiles. She smiles.

JULIA now stands up.

JULIA
Would you excuse me? I think I'm
going to go to bed.

LARRY
Are you O.K.?

JULIA nods.

BILL
(looks at his watch)
Christ. I think it's time we were

away –

He stands.

LARRY

Bill? Absolutely not. Sit down. We've got celebrating to do.

JULIA looks frosty, but LARRY does not catch the look.

KIRSTY does however. BILL sits down.

STEVE

(to Julia)

It was a wonderful meal.

EVELYN

(gushing)

Oh it was. It was wonderful.

There's a chorus of approval. JULIA puts a smile on.

JULIA

I'm glad you enjoyed it.

EVELYN

See you again soon.

BILL

You must come round.

EVELYN

Yes. You must. We're so happy you're back.

JULIA

(at the door)

That's nice. Well... goodnight.

She exits, to a chorus of goodnights. KIRSTY in particular watches her as she makes her exit. JULIA's behaviour confounds her. Meanwhile, the conversation has returned to LARRY's 'wound'.

EVELYN

Does it still hurt?

LARRY

Only when I laugh.

This wins another round of laughter.

INT. LOWER LANDING - NIGHT

JULIA walks along the landing, while the laughter – muted by distance – wafts up from below.

From the floor above, she hears something more.

She stops, puzzled, then starts up the second flight of stairs towards the Torture Room.

INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT

She approaches the Torture Room, and steps inside.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

The sound of laughter is considerably dimmed in here; it's barely audible. But there is another sound, a shifting sound in the corner of the room.

She reaches for the light switch, and turns it on. The bulb's been broken however. She stares around the room, trying to make sense of the shadows.

Nervously, she approaches the wall, on which four streaks of light from the window fall. Now she looks towards the window and realizes that the newspaper has been torn, as if by four fingers. Her breath catches. Suddenly, she's afraid.

She stands absolutely still, eyes wide in the gloom.

JULIA

Who's there?

On the far side of the room, a movement in the shadows.

JULIA almost retreats, but something keeps her staring into the murk, as SOMETHING – the remnants of a human form made

of twisted, blistered strands of flesh, raises its head. It's squatting against the wall, unable to lift itself into a standing position. Its eyes, however, have life in them: and hunger. This, though he's unrecognizable, is FRANK.

FRANK
(a pained whisper)
Julia.

JULIA
Oh my God.

FRANK
Don't look at me.

JULIA
Who are you?

FRANK
I said: don't look.

She looks away.

FRANK
Help me.

JULIA
Tell me who you are.

FRANK
Frank.

JULIA's face registers horror and disbelief.

JULIA
No. God no.

FRANK
Believe me. It's me. It's really me.

JULIA
What happened to you?

FRANK
His blood... on the floor... It

brought me back.

JULIA
Back from where?

FRANK
Just help, will you? Please God,
help me –

From downstairs, dimly, laughter.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

LARRY has just told another story. General drunken laughter.
KIRSTY stands up.

STEVE
You're not going?

KIRSTY
Just upstairs.

She staggers a little bit.

STEVE
Need any help?

KIRSTY
I AM house-trained.

Further hysteria.

STEVE
(covered in embarrass-
ment)
No... I meant...

LARRY
It's round on the left –

KIRSTY
I know.

She steps out into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She starts up the stairs. She smiles to herself, thinking of STEVE.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK, in the corner of the room, watches JULIA, who is still at the door.

FRANK
...somebody...

JULIA
Ssh!

The sound of KIRSTY downstairs, closing the bathroom door.

FRANK
You can't let me stay like this.
Please. You can't.

JULIA
What do you want me to do.

FRANK
The blood brought me this far. I
need more of the same. Or I'll slip
back...

CUT BACK TO:

JULIA's face as she stares at FRANK once more. She is appalled at the choice before her.

FRANK
(a plea)
You have to heal me.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

KIRSTY smiles at herself in the bathroom mirror, turns off the tap, opens the door and steps out onto the landing.

INT. LOWER LANDING - NIGHT

She takes a step along the landing, then realizes that there's somebody ahead of her, in the darkness.

She stops. From the floor above, a soft sigh.

KIRSTY

Hello?

JULIA moves out of shadow into a patch of patterned light splashing up the stair well. The effect recalls her memory of her lovemaking with FRANK. The light makes her look strange; ominous.

KIRSTY

Oh, it's you.

JULIA doesn't smile Are you all right?

Do we read murder in JULIA's eyes? KIRSTY is uneasy.

Suddenly, a voice from the floor below.

STEVE

Kirsty?

KIRSTY is relieved at the interruption.

KIRSTY

(calls down)

I'm here.

STEVE

I thought we'd lost you.

KIRSTY

(calls down)

I'm coming!

(to Julia)

Sleep well.

JULIA is left on the landing, as KIRSTY heads downstairs.

EXT. TUBE STATION - NIGHT

The station is deserted, but for KIRSTY and STEVE, who are sitting, waiting for the last train.

KIRSTY

You know I do know the way home.

STEVE

It's late.

KIRSTY

Not that late.

STEVE

Please. I want to see you home. All right?

KIRSTY

(lightly)

All right.

(smiles)

No. That's nice.

STEVE

If there's a train.

KIRSTY

What do we do if there isn't?

STEVE

We walk.

EXT. A PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL, NEAR WATERLOO - NIGHT

KIRSTY and STEVE are walking.

STEVE

Why don't you stay at Larry's house?
There's plenty of room.

KIRSTY

Yeah, there's room. And there's Julia.

STEVE

I see.

KIRSTY
She's so damn... English.

STEVE
Meaning what?

KIRSTY
Oh, I don't know. Up-tight. Frigid.

STEVE stops walking.

STEVE
I beg your pardon?

KIRSTY
(lightly)
There ya go.
(imitates his tone)
I beg your pardon?

STEVE
We're not all frigid.

KIRSTY has turned to look at him. Both of them are aware where the banter is leading; smiles play on their faces as they speak.

KIRSTY
Oh no?

STEVE
Oh no.

KIRSTY
It's not what I heard.

STEVE
(moves closer to her)
Well you've just been talking to the
wrong people.

He kisses her, with considerable feeling.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

LARRY snores loudly. JULIA lies beside him, wide awake, staring at the ceiling.

LARRY turns over, muttering to himself.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. JULIA is standing there, in her night-gown.

FRANK raises his wretched head.

FRANK

Well?

JULIA stares at the thing moving in the shadow.

JULIA

Yes.

EXT. NUMBER 55 - DAY

The door opens. JULIA steps out of the house, and starts towards the street. As she does so, she glances round.

EXT. WINDOW OF TORTURE ROOM - DAY

We approach the window, knowing that FRANK watches behind it.

EXT. NUMBER 55 - DAY

JULIA heads off down the street.

INT. PET SHOP - DAY

A monkey chatters, its wizened face grotesque. Then, the din of a shop full of birds and animals floods the soundtrack: parrots, canaries, dogs etc. We pan across the shop to KIRSTY, who has been left alone at the counter. She is working in the shop, but she doesn't have much grasp of the job so far. There are several CUSTOMERS in the shop. One browsing amongst the cages; a MOTHER and TWO CHILDREN peering at animals and another at the counter. He has a lizard in a cardboard box.

KIRSTY

I'm afraid I don't know. I'm new here.

CUSTOMER

Well who does? Isn't there anyone in charge?

KIRSTY

He's out at lunch. Maybe if you come back tomorrow –

It's clear that KIRSTY is as concerned about the others in the shop as she is about the customer with the lizard.

Her eyes keep drifting away towards the children, who are running their fingers up and down the cages.

CUSTOMER

You know what a hassle it was bringing it here.

Somebody else enters the shop, only glimpsed by KIRSTY.

The newcomer is a DERELICT, with matted hair and beard, face filthy. She catches sight of him moving behind the cages. Meanwhile, the CUSTOMER is still complaining.

CUSTOMER

If it's dead by tomorrow –

KIRSTY

It looks quite healthy to me –

The CHILD is at KIRSTY's side. He tugs on her sweater.

KIRSTY

(to child)

What?

CUSTOMER

Well, I'd hoped for better service than this, I must say –

The CHILD takes KIRSTY away from the counter. The CUSTOMER, outraged to be ignored, leaves the shop.

The CHILD leads the way round the back of the cages.

There, KIRSTY finds the DERELICT, with his hand in a vivarium of grasshoppers. He is chewing.

KIRSTY

What are you doing ?

The man drops the lid. He continues to chew.

She looks at the man's hand. He is holding several insects. We can hear them, and see their legs between his fingers.

KIRSTY

Give those back.

The MOTHER meanwhile claims the CHILD, who starts to cry. The DERELICT lifts the handful of insects and stuffs them, open-palmed, into his mouth. Then, limbs twitching between his clenched teeth, he retreats towards the door.

KIRSTY

Oh my God.

The DERELICT exits. The MOTHER is hurrying her CHILDREN away.

MOTHER

How disgusting.

KIRSTY

Oh God.

She turns and finds herself face to face with STEVE.

A monkey screams, accompanying her turn, makes her jump.

KIRSTY

Oh!

STEVE

Are you alright ?

KIRSTY

I've been better.

STEVE

Your father told me you were working here.

KIRSTY

If I make it through the day.

STEVE

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have surprised you.

KIRSTY

No, it's good to see you.

The monkey continues to chatter.

STEVE

Are you busy after work ?

KIRSTY

Just trying to get my apartment in order.

STEVE

Can I lend you a hand?

KIRSTY

As long as you don't mind the smell of fur –

STEVE

It's a fetish of mine.

She grins. He kisses her. The monkey bares it's teeth.

INT. BAR - DAY

By contrast, a quiet bar. Discreet music; a well-dressed clientele. Several couples occupy booths. Other solitary drinkers are at the bar.

Amongst them: JULIA.

Now we see her more closely, we realize she's gone to some

considerable effort to make herself ravishing. There's nothing crude about the change; it's a subtle transformation which shows off her considerable beauty. She drinks soda water.

She has an admirer. Sitting alone at one of the tables is a middle-aged man by the name of PRUDHOE, a nervous, slightly paunchy individual. She glances over at him. His eyes don't leave her for a moment. He's trying his best to get the courage to approach her.

She looks away, and concentrates on her drink. Now she takes out a cigarette, fumbling for it. Her hands are trembling slightly. She lights the cigarette, draws on it, and as she does so she seems to make up her mind that she's not the equal of it. She stubs the cigarette out, puts cash on the bar for her drinks, and gets up to leave.

Suddenly, PRUDHOE's at her side.

PRUDHOE
Not much fun, is it?

JULIA
What?

PRUDHOE
Drinking alone.

JULIA
Not much.

PRUDHOE
I wonder, maybe...

He's so nervous he can barely speak.

PRUDHOE
...as we're both on our own... we
could have one drink together?

JULIA looks at him. He seems to almost be offering himself to her. There's a long pause, while she tries to make up her mind. Then:

JULIA

Why not?

She smiles. The smile works wonders. PRUDHOE's nerves diminish somewhat. JULIA's simply increase, now that she's committed herself. Again, she opens the pack of cigarettes, as PRUDHOE calls the BARMAN over.

PRUDHOE
(to Julia)
What are you drinking?

JULIA
Just soda.

PRUDHOE
Plain soda?

JULIA
Please.

PRUDHOE
I try not to drink at lunch-time.
Makes me sleepy in the afternoon.
You like to keep a clear head, eh?
(to Barman)
One soda, one whisky.
(to Julia)
I do it anyway. No will-power. Got a
busy afternoon?

JULIA
(looking straight at
him)
That depends.

PRUDHOE
Oh?

He stares at her, not certain he interprets her correctly. She stares back. Then: the tiniest of smiles, which he – scarcely believing his luck – returns.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

The CAMERA moves across the room. We can hear FRANK's ragged

breathing, and as we move in we see, on the floor beside him, the box – the Lament Configuration – its sides gleaming. FRANK, still squatting on the floor, taps a tattoo on the bare boards with his skeletal fingers.

Then, voices outside: JULIA laughs.

He raises his head.

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

JULIA opens the front door. She is still very nervous, fumbling with the keys. PRUDHOE stands a pace behind her.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

They step inside. JULIA closes the door

PRUDHOE

You know it's not often I... you know...

JULIA

There's a first time for everything.

PRUDHOE

I suppose that's right.

JULIA

You want something to drink?

PRUDHOE

I'm already way over my usual limit. You know, it's funny. I feel like I've known you for years.

He approaches her: his gestures made slightly clumsy by the alcohol he's drunk. He kisses her. She presses him off her.

Suddenly she's no longer certain she can go through with this. But his mood changes at her rejection. The drunkenness becomes meanness.

PRUDHOE

What are you playing at?

(he takes hold of her
breast)
This is what you brought me here for
isn't it?

She stares at him.

PRUDHOE
Well, isn't it?

JULIA
I... suppose so, yes.

PRUDHOE
So, what's your problem? Let's get
to it.
(he kisses her,
sloppily)
You're not going to change your
fucking mind ?

JULIA
No. No. Let's go upstairs.

PRUDHOE
That's more like it.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

FRANK's view, from the corner of the room. We hear the sound
of JULIA and PRUDHOE's approach up the stairs.

PRUDHOE
Is this your place ?

JULIA
Do you care ?

PRUDHOE
No, not much.

JULIA
Let's keep it that way, shall we?

PRUDHOE

No personal details?

JULIA
That's right.

JULIA opens the door. PRUDHOE is smiling.

The smile drops as he stares at the bare, dark room.

PRUDHOE
This isn't the bedroom.

JULIA
No.

For an instant, he's thrown off tiller. He's suddenly anxious.

PRUDHOE
What's going on?

JULIA
We don't need a bed, do we?

He steps inside the room.

PRUDHOE
I suppose not.

JULIA
I prefer the floor.

He turns to her, aroused by this talk.

PRUDHOE
First time for everything.

JULIA
That's right.

JULIA moves towards him.

JULIA
Why don't you take off your jacket?
You're warm.

PRUDHOE
Yeah, why don't I?

She slips the knot of his tie. We can hear her pulse on the soundtrack. She glances over PRUDHOE's shoulder. He follows her gaze, but she diverts him with a peck on the cheek.

PRUDHOE
(takes over his
undressing)
Why don't you do the same?

JULIA
Maybe I will.

PRUDHOE, now starts to shed his jacket and trousers, trying not to take his eyes off JULIA for an instant.

We watch from FRANK'S P.O.V. as he drops his underwear.

He still wears his shirt, which he starts to unbutton.

We move back into a tighter shot.

PRUDHOE
(voice slightly slurred)
You know, you're very beautiful.

JULIA
Am I?

PRUDHOE
You know you are. Loveliest woman I
ever set eyes on.

JULIA smiles.

PRUDHOE stops unbuttoning his shirt.

PRUDHOE
Oh Christ.

JULIA
What's wrong?

PRUDHOE

Too much drink. Better empty my bladder.

She steps out of the way so that he can cross to the door.

PRUDHOE

I'll be a moment.

As he moves to the door, she throws a piece of cloth off a hammer, which lies beside the wall. PRUDHOE takes hold of the door handle. Turns it: it's stuck.

PRUDHOE

The door's stuck.

Before he can turn she hits him on the back of the head. He doesn't fall, but the blow sends blood down the back of his shirt. To avoid the following blow he stumbles blindly towards the wall but JULIA's not going to be stopped now. He holds the back of his head — dazed, apologetic, pitiful — while she moves towards him.

PRUDHOE

Don't... I... please... I'm sorry...

She eclipses him.

PRUDHOE

...I'm so sorry...

She raises the hammer.

PRUDHOE

...I don't understand...

She strikes him. He slides down the wall, his jaw broken, blood pouring from his face. He twitches. Then the twitches stop.

She drops the hammer, and stares down at the corpse.

JULIA

Enough?

The room sighs. In the corner, FRANK's shadowy form leans forward.

FRANK
Don't look at me.

JULIA backs towards the door, as the broken, skeletal form crawls out of darkness to claim its sustenance.

INT. UPPER LANDING - DAY

JULIA steps out onto the landing and leans against the wall, waves of sheer relief breaking over her.

In the room behind her, terrible sounds of feeding.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

JULIA steps into the bathroom, and looks at herself in the mirror. Blood is spattered on her face; her hands are similarly stained. She is trembling from head to foot.

Stripping off her blouse, and flinging it over the side of the bath, she douses her face, neck and breasts with cold water. Then she stares up at her face again, examining it. She can scarcely believe what she's done.

INT. LOWER LANDING - DAY

She crosses the landing and climbs the stairs to the Torture Room.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

She opens the door.

As she does so FRANK retreats into the shadows. We are granted a fleeting glimpse of him, his body fuller than before, but still horribly vulnerable.

JULIA looks at PRUDHOE's corpse. A trail of blood leads away from it into the darkness. The body itself is a grotesquely misshapen husk now, the muscle and fat withered, the eyes sunk into the skull, the lips drawn back to expose the gums. A ghostly sight.

JULIA
Jesus Christ.

JULIA looks across at FRANK, who is no longer sitting, but standing in the shadows.

FRANK
(his voice stronger)
Do I disgust you?

She doesn't reply.

He stretches his arm into a passage of light. His flesh glistens and pulses.

FRANK
See? It's making me whole again.

He turns his arm over for her appreciation.

FRANK
Every drop of blood you spill puts more flesh on my bones. And we both want that don't we?

She nods.

FRANK
Good. Come here.

She stares, unable to move.

FRANK
Come here, damn you. I want to touch you...

Still she doesn't move.

FRANK
(more softly)
Come to Daddy. I only want to touch...

She takes a step towards his outstretched arm. His fingers touch her face. She steels herself against them. Now, he

starts to trace the line of her jaw, stroking her. Now her lips, caressingly.

Suddenly, a sound from downstairs. The front door is opened.

LARRY
(from below)
Sweetheart?

JULIA withdraws from his touch.

LARRY
(from below)
Where are you?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Shot from the stairs of LARRY. He looks up the flight.

He takes a step towards the stairs.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

JULIA takes a step backwards, her foot hitting PRUDHOE's corpse.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

LARRY is still at the bottom of the stairs.

LARRY
Are you there?

For a moment it looks as though he's going to climb the stairs, then he thinks better of it, and goes through to the back of the house.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

JULIA has wrapped the corpse of PRUDHOE up in its clothes and is now lifting it. The body is lighter now, having been drained of nourishment. Its head lolls back and its dentures drop out, hitting the floor loudly. She freezes. No sound from below. She backs out of the room with her burden.

FRANK's arm reaches for the fallen dentures and peers at them.

FRANK
Who's a pretty boy then?

Soft laughter from the darkness.

INT. JUNK ROOM - DAY

JULIA pushes the door of the Junk Room, which is on the upper landing, open. Inside, a chaos of tea-chests and bric-a-brac. She lays the body down.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

LARRY has come through to look for JULIA. He hears a noise above. He looks up.

LARRY
(quietly)
Julia?

He leaves the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Again, LARRY Steps into the hallway, and gazes up the stairs.

LARRY
Are you there?

He starts up.

INT. LOWER LANDING - DAY

JULIA steps into the bathroom, and then locks the door behind her.

LARRY ascends to the top of the stairs.

LARRY
Julia?

JULIA

(from bathroom)
I'm here.

LARRY
(at the door)
Sweetheart... I've been calling you.

He tries the door. It's locked.

LARRY
Are you all right?

JULIA
Just feeling a bit sick.

LARRY
Oh, babe...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

JULIA, still trembling, sits on the edge of the bath.

JULIA
I'll be O.K. Just leave me be a while.

LARRY
Can I get you anything?

JULIA
Maybe a brandy.

LARRY
Sure.

JULIA
I'll be down in a minute

LARRY
O.K.

She listens as his footsteps recede down the landing and stairs. Then she crosses to the mirror and tries to erase the signs of panic. She puts a comb through her hair, and adjusts her blouse. That done, she unbolts the door and steps out into the landing. She doesn't go down however, but UP,

back to the Torture Room.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

She opens the door.

JULIA
(very softly)
Frank?

A crunching sound in the shadows. FRANK's hand opens, dropping the pieces of PRUDHOE's dentures, which he has crushed, onto the floor, in a rain of plastic teeth.

FRANK
I'm hurting

JULIA
Hurting.

FRANK
My nerves... are beginning to work again.

JULIA
Good.

FRANK
One more. Maybe two –

JULIA's face registers no horror at this.

FRANK
– to heal me completely. Then we can be away from here, before they come looking.

JULIA
Who?

FRANK
The Cenobites. It's only a matter of time before they find I've slipped them. I have to get away from here.

From downstairs, LARRY.

LARRY

Julia? Are you all right?

JULIA crosses to the door and calls down.

JULIA

Just a moment. Put on some music
will you babe?

LARRY

O.K.

She returns to her conversation with FRANK.

FRANK

Poor Larry. Obedient as ever.

JULIA

Keep your voice down.

She crosses to close the door. When she turns round, he's in front of her, silhouetted against the window, his half-formed face terrifying in the gloom. Suddenly he reaches out and catches hold of her arm. She gasps in pain.

FRANK

Ssh. Don't want babe to hear.

JULIA

You're hurting.

FRANK

You won't cheat me will you? You'll
stay with me. Help me. Then we can
be together, the way we were before.
We belong to each other now, for
better or worse...

He lets go of her.

FRANK

...like love. Only real.

She goes to the door, and leaves him, locking it behind her.

We move close to FRANK's face. He licks his skinned lips with a bloody tongue. Thunder rolls.

KIRSTY'S DREAM

The thunder carries over to a dream.

We are in the Dining Room of Number 55, except that everything is once more shrouded in sheets.

We CUT to KIRSTY, moving through the room, her face pale, her hair glued to her forehead with sweat.

Somewhere, a bell is ringing. Flies buzz. On the dinner table, a form is covered in a sheet. It's clear that the shape is human. She reaches the table, and looks at the body.

Suddenly, blood begins to seep through the shroud, beginning at the head – eyes and mouth – then spreading across the body. There are sobs beneath the shroud.

She reaches for it, to snatch it off the body.

The blood has almost turned the sheet scarlet.

She pulls.

We glimpse only a moment of what'd beneath: a naked body, scarlet and shining with blood from head to foot.

She screams.

Her scream becomes louder, as we

CUT TO:

INT. KIRSTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

STEVE sits bolt upright in bed, while KIRSTY yells.

The sheet is snatched off him. He looks across the room to see KIRSTY at the end of the bed, with the sheet in her hand.

STEVE
What are you doing?

KIRSTY's eyes are still closed.

STEVE
Kirsty!

Her eyes open. She looks down at the sheet she's snatched from the bed, and drops it in horror.

STEVE
Christ. What was that about?

KIRSTY, weak with fear, just shakes her head.

INT. HALLWAY, NUMBER 55 - NIGHT

A phone is ringing.

LARRY crosses the hallway, bleary-eyed, and disappears from sight. The phone is picked up.

LARRY'S VOICE
Hello?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JULIA lies in bed, the pillow empty beside her. She's wide awake, staring at the ceiling. Downstairs, the murmur of LARRY's voice.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK stands in the corner of the room, breathing softly in the shadows.

INT. TELEPHONE ROOM - NIGHT

LARRY is on the phone.

LARRY
I'm O.K., honey. It's all right...

INT. KIRSTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

KIRSTY is on the phone. STEVE sits up in bed, having reclaimed the sheet.

KIRSTY

I just wanted to be sure you were
O.K.

INT. TELEPHONE ROOM - NIGHT

LARRY

Never better. You sleep well.

KIRSTY

(on phone)
Yeah.

LARRY

I love you, honey.

KIRSTY

I love you too.

LARRY puts down the phone.

INT. LOWER LANDING - DAY

LARRY returns to the bedroom.

JULIA (O.S.)

Who was it?

LARRY

Kirsty.

He goes into the bedroom.

We PAN up the second flight of stairs.

FRANK is sitting at the top, in the shadows.

FRANK

(soft as a breath)
Kirsty.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The front door is closed by JULIA. A man stands in the hallway: another VICTIM. He is as nervous as PRUDHOE.

VICTIM

You're sure we're not going to be interrupted –

JULIA

Quite sure.

VICTIM

Only I like to be careful.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

A shock CUT to the naked VICTIM, thrown back against the wall from JULIA's hammer blow. Before he can even slide down the wall, FRANK is upon him.

We don't linger, but CUT away to:

INT. LANDING - DAY

As JULIA closes the door, her face devoid of emotion, we see the VICTIM's body on the floor, with FRANK's hands on its head, draining out its energies.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

JULIA sits, sipping a drink, her face still unreadable.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

FRANK is standing in the shadows. The VICTIM's body is in the middle of the room. JULIA enters.

JULIA

Well?

FRANK

Better. Very much better. I'd like something to wear. And some cigarettes. Will you bring me some?

JULIA

Later.

FRANK

What?

JULIA

I want an explanation first. I want to know what happened to you.

FRANK

Not know.

JULIA

Tell me, damn you.

FRANK watches her, his look dangerous.

FRANK

First, the cigarettes.

CUT TO:

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

A lighter flame is touched to a cigarette. It's momentary brightness illuminates the monster's face. JULIA watches him.

He sits in a chair, dressed. He inhales, then exhales with evident satisfaction.

FRANK

I can taste that. It's a long time since I tasted anything.

She watches him with fascination and disgust in equal measure.

FRANK

A long time.

JULIA

You promised me an explanation.

FRANK lifts the box, which he has in his hand.

FRANK

This is what began it.

JULIA

A box?

FRANK

It's not any box. It's called the Lament Configuration. It's a puzzle.

JULIA

(Reaching for it)

Let me see.

FRANK

Don't touch it. It's dangerous. It opens doors.

JULIA

What kind of doors?

FRANK

To experience beyond anything ever known. At least that's what I was promised when I bought it. Pleasure from Heaven or Hell. I didn't much care which.

JULIA

Hell...

FRANK

I was bored. I'd done everything. I'd gone to the limits. There was nothing left to experience. At least nothing I could buy on earth.

JULIA

And you came back here to solve the puzzle –

FRANK

Sure. Somewhere safe.

(bitterly)
Safe. Christ! They tortured me here.
In this room.

JULIA
Who did?

FRANK
The Cenobites. The creatures the box
set free.

(a pause)
Sometimes I think they're still here.
Just behind the walls. Them and their
hooks and their beasts. Just waiting
to break out again. Except that I've
got the box.

JULIA
You're still afraid.

FRANK
You would be. They tore me apart.

JULIA
So you were cheated.

FRANK
No. They gave me experiences beyond
the limits. Pain and pleasure,
indivisible.

JULIA looks at the box. There is a flash of light in it.

We seem to be moving down the corridor, thick with smoke.

Suddenly, figures emerge from the smoke: the Cenobites.

She lets out a yell.

Another flash. They've gone. Now there are fresh appalling
images in the box. We see FRANK, naked, the shadows of hooks
falling over his body. Blood runs over his skin. The image
begins to distort.

JULIA wants to look away but she can't. The images become

more appalling still. Flesh is gouged and ploughed. And now the hooks are in the skin, and the image is even more distorted. We are no longer certain of what we're seeing. A mouth opens in a soundless scream; then the image blacks out. When FRANK speaks again his voice trembles.

FRANK

They took my body, but my spirit...
they left that here. In the boards,
in the walls. Watching the world,
but not able to TOUCH it.

JULIA

And the blood let you out?

FRANK

It gave me a little chance, and I
took it. They won't get me back. I'm
going to live, and you're going to
help me. Yes?

JULIA

Yes. They'll never find us.

There's a rumble of thunder.

JULIA

Not in the whole wide world.

INT. KIRSTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Music from the radio: a love song. The radio is badly tuned: the song sounds tinny. It fades, then comes back into focus again. We move round the room, over an unfinished puzzle, left on the bed; over a few pictures of LARRY, set lovingly beside the bed, and finally, onto KIRSTY, who is drying her hair after a shower.

The radio channel slips. The radio whines. Then, an evangelist's voice on the air-waves.

EVANGELIST

The Devil is watching you. That's
the message I came here tonight to
bring you. The Devil is watching you

and he sees the corruption in your hearts. He hears you! He sees you!
Every night, every day –

KIRSTY has got up now and is trying to change channels, but the controls defeat her. She gets more and more annoyed.

KIRSTY
C'mon, damn you. C'mon.

EVANGELIST
The Devil knows your soul.

KIRSTY
No he doesn't! Damn thing!

Eventually, she pulls the back off the radio. The batteries fall out.

KIRSTY
(to herself)
Nice going.

Thunder.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

More thunder, and the sound of heavy rain against the windows.

The television is on. LARRY and JULIA are sitting on the couch. LARRY is watching a boxing match. He has consumed several beers: the cans are beside his feet; and there's another in his hand.

JULIA reads a magazine, glancing up at the screen to see the match getting more heated. Blood is starting to flow.

LARRY
Is this upsetting you?

JULIA
I've seen worse.

LARRY looks at her.

LARRY
Are you all right?

JULIA
Fine.

LARRY
Only I'll turn it off –

There's a sudden raising of shouts from the screen, as one of the boxers hits the canvas. LARRY turns his attention back to the match.

COMMENTATOR
And he's down! He's down!

The thunder rolls on.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

The lightning finds its way through the holes in the newspaper. FRANK is watching through the window, his face occasionally washed with light. His hand, on the window frame, taps out the same tattoo he's tapped out before. He turns away from the window, and his foot catches the box. It rolls across the floor.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The boxing match is heating up again.

COMMENTATOR
And now he's in trouble, he's really
in trouble –

LARRY
What was that?

JULIA looks up from her magazine.

JULIA
Thunder.

The violence on the screen is horrific, as swollen faces burst beneath punches.

LARRY
No. Something else.

LARRY stands up.

JULIA
Maybe I left a window open –

She gets up and crosses to the door.

JULIA
– I'll go see.

LARRY
No. I'll do it.

He opens the door, and steps out into the hallway.

INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT

In such tight close up we can't see that FRANK has in fact left the Torture Room, we see his features register that somebody is coming.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

LARRY is climbing the stairs. JULIA follows.

JULIA
It was nothing.

LARRY has reached the top of the stairs. He looks up the next flight.

JULIA
Larry...

LARRY
What's wrong with you?

She's desperate to stop him climbing to the Torture Room.

JULIA
I just hate the thunder.

He crosses to her.

LARRY

I'm here.

He puts his arms around her. She responds.

LARRY

You're shaking.

He hugs her tight, kissing her lightly. The thunder shakes the house.

LARRY

There's nothing to be afraid of.

He kisses her neck, his hands restless on her.

LARRY

I'll just go check upstairs...

He kisses her again. She, in order to distract him, kisses him back. Her passion is artificial, but he doesn't register that.

LARRY

Oh baby.

JULIA

Don't go upstairs.

LARRY

Come with me then.

He starts up the stairs.

JULIA

Please...

INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT

He reaches the top of the stairs. First he throws open the Junk Room. Lightning flashes on boxes inside. Then he moves towards the Torture Room.

The thunder rolls more loudly.

She follows him along the landing, desperate to stop him.

Too late. He throws open the door.

JULIA

Don't.

Lightning floods the room. It's empty. She stands beside him at the door.

LARRY

We must have rats.

She looks back down the stairs. Where's FRANK gone?

LARRY turns to her, holding her again, on the threshold of the Torture Room.

LARRY

See? Quite safe.

He kisses her, much harder this time; a sexual kiss.

LARRY

Let's go down. I'll make it better.

He kisses her again.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A shadow moves across the screen as the door opens, and LARRY puts on the light. He has hold of JULIA's hand. He leads her inside. She sits on the bed, illuminated by the light from the landing, and the occasional flicker from the window. LARRY kneels between her legs, and kisses her breasts, his eyes closed.

JULIA glances into the shadows of the room. She senses FRANK's presence.

LARRY

...oh babe...

He starts to unbutton her dress. She's distracted by her suspicions; he has his hands against her almost before she realizes what's happening.

We have her P.O.V. as she looks around the room. The dressing table; the wardrobe; the curtains at the window. Does something move in the shadows?

A flash of lightning. No. There's nothing.

LARRY gets onto the bed and draws her against him, kissing her. This is not the intense, slightly dangerous love-making she experienced with FRANK, but a fumbling, slightly foolish exchange. LARRY is so wrapped in attempting to make the right moves he doesn't register the fact that JULIA's attention is elsewhere.

Now we have a P.O.V. from the far side of the room, of the two figures on the bed, the only sound the thunder and LARRY's murmured words of seduction, which we can barely make out.

LARRY

...I love you, honey... let me... oh
God... I love you...

Neither of them have undressed fully; there's just a tangle of clothes around them which removes any trace of eroticism from the scene.

A CLOSE UP of JULIA's head, laid on the pillow, shows just how uninvolved she is – while LARRY works, eyes closed. JULIA looks down the length of her husband's body. The door of the wardrobe swings open. FRANK is watching. She registers horror. LARRY is oblivious to all of this, of course.

We have a CLOSE UP of FRANK watching the love-making.

Now he steps out of the wardrobe. JULIA makes a moan of horror, which LARRY takes as enthusiasm.

LARRY

Oh baby... I love you...

From JULIA'S P.O.V., we see the form of FRANK shamble towards

the lovers.

From FRANK'S P.O.V. we see the lovers on the bed,

LARRY's back vulnerable. JULIA seems to realize what he intends.

JULIA

...no...

LARRY barely hears her.

FRANK is at the very end of the bed now, and JULIA becomes highly agitated.

JULIA

No. No, you mustn't. PLEASE. No.

LARRY stops his love-making.

LARRY

(looks at her)

Huh?

JULIA

Please...

LARRY

What's wrong with you?

JULIA

(almost sobbing)

Please. I can't bear it...

LARRY is angered and utterly perplexed at this. He disengages his arms from around her.

JULIA'S P.O.V., as FRANK retreats.

LARRY rolls off JULIA.

The wardrobe door closes. Click.

LARRY

I don't understand you. One moment

you're all over me, the next it's:
Don't touch me.

He sits on the edge of the bed.

LARRY

I just don't understand.

He gets up and leaves the bedroom. JULIA remains where she is. We have a shot of the bed, and her upon it, from FRANK's end of the room. She stares at the wardrobe. Through the crack of the open door, FRANK stares back. A flicker of lightning illuminates his face; his skeletal grin.

Softly, beneath the assault of the rain on the roof, we hear laughter.

INT. A SMALL RESTAURANT - EVENING

KIRSTY and LARRY are sitting eating a meal together, in an intimate restaurant. LARRY has little appetite, to judge by his plate. He looks as if he hasn't slept for several nights. KIRSTY, by contrast, is sparkling

LARRY

...maybe we should never have come back.

KIRSTY

Maybe you should give it some time.

LARRY

I guess.

KIRSTY

(skirting her real feelings)

She's not like Mom. She's... I don't know... moody. I thought that was what you liked about her.

LARRY

You don't like her at all do you?

The straight-forward question silences KIRSTY for a moment.

She wants to be delicate with her father's feelings, but honest at the same time.

KIRSTY

I don't know her. She's so... sealed up.

LARRY's face is full of the desire for reassurance.

KIRSTY tries to offer it.

KIRSTY

If YOU love her she must be worth loving. Just give me some time.

LARRY nods, a weak smile on his face

LARRY

She doesn't even want to leave the house.

KIRSTY

Really?

LARRY

It's like she's waiting for something.

KIRSTY

What?

LARRY

I don't know. I don't know. It's beyond me.

A silence.

LARRY

(hesitant)

Would you... maybe call round sometime? Try to make friends.

KIRSTY

Sure.

LARRY

Maybe all she needs is some company.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

FRANK is standing at the top of the stairs, dressed in his stained suit. JULIA is a few steps down, staring up at him.

FRANK
You can't love him.

JULIA
I don't.

FRANK
So where's the harm?

JULIA
I said no.

FRANK
Then find me somebody else, before
they come looking.

JULIA nods.

FRANK
Tomorrow?

She looks at him.

EXT. LODOVICO STREET - DAY

A wind blows, carrying autumn leaves before it. And on the wind, the distant pealing of bells.

EXT. DOORSTEP OF NUMBER 55 - DAY

JULIA is at the door, turning the key in the lock. Beside her, a third sacrificial lamb, balding and excitable. His name is SYKES.

JULIA opens the door.

EXT. LODOVICO STREET - DAY

At the corner of the street now: KIRSTY. She watches, puzzled.

EXT. DOORSTEP OF NUMBER 55 - DAY

long shot of the house, from KIRSTY'S P.O.V. The man on the step seems to having second thoughts.

JULIA speaks with him. We can hear none of this exchange, but JULIA manages to coax him inside. She closes the door behind them.

EXT. LODOVICO STREET - DAY

KIRSTY stands, bewildered by what she's seen.

INT. LOWER LANDING - DAY

From the top of the stairs we watch JULIA lead SYKES upstairs.

SYKES

I get lonely sometimes.

JULIA

Everybody does.

EXT. STREET - DAY

KIRSTY starts towards the house.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

In the corner of the room FRANK stands, tapping out the rhythm with his fingers. It's 'Colonel Bogey', and now he hums it too. Outside the door, a footfall.

JULIA

Come in.

The humming stops.

JULIA opens the door.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

KIRSTY starts down the path.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

SYKES is looking at JULIA.

SYKES

What is this? A game?

FRANK moves in the corner. SYKES catches the motion from the corner of his eye. He turns.

SYKES

What?

FRANK steps from the shadows.

SYKES

Jesus Christ.

JULIA hits him with the hammer.

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

KIRSTY hears SYKES scream. She freezes. Then steps back from the doorstep and looks up at the house.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

In the Room, pandemonium. SYKES, blood pouring down his face, flails out at JULIA. The hammer flies from her hand. He lunges for the door, but she manages to kick it closed.

SYKES

Christ help me!

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

KIRSTY makes her way around the back of the house.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

SYKES has taken hold of JULIA, and is using her as a shield against FRANK, who is bearing down upon him. For the first time we see FRANK's true colours where JULIA's concerned –

SYKES
(to Frank)
Don't!

Casually, FRANK throws JULIA aside. She falls, sobbing.

FRANK descends on SYKES.

SYKES
No!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

SYKES' scream covers the sound of KIRSTY forcing the back door open. She steps inside.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

FRANK has SYKES face to the wall. SYKES is sobbing now.

The room is covered in blood.

FRANK
(to Julia)
Get out of here.

She picks herself up.

SYKES
(to Julia)
Please... don't let him kill me...
please...

JULIA leaves, closing the door.

FRANK seizes hold of SYKE's neck, his fingers entering the flesh either side of his neck vertebrae. SYKES screams.

INT. KITCHEN/DINGING ROOM/HALLWAY - DAY

KIRSTY moves through the house, and starts to climb the stairs.

INT. LOWER LANDING - DAY

Half way up the stairs, the scream stops. She climbs the rest of the way surrounded by a graveyard hush.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

A soundless, slowed shot, as SYKES, his face wasted by FRANK's feeding, breaks from FRANK's hold and lunges for the door.

INT. LOWER LANDING - DAY

KIRSTY starts up the second flight of stairs.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

The same slowed, soundless horror, as SYKES reaches the door. FRANK is a pace behind him.

INT. UPPER LANDING - DAY

KIRSTY reaches the top as –

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

The door from inside the room. SYKES pulls it open –

INT. TORTURE ROOM FROM LANDING - DAY

In real time, and accompanied by the most horrific shriek, SYKES flings himself from the Torture Room. The flesh is hanging off his face; his eyes bulge in terror.

Seeing KIRSTY he starts towards her. Behind him, FRANK, his body glistening. He catches hold of SYKES by the neck. SYKES' shrieks stop. The eyes glaze over. The body judders as death claims it. Then FRANK drops the corpse, and looks up at KIRSTY.

KIRSTY
Oh my God.

She starts to back away down the stairs.

KIRSTY
(shouts)
Julia!

FRANK
Kirsty?

He takes a step towards her.

KIRSTY
Keep your fucking distance. Julia!
Where's Julia? Christ, what have you
done with her.

She's still backing away. He's still advancing.

FRANK
Kirsty. It's Frank. It's Uncle Frank.

KIRSTY
No.

FRANK
You remember.

KIRSTY
No.

FRANK
Come to Daddy.

Her puzzlement, however, has slowed her retreat, and now FRANK reaches for her. At the last moment she backs away again, but he's after her in a beat, and seizes hold of her.

KIRSTY
No. Get the fuck off me.

He drags her back up the stairs.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

He pushes her ahead of him, into the Torture Room. He closes the door.

FRANK
You've grown. You're beautiful.

She has retreated as far from him as she can get. He advances on her.

KIRSTY

Don't touch me. Or so help me –

FRANK

What? What will you do? What CAN you do?

(pause)

There's nothing to be frightened of.

FRANK has closed in on her by now. He takes hold of her face.

FRANK

I bet you make your Daddy proud, don't you? Beautiful.

KIRSTY

This isn't happening.

FRANK

I used to tell myself that. Used to try and pretend I was dreaming all the pain. But why kid yourself? Some things have to be endured. Take it from me. And that makes the pleasures so much sweeter...

As he leans in to kiss her she snatches hold of the pus and bloodstained shirt that's glued to his abdomen, and PULLS. There's a flow of fluids.

FRANK's head is thrown back, and he screams.

She slips from beneath his grasp. But he's after her in a moment, his hand catching her blouse. It tears. His fingers rake her bare skin.

She stumbles, reaches out for the wall, which is slick with SYKES' blood. Her hand slides over it. She falls, heavily.

Roaring, FRANK comes in pursuit of her.

On the floor in front of KIRSTY: the box. It's a poor weapon,

but it's all she's got. As he comes after her again, she stands up and delivers a blow to his head with the box. He howls. She races for the door. But he's after her. He strikes her.

She's thrown against the wall. He's FURIOUS now.

Strikes her again. She cannot survive much more.

She raises the box to retaliate. FRANK sees what she's holding. His attack stops.

FRANK
Give that to me.

She dimly realizes that she has a bargaining tool.

KIRSTY
(breathless)
No.

FRANK
One last time. Give me the box.

KIRSTY
You want it?

The monster's eyes glitter.

KIRSTY
Fucking have it!

She throws the box. It sails past FRANK and smashes through the window.

FRANK
NO!

He goes to the window. She takes her chance. She's out of the door in a moment.

FRANK
NO!

INT. UPPER LANDING - DAY

KIRSTY propels herself out of the Room, and down the stairs, while FRANK vents his anger above her.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

She flings open the front door, and pitches herself – bleeding and bruised – into the daylight beyond.

EXT. NUMBER 55 - DAY

As she stumbles away down the path, she sees the box at her feet, in a litter of broken glass. She picks it up, and continues to run.

EXT. LODOVICO STREET - DAY

series of shots from KIRSTY'S P.O.V., as she staggers along the street. The soundtrack whines; the image threatens to be eclipsed by darkness. People stare at her as she runs. A child points.

Finally, the CAMERA slows. She stands still.

Voice, off camera:

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you all right?

The CAMERA swings giddily around in the direction of the speaker. A WOMAN comes into view.

WOMAN
Do you need any help?

As she speaks, the picture fades to white.

KIRSTY'S DREAM (PART TWO)

The whiteness continues to fill the screen. Distant, incoherent voices are heard, and the thump of blood in the inner ear.

Then darkness seeps into the whiteness, patterns like Rorschach inkblots: ambiguous, yet interpretable as sexual

or horrific imagery. With the darkness, soaking over the scene like blood through the sheet in her first dream, fragments of FRANK's previous dialogue.

FRANK
Come to Daddy.

KIRSTY
This isn't happening.

FRANK
Some things have to be endured...

The darkness is filling the screen.

FRANK
...take it from me...

Now, total darkness.

FRANK
...Come to Daddy...

And suddenly, she wakes.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

KIRSTY is lying in a bed in a private room. A television is on in the corner of the room, the sound turned down to a sibilant whisper. A NURSE sits in front of it, glassy-eyed. On the screen, a wild-life programme. Animals are tearing each other apart. KIRSTY groans. The NURSE stands up and crosses to the bed.

NURSE
You're awake. Good girl.

KIRSTY
What happened to me?

NURSE
I'll get the doctor.

KIRSTY
Wait a moment –

The NURSE is already at the door.

KIRSTY
(agitated)
Who brought me in here?

NURSE
I won't be a moment.

As soon as she's gone KIRSTY throws the sheet aside and starts to get out of bed. She feels sick; disorientated. The sound of the animals on the television distresses her.

DOCTOR
Please. Get back into bed.

KIRSTY
(urgently)
I have to speak to my father.

DOCTOR
That's easily arranged. But first,
back into bed.

KIRSTY
It's important.

DOCTOR
You took quite a beating. You must
lie down.

The NURSE has now crossed to the bed and is now coaxing KIRSTY back between the sheets. Unwillingly, she goes.

KIRSTY
Please listen to me –

DOCTOR
First things first. You can have a
telephone when we've talked. Do you
know who did this to you?

She looks at him balefully.

KIRSTY

No.

The DOCTOR takes the box from his pocket.

DOCTOR

What about this?

She looks at it.

DOCTOR

Ring any bells?

She shakes her head.

DOCTOR

You were holding onto it like grim death.

KIRSTY

I don't remember.

DOCTOR

Well the police are going to want to speak to you. You know that.

KIRSTY

Oh Christ.

DOCTOR

We'll get you a phone as long as you promise to stay put.

She nods. The NURSE exits.

DOCTOR

In the meantime, maybe this'll jog your memory –

He puts the box on the bed, then leaves. She waits until he's gone, then gets out of bed and crosses to the door. It's been locked. She struggles with the handle.

KIRSTY

Shit. Shit. Shit.

She's close to tears. She crosses back to the bed, while the vultures on the television fight over a carcass. The box lies on the bed. She picks it up, turning it over in her hand.

INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT

FRANK is standing in the shadows. He is wearing a fresh shirt. He smirks. JULIA watches him.

Downstairs, the telephone rings. JULIA is very nervous now; desperate even.

JULIA
She'll tell them everything...

FRANK
I don't think so. She'll want Larry first.

JULIA
That's probably her now. Or the police.

FRANK
Maybe.

JULIA
Don't you care?

FRANK
There's very little I can do about it.

JULIA
Maybe we should just leave –

FRANK
Like this? Look at me! LIKE THIS?

JULIA
Well we can't just stay here –

FRANK

I need a skin. Then we leave –

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

KIRSTY puts down the receiver and puts the phone back on the bedside table.

She still frets. In order to direct her attention from her anxieties she picks up the box, and plays with it for a while, scarcely thinking about what she's doing. Suddenly, a click.

Her face lights up with pleasure as she slides a part of the box open. And to accompany the revelation, a twinkling tune.

She smiles.

The television picture flickers, but she doesn't notice.

The door opens. It's the NURSE.

NURSE

What a pretty tune.

KIRSTY

My father doesn't answer. I have to go find him.

NURSE

I'm afraid you'll have to wait until the police have spoken to you. Keep trying your father; he'll answer eventually.

KIRSTY

I called another friend of mine and he's coming over. Will you let him in?

NURSE

Of course. This isn't a prison you know.

(She lowers her voice)

Look if you'd prefer to tell ME what happened, instead of a policeman –

KIRSTY shakes her head.

KIRSTY
You wouldn't believe me.

NURSE
Try me.

For a moment it seems KIRSTY weakens. Then she thinks better of it.

NURSE
Well, if you change your mind. What's this friend's name?

KIRSTY
Steve.

The NURSE goes to the door. As she exits KIRSTY picks the box up again, and at her ministrations it opens a little wider.

EXT. NUMBER 55 - NIGHT

The front door closes.

LARRY
(inside)
Julia?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

LARRY stands in the hall. JULIA comes down the stairs.

She looks pale; even ill.

LARRY
What's wrong?

JULIA
I don't know where to begin...

LARRY
What are you talking about?

JULIA

It's better you see for yourself –

She turns and starts up the stairs. He follows.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

KIRSTY has opened more of the box. The tune is more complex now.

Somewhere a bell has started to ring. Now, she works the final mechanism of the box. The bedside light flickers and goes out.

The bell rings. Light pours out of the box. She drops it, shocked.

The bedside light comes on again.

She looks up.

In the wall opposite the end of her bed, a very narrow doorway has simply opened in the wall.

Leaving the box on the bed, she gets up and goes to the gap. As she approaches she hears the distant, rhythmical sob of a baby. She stands at the doorway.

INT. CORRIDOR TO HELL - NIGHT

We look back at her, a diminutive figure framed against a shot of light, from way, way down the corridor.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The sobbing goes on. KIRSTY stares down the corridor – which is lit brightly in some places, and is absolutely dark in others – not certain of whether to venture down it or not.

She glances towards the door of her room, from the other side of which comes the reassuring sound of the hospital going about its business. What's to fear?

INT. CORRIDOR TO HELL - NIGHT

She steps into the corridor. The walls rise into darkness on either side of her, their surfaces like the interior of a pyramid, pitted with age, and rotting away.

She starts towards the sobbing child, bare feet on the impacted earth of the passageway.

The sobbing gets louder as she advances, her form disappearing entirely as she passes through the intermittent darkness.

Once, she glances back towards the Hospital Room, to reassure herself that it's still there. It is, though it's no more than a sliver of light at the far end of the passageway.

She advances a few more paces. The atmosphere is growing denser; smoke thickens the air.

Then, a light glows at the other end of the corridor.

The sound of the sobbing child ceases.

She stops walking.

Ahead, the smoke clears and the light brightens, and we see a creature – THE ENGINEER – hanging in the space between the walls. It is in silhouette against the light, but we can see enough to know that it resembles no earthly animal. Its vast black limbs hold it suspended above the corridor, clinging to the stone. Its front limbs, vestigial by comparison, hang down from beneath its vast head. Its tail is curled over its back.

KIRSTY's expression registers this horror. THE ENGINEER moves into the light. Its irises narrow to slits. From the tail a vast sting, oozing pus - like venom, glides into view.

And then –

– it comes at her, advancing along the corridor by bracing its legs against the walls. Its breath is a growl in its belly, until it moves into darkness, when all sound from it ceases, only to erupt again as it finds the light.

KIRSTY turns, and starts to run.

It comes after her at speed. Darkness, light, darkness, light; roars and silence –

Its jaws spill its thick saliva; its eyes gleam.

KIRSTY runs blindly down the corridor, back towards the safety of the Hospital Room. But it's very close on her heels, lingering –

As she comes within a few yards of the Room it closes on her.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

She flings herself through the door with THE ENGINEER's breath on her back, and turns –

The doorway has gone. The wall is sealed. She approaches the wall. THE ENGINEER scratches on the other side...

Then, she realises that the bell is still ringing. And there's a foul smell in the air.

She looks around.

She's not alone.

Standing across the room from her, lit by a strange phosphorescence that has no visible source, are four extraordinary figures.

They are CENOBITES. Each of them is horribly mutilated by systems of hooks and pins. The garments they wear are elaborately constructed to marry with their flesh, laced through skin in places, hooked into bone.

The leader of this quartet has pins driven into his head at inch intervals. At his side, a woman whose neck is pinned open like a vivisection specimen. Accompanying them is a creature whose mouth is wired into a gaping rectangle – the exposed teeth sharpened to points, and a fat sweating monster whose eyes are covered by dark glasses.

When the lead CENOBITE speaks, we recognise the voice as that of the creature from the beginning of the film.

KIRSTY stares in amazement.

KIRSTY

Where the hell did you come from?

The CENOBITE gestures. The box is lying on the bed.

CENOBITE

The box... you opened it. We came.

KIRSTY

It's just a puzzle box.

CENOBITE

It's a means to summon us – it's called the Lament Configuration.

KIRSTY

Who are you?

CENOBITE

Cenobites. Explorers in the further regions of experience. Demons to some. Angels to others.

KIRSTY

Well, I didn't mean to open that thing. You can go back wherever you came from.

FEMALE CENOBITE

We can't. Not alone.

At this, the creature with the wired open jaw chatters like a mad monkey.

KIRSTY

This isn't for real.

CENOBITE

You solved the box. We came. Now you must come with us. Taste our pleasures.

The chattering CENOBITE steps towards her.

KIRSTY
Don't touch me!

The door opens. It's STEVE.

KIRSTY's face floods with relief. STEVE does not register the CENOBITES' presence however.

KIRSTY
Steve. Thank God you came.

STEVE
What happened to you?

He steps between the CENOBITES.

KIRSTY
These THINGS... they want to take me –

STEVE
What things?

CENOBITE
(to Kirsty)
He doesn't see us, or hear us. We belong to you, Kirsty. And you to us.

KIRSTY
No!

STEVE
What's wrong?

KIRSTY
Don't let them take me, Steve –

STEVE
I won't let anybody take you.

He starts to walk towards her, but the creature in the dark glasses takes a hooked rod from its back and puts the hook to STEVE's neck. STEVE's hand moves to the place; he makes a

small sound of pain. The CENOBITE takes off its glasses, to see its trick better. The eyes beneath are sewn shut. It pulls a little more on the hook.

STEVE winces.

FEMALE CENOBITE

If he takes another step, we open his throat.

KIRSTY

(to Steve)

Please go, Steve.

STEVE

What?

KIRSTY

Just go. PLEASE. I'll be O.K. I'm going to go see Dad. He'll look after me –

STEVE

(protesting)

What did I say?

KIRSTY

Will you GO, damn you?

Mystified, STEVE retreats a step.

STEVE

I'll come back later, huh?

KIRSTY

Sure. Why not?

Still puzzled, STEVE crosses to the door.

STEVE

'Bye.

KIRSTY

'Bye.

FEMALE CENOBITE

Good.

CENOBITE

It's time we were away.

KIRSTY

(almost crying)

Let me alone, will you?

CENOBITE

No tears please. It's a waste of good suffering.

The chatterer comes for her. As it does so desperation brings a plan to KIRSTY's head.

KIRSTY

Wait!

He stops.

CENOBITE

No time for argument.

KIRSTY

You did this before, right?

CENOBITE

Many times.

KIRSTY

To a man called Frank Cotton?

FEMALE CENOBITE

Oh yes.

KIRSTY

But he escaped you.

CENOBITE

Nobody escapes us.

KIRSTY

HE did. I've seen him.

FAT CENOBITE

Impossible.

KIRSTY

I swear it. He's alive. He doesn't look much like Frank Cotton any more, but it's him.

CENOBITE

Suppose he HAD slipped us. What significance has that?

KIRSTY

I could lead you right to him. You could take him back to Hell instead of me.

FAT CENOBITE

Perhaps we'd prefer you.

CENOBITE

I want to hear him confess himself. Then maybe... MAYBE.

FEMALE CENOBITE

But if you cheat us.

We hear the sound of the ENGINEER in the walls.

CENOBITE

We'll tear your soul apart.

We cut back to the cracking plaster, which cracks further. We hear STEVE's voice, and pan back into an empty room. STEVE is in the doorway, looking at the deserted bed.

The NURSE is with him.

STEVE

She was trembling from head to foot.

NURSE

I told you to wait with her.

STEVE

I thought she was going to collapse.

He approaches the bed.

NURSE

It was a trick. To get you out of the room. I'll start looking for her.

She exits.

STEVE

Maybe she's gone back –

He looks round. The NURSE has gone.

STEVE

– to her father's house.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

KIRSTY is hurrying down an echoing hospital stairwell, carrying the box wrapped up in a T-shirt.

EXT. NUMBER 55 - NIGHT

Lights burns in the house, upstairs and down.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Music is playing in the house. A slow, soft ballad which drifts eerily along the corridor. The brief-case that LARRY brought in with him and set down in the hallway when JULIA led him upstairs, is still there. We take it in, then look up the stairs, from whence the music comes. A naked, bloody figure moves across the landing. Is it LARRY?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JULIA sits in front of the dressing table mirror. She has a glass of whisky in front of her. She sips from it.

We've seen her in many moods through the story; now we see a mingling of fear and exhilaration in her face.

The door opens.

We see a reflection in the dressing room mirror. It is the figure we glimpsed on the landing.

She stands up, and turns to him.

We cannot see the details of the man as he approaches her, but when he puts his fingers on her cheek he leaves a mark there.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

KIRSTY hurries down the street. The wind is chilly. Sometimes we hear a bell in it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

STEVE gets into his car, and turns the ignition. He drives off in pursuit of KIRSTY.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Two shadowy, naked figures stand face to face in the bedroom. We can see no detail of their features. We move down their bodies. They are standing in a shining pool of blood.

The male of the couple pads towards the bedroom door, leaving a trail of blood behind him. We can still see very little of the man.

SCENE DELETED

SCENE DELETED

EXT. LODOVICO STREET - NIGHT

KIRSTY turns the corner of the street, and starts down it. The wind is strong now. It is full of sibilant whispers, hurrying her along.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JULIA dresses.

EXT. DOORSTEP - NIGHT

KIRSTY reaches the doorstep. As she does so the whispers die away completely. She beats on the door. No reply.

She beats again, more urgently.

KIRSTY

Please! Dad! It's me! It's Kirsty!

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

JULIA steps onto the landing. We can hear KIRSTY shouting on the step.

JULIA

Damn her.

We hear a voice, off-screen. Is it FRANK or LARRY?

Impossible to be sure.

VOICE

Answer it.

EXT. DOORSTEP - NIGHT

KIRSTY still beats on the door.

KIRSTY

Please, answer me! Please –

The door is suddenly opened. JULIA is standing there.

JULIA

Kirsty? It's very late.

KIRSTY

Where's Daddy?

JULIA

What's the problem?

KIRSTY

(stepping inside)
I have to see my father.

JULIA
Of course. There's no need to shout.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

We pan across the table. At the end of the table sits LARRY. The light is behind him. His features are shadowy. But we can see that he is badly bruised.

We hear the womens' voices, off-screen.

JULIA
You look terrible. Have you had an accident?

KIRSTY
I was here this afternoon.

JULIA
This afternoon.

KIRSTY
I saw everything.

JULIA
I'm sorry, I don't follow. What was there to see?

KIRSTY doesn't answer, but walks through into the Dining Room. KIRSTY sees LARRY at the table.

KIRSTY
Oh God. Thank God.
(she starts to sob)
I thought something might have...

She glances round at JULIA, who has also entered.

KIRSTY
(to Larry)
I have to talk to you.

LARRY

Of course.

LARRY leans forward, and into the pool of light over the table. He looks much the worse for wear. His flesh is raw and bruised. There is blood at his neck and hairline.

LARRY

It's all right, sweetheart. Julia's told me everything; and it's all right...

KIRSTY

No. You don't understand. Your brother – Frank – he's here in the house. And he's –

LARRY

Whatever Frank did was his error. And it's finished with now.

KIRSTY

Finished?

LARRY

(smiles)
He's gone.

KIRSTY

Gone?

JULIA

Dead.

LARRY

He was insane, baby: a mad dog. I put him out of his misery –

KIRSTY stares at LARRY, while in her head she hears the CENOBITE's voice.

CENOBITE

...we'll tear your soul apart...

LARRY

I'll go to the police, when I'm feeling stronger. Try and find some way to make them understand, though God knows I don't really understand myself. Did he hurt you?

KIRSTY is dumb with horror at her situation.

LARRY
(leans back)
Poor Frank. He's better off dead.

KIRSTY
I don't believe it.

LARRY
I'm afraid it's true.

KIRSTY
(tears in her eyes)
I want to see.

LARRY
No you don't.

KIRSTY
Yes!

LARRY
(to Julia)
Show her.

KIRSTY turns away from LARRY. JULIA leads her out into the Hallway.

CUT TO:

LARRY, still sitting at the table. His fingers drum a familiar tattoo. Beneath his breath, he hums 'Colonel Bogey'.

INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT

JULIA pushes open the door of the Torture Room. It creaks wide. Lying on the floor in the middle of the room is a skinned corpse, in a tangle of torn clothing.

It steams. There is blood everywhere. That too, steams.

KIRSTY is revolted. As she steps away from the door, it slams behind her. She turns to try and wrestle it open again, but it won't budge. She turns again. The CENOBITES are standing in the room, more shadow than substance.

CENOBITE

We want the man who did this –

KIRSTY

No. That wasn't the deal.

She turns, and starts to pull on the door. This time it opens.

KIRSTY

No!

She starts down the stairs again. The bell has begun to ring again, distantly, and there is the sound of birds, thousands of birds, beating on the other side of the hall.

JULIA

Where are you going?

KIRSTY ignores her and hurries down to LARRY.

KIRSTY

Get the fuck out of here.

LARRY

What's the problem?

KIRSTY

PLEASE. You're in danger.

LARRY

No. It's all over.

KIRSTY

It isn't. I know what's going on here, and it isn't over –

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

KIRSTY descends the stairs. LARRY has stepped out of the Dining Room and is moving to intercept her as she makes her way to the front door.

The sound of wings, and bells – and a terrible slow thunder which underpins it all – mounts in volume.

LARRY snatches at her arm.

LARRY
Where are you going?

KIRSTY
I have to get out.

She shrugs off his arm. The thunder is increasing.

LARRY
Stay with me –

JULIA is on the stairs, watching this exchange.

LARRY
– it's all right. Really it is...

He touches her face, fondly.

KIRSTY
I can't stay.

She goes to the door.

LARRY
Come to Daddy.

She hesitates at the door, and turns.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (KIRSTY'S P.O.V.)

The thunder fills KIRSTY's head, as she stares at LARRY, who has opened his arms to her.

LARRY
Come to Daddy.

Her gaze moves up to JULIA, who is on the stairs.

JULIA
No, damn you –

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

KIRSTY
(mouths)
Oh my God.

Everything is slowing down. The bells and the thunder fill the soundtrack.

LARRY smiles, as KIRSTY moves towards him. Tears have begun to fill her eyes. She searches for him. His smile decays as he realizes her objective. Her nails rake his cheek. The flesh puckers, and tears along the brow. Blood flows. The mask of stolen flesh he wears slips a little, and FRANK's twisted features come into view.

JULIA
Frank!

KIRSTY screams, as FRANK lunges for her. The lights in the hallway flicker, and threaten to go out.

KIRSTY avoids FRANK's blow, but in doing so allows him to get between her and the front door. She's trapped. His torn face flapping, he opens his jacket (the interior of which is blood-stained) and pulls a knife from the lining.

Suddenly, JULIA is behind her, gripping hold of her hair.

FRANK advances on KIRSTY, but in the last moment before the fatal stab KIRSTY twists, avoiding the blow. JULIA shrieks and stumbles forward, the knife gleaming as it's buried to the hilt in her side.

KIRSTY slips from between them. JULIA collapses into FRANK's arms. He holds her up.

KIRSTY makes a dive for the front door, but FRANK lets JULIA slip and intercepts KIRSTY. JULIA falls back against the

wall, dying. KIRSTY retreats to the bottom of the stairs.
FRANK follows.

FRANK

You're not leaving now –

As he follows, JULIA reaches out and takes hold of his sleeve.

KIRSTY flees the only route she can, upstairs. The house is creaking in every board and rafter now.

FRANK turns on JULIA, trapping her against the wall.

JULIA

Help me, Frank. For God's sake.

He puts his hands around her neck, and leans towards her. At the last moment she seems to understand that he intends not to kiss her but to steal what little life she has left.

JULIA

No, Frank –

From the stairs KIRSTY glimpses him battering upon her.

Then she looks away, and runs up the stairs.

When we look back JULIA is withering in FRANK's arms.

INT. LOWER LANDING - NIGHT

The landing is smoky. The lights have taken on a yellowish tinge. The air is full of moans.

KIRSTY is desperate for a hiding place. She tries one of the doors, but it's locked. She opens another, and the din of birds' wings gets louder.

INT. BIRD ROOM - NIGHT

A P.O.V. shot, lunging towards KIRSTY in the doorway. She slams the door in the face of whatever's coming for her.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

FRANK hears the door slam. He drops JULIA to the ground. She's dead, her flesh rotting on her face.

FRANK starts to climb the stairs, his eyes burning with hunger.

INT. LOWER LANDING - NIGHT

KIRSTY is cornered. From below, FRANK's voice.

FRANK

Where are you, beautiful?

KIRSTY starts up the second flight of stairs, as FRANK's shadow is thrown up on the wall below.

INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT

KIRSTY is faced with a choice. The Torture Room door is open, but the skinned body is in there, so instead she heads for the Junk Room, and opens the door.

INT. JUNK ROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight falls through the window, illuminating a chaos of furniture and boxes. She crosses to the window, and tries to get it open. It won't budge.

FRANK

(somewhere below)

Where are you, honey?

She looks around for a lever to open the window with –

INT. LOWER LANDING - NIGHT

FRANK reaches the landing and opens the bedroom door, calling for her. Then he starts up the last flight of stairs.

FRANK

Come to Daddy.

INT. JUNK ROOM - NIGHT

KIRSTY lifts a cloth off one of the boxes. Staring up from

the box is the corpse of PRUDHOE, his eyes and mouth open in a silent shriek.

She reels back from the box, terrified, and as she does so the door opens. She backs into the shadows as FRANK shambles into the room. He scans the chaos.

We CUT back to the shadows. KIRSTY'S eyes are wild with terror.

FRANK sees nothing. He turns back to the door and shambles away. The door closes. Click.

KIRSTY breaks cover. She crosses to the door and listens.

There's no sound. Cautiously, she opens the door. The landing outside is deserted.

INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT

She steps onto the empty landing. The light swings, gently; here is a subtle creaking in the walls. But no sign of FRANK.

She goes to the bannister, and looks down the stairwell, to see if there's any sign of him on the floor below. Nothing. Behind her the Torture Room door opens.

Suddenly FRANK lunges from the darkness of the room, knife in hand. She flings herself out of the way of the swipe, but he's upon her in seconds, cutting off her escape route to the stairs.

She has no choice but to retreat towards the Torture Room. He comes upon her, driving her backwards through the door, with jabs of the knife.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

She backs into the room, in the middle of which lies her father's corpse. She looks down at its skinned face.

KIRSTY
Oh my God.

FRANK

Don't mourn him. He was dead long
before we laid a finger on him.

KIRSTY has been pushed to the limits of endurance. She can
be terrorised and pushed no longer. Death looks easy by
comparison with more of FRANK'S horrors.

KIRSTY
You bastard –

FRANK
Poor baby.

KIRSTY
Bastard.

FRANK
Hush now. It's all right Frank's
here.

KIRSTY
Frank –

FRANK
That's right. This is Frank you're
talking to, remember? FRANK.

As he speaks the bell begins to toll again. FRANK hesitates
in his approach towards her.

FRANK
What's going on?

Light begins to pour through the walls of the room.

FRANK
(realising)
...no...

He starts towards the door. But he's too late. The CENOBITES
are moving through the light towards him. The CHATTERER
already stands in his way. Behind him, the lead CENOBITE
speaks.

CENOBITE

Frank.

FRANK

...no...

FEMALE CENOBITE

We had to hear it from your own lips.

CENOBITE

Frank.

FRANK turns on KIRSTY.

FRANK

You set me up! You bitch. You set me up!

The pattern of light in the room has become more elaborate, and the CENOBITES move through it towards FRANK.

CENOBITE

(to Kirsty)

This isn't for your eyes.

KIRSTY crosses towards the door. As she reaches for the handle she hears FRANK roar behind her. She turns. He breaks between the CENOBITES, knife in hand, but as he comes within striking distance the air is full of whining sounds and he stops dead.

They have their hooks in him, we see. In his arms and legs; in his back and sides; in his scalp and neck and temples. Hooks attached to countless chains, which arrest his progress. They plough through his flesh as he strives to reach her. But at a gesture from the leader of the CENOBITES, the chains are hauled in. He flings back his head, yelling. The knife drops from his hand.

CENOBITE

(to Kirsty)

Out!

She turns back to the door and opens it. FRANK is hauled back towards the centre of the room.

FRANK

Bitch!

The house is growling from basement to eaves now, as KIRSTY steps onto the landing.

INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT

Behind her, FRANK howls.

She looks back.

They have him IN EXTREMIS, his body spread-eagled; hooks in a hundred places, pulling at his flesh. He fights like a wild animal, snarling and cursing. They pull the chains tighter.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

A close up of FRANK's face. He suddenly stops fighting. He raises his head, his eyes staring up at KIRSTY from beneath a bleeding, sweating brow. He flicks his tongue over his bloodied lips.

Then –

– he comes apart.

INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT

The door slams as FRANK's body is torn apart in a welter of blood and flesh fragments.

Something heavy thuds against the door.

KIRSTY turns and starts down the stairs.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

She hurries down the stairs, the walls creaking and groaning.

It's dark; the air full of groans.

EXT. LODOVICO STREET - NIGHT

STEVE drives up to the house. The sound of creaking is audible

to him too. He goes to the door, and knocks.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

As KIRSTY starts down the next flight of stairs she sees the FEMALE CENOBITE on the half landing. She starts up towards KIRSTY.

FEMALE CENOBITE
No need to leave so soon –

There is more knocking on the door.

KIRSTY
Keep away from me.

EXT. DOORSTEP - NIGHT

STEVE keeps beating on the door, and tries to shoulder it open.

Useless. He backs away from the door. As he does so there's a movement in the bushes; and a wind passes through the trees.

For a moment it seems something is about to jump out at him.

But there's nothing.

He starts off down the side of the house, while a baby sobs distantly on the soundtrack.

INT. LOWER LANDING/BEDROOM - NIGHT

The sound of creaking is very loud now. There are falls of plaster dust from the ceiling. We are aware that the house is ready to fall around KIRSTY'S ears.

The FEMALE CENOBITE is on the Lower Landing now. KIRSTY glances through to the bedroom, where the box sits on a chair beside the door. She can see it in a patch of moonlight. She crosses to the door and opens it, reaching for the box without looking up.

The lead CENOBITE'S voice makes her look up however. He is standing in the middle of the room, the sound of birds loud

around him. He is wiping his bloody hands on a sheet from the bed, on which JULIA has sprawled, eyes wide and a staring at the ceiling. There is a horrid implication in the position of the corpse, and the state of its clothing. The sheet around the body is soaked in blood.

CENOBITE

Just in time.

KIRSTY

Stay the fuck away from me.

She starts to manipulate the box.

CENOBITE

We've got such sights to show you –

KIRSTY

You can keep them.

The FEMALE CENOBITE has appeared at the door behind KIRSTY, as she tries to manipulate the box. She starts to succeed too.

CENOBITE

Don't do that!

The CENOBITE'S image starts to break up.

CENOBITE

(howled)

Damn you!

The CENOBITE'S howl fades, as he is claimed by darkness, his image spiralling away into ether.

The FEMALE CENOBITE makes a sound of rage, and comes at KIRSTY, but she has the knack of the box now. The FEMALE is also sucked away into nothingness, her scream fading.

EXT. BACK DOOR - NIGHT

STEVE shoulders the door open. There is smoke in the kitchen.

Cups and saucers fall from the shelves as the house trembles.

All the cutlery rattles.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

KIRSTY starts down the stairs again, as the falls of dust increase. At the bottom of stairs, an extraordinary sight: a bride, heavily veiled. KIRSTY hesitates. The house grinds around her. Suddenly, a voice.

STEVE

Is there anybody here?

She turns, as STEVE appears around the corner from the kitchen.

The veil is suddenly snatched from the figure behind.

KIRSTY

Steve –

It's the CHATTERER at the back. It snatches at the box, its hands closing around hers. But she manages to close another portion of the box. STEVE moves towards her as the CHATTERER is claimed by darkness. As STEVE moves away from the corner of the passage we see that the last of the CENOBITES – the blind man – is coming for him, weapon in hand. The hook goes for STEVE'S throat. He cries out as the blood comes.

But suddenly the roof above the CENOBITE breaks open and a fall of dust and filth buries the creature. The fall, which misses STEVE by a hair's breadth, drives both he and KIRSTY into the vestibule.

There is a further fall of rubble and timbers down the stairs, effectively sealing off any escape route but the front door.

STEVE

Let's get the hell out of here.

STEVE crosses past her to the door. As he puts his hand on the handle, KIRSTY looks down to see that the box in her hand still has one piece unfinished.

KIRSTY

Don't!

Too late. He turns the handle. The door is flung open, and THE ENGINEER, clinging to the sides of the door, swings down into the hallway.

STEVE is flung backwards against KIRSTY. The box falls from KIRSTY's hand. The beast moves to bite at STEVE, who scrambles out of the way, leaving KIRSTY in the front line.

The box lies between KIRSTY and THE ENGINEER, which now uses its forelegs to crawl over the hallway towards her, its legs still bracing it in the door.

She snatches for the box. THE ENGINEER, its mouth oozing fluids, almost catches her arm.

Again, she tries. This time one of its arms seizes hold of KIRSTY and drags her towards its jaws.

Behind KIRSTY, STEVE snatches up a piece of plaster and flings it in THE ENGINEER's face. It momentarily relaxes its grip on KIRSTY, who slides her hand from its hold and claims the box. She now has slime on her fingers. The box defies her manipulations.

STEVE

Come on! Come on!

THE ENGINEER crawls towards them. Up above, the din of the roof collapsing. Timbers and dust hurtle down the stairs.

KIRSTY

Shit. Shit. Shit.

THE ENGINEER is almost upon her. It rears up, its saliva dropping on her.

And then, miraculously, the last piece of the box slots into place.

The same vortex that seized the other CENOBITE seizes THE ENGINEER. Howling its complaint, it is drawn out into the darkness beyond the door, and disappears.

Its voice grows thin, and fades.

Finally, silence.

The house is still.

KIRSTY gets to her feet. STEVE does the same.

Together they move to the door, and out onto the step.

SCENE DELETED

EXT. NUMBER 55 - NIGHT

The roars and creaks from the house cease.

EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT

The fire burns in a wasteland. KIRSTY and STEVE stand at a distance watching it. Now KIRSTY starts towards it. STEVE follows.

When she reaches the fire she throws the box into the flames. They both watch it consumed. There is a look of satisfaction in KIRSTY'S face: the damned thing is finally destroyed.

They leave the fire, heading off towards the street.

When they're some distance away a familiar figure, shambles out of the darkness on the far side of the bonfire. It's the DERELICT we first saw in the Pet Shop. He watches KIRSTY and STEVE for a moment. Then he steps into the middle of the fire.

The sound of the flames draws KIRSTY'S attention. She turns.

The DERELICT bends down and picks up something from the ashes.

KIRSTY

Steve...

STEVE now turns, and both of them watch as the DERELICT stands up, burning from head to foot, with the box in his hand. It is untouched by the flames.

We see the flames consume the DERELICT. The beard ignites and burns away. The face crisps and curls, the flesh falls away.

Beneath, blackness, in the midst of which we glimpse yellow slits of eyes –

Then, a wind. The flames billow up around the figure, and are just as suddenly extinguished.

The wind blows towards STEVE and KIRSTY, carrying ashes.

We have the P.O.V. of the ashes, rushing towards STEVE and KIRSTY –

Suddenly, they, or the spirit in the wind, rises up over KIRSTY and STEVE'S head. It climbs at a great rate, leaving the two figures diminutive beneath,

And on the wind, the voice KIRSTY heard out of her radio, the nameless evangelist –

EVANGELIST

The Devil hears you! The Devil sees you! Every night, every day, the Devil knows your souls!

DARKNESS

END CREDITS.

THE END