

# HELLRAISER

A Screenplay  
by  
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## 1. TITLE SEQUENCE

In the darkness, a blood-curdling cacophony: the squeal of uncoiled winches the rasp of hooks and razors being sharpened; and worse, the home 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.

2. 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.

3 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.

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.

4 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.

5 INT. HALLWAY DAY

LARRY slams the front door.

6 INT. UPPER LANDING DAY

The Torture Room door creaks closed again.

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

7 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.

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.

8 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.

9 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

The door opens a fraction.

10 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.

Larry!

LARRY

I hear you.

He starts up the stairs.

11 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.

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.

12 INT. DOWNSTAIRS ROOM DAY

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

LARRY

Hello ...?

There's no answer.

Hello ...?

13 INT. FRANK'S 'BEDROOM' DAY

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

14 INT. DOWNSTAIRS ROOM DAY

LARRY

(on 'phone)

Is there anybody there?

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

15 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.

16 INT. STAIRS DAY

LARRY is climbing the stairs.

LARRY

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

The 'phone rings again.

Shit.

17 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.

18 INT. DOWNSTAIRS ROOM DAY

LARRY has picked up the 'phone.

LARRY

Who's there?

KIRSTY

(barely audible)

Daddy?

CUT TO

19 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.

20 INT. DOWNSTAIRS ROOM DAY

LARRY  
(on 'phone)  
What did you say?

21 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 ... er ... 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.

KRISTY

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 orang-utan, 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.

KRISTY

(mouths the word)

Great.

LARRY (V.O.)

Well come over, will you ?  
See the place ?

KRISTY

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 -

KRISTY

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.

KRISTY

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.

KRISTY

Of course. Every day.

LARRY (V.O.)

O.K.

KRISTY

Take care, Dad.

LARRY (V.O.)

Call me tomorrow.

KRISTY

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.

22 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.

23 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.

24 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.

25 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.

26 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.

27 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)

Suprise.

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?

28 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.

29 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.

30 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.

31 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.

32 INT. HALLWAY DAY

The men are struggling with the bed again.

LARRY

(calls through)

Are you O.K.?

KIRSTY

(from kitchen)

Sure.

33 INT. LOWER LANDING DAY

Again, JULIA returns her gaze to the photograph.

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.

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?

35 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 bath-  
room.

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.

36 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. Centre  
of the known universe.

Silence from outside.

Julia?

(she puts her head  
out of the bathroom)

37 INT. LOWER LANDING DAY

JULIA has gone.

38 INT. UPPER LANDING DAY

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

39 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.

40 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 foresaken 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:

41 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 beragglled 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.

42 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:

43 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 torsoes. 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.

44 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

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

JULIA  
(a whisper)  
Oh Frank ...

45 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.

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 ...

46 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.

47 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)

Eh ... 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.

48 INT. STAIRS DAY

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

LARRY

(weakly)

... Julia ...

49 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.

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.

50 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:

50A INT. UPPER LANDING DAY

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

Downstairs, the front door slams.

LAP-DISSOLVE TO:

50B 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 ...

50C 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.

50E 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.

51 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 liquer bottles besides. STEVE, it soon becomes apparent, has his eyes on KRISTY.

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.

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 KRISTY'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.

52 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.

53 INT. UPPER LANDING NIGHT

She approaches the Torture Room, and steps inside.

54 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.

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.

55 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.

56 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

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

57 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.

58 INT. BATHROOM NIGHT

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

59 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.

60 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.

61 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.

62 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

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

LARRY turns over, muttering to himself.

63 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.

64 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.

65 EXT. WINDOW OF TORTURE ROOM DAY

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

66 EXT. NUMBER 55 DAY

JULIA heads off down the street.

67 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 KRISTY, 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.

KRISTY

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

CUSTOMER

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

KRISTY

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

It's clear that KRISTY 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 KRISTY. 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 -

KRISTY

It looks quite healthy to me -

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

KRISTY

(to child)

What ?

CUSTOMER

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

The CHILD takes KRISTY 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, KRISTY finds the DERELICT, with his hand in a vivarium of grasshoppers. He is chewing.

KRISTY

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.

KRISTY

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.

KRISTY

Oh my God.

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

MOTHER

How disgusting.

KRISTY

Oh God.

She turns and finds herself face to face with STEVE.  
A monkey screams, accompanying her turn, makes her jump.

KRISTY

Oh !

STEVE

Are you alright ?

KRISTY

I've been better.

STEVE

Your father told me you were working here.

KRISTY

If I make it through the day.

STEVE

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

KRISTY

No, it's good to see you.

The monkey continues to chatter.

STEVE

Are you busy after work ?

KRISTY

Just trying to get my apartment in order.

STEVE

Can I lend you a hand ?

KRISTY

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.

68 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.

... 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.

69 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.

70 EXT. DOORSTEP DAY

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

71 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.

72. 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.

... I'm so sorry ...

She raises the hammer.

... 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.

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.

74 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.

75 INT. LOWER LANDING DAY

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

76 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.

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

She nods.

Good. Come here.

She stares, unable to move.

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?

77 INT. HALLWAY DAY

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

He takes a step towards the stairs.

78 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

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

79 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.

80 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.

81 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.

82 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.

83 INT. HALLWAY DAY

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

LARRY  
Are you there?

He starts up.

84 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.

Are you all right?

JULIA  
Just feeling a bit sick.

LARRY  
Oh, babe ...

85 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.

86 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.

- 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.

... 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.

87 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's beneath: a naked body, scarlet and shining with blood from head to foot.

She screams.

Her scream becomes louder, as we

CUT TO

88 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.

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.

89 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?

90 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.

91 INT. TORTURE ROOM NIGHT

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

92 INT. TELEPHONE ROOM NIGHT

LARRY is on the phone.

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

93 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.

94 INT. TELEPHONE ROOM NIGHT

LARRY  
Never better. You sleep well.

KIRSTY (on phone)  
Yeah.

LARRY  
I love you, honey.

KIRSTY (on phone)  
I love you too.

LARRY puts down the phone.

95 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.

96 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.

97 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:

98 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.

99 INT. DINING ROOM DAY

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

100 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:

101 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 tease 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.

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.

102 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.

103 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.

104 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.

- I'll go see.

LARRY

No. I'll do it.

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

105 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.

106 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.

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.

You're shaking.

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

There's nothing to be afraid  
of.

He kisses her neck, his hands restless on her.

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 ...

107 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.

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

He kisses her again.

108 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 shambling 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.

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.

109 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.

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.

110 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.

Tomorrow?

She looks at him.

111 EXT. LODOVICO STREET - DAY

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

112 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.

113 EXT. LODOVICO STREET DAY

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

114 EXT. DOORSTEP OF NUMBER 55 DAY

A 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.

115 EXT. LODOVICO STREET DAY

KIRSTY stands, bewildered by what she's seen.

116 INT. LOWER LANDING DAY

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

SYKES

I get lonely sometimes.

JULIA

Everybody does.

117 EXT. STREET DAY

KIRSTY starts towards the house.

118 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.

119 EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE DAY



KIRSTY starts down the path.

120 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.

What ?

FRANK steps from the shadows.

Jesus Christ.

JULIA hits him with the hammer.

121 EXT. DOORSTEP DAY

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

122 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!

123 EXT. HOUSE DAY

KIRSTY makes her way around the back of the house.

124 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

SYKES has taken hold of JULIA, and is using her as a shield against FRANK, whos 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!

125 INT. KITCHEN DAY

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

126 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.

127 INT. KITCHEN/DINGING ROOM/HALLWAY DAY

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

128 INT. LOWER LANDING DAY

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

129 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.

130 INT. LOWER LANDING DAY

KIRSTY starts up the second flight of stairs.

131 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

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

132 INT. UPPER LANDING DAY

KIRSTY reaches the top as -

133 INT. TORTURE ROOM DAY

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

134 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.

135 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.

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.

NO!

136 INT. UPPER LANDING DAY

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

137 INT. HALLWAY DAY

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

138 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.

139 EXT. LODOVICO STREET DAY

A series of shots from KIRSTY'S P.O.V., as she staggers along the street. The sound-track 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.

A 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.

140 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.

KRISTY

This isn't happening.

FRANK

Some things have to be endured ...

The darkness is filling the screen.

... take it from me ...

Now, total darkness.

... Come to Daddy ...

And suddenly, she wakes.

141 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM NIGHT

KRISTY 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. KRISTY groans. The NURSE stands up and crosses to the bed.

NURSE

You're awake. Good girl.

KRISTY

What happened to me?

NURSE

I'll get the doctor.

KRISTY

Wait a moment -

The NURSE is already at the door.

KRISTY

(agitated)

Who brought me in here?

NURSE

I won't be a moment.

As soon as she's gone KRISTY 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.

KRISTY

(urgently)

I have to speak to my father.

DOCTOR

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

KRISTY

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 KRISTY back between the sheets. Unwillingly, she goes.

KRISTY

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.

KRISTY

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.

KRISTY

I don't remember.

DOCTOR

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

KRISTY

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.

KRISTY

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.

142 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 -

143 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM NIGHT

KRISTY 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.

KRISTY

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.

KRISTY

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 -

KRISTY shakes her head.

KRISTY

You wouldn't believe me.

NURSE

Try me.

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

NURSE

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

KRISTY

Steve.

The NURSE goes to the door. As she exits KRISTY picks the box

up again, and at her ministrations it opens a little wider.

144 EXT. NUMBER 55 NIGHT

The front door closes.

LARRY  
(inside)

Julia?

145 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 your-  
self -

She turns and starts up the stairs. He follows.

146 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.

147 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.

148 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?

149 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.

150 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 Con-  
figuration.

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.

KRISTY  
But he escaped you.

CENOBITE  
Nobody escapes us.

KRISTY  
HE did. I've seen him.

FAT CENOBITE  
Impossible.

KRISTY  
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?

KRISTY

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.

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

152 EXT. NUMBER 55 NIGHT

Lights burns in the house, upstairs and down.

153 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?

154 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.

155 EXT. STREET NIGHT

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

156 EXT. STREET NIGHT

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

157 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.

158 SCENE DELETED

159 SCENE DELETED

160 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.

161 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

JULIA dresses.

162 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!

163 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.

164 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.

165 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.

(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'.

166 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 -

KRISTY

No. That wasn't the deal.

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

KRISTY

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?

KRISTY ignores her and hurries down to LARRY.

KRISTY

Get the fuck out of here.

LARRY

What's the problem?

KRISTY

PLEASE. You're in danger.

LARRY

No. It's all over.

KRISTY

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

167 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.

168 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 -

169 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.

170 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.

171 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.

172 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.

173 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.

174 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.

175 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 -

176 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.

177 INT. JUNK ROOM NIGHT

KRISTY 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. KRISTY'S eyes are wild with terror.

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

KRISTY breaks cover. She crosses to the door and listens. There's no sound. Cautiously, she opens the door. The landing outside is deserted.

178 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.

179 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.

KRISTY

Oh my God.

FRANK

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

KRISTY 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.

KRISTY

You bastard -

FRANK

Poor baby.

KRISTY

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 KRISTY.

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.

180 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.

181 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.

182 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.

182A INT. STAIRS NIGHT

She hurries down the stairs, the walls creaking and groaning. It's dark; the air full of groans.

182B 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.



183 INT. STAIRS NIGHT

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

FEMALE CENOBITE

No need to leave so soon -

There is more knocking on the door.

KRISTY

Keep away from me.

183A 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.

184 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 KRISTY'S ears.

The FEMALE CENOBITE is on the Lower Landing now. KRISTY 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.

KRISTY

Stay the fuck away from me.

She starts to manipulate the box.

CENOBITE  
We've got such sights to show you -

KRISTY  
You can keep them.

The FEMALE CENOBITE has appeared at the door behind KRISTY, 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 KRISTY, but she has the knack of the box now. The FEMALE is also sucked away into nothingness, her scream fading.

184A 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.

184B INT. STAIRS NIGHT

KRISTY starts down the stairs again, as the falls of dust increase. At the bottom of stairs, an extraordinary sight: a bride, heavily veiled. KRISTY 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.

KRISTY  
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 KRISTY 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, KRISTY 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.

185 SCENE DELETED.

185A EXT. NUMBER 55 NIGHT

The roars and creaks from the house cease.

186 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.