

wendy's

DREAD

Adapted for the Screen by Derek Boyes



Interior: Pub. 1

QUAID: "The name's Quaid"

STEVE: "Oh"

QUAID: "You're?"

STEVE: "Steven Grace"

QUAID: "Yes, you're in the ethics class right?"

STEVE: "Right."

QUAID: "I don't see you in any of the philosophy seminars or lectures"

STEVE: "It's my extra subject for the year. I'm on the english literature course. I just couldn't bear the idea of a year in the old Norse classes."

QUAID: "So you plumped for Ethics."

STEVE: "Yes"

QUAID ORDERS A DRINK THOUGH HE LOOKS AS THOUGH HE CANNOT AFFORD IT.
HE GULPED IT DOWN THEN ORDERED ANOTHER.

QUAID: "What are you having?"

STEVEN STILL HAD A WARM HALF PINT OF LAGER WHICH HE WAS TRYING TO SAVE

STEVE: "Nothing for me"

QUAID: "Yes you will"

STEVE: "I'm fine"

QUAID: "Another brandy and a pint of lager for my friend."

QUAID: "Somebody ought to write a thesis on drinking as a social activity."

QUAID STUDIES HIS BRANDY AND THEN GULPS IT DOWN.

QUAID: "Or as oblivion"

STEVE STUDIED HIS CLOTHES AND HIS FACE TRYING TO FIT QUAIDS APPEARANCE
BUT NOTHING SPRANG TO MIND.

QUAID: "You should be doing old Norse's."

STEVE: "Why?"

QUAID: "They dont even bother to mark the papers, on that course. They just throw them all up in the air, face up an A, face down a B."

STEVE LAUGHED UNCONVINCINGLY.

QUAID: "You should be in old Norse's, who needs Bishop Berkeley anyhow,
or Plato, or...."

STEVE: "Or?"

QUAID: "Its all shit"

STEVE: "Yes"

QUAID: "Ive watched you in Philosophy class."

STEVE LOOKS UNEASY AT THE REMARK.

QUAID: "You never take notes do you?"

STEVE: "No"

QUAID: "I thought you were either sublimely confident, or you simply couldn't

~~careless."~~
STEVE: ~~"Neither, I'm just completely lost."~~

~~QUAID PULLS OUT SOME CHEAP CIGARETTES, WHICH STEVE THOUGHT UNUSUAL~~

~~QUAID: "It's not true philosophy they teach you here."~~

~~STEVE: "Oh?"~~

~~QUAID: "We get spoonfed a bit of Plato, or a bit of Bentham, no real analysis. It's got all the right markings of course. It looks like the beast: it even smells a bit like the beast to the uninitiated."~~

~~STEVE: "What beast?"~~

~~QUAID: "Philosophy, true philosophy. It's a beast Steven, don't you think?"~~

~~STEVE: "I hadn't..."~~

~~QUAID: "It's wild it bites."~~

~~QUAID GRINNED SUDDENLY SUPERIORLY.~~

~~QUAID: "Yes it bites. Oh that pleased him, again for luck. Bites."~~

~~STEVEN NODDED NOT UNDERSTANDING.~~

~~QUAID: "I think we should be mauled by our subject. We should be frightened to juggle the ideas we talk about."~~

~~STEVE: "Why?"~~

~~QUAID: "Because if we were real philosophers we wouldn't be exchanging academic pleasantries. We wouldn't be talking semiotics: using linguistic trickery to cover the real concerns."~~

~~STEVE: "What would we be doing?"~~

~~QUAID: "We should be walking close to the beast, Steve, don't you think? Reaching out to stroke it, pet it, milk it...."~~

~~STEVE: "What...er... is the beast?"~~

~~QUAID LOOKED A LITTLE ANGRY AT THIS QUESTION.~~

~~QUAID: "It's the subject of any worthwhile philosophy, Steven. It's the things we fear, because we don't understand them. It's the dark behind the door. STEVEN REALISED THAT QUAID WAS USING PHILOSOPHY TO DISCUSS FEAR."~~

~~QUAID: "We should discuss what is intimate to our souls. If we don't we risk..."~~

~~STEVE: "What?"~~

~~QUAID LOOKS INTO HIS GLASS WISHING IT FULL.~~

~~STEVE: "Want another?"~~

~~QUAID: "What do we risk? Well I think if we don't go out and find the beast, sooner or later the beast will come and find us."~~

2 Interior: Class room.

THE LECTURE HAS JUST FINISHED.

STEVE: "Do you know Quaid?"

STUDENT: "No not really, I've spoken to him but that's about all"

STEVE: "You don't know his first name or how old he is?"

STUDENT: "No, why?"
STEVE: "Just...wondered"

3 Interior: University office.

SECRETARY FILES PAPERS AS STEVE WALKS PAST THE DOOR STOPS THEN
TURNS BACK INTO THE OFFICE.

SECRETARY: "Hello Steven."

STEVE: "Hi, er.. I just wondered if you knew Quaid's last name or how old
he is?"

SECRETARY: "Is he the one in your Philosophy class?"

STEVE: "Yes."

SECRETARY: "Mmmm.. I just know him as Quaid, I think he's about 22, I don't
really know."

STEVE: "Not to worry. Thanks anyway."

SECRETARY: "That's O.K."

4 Exterior: University.

~~STEVEN ASKS WENDY ABOUT QUAID.~~

~~WENDY: "Why do you want to know so much about him?"~~

~~STEVE: "He spoke to me in the pub the other day. Just came out of
the blue and started talking about Philosophy."~~

~~WENDY: "Maybe he's lonely, he said he had no parents."~~

~~STEVEN: "Both died?"~~

~~WENDY: "Yes killed I think."~~

~~STEVEN LOOKS SURPRISED AND A LITTLE GUILTY.~~

5 Interior: Pub.

~~STEVE ENTERS THE BAR. HE SEES QUAID ON HIS OWN AND IS DRAWN
OVER TO HIM BY SOME STRANGE REASON.~~

~~STEVE: "I owe you a drink."~~

~~HE TOUCHED QUAID ON THE SHOULDER. QUAID SWUNG HIS HEAD ROUND
STARTLED.~~

~~STEVE: "Brandy?"~~

~~QUAID: "Thank you."~~

~~STEVE: "A brandy and half a lager please.....Did I startle you?"~~

~~QUAID: "I was thinking."~~

~~STEVE: "No philosopher should be without one."~~

~~QUAID: "One what?"~~

~~STEVE: "Brain"~~

~~QUAID: "Hea..Yea the philosophers with no brains become the teachers
of philosophy."~~

~~STEVE: "Your vision of life is very negative."~~

~~QUAID: "Everyone's the same. politicians, teachers, students, they're~~

910
~~all lost sheep. Yes, just lost sheep looking for their sheperds that don't exist. Everything you believe in is doubtful. The only thing that truly exists is dread. You can't deny dread its there, in everyone, yet it remains hidden deep in the back of your minds, waiting for the beast to find it.~~

6 Interior: Pub.

~~QUAID IN DEEP DISCUSSION WITH STEVEN.~~

7 Exterior: University.

~~QUAID TALKING TO STEVEN, STEVEN LOOKS PUZZLED.~~

8 Exterior: Pub.

STEVEN AND QUAID WALK HOME AT CLOSING TIME IN THE RAIN.

9 Exterior: Street.

~~STEVEN, QUAID AND WENDY WALK HOME. QUAID TALKING, STEVEN LISTENING DEEPLY, WENDY FINDS QUAID A BIG JOKE.~~

10 Interior: Pub.

~~WENDY IN ARGUEMENT WITH QUAID, STEVEN SITS BACK AMUSED BY IT ALL.~~

QUAID: "You're a pathological optimist."

~~WENDY: "And you're full of shit....So who cares if you're afraid of your own shadow? I'm not I feel fine."~~

QUAID: "We all taste dread once in a while."

QUAID LOOKS DEEP INTO WENDY'S EYES LOOKING FOR HER REACTION.

~~WENDY: "I don't."~~

~~QUAID: "No fears? No nightmares?"~~

~~WENDY: "No way. I've a good family. I don't have any skeletons in my cupboard. I don't even eat meat, so I don't feel bad when I drive past a slaughter house. I don't have any shit to put on my show. Does that mean I'm not real?"~~

QUAID: "It means...."

QUAIDS EYES SQUINT AT WENDY.

QUAID: "It means your confidence has something big to cover."

~~WENDY: "Back to nightmares."~~

~~QUAID: "Big nightmares."~~

~~WENDY: "Be specific: Define your terms."~~

QUAID: "I can't tell you what you fear."

~~WENDY: "Tell me what you fear then."~~

QUAID HESITATES.

QUAID: "Finally.....It's beyond analysis."

WENDY: "Beyond analysis, my ass!!!"

STEVE SMILES, INDEED WENDY'S ASS IS BEYOND ANALYSIS.

QUAID: "What I fear is personal to me. It makes no sense in a larger context. The signs of my dread, the images my brain uses, if you like. To illustrate my fear, those signs are mild stuff in comparison with the real horror thats at the roots of my personality."

STEVE: "I've got images, pictures of childhood that make me think of..."

~~STEVE STOPPED, REGRETTING HIS CONFESSION.~~

WENDY: "What?.....you mean things to do with bad experiences? Falling off your bike or something like that?"

STEVE: "Perhaps I find myself sometimes, thinking of those pictures. Not deliberately, just when my concentration is idling, almost as if my mind went to them automaticly."

QUAID: "GRUNT....Precisely."

WENDY: "Freud writes on that."

QUAID: "What?"

WENDY: "Freud..Sigmund Freud, you may of heard of him."

QUAID IS GETTING ANNOYED.

QUAID: "Mother fixations don't answer the problem. The real terror is in me, in all of us, our pre-personality. Dreads there before we have any notion of ourselves as individuals. The thumb curled up on it's self, in the womb, feels fear."

~~WENDY: "You remember then do you?"~~

QUAID: "Maybe" (Deadly serious)

WENDY: "The womb?"

QUAID GIVES AN OVER POWERING SMILE.

WENDY: "Your a liar!"

WENDY STARTS TO GET UP.

QUAID: "Perhaps I am?"

1) Exterior: University.

STEVE SEES WENDY WITH QUAID, THEY'RE GETTING ON.??

12) Interior: University.

STEVE PASSES QUAID WITH WENDY, DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

STEVE: "Hey!!:"

WENDY: "Hi "

QUAID: "What you got."

STEVE: "Ethics I'm late."

1213 ©
STEVE PEERS ROUND THE WALL , STUDYING THEM FOR A WHILE, CURIOUS ABOUT
QUAIDS SUDDEN INTEREST IN WENDY.

13 Exterior: University.

STEVE WALKS HOME. HE HEARS WENDY'S LAUGH AND TURNS TO SEE HER WITH QUAI
ONCE AGAIN.

14 Interior: Steven's bedroom.

~~STEVE'S IN BED THINKING WHATS BEEN HAPPENING OVER THE LAST MONTH.~~

~~STEVE: "God.....What's happening, they used to hate each other. I worry for you
Wendy. There's something about Quaid, he's planning something, and it's
not sex. He's being to attentive, and it's definitely not because he ha
respect for your intelligence. He has no respect for anyone, or
anything. He said that himself, he's cornering her, Wendy Fromm is bein
rounded up for the kill.....What are you talking about Steve,
lets face it you just dont understand women."~~

15 Exterior: University.

~~STEVE COMES OUT OF CLASS, IN THE BACKGROUND QUAID IS SAYING GOODBYE TO
WENDY. HE SEES STEVE AND RUNS TO CATCH HIM UP.~~

~~QUAID: "She's a vegetarian."~~

~~STEVE: "Wendy?"~~

~~QUAID: "Of course Wendy."~~

~~STEVE: "I know she mentioned it before."~~

~~QUAID: "Yes but isn't it a fad with her. She's passionate about it. Can't even
bear to look in a butchers window. She won't touch meat, smell meat-"~~

~~STEVE: "Oh."~~

~~STEVE STOPS WALKING.~~

~~QUAID: "Dread Steve."~~

~~STEVE: "What of meat?"~~

~~QUAID: "The signs are different from person to person. SHE FEARS MEAT! She says
she's so healthy, so balanced, shit! I'll find it."~~

~~STEVE: "Find what?"~~

~~QUAID: "The fear Steve."~~

~~STEVE: "Your not going to-"~~

~~QUAID: "Harm her?...No I'm not going to harm her in any way. Any damage done t
her will be strictly self-inflicted."~~

~~QUAID STARES DEEP INTO STEVE'S EYES.~~

~~QUAID: "Its about time we learnt to trust one another, (Quaid leans closer)
between the two of us-"~~

~~STEVE: "Listen I don't think I want to hear!"~~

~~QUAID: "We have to touch the beast Steven."~~

~~STEVE: "Damn the beast! I don't want to hear."~~

STEVEN TURNS AWAY.

QUAID: ~~"We're friends Steven."~~

STEVE: ~~"Yes."~~

QUAID: ~~"Then respect that."~~

STEVE: ~~"What?"~~

QUAID: ~~"Silence not a word."~~

~~STEVE NODDED. QUAID LEFT STEVEN STANDING IN HORROR.~~

16 Exterior: Street.

~~STEVEN WALKS DOWN THE ROAD THINKING, FRIGHTENED. HE REMEMBERS HIS FEAR, AND TELLING QUAID.~~

~~17 Exterior: Street.~~

~~SIX YEAR OLD STEVEN GETS RUN OVER.~~

18 Interior: Hospital.

~~HIS PARENTS TALK TO THE DOCTOR.~~

DR: ~~"Yes... your son has suffered from concussion, and a few minor injuries to the forehead and left arm. Due to the concussion, he is however, partially deaf. ear.af.fffff"~~

~~19 Interior: Home.~~

~~STEVEN IS LOOKING AT EVERYONE WISHING THEY WOULD MAKE A NOISE, HE LOOKS CONFUSED AND UPSET, ALL HE HEARS IS HUMMING AND VIBRATIONS.~~

~~20 Interior: Home, bedroom.~~

~~STEVEN IN BED, IN THE DARK, FRIGHTENED AND ALONE. NO SOUND, HE CRIES.~~

21 Interior: Hospital.

~~DOCTOR TALKS TO HIS PARENTS.~~

DR: ~~"There will be times when he suffers what we call tinnitus, it is basically a roaring or ringing sound in the ears."~~

~~22 Interior: Home, bedroom~~

~~STEVEN IN BED SCREAMING AND CRYING HOLDING HIS EARS, IN THE DARK, WAITING FOR HIS PARENTS TO HELP HIM. THEY ARRIVE TRYING TO COMFORT HIM BUT ALL HE SEES IS THEIR MOUTHS OPEN AND CLOSE LIKE GOLDFISH.~~

23 Exterior: University.

~~STEVEN AND QUAID.~~

QUAID: ~~"SHE FEARS MEAT THE SIGNS ARE DIFFERENT!! DREAD STEVE."~~

Interior: Pub. 24

STEVEN IS DRUNK AND IS TELLING QUAID HIS FEARS.

STEVE: "I was hit by a car when i was six."

QUAID: "Yea."

STEVE: "Yea, concussion left me temporarily deaf. ...Nothing could clear my head. I was going mad!"

STEVE: "I wanted it to stop but it wouldn't, I would cry and not even know about it until my parents came in."

QUAID LISTENS, LEARNS AND GIVES AN EVIL GRIN.

~~25 Exterior: University.~~

~~QUAID: "The signs are different."~~

~~26 Interior: Steven's bedroom.~~

~~STEVEN'S DREAMING. HE AWAKES SUDDENLY.~~

~~STEVE: "Jesus.....I told him my fear, I told Quaid my fear!!"~~

~~27 Exterior: University.~~

~~STEVE SEES QUAID AND AVOIDS HIM.~~

~~28 Interior: Steve's bedroom.~~

~~BOOKS UNREAD, ESSAYS NOT FINISHED. STEVE JUST STARING INTO NOTHING.~~

~~29 Interior: University, classroom.~~

~~TEACHER: "What's happened to Steven Grace."~~

~~STUDENT: "He hasn't been in at all this week. Missed all the seminars and lectures."~~

~~TEACHER: "What? Is he ill?"~~

~~STUDENT: "Must be."~~

STEVEN RETURNS BACK TO COLLEGE AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

30 Interior: Library.

QUAID: "Early to work."

STEVE LOOKS UP.

QUAID: "I'm impressed Steve."

STEVE: "With what."

QUAID: "Your enthusiasm for the job."

STEVE: "Oh?"

QUAID: "What are you looking for?"

STEVE: "Something on Bentham."
QUAID: "I've got 'Principles of Morals and Legislation'...Will that be?"
STEVE'S MIND: "It's a trap. No that's absurd, he's just offering me a book."
QUAID: "Come to think of it, I think it's a library copy I've got."
STEVE: "Thanks."
QUAID: "Good holiday?"
STEVE: "Yes thank you, you?"
QUAID: "Very rewarding."

THE SMILE HE HAD EARLIER DECAYS.

STEVE: "You've grown a moustache, was it for Wendy?"

QUAID IS EMBARRASSED.

QUAID: "Well..."
STEVE: "Sounds like you had a good vacation."
QUAID: "I've got some wonderful photographs."
STEVE: "What of?"
QUAID: "Holiday snaps."

STEVE LOOKS SURPRISED.

QUAID: "You won't believe some of them."

STEVE SENSES SOMETHING VULGER IN HIS VOICE.

STEVE: "I don't think of you as a photographer."
QUAID: "It's become a passion of mine."

QUAID GRINS WHEN HE SAYS PASSION.

QUAID: "You've got to come and see them."
STEVE: "I-..."
QUAID: "Tonight, and pick up the Bentham at the same time."
STEVE: "Thanks."
QUAID: "I've got a house for myself these days. Round the corner from the maternity hospital, in Pilgrim Street, Number sixty ~~IT'S THE LAST HOUSE~~
Sometime after nine." ~~ONLY APPLE LANE~~ ~~BEFORE~~ ~~BEHIND~~ ~~THE OLD~~
STEVE: "Right, thanks. Pilgrim Street." ~~STONE HOUSE AT THE~~

QUAID NODDED.

STEVE: "I didn't know ~~that was~~ ^{that was} ~~there were any habitable houses in Pilgrim Street.~~ ^{livable.}
QUAID: "Number sixty four." ~~end of the lane.~~

3) Exterior: Pilgrim street.

STEVEN WALKS DOWN LOOKING AT THE ~~DEMOLISHED~~ ^{OLD STONE} BUILDINGS. HE ~~FINDS~~ ^{REMARKS IT}
~~SIXTY FOUR AND~~ KNOCKS ON THE DOOR, HE SEEMS TO WAIT FOR A LONG TIME.
THEN IT OPENS.

QUAID: "Steve come in."
STEVE: "Thanks, ~~number sixty four seems to be the only one left standing.~~"

QUAID: ~~"Yes."~~

THE DOOR CLOSSES.

32 Exterior: Pilgrim street.

THE RUBBLE OF HOUSES BECOMES A SILOUETTE AS IT GETS DARKER. THE FAINT SOUND OF QUAID AND STEVE CAN BE HEARD.

33 Interior: Quaid's house.

STEVE AND QUAID ARE DRINKING, AND SMOKING GRASS. QUAID IS HAPPILY TALKING TRIVIA.

STEVE: "Where's the holiday snaps then."

STEVE SLURRS, BUT DOES NOT CARE.

QUAID: "Oh yes, my experiment."

STEVE: "Experiment?"

QUAID: "To tell you the truth Steve, I don't think I should show them to you."

STEVE: "Why not?"

QUAID: "I'm into serious stuff Steve."

STEVE: "And I'm not ready for serious stuff, is that it!"

STEVE SUDDENLY FEELS QUAID WORKING ON HIM.

QUAID: "I didn't say you weren't ready-"

STEVE: "What the hell is this stuff?"

QUAID: "Pictures."

STEVE: "Of?"

QUAID: "You remember Wendy?"

STEVE: "How could I forget?"

QUAID: "She won't be coming back this term."

STEVE: "Oh!"

QUAID: "She had a revelation."

STEVE: "What do you mean?"

QUAID: "She was always so calm wasn't she - calm, cool and collected."

STEVE: "Yes, I suppose she was."

QUAID: "Poor bitch all she wanted was a good fuck."

STEVE SMIRKS LIKE A LITTLE BOY.

QUAID: "She spent her vacation here."

STEVE: "Here!"

QUAID: "In this house."

STEVE: "You like her then?"

QUAID: "She's an ignorant cow. She's pretentious, she's weak, she's stupid. But she wouldn't give, she wouldn't give a fucking thing."

STEVE: "You mean she wouldn't screw?"

QUAID: "No, It's her fears she wouldn't give. But I persuaded her in the fullness of time."

QUAID PULLS OUT A BOX FULL OF PHOTOS FROM BEHIND SOME BOOKS.
HE GIVES THE FIRST PHOTO TO STEVE.

QUAID: "I locked her away you see, Steve.....To see if I could needle her into showing her dread a little bit."

STEVE: "What do you mean locked her away?"

QUAID: "Upstairs."

STEVE FEELS STRANGE.

QUAID: "I locked her away upstairs, as an experiment. that's why I took this house. No neighbours to hear."

STEVE: "No neighbours to hear what?"

STEVE LOOKS AT THE PHOTO.

QUAID: "Concealed camera, she never new I was photographing her."

QUAID: "That's the room, top of the house. Warm, a bit stuffy even. No noise"

QUAID PASSES THE PHOTO.

PHOTO ② Sleeping bag, table, chair, bare light bulb.

QUAID: "That's how I laid it out for her."

STEVE: "It looks like a cell."

QUAID GRUNTS.

~~PHOTO ③~~ Jug on table, bucket covered with a towel.

STEVE: "Whats the bucket for?"

QUAID: "She had to piss."

STEVE: "Yes."

QUAID: "All the amenities provided, I didn't want to reduce her to an animal."

~~PHOTO 4~~ Plate, slab of meat on the bone.

QUAID: "Beef."

STEVE: "But she's a vegetarian."

QUAID: "So she is. It's slightly salted well cooked, good beef."

END PHOTO.

PHOTO ⑤ Wendy in the room kicking the door.

QUAID: "I put her in the room at about five in the morning. She was sleeping. I carried her over the thresh hold myself. Very romantic. She didn't know what the hell was going on."

STEVE: "You locked her in there."

QUAID: "Of course, an experiment."

STEVE: "She knew nothing about it?"

QUAID: "We'd talked about dread, you know me. She knew what I wanted to discover. Knew I wanted guinea pigs, she soon caught on. Once she knew what I was up to she soon calmed down."

PHOTO ⑥ Wendy sits in corner thinking.

QUAID: "I think she thought she could out wait me."

PHOTO 7: Wendy looks at the leg of beef on the table.

QUAID: "Nice photo, don't you think? Look at the expression of disgust on her face. She hated even the smell of cooked meat. She wasn't hungry then of course."

PHOTO 8: She sleeps.

PHOTO 9: She pisses. (STEVE IS UNCOMFORTABLE)

PHOTO 10: She drinks water from the jug.

PHOTO 11: She sleeps with her back to the room.

STEVE: "How long has she been in the room?"

QUAID: "This was only fourteen hours in. She lost orientation as to time very quickly. no light change, you see. Her body clock was fucked up pretty soon."

STEVE: "How long was she in there for?"

QUAID: "Till the point was proved."

PHOTO 12: ^{BSD Adjust.} She is looking down on the meat.

QUAID: "This was taken the following morning. I was asleep. The camera just took pictures every quarter of an hour. Look at her eyes."

STEVE NOTICED THE DESPERATION ON WENDY'S FACE.

STEVE: "She looks sick."

QUAID: "She's tired that's all. She slept a lot, as it happened, but it seemed to make her just more exhausted than ever. She doesn't know now if it is day or night. And she's hungry of course. It's been a day and a half. She's more than a little peckish."

PHOTO 13: She is sleeping in an even tighter ball.

PHOTO 14: She drinks more water.

QUAID: "I replaced the jug when she was asleep. She slept deeply, I could have done a jig in there and it wouldn't have woken her. Lost to the world."

QUAID: "God it stank in there, you know how women smell sometimes. It's not sweat, it's something else. Heavy odour: meaty, bloody."

PHOTO 15: She touches the meat.

QUAID: "This is where the cracks start to show, where the dread begins."

WENDY IS IN DEEP PAIN.

PHOTO 16: Wendy, throwing herself against the wall, screaming.

QUAID: "She always ended up haranguing me, whenever she had a confrontation with the meat."

STEVE: "How long is this."

QUAID: "Coming up to three days. You're looking at a hungry woman."

PHOTO 17: She is standing in the middle of the room not looking at the meat.

STEVE: "You're starving her."

QUAID: "She can go ten days without eating quite easily. Fasts are common in any civilised country, Steve. Sixty percent of the British population is clinically obese at any one time. She was too fat anyhow."

PHOTO 8: She is sitting in the corner crying.

QUAID: "About now she began to hallucinate. Just little mental tricks. She thought she felt something in her hair, or on the back of her hand. I'd see her staring into mid air sometimes, watching nothing."

PHOTO 19: She is washing herself, she's stripped to the waist, her face is drained of expression. The meat is a darker tone than before.

QUAID: "She washes herself regularly. Never lets twelve hours go by without washing herself from head to toe."

STEVE: "The meat looks-"

QUAID: "Ripe?"

STEVE: "Dark."

QUAID: "It's quite warm in her little room, and there's a few flies in there with her. They've found the meat: laid their eggs, yes it's ripening up quite nicely."

STEVE: "Is that part of the plan?"

QUAID: "Sure. If the meat revolted her when it was fresh, what about her disgust at rotten meat? That's the crux of her dilemma, Isn't it. The longer she waits to eat the more disgusted she becomes with what she's been given to feed on. She's trapped with her own horror of meat on one hand and her dread of dying on the other. Which is going to give first?"

STEVE WANTED TO LEAVE BUT ALSO WANTED TO KNOW MORE.

PHOTOS 20,21,22,23,24,25,26, Sleeping, washing, pissing, meat watching.

PHOTO 27: She picks up meat.

QUAID: "You see."

STEVE: "She picks up the meat."

QUAID: "Yes, she picks it up, her face full of horror, the beef looks well ripened now, speckled with flies eggs, Gross."

STEVE: "She bites it!"

PHOTO 28: Her face is buried in the meat.

STEVE'S MOUTH SCREWS UP.

PHOTO 29: She vomits into the bucket in the corner of the room.

PHOTO 30: She sits looking at the table, the water jug is smashed, and the plate. The beef is on the floor in a slime of degeneration.

PHOTO 31: She sleeps with her arms tangled around her head.

PHOTO 32: She is standing up looking at the meat in hunger and disgust.

PHOTO 33: Sleeps.

STEVE: "How long?"

QUAID: "Five days, no six."

PHOTO 34: ~~The~~ photos blurred she is beating her head and body against the wall.

STEVE DOESN'T WANT TO KNOW.

PHOTO 35: She is sleeping under the table the sleeping bag is ripped to pieces.

PHOTO 36: She is speaking to the door, begging.

PHOTO 37: She eats the rancid meat under the table like a primitive in a cave. Her teeth pulling at the meat. Her face is expressionless.

STEVE STARES AT THE PHOTO.

QUAID: "It startled me, how suddenly she gave in. One moment she seemed to have as much resistance as ever. The monologue at the door was the same mixture of threats and apologies as she'd delivered day in day out. Then she broke just like that. Squatted down under the table and ate the beef down to the bone, as though it was a choice cut."

PHOTO 38: She sleeps the door is open, light pours in. *BATEN UP ONE,*

PHOTO 39: Room empty.

STEVE: "Where did she go?"

QUAID: "She wondered down stairs, she came into the kitchen drank several glasses of water and sat on a chair for 3 or 4 hours without saying a word".

STEVE: "Did you speak to her?"

QUAID: "Eventually, when she started to come out of her fugue state. The experiment was over. I didn't want to hurt her".

STEVE: "What did she say?"

QUAID: "Nothing".

STEVE: "Nothing?"

QUAID: "Nothing at all. For a long time I don't believe she was even aware of my presence in the room. Then I cooked some potatoes, which she ate".

STEVE: "She didn't try to call the police?"

QUAID: "No".

STEVE: "No violence?"

QUAID: "No. She knew what I'd done, and why I done it. It wasn't pre-planned, but we talked about such experiments, in abstract conversations. She hadn't come to any harm you see, she lost a bit of weight perhaps but that was about all".

STEVE: "Where is she now?"

QUAID: "She left the day after. I don't know where she went".

STEVE: "And what did it all prove?"

QUAID: "Nothing at all perhaps. But it made an interesting start to my investigations".

STEVE: "Start?, this was only the start?"

STEVENS VOICE IS DISGUSTED.

QUAID: "Steven-".

STEVE: "You could have killed her!"

QUAID: "No".

STEVE: "She could have lost her mind. Unbalanced her permanently".

QUAID: "Possibly, but unlikely. She was a strong willed woman".

STEVE: "But you broke her".

QUAID: "Yes, it was a journey she was willing to take. We had talked

of going to face her fear. So here was I arranging for Wendy to do just that. Nothing much really".

STEVE: "You forced her to do it, she wouldn't have done it otherwise".

QUAID: "True, it was an education for her".

STEVE: "So now you're a teacher?".

STEVE TRIED TO KEEP HIS SARCASM DOWN BUT HE WAS ANGRY AND A LITTLE FRIGHTENED.

QUAID: "Yes I'm a teacher I'm teaching people dread."

QUAID LOOKS AT HIM, STEVE LOOKS AT THE FLOOR.

STEVE: "Are you satisfied with what you have taught?"

QUAID: "And learned, Steve. I've learned too. It's a very exciting prospect: A world of fears to investigate. Especially with intelligent subjects. Even in the face of rationalization."

STEVE STOOD UP.

STEVE: "I don't want to hear anymore!"

QUAID: "Oh o.k."

STEVE: "I've got class early tomorrow."

QUAID: "NO!"

STEVE LOST A HEARTBEAT.

STEVE: "What?"

QUAID: "Don't go yet."

STEVE: "Why?"

STEVE IS MORE FRIGHTENED OF QUAID THAN EVER BEFORE.

QUAID: "I've got some more books to give you."

NIGHTMARE THOUGHTS RUSHED TO STEVE'S HEAD, THEN FADED.

QUAID: "I've a book on Kierkegaard you'll like, upstairs. I'll be two minutes."

QUAID SMILES AS HE LEAVES THE ROOM.

STEVE SQUATS DOWN AND SHEETS THROUGH THE PHOTOS, LOOKING FOR THE ONE WHERE SHE FIRST PICKS UP THE MEAT. IT INTERESTS HIM THE MOST. HER FACE WAS COMPLETELY OUT OF CHARACTER TO HER USUAL SELF. STEVE STUDIES IT AND REALISES HE HAS A SIMILAR EXPRESSION BUT IT'S NOT RELEASED FULLY YET.

HE HEARS A SOUND BEHIND HIM, IT'S TOO SOFT FOR QUAID UNLESS-.....

QUAID COVERS STEVE'S MOUTH WITH CHLOROFORMED CLOTH. HE TRYS NOT TO INHALE, BUT CAN'T. HIS EYES WATER, HIS VISION BLURRS, HIS STRUGGLE WEAKENS AND A BLACK SPOT SPREADS ACROSS HIS EYES, PULSATING TO HIS HEART BEAT. HE HEARS QUAID SAY "STEVEN", IT ECHOS INTO A DARK NOTHINGNESS.

QUAID: "Steven, teven, even, ven,en,n. "

STEVEN FALLS CLUMSILY TO THE FLOOR.

Interior: Steel tower. 34

STEVEN WAKES UP TO DARKNESS. HIS EYES OPEN AND CLOSE, TRYING TO WORK OUT IF HE IS AWAKE. THEN HE STARTS TO MOVE. HIS ARMS, THEN HIS LEGS THEN HIS HEAD. HE WAS BOUND AT HIS ANKLE, HE BREATHEES INTO HIS TEETH AS HE FEELS THE PAIN OF THE CHAIN AROUND HIS ANKLE. HE TOUCHES THE GRID FLOOR, FUMBLING IN THE DARK. HE REACHES THROUGH THE GRID TRYING TO TOUCH SOMETHING, BUT HE TOUCHED NOTHING. HIS HAND WAVED ABOUT.

35 Interior: Quaid's house.

QUAID STUDIES PHOTOS OF STEVE, NODDING TO HIMSELF. COMPLEMENTING HIS ACCURATE PREDICTION OF STEVE.

36 Interior: Shaft.

STEVE'S EYES GROW ACCUSTOMED. HE STUDIES THE ROUND WALLS, LOOKS UP AND DOWN, TRYING TO THINK WHERE HE IS. WAS IT AN AIR TUBE OR A TUNNEL,? UNDERGROUND FACTORY? HE SQUINTS HIS EYES TO TRY AND SEE THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT, THAT SEEMS TO NEVER END.

TIME PASSES BY.

37 Interior: Shaft.

STEVE'S TEARS HAVE DRIED UP, FROM THE WARM STALE AIR. HE STARTS TO SHOUT BUT GIVES UP EVENTUALLY.

STEVE'S MIND: "The darkness it goes on for ever, that's absurd..."

STEVE: "NOTHING GOES ON FOR EVER!!!"

STEVE'S MIND: "Whats down there, I could fall and fall and fall, my body cascading down. I could be one foot from the ground and I wouldn't even know it, until I hit, then it would end. What would I see? Would I see light? as my head was dashed open on impact. Would I understand in that last moment before my body became a pile of limp flesh and bones, would I understand why I had lived and died?.....QUAID WOULDN'T DARE!"

STEVE: "WOULDN'T DARE, WOULDN'T DARE!!!!!"

STEVE CALMS DOWN FOR A BIT, TAKING DEEP BREATHS. HE SITS DOWN AGAIN AND STARTS TO THINK, AND THINK.

STEVE'S MIND: "Suppose Quaid had found this circular hell to put me in because it would never be found, never be investigated? Suppose he wanted to take his experiment to the limits. DEATH! that's the limit. that could be his plan, the ultimate experiment for Quaid. To watch a man die. Watch me die! watching my fear of death..... Watching someones fear of death. Thats Quaid's way of touching the beast , a safe way of touching the beast...Yes, Quaid could be killing me out of his own terror. That's got to be it!... Hu.... This educators obsessed with fear, because his dread runs the deepest.!"

STEVE LOOKED CONTENT.

STEVE'S MIND: "That's why he has to watch others deal with their fears. He needs a solution, a way out for himself."

38 Interior: Quaid's house:

QUAID STUDIES THE RECENT PHOTOS. HE LOOKS CONFUSED. STEVEN WAS LYING EYES CLOSED, SLIGHT FROWN ON FACE.

39 Interior: shaft.

STEVEN'S EYES START TO FLICKER, HE IS DREAMING.

40 Exterior: Shaft.

QUAID: "It's time."

42 Interior: Shaft.

STEVEN WAKES SUDDENLY. AS HE TRIES TO GET UP, HE REALISES HIS HANDS HAVE BEEN CUFFED. HE LOOKS AROUND TO SEE A BOWL OF WATER AND LUKE WARM PORRIDGE. HE SHUFFLES UP TO EAT. HE EATS AND DRINKS IT THANKFULLY. AS HE BEGINS TO EAT, HE REALISES HOW LOUD HIS EATING IS. THEN THE TIGHTNESS AROUND HIS TEMPLES. PUTTING THE FOOD DOWN STEVE REACHES CLUMSILY FOR HIS HEAD. HE LOOKS PUZZLED, THEN ANGRY, THEN FRIGHTENED. STEVEN'S ANGER RAGES: HE KICKS HARD AT THE GRID UNABLE TO HEAR, AS TEARS START TO POUR FROM HIS EYES. HE SCREAMS UNTIL HIS THROAT IS BLEEDING. HE CAN HARDLY HEAR HIS CRY. HE STARTS TO SHIVER AND SWEAT. IN DESPERATION HE PICKS UP THE BOWL OF WATER, THROWING IT OVER HIS FACE. THE COLDNESS COOLING AND CALMING HIM DOWN. HE TAKES DEEP BREATHS.

STEVE: "RELAX, relax, relax."

INSIDE HIS HEAD, THE NOISES CAME. THE SOUND OF HIS TONGUE AND SALIVA THEN THE LOW HISS OF HIS MIND. HE TWITCHES AND SUBCONSCIOUSLY WRESTLES WITH HIS HANDCUFFS AS THEY CUT INTO HIS SKIN.

48 Exterior: Shaft.

QUAID WATCHES STEVE, HE LOOKS DISPLEASED.

43 Interior: Shaft.

STEVE IS ALMOST ASLEEP. HE'S STILL ON HIS FACE AND TWITCHING OCCASIONALLY. EVENTUALLY HE IS ASLEEP LOOKING RELAXED AT LAST.

44 Exterior: Shaft.

QUAID: "Steven you're letting me down! Months of preparing the ground for you, and after a few hours you're as good as broken.....Come on Steven, one word, just one miserable word. Surely you've a solution, a healing totum, a prayer even? There must be something."

45 Interior: Shaft.

STEVE WAKES UP MOUTH DRY, SWEATING. THE BARS OF THE GRID BITE INTO HIS

CHEEK. HE STAYS STILL UNTILL HIS EYES GROW ACCUSTOMED TO THE LIGHT. THEN HE ROLLS OVER AFTER STUDYING THE GRID. THE GRID FEELS MORE UNSTABLE! ROCKY! STEVE UNBUTTONS HIS SHIRT, HE HAS DRIBBLED ON HIS CHIN, HE DIDN' WORRY. HE HALF PULLS OFF HIS SHIRT, AND KICKS OFF HIS SHOE WITH HIS OTHER FOOT. HE PANICS, HIS SHOE IS ABOUT TO FALL THROUGH THE GRID. IT IS BALACED ON TWO GRIDS, AS HE REACHES TO SAVE IT THE GRID MOVES, AND THE SHOE BEGINS TO SLIDE THROUGH. HE REACHES A LITTLE MORE AND THE SHOE FALLS INTO THE DARKNESS BELOW. HE LETS OUT A CRY.

STEVE'S MIND: "I can't see it, I want to hear it land!! at least I would know how far I would have to fall to my death."

HE ROLLS ONTO HIS STOMACH AND PUSHED HIS HANDS THROUGH THE GRID, SCREAMING.

STEVE: "I'll go, I'll go too!....I'll go! I'll go! I'll go! I'll go!"

THE GRID SNAPS, HE FEELS HIMSELF SLIPPING, HE GOES QUIET. HE LOOKS BACK TO SEE HIS FOOT NO LONGER CHAINED. HE GRABS THE BAR BEFORE HE FALLS RIGHT OFF. DANGLING THERE HE THINKS MAYBE HE DOESN'T WANT TO DIE AFTER ALL, NO YET.

STEVE'S MIND: "I'm going to fall, The man wants me to fall. the bad man. Quaike Quail? Quarrel?-"

STEVE LOOKS DOWN AT THE BLACKNESS UNSURE. HIS HANDS ARE SWEATY AND ARE SLIPPING RIGHT OFF. HE SAYS ONE WORD.

STEVE: "Mama!"

HE DISSAPEARED INTO THE DARK.

46 Exterior: Shaft.

QUAID LISTENS TO THE RECORDED VOICE OF STEVE. "MAMA! MAMA!". QUAID PUTS IT DOWN, AND CLIMBS DOWN A LADDER.

47 Interior: Shaft.

A "CLUNK" SOUND IS HEARD, FOLLOWED BY A STRONG RAY OF LIGHT, FROM IT QUAID APPEARS. STEVE LAYS ON THE METAL FLOOR NEXT TO HIS SHOE. THE LIGHT HALF ILLUMINATES STEVE'S TWISTED BODY. STEVE NOTICES THE LIGHT AND LOOKS UP. HE SEES MICKEY MOUSE! HE SMILES AT HIM, A CHILD'S SMILE. HIS TROUSERS ARE WET, QUAID GRABS HIM BYE HIS ANKLES AND PULLS HIM OUT OF THE SHAFT.

48 Interior: Quaid's house.

QUAID SITS HIM IN HIS ROOM AND TAKES OFF THE CLAMP AROUND STEVE'S HEAD. QUAID GIVES HIM SOME CAKE. STEVE JUST SEES MICKEY MOUSE! HE KICKS THE TABLE CRYING LIKE A BABY. THROWING PLATES AND CUPS OFF THE TABLE. HE RUNS INTO THE OTHER ROOM AND THROWS LOADS OF PAPERS UP IN THE AIR. HIS FACE IS LIT WITH EXCITMENT AS THE PAPERS FLUTTER TO THE GROUND, SOME FACED UP, SOME FACED DOWN, SOME WITH PICTURES, SOME WITH WRITING. THE PICTURES ARE OF BODIES COVERED IN WOUNDS AND BLOOD. THE OBJECT THAT MADE THE CUTS IS THERE. IT WAS AN AXE! STEVE LOOKED CONFUSED. A MAN

WHO COLLECTS PICTURES OF DEAD PEOPLE AND AXES. BEFORE HE CAN THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE QUAD FILLS STEVE'S HEAD WITH CHLOROFORM AGAIN.

4 Exterior: Alley way.

STEVE WAKES UP, HE SNIFFS, IT SMELLS BAD. HE HAS VOMITED DOWN HIS SHIRT. HE TRIES TO STAND UP BUT HIS LEGS ARE WOBBLY. HE SHIVERS WITH COLD. STEVE TRYs TO SWALLOW TO GET RID OF HIS SORE THROAT. HE HEARS FOOT STEPS.

STEVE'S MIND: "Is that the mouse? maybe he'll take me home."

POLICEMAN: "Get up son!"

STEVE'S MIND: "Oh...It's not the mouse, it's a policeman."

POLICEMAN: "What are you doing down there? I said get up!"

STEVE BRACES HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL AND GETS UP. THE POLICEMAN SHOVS A TORCH AT HIM.

POLICEMAN: "Jesus Christ....You're in a right state. Where do you live?"

STEVE SHAKES HIS HEAD ASHAMED.

POLICEMAN: "What's your name,.....name lad!"

POLICEMAN: "Come on take a hold of yourself."

STEVE: "Home"

HE IS BLUBBERING, SNIFFING, HE STARTS TO CRY.

POLICEMAN: "You high on something?"

THE POLICEMAN PULLED HIM INTO THE STREET LIGHT.

POLICEMAN: "You'd better move on."

STEVE: "Mama, I want my mama."

THE POLICEMAN LOSES HIS TEMPER AND PUNCHES STEVE IN THE STOMACH. STEVE DOUBLES UP WHIMPERING.

POLICEMAN: "Shut up son."

HE HITS HIM AGAIN, THEN PULLS HIS EAR UP SO STEVE'S FACE CAME INFRONT OF HIS.

POLICEMAN: "You want to be a derilict, is that it."

STEVE: "No, No,.....please...take me home"

THE POLICEMAN LOOKS CONFUSED. HE TAKES HOLD OF STEVE'S ARM AND BUNDLES HIM INTO THE CAR.

POLICEMAN: "Get in"

STEVE: "Take me-"

POLICEMAN: "I'll take you home, son. I'll take you home."

5 Interior: Night hostel.

THEY SEARCH STEVE FOR I.D. THE POLICEMAN LEAVES. THE PEOPLE TALK ABOUT STEVEN AS IF HE ISN'T THERE. THEY GIVE HIM OLD CLOTHES, A SHOWER AND A RAZOR TO SHAVE BUT HE DOESN'T. ~~HE IS GIVEN A TICKET FOR A BED AND IS LEAD OFF WITH A LOAD OF OTHER MEN TO THE BEDS. HE SEES SOMEONE PRAYING SO HE DOES TOO.~~

STEVE: ~~"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon this little child, Pity my-
....pity my simplicity, Suffer me to come to thee."~~

~~-HE DRIFTS OFF TO SLEEP.~~

52 Interior: Quaid's bedroom.

QUAID LAYS IN BED IN THE DARKNESS, HE IS TERRIFIED, WORSE THAN EVER. HE LOOKS AT THE DOOR, HIS BODY STIFF. TRYING TO QUIETEN HIS BREATHING.

QUAID'S MIND: "I can't even get out of bed to switch the light on. Besides, what if this time, the time of all times, it's real? What if the axe-man is at the door in flesh and blood. Grinning like a loon at me, like my dreams. Listen Quaid, listen for his giggle, the creak of the stairs, as he approaches.....He's not here."

QUAID SIGHS, AND SWINGS HIS LEGS OUT OF THE BED, AND SWITHES ON THE LIGHT. THE ROOM IS EMPTY AS IS THE HOUSE. HE PEEKS OUT THE DOOR.... NOTHING.

53 Interior: Night hostel.

HOSTEL SHOT.

~~STEVE IS WOKEN SUDDENLY BY NOISE. FOUR BEDS DOWN, TWO MEN ARE FIGHTING ALL HE CAN SEE IS SHADOWY FIGURES COVERED IN BLACK BLOOD. THEY SCRATCH AT EACH OTHER, THE CHEERS SUDDENLY STOP, AS A MAN RUSHES IN. HE COULDN'T SEE THE MAN, BUT HE DID SEE THE WINNER TOSS HIS SHOE IN THE AIR HOWEVER WITH A SHOUT OF TRIUMPH "FUCKER". STEVE, CAN'T TAKE HIS EYES OFF THE SHOE. HE FOLLOWED IT TILL IT LANDED BESIDE HIM. HE HEARD IT'S LOUD THUD AS IT LANDED ON IT'S SIDE, LIKE HIS HAD IN THE SHAFT!!....HE REMEMBERS.~~

54 Interior: Qaid's house.

QUAID IS DREAMING. THE STAIR WAY LOOKING DOWN THE TUNNEL OF STAIRS THE SIGHT OF THE CLOWN, HALF JOKE-HALF HORROR, TIP TOED UP TOWRDS HIM. A LAUGH ON EVERY STEP.

QUAID WAKES SUDDENLY, SHOCKED BREATHLESS. HIS MOUTH IS DRY, HE REACHES IN THE DARKNESS FOR HIS BOTTLE HE KEEPS BESIDE HIS BED. HE SWIGS IT DEEPLY.

55 Interior: Night hostel.

~~STEVE WALKS PAST THE RIOT OF MEN. THE GUARDS BATTLE TO CONTROL THE SITUATION, HE IS NOT NOTICED. HE WALKS THROUGH THE GATE, AND INTO THE PORCH OF THE HOSTEL. THE SWINGING DOORS ARE CLOSED BUT THERE IS STILL GOLD AIR SEEKING IN FROM OUTSIDE. AS STEVE IS PASSING THE EMPTY RECEPTION OFFICE, HE NOTICES A BRIGHT RED FIRE EXTINGUISHER, NEXT TO THAT A FIRE HOSE, NEXT TO THAT A WONDERFUL RED AXE. A VERY PRETTY AXE. STEVEN APPROACHES THE AXE. SHOUTS AND WHISTLES ARE HEARD DOWN THE CORRIDOR, BUT NO ONE DISSTURBS HIM. HE SMILES AT IT, THEN TOUCHES IT.~~

~~HE PICKS IT UP AND SLIPS IT INTO THE WARMTH OF HIS JACKET. THEN WALKS OUT OF THE SWINGING DOORS.~~

Interior: Quaid's room.

QUAID WAKES AGAIN.

Exterior: Street.

STEVE REMEMBERS QUICKLY, AND SOON HE IS SPRINGING IN HIS STRIDE, HE BEGINS TO RUN, SKIP, DANCE BETWEEN THE STREET LIGHTS. HE LOOKS LIKE A CLOWN IN HIS CLOTHES. ~~HE FINDS PILGRIM STREET QUICKLY AND EASILY. HE LAUGHS AT HIMSELF, THE WAY HE LOOKS.~~

Interior: Quaid's room.

QUAID HEARS A NOISE, A DEFINATE NOISE. THE MOONLIGHT THROWS IT'S BEAMS THROUGH THE WINDOW, THROUGH THE DOOR AND TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. THERE IS NO NEED TO PUT THE LIGHT ON. THE STAIRS ARE EMPTY. THEN THE BOTTOM STAIR CREAKS. QUAID KNOWS DREAD NOW. HE HEARS ANOTHER CREAK ON THE NEXT STAIR, AND PANICS.

QUAID'S MIND: "Ridiculous dream, It's got to be a dream. I don't know any clowns, no axe-killers. How can it be anything but a dream? May be my dreams are so prepostorous they can only be true? No clowns."

QUAID STANDS LOOKING AT THE DOOR AND STAIRWAY. THEN IT APPEARS THE FACE OF A FOOL. HIS FACE IS PALE IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON. IT'S YOUNG FEATURES BRUISED, IT'S SMILE OPEN LIKE A CHILDS SMILE. STEVE BITES HIS LIP WITH EXCITEMENT. BLOOD ON HIS LOWER JAW. HE MAKES SMALL CHOPPING MOTIONS IN THE AIR AS IT GLITTERES IN THE MOONLIGHT. HIS EYES BLACK AND GLINTING WITH ANTICIPATION. NEAR THE TOP OF THE STAIRS HE STOPS, WATCHING QUAIDS DREAD, TERROR. HIS SMILE STILL FIXED, QUAID'S LEGS GIVE WAY, HE FALLS TO HIS KNEES. THE CLOWN CLIMBS ANOTHER STEP. THE AXE ROCKING BACK AND FORTH. QUAID RECOGNISES STEVEN, SHOCKED, SPEECHLESS. STEVE MAKES A DEEP THROATING NOISE, AXE SWINGING WIDER AND WIDER.

QUAID: "Steven!!!"

AXE SCENES.

STEVEN DOESN'T HEAR IT, JUST THE LIPS MOVE. HE SCREACHES, RAISING THE AXE ABOVE HIS HEAD, SKIPPING THE LAST TWO STEPS AND RUNNING INTO THE BEDROOM IN THE SPOT LIGHT, QUAID'S BODY TURNED TO MISS THE MURDEROUS AXE. BUT NOT QUICK ENOUGH. THE AXE GOES THROUGH THE BACK OF HIS ARM SLICING OFF HIS TRICEPS. QUAID SCRAEMS WITH PAIN. THE CLOWN STARTS ON QUAIDS THIGH. CHOPPING AT IT LIKE A LOG. THE AXE BURYING INTO THE BONE. THE CLOWN TUGS AT THE AXE TO GET IT OUT FOR THE NEXT BLOW. QUAID JERKS LIKE A PUPPET, HE SCREAMS, BEGGS. STEVEN HEARS NOTHING. THE CLOWN LAUGHS AND CHUCKLES AT THIS MAN SCREAMING ON THE FLOOR. STEVE SLICES AND QUARTERS, KEEPING HIM ALIVE, KEEPING THE PAIN FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.

QUAID: "Stop!stop! Jesus Christ, Help me, Steven!! STOP!! Please, kill me, kill me, the pain!!! AGHHHHHHH!!! STOOOOP!! STEVEN! STEEVEEN!!!!..."

THE PANIC ON QUAIDS FACE, THE PAIN WORSE, MUCH WORSE THAN ANY DREAD.

QUAID EVENTUALLY PASSES OUT AND DIES. STEVEN BREATHING DEEPLY LETS OUT A LAUGH OF VICTORY. HE LOOKS AT THE BLOOD INFESTED MESS ON THE BEDROOM FLOOR. ~~PAUSES FOR A WHILE THEN STROLLS OUT. IN THE HALLWAY HE SEES A PHOTO OF WENDY. IT'S NOT ONE HE HAD SEEN. SHE LOOKS TERRIBLE. HER HAIR IS GREASY, FACE DIRTY, STEVEN STARES AT IT THINKING...~~

STEVE'S MIND: "She looks as though she's been there weeks! Quaid said she left. she didn't leave, he didn't even let her out!!"

STEVE: "Oh my God"

STEVE RUNS UP THE STAIRS TO THE OTHER ROOM. HE TRY'S THE DOOR. IT'S LOCKED. STEVE RUNS AT IT BREAKS IT OPEN AND STUMBLES IN. ... THERE IN THE CORNER HUDDLED UP TIGHT IS WENDY. THE ROOM IS COLD, SHE LOOKS VERY ILL. AS STEVE LIFTS HER HEAD UP SHE STARES STRAIGHT THROUGH HIM. HE PULLS HER FACE TO HIS.

STEVE: "Wendy, . Wendy! It's me, Steven."

WENDY SEEMS TO HEAR HIM SHE LOOKS AROUND HIM AT THE OPEN DOOR.

STEVE: "He's gone , Dead! I... I..KILLED HIM!"

TEARS ERRUPT FROM WENDY'S EYES AND SHE CRIES INTO STEVE'S SHOULDERS HE PULLS HER UP AND THEY LIMP OUT OF THE ROOM, INTO THE CORRIDOR. THEY PAUSE OUTSIDE QUAIDS ROOM WENDY LOOKS IN THEN CLAMBERS DOWN THE STAIRS AND OUT THE DOOR.

52 Exterior: Pilgrim street.

THE TWO SURVIVORS WALK OFF INTO THE NIGHT, SUPPORTING EACH OTHER AS THEY GO.

THE END.