

"SHIVERS"

Screenplay by  
David Cronenberg

**SHOOTING DRAFT**

1975

**EXT. STARLINER TOWERS APARTMENT COMPLEX -- MORNING**

of a  
near  
moving car. The car approaches the complex and stops  
the main doors of the West Tower.

newly  
for  
intertwined up  
Out of the car climb Kresimir and Benda Sviben, a gawky  
wed young couple. Kresimir elaborately opens the door  
Benda, his new wife, and they walk with hands  
the steps of the West Tower.

**INT. LOBBY -- MORNING**

leaps up  
opens the  
does  
about  
thick  
his  
As the Svibens approach the main doors, the doorman  
from his chair beside the intercom switchboard and  
door for them. The doorman, like most security guards,  
not look capable of handling a serious crisis. He is  
fifty, of average height but slightly built, wears  
glasses and seems almost embarrassed by the revolver on  
hip.

**DOORMAN**

Morning, folks. Can I help you?

**KRESIMIR**

Yes, please. I... er, we... are  
looking for the rental agent here.  
We have an appointment.

**DOORMAN**

OK, I'll just give him a little buzz  
and he'll come out and show you the  
way in.

he  
the  
The doorman presses a button on the intercom board. As  
turns back to the Svibens, he catches his holster on  
board.

**DOORMAN**

(freeing holster)  
Darned thing.

**BENDA**

Do you ever use that?

**DOORMAN**

This? No, never even had it out of  
the holster. A rival company has  
'em, so we gotta have 'em. Just an  
advertising gimmick.

**INT. ANNABELLE'S APARTMENT -- MORNING**

strangling  
sizes --  
Hobbes is  
overlarge  
private  
blue  
Dr. Emil Hobbes, a huge, florid, bearded man, is  
Annabelle Horsefield. Despite the difference in their  
Annabelle is tall and slender, about seventeen --  
not having an easy time of it. Hobbes is wearing  
blue jeans and a red plaid shirt; Annabelle is in a  
girls' school outfit -- white blouse, dark blue tie,  
knee socks, pleated gray skirt.

eyes.  
Annabelle fights back fiercely; Hobbes has tears in his

their  
Annabelle  
The struggle takes them all over her apartment, which,  
although sparsely furnished, presents enough objects in  
way to cause a lot of crashing around. At one point  
breaks loose and Hobbes has to chase her.

ground,  
Annabelle slips and Hobbes manages to pin her to the

her  
from  
though  
something

where he has the advantage of leverage. He strangles quickly and with tremendous, crazy energy. Blood oozes from her mouth. Hobbes places his hand over her mouth as trying to prevent her from speaking, or to prevent from leaving her body.

spilled  
clamp,  
her  
sweeps  
then  
begins

He reaches over to his leather doctor's bag, which has some of its contents on to the floor, finds a surgical and clamps Annabelle's lips together. He then picks up body, carries it over to the dining-room table and the few cups and bottles on it off on to the floor. He places her body with great tenderness on the table and to undress it.

**INT. LOBBY -- MORNING**

aluminum,  
the  
as

The doorman leaves the Svibens to open the door for the Spergazzis, an elderly Italian couple who both use four-pronged canes to help them walk. The Svibens watch old couple as they enter and then glance at each other significantly -- 'We'll be together when we're as old they are.'

the

Mr. Spergazzi tips his hat to the doorman, who opens inner door for him.

elevators,  
corner.

As the Spergazzis make their way shakily toward the Mr. Merrick, the rental agent, appears from around a He is slick, mustachioed, and wears a wide paisley tie.

He  
still  
door

extends his hand for a handshake even though he is fifty feet from the inner doors. The doorman keeps the open for him.

**DOORMAN**

Here's Mr. Merrick. He'll take you on in.

**MERRICK**

(ingratiatingly)  
Welcome to Starliner Towers. And you are...?

**KRESIMIR**

Kresimir and Benda Sviben.

**MERRICK**

Eh? Oh yes, of course. Mr. and Mrs. Sweden. Come right this way. Sorry to keep you waiting. Now, are we talking about one or two bedrooms? I assume we're not talking about bachelors, eh? Ha, ha. Now, I have several floor plans all laid out for you, and all you have to do is take your choice and we'll trot right on up there and take a look at 'em...

The three disappear around a corner.

jacket

The doorman pulls a Harlequin Nurse Romance out of his and sits down to continue reading it.

**INT. ANNABELLE'S APARTMENT -- MORNING**

nose,

Hobbes ties a green surgical mask over his mouth and snaps on rubber gloves.

table,

girls'

scalpel

until he

smooth,

some

He turns to Annabelle's corpse on the dining-room legs hanging over the edge, now naked -- the private school clothes in a heap on the floor. Hobbes takes a from the top of the radiator where he has laid out his surgical instruments. He feels Annabelle's stomach has found what he wants, then cuts her open with one confident stroke of the scalpel.

He then quickly douses the inside of her abdomen with

and  
into

clear fluid in a squeeze bottle, lights a wooden match,  
drops it into her abdominal cavity. The corpse bursts  
flame.

He  
into  
to  
blazing  
tendons

Hobbes steps back to watch. Tears spring into his eyes.  
picks up another scalpel and perfunctorily sticks it  
his neck. Blood spurts into his mask and soaks through  
the other side. Hobbes sinks to his knees before the  
corpse and struggles to draw the scalpel through the  
of his neck.

**INT. RENTAL OFFICE -- MORNING**

long  
walls of  
slides

Merrick and the Svibens sit across from each other at a  
table strewn with floor plans and maps. The river which  
surrounds the complex can be seen through the glass  
the office. Merrick taps one plan with his finger and  
it over to Benda.

**MERRICK**

Now you take a look at that one,  
Brenda, and tell me if it doesn't  
suit you down to the ground. That  
one has the big view, the panoramic  
view...

**INT. TUDOR'S APARTMENT -- MORNING**

with  
compressed-  
not  
desperation

In his bathroom, Nicholas Tudor is cleaning his teeth  
microscopic attention to detail using an elaborate  
water device called a water-pick. Tudor is thirty-nine,  
happy with his work as an insurance appraiser, and has  
recently adopted a general air of terse, sullen  
as his primary mood.

she

His wife, Janine, calls to him from the kitchen, where  
is just putting the finishing touches on breakfast.

**JANINE (V.O.)**

Breakfast is just about ready, Nick.

water- Tudor pointedly doesn't answer, but continues with the  
packs pick until he is completely satisfied. He carefully  
the machine away, then leaves the bathroom.

table. In the dining room, Janine is putting breakfast on the  
Janine Tudor sits down without a word and begins to eat.  
coffee returns to the kitchen and comes back with a cup of  
down, in each hand. She puts one cup in front of Tudor, sits  
speaks. starts to drink the other one. After a pause, she

**JANINE**

Can I call you at the office?

**TUDOR**

What do you want to call me at the office for?

**JANINE**

I don't know. I just thought I might want to call you. I don't know.

**TUDOR**

I won't be at the office except to sign in.

(he eats heartily,  
not looking directly  
at Janine)

I've got a lot of claims to check out. All over the place. Garages and more garages.

(noticing Janine's  
silence, he finally  
looks up)

I'll come home right after work.

shrugs Janine continues to toy with the food in her plate. She  
her once, as if to say, 'Big deal, so what?' Tudor ignores  
and finishes breakfast.

**INT. A HALLWAY -- MORNING**

(we Tudor leaves his apartment, closing the door behind him  
see the number clearly).

He walks down the hallway on automatic pilot, obviously  
preoccupied, turning the corner leading to the  
elevators  
without perceiving what he is seeing.

At the elevators he hesitates for a moment, then  
presses the  
UP button. When the door opens, he steps in.

**INT. ELEVATOR -- MORNING**

In the elevator are Merrick, the rental agent, and the  
Svibens.

**MERRICK**

We're going up.

**TUDOR**

Oh. Well, I'll go along for the ride.

**MERRICK**

(after a pause, to  
the Svibens,  
indicating the  
elevator)

Wood-grain paneling, strong, silent,  
fireproof, fast, cushioned ride.  
Everything you could want in an  
elevator.

Nobody says another word until the doors spring open  
and  
Merrick, after a wink at Tudor, hustles the Svibens out  
of  
the elevator.

As the doors close, Merrick's voice floats back to  
Tudor.

**MERRICK (V.O.)**

Notice how the entranceways to all  
the apartments are recessed and  
individually lit... Nope, it's down  
that way, Brenda. That's it...  
Recessed and individually lit...

the  
wallet  
Once the door has closed, Tudor presses the button for  
top floor. As the elevator ascends, he takes out his  
and removes a key from a zippered compartment.

**INT. HALLWAY -- MORNING**

apartment.  
he  
be  
Tudor fits the key into the lock of Annabelle's  
He knocks gently and then opens the door. After a pause  
steps in and closes the door behind him, not wanting to  
seen by anyone who might know him.

**INT. ANNABELLE'S APARTMENT -- MORNING**

and the  
on his  
the  
As soon as he is inside the apartment, Tudor knows that  
something is seriously wrong. Smoke hangs in the air  
smell of burned flesh attacks Tudor's nostrils. He is  
way to the bedroom when he sees Hobbes's foot around  
corner of the dining room.

nose  
Tudor approaches the dining room with his hand over his  
and mouth.

the  
fetal  
clutching  
bright  
Annabelle's corpse is still smoking where it lies on  
dining-room table. Hobbes's body is twisted into the  
position at the foot of the table, one hand still  
the scalpel stuck in its neck, the floor beneath it  
with blood.

rapidly,  
such  
is  
still  
Tudor winces as though stuck with a pin. Blinking  
he edges around the room until his angle of vision is  
that he can see the head of the corpse on the table. It  
definitely Annabelle, eyes still staring, surgical clip  
attached to her lips, purple bruises on her neck.

Tudor turns, his body contracting around the pit of his

presence  
door,

stomach. After a moment he manages to straighten up and stagger from the apartment, having at least enough of mind to take his attaché case, which he left by the door, and to close the door behind him.

**INT. ANNABELLE'S APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON**

stands  
he  
begin  
voice  
him

Dr. Roger St. Luc, tall, thin, dark, not bad-looking, over the table staring at the corpse of Annabelle. As watches, two ambulance men throw a sheet over her and to lift her down on to a stretcher on the floor. The voice of the superintendent of the building drifts over to him from the other end of the apartment.

**SUPER (V.O.)**

Like I said to the police officer, he paid the rent, Dr. Hobbes did. And he came around and chatted a lot with everyone here, the staff, I mean. Nice guy. Not a high and mighty type. But it was her name on the residency list and the buzzer board: Annabelle... what was it again?... Annabelle Horsefield. She never complained about anything, not to me, anyway.

a lot  
writes

The super, a small, unshaven, harassed little man with of energy, is talking to a large beefy detective who everything down in a notebook.

**DETECTIVE**

(pointing to  
Annabelle's corpse,  
which is just being  
carried out the door)  
And that was her. Annabelle Horse...  
field.

**SUPER**

Far as I know, yeah, that was her.

the  
body

The detective now turns to St. Luc, who is crouched on  
floor examining the chalk outline around where Hobbes's  
had lain.

**DETECTIVE**

Is that the man who called you up  
here?

**SUPER**

Yeah, that's Dr. St. Luc. He's the  
head of our little medical clinic  
here.

**DETECTIVE**

Medical clinic?

**SUPER**

Yeah. This is an island, you know?  
Takes too long to get into the city.  
We gotta have everything right here  
or somebody complains.

**DETECTIVE**

Well, let's go talk to your doctor.

follows.  
summer

The detective walks over to St. Luc and the super  
St. Luc rises to meet him. He is wearing very informal  
clothes, a bit rumpled.

**DETECTIVE**

Dr. St. Luc? Detective-Sergeant  
Heller. I'd like to ask you a few  
questions.

**ST. LUC**

(obviously a bit dazed  
by what he has been  
seeing)

Sure.

**DETECTIVE**

You're the one who found the bodies?

**ST. LUC**

Yes.

**DETECTIVE**

Did you touch anything? Move anything

before we got here?

**ST. LUC**

No, nothing.

**DETECTIVE**

You knew these people?

**ST. LUC**

I knew the man, Emil Hobbes, a doctor and a professor at university. I saw the girl around the building but I didn't know her. She never came to the clinic.

**DETECTIVE**

So you just came up to visit this Hobbes and you found them like that?

**ST. LUC**

Oh, no. I haven't seen Dr. Hobbes since I was in medical school. He taught me... he was my prof in urology and... I think he conducted a few seminars in psychopharmacology. That was it. I had no idea he'd ever set foot in Starliner Towers until today.

**DETECTIVE**

I see. Then what brought you up here?

St. Luc begins to pace about as he talks.

**ST. LUC**

It was very strange. He called me at six this morning. Hobbes called me. I thought I was dreaming. I haven't heard that voice for so long. He told me who it was, then he said something like, 'Meet me at apartment 1208 at noon. I want you to go out for lunch with me. It's time you furthered your education.' Then he laughed and hung up. I went back to sleep. He called me again at eight to remind me to come.

**DETECTIVE**

How did he sound this time? Was he nervous? Depressed?

**ST. LUC**

He sounded fine.

with a  
probably  
The telephone rings. The super, who has been fiddling  
window with a cracked pane of glass, grabs the phone  
instinctively without looking at the detective, who  
would have answered it himself.

**SUPER**

(pause)

Who? No, that's not me. You got the  
wrong guy. Just a sec.

(looks up at St. Luc  
and holds out the  
phone to him)

It's for you. Somebody wants to know  
how come you didn't show up for lunch.

looks  
The detective looks suspiciously at St. Luc, who simply  
dazed.

**INT. ROLLO LINSKY'S LABORATORY -- AFTERNOON**

grotesque  
brown  
to  
Next to a shallow porcelain tray full of immense and  
marine worm specimens lies a large parcel wrapped in  
paper. Rollo's plump fingers eagerly open the package  
to  
reveal a large variety of delicatessen sandwiches and  
accessories.

own  
Rollo  
Rollo offers some to St. Luc while stuffing one in his  
mouth. There are Cokes and old coffees everywhere, plus  
mustard, relish, and ketchup dispensers of all kinds.

and St. Luc sit around Rollo's desk, a very sleek metal  
affair.

and  
of  
wood,  
are  
lab  
Rollo's lab itself is a combination of modern office  
biology room in a museum of natural history. Specimens  
all kinds, in bottles and cases, mounted on glass and  
floating in preservative baths, are everywhere. There  
also a few cages of living insects, moldy aquaria and

cultures in various stages of neglect.

which  
There are also clippings from magazines and newspapers sporting furious underlinings and circlings in red ink  
are stuck to walls, doors, bookshelves.

discipline,  
microscopes  
table  
cabinet,  
Despite the potential for chaos, however, there is an underlying order which reflects Rollo's own real  
which is not always immediately apparent. And the  
and glass slides, the stainless-steel gynecological  
complete with stirrups, metal drug and instrument  
etc., are spotless and in good shape.

his  
general  
jargon,  
phase, he  
to his  
Rollo is rotund, soft-faced, and a manic-depressive. In  
manic phase he is a joker and an elbow-nudger, and his  
style, even when discussing medical matters in medical  
is broad North-American Jewish. In his depressive  
becomes a sullen kid who has an oddly sinister aspect  
character.

comment  
all.  
Rollo detaches himself from his baby beef in order to  
on the food that, not so secretly, he loves best of

**ROLLO**

Not exactly the kind of lunch Hobbes  
would have laid on you, Rog, but  
it's all I got, and...  
(places hand on heart,  
leans over  
confidentially)  
...all I got I share with you. Go  
ahead. Take all you want.

**ST. LUC**

You touch my spleen, Rollo.  
(they giggle at an  
old medical-school  
reference)  
And here all the time I was thinking --  
if I ever bothered to think about

the good old days -- well, at least there's Rollo. He's in VD and he's happy.

**ROLLO**

I'm still a VD man under the skin, Rog. You know me. I'm a down-to-earth kinda guy, right?

**ST. LUC**

Well, at least you still talk the same.

**ROLLO**

So who changes?

**ST. LUC**

But you gave up your private practice. Suddenly you're into pure research and you... you're what, a parasitologist?

**ROLLO**

That was my father's idea... private practice. He wanted to set me up -- I couldn't say no. But he's dead now. And me, I'm still a snoop, I gotta do research. Look at that beautiful stuff...

(gestures everywhere)

...lookit it!

jumps

He jams a final piece of sandwich into his mouth and to his feet, smiling broadly.

**ROLLO**

(with great enthusiasm, indicating the entire lab)

This is the 'Satyr's Tongue'!

opens

St.

hanging

any

He pulls a book off a shelf with a bookmark in it. He opens the book at the marked page and hands it to St. Luc. As St. Luc looks at the picture of a satyr with his tongue hanging out and reads the brief note on how medieval alchemists thought the ground-up tongue of the satyr could cure any disease, Rollo continues to talk.

**ROLLO**

The note includes a warning against swallowing the tongue whole, but we don't see the rest of this caution. 'Satyr's Tongue' was Hobbes's code name for our project. What we were trying to do was to find an alternative to organ transplants.

up and  
diseased

As Rollo speaks, he walks all over the place, picking discarding various charts, specimens, bottled and human organs, etc.

signs  
clever  
prescription:  
leads  
their

As he moves around, we catch glimpses of Letrasetted that Rollo has tacked up: 'Sex is the invention of a venereal disease -- Hobbes'; 'Dr. Hobbes's starve a fever, feed an obsession'; 'The road of excess to knowledge'; plus several pictures of satyrs with tongues sticking out, being cut off by alchemists, etc.

**ROLLO**

I know. You're bored already.  
Transplants are yesterday's kishkas,  
right?

**ST. LUC**

(shaking his head in protest)  
Did I say anything?

**ROLLO**

(excited, waving specimens of parasites and diseased organs around)  
Look. You got men, you got parasites that live in, on, and around men. Now. Why not breed a parasite that does something useful? Eh? Why not breed a parasite capable of taking over the function of any one of a bunch of human organs? Why not, for example, a parasite living in the human abdominal cavity that plugs

into the circulatory system and filters the blood like a kidney? If it takes a little blood for itself, so what? Be generous! You can afford it.

He is now in full flight. He leans over St. Luc and begins to demonstrate what he says by drawing things on St. Luc's stomach with his fingers. St. Luc can't hide his amusement.

**ROLLO**

You put the bug into the body of a man with a diseased kidney, the bug attacks the bad kidney, dissolves it, it's assimilated by the body, and now you got a perfectly good parasite where you used to have a rotten kidney. I know what you're gonna say. You're gonna say it's crazy.

**ST. LUC**

(laughing)

It's crazy.

Rollo throws himself back into his chair and grabs a pickle.

**ROLLO**

Right. It's crazy. But here's the beauty part. Ready?

(leans forward for emphasis)

Who cares?

**ST. LUC**

I don't get it.

**ROLLO**

You know and I know that Hobbes was a lousy teacher, eh? Lousy. Dry, academic, afraid of women, lousy. But he was always a genius at one thing -- getting grants. Could he get grants for crazy projects?

St. Luc is about to say something, but Rollo answers his own

effectively rhetorical question with a flip of the hand,  
silencing St. Luc.

**ROLLO**

You know who pays the rent here? Eh? The Northern Hemisphere Organ Transplant Society. And that's for something that's supposed to put them outta business. And they're not the only ones. We got grant money coming out of our ears.

medical He leaps up again and pulls a sheaf of reprints from  
shoves journals like the Journal of Venereal Disease, etc. He  
sandwich at them under St. Luc's nose, then grabs a jar with a  
St. disintegrating octopus-like creature in it and a  
jar the same time. He smacks down the sandwich in front of  
Luc by mistake, then retrieves it and substitutes the  
specimen. with the specimen.  
specimen. St. Luc sifts through the papers and glances at the  
down As St. Luc looks at the papers, Rollo breathes heavily  
his neck and points out things of interest.

**ROLLO**

See? There? You take a little of this... that's a very rare venereal disease you get in the nomadic Crinua people, Northeast Asia and Japan.

(points to a sexy  
picture of a Japanese  
lady in heat)

Oo. That one's got it bad. They call it Batinh. That means 'kiss' or 'caress.' When you get it it makes your lips itchy, ya wanta kiss everything. I even had it once. I always get everything at least once so I know what the patient's talking about.

(he laughs but he's  
serious)

And there... you take a little of

that... that's beautiful, isn't it?  
That's Flexipes, the world's only  
cephalopod parasite.

(indicating the jar)

That's him right there. Not a very  
good specimen. Related to squids and  
octopuses. See? He lives in the guts  
of whales and big dolphins.

(wiggles a finger at  
the specimen)

Ya like 'em big 'n hot 'n wet, don't  
ya? Yeah.

subdued  
provokes  
beginning.

He walks away from the desk. His manner is now more  
and reflective. It seems as though everything he says  
a dozen unspoken thoughts. His depressive phase is

**ROLLO**

We don't do it all here, we send out  
to have tricky stuff done... the  
cell fusion, enucleation, chromosomal  
fission, all that fancy close work.

papers  
aside.

Rollo sighs heavily. St. Luc gently shoves all the

**ST. LUC**

Rollo, how come Hobbes killed himself?

sliding

Rollo toys with the gynecological examination table,  
the stirrups in and out on their adjustment bars.

**ROLLO**

(shrugging)

Funny in the head. High suicide rate  
in the medical profession. Too much  
body, alla time bodies, bodies.

He now gets close to St. Luc, putting an arm around his  
shoulder.

**ROLLO**

Rog, I gotta talk serious to you.  
Really. Listen. Ya listening? OK. I  
want you to come into this with me.  
To tell the honest-to-God truth, I'm  
lonely.

(begins to pace around  
again)

All Hobbes ever did was run around getting money and phone me in the middle of the night. He wanted you in anyway. That's why we were gonna get together, the three of us. We would have enough to keep us going for at least five years, even with inflation.

**ST. LUC**

(a bit uncomfortable  
being put on the  
spot)

Rollo, you know me. Once a GP, always a GP.

**ROLLO**

(almost angrily)

You want to help sick people for the rest of your life? God forbid I should talk you out of it.

**ST. LUC**

You oughta be careful yourself. Might end up cutting your throat.

**ROLLO**

It was women did it to Hobbes. Couldn't handle them. That girl, that Annabelle -- talk about crazy projects.

**ST. LUC**

Who was she?

**ROLLO**

(reluctant to talk)

Aw, he met her when he was lecturing at some private girls' school. They caught him examining her little tits for breast cancer in the faculty lounge. She was twelve. Don't ask. It was craziness, believe me.

(indicating the  
gynecological table)

They used to come here sometimes.

(shakes his head)

Don't ask.

end of  
a

He starts to run down like a spring-wound toy at the  
its run. He glances at a picture of Annabelle stuck in  
corner, which St. Luc just notices for the first time.

**ROLLO**

I'll never really understand how he  
could do what he did to her.

for

St. Luc looks at his watch and gets up out of his chair  
the first time.

**ST. LUC**

Well, Rollo Linsky... I gotta go  
open up the store. It's been great  
to see you again.

down,

He moves toward the door. Rollo trails after him, head  
obviously dejected.

**ROLLO**

Yeah, sure.

--  
in the

They shake hands. St. Luc has to open the door himself  
Rollo is really preoccupied. Finally he looks St. Luc  
eye.

**ROLLO**

But you'll think about what I said  
about working together, huh?

**ST. LUC**

OK. I'll think about it.

behind

Rollo manages a smile. St. Luc leaves, closing the door  
him.

**INT. TUDOR'S APARTMENT -- MORNING**

water-

In his bathroom, Nick Tudor cleans his teeth with the  
pick as usual. The sounds of Janine bustling about with  
breakfast filter into the bathroom. Tudor hums

tunelessly.

The  
the

Suddenly, he doubles over in a soundless spasm of pain.  
water-pick writhes in the sink, shooting water on to  
mirror and over the floor.

around  
which it  
and is

After a moment he straightens up and begins to press  
the area of his navel, obviously looking for lumps  
seems -- from his expression -- he has already found  
overly familiar with.

Janine  
tries  
on his  
him.

The water-pick continues to rattle around in the sink.  
pokes her head around the corner to investigate. Tudor  
to cover up, grabs the water-pick, and begins to work  
teeth again, hiding the occasional twinge that hits

**JANINE**

You say something?

**TUDOR**

Nope. Damned thing wriggled out of  
my hands. That's all.

ignores

Janine waits for Tudor to say something else. He  
her.

**JANINE**

(after a pause)

You sure you're OK, Nick?

obvious  
the

Tudor continues to ignore her. Janine sighs in a very  
way and disappears. Tudor waits for a second, turns off  
water-pick, then checks out his stomach again.

**INT. WOMEN'S SAUNA -- AFTERNOON**

head  
her

Janine sits in the middle of a bench, towel around her  
and middle. Next to her sits Betts, who is in her early  
forties, attractive in a tough kind of way, and wears

with  
sister.  
created  
to  
junior

hair short for efficiency's sake. In her relationship  
Janine she plays the role of tough, worldly older  
She has the poise and confidence of a woman who has  
her own success and position in life, a marked contrast  
the neurotic vivacity of Janine, who is ten years her  
and has never known independence.

sauna,  
Towers.  
particularly  
other

They are both watched by the only other occupant of the  
Benda Sviben, now a full-fledged resident of Starliner  
She is huddled in a corner, very shy and looking  
thin, mousy, and ineffectual in the presence of the  
two full-bodied women.

Tudor's

Betts is in the middle of giving Janine advice about  
disease.

**BETTS**

...probably nothing at all. It's  
probably just a bunch of, I don't  
know, fatty cysts. You can have them  
removed in a doctor's office. Has  
Nick seen a doctor?

**JANINE**

He hates doctors. Doctors and lawyers.  
He never goes to doctors.

**BETTS**

Well, look. How's this? You go on  
down to the clinic and tell that  
nice Dr. St. Luc...

(pauses to work it  
out)

...you tell him that Nick's ill,  
he's got these lumps, and he can't  
get out of bed. Tell him to come  
when you're sure Nick'll be home.  
And don't tell Nick anything. Let  
the two of them fight it out.

**JANINE**

(not displeased with

the idea)  
He'll be really mad.

**BETTS**

(with a conspiratorial  
smile)

So? You'll find out what's wrong and  
then you'll be able to relax a little  
bit. Let him be the uptight one for  
a change.

bumping  
She stretches out full length on the bench, her toes  
Benda's thigh. Betts notices Benda for the first time.

**BETTS**

(to Benda)

Oops, sorry. Hi. Haven't seen you  
here before, have I?

Benda draws her towel around her, wide-eyed, completely  
intimidated by Betts. She manages a nervous smile.

**INT. TUDOR'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON**

shuffling  
Tudor's secretary, a lumpy and motherly lady named Mrs.  
Wheatley -- she has a nameplate on her desk -- is  
some papers when the telephone rings.

only  
building.  
Her small cubicle of an office is appended to Tudor's  
slightly larger office in a huge downtown office  
The door leading to Tudor's office is closed.

**MRS. WHEATLEY**

Ashen & Gaunt, Insurance Appraisals.  
Mr. Tudor? One moment, please. I'll  
buzz him.

office  
papers  
Tudor  
'hold'  
She places the caller on 'hold' and presses the inter-  
buzzer. She directs her attention for a moment to the  
on her desk. When, after a pause, she notices that  
hasn't answered the phone, she releases the caller from  
and picks up the receiver.

**MRS. WHEATLEY**

I'm sorry to keep you waiting. I'll put you on 'hold' again and see if I can find Mr. Tudor.

her Mrs. Wheatley pushes the 'hold' button and gets out of chair. She knocks gently on the door.

**MRS. WHEATLEY**

Nicholas? There's a call for you.

Perplexed by Tudor's failure to respond, Mrs. Wheatley gingerly opens the door.

**MRS. WHEATLEY**

Nicholas? It's that man whose Lamborghini caught fire on St. Catherine Street and burned to the ground. He's very angry...

floor She catches a glimpse of Tudor rolling around on the side. behind his desk, his swivel chair tipped over on to its side.

**MRS. WHEATLEY**

Nicholas! What happened?

Tudor is She rushes over to Tudor and helps him to his feet. on breathing heavily and has to support himself by leaning for the desk while Mrs. Wheatley straightens up the chair him.

his Tudor collapses into the chair, mumbling and rolling from head from side to side. Mrs. Wheatley pulls a Kleenex coming her sleeve and dabs away a small trickle of blood from one corner of Tudor's mouth.

**MRS. WHEATLEY**

We're going to get you to a hospital. That's what we're going to do.

**TUDOR**

(beginning to come around)

No, no. I'll be all right. I'm all

right.

Mrs. Wheatley shows Tudor the spot of blood on her Kleenex.

**MRS. WHEATLEY**

Do you see this? This is blood. It came from your insides. That means it's serious. Probably an ulcer. You executives are all the same.

Tudor shoves her hand away and sits straight at his desk, still pretty wobbly.

**MRS. WHEATLEY**

(smoothing the hair back from Tudor's forehead in a very motherly fashion)

Now, Nicholas, it doesn't cost anything to be sure everything's all right. I think you should definitely go to the emergency ward and...

**TUDOR**

(abruptly, swiveling away from Mrs. Wheatley's hand)

Call me a cab, will you please, Mona? I'm going home for the day.

**MRS. WHEATLEY**

Nicholas, I think...

**TUDOR**

I don't care what you think. Please call me a cab. Now.

Mrs. Wheatley steps away from the desk, obviously hurt by Tudor's brusqueness.

**MRS. WHEATLEY**

(mollifyingly)

All right, Nicholas. All right.

She leaves, closing the door behind her.

Tudor sighs, taking a deep breath. He is suddenly hit by another twinge of pain. He clutches his stomach. Blood

he  
trickles out of the corner of his mouth. After a pause,  
licks the blood off his lips with the tip of his  
tongue.

**INT. CLINIC RECEPTION AT STARLINER TOWERS -- AFTERNOON**

The Starliner Towers Medical Clinic is small but  
complete.  
Dr. St. Luc and his nurse, Forsythe, are backed up by a  
secretary-receptionist who sits behind a desk  
surrounded by  
filing cabinets at the end of the hallway which serves  
as  
reception area. There are chairs lined up against one  
wall,  
flanked by coffee tables piled high with the  
traditional two-  
year-old magazines.

Three or four people sit waiting to see St. Luc, among  
them  
the aging but sprightly Mr. Parkins and Janine Tudor.  
Parkins,  
who considers himself something of a ladies' man, is  
talking  
to Janine when St. Luc appears and looks at the list of  
patients who have signed in.

**PARKINS**

...and this Kriedler seems to think  
that mega-vitamin therapy may be the  
answer to the question of aging.  
That's not to suggest that the aging  
process is in any way reversible --  
I don't think for a minute that it  
is -- but it may be stoppable, and  
that's where mega-vitamins come in...

St. Luc gestures to Janine to follow him into his  
office.  
Janine gets up, excusing herself to Mr. Parkins.

**JANINE**

Excuse me, Brad. Gotta go.

She follows St. Luc into his office. He closes the door  
behind  
her.

**INT. TAXICAB -- AFTERNOON**

the  
the  
The cab carrying Tudor pulls up at the main doors of  
Towers. Tudor, still a bit unsteady, signs a chit for  
driver and gets out of the car.

**INT. LOBBY -- AFTERNOON**

The doorman opens both doors for Tudor as he enters the  
building.

**DOORMAN**

Afternoon, Mr. Tudor.

**INT. ST. LUC'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON**

before him  
Janine sits opposite St. Luc, who has a file open  
on his desk.

**ST. LUC**

Well, there's certainly nothing here  
in this check-up I did for your  
husband's company last year. Blood  
pressure a touch high, cholesterol  
count nice and low...

(looking Janine in  
the eye)

I just can't see cancer developing  
that fast, Janine, not the way you've  
described it. Could be swollen glands  
or something, I don't know.

**JANINE**

(a bit relieved but  
still tense)

You'll come up and take a look at  
him?

**ST. LUC**

(standing up)

If he can't make it down here...  
sure. That's what I'm here for. But  
it won't be until, oh...

(checking his watch)

...9.30, say 10.00. OK? Not too late?

to  
supper.  
Janine smiles and shakes her head. Just gotta have time  
put the clinic to bed for the night and grab some

**JANINE**

That's great, Doctor. Thanks.

and  
Janine gets up, opens the door to the reception area,  
leaves, closing the door behind her.

from  
St. Luc keeps staring at Tudor's file, shifts something  
him.  
one side of the folder to the other. Something bothers

Forsythe  
The door to one of the examination rooms opens and  
pops her head around the corner.

**FORSYTHE**

Mrs. Ementhal's ready and waiting,  
Doctor.

**ST. LUC**

Mm? OK. Be with you in a sec.

Forsythe disappears. St. Luc studies Tudor's file.

**INT. TUDOR'S APARTMENT -- LATE AFTERNOON**

attaché  
himself a  
TV  
Tudor enters his apartment and throws his jacket and  
case on to a chair. He loosens his tie and makes  
drink, then sits down on the sofa and switches on the  
set.

suddenly  
on to  
of his  
of  
After only a short moment of relative calm, Tudor  
contracts into the fetal position, spilling his drink  
the floor. He rolls on to the floor, eyes staring out  
head, mouth opening and closing like that of a fish out  
water, tendons in his neck bulging with tension.

spasm  
over  
bout of  
He soon manages to struggle to his feet, the primary  
of pain apparently over. He keeps both hands clamped  
his mouth as though in a vain attempt to forestall a  
vomiting and stumbles into the bathroom.

side of  
the  
the  
tub itself.

exhausted, on  
streaked  
He gags and vomits into the tub and collapses,  
the floor, mouth bloody. In the tub, a trail of blood-  
slime leads into the drain.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA -- LATE AFTERNOON**

examination  
Parkins.  
Forsythe comes out to the reception area from an  
room, checks out the patient list, and beckons to Mr.

**FORSYTHE**

I'm ready for you now, Brad.

Parkins gets up and follows Forsythe into one of the  
examination rooms.

**INT. EXAMINATION ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

door  
Once inside the examination room, Forsythe closes the  
and hands Parkins a hospital tunic.

**FORSYTHE**

Now, you just take off all your  
clothes, put this on, and hop up on  
to the table over there, OK? Doctor'll  
be in to see you in a few minutes.

**PARKINS**

(as Forsythe begins  
to leave)  
You don't have to go. I'm not shy.

**FORSYTHE**

Don't be a tease, Brad. I'm still  
working, you know.

life  
undress.  
Forsythe leaves. Parkins chuckles to himself -- 'still  
in the old boy yet' kind of feeling -- and begins to

**INT. TUDOR'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT**

wiping  
facing  
balcony.

Tudor staggers into the living room from the bathroom, his mouth with a facecloth. He sits down on a chair the sliding glass door which leads to the apartment's balcony.

a  
rest

He breathes heavily, gasping for air. His expression is dazed one and he mumbles incoherently. After a moment's rest he rises, opens the glass door, and steps out on to the balcony.

**EXT. TUDOR'S BALCONY -- NIGHT**

balcony,

Tudor hangs on to the railing of the narrow concrete gulping down the air, scanning the lights of the tower opposite.

mouth  
muscle  
attempt to

Suddenly the muscles of his neck go tense again, his mouth seems to gape open at the extreme limits imposed by and jawbone, his hands fly up to his mouth in an attempt to keep down whatever is about to come up.

traveler  
hangs  
finally

Hanging over the railing of the balcony like an ocean traveler in a rough sea, Tudor finally gives up the struggle and hangs on for dear life as he retches, gags, moans, and finally vomits.

**EXT. GROUNDS BELOW TUDOR'S BALCONY -- NIGHT**

hold  
gingerly

Two elderly women, Vi and Olive, are taking a leisurely evening stroll at the base of Tudor's tower. They both hold small transparent umbrellas over their heads and walk gingerly along the path bordering the lawn.

vomited  
is

Suddenly the liquid, fleshy thwack of the parasite vomited by Tudor from high above hitting one of the umbrellas is

lady's  
a  
almost  
and

heard. A large splotch of blood spatters the first umbrella just off center, as though it has been hit by heavy, blood-soaked sponge. The force of the blow twists the umbrella from the first lady's frail hand, she gives a little cry of surprise.

keep her  
she

Her companion extends a hand to help the first lady balance, then gives a slightly more startled cry when sees the blood.

not

The first lady examines her umbrella as well, but does react with such surprise.

**FIRST LADY**

(examining the bloodied umbrella)

Aw. Poor birdie. They're always crashing into tall buildings. It's such a shame, such a shame. The windows fool them, you know.

Tudor's  
light  
out its

The creature, the second parasite to emerge from body, lies in the grass, away from the bright cones of thrown by the tower's lawn lamps. We can barely make bloody, twitching form.

is  
dryers.  
a bar

Beyond the parasite is a basement window through which visible a large laundry room complete with washers and dryers. The window has been propped open a couple of inches by a bar of laundry soap.

creature,  
arm.

The first lady makes a move to find the injured but her companion tightens her grip on the old lady's arm.

**COMPANION**

Come along, Olive.

**FIRST LADY**

Oh, Vi! Maybe the poor thing's just been hurt. Maybe we should look for him!

**COMPANION**

(pulling Olive along)

Don't be silly, dear. It's in heaven now, whatever it is. Won't help at all for you to get into a fuss and muddle over it. Now come along and let's finish up our little evening stroll and get you tucked up in bed in front of the color TV.

away The two women walk off down the path, Vi's voice fading in the shadows.

**COMPANION**

You know what a restless night you have if you don't get your two hours of color TV, dear, so let's bustle along and get our walk over with, shall we...?

**INT. ST. LUC'S EXAMINATION ROOM -- NIGHT**

St. Luc is examining Mr. Parkins. Parkins sits on the examination table with the hospital tunic on.

area St. Luc presses gently around Parkins' abdomen in the of the navel.

**PARKINS**

Ow! Better take it easy. There's a lot of pressure in there!

begins St. Luc stops pressing and takes up his stethoscope. He to percuss the old man's abdomen.

**PARKINS**

Want me to breathe deeply?

**ST. LUC**

Just breathe normally.

from St. Luc finishes percussing, removes the stethoscope his ears, and stands back thoughtfully.

**PARKINS**

(confidentially)

Good shape for an old man, eh?

**ST. LUC**

(after a pause)

Mr. Parkins, what makes you think you caught these lumps of yours from a young lady?

**PARKINS**

She had a couple just like them. Right here near her belly button. You could push 'em around. I thought they were kinda sexy, myself.

**ST. LUC**

Didn't she ever have these lumps looked at by a doctor?

**PARKINS**

(shrugs)

Didn't seem worried about them.

**ST. LUC**

Was this girl from Starliner Towers?

**PARKINS**

Yep. She lived in 1208. But we usually went to my place. Bigger liquor cabinet, bigger bed.

(chuckles, then gets serious)

She was gone when I got back from my last Florida trip. Too bad. Had a beautiful tan.

(smiles again)

Must have gone home to mother.

**ST. LUC**

Was her name Annabelle Horsefield?

**PARKINS**

That's the one.

St. Luc sits down at the counter beneath the medicine cabinet and begins to write in Parkins' file.

**ST. LUC**

OK, you can get dressed now, Mr.

Parkins.

The old man begins to put his shirt and tie back on.

**ST. LUC**

(handing Parkins a  
slip of paper)

I'm going to send you to the hospital  
to have a few X-rays taken. I want  
to find out exactly what you're hiding  
in there, OK? Give them this. The  
address is right there under  
Radiology.

**PARKINS**

Gonna cut me open?

**ST. LUC**

Well, let's wait for the X-rays.

**PARKINS**

Used to know a doctor who said he  
got to know his patients better than  
their wives did.

(chuckles)

Cutting a man open sure does expose  
more of him than pulling down his  
pants, gotta admit that.

St. Luc smiles politely, his mind obviously elsewhere.

**INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- NIGHT**

laundry  
only  
of

A bar of laundry soap props open the window of the  
room. The presence of the wounded parasite is indicated  
by the glistening slime trail which streaks the section  
wall immediately below the window.

many  
yanks  
window  
locking

The hand of an old woman, puckered and wrinkled from  
hours submerged in hot soapy water, reaches up, and  
the bar of soap out of the jaws of the window. The  
swing shut. The woman's hand slides the bolt home,  
the window from the inside.

The old woman is short, dumpy, puffy-faced, in her late

her  
sixties. Her hair is carelessly tied in a bun on top of  
head.

She snuffles, shakes her head, turns away from the  
window,  
and walks across the room to the long bank of washers  
and  
dryers. As she walks she has to thread her way among  
the  
dozen or so shopping bags full of dirty laundry --  
against  
--  
apartment regulations, she takes in outsiders' laundry  
which she has brought down the elevator with her.

She flips open the top of the first washer and begins  
to dig  
clothes out of the nearest shopping bag.

From above and behind the washer, we watch her fill the  
black  
machine and reach into the front of her dress, which is  
pulls  
and frayed. After feeling around for a few seconds, she  
detergent.  
out a plastic bag filled with white granulated  
appropriate  
She dumps some of this into the washer, finds the  
machine.  
coins in the pocket of her dress, and starts the

She watches it for a second to make sure it's working  
found it.  
properly, then puts the plastic bag back where she

She picks up the bag she has almost emptied and  
shuffles in  
her ragged slippers to the next washer. She stops in  
front  
of it and puts down the bag.

The old woman notices a slimy streak near the open hole  
of  
the washer. She grimaces, grabs a sock from the bag and  
cleans  
off the top of the washer with it. She tosses the sock  
into  
the washer and leans over the hole, trying to see  
inside.

The parasite which has been lurking in the washer  
suddenly

suckering  
and  
it

springs from the opening on to the old woman's face,  
on to her flesh with its stubby tentacles. She shrieks  
grabs at the creature with both hands, trying to pull  
off.

over

She stumbles back from the washer and begins to trip  
various shopping bags. Finally she goes down amidst her  
laundry, thrashing and spilling clothes out everywhere.

**INT. STARLINER TOWERS GROCERY STORE -- NIGHT**

towers,  
Vogue.

In the grocery store built into the base of one of the  
Janine flips through some magazines, finally buying a

of  
of  
without

She stops to look at several shelves of various kinds  
food, picking up this and that, but somehow the thought  
cooking or even eating repulses her, and she leaves  
buying anything but the magazine.

**INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

gently,  
familiar

Janine walks along a hallway, stops at a door, knocks  
and then opens the door and walks in, obviously very  
with the occupant.

**INT. BETTS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

legged  
black-  
she

Janine enters Betts' apartment. Betts is sitting cross-  
in leotards on the broadloom, a number of very large  
and-white photographs spread out in front of her. As  
speaks to Janine, she arranges and rearranges them.

walls,  
suggest

Other equipment and graphics of various kinds stuck on  
hidden in corners and lying on chairs and tables  
that Betts is in advertising and commercial graphics.

Janine stands halfway in the door.

**JANINE**

Hi.

**BETTS**

Hi. Want a drink?

**JANINE**

No thanks. Just wanted to tell you that Dr. St. Luc is coming up to see Nick at ten or so.

**BETTS**

Was he nice to you?

Janine nods.

**BETTS**

Good. Well...

(takes a sip from a  
glass on the floor  
next to her)

I've ordered in some vrai cuisine française from Jean-Phillipe at the Côte d'Azur restaurant. Escargots in garlic butter... the works. They have lovely strong delivery boys who fight their way through sleet and hail and the gloom of night just to bring me my coq au vin. And after Dr. St. Luc has told you that there's nothing wrong with Nick that a vacation won't cure, and if Nick falls asleep early again, you just come on back here for company and a late supper. You hear me?

Janine nods.

**BETTS**

Now, I mean it. I always order enough for two and I'll just get fat and lonely if you don't show up.

Janine wiggles her fingers goodbye and leaves.

**INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

Janine walks down the hallway to her apartment, her

apartment --

rolled up under her arm. She opens the door to her  
it's not locked -- and goes in.

children  
and

A moment after she's gone and closed the door, two  
about ten years old appear around a corner, giggling  
jostling each other. They approach Tudor's apartment.

**GIRL**

C'mon, let's smoke one of the  
cigarettes right now. Your father'll  
never miss it.

**BOY**

I can't, dummy. He'll see that the  
pack's been opened. You're such a  
dumbhead.

**GIRL**

OK, then. I'm gonna go back to the  
store and buy my own pack and smoke  
'em all myself.

**BOY**

Buy 'em with what, dumbhead?

**GIRL**

(flipping open a milk  
box)

With some milk jugs I just happened  
to pick up on the way home.

next

The first box she tries is empty. She advances to the  
and the next, finally finding one that has a jug in it.

She

takes it and advances to Tudor's box, jug swinging,

companion

trailing after her in admiration. She stops at Tudor's

milk

box and flicks the door open.

nestles

She looks inside, just about to reach for the jug that  
back in the shadows. Ugh! What's that?

can

The boy takes a look. Inside the box a third parasite

milk

just be seen clinging to a three-quart white plastic

door is  
apartment.

jug. The jug is smeared with blood. The box's inside  
ajar. The TV set can be heard from inside the

**BOY**

I dunno. Guess the milk went bad.  
(shrugs)  
It's still worth money.

The girl hesitates for a second. Suddenly the parasite  
twitches around to the front of the jug. The girl,  
startled,  
slams the box door shut.

**GIRL**

Jesus!

**BOY**

Let's get outta here before somebody  
hears us!

The children run off down the hallway together. After a  
few  
seconds, the box door is nudged open again from the  
inside.

**INT. TUDOR'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

Janine sits down in front of the TV set. After a moment  
or  
two she gets up, turns the set off, and flops back down  
on  
the sofa with her Vogue.

She doesn't notice a trail of bloody slime leading from  
the  
bedroom to the inside door of the milk box.

In the bedroom, a hand reaches down and pulls back a  
bedsheet  
to reveal a naked abdomen. It is Tudor's abdomen, and  
he  
reaches out with trembling fingers to touch a lump the  
size  
of a chicken egg stretching the skin to one side of his  
navel.

Tudor watches the lump in the muted light of his  
bedroom. He  
gradually extends his hand toward the lump, which  
disappears

the instant it's touched.

**TUDOR**

(delirious, voice  
strained, whispering)

Come here, boy. Here, boy, here.

though

He taps and scratches the skin near his navel, as  
trying to lure a cat into attacking his fingers.

dressed.

He is propped up in bed, sweating profusely, half-

with

He looks weak and drained, but still manages to smile  
maniacal intensity, his eyes wide and bright.

**TUDOR**

Come on, fella. Thataboy. You and  
me, we're gonna be friends, aren't  
we?

half

We can now see that the sheets are twisted, the pillows  
off the bed. Tudor begins drumming on his abdomen.

returns.

Gradually, cautiously, the lump under Tudor's skin

shrinks

He tries to seize the lump with his fingers and it  
back, almost disappearing into his abdominal cavity

again.

Tudor seems disappointed.

**TUDOR**

No, no, no. Don't run away, boy. I'm  
not going to hurt you. Not going to  
hurt you. We're going to be friends.  
Friends.

it.

The lump returns again. Gently, Tudor begins stroking

rhythm

The lump seems to respond by pulsing slightly, the  
strangely masturbatory.

**TUDOR**

(soothingly)

Attaboy.

(closing his eyes in  
bliss and smiling)

again)  
Attaboy.

the TV In the living room, Janine suddenly realizes that if  
set was on, Nick must be home.

She gets to her feet and walks to the bedroom.

the Inside the bedroom, we see the door open. Light floods  
on the room as Janine enters. Janine sees Tudor sprawled out  
bed.

**JANINE**

Nick? I didn't know you were home.  
What's wrong? What are you doing?  
You're almost falling out of bed.  
How are you feeling?

but now Tudor twists around to see who has spoken, eyes wide  
over unsmiling. With the same motion, he pulls the covers  
his abdomen to hide the lumps from Janine.

were Janine stands at the bedroom door for an instant, then  
holding approaches the bedside. She moves as though her hands  
herself tied at her sides, as though she is quite consciously  
together.

**JANINE**

(tenderly, but with  
caution, as though  
expecting a blow)  
Nick, does your stomach hurt? Can I  
see those bumps on your tummy, can  
**I?**

rolls She reaches out to pull back the covers again, but he  
away from her.

**TUDOR**

Go away. Leave me alone.

and Janine straightens up. Her hands come up to her face  
tears well up in her eyes.

**JANINE**

(frustrated)

Oh, why won't you let me help you?

the

She turns and walks angrily out of the room, slamming door behind her.

shining,

Tudor rolls over slowly on to his back, eyes wide and smiling again.

**TUDOR**

(murmuring)

Attaboy, attaboy.

**INT. EXAMINATION ROOM -- NIGHT**

on

St. Luc is examining a very pretty young girl who sits the examination table in a hospital tunic.

**ST. LUC**

OK, Dotty. Everything else seems to be fine. Now if it gives you any trouble at all, any sharp pain, any unusual discharge, you come and see me right away. They can be tricky sometimes.

Dotty nods. OK, you can get dressed. We're all through.

something

The girl starts to get dressed. St. Luc scribbles in her file and then takes it with him into the office, closing the door behind him.

adjoining

**INT. ST. LUC'S OFFICE -- NIGHT**

Forsythe,

St. Luc sits at his desk and opens Parkins' file. about twenty-three, earthy and humorous, comes in with armful of papers and records, which she throws in to St. Luc's desk.

an

groups on

**FORSYTHE**

(distributing papers)

OK, Roger. Here's the stuff you

wanted. Files on Horsefield, Tudor, Swinburne, and Velakofsky. Papers published by Hobbes, Linsky, and Lefebvre in a couple of issues of the Bulletin of the Canadian Medical Association and also the Journal of the American Medical Association. And, as an added extra, a couple of odds and ends from the files I helped compile before your time here, Doctor. I thought they might interest you.

**ST. LUC**

That's great, Forsythe, great. Thanks.

**FORSYTHE**

Do I get a kiss?

St. Luc is absorbed in his papers and doesn't respond. Forsythe prods his shoulder. He looks up at her.

**FORSYTHE**

Kiss, kiss?

**ST. LUC**

Uh, OK. Sure.

They kiss, St. Luc making sure that it doesn't get too heavy.

**FORSYTHE**

Another kiss?

**ST. LUC**

C'mon, Forsythe. Are there any more on the list?

**FORSYTHE**

No. Dotty's the last.

The telephone rings. St. Luc picks it up.

**ST. LUC**

Yes?

**ROLLO (V.O.)**

That you, Rog?

**ST. LUC**

(not recognizing the voice)

Yes?

**ROLLO (V.O.)**

It's me, Rollo Linsky. Remember me?

**ST. LUC**

Rollo! How's a boy? I was just thinking about you.

one,  
locker  
Realizing that the conversation is likely to be a long  
Forsythe gets off the desk and walks over to a metal  
locker in the corner, which she opens.

her  
obvious  
pains  
Inside are her street clothes. She begins to take off  
nurse's uniform in full view of St. Luc, not being  
about the distraction she's providing, but not taking  
to hurry dressing or be modest either.

things:  
office,  
Hobbes's  
be  
Hobbes's  
exist  
In the scene that follows we cut among three basic  
Rollo in his lab, talking and eating; St. Luc in his  
watching Forsythe get undressed and then dressed; and  
notes and scribblings, which do not necessarily have to  
on the screen long enough to be completely read.  
notes are there more to convince the viewer that they  
and to provide flavor than to transfer information.

**ST. LUC**

Been glancing at some of your  
publications on your work with Hobbes.

**INT. ROLLO'S LAB -- NIGHT**

abandoned  
In his lab, Rollo sits at the gynecological table  
by Hobbes. Rollo is using it as an auxiliary desk.

beef  
cardboard  
On the table are several opened waxed-paper packages of  
knishes and accessories. There are also several old  
shoeboxes, some still tied with string, some opened and

notes. overflowing with papers of all kinds: Hobbes's private

**ROLLO**

(eating a knish)

Yeah, well, I'm flattered, but you won't find any real meat in them.

**ST. LUC (V.O.)**

No? How come?

**ROLLO**

(shuffling papers)

Listen, Rog. I knew Hobbes was funny, you know? I told you that. But I didn't really know just how funny he was. See... when he kicked off, they sent all the personal secret stuff they found to his mother -- she's still alive but just barely -- and she sent everything she thought was medical to me here at the lab. I'm Hobbes's partner, right?

(laughs sardonically)

Anyway, I've been going through his papers, and what they add up to is this: Hobbes was shafting us all, me, the university, the foundations and the councils, the private labs, everybody. We never really knew what it was we were working on. Hobbes gave us each a few crumbs, but he was the only one who knew what the whole loaf would look like.

**INT. ST. LUC'S OFFICE -- NIGHT**

St. Luc watches as Forsythe rolls her stockings down.

He

shuffles through Hobbes's publications.

**ST. LUC**

OK, I bite. What does it look like?

**INT. ROLLO'S LAB -- NIGHT**

**ROLLO**

It looks like -- and I quote -- 'a disease to save man from his mind.'

**ST. LUC (V.O.)**

I don't get it.

**ROLLO**

Lemme clarify for you.

Rollo pauses to wash down some knish with a can of  
Coca-Cola.

**INT. ST. LUC'S OFFICE -- NIGHT**

Forsythe catches St. Luc watching her dress and smiles.  
St.  
Luc swivels back to his files.

**INT. ROLLO'S LAB -- NIGHT**

Rollo searches through Hobbes's notes to find the  
relevant  
quotes. As he does so, he drops a few crumbs of knish  
on the  
page and his plump fingers brush the crumbs away,  
smearing  
some meat over the words.

**ROLLO**

Hobbes thought that man is an animal  
that thinks too much, an animal that  
has lost touch with his instinct,  
his 'primal self'... in other words,  
too much brain and not enough guts.  
And what he came up with to help our  
guts along was a human parasite that  
is... lemme find it here... 'a  
combination of aphrodisiac and  
venereal disease, a modern version  
of the satyr's tongue.'

Rollo pauses and flips to a new note with the heading  
ANNABELLE underlined in red: 'She is becoming a new  
creature  
Creation. I  
before my eyes. It is like living at the Dawn of  
am euphoric, I am in ecstasy.'

**ROLLO**

But the important thing for you is  
this: Hobbes used Annabelle as a  
guinea pig. He implanted her with  
the thing. I figure that once the  
parasites took, Annabelle went  
berserk. I dunno what she did, but  
Hobbes wasn't ready for it. He had  
to kill her. And he wasn't trying to

burn her, he was burning them, all  
of them.

**INT. ST. LUC'S OFFICE -- NIGHT**

getting her  
which  
inside

St. Luc watches Forsythe, who is halfway through  
street clothes on. He toys with the Velakofsky file,  
contains abdominal X-rays showing dark, blurred masses  
the abdominal cavity.

**ST. LUC**

He didn't make it.

**ROLLO (V.O.)**

Huh?

**ST. LUC**

Maybe Hobbes didn't know it, but  
Annabelle was a pretty popular girl  
around Starliner Towers. I've got  
three men here, maybe four, who're  
hosting large, free-moving, apparently  
pathogenic, abdominal growths that  
nobody I've tried can identify. You  
were next on my list.

**INT. ROLLO'S LAB -- NIGHT**

**ROLLO**

I'd kinda like to come over there  
and have a look at one of these guys.

**ST. LUC (V.O.)**

I've got a date with one of them at  
ten. Can you make it?

**ROLLO**

Yeah.

(pause)

Ah, I don't want to panic you or  
anything, but, I mean, the way Hobbes  
designed them, they're supposed to  
get out of hand real quick, so you  
don't have much time to think about  
what's happening to you. Once they  
decide to start pumping all those  
dynamite juices into the old blood  
stream... I dunno. But if you see  
some people doing kind of compulsive,

maybe even bizarre sexual things...

**ST. LUC (V.O.)**

(laughing: he doesn't  
take this aspect too  
seriously)

Yeah? What do I do then?

**ROLLO**

I dunno. Try tranquilizers. Once you  
can get at them, there's a lotta  
stuff you can use. I'll bring a  
bagful. It's just the standard  
tropical kit. But the trick is to  
get at them.

**INT. ST. LUC'S OFFICE -- NIGHT**

Luc to  
Forsythe has finished dressing and is waiting for St.  
get off the phone.

**ST. LUC**

OK. It's apartment 1009, South Tower,  
Starliner Towers. May as well go  
there directly.

**ROLLO (V.O.)**

OK, Rog. See you at ten.

St. Luc hangs up.

**FORSYTHE**

Roger? If you're going to be staying  
here anyway, why don't you come up  
to my place for a late supper?

**ST. LUC**

Meeting Rollo at Tudor's. Might take  
a while.

**FORSYTHE**

(innocently)

Doesn't matter to me how late it is.  
I can keep it warm.

stretches  
St. Luc pushes his papers aside for a moment and  
in his swivel chair.

**FORSYTHE**

Anything wrong?

**ST. LUC**

No. I don't think so.

**FORSYTHE**

Well? Supper at my place?

**ST. LUC**

OK. But late.

**FORSYTHE**

(happy because she  
knows she can get  
him to stay overnight)

Great! Go back to your files. Bye.

swivels  
turns  
She leaves, closing the door behind her. St. Luc  
thoughtfully in his chair for a second or two, then  
back to his files.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA -- NIGHT**

reception  
Forsythe walks through the darkened and deserted  
area to the elevators. Through the main doors we see a  
delivery van parked in the main driveway.

**INT. MAIN DOORS -- NIGHT**

delivery  
formal  
serving  
from  
A young man aged about twenty-five -- Kurt, the  
boy, dark, intense, bearded, his manner as stiff and  
as the tuxedo that he wears -- rolls a restaurant  
cart toward the main doors. He has obviously just come  
the van outside, which is emblazoned with the words  
'Restaurant Côte d'Azur'.

obviously  
he  
On  
serving  
The doorman smiles and opens the door for Kurt,  
familiar with the restaurant. Kurt takes great care as  
lifts the cart slightly so that it clears the doormats.  
the cart's two levels is an elaborate array of silver  
vessels and utensils.

**INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

his  
apartment.  
is

Elevator doors slide open and Kurt steps out, pushing  
cart. He walks down the hallway looking for Betts's  
After he has passed a few doors he approaches one which  
slightly ajar.

old  
her  
make-  
the

As Kurt approaches, the door opens wider to reveal the  
woman from the laundry room. She is no longer wearing  
dumpy laundry clothes, however, but is dressed in a  
translucent nightgown and wears a grotesque amount of  
up. She is careful to keep half her face hidden behind  
door.

Kurt notices her but chooses to ignore her. He is just  
approaching her when she calls to him.

**OLD WOMAN**

I'm hungry!

The

Kurt keeps on moving. He is now just passing her door.  
old woman edges out from behind the door a bit more.

**OLD WOMAN**

I'm hungry!

keeps  
slightly  
been  
melted

Kurt can't resist turning to look at her, although he  
moving. When he looks her in the eye, she eases out  
from behind the door to reveal that half her face has  
horribly burned by the laundry-room parasite, the eye  
shut, the nostril drooping.

softly.

Kurt is so stunned that he slows. The old woman speaks

**OLD WOMAN**

Hungry for love. Hungry for love.

both

She suddenly reaches out and grabs Kurt by his tux with

her hands and, with tremendous energy, jerks him back into  
apartment and slams the door closed with a vicious  
kick.

Kurt's cart remains out in the hallway, the food  
steaming.

**INT. BETTS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

In her dining room, Betts mixes herself a drink and  
checks her watch. She takes a sip, then goes into the bathroom  
and bends over the bathtub, having balanced her drink on  
the edge of the tub.

From inside the drain of the tub we see Betts place the  
plug in the plughole.

Betts turns on the water, adjusting the proportion of  
hot to cold until she gets it exactly the way she wants it,  
then gets undressed.

She wraps a thick and colorful towel around her and  
goes out to the living room with her drink in hand. In the  
living room, she arranges her photos in a new order, props  
them up against the sofa, changes them around again.

Back in the bathroom, Betts checks the temperature of  
the water by swishing her hand around in it. The water  
drums heavily on the floor of the tub. Betts puts her drink  
on the edge of the tub and turns the water off.

She now drops her towel on to the bathmat and steps  
into the tub. She reaches over the edge of the tub to straighten  
her sandals on the bathmat, then picks up her drink and  
stretches back. She takes a big slug of her drink. Her toes curl  
in

pleasure.

something The drain plug begins to jerk and twitch, as though  
were trying to push it out from inside the drain.

it Betts sinks down in the water until her hair, short as  
is, begins to float a bit.

until The drain plug begins to jerk more and more violently  
it is pushed right out of its plug hole. The water  
begins to run out of the drain, but only in a slight trickle --  
the drain pipe is blocked by a soft, spongy body.

the Betts rolls her head back and forth across the back of  
tub, smiling, relaxed, enjoying the sensation.

probing One of the parasite's stubby tentacles slowly appears,  
another. out of the drain hole. Then another appears, then

for Betts puts down her drink on the tub's edge and reaches  
smile the soap and washcloth. Her eyes are half-closed and a  
suddenly still flickers about her lips. The sound of water  
her rushing out of the drain in volume rouses Betts out of  
reverie.

tub. She sits up and looks down toward the plug end of the

the The parasite is crawling toward her up the middle of  
together tub, almost touching her legs, which are pressed  
with against one side of the tub. The water is becoming pink  
the blood that diffuses through it.

reactions Betts' mouth opens slowly and her eyes are wide. Her  
recently are obviously being confused by the drinks she has  
had.

tentacles Under the water, now very shallow, the parasite's  
touch Betts's thighs.

its Betts tries to scream but can't. The parasite suckers  
in way between Betts' thighs. She screams a silent scream  
side to the tub, her mouth wide open, her head rolling from  
the side. The only sounds are the thrashing of her legs in  
water and the gurgle of the drain.

her With a spasm that shakes her whole body, Betts throws  
and arms wide and knocks her glass off the edge of the tub  
shatters. on to the tiles of the bathroom floor. The glass  
arches After a moment or two of further silent struggle, Betts  
slumping her back, then falls into a semi-conscious stupor,  
motionless in the tub.

**INT. TUDOR'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

the Nicholas Tudor lies flat on his back in bed on top of  
covers. The physical state of his face, ghastly and  
which is cadaverous, is in sharp contrast to his expression,  
ecstatic, beatific, Madonna-like.

the Tudor's hands rest on his abdomen in a posture often  
skin, associated with pregnant women. Between his hands, in  
area around the navel, three lumps shift beneath the  
changing positions and pulsing rhythmically.

sounds, As they move, Tudor makes little delirious crooning  
a parody of a lullaby.

fashionable In the living room, Janine sits on the couch agitatedly  
can't flipping through her Vogue, now wearing large,  
glasses with thick, tinted prescription lenses. She

turning  
seem to get into doing anything until St. Luc comes.  
She gets up and turns the TV on again, deliberately  
up the volume to an uncomfortable level.

**INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

their  
South  
Tower.  
An old man and his wife, the Spergazzis, are taking  
late-night constitutional through the halls of the

of  
tipped  
Their arms are linked and they both walk with the aid  
canes, the ultra-modern aluminum kind with four rubber-  
prongs at the end.

**MR. SPERGAZZI**

Lovely, lovely evening. Very quiet,  
eh?

hand.  
of  
They round a corner which leads them down the stretch  
hall which passes by Tudor's door.

milk jug  
bends  
As they approach Tudor's door they notice a plastic  
lying in the hall just below the open milk-chute door.  
Mrs. Spergazzi detaches herself from her husband and  
down with difficulty to pick up the jug.

**MRS. SPERGAZZI**

Eh, the children in this apartment,  
they're such little thieves. You  
have to put a lock on everything.

the  
in the  
the  
She puts the jug back in the milk chute. She notices  
blood smeared on it just a second before the parasite  
chute fastens itself to her wrist with its suckers.  
She stares at her wrist in astonishment. She is wearing

wristwatch. She parasite like some monstrous, spongy, oozing  
She tries to shake the thing off. It can't be dislodged.  
She turns in disbelief to her husband and then screams at  
the top of her lungs.

thing Mr. Spergazzi lifts his cane and tries to strike the  
him off with the cane's prongs. The force of his blow throws  
balance and he falls, dragging his wife down with him.

manages Mrs. Spergazzi moans in pain and terror. Her husband  
with to get to his knees and begins to smash at the thing  
everywhere. his cane. White burning fluid begins to squirt  
dissolve. Mrs Spergazzi's forearm begins to smoke, bubble, and  
She becomes hysterical.

with Mr. Spergazzi continues to smash away at the thing, now  
some success.

**INT. FORSYTHE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

counter In the kitchen, a thick paperbound book called Guide to  
heating Gourmet Cooking lies open and face down on the kitchen  
next to the sink. There are a couple of pots and pans  
on the stove.

to Forsythe picks up the book, then opens one of the pots  
with check something. She is obviously taking a lot of care  
pot, St. Luc's late supper. She puts the lid back on the  
clock reads a bit more, then checks the time on an electric  
on the counter.

carving She opens the oven door, then takes a bone-handled  
in a fork from a carving set and begins to prod at a roast  
ceramic roasting dish.

and  
Someone knocks on the door. Forsythe leaves her oven  
goes to answer it, carving fork in hand.

hallway,  
Forsythe as  
She opens the door. Kresimir Sviben stands in the  
eyes wide, insane smile on his face. He looks at  
though she were a piece of steak.

**FORSYTHE**

Yes?

working  
little  
Kresimir doesn't answer. He begins to drool, his mouth  
as though in anticipation of a meal. Forsythe gets a  
nervous.

**FORSYTHE**

Can I... can I help you?

Kresimir approaches. He is visibly shaking.

**KRESIMIR**

(speaking with  
difficulty)

Yes... you can... help me.

tries to  
the  
to  
Without warning, he lunges for Forsythe, who vainly  
slam the door in his face. Kresimir pushes his way past  
door and grabs Forsythe by the back of the head, trying  
kiss her and drooling.

intending  
legs,  
holds  
Forsythe breaks away and runs toward the bathroom,  
to lock herself in. Kresimir throws himself at her  
managing to grab one of her feet. She doesn't fall, but  
on to a cabinet and tries to pull free.

terrified  
of  
with  
Kresimir begins to climb up her body. Forsythe,  
and gasping for breath, plunges the long, curved prongs  
the carving fork into Kresimir's shoulder. He screams

her to pain and loosens his grip on Forsythe long enough for pull away, leaving her apron and part of her dress in Kresimir's hands.

She runs for the door and is gone.

piece Kresimir, still on his knees, holds the apron and the of dress to his face, breathing in Forsythe's fragrance. He begins to shuffle toward the door on his knees, kissing the clothes in his hands, mumbling and moaning.

**KRESIMIR**

Oh, my darling, I worship, I worship  
at the shrine of your body, your  
body, your body, oh, your body...

**INT. BETTS'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT**

damp, Betts lies slumped in her bathtub, her hair matted and her eyes open and staring. Her mouth begins to work in a very sensual way, and she begins to drool slightly.

blood The tub is completely empty now except for the scum of floor and soap. The smashed glass is scattered all over the near the base of the tub.

to Zombie-like, Betts rises from the tub and steps out on the floor, her feet missing the bathmat. The crunch and snap of her bare feet on the broken glass are heightened abnormally by the tiled echo chamber of the bathroom.

bloody The steps Betts takes toward the medicine cabinet leave prints on the floor.

tubes Betts takes out various bottles and plastic cases and to her from the medicine cabinet and begins to apply make-up face with mechanical precision.

**INT. ST. LUC'S OFFICE -- NIGHT**

papers  
section we  
"compressed  
of the  
hysterical,  
herself on

St. Luc is reading a section of one of Hobbes's medical  
in preparation for examining Tudor later on. The  
see says: '...thus the theoretical organism we are now  
considering would exhibit what I choose to call  
evolution.'" This in effect means that each generation  
said organism would be better adapted to inhabit and to  
control the behavior of its host...'

Suddenly Forsythe bursts in, out of breath, semi-  
tearful.

St. Luc rises from his chair and Forsythe throws  
him, sobbing.

**ST. LUC**

Forsythe, Forsythe! What's wrong?  
What's happened?

**FORSYTHE**

A man... I think I recognized him...  
a man who lives here. He just...  
(breaking down)  
...he just attacked me for no reason  
at all. I just opened the door... I  
was making supper for you, and he  
grabbed me, he tried to kiss me...

from

St. Luc hugs Forsythe for a moment, then holds her away  
him so that he can get some information out of her.

**ST. LUC**

Where is he now? Do you know?

**FORSYTHE**

I think I... I think I killed him. I  
stabbed him with something and he  
fell.

**ST. LUC**

Will you be OK now? I've got to go  
to your place to see if he's still  
there. I've got to see if it's... if  
it's what we both think it is.

**FORSYTHE**

Oh, no! You're not leaving me here  
all alone. I'm going with you.

leather

St. Luc hesitates for a second, then grabs his black  
doctor's bag.

**ST. LUC**

OK, c'mon.

They leave.

**INT. ELEVATOR -- NIGHT**

her

The

Tower,

numbers.

Inside a descending elevator, a middle-aged woman and  
teen-aged daughter flip through a magazine together.  
The elevator sinks toward the ground floor of the South  
Tower, then slows and stops. They both look up at the floor  
numbers. It's not their floor.

mother

into

delivery

broadly,

slide

The doors slide open. Nobody seems to be waiting. The  
mother pushes the CLOSE DOOR button, a bit impatiently. A hand  
into holding a crêpe oozing red jam and sugar reaches around  
the elevator.

another

and

elevator.

The two women cringe, suddenly afraid. Kurt, the  
delivery boy, steps around and into the elevator, smiling  
broadly, eyes wide and glistening. He drools slightly. The doors  
slide closed. Kurt offers one crêpe to each woman.

**INT. MAIN DOORS -- NIGHT**

wrong --

The doorman sits beside the intercom board reading  
another Harlequin Nurse Romance when he happens to glance up  
and notice the elevator flashers which indicate a stuck  
elevator. He sighs, shakes his head -- always something going  
wrong --

taking  
wall  
on  
the  
overrides  
elevator is  
or  
so  
tightly.  
crêpes,  
coat  
struggles to  
move  
feet.

stuffs the pocketbook into his jacket, and gets up,  
out a huge ring of keys from his pocket as he does so.  
He walks over to the metal control panel sunk into the  
between the elevators and opens it with one of the keys  
the ring. Then, checking to make sure which elevator is  
stuck one, he plays with a switch which manually  
the floor selector and brings the elevator down.  
The doorman watches as the numbers show that the  
finally coming down. He stands by, waiting to see who  
what has caused the elevator to stay at one floor for  
long, jingling his keys, trying to look stern and  
authoritarian.  
The doors spring open. Kurt stands at the back of the  
elevator, one arm around the young girl, who hugs him  
The girl is finishing the last bit of one of the  
sucking her fingers deliciously.  
The mother sits slumped in the opposite corner, her  
open, her dress torn, bruises on her face. She  
her feet. Kurt and the girl are ignoring her.  
The doorman is nonplussed. He hesitates, then makes a  
toward the elevator, intending to help the woman to her

**DOORMAN**

Here, here. What is this all about?  
What's the matter with you? What are  
you doing in there?

pull  
her.  
him

The woman suddenly lunges at the doorman and tries to  
him down. Kurt detaches himself from the girl and joins  
They giggle and drool all over the doorman as they pull

down and pin him to the floor.

approaches  
The daughter, still licking her fingers, slowly  
the doorman.

**DOORMAN**

Hey, that's enough, enough of this  
nonsense! What is this?  
(Etc.)

over  
over  
his  
The daughter kneels at the doorman's feet, then crawls  
him, her mouth working, drooling. She lowers her lips  
his, Kurt making it impossible for the doorman to move  
head out of the way.

**INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

apartment to  
they  
hobbling  
can,  
cane  
Forsythe and St. Luc are hurrying to Forsythe's  
see if Kresimir is still there. As they round a corner,  
see the Spergazzis coming toward them, the old lady  
and hysterical, the old man helping her walk as best he  
trying to maintain some kind of calm.  
When Spergazzi sees St. Luc, he lifts his four-pronged  
and waves it around to get attention.

**MR. SPERGAZZI**

Hey, Doctor, Doctor! Please. Help  
us!

St. Luc and Forsythe rush over and help to support the  
slumping Mrs. Spergazzi.

**ST. LUC**

What happened?

**MR. SPERGAZZI**

(tipping his hat as  
he introduces himself  
even in the midst of  
chaos)

Please pardon me. I am Niccolo  
Spergazzi. I am a resident here. I

don't know... we were walking in the hallway and... Cabiria... my wife... she was attacked by this thing... here, on her arm.

been  
As  
starts  
St. Luc

Spergazzi shows St. Luc his wife's forearm, which has badly burned by the parasite's animal-tissue solvent. soon as St. Luc starts prodding her arm, Mrs. Spergazzi to wail in Italian. Spergazzi tries to soothe her as examines her carefully.

**MR. SPERGAZZI**

It's all right, cara mia. What's one more scar to an old lady, eh? You'll be OK.

The old lady wails even more.

**ST. LUC**

Where is this thing that attacked your wife?

**MR. SPERGAZZI**

I hit it. I hit it with my cane. Then I carry it on the cane and I throw it down to the incinerator, down to the garbage.

St. Luc hands his bag to Forsythe.

**ST. LUC**

(to Spergazzi)

This is Nurse Forsythe. She's a nurse, you understand me?

Spergazzi nods. St. Luc turns to Forsythe.

**ST. LUC**

Go back to their apartment with them and treat her for second-degree burns. It'll have to do for now.

(to Spergazzi)

What's your number? The number of your apartment?

**MR. SPERGAZZI**

We live in 703.

**ST. LUC**

(to Forsythe)

OK. I'll meet you back there. Don't leave until I get there. Lock the door and don't open it except for me. OK?

**FORSYTHE**

But where are you going?

**ST. LUC**

(walking away)

Down to the incinerator.

**INT. TUDOR'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

on to  
voice  
tone

Janine dozes fitfully on the couch, her glasses fallen the carpet, her Vogue crumpled underneath her. Tudor's calls to her from the bedroom. It has an eerie, wailing tone to it.

**TUDOR**

Janine. Janine. Come here. Come into the bedroom, Janine.

and  
and

Tudor keeps calling until Janine wakes up with a start jumps to her feet, still half asleep. She rubs her eyes walks to the bedroom.

we see

Janine opens the bedroom door. From her point of view a dark, blurry figure sitting on the edge of the bed.

**JANINE**

Nick? Are you up? I can't see a thing, I took my contacts out.

Tudor speaks from the bed without moving.

**TUDOR**

Hello, darling. I feel wonderful. Come and sit beside me, beside me on the bed.

and

Janine hesitates for a second, then walks to the bed

and  
Janine,

sits down. She can now see that Tudor, although pale  
sickly, is smiling ecstatically. He puts an arm around  
who reacts stiffly.

**TUDOR**

Do you want to make love? You're  
absolutely beautiful, those eyes,  
that expression. You're absolutely  
the most sexy thing alive. Do you  
want to make love?

**JANINE**

(slightly repulsed)  
Nick, you're so strange...

other

Tudor begins to unbutton his shirt with one hand, his  
still gripping Janine tightly.

**TUDOR**

You will make love to me, won't you,  
Janine? Won't you make love to me?  
You start it. Won't you? I think  
I've forgotten how to start.

**JANINE**

(now in tears)  
Oh, Nick, Nick... I can't take this.

**TUDOR**

Please, Janine. Please,  
pleasepleaseplease, Janine Janine  
JanineJanineJanine...

begins to

Janine hesitantly helps Tudor remove his shirt and  
caress him in a perfunctory way, tears in her eyes. Her  
caresses make Tudor moan with pleasure.

**TUDOR**

Love me. Oh, Janine, you're so  
beautiful. You're my wife. Mmm. You're  
my wife.

her  
of

Janine's hand sweeps across Tudor's abdomen. She pulls  
hand away, startled, obviously having just felt a few  
Tudor's lumps.

and  
the

She looks up at Tudor's face with a mixture of horror  
wonder in her eyes. Tudor is confused; he doesn't want  
caresses to stop.

**TUDOR**

(pleading)

You're my wife, Janine. Please make  
love to me.

**INT. SPERGAZZI APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

the  
of  
exposing

The Spergazzi apartment is very heavily decorated in  
Mediterranean European Catholic style, featuring lots  
plastic and plaster Madonnas, calendars with Christ  
his bleeding heart, etc.

wrist  
a  
couch

Mrs. Spergazzi lies on an overstuffed couch with her  
held up for Forsythe to bandage after she coats it with  
healing gel. Mrs. Spergazzi wears a suffering-martyr  
expression. Mr. Spergazzi leans over the back of the  
patting his wife's other hand solicitously.

**INT. INCINERATOR ROOM -- NIGHT**

stairs  
the  
leads to

The steel door at the top of a concrete flight of  
swings open and St. Luc appears. He quickly negotiates  
steps and opens the steel door at the bottom which  
the incinerator room.

iron  
the

Once inside, St. Luc grabs the poker hanging from an  
hook sunk into the wall of the incinerator, slides open  
bolt on the door and opens it.

but  
the  
heating

He begins to probe around inside the incinerator oven  
can't really see very much. He looks around and notices  
superintendent's flashlight stuck up on top of a

on, and pipe. St. Luc takes down the flashlight, switches it  
continues his search for the dead parasite.

**INT. TUDOR'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

shoulder, Tudor lies on top of Janine on their bed. Over his  
tears. Janine's face is visible, eyes wide open and full of  
She tries to push Tudor away, but he resists.

**JANINE**

(frantically)

No, no. Nick, please. Stop. Let's  
stop. I... I want to put my contacts  
in... I can't see anything...

to Tudor pulls her back to him, and finally she is forced  
the batter him away with her fists and slip off the edge of  
bed. Tudor glares after her.

**TUDOR**

(in a mechanical whine)

Make love to me, make love to me,  
love, love to me...

**JANINE**

(trying to buy time)

I want to be able to see us, Nick.  
I... I'm going to go into the bathroom  
now and put in my contacts, OK? Is  
that OK?

(pleading with him to  
believe her)

I want to be able to see us when we  
make love, OK?

mouth Tudor's eyes are staring right out of his head and his  
for a is wide open. He gasps for breath. He stares at Janine  
them second, then buries his face in the blankets, twisting  
in his hands and moaning.

heading Janine bursts into tears and turns away from the bed,  
for the bathroom.

of  
cabinet  
bottles of  
container.

In the bathroom, Janine starts to shake, on the verge  
hysteria. Distractedly, she goes through the motions of  
putting her contact lenses in: opens the medicine-  
door, takes out the lens container, takes out the  
wetting and soaking solutions, opens the lens  
Suddenly, Tudor wails terribly, like a hound, from the  
bedroom.

**TUDOR**

(heart-rending wail)

Ooooooooooooooooooooo!

dumps  
solution on

Janine turns to the door, turns back to the lenses,  
both lenses out into her hand, begins to squirt  
them. She has decided to try to ignore Tudor.

**TUDOR**

(wailing)

Janine, Janine, Janinnnnnnneeee!

the

Janine can no longer pretend that she doesn't hear him.  
Closing her hand around the two lenses, she runs out of  
bathroom.

lips  
twitching in  
which

Tudor lies outstretched on the bed in the darkness. His  
move silently, spasmodically, as though in sleep,  
an abnormal, insect fashion. There is a swelling in his  
throat, almost as though he has developed a goiter,  
swells and contracts rhythmically.

Janine appears in the doorway.

**JANINE**

(a strangled half-  
whisper)

I'm here, Nick. Janine is here.

After a pause, she walks into the room.

face

She climbs on to the bed and settles down. She puts her  
very close to Tudor's. For the moment, his face is

expressionless, but his neck is swollen just under the jaw.

Janine sighs deeply, trying not to panic. Her eyes narrow suddenly -- she hasn't got her lenses in and her gaze is myopic -- as she notices something odd.

There is a bit of black something, a thread, in the corner of Tudor's mouth. Janine moves closer to it. The black thing, like the tip of an insect's leg, twitches.

Janine reaches out to brush the thing off Tudor's lip. As her fingers brush by, the leg twitches back inside Tudor's mouth.

Janine jerks back in horror, her hands, balled into fists, cover her own mouth as though to protect it from whatever occupies Tudor's mouth.

Gradually the thread reappears. Tudor's lips part slightly to allow the emergence of the dark, viscous tentacle to which the thread -- a hook used to hang on inside the body -- is attached. The tentacle of the blood parasite probes its way from between Tudor's lips.

Janine is paralyzed with horror.

The tentacle is now touching Tudor's chin, his cheek, the tip of his nose.

Janine's fists tighten even more. A glassy snap breaks the silence. Janine lowers her hands dumbly and opens them. In the right one, the one that held the contact lenses, are incised two bloody circles where her fingers pressed the

lens

lenses into her flesh until they snapped. The segmented fragments glint in the tiny pools of blood.

her. She

She tries to control the hysteria welling up inside as she eases herself carefully over the side of the bed as the stubby tentacle is joined by another and another. She moves a fraction of an inch at a time, almost hypnotized by the movement of the tentacles.

first

moves

the

chin and

attempts to

cheeks

forced

is

exposes

The hooks of the tentacles are now set into Tudor's cheeks, and the tentacles draw taut as something draws itself out of his body. His throat bulges, his cheeks swell as the tentacles contract. His lips are gradually forced apart as the quivering, moist shape emerges. His mouth is opened to jaw-breaking width as the creature slowly exposes itself to the dim light of the bedroom.

gurgling

through

Janine's eyes are wide with terror. She utters a cry and runs, stumbling, from the bedroom. She dashes through the living room and reaches the door to the hallway, whimpering in terror as she fumbles at the lock and the doorknob, finally managing to swing the door open.

apartment,

opens it

**INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

Janine runs down a hallway that leads to Betts's apartment, sobbing and stumbling. She gets to Betts's door and opens it without hesitation.

**INT. BETTS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

Betts.

Janine enters Betts' apartment. She looks around for

**JANINE**

Betts? Betts? It's me.

She catches sight of Betts standing out on the balcony, looking across at the North Tower's lights. Betts turns slowly. She is wearing immaculate but very extreme make-up. style.

Janine is slightly taken aback -- it's not Betts'

Betts smiles and opens her arms to Janine.

**INT. ROLLO'S LAB -- NIGHT**

Rollo puts his jacket on, picks up his doctor's bag and a manila envelope jammed solid with Hobbes's notes, and leaves behind his lab, turning off the lights and locking the door behind him.

**EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF ROLLO'S LAB -- NIGHT**

Rollo gets into his car, which is parked in a now empty parking lot adjacent to the building in which his lab is situated. His car is large and American and ostentatious, a gold Cadillac Eldorado with options or equivalent. The car pulls out of the lot and on to the street.

**INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

The doorman, drooling and twitching, locks the exit doors at the end of one hallway. In one hand he holds an enormous pair of cable cutters.

**INT. INCINERATOR ROOM -- NIGHT**

St. Luc continues to poke around inside the incinerator with the poker. Finally his flashlight beam reveals the tattered corpse of Spergazzi's parasite.

Deftly manipulating the hook on the poker's tip, St. Luc manages to pull the parasite out into the light. Garbage comes rattling down the chute. When St. Luc flashes his light

Betts'  
snails  
the

into the oven, we see that the garbage consists of French food, half-eaten, silver servers and all, the being especially prominent. Insane giggles echo down chute, followed by the slam of the chute door somewhere several floors above.

above the  
parasite,  
organs,

St. Luc holds the thing up to the naked light bulb incinerator. The light seems to go right through the illuminating the twisted vascular system, reproductive etc.

impaled on  
opens  
room and

As St. Luc examines the creature, which is still the hook of the poker, the door to the incinerator room behind him. A large, hairy, muscular man enters the approaches the oblivious St. Luc.

kisses  
realizes  
his

The man slips his arms up under St. Luc's arms and him passionately on the neck. As soon as St. Luc what's happening, he smashes the man in the chest with elbow and pulls free.

mouth.  
The  
being  
poker,

The man grabs St. Luc again, trying to kiss him on the They struggle. St. Luc is thrown to the concrete floor. man tries to pin him down. St. Luc, on the verge of overpowered, smashes the man in the chest with the parasite still hooked into its tip.

ankle  
corpse  
the

The man stands up unsteadily. St. Luc cracks him on the with the poker and he comes crashing down. The parasite is flung across the room, where it smacks wetly into wall and slides to the floor.

the  
drops  
disbelief.

St. Luc leaps to his feet and begins kicking the man in head. After a furious moment or two, he suddenly stops, the poker, and stares at the body in horrified

very  
floor.  
man. The  
somewhat, and  
up

St. Luc slowly backs away from the man's body, which is still and quietly oozes blood on to the damp concrete floor. He bumps into the edge of the door left open by the man. The collision seems to startle him out of his daze somewhat, and he turns, himself scratched and bleeding, and staggers up the basement steps.

**INT. SPERGAZZI'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

is  
making

Forsythe waits impatiently for St. Luc. Mr. Spergazzi is watching a variety show on TV and Mrs. Spergazzi is making ravioli in the kitchen, more or less recovered from her encounter with the parasite.

Mr.  
is  
giggling.

Suddenly a piercing scream is heard from down the hall. Spergazzi, hard of hearing, doesn't notice. The scream is followed by bangs, crashes, and insane laughter and giggling.

the  
moment,  
lock  
police.

Mrs. Spergazzi comes out of the kitchen. She has heard the noises. She and Forsythe look at each other for a moment, then Forsythe goes to the door and slides the chain lock into place. She then goes to the telephone to call the police.

**FORSYTHE**

(into receiver)  
Hello? Hello?

on

She dials a few times, and clicks the receiver button. Nothing. The phone is dead. She puts the receiver back on

wrong.

the hook. Mrs. Spergazzi knows that something is very  
She wrings her hands and begins to wail in Italian.

**INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

of  
In the hallway outside the Spergazzi apartment, a group  
giggling, drooling residents stand around a door.

opening  
residents,  
door  
moaning.  
One of these residents is the superintendent, who is  
the door with one of his set of master keys. The  
some of them women, giggle in anticipation. Once the  
has been opened, they all rush in, drooling and

voices, at  
From inside the apartment we hear several muffled  
first angry and indignant, then pleading and terrified.  
Screams and crashes follow.

**INT. SPERGAZZI APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

trying  
TV  
pops up  
Mrs. Spergazzi is getting hysterical; Mr. Spergazzi is  
to calm her down by getting her to sit in front of the  
set with him. But each time he pushes her down, she  
and begins wailing and moaning again.

some  
Mrs.  
the  
Forsythe paces back and forth, checks her watch, paces  
more. Finally, after a particularly noisy outburst by  
Spergazzi, Forsythe picks up the doctor's bag, unchains  
door, and leaves.

Spergazzi hears the door slam and looks up.

**MR. SPERGAZZI**

Miss! Nurse! Come back! Cabiria, she  
needs something...!

wife  
down.  
He lapses back into Italian, trying vainly to calm his

**INT. BETTS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

in  
Betts and Janine are on the sofa, Janine with her head  
Betts's lap, Betts rocking Janine like a child.

**JANINE**

(sobbing)  
Oh, Betts, Betts, everything is so  
hideous. Everything dies and rots  
and disappears. I'm going to die,  
and you're going to die, and Nick...

She breaks down.

hair.  
Betts is drowsy-eyed and smiling. She strokes Janine's

**BETTS**

There, there, there. It all gets  
sorted out in the genes and  
chromosomes. It's not for us to think  
about at all. It's not our problem  
at all, 'Nine. We're just here to  
exist and to have a good time. Exist  
and have a good time.

(pause)

Do I feel good, 'Nine? Do I feel  
good to you?

speaks,  
Janine's eyes are red and she still sobs a bit as she  
but she is obviously feeling a bit soothed.

**JANINE**

Oh, you feel very good, Betts. You  
have such a cosy body. I'm jealous,  
I'm so skinny.

**BETTS**

(casually, as though  
it were the most  
ordinary request in  
the world)  
Make love to me, 'Nine? I want you  
to make love to me. Please, please  
make love to me.

something  
Janine twists around and looks up at Betts. There is  
in Betts' tone -- quite apart from what she is saying -

-

husband. that disturbs her, something that reminds her of her

**JANINE**

Betts! You can't really be saying that! You just can't!

her Betts smiles drowsily. She bends over Janine, turning  
lowers head in her hands until they face each other. Betts  
hypnotized her face toward Janine. Janine is wide-eyed, almost  
by Betts's strength, smile, and confidence.

**BETTS**

Let's not talk any more, 'Nine, shall we? Let's kiss and make up. Let's kiss... kiss and make up, shall we? 'Nine?

on Janine resists only slightly as Betts places her lips  
wide Janine's. After a pause, Betts suddenly opens her mouth  
and presses her lips savagely against Janine's.  
struggles She holds Janine's head firmly as they kiss. Janine  
for a moment, then opens her mouth as well.  
in Her eyes are closed in passion, then suddenly open wide  
parasite terror as Betts's throat swells like a goiter as a  
parasite rushes up her throat toward Janine's open mouth. The  
her begins to force its way into Janine's mouth and down  
late. throat. Janine gags and tries to pull away, but too

**INT. INCINERATOR ROOM -- NIGHT**

incinerator Forsythe runs down the steps which lead to the  
to and pulls open the steel door at the bottom. She begins  
look around for St. Luc.

**FORSYTHE**

Roger? Roger, are you here?

Luc has  
hands,  
and

She suddenly stumbles across the body of the man St. killed. She actually has to break her fall with her hands, which slip in the man's blood. Horrified, she gets up and backs away.

from  
door.

The sounds of people moaning and laughing are coming everywhere. Forsythe finds herself up against a large door. She tugs on the handle and it opens.

**INT. MAIN DOORS -- NIGHT**

talking  
the  
one

St. Luc has made his way to the main doors and stands talking to the rental agent, Merrick, who is leaning against the intercom board with the doorman's pocketbook romance in one hand.

wiping his

The agent looks perfectly normal, though he keeps wiping his mouth unobtrusively with the back of his hand.

**MERRICK**

...haven't seen anything that looks like trouble at all. Just filling in for Walter... the doorman. But if you want me to call the police, I will.

apartment.  
St. Luc

St. Luc is cautious but he seems to believe Merrick. He presses the button which buzzes the Spergazzi apartment. Nobody answers. A middle-aged man walks in. Worried, St. Luc buzzes again.

**MAN**

Apartment 307? Visiting my sister.

in

Merrick smiles and opens the door for the man, who goes in and takes the stairway up, preferring to walk. The intercom squawks and Spergazzi answers the buzzer.

**MR. SPERGAZZI**

Yes? Who is there?

**ST. LUC**

It's Dr. St. Luc, Mr Spergazzi. Let me speak to the nurse, please.

**MR. SPERGAZZI (V.O.)**

Oh, but the nurse, she went away. I think she must go to look for you.

the St. Luc curses under his breath and makes a move toward door. Merrick smiles and pulls it open for him. St. Luc disappears down the stairs leading to the incinerator.

and a As the stairway doors close, the elevators slide open dressed to young couple come out heading for the main doors, go out to a late party.

and Before they reach the doors, Merrick slips through them meets the couple in the lobby. He smiles broadly as he approaches them.

**MERRICK**

Evening, Mr. Wolf, Miss Lewis. I wonder if I could talk to you for a second in my office?

**MISS LEWIS**

Why don't you do something about all that noise? We like parties, but this is ridiculous.

**MERRICK**

Well, there may be a connection. See, it's about your locker. 'Fraid somebody busted into it tonight.

**MISS LEWIS AND MR WOLF**

(together)

Oh, no! What a drag!

**MERRICK**

'Fraid so. I've got a few of the things they threw around in my office and if you could identify it...

office.  
hand.

The couple turn, grumbling, and walk toward Merrick's  
Merrick follows, wiping his mouth with the back of his

**INT. RENTAL OFFICE -- NIGHT**

following  
door.  
giggles.

The young couple enter the rental office, Merrick  
close behind. Once they are all in, Merrick closes the  
He rests against the door and drools copiously, then

more  
jump  
The  
wipes  
himself

The young couple turn to look at him. Suddenly, three  
residents, two women and a man, all of them half naked,  
down on them from the tops of large filing cabinets.  
residents begin to kiss and paw the couple. Merrick  
his mouth with the back of his hand and then throws  
on top of the writhing mass.

**INT. GARAGE -- NIGHT**

decides  
Datsun  
back,  
doors.

Finding herself in the underground garage, Forsythe  
to get in her car and drive out. She finds her car -- a  
or Toyota -- gets in, throws the doctor's bag in the  
and drives up the ramp leading to the sliding garage

the  
reverse  
She  
do

The car rolls over the cable which normally activates  
doors, but nothing happens. Forsythe puts the car in  
and backs over the cable, but still nothing happens.  
sits with the car idling, trying to figure out what to  
next.

and the

Suddenly the driver's door of her car is yanked open  
doorman, slavering and drooling, throws himself at her.

the  
clothes  
legs.

The doorman forces her down across the front seats of car and begins to kiss her on the neck and rip her to shreds. He gradually forces himself between her

**INT. INCINERATOR ROOM -- NIGHT**

for  
but  
the

St. Luc bounds down the incinerator room stairs looking for Forsythe. He sees immediately that she is not there, also notices handprints in blood on the door leading to garage.

echoing

He opens the garage door. Forsythe's screams come through the garage.

**INT. GARAGE -- NIGHT**

Forsythe.  
and

St. Luc races through the garage, trying to find He finally sees her car in the middle of the exit ramp runs over to it.

seat of  
holster

The doorman is still on top of Forsythe in the front the car. St. Luc pulls the doorman's gun out of its and begins smashing away at the doorman with it.

and  
toward

The doorman pounds St. Luc in the temple with his fist lifts himself partially off Forsythe, half turning St. Luc, who is staggered by the blow.

Repulsed  
upper  
might

The doorman's face is covered with blood and drool. and terrified, St. Luc fires the gun into the doorman's body three times, heedless of the possibility that he hit Forsythe. The doorman slumps over Forsythe.

pulls

St. Luc grips the gun and staggers over to the car. He

blood.  
there is  
doorman.

the doorman off Forsythe, who is completely soaked with  
She has obviously had an externally rough time, but  
nothing to suggest that she has been infected by the

where she  
never  
and  
puts  
floor,

St. Luc shoves her over into the passenger's seat,  
slumps, dazed. He doesn't have to start the car -- it's  
been turned off. He slams the shift lever into reverse  
backs up, peeling rubber, to the base of the ramp. He  
it into first and begins to accelerate, foot to the  
toward the garage door.

of  
in  
concrete  
seats  
residents,

Another car full of residents suddenly careens in front  
the door and screeches to a halt, blocking St. Luc, who  
swerving to avoid them smashes his fender into a  
post. He picks up the gun from the console between the  
and, opening the car door, empties the gun at the  
who are emerging from their car.

the

One of the residents falls back into the car, blocking  
other two.

his

St. Luc drags Forsythe out of the car, throws her over  
shoulder, and carries her down the ramp toward the door  
leading to the incinerator.

**INT. HALLWAYS -- NIGHT**

hallways  
the  
giggles,

St. Luc half drags, half carries Forsythe along  
whose doors are wide open. From the apartments issues  
entire catalogue of suggestive sexual sounds --  
moans, groans, cries, whispers, shrieks.

locked

We catch glimpses of people of all kinds and ages

exit

together on floors, chairs, etc. St. Luc finds an open door and plunges through it, taking Forsythe with him.

**INT. GYM -- NIGHT**

cautiously.

The door to the gym opens and St. Luc looks in

Forsythe

The gym is quite tiny and is deserted. St. Luc pulls

mat

in and closes the door. He lays Forsythe down on a gym

weight-

and then barricades the door with a box horse and a

lifting table.

regaining

He kneels beside Forsythe, who seems to be only just

of

consciousness. St. Luc strokes her face, pushes strands

hair matted with blood out of her eyes.

**ST. LUC**

(more to himself than  
Forsythe)

Rollo'll be here soon. Rollo'll be  
here soon.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT**

which

Rollo's car pulls up to the main doors and parks in a blatantly illegal space. He flips up a card on the dash

says 'M.D. ON CALL,' then gets out of the car.

are

He walks up the steps and through the main doors, which

wide open. Nobody is in sight.

**INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

under

Rollo walks along the hallway, bag in hand, envelope

number

arm. He stops in front of Tudor's door, checks the

on

against the number written in his notebook, then knocks

the door.

Nobody answers. He knocks once more, then looks around shiftily before turning the knob and walking right in.

**INT. TUDOR'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

deliberately  
room and  
bellows.

Rollo enters and closes the door behind him,  
slamming it. He walks into the center of the living

**ROLLO**

Hello, good evening, is anybody here?  
Dr. St. Luc? It's Dr. Linsky here to  
see you for consultation.

gradually.

Still no answer. Rollo is puzzled. He snoops around the  
apartment until he finds the bedroom with its door half  
closed. He pushes gently on the door and opens it

**ROLLO**

It's Dr. Linsky. Anybody home?

the  
dim light of the bedroom. Rollo enters the bedroom.

Rollo can now see the figure of Tudor lying in bed in

**ROLLO**

Is that Mr. Nicholas Tudor? It's Dr.  
Linsky. I'm meeting Dr. St. Luc here.  
He must be a little bit late.

on the  
covers  
half on the floor.

Tudor does not answer, does not move. He lies stiffly  
bed on his back, mouth insanely agape, eyes shut,

**ROLLO**

Is anyone here? Nicholas Tudor? Is  
that you? Tudor? Mind if I have a  
look at you?

looking  
the  
bed and slowly draws back the covers.

He stands at the edge of the bed, peering at Tudor,  
for signs of consciousness. After a pause, he kneels on

**ROLLO**

Just a peek, OK? A little peek won't  
hurt.

drawn  
emerged  
of a  
energy.

Tudor's abdomen is gradually exposed as the covers are  
back. Crouched in the shadows is one of the freshly  
blood parasites, which sits poised for only a fraction  
second before it springs at Rollo's face with great

by  
attaching

As the thing hits Rollo's face it locks on to his head  
entangling its stubby tentacles in his hair and  
its suckers to his cheeks and chin.

thing  
lips  
manages to

Rollo tries to stand, then staggers and falls. The  
tries to force its way into Rollo's mouth, cutting his  
in the process. They bleed furiously. When Rollo  
pull a sucker away, a piece of his flesh comes with it.

appear  
dust  
his  
eyelids.  
face.

As he writhes on the carpeted floor, two more parasites  
crawling toward him from under the bed, covered with  
from the floor. They clamber on to him and fasten on to  
face, suckering on to his ears, his throat, forehead,  
One of them begins to ooze corrosive fluid on to his  
Rollo screams in pain.

still  
but  
forcing

He manages to roll to his feet. He staggers out of the  
darkness of the bedroom into the living room, one arm  
extended, groping like a blind man, the three parasites  
locked on to his face. They try to pull his lips apart,  
he keeps his teeth firmly clenched to keep them from  
their way into the depths of his body.

With a  
the  
moment

He takes a few unbalanced steps toward the kitchen.  
sudden spasm of pain, he hurls himself sideways into  
kitchen and almost falls again, grabbing at the last  
on to the sink.

and a  
weeks  
parasites  
swollen  
them

His hands touch a large pair of pliers, a screwdriver,  
hammer on the counter by the sink, left there by Tudor  
ago. Rollo seizes the pliers and begins to pull the  
from his face with their steel jaws. The parasites,  
with Tudor's blood, burst and spurt as the pliers tear  
apart.

from

In the bedroom, Tudor's eyes snap open. His head rises  
the pillow.

and  
dream.

He swings his legs over the side of the bed and, ashen  
gaunt, shakes his head slowly as though waking from a  
He begins to mumble.

**TUDOR**

No, no, no, no. Mustn't, mustn't.  
You mustn't kill them, no, no, no.

shakily

Then, as though listening to himself and suddenly  
understanding what he is saying, he rises to his feet  
and walks to the kitchen. He stops at the kitchen door.

pounding  
and  
at

Rollo has torn the parasites from his face and is  
away at them in the kitchen sink. The parasites wriggle  
curl in their own blood in the sink as he smashes away  
them with the pliers.

Tudor staggers toward Rollo.

**TUDOR**

No, no. You mustn't kill them. That's  
my blood you're spilling! My blood!  
Let them come home, let them come  
home, home, home inside me. Don't  
kill them...!

from

He starts to paw Rollo, feebly trying to prevent him

Luc's  
parasites.

further mutilating the parasites. He reaches over St.  
shoulder and grabs a large chunk of one of the

**TUDOR**

(whining pitifully)

At least save me one! For God's sake!  
At least save me one. One, one, one,  
one...

back

Rollo turns as Tudor begins to shove the piece of flesh  
down his throat.

suckers are  
face is  
by the  
Tudor.

As Rollo turns we see that bits of tentacles and  
still attached to his cheeks, throat, forehead. His  
melting and smoking in areas where it has been burned  
corrosive fluid on one side. He stares in rage at

Tudor  
protruding  
his  
floor.

With a scream, Rollo strikes Tudor with the pliers.  
falls, hitting his head on various chairs and  
corners as he goes down, the chunk of parasite still in  
mouth as he finally comes to rest, twitching, on the  
floor.  
Rollo drops the pliers on the floor.

copper  
reflection,  
image. He  
shivering

He stares at Tudor in shock. His face is reflected in a  
frying pan hanging over the stove. Noticing the  
Rollo leans over to get close to his own horrible  
gingerly touches his face, inspecting the damage,  
and moaning.

energy  
chest,  
pliers,

Still shaking, he turns to leave.

Without warning, Tudor leaps up at Rollo with insane  
and bowls him over, pliers in hand. Sitting on Rollo's  
Tudor smashes away at Rollo's face and head with the

Rollo's

the piece of dead parasite in his mouth dropping on to  
face as he drools.

**INT. GYM -- NIGHT**

who

Forsythe finally opens her eyes. She smiles at St. Luc,  
hovers anxiously over her as she lies on the gym mat.

**ST. LUC**

Can you walk? I couldn't find anything  
wrong with you.

help.

Luc's

from

Forsythe nods and manages to sit up with St. Luc's  
Once she seems able to stay propped up without St.  
help, he gets up and begins to move the barricade away  
the door.

**ST. LUC**

Rollo and the police should be here  
by now. It's just a question of  
avoiding infected residents until we  
find them.

St. Luc comes back to Forsythe and kneels beside her.

**ST. LUC**

OK? Ready to go?

wanting

begins

Forsythe puts her arm around St. Luc's neck as though  
support. Instead, she draws him down toward her and  
to babble in a strange, casual, dreamy way.

**FORSYTHE**

Sometimes I have a recurrent dream.  
Have I ever told you about it,  
darling? I guess you could call it a  
Freudian dream, because in this dream  
I find myself making love to Sigmund  
Freud. But I'm having trouble because  
he's old and dying, and he smells  
bad and I find him repulsive. And  
then he tells me that everything is  
erotic, everything is sexual, you  
know what I mean? He has a very thick  
accent, but I can understand him

perfectly. He tells me that even old  
flesh is erotic flesh, that disease  
is the love of two alien kinds of  
creatures for each other, that dying  
is an act of eroticism, that even  
chemicals combine out of sexual frenzy  
and longing. That breathing is sexual,  
that talking is sexual, that just to  
physically exist is sexual... And I  
believe him, and we make love  
beautifully...

While she talks, Forsythe gradually slips her arms  
around  
his.  
St. Luc's neck and brings her lips closer and closer to

is  
with  
flick  
St. Luc, mesmerized by the hypnotic drone of her words,  
about to kiss her. Suddenly her mouth snaps open wide  
mechanical precision, her head tilts back, her eyes  
closed.

swell.  
St. Luc stares at her in horror as her throat begins to

tentacles  
that  
esophagus.  
In the depths of Forsythe's mouth two parasite  
probe about, seeking a firm hold for their suckers so  
they can pull the parasite's body out of her narrow

strip  
mouth.  
off a  
gag in.  
begins  
St. Luc hesitates only for an instant, then rips a  
from her blouse, balls it up, and shoves it into her  
Holding her while she struggles to remove it, he rips  
second strip and ties it around her head to keep the  
St. Luc rises, throws Forsythe over his shoulder and  
to step toward the door of the gym.

moans,  
hands  
Dangling over St. Luc's shoulder, Forsythe struggles,  
and howls as best she can. St. Luc manages to pin her  
to her sides so that she can't pull the gag out.

woman Before St. Luc reaches the door, a handsome middle-aged  
peeks in around the corner.

**WOMAN**

(crooning in reply to  
Forsythe's howl)  
Hellooooo? Oooooo? Is there anyone  
here who's all alooooooooooone?

rolls on St. Luc rushes at the woman, knocking her over. She  
the floor, hugging herself and crooning.

Once out the door, St. Luc makes for the nearest exit.

**INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT**

black As St. Luc begins to ascend the stairs, we can see tiny  
soak hooks tearing through Forsythe's gag. Blood begins to  
through from the inside.

landing A group of residents suddenly appear at the next  
the above St. Luc and, noticing them, begin to walk down  
gestures steps, moaning and crooning and making vaguely sexual  
toward the pair.

tentacles are Blood is now pouring from Forsythe's mouth and  
groping for leverage at her cheeks and chin.

stairs, St. Luc decides to attempt to shoulder his way up the  
doors. certain that Rollo and the police must be at the main

kiss As he hits the residents on the stairs, they try to  
manage him, caress him, pull his clothes off. They finally  
him to drag Forsythe from his shoulders, almost unbalancing  
feet, but as they do so. St. Luc tries to prop her up on her  
the she's completely limp. St. Luc holds Forsythe against

looks at stairway wall as residents mill all about them. He  
her in sudden hopelessness.

**ST. LUC**

(shouting)

Forsythe! Forsythe!

through The parasite is now half out of her mouth, hanging  
the slit it has torn in her gag.

The St. Luc lets go of Forsythe and she sinks to the floor.  
residents are swarming all over them. St. Luc abandons  
Forsythe and begins to fight his way up the stairs.

stairs, He runs higher and higher, up flight after flight of  
back until he is free of the slow-moving residents. He leans  
against a wall, panting.

leans Crooning and moaning echo up to him from below. He  
over the railing and looks down.

about In the stairwell several flights below, Forsythe lies  
parasite surrounded by milling residents, legs spread as though  
to give birth. A resident leans over and pulls the  
from her mouth, then swallows it whole with gusto.

Other residents touch her, stroke her, caress her, as though  
offering her a strange kind of comfort.

runs. St. Luc reels with disgust and disbelief. He turns and

**INT. SWIMMING POOL -- NIGHT**

manages Between the two towers lies the swimming pool. St. Luc  
pool. to reach the door leading from the South Tower into the  
in He hangs on to the door of the pool itself for a moment  
near exhaustion, then opens it and enters.

the The pool is dim and tranquil. Two women are swimming in

apparent  
calling out

deep end as though nothing were at all abnormal.  
St. Luc watches them for a moment, enjoying the  
normalcy of the scene. Then he staggers forward,  
to the swimmers.

**ST. LUC**

Have you seen the police? I'm Dr.  
St. Luc. Have you seen the police?  
Have they come?

surface.

The swimmers both flick playfully beneath the water's

to

St. Luc approaches the water's edge, waiting for them

surface. The water ripples and bubbles near his feet. A  
sinking feeling comes over him. He watches in horrible  
fascination. He begins to shiver.

pause,  
later,  
watery  
pool.

The ripples and bubbles spread and intensify. After a  
Janine surfaces, smiling radiantly. A few seconds  
Betts surfaces near her, the very picture of benign,  
calm. Betts gestures to St. Luc to join them in the

pool.

St. Luc shakes his head slowly, backing away from the

appears  
aluminum  
chuckling

He turns to leave the room. As he turns, Mr. Spergazzi  
out of the shadows behind him. Using his four-pronged  
cane, he pushes St. Luc backwards into the pool,  
playfully.

to

Spergazzi looks around for approval as St. Luc begins  
thrash about wildly.

under.

Betts swims up beside St. Luc, grabs him, and holds him

**BETTS**

(to Janine)  
A kiss!  
(laughter echoes in

the pool room)  
Give him a kiss. Give him a kiss.

**VARIOUS RESIDENTS**

(voices echoing in  
unison)

A kiss, a kiss, a kiss!

laughing  
his.  
fiercely.  
as a  
Luc's  
eyes  
slightly,  
still  
Spergazzi  
already  
laundry-  
though  
themselves  
to  
depths

Betts allows St. Luc to rise to the surface as a  
Janine splashes over to him and fastens her mouth to  
As they kiss, Janine's hands hold St. Luc's head  
Betts assists her by pinning St. Luc's arms behind him.  
Janine's throat ripples and swells, her cheeks billow  
parasite swarms upwards from deep within her body. St.  
cheeks now swell as the parasite enters his mouth. His  
jolt open in terror and he manages to pull away  
revealing the tentacles joining her mouth to his like  
grappling irons.  
St. Luc twists out of Betts' grasp. He and Janine,  
locked together, sink beneath the surface.  
Dozens of residents pour into the pool room and join  
and the others at the poolside. Among these are faces  
familiar to us: Kurt, Kresimir and Benda, the old  
room woman, etc.  
The new spectators clap, laugh, croon, and moan as  
witnessing a wild group baptism. Some of them throw  
into the water, pulling others in with them.  
Deep under the water's surface, St. Luc still struggles  
free himself from Janine. Residents now splash into the  
all around them.

nose  
releases  
slip  
enzymes  
his

St. Luc's cheeks bulge wide and blood dribbles from his  
and mouth. His throat swells monstrously. Janine  
him just in time for us to see the end of a tentacle  
back into his mouth. He exhales heavily as parasite  
pump furiously through his body. The water boils with  
exhaled breath.

Janine and St. Luc drift apart, now completely calm, as  
residents splash and swim, kick and embrace.

**INT. STARLINER TOWERS UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- NIGHT**

another,  
of

The vast and dimly lit garage is full of silent cars.  
Somewhere an engine starts up, then another and  
until the whole garage is full of fumes and the revving  
engines.

residents  
seductive

As we prowl amongst the cars we find many of the  
we already know, now dressed to the teeth in their  
best.

spectacle,  
others  
looking

Mr. Spergazzi and his wife stand and watch the  
canes in hand, with great dignity. With them stand  
who are too old or too young to go into the night  
for new hosts for their parasites, content to remain  
incubators for the time being.

cars.

The residents are full of bubbly anticipation in their  
Kresimir leans out of his car and shouts to no one in  
particular.

**KRESIMIR**

(shouting)

Nobody should be alone! Nobody should  
be alone tonight!

together.

The rest of the residents pick up the cry and chant

**RESIDENTS**

(together)

Nobody alone! Nobody alone!

Smiling  
sliding  
The night watchman stands near the garage doors.  
broadly, he stamps on the cable which activates the  
doors.

**EXT. STARLINER TOWERS -- NIGHT**

ahead  
The garage doors slide open. One car surges up the ramp  
of all the others, stopping at the top.

exuberant,  
He  
The driver of this first car is St. Luc, sleek and  
a raised collar and a scarf hiding most of his scars.  
glances into his rear-view mirror.

cars  
In the rear-view mirror, St. Luc sees all the other  
lining up behind him, lights blazing.

shoots  
St. Luc smiles, then steps on the accelerator. His car  
out into the street.

follows  
Towers  
lights  
As St. Luc's car turns on to the street, car after car  
him. We rise higher and higher above the Starliner  
apartment complex until the cars are a small stream of  
far below, bleeding into the main body of the neon-lit  
metropolis.

**THE END**