

THE SCRIPTWRITER

A Screenplay by

Ron Aberdeen

THE SCRIPTWRITER

FADE IN.

INT. LOS ANGELES - APARTMENT - WRITERS DEN - DAY

A desktop littered with coffee mugs, a half empty bottle of whiskey, a half full glass with a dead fly floating in it and an empty cigarette packet. An overfull ashtray, in front of:-

a computer screen with a "TEXT SCREEN SAVER" that displays:

"FUCK OFF"

the expression swirls around the screen.

Reveal:

A small dark room with red brick walls and stained wood flooring. Against one wall are piles of old screenplays.

A table against another wall with stacks of typed sheets of paper, all unbound. A window boarded up from the inside which allows streaks of daylight to filter through the gaps in the boarding.

Besides the window is an old dark brown leather armchair, a MAN sits in it.

He is in his mid forties, dressed in baggy trousers and a floppy shirt, he holds a cigarette in his right hand with a line of ash about to drop.

In his left hand he holds a letter as he stares at the ceiling, in a daze. The ash falls.

ALISTAIR ANDERSEN (MAN)

Fuck.

Alistair gets up and stubs the cigarette out in the overflowing ashtray. Takes the empty cigarette packet and sees there are no more cigarettes in the pack.

ALISTAIR

Fuck.

He lets the letter drop to the floor and heads for the dark paneled door on the opposite side of the room.

He opens the door.

INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The lounge is another world, well furnished, up-market and well lit.

Two women, KATIA ANDERSEN (Alistair's wife), mid 30's and MELISSA FISHBOURNE late 30's, sit on a long white sofa and drink coffee.

Alistair enters the room.

KATIA

Bad news?

ALISTAIR

They've got no imagination. It's always the same.

MELISSA

You should try writing something different, Ali, like a horror.

KATIA

Mel's right, low budget movies are all the rage. Look at that "Blair Witch" thing. Thirty thousand to make and it grossed over two hundred million.

ALISTAIR

Yeah, maybe. But I like writing thrillers.

MELISSA

A horror can be a thriller, when you think of something like "Psycho".

ALISTAIR

Ummm, maybe. Anyway I'm out of smokes. I won't be long.

Alistair makes his way to the door.

KATIA

If you pass the deli, get me some English ham, please. I want to do a salad this evening.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - HALLWAY - DAY

Alistair steps out of the elevator and bumps into MARY GRESON, late 70's, arms full of shopping. One of the bags, splits open and fruit hits the floor.

Mary looks over her spectacles into Alistair's eyes, with disgust.

MARY

God! Men, you're so clumsy.

Alistair steps out of the way and walks on.

ALISTAIR

ME? You need glasses, lady.

The HALL PORTER rushes toward the woman and helps her pick up her groceries. They both look to Alistair as he walks out of the front door.

HALL PORTER

Sorry for that, Mrs. Greson. He's so rude.

MARY

I don't know why these youngsters are so aggressive?

HALL PORTER

His wife is so nice. I don't know how she puts up with him?

Fruit back in the remains of the bag, the porter holds the elevator door for the woman to walk in. She passes him a couple of dollars. He refuses with a smile.

HALL PORTER

My pleasure.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DOWN TOWN STREET - DAY

Fairly busy market area, people mill about as Alistair drifts between them and opens a packet of cigarettes. The cellophane wrapper hits the floor.

He stops outside a run down cinema and looks at the display  
PLACARD:

"CHARITY AUCTION - HOLLYWOOD MEMORABILIA"

across the placard in red:

"TODAY"

He walks into the foyer.

INT. DOWN TOWN - OLD CINEMA - FOYER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

He approaches the TICKET GIRL in the pay booth.

TICKET GIRL

Ten bucks, Mister.

Alistair slips a ten dollar bill over and receives a ticket.

TICKET GIRL

It's through the door on your left.

ALISTAIR

Thanks.

INT. DOWN TOWN - OLD CINEMA - AUDITORIUM - DAY

The seats have been removed and around the walls are various lots.

In the center are rows of metal framed chairs with about a hundred people attending the auction, which is in progress.

A MAN besides the AUCTIONEER holds up a FRAMED POSTER.

AUCTIONEER

. . . any advance on three hundred and twenty five dollars? This is the original foyer poster for "ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO NEST".

A woman's hand goes up in the auditorium.

AUCTIONEER

Three fifty. Any advance on three fifty?

Alistair walks around and looks at the lots.

AUCTIONEER

Going once. Going twice. . . sold to the lady in row five for three fifty.

The Auctioneer's GAVEL FALLS.

The man beside the Auctioneer puts the poster down and picks up a Samurai Sword.

AUCTIONEER

Next we have a great item kindly donated by "Warner Brothers". Lot forty six.

Alistair glances at the Auctioneer.

AUCTIONEER

One of the actual swords used by "Tom Cruise" in their great movie "The Last Samurai".

(looks around)

Please remember all proceeds are for the "Santa Monica Home for Retired Actors" charity. Is someone going to start me off at a thousand dollars?

Several hands go up. While the auction proceeds, Alistair looks at an old "Underwood" typewriter. He picks up the information card propped on the typewriter and reads it.

AUCTIONEER - (O.C.)

Three thousand five hundred.

Alistair glances at the BIDDERS.

AUCTIONEER - (O.C.)  
Three thousand seven fifty. Four  
thousand.

Alistair's vision is drawn to the Auctioneer as he waits  
for the next bid.

AUCTIONEER  
Come on Ladies and Gentlemen, this is  
a real collector's piece.

A man's hand goes up.

AUCTIONEER  
Four thousand five hundred.  
(waits for the next bid)  
Going once. Going twice.

An old man nods.

AUCTIONEER  
Thank you Sir. Five thousand.  
Any more?  
(looks at the previous bidder)  
Any more Sir? No. Sold to the  
gentleman in row seven.

The Auctioneer's GAVEL FALLS.

The man beside the Auctioneer puts the sword down and walks  
over to the typewriter that Alistair still studies.

AUCTIONEER - (O.C.)  
Lot forty seven. Another great donation.  
This time from "Joseph Stefan", the man  
who penned that great "Hitchcock" movie  
"Psycho". Yes, this is the typewriter  
that brought "Norman Bates" onto the  
screen. Who's going to start me at  
three thousand dollars?

A lady in the back row nods.

AUCTIONEER - (O.C.)

Thank you, three thousand five hundred,  
four thousand.

FADE OUT:

EXT. DOWN TOWN - OLD CINEMA - FRONT OF BUILDING - DAY

Alistair walks through the swing double doors with the typewriter in his arms.

INT. LOS ANGELES - APARTMENT - LOUNGE - DAY

Alistair, struggles through the door as he carries his heavy typewriter.

KATIA

What on earth have you got there?

ALISTAIR

A typewriter.

KATIA

I can see that. What d'you need a typewriter for? You only brought the new computer six weeks ago.

ALISTAIR

There was a Hollywood Memorabilia sale down at the old cinema. It belonged to Joseph Stefan.

KATIA

Who's he, when he's at home?

ALISTAIR

He wrote "Psycho".

MELISSA

I only mentioned "Psycho" just before you went out. Maybe it's an omen.

KATIA

Did you get the ham?

ALISTAIR

Oh God no, I forgot it.

KATIA  
Surprise, surprise.

ALISTAIR  
I'll go and get it now.

KATIA  
You are useless sometimes. Don't worry,  
Mel and I want to go for a walk.

The typewriter weight gets to Alistair. He places it on the coffee table. Katia and Mel get up and prepare to leave.

ALISTAIR  
If you're going out can you get me some  
carbon paper and typewriter ribbons?

KATIA  
Anything else?

INT. APARTMENT - WRITERS DEN - DAY

The computer lies on the floor, next to the typewriter.

The table top cleared of the mugs, whisky bottle and glass, only the ashtray remains but now empty. Alistair picks up the typewriter and places it on the table.

He picks up a ream of paper and opens it, then places the loose paper next to the typewriter. He inserts a sheet into the typewriter.

The KEYS HAMMER out each letter as Alistair types the text

"IT CAME FROM NOWHERE - A SCREENPLAY BY ALISTAIR ANDERSON".

He hits the carriage return and the typewriter SCREAMS back to its STOP position with a CLUNK.

Alistair HAMMERERS at the keys. He pulls the first sheet out and inserts the second.

He sits and hesitates poised to strike the next key.

ALISTAIR  
Fuck.

He takes a cigarette from the pack in his shirt pocket.

ALISTAIR

I thought I would be inspired.

He lights the cigarette, gets up and paces the room.

Eventually he sits in an armchair in the center of the room, matching the one next to the window.

INT. LOS ANGELES - APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Katia, in her underwear hunts through a closet as she decides what dress to wear.

Alistair walks out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around him.

ALISTAIR

How long are you in New York?

KATIA

I'll be back on Wednesday. The launch is on Tuesday night. There's plenty of dinners in the freezer and I got you a pack of two hundred last night.

ALISTAIR

Thanks. How's it looking?

KATIA

Amy said advanced orders have now topped half a million.

ALISTAIR

Christ! That's the best yet.

KATIA

Yeah, I'm pleased. It will put my new book straight into the best sellers list.

ALISTAIR

I wish I could get on to any sellers list.

KATIA

You will, Ali, you will. You know it took me three years to get my first book published. Just don't give up. Some of your ideas are really original.

ALISTAIR

It just pisses me off, that's all. You've had five books published in the last four years and I've had over a five hundred 'Fuck Off' letters.

KATIA

What about that swamp thing you came up with last year? Or the dyslexic murderer who picks the wrong victims from the phone book? That was a great idea.

ALISTAIR

Yeah, I liked that one myself. No, I've got something new cooking.

Katia, now dressed picks up a suitcase by the doorway, walks over to Alistair and kisses him lightly on the lips.

KATIA

I've gotta go Ali, the taxi's due any minute.

ALISTAIR

Don't forget your portable, this time.

KATIA

I won't, I put it by the front door last night.

Katia goes through the bedroom door.

ALISTAIR

Good luck.

KATIA - (O.S.)

Thanks.

The FRONT DOOR SLAMS (O.S.).

ALISTAIR

Fucking hell, best sellers list. I don't think her books are that fucking good.

INT. APARTMENT - WRITERS DEN - DAY

Alistair PUNCHES the KEYS on his typewriter. The waste basket besides the table has three crumpled sheets of paper in it.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Half full waste basket.

Full waste basket.

Full waste basket surrounded by twenty crumpled sheets of paper that missed their target.

INT. APARTMENT - WRITERS DEN - NIGHT

Full waste basket surrounded by over a hundred crumpled sheets of paper.

Alistair now in full flow HAMMERS at the KEYS.

The PHONE in the lounge RINGS (O.S.), Alistair carries on typing. The RING gets LOUDER.

ALISTAIR

Fuck, fuck, fuck. I forgot to put the machine on. Just as I was getting into it.

He gets up and walks through the already open door into the lounge.

INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He picks the phone up.

ALISTAIR

Yes.

KATIA - (V.O.)

Hi Ali, hope I'm not disturbing you?

ALISTAIR

No, I was just daydreaming. How was the launch?

KATIA - (V.O.)

It's still going on. Listen, I'm not going to be able to come back tomorrow night. I've a meeting with an executive from "DreamWorks", they're interested in the rights of "Bed Fellows" for a film.

ALISTAIR

Jesus!

(seethes with envy)

That's great news Kat. Any idea who will do the screenplay?

KATIA - (V.O.)

No. It's early days, Ali. But it is exciting. I've got to go now but I'll call you after the meeting and let you know how it goes.

ALISTAIR

Good luck.

KATIA - (V.O.)

Bye.

He puts the phone down.

ALISTAIR

Five books and a film.

(reflects)

But they don't ask me to write the fucking script.

He walks towards his den and stops to look at a bookshelf with Katia's books on it.

He takes one and looks at the cover.

The cover reads,

"THE WAY OF THE WOLF - BY - KATIA JORDAN".

He puts it back and takes another.

The cover reads,

"THE RISE AND FALL OF A NERD - BY - KATIA JORDAN".

ALISTAIR

(looks at the jacket)

What a fucking title, "The rise and fall of a Nerd". That's me, the fall and fall of a Nerd.

He throws the book onto the sofa.

ALISTAIR

Perhaps I ought to read one of her fucking books.

He walks back to his den.

Stops in the doorway and glances at the book case.

ALISTAIR

What's she got that I haven't?

INT. APARTMENT - WRITERS DEN - DAY

Alistair HAMMERS the KEYS.

The sheet of paper in the typewriter REVEALS the text as Alistair types it:

"THE DOOR CREAKED OPEN AND BORIS KARLOFF, WALKED IN". "HE SLOWLY WALKS ACROSS THE ROOM AND SITS"

Alistair continues to type as the lounge DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

He continues in his world of fantasy.

FOOTSTEPS as SOMEONE WALKS across the room.

Alistair is engrossed in his script. The ARMCHAIR in the center of the room CREAKS as SOMEONE sits down in it.

Alistair stops. The SILENCE is DEAFENING. He slowly turns in his swivel chair.

Alistair's face in shock, his mouth drops.

ALISTAIR

Who the FUCK are you?

Alistair sees AN ELDERLY MAN (ALWAYS SEEN IN MONOCHROME) in a dark suit, who sits in the armchair.

BORIS KARLOFF (ELDERLY MAN)

Boris Karloff dear boy. It appears I am the Genie of your typewriter.

ALISTAIR

You're what?

BORIS KARLOFF

Just doing what you told me to do.

Alistair stands up and walks across the room towards Boris Karloff.

ALISTAIR

Are you real?

BORIS KARLOFF

As real as you want to make me.

ALISTAIR

You mean I created you?

BORIS KARLOFF

Seems like it.

ALISTAIR

Fucking Hell! You were the greatest Horror Movie Star ever.

BORIS KARLOFF

Nice of you to say so.

ALISTAIR

Let me try something, will you?

BORIS KARLOFF

Be my guest, dear boy.

Alistair goes back to his typewriter and starts to type.

On TEXT as he HAMMERS away.

"BORIS KARLOFF GETS UP AND LEAVES THE ROOM"

Alistair swings round in his chair to see Boris Karloff rise from the armchair and exit through the door to the lounge. The door is still closed.

ALISTAIR

Fucking Hell, this is amazing.

He swings his chair back round and continues to HAMMER at the KEYS. After a few moments he stops and twists around.

Boris Karloff appears as he comes through the doorway, then walks across the room and sits.

INT. NYC - THE RITZ-CARLTON - RESTAURANT - DAY

Katia (JORDAN) Anderson, AMY LETIMAN mid 20's and TONY VINCENT, 37, sit and drink coffee at the end of a meal.

TONY VINCENT

I think he will do a great job, Miss Jordan.

KATIA

Katia, please Tony.

TONY VINCENT

Sorry, Katia. He's done four previous adaptations for us and they've all been a success.

KATIA

I hope this one will be. I do know of his work. In fact, I've dreamed of someone like him doing a screenplay of one of my books.

AMY

And as Tony said, maybe after this one, some of your earlier work may get optioned.

TONY VINCENT

It certainly will create an interest, that's for sure. So, we will meet in my office tomorrow at three and get the contracts out of the way. Do you have a legal representative?

AMY

Yes, we use Philip Rothman.

TONY VINCENT

Good, he knows his way round the system.

Tony Vincent rises to leave and shakes the hands of Katia then Amy.

KATIA

Thank you, Tony, thank you very much.

TONY VINCENT

I look forward to seeing "The Bed Fellows" on screen. See you both tomorrow.

Tony Vincent leaves.

AMY

Happy Katia?

KATIA

You bet. I can't wait to tell Ali. Mind you he's going to be pissed off. A Pulitzer prize winner doing the screenplay of one of my books.

AMY

It's a great book. You deserve it and in fairness you have helped my publishing house to new heights. This is a first for us as well. And it will be great publicity for the new book, "I've Got The T-Shirt".

KATIA

Let's order some Champagne?

AMY

Oh, what a good idea. Do we look at the price?

KATIA

Oh hell no, I'm a Millionairess now.

AMY

You still have to sign the contact.

KATIA

Don't worry, Amy, they want it.

INT. APARTMENT - WRITERS DEN - NIGHT

The room is full of Horror characters. Boris Karloff, JACK TORRANCE, FREDDY KRUGER, COUNT DRACULA, NORMAN BATES, FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER, MAX CADY and THE MUMMY.

Alistair with his back to the room THUMPS the KEYS on his typewriter. He stops and swings around in his chair.

Alistair watches Jack Torrance stare at The Mummy.

JACK TORRANCE

I'm going to chop you up in little bits and feed you to a dog.

Max Cady joins Jack Torrance.

MAX CADY

Let's do it together.

JACK TORRANCE

No. He's mine.  
(sharply)  
Find your own.

Max Cady moves towards Freddy Kruger.

MAX CADY

You don't scare me you funny little man.

Freddy Kruger melts into the floor boards. Max looks around the room and moves towards Count Dracula.

Count Dracula flicks his cape at Max Cady.

COUNT DRACULA  
Do you know who I am?

MAX CADY  
You're fiction.

He points at Frankenstein's Monster.

MAX CADY  
Like him. I'm Max Cady, the ugliest bastard you can think of. You should have seen me in "Cape Fear". And he's  
(points at Jack)  
Jack Torrance, he was awesome with an axe in "The Shining".

COUNT DRACULA  
I've been the star of more films than there are people who know your name.

MAX CADY  
That's because you're not real. In me they see a truth that scares the shit out of them. Now fuck off, or I'll punch your teeth out.

Dracula flicks his cloak over his head and disappears. Max turns and looks at Frankenstein's Monster, to see him melt into the wall.

Jack Torrance looks at Max Cady, then at Norman Bates, who stands in the darkest corner of the room and tries not to be seen.

JACK TORRANCE  
What about him?

MAX CADY  
You mean young Norman? You can have him.  
(points at Boris Karloff)  
I want this one.

Jack Torrance lifts an edge of a piece of the bandage wrapped around The Mummy.

JACK TORRANCE

Let's see what you are made off.

The Mummy fragments into dust at Jack's touch. The dust swirls around the room before it disappears.

Max approaches Boris as Boris rises.

BORIS KARLOFF

ENOUGH! I'm the only real one here,  
the rest of you are the figments of  
fertile minds. Come with me Max and  
I'll show you real power.

Max walks with Boris to the typewriter. Alistair gets up and lets Boris sit down. Boris starts to type.

On the TEXT as Boris' STRIKES the KEYS.

"MAX CADY DROPS DEAD WITH A HEART ATTACK".

Max looks at Boris, then around the room. His face registers shock as he grabs his chest. The pain sends him to the floor. He writhes in agony.

MAX CADY

What have you done old man?

BORIS KARLOFF

I've written you out, killed you off,  
Dear Boy.

Max grabs at a leg of the table and tries to pull himself up but the pain is too much. His body goes into convulsions, then stops. Max dies. Gradually his body fades to nothing.

Jack stands in the center of the room speechless, his mouth open as he stares at Boris. Jack walks towards him.

JACK TORRANCE

You don't scare me old man.

BORIS KARLOFF  
I'm just an amateur.  
(points at Alistair)  
He's the one that brought you back. He  
controls your destiny.

JACK TORRANCE  
Is that true?

ALISTAIR  
In a way.

JACK TORRANCE  
IN A WAY? No one controls me.

Boris still at the typewriter HITS the KEYS.

JACK TORRANCE  
Don't you kill me off.

BORIS KARLOFF  
I wouldn't dream of it, Dear Boy.

Boris HITS the carriage return and the TYPEWRITER NOISILY  
responds.

Jack grabs his head, The pain inside it makes him mad. He  
BANGS his head against the wall, shakes his head as if  
trying to dislodge something. He falls to the floor.

Boris stands up and moves out of the way.

JACK TORRANCE  
What have you done?

BORIS KARLOFF  
You're in an Iron Maiden Mask.

ALISTAIR  
What's that?

JACK TORRANCE  
Yeah. What the fuck is that?

BORIS KARLOFF  
It's a medieval torture device, which  
will send you mad. So be quiet.

JACK TORRANCE  
(laughs sickly)  
I'm already mad.

BORIS KARLOFF  
I said, be quiet!

Jack lies lifelessly on the floor and holds his head.

Norman Bates shivers in the corner, Boris and Alistair look in his direction.

ALISTAIR  
Jesus, you're something else.

BORIS KARLOFF  
Us mortals have to stick together. What do you want to do with Norman Bates?

ALISTAIR  
Come here, Norman.

Norman, stands in the corner and tries not to be seen.

BORIS KARLOFF  
Norman, come here. There's a good boy.

ALISTAIR  
I'll send for your, Mother.

Norman moves slowly towards them.

NORMAN BATES  
Mother's not here.

ALISTAIR  
Do you want me to fetch her?

NORMAN BATES  
You can't do that.

ALISTAIR  
Why, because she's dead?  
(looks at Boris, then smiles)  
I can bring her back from the dead.

Norman rushes to Alistair and falls to his knees in front of him.

NORMAN BATES

Please don't do that. I will do anything you want. But please don't call Mother.

BORIS KARLOFF

Sit in the armchair and be still. Can you do that?

Norman sits in the armchair in the center of the room.

NORMAN BATES

Yes, I can do that.

ALISTAIR

(looks at Jack)

What should we do with him?

BORIS KARLOFF

Get rid of him. You can't control this one.

ALISTAIR

You said you wouldn't do that.

BORIS KARLOFF

I lied. Anyway you're at the typewriter.

Alistair sits at the desk and THUMPS the KEYS. A few seconds pass and Jack fades from sight.

ALISTAIR

Fucking hell, what a night.

FADE OUT.

INT. THE RITZ-CARLTON - HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY

Katia in bed on the phone.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Alistair lies on the top of the bed, in just his shorts.

The PHONE beside the BED RINGS. Alistair wakes under protest and picks the phone up.

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

ALISTAIR

WHAT?

KATIA

Ali, its me.

ALISTAIR

Oh, Hi. How did it go?

KATIA

Unbelievable. One million bucks, with more to come.

ALISTAIR

Jesus. Tell me about it.

KATIA

The guy's name was Tony Vincent. He took Amy and me to the Ritz-Carlton, you know the one on Central Park. We had champagne.

ALISTAIR

Don't give me a blow by blow account of the menu. Who's going to do the screenplay?

KATIA

Curtis Russell. And they are already talking about "John Travolta" and "Nicolas Cage" to be "The Bed Fellows".

ALISTAIR

Before the script's written?

KATIA

Yeah.

ALISTAIR

Curtis Russell's good, he did,  
"It's Too Late For Murder", that was a  
good movie.

(picks at his toes)

Didn't he get a Pulitzer for a play or  
something?

KATIA

Yeah. Isn't it exciting?

ALISTAIR

(looks really bored)

Yeah, I'm pleased for you. When are you  
coming home?

KATIA

Probably tomorrow night. Amy and  
I go to his office this afternoon  
to sign the contract. We've got so  
much to do. She wants to re-issue  
all my titles in matched jackets and  
launch a sales campaign and then. . .

ALISTAIR

(interrupting)

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Tell me all this  
when you get back, I'm half asleep.  
I was working late myself.

KATIA

(realizes she hadn't asked him)

How's it going, with your typewriter?

ALISTAIR

Out of this world, you wouldn't believe  
me if I told you.

KATIA

Sounds exciting. Ali, I'm going to  
leave you now, Amy and I are going to  
do a bit of shopping. I'll phone you  
when I know my flight time.

ALISTAIR

Don't bother, I'll see you when I  
see you.

KATIA

Okay, bye.

Alistair SLAMS the phone down.

ALISTAIR

Fucking hell! There'll be no stopping her now.

INT. THE RITZ-CARLTON - HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY

Katia puts the phone down and rolls over in the bed. Amy puts her arm around Katia and they kiss passionately.

AMY

How was he?

KATIA

He didn't sound too pissed off.

AMY

Are you going to tell him about us, when you get back?

KATIA

Yeah. I think it's the right time now. There are no feelings between us anymore. I can hear it in his voice every time we speak.

AMY

How do you think he'll take it?

KATIA

Not well.

AMY

(kisses Katia again)  
Make love to me?

They embrace passionately.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Alistair lies on the top of the bed and holds the phone.

ALISTAIR

Fucking Hell, Curtis Russell. One million bucks. DreamWorks. Sales campaign.

He gets up.

ALISTAIR

Fame, fortune, success. Why not me?

He looks at Boris, who stands in the doorway.

ALISTAIR

WHY NOT ME?

BORIS KARLOFF

I think I can help you find fame.

ALISTAIR

Great.

He goes to the bathroom and leaves the door open, he stands to take a pee.

Boris walks into the room and sits on the edge of the bed.

ALISTAIR - (V.O.)

(while he pees)

We will show her. With my typewriter we can create anything, anybody. Isn't that right, Boris?

BORIS KARLOFF

Absolutely, dear boy, absolutely.

INT. APARTMENT - WRITERS DEN - NIGHT

Alistair at the typewriter. Norman Bates and Boris sit in the leather armchairs, somewhat bemused in a room full of some twenty ZOMBIES.

As Alistair types the Zombies leave the room. They walk into and fade through the walls of the den.

Eventually all have gone and Alistair twists around in his chair.

ALISTAIR

Are you coming.

BORIS

I've seen Zombies before, thanks.

Alistair looks at Norman.

NORMAN

Not me. I'd rather stay here.

ALISTAIR

Please yourself.

BORIS

Are you sure they won't hurt you?

ALISTAIR

They can't. Not the way I've written it.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DOWN TOWN STREET - NIGHT

Zombies pour out of the building and plod their way down the street.

The few people on street stop and stare. A COLLEGE STUDENT looks at them as they head his way.

COLLEGE STUDENT

Cool man. Where'd yer get the. . .

A Zombie hand grabs his throat. A second later teeth rip into the Student's neck, blood squirts across the street.

Other Zombies rip into passers by. The street is awash with blood.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DOWN TOWN STREET - NIGHT

A taxi heads toward a group of Zombies who stagger down the center of the road as they look for fresh victims.

The CAB SCREAMS to a halt. Within moments Zombies tear at the car. The TAXI DRIVER opens his door and slings a punch. It goes through the air as he is pulled to the ground.

The Zombies swarm over him in a feeding frenzy.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - HALL - NIGHT

Three Zombies POUND on a door. The door opens, slightly. They push and the door swings wide. Mary Greson is slammed to the floor by one of the Zombies, as they enter her apartment.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Behind the reception desk, the HALL PORTER lies in a pool of blood.

Alistair looks on as the man raises himself slowly up. His neck is broken so his head hangs awkwardly.

ALISTAIR

Great, fucking great.

Alistair points at the open front door and the dead, now Zombie, Hall Porter lurches forward.

Alistair follows him to the doorway.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The two walk from the building, the Zombie into the street as Alistair looks on. He watches the Hall Porter stumble as he rushes (the best a Zombie can) to catch the other Zombies further down the street.

Alistair twists around to see Boris join him.

BORIS

Having fun, old chap?

ALISTAIR

Fucking right.

Alistair looks at his watch. He takes a small metal whistle from a pocket and BLOWS it.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DOWN TOWN STREET - NIGHT

The SCREAM of the WHISTLE makes all the Zombies stop whatever they are in to and look up. Even the dead, now Zombie, Taxi Driver twists around, the best he can.

One by one the Zombies head down the street toward the apartment block.

INT. MRS GRESON'S APARTMENT - HALL - NIGHT

The three Zombies stop their carnage on the old woman. Her dead contorted body rises and she leaves the apartment with the Zombies as the four limp and shuffle into the hallway.

INT. APARTMENT - WRITERS DEN - NIGHT

Alistair enters the room and is followed by dozens of Zombies. Amongst them Mary Greson, the Taxi Diver, the Student and the Hall Porter.

Alistair walks over to the typewriter and types:

"NOW"

The Zombies shuffle forward, almost in a queue and walk into the den walls. As they enter the brickwork they fade into nothing.

Within moments only Boris, Norman and Alistair inhabit the room.

ALISTAIR

Fuck me, wasn't that something?

BORIS

I must admit it was impressive.

ALISTAIR

God knows what I could do next?

BORIS

Quite so, Dear Boy, quite so.

NORMAN

Excuse me, but what about the streets?

ALISTAIR

What about them? Do you think I'm  
fucking mad?

Norman shakes his head, negatively as Boris chuckles to himself.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DOWN TOWN STREET - NIGHT

The street is deserted. An old newspaper lifts on a breeze and scurries down the sidewalk.

An abandoned Taxi straddles the street, the driver's door open.

There is no other trace of the any disturbance. No blood on the sidewalk, no body parts in the road and no dead bodies.

A cat walks across to the Taxi and sniffs the paintwork.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - AIRPORT - TAXI RANK - DAY

Katia exits the terminal and grabs a taxi.

INT. LOS ANGELES - EXECUTIVE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Melissa blends a fruit juice as Katia sits on a stool.

MELISSA

. . . when do you move?

KATIA

I don't know, Mel. I've got to tell him first.

MELISSA

That won't be easy. I remember when I divorced Charlie. I thought the rows were over but he pestered me for months. I had to get a restraining order.

KATIA

Yeah, I remember.

Melissa passes a glass of juice to Katia and sits beside her on another stool.

MELISSA

(places hand on Katia's)

If you need a place to hide or a shoulder to cry on, you're always welcome here.

KATIA

Thanks Mel.

MELISSA

Us girls have got to stick together, you know. Anyway, it looks as if you're going to be pretty busy in New York.

KATIA

It does.

MELISSA

I'm pleased for you, you've worked hard. By the way I finished the new one. Great twist.

KATIA

Thanks. I'm really excited, but ever since the publication of my first book, Ali has got more jealous with each new success.

MELISSA

I've seen that for myself.

KATIA

You know we've been together for six years, he was so supportive in the beginning.

MELISSA

Until "The Trouble With Jack", was published.

KATIA

You saw that?

MELISSA

Everybody did, darling. And it's just gone down hill since.

KATIA

It's not the money, you know he has stacks that he inherited from his Father's business. I don't think he even knows how much he's worth.

MELISSA

I didn't know that. What was his Father's business?

KATIA

He was a stockbroker.

MELISSA

Really. So, Ali had good schooling and all that stuff?

KATIA

Oh yeah.

MELISSA

So why can't he write a decent story?

KATIA

He's lazy.  
(reflects)  
He's a big kid really.

INT. APARTMENT - WRITER'S DEN - NIGHT

Alistair BANGS on his TYPEWRITER KEYS. He stops and twists in his chair.

GENGHIS KHAN appears out of the brickwork and walks into the room.

Alistair spins back round and BANGS a few more KEYS. Then swings back.

Genghis Khan turns and fades into the wall.

ALISTAIR

This is fucking amazing.

Boris Karloff walks out of the darkness.

BORIS KARLOFF  
Got the hang of it now, haven't you?

ALISTAIR  
You're not kidding. This is fun.

BORIS KARLOFF  
Think of the power you have. You can  
write anything and it will happen.  
Think big.

The SOUND of KEYS in the front DOOR, the DOOR CREAKS OPEN  
and then SLAMS SHUT.

ALISTAIR  
It's her. Don't go anywhere.

KATIA - (O.S.)  
I'm home.

ALISTAIR  
(to himself)  
It had to happen.

INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Katia places her suitcase and laptop down as Alistair walks  
into the room.

ALISTAIR  
Good flight?

She walks towards him and places a gentle kiss on his  
cheek.

KATIA  
Okay. How have you been?

ALISTAIR  
Writing.

KATIA  
Getting somewhere?

ALISTAIR

I think so. Want a coffee?

KATIA

Yeah, that'll be great. I'm going to get a shower. Then I want to talk with you.

ALISTAIR

Okay.

Katia takes her suitcase and goes to the bedroom. Alistair moves to the Kitchen.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

ALISTAIR

(to himself)

Amy did this and Amy did that. She got me the contract. This guy really loves my books.

KATIA - (O.S.)

You say something, Ali?

ALISTAIR

No. Just talking to myself.

(to himself)

It's the only way to get a decent answer.

(to Boris)

Don't you think Boris?

Boris appears next to Alistair as he prepares the coffee.

BORIS KARLOFF

I try not to.

ALISTAIR

What are we going to do with this woman?

BORIS KARLOFF

Anything you want, my Dear Boy, anything you want.

Katia, in a bathrobe, walks into the Kitchen, as Boris fades.

KATIA

I'd swear you were talking to someone.

ALISTAIR

Well, as you can see, there's nobody here.

She sits at the kitchen table as Alistair brings the coffee over and sits down.

KATIA

I need to talk with you.

ALISTAIR

You said that. What's up, you concerned about the fame and money?

KATIA

I haven't given that a thought, Ali.

ALISTAIR

I'm sure.

Katia stretches her hand across the table and touches his.

KATIA

(with compassion)

Ali, I'm sorry, but I've met somebody else.

Alistair pulls his hand back and stares at her.

KATIA

(with sadness)

I want. . .

(clears throat)

I'm going to. . . leave you.

He stands up and rocks the table as he rises, the coffee spills. He walks to kitchen units and takes a cigarette from a pack.

ALISTAIR

Who is he?

KATIA  
(a tear rolls)  
It's not a he.

ALISTAIR  
You're winding me up?  
(reflects)  
It's a plot for another book.

KATIA  
No, I'm telling you the truth.  
(wipes tear away)  
I'm in love with Amy.

ALISTAIR  
Fucking Hell, I used to like that  
song.

KATIA  
WHAT?

ALISTAIR  
(sings the line)  
"I'm In Love With Amy"  
(suddenly seethes as it hits)  
WHAT? Your publisher?

KATIA  
Yes.

ALISTAIR  
No wonder she got you a fucking good  
deal.  
(they stare at each other)  
How long has this been going on? To  
quote the words of another song, . . .  
I USED TO LIKE.

KATIA  
Seven months.

ALISTAIR  
You fucking Bitch.  
(anger rises further)  
YOU BASTARD.  
(thinks)  
We made love last month.

KATIA

Ali, that was the first time in a year and even then you didn't. . .

ALISTAIR

SO IT'S MY FAULT, IS IT?

KATIA

No. It's nobody's fault.

ALISTAIR

Well, it has to be somebody's.  
AND IT'S NOT FUCKING MINE.

KATIA

Sit down, I don't like to see you hurt.

He stands, looks at Katia and then paces the room.

ALISTAIR

It's bit fucking late for that.  
What's she taste like then?

KATIA

Ali, please don't be unpleasant.

ALISTAIR

Well that's how you do it. Isn't it?

KATIA

Sometimes.

ALISTAIR

Fucking Hell. My wife's goes down on a fucking Jewish whore.

(thinks)

Fucking's not the right word for it. Is it?

KATIA

(tears)

It's not just sex.

ALISTAIR

(moves closer to Katia)

You're not getting any of my money.

KATIA  
I don't want your money.  
(glances around)  
Or the apartment. Or anything else.

Alistair picks up his coffee and glares.

KATIA  
Except. . . Your friendship.

ALISTAIR  
I don't feel very friendly right now.

KATIA  
No. I'm sure you don't.

ALISTAIR  
I'm going out. . . To find my own  
fucking whore.  
(stares at Katia)  
And FUCKING is the right word, this  
time.

Alistair throws his coffee in Katia's face as he turns to  
leave.

ALISTAIR  
Taste that you bitch, you whore.

He leaves the room.

ALISTAIR - (O.S.)  
You cunt, you bastard, you LESBIAN.

The front DOOR SLAMS. Katia bursts into tears.

INT. DOWNTOWN CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

Busy club full of misfits and prostitutes. Alistair, sits  
at the bar, worse the wear from drink, with two hookers  
TINA and BLONDIE on either side of him.

They help him get drunk.

ALISTAIR

(slurs)

Why are you called Blondie, when you have red hair?

BLONDIE

You can find out later, if you want.

ALISTAIR

Yeah, I want.

(takes a drink)

In fact, what I would like is a sandwich. Can you do that?

TINA

(snuggles up)

Darling, we can do anything you want.

ALISTAIR

Let's have another drink. What d'you want?

TINA

You baby, you.

Blondie slides her hand up the inside of Alistair's thigh.

BLONDIE

Do ya want to make a move?

ALISTAIR

It feels like you're already doing that, baby.

(finishes drink)

Ever been to the Peninsula in Beverly Hills?

TINA

You have a room THERE?

ALISTAIR

Nope. . . I have a whole fucking suite.

Alistair gets up from the bar and moves towards the door. Tina and Blondie smile at each other behind him.

Then grab their jackets and follow.

INT. PENINSULA HOTEL BEVERLY HILLS - SUITE - NIGHT

Alistair, Tina and Blondie walk into the room. Alistair slides the room card into a holder by the door and the room LIGHTS come on.

TINA  
(looks at the King size bed)  
Wow, look at that bed.

Blondie leaps onto the bed.

BLONDIE  
C'mon Baby.

Tina looks into the bathroom.

TINA  
Shit, you have to see this.

Blondie gets up and all three of them enter the palatial bathroom.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

BLONDIE  
I'm gonna have a shower.

TINA  
We all are, aren't we, darling?

She drops to her knees and starts to undo Alistair's pants. Blondie joins in, taking Alistair's shirt off. As she does she runs her hands over his chest.

BLONDIE  
Ermm.  
(licks his chest)  
Uummy.

Alistair stands in a drunken daze as he is manhandled by the two girls.

Tina struggles to get his shoes off. Alistair wobbles during the process. She lifts one of his legs, and pulls his pants off that leg, taking his sock off at the same time. She repeats to process on the other leg.

Alistair stands in his shorts and totters. Blondie takes her redhead wig off revealing cropped blond hair.

BLONDIE

I'm blond, everywhere, Baby.

The girls undress in a flash and let their clothes fall where they stand.

BLONDIE

See.

Alistair faces the two girls and just nods. Tina pulls his shorts slowly down. She studies the merchandise as Blondie runs her hands over his back. Alistair's head falls forward as he looks down at what Tina is doing.

TINA

Don't worry Big Boy, it will grow.

Blondie picks up Alistair's pants and rifles the back pocket and pulls out a handful of bills. Both girls take a quick look at the dollars, before Blondie puts the money into her little clutch bag, on the bathroom floor.

BLONDIE

That takes care of business. Okay?

Alistair just nods.

TINA

We're all yours Baby, all night.

Blondie opens the glass door to the shower and turns the tap on. The water GUSHES as Tina guides him through the glass door into the shower.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alistair lays naked on the bed, barely covered by a sheet.

Tina, naked, plants kisses on his face, then eats his ear, while she pushes her breasts against his body.

Blondie, naked, lays face down, with her head buried beneath the sheet.

She comes up for air. Slides sexily over his body and starts to kiss Tina.

BLONDIE

This should wake Big Boy up.

The two girls kiss sexily and run their hands over each other for a few moments. Then stop and look at Alistair.

Alistair's eyes flicker and close.

TINA

Has he gone to sleep?

BLONDIE

He fucking has.

Alistair sits bolt upright.

ALISTAIR

Are you two lesbians?

TINA

Darling, we're anything you want us to be.

ALISTAIR

I don't like lesbians.  
(pushes Tina's kisses away)  
My wife's one, don't you know?

BLONDIE

We do now darling.

TINA

I'm not surprised.

The girls smile knowingly at each other as Alistair collapses back on the bed, asleep.

The girls get dressed and leave the room and pull the door SHUT, SOFTLY.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - MORNING

Alistair looks around the room, gradually focusing. He stretches out of the bed and tries to find his shorts.

He leans further out of the bed and gropes as he looks under the bed, he slowly slides head first onto the floor into a naked heap.

ALISTAIR  
Oh, my fucking head.

He gets up and heads for the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - MORNING

Alistair sits and drinks black coffee, he looks very forlorn.

ALISTAIR  
(mutters)  
Trust me to get two fucking lesbos.  
(reflects)  
What happened to the sandwich?

A WAITER walks pass his table and stops.

WAITER  
You want a sandwich, Sir?

ALISTAIR  
No thanks, I had one last night,  
I think.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Katia walks into the kitchen in a silk kimono and pours herself a cup of coffee.

She picks her cell phone up and sits down at the table.

INT. NEW YORK - AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Smart modern office expensively furnished. Two walls are covered in book jackets and award certificates. On her desk is a photo of her and Katia. The PHONE RINGS.

AMY

Amy.

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

KATIA

Amy, am I pleased to hear your voice.

AMY

Sorry darling, I've only just got in.  
Have you been trying much?

KATIA

Your secretary said you were  
out till one, but I couldn't get you  
on your cell.

AMY

I dropped it last night. Linda's getting  
me a new one while she's at lunch. I'll  
swap the card so it will have the same  
number.

KATIA

I just needed to hear your voice.

AMY

So, I guess you told him last night.

KATIA

Yes. Immediately after I got in from Mel's.

AMY

How'd he take it?

KATIA

I think it could have been worse.

AMY

Are you all right?

KATIA

Yeah, I was upset last night. But I feel better this morning. Mel and her husband Greg are coming round at midday to help me pack my computer and a few things. I'll move in with them for a couple of weeks till I get sorted.

AMY

There's a bed waiting for you at my place.

KATIA

Don't worry, Amy, I'll be on my way as soon as I've got the divorce underway.

AMY

I can't wait.

KATIA

Nor me. I'm not happy staying here. I think Ali could turn nasty. What pissed him off the most was the fact that you are a woman.

AMY

I bet it did.

KATIA

You know what he did?

AMY

No.

KATIA

Sung, "I'm in love with Amy". I had a smile, after he left. But at the time his humor reminded me of what I saw in him in the first place. But then his flashes of anger reminded me of what had changed.

Katia freezes at the SOUND of KEYS in the FRONT DOOR.

AMY

You there?

KATIA

Darling, I'm going to have to go,  
he's just come home.

AMY

Okay. Kat, I love you.

KATIA

Amy, I love you.

Alistair walks in to the kitchen.

KATIA

Bye.

She puts the phone down.

ALISTAIR

Who was that? The Jewish Whore?

KATIA

No. I was just arranging for Mel and  
Greg to come round in a couple of hour's  
time, to help me pack. I'm just going  
to have a shower and then I'll stay in  
the guest room until Greg and Mel arrive.

ALISTAIR

Suit yourself.

Alistair leaves the kitchen and walks through the lounge to  
the door of his den.

INT. APARTMENT - WRITER'S DEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Alistair sits down at his desk and takes a cigarette from  
the pack on the desk top. He swivels the chair round as he  
lights up.

Boris appears behind him. Alistair looks up.

ALISTAIR

What a fucking mess, Boris.

BORIS KARLOFF

Why don't you write a solution?

ALISTAIR

Yeah.

(thinks)

Who's a real nasty piece of work?

BORIS KARLOFF

Norman's still here. He was most effective in "Psycho".

ALISTAIR

I forgot him.

Alistair swings his chair around and looks at Norman, still in the arm chair.

Then puts a fresh sheet of paper in the typewriter.

INT. APARTMENT - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Katia lays out fresh clothes on the bed. She lets her silk kimono sink to the floor and walks naked across the room to the bathroom door.

INT. APARTMENT - GUEST BATHROOM - DAY \_ CONTINUOUS

A small well decorated room. The enamel bath has a pull across see-through shower curtain.

Katia pulls the curtain open, steps into the bath and steps under the shower. She pulls the curtain across.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

On a rack of knives. A man's hand removes the largest knife.

INT. APARTMENT - GUEST ROOM - DAY

A shadow passes across the room.

INT. APARTMENT - GUEST BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Katia's shower steams up the bathroom. She stands at the shower end of the bath, her silhouette visible through the curtain.

A man's hand grabs the shower curtain.

A man's silhouette behind the curtain.

The silhouette of Katia turns as the silhouette of the man raises a large knife, ready to bring it down on Katia.

KATIA  
SCREAMS. . .  
(knife blow hits)  
HELP. . . HELP me.

Blood spatters the inside of the curtain as blow after blow sends, Katia down into the bath. She grabs the curtain as she falls and it detaches from the curtain pole, one rung at a time.

The man is dressed in a plastic raincoat and has a shower cap covering his head. He continues to rain blows on Katia's body even after she's dead.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DRAINPIPE OUTLET - DAY

The drain outlet reveals hot soapy water as it runs out of the drainpipe. It turns RED with BLOOD.

A DOORBELL RINGS. (O.S.).

INT. APARTMENT HALL WAY - APARTMENT FRONT DOOR - DAY

Melissa and GREG FISHBOURNE stand at the front door.

GREG  
Try again Mel.

Melissa pushes the doorbell as it RINGS in the DEPTHS of the APARTMENT.

INT. APARTMENT - WRITER'S DEN - DAY

Alistair sits in the armchair in the center of the room, his knees pulled up under his chin as he listens to the DOORBELL RING.

He gets up and walks to the desk and takes a cigarette from a pack.

INT. APARTMENT FRONT DOOR - DAY

Melissa takes her finger off the doorbell.

MELISSA

I'll call her on her cell.

INT. APARTMENT - WRITER'S DEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Alistair's stands by the boarded window and looks through the slats, a CELL RINGS somewhere in the APARTMENT.

ALISTAIR

Fuck off. No one's at home.

INT. APARTMENT FRONT DOOR - DAY

Melissa closes her cell and puts it away, in her bag.

MELISSA

Strange.

(waits)

I hope she's alright.

GREG

I'm sure she is, she's probably gone out.

MELISSA

I'll try her later.

They turn and walk down the hallway.

INT. APARTMENT - WRITER'S DEN - DAY

Alistair stares at a blank sheet of paper in the typewriter.

INT. APARTMENT - GUEST BATHROOM - DAY

Katia's body lies in a pool of blood and water as the shower continues to run.

A man's hand turns the shower tap off.

INT. APARTMENT - WRITER'S DEN - DAY

An empty room.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Alistair fills a cup with some coffee and heads for the door as he walks into the lounge.

INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

He walks through the lounge and into the bedroom hallway.

INT. APARTMENT - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Alistair stands and looks at Katia's clothes spread on the bed.

INT. APARTMENT - GUEST BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

He stands in the doorway and looks at Katia's body.

ALISTAIR

How's that for an unexpected ending?

INT. LOS ANGELES - EXECUTIVE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Melissa thumbs through an address book. Two Great Danes lay at her feet.

Greg walks into the kitchen.

GREG  
Have you got one of her books?

MELISSA  
The new one's on the coffee table.

GREG  
That's right, she gave you an advance copy.

He leaves the kitchen for a few moments and returns with the book.

MELISSA  
What you looking for?

GREG  
Her publishers, once I have the name I can find it on the web.

MELISSA  
Greg Fishbourne, you're not just a pretty face.

GREG  
Yeah, I know that.  
(looks in the book)  
Got it.

INT. NEW YORK - AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy reads a letter as her PHONE RINGS.

AMY  
Yes, Linda.  
(listens)  
Yeah, I'll take the call. Hello, Amy Letiman.

MELISSA - (V.O.)  
Amy, I'm Mel, a friend of Katia's. We haven't spoken before but she's told me all about you.

AMY

She's mentioned you and your two big dogs.

MELISSA - (V.O.)

Ah, Romulus and Remus.

AMY

What can I do for you, Mel?

MELISSA - (V.O.)

My husband Greg and I went round to her apartment at lunchtime to help her move, but she wasn't there. I've called her on her cell a dozen times but no answer. I wondered if you had heard from her.

AMY

(distressed)

She called me about ten your time and told me you were helping her. But I've not spoken to her this afternoon. Do you think she's alright?

MELISSA - (V.O.)

I hope so. Do you think I should call the police?

AMY

Do you think they would do anything?

MELISSA - (V.O.)

I don't know but it has to be worth trying.

AMY

Yeah, I agree. Give them a call, Mel, and call me back if you wouldn't mind. I'll give you my direct line and cell number.

MELISSA - (V.O.)

Thanks.

INT. EXECUTIVE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

Greg prepares vegetables as Mel puts the phone down.

GREG

What did they say?

MELISSA

They'll send a car round and call us back.

GREG

Umm, I didn't think they would do that.

MELISSA

Well, I laid it on a bit thick as to Alistair's unstable behavior.

INT. LOS ANGELES - DOWNTOWN - BAR - NIGHT

Alistair drinks heavily. He looks at the BARMAN.

ALISTAIR

(gestures to the Barman)

Let's have another Bourbon on the rocks.

BARMAN

I think you better call it the last one, Sir.

ALISTAIR

If you don't serve me somebody else will.

BARMAN

That's their problem, Sir.

ALISTAIR

Oh, fuck it. I'll find a place that wants my money.

BARMAN

(relieved)

As you wish, Sir.

Alistair struggles to walk to the door and falls into a CUSTOMER on the way out.

CUSTOMER

Hey, watch where you're going.

ALISTAIR

No, you watch, I can't see a fucking thing.

The barman and most of the customers watch Alistair totter out.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - ENTRANCE HALL WAY - NIGHT

Alistair creeps pass the SECURITY MAN asleep at his desk.

Just as Alistair's about to get in the elevator he drops his keys and wakes the SECURITY MAN.

SECURITY MAN

Good evening Mr. Andersen, there's two. . .

The doors of the elevator close before Alistair can hear what the Security Man was about to say.

INT. APARTMENT HALL WAY - APARTMENT FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

TWO POLICE OFFICERS wait for the elevator doors to open as Alistair falls out of the elevator and causes them to step out of the way.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Had a good night out, Sir?

ALISTAIR

Had a wet one.

(laughs)

How about you?

POLICE OFFICER #2

A dry night so far, Sir.

Alistair fumbles along the hallway towards the front door of his apartment. The two officers step into the elevator and the doors close.

Alistair turns around to see that the police have gone, then puts his key into the front door lock.

He turns again and looks down the hallway as he enters the apartment. The two police officers step out of the elevator.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
Mr. Andersen, are you Mr. Andersen?

ALISTAIR  
Yes.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
We would like a word with you, Sir.

ALISTAIR  
Well you'd better come in then.

INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alistair stumbles through the apartment and falls into the sofa.

The two police officers follow him into the apartment.

ALISTAIR  
What have I done to get you out of  
bed at this time of night?  
(squints at watch)  
What fucking time is it?

POLICE OFFICER #2  
Just coming on three. I'm Officer  
Oldham and my colleague is Officer  
Clarke.

CLARKE (POLICE OFFICER #1)  
Do you know where your wife is, Sir?

ALISTAIR

In bed at this time of night. Or  
should I say, this time of morning?

CLARKE

Would you mind checking, Sir?

ALISTAIR

If I must.

CLARKE

We would appreciate it.

Alistair pulls himself out of the sofa and falls over the  
coffee table.

ALISTAIR

It hates me, that fucking table does.

The officers watch Alistair painfully wander across the  
lounge and go into the bedroom hallway.

While they wait for him to return they look around the  
room.

Officer Clarke picks up the book that lies on the sofa.

CLARKE

(looks at book)

This must be her. There's a picture on  
the back cover.

Officer Oldham, takes a look.

OLDHAM (POLICE OFFICER #2)

Yeah, that's her. . . what do you  
call it? Katia Jordan.

CLARKE

Pen name.

OLDHAM

That's it.

Alistair returns to the lounge and collapses in the sofa.

ALISTAIR

She's not there.

CLARKE

Do you know where she might be, at this time of night?

ALISTAIR

Haven't got a fucking clue.

OLDHAM

You don't seem that concerned, Sir.  
Would you mind if I looked for myself?

ALISTAIR

Be my guest.

OLDHAM

Thank you, Sir.

Oldham walks across the lounge and into the bedroom hallway.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Oldham walks into the bedroom and looks around.

He sees the bathroom door and checks in the bathroom.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He walks down the hallway and opens doors and looks into the rooms.

INT. APARTMENT - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The officer walks into the bedroom and sees Katia's clothes spread out on the bed. He walks to the bathroom and opens the door.

INT. APARTMENT - GUEST BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As he enters he pulls the light cord by the door.  
The room ILLUMINATES and reveals Katia's body.

He takes the radio from his belt.

OLDHAM

(into radio)

Dispatch, this is Officer eight eleven,  
please send a C.S.I. team to Apartment  
thirteen, Christchurch Buildings, four  
zero sixty six, Wiltshire Avenue. And  
put me through to homicide. Thanks.

(listens)

Yea, it's a nasty one.

INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Officer Oldham returns to the lounge.

OLDHAM

(to Clarke)

Have a look in the bedroom bathroom,  
last room down the hall.

Clarke leaves the room.

OLDHAM

Where have you been tonight, Sir?

ALISTAIR

Fuck knows. Do I look like I know  
where I've been?

OLDHAM

What time did you go out, Sir?

ALISTAIR

What day is it?

OLDHAM

Early Sunday morning.

ALISTAIR

Then Friday.

OLDHAM

You've only just back from going out  
on Friday?

ALISTAIR

Yep. Must have been about tenish.

OLDHAM

Ten, Friday night?

ALISTAIR

Yeah.

(agitated)

Why all the fucking questions?

Clarke walks back into the room.

CLARKE

Do you know there's a dead woman in  
your apartment?

ALISTAIR

Who?

CLARKE

I think it's your wife, Sir.

(picks up the novel)

Is this a picture of your wife?

ALISTAIR

Yeah.

CLARKE

Then I afraid to say, it's looks like  
your wife.

Alistair attempts to get up from the sofa but collapses  
back. He gets up at the second attempt.

ALISTAIR

Can't be. She's fit and healthy.

(makes for the bedroom hallway)

Let me see.

Oldham grabs Alistair's arm and guides him back to the  
sofa.

OLDHAM

We can't allow that for the moment, Sir.

CLARKE

Does anyone else live here, Mr. Andersen?

ALISTAIR

No. Just me and Kat.

CLARKE

Did you normally sleep in separate rooms?

ALISTAIR

What d'yer mean?

CLARKE

You shared the main bedroom?

ALISTAIR

Yeah, of course. We're married.

CLARKE

Then, why are her clothes in the spare bedroom? The room at the end of the hall.

ALISTAIR

Oh that. We had a lover's tiff on Friday night.

Clarke's RADIO CRACKLES into LIFE.

CAPTAIN TORGNY SOLVINDER (V.O.)

We're at the door.

CLARKE

Just a second, Captain.

Clarke leaves the room and opens the front door. A few moments later and CAPTAIN SOLVINDER, OFFICER LINDA FARGO and the CSI Team of three, walk into the lounge.

CLARKE

This is Mr. Andersen, we believe it's his wife in the back bedroom.

SOLVINDER

Mr. Andersen, I'm Captain Solvinder from Homicide. Are you alright, Sir?

ALISTAIR

A bit pissed.

(tries to get up)

And a bit confused. Your men seem to think Katia is dead. I told them she's young and healthy.

SOLVINDER

I'm sure she was, Sir. Now I would like you to go with Officers Oldham and Clarke to the precinct and I will come and see you later. Can you stand?

Alistair makes an effort and gets up.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - OPERATION'S ROOM - DAY

Activity everywhere -- several PHONES RING -- backdrop of organized chaos. Linda Fargo strides through the office.

FARGO

(to Desk Jockey)

Where is he?

DESK JOCKEY

Sleeping it off in a cell.

FARGO

Good, leave him there for the time being.

EXT. FRONT OF APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Two suits push a stretcher towards the Coroner's Black Van. Press and public bustle for a view.

INT. APARTMENT - GUEST BEDROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

CSI team painstakingly examine the bathroom.

INT. APARTMENT - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Solvinder is in conversation with TOM CHESHIRE, head of the CSI team.

SOLVINDER

What d'you make of it, Tom?

CESHIRE

The husband's gotta be in the frame.

SOLVINDER

My thoughts exactly, Linda's waiting for your first report, then we'll start to question him.

CESHIRE

Have you seen his den?

SOLVINDER

Yeah. Not normal is it?

CESHIRE

Did you read the sheet of paper in the typewriter?

SOLVINDER

No.

CESHIRE

I think you'd better take a look.

SOLVINDER

Don't you think it strange using a typewriter in this computer age?

CESHIRE

Nothing surprises me in this job anymore, Torgny.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - EXECUTIVE HOUSE - HOUSE FRONT - DAY

A Black and White pulls up in the drive and stops just outside the front door. Before Oldham and Clarke can get out of their car, Melissa opens the front door.

Oldham and Clarke get out and walk towards Melissa. Fear comes over her face and she sits down on the steps in front of the door.

MELISSA  
She's dead, isn't she?

INT. LOS ANGELES - EXECUTIVE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Melissa cries, Clarke and Oldham sit at the kitchen table, Greg brings over a tray with four mugs of coffee.

He places the tray on the table then wraps his arm around Melissa.

OLDHAM  
Is there anything else you can tell us?

MELISSA  
(between tears)  
I don't think so.

GREG  
Who's going to tell Amy?

MELISSA  
I'll phone her.

CLARKE  
You don't have to Mrs. Fishbourne, an officer in New York will have to call on her.

MELISSA  
I suppose so but Katia would appreciate somebody she knows breaking the news.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - EXECUTIVE HOUSE - HOUSE FRONT - DAY

The Black and White leaves.

EXT. NEW YORK - AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

AMY  
(picks up the phone)  
Amy.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - EXECUTIVE HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

MELISSA

Amy, It's Mel.  
(deep swallow)  
It's Katia.

AMY

Oh God no.  
(gasps for breath)  
Is she alive?

MELISSA

(breaks down)  
Darling, . . I'm so sorry.

Amy drops the phone by her side and stares into space.

Slowly, tears begin to well in her eyes. She picks up the photo of her and Katia from the desk top and hugs it to her breast. The dam bursts.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Linda Fargo and Solvinder are already seated when two burly officers one each side of Alistair escort him into the room.

He is dressed in an orange one-piece police dungaree suit.

One of the officers un-cuffs Alistair, then re-cuffs him to the table.

Alistair still looks dazed as if he's not fully aware of what's going on.

SOLVINDER

Mr. Andersen, sorry about the cuffs.

Alistair looks at the cuffs as if he sees them for the first time.

ALISTAIR

You haven't got a smoke have you?  
I ran out.

Solvinder leans back in his chair and catches the attention of one of the officers just about to leave the room.

SOLVINDER

I've got some cigarettes in my top left hand draw. Can you bring them please?

The officer nods as he closes the door.

FARGO

Do you know why you are here, Mr. Andersen?

ALISTAIR

I might be a piss artist but I'm not fucking stupid. You think I killed my wife. Don't you?

SOLVINDER

Well, did you?

ALISTAIR

Of course I fucking didn't.

SOLVINDER

Make that the last fuck in this office and answer in a civil manner.

ALISTAIR

I can't help it. It's called the Tourette Syndrome.

SOLVINDER

I don't care what you call it. No more fucking.

ALISTAIR

(looks at Fargo)

Was it good for you? I never felt a thing.

SOLVINDER

Andersen, this is not a laughing matter. Now answer my question. Did you kill your wife?

ALISTAIR

I just told you I didn't. Didn't I, or were we in different rooms?

The officer returns with the cigarettes and KNOCKS on the DOOR.

Solvinder gestures him away.

ALISTAIR

Oh, that's nice. Don't like me so I don't get a smoke.

FARGO

Something like that.

ALISTAIR

Well, two can play at that game. Are you charging me? If not, I'm out of here.

SOLVINDER

It will go better for you if you help in our enquiries.

ALISTAIR

How can I help? I didn't kill my wife and unless you are charging me. I want to go.

SOLVINDER

Release him.

Fargo stretches over the desk to undo the cuffs and reveals more of her cleavage than she wanted to.

ALISTAIR

(takes advantage)  
Now that's nice.

Fargo adjusts her blouse.

SOLVINDER

You can't stay at your apartment, so I need to know where you will be.

ALISTAIR

Peninsula Hotel Beverly Hills, suite  
twenty seven, seventy. If you had  
bothered to check I've been there since  
Friday night. What about my clothes?

SOLVINDER

We need them for a while for forensics.  
Officer Fargo will accompany you to  
your apartment for you to get some  
clothes. But nothing else. Is that  
understood?

ALISTAIR

Is she going to watch me change?  
(looks at Fargo's breasts)  
I would like that.

SOLVINDER

Get him out of here.

INT. APARTMENT - WRITER'S DEN - DAY

The CSI team are busy as they dust the room for finger  
prints and collect all the crumpled sheets of paper on the  
floor and in the bin.

Solvinder walks in.

CESHIRE

How did it go, Captain?

SOLVINDER

I want this bastard.  
(watches the CSI team)  
What have you got, Tom?

CESHIRE

Just his prints in here. But you've  
got to take a look at his writings,  
it'll do the head of a Psychiatrist in.

SOLVINDER

You mean his scripts?

CESHIRE

I don't think anyone would make a movie from this rubbish. If they did, I wouldn't go and see it.

Solvinder takes a pair of gossamer gloves from a box, puts them on and takes a couple of the sheets from the pile collected.

He glances at the first sheet.

SOLVINDER

(laughs)

He's got Count Dracula, Boris Karloff, Freddy Kruger, Norman Bates, Frankenstein's Monster, and The Mummy, all in the same room at the same time. Tom you watch movies, who are Jack Torrance and Max Cady?

CESHIRE

Jack Torrance was Jack Nicholson's character in The Shining. But I don't know who Max Cady was.

CSI MEMBER #1 stops dusting for prints and looks across the room at Cheshire.

CSI MEMBER #1

Robert De Niro in Cape Fear.

CESHIRE

Yeah, I remember that. God, he was evil in that movie. Wasn't it a remake of a Robert Mitchum movie?

CSI MEMBER #2 stops dusting and looks up.

CSI MEMBER #2

That's right. I preferred De Niro's version but both were good.

CESHIRE

I tell you what Torgny, if you had all of them in the same room at the same time, it would do your head in.

SOLVINDER

Sounds as if they would keep us busy  
for a year.

CSI MEMBER #1

A bit more than that.

INT. POLICE MORGUE - DAY

Katia's body lies on the autopsy slab. An ASSISTANT hoses  
her down as the pathologist, ANDY MacFARLAND washes his  
hands.

Fargo and Solvinder stand back and watch.

ANDY MacFARLAND

Thirty-four stab wounds. The fourth  
blow was a direct incision through her  
heart. She was dead from that point  
onward.

FARGO

Would you say it was a frenzied attack?

ANDY MacFARLAND

One of the worst I've even seen. We  
recovered a tip of a blade from a wound  
to her skull. .

(points to a plastic bag)

. . it's over there.

SOLVINDER

What do you estimate the size of the  
knife used to have been?

ANDY MacFARLAND

Nine inches long, one and a half wide  
at the hilt. It was probably a large  
kitchen knife.

FARGO

Time of death?

ANDY MacFARLAND

Between ten thirty and eleven thirty on Saturday morning.

(dries his hands)

I can't be more precise.

SOLVINDER

Thanks Mac.

ANDY MacFARLAND

Is this a one off or am I going to see more?

SOLVINDER

Husband and wife thing, we've just got to nail the bastard.

ANDY MacFARLAND

Good luck.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Fargo, Cheshire and Solvinder look at various reports.

CESHIRE

We've checked the C.C.T.V. footage for the entrance hall of the apartments and the only time he's on it is ten twenty one on Friday night and two fifty four, Sunday morning.

SOLVINDER

Is there any other way into the building where he would not be picked up on the security cameras?

CESHIRE

There is, through the service entrance and by using the stairs but he would need a pass key for the ground floor entrance.

FARGO

But it is possible?

CESHIRE

Yes. But at the time of Katia Andersen's death it was busy, they were bringing in a new carpet for the second floor hallway.

FARGO

So, the doors would have been open and he could have slipped through?

Cheshire shakes his head, negatively.

CESHIRE

All the security personnel, the carpet fitters and the cleaners have been interviewed and no one saw him. But you are right, the rear doors would have been unlocked while the carpet was being brought in.

SOLVINDER

For how long?

CESHIRE

I understand from ten to twelve.

FARGO

Giving him plenty of time.

CESHIRE

Yes, but according to the cleaners who DO know him and were in the area most of that time, they did not see him. And we are talking of him getting in and out during that period.

SOLVINDER

What else?

FARGO

I spoke with Amy Letiman, Andersen's wife's publisher and lover. She's flying down today and will be staying with the Fishbournes. The couple that reported their concern that caused the visit to the apartment in the first place.

SOLVINDER

There's nothing in your forensic report  
that would stand up in court.

(reflects)

There must be something else.

FARGO

What about the knife?

SOLVINDER

No trace of it.

CHESHIRE

There is the text that was in his  
typewriter. The sheet I showed you.

SOLVINDER

It's not enough, Tom.

Each looks at the other in anticipation of a solution. None  
is forthcoming.

INT. PENINSULA HOTEL BEVERLY HILLS - SUITE - NIGHT

Alistair with a hooker, GINA enter the room.

ALISTAIR

What do you have on the menu?

GINA

Depends on the depth of your wallet,  
sweetie.

Alistair pulls a wad of \$100 dollar bills from his shirt  
pocket and hands them to Gina.

ALISTAIR

What's that get?

GINA

What ever you want, Baby.

INT. PENINSULA HOTEL BEVERLY HILLS - SUITE - LATER

Alistair lays naked on the bed with Gina, also naked. She  
sits on top of him and rides him for all she's worth.



Gina scrambles out of the bed and takes her sheet with her and cowers on the floor between the bed and an armchair.

Fargo points at her.

FARGO

Don't go anywhere.

Solvinder handles Alistair roughly as he puts the cuffs on him. Alistair struggles.

He glances towards Gina.

ALISTAIR

Thanks girl. It looks like it will be a year before the next fuck.

Solvinder pushes Alistair towards the door, aggressively.

SOLVINDER

You're some piece of shit.

ALISTAIR

(gives up struggling)

Hey girl, give him a free one, I paid you enough. It might get rid of his aggression.

Alistair is bundled out of the bedroom.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Alistair in police garb is chained to the desk. Fargo and Solvinder face him.

ALISTAIR

I'm not saying anything until my lawyer is here.

SOLVINDER

No problem, he's expected any minute.

All three sit in silence and stare at each other.

The door opens and an officer shows JULIAN WATERS into the room. Rotund, bald and late forties in a very smart suit.

ALISTAIR

See, everything comes to those who wait.

JULIAN WATERS

Good morning detectives, I'm Julian Waters, Mr. Andersen's attorney.

(takes a seat)

I'd like a moment with my client, alone. Please.

SOLVINDER

Fine.

Fargo and Solvinder leave.

JULIAN WATERS

Before you say anything, let me do the talking. Is that clear?

ALISTAIR

Yep.

JULIAN WATERS

Did you murder your wife?

ALISTAIR

No I didn't.

JULIAN WATERS

Alistair, I have to tell you it doesn't look good.

ALISTAIR

What d'you mean?

JULIAN WATERS

Although it's mostly circumstantial evidence, I think they have enough to get a conviction.

ALISTAIR

FUCK.

JULIAN WATERS

And the death penalty is still enforceable in the State of California. The moratorium on executions has not been passed by the Governor, yet.

(Alistair absorbs the fact)

I'm going to suggest we get a psychiatric report, just in case we need it.

ALISTAIR

Yeah, good idea. That fucking police Captain needs his head seeing to.

JULIAN WATERS

Not for him, Alistair, for you.

ALISTAIR

You think I'm fucking mad?

JULIAN WATERS

No. But it's better than dying.

ALISTAIR

I didn't kill her.

(reflects)

Norman did.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Fargo and Solvinder are seated in the room, with PROFESSOR VENUS HARDWICK and Julian Waters as Alistair is manhandled into the room by accompanying officers.

Alistair is in a dark suit and un-cuffed. He sits at the far end of the table.

He glares at Solvinder, then Professor Venus Hardwick.

SOLVINDER

Mr. Andersen, this is Professor Venus Hardwick, a criminal psychiatrist from Berkeley University.

ALISTAIR

Good morning.

VENUS HARDWICK

Good morning, Mr. Andersen.

SOLVINDER

Now Andersen, we are going to leave you with the Professor. Two armed officers can see your every move you make through the glass partition, so if you do anything stupid, they have my permission to shoot you.

ALISTAIR

You'd fucking like that, wouldn't you?

Solvinder answers with a glare. Then gets up, followed by the others and leaves the room.

VENUS HARDWICK

Not a very nice man, is he Alistair?

ALISTAIR

No he isn't.

VENUS HARDWICK

Do you mind if I call you, Alistair?

ALISTAIR

If I can call you, Venus?

VENUS HARDWICK

That's alright.

(skims through some notes)

You were with Katia for six years. Is that right?

ALISTAIR

Seemed longer. . . Yeah, I guess so.

VENUS HARDWICK

Where did you meet her?

ALISTAIR

At a writer's circle.

VENUS HARDWICK

Ah yes, you were both writers.

ALISTAIR

I still am. She stopped when she  
fucking died.

VENUS HARDWICK

Do you regret her death?

ALISTAIR

Where is the block of wood with the  
little holes in it, for me to put the  
pegs in? And where are the fucking  
ink blots?

VENUS HARDWICK

You've been watching too many movies  
but I have the ink blots with me. If  
you want to see them?

She opens her brief case and takes a folder from it.  
Places the folder on the table and takes four sheets out  
and spreads them before Alistair.

VENUS HARDWICK

Ink blots.

ALISTAIR

Oh yeah. Thanks.

VENUS HARDWICK

Is that it? You don't want to play  
now?

ALISTAIR

No. I only wanted to see them.

VENUS HARDWICK

Well, I want to play. What's this?

She pushes the first image over towards him.

on INK BLOT that looks like a disfigured butterfly.

ALISTAIR

Manhunter.

VENUS HARDWICK

Explain.

ALISTAIR  
Hannibal Lector. First movie.

She pushes the next image across the desk.

on INK BLOT in the shape of a long thin "V".

VENUS HARDWICK  
And this?

ALISTAIR  
Children of the Corn, three.  
Nineteen, ninety five.

VENUS HARDWICK  
How come?

ALISTAIR  
The sickle carried by the Grim Reaper.  
It's on the cover of the video.

VENUS HARDWICK  
What about Norman Bates?

ALISTAIR  
No, he's not here.

VENUS HARDWICK  
But he was in your apartment?

ALISTAIR  
At last. Someone who believes me.

VENUS HARDWICK  
Can you explain this.

She passes him a sheet of paper from another folder.

on the SHEET of PAPER with the TEXT from a page of a  
SCRIPT -- That reads as:

"                   BORIS KARLOFF  
Norman, she knows about your Mother.

                  NORMAN BATES  
Where is she?

BORIS KARLOFF

In the guest bedroom, taking a shower.  
Now's your chance."

ALISTAIR

So what?

VENUS HARDWICK

Your wife was killed in the guest  
bathroom in your apartment.

Alistair shrugs.

VENUS HARDWICK

In the same manner as Norman Bates,  
killed Marion Crane, in the movie  
"Psycho".

ALISTAIR

Ain't life fucking strange. Full of  
fucking coincidences.

VENUS HARDWICK

You think it was a coincidence?

ALISTAIR

No. I've told you, . . Norman did it.  
He was there.

VENUS HARDWICK

Norman Bates was in your apartment?

ALISTAIR

For a professor, you're fucking slow.  
Yes. Yes. Yes.

VENUS HARDWICK

And Boris Karloff, told him to do it?

ALISTAIR

No.

(annoyed at her stupidity)

Read the script. He just told him that  
she was in the shower, he didn't tell  
him to kill her.

(thinks)

He did that of his own accord.

VENUS HARDWICK  
Because you put it in the script?

ALISTAIR  
YES!  
(stands up)  
FUCKING HELL DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME NOW?

Two officers rush into the room.

VENUS HARDWICK  
(raises her hand)  
It's okay. Could get us a coffee,  
please? Would you like a coffee,  
Alistair?

ALISTAIR  
Oh, yes please.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Solvinder, Fargo and Cheshire watch Alistair and Hardwick through a two way mirror.

SOLVINDER  
She's good.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Solvinder, Fargo and Cheshire join Hardwick as Alistair is being lead out of the room. Julian Waters waits in the doorway for Alistair to come out. Solvinder stops as he passes Alistair.

SOLVINDER  
Alistair, did you see Norman kill  
your wife?

ALISTAIR ANDERSEN  
No. I wasn't there.

SOLVINDER  
You left before he did it?

ALISTAIR

Yes. Of course I did.

SOLVINDER

On the Saturday morning?

ALISTAIR

Yes.

Julian Waters puts his hand to his head in desperation and disbelief at what Alistair's just said.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATTER

Solvinder, Fargo, Hardwick and Cheshire sit round the table and discuss Hardwick's interview with Alistair.

FARGO

So, initial findings suggest he's unbalanced?

VENUS HARDWICK

In my option he is. He's definitely suffering from paranoid schizophrenia.

FARGO

So he's not responsible for his actions?

VENUS HARDWICK

Oh yes, he's responsible but he cannot be punished as a criminal. If the court finds beyond reasonable doubt, he and he alone killed his wife, then he will be sent to an institution not a prison.

SOLVINDER

You don't think we would get a conviction for first degree murder?

VENUS HARDWICK

No, I don't and if you did Julian Waters would have a real chance for appeal. Which could mean Alistair could be released until the appeal hearing.

FARGO

We wouldn't want that.

SOLVINDER

Shit. I know he did it.

VENUS HARDWICK

I've no doubt about that, but . . .

SOLVINDER

(interrupts)

Yeah, I know. Beyond reasonable doubt.

CHESHIRE

But we can prove he was in the apartment. Amy Letiman said she was on the phone, on the Saturday morning when Katia Andersen said "he's just come home".

SOLVINDER

We can't prove it was him that came in to the apartment. It's hearsay. She didn't see him.

VENUS HARDWICK

Waters is a good criminal lawyer. He will go for diminished responsibility.

SOLVINDER

What about criminally insane?

VENUS HARDWICK

I could support you in that.

INT. LOS ANGELES - HALL OF JUSTICE - COURT ROOM - DAY

Alistair and Waters are at one desk and District Attorney WILLIAM GOLIGHTLY and two colleagues are at the opposite desk. JUDGE MARTHA JENSON presiding.

The jury files in and take their seats.

An officer of the court walks over to the Judge. Alistair and Walters stand.

JUDGE MARTHA JENSON  
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have  
you reached a verdict?

CATHERINE KEYSHAM, in her fifties, the forewoman of the  
jury stands and holds a small piece of paper.

CATHERINE KEYSHAM  
We have, your honor.

JUDGE MARTHA JENSON  
Do you find the defendant, guilty or not  
guilty, of murder in the first degree?

CATHERINE KEYSHAM  
(clears her voice first)  
NOT GUILTY.

The courtroom BUZZES with DISAGREEMENT.

JUDGE MARTHA JENSON  
Do you find the defendant, guilty or  
not guilty, of murder in the second  
degree?

CATHERINE KEYSHAM  
(clears her voice again)  
Guilty, on the grounds of diminished  
responsibility.

The court ERUPTS with GASPS and ARGUMENTS.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Alistair slumps into the chair.

Five members of the press at the back of the court, rush  
out of the courtroom.

Solvinder, Fargo and Cheshire sit behind Golightly and  
stand and shake each other's hand.

SOLVINDER  
Well done, Golightly.

GOLIGHTLY  
On your work, Detective.

Solvinder leans forward and pats D. A. Golightly on the back.

Amy Letiman hugs Mel Fishbourne, as Greg puts his arms round them both.

The judge brings her GAVEL down HARD.

JUDGE MARTHA JENSON  
Order. Order in the court.  
Order.

Gradually silence returns to the court room. People re-take their seats.

Alistair is helped to his feet by Waters.

Two members of the press creep back in to the courtroom.

JUDGE MARTHA JENSON  
Alistair Andersen, you have been found guilty of murder in the second degree, on the grounds of diminished responsibility.

The court BURSTS into GASPS of DISBELIEF again.

JUDGE MARTHA JENSON  
Taking into account the psychiatric reports and your inability to face responsibility for your actions, I have no choice but to send you to an institution for the criminally insane, for not less than twenty years.

Judge Jenson brings DOWN her GAVEL once more. Two court officers escort Alistair from the court room.

Amy Letiman pushes her way to the front and gets close to Alistair.

AMY  
I hope you rot in hell.

ALISTAIR  
I hope not. I hear its full of lesbians.

Alistair is led away.

FADE OUT:

INT. LOS ANGELES - EXECUTIVE HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Mel, Amy and Greg sit in the lounge with drinks.

MELISSA

He wasn't even sorry.

AMY

He's taken a very special person out of our lives. She was a great writer but at least her books will live on.

MELISSA

Are they still going to make the movie?

AMY

Yes. In fact, since the trial started, three of her books have been in the top ten and "The Trouble with Jack" has been optioned.

GREG

What will happen to all her royalties?

AMY

They will go to her niece in Washington. She stipulated that in her will.

GREG

Is she her only family?

AMY

Apparently so.

MELISSA

I'm sorry for your loss, Amy. Katia was so looking forward to moving to New York and starting a new life with you.

AMY

(tears roll)

Thank you, Mel. I miss her so much.

Mel moves close to comfort her.

AMY

When I feel lonely I read one of her books again. That way I feel close.

EXT. STATE INSTITUTION FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY

On the SIGN outside the gate:

"STATE INSTITUTION FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE".

INT. STATE INSTITUTION - DINING ROOM - DAY

A mixed bag of inmates eat, some play with or throw their dinners.

Alistair is oblivious to the goings on, and sits in a corner as he eats his meal, alone.

A GUARD walks close to him and watches Alistair.

INT. STATE INSTITUTION - DOCTORS ROOM - DAY

Two State nurses escort Alistair into the room and he takes a seat in front of DOCTOR REBECCA POLANSKI.

DOCTOR POLANSKI

Hello Alistair, how are you fitting in?

ALISTAIR

Like a square peg in a fucking round hole.

DOCTOR POLANSKI

Alistair, I've told you before I don't like your swearing.

ALISTAIR

What you going to do? Take my fucking dinner away? In fact please take my fucking dinner away.

DOCTOR POLANSKI

Why are you still so angry?

ALISTAIR

Because I didn't kill the bitch. Norman did.

DOCTOR POLANSKI

You killed Katia. Not Norman.

(watches his face)

Norman's a figment of your imagination. You created him.

ALISTAIR

He was created by Joseph Stefano. No. In fact, he was created by Robert Bloch. He wrote the novel. Joseph Stefano brought him alive on the screen.

DOCTOR POLANSKI

And you brought him alive in your apartment.

ALISTAIR

Yes.

DOCTOR POLANSKI

Along with Boris Karloff, Max Cady, the Mummy and several other fictitious characters.

ALISTAIR

Boris Karloff's not fictitious.

DOCTOR POLANSKI

Alistair, he died in nineteen sixty nine.

ALISTAIR

As long ago as that?

DOCTOR POLANSKI

Do you know how ridiculous this all sounds?

ALISTAIR

What can I say? It's what happened.  
(Polanski writes a note)  
Can I get a single room?

DOCTOR POLANSKI

Another month and I can arrange that.  
You have to be in a shared room for  
the first three months.

ALISTAIR

What about some personal items?

DOCTOR POLANSKI

Such as?

ALISTAIR

Books, some old film scripts, my  
typewriter.

DOCTOR POLANSKI

I'm sure we can arrange that. Do you  
know where these items are?

ALISTAIR

My lawyer, Julian Waters had them put  
in storage. Somewhere.

DOCTOR POLANSKI

Okay, I'll contact him and see what we  
can do. Alistair, this is a hospital  
not a prison, so we want to help you the  
best we can with your rehabilitation.

ALISTAIR

Thanks.

INT. STATE INSTITUTION - VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Alistair is frog marched into the barren room. Julian  
Waters sits and waits for him.

ALISTAIR

Hello Julian. Did you bring my  
cigarettes?

JULIAN WATERS

Yes. I've left them with reception, they will give them to you later. How you doing?

ALISTAIR

Okay. I get my own room tomorrow. Did they ask you to get my books and things?

JULIAN WATERS

That's been done.

ALISTAIR

What about my money?

JULIAN WATERS

As you requested. By you giving me power of attorney, it was easy to arrange.

ALISTAIR

So it's now accessible over the Internet?

JULIAN WATERS

Yes. Just remember the code thirteen, thirteen. Then, when they allow you access to a computer, you can spend to your heart's content.

ALISTAIR

What about the appeal?

JULIAN WATERS

Too early. You are going to have to give it at least two years. Let them see a marked improvement in this fixation of yours, that the characters came to life.

ALISTAIR

Yeah, I know that now.

INT. STATE INSTITUTION - ALISTAIR'S ROOM - DAY

A small room with a bed, table and chair. On the wall is a film poster of "Psycho" and on the table is the typewriter.

Beneath the table is a box of paper.

Alistair sits at the table and BASHES the KEYS of his typewriter.

PRISON OFFICER (O.S.)  
Two minutes to lights out.

ON THE TEXT that Alistair types, a FILM SCRIPT, as follows:

"ALL WAS QUIET AS THE PRISON OFFICERS MADE THEIR LAST ROUND, BEFORE LIGHTS OUT."

"AS THE LIGHTS DIMMED, THE ELECTRONIC LOCK ON INMATE ALISTAIR ANDERSEN'S CELL FUSED AND CLICKED OPEN"

"OUTSIDE THE PRISON A LARGE LORRY SLIDES OFF THE ROAD AND INTO AN OVERHEAD PYLON"

The LIGHTS DIM to the CLICK of the CELL DOOR.

EXT. NEAR STATE INSTITUTION - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A juggernaut ROARS down a road. It's front left tire bursts.

The truck skids across the road into a pylon and brings the overhead cables down.

EXT. STATE INSTITUTION - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

Perimeter LIGHTS FLICKER then go out.

Dim EMERGENCY LIGHTS come on.

INT. STATE INSTITUTION - ALISTAIR'S ROOM - DAY

Alistair tips the box of paper on the floor, so the box is empty and lifts the typewriter off the table and places it in the box.

The LIGHTS in the HALLWAY go out. The hallway is in almost total darkness.

The CELL DOOR CREAKS OPEN then FOOTSTEPS.

EXT. STATE INSTITUTION - MAIN GATE - WIDE - NIGHT

The institution is in TOTAL DARKNESS.

In the moonlight, a shadowy figure carries a box as this person walks out of the main gates.

The figure becomes clearer - it is Alistair and in the box is his typewriter.

FADE OUT:

THE END