

The Voices

Written by  
Michael R. Perry

Director  
Marjane Satrapi

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MANDALAY VISION  
Contact: Adam Stone  
(323) 549-4337

VERTIGO ENTERTAINMENT  
Contact: Roy Lee  
(310) 288-5170

1 OMITTED 1

2 EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S -- DAY 2

The old sign that once read "Milton Bowling Lanes" has been vandalized, rendering it as "M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S".

A mockingbird lands on the last letter of the sign and begins singing his lungs out.

Below him, A CAT is electrified by the bird, every muscle alive with predatory intensity, hiding behind the letters of the sign as he stalks toward his prey.

THE BIRD senses something amiss and stops singing; he looks around, but sees nothing; then nervously resumes his aria.

THE BIRD sings, blissfully unaware that death is in the air. The cat freezes, inches away, staring at the bird with love and hate, savoring the pending kill, until the bird senses something amiss, slowly turns, and sees his executioner.

The cat slays the mockingbird in an explosion of feathers, which flutter down, revealing the title: "The Voices."

3 INT. MILTON FIXTURE & FAUCET -- DAY 3

The massive bathroom fixture factory is abuzz with productivity, a nineteenth-century structure built of rough-hewn timbers within which resides a twenty-first century computer-controlled assembly line.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS as four PINK FORK LIFTS move pallets of bathtubs; their elegant trajectories across the factory floor are as beautiful as a ballet. Two MEN pack tubs into boxes.

We focus on the younger of the two packers. His name is JERRY HICKFANG, early thirties, above-average intelligence, jeans, a clean Dickies work shirt, and heavy, well-worn gloves. Jerry is mesmerized by the dance of the forklifts, but continues to do his job well: he's proud of his work.

A BUZZER signals break time. Manager DENNIS KOWALSKI, 38, crosses to Jerry as he loads his final tub before break.

DENNIS  
Hey, Jerry.

JERRY  
Hey, Mr. Kowalski.

DENNIS  
Call me Dennis, it's okay. Just  
wanted to say, we're very pleased.  
You're doing a great job.

JERRY  
Thank you Mr. Kowalski.

DENNIS  
That's what I told that woman from  
the courts, "a great job" I said.  
She's your lawyer?

JERRY  
Court-appointed psychiatrist.  
Thanks, Dennis, for saying that.

Jerry beams. Dennis puts a friendly hand on his shoulder.

DENNIS  
No problem. So, Jerry, the thing  
is, is Milton Fixtures every year  
has the company party, a barbecue.

JERRY  
Okay.

DENNIS  
And, we get one representative from  
each department to help put it on,  
usually the new guy. And the new  
guy in shipping, is you.

JERRY  
You want me to help plan a party?

DENNIS  
It's voluntary -- off the clock.  
There will be others, too, someone  
from Sales, a guy from Design, that  
cute French woman in Accounting,  
Chloe? You want to do it?

JERRY  
Oh yeah, of course. Yes.

DENNIS

Cool. The first meeting is tomorrow night at five, in the sales conference room. The company buys pizza and beer. It'll be fun.

Jerry nods. He's into it. Highlight of his week.

4 EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S - NIGHT

4

The shuttered bowling alley where the mockingbird was slain is dark. A rickety outdoor stairway leads to an attic door. A light comes on behind the door. This is Jerry's home.

5 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - EVENING

5

Jerry's apartment in the bowling alley attic contains the typical accoutrements of a bachelor's home -- television, stereo, couch, coffee table, pizza boxes, etc. It isn't dirty and it isn't clean; it isn't bright and it isn't dark, but there's something slightly artificial about how the place looks, something screwy. As Jerry enters, his friendly mutt, BOSCO, greets him with a tail-wagging dance.

JERRY

Oh yeah, hey Bosco, oh yes, oh  
Bosco, who's a good boy? Who's a  
good boy?!!

His sneering, pissed-off cat MR. WHISKERS watches the dog-human display of affection with disdain from a perch on the back of the couch, where he sharpens his claws on the fabric.

Jerry heads into his bedroom. Bosco follows him.

6 INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

6

A bachelor's bedroom, again with all the typical stuff -- bed, dresser, a couple rock posters, a pretty girl poster, trinkets from State Fairs and tourist attractions. The bedroom seems idealized, yet lacking in detail -- but nothing you can point to. Just -- simplified. Not quite right.

Jerry pulls several shirts out of his closet, holding them up and checking them out in the mirror one by one. His ROOMMATE yells from off-screen; his snarky tone is heavy with sarcasm.

ROOMMATE (O.S.)  
What are you doing, Jerry?

JERRY  
Something for work.

ROOMMATE (O.S.)  
What, those assholes give you  
homework now?

JERRY  
No, I'm picking a shirt! For  
tomorrow. They got a thing they  
want me to do.

ROOMMATE (O.S.)  
Let me guess: they said jump and  
you said "how high."

JERRY  
Shut up!

ROOMMATE (O.S.)  
You act like they're doing you a  
favor to let you work there, like  
they should be able to fuck you in  
the ass whenever they want. Some  
big privilege, letting you work  
"for free!" on their picnic.

JERRY  
How'd you know about the picnic?

ROOMMATE (O.S.)  
I'm not blind, Jerry.

JERRY  
I'm not talking to you!

Jerry takes the abuse very personally; he SLAMS the door  
between his bedroom and the living room, startling Bosco.  
The closed door only spurs the roommate to shout even louder.

ROOMMATE (O.S.)  
They know about you at the company,  
they know you're a freak and a  
weakling and a cry-baby.

Jerry wipes away a tear and shouts at the door --

JERRY

I am not a cry baby!

ROOMMATE (O.S.)

You're crying right now, liar. The only reason they don't fire your ass is because you're so hopelessly pathetic you amuse them.

Jerry's eyes fill with tears of rage. Bosco, the dog, allows Jerry to scratch his ears; it's comforting and soothing.

JERRY

I'm not pathetic, am I? I'm not.  
(scratches Bosco)  
I'll have fun working on the picnic, right, Bosco? That doctor said it was good to reach out. And I did! Aren't you a good boy!? Rub your tummy now?

Bosco rolls over and Jerry rubs his stomach.

7

INT. MILTON SALES CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

7

The party planning meeting. Besides Jerry and Dennis, there are eight others, among them CHLOE from accounting, a stylish and attractive yet slightly out-of-place French woman in her mid-thirties; trendy JOHN from Industrial Design; angry 30-year-old stoner DAVE from Personnel; and SHERYL, a blissfully new-agey 25-year-old lesbian from Direct Sales. Half-empty pizza boxes are scattered along the long conference table. Dennis leads; the meeting is ending.

DENNIS

Before we break up here, I want to go over the assignments.

Jerry raises his hand.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

We'll just go around the table, okay? Can your comment wait?

JERRY

I was just going to say that the picnic will be, um, a good place to reach out to form relationships with other humans. And stuff.

DENNIS

Duly noted, Jerry. We all want to get out of here, so: John you'll be setting up the barbecue grills in the parking lot, okay? Dave's bringing drinks. Sheryl's providing decorations and Chloe's doing the music. Any questions?

CHLOE

Yes, I got another idea, while we were sitting here ... you know the factory floor? It'd be the perfect palce for a conga line.

DENNIS

Like at a wedding?

CHLOE

Yes, it's fun, everyone can do it, kids like it. We do it in France all the time. Why not?

DAVE

I'll set my head on fire before I conga.

SHERYL

Men are afraid to dance. The male ego is too fragile.

JERRY

I'm a man. I'm not afraid. I think it sounds real fun.

CHLOE

Thank you, Jerry.

JOHN

I'm not afraid either. It's not the coolest thing in the world, but it is a company party for a toilet factory we're talking about here.

DENNIS

Settled, we'll try a conga line. Moving on. Jerry?

JERRY

I'm testing the P.A. system  
tomorrow, if everything works, I'm  
good to go. I thank you all. My  
extension in shipping is 5-1865.

DAVE

Are you running for office now  
Jerry?

SHERYL

Dave -- go smoke a joint.

DENNIS

Sheryl! Dave! Come on. We're  
done here. We'll see you all at  
the picnic. Anyone who wants the  
leftover pizza, please take it.

Dennis stands; the others start to get up, some taking pizza,  
others not. Jerry throws a few cold slices in a box and  
heads for the door. Chloe intercepts him.

CHLOE

Jerry?

JERRY

Hey, Chloe. What's up?

CHLOE

Can your sound system play music  
from an iPod?

JERRY

I think so. I'm setting it up  
tomorrow, in the break area, around  
five. You could come by, and we  
can try it out.

CHLOE

That sounds great. See you  
tomorrow, Jerry.

Jerry watches Chloe leave, takes one more slice of pizza  
which he eats in one go, stuffing himself; then Jerry leaves  
himself, as happy as he's ever been.



7-A EXT. MILTON FIXTURES - NIGHT 7-A

Most windows are dark; the lot is empty: the factory rests.

7-B EXT. MILTON FIXTURES - DAWN 7-B

The sun rises over the plumbing factory as workers drive in.

8 INT. BREAK ROOM - THE NEXT DAY 8

A big bland room with a couple of snack machines, OSHA posters, a few tables and a refrigerator. Jerry, alone in the room, connects the final cable in a P.A. system that consists of a big amp and a CD player wired to two large, industrial speakers on metal tripods. "PROPERTY OF MILTON FIXTURES" is stenciled on everything.

Jerry hits "Play" and a Judas Priest song blasts out. The sound is loud and excellent, and Jerry plays some air guitar.

Chloe leans in the door; Jerry has his back to her and thus doesn't notice her enter. She checks the clock -- 5:25 -- and then scoots around until she's in Jerry's field of view.

Jerry abruptly stops playing air guitar then walks over and turns off the stereo. He laughs; Chloe holds an imaginary lighter over her head.

CHLOE

Rock on!

JERRY

Thank you! Goodnight, Milton!

CHLOE

Well, it's loud.

JERRY

We are going to rrrock this picnic!

Jerry jabs a fist into the air. Jerry thinks he's cool. Chloe thinks he's an amusing dork. She holds up her iPod.

CHLOE

Can we play music from this?

JERRY

I think so. Let me see.

Jerry takes the iPod and studies it for a moment. He pulls a small plastic case from his pocket and rifles through it until he finds a connector. He puts one end into the iPod; then attaches the other end to his sound system. He hands the iPod (now tethered to the P.A. system) to Chloe.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Play a song.

CHLOE

Any song?

JERRY

Anything. Just to see if it works.

She hits "PLAY"; *Dance to the Music* blasts so loud it distorts. Jerry mouths the words "TURN IT DOWN" and wheels his finger around. Chloe turns down the iPod and the distortion goes away. He flashes a thumbs-up to her.

She sways to the song; so does Jerry for a few moments. He turns it down and they listen, a little awkwardly.

CHLOE

Sounds pretty good, wow.

JERRY

Great song. People'll have to funk out.

CHLOE

What I thought, is that this word,  
"funk" means a mix of "fun" and --  
(laughing at herself)  
-- and "fucking." "Funky."

JERRY

(blushing)

No. It's not that at all! Not  
what you said, not fuh uh uh--

CHLOE

What does it mean, then?

They listen to the music for a moment as Jerry thinks.

JERRY

Funk? It's like this magic that takes over your whole body and for a second you get to feel like the coolest black guy in the world, exactly like Sly and the Family Stone, like you're one of them.

CHLOE

Hah hah. That's a great feeling.

They listen to *Dance to the Music* for a moment, swaying, until Chloe unplugs the iPod mid-song and prepares to leave.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Thanks for setting everything up.

JERRY

Thanks for bringing over your iPod.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll see you at work, too.

CHLOE

Maybe. I'm in accounting.

Chloe leaves. Jerry starts to take apart the sound system.

9 OMITTED

9

10 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - EVENING

10

As he comes home, Jerry's mood is excellent; he pauses as he enters to do a little dance of pure joy, singing *Dance to the Music* with an almost female voice. Tail wagging, Bosco greets Jerry, who lets him lick his face.

JERRY

You can smell her, can't you, Bosco? She's a nice girl! Her name's Chloe! She's French I think and she has an iPod. I like her.

ROOMATE (O.S.)

She knows you're a pathetic loser.

JERRY

Shut up!

Jerry's good mood is shattered; he freezes in place as he watches Mr. Whiskers strut out and block his path.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Get out of here cat! Shoo!

Mr. Whiskers not only holds his ground -- he talks back!

MR. WHISKERS  
Blow me. Frog-lady's never gonna  
like you. Just fuck her and split.

BOSCO  
Ignore the cat, Jerry. Chloe  
thinks you're a real good boy.

Just like in *Beverly Hills Chihuahua*, Jerry's animals speak. Mr. Whiskers -- the "roommate" -- is an abusive prick. Bosco is loyal and warm. This is all normal and familiar to Jerry.

JERRY  
Thank you, Bosco. I'm not  
listening to you, Mr. Whiskers.

MR. WHISKERS  
She still thinks you suck.

BOSCO  
Go play in your shit-box, feline.

Mr. Whiskers sneers disdainfully, then walks off, pimp-cool.

11 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

11

A small, linoleum-floored room with a government-issued desk and fluorescent lights, this ain't no Park Avenue shrink, this is government work. However, there is a couch, there is a comfy if threadworn chair, and the same nondescript paintings found in any psychiatric office. DR. HEATHER WEST, in her forties, is carefully dressed in tight denim and Navajo jewelry. Jerry sits on the couch.

DR. WEST  
How are you doing, Jerry?

JERRY  
Very well, thank you. Excellent.

DR. WEST

Do tell.

JERRY

Well ... they like me at work.

DR. WEST

You're a likeable man.

JERRY

They're having a picnic. And they asked me to help out on it. And I was afraid to say yes -- but I said yes anyway. Yes, I said yes ...

DR. WEST

And?

JERRY

And now I'm going to put up the sound system.

DR. WEST

That's wonderful news. You're becoming a part of something.

(beat)

Any side effects from the meds?

JERRY

I don't know.

DR. WEST

Are you taking them?

JERRY

I don't know.

DR. WEST

You have to take them.

JERRY

Okay.

DR. WEST

Any thoughts of suicide?

JERRY

No. None.

DR. WEST

Do you ever hear voices?

JERRY

Voices? No. Never. Only when someone is talking to me.

DR. WEST

You hesitated a little bit there --

JERRY

It just reminded me of my mother. She told us the angels were talking to her, then the social workers took her out to that place "to help her." She hated it there. She was never the same after that -- well you know what happened. By Christmas she was gone.

DR. WEST

Angels was what she called her voices.

JERRY

Yeah. She said her angels did all kinds of interesting things.

DR. WEST

Interesting, like what?

JERRY

Burn your toast? The angels don't want you to eat. Rain stops? The angels think you should go out and play. They were always around.

DR. WEST

Your whole life? Even in Berlin?

JERRY

Even in Berlin. I thought lots of people saw them. I was just a kid. I didn't know it was crazy shit.

DR. WEST

Her angels were a coping strategy. The voices were real to her; angels were a reasonable attempt to craft a logical explanation.

JERRY

I know, I know: "She was the best mother she knew how to be. The things she did to me, it was her disease, not her." Etc.

DR. WEST

Right. Exactly. Do you have any questions for me, Jerry?

JERRY

Yes. I do. Kind of a big one.

DR. WEST

Okay.

JERRY

There's a girl. I like her. She kind of likes me.

(Jerry stops suddenly)

DR. WEST

Go on...

JERRY

And I don't know how much to tell her, you know, about you, and this, and my mom and stuff.

DR. WEST

And...

JERRY

I don't want to scare her away but I don't want to lie to her either. I'm thinking if the subject comes up I'll say something but if it doesn't, I'll leave it be.

DR. WEST

You answered your own question, Jerry. Why are you smiling?

JERRY

We're gonna conga tomorrow.

DR. WEST

Conga?

JERRY

Yes, conga, like at a wedding!  
It's gonna be amazing.

DR. WEST

I'm sure it will be. Enjoy  
yourself. See you next week, Jerry.

A skeptical smile crosses her face.

12 OMITTED 12

12-A INT. MILTON FIXTURES - DAY 12-A

The plant has been halfheartedly decorated with a few sparse streamers and crepe, like a public high school prom. A conga line snakes through the factory from one room to another; Chloe is at the head of the line, Jerry is right behind her.

Everybody sings along with "Dance to the Music" except angry Dave -- trapped in the middle of the line -- who is furious.

12-B EXT. MILTON FIXTURES - DAY 12-B

While the conga line continues inside, the rest of the people at the company party enjoy burgers and beer outdoors.

13 OMITTED 13

13-A INT. MILTON FIXTURES - DANCE SEQUENCE - DAY 13-A

DANCE SEQUENCE: Chloe and Jerry

The conga line seems to be finished. Everyone else has gone outside; Chloe and Jerry are the only people still dancing.

Chloe and Jerry face each other. What happens next is a subjective dance sequence of Jerry and Chloe funking their hearts out. It is a moment of beauty and happiness and flow.

Jerry is ecstatic; Chloe is having a good time. It seems to go on forever. It is heaven. Jerry is in love.



14

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - EVENING

14

Jerry bursts in the door, giddily funkng out.

JERRY  
(muttering happily)  
*Dance to the music! Dance to the  
music! Dance to the music!*

Bosco trots over. Jerry drops to the floor to let Bosco lick his face as he stares up at the ceiling, dizzy with joy.

BOSCO  
You smell great, Jerry. Is that a  
girl? Ssssniff, mmmm. Smells like  
a good girl! Is she a good girl?

Jerry sits up to make earnest eye contact with his dog.

JERRY  
Oh, yeah, Bosco, she sure is, oh  
boy, what a day, what a day.

BOSCO  
You are one happy guy.

Mr. Whiskers struts out, and watches for a moment, then:

MR. WHISKERS  
Did you fuck the bitch?

JERRY  
I don't have to answer that.

MR. WHISKERS  
You'll never fuck her either --  
because you disgust her.

JERRY  
Shut up!

BOSCO  
Yeah, shut up, cat!

MR. WHISKERS  
French women love sex! They  
invented French kissing and the  
*menage-a-trois*! She'll let anyone  
mount her -- except you, Jerry.

JERRY  
No! It's not true!

BOSCO  
I'm thinking, this is a real good  
time for a walk, Jerr, walk, walk??

JERRY  
Okay, okay! We'll take a walk!

Jerry fastens the leash to Bosco. As they leave --

MR. WHISKERS  
*There's a place in France, where  
the ladies wear no pants.* Too bad  
the thought of you makes her vomit!

BOSCO  
You're a real piece of work, Mr.  
Whiskers!

MR. WHISKERS  
Cat hater.

BOSCO  
I don't hate all cats. Only all  
the ones I've met.

Bosco and Mr. Whiskers growl and hiss at each other until  
Jerry yanks Bosco out the door.

15 INT. MILTON FIXTURES - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

15

Jerry and his hungover coworker Tom load a bath tub into a  
carton. Jerry's on a manic high. He wears an MP3 player and  
hum-sings as he works, wagging and swaying, dance-like --

JERRY  
*Dance to the music, dance to the  
music, dance to the music, dance to  
the music, dance to the music,  
dance to the music, dance to the  
music, dance to the music!*

TOM  
Jerry -- give me a break here.

JERRY  
Okay, okay, I'll tone it down.

After a short pause he turns his back on Tom and continues, barely moving his lips. The buzzer rings.

JERRY (CONT'D)

*Dan do duh moo zuk, dan do du moo  
zuk, dan do duh moo zuk.*

TOM

Jerr - shift's over.

Jerry nods; still humming his song, he heads into the locker room, a few steps behind Tom.

16 INT. LOCKER ROOM / MILTON FIXTURES - DAY 16

Jerry tapes snapshots from the picnic into his locker. Tom stares, amused. Jerry removes his headphones.

He studies his face in a mirror on the door of his locker, then slicks back his hair, spritzes with cologne, then pulls on a nice white shirt with a collar, the kind of thing you'd wear to church. He leaves with purpose in his stride.

17 INT. ACCOUNTING - END OF DAY 17

Chloe is dolled up and ready to leave her office with four other female coworkers when Jerry comes in. The group has a Sex-And-The-City vibe -- women getting ready to party.

CHLOE

Jerry?

JERRY

Hi, Chloe. You said I should come up to accounting some time.

CHLOE

I did?

JERRY

Yes. When we were getting ready for the picnic.

CHLOE

I don't remember saying that.

Chloe's not that into having Jerry join them but Jerry's oblivious to her slight.

ALISON, a shy, chubby bookkeeper, is almost going to say something, but gets cut off by LISA, cute and flirty, the office bohemian.

LISA  
Jerry -- hey. Hi there. I'm Lisa.  
Accounts Receivable.

JERRY  
Hi Lisa. I'm Jerry -- packing and  
shipping.

LISA  
The Accounting chicks are going to  
have a few drinks over at Friday's,  
maybe you want to pack and ship out  
with us.

JERRY  
I'd love to.

LISA  
Well let's get going then.

Chloe glares at Lisa, and Lisa ignores her.

18

INT. MILTON T.G.I. FRIDAY'S - EVENING

18

The four drunk office ladies and Jerry share a table with a couple dozen empty drink glasses, many of them decorated with straws and umbrellas. Shy Alison pays no attention; she's busy with her iPhone. Chloe is drunk, finishing a story:

CHLOE  
... after I sell everything in  
France to move here, that's when he  
says he's "not the marrying type."  
(the punchline)  
Six months later, he marries Jill.  
Today, they have three kids, and  
I'm still in this "temp" job.

Chloe's friends roar with laughter. Jerry does too. There's a pause. It's that time of night, time to leave. Lisa puts a hand on Jerry's back.

LISA  
Hey, Jer, thanks for coming out  
with us. You want to finish the  
Chimichurri Sliders?

JERRY  
Yeah, sure.

Jerry eats the greasy remnants of the copyrighted food.

LISA  
You think you could give me a ride  
to the plant? Or maybe home?

Chloe shoots Lisa a look -- as if to say "are you crazy?"  
Lisa misinterprets it to mean Chloe's interested in Jerry.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Never mind, I forgot you're giving  
a ride to Chloe.

CHLOE  
No, no, no that's okay.

JERRY  
I don't mind. I'd love to give you  
a ride, Chloe. Let's go.

Chloe stares darts at Lisa. Lisa doesn't care; she's getting  
back at Chloe for cockblocking her.

19 INT. JERRY'S TRUCK / MILTON FIXTURES PARKING LOT - NIGHT 19

Jerry's got a nicely maintained crew-cab F-150. The engine  
is running. Chloe, still drunk, sits at his side.

JERRY  
What are you doing this weekend?

CHLOE  
I don't know, why?

JERRY  
(cutting her off)  
-- I want to invite you to this  
cool Chinese restaurant, Chen's.

CHLOE  
A Chinese restaurant?

JERRY

Yeah, but Chen's is way more fun  
than just egg rolls and fortune  
cookies -- you want to go?

CHLOE

When?

JERRY

Friday night. I could pick you up  
after work.

CHLOE

No, I don't need a ride.

JERRY

We can just meet there, then?  
(Chloe says nothing)  
The show starts at seven.

CHLOE

There's a show?

JERRY

Yes! I don't want to ruin the  
surprise, but you will love it.  
I'm going early to save seats. I'll  
bring their card up to you, so you  
have the address.

CHLOE

Sure. Thanks for the ride.

She opens the door and runs/staggers toward her car.

20 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

20

Jerry walks in, giddy. Bosco races to greet him. Mr.  
Whiskers glares at them in disgust.

BOSCO

Hey, buddy, smell like smoke!  
Mmmm. How'd it go?

JERRY

I have a date. With Chloe from  
France. On Friday night.

BOSCO  
You're a great guy!

MR. WHISKERS  
Well, fuck me! I'm an asshole. I  
apologize, man, you were right.  
Cat food's in the kitchen, Jer, and  
I can't open the can.

Mr. Whiskers head toward the kitchen. Jerry follows.

21 INT. ACCOUNTING - DAY

21

Jerry walks through the Accounting Department. He's wearing the same white shirt. Alison tracks his progress the way NORAD tracks missiles. Lisa spots him, waves him over.

LISA  
Hey, Jerry.

JERRY  
Hi, Lisa.

LISA  
What's up?

JERRY  
Do you know which desk is Chloe's?

LISA  
Right there. Got something for her?

JERRY  
Yes, she needs this address.  
Chen's. It's the restaurant where  
we're going to meet.

Jerry holds a tacky restaurant card like it's made of gold.

LISA  
Give it to me, I'll make sure she  
gets it.

Jerry gives Lisa the card, then glances across Chloe's work space, which has the usual knick-knacks and a few photos of her vacation. One of them shows her on a French beach in a bikini, gorgeous and radiant. Jerry stares. Lisa notices.

LISA (CONT'D)  
I'll make sure she gets it.

JERRY  
Okay, thanks Lisa. It's very important.

LISA  
I'll make sure.

Jerry leaves Accounting. Alison exhales in relief. Moments later Chloe emerges from the back of the room.

CHLOE  
Is he gone?

LISA  
He's gone. What's up with this?

Chloe hands the restaurant card to Lisa.

CHLOE  
Some Chinese place. I think I said I might meet him over there.

ALISON  
(pleading, a little whiny)  
You can't! Tonight's karaoke.

CHLOE  
Oh, yeah, that's right.  
(re: Jerry)  
He'll get over it.

LISA  
So call the guy and tell him you can't make it.

CHLOE  
I don't want to upset him. I'll call him after the office closes. Leave it on voice mail.

LISA  
You're a real sweetheart, Chloe.

Lisa glares at Chloe. Alison just looks uncomfortable.



22-A INT. CHEN'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 22-A

A kitschy all-you-can-eat Chinese restaurant with a big aquarium, gongs, kites, paper dragons and other cheap Orientalia, even a Chinese Elvis impersonator singing like a maniac. At the festive tables, families celebrate birthdays; junior high couples have first dates; people socialize.

Jerry sits all alone at table for two, eating chow mein.

23 OMITTED 23

24 OMITTED 24

25 INT. KARAOKE TAVERN - NIGHT 25

A country bar with sawdust on the floor. It's packed. Chloe is singing -- badly.

CHLOE

*And I-ee-I--ee-I, will always love  
you-ee-ou, ou ou, will always love  
YOU, oh oh.*

Lisa, Alison and a few other Accounting Ladies eat it up.

OMITTED

26-A INT. CHEN'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 26-A

Jerry stares into the massive fish tank, talking so his voice appears to come from their mouths: "good night Jerry!"

Chinese Elvis now has transformed himself into a first-rate martial artist, with nunchaku moves to rival Bruce Lee's.

26-B INT. KARAOKE TAVERN - NIGHT 26-B

Now Lisa is singing. All the girls seem drunk and very happy.

26-C INT. CHEN'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 26-C

The final customers pay and leave. Jerry stays, staring at the fish, while Bruce Lee continues his nunchaku performance.

26-D INT. KARAOKE TAVERN - NIGHT 26-D

Chubby Alison drunkenly sings; the others laugh.

26-E INT. CHEN'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 26-E

Jerry is all alone as the restaurant is closing. Elvis/Bruce-Lee is now cleaning the aquarium. Jerry pays and leaves.

27 OMITTED 27

28 INT. JERRY'S TRUCK / RURAL ROADS - NIGHT 28

Jerry swerves down a rainy road. He turns on the radio; *Casey's Last Ride* by Kris Kristofferson starts to play.

29 EXT. KARAOKE TAVERN - NIGHT 29

The Accounting Ladies plus a few hangers-on hover in the doorway looking out at the rain-soaked parking lot.

CHLOE

My car is back at the plant. I was going to walk -- but --

LISA

I'll give you a ride.

CHLOE

You're the best, Lisa.

Chloe gives her a drunken hug and they stagger out.

30 EXT. MILTON FIXTURES PARKING LOT - NIGHT 30

Rain. The factory is dark. The huge parking lot is almost entirely empty. Lisa's Celica pulls next to Chloe's five-year-old Mustang. The door opens.

They exchange "goodbyes" and Chloe races from one car to the other, quickly opening and then closing the door of her Mustang.

31 INT. CHLOE'S MUSTANG / PARKING LOT - NIGHT 31

Pouring rain. Lisa drives away. Chloe, alone in the Mustang, puts a key in the ignition. Tries to start it. It makes a sick whirring sound but does not start.

CHLOE

*Merde.*

Chloe leans down to unlatch the hood. Grabs a newspaper from the back seat and uses it to cover her head as she gets out.

32 EXT. MILTON FIXTURES PARKING LOT - NIGHT 32

Pouring rain. Chloe checks the battery connection. It's connected tight. She tugs on the leads to make sure they're okay. Lightning, then thunder, startle Chloe. She closes the hood and gets back into the car.

33 INT. CHLOE'S MUSTANG / PARKING LOT - NIGHT 33

Chloe tosses the wet paper on the floor. Pulls a cell phone from her purse; it's dripping wet. When she flips it open the screen is black -- destroyed by water.

Chloe bangs the steering wheel a couple of times, then puts her head in her hands and then just sits there, listening to the downpour.

34 INT. JERRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT 34

Jerry navigates a back road while *Casey's Last Ride* plays on his radio. He passes the gate to the factory, jams on the brakes, does a U-Turn, and drives into the parking lot.

35 INT. CHLOE'S MUSTANG / PARKING LOT - NIGHT 35

Chloe sees the truck pull into the parking lot. She opens her door (the old mechanical windows barely move) and yells.

CHLOE

Hey! Hey! I'm over here! Hello!

She gets no response.

36

INT. JERRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

36

As he has done much of the night, Jerry sits there, staring straight ahead, while *Casey's Last Ride* continues on the radio. He sings along -- sort of --

JERRY

*Chloe leaves the underground, Chloe  
Chloe Chloe, Chloe Chloe Chloe ...*

Through his drivers' window WE SEE Chloe herself approaching his truck. She pounds on the window. Startled, Jerry jumps, then he sees who is at his glass. An answered prayer. An angel from heaven. A sign their love was meant to be. Astonished and delighted he rolls down the window --

JERRY (CONT'D)

Chloe. It's pouring! Get in!

Chloe races around to the passenger door. Jerry reaches over and pushes it open. Chloe climbs up into the passenger seat and then slams the door.

CHLOE

Wow. Thanks.

JERRY

You're welcome.

CHLOE

What are you doing out here?

JERRY

Listening to music. I went Chen's.  
I didn't see you there.

CHLOE

I forgot, your favorite restaurant,  
you didn't get my message?

JERRY

No.

CHLOE

I am so sorry.

JERRY

You want to go get a cup of coffee  
or something?

CHLOE

I suppose I owe you, why not. I'm  
freezing.

JERRY

Here, I have a blanket.

Jerry pulls a blanket from the back seat and hands it to  
Chloe. She takes off her soaking-wet jacket and starts to  
unbutton her soaking-wet shirt. Jerry stares.

CHLOE

Don't stare, Jerry.

Jerry is embarrassed. He hides his head in his hands.

JERRY

Oh, sorry, oh my God, sorry.

CHLOE

It's not the end of the world.

She turns her back to Jerry and slips off her shirt and then  
wraps herself in the blanket. Jerry tries to fight the  
overwhelming and conflicting emotions of lust, embarrassment  
and rage.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

So where should we go, Jerry?

JERRY

I don't know, Doran's Diner? They  
have a chili-cheeseburger pizza.

CHLOE

Chili-cheeseburger pizza? Now?  
(she laughs)  
Why not! It is that kind of night!  
We must eat one immediately.

JERRY

Or two!

CHLOE

Or nine! To Doran's!

Jerry raises his hand to high-five; Chloe hesitates a moment, then high-fives back. Jerry drives out of the parking lot.

36A INT./EXT. JERRY'S TRUCK / RAINY ROADS - NIGHT

36A

The road is narrow and winding. The rain continues with occasional lightning strikes and pockets of blinding fog.

CHLOE

They say a lot of things about you  
up in Accounting.

JERRY

Like what?

CHLOE

That arty girl Lisa thinks you're  
hot. But everyone wonders where  
you come from.

JERRY

My family moved here from Berlin  
when I was seven. A kid has to go  
where his parents take him.

A LIGHTNING STRIKE illuminates Chloe and for a moment she switches from half-drunk office worker to a terrifying Angel from Heaven, complete with wings and an otherworldly glow. Then she changes back to a drunk office worker.

CHLOE

I don't even have that excuse.

JERRY

Why'd you come here, then?

CHLOE

Why? If you find out, please tell  
me. Oh, that came out wrong.

JERRY

You don't like Milton?

CHLOE

It's fine, the people are friendly,  
pretty pretty town... No.

(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Football games and bars are not  
enough. I'm kind of bored.  
Insanely bored.

JERRY  
So you liked heaven better?

CHLOE  
Heaven? What?

JERRY  
Heaven -- where you came from?

CHLOE  
I came from Lyon. I think Lyon's  
probably a lot closer to hell.

JERRY  
Hell? Of course. Hell. That  
reminds me of a trivia question. A  
game. Want to play?

CHLOE  
If I must.

36B INT./EXT. JERRY'S TRUCK / FOGGY, RAINY ROAD - NIGHT 36B

They drive through a pocket of fog; Jerry waits until they  
clear and are back onto the dark, rainy road before asking.

JERRY  
Okay. There are lots of angels in  
the Bible, but only four have  
names. Three are Gabriel, Michael  
and Raphael. What's the fourth?

CHLOE  
Angels? Gabriel, Michael, and  
Raphael. And there's one more?

JERRY  
Yes. What's his name?

CHLOE  
I have no idea.

JERRY

The reason everyone forgets his  
name isn't because they don't know  
who he is -- but because they  
forget he's an angel --

- but before Jerry can finish, a deer leaps into their  
headlights. Jerry jams on the brakes ... and skids.

Jerry tries to make an evasive move but only succeeds in  
slipping and sliding into a violent 360 on the wet, winding  
road -- and then his truck careens straight into the deer  
anyway.

36C INT./EXT. JERRY'S TRUCK / WINDING, RAINY ROAD - NIGHT 36C

The five-point buck flips into the air and plunges headfirst  
through the windshield, sending shards of safety glass, fur  
and blood splattering across the truck cabin.

Jerry's truck finally comes to rest, half in the ditch. The  
bleeding buck thrashes and makes an uncanny, horrific dying  
whine; its antlers and wounded face are inches from Chloe,  
who SCREAMS in terror, now covered with fragments of  
windshield and the red spray from the deer's wound.

Jerry kills the engine. Chloe stops screaming. And for a  
moment all is silent except for the rain ... and then the  
buck begins thrashing anew, his antlers narrowing missing  
Chloe's face with each jerky motion. Scabby snot bubbles  
accumulate on his nose, and his brown eyes betray  
bewilderment and pain. He turns to face Jerry.

DEER

Kill me, Jerry. Take your knife  
and cut my throat. I want to die.

Then the deer goes back to being an ordinary dying animal.

CHLOE

Oh, God.

JERRY

Careful! Hold still, Chloe!

Chloe fights the door; it's dented and difficult to move.  
Jerry turns around, opens a large tool box behind the  
driver's seat and pulls out a huge buck knife. The deer is  
thrashing even more violently now --



CHLOE  
No! No! Jerry! Don't!

JERRY  
I gotta do it -- hold still --

Jerry plunges the knife into the deer's throat, which only makes it accelerate its thrashing. He pulls the blade down, and across, with great effort; when he pulls the blade out a great torrent of blood drenches Chloe, who screams louder than she's ever screamed before. The deer twitches a few more times, then goes limp, its face in Chloe's lap.

Then, as if nothing happened, Jerry finishes his riddle.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
The fourth angel is Lucifer.

Chloe is in shock.

CHLOE  
What?

JERRY  
Don't you get it? Lucifer was an angel! A fallen angel!

CHLOE  
My God.

Chloe slumps down, then summons all her strength to push open the passenger door. She jumps out and runs into the dark thick rainy woods.

JERRY  
Chloe!

Jerry jumps out of his truck, into the rain.

37 EXT. WOODS NEAR ROAD - RAIN - NIGHT

37

Chloe runs through the dense forest, as fast as a woman in night club shoes who is blitzed and half in shock can run. She's scared out of her fucking mind and drenched in blood.

Jerry bolts off of the road and into the woods. He's got Vibram-soled work boots, and a rain coat, and makes good time. He's trying to be friendly and helpful. Then again, he's still got that knife in his hand.

JERRY

Chloe? Chloe! Chloe, don't run!

Chloe comes to a steep, wet, leaf-covered ravine, and stumbles, sliding face-first into a sharp bush, losing the blanket and scratching her arm to shreds. When she stands one of her shoes comes off and drops down the ravine; she leaves it behind and continues to run.

Jerry lumbers forward, unflappable.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Chloe? Come on. You'll get lost!

37A EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - RAIN - NIGHT

37A

He pushes branches out of his way and when he gets to a clearing, there, sobbing, face to the ground, is Chloe. He walks over to her and kneels by her side.

JERRY

Chloe, Chloe, come on, you're  
upset, it was just an accident.  
It's cold out here.

Chloe pulls herself to her knees and stares at Jerry, almost uncomprehending; her eyes are bloodshot and glazed. She tries to stand, and slips; she grabs onto Jerry's arm and stands and then hits him, out of control, just throwing punch after punch, kicking, screaming, out of her mind.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Chloe, Chloe! Stop!

He draws her close; she CRIES IN PAIN and pulls away, staring aghast at a deep new PUNCTURE WOUND which has opened up in her lung. She staggers backwards a few steps, then looks up.

Jerry holds the bloody knife. He is as surprised as Chloe.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I don't know how that happened,  
Chloe, I'm sorry, I hurt you --

CHLOE

... argrgggrlggle ... urrgggle ...

Chloe's efforts to speak are impaired by the blood filling her trachea; her screams are muffled, as if underwater.

JERRY  
You're in pain.  
(she nods)  
You're suffering. Chloe. Chloe.

He pulls her close with one arm; holds her tight. He caresses her soaking wet hair. She is helpless to resist.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I love you.

He plunges the knife deep into her heart. Her complexion grows pale from blood loss; her breathing stops; Chloe looks at Jerry with unsurpassed dread -- and then dies.

Jerry drops her onto the ground; then falls to his knees and lets out a deep, primal scream before walking off into the woods alone, disappearing into the rain.

38 EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S - NIGHT 38

Punishing rain, lightning and thunder transform the decrepit abandoned bowling alley into a sinister and dangerous place.

39 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 39

The door opens, and Jerry enters, soaking wet and covered in blood. Bosco pads out.

BOSCO  
Hey, Jerr!

JERRY  
Not now, boy.

Bosco backs away and walks into another room. Mr. Whiskers awakens from a slumber atop the couch, and throws a withering glance Jerry's way.

MR. WHISKERS  
What the hell have you been doing?

JERRY  
Shut the fuck up, Mr. Whiskers!

Jerry heads for the bathroom.

40

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

40

Jerry peels off his clothing and shoes and throws them into a trash bag, then climbs in the shower and scrubs himself from head to toe with a stiff wire brush. Blood and gore wash down the drain.

A LITTLE LATER

Jerry dries off, wraps a towel around his ass and sits on the (lid down) toilet seat, deep in thought. A clawing/scratching sound alerts him to open the bathroom door. Mr. Whiskers walks in, without saying a word, and takes a shit in the litter box.

Bosco nudges his head in, to see if the coast is clear.

JERRY

It's okay, Bosco.

Bosco comes in. Then, after a long pause, he talks; Jerry has no trouble accepting it now. He finds it comforting.

BOSCO

Pretty bad situation, buddy.

JERRY

I know.

BOSCO

Maybe the thing to do is to go to the cops, explain everything.

JERRY

Just tell them what happened?

BOSCO

Yeah.

JERRY

I think you're right. I can get it off my chest. If I wait, it'll be a million times worse. Thanks, Bosco.

Bosco wags his tail in approval.

Mr. Whiskers buries his load in sand and then snorts a laugh.

MR. WHISKERS

You are both so fucking naive. You go to the cops and say, hey man, I "accidentally" stabbed that French girl? You think they're going to nod and understand the way your stupid dog does?

JERRY

I don't know.

MR. WHISKERS

Well, I do know: they're going to throw your ass in jail where tattooed meth addicts are going to buttfuck you every day for fifteen years to life.

BOSCO

You're a good man who made a mistake.

MR. WHISKERS

But he did mean to do it.

JERRY

No!

MR. WHISKERS

Not the deer. That was an accident. I'm talking about the girl. You wanted to kill her.

JERRY

Never!

MR. WHISKERS

Why'd you take the knife, then?

JERRY

Oh my God. I am evil.

MR. WHISKERS

No, you're not. I've killed things. On purpose. Just for the sake of killing. There's no shame in it. It's instinct. Fight it and you become your own jailer. Indulge in it, and be free.

(MORE)

MR. WHISKERS (CONT'D)

The only time I ever feel truly  
alive -- is when I'm killing.

Jerry thinks about it for a moment.

JERRY

The only time I ever felt truly  
alive.

MR. WHISKERS

See what I mean? But you have to  
do something about her body, Jerr.

Jerry is repelled by the thought and hyperventilates.

JERRY

What do you mean, the body?

MR. WHISKERS

You've seen enough detective shows  
to know what happens if you leave a  
dead body lying around! Some hiker  
stumbles across it, and pretty soon  
it's CSI: Milton, and guess whose  
hair and fiber and spit and blood  
are everywhere? Yours, Jerry! Go  
fucking get rid of the body!

Jerry looks to Bosco for support -- Bosco says nothing.

JERRY

I don't know, I don't know, I don't  
know.

41	OMITTED	41
42	OMITTED	42
43	OMITTED	43
44	OMITTED	44

45

INT. MILTON FIXTURES FACTORY - THE NEXT DAY

45

The whistle blows. Jerry finishes packing one last tub then heads for the exit. Dennis Kowalski approaches.

DENNIS

Hey, Jerry.

JERRY

Hey Mr. Kowalski.

DENNIS

I saw you on Friday.

This sends a shock through Jerry.

JERRY

You saw me?

DENNIS

Yeah I saw you. You didn't see me?

JERRY

No. I didn't see you at all.

DENNIS

You were at Chen's! I saw you in the window, eating beef chow mein.

JERRY

At the restaurant! Oh, yeah, it's my favorite, Chen's is, thank you thank you very much for seeing me.

DENNIS

I didn't do it on purpose.

JERRY

I know, I mean, just ... Thanks. It was good seeing you, too.

DENNIS

You okay Jerry?

JERRY

I'm fine.

DENNIS

If you say so. See you, Jerry.

(beat)

(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Oh -- one more thing -- have you  
seen Chloe?

JERRY

Chloe?

DENNIS

French Chloe. From the party?

JERRY

I haven't. What's up?

DENNIS

It's the end of the quarter and  
we're trying to close out the books  
and she's not answering her phone.  
Plus, her car is still in the  
factory parking lot.

JERRY

That's sad -- she was nice. Maybe  
she went back to her own country,  
she wouldn't need her car any more.  
I'm going to miss her a lot.

Jerry scurries away. Dennis watches him.

46 OMITTED 46

47 EXT. WOODS - TWILIGHT 47

Long shadows make the woods look radically different from the  
last time Jerry was here. He carefully makes his way down  
the edge of the ravine, and then stumbles on something. He  
looks down.

Chloe's hand sticks out from under a pile of leaves. It's  
discolored and swollen except her manicure, which is perfect.

He brushes leaves off of her; she's been outside nearly three  
days and is swollen, gooey and stinky. Further, some woods  
animal has started eating her stomach, none too neatly.  
Jerry tries to lift up her body but gets slimed with bowel  
oozing, is repulsed, and drops her. He rolls her up in a  
plastic tarp.

48 OMITTED 48



48-A EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

48-A

Jerry's truck is in a parking lot. The cab is full of plastic boxes, and Chloe's body is in the bed, under a tarp. He starts the engine just as a POLICE CAR turns into the lot.

He watches nervously as the cop crosses the lot and pulls alongside. It's DETECTIVE WEINBACHER, fifties, a kind face.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
Hey, Jerry. How are you doing?

JERRY  
Good! Real good, Detective Weinbacher.

Detective Weinbacher gets out of his car to examine Jerry's truck: the front end is smashed in, hood is accordioned, and the windshield is shattered where the deer went through. Blood and fur everywhere. The bed of the truck is covered with a tarp and the passenger seat is full of plastic boxes.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
What happened here?

JERRY  
Deer! It was horrible.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
But you're okay?  
(Jerry nods)  
What'd you do with the deer?  
That's probably good meat.

JERRY  
I just left it on the side of the road. I screwed up.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
Nah, it was an accident. I'm not going to write you up for hunting out of season.

JERRY  
Okay, thanks, Detective Weinbacher.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
No problem, Jerry. Get that window fixed. Okay?

JERRY  
I'll do it this afternoon.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
Cool. Drive safely, Jerry.

Jerry shakes hands with the detective for a few moments too long and then Detective Weinbacher leaves.

Jerry's about to drive off when his cell phone rings. His ring tone plays *Dance to the Music*. He lets it ring a couple of times, then answers.

JERRY  
Hello?

DR. WEST (V.O.)  
Jerry? It's Dr. West.

JERRY  
Oh, boy. I forgot. My appointment is right now, isn't it?

DR. WEST (V.O.)  
Yes, Jerry. Do you think you can make it for at least the last half-hour?

JERRY  
I'm on my way.

Jerry looks over his shoulder at the truck bed, then starts the truck and drives off, worried.

49 OMITTED 49

50 INT. DR. WEST'S PSYCHIATRIC PRACTICE OFFICE - NIGHT 50

Jerry sits in a chair across a desk from Dr. West. She's going through a checklist; Jerry's shaking his head "no" at every symptom she enumerates.

DR. WEST  
Headaches? Trouble sleeping?  
Suicidal impulses? Do you hear voices?

JERRY

I hear your voice, now.

DR. WEST

Disembodied voices. Voices that  
come from nowhere.

JERRY

Not really.

DR. WEST

And you're still taking the  
medication?

JERRY

Usually.

DR. WEST

You have to take it every day  
without fail.

JERRY

I know. I know, but --

DR. WEST

But what?

JERRY

The drugs smooth things out, you  
know, that's okay I guess, but even  
though there were bad moments --

DR. WEST

-- very bad moments --

JERRY

(speeding up)

Very bad. But there are also  
moments of inspiration and beauty,  
when all the world makes sense and  
the elegant secret mechanics of man  
and God are revealed in their many  
dimensions, and the universe is  
laid out before mine eyes and it is  
a blessed place.

DR. WEST

You totally stopped taking the  
pills, didn't you?

JERRY

Yeah.

DR. WEST

Thank you for that honesty. Our relationship depends on the cooperation of the State Department of Corrections. If you become noncompliant, I have to report that.

JERRY

And they'll put me away?

DR. WEST

Let's not find out. Let's make you compliant. Take the pills. Okay?

JERRY

Okay.

Then Jerry and Dr. West just sit there, staring at each other.

51 OMITTED 51

52 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - NIGHT 52

Jerry cuts up Chloe's body. On the counter next to the body parts is a big PILL BOTTLE, which commands Jerry's attention and awe more than the pieces of dead Chloe.

Bosco and Mr. Whiskers watch in curious silence. Jerry carefully saws off her head, looks at it, then puts it in the fridge. He continues working on the rest of her body, then he suddenly is overcome with tears.

BOSCO

What's the matter buddy?

JERRY

I really liked her.

BOSCO

I know you did, buddy. She was a good kid. I bet you miss her a lot.

Mr. Whiskers hops up on the counter and rubs his head against Jerry and, uncharacteristically, purrs. Warmly.

JERRY

I love you guys.

Then Jerry gets back to cutting up Chloe: messy, hard work. He sets down the cleaver, picks up the pill bottle, and screws off the lid. Mr. Whiskers whines, agitated, then --

MR. WHISKERS

Don't take those, unless you want  
to say goodbye to your old friends.

JERRY

I'm not sure it's a good idea to be  
talking to your cat, anyway.

BOSCO

Yeah!

JERRY

Or your dog, either.

Bosco sighs.

MR. WHISKERS

Take those drugs and you will enter  
a bleak and lonely world, Jerry.

Jerry replaces the safety cap on the pill bottle without taking one. He opens the fridge to put the pills away. CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD, now fully alive and lovely, looks at Jerry disapprovingly.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD

Jerry, Jerry, Jerry.

JERRY

Hi, Chloe.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD

Look what you did to me.

JERRY

I'm sorry.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD

Imbecile! That helps me a whole  
hell of a lot.

(MORE)

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD (CONT'D)

On Friday I was an accountant at a  
large American manufacturer and  
today I'm a severed head in a  
fridge. Fucking sucks to be me,  
Jerry!

JERRY

But what can I do now?

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD

Take the meds. Take them. TAKE  
THEM.

Jerry pops out two pills, throws them back, then washes them  
down with milk straight from the carton. Chloe winks.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD (CONT'D)

See? That wasn't so hard.

Jerry slams the fridge. Mr. Whiskers and Bosco stare at him  
with big sad eyes, then walk away, silent.

Jerry sits on his sofa and closes his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

53 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

53

As Jerry opens his eyes, the apartment is dimmer than before.  
He is in transition, as the drugs seize hold. Mr. Whiskers  
tries to talk but only succeeds in saying "meow" in a human  
voice, then mews like a regular old cat. Same with Bosco.

MR. WHISKERS

Meow. Meow. Meow. *mew. mew. mew.*

BOSCO

Bark. Bark. *woof. woof. woof.*

For the first time, we get an objective view of his  
apartment, which is covered in cat hair, Styrofoam containers  
filled with forgotten rotting fast food, etc. You can smell  
the stench just by looking.

Bosco and Mr. Whiskers are ordinary pets; they don't talk.

Jerry slouches onto the couch and turns on the television.  
It's not tuned to a station, and shows STATIC.

53-A INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 53-A

Hours later, Jerry hasn't moved; the apartment is dark and the only light is provided by the television's static.

53-B INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAWN 53-B

Jerry snores on the floor in an awkward position in front of the static-filled television. Ordinary-dog Bosco licks his face a long time before Jerry opens his eyes.

Jerry moves slowly, as if gravity has quadrupled and he weighs a thousand pounds. He goes to the kitchen.

53-C INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - DAWN 53-C

Bosco and Mr. Whiskers eat. It takes Jerry a long time to figure out how to throw away the pet food cans.

THE PILL BOTTLE looms large. Jerry lifts it and taps a pill into his hand, then opens the fridge, looking for a drink.

Inside, Chloe's head is completely gray. He's shocked.

JERRY  
(very sad)  
Chloe! Oh, Chloe! What happened  
to you?  
(looking at his pets)  
Hey Bosco! Mr. Whiskers! Hey!

His pets just keep eating. Jerry looks at the pill, then at Chloe, then at his pets, and puts the pill into the sink. After a pause, he dumps the entire bottle down the drain.

He heads toward the bathroom. We hear him VOMIT.

54 OMITTED 54

55 OMITTED 55

56 OMITTED 56

57 OMITTED 57

58 OMITTED 58

59 EXT. ROADS OF MILTON - DAY 59

Jerry drives toward work. There is more and more light. Two pretty BUTTERFLIES enter his car, one on either side of his head. Jerry smiles when they start to sing like twins:

BUTTERFLIES  
*Jerry & Chloe! Chloe & Jerry!*  
*Jerry & Chloe! Chloe & Jerry!*

It's cute and freaky at the same time; Jerry likes them.

60 INT. MILTON FIXTURES FACTORY - DAY 60

Jerry packs tubs, smiling broadly. Psychosis has its upside, sometimes. He works and is very happy. The nightmare is finished.

61 EXT. WOODS - DAY 61

Five Sierra club birders push deep into the woods. A BIRD CALL makes them freeze in their tracks, tense --

SIERRA CLUB LEADER  
Shhh. The song of the Yellow  
Bellied Sapsucker --

The five birders, excited over this rare-bird sighting, kneel, and heft giant binoculars to their eyes. A WOMAN BIRDER tries to stabilize herself on the steep, slick terrain, and her hand hits something odd. She looks down --

-- and finds a woman's shoe, with a hand-shaped bloodstain. And next to that, part of an intestine. The birder screams.

62 EXT. WOODS - THREE HOURS LATER - DAY 62

Yellow crime-scene tape blocks off a portion of the woods. A dozen red numbered flags indicate where evidence has been found. A few crime scene techs take photographs, samples, and measurements. Eight beat cops talk to the birders. Beneath a pop-up shelter command post, Detective Weinbacher talks to a young, pretty, cop, OFFICER DONNA APPLETON.



OFFICER APPLETON  
Hunting accident?

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
No. That's not the shoe you wear  
to hike deep into the woods.  
That's not the purse you take  
hunting.

OFFICER APPLETON  
A murder?

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
My guess is a murder, hastily  
committed, haphazardly covered up.  
An impulsive act.

Appleton and Weinbacher exchange a glance -- this is a  
gruesome tragedy, and a cool puzzle at the same time. Action  
News reporter SHEILA HAMMER, standing nearby with a  
cameraman, crosses to Detective Weinbacher.

SHEILA HAMMER  
Sheila Hammer, Action Seven News.  
Detective Weinbacher, I overheard --  
you think this is a murder?

He nods.

SHEILA HAMMER (CONT'D)  
Could this person kill again?

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
That's what I'm afraid of.

Hammer, Weinbacher and Appleton consider the grave  
implications of what may have occurred.

63 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

63

Jerry and Mr. Whiskers watch television while Bosco sleeps.  
The show is Animal Planet, as Jerry sees it: nothing but  
random shots of animals having sex: lions mounting lionesses,  
dogs screwing in the street, turtles the size of small cars  
mating, zebras fucking, even a bonobo orgy. They stare.

MR. WHISKERS  
Change the the fucking channel  
before I explode!

Jerry grabs the remote and the scene on TV changes --

Now it's all kill shots. Tigers kill zebras, polar bears kill seals, sharks kill whales, crocodiles kill horses, one after the other with no context or narration.

Mr. Whiskers and Jerry stare at nature's gruesomeness.

MR. WHISKERS (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah, that's more like it.

JERRY  
I feel better now.

They watch for a minute, enthralled, then --

MR. WHISKERS  
Jerry is BACK! Yeah! Fuck those pills, man! That headshrinker doesn't care if you're happy. She just wants you to be obedient.

JERRY  
She's not a bad person.

MR. WHISKERS  
Not if you want to be slave to drugs. Just say "no"!!  
(re: television)  
Check it out! Crocodile killed a motherfucking zebra!

JERRY  
God damn!

MR. WHISKERS  
Are you gonna kill someone else?

JERRY  
Me? No. Of course not.

Bosco stirs from his slumber, and mumbles, half-asleep:

BOSCO  
Sick fucking cat.

MR. WHISKERS  
Why not, Jerr? The connection you share with someone you kill is profound.  
(MORE)

MR. WHISKERS (CONT'D)

You create a sacred moment. You become a God in their life, the last thing they will ever know, and they become part of your soul. Plus: you want to.

JERRY

No!

MR. WHISKERS

You killed by accident and you liked it. It felt good. Now do it on purpose, Jerry. Just once. Just to see what is inside you.

JERRY

Shut up! I don't have to listen to you. You're just a cat.

MR. WHISKERS

A cat that can talk and reason is a miracle for the ages --

JERRY

Yeah? So?

MR. WHISKERS

-- but a guy who talks to his cat is just pathetic. Stop being a loser, loser. Find another woman, a pretty one, and then kill her. And you will discover what it feels like to be truly alive.

JERRY

By killing?

Jerry listens intently; what Mr. Whiskers is about to say is forbidden knowledge from deep in Jerry's tortured soul:

MR. WHISKERS

Hunting and killing, are better than sex. When I watch another being's life drain away in my own claws I feel like Shiva-Kitty, God of Death.

Jerry is distraught, yet attracted; Mr. Whiskers alluring description pushes all of Jerry's buttons. Bosco stands and paces, agitated and upset.

BOSCO

What is wrong with you? I'm willing  
to kill if necessary to defend  
myself or Jerry, but to go out and  
kill for kicks? That is fucked up.

MR. WHISKERS

Without hunting, I have no purpose,  
no reason to exist.

BOSCO

That is exactly the problem with  
cats my friend.

JERRY

That's a good boy.

BOSCO

Did you hear that? I earned the  
right to be called a good boy. I  
came up from the pound, see? I saw  
dogs there who wanted to kill,  
ugly, scarred mongrels. Nobody  
adopted them. They get hauled away,  
and word on the street is it does  
not end well. That's what happens  
to pets who kill.

MR. WHISKERS

Asshole dog. Hisssssss.

Mr. Whiskers hisses angrily at Bosco, ears pinned, back  
raised, fur up; Bosco growls at him through snarled teeth;  
and Jerry pulls them apart. They go back to watching Animal  
Planet, a particularly gnarly sequence involving a great  
white shark and a seal. Jerry stares, enchanted, thinking,  
thinking, thinking...

64 EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S - DAY

64

A bright day, as surreally sunny as a raisin commercial.

65 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - MORNING

65

His kitchen is shiny and happy and bright and so is Jerry.  
Mr. Whiskers and Bosco cheerfully chow down at their  
respective bowls. Jerry pours cereal into a bowl and sets it  
down on the kitchen table and then opens the fridge.

Inside, next to the carton of milk, Chloe's head is awake, mellow, happy, nice makeup, good hair. She smiles a warm smile, the smile you save for your very very favorite people.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
*Bon jour, Jerry!*

JERRY  
(cheerily flirtatious)  
Hi, Chloe! *Bon voyage faux pas?*

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
(very sexy)  
*Pâté de foie gras.*

JERRY  
*Touché blasé macramé?*

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
*Negligeé mêlée, protégé.*  
(beat)  
Boy oh boy, those pills sure suck!

JERRY  
Tell me about it! I only took 'em because you told me to!

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
Stupidest pills ever. They made me look like a rotten Jack-O-Lantern.

JERRY  
You were stinky, too. But now --  
(takes a whiff of her)  
-- you smell like spring flowers.  
And you're *grand prix* pretty!

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
*A la mode*, you're so sweet, Jerry.  
What a beautiful day to come back!

JERRY  
A perfect day! And I'm making cereal. Honey Bunches of Oats with Almonds. And two percent milk.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
Yay!

He hefts her head out and puts it on the dining table, facing himself, then sits down and pours milk on his cereal.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD (CONT'D)  
How's the cereal, Jerry?

JERRY  
Super delicious.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
*Bon appetit!* Yummy yummy yummy.

Jerry eats in silence for a moment. Then:

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD (CONT'D)  
Hey Jerry?

JERRY  
Umm hmm?

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
Hey, Jerry, can you get me a friend?

JERRY  
A friend?

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
It gets lonely in the fridge.

JERRY  
Kill someone? On purpose?

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
Yes!

JERRY  
I don't know.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
Please, Jerry? *Si'l vous plait?*  
Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeease?

Jerry locks eyes with her, and in his best "daddy's got a secret" face, he smiles and nods his consent.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD (CONT'D)  
Oh thank you thank you thank you  
thank you *merci* I love you Jerry.

Jerry winks at Chloe's severed head, then goes back to eating his cereal. On the floor Bosco and Mr. Whiskers exchange a glance: the Old Jerry is back! After a couple bites, he asks a question with his mouth full:

JERRY

You're not just a hallucination? A product of my mental illness?

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD

Does it matter, if you're happy?

Jerry shrugs. He's got his suspicions about his sanity; but more than that he's happy to be happy. And he's got a plan.

66

INT. ACCOUNTING - DAY

66

Lisa, the sexy bohemian of Milton Fixtures Accounts Receivable, is in her cubicle, working intensely on a spreadsheet, when she sees the reflection of a man in the computer screen. First, she primps a little -- her manicured hands checking her hair, a quick check of the quality of her breath in her hand, and then she turns around and pretends to be startled when she sees Jerry.

LISA

Hi, Jerry.

JERRY

Hi, Lisa.

Jerry is trying to look sharp, the best he knows how, hair slicked back, T-shirt tucked in, and the way he leans on the cubicle is a studied James Dean slouch.

LISA

What's up big guy?

JERRY

I just happened to be over here, I thought I'd see what you're up to.

LISA

Same as always, figuring out how I can get out of here early tonight.

JERRY

Early? It's past five.

LISA

Oh! Want to grab a drink?

JERRY

Yeah. Want to go to Friday's?

LISA

Friday's kind of sucks on Tuesday.  
You ever been to Grover's Tavern?

JERRY

No.

LISA

You're going to love it.

67

INT. GROVER'S TAVERN - NIGHT

67

A dark tavern with one pool table and a few booths; other than a couple drinkers at the bar and one table of telephone linemen, Jerry and Lisa are the only customers. They sit at a booth in the back, separated by baskets half-full with fried things, and a few empty beer bottles and shot glasses.

LISA

-- and the divorce was final. He got the house and the car and I got the cat, and it was the best deal I ever made in my life.

JERRY

What kind of cat?

LISA

Part Siamese, part Tabby. From a rescue. Are you good with cats?

JERRY

The real question is: are cats good with me? Because they pretty much own us and not the other way around.

LISA

Oh, my God you've got that right. My cat -- if I don't do everything he wants me to do -- watch out! I tried dry cat food on him -- and he tore up my couch! Serves me right.



JERRY  
They're very demanding.

LISA  
Oh, yeah! What's your cat's name?

JERRY  
Mr. Whiskers. And he is a son of a  
bitch. How about you?

Lisa laughs! Jerry's a funny guy -- and he likes cats!

LISA  
My cat's a son of a bitch, too!  
Pig Head is his name, and Pig Head  
is what he is, hah hah!

JERRY  
Pig Head!

LISA  
Yeah. Oh yeah. You want to meet  
him? He's probably tearing up my  
apartment right now ... He's such a  
pig head.

JERRY  
Okay.

LISA  
Will you drive?

Jerry nods. He looks worried. Afraid.

68 INT. JERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

68

Winding rural roads. Jerry drives. Lisa babbles.

LISA  
I don't really have any food in the  
apartment --

JERRY  
Cat food.

LISA

Cat food, I got, but for you, if you're hungry -- I mean, I don't usually, I'm not in the habit of going home after one date, but, every so often you have to say, what the hell, right?

JERRY

Yeah. You have to cut loose.

LISA

Hey, that's my road. We should have turned.

JERRY

Oh. I want to go somewhere else.

LISA

Where?

JERRY

It's a surprise.

Lisa scoots over next to Jerry and puts a hand on his leg.

69

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

69

Jerry stops his truck next to an abandoned rural farmhouse, in a field overgrown with weeds. In the moonlight the farmhouse is equal parts romantic and terrifying.

Jerry and Lisa get out of the truck. As they move closer together, we see that he holds in his hand a massive hunting knife, the same one he used to gut Chloe. He sticks it into the pocket of his jacket on the opposite side from Lisa. She suspects nothing.

LISA

Where are we?

JERRY

This is where I grew up.

LISA

It's beautiful.

JERRY

You think so?

LISA  
So romantic. What kind of farm was  
it?

JERRY  
They had a lot of plans that never  
went anywhere. Really, Mom just  
got disability checks.

They take a few hesitant steps, then Lisa stops, afraid.

LISA  
What are we doing here?

JERRY  
I wanted to show you this place.  
(sees her)  
You're afraid.

LISA  
A little. What's here?

Jerry takes Lisa's hand, partly to console her and partly to  
reassure himself. He points to a hefty chunk of cement that  
sits in the middle of the path leading to the house.

LISA (CONT'D)  
What is that?

JERRY  
My mother's good luck charm.

LISA  
(wtf?)  
It's a hunk of concrete.

JERRY  
It's from the Berlin Wall.

LISA  
The Berlin Wall, really?

Jerry nods.

69-A EXT. WEST BERLIN - CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - NOV. 1989 - NIGHT 69-A

A huge festive crowd shouts, sings and drinks as the Wall's  
demise is imminent. They're all ecstatically happy...

... except for 6-YEAR-OLD JERRY, lost in a sea of legs and knees and feet, terrified and separated from his mother.

6-YEAR-OLD JERRY  
Mama! Mama! Mama! Mama!

No one notices him; their eyes are on history. Little Jerry panics; he could be trampled and no one would know.

Finally a pair of arms PICKS HIM UP. Jerry's startled.

The crowd PASSES JERRY OVERHEAD, the ride of his life, while in the background machinery chews away at the wall.

Finally, his disapproving American stepfather MACK hands Jerry to his mother KLAUDIA, thirties, whose bright eyes are filled with love -- and frenzy. She gives Jerry a flurry of kisses, then, in German, she points things out:

JERRY'S MOTHER  
*Look, Jerry! Dragons! My angels  
brought them here to Berlin!*

Jerry follows her gaze to a massive EARTHMOVER whose giant claw RIPS away at the wall.

6-YEAR-OLD JERRY  
*I see, Mama! I see the dragons!*

JERRY'S MOTHER  
*They'll destroy the barrier that  
keeps heaven and hell apart!*

6-YEAR-OLD JERRY  
*That's wonderful! Which one are we  
going to now mama? Heaven, or hell?*

Jerry looks up to see tears streaming down her cheeks.

JERRY'S MOTHER  
*I wish I knew.*

69-B EXT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

69-B

Lisa and Jerry consider the concrete.

LISA  
Is it good luck to touch it?

JERRY

Maybe.

She touches it. They walk a few steps; Jerry points:

JERRY (CONT'D)

That was my window. I spent a lot of time alone.

LISA

You didn't have many friends?

JERRY

Not really. The kids called me "gesundheit" and "fahrvergnügen" and "the ultimate crying machine."

LISA

Because you were from Germany?

JERRY

Uh-huh. So I used to stare out at the night sky and make believe the stars were my friends. Stupid, huh?

LISA

No, it's sweet. Can you show me?

JERRY

You want to go inside?

LISA

Yeah, lets' go.

Lisa wraps her arm around Jerry's waist and they walk together toward the front door, each comforting the other.

70

INT. JERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

70

The front door creaks open and Jerry and Lisa go inside. It's a dusty home that's been abandoned for years. Jerry turns on a flashlight; its beam flits past a giant spider web and illuminates the living room, which still has a ratty old couch, and cast-iron coffee table, covered with dust and yellowed newspapers.

LISA

Ooohhhhhhhh. This was your home?

JERRY

Yep.

Jerry stares into the living room.

71 INT. CORRIDOR WITH STAIRWAY - 1995 - DAY

71

Jerry's stepfather Mack is punishing Jerry. Sitting on a step is his mother Klaudia, now in her forties, prematurely gray and rail-thin. She winces at each CRACKING sound.

MACK

Bunny Monkey is not real.

12-YEAR-OLD JERRY

Bunny Monkey is my friend!

Mack lays into 12-Year-Old Jerry's ass with the hanger once again, drawing blood.

MACK

You got to learn reality from  
fantasy, Jerry, you got to! It's  
just a sock.

12-Year-Old Jerry grits his teeth, staring straight ahead: a sock monkey with rabbit ears gives him encouragement.

BUNNY MONKEY

Be brave, Jerry!

12-YEAR-OLD JERRY

I love you bunny monkey!

Mack lashes out repeatedly, bloodying 12-Year-Old Jerry's ass. Then Mack grabs the sock monkey and rips it apart.

MACK

It's a sock, Jerry. A fucking  
sock!

But Jerry sees it differently: as Bunny Monkey is torn asunder by Mack, the brave little sock monkey taunts him:

BUNNY MONKEY

Go ahead! Kill me if you're a real  
man!

Bunny Monkey is now only a pile of rags. 12-Year-Old Jerry weeps as his fantasy friend is destroyed by his stepfather.

72 INT. JERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 72

Lisa holds tight to Jerry.

LISA  
A lot of memories, huh Jerry?

JERRY  
Yeah, a lot of memories.

LISA  
Not all good?

JERRY  
Nope.

She puts her hand around his waist.

LISA  
Can we look upstairs?

JERRY  
Okay.

They go up the stairs.

73 INT. JERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 73

The floor is rickety and someone has graffitied the walls. Beer cans and cigarette butts litter the floor. Holding each other tight, Jerry and Lisa creep down the hall.

They come to a door that has been kicked in; Jerry freezes in place and looks through the door.

74 INT. JERRY'S MOTHER'S ROOM - 1995 - DAY 74

12-Year-Old Jerry sits on the side of the bed where his mother rests.

JERRY'S MOTHER  
They're coming for me Jerry.

12-YEAR-OLD JERRY  
I'll stop them.

JERRY'S MOTHER  
It's too late. They already know.  
I told them.

12-YEAR-OLD JERRY  
What'd you tell them?

JERRY'S MOTHER  
I told them that sometimes I can  
hear the secret conversations of  
the world, things no one else  
hears, the animals and the angels  
talking to me.

12-YEAR-OLD JERRY  
Sometimes I hear them too, mom.

JERRY'S MOTHER  
I know you do, Jerry. Never tell  
anyone. I told them and they won't  
let me alone. Promise me you'll  
never tell. Promise!

12-YEAR-OLD JERRY  
I promise.

JERRY'S MOTHER  
Never! They don't understand.  
They can't understand. What's that  
sound?

She hears something, and points toward the window. 12-Year-Old Jerry walks to the window as FLASHING RED AND BLUE lights from approaching police cars grow nearer and brighter.

12-YEAR-OLD JERRY  
It's the hospital people. They've  
got the sheriff with them.

JERRY'S MOTHER  
I can't go back. I can't go back.  
I can't go back. I can't go back.

She puts out her arms; 12-Year-Old Jerry leans over the bed and hugs her. Jerry's mother pulls away. She pushes Jerry back.



Then she grabs a drinking glass from her bedside table, smashes it, and jabs the glass into the side of her neck. However, she doesn't quite hit the artery. Her neck slowly oozes blood as she writhes in incredible pain.

JERRY'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Finish it, Jerry. Free me. Free me. Before they get here. Do it.

12-YEAR-OLD JERRY  
I love you, mommy!

12-Year-Old Jerry takes the water glass and jabs it again and again into his mother's neck; blood gushes from her artery and her face turns ashen gray and her lips try to form words soundlessly, and then she crumples to the side and is still.

The door is kicked in. Two sheriff's deputies rush into the room, followed by a social worker and two EMT's. 12-Year-Old Jerry stands by his mother's bed, covered in blood, broken glass in hand, seemingly guilty as sin. The cops taser him and he twitches violently before falling to the ground.

75 INT. JERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 75

Jerry and Lisa stare into the empty room.

LISA  
Oh, Jerry, what is it?

JERRY  
My momma died in that room.

Lisa turns quite tender, running her hands through Jerry's hair. Tears form in her eyes.

LISA  
I never told anyone what I'm going to tell you. I had an abusive father with all that entails.  
(quiet)  
Every kind of abuse. My mother was addicted to methadone and I was passed from family to family like an unwanted pet. Things happened.

JERRY  
I'm sorry, Lisa.

LISA  
Bad things.

JERRY  
Oh, oh, oh no. That's so sad.

LISA  
Yes. But I also think that  
sometimes the worst circumstances  
make the best people. You come  
back from the brink, and the whole  
world is beautiful.

A long, pregnant pause. And then they kiss. Tentative at first, and then a real kiss, filled with tenderness and desire and the bond that only survivors share.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Take me home.

Lisa takes Jerry by the hand and leads him toward the stairs. BEHIND HIM, unseen by Lisa, Jerry drops his hunting knife, and the two walk down the rickety stairs, entwined.

76 INT. LISA'S BEDROOM AREA / STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 76

Jerry and Lisa make love. He's inexperienced. She's okay with that and is gentle and patient.

Nearby, Pighead licks his ass.

77 INT. LISA'S BEDROOM AREA / STUDIO APARTMENT - DAWN 77

Pighead the cat awakens Lisa, who slips out of bed. The apartment is one giant room, with some room dividers. Jerry cracks open his eyes and watches her, naked in the morning sun, messy hair, self-assured, as she hugs her cat to herself; then walks to the kitchen area and puts cat food into a bowl. She feeds Pighead, then returns to the bed, climbing onto Jerry.

LISA  
That was a wonderful night, Jerry.

JERRY  
I think so too.

LISA

I'm glad you asked me out.

Jerry hugs her.

LISA (CONT'D)

You're so mysterious. The first time you came up to accounting I could tell there was something deep about you.

JERRY

Hmmm.

LISA

You seem a million miles away. What's on your mind?

JERRY

Our night turned out a lot different than I had expected.

LISA

Different, good?

JERRY

Definitely. I don't feel alone.

LISA

Me neither.

She kisses him.

LISA (CONT'D)

We have to get going.

JERRY

Work!

LISA

I know it seems like the last thing on earth I want to think about.

JERRY

I have to feed my cat and my dog. They're going to be furious.

LISA

You have to take me to my car.

JERRY

Okay.

LISA

Come up to accounting, maybe this afternoon, okay?

JERRY

I'll try.

LISA

Do it. Pretend like you're delivering something. We can make out in the copy room.

JERRY

I'll try.

78 OMITTED 78

79 OMITTED 79

80 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY 80

Jerry enters. Bosco races over and leaps on Jerry, tail wagging, giving him a big slobbery kiss.

BOSCO

You're home, you're home, the man is back, the man is back and he got laid! Bring her home, I want to smell her crotch. Smells deeeelicious.

Mr. Whiskers is more stand-offish, staring at Jerry from a perch atop the couch. He's hungry and angry.

MR. WHISKERS

Where the fuck's my fucking food, fuck face?

Jerry ignores Mr. Whiskers, and scratches Bosco's ears.

JERRY

That's a good boy, good boy, good boy.

Mr. Whiskers plops down off the couch and stands stock-still on the ground, staring at the disgusting human-canine public display of affection, until Jerry catches his eye.

MR. WHISKERS

Food!

JERRY

Hey Mr. Whiskers.

MR. WHISKERS

Food! Now!

Jerry starts walking toward the kitchen.

MR. WHISKERS (CONT'D)

I left you a gift on the sofa, a little reminder of why you can't leave us alone without FOOD God damn it.

Right in the middle of the couch in a big hairy cat turd.

81 INT. JERRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

81

Jerry happily hums to himself, no particular tune, just love coming through, he feeds Mr. Whiskers, he feeds Bosco, it's a beautiful morning. And then he opens the fridge: inside is Chloe's severed head.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD

*Bon jour, Jerry.*

He slams the fridge door. Stops humming.

BOSCO

What's the matter buddy?

JERRY

What am I supposed to do?

BOSCO

I don't know.

MR. WHISKERS

Same as always: pretend like everything's fine.

JERRY

Really?

MR. WHISKERS

It got you this far, didn't it?

Jerry nods slowly, the weight of the world on his shoulders.

82 INT. MILTON FIXTURES - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

82

Lost in thought, Jerry loads tubs. Dennis Kowalski walks over.

DENNIS

Hey, Jerry?

JERRY

What?

DENNIS

They need you up in accounting.  
Some problem with payroll or  
something.

Jerry skulks off the factory floor.

83 INT. ACCOUNTING - DAY

83

Jerry walks over to Lisa's cubicle. She's fluffed her hair, and her silk camisole peeks out from her unbuttoned blouse.

LISA

(superhot come on)  
I found some irregularities in your  
records and we need to do an audit.

JERRY

You did?

LISA

Come with me.

84 INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

84

Jerry and Lisa make out like bandits in the cluttered copy room, not much bigger than a closet. She takes his hand and sticks it under her skirt and grinds against him.

There's a knock at the door. They both straighten out the best they can.

LISA

Come in!

It's her coworker, Alison. It's perfectly clear what's going on but no one wants to acknowledge it.

LISA (CONT'D)

Thank you Jerry for uh for foxing  
the kippier, I mean fuxing the  
clappier --

ALISON

I can make a copy later.

LISA

No that's okay.

Lisa and Jerry laugh, then --

JERRY

I gotta go.

And with that Jerry leaves. Alison pulls the door shut.

ALISON

Lisa! You dog!

LISA

Woof, woof. Are you still doing  
payroll?

ALISON

Yeah, I'm a payroll lifer, why?

LISA

I want Jerry's address. I'm going  
to take him a little gift. A  
whoopee cake or something.

ALISON

You could just ask him.

LISA

I want it to be a surprise.

They leave the photocopy room just as a male supervisor is passing by, who shoots them a dirty look.

85 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - EVENING 85

Jerry's eating a Budget Gourmet TV dinner while watching television news with Bosco and Mr. Whiskers.

ON THE TELEVISION:

86 INT. NEWS SET - DAY 86

Two preternaturally polished Action News Reporters -- NED and TINA -- chuckle about a cutesy story.

NED

That's a lot of cheese sandwiches  
to eat in one sitting! Forty-one!

TINA

That tiny Sonya Thomas always wins!  
(long dramatic pause)  
And now a grimmer story. A woman  
murdered -- her partial remains  
dumped in the woods!

NED

So sad!

TINA

So terrible! Reporter Sheila  
Hammer has an Action News Exclusive  
-- the woman may have been the  
victim of a serial killer!

87 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - EVENING 87

Jerry puts down his food and watches the television intently.  
Mr. Whiskers and Bosco lean forward, too.

SHEILA HAMMER (O.S.)

The grisly discovery Tuesday, near  
Milton, of an unidentified female  
stabbing victim, have local police  
on the hunt for a serial killer.

MR. WHISKERS

Holy fucking shit! Jerry, you're a  
serial killer!



BOSCO  
No he isn't.

JERRY  
Shhhh!

ON THE TELEVISION:

88 EXT. WOODS - CRIME SCENE - DAY

88

Detective Weinbacher is interviewed by local news.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
With the aid of the FBI we have  
developed a profile of the unknown  
killer. Male, late twenties or  
early thirties, white, lower or  
middle class. Trouble fitting in.

MR. WHISKERS  
That's you, Jerry!

SHEILA HAMMER  
Will he kill again?

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
If he's not stopped soon there's  
every indication he will kill  
again.

88A INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - EVENING

88A

ANGLE ON JERRY, MR. WHISKERS AND BOSCO

JERRY  
No! No! Oh my God.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE TELEVISION

We're now in Jerry's point of view, and Detective Weinbacher  
directly addresses him, staring straight out of the T.V.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
You hear that, punk? You're a  
killer. A serial killer.

JERRY  
I don't want to be a killer.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
Too late shitbag. No turning  
back. You're a stone-cold  
murdering maniac.

Jerry turns off the television.

MR. WHISKERS  
Told you so.

JERRY  
Told me so what?

MR. WHISKERS  
I told you you like killing. And  
now the cops say the same thing.

Jerry hangs his head in shame.

CHLOE (O.S.)  
Jerry! Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!

He stands, walks to the kitchen, and opens the fridge. Chloe  
winks at him.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
What're they saying about you baby?

JERRY  
I'm a killer.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
Take me out. Let's talk about it.

He grabs her head and carries it to the coffee table in front  
of the couch; Bosco and Mr. Whiskers sit on the floor on  
either side of her. Jerry sinks into the couch.

JERRY  
What if I am?

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
A serial killer?

JERRY  
Yes.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD

Is it something you are -- like  
having brown eyes, or being right-  
handed -- or is it something you  
choose, like being an accountant?

JERRY

I wish I knew.

BOSCO

You can still make the choice,  
Jerry, you're still a good man.

JERRY

I try to be a good man. I want to  
be a good man. But then there's  
the cat --

MR. WHISKERS

Fuck you, blaming it on me.

JERRY

No! Hear me out. I know what is  
good. I want to lead a righteous  
and just life and be an upstanding  
member of the community. But then  
Mr. Whiskers makes me do bad  
things.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD

The cat was nowhere near when you  
killed me.

MR. WHISKERS

See? See?? Thank you, lady-head.

JERRY

I know right from wrong. I try to  
be good. But when I do certain  
horrible things, I am filled with  
terror and dread, standing outside  
myself. Even though I know what  
I've done I also feel like -- it  
wasn't me.

BOSCO

Wow, Buddy. Pretty complicated  
inside the human mind, huh?

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
You killed me. You.

JERRY  
I know, but I want to be good! In  
some sense it wasn't me at all! It  
was --

MR. WHISKERS  
You going to say it was me?

JERRY  
I don't know!

MR. WHISKERS  
Let's say it was me, just for  
purposes of argument. But you know  
that I'm not a talking cat.  
There's no such thing. Everything  
I say -- is really you.

JERRY  
What?

MR. WHISKERS  
Come on. You know that.

BOSCO  
It's true, buddy. Face the facts.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
Your pets have it right, Jerry.

JERRY  
I kind of suspected. But if  
there's me, regular me, me who is  
talking now, and I want to be  
good... and then there's you and  
you and you, trying to make me do  
something else, am I good?

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
No. You're bad.

BOSCO  
She's wrong. You're a good boy.

MR. WHISKERS  
They're both wrong: you are what  
you are.

Jerry takes Mr. Whiskers onto his lap.

JERRY

I remember now why I keep you, Mr.  
Whiskers. That's it. I am what I  
am.

The DOORBELL rings. Bosco barks. Mr. Whiskers jumps on the couch.

BOSCO

Intruder! Someone's here!  
Intruder! Intruder! I got your  
back Jerry!

JERRY

Quiet! Quiet Bosco!

Jerry checks the peephole.

88 POV EXT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / OUTSIDE DOOR - EVENING

88 POV

JERRY'S P.O.V.

Through the fisheye lens he sees Lisa, on the landing of the outdoor stairs, holding a cake box.

88A CT. INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - EVENING

88A CT.

Jerry whispers "shit!" And grabs Bosco by the collar.

JERRY

Just a minute -- just a minute -- I  
have to put my dog away --

BOSCO

That's her! I can smell her! I have  
to smell her butt, Jerrrrry,  
please!

JERRY

No! Bad Bosco! Go. Go!

Jerry shoves Bosco and Mr. Whiskers into the bedroom and slams the door. He runs his fingers through his hair, approaches the door, and then at the last second his eye catches Chloe's severed head --

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
*Bon jour, Jerry!*

JERRY  
Damn it!

He tosses a windbreaker over Chloe's head, then opens the front door a crack, and sees Lisa standing outside. She's dressed provocatively, and holds a cake.

LISA  
Hey, Jerry.

JERRY  
Hey, Lisa.

Jerry steps out onto the landing.

89 EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S - NIGHT

89

The door closes behind Jerry. His landing is atop a set of stairs above the bowling alley; Jerry and Lisa are framed by the decrepit sign and a graffiti-covered, nonfunctional neon bowling ball and pin. Lisa kisses Jerry hello. His hair is a mess; she runs her fingers through it.

LISA  
I didn't mean to surprise you --

JERRY  
I'm glad you stopped by.

LISA  
I'm imposing. I can tell.

JERRY  
You look beautiful.

LISA  
Thank you. You look -- delicious.

JERRY  
I am so happy I met you.

LISA  
Oh, Jerry.

JERRY

I'm serious. I feel like the  
luckiest guy in Milton.

He means it. Lisa can tell. She blushes.

LISA

I brought you a cake.

JERRY

You are so amazing, Lisa.

LISA

Do you have company? Am I  
interrupting?

JERRY

No, it's just ... what you heard  
is, I talk to my pets sometimes. A  
lot of the time. All the time.

LISA

Me too.

JERRY

And they talk to me.

LISA

I totally know what you mean.

JERRY

Thank you for the cake.

He tries the doorknob. It's locked.

LISA

Are you locked out?

JERRY

It's okay. I'll get in somehow.  
You don't have to wait for me.

LISA

Okay. I thought --

JERRY

I should invite you in. I want to,  
but it's a disaster in there.

LISA

Okay.

JERRY

Plus I'm locked out.

LISA

Do you want me to wait while you  
try to get back in?

JERRY

No, that's okay.

LISA

I don't mind. Really. It's not  
like I have a life -- ha ha. How  
are you planning to get in?

JERRY

There's a skylight. I can just  
climb up there.

LISA

I'm pretty good at getting into  
places because I always forget my  
keys.

JERRY

No! I'll go through the skylight.

Jerry stands on the railing to the stairs; then he pulls  
himself up to the roof.

90 OMITTED 90

90A INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (P.O.V.) 90A

He sees down into his bedroom; Mr. Whiskers and Bosco look  
back up at him. He plunks down next to the skylight and  
tries to pry it open. It doesn't budge.

91 EXT. MOUNTAIN BOWLING LANS - NIGHT 91

Lisa hears Jerry lumbering around on the roof.

LISA

Jerry? You okay?



JERRY (O.S.)  
Yes! Fine. Fine!

She reaches into her purse and pulls out a credit card. She slips it between the door and the jamb and slips it around, up and down, back and forth. It opens the latch.

LISA  
Jerry? Hey, Jerry!

92 EXT. BOWLING ALLEY ROOF - NIGHT 92

Jerry pounds on the skylight, growing angrier and more frustrated by the second. He doesn't hear Lisa.

93 EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S - NIGHT 93

Lisa pushes the door open an inch.

LISA  
Jerry! I got it open!!

She peers in.

94 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - LISA'S P.O.V. 94

Just a messy apartment. Nothing horrific on first glance. And then -- the bedroom door pops open -- and Bosco bolts straight at the door.

95 BACK TO SCENE / EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S - NIGHT 95

Bosco jumps on the door with both paws -- forces it open -- runs onto the porch and charges straight at Lisa's crotch, jamming his nose right in to her pudendum for a long, deep whiff. He's not talking -- he's just a dog now. Lisa drops her purse and grabs Bosco's collar.

LISA  
Jerry!

96 EXT. BOWLING ALLEY ROOF - NIGHT 96

Jerry's intensely focused on trying to pry open the skylight and still doesn't hear Lisa calling him.

97 EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S - NIGHT 97

Bosco tries to escape. Lisa hangs on tight to his collar.

LISA  
Come on boy, don't run away, come  
on, let's put you back in.

Lisa, focused on handling the dog and not on her surroundings, drags Bosco into the apartment.

98 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 98

Lisa drags the rambunctious Bosco through the apartment toward the bedroom. The apartment, now seen objectively, is a bleak, horrific mess. Blood is smeared in the least-expected places. Clothes and rotting food are everywhere. Lisa notices none of this -- she's staring at Bosco --

LISA  
Come on. Let's go. Boy -- come on  
-- going to put you back where you  
were -- let's go --

With her foot she pushes open the bedroom door, and then enters.

99 OMITTED 99

100 OMITTED 100

100A INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (P.O.V.) 100A

Jerry sees Lisa in his bedroom.

100 CT. OMITTED 100 CT.

101 INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 101

Lisa finally pauses long enough to see Jerry's bedroom as it objectively is, a filthy, freaky mess, Forty Year Old Virgin meets Texas Chainsaw Massacre. She is appalled. It takes her breath away. She lets go of Bosco, who immediately jams his nose back into her crotch.

LISA  
Get away! Get away!

Lisa backs out of the bedroom into --

102 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

102

And now, she sees. The blood. The mess. The stains. The cat shit. The dog shit. The rotting food. The filth. The windbreaker mostly covering Chloe's severed head except for Chloe's hair sticking out -- Lisa's eyes go wide with fear -- in spite of the size, the shape, the darkening oily bloodstain, Lisa does not let herself believe what she sees.

As Lisa backs out of Jerry's apartment she collides with Jerry, who is standing just outside the door.

JERRY  
Lisa, I can explain.

LISA  
Jerry, Jerry, no. I'm going to leave. I shouldn't have come in --

JERRY  
This is not me. I mean this is not what I'm really like.

LISA  
I apologize.

She starts for the door. Jerry, embarrassed and overwhelmed, cuts off her progress.

JERRY  
No. No. Lisa -- I -- I -- give me a chance to explain --

Lisa backs into the apartment, as Jerry walks toward her.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I'm basically a good person. I try to do the right thing. I'm not a bad guy. And, Lisa, I think I love you.

LISA  
Oh, Jerry --

JERRY

Noooooooo!

Jerry's eyes are filled with the shock of seeing one's secrets splattered open for all the world to see, a deep and epic humiliation beyond anything he's yet experienced, as in one instant the woman who moments ago believed he was a big sweet guy now knows for certain he's a psychotic killer.

Lisa SCREAMS.

Jerry hyperventilates. Mr. Whiskers jumps up on the couch and begins yelling at him --

MR. WHISKERS

Kill her! Kill her Jerry! Fucking bitch never liked you anyway!

JERRY

No, I can't, I can't!

Lisa runs out the door.

MR. WHISKERS

Don't wuss out now! If she gets away the whole world will know, the whole world, Jerry! Everyone will know you're a crazy perv killer!

Jerry runs out the door.

103 EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S - NIGHT

103

Lisa runs down the stairs. Jerry chases her.

Lisa gets to her car -- no purse, no keys. She looks up -- her purse is on the landing. There is no traffic. No people. She is all alone with Jerry, and he's coming after her like a freight train. Lisa races into the field next to the parking lot, running for her life.

104 EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

104

Lisa runs at top speed. Jerry pursues. She gets to the end of the field. Looks both ways. To her right is a ravine. To her left, a thicket of trees. She races for the ravine.

105 EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT 105

Lisa skillfully darts down the ravine. Jerry's right behind her. Low-hanging branches scrape across her face and scratch up her skin but she's tough and keeps at it. Jerry is right behind her. He stumbles. Jerry crashes down the steep ravine, falling onto Lisa.

It's a hard landing.

JERRY

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

Jerry pulls himself up. He's a fucked-up mess. He looks at Lisa. She's got a compound fracture to her left femur, bone sticking out, blood everywhere, and is going into shock.

LISA

Jerry. Help me. Please.

He stares at her for a long, uncomfortable time. Tears stream down Jerry's face as he leans over Lisa's broken body. He kisses her on each cheek. She's terrified.

JERRY

Lisa -- I love you.

And then, Jerry strangles Lisa. It takes a long time. And after she's dead, he lies down next to her body and weeps.

106 EXT. FIELD - NIGHT 106

Jerry drags Lisa's body across the field back to his apartment.

107 EXT. MOUNTAIN BOWLING LANS - NIGHT 107

Jerry drags Lisa's body up the external staircase, leaving a huge blood smear behind him.

108 INT. JERRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 108

Jerry puts Lisa's head in the fridge next to Chloe's.

109 INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

109

Jerry, covered in blood and torn up from his death race through the woods, swigs generic vodka straight from a 1.5 liter bottle. Mr. Whiskers and Bosco hop up on the bed next to him, and they are drunk off their asses, too.

MR. WHISKERS

Shit, did whatcha hadda do man,  
figure it out in the morning, meow  
meow it's all come out in the wash,  
purrrrr, purrrrr.

BOSCO

Errryone's still gonna love you  
Jerry anybody woulda done uh same  
thing, yurra same guy you wurr  
afore, itsonna be okay.

Jerry passes out.

110 INT. ACCOUNTING - AFTERNOON

110

Alison from payroll peers into Lisa's cubicle. No one is there. She leans into Dave from Personnel's cubicle.

ALISON

Hey Dave --

DAVE

Yeah?

ALISON

You seen Lisa today?

DAVE

Nope.

ALISON

She's not answering her phone,  
either.

DAVE

She went out with that weird guy  
Jerry from shipping.

ALISON

I know.

DAVE  
How much do you know?

ALISON  
They were seeing each other.

DAVE  
About him I mean.

ALISON  
What's there to know?

DAVE  
Go to the Milton News web site.  
July 9th, 1997. Front page.

He hands her a Post-it.

111 INT. ALISON'S CUBICLE - DAY 111

Alison's computer screen shows the Milton News headline, "Local Boy Charged in Murder of Mother", next to a picture of young Jerry. She's appalled.

112 EXT. MILTON BOWLING LANE'S PARKING LOT - TWILIGHT 112

Alison drives into the bowling alley parking lot and parks her Subaru next to Lisa's car. She gets out. Walks to Lisa's car. It's locked. She peers inside. She heads toward the outdoor stairway that leads to Jerry's apartment.

113 INT. JERRY'S KITCHEN - TWILIGHT 113

Jerry is hung over, hair askew, shirt stained, ten-o'clock shadow. He dumps some dry dog food into the dog bowl, then dumps out a can of cat food into the cat bowl. As his pets eat he opens the fridge and pulls out a carton of milk, stopping briefly to stare at the two severed heads on his top shelf before swigging milk straight from the carton.

He closes the fridge, opens a can of tuna, and starts eating right from the can. Bosco abruptly stops eating --

BOSCO  
Danger! Danger! Danger!

Bosco races into the living room. Jerry puts down his tuna and follows Bosco; Mr. Whiskers pretends to be indifferent, but then can't help himself and races after them.

114 INT. JERRY'S LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT 114

Bosco's freaking out; even Mr. Whiskers is a little excited.

BOSCO  
Intruder! Intruder! Human in the  
parking lot!

MR. WHISKERS  
Have some dignity, dog breath,  
don't pee yourself.  
(to Jerry)

Jerry peers through the peephole in the door.

114 pov OMITTED 114 pov

115 EXT. MOUNTAIN BOWLING LANS - TWILIGHT 115

Alison climbs the stairs to Jerry's apartment.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - TWILIGHT

Jerry watches through the peephole.

EXT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - P.O.V.

Alison is standing right outside the door.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - TWILIGHT

Jerry opens the door. He stares at Alison until --

ALISON  
Hi.

CUT TO:



116

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - DAY

116

Jerry opens his fridge to get some milk, reaching past three heads: Chloe's, Lisa's and Alison's. Boscoe stares at him.

BOSCO

Hey, Jerry.

JERRY

What?

BOSCO

Remember last week, you said there's an invisible line that separates good from evil, and you thought you'd crossed it. And I said, "no! you're a good boy!" Remember?

JERRY

Yes, I remember. So what?

BOSCO

I've changed my opinion.

JERRY

Now you think I'm evil, Bosco?

BOSCO

I'm certain of it.

Bosco walks away, leaving Jerry to consider this judgment against him from his dog. He is, after all, still holding Alison's severed head. Mr. Whiskers pads across to Jerry--

MR. WHISKERS

Welcome to my world, Jerry!

JERRY

I'm not sure I want to go there.

MR. WHISKERS

You're already there. Fuck the dog.  
Become what you're meant to become.

Jerry thinks about this, then puts Alison's head into his refrigerator, on the shelf below Chloe's and Lisa's heads. Jerry stands back admires the heads. For a long time they are perfectly immobile on the refrigerator shelf.

Then, Chloe opens her eyes, followed by Lisa, then Alison; color returns to their cheeks; they wake up.

Chloe's severed head winks at Jerry.

JERRY

What do you think I should do,  
Chloe?

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD

You can't go back to work, but you  
can't stay here, either. Maybe  
now's a good time to see if the cat  
knows what he's talking about.

ALISON'S SEVERED HEAD

She's right.

LISA'S SEVERED HEAD

I totally agree.

MR. WHISKERS

Me-ow to that!

JERRY

You think I should just go kill  
people for no reason?

MR. WHISKERS

For the pleasure it brings.

Jerry thinks about it. Closes the fridge. Looks at Bosco's big sad eyes. Then at the cat, who is happier than ever.

117 EXT. MOUNTAIN BOWLING LANE'S PARKING LOT - DAY 117

Jerry chains Alison's car to the bumper of his F-150.  
Lisa's car is parked next to it.

118 EXT. RIVER BANK - A FEW HOURS LATER - DAY 118

Jerry's F-150 is parked at the river. He unchains Lisa's car from the bumper. Nearby, Alison's car is parked on the muddy river bank. Jerry walks to the rear of Alison's car and tries to push it into the river. It rolls forward a few feet then sinks.

119 INT. JERRY'S TRUCK / RIVER BANK - FIVE MINUTES LATER - DAY 119

Jerry revs his truck's engine, then engages the transmission, shoving Lisa's car into the river. He watches it sink.

121 OMITTED 121

122 OMITTED 122

123 INT. DR. WEST'S PSYCHIATRIC PRACTICE OFFICE - DAY 123

Dr. West sits at her desk filing government paperwork.

Some CLUNKING and then the door opens and Jerry enters. His boots are muddy and his eyes are wild.

JERRY

Hi.

DR. WEST

Jerry, what's wrong?

JERRY

I have a lot of stuff I have to deal with right now.

DR. WEST

What happened?

JERRY

I stopped taking the drugs.

DR. WEST

What? Why?

JERRY

My cat made me.

DR. WEST

Your cat made you.

JERRY

Urrrr, no. Kind of. Mr. Whiskers did the talking -- but it was really me. See? I'm making progress. It's not the cat! I know that now.

DR. WEST

Jerry. We had an agreement.

JERRY

I'm sorry Dr. West! Forgive me!  
I'm bad. I'm an asshole.

DR. WEST

Don't be so hard on yourself. I  
appreciate the honesty. I'm  
disappointed -- but it's not like  
you killed someone --

JERRY

Uh --

DR. WEST

Jerry?

JERRY

Uh, it is. Kind of like that.  
Kind of like that, times three.

DR. WEST

What are you saying, Jerry?

JERRY

Three people, um, who aren't alive  
any more. Because of me.

DR. WEST

Oh my God.

On sensing the danger, Dr. West becomes very calm; aware  
she's with a killer, she doesn't want to set him off. But  
underneath, she's terrified and looking for escape.

JERRY

But I feel terrible about it. I  
need to tell someone.

DR. WEST

Tell me. Jerry? I'm listening.

JERRY

Remember that conga line?

DR. WEST

At your company party. Yes.

As she listens, Dr. West reaches below her desk and -- out of sight of Jerry -- pulls a cell phone out of her purse.

JERRY

So everyone was conga-ing and then  
I Danced-to-the-Music with that  
French girl, Chloe, right? And  
then we were supposed to go to  
Chen's Chinese Restaurant, okay?  
And then -- what are you doing?  
Dr. West!

Jerry stands, and sees that Dr. West has her cell phone in her hands. Jerry pulls it away from her --

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Nine one one what is the nature of  
your emergency?

JERRY

Sorry. Wrong number.

DR. WEST

Help me! I'm being held  
hostage.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What's the matter ma'am?

Jerry takes her phone and smashes it under his boot. Then he yanks the land line out of the wall. He puts Dr. West in a headlock and lifts her up to her feet.

JERRY

It was an accident! I liked all of  
them and wish they were all alive.  
Do you have any packing tape?

DR. WEST

What? Why?

Jerry keeps Dr. West in a tight grip as he rummages through her desk, pulling out drawer after drawer until he finds some wide packing tape.

JERRY

I can't let you go. But I still  
need a lot of therapy.

CUT TO:

123-A EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S -- DAY

123-A

A rusty Chrysler pulls into the parking lot and stops. Dave from Personnel gets out; he's wearing full rain gear and carries an umbrella. He's terrified. Slowly Dave walks up the stairway toward Jerry's door. He knocks and is answered with FURIOUS BARKING and SHRILL MEWING.

DAVE

Alison?

No answer, except for animal noises. He tries the door. It's unlocked. He opens the door part way; Bosco immediately RACES OUT, growling. Dave backs against the porch railing and drops his umbrella. Dave's getting soaked.

Bosco is too weak to attack. He humps it down the stairs, then into the field. Bosco's followed shortly by Mr. Whiskers, who runs right past Dave.

Dave leans in the door; the stench is overpowering. He gets one glance inside and sees enough. He staggers back down the stairway, and throws up.

124 EXT. JERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY - STORM

124

Jerry parks his truck at the edge of the fallow cornfield with a view of the farmhouse where he was raised. In the storm, the weeds, the decrepit home and Jerry's truck take on an ethereal beauty.

125 INT. JERRY'S TRUCK / CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY - STORM

125

Jerry sits in the driver's seat, talking to Dr. West, who is bound and gagged with packing tape in the passenger seat.

JERRY

We don't have much time so we have  
to get into the big issues.

Dr. West nods.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Do you believe in God?

Dr. West nods.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
So do I. But I think He has it out  
for me. He cuts everyone else  
slack and then He shit all over me.  
And I want to know why.

Dr. West shakes her head, like she disagrees.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Why would God put a little boy in a  
home with a father like that? And  
make my mother lose herself so  
completely she wanted to die?

Dr. West shrugs.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I don't know either. But if He is  
all-powerful, God must be okay with  
me killing people.

Dr. West shakes her head in violent disagreement.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Ha! A shrink who wants to talk.

She smiles weakly and nods.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I'll untape you but only if we get  
the fast-track to mental health.

She nods. Jerry reaches into the back of the truck. Pulls  
out a Swiss Army Knife. Opens the scissor tool and carefully  
cuts through the tape binding Dr. West's mouth.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Start doing the silent shrink thing  
and I can't predict what I'll do.

She nods her consent. He gently pulls off the tape.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Let's get into it. Question one:  
God. And why he made me, me.

It is the psychotherapeutic command performance of all time,  
and West gives it her all:

DR. WEST

Okay. God. I think, the world and everything in it and the way things turn out -- is God's will. A God so large we can only understand him indirectly. We can comprehend his intentions only in hindsight.

JERRY

The fatalistic hopeless God.

DR. WEST

No, not really. See, God realized that people needed someone to lead by example, to walk the walk.

JERRY

You're talking about Jesus?

DR. WEST

Yes. Jesus is God-like perfection, but on a scale humans can understand.

JERRY

Like -- bowling a perfect game?

DR. WEST

Possibly. Sure. Like that.

JERRY

That kind of works for me. God -- perfection. Jesus -- same thing, but on a scale we can understand.

DR. WEST

Yes.

JERRY

We did God in forty-five seconds. Now: why do I hear voices?

DR. WEST

A lot of people hear voices. Or thoughts they can't stop.

JERRY

A lot of people?



DR. WEST

Yes. It might be a voice telling them that they're worthless or stupid. It could tell them to indulge every desire -- drink that drink, take that drug, follow every sexual impulse. Or it might be a cynical voice that says nothing matters, telling them that their efforts are insignificant.

JERRY

Do you hear things like that?

DR. WEST

I have thoughts. Not exactly the same as you, but close enough. When I'm afraid or insecure, I have thoughts telling me I'm fat, that psychotherapy isn't a worthwhile endeavor, that it's not "real". These voices tell me I should have aimed higher than a government job, that my potential was squandered ... and that I'm unworthy of love.

JERRY

But none of that is true. What do you do about it?

DR. WEST

I can't shut it off entirely -- nor would I want to -- but I can argue against it. Just because you have thoughts, doesn't mean you have to act on them.

JERRY

*I don't have to act on them ...*  
That's it. This is like ten years of therapy in ten minutes.

Jerry starts up the truck.

DR. WEST

Where are we going?

JERRY

Home. Feed my pets. I think I can  
handle them now. As long as I  
don't obey then.

DR. WEST

What are you going to do with me?

JERRY

I don't know.

A tear rolls down Dr. West's cheek.

126 INT. MILTON TOWNSHIP POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 126

Dave BUZZES a buzzer at the bullet-proof window. A rookie  
DESK CLERK crosses to the window.

DAVE

I'd like to report an emergency.

CLERK

What kind of emergency?

DAVE

A murder. Maybe more than one.

The Clerk stares at Dave as if he's kidding. He's not.

127 EXT. MILTON TOWNSHIP POLICE DEPARTMENT -- NIGHT 127

Jerry carries Dr. West, fireman style, over his shoulder up  
the stairs to his apartment. The door is flapping open.

128 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 128

Jerry puts Dr. West -- hands and feet bound -- on the couch.  
She SCREAMS.

DR. WEST

Jerry oh my God what have you done--

JERRY

Shut up --

DR. WEST

Let me go for God's sake -- what  
are you going to do -- what are you  
going to do?

JERRY

I told you I don't know what I'm  
going to do.

(yelling)

Mr. Whiskers! Bosco! Bosco! Mr.  
Whiskers!

(panicked)

Wait here. My pets need me.

Jerry grabs a roll of electrical tape and seals up Dr. West's  
mouth once again; then leaves.

129

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

129

Jerry wanders the woods, yelling:

JERRY

Mr. Whiskers! Bosco! Mr.  
Whiskers! Bosco! Mr. Whiskers!  
Bosco! Bosco! Mr. Whiskers!  
Bosco! Bosco! Boscooooo! Mr.  
Whiskers! Bosco! Boscooooo!

As Jerry clears a tree, he's nearly knocked down by Bosco,  
bounding happily toward him.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Bosco! Thatta boy!

Jerry kneels down in the mud and lets Bosco lick the rain off  
of his face.

BOSCO

I love you I love you I love you I  
love you Jerry I love you.

JERRY

I love you too Bosco. Come on boy.

Jerry grabs Bosco's collar and tows him out of the woods.

130 EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT 130

Jerry hauls Bosco across the parking lot.

JERRY  
Mr. Whiskers! Mr. Whiskers! Mr.  
Whiskers! Mr. Whiskers!

No response.

BOSCO  
I'm cold I'm wet I'm hungry.

JERRY  
I know you are boy.

Jerry hauls Bosco up the stairs and into the apartment.

131 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 131

Mr. Whiskers is standing on top of the fully restrained Dr. West, staring into her terrified eyes, when Bosco and Jerry walk in the door. Mr. Whiskers looks at them --

MR. WHISKERS  
Hey losers.

Bosco walks to Dr. West and jabs his nose right in her crotch, backs up and shakes himself dry on her, and then licks her face.

MR. WHISKERS (CONT'D)  
Is this the bitch you've been  
fucking?

JERRY  
No! No! No! Mr. Whiskers! That  
is my psychotherapist!

MR. WHISKERS  
A great job she's doing, too.  
Short list for Shrink of the Year  
seeing as you're Mr. Mental Health.

JERRY  
Don't insult her!

MR. WHISKERS

Knowing your track record, I give  
it, maybe, an hour until you kill  
her.

JERRY

I'm not going to kill her.

CLOSE ON DR. WEST'S FACE staring up --

132

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - REALISTIC VIEW - NIGHT

132

We enter Dr. West's realistic point-of-view, where the  
apartment is filthy and the animals can't talk (and are  
disgusting). But Jerry's still speaking in English.

JERRY

You're the sickest cat in the  
world, saying shit like that.

The cat just MEWS; it's a real cat.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I am not going to cut her throat.  
I will not kill Dr. West.

The cat MEWS again.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I hear you. And I'm going to  
ignore you, Mister Whiskers.

Dr. West is straining to say something. Jerry walks into the  
kitchen and returns with a large knife. There's still a  
little blood on it. He holds it up to Dr. West's throat --  
and cuts the tape around her mouth so she can talk.

DR. WEST

Oh my God.

JERRY

You're welcome.

CLOSE ON JERRY'S FACE --

133 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

133

And now we're back in Jerry's point of view, the skewed universe we've been seeing for most of the movie.

DR. WEST  
Jerry, I'm scared.

MR. WHISKERS  
She wasn't scared last week when  
she threatened to send you back to  
the slam!

JERRY  
What do you want?

DR. WEST  
I want to make a call.

MR. WHISKERS  
She'll call the cops.

JERRY  
You'll call the cops.

DR. WEST  
No! I just don't want to be alone.

JERRY  
Okay, I got an idea.

Jerry walks to the kitchen, followed by Bosco and Mr. Whiskers. Opens the fridge.

CHLOE'S SEVERED HEAD  
*Bon jour, Jerry.*

Jerry picks up Chloe's head by the hair and carries her out to the living room. Dr. West is apoplectic; nearly in shock as Jerry sets the talking severed head on the coffee table so it faces Dr. West. We still see what Jerry sees.

Dr. West faces the severed head and SCREEEEEEAAAMS.

Chloe's severed head SCREAMS back.

Mr. Whiskers and Bosco SCREAM right along with them.

JERRY

Bosco! Mr. Whiskers! Dr. West!  
Chloe! Cut it out! SHUT! UP!

One by one, they quiet down. Just then, Jerry sees BLUE AND RED lights flashing across his window -- just for an instant. Then it stops. Mr. Whiskers bounds over to the window; so does Bosco.

BOSCO

Something weird Jerry.

MR. WHISKERS

I got a bad feeling about this Jer.

Jerry crosses to the window and looks out --

134 EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT -- JERRY'S P.O.V. 134

Half a dozen black and white cop cars are arrayed along the perimeter of the bowling lane parking lot; several more are rolling in behind them, lights off.

135 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 135

Jerry freezes in place. His cat, his dog, his psychotherapist and the severed head of his first victim look at him with worried anticipation.

JERRY

It's the cops.

Mr. Whiskers, Bosco, Dr. West and Chloe all nod.

BOSCO

Cops. Cops everywhere. Grrrrrr.

JERRY

I have a plan.  
(to Dr. West)  
You did the best you could. It's not your fault.

DR. WEST

What are you going to do to me?

JERRY

Nothing.

He picks up Mr. Whiskers and holds him tight, then heads for the bathroom. Bosco follows behind him.

MR. WHISKERS

Put me down put me down I'll claw  
your eyes out God damn it put me  
down you fucking psycho.

Jerry ignores him. They go into the bathroom. Jerry slams the door behind him. Dr. West is left alone on the couch, still taped up.

136 INT. JERRY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

136

Jerry sets down Mr. Whiskers, who climbs onto the sink; Bosco sits next to the toilet. Jerry stands in the bath tub. At the end of the tub is an access panel, which he opens. Inside, the building infrastructure is revealed: pipes, framing, and electrical conduit.

Mr. Whiskers races past Jerry and bolts into the crawl space, disappearing into the dark.

BOSCO

This is your whole plan? To go  
into the bowling alley?

JERRY

It's the best I've got.

BOSCO

Okay, buddy.

Jerry picks up Bosco and shoves him through the access panel. Bosco's none too happy about it --

BOSCO (CONT'D)

Easy, Jerry! I can't go in there!  
Help. This is awful. Jerrrrrry!

And then Bosco's gone. Jerry ducks into the cramped crawlspace after Bosco, and jams himself in.

137 INT. CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

137

The crawlspace expands into an attic; one side is used for storage;



on the other, twenty-six mute pin setting machines wait in vain for bowlers. Bosco is nervously walking around sniffing things; Mr. Whiskers is nowhere to be seen.

JERRY  
Come on, boy.

Jerry leads Bosco to the door at the end of the crawlspace. They go through.

138

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - REALISTIC VIEW - NIGHT

138

Dr. West, hands and feet bound, looks around in disgust at the apartment, and especially at the rotting severed head that's across from her on the coffee table. She swallows her disgust and rolls off the couch onto the floor, inadvertently knocking into the coffee table. The head falls off.

Dr. West keeps her shit together and crawls toward the telephone across the wretched, foul floor to the phone.

Reaching for the phone, Dr. West knocks the receiver off of the cradle. With her nose she presses 9. Then 1. As she's reaching for the final 1, all hell breaks loose.

The DOOR explodes open --

A CYLINDER is hurled in and fills the room with tear gas.

A dozen STATE POLICE in gas masks storm the room and take up positions, ready for a full-on confrontation.

Dr. West, terrified, tears streaming down her face, yells --

DR. WEST  
I'm here! Don't hurt me!

A FEMALE COP, in an alien-looking gas mask, kneels next to Dr. West and puts a Kevlar-wrapped hand on her shoulder.

FEMALE COP  
It's going to be okay.

Dr. West just stares.

139 INT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

139

While Bosco and Mr. Whiskers watch, Jerry finds the light panel and flips a few switches. Most of the old fluorescent tubes flicker eerily but provide little useful light. Many of the lanes have been used for storage, of furniture, clothes, boxes -- junk. Jerry keeps flipping switches, and many of the ancient pin-setting machines grind to life.

Then, a brilliant light shines down on Lane 11. A bowler, obscured by junk, throws a strike. The ball comes back to him, and Jerry is drawn to Lane 11 as if by a tractor beam.

There, a man dressed head to toe in white robes, with long dark hair and a beard, winds up to throw the ball again --

JERRY

Jesus?

It is indeed Jesus. And He doesn't want to be interrupted; He puts a finger to His lips, for Jerry to be quiet. Jerry looks at the automated scorekeeper and realizes: the savior of all mankind is one strike away from a perfect game.

Jesus winds up again. Releases the ball. Jerry, Bosco and Mr. Whiskers watch transfixed as the ball rolls down the lane and -- it's a strike. Jesus throws a celebratory fist in the air -- 300! Bosco and Mr. Whiskers stare in awe.

JERRY (CONT'D)

That's a perfect game. So You really are Jesus?

(Jesus nods)

Wow, You're a good bowler.

JESUS

Thanks, Jerry.

JERRY

You're much heavier than I thought.

JESUS

My Father's genes.

JERRY

Oh. I feel better now that You're here. We have something in common.

JESUS

Hardly! I'm the Son of God, and  
you're a serial killer.

JERRY

I meant, bowling.

JESUS

Bowling? Bowling makes up for you  
killing four people? As King of  
Kings I hear some pretty crazy shit  
but that's gotta take the cake.

JERRY

I only killed three people. Three  
and a half if you include my mom.

JESUS

You killed your mother -- it should  
count double! And, since I am all  
knowing: you never bowl, anyway.  
Look at this place. It's a wreck.

JERRY

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

JESUS

Shut up. I know, you're sorry. Do  
you want to be forgiven?

JERRY

Sure -- what do I have to do?

JESUS

You have to be willing. Can you  
forgive yourself?

JERRY

I think so.

JESUS

Then it's done. Can you forgive  
others? Like your stepfather?

JERRY

No. Not him.

JESUS

If you can't cut some slack to the  
guy who raised you, even if he  
botched the job, how can you expect  
forgiveness from people you killed?

JERRY

I hadn't thought of that.

JESUS

It's important. He's right there.

Jesus points to the hard plastic seats at the end of the  
alley, where Mack sits, nursing a beer.

Jerry walks towards his stepfather, and takes the seat next  
to him. Mack bristles.

JERRY

Mack?

MACK

I always worried you'd wind up like  
this, Jerry. I wasted my life. I  
didn't want you to waste yours.  
But -- here you are. A worthless  
piece of shit just like me.

JERRY

Jesus! He's still a dick.

JESUS

He is who he is. His life wasn't a  
picnic -- and he never killed  
anyone. If you want peace you have  
to forgive him.

Jerry turns to Mack and stares him straight in the eye.

JERRY

You did the best you could.

MACK

Yeah, I guess so. Thanks, psycho.

Mack wanders off into the darkest part of the bowling alley;  
as soon as he disappears, Mr. Whiskers bounds out, and jumps  
on Jerry's lap. Jerry pets his cat while Jesus watches.

JERRY

Why did you put me through this?  
This life of hell on earth?

JESUS

It's part of the bigger picture  
that you cannot understand. Trust  
Me, there are no mistakes.

JERRY

How is it possible that a guy who  
hears voices and kills women is not  
a mistake?

JESUS

Incomprehensibility is its own  
virtue. The mystery of life  
enshrouds man at all times and must  
be accepted on its own terms. Your  
deeds shed light on the world,  
because they are senseless.

JERRY

I don't follow that.

JESUS

Me neither. We'll never fully  
understand -- that's My point!

JERRY

Okay. One more thing: am I going  
to survive this night?

Jesus shrugs. Jerry knows what that means.

140 EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

140

The parking lot is filled with police cars, an ambulance, and  
lots of state police.

141 INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

141

Dr. West, freed of her bonds, a blanket around her shoulders,  
debriefs Detective Weinbacher.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER

We believe he's in the bowling  
alley. Do you think he's armed?

DR. WEST  
I don't know.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
Then have to assume he is. We'll  
be entering with maximum force.

DR. WEST  
Please don't hurt him. He's ill.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
Our first priority is our own  
safety.

Off Dr. West --

142 EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT 142

A dozen state police pull on body armor and adjust their  
weapons as Detective Weinbacher then gives final directions:

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
On my count, two of my guys will  
breach the east wall to insert  
explosive distraction devices. Do  
not enter until the building is  
fully secured. Is that clear?

The cops all nod their consent.

143 EXT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S -- MINUTES LATER -- NIGHT 143

Two cops rush away from the bowling alley; moments later  
HISSING GAS inside is followed by an EXPLOSION.

Weinbacher keeps his hand up -- don't go in --

FEMALE COP  
It's on fire, sir.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
Wait. Let him come out.

Dr. West and the cops and the ambulance attendants and half a  
dozen onlookers watch helplessly as flames spread within the  
bowling alley. Through the filthy windows they can see the  
fire quickly ignite everything that can burn.

DR. WEST  
My God, do something!

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
Fire department's on the way.  
Jerry controls the situation. He  
can exit the building at any time.

The downstairs of the bowling alley burns brightly. A WINDOW blasts out, propelled by a torrent of flame. The pillar of fire recedes and is followed by a backdraft which turbocharges the horrific conflagration.

144 INT. M LTUN BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

144

Flames burn bright. Jerry's on the ground, choking on the dark smoke. Mr. Whiskers races around frenetically, like a balloon that's deflating; Bosco runs in worried circles.

A secondary explosion spreads relentless flames and grim smoke through the bowling alley.

Jerry's breathing is increasingly labored as smoke fills his lungs. He stops breathing, and he's utterly motionless.

The camera moves toward Jerry, getting closer until his face fills the screen: it's utterly immobile and gray. Hold for an uncomfortably long time on him, so long you may think the movie is over. And then hold some more. Because it's not.

As we stay on Jerry's face, music begins to play: the intro to *Dance to the Music*. The light changes, and color returns to Jerry's face. His eyes POP open. And we pull out. And everything has changed.

145 INT. MILTON LANES - JERRY'S FINAL REVERIE - NIGHT

145

The bowling alley is as good as new -- better than new. The bright flashing lights and shined floors are hyper-real, as glossy as the stage from an excellent, elaborate rock show. Multicolored sparklers ignite; mylar confetti drifts down.

The thick black smoke is now stage fog. Busting through the door are twenty state police; but not the brutes who stood outside. No, these are cool and sexy dancers, ten men and ten women in stunning cop-like outfits that render them awesomely fabulous. When they throw off their gas masks, their hair and make-up are spectacular.

Behind them, a stage rises from the floor, holding Sly and the Family Stone, circa 1969, at the peak of their beauty and musical prowess. Sly gestures for Jerry to stand up.

Jerry leaps to his feet. He's got a great new haircut; and he's wearing an astonishing sequined rock star version of the clothes he had on before. Behind the cop dancers are Mack, Jerry's mother, Lisa, Chloe and Alison, lively and healthier than they ever looked when they were alive.

JERRY

Mom! Dad!

JERRY'S MOTHER

Hi, Jerry.

MACK

Creep.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Hey -- Lisa! Chloe!

CHLOE

Bon jour, Jerry!

LISA

Hey, Jerry!

JERRY

Alison?

ALISON

Oh yeah!

JERRY

Sorry I killed you guys!

LISA

Let's not bring up all the bad things! Let's just be happy.

146 OMITTED

146

147 INT. MILTON LANES - JERRY'S FINAL REVERIE - NIGHT

147

Jerry smiles at his parents, and Chloe, Lisa and Alison, and the cops, and Sly and the Family Stone. Then, Jesus emerges from the mist, and He throws another strike.

JERRY

Hey, Jesus!



JESUS  
Hi, Jerry!

JERRY  
Thanks for coming.

JESUS  
Wouldn't miss it for the world.

JERRY  
Are my pets going to be okay?

Bosco and Mr. Whiskers, idealized to the highest standards of beauty that a dog and cat can achieve, step forward.

JESUS  
You betcha!

JERRY  
Hey there, Mr. Whiskers! Hey  
there, Bosco!

BOSCO  
Hi, Jerry! You're a good boy!

MR. WHISKERS  
Let's get it on! Dance, people!

Jerry and his parents, Mr. Whiskers and Bosco, Lisa and Chloe and Alison, Jesus, and the state police line up, and they dance together, finding the connection in death that they never enjoyed in life, a unified dance troupe of loving friends and family in Jerry's insane oxygen-deprived mind, exuding togetherness, beauty, and joy.

FADE OUT:

THE END