

HELLRAISER III: HELL ON EARTH

A screenplay
by
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Original Story by
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EXT. DERELICT STREET TWILIGHT

Night is falling in a forgotten part of the city.

The street-lights are a joke - three out of four are dead. Only a large moon and some cloud-streaked stars illuminate this dark and derelict street.

Once the hub of an industrial area, now the buildings are abandoned, the sidewalks choked with litter and debris. Stores are boarded-up, windows are glassless, walls are graffitied.

At various points, several BUMS warm their hands at trash-can fires.

ANGLE ON TWO BUMS

- as their eyes move, following something moving down the street. Heard OFF is the sound of a smooth and powerful engine.

ANGLE ON STREET

Down this boulevard of decay and despair drives an incongruously expensive car - a Range Rover. A rich kid is going shopping.

The car cruises the ruins until it pulls up outside the only open store on the block.

ANGLE ON STORE

A dim light bulb shines within - the only indicator that the store is still trading. Its windows are grimy, its door defaced. Above the door - barely legible through the accrued dirt of city years - a sign; CARDUCCI'S ANTIQUES AND CURIOS.

ANGLE ON CAR

The side door opens - helped on its way by the kick of an expensive leather boot - and JP MONROE steps out.

JP is 24, rich, handsome, and spoiled. His hair is slick with designer-grease, his slim frame is wrapped in a \$600 leather jacket.

For a moment he surveys the store and casts contemptuous glances up and down the ruined street. He shows no anxiety at being in this twilight part of town. Cocooned in the confidence of wealth, he's never felt threatened in his life. Satisfied he's in the right place, he walks confidently through the doorway.

INT. CARDUCCI'S ANTIQUES NIGHT

The store itself looks like an antique - old wood panelling and shelving, Victorian display cases, and faded wallpaper. It is grimy, dusty, and dimly-lit - and apparently unattended.

It is packed with merchandise - shelves and aisles overflow onto the floor making the place a maze to walk through.

The stock is a strange surreal mix. Discarded items from 50's America (Norge fridges, toasters, Frankie Lymon albums) share space with older items; framed pictures, Victorian automata, wax dolls, and (a specialty of the store?) items of punishment; stocks, iron boots, chastity belts, whips. Could that really be an Electric Chair glimpsed in the shadowed back of the room?

ANGLE ON JP

He wanders through the merchandise, casting appraising glances at some items. Some he even runs his hands over - grimacing at the dust and grime they leave on his fingers. But his manner suggests he is looking for something specific.

Near the room's center is an old hoarding from the dead days of vaudeville and travelling shows. It is tall and broad and is leaning against something behind it.

ANGLE ON HOARDING

- which is colorfully and garishly decorated and full of hyperbolic come-ons to long-dead punters:

YOU WILL BE AMAZED! THEY SHOULDN'T BE ALIVE! FREAKS OF NATURE!
AN EDUCATIONAL SHOW FOR ALL THE FAMILY PRESENTED UNDER THE
AUSPICES OF PROFESSOR EMMANUEL BOCKLIN, TRAGEDIAN AND
MENAGERIST.

ANGLE ON JP

- as he moves the hoarding aside.

JP

Wow ...

REVEALED is a six-foot tall black rectangular pillar, covered in beautifully detailed 3-D carvings all in the same matt-black finish as the pillar itself. The pillar is extremely bizarre, as if a New York avant-garde sculptor has interpreted a Totem Pole for jaded modern tastes. The carvings are of dead rats, copulating skeletons, filigree-patterned boxes, and faces.

One of these faces - recognizable to the audience but not to JP - is the ossified visage of PINHEAD, the demon from the first two HELLRAISER pictures.

ANGLE ON JP

- as he leans in to study this face, already fascinated by its calm cruelty and promise of dark wisdom.

A voice OFF startles him.

BUM
You want it?

JP whirls round in shock. A BUM is standing close to him.

ANGLE ON BUM

He has long matted black hair and a similarly greasy beard. His eyes are a piercing, excited blue. Otherwise he is indistinguishable from those we saw on the street outside - ragged, tatty clothes, features blackened with grime.

ANGLE ON JP

- as he glances round the store and past the bum to the door beyond; has this character just wandered in from the street?

JP
Is it yours?

ANGLE ON BOTH

The Bum smiles, shaking his head knowingly.

BUM
No. Not mine. Yours.

JP nods, still a little uncertain.

JP
How much do you want for it?

BUM
Whatever you think its worth.

JP digs a hand into his back pocket and pulls out a wad of cash. Without counting or checking, he proffers it.

The Bum's hand flies out and siezes JP's, pressing the money between their palms, making the exchange into a handclasp.

In the background, OUT OF FOCUS, is Pinhead's face on the pillar.

BUM (OFF)
Enjoy ...

The FOCUS switches so that the hands in foreground BLUR and Pinhead's frozen face becomes SHARP, as if he is silently watching this deal take place.

The Bum's hand moves away with the money as we

FADE TO BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM NIGHT

BLACKNESS. Voice OVER.

JOEY

It's a mystery to me ...

SMASH-CUT to full-frame VIDEO IMAGE image of JOANNE SUMMERSKILL, standing and looking directly into camera, as if we are watching a TV broadcast. In shot behind her is a quiet hospital Emergency Room - no patients, no staff, just beds and intensive-care equipment.

Joanne - or JOEY, as she prefers to be called - is 23 years old, an attractive and clever brunette, with a quiet sadness in her eyes that she usually manages to keep almost hidden.

Dressed in the stylish but sedate garb of a TV newscaster, she holds a microphone marked with the logo of her station, W-QQY.

Her direct address to the unseen TV camera continues.

JOEY

Most nights this inner-city Emergency Room would be a chaos of blood and panic and grace under pressure. But tonight, as you see, it's like Death took a holiday. It's a mystery to me ... A mystery how those assholes at Assignments knew it. This is Joey Summerskill for W-QQY. Emergency Room. No story. Really, really pissed off.

Despite the nature of her last few words, Joey has ironically kept up the manner and delivery of a newscaster. Now, she breaks mood, looks away from the camera, and, with a dismissive wave of the hand, begins to walk out of shot.

JOEY

Ah, break it down, Doc. It's a bust.

CUT TO WIDE

- to reveal that we are not watching a broadcast at all but are in the ER in real time. As well as Joey, the room contains her cameraman ("DOC" FISHER) and an ER NURSE.

Doc - a 45 year old with a weight problem, a nicotine addiction, and a cynical attitude - lowers a shoulder-mounted Video camera and watches Joey walk to a water-cooler against a wall. His expression is a mix of exasperation and sympathy.

The Nurse is a middle-aged woman of Asian ancestry. She has a puzzled expression as she addresses Doc.

NURSE

She can talk like this on television?
She can say this thing? This assholes?

Doc replies but keeps his eyes on Joey as he crosses to her.

DOC

No sweat, sweetheart. It's for the European satellite Joey; rein it in, kid. They couldn't've known.

Joey sucks angrily at water from a paper-cup and then crushes and bins the cup like an act of revenge.

JOEY

I know. I know. But it's just so ... neat, isn't it? The first gig that isn't cute kids or diet gurus and it's taken away from me.

DOC

Yeah, well like you said - it's a mystery. But that's all it is. Mystery. Not malice. What, you think the station paid off every accident victim in the city to ... ?

Doc is interrupted by the RINGING of a cell-phone he has holstered at his waist. He picks it up.

DOC

Speak.

CELLPHONE

Doc. 24th and Cedar. Fast. Hostage situation.

DOC

OK. Listen - Joey's here. Shall ...

CELLPHONE

No need. Martin's already there.
Hurry. You've got ambulances to beat.

The line goes dead. Doc looks at Joey. She heard it all. He shrugs apologetically.

JOEY

Better hurry, Doc. A real story. With a real reporter.

DOC

Joey Look, you wanna ride? I can go by your place.

JOEY

You'd lose the money-shots. No. I'll catch a bus. Or a cab. Don't worry about it. Go.

DOC

OK. Be careful. And lighten up. Story of your life could be right round the corner.

JOEY

That is the story of my life.

With a rueful smile, Joey watches Doc leave.

Joey and the Nurse exchange glances - Joey's impassive but vaguely friendly, the Nurse's a little disapproving; if the camera's gone, what the hell are YOU still doing here?

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR NIGHT

Joey makes her solitary way along a medium-length corridor that has two sets of double swing doors at either end, one set giving on to the ER, the other toward an exit. Joey is heading for the latter, her mood sad and defeated.

ANGLE ON EXIT DOORS

Suddenly - SMASH! - the doors burst open from the other side.

ANGLE ON CORRIDOR

The mood is suddenly fast and urgent as a gurney is wheeled rapidly through the doors.

Two PARAMEDICS, both male, both about Joey's age, are pushing the gurney at a run and talking rapidly to each other. They completely ignore Joey and also ignore the TEENAGE GIRL who is running beside the gurney.

The girl - TERRI - is 18 or 19. She is a pale-faced blonde dressed as if for a Desperately-Seeking-Susan party and is keeping up a stream of chatter as if rehearsing excuses.

As Joey flattens herself against the corridor wall to let them pass, it is neither the paramedics nor Terri that get her attention. It is the BOY on the gurney.

ANGLE ON GURNEY/BOY

The teenage boy lies flat on his back semi-conscious, his eyelids fluttering, his breathing shallow.

Horribly, shockingly, dangling from his face and body are long, heavy chains that drag and rattle along the corridor floor. There are at least sixteen of them and they seem firmly buried in his skin.

ANGLE ON CORRIDOR

The DIALOGUE as the gurney is rushed to the ER doors is RAPID-FIRE and OVERLAPPED, the Paramedics responding only to each other and ignoring the two girls comments and questions.

TERRI

It wasn't my fault. It wasn't my fault.

PARAMEDIC 1

10 milligram IV Valium stat. How the fuck did this happen ... ?!

TERRI

It was outside. I wasn't even with him.

PARAMEDIC 2

You ever see anything like this before?

TERRI

He must have stolen it.

JOEY

What's going on?

PARAMEDIC 1

Yeah, sure. Five times a fucking day. Just push!

Once the gurney has passed her, Joey runs along behind it.

TERRI

It was off the statue. In the club.

JOEY

What happened to him?

PARAMEDIC 2

Think they'll get him back?

TERRI

It's nothing to do with me.

PARAMEDIC 1

Worst case of status I've seen. Even
money at best.

The foot of the gurney slams into the ER doors and the
Paramedics slide it rapidly through.

JOEY

Wait! I'm a reporter! Tell me where he
was ...

ANGLE ON ER THROUGH DOORS

The Nurse and a middle-aged DOCTOR are seen through the doors
preparing emergency equipment. The Doctor already has
fibrillator pads in his hands.

The Paramedics follow the gurney through and, turning rapidly,
push the doors closed from the inside.

ANGLE ON CORRIDOR

Joey and Terri are alone, excluded from the ER activity. Joey
turns to speak but Terri is already halfway to the other doors.

Joey runs after her.

JOEY

Hold on. Hold on, please. I need
talk to you.

TERRI

(over her shoulder)

It's nothing to do with me. I wasn't
even with him.

Joey catches up with her a couple of yards short of the doors.
She grabs at her arm to slow her down.

Terri turns, snatching her arm away in a sudden moment of fierce
anger. She backs toward the doors, making gestures of
dismissal and denial with her hands.

TERRI

Look, lady! I told you! It's not my
problem! I was just there!

JOEY

Where?

TERRI

Under The Underground. Can I like GO
now?!

JOEY

Under the Underground? What's that?
Where is ...

Suddenly, the conversation is interrupted by a shatteringly
loud SCREAM, agonized and terrified, coming from the ER.

Both girls freeze but then their reactions are very different:
Joey turns instantly and runs back toward the ER. Terri
watches her for a beat and then heads through the other doors.

The SCREAM continues, a howling horrible sound.

Joey reaches the ER doors and throws them open. And freezes in
terrified shock.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM NIGHT

THE DOCTOR

- is on the floor, as if flung there by some powerful force.
The fibrillator pads are still in his hands and his expression
is awe-struck and disbelieving.

THE NURSE

- is cowering behind a mobile tray of surgical instruments,
muttering to herself and making the gesture of the cross.

THE TWO PARAMEDICS

- are flattened against the far wall, terror on their faces.

ANGLE ON TABLE

The Boy is on the emergency table. It's him that's screaming.
His body is arched tight in shock, eyes and mouth wide open.

He's wired up to an ECG and the MONITOR shows a heartbeat that
should be measured on the Richter scale.

The chains - all still connected to his face and his body - are
rigid and tight, being pulled straight up into the air as if
tugged taut by invisible hands.

The boy's skin is stretched and pulled at those points where
the chains are connected to him and it seems horribly possible
that his flesh will burst if the pressure continues.

The scene is held for a terrible frozen moment. Then suddenly the chains drop, the scream stops, and the boy's body slumps.

There is a massive ELECTRICAL SURGE. The ECG flat-lines before it and the other monitors go haywire, sparking and spluttering.

CUT TO WIDE

The lights in the room flicker and strobe.

The fibrillator pads arc angrily. The Doctor flings them away.

ELECTRIC ENERGY seems to run along the slumped chains and they disappear as if dissolved in some impossible electric meltdown.

Lighting and machinery return to normal (ECG still flat-lining) and the medical staff stare thunder-struck at the dead boy.

For the first time, the other people in the ER become aware of Joey's presence in the doorway.

DOCTOR

Who's that? Get her out of here!

The Nurse heads for the doors. Joey is already backing away.

ANGLE THROUGH DOORS INTO CORRIDOR

- as Joey backs away, an expression of numbed shock on her face. The doors close over, blocking her out.

ANGLE ON FIBRILLATOR PADS

- still arcing.

CROSS-FADE TO

INT. CROSS-TOWN BUS NIGHT

CLOSE on flickering neon light in the bus cabin.

ANGLE ON JOEY

- glancing at the light from her seat.

JOEY'S POV - VARIOUS ANGLES

The bus is almost deserted. Three other passengers - A PUNK, A BAG LADY, and A WINO - are spread out around the interior. All seem lost in worlds of their own but their vacant alienated stares highlight Joey's isolation and tension. Fear has entered her life.

The bus moves through the neon-lit loneliness of downtown streets.

ANGLE ON JOEY

- her face, lit by reflected store-signs and street-lights, is lost and distant, as if she is submerged in some dream-sea of memory and sadness.

INT. TV STATION, EDITING SUITE DAY

A wall of TV monitors, each monitor showing Joey sitting on a couch with a painfully thin older woman - BRITTANY VERTUE.

Brittany's probably 50 but her face is as tight and smooth as surgery can make it. She is dressed in the standard uniform of the health-avatar; brightly-colored leotard over black tights.

Joey has a big paperback book - BEYOND HUNGER; THE BRITTANY VERTUE GUIDE TO HOLISTIC DIETING - which she holds to camera. She smiles and, turning to face Brittany, crosses her legs.

The image freezes. And replays. Joey crosses her legs again. And again. And again.

BRAD

(over)

See? This is what I mean. Your technique is all wrong.

CUT TO WIDE

Joey (in real time) is sitting in an easy chair in the editing suite looking at the wall of monitors.

BRAD, a techie in his late-twenties, and DOC FISHER are in swivel chairs immediately in front of the video console.

All three are drinking coffee. Doc is smoking a cigarette.

JOEY

(guardedly)

What do you mean?

BRAD

I mean hardly any thigh. I'm telling you, Joey; shorter skirt, more lift on the leg-cross ... and you're made.

Doc chuckles in a half-friendly, half-sleazy way.

JOEY

Fuck you.

BRAD

What, you think I'm kidding? I guarantee it. An inch more flank. Boys upstairs get hot. Bingo, you're an anchor-woman.

JOEY

(to herself)

Jesus Christ ...

DOC

Ah, give her a break.

Doc leans over and stops the tape.

BRAD

(to Doc)

What's with you?

He swivels his chair round to face Joey.

BRAD

C'mon, Joey. I'm just trying to help you hit a home run here.

JOEY

Yeah? Well, you just struck out. It may be a surprise to you, Brad, but I want to do it the right way. Not tight skirts. Tight stories.

BRAD

Right. Like last night's doozie.

JOEY

I know what I saw.

BRAD

And I believe what you say. But this is TV. No pictures, no story.

DOC

Yeah, too bad I had to go and ...

BRAD

... and cover something on Planet Earth. See, you gotta remember, Joey; this is a LOCAL station. As in local to this galaxy.

Joey slams her coffee mug down and stands up.

JOEY

There's a story out there.

BRAD
 (jumping in warningly)
 Not on station time.

JOEY
 No. Not on station time. My story. My
 time.

Joey exits. Brad watches her leave with a half-smile on his face then turns to Doc.

BRAD
 Lot of attitude there, Doc ...

He starts up the video tape again and, on the monitors, Joey once again crosses her legs on the couch.

BRAD
 ... but great legs.

INT. UNDER THE UNDERGROUND NIGHT

CLOSE on a screaming male face, twisted as in pain or fury.

PULL BACK rapidly to REVEAL the face belongs to the lead singer of THANATOS. He is on a nightclub stage with the rest of the band, all of them dressed in that shit-poor-white-trash-on-dope look favored by all such rich young businessmen with guitars.

A tatty banner across the back of the stage proclaims: UNDER THE UNDERGROUND PRESENTS THANATOS.

The SCREAM ends, replaced with the roaring thunder of drums and guitars as Thanatos kick into some thrash-metal.

The dance-floor of the club is packed with KIDS dancing to the incredibly fast, incredibly loud music.

Many of the kids favor the same look as the band but it's not exclusive; college types are there too, along with some - male and female - sporting the glitz-meets-sleaze look of Terri.

The club itself is of course dimly-lit and the basic decor is black. Where it is distinguished from hundreds of others is in the bizarre sculptures and pieces of artwork that hang from the ceiling and walls, all in tones of black, silver and gray:

VARIOUS ANGLES ON SCULPTURES

A headless, armless torso wrapped in barbed wire.

A pair of male and female heads. Bonsai-like trees grow out of every orifice - eye-sockets, nostrils, ears, and mouths.

A human arm with the skin and flesh of its upper half peeled open and pinned out to reveal inside - instead of bone and sinew - an entire miniature metropolis, beautifully detailed.

A black bird cage containing a fetal skeleton.

VARIOUS ANGLES ON CLUB

Kids also crowd the bar and the tables on the outskirts of the dance floor. It is a hot, sweaty, faintly aggressive atmosphere - people jostling for position, shouting to be heard, etc etc.

The camera finds Joey - incongruous by dress and demeanor - pushing her way among the crowd.

The music is too loud and overpowering to hear Joey's voice but it is clear as she moves through the confines of the club that she is approaching various people and enquiring after Terri.

FOUR KIDS AT A TABLE

- shake their heads and shrug.

A PUNK

- stares blankly and blinks.

TWO BIMBOS

- giggle, purse their lips, shake their heads.

JOEY

- catches sight of a blonde figure moving across the dance floor and pushes through the crowd to follow. She taps the figure's arm but, as it turns, she realizes it is a man - some 70's revivalist GLITTER-ROCKER. He looks quizzically at her.

Joey's mouth moves and this time she seems to get some response. The Glitter-Rocker mouths a name.

Joey can't hear him. She hands him a business card and a pen.

He scrawls a name on the back of the card and Joey nods her thanks as he moves on.

CLOSE ANGLE ON CARD

- as Joey reads the name "Terri" on it. She flips the card to reveal her name and number and writes "Terri - Please call!".

ANGLE ON BAR

- as Joey pushes to the counter and hands the card to a BARMAN who looks at it, nods, and puts it beneath the counter.

ANGLE ON EXIT

- as Joey makes her way out.

ANGLE ON DANCE FLOOR

Camera moves into the tightly-packed throng on the dance floor, making its way slowly toward the previously unseen center.

The crowd parts slightly to reveal, in the direct center of the floor, the tall black pillar from the opening sequence.

The pillar is mounted on a plinth and spins as the clientele dance around it. It seems very in keeping with the decor of the club but even so it is a strong unsettling presence.

The pillar has been mounted upside down, so that it looks even odder than our first glimpse of it. Near the bottom the inverted face of Pinhead, black and frozen, can be seen.

The camera begins to spin around the pillar in contrary motion to the pillar's own movement and, as it does so, draws closer and closer making for a disorienting, vertiginous image.

As this happens, the raucous sound of the band Thanatos begins to fade into a whirl of ECHO and to be replaced by a whirring, spinning, sound which we only recognize fully as we

CUT TO

EXT. DENSE JUNGLE DAY (JOEY'S DREAM)

The screen is filled with dense jungle foliage.

The chugging spinning sound is now identifiable as the sound of Helicopter blades, one element of a SOUND MONTAGE conveying the sense and feel of a Jungle War; Helicopters in flight, machine gun fire, distant explosions, confused shouts and cries.

A POV camera pushes its way through the lush, humid greenery.

The camera seems to be searching for something, glancing this way and that, shoving leaves and tall grass aside.

Voices begin to emerge clearly from the SOUND MASS off-screen as if the unseen seeker is getting nearer to his or her goal.

SOLDIER 1

(off)

Call for a Medi-Vac!

SOLDIER 2

(off)

Don't die, man! Don't fucking die!

The dialogue prompts a more furious effort on the part of the POV camera. Pushing frantically through the obscuring foliage, it finally gains a clearer view and stops, looking ahead.

In a tiny clearing, ten feet from the camera, still partially obscured by the jungle, two camouflage-clad SOLDIERS lean over the prone body of a third. It is unclear due to distance but there is a lot of blood on the Soldier's body and uniform.

A new sound joins the SOUND MONTAGE - a persistent, rhythmic, ringing sound. The other elements die away until only this is left and we recognize it as the sound of a telephone as we

CUT TO

INT. BEDROOM, JOEY'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Joey jerks upright in bed as the ringing continues. Confused and disoriented, her eyes fly around her darkened bedroom as if she's trying to understand where she is and what is happening.

Finally, she registers the phone and leans toward her bedside table to pick it up.

ANGLE ON BEDSIDE TABLE

- favoring the luminous display of an alarm clock next to the phone. Its warm green figures show the time is 2:35.

JOEY

(off. Sleepily)

God. This better be birth, marriage, or death ...

ANGLE ON JOEY

- as she picks up the handset and puts it to her ear.

JOEY

Uh-huh?

TERRI

(on phone)

Uh ... Hi! Is this ... er ... Joanne Summerskill?

JOEY

Joey. Yeah, who is this?

TERRI

You like ... left me a card? At the club?

JOEY

Right. Right!

Joey swings out of bed to sit on the edge, much more alert now.

TERRI

Right ... So ... Well, what do you want?

JOEY

I want to talk to you. We met ... now, listen, don't hang up, OK? ... We met at the hospital last night.

TERRI

Oh yeah. Yeah. Well ... Look, I'll make a deal with you ... My boyfriend threw me out, right? I'll trade you. You give me couch-space. I'll give you talk. OK?

Joey can't resist another glance at the clock.

JOEY

Yeah. Sure. You mean ... tonight?

TERRI

(Surprised at Joey's surprise.
Bit of a culture clash here)
Of course tonight. Is that a problem? Like, if you've got a guy there or something ...

JOEY

No. No. It's fine. Come now. I was having bad dreams anyway.

INT. MAIN ROOM, JOEY'S APT. NIGHT

CLOSE on the front door of the apartment as it opens to reveal Terri leaning against the doorframe.

Clad identically to how we last saw her, Terri clutches a well-stuffed leather bag, containing all her worldly possessions.

TERRI

Hi. How're you doing?

Not waiting for either reply or invitation, she moves forward.

CUT TO WIDE

- as Terri walks past the dressing-gowned Joey and heads straight for Joey's sofa and sprawls on it, laying her bag on the floor beside her.

TERRI

You got anything to drink?

Joey closes the door, raised eyebrows registering her slight disapproval at Terri's cavalier attitude. Her voice, however, is polite.

JOEY

I put some decaf on. Er ... make yourself comfortable.

TERRI

Right.

Joey walks past Terri and through to her kitchen, from where we hear the sound of COFFEE BEING POURED.

Terri looks around at Joey's room.

VARIOUS ANGLES ON ROOM

The large and spacious room suggests that even if Joey is dissatisfied with her job she's at least being paid enough to make it bearable. The room is very ordered, very neat, but stops short of being prissy.

A very large picture window takes up all of one wall. At the moment of course the drapes are closed. Another wall is taken up by a huge shelf unit packed with books, videos, and CDs. Joey's obsession with "getting the whole story" seems to be true of her personal life as well as her professional.

ANGLE ON TERRI

- having finished her quick examination, she calls out.

TERRI

So ... what was your bad dream?

Joey re-enters, carrying two mugs of coffee.

JOEY

What?

TERRI

Your dream. You said you were having a bad dream.

JOEY

Oh yeah ...

She hands one coffee to Terri and sits opposite her.

JOEY

... well, I've been having it for years.
It's not a nightmare or anything. It's
... well, I know what it is.

TERRI

What is it?

JOEY

Why are you so interested?

TERRI

Sorry.

JOEY

No. No, it's OK. I ... It's my father.

TERRI

(sympathetic, knowing)

Oh, right. Did he used to ... ?

JOEY

God, no! Nothing like that. No, he
died before I was born. He died in
Vietnam. I never knew him. Never met
him. We don't even know the details. I
dream of battlefields. Of searching.
Of trying to find out.

TERRI

That's great.

JOEY

What?

TERRI

No ... I mean, it's not like great about
your dad or anything. It's just I don't
dream. Never have. ... Maybe it'd help
if I slept sometime ... Just kidding ...
No, so it's always neat for me to hear
about dreams. I'm jealous. It's like
everybody has another world except me.
You know what I mean?

JOEY

I know what you're saying but ... Never?
You've never had a dream? No, you know,
you do. You must. What you mean is you
don't remember them.

TERRI

Whatever. All I know is - this is it for me. Just me, my bag, and a series of shithead boyfriends. It'd be good to see something else. Have a nighttime life. Be somebody different.

Terri pauses, then smiles like she's just realized something.

TERRI

Hey ... this is great, isn't it? Just girls talking. Like having a conversation? Good coffee. You got a cigarette?

Joey waits, letting herself catch up with Terri's good-natured but marginally strung-out personality. She looks around the room as if trying to remember where there are cigarettes.

JOEY

Uh ... yeah. Yeah, somewhere. Wait a minute.

Joey crosses to the big shelf-unit and pulls out a concealed pack of cigarettes, a Zippo lighter, and an ashtray from behind a shelf of videos. We notice that the videos are THE WORLD AT WAR, volumes 1 thru 26. She brings the smokes to Terri.

TERRI

Great. Thanks. You gonna have one?

JOEY

I'm trying to quit.

TERRI

Oh, go on. Have one. Fuck it. You think you're going to live forever?

She smiles and proffers the pack to Joey who shrugs, smiles, and takes one. Terri picks up the Zippo and sparks it. A huge FLAME leaps out of the lighter, producing an instant of terror from Terri. Joey pulls the lighter back from Terri and closes the lid extinguishing the flame. Terri draws a book of matches from her pocket shakily attempts to light her cigarette.

JOEY

Sorry. It was my father's. It's temperamental.

TERRI

It's okay. It's just someone burned me once.

Joey takes the book of matches from Terri's hands and lights both cigarettes. Terri takes a long, fearful look at the burning flame and then takes a deep, calming drag of her cigarette.

TERRI

Wanna know how I look at it? Way I see it is ... you give up, right? Three days later, you get hit by a fucking truck and you know - you just KNOW - that your last thought as you go under those wheels'd be "Jesus H. Christ, I coulda smoked another three packs!"

She lays the book of matches down. Joey's eyes go to them.

ANGLE ON MATCHES

Black letters on the dark-grey cover: UNDER THE UNDERGROUND.

ANGLE ON JOEY AND TERRI

Terri's eyes flick to the match-book and her mood changes, becoming subdued and a little sullen.

TERRI

Oh. You wanna talk about that stuff.

JOEY

Yes I do. Terri, something awful happened to that boy. I have to find out what it was.

TERRI

But I don't know anything! Really. I just came out of the club and the kid was already in the street. He ...

JOEY

Did you know him?

TERRI

No. I'd seen him in there a few times before. He was just a punk. I'd never like danced with him or anything. Anyway, he was a thief. He must've taken it from the statue.

JOEY

Taken what?

TERRI

The thing! He was lying there in the street, moaning. But he pointed at it ...

JOEY

Wait a minute. He was already ...
wounded ... when you found him?

TERRI

Yeah! That's what I'm saying! And it
was lying next to him. And he pointed
at it before he passed out and ...

JOEY

Wait. Wait. The chains. Where did the
chains come from?

TERRI

That's what I'm trying to tell you! ...

Terri rummages in her bag, getting hold of something.

TERRI

He said they came out of this.

She holds her hand out and the camera TRACKS in to meet it.

ANGLE ON TERRI'S HAND/BOX

Resting on her palm is a black cube about 4 inches square. It
has the same matt-black carbonized look as the pillar and is
recognizable as one of the "carvings" we saw on it.

There is fine filigree pattern-work over each of its surfaces
and, to audiences familiar with the HELLRAISER movies, the box
is recognizable despite its black coating; it is the Lament
Configuration, the puzzle box that opens the doors to Hell.

There is a stubby shard of material protruding from one side of
the box - presumably where the boy from ER had broken it off
the pillar. Camera favors this jagged shard as we

CROSS-FADE TO

INT. UNDER THE UNDERGROUND NIGHT

ANGLE ON PILLAR

VERY CLOSE on its upper left section. We are looking at a hole
in the pillar that matches the pattern of the shard on the Box.

CUT TO WIDE

The club is empty. The dim lighting of working hours has been
replaced with the sickly gleam of one or two fluorescent tubes
and the club has that eerie not-quite-right look that all night
places have when subjected to a harsher light.

Two WORKERS are in the final stages of clearing the night's debris - emptying trash into big black plastic bags, wiping down tables and bars etc.

Work completed, they head to the main exit.

One of them hits the light switches so that the fluorescent clarity is again replaced by the more appropriate dim lighting. The other shouts across the apparently deserted club.

WORKER

All done, Mr. Monroe.

They stand a second but no response comes. The first turns to the second and shrugs.

WORKER

(mouthing silently)

Ass hole.

His co-worker grins and they let themselves out.

A beat. Another door opens into the club and JP Monroe - the club's owner and the man we saw buy the pillar - walks into the main room of the club from his private room at the back.

JP walks out into the shadowed darkness of his small kingdom. He describes a circle around the dance floor, throwing glances at his odd sculptures, and finally walks into the center of the room to stand before the pride of his collection, the pillar.

The pillar of course is stationary at this time, though it is still mounted upside down.

JP smiles possessively at the pillar - and then registers the mutilation where the Box has been ripped away.

JP

What the ... ?

He leans in closer to stare at the hole.

Suddenly, jarringly, there is a quiet but distinct SQUEAK that seems to come from within the hole.

JP starts back a little, a small expression of anxiety on his normally supercilious face. He glances to right and left, gets a grip, and leans forward again.

ANGLE ON PILLAR/HOLE

- as, again, the noise comes. Is it a squeak - or is it the creaking shifting of hidden machinery, hidden chains?

JP's hand moves tentatively into shot, approaching the hole. Slowly, slowly, it reaches wrist-deep into the blackness.

ANGLE ON JP

VERY CLOSE on JP's face - quizzical, enquiring ... and suddenly contorted in pain!

JP
Aaaaaahh!!

ANGLE ON PILLAR/HOLE

- as JP's hand whips out of the hole, shaking in shock and pain. A rat is hanging on to one of JP's fingers, its sharp teeth buried in the flesh!

JP swings his arm violently through the air, dislodging the rat with the force of his swing. A spray of blood is seen to come from JP's wounded finger.

ANGLE ON RAT

- as it lands heavily in a shadowed corner of the club and scurries away deeper into the darkness, squeaking furiously.

ANGLE ON JP

- as he looks down at his finger, face snarling.

JP
Son of a ...

ANGLE ON FINGER

VERY CLOSE. Blood seeps from the tiny teeth marks.

JP
(off)
... bi ...

JP's voice is cut off by a strange SIZZLING NOISE heard OFF.

JP's face moves up to look at the pillar. A look of awe and shock crosses his face.

ANGLE ON PILLAR

Some small drops of blood stand out bright red on the blackness of the pillar. The sizzling noise is coming from them.

Suddenly the drops draw together magically into one large ruby of blood - already larger than possibility would allow. Then it gets wierder; the blood suddenly dissipates into six or seven little rivulets that begin to run down the pillar.

The streams of blood don't simply fall straight. They seem to follow some pre-gouged pattern, running down the pillar tracing the blackened organic contours of the carvings.

They all culminate at the point of Pinhead's chin - and then separate again, running over his frozen black face along the carved scar lines that make a matrix across his features.

When every canal line on the demon's face is filled neatly with blood, a BLUE LIGHT seems to glow from within the pillar through Pinhead's face, giving it temporarily the blue tone he had enjoyed in (un)life.

ANGLE ON JP

CLOSE on his awe-struck face - bathed in reflected blue light.

ANGLE ON PINHEAD

- as gradually the blueness subsides again, the visible blood vanishing with it, leaving the same frozen implacable blackness as before but charged now with a waiting power.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. KITCHEN, JOEY'S APT. DAY (NEXT MORNING)

BLACKNESS

JOEY
(off)

Oh my God ...

CLOSE ON STOVE TOP

A frying pan sits atop a burner. it contains the ugliest mess of scrambled eggs you have ever seen ... or perhaps it's an omelette. There are other ingredients in there but they're burnt so black they're unrecognizable. At least half of the mixture lies all over the stove top instead of in the pan.

JOEY
(off)

Did I sleep through an earthquake?

VARIOUS ANGLES

- showing the chaos all around the kitchen: Spilled flour on work surfaces; Egg-shells on the linoleum; A knocked-over glass of orange juice, the juice soaking into a piece of kitchen roll; Coffee as black and thick as a mix of Indian ink and molasses.

CUT TO WIDE

Joey, in her dressing-gown, stands in the doorway with a shocked expression on her face.

Terri, in an oversized man's shirt, stands by the stove holding a fish-slice and smiling nervously.

TERRI

I figured I'd make breakfast.

JOEY

Right ... That's ... er ... that's nice of you, Terri. Can I ask? Is it always this ... exploratory?

TERRI

Ha! I don't know yet. First time. Kitchen virgin, that's me.

Joey nods slowly, crossing to a cabinet and taking out some instant coffee.

JOEY

I'll boil some water.

TERRI

I'll do it!

JOEY

No! No, that's OK. I like to. I love boiling water. It's a specialty of mine. Why don't you go watch cartoons?

Joey watches Terri walk out of the kitchen, sighs in relief, and grabs the kettle.

INT. MAIN ROOM, JOEY'S AP'T.

Joey sits, drinking her coffee, as Terri walks round the room with hers.

TERRI

This is great. And it's yours? You like own it?

JOEY

The bank owns it. But I'm working on it.

TERRI

Jeez, I've never owned anything. I haven't even had a room of my own since I was fifteen years old.

JOEY

How have you ... ?

TERRI

Guys. Sometimes friends. Mostly guys.

Terri walks past Joey's TV set (sound down, cartoons playing).

ANGLE ON TV

The Box is on top of the TV. In the warm light of morning it seems innocuous and harmless, like just another ornament.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

- as Terri walks on, pausing by the shelves of books.

TERRI

Wow. Lotta books. You read all these?

JOEY

No. I buy them to impress people. Of course I've read them.

TERRI

Cool. I read a book once. It was like all these people discovering who they used to be. You know, like reincarnation? It was really good. You ever read that?

JOEY

I don't think so. But it's a fascinating subject. Did you ...

But Terri has already moved on. She is by the big picture window. The drapes are now open.

TERRI

Great view! Great view! Look at this!

Joey stands and walks to join Terri.

JOEY

Actually, I'm pretty familiar with the view ...

GIRLS' POV - THROUGH WINDOW

Joey's apartment is on a high floor and her window overlooks many lower buildings, giving a view of the city beyond.

JOEY

(off)

... but it is good. You know, over to the left, you can ...

TERRI

(looking to right and pointing)

Who's that?

On the flat roof of a nearby building, a RETARDED TEENAGE BOY sits motionless in an old rusty deck chair next to a small Jerry-built pigeon coop. Its door is open and it is empty.

The boy is some distance from the girls but his solitude, his stillness, and the empty coop beside him lend the scene an atmosphere of sadness and loss.

As Joey tells his story, we INTERCUT between the POV of the roof and the girls at the window.

JOEY

I don't know his name ... I saw the whole story. A wounded bird was on his roof. I could hear its cries from here. He went straight to it. I couldn't've. I'd be frozen between pity and fear. But he wasn't. Its pain spoke directly to him. He picked it up. Nursed it. Fed it. And it got better. Everyday he'd watch the pigeon. Everyday the pigeon would watch him. I saw him learn. Learn that there was one more thing he had to do to make the rescue complete. And one day, just as afternoon became evening, he leaned over, opened the cage, and walked away. Didn't look back. But he heard the sound of its wings.

TERRI

And he still sits there?

JOEY

Every day.

TERRI

Maybe he thinks it'll come back.

JOEY

No. He knows it won't. It was his final act of love and part of him knows that and part of him doesn't yet.

TERRI

Bullshit! He should've kept it. It'd live longer! It's dangerous out there! People get hurt!

ANGLE ON JOEY

- as she realizes she has a wounded pigeon of her own.

JOEY

What? I wasn't talking about ... I ... Do you want to stay? You want to stay here for a while?

Terri shrugs, gives a nervous smile.

Joey crosses to the TV, picks up the Box and weighs it in her hand.

JOEY

OK. OK. It's a done deal. But look - you have to help me. I've got to solve this thing. I've got to know what's going on.

Terri follows across the room and sits on the sofa.

TERRI

But I don't know what's going on.

JOEY

Maybe not. But you know more than I do. You know something about this box. Something about a statue?

TERRI

Yeah. I found it. I knew held like it and I figured ...

JOEY

Woah. Wait a minute. Who? The kid?

TERRI

No. JP. My last boyfriend? He like owns the club. You know? You were there? He bought the statue.

JOEY

That you found. What do you mean you found it?

TERRI

I was downtown looking for a ... a friend. A guy I know. Anyway, there was this store. Like real old? Lotsa weird shit in there. I saw this statue. Pillar. Thing. I knew he'd love it. You've seen the club.

JOEY

Would you know this store again?

TERRI

Sure. Why?

JOEY

It's Saturday morning. Let's go shopping.

EXT. DERELICT STREET DAY

Joey's Mazda 323 drives down the street.

The daylight street is still creepy but in a different way; No bums, no trash-can fires, nothing. It has the feel of a ghost town, as if nothing has breathed here for years.

ANGLE IN CAR

Joey, at the wheel, has a disbelieving look on her face.

Terri, smoking, flicks ash through her wound-down window.

JOEY

Jesus. Are you sure this is the street?

TERRI

Yeah. Happening, isn't it?

JOEY

What on earth were you doing down here?

An evasive silence.

JOEY

Terri?

TERRI

Buying some drugs, alright?

JOEY

Oh, Terri ...

TERRI

For somebody else, alright? Not for me.
I don't do that shit anymore.

JOEY

Then you shouldn't even be around it.
You know, it's ...

TERRI

Here! Here! Pull over!

Joey brings the car to a halt outside the antique store.

Terri scrambles out of the passenger door.

TERRI

Yeah. See. I told you it was here.

CLOSE ANGLE ON JOEY

- as she looks at Terri from behind, her face worried for her
new and screwed-up friend.

INT. CARDUCCI'S ANTIQUES DAY

Joey and Terri enter the store.

The store is different, its selection of merchandise reduced.
The 50's and 60's junk hardware is still there, along with some
of the more mundane Victoriana, but it seems more "normal" -
none of the odd items of punishment memorabilia are there.

Also, because it is daylight, the store seems merely old,
interesting, and musty, not creepy or odd.

There seems to be no-one in attendance.

ANGLE ON GIRLS

- as they walk through the store.

MAMA

(off)

Can I help?

The voice startles the girls and they jump around to face the
counter as MAMA CARDUCCI moves into view from beneath it.

Mama, an ancient and slightly eccentric Italian-American woman
eyes the girls with the suspicion of somebody who hasn't had a
customer in decades. Not aggressive, just surprised.

JOEY

Yes. Thank you. We were wondering ...
Terri, show her the box.

Terri removes the box from her purse and holds it up.

MAMA

No. Sorry. Not interested. Not for my
customers. Have you tried ...

JOEY

No. No, you don't understand. We're
not selling it. It came from here. We
want ...

MAMA

Everything sold as is. No guarantees.
No returns.

JOEY

No. We want ...

MAMA

I took back everything bought on a whim,
I'd have no business. I ...

TERRI

Lady, will you shut the fuck up and give
her a break.

A sudden silence. Both Mama and Joey stare at Terri in
surprise.

Mama looks back at Joey.

MAMA

Quite a mouth. So what's the problem?
You tell me. You I like.

Joey smiles. Terri raises her eyes to heaven. Mama waits.

JOEY

Thank you. This came off a ... statue?
A pillar. We wondered if you knew
anything about the piece. About where
it came from.

Mama squints at the box, as if trying to recognize it.

MAMA

Oh ... yeah. Yeah. That thing. Ugly.
Real ugly. I sold that?

Mama's eyes scan the store.

MAMA

Never mind. I'm glad it's gone. Made the store feel strange. Who'd make such a thing?

JOEY

Fine. Fine. But can you tell us anything about it?

MAMA

It was part of a job-lot. Some loony-bin they shut down. Unclaimed stuff.

JOEY

What else came with it? Anything still here?

MAMA

Sure. Just papers, photos. Stuff nobody'd ever want.

JOEY

Can we see?

MAMA

You gonna buy?

JOEY

I don't know. Maybe.

MAMA

Right at the back there. Middle shelves. Coupla folders. Nice stuff. I'd do you a good price.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON REAR OF STORE

Joey and Terri approach an old shelf unit along the rear wall.

A shaft of sunlight throws a square of light on the wooden floor a few yards in front of the shelves.

Joey takes up a big bulging manilla folder from the shelves and begins to look through it.

JOEY

Terri, check out the other folder.

Terri, still holding her purse and the box, looks around for somewhere to put them. All the shelves are full. She lays them on the floor in the square of sunlight and joins Joey at the shelves, grabbing up the second folder.

TERRI

What am I looking for?

JOEY

God knows. Anything. Contacts. Clues.

Terri opens up the folder and begins to pace the floor as she flicks through the contents.

TERRI

Jesus. You're gonna pay her for this shit? It's like fucking business papers for God's sake!

Bored, Terri wanders off to lean against another shelf-unit.

ANGLE OVER JOEY'S SHOULDER ON FOLDER

- as she flicks through the contents.

Terri's dismissive summary seems justified. All Joey sees are obscure and meaningless case-notes and paperwork. Each item is letter-headed THE CHANNARD INSTITUTE.

Joey's hand reaches a large envelope. Scrawled in hand across it is the phrase DR. CHANNARD - PERSONAL PAPERS. Joey draws the contents out and begins to sift through them.

The first item is a dusty, black-and-white photograph of an officer in English Army uniform, circa 1920. Joey blows the dust from the photo.

LOW ANGLE - ON BOX

- which sits on the floor in the shaft of sunlight, the dust from the photo settling next to it.

ON JOEY

The next photo is that of a beautiful young woman. Joey flips it over. Gummed on the back is a type-written slip that says COTTON, KIRSTY CASE NO. 5719.

ON BOX

The sounds of the girls flicking through papers is heard OFF and then FADES as something strange begins to happen.

Suddenly, the dust around the box begins to move as if blown by an invisible wind. It is drawn up so that it forms an impossible spiral in the air. Spinning like a miniature hurricane, it hovers over the box. The sunlight seems to grow brighter. Is it just reflections on the metalwork designs or is the box itself glowing and shining?

CLOSE ANGLE ON JOEY'S FACE

- as her eyes flick back and forth as she scans ...

Joey turns another item and her face registers surprise at what she is seeing ...

The next item in the folder is a Xerox sheet, a reproduction of what appears to be an ancient document.

It is a diagram, like a designer's drawing or plan. And it is of the box seen from various angles.

CLOSE ANGLE ON JOEY'S FACE

- as she realizes what she is looking at.

JOEY
(softly)

Alright ...

Joey turns, folder in hand, to look at the box on the floor and compare it to the diagram.

Joey gasps.

The miniature tornado of spiralling dust suddenly disappears inside the apparently sealed box as if sucked down into it.

As if on cue, the shaft of sunlight disappears behind a cloud as the last particle of dust disappears into the box.

Joey, mouth open in shock, lets the folder drop from her hand. The sound of its splayed contents hitting the floor alerts Terri, who walks back round from the other shelf unit.

Terri looks at the dropped contents and then up at Joey.

TERRI

Joey ... ?

JOEY
(still staring at Box)
Help me pick 'em up, Terri. I think
the lady just made a sale.

INT. MAIN ROOM, JOEY'S APT. EARLY EVENING

Joey is sitting behind a desk. She has a phone in one hand and a pen in the other.

Spread out over the desk are various documents - the photo of Kirsty, the diagram of the box, type-written transcripts etc - and a scratch-pad on which Joey has scrawled several numbers.

Joey is in mid-conversation on the phone.

JOEY

Yeah ... yeah ... yeah ... No, it's
important that I speak to ... What? No,
don't ... (a beat) Put.
Me. On. Hold. You. Stupid. Bitch.

Joey slams the phone down.

She stares at the papers, at the scratch pad, takes a deep
breath, and punches out a number on the phone.

This time Joey's voice is different.

JOEY

Hi. Now listen. And listen good. I'm
the Station Manager at W-QQY. For the
last half-hour you've been dicking
around with my assistant. Let me tell
you something. With or without your co-
operation we are making this expose. I
assume you're smart enough to guess
which version is going to make you look
good. Now, if you can't put one hand on
that cassette and the other on a FedEx
man's butt within thirty seconds then
you damn well better put me through to
somebody who can.

A pause while somebody jumps through hoops at the other end.

Joey's voice transmogrifies again; now it's a seductive,
persuasive purr.

JOEY

Dr. Fallon? How nice of you to take my
call. I understand you're in charge of
video archive from the Channard
Institute ... ?

INT. UNDER THE UNDERGROUND NIGHT

Another night in Under The Underground

Kids dance.

Customers jostle at the bar.

Couples neck in shadowed corners.

Loud Metal music blasts out from speakers next to the various
sculptures on the walls and ceiling.

The center of the dance-floor is packed.

The pillar is missing.

ANGLE ON BAR

Sitting alone at a bar stool - though surrounded by tightly-packed customers - is SANDY, a very pretty teenage girl. She is the same basic type as Terri; blonde, frail, young. Too young, in fact, to be legally in a club like this.

Sandy stares at her empty glass - and stares at it wistfully enough to suggest she doesn't have the money to get it refilled. She is trying to keep up a cool impassive face but her eyes betray her basically vulnerable character.

REVERSE ANGLE

Sitting at the opposite end of the bar, his eye-line confirming he is looking at Sandy, is JP Monroe.

The bar-stool beside JP is occupied by a TEENAGE BOY who has his back to the bar and is talking to a GROUP of his FRIENDS.

JP has a speculative, predatory look on his face. Without shifting his gaze, he raises his hand and within seconds the BARMAN is leaning over to hear his request.

CLOSE on Sandy as a full glass is placed in front of her. Laid alongside the glass is a beautiful long-stemmed red rose.

Sandy looks surprised at the drink and then smiles in delight at the rose. She raises her eyes and looks across the bar.

JP returns the smile.

He turns to the Boy beside him and murmurs something unheard.

The boy glances round, as if ready to argue with whoever is speaking to him. On recognizing JP, however, he vacates the seat without an argument and stands to join his friends.

JP looks back across the bar at Sandy and gestures at the empty stool beside him, an attractive welcoming smile on his face.

Sandy gets up and, carrying the drink and the rose, makes her way across to sit beside JP.

ANGLE ON JP AND SANDY

The deafening music playing in the club means that they have to lean in close to hear each other speak.

JP

Welcome.

SANDY

You're JP Monroe, right?

JP

Uh-huh.

SANDY

And this is your club. Great club. I really love it here. Great club.

JP

Thank you.

SANDY

Thank you for the drink. And the rose. Wow. That's ... really nice.

JP

It's yours. You won it. It's a prize.

SANDY

A prize? For what?

JP

You see, everyday I have my friend John here bring ...

SANDY

The barman? I thought he was called Rick?

JP

He's a barman. Whatever. Do you mind if I continue?

SANDY

I'm sorry.

JP

Everyday I have my friend Rick here bring a newly-cut red rose in with him and keep it behind the bar. And I award it to a woman of exceptional beauty.

SANDY

Oh come on. There're lots of girls here who look better than ...

JP

Don't do that! Don't put yourself down. If you have a quality, be proud of it...

While talking, and without taking his eyes off Sandy, JP gestures at the barman and their glasses.

JP
 ... Let it define you. Whatever it is.
 Most of the roses die behind the bar.
 This is the first I've given out for
 nearly a month.

SANDY
 No. Really?

Two full glasses join the still half-full ones on the bar.

JP
 Yes really.

SANDY
 Wow. Thank you.

JP
 No. Thank you.

ANGLE ON GLASSES

TIME-FADE

ANGLE ON GLASSES

Now there are six empty glasses on the bar and two half-full ones.

ANGLE UP TO JP AND SANDY ...

- except they're not there. The two bar-stools are empty.

INT. JP'S PRIVATE ROOM NIGHT

The music OFF from the club is dull and muffled.

JP's private room is the size - and shares the general appearance of - an expensive studio apartment.

His room looks like an annex to his club - black walls, black fittings, artworks of elegant cruelty - show that JP's taste for the bizarre is not just professional.

Camera explores the room as the sound of BREATHING grows OFF.

ANGLE ON PILLAR

- now the right way up, it stands in a corner of the room. As usual, it looks jarring and impressive but it doesn't really seem out of place in JP's room.

The Breathing OFF becomes mixed with MOANS and SMALL CRIES.

ANGLE ON BED

JP and Sandy, both naked, are on the bed making love. Well, maybe Sandy's making love. JP's having sex.

It is a selfish, phallogentric scene, concentrating on JP's concern only for his own gratification. It may be an erotic sight, but it's not a pretty one.

JP is on top. He has hold of both Sandy's wrists in one of his hands and his body is working away rhythmically. He is half-upright, looking down at her. No kissing.

CLOSE on JP's face - his eyes open, staring down at Sandy.

CLOSE on Sandy's face - her eyes closed, half in pleasure, half in shame.

SMASH-CUT TO PILLAR

CLOSE on Pinhead's face. Suddenly, horribly, the monster's eyes fly open and his frozen face stares down at the lovers. A BLUE LIGHT seems to pulse from within the pillar, lending color to Pinhead's face.

Pinhead continues to watch the love-making until it comes to a climax.

As JP GROANS out his orgasm and collapses forward onto Sandy's body, Pinhead's eyes close. The BLUE LIGHT disappears and the pillar is just the pillar again.

INT. MAIN ROOM, JOEY'S APT. NIGHT

ANGLE ON DESK

- FAVORING the telephone/answering machine, its red message light blinking in the darkness of the apartment.

Heard OFF is the sound of Joey coming in to her apartment - doors opening and closing, bags being put down, footsteps etc.

Joey's hand comes into frame and presses the message button.

WIDER ANGLE

- as Joey waits for her machine and glances around the room for Terri.

JOEY

Terri?

ANGLE ON SOFA - JOEY'S POV

The sofa is empty.

Joey looks puzzled and is about to call again when the machine kicks in.

FALLON

(on ansafone)

Ms. Summerskill. Joanne. Hello. This is Dr. Fallon. Martin. Your reference material is on its way to you. I very much enjoyed talking to you and I hope that if I'm ever in town you'll do me the honor of (sqwaaaaalk)

Joey has her finger on the fast forward button.

JOEY

In your dreams, pal.

The chipmunk-squeal of Fallon's voice is replaced by the warning-beep of a second message. Joey lets it play.

WOMAN

(on ansafone)

... your number from your resume. Which was very impressive, by the way. My name is Sharon Leech and you can reach me here at K-YZY in Monterey, area code 805 ... (sqwaaalk)

Joey stops the tape.

JOEY

(to herself)

Shit. Why now? Why not last week? Oh ...

She glances round at the empty room again, troubled by Terri's absence. She crosses to her bedroom door.

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Joey enters the darkened room - and then stops a few feet from the door.

Terri - lit only by the moonlight through the blinds - is lying on one side of Joey's bed fast asleep. Apart from her shoes, which she has kicked off, she is fully dressed.

Joey approaches the bed and watches her sleeping friend, her face sympathetic, affectionate, and troubled.

Joey reaches over, takes one of the pillows from the other side of the bed, and lays it at the bottom end.

She slips off her shoes, shrugs off her jacket, and - delicately, carefully - climbs on to the other side of the bed, laying her head on the pillow she had moved.

JOEY
(whispered)
Goodnight, Terri ...

INT. JP'S PRIVATE ROOM NIGHT

JP, on his bed in his shorts enjoying a post-coital cigarette, blows smoke-rings at the ceiling and all but ignores Sandy.

Sandy has put some of her clothes back on and is wandering around the room, admiring it and chattering.

SANDY
So cool ...

She approaches the pillar ... leans in close ... closer ... and ... nothing happens.

SANDY
Radical.

She walks on to look at a painting on one of the walls.

ANGLE ON PAINTING

It's a painstakingly rendered but crudely imagined piece. The kind of crap you'd buy in a Melrose gallery.

Perhaps it's called Biker Crucifixion. Night-time, somewhere rural. A Hell's Angel, arms outstretched and stripped to the waist, is tied to a tree by cruelly-tight barbed wire wrapped around his body. At the foot of the tree his biker friends party, drink, and fuck, Harleys parked in the distance. The crucified Angel's eyes are raised to the Moon. He's smiling.

WIDER ANGLE ON SANDY AND PAINTING

SANDY
Wow. You've got great taste. This ... well ... this really says it, you know? It's really ... dark.

ANGLE ON JP

Still staring at the ceiling, JP pulls a pained face - like he's heard this embarrassing shit a hundred times.

SANDY
Don't you think?

JP

Mnn-hmnn.

Sandy turns to look at JP, troubled by his unresponsiveness.

SANDY

Do you mind me talking about your stuff?

JP

Unh-unh.

A beat. Sandy stares at JP. JP stares at the ceiling.

SANDY

If it bothers you, just say so.

JP sighs.

JP

It doesn't bother me. I'm just not interested.

SANDY

Oh. Like I'm not an interesting person.

JP blows a smoke ring at the ceiling.

Sandy walks back across the room to stand at the foot of the bed. (And yes, fright fans, this does put her in front of the pillar - though hopefully the blossoming argument will distract audience attention.)

SANDY

But you gave me a rose ...

JP

And tomorrow I'll give one to somebody else. Get dressed. Get out.

SANDY

You shit. Who do you think you are?

JP

I'm JP Monroe, you stupid little bitch. Now get the fuck out of my life.

SANDY

You ... I can't fucking believe you, you bastard! You get me in here ...

JP

Right. Like you were hog-tied or something.

SANDY

Look at you! You think you're some God damn Prince or something. With your shitty little Kingdom out there and all this ugly shi

Sandy is waving her arms to illustrate her point and, halfway through her last line, has turned to indicate the pillar.

Suddenly - BAM! BIG SCARE MOMENT! - two blackened arms fly out from the center of the pillar and grab Sandy's gesturing arms.

The BLUE LIGHT burns from within, illuminating Pinhead's face as his eyes open, filled with demonic glee and hunger.

An impossible WIND begins to whistle through the room, as if an echoed glimpse of a storm in Hell.

Sandy screams in mortal terror.

JP jumps from the bed, cigarette falling to the floor. He backs away to the opposite wall, face shocked, scared shitless.

JP

Jesus Christ!

Pinhead smiles sardonically.

PINHEAD

Not quite.

Pinhead's arms pull Sandy tight against the pillar and his face, stifling her scream.

JP flattened against the far wall, watches in horror as Sandy, held tight against the pillar, suffers a horrible death:

Sandy's life-force is sucked from her. Drawn into the pillar. Into Pinhead.

It is a matter of seconds only but, in those few seconds -

Her body begins to collapse in on itself, turning grey and lifeless. It is made worse by the fact that until the very end Sandy keeps struggling, writhing in the grasp of the monster.

The wind keeps blowing through the room.

Finally, a dry lifeless husk, she is dropped to the floor.

The Blue Light fades from within the pillar. The wind disappears.

The pillar is again black and stationary. But its contours are different, more rounded. It looks more organic, as if shifting its raw material into new alignments, new configurations. The pillar seems to be in a process of becoming. And the obvious suggestion is that what it is becoming is Pinhead.

Pinhead's head, arms, and torso now protrude from the pillar. They are not completely free and - now that the "eating" of Sandy is concluded - seem incapable of independent movement but there is plainly a lot more of him than there was before.

Even though the blue light has faded, Pinhead's face is noticeably different. It is blue-tinged and more fleshy in appearance. Capable of movement. And speech.

ANGLE ON JP

- who has sunk to the floor, staring at the pillar.

JP

What ... What ... ?

WIDER ANGLE

PINHEAD

What did you see? The same as I.
Appetite sated. Desire indulged. You
saw the working of the world in
miniature.

JP shakes his head in denial. But he's already a little more together than he was: after all, the pillar can't move and he's several yards from it.

JP

That had nothing to do with the world.
Not this one, anyway.

PINHEAD

On the contrary. It has everything to
do with the world. And our dreams of
how it will succumb to us. You enjoyed
the girl?

JP

Yes.

PINHEAD

Good. So did I. And that's all ...

JP

No! No. It's not the same ... I ...
No. What you did ... it was ... evil.

Pinhead laughs.

PINHEAD

How uncomfortable that word must feel on your lips. Evil. Good. There is no Good, Monroe. There is no Evil. There is only the flesh and the patterns to which we can submit it. You will help me to ...

JP shakes his head in furious denial.

JP

No. No no no. No fuckin' way. I'm gone ...

Grabbing at his jeans, JP heads out of his room. Rapidly.

EXT. CITY STREETS, OUTSIDE CLUB NEXT DAY

The sun is high. It's about noon.

Like most clubs of its type, Under The Underground's exterior is far from prepossessing. It's set in an old brick warehouse in a run-down section of town.

JP's Range Rover pulls up and JP gets out, carrying a long slim black bag. He glances round the all-but-deserted street and enters the club.

INT. JP'S PRIVATE ROOM DAY

CLOSE on Pinhead's face; in repose, back to its statue-like state.

The sound of the door OFF opens the monster's eyes.

JP enters, closing the door behind him.

He doesn't look at the pillar. He stays by the door and keeps his eyes on the long black bag he has brought in with him.

He unzips it. His manner is that of a man who has made a decision and is not about to listen to contrary argument.

PINHEAD

(off)

Another offering?

JP doesn't respond. He draws a double-barrelled shotgun from the bag, cocks it, and loads it.

JP turns to face the pillar, drawing a bead on Pinhead.

Pinhead's expression is wearily amused.

PINHEAD

I'm touched ... That is the gun you used
to kill your parents?

JP visibly staggers as Pinhead lets slip this knowledge.

Pinhead smiles.

PINHEAD

I understand. Their fortune was so
tempting, their affection so
conditional. What else could you do?

JP

Fuck you!

He pulls the double trigger.

A massive BLAST resounds around the room but that's about it;
the 30 ott six is absorbed magically into the pillar.

PINHEAD

Thank you. Now, shall we talk sensibly?

JP lets the useless gun fall from his hand.

PINHEAD

Don't flee from yourself. If you have a
quality, let it define you. Cultivate
it. It is you. By helping me, you will
help yourse...

JP

What!? What are you talking about? Why
should I help you?

PINHEAD

Because you want to. You've always
wanted to. Look at your pictures. Look
at your sculptures. Look at those
tawdry representations and then ...
Imagine. Imagine a world of the body as
canvas. The body as clay. Your will
and mine as the brush and the knife.
Oh, I have such sights to show you.

It's working. JP's eyes are glittering with excited interest.

JP

What are you?

PINHEAD

A dark star rising. I was bound to another's system by a soul I once possessed. A friend relieved me of that inconvenience. Now I'm free. Born again of Blood and Desire.

JP

Hey, that's what makes the world go round.

Pinhead raises an amused eyebrow at JP's little joke.

PINHEAD

You see, we're not so dissimilar.

JP

But how in God's name ...

PINHEAD

God? My God was diamond and black light. And I was his Dark Pope. All that is changed. A terrible beauty is born. With a place at my right hand for a man of your tastes.

JP cruises the room, contemplating this.

JP

How do we start?

PINHEAD

It has already begun.

INT. TV STATION, EDITING SUITE NIGHT

ANGLE ON MONITORS

Many screens fill the frame, all of them crackling with snow.

CUT TO WIDE

Joey is alone at the control desk. She has a video tape in her hand and feeds it into the master machine.

She looks up at the still-ghosting monitors and then presses a few buttons on the console.

The snow is replaced by blackness on every monitor with a time code ticking away at the bottom of each screen.

JOEY

(softly)

Alright ... Let's see what we got here.

The blackness on the monitors gives way to multiple images of KIRSTY, the girl in the picture in the antique store.

The video image is primitive, shot with a non-professional camcorder, and is a simple medium long-shot of Kirsty, dressed in a simple white smock, sitting in a hospital room.

Kirsty addresses the camera directly, though occasionally looks up to the side as if speaking to an unseen doctor.

INTERCUT through Kirsty's monologue between: A single monitor image, the wall of monitors, and the watching and listening Joey.

KIRSTY

(on video)

I don't know what the Box is. But I know what it does. I ... (looks up to side) I've said all this before. Do you ... (blinks, nods, as if listening. Looks back to camera) I saw it open. I opened it. I saw what came out. I don't know what else to call them. Demons. Demons live in the box. Or come through the box from somewhere else. It's a gateway to Hell. Or the South Bronx. (smiles ruefully at her own joke. Looks up to side as if chastised for kidding around. Nods. Continues) I know you don't believe me. I know what it sounds like. But what else ... Jesus, talk to Ronson, talk to the other cops. They saw the house. They saw my ... my father ...

Kirsty breaks down into sobs.

QUICK-CUT TO JOEY

- whose expression shows distressed sympathy. She too has lost her father.

ANGLE ON MONITORS

The video image breaks up into white noise and then comes back in, as if the camcorder was turned off for a few moments.

When the image returns, Kirsty is smoking a cigarette to help calm her.

KIRSTY

(on video)

Solving the puzzle means opening the box. Opening the box means opening doors. And there are some doors you don't want to open. And it may be metaphorical to you, Doctor, but you haven't had some blue-faced bastard come at you with hooks and chains. It isn't delusion, it isn't psychosis. It's reality. It's reality. (Pause. Long drag on the cigarette?) Maybe not this reality ... but there are others. I've seen them.

Joey's face shows horrified fascination at Kirsty's story. There is a conviction in the telling which is working on Joey.

INT. MAIN ROOM, JOEY'S APT. NIGHT

The room is dimly-lit.

ANGLE ON FLOOR BY TV SET

The floor is littered with video-boxes and tapes. Other tapes are piled on top of the VCR. It's like somebody has been viewing constantly for a week and hasn't put anything away.

ANGLE ON SOFA AND COFFEE TABLE

Many books are lying on the sofa, the table, and the floor. Some are lying open, most are closed.

Also on the coffee table are three different soft-drink cans, a half-empty cup of coffee, and a very full ash-tray.

ANGLE ON BOOKSHELFS

Terri is standing by the bookshelves, running her eyes and her finger along some titles.

Now we understand the chaos in the room. Terri's home alone. She's bored and trying to find something to hold her interest.

She looks away from the shelves and walks idly over to the TV.

The Box is back on top of the TV. Terri's hand hovers near the on/off switch of the TV. Then it hesitates and picks up the box instead. Terri holds the box and looks at it. Her face becomes puzzled and she crosses the room to flick on a LIGHT. She wanders back to the TV looking at the box.

It looks different. Its edges are more sharply defined. The shard where it was broken from the pillar is smaller, smoother. The detailed metal-work has some color back and is shining.

TERRI

Jeez, Joey musta polished you up some.
Sometimes I think she's wierder than me.

Terri's voice trails off as she continues to look at the box. She turns it in her hands, running her fingers over its filigree surfaces.

TRACK in slowly as she cups it in both hands, her eyes moving from puzzlement to fascination and concentration.

She rubs her thumbs over the designs. TRACKING IN continues. It's tense. Is she going to try and work the puzzle?

Suddenly BRRRRRRRRR ... the phone rings.

Terri jumps in shock, nearly dropping the box.

She puts the box back on top of the TV and crosses to the phone. She picks it up.

TERRI

Joey?

JP

(on phone)

Not quite.

TERRI

JP?

JP

Live and in the flesh. How're you doing, babe?

TERRI

What do you want?

INT. JP'S PRIVATE ROOM NIGHT

CLOSE on JP's face as he speaks into a phone.

JP

God, always questions. What do I want?
I don't want anything. Just concerned
about you. Just checking in.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ROOMS THROUGH CONVERSATION

TERRI

Yeah right. How'd you get this number?

JP

Will you relax? Your little girlfriend left a card, remember?

TERRI

Oh. Yeah. Yeah. Well ... I'm fine. Things are great here. Joey's going to get me a job at the TV station. I'm meeting lotsa new people. It's really great.

JP

Really?

TERRI

Yeah really. I'm ...

JP

No. I mean, really? Because I'm concerned for you, sweetheart. I care about you. I guess I miss you. I'm sorry we split up. I'm sorry I ...

TERRI

You're apologizing?

JP

Hey, it has been known. C'mon Terri, I'm not that bad a guy. I have regrets. I'd like to put things right. Don't tell me you haven't thought about me. Huh?

TERRI

Well ... of course I have. I've thought. I've ... Oh, JP, you were so horrible. You really hurt me ...

JP

I know. I know. It's bad. I'm a bad person. But I try not to be, Terri. I really do. And I really miss you.

TERRI

I miss you too.

JP

That's so good to hear, sweetheart. It really is. You know, I .. are you alone?

TERRI

Yes.

JP

Good ... Good ... Look, why don't you come over? You know, nothing heavy, little drink maybe, little talk. Just see how we both feel?

TERRI

Oh, I don't ...

JP

C'mon. It'll be great.

INT. MAIN ROOM, JOEY'S APT. NIGHT

CLOSE on Terri's face - we can almost see her summon the will-power to refuse.

TERRI

No! No. I can't. I just can't.

She slams the phone down quickly before he can persuade her. She takes a couple of deep breaths and walks away from the phone.

TERRI

Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

She looks around. She looks at the books. She looks at the videos. She looks at the table. She looks back at the phone.

ANGLE ON PHONE

- as it RINGS again.

TERRI

- shakes her head and turns the ansafone on.

After two rings, the machine responds.

JOEY

(ansafone message)

Hi. You've reached Joanne Summerskill. In spirit at least. Please leave a message. Thanks.

WOMAN

(on phone)

Hello. Ms. Summerskill, this is Sharon Leech again from K-YZY in Monterey. Sorry to call so late but I was wondering if you got my other message? Look, I probably shouldn't say this on tape but what the hell ... there's a job here if you want it. Late-night news reader. We think you'd be marvelous ..

The machine BEEPS and cuts her off, leaving the message light FLASHING.

CLOSE on Terri's face - disappointed and sad.

INT. TV STATION, EDITING SUITE NIGHT

Joey is still at the desk watching the bank of monitors.

As Kirsty speaks, INTERCUT between Joey and the monitors.

KIRSTY

(Looks to side) Again? (Shrugs. Looks back at camera) The box. I don't know where it came from. I don't know who made it or why. I only know what it does. It hurts. It hurts. (Looks off to side as if listening.) How? (Looks back) I don't know. It kind of opens itself. Your fingers move. You learn. It wants to open, that's the thing. And it knows when you want to open it. And it helps. And it opens. And then they come. The Cenobites. The demons.

ANGLE ON WALL OF MONITORS

Multiple images of Kirsty speaking those last few lines.

Suddenly, one - and only one - of the monitors suffers a WHITE NOISE WIPE-OUT.

Joey glances up at the one ghosting monitor, puzzled - and then freezes in shock.

ANGLE ON MONITORS

- as, on the one monitor, a new image suddenly appears:

A hazy, black-and-white image (very grainy, like early experimental TV images) of a thirtysomething man in early twentieth century military uniform.

The man - ELLIOTT - stares directly out of the monitor screen and, just as Kirsty finishes her last line ("The cenobites. The demons."), he speaks (in an English accent).

ELLIOTT
(on monitor)
She's telling the truth, Joey.

Another BURST of WHITE NOISE and the image is gone.

Kirsty is back on that monitor, just like all the others.

KIRSTY
Look, you can have me tell this ...

Joey remains staring at the haunted monitor, numb with shock. What the hell is going on?

Kirsty's voice plays OFF as Joey stares.

KIRSTY
... as often as you want. There's not going to be any breakthrough. You might think it's delusion, but it's not. I saw them. I looked into their eyes and they looked back at me. Creatures from Hell.

INT. 24-HOUR DINER NIGHT

A late-night coffee-shop in the early hours of the morning. Classic American Diner.

VARIOUS ANGLES

Empty booths.

A quiet counter. A COP perches on a stool drinking coffee.

A TRUCKER in a booth by himself bites methodically on a donut, his eyes staring off into the vacancy of the night.

In a corner booth, FOUR KIDS nurse cokes and smoke cigarettes.

ANGLE ON TABLE

A black coffee sits by an ash-tray holding a burning cigarette.

REVEAL TERRI

- sitting at the table staring at the coffee.

She waits. She takes a drag on the smoke. She waits. She sips her coffee. She waits. She looks up across the diner.

TERRI'S POV

The double doors of the diner's entrance.

ANGLE ON TERRI

She looks back down at her coffee.

The sound of doors opening OFF. Terri looks up again.

ANGLE FROM DOORS - TERRI IN DISTANCE

A WALKING POV as somebody approaches Terri, whose face breaks into a nervous, ambiguous smile of welcome.

REVERSE ANGLE - TERRI'S POV

- as JP walks confidently to her table, smiling.

JP

Hey, babe. Thanks for coming.

JP sits down opposite her. He reaches over and pats her hand.

INT. MAIN ROOM, JOEY'S APT. NIGHT

Joey enters the unlit main room. She glances across at the sofa. It's unoccupied. Joey puts the light on.

She grimaces at the chaos of the room - the piles of videos and books - and crosses the room to the bedroom door. She opens the door and looks in.

JOEY

Terri, we can't bunk up every night!
People will ...

The bedroom is empty, nobody on the bed.

JOEY

(off)

... talk. ... Terri?

Joey leaves the door and walks back into the main room.

She looks around and then walks over to the phone. Something has caught her eye.

ANGLE BY PHONE

A hand-scrawled note by the phone reads ENJOY MONTEREY, YOU LIAR.

JOEY registers the note.

JOEY

Oh shit.

Joey shakes her head sadly. What can she do? It's the early hours of the morning. She has no idea where Terri is. She walks back to the bedroom and closes the door behind her.

EXT. DENSE JUNGLE DAY (JOEY'S DREAM)

Thick green jungle foliage obscures the view of a POV camera.

The sounds of confused battle are heard OFF; helicopters, gunfire, distant explosions, screams of the dying and the wounded

Leaves and branches SMACK against the frame as the unseen dreamer rushes confusedly through the dense forest.

The voices of the Soldiers - distant, echoed, repeated - are heard over the roar of battle.

SOLDIER 1

(off)

He's going. He's going. He's going ...

SOLDIER 2

(off)

We're losing him. We're losing him.
We're losing him ...

The sound of their voices seems to prompt the POV camera to more furious endeavor.

It turns rapidly left and right, forcing its way through the greenery until suddenly, with one last push through foliage thick enough to be a single bush, the view changes completely.

EXT. FLANDERS FIELD (WW I) DAY (JOEY'S DREAM)

The POV camera (Joey) walks out into another battlefield, one of a different character.

It appears to be early morning. The skies are grey and overcast. In the distance plumes of black smoke spiral upward

No jungle, no trees or grass. The ground is baked mud disfigured with deep trenches, re-inforced by wooden slats.

The atmosphere is post-conflict; guns are silent, there are no cries or sound of machinery.

Scattered around are corpses of many khaki-clad soldiers.

Nothing moves. No birds sing. It is a horrible, desolate image from the bloody pages of history. The fields of Flanders in World War One.

A noise begins to be heard OFF. A low angry BUZZING.

ANGLE ON DEAD SOLDIER

A cloud of buzzing flies are feeding on the flesh of his poor dead face.

JOEY

(off)

Nooooooooooooo

The buzzing and Joey's anguished cry both CONTINUE OVER as we CUT TO

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Joey sitting up in bed, eyes wide, still screaming.

JOEY

Nooooooooooooo!

The cry cuts off abruptly as Joey realizes where she is.

She catches her breath and then freezes as she realizes that the buzzing sound from her dream is present in her bedroom. Are the flies still feeding? She glances around her room.

ANGLE ON BEDROOM TV - JOEY'S POV

Her TV set is on. The buzzing sound comes from white noise.

Joey is puzzled and scared.

JOEY

Is somebody here? Is somebody here!?
Terri ... ?

She half gets out of bed and then stops, transfixed, as the TV screen's white noise is replaced by an image.

ANGLE ON TV

As in the editing suite, the image is grainy black-and-white.

The buzzing continues, now joined by HISSING and WHISTLING that fades in and out as if unseen hands are trying to tune into an impossibly distant station.

Somewhere in the sound-montage we can almost hear GHOSTLY VOICES whispering; "Joey, Joey, Joey ... "

On the screen, an English Officer - Elliott - is sitting cross-legged on the floor of a Quonset hut.

On the floor in front of him is something at which he stares - something that the image is not sharp enough to show.

WIDER ANGLE - JOEY AND TV

Fear vies with fascination in Joey's expression.

JOEY

What ... What's going on? What's happening?

ANGLE ON TV

The image disappears in a burst of STATIC which in turn is replaced by another image, still monochrome and grainy; A head-and-shoulders of Elliott, staring directly out of the screen.

ELLIOTT

You have to help me, Joey.

A burst of STATIC and the image disappears completely. The TV is obviously not turned on. The room is silent.

Joey stares at her dead TV in numbed silence.

She falls back into bed, pulling the covers protectively around her, staring at the ceiling.

INT. JP'S PRIVATE ROOM NIGHT

BLACKNESS

A CLICK is heard OFF and the room is lit, REVEALING JP by the door, his finger by the light-switch. He smiles into the room and walks in, looking behind as Terri hesitates by the door.

JP

Come on in.

Terri moves past him.

JP locks the door with a key he draws from his pocket.

Terri registers this. JP calms her.

JP

Not a good neighborhood. People
disappear. (a beat) Feel like home?
It's just like you left it.

Terri moves into the room, glancing around herself cautiously.
She registers the pillar.

ANGLE ON PILLAR

It's plainly different from the last time Terri saw it but -
despite what the audience knows about it - it still seems
inanimate; a black frozen carving, disturbing but harmless.

TERRI

Not quite. This wasn't here.

JP

No. But, as you can see, I'm having
some work done on it. You found a real
treasure for me, Terri. I hope I can
show you how grateful I am.

TERRI

Yeah ... yeah, it looks different.

JP

Yeah, a girl I know helped smarten it
up. Put her heart and soul into it.

TERRI

A girl? Anyone I should know?

JP

Not now, no. I mean - now that you're
here, it's like she doesn't even exist,
you know what I mean?

JP has been cruising the room as they speak. Now he's standing
close to the pillar. Terri is still some distance from him.

TERRI

Yeah right. Look ...

JP

Terri, listen. (a beat) Why don't
you come here and kiss me? I mean, it's
probably ticking away in both our minds,
right? Is it going to happen? Isn't it
going to happen? Let's get it out of
the way. See how we feel. Then we can
relax. Talk. You know.

A pause - a tense one for the audience who know that JP has obviously decided who Pinhead's next meal is. Terri looks at JP, half suspicious, half attracted.

TERRI

I don't think so. Not yet. I'm not ready yet.

JP

Sure. Sure. I understand. It's cool. I mean, we've got all night.

JP smiles winningly and warmly. A nice guy. A nice smile. A smile a girl can trust.

The pillar stands behind him, its dark inhabitant still and silent, waiting for the sacrifice.

INT. UNDER THE UNDERGROUND NIGHT

Series of shots (maybe all CROSS-FADED) of kids dancing and drinking in the club to establish the passing of time - and to highlight the tension of the scene in JP's room by its proximity to this (relative) normality.

INT. JP'S PRIVATE ROOM NIGHT (MINUTES LATER)

JP lounges against his wall, smoking, close to the pillar.

Terri is sitting on the bed. She's upset. She's been telling JP about Joey and the phone message.

JP

That's terrible. What a bitch. She was obviously just using you, Terri. Ready to dump you the second she had what she needed, interfering little whore.

TERRI

No. It isn't ... she wouldn't ... It's like I must have done something wrong, you know? Freaked her out. Just fucked up something good again.

JP

Hey, you didn't fuck it up with me. You know that. It was my fault, babe, it really was. And you know I'm sorry. And I'm sorry to see you upset now. I hate to see you in pain like this.

Terri looks up at him, her eyes vulnerable, on the verge of tears. She really wants to believe that he's being a nice guy.

TERRI

Really?

JP

Yes! God, yes. I ... I just want to hug you. To hold you. To tell you it's alright.

God, the bastard's good at this. Terri breaks into small sobs and holds her arms out for him.

JP

No. No, sweetheart, you come to me. It's not fair. I come over there. You know. We're on the bed. I just ... 'cos you know how much you excite me. God, just looking at you. You're so beautiful. I come over there and I'd just want to touch you. Feel you. Kiss you. And that isn't what this is about. C'mon, babe, come to daddy. Let me make it better.

Terri wipes her eyes, gives a small shy smile and stands up.

She's walking toward JP. And the pillar.

JP puts a hand out. He smiles. Re-assuring. Loving.

Terri walks. Vulnerable. So in need of reassurance and love.

WIDER ANGLE -JP, TERRI, PILLAR

She's getting closer ... closer ... closer ...

CLOSE ANGLE ON JP

- as he blows it. A sidelong glance at the pillar? A sudden naked hunger in the smiling eyes? A single bead of sweat? Some tiny little thing that takes the lid off his game.

Terri stops dead. She doesn't know what's happening but suddenly this doesn't feel right.

TERRI

No ... Wait a ...

EVERYTHING ERUPTS!

JP, smiling mask wiped off, leaps at Terri.

Terri flings herself backward, screaming in shock and fear.

Pinhead: suddenly animate and furious; eyes wide open, face contorted in frustrated rage, black arms clawing at the air.

PINHEAD

Bring her to me, boy!

A furious, confused scene of tension and struggle.

JP has hold of Terri, trying to drag her to the monster.

Terri fights back, screaming her disbelief and struggling and kicking against him. They are perilously close to the pillar.

Pinhead is furious - roaring, tearing at the pillar with his hands as if trying to physically rip himself free of it.

Slowly, JP's size and strength is telling; Terri is being dragged nearer and nearer to the demon.

At the last possible second - when it seems it's all over, when Pinhead's snatching fingers are centimeters from Terri's flesh - Terri snatches up a heavy ornament from a shelf by the pillar and smashes JP right across the head with it.

JP collapses semi-conscious at the foot of the pillar.

Terri throws herself back from the monster's grabbing arms.

Pinhead snarls in frustration, hands clenched in fists of rage.

WIDER ANGLE

Terri - safely feet away from the pillar - stands, shaking and breathless, eyes wide in horror and shock as she stares at this creature from nightmare.

And suddenly Pinhead changes tack; he slides from the roaring beast of a moment before to his more usual persona - the glib, articulate Black Pope of Hell.

PINHEAD

Wait! Why run? Where to? Do you know where you are?

TERRI

I'm ... I'm ...

PINHEAD

You're at the door of dreams. And you can open it.

TERRI

What are you talking about?

PINHEAD

There are two keys in this room. On is in the pocket of this fool. You could take it out without me reaching you. (a beat) Probably. And you could use it to let yourself back in to the world you know. The world you've always known; banal, hopeless, dreamless.

Pinhead, as ever, is hitting the right buttons. Terri, as we know, has dreamed of dreaming.

TERRI

And ... like ... the other?

PINHEAD

The other is the key to dreams. To a world of black miracles and dark wonder. Another life of unknown pleasures. It's yours. Complete the pattern. Solve the puzzle. Turn the key.

ANGLE ON TERRI

- as she looks at the monster. And smiles.

TERRI

Where is it?

Pinhead returns the smile.

PINHEAD

It's lying bleeding at your feet.

JP is on the floor, semi-conscious, bleeding from the head.

JP

(delirious. Ad-lib)

Unhhh ... Terri ... what ... no ...

Terri edges around the pillar to grasp one of JP's limp arms.

INTERCUT CLOSE-UPS OF PINHEAD AND TERRI

- as the bond between tempter and tempted is strengthened.

Terri holds JP's arm out ...

Pinhead stretches his own arm forward ...

And JP finally - for one brief second of terrifying clarity - realizes what's happening.

JP
(screaming)
No! Terri! Please! I didn't mean to...!!

Too late. Pinhead's hand closes around his wrist.

Terri leaps back out of harm's way.

Pinhead - with awesome strength - yanks JP up to his feet and pulls him close. He stares into the terrified face of JP.

PINHEAD
I have such sights to show you.

JP is sucked dry by Pinhead.

And Terri watches, her face perversely excited by this - the first of the dark miracles that the monster had promised.

MAJOR F/X SEQUENCE

- as the transformation of pillar into Pinhead is completed.

WIDER ANGLE

Pinhead, fully-fleshed and incarnate, stands in the room. At his feet are the dry husk that was JP and the steaming, hissing remnants of the pillar like a pool of black toxic oil.

He turns and looks at Terri. Slowly, elegantly, he walks toward her.

Terri backs away across the room. But she backs off slowly, sensuously, like an eager but nervous virgin bride ready for her groom.

Camera moves in CLOSE on her glowing eyes and excited face.

INT. MAIN ROOM, JOEY'S APT. NIGHT

CLOSE on the Box. A cloud of dust spirals out into the room in a reverse action of the dust in the antiques store.

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

CLOSE on Joey's sleeping face. REM shows beneath her eyelids and she murmurs in her sleep.

Very faintly OFF is the sound of distant music.

Joey's eyes snap open and glance from side to side. She sits up in bed and registers the music, which seems to have grown in volume on her waking.

It is strange, old-fashioned music; A palm-court string orchestra playing a sentimental waltz tune reminiscent of the 1920's or earlier.

Joey looks around the room.

There is no-one in the room.

The TV set is still dead.

But ... the bedroom door is open a crack and a very strange DIM ORANGE LIGHT is creeping in from the main room. And that seems to be from where the music is coming.

ANGLE ON JOEY

- as she gets out of bed.

She's cautious and careful, moving slowly and quietly as she wraps a robe around herself and moves to the door.

The music continues to play.

She opens the door slowly and walks through.

INT. MAIN ROOM, JOEY'S APT. NIGHT

This room too is empty.

The music is louder and the soft warm pulse of the orange light is more distinct, bathing the walls and the furniture.

VARIOUS ANGLES - JOEY'S POV

- as Joey tries to locate the source of the music and the light;

The sofa.

The bookshelves.

The TV - with the still and inactive Box.

The closed drapes over the big picture window.

Finally -

ANGLE ON CLOSET DOOR

Both the music and the light seem to be centered on the closet door across the room. They're both coming from behind it.

Joey approaches the closet, still tense, still careful. She opens the closet door and looks in.

The closet is where Joey has stored her past. But she's stored it neatly.

Boxed and piled on shelves are old magazines, old greetings cards, old photographs, old soft-toys, college diplomas, clippings from small-town newspapers ("Death of a Local Hero: Tommy Summerskill lost in Vietnam", "Joanne Summerskill Class Valedictorian: looks to career in Media") etc etc.

Also in there, stuffed away at the top of the closet, is an old radio - a big old wood-and-wire-grille valve driven beauty from which the lilting music is coming.

At some stage in its life, part of its casing was smashed away and the pulsing orange light is its flickering vacuum tubes.

It's an old mains-powered model and its mains cord dangles off the shelf of the closet. This radio isn't plugged into anything except the paranormal.

CLOSE on Joey; staring at this broadcast from the beyond.

JOEY

How ?

Joey reaches up and brings the radio down from the shelf and out into the main room. She sets it down on the coffee table in front of the sofa.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Formal, classical framing from a low angle - Joey and radio in foreground, big picture window and its closed drapes in the background.

Joey kneels up in front of the table.

She stares at the radio with the same kind of trapped fascination with which we have seen characters in the previous HELLRAISER movies stare at the Box.

Her fingers are drawn to the tuning dial as if to a puzzle. She plays with the dial, moving through various "stations".

Joey's face is open with expectation as she moves through them, as if she is waiting for clues. Or instructions.

The music gives way to various VOICES;

An Indian voice giving some kind of commentary. The English words "BBC" and "World Service" are heard amidst the punjabi.

(Joey turns the dial)

A tired sad English voice;

ENGLISH VOICE

... and the King has sent a personal message of sympathy to the parents of those brave men who ...

(Joey turns the dial)

A resonant French voice;

FRENCH VOICE

L'Oiseau chante avec ses doigts. Deux fois.

(Joey turns the dial)

Another burst of music, this time more raucous and syncopated. A ragtime tune from the birth of Jazz.

(Joey turns the dial)

Dead Air. An ominous pause. And Elliott's voice.

ELLIOTT

Joey. Look out your window.

Joey shrinks back in nervous shock at this direct address.

The radio goes dead. The tubes stop glowing. The room is now a dimly-lit place of shadow and suspense.

Joey glances back over her shoulder at her closed drapes and then at the silent radio.

She stands up slowly and crosses to the drapes. The camera rises and TRACKS in as she walks, framing those drapes like curtains in a theater.

With one strong gesture, Joey sweeps the drapes open. And gasps.

Instead of neighboring roof-tops and a view of the city, Joey is looking directly into the interior of a Quonset hut.

It is the image from her TV set though full-size, full-color, and apparently real.

At the far end, Elliott sits cross-legged on the floor. In front of him on the floor is the puzzle box.

Elsewhere in the hut; A camp-bed on which lie a gun-belt and an Officer's peaked cap. And an old-fashioned radio - the same radio that is still in Joey's room.

ANGLE ON JOEY

- as she stares beyond her window into this impossible scene.

JOEY

Tell me ... Tell me ... Hello?

CLOSER on the elements in the hut, as we (and Joey) realize that everything in there is frozen in time. There is no movement, no sound.

Wonderingly (but carefully) Joey stretches her arm out before her. When her arm reaches the threshold of the Quonset hut, it disappears into the space once occupied by window glass.

She pulls her arm back sharply with an intake of breath. Maybe she even takes a half-step backward.

JOEY

I'm seven floors up ... I'm seven floors up! I can't ...

But she can.

She summons her courage, steps over the sill, and walks into the impossible.

INT. QUONSET HUT

We are looking at a solid wall. Then, through the wall, Joey walks into the Hut, still bewildered by the sights around her.

Still the image does not move. Everything is very real, very present. But frozen.

Joey approaches the immobile Elliott and looks from him to the box and back again.

(NB: Joey's speeches to the frozen Elliott are bravado; her face and body language betray her awed nervousness at the bizarre situation in which she finds herself.)

JOEY

Now what? I'm here. Now what? I just walked into madness for you. Talk!

Joey looks back behind her.

ANGLE ON HUT WALL - JOEY'S POV

There is no window back into the apartment, just a fourth wall.

ANGLE ON JOEY AND ELLIOTT

JOEY

Great. That's just great! You bring me here. You freeze up on me. And now there's no way out. I've had dates like you before. I ...

A CREAK is heard OFF. Joey looks up.

JOEY'S POV

At the far end of the Quonset Hut, behind Elliott, a door has creaked open an inch or two.

Joey looks from the door back to the frozen Elliott.

JOEY

Thanks. I think.

Joey crosses to the door and opens it. She walks through.

EXT. FLANDERS FIELD DAY

Joey walks out onto the World War One battlefield of her most recent dream. She stands there - an incongruous vulnerable figure in her nightdress and robe - amidst the corpses, the trenches, and the distant plumes of smoke.

JOEY

What's going on? Is this a dream?

She glances back at the door of the hut she has just left.

JOEY'S POV - THROUGH HUT DOOR

Within the hut, the frozen Elliott still sits.

ANGLE ON JOEY

- as she turns from looking into the hut and gasps, her eyes wide in shock.

Standing on a hillock, framed against the grey battlefield skies, is Elliott.

Joey walks toward him.

Elliott stands calmly and smiles at Joey.

ELLIOTT

Joey. How kind of you to come.

A beat. Joey (and the audience) take in Elliott's impossible presence, as she and he stand amidst the corpse-strewn field.

JOEY

Wait ... wait. You ... you have to help me. I don't understand. Am I dreaming this?

ELLIOTT

You have to help me. You will understand. And no, you're not dreaming. Do you know where we are?

JOEY

It's ... I don't know. First World War, right?

ELLIOTT

Correct. The fields of France. And many dead flowers ... Oh. Forgive me. My name was Spenser. Elliott Spenser. Captain.

He extends his hand.

Joey - slowly and nervously - puts her hand out to shake his.

JOEY

Joey Summerskill.

Elliott smiles understandingly as he releases her hand.

ELLIOTT

Well done. Brave girl. You've probably never shaken hands with a ghost before, am I right?

JOEY

Captain Spenser. Elliott. I ... What the Hell is going on?

ELLIOTT

Hell is precisely what is going on, Joey. And we have to stop it. I because of a special obligation, you because you're the only person who can help. And because you know what is right, and just, and true. Will you walk with me a while?

He gestures with his hand and they begin to walk.

ELLIOTT

There were days in this war, days right on top of each other, when the newly dead were numbered in the tens of thousands. They called it the war to end all wars. Though it didn't. You know that. There were more wars. More dead. Your father's war. Your dream search for your father led you here. To me. Joey, we need to talk.

Elliott does nothing dramatic - he doesn't clap his hands or snap his fingers - but somehow, magically, he and Joey, without moving or changing position are back in the Quonset hut.

INT. QUONSET HUT

The frozen Elliott is still sitting on the floor before the box. The mobile Elliott gestures at his frozen self as he speaks to the bemused Joey.

ELLIOTT

The war pulled poetry out of some of us. Others it affected differently. This is me a few years later. We're in India, by the way, and it's 1921. I was like many survivors. Lost souls with nothing left to believe in but gratification. We'd seen God fail, you see. So many dead. For us God, too, fell at Flanders. We adjusted to the loss. And if we mourned, we mourned in silence. Thousands drank themselves to death. Others went further. I went further. I thought I was a lost soul. But, until this frozen moment, I didn't even know what the phrase meant.

JOEY

And what is ... this frozen moment?

ELLIOTT

The cusp of my life. What I was, what I am, what I will be ... past, present, future, all bound here at this timeless moment of decision. I was an explorer of forbidden vices and pleasures. Opening the Box was my final act of exploration, of discovery.

JOEY

And what did you discover?

ELLIOTT

Something bad.

JOEY

And why are you back? Why are we here?

Again, no signal from Elliott but the background changes magically once more;

EXT. FLANDERS FIELD DAY

Elliott is once again framed dramatically on the hillock, Joey standing close.

ELLIOTT

Because something worse is coming.

(a beat)

I opened the Box, Joey. I found the monster within it. And it found the monster within me. For decades I served Hell with no memory of my former life until a friend released me. You saw her.

JOEY

Kirsty Cotton. Yes. But ... if your soul was freed, why are you back?

ELLIOTT

Because - monster as I was - I was bound by Laws. The protocol of Hell. The Box had to be opened to let me out. The truly innocent were safe. That's no longer true. The shell of the beast has been fleshed. What I was is out there, Joey. In your world. Unbound. Unstoppable.

JOEY

What will he do? What does he want?

ELLIOTT

He'll do what he does best. But he'll do it unfettered. He wants to walk the Earth forever, indulging his taste for all the myriad subtleties of human suffering.

JOEY

What can we do?

ELLIOTT

I like you, Joey. You ask all the right questions. There is something we can do but it will require great courage.

JOEY

I don't know ...

Elliott reaches out and strokes her cheek. Gently. Lovingly. We see in Joey's eyes that there is a response there. A response beyond the comradely.

ELLIOTT

Joey, you walked through your window from one reality to another. You're stronger than you think.

JOEY

Then tell me what to do.

ELLIOTT

This is his first night on Earth. He wants to close the door behind him. Like all Lieutenants, he covets command. There's a gateway to Hell through which he can be taken back. He has to destroy it.

JOEY

So where is it?

ELLIOTT

Your apartment.

Joey gasps.

JOEY

Wha ?

ELLIOTT

The Box, Joey. He wants the Box.

INT. UNDER THE UNDERGROUND NIGHT

Lights flash. Music pounds. Kids dance. It's a wild night at Under The Underground and it's about to get wilder.

The source music (thrash metal) builds and builds, as if heading for a climax. And then the climax comes.

ANGLE ON DOOR TO JP'S ROOM

The door BLASTS open explosively from within. The pieces of the shattered door FLY across the dance-floor, accompanied by chunks of plaster and brick from the door-surround.

VARIOUS ANGLES (QUICK CUTS)

Flying wood and masonry hit people.

One chunk SMASHES into the DJ console, bringing the music to a scratching, screeching end.

Various SCREAMS are heard OFF through the ensuing silence.

In the confusion, kids scramble for the main doorway. Is it a bomb? Is it a street-gang attack?

The Main Doorway SLAMS supernaturally shut, bolts flying into place untouched by human (or inhuman) hand.

Confused and frightened faces turn back to look at the source of the explosion.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY TO JP'S ROOM

Lit from behind by blinding beams of BLUE LIGHT, Pinhead emerges through the doorway. Slow. Elegant. Terrifying.

Pinhead surveys the scene before him and the terrified and awe-struck crowd look back at him.

For the most part, the crowd are stunned into silence but there are a few murmurs from them;

CROWD

(ad-lib)

Oh My God ...

Jesus Christ!

What the FUCK ... ?!

No no no no no no no

Pinhead scans the club.

He looks at the terrified humans. The cruelly beautiful artworks. The humans. The artworks. The humans. The artworks.

A small smile forms on his face. He's just had an entertaining idea.

INT. MAIN ROOM, JOEY'S APT. NIGHT

The view through the big picture window is entirely normal again; the cityscape by night.

Suddenly, Joey seems to appear behind the glass - translucent, like a reflection - and comes through the window into her apartment, "solidifying" as she steps in.

Her hands are at her head and she staggers forward a few steps. It's as if the enormity of her trip thru realities has just hit her. She falls forward onto the floor of her room, unconscious.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

- as the ringing of a phone grows in volume.

Joey raises her head, bleary-eyed, and glances round the room trying to locate the source of the noise that has woken her.

She crawls the few feet to the phone and snatches at it. The hand-set falls and she has to gather it up from the floor. Maneuvering herself into a sitting position, she speaks.

JOEY

Hello?

DOC

(on phone)

You wanted a story. You got it. Turn on the TV now. And then get your ass down here ... (click) ...

JOEY

Doc? ... Doc ... Hello?

She puts the phone down and rushes across to turn on the TV.

TV IMAGE/DOC'S SHOULDERCAM:EXT. CITY STREETS, OUTSIDE CLUB NIGHT

The images are confusing, with the rapid pans and temporary loss of focus or light that characterise raw news footage.

Doc's Camera weaves amongst a mass of uniformed people, trying to catch clear pictures of-what's been happening.

Sirens howl, red emergency lights flash.

It becomes clear we are looking at the aftermath of a disaster. Or a massacre.

The club building looks like a bomb hit it. Smoke and debris litter the street. So do corpses.

Some of the dead bodies are simply dead bodies. Others - glimpsed fleetingly and tantalizingly as Doc is jostled and hustled - seem to be mutilated decoratively. In fact they bear hideous similarities to the artworks that used to grace the club: armless torsos wrapped in barbed wire; flayed limbs with machinery inside instead of muscle.

DOC

(off)

Judas Priest! Will you look at ...

Suddenly, the images are blocked by a very BURLY COP pushing at the camera and talking directly into it.

BURLY COP

Move it! Now! No pictures!

DOC

(off)

W-QQY. I ...

BURLY COP

I don't give a shit! Move it or lose it!

INT. MAIN ROOM, JOEY'S APT. NIGHT

CLOSE on Joey's face as she reacts in horror to what she is seeing. (INTERCUT with Doc's footage)

JOEY

Oh my God, it's happening ...

BACK ON TV SCREEN

Doc's camera pans around the area, past rubbernecking crowds, past shadowed alleys, past Police cars and ambulances vehicles ... and then whips back to an alley in the distance.

DOC

I thought ... what's ... I think there's something up there ...

Joey's eyes widen in horror as she speaks uselessly to the screen.

JOEY

No! No, Doc, don't ... don't ...

EXT. ALLEYWAY NIGHT BACK ON TV SCREEN

The hubbub and noise has died away. Doc's camera is advancing up a very dimly-lit alley. Hardly any detail can be seen. The camera creeps forward ... forward ... forward ...

Then suddenly a barely-glimpsed movement very close to the side and the camera swings wildly toward it.

DOC

Shit! What was ...

The face of Pinhead, almost lost to the darkness of the alley, is glimpsed on the screen as it looms toward the lens.

The image disappears to darkness, over which Doc's SCREAM of mortal terror and agony can be heard before the blackness is suddenly replaced by a station identification card and then a very harried anchorperson at a studio desk.

ANCHORPERSON

Well, we've ... er ... yes, we've temporarily lost our pictures there and ... and ...

Joey has her hands at her mouth in horror.

JOEY

Doc! DOC!!

Joey leaps to her feet, grabs the box from the TV, and stares at it in her hand.

SMASH-CUT TO

INT/EXT JOEY'S CAR/CTTY STREETS NIGHT

Joey's hands grip her steering-wheel tightly. Her face is drawn and grim. The Box is on the seat beside her. She is driving very fast.

She has to slam on the brakes at a red light. She pounds at the dashboard in frustration.

JOEY

C'mon. C'mon!

EXT. THE STREETS OF THE CITY NIGHT

CLOSE on a terrified face.

The face belongs to EDDIE, a 20 year old runner for a drug gang. His head is pressed tight against a brick wall. His nose is bleeding and his eye is red and ready to bruise.

EDDIE

I'll get it! I promise! I'll ...

A fist slams into Eddie's face.

WIDER ANGLE REVEALS -

An alley. Eddie is being held against the wall by two uniformed COPS, one in his 40's, one in his 20's. The elder cop has just punched Eddie in the face.

ELDER COP

Don't promise me shit, you little fuck!
You know what your promise is worth to
me? Huh? Fifty per cent of fuck-all!

YOUNGER COP

Give him the money, Eddie.

EDDIE

I don't ...

A big back-handed slap from the Elder Cop.

YOUNGER COP

Give him the money, Eddie.

EDDIE

Just listen to me, Please! I ...

The Elder Cop gut-punches him and Eddie doubles up.

ELDER COP

I'm done listening, shit-brain! Where
you been all day? They shut the school?
Kindergarten closed? No customers?
Huh? Huh?

YOUNGER COP

Give him the money, Eddie. Tell ya, I'm
gonna puke if he beats on you any more.
Just give him the ...

The Younger Cop pauses, looking beyond them down the alley as a long black shadow falls over them.

YOUNGER COP
 ... money. What the ... ?

The Elder Cop, at the change in his partner's tone, looks up.

Standing in the center of the alley at its far end, light coming from behind him so that he is unclear, is Pinhead.

ELDER COP
 (Calm. Expecting obedience)
 You, fuckoff.

He turns back to Eddie.

ELDER COP
 Get your head outta your stinkin' ass
 and look at me, boy.

YOUNGER COP
 (still looking down alley)
 Hey ...

Pinhead is moving up the alley towards the action.

Elder Cop shoves Eddie away.

ELDER COP
 (to Eddie)
 Get lost.

Eddie doesn't waste time with questions. He's gone.

The Cops straighten up and start walking to meet Pinhead.

Pinhead advances- still in the shadows, still just a black shape moving forward.

ELDER COP
 I have the distinct impression I told
 you to fuckoff. Unless I miss my guess,
 you've just disobeyed an officer of the
 law.

Pinhead emerges into the (dim) light in the alley.

PINHEAD
 I am the Law.

Cops halt in shock at this awesome presence, both of them instinctively drawing their guns. And both instinctively beginning to back up.

ELDER COP
 You're one butt-ugly son of a bitch and
 you're about to dead meat.

PINHEAD

I am the son of eternal night and you
are about to discover pain has no
ending.

Well, that's enough of a direct threat for any officer of the
law. Both cops fire their guns. Once. Twice. Three times.

Pinhead keeps walking. He spits out the bullets that his body
has absorbed.

YOUNGER COP

Oh shh ...

They empty their guns - useless - and then they turn and run
down the alley. And then stop short. There is a sudden wall
of impenetrable blackness in front of them as if the world
simply comes to a stop four yards from their feet.

The cops turn, terrified, to look back. Instinctively, they
spread apart - each walking near to opposite walls.

The younger cop is standing beneath a fire escape. He glances
up as if he might be able to jump up to safety. No. Too high.

Pinhead's head flicks upward as if in a gesture of command.

Suddenly, the Fire escape ladder zooms downward with impossible
speed and force.

The Younger Cop doesn't even have time to scream. The ladder
smashes right through his body, impaling him.

His corpse stands there twitching and shuddering, wrapped
around the ladder.

Elder Cop stares in terror at his partner's fate.

ELDER COP

No. No. No. No. No. No.

Pinhead stands very still and speaks very calmly.

PINHEAD

Curb your tongue.

The Elder Cop's body starts to move involuntarily. His
movements are jerky and spasmodic as if his mind is trying to
fight what his body is trying to do.

Pinhead's head moves through various positions. His face is
calm, showing no particular pleasure at what he is doing but
only a fascinated concentration as if experimenting with new-
found skills.

The Elder Copts shaking puppet-like hands draw his handcuffs from his belt.

His eyes show terror. Everything else is beyond his control.

He raises the cuffs to head level and springs one of them open.

His mouth suddenly jerks open and his tongue protrudes.

The fear in his eyes increases.

He moves the open cuff over his tongue. He's making panicked moaning noises as if trying to scream.

SLAM! He drives the cuff closed right through his tongue!

And SCREAMS (as best he can).

Pinhead looks beyond the Cop to the wall of blackness and makes another commanding gesture with his head.

A Chain flies from the darkness and wraps itself around the other cuff.

The chain pulls taut and then suddenly retracts into the darkness, hauling the Cop off his feet and dragging him along the alley into the blackness.

The Cop screams and moans all the way until he is enveloped into the darkness and then the sounds suddenly stop dead.

EXT. CITY STREETS, NEAR CLUB NIGHT

A Paramedic is attempting to hold Joey back. In the distance behind them is the wreckage of the club. They are standing near the alley into which Doc's camera disappeared.

JOEY

But I have to see him! I'm his friend!

PARAMEDIC

Lady, trust me! You really don't want to go ...

But Joey has slipped past his obstructing arm and runs on into the alley.

And pulls to a horrified stop.

JOEY

No! NO!!

REVERSE ANGLE - JOEY'S POV

The scene is well-lit by Police emergency lights. It is taped off by yellow DO NOT CROSS banners. Paramedics and cops stand around in various states of shock or disgust.

In the middle of it all is Doc. Quite dead.

The body is kneeling up, its cold hands resting on its lap and holding its severed head which stares up at its shoulders. The camera has been shoved deep between the corpse's shoulder blades and is angled down as if filming its dead face.

CLOSE on Joey's devastated face.

EXT. INNER-CITY CHURCH NIGHT

An establishing shot of a church at the top of a small hill.

INT. INNER-CITY CHURCH NIGHT

The Church is in semi-darkness. Some candles at an offertory, some others on an altar, provide the only light.

On the very front pew a PRIEST sits, head bent low in prayer.

The Priest is a young man. Probably a good man. We're not really going to have the time to find out.

A shadow seems to pass over the Priest's bowed head.

At first, it seems he hasn't noticed. Then he looks up, a little puzzled. He looks to his right, his left, then shifts in the pew to look back along the central aisle.

There are rows and rows of empty pews and, in the distance, the Church door ... which is ajar.

The Priest stands, walks to the start of the aisle, and looks back along it again.

PRIEST
(calling down aisle)
Is there anyone there? Hello?

Silence. A beat.

The Priest looks puzzled. We see his mind work. He's looked right, looked left, looked down ... How about ...?

He turns right round to face the altar.

PRIEST'S POV

To the Priest, it's an image of nightmarish blasphemy. Even to us heathens, it's pretty shocking;

Pinhead in all his dark glory is standing behind the altar.

PRIEST

How dare you!

It gets worse. Pinhead, staring at the Priest all the while, reaches his hand to the back of his head and begins to extract one of the pins from his skull.

The pin is horribly long and, sickeningly, the last few inches aren't metal at all but some kind of infernal worm - dark, slimy, and befanged.

Pinhead presses the worm against his palm and it instantly burrows through his flesh pulling its pin-tail behind it. He repeats the operation with the other palm.

He turns his palms out to show the Priest in a blasphemous parody of Christ's stigmata.

PINHEAD

I am the Way.

The Priest rushes up to the altar to Pinhead.

PRIEST

You'll burn in Hell for this!

The Priest reaches him. Pinhead's hand is on his throat instantly, squeezing silence from him.

PINHEAD

Burn? What a limited imagination.

The choking Priest kicks and struggles as Pinhead forces him to his knees before him.

Pinhead towers over the Priest. He smiles.

With his free hand he gouges out a piece of his own flesh from the decorative wounds on his chest. He holds the bloody piece of meat up.

PINHEAD

This is my body. This is my blood.
Happy are they who come to my supper.

Pinhead shoves the disgusting lump of blue and bloody flesh into the Priest's aghast mouth.

Pinhead flings the priest away from him.

The Priest lands heavily on the floor.

Pinhead walks forward, smashing the altar aside.

All the candles flicker as if an unheard wind is blowing through the Church.

Pinhead walks up the aisle toward the semi-conscious Priest.

And all the candles go out.

BLACKNESS

INT/EXT JOEY'S CAR/CITY STREETS NIGHT

Joey is driving again. And this time she's not even stopping at red lights. She steams across junctions, leaving cars swerving and horns honking in her wake.

Something catches her eye and she throws a glance to her side.

JOEY
(appalled)
Oh God ...

JOEY'S (MOVING) POV

Up a side street, atop a hill, is the Inner-city Church. It's on fire.

Joey swings the car up the hill.

SMASH-CUT TO:

Joey getting out of the car nearer the burning church. Off to her side is a smaller building, the Church Hall.

Joey shakes her head at the desecration. She has no doubt who's responsible.

JOEY
Having fun en route, you bastard.

Suddenly, a CREAKING noise from behind her.

Joey freezes in terror then slowly - very slowly - turns round.

JOEY'S POV - SHOCK REVEAL

The Priest - now mercifully dead - is crucified against the side wall of the smaller building. Pinhead's nails protrude from his palms and his ankles.

EXT CITY STREETS NIGHT

A SERIES of QUICK CUTS of Joey's car tearing through the darkness heading back to her apartment.

INT. CORRIDOR, JOEY'S APT. BLDG. NIGHT

Joey rushes down the corridor to her apartment door, hurriedly turns the lock and rushes in.

INT. MAIN ROOM, JOEY'S APT. NIGHT

Joey closes her door and switches on the light. The mood is suddenly different after the frenzied drive across town. It's very still, very slow, very quiet.

Perhaps it's too quiet: Joey moves into the room slowly, clutching the Box in her hands and glancing round. Her manner makes the mood suddenly creepy. Is the monster already in the house?

Very slowly, very carefully, Joey begins to move round her apartment. Hardly breathing, making no sudden movements, she checks her doors. The kitchen ... empty. The bedroom ... empty. The bathroom ... empty.

Joey stands back in the center of her main room, facing out to her big picture window. Slowly, she lets out a big breath and then draws an equally slow one in. Maybe it's alright ... maybe the monster isn't here ... maybe ...

Magically, eerily, slowly, the Box begins to rise from Joey's hand. Her eyes stare in horror as it ascends through the air.

JOEY

Oh shit ...

Maybe there's one place she hasn't checked. Swallowing nervously, Joey tilts her head up and back, her eyes rising up in their sockets.

The camera tilts low ... low ... lower ... taking in a wider view of the room and its ceiling and the ascending Box ...

And the audience screams!

Like a spider or a lizard, Pinhead is flat against the ceiling, arms stretched out for balance, his face staring down at Joey.

Joey throws her hands to her mouth and screams.

Pinhead, angling down feet first, floats elegantly to the floor to stand facing Joey. The Box lands in one of his outstretched hands. He holds it out to show Joey ... and then suddenly closes his powerful hand on it, apparently crushing it.

He flings the remnants from him and they land on Joey's floor - Chunks and splinters of wood, whirring and spinning machinery of gold and silver, and scores of tiny writhing worms.

JOEY

No!

PINHEAD

Watch.

Thanks to the miracles of trick photography, the remnants suddenly come back together and reassemble themselves into the Box which sits there intact on the floor.

PINHEAD

The Box can't be destroyed. Like pain or the poor, it is always with us. But as long as I have it, no-one can open it. Now come here and die. You have friends in Hell waiting to greet you.

Joey begins to back across the room toward her window.

JOEY

You'll have to come and get me, you ugly bastard.

PINHEAD

Spirited. Good. I'll enjoy making you bleed. I'll enjoy making you enjoy it.

Pinhead starts across the room.

Joey looks at her window. It's the normal view ... with the normal seven-story drop.

Pinhead closes.

She bites her lip, goes for it: in a literal and metaphorical leap of faith she runs headlong at the window and jumps at it.

The window shatters.

Pinhead's arm reaches out after Joey as if to grab her and pull her back.

SIDELONG ANGLE

- shows his arm entering the shattered window and also shows the night-time cityscape beyond the window. What it doesn't show is the front of the monster's arm. That's somewhere else.

CUT TO

INT. QUONSET HUT

CLOSE on Pinhead's arm, still clutching at the air.

Suddenly, a khaki-uniformed arm moves into shot and grasps Pinhead's hand, arm-wrestling style.

WIDER ANGLE (WITH OPTICAL F/X)

Elliott literally pulls Pinhead through from one reality to another - we see parts of the monster appearing and disappearing in front of the Hut wall as if glimpsed through tears in reality. It's like a tug-of-war which Elliott wins - Suddenly Pinhead's there on the floor of the Quonset hut.

And his other self - Elliott - still has hold of his hand.

Pinhead throws a glance around the Hut. He recognizes it ... and the frozen figure at the top end perched before the Box.

PINHEAD
(furious rage)
Aahhhh!!!

ELLIOTT
Joey! Back to the wall, quickly!

Joey runs around then to the far wall - just in time because now the pyrotechnics start.

Elliott tightens his grip and (with a nice series of INTERCUT CLOSE-UPS of these two alternative selves) the life-forces of Elliott and Pinhead begin to erupt.

ELECTRIC BLUE LIGHT begins to play over both their bodies. It's apparently agonizing, both figures arching with the pain, both faces grimacing.

Joey watches, wincing in sympathetic agony.

JOEY
Elliott! No! What about you?! Where
will you be?!

Elliott grunts his answer through the agony.

ELLIOTT

Back with the damned. No more hope of heaven. But I drag this monster back with me!

PINHEAD

You stupid interfering foo ... AAAAAH!

VARIOUS ANGLES ON THE THREE SELVES - PINHEAD, ELLIOTT, AND THE SEATED OFFICER

The essences of Pinhead and Elliott - drawn from their bodies as sweeping, glowing, spitting arcs of BLUE LIGHT - crackle in the air of the Hut like a miniature electrical storm ...

Until they suddenly lock together in one more powerful arc which flies at the body of the seated Officer and disappears inside him in a BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT.

And suddenly, as vision returns, there is only the seated officer (and, at the far end of the room, Joey).

And, almost as suddenly, the frozen scene comes to life;

The radio near the camp bed is playing.

A bead of sweat falls down the Officer's face as he reaches forward to pick up the Box.

The Officer, apparently completely unaware of Joey's presence, begins to work the Box.

As the process works through, we INTERCUT CONSTANTLY BETWEEN

- 1) The Officer's hands and the movements of the Box here in the Hut in 1921.
- 2) EXACTLY MATCHING movements of the Box back on the floor of Joey's apartment in 1992. Moving on its own, linked across the years to its earlier self.
- 3) Joey watching the movements in the Hut.

JOEY

Elliott? ... Elliott? ... You can't hear me, can you? It's 1921. I'm not really here ...

Suddenly, small patterns of BLUE LIGHT arc across the Box, shocking the Officer who drops the Box and then stares in shock and fascination as ...

On the floor, the box begins to open.

The Officer kneels up and leans over the Box ...

And the chains fly! Shooting up from within and hooking themselves cruelly into the Officer's face and chest.

CLOSE ON the Officer's face, howling in agony.

CLOSE ON Joey's face, sobbing in distress. She throws up her hands to hide the unbearable sight from herself and, when she lowers them, ...

INT. MAIN ROOM, JOEY'S APT. NIGHT

.. she's back in her room. Alone. Window intact. Normal view.

Joey stares around, her face a mix of sadness and relief.

The mood now is very down, post-cataclysmic, post-adventure.

Joey takes a deep slow breath and crosses the room toward the kitchen door.

She crosses the floor without glancing down at it. Why should she? Everything's over. But we notice, even if she doesn't, that the Box is no longer there. But we hardly have time to register this before ...

Joey opens the kitchen door.

JOEY
(SCREAMS!!!!)

Pinhead is framed in the doorway.

Behind him, instead of her kitchen, is the black space of Hell - like the Torture Rooms in HELLRAISER and HELLBOUND, it is full of shadowy pillars and chains.

PINHEAD
Oh, no kiss of welcome after 70 years?

Joey backs away, shaking her head in shocked denial.

Pinhead moves forward, very leisurely.

PINHEAD
This will be so good, Joey. You loved him, didn't you? I can feel him inside, weeping for you. He can watch through the centuries as we discover the things that make you whimper.

Joey's mood breaks and she turns and rushes for her front door.

She reaches it, throws it open ... and screams.

JP Monroe is in the doorway - but he's only just recognizable. He's now a CENOBITE - blue-skinned, scarred, mutilated, and decorated with metal and leather.

PINHEAD

You never met, did you? This was JP Monroe.

JP CENOBITE

Have you seen what they did to me? Have you seen what they did? You interfering little whore!

The JP Cenobite moves into the room.

Joey, now near hysteria, rushes across the room again to the one remaining door - her bedroom.

She throws that one open ...

And Terri, the new FEMALE CENOBITE, walks out at her. She has the open Box in her hand and several cigarette protruding from different holes in her cheek and face.

JOEY

Terri? Oh no! NO!! TERRI!!

TERRI CENOBITE

Oh, go on. Have one. Fuck it. You think you're going to live forever?

Pinhead and JP are advancing across the room toward Joey and Terri. Joey only has seconds to act ...

JOEY

Wanna light, you bitch?!

Joey pulls her father's Zippo from her pocket and sparks it up as she swings it through the air close to Terri's face.

A huge FLAME shoots out of the Zippo (as in the earlier scene) and scours across Terri's face.

Terri howls in terror, throws her hands to her face ... and the Box flies from her hands.

Joey catches it, spins it, closes it!

An arc of BLUE LIGHT zaps across to Terri and she's gone ...

Still in one movement, swinging on her heels, Joey twists the box again ...

And another Arc of LIGHT zaps JP away ...

Joey completes her turn. She's facing Pinhead. She holds the Box before her like a weapon ... and she's got the monster in her sights ...

PINHEAD

Wait!

His hands are raised palms out. He's stopped advancing.

Joey holds the Box ready, breathing heavy, waiting ...

PINHEAD

You can send me back. But why? I can help you, Joey. I can give you what you want.

JOEY

You'll never know what I want ...

(Despite what she's said, we see Joey's face register every word of Pinhead's reply, every nuance, every promise ...)

PINHEAD

Respect. Power. You and I can put your name on the World's lips, your face on it's screens ...

Camera TRACKS closer to the Box in Joey's hands as Pinhead speaks. Closer and closer until it's side fills the screen.

CROSS-FADE

INT. MS. SUMMERSKILL'S OFFICE DAY

CLOSE on the face of the Box, still filling the screen.

SLOW PULL BACK to reveal that the Box is mounted on a plinth within a glass bell-jar.

PULL BACK continues. The bell-jar stands on a tall thin wooden sculpture stand.

PULL BACK continues. The stand is next to a large impressive desk in an even larger even more impressive office.

And seated behind the desk is ... well, we can't really call her Joey - she's far too impressive for that ... is Ms. Joanne Summerskill.

Her hair is different. Her make-up is different. Her clothes are different. Everything about this woman speaks of power and sophistication.