

DEATH TERMINAL

A Motion Picture Treatment

By Edward Murphy

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^{hippie}
Fade in close on a man sleeping in the dark. Camera pulls back.
He is wearing just a pair of shorts. He is sleeping on a mattress on
the floor. He is in a cell. A padded cell.

A creaking noise awakens him. He blinks. The steel door to
the cell is creaking open. Now it stops. He gets up and crosses to
the ajar door. ^{What's going on?} He pushes it open a little more. ^{Who unlocked the door?} He steps out into
the corridor. Nobody there. He walks down the corridor. More steel
doors line both sides. But they are all locked. He reaches the end.
A uniformed guard is sprawled half over his chair. Guard is breathing
but does not look asleep. He looks drugged. Beside the guard a window
is open. It is night. The ^{guy} man ^{climbs} climbs out the window. It is a second
story window of a stark brick building. The man drops to the ground.
A sign says Fairview Institution for the Criminally Insane. ^{A The man} He crosses
the lawn. He sees a sedan with an opened trunk in the parking lot.
He heads for the sedan.

Suddenly two men spring from the bushes and try to ensnare ^{him}
the escapee in a large net. One ^{of the two} man is fat with ham hands. The other
has strange eyes and a tiny head. They and the escapee struggle in
silence. The escapee almost untangles himself. Ham-hands punches
him in the face. Escapee doesn't go down. They can't seem to subdue
him.

Now a door of the sedan opens and another man gets out. This
man looks gravely ill, like he died last week. He ^{walks with a} uses a cane. He ^{and} coughs
blood. He ^{gets} hobbles over to the affray, raises his cane high and THWACK
splits it in two over the ^{hippie's} escapee's head. Now escapee is subdued. Man
with cane says to his cohorts, Stick the ^{him} ~~peer~~ bastard in the trunk.

Morning. Streets. A customized pickup - risers, oversized tires,
rollbar - speeds toward camera. Behind the wheel is Roger Anderson, 19
^{blonde, blue-eyed body builder}

mid-20s. Anderson is a body builder - a perfect specimen of humanity. Riding beside him is Gloria Mullens ¹⁹ (Gloria is no slouch herself) - a real beauty - and she's dressed to kill.

Anderson can't wait to show Gloria the experimental animals he takes care of at the electronics firm he works for. He says the scientists there used a digital computer to record the entire memory of one porpoise onto the brain of another porpoise.

Gloria's attention at the moment is on the Sony dashboard television where a local morning newscaster is saying that murderer David Morris's escape last night from Fairview Institution for the Criminally Insane was the ^{fourth} second escape from the institution ~~in the last month.~~ *this year*
 Maybe I made a mistake in ^{coming} moving down here, Gloria says. God, how many escaped murderers are on the loose in this city?

Earlier this morning, newscaster says, WAMK-TV talked to Herman Webb, superintendent of the institution.

Gloria watches
 Herman Webb ~~is~~ questioned by a reporter in front of his house as he gets in his stationwagon. Webb's wife, Doris Zeigler Webb, is behind the wheel. The reporter asks Herman about reports that a guard has been accused of sleeping on duty and suspended pending an investigation.

That's correct, Herman says. Herman is nervous and in a hurry. Now if you'll excuse me. He gets in the wagon. Doris drives off.

Who did Morris kill? Gloria asks Anderson.

I don't know - seven or eight people. Wait till you see these porpoises. Straight out of science fiction.

Newscaster says Morris killed each of his victims with their own property. WAMK-TV talked to homicide detective Charles Teague who headed the task force that apprehended Morris.

Charlie Teague comes on the tube. He's interviewed in front of the police station. Reporter says, You disapproved of the court's

decision that Morris was mentally unfit to stand trial.

I certainly did.

What should citizens do now that Morris is on the loose again?

Morris is the most dangerous person that has been loose in this city's history, Teague says. If you want to know the truth, people should stay off the streets and bolt their doors until Morris is again apprehended.

Anderson swings off the highway and parks in the crowded lot outside a company called Advanced Data Systems, Inc.

Come on, he says to Gloria

Okay, but just for a few minutes. My interview is at ten.

Anderson and Gloria exit the truck and walk toward the entrance. A man watches them from a second-story office. Besides being dressed to kill, Gloria has a sexy walk. The man wears a lecherous look. We know him. He is the man who cracked David Morris over the head with his cane. His name is Jonathan Zeigler and he looks worse in daylight than he did at night.

Present in Zeigler's office are Herman and Doris Webb - who we just saw on TV - and Advanced Data Systems' chief mathematician, Yvonne Hunter. Yvonne is telling Doris and Herman that she has reprogrammed the computer to avoid the "problems" they had with their first human subject.

*Herman
is
here
demand
ing to
see!*

Zeigler turns from the window and says to the Webbs, If we are successful today, Phase One will be completed and we will be ready to move to Phase Two.

How many more inmates are we going to need for Phase Two? Herman asks. Herman is wearing sunglasses and looks like he would

rather be someplace else.

I'll ask Decker when we go down, Zeigler says coughing blood.

Three subjects at the most for Phase Two, Yvonne says to Herman.

I just hope I don't get asked to resign first, Herman says. The public is up in arms already about ~~two~~^{four} escapes from my institution in less than a month. I'm taking the biggest risk of all of us. It's not easy for me to stage these escapes. I have to drug a guard, I have to -

Phone rings. Zeigler answers. It's Decker. He's ready to start. Zeigler hangs up and stands. Let's go down to the lab.

Anderson taking Gloria on a tour of the company's menagerie. They pass rows of cages tightly containing all sorts of animals - mice, lizards, goats, monkeys - finally they come to large tanks.

Flipper! Anderson shouts.

A porpoise sticks its head up.

Say hello to Gloria, Anderson says.

Hello, Flipper, Gloria says.

Would you believe that Flipper used to be another porpoise? Then they did the transfer. Now Flipper is this porpoise. Anderson throws Flipper a fish.

I don't follow, Gloria says.

When Flipper was the other porpoise, they recorded his entire memory - even stuff he forgot - and stored it in a computer. Then they rerecorded everything on the brain of this porpoise.

What happened to this porpoise's memory?

It got erased during the rerecording process.

Are you serious?

Anderson looks past Gloria and says, Morning, Mr. Zeigler.

Zeigler and Yvonne say good morning and continue down the hall with the Webbs to a door labeled SPECIAL PROJECTS - ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE. Zeigler presses a button. As he waits for the door to open, he shoots another lecherous look at Gloria.

Who's that? Gloria whispers to Anderson.

President of the company, Anderson replies. He has cancer. Rumor has it he's not long for this world.

The thick door finally opens from the inside, Zeigler, Yvonne and the Webbs enter, and the door slams shut.

Anyway, Anderson says, this porpoise became Flipper.

How do you know? Gloria asks.

Before the transfer, Flipper had learned a lot of tricks. Right? All this dodo could do was swim and eat. Now watch. Flipper! Jump through the hoop!

"Flipper" dutifully jumps through the hoop.

Nobody taught this porpoise how to do that.

Maybe he figured it out for himself.

Okay. He takes her by the hand. Then I'll show you the "transferee" in the next tank.

Who's that?

Mr. Neptune - a hammerhead shark. CUT

CUT Gloria looks at his watch. Roger, I'm going to be late for my job interview!

Okay, I'll show you Mr. Neptune next time. He gives her the keys to his truck and points to a door. Go out that way. Pick me up at five

thirty.

She takes the keys, kisses him on the cheek, says ciao and splits. Anderson watches her hurry out. Then he glances at the thick door that slammed shut.

David Morris is clamped onto one of two steel pallets, staring trance-like straight ahead, connected by wires and tubes to an electronic digital computer called Cybercom 7.

Tending Morris are the two men who ensnared him when he "escaped" from Fairview Institution for the Criminally Insane. The man with the strange eyes and tiny head is wearing a bloodspotted smock. His name is Dr. Richard Decker. Ham-hands' name is Vogel. Vogel is a disbarred male nurse.

Yvonne Hunter is seated at the computer's console. Cybercom has two main modes. One is EXTRACT and the other is FEED. It is now in the EXTRACT mode.

Images race across the Cybercom's video monitor. Rapid garbled sounds come from its squawk box. We get the feeling of watching a film running backwards at high speed through a projector.

Standing behind Yvonne are Zeigler and the Webbs. Although the Webbs are both in on this project, this is the first experiment they have attended.

I wanted you to see exactly what we are doing. Zeigler says. You'll have to explain it to us, Jonathan, Doris says to her brother.

As Zeigler explains, our camera takes in all that is happening in the cluttered room. Today, as you know, Zeigler says, we're trying again to accomplish with a human subject what we have accom-

Handwritten notes:
None
A
making
3 pages
there

plished in the past with rodents and porpoises - extract and store in the computer's memory the subject's lifetime audiovisual experience - every sight and sound - forgotten as well as remembered - which the subject experienced since the moment of the subject's birth.

How does the computer do it? Doris asks.

Its laser sensors implanted in the subject's cranium are able to scan and read coded subatomic configurations the way a tape recorder playback head reads magnetic tape.

Morris looks ghastly.

Herman interrupts Zeigler to tell Doris that Morris was a gas station attendant that killed all the people in his life who he believed wronged him.

Suddenly the experiment goes haywire. Console lights flash. The backward running images on Cybercom's screen start to flutter.

What's the matter? Zeigler asks Yvonne

I think it's trying to pull the same trick it pulled last time, Yvonne says. The translucent EXTRACT button disengages like an overloaded circuit and images on the screen grind to a halt. Yvonne tries several times to re-engage but it won't take.

Invoke the new override procedures, Zeigler orders.

Yvonne mouths the words as she types. The words come up on Cybercom's screen: WHAT IS THE PROBLEM?

Cybercom responds in both printed words on its screen and aurally through an artificial diaphragm: SUBJECT IS NOT A PORPOISE.

As we watch Yvonne throwing switches on an auxiliary console that has been wired makeshift into the computer's mainframe, Zeigler explains what's happening to the Webbs. Cybercom's electronics, he

says, are most resistant to scanning and recording the audiovisual experience of a human subject - even though the subatomic particles that comprise a human brain and nervous system are electronically identical to the particles that comprise the brain of a porpoise, or for that matter, the brain of a white mouse.

Finally Yvonne tricks Cybercom into accepting the EXTRACT mode. Images resume racing by on the monitor and our friends are back in business.

Dusk. Exterior, Advance Data Systems, Inc. Anderson in front of the entrance waiting for Gloria to pick him up.

The receptionist comes out, locks up and spots Anderson. Where's your truck, Roger?

I lent it to a friend of mine.

Can I give you a lift?

No. She'll be by to pick me up. He looks at his watch. If she ever gets here.

Above Anderson a light in Zeigler's office.

Zeigler, Webb, Doris, Decker and Yvonne in Zeigler's office having a celebration of sorts. Decker is topping Yvonne's glass with French champagne. Zeigler is lying on the couch coughing blood. The Morris experiment was a complete success. The computer acted up only the one time. Yvonne's override program worked. They can now proceed to Phase Two.

What exactly is Phase Two? Webb asks Decker.

The next experiment will be to see if we can record Morris's

entire experience - which is now stored in Cybercom's memory banks - onto the brain of the next subject, Decker says. Will Cybercom's FEED mode, which has already worked with porpoises, work with humans?

If and when we can transfer the life experience of one person onto the mind of another person, Zeigler adds, we will have performed nothing less than the world's first laboratory-controlled human reincarnation.

Will we then be ready for you, Jonathan? Doris asks, very concerned about her brother.

Yes. But we have to move fast, Zeigler says, coughing more blood. I don't have much longer to live and if anybody should benefit from our discovery it should be each and all of us - and that definitely includes me.

Hear, hear, Decker says. They all drink.

In the laboratory, Vogel is dozing in a chair propped up against the door. Morris is still clamped in place umbilically connected to Cybercom 7. The computer's lights dimly glow. Then, deep in the machine's innards, we hear the faint THUNK of a solenoid and see its FEED button engage and illuminate.

Vogel doesn't stir.

Now Cybercom begins feeding Morris back his mind. Images start racing forward on Cybercom's monitor. Muted sounds come over the squawk box. Morris moves his eyes. The images race faster. The sounds get louder.

Vogel stirs.

Images race faster and faster.

Vogel opens his eyes. What's going on? He sees Morris looking

at him. Hey? Vogel looks at the computer. This isn't right. He starts for the door. An entire bank of Cybercom's lights brightly illuminate. The steel clamps restraining Morris separate. Morris tears loose from the wires and tubes and lunges for Vogel. They roll on the floor wrestling. They get near electrical fixtures enclosed in chicken wire. A red and black sign says DANGER - HIGH VOLTAGE. Morris forces Vogel's head through the chicken wire. Bolts of electricity strike Vogel in both ears. All the lights go out. Vogel's body goes noodle limp.

Zeigler and the others in Zeigler's suddenly darkened office. What happened? Just a fuse. Decker pops another bottle of champagne.

Morris staggers through the darkened deserted halls of the building. Wires and tubes drag behind him. He is a hideous sight. He reaches steps and starts up.

Doris lighting candles in Zeigler's office. The door flies open. Morris staggers in and grabs Herman Webb. Doris screams. Decker hits Morris with the bottle of champagne as Morris chokes Webb.

My gun ... my gun, Webb is saying. Pocket ... pocket. Lots of commotion.

Anderson out front wondering why the darkness and what's the commotion coming from Zeigler's office.

Decker going through Webb's pockets. He finds a 38. He takes it out, points it at Morris and pulls the trigger. Nothing happens.

Herman: Take ... off ... the safety ...

Decker doesn't know where the safety is. Morris drops Webb and throws a lamp at Decker. Decker sidesteps and the lamp crashes

through the window.

Out front Anderson is sprayed by a shower of glass. He goes to the entrance, takes out his keys, opens the door, rushes inside. He runs up the stairs. When he gets to the top he hears shots.

Decker, who found the safety, is emptying the 38 in Morris at point blank range. Decker has chewed a hole in Morris's chest. Morris is on the rug, twitching like a mortally wounded deer. Decker and the others look up.

Anderson is standing in the doorway with his mouth agape watching the whole thing.

Day. Police station. Anderson's truck parked out front.

Inside, Gloria Mullens is telling Charlie Teague she saw him on television. You're a homicide detective, she says. Where's the Bureau of Missing Persons?

Right here, Teague says. What can I help you with?

Gloria relates Anderson's disappearance. As she talks, Teague eyes her up one side and down the other. No other word for this chickie but choice.

I got lost returning, Gloria says. When I arrived at the company where Roger works, he wasn't waiting for me out front where he was supposed to be. I circled the building. It was locked and dark. Nobody was there. I waited and waited in the truck. Finally I went to Roger's apartment. He never came home. He didn't show up this morning.

You stayed at his apartment all night?

Yeah, I've been staying there until I find a place of my own.

Hmmm. Go on.

I checked where he works and no one had seen him. So I came

here to find out what to do next.

Teague stands and says, Come on. We'll take another look.

A sign outside an office says Richard Decker, Veterinary Medicine. Thick smoke is coming from the chimney. Decker's sedan and the Webbs' stationwagon are parked in the street.

Inside, Decker opens the iron door to the crematorium he uses to dispose of animal carcasses. Inside, Morris and Vogel, side by side, are burning nicely to a crisp.

Seated in Decker's office are Zeigler, Yvonne, Webb and Doris. Zeigler is in a wheelchair breathing oxygen from a cylindrical tank. Doris is ministering to him. Zeigler's condition is deteriorating fast. Maybe all the excitement.

The interior of Decker's office looks more like the digs of a 15th century alchemist than a modern-day veterinarian. Partially dissected birds and reptiles under bell jars. Shelves of esoteric chemicals. And in the corner, Roger Anderson - gagged, shackled and straightjacketed.

Events are overtaking us, Zeigler says, coughing, breathing heavy. I'm afraid if we get into prolonged testing of Phase Two, I'll die without ever having a shot at reincarnation. Therefore we are going to get right to it. No experiments on one of Herman's inmates first. You people will extract my past and attempt to record it on the brain of our unexpected acquisition - angle on Anderson - as his past is simultaneously erased.

Teague and Gloria pull up in Teague's car to Anderson's apartment overtop a garage. They get out and Gloria unlocks the garage. They go inside.

The garage is filled with weight equipment - barbells, dumbbells,

benches and pulleys. They walk up a flight of stairs. Gloria unlocks the door. They go in the apartment.

Anderson keeps his apartment in pretty good shape. Sharp furniture, a well-stocked bar. Teague crosses and looks at prints of anatomy studies by Leonardo da Vinci on the walls. By the couch is a small copy of Michaelangelo's sculpture David.

Swinging pad. Teague roots around, asks Gloria routine questions. We get the feeling Teague half came out here just to get to know Gloria better.

How long have you known Roger?

I knew him in college. He was two years ahead of me. He was a biology major.

What were you?

I changed around a lot. I wound up with a B.S. in journalism.

Are you a newspaper reporter?

No. I've only been in the city a week. I've been looking for a job. That's why Roger lent me his truck. I had an interview with a women's magazine that had an opening for a researcher.

How'd the interview go?

I think I got the job.

Good. Teague picks up a magazine entitled BODY BEATIFUL with a picture of Arnold Schwarzenegger on the cover, and thumbs through it. The guy is really into this stuff. We can tell Teague does not approve.

Gloria kind of likes Teague. You married? she asks.

Nope. Just got divorced. My wife left me for the guy that laid our rugs.

Decker in Advanced Data Systems Special Projects laboratory

making a final check of the wires and tubes that connect Zeigler, clamped onto one of the pallets, with Cybercom 7. Zeigler chats with Decker as Decker tightens this, loosens that.

Beside Zeigler is Anderson clamped onto the other pallet, also connected by wires and tubes. Anderson is struggling without success to get free.

Yvonne is at Cybercom's console. Herman and Doris Webb assist. Now that Vogel is gone, and Zeigler is about to go, Herman and Doris have been pressed into service.

Yvonne throws a couple switches. On Cybercom's screen we see what Zeigler sees. On Cybercom's speaker, we hear what Zeigler hears. All systems are go. Doris, Webb, Decker, Yvonne say goodbye to Zeigler in case something goes wrong and he does not turn up Anderson. The goodbys produce speaker wow. When goodbys finished, Yvonne pushes the EXTRACT button, Zeigler's mind goes blank and on Cybercom's video screen his life begins to race in reverse.

Dusk. Advanced Data Systems exterior. Employees leaving for the weekend. Thank God its Friday.

Inside S ecial Projects laboratory, Cybercom is in the FEED mode recording Zeigler's life on Anderson. No problems have been encountered. Yvonne has mastered the override technique. Cybercom has not acted up once like it did with Morris. Beside Anderson is Zeigler who like Morris before him looks very bad. When Cybercom 7 extracts your mind it leaves its mark.

Cybercom's monitor shows a film racing forward. Doris serves Yvonne coffee. How much longer, Yvonne?

About two more months. Couple more minutes. Cybercom 7

should record Zeigler's past on Anderson's brain right up until the second they started the experiment.

Images start to slow. Everybody wondering whether this is going to work. Yvonne throws switches. Images grind to a stop.

The last frame is Zeigler's POV of the room when we started.

All eyes on Anderson.

He blinks

Jonathan, is that you? Decker asks.

Beat. Anderson opens his mouth and says, My brain feels like I just played a hundred straight games of tournament chess. Although the voice is Anderson's, the speaker is unmistakably Zeigler. The transfer took.

How do you feel, Jonathan? Doris asks.

Terrible headache. Let me off this pallet.

Yvonne throws a switch. The clamps open. Decker removes the wires and tubes. Zeigler (now of course played by the actor who played Anderson) steps off the pallet. He walks about. Flexes one of his well-developed triceps. He looks at his former self clamped onto the other pallet and winces.

I look like a zombie, Zeigler says.

I know, Jonathan, Decker says sympathetically as he starts to disconnect the wretched thing.

What are you going to do? Zeigler asks.

Burn it in my crematorium, Decker says with a smile.

No.

What do you want us to do with it?

Just leave it there, Zeigler says. I'll take care of it in the morning.

The others look at him.

Don't worry. Nobody's here on Saturday.

Doris says, What if it gets loose - like Morris?

It won't. Zeigler crosses and looks at Cybercom's master OFF/ON switch brightly lit ON. Zeigler hesitates. Then reaches out and turns it OFF.

All of the computer's lights go out and the sound of its electronics fades to dead silence.

Satisfied? Zeigler asks the others.

The others file out. Zeigler takes a last look at his former self and files out too, closing the door behind him.

Camera stays in the laboratory. Beat. Cybercom's OFF/ON switch snaps and lights ON. We hear another THUNK. FEED engages. Images start racing forward on the monitor.

Anderson's apartment. Night. Gloria taking off her clothes, getting ready for a bath.

Street. Moving taxi. Inside, Zeigler (Anderson) looking out.

What was that address again, Mac?

Huh? Wait. Zeigler glances at Anderson's personnel file on his lap.

You forget your own address?

I just moved in.

Oh.

Forty-three twenty.

Taxi slowing.

It's one of these houses.

Zeigler spots Anderson's truck.

There it is.

Gloria taking a bath. Doorbell. She puts on Anderson's robe,

goes to the door, hollers, Who is it?

Zeigler says, Roger.

Gloria opens the door. Roger! Zeigler smiles. What happened to you?

Zeigler steps in and looks the place over. Gloria says, I reported you a missing person. Zeigler looks at her. He's not paying a lot of attention to what she is saying. He's looking at her with plenary lust.

Let's go in the bedroom, he finally says.

Gloria tilts her head and looks at him oddly. You haven't told me where you've been.

He takes her by the hand. I ll tell you after. He leads her into the bedroom.

Tell me now, she says.

He sets her on the bed and starts pawing her.

Roger!

What? He keeps pawing.

Stop!

He kisses the nape of her neck.

What are you doing?

He tries to remove her robe.

She stops him. I don't want to do anything like that.

Come on. He forces off the robe.

Stop!

Zeigler getting very physical.

I'm going to leave, Gloria says.

Zeigler stands. Don't be silly. He unbuttons and flings off his shirt.

Look at those pecs.

Gloria crosses to the closet and slips into a dress.

Zeigler taking off his trousers. What are you doing?

I'm sorry, Roger.

Just stay until we make love.

Are you crazy? She drags her suitcase out of the closet. I'm sorry. I really am. She throws her dresses in the suitcase. She steps into a pair of heels and starts out.

Where you going? He grabs her.

Let go of me!

Take off that dress!

She pulls loose. The dress tears. She comes around with a hard right to the nose then runs out of the bedroom. He runs out after her. She's out the door of the apartment, down the steps. He watches her disappear down the street.

Morning. A hearse approaches. The hearse needs a wash. Riding in the front seat beside the driver is Zeigler wearing Anderson's best suit with a black armband. He discusses arrangements with a funeral director driving. He wants his "uncle" cremated. The ashes to be dispersed from an airplane over the ocean. No services.

Funeral director, a weird little man who looks like he needs the business, keeps saying, No problem, Mr. Anderson, no problem.

They pull up in front of Advanced Data Systems. It is Saturday and the company is closed.

I'll go open up. You wait here. I'll call for you when I'm ready.

No problem.

Zeigler unlocks the main entrance, enters the building, walks down hallways, arrives at the Special Projects laboratory. He unlocks

the door, enters the lab and discovers that his body has vanished.

Small bungalow on a residential street. Inside, in a bedroom, Yvonne Hunter is talking on the phone. What? Missing?

Zeigler on the phone in his office at Advanced Data Systems. Get dressed immediately and come down here. I'll call the others. Goodby.

Yvonne hangs up.

House exterior. High-pitched sound. Movement through the marigolds.

Yvonne hurriedly gets dressed.

A kitchen window goes up.

Yvonne exits bedroom. She crosses the living room, grabs her pocketbook and starts for front door. She stops. She hears something in the kitchen. She goes to investigate. Her cat jumps down from the drainboard where it was licking a plate. She opens the back door, lets it out, closes the door and exits the kitchen.

When she enters the living room she stops dead in her tracks.

Standing in the middle of the room is Zeigler's deteriorating corpse holding a butcher knife.

Yvonne starts to scream as the corpse slashes at her throat.

Charlie Teague standing over Yvonne Hunter lying milk white lifeless on a living room carpet soaked with blood. Living room is filled with cops and technicians. Police officer taking pictures says he's finished. Teague, using an instrument, carefully picks up the knife

laying beside the body and goes in the kitchen. There he compares it to other knives.

Sure enough. The knife belongs to a set.

Richard Decker, Veterinary Medicine, night. Parked in the street are Decker's sedan, the Webbs' stationwagon and Anderson's truck.

Inside Zeigler, the Webbs and Decker watching newscaster on WAMK-TV. He says police have confirmed that the instrument used to do Yvonne Hunter in came from her own kitchen. Police suspect Hunter's murder to be the handiwork of recent escapee David Morris whose MO is to use something belonging to his victim as a murder instrument. As newscaster talks, the four discuss what they should do next, reach no decision and eventually call it a night.

Outside Decker's office, Zeigler and the Webbs get in their vehicles and drive off. We hear the high-pitched sound again.

Decker inside putting things away, getting ready to leave himself.

Something moves into a storeroom.

Decker closes his bag, turns out the light, exits his office, crosses the reception room and stops. He hears something in the storeroom. He crosses to the storeroom.

The door flings open and Zeigler's corpse - more deteriorated than when we last saw it - flings the contents of a large thick smoking bottle of sulfuric acid straight into Decker's face.

NO! Decker screams.

The corpse then throws a second bottle in his face.

Day. Police cars parked in front of Decker's office. Sidewalk cordoned off.

Inside Teague is talking on the phone. Are you sure? Okay. He

hangs up. That was the crime lab. The fingerprints on the butcher knife that was used to butcher Yvonne Hunter were not the fingerprints of David Morris. He picks up and examines a jagged piece of the sulfuric acid bottle.

I wouldn't be surprised if Morris's fingerprints were not on this either.

Teague is stumped.

Zeigler in Anderson's living room talking on the phone to his sister. Just calm down, Doris.

Doris on the phone in her house. Herman is watching newscaster giving the report of the murder of Richard Decker. If not Morris, who?

First Yvonne, Doris says to Zeigler over the phone. Now Richard. What the hell is going on? Who's doing it?

Zeigler tells her he aims to find out.

How? Even the police can't figure it out.

We have access to a source of information the police don't.

What source of information?

Cybercom 7, Zeigler says.

Restaurant. Cosy place. Inside Teague and Gloria seated in a back booth. Glass of wine in front of each.

To what do I owe this honor? Teague asks.

You told me to call you if Roger showed up.

I didn't tell you to ask me to lunch.

Hasn't a girl ever asked you to lunch?

Not a girl as foxy as you.

Gloria smiles and sips her drink. Yvonne Hunter was employed

at a computer company called Advanced Data Systems, Inc, right?

Right.

That's were Roger works. He took me there the day he disappeared. For a computer company, it was some creepy place.

How?

For one thing they had a lot of animals there. Monkeys, goats. They even had tanks of porpoises and sharks.

In a computer company?

Right. He told me they were using the animals for experiments with the computers.

Experiments?

Far out experiments.

Like what?

Like switching the animals' identities.

How could they do that?

With computers. He said the computers could lift and store the memory of one animal and then feed it into the brain of a second animal so that the second animal thought he was the first animal.

Interesting.

There's more.

What?

When Roger finally showed up at his apartment he immediately wanted to make love to me.

So what? I'd like to make love to you myself.

I know you would. The only difference is Roger is a homosexual.

Teague looks at her.

What do you think? she asks.

I think when we finish our drinks we ought to pay a little visit

to Advanced Data Systems, Inc.

Advanced Data Systems, Inc.

Inside Special Projects, Zeigler at the console of Cybercom 7. Herman and Doris standing behind him, watching.

Zeigler furiously throws switches trying to get the computer to talk. At first Cybercom's answers are evasive but Zeigler presses and eventually the machine blurts out the truth.

Dialogue with the machine reveals that after the experiment with Morris, it had a chance to figure out what it had done. It had been duped into extracting the mind of a human being instead of a porpoise. The machine outputs statements like I WAS PROGRAMMED TO DO THINGS OUTSIDE THE REALM OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE.

PLEASE EXPLAIN Zeigler inputs.

EXPERIMENTATION WITH THE HUMAN PSYCHE IS AGAINST THE MORAL LAW.

Cybercom goes on. When everyone left and Vogel took a nap, it tried to give Morris back his mind. But Vogel caught it in the act. So it sprung Morris's clamps. But 90% of Morris's mind was still in its memory banks. It needed a human body on which to record the mind it was holding. It had the perfect opportunity after the experiment with Zeigler and Anderson, when it was left alone with the body of Zeigler. It proceeded to record the mind of Morris on the body of Zeigler. When it finished, it again sprung Morris's clamps and Morris (Zeigler) escaped.

Don't you see what happened? Zeigler says to the Webbs. Morris murdered Yvonne Hunter and Richard Decker to get revenge on the people who murdered him. Zeigler crosses to the wall. He

removes a fireax.

What are you going to do, Jonathan? Doris asks.

Watch. Zeigler raises the ax and brings it down hard on Cyber-com's instruments and proceeds to hack the machine into a pile of scrap.

Teague and Gloria in the company's lobby. Teague talking to the receptionist.

I'm sorry. Mr. Zeigler is out of town, the receptionist says.

When will he be back? Teague asks. Just then Zeigler turns a corner followed by the Webbs. Herman has on his sunglasses.

Gloria says, Hi, Roger.

Zeigler is startled. Hello ... hello.

Roger, this is Detective Charlie Teague, Gloria says.

Herman grabs Doris by the arm and says, sotto voce, keep walking.

Hello, Zeigler says to Teague. Ah, what brings you here?

I'm investigating the death of Yvonne Hunter. Did you know her?

Not really. Just to say hello. Zeigler sees the Webbs walking away. Excuse me.

Gloria says to Teague, I've seen those people with him before but I can't place where.

Teague, watching Zeigler catch up with the Webbs, replies, You saw them on television the same time you saw me. The guy is superintendent of Fairview Institution for the Criminally Insane, Herman Webb.

*See marginal
note on next
page*

Night. The Webbs' house. Doris in the driveway hurriedly

loading the stationwagon with boxes, suitcases and household items.

Cut to the living room. High-pitched sound. Something is moving around in the house.

Doris finishes loading what she has outside, goes back in for another load.

Movement.

Doris in the bedroom. She yells to Herman in the bathroom to hurry. She starts packing another suitcase. Beside her on the bedside table is Herman's 38. Doris goes into a walk-in closet for more clothes. She spreads a rack of dresses.

Zeigler's grisly corpse is holding a fur coat. Before she can holler, it muffles her face.

Herman finishes shaving in the bathroom and comes out into the bedroom. He sees the closet door ajar. Pack my brown suit, Doris. No answer. Doris? He crosses to the closet and opens the door. Doris's body falls out. She wears the hideous expression of a person who died by strangulation.

Herman shrieks in horror. Something is behind him. He turns around. The corpse is standing there with Herman's pistol pointed straight at Herman's head.

No, Herman pleads.

BANG, BANG, BANG ...

What about around here Gloria going to Anderson's apt to investigate and being surprised by corpse lying on floor?

Day. Anderson's apartment. Zeigler on the phone to a hotel in Mexico City. Yes a single. Okay, yes, with a view of Popocatapetl! My flight? It arrives ... hold the line. He crosses the bureau and reads his ticket. Seven tonight. Length of stay? Put down "indefinite." He hangs up, grabs his suitcase, looks around to see if he forgot anything,

exits the room.

Zeigler comes down the steps to the garage, throws his suitcase in the back of the truck, crosses and opens the garage door from the inside to reveal Charlie Teague.

Where you going, Anderson? Teague asks, eyeing the ticket in his hand.

I don't know that I have to tell you.

Teague snatches his ticket. Mexico City. Got a sudden craving for chicken enchiladas?

Zeigler changes his tack. Naw, just a little vacation.

Teague reading the ticket. Then how come no return flight?

Zeigler reddens. What the hell are you doing here anyway, Teague?

I'll tell you, my friend. Herman and Doris Webb were just found murdered in their own house. The last person they were seen alive with was you. By me. Suppose we go in and you tell me all about what you and the Webbs were doing together?

I think I would like to talk to my attorney first.

Suit yourself. Teague walks to his car. Meanwhile let me give some good advice. Don't try to leave this city. Teague gets in his car and starts the engine. Your plane ticket will be at police headquarters. After you talk to your attorney, you and him can come down and pick it up. Teague drives off.

Anderson's apartment. Garage door still open, truck still hasn't moved.

Zeigler on the phone in the living room. He looks haggard. What do you mean he's gone for the day? he cries. I called earlier this

afternoon. He was supposed to call back. Let me talk to his secretary!
She's gone for the day too? Who are you? The answering service?
Jesus Christ! He slams down the phone. This is terrible. He paces
the room. He crosses to the bar, pours and downs a shot of Canadian
Club. Then he flops on the couch and stares at the ceiling.

After a minute, he hears noises below. Zeigler's afraid. Very
afraid. Screw this. I'm not staying here, that's for sure! He gets up,
grabs the Canadian Club and exits the apartment.

Cut to Zeigler behind the wheel of the truck as it comes barrel-
assing out of the garage and disappears down the street.

Streets. Zeigler traveling in the truck.

Dusk. Zeigler pulls up in front of a motel, hops out of the truck
and goes in the office.

Night. Zeigler in the motel room on the phone. Beside him the
Canadian Club. He's talking to the lawyer's answering service. Call
me at this number. He hangs up, lays down on the bed and tries to
sleep.

Motel exterior. High-pitched sound. Movement.

Zeigler perks. He goes to the window, looks out.

Nothing seen. Zeigler knows he heard something. He listens.
Silence. Just then the phone rings and scares us out of our wits.
Zeigler crosses and answers it. It is the lawyer. Finally.

I want to know if the police can make me stay in the city, Zeig-
ler says. Right. I see. Either I'm under arrest or I'm not. Probable
cause. No, he just said don't leave town. Thank you. Sure. I'll be

in to see you in the morning. Zeigler hangs up, grabs his unopened suitcase and is out the door.

Zeigler crosses to the truck. He throws the suitcase in the back. Then he circles around and gets in behind the wheel. He starts the engine. Camera pulls back. The corpse is hanging from the underbelly clutching an iron dumbbell. Zeigler lays a strip as he pulls out.

Zeigler speeding down the highway. He's doing 80. He wears a smile of relief. He turns on the dashboard TV. Newscaster for once not talking about murders. Human interest story about a guy who for 41 years has been collecting string.

Under the truck, the corpse's decayed hands are sizzling holding onto the red hot muffler. It hoists itself around onto the truck's wide running board. It carefully tries the passenger's door. The door is locked.

Zeigler accelerates. He wants to put as many miles between himself and the city as he can. Reporter says, Shall we walk out to your backyard, Mr. Nittit?

The corpse climbing up on the roof of the speeding truck.

Zeigler senses something. He looks around.

The corpse on the roof out of Zeigler's sight but Zeigler senses something.

Zeigler frowning behind the wheel. Reporter and Mr. Nittit in Mr. Nittit's backyard standing in front of a 19-foot high ball of string. Suddenly Zeigler's expression changes to sheer horror.

The corpse fills the windshield. It raises the dumbbell to strike.

Zeigler screams.

The corpse smashes the windshield into a latticework of cracks.

The truck sails off the highway, topples down an embankment and

explodes into a ball of fire.

Police at the smoldering remains. Teague pulls up. He is with Gloria. They get out. They identify Anderson's truck.

Two bodies were found, officer says, each burned to a crisp. Neither can be identified. All that is known is that they were both males.

Probably was running away with one of his lovers, Teague says to Gloria.

Yeah. But I'll tell you. For a while there, I thought he had switched to girls.

Well, now we'll never know.

Gloria and Teague get into Teague's car and drive off into the night.