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Rev. 3/21/85 (yellow)

Rev. 4/10/85 (green)

Rev. 4/15/85 (Salmon)

AMAZING STORIES

THE AMAZING FALSWORTH

Story by  
Steven Spielberg

Teleplay by  
Mick Garris

NOTE: THE CHARACTER "TRENT" HAS BEEN CHANGED TO "DETECTIVE SPOTA"

Therefore, since "TRENT/DETECTIVE SPOTA" first appears on page 15, and continues through the script, you are receiving in this set of changes, all pages from 15 to the end, regardless of whether they include any other revisions.

ACT ONE

1 EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT 1

Long view. This seamy neon city glows brightly in the dark. It is winter, and a wind rustles through the palm trees.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - NIGHT 2

The gaudy neon flashes enticingly, as a few people make their way through the chilly night.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. ANOTHER ANGLE - STREET - NIGHT 3

Though the lights continue to flash brightly, we realize that the streets are almost empty. There is a chilly wind making its way through the gaudy, tacky neon. The few people who are in the street are rushing, trying to keep warm. The street is a panorama of restaurants, liquor stores, fancy billboards, and "up-scale" strip joints.

CUT TO:

4 INSERT - NEWSPAPER 4

The wind blows a newspaper into the frame, and we hold on it long enough to read the headlines: "KEYBOARD KILLER STRIKES! SERIAL SEX KILLER CLAIMS EIGHTH PIANO WIRE VICTIM"

CUT TO:

5 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT 5

The streets are emptying fast as the chilly winds set in. The newspaper blows away, and we TRACK up the empty street, and into a dark, creepy alley. We see what the tourists don't: The dark side of L.A., its dumpsters overflowing with a nightclub's garbage.

There is a back door, and though half of the lights of the sign are burned out, we can still see that it is the "Artists Entrance." There is a MAN standing near the door, silhouetted by the light of the bare bulb that dangles over the door. We can't make out his features. He is whistling music from Verdi's "Masked Ball" and his mouth issues steam in the cold with each note.

CONTINUED

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5

CONTINUED

5

The man is fiddling with something in his hands, but we can't see what it is...yet.

Suddenly, the door opens, and a lovely, leggy SHOW GIRL comes out, closing the door behind her. She shivers from the cold as she throws a heavy coat around her skimpy spangled costume. As she buttons it up, she hears the whistling, and turns to face the man, with a startled gasp.

SHOWGIRL

You scared me!

She breaks into a smile, patting her chest with her hand, her heart beating heavily.

CUT TO:

6

INSERT - THE MAN'S HANDS

6

His gloved hands have been winding piano wire between them, and he suddenly snaps it taut. It makes the clean, pure note that he hits with his whistling the "Eri Tu" aria from the "Masked Ball"

CUT TO:

7

RESUME ALLEYWAY

7

We only see the man from behind. The girl sees what the man is doing, and is about to scream out, when the man's hands whip out, wrapping the piano wire swiftly around her neck, and yanking her, struggling into the shadows and garbage. Music from "A Masked Ball" swells up, in the place of her scream. He throws her against the side of a parked car, and she slumps against it, lifeless.

CUT TO:

8

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

3

Across the street, looking into the alleyway, a wino is sucking on a bottle of rotgut when he looks up and sees and hears what's going on in the shadows.

(X)

(X)

WINO

(X)

Oh, my God!

He stumbles over the payphone, and frantically jangles the button dialing "911".

(X)

CUT TO:

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(X)

## 9 WINO'S POINT OF VIEW - ALLEYWAY 9

The silhouette of the Killer comes up. His eyes catch the light, and glow green like a cat's when they're caught by headlights. We still can't see the Killer's face.

CUT TO:

## 10 RESUME WINO ON PHONE 10

He gets the operator.

WINO

Hurry! Get me the police! It's the Killer! Just off the strip by Olive! Yes, the strangler! Damn it, hurry! He sees me!

CUT TO:

## 11 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 11

The Killer's p.o.v. Slowly, he moves up the alleyway, stepping over the corpse of the showgirl. Music from "A Masked Ball" continues as he snaps the piano wire again. it hits the same note, but flings a spray of blood.

We (and the strangler) see the wino the light at the phone, and can hear him in the distance.

WINO

Please hurry! He's coming for me now!

## 12 OMITTED 12

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(X)

13

OMITTED

13

14

ANGLE ON WINO

14

The glass side of the booth SHATTERS, as the Killer's hands crash through. The strangler rises up from the dumpster right next to him, and snaps the piano wire around the young man's throat!

The wino sinks out of frame, his eyes and tongue bulging in horror. We pan up the length of the silhouette of the strangler, still unable to see his face. We are left with the sight of him making one last tug of the wire, as his breath clouds the night, before we can hear the sirens. (o.s.)

Startled, the Killer drops his tenth victim in a heap, and shoves the wire in the pocket of his overcoat. Two police cars speed across the alley, their angry red lights flashing, strobing through the darkness, making the Killer's silhouette even more eerie.

CUT TO:

15

OMITTED

15

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(X)

16

ONE: 4313

16

17

EXT. THE KILLER'S ALLEY - NIGHT

17

Swiftly and silently, he makes his way to the nearest door, just a few steps away.

It is a steel door, but it opens easily with the touch of his gloved, sinister hand. Red light spills out of the doorway, and the Killer is swallowed up inside.

18

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

18

The Killer, still seen only in silhouette or from behind, has come into a casino show, right as The Amazing Falsworth is about to come on stage. The strangler takes refuge in the club, removing his heavy coat and taking the only seat in the house: at an empty table right up by the stage, blending in with the crowd...he hopes.

CUT TO:

19

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

19

Falsworth's distinctive introduction music is being played on tape over the P.A. system, and FALSWORTH takes deep breaths in the wings at the far side.

JIMMY, the stage manager, is near us, and talks with GAIL,

CONTINUED

19

CONTINUED

19

Falsworth's pretty assistant. We can tell by his tone that Jimmy doesn't think much of Falsworth's "talents".

JIMMY

(sarcastic)

So how's the Amazing Falsworth tonight?

GAIL

No so great. Barbara left last night.

JIMMY

Jeez, what's that? Wife number three?

GAIL

Four. L.A. is teeming with ex-Mrs. Falsworths. It's that power of his.

JIMMY

Come on, don't give me that bull. I know how he does that stuff. I got a cousin, and he and his friend do this thing where they use color patterns and stuff...Pretty convincing, too.

GAIL

It's not a trick, Jimmy. Falsworth's for real.

JIMMY

Yeah, so's Santy Claus...

The taped intro announces Falsworth. He and Gail go out on-stage from opposite sides.

20

INT. SHOWROOM - NIGHT

20

The crowd breaks into thunderous applause as Falsworth and Gail charge out on stage, he in a tuxedo, and she in a sexy and skimpy sequined outfit. The first thing she does is to fasten an elaborate, rhinestone-studded blindfold around his head. The Killer, even seen from behind has his eyes on Gail. He breathes deeply.

CONTINUED



20

CONTINUED

20

We still only see the killer in silhouette or from behind. He tries to melt into the audience. A waiter comes up behind him, startling him.

WAITER

There's a two-drink minimum, sir. I can bring them both for you now, if you like...

The strangler heaves a sigh of relief before ordering, and returns his attention to Gail.

CUT TO:

21

ANGLE ON STAGE

21

Falsworth is a good-looking man in his forties: trim, just enough gray at the temples for sophistication, very articulate. And he loves surprising people with his accuracy as a psychic and mentalist. He's driven, and a bit on the vain side; like Mr. Memory in the 39 STEPS, he can't help but blurt out the insights granted him by his power. It gets him in trouble sometimes.

FALSWORTH

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Tonight, I'm not going to bore you with cheap card tricks and pigeons in my sleeves. I'm going to go out among you, find out something about my audience, if you don't mind.

All I need to do is touch you, or some object you own, and I can tell you something about your life. I assure you that this blindfold may not be seen through, so some of you young ladies may want to guide my hands carefully.

(he waits for the  
expected laughter)

Remember: it's all in the hands!

22

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE AUDIENCE

22

The appreciative but skeptical audience claps as his assistant, GAIL, leads Falsworth down into the crowd. First, Gail stops him at a table occupied by a young couple. Falsworth touches her wrist, lightly, then smiles.

CONTINUED

22

CONTINUED

22

FALSWORTH

Well, I'd like to congratulate this young couple on their coming blessed event! You're four months along now, aren't you?

(she nods, almost  
unbelieving)

And it will be a boy! Am I right, ma'am?

She and her husband look at each other, each suspecting the other of telling.

WIFE

How did you know?

FALSWORTH

All in the hands, ma'am. And welcome to our fair city. Always a pleasure to have honeymooners in Los Angeles!

(realizing what  
he's just said)

Oops! Oh, I'm sorry!

The couple blushes, and the audience laughs and applauds. Gail leads him to the next table.

23

ANOTHER ANGLE

23

Falsworth lays a hand on the shoulder of one of the two men sitting there.

FALSWORTH

A wonderful story here, ladies and gentlemen! These two brothers are reunited tonight for the first time in twenty-six years! Am I right, sir?

The speechless brothers just nod, and the crowd cheers again.

24

ANGLE - THE KILLER

24

Just two tables away, the Killer shifts in his seat, just coming to realize what is in store for him.

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ANGLE - FALSWORTH AND OLDER WOMAN

25

At the next table, there is an elderly woman seated with a handsome, much younger man. She is dressed very expensively. Falsworth touches a very pricey bracelet.

FALSWORTH

This beautiful bracelet was the first present you bought yourself with the new inheritance, isn't it? Sincerest congratulations!

The woman is absolutely flabbergasted. She blushes, as if a major secret has just spilled.

OLD WOMAN

Nobody knows about that! I hope there are no I.R.S. agents in the audience!

(X)

Again, the crowd laughs, having a glorious time of it all.

26

ANGLE - FALSWORTH AND KILLER

26

Falsworth, feeling cocky and proud of himself, smiles and moves on to the next table: the table of the strangler!

As he reaches down, laying his hand on the Killer's shoulder...and freezes!

CUT TO:

27

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

27

A quick cut of the scene of the showgirl's murder. It is the same shot that was used earlier in the scene.

CUT TO:

28

RESUME FALSWORTH

28

Falsworth can't see through his blindfold, but he stares, nonetheless, at the Killer in sudden shock. We can see the strangler's muscles tensing form behind, and know, even though we can't see his face, that he is staring back at Falsworth murderously. Gail is confused, but says nothing. Falsworth starts to say something, but his words catch in his throat and the audience starts to wonder what is going wrong. Why has his smooth, entertaining act suddenly faltered?

CONTINUED

The Amazing Falsworth backs off, stumbling without sight, trying to regain his composure and rhythm by moving right along to the next table. Falsworth blindly reads him, but can't get his mind off what he just read from the Killer. That throws him off, and he gets everything wrong in his next reading.

FALSWORTH

You are in town for the convention,  
and have had some luck with the  
local ladies...perhaps a starlet or  
two...

(grasping)

...am I right, sir?

The man being read shakes his head and laughs, knowing now that his skepticism was justified.

NEW MAN

Tripped you up, I did, buddy. I'm  
head of the Christian Plumbers  
Association in Waukegan, and I don't  
have that kind of lust in my heart!

The audience laughs, but it is with disappointment. They want to believe, but now they think they know better. The Killer still sits, broadcasting his intentions, and it doesn't take much of a psychic to read what is in store for the Amazing Falsworth.

Fumbling now, Falsworth backpedals and returns to the stage, trying to come back to the show, but unable to keep his mind off the Killer. Gail addresses the audience.

GAIL

Would anyone like to send up a  
personal item for the Amazing  
Falsworth to take a reading from?

Hands shoot up throughout the room, holding up rings, handkerchiefs, and other little items and Gail goes out to pick them up.

GAIL

Of course, all of these items will  
be returned to you immediately after  
the reading...

CONTINUED

29

CONTINUED

29

She is picking up the items, while Falsworth stands there, alone, shaking and perspiring. We move in on him, closer and closer, and see the tension building in him. Finally, he can't take it any longer, and he rips off the showy blindfold, looking out at the audience, which is beginning to mutter, wondering what is going on with the Amazing Falsworth.

CUT TO:

30

ANOTHER ANGLE - FALSWORTH'S POINT OF VIEW

30

He scans the front of the packed house, and there is one empty seat in the packed house.

The strangler is gone!

CUT TO:

31

RESUME FALSWORTH

31

He's more frightened than ever now. He looks around the room, trying to say something to the audience, but is unable to make any words come out, and just gulps like a landed fish. Petrified, he finally just rushes off the stage.

CUT TO:

32

ANGLE ON GAIL

32

Gail, smiling, has her hands full of stuff from the audience, and turns around to head back up to the stage, just in time to see Falsworth's hasty retreat. She looks confused, gives a half-hearted smile to the audience and holds up the goods.

GAIL

Ronald?

CUT TO:

33

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

33

As the Amazing Falsworth's recorded theme is hastily switched on, Falsworth rushes back behind the curtain, running right into the surprised stage manager. Falsworth screams, scaring the hell out of Jimmy, who yells in turn.

CONTINUED

33

CONTINUED

33

When Falsworth realizes it's just good old Jimmy, he heaves a ~~sigh~~ of relief, and rights the poor old guy with his hands.

JIMMY

You scared the cider outa me,  
Falsworth!

FALSWORTH

I'm sorry, Jimmy. Please, get the police out here. I'm going up to my dressing room. Have them come right up. And hurry!

On his rushing off.

CUT TO:

34

OMITTED

34

35  
thru  
39

OMITTED

35  
thru  
39

40

INT. FALSWORTH'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

40

The door opens, and the dim light from the hallway slices into the darkness of the dressing room. Falsworth's silhouette steps into the room, frantically reaching for the light switch. But while Falsworth is fumbling for the switch, we notice something just before he does...

There is a burning orange spot, floating in the air in front of him!

Falsworth gasps as he throws on the light switch, illuminating the lights that surround his make-up mirror in the corner, where the orange spot is burning.

There is a MAN in the room with him, sitting in a chair in front of the mirror, smoking a cigarette as if he's been

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

waiting for Falsworth to show up! Falsworth stands there, looking at the man, certain he is the killer, trembling. They look at one another, and Falsworth waits for the man to make any kind of move.

The man slowly stands, a smile growing on his face. Falsworth is petrified, and has no idea what to do next. The man makes a step toward him, and the phone RINGS, making both of them jump!

Falsworth lunges at the phone and picks it up. The man freezes in his place, and the smile on his face evaporates.

FALSWORTH

This is Falsworth!

VOICE ON PHONE

Mr. Falsworth, this is Detective  
Detective Spota, L.A.P.D....

Falsworth puts his hand over the phone and glares at the man in his room.

FALSWORTH

Don't move! I've got the police on  
the line right now!

41 ANGLE - THE STRANGER

41

The stranger in the room is starting to look a little scared. Falsworth's voice is shaking with fear and excitement.

42 ANGLE - FALSWORTH AND STRANGER

42

For the moment, anyway, he has the upper hand.

FALSWORTH

Mr. Detective Spota! The murderer...the  
Keyboard Killer is in my dressing  
room right now!

DETECTIVE SPOTA (o.p.)

Look, Mr. Amazing Falsworth, if you  
want publicity, call Entertainment  
Tonight. We got a job to do here!

CONTINUED



FALSWORTH

Look, Detective Spota...I'm a professional psychic...

DETECTIVE SPOTA

(o.p., cutting  
him off)

I know who you are; I've seen your show.

FALSWORTH

The Killer was in the club tonight, and I touched him while I was blindfolded. I could feel who he was, and that he had just killed two people just moments before! And now the man is in my dressing room at the club right now! He's right in front of me!

The stranger is really starting to look concerned now: a little like an unwillingly caged animal.

DETECTIVE SPOTA (o.p.)

Right now? Will you be all right?

FALSWORTH

(frantic)

How the hell do I know?

DETECTIVE SPOTA (o.p.)

Don't aggravate the guy! I'll be right there!

He hangs up the phone, and picks up the base, wielding it like a weapon, ready to bash in the stranger's skull with it if he tries anything funny. Falsworth's fear is manifesting itself in anger now.

FALSWORTH

What do you want with me?

The stranger finds it difficult to say anything.

FALSWORTH

Damn it, what the hell do you want here!!

CONTINUED

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42 CONTINUED - 2

42

He brandishes the phone. Nervously, the stranger hands him an envelope, and stands taller...and sings!

STRANGER

(singing)

"We're better friends than we  
were spouses,  
Better off in separate houses;  
And though it may not seem as such,  
I love you very, very much!"

Really confused now, Falsworth fumbles the envelope open as the messenger finishes with a nervous little tap dance. (X)

STRANGER

It's from your loving ex-wife,  
Natalie. Can I go now?

Flabbergasted, Falsworth just looks at him, and nods wordlessly. The man is about to speed out the door, but turns around and faces Falsworth again.

STRANGER

I almost forgot your cookie...

He reaches inside his jacket and pulls out a chocolate chip cookie on a long, wooden "stem". Then he turns and makes a hasty exit.

43 CLOSER ANGLE ON FALSWORTH

43

Falsworth really doesn't know what to think now. He watches the guy exit, and the door slams in his wake. He looks around the room, which has gone completely silent all over again.

The creepy silence and suspense is starting to get to him. Absently, he takes a bite out of his cookie and chews it, slowly and thoughtfully.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

FADE IN

44 INT. FALSWORTH'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

44

Sitting now, Falsworth is finishing off the big cookie, staring at the door, waiting in a pool of light in the otherwise dark room. He begins to drum his fingers on the arms of the chair, but after a few moments, the sound in the quiet room is starting to get to him.

He gets up and walks over to the miniature refrigerator in the corner of the dressing room. He opens it up and fumbles through the half-empty cans of diet soda, mineral water and apple juice until he finds what he's in the mood for: a beer. (X)

He takes it out, pops the top, and kicks the refrigerator door shut as he takes a big gulp off the can. He belches a bit when he comes up for air, and he sits on top of the boxy little refrigerator. He just waits there, nursing his beer.

But then he hears something and freezes!

Quietly, we can hear the soft footfalls of someone coming up the hallway. Falsworth stands up, and slowly, quietly, backs up against the wall.

45 FALSWORTH'S POINT OF VIEW

45

There is a shaft of light coming in from under door, and we can now see the shadows of two feet slowly move in front of the door and stop there!

There is no movement, and the tension is killing Falsworth. The feet just stay there...and stay there.

46 ANGLE - FALSWORTH AND DOOR

46

The tense silence is suddenly broken by loud, frightening, ham-fisted pounding on the door, which makes Falsworth jump.

FALSWORTH

(shaky)

Who is it?

CONTINUED

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46 CONTINUED

46

VOICE (o.s.)

Detective Spota, L.A.P.D.

Relieved, Falsworth opens the door. He looks out to see the face of the cop.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

Mr. Falsworth. You okay?

47 ANGLE - DOOR AND DETECTIVE SPOTA

47

Falsworth opens the door for the no-nonsense cop. He is a big, friendly-looking man, wearing an overcoat and glasses. DETECTIVE SPOTA

48 ANGLE - FALSWORTH AND DETECTIVE SPOTA

48

FALSWORTH

Thank you for coming, Detective.  
You scared the hell out of me.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

So, uh...where's the suspect?

(X)

Falsworth is immediately embarrassed.

FALSWORTH

Sorry...um...I'm afraid that was a  
case of mistaken identity...

DETECTIVE SPOTA

You telling me there's no killer  
here?

FALSWORTH

There is, I swear to you! But it  
wasn't who I thought it was!

DETECTIVE SPOTA

Look; I want you to know right off  
the bat that I don't believe in that  
psycho-phenon-imom-nomi...whatever  
the hell you call that hocus pocus  
crap you do.

FALSWORTH

Para-psychological phenomenon.

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

48

DETECTIVE SPOTA

Whatever. Me and Joe Friday, all we're interested in are the facts. Now, you've made a nice little career out of mindreading, and I respect that -- I really do. I've made a career out of fact-finding for the last nineteen years, and I hope you'll respect that. Okay, that's out of the way... what the heck happened here?

(X)  
(X)

Falsworth takes in Detective Spota, knowing he's going to have a tough time convincing this no-nonsense, old-school cop. Knowing the detective is going to doubt his story from the very first word, Falsworth goes ahead anyway.

FALSWORTH

In my show, I wear a heavy blindfold, and my assistant leads me through the audience. When I touch them, I can see things about them, kind of sense details about their lives.

But when Gail led me up to one man and I touched him, I felt that he had just killed two people!

(he pauses for moment  
before going on)

It was the serial killer, the man in the papers.

He's shaking now.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

The Keyboard Killer.

Falsworth just nods.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

What did he look like?

FALSWORTH

I was wearing a blindfold. By the time I took it off, he'd left. I never saw his face.

The big detective smiles with disbelief, and snorts.

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CONTINUED - 2

48

DETECTIVE SPOTA

Some psychic!

FALSWORTH

(angry)

I didn't see his face, all right? I  
don't get to choose what I see!

(X)

(X)

DETECTIVE SPOTA

Cool off, Falsworth. I'm a cop.  
I've got to ask these questions.

Falsworth goes quiet.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

Could you tell me where he lives?

FALSWORTH

Maybe if I'd had contact for a few  
seconds longer. I let go of him  
immediately. It was quite a shock...

DETECTIVE SPOTA

I'm sure.

(looking around  
the room)

I just don't know what to do, Mr.  
Falsworth. You didn't see the guy,  
you don't know where to find him...

Falsworth sees he's losing the Detective.

FALSWORTH

Don't leave! Don't you see? He  
knows who I am! I'm next! Why  
would I make up something like  
this? I need your protection; I'm a  
dead man unless you help me!

49

CLOSER ANGLE

49

Detective Spota chews on that for a while, and Falsworth  
watches him, knowing that he must come up with something  
dramatic. Suddenly, inspiration flashes! Detective Spota  
has an idea; a notion that just might work.

CONTINUED

49

CONTINUED

49

DETECTIVE SPOTA

What if you touched the chair he sat  
in, something like that?

FALSWORTH

(excited)

Of course! I'm so dumb sometimes!

Falsworth rushes out into the corridor, and Detective Spota  
follows closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

50

INT. SHOWROOM - NIGHT

50

The room is dark and ominous. It looks creepy when empty.  
The Amazing Falsworth and Detective Spota rush in and look  
around.

He looks out over the auditorium, at the sea of empty  
tables and chairs, trying to remember which is the one.

FALSWORTH

Which table?

The detective just watches him, as Falsworth climbs down  
from the stage, and starts feeling the seat cushions, where  
only an hour before an entire audience sat mesmerized,  
enjoying his talents and miraculous perceptions.

He touches one seat, shakes his head, and moves on to the  
next one. He touches another one, and it's wrong too, so  
he rushes on to try the next. He touches that seat, and it  
makes him giggle involuntarily. Detective Spota comes to  
attention.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

What?

FALSWORTH

This guy just made it with his  
boss's wife!

Detective Spota isn't amused. Falsworth keeps rushing from  
seat to seat. He pauses at another one, and the cop comes  
to attention.

FALSWORTH

Hm. This woman thinks I'm...un...  
she likes me.

Detective Spota smiles, and Falsworth continues muttering  
non-words to himself, shaking his head, moving from seat to  
seat.

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51 CLOSER ANGLE - FALSWORTH 51

Finally, his hands slow and freeze on one particular seat.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 52

A quick flash of the original shot of the murder, continuing where the last flashback left off, but cutting away as the girl's body is thrown against the car, the killer's back blocking our view of her.

53 RESUME SHOWROOM 53

Falsworth starts to sweat, his breathing quickens. He drops to his knees, and "reads" the chair, growing more and more anguished.

Detective Spota moves closer, starting to enjoy this free show. Fascinated.

FALSWORTH

There's a house...no! An apartment!  
On the top floor! There...I can see  
some numbers...an address!

Detective Spota looks skeptical, but interested. He shrugs.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

Well...let's check it out!

Energized with excitement, Falsworth makes his way through the dark club, knocking over chairs, the big cop trailing behind him, skeptical, but willing to go along with the show-biz psychic.

We TRACK WITH THEM through the shadowy, creepy club, and stop about halfway through, watching them make their way through the rest of the club, and out the heavy metal door that the killer entered through, merely hours before.

54 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF APARTMENT BLDG. - NIGHT 54

Falsworth stands alone in the quiet, spooky night.  
Detective Spota enters the frame. They look up at the  
distinctive old L.A. apartment building.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED



54

CONTINUED

54

The wind whirls leaves and papers around their feet as they look up at the big building. Falsworth's excitement is now being replaced by fear. He shivers as much from nervousness as from the cold piercing his stage tuxedo.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

He's not in. But I got a key from the Super. Come on.

Falsworth hesitates.

FALSWORTH

I'm not so sure I want to go up there.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

Gimme a break. You're the guy who's got me running this wild goose chase. Come on.

This time, Detective Spota is leading the way, and Falsworth nervously follows. He'd rather be with the big cop than standing completely vulnerable in the cold darkness.

CUT TO:

55  
thru  
58

OMITTED

55  
thru  
58

59 ANGLE - AT KILLER'S DOOR

59

When they finally reach the door, Detective Spota presses the doorbell. All is very quiet. Falsworth cowers behind Detective Spota. We can't even hear the doorbell. Detective Spota knocks. No answer. The cop pulls out a credit card and easily opens the door and enters the apartment.

Falsworth stays on the step outside for a few beats before timidly following the cop inside.

CUT TO:

60 INT. THE KILLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

60

They ENTER the apartment, and Falsworth shivers. He knows at once that this is the residence of the killer, and it shakes him! Detective Spota throws on the light, illuminating the room.

It is very much a bachelor's residence: sparsely appointed, and with no real sense of design. Though the apartment is on the small side, it isn't a dump. There is a sophisticated stereo system, a color TV monitor and VCR, odd framed prints on the wall, a piano in the corner. There is an elk's head mounted on the wall. Detective Spota closes the door.

CONTINUED

60

CONTINUED

60

We can see the kitchen that adjoins the room, and it is a mess. There are dirty plates in and near the sink, covered with meat and poultry bones, giving an even more sinister look to the place.

Falsworth begins to wander absently around the apartment, taking it all in. He begins to handle all of the knick-knacks around the room. He looks to see several mirrors on the walls.

Falsworth is fascinated by absolutely everything. He touches clothing. Letters. Silverware and plates. He begins to look more and more confused with each item he touches. He takes a look into the kitchen, which is a graveyard of discarded meals.

FALSWORTH

This guy's quite a pig.

Detective Spota watches Falsworth with fascination.

Falsworth is getting more and more uncomfortable as he continues to handle the stuff in the apartment. His mind in a thousand places, he wanders absently over to the baby grand in the corner. He touches it, his mind racing. Absently, he plucks at the keys, slowly working his way up the keyboard while he "reads" and thinks.

61

ANGLE ON PIANO KEYBOARD

61

Falsworth's fingers move up the keyboard, occasionally hitting a key without a note...just a dull THUD!

CUT TO:

62

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

62

We continue the flashback shot from the killing in the opening, picking it up where the woman's body is thrown against the car, but this time the shot continues past where we have seen it before!

We see over the Killer's shoulder as he is hunched over his victim, and she is slumping against the car, slowly going down to the ground. But now we PULL BACK slightly, and are in for a shock:

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED

62

We see the face of the Killer reflected in the window of the car...and it is the face of Detective Spota!

CUT TO:

63 RESUME ANGLE ON KEYBOARD

63

Falsworth's hands stop playing the keys, frozen in place but shaking. We see Detective Spota's face move into the frame, reflected in the highly polished front of the piano above the keyboard. Detective Spota's large hands reach into the open piano, and snip out a piano string with wire cutters. It makes a loud, chiming sound.

We PAN UP behind Falsworth, and see Detective Spota's face reflected in the mirrors on the walls...all of them facing Falsworth!

64 ANOTHER ANGLE

64

FALSWORTH

You're no cop!

DETECTIVE SPOTA

You are so dumb...

The Killer takes off his coat and glasses, and drops them onto a chair. They slide onto the floor, but Detective Spota ignores them. Falsworth forces himself to speak, haltingly.

FALSWORTH

Jimmy never called the police, did he?

Detective Spota just smiles and slowly shakes his head "no".

FALSWORTH

Wh...what did you do to...to Jimmy?

DETECTIVE SPOTA

You're the psychic, Mr. Amazing Falsworth. You tell me. Read what I've done with him.

The Ripper reaches out his hand to Falsworth, palms up, beckoning the psychic with his fingers.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

64

DETECTIVE SPOTA

Come on, reach out and touch some-  
one, Mr. Falsworth.

(chuckles)

It's all right here, everything you  
ever wanted to know about Charlie  
DETECTIVE SPOTA. It's all in the hands,  
isn't that what you said?

65 ANGLE - TINKER

65

Falsworth steps slowly backward, toward the kitchen, away  
from the Killer. Casually, Detective Spota walks over and  
locks and bolts the apartment door.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

I am impressed, Falsworth. You're  
pretty good...dumb, but pretty good.

66 ANGLE - FALSWORTH AND TINKER

He starts walking closer, and closes the lid. Falsworth's  
eyes are wide with fear.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

I've never done this so close to  
home before. Awfully convenient.  
You may spoil me...

Falsworth is frantic.

FALSWORTH

Please...I won't tell anyone!

DETECTIVE SPOTA

You're damned right you won't!

He begins to wrap the piano wire around one hand.

FALSWORTH

I swear to God! And who would  
believe me? I'm a psychic, a  
mystic... somebody you'd read about  
in the supermarket tabloids! Nobody  
believes in that stuff!

(X)

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

DETECTIVE SPOTA

But I believe in you, Mr. Falsworth  
-- do you mind if I call you  
Amazing? I hope that's some  
consolation to you.

(smiles)

I never expected to enjoy this...not  
like the women....

67 ANGLE - DETECTIVE SPOTA

67

The Killer wraps the other end of the wire around his other  
hand, and snaps the wire taut. It makes a clear musical  
note.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

Look what I've got for you...an  
F-sharp string. It should fit  
rather nicely around your C-major  
neck!

68 ANGLE - FALSWORTH - DETECTIVE SPOTA IN BACKGROUND

68

Realization washes over him as Detective Spota comes slowly  
closer.

FALSWORTH

It's the music! You've done away  
with each victim musically! A  
different note with a different  
string from your piano!

And you'll stop killing when all the  
notes play a certain song...what's  
the song, Mr. Detective Spota?

69 ANGLE - FALSWORTH AND DETECTIVE SPOTA

69

Detective Spota just keeps coming, slowly, wordlessly,  
smiling. Falsworth realizes the kitchen is the last place  
he should be trapped, and makes his way toward the door  
leading into the bedroom, slowly, not to be noticed.

FALSWORTH

An opera! Your favorite, right?

(a beat)

"A Masked Ball" You're very  
clever!

CONTINUED

69

CONTINUED

69

DETECTIVE SPOTA

Don't patronize me...It isn't going to work. You're about to become a memory.

Falsworth is up against the wall now, sliding over toward the bedroom door, inch by inch, as Detective Spota gets closer, his hands holding the wire out in front of him. Detective Spota is just about upon Falsworth now.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

But you're right. Unfortunately, it's a very long aria...

(spitting it out)

all about her betrayal with his best friend!

(shaking his head

in mock sorrow)

Tch, tch, tch...This has been...fun.

(smiles)

He suddenly lunges at Falsworth, who tumbles just as suddenly through the bedroom door and onto his back.

CUT TO:

70

INT. KILLER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

70

Caught off-balance, the big man tumbles over Falsworth, who struggles madly to get out from under him. He runs across the bedroom, scrambling over the unkempt bed, as the Killer rights himself.

The room has a very odd appearance. It is as big as the living room, but aside from the bed, a night table, and a dresser, there is no other furniture. There are stuffed game birds mounted on the wall. There is also a stereo in the room, and as Detective Spota stands up, he throws on a switch, and brings up the volume.

DETECTIVE SPOTA

Go ahead and yell, Falsworth!

The strains of "Eri Tu" rise up to fill the air, deafeningly. Detective Spota stands there, slightly out of breath, watching the caged animal that Falsworth has become in the opposite corner. The psychic is breathing even harder than the cop. The music is the sound of madness swelling in the room.

CONTINUED

70

CONTINUED

70

Terrified, Falsworth keeps backing away from the stalking animal that Detective Spota has become. He bumps into something: one of the stuffed birds mounted on the wall. We can see that he "reads" something from it, and he shoots a nervous glance at the corner of the room!

CUT TO:

71

ANGLE ON CLOSET DOOR - FALSWORTH'S POINT OF VIEW

71

What is in the closet? Why is it significant to him?

RESUME BEDROOM

Falsworth lunges at the closet door!

Detective Spota's eyes bulge in fury. He knows, even if we don't, and he charges across the room as Falsworth dashes into the closet and slams it shut behind him!

CUT TO:

72

INT. KILLER'S CLOSET - NIGHT

72

It is dark in the closet, and Falsworth is sweating and out of breath as he tries to hold the door shut with one hand, searching the closet for what he knows psychically is there: Detective Spota's hunting rifle.

But he's got to move faster: Detective Spota is on the other side of the door, yanking furiously with both hands!

At a clear disadvantage, Falsworth is crazy with fear, as the music continues to soar madly. Detective Spota, outside the closet, has started to sing along with it, confidently, madly. Holding the door shut as well as he can, Falsworth frantically struggles with his free hand to get the hunting rifle out of its leather carrying bag.

The door keeps coming partly open with each tug from the Killer, and slices of light from the other room slash across Falsworth's perspiring face.

Detective Spota give the door an especially vicious tug, and it rips right off its hinges, exposing a vulnerable Falsworth, totally out of his element with the rifle still half in and half out of its case.

CONTINUED



72

CONTINUED

72

By now, Detective Spota is totally demented, and is singing in a high falsetto. The psychic struggles to point the gun, but the Killer whips the piano wire around his neck and the barrel of the rifle, and spins him onto the floor.

The Killer twists the wire, and it cuts into Falsworth's neck, but he pushes the barrel of the half-revealed gun to move it away. Still, it brings blood. He can't aim the gun!

The bolt action and trigger are exposed, but what good does it do him?

CUT TO:

73

CLOSEUP - TINKER

As his eyes bulge in madness. His tonic-soaked hair dangles in his perspiring face as he leers down, choking the psychic.

CUT TO:

74

RESUME CLOSET

74

Falsworth, in one quick action, slides the gun barrel out from under the wire, and the fingers of his left hand in its place. Detective Spota tightens his grip even more, and the wire cuts deeply into the psychic's fingers. He screams out in pain, a strangled cry, and the rifle tumbles to the floor!

Detective Spota's singing is insane. The music pouring through the speakers is deafening.

The life being choked out of him, even through his bleeding fingers, his eyes bulging, his face getting redder by the moment, Falsworth's "free" hand clutches blindly for the rifle.

Detective Spota's herculean strength lifts Falsworth a few inches, and the big man gets behind the psychic, where he can exert even more power. The gun now tumbles across Falsworth, the end of the barrel right between his own eyes!

Detective Spota can't see it, his own head being right behind the psychic's now. Falsworth starts to lose consciousness...and it looks like he is about to give in to the inevitable, and his head flops forward, exposing Detective Spota to the barrel of the gun!

75

ON FALSWORTH

75

As **his** limp finger curls around the trigger. As he seems about to slip from consciousness, his finger squeezes spasmodically.

BOOM!

There is a tremendous explosion behind him, and the stranglehold eases immediately as the Killer's hands release their deadly grip. Falsworth draws in a long, racking, ragged breath...his first in all too long. He rolls away from Detective Spota and tries to stand, but collapses in a heap, right next to the motionless hulk of the Killer.

Gasping for air, he sits up and looks at the body for a few beats before crawling to the phone by the side of the bed. He punches up the operator.

FALSWORTH

Hello, operator. My name is Falsworth. Please, I need the police, right away. Yes, that's right...the Amazing Falsworth. No ma'am, I can't read you over the phone. It must be in person. I've got to use my hands. It's all in the hands...

He waits, and we can hear the operator making the connection to the L.A. police department. The phone is tucked between his ear and his shoulder, the rifle is smoking in his lap. The Amazing Falsworth is exhausted.

He looks at the lifeless heap that was the Keyborad Killer, and we find it difficult to read the expression on his face.

The police come on the line:

PHONE VOICE

L.A.P.D., emergency line.

Falsworth is too drained to speak.

PHONE VOICE

Hello? Hello, is anybody there?

76

LONGER ANGLE

76

All Falsworth can do is stare. And stare. And stare...

THE END