

EXEC. PRODUCER: JACK LAIRD

PROD. #35232  
July 6, 1972 (F.R.)

NIGHT GALLERY

"THE OTHER WAY OUT"

Teleplay by

Gene R. Kearney

From the story by

Kurt van Elting

— PLEASE NOTE —

THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF UNIVERSAL  
STUDIOS, AND IS INTENDED SOLELY FOR USE BY  
STUDIO PERSONNEL. DISTRIBUTION TO UNAUTHOR-  
IZED PERSONS IS PROHIBITED.

gc

#35232

NIGHT GALLERY

"THE OTHER WAY OUT"

CAST

BRADLEY MEREDITH  
OLD MAN  
MARILOU  
MISS FLANNAGAN  
POTTER  
WAITER  
ESTELLE  
ATTENDANT  
POLICEMAN  
SONNY

S.B.:

PARKING LOT BOY

SETS

INTERIOR:

MARILOU'S APARTMENT  
MEREDITH'S OFFICE  
BRADLEY'S CAR  
LIVING ROOM  
ENTRY HALL  
UPSTAIRS BEDROOM  
SECRET PASSAGEWAY  
PARLOR  
SHAFT

EXTERIOR:

RESTAURANT PARKING LOT  
STREET  
TWO-LANE BLACKTOP  
COUNTRY ROAD / ROUGH TERRAIN  
PSYCHO HOUSE

NIGHT GALLERY"THE OTHER WAY OUT"

FADE IN:

1 INT. MARILOU'S APARTMENT - CLOSEUP - HER HAND - NIGHT 1

Long feminine fingers tiptoe their way up the sleeve and across the shoulder of a man's jacket and, seductively, onto the bare skin at the nape of his neck.

MARILOU'S VOICE

(purrs throatily)

C'mon, lover, let's have a smile.

A man's hand enters frame, removing hers. Angle widens to reveal Bradley Meredith, well-dressed, attractive, as he tosses off his drink and rises from the armchair. As he crosses the floor of this small studio apartment - a clashing jumble of mediocre female taste - we see Marilou Doubleday, the chick whose blandishments he is refusing. She sits on the arm of the chair, her feelings hurt by his rejection. It's obvious that she's not used to this, from him or any man, for Marilou amply makes up in sex appeal what she lacks in cultural refinement.

MARILOU

Okay, Brad, I give up. What's the bummer this time?...My job again?

(lights a cigarette)

That's it, isn't it? After all this time it still bugs you. The thought of all those men staring at me every night. The way you used to stare...

She eyes him challengingly. He says nothing, proceeding to build himself a fresh drink. She rises, puts her hands on her hips and gives a couple of go-go dancer shimmies.

MARILOU

Maybe you'd like it better if I waited tables for a living?

(laughs; then, with casual off-handedness)

You won't have to put up with it much longer. I'm going to have to quit in a couple of months, anyhow.

He turns, looks at her sharply, alerted by her tone. Seeing the question in his eyes, she announces matter-of-factly:

MARILOU

I'm pregnant.

(to his stunned reaction)

You heard right.

CONTINUED

1

CONTINUED

1

Bradley, tight-lipped, disbelieving, finds his voice:

BRADLEY

You wouldn't do that to me. You wouldn't do anything that dumb!

MARILOU

I wouldn't, huh?

BRADLEY

(croaks)

But why -- ?!

MARILOU

Because it's been over a year now, that's why, and still no divorce.

BRADLEY

(desperately)

I can't! Don't you understand? Not yet. There's too much money at stake!

MARILOU

(eyes flash angrily)

Not for me, there hasn't been! Now I'm telling you -- either you work it out with that cold-blooded fish who pays your bills...or I'll go to her myself.

2

ANOTHER ANGLE

2

She stalks away from him. He pursues in growing panic.

BRADLEY

Use your head! We'll wind up with nothing! Nothing!!

Marilou turns, smiles serenely.

MARILOU

Oh, it won't be as bad as all that. She's sure to give you a little something as a going-away present... just to keep her precious name out of the papers.

(picks up phone;

thrusts it at him)

Now get on the stick and call her. Tell her you have to talk to her, and tell her why.

CONTINUED

2

CONTINUED

2

Bradley, a cornered, desperate animal, visions of his entire life being flushed down the toilet, blurts:

BRADLEY

How do I know it's mine??

He ought not to have said that - a fact he immediately realizes. Marilou's face fills with withering contempt.

MARILOU

Lover, you should've bitten your tongue.

He should've, but it's too late now. Sweating, breathing hard, his mouth dry as the Sahara, he holds her gaze.

BRADLEY

You haven't answered my question.

3

ACROSS BRADLEY TO MARILOU

3

who stands icily composed, still holding the phone.

MARILOU

You want to put it to a jury? Even if you won...where d'you suppose that would leave your marriage?

(beat for emphasis;  
then, harshly)

Are you gonna call her -- or do I?

Again she extends the phone. In the next apartment, a TV set is switched on. We hear the o.s. sounds of an Indian war party terrorizing an encircled wagon train. Bradley, frozen in his tracks, stares as if mesmerized at the phone but makes no move to take it from Marilou. She shrugs, lifts the receiver and begins to dial a number.

4

REVERSE ANGLE

4

as, suddenly galvanized, Bradley wrests the phone from Marilou's hands, yanks on the cord, ripping it from the wall, and flings the instrument to the floor. The two antagonists stand glaring at one another for a moment, eyes locked in a mutual hatred. Then, picking up her coat and purse, Marilou quietly announces:

MARILOU

There's a pay phone at the corner.  
And I just happen to have a whole lot of dimes.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED 4

She heads for the door, the cowboys and Indians continuing to whoop it up in the adjacent apartment. Bradley, pushed beyond the edge of reason, seizes a fireplace poker.

5 CLOSEUP - MARILOU 5

at the door. Sensing danger, she whirls, her eyes widening in horror.

6 WHAT SHE SEES 6

The poker comes slashing down at camera.

SHOCK CUT TO:

7 INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP - VASE OF FLOWERS - DAY 7

Camera accompanies the flowers as they are carried across the office and placed on the desk. Angle widens to reveal Bradley's secretary, Miss Flannagan, who stands smiling across the desk at her employer. Bradley is tanned, poised, dressed in suit and tie.

MISS FLANNAGAN

Just a little bouquet to welcome you back, Mr. Meredith.

He's going through his desk, setting out his pictures, various things that have been kept in his drawer. Not an overly warm or sentimental person, it takes him a moment to appreciate her gesture.

MISS FLANNAGAN

We wanted to send flowers to the ship when you and Mrs. Meredith sailed. But you slipped away so quickly...

BRADLEY

Well, it was an urge, and Estelle and I just gave in to it. First real vacation we've ever taken together. Thank you, Miss Flannagan.

8 FAVORING MISS FLANNAGAN 8

We see his wife's picture, with him, in tropical garb, leis around their necks; a new photo souvenir of their journey which he's just placing in a frame on his desk. Estelle Meredith is attractive but cool-looking, easily his own age. Miss Flannagan indicates a stack of opened correspondence which lies on the desk blotter.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

MISS FLANNAGAN

I sent everything on for the first month. This is what's come in during the last two weeks.

(picks one up)

This is an odd one. Arrived yesterday. No signature, no return address.

9 FAVORING BRADLEY

9

Intrigued, he takes from her the opened letter and the envelope clipped to it, reading aloud:

BRADLEY

"See the Morning Telegraph, March fourteen, page five, column three, for a news item which will be of special interest to you."

He looks up, baffled. From the bottom of the stack of correspondence Miss Flannagan tugs forth a folded newspaper, hands it to him, pointing with her finger to a column heading at the top of the page.

10 THE NEWSPAPER - OVER BRADLEY'S SHOULDER

10

Column three's bold face heading reads: "City Council Vetoes Oil Drilling." Over this we hear:

MISS FLANNAGAN'S VOICE

Their decision doesn't affect you in any way, does it?

11 CLOSEUP - BRADLEY

11

puzzled. The item obviously means nothing to him.

BRADLEY

I don't see how...

As he's speaking, he idly turns over the folded page to see what else the column might contain. His voice trails off, a flicker of sudden shock registering in his face.

12 THE NEWSPAPER - OVER HIS SHOULDER

12

Camera zooms in tight on a small news item at the bottom of the third column. The heading: "Go-go Dancer Mysteriously Slain." The accompanying article briefly describes the death

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

through homicide of Marilou Doubleday, 23, a Go-Go dancer at the Club Galaxy, a local topless bar. The police, according to the report, are unable to supply a motive for the vicious slaying, nor are there any clues as to the identity of her assailant. Camera holds for so long as it takes to read the news item, then:

## MISS FLANNAGAN'S VOICE

Mr. Lloyd's called several times.  
He's anxious to know if you intend  
to sell Mrs. Meredith's condominium  
units in Malibu...?

(pause)

Mr. Meredith?

13 BACK TO SCENE

13

Startled, Bradley looks up, vague, deeply preoccupied.

## BRADLEY

What?...Oh, tell him I'll have to  
get back to him later.

Beat. Miss Flannagan continues to stand there, awaiting further instructions. With an edge of impatient irritability, Bradley makes a gesture of dismissal.

## BRADLEY

I'll buzz you if I want anything.

Miss Flannagan, somewhat taken aback by his attitude, exits, closing the connecting door. Alone now, Bradley snatches up the envelope in which the letter arrived, examines it.

14 INSERT - THE ENVELOPE

14

Addressed simply in crudely printed hand-lettering: "Mr. Bradley Meredith, Suite 815, Talmadge Bldg., 1034 S. Acacia Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif." And in the lower left hand corner of the envelope, underlined: "Personal - For Mr. Meredith's Eyes Alone."

15 CLOSEUP - BRADLEY

15

scowling, deeply agitated, the tell-tale lines of a harrowing fear beginning to etch themselves into his features. Abruptly he leans forward, flips on the intercom.

## MISS BRADLEY'S VOICE

(filtered)

Yes?

CONTINUED



15 CONTINUED

15

BRADLEY

In future, Miss Flannagan, you will, under no circumstances, open any mail which arrives for me marked personal. Is that clearly understood?

MISS FLANNAGAN'S VOICE

(taut, businesslike)

Yes, Mr. Meredith!

Bradley flicks off the intercom. Again, as if irresistably drawn to it, he picks up the newspaper, re-reading the account of the murder. Angle tightens on his face. He's profoundly disturbed. The ticking of the clock on his desk grows louder, louder.

SLOW DISSOLVE

16 EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - BRADLEY, POTTER - DAY

16

On the cut, the sharp blast of an o.s. auto horn. Bradley and Andy Potter, a business associate, exit a fashionable mid-town restaurant, Potter wearing a hat and lightweight coat. Potter hands the Parking Attendant his ticket. The Attendant turns to Bradley for his but Bradley's thoughts are elsewhere. He has visibly aged since the preceding scene; there are dark circles under his eyes. As a Boy goes for Potter's car, camera moves in tighter.

POTTER

You got your ticket, Brad?

BRADLEY

Mmm? Oh...

He begins fumbling in his jacket pocket, when, from o.s.:

WAITER'S VOICE

Mr. Meredith?

He turns, a bit abruptly at unexpectedly hearing his name. A Waiter comes hurrying into shot carrying a topcoat.

WAITER

I believe this is yours?

BRADLEY

(relieved)

Oh. Yes, thank you.

The Waiter helps him into the topcoat. Potter smiles, shakes his head.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

POTTER

I dunno, Brad. Your body got back a week ago, but I think your head's still in Hawaii!

BRADLEY

Just a lot of details on my mind, Andy. I --

As he's speaking, he's been digging into his topcoat pocket for some loose change with which to tip the Waiter. He comes up with an envelope instead, and it is this surprising development which causes him to break off in mid-speech. As he gazes at the envelope, the blood drains from his face.

17 INSERT - THE ENVELOPE

17

In the same hand-printed block lettering: "For the Eyes of Bradley Meredith Alone."

18 BACK TO SCENE

18

as Bradley hastily stuffs the envelope back into his topcoat pocket, fumbles forth some silver, gives it to the Waiter who nods his thanks, exits shot. Then, his thoughts a chaotic jumble, Bradley locates his parking stub, surrenders it to the Attendant. During the above, Potter prattles away:

POTTER

Well, I wish you'd give a little concentrated attention to this deal. We've lost a week on it already.

The Boy pulls up with Potter's car, jumps out, holding the door open. Bradley has his hand back in his pocket on the envelope. Potter can't leave soon enough for him.

BRADLEY

Right. I'll do that.

POTTER

(getting into his car)

My love to Estelle. Sorry she couldn't join us.

Bradley merely nods. The Attendant hands Bradley's stub to the Boy who races off. Potter drives away. Turning his back on the Attendant, Bradley takes the envelope from his pocket, opening it with trembling fingers.

19 INSERT - THE MESSAGE

19

A single sheet of cheap stationary, and the hand-printed message: "I haven't forgotten you. Save yourself painful consequences. Full instructions in the glove compartment of your car."

20 BRADLEY

20

scowling, deeply troubled.

ATTENDANT'S VOICE

Sir?

Bradley nearly jumps a mile as he stuffs the letter hurriedly back into his pocket, whipping his head around, angle simultaneously widening to include the smiling Attendant.

ATTENDANT

Your car, sir.

Camera goes with Bradley as he strides to his waiting car, slides behind the wheel. He tips the Boy who closes the door for him, steps back, salutes. Bradley is in the act of releasing the hand brake when a taxi cab swings into the parking lot, squealing to a stop alongside his car.

ESTELLE'S VOICE

Brad? Bradley!

21 INT. BRADLEY'S CAR - PAST BRADLEY TO ESTELLE - DAY

21

Bradley turns, looks up, surprised, as, jumping out of the cab, Estelle comes hurrying up, peering in at him through the side window, out of breath.

ESTELLE

I'm so glad I caught you! Bradley,  
the most terrible thing has happened!

22 BRADLEY - ESTELLE'S POINT OF VIEW

22

Worried, he demands apprehensively:

BRADLEY

What does that mean?

ESTELLE'S VOICE

You're not going to believe it!

BRADLEY

(growing trepidation)  
What is it, Estelle??

23 TWO SHOT

23

ESTELLE

I pulled in for gas on the way  
down here and the car just blew up!

BRADLEY

...What?

ESTELLE

The man says it's the radiator or  
something. I can't have it until  
tomorrow, so I thought I'd drive you  
back to the office and then use yours  
for the rest of the day.

Bradley frowns, shooting a nervous glance toward the glove  
compartment. Estelle turns, calls to the Cab driver:

ESTELLE

Yoo hoo...Cabby?

He grabs her wrist which rests on the window ledge - a bit too  
firmly. Estelle looks at him, surprised.

BRADLEY

No!

(seeking to mask  
his concern)

I, uh...have to drive to Malibu.

ESTELLE

I'll run you out, darling.

Her tone is tart: a hint of the side of her he can do without.  
He shakes his head, his frantic desperation lending a note of  
sudden harshness to his voice:

BRADLEY

I'm not sure when I have to go.  
Keep the cab...rent a car. For  
pete's sake, Estelle, what's money  
for?!

To forestall further discussion, he releases the brake and,  
with a goodbye wave of the hand, roars out of the parking lot.

24 EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - CLOSEUP - ESTELLE - DAY

24

She stands glowering after Bradley in mystified disbelief.

25 EXT. STREET - FAVORING BRADLEY'S CAR - DAY

25

The car comes racing toward camera, pulls off abruptly onto  
a side street and parks at the curb.

26 INT. BRADLEY'S CAR - DAY 26

He catches his breath, eyeing the glove compartment. Then, bracing himself, he reaches over, opening it. From within, he brings forth another envelope, larger, bulkier than its predecessors. As he brings it closer to camera we read the underlined inscription: "This Is It." With nervously fumbling fingers he rips the envelope open, pulls out a sheet of folded paper. Something flutters to the seat beside him. He reaches for it.

27 INSERT: PHOTO ON SEAT 27

as Bradley's hand enters frame, turning over a small circular piece of paper about the size of a half-dollar. Zoom in close to reveal that it is a candid study of Marilou's head cut out of a larger photograph. She smiles saucily up at us.

28 BRADLEY 28

his eyes wide with shock. He picks it up, stares briefly at Marilou's mocking image, then, tearing his gaze from the photo with an involuntary shudder, his fingers fly to unfold the written note.

29 INSERT: THE NOTE 29

There is a rough map drawn on it and the following written in the now-familiar crude block lettering: "I will expect the money at 11 o'clock tonight. Do not fail. Tardiness will produce lamentable results. Follow map." The map traces a highway and a road which trails off from it, a large 'X' marking the rendezvous point. Arrows indicate that it is some seven miles past San Bernadino.

30 BRADLEY 30

Troubled and worried, he picks up the cut-out photo of Marilou, staring at it with the fixed concentration of a condemned convict contemplating the gallows.

31 FLASH CUT - REPRIS SC. 5 31

Marilou whirls toward camera, eyes widening in horror.

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

Would you step out of your car, sir?

32 BACK TO SCENE

32

Terrified, ridden with guilt, Bradley swivels, seeking out the source of the voice. Camera shifts, angling past him to a stern-looking motorcycle Policeman who stands staring downward into the car. In response to the unvoiced question, the officer announces:

POLICEMAN

You ran that light at the corner  
like it wasn't even there. Can I  
see your license, please?

33 EXT. STREET - PAST POLICEMAN TO BRADLEY - DAY

33

Bradley, obviously relieved, gets out of the car. He digs his operator's license out of his wallet, hands it to the Policeman whose motorcycle is parked behind the car.

BRADLEY

This won't take long, will it?  
I've got to get to the bank before  
it closes.

The Policeman, who couldn't care less, merely grunts, walking back to his bike to call in the data. Bradley wipes his brow, sneaks a look at his watch.

34 INSERT - WRISTWATCH

34

It reads 2:25.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

35 INSERT: CAR DASHBOARD CLOCK - NIGHT

35

It reads, on its illuminated dial, 10:15.

36 INT. BRADLEY'S CAR - CLOSEUP - BRADLEY - NIGHT

36

He drives along a two-lane blacktop road searching for a side road up ahead. His face is a study in anxiety-ridden tension.

37 EXT. TWO-LANE BLACKTOP - PANNING BRADLEY'S CAR - NIGHT

37

We pan it past a rutted road marked with a decrepit sign. An arrow points off into the darkness. The sign is marked "Hisperia." Bradley's car stops with a screech of brakes, backs up until the headlights fall on the sign.

- 38 INT. BRADLEY'S CAR - FEATURING BRADLEY - NIGHT 38  
Reading the sign, he turns to the seat beside him. There's an attache case which he snaps open to take out the instructions. We move in, hold on the interior of the case which contains, along with the map, a .38 calibre automatic, stacks of twenty-dollar bills.
- 39 ANOTHER ANGLE - BRADLEY 39  
as he lifts the hand-drawn map to his face. We see, with him, the arrow on the map, the road marked: "To Hisperia, 11 mi." He takes out the automatic, checks the clip, shoves it in his pocket, then, cutting the wheels of the car, heads down the deserted, rutted road.
- 40 THE ROAD AHEAD - ANGLING THRU THE WINDSHIELD 40  
The bumps are vicious, reducing the car's speed to a crawl.
- 41 BRADLEY 41  
the pressure building. He casts a glance toward the clock.
- 42 DASHBOARD CLOCK - BRADLEY'S POINT OF VIEW 42  
10:30!
- 43 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - TO BRADLEY'S CAR - NIGHT 43  
The car approaches, its headlights bobbing as it takes the bumps. It negotiates a sharp turn.
- 44 INT. BRADLEY'S CAR - CLOSEUP - BRADLEY - NIGHT 44  
He reacts in sudden alarm.
- 45 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - BRADLEY'S POINT OF VIEW - NIGHT 45  
A telephone pole has fallen across the road. Bradley has no chance to avoid it.
- 46 INT. BRADLEY'S CAR - FLASH CUT - BRAKE PEDAL - NIGHT 46  
Bradley's foot presses down in a panic stop.

- 47 FLASH CUT - BRADLEY 47  
cutting the wheel to the left. Hard.
- 48 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FEATURING BRADLEY'S CAR - NIGHT 48  
The car hits the fallen pole sideways in a skid, bounces high on the shoulder, and comes down with a sickening crunch. The lights stay on but the motor dies immediately.
- 49 INT. BRADLEY'S CAR - FAVORING BRADLEY - NIGHT 49  
Recovering, he realizes his predicament, forces the door open.
- 50 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - HOLDING BRADLEY'S CAR - NIGHT 50  
Bradley steps out. There is no sound except for that of the water running from the ruptured radiator.
- BRADLEY  
No...Not now...
- 51 INT. BRADLEY'S CAR - CLOSEUP - DASHBOARD CLOCK - NIGHT 51  
It ticks relentlessly. It's 10:37. Pan off it to Bradley's face as he leans inside, checking the time. Now he clicks the attache case closed, takes a flashlight from the glove compartment.
- 52 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - BRADLEY'S CAR - NIGHT 52  
Straightening, Bradley slams the door, reaches in and turns off the dimming headlights. Camera eases in close as he hears the o.s. distant sound of dogs barking. Turning in that direction, camera swings with Bradley as he climbs up a small mound, looks off. Pan with him to reveal, in the distance, several lights glowing in the direction from which the barking comes. Bradley passes camera as he turns on the flashlight, starts, half-running, half-staggering, toward the only source of life in an otherwise lifeless landscape.
- 53 EXT. ROUGH TERRAIN - NIGHT 53  
The o.s. barking of the dogs is somewhere close at hand. Bradley emerges from the darkness with his flashlight, his face illuminated from the house which he's approaching.



54 EXT. PSYCHO HOUSE - MOVING SHOT - NIGHT

54

As Bradley approaches, the dogs are not seen. The house is ominous: one of those weathered Gothic reminders that this land was once homesteaded before the water tables changed. Lights glow dimly through the downstairs windows. Bradley mounts the porch, steps to the front door, camera moving in close with him. He pounds on the door, turns apprehensively as the unseen dogs bark louder in response.

BRADLEY

Hello? Please...anybody home? I need help. Hello?

There's no reply. He tries the knob, finds the door unlocked. Opening it, he enters a bit cautiously.

55 INT. ENTRY HALL - TO FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

55

Stepping inside, Bradley switches off the flashlight, surveys his surroundings.

56 WHAT HE SEES - SLOW PANNING SHOT

56

Directly ahead, stairs lead upward to the second floor. To one side, an open doorway reveals what appears to be the living room. Opposite it, on the other side of the entry hall, is a closed door. Entering frame from behind camera, Bradley steps to the door, tries the knob: it's locked. Somewhere in the house we hear faintly the sound of a strumming guitar.

BRADLEY

Hello?

No answer. The guitar goes on. With a shrug, Bradley moves into the living room.

57 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

57

It's furnished in thrift shop discards: the couch is covered with an old bedspread, the illumination is provided by kerosene lamps, the remainder of the furnishings a symphony in rusted chrome and oilcloth. On the table is an old but apparently serviceable telephone. Putting down his flashlight, Bradley picks up the receiver, listens, then rattles the cradle. He dials Operator, hangs up disgustedly. The o.s. guitar-plunking has meanwhile stopped. In the pregnant silence, Bradley turns, reacts with a start.

58 CLOSEUP - OLD MAN - BRADLEY'S POINT OF VIEW

58

The low lighting from the kerosene lamp flickers on his

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

58

weathered face. One eye is scarred and closed, giving him an even more sinister appearance. He holds a guitar at his side.

OLD MAN

I don't know you, Mister, do I?

59 TWO SHOT - BRADLEY AND OLD MAN

59

BRADLEY

I'm sorry. I shouted. I couldn't raise anyone. I've had an accident.

OLD MAN

Phone won't help. Pole's down.

BRADLEY

I know. I ran into it. Trying to get to Hisperia.

OLD MAN

That's another six miles.

BRADLEY

I have to get there. It's an emergency. Please...have you got a jeep, a truck, anything I can borrow?

OLD MAN

Got a sort of tractor. Half-truck, half-baling wire...

BRADLEY

It'll have to do. Naturally, I'll leave a deposit. Whatever you want.

OLD MAN

...But you'll have to ask Sonny.

BRADLEY

All right. Where is he?

OLD MAN

At the picture show.  
(squints at a wall  
clock)

His friends'll be dropping him off back here in awhile..

BRADLEY

I haven't got awhile! I need it now!

60 ACROSS BRADLEY TO OLD MAN

60

who ponders a beat, regretfully shakes his head.

OLD MAN

Sorry, mister, I don't hardly make a move without I check with Sonny. Just 'cause he's my grandson don't give me liberties. And I don't take none -- not with his temper!

BRADLEY

It's a matter of life and death. I'm sure he'll understand...

OLD MAN

No, sir. I go over his head, he'll be meaner'n a cat in a bucket of turpentine! Why, them dogs outside -- they'd like as not tear a man to shreds. But Sonny, he just lifts his hand and they cringe. Now him and me is close, but I give him his say on everything. I ain't no dumber than those dogs.

BRADLEY

(a desperate harshness)

I tell you I haven't time to wait!

The Old Man has started to step through the door at the rear. He turns, smiles.

OLD MAN

I'll get you a little clock-stopper. Home-made applejack. Time don't nag at you with some of that tickling your belly.

Bradley opens his mouth to protest but the Old Man is already through the door. It closes behind him. With an exasperated snarl, Bradley lunges after him, seizes the door knob, wrenching on it. It's useless; the door is locked.

61 CLOSEUP - BRADLEY

61

a study of frustration, impotently seething chagrin. He turns impatiently, bumps inadvertently into a table, knocking over several framed pictures. As he reaches automatically to set them up, he reacts with a troubled frown.

62 CLOSEUP - THE PHOTOGRAPHS 62

One is of a girl in a high school cheerleader's costume; the other, the same girl in graduation robes. What is arrestingly unique about both pictures is the fact that the faces have been carefully cut out!

63 BRADLEY 63

With mounting apprehension he turns and, camera moving with him, prowls the room, inspecting for the first time the many pictures that are mounted on the walls. Each is a portrait of a girl, in various costumes and poses, her face scissored out. Reaching into his pocket, Bradley takes out the circular photo of Marilou's face that had accompanied the map. He holds it in front of one picture after another, then, finding the right one finally, stops dead in his tracks.

64 PHOTOGRAPH - BRADLEY'S POINT OF VIEW 64

of a girl in a Go-Go dancer's abbreviated costume. The cut out face of Marilou fits perfectly. We hear his o.s. gasp.

65 BRADLEY 65

as the horrifying realization hits him. In a sudden, icy panic, he plunges his hand into his pocket, withdraws the .38. O.s. sound of a gun being cocked. Bradley freezes.

OLD MAN'S VOICE

I'll trouble you for that gun, Mr. Meredith. Turn around now, slow and easy, and just toss it over.

Bradley does as he's instructed, pivoting slowly, camera dialing with his motion to bring into view the Old Man. He stands in the doorway, a double-barreled .12 gauge shotgun trained on his visitor. Beside him on the floor is a jug of applejack. Bradley tosses his weapon to the carpet. The Old Man gestures him back with the shotgun, then stoops and retrieves the .38, explaining simply:

OLD MAN

Marilou was my grand-daughter. Sonny's sister. We both put a lot of store by her. Especially Sonny.

BRADLEY

(finding his voice)  
You? You rigged the telephone pole?  
You're the one who set this whole thing up...??!

CONTINUED

The Old Man has removed the clip from the .38. He checks the firing chamber, extracts a shell, pocketing it.

OLD MAN

I done my share. But Sonny -- he's the one thought it all up. Mean and clever, that's what Sonny is.

BRADLEY

But why? Why go to all that trouble? I came, didn't I? I brought the money just like you asked.

OLD MAN

You also brought a gun. Sonny figured you would. If I'd met you in Hisperia like the note said, you'd have shot me on the spot. This way, you're the one gets ambushed.

He tosses the empty .38 on the table, picks up the jug, unstoppers it, proceeds to fill two glasses. Bradley, beginning to sweat, gestures toward the attache case.

BRADLEY

There's \$10,000 in there. See for yourself. If that's not enough --

The Old Man hands Bradley a glass, keeps one for himself.

OLD MAN

We don't want your money, mister.

BRADLEY

(fearing he already knows the answer)  
What...what do you want??

OLD MAN

What Sonny wants. And what Sonny wants, Sonny usually gets.  
(gestures toward Bradley's glass)  
Better drink up. That'll put some starch in your knees.

Bradley takes a healthy swig, shuddering as the raw fire scorches his throat. He watches anxiously as the Old Man, shotgun cradled in the crook of his arm, crosses to the window and tosses the cartridge clip out into the darkness.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

OLD MAN

Don't raise yourself any hopes that some motorist'll spot your car and maybe come looking for you... Since they ran the freeway through last year, that section of the old road's been closed to traffic.

(turns, smiles)

I unchained the dogs. That's in case you had notions about leaving before Sonny gets back...Them hounds can be a might discouraging influence.

(cackles)

'Course compared to Sunny, they're downright affectionate!

He crosses to the door, Bradley watching helplessly. His hand on the knob, the Old Man turns, announces:

OLD MAN

Gonna go practice my guitar now. Sent away for one of them correspondence courses. I don't get in two hours a day, it sours my disposition something awful...

As he starts through the door, Bradley cries out:

BRADLEY

Wait!

(as Old Man turns)

How...how did you know it was me?

OLD MAN

Didn't. There was eight names in Marilou's diary. We sent letters to them all. You're the only one who bit.

And he exits, closing the door, leaving Bradley standing alone in the center of the room, numb with shock.

67 DIFFERENT ANGLE - BRADLEY - CLOSER SHOT

67

His brow beaded with sweat, his pallor the color of biscuit dough, Bradley steps to the table, picks up the emasculated automatic. He crosses with it to the window, stands staring helplessly out. From somewhere in the darkness outside a dog snarls viciously. Overhead, we again hear the sound of a plunking guitar. Bradley looks at the gun in his hand, peers again through the window, pounding his fist on the sill to release some of his frustration. Finally, he turns, his eyes darting this way, that, desperate, fear-haunted.

68 A PHOTOGRAPH - BRADLEY'S POINT OF VIEW 68

Despite the gaping emptiness where the head should be, it seems to mock Bradley.

69 ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH - CLOSER SHOT 69

70 STILL ANOTHER - EVEN CLOSER 70

71 BACK TO BRADLEY 71

Tearing his gaze from the taunting photos, Bradley looks wildly about. O.s. guitar persists, jarring, discordant, nerve-wrackingly abrasive. An hysterical giggle escapes Bradley, and he babbles foolishly to himself:

BRADLEY

Sonny's coming...Sonny's coming...

He breaks off, his eyes fixing on something in the corner: a baseball bat. Slipping the .38 into his side pocket, Bradley crosses to the bat, picks it up. A look of cunning craftiness comes over Bradley's face as a desperate idea assumes shape. Camera swings with him as he strides to the sofa, pulls the cover off, tears a wide strip from it and wraps it around his right arm. The flashlight in his left hand, the bat in his right, he hurries into the entry hall.

72 INT. ENTRY HALL - TO FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 72

Entering shot, Bradley grips the knob, pauses, screwing up his courage, then flings open the front door.

73 INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - OLD MAN - NIGHT 73

He sits in a rocking chair, rocking back and forth, strumming on the guitar. A music stand in front of him supports an open chord book. The o.s. clamoring uproar of savagely barking dogs. The Old Man pauses briefly, cocks his head, listening, and then, smiling to himself, resumes playing.

74 EXT. PSYCHO HOUSE - MOVING WITH BRADLEY - NIGHT 74

Flashlight in one hand, bat in the other, he scrambles frantically through the thick underbrush, seeking the cartridge clip. We hear the o.s. sound of vicious barking, the crackling rustle of violated scrub as the hounds come streaking toward Bradley.

75  
thru  
84

INTERCUT - SERIES OF SHOTS - BRADLEY AND OLD MAN

75  
thr  
84

Slashing, impressionistic, almost subliminal cuts: the dogs' snarling faces...the Old Man picking away at his guitar... Bradley's terrified but determined expression as he flails away with the baseball bat at the on-rushing hounds...the Old Man leaning forward to casually turn a page in his practice book...a dog's gleaming fangs sinking into Bradley's arm... the Old Man tuning his guitar, tightening a string...a hound, the victim of Bradley's swinging bat, crying out in pain... the Old Man pausing in his playing to sip from a tumbler of applejack...Bradley's probing flashlight beam discovering the cartridge clip...with a toothpick, the Old Man dislodging a shred of gristle from between his yellowed teeth...Bradley shoving the clip into his .38, whirling, firing...the Old Man resuming his practicing, wincing as he plucks a sour note...a dying o.s. yowl as Bradley's automatic scores again...the Old Man leaving off his plucking, listening as, unevenly spaced, we hear three more o.s. gunshots, each accompanied by some exclamation of canine distress...and, lastly, Bradley racing toward the house, the surviving hounds hot on his heels.

85 INT. ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

85

Bloodied but alive, he slams the door, puts his shoulder to it as he engages the lock. We hear the remaining dogs as they lunge, pawing and snarling, against the door. Bradley inspects his wounds (he has lost the baseball bat, his flashlight; his jacket is in tatters), checks the cartridge clip.

86 INSERT - GUN CLIP

86

There is one cartridge left! As Bradley's hand loads it into the .38's firing chamber, the guitar suspends. Then:

OLD MAN'S VOICE

Five shots, Mr. Meredith. You have one bullet left. And Sonny's coming...

87 BRADLEY

87

who looks around, seeking the source of the voice.

BRADLEY

One bullet could be all I need!

OLD MAN'S VOICE

Maybe...providing Sonny uses the front door. He's unpredictable.

Pause. It sinks in. O.s. guitar resumes. We hear a brief eruption of barking outside, then silence again...save for the guitar. Bradley, tortured, nerves fraying, shouts:

CONTINUED



87 CONTINUED

87

BRADLEY

What movie?...A double-feature?  
How long have I got??!

OLD MAN'S VOICE

...Soon.

88 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

88

Bradley, .38 in hand, hurries in, grabs up the attache case. He crosses to the door through which the Old Man had earlier exited. To his surprise, it is no longer locked, opening effortlessly. He steps cautiously through.

89 INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

89

Another kerosene lamp casts an eerie and flickering light on the only object in the room: a simple pine coffin! Bradley moves to it, bends down to read an inscription on the lid.

90 CLOSEUP - COFFIN LID - BRADLEY'S POINT OF VIEW

90

Burned into the wood, the inscription: "Bradley Meredith - Murderer."

91 BRADLEY

91

as he draws back in horror. Behind him, the door slams shut. We pan with him as he rushes to it, finds it securely locked. Wheeling, Bradley's frantic gaze takes in the four walls of this almost totally stripped, windowless room. In a sob wrenched from his very guts, he raises his face toward the ceiling and screams:

BRADLEY

This is murder! You're murdering me!!

Overhead, the guitar strumming leaves off. Then:

OLD MAN'S VOICE

And Marilou?

Tears form in Bradley's eyes, stream unchecked down his cheeks - tears of rage, frustration, unholy terror.

BRADLEY

I didn't mean to do it! I swear it!  
She had me against the wall. I lost  
my head!...But this --

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

91

BRADLEY (cont'd)  
(voice breaks, choked,  
quavering with emotion)  
What you're doing is cold-blooded  
murder! Between the dogs and Sonny,  
what chance have I got?!

OLD MAN'S VOICE  
(a beat)  
Well...there is another way out...

BRADLEY  
(hope flaring)  
What? Where? How??

OLD MAN'S VOICE  
(cackling)  
Oh, I can't tell you that. Sonny  
would have a conniption fit!

O.s. guitar resumes again. Bradley turns, his gaze once more sweeping his surroundings. Methodically but with feverish haste, he begins examining the walls of the room, inspecting the wainscoting, the baseboard, every joint or seam, knocking, pounding, listening intently for the slightest variance in sound. Finally, just when it seems that he must abandon his efforts in hopeless despair, his eyes fall on the huge stone fireplace.

92 FAVORING FIREPLACE

92

With renewed hope, he attacks it savagely, groping, fumbling, clawing. Suddenly he finds it: an innocently-looking lever attached to the grate which, when shoved forward, causes the fireplace to swing groaningly away from the wall revealing the opening to a stygian passageway beyond.

93 BRADLEY

93

Giggling foolishly to himself, he opens the attache case, hastily crams the banknotes into his coat pockets. Then, picking up the kerosene lamp in one hand, unsteadily gripping his .38 in the other, he steps through the opening.

94 INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

94

The narrow unlit passage is musty, heavily cobwebbed, its low ceiling obliging Bradley to stoop as he moves warily forward, the feeble beam of the lamp illuminating little more than the flooring directly ahead of him. Behind him, the fireplace swings creakingly shut. Bradley whirls, but scarcely has time

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED

94

to react before, from the opposite direction, we hear a scurrying sound. Spinning, Bradley lifts the lantern, recoiling involuntarily from what he sees.

95 BRADLEY'S POINT OF VIEW - RATS

95

Several mangy rats, the size of well-fed alley cats, scamper off into the darkness. O.s. cackling laughter, then:

OLD MAN'S VOICE

Afeared of a few rats, Mr. Meredith?  
You'll die easier'n I expected.

96 BRADLEY

96

Spooked, trembling, he clings to his battered composure.

BRADLEY

Don't bury me yet, damn you!

OLD MAN'S VOICE

If you're still counting on finding  
the other way out, better hustle...  
I think I hear a car coming.

O.s. guitar resumes. Bradley, sparked by this information, lunges forward, camera pacing him. The kerosene lamp has begun to flicker, appreciably dim. The ceiling dips, forcing him to crouch even lower. Suddenly he comes to a sharp jog in the corridor. He rounds the corner.

97 AHEAD OF BRADLEY - HIS POINT OF VIEW

97

A figure looms in the passage, advancing rapidly on Bradley.

98 CLOSE SHOT - BRADLEY

98

as, without thinking, he fires his .38.

99 WHAT HE SEES (OVERCRANKED)

99

In slow-motion, a full-length mirror shatters, Bradley's reflected image disintegrating into scattered shards of glass. Then, in the ensuing silence, chidingly:

OLD MAN'S VOICE

Seven years bad luck, Mr. Meredith.  
And your last bullet in the bargain.

## 100 BACK TO BRADLEY

100

as, stunned, the realization of his now absolutely helpless plight staggers him. He stares at the empty gun in his hand, then slowly lifts his gaze, belatedly reacting to the fact that the lamp he holds in his other hand is almost out. It flickers to life for a second as he desperately jiggles it. Simultaneously, the distant o.s. sound of barking dogs - barking not with hostile ferocity, however, but in joyous greeting. Galvanized, Bradley grabs some of the banknotes from his pocket, rolls them together, ignites them from the wick of the expiring lamp. Then, holding the improvised torch aloft, he hurries forward.

## 101 ANOTHER ANGLE

101

Bradley, ducking low, sidles through the aperture that a moment previous had been blocked by the mirror. He halts in sudden dismay as the burning currency reveals that the passage-way terminates in a dead end less than ten feet from where he now stands! The flaming bills burn his fingers and, with an exclamation of pain, he lets them drop to the floor. Then, in the ensuing darkness, we hear o.s. footsteps mounting the front porch, the door being unlocked, opened. The guitar stops. And then, gleefully, the chilling announcement:

OLD MAN'S VOICE

Sonny's home!

In a frantic frenzy, Bradley grabs some more banknotes from his pocket, ignites them with his cigarette lighter. O.s. sound of approaching footsteps. Utterly unhinged, Bradley careens this way, that, pounding on the walls of the passage, dementedly seeking for a means of escape, babbling:

BRADLEY

The other way out!...Must find the other way out...!

Suddenly, he stumbles, almost losing his balance. He bends low, holding the flaming banknotes close to the floor.

## 102 WHAT HE SEES

102

Attached to the floor, a large metal ring. Bradley leans into frame, grasps the ring, tugs, raising up a trap door.

## 103 UPSHOT - BRADLEY

103

peering downward into camera with hopeful expectancy. He raises the burning banknotes to obtain a better look. O.s. footsteps continue to draw closer.

104 BRADLEY'S POINT OF VIEW - LADDER 104

leading downward into impenetrable darkness. O.s. creak of the parlor fireplace as it swings open.

105 BRADLEY 105

Without hesitation, he lowers his body through the opening in the floor.

106 INT. SHAFT - FEATURING BRADLEY'S FEET - NIGHT 106

They descend the wooden rungs of the ladder. Suddenly, without warning, the ladder splinters, shatters, gives way entirely, Bradley's body plummeting downward out of frame.

107 DOWNSHOT - BRADLEY - AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT 107

Dazed, bruised and battered, Bradley lies in a crumpled heap at the bottom of a deep, earthen-floored pit. The flaming bills, released by Bradley when he fell, come fluttering down, eerily illuminating the four sheer-faced walls which rear approximately fifteen feet upward on all sides of Bradley. Groaning with pain, he takes cursory stock of his circumstances, then, craning his neck, peers upward, head cocked, listening with helpless, hopeless intensity to the relentlessly approaching footsteps.

OLD MAN'S VOICE

Come along, Sonny...Wanna introduce you to your sister's killer.

From above, a light falls on Bradley's face, causing him to shield his eyes against the glare.

108 UPSHOT - BRADLEY'S POINT OF VIEW 108

The Old Man, a kerosene lamp in his hand, stands staring downward into the pit. Now, as we watch, he is joined in shot by Sonny - a small boy of possibly ten years. Cackling, the Old Man puts an arm around Sonny's shoulder.

OLD MAN

Ain't going nowheres now, is he, boy?

109 CLOSEUP - BRADLEY 109

as he registers shocked incredulity.

BRADLEY

Him??...He's Sonny?!!

110 OLD MAN, SONNY - TIGHT TWO SHOT

The Old Man nods. Taking Sonny's hand, he turns away.

110

OLD MAN

Well, reckon we'll be moving along now...

111 BRADLEY

who scrambles to his feet, aghast, crying out:

111

BRADLEY

You're just going to leave me here?

OLD MAN'S VOICE

Promised Sonny a camping trip. And I don't keep my word -- well, you know how Sonny is. But we'll be back in a month or so. Time enough then to pack that coffin.

BRADLEY

(screaming now)

You said there was another way out!  
You lied to me!!

112 UPSHOT - OLD MAN, SONNY

112

OLD MAN

No I didn't.

(reaches into pocket)

Here, Mr. Bradley...here's the other way out.

113 BRADLEY

113

His .38 lies on the ground. Now, from above, something falls into shot, landing close by. Bradley scrambles to retrieve the object, his anxious fingers plucking it up. Camera moves in closer to inspect his find. Gleaming in the sweat-glistening palm of Bradley's hand is the .38 cartridge the Old Man had earlier removed from the weapon's firing chamber. Bradley begins to laugh, shuddering convulsively as his entire body is seized by a paroxysm of hysterical mirth.

114 CLOSEUP - SONNY

114

staring down inscrutably. Bradley's o.s. laughter, choked, spasmodic, mounts uncontrollably. Sonny waves.

SONNY

'Bye.

115

BRADLEY

115

staring upward, doubled over with laughter, tears cascading from his eyes, watching helplessly as the light is removed, the trap door closed, leaving him in darkness. O.s. sound of footsteps moving unhurriedly off. Alone now in the blackness, Bradley's laughter turns to sobs...

FADE OUT

THE END