

INT. LEMARCHAND'S WORKSHOP

NEARLY MIDNIGHT

RUN TITLES over a series of EXTREME CLOSE-UPS:

A pair of human hands working delicately on tiny cogs and machinery.

A human eye grotesquely expanded through a magnifying glass.

A tiny screwdriver tightening a tiny screw.

Intricate internal mechanisms of silver, gold and jewels.

INTERCUT with shots of beautiful and intricate automata;

A Monkey-Musician in blue and gold livery holding a violin.

A Harlequin holding the hand of a coy Columbine.

A silver-faced clown perched on a trapeze.

The TITLES end. WIDEN to reveal the workshop of PHILLIP LEMARCHAND lit by candlelight. The automata stand on wooden shelves which line the room along with plans and drawings.

At the workbench, Phillip - handsome, 30, obsessed by his craft - is hunched over his work, keeping us from seeing it.

Super-imposed: THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS 1784

There's a strange atmosphere. Perhaps it's the CRAZY SHADOWS thrown by the flickering candles. Perhaps it's the sound of the WIND in the midnight darkness outside. Perhaps it's the amplified HEARTBEAT of Phillip. Something gives an edge to the scene. We're waiting for something to happen.

With a cry of triumph as something clicks into place, Phillip sits back on his chair, his latest creation in his palm.

We recognise the object of black wood and filigreed gold - the LAMENT CONFIGURATION, a hell-summoning Box from HELLRAISER.

The workroom door opens and Phillip's wife GENEVIEVE enters. Mid-20's and beautiful, she is in her nightdress.

GENEVIEVE  
Is it done?

LEMARCHAND:  
Done!

GENEVIEVE:  
(yawning)  
Is it wonderful?

LEMARCHAND:  
Wonderful!

GENEVIEVE:  
(smiling)  
Are you brilliant?

LEMARCHAND  
(returning the smile)  
The finest toymaker in France!

They both laugh affectionately. Beneath their words and their smiles, though, is an undercurrent of ... what? Anxiety? Uncertainty? Perhaps they both sense Phillip is involved in something that he doesn't quite understand.

GENEVIEVE  
What does it do?

Proudly, Lemarchand manipulates the Box through various positions until, at a certain point, the mechanisms within seem to take over and it moves itself into the final swastika-like configuration familiar from the previous films ...

... and remains sitting on Lemarchand's hand. No chains, no hooks, no blue lights, no screams of pain or pleasure.

The interested smile on Genevieve's face falters.

GENEVIEVE:  
Oh. (beat) It doesn't actually do anything, then?

LEMARCHAND  
(stung into cold defensiveness)  
It all but defies the laws of physical geometry! It's my masterpiece! You simply couldn't understand...

GENEVIEVE:  
I meant no offense, Phillip. I'm sure it's terribly intricate. It's just... dull. I prefer your acrobats and lovers.

Laughing disarmingly, she crosses to the shelves and activates some of the older automata. The monkey musician begins to saw at his fiddle. Harlequin kisses Columbine, who hides her blush behind a fan. The Clown swings over and around his trapeze.

Lemarchand, far from placated, is standing and fastening a cloak around himself.

LEMARCHAND  
I was working to a commission. To very specific requests. The Duke has what he wanted.

Genevieve registers the cloak as Lemarchand heads for the door.

GENEVIEVE

It's midnight! Where are you going?

LEMARCHAND

The Chateau Du Reve to deliver the box.

GENEVIEVE

Now!? Why?

LEMARCHAND

Because my work might be appreciated there. And it is the appointed hour.

Opening the door, Box in hand, he sweeps from the room.

Genevieve watches the door close behind him.

GENEVIEVE

The appointed hour - Midnight! Aristocrats... (cont.)

EXT. THE CHATEAU DU REVE

MIDNIGHT

A magnificent mansion stands in its own grounds. Below its lawns is a front gate. A SHADOWY FIGURE hovers at the gate - a beggar or derelict of some kind. The camera moves to show...

Lemarchand at the impressive front door of the Chateau.

GENEVIEVE

(off)

(cont.) ... Such strange people.

The door is opened by JACQUES, a 19 year-old servant-cum-apprentice to the Chateau's owner - who stands behind him, the powdered and periwigged DUC DE L'ISLE.

De L'Isle's age is hard to determine beneath the layers of white powder that cover his face but the red and rheumy eyes and spidery limbs suggest he is at least in his late 50''.

From somewhere in the house, a clock tolls midnight.

DE'L'ISLE

Lemarchand. As precise as your pieces, as timely as your toys.  
Enter, enter.

Lemarchand steps over the threshold...

INT. CHATEAU DU REVE, HALLWAY

NIGHT

(CONT.)

... into the hall - candle-lit, its outer reaches lost in shadow. There's an impression of decay beneath the finery; a bright light would probably show peeling paint and cobwebs.

De L'Isle's eyes glitter as he looks at the Box in Lemarchand's hand. Beckoning, he leads him across the hall toward a room.

DE L'ISLE

Come. Someone is eager to meet you.

Lemarchand follows, his manner nervous. He is a middle-class artisan in the house of an aristocrat.

Jacques closes the door and looks at Lemarchand and De L'Isle as they walk away. There is a look in his eyes - covetous, ambitious, and secretive.

INT. CHATEAU DU REVE, GAME ROOM                      NIGHT                      (CONT.)

A room lit by many candles, providing a rich atmosphere of contrasting orange light and flickering black shadows.

EIGHT CARDPLAYERS - male, four finely-attired, the other four in military uniform - sit at a large table. A game in progress halts as the players look up as De L'Isle and Lemarchand enter.

DE L'ISLE

A moment, gentlemen, forgive me. Madame?

A stunningly beautiful woman, emerging from the shadows at the room's end, moves to De L'Isle and Lemarchand.

This is the PRINCESS ANGELIQUE. Dark, mysterious, exquisite.

DE L'ISLE

Phillip Lemarchand - The Princess Angelique.

Angelique extends her hand. Lemarchand - visibly struck by her beauty - bends to kiss it. As he straightens, he finds himself the subject of a penetrating stare and a ravishing smile.

ANGELIQUE

Your fame precedes you, toymaker.

DE L'ISLE

The Princess is your true patron, Lemarchand. The Box was her conception, your employment her idea.

Lemarchand places the Box in the hands of Angelique.

LEMARCHAND

Though the box is unworthy of your beauty, Princess, I pray its amusements be worthy of your attention.

ANGELIQUE

I thank you, sir. And I pray your workmanship is as elegant as your tongue.



Through the window, Lemarchand sees Corbusier take the Box. The card-player's mouth moves as if making some comment and we see laughter from his fellows. It is clear that, though Lemarchand can see the action in the room, he can't hear anything.

INT. CHATEAU DU REVE, GAME ROOM                      NIGHT                      (CONT.)

De L'Isle smiles at whatever witticism Corbusier made.

DE L'ISLE

Come, sir. We are all players here. Do we laugh at challenges or except them?

Corbusier weighs the Box in his hand.

CORBUSIER

And what would be the challenge here, De L'Isle? To name this frippery? How about "The Arabian Dice"? - for it is as filligreed as a Moorish temple and as simple as a child's toy.

Amidst the laughter of his fellow players, he rolls it on to the table in contemptuous parody of throwing a dice.

Angelique snatches it up. Her icy voice stills the laughter.

ANGELIQUE

It already has a name, sir. The Lament Configuration. And as to being simple - It's complexity, I wager, is beyond your skill.

CORBUSIER

(looking her up and down)

A pretty name, Madame. Are the stakes you would offer as attractive?

The others giggle at the lascivious implication in his words.

Angelique silences them with a freezing glance and then - playing them perfectly - allows a coy smile to blossom on her face. She holds the Box up again.

ANGELIQUE

The Box looks solid, Gentlemen, but in skilful hands may be unlocked and maneuvered. Pass it among yourselves. For every successful stripping of its secrets... I shall respond in kind.

To appreciative murmurs from the players, Angelique raises the Box to her lips and kisses it.

ANGELIQUE

Now it is complete. Will you play, Sir?

She proffers it to Corbusier, who takes it eagerly and begins to manipulate it, searching for its secrets.

The eyes of the players are fixed on his efforts - so they miss the secret smile that passes between Angelique and De L'Isle. And all of them are blind to the rapt attention of Jacques.

CORBUSIER  
Ah! There you are!

The Box clicks to a different position. Looking up, he passes the Box carelessly to Delvaux, his expectant eyes on Angelique.

Nodding in acknowledgement, Angelique undoes some catches and removes her dress. It's 1784, so there are still several layers of undergarments to go. Nevertheless her action draws smiles from the players and sends Delvaux eagerly to work.

EXT. THE CHATEAU DU REVE NIGHT (CONT.)

Lemarchand's jaw drops as he sees Angelique disrobe.

(INTERCUT to Lemarchand at various points through the "game")

INT. CHATEAU DU REVE, GAME ROOM NIGHT (CONT.)

Delvaux works as his fellows watch, quoffing drinks or taking snuff. L'Escargot is next but it's De Conduite who calls out.

DE CONDUITE  
Time, sir, time! Pass it on!

L'Escargot reaches for the Box but Delvaux snatches it away.

DELVAUX  
No! I've nearly... There!!

The Box moves to another setting. All eyes turn lustfully to Angelique to obligingly removes the first of her petticoats.

DE L'ISLE  
Play on. Play on.

L'Escargot takes up the Box and begins.

MONTAGE -

- The Box moving from hand to hand, from position to position.
- Angelique removing successive layers of clothing.
- Increasingly-flushed and excited faces.
- A secret excitement growing in De L'Isle's eyes.

- Jacques watching, as excited as his master.
- Lemarchand's face beyond the glass, fascinated and shocked.

Finally, the Box comes back to the hands of Corbusier. He looks at Angelique - now clad only in a corset and bloomers.

CORBUSIER

It occurs to me, Madame, that should there be more secrets on the table than on the floor, we will need fresh inducement for our endeavours.

ANGELIQUE

Oh, there are always more secrets, sir. Always more surprises. Now - will you talk or will you play?

Viciously, Corbusier twists at the Box, seeking one more configuration... and finds it. The Box flies from his hands to the centre of the table - and begins to move itself.

CORBUSIER

What?

The players all stare in fascination at the moving Box.

ANGELIQUE

As I say. Always more secrets. But a wager is a wager...

She begins to loose the catches of her corset.

De L'Isle moves to stand with Jacque.

INTERCUT the Box's movements with the loosening of the corset.

The Box clicks into a penultimate position and BLUE LIGHT glows bright from within it and through the seams at its sides.

Lemarchand is shocked. The Box has secrets its maker didn't suspect. Before he can see more, the drapes suddenly FALL SHUT against the window - as if something knows he's watching.

The players don't notice; breath held, their eyes are on Angelique as she opens her corset to reveal herself...

Her torso transforms - suddenly it is covered in a score of SCREAMING MOUTHS and DEMONIC EYES that stare balefully out into the room. Her FLESH RIPPLES in constant motion as if full of impossible life!

Instantly, the room is full of the AMPLIFIED SOUND OF DEMONIC WHISPERS and bathed in BLUE LIGHT. Angelique's skin takes a blue tone and her eyes turn completely BLACK! The movements on her chest culminate in a GAPING WOUND that opens there!



Amid CRIES OF HORROR AND FEAR from the cardplayers, the Box clicks into its final position, streaming BLUE LIGHT...

...and the room explodes into hellish and unnatural life! :

- The entire room TREMBLES as if caught in a quake
- Unearthly WINDS explode up from the floor sending the candle flames shooting upwards in powerful RED FIRE, casting NIGHTMARE SHADOWS on the walls.
- Hellish RESTRAINTS shoot from the chairs, twisting around the players' limbs, trapping them in place.
- Overhead, a LARGE WROUGHT-IRON CANDLEABRA hanging from the ceiling moves into a new shape, its eight rococo arms straightening out into viciously SHARP AND POWERFUL LANCES.

The players look up in horror at what has become a killing machine overhead...

...and the CANDLEABRA falls from the ceiling, each of its eight arms heading unerringly for the body of a card-player!

CLOSE on the back and base of a chair as a SPIKE smashes through it, followed by a gush of BLOOD, as we SMASH-CUT TO

EXT THE CHATEAU DU REVE NIGHT (CONT.)

Lemarchand is some feet back from the curtained window, his face a mask of horror at the TERRIBLE SOUNDS from within the room and the NIGHTMARE SHADOWS playing on the heavy drapes.

Now, suddenly and explosively, the large window SHATTERS OUTWARD in a massive explosion of light and sound!!

Terrified, Lemarchand turns and flees down the garden with the panic-fuelled speed of a man who fears hell is at his heels.

From the gate, he turns into the street and passes the Shadowy Figure we glimpsed earlier. We now see it's A DERELICT with a handcart loaded with junk and curios. The Derelict grabs him.

DERELICT

Delicacies, sir? Spices of the orient? Wonders from beyond the sea?

Lemarchand shakes himself free and runs, shouting back.

LEMARCHAND

No more wonders! An end to wonders!

The Derelict looks back at the Chateau, blue light pulsing from the windows... And then the light goes out.

INT. CHATEAU DU REVE, GAME ROOM NIGHT (CONT.)

CLOSE on the Box as it clicks back into its normal position.

WIDEN to reveal the room. The Players' chairs are vacant, one or two fallen over as the only testimony to what took place.

Jacques is looking at De L'Isle, his face vilely excited.

DE L'ISLE

Are you not apprenticed to a great magician, Jacque?

JACQUE

There is indeed great magic, sir.

But Jacques's looking at Angelique as he says it.

De L'Isle picks up a chair and rights it. He smiles at Angelique, also back to normal and holding the Box.

DE L'ISLE

A fine game, Princess.

ANGELIQUE

The first of many, Sir. I found a rare talent in Lemarchand.

De L'Isle's face becomes cold and imperious.

DE L'ISLE

Go to my room, Madam, and wait for me.

Oddly, Angelique nods, turns and leaves.

DE L'ISLE

(to Jacques)

He who summons the magic, commands the magic. A lesson, Jacques.

Jacques nods in understanding.

INT. THE SORBONNE ANATOMY CLASS, PARIS MORNING

CLOSE ON a human arm, as a scalpel slices it and a pair of hands peel the flesh back, revealing the musculature beneath.

WIDEN TO REVEAL a big room, its floor sawdust-covered and blood-soaked, and full of tables on each of which are SHEET-COVERED CORPSES.

At one table, sleeves rolled up and working hard at his dissection, is AUGUSTE DE MARAIS, a 30 year old professor of science and philosophy. He has no students with him but only his friend Lemarchand. Auguste is smiling broadly, having just heard Lemarchand's story.

(Auguste continues his efficient preparation of the corpse throughout their conversation)

AUGUSTE

A pity Mme. De Beaumont is dead these four years. You could have sold her your story and given her another success to match her "Beauty and the beast".

LEMARCHAND

It is no story, Auguste! I saw what I saw, heard what I heard. The Box opens the doors of Hell!

AUGUSTE

This is the eighteenth century, not the dark ages. The world is ruled by Reason. We've even got rid of God. And if there is no Heaven then it follows, reasonably, that there is no Hell.

LEMARCHAND

I was at its very window last night!

Auguste looks at his friend, hears the conviction in his voice.

AUGUSTE

Very well. Suppose for the sake of argument that what you fear happened, happened. A Box that opens the doors of Hell must be able to close them.

LEMARCHAND

Scant comfort, Auguste. The Box belongs to people with little interest in closing such doors.

AUGUSTE

Then the solution lies - literally - in your hands. You designed a machine that you fear can bring forth demons.

LEMARCHAND

Yes.

AUGUSTE

Then design a machine that can destroy them.

As Auguste bends down to the difficult (and two-handed) task of pulling the corpse's rib-cage open, Lemarchand stares at his friend, his eyes suddenly excited.

CUT TO

INT. LEMARCHAND'S WORKROOM                      AFTERNOON

The workbench is littered with papers filled with designs and drawings. They reveal a progression from the design of the lament Configuration towards something else.

Lemarchand works feverishly on a design which completes the process. The six faces of the Box are drawn at the edges of the paper. Lines from points on the faces meet in the centre of the paper to form a shape. From the Box itself has come its

own opposite. The new shape, while arising from the Box is anti-thetical to it; a cat's-cradle of interconnecting and curving lines, rather than a solid and angular mass.

Lemarchand runs his fingers over the shape in the centre of the paper, his eyes burning with the beginning of understanding.

GENEVIEVE

(off)

Phillip? A visitor.

Lemarchand looks up from his desk to the door. Genevieve is there and, beside her, Angelique - at the sight of whom Lemarchand barely manages to conceal his gasp.

LEMARCHAND

Princess.

ANGELIQUE

Toymaker.

A beat. Angelique looks meaningfully to her side, indicating Genevieve's presence.

LEMARCHAND

Thank you, Genevieve.

More eye-language as Genevieve leaves - hers showing anger at being asked to leave, his trying to imply apology.

Angelique watches the door close - and, as Lemarchand gathers up and turns over his drawings to keep them from her eyes, she quietly and secretly turns the key in the door to lock it.

ANGELIQUE

Forgive this unannounced visit.

LEMARCHAND

An honour. A pleasure. A... A...

Lemarchand is fumbling. He's afraid. What does this visit mean? Though it's daytime and Angelique is both polite and beautiful, his memory of last night is strong. Angelique moves further in, an amused smile on her lips.

ANGELIQUE

Do I make you nervous? How delightful.

LEMARCHAND

You took me by surprise. I was working.

ANGELIQUE

And what work you do, Phillip. May I call you Phillip? (he nods) And you must call me Angelique. (a beat) Say it...

(cont.)

She's moved very close to him now. She's almost whispering.

ANGELIQUE

(cont.) I want to watch your mouth make the shape of my name.

The light in the room seems to have DIMMED, to have coalesced around them, leaving the rest of the room LOST IN SHADOW. This isn't flirtation. This isn't seduction. This is hypnosis.

Lemarchand is almost dizzy, his fear forgotten.

LEMARCHAND

Angelique...

Her eyes fix on his lips as he says it. She's managed to make just the saying of a name an intimate, almost erotic, act.

ANGELIQUE

Good, Now we're friends. I much prefer to do business with friends.

LEMARCHAND

Business? Were you dissatisfied with the piece I made?

ANGELIQUE

I was delighted. Transformed. I want more, Phillip. And so do my masters. (off his look) Men and women of power. Ready to reward genius. Gold. Fame. The smiles of fair women...

LEMARCHAND

I have a wife.

ANGELIQUE

Oh. Is that who that was? Well. Whatever. My point is this; I can offer you a world which will appreciate a man of your skills.

LEMARCHAND

The Duke is rich, I know, but his influence is not so great.

ANGELIQUE

De L'Isle? (laughs) Forget him. An initial contact, that's all. When I say "Power", I mean real power. And when I say "Reward", I mean real rewards.

LEMARCHAND

Great rewards are usually accompanied by great risks.

ANGELIQUE

Your caution is justified. You will hear strange stories and see strange sights. But you are not in danger. You are my friend.

She raises her hand to stroke delicately at his face...

ANGELIQUE

Friends can share things, Phillip. Secret things. Things even wives needn't know.

Their eyes lock. He leans forward, as if to claim a kiss...

GENEVIEVE

(off)

Phillip? Phillip?

CLOSE on the other side of the locked door - and Genevieve playing with the handle, concerned.

Inside, the mood changes instantly. Angelique moves back briskly into the room - which is suddenly brightly-lit again, everything back to normal - and heads for the door.

Lemarchand, head still spinning, calls after her.

LEMARCHAND

Angelique...

She turns at the door, smiling, her hand on the key.

ANGELIQUE

Yes?

LEMARCHAND

Yes.

ANGELIQUE

We shall make great things and see great wonders, you and I. (a beat) Tonight. The Chateau. A masked ball. Come. Meet your patrons. Claim your future.

She unlocks the door and opens it, revealing Genevieve. For a beat, the two women star at each other. There's a whole conversation in their eyes. And one of it's polite.

Angelique exits, leaving Genevieve staring at her husband.

EXT. LEMARCHAND'S COTTAGE AFTERNOON (MOMENTS LATER)

As Angelique walks from the front door, she passes another figure heading to it. It is Auguste who, as the etiquette of the times demand, bows.

Angelique acknowledges the bow but both stare at each other curiously as if recognising in the other some kind of enmity and, as Auguste walks on to Lemarchand's front door, we CLOSE IN on Angelique's eyes drilling into his back full of a dark and threatening promise.

INT. LEMARCHAND'S WORKROOM AFTERNOON

Lemarchand is gathering up his new sketches, ripping them up and trashing them. Auguste's voice stops him before he reaches the finished design.

AUGUSTE  
What are you doing?

LEMARCHAND  
Coming to my senses. You were right. Fairy tales. Tricks of the light.

AUGUSTE  
Never enter politics, Phillip. Your skill at lying is particularly poor.

Auguste seats himself. He notices a BLACK FEATHER on the floor, looks briefly puzzled, and then looks at his friend.

AUGUSTE  
You had a visitor.

LEMARCHAND  
The Princess Angelique.

AUGUSTE  
Yes. I rather thought it must have been. (beat) Since we spoke, I have heard many whispers in town of the disappearance of eight gamblers.

LEMARCHAND  
And this is evidence of what? The Hell you don't believe in?

AUGUSTE  
I'm an atheist, not an idiot. Evil is real, whether it wears horns and shakes a trident or flutters its eyelashes and turns the heads of poor craftsmen.

LEMARCHAND  
Not poor for long. Tonight I go to the Chateau. To meet patrons and win fame.

AUGUSTE  
Good. (off Phillip's surprised look) The good man must know his enemy. Must look it in the face and understand it.

Auguste stands up and heads for the door.

AUGUSTE  
I shall meet you there tonight. And tomorrow we shall both meet the day with new evidence and new understanding.

He leaves. Lemarchand watches him and then looks to his workbench, staring at the cat's-cradle design.

EXT. WOODS NEAR PARIS                      LATE AFTERNOON.

Auguste walks through a deserted wood. The sunlight has a strange quality - pregnant with darkness, ready for twilight.

A large BLACK BIRD flies and lands on a high branch. It seems to be staring at August...

Auguste turns into a clearing and suddenly there is a WHOOSH of sound and a FLURRY of movement!

Auguste starts back with a gasp. The movement resolves into AN ACROBAT tumbling through the air in a cartwheel dive and landing upright, grinning madly, a foot in front of Auguste.

LAUGHTER and APPLAUSE draw Auguste's eyes forward:

Stretched between two trees is a painted-sheet backdrop. Before it, a TROUPE OF CLOWNS, the traditional figures of 18<sup>th</sup> century Commedia Dell'Arte: HARELQUIN, COLUMBINE, PIERROT, PULCINELLA, and THE SURGEON, with four ACROBATS. Their costumes are even more exaggerated and bizarre than normal and they all have strange half-smiles, as if they possess a secret knowledge. Or are close to the borders of sanity.

The Surgeon - a comically grotesque short man with tiny glittering eyes and an absurdly full beard - walks forward.

SURGEON

As the day is long, sir, an excellent surprise. And most welcome. (he bows to Auguste) You have stumbled, sir, upon Europe's finest comedians.

AUGUSTE

Comedians? Here?

On the branch, the Black Bird observes the action.

SURGEON

So it appears, sir, yes. And should we be elsewhere?

AUGUSTE

I have no idea. I, however, should be. I have a class to teach.

SURGEON

We too have an appointment, sir. But regrettably have eaten our map. (belches) Perhaps you could help. Are you a local man, sir?

The day is growing darker. And there's something increasingly unsettling about the silent unwavering smiles of the Clowns.

AUGUSTE

(nods)

I am Auguste de Marais, Philosopher.

SURGEON



Philosophy! A fine trade, and never to be confused with the training of frogs, which is - I speak from experience - a much overrated profession.

AUGUSTE

With respect, I have no time to discuss the relative virtues of men's careers. To where do you wish to be directed?

SURGEON

To the Chateau Du Reve, sir. We are to perform at a great masked ball.

AUGUSTE

You are but a mile away. Clear the wood and you shall see it.

SURGEON

(speaking with gratitude)

Your kindness must be rewarded, sir. Players! Prepare!

The Clowns draw two TRUMPETS and a BASS DRUM from a sack.

AUGUSTE

I thank you. But you must excuse me.

SURGEON

And leave you unsatisfied, sir? An unsatisfied audience is the saddest thing in the world, save a one-legged fish in a barrel of pork.

AUGUSTE

I assure you. There is no need.

SURGEON

But I insist.

Suddenly, from his coat, the Surgeon produces two gleaming BUTCHER'S KNIVES which he holds upright, one in each hand.

The Acrobat near Auguste does a back-flip and ends up behind the startled Philosopher, blocking his path.

SURGEON

A brief diversion in your busy day, sir. An entertainment entitled YOUR LAST SIGHT ON EARTH, and guaranteed to please.  
(to troupe) Music!

Pierrot and Pulcinella blow trumpets. An Acrobat pounds the drum. The music is piercing and discordant.

Another Acrobat somersaults swiftly to Auguste and, held tight by an Acrobat on each side, he is carried to the backdrop...

... where Harlequin and Columbine are in a pantomime argument. Harlequin, with angry looks and pointing fingers, is accusing. Columbine, with fervent eyes and imploring hands, is denying.

The acrobats bring Auguste on "stage". Columbine GASPS.  
Harlequin gestures at him accusingly.

Columbine, blushing prettily, can deny no longer. Staring at Auguste, her hands flutter over her heart and an exaggeratedly dreamy look fills her face. Yes, this is her secret lover.

AUGUSTE  
Enough! Let me go!!

Shocked, Columbine and Harlequin put their fingers to their lips. One of the acrobats stuffs a small red ball in August's mouth to keep him quiet.

The Black Bird keeps watching as the show continues.

Harlequin confers silently with the Surgeon, now on stage. The Surgeon, sympathetic, offers one of his knives. Harlequin looks at the knife, at Auguste, shakes his head. The Surgeon produces a duelling pistol from his pocket. Harlequin shakes his head. The Surgeon tries again and produces a lobster and some cheese. Harlequin gives him a look. The Surgeon has a bright idea. He points to the sheet backdrop. Harlequin nods excitedly and gestures to the two acrobats holding Auguste.

The Acrobats lift Auguste up into the air, his stifled CRIES OF DENIAL coming from behind the ball-gag.

A drum-roll and a flourish of a-tonal trumpets...

Harlequin and the Surgeon each grasp a side of the sheet...

The Acrobats swing Auguste through the air... once... twice...

The backdrop sheet is whipped away...

... revealing a HUGE MAW OF HELL! Denying physical reality, it stretches back into a dark infinity like an impossible tunnel opened between dimensions. Circular, ribbed, and pulsing, it resembles a GIANT OESOPHAGOUS. The mouth/entrance is a blur of terrifying activity - hundreds of long sharp objects rotate wildly like the blades of some VAST ORGANIC THRESHING MACHINE!

The Black Bird beats its wings and flies from the branch.

Auguste is hurled directly at the maw, muffled SCREAMS OF HORROR coming from his mouth, limbs twitching in protest!

The Troupe LAUGH and APPLAUD as we SMASH-CUT TO BLACK

EXT. LEMARCHAND'S COTTAGE NIGHT

The BLACKNESS resolves into a NIGHT SKY above the cottage.

INT. LEMARCHAND'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Lemarchand, eyes open, is lying with his arm around Genevieve, who is asleep. A beat, and he takes his arm away, slips quietly from the bed, and begins dressing in the semi-darkness.

He hasn't got far before Genevieve sits up in bed.

LEMARCHAND

I didn't want to wake you. I...

GENEVIEVE

(interrupting)

You're as automatic as one of your toys! She turns your key and you perform!

LEMARCHAND

You're being ridiculous. You refuse to see what this could mean for us.

GENEVIEVE

I know what she means for us!

LEMARCHAND

You'd have me turn my back on fortune because of some petty female jealousy!

GENEVIEVE

It isn't that! It isn't just that. It's that place. Those people.

LEMARCHAND

"Those people" are going to give me...

GENEVIEVE

A son?! Because that's what I'm going to give you, Phillip! A son.

A beat. He stares at her, anger replaced by incredulous happiness. He clambers on the bed to fling his arms round his wife, who is somewhere between laughter and tears at the strength of his reaction.

LEMARCHAND

This is wonderful. Are you sure? (off her happy nod) All the more reason I must go.

He kisses her forehead and leaves the bed again.

GENEVIEVE

No! You belong here! With me. With us.

LEMARCHAND

We belong together. But not here. My son will be born in a palace! Built by the fortune I go to claim tonight.

He flings the bedroom door open and is gone. Genevieve stares at the closed door, distraught.

GENEVIEVE  
No. No!

EXT. THE CHATEAU DE REVE NIGHT

The Chateau sits atop its hilled gardens, framed by a night sky where heavy grey clouds gather oppressively, presaging thunder.

In the distance, still peddling his wares, the Derelict.

INT. CHATEAU DU REVE, BALLROOM NIGHT

Lemarchand enters the Ballroom, a space of smoke and laughter and the chink of wine-glasses. MUSICIANS play. Jacques serves drinks. There are sixteen guests, eight men, eight women. All are elaborately MASKED but the eight men seem familiar - they are the GAMBLERS.

Lemarchand, startled by the grotesque masks and drunken laughter, moves through the ballroom, looking for Angelique.

He sees movement through a connecting door and walks through...

INT. CHATEAU DU REVE, ANTE-ROOM NIGHT (CONT.)

... into a very dimly-lit room with very little furniture. On a small table is the Box, a few candles burning around it. A circular rug sits in the centre of the floor.

Angelique's there, holding a thin wand connected to a bird-mask in front of her face. Her mask and costume are black and featured, reminding us of the bird that watched Auguste die.

Lemarchand bows courteously. She places her hand on his arm and moves in very close to him.

ANGELIQUE  
I knew you'd come. You're a brave man, Phillip.

LEMARCHAND  
Not so brave. It would be a foolish man who ignored the promise of success.

ANGELIQUE  
Then the world is full of fools.

LEMARCHAND  
Or empty of promise.

ANGELIQUE

No. The promise is everywhere. Success is limited only by desire. The wise man sees that. The brave man acts on it.

LEMARCHAND

Then so far I may have been wise. But not yet brave.

Angelique tilts her beautiful head and pulls aside the mask.

ANGELIQUE

Be brave...

She's irresistible. Their mouths meet in a deep slow kiss...

Suddenly, THREE GUESTS in a drunken gavotte spill in from the ballroom, nearly colliding into them. One of them spies Angelique's face. We recognise the voice behind the mask.

CORBUSIER

Ah! Our Lady of the Labyrinth!

Swept into formation, she's spun out of the room. Lemarchand, dizzy from the kiss, is startled by a VOICE from the shadows.

DE L'ISLE

(off)

What did she taste of, toymaker?

De L'Isle walks forward, turning up the wick on an oil-lamp he carries to show himself more clearly. Unlike his guests, he is unmasked - though his face is twisted in suppressed rage.

LEMARCHAND

My apologies, your excellency. I thought we were alone.

DE L'ISLE

Tasted sweet, didn't she? Vanilla. To hide the stench of death. Come here.

Waving the oil-lamp, he beckons Lemarchand to the middle of the room. He angles the light down toward the floor...

... and yanks away the circular rug, revealing a large painted pattern on the wooden slates - a five-pointed star within a circle. A Pentagram.

DE L'ISLE

That's what your Box is designed to replace. That and a few words of Old Latin. Such outmoded medieval methods.

LEMARCHAND

Methods of what?

DE L'ISLE

(sneers)

You really don't know what you've gotten yourself into, do you? (a beat) Methods of summoning creatures from Hell.

He lifts the light to their faces - his amused, Lemarchand's appalled.

INT. LEMARCHAND'S WORKROOM                      NIGHT

The camera roams, moving to the workbench - where we see again the cat's-cradle design - and round to reveal Genevieve. As she scans the room, looking at Phillip's designs and sketches, she is putting on a cloak. Her face is set in a determined mask. She's going to fetch her husband back.

INT. CHATEAU DU REVE, ANTE-ROOM                      NIGHT

The lamp is on the floor. De L'Isle has picked up the Box and is bouncing it in his hand as he walks towards Lemarchand, who backs away, both describing a circle around the Pentagram.

DE L'ISLE

I introduced her to your skill. Little did I know that your science was to replace my magic.

LEMARCHAND

You misunderstand. The Princess has offered me more work, that's all.

DE L'ISLE

There'd be no end of work, toymaker, no end of work. They're full of ideas. Always have been. But they needed a human genius to make their ideas manifest. How they must have longed for History to deliver them one such as you.

Face creased with anger, he hurls the Box at Lemarchand's face. Lemarchand blocks it, catches it, and looks up to see that De L'Isle has drawn a long and lethal dagger from his belt.

DE L'ISLE

But I'm not ready to retire. (gestures to the Pentagram)  
That's where I summoned her. That's where I'll send her back... Once I've killed you!

He lunges viciously. Lemarchand throws himself back, avoiding the knife but losing his footing and falling to the floor.

De L'Isle moves sin, towering menacingly above Lemarchand...

... and is suddenly seized from behind by Angelique, whose face is contorted in cold fury. She grasps the knife hand and SNAPS HIS WRIST easily!

De L'Isle cries out in pain and cringes visibly, backing away as Angelique advances on him.

ANGELIQUE

A true magician never forgets the rules. A summoned demon is yours to command forever - unless you stand in hell's way. Hell needs this man. And I no longer need you...

She grasps De L'Isle by the throat and hoists him impossibly high with one hand...

... and effortlessly flings him more than thirty feet to SMASH through a glass window at the far end of the room!

Almost as an afterthought, she clicks her fingers...

... and magically, the huge curtains gathered up to each side of the window unfurl and close over the shattered glass.

Lemarchand rises to his feet as she moves toward him.

ANGELIQUE

Dancing with another. Do you toy with my jealousy, Phillip?  
(laughs)

Lemarchand isn't laughing. He backs away from her... and into the painted pattern of the Pentagram.

Angelique freezes on the edge of the pattern. It's clear she can't - or won't - enter. She smiles beguilingly and holds her arms out to Lemarchand.

ANGELIQUE

I confess, sir, your kiss has confirmed the promise of your eyes. I burn for you, my love. Come to me.

LEMARCHAND

(flat and final)  
I think not, Madame.

Instantly, the siren-side of Angelique disappears. She drops her arms and her smile and is all business.

ANGELIQUE

Well. To commerce. You have a talent. I have a fortune. State your terms.

LEMARCHAND

I think not, Madame.

Angelique's face clouds with cold fury.

ANGELIQUE

Think again, Sir.

Lemarchand's silence is eloquent.

ANGELIQUE

Neither pleasure nor fortune persuades you? Then we must try something else.

She clicks her fingers as she did before.

Instantly, the closed curtains fly open with a flourish like the curtains of a theatre...

... and they don't give on to a shattered window but to an IMPOSSIBLY LONG CORRIDOR disappearing into a dark distance. And from it into the room comes the Troupe of Clowns. Two Acrobats blow discordant trumpets and two more beat bass drums.

Lemarchand stares in shock and fear as the Clowns produce their knives and smile their maniac smiles.

Suddenly, one of the Acrobats frees his Bass Drum and rolls it swiftly at Lemarchand. It hits his feet, falls to its side...

... and reveals that it's made of HUMAN SKIN - and, in the middle, still hideously recognisable, are the STRETCHED AND TORTURED FEATURES OF AUGUSTE!

Lemarchand staggers back - and out of the Pentagram!

Angelique steps in front of him, her face creased in a sadistic grin, as the Clowns spread out into the room behind her.

Lemarchand's eyes dart everywhere - judging distances.

ANGELIQUE

And what do you think now, sir?

LEMARCHAND

I thank God my poor dead friend guided my hand to better work this morning!

ANGELIQUE

What do you mean?

As he answers, Angelique's face clouds in fury and suspicion.

LEMARCHAND

I mean that everything made may be unmade. That everything open may be closed.

And suddenly he makes his break, running madly for the door to the Ballroom before any of the Clowns can reach him.

But, to the sound of Angelique's demonic LAUGHTER, the door opens from the far side and the eight masked gamblers rush in!

Lemarchand stops and stares at the gamblers...

... as they rip the masks from their faces, revealing the GROTESQUE PALLOR and HIDEOUS SCARS of their dead faces.



ANGELIQUE

As promised, gentlemen. A new game!

The faces of the ZOMBIE GAMBLERS break into cruel and hungry grins as they advance toward Lemarchand.

EXT. THE CHATEAU DU REVE, NIGHT

Genevieve, moving through the gardens in the moonlit darkness, is pressing her way through a thicket.

We are CLOSE on her face... on her hands... on her foot...

... as a HAND suddenly shoots from the undergrowth and grabs her ankle!

Genevieve SCREAMS and jerks herself free, running furiously up the path towards the front door.

Behind her, dragging himself from the undergrowth, we see De L'Isle, badly cut and bruised.

At the front door, Genevieve pounds on it and gets no response. Trying the handle, she finds it's unlocked and lets herself in.

INT. CHATEAU DU REVE, HALLWAY NIGHT (CONT.)

Genevieve pauses in the unlit hallway, unsure of where to go. She sees a faint light coming from a room in the distance.

INT. CHATEAU DU REVE, ANTE-ROOM NIGHT

Genevieve creeps into the room, still lit by the oil-lamp and apparently empty except for a bundle of rags on the floor... which suddenly murmurs her name.

TORTURED VOICE  
Genevieve...

With a cry, Genevieve moves nearer to the shape on the floor. It is Lemarchand, horribly wounded and very close to death.

GENEVIEVE  
No! No! Phillip!

Genevieve falls to her knees, cradling her poor husband's head in her arms. Panic crosses what's left of Lemarchand's face. He presses the Box into her hands.

LEMARCHAND  
Genevieve! Get out! Save yourself! Save the child...

ANGELIQUE  
(off)

Child?

Suddenly, Angelique and the Gamblers are in the room! Delvaux and Corbusier grab Genevieve and drag her to her feet.

Despair crosses Lemarchand's face and he finally dies.

GENEVIEVE  
Phillip!! (sobs)

Angelique moves to Genevieve, sadistic triumph on her face.

GENEVIEVE  
What kind of monster are you?!

ANGELIQUE  
The careful kind. Phillip Lemarchand can have no child. His  
bloodline must die with him lest his genius be reborn and  
turned against us.

GENEVIEVE  
No! You can't!

ANGELIQUE  
Believe me, I can.

Fingers bent into claws, she moves toward Genevieve...

Suddenly De L'Isle hurtles into frame, seizing Angelique!

With the advantage of surprise and momentum, he propels both  
himself and the Princess into the Pentagram where, before any  
of the Gamblers can react, he shouts out a Latin revocation.

DE L'ISLE  
Exeunt Omnia Malefica!

All the Gamblers devolve instantly into HUMAN-SHAPED TOWERS OF  
WORMS, each a mass of pink and brown writhing shapes which  
drop to the floor, where their wriggings are overtaken by a  
collective transformation into LUMPS OF PRIMAL OOZE...

... which, in turn, become PILES OF DRY DUST which, seized by  
supernatural wind, are swept away into nothingness.

Simultaneously, Angelique SCREAMS... and EXPANDS, her body  
MORPHING impossibly into a huge mass of DEMONIC EYES and  
SCREAMING DEMONIC MOUTHS - an even more nightmarish version of  
the revelation she gave the gamblers the previous night!

There is a BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT...

And suddenly, Genevieve is completely alone in the room.

Still holding her husband's Box and completely freaked out by  
all she has seen, she turns and flees.

EXT. CHATEAU DE REVE                      NIGHT

As Genevieve turns into the street, she is startled by the Derelict. He goes into his usual rap.

DERELICT

Wonders, Madam? Spices of the orient? Perfumes from far  
Cathay?

Genevieve looks at him. She looks at the Box in her hand. She looks at the Chateau and its memories of evil. She hands the Box to the startled and delighted Derelict and leaves.

INT. CHATEAU DU REVE, ANTE-ROOM                      NIGHT

SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS: A hand lights many candles. The Pentagram is sprinkled with salt. An ancient-looking book is opened to a page of Latin manuscript.

Latin words are intoned monosyllabically.

And there is a burst of light...

... and Angelique is back within the Pentagram. She looks startled, glancing round the room, confused.

Jacques, the apprentice, is standing outside the pentagram. It is he who has staged the ritual.

JACQUES

Welcome, Princess.

ANGELIQUE

You? You summoned me?

JACQUES

And he who summons the magic, commands the magic. You belong to me. Forever.

Angelique's face falls. Have her great ambitions come to this?

JACQUES

And I will never make De L'Isle's mistake, Princess. Count on that.

He begins to laugh as he draws her from the Pentagram and strokes her face in proprietary lust.

EXT. THE ATLANTIC OCEAN                      DAY

A large wood-built sailing ship heads west.

Super-imposed: THE CLIPPER "LIBERTE", EN ROUTE TO NEW YORK.

INT. "LIBERTE", SMALL CABIN DAY

The very pregnant Genevieve sit sin her tiny cabin. She is reading intently in a small leather-bound volume. On the cover are the words *Le Journal de Phillip Lemarchand*. We see the concentration on her face and the scrawled and detailed handwriting that fills the volume's pages.

The room contains suitcases, trunks, one of Lemarchand's creations (perhaps the monkey-musician) ... and a large document stretched out on the cabin's tiny table.

It's the cat's-cradle design. We TRACK IN to an EXTREME CLOSE UP, closer and closer until the BLACKNESS of a single ink line FILLS THE SCREEN...

INT. BLACKNESS/DREAM-SPACE

... and suddenly the BLACKNESS is replaced by a RAPID MONTAGE OF IMAGES.

At first, the images are familiar - it's like a fast-forward through the story we've just seen: The Box, Nightmare Clowns, Zombie Gamblers, Angelique's face, etc. Then others are added to the mix -

- a half-glimpsed CENOBITE BEAST, terrifying but shadowed.
- a GRANDMOTHER (vaguely familiar - like Genevieve at 75) looking down as if speaking to a child's POV.

GRANDMOTHER

You're the one, Johnny. You're the one they've been waiting for...

- Elevator doors clanging together and a VOID behind them.

The images flick back and forth, faster and faster, achieving a nightmare crescendo, until suddenly the BLACKNESS is back and we hear a MALE VOICE SCREAMING...

INT. MERCHANT'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM NIGHT

... and we TRACK OUT of the SCREAMING MOUTH of JOHN MERCHANT.

It's 4 a.m. and John blinks his nightmare away as his wife, BOBBI, clicks on a bedside light to reveal a modern-day apartment bedroom.

BOBBI

Honey? You okay? Another dream?

JOHN

Yeah. Another dream. Or the same one.

Bobbi is an attractive mid-20's woman. John is... very familiar looking. In fact, apart from the 20<sup>th</sup> century haircut, he's a dead ringer for Phillip Lemarchand.

Suddenly, the sound of more screams. Not John this time.

JOHN

Oh shit. I woke Jack. Again.

Bobbi's already out of bed. John gets up and follows her through to...

INT. MERCHANT'S APARTMENT, JACK'S ROOM (CONT.)

... the bedroom of JACK, their seven-year-old, who, woken and disturbed by his father's screams, is sitting on his bed.

Bobbi and John rush over to him, Bobbi comforting him with an embrace while John looks apologetically distressed.

BOBBI

There, there, sweetie. It's okay.

JOHN

I'm sorry, partner. Don't be scared. Just Daddy having bad dreams again.

BOBBI

And dreams can't hurt you, darling.

JOHN

They can't hurt anybody.

Bobbi has got Jack back beneath the covers. He's already sleepy again but he looks up at his father.

JACK

Not even you, daddy?

JOHN

No. No, not even me.

Jack's eyes close as Bobbi strokes his brow. He seems comforted by his father's assurance but, as Bobbi and John find each other's worried eyes, we see that they are less sure than their words imply.

EXT. CHATEAU DU REVE DAY

The Chateau looks identical to when we last saw it - except that it now stands in 20th Century surroundings.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHATEAU DU REVE, ANTE-ROOM DAY

The ante-room is now decorated as a modern-day living room. Jacques and Angelique are there. Angelique, unchanged by the centuries, is as beautiful as ever.

Jacques, too, looks the same but there is a terrible corrupt decadence in his eyes. He is sitting at a table messily finishing a greasy meal. Angelique watches in disgust.

ANGELIQUE

Do you know what I loathe about you most?

JACQUES

(between mouthfuls)

"Do you know what I loathe about you most, master?"

ANGELIQUE

Master. It's your lack of ambition. Have you sought power? Influence? Fame? No. You...

Jacques has a last swallow, belches, and interrupts.

JACQUES

Shut up.

Angelique falls silent.

JACQUES

Do the dishes.

Angelique waves a hand. The grease-stained plates and cups are suddenly sparkling-clean and neatly stacked on the table.

JACQUES

(putting a cigarette in his mouth)

Light me.

Another wave. The cigarette tip glows magically into life. Jacques takes a deep satisfying drag and looks at her.

JACQUES

Goo. Now get down on your hands and knees and ask me to hurt you. And ask nicely.

Angelique's enraged eyes don't stop her body from doing as it's told. Jacques smiles cruelly as he crosses toward her...

INT. MERCHANT'S APARTMENT                      DAY

Bobbi and John sit at the breakfast table. Bobbi throws a glance to check Jack is sufficiently engrossed in his toys over at the far end of the room and then turns to John.

BOBBI

You look terrible.

JOHN

(smiling)  
Love you, too.

BOBBI  
I'm worried. You should see someone.

JOHN  
You know I've had them all my life.

BOBBI  
As often? As bad? (John shakes his head) It's your goddam  
grandmother.

JOHN  
She was a wonderful woman.

BOBBI  
She was a weird woman. All those stories. How important your  
family is. How important you are. She put stuff in your mind,  
John.

JOHN  
Not all of it. There's stuff there that feels like...  
memories. Impossible memories. And they don't just haunt my  
dreams. They haunt my work. Everything I've done...  
He trails off, as if it's impossible to explain.

BOBBI  
I don't want you haunted. I don't want you hurt.

JOHN  
It's not that. It's stress. This Award Banquet tonight. I hate  
shit like that.

BOBBI  
(smiling proudly)  
Then you shouldn't be so good.

JOHN  
I'm not. I'm not even sure I deserve the award.

BOBBI  
Right. That's why of all the buildings in the country, yours  
was voted the best.

Bobbi picks up a magazine from the table and throws it to him.

JOHN  
Hey, I didn't say I wasn't better than everyone else. I just  
said I could be better. I could've made it perfect.

CLOSE on John as he picks up the magazine and we CUT TO...

INT. CHATAEU DU REVE, ANTE-ROOM                      DAY

... CLOSE on a magazine cover with a photo of John in the lobby of a building. We saw the lobby at the end of Hellraiser III. The massive murals that cover the walls are all based on the Lament Configuration. Cover-copy over the photo reads *La Nouvelle Décor Americain: John Merchant et su Chef de l'Oeuvre*.

PULL BACK to reveal Angelique holding the magazine. She is staring, stunned, at John and the lobby. Her fingers trace over the cover.

ANGELIQUE  
(to herself)

At last. A purpose. A reason...

Her reverie is interrupted by the sound of Jacques' entrance. She lays the magazine down and looks across at him.

ANGELIQUE  
I'm restless. And you're bored. Why don't we take a trip?

JACQUES  
We took a trip. India.

ANGELIQUE  
That was in 1949! I think we should see America.

JACQUES  
Screw America. All they want to talk about is how they won the war for us.

ANGELIQUE  
Then I would like your permission to go by myself.

JACQUES  
No.

ANGELIQUE  
Short and to the point. Is that your final word?

JACQUES  
Yes.

ANGELIQUE  
Good.

There's something in how she said that that gets Jacques' attention. He looks at her searchingly.

ANGELIQUE  
You remember De L'Isles's mistake? The one you said you'd never make?

A smile is blooming on Angelique's face. Jacques' jaw drops. His eyes flick nervously from side to side.



ANGELIQUE

You seem tense. In need of relaxation. Why not ask me to do something vile and degrading? That usually works.

Jacques' fear grows.

JACQUES

Angelique... I... please...

ANGELIQUE

You're blubbering like a little boy, Master. (pause) Act your age.

And he does. With a snap of her fingers, Jacques suddenly BEGINS TO AGE - a second for every year he has lived. Within moments, he is a wrinkled, toothless, rheumy-eyed old man.

JACQUES

No! No, please! It hurts!!

ANGELIQUE

A summoned demon is yours to command forever. Unless you stand in Hell's way. Hell's game is afoot in America. I'd send you a post-card, but...

The process continues. Jacques is impossibly ancient - 150 years old, 180, 200...

JACQUES

Aaargh!!!!

ANGELIQUE

... you won't be around to read it.

For a second, the 230-year old Jacques stands staring in horror at Angelique, and then finally collapses, crumbling to the floor like a long-dead corpse!

EXT. THE BUILDING      NIGHT

An office-building framed against the sky. A line of Limos deposits smartly-dressed people beside the forecourt.

From OFF, the sound of APPLAUSE...

TIME-DISSOLVE

INT. THE BUILDING, LOBBY      NIGHT

The lobby - dominated by its magnificent Box-like murals - is set up for the awards banquet. Many dining tables fill the centre of the space before a raiser platform on which stands a lectern with a microphone and a computer console.

The invited guests are finishing coffee and are applauding as John approaches the lectern.

John looks around at the sea of faces. He's nervous. Not a public man. He clears his throat and leans to the mike.

JOHN

Erm... well... thanks.

Nervous laugh from John. Supportive laughs from the audience.

JOHN

I've always thought the applause of your peers is the best kind of applause so I'm particularly touched by your response and by the award. I think that... Well, when I... What I'm trying to say... Ah, if I'd been any good with words I would've written books. I make things. And you're sitting in the middle of something I made. So I'll let it do my talking, if that's okay.

John turns to the console on the lectern and keys something in.

Members of the audience look puzzled. They glance at each other. They glance at John. They glance at the walls of the lobby. A sense of embarrassment is growing...

... replaced by a sense of awe: Cued by a very quiet engine-like noise, the audience turns to look at the back wall. Framed high in the centre of an otherwise blank wall is a large square-shaped Box-like design - which begins to move! By some clever trick of engineering, the design within changes constantly. It's almost like they're looking at an animated film image, except the design is physically moving.

Gasps and cries of delight burst from the audience and a huge wave of appreciative applause fills the lobby.

JOHN

See, the building was ready for occupancy before this was finished.

John's voice fills the hall but people aren't listening to him. They're lost in the splendour of his creation.

JOHN

I felt kind of fraudulent taking this award because... because...

John is blinking, losing his train of thought. Something's the matter. We see the lobby from his POV -

- It's too dazzling, too impressive. Lights, bouncing off the moving panel, glitter and reflect off the metallic surfaces of the other murals. They refract and reflect in an almost blinding coruscation of light. The sounds in the room take on an ARTIFICIAL ECHO, laughter and applause reverberating like in a bad acid-trip.

John stumbles for his words, bemused and bedazzled.

JOHN

See, it's still not finished... not perfect... there was...  
I...

John, blinking and twitching, glances round the room through his distorted perspective. He's trying to find something to anchor on, something to stop the confusion of sight and sound.

ANGLE ON Bobbi and Jack in the audience. Bobbi's looking concerned at the podium. It's clear John can't see her.

BOBBI

(to Jack)  
C'mon, honey.

She helps Jack to his feet and begins to lead him away.

JACK

Aren't wee waiting for daddy?

BOBBI

We're getting the car, sweetheart. Daddy wants to leave.

ANGLE ON John, still confused and disoriented. He puts a hand to his forehead to shield his eyes. What's happening to him?

Suddenly, his eyes lock on a face in the crowd - a face that, unlike every other in the room, is staring directly at him.

It's Angelique.

John stares at this beguiling, smiling woman in confusion. Who is she? Where does he know her from?

Angelique's mysterious knowing stare doesn't falter. Finally, John looks away to mumble into the mike.

JOHN

Er... so, thanks. Thanks...

He steps off the platform, head spinning, and walks rapidly away toward the exit door.

EXT. THE BUILDING      NIGHT

John staggers out onto the deserted forecourt and moves to the edge of the sidewalk, turning his head up to the night to gulp in some air and get himself steady.

Angelique exits through the revolving doors. She's many yards behind John and unseen by him. She spots John and, face set in threatening determination, heads rapidly towards him...

Suddenly, a uniformed VALET-PARKER steps right in her path.

VALET

Ma'am - Do you have your... ?

Angelique's concentration is broken for a second. She stares angrily at the Valet and pushes him aside.

VALET

Hey...

Angelique looks back to where John was...

... only to see him disappearing into the back of a Limo.

Snarling in frustration, Angelique watches the Limo pull away.

TIME-DISSOLVE

INT. THE BUILDING, LOBBY NIGHT

It's later. The lobby is all but deserted. UNIFORMED HELP stack tables and chairs. Three or four STRAGGLING GUESTS hover near the door ready to leave.

One guest, SHARPE, a 40 year old man, glances round the lobby. A figure in the shadows at the far end catches his eye.

It's Angelique. She fixes Sharpe's gaze with a look at once challenging and inviting.

Sharpe looks to right and left. Nobody is paying any attention to either him or this beautiful stranger. With a small maybe-I-just-got-lucky smile, he makes his way across the lobby.

CROSS-FADE TO

INT. SERVICE STAIRWELL NIGHT

Angelique leads Sharpe down a dimly-lit stairwell towards the basements of the building.

SHARPE

At least tell me your name.

ANGELIQUE

Do we really need to know each other's names?

SHARPE

A mystery woman, eh?

ANGELIQUE

Aren't you excited by mystery?

SHARPE

Oh yeah. You bet.

They've reached a door at the bottom of the stairwell. Sharpe reaches for Angelique. She pulls away, gesturing at the door.

ANGELIQUE  
In here.

SHARPE  
(opening the door)  
You seem pretty familiar with this place.

They walk through the door...

INT. THE BUILDING, BASEMENT - CONT.

... into the basement of the building.

ANGELIQUE  
No. I'm just following my instincts.

SHARPE  
Me too.

Angelique doesn't mean quite what he thinks; she's glancing round like a hound on the scent. Unerringly, she heads for a large bare concrete pillar at the corner of the basement. She lays her hand on it, barely-concealed excitement on her face.

ANGELIQUE  
Do you like games?

SHARPE  
(can't believe his luck)  
You're a dream.

ANGELIQUE  
Almost. Close your eyes. Trust me.

Sharpe closes his eyes. Angelique presses her hand against the pillar and PUSHES THROUGH THE SOLID CONCRETE, the stone crumbling into grey dust around her probing hand!

ANGLE ON SHARPE, eyes still closed.

SHARPE  
Can I look now?

ANGELIQUE  
You can look now.

Sharpe opens his eyes.

Angelique is holding her hand out to him. Resting in her palm is the Box.

ANGELIQUE

Time to play another game.

INT. MERCHANT'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM      NIGHT

John lies asleep with Bobbi, who is propped up looking at him with a concerned expression.

John's faces twitches slightly and his eyes move in REM.  
Camera TRACKS into his face and DISSOLVES TO...

INT. LIVING ROOM, MID-1960'S      (JOHN'S DREAM-MEMORY)

A seven-year old boy (JOHN) sits on the floor, sketching and cartooning on myriad pieces of paper.

Leaving a group of OTHER ADULTS, the Grandmother from the earlier dream walks over to him. She looks at his drawings and GASPS. They are all childish and untutored renditions of Box designs and Cat's-Cradle designs.

CLOSE on Grandma's face, as from a child's POV.

GRANDMOTHER

You're the one, Johnny. The one they've been waiting for.

Suddenly, interrupting the dream like a startling and subconscious editing device, there is a DAZZLING BURTH OF LIGHT like the dizzying lights of the lobby.

When we return, it is clearly another time. The room is sombre. The CHILD'S POV CAMERA moves through many black-clad adults to reach...

... a coffin, laid out in the living room as in the European tradition of family wakes. John's grandmother, dead, is in it. The POV peers into the coffin at her.

7 YEAR OLD JOHN

(off)

Grandma... You said you'd tell me. You said you'd explain...

Again, the DAZZLING LIGHTS jolts us - and we SMASH-CUT TO:

INT. MERCHANT'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM      NIGHT

John's eyes jerk open in panic. Before he can scream or cry out, Bobbi is there - stroking his brow, kissing his face, holding him.

BOBBI

Honey, I'm here. I'm here. It's okay.

JOHN

(half-whispered)

Is it?

He moves into Bobbi's safe and comforting embrace, but his words seem to echo in the room.

INT. THE BUILDING, BASEMENT            NIGHT

Sharpe is sitting cross-legged on the floor, working the Box with intense concentration.

Angelique is behind him, rubbing his shoulders in encouragement.

ANGELIQUE

I have such sights to show you. Mysteries. Wonders...

The Box suddenly flies from Sharpe's hands and he watches in surprise as it completes its movements.

SHARPE

Now?

ANGELIQUE

Now.

Angelique straightens up and stands back...

WHOOOSH! The chains fly from the Box and rip into Sharpe's flesh as he SCREAMS in agony.

The basement is suddenly flooded in supernatural blue light and a space opens ahead of them, a shadowed space seeming to give onto vast regions beyond...

Emerging from the shadows comes PINHEAD, the Black Pope of HELLRAISER I, II & III, back-lit, stately, but terrifying.

And he's not alone. SOMETHING prowls in the shadows behind Pinhead, pacing back and forth like a caged predator. Something big, vicious, and hungry. We can't see it clearly yet (and won't for another few scenes) but its barely glimpsed presence is horrifying enough.

SHARPE

No! No!!! What's happening?!!

Sharpe, wounded and bleeding, staggers to his feet, the chains from the Box ripping clear of his flesh. Does this mean he's going to get away?

No. Another chain flies from the shadows beyond, anchors itself viciously into Sharpe's neck, yanks him off his feet, and pulls him rapidly into the shadows.

His SCREAM mingles with the ROARS of the thing in the shadows...

... and then both are cut off abruptly as the space is resealed, leaving Pinhead alone with Angelique.

For a beat, they regard each other. Angelique looks both surprised and disappointed at the sight of Pinhead.

ANGELIQUE

Things seem to have changed. I was expecting my Clowns.

PINHEAD

Hell is more ordered since your time, Princess. And much less amusing.

His tone carries a hint of disapproval at this figure from Hell's past. It's already clear that these two aren't going to like each other.

ANGELIQUE

I'm in favour of efficiency, Demon. But I can't abide dullness.

Pinhead looks around the pretty dull basement space.

PINHEAD

Then why are we here?

ANGELIQUE

Come with me.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BUILDING, LOBBY NIGHT

Angelique and Pinhead are in the deserted lobby. Pinhead looks at the Box-like murals and then focusses on the back wall with its moving panel.

PINHEAD

The Box did this?

ANGELIQUE

A man did this - but the Box called him. Called to his blood.

Pinhead is hardly listening, lost in the movements of the panels as if waiting for something...

ANGELIQUE

His ancestor made the Box. And would have unmade all of us. I killed him...

The panel moves into a new pattern. Pinhead stares, excited...

ANGELIQUE

... but failed to kill his offspring. Now I fear his genius is reborn.



... as, for a brief moment, BLUE LIGHT crackles over the panel - and then disappears as the pattern moves on.

Pinhead looks at Angelique contemptuously.

PINHEAD

You've been away too long, Princess. Fear is for humans.

ANGELIQUE

Merchant must die before he proves you wrong.

PINHEAD

He'll die. But not yet. Imagine that panel frozen in the position of a moment ago. This isn't a room - it's a holocaust waiting to wake itself.

Angelique looks round the lobby.

ANGELIQUE

A Lament Configuration? On this scale?

PINHEAD

A vast and permanent gateway to the fields of human flesh.

ANGELIQUE

Using Merchant is playing with fire.

Pinhead raises an eyebrow.

PINHEAD

How entirely appropriate.

EXT. MERCHANT'S DESIGN STUDIO DAY

An old warehouse district yuppified into a design area. One of the buildings house John's design studio.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MERCHANT'S STUDIO DAY (CONT.)

A big open-plan loft-space with partitioned offices, the biggest of which is John's own.

Framed drawings, designs, and photographs cover the walls showing buildings and spaces John has worked on in the past as well as projects in development.

A thematic motif runs through every piece of work. In one way or another and to a greater or lesser extent, each design shows an influence from either the Lament Configuration or from Lemarchand's cat''-cradle design for the Box'' opposite. It's as if John's gene-pool were speaking through his unconscious.

Framed on a wall in John's office is Lemarchand's design itself, the original document brought to America by Genevieve.

John is standing with his back to his door as AN ASSISTANT shows in a visitor and leaves.

JOHN

(turning)

Take a seat, I'll be...

He stops, stunned, as he finds himself looking at Angelique. She holds his gaze. For a beat, it's almost as if he's in a trance-like state. His voice is small and confused.

JOHN

I... I know you...

Angelique crosses to him and holds out her hand. He shakes it, blinking himself back into something approaching normality.

ANGELIQUE

You've no idea what a pleasure it is to meet you. Again.

JOHN

You were there. Last night.

Angelique walks around the office, looking at the designs.

ANGELIQUE

Oh yes. This is all very good. You're the one we've been waiting for.

John reacts to this echo of the phrase we've heard his Grandmother say in dreams.

JOHN

Who are you?

ANGELIQUE

A friend, I hope. A client, I'm sure.

John stares at her as she reaches the framed cat's-cradle design. For an all-but-subliminal FLASH, she looks different - her hair and makeup more like her 18<sup>th</sup> Century self.

Angelique takes a quick breath at the sight of the design as if there's something disturbing or dangerous about it.

ANGELIQUE

This is yours?

JOHN

No. It's been in the family for centuries. I'm... working on something based on it. I...

ANGELIQUE

May I see it?

JOHN  
Nobody's seen it.

ANGELIQUE  
Then let me be the first. It'll be our secret.

John - under the same kind of hypnotic sway his ancestor once was with this women - clicks on the computer on his desk and a 3-D SIMULATION comes onto the monitor.

It looks like an art-installation in a gallery space. The six faces of the Box are set at various angles.

JOHN  
Something I wanted to do with mirrors and lasers...

Angelique stares fascinated at the screen.

John stares fascinated at Angelique. Again, a FLASH or a BLURRING of this reality and the past. Very brief.

On the screen, BEAMS OF LIGHT suddenly burst from the six faces, echoing the lines drawn from the faces in the original design. The beams meet, merge and reflect in the centre of the simulated space, coalescing into a beautiful LIGHT-SCULPTURE - which is a luminous 3-D echo of the cat's cradle.

The beams from the six faces blink off, leaving the luminescent cat's cradle hovering in the middle of the simulated room.

Angelique stares at it, fascinated and horrified.

JOHN  
See, in theory it's possible. Perpetual light. Trapped light feeding off its own reflections.

He clicks the monitor off.

JOHN  
But I could never make it work. I'd get a few seconds, then it'd blink out.

Angelique, visibly relieved at the disappearance of the image, walks away from the desk into the room.

ANGELIQUE  
Sometimes a few seconds are more than enough, toymaker.

JOHN  
What did you call me? Who are you?

ANGELIQUE  
You think you don't remember. But your blood knows. Let it remind you.

And suddenly the image in front of John TRANSFORMS. Angelique remains precisely where she is but she is dressed in the style of the 18<sup>th</sup> century and the room around her is not John's office but the ante-chamber of the Chateau Du Reve.

John blinks and the image dissolves back to the present.

JOHN  
(almost unconsciously)  
Angelique...

Angelique gives a delighted laugh. She smiles beguilingly.

ANGELIQUE  
You know me from dreams, John Merchant. John Lemarchand. We have a history together. We have a destiny together.

Angelique's manner is as hypnotically seductive as it was with Phillip centuries before, the room's lights fading around her. John has to fight a spinning head to answer.

JOHN  
I don't believe in destiny.

ANGELIQUE  
You think your work on the building was an accident? It called to you, John.

She crosses the room to him, her beautiful eyes never leaving his face. She strokes his cheek.

ANGELIQUE  
We have great work to do. I shall be in touch.

She turns and leaves, John staring after her incredulous and fascinated.

EXT. THE BUILDING            EVENING

The building framed against a twilight sky.

INT. THE BUILDING, TOP-FLOOR CORRIDOR            EVENING

An elevator door at the far end opens and VALERIE DYSON, a uniformed Security Officer, exits and walks up the corridor. She's about 40 and is speaking into a cell-phone.

VALERIE  
I know, honey. Homework's always sucked. And I am helping. See, you do the work and get the grades. And I walk round empty buildings and get the money. And, between us, we send you to college. You get it? It's teamwork.

To the CRACKLE of a replying child on the cell-phone, Valerie reaches a door to an office suite.

VALERIE

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Listen, honey, I've gotta check on something. I'll see you later, okay? I love you.

She holsters the cell-phone and goes in.

INT. THE BUILDING, OFFICE-SUITE                      EVENING                      (CONT.)

Valerie looks around the large room, puzzled. It's strangely-lit - a single pool of light near the front dissolving into shadows beyond. She exhales - and her breath is visible in the unnaturally chilly air. A single table is in the room. On it is the Box.

VALERIE

Hello?

From the shadows Angelique emerges into the little light. Valerie is instantly alert and on-guard.

VALERIE

Ma'am - the building is closed. And this office is vacant.

ANGELIQUE

Not any more.

VALERIE

You've rented it?

ANGELIQUE

Arrangements have been made.

VALERIE

Well, I've heard nothing about it. I'll have to...

ANGELIQUE

(interrupting)

You'll have to leave. My colleague and I are in conference.

Colleague? Valerie looks deeper into the room...

In the far shadows, we suddenly sense another brooding presence. And sounds come faintly - disturbing sounds, like the rattling of chains.

Valerie looks back at Angelique, at the secret amusement on her face. The atmosphere is increasingly uncomfortable.

ANGELIQUE

Perhaps we can deal with this tomorrow?

Valerie pauses, then nods her head nervously. Screw this. She's got a kid to get through school. She doesn't need any trouble. She backs out of the room...

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR                      EVENING                      (CONT.)

... closing the door in front of her. She turns and heads down to the elevator. Halfway, something makes her look back.

She GASPS. The area by the office-suite door is suddenly dark as if blackness is bleeding from the room into the corridor. And then she hears the sound of the door opening...

... and she's rushing to the elevator and hitting the button.

The elevator doors open and she runs in, only then turning to look back...

She SCREAMS. The BEAST that prowled in the shadows behind Pinhead earlier is in the corridor by the office door. Semi-human but four-legged, it's like something the scientists at Cenobite Central made as a joke from what was left of a man and what was left of a dog after a particularly nasty car crash.

Valerie jabs frantically at the first-floor button.

For a frozen second the Beast - whose eyes are only black pits and who locates its prey by smell and sound - "stares" down the corridor at her. Then it launches itself. Its speed is terrifying. Braying like a hyena, it hurtles impossibly forward defying all laws of gravity, running up and down the walls, across the ceiling, over the floor.

VALERIE  
NO!! NOOOO!!!

At the very last second - just as the bestial face is inches from the open door, its teeth CHATTERING together at incredible speed (showing a distinct family resemblance to Pinhead's old ally The Chatterer, though at a horribly devolved level) - the elevator door slams shut!

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR EVENING (CONT.)

To the SOUND of the Beast scrabbling against the outer door, the elevator cabin begins to move downward.

VALERIE  
Oh, thank God! Thank God!!

She looks at the floor display above the door. The electronic numerals show the passing floors: 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 ...

Her panicked breathing finally slowing, she moves toward the door as her floor approaches...

... but the elevator does not stop. And the numbers keep descending: 1, 0, -1, -2, -3 ...

Her fingers stab repeatedly at the first floor button.

VALERIE  
Shit. C'mon. C'mon!

The numbers keep descending: -4, -5, -6 ...

Her finger reaches forward again...

... and suddenly the elevator's speed increases horribly!  
Valerie is thrown from her feet as the cabin rockets downward.

The quiet hum of the lift machinery becomes A SCREECHING HOWL and the LCD display is a scarlet BLUR of impossible numbers as the cabin speeds down... down... down... And Valerie scrabbles at the walls, trying impossibly to clamber up them to avoid the inevitable crash...

And then the cabin stops. Stops suddenly and jarringly, but without the explosive bone-crushing finality we expected.

The howl of the machinery's over, LCD a burn-out. And Valerie is in the centre of the cabin frozen in shock. Is it over?

Unfortunately not. The door starts to GLOW RED-HOT as if unbelievable furnaces burn somewhere just beyond its fragile protection...

Simultaneously, HIDEOUS SOUNDS begin to drift in from outside - nightmarish sounds of indescribable agony and unspeakable joy growing in intensity and volume by the second.

I think we know where Valerie has landed, don't we?

The door PINGS as if to signal its arrival and its imminent opening. Which isn't something she's keen to see.

VALERIE  
Oh God. No. No!

She presses her hands on it in a terrified attempt to stop it.

VALERIE  
AAAAAHHH!!!

She staggers back, SCREAMING in agony and staring at her palms - which are HORRIBLY BLISTERED.

There's nothing she can do - except to stare in horror at the door and wait for it to open...

... and the floor of the cabin gives way! Splitting along the centre, it opens wide in less than a second and she drops helplessly out of sight into the terrible BLACK VOID below...

INT. BLACK VOID

ANGLE UPWARDS/VALERIE'S POV - Blackness all around and the sense of dizzyingly fast descent. Up above - and fast receding - is the single square of light which is the elevator cabin seen through its open floor...

VALERIE  
NOOOOOOOO!!!!

... smaller and smaller grows this last precious glimpse of light until suddenly even it is cut off as the floor SLAMS back into place and all is darkness and terror.

INT. THE BUILDING, OFFICE SUITE EVENING

Angelique and Pinhead stand in the shadows. Somewhere beyond them, we hear the impatient prowling of the Beast.

PINHEAD  
Where is Merchant?

ANGELIQUE  
All but in my grasp.

Pinhead sneers in dismissive impatience.

PINHEAD  
I'd have what was left of his mouth begging to work for us by now!

ANGELIQUE  
Your Hell has forgotten not only chaos and laughter but the slow delight of temptation.

PINHEAD  
I've harvested more souls than you could dream of and their suffering is with me always. That is a slow delight.

Angelique turns angrily and heads for the door. Pinhead speaks back to her.

PINHEAD  
Your methods are outmoded, Angelique. Hell is mine. Adjust, or...

Angelique turns back in the open door and interrupts.

ANGELIQUE  
I will have Merchant!

She exits...

INT. THE BUILDING, TOP-FLOOR CORRIDOR (CONT.)

... and slams the door behind her. She walks away.

ANGELIQUE



(to herself)  
And I will have Hell. My Hell!

INT. THE BUILDING, OFFICE-SUITE                      EVENING

Pinhead looks at the closed door, amused. He steps further forward into the room and stands, concentrating.

Slowly, supernaturally, the space around him changes in nature. The light alters, the shadows shift... The room feels like A CHAMBER OF HELL, a place whose shadows seem to give on to unseen vistas from where terrible SOUNDS emanate.

The Beast prowls the perimeters of the room. Other CENOBITES are half-glimpsed in the blue shadows.

Like a general addressing his troops or the Pope bringing his Cardinals up to speed, Pinhead addresses them.

PINHEAD

I grow impatient with the Princess. Human acquiescence is obtained as easily by terror as by temptation...

INT. THE BUILDING, LOBBY                      EVENING

Angelique walks through the deserted lobby. She pauses in the centre and looks up at the back wall's moving panel.

Then her eyes flick from corner to corner of the room, from face to face of the huge Box-like murals, and back to the centre of the room as if judging angles, judging distances...

We see her mind work. She's seeing something here, something that Pinhead knows nothing about...

INT. MERCHANT'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM                      NIGHT

TRACK into John's dreaming face.

DISSOLVE TO:

DREAMSPACE

- The SIMULATED LIGHT-SCULPTURE we saw on his computer spins, free-floating against a dream-like one-coloured background.

- His Grandmother's face.

GRANDMOTHER

You're the one they've been waiting for.

- Angelique's face.

ANGELIQUE

You're the one we've been waiting for.

EXT. THE BUILDING, FORECOURT (THAT MOMENT)

CLOSE on Angelique standing in the night. CLOSER still on her eyes, narrowing in concentration as if projecting thoughts...

DREAMSCAPE

- Angelique and John, naked and entwined, making love. John is sexually aggressive, his hands twisted tight in her hair. Angelique's voice ECHOES over and over.

ANGELIQUE

Whatever you want... Whatever you want... Whatever you want...

- The camera PANS from the lovers to find an 18<sup>th</sup> century AUTOMATON (like those Lemarchand made): A beautiful woman who courtseys and bows her head. As she lifts it again, the face is suddenly TERRIFYING and DEMONIC!

A jarring, startling RINGING SOUND!

INT. MERCHANT'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM DAWN

The ringing is the bedside phone.

John blinks awake in shock and grabs at the phone as Bobbi peers at him from sleepy eyes.

BOBBI

What time is it? Who the hell is that?

JOHN

(into phone)

Hello?

ANGELIQUE

(on phone)

Good morning, toymaker.

John spins half-out of bed to sit on the side, pressing the phone tight to his ear.

Bobbi, left back on her side of the bed and excluded from the call, stares at John's back, troubled.

We can now only hear John's half of the conversation, which gives nothing away.

JOHN

(ad-lib)

Yeah... Uh-huh... OK... etc.

John replaces the phone and turns back to Bobbi's curious eyes.

JOHN

A client. He's Japanese. No sense of time. Business, business.

He reaches over and strokes Bobbi's brow.

JOHN

Go back to sleep. It's early.

Each lies on their side away from each other. And each keeps their eyes open - Bobbi's worried, John's guilty, troubled.

EXT. WAREHOUSE/DESIGN DISTRICT DAY

The area of town that houses John's business.

ANGLE ON a warehouse converted to an Art Gallery.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ART GALLERY DAY

A few CUSTOMERS weave in and out of the various alcoves and rooms within the huge ground-floor space.

John stands in front of a large canvas. He sense a presence nearby and turns. It's Angelique. They smile in greeting.

JOHN

I don't know why I'm here.

ANGELIQUE

Yes you do.

Her eyes lock on his. Her gaze is challenging and inviting.

John stares at her, lost in her beauty, her sexuality, her blatant availability.

ANGELIQUE

Whatever you want...

John reacts to this echo from his erotic dream. She smiles.

ANGELIQUE

Were we good together?

A beat.

JOHN

Yes.

ANGELIQUE

I knew we would be. I've always known.

She takes his arm and leads him further into the gallery.

INT. MERCHANT'S APARTMENT DAY

Bobbi, supporting an over-filled laundry basket, is at the apartment door talking to Jack, who is on the floor working on a model kit with profound seriousness.

BOBBI

Mommy'll be five minutes, honey. Okay?

JACK

(eyes not leaving his kit)  
Shh, mom. I'm concentrating.

Bobbi grins and maneuvers herself out of the apartment.

INT. LAUNDRY CORRIDOR DAY

A NEON LIGHT FLICKERS on the ceiling. Another's dead. There's an oppressive silence as Bobbi walks towards the laundry-room.

A SHARP NOISE! She spins round. The detergent on top of the clothes topples. She grabs it. There's nothing behind her.

But an atmosphere of foreboding remains as she reaches the Laundry room. She casts another glance down the corridor as she goes in. Nothing, just the flicker and the silence.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM DAY (CONT.)

The Laundry-room - a bank of washing machine, a table, couple of plastic chairs, and a bank of dryers - is empty. But as Bobbi goes through the routine - opening two washers, loading them, counting her quarters, sprinkling the powder - the creepy atmosphere that we felt in the corridor continues.

Suddenly - THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! - a terrible beating sound fills the air. Bobbie jumps and cries out. What is it?

Through the window, we see a PIGEON. The sound is merely its wings beating against the glass. It flies off.

Bobbi sighs and continues. But the edgy atmosphere remains. We feel as if there's a presence on the edges of our senses, something watching and waiting. Something malign.

Perhaps it's the shadows in the room. Do they move at the corner of our vision? The feeling persists. A sense of imminence. Something is going to happen. Something bad.

Bobbi hits the start button and straightens up. She glances round the room again. Nothing. She's being silly. And then she glances upwards, as if thinking. Suddenly she's certain...

BOBBI

(fearful whisper)  
Jack...

... and she's gone. Ignoring the basket, she's out the room.

INT. LAUNDRY-ROOM CORRIDOR            DAY            (CONT.)

The neon flickers as Bobbi runs to the door to the stairs...

INT. STAIRS BETWEEN FLOORS            DAY            (CONT.)

... and hurtles up the one flight to their apartment floor.

SOUNDS SWELL on the soundtrack - a BANGING like an angry fist on an apartment wall and a MUFFLED VOICE raised in anger.

And something else. A LOW HELLISH RUMBLING on the very edge of perception - like a distant echo of unimaginable machines, indescribably vast and inexpressibly malicious.

Bobbi heaves open the door to their corridor, runs out...

INT. CORRIDOR TO MERCHANT'S APARTMENT            DAY            (CONT.)

... and suddenly slows, staring ahead, her face apalled.

Pulsing SHAFTS OF BLUE LIGHT are visible beneath and behind the apartment door. The LOW RUMBLES are louder now. Something has come to her home. And it's behind her door. With her child.

Further down the corridor, the THUMPING continues.

ELDERLY NEIGHBOUR  
(off)

Stop it! Be quiet! I've called the Police! (etc, ad-lib)

Bobbi runs to her door, no thought for her own safety...

BOBBI  
Jack!

... only that of her child. She opens the door.

INT. MERCHANTS' APARTMENT            DAY            (CONT.)

The front room's empty. Jack's model kit lies crushed on the floor! The BLUE LIGHT is from the open door to the next room.

BOBBI  
Jack? Jack!!

Terror mounting, the Blue Light playing across her face, Bobbi heads for the other room...

Only to stop as Jack walks out into the doorway. Bobbi doesn't take time to notice the strange, stunned look on his face.

BOBBI  
Jack! Thank God. Come here.

JACK

I can't, mommy. He won't let me.

One of Jack's arms is stretched out back into the room and, as Bobbi moves forward and the angle changes, we see why.

Pinhead is holding the boy's hand!

Bobbi SCREAMS as the demon smiles cruelly at her.

BOBBI

Get your hands off him!

PINHEAD

Young. Unformed. What appetites I could teach him. What endless hungers he could learn.

Bobbi rushes forward. Pinhead jabs a forbidding finger.

PINHEAD

Stay!

BOBBI

Give him to me!! Please, please!!

PINHEAD

You suffer beautifully. But we're here for business, not pleasure.

BOBBI

What?! Just tell me what you want!!

Pinhead looks from her to Jack and back. He smiles.

PINHEAD

I want bait. Live bait.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. ART GALLERY DAY

Angelique and John walk into a partitioned space in the gallery. It houses some large video-installation and, apart from the light from the bank of monitors, is dark.

There is a single viewing bench. Nobody is in there.

Angelique pauses and looks up at John. She's waiting.

JOHN

(trying to stay rational)

I've dreamed of you. Not just last night. For years. But...  
But when I wake up, it's Bobbi who's there. Bobbi.

Angelique says nothing, does nothing. She's still waiting.

John blinks, as if fighting a powerful spell. With each blink, a FLASH IMAGE - The Box, The Cat's-Cradle, Grandma, Bobbi...

But it's no good. The spell is too strong. He leans down... And they kiss. Their arms wrap around each other slowly and they press their bodies together in a passionate embrace.

Still kissing, they sink onto the bench. Their hands roam each other's bodies. John lowers his head, kissing her neck and shoulders. She puts her hands to the back of his head, pushing him lower. He kisses her breast wildly. Encouraged by her moans, he slips his hand beneath her skirt.

Angelique's head is thrown back in pleasure. It's clear that this is not just Hellish seduction. She's getting off on it too. Her eyes half-close, her mouth half-opens...

... and something else begins to happen. Her guard down, her blood inflamed, her passion pulsing, she begins unknowingly to slip her mask of humanity. It's subtle at first, a strange defocused effect that blurs her features as her face begins to twitch in more than passion.

Carried away by John's intimate caresses, she is moving into a pre-orgasmic state, her breathing heavy and animal-like. John raises his head, his hand still lost between her legs...

... and GASPS in shock as he looks at her face.

Angelique's eyes are SOLID MASSES OF GLISTENING BLACKNESS!

JOHN  
My God!

He leaps to his feet in shock and fear, backing away.

Angelique, ecstasy turned to frustration and rage, throws back her head and roars. Her mouth is FANGED and DEMONIC! Realising what she looks like, Angelique waves an arm at the bank of monitors and they BLOW OUT en masse, plunging the room into shadowed darkness!

John turns and runs, fleeing the partitioned space as Angelique's transformation climaxes in the darkness, giving us a shadowed sense of her terrible appearance.

John flees through the rest of the gallery - stared at strangely by the other CUSTOMERS.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING      DUSK

It's later. Night is falling as John's car pulls up and John gets out and runs to the building.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR                      NIGHT

John moves down the corridor - and freezes.

The door to John's apartment has across it a series of yellow tapes with black letters spelling out CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS.

JOHN  
Oh Christ.

He rushes forward and opens the door, ripping the tape aside.

JOHN:  
Bobbi?! Jack?!!

INT. MERCHANT'S APARTMENT                      NIGHT                      (CONT.)

John rushes round the apartment. No signs of disturbance. But no Bobbi. And no Jack. He cries out to the empty room...

JOHN  
What happened?! What happened?!!

His eyes go to the back of the front door. Tacked to it is the ripped-off magazine cover featuring his building.

GRANDMOTHER  
(off, echoed, ghostly)  
You're the one they've been waiting for.

As he looks at it, the whole cover suddenly begins to POUR WITH BLOOD! John gets the message.

INT. BUILDING, TOP-FLOOR OFFICE-SUITE                      NIGHT

Bobbi and Jack crouch on the floor of the office, their breaths visible in the supernaturally cold air. Bobbi hugs Jack protectively in the pool of light, while in the threatening shadows beyond, we hear the padding and the prowling of the half-seen circling Beast which guards them.

The Box still sits on the table. Jack points at it.

JACK  
Look, Mommy. Like Daddy's drawings.

Bobbi stares at the Box. Jack's right. She reaches out and picks it up.

In the background, the Beast raises its blind head. What's happening?

Bobbi runs her hand over the Box like so many before her and, like so many before her, her fingers almost instinctively find



the appropriate movements. Her thumb strokes the central circle-motif and there is the TINIEST FLASH OF BLUE LIGHT...

... and the Beast steps menacingly forward, SNARLING!

Bobbi drops the Box and cradles the terrified Jack.

EXT. THE BUILDING      NIGHT

The building framed against a night sky in which razor-thin clouds slice across a huge and heavy moon.

John runs across the forecourt and through the entrance.

INT. THE BUILDING, LOBBY      NIGHT      (CONT.)

John stands in the deserted lobby.

JOHN  
Bobbi! Bobbi!!

His voice echoes in the empty reaches of the place. He runs through it until his eye is caught by the elevator - where the number 7 is flashing on and off on the indicator above it.

TIME-CUT TO:

INT. THE BUILDING, TOP-FLOOR CORRIDOR      NIGHT

John exits the elevator and stares down the long corridor...

JOHN'S POV - the whole corridor has become Hellish. We stare down a nightmarish gauntlet, a creepy, cold, shadowed walkway in which chains and hooks hang and rattle. The floor is wet and mildewed, the doors warped and slimy. At the far end, beckoning BLUE LIGHT pulses from the door of the office-suite.

Horrible LOW SOUNDS fill the air, like the laboured breathing of some vast asthmatic creature, as John begins to make his way cautious way down.

As his feet pass a door, BLOOD oozes in rich quantities from beneath it.

A TERRIBLE CACKLING LAUGH. From nowhere. From everywhere.

A chain shivers and twists, spinning to reveal a BABY'S LIVER skewered on a hook.

CLOSE on John's feet - as a SLITHERING BLACK EEL writhes over them to disappear into the shadows.

In a web on a wall, A PREGNANT SPIDER bursts into labour and SCORES OF TINY SPIDERS spill from her body, rushing everywhere.

John moves resolutely on despite all these scares, drawing nearer to the office-suite and the near-blinding BLUE LIGHT.

He reaches the door...

JOHN  
Bobbi? Jack?

... and walks, dazzled and half-blinded, into the light.

INT. THE BUILDING, TOP-FLOOR OFFICE-SUITE NIGHT (CONT.)

For a moment, all John can see is the intense Blue Light. Then it resolves. Ahead of John, still on the floor, are Bobbi and Jack. John starts to rush forward...

JOHN  
Thank God!

... and suddenly the Beast springs forward from the shadows, stopping close to Bobbi and Jack, glaring at John!

BOBBI  
John, don't!

John staggers to a halt, shocked and scared.

JOHN  
What the...

The Beast comes no nearer. But Pinhead now emerges from the shadows also. He smiles at John.

JOHN  
I don't know who or what you are and I don't care. I just want my wife. I just want my son.

PINHEAD  
I understand. You love this boy. You have plans for him. Hopes and dreams. A whole imagined future where you love him and watch him grow.

JOHN  
(helpless truth)  
Yes.

PINHEAD  
Then first you must complete your work. Or, though the child will not die here, for a thousand years his dearest wish will be that he had.

JOHN  
For God's sake, how can you... (be so cruel?)

PINHEAD  
(interrupting)

Do I look like someone who cares what God thinks?

JOHN

Just tell me what you want.

PINHEAD

(gestures at table)

Look at that Box. A pathway to Hell made by an ancestor of yours.

Both John and Bobbi stare at the Box and then at each other. John's dreams. His Grandmother's claims. Not so crazy.

PINHEAD

The panel downstairs? Potentially a bigger pathway. You will help it fulfill its promise.

BOBBI

John. Your dreams. Your grandmother. It's all true. All true. You mustn't do this. You can't let more of these things into the world!

Pinhead's mocking laughter rings out as John looks at his wife and child, at the monsters beside them.

JOHN

Bobbi -right now you and Jack are all the world I care about. I have to do this.

TIME-CUT TO:

INT. TOP-FLOOR CORRIDOR      NIGHT

John, Bobbi and Jack walk down the corridor passing the many doors on the way to the elevator, Pinhead behind them.

As they draw abreast another door John suddenly jumps sideways, knocking Bobbi and Jack through the door ahead of him!

INT. THE BUILDING, STAIRWELL      NIGHT      (CONT.)

As Bobbi steadies Hack, John slams the door closed, yanking down the bar-lock.

A HOOKED CHAIN instantly splinters through the wood!

JOHN

Go! Go!!

The three of them pelt down the stairwell to the SOUND of the door smashing above them.

They reach the next level and exit through the door.

INT. THE BUILDING, NEXT FLOOR CORRIDOR                      NIGHT                      (CONT.)

John glances up and down the corridor.

JOHN

Bobbi - that way! Another staircase!

Bobbi hugs Jack fiercely and runs the way John pointed.

John grabs Jack and rushes him to the elevator door. He hits the button, glancing anxiously back at the stairwell door.

The elevator opens and John places Jack inside. Jack, scared, reaches for his dad.

JOHN

No, Jack. The lobby. I'll meet you there. Be brave. Be good.

The door closes. John turns back to face the corridor.

JOHN

C'mon, you bastard. It's me you want.

The stairwell door bursts open and Pinhead comes through.

John pauses just long enough to let the demon catch the sight of him and then he disappears down an intersecting corridor.

INT. THE BUILDING, OTHER CORRIDOR                      (CONT.)

John runs madly toward another door which he slams open, revealing another stairwell which he rushes down.

INT. THE BUILDING, ANOTHER STAIRWELL

Bobbi is rushing down a different stairwell.

Below her, a rushing padding sound and the ROAR of the Beast!

BOBBI

No! That's impossible!!

Apparently not. She turns round and runs up, terror-stricken, reaching the door to the top floor and smashing it open.

INT. TOP-FLOOR CORRIDOR                      (CONT.)

Bobbi runs down the corridor, glances over her shoulder...

The Beast bursts onto the floor, howling for blood, its speed terrifying, its appearance worse!

SCREAMING, Bobbi pushes open the door of the office-suite...

INT. TOP-FLOOR OFFICE-SUITE                      (CONT.)

... and slams it behind her. She shoves the table up against the door and stands back, looking round helplessly.

SLAM!! The Beast smashes against the door from the other side.

The impact sends the Box careering down the table toward Bobbi.

SLAM!! It hits again. The door begins to splinter.

Bobbi's eyes flick from the Box to the door and back. She snatches up the Box...

... just as the Beast comes smashing through the door to land on the table and rush down its length toward her!

Bobbi holds the Box up in front of her... and the Beast stops.

Still terrifying, still powerful, it waits, hesitant.

BOBBI

Does this pathway work both ways?

Her fingers work feverishly at the Box. It starts to move...

... and the Beast, baring its teeth in a blood-curdling HOWL, leaps forward, hurtling through the air in attack-mode...

CUT TO:

INT. THE BUILDING, LOBBY NIGHT

John bursts into the lobby from a stairwell door and rushes over to the elevator.

A look of dread comes over him as he sees the elevator door banging constantly against the side of its doorjamb as if it is trying to open and something is wrong with the mechanism.

John runs to it... and it suddenly flies open with a terrifyingly LOUD NOISE.

John jumps in shock but moves further and looks in...

... and down. There is no cabin there, just a dizzying drop into blackness. Incredibly distant, but disturbing, SOUNDS echo up the shaft. Sounds of flame, machinery, and agony.

JOHN

No! Jack! Jack!!

He hears a sound behind him and turns - to see Jack...

... and Angelique, back in human form, her hands resting on Jack's young shoulders! Her eyes are no longer seductive as

they stare at John but cold and angry. Then she looks down at Hack and coos like a nightmare vision of dark motherhood.

ANGELIQUE

So young. So tender. So ripe.

JOHN

Get your hands off him!

ANGELIQUE

Get your hands on the console, toymaker. You have work to do.

TIME-CUT TO:

John at the lectern, Angelique nearby still holding Jack.

ANGELIQUE

My colleague told you what to do?

JOHN

Yes.

He's working at the console, looking up at the patterns on the back wall panel, trying to find the infernal one.

ANGELIQUE

Don't.

JOHN

What?

ANGELIQUE

Make the Elysian Configuration instead.

John, genuinely confused, looks at Angelique but, before she can elucidate, Pinhead appears at the far end of the lobby.

Pinhead is grinning in triumph. He walks towards them. As he reaches the centre, Angelique speaks to John.

ANGELIQUE

The toymaker's design! The lights! I know they're here.

John looks rapidly from her to the walls, to the corners, to the reflective points on the surfaces and then keys an entry into the console. His finger hovers over the "enter" key. He looks at her. Why should he do what she wants? She raises a hand toward Jack's neck in threat.

ANGELIQUE

Do it!!

John hits the key.

LIGHT-BEAMS shoot out from points in the wall faces, jetting in toward the centre of the lobby!

A sudden wave of suspicion washes over Pinhead's face.

The BEAMS meet, EXPLODING into a DAZZLING CORUSCATION!

Angelique, stepping well back to near the lectern and away from what's happening, grins in double-cross victory.

Pinhead ROARS in anger and fear. Suddenly, he tips his head way back - and a CHAIN flies from out of his mouth, jetting up straight toward the ceiling!

The hooked chain anchors itself into the ceiling - and PINHEAD flies upward along it at incredible speed, like a spider sucking itself back up a web-strand!

ANGELIQUE  
NOOOO!!!

Pinhead, fastened supernaturally to the ceiling like a humanoid insect, looks down...

... as the LIGHT-SCULPTURE from John's simulation of Lemarchand's cat's-cradle bursts into being far below him!

Pinhead, snarling in angry revenge, shoots his head in various directions as if summoning supernatural aid...

... and a MULTITUDE OF CHAINS suddenly fly from low angles and wrap themselves around Angelique, pirouetting rapidly up her body to cocoon her!

Simultaneously, as in the simulation, the original beams go off and the light-sculpture is left free-floating.

Jack - almost literally squeezed from Angelique's grasp as the chains fly upwards - is sent tumbling towards his father who grabs him protectively as...

Angelique is suddenly yanked off her feet and pilled inexorably toward the centre of the room and the luminescent cat's-cradle.

From Pinhead's POV, Angelique disappears beneath the light.

ANGELIQUE  
It burns!! It burns!!!

John hugs Jack tightly to him.

JOHN  
(to himself)  
A few seconds is the best I ever got...

And, as if on cue, the cat's-cradle winks out of existence.

From this angle, we see that Angelique hadn't quite reached it and is lying still on the floor wrapped in the chains.

Pinhead lowers himself rapidly down and stalks toward John. As he passes Angelique, she raises her head and laughs hysterically as if driven mad by her proximity to destruction.

PINHEAD  
(to John)

You're as dangerous as she said you were. No more games.

Pinhead flicks his head toward little Jack - and a hooked chain comes flying at the boy!

John launches himself forward, shoving Jack aside...

JOHN  
Run, Jack! Run!!

... and taking his place as the chain snaps viciously through the air...

... and slams right through John's throat, killing him instantly!

Jack is running across the lobby.

ANGELIQUE  
The bloodline! Kill it!!

Pinhead swings round, getting Jack in his eye-line...

... and Jack is suddenly grasped by an arm and pulled tight to a cradling body!

It's Bobbi - and she's got the Box in her hand. Straightening up and shielding Jack, she holds the Box forward, moving it.

BOBBI  
Go play with your dog, you bastard!

The Box flies from her hand, spinning and turning through its positions, and hits the floor.

PINHEAD  
No!!

The Box clicks into place...

... and Pinhead and Angelique are SUCKED into it, screaming their frustrated rage.

Bobbi pulls Jack tight to her and crouches down...



... as the whole lobby begins to SHAKE and SHUDDER. EXPLOSIONS of LIGHT and SOUND fill the frame as Hell reclaims everything of its own: The Box is still open - and it's pulling the walls and murals into itself!

Suddenly - with a final explosive WHITE-OUT - all is silent and still and Bobbi and Jack are alone in the denuded and devastated lobby with the closed Box.

CLOSE on the Box. TRACK OUT...

INT. MERCHANT'S APARTMENT DAY

... to reveal the Box sitting on a table in the apartment.

Bobbi is sitting with Jack, talking to him.

BOBBI

The Box has to stay in our family, Jack. It must never get away from us. And it must never be opened. Never. We can't even destroy it until we know it's safe. Your dad didn't know the whole story. Neither do I. But we're going to find out, sweetheart. I'll help you. You'll grow up knowing everything. And so will your children. And their children. And one day our family will be ready. Ready to put things right in a time yet to come...

As Bobbi talks, the camera TRACKS in on Jack's completely attentive face as it absorbs what his mother is saying. CLOSER and CLOSER until Jack's eye fills the frame and we fall into the BLACKNESS of his pupil in ECU...

COMPLETE BLACKNESS

Camera PANS along the blackness and suddenly, startlingly, tiny points of light appear. Distant stars. We're in outer space.

Bobbi's last words "a time yet to come..." echo over this transition, as...

EXT. DEEP SPACE

... A PASSENGER SHUTTLE suddenly hurtles toward us through the dark and silent void. As it fills the frame, CUT TO REVERSE -

- and the shuttle speeds away from us, disappearing into the distant darkness. Over its movement, a Super-imposed TITLE:

THE GOVERNMENT SHIP *ENDEAVOUR VII*

EN ROUTE TO THE SPACE STATION *MINOS* 2204 AD

EXT. DEEP SPACE, MINOS

A different sector of space. TRACK down to reveal the TOWERS of the space station MINOS.

The Minos is an ASTEROID. For the most part craggy, barren and crater-studded, the top part is architected - its towers and buildings laser-hewn from the solid rock.

LIGHTS shine from the towers. TRACK in to one and DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PAUL'S CABIN/HOLDING PEN ANNEXE, MINOS

We're in a room decorated in 18<sup>th</sup> century style and full of 18<sup>th</sup> century objects - including one of Lemarchand's automata.

As the camera explores the room, A TV broadcast plays in the BACKGROUND showing news footage of a MASSIVE FIRE.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Fires burn unchecked in the forests of Luna One tonight, roaring wildly beneath the great meta-glass canopies of the Pan-Pacific colony. Economic cutbacks that did away with the Suits-for-Settlers program are now being blamed for the colony's inability to simply turn off the air and thus douse the fire. Angry voices are being raised in Tokyo - particularly because Colonists could be transported to the Minos space station if that trillion-dollar facility was not a year behind schedule and, according to unconfirmed sources, not only out of radio-contact but also out of its geostationary orbit. (etc etc)

At this point, the TV clicks off and the camera finds DR PAUL MERCHANT, sitting in a Rocco-style chair.

Paul is identical to Phillip and John except for a mole on his cheek and his hair-colour. His face is haunted and obsessive. The single-minded genius of his ancestors has reached a neurotic fruition in him.

Behind him, we see on a wall the 2204 ad equivalent of a corkboard - a screen on which IMAGES replay in rotational display. The images are all familiar to us and all connected with the bloodline's history; The Box, the Cat's-cradle design, family portraits (photos of John, oils of Phillip, etc), sketches of demons (Pinhead and Angelique), The Building, etc etc.

Paul is addressing an unseen listener.

PAUL

The distance from all inhabited planets and colonies is important. It's unclear what effect on the space-time continuum such a surge of metaphysical energy will have.

There's something strange about his voice. A little un-human. A little computer-generated.

WIDEN TO REVEAL sitting opposite him, his hand at a computer console on his lap, DR PAUL MERCHANT!!

PAUL (THE REAL ONE)

I have to assume we're far enough out now. Time has become a factor.

He hits a key on his console and the first Paul BLINKS OUT of existence. He was a holographic Computer Program.

Paul stands and crosses the room and we CHANGE ANGLRE to see...

... that the other end of the room is very different. The first part we saw was Paul's living quarters. This part looks like a control booth or a mixing bay. On a desk are three 23<sup>rd</sup> century MONITORS and a pair of latex gloves, each fingertip connected by micro-filaments to a console beneath one of the monitors.

Below the desk and the monitors is a STAIRCASE leading down to a separate structure - a large and massively solid HOLDING PEN. It has a REINFORCED STEEL DOOR with a large locking mechanism.

Paul sits at the desk and (as if movement-sensitive) one of the monitors winks into life, and we CUT TO...

INT. HOLDING PEN, MINOS (CONT.)

... a wall-mounted closed-circuit camera. A red light clicks on to establish its link with the monitor Paul is working.

The closed-circuit camera moves as if selecting an image area.

We PULL AWAY to take in the room. It is a large bare space, the walls massively thick and very tall. It is some kind of holding pen for something very dangerous. Currently, it's empty except for a shadowed figure cross-legged in a corner...

There's something familiar about this image. It's a posture we recognise. It reminds us of Elliot Spenser in HELLBOUND.

It is a simple SERVO-ROBOT - a steel skeleton with fully articulated limbs. Its hands are close together in front of its chest. And it's holding the Lament Configuration.

INT. PAUL'S CABIN/HOLDING PEN ANNEXE, MINOS (CONT.)

On the monitor, we see the same image of the robot and the Box.

Paul reaches over to the gloves...

... and a second monitor SQUAWKS into life, startling us.

On the monitor, CORRINNE COTTON, mid-20's and attractive though her onepiece worksuit and business-like haircut do their best to ignore this. She's the administrator of the Minos.

CORINNE

(on monitor)

Paul? Paul! I'm tracking a shuttle. It has to be government. They're coming. I'm serious.

A grimace of angry frustration crosses Paul's face.

PAUL

Corinne, I can't be interrupted! Not now. I'm serious.

CORINNE

Well, whatever it is you're doing, Paul, you better do it fast!

INT. SATELLITE-CONTROL/UTILITIES COMPLES, MINO (CONT.)

Corrinne, too, is at a desk, working in front of a batch of monitors. Six of them show EXTERIOR SHOTS of HUGE FLAT PANELS, all decorated with Box-like patterns and all studded with (unlit) LIGHTS and MIRRORS. One monitor shows text: complicated co-ordinates for the alignment of the satellites.

PAUL

(on monitor)

You too. How's it coming?

CORRINNE

Slowly. You sure I can't suit-up and nudge these mothers by hand?

PAUL

You've got a good eye, Corrinne, but the alignment's too precise. Trust the computers. Just keep feeding in the co-ordinates. We're so close. We've got to do it.

CORRINNE

Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S CABIN/HOLDING PEN ANNEXE, MINOS (CONT)

Paul breaks the video-link. He looks to the third monitor. On the screen comes a high-definition image of the Lament Configuration. It changes to a skeletal 3-D rendering of the Box and moves around, showing it from all angles. The other monitor still shows the robot and the Box.

Breathing nervously, Paul squeezes his hands into the latex sensor-gloves.

Watching both the 3-D graphic and the image from within the pen, Paul moves his hands in front of him. He's not actually holding anything but the movements of his hands look familiar.

On the micro-glass monitor, the image of the Box moves and changes as if Paul were actually moving a real Box.

We register the micro-filaments going into the console from the gloves before we CUT TO...

INT. HLDING PEN, MINOS (CONT.)

... similar micro-filaments emerging from the wall behind the cross-legged robot and entering it at the elbows.

The skeletal steel hands of the robot begin to move. With remote-controlled precision, its metal fingers play over the Box, finding its secrets, discovering its hidden alignments, moving it closer and closer towards its final configuration...

... and the Box jumps from the robot's grip to land on the floor in front of it, where it makes its own final adjustment.

A beat of silence and stillness...

And the robot suddenly EXPLODES! In a jolting shock-moment, it is blasted apart, shattered to tiny fragments!

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The passenger shuttle Endeavour speeds through space...

... and the camera SIFTS ANGLE to REVEAL where it's heading...

EXT. MINOS, DEEP SPACE (CONT.)

... The Minos. In orbit around it are the SX SATELLITES, surrounding it in a way reminiscent of how the six faces of the Box were laid out by Lemarchand on the edge of his cat's-cradle design.

INT. PAUL'S CABIN, HOLDING PEN ANNWXE, MINOS

Corrinne enters the annex. Paul is at the desk, his back to her. He's slumped back in his chair.

CORINNE

Paul - I can't do it. It's your program. It needs you. (no reply) Paul? Paul, are you okay?

She moves round to him. Paul looks like he's in shock. He doesn't even look at her.

CORINNE  
What's happened?

Suddenly - a MASSIVE BANGING beyond the steel-reinforced door, like something huge and angry is trying to get out!

Corinne starts in frightened shock.

CORINNE  
My God, Paul! What's happened?!

PAUL  
They're here. A whole lifetime - many lifetimes - to get ready... But the sight of them...

CORINNE  
Sight of who? Who's here?

Paul looks to the Pen-monitor. It clicks into life...

... and the snarling, terrifying face of the Chatter-Beast fills the screen, accompanied by its heart-stopping ROAR!

CORINNE  
God in heaven, Paul; What have you done?

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING PEN, MINOS - THAT MOMENT

The Pen is transformed into a vision of Hell. A cold blue place of deep shadow and terror.

The Chatter-Beast is not alone. Two other CENOBITES prowl the shadows. We can't yet see them clearly.

An ARCHWAY OF BLUE LIGHT seems to form on the far wall of the Pen. The Cenobites cease their prowling and watch...

... as Pinhead makes his entrance.

Pinhead stalks elegantly into the centre of the Pen. He glances round, registers the shattered robot, the Box, and then his eyes go unerringly to the wall-mounted camera...

INT. PAUL'S CABIN/HOLDING PEN ANNEXE, MINOS - THAT MOMENT

... and he addresses Paul directly through the monitor screen.

PINHEAD  
(on monitor)

Merchant. I know you're watching. We'd almost given up waiting for you to play.

Corinne's face is an ashen mask of horror.

CORINNE  
It knows you?

PAUL  
We've never met. But he's an old friend of the family.  
Paul clicks the monitor off. He turns to Corinne.

PAUL  
There it is, Corinne. The hidden agenda you kept wondering about.

CORINNE  
Never mind that. *Can they get out?!*

PAUL  
Two-foot thick concrete and steel. (beat) And I don't know. I hope not.  
A beat as they stare at each other.

PAUL  
I know you need a full explanation - But I have to go and fix those alignments before the shuttle gets here.

CORINNE  
Paul, the shuttle's here.

PAUL  
Buy me time.

CORINNE  
The government pays my wages, Paul. I have to hand the station over. I...

PAUL  
It's a question of minutes. Vital minutes.  
He stares at her, imploring. A beat.

CORINNE  
I'll do what I can.

EXT. MINOS, DEEP SPACE

An entry-bay door opens on one of the stone towers rising from the surface of the Minos and the Endeavour enters.

INT. ENTRY BAY, MINOS

An airlock door opens... and we TRACK in suddenly to the SIX FIGURES that come rushing into the entry bay. Four of them are MILITARY - uniformed, armed, and masked. The other two are civilians.

EDWARDS, bureaucratic and embittered, is a male government administrator. The other civilian is CHAMBERLAIN, a young-looking scientist.

The military is headed by CARDUCCI, a wiry and grizzled no-bullshit professional. His tough-looking squad are RSCOE (a powerful very tall female), RIMMER (female), and PARKER (male).

Edwards, Chamberlain, Carducci and the soldiers (arms at the ready, scanning the area) walk into the large arrivals area. Hewn with rock, it's as much a cavern as it is a room.

*(NB: PRODUCTION NOTE: This area and all the areas (mainly corridors) that are not function-specific have a half-finished laser-blasted look to them. There are grooves in the walls of the rock where corridors and walkways were blasted through. Unless specifically described otherwise, everywhere on the Minos is rock, not steel or wood or plaster.)*

All of them look round at the laser-hewn space.

EDWARDS  
Jesus...

CARDUCCI  
How the hell do they do this?

CHAMBERLAIN  
It's pretty straightforward. Tractor-beams capture a suitably-small asteroid and then Meta-Lasers form the structures from the rock itself. It's actually cheaper than building from scratch.

EDWARDS  
Cheaper until some crazy SOB takes it on an unscheduled trip.  
Stacked everywhere are crates and unopened boxes. Chamberlain reads the stencil-stamp on a crate.

CHAMBERLAIN  
WZ-474's? They should have been wired in months ago. All this stuff... (glancing round) He's done nothing he's supposed to.

EDWARDS  
Then what has he been doing?

PARKER  
(looking at the dank rock)  
Letting this place go to hell.

A door opens and Corinne walks over to them. She takes in the military and then addresses Edwards.

CORINNE  
Soldiers? Were you expecting armed resistance?



EDWARDS

Lady, when you maintain radio silence for a full six months, I don't know what to expect.

CORINNE

I'm sure we can clear up any misunderstandings. I'm Corinne Cotton, Administrator of the Minos.

EDWARDS

Former administrator of the Minos. I'm Edwards, your successor.

Corrinne opens her mouth to speak. Edwards raises a peremptory hand to silence her.

EDWARDS

Here's what I know. The Minos is Merchant's baby. Six months ago, he was ordered to hand it back to the government. He sent the whole crew home except for you and him. And then he took the whole goddam station out of orbit and headed into deep space. We're taking it back and we're installing Dr Chamberlain here as his replacement. It's going to be calm. It's going to be cool. It's going to be clean. (beat. To Carducci) Fan 'em out, Dooch.

The Soldiers move out at a trot into the Station.

CORINNE

Wait! This isn't necessary. We...

EDWARDS

(interrupting)

The only reason you're not under arrest is because my bleeding-heart self doesn't want to screw up your pension. From this moment until you're back on Earth, you do two things: answer my questions and follow my orders. Got it?

Corinne nods, staring distressed at the disappearing soldiers.

INT. SATELLITE-CONTROL, UTILITIES COMPLEX, MINOS

Paul, hunched over the console, punches in co-ordinates and watches the minute movements of the satellites on the monitors. Two or three of the monitors show a graphic OVERLAY with the word LOCKED flashing. Paul's still working on the others.

Suddenly, there's a CREAK behind him. Paul spins round...

... to find himself staring directly into a gun-barrel!

Roscoe's holding the gun.

ROSCOE

Dr Merchant? Consider yourself relieved.

INT. CORRIDOR, MINOS DAY

Rimmer and Parker walk along an oppressive, dimly-lit corridor. They reach the door to Paul's cabin and the Holding Pen Annex.

Rimmer tries the handle. Locked. She looks questioningly at Parker. He shrugs.

PARKER

Investigate all areas. That's what they said.

Rimmer leans back and delivers a shoulder-slam to the door. It opens.

RIMMER

So let's investigate.

She leads the way in.

INT. LOCK-UP, MINOS

Paul's face stares out from behind bars at Edwards and Carducci.

PAUL

You don't know what you're doing.

EDWARDS

Actually, we do. We're keeping you out of the goddam way while we find out what the hell you've been doing here.

PAUL

No! You don't understand! It's dangerous!

CARDUCCI

Dangerous how?

Paul looks from one to the other. Can he tell them? Would they believe him? He has to chance it.

PAUL

There are demons on the ship.

Carducci bursts into LAUGHTER.

CARDUCCI

(to Edwards)

Well, that solves that mystery. What went wrong on the Minos? Dr Merchant went out of his fucking mind.

INT. PAUL'S CABIN/HOLDING PEN ANNEXE, MINOS

Parker and Rimmer make their way down through the cabin to the annex. Parker gestures to the pen-monitor.

PARKER

What's this hooked up to?

Rimmer looks down the stairway to the reinforced door, then back at the monitor.

RIMMER

Whatever's in there, I guess.

The monitor, sensing movement, clicks on. While Rimmer makes her way down the staircase, Parker looks at the monitor. The image it shows is of the completely empty holding pen. Then a BLUE LIGHT pulses briefly over the screen. Parker's eyes fix on the screen. Another BLUE PULSE. And another. His eyes blink and focus... and suddenly his face moves into horrified rage.

ON THE MONITOR: The holding pen is full of CHILDREN, frightened, hungry, and chained to the walls!

PARKER

My God!

Fuelled by outrage, he hurtles down the stairs, levelling his weapon at the reinforced door.

BLASTS of ENERGY smash into the huge door and BLOW IT APART!

Rimmer, much nearer the door and nearly caught in the blast, throws herself aside.

RIMMER

Parker, what the fuck are you doing?!

Parker rushes past her through the smoking ruin of the door...

INT. HOLDING PEN, MINOS (CONT.)

... and into the holding pen. At first, all he can see is shadows and light.

PARKER

Where are the children?

Rimmer appears in the wrecked doorway.

RIMMER

What are you talking about?

Parker suddenly points to the floor.

PARKER

What the hell's this?

Both register the SHATTERED METAL FRAGMENTS of the robot littering the floor around the Box.

PINHEAD  
(off)

The remnants of a most unsatisfying victim.

Parker and Rimmer start in shock as Pinhead emerges from the shadows. Movements from all around add to the terror as the other Cenobites shuffle in the darkness.

PARKER/RIMMER  
(simultaneous/ad-lib)

Oh my God... What the fuck... Sweet suffering Christ... (etc)

PINHEAD  
Still - you're here to change all that, aren't you?

A brief, imperious gesture of the demon's head...

... and a METALLIC FRAGMENT, jaggedly pointed like a badly-made Shuriken, suddenly rises up from the wrecked robot spinning fast and furiously as if by magic...

... and then HURTLES ACROSS THE ROOM! Before he can even react, it slams into Parker - SLICING HIS FACE OFF!!

He falls to the ground...

... and Rimmer has the sense to turn tail and run...

... but she trips on the jagged edge of the blasted door and falls to the ground. She swings herself round and half-sits up - just in time to see the Chatter-Beast launch itself from the darkness and land on her, its terrible jaws slashing, snapping, and slavering!

TIME-CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S CABIN/HOLDING PEN ANNEXE, MINOS

We are in the living quarters end of Paul's cabin. And so are Pinhead, the Beast and the Cenobites.

This is our first clear look at the other two Cenobites: One is brand-new, A SIAMESE-TWIN CENOBITE joined at the side of the head and at the lower chest and the hips.

The other is Angelique. Though her face and figure are still beautiful, she has been "Cenobitised": Like all Cenobites, she is bald and blue-skinned and her individuality has given way to the leather-and-mutilation uniform of Pinhead's troops.

She looks at the living quarters, at Paul's deliberate 18<sup>th</sup> century look. We see her recognise the style - and the bloodline's taste.

ANGELIQUE  
Toymaker...

PINHEAD

No time for games. Merchant has a plan. He mustn't exercise it. Kill them all.

Pinhead, the Beast, and the Siamese-Twin move out through the room to the corridor. Angelique lingers a moment, taking in these reminders of her past - the furnishings, the pictures, the automata. Her hands trail over an object or two, her eyes, beneath their Cenobite coldness, helplessly nostalgic.

INT. LOCK-UP, MINOS

Edwards and Carducci are talking while Paul observes them from behind bars.

EDWARDS

What do you mean?

CARDUCCI

How much clearer can I be? Parker and Rimmer haven't radioed in. They're missing.

Paul closes his eyes in dread.

PAUL

Where did you send them?

They ignore him.

EDWARDS

What are you saying?

PAUL

(louder)

Where did you send them?!

EDWARDS

Quiet!

CARDUCCI

(to Paul)

Your work-area.

PAUL

They're dead. And if you don't let me out to finish my work, we're all dead.

Carducci looks to Edwards. He nods back to Paul.

CARDUCCI

That's your call. I'm going to notify Roscoe and Chamberlain to proceed with caution.

Carducci exits. Edwards crosses to talk to Paul directly.

EDWARDS

Whatever's going on - if anything's going on - how the hell do I know you're not responsible?

Paul sighs. Frustrated. And guilty. He is responsible.

INT. LOW-LEVEL CORRIDOR, MINOS

Roscoe patrols a low-level service corridor. Dank rock. Wet floor. Dismal lighting. It's a creepy atmosphere. Shadows fool us. We keep waiting for something to leap out at Roscoe... but nothing does. Yet.

Ahead of her is an entrance door. Hefting her weapon, she goes in...

INT. FLIGHT DECK, MINOS

... and enters the Flight Deck. This is more brightly-lit than the corridor but its emptiness is still creepy. Roscoe is very much on guard and walks through cautiously, rifle cocked.

INT. SATELLITE CONTROL/UTILITIES COMPLEX, MINOS

This is the room where Corinne and Paul worked on the satellite alignments. We now see more of the room. It's the electronic heart of the Minos - a large space full of humming data banks and pulsing generators. Wires, conduits, and fibre-optic cables run everywhere from machine to machine.

Chamberlain is at a large Systems-Analysis Monitor, on which blueprint-like diagrams of the Minos flash across the screen.

CHAMBERLAIN

(to himself)

He's done nothing. Nothing...

In the distance beyond him, unseen by him, a FIGURE moves eerily between the "doorway formed by two generators!

Chamberlain keeps scrolling through the data base.

CHAMBERLAIN

And what the hell are these satellites?

Suddenly, a SOUND from somewhere behind him. Chamberlain jumps in shock and swings round.

CHAMBERLAIN

Hello?

Nothing. Cocking his head, Chamberlain moves out into the room. He begins to walk through the machinery. Because of the stacking and positioning of the banks and the generators, the place has a maze-like feel of many intersecting small walkways.

Chamberlain makes his way down the walkways. An eerie atmosphere descends. There are SOUNDS and FLEETING SHADOWS everywhere in this place. Is something in here with him? He begins to look over his shoulder often. His tread becomes quiet and cautious.

He turns a corner. At the end of the walkway, a vaguely human-shaped shadow. Very slowly, he moves toward it...

... to find nothing but a pile of boxes, stacked unevenly in such a way that they cast a misleading shadow.

Chamberlain exhales in relief.

CHAMBERLAIN  
Shit...

He turns back into the walkway he left - and is suddenly face to faces with the Siamese-Twin, Cenobite!

CHAMBERLAIN  
What the... ?!

The creature suddenly and instantly SPLITS IN TWO, its two selves springing apart and one of them sweeping past Chamberlain!

Chamberlain stands between the Twins, terror on his face.

The Twins speak, alternating words as if they are still one.

TWIN 1/TWIN 2  
*I cannot bear to be apart from my brother.*

They raise their arms and walk toward each other...

... and RE-MERGE, their flesh stretching eagerly toward each other's, crushing and assimilating the SCREAMING Chamberlain between themselves/itself!

The Twins are Siamese again. There's nothing left of Chamberlain.

INT. LOCK-UP, MINOS

Corinne stands as close to Paul as the bars allow. Edwards is some distance away.

PAUL  
It's what my family has lived for for two centuries. It's my destiny. My duty. To free the world from the demons my bloodline unleashed.

CORINNE  
By building a space station?

PAUL

By building a trap. And destroying them forever. But the satellites aren't ready. The Elysium Configuration can't be triggered. What I built as a trap has become a nest.

CORINNE

Why didn't you tell me sooner?

PAUL

Like I didn't seem crazy enough? Nobody need ever have known. This was meant to be a one-man operation once everything was ready. Now people are dying. I wish you hadn't stayed.

CORINNE

I wanted to stay.

Paul looks at Corinne as if that had never occurred to him. Her eyes are saying something they've probably been saying for months but he was too driven to notice. She likes him. A lot.

PAUL

You've got to get off now. Get to a shuttle.

Corinne shakes her head.

CORINNE

We've got to get you out of here.

INT. PAUL'S CABIN/HOLDING-PEN ANNEXE, MINOS

Carducci is at the bottom of the staircase, staring in horror at what's left of Parker and Rimmer.

He flicks open a tiny intercom.

CARDUCCI

Roscoe? Where are you?

ROSCOE

(on intercom)

Flight deck.

CARDUCCI

Can't raise Chamberlain. Don't know what the fuck's going on. But shoot first. You copy?

ROSCOE

Check.

Carducci pockets the intercom and makes his way up the stairs.

CUT TO:



The living quarters part of the room. We hear the sound of Carducci climbing the stairs - as does the Angelique Cenobite who is still in the room.

She crosses to closet. Its door is a full-length mirror. She swings it open. The inside door is also fully-mirrored. She pauses for a moment to look at her reflection on the inner door.

The reflection is of her former-self, in all its human beauty.

The Angelique Cenobite STEPS THROUGH THE MIRROR - coming out the other side as her "human" self!

ANGLE ON Carducci as he reaches the top of the stairs and moves into the cabin...

... to see Angelique sitting on the bed, a look of terror on her face.

ANGELIQUE

Help me. Please help me...

Carducci scans the room quickly, on guard.

CARDUCCI

What's happened? Are they here?

Angelique stands up. Carducci crosses to her. Doing a perfect imitation of a pre-feminist damsel-in-distress, Angelique throws her arms round this big strong man and presses her poor helpless self to him for protection. They are standing in front of the still-open mirror-door.

ANGELIQUE

No. Not now. But they're everywhere. I'm so afraid...

Carducci can't help it. He's a professional. But there's a beautiful woman pressing herself to him. He relaxes his body and puts his arms round her...

CARDUCCI

Hey, it's okay. Everything's okay.

... and Angelique suddenly pulls them both backwards. She slips from his arms but keeps tight hold of one of his hands and steps back through the mirror, emerging on the other side as her Cenobite self!

Carducci is halfway through the mirror. It seems while she has hold of his hand, he too can pass magically through as if the mirror were liquid...

Unfortunately, she lets go.

And Carducci is suddenly SCREAMING IN AGONY. The mirror is once-again-solid - and he's on either side of it!

Angelique swings the mirror shut - and one half of the perfectly-bisected Carducci slides smoothly and bloodily down the mirrored glass.

INT. FLIGHT DECK, MINOS

Roscoe is still moving through the flight deck. She's alone... until a door at the far end opens and Pinhead walks in.

Roscoe's jaw drops. But training tells. She assumes a firing position and shouts a warning.

ROSCOE

What the fuck planet are you from? Hold it! Right now!

Pinhead doesn't stop. Nor does he speed up. He just keeps walking. Confident. Inexorable.

ROSCOE

Had your chance.

She pulls her trigger. An ENERGY BLAST slams into Pinhead...

... and does nothing. Doesn't even make him break his stride. Nor does the second.

ROSCOE

Mother of Christ...

Roscoe stares at the Demon. She's a huge powerful woman, so she's not exactly afraid. But she's not exactly stupid either and staying here would plainly be the act of an idiot...

She turns and runs, slamming through a door...

INT. FLIGHT-DECK CORRIDOR, MINOS (CONT.)

... into the corridor. Still running, she scans the area for somewhere to hide. Her eyes go up to the ceiling...

... and a grill to an air-duct. It is too high to reach but a utility pipe runs parallel a vital few inches lower.

Roscoe leaps, catches the pipe with both hands, swings herself up, and kicks the grill clear, throwing her body in after it.

INT. AIR-DUCT, MINOS (CONT.)

Roscoe grabs at the grill, shoves it back into place, and presses her body back into shadow while leaning her head just enough to see through the cross-hatched metal of the grill.

ROSCOE'S POV DOWN THROUGH GRILL: Nothing. Nothing. Nothing...  
and then Pinhead walks into view.

Roscoe holds her breath.

Pinhead keeps walking. Not looking up. He's nearly past the grill... And then he stops.

Pinhead's head tilts up a little, as if sensing something...

... and then he moves on out of view.

Roscoe breathes again.

ROSCOE  
(mouthing it)  
Alright...

She waits a second to be sure and turns in the air-duct...

... to see the Chatter-Beast twenty yards from her!

ROSCOE  
Oh fuck!!

She doesn't even have time to bring her rifle round in the cramped space. The Beast comes rushing along the duct. In two seconds, it's there, its awful mouth opening wide...

CUT TO:

INT. LOCK-UP, MINOS

Corinne is over with Edwards. Paul is still in the cell.

EDWARDS  
Give me a break.

CORINNE  
I'm completely serious. He has to be let out. He's the only chance we have. I've seen them.

Edwards stares at her. The seriousness of her tone almost holds his disbelief at bay. Then rationalism reasserts itself.

EDWARDS  
Let him out? I should put you in there with him! People might be dying out there!

CORINNE  
That wouldn't have happened if the government had left him alone.

EDWARDS  
Well, excuse me. Obviously, it's our fault.

Corinne sighs. Enough argument.

CORINNE  
We're letting him out.

EDWARDS  
We're not doing anything. I'm the administrator and I...

Corinne half-turns, as if she can't listen anymore - and then swings back and DECKS Edwards with a powerful right hook.

CORINNE  
Former administrator. I'm your successor.

She moves to the desk and hits some buttons. The barred door of Paul's cell flies open. Paul rushes over to her as Edwards rises groggily to his feet.

PAUL  
I don't know how far things have gone. You'll have to help me.  
(looks to Edwards) Both of you.

TIME-CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, MINOS

Paul, Corinne, and Edwards run along a corridor. They reach a three-way crossroads and stop.

PAUL  
You both know what to do. You both know where to go.

EDWARDS  
This is insane!

PAUL  
Yes, it is. Accept that if you want to come through this. You seem to be a man of reason. Don't be.

Shaking his head, Edwards nevertheless takes off down one of the corridors. Paul turns to Corinne.

PAUL  
You've been brave. Stay brave. Stay alive.

Corinne looks as if she wants to say something. She just nods and turns to go.

PAUL  
Corinne?

CORINNE  
Yes?

PAUL

My... My life was planned from the moment I was born. From before I was born. I had no time for anything but the destiny I was given. (cont.)

He pauses, looks deep in her eyes.

PAUL

(cont.) I wish my life could've been different.

A beat. They reach out... and touch each other's hand briefly. And then they're away down different corridors.

INT. LOW-LEVEL CORRIDOR, MINOS

The Cenobites, Pinhead leading, move along in implacable rhythm while the Dog-Beast scurries and slides, weaving around and about the others.

As the monsters pass, the space behind them DARKENS as if they are dragging endless night in their wake.

INT. FLIGHT-DECK, MINOS

Paul rushes in to the flight-deck and runs over to the master console. His expert fingers fly over various keys and buttons. Monitors show the exterior images of the satellites - three of which still flash the LOCKED signal. He looks at the others anxiously.

INT. CORRIDOR CROSSROADS, MINOS

A set of double-doors is smashed open from the other side and Pinhead stalks into an area where two corridors meet. His monstrous troop flows in behind him. As before, BLACKNESS follows them, all light vanishing as they pass.

ANGELIQUE

If Merchant is finally playing again, the stakes must be high.

PINHEAD

His gamble is trusting other players.

Pinhead looks down at the Chatter-Beast. He points an imperious arm down one of the corridors.

PINHEAD

Fetch!

The Beast takes off at incredible speed. Angelique and the Siamese-Twin go after it. Pinhead goes the other way.

INT. FLIGHT-DECK, MINOS

Paul holds a slim black object in his hand. Some kind of remote-control. He points it at various console-switches and it glows red as if reading information from each one.

He looks overhead. Two angle-pieces point down to where he's standing behind the console. He hits a button and they both shine a combining light on him.

He looks back at the monitors. All the satellites are not yet locked. He looks into the room as if awaiting the inevitable arrival of his enemy.

INT. HOLDING PEN ANNEXE, MINOS

Edwards walks into the annex. He stares in shock at the blasted reinforced-door and the bloodstains and bones that are all that remains of Rimmer and walks through...

INT. HOLDING PEN, MINOS

... into the Pen. Suppressing a shudder at the CORPSE of Parker, he scans the area...

... and sees the Box. He picks it up, turns to leave...

... and sees Angelique in the blasted doorway!

EDWARDS  
Oh no...

Angelique walks into the Pen - and the Siamese-Twin follows.

Edwards looks from them down to the Box in his hand.

EDWARDS  
He... he told me what to do.

Angelique's face creases in contemplation as she looks at the man. She thinks she's got his number.

ANGELIQUE  
Please. Go ahead. If you think it will do any good.

Edwards runs his fingers listlessly over the Box. He presses at it a few times as if looking for hidden buttons. Nothing. His arms drop hopelessly and he starts to sob.

EDWARDS  
It's... a box. It's just a box.

He lifts it and flings it half-heartedly at Angelique.

Her hand rises and catches it expertly.

ANGELIQUE  
Thank God for men of reason. (to the Siamese-Twin) Finish it.

She turns and walks away, not even watching as Edwards falls to his knees sobbing in fear.

The Siamese-Twin towers over him and SPLITS.

TWIN 1/TWIN 2

I *cannot* bear to be apart from my brother...

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT-DECK, MINOS

The only sounds in the flight-deck are the hum of the mechanisms and the sound of Paul's tense breathing.

And then there's another sound...

The sound of demonic feet approaching.

Paul looks up from the console. Angelique has entered, holding the Box. Their eyes lock, each recognising and acknowledging their bizarre history.

ANGELIQUE

Building bigger toys than ever.

PAUL

The Minos is no toy. It's...

ANGELIQUE

I know what it is. Don't use it. I saw your room. The past means as much to you as it means to me. We can reclaim it. Together.

Paul looks at her. For a second, the same magic that worked on John works on him and he has a FLASH-IMAGE of her human self in 18<sup>th</sup> century costume. Beautiful. Alluring.

He blinks it away. His face sets grimly.

PAUL

Not this time, Princess.

Disappointed rage crosses her face. Before she can answer, they are no longer alone. Pinhead and the Siamese-Twin have entered.

The DARKNESS comes with Pinhead and then changes into BLUE LIGHT diffusing in from various angles as if the doors to Hell are open. Simultaneously, HOWLING WINDS begin to roar through the room, necessitating raised voices.

Pinhead looks at Paul standing behind the console in the light from the two overhead angle-poises.

PINHEAD

How the centuries pass. I've thought often, down those long days, of the pleasures we have prepared for you.

PAUL  
Pleasures?

PINHEAD  
In a manner of speaking. Your ancestors have been there before  
you. The Labyrinth still rings with the echoes of their agony  
- Lullabyes for the Children of the Worm.

Paul looks at the monitors. Two more satellites are showing  
the LOCKED signal.

CUT TO:

INT. SATELLITE-CONTROL, MINOS

Corinne feverishly types in co-ordinates and watches the  
monitors click one by one into the LOCKED position.

Finally, the words ALL SATELLITES ALIGNED show on the master-  
monitor.

Corinne sits back and lets out a long slow sigh.

CORINNE  
Alright girl. You passed the science exam. Now let's see how  
you do at track.

She exits the room...

INT. CORRIDOR, MINOS (CONT.)

... and out into a corridor. And starts running. Fast.

INT. FLIGHT-DECK, MINOS

Paul's eyes register the ALL SATELLITES ALIGNED signal. He  
shows no relief or excitement. Good poker player.

PAUL  
It's over now. It ends with me.

PINHEAD  
I think not. Your bloodline may end but the game goes on  
forever. Four hundred years your family has played. A long  
time? No. The blink of a suppurating eye to He Who Dwells In  
The Deep.

PAUL  
The game may go on forever but you won't be there to play it.

ANGELIQUE  
Fly us back to your world, toymaker. No end of games there.

PAUL  
I'm afraid I can't do that.



ANGELIQUE

Want to play here? Well, you won't be playing with this.

She holds out the Box. Pinhead smiles. Paul doesn't.

PINHEAD

Good. The woman?

ANGELIQUE

A gift to our chattering friend. You know how fond he is of female meat.

INT. CORRIDOR, MINOS

Corinne reaches a T-junction. She turns left into...

INT. LONG CORRIDOR, MINOS (CONT.)

... the longest corridor we've seen yet. It stretches at least a hundred yards on either side of the T-junction.

Just before renewing her run, Corinne looks down the other stretch. A hundred yards of emptiness...

But not for long. Appearing suddenly at the far end comes the Dog-Beast, careering towards her down the corridor.

CORINNE

Oh my God...

Corinne wastes a precious second staring at it, her jaw open in horrified shock. Then she turns and runs for her life.

And the Dog-beast runs for it too.

It's nightmare-fast, seeming to gain thirty yards for every ten that Corinne covers. Within a few seconds of the chase starting, it's almost halved the distance between them.

Not wanting to - and hardly able to afford to - Corinne nevertheless can't resist looking back over her shoulder.

She registers how, as the creature passes, the walls behind it become a nightmare of darkness and despair.

CORINNE

(to herself)

Run. Run!!

And she does. Panting, sweating, heart pounding, she runs.

The demon pursues her vigorously and tirelessly, gaining yard by yard as it speeds furiously down the corridor.

Gasping with exertion, Corrinne stares desperately ahead of her at the door she's heading to. It seems closer...

CORRINNE  
Come on! Come on!

She redoubles her effort...

... and suddenly she trips, cartwheeling to the floor.

As if sensing her sudden weakness, the monster behind her HOWLS in infernal delight and streaks forward even faster.

Corrinne scrambles to her feet, runs on, and suddenly she's there. She bursts through the door...

INT. ENTRY BAY/ESCAPE VEHICLE PAD, MINOS (CONT.)

... and tumbles into the entry bay.

Immediately ahead of her a small single-person egg-shaped ESCAPE POD sits on a pad beyond the open station-side door of an airlock.

Corinne rushes to the pod, slams her hand on the release catch of the door, and clambers in.

INSIDE POD -

It ain't built for luxury; There's a contoured body panel into which Corinne stands, a control panel in front of her, a round window and that's it. On the control panel is a sticker marked AIRLOCK REMOTE and beneath it two toggle switches, one marked INTERNAL which is clicked to the OPEN position and one marked EXTERNAL which is clicked to CLOSED.

Corinne flicks the INTERNAL to CLOSED.

IN THE ENTRY BAY -

The airlock behind the pod begins to close...

But simultaneously the doors to the bay burst open and the Dog-Beast leaps into the room!

INSIDE POD -

Corinne looks at the slowly-closing airlock door and at the far from slow Monster rushing toward her.

CORINNE  
No... No...

The door's not going to close in time. She's fucked. She groans... and then thinks of something.

She slams forward the switch that says BRAKE and then hits the one that says IGNITION...

IN THE ENTRY BAY -

A massive THRUST OF JET-PROPELLED FLAME slams out of the back of the stationary pod, blasting the Beast back across the room!

The jet-flame is cut in time to allow the airlock door to close without being melted.

IN THE AIRLOCK -

The outer airlock door slides open.

The ignition starts again...

EXT. MINOS, DEEP SPACE (CONT.)

A beat of stillness...

... and then the egg-shaped Pod comes spinning wildly toward camera. Corinne is safe.

INT. FLIGHT-DECK, MINOS

Paul isn't. CLOSE on his face, stiff with tension.

PULL BACK to reveal why -

The viciously-barbed tips of several of Hell's Hooked Chains are hovering inches from his face and body, taut and swaying like steel King Cobras waiting to strike!

A cruel smile illuminates Pinhead's face as he stares at Paul.

Paul looks at another monitor providing entry-bay date. The words POD-LAUNCH are flashing. He signs in relief - and then looks up at Pinhead and Angelique.

PAUL

It didn't get her. She's free. She's safe.

PINHEAD

Let's see how much of a comfort that is to you when the maggots are eating your eyes. From the inside.

Paul's eyes suddenly become fixed and cold. Like gunfighters in a spaghetti western, Paul and Pinhead stare at each other.

PAUL

Let's play.

His fingers dive at the buttons...

... but Pinhead's so much faster - and the hooked chains jet forward viciously to pierce Paul's body and face...

... and Paul just WINKS OUT of existence, disappearing down to a white dot like a turned-off TV. Or a cancelled hologram.

ANGELIQUE

What?

Paul steps out from another part of the room entirely. He has the remote-control in his hand.

PAUL

Hologram. All done with mirrors. Like this.

His finger hits a button on the remote... and we CUT TO:

EXT. MINOS, DEEP SPACE

The Minos floats against the star-studded blackness.

Suddenly, VAST BEAMS OF LIGHT burst from all six satellites!

Like Lemarchand's design, like John's miniature version, the beams meet and EXPLODE into a HUGE CORUSCATING CAT'S CRADLE completely encircling the Minos, dwarving even that vast structure in an awesome and dazzling light-show.

INT. FLIGHT-DECK, MINOS

Pinhead, Angelique, and the Siamese-twin all stagger as if suddenly weakened dreadfully. The Box falls to the ground from Angelique's slackened grasp.

PINHEAD

NOOOO!!!

He raises his hands as if to summon chains or other tools...

... and nothing happens.

EXT. MINOS, DEEP SPACE

The show gets even bigger. As if reality can't cope with the massive Cat's-Cradle, a HUGE STORM IN SPACE erupts around the Minos, a maelstrom of roiling gases and impossible lightning.

The Cat's-Cradle of light suddenly sends out a LIGHT BEAM into the space behind it. The Beam smashes into a mass of bubbling gaseous matter, WHITES-OUT briefly...

... and is replaced by an area of intense blackness, a corona of gaseous matter swirling about its edges, defining its position.

The nebulous swirl seems to be disappearing constantly into the unrelieved blackness of the centre. It is as if the Cat's-Cradle has sundered reality, has created an astronomical anomaly. A place where matter disappears.

INT. FLIGHT-DECK, MINOS

Pinhead looks over at Paul, horror-struck

PINHEAD

What have you done?! What is it?!

PAUL

Endgame, demon.

Angelique screams.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The Minos suddenly judders within the Cat's-cradle and begins to hurtle toward its furthest point - the swirling black reality-warp!

INT. FLIGHT DECK, MINOS

Pinhead ROARS at Paul - and from his open mouth a CHAIN flies toward Paul...

... and hooks into his chest. Paul grunts in pain... But then grasps the chain, yanks it, and pulls Pinhead toward him!

The two enemies grasp each others arms, wrestling and fighting, somehow keeping their balance in the wildly-careering deck when Angelique and the Siamese-Twin are knocked helpless to the floor. Pinhead and Paul scream to be heard in the cacophony.

PINHEAD

In Hell, I'll teach every one of your nerve-endings to scream separately!

PAUL

You still don't get it? It's over! Finally, irrevocably over!!

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The Minos is now careering toward the reality-warp at an incredibly increased speed.

And suddenly, within the Cat's-Cradle and almost within the irresistible blackness, the Minos begins to break apart, unable to withstand the terrible pressures!

INT. FLIGHT DECK, MINOS

A SMASH-CUT to Paul and Pinhead as, all around them, the deck disintegrates. A frozen second for Paul's last line...

PAUL  
Welcome to Oblivion.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

... and the, just as it disappears into the gaping maw of the warp, Minos comes apart completely in a massive explosion!

THROUGH THE WARP/PSYCHEDELIC SPACE (BLUE SCREEN)

The MONTAGE BACKGROUND is a whirling insanity of images: spiralling patterns; the birth of planets; exploding supernovae; volcanic eruptions; the works.

Asteroid DEBRIS spins wildly in the foreground, piece after piece being whirled away until finally we see the Box left alone above the background - the perspectives of which all sell the idea that it is constantly falling even though its image size remains constant.

Slowly, the camera TRACKS IN on the Box until the black circle that dominates one of its faces FILLS THE SCREEN.

And then, without quite realising when it changed, we realise we are tracking OUT, not in...

... moving through an EXTREME CLOSE UP of the Box and continuing on out...

INT. LEMARCHAND'S WORKROOM NEARLY MIDNIGHT

... and we see the Box is resting on the hand of Phillip Lemarchand in his workshop in 18<sup>th</sup> century France.

The door opens and Genevieve enters in her nightdress.

GENEVIEVE  
Is it done?

LEMARCHAND  
Done!

CUT TO BLACK

RUN CREDITS