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NIGHT GALLERY

"THE GIRL WITH THE HUNGRY EYES"

Teleplay by

Robert Malcolm Young

From the story by

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#35206

NIGHT GALLERY

"THE GIRL WITH THE HUNGRY EYES"

CAST

DAVID
GIRL
MUNSCH
HARRY

S.B.:

MAN

SETS

INTERIOR:

PHOTO STUDIO
DARKROOM
MUNSCH'S OFFICE

EXTERIOR:

ANTIQUATED OFFICE BUILDING
ROOFTOP
STREET
PARK
COMMERCIAL STREET

NIGHT GALLERY

"THE GIRL WITH THE HUNGRY EYES"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ANTIQUATED OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT 1

The high-rises didn't rise too high when this one went up. Gingerbread, soot and wrought-iron; beauty marks once, warts now. Most of the tenants have gone home for the night. Camera moves closer to the thin light emanating from one of the windows. It blinks out.

2 INT. DARKROOM - NIGHT 2

Opening on the enlarger easel (but knowing it). We hold a beat in the darkness, wondering, perhaps, about the sound of movement in the room. There's a click and the negative of a female head is neatly projected for the precise length of David's sing-song delivery of the following - his way of 'timing' his exposures:

DAVID'S VOICE

(fast)

A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock
scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you don't even call, baby.

There's a click as the projector goes off and a few frames in blackness.

3 FEATURING DAVID 3

at the enlarger, exposing the last of a roll of 120 negs. The procedure is routine. He works quickly, his mind dwelling on food, his experience telling him that what he's doing isn't going to pay the rent. He develops his prints face down, timing them by instinct. Eight seconds and he slaps the last print into the acid bath, still face down. A splash and a slop and he grabs the print with the tongs, turns it face up and pushes it on top of eleven others in the hypo bath. (N.B.: if we don't notice that this last pic is of a different girl, we will as David slides it off the pile already fixing.)

4 ANGLING UP FROM HYPO TRAY - TO DAVID 4

puzzled. His eyes move from the one picture to the others.

5 THE HYPO TRAY - DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW

5

as David separates the first eleven shots of the same girl. But the last shot is of a very different girl. Startlingly beautiful, it's her eyes that first command our attention. They seem to look at and through us, the effect heightened by the coruscating flow of the hypo moving across the print. The face is filled with more than the mating promise; it seems to meet all those other needs so few men find time to articulate. Over this, thematic music both threatening and irresistably enticing: we are endangered, but we love it!

6 DAVID - MOVING SHOT

6

Stunned by the face and perplexed by its unfamiliarity, he moves to a set of wall switches. He flips one off (the red light outside) and the others on, illuminating the darkroom conventionally. He moves back to the tray and confirms the vision. A wall-mounted phone rings. He yanks it off the hook, holding the print in his free hand, snapping:

DAVID

Yes?...Harry, how many times have I told you -- keep your paws off my cameras!

(beat)

You know damn well what I'm talking about! I shot a test roll with this chick. I must've quit at number eleven and you clicked off the last one on some broad who --

(beat)

Okay, okay...skip it. What about the fifty?

(short beat)

You're hurting?! Harry, I'm hurting! To you, overhead is available light. To me, it's this whole cockamamie studio and -- hold on a minute...

Under the word "overhead" we heard the darkroom door squeak open. David's anger vitiates as he begins reacting to the o.s. girl. Now David is no slouch with the chicks. He's photographed them all, clothed, nude and worse. Beauty and willingness are a steady part of his diet. But the Girl he's looking at now is different somehow. She assaults all his senses and David finds himself tingling not with sexual anticipation - but a kind of fear he's never known. Again, the sinister but seductive music theme.

DAVID

You...

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

Us.

GIRL'S VOICE

What...?

DAVID

7 THE GIRL - DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW

7

moving closer as she speaks. Whatever she was in a limp and dripping 8 X 10 black and white, she's infinitely more in the flesh. She is elegantly arrogant, poised, supremely confident. She is the quintessential dream-girl, the ultimate composite of all that men seek in secrecy. All of these qualities are the essence of her, hence she is a completely unaffected person - the girl next door laced with an unholy quality that haunts without being campy.

GIRL

You need a model. I want to be a model.

8 FULL SHOT

8

David, a male chauvinist, is trying to be cool and succeeding rather well - under the circumstances.

DAVID

Yeah...What've you done?

GIRL

Why don't you hang up the phone, David?

David does, trying to look as though it was his own idea. He holds out the wet 8 X 10 for Girl to see.

DAVID

Did Harry Krell shoot this?

GIRL

(glances at pic)
She's rather pretty.
(to David)
Who's Harry Krell?

DAVID

I suppose the two of you weren't up here this afternoon and --

He suspends as his gestures bring the photo he's holding into his own line of vision. He's visibly shaken.

GIRL

Are you all right?

9 THE 8 X 10

9

in David's hand and move in closer. It is no longer the photo of the Girl. It is simply one more of the batch in the hypo. We pull back for David's reaction. He turns to Girl, angrily.

DAVID

Who are you?

10 THE GIRL

10

GIRL

Don't you know me, David?

11 THE SCENE

11

David considers her a beat, regains his composure, hurries forward, pushing past her into:

12 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - NIGHT

12

The clutter of professional photographic apparatus - tripods, lights, strobes, various drops and props, cameras, etc., seem anachronistic against the high-ceilinged, sash-windowed construction which dominates the room for demolition. David Faulkner, mid-30's, high-strung, impatient and hungry, has a desk disguised by piles of 8 X 10's, composite photos, application forms, releases, old paper cups and remnants of hamburger wrappings. David rushes to the desk, seeking some application blanks. Girl, who is there, turns around, sauntering toward him.

GIRL

You look tired. In the morning.
Say...ten o'clock?

Again, we are aware of that strange music. Our skin crawls. Apparently, only we hear it. Girl and David have their own thing going.

DAVID

What agency are you with? What've
you been getting?

GIRL

(starts out)

Ten o'clock.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

DAVID
(getting louder and
angrier as she moves
to the door)

You never modeled in your life, did you? Well, I don't pay amateurs, sweetheart. Strictly on spec, you dig? And listen -- I need your address...phone number -- and your name on a release.

GIRL
On the prop table, David.

And she's gone. David looks at the prop table.

13 PROP TABLE - DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW - SUBJECTIVE CAMERA 13

moving toward two printed forms on the only clear corner of the table. Nothing has been written on them.

14 UP-ANGLE - DAVID 14

at the prop table. He snaps up the forms, sees she's lied to him. Ventilation, starvation - something's getting to him. Angrily, more at his current failures, really, than at the Girl, he balls up the forms and pitches them across the studio.

15 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - ANGLE ON A STROBE LIGHT - DAY 15

A ball of paper hits the strobe light. Angle slowly widens to take in the full studio. David is using strobe and bounce light, snapping away at Girl who poses with total expertise.

DAVID
(as he shoots)
If I get one worth showing, I'll work it into my rounds. Let me see a smile now.

GIRL
I am smiling.

DAVID
If that's the best you can do, sweetheart, we're in trouble.

GIRL
Look in my eyes. You'll see.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

We sense David's uneasiness. It's one thing to look at her through the finder of his SLR, another to look into her eyes.

DAVID

What was that shtick about having filled out the release forms? They were empty.

GIRL

Are we through?

DAVID

Okay -- we're through. But I need an address...phone number...

GIRL

I'll keep in touch.

DAVID

(shakes his head)

What's with you, doll? Everybody --

GIRL

My way. Everything will work out fine -- my way. And, David...don't ever try to follow me.

DAVID

(long pause; sighs)

Like they say, it takes all kinds.

(then)

I pay twenty-five an hour -- tops. And I usually pay late.

She shrugs indifferently, moving closer to him.

GIRL

The money's not important.

(then)

Look at me, David. Do you see the smile now?

David turns slowly, looks into her eyes. He studies them, momentarily mesmerized.

DAVID

...No.

GIRL

What do you see?

DAVID

I see...a kind of...need. A...a hunger. I see --

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED - 2

15

He pulls away from her suddenly, stepping a few feet to one side of her. He begins unloading the two cameras dangling from his neck:

DAVID

Listen, maybe we should get some bikini shots. I got this one client gets turned on pretty easy. Kind of a latent lecher.

(gestures)

Try the orange one on the table there.

She's already taking off her blouse; crossing to the orange bikini.

DAVID

You...you don't mind, do you?

GIRL

Why should I?

She's obviously going to change in front of him. We frame for David's consternation.

16 CLOSEUP - GIRL

16

Emphasizing those incredible eyes. The music again.

17 INT. MUNSCH'S OFFICE - DAY

17

We're angled on a close drape that parts like a theatre curtain and reveals a miniature billboard. The billboard art is sparse and dramatic (and incomplete). Only two words appear on it: "FOR YOU..." and this is followed by a lot of empty space and finally a can of Munsch Beer. We pull back to see that this is a dramatic mock-up of a proposed billboard. We meet Mr. Munsch, the pompous, theatrical and overbearing head of Munsch Brewery.

MUNSCH

Unadorned with claptrap. Simplicity is at the heart of endurance, and this campaign will endure, David Faulkner, I promise you that.

DAVID

Most effective, Mr. Munsch.

CONTINUED

MUNSCH

(pointing to blank
space in billboard)

But here...in this space...here will
be placed the elusive ingredient.

DAVID

The girl...

MUNSCH

THE girl. 'Miss Munsch'. Seven
fruitless months, David Faulkner,
have been spent in finding her. My
advertising agency tells me you've
handled only very small accounts...
still, I must overturn every stone.

DAVID

Mr. Munsch, I shouldn't be here...
taking up your valuable time...

MUNSCH

No-no-no. I'm just about to take
my morning beer break. And it
doesn't cost to look, I always say.

And he crosses to a tap where he draws one draft beer into a
stein that is surely a collector's item.

MUNSCH

But before I look, consider this,
David Faulkner. The girl Munsch
Brewery is seeking...

(growing mystical)

...is the manifestation of our
materialism and our lust. She must
be the mystery that drives us to
victory in whatever arena we enter.
Do you believe in telepathy, David
Faulkner?

DAVID

(who's never given
it a thought)

Oh, yes, sir, Mr. Munsch!

MUNSCH

I believe that men have collectively
created in their minds a girl shaped
into a single image. A composite,
so to speak. Fame, power, sex,
immortality -- all these desires,
common to every man...they have a
look to them, David Faulkner. They
have a face.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED - 2

17

DAVID

Yes, sir. They sure do!

MUNSCH

I'll know that face when I see it.
I'll know the eyes in that face.
That face will be Miss Munsch. Do
- you - have - that - face - with
- you, David Faulkner?

DAVID

Well, I...Why don't you just flip
through these, Mr. Munsch?

Munsch downs his stein of beer, takes David's folder of photos, gives David a hopeless glance and starts through the photos. There are nine or ten, and he rejects them with the speed and efficiency of a Vegas dealer - until he comes to the last one. He freezes, his eyes locked on the 8 X 10. Then he slowly turns to David, his face newly carved in solemn astonishment. Finally:

MUNSCH

Miss Munsch.

Gravely, like it's a coronation at the very least, he turns and looks at his model billboard.

18 FEATURING THE MODEL BILLBOARD

18

Musically, we again hear Girl's theme. Camera moves in.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. ROOFTOP - THE BILLBOARD - NIGHT

19

A new and specially-posed shot of Girl fills the space between the words "FOR YOU" and the can of Munsch Beer. It should be a grabber, fulfilling Munsch's vision and exposing the talents of some anonymous graphic artist.

20 EXT. DAVID'S STUDIO - DAVID AT WINDOW - NIGHT

20

Move into a tighter shot as David, very pleased with himself, stares at the huge billboard visible from his window. We observe that his clothes, though casual, contribute, along with his hair styling, to his new, more prosperous look. He holds a near-empty tumbler of scotch aloft and toasts his discovery:

DAVID

To your health, Miss Munsch...

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

HARRY'S VOICE

You fink-traitor...!

David turns easily.

21 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAVID AND HARRY - NIGHT

21

Harry is a bit younger than David and, like him, also a photographer. He's scanning magazines. Empty glass nearby. The entire studio has been renovated, refurbished in line with David's new-found affluence.

HARRY

...the least you could do is toast her in beer. Or anyway introduce me.

DAVID

That's the most I could do -- and I'm not about to, Harry.

HARRY

Private stock?

DAVID

(shakes head)

We haven't so much as shared a cheesburger.

Harry looks sceptically at David for a beat, decides he's leveling, then indicates various pages in various magazines.

HARRY

Look at this chick...here, Bimini Bikini...and here, Amour Perfume... this one -- a stereo company.

DAVID

There's a certain relevancy in that one -- the stereo campaign, I mean. Considering her measurements.

HARRY

I'm tired of considering them. I want to take them. I'm over twenty-one. I've had all my inoculations. (as David is silent) You can at least tell me her name.

DAVID

(mock magnanimity)

Well...because you're an old friend, Harry...you can call her -- Miss Munsch.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

HARRY

(a sudden, sincere
fervency)

On the level, Buddy, this one's different. Man, she has me crawling the walls. There's something about her...I mean...the way she makes me feel...it's almost unholy.

DAVID

Does she scare you, Harry? Does she?

HARRY

(pause)

Yeah. She scares me. And I have to know why. I look at that face -- and, so help me, David, it's like she's looking back -- right at me ...through me. She knows me, Dave... knows things about me that no one could possibly --

(suspends)

You're laughing at me.

DAVID

It's late, Harry. I'm closing up shop.

Harry rises reluctantly, tossing the last of several magazines aside.

HARRY

Thanks for nothing, buddy.

He moves to the door, opens it, turns, a last desperate try:

HARRY

David -- ?

DAVID

G'night, Harry.

Harry despairs, exits, closing the door behind him. David pours himself another. He calls off:

DAVID

He's gone.

Girl comes out of the darkroom, haughtily enraged.

GIRL

Don't you ever let that happen again!

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED - 2

21

DAVID

He just dropped in.

(then)

I'm sorry. He wanted to know your name.

GIRL

Why didn't you tell him? You know it.

DAVID

(wry)

Sure. Melissa-Jane-Mary-Elizabeth-Nancy...

GIRL

All of them.

And she turns and hurries out. We frame for David and realize that though he's found success through her, he knows no more about her than the first day he saw her. He swallows the last sip of his drink, studies the glass, and then, fiercely, tosses it through the open window.

22 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

22

Angle high on the Munsch billboard and pan down past a dark blur of a two-story building and find Harry, standing in the street, looking up, transfixed by the billboard above. The glass David tossed through the window lands a few feet from Harry and shatters. He turns sharply toward the sound. We widen angle enough to see, as Harry does, Girl entering frame and stopping by the broken shards of glass. Harry knows at once who she is and is momentarily frozen in terrified ecstasy.

23 CLOSER - HARRY

23

incredulous. The sinister-seductive music commences.

24 GIRL

24

hungry and determined. Music builds.

25 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAVID - NIGHT

25

He paces in frustration fanned by booze, kicking aside a lightstand that gets in his way. Damn that Girl - all this time and he doesn't even know her name. He crosses to the window and snarls at the billboard across the street:

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

DAVID

Munsch was right, sweetheart. You're
nothing but the essence of dreams...!

And his eye wanders to the street below and what he sees bends
his anger into melancholy.

26 EXT. STREET - FROM DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW - NIGHT

26

Girl takes a step closer to Harry, begins talking to him.

27 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - BACK TO DAVID - NIGHT

27

He turns from the window, dashes for a camera shell and a
long lens a few feet away. He snaps the telephoto lens to the
camera, turns to the window, aims the "monocular" to the
street and focuses it.

28 EXT. STREET - THROUGH TELEPHOTO LENS - NIGHT

28

Harry seems entranced. Girl links her arm in his; they turn
and walk away together.

29 EXT. DAVID'S STUDIO - DAVID AT WINDOW - NIGHT

29

He lowers the camera. He's angry. He's hurt. Making a
sudden decision, he jerks out of frame.

30 EXT. STREET - DAVID - NIGHT

30

Jacketed against the night chill, he strides past the bits of
broken glass he tossed from the window moments before.

31 ANOTHER SECTION OF STREET

31

David comes to a stop, looks this way and that. No sign of
them. He selects a direction, hurries toward it.

32 EXT. PARK - DAVID - NIGHT

32

His steps slow. He stops, considers the shrubbery, listens.
The click of heels mingles with the call of the crickets.
We frame closer on David as he turns toward the sound.

33 DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW - GIRL 33

coming out of the park and moving briskly away from David.
She's alone.

34 DAVID 34

It doesn't add up. But then nothing about her ever does.
Impulsively, he starts to follow her, is checked in his tracks
by an echoing reprise of her earlier admonition:

GIRL'S VOICE

And, David...don't ever try to follow
me.

The hell with it. The hell with everything. He turns and re-
traces his steps, more frustrated than ever.

35 SOMEWHERE IN THE PARK 35

Camera slowly pushes through the brush. The night insects
suspend in hushed anticipation. We're on an incline now...
still moving. Suddenly, there's a brief flare of brush
crackling, rocks tumbling, and Harry's body rolls into camera
range and stops - his head inverted, his mouth opened wide in
horror and death. Music shrieks.

FADE OUT

(ACT BREAK)

FADE IN:

36 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - CLOSEUP - TELEPHONE - DAY 36

The phone shrills loudly. Camera pulls back and explores the
studio until it finds David, an empty booze bottle in his lap,
slowly coming out of a deep sleep. He gets to his feet, starts
for the phone, suspends a beat as the memory of the night
before returns, notes the empty bottle in his hand, and isn't
sure what happened. The phone presses. He picks it up.

DAVID

Faulkner Studios...

37 INT. MUNSCH'S OFFICE - MUNSCH - DAY 37

He's on the phone, a newspaper outspread before him.

MUNSCH

A little excitement in your neighbor-
hood last night. According to the
morning paper, another 'Maybe Murder'...

38
thru
43

INTERCUT - MUNSCH AND DAVID

DAVID

Another what...?

MUNSCH

I keep forgetting. Photographers don't read. They only look at pictures. The 'Maybe Murders' -- so labeled by the press because the police aren't certain whether they are homicides or heart attacks.

DAVID

In my neighborhood? Where?

MUNSCH

In the park. Just like the others. Perfectly healthy man...alone in a quiet place. But I didn't call you to discuss obituaries. In regard to Miss Munsch -- I think it's time I met her. She's remained anonymous long enough. I intend to be present at the next shooting session...

DAVID

No. Please...you don't understand. She -- she won't work with anyone else in the studio.

MUNSCH

Then we'll chat. I've learned over the years that most models find the brewery business utterly fascinating.

44

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

44

There is a sharp click at the other end of the line, indicating that Munsch has hung up. David hangs up his end, lingers a beat, and then rushes to the door. He yanks it open, stoops, and picks up the daily paper waiting for him there. He re-enters the studio, leaving the door open, and unfurls the paper, snapping open the cumbersome front page. His eyes tell us that he's found the story. The color drains from his face. He is more than stunned, he is physically ill. Music begins.

GIRL'S VOICE

Good morning, David.

David reels about and we reframe to include the open doorway. Girl enters easily as David stares at her, trying to relate the reality of now to the horror of the night before.

CONTINUED

DAVID

What are you doing here?

GIRL

Where else would I be?

DAVID

I don't know. I don't know anything about you.

GIRL

You know how rich I've made you. The rest shouldn't matter.

DAVID

What did you do after you left here last night?

She turns and studies him. Her eyes take in the newspaper and return to his face. Then:

GIRL

I was hungry. What do you think I did?

DAVID

A man was murdered in the park a few blocks from here. A friend... a very dear friend...

(as she just looks
at him, deadpan;
finally blurts)

Look, I saw you from the window. You were talking...you strolled off together...

GIRL

(deliberate pause)

You said this new account was a big one. Shall we get started?

(he doesn't answer)

What do you want, David? Do you know what you want? Revenge? Or justice? Or what? Tell me, David.

And standing there, a few feet from him, in the daylight spilling in from the bright morning, she is seducing him with her voice and her eyes. He's completely forgotten his earlier distress and is succumbing to the lure of her. Music full.

DAVID

I want...I want you.

GIRL

You sound surprised.

CONTINUED

DAVID

I never realized before. I do...I
want you. Need you.

GIRL

In time, David...

(his hands reach to
caress her; clasping
them in hers)

Not yet. We need each other. We
have, from the beginning. Me giving
you what you wanted and needed...
and you doing the same for me.

DAVID

It's not enough.

GIRL

It either waits -- or it ends right
now. I can make it without you now,
David. Can you say the same?

Frame for David's reaction. He can't cope with her on any
level within his frame of reference. Music trails out.

The lights behind the large panel flicker on. We pull back to
see David slapping up some 8 X 10 color transparencies of Girl.
The first one is a loose head shot. (N.B.: the dialogue con-
tinues from previous scene.)

GIRL'S VOICE

Now then...this new account. What
do I wear?

DAVID'S VOICE

Doesn't matter. They just want to
use your face.

And he places a second transparency - a tight head shot - on
the panel. He studies these photos - longingly, strangely dis-
turbed.

GIRL'S VOICE

Is my hair all right?

DAVID'S VOICE

I'm afraid of you. You scare the
hell out of me.

And he slaps a third transparency on the viewing panel. This
one is of just her eyes. We move, with David, closer to it.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

DAVID'S VOICE

Sometimes I think you only exist
-because I photograph you. You're
something I alone can see...through
the camera lens...or the lens in my
eye. Everyone else...they see only
the pictures. Never you. Except
for Harry...and the others like him.
The 'Maybe Murders.' You --

MUNSCH'S VOICE

David Faulkner!

And David spins around, startled from his reverie, the trance
induced by the closeup transparency of Girl's eyes ended by
his unexpected caller.

46 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE MUNSCH

46

who enters with less authority than we might expect of him.

MUNSCH

I knocked. You didn't answer.

DAVID

I'm sorry. I...can I get you some-
thing?

But Munsch has seen the transparencies and is drawn to them.

MUNSCH

(haunted)

Her. You can get me her, David
Faulkner. I have to see her... to
know her.

DAVID

If there were any way...

MUNSCH

(turns, bellows)

Find one! Arrange it! Manage!
Bring about! Do! Cause to be,
David Faulkner!

DAVID

You don't understand...

MUNSCH

(quiet desperation)

No...you are the one who doesn't
understand. You've seen her...
talked to her. Touched her?

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

46

DAVID

No.

MUNSCH

Then you know how I feel. It's different with her, isn't it? It isn't sex. It's life. Or death. Or everything in between. Who is she, David Faulkner? Who is she??

DAVID

I don't know.

MUNSCH

Then find out. For all our sakes, find out...

47 EXT. STREET - GIRL - NIGHT

47

Camera pans with Girl as she walks along a deserted commercial street. Shop windows have left their lights on. Some distance ahead of her a Man about 40 is staring at something in one of the display windows. (N.B.: the voices continue over from the preceding scene.) Girl's music theme underscores.

MUNSCH'S VOICE

...any way you can. Follow her home. She must live somewhere. Where, David Faulkner?

DAVID'S VOICE

I don't know.

(then)

Mr. Munsch, do you know what can happen to you if you do see her?

By now, Girl has slowed her step and sees that the Man is staring at a poster of her which is part of the window display.

MUNSCH'S VOICE

(quiet resignation)

I can't help that, can I?

The Man has turned and sees Girl now and realizes that it's the same face as that in the poster in the window. A crazy dream has come to life for him. Girl eyes him hungrily, then raises her hands and gently holds his head between them.

48 A DARK CORNER - DAVID

48

has followed her and is watching the encounter. The performance is stunning in its effect on David.

49 MAN AND GIRL

49

just as she releases him and he crumples lifelessly to the pavement, -sprawling grotesquely. Girl moves off.

50 DAVID

50

waiting for her. The click of her heels grows louder as she approaches. Widen angle as she turns the corner behind which David has concealed himself. He grabs her arm, stops her. She reacts like marble - cold, aloof, with angry veins about her temples. Music quits.

DAVID

Last week...Mr. Munsch...he wanted me to follow you. I thought about it...but put it off. I was afraid. Then last night...because his patience gave out...he followed you, didn't he?

GIRL

Let go of me, David!

DAVID

Didn't he??

GIRL

He did because he wanted to. Had to.

DAVID

And now he's dead. Like that poor joker there...and Harry. And God knows how many others.

GIRL

And you too, maybe?

DAVID

No. Because I know you now.

GIRL

But you want me just the same. Don't you, David...?

(she's closing in)

Tell me how you want me...

DAVID

(succumbing)

Your eyes...

GIRL

...are hungry.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

Her hands are rising to his face. Again, we hear the music.

GIRL

It's time, David...time...

And with super human effort David brings up his arms between hers and presses hers down.

51 WIDER ANGLE

51

Having accomplished this, David's broken the immediate spell. He turns and starts to run. We frame fast on Girl, perturbed, for she's never failed before.

52 ANGLE ON DAVID (FLASH CUT)

52

running through the dark and empty streets. Footsteps echoing weirdly.

53 ANOTHER ANGLE (FLASH CUT - FASTER)

53

running like a madman.

54 ANGLE ON DAVID'S FEET (FLASH CUT - STILL BRIEFER)

54

tireless. If anything, they run even faster.

55 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - NIGHT

55

David enters, slamming the door behind him. He slumps against the door, catching his wind. He's still breathless when he flips on the lights and lurches toward his file cabinets.

56 DAVID AT THE CABINETS

56

He yanks open several drawers, pulling assorted file folders and spilling the contents and folders in a concentrated heap. He continues to do this with black and white negs, 120's, 35mm, color, 5 X 7 and 8 X 10 negatives - all of Girl. He moves in a kind of controlled frenzy. Suddenly, his attention is drawn to:

57 ANGLE BY THE DOOR - GIRL

57

who stands there. She seems a bit less confident than we've ever seen her.

GIRL

Don't do it, David.

DAVID

You almost got to me...those eyes...
hungering for my soul.

She's moving closer. David continues emptying folders of negs.

GIRL

Then you understand...

DAVID

Understand what? That all a man has
to do is look at the promise of you
...on a billboard...in a magazine...
a poster...and he's yours? I under-
stand it fine, sweetheart. Because
I know exactly who you are...

GIRL

Then have me...enjoy me...

DAVID

You're every girl who's ever pro-
mised herself to every lonely man.
You're the smile that makes us
change our brand...you're the eyes
that pick our pockets and spend our
lives...

GIRL

(still seducing)

Are you so sure, David...?

David has made his pile of negatives. Now he yanks out drawers
from his desk until he finds a can of lighter fluid.

DAVID

You're the lure...the bait. We lust
for you and you suck the soul from
us. Because that's what feeds you
-- that collective longing, that
aching, agonizing need for what
those eyes hold out. Our greed is
your nourishment, right, sweetheart?

GIRL

(incipient fear)

David, I want you...

DAVID

Too late, baby. I'm going to de-
stroy you...before you bleed the
world dry!

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

58

GIRL

I want your wanting me...

And David is sprinkling the pile of negs with lighter fluid.

DAVID

I know that now. You not only 'want my wanting you' -- you require it. That's your survival kit, sweetheart ...my wanting you. That's your life force...

And David, impatient with pin-hole spouts, rips off the top of the lighter fluid can and is spilling the contents on the pyre.

DAVID

...and these negatives keep you ticking. I'm a little slow sometimes, but it finally hit me. Whatever you are...exists here...on these negatives. These, baby, are your seed...your blood...your heart-beat.

GIRL

(fear mounting)

Murder. David, that's what you're talking about.

DAVID

Right on, Hungry Eyes. I'm killing off the seed that spawned that smile...the eyes that promise and betray...

And he pulls some matches from his pocket and lights one, dropping it into the flammable pile which bursts into flames.

GIRL

(screaming)

David...!

59 DAVID

59

through the contained but eager fire.

DAVID

I want to watch you now, sweetheart. I want to find the horror behind those eyes of yours...

60 GIRL'S EYES - THROUGH THE FLAMES 60

Camera moving closer into the flame-flickering dancing panic of terminal fear.

DAVID'S VOICE

...because that's where it happens,
isn't it? Those vampire eyes
sucking out the last shred of de-
sire...drawing out remembered
pleasures...love and aspiration...

61 DAVID - THROUGH THE FLAMES 61

DAVID

...feeding on curiosity and passion
and fury...those damned hungry eyes
that --

And he suspends suddenly as he sees -

62 GIRL 62

standing just free of the fire but stroked in the trembling orange of the flames and diffused by the wisps of smoke that rise and curl about her. As we watch, she does a LONG SLOW DISSOLVE TO A REVERSE POLARITY (negative) image of herself. Then, standing there, she is a life-size negative.

63 DAVID 63

his knowing but nonetheless stupefied reaction.

64 GIRL AS A NEGATIVE 64

Flames lick and reach for the height of her. Though she doesn't move, we hear her scream.

65 DAVID 65

backing off, toward the window - chased by terror and the choking smoke. He turns for some air.

66 REVERSE ON DAVID 66

at the window. Sucking for air, his eyes go to the o.s. billboard across the street.

67

WHAT DAVID SEES

The billboard. That portion of it with Girl's picture is browning around the edges in an ever-widening pattern. Suddenly, the scorched areas burst into flames and her face is quickly consumed.

e

68

DAVID

68

as he turns back. The negatives have burned quickly and the flames are gentle now. Soot paints the surrounding cabinets and furnishings. Camera pulls back to include the life-size negative of Girl. The actual flames are miniscule, but the negative smolders and curls and furls as the acetate seems to consume itself. It collapses to the floor.

69

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING DAVID

69

Close and moving closer as he watches. His eyes then wander to the viewing panel. He never removed the three transparencies.

70

LONG SHOT - VIEWING PANEL - DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW

70

Distance blurs the detail, but we recognize the three transparencies of Girl.

71

CLOSER - FULL HEAD SHOT - TRANSPARENCY ONE

71

A flash cut - too quick to tell us why the picture looks different somehow.

72

STILL CLOSER - SECOND TRANSPARENCY

72

This is the cropped head shot and this flash cut should cue us in that there's something wrong with the eyes.

73

TIGHT ON THE THIRD TRANSPARENCY

73

The closeup of Girl's eyes. As before, only now we can verify that the eyes do indeed look different. Both eyeballs are missing and only the white frosted light from the viewing panel glitters and glares at us.

74

DAVID'S HAND

74

reaching for the panel switch.

75 SAME AS SCENE 73

75

There is the sound of a click and the panel goes dark. The Hungry Eyes die.

FADE OUT

THE END