

Soul manager

By

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The frame of a painting emerges slowly from the blurred background. It is a grotesque piece of art, using a wide variety of colors. The image gradually cleans up and the details come into focus. It is a product of an unhinged, deranged mind, a nightmare incarnate. While the camera continues to show the details of the painting we hear the narrator's voice. The voice-as we will know later-belongs to EMMETT RAZOR.

NARRATOR(EMMETT RAZOR)

Art requires dark, seemingly inexplicable things from a dedicated man, sometimes tragedies...sacrifice. Some force compels us to unveil our deepest secrets developed in utter darkness, powers breeding in the hell of the soul. And when that happens...well, sometimes comes this...

Opening credits-a string of paintings and drawings showing terrible images.

A young woman approaches us on a forest road. Judging by her clothes we are in the late 1940s. She seems to be in a hurry treading down the road and briskly swerving around the trees. She glances around and behind her back frequently.

A dry branch snaps among the trees. Alert, the woman casts a glance in that direction. Her look is piercing, a rebarbative pair of eyes. She has a clover-shaped mole under her left eye. She stares for another moment, than turns back and goes on hastily. Suddenly a hand grips her upper arm from the left and spins her around. A surprised little cry escapes her lips. She eyes the attacker angrily instead of being scared. The attacker is a tall brawny man in dirty dark clothes. We cannot see his face. He bears down on the woman and flings her onto the ground. He falls upon her, and tears apart her skirt. The woman struggles but it soon proves to be a futile action. The man insinuates himself between her legs and enters her. The woman's lips are tightly pressed together, as the man continues to ravish her.

An ear-splitting discharge of a gun puts an end to the torture. Blood, chunks of bones and jelly-like brain tissue splatter onto the face of the supine woman as the attacker's head explodes. The woman shrieks madly when the man's headless body falls upon her.

Another man stands in front of her, just a couple of steps away. He is holding a smoking sawed-off shotgun in his

right hand. In his other hand a bottle containing some vile green fluid dangles nonchalantly. He regards her deliberately. The woman starts to sob. The saviour takes a swig from the bottle and steps up to the woman. He grabs the corpse's shoulder and tries to lift it off but it won't budge. He yanks it harder, and tosses it aside. The woman, obviously relieved now, weeps and reaches out for the man who kneels beside her. After a moment of hesitation he unzips his fly and throws himself onto the woman. The woman struggles and screeches wildly, but to no avail. He starts to move viciously, his hip thrusts forward with fierce animal power. The camera lifts up and scans the forest while the shrill screams continue mixed with the man's moans.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

3

Overhead fluorescents illuminate the checked tiles of the corridor of the St. Joseph's adult education center. A milling crowd moves within. Young women and men with bags and purses stroll up and down. There is a steady murmur of conversation.

We approach a door as students continue to walk past us. The door opens and a short, scrawny figure of a bespectacled young man emerges. This is FRANK RAZOR. He is a man in his early twenties with a weary face. He appears to be hesitating, his movements are unsteady as if somebody was watching him and he was to live up to their expectations. He is the embodiment of uncertainty.

INT. EDUCATION CENTER HALL - DAY

4

FRANK goes with the crowd towards a desk near the exit. There is a lively conversation around it. Frank defiantly stands out, he is sullen and doesn't say a word. FRANK approaches the desk and tosses a sheet of paper onto it. A girl behind the desk signs the daily attendances of the students.

FRANK

Hello. Medical sales representative course.

GIRL

Ah...I see. Frank Razor. Got it. Are you satisfied with the course?

FRANK

(with heavy irony)
Yeah! Absolutely! For 1000 dollars a month? It is worth every cent. In addition to the curriculum, it is a warm place, with lots of great people, excellent company...

FRANK notices that the girl is no longer listening to him but deals with another student who follows him in the row. Frank turns away awkwardly and drops some of his papers, and portfolio. The students around him start to laugh. Frank, obviously wounded and angry, kneels down to collect his papers and looks up. He can see amusement on the faces, and there is more laughter too. FRANK clenches his fist, his lips become thin, bloodless lines. He gets to his feet and hurriedly goes to the turnstile, and exits the building.

EXT. STREET - DAY.

5

FRANK steps onto the street through the main entrance. The education center itself is a square three-storied building. Behind it are a parking lot and a green area with trees and bushes. The street is busy, there are a lot of pedestrians on the sidewalk.

FRANK buttons up his jacket-it is cold in early November. After a few steps FRANK pauses to put his papers and portfolio into his backpack. While doing this two criminals appear from a doorway. Two latino muggers. One of them wields a switchblade in his hand. He pushes a button and the blade pops out. He regards FRANK with fish eyes: calmly without emotion.

MUGGER

Your money! Give me your fucking money! Now!

FRANK is frozen in his place. He has his backpack in his hands now, just over his chest. The other mugger drifts behind FRANK's back. FRANK glances that way, then back to the man with the knife.

MUGGER

(threateningly)

Don't you hear me?!

FRANK's facial features harden.

FRANK

Okay, I've got it here, somewhere in my bag...

He searches his backpack. Then he reaches into his inner pocket.

FRANK

(continuing)

Wait a sec.

FRANK abruptly holds up the backpack, and pushes it into the mugger's direction, straight into the blade. FRANK steps back and draws a huge carving knife from his pocket.

He lunges at the suprised mugger and drives the kinfe deep into his belly. The mugger screams and collapses. FRANK examines his knife and hand with surprise and curiosity as blood drips form them to the concrete. The other mugger turns around and starts to flee, but FRANK reacts quickly. Emitting a barbaric howl he puts the knife into the man's back. The mugger falls to the ground. FRANK pounces on him, turns him around, and ignoring his cries for mercy plunges the knife into his chest. The mugger still tries to catch FRANK's wrist holding the knife but Frank is relentless. He stabs him several times in the chest and makes deep slashes across his face. Blood pours in torrents.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - MORNING

6

CLOSE ON FRANK as he rises into the frame, uttering an inarticulate cry. Alone in his bed, in his room. The shutters are closed. Beads of sweat glisten on his brow.

FRANK
(panting)
Ah...just a dream...ah...

Without knocking his door slowly opens from the outside. The hinges give out a creaking sound. Bright shaft of sunlight pours into the room through the partly open door. Two little boys emerge in the opening. They are DAVID,8 and SHANE,5 FRANK's brothers. They snicker.

DAVID
Have had a bad dream Frankie?
Ha-ha.

SHANE
Dorky Frankie, ha ha.

Frank's facial expression conveys annoyance and anger.

FRANK
Yes, it was just a dream.

He turns toward the window.

FRANK
(muttering)
I wish it hadn't been.

INT. RAZOR FAMILY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

7

The Razors' kitchen is a spacious American-style area basically the center of the house. The family house, originally built in the early 20th Century, is renewed and refurbished now. Frank comes down the steps, his gait is brisk, nervous, his hair is freshly combed, wet. He enters the kitchen while he adjusts the sleeve of his shirt. His father, mother, and two brothers and one sister(

RACHEL, 13) are sitting at the table and having breakfast. Toast with butter and orange juice. Frank has dark shadows under his eyes due to the little sleep he have had. He groans, pulls his chair closer to the table and slumps onto it.

MRS. RAZOR
(derisively)
Another good night's sleep as I
can see...

MRS. RAZOR is a thin, haggard woman with big bleary red eyes. She is a serious drug addict hooked on painkillers and tranquilizers. She puts a toast onto FRANK's plate, and hands it over to him.

SHANE
Frank didn't sleep well, he
yelled in his sleep
again.....haha.

FRANK doesn't say a word, he butters the toast sullenly. FRANK's father, DR. CLIVE RAZOR, sits beside FRANK: He reads a pathological journal, since he is the head of the pathological department of the local hospital. He is a fortyish man, good looking, tall with a vehement temperament. He doesn't engage in the conversation. He crunches his toast and sometimes lower the journal to sip from his juice.

RACHEL
(giggling)
Sure he didn't. I'd do the same
if I was him.

MRS. RAZOR stands with her back to the others at the sink and shakes out half a fistful of pills from a bottle into her left palm. With a trembling hand he stuffs them into her mouth and washes them down with a gulp of water. She drinks directly from the faucet. Then she turns to the others.

MRS. RAZOR
Who's gonna take your grandma to
the doctor's? I can't, I have
to...

CLIVE lowers his journal, shoots a glance at his watch and picks up his cup of coffee.

CLIVE
What time is the appointment?

MRS. RAZOR
Five o'clock.

CLIVE swallows the coffee, and shakes his head in irritation.

CLIVE

I'm not available either. I am scheduled to perform two autopsies today. The Peterson-case. Judicial authorities insist on the head pathologist's presence during the procedure. I think I will have to put in some serious overtime.

He unexpectedly turns to FRANK.

CLIVE

(continuing)

Frank? Will you take your great-granny?

Frank is reluctant.

FRANK

I have classes until four. Afterwards I was to come round to Mick's place.

CLIVE

No problem, you'll come round as soon as you've brought back your granny.

FRANK's beetroot red face betrays his temper.

CLIVE

Is it okay?! I'm sure you can fit this into your tight schedule. Am I right? It's finally time you started to do your fair share in this family.

A wrinkled, withered old crone hobbles into the kitchen using a walker. A big, ugly clover-shaped birthmark occupies the left half of her face. She is IMOGENE RAZOR, CLIVE's grandmother. She is way over ninety, weak, but at the same time a very nasty malevolent sort of woman. We don't know how much of the conversation she might have overheard.

IMOGEN

(offended)

Don't bother Clive. I will get Mrs. Edmonds from next door to drive me there.....If your son is too lazy and stupid... Yes exactly the same as your father Clive....exactly the same.

SHANE and DAVID giggles. Rachel pushes back her chair and gets to her feet.

RACHEL

And what about me Dad? Who's gonna take me to my dance classes? You promised...

Clive lowers the journal again, and opens his mouth to say something, but MRS. RAZOR interrupts.

MRS. RAZOR

Leave your father be, he has a lot to do today...

MRS. RAZOR moves with utmost care, it is hard for her to stay upright and not sway. She drops onto her chair. IMOGEN is lost in her thoughts and keeps repeating the same sentiments. She lifts her chin, her stare is challenging.

IMOGEN

I have told you Clive. Hundreds of times. Frank is the same as your father. Lazy, arrogant, cares about nobody but himself.

CLIVE

Okay grandma, okay. EMMETT, er, Dad, wasn't lazy, but...but..sick.

He lifts his cup to his lips, the camera focuses on his eyes.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

8

CLIVE's flashback.

We are in a small club with a capacity of a few dozen people. There is a stage at the end of the room. Behind the stage the screen is decorated with pictures, paintings and drawings. 1980-a date is printed at the top of the screen. On both sides of the stage there are sculptures, installations, and other paraphernalia. These pieces of art bespeak special taste and state of mind, as they all deal with death, monsters, cruelty and show the output of a demented mind. Some dark music issues from the loudspeakers. There are around 50-60 people present, they watch the stage intently.

A boy around eight stands in front of the stage with a late fiftyish woman. They are CLIVE and IMOGEN.

A figure of a man emerges from behind the curtain on the right side of the stage. He walks briskly to the standing microphone. He is EMMETT RAZOR, CLIVE's father, and IMOGEN's son. EMMETT is around 35 years old, short but thin and pale. His skull's both side is shaved, and his hair is fairly long and dyed black on top. He wears a pair

of orange leather trousers, and he is stripped to the waist. He starts to chant into the mike.

EMMETT

Good evening ladies and gentlemen. Let's get down straight to the business.

The dark synth music emanating from the speaker keeps loudening.

EMMETT

Most of us agree with me when I say that art isn't designed for the needs of the bourgeois. The ratfucker philistines. Oh, no no no. Let's take a look at the sculptures around me. Do they represent any aesthetic value? Come on ladies and gents, for example this dog?

He comes to the edge of the stage and points his finger at a man and then at a taxidermied dog onstage.

MAN

(murmuring)

No, I don't think so, it's just a stuffed dog.

EMMETT

Exactly! This is a lie! Let's dispose of it, shall we? Destroy it!

EMMETT grabs a flaming torch which serves as a prop and touches the dog with it. It goes up in flames, giving off black fumes and a sickening stench.

EMMETT

(screaming madly)

And this? Does this constitute art?

EMMETT produces a knife and cuts himself in the chest.

EMMETT

(continuing)

And why? Because it's a living one, a living and bleeding offering!

The audience goes mad, applauds, cheers. The dog burns, EMMETT stands in the middle of the stage grinning wildly with blood trickling down his chest and belly. IMOGEN's face harden in disapproval. She seizes CLIVE's arm and hauls him out of the hall.

IMOGEN

Come on son, this is not for your eyes.

They head for the exit. EMMETT switches into higher gear.

EMMETT

Herewith I'm turning back the wheel of time. My works will survive everything. The point is: the inspiration. What does inspire us? Let me hear you motherfuckers! Anger? Music? Music like this?

The volume intensifies. Mad, frantic, screeching sounds, driving rhythms.

INT. RAZOR FAMILY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

9

CLIVE stares into nothing, sitting by the table.

CLIVE

He was just sick...and a drug addict...That's all grandma.

FRANK tries to eat his toast, but his hands slightly tremble. He thinks of himself as a misfit, they seem to be speaking a different language, which is unknown to him. IMOGEN can't restrain herself, she approaches the table with her walker.

IMOGEN

(croaking)

I know full well Clive what it is like when it turns out that your son is a stupid loafer, believe me. Listen, I have always....

FRANK has heard enough. He springs up with a florid face, puts down his half-eaten breakfast, takes his coat and rushes out of the house. His brothers and sister giggle. CLIVE and Mrs Razor look at each other at a loss, CLIVE spreads his arms and shrugs in helplessness.

INT. CLASSROOM-DAY

10

A classroom full of students. Plain furniture, desks and chairs in five rows. FRANK sits in the fourth row. Next to the door is a blackboard. A young male teacher in formal clothing explains the dry material to the students.

TEACHER

...and in view of these sales statistics it is no wonder that the investments of the major medical research companies appear to bear fruit....

He sneaks a surreptitious glance at his watch.

TEACHER

Ah, time is off I'm afraid. Well,
then see you next week.

Murmur and snatches of conversation run through the group of students. FRANK wakes up with a start from his daydream, looking at his notes. The papers are random scribbles and a strange drawing. A snail-eyed deer-like creature. Frank stands up, puts his bag on the chair and collects his notes. Two guys go past Frank, the first one sweeps off FRANK's pencils and papers.

GUY

(mockingly)
Oh, I am terribly sorry.

Then tramples on the papers with his dirty shoes. FRANK crouches to pick up the notes, his irritation is writ large on his face. The student sitting in front of FRANK steps up to him. He is of average height, thin, has close cropped hair and a dragon tattoo on his upper arm. He smiles in a way that makes FRANK uneasy, and studies the deer-like drawing.

STUDENT

Nice. Is it the lecturer?

He laughs a little, but FRANK makes no comment. He opens his portfolio and puts away his latest drawing. The student catches a glimpse of other horrible works.

STUDENT

Wow, they're good. Can I have a
look at them?

FRANK

If you insist....

STUDENT

By the way Gil Botha.

FRANK

Frank Razor.

FRANK hands over his portfolio. Gil leafs through the papers.

GIL

These...are...pretty good. I
don't even know what you
are doing here, instead of the
Academy of Fine Arts.

FRANK lets out a bitter sigh, and issues a forced laugh.

FRANK

Originally I was a student at the Meical University. As was my father's wish. My parents wanted me to be a doctor not me.

GIL

That is you ran away.

Suddenly interested Gil lets down the portfolio, makes eye contact with FRANK, wearing a wide smile.

FRANK

That's about the truth.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

11

The room is in almost total darkness. There are a number of stainless steel dissection tables in the shadows, on some of them shrouded figures lie, obviously human corpses. The door opens and two man in lab coats enter the room. One of them is FRANK RAZOR. He invites the other one in.

FRANK

Come on in. The coast is clear.

FRANK and the other student sneak into the room. Frank pulls on latex examination gloves. The student brings a camera, and a source of light. FRANK pulls off the cover from a few corpses. He arranges the first one-an old man's body-into sitting position, puts a baseball cap on its head, and a bottle in its hand. He squeezes a cigarette between the corpse's dead lips.-SNAP and a flash of an electronic flash unit.

Frank jumps to the next table. He turns the body of a fat man so that it lies on his side. Its belly is cut open and FRANK pulls out a coil of intestines and forces the corpse's hand into its own abdominal cavity.-SNAP and flashlight.

FRANK'S accomplice giggles nervously. Then they look up suddenly. They hear sounds from the door's direction. Unsettling sounds. Sounds of footsteps, mixed with hushed conversation. FRANK snaps at his companion.

FRANK

Switch that off. Let's get out of here. On the double!

Somebody throws the door open, and two uniformed security guards enter.

GUARD#1

Stop! Nobody moves! Call the police Tony!

FRANK and his accomplice are petrified. They turn around and face the guards. A beam of flashlight rakes across their faces.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

12

FRANK wakes up from his flashback.

GIL

Still, you're coming to the test aren't you?

Hope gleams in GIL's eyes.

FRANK

Sure, I am.

Frank turns his back on GIL, without the slightest signs of enthusiasm. Gil stares at FRANK's ass as he moves away.

EXT. STREET-DAY

13

FRANK hangs down his head as he steps along the sidewalk. It is drizzling a little, and the wind is picking up. He adjusts his backpack, and reaches into his pockets. Cars speed past him, but he ignores them, focuses on the asphalt under his feet. A sound of a horn makes him jump. A car brakes alongside the sidewalk, its driver is MICK, FRANK's only friend. They meet by a chance.

MICK

Hey, care for a lift Mr. Razor?

FRANK

Hey, what are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in the hospital?

Frank stops, cheers up a little, hops to the car.

MICK

Nope. I'm done for today. Hop in I'll give you a ride home.

INT. CAR - DAY

14

They are sitting in the car. MICK indicates, pulls into the traffic.

FRANK

Thanks man. I've had a real shitty day. And it's not over yet. I'm coming home. What a shitty prospect.

MICK
Your parents?

FRANK
My father, Mum, those little bastards, and the old hag.

MICK
Your grandmother?

FRANK
Worse. My great-grandmother. She's almost a hundred years old, barely able to walk, but pokes her dirty nose into everything. And... she visits the crapper every ten minutes or so, and rots there for quarter of an hour wiping her ass. Think about it man, it's bloody disgusting.

MICK
What does she do there for that much time?

FRANK
God knows what, pisses, shits or something drips out of her. Or she may give herself an enema with holy water. Gargles it in her cloaca.

FRANK
(continuing)
Speaking of cloacas, I would happily gargle my holy water in Ms. Schell's cloca for that matter.

MICK turns to the left while checking the traffic in the rear-view mirror.

MICK
Why don't you try to pick her up then?

FRANK
Nah, I wouldn't have a chance. I'm a freak, a loser....

MICK smiles at the sentiment, remains silent for a while, only drives. He decelerates, and turns onto the driveway of the Razors. The car grinds to a halt.

MICK
Yes, but you never know. Perhaps she is a pervert who particularly

MICK
likes freaks. With kinky sexual
preferences.

FRANK
You see that's what I could show
her, freaks, monsters. A great
deal of monsters.

MICK taps FRANK's face a few times in a fatherly way.

MICK
(laughing)
Take care then, you little
weirdo...monster.

Frank gets out and leans in to fish out his belongings.

FRANK
Thanks for the ride Mike.

He laughs a little at his feeble pun, then turns towards
the house, not looking back.

INT. RAZOR FAMILY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

15

Every family member is seated at the table except for
FRANK. IMOGEN sits in the corner, she has her own place, a
little desk, and a special chair. CLIVE sits at the head
of the table. Mrs Razor places the dinner plate-roast
chicken and mashed potatoes-before them.

SHANE
What's for dinner mum?

MRS. RAZOR has difficulty speaking, the effects of the
drugs hasn't worn off yet.

MRS. RAZOR
(slurred)
Roast chicken.

SHANE
Again?

MRS. RAZOR
If you don't like it, then don't
eat it.

MRS. RAZOR turns away irritatedly and helps herself to the
steamed vegetables.

RACHEL
Where's Frank?

MRS. RAZOR

In his room. Haven't seen him since he got back.

Clive puts some food onto his plate and starts to cut the meat with his knife vehemently. He is clearly exasperated.

MRS. RAZOR

David go and tell your brother to come down.

David pushes himself away from the table.

DAVID

Why? Who misses him?

CLIVE

Just go and tell him he'd better come down. Shane! What's so funny? Finish your dinner.

He stops and examines his knife, then turns to his wife.

CLIVE

Can I have another knife darling? This one is dirty.

MRS. RAZOR

(sleepily)

Another knife?

CLIVE

You should go to bed and have some rest sweetheart. You seem to be in a bad shape.

At this moment FRANK appears at the foot of the stairs. He is indisposed, dejected. He tentatively approaches the table and takes seat.

CLIVE

(without enthusiasm)

Hello son. How was your exam?

FRANK turns pale. Apparently he is in a bit of a jam.

FRANK

The exam? Ah...the exam.

CLIVE

Yes, the exam, it was today wasn't it?

The fork becomes suspended in CLIVE's hand. The prongs tremble a bit. MRS. RAZOR also shows signs of interest now.

FRANK
 (dryly)
 I've failed.

A spell of silence ensues. CLIVE drops his cutlery onto his plate. He swallows, then feigning cold calmness wipes his mouth with his napkin.

CLIVE
 Congratulations son.

CLIVE picks up his knife and fork. He carves the meat angrily.

CLIVE
 Congratulations. It doesn't matter. Just another failure.

A pall of a dark cloud falls upon them. The air freezes. Clive is getting warmed up and lets loose his sarcasm and anger.

CLIVE
 No problem son. Don't take it on yourself. You know, we have a lot of money in the bank. I usually wipe my ass with hundred-dollar bills. Don't excite yourself too much, you must've done everything.

FRANK is losing his temper too. He doesn't tolerate to be upbraided by such a pitiful clown.

FRANK
 If you'd let me to enroll in the Art College we wouldn't be in this situation.

CLIVE's temper gives way. He brings his fist down on the table. The cutlery rattles.

CLIVE
 I've heard enough! Financing your second exam is your responsibility. One must draw a line somewhere.

IMOGEN can't restrain herself, she never misses an opportunity for an unwanted comment.

IMOGEN
 As I have told you Clive....I have foreseen this. He resists. Refuses to obey.

DAVID and SHANE snicker with their hands on their mouths.

CLIVE
 There's nothing funny about it.
 Cut it out.

Frank pushes himself away from the table, and intends to leave. CLIVE turns to him.

CLIVE
 I'm not done with you! You hear me?

But FRANK takes no notice and rushes out of the kitchen. CLIVE calls after him, standing up.

CLIVE
 You hear me?! I'm not finished with you. You know what? I've finished with you!

INT. STAIRS - EVENING 16

Frank tramps up the stairs, his face is flaming.

FRANK
 (murmuring)
 You finished me off a long time ago.

INT. RAZOR FAMILY'S KITCHEN - EVENING 17

The Razors stare at the stairs in silence. CLIVE sits back and resumes eating.

CLIVE
 Goddammit! God damn his stupid square head.

A few seconds of silence. Clatters of forks and knives.

MRS. RAZOR
 (clearly drugged)
 Shouldn't we let him....do what he wants? That artistic school....

CLIVE
 What good'd that do? Spoil him even more? To become a man like...like his grandfather?

CLIVE casts an involuntary glance at IMOGEN. She notices this, and takes advantage of the situation.

IMOGEN
 Emmett... There will be a trouble with Frank, I'm telling you. An even bigger trouble.

IMOGEN's eyes narrow, then she relaxes and smiles.

IMOGEN

Is there any chicken left? Can I
have Frank's share?

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - EVENING

18

FRANK slams the door behind him. He kicks his chair which flies away and turns upside down. He pants and steps to his desk. He takes out a knife from his drawer, sits on the edge of his bed, and holds the knife above his wrist. He hesitates, closes his eyes. A few seconds later he lowers the knife and throws it onto the desk.

The camera surveys his room. We can see that FRANK is a big fan of horror novels and films since his shelves are laden with books and DVDs of horror genres.

FRANK moves the mouse at his desk and the screen of his computer comes into life. His background picture is a hanged man.

He types into the search engine the words "FOOLPROOF SUICIDE" and gets several hits. One of them is a link of a suicide prevention lifeline with a phone number. On the spur of the moment he picks up his cell and dials. A monotonous, bored female voice answers on the second ring.

OPERATOR(VO.)

Hello suicide prevention lifeline
how may I help you?

FRANK

(sheepishly)

Hello...er my name is Frank.
Er..I..I don't want to live
anymore.

OPERATOR(VO.)

Relax Frank. Listen to me. There
is a solution to anything. What's
your problem?

FRANK

My problem? Hah. My family, my
job, everything. I hate them.

FRANK sighs, shakes his head in desperation.

FRANK

(continuing)

I detest all this shit. This
fucking, stinking pile of shit.

OPERATOR(VO.)

Frank calm down please. This is
the first step okay? You must
know, must understand that

OPERATOR(VO.)
 suicide isn't the solution. It
 just hurts...hurts everyone who
 loves you.

FRANK brings down his open palm on the table and laughs
 out maliciously.

FRANK
 Hahaha. Nobody loves me. Don't
 you get it? Nobody. Nobody in
 this whole wide fucking world.

Silence.

OPERATOR(VO.)
 Easy Frank. Easy.

FRANK
 Okay, okay. However I have a
 question. Is there any
 possibility for a personal
 consultation? Because I feel
 maybe....

OPERATOR(VO.)
 (coldly, without kindness
 now)
 Unfortunately we offer services
 only over the phone. As regards
 personal consultation I can refer
 you to some psychologists who
 have good reputations and...

FRANK
 (cutting off)
 I can't believe it!

He stands up and begins pacing up and down in the room. He
 raises his voice, getting clearly angry.

FRANK
 (continuing)
 I'm expecting help, I call this
 fucking number, and you just
 upset me even more and try to get
 rid of me...

OPERATOR(VO.)
 No Frank on the contrary, we just
 want to help you, believe me...

FRANK
 (screaming now)
 Fuck your help. Ram it up your
 ass, you cunt!

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - EVENING

19

Frank terminates the call, and heaves the cell onto his bed. He turns to his desk again and reaches for the keyboard when a wall picture falls to the floor. The glass breaks with a clattering sound. In the picture two gnomes make a contract sealed with blood in some dark, dark forest. The trees lack foliage and big sphere-shaped naked birds are sitting on the bare branches. The picture uses very few colors and has an unsettling aura about it. The caption reads E. Razor. Frank stares at the painting, pondering.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

20

A boy around 10 years old sneaks down the steps of a basement. He is FRANK as a child. The risers are high, especially for his small legs. Somewhere, deeper in the basement a sole light bulb illuminates the place.

FRANK

Dad? Are you here? Dad?

No answer. FRANK goes on and reaches the foot of the steps.

FRANK

Daad? Are you here?

Still no answer. The basement is a spacious corridor with gardening tools, a workbench cluttered with tools and rubbish, and other unused items. There are spiderwebs everywhere. At the end of the room is another heavy wooden door leading to a separate compartment of the basement. On the door is an engraved EMMETT inscription. This was EMMETT RAZOR's workshop. The door is slightly ajar, light pours out from within. Frank barges in. His father is sitting at EMMETT's workbench and rummages through the clutter covering the desk. FRANK looks hastily around taking in the furniture of the room. There are sculptures, veiled shapes, easels and a sofa in it, the walls are decorated with paintings representing a grotesque taste in art.

FRANK

Ah, Dad here you are...Mom's looking for you upstairs.

CLIVE

(turning around and snapping)

What are you doing here? I've told you not to come here. I literally forbade it, didn't I?

FRANK

Yes Dad...I mean I'm sorry, I'm going. What's that funny smell?

CLIVE

Smell? I can't smell anything. Now go on your way. Tell your mother I'll be there in five.

CLIVE turns his attention back to the workbench, and the papers on it.

INT. UPPER HALL - EVENING

21

FRANK opens the door of his room and sticks his head out: it's alright he is alone. He hurries down the steps, and turns right towards the basement door. He manages to avoid everybody, opens the door and slips into the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

22

The room is pretty much the same as he remembered. Crumbling walls, crack overrun ceiling, scant illumination. Unused tools and litter everywhere. FRANK reaches the heavy wooden door, but there is a mammoth rusty padlock on it. FRANK isn't perturbed, snatches a hammer from his father's workbench and knocks down the padlock. He throws open the door and steps in. Turns on the lights. EMMET's workshop is around 25 square meters, paintings of various sizes decorate the walls. The desk is overlapped with sketches, unfinished drawings and notes. Broken pencils and overturned ink pots complete the set. Frank sits at the desk, and studies the notes. He finds a remarkable poem and some footnotes.

INT. EMMETT'S WORKSHOP - EVENING

23

FRANK reads the poem:

"Escape beat
Dark hands grab at my lifeforce
Which once was...I cannot define
Their only chance of taking contol, remorse, whose remorse?
Razor thin but still there, and oh dear god,
Unspeakable entities suck me dry
Dry, and I cry, oh fuck how I cry..."

Than the footnotes:

"don't fuck with me!"-the line is a little smudged.
"Do you know who I am? Me? Yees? Do you know what death is? No. What is life? Don't know that either.

Frank shakes his head, the lines don't make much sense to him. He paws through the papers on the desk. He finds paintings and drawings illustrating evil green creatures, a self-portrait with a head of a formidable monster.

He notices two covered shapes in the corner. He unveils one of them revealing a distorted, somehow awful waxwork. A puff of dust rises from the cover making him cough. Under the other shroud is an easel with a half-finished work. The paint holding ledge is replete with pots and tubes of paint. Beautiful, bright, lively colors. They are labelled in EMMETT'S strange handwriting. Two paints are spilled from the pots but unlike the others they are not dried up, somehow seem to be alive, like a viscid, thick discharge. They are labelled "VOMIT GREEN" and "SPLEEN GREY".

FRANK
(muttering)
God! It's gross.

FRANK continues to explore the contents of the desk. He pulls out the drawers, and soon enough discovers a diary and an old school tape recorder. Electrified, he plugs in the device, winds back the tape and pushes play.

INT. EMMETT'S WORKSHOP - EVENING

24

The recorder plays the tape with a susurrating sound. We hear EMMETT'S deep voice, he speaks a little slowly, considerately. While we hear his thoughts the camera jumps back and forth from the paintings to the recorder and FRANK'S face.

EMMETT(VO.)
...so we must accept the fact
that we cannot become independent
of certain forces. They are too
strong, too daring. The pressure
is almost too much to bear...

EMMETT(VO.)
(drinks audibly, then
swallows)
The pressure to create, to create
things nobody in their senses can
comprehend demands the use of
certain stimulating forces,
invigorating substances...And
they are at my disposal
fortunately...in unlimited
supply.
I obtain my colors from South
Africa. The Driefontein mine is
more than nine thousand feet deep
and the colorful stones found
there are over ten thousand years
old. I grind up these precious
stones to make paints, paints
that maul and tear apart this
colorless, fucked up world.

EMMETT(VO.)
 (laughing bitterly)
 Alas, the shaft caved in two
 years ago, so there's no more
 fresh supply. But I have enough
 to make paints. And something
 else.

EMMETT(VO.)
 (drinks audibly)
 I make something else
 yeah....that gives more than the
 colors, that dyes from the
 inside, and screws the reality
 even more...

EMMETT laughs and the recording seems to have ended here, but it doesn't. EMMETT remains silent, but there are noises on the tape. Peculiar sounds, sounds of movement, rattling and scratching. Wet, throaty rattle. For a long time.

INT. EMMETT'S WORKSHOP - EVENING

25

Frank opens up the diary, but he has no luck. The pages are full with scribblings, unintelligible handwritings, numbers. He ruffles through the pages. On the last page something catches his eyes. A few words and numbers, they easily can be a recipe. It reads:

"Enhancer
 vomit green 1 g
 spleen grey 0.5 g
 alcohol 50 g
 aether 30 g
 water 100 g "

FRANK looks around the room and his gaze becomes fixed on the easel. He notices that the mentioned colours are the same ones that disturbed him a few minutes ago.

INT. EMMETT'S WORKSHOP-EVENING

26

Frank is standing at the desk and is busy mixing substances in a glass. He puts down the pot marked "VOMIT GREEN" and from little bottles adds another ingredients to the concoction. He mixes the solution with a stick, shakes it, and holds it up towards the light. It is radiant green. He smiles brilliantly, as if he has a good idea.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - EVENING

27

FRANK punches the screen of his cell. MICK's name and number appear, and then Frank holds the device to his ear.

We are in his room, the reading lamp on his desk casts light on a Coca-Cola bottle, filled with a green fluid. Everything else on the desk is hidden in the shadows. FRANK paces around his room while making the call.

FRANK

Hi Mick. Remember my grandfather don't you? I've told you about him.

MICK(VO.)

Yeah, sure. What about him?

FRANK

I went to his workshop. You should see the place, it freaked me out.

MICK(VO.)

Really? Why? What did you find? Stuffed female corpses?

FRANK

No, those must be hidden somewhere, I didn't have the time to look around properly, but I found something else. I want you to see it. We could meet on the river banks at the pier. In half an hour. It won't take long.

MICK(VO.)

Hmmm, look Frank. Shit. Okay we'll have a beer and you'll tell me what it is about....

FRANK

(lively)

Okay, thanks, I'm on my way now...

INT. MICK'S FLAT - EVENING

28

MICK and his girlfriend are sitting on a sofa and watch TV. The girl is wrapped up in her robe and sips from a glass of wine. MICK finishes the phone conversation with FRANK and is lost in his thoughts. The girl, openly fretful, frowns at MICK.

GIRL

Was it Razor?

MICK

Yeah, I'm getting really pissed off at that motherfucker.

The girl lets out an irritated sigh.

MICK

It has something to do with his grandfather. That ridiculous, second-rate painter you know....

MICK realises that the girl has no idea what Mick's talking about.

MICK
(continuing)
You don't know...

The girl focuses on the screen and purses her lips sulkily. She doesn't like it when MICK goes out. Mick is hers.

GIRL
Why are you always making friends with dipsticks like him.

MICK
Surely because I'm an asshole too.

Mick sets about putting on his clothes.

MICK
I'm giving him one last chance. If he fucks with me, I'm gonna push him into the river, will that do honey?

GIRL
(shaking her head)
Okay, but make sure that he's got concrete boots.

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

29

MRS. RAZOR's car comes to a stop at the side of the river embankment near a narrow alley. FRANK doesn't notice that he parks in a forbidden area. He gets out, slams the door and walks to the pier.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

30

FRANK walks towards the pier in the dark. Gulls screech while gravel rustles under FRANK's feet. He steps up onto the pier and kicks a few pebbles and shells into the water. He swings a Coca-Cola bottle in his hand casually. He sits on one of the mooring posts, when his cell begins to ring. His father's number.

FRANK
Hello.

CLIVE(VO.)
Frank. Where the hell are you? Don't you think that we should talk about what happened today? Your irresponsibility knows no bounds.

FRANK

We will talk tomorrow, I have a business to take care of right now.

CLIVE(VO.)

(raising his voice)

You have a business? Of course, then I apologize. That explains everything, it must be a serious matter no doubt. It must make your fucking future insignificant in comparison. Go on, ignore your whole fucking useless little life, your parents whose fucking house you live in, but you don't give a ratshit about.....

During his father's rant FRANK holds the cell away from his ear, but CLIVE's raving tirade is clearly audible even then.

CLIVE(VO.)

Then go and do your serious fucking business...

FRANK doesn't look at the cell when he breaks the line.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

31

FRANK impatiently glances towards the asphalt road which leads to the pier. Illuminated by the streetlights a man's shape emerges and approaches FRANK.

FRANK

Hey!

MICK reaches the pier. He carries a six-pack of beers. He doesn't seem too happy to be here, the wind ruffles his hair.

MICK

(stepping closer)

Hey Frank! What's up?

Frank lifts up the bottle, and shakes it a bit.

FRANK

This!

MICK

This? What's that supposed to be? Some kind of dirty concoctail?

FRANK

No, my grandfather used to drink this to get shitfaced. And now

FRANK
we're gonna try it too. The man
must've known something...

MICK displays disappointment mingled with contempt.

MICK
Why, you are a complete idiot
then Frank. I said we would have
a beer or two. Did you really
think, that I would drink this
stinking seaweed piss or what?

Frank doesn't sense the emotional turmoil in MICK,
and continues to rave about the enhancer.

FRANK
Nah, it's perfectly safe, the
creepy man literally thrived on
it. There isn't anything harmful
in it just some kind of paint
and....

Mick drops the six-pack. Enraged, he steps up to FRANK.

MICK
Don't you understand you dumbass?
Get a grip, man! I won't drink
this shit and go home to my
girlfriend totally shitfaced, I
can assure you.

FRANK
Then you don't drink. You just
watch me.

MICK
Who the fuck do you think I am? A
babysitter? Your guardian angel?
You are crazier than I thought.

FRANK
I must be, because I thought you
were my friend.

MICK eyes Frank for a moment, then snaps.

MICK
This is all?

FRANK
(stunned)
Yes, this is all I wanted to show
you. I didn't think you are such
a pussy.

MICK opens his mouth to say something, then thinks the better of it, and turns away. But he does say something, to stab him in the back.

MICK

You know what? Drink it alone buddy. Demonstrate that you have the hardest balls okay? And leave me out of your sick performances.

He moves off, and kicks the sixpack into the water.

MICK

Is this what I've come here for, goddammit!

FRANK stares after MICK with a frustrated expression, then holds up the bottle and eyes its content.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

32

FRANK approaches his mother's car, which parks in the no-parking-zone at the mouth of an alley. He can see the notice of parking fine under the windshield wipers from the distance. Getting to the car he snatches it and crumples the paper into a ball.

FRANK

(muttering)

Fuck you.

Frank tosses the crumpled ball into a trashcan in the alleyway. He intends to throw away the bottle too, but as he holds it up towards the streetlight he changes his mind.

It is so brilliantly green. He lowers the bottle, and sits down onto the side of a stone steps. The steps belong to the back entrance of a seedy little theatre, but FRANK is unaware of it.

He unscrews the cap and smells the liquid. He shrugs as if in surrender and takes huge gulps from the bottle. He drinks all of it in three rapid sessions. He wipes his mouth with his sleeve, and his eyes begin to befog. The world gradually becomes obscure, and starts to wave, the noises of the street echo. Sounds of bells, screeching tires, unintelligible confused snatches of conversations. Everything goes dark suddenly. Blackout.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

33

FRANK walks along a grassy meadow, and reads a book while the birds sing and the sun shines brilliantly. The grass is relatively tall, reaches his knees. We see that what he is immersed in is EMMETT's diary.

A loud crackle of thunder interrupts the peaceful picture. The sky turns almost black with threatening thunderclouds.

Huge buzzards and marabous circle and screech above FRANK in the air. Frank looks up apprehensively. As a result he nearly trips over. He cries out in surprise, then glances at the ground searching for the object he stumbled upon. A gaping hole lies at his feet, its size is about of a well, not especially deep. But how has this gotten here for that matter? Shriill animal screaming from the left. Mammoth birds maul each other, three marabous massacre a smaller, defenceless, innocent-looking stork. Snatches of feather swirl in the wind. The stork collapses but the bigger birds keep picking at it relentlessly.

FRANK hears a rumble and watches his feet and recoils in horror. The hole has become a fault line which is a few hundred meters in width, and easily a mile deep. The rumble intensifies, and the crater quickly fills up with dirty, frothy, foul water. The surface becomes even, and an eerie silence follows. A few meters from FRANK a grotesque greenish head breaks the surface of the water, and parallel with this a branch snaps behind his back. Alarmed, FRANK turns around to see the scavenger birds standing in line. Splashes of water. FRANK turns in that direction, and almost faints.

What he sees is a formidable greenish-gray creature, standing in front of him. Water drips from its body. It scrutinizes FRANK intently with its evil red eyes. The creature is of FRANK's height, its body is bulky, and there are cracks and open wounds on its reptile-like skin, from which some pus-like yellowish-green discharge is oozing. Its fishlike head melts into the body without a discernible neck. There is a lacerated hole instead of a nose and a mouth resembling a pulsating inflamed anus. It opens into four directions filled with hook-like sharp teeth. Below its mouth there are gill-like slashes on its neck. Its hands end in two taloned fingers, and its legs are thick and branchlike, ending in root-like taloned toes. On its lower belly a horrible throbbing sac dangles, crawling with meandering blood-red veins.

FRANK glances down his own body. He realises with dismay that he is attached to the creature via some sort of obscene umbilical chord.

He snaps his head to his right and IMOGEN's face appears from nowhere just a few inches from his.

IMOGEN

(screeching)

Ha-haha. Just like your
grandfather Frank, you are just
like him!

Frank reacts instinctively and pushes the old crone in the chest. She falls backwards and lands sprawling on her back. Her head hits a stone, giving out a loud crack. IMOGEN remains still.

CREATURE
 (in a very deep voice)
 She is still alive...Still alive
 Frank.

To his horror FRANK becomes aware that the monster somehow has slid a pointed stake in his hand. Or was it there all along?

CREATURE
 Send her home. To Hell.

Frank kneels down beside the old woman with his back to the camera. He slowly raises the stake, pauses for a moment, then brings it down with tremendous force. We hear the sound of live tissues ripping apart. FRANK pulls out the stick, and brings it down again. And again. And again. The water turns red from the spurting blood. We hear the creature's rasping voice which sounds like a parody of a laugh.

INT. THEATRE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

34

IN THE FRAME there is a door of a changing room of an artist, in a seedy theatre. JOSEPH BROTHERICK reads the name-plate. Beside the door there is a poster advertising a show. "THE EYES OF THE GARGOYLE"-this is the title of the play. Below the title a list enumerates the featured actors, BROTHERICK's name is at the bottom.

The door opens and the owner of the name steps through. He is a fiftyish, slightly emaciated man, wasted away by alcohol and age. He stops in the shadow and lights a cigarette. Having his cigarette alight he turns around and proceeds in the exit's direction. He bumps into a female cleaner's back.

CLEANER
 (recognizing Brotherick)
 Ah, sorry, clumsy.

BROTHERICK
 (murmuring)
 Stupid twat!

BROTHERICK gets to the door and reaches for the knob.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

35

The exit gives on an alley where Broderick steps out. He downs a couple of slugs from his flask, and gets going. He stops in mid-movement-he notices FRANK lying prostrate behind a group of trashcans. He approaches him swaying, and surveys his surroundings. Nobody in sight. The actor squats down and checks FRANK's pulse. A perverse little smile curls up his lips.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

36

FRANK's lying supine on the ground, totally naked, and BROThERICK takes a few photos of him-SNAP, SNAP. He quickly re-arranges FRANK's legs-his legs spread apart-SNAP.

BROThERIC pants and wheezes as he moves the unconscious boy, his hand rests on FRANK's breasts for a moment. He pushes FRANK around so that he is on all fours-SNAP.

Then he freezes. The sound of distant footsteps. Alarmed, he takes a hasty peep in both directions, pockets his camera and departs.

A young couple arrives at the exit. The man spots FRANK in the semi-darkness. The woman leans to FRANK, while the camera starts to lift and move off. We see that the man holds a cell to his ear, probably calls the ambulance while BROThERICK's shape staggers at the other exit of the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

37

FRANK comes to, still on all fours. He opens his eyes dizzily and realises to his chagrin that he is fully naked. He listens to the sound of approaching sirens, and hurriedly covers his body with his jacket.

INT. HOSPITAL MEDICAL ROOM - MORNING

38

Two physicians are standing in front of a screen in a medical room. One senior doctor-head physician-and a younger doc. The subordinate doc explains a MRI image to his boss.

YOUNGER DOC

See, Dr. NEWMAN, the toxicology is negative ,minus a minimal amount of morpine. Still it doesn't justify the grave condition and delirium...of course if the patient isn't hypersensitive to it....Or we witness the emergence of a new designer drug.....

DR. NEWMAN

(sipping his coffee)

Well, I don't know... You know who his father is?

YOUNGER DOC

(pointing at the screen)

Sure, Dr. Razor, sure...look, here is the anomaly I wanted to show you.

DR. NEWMAN

And what the hell could that be?

YOUNGER DOC

Don't know for sure. The boy is in charge of himself now, but he refuses to...

There's an impatient knock on the door, and without a minute of hesitation CLIVE forces his way in. He briskly steps up to the physicians, his whole demeanor conveys authority.

YOUNGER DOC

Ah, Dr. Razor, we've been discussing your son's findings.

CLIVE nods to the other two.

YOUNGER DOC

(turning to the screen again)

Look, this is the problem in question. This thick tubular density...it seems to send tiny filaments into the solear plexus and the spinal cord as well. This could be either a neoplasm, or the rudiment of the fetal Arantius's duct. Further tests could decide but your son is uncooperative in this...

CLIVE raises his finger to interrupt, and scrutinizes the digital image.

CLIVE

Well, yes, it is probably a potentially innocuous, minor irregularity, as you mentioned before. So I don't see the reason of further tests either.

The docs look at each other questioningly.

CLIVE

The tests would exhaust my son, and they are too expensive in the bargain. The costs are too high already.

DR. NEWMAN

I see Dr. Razor.

CLIVE nods and exits the room. The two others exchange a look and DR. NEWMAN shrugs. He puts down the sheet of records onto the desk. The camera focuses on it with a crescendo of screeching sounds.

INT. CAR - MORNING

39

CLIVE is sitting in his car in a hospital's parking lot. He nervously drums his fingers on the steering wheel. In the background the car radio plays music softly. We see FRANK approaching through the passenger window. He looks beat, his gait is slow, hunched. He reaches the door and gets inside without a word. He doesn't look at her father either but focuses his gaze on something distant through the windshield. CLIVE starts the engine, and hits the road.

CLIVE
Well? Tell me then, what was this serious business yesterday?

FRANK
Why, what does it look like?

CLIVE
What? It looks that...

He turns to FRANK his eyes sparkle.

CLIVE
What'd you take? You think this is the right way to deal with things?

FRANK
(with a provocative expression)
What is the right way then? I could've set myself on fire wouldn't you think. Just like your father. To follow the family pattern. Hmm...to be honest I actually envy you.

CLIVE shakes his head in disbelief and puffs angrily. He takes a left turn. Hits the brakes when an old woman with a walker steps on the road almost too late. CLIVE nearly flattens her. The woman makes bold to give CLIVE the finger.

CLIVE
(hitting the wheel)
Fuck!...That's something like it, son! You're a champ at cynicism. I wish you were half so good at anything else.

CLIVE accelerates at a long straight stretch.

CLIVE
(ranting along)
And you mother? She can go fuck herself right? Everybody should

CLIVE
 get fucked because your lordship
 feel upset, and it's always
 someone else's fault not yours,
 right?

Fat veins throb along CLIVE's neck, as he raves on.

CLIVE
 (continuing)
 As soon as we've got home you go
 to your room and try to have some
 rest and get your stupid ideas
 out of yor head, if it is
 possible at all. And tomorrow
 you're gonna enter for a second
 fucking exam in that fucking
 institute. Am I understood?

FRANK
 (mockingly)
 Yes dad.

CLIVE
 I hope so. Shit!

CLIVE drives on, he concentrates on the road, the panorama gets blurred before them. FRANK leans forward and turns up the volume of the radio. After a mere few seconds CLIVE's hand shots out and kills the music.

INT. THE RAZORS' KITCHEN - DAY

40

The front door opens and FRANK enters the house with his father in tow. MRS. RAZOR sits at the kitchen table and reads a tabloid. In her shaking hand above an ashtray hangs a cigarette, the ash on its tip is long and curled. At last the ash separates and falls.

FRANK
 Hi Mum.

MRS. RAZOR doesn't return FRANK's greetings and plays the role of an offended woman with a pained expression. FRANK, affecting calmness, goes on to the steps.

CLIVE
 (calling after FRANK)
 What about this? Who do you think
 is gonna pay for this?

He fishes out a sheet of paper from his pocket and tosses it onto the table.

FRANK
 (turning around)
 What's that?

CLIVE

The hospital bill. The insurance company won't indemnify for a suicide attempt. I wouldn't have expected this from you Frank.

FRANK

(in an offhand manner)

I'm sorry to have caused so much trouble. I will be in better form next time. Anything else?

No answer. Frank resumes his way up while his parents exchange a clueless expression.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - DAY

41

Frank slumps on the edge of his bed and drops his backpack.

He hangs his head and cradles his skull in his palms, while taking deep breaths for a couple of seconds. Then he straightens his back and switches on his laptop. He checks his social profile, and finds two posts, from DAVID and RACHEL.

Rachel's post: Two adjacent pictures. In the left one little FRANK stands naked with his baby penis. On the right is FRANK nowadays to recognize him. The caption reads: Today is my brother's second birthday. He almost managed to kill himself. There are 112 likes and several comments-Wretched devil, I hope he learned from it, It's a shame-poor parents...

Frank can hardly catch his breath against the furious beating of his heart.

David's post: A photo of a drunk lying on the ground in the company of tumbled empty bottles. Inscription: My brother, Frank, six months from now. 58 likes, comments like this: A good one haha., I bet he has a hell of a headache.

Frank hits the roof. He hits the table with an open palm.

FRANK

Goddammitt! Fuck! Fuck!

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - DAY

42

On the spur of the moment FRANK bursts into the room where the three kids are together. There's music playing, and sounds of laughter.

FRANK

How the hell did you dare to screw with me on the internet?! You fucking slut and that son of a bitch.

RACHEL
 (primly)
 Aaaa, Frank called me a slut!

The three siblings erupt in roaring laughter.

FRANK
 I can call you a whore and I can call this whole family anything I want. Take my pictures off your fucking profiles, or else I'm gonna kick your motherfucking asses. Dad will kill you too. You've got ten minutes little assholes.

FRANK yanks the chord of the media player off the socket, and bangs the door on them.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - NIGHT

43

FRANK wakes up with a start in the middle of the night. The room is unlit, the only light is provided by streetlamps. A vague shape between the window and the bed separates itself from the dark. As it steps closer, it becomes partly visible. It's the creature from FRANK's vision. His abhorrent skin drips yellowish-green pus on the sheets and the floor. It carries a jar and a spoon in its taloned hands.

FRANK
 (scared, sitting up)
 Who..who are you?

CREATURE
 I'm here because of you.

It plunges the spoon into the jar and brings out some putrid, rank, viscid substance. It licks the spoon with a wet squelching sound. It fills the spoon again and moves it towards FRANK.

FRANK
 But I didn't want you!

CREATURE
 Oh yes you did, remember?

Frank's eyes come to rest on the umbilical chord, dandling from the creature's taut pear-like belly. It appears to be torn, its end resembles a bird's cloaca, dripping blood. The spoon touches FRANK's mouth smearing it with its dark content. FRANK spits it out, the substance trickles down his chin and stains the blanket.

CREATURE

You wanted to punish them didn't
you? Don't they deserve
retribution?

CREATURE

They are who hurt you Frank. You
were helpless...and weak. But now
I'm here for you... To give them
what they deserve. To let them
know what real suffering is.

FRANK

(screaming desperately)
But I just

He is unable to finish it because the gunk portions splash
onto his mouth in rapid succession, and he is busy
spitting them out. His whole face is smeared with it, the
sheets are soaked and it is also flowing down the
walls...

CREATURE

There is no "but I just"....

The creature now wields a ladle and the tar-like gunk
drips and plops from it with splashes.

CREATURE

There is only "I want", or what
are you...chickenshit?

FRANK jumps into the frame, panting heavily. He sighs in
relief, but he is unaware of his face being smeared with
black mud.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

44

The classroom is full with students. The lecturer giving
the boring lesson is MATTHEW GELOCK—a heavysset man of
about fifty with unkempt, greasy, greying hair. He has
thyroid gland hyperfunction with all accompanying
symptoms: swollen neck and bulging eyes. His clothes lack
all taste to say the least.

GELOCK

...So, let's examine then these
possibilities too. I've prepared
two charts. From the left one we
can see how the pricing system is
affected by.....

The lecturer's voice fades as we see FRANK's dreamy
expression. He starts to draw on his papers, the voices
echo and he falls into a trance.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

45

FRANK awakes to the question from the next row.

STUDENT

Hey Frank. Have you signed the sheet yet?

FRANK

What?

STUDENT

Attendance sheet.

The student holds out a sheet of paper. FRANK glances at his notes. There are two hasty sketches. The first one illustrates a monster who beheads several naked people standing on all fours with a hatchet. In the other one the same creature disembowels a human figure hanging upside down from a gallows. FRANK reluctantly reaches for the sheet.

GELOCK

...Could you clarify this issue for us Mr. Razor?

FRANK

Excuse me?

GELOCK

I asked how to make an advertising pitch in order to get the highest possible sales figures.

FRANK

Er...I...I believe...

GELOCK

Believe? It's a pity you don't know. So you are a practising believer then. You know Mr. Razor sales figures do not follow the rules of metaphysics. In fact it is rock-hard physics.

Gelock looks around righteously as he stands beside the table with his hands on his hips. He turns and steps towards FRANK's direction.

GELOCK

So, don't be surprised if you fail once again.

FRANK fidgets in his seat and gawks around with flaming cheeks. Around him shaking heads and mounting merriment. Gelock gets warmed up.

GELOCK

(getting louder)

What can I say then? This is not your world in my humble opinion. All your efforts are in vain. You know what suits you? You really wanna know? I wouldn't go there. But instead of taking someone else's place why don't you go to the market and sell five hundred pounds of radishes, and go fuck yourself?

GELOCK bears down on FRANK during his outburst and flings up his right leg to bring it down on FRANK's desk. His watery eyes are a mere inch from FRANK's ones, he can see the blood vessels pulsating in the whites of GELOCK's eyes. Everybody watches the scene silently-some stifle a stray laugh-they are afraid of GELOCK.

FRANK

(whispering angrily)

Understand Mr.Gelock.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

46

FRANK goes down the corridor with his portfolio under his arm, swaying from the shock. Students go past him talking and laughing. Two students come up to him.

STUDENT

Hey Frank. You got some radishes?
Or you have run out of supplies?

Derisive laughter erupts. Heads turn, mocking eyes watch FRANK.

STUDENT#2

Five hundred pounds of radishes!
Five hundred! Hello!

The whole corridor roars with laughter. FRANK hurls himself towards the closest toilet door.

INT. TOILET - DAY

47

FRANK hurries past the row of sinks and enters the farthest booth. He hammers the toilet tank with his portfolio several times.

FRANK

(angry, desperate)

Fuck! Fuck You. Die, eat shit!
Bastard!

He slumps on the lid panting and lets out a confused laugh. There is a flush from the adjoining booth. Then

humming. A chuckle even. Footsteps towards the sink. FRANK stands silent and intent. He opens the door just a crack and sees GELOCK washing his hands evenly, humming along. He suddenly turns to FRANK's booth.

GELOCK

I know you are there you business genius. Or more preferably radish master? You taking a shit or what?
You'd better get your act together, or prepare for the worst. Prepare your coffin my friend.

He wipes his hands in a paper towel, and throws the pellet into the trashcan.

GELOCK

(jumping)

Bingo!

His casual effrontery is outrageous. FRANK waits sweating until the teacher is gone, and gets to his feet. The bell rings and FRANK goes out of the toilet, taking deep breaths.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

48

FRANK exits the institute and turns left to the pedestrian crossing. He intends to take a shortcut through the bushes. He is deeply immersed in his thoughts and rummages in his pack as he approaches the crossing.

EXT. INSTITUTE PARKING LOT - EVENING

49

The lot lies between a bushy area and the institute building. GELOCK stands beside his Chevrolet Camaro, talking to his wife on his cell. He opens the car door in the meanwhile.

GELOCK

Yes darlin', I've phoned them.
No...of course. I'm on my way
now...be there in half an hour,
bye.

He gets in the car and the engine roars into life. As he accelerates he comes to the pedestrian crossing. FRANK steps in front of the car, and it brakes with screeching tires. FRANK drops some of his papers and hits the hood with his fist. Then bends down to collect his notes.

GELOCK

(getting out of car)

You. Again. The fuck you doing here? You want me to run you down? Because if you insist...

FRANK

Maybe yes.

GELOCK

As you wish. We can arrange it.
But I fucking hate the idea of
being interrogated by the police
over a radish. So you seem to
have to carry this out by
yourself.

He would go on, but he notices that FRANK's attention shifted to his side. To the bushes.
ANGLE over FRANK's shoulder. We see that the creature emerges from the bushes. FRANK hears its maddening voice in his head as it steps to the teacher's side.

CREATURE

Kill him! Kill him now!

FRANK

(shaking his head)
No...No.

GELOCK realises that something is out of kilter.

GELOCK

Who are you talking to?

He turns on his heels and faces the creature standing right beside him. His swagger is long gone he doesn't even have the breath and time to scream. The creature grabs his wrist. Its breathing is a pumping hiss. The teacher struggles but to no avail. He tries to kick his attacker but his foot slides off the slimy, bulky body.

CREATURE

Do it!

It doesn't pay attention to GELOCK. Its voice is grinding and incredibly deep. The teacher is scared shitless and snaps his head to and fro. FRANK hesitates.

CREATURE

Then watch this.

It wraps its hands around GELOCK's waist from behind and sinks its bifurcated talons into his belly. Gelock screams. The creature rips apart his abdominal wall, letting the innards flip out in a gout of blood. GELOCK screams uncontrollably as he sees his intestines splashing onto the ground. GELOCK's eyes become glazed, his mouth opens and issues a string of bloody snot-like goo, and then tumbles to the ground. FRANK retches into his fist while the creature laughs in a wheezing hiss.

CREATURE

This is it.

It points its horrible blood dripping talons at FRANK.

CREATURE

It was meant for you. For you.
You. For you? You.

FRANK can't bear to see it anymore. He suddenly turns and runs away.

INT. RAZOR FAMILY'S KITCHEN - EVENING 50

FRANK opens the door and walks briskly towards the stairs. He doesn't bother to say hello to his parents who are watching TV in the living room. He mounts the steps in a split second and is gone. His parents don't know what to say, although they are acquainted with FRANK's irrational behaviour by now.

MRS. RAZOR

What's gotten into this kid again?

CLIVE

(shrugging)

Just the same as always. I don't give a shit. And I won't give him a cent from now, that is for sure.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - EVENING 51

FRANK sits on his bed, his face buried deep in his palms.

FRANK

No. I can't believe it. It can't have happened.

He looks up, his bleary, desperate eyes scan the room. They come to rest on the broken picture on the floor. He gets up, retrieves the frame and places it on his desk. The camera focuses on it balefully.

INT. CLIVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 52

CLIVE and MRS. RAZOR lie in their bed. CLIVE groans and turns on his back. He squirms in his sleep, and starts to trash himself, his head-as if he is in pain. Or has a nightmare.

INT. FAMILY LIVING ROOM - EVENING

53

The Razor family is in the living room. It's Christmas evening, everybody is dressed up, and they sit smiling around the brilliantly adorned Christmas tree, with lots of blinking lights. FRANK hands over a wrapped box-his present-to his father. His sincere smile comes from heart. His father unwraps the box and reveals its content. It is a beautifully carved, hand painted gift-box, with a number of little drawers.

CLIVE

(moved)

Oh Frank you shouldn't have....

He pulls out one of the drawers. In it a little folded scrap of paper. It reads: I hate you because you stifled my creativity. It hits CLIVE like a slap in the face. He pulls out another drawer, with another note. WHY? Clive, nervous and offended now, pulls out another one. A dead cat with bloated green belly. MRS. RAZOR screeches.

FRANK

Relax, I just found it just like you found me.

CLIVE ventures another one. The Christmas lights are long gone, a blinking fluorescent provides the only light. Only CLIVE and FRANK are in the room. The drawer is somehow bigger now, like a grill oven. Clive pulls it out. Black sticky substance pours out of it together with aborted fetuses. Death, death, death-they mouth with their tiny lips. Clive is on the verge of madness now. FRANK pulls out the last drawer by a thick rope. It is the size of a mine car, it gives way with a horrible creaking. Clive looks into it. There is some pulsating, terrible, red thing covered with a jellylike substance. Aaaaaa-growls the thing getting louder and tentacles shot out of it curling around CLIVE's neck from behind. The thing explodes then with a deafening snotty grunt covering CLIVE who starts to choke on it, when...

When he wakes up suddenly sweating buckets and panting heavily.

INT. RAZOR FAMILY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

54

FRANK comes down the steps slowly buttoning his sleeve, his backpack is on his back. His mother is bustling about, making breakfast things like that. The TV is on with the news. FRANK catches a glimpse of his father's car leaving through the window.

FRANK

Hi Mum.

MRS. RAZOR
 (coldly)
 Hello. Breakfast?

FRANK
 No thanks, I will have something
 in the...

His mother stops him with a finger, she must've heard something in the news. On the screen breaking news text while the announcer reads.

ANNOUNCER
 A lecturer was brutally murdered
 yesterday evening in the St
 Joseph's Institute's parking lot.
 The fifty-four years old victim
 was a distinguished expert of the
 institute. Witnesses are welcome
 to.....

MRS. RAZOR
 My sweet Jesus! This man worked
 in your school. Did you know him?

FRANK
 (not making eye contact)
 Yeah, he was a pain in the ass
 and no mistake.

MRS. RAZOR
 (with a shocked expression)
 How can you talk like this? How?

FRANK starts to collect his things, he is ready to depart.

FRANK
 Got to go now, bye.

He leaves his mother in the kitchen, who looks after him suspiciously.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

55

FRANK approaches the main entrance of the institute when he bumps into GIL who comes from the opposite direction.

FRANK
 Hey Gil.

GIL
 Hi. Have you seen the news? Jesus
 fucking Christ, they say the man
 was literally disemboweled. Even
 the cops got sick.

FRANK
 (indifferently)
 Should I feel sorry for him?

GIL
 (with bewilderment on his
 face)
 Well...er...

FRANK issues a forced, contrived laugh.

FRANK
 I was just joking you know...you
 know I'm upset too.

FRANK goes on casually, and the building swallows him. GIL follows suit with a rigid sort of look.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

56

A car pulls up on the Razors' driveway with a flashing light on top. Its doors open and two plainclothes detectives get out slowly, deliberately. MORGENSTEIN is tall, wears a porno-moustache and dark sunglasses. HUTH is shorter, stocky with piercing blue eyes. He was born with a cigarette in his mouth. They look around, nod and head for the front door.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

57

A hand raps on the door. After a few seconds it opens and CLIVE stands in front of the detectives.

CLIVE
 Good afternoon. Can I help you?

The two policemen flash their badges.

HUTH
 Good afternoon, inspectors Huth and Morgenstein, and we are looking for Frank Razor. Does he live here?

CLIVE
 (turning around and calling
 out for FRANK)
 Yes. FRANK you have visitors. The
 POLICE!

CLIVE
 (to the detectives)
 I'm his father. Can I ask what
 this all is about?

HUTH
 Sorry, but no sir.

CLIVE
 I understand, my son will be here
 in a trice.

IMOGEN walks into the hall silently with her walker and eyes the cops.

IMOGEN
 (croaking)
 Police?

HUTH
 Good afternoon missus.

IMOGEN
 I knew...

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

58

The two policemen stand in the doorway when FRANK emerges.

FRANK
 Hello, you wanted to see me...

HUTH
 Good afternoon. Frank Razor? Is
 this yours?

He holds out a plastic-coated white sheet of paper with dried bloodstains. All too familiar. It is one of FRANK's notes.

FRANK
 (emotionless)
 Yes. Where did you find it?

MORGENSTEIN
 You don't know? Under Mr. Gelock's
 corpse. Your teacher who was
 killed yesterday. Do you have any
 idea how this note got under Mr.
 Gelock's body?

FRANK
 (after a moment's
 hesitation)
 Mr. Gelock confiscated my notes
 yesterday. It was in his hands or
 pocket when he was attacked I
 guess. It is not a criminal
 evidence.

HUTH
 No, in itself it isn't. Can we ask about your whereabouts between 7 and 8 yesterday evening?

FRANK
 Yes, I was on my way home.

MORGENSTEIN
 Alone?

FRANK
 Yes I usually walk by myself. Are there any witnesses by the way?

MORGENSTEIN
 I'm not authorized to reveal this information. Did you have a good relationship with the teacher?

FRANK
 No, I wouldn't say that. But I DIDN'T KILL HIM.

HUTH surveys him with the piercing eyes of his. FRANK looks back calmly not breaking eye contact.

HUTH
 All right. Should any more questions arise we'll get back in touch with you.

The policemen nod and head for their car. Frank looks after them, then shuts the door.

INT. RAZOR FAMILY'S HALL - DAY

59

FRANK props his back against the door, eyes closed, takes deep breaths. CLIVE appears from the living room.

CLIVE
 What'd they want?

FRANK
 Nothing. They asked about the teacher, who was killed last night.

CLIVE
 And...and was it you?

FRANK
 Sure, who else?

CLIVE

Stupid kid. You have nothing to do with this haven't you? You are not this crazy are you?

FRANK

I am. And I'm gonna kill again. Only I don't know who the next one will be.

MRS. RAZOR joins them.

MRS. RAZOR

What's going on Clive? Imogen said the police were here. Why?

CLIVE

Calm down darling. It was just about Frank's teacher. Our son's got nothing to do with it. I believe him.

MRS. RAZOR

(looking at Frank)

Frank.

FRANK

Leave me alone.

He turns and goes to his room. His mother stops him.

MRS. RAZOR

Frank, what's that disgusting goo you befoul your sheets with? Nothing can remove it.

FRANK pauses for a moment with his back to his parents. Doesn't turn around. After a few seconds he proceeds upstairs.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

60

FRANK walks down the corridor towards a classroom. He seem to be a bit more confident than usual, although pale. His looks deteriorate but gets more and more confident and brave.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

61

ELISABETH SCHELL is the lecturer giving the lesson. She looks amazingly good despite being in her thirties. She has on a pair of jeans and a T-shirt as she stands beside the table explaining.

SCHELL

The most important thing is to be aware of the mode of action of

SCHELL
 certain chemicals belonging to
 certain groups of medicines. Our
 arguments can only be effective
 if we know the product we're
 trying to promote.

She pushes a button on the remote and the projector changes the image-names of chemicals appear, grouped in tables.

The camera switches to FRANK, who looks at the woman and his notes alternately. He draws something. The image starts to blur as FRANK falls into a trance again....

SCHELL
 (fading slowly)
 One important group of our
 products is antibiotics. What
 should we know about them? They
 can be divided into 8 or 10
 groups depending on the.....

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

62

SCHELL
 As we can see the differences in
 microbial spectrum fundamentally
 influence the right medication
 and the pharmacokinetic
 properties further...

FRANK jerks awake gawking at his drawings. In it the hideous creature rapes SCHELL, its facial features are clearly visible as it burrows its talons into the woman's back, flaying her alive. Frank freezes, her gaze shifts from the woman to the drawing. He licks his lips and goes pale as sexual arousal gets hold of him. He jumps up kicking back his chair. Everybody looks bewildered.

FRANK
 (looks around nervously)
 Excuse me, I need to go out.

SCHELL
 (sneering)
 Go then.

FRANK gets up and trudges out, and the door closes in his wake.

INT. TOILET - DAY

63

FRANK barges into the toilet booth and slaps up the lid and the seat.

FRANK'S POV: we see the green tiles and the tank while hear the sound of his fly unzipping and his belt-buckle rattling.

ANGLE on FRANK: he grits his teeth, eyes closed while the belt buckle rattles-he obviously masturbates.

FRANK

(moaning and then yelling)

Ah, this is it, go then. Go. Ah
yeah, I'm coming.

FRANK pants as he looks down at the bowl. It is splashed full with greenish mud-like mucus containing blood streaks.

The camera shows FRANK's scared face.

FRANK rushes to the sink and washes his hand and face. He steals a glance at the mirror. He jumps : the creature stares back at him. It ogles him. Its voice is rasping like a broken loudspeaker.

CREATURE

Love her!

It makes a horizontal movement with his taloned finger under its chin.

INT. CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON

64

SHELL is surrounded by her male students beside the door of the teacher's room. It's late afternoon now, and except for them, the building is deserted.

SHELL

Okay then see you later
gentlemen.

STUDENT

Good bye Ms. Schell, we're very
sorry for Mr. Gelock, really...
But you are alright aren't you?

SHELL

Yes, yes thank you.

STUDENT#2

You don't want us to accompany
you?

SHELL

No, that's very kind of you, but
my partner will be here soon,
so....

The boys nod, and depart smiling. Schell is very popular among boys. SCHELL smiles after them too and reaches for the door to lock it when something catches her eyes. FRANK approaches her, and the smile leaves her face. She doesn't like FRANK, and at the same time she is afraid of him too.

INT. CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON

65

They meet at the door, SCHELL eyes FRANK questioningly.

SCHELL

Hello, you are not waiting for me
are you?

FRANK

(stammering)

As...as a matter of fact yes. I
feel we could talk and...

SCHELL

Listen Trent. Er...Frank. I don't
think this is the right time, if
you have something to say
please see me tomorrow in the
teacher's room OK? For now you'd
better go home.

FRANK

But it is...important.

SCHELL

(losing her patience)

I'm sure it can wait. I'm very
tired now Trent, and you could do
with some rest too, and I think
that...

We can see that the door of the empty teacher's room opens and the familiar shape of the creature occupies the space.

FRANK

(with a mad and suggestive
look)

And I THINK I'd like to introduce
you to...someone.

Schell follows the direction of FRANK's gaze, her eyes widen, her mouth displays disgust before she opens it and lets out a shrill scream. She tumbles forwards but FRANK blocks the way out-she is trapped. She turns back and the creature towers in front of her, so close that the woman hits it involuntarily, but her weak arm slides off the revolting body. Schell heaves her purse at it, but the creature grabs it with its tentacle-like hand which erupts from its body. It winds the strap of the purse around the woman's neck, and spins her round so that she

is with her back to it. The contents of the purse scatter and roll around the floor. There is a vibrator among them which gets switched on upon impact and starts to circle on the floor buzzing.

The creature thrusts its hand between the screaming woman's legs, and plunges its talons into her lower belly from behind. It growls with pleasure as blood spews from beside its talons. SCHELL screeches madly which gives way to an unintelligible gargle. The creature tears off her entire lover one-third along with her genitals. Schell collapses and the creature tosses the human tissues aside. The woman's supine body sprawls on the floor as the creature looms over her. With a sickening grunt it thrusts its hand up into her torso. The body moves upwards, the head twitches. FRANK's hand touches his groin in his arousal.

FRANK
(hissing in excitement)

The creature keeps rummaging inside the torso.

CREATURE
I 've done this one for
you...instead of you. You need
something from her?

It does bring out a couple of organs and scatters them around the corpse's head. It leans closer hovering over the body. Surveys the dead woman, its eyes widen and its anus-like mouth opens so big it nearly turns inside out. It squirts out a great deal of greenish liquid-an obscene travesty of ejaculation. The vomit covers the body entirely.

Frank follows the scene hypnotized, the camera shows a close-up of his cold, deranged eyes.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

66

HUTH and MORGENSTEIN walk up the stairs energetically.

HUTH
Here again.

MORGENSTEIN
St. Josep's.

At the top of the stairs they turn left, and the sight of the corpse bursts before their eyes. It lies on its back in a pool of blood, with dead, open eyes and mouth, its tongue is torn out, the lower body missing, organs are scattered around, and the entire body is covered in some kind of resin.

There are two police photographers and some uniformed police officers on the scene.

HUTH

Hello gentlemen, so what does it seem to be?

UNIFORMED COP

Hello inspector. The method resembles the other one here two days ago. But this is a nastier work here. Barbarism.

MORGENSTEIN

The killer weapon?

UNIFORMED COP

We haven't found one so far. It looks as if it was done with bare hands. But that's impossible of course.

HUTH

(grimacing)

Witnesses?

UNIFORMED COP

To witness a thing like this? They would've died of heart attack too.

HUTH walks around the corpse and crouches. He pushes the vibrator away with his pen. Looks up at MORGENSTEIN.

HUTH

I was wondering whether our little friend...What's his name? Razor. Was he here yesterday?

MORGENSTEIN

We'll find out.

HUTH

That's right. I want to know if he was here, how long he was here, every-fucking-thing.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - NIGHT

67

FRANK is sitting on his bed while watching a porno video on his computer screen in the sparsely lit room. Frank is visible from behind, the screen is beside his head. From the jerking movements of his right hand he is in the process of jerking off. On the screen a man is having sex with a woman, and she has a stunning resemblance to SCHELL. She appears to be dead and somehow alive at the same time. The camera focuses on her face of a death mask. She enjoys herself immensely, moans and screams.

FRANK squeezes his eyes shut and when he opens them he is no longer alone in the room. The creature sits right beside him, and jerks off too.

CREATURE
(licking his lips ,smacking)
Ah that's about it. God, I love
this!

FRANK, frightened badly, realises to his horror that the creature literally has taken his penis in its hand, jerking it off. The camera shows them from backwards as they come in unison, with animal grunts.

INT. HALL - NIGHT 68

The doorbell rings while we see the Razors' front door from the inside. Sounds of footsteps and the door opens, revealing the figure of HUTH and MORGENSTEIN.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT 69

The door of the room opens and two pathological assistants push in a gurney with a covered corpse. They come in and push the gurney alongside a huge stainless steel dissection table. In the direction of another door snatches of conversation filter into the room.

PATHOLOGIST(VO.)
Another case Dr. Razor, similar
to that teachers'. It is also
from that school. Police are
interested in the method of the
murder and the killer weapon...

CLIVE(VO.)
From same school?

The double-hung door is thrown open and a young pathologist and CLIVE in dissection suits enter the room with a technician in tow.

CLIVE
(nodding to the others)
Gentlemen.

CLIVE takes off the sheet from the corpse and begins to read.

CLIVE
E. Schell 32-year-old Caucasian
female-murder. Everything's ready
and steady?

The technician nods.

CLIVE

Then let me see the cadaver.

CLIVE motions to the technician to draw back the cover. While doing this the camera shows CLIVE's eyes which widen and twitch at the sight. The two assistants fidget nervously.

PATHOLOGIST

Fuck! Pardon my French Dr. Razor.

CLIVE

Don't mention it. Fuck, indeed.

CLIVE is affected too, he coughs into his fist.

CLIVE

Put the cadaver over to the table.

The two assistants grab the corpse's shoulders and ankles and lift it. The rigor mortis is incomplete and as a result the midsection of the body sags, and a bunch of organs-coil of intestines-splashes onto the floor.

ASSISTANT

Sorry Dr. Razor.

The technician takes a few photographs while the pathologist arranges special equipment-tweezers, saws, scalpels, forceps-on a little table at the cadaver's head.

CLIVE

(poking the vomit with a probe)

Roger, what do you think this substance is? Any idea? Looks like resin or something.

CLIVE

(to the technician)

Jeremy. Help me take this off her.

Jeremy slides his fingers under the solidified vomit and pulls it slowly off with wet, squelching sounds.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

70

A steel table and two chairs are the only furniture of the bare room. FRANK is sitting opposite HUTH, the latter with his back to the door. MORGENSTEIN paces up and down in front of the table. On the desk is a Dictaphone, capturing the conversation.

HUTH

(blowing out cigarette
smoke)

So if I understand correctly you
left the institute around three
o' clock. Then you went home?

FRANK drums his fingers on the table, he appears impatient
and nervous. And emotionally detached.

FRANK

That's right.

HUTH

According to your mother you
arrived at home about half past
six. What had you been doing
until then?

FRANK

I took a walk. To air my head. Is
it forbidden or what?

MORGENSTEIN jumps to FRANK and leans close.

MORGENSTEIN

Don't play the smartass with us
you little son of a bitch, or I'm
gonna wipe that cynical smile off
your face. You were seen to be
waiting for the woman. Am I
correct?

FRANK

Who saw me?

HUTH

That's not important. It was you.

FRANK

I'd been waiting for her, but
then I changed my mind and went
home.

HUTH

And?

FRANK

Then I went back and killed her
as you know full well, clever
cops.

MORGENSTEIN

I've told you not to fuck around
with us! Do you have a witness or
alibi or something?

FRANK

No, I have none of these. Oh wait a minute. Your mother. I was fucking her at the time of the murder. Didn't she tell you?

MORGENSTEIN

(lunging at Frank)
You little fuck!

HUTH stops him.

HUTH

I think we should waterboard him. Allegedly nobody can bear it, and I've always wanted to try it on somebody.

MORGENSTEIN

(to Frank)
Take off you shirt.

FRANK

Just fuck with each other. I know my rights, you don't dare to do it. Not with me. Try it yourselves.

HUTH rakes through his hair. He takes a deep drag from his cigarette and exhales it through his nostrils. He watches Frank intently.

HUTH

Alright then. We'll take your fingerprints and then you can get the fuck out of here.

MORGENSTEIN

(making a pondering face)
There must be a problem in the lab. We can take fingerprints only in the morning. Mr. Razor must spend the night in custody.

MORGENSTEIN opens the door and calls out.

MORGENSTEIN

Gentlemen, please board Mr. Razor for the night. He'd like the blue salon.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

71

FRANK is lying on his back on the cell bunk. He has his clothes on and is fully awake staring at the ceiling. From somewhere a metallic clang breaks the silence, a detainee must be making a racket. A prison guard voice is heard.

PRISON GUARD
(hitting the bars)
Shut up, or you will find
yourself in the maximum security
area.

FRANK keeps staring at the ceiling, his demeanor remains the same. The guard starts to scream then, but it stops abruptly and continues as a gargle of a drowning man. He drops his truncheon, followed by the muffled thump of his limp body.

A few second passes. FRANK sits up, and listens attentively. Sounds of oncoming footsteps. But they are rather slow, this is a grave shuffle instead. Scratching noises on the bars. FRANK looks at the door and glimpses the silhouette of a guard in the dark. He places his hands on the bars and peeks inside. FRANK is about to lie back when the watcher's eyes reflect red light. It is the creature!

CREATURE
(in an electronic static)
Don't be afraid Frank. The sun
always shines.

FRANK
You've killed the guard. They
will never let me out of here.

CREATURE
I didn't kill him. His heart was
too weak. FOR THIS!

It shows something to FRANK, but only HE sees it. The camera shows FRANK's fearful face illuminated by mysterious greyish light. His eyes bulge in the midst of an intensifying sound blast which is getting louder, a choir-like thing of doped angels. FRANK slumps back onto his bunk unconscious.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

72

FRANK steps out of the building of the police. He stops in the doorway, and looks around to ascertain that he isn't being followed. He searches the parking lot too, hoping to find there his father's car waiting for him. He shakes his head bitterly when he sees that nobody cares for him. He spits and gets going.

INT. RAZOR FAMILY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

73

FRANK enters the hall and goes to the living room area where DAVID and SHANE are watching TV. Some animation film with monsters. The volume is deafening, screams, growls and rattle.

SHANE
Why did he kill it?

DAVID
(slapping him in the nape)
Because it was evil, didn't you see it you moron.

Rachel hurries down from upstairs.

RACHEL
Turn it down. I can't hear my friggin' cell even upstairs.

She notices FRANK.

RACHEL
Did they release you? Were you in jail really?

FRANK
(making a hateful grimace)
No, but I killed the guards and escaped. What are they doing at home?

He points at his brothers.

RACHEL
There has been a bomb threat at the school.

SHANE
Today is holiday. Come on Frank play the monster game with us.

FRANK waves his hand dismissingly.

INT. CLIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

74

CLIVE is sitting in his office writing an autopsy report. His office is of a medium size with a table, a lot of shelves laden with books and reports, a little oval table and two armchairs. Diplomas, titles and photographs hang on the walls. There's a knock on the door.

CLIVE
Yes?

His secretary, DENISE, enters the office. She is a thirtyish gorgeous woman. He approaches CLIVE shaking her hips.

DENISE
Here are the latest results in
the Gelock-case.

CLIVE
Thank you Denise.

CLIVE looks up at the woman meaningfully, longingly.
DENISE steps closer and ruffles CLIVE's hair from behind.

DENISE
Come. Come here, yes.

She pulls her boss' head between her ample breasts, and CLIVE doesn't need encouragement in this matter. He moves his head down following the line of DENISE's belly, while her hip thrusts forward.

INT. CLIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

75

CLIVE is alone in his office again. His clothes are a bit untidy, his hair ruffled. The tablecloth is crumpled into a ball behind him. CLIVE sips at his coffee, then puts down the cup and starts to type. We see the screen as the letters emerge.

"Abdominal organs. Liver is 1.1 kg is of normal size and shape, its color is brownish-red. The ramifications of the main vessels are regular, the falciform ligament is well developed and from the umbilicus..."

CLIVE stops here suddenly. He spins in his chair, stands up and pulls out an old register from one of his drawers.

MACRO ON HIS FINGER as it slides down the lines until he finds the number: Razor, Emmett, 2149/1981. He steps to the closet and soon finds the autopsy report of his father. He sits and starts to read. He finds what he has been looking for soon enough and points at it with his finger.

"A thick tubular resistance runs from the umbilicus through the liver to the spinal chord sending tiny filaments into the nervous system, the brain cortex and the mesencephalic region which is responsible for the feeling of pain, intensifying its operation."

CLIVE
(muttering and reaching for
the phone)
My god.

CLIVE

(speaking on the phone)
Hello? Dr. Evans? I would need my son's MRI findings. Yes Frank Razor. As soon as possible. Could you send it over? Thank you.

He makes another call.

CLIVE

Hello please put me through to the histology lab....Hello. Dr Razor. I need the analysis of the specimen taken in the Schell case post haste. Yes that mucous resin-like matter. Thanks.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

76

FRANK puts down the block of wax he found half-finished in EMMETT's workshop. He pulls down the cloth covering it, revealing the piece of art. It is a deformed parody of a human figure, relatively short, about three feet high. The hands of the figure are crossed over its chest and FRANK can hardly make out the lines of the head and the legs. On the table there is the familiar bottle with the green liquid. FRANK, wearing a dirty vest, takes out a set of carving knives from his drawer. It is a professional kit the longest one is ten inches long with a curved blade. Razor sharp of course. He examines the knives thinking. He takes one and touches the sculpture with its tip absent-mindedly. The material gives in under pressure.

FRANK's cell goes off.

GIL(VO.)

Hi Frank. Aren't you coming to class today?

Frank presses the cell to his ear, and pulls down the blade casually. It draws a thin streak of wax with it. Blood seems to ooze from the fresh cut, but FRANK takes no notice.

FRANK

Why, no. I don't give a fuck Gil.

GIL(VO.)

But Frank. They will expel you.

FRANK

Gil. I don't care about that either.

The second incision is perpendicular to the first one, then turns in an arc. The wax splits obediently under FRANK's hand.

GIL(VO.)

Frank, are you okay?

FRANK

Sure...

FRANK tosses the cell onto his bed. He steps back and admires his work. Trembling with excitement he reaches for another knife, while we hear GIL speaking on the phone, but FRANK is no longer present. He starts to carve in rapt concentration while wax carvings keep falling to the ground beside FRANK's feet.

INT. HISTOLOGY LAB - LATE AFTERNOON

77

A histologist is bending over the microscope. He puts a slide under the objective and looks into the ocular. He hums a little and makes adjustments to the optical instrument. His hand freezes in mid-motion.

The door opens slowly, soundlessly. The histologist's hand gropes for the phone but a taloned, bifurcated hand seizes it and tightens on it with unearthly force. The histologist turns to face the intruder, his face becoming a mask of fright. He can only utter a few meaningless syllables. As the histologist sits on a low chair on casters, the creature towers over him with an air of annihilation. The creature looks down at him, sneering. A few drops of yellow pus drips onto the table.

CREATURE

(in a high, glassy voice)

What did you see, pray, tell me.

HISTOLOGIST

(stammering)

I...I...

CLEANER

Wanna take a closer look?

No answer, the man is too frightened to open his mouth. More drops fall to the table onto the man's lab coat, the floor.

CREATURE

As you wish.

The entity opens its horrible mouth wide open and vomits on the man in a strong stream. The histologist starts to scream, but the autodigestion triggered by the abominable yellow liquid puts a quick end to it, and the lifeless, hissing body collapses to the ground.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - EVENING

78

The camera shows the TV screen, where an old American movie from the 1950s is playing in black and white, the volume is low but the pre-recorded and added laughter is clearly audible. The music player issues some awfully dark, satanic music-the walls reverberate its almost inhuman icy rhythms.

The camera shifts to FRANK's desk where drawings, sketches, paints, pencils, crumpled dollar notes, change and condoms are scattered around. There are candles burning on the table. On the edge of the table stands the all too familiar Coke bottle with a green fluid, in the company of a shot glass filled with the same liquid.

FRANK's hand gropes for it and lifts it. The camera follows its way to FRANK's mouth-he takes deep swallows, his brow beaded with sweat. He replaces the shooter with a loud thump.

FRANK is wearing a pair of jeans and a dirty, sweat-stained vest. He steps back a little and the sculpture he has been working on comes into focus. It is horrible. This is the suitable word to describe it. The full nude figure resembles a little gnome. Its face is the spitting image of that of EMMETT RAZOR, the lips curl into an eternal leering expression, its eyes are the eyes of the evil. Horrible kyphoscoliosis disfigures the misshapen little body, its ribs stick out of the trunk. Its skull seems to have been fractured and fused together several times.

FRANK regards his work without the slightest hint of contentment while wiping his hands on a scrap of cloth. The camera approaches the figure's head giving a CLOSE-UP of it.

INT. RAZOR FAMILY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

79

IMOGEN is sitting at the kitchen table under the light of a sole light bulb. She eats something pulpy from a bowl with an oversized old brass spoon. She chomps and smacks her lips while eating, her hands tremble, her facial expression bespeaks evil malevolence. Approaching footsteps echo from the direction of the stairs. FRANK appears in his dirty vest. He is no doubt irritated to find IMOGEN in the kitchen.

IMOGEN

(squeaks chomping)

Hello Frank. What are you doing here this late? You snooping around for some dough in the jugs? You need some for drugs huh?

FRANK

No, I was just coming for a sandwich...

FRANK gets a few slices of bread at the counter, puts them onto a plate, then walks to the fridge and rummages around in it.

FRANK

(leaning into the fridge)
Was Emmett really an addict or did you make that up too?

IMOGEN stares at FRANK with that piercing eyes of her.

IMOGEN

(with the spoon suspended in the air)
In the end he didn't have a clear moment...Yees. Yes you have exactly the same eyes. The same insane eyes and sneaky face.

FRANK puts the items of food on the counter. A knife lies just beside the plate. He wraps his fingers around its handle and squeezes it so hard his knuckles become white. His gaze alternates between the knife and IMOGEN. Then he sets about making a sandwich.

FRANK

And what did he take?

IMOGEN

(slurping)
How should I know that? All I know for sure is that he took a lot of dope. It's apparent if you consider his pictures. They are the products of those satanic substances.

IMOGEN fidgets and farts.

IMOGEN

In the beginning his works were nice, those had meaning, value. Then he got stranger. He got into bad company, his paintings got weird, and he started to experiment with colours...or drugs I don't know. Insanity took hold of him, you couldn't talk to him. He talked nonsense, all about monsters, he said he could see them, and they talked to him in turn. This Cho...what did he call him?-ah yes Chongolo.

INT. MICK'S FLAT - EVENING

81

MICK is sitting on the sofa while talking on the phone. A TV screen gleams in flashes in the bg.

MICK

Hello Frank, what is so important?

FRANK(VO.)

Mick. We need to talk.

MICK

You are being a jerk again? I don't give a shit about your potions. You're calling in the evening again. Shit.

FRANK(VO.)

Mick. Something big...there's something...I have to tell you about. I'm coming round right now, I'll be there...say in half an hour, okay?

Mick shots a hasty glance at the wall clock-22:00

MICK

Fuck. I'm fucking delighted buddy.

FRANK(VO.)

Okay, see you then, thanks.

MICK stares at the cell with disbelief. FRANK hung up before MICK could say yes. He no longer believes FRANK.

MICK

(talking to himself)

Blow me, you fucker.

His girlfriend steps in the room just in time to hear MICK's unintentional comment. Her mouth twitches in anger.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - EVENING

82

FRANK opens his door to step out of his room when his cell goes off. He fishes it out of his pocket, the unexpected call makes him jump.

BROTHERICK(VO.)

Hello cutie. How are you going? I hope you're doing just fine, because you know...I'm actually in love with you.

FRANK
 (angrily)
 Who the fuck are you? Are you
 screwing around with me?

BROTHERICK(VO.)
 I've sent them in an email. I'm
 jerking off watching them all the
 time.

FRANK
 The fuck are you talking about?

BROTHERICK(VO.)
 Your nude pics Frank. I'm getting
 little tired of jerking off, and
 I thought it would be nice to
 meet you in person...If you are
 interested call me.

FRANK
 (terminating the call)
 Eat shit and die!

In his agitated, angered state FRANK snatches a long carving knife from the table and plunges it deep into the waxwork's head. He pulls it out and attacks the figure with fierce slashes. Blood starts to flow from the deep cuts while the Emmett-thing's face contorts into an even uglier sneer. FRANK drives the knife into the figure's neck, to the hilt. He stands above the butchery panting. The he turns, but on a whim he takes out the knife and slides it into his inner pocket before leaving the room.

INT. HALL - EVENING

83

FRANK draws back the curtain and makes sure that his mother's car still is on the driveway. He walks to the wall cabinet to get the car keys.

FRANK
 (muttering)
 Where are you?

IMOGEN
 (from the kitchen, slurping)
 You won't find it. Your father
 said you would drive when you
 have your own car, ha-ha...

FRANK tears open the front door and rushes out into the night.

EXT. STREETCAR STOP - NIGHT

84

FRANK approaches the stop running. The place is deserted, nobody is in sight. It's dark and cold with occasional whiffs of wind. FRANK stuffs his hands into his pockets while checking the timetable.

FRANK

Dammit! Another ten minutes!

In his anger and desperation FRANK kicks into the trashcan under the timetable sending a cascade of ash and cigarette butts into the air.

INT. STREETCAR - NIGHT

85

FRANK is sitting in the middle of the car on the right, while in the window we see the city lights go by. FRANK is the only passenger, he slumps in his seat, his hands in his pockets. The door of the driver's cabin is partially open, the driver is humming along some music.

We go past a deserted area and the street lights become scarce. The car slows down and hoots as it approaches a stop. FRANK cranes his neck, looks around. The doors open with a hiss.

Three friends jumps on board two boys and a girl. They are punks in trendy clothes, but they look and behave vulgar. Everybody would give them a wide berth if they had a misfortune to meet them on the street. They take seats in the left side just a few meters from FRANK. The GIRL sits into PUNK#2's lap. PUNK#1 has a bottle of some liquor in his hand.

PUNK#1

Haha, that's awesome, we have the car to ourselves.

PUNK#2

(sitting down, pointing at the bottle)

Give that to me, asshole.

GIRL

(in a screeching voice)

Hey, check that dude. What a fucking clown.

A man in formal clothing walks past the streetcar. He looks like a successful businessman.

PUNK#2

He must be heading for a fancy dress party.

The streetcar closes its doors and leaves the stop. The girl releases a shrill ear-piercing laugh and hawks and spits in the middle of the car.

PUNK#1

He is surely a faggot, just look
at his clothes...

PUNK#1

(reaching for the bottle)
Hey, don't drink all of it
fuckface.

PUNK#2 pushes the bottle to PUNK#1. FRANK studies them with a somber face. The driver's voice comes over the speakers.

DRIVER(VO.)

It's strictly forbidden to
consume liquor on board.

Roaring laughter follows this statement. PUNK#1 stands up and offers his penis to the driver.

PUNK#1

My dick...you wanna suck on it?
Or is it strictly forbidden too?

DRIVER(VO.)

(mumbling angrily)
Yes it is, like making a racket.

He slams the door shut from the inside cursing loudly. He turns up the volume of his music to drown out the punks' loud obscenity. Old well-known disco hit.

PUNK#2 offers the booze to the GIRL. She pushes it away.

GIRL

Not now or I'm gonna piss in my
pants.

The streetcar decelerates, turns to the left and goes on.

PUNK#1

Honey, why don't you...there in
the middle. Or that dude over
there, do and piss all over him.
He will like the sight of your
snatch.

GIRL

(not deigning to look at
Frank)
Ah, that loser? I wouldn't even
piss him.

FRANK gets really angry. He catapults from his seat and with a rigid face steps up to the little group.

GIRL
 (tugging at
 Punk#2's sleeve)
 Hey, he's coming here.

PUNK#2 looks up at FRANK who stands in front of them right now.

FRANK
 Here I am. You wanna piss me or
 what?

PUNK#1 breaks out in an inappropriate laughter. This makes the GIRL screeching noisily.

PUNK#2
 Are you molesting the lady?

This elicits more laughter-like bellows. However, FRANK remains eerily calm.

FRANK
 So you won't piss me right? Then
 I'm gonna piss you, cunt.

They are giggling nervously now, but when they realise that FRANK actually unzips his jeans PUNK#1 suddenly sobers up, turns serious and springs up.

INT. STREETCAR - NIGHT

86

The car slows down then stops at the next stop. The doors open and cold vapor drifts into the passenger compartment. PUNK#1 and FRANK stare at each other, like in a duel. The GIRL glances towards the rear door. Nobody's there. She's about turning back to the others when she sees the outline of a huge body in the doorway. It is-as we know by now-CHONGOLO. He puts his awful bifurcated hand on the railing, and makes his way inside.

GIRL
 (muttering with bulging
 eyes)
 What...what's that?

PUNK#2
 What are you talking about, you
 bitch?

Everybody looks in the rear door's direction. The punks are puzzled, but FRANK only acknowledges the fact that he is not alone-again.

PUNK#1
 (grabbing Frank's jacket)
 What the fuck is that? What?

CHONGOLO reaches them with his elongated fish-like body. The disco music emanating from the driver's cab makes the scene surreal.

CHONGOLO
 (extremely deep voice)
 What are you waiting for?

PUNK#1
 (yanking Frank by his clothes)
 What the fuck is this? Answer me you little fuck!

FRANK
 (shoving away the punk)
 This? This is....THIS!

He draws his knife from his pocket and propels it into PUNK#1's stomach all the way in.

CHONGOLO
 That's it!

PUNK#1 suffers horribly, opens and closes his mouth, but only a trickle of blood comes out.

CHONGOLO
 Do it properly. To the hilt.

After a moment's hesitation FRANK thrusts the blade harder and deeper with a loud and cruel grunt. The blade comes out of the man's back.

The GIRL is in a state of hysteria while PUNK#2 is totally numb with shock. Now he seems to think reasonably again and pulls the GIRL out of the seat and they get to the emergency call panel. He pushes the button and screams into the mike.

PUNK#2
 Help, stop the car! Stop this fucking car!

He snatches the ER hammer and tries to break the window.

INT. DRIVER'S CABIN - NIGHT

87

The driver-a young, fat man-notices the intensifying pandemonium and pushes a red button on the control panel. An automated message starts to play.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE

The ER indicator can only be used
in the case of real emergency.

A female scream filters into the cabin, the driver looks back apprehensively, but the message continues.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE

The STOP button is for indicating
your intention of leaving the
vehicle. Inadequate use may
result in penalties.

The driver fidgets in his seat, and handles the controls to brake the car, and tears out the headphones from his ears and unfastens his seatbelt. The streetcar slows with the screeching sound of blocking metal wheels.

INT. STREETCAR - NIGHT

88

CHONGOLO sinks his talons into his skin sending spurts of pus into the air. He draws back the skin and we see something squirming beneath. CHONGOLO unleashes a scream and the opening on his torso splits further: it is an obscene parody of a birth. A quivering squishy amniotic sac plops to the ground. Something moves within and rips the sac open. It is another appalling creature. With loose, flapping abdominal walls CHONGOLO starts for the GIRL, and grabs her hair. She screams. And screams on.

INT. STREETCAR - NIGHT

89

PUNK#2 hits the safety glass with the hammer several times, and it becomes a spider web but holds firmly. FRANK stands stupefied above his victim, his right hand covered in blood until his elbow, when he notices PUNK#2. He pockets his knife and grabs the hand wielding the hammer. FRANK squeezes the hammer out of the punk's hand, then brings it down on the guy's forehead. It gives out a loud crack and PUNK#2 stiffens.

INT-STREETCAR-NIGHT

90

In the meanwhile the newborn monster has grown significantly, it is easily as tall as FRANK. It has perfectly smooth skin and big fin-like hands. Its head ends in a lamprey-like snout which gives out a wet sucking sound.

The driver opens the cabin door and almost swoons upon seeing the scene. He produces his cell and tries to take a photo with trembling hands. Then thinks the better of it and jumps back into his cabin and locks the door. The newborn attacks the door with animal ferocity.

CHONGOLO forces his hand into the screaming GIRL's mouth and with a terrible crack pulls his hands apart. He dislocates and tears down the GIRL's jaw and at the same time he removes her scalp.

From the driver cabin we hear mad and desperate screaming then gargle and see the glass door becoming freckled with blood. Torrents of blood flows from within the cabin under the door. The door opens then and the monster staggers out, it is literally drenched in blood.

FRANK stands in the middle of the massacre. He slowly realises what he has done, and retches. He trembles in fear and self-accusation. He staggers off the car.

FRANK
(muttering to himself)
Fuck...Mick...

CHONGOLO coughs and calls after him. His voice is a wet, snotty smacking now.

CHONGOLO
Mick? You don't have to hurry. He
is.....

A horrible crackling, suffocating bout of coughing muffles his words, but FRANK is already running away, not hearing any of this.

The newborn monster starts to convulse, his belly fluctuates and moves up and down. Roaring, it rips open its own flesh, and starts to pull apart the torn edges of the wound.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

91

FRANK arrives at a deserted playground. It is a smaller one, poorly lit with only a few jungle gyms, slides and swings. Frank spots a pump, and walks over to it. He spends a few second pondering then gets moving. He checks the knife, and shucks his jacket, and throws it into a trashcan. He bends down to the pump, but then he retches again and vomits. He washes his hands, arms and face, then drinks greedily. Wiping his mouth he straightens. A screeching bird throws a jump into him. He looks around panting, before rushing on.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

92

Quiet neighborhood on the outskirts. The camera scans the row of houses and comes to rest on a two-storied townhouse. There are police cruisers and an ambulance car parked on the curb. A news van is also present. Uniformed cops tape off the area with a yellow "DO NOT CROSS CRIME SCENE" tape. Around 10-15 people have congregated and watch the developments.

POLICE OFFICER
Please disperse, there's nothing
to see here.

A figure comes running. He is FRANK, he is doubled over, his hands pressed to his belly-he is obviously in pain. He gets to the tape.

FRANK
(panting)
What...happened?

POLICE OFFICER
Who are you? A relative?

FRANK
A friend.

POLICE OFFICER
Sorry but only a late friend now.
You don't want to go in. Believe
me you don't.

FRANK
(staggering in shock)
But what happened?

POLICE OFFICER
(turning away)
That's what we'd also like to
know. Or maybe not.

FRANK
(to himself)
Dear God, it can't be...No.

FRANK turns away and jogs off. The camera stays put and slowly approaches the front door. It enters and follows the flat's architecture and arrives at the living room and comes to rest on the sofa. The corpses of MICK and his girlfriend are sitting on it, their heads are swapped.

INT. RAZOR FAMILY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

93

We hear keys tried in the lock and the front door opens. FRANK comes home and silently closes the door behind him. He's about to sneak upstairs but his father's voice from the living room area freezes him.

CLIVE(OS.)
Frank, is it you?

Frank hesitates, not really knowing what to do next. He glances at the wall clock: it's nearly midnight.

CLIVE(OS.)

Frank?

FRANK reluctantly enters the room. His father is reading some papers, MRS. RAZOR watches TV, her eyes are red from crying.

FRANK

Yes?

CLIVE

Your medical records from the hospital. You got them?

FRANK

My records?

CLIVE

Yes, your MRI results, and the final report.

FRANK

I guess so. Why?

CLIVE

Get them. Now.

MRS. RAZOR

What's that on your shoes? Is that blood or what?

Frank notices that his white sneakers have bloodstains on them, and there is a dried piece of grey matter.

FRANK

(to distract attention)

Okay, I'm getting the records...

CLIVE

Hey, wait a minute! Come back!

FRANK

(going to the stairs)

I'm going for those fucking results...

CLIVE

(lunging for Frank)

I said come back! Where have you been, MAY I ASK?

FRANK stops and faces CLIVE. His eyes bore into his father's.

FRANK

I've been killing innocent people. Where else? It's not only

FRANK
your exclusive domain to slice up
people.

CLIVE
You little piece of shit, you've
really gone insane. You need help
son. Medicinal treatment.

FRANK
Really? Like mum?

CLIVE slaps him hard. FRANK touches the throbbing weal on
his face. His mother screeches.

FRANK
You fuck!

FRANK punches CLIVE in the face, who staggers and comes
down on his butt. MRS RAZOR screams again. Streaks of
blood trickle from CLIVE's nostrils. He stares in
disbelief and Frank takes a tentative step towards him.
IMOGEN walks in slowly, and sees CLIVE with his bloody
face on the floor.

IMOGEN
Clive? What happened? Frank? Of
course Frank.

FRANK's cell rings, he steps back while picking it up. The
voice is only a hellish electronic static.

VOICE
I'm calling from Hell Frank. Kill
them. Now.

True horror is etched on FRANK's face. He hangs up, and
turns, and a sudden bolt of pain in his stomach makes him
double over. He staggers up the stairs.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - NIGHT

94

FRANK closes his door when he gets an e-mail on his cell.
He opens it and it's from Brotherick, the mail has
attached photos of the unconscious and naked FRANK. It
reads:

"Hello Frank. I'm viewing these pics and I can't get
enough of them. I think others may like them too. I think
you can prevent this, but we have to meet and you'll give
yourself to me Frank. I'll call you with the details."

FRANK starts to type: " Fuck you..." then changes his mind
and sends " I'm awaiting your call". He grabs the Coke
bottle from the table and realises that it is empty. An
exasperated sigh escapes him. Then he hears hissing
sibilant sounds. Not human sounds, that bore into his
mind.

PHANTOM VOICE

Tu stricht no. Satansalo es eles.

FRANK gets to his feet, leaves the room.

INT. EMMETT'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

95

FRANK manipulates paints in a mortar, mixing the concoction with a stick. He dilutes it with some fluid, and adds another ingredients. The camera withdraws and we can only see FRANK's back as he mixes the enhancer, and holds it up towards the light. It's brilliant. FRANK drinks greedily.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

96

FRANK is sitting in the classroom and everything seems to be fine, business as usual. A student beside him turns to FRANK, and he realises that he has CHONGOLO's head and hisses angrily. FRANK tries to call out but he can't. He looks for the female teacher, but she has a monster head too. She growls with a mouth full of sharp teeth. FRANK tries to stand up, but his feet seem to be glued to the floor. He looks down. It's worse, they have grown to hooks embedded in the floor. Melted into them. Everybody snaps their heads up to the sounds of meaty crepitation as FRANK struggles to get free. But there's another problem: everybody has turned into a monster, and they hiss in unison.

MONSTERS

It's no use Frank. No use.

FRANK jerks awake from his vision.

INT. BROTEHRICK'S FLAT - NIGHT

97

BROTHERICK drinks as he is sitting naked in front of the screen when the response arrives. A triumphant smile spreads on his face reading it. There's background music too-heavy metal. He reaches for his cell and scrolls down in the menu searching for FRANK's number, when strange noises make him stand up. Scratching noises. He pushes the buttons and turns around and all he can see is a greenish piece of skin. He drops the cell which explodes into pieces. CHONGOLO towers over him.

CHONGOLO

(in a deep insectlike voice)

Want sex?

BROTHERICK tries to escape but he is no match for the monster. He grips the actor's arm and twists it back pushing the man onto the bed. The creature with the lamprey mouth explodes from behind CHONGOLO and pushes BROTHERICK's head into a soft toy elephant ferociously.

BROTHERICK screams and chokes, while wire-like tentacles curl around his neck and legs, burrowing into his flesh, fixing him down. CHONGOLO sinks his talons into the actor's back and starts to peel back his skin. He enters BROTHERICK with a force that rips apart tissues. BROTHERICK screams on, his poodle dog rushes into the room yelping. With another barbaric thrust CHONGOLO makes his way deeper into BROTHERICK. The sheets are soaking wet with blood now. Another tremendous toss and the blood starts to flow from the bed forming a crimson puddle beside CHONGOLO's taloned feet.

INT. EMMETT'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

98

FRANK jerks awake on the sofa, screaming. On the floor beside the bed is the half-empty bottle.

FRANK

My god, what's happening to me?

He hears voices then. IMOGEN's voice.

IMOGEN

He said he knew the solution
then...the solution. That's
quite something. The solution.

FRANK gets up dazedly and approaches the desk. He pulls out the drawers and overturn them scattering everything. He makes a pile of odds and ends. Then he rummages around. He finds a little leather book bound with a rubber strap. FRANK tears it off and ruffles through the pages. There are rather realistic drawings of the monsters. A lot of unknown words. CHONGOLO with his name written down. "CHONGOLO will kill you too." this one is stressed and underlined. "CHONGOLO will kill everything."

FRANK's face, drenched in sweat, displays wretched hopelessness.

FRANK

(screaming)

No! No! No!

FRANK hurls the book into the corner. He looks after it for a second. Then walks over, crouches and pockets the book.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

99

FRANK exits the basement and sneaks up the stairs, illuminating his way with a flashlight. The beam picks out the figure of his mother at the top of the stairs. She brandishes a colt in her trembling hands. She screams.

FRANK

Mum?

MRS. RAZOR

Is that you?

Silence.

MRS. RAZOR

Is that you Frank?

FRANK

Yes. Don't shoot me.

MRS. RAZOR

What are you doing here? You freaked me out. Were you in the basement? What are you doing there? I'll get your father to lock that frigging place.

FRANK

(leaving his mother)

Do what you want.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - MORNING

100

FRANK is standing among the ruins of the waxwork and he has his cell on his ear.

FRANK

Hello, police? I'd like to speak to inspector Huth.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING

101

The PD is a crowded place in the morning. A lot of people and a lot of noise: conversations, telephones, angry shouts, just like every morning. A secretary at a desk looks up, covers the mouthpiece and calls out.

SECRETARY

Hey, Dick, it's Razor on line one.

HUTH is busy talking with his colleagues, but snaps his head up, gives the woman a thumbs-up and hurries into his office. He closes the door and the noise abates. He pushes the button on the phone and picks up the receiver.

HUTH

Huth.

FRANK(VO.)

Hello. It's Frank Razor. I...er there's something I have to tell you.

HUTH

Oh, you want to make a confession then?

He lights a cigarette, and exhales through his nostrils. He is being cheerful today.

FRANK

Everything else in the flesh. What about noon? Would that be okay?

HUTH

(drawing on his cigarette)
Sure, I'm looking forward to meeting you again.

MORGENSTEIN comes in when HUTH replaces the receiver.

HUTH

Razor. We've got him.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

102

CLIVE and his team are about to perform an autopsy on the corpse of a man who seem to be a victim of some horrible accident. The cadaver is lying on the table his legs are missing and his head is a bloody pulp. The pathologists are clad in their special suits.

CLIVE starts to talk into the mike hanging from the ceiling.

CLIVE

The legs are missing from the knees, the right....

The door opens creaking then and DENISE pokes her head in. She looks at CLIVE with lust.

DENISE

Excuse me Dr. Razor, but we've got the results in the R. CASE.

CLIVE stops abruptly, hesitates, then puts down the pair of tweezers he was holding. He turns around and takes off his goggles and rubber apron.

CLIVE

Excuse me. This is an awfully important case. Be back in a few minutes. Please go on with the documentation.

He hurriedly exits the room. The others look at each other at a loss.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

103

FRANK sits in the same chair as a day and a half earlier under more or less the same circumstances.

FRANK

So, the whole thing is because of these creatures...

HUTH

Creatures? Chongolo, huh?

FRANK

Yes, Chongolo. Creatures. Monsters. I don't know where they came from but they did come and kill. And they want me to kill too. I...I don't want to obey them.

MORGENSTEIN

(taunting)

You don't? No more? It was enough?

Silence.

HUTH

Do you want to confess to the murders Mr. Razor?

FRANK

No! You still don't understand? How can you be so stupid? I've just said that it wasn't me, it's these things who kill, and force me to kill.

The two policemen exchange a look.

MORGENSTEIN

Okay, we see. These creatures said to kill these people which you obediently did, right?

HUTH produces a form from one of the drawers.

MORGENSTEIN

So, you've come to admit to committing the murders.

FRANK

I've come to ask for help. To...

HUTH

(interrupting)

Mr. Razor we'll help you. Just

HUTH
 sign your confession and we'll
 protect you from these monsters.

He shots a cynical smile towards his partner.

FRANK
 (furiously)
 You don't believe me goddammit!
 What the fuck sould I do them?
 Invite them for a coffee and
 record them?

HUTH
 (with an icy, condescending
 smile)
 There's no need for that. And you
 don't need to confess either.
 From now we'll keep you under
 strict surveillance. You won't be
 able to fart without our knowing,
 believe us. We'll take care of
 you Mr. Razor.

FRANK
 They will kill you all. All of
 you.

INT. CLIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

104

CLIVE places a DVD onto the tray of his PC. He stares at the screen intently when it fills with MRI images. CLIVE scrolls down and the image changes. He stops at the abdominal parts, selects a section and enlarges the picture. He makes a flabbergasted face.

CLIVE
 Dear God.

CLIVE opens up another file, named E.Razor, selects a picture from his father's autopsy report, and juxtaposes it with the MRI image.

CLIVE
 What's going on here...

He calls FRANK's number but it is on voicemail. He leaves a message.

CLIVE
 Frank, I want you to come into
 the hospital right now. Call me
 back as soon as you've got this
 message. It's important.

He puts away his cell and continues to study the screen. There's a knock on the door and DENISE comes in.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

105

HUTH pushes back his chair as he stands up.

HUTH

Who will you set on Razor?

MORGENSTEIN

Let's leave it to Greg. And I was wondering if your mother is up to the job. She likes things like this, huh?

HUTH

I guess so. That's why she is screwing your father right now...

MORGENSTEIN

Okay, Greg and Franklin until eight, and then I'll take it over. You coming too?

HUTH opens his mouth to answer, but the ringing of the wall phone stops him. HUTH snatches the receiver.

HUTH

Huth.

OPERATOR(VO.)

Gunfight in the red lamp light district, just opposite the old railway station. The Essex Hotel. One dead, a hooker. Two units are already on their way.

HUTH

Wonderful, we're on it too.

HUTH looks questioningly at MORGENSTEIN.

HUTH

Well? You coming? Or see to Razor?

MORGENSTEIN

(sighing)

Yeah, let's deal with the whores.

EXT. RIVER BANK - AFTERNOON

106

FRANK is sitting on the river banks watching the water and plotting out his next move. He fishes the leather bound book from his pocket and leafs through its pages. Images of CHONGOLO, and a few words carved deeply into the paper.

"Fire! Fire is the solution! All consuming fire! Napalm death!"

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

107

Derelict district somewhere on the outskirts. The place where criminals do their business. There are three police cruisers parking at the curb. A civil car arrives and HUTH and MORGENSTEIN get out. HUTH cranes his neck as he looks up the six-storied dilapidated building. He nods to his partner to follow him inside.

INT. ESSEX HOTEL - AFTERNOON

108

In the foyer an officer directs them.

POLICE OFFICER

First one, sir.

HUTH nods and they proceed on the staircase. On the first floor they turn left and walk along the semi-dark corridor. On the floor there is a dirty, threadbare, red carpet. Two POs stand by the entrance. They motion the detectives inside and then leave the corridor.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

109

There are two more POs inside. A scrawny man, a bank accountant judging by his looks, is sitting on the sofa in handcuffs. A heavily built Afro-american pimp stands beside the officers gesticulating wildly. His face has been shot and with each word blood spurts from the holes on his cheeks. It is hard to understand what he says. Beside the pimp is a doorway with a woman's legs and a dark pool of blood. Two whores sit in the other end of the room pushing buttons on their cells.

HUTH

(flashing their badges.)

Hello. Inspectors Huth and Morgenstein. What is the situation here?

PIMP

(marching up and down)

He took the girls...then I hear the shot, then another, I come in... this fucker shot Lucy.

He presses his hand to his face, blood-drops spray nonetheless.

PIMP

(continuing, gabbling)

Right her. Then shoots me in the face too. The motherfucker. I slug him in the face. And deck him again. Somebody calls the police. And Lucy is lying there, and has got no head. I've got no cheek...

HUTH
 (interrupting)
 Okay, then shut up Mr. Pimp.

POLICE OFFICER#1
 (pointing at the accountant)
 He is the perpetrator sir.
 Jonathan Prozorsky, 42, accountant.

PROSTITUTE#1
 We were fucking like bunnies when
 Lucy said something stupid, and
 this jerk got a gun and shot her.

HUTH
 I see.

In the meanwhile MORGENSTEIN barges into the room where
 the murder transpired. He calls out admiringly.

MORGENSTEIN
 Nice work Mr. Prozorsky.

PIMP
 Look what a beautiful body she
 had...and now her head is
 missing.

PROZORSKY wears a placid smile on the sofa.

MORGENSTEIN
 Officer has the coroner arrived
 yet?

Muffled sounds from the corridor. Like breaking glass,
 splintering wooden furniture, scrimmage.

POLICE OFFICER#1
 (unsure)
 I think they are just arriving.

HUTH turns to the pimp, taunting him. It is his nature.

HUTH
 Do you have an insurance? Are
 your workers registered?

PIMP
 (inarticulately)
 Leave me alone.

A police officer emerges in the doorway, staggering. He
 takes a few steps swaying, then his head and upper body
 splits in two along a vertical cut with ragged edges. The
 whores scream.

MORGENSTEIN
 (bellowing)
 What the fuck is this?

HUTH
 (drawing his handgun)
 Everybody on the floor! You heard
 me!

Another figure is standing on the threshold now, while an inhuman buzzing is heard. CHONGOLO.

HUTH
 Stop! I'm warning you!

The entity steps closer and it is enough for HUTH. He drops himself on his right knee and squeezes the trigger twice. The bullets go home and push back the creature who goes sprawling on his back. The whores clutch at the pimp hitting his back.

PROSTITUTES
 Take me out of here Trent! Help
 us you bastard!

MORGENSTEIN
 Holy shit. What the fuck's going
 on here?

The pimp shakes the girls off himself, bellowing while blood spurts from his wounds.

PIMP
 Get lost, leave me alone.

PROZORSKY jumps up and tries to escape but PO#2 smites him with the butt of his gun, then he aims the pistol at CHONGOLO too. HUTH and his partner and PO#1 step to the supine creature guns unholstered.

MORGENSTEIN
 (pushing the creature with
 the tip of his shoe)
 What the fuck is this? Fucking
 gross.

HUTH doesn't respond. Terror is writ large on his face.

HUTH
 Razor! Fucking Razor goddammit!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

110

Animal hissing and a metallic sound-like a sheet of metal when it is shaken-from the corridor. Hair's-breadth thin tentacles appear on the threshold, while CHONGOLO's hand twitches and moves stealthily. Everybody stares at the doorway except for MORGENSTEIN who notices CHONGOLO's movement.

MORGENSTEIN
(yelling, pointing)
Dick!

But CHONGOLO acts in the blink of an eye, he sits up and conks HUTH who faints and slumps.

PIMP
(tampering with the window)
Let's get out of here!

Two more creatures shamble into the room. One resembles a scrawny withered old woman, its gaping, rotten mouth opens where the right ear is supposed to be. Some black tube dangles from it. The other one is a vertically elongated monster, a horrible simulacrum of a walking stick. Its sticklike hands and legs end in threadlike tangles of tentacles. Its voice is a metallic, high-pitched scream.

CHONGOLO barges into the room and catches PROSTITUTE#1.

MORGENSTEIN and the two POs extend their arms and fire. But the creatures push inwards and knock the cops over. MORGENSTEIN lands on his butt almost biting off his tongue, while PO#2 drops his gun. The crone-monster grips PO#1's armed hand, pushes the muzzle into his mouth roughly and sends his brain splashing onto the wall.

CHONGOLO opens his mouth as in an awkward kiss and bites off the PROSTITUTE's mouth and the lower parts of her face. Then turns toward the camera, his whole face and neck is bathing in blood now.

The pimp produces a sawed-off shotgun, takes aim and fires. Deafening discharge and burnt gunpowder-mist mingled with a tormented scream. PO#2 collapses with a good sized hole in his back.

PIMP
Fuck!

The walking stick with its nightmarish, formidable face stands in front of the pimp. It unleashes a metallic scream and strikes down with its threadlike filaments. The pimp screams and touches his head and neck, where the blow hit him. When he removes them we can see that there are several deep and parallel slashes like gills. Blood flows from them in rapid streams. The pimp looks at the monster

questioningly. It strikes again with a scream. And again. And again.

The crone-thing grabs PROSTITUTE#2's arm and spins her around. She screams uncontrollably.

PROZORSKY breaks the window with his head and tries to jump out onto the fire escape, when the walking stick spots him. It strikes at him too, and the lower part his body separates from his midsection spraying blood and faeces everywhere, while the upper body falls out of the window.

In the meanwhile CHONGOLO holds down MORGENSTEIN firmly with one hand, and leans close to him.

MORGENSTEIN

Fuck you!

He cannot escape from the monster's clutch. The creature forces the detective's mouth open and reaches into it. MORGENSTEIN tries to scream and retches. The hand reaches deeper and the detective's body starts to convulse. CHONGOLO pushes his hand all the way down and the man's body suddenly stiffens. Without hesitation the monster withdraws his hand with wet, tearing sounds. He lifts up his hand and we can see the cop's stomach and liver swinging in the air.

Mumbling, HUTH slowly regains his consciousness. CHONGOLO slaps his face. HUTH's eyes spring open and madness creeps into them as he realises where he is, and what's happened. He wets himself.

CHONGOLO

Eat something!

The crone-monster fixes HUTH's head and forces his mouth open from behind and CHONGOLO pushes MORGENSTEIN's innards into HUTH's mouth. Showing no mercy. HUTH chokes on the organs with a purple head but the creature keeps stuffing down the dripping organs.

SLOW PAN and the camera shows the room with blood-flecked, drenched walls. Out of the window we can see the street where FRANK rambles about. His anger is apparent as his movemets are vehement and he kicks a stray cat as well. He curses and we can hear the sound of his pulse intensifying.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

111

The three creatures stand in a circle in the middle of the gory scene. Blood trickles down their horrible bodies which they take no notice of. Their extremities are slack, hands hang by their sides. The only sound is their wheezing, sucking breathing. A fourth one joins them, the lamprey-mouthed creature.

The four monsters stand motionless. Taking deep breaths. HUTH's cell goes off. CHONGOLO turns to the others and crouches to the dead detective and pulls out the cell. He pushes the button with his bio-mechanic finger.

GREG(VO.)

Hello Dick. We're here at the Razors' but the kid hasn't showed up yet. Have you set somebody on him?

CHONGOLO speaks into the mic, his sound perfectly mimicking HUTH's.

CHONGOLO

We'll get him now. Come to the Essex hotel, over.

GREG(VO.)

What? What's the kid doing there? You want me to go to that shit hole?

CHONGOLO

Yes, you little fuck.

GREG(VO.)

Okay, okay, we're coming. Has he got a gun?

CHONGOLO

Don't be shit-scared, just come you little fuck.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - AFTERNOON

112

FRANK enters the store and walks down the aisles. The store is devoid of consumers. FRANK stops in front of the dairy products and stares blankly. We see blurred greenish-white colours and the vague outlines of CHONGOLO's cold, jelly-like, huge body. But this is only a momentary vision. He gets to the counter, a six-pack of beers and a pack of cigarettes are in his basket. A mexican woman with her little daughter stands in front of him in the line. The woman is about to pay for her purchases.

CASHIER

It's five twenty-five.

WOMAN

Okay, I've got it.

GIRL

Mum's got no money. No money...

WOMAN

Hush honey.

GIRL

Mum's got no money.

The male cashier smiles.

WOMAN

Just a moment, bear with me.

GIRL

Poor mum, she's got no money.

The girl suddenly looks at FRANK.

GIRL

Guess what. Mum's earrings got stuck in her ears. She couldn't take them out.

WOMAN

Enough!

GIRL

They wouldn't come out...for a long time. Then mum cried and dad took the crying out of mum's ears.

FRANK watches them with diminishing patience and smiles at the girl with the peculiar get-lost smile of his.

WOMAN

Okay, I've got it.

She hands over the money and turns away picking up her bags.

WOMAN

Goodbye, hasta la vista.

FRANK smiles at the girl, when he notices that the woman's earlobes are missing. The girl smiles back at FRANK. The cashier wearing a forced smile turns to FRANK. They lock eyes.

CASHIER

Stupid bitch.

EXT. STREET - SUNSET

113

A civil police car pulls up alongside the police cruisers at the ramshackle hotel building. Two plainclothes cops get out of it, look around and go to the entrance. The street is empty and silent. They enter the building, their guns remain in their holsters. Silence ensues. Then two

shots in rapid succession. Screams and gargling noises. Silence again. The hotel is still in the twilight.

INT. HALL - SUNSET 114

FRANK opens the door and steps into the hall. He goes straight to the basement door and realises to his chagrin that his father had a huge padlock installed on the door. He shakes the padlock, but it holds firmly.

FRANK
Bastards.

EXT. BACKYARD - SUNSET 115

FRANK breaks the pane of the basement window with a healthy kick. Then kicks out the jagged shards so that they won't cut him. He crawls into the basement on his belly.

INT. BASEMENT - SUNSET 116

FRANK lowers himself from the window onto his father's workbench. He stands on the table with a hunched back, then jumps off and surveys the place. Everything is OK, he is alone. He approaches EMMETT's workshop. The door is untouched, slightly ajar. He pushes it in and enters. The setting sun shines in the grated window.

INT. BASEMENT - SUNSET 117

FRANK is working at CLIVE's workbench. He places a four-gallon pail onto the floor. Grabs a can of petrol from beside the lawn mower and fills the pail until half. He drops a can of grease into it which he finds at the drilling machine. He mixes the ingredients with a blending stick.

He digs out CLIVE's gardening pressure sprayer from among the clutter, untwists the lid, and starts to fill it with the mixture using a funnel. Some of the gelatinous liquid overflows and trickles down the sides of the tool. He secures the lid, and wipes his brow with his sleeve. It's hot working under the light bulb. He sits down for a moment admiring his work.

FRANK
Come on bastards, just come. Ugly fuckers.

He stands up then and dismantles the spray-nozzle to remove the filter. There is a gas lighter on the desk too. FRANK attach it to the nozzle with an adhesive tape. He tries it, the gas flame seems healthy enough. He grabs the pump and starts to step up the pressure inside the tank.

He puts the sprayer onto the workbench and fastens its strap to the window frame. FRANK now seems to be at a loss.

FRANK

Where are you now? Why don't you come?

Hysteria threatens to take hold of him. He hears his grandfather's-imaginary-voice in his head.

EMMETT(VO.)

They feed on anger. Anger and aggression....

An idea springs into FRANK's head.

FRANK

Dad.

He jumps up the bench and hurls himself out of the window.

INT. RAZOR FAMILY'S KITCHEN - SUNSET

118

FRANK bursts into the hall and the kitchen and acknowledges that nobody is in sight. His gaze comes to rest on the counter where a juice extractor and a good-sized jug filled with orange juice are waiting for somebody. FRANK decides that this will be him. Smiling, he goes past the stairs and peeks into his parents' bedroom. His guess was right. His mother is sleeping in her bed, fully clothed, snoring. FRANK retreats and enters the bathroom, where he opens the medicine cabinet and rummages around his mother's pills. He comes out with two boxes of Valium.

In the kitchen he crushes the tablets in a mortar and adds them to the jug of orange juice. He stirs it with a spoon and tastes it. He smacks his lips contentedly.

FRANK

Just sleep tight.

In the hall he fishes out his mother's car keys from her purse.

FRANK

You can't drive under the influence Mum!

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

119

CLIVE marches down a hospital corridor in the basement. Two pathology assistants and a security guard keep level with him. The corridor is sparsely lit and a tangle of pipes wind along the low ceiling. Clive has a cell on his ear.

CLIVE

Yes inspector I understand. The scene is secured, nobody can get in. Our technicians are doing the sampling right now, the analysis will be ready by tomorrow morning.

CLIVE shots a meaningful glance at the assistants saying his last words, then hangs up. One of the assistants murmurs a curse under his breath. CLIVE is about to reproach him when his cell rings.

CLIVE

Razor.

IMOGEN(VO.)

(whining)

Clive? Come home right now. Frank is in the basement. He's broken into there, and is doing something...I have a premonition. Come home, you hear me?

CLIVE

(going pale)

Coming.

He terminates the call and turns to his companions.

CLIVE

Call me as soon as the results are ready. I hope they will arrive soon.

He spins on his heel and is out of sight. The others look after him astonished.

ASSISTANT

Thank you Dr. Razor.

EXT. BACKYARD - EVENING

120

FRANK is standing next to the basement window. It is almost entirely dark now, when he hears the voices of his brothers and sister arriving: snatches of lively conversation, the slam of the front door. FRANK leans in the window and pulls out the sprayer. He walks briskly to his mother's car, places the sprayer on the passenger seat, walks around the car, gets in and starts the engine. He performs an Y-turn, straightens the car and shoots out with screeching tires.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING

121

We are in the pathology department's parking lot, where only a few cars park considering the late hour. We can see the headlamps of an approaching car. The car decelerates and turns into the lot. The engine coughs then stops. FRANK studies the parking cars through the window.

FRANK
(hitting the wheel)
Fuck!

He sees a car, exactly the same his father drives, leaving the lot with screeching tires and roaring engine. FRANK gets out and advances towards the window of his father's office. It was CLIVE's car all right, as his office is dark, the venetian blind is drawn. FRANK moans in exasperation, turns and kicks a bigger piece of stone away. It hits a car parking in front of the window and bounces back from its door with a harsh metallic sound, leaving behind a dent. FRANK turns and goes hurriedly to his car. He brings out his cell and calls CLIVE, but the line is engaged. FRANK gets to the back entrance when the door opens and DENISE comes out, her purse hangs on her shoulder and she is talking on her cell. She doesn't notice FRANK, and heads for her car. FRANK slows down behind her to eavesdrop on her conversation.

DENISE
(cooing)
All right Clive, I put it there.
Will you come back tonight?
Because if you do I could stay
too...

She casts a glance over her shoulder and spots FRANK. Her demeanor changes to official.

DENISE
(continuing, clearing her
throat)
Okay Dr. Razor, then see you
tomorrow.

DENISE terminates the call and walks on. FRANK calls after her.

FRANK
Hello. I'm looking for my father.
Have you been speaking TO HIM?

DENISE
(facing FRANK reluctantly)
Your father's already gone Frank.

FRANK

Was it HIM on the phone? Is he coming back?

Awkward silence ensues. Denise appears to be troubled.

FRANK

To FUCK you?

DENISE

How dare you... what...this is not of your concern.

FRANK

(roaring)

Not of my concern? That you are screwing my father? What is his favorite pose? Huh?!!!

DENISE

(trembling)

I'm not supposed to listen to this.

DENISE turns and starts to run but then she bumps into somebody. She shrieks because it is not a human but the crone-monster. The black organic tube dangling from its/his mouth touches the woman's face leaving behind streaks of black saliva. She can smell his nauseating carrion breath.

FRANK

My god!

FRANK lunges for his car shouting to DENISE.

FRANK

Run!

DENISE

(shrieking)

Ah, what's this, Jesus!

DENISE breaks into a run, with her purse flapping in the air behind her, but the monster is extremely fast. He moves with an inhuman speed and his thin old-man-like veined hand seizes the strap of the purse and yanks it back. DENISE loses her balance and comes landing on her butt. The monster flings himself onto her.

CHONGOLO separates himself from the bushes and takes calm, even steps towards FRANK who retreats from the car's interior holding the sprayer by its strap on his right shoulder. CHONGOLO approaches as he begins to speak in the deep, dead voice of his.

CHONGOLO

Time to get electrified. Will you
do her too Frank?

The wind is picking up, it rakes through FRANK's hair,
jacket.

FRANK

Sure, but first you! CHONGOLO!

The crone-monster hovers over the woman panting, slapping
her face with the tube. He feels her up, and his alien,
inhuman hand comes to rest on the woman's groin. DENISE
screams uncontrollably.

CHONGOLO displays fake bewilderment. His voice gets even
deeper. It is only a terrible growl now.

CHONGOLO

What's wrong Frank?

FRANK ignites the gas lighter in utter desperation. Its
blue light illuminates the dark night. He points the
nozzle towards CHONGOLO and releases the button which
opens the valve.

FRANK

(yelling in the wind)

I've been tortured by demons. Go
to Hell, you fuck!

To his horror nothing happens.

FRANK

(cursing madly)

Fuck! My God. What the heck?

He keeps pushing-releasing the button and at the same time
pumping the tank.

The crone-monster rips off the woman's skirt and blouse,
revealing her breasts. The creature opens his mouth wide
open and starts to maul her breasts.

CHONGOLO advances on FRANK.

CHONGOLO

I've been to Hell Frank. We could
use you...But you decided
otherwise so....

FRANK pumps the tank madly. He glances at the safety valve
and realisation strikes him. No pressure because the valve
is open.

FRANK
 (panting)
 Fuck!

FRANK closes the valve with a single movement of his hand, and goes on pumping. He is triumphant now as he can feel the pressure mounting up in the tank.

CHONGOLO
 (the ground shakes from his
 voice)
 So...you'll die now.

CHONGOLO is only a few steps away now. FRANK points the nozzle at him.

FRANK
 Some like it hot!

A roaring burst of flame engulfs CHONGOLO's body, devouring him.

CHONGOLO
 (roaring mockingly)
 Woe is me!

FRANK issues a victorious scream as he turns toward the other monster, when he realises that he is busy fucking the poor woman's denuded and mangled body. But it is too late now. His fingers have already released the button and he sets the two of them on fire too.

FRANK
 My God, Denise. I've told you to
 run.

DENISE's cell must have fallen out of his purse because it lies beside FRANK's feet when it goes off, displaying CLIVE's name and number. Her ringtone is the Je t'aime.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING

122

A loud metallic scream draws FRANK's attention towards the bushes. The walking stick and the lamprey-mouthed creature stagger out moving in an insect-like fashion. The walking stick strikes at FRANK, he can barely jump away. The asphalt splits in the wake of the blow. FRANK reacts quickly, instinctively now. He spins around and torches the stick-monster. Its metallic scream rises into heights no human ear can bear. A series of the department's windows shatter.

FRANK spins around again and alights the lamprey-monster too, but then overbalances and falls backward. He hasn't stopped the flow of napalm yet and a little of it drips on his trousers which catch fire too.

The lamprey-monster staggers awkwardly through the bushes, onto a road.

INT. CAR - EVENING

123

A young man is driving his car with his girlfriend riding shotgun. There's loud music playing. The girl points out of the windshield.

GIRL

What the hell is that?

The man has just a moment to look out to see the lamprey-monster on fire stepping onto the road within braking distance. The man hits the brakes but they have no chance. The flaming monster crashes into the windshield, breaking it. It is thrown into the passenger compartment setting the entire car on fire.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

124

The car loses control and swerves off the road hurtling toward a brightly lighted shop window. It crashes into it and explodes, setting the building on fire too. The siren of an alarm breaks the silence of the night.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

125

FRANK snaps his head up to a hissing, screeching sound. The crone monster charred, burning remnant is still screwing DENISE's flaming corpse.

He realises that the bottom of his trousers is aflame. He tears off the cloth, revealing a red and blackened area on his skin. FRANK grimaces in pain. He looks at CHONGOLO but he is only a pile of carbonized debris.

The creature's glowing red eyes spring open then and bore into FRANK's ones. Beseeking eyes. Mocking eyes. Angry eyes. CHONGOLO's voice is very deep at first.

CHONGOLO

Don't leave me here Frank.

His voice is getting higher.

CHONGOLO

(getting high-pitched)

We love you. Love you Frank.

Absurdly he starts to laugh.

CHONGOLO

Ahhh hahaha Frank we love you.
Don't do this Frank, hahaha, oh
no Frank hahaha.

There is a disturbed, puzzled expression on FRANK's face as he retreats in a spider walk. The voices abate, the movements cease, only the crackling of the burning bodies is present. The flaming monsters emit a terrible, nauseating stench and FRANK covers his nose and mouth with his hands but he retches nonetheless. Approaching sirens from the distance. FRANK gets to his feet and hobbles to the car. He tears open the door and slumps in.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 126

FRANK's car turns onto the driveway. He pulls up diagonally next to his father's car. He turns off the lights and gets out of the car and hobbles towards the front door.

INT. HALL - NIGHT 127

The front door opens creaking and FRANK comes in. His clothes are dirty and sooty. He closes the door and surveys the house, but the place seems deserted. He peeks into the kitchen. The jug is almost empty on the counter, and there are empty, greasy glasses around it. FRANK glances into the living room area. His father is slumped in an uncomfortable position in front of the dark TV screen, there is a tumbled empty glass on his chest, his clothes are soaked with orange juice.

FRANK tiptoes over to the bedroom. The door is open, clothes thrown off in a haphazard way, a pair of panties, a bra...MRS. RAZOR is lying on her side naked and uncovered. He mumbles something upon hearing the footsteps.

MRS. RAZOR

Frank? Is that you? Frak... Why?
Why?

She goes back to sleep snoring.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - NIGHT 128

FRANK shucks his dirty sweat-drenched clothes. He takes off his vest and examines his belly button. It looks almost normal now, the redness is diminished. FRANK sits on the edge of his bed and divests himself of his jeans too. He stuffs the rags in a plastic bag. His drawings, paintings follow them. He tears up all of them and put the scraps into the bag.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 129

FRANK approaches the furnace in the other end of the basement. Opens it and crams the bag into the fire chamber. He grabs a little can of petrol from the top of the furnace and douses the bag with petrol. He shakes the matchbox. Then he tries to light a match. It goes out. The

second one too. Third time he has luck and throws the burning match into the furnace. The bag goes up in flames. FRANK watches the fire mesmerized.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - NIGHT 130

FRANK in boxer shorts and a T-shirt is getting into the bed. He lies down with a moan, covers himself and switches off the light. He curls into an embryo position. Moonlight falls onto his pale, haggard face.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - NIGHT 131

FRANK is tossing and turning in his sleep. His cover is off, but he is bathing in sweat. He suddenly comes awake. He sits up and buries his face in his palms. Then he goes out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 132

FRANK is urinating in the bathroom, while staring at the tiles at eye level. He is suprised to notice that he is sick, and has no time to cover his mouth before he gags. He throws up and as he does so he pisses his legs. His pulse goes up audibly.

FRANK

Oh god no. Fuck.

Frank reaches for toilet paper and wipes his mouth and legs. He tosses the crumpled scrap of paper into the bowl and flushes. He washes his hands in the sink. This is when he glances into the mirror. And this is when he catches a glimpse of CHONGOLO'S charred face, with his eyes that brook no argument.

FRANK recoils in terror then closes his eyes and shakes his head to banish the mental image. When he opens them again there is only his own reflection staring back in the mirror. He breathes a sigh of relief and looks behind his back. He is alone. He touches his belly.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT 133

FRANK exits the bathroom wiping his mouth when he hears noises. He turs his head in the direction of the living room.

FRANK

(mumbling)

What the fu...

Scraping noises, and muffled thumps. He tiptoes to the stairs. A stifled, wet, throaty rattle. He sneaks down the stairs slowly. A terrible feeling takes hold of him, his brow is beaded with cold sweat.

A wet smacking sound. Not from one source. A grunt and something alien, some awfully inhuman laughter erupts downstairs. FRANK reaches the turn and starts descending on the straight part. He clutches the banister like a life preserver. The spotlights are on in the living room as much is clear now.

A loud metallic scream and electronic crackling freezes the blood in FRANK's veins.

FRANK

No. No.

FRANK checks his umbilicus. It is perfectly healthy.

FRANK

(whispering)

What the fuck then?

FRANK lurches in shock and nearly misses the banister when he recognizes CHONGOLO's demonic voice.

CHONGOLO

Fire is not enough Frank.

A cacophony of childlike titter responds to the creature's deep voice.

After a few steps FRANK reaches the foot of the steps. The scene unfurling in front of him defies description.

From the chandelier a wet dripping rope of intestines dangles. It continues into a stomach and gullet holding CLIVE's head. His face contorts into a mask of terror, pressed between his teeth is his own penis. CLIVE's mangled body is propped against the fireplace, the flesh is scraped off, the ribcage ripped open. The wall behind him is splashed with blood.

IMOGEN is bobbing her head between the legs of another disgusting creature who is holding the old woman's hair and forces her to do this obscenity. The creature has a taut globe-like yellow belly with arm-thick blood vessels. His extremities are stick thin, his head is turned away. He senses FRANK watching him and turns his head, the tendons creak in his neck. He has the face of EMMETT RAZOR. We hear a loud crack and IMOGEN falls backwards, her head is split in two leaking liquefied brain matters.

MRS. RAZOR's head hangs loose over the back of the sofa, her throat is visibly bitten through. Two smaller creatures squirm growling in a puddle of blood below the half-severed head. They have the faces of mummified infants.

The corpses of DAVID and RACHEL are in pieces scattered in the room, and demonic creatures feast on them. All in all there may be at least a dozen monsters in the room, they move in slow motion, like gigantic insects.

CHONGOLO

Frank...

CHONGOLO beckons to FRANK and gestures over the place. Blood flows down the walls everywhere.

CHONGOLO

Art requires dark, seemingly inexplicable things from a dedicated person...

FRANK sways on his feet, then his legs betray him; he falls onto his ass. He sprigs up but CHONGOLO already towers over him. Crying squeezes his throat.

CHONGOLO

Disrobe Frank.

CHONGOLO bends back his hands, he seems to be transforming somehow. FRANK shakes his head in denial when he spots SHANE sitting in the farthest corner, surrounded by demons who stroke him like drones the bee-queen.

FRANK

Shane! Shane. You alright? Come here...

CHONGOLO

He's alright now.

CHONGOLO's voice rises again, his head bloats, and turns inside out, becomes an all-teeth and rot monstrosity. His extremities split in two in pairs, he takes on an insect-like appearance.

CHONGOLO

He's with us now.

CHONGOLO

(hissing)

With us. Us. With us. Us. Us.

FRANK

(stammering)

W...what?

He realises that SHANE is half naked as he is sitting in an armchair smiling and drinks a familiar green liquid from a glass with a straw. FRANK can see the bloody, pulsating umbilical chord on SHANE's belly. The last piece of the puzzle clicks into place.

FRANK

No. No. No!!

SHANE's umbilical chord starts to throb and becomes angry red while SHANE's body shrinks and withers. Through the window we can see intensifying traffic; blurred figures move up and down and unearthly noises arise. The street must be teeming with these creatures.

CHONGOLO

Hush. I told you to disrobe,
didn't I?

FRANK retreats but the monster follows him relentlessly.

CHONGOLO

Disrobe Frank.

CHONGOLO touches Frank as if he wanted to stroke him.

CHONGOLO

Peel off your hide. Let me help
you.

The monster's hand stiffens and bites into FRANK's face, tearing off the skin and together with it FRANK's scalp and the upper part of his skull. We can see FRANK's brain, parts of it dripping down on the remains of his face. FRANK stares for a moment with glazed eyes and tries to say something, then he tumbles to the floor. CHONGOLO throws himself onto FRANK's head with wet sickening sounds-he sucks out his brain.

SLOW PAN, the camera shows the terrible scene, the appalling, disgusting monsters feasting on the human remains, and SHANE who is still smiling however withered he is. Then the camera moves slowly out of the door and we see that the demonic entities occupy the neighborhood, the street. The lights come on in the surrounding houses one by one and we hear desperate cries, screams of pain, death rattle. The camera moves upwards and we see a bigger section of the city, with the same events occurring. The male and female screams multiply and louden. Thousands scream in unison in high pitched voices. The narrator's-EMMETT RAZOR-voice declares then.

NARRATOR(EMMETT RAZOR)

(echoing)

Man is a dragon's tooth to sow.
There's no hope. No hope at all.

THE END

END TITLES and harsh techno music.

