



Scripts.com

The Lawnmower Man

By Brett Leonard

Timms,
they've got to understand.
My treatments
are making him smarter...
at an incredible rate.
It's more important
than training him for war.
You know our funding comes
from The Shop.
They want this animal trained
in virtual reality...
to use the infrared battle
helmet, not recite the ABCs.
I won't increase the dosage
of aggression drugs.
He's already been exhibiting
behavioral instability...
in the virtual battle
simulations.
What you're suggesting could
destroy his mind.
There is no choice, Larry.
They don't care about
his intelligence enhancement.
They want his primal
rage centers fully stimulated.
He is to be battlefield ready.
Fucking screw
the political assholes.
He's the best chimp
I've ever had.
Battlefield simulation engaged.
Primate response optimum.
Threat.
Kill complete.
Let's go check out sector 10.
OK, level two.
Threat.
Targeting.
Acquire.
Acquire.
Acquire.
Attack.
Kill complete.

Evasive.
Security breach
inside Sector 14, Level 5.
14, Level 5.
Threat.
Evasive.
Threat.
Clear.
Check the upper building.
Go! Go!
Get over there.
Get over there on the double.
Evasive.
Non-threat.
Exit clear.
We have no visual indication...
that any incoming artillery
have arrived...
or, indeed, are on the way.
We can report the air raid
sirens are going off.
The military has been silent,
though a couple of hours ago...
we heard a huge noise...
and it was confirmed
that four KC-1...
KC-135 supertankers
had left the area.
These are the planes
that refuel...
other fighter planes
and bombers...
American bomber planes
over the area...
so they're in the air.
I'm trying to sleep, Larry.
I had a bad nightmare.
Really bad.
God, I hate it
when you smoke in bed.
Oh, Jesus.
What did you do that for?
What the fuck
is wrong with you?

Larry, what are you doing?
Answer the phone.
Yeah? Hello?
Larry, it's Timms.
Your chimp's dead.
It tried to escape.
When?
It wasn't a robot
we were building, Timms.
It was a living organism.
As the project supervisor and
the government liaison...
it was my responsibility...
to use the strongest
measures available.
Listen, I've warned you
about the aggression factors.
He just ran the program
we embedded.
Five years
of research down the drain.
We'll get you another chimp.
That chimp was the key to moving
on to a human subject.
Come in.
We'll talk about it.
I've had it.
I want to make something better
than a military weapon.
I'll just find funding in
the private sector, that's all.
You're not thinking
straight, Larry.
You signed ironclad
nondisclosures.
VSI owns it all.
Besides, it might not
be the healthiest thing to try.
You're talking about The Shop?
The puppet masters who pull
all the strings?
What, they own me?
They'll rub me out...
The Shop... if I don't comply?

You're being paranoid.
Your intelligence enhancement
work was brilliant.
No one's saying stop.
I am.
Larry, relax.
I know you're upset because
of what happened with the chimp.
Relax? They want
to suppress my work!
The potentials for
human advancement are endless!
Virtual reality holds a key
to the evolution of the mind...
and that's my focus.
This is something...
and we haven't
had something for a while.
There will be time
for all this, Larry.
You just have to play the game
a little longer.
That is how everything
finally gets done in this world.
Why don't you take a hiatus and
we'll restructure around here?
You can use the rest.
Take a hiatus.
Another hot one.
It's going to be a killer.
It's a long way up here.
Jobe!
Jobe, lad!
Ah, Jobe!
I feel like you
live in the top of a tree.
Come on, boy. Let's go.
Grass is waiting for you.
Oh, no.
Did me brother have you
doing penance all night again?
What did you do?
Nothing.
OK, well...

It's OK, Jobe boy.
It's OK. It's me, Terry.
Come on. Here.
Go get a shirt on,
then we'll go, OK?
What have we got here?
Well...
Oh, no.
Oh, my God,
would you look at this?
You finished Big Red.
Yeah.
Aye, you're magic
with a machine, boy.
Look at this.
Could we try it...
try it today, Terry?
I don't see why not.
Go fill up the gas can, Jobe.
Get me a candy bar.
Hey, Pop, could you
move that shit before Christmas?
Fill her up.
Hey, Jake, that's dangerous.
You forget who
you're talking to, half-wit?
That's dangerous.
Jobe, boy, go ahead
and finish what you're doing.
He's smoking, Terry.
That's right. I'm smoking.
Why don't you shut the fuck up
and fill your gas tank?
Jake, he don't mean no harm.
One of these fucking...
Jake, how's your old man doing?
Worse than ever!
Angelo is
like all brilliant types...
erratic.
But we tolerate them at The Shop
as long as they perform...
and Angelo
has certainly done that.

Project Five is very impressive.
Mr. Director, without Angelo,
there is no Project Five.
Well, he'll be back...
one way...
or another.
Falling.
Rapid descent.
Flying.
God damn it, Caroline.
Never unplug a program
when I'm engaged.
You just
ruined the whole effect.
Falling, floating, and flying?
So, what's next, fucking?
What are you pissed off about?
You said you were
going to take me to the city...
but as usual you're hooked up
into that machine.
Well, why didn't you remind me?
I did.
Oh, babe, I'm sorry.
Oh, Caroline.
I'm sorry.
This is not a good time
for me right now.
I'm really sorry.
Get ready.
We can still get a hotel.
We don't need to go anywhere.
I'm ready right now.
Larry, I want to go.
I don't feel like
being around people right now.
I don't feel
like going to the city.
You never want to go anywhere.
Caroline... I need your support.
I'm going through
a lot of changes right now.
Well, I'm going
through a lot of changes, too.

You're too obsessed
with your work to even notice.
I'm young, Larry, OK?
And I'm not going to become
a recluse just for you.
I'm into reality reality,
not this artificial reality.
This technology
is going to change the world.
This is the future...
and you're afraid of it.
Yeah, well, it may be
the future to you, Larry...
but it's
the same old shit to me.
I give up.
Hey, Jobe!
Hi, Peter!
You've finished Big Red.
Hi, Jobe.
Hi, Mrs. Parkette.
Come over and have some Kool-Aid
with Peter when you're done.
Thanks, Mom!
Peter, look what I got you.
The Nuke Masters
special edition!
Yeah. It's 3-D, too.
But where are the glasses?
Glasses?
That's OK. I've got
a pair of my own anyway.
Look at the blades, man.
If you boys listen real careful,
you can hear the panpipes...
of the little people
in the grass there.
Right, Terry.
I hear them all the time.
Hi, Dr. Angelo.
Can we play
Cyber-Boogie today?
Yeah, sure.
That would be fine.

Damn.
Peter!
Get your ass over here!
I got to go.
Hi, Dad.
I told you not to leave
that fucking bike in my way!
Didn't I?
Sorry, Dad.
What is wrong with you?
Didn't I tell you not
to play with that moron anymore?
You want to get stupid?
Get in the house.
I'm tired of this shit.
Come on.
That boy
was told to take care of this.
He constantly shirks his duties.
Can't have these godless little
creatures at the altar.
It's sacrilege!
Where are you, boy?
You're never here
where you should be.
Four times in as many weeks...
he's forgotten his duty
to the parish!
He brings the wrath
of the Lord on himself...
just like his namesake.
Jobe, are you in there?
Answer me, boy!
God saw fit to make you
a ward of this church...
and you must earn your keep.
I've tried to teach that
stupid mind responsibility...
since you were five years old.
Which of God's lessons helps you
to remember best, Jobe?
I'll remember my chores,
Father, I promise!
Journal entry, May 1.

Work, marriage, life...
what a joke.
I'm going now, Larry.
My plane leaves in an hour.
It's better
for both of us this way.
Drinking all that whiskey isn't
going to help your depression.
It's probably going
to make it worse.
Yes, you're right, Caroline.
It is probably
going to make it worse.
Well, don't blame me.
You have no idea of what
I'm going through, do you?
My work is falling apart,
and you decide to leave me.
It's dead for both of us,
so why don't you give it up?
Good-bye, Larry.
Lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil. Amen.
Mother of God,
pray for us sinners...
now and at the hour
of our death. Amen.
Big Red.
Booting audio journal.
May 10 entry.
Recording.
Oh, Jesus...
this hiatus
is driving me insane.
When I think of what
I might have accomplished...
with a human subject.
I've got to find a way to
continue the work on my own.
There's so much to do.
I can't wait any longer.
Full.
Hi, Jobe.
Hi, Dr. Angelo.

How are you?
Looks like you're working hard.
Yeah. I'm a real hard worker.
Jobe, do you like to play games?
Yeah. Peter says
you have the best games.
I have a game in my house that
you might like to play.
Would you like that?
OK.
Remember, one of the
4 shapes on the bottom row...
You see them down there?
Matches one of the shapes
on the top row.
So put your finger on here...
and move that shape
to the question mark, all right?
Incorrect.
Try again.
OK, here we go.
There.
There.
Incorrect.
Don't worry.
Take your time. Here we go.
Correct answer.
You did it. Very good.
Let's play another game.
Come here, Peter. Come here!
I'm going to get you, Peter.
All right.
Look at that!
Let's go.
Watch out! Holy moley!
Come on, Peter. Slow down.
I'm going to hit the wall.
I'm getting dizzy.
Peter, wait!
Come on, Peter. Come on back.
Peter, I'm getting scared.
Game over.
Why don't you go upstairs
and get some drinks?

Hey, Jobe. It's OK.
It's just a game.
I was really bad.
Well, you'll get used to games.
Thanks, Peter.
Hey, Jobe.
Hey.
I was flying upside-down,
Dr. Angelo.
Come on. Hop up.
Come over here.
Sit down.
You know, Jobe...
I have other... different games.
I even have one that
could help make you smarter.
I was born dumb.
But... you would like
to be smarter, wouldn't you?
I don't know.
Well, if you were smarter,
people wouldn't be able to...
take advantage of you.
Do you
understand what I mean, Jobe?
- Yeah.
- And?
Sometimes they do.
They do.
Can you keep a secret?
Well...
I'll tell you one.
I can make you smarter...
but only if you want.
And you must never
tell anyone.
You mean a secret
for just you and me two?
That's right.
Well, I bet you
already know, don't you?
So don't you tell anybody, OK?
OK?
Well, you're

as healthy as a mule.
When can we play the games?
Soon, Jobe.
I need to give you
a shot of vitamins first.
I had a shot once,
Dr. Angelo, and it hurt.
This won't.
Trust me.
I'm very good at this.
That looks like a gun.
OK, just relax your arm.
Relax your arm. Relax.
Look over there.
Look over there.
It didn't hurt.
Just relax.
Your head's going to be
a blank for a while.
All right?
Yeah.
Just breathe now.
Too dark.
No, it's not
going to be in a while.
Just breathe and relax.
That's it.
In a while,
it's going to be like...
being up there
with the stars, Jobe.
Like going to another planet.
You're going to feel a tingling
sensation in your hands...
but don't panic.
It's OK.
I'm right here with you.
It's all part of the game.
OK, here we go.
Cortex stimulation engaged.
Brain stem strobe enabled.
Is that my hand?
It's going to hit me!
No, it's not going to hit you.

Just relax. Just breathe.
Strobe velocity increasing.
Journal entry, May 10.
The electrochemistry
of his brain...
has responded
better than I'd expected.
I'm going to step up
the virtual treatments...
and increase the dosage
of nootropic drugs.
I should see escalations
in his brain patterns...
by the end of the week.
It's too late to turn back now.
Jobe, what's the matter?
I'm hungry.
Well, go eat.
His mind is
like a clean, hungry sponge.
Synaptic activity has increased
400% in less than a month.
His human brain is responding
to the nootropics...
and virtual stimulation more
rapidly than my animal subjects.
Go on! Go faster, Peter!
Go on!
I can catch you right now!
Come on and get me, Peter!
Come on!
I'm going to get you now!
You better not get too excited
'cause I'm getting you!
Look right there!
Come on!
I got you!
Game over.
Yes! You nailed it, Jobe!
You nailed it!
Whoa, that was sketched.
Finally some real competition.
Yeah, he got you that time,
didn't he, Peter?

Congratulations.
You just graduated
to the next level, Jobe.
Hi.
You got a horse?
What are you doing?
Why are you standing there
half-naked, exposing yourself?
What sort of perverted
behavior is this?
You should knock before
you come into somebody's house.
This is my house.
I pay the rent, and
I want to cash my checks now...
because I want to buy
some new clothes.
And I'm going
to buy some cowboy boots...
and I'm going to make
this place a ranch.
It's that Dr. Angelo, isn't it?
He's been feeding
the Devil in your head!
No, he hasn't!
I'll see to that.
You know,
you shouldn't hit people.
You shouldn't
hit people like that.
Very impressive.
Did you use the Project 5
formulas on this subject?
As a base.
But I've totally reconfigured...
both the nootropic and
the cyberlearning programs...
without aggression factors.
Of course.
That only makes sense.
I can't believe you
went ahead and did this, Larry.
Look at the comparisons.
It works

with a human subject, Timms.
It's incredible work, Larry.
So... what do you say?
I've gone as far
as I can in my lab at home.
I need access
to the main lab to go further.
There's no telling
how far I can take Jobe.
I can't do this
without your help.
What's it going to be,
Ms. Burke?
Would you check my fluids, Jake?
Do I know you?
I mow your lawn.
No. You're not
the Lawnmower Man.
Well... wow.
You've certainly changed.
I don't know how you did it,
but I approve.
Ms. Burke, I filled her up
with trans fluid.
No charge.
Thanks, Jake.
You're welcome.
Well, I'm looking forward
to having my lawn mowed...
soon.
She's got the hots
for you, Jobe boy.
You got to be kidding me.
She's just teasing
this half-wit.
Look at him. You got him
dressed up like a fool.
I've known her
ever since her husband died.
She's been kicking up her heels
with all the young studs.
And I tell you,
she wants this young fella.
Don't you call her no whore

around me, old man.
Whores do it for money.
She's got money. She's young.
She does it 'cause she likes it.
I told you to shut up.
Hey, Jake, don't do that.
OK, Lawnmower Man.
Dr. Angelo, I think people
can tell that...
that I'm changing.
Just don't draw attention
to yourself, OK?
Just keep doing
the lawn job for now.
It's not going to last forever.
I like doing the lawns.
That's good.
I always liked doing them.
That's good.
You're cleared. Go ahead.
Why is this place
so far from town?
The work here at VSI
is government classified.
Top Secret.
Good afternoon, Dr. Angelo.
Looks like a dungeon
in here, Dr. Angelo.
You see this, Jobe?
Holy moley!
Come on. It's OK.
Look.
This is some of the most
advanced computer equipment...
in the world, Jobe.
In these gyrospheres,
we wear full cybersuits...
which allow us to enter
into virtual reality and move.
Your entire nervous system
and endocrine system...
will be in sync
with the brain expansion.
Endocrine?

Endocrine:

secretions of certain glands...
like the thyroid, adrenal,
and pituitary...
which regulate growth.
Sometimes...
I think I've discovered
a new planet...
but one I'm inventing
instead of discovering.
I've just sighted the shore
of one of its continents.
Booting biology systems
readouts.
Bio-monitors on.
Choice.
Graph 5... engage.
Change brain wave parameters.
Brain wave pattern altered.
Prepare brain stem injection.
Initiate brain stem.
Insertion complete.
Let me off! Dr. Angelo!
Synaptic reaction positive.
My head, Dr. Angelo!
I like it!
Change brain wave parameters.
Initiate second level.
Insertion complete.
Lemonade.
Think he likes lemonade?
It's so hot today, Jobe.
Why don't you come up
for a cold glass of lemonade?
Oh, Jesus, Mother of God,
would you look at that?
Go on, you dolt!
Go on!
Jobe, have you
ever kissed a girl before?
Really?
Give me your tongue.
Give me your tongue.

Soft.

Hard.

He absorbed Latin yesterday
in less than two hours.

It took me a year just
to learn the Latin alphabet.

God damn,

Larry, I am speechless.

I think it's time we brought
this out of the closet...

and report

these results directly...

to the Department of Scientific
Intelligence in Washington.

DSI is bound

to offer you both tits.

The timing isn't right.

There's some factors that need
ironing out.

Iron them out.

I'm not going to be able to keep
this quiet much longer.

The historical perspective
of expressionism,

as typified by

Van Gogh and Gauguin...

Rhythm and blues. You like it?

Yeah, sure.

I like it.

Classical.

You should try

listening to a whole tune once.

You might like it.

Too much to hear.

I get it all by sampling
segments, anyway.

Who taught you how to drive?

Me!

There you go. Enjoy yourselves.

Jim, you need anything else?

Hi, Dolly!

Hi, Jobe.

I'll be right with you.

Don't you want to check out

the comics first?
I gave them up, Peter.
No way!
Matter of fact, I got my whole
collection in that crate...
and I'm giving it to you.
Whoa, awesome! Dudical!
Order me fries
and a Coke, all right?
Are you all right?
I don't got time for this.
I hope he doesn't puke
on the counter.
What's wrong with that fool?
He's probably been taking dope.
Look at that guy!
Weirdo.
Whatever the hell's
his problem?
Probably dancing
with the booze lady.
He's having a breakdown.
Oh, man!
Are you all right, Jobe?
Peter, I got to go.
The things that people think.
I had to use all
my concentration to block it.
I don't want it
to happen again...
because if it does,
I think I would go crazy.
It's amazing.
Even with
the treatments stopped...
your abilities
continue to change and grow.
I speculated that if
psychic powers existed...
this research would be
the key to unlocking them.
But this is beyond
anything I ever expected.
I mean,

like the accelerated learning.
The results are
completely unexpected.
Completely.
Well... don't worry, Jobe.
I'll sort something out.
I've got to keep this psychic
development quiet...
especially from Timms.
Who's Timms?
I'm preparing Angelo to present
his results to you personally...
as you've requested.
He's met
with incredible success.
Precisely why we feel it's time
for you to guide his efforts...
in a specific direction.
Which direction is that?
We're most anxious
to see what effect...
the original Project 5
formulas will have...
on this subject.
Mr. Director, the aggression
vectors in Project 5 caused...
That was an ape, Timms.
We want to know what effect it
will have on a human subject.
It's an essential step
for us to determine...
certain covert sector
applications for Angelo's work.
It will be difficult
in the extreme...
to convince Angelo to reinstate
the original formulas.
Then you'll have to
be persuasive in the extreme.
Run batch 505.
Program change initiated.
Initiate brain stem.
Brain wave pattern altered.
Can you hear me, Jobe?

Relax.
Shut down theta stimulation.
I'm coming over. Stay there.
Warning. Endocrine, adrenal,
increasing to fatal levels.
System shutdown.
I saw God!
I touched God!
I was pushing.
I didn't even think
of Jobe's safety.
That amount of brain swelling
should have killed him.
Instead, it completely
disappeared, leaving no lesions.
Somehow the experiment
is out of my control.
I'm stopping the treatments...
until I can figure out
what went wrong.
Confessions.
Eavesdrop on real people...
telling their innermost
secrets, darkest desires.
I saw this woman today.
I couldn't help myself.
God, he smells good.
I want to get him up
for something strange tonight.
I can read your mind.
Oh, right.
You sure have some
strange fantasies.
Come with me.
Let's live a little...
Jobe, it's so huge in here.
This will be the best ride
of your life, Marnie.
You're the best ride of my life.
In here we can be
anything we want to be.
I'll see you on the inside.
Wow! It's my hands!
Look at this!

Oh, my God!
Jobe, where are you?
I'm right here, Marnie.
Come over here.
You're beautiful.
I'm stuck.
I'm stuck in this stuff, Jobe.
It's from our primal mind.
I don't like it, so let me up.
Jobe, let me up!
Now!
Nothing can
hurt us in here.
Jobe, you're scaring me.
I want out!
I know what you really want.
Watch this.
Oh, my God! What are you doing?
Jobe, what are you doing?
What are you doing?
Oh, my God, let me up!
Oh, God!

Warning:

brain pattern abnormal.
Automatic system shutdown.
Marnie, are you OK?
Marnie, I couldn't stop.
Dr. Angelo said
nothing could happen.
I didn't mean to hurt you!
What did Dr. Angelo do to me?
I have to find out.
I can't fly to fucking
Washington tomorrow!
I told you...
I have to resolve some problems
before presenting my work.
This is premature.
I'm not ready.
You're ready enough.
Oh, shit.
Be reasonable.
I can't keep

this secret any longer.
We can't cut ourselves off
from the hand that feeds us.
I thought you
were doing lawns today.
I wish I were.
Mind over matter, Dr. Angelo.
Not a miracle.
A fact.
I have to run some tests.
Get a clearer picture.
This is all so new.
It's not new.
I realize that
nothing we've been doing is new.
We haven't been tapping
into new areas of the brain.
We've just been
awakening the most ancient.
This technology is simply
a route to powers...
that conjurers and alchemists
used centuries ago.
The human race
lost that knowledge...
and now I'm reclaiming it
through virtual reality.
You're moving too fast.
Even with all these new
abilities, there are dangers.
Man may evolve a thousandfold
through this technology...
but the rush must
be tempered with wisdom.
You're trying to get
inside my head, Jobe.
I can feel you pushing.
You realize, Dr. Angelo...
that my intelligence
has surpassed yours...
and I can't allow your fear
of what you don't understand...
to get in the way of this work.
The treatments have to continue.

We have no choice.
I was terrified of him.
I'm sure he knew it.
He surpassed me, all right.
But his insights seem...
twisted.
I fear for Jobe's sanity.
This Washington trip couldn't
come at a worse time.
So as you can see, the results
with this one human subject...
indicate unlimited applications
for mental disability alone...
such as retardation,
Alzheimer's.
And the possibilities
for education are staggering.
With the proper funding,
we could perfect this...
within the year.
Right.
Any questions?
The Director wants to know...
if you've noticed
any significant changes...
since the Project 5
formula was reinstated.
We only reinstated
those formulas a few days ago.
Not enough time
for any findings.
Wait a minute.
What are you talking about?
I was going to speak with you
about this after the meeting.
The Shop requested
that we resume...
the original Batch 5 with Jobe.
You idiot.
You goddamn idiot!
Do you know
what you have done?
There is no telling what
the Project 5 abstract...

will do to a human being.
Do you understand me?
What Project 5
will do to a human...
is exactly
what we want to find out.
You know what it did
to Roscoe 1138...
and he was the most advanced
chimp we ever had!
Before that, there were
two other chimps...
who got
into fits of rage so severe...
they tore each other apart!
That's it, isn't it?
It's always like that
with you guys.
It only leads

to one thing:

Why didn't you include
the development...
of Jobe's other abilities
in your report, Larry?
Don't look so shocked.
You may have tried
to hide it...
but I have witnessed what your
new formulas, not Batch Five...
have done to your human subject.
I've had enough.
Make sure he goes back
to the hotel.
What other abilities?
Your behavior cost us
a lot of ground tonight.
I had to talk for hours
to repair the damage.
My behavior?
You fucking sycophant.
You've been lying
to me all along.
For security reasons.

Piss off!
Look, without The Shop's
financial involvement...
this project wouldn't exist.
Then maybe it shouldn't.
I hate to be the one
to break it to you, Larry...
but the concept
of dirty money went out...
when the Catholic Church
got into banking 300 years ago.
It's all dirty money.
For Christ's sake, don't let
some juvenile ethics problem...
get in your way.
Your research is too important.
You'll be more
realistic in a few days.
They're going to pick up
Jobe and bring him here.
The Director wants
a personal demonstration...
of his... progress.
They're not going to get Jobe.
There's no walking away, Larry.
All right. Let's get him.
Yes, sir.
Shit.
They're here to pick me up
as well. Right, Timms?
You can't leave!
You're integral to the project!
Oh, shit!
Go check the other wing.
You forgot your messages.
No, it's too much!
I'm Shop, Dr. Angelo.
You're going to have
to come with me.
Oh, excuse me.
Here. Here, take that.
What do I do with this?
Cover him.
Devil in your head.

Who you talking to, half-wit?
Which of God's lessons...
I told you not to play
with that moron.
Devil in your head.
Shit!
There's no need to panic, Timms.
We know where he's going.
We'll send a grab team
in tomorrow...
and pick them both up at once.
I want you to get back there.
Cancel Angelo's clearance
at VSI.
We don't want him stealing
his work, now, do we?
I'll let you know
what the next step is...
after we've had a chance
to examine Jobe Smith.
Give me strength, that I might
prepare the way...
for those who will follow.
Who's there?
Hail, Mary, full of grace...
Who is it?
Who's there?
The church
is closed for the night.
Come back tomorrow.
I'll hear your confession.
I've come for your confession.
I don't want you here
tonight, Jobe.
Leave me alone. Get out.
The good Father McKeen.
Took in the poor idiot
nobody wanted.
What have you done?
The Devil's taken you.
Judgment Day is here!
Forgive me, Father,
for I have sinned.
They're impatient for you.

I have unclean thoughts,
but deliver me.
In hell!
I've used thy name
in profane fantasies.
I have committed
cruel acts of molestation.
Be done!
What are you doing here?
What, you going
to do some night mowing?
You're a strange motherfucker...
and I am too tired for this,
Lawnmower Man.
So why don't you
take your silly ass...
and go trick-or-treating
or something?
Shit!
Fuck!
Get away!
Don't hurt me.
Please.
Lawnmower Man's
in your head now, Jake.
There's no escape, ever.
Stop taking his side, Carla!
You're treating him
like a little girl!
Damn!
I'm so sorry, Peter.
Why is Dad getting so bad?
I don't know, baby.
He's sick.
Damn kid's toys.
If, in fact, that occurs,
it would mean...
he is one
of the select few...
who has been
in every Wrestlemania...
all seven of them.
Talk about talented!
How long would Bobby last

south of the border?
What's that noise?
Help me!
You are going to die!
Hold on.
All right. Come on through.
Hell of a thing.
Hello, Lieutenant.
I'm Dr. Angelo.
I live next door.
What's happened here?
Thanks for coming over.
You saved us a trip.
We're just taking statements
from all the neighbors...
just to see if they saw or
heard anything unusual.
There's a little boy.
His name is Peter.
Has anything happened to him?
Oh, no, he's fine.
It's just his dad...
Excuse me, Lieutenant.
Where's the rest of him?
Birdbath.
Did you say the birdbath?
Birdbath.
Lieutenant,
the wife and the kid...
they're getting ready
to go down to the station.
Said they slept
through the whole thing.
Didn't hear or see anything.
Didn't hear anything.
The lab boys tell me
that somebody chased Parkette...
through the house
with a power lawnmower.
I would have thought that
would have made some racket.
Crazy with the heat.
Schiz-o-fucking-phrenia...
all over town last night.

What else happened last night?
Well, somebody torched
poor old Father McKeen...
with a flame-thrower
or something.
Must have been a Satan cult
or something.
Either that or that weird human
spontaneous combustion thing.
That really happens sometimes.
Hell of a thing.
My God.
That's not all.
Marnie Burke was found
wandering around stark naked...
laughing her ass off,
flipped out.
The psychiatrist figured
she'd probably witnessed...
one of the murders,
and she's just in shock...
but I've seen people
flipped out before...
and this girl
is flipped out for good.
I don't believe
she'll ever stop laughing.
Two bizarre murders
in one night.
This world is chock-full
of nuts, Cooley.
Don't forget that.
Weirdos, schizos, bozos.
Well, accidents happen.
That's all there is to it.
Two bizarre accidents
in one night.
Accidents?
You were just
calling them murders.
We'll just
file a routine report.
Just clean and tidy.
Oh, Peter, come here.

Come here.
It's OK, son. It's OK.
How did this happen?
Jesus Christ.
Jobe, come on.
I gave myself a boost, Doctor.
Virtual reality
is not just a simulation.
It's a whole other world...
a new electric dimension.
Utopia, Doctor.
The utopia that men have dreamed
of for a thousand years...
and I'll be the conduit.
You want to create monsters.
You killed two people, Jobe.
Why?
You've got to let me help you.
Help me?
I'm going to help you,
Dr. Angelo.
I'm going to help all of you...
cleanse this diseased planet.
This technology
has peeled back a layer...
to reveal another universe.
Virtual reality will grow...
just as the telegraph
grew to the telephone.
As the radio to the TV.
It will be everywhere.
You're having delusions, Jobe.
Struggle for reason.
I'm going back to VSI...
to complete the final stage
of my evolution.
I'm going to project myself
into the main frame computer.
I'll become pure energy.
Once I've entered
in the neural net...
my birth cry
will be the sound...
of every phone on this planet

ringing in unison.
Listen to what you're saying.
The first sign of psychosis
is a Christ complex.
Cyberchrist.
Please listen to me, Jobe.
The Project 5 abstracts
that you were exposed to...
were never meant
for the human mind.
You've had a psychotic break.
Let me try to reverse that.
What are you blocking?
You can't hide anything
from me, Dr. Angelo.
So The Shop
is coming to pick me up...
and you've betrayed me,
haven't you?
I'd like to proceed
to Angelo's residence, sir.
Very well. Leave the van's
cameras on transmit.
I want to monitor from here.
Yes, sir.
Now you can witness
the impossible, Dr. Angelo.
Let me pull the curtain back
so you can watch.
We'll check the house.
What the hell...
I'm going back to VSI now...
and once I'm
inside the main frame...
I'll have access to over
5,000 other databases.
And from those 5,000...
I can reach out again
and again and again...
eventually inhabiting
the entire planetary network.
By the year 2001...
there won't be a person
on this planet...

who isn't hooked into it
and hooked into me.
I'm sorry you hate
what you have created.
Right, Jobe.
I'll be right there.
Dr. Angelo has been working on
something else...
behind our backs.
He's developed a fantastic
new energy weapon.
I've observed a demonstration.
It's very advanced.
I want you
to gather his research...
all disks, hard copies,
everything.
Erase the files
from the main frame there...
then transport
it all here personally.
I can't believe it.
Not Angelo.
Not a weapon.
He is totally opposed...
Believe it, Timms.
He took out two of my men in
a way I've never seen before.
I sure have
been missing you, Jobe.
Peter, where are you going?
I want you
to come right back.
Jobe, wait up!
I told him to come down here
and pick me up after work.
What's going on here?
What the fuck?
What did you open
the gate for?
We didn't.
Some kind of malfunction.
That's it.
The back. That's it.

Can you do it?
Did the same guy
that killed my dad get to you?
Yes, Peter.
I'll explain it all later.
Go upstairs and tell your mother
to call the police.
Don't worry.
Go on quickly, go.
Erasing 261Y8K.
Confirm erase?
There's a little problem
at the main gate.
It opened by itself,
and it won't close.
Send everything you've got
down to the main gate.
Right.
Now!
Welcome to VSI main frame.
Please enter pass code.
Analyzing.
Pass code cleared.
You have access
to the network node.
File 15 blocked.
What's happening?
Someone's hacking the main frame
from the outside.
They're in, and they're
running a computer virus...
that's placing triple key
encryption codes...
on all outside access
and network connections.
What the fuck does that mean?
We're being cut off.
The main frame will be
totally isolated...
in less than two minutes.
Off the net.
Something's wrong.
I can't even get an operator.
Explosives.

Come on.
You hear something?
What?
It sounds weird.
Fuck you!
Holy shit!
I have to go now, Terry.
Well, OK, Jobe.
What are you doing here?
Leave me alone.
I'll wait for you
down the road.
I want you out of here
as fast as you can.
But I want to go with you
to find Jobe.
I understand, Peter...
but I want you to stay
with your mother, OK?
Peter, get in the car.
Larry, be careful.
We'll wait here, OK?
I'm in.
I'm in.
System overload.
Automatic shutdown
inoperative.
Oh, my God, Jobe.
I can't believe this.
Outside terminal
activity control.
Now to get out of here.
Simple combination.
Oh, Jobe, what's happened?
He really did it.
Denied?
Denied!
I must find a way out.
I can't believe this!
I must find a way out!
I can't let you do it, Jobe!
You!
Yes, me.
You did this!

You cut the network connections,
but I'll find a way out.
All this power...
isn't meant to be
in the hands of one person.
You're wrong.
You need to be led,
just like everyone else.
It's a basic need.
This technology is meant
to expand human communication...
but you're
not even human anymore.
What you've become terrifies me.
You're a freak!
Your naive idiocy
makes me very angry!
Human!
This universe is mine.
I am God here.
I sense your thoughts.
What are you hiding?
The bombs.
Jesus, the bombs.
Bombs?
You forced me to.
So you were willing to die?
I'll stop them.
You can't defuse
the bombs, can you?
You lost all your power
over the physical world...
once you
transferred in here.
Stop!
So you've given me
one final game to play.
I find a way out, or I die
in this diseased main frame.
But that's not my destiny.
I have things to do,
people to see...
a billion calls to make.
You will die

in the explosion.
You're trapped.
You're trapped
in here, aren't you?
You're trapped right here.
Peter is here.
Jobe, he's in here.
He's going to die.
Jobe, please.
Please, Jobe!
Don't sacrifice Peter.
You and I have been
responsible...
for so much destruction.
What's happening?
I don't want more death.
Go. Save him.
Jobe, come back with me.
Hurry!
Go!
Access denied.
Help! I'm lost!
Somebody!
We've got to get out of here!
The whole building's
going to blow up!
The door's locked!
It won't open!
Open.
Run, run!
Access denied.
Get down, Peter! Quick!
Get down!
There's got to be one.
Let me in!
Come on, Peter, quick!
Peter, come on.
Where is it?
Access denied.
Maintenance line
access granted.
A back door.
Get out of here! Go now!
July 10.

Last journal entry for a while.
I won't let Jobe's death
be for nothing.
What happened to him is
my responsibility.
For some reason, I've
been given a second chance...
so I'm taking my work
underground.
I can't let it fall
into the wrong hands again.
If we can somehow
embrace our wisdom...
instead of ignorance...
this technology
will free the mind of man...
not enslave it.
We're ready.
Good.
They'll be here soon.
OK. Let's go.