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Parasomnia

By William Malone

Danny?

Okay, so you've heard of,

Dick Wagner, right?

Yeah, sure.

Yeah, but did you know he was in

a group from Michigan...

- before then called "The Bossmen"?

- Yeah, no, I love them.

Sort of pseudo-Beatles?

I've got original 45's of "Take a Look"

and "Here's Congratulations".

Oh, yeah? Well...

I'm guessing you don't have the single

that's got "You're the Girl"...

and "Wait and See" on it?

Nobody's got that. That's the only Record

I'm missing from my 60's garage bands.

I've got the Plagues...

The Sheffields, The Five Emprees,

The Rationals from Detroit...

You know what? It just so happens

I was in Detroit last week...

doing a piece of paper, and who do you

think I bumped into at a record shop?

- Who'd you run into, Phil?

- Well, I ran into Pete Woodman...

- the Bossmen's drummer.

- No shit.

And he's got extra copies

of all that stuff.

- Danny?

- Can you get me one?

It's past lunch time.

Take your break.

Oh, shit!

I was supposed

to meet Denise for lunch.

See you later, man.

Phil!

I've got to hear

"You're The Girl", okay?

- Get me that record?

- You got it, man.

Hey, Danny.

Hey, Sara.
I'm sorry, I'm kinda in a hurry.
I was just wondering
are you moving?
No, why?
I saw your sofa in the alley
and I thought...
Hi. I'm looking for a patient.
Billy?
William Dornboss?
Drug rehab.
- What are you doing?
- Polishing.
- Where did you get all this stuff?
- You know, around the building, mostly.
So what happened, Danny?
So what happened what?
"What happened what?" What happened
with you and Denise, what happened?
Well, who said anything happened?
Danny,
it's written all over your face.
I can smell it from over here.
I can taste it...
she dumped you, man.
I've seen that look a thousand times.
Hell, I've seen that look
in the mirror.
Oh, man, fuck it, you know?
She had no taste. She would gather up
her clothes in a rage and throw them on.
She'd look like a Wal-Mart
exploded right near her.
She did you a favor, man.
I don't know why you liked her.
Well, she was pretty...
nice.
"Nice." What are you gonna do
with "nice", Danny?
What can you do with "nice"?
And she was pretty, but you know what?
She was too pretty.
Pretty things always have a tragic end
one of the laws of nature.

It only serves to make them more beautiful. It would have ended badly.

- Sometimes you scare me.

- The truth is scary.

I gotta go. I gotta...

When are you getting out of here?

Two days.

Hey, listen, Danny.

Before you go, you should check out the psycho ward down the hall.

It's very entertaining. They've got this guy there, he's fucked.

He's got this black hood over his head and he's all strapped up.

It's very creepy.

- Take care of yourself.

- Enjoy.

You're really not supposed to be in here.

I'm a relative.

She doesn't have any relatives that's why she's in here.

I'm sorry. I...

I was just curious.

I have a friend here.

- What, rehab?

- Yeah.

Yeah, I can guess who.

Would you ask Mister Dornboss to return the knobs... and the locks to the doors? It really is something of a nuisance... and in some cases hazardous to the patients.

Now, will you excuse us?

No, I'll leave. I was just... wondering... I mean she... she looks healthy.

She doesn't look sick.

Well, there's really nothing wrong with her except she's asleep.

She has a condition known as

"Kleine-Levin Syndrome"...

accompanied by cataplexy.

- Are you a medical student?

- No, Art.

Oh, thank God.

Have you ever heard

of narcolepsy?

Yeah, that's where

you fall asleep a lot.

Yeah, well, in Miss Baxter's case,

she is asleep most of the time.

It's the result

of an automobile accident...

before she was born.

And she doesn't wake up?

Oh, no, she wakes occasionally

for a few minutes...

we never really know when

or for how long.

It's an interesting phenomena...

it's rare.

She's really only lived

a small portion of her life.

- Will you excuse us?

- Yeah.

- Thank you.

- Yeah.

And that is, like, '66 or '67, is it?

Oh, my God, that's Alan Price...

that's Alan "House of the

Fucking Rising Sun" Price!

My god, I don't even think

they released this, you know?

I mean, they made this after...

after he left The Animals.

Yeah, I wonder what

that story was?

Why leave a hit group, with huge chart

hits right when you're on top?

Well, from what I heard,

he was just afraid to fly, you know?

He was just not gonna get on a plane.

So that... that was it.

It's kinda hard to have a music career

if you don't fly, right?

Well, that is life, you don't take the big risks, you don't get the goodies.

I gotta get out of here, but,

I talked to The Bossmen's drummer...

and he's gonna send me

those copies.

And if you don't pull any more

shit on me, you might get one.

- Bye!

- See you.

- Yes?

- Hi. Mrs. Mulliner?

I'm Mrs. Sloan, your

"Molly Kay Cosmetics" representative.

Hi. My name is Danny.

What's yours?

Mom?

Mom?

Mom!

I'll bet you're glad to be

out of there.

I don't know, I was starting to like

that place. It suits me, I think.

- Really?

- The psych' ward was really sweet.

There's a lot of really intense character studies in there.

I'd like to go and paint some of the really fucked up ones...

you know what I mean? Speaking of which, did you see their genuine serial killer?

Yeah... the, guy in the, padded cell?

- Yeah, creepy, huh?

- Yeah.

One of the orderlies told me his story.

He was a rare book dealer, a mesmerist.

He was arrested after

he hypnotized his girlfriend...

and ordered her to jump off

the roof of a building.

And at trial, he got the prosecutor to

park his car, on the Metro-Rail tracks...

twenty-three people dead,
a hundred and three people injured.

- No, that's not true.

- It's totally true.

Don't you remember that train
derailment four years back?

- Yeah.

- The work of Byron Volpe.

Apparently, he's got these crazy eyes
that's why they keep the hood on him.

You know I saw them?

- You saw the crazy eyes?

- Yeah, just a second, but...

you know, if he's so crazy,
how come he's not in prison?

Yeah, some kind of conflicting
psych evaluations, legal wranglings.

They say he's some kind
of genius.

Well, if he's such a genius,
how come he's locked up?

He's too smart.

Stupid people have it made.

- Stupid people?

- Stupid people and ugly people.

- Ugly people?

- Yes.

Too smart or too beautiful, you draw too
much attention to yourself. However...

if you're a little thick and your face
looks like it was kissed...

by a Mack truck, you can just sit back
and enjoy life going by...

like a tennis match.

It's beautiful.

Speaking of which,

did you see "Sleeping Beauty"?

What do you mean?

That hot little "cream puff"

in the room next to "Ted Bundy".

You went in there?

Yeah, I went in there and apparently
you did, too. Good looking girl, huh?

Weird about her though,

don't you think?
Being asleep all the time.
Gotta be the perfect girl, though,
don't you think?
I mean, women, they're mostly decorative
anyway and the one's that aren't...
they're too much trouble.
I would like to see what she'd have
to say for herself if she woke her up.
Just stay away from her, okay?
Hey, Danny.
What have you gotten
yourself into?
It's just...
you know, it's nothing.
It's just...
they say you have to be careful
how you talk to her.
Well...
I won't corrupt her. She's all yours.
I like my women a little more lively.
She's all yours
for the next couple days.
What do you mean?
I heard some shrinks talking.
They're gonna move her to some lab...
gonna make some kind of experiment
out of her... like Frankenstein.
A poem by Byron Volpe.
"The wanderer stopped
to turn over a rock.
The rock gave way...
and what was below
ruined his day."
Leave her alone, pussycat.
She's mine in time in time,
she's mine.
Tick, tick, tick.
Tick, tick, tick, tick.
Tick, tick, tick, tick.
Hi, Laura. It's Danny,
I've brought something for you.
Classical music is the best,
isn't it?

I wish you would wake up.
There's a lot that
we could talk about.
Life just must seem like a...
a big dream to you.
I wonder if you have
re-occurring dreams?
You know, I do.
I dream that I'm...
back at home.
With Mom and Dad...
before Dad died and...
I'm in bed
and everything is...
cool.
And then I wake up...
and I'm here.
Jesus Christ.
We can take normalized readings
for later tabulations.
You may only have a few minutes.
The duration of her waking state
can vary from seconds...
- to sometimes almost an hour.
- Excuse me, what's going on?
- I thought she has no relatives.
- He's not a relative. He's...
Young man, you have to leave.
I thought we talked about this.
- I was about to tell him.
- You're... you're scaring her.
Is there any reason why we can't take
her to the clinic, Thursday morning?
I just want to point out
I want you to be careful with her.
I don't want her wake up
in some strange environment.
She doesn't know
what's going on!
Hey, listen, don't worry,
she's gonna be taken care of.
- Hey, just... just let me talk to her.
- No, wait. You're going to have to leave.
- Get him out of here.

- Yes.

We have to get this done.

Now, you're gonna have to leave
or we'll have to call security.

Son, listen.

Come here, listen.

Hey, you're gonna have to go now.

She's in good hands.

We're just gonna have to move her
somewhere where she can get some help.

That's a lie. You're just gonna
treat her like some lab rat!

- Nurse...

- Yeah. I'm gonna have to call security.

Okay, okay. I'll go.

Just... just please take care of her.

Dr. Bhyle,

do you have any comments?

I know that you're going to ask me
about the Collier boy.

Look, that was just
an unfortunate circumstance.

We had no idea that he had a pre-existing
medical condition. It was a sad error.

What about the allegations
of abuse, doctor?

We've always treated our research
subjects with the greatest of care.

He's here!

And he's taking her!

Okay...

You are?

I'm...

I'm from the Bhyle Center
for Sleep Studies.

I'm transferring this patient...
from room 1169?

And a...

Laura Baxter.

This...

this is room 1169, right?

Yeah.

Everything okay?

Yeah.

You know, I heard some
commotion down the hall, there.
Yeah, our guy in the rubber room
got a little frisky...
thinks someone's stealing
his girlfriend.
- You're lucky he didn't get loose.
- Yeah.
- Okay.
- She's mine!
She's mine!
What?
No!
What?
Fingers, things?
What?
Window?
Things coming at you?
The car?
What...
you've never been driving?
Out!
- Okay.
- Out!
What are you doing, babe?
You wanna get in the car?
Hi.
You're showing
your underwear, babe.
Oh, you don't know
where that's been.
Honey, don't put that...
She's into nature.
Grew up in New York.
Honey, let's get in the car.
Sorry.
Oh, no, don't eat that.
She does this a lot.
And...
Let's go.
Kinda heavy.
It's the medication
she's been on.
She had pneumonia

about a month ago.
No. It's okay.
Nothing's gonna hurt you.
It's okay.
Nothing's going to hurt you.
We are going...
to hospital?
No.
We're going home.
Home... home?
Yeah.
We're going to my home...
it's where I live.
Is... is that okay?
Okay.
Tick, tick, tick,
tick, tick.
So, I was hoping you might remember
something more about this guy.
He just seemed like a good kid.
I think that's a quote
from Hitler's mom.
Any idea where he lives?
- Did you check with the main desk?
- Yeah, we did that...
but the name and number
were phony, so...
What's up with that guy?
Delusional, psychopathic,
sociopathic.
Tick, tick, tick.
The bad guy.
What's he saying?
"Tick...
Tick...
tick."
He just says it over and over.
Who does he think he is,
a fucking clock?
Why is he like that?
He's convinced that the girl,
Laura Baxter, belongs to him.
He shattered both legs
and broke the nose of an attendants...

who was trying to restrain him.
He was trying to get loose.
And then he took
the man's broken nose...
and he tried to shove it up
into his brain...
almost killed him.
No, that's the best arrangement
for Mister Volpe right now.
Volpe?
That's Byron Volpe in there?
The most soulless person
I've ever met.
I remember this case.
A hypnotist or something.
- Uncanny ability with it.
- Yeah?
Hypnosis is bullshit.
Tell that to his wife.
She died trying to get away
from his hold over her.
Who knows how many people
that "scuzball" has killed?
I was on that case.
We never found all the bodies,
only the ones he wanted us to find...
- the ones that looked like a suicide.
- Okay.
Thanks, Doctor.
Oh, Detective.
I just remembered something.
The young man who came to visit I think
he might have had a friend in here.
It was a court-ordered
drug rehab case.
A speed-freak named Dornboss.
We can check the records.
Yeah. I'd like.
Lovely clientele you got here.
It's strawberry.
Cold...
No, it's gonna fall.
You're actually supposed
to keep it in the...

cone.

It's so beautiful.

I just got you cleaned up.

Now I'm gonna have to give you
another bath.

I mean, uh...

I'm gonna get a napkin.

Laura?

Tick, tick, tick,
tick, tick.

Tick, tick, tick,
tick, tick.

This is not my world...

I don't belong here...

Back...

Take me back.

I wanna go back.

Just take me back.

Laura?

You are my blood.

I am you.

You have nothing to fear from me.

It is the "Clouded Man" who stalks you.

Okay, Laura, you gotta wake up.

I don't have any feeding tubes.

I've got to feed you, okay? Come on.

Okay, good job.

Okay, open your mouth...

there you go.

There you go. There you go.

Okay, good job.

Chew.

Okay?

Shit.

I'm just gonna set this here.

If you get hungry you can
just dig on that, okay?

TV.

If you get bored,
you can watch some TV.

A lot of fun this year.

That year, 1995, was sixth ranked...

A.U. Over fourteenth-ranked
Kansas State.

- The two clubs, well...

- Okay.

Hey.

- Sara.

- Danny. How you doing?

Good.

Did I see you come in last night
with a rather good-looking girl?

Uh, yeah.

She's a...

she's a friend from school.

She's hot. You wouldn't want
to share, would you?

I could come over, we could party.

You could watch.

You know, I'm kinda busy, but...

you got an audition?

Oh, this...

rock video, high school theme thing,
you know. Tits and ass.

Hey, I gotta get to work but...

good luck with the audition.

Yeah. Let me know

if you change your mind.

In other news, the police
are asking for the public's help...

Looking for a young woman
named Laura Baxter...

who has disappeared

from a local hospital.

Ms. Baxter suffers from a sleep
disorder called "Parasomnia"...

which renders her helpless
most of the time.

Authorities are afraid that
she may have been kidnapped.

As you can see

from the security pictures...

it's difficult to see

the man's face in the image.

They believe the man to be
an art student...

who had come to see Ms. Baxter
on several occasions.

The Public is asked to help
by calling the following number...

Fuck!

Fucking unbelievable.

Sturdy lock on the fucking door.

Damn it!

- Sara, what's the matter?

- Somebody broke in.

I think they took a bunch of shit.

- Did you call the cops?

- Yeah, immediate.

But I'm not gonna wait for them to come.

I'm gonna see exactly what's missing.

- I'm sorry to hear that.

- Fuck sturdy locks on the door. Damn it.

Laura?

Laura!

Give me an "A"!

Give me a "C"!

Give me a "Z"!

Give me an "R"!

Give me a...

a...

a "P"!

What's that spell?

I don't think it spells anything.

Home...

it spells home.

It is there

where your fear dwells.

That is the home

of the Clouded Man.

I will love you.

I will save you from him.

But there are things

you must do for me.

Tick, tick, tick, tick.

Tick, tick.

Laura?

In time, she's mine.

She's mine in time.

In time, she's mine.

She's mine in time.

Hospital?

No...
no hospital.
Home.
Did I do wrong?
No, I did.
Please, don't leave me!
Copy that, we're going to the scene.
Attention, cars.
A group of boys
is causing distress at the hotel.
The receptionist's car was attacked
at the parking lot.
Oh, boy.
It was my plan.
Nah.
Anybody touch anything?
No, sir.
So what does that mean?
That means
it's gonna be a long day.
I swear to God.
Why is it always Monday?
Why can't they stretch
this shit out over the week?
'Cause you're supposed to suffer.
'Cause this is purgatory
for a past crime in another life.
Hank, what in the hell are you doing
here? You're supposed to be on vacation.
I am on vacation.
I'm having a great time.
So I'm guessing this is not
the work of a boyfriend.
No, no, no.
I know what you're thinking.
It can't be him.
How do you know?
Because I was at the hospital
doing follow-up...
when I got the call to come over here
and I saw him he's locked up tight.
Yeah, being locked up
means nothing to that guy.
For all we know, he coulda got

someone else to come do this.

Who Squeaky Fromme?

I'm just saying.

Look, hope that you're right.

This guy only cares about two things
his book store and himself.

Three things.

- What?

- Three things, the girl.

- Who?

- You know, the girl.

- Oh, the sleeping one, yeah.

- He cares about her.

All right. Three things.

- Where's Clark?

- Clark?

Clark!

Yes, sir.

- You got that list of tenants for me?

- Yeah.

- Thanks, Clark.

- No problem.

Which apartments do you want
odd or even?

- Odd.

- How'd I know?

Just a minute!

Yeah.

Daniel Sloan?

Yes.

Detective Conroy.

Can I come in? I have a few questions
I want to ask.

What about?

It'll only take a minute.

That's odd...

Tick, tick, tick.

Tick, tick, tick.

Danny?

Danny?

Find out who lives here.

Yes, sir.

Danny! What the fuck
are you doing here, man?

Half the fucking planet's
looking for you, man.
The cops were just here.
I told 'em I haven't seen you
since you came to visit me in rehab...
but I don't think
they believed me.
Jesus, they think you're the next
fuckin' "Zodiac" or something.
Did anyone see you
when you came in here?
Oh, I don't know.
Man...
all right, well,
why don't you sit down, Danny?
You're really fucked.
Just sit down here.
I'll get you a beer.
Here, have a cold one.
Yeah, you need to open it, Danny.
You really fucked up, Danny.
You're just really fucked.
There was blood everywhere.
She killed them.
Who killed who, Danny?
I tried to wake her up,
but she just won't wake up.
You know, we can't have homeless people
lying around here like a flop house.
You have to pay more attention
to your department.
Hello?
Young lady,
you have to get up.
Maybe she's dead.
She's not dead.
Go get Rudy in sporting goods.
That's just about the craziest fucking
story I've ever heard in my life...
but there's... a woman involved,
so of course it's true.
I mean, no one will ever accuse you of
having a lack of imagination, Danny...
certainly not in the women

you choose.
You know, it's funny...
as I've been telling you this story
I realized something.
Oh, yeah, what's that?
I love her.
Great.
Of course...
of course you do.
No, no, no.
No, I mean.
I really love her, like I've never loved
anyone else... That's... that's...
that's what been wrong with me.
I think I've always loved her, from...
from the first day I saw her.
Danny, she killed two people
that you know about...
and she tried to kill you.
No. No, she didn't kill anyone.
Volpe killed those people.
Volpe killed the people.
Right.
Well, that's a great story, Danny,
but I don't think you'll have...
- any luck convincing anyone of that.
- No, no. I messed up, I let her down.
I have to help her.
I caused this. This is my fault.
Danny, for once in your fucking life,
listen to me, okay?
Now, I'm the last person to tell
anyone to go to the police...
but I think you're out of options, man.
You have to go. Danny.
- No.
- Danny, you have to go and tell them...
that you did not kill these people, that
it was "Sleeping fucking Beauty", man.
No, I can't do that,
I can't betray her. I this is my fault.
Danny, what are we taking
crazy medicine, man?
She'll just fall sleep again.

She's already has a life sentence.

They can't do anything to her.

Then I've got to set her free
from Volpe.

Danny?

Danny, what are you gonna do?

Danny, what are you gonna
fuckin' do, man?

Billy, if they...

if they catch me.

I was... I was never here.

You were never involved in this, okay?

Go, fine, go.

I've got a 2-15

on that County kidnapping case.

They positively I.D.'ed the woman
as kidnap victim Laura Baxter.

She's being returned
to County now.

What's my status, over?

Give it another hour,
then return.

Hey, buddy. Excuse me.

Visiting hours are...

- hey, don't I know you?

- Yeah, my grandmother's here.

- Your Grandmother?

- Yeah.

No, not on my floor.

Hey, can I see some I. D?

Yeah.

You wait right here, okay?

Excuse me.

- Can I help you?

- Yes. I'm Dr. Egon Bhyle...

and I'm here to pick up a patient
Laura Baxter.

Now, if you'll be good enough
to step aside...

Bhyle? Oh, shit!

Welcome.

I see the clock is running down,
the ticking is about to stop.

A willing partner

for our Danse Macabre.
The Clouded Man approaches,
with weapon in hand.
Which is really much less Shakespearean
and Hugh B. Cave, don't you think?
We really must elevate
your reading habits.
Have you ever read "Great Expectations"?
A wonderful book.
I think you should really should think
of me more like Magwitch...
the old benefactor.
Shut up!
You're to save
the Sleeping Beauty.
My dear "Pip",
a kiss isn't going to do it.
She's an orphan,
with an orphan's disease.
She's not going to be fixed.
I'll help her.
She's mine only...
and I've have had her many times
in those dark dreams we share.
A bit of advice for the future...
never assume.
Shit.
Freeze!
You move again,
you'll be talking to Jesus!
And you, too, motherfucker!
Don't move!
I just wanted to thank you.
He was going to hurt me.
Oh, shit. Hey!
- Shit.
- What is going on?
Nothing really.
Call "Nine-one-one". Tell 'em
to get their asses here right now!
Tick, tick.
I'll see if our ride
is here yet.
Miranda?

What is it?
What happened?
Stop!
Freeze!
I said don't fuckin' move!
Detective Garrett,
Police Department.
Turn around.
I said turn around.
Put your hands behind your back.
Come on.
Here.
And now...
you and I, we're gonna have
a nice little chat.
Alright, alright. I know what you think,
but I didn't kill anybody.
- Where's your I. D?
- It's in my pocket.
Well, it's not there now.
- What's your name?
- Danny.
Danny what?
Danny Sloan.
Well, well, well.
How about that?
Mister Daniel Sloan.
I've been looking for you, son.
Here.
You and I are gonna have
a very meaning full conversation here.
- I didn't do anything. I swear.
- That's funny...
'cause there's a dead cop
back in your apartment.
- I didn't kill him.
- Then who did?
Well, that's okay, son.
Because you know what?
Because you're gonna tell me...
eventually.
Then what are you doing here?
What's Volpe to you?
Nothing, I swear.

I came here to...
You came here to what?
Finish it.
I came here to find Laura.
Laura who?
Laura Baxter.
Wait.
The "sleeping girl"?
Oh, I get it.
You're the one who kidnapped her.
You were at the hospital tonight.
What were you doing there?
Are you in this with Volpe?
You went there to break him out?
No!
No. I went there to...
To what?
You went there to what?
I went there to kill him.
Kill him?
Why?
Because of Laura.
I love her.
Son...
you're not making a whole lot
of sense right now.
We have to help her.
Volpe's got her.
I think he's gonna kill her.
I thought he was here, but he's not.
Please, we don't have much time!
Please.
You expecting a call?
That's all right, I'll get it.
Detective Garrett,
Police Department.
Detective Garrett.
Hello.
What a pleasant surprise.
I was expecting someone else.
Someone a bit younger.
Who is this?
Volpe?
Please call me Byron.

You don't happen to have a young man
a very love-sick young man with you?
I see.
May I talk to him?
You can talk to me.
Very well.
Then listen to me.
I know who you are.
I know your secrets.
I know the dark places
you hide.
I know what you do
when you are alone.
I know your dreams.
Dreams?
Don't listen to him.
It's time to share your dreams.
It's time.
Please.
Don't open the door, Billy!
Billy?
Billy?
It's too bad about Mister Dornboss.
I liked him.
We shared a lot of the same views.
I even liked his art.
Well, some of it anyway.
- Where's Laura?
- Sleeping. She needs her rest.
Besides,
the evening may prove stressful.
Detective?
I spoke with your mother.
My mother?
What did she say?
She told me about the little girl
down the street. What was her name?
Corrine.
Corrine.
Corrine. Corinne's mother knows
what happened.
It was terrible
what you did to her.
- It was an accident. I'm sorry.

- Oh, I know you were just playing.
I don't think I'm sorry
is quite good enough, do you?
You need to make amends.
You want to, don't you?
Yes.
Yes.
Where is she?
We have a problem.
We both want the same thing.
Why don't you just use
your psychic crap...
and kill me
and then she'll be all yours?
But she won't, you see.
She'll think of you...
she'll dream of you
like some cheap, Gothic novel.
I can't have any martyrs.
I need to erase you,
so that no fragments...
no twinges of something lost
remain in her heart.
I need to erase you
in this world and in hers.
Why? Why Laura?
Well, because she is the most perfect,
pure thing that ever walked this planet.
And I...
I'm the most corrupt.
How could it be otherwise?
I'm not afraid of you!
You're not Danny.
Now I'll show you the truth.
Ah, well, if Mister Dornboss
was still with us...
I would recommend "The Modern Engineer",
Technical Press 1938.
"Issues of Reliability
in Modern Machines."
Sorry about the
conventional restraints.
I have to stay focused
and the night's young.

Ladies...
the piece that you've been
practicing so hard... play it.
Lovely.
Now to business.
Don't do that.
I'd hate to have to do something
rather vengeful and overt.
You must embrace your fate...
Love your life.
Brave of you to look me
in the eye.
Not many who've done
that have survived.
Gaze into the abyss too enough
and the abyss will gaze into you.
Tick, tick, tick...
tick, tick.
Now...
"Paradise Lost."
Our exquisite, lost angel.
The only things worthwhile in life
are danger and play.
And what could be more dangerously
playful than a woman?
Laura...
it's time to join me.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.
Danny.
It's all right.
You're finally see clearly now.
You'll know the truth and
you'll know this dream is not for you.
I've always protected you.
Laura, open your eyes.
This is your "Clouded Man"...
Look at him.
This is the thing that haunts you,
haunts our world.
Don't you think that you should say
something to her?

Tell her what you really think of her.
Tell her what's in your heart.
Share it so we'll all know.
You...
you are...
nothing to me.
I...
I took you because you were easy.
You were a stupid doll
that I...
could dress up.
How do you think I could...
care for...
some...
some... somebody...
something like...
you?
I'm done with you.
I despise you.
The sight of you makes...
me ill.
Oh, don't cry.
I'll be here for you always.
"If he loved you with all the depth
of his soul for a thousand year...
she couldn't love you as much as
I do for a single day."
Emily Bronte,
"Wuthering Heights".
You will love me.
I will make you.
Then you will only...
be loving...
yourself!
Is that it?
I thought you had more
in you than that.
I'll still have her.
They'll patch me up
and lock me away someplace...
and I'll make sure "Sleeping Beauty"
is in the next room...
just like last time.
No, you won't!

No, you won't!
No, you won't!
I'm staying...
right here...
in this dream, forever...
and ever...
and ever.
That was good...
that was the one.
We're not done here.
Tick, tick,
tick, tick.
Tick, tick,
tick, tick.
No!
No.
No.
No.
Please.
I love you.
Please don't leave me.
Please.
Come on...
we can dream.
We can stay right here...
and let's dream.
Please.
Danny?
Danny?
Danny...
the police are here.
We have to go.
Please wake up.
Attention, we're coming in.
You all must surrender.
Understand. Proceed.
- Dispatch calling.
- Proceed.
Fires were shot.
Check on the victims on the scene.
Here's clean.
We found the victims, over.
It's a beautiful day.
And Volpe.

He's dead, right?
Oh, yes. He's quite dead.
And what about the girl,
Laura Baxter?
Maybe it would be easier
if I was to show you.
She's here.
In a morgue?
Oh, she's alive.
We just moved her here...
keep her from prying eyes,
sustain her.
It's part of a new therapy.
What about Danny Sloan?
Is he alive?
They're both alive.
I thought
I should keep them together.
What's with the liquid?
Well, it prevents bed sores,
helps aerates the tissues...
Will they ever wake up?
He's in a coma.
I don't think he can.
She hasn't awoken
since that night.
Maybe she doesn't want to.
Would it be okay
if I just stay here for a minute?
Sure.
I always keep a promise.
It's The Bossmen
on Lucky Eleven Records, 1966.
It is a beautiful day.
SUBTITLE OMNICATION