



Scripts.com

# The Evil Within

By Andrew Getty

**Man:**

People think dreams are stories.  
They seem like stories,  
but they're not.  
Misguided, no shape, no form.  
No reason.  
Like rummaging  
through unmarked boxes  
in a long-forgotten  
storage shed.  
You'll think it was a story,  
but try telling a friend  
of yours what happened  
in your dream the next day.  
Only then will you finally  
realize, wait a minute,  
"that wasn't a story at all."  
Not all my dreams  
were like this.  
Some of them  
really were stories.  
Some of them were like this.  
(wind blowing)  
Mom takes me  
to an amusement park.  
It's deserted...  
dusty...  
lifeless.  
Even the barkers pitching  
unwinnable games  
for Kewpie doll prizes do so with all  
the joie de vivre of a cancer patient.  
But I'm ecstatic.  
No crowds means no lines.  
(soft music, wind blowing)  
And there it is,  
the snow-capped summit  
In the topography  
of juvenile taste:  
The wonderful  
haunted house ride.  
Its facade promised more  
than papier mache monsters

wrapped in derelict-resistant  
chicken wire.  
Mom, we gotta go.  
We gotta go on  
the haunted house ride.  
Are you sure?  
It says right on the marquee,  
it's the scariest one  
in the world.  
Of course, I'm sure.  
We have to, have to, have to.  
(soft music, wind blowing)  
Are you sure you wanna go?  
The sign ain't lyin'.  
I'm ready.  
Are you sure you're ready?  
And the car lurched forward  
clumsily  
and crashed through the doors,  
which snapped back.  
And into the darkness.  
Into the darkness.  
Whisking along through  
the darkness,  
and, crash, out the other side.  
No pneumatic hiss pop ups,  
no shrill startle bells, nothing, !  
not even the faintest attempt.  
A con game.  
What a rip-off.  
We should get our money back.  
Mom, we got ripped off  
by the idiots who lives here.  
You're not gonna  
do anything about this?  
Mom?  
We should get our money back.  
She turned to me  
very slowly and said,  
'What makes you think  
the ride's over?  
"What makes you think  
it's ever gonna end?"  
That was the first

of these experiences I had.  
I'm still reluctant  
to call them dreams.  
I had that one when I was four.  
Let me show you the one  
I had last night.  
I can't sleep.  
It's this house.  
I hate this house.  
It won't let me sleep.  
Oh, my god, I am asleep,  
and dreaming about being  
right here in my bedroom,  
trying to fall asleep.  
I had to open my eyes,  
but I couldn't.  
I could only open the little  
dream eyes inside my head,  
because I felt the fear.  
I felt the dread, pending,  
closing, all around me.  
Only one kind of dream  
tries to hide itself.  
The door is open.  
He's already here.  
You can't run in a nightmare,  
not with atrophied muscles  
over tungsten bones,  
hot through the gelatinous  
atmosphere,  
not from him.  
(zipping)  
I watched my hand draw a row  
of faces on my whiteboard  
and despite  
the childish artwork,  
I could instantly  
recognize each,  
Family friends. ..  
I left the room, then blackness.  
The next time my senses  
returned to me,  
I was not before my whiteboard,  
I was in a basement,

standing before a mirror,  
surrounded by the  
miss-en-scene of nightmares.  
I was in his world now,  
not my own.  
And I can't wake up.  
I can't wake up.  
Oh, my god, I am awake.  
Awake in the very location  
where my nightmare ended.  
This was real.  
How much nightmare would  
prove to be real?  
Did I sleepwalk here?  
How could I have pulled  
so sadistic a trick on myself?  
Especially as I didn't know  
where "here" was.  
I know this place.  
This is my home.  
I was just in a room that  
doesn't exist in my own house.  
First, relief,  
then a sobering realization.  
As I had fallen asleep  
where my dream began  
and woke up where it ended,  
I could never know for sure  
what was a dream  
and what wasn't.  
Here I am now,  
in a much warmer place,  
in a much brighter place,  
enjoying a picnic with  
my brother and his girlfriend.  
You're gonna have to get used  
to the way I speak out loud,  
my inner voice is considerably  
more sophisticated.  
John, this chicken was good,  
but we didn't bring  
any ice cream.  
I'm sorry I didn't bring any  
ice cream on a picnic, Dennis,

but, uh, well, we have cupcakes.  
No, I don't want cupcakes.  
All I want is ice cream.  
We have ice cream at home.  
Well, I like the kind  
at the store.  
We have that kind at home.  
Well, it's better at the store.  
It's exactly the same.  
You just wanna see that girl.  
What is her name?  
Susan, I think.  
Yeah, she's cute.  
I think someone has a crush.  
No way, all I want is ice cream.  
I don't know any girl.  
What girl?  
- Hey, guys.  
- Hi!  
It's nice to see you.  
Of course, it's nice to see me.  
I'm outlandishly hot.  
Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough?  
You know my flavor.  
Of course I do, you're  
my favorite customer.  
I got ya.  
- You ready for this?  
- Uh-huh!  
You ready, Dennis?  
Surprise, Dennis.  
M-m-mirror.  
I think it'd look good on the wall  
there, between the windows.  
- Yeah. - Where am I  
supposed to put my Habitrails?  
Where did you put  
all of my stuff?  
Where's all of it going?  
It's mostly still  
in here, Dennis.  
No, no, that smelly old box  
is where my robots used to be,  
and that scary statue

is where I kept my comics.

Well, I had to put one or two things  
down in the storage room, Dennis.

You wanna move my Habitrails  
into the storage room?

- Well, Dennis...

- Anyway, I don't like this mirror.

And I don't want it  
in this room.

Dennis, look at the  
shape of this frame,  
compared to the shape  
of the window.

It's the same kind of wood stained  
with the same kind of stain.

It matches the character  
of the house perfectly.

It even matches the  
motif of the furniture  
that you and I chose ourselves.

Use all the big words you want,  
you know I won't be able to  
argue with all of you big words.

- I've seen this mirror before.

- Well, I doubt that.

- No, I have seen it.

- It's unlikely, Dennis.

It wasn't just locked up  
in a vault.

If you surprised us all and  
proved yourself a safe-cracker,  
you still wouldn't  
have found it.

- I know that.

- Well, there's a vault within a vault.

Did you know that?

A prohibition vault.

A place where back in the  
day of Prohibition,  
when booze was illegal,  
people used to hide their booze.

I don't think anyone has  
been in that room,  
since the original owners,

because what I found  
in that room is worth enough  
to pay this mortgage for a year.  
Well, I've been down  
in there and I saw the stuff.  
I saw the mirror  
and I hated it even then.  
Really? Really, Dennis,  
Dennis when was this?  
- I hated it when I saw it.  
- When was this?  
Last night.  
The mirror wasn't even  
in the house last night  
it was in town getting  
restored for you.  
No, it's not for me. You just  
want to get rid of my hamsters.  
Dennis, your hamsters  
really smell bad.  
Now, the mirror  
really looks good.  
Put the mirror in your room.  
It's just one week,  
that's all I'm asking.  
Just... just see if the  
mirror grows on you.  
No, it's not going  
to grow on me.  
Because I don't like  
anything you put in here.  
This isn't my room  
anymore, it's your room.  
But this is the worst thing,  
because the chair,  
I just don't like it.  
But the mirror I hate.  
And I'm gonna break  
the mirror right now.  
- Hey, hey!  
- John!  
Dennis, calm down.  
(whimpering)  
I'm sorry, Dennis.



I'm sorry.  
All right, Dennis, just look,  
you know, a couple of days.  
Just a couple of days is not  
too much to ask, all right?  
And you can keep your hamsters.  
A couple of days, you're  
going to love the mirror.  
You're going to  
love that mirror.  
You can't tell me what  
I like or don't like.  
With the right w-wood.  
With the right stain.  
With the right motif.  
Using all these big words,  
thinking he knows everything.  
Knowing big words  
doesn't make him right.  
Knowing big words  
doesn't even make him smart.  
Just makes him know big words.  
No matter how many long,  
50-cent words he uses,  
he can't tell me to like you.

**Boy:**

I like you a lot.  
We both know where the  
stress is coming from.  
Just put him in a hospital.  
That's why I want to  
redecorate his bedroom,  
so we can sell the place so  
I can put him in a hospital.  
We could sell this place  
tomorrow, unfurnished.  
This is a summer town.  
People that buy here  
want a summer retreat.  
They want it finished.  
Furnished.  
Yes, and I would agree with  
you if we had unlimited time,

but you're a time bomb, sweetie.  
We could put Dennis in... - I'm not  
putting Dennis in a state hospital.  
This train hit my dog  
right in the ass.  
Rectum, said the teacher,  
rectum.  
So, I said, "Rectum?  
It fucking killed him."  
Thank you, thank you.  
You're too kind.  
I tell nice, simple jokes.  
I use no big words.  
Aw, thank you.  
Hey, stop throwing your  
panties on the stage.  
It's really disruptive.  
Destruct, disturbs my concentra...  
See?  
(laughs)  
No big words.  
Thank you.  
You tell jokes everyone  
can understand.  
John's jokes only  
make sense to John.  
You don't get his jokes,  
but everyone else does.  
Why?  
Cause they're about you.  
In his mind everything  
that make him  
sad or angry...  
is your fault.  
How did you get past my gate?  
Oh, please excuse my breach.  
My name is Mildy Torres.  
I work with Social Services.  
And...  
And we got a tip on our  
hotline that you've been  
losing your temper  
around Dennis.  
But when we saw Dennis

yesterday, he seemed fine.  
No marks, no bruises.  
Who said I was losing my temper?  
Aren't you gonna invite me in?  
Yeah.  
Please.  
We just wanna make sure  
that you're the right person  
to take care of Dennis  
because, frankly,  
it's a responsibility some people  
shouldn't be trusted with.  
- I can handle it.  
- Are you sure?  
Because taking care of a  
mentally challenged person  
can be a real handful sometimes.  
Wouldn't it be a load off  
if the state could  
take care of Dennis?  
There's an opening  
in Green Valley.  
- ( Door creaking )

**- Lydia:**

No, it wouldn't be.  
Please excuse us, Lydia.  
Thank you.  
I don't want Dennis in Green Valley.  
Don't you want a break?  
I mean, it all adds up.  
Taking care of a mentally  
challenged person,  
it just wears on you  
and wears on you.  
It changes your personality.  
Do you know where  
it would show up first?  
- Where?  
- Well, why don't you take a guess'?  
- I could give you some...  
- I asked you where, Mildy.  
Your patience.  
You would become very impatient.

Do you know where it  
would show up second?  
I don't have time  
for these games.  
Your temper.  
Your temper would go next.  
And a short-tempered man  
is not fit to be custodian  
of a mentally-challenged one.  
Is this some sort of experiment?  
You want a reaction.  
You keep asking me if I have a  
temper, you're gonna find one.  
Well, you're not dumb,  
I'll give you that.  
Your lab is contaminating your experiment.  
You're completely prejudiced.  
I am angry. How can the  
state split up my family?  
- I'm not a criminal  
- You don't have to be one.  
Social Services can remove  
a child from a suspect parent  
on the strength of one  
anonymous phone call.  
Look, Okay, so let me get this straight.  
I can make a phone call about anyone  
at random without giving my name  
and a person like you  
will show up at their door  
- and remove their children?  
- That's right.  
- And that's legal?  
- Well,  
A lot of people thought  
it was a necessary law  
that was a long time in coming.  
We call those people idiots, Mildy.  
Temper, temper.  
You know, uy, this has been amazing, Mildy.  
We must do this again sometime.  
Oh, we will, we will.  
(cell phone beeps)  
(sighs)

Dr. Preston,  
John Peterson.

I need to come and see you.

No, not next week.

Now, man.

Right now.

This bitch, Mildy Torres  
from Social Services  
shows up at my front door,  
finagles her way in  
and tells me I'm under investigation,  
that I might lose Dennis.

Why are you under investigation?

She said someone complained that  
I've been losing my temper...

violently.

Now she doesn't think  
Dennis is safe with me.

- You're very tense, John.

- But that's normal, right?

The situation I'm in  
justifies my tension.

No, it legitimizes it.

It does not justify it.

The last time we spoke,  
all you could talk about  
was moving away from Dennis,  
finding a care facility for him.

Yeah, and I still want that.

Then why didn't you give Dennis the  
choice of going to Social Services?

Because she would've  
sent him to Green Valley.

Have you seen the fucking place?

- I volunteer there twice a week.

- Okay, well, it's fine.

It's just not right for Dennis.

You want a private hospital.

How badly?

How soon?

Oh, Christ, Doc.

I don't even have  
a life anymore.

All I do, I... I...

I care for Dennis 24/7.  
If he's not in the car  
I don't even know  
what station to put it on.  
I just scan and I scan.  
I don't even know  
my own taste in music.  
You have got  
to get out of there.  
Losing your identity...  
That's a pretty, pretty  
serious sign, John.  
He's my responsibility.  
I can't dump him  
in someone else's lap.  
I owe him.  
No else can pay my debt.  
Debt?  
What do you owe him?  
And Susan is handing me ice cream...  
and she's dropped a little  
and is slipping in it.  
Looks like she's gonna crack her skull.  
Oh, but luckily there's  
a pillow on the floor.  
Or a pillow case  
full of broken glass.  
But I rush in  
and I catch her  
and throw her on the glass.  
Stop.  
This is ruining the drawing.  
(background chatter)  
- John.  
- No.  
I don't even like that tone.  
We're not gonna fight, are we'?'  
No, you're not gonna itemize the  
way in which I disappoint you.  
- Not today.  
- Yes, I am.  
What do I think  
John and Lydia are doing?  
They're discussing big ideas.

With big 50-cent words in them.  
You can see how overwrought I am.  
I don't have time today  
to fucking breathe.  
And yet you do nothing about  
your overwhelming lifestyle.  
If it were as difficult as you claim,  
then you would've done  
something about it by now.  
But you haven't,  
so it seems to me  
that you like the situation you're in.  
Makes you seem selfless,  
gives you room to operate.  
- Operate'?  
- Well,  
no one would ever question ore  
even suspect a tireless martyr.  
Suspect me of what?  
You're never gonna  
marry me, John, are you?  
You've got the perfect  
excuse to stay single  
and not look like a cad.  
You've got Dennis.  
They're right on the edge  
of having another huge argument  
as always.  
Why do they even stay together?  
They both must like to argue,  
but neither one of them  
will ever admit it.  
What's tonight's argument about?  
Lydia's trying to convince John  
that you're the reason  
there's so much tension.  
He's resisting,  
but her will is stronger.  
It's just a matter of time  
until she has him convinced  
that his life would be a whole easier  
without a big dribbling  
mongoloid in it.  
Look, we're not gonna

do this again, are we?  
Do what?  
Break up, wait a month,  
realize there's nobody better out there  
and get back together again?  
Uh, come on. It was not  
even that big of a fight.  
That was just a discussion.  
I never could tell the difference  
between fights and discussions.  
I was always surprised  
as to which was which.  
Well, you could ask me  
which it is as we're going.  
Huh?  
So, uh, which is this?  
What we're doing right HOW?  
Yeah.  
This is foreplay.  
Do you think I'm retarded?  
Uh, just a second, Dennis.  
( Nervous chuckle)  
It's okay.  
I'll see you later.  
Okay.  
Shit.  
Okay, now what's going on?  
D-do you think I'm a big  
dribbling mongoloid?  
(laughs) Where..  
Where do you get these ideas, Dennis?  
I don't think you're that big.  
Dribble you do,  
and mongoloid you are,  
but big?  
Well, that's just  
wishful thinking, buddy.  
No, I'm not a mongoloid  
- I was just kidding.  
- Well, you should stop.  
I'm not retarded.  
I'm just slow.  
I don't even think  
you're that slow, buddy.



No, I'm smarter  
than people think I am.  
I'm getting smarter and  
smarter all the time.  
I know you are.  
I'm not afraid to look at myself  
in the mirror anymore.  
(thud)  
(whimpers)  
(gasping)  
Oh wow.  
Bad dreams, buddy'?  
Yeah, yeah.  
I borrowed one of your ties.  
You don't really use 'em anyway.  
Okay.  
You can have it.  
I gotta talk to you.  
I need to know.  
A dream is a story I tell myself,  
Right?  
What do you mean exactly?  
I tell myself a story.  
One part of my brain  
tells another part  
of my brain a story.  
Yeah.  
Yeah, it's a good way  
of saying it, I guess.  
Well, if it's a story I tell me,  
how can I trick myself?  
Well, wait.  
What do you mean?  
You can't tell yourself a joke  
and not see the punch line coming.  
What, you... you...  
you think someone else  
is telling you these stories?  
I think that...  
that it has to be.  
Someone like...  
Me?  
(gasps)  
(thud, cries out)

(laughs)  
I scared you.  
I was not scared.  
You're scared of some  
of your own hamsters.  
We gotta do something about it.  
We gotta fix the scare.  
How can you make me  
not scared anymore?  
We have to stop the nightmares.  
How can we stop the nightmares?  
We have to fix our brain.  
We have to get better  
and become smart.  
There's a way to do it,  
but nobody tells you how.  
Why don't they just tell me  
how to get better?  
Because it's a test.  
They make up rules that are lies  
to see if you'll be dumb  
enough to believe them.  
So what do I do?  
Follow only the real rules.  
How do I do that?  
You gotta go kill a kitty cat.  
Why?  
It's what you're supposed to do.  
They say it's bad  
to kill kitty cats.  
But you like eating meat, right?  
So farmers can kill animals, right?  
See? That's the  
due they gave you.  
They serve you meat.  
They're testing your...  
gullibility when they say  
it's bad to kill animals.  
If you kill a cat  
you can prove that you know  
which rules are fake.  
And they'll all know  
you're becoming smarter.  
You really think so?

We have to be brave.  
We have to kill  
our neighbor's cat.  
The tabby.  
But that kitty likes me.  
Thaw make it easier to catch.  
- ( meows )  
- ( clicking tongue )  
( meows )  
Psst, psst, psst, psst...  
(clicking tongue)  
(hissing, meows...)  
I did very good work today.  
I did many kitties  
and many doggies.  
This... this taxidermy cassette,  
ifs very important.  
Why?  
It's gonna teach you  
what to do with  
the kitties and doggies  
you bring back.  
Grab a doggy from the cooler.  
You're holding a new paint brush, Dennis.  
( Hammering )  
Hey, buddy, I didn't even know  
you knew how to do anything  
involving wood work.  
Im getting better and better at it.  
Can I see?  
- Oh, not yet.  
- Why not?  
Well, you get  
your private office.  
Why can't this be  
my private office?  
Why can't this be where  
my work stays just for me?  
Oh no, brother.  
I gotta see this.  
I'll show you all of it  
in a few clays.  
"Taxidermy."  
"Forensic..."

Why do you have these tapes?

Why do you wanna know about  
butchery and leather care  
and taxidermy,  
especially forensics?

What is that smell?

No, Dennis, I'm definitely  
coming in there.

No, no.

Those aren't my cassettes.

They got in my bag by mistake

You know, Dennis,

I might believe that

if there was one cassette on one topic,  
maybe two, but not four.

These didn't fall into someone's bag.

Someone went shopping for these  
and placed them in a bag.

Yes, but that someone  
wasn't me.

So you picked up  
someone else's bag?

Yeah.

I got their books on tape  
and they got mine.

Well, thank God,

because this is, uh,

- that's, that...

- (doorbell ringing)

Excuse me, buddy.

(footsteps descending)

- Hey babe, come on in.

- Uh-uh, you come out.

Come on, let's get something to eat.

( Hammering )

Uh, okay.

Hang on a second.

Hey, uh, Dennis.

You gonna be okay

for a couple hours?

I'm gonna go out with Lydia.

**Dennis:**

You know, just before

you picked me up  
I had a nasty scare.  
What happened?  
I heard a hammer pounding  
down in the basement.  
So I went down to investigate.  
It couldn't be Dennis.  
Dennis doesn't know  
anything about carpentry.  
But it is Dennis,  
suddenly looking a lot like  
a professional carpenter.  
But the fact that he's doing  
something skillfully is exciting,  
But it's also kinda scary.  
What's he building?  
- I don't know.  
- You don't know?  
It doesn't really matter.  
Even if it's an atrocity  
it want be an eyesore  
because it's down in  
the basement.  
Well, aren't you  
the slightest bit curious?  
I mean, when's he gonna show you?  
He said he would show me  
in a couple of days.  
You know...  
you should've seen him  
with his tool belt  
and his protective goggles.  
What if he could  
become a carpenter?  
Get a job.  
Look at you.  
You're so proud of him.  
You'd make a great dad.  
Well, I wanna be a dad.  
I wanna be your husband.  
And I wanna know  
what you call those  
turbine engine-driven  
ceramic and titanium vehicles

you see maybe once  
or twice in a lifetime.  
I never remember  
what they're called.  
But what do you call that?  
( Scoffs )  
I can't believe I fell for that.  
They're very fast.  
(gasps)  
- What is this?  
- I have no idea.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
Those look a lot like the  
earrings that you saw in Aspen  
that you fell in love with  
that I couldn't afford.  
Now this is wrapping up  
much too neatly  
to be a coincidence.  
No.  
Okay, what's wrong?  
Are they not the right earrings?  
Why did you set me up like that?  
Set you up like what?  
We were talking about marriage,  
children.  
Earrings?

**Man on TV:**

But with spiders  
the challenge  
is of a different nature.  
Spiders are not social animals.  
They have no families.  
If the spider's gene is to last  
into the next generation,  
he must approach  
the female by stealth,  
careful not to be seen by her.  
Because spiders are Cannibals,  
and females are much  
larger than males.  
I would give you a ring today  
if you would live with Dennis.

When I said I wanted a baby,  
I meant the small kind,  
the cute kind.  
Not the 30-year-old  
masturbating kind.

**Man on TV:**

procreative ad compete,  
the male spider  
must now escape her web  
before she catches and eats him.  
To her the male  
is not a husband,  
not a mate,  
not even another spider.  
To the female,  
the male is merely food.  
Australia is home to the  
world's most venomous spiders.  
Notable amongst them  
is the funnel-web.  
Unique not only  
for its deadly poison,  
but for its inexplicably  
aggressive behavior.  
It will, unprovoked,  
charge anyone it sees.  
Which raises the question,  
why?  
If it doesn't have a soul,  
it will bite you  
without a second thought  
because it doesn't have a first.  
If it does have a soul,  
it will bite you  
because it doesn't like you...  
you fucking retard.

**Demon:**

to appreciate your disgust  
with its soullessness.  
Look at those eyes,  
those lifeless black spheres.  
Could they be looking back?

No.  
No, not these eyes.  
Those eyes.  
- (screeching)  
- (gasps, screaming)  
I'll let you wake up  
if you do a job for me.  
Say yes,  
and your dreams will be  
pleasant for a long time.  
Say no...  
and I'll knock off  
the training wheels.  
If you think this was bad,  
wait.  
You have to do this.  
You have to go get a boy, get a little boy  
if you want to get better.  
I have to kill a little boy?  
Ora little girl.  
It doesn't matter.  
It has to be a child.  
Why?  
'Cause that's what  
we'll need to do  
to prove that we're not stupid.  
It's the next step in the test.  
Once you realize  
killing animals isn't bad,  
it soon gets clear  
that all killing isn't bad.  
To learn killing animals is okay,  
they meat.  
You don't know how many times  
your meat at dinner time  
was someone you knew.  
I ate kids at dinner?  
Many times.  
Everybody kills  
little boys and girls,  
and they're all  
disappointed in you  
because you haven't done it.  
It's only a few hours



until dawn.  
Go out and kill a kid.  
(crying)  
Why'd I do that?  
Why?  
It's not helping me.  
I don't feel smarter.  
Nobody says I'm acting smarter.  
You did good work,  
very good work.  
All we did was  
kill three kids.  
I'm just as dumb as I ever was.  
We did very well.  
And I have to tell you  
a secret now.  
This isn't helping me.  
I gotta tell you a secret.  
Lean in close.  
This isn't helping me.  
When you're sleeping at night,  
I'm the one who  
whispers in your ear.  
Sorry about the stories I tell,  
but it's just a little darker over here.  
Thank you.  
- Thank you for meeting me, Dr. Preston.  
- Of course.  
Have a seat.  
You need more sessions with me, right?  
Desperately.  
And you can't  
afford them, right?  
Not really, no.  
What if I give you my lunchtime  
every day for a month?  
We wouldn't be in session.  
We'd be having lunch  
together as friends  
so I wouldn't have to charge you.  
That would be great.  
I do expect a fee,  
just not a cash fee.  
What do you want?

You can't skirt issues  
by claiming they're not  
what you want to talk about.  
If I want to talk about  
the house and the car  
you can't afford,  
you must play along.  
Fair enough?  
So it's half therapy,  
half browbeating?  
More like 90 percent  
therapy you think you need  
and ten percent therapy  
I think you need.  
That's fine.  
Well, we'll start with  
what you think  
your problems are.  
Who are you?  
I'm not just one.  
I've been called legion.  
I am many.  
Well, where are you?  
I'm right here.  
The dark place,  
where is the dark place?  
I'm not sure.  
I couldn't show you on a map.  
I do know this though,  
no one here ever wanted to come,  
but you, oh Dennis,  
you would love it here.  
If you came here,  
you'd be happy  
for the rest of your life.  
If I went there,  
I'd be happy  
for the rest of mine.  
So what do we do?  
Just keep doing  
what you're doing.  
It'll make you smarter.  
It'll make me able to go where you are.  
It's a good deal

all the way around.  
Just keep doing  
what you're doing.  
What do you look like?  
You wanna see me?  
Take this mirror and point  
it at the closet mirror.  
Take a step back.  
Look down the hallway into infinity.  
Is that you?  
I didn't choose  
to look this way.  
Why should I help you anymore?  
You hurt me.  
Who's really hurting you?  
Me?  
Or Susan?  
Susan likes me.  
She wouldn't fuck you  
with someone else's pussy.  
Why?  
She wouldn't fuck a retard.  
How revolting.  
But a serial killer...  
ah, how exciting.  
How intriguing.  
How mysterious.  
You know what makes you so  
unattractive in Susan's eyes?  
No.  
She thinks you couldn't hurt a fly.  
She thinks you're insignificant.  
If you killed her,  
she'd die screaming,  
she'd die in agony,  
but she'd die wet  
between the legs.  
Am I really your enemy?  
Tsk, tsk, Dennis,  
I'm your only friend.  
I'm hungry, Dennis.  
Let's go get some ice cream.  
(screaming)  
( clanging )

Hello?

(creaking)

- ( screeching )

- ( gasps )

(gasps)

Oh my God, Dennis.

Thank God it's you.

Hi.

What's up with

the hand in the coat?

You hiding a concealed

weapon or something?

(laughs)

- Uh, no.

- No?

It's a new notebook I got here.

I'm gonna write down notes

in it and keep them.

Can you read?

Well, uh, no, but what

I've kinda been doing

is asking other people

to write down notes

and then when I get home

I ask John to read them to me.

That's the coolest thing

that I've ever heard.

I was hoping

you'd write me a note,

I would love too, Dennis.

Take a letter, Susan.

Okay.

To...

whomever it may concern:

I, Susan Hill,

being of

sound mind and hot body...

(giggling)

am prepared to make

the following confessions.

I think Dennis Peterson

is super keen

and I would like

to have his babies.

I can't think of a way  
to get him to ask me out  
or tell him that my idea of a perfect date  
would include bumper cars  
and ice cream here in my own store  
This is a joke, isn't it?  
Why?

I would just feel more  
comfortable if you were kidding.

I mean, you're not really  
asking me out, are you?  
Would it be so wrong if I did?

Well, Dennis, I'm spoken for.

No, you broke up with  
that guy two weeks ago.

Yeah, I'm not...

I'm not ready  
to move on, Dennis.

You can't just turn  
love off like a switch.

You were only dating him for a month!

Dennis, it wouldn't work out between us.

(clanging)

(grunts)

- ( horn honking)

- ( brakes screeching )

Are you lying, John?

No.

Are you sure?

When you continue

lying to someone

whom you know

knows you're lying,

that's when it can be called compulsive.

(scoffs)

How do you know?

Friendly word of advice, John.

Steer clear of poker.

It wouldn't be your game.

Quite a tell, huh?

- Oh. Sorry.

- Excuse me.

I'm so sorry.

- Lydia.

- Hi, John.  
Are you spying on me?  
No.  
No, I, uh, I just needed a ride.  
Well, I'm going home.  
That's okay.  
You want company?  
Yeah.  
- Yeah, sure.  
- Okay.  
Thanks.  
What was our first date like?  
Feeling nostalgic?  
Sentimental?  
You wanna do it again,  
see if we can recapture  
something, is that it?  
What're we doing down here?  
Dennis spends a lot of his spare  
time down here these days.  
Oh right, carpentry.  
The carpentry.  
(knocks on door)  
Hey, Dennis.  
Come here, buddy.  
I got a surprise for you.

**Dennis:**

You know I love surprises.

**John:**

Come on out and I'll  
tell you all about it.  
Tonight, you're in charge.  
Whatever you wanna do we'll do.  
All three of us.  
Let's go to the car, chop, chop.  
Dennis.  
The girls are over here,  
the girls are over there  
Love is in the air  
Yeah, the girl's are fair  
walking in the field  
Flower in the air

I Looking for a fling  
with a millionaire.  
How do they make  
the things move?  
Like, the octopus, how do they  
make all those eight big tentacles  
of the octopus move like that?  
Well, it's animatronics, Dennis.  
Very simple one.  
See the wires attached  
to the tentacles?  
Well, they go up past the  
curtain where we can't see them.  
Into a big plastic tube  
with a bunch of disks on it.  
It's not too unlike a giant shish kabob  
skewer, put through old vinyl records.  
But it doesn't actually go through the  
center, it's a little off center,  
so when it rotates, the  
disc goes up and down  
and subsequently the arms attached  
to that disc go up and down as well,  
moving cables,  
which move the tentacles.  
I didn't understand any of that.  
( laughing)  
Hi, What'll it be?  
Large pepperoni pizza  
and a pitcher of diet.  
And a strawberry milkshake.  
Okay, I'll be back in a flash.  
I'm gonna go to the bathroom.  
When I look in her eyes  
I see the sunrise  
He is really well-behaved this evening.  
You didn't talk me into that one.  
I just did it and I don't know why.  
I knew you'd come  
around eventually.  
What happened?  
You've developed immunities,  
so you're upping your dosage.  
Why?

You're addicted. Stop killing and  
sobriety's icy hand will have you.  
Hell, you can't even  
decrease your kills,  
but any increase  
and you overdose.  
So, what do I do?  
You graduate to stronger shit.  
You have to kill those  
close to you now.  
Friends, family, you have to  
kill more people like Susan.  
I think you're tricking me.  
I think you had this  
planned all along.  
You say everyone else is tricking me,  
but it's you.  
I know that now, so you  
can't trick me anymore.  
You're still gonna have  
to do everything I say,  
because I control your dreams.  
I can handle the nightmares.  
You haven't yet had a nightmare.  
I won't do it.  
You're getting real close.  
I can smell your soul getting ripe.  
I won't do it.  
Oh, you'll do it, retard, or I'll find  
another retard, and he'll do it to you.  
(whimpering)  
Oh, wow.  
Hi, Susan.  
You got me really good.  
Car? Hit me right here,  
first, and then up here,  
You can't even really see  
a bruise, can you?  
(giggling)  
My skin held up pretty well.  
Even after the bus sent me  
through the windshield.  
You'd think I'd be cut, but I'm not.  
My skin...



(giggling)  
is good.  
There's not a mark  
anywhere on it.  
And most of my bones  
aren't broken either.  
You know that saying,  
"a chain is only as strong  
as its weakest link"?  
Well, you can see that my skin  
isn't the weakest link.  
My bones aren't either.  
What is?  
Absolutely everything else.  
You can see now, Dennis that my skin,  
Is the only thing  
that's holding me together.  
(whimpering)  
Hey, you nod off there, buddy?  
Well, I guess you've had  
enough fun for one night.  
Come on, we'll take you home.  
You can't hurt me  
if I don't fall asleep.  
You know what happens  
if you stay awake too long?  
I don't care.  
You reach a state  
of semi-consciousness,  
unable to discern  
asleep from awake.  
You know what happens if you stay  
in the dark place long enough?  
You get really ugly.  
You ain't seen nothing yet.  
How can you stay awake all night?  
You won't last an hour.  
Nighty night.  
This just in, Sleep.  
Let yourself sleep.  
Sleep.  
(gibberish)  
Sleep.  
- You still up?

- Nope, I just woke up.  
Glad to hear you got some sleep.  
Whew! You are ripe.  
You need a bath.  
Let's go run one.  
I'm not. I get to call the  
shots today and I say no bath.  
Yes, that was yesterday.  
Run a bath.  
Today.  
Chop, chop.  
Wake up, honey.  
We overslept.  
(grunts)  
What are you talking about?  
You went to go check on  
Dennis five minutes ago.  
No, I didn't.  
You didn't?  
No.  
You didn't tell him  
to take a bath?  
No.  
That's weird,  
I must have dreamt it.  
- I got the "morning afters."  
- Yeah.  
Morning after crack  
and gasoline.  
What the hell did  
we drink last night?  
We didn't. We didn't drink  
anything last night.  
Let's get some coffee  
at the ice cream place.  
Hey, Susan, do you still...  
That's not Susan, honey.  
Sorry, ma'am, I just so  
used to seeing Susan here.  
You look so much like her.  
People have made that mistake  
tons of times before.  
You'll be seeing me here from now on.  
Where is Susan?

- I'm sorry, you haven't heard?

- No.

She had an accident.

What kind of accident?

A traffic accident, kind of.

She got hit by a car.

- Oh, my god.

- Well, how is she doing?

She's dead.

- Oh, honey, here she comes.

- Good. Ma'am.

- Miss.

- Ma'am.

Excuse me, ma'am.

- Wow.

- Sir? Sir? Could you send...

Thank you.

What would you like?

- Uh, I want a drink. You?

- Definitely.

Vodka, soda, splash

of pineapple, please.

And I will have a Jack, neat.

And what happened

to the usual waitress?

What's her name, Jenny?

I'm filling in for her.

She's sick or something.

Hostess, valet, waitress...

it's beginning to seem

like an epidemic.

No kidding.

Totally forgot my appointment

with Dr. Preston.

At least I'll see one familiar face today.

Excuse me, Dr. Preston?

- I am, uh, I'm sorry.

- Thanks fucking Christ for that.

I'm in the mood to vent, and you

caught me at a hell of a time.

Go ahead, ask me the question.

Ask me what everyone

fucking asks me,

every fucking minute

of every fucking day.  
"Why do you look like that?  
What's wrong with you?"  
You wanna know what's  
wrong with me?  
Nothing.  
I'm just dandy.  
Until of course some asshole  
like you comes along,  
and ruins my damn good time.  
Terribly sorry, sir.  
I need a break.  
- After we get Mildy.  
- Who?  
You'll remember when we see her.  
But I don't know.  
She's a bitter social reject who  
can never feel good about herself,  
so to even the playing field  
she makes everyone feel bad.  
No! What if I say,  
"No, I won't kill Mildy"?  
I won't kill anyone again.  
She's coming for you now.  
She's coming with the police.  
Good.  
Go too long without killing  
and the nightmares start, Dennis.  
I can fix that.  
If I kill me, I kill us.  
How do you like  
the dark place, Dennis?  
Y-you said I'd be happy  
for the rest of my life.  
You're not alive  
anymore, Dennis.  
I am.  
So we're all clear, right?  
John Peterson?  
Mildy Torres, Social Services,  
with a court order relieving you  
of your custodial responsibilities  
to Dennis Peterson.  
Looks like nobody's home.

Yeah, we don't have  
a search warrant, so...  
So stick to what's  
in plain sight.  
All right.  
You smell that?  
Retard stink.  
No, it smells good.  
Wait a minute, we're alone here, right?  
Yeah, turkeys, chicken,  
roast beef, it all takes a day.  
All right, so I'm going up here,  
you're gonna take the kitchen?  
Just save me a piece, all right, Don?  
- Yeah, right.  
- I'm serious.  
(thud)  
Did you hear that?  
You better fucking  
save me a piece.  
(static)  
(freezer starts)  
(gasps)  
I don't recognize a soul.  
It's worse than that. We haven't  
recognized anyone all day.  
Where is everyone?  
I don't know. Must be  
the flu or something.  
Well, why would it only  
target our friends?  
Okay, so what's your guess?  
Well, Dennis is holed up  
in the basement  
with instructions for  
butchers and taxidermists.  
It smells like Satan's  
ass down here.  
People are missing,  
one's dead for sure...  
Not everyone we know  
is missing, okay?  
Ha! There's Pete.  
Pete from the bookstore.

Hey, Pete!

Pete!

Uh, hi, John, Lydia,

what's going on?

You're a little bit excited

and it's creeping me out, man.

It's just really good to see you.

Yeah, super to see you guys.

No, no.

You don't understand, man.

You're the first familiar face

we've seen all day.

It's just really "Twilight Zone" -ish.

Okay.

Uh, oh, John, I've got Dennis

books on the tape here.

Yeah, this is definitely

Dennis's.

I've got Chuck's marked down

there with a different color.

Have Chuck's and Dennis' books

been getting messed up?

Yeah.

Thank God.

Yes, thank God. Parking

of the Red Sea was okay,

but I was not a believer until I

witnessed the bookstore fuck up.

- Have you seen any of Chuck's cassettes?

- Yeah?

Because I was a bit worried

they may be Dennis's.

Okay, yeah I got that.

He's been spending a lot

of time in the basement.

There's weird smells

coming out of there.

And stinking in the basement is okay

if you're reading the right books.

Exactly.

Well, there you have it.

- What? - Well, Dennis didn't

even buy the book, Chuck did.

Your point?

Your theory about Dennis no longer has a leg to Stan on. Well then, why do you lie about him so much? What are you hiding? What? Why are you lying? I'm not lying. We both know you're lying. You really wanna know? Dennis was a prodigy. His IQ is not traditionally measurable. Taught himself arithmetic through long division at age five, library books. He was a hero in the papers and still a hero to Dr. Preston. He keeps a display case of newspaper clippings, essays, novellas, theories, all about or by Dennis. What happened? I don't remember all of it. I was eight when he was six and we got into a fight, and I punched him, good punch, knockout punch right to the jaw. And he went tumbling down the stairs. He was only unconscious for about an hour, but, uh, when he came to, he couldn't read. He couldn't even tie his own shoelaces. Christ, I don't know. I don't even know what the fight was about. You did this to him. He was a genius? Christ, I'd love to get away with you. Start a family, have a normal life,

but I really do owe  
every cent that I make,  
every moment of my life to Dennis.  
We're gonna have  
to talk to Dennis.  
About what?  
He'll need to know how things  
are going to change.  
What's going to change?  
For one, that house is going to be a  
little more cramped with me living in it.  
You could live with Dennis?  
Well, it's not a dream come  
true, but it is a family.  
And that's more than I ever had.  
Wait, wait, I'm sorry,  
where are you going?  
I'm gonna go get Dennis.  
Get the birthday table  
at Monsoon's.  
He's gonna have a lot to digest.  
A lot of complicated  
grown-up issues  
and pizza to digest.  
So, how about them Dodgers?  
I'm sorry, Pete.  
I'm sorry to everyone, I seem  
to have made a bit of a spectacle.  
No, no, dude.  
None oi us. Even noticed.  
Let me just put Dennis' books  
there on the edge of your table.  
- You look a bit crazy, man.  
- Yeah, I feel a bit weird.  
You take anything, man?  
Just prescription stuff.  
Well, let's not jump to  
conclusions and blame the drugs.  
Anybody would freak when they found out  
what Dennis has been reading about.  
Well, I haven't yet found out what  
Dennis has been reading about.  
I know what Chuck's  
been reading.



Oh yeah, now, that's creepy.  
Why? What has Dennis  
been reading?  
Well, books on forensics  
and taxidermy.  
That's... that's Chuck.  
No, that's Dennis.  
It's an acquired taste.  
Don't worry about that smell in  
your basement, it's dead animals.  
Taxi!  
Pete, you gotta call the cops.  
I don't want to.  
Send them to my house.  
There's a crime in progress.  
Dennis!  
(baby crying)  
- Denn..  
- (baby crying)  
(crying continues)  
Here's the knife, alakazam,  
Gone. Boo!  
(heavy breathing)  
(power tool whirring)  
(splashing, grinding)  
(splattering, grinding)  
Gesundheit.  
(creaking)  
Dennis?  
Good evening.  
Lydia?  
Say hello to John.  
Hello, John.  
Lydia, you seem a little sad.  
Is something wrong?  
Yes, I feel all empty inside.  
I'm a shell of my former self.  
Why are you feeling that way?  
I've demanded so much  
of my brother's time  
that he no longer has a life.  
I can't care for myself,  
so duty binds him to me.  
And you feel guilty

because of that?

I took all the time he could  
have focused on his own needs  
and demanded he focus  
on my needs.

I took his life away.

Oh, it can't be that bad.

What could be worse?

You could remove any hope  
of his having a normal life.

How?

Well, you could push him down  
the stairs and damage his brain.  
Render him mentally incompetent.  
What kind of a monster would  
do that to his own family?

A spider.

What do spiders do?

They kill all their  
family members.

That's not as bad as what I did.

And what you did isn't as bad  
as damaging someone's brain.

Oh? Why not?

When you damage someone's brain  
you darken their whole world.

Dennis.

Dennis, what are you doing?

Nothing remains familiar.

Family loses familiarity.

Dennis, get me out of the chair.

Imagine that.

Imagine what?

How it must feel to wander  
about a town once familiar  
only to meet fifth generation  
copies of people you once knew.

How could someone  
in that position cope?

He'd have to think

like a spider.

Dennis, Dennis, Dennis,  
everything is gonna be fine.

A spider's so cold

and deceptive.

Oh, Christ.

Dennis. Dennis. Dennis! Dennis!

Let me out of the chair!

Dennis, God damn it!

Let me out of the chair!

Right now!

Everyone is.

Dennis, listen to me!

God damn it, Dennis,

let me out of the chair!

Let me tell you a story about  
a worse deception still.

(door creaking)

Now I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

If I die before I wake,

I pray the Lord my soul to take.

And I pray the Lord forgive me,  
but he cannot stay.

He takes attention I need  
from my Mommy away.

He reminds me all the time  
that I'm not him.

Forgive me, oh Lord,  
but I'm about to sin.

These injuries could not have  
happened in the fall.

Ah-ha!

The jealous older brother.

He's the victim of an attack.

I'll revive him, he'll talk.

Talk to me, boy.

Beautiful, beautiful boy.

God dammit, Dennis!

Get me out of this chair.

Foiled! No, not foiled,  
just a setback.

We'll bring you back.

And your brother

will get his comeuppance.

Everyone is deceiving everyone.

We're not social animals,  
it's a rogue world.

A spider world.  
The itsy bitsy spider  
crawled up the water spout  
Down came the rain,  
and washed the spider out.  
(roaring)  
Dennis! Let me out  
of the chair!  
Dennis!  
Dennis!  
(roaring)  
(gasping)  
(screaming)  
(screaming)  
The doctors tell me  
if I received orders  
to kill from the person  
who made up my dreams  
and the person I saw  
in the mirror,  
then I ordered myself to kill.  
I am simply insane.  
None of this is real,  
but that isn't true.  
I'm not in this hospital.  
This isn't me.  
I'm in this hospital,  
this is me.  
All I do now is hope, hope  
that the cheap electric car  
will come crashing  
through the doors.  
I'll be safely back  
at the carnival.  
and the scariest haunted  
house in the world  
will finally come to an end.

**Woman:**

la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la  
(music playing)