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The Man with Two Brains

By George Gipe

Check the heartline.

- Are you hyperventilating the patient?

- No, doctor.

Ready the bone wax.

Metzenbaum scissors.

- Get that cat out of here.

- Yes, sir.

- Ready to close. Remove the retractor.

- We're closing, doctor.

Remove the Rainey clip,
for God's sake!

I appreciate your letting me observe
that brain operation today.

It would've been complicated
if he needed one...

...but you wanted

to observe my technique...

That was very nice of you.

Doctor, were you...?

Were you interested

in science as a child?

I don't know if I was interested
so much in the science...

...as I was the slime that goes
along with it. Snakes and frogs.

And when I saw how slimy
the human brain was...

...I knew that's what I wanted to do
with my life.

What's the matter, Timon?

I thought you liked fish.

- They taste funny.

- Really?

It's fresh.

It came right out of that tank.

You cooked my angelfish?

Why do you do these terrible things?

Because I love to see
those veins in your temple throb.

I'll kill you. I'll kill...

Devil woman!

- You'll never do this to another man!

- Oh, yes, I will.

I'll do it and I'll do it

and I'll do it again.
Would you read that back?
That might make me
sound pompous to your readers.
"My brilliant research in brain
transplantation is unsurpassed...
...and will probably make my name
live beyond eternity."
No, that's all right.
Take out the "probably."
It just makes me sound wishy-washy.
You take your hands off me,
you impotent prune!
My Renoir. I'll kill you.
I get so excited when you get angry.
It makes me feel much closer
to the reading of the will.
You won't get a penny.
- I changed my will months ago.
- You son of a bitch.
Well, I guess I'll just find
a new man to torture.
Dr. Furrier...
- That's "Hfuhruhurr."
- I'm sorry.
A lot of people mispronounce it.
But it sounds just the way it's spelled,
H-F-U-H-R...
...U- H-U-R-R. Hfuhruhurr.
Hfuhruhurr.
That's good. You went a little past it.
Just put the brakes on a little sooner.
Doctor, I know you were quite shaken
by the tragic death of your wife.
I couldn't talk about it
for a long while.
But time passes by,
and I can handle it now.
Her name was Rebecca...
Why, why, why?
Is ookums having
a massive heart attack?
What a shame.
With me so young and hot!

Pom-Pom!
Rip her throat out!
Why? Why? Why?
- Dr. Furrier.
- Hfuhruhurr.
I'm sorry.
She was...
...everything.
Is that her?
No. That's just a statue of her.
Our gardener, Ramon,
he made that for me after she...
I love the way her head moves.
She almost looks alive.
Watch out!
An angel.
- Little girl?
- Yes, sir.
I want you to do something
important, all right?
Okay.
I want you to run home
and call the ER...
...of North Bank General Hospital,
932-1000.
Tell them to set up
O.R. 6 immediately.
Contact anesthesiologist
Isadore Tourick, 472-2112, beep 12.
Have them send an ambulance
with a paramedic, light IV...
...D- 5 and W, KVO.
You got it?
ER, North Bank General
Hospital, 932-1000.
Set up O.R. 6, call anesthesiologist
Isadore Tourick, 472-2112, beep 12.
Ambulance with paramedics
and light IV, D-5, and W, KVO.
That's good.
Sounds like
a subdural hematoma to me.
Oh, it does, does it?
Well, it's not your job to diagnose.

- But I thought...

- You thought, you thought. Just go!
Three years of school,
you think you know it.
You're still wet behind the ears.
It's not a subdural hematoma...
...it's epidural.
Goddamn, that makes me mad.
I don't find this amusing, Garrero!
This is a better story
than I ever hoped for.
A beautiful woman gets hit
by a car and needs brain surgery.
The man who hits her is
the world's greatest brain surgeon...
...who operates and saves her life.

- Lf I save her life, Olsen. Lf.

- You wanted to see me, Dr. Brandon?

- Yes, Michael.

This operation that you're about
to perform, I feel, is ill-advised.
No surgeon should operate on
a patient that he's personally injured.
It'd make him emotionally involved.
Don't you think I'm aware of that?
There's one person I trust
to perform this operation: Beckerman.
Dr. Beckerman was murdered in Europe.
You know that.
Exactly. Not only is he dead,
he's 6000 miles away.
What is that?
It's a vagina.
I know what it is.
I mean, what are you doing?
- Shaving her.
- This is a brain operation.
I know.
Is that supposed to be a heart?
Yes, sir. Clive and I thought
that since it's Valentine's Day...
You don't have to
shave her anywhere.
We'll be using my Cranial Screwtop

method of entry.

- Fine. Yes, sir.

- I never wanna see that again.

I suppose if it were Christmas,
you'd hang ornaments on it.

Forceps.

Metzenbaum scissors.

- Ten-blade scalpel.

- Ten-blade.

Sponge stick.

Give me a little sweat
on my upper lip.

Remove sweat.

Cover her breasts. I'm a man,
flesh and blood.

Scat!

Damn, the cats around here.

Cranial Screwtop.

- Now all we can do is wait.

- Yes.

Where am I?

In a hospital.

You've had an accident.

I hope I haven't caused any trouble.

- Oh, no.

- I'm so tired.

- Who are you?

- I'm your doctor.

Don't try to talk.

Doctor? You're wanted
in O.R. 6 in 5 minutes.

Thank you.

Continue the Dilantin IV.

What a skull.

Boy, would I like to jump
on those bones.

Rebecca.

I can't help comparing her to you.

She has a behind so sexy
you'd like to eat lunch off it.

Just like we did, remember?

Rebecca.

I've had the top of her head off,
but that's as far as it went.

I promise I'll never recite
our favorite poem to anyone but you.

"In Dilman's Grove"

In Dilman 's Grove

My love did die

And now in ground

She'll ever lie

None could e'er

Replace her visage

Until your face

Brought thoughts of kissage

Nurse.

Good. I'm glad you're here.

Make a note.

Right arm grip strength,

very good.

Left arm, there's just no improvement.

Went out and got you a little present.

"The Complete Poems

of John Lilyson."

"England's greatest one-armed poet"?

He wrote "In Dilman's Grove"

and "Pointy Birds."

Oh, pointy birds

Oh, pointy, pointy

Anoint my head

Anointy, nointy

He died in 1894.

He was the first person

ever to be hit by a car.

- You were almost killed by a car.

- Michael.

That's all over now.

That man you ran away

from that night?

Poor old Mr. Creswell.

It was all my fault, in a way.

I never should've gone there alone.

I guess I'm just too trusting.

Poor little bird.

So fragile. So naive.

So childlike. So shy.

So chaste.

So innocent.

Rebecca, if there's anything wrong
with my feelings for Dolores...
...just give me a sign.
No! No! No!
Just any kind of sign.
I'll keep on the lookout for it.
Meanwhile, I'll just put you
in the closet.
In sickness or in health,
till death do you part.
- I do.
- I now pronounce you man and wife.
You may kiss the bride.
Not now.
There it is, darling. Your new home.
The House of Hfuhruhurr.
What are those assholes doing
on the porch?
Those aren't assholes.
It's pronounced "azaleas."
I put them there for you.
No, Ramon. My wife will not be entering
her new home in a wheelchair.
I want this moment to last forever.
Seor, would you like
to eat your breakfast now?
Have you taken enough photos,
so we can remember...
...this moment forever?
- Yes, and we got them back already.
- See?
- That's nice.
All right, breakfast.
We'll get cleaned up first.
One of my favorite people in the world
is about to walk out here...
Look, I framed the moment.
Wait, turn that back. That's my
favorite movie, Donovan 's Brain.
And not the slightest sign of decay?
None. I've never seen healthier tissue.
It's growing larger by the day.
- It's disgusting! Brains are so ugly.
- No, it's beautiful.

- I'm late.
- Is that all you're having for breakfast?
It's all I have time for.
How do you feel?
I'm fine.
I wish I could get out of this wheelchair,
so I could help around the house.
You will.
You just had a major operation.
It takes time to recover.
You'll be up and around in no time.
Just be patient.
Dolores. Soon?
I forgot my hat.
You walked, you walked, you walked.
I shouldn't have gotten up.
But I wanted to surprise you...
...and walk into your arms
tonight when you came home.
You walked, you walked, you walked.
I love you so much.
Who is that man out there?
Juan. He works for Ramon.
He frightened me.
He's just a big,
good-natured bag of muscles.
There's just something about him
that makes me quiver.
- Is he here often?
- Just one day a week.
- What day?
- Tuesday.
Is he ever alone?
I mean, does Ramon ever go off...
...and leave him here alone?
- Sometimes. Why?
I'd like to know.
Please, tell Ramon to warn me...
...when he's going to leave me alone
with that Juan person.
All right,
if that'll make you feel better.
That'll make me feel much better.
Frightened little mouse.

I'll tell Ramon.

Don't worry about Juan.

Ramon?

- Michael. How is married life?

- I don't know!

I'm sorry. I've been on edge

the last couple of weeks.

I don't know what I'm doing.

Michael!

See? That's a perfect example.

God, I almost peed in the scrub basin.

I don't know why I've been so tense.

Maybe it's your coffee.

No.

When a woman who's just had

major brain surgery...

...tells you she has a headache,

you've gotta listen.

Patience. A recently married woman

and an eager young husband...

It won't be long before

you hear her say:

"Take me, take me."

Take me.

Take me.

You're through.

- I don't think I am.

- Not you.

- By the way, I fired Ramon yesterday.

- Ramon? But...

Ramon is such a fine man.

What did he do?

He came up behind me,

and he grabbed my breasts.

What?

I haven't even done that yet.

I know. I told him that.

- You told him?

- He said he had to measure me...

...for a new dashboard ornament. He

told me he had to measure Rebecca...

...a lot before he got her right.

Oh, you're upset.

So am I.

I want to be everything to you
Rebecca was.

I want to give you everything
she gave you.

Do everything she did.

- When can you start?

- How soon can you get home?

Well, I have two operations.

But I can do them fast,
they're just brain operations.

Let me get my hat
and my briefcase.

Would you walk me to the door?

What's he doing?

Two brain operations
at the same time.

Number eleven blade.

- Ten-blade scalpel.

- Ten blade.

Ready the bone wax.

- Metzenbaum scissors.

- Metzenbaum scissors.

- Get that cat out of here.

- Yes, sir.

We're ready to close.

Cranial Screwtops.

Check for stripping.

Take them to SICU.

- You're so early.

- Yes.

Take off your coat.

And your paper hat.

I'm chilling some wine for us.

Why don't you open it?

Yes.

Does this do anything for you?

- Oh, yes.

- Good.

I want our first night together
to be exciting.

I do too.

I hope the waiting hasn't been
too hard on you.

There's something

I have to tell you.
This fits very snug.
And you may have some trouble
getting it off me.
You may have to tear it off my body.
I can tear. I like tearing.
You man of steel.
I can't wait till next Thursday.
- Today is Monday.
- I know.
But my headache
should be gone by then.
- You don't mind waiting, do you?
- Oh, no. No, no, not at all.
I have a little headache myself.
Maybe I'll take a walk.
It'll do me good.
Where's my hat?
The breeze feels good.
- You wanted to see me?
- Michael. I'm concerned about you.
Really? What's the concern?
My staff tells me that
you've been a little tense lately.
Tense?
Is that what they say about me?
Well, Michael, even to me
you seem a little jumpy.
Jumpy?
- How are things at home, Michael?
- Great.
I'm married to the most
beautiful woman.
How could it be anything but great?
It's gonna be even greater!
Just as soon as we:
Six weeks and you haven't
made love to your wife yet?
- No wonder you're tense.
- Dr. Brandon...
...the woman has just had
major brain surgery.
She's had enough unpleasantness.
I'll have you know that

in the finger-sucking department...

...I am extremely satisfied.

- Have you ever been to Austria, Michael?

- No.

The Austrian Institute of Craniology

asked me to ask you to lecture there...

...on your theory of brain transplants.

Why not take them up on it?

Combine a business trip...

...with a honeymoon.

- Honeymoon? Yeah.

I gotta do something

to get us started.

When are you having your hands

removed from your face?

This afternoon.

- You can do Voitlander surgery for me.

- Of course.

You have to be very careful

with that Instant Glue.

- I know.

- Here's the Voitlander chart.

Honeymoon. Yeah.

Honeymoon.

- May I help you, sir?

- Yes, I'm Dr. Hfuhruhurr.

I believe you're holding

a room for me.

Yes. Do you prefer a double

or twin beds?

- Double.

- Oh, a double.

Could you send up a bottle

of champagne...

...and put a "Do Not Disturb"

on the phone for the next...

We'll go in and put our bags down, start

kissing, that'll be about seven minutes.

Move into the bedroom,

I'll slide my hands over her...

...remove her blouse, that'll be four

or five minutes. Move over to the bed...

...then I'll rub each inner thigh,

that would be four minutes.

So I figure, like, 25 minutes
of foreplay in general.
I don't know if you call oral sex...
Is that foreplay or is that actual sex?
It doesn't matter.
I'd like to do it twice so...
At least three hours, all right?
Three hours?
Yes, sir.
Take Mrs. Hfuhruhurr and that lucky
son of a bitch up to suite 729.
Yes, sir.
I never, in my wildest imagination,
ever thought it could be like that.
That was the most exciting sexual
encounter... Without actually having it.
- That I ever almost had.
Doctor. I'm Dr. Felix Conrad. I'll be
escorting you to the lecture hall.
- Did you step off the elevator?
- There was no operator.
They're afraid. You haven't heard
about Vienna's elevator killer?
People have been getting
on elevators on one floor...
...only to arrive
at another floor dead.
- Like Beckerman.
- Dr. Beckerman, brilliant brain surgeon.
One of your colleagues.
- It's a great loss.
- I'm thankful you're all right.
The academy is looking forward
to hearing you lecture.
I hope I don't ruffle any feathers.
My speech might be a little radical...
...for some of the old guard.
It would take quite a bit to shock
any of this crowd.
Ladies and gentlemen,
I can envision a day...
...when the brains of brilliant men
can be kept alive in the bodies...
...of dumb people.

- What are they saying?
- They are just saying:
- You mean, it's just a general murmur?
- Yeah. Murmur.

You may murmur all you like.

But to make transplantation possible,
I have recently invented...

...the Cranial Screwtop method
of entry into the brain...

...whereby a large section
can be unscrewed...

...without having to shave the head.

And as a safety feature,
I've made it childproof.

To open, you push down
while turning...

Voil, the human brain.

- Where is this man's brain?
- Stolen.

It's the fourth incident this month.

I wish to apologize to our colleague.

This demonstration is now concluded.

- Dr. Hfuhruhurr?

- It's close.

- Yes?

- I am Dr. Alfred Necessiter.

- Dr. Alfred Necessiter.

- Would you like a drink?

- A drink would be interesting.

- I enjoyed your lecture today.

Lecture? They gave me a head
with three lemons in it.

That's why I enjoyed it.

I didn't have to hear your brilliant...

...but old-fashioned theories
on the human brain.

What do you mean, old-fashioned?

I happen to be the most advanced
brain man working today.

- I don't think so.

- Read this article.

Look at the underlined part.

And look at this.

Read the caption under the photo.

And these:

Time, Cosmo...

...National Enquirer, Dolly Parton
wants to have my baby.

Don't tell me I'm old-fashioned.

I didn't mean to upset you.

You're the most brilliant...

...brain man working today.

I'm anxious to share my work with you.

It seems you're the one person
in the entire universe...

...who might understand it.

And I agree with what you said here.

"My brilliant research in brain
transplantation is unsurpassed...

...and will probably make my name
live beyond eternity."

- I told him to take out the "probably."

- My laboratory is set up in my home.

If you have a moment,

I could show you my work.

- When?

- Now.

All right. I can't believe
they didn't take out the "probably."

Well, hello. I didn't expect
to see you here.

Oh, you...

- What's the matter?

- You have to forgive me.

Being here in Austria and meeting
a scientist with your interests...

...I expected your laboratory
to be in a castle, not a condo.

- You mean, like this.

- Yeah, that's more like it.

This is extraordinary.

From the outside,
it does not look this roomy.

I had a good decorator. My wife.

It's amazing what she did
with a few throw pillows...

...some wallpaper and a staple gun.

- Leaping lizards.

- Yes, we have those.

Moat with alligator.

Here's a small entrance hall.

- Do you have enough closet space?

- There never is.

No, because you acquire things...

- This is the TV room.

- I love the way it's so dreary.

This, doctor...

...is my laboratory.

Brains.

I've never seen so many brains

out of their heads before.

I feel like a kid in a candy store.

Don't touch it!

- Why?

- They're alive.

Alive.

But there's no wires or tubes

or that... thing.

- How are they kept alive?

- With a special fluid I developed.

Why do you have all these brains?

My vision...

...is to be able to take...

...the thoughts and data

from a dying brain...

...and transfer them into another body

without opening the skull.

Would you care for a drink?

- Please.

- What would you like?

- Tahitian Lady.

- Righto. Flaming?

Oh, no, no, no. That's for tourists.

- Where do you get your brains?

- From the city morgue.

For a nice tip, they send me brains

from bodies that died in the right way.

What is the right way

for a body to die?

For my purpose, an injection

of 200 cc's of ammoniated...

...strychnoclorahype
into the buttocks...
...causing the brain to die last.
Thank you. Ammoniated...
That's window cleaner.
That's the exact ingredients
in window cleaner.
Who does the injecting,
Dr. Necessiter? You?
Good Lord, no.
It's the Elevator Killer, bless his heart.
You're condoning murder,
aren't you, doctor?
Long as it's happening,
I'm happy to accept it.
We doctors should only accept death
when it's caused by our incompetence.
Nonsense. If the murder
of 12 innocent people...
...can help save one human life,
it will have been worth it.
- Worth it? You're condoning murder.
- I am not condoning murder, sir...
Shut up in there! Be quiet in there!
You shut up!
With your TV blaring all night...
...and your six grandchildren
running up and down the halls...
Sorry, doctor. These walls look solid,
but they're as thin as tissue paper.
It's typical for a condo.
Now, let me show you how far
I've progressed with my experiments.
You knew a Schlermie Beckerman?
You got Schlermie in one
of those jars like so much marmalade?
No! Schlermie Beckerman isn't in a jar,
he's walking and talking.
That's impossible.
I saw photos of the body.
It is possible.
I must warn you, doctor.
What you are about to see...
...might strike you

as the most incredible...

...awesome...

Excuse me.

Incredible what?

What am I gonna see?

Hello, yes?

- I'll be there immediately.

- What's the awesome thing?

I must leave now.

I have a new brain to pick.

- The Elevator Killer has struck again.

- What about Beckerman?

Come for dinner tonight

and bring Mrs. Furrear.

- Hfuhruhurr.

- Eight o'clock.

You can let yourself out.

Now, if you will just turn around.

And lift your robe.

- What's going on?

- Don't interfere.

He's paying me \$ 15,000

just to touch my behind.

- You, get out of here.

- Please, forgive.

This is the kind of thing

that could ruin our marriage.

Why? Because you don't want me
to work and earn my own money?

- Have my own career?

- You call this a career?

Oh, I've made those veins

in your temple throb. Oh, I love that.

Dolores, our marriage lies broken...

...on the floor like the shards
of glass on our honeymoon suite.

Nineteenth century

Indian rubber vase, eh?

Dolores, I'm making a citizen's divorce.

What?

By the powers vested in me,

I hereby declare our marriage...

...null and void.

- I'm Dr. Hfuhruhurr.

- Doctor...

Oh, yeah, you and your wife
are expected for dinner.

My wife won't be coming.

- I trust she's not ill.

- She's not ill.

She's a cheap, vulgar slut.

Yeah, I've heard this.

Dr. Hfuhruhurr, please.

No, I'm sorry, he's not in.

This is Mrs. Hfu...

I'm James Gladstone,
calling from New York.

I'm the attorney for Dr. Hfuhruhurr's
step-grandmother.

I wanted to inform him
of her passing.

- Passing what?

- She was cremated this afternoon.

We need the doctor's signature before
we release his share of the estate.

How big is the estate?

Rebecca.

Why didn't you give me a sign?

I miss you...

...and the fun we had.

Remember our song?

Mrs. Necessiter?

Hello?

Hello?

- Is this a joke?

- What?

- Is this a joke?

- Who are you?

What's happening?

I don't know.

Who are you?

- Dr. Michael Hfuhruhurr.

- Dr. Hfuhruhurr?

- My God!

- What?

You're the first...

...object that ever pronounced it right.

How else could you pronounce it?

It's H-F-U-H-R-U-H-U-R-R,
isn 't it?

Yes.

Who are you?

Anne. Anne Uumellmahaye.

U-U-M-E-L-L-M-A-H-A-Y-E,

Uumellmahaye?

Yes. Where am I?

It's so dark.

In a doctor's laboratory.

Am I all right?

Not really.

Will I be able to play the piano again?

I would think no.

- Why did you call me an object?

- I'm sorry.

I didn't know what else to call you.

Why?

- You don't know?

- No, I don 't. Please tell me.

Well...

Miss Uumellmahaye...

...it seems that you have no body.

- What happened to my body?

- It's dead. Gone.

You're a disembodied brain

kept alive by a scientist.

But we're talking.

I must at least have lips...

... a tongue, a throat?

Nothing. Just a jar.

Don't cry.

- But how can I hear you?

- It must be some kind of telepathy.

What's gonna happen to me?

Hans told me you were here.

Good, good.

Now...

...let me show you that experiment

I've been working on.

No. No.

I've got something more important.

Listen, just listen.

All right, sing.

Have you ever heard
anything like that in your life?

- I can't hear a thing.

- Oh, really?

- What were you doing?

- I was just...

...working on my new technique
for walking in corduroy pants...

...to eliminate the scraping
when your thighs rub together.

That's very exciting work, doctor.

Well, come on.

Let me show you what I've done...

...for your friend Beckerman.

Just one moment.

What happened?

No one can hear you but me.

- Did you hear that?

- No.

You can't hear anyone but me.

It is some kind of telepathy.

- I'm frightened.

- Don't be.

Things are never bad as they seem.

You still have your brain.

- Dr. Hfuhruhurr!

- I'll be back.

Just stay here.

I believe you know this gentleman.

- Is that Dr. Beckerman?

- Sort of.

See, I've devised a machine...

...that can transfer the entire contents
of one brain into another brain.

Of course, the brain of a gorilla
is smaller than a human brain.

So much of Dr. Beckerman's vast
knowledge couldn't be accommodated.

Dr. Beckerman?

That's him, all right. We never did
like to shake hands with him.

He must be lonely.

Perhaps soon

we'll find him a companion.

Come, doctor.

Bye.

I'm going up to pack.

Can you send a bellman up?

Yes, sir.

"My darling husband, by the time
you read this, I will be dead.

My only regret is that

I caused you pain.

I hope my insurance money
brings you some happiness.

May I burn in hell

for what I have done to you.

My broken body will be lying
several floors below.

Au revoir, Dolores."

- You're alive.

- Yes.

- But the scream?

- I was rehearsing.

Don't come near me.

- Why are you doing this?

- Because I'm evil.

You're not evil, you're sick.

- Sick?

- Yes, from the operation.

Just screw your head on
a little bit tighter. You can be well.

It's no use, Michael.

I'm no good for you.

And besides, you divorced me.

I'm making a citizen's annulment.

- I'm coming to get you.

- No, stay where you are.

I can't stand

hurting you anymore, Michael.

- Goodbye, my darling.

- No.

Take my hand.

You're safe with me now.

Put your arms around my neck.

I hope this is strong enough
for the both of us.

I don't have any more saliva.

I need you.

You're all right now.

- You're going to the hospital.

- No, Michael. Please.

I wanna make it up to you.

- When? Thursday?

- How about Monday?

- Next Monday?

- Today Monday.

- Later today?

- Now.

- Right now or later now?

- "Now" now.

I love a clean, smooth, hairless chest.

I mean hairy. Hairy.

I never knew it could be like that.

Oh, it was so...

...so...

...professional.

We are finally united under

the holy laws of matrimony.

In sickness and in health...

...till death...

...do us part.

Help!

Help.

Help.

Dr. Hfuhruhurr.

- Is Dr. Necessiter in?

- No, sir.

- May I wait for him?

- Yes.

- I meant, may I wait inside?

- Yeah.

- May I wait in the laboratory?

- I'm afraid it's locked, sir...

...but you're welcome

to wait in the den.

Make yourself comfortable, sir.

Perhaps I could bring you a drink?

- Yes. A Tahiti Tingle.

- A Tingle.

And take your time.

Damn.

- Are you all right, sir?
- I'm fine.
Fine. I just leaned against the door.
The doors in this condo
are paper-thin.
Everything today is made so cheap.
Here, look at this wall.
Like paper.
Here is your drink, sir.
Thank you.
Can I get you anything else, doctor?
I'm about to retire.
Really? You seem so young.
No. I mean retire for the night.
- Oh, no, no, thanks. I'm fine.
- And don't worry about this.
I will have it replaced
in the morning.
Miss Uumellmahaye?
- Miss Uumellmahaye?
- Dr. Hfuhruhurr?
- Miss Uumellmahaye?
- Dr. Hfuhruhurr?
Dr. Hfuhruhurr?
No.
No.
Dr. Hfuhruhurr?
What's happened to me?
You're a gorilla.
- I don 't feel like a gorilla.
- Well, you sure do look like one.
But I can 't be. I can 't see or touch...
... or anything.
Miss Uumellmahaye?
Call me Anne.
Thank God. You're still a brain.
Why did you think I was a gorilla?
Because that's what Dr. Necessiter
has planned for you.
But don't worry, I have other plans.
- You're in my room now.
- Where in your room?
In a...
On a gold-leaf Florentine table

by the window...
...overlooking a garden.
Oh, I can almost smell the flowers.
- Sleep well, Anne.
- Good night, Michael.
Good night.
- Are you getting up?
- Yeah, just getting up.
I'll order us some breakfast.
Yeah, order me two sheets
of bacon and a pillow.
Hey, know what I've been thinking?
There's no need to rush home.
I'm due for a sabbatical.
There's a lot
of experimentation going on.
A lot of science,
a lot of brain research.
I could go out and look for a cottage.
I could set up a laboratory.
We could be comfortable.
What do you think? Should I go out
and look for one right now?
Whatever you want.
Do you want me to go with you?
- No, no, that's not necessary, really.
- But I'd love to.
Oh, it's so much trouble.
The driving, the realtors.
- Yes?
- May I take the table?
Oh, yeah, come on in.
- Madame.
- Oh, you're right.
It isn't necessary for me to go.
I'd just be in the way.
It's best.
I think I'll just...
...slip out of these clothes...
...into a hot bath.
That's great. That's great.
- You must be Dr. Hfuhruhurr.
- Hfuhruhurr. Yes.
- Can I give you a hand, sir?

- No, I'm fine.

What do you have there? You have a cute little kitty-cat in there.

Hello. Peekaboo, I see you.

That's cute.

All curled up in a little ball.

You have no hair.

Sorry. I'd like to see the house.

Guess what.

I found us a cottage,

and we ought to go there.

- What's the rush?

- I set up an experiment.

I told it I'd be right back.

You're dressed, good.

I'll go get the car. Let's go.

- Why are you driving so fast?

- I just want to show you our new home.

- What is this experiment you're doing?

- Just some boring brain stuff.

You're not gonna have rats

in the house, are you?

No, just some microscopes and

test tubes and beakers...

...and maybe a brain.

- A brain?

Just a small four-pounder.

You'll never see it, I'll keep it locked up.

Ruth was the greatest baseball player

of all time.

You never saw Ruth play!

On film I did.

- Michael, are you on the phone?

- Yes.

Well, I'm waiting for you. In bed.

- We'll finish this tomorrow.

- Michael, it was fun tonight.

It was fun for me too.

Don't you want to make love?

Oh, yeah. Great.

That would be great.

- I'll take this off.

- No, no. I can work around it.

That feels so...

...over.

It just keeps getting
better and better.

- What?

- Are you gonna be in there forever?

I mean no, no.

Just another couple of days.

Well, I guess I'll just go to town.

Try and find something to do.

- Don't go.

- Bye, darling.

I can spend the whole day with you.

- Are you busy?

- Yes, but I'll cancel my appointments.

A whole day.

I don 't think there's a girl
floating in any jar...

... anywhere who 's as happy as I am.

Michael, you do so much for me,
and I do nothing for you.

Are you out of your head?

I'm sorry, I forgot.

You're the most complete woman
I've ever known.

All my life I wanted
women with great bodies.

Women who were tens.

And now, for the first time...

...I'm aroused by a mind.

Michael, I wish I could kiss you.

- I've been thinking about that.

- Really?

Yes, really.

I bought you a pair of wax lips.

I was gonna stick them on your jar.

Is that crazy?

Oh, no. Please.

How do I look?

- Michael?

- Yes?

Were you out on the lake today
kissing your brain?

- No.

- You didn't take the rowboat out?

Funny. There was a man out there,
looked just like you, kissing a brain.

- Must've been somebody else.

- Somebody else?

How many men are there around here,
do you suppose...

...who look exactly like you
and have brains in jars?

Around here there must be hundreds.

Oh, stop it, Michael.

I know there's something weird...

...going on with you and that brain.

- It's not weird. It's my work.

It's your work to kiss a dead brain?

- She's not dead, she's alive!

- So now it's a she.

You care more about that brain
than you do me.

Michael, I am your cook,
your maid, your lover.

I'm understanding about your work.

I almost threw myself
out a window because of you.

And you...

You treat me like a doormat.

Dolores, I'm sorry.

I just...

I didn't realize
what I was doing to you.

Hello? Who?

Mr. Gladstone?

What message?

What?

Grandma Noonie died?

No, she didn't tell me.

- How much?

- Fifteen million.

First thing Monday.

Day you learned about my inheritance
is the day you started being nice to me.

- What a coincidence.

- You only stayed around for the money.

What other reason

could there possibly be?

God! It's citizens' divorce time.
Final decree.
Son of a bitch.
Help.
Help.
Help.
- Where's my brain?
- How should I know?
I'm busy. I'm cooking
cervelle au beurre noir.
Cervelle au beurre noir,
I know what that is.
I had that once when
I was in the army, in France.
It was a small caf.
I was young, impetuous,
I'd eat anything.
Cervelle au beurre noir, that's...
That's...
Brains in black butter!
Oh, Anne, please say something.
- I think I'm all right.
- Count to ten.
One, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight, ten.
You. You cooked her nines.
Out. Out of my house.
- Out of my life.
- Lf you lay a finger on me, I'll kill you.
You kill me, and you'll never
work in this town again.
Nobody's gonna keep me
from working in this town!
Goddamn.
Oh, my balls.
I'll get you. I'll get you for this.
I'll get you for this,
you nigger kike wop!
Into the mud, scum queen.
You'll never get a penny
of that inheritance.
First thing Monday I'm donating it
to Cranial Research for the Poor.
By Monday, you'll be dead.

Michael, who did you call
a scum queen?

Oh, just some scum queen.

I'm frightened, Michael.

I feel so strange.

I feel the world slipping away.

If only we could be together.

Really together.

We can, darling.

We can.

Dr. Necessiter,

I wanna become a brain.

- What are you talking about?

- I want you to build a tank for two.

I want you to put me in

with Anne Uumellmahaye.

- Anne Amalma-who?

- Uumellmahaye.

- Brain 21 to you.

- You're the one who stole brain 21.

- Where is it?

- In the trunk of my car.

I told her it was a box seat

at the Vienna Opera.

Here are my instruments.

Do I understand you correctly?

You want me to remove your brain

and put it in a tank with number 21?

Yes! We can communicate.

We're in love, and it's the only way
we can be together.

Put me in a tank.

There is an alternative.

My research has advanced to a point...

...where I can put her mind

into the body of a gorilla.

- I couldn't fuck a gorilla.

- Yes, I know.

There is one other alternative.

A human subject.

You can place her thoughts

in another woman's body?

In the past week

I've had two near-successes.

- What do you mean, near successes?
- In my recovery room...
...are two subjects
who do nothing but this:
But I think I've solved the problem.
What kind of life would that be?
"This is my wife."
I know her. She'd hate that.
- I'd rather keep her in a jar.
- You wouldn't have her there for long.
- What do you mean?
- It's a miracle she's still alive.
She's outlived every brain I've had.
You'll be lucky
if she survives the weekend.
All right...
...what do I have to do?
- Wait.
- Wait for what?
For the Elevator Killer to strike again.
Anne could be dead by then.
I'll check the hospital, the morgue,
everywhere dead bodies hang out.
- I'll get her a body.
- I'll prepare the laboratory...
...and in case you're not successful,
I'll have the gorilla ready.
I'll get a body.
Will this do?
She just...
She just doesn't have any vavoom.
She is dead, you know.
Still...
You don't like anything here?
No, nothing really leaps out at me.
Action's stiff.
I can file down that sear pin.
- Let me have me a box of dumdums.
- They're illegal, madam.
So is killing your husband.
Oh, if she were only dead.
Yeah.
She's dead.
Let me through, I'm a doctor.

- You're too late.
- Good. I mean, oh...
And she's beautiful.
Oh, she's perfect.
- She's alive.
- She's dead. She's dead.
She's got to be dead!
You crazy maniac.
In Dilman 's Grove
My love did die
Driver.
Follow that car.
You're beautiful.
Where can I see the rest of you?
Mama.
Where can we go?
We can go to my room.
It's on the fourth floor.
My name's Fran. I'm an American.
I guess you could say
I'm a member of the "piece" corps.
Get it?
What is it? My voice?
Did I blow the deal? I knew
I shouldn't talk until I make the deal.
I know my voice is terrible.
It irritates people so much...
...they usually just wanna kill me.
- Keep talking. Keep talking.
Oh, good, I never get to talk.
My whole family loves to talk.
Come on in, honey.
Make yourself at home.
I'll be right out, okay?
You like music?
That's my favorite song, you know?
Come on, Duke.
We're gonna have some fun.
It's murder.
No, it's not murder.
Her body will still be alive.
But her mind will be dead.
But her body, her body.
I can have it all, the perfect mind

in the perfect body.
Yes. Yes. Kill.
Kill. Yes, yes, yes.
Kill her, yes, yes.
Kill, kill, kill.
Kill her, yes, yes.
- I can't.
- Can't what?
I can't inject you with window cleaner.
I don't mind.
- Hey, what does it do, anyway?
- It causes your brain to die last.
I don't mind.
It's my voice. Damn.
Well. What are you doing here?
Dolores. You.
You're the Elevator Killer.
Merv Griffin.
Yeah.
- Why?
- I don't know.
I've always just loved to kill.
I've really enjoyed it.
But then I got famous,
and it was too hard for me.
So many witnesses.
Everybody recognized me.
I couldn't even lurk anymore.

I'd hear:

"Who is that lurking over there?
Isn't that Merv Griffin?"
So I came to Europe to kill.
And it's really worked out
very well for me.
Till now.
- She's beautiful.
- Yeah, isn't she?
This may be the one thing
that saves our marriage.
- Are you gonna turn me in?
- I don't have time.
- You have to turn yourself in. Promise.
- I promise.

I am never taking you
anywhere again.

Anne? Are you all right?

I'm very, very sleepy.

Anne, stay awake.

Look, I got Merv Griffin's autograph.

- I'm sleepy.

- Oh, my God.

- Michael.

- Anne, stay with me.

- Michael, help.

- Soon. Soon we'll be together.

- Oh, I'm sorry, officer.

- Oh, you speak English. Good.

That's better. We have more room
down there now.

License?

Dr...

- Hfuhruhurr?

- Yes.

What's the rush?

What's the matter with her?

She's just drunk, dead drunk.

And you? You have
a little to drink too?

No, no, no.

I "dron't dink"...Don't drink.

Get out of the car.

Stretch out your arms and touch
your nose with your finger.

Now walk this white line.

Come back.

On your hands.

One hand.

Now, roll over,
turn over and flip-flop.

All right.

Now juggle these, do a tap dance...

...and sing the "Catalina Magdalena
Hoopensteiner Wallendiner" song.

Goddamn, your drunk tests are hard.

All right, you're not drunk.

You can go.

My oranges.

Now drive carefully.

Wait! She's not drunk, she's dead.

Dead? My God, I'd better get her
to a cemetery right away.

- Very sleepy.

- Don't go to sleep. Walk around.

- Bar that door.

- Yes, sir.

- Schmidt, we need a battering ram.

- Right away, inspector.

Excuse me, could we borrow
a battering ram?

- You'll return it?

- Yeah.

Hurry, hurry!

One, two, three!

On three.

One, two, three.

Dr. Necessiter!

Dear boy. Here, have a drink.

There's no time for drinks.

Anne is dying.

You're dying, I'm dying,
my machine is dying.

- My wonderful machine.

- What are you talking about?

It won't start, it's broken.

There must be some way to fix it.

Inspector, inspector.

Dr. Necessiter.

The transformer of your machine
is coin-operated.

Good Lord, I forgot all about that.

When I built the machine,

I used the guts of a video game.

Quarters, quarters...

I got six quarters.

Just enough for the transference.

- All right?

- All right.

- All right.

- All right.

Ready? Now, set the

Hemo Farcial Overload, point-six!

Hemo Farcal Overload, point-six.
Septum ludegation factor, 03.5.
Septum ludegation factor, 03.5.
Aortic petrification ratio,
two over five.
Aortic petrification ratio,
two over five.
- Set the theremin at 1945.
- Theremin, 1945.
Activate main transference
number two.
- It's open! Return the ram.
- Here's your ram. Thank you.
Follow me!
Ten, nine, eight...
Seven, six, five,
four, three, two, one!
Stop!
You are under arrest for murder!
We are not murdering,
we are resurrecting!
Moving life
from one mind to another.
- You are playing God!
- Somebody has to!
Slipshod methods of the quiet past
are inadequate for the stormy present.
The occasion
is piled high with difficulty...
...and we must rise
to the occasion.
For copies of this speech,
send one dollar...
...to Box 3912,
Stone Mountain, Georgia.
He's crazy.
Don't touch that.
Well, the operation
seems to be a success.
But the doctor died.
- Where am I?
- You're in our own hospital, Michael.
- How long have I been here?
- You've been here six weeks.

Your wife is here.

She's in the waiting room.

- Whose brain does she have?

- Whose brain does she have?

Does she talk?

Or does she go:

Why, no, no.

She talks, Michael.

You've been in bed six weeks.

- You don't have the strength.

- I'm strong enough.

I wanna see her.

Nurse, tell Mrs. Huffur
that Dr. Huffur's awake.

Wait.

I don't want her to see me like this.

I want to be on my own two feet.

There.

Your husband is awake
and can see you.

He's awake?

What's wrong?

I never told him

I was a compulsive eater.

I've gained so much weight.

Michael?

Anne? Uumellmahaye?

Yes, Michael.

You're not disappointed I'm so fat?

What fat?