



Scripts.com

Basket Case

By Frank Henenlotter

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Who's there?

- Glens Falls Police Department.

- This is Dr. Lifflander. I want...

Hello? Can you send

someone to ...? Hello hello.

Oh God!

Oh, God... no!

No!

I've got a gun!

I'll shoot!

Get out or I'll shoot!

Smoke, smoke I've got joints in bags,
leaves and dime bag, gold Colombian smoke.

I've got acid, blanche, rainbow,
wonder paint, speeds, downs,

Seconal, Valium,

mescaline, THC,

I've got some good cocaine,
peyote, cannabis, grass, angel dust,

Check it out man!

Tranquilizers, amphetamines, white,
ecstasy, methadone,

marijuana, morphine...

What do you want? Some girls?

I've got some nice girls.

What the fuck is wrong

with you anyway, man?

I sold it to Dirty Lou.

You remember him.

He looks like Smuggle in the comics.

Dirty Lou...

The name sounds so familiar.

Wait a minute...

Didn't he get run over?

It was suicide. He hailed a cab
and when it pulled up to the kerb,
he jumped in front of it.

Get out of here!

You're full of crap!

Company...

I'd like a room.

- For how long?

- I'm not sure...

A couple of hours? A couple
of years? What? Give me a hint.

- A few days.

- Are you by yourself?

Yes, alone, by myself.

All alone in this
cold, cruel world...

20 bucks a night.

In advance...

And if you pay by the
day, it's due at noon.

And I don't want no junkies in here,
cause this is a respectable hotel.

I just need a place to stay.

- What's in the basket?

- Clothes.

He's smoking thru' a case of booze.

He's going to throw us a party!

- Room 7, third floor.

- Great!

20 bucks.

Oh, right.

- Is this stuff real?

- Hmm.

- Did you see that? He's loaded!

- So are you.

Hi, I'm Josephine.

What room are you in?

- Seven.

- Oh, you're so lucky!

That's the best room in the place!

It was lived in by a little old lady
who only went out on Sundays.

She lived there for ages.

Used to tell everyone she was rich
on oil well in Texas.

Had millions...

and was hiding from her relatives
who were trying to steal it from her.

She'd creep up to you and say:

"They try to take my money,"

"... But don't know where I am!"

Everyone thought she was nuts.

Then one day, she appeared in the

lobby, dressed with pearls and jewels.
Said she was leaving
to tour the world.
She paid her bill and left.
No one heard from her since.
We're here.
Is there any place I can get
something to eat around here?
- Nothing too fancy, I hope.
- No, just pizza or burgers.
- Yeah, there're plenty...
- There's one right across the street.
Great, thanks.
Got you something to eat.
Take your time!
There's plenty.

PATIENT:

MD. H.Needleman and J.Kutter
Finished already?
Damn!
Kutter's name isn't listed.
Well, Needleman must
have the number.
You're not going to pace
the floor all night are you?
No. I don't want to talk now.
Go back to sleep!
Oh, come on!
I got to get up early.
We've been through
this before, you know.
Look, I'm not going to
stay up half the night talking.

It's 3:

Go back to sleep!
I'm not going to debate this!
Now good night!
For Christ sake!
Shut up and let me get some sleep!
Always waste time to
start a conversation.
Oh, great!

Last week you were in the dumb
waiter, this week it's keyholes!

- There's somebody in there.

- I figured that!

You should see... he's got a
roll of bills in them. Like this.

Oh, give me a break!

He's kind of letting him run
loose... in his pocket!

You've got two seconds before
I start pounding on his door.

- No, wait...

- One ..

I'm going!

Keyhole peekers,

cockroaches as big as dogs,

saxophones playing at

4 o'clock in the morning

and that crazy broad across the hall,

who I know is pissing on

my door step, I mean ...!

Just a minute!

Hi, I live across the hall and...

Well, the reason I'm bothering is...

now I don't want you think I go

around butting into people's business

but somebody has been

snooping around your door,

you know, peeking

through the keyhole and shit.

So, if you have anything of value

in there, like money or something,

I wouldn't leave it laying around.

Right, sure.

You know I can't stand to

see somebody get ripped off.

Especially without a fighting

chance. My name is Casey.

- Duane Bradley.

- Nice meeting you, Duane Bradley.

What the hell are

you doing in this dump?

It was the first hotel I came to.

Obviously, a hard man to

please. Where are you from?

Upstate.

- Oh, first time in New York?

- Yeah.

Listen, we have to go
for a drink some time.

- Okay, sure.

- Catch you later kid. Bye.

Come one. We gotta pay a little
visit to a doctor friend of mine.

Now the drugstore said he never
should have prescribed it to me
in the first place.

It's the wrong drug!

I'm allergic to it!

That's terrible!

Does he know you're allergic?

Well, he should. It's the second time
he gave me the wrong prescription.

The first time was
just as bad!

Oh, my goodness!

I'll be right with you.

It's this typewriter.

It was terrible!

First I got dizzy,
then I couldn't breathe
then my throat
felt like it was on fire!

Well, you make sure and
tell all this to the doctor.

Okay, this is the one!

Hear that?

Sounds like

something grinding inside.

And the carriage won't return.

Yesterday it was squeaking,
like if a mouse was caught inside.

Real high-pitched, like...

I don't know anything about typewriters.

I just want to see the doctor.

Oh, my goodness, I'm sorry!

I just assumed...

Oh, I didn't think you were a patient.

I'm expecting someone to fix
the typewriter this afternoon,
and I just thought, I figured that
was your toolbox or something.
Dr. Needleman is an
old friend of the family.
Is there any chance I could
see him without an appointment?
He'll tell you no,
friend of the family or not!
But as you can see, we have hundreds
of patients waiting to see him.
So we'll just pretend you did call
and have an appointment

for... 11:

You're next!

Thanks!

What's your name?

Duane Bradley.

Oh, but don't write that ...!

I want to surprise him, and he'd
recognize that name right away.

Put down something like... Smith,
Duane Smith.

He'll appreciate this.

He's a million laughs.

Okay and you fill out the rest.

What's in the basket?

Easter eggs?

Just visiting New York or ...?

Yes, this is my first time.

So have you gone to the Empire State
Building yet and the Statue of Liberty?

No, I haven't had time.

Haven't had the time?

What about the Radio City

Music Hall? Or the UN?

- Had time for them?

- No, I...

What about the World Trade Towers?

Or the Trolley-cars?

- It's not that I don't want to, but...

- The Met?

The Cloisters?
Grumman's Chinese?
It's just that I don't
know where anything is.
Oh, if you need a Tour Guide
I'd be happy to volunteer...
Or even buy you some 3D postcards
and an "I Love New York" T-shirt.
You're next!
Come in.
Yes, sir...
Smith.
Smith.
All right.
Mr. Smith...
What seems to be the problem?
My chest.
I've got this pain and...
Well, why not you put
whatever that is down,
take off your shirt,
step in there and see.
So, what did he give you?
48 hours to live?
No. We just had a nice chat.
- Was he surprised?
- Oh, yeah. Very.
Anyway. Coming back to what
we were talking about before,
I get off here tonight at 7:00.
Feeling keen?
Well, I'd like to...
But I can't.
Not tonight.
Can't say I didn't try.
- Can I call you tomorrow?
- 233-3000.
He doesn't have hours on Wednesday.
I have the whole day free.
- Where do you live?
- I'll write it down.
It's all the way downtown.
Why are we whispering?
- I don't want him to hear.

- Who? Does the doctor?

I'll see you later.

Lifflander.

Not now.

Not yet.

Save it.

- That was delicious.

- So are you.

Come on, have some more!

No, really.

I've had enough.

Nonsense!

We're just beginning.

Listen, if I have any more,

I won't be liable to...

That's alright, I like you drunk.

You're cute when you slobber.

Shit!

Excuse me for a minute, love.

Dr. Kutter speaking.

- This is Needleman.

- Who?

Harold, I thought I made it clear,
you weren't to call me again, ever.

You remember Lifflander?

From Glens Falls?

Well, a few days ago he left a
message on my answering service
that I was to get in touch with him.

- So?

- So...

So today, a young man comes to see me,
about 20 years old, using a phony name,
and nothing's wrong with him,
except he's from Glens Falls
and he has a deep scar
running down his right side.

Please Harold, I'm in
the middle of dinner.

But what he said about Lifflander?

I've been trying to get
him and I get no answer.

And this kid says it's
because Lifflander is dead!

Murdered!
Cut in half!
Calm down now, Harold
and pay attention. Ready?
Neither of us know any Dr. Lifflander
and neither of us have
ever been in Glens Falls.
But one of us wants to get
back to her dinner. Good night!
Sorry about that Cuddles.
Now, where were we?
Are you leaving now
or should I lock up?
No, I'll be a while, but...
go and lock up anyway.
Okay.
See you on Thursday.
She just left.
He's in there alone.
Don't forget the adress book.
Hurry up.
I'll be outside.
Did you get his address book?
Great!
Kutter is listed. He's got
her address. We're in luck.
I brought you some goodies.
But first, breakfast.
I also got you a surprise.
But don't look till I'm ready.
I don't see any reason why
you need to come with me today.
I'm just going to case
Kutter's apartment.
I gotta find out if she's home
or when she'll be back.
Maybe I can find
out where she works.
It's going to be dull.
So I figured you'd have
a better time here...
with this!
Great, huh?
Got it on 14th Street.

Even has a guarantee.
Listen, I don't know
how long I'll be,
but if you get tired of watching
TV, I also got you the paper.
See you later!
I got to get these boots off.
My feet are killing me!
That was a rare thrill!
Every time the wind blew,
I thought I was going to collapse.
Listen...
Don't get mad or anything, but...
I really don't want to see the city.
I just said that as an excuse to see you.
You're not mad?
You dummy!
I suggested we tour this city for the
same reason you went along with it.
I wanted to be with you too.
- You did?
- Duane!
I know an awful lot of guys, Duane,
but you're...
different.
Don't you have girls upstate?
Well, I keep pretty
much to myself.
You're a dying breed, Duane.
- What the hell is going on in here?
- Sounds like an animal.
- Why don't you check it out, man?
- It's wrecking up the place, man.
Alright now, check it out!
In here!
In here!
What the hell is going on up there?
Come! Let's go!
I trying to get some sleep, but
that guy above me, he's gone crazy!
I know, I know.
I gotta get some sleep!
Get out of the way, will you!
Come on, let me through!

Get out of the way!
In here!
In here!
Come on,
back up, please.
Back off!
Move back! Huh.
What the hell going on here?
Looks like a God damn
bomb hit this place!
Where is the kid?
He went out earlier today.
Well, no one came out of here,
I've been standing here all the time.
All the while it was being wrecked.
Someone's got to be in here!
Unless they climbed out the window,
because this just doesn't make any sense.
- These things couldn't get thrown around
by themselves... - Come on, out, out.
I heard them screaming, they couldn't
have gotten out without me seeing them.
I mean, I was the first one here and
I've been leaning right against the door
and no one came out.
Which means they're still in
here. Somewhere in here.
Well, whoever was in
here, he ain't here now.
But that's impossible!
- Oh really. You see anybody?
- There is something wrong in here.
- I know there is something!
- Come on. Donovan! Donovan!
Come on Donovan! Come on.
Let's go! Break it up.
I don't want anybody
congregating around the hallway.
Come on, get back to your room.
There's nothing here to see any more.
Come on! Go back to your rooms!
Come on, move it!
Come on O'Donovan.
No, I'm going to my room.

I'm going to lie down for a while.
All right, everybody!
Come on, break it up!
Get out of here, let's go. Come on, guys.
Back to your room. Please, let's go.
Nothing happened.
Nothing happened.
Look, if this happens again...
I don't know.
What do I know?
I only rent the place. Why
should anybody tell me anything?
I don't know nothing. Why should
I know everything? No reason for it.
Duane, are you all right?
Move it!
Got to get back.
Duane, wait!
Duane!
Down here! Please hurry.
I don't know what's going on!
Oh, God!
Alright, clear the lobby.
Come on.
- Come on, Marlin, outside. Let's go!
- What happened?
Someone killed O'Donovan
and ripped him to pieces.
- They just carried him away.
- But the culprit was scaring everyone.
- You can't come in here!
- But I only want...
Get out of here!
- You heard what they said?
He killed O'Donovan! - Who?
I don't want him kill you!
Thanks. You've been very helpful.
We'll probably have more questions...
Would you hold it a minute?
- Do you live here?
- Yes
- What's your name?
- Duane Bradley.
- How long you been out, Duane?

- Since this morning.

- Do you have pets? Any animals in there?

- No, nothing. Why?

Oh, one of your neighbors,
a Mr Brian Mickey O'Donovan
was murdered a few hours ago.
And we're just questioning
everybody in the building.

- Mind if we come in?

- No.

Duane, right before the murder,
some of the tenants claim to have
heard noises coming from this room.
Like someone on a rampage.

- Any idea who it was?

- No, I don't know. I was out.

What happened?

That was an accident. It happened last
night. We went out for burgers, and...
We?

No, me. Just me.

And you don't own any pets?
No dogs or anything?

No.

What's in the basket?

Nothing...

Duane, where are you from?

Upstate. Glens Falls. Upstate.

Do you always leave
money lying around like that?

Uh, must have
fallen off the dresser.

- And you've been out all day?

- Yes, since about 9:00.

- Alone or ...?

- With someone.

If you have to prove where you were
and who you're with, would you be able to?

Sure.

- How long you going to be staying here?

- A few days.

If I wanted to come back again
and look around, will that be alright?

Sure.

Okay, Mr. Bradley.
Thank you very much.
Listen, if you think of
anything that may help us,
I'd appreciate you
getting in touch with us.
Okay, sure.
Are you crazy?
You could have us arrested!
No, no. You can't blame this on me.
I didn't know he would break you.
What?
Wait a minute.
Hold it!
All right, all right.
Okay yes, I was with a girl.
Yes, the receptionist.
Yes, I lied.
No, I didn't go to Dr. Kutters.
I knew if I told you, you'd get mad.
But I didn't do anything, she just
showed me around, that's all.
I'm not deserting you!
I just want some time for myself.
Look. I've helped you with
everything so far, haven't I?
Killing Lifflander, was your idea.
Coming to New York to get
the other two, was your idea.
Now wait a minute!
Let me finish!
I'm not saying that!
Of course you're right.
They deserve what they get.
All I'm saying, it's been your
idea every step of the way.
But I've helped you, haven't I?
Never desert you, not after all
we've been through, you know that.
We'll always be together.
What the hell are you doing here?
Wait, no, don't tell me.
It's the first bar you came in, right?
Hi, Casey!

You really doing New York in style.
First the broad and now this place.
- Aw, you come here often?
- I don't even drink!
That's obvious. You're not still
upset about this afternoon, are you?
That isn't half of it...
I'm so messed up
about a lot of things.
And now this girl I have met...
I don't know what's going on anymore.
Tell you what.
Why don't you and that...
picnic basket of yours,
join me at the back table?
I've got some heavy boozing to do
and looks like you can use
some good company. Come on.
Now tell me...
What do you do in Glens Falls?
- I'm a sorter.
- A sort of what?
No, a letter sorter.
I sort mail.
You're a mailman?
That's great!
There is something else
I've been dying to ask you...
What's in the basket?
- My brother.
- Your brother!
What is it?
A midget?
No, we're twins!
Siamese Twins!
That's funny, you don't look oriental!
So what happened?
So bad it shrink him?
No, he is deformed!
A freak!
He looks like a squashed octopus!
Our mother died giving birth to us.
He was attached to my right side.
They wouldn't let us go to school

or anything. They kept us hidden.
We were the big family secret.
Everyone hated us, except our aunt.
Listen, he likes the dark,
he doesn't like to be seen,
not even by me, sometimes.
And you know what else?
He talks to me, up
here, without words.
I just hear him
whispering in my brain.
Sometimes he talks for
hours, he won't shut up!
I used to be able to
talk to him like that,
but that's when we
were still connected.
Our aunt said it
was our special gift,
but since we have been
separated, I can't do it anymore.
But he can still do it to me,
in fact, he's even better at it now.
- He always knows what I'm thinking.
- Duane, you're giving me the creeps.
They didn't want him to live!
But he fooled them. He
didn't die, he just got stronger.
Oh, if you only knew
what it was like.
So in the end, I kept
him from everyone.
Well, both of us are messed up!
I don't know which
one of us is worse...
Duane.
Duane!
No, no, God no! I don't
even want it in the house!
It should be dead instead of my wife!
How could you let it be born?
Why didn't kill it
before it killed her?
And then, after they

tell me, my wife died,
after they tell me my child
is a twisted block of flesh
then she tells me
I need two names for it.
One for the child and
one for the monster!
As if I had two sons
instead of one freak!
It killed its own mother!
You want a name for it, I will
name him "killer". A murderer!
The boy is how old now?
Twelve?
You mean "boys".
There are two of them.
Boys...
Yes, of course.
They're upstairs.
And just how long have you
actually tutored the child?
Children. I've been with
them since they were born.
As their aunt, I'm sure you're
doing what you think best.
I've got a copy of
your teaching certificate
as well as the
school board's report.
However the state does have final say
and I must examine the boy for myself
before any tutoring can
replace proper schooling.
Now you do understand?
Now, if I may be
blunt, can't they...
Couldn't they have an operation?
It's not that simple.
I think we should
discuss this downstairs.
No, no. I think we're
making a big mistake.
We're rushing things.
We shouldn't even be here.

Where is boy now?
He's upstairs, in bed, asleep.
He can't hear us.
We need time to think
this over, talk it over...
We don't have time. It must be done
now, while my sister-in-law is away.
I'm not sure.
I've got second thoughts.
Bullshit second thoughts.
I've had 12 years of
doctors' second thoughts.
I not know...
I just don't know.
Well, you'll sure as hell know if it were
your own son we were talking about!
You understand that if we separate the
deformity from Duane, it will probably die?
It's better off dead! What kind
of life will it have the way it is?
- We're talking about your child!
- Child?
Duane is my child,
not that other thing!
All I want is Duane to be normal.
It's too late to change the
other one, just cut Duane from it.
I don't know.
I don't know!
The hospital says no, every
doctor I've asked says no...
You two may be my last hope!
I don't know who you are, or where
Lifflander found you and I don't care.
No questions asked.
Just separate them.
He's right of course. The boy
should have a chance of a normal life.
They don't share organs or
bones, just tissue and flesh.
If the operation is successful, the
most Duane will have is a nasty scar.
- And the other one?
- Doctor...

I'm not even sure it's human.

No, God no!

Help help! No!

Stop fighting, God damn it!

We're just going into the
dining room, Duane. Now stop it!

It won't hurt, Duane.

I promise, this won't hurt!

Duane, hold still!

Don't fight it...

- We're only trying to help you.

- This is for your own good.

- Now, we've got to hold you still.

- Duane, God dammit!

- Hold his arms.

- No, help! God, no!

Damn it!

It's for your own good!

No, God!

No, help!

Hold him, hold him, that's it.

Damn it! If it is squirming around,
this is not going to work,
if it's squirming around.

- Hold him still!

- Hold him. Hold him...

- Look, I've got it...

- Okay, hold him.

Is that you, Belial?

Where?

I'm coming.

God damn it, Duane! If that's you
down there, you'd better answer me!

Duane?

It's all right now.

Everyone's gone,
the police have left.

They could find no evidence
of who killed your father,
nor do they have
any idea what killed him.

Dr. Lifflander said that he performed
an emergency operation on your brother
and that he died and was

removed from your side.
I am not going to ask
you what really happened.
I know that you and your
brother have gone through hell.
Everyone thinks Belial is dead now
and we'll let them. It's safer that way.
But I'm here now to
care of you. Both of you.
- Aren't thou afraid?
- No, monster. Not I.
Be not afraid.
The isle is full of noises,
sounds, and sweet airs
that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling
instruments will hum about mine ears,
and sometimes voices,
that if I then had waked after long
sleep, will make me sleep again.
And then in dreaming,
the clouds we thought would open and
show riches ready to drop upon me.
That when I awake,
I cried to dream again.
Hey, that's your room.
- Yeah, but you're going home first.
- No, you first.
All right.
Now, yours.
- I'm okay, really.
- Yeah, I know. Give me your key.
I can do it myself.
I'm fine.
- Really, I'm really okay...
- Yeah, yeah, yeah.
See?
I'm all right.
Are you sure?
- A hundred percent.
- Okay, baby.
Almost forgot him.
Help!
Help!

There's something in my room!
- Move out!
- I saw it, I saw it!
He tried to kill me!
Just head...
There's nothing else!
That thing is in my room!
I want you to stay with me tonight.
You can sleep on my couch.
Are you okay, honey?
- Whatever was in there, is gone.
- No!
It's alright, you can
stay with me tonight.
All right! Get back to
your rooms! Come on!
This ain't a God
damned subway station!
Move it!
Come on!
Clear the hallway!
This isn't a hotel, it's a nuthouse!
Come on, let's get this over with.
This is a vet.
An animal doctor!
Mr. White?
It's the last door at
the end of the hall.
So.
Tell me about your cat. You
said on the phone he's badly cut.
- Yes, on his side.
- Okay.
Let's take him into the next room.
Just sit him there on the table.
Well then.
Let's take a look at him.
- Only it's not a cat.
- I thought you said...
And I think I should explain how
he got his cut before you see him.
Another vet, Dr. Lifflander,
operated on him
upstate unsuccessfully.

Dr. Lifflander?
Yes, you know him?
Ahh yes, I see.
I'm beginning to understand now.
You're that kid Needleman
warned me about. The Bradley boy.
The freak we separated.
What a pleasant surprise
after all these years!
You seem to have gone through
a great deal of trouble to find me.
The question is, why?
I would assume it's to thank me?
To thank you?
Well, after all I made
you normal, didn't I?
You did it to kill my brother!
Oh, dear...
Hostility?
You've got two seconds to
haul your ass out of my office!
I'm not going to be threatened by some
adolescent punk with a smoldering grudge,
unless you've got something
else you want to cut off.
What's in the basket?
Doctor?
Dr. Kutter, are you all right?
Open the door!
Dr. Kutter!
Doctor?
Dr. Kutter!
Are you all right in there?
Dr. Kutter!
Open the door!
Dr. Kutter!
Duane!
Duane!
Oh, God, Duane!
Something awful has happened!
What?
Tell me.
I've been with the
police all morning.

- The police?
- Dr. Needleman's been murdered.
They found his body
some time last night.
- They don't think that you ...?
- Oh, no! Of course not!
It's so awful!
I'm still shaky... I
I mean... I didn't like the man,
but God, Duane, someone killing him.
I am a wreck... I
I need to be with someone.
I don't want to be alone.
I want to be with you, Duane.
I don't know why.
Especially after the way you
acted yesterday, but I just...
You are the first
person I thought of.
The only person I thought of!
Please don't cry.
It's alright, really.
Come on upstairs.
Well Duane, it was awful!
They wanted me to identify the body,
even though they saw
how bad I was taking it.
I don't understand why
I'm just upset. I just am.
And don't know why
I've been thinking of you.
But it's all I did.
I've been thinking of you all day.
Oh, God, Duane!
Take me, Duane.
Oh, God!
What's that?
Duane, let me up.
Let me up.
Duane, let me up!
Let me up!
Duane!
Duane, let me up!
Duane, let go!

Duane, open up!
What's happening in there?
Duane!
Duane, open up!
What are you trying to do to me?
Let me in!
Are you alright?
- Go away!
- Duane, let me in!
Duane, let me in!
It'll never work!
Damn you!
Duane, talk to me, please.
Damn you!
Why?
Duane!
No, never again!
She was good!
She was pure!
She wasn't one of them!
Why her?
Because I loved her?
Because she loved me?
What's wrong with you?
No! I'll never let you out!
No way!
No, I won't have it!
No!
Just because you can't
doesn't mean I shouldn't!
No! God damn you!
Damn you to hell!
Is this what I have to worry
about every time I find a girl I like?
You climbing on top of her.
If I ever get my hands on you, I'll
kill you! I swear to God, I'll kill you!
The first girl I ever kissed
and you destroy her!
Why did you do that to me?
Damn you!
Duane, what's the matter?
Get out of here!
No ...!

Jesus Christ!

...bulging biceps.

Oh! What's that?

Oh girls, look at that!

What is that? Oh, no!

- Hey, there's a guy up there!

- No!

Hey!

Are you okay up there?

Hang on, he's going to

fall on one of you people!

Oh, no!

Don't touch him.