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Donovan's Brain

By Felix E. Feist

He's cold.
We'll be home
in a couple of minutes.
His teeth are chattering.
You gonna make friends
with this one, too?
He is cold.
Come here.
He's relaxing.
He likes me.
Me, too.
Frank?
Patrick.
Aw, Jan,
you know how much
this means to me.
Get with it, will you, baby?
Frank!
Hey, Frank!
Oh.
No.
Oh, Frank.
Come on.
Ok, colonel. Ok.
Lay off. Stop it.
Ready for duty.
Always ready.
Yes, sir, colonel.
Jan, put on some coffee.
Don't I always put
a pot of coffee on the stove
before I pass out?
There's lots of coffee.
Oh, my dear
Dr. Schratt,
you sober up with more grace
than anybody I ever saw.
You're terrific.
Come on, let's go.
Are you kiddin'?
Look.
Nope.
Frank, don't let me down.
What's more useless than

a surgeon with a hangover?
I'm a drunken zero.
I pass.
No, you don't.
I'd rather have you
do a corneal transplant
for me drunk
than anybody else sober.
Let's go, boy.
You're brilliant,
but not normal.
Heh heh. So are you,
but are you, and who is?
Uhh.
Great.
Come on, boy.
Hit the showers.
Turn in your suit.
Get me a long carotid
this time, will you?
Yes, indeed.
Clean to the last teeny pore.
Darling,
junior's falling asleep.
Good.
Look, he's the first
who's not scared.
That's a break for us.
Less problem with clots.
Pat, couldn't I keep him
as a pet?
I thought I was your pet.
Set him on the table, honey.
He's so young, so trusting.
He trusts me.
Must be just a baby.
Pat...
The others were too old.
Maybe that's why we failed.
This is your fifth try.
It seems so pointless.
4 wasted lives.
Monkey lives,
and is it pointless

for animals to help
save human life?
One soldier, one mother
in an auto accident,
one half-drowned boy,
one baby girl feverish
with freckles and a dimple.
You're right, darling.
I'm being silly.
Thanks, dear.
Now go make us
one of those wonderful
stews, will you?
She is really something.
So are you, pal.
Ok, you're on.
This is the day.
I feel it.
Me, too.
In about 30 minutes,
we'll have a monkey brain...
Alive.
Well, yes or no?
Frank, the pump.
Now the motor.
Jan, check the oscillograph.
For the fifth and last time,
I hope, nothing.
Keep watching it.
Frank, up 5 microvolts.
An Alpha curve.
Faint, but it's here.
Up 5 more.
The curve's firm and normal.
Honey, take a look.
It's something, kids.
A brain without a body...
Alive.
It's wonderful.
Great work, Frank.
Congratulations.
Terrific, but
I'm glad it's over.
All set, darling.

Immediately upon removal,
2 electrodes fastened
to cortical tissue.
If that's for me, I'm not here.
Hello?
No, Dr. Schratt's
not here.
Well, I don't know
about Dr. Cory.
Oh, hold on a minute.
Pat, it's the chief ranger.
There's been
an airplane accident.
He thinks some of the passengers
may still be alive.
Why don't they get Frank?
He'll be in town
in a half an hour.
That half hour might
save a human life.
This is Cory.
I'll be glad to help.
Where do I meet you?
I'll be there
as quickly as possible.
Honey, take care of things.
Notes of everything, huh?
I'll watch every second.
Yeah.
Ok, boys.
Set him down.
He'll never make it
to the hospital.
What about your place, doc?
It's only a couple of miles.
I don't think he has a chance,
but it's worth a try.
Ok.
This way, fellas.
Still living?
Perfect.
Same as when you left.
What about the wreck?
Three dead, one survivor.

He's in bad shape.
Give me a hand with this, boys.
Put the head right over here.
Jan, give them scissors.
Easy now, fellas.
Fast as you can,
cut away the clothes.
Tuttle, help
with the sheet there.
You'll find 'em
in the side drawer.
Better get Frank.
He's running a temperature.
I think he's asleep.
Wake him up.
Get him.
You pull him through, doc,
you should be set for life.
How do you mean?
That's Warren h. Donovan.
Means nothing to me.
He's supposed to be
worth a hundred million.
The sky's the limit on your fee.
Money can't help him now.
All right, boys.
Thanks very much.
That's swell.
You can go.
Frank'll be here in a minute.
Honey, we'll need your help.
Will you get
the gowns and things?
Hurry up, Frank.
Why weren't you in your office?
The whole wide world
is my office.
How bad is he?
Both legs completely gone.
His chest is crushed.
Tuttle, you better
get into the hospital.
If we pull him through,
we'll need a lot of things.

Right. I'll call you
as soon as I get to town.
We'll know for sure by then.
We'll need adrenaline,
and I'd start plasma right now.
Frank, you take care
of the chest.
I'll do the legs.
Clamp.
Uh...
What's the pulse?
None.
I think he's gone.
Adrenaline.
Let Frank do it.
Right into the heart.
Not a flicker.
Try a massage.
Still nothing.
Any idea who the poor man was?
Some millionaire,
name of Donovan,
Tuttle said.
Absolutely nothing.
Hmm.
Any ideas?
I wouldn't have wasted
this much time.
All right, that's that.
Thanks for covering for me, pat.
Tuttle hates my guts.
He'd love to see
his brother in my job.
Well, you go on back to bed.
I'll tell him you were sick.
Make out the death certificate
first, though.
That's not my department.
Why don't I park
Mr. Donovan in the garage?
All right. Thanks.
Wait a minute.
Hold everything.
Watch the current,

will you, Frank?
Jan, give us readings.
What's the big idea?
I'm curious, that's all.
What about it, Jan?
There must be something wrong.
There are indications
of Alpha waves.
Not too unusual.
In violent death,
like the plane crash,
organs of the body
die at different times,
and his brain's still alive.
You're right.
The waves aren't
weakening at all.
Come on, Frank, I think
we have time enough.
Time for what?
Donovan's dead, isn't he?
Beyond all help?
So?
Science can use Donovan's brain.
Hurry, or we'll never make it.
You're crazy.
Count me out.
It's against the law
to operate on a corpse.
It could mean jail.
And for what?
What do you hope to prove?
There's no time to talk now.
Either help me,
or leave me on my own.
Please, darling, don't...
Believe in me, will you, baby?
Get the instruments
out of the sterilizer.
Quickly.
The bottom tray.
You're wackier sober
than I ever was crocked.
What an idea,

stealing a man's brain.
Second success of the day.
To Patrick Cory,
doctor of science,
who plays miracle man
on the side.
Now will you tell us why?
Jan, please, 40th minute...
Tissue regains color,
complete recovery
from surgical shock.
It's simple, Frank.
We have blood banks,
bone banks, eye banks,
corneal transplants
from dead to living.
Jan, arteries resuming
pre-operative state.
Add the time.
So what? Preservation
of tissue is nothing new.
Why risk a jail sentence
for that?
If this brain lives,
maybe we can discover
how it thinks.
Impossible.
It can't see, it can't hear,
and it can't feel.
That's correct.
The brain itself can't.
That's why this one
feels no pain
even though it's still alive,
but this brain contains
all the knowledge and experience
of Warren Donovan's entire life.
In other words,
all his thoughts.
The impulses of these thoughts,
then, must still be alive.
You're just guessing,
aren't you?
Am I?

What do you think is registering
on the oscillograph?

I'm a doctor,
not an electrician.

For all I know,
that thing would move
even without the brain.

Let's see. Fluid level
has dropped 2 millimeters.

Do you suppose it could
be absorbing nourishment?

Promise me something,
will you, pal?

If anyone ever asks
any questions about this,
you don't even know my name.

I promise.

Well, see ya.

Where are you going?

Still 11 bottles
left in that case.

Why don't you
take them home with you?

Good idea.

I'm supposed
to be home... On duty.

Darling, what about the stew?

Oh, right now,
but in here, please.

I'm not budging an inch
as long as Mr. Donovan's
brain is still alive.

72nd hour, third day.

Current increase...

2 microvolts.

Please, take it off the hook.

Well, let's face it, darling.

If you don't go to town,
Higgins is going
to come out here.

Do you want that?

I told you I'd see him,
honey, but not now.

Please, don't stop.

If that's Higgins,
keep him in the living room.
I'll come out.
All right, but I'm worried.
Frank said there was
talk of an autopsy.
How are you going to explain
the stitches in his head?
I'll explain 'em.
Here are your chemicals.
Now will you forget that thing
and come on back
to town with me?
Are they performing an autopsy?
No autopsy yet.
It's just that this Donovan
was a very important man.
The c.A.A.
Is investigating the crash,
but the main thing
is Higgins and Webster
are after my neck.
Now will you
come on back with me
and get me off the spot?
Ok, pal, anything you say.
Just give me
a few minutes to shave.
Take over, will you, dear?
Darling...
Wear a tie, huh?
If anyone thinks I was
guilty of negligence,
why not perform an autopsy?
We considered that,
but Mr. Donovan's family
decided it wasn't necessary.
Ah, Tuttle.
Tuttle, didn't you tell them
we did everything we could?
There's no dispute about that.
Then why am I here?
Principally,
with regard

to Dr. Schratt.
Now would you say...
Would you say
Dr. Schratt
was or was not in condition
to perform his duties?
Dr. Schratt was
in perfect condition
to perform his duties,
and he did.
When I tried to reach him,
he wasn't at his office.
At Dr. Cory's, he smelled
like a barroom,
and Mike at the liquor store
says he bought a case
of that Russian stuff
he lives on.
Caviar?
Tuttle, you're a fine ranger.
Why don't you mind
your own business?
Mr. Webster,
take my word for it.
You couldn't have
a more capable person
in your employ
than Dr. Schratt.
Anything else, gentlemen?
Nothing more for me.
Mr. Donovan's
son and daughter
are waiting to meet you.
Of course.
I'll buy you a drink
sometime, ranger.
What's your version, doc?
Did you know Donovan before?
I asked you men to cooperate.
I'll be back
in a minute, fellas.
Please, get me on the way out.
Thanks a lot.
Ok, doc.

Mrs. parton,
Mr. Donovan, Dr. Cory.
Hello, doctor.
How do you do,
Dr. Cory?
I'm very sorry
about your father.
Well, thank you, doctor.
My sister and I
have been assured
everything possible was done.
Believe me, it was.
Did dad say anything
before he died?
No. He was
unconscious
when we got to the wreck,
and he stayed that way.
I'd say he passed on
very peacefully.
No pain.
We wondered if any papers
fell out of his pockets.
Not that I know of.
Are you certain?
You notice anything?
No.
As I told you before,
Dr. Cory and I
were concerned only
with what we had to do.
We understand.
We're grateful to you both.
If there's ever anything
we can do to show
our appreciation,
please call on us anytime.
By all means, do.
Thank you, I will.
Good luck to you both.
Fellas, I can't add a thing
to what you already know.
What about the rumor
that Tuttle's brother

will replace
Dr. Schratt?
Quote, nobody could
be better in his job
than Dr. Frank Schratt,
unquote.
That's all, boys.
Will you excuse me now?
Sure, doctor.
So far, so good.
Hiya, doc. My name's
yocum, herbie yocum.
I freelance for a livin'
with my little brownie here.
Came up on my own on spec
to do a picture story
on Donovan's death.
Well, where do I fit in?
He died at your house,
didn't he?
Look, doc,
I'd like to get a shot
of the operating table
where he kicked off.
That's a little gruesome,
isn't it?
Delicious.
The Sunday supplement's
eat this stuff up.
I got some shots of
Donovan in the morgue.
What happened to his head?
It was a plane crash, remember?
He had extensive injuries.
Oh, come on, doc.
Give me a break.
If you do, I'll take
some shots of your kids.
All right, yocum.
Do you want to follow me
in your car?
Are you kiddin'?
The finance company
took it 4 payments back.

Doc, you're my chauffeur.
I just added 5 ccs of serum,
and there was
a small deviation...
We'll talk about it later.
Hey, good lookin' lab
you got here, doc.
Oh, a heart, huh?
Hey, a brain.
All right, yocum.
This is where Donovan died.
Take your picture
from over there.
Yeah, sure, doc.
And include us out.
Got it?
One more, just in case.
Hey, how about doin'
a story on your stuff, doc?
You know, it might be worth
a couple of hundred dollars,
and I'll split with you.
No, thanks. Uh...
What do you think you're doing?
Oh, doc, you're rushing me.
That one slipped.
You know, I just lost 6 cents.
That's what these bulbs
cost me wholesale.
This one ought to do it.
All right.
Take him back to town,
will you, please, Frank?
Well, thanks, doc,
and if you're ever in Hollywood
and need a favor, look me up.
Yocum. Y-o-c-u-m.
The only one in the phone book.
Bye.
How did you ever happen
to allow a thing like that?
He wanted some pictures
of where Donovan died.
He'd already taken

pictures in the morgue,
and I was afraid
he'd get suspicious
if didn't let him come here.
What were you saying now
when we came in
about a deviation?
Well, it was at 4:40.
I was checking the voltage.
Here comes another one.

This like the 4:

Yes.
Huh.
2 identical deviations.
Looks like a beta frequency.
Oh, it is.
The brain must be
thinking systematically.
Darling, you watch the screen.
I want to try something.
It's another deviation,
a bigger one.
Jan...
I feel we are about to stumble
onto something very important.
For instance?
Well, I don't know for sure,
but we know the brain reacts
and reacts differently.
The next step is to find out
what these reactions mean.
Specifically, which cells
are responsible
for thoughts, emotions, actions.
All right, but where
do we go from there?
Now you're
asking me too much too soon.
These answers may take years.
By the way, how's your Patience?
What do you think?
I think someday
you'll be as famous

as madame Eve curie.
Well, if I'm as useful to you
as she was to her husband,
I'll settle for that.
You're just as useful...
And lot's prettier.
Oh, pat, please go take a nap.
Not now, dear.
You do the sleeping
for both of us.
Let me have the notes, please.
Seventh day.
Brain's absorption
of nourishment
increasing approximately
1 cc per hour.
Growth and pulsations
visible to naked eye.
These impulses!
They must mean something.
They must!
More notes?
No, not now, dear.
Pat, I'm worried about Frank.
Why?
He'll show up when
he runs out of money.
Don't you feel a little guilty?
If he hadn't
been here helping you,
he'd have been home
on duty when Tuttle called.
Wouldn't have lost his job.
Jan, when a teetotaler
takes after a drunk,
the drunk doesn't have a chance.
Tuttle's been after
Frank for a year now.
Sometimes I think
you're a bad influence.
Why don't you discourage
Frank from drinking?
Oh, perhaps I'll cure Frank
and every other alcoholic,

if I can solve the mystery
of Donovan's brain.
I think it's a matter
of chemistry,
how the brain thinks.
The problem is to find out
what chemical combinations
are responsible for success,
failure, happiness, misery.
Sounds impossible.
But it isn't.
It can't be.
There has to be a way.
Pat, I wish you'd eat
and get a good night's sleep.
Oh, there must be some way.
Now this oscillograph
has shown us
all kinds of reactions,
but what do they mean?
Honey, are you really
interested in reactions?
Are you kidding?
Of course.
Well, what about mine?
It looks like
we're going to spend
the rest of our lives
here in this room.
All right.
I don't miss the fresh air,
and my cooking smells
like carbolic acid,
but there's no place in here
for you to warm my cold feet
on these long winter nights.
I guess if we had
about a hundred mirrors,
we could watch the brain
from every room in
the house, couldn't we?
If you think it'll work,
I'll buy them.
Something else will work.

What?
We'll give the brain a voice,
and we can hear it
from anywhere.
Now who's kidding who?
No, no, no. Honest.
I'll show you.
Look, go get the portable radio,
will you?
And the soldering iron.
And a ham sandwich on rye!
See, beautiful?
The same electrical impulses
which move the oscillograph
can be turned into sound waves.
This thing lets us
see the brain think,
and the amplifier
and loud speaker let us hear.
If I only knew
what it was thinking.
It sounds spooky.
Now when did we get
superstitious?
I'm not really.
I'm just a little upset.
What about?
Well, now that that thing works,
can we go in the other room,
sit in front of the fire?
Sure, dear.
That's what it's for.
Welcome home,
Dr. Schratt.
Well, it's
about time you showed up.
Can I live
in your breakfast nook?
It's been made up for days.
How's the mastermind doing
with his stolen brain?
Go take a shower, will you?
What's that noise?
Mr. Donovan

thinking out loud.
Oh, very funny.
You look like you
could use a shower
and a shave and some sleep.
Thank you, Frank.
Pat's letting himself
run down like a broken clock.
He won't listen to me.
Look, pal, I've got an idea...
The answer to everything
you want to know.
You come along fishing
with me for 3 days,
and I'll solve all
your problems for you.
All right, wise guy,
let's have it now.
What you need is
a nice big crystal ball.
Oh.
If you didn't have a beard,
I'd kiss you for that.
For what?
Crystal ball, that's it!
The next step...
Clairvoyance, telepathy.
You remember the experiments
at Duke university.
One brain transmitting thoughts,
the other receiving them.
Well, don't you get it?
Donovan's brain
is sending out thoughts.
All I have to do is use
my brain to receive them.
Oh, naturally.
Very simple.
Darling, will you
do something for me?
Will you go into town
and get back issues
of magazines and newspapers?
I want every article

that has anything
to do with Donovan.
Every possible detail
of his life.
Will you, baby, please?
Hey, you sober enough?
Will you drive her?
I'm beat.
I want to take
that shower you sold
me on and sleep.
I'm tired of this
space-patrol junk.
All right, all right.
Darling, will you, please?
Sure.
Maybe there's something in
the last issue of newsweek.
"Despite his millions,
"Donovan was
notoriously antagonistic
toward organized charity.
His huge..."
hey, you read that one before.
Oh.
How about this?
"The government case
against Donovan
"for income tax evasion
"has been in a legal
snarl for years.
"Donovan carried to an extreme
"the independence
of the self-made man.
"What belonged to him he
felt was his and his alone.
"He scorned taxes, fought
the payment of every penny.
"Treasury department experts
refused comment
"on how the fact
that Donovan left no will
will affect the status
of their case."

Jan, read that one again
that gives his description.

"Donovan's strength
was in his lined,
"granite-like face
and piercing eyes.
"Nephritis had left him
in poor physical state.
"He must have been
in constant pain,
"because he generally
walked with a limp,
his right hand soothing
his aching kidney."

Yeah, a lot of walking he did
with 4 Cadillacs.

I can just see him now,
hobbling from
the mansion to his car,
chewing on a \$2 cigar
and blowing smoke rings
worth a nickel a piece.

Well, thanks
for everything, kids.
Night, darling.

Frank.

I'm gonna catch us
some nice fresh
trout for breakfast.

Want to come along?

No, thanks.

Somebody around here
ought to get some sleep.

See you in the morning.

Hey, if you happen
to get a message
from an old lady
with white hair,
that's my great aunt marta.

Say I'm out.

Hey! Anybody up?

Look.

3 nights in a row
he hasn't been to bed.

She should have married
a mattress tester.

Pat.

Hmm?

Pat?

Now, this is silly.

Why didn't you come to bed?

What happened?

A remarkable occurrence,

Dr. Cory.

A thoroughly exhausted
man fell asleep.

Now, look.

Why don't we put this
on a sensible basis?

Now that Frank's living here,

we can take turns,

and that way

we won't miss a thing,

and we can still

keep our health.

You write this?

No.

Frank, is this one of your gags?

Did you pull this
after I fell asleep?

No. So help me, pat.

How could I?

I was busy catching
our breakfast.

What is it, darling?

Where's that picture
of Donovan's signature?

I think it's in newsweek.

Newsweek?

Give us a hand,
will you, Frank?

Here it is.

We've done it.

Contact with
Donovan's brain at last.

I wonder who Fuller is.

Hi, flower girl.

Finally remembered how

bright the sunshine is.
I can't seem
to make contact today,
so I'm going to check around
and try to find out
who Fuller is.
I wish you'd stay close by.
Of course, darling.
Won't miss a thing.
Why aren't you
in the laboratory?
I told you to watch
the oscillograph
until I returned.
Don't talk to me like that.
Well, then do as I tell you.
Why don't you
stop fooling yourself?
You're not kidding me.
You don't believe
that Donovan and Cory
have arrived
at a meeting of minds?
Not in a million years.
You're blind, Schratt.
Report, please.
Constant glow,
same as when you left.
Fabulous. Look.
See the difference?
Now look at the oscillograph.
See? The brain
is falling asleep.
That's good.
Let's go in
the living room, hmm?
All right, dear.
Pat, Frank and I had a long talk
when you were out.
Oh?
We decided that you're
carrying this thing too far.
Too far?
Oh, darling, this is

only the beginning.
Do you remember our conversation
when you came in?
Conversation?
Hmm. Very vaguely.
And you think that's the sign
of a healthy mind?
Look, pat, we're both doctors.
We understand autosuggestion,
self-hypnosis.
Darling, don't you see?
The limp, the tone of voice.
You're imitating Donovan
subconsciously,
even to practicing his signature
with your left hand.
Oh, Jan, please.
We read you every detail
of Donovan's life,
and you're so anxious
to see this crazy
experiment succeed...
What do I have to do
to convince you both
this Donovan business
is on the level?
You'll never convince me.
I expect you any day
to send me out
for a box of \$2 cigars.
You told us that it
was an experiment,
an investigation
of human emotions.
It is.
A search for happiness.
It is all those things,
but human emotions exist
way deep in the mind.
So far I've only managed
a superficial communication
with the brain.
Oh, you're off your rocker, pal.
You're way past the brain.

You're looking for the soul.
You're out of your department.
That's why I tell you
you're kidding yourself,
and if you're not,
if you are on the level,
then you're trying to play god.
Oh, Frank.
You know I couldn't have
gotten this far without...
God's help.
That wins this round,
chum, but you wait.
Uh, did you measure
today's increase in size?
No, not yet.
I better do it.
I'll be back in a few minutes.
He seems so Sincere.
The mind's a funny thing, Jan.
This Jekyll and Hyde
thing, it's weird.
You want me to end it?
How do you mean?
You tell me when,
and we'll have an accident.
A fuse in the garage will pop,
and 5 minutes later,
we'll bury Donovan's brain.
Much as I'd like it,
I want pat to be
the one to say when.
Janice, pack my suitcase.
And I'll want the tape recorder.
Where are you going?
To the city.
Why? For how long?
When did you...
Please don't interrupt
my train of thought.
While I'm away, increase
nourishment to the brain...
Half a pint a day.
Frank, order a taxi,

then call the airport
and charter a private plane.
Yes, sir?
Suite 612, if it's not occupied.
612? It's available.
For how long?
A week at least.
Possibly longer.
Dr. Cory? It's nice
having you with us.
Incidentally, the rate
on 612 is 75 a day.
My friend Mr. w.H. Donovan
said the rate would be 50.
Oh. That was
for Mr. Donovan.
Confidential, we thought.
However...
However, the rate will be \$50.
Have the boy
take my bags upstairs.
I'll be back later.
Hi, doc. Remember me?
Hey, don't tell me
you forgot herbie yocum.
Oh. Hello, yocum.
I just telephoned your house.
Thought maybe I'd run out
and pay you a visit,
but the missus said
you were checking in here.
Call me here later
this afternoon, yocum.
I'm late for an appointment now.
Yeah, sure.
You'll have to see
the manager... Mr. mcnish.
Mr. mcnish?
Yes?
I was sent to you about this.
Effie.
You have identification, doctor?
Yes, certainly.
Effie, will you get me

the signature card
of the Roger hinds account
and the ledger sheet, please.

Yes, sir.

Have you known

Mr. hinds long, doctor?

Does it matter?

Well, as a matter of fact,

to my knowledge,

he's never been in the bank.

Naturally, we're

a bit curious about him.

All his deposits and withdrawals

have been made by mail.

We all have our idiosyncrasies,

Mr. mcnish.

How do you wish to have

this cashed, doctor?

Mostly thousands, some hundreds,

and a few fifties.

Well, that will just

about close the account.

I wouldn't know about that.

You have an office

here in the city, doctor?

No, I'm visiting

at the town house.

I see.

Well, here you are,

sir. \$27,000.

May I have an envelope, please?

Certainly, sir.

And if you'd care

to open an account...

No, thank you,

Mr. mcnish.

Good day, sir.

Get me the treasury department,

bureau of investigation...

A Mr. Brooke. Yes.

Do you have

this equipment on hand?

Yeah, I think so.

I want immediate delivery

to that address.
If you don't have
a truck, hire one.
I don't know about that.
I'll pay double
the usual hauling rate,
with a \$100 bonus
for the men on the truck.
How much do I owe you?
I'll have to figure it out.
A rough guess
will be good enough.
Well, I'd say, uh,
with the tax...
It'd be pretty close to \$8,000.
Your firm will absorb the tax,
or I'll use
my professional connections
to make the purchase
wholesale, understand?
Have the driver give
the change to Mrs. Cory.
\$50 of that is for you.
What can I do for you, sir?
I was sent
by w.H. Donovan.
Do you have any blue serge
with a thin pinstripe?
Yes, sir.
We certainly do.
We had just ordered a bolt
especially
for Mr. Donovan
shortly before...
The accident.
I'll take half a dozen suits.
Certainly, sir.
I want the first one
in the morning.
That's impossible, sir.
Not if you put
one tailor on the coat,
another on the trousers,
and have both work all night!

Now, let's get on
with my measurements.
Mr. Nathaniel Fuller,
please.
Mr. Fuller
is in conference.
He'll be tied up
until after lunch.
Tell him a friend
of w.H. Donovan
wants to see him.
Say it's urgent.
But...
Go on.
Excuse me, Mr. Fuller,
but there's a gentleman here...
A friend of
Mr. w.H. Donovan's.
Says it's urgent.
Who is he?
Dr. Patrick Cory.
Dr. Patrick Cory.
Cory?
Tell him to come back
some other time.
Fuller, I have a message for you
from Warren Donovan.
You'll see me now.
Sorry, Mr. Fuller.
Have
Mr. Cory come in.
The first door.
Now, Mr. Cory,
what is so urgent?
It's Dr. Cory.
Mr. Fuller, I want you
to put through a phone call
to Mr. Donovan's
Washington connection.
Tell him to leave
Washington tonight by plane.
You and he will be in my suite,
612 at the town house,

at 11:

I don't know what you're talking about, Dr. Cory.

Do you know who I am?

Frankly, no.

Mr. Donovan

died in my home.

Oh, that's right.

No wonder your name

sounded slightly familiar.

However, I doubt

if Mr. Donovan's connection,

as you refer to him,

would drop his official duties

and come out here

on my say-so.

He will when you tell him

that certain checks,

endorsed by him,

are in my possession.

He still wants them, doesn't he?

Now, see here,

Dr. Cory.

Yes, Mr. Fuller?

Do you recognize

the handwriting?

Yes, but...

Then follow my instructions,

Mr. Fuller.

Aren't there certain checks

with your endorsement, too?

See you in the morning,

Mr. Fuller.

Suite 612.

Get me the long-distance operator.

I want to make

a person-to-person call

to Washington.

Yes, sir.

612, please.

Yes, sir.

Room service?

This is 612.

Send up a thick steak,
porterhouse, rare, charred,
asparagus hollandaise,
celery hearts, crisp,
olives, large ones.

That's right.

No coffee.

No, milk.

Dr. Cory?

My name is Brooke.

Mr. Smith and I
are investigators
assigned to
the treasury department.

May we come in?

Yes, come in. Yeah.

You gentlemen don't
waste any time, do you?

Sit down.

You're right, doctor,
and we won't waste time...

Ours or yours.

Where did you get
the \$27,000 check
you cashed this morning?

I see no reason
to answer that question.

That's a surprising
attitude, doctor.

Well, ordinarily
I'd be glad to tell you,
but it so happens
the money is financing
a research project of mine.
The backer said he'd withdraw
if his connection became known.

Can you arrange for us
to meet
this Mr. hinds?

We'll respect his confidence.

Next time I see him,
I'll be glad
to relay your request.

Well, doctor, we've been

instructed to tell you
a little more
about this situation.

Thanks.

I'm not interested.

Would you be interested
in finding yourself
on trial as an accessory
to tax fraud?

Prosecuted by the government
of the United States?

If you'll give me
your card, Mr. Brooke,
I'll have my attorney
get in touch with you.

We'd appreciate that, doctor.

Oh, incidentally,
what's your attorney's name?

It's unimportant.

He'll introduce himself
when he calls.

Room service.

Come in.

Well, gentlemen.

We'll run along, doctor.

And please, we'd rather
you keep in touch
with us than for us
to have to keep
in touch with you.

It'll be ready in a moment, sir.

Hiya, doc.

Really living it up, huh?

What is it, yocum?

Remember, doc,

I told you I was broke?

Well, I wrote an article,
and I think it's gonna
get me a lot of loot.

You mean the one
on Mr. Donovan?

Well, sort of,
but I got a new slant on it,
and it's a dilly.

How does that concern me?
Oh, I thought maybe
you'd like to see it.
Good title...
"dead man's living brain."
Is the brain still alive?
Yes.
Say, that's good.
Some editor might want proof.
I can get 10 grand for that.
It's worth it.
Oh, you really
think it's good, huh?
It's a good guess,
yocum. That's all.
Ah, the public
don't care about that.
And I got pictures.
Look.
Here's Donovan in the morgue.
I took the bandages off
so you can see the stitches.
Here's Donovan's brain
in your lab.
Gee, the missis looks
pretty, doesn't she?
That's the one I thought
was gonna cost me 6 cents.
Ha ha ha.
Yocum, why go off
half-cocked on this thing?
I mean, why not forget
this article for a while,
and then when
the experiment's completed,
I'll collaborate with you.
That's swell, doc,
but what do I live on
in the meantime?
Will you make me
a small advancement?
How small?
Oh, say a couple of grand.
What makes you think

I have that kind of money?
I just happened
to be around the bank
when you picked up a bundle.
I see.
Pretty sharp, aren't you?
Yocum, have you ever
been in trouble?
Not your kind of trouble, no.
You know, stealing
a dead man's brain
is quite a rap.
A cousin of mine's a lawyer.
He says it's
a 5-year stretch,
besides losing
your medical license.
How do I reach you
in case I want to get in touch?
Like I told you...
Yocum, herbie yocum.
The only one in the phone book.
Oh, and keep the copies,
I got plenty.
And picture negatives, too.
See you next week, pal.
Next month.
Well, that depends
on how long this lasts.
Happy days, doc.
So long, partner.
Give me the desk.
This is Dr. Cory in 612.
Call Morton flying service
and charter a plane
to take me to green valley.
No, I'll keep the suite.
I'm coming back in the morning.
Hasn't it the slightest
sign of decay?
None. I've never seen
healthier tissue.
It's growing larger by the day.
I wonder if he'll be himself.

I doubt it.
It's my guess
he's losing himself.
That's what worries me.
Look.
Hmm.
I wonder what effect
it's having on him.
Let's go see.
Hello, Frank.
Darling.
Do you control it,
or does it control you?
I wouldn't call it control.
I'd say I make
my mind receptive,
submit to the brain's will.
The brain takes over,
that's all.
You know, a strange thing
happened this afternoon.
I was sitting
in front of the brain
concentrating like you do,
only, to tell the truth,
I was wishing
that thing would die,
when suddenly
my head began to swim,
and I had an eerie feeling
that that thing
was reading my mind.
That must be
the equipment I ordered.
Dr. Cory?
That's right.
Aloe supply.
Oh, yes.
How would you like us
to uncrate the stuff outside?
Why mess up the house?
Good idea.
I'll open the back door.
It's closer to the lab.

Ok, doc.
What kind of equipment?
Where did you get the money?
Oh, don't worry
about that, dear.
Now, let's see.
There's an automatic feeder
which can nourish
the brain for a year,
amplifiers for increasing
the brain's output,
a thermostatic
temperature control,
plus a generator
and change-over gimmicks
which can supply power
in case something happens
to the regular power supply.
Might as well
get it installed now.
I don't like it, Jan.
He says he submits.
What happens if he can't
stop submitting?
Oh, but could that happen?
Why not? That's why
it has to stop right now.
Don't talk to him about it
until morning, Frank.
He needs a good night's sleep.
It's a little late
for talk, Jan.
Stop that!
Pat!
Pat!
Pat! Pat!
Pat! Pat!
What's the matter with you?
Have you lost your mind?
I'm sorry, Frank.
Give me your word
not to interfere again.
I was only trying to save
you from yourself, pal.

Did I ever try to stop
you from having a drink?
This is different.
It's unnatural, unholy.
Well, if it is, then we'll let
a higher power decide
when it should end.
Cigar counter.
This is Dr. Cory
in 612.
Send me some upman cigars.
Box of 50 supremes.
Send out and get them.
Come in.
Well, Mr. advisor
himself.
Did you have
a pleasant flight, sir?
Yes.
Well, sit down, gentlemen.
Make yourselves comfortable.
I'm sure we've never met,
but there's something
about you...
Perhaps it's the suit.
Would you gentlemen
have some coffee?
That's it. The suit...
Like Donovan's.
But why, Dr. Cory?
Does it matter?
Now, then, it is
my understanding
that in exchange for
certain considerations,
you and your Washington
connections would handle
Mr. Donovan's tax situation
in such a way that...
Donovan's dead, Dr. Cory,
and that seems to me...
As I was saying...
In such a way that
the statute of limitations

would ultimately cause
the government's case
to be thrown out.
Now you may talk.
Donovan's death released me
from any agreement
I may have had.
You're mistaken.
Certain checks endorsed by you
ensure that agreement.
Try to understand
my position, Dr. Cory.
I felt dirty for many years.
Here was my chance to, well...
I went to my friend
the Attorney General
and offered to cooperate
in exchange
for personal immunity.
So you turned on
your most powerful backer.
A very touching story.
Be that as it may,
you will not clean
your conscience
at Mr. Donovan's expense.
Is that clear?
Come in.
Oh, yes, yes.
Thank you, thank you.
Cigar?
No, thank you.
Mr. Fuller?
Another reminder, like the suit?
You put it very nicely, sir.
Well?
The Attorney General
cannot allow me
to reverse my present stand.
That, of course,
is your problem.
As I understand it,
it requires a quarter
of a million dollars

to continue
with the original plan.
The money will be in your office
on the date Mr. Donovan
said it would...
As usual, in cash.
I suggest, Mr. advisor,
that you carry on.
Is our procedure
perfectly clear?
Perfectly.
I'm glad we understand
each other.
Gentlemen.
Operator, this is an emergency.
Get me green valley.
114, please, and hurry.
What?
The circuits are busy?
Well, keep trying.
It can't be busy forever.
Still busy?
Oh, Janice.
I've been trying to reach you,
but the line is busy.
Darling,
I ache all over with pain,
and I don't know why.
I don't know how long it's been,
but I can't seem to break
contact with Donovan.
Now listen carefully.
I don't know
if I'll ever be myself again.
Oh, if the line would only open.
Well, keep trying!
Now, Janice, listen carefully.
I've got to break away
from the brain.
I may have to do
something desperate.
I... i don't know.
We have to end this thing.
We'll have to take

a wild chance.
Now, you know the lightning rod
on the roof of the house?
Taxi!
Turn right on Wilshire.
There's a gray sedan
following us.
\$100 if you lose it.
You got the wrong boy, buddy.
This is my bread and butter.
Hey!
Oh, darling.
Mrs. Cory?
Dr. crane.
Is he out of danger?
He's in no danger,
Mrs. Cory.
The concussion was very mild.
The leg was severely bruised
and twisted out of joint.
Just minor injuries.
I doubt it if he'll
be here a week.
I feel so much better.
Your husband's an amazing man.
He's shown absolutely
no sign of pain.
Oh?
We like to minimize
the use of sedatives.
I know.
I used to be a nurse.
The entire staff is baffled.
We can't understand.
I think pat does.
One day,
he'll explain it to you.
If he can, he'll amaze me.
Well, Mrs. Cory,
he seems to be waking up.
I'll leave him to you.
Darling.
What happened?
Oh, I'm in such pain!

Is this a hospital?
You were in an accident.
You'll be all right
in a few days.
Jan, this is unbelievable.
It's very vague,
but I think I deliberately
walked into that accident.
But why?
I don't know.
To get away from someone,
I think.
I needed time.
Darling...
I'm a little scared.
Several times, I've tried
to break contact with Donovan.
I haven't been able to.
I did once, I think.
I did some recording
on the tape at the hotel.
Let me tell Frank
to turn off the current.
The new apparatus
may be too strong.
No. Have him turn it down
10 microvolts.
What are you doing here?
Why aren't you at home?
Why, darling, i...
Go on home where you belong.
Go on, get out!
I'll be there in a few days.
All right, pat.
Anything you say.
Hello?
Yes, I'll accept the call.
Hello, Jan.
Frank, I don't know what to do.
Even pat's worried.
He doesn't seem
to be able to throw off
the influence of the brain.
I was afraid that would happen.

The brain has hardly
quieted down since he left.
He wants you to turn
the current down
10 microvolts.
Do it, will you?
And do something else
for me, please.
I'm going to stay here
in the hospital waiting room.
The number of the phone
is Adams 3-9105.
Call me whenever
the brain goes to sleep.
I've got to talk to pat
again when he's himself.
Sure. Good idea.
Will do.
Dr. Cory,
we don't understand
what you're trying to do.
Well, didn't
mr. Fuller explain?
It made no sense.
Father's dead.
Don't you see?
Tom and I
want to cooperate
with the government.
They're entitled
to the back taxes they want.
How dare you
criticize my behavior?
Aren't we entitled to the truth?
It's a terrible thing to say,
but dad was an awful man...
Better off dead.
His possessiveness,
ugly suspicions,
drove mother nearly insane.
He had her committed
to an institution
because she tried
to take her own life.

It took his death for us
to get mother out.
So, you hated him, too?
I loathed him.
Most people loathed him.
Get them out of here, Fuller.
See that neither of them
gets another dime.
Impossible, doctor.
Not at all.
I have a signed document
to that effect.
It'll be on your desk
in the morning.
Now, you parasitic
ingrates, get out!
Hey, doc.
I read about your accident.
How do you feel?
All right.
Gonna sue the company
with the truck that hit you?
I hadn't thought of it.
Let me handle it.
My other cousin's
an M.D.
He and the other cousin...
You remember
the one I told you
about's a lawyer...
They'll rig you up a great case.
You came here for that?
Well, not exactly, doc.
I figured on another advance.
How much this time?
Same amount. 2 grand.
It's been less than a week.
I know it, doc.
I was in hock up to my eyeballs,
and I had to buy a car.
How long does this go on?
Oh, just till
the article's published.
Tell you what, yocum.

Why don't you get your camera,
drive out to the ranch,
and take some more pictures
of the brain.
Hey, that's a swell idea,
and I need some closer shots.
You could leave right now.
I'll phone Schratt
and tell him to give you a hand.
Swell, I'll, uh, get the money
out of your pocket.
Ah, doc, you're a real pal.
Well, better get on with it.
See ya.
Give me green valley 114.
Jan?
Oh, hello, pat.
Good to hear your voice.
Where's Janice?
Why isn't she there with you?
We're out of groceries, pal.
She's gone downtown.
Now listen, Frank.
You know the photographer yocum?
He's on his way there right now.
Leave him in the lab alone,
understand?
10 minutes alone.
Yeah.
The brain?
Perfect, great.
Bigger and better every day.
Good work, Frank.
Thanks.
There you are,
Mr. Fuller.
All cash, including your fee.
Phone Washington.
Say the money's on its way.
Very well, Dr. Cory.
Purchase the cemetery
property tomorrow,
and the day after,
I'll want to consult

with an architect.
It's of great importance...
The construction
of this permanent abode,
or rather vault,
which will perpetually house
Mr. Donovan's... Remains.
I'll do as you say, doctor,
but this relationship
of you to Donovan
is so unnatural, so illogical.
Don't you think
I'm entitled to the truth?
The truth is always
dangerous, Mr. Fuller.
In the Donovan situation,
it entails great misfortune
to all who know.
Believe me,
your ignorance is insurance
for personal safety.
Mr. Donovan
intends to dominate
the international
financial scene,
and a fatal accident will occur
to all who happen
to stand in his way.
Good day, sir.
A fatal accident will occur
to anyone who stands in his way.
Frank and Janice...
They stand in my way.
Pat made that recording
while the brain
was destroying yocum.
That proves the brain
can only dominate
one person at a time.
But at the rate it's growing,
do you think
that'll always be so?
Who knows?
Honestly, Jan,

we shouldn't wait.
Any minute now,
that thing may get the power
to paralyze us all.
You have another plan?
Mm-hmm, but I don't want
to discuss it in here.
Let's step outside.
Why all the way out here?
I don't know.
I feel better outside.
Jan, pat may never
get away from the brain.
It's up to us now.
But pat wouldn't harm us.
Donovan would... the minute
we get in his way.
But murder... i can't
believe that pat...
But yocum's death
was no accident.
Donovan engineered it.
Then the same thing
could happen to us.
Donovan could kill us
the same way he killed yocum.
That's right,
and it's too dangerous
to wait any longer.
Now, when pat gets back home,
it's up to you to keep him
outside here.
Hold him.
Make him angry...
So angry the brain
won't know what I'm doing.
Well, what's that?
I'll be in the laboratory.
Oh, it's a nightmare.
Do you think it'll work?
It has to, Jan.
The brain is very powerful,
but we know
it can only concentrate

on one thing at a time.
We've proved that
over and over again.
Frank...
What'll happen to pat?
I mean, if we kill the brain...
The brain is Donovan.
Frank...
Has Donovan become
so much a part of pat?
I mean, could pat die?
Who knows?
This whole thing
is beyond experience.
It's a gamble.
You don't have him now anyway.
Frank.
It has to be done, Jan.
Welcome home, darling.
Well, I'm happy to be here.
I've missed you, my dear.
My friend yocum show up?
Frank saw him.
Too bad about the accident.
Yes.
Tuttle told us
they just found him.
How did you know?
I must've heard it somewhere.
I haven't seen you
in so long, darling.
I mean, couldn't we take
a little walk or something?
You look as though
you haven't had
a breath of fresh air in days.
A walk?
Of course.
The exercise will do you good.
Besides, you'll work up
an appetite.
Please, pat.
Oh, but, Janice, surely
it's going to rain.

And besides...

All right, my dear.

Let's take a walk.

Smell the rain coming?

How fresh the air is
before a shower.

You know, Janice,
you were always
a very devoted wife.

Were?

But I still am.

And you've been
a wonderful husband.

Thank you, my dear.

Oh, pat, look at me.

Look at me, please.

What?

Look at me, pat.

You can be free
if you have faith.

Patrick.

What is this idiocy, Janice?

All right.

We can stop pretending now.

You're not Patrick Cory.

You're something evil
living in his body.

But whatever your plan is,
you'll never get away with it.

The experiment's over.

You're right.

It is over.

From now on, Warren Donovan
is a living fact.

There's no further need
for the instruments
who gave him life.

The services of Schratt,
Cory, and yourself
are no longer required.

Then you'll be the one
to go, Mr. Donovan...

Just as you should've
gone weeks ago.

No!
What are you doing?
No!
Let go of me!
Let go! Let go!
Let go.
Darling, are you all right?
Y-yes, Jan.
I'm so glad.
Let's go inside.
Frank!
Surprised?
You forgot, my dear,
that you and Frank
are ordinary people
with limited mental capacities.
You couldn't possibly compete
with a fully developed
and powerful brain.
Thanks to
Dr. Patrick Cory,
Donovan's brain will live,
thrive, and continue to grow
far beyond the body
of Dr. Cory.
It is already able
to exist in anybody,
anywhere at will.
Knowing this,
you now know too much...
So look at my brain, my dear...
Your last look.
I promise you it will
not be a painful one.
Ohh!
Good afternoon, Mrs. Cory.
Is the doctor ready?
He'll be right with you,
Mr. Brooke.
Is he feeling better?
Much better, thanks.
Good.
Um, Mr. Brooke,
what do you think about...

I mean...

How long do you suppose
he'll be gone?

Well, I'm sorry.
It's hard to say.
It depends on whether
there's an indictment.
Well, they do know it was
pat's plan to end this thing
by hooking the lightning rod
into the power supply.
They know that, don't they?
It's all on the tape
recorder, Mrs. Cory.
Of course,
a great deal will hinge
on the decision
of the medical board
as to the ethics
of the experiment
and the validity of the results.
Well, we'll get turned around.
Mr. Brooke
has the valise, dear.
Did you find the files
on last year?
Everything...
All charts and notes.
We're covered on
practically every minute
since we first
started research...
Thanks to you, dear.
Hurry back.
I'll try.
But they can't
blame you... they can't.
Jan, I went into this
with my eyes open,
but it got out of hand,
and I did many foolish things...
Things that made
other people suffer.
I'm only grateful the storm

struck when it did,
and that Frank survived.
Will he be well enough
to help you testify?
I hope so.
Maybe if everything works out,
they can use another
country doctor around here.
No, dear.
You're a scientist
and always will be.
I love you very much.
Let's go, pal.