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Hellraiser III - Hell on Earth

By Peter Atkins

(Tyres screech)

(Siren)

You want it?

Is it yours?

No, not mine.

Yours.

How much do you want for it?

Whatever you think it's worth.

Exactly the figure I had in mind.

Take pleasure in it.

(Woman) 'Most nights,
this inner city emergency room
'would be a chaos of blood, panic
and grace under pressure,
'but, tonight, as you see,
'it's as if death took a holiday.'

It's a mystery to me, a mystery how those
assholes at Assignment knew it.

This is Joey Summerskill,
for Channel 8, Emergency Room.

Very bored, no story,
no life,
really, really pissed off.

(Sighs)

Break it down, Doc, it's a wrap.

Joey, rein it in, kid.

They couldn't have known.

I know, I know.

It's just so... neat, isn't it?

My first gig that isn't kindergarten kids
or diet gurus is taken away from me.

Well, like you say, it's a mystery,
but that's all it is, a mystery.

Not malice. You really think the station
bought off every accident victim in the city?

(Mobile rings)

- Speak.

- (Woman) 'Doc, 24th and Cedar - fast.
'Hostage situation.'

- Joey's here. Can we go together?

- 'No need. Martin's there.

'Hurry. We got an ambulance to beat.'

Better hurry, Doc.

A real story with a real reporter.

Joey, look, can I take you home?
I can go by your place.
You'll miss the money shots. No.
I'll catch a bus. Don't worry.
OK, but be careful.
And lighten up. The story of your life
could be around the corner.
It is the story of my life.
(Distant siren)
- Let's go!
- 10mg IV!
(Girl) It wasn't my fault.
- Ever seen anything like this before?
- Sure.
Help me.
(Girl) It's got nothing to do with me.
What are you going to do?
Don't hurt him!
Oh, God!
Wait, I'm a reporter.
Tell me what happened.
- (Cries of pain)
- Sorry, you can't go in.
Wait! Wait, please. I need to talk to you.
I wasn't even with him!
Look, lady, I told you, it's not my problem.
I was just there, right?
- Where?
- The Boiler Room.
- Can I go now?
- What is the Boiler Room? Where is it?
(Crash)
Stay away from him!
Get away from him!
(Cries of pain)
(Electricity crackling)
(Screaming)
(Gasps)
(Continuous beep)
(Coughing)
'Tell us about your book.'
'Tell us about your book.'
See? This is what I mean.
Your technique, it's all wrong.

- What do you mean, technique?
- Hardly any thigh.
An inch more flesh, the boys upstairs get
hot - bingo, you're an anchorwoman.
Oh, come on, Brad, give her a break.
This may be a surprise to you, Brad,
but I want to do this the right way.
Tight stories not tight skirts.
- Right, right. Like last night's news.
- I know what I saw.
This is TV. No pictures, no story.
There is a story out there.
You going to card me or what?
(Girl) Ten dollars, please.

(Soup Dragons:

But I should have known
that you were the Devil
Dressed like
a sweet, sweet, sweet divine thing d
Excuse me.
- Can I help?
- I'm looking for a pretty girl.
JP Monroe. That way.

(Armoured Saint:

I have a soul
That's been lost in the climb
Too many times
Painful dwelling
Only left wondering
I won't hold a grudge
I'll face the hanging judge
No reason to stall
You might as well call
The hanging judge... d
I'm looking for a girl. She's got dark hair,
dark eyes, about this tall.
- She's really pretty.
- That doesn't help.
- I heard she might be JP's girlfriend.
- It could be Terri.
If so, JP will be in the restaurant.
- How will I know JP?

- Trust me, you'll know JP.
- Thanks.
- You're welcome.

(d Bach:

for Two Violins)

Pout. Come on.

- Excuse me.
- Pout, baby, pout.

Oh, yeah.

- Excuse me.
- Oh, yeah.

Do you own this place?

And everything in it.

Right. Um...

Listen, there is this girl, maybe Terri.

Young, pretty, jet-black hair.

I think she's a regular here
and I need to find her.

I don't think I'm your type.

I'm out of grade school.

(Explosion)

(Gunfire)

(Child laughing)

(Distorted voices)

(Baby crying)

(Slowed) Wait!

Where are you going?

My daddy's still alive! He's still alive!

(Phone ringing)

Come!

Come back and save my daddy!

(Phone ringing)

- Yeah?

- 'Hi, is this Joanne Summerskill? '
- This is Joey. Who's this?
- 'You left me your card at the club.'
- Right.
- 'Right, Terri, so, what do you want? '

I want to talk to you.

Look, don't hang up, OK?

I met you the other night at the hospital.

'Yeah, well, I'll make a deal with you.

'My boyfriend threw me out, so you give me

a place to crash and I'll talk, OK? '

Yeah, sure. You mean tonight?

'Of course, tonight. Is that a problem?

You got a guy there? '

No, no, that's fine. Come now.

I was having bad dreams, anyway.

So what was your dream?

- What?

- You said you were having a bad dream.

Oh, yeah.

Well, it's not a nightmare or anything.

I...

- Well, I know what it is.

- What is it?

Why are you so interested?

- Sorry.

- No, it's OK. It's my father.

Oh, right. Well, did he used to...

No, no, nothing like that, no.

He died before I was born. Vietnam.

We don't know the details,

but I dream of death and...

trying to save him.

Man, that's great.

- Excuse me?

- I don't mean about your dad or anything.

It's... just, erm...

I don't dream. Never have.

Maybe it would help if I slept some time.

I'm just kidding.

No, it's just really neat for me

to hear about dreams. I'm jealous.

It's like everyone has another world

except for me.

It's just... me, my bag,

and a series of shithead boyfriends.

Be nice to see something else,

have a night-time world.

Hey, this is great, isn't it?

I mean, just, er...

two girls, talking,

having a conversation.

Good coffee.

- You got a cigarette?

- Uh, yeah, just a second.

Great, thanks.

- Are you going to have one?

- I'm trying to quit.

Go on. What the fuck, huh?

Do you think you're going to live forever?

(Sighs)

Oh, you want to talk about that, huh?

Something awful happened to that boy
and I have to know what it was.

Look, I don't know anything, all right?

I come out of the club,
the kid's already lying in the street.

- Did you know him?

- No.

OK, I've seen him in the club
a couple of times.

He's a punkhead. I never really danced
with him or anything.

And he was a thief.

He must have taken it from a statue.

- Taken what?

- That thing.

He's lying in the street, moaning,
and pointing at it.

But the chains, where did they come from?

That's what I'm trying to tell you.

He said it came out of this.

(Man) So, when do you wanna go in?

Hey, hold on a sec.

All done, Mr Monroe.

Huh. What a dick.

Why are we here? Want a cigarette?

Sure.

(Thud)

(Clicking)

(Creaking)

Oh, what the...

(Rumbling)

(Clicking)

- Aargh! Aargh!

- (Squealing)

Get off!

- Aaargh!

- (Squealing)

Bitch!

(Squelching)

Whoa!

(Coughing)

- Did I sleep through an earthquake?

- I thought I'd make breakfast.

Oh, that's really nice of you, Terri.

Can I ask, is it always this exploratory?

Uh, I don't know.

It's my first time. I'm a kitchen virgin.

- I'll boil some water.

- No, I'll do it.

No, no, it's OK. I like boiling water.

It's a speciality of mine.

Look, why don't you go watch some...

some cartoons?

This is a really great place.

This is yours? You, like, own this?

Well, the bank owns it,

but I'm working on it.

I haven't even had a place of my own

since I was 15.

Ow, ow.

What a great view. This is a great view.

Would you look at this?

Well, actually I'm pretty familiar

with the view. But it is good.

You know, over to the left,

you can... see...

I love it here.

I have to solve this thing.

I have to find out what's going on.

- You mentioned a statue.

- Yeah, I found it.

- I knew he'd like it.

- Oh, wait a minute. He, who? The kid?

No, JP, my last boyfriend.

He owns a club.

You know, you were there.

- He bought the statue.

- That you found.

What do you mean, you found it?

Well, there's a store. It's really hip.

Lots of weird shit in there.

I don't know, I saw this statue pillar thing...

I knew he'd love it. You've seen the club.

Would you know the place
if you saw it again?

- Sure. Why?

- We're going shopping.

- Maybe they're closed today.

- (Man) Closed every day.

Owner's in Hawaii.

Been there about a month.

Bull. My boyfriend bought something here
last week.

Couldn't have.

- Are you sure?

- Sure. Lived here 20 years.

I see everything. Come on.

(Dog yelping and growling)

Dead end.

Still, there's a back door, right?

Five seconds, we're browsing.

Wow. I didn't think this place
would be like this.

These places are always all show.

Do you break into a lot of art galleries?

I break in anywhere if it's raining
and I need a place to sleep.

So what are we looking for?

Anything. Contacts, clues...

Anything.

Oh, this is going to take forever. (Sighs)

How much do you think
your ex paid for that?

Whatever it took. Why?

Because this place is a scam.

Half the stuff was picked up for pennies.

School art classes, bankruptcy sales...

And closed-down lunatic asylums.

Property of the Shanard Institute.

Hey, Joey.

- Yeah?

- Check it out.

It's the box. (Giggles)

(Rock music)

Ooh, ouch, hubba, hubba...

Hi, baby.

- Welcome.

- You're JP Monroe, right?

- Right.

- And this is your club?

- Right again.

- Great club. I love it here.

- Thank you.

- Thank you for the rose.

That's a prize. You won it. I only award that to a woman of exceptional beauty.

Lots of girls here

are better looking than I am.

No, no, no, no, no. Don't do that.

Don't put yourself down.

If you have a quality,

you should be proud of that.

Let that define you, whatever it is.

(Heavy breathing)

Aaargh!

(Laughing)

It's Joey Summerskill again.

For half an hour you've been dicking me around about this tape.

I know it's late. I don't want to have to get my station manager involved.

So, for the last time, please get me whoever is in charge of the Shanard video archives?

Thank you. Of course I'll hold.

Dr Fallan, how nice of you to take my call.

Can you hold on for a second?

Terri! What are you doing?

Can you just wait two seconds?

Dr Fallan, so sorry.

Michael? We need the Kirsty Cotton tape.

Your assistant has all the details.

OK, thanks a lot.

Bye-bye.

Yeah!

So, you got what you needed.

So, I guess we're all done.

So, uh...

So long.

Where will you go?

Look, you know there's a spare room
and you can always stay.

If you want.

You're more than welcome to, really.

Uh, wow, um...

That's great.

Um... I'll do breakfast.

So cool.

Radical.

Wow, you've got great taste.

This really says it, you know.

It's really... It's really dark.

- Don't you think?

- Mm-hm.

Do you mind me talking about your stuff?

Uh-uh.

If it bothers you, just say so.

- Doesn't bother me. I'm just not interested.

- Oh.

Like I'm not an interesting person?

But you gave me a rose.

And tomorrow,

I'll give one to somebody else.

Now, get dressed

and get out of here.

You shit.

Who do you think you are?

I'm JP Monroe, right?

You stupid bitch, give me back my shirt
and get the fuck out of my life.

I can't fucking believe you.

You bastard! You get me in here and...

Like you were at fucking gunpoint,
you stupid...

You think you're some goddam prince
or something!

With your shitty little kingdom out there
and all this ugly shit!

(Gasps)

(Whimpers)

Aaaargh!

Jesus Christ!

Not quite.

What did you see? The same as I?

Appetite sated, desire indulged,

a miniature of the world

and how it will succumb to us.

You enjoyed the girl.

Yes...

Good. So did I.

And that's all.

No, it's not the same.

I just know, what you did,

that was fucking evil.

(Laughs)

Oh, how uncomfortable that word must feel

on your lips, "evil", "good."

There is no good, Monroe.

There is no evil. There is only flesh

and the patterns to which we submit it.

You will help me to...

Oh, no, no, no, no, no.

No fucking way, man.

No fucking way.

Oh, how touching.

That is the gun you used to kill your parents.

I understand. Their fortune was so tempting,

their affection so conditional,

what else could you do?

Fuck you.

Now, can we talk sensibly?

(Whimpering)

No.

Don't flee from yourself.

If you have a quality, be proud of it.

Let it define you, whatever it is.

By helping me you will help yourself.

Oh, yes, you want to.

You always have.

With your paintings, your sculptures...

Look at these tawdry representations

and then imagine a world of the body

as canvas, the body as clay.

Your will and mine

as the brush and the knife.

(Man banging on door) Mr Monroe!

Mr Monroe, are you all right in there?

- Mr Monroe!

- There is a place at my right hand for you.

For a man of your tastes.

Tastes I can help you to indulge.

(Banging continues)

Flesh, power,

dominion.

Mr Monroe!

I heard some shots. Are you OK?

Everything's fine.

(Rock music pounding)

How do we start?

It has already begun.

Hey, Joey.

Wait up. Where are you going?

Oh, I need to get some fresh air.

I've been stuck in the office all day.

This just came for you.

Something for your story?

Erm... I hope so.

This story, Joey, if I can help in any way,
you've got my number, all right?

OK. Thanks.

'I don't know what the box is,
but I know what it does.

'I've said all this before.

'I saw it open. I opened it.

'And I saw what came out.

'I don't know what else to call them.

Demons.

'Demons live in the box.

'It's a gateway to Hell.

'Look, I know you don't believe me.

'I know how it sounds.

'What else? What else?

(Sobs) 'Can you turn that fucking thing off?

'Again? The box.

'I don't know what it's for

'or who made it, or why.

'I only know what it does. It hurts.

'It hurts.

'It kind of... opens itself.

'Your fingers move and you learn.

'It wants to open, that's the thing,

'and it helps, and then they come.

'The demons.'

'She's telling the truth, Joey.'

What the...

'... and then they come, the demons.'

Man, Joey must have polished you up some.

She must be weirder than me.

(Phone)

Joey?

Not quite.

- JP?

- Alive and in the flesh.

How are you doing, baby?

- What do you want?

- I'm just concerned.

I'm just checking in.

- How did you get this number?

- Will you relax, honey?

Your girlfriend left cards all over the club,
remember?

'Uh, yeah. Well, I'm fine.'

Joey's going to get me a job

at the TV station,

and I'm meeting a lot of new people,

it's really great.

Now, come on. You can't tell me

you haven't thought about me.

Course I have. I mean, I've thought.

God, JP, you were really horrible.

I am a bad guy

but I try not to be, I really do,

and I really miss you.

I miss you, too.

Good. Why don't you come over here?

'Nothing heavy, just a little drink, maybe,
see how we both feel.'

No, I can't.

(Sobs) I just can't.

- (Phone)

- Shit!

Shit! Shit!

(Answerphone) 'This is Joey. Speak.'

(Man) 'Hey, Joey, congratulations.'

'You may not have heard,
but you got that job in Monterey.
'Now you're going to have to sell me
your condo.' (Laughing)
(Door opens)
Terri?
"Enjoy Monterey, you liar."
Come on in.
Not a good neighbourhood.
People disappear.
So, feel like home?
It's just like you left it, baby.
Not quite.
- That wasn't here.
- This?
Well, as you can see,
I'm having some work done on this.
You found a real treasure for me here.
I just hope I can show you how grateful I am.
Yeah? Well, it looks different.
A girl I know helped to smarten it up a bit.
She put her heart and soul into this.
(Laughing)
What a girl. Anyone I should know?
No. Honey, now that you're here,
it's like she doesn't even exist.
You know what I mean, right?
Yeah, right. Look, JP...
Terri, Terri, Terri, Terri...
You know it's got to be ticking away
in both our minds.
Is it going to happen,
isn't it going to happen?
Come on, baby. Come on. Come on.
You know we gotta get this out of the way.
Then we can relax. We can talk.
I don't think so.
- Not yet.
- (Sighs)
Sure. Sure, I understand.
- I'm just not ready yet.
- Registered.
It's cool. I mean, hey, we got all night, right?
(Groaning)

(Child crying)
(Men shouting)
Joey, welcome.
(Explosion, screaming)
(Screaming)
(Explosions)
(Shouting)
'You have to help me.'
(Sighs)
What a bitch.
- (Sobbing)
- She was obviously just using you.
- She was ready to dump you...
- No!
She wouldn't.
- Come on.
- I must have done something wrong.
I tried, I just fucked up something...
You didn't fuck it up with me!
You know that and you know how sorry I am.
I'm sorry to see you upset like this.
God, I hate to see you in pain.
(Sobs) Really?
Yes, I just want to hug you.
I want to hold you, tell you it's all right.
No, no, no, baby.
It's better that you come to me.
It's not fair that I come there.
On the bed.
Come on over here.
Come to Daddy.
Come on... Come on...
No, I can't.
Bring her to me, boy.
You're really making this hard on yourself.
(Pinhead) Aaaargh!
Watch your head on the steps.
Aaaaargh!
Wait!
Why run, Terri? Why run?
Do you know where you are?
I'm...
I'm...
You are at the door to dreams, Terri.

Now, there are two keys in this room.
One is in the pocket of this fool.
You could take it out without me reaching
you...
probably,
and let yourself back
into that world you've always known,
banal, hopeless,
dreamless.
(Sobbing)
And the other?
The other? Oh, Terri,
the other is the key to dreams,
to black miracles and dark wonders.
Another life of unknown pleasures.
And it's yours, Terri.
Complete the pattern
and you solve the puzzle.
Turn the key.
Where is it?
It's lying bleeding at your feet.
Hell has no furies for a woman scorned.
(Sniffs)
(Groans)
Oh!
(Sobbing)
Oh!
Terri, no!
(Terri screams)
(d Big band music plays faintly)
'Well, that was Tony Boyd and his band,
burning it up with an old number.
'Now, as we in London
are ready to go to bed,
'and Big Ben strikes midnight,
'we'd like to send this final tune
out to all our lovely boys in the trenches.
'Sleep well, chaps.'
(d Mellow jazz)
(Static)
(Lively French jazz)
(Static)
(Big band music)
'Go to the window, Joey.

'Go to the window.'

(Gasps)

Now what?

I'm here.

I just walked into madness for you.

Talk.

Talk!

(Rumbling)

Joey, how kind of you to come.

Wait. Wait!

You have to help me.

I don't understand. Am I dreaming this?

You'll have to help me.

You will understand,

and, no, you're not dreaming.

Forgive me.

My name was Spencer, Elliott Spencer.

Captain.

Joey Summerskill.

Well done. Brave girl.

You've probably never shaken hands

with a ghost before. Am I right?

Captain Spencer, uh, Elliott...

what the hell is going on?

Hell is exactly what is going on, Joey,

and we have to stop it.

Will you walk with me a while?

A dream of one war is a dream of all wars.

Your dreams of finding your father

let me find you

and bring you to this place,

this limbo between Heaven and Hell.

I can't act in your world, Joey,

but you can.

What do you want me to do?

There is a monster out there, Joey,

and it's me.

The war destroyed my generation

'Those that didn't die

drank themselves to death.

'I went further. I was an explorer

of forbidden pleasures,

'opening the box my final act of exploration,

'of discovery.'

'I found the monster within the box.
'It found the monster within me.'
For decades, I served Hell
with no memory of my former life.
- I still don't...
- Monster as I was, I was bound by laws.
Hell has its commandments, too, you know.
The box had to be opened to let me out.
The truly innocent were safe,
until a friend released me.
Kirsty Cotton.
Yes, but if your soul was freed...
My evil was too strong.
'It hid,
'it waited.'
Well, no longer, Joey.
The shell of the beast has been fleshed.
What I was is out there in your world,
unbound,
unstoppable.
- Then what can we do?
- There is something we can do
but it will require great courage.
- I don't know that I have...
- You just stepped through your window
to another reality.
You're stronger than you think.
- Tell me what to do.
- There is a gateway to Hell
through which he can be taken back.
He wants to close that door forever.
Where is it?
Your apartment.
It's the box, Joey. He has to destroy it.
You must go back.
You must let him come for it.
You found the window, Joey.
Use the box to bring him through it.
Bring him here, to my dominion,
where I have power.
- But what if he takes the box from me?
- He can't.
It must be given to him
and that's where your courage will count.

Because, believe me,
he can be very persuasive
and very inventive.

(Triumph:

Yeah!

From the time that I was born
the walls of trouble I adorned
Mama tried to teach me well
but I was busy raising hell
I've got a taste for fighting
Hands as fast as lightning d
(Creaking)

Troublemaker!

Always last in line...

Troublemaker

Livin' on borrowed time... d

(Woman screams)

Shall we begin?

(Screaming)

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

(Pinhead laughing)

(Screaming)

(Pinhead) Ha, ha, ha, ha!

(Chains thrashing)

(Screaming)

(Reporter)

'We're interrupting our programming

'A catastrophe

has happened downtown.

'We're outside The Boiler Room club,
downtown.

'There are crowds all around us,
police all around. We have reports -

'Excuse me - We've got reports

'that a number have been
seriously injured, perhaps even killed.

'There is, at this moment,
a body coming out.

- 'It looks like a body from here.'

- (Officer) 'Get off the sidewalk.'

(Reporter) 'Sorry,

we're just trying to get the information.

'Somebody's been terribly hurt... '

(Rings)

- Speak.

- Doc, Joey. Your TV on?

- Uh, what channel?

- Uh, 12, I think.

- And?

- 'I think I'll need some help.'

'Can you meet me

at The Boiler Room club? '

There's no one else I can call

and you said...

In a minute. I'm closer.

Find me there.

- 'Can you tell us what the injuries are? '

- 'Not at this time.'

'I can't be sure what,

but some kind of disaster's happening.

'We've officers around us,

people are terribly upset.

'We're not quite sure what's going on.

'That's the latest we have,

a disaster at The Boiler Room.

'We'll have the latest for you later... '

(Crash of thunder)

Doc?

(Thunder)

(Creaking)

(Sobbing)

(Chains rattling)

(Gasps)

(Sobbing)

Oh, God...

(Screams) No!

(Door creaks open)

(Whirring)

Doc, no.

(Pinhead) Oh, it's unbearable, isn't it?

The suffering of strangers,

the agony of friends.

There is a secret song

at the centre of the world, Joey,

and its sound is like razors through flesh.

I don't believe you.

Oh, come.

Oh, you can hear its faint echo right now.
I'm here to turn up the volume,
to press the stinking face of humanity into
the dark blood of its own secret heart.
And I'm here to stop you
and send you back to Hell.
(Laughs) Oh, no, you can't stop me, child,
but you don't have to hear the music.
Just give me the box
and I'll free you from the future.
Free yourself from the past.
Don't debate with me, girl!
Just come here and die, while you still have
the option of doing it quickly!
You're going to have to come and get me,
you ugly fuck!
Oh, spirited.
Oh, good.
Oh, very good.
Oh, I'll enjoy making you bleed
and I'll enjoy making you enjoy it.
(Gasps)
(Screams)
(Groaning)
Aah!
(Sizzling)
Aaah!
(Whirring)
Oh, Doc, no.
Have you seen what he did to me,
you little bitch? Have you seen?
- (Screams)
- Where are you going?
- Run! Get out of here!
- Relax.
Everything's cool.
Whoa, what the fu...
Oooh!
Ready for your close-up, Joey?
(Taxi driver) No! Help!
Aaaargh!
(Whirring)
Aah!
(Gasps)

(Screams)
(Sirens)
(Tyres screeching)
- Get the hell out of here!
- Just calm down...
- Shit!
- No, listen to me. Listen.
(Police officer) Freeze! I said, freeze!
(Joey) Run!
(Officer) Calm down, please.
(Whirring)
Shit! Get back!
Get down, lady!
Shit! Gasoline!
Run!
(Screaming)
(Whirring)
That's a wrap.
(Gasping)
My child, what's the matter?
What on earth's the matter?
I have to get him back to my apartment,
back to the window,
but they just keep coming,
they just keep coming.
- Who keeps coming?
- The demons. The demons.
Demons? Demons aren't real.
They're parables, metaphors.
(Doors creaking)
Then what the fuck is that?
Come on! Come on!
How dare you?
Thou shalt not bow down
before any graven image.
(Roars)
I am the way.
(Laughter)
No!
You'll burn in Hell for this!
Burn. Of such a limited imagination.
This is my body, this is my blood.
Happy are they who come to my supper.
(Squelching)

Come on. Come on and get it.

This is what you want.

- (Roars)

- (Coughing and retching)

(Gasps)

(Rhythmic beeping)

I can dream now, Joey.

Oh, you wouldn't believe
what I can dream of now.

- Terri.

- Relax, baby.

This is better than sex.

- (Whimpers)

- Oh, yeah.

Oh, yeah.

Aah!

Aaah!

They're hand-made, Joey.

The shadow of my former troops,
over-eager.

But let them play, hm?

Our game will come later.

Down the dark decades of your pain
this will seem like a memory of Heaven.

(Whirring)

Aaah. More friends

come to play with you, Joey.

Play with this, Pinhead.

- Aah!

- (Gasps)

(Roaring)

Aaargh!

(Sizzling)

(Screams)

Was that it, Elliott?

I didn't bring him through my window.

Elliott?

(Birdsong)

Daddy?

I don't understand. I was somewhere else,
somewhere shining.

Somebody came to me and said,

"Your daughter's done well. Go to her."

- I don't understand.

- I do.

I do. It's a reward. Oh, Daddy.

(Sobbing)

Joey, Joey.

- Is it you? Is it really you?

- Yes.

Joey, they said you'd have
something for me.

Something you won't need any more.

This. Here, take it.

(Sobs) How did you know my name?

Thank you, Joey.

(Demonic laughter)

Ha, ha, ha, ha. Human dreams.

Such fertile ground

for sowing the seeds of torment.

You're so ripe, Joey,

and it's harvest time.

(Sobs) It isn't fair! You can't!

Save your tears.

I'll reap your sorrow, slowly.

I have centuries to discover

the things that make you whimper.

Uhh!

You bastard! You invaded my mind!

You think your night-time world
is closed to me?

Your mind is so naked.

A book that yearns to be read,

a door that begs to be opened.

A door. Window...

Window.

(Thunder)

Couldn't resist playing games, could you?

You had to come through

the window of her mind,

but now you're in my dominion.

And now...

we're going to Hell.

Ladies first.

- No!

- You'll like her better this way.

Trust me.

Why resist? You love this as much as I.

After all, you made me.
There is a world out there
waiting to yield to us.
So much flesh,
so many different pleasures.
(Muffled cries)
(Screeching)
(Creaking)
(Muffled scream)
You're right. We do belong together.
(Whirring)
(Growls)
Now, where were we?
Joey! Send me to Hell!
(Growling)
Aaah.
Ha, ha, ha.
Go to Hell!
(Sizzling)
Subtitle by

(Motrhead:

Hellraiser
In the thunder and heat
Hellraiser
Rock you back in your seat
Hellraiser
And I'll make it come true
Hellraiser
I'll put a spell on you
Walking out on another stage
Another town, another place
Sometimes I don't feel right
Nerves wound up too damn tight
Don't you tell me
that it's bad for my health
Cos kicking back don't make it
Out of control, I play the ultimate role
Don't know how to make it
Hellraiser
In the thunder and heat
Hellraiser
Rock you back in your seat
Hellraiser

And I'll make it come true
Hellraiser
I'll put a spell on you
I'm living on an endless road
Around the world for rock and roll
Sometimes it feels so tough
But I still ain't had enough
I keep saying that it's getting too much
But I know when I'm a liar
Feeling all right in the noise and the light
But that's what lights my fire
Hellraiser
In the thunder and heat
Hellraiser
Rock you back in your seat
Hellraiser
And I'll make it come true
Hellraiser
I'll put a spell on you d