



Scripts.com

# Hellraiser: Deader

By Clive Barker

[Voices whispering]

[Siren wailing]

[Flies buzzing]

**MAN ON RADIO:**

Good morning, London.

It's another brilliant  
overcast day today.

[Engine turns over,  
alarm beeping in distance]

[Whimpering]

[Indistinct whispering]

[Fly buzzing]

**MAN:**

You want any of this?

No, thanks.

[Tape rewinds, clicks]

I got what I need.

Thanks for making me  
look good, guys.

Again.

Shit.

Amy Klein, nice of you  
to join the meeting.

So, what about the story, then?

**WOMAN:**

a verification on it.

Oh. You're kidding?

We'll send someone up.

Thanks again for your  
contribution, Klein.

**WOMAN:**

Great job, Amy.

Thanks.

Hey, Klein.

Nice reporting.

How about you  
show me what you learned?

You want me to show you  
what I learned?

Right here?

Right now?

Maybe later.

Maybe not.

Hey, Amy.

Good morning.

It's half past four.

Charles, Amy's here.

Bye.

I detect that unique  
and ubiquitous combination  
of nicotine and patchouli oil  
that can only signal the arrival  
of the delightful and  
world-famous Amy Klein.

Eat me, Charles.

You know, it's exactly that  
lack of respect for authority  
that got you fired  
from the "New York Post."

I wasrt fired.

I was reassigned.

Of course.

Lucky for you,

I opened my doors when I heard  
that you'd become available.

And, by the way, I don't recall  
ever being thanked properly  
for this reassignment.

I seem to remember a similar  
reassignment for you, Charles.

Well, look on the bright side.

We're back in the trenches  
together, just like old times.

Don't get sentimental on me.

If this is about me being late  
with my follow-up story,

I've got it all right here.

I was just about to...

It's not about your story.

Though I'm sure you're working  
your usual insightful magic  
on what will prove to be  
yet another eye-opening expos.

I expect nothing

but brilliance in 5,000 words.

Or less.

But this, my dear...

is better.

What, then?

We're being sued again?

Somebody mailed us this thing  
about two weeks ago.

What is it?

Porn or something?

Something.

Amy, with your encyclopedic  
knowledge of skankology,  
have you ever heard of Deaders?

Yeah, me.

I owe two months' salary  
on my credit cards.

No, not "debtors."

Deaders.

D-e-a-d-e-r-s.

No, Charles, I've  
never heard of Deaders.

Watch the tape.

**MARLA:**

you must see for yourself.

Don't be frightened.

Fear is where you go to learn.

That's Anna.

She isn't ready yet.

I don't think she's  
learned the truth yet from him.

Winter.

This is where Katia will commit  
herself for you to see.

It won't be pretty.

I'm Marla.

Official dead activist.

Hi, me.

**MAN:**

There she is.

**MARLA:**

And I have to show you this.  
Don't be frightened.

**MAN:**

She's here.

**MARLA:**

I don't like this part.  
Shh.

Do you become one of us  
of your own free will?

Yes.

Good.

Are you afraid?

Yes.

Good.

Fear is the place  
we go to learn.

[Voices murmuring]

Say it for me.

My skin isn't real.

My eyes aren't real.

My bones, my heart,

my veins, and nerves,

and flesh, and meat aren't real.

[Crying]

Go on.

[Voices murmuring]

I'm not...

real.

I'm not real.

I'm not...

[Sobs]

Holy shit, Charles.

Just keep watching.

I am not real.

I'm not real.

I'm not real.

I'm not real.

I'm not real.

I am not real.

[Sobbing]

I'm not real.

[Gasps]

Oh, my God.  
Did you call the police on this?  
Just watch.  
[Inaling]  
[Gaspings]  
[Breathing heavily]  
This is sick.  
[Breathing heavily]  
[Breathing slows]  
[Gasps, coughs]  
Tell me this is some kind  
of special effect.  
[Indistinct whispering]  
I'm alive.  
I'm okay.  
I'm okay.  
What the fuck?  
Exactly what I said.  
Maybe miracles don't just  
happen at Lourdes.  
Who says they happen there?  
Might you, by some chance,  
be interested in pursuing this?  
You have anything  
besides the tape?  
Just a return address  
on the envelope.  
In Bucharest.  
Romania?  
Very good.  
It's where the Eurotrash kids  
looking for a good time  
are heading these days.  
Amsterdam is so '90s.  
I still have my finger  
on the pulse,  
even though I know  
you think I don't have one.  
Ticket, hotel, per diem.  
You know me too well.  
It's what keeps me up at night.  
Now's the part where I'm  
supposed to say, "Be careful."  
Amy.

Call me when you get settled.  
Go away.  
Go on.  
Get out of here.  
[Sniffs]  
[Groans]  
[Flies buzzing]  
Have you lost something?  
Yeah. I...  
I'm looking  
for my sister, Marla.  
You don't know  
your sister's last name?  
Of course I do.  
Look, Marla's a friend of mine,  
and she's missing.  
I just need  
five minutes in there,  
and then I'll know  
all I need to know.  
Hmm?  
[Gasps]  
Ohh.  
Does it always smell  
like that in there?  
Like what?  
Right.  
[Groans]  
Hey.  
Five minutes.  
[Flies buzzing]  
Ugh.  
Hello?  
[Flies buzzing]  
[Gasps]  
God.  
[Panting]  
Aah!  
[Gags]  
[Gags]  
Oh, no.  
[Voices murmuring]  
Aah!  
[Shrieking]

Oh, fuck!  
Shit.  
[Panting]  
Shit.  
Shit.  
Aah!  
What are you doing in here?  
Aah!  
Aah! Aah!  
[Man shouting]  
[Sirens wailing]  
Aah.  
Whoever you are.  
You were meant to find me today.  
We all have the same story.  
It's what brought us here.  
You wouldn't be here  
if you didn't belong here, too.  
I thought if you saw it  
and started believing it,  
it might help.  
Help all of us.  
I'm starting to feel pain.  
My eyes hurt.  
The light really, really hurts.  
And I don't know  
how to get back.  
I just don't want to be  
here anymore.  
I want to end it.  
But I can't.  
He'll expose  
your own demons to you,  
and he'll ask you to join him.  
But don't, because there  
is no turning back.  
And above all,  
don't open the box.  
He needs for you to open  
the box, but don't.  
It's now up to you to stop this.  
Please.  
Go to the central  
subway station.



At the south end,  
wait for the last car.  
Tell Joey I sent you.  
He'll show you to them.  
Please.  
Please do it for us.  
Open it?  
Open what?  
[Music-box song plays]  
[Rumbling]  
Aah!  
Aah! Aah!  
Don't think for a moment  
you are not in danger.  
Aah!  
Aah!  
[Telephone rings]  
Hello.  
[Heavy breathing]

**MARLA:**

Help us, Amy.  
What?  
I'm looking for Joey.  
He's in the back.

**MAN:**

Yeah!  
Ah.  
Now here comes a daring soul.  
A person committed  
to a just cause.  
Another seeker of the truth,  
no doubt.  
Are you Joey?  
I've been called worse.  
I have the pleasure  
of meeting...  
Amy Klein.  
Amy Klein.  
Somebody named Marla  
sent me here to talk to you.  
Mm?  
I'm looking for a girl

named Katia.  
And a man.  
A man named Winter.  
The plot thickens.  
Don't tell me you're mixed up  
with those motherfuckers.  
Oh, jeez.  
Moral-quandary time.  
What should he do?  
What should he do?  
Why don't you just tell me  
what you know about the Deaders?  
You first.  
What do you think they do?  
I think they bring  
the dead back to life.  
Who are they, Joey?  
Some say he's like  
this fucked-up guru.  
Some think he's not human,  
or they think he's not real.  
But they all live together  
in this house.  
Those who believe, I mean.  
Where is it?  
If you don't tell me,  
someone here will.  
You know, that's the problem.  
You've got this fucked-up,  
self-destructive thing going on.  
And that is making me  
very unappy.  
Panduri and Kovacs.  
Okay? The northeast corner.  
Two doors down.  
There are some stairs  
that go all the way down.  
But once you get mixed up  
with them,  
chances are you never get loose.  
Amy Klein!  
Don't do it.  
Don't go there.  
Change your name, go somewhere

else, become something else.  
Can't do that.  
I got that fucked-up,  
self-destructive thing going on.  
Yes, you do.  
Only he can bring you back.  
[Shrieks]  
Aah!  
No!  
Where?  
Where is he?  
Where'd he fall?  
Well, the men have looked.  
And he wasrt there.  
You don't seem  
terribly surprised.  
What do you want me to tell you?  
I saw him.  
Yeah.  
So you've said.  
Can you tell me again just  
what it is that you saw?  
I'm standing on the platform,  
and I see this...  
He had his back to the train.  
That's him.  
That's the guy.  
- It's him.  
- Hey.  
- Hey, it's him.  
- Hey!  
Hey!  
I saw what you did to Marla.  
Stop! Get the fuck off me!  
Get off me!  
I know who you are!  
That's the guy.  
Get the fuck off me!  
Stop him!  
What the fuck are you doing?  
Let go of me!  
You won't get away with this!  
Hey!  
[Whistles]

You are lucky to have  
a boss like me.  
Once again, I have saved  
your small but relatively  
shapely behind.  
At least you got to travel.  
What were they gonna charge  
me with, anyway?  
Charge you?  
They were thinking  
of shipping you  
to the asylum for observation.  
Believe me, you go in there,  
you don't come out.  
Got your stuff?  
Why did you give me  
this story, Charles?  
Who else would have taken it?  
They're gonna think  
it's bullshit,  
or they're gonna be too afraid.  
But Amy Klein.  
Tell me it's real, Amy.  
It's real.  
Or I'm crazy.  
Either way, it's a good story.  
You see, Amy,  
for the average person,  
the hunger for knowledge  
is like the hunger for food.  
We want to know just enough to  
take the edge off our appetite.  
Then we're satisfied,  
and we stop.  
But you are a glutton.  
You can't help overeating.  
- I don't hear you complaining.  
- No, that's the point.  
That's why I still need you.  
'Cause all that stuff  
I don't eat, I still want.  
So I send you in to do  
the eating for me  
so I get to experience it

without actually suffering  
any mental indigestion.

Thanks a lot.

So, I do all the suffering.

Nobody's forcing anything  
down your throat, correct?

No.

I'm not here to save people,  
and I'm not here to judge them.

I take them as they come  
and use them as they pass by.

You know, there's something  
vaguely demonic about you.

Did you know the word "demon"  
comes from the Greek word  
for "knowledge"?

No, I didn't.

American education.

Hop in.

I'll give you a lift.

No, thanks.

I need the fresh air.

Then walk back to your room,  
lie in your coffin until  
the daylight hours have passed,  
as is your habit,  
then go get me my story.

Panduri and Kovacs.

[Bird shrieks, Amy gasps]

Damn it.

[Water dripping]

[Splash]

Aw, shit.

[Voices murmuring]

Hello?

[Flies buzzing]

Is anybody there?

Hello?

Is somebody there?

What the hell?

Whoa! Aah! Aah!

Oh, God!

[Grunting]

No! No!

No!  
No, no!  
Aah!  
Aah!  
[Breathing heavily]  
Shh.  
Follow me.  
[Flies buzzing]  
[Voices murmuring]  
[Inaling]  
[Gaspings]  
[Breathing heavily]  
[Gasps]  
[Gasps]  
One of us.  
[Indistinct whispering]  
Amy Klein.  
You know me.  
I chose you.  
You didn't choose me.  
I came here to help Marla  
and the others.  
And what makes you think  
they need help?  
Tell me, Amy Klein, were you  
afraid when you saw Marla?  
Of what you found?  
Yes.  
What is it?  
You might say  
it's a family heirloom  
passed down  
through many generations.  
Left here as a gift.  
The way to cheat death.  
An entrance to a world  
of everlasting pleasure.  
It rightfully belongs to me.  
Though there are others  
who might disagree.  
Should I be honored or afraid  
that you are here with me,  
Amy Klein?  
You tell me.

Don't dance with me.  
Don't think for one second  
that you're not in danger.  
You are in more danger  
than you ever imagined possible.  
Who are you?  
I am here to reclaim  
what is mine.  
And you are here to help me.  
It is your destiny to be here.  
I can give life back to those  
who choose the dark over light  
and will do so much more.  
But first, I need your help.  
What happened to Marla?  
What did you do to her?  
Marla?  
Why, I accepted her, that's all.  
That's all I've ever done  
for anybody who's come to me.  
She didn't want to become  
one of you.  
Whatever the hell you are.  
That's why she killed herself.  
Or did she?  
Marla will never really die  
because she's not really alive.  
The more she doubts...  
the deader she becomes.  
I know what I saw  
in that room was real.  
It was real, like this flesh.  
Do you think this is real?  
This flesh?  
This blood?  
No.  
[Child cries]  
Do you think this thing  
is a presence?  
In all essential qualities,  
it is less than nothing.  
In all essential qualities,  
we are less than nothing.  
Not solid.

[Screams]  
Not here.  
And not real.  
[Screaming]  
What did you see?  
What are you afraid of, Amy?  
I'm not afraid of you.  
Oh, yes, you are.  
[Sobs]  
You opened the box.  
Now I need you  
to take the next step.  
The box and all its powers  
belong to me.  
Get off of me!  
[Murmuring]  
Let me go!  
You're all crazy!  
Let go of me.  
Accept my gift.  
No!  
No!  
Keep still, Amy.  
Now give back to me  
what is rightfully mine.  
Get away from me!  
No!  
No more pain.  
No!  
Only pleasure!  
- Yes!  
- [Screaming]  
[Gasping]  
Get it together.  
No. No.  
[Screaming]  
Aah!  
[Thud]  
[Gasping]  
What the hell?  
Shit!  
What the fuck is going on?  
No!  
Holy shit!



No!  
What the fuck is going on?  
This is a dream.  
This is a fucking dream.  
This is a fucking dream!  
No!  
God, help me!  
What have you done to me?  
[Sobbing]  
Help!  
Aah!  
No!  
No!  
No!  
Oh, it's not real.  
This is not real.  
[Groans]  
Aah!  
Aah!  
[Screams]  
[Gasping]  
[Voices whispering]  
Aah!  
[Telephone ringing]

**MARLA:**

Only he can bring you back, Amy.  
What the fuck  
have you done to me?  
Not done.  
Nor will I.  
Who are you?  
Why did you do this to me?  
Who I am is no concern of yours.  
And you may be assured  
that this is not my handiwork.  
Ask yourself this.  
When you stand there,  
your flesh exposed,  
paddling in a pool  
of your own blood,  
why is it that you feel no pain?  
Because I'm dreaming.  
Because this is a fucking dream.

No!  
Not a dream.  
You have been recruited as  
a soldier in another mars war.  
A war that he can never win.  
You opened the box,  
and your soul belongs to me.  
As does his.  
The Deaders have discovered  
an entry into my world.  
My domain.  
But they can only complete their  
journey through you, Amy Klein.  
And your only way back  
is through me now.  
I am your redeemer.  
I am the way.  
No!  
[Speaking Romanian]  
[Splash]  
[Voices murmuring]  
[Horn honks, tires screech]  
[Man shouting in Romanian]  
[Speaking Romanian]  
Don't even start.  
Joey.  
Please, I need you to help me.  
Help you with what?  
Wow.  
Are those real?  
Joey, please!  
I need you to fucking help me!  
You gotta give in, Amy.  
You're trying too hard.  
Forget about the facts.  
Forget about reality.  
Just sit back.  
Enjoy the ride.  
There's nothing  
you can do about it anyway.  
We're all just pieces  
in Winter's puzzle.  
The box.  
You're a person who's willing to

do anything to find the truth.  
That's what I find attractive  
about you.  
That and the fact  
you got a great ass.  
But me and you ain't  
all that different, really.  
We'll do anything to go  
to the edge, to the extreme.  
You know what  
our biggest problem is?  
Neither of us know when  
to get off the fucking train.  
[Train rattles]  
[Gasps]  
Joey.  
Joey.  
Oh!  
Oh, God!  
Oh, God!  
No!  
Aah!  
Aah!  
No!  
Aah!  
No!  
Aah!  
Aah!  
Aah!  
Aah!  
Aah!  
Marla?  
What is happening to me?  
You're dying.  
Like me.  
Come on, let's go.  
Where?  
That's for you to decide.  
Marla, look at me.  
I just want to go home.  
Amy.  
You are home.  
Marla, wait.  
Where are we going?  
Home.

You said you wanted to go home.  
Marla.  
What happened to you?  
Just think of it this way.  
An hour ago, I stabbed you  
in the heart,  
yet you're still walking around.  
Isn't that a bit unusual?  
Yes.  
Why aren't you dead, Amy?  
No!  
Why aren't I?  
I don't know.  
Because when it's dark enough,  
there's no such thing.  
There's no difference  
between being dead and alive.  
And now I'm here to help you  
face your past, Amy.  
Your demons.  
I didn't choose you  
to stab me in the back.  
Aah!  
Yes, you did.  
But it was  
only a rehearsal, Amy,  
to get you used to this feeling.  
You need to decide  
what to do next.  
Winter wants you  
because you opened the box.  
He needs you because of this.  
But you'll help him only if you  
become a Deader willingly.  
And you can't have any doubts.  
Guess I screwed up on that part.  
Fear.  
[Screams]  
Fear is where you go to learn.  
And sometimes where you stay.  
[Gasps]

**GIRL:**

I'm sorry, Amy. I told you

there's no turning back.

[Door opens]

No!

Aah!

**CHARLES:**

Good morning.

[Gasps]

Amy, calm down.

Calm down.

We're gonna get you out of here.

What?

Look, I'm trying to get you  
out of here, back to London.

But with that mess you made  
in your hotel room,  
they're not gonna  
let you go so quickly.

Charles.

That's the best fucking news  
I've heard in a long time.

Well, there you go.

There's a whole new definition  
of optimism.

What about Marla and the story?

Forget about the story.

What's important is  
you're back here, okay?

But, hey, you know, this is  
a great story, too, you know?

You could call it

"My Psychotic Episode."

Or "Psychotic.

Episode One."

[Door opens]

Well, you look a lot better.

Maybe they'll let you use  
some felt-tip pens  
to take some notes.

How are we feeling?

Trapped.

What say we lose the charm  
bracelets for now?

Unless, of course, you find

all this somehow stimulating.  
Don't drag me into  
your little fantasies, Charles.  
Please.  
I'm drawing pictures.  
They're very lovely.  
Mind if I join you?  
Okay.  
Want me to draw your picture?  
I would like that very much.  
[Giggles]  
No peeking.  
What do you think?  
[Gasps]  
[Whimsical music plays  
on television]  
Marla?  
Marla, you're alive.  
You say that  
like it's a good thing.  
Marla, what's happening to me?  
Why am I here?  
Ultimate pleasure.  
More than anyone,  
even those who have solved  
the puzzle box before us  
could have imagined.  
Conditions of the nerve endings,  
the likes of which  
your imagination  
could not hope to evoke.  
At least that's what they say.  
Trouble is, Winter  
can't solve the puzzle.  
Only a few chosen ones.  
Just the right amount  
of depravity and loneliness  
in their souls can.  
So he's been on this quest  
for years.  
Searching  
for that one mythical person.  
The one person  
willing to both join us

and who can solve the puzzle.  
It wasn't me.  
Maybe it's Amy Klein.  
Why me?  
Why any of us, Amy?  
We all have a dark past that we  
keep hidden, even to ourselves.  
He uses that against us.  
But you're the chosen one, Amy.  
You opened the box,  
and only you can stop him now.  
Remember that.  
[Sniffles]  
Looks like  
you're running out of time.  
[Sobbing]  
No.  
No.  
No!  
Leave me alone!  
Ugh!  
[Voices murmuring]

**WINTER:**

Finish it, Amy.  
[Murmuring]  
No.  
Let all the pain go.  
It is time for you  
to finish your journey.  
Aah!  
[Murmuring]  
Yes.  
[Sobbing]  
No!

**JOE Y:**

Come on, Amy.  
You got that fucked-up,  
destructive thing going on.  
I don't belong here.  
I'm sorry.  
You see, you're one of us now.  
All you have to do

is take the final step.  
Yes.  
That's it.  
I don't think so.  
Go to hell.  
No!  
It seems that evil  
does run in the family.  
Your lineage  
is that of a craftsman.  
A maker of toys.  
You should have stayed  
in the family business.  
I sacrificed my mortal self  
to that box.  
It's mine now.  
It belongs to me.  
Well, that's where you're wrong.  
Painfully wrong.  
We belong to it.  
You can't hurt me.  
You're not the first  
to say that.  
[Rumbling, rattling]  
And you won't be the last.  
[Screaming]  
Help!  
Help me!  
[Screaming]  
No more!  
[Screaming]  
When you were tempted  
to live beyond death,  
you entered into my domain.  
Oh, God!  
You should be very careful  
what you wish for.  
Aah!  
Stop!  
Aah!  
It just might come true!  
Aah!  
This world.  
It obviously



disappoints you all.  
That is why you chose to begin  
this journey.  
And since you gave yourselves  
so willingly,  
allow me to finish  
what he started.  
[Gaspings]  
[Groaning]  
Oh, for fuck's sake.  
So, Amy Klein.  
You opened the box.  
You brought us all together.  
And now you must pay the price.  
[Laughs]  
It won't be so easy this time.  
Yes, your father is with me.  
And he is waiting for you.

**MARLA:**

You're here to stop this, Amy.  
Don't let him take you.  
Your soul is mine  
and mine alone.  
Only he can bring you back.  
There is no way back  
but through me!  
I didn't give my soul to him.  
I'm not gonna give it to you.  
Aah!  
[Music-box song plays]  
[Rumbling]  
No!  
Witnesses say the building  
at the corner  
of Panduri and Kovacs  
simply imploded sometime  
in the early morning hours.  
It is unknown at this time  
if there were people  
inside the building  
or if there was anyone hurt  
during the collapse  
of the structure.

There are reports that victims  
could be heard screaming.  
Just talked to the police.  
Still nothing.  
She's just gone.  
Left her hotel.  
Left her clothes.  
Left her money.  
No sign of her anywhere.  
See no Amy, hear no Amy.  
Do you think something  
has happened?  
I don't know.  
I just don't know.  
The firefighters have been on  
the scene throughout the night.  
Too bad.  
We may have a story.  
The worst of the fires  
seem to be put out.  
I mean, until all this happened.  
Other sources say  
that it is highly unlikely  
that anyone or anything  
withstood the impact  
from the destruction  
of the building behind me.  
This keeps getting  
better and better.

**Your 3:**

Hmm?  
Miss...  
- Turner.  
- Turner.  
Miss Turner.  
Yes, pleasure to meet you.  
Welcome to the team.  
Now, look, I want to show you  
a tape that I just received.  
Now, it's a story you might be  
able to wrap your head around.  
That's, of course,  
if you're willing.

A small relic found incredibly  
and mysteriously undamaged.  
We'll stay here  
for the remainder of the day.