

FADE IN:

1 INT. CHEERLESS ROOM - DAY**1**

The room is bare, dusty. A ceiling fan turns. The wall clock ticks. Craig, 30 years old and small, sits at a collapsible card table. The only item on the table is a book. Craig picks it up, looks at the jacket. It's entitled "Sit." Craig opens the book. It reads: "sit sit sit sit sit" over and over, page after page. Craig closes the book. He begins to stand, but thinks better of it, sighs. He looks at the book again. It is now entitled "Die." He opens it up. "die die die die die" A rooster crows.

CUT TO:

2 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S BEDROOM - MORNING**2**

Craig jolts awake. A rooster stands on Craig's chest, crowing. Lotte, also 30, in the middle of dressing for work, hurries in and pulls the bird from Craig's chest.

LOTTE

Sorry, hbn. I didn't know Orrin Hatch was out of his pen. Good morning.

Lotte leans down and kisses Craig on the forehead.

CRAIG

Morning.

LOTTE

Gotta run. Shipment of grub worms coining in first thing.

CRAIG

Enjoy.

LOTTE

Craig, listen, honey, I've been thinking -- maybe you'd feel better if you got, you know, a job or something.

CRAIG

We've been over this. Nobody's looking for a puppeteer in today's wintry economic climate.

LOTTE

Well, you know, maybe something else until this whole puppet thing turns around.

CRAIG

(bitterly)

The Great Hantini doesn't need a day job.

LOTTE

(sighs)

Craig, everyone can't be Derek Mantini.

(beat)

Well, grub worms are waiting. Do me a favor?

CRAIG

What?

LOTTE

Would you check in on Elijah? He seems to be a little under the weather this morning.

CRAIG

Which one is Elijah again?

LOTTE

The monkey.

CRAIG

Yeah. Okay.

CUT TO:

3 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S GARAGE - MORNING

3

The place is a mess. Vivaldi blasts through cheap speakers. A small marionette stage stands in the back of the garage.

The stage is lit and on it is a finely sculpted puppet version of Craig. The "Craig" puppet paces back and forth, wringing its hands with incredible subtlety. We see Craig, above and behind the stage. He is manipulating the puppet.

His fingers move fast and furious. The puppet breaks into a dance, a beautiful and intricate balletic piece. Soon the puppet is leaping and tumbling through space, moves that one would think impossible for a marionette. Sweat appears on the real Craig's brow. His fingers move like lightning.

The puppet moves faster and faster. Sweat appears on the puppet's brow. We see that the sweat is being pumped from a special device that the real Craig controls. The Craig puppet collapses on the floor of the stage. It puts its hands up to its face and weeps. Craig hangs the puppet, and comes down around the front of the stage. He is heaving. He switches off the music, picks up a beer and takes a swig.

CUT TO:

4 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

4

The room is filled with penned and unpenned animals of all kinds: snakes, lizards, birds, a dog, cats, etc. Craig sits on the couch and looks at the want ads, the TV is on in the background. Elijah, the monkey, sits next to Craig holding his stomach and moaning weakly. On the TV, Derek Mantini is working a 60 foot high marionette from the top of a water tower. The assembled crowd is enthralled.

TV ANNOUNCER

The crowd is enthralled as Derek Mantini, arguably the greatest puppeteer in the history of the world, performs "The Belle of Amherst" with his 60 foot Emily Dickinson puppet, directed by the inimitable Charles Nelson Reilly.

Charles Nelson Reilly floats by in a hot air balloon.

CHARLES NELSON REILLY

Beautiful, beautiful! Nyong-nyong.

CRAIG

Gimmicky bastard.

Craig switches off the TV. He comes across an ad for a female puppeteer to teach at a girls school. Craig rubs his chin in thought, then stands with great determination.

MUSIC IN: TRIUMPHANT

CUT TO:

5 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

5

Craig searches through Lotte's closet, looking for the right dress.

CUT TO:

- 6 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S BATHROOM - DAY 6**
Craig waxes his body, shaves his face.
CUT TO:
- 7 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S BEDROOM - DAY 7**
Craig paints his nails while he chats on the phone. Craig pulls stockings and underwear from Lotte's drawer. Craig picks a wig from a mannequin head on Lotte's dressing table.
CUT TO:
- 8 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 8**
Craig, at the sewing machine, is sewing padding to go onto his chest and around his hips.
CUT TO:
- 9 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S BATHROOM - DAY 9**
Craig applies make up in the bathroom mirror.
CUT TO:
- 10 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S BEDROOM - DAY 10**
Craig, now looking very much like a woman, admires himself in the full length mirror.
CUT TO:
- 11 EXT. STREET - DAY 11**
Craig hails a taxi in his get-up. Men on the street turn and leer at him.
CUT TO:
- 12 INT. HEADMISTRESS'S OFFICE - DAY 12**
Craig and the headmistress chat over tea. Craig is quite animated and charming. The admiring headmistress smiles and nods her head in approval.

CUT TO:

13 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 13

Craig instructs a class of uniformed girls. He draws complex diagrams of puppets on the blackboard. The students are transfixed, except for one troubled girl who eyes Craig sullenly from the back of the room as she plays with a switchblade.

CUT TO:

14 INT. THEATER - DAY 14

Craig guides the hands of the troubled teenage girl, who is trying to manipulate a marionette. The girl looks up at Craig. Her tough facade crumbles and she smiles. Craig smiles back.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY 15

The girls carry Craig on their shoulders. Everyone is joyous.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 16

Craig leads the girls in a bike race. Everyone is laughing and screaming. One of the girls notices that Craig is riding a man's bike.

MUSIC OUT.

CUT TO:

17 INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT 17

Craig sits in a holding cell with several other men. He is still in the dress, but the wig is in his lap and the make-up is smeared off. Lotte appears with a cop outside Craig's cell. The door is opened, and Craig, Lotte, and the cop head down the hall.

CUT TO:

18 INT. CAR - NIGHT**18**

Lotte drives. Craig looks out the window. Both are silent.

LOTTE
(finally)
Is the trial date set?

CRAIG
May 11th.

More silence.

LOTTE
Why'd you do it, Craig?

CRAIG
I'm a puppeteer.

They drive in silence.

CUT TO;

19 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING**19**

Craig sits on the couch in his bathrobe and studies the want ads. He sees an ad for a company called "WOMYN-TEERS", looking for "an African-American, Lesbian Separatist Puppeteer for Community Outreach." Craig rubs his chin in thought, stands with determination.

MUSIC IN: SAME AS BEFORE.

CUT TO:

20 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S BATHROOM - MORNING**20**

Craig applies a dark pancake make-up to his face.

CUT TO:

21 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S BEDROOM - MORNING**21**

Craig pulls an afro-style wig off a mannequin head on Lotte's dressing table.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. STREET - MORNING 22

Craig, now made up to look like a black, lesbian separatist, hails a cab. Women look at him longingly.

CUT TO:

23 INT. CAR - NIGHT 23

Craig, dressed as the black lesbian and beaten to a pulp, sits in the passenger seat. Lotte drives.

LOTTE
(finally)
Why, Craig, why?

CRAIG
(through fat lip)
I -- puppeteeh.

CUT TO:

24 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S LIVINGROOM - DAY 24

Craig reads the paper. He comes across an ad: "Female puppeteer wanted for nudist colony marionette staging of 'Oh, Calcutta!'" Craig rubs his chin.

CUT TO:

25 INT. CAR - NIGHT 25

Craig sits in the passenger seat. He is made up as a woman and wears a full-body rubber "naked woman" suit. Lotte drives.

LOTTE
(finally)
You know, maybe you should speak to someone about this.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 26

Craig sees a personal ad: "Male puppeteer looking for attractive female puppeteer for friendship, travel, and much much more.'

Craig rubs his chin, then thinks better of it and sighs. He finds a want ad calling for a "short-statured file clerk with unusually nimble and dexterous fingers needed for speed filing." Craig writes down the address.

CUT TO:

27 INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

27

Craig, in sport coat and tie, studies the business listings board. He finds LesterCorp, and sees that it is located on floor 7 1/2. Craig presses the elevator button and waits.

Another man comes and waits next to him. The doors open, and Craig and the other man get in.

CUT TO:

28 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

28

The other man presses "9." Craig studies the buttons. There is no "7 1/2."

MAN #1

Seven and a half, right?

CRAIG

Uh, yeah.

HAN # 1

I'll take you through it.

The man picks up a crowbar leaning in the corner. He watches the floor numbers light up in succession. After "7" and before "8", the man hits the emergency stop button. The elevator slams to a halt. The man pries open the doors with the crowbar. Revealed is a standard office building hallway, except that from floor to ceiling it is only about four feet high. Everything is scaled down accordingly. The number on the the wall across from the elevator is 7 1/2.

MAN #1

Seven and a half.

CRAIG

Thank you.

Craig climbs out onto the 7 1/2 floor.

CUT TO:

29 INT. SEVQJ AND A HALF FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**29**

Craig, hunched-over, makes his way down the hallway looking for LesterCorp. He passes a hunched-over man walking in the other direction. They nod to each other. Craig finds a door marked "LesterCorp - Meeting America's Filing Needs Since 1922." He enters.

CUT TO:

30 INT. LESTERCORP RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS**30**

All furniture is scaled down to fit into this low-ceilinged space. A few other short men sit reading tiny magazines. Craig approaches Floris, the receptionist.

FLORIS

Welcome to LesterCorp. May we meet your filing needs?

CRAIG

No, uh, my name is Craig Schwartz. I have an interview with Mr. Lester.

FLORIS

Please have a seat. Mr. Juarez --

CRAIG

Schwartz.

FLORIS

Pardon?

CRAIG

Schwartz.

FLORIS

I'm sorry, I'm afraid I have no idea what you're saying right now.

CRAIG

My name is Schwartz.

FLORIS

Money, Miss Warts?

CRAIG

Forget it.

Craig takes a seat next to the other applicants.

FLORIS
(calling across the room)
Fork ah did?

The intercom buzzes. Floris picks it up.

FLORIS
(to Craig)
Mr. Juarez?

CRAIG
Yes?

FLORIS
Yex?

CRAIG
I said "yes."

FLORIS
You suggest what? I have no time
for piddling suggestions from
mumbling job applicants, my good
man. Besides, Dr. Lester will see
you now. I think that's what he
said.

Craig stands, opens Lester's door, and enters.

CUT TO:

31 INT. LESTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

31

Craig enters. Lester, a giant of an old man, sits hunched
behind his tiny desk.

LESTER
Come in, Mr. Juarez. I'd stand,
but, well, you know.

CRAIG
(extending his hand)
Actually, my name is Craig
Schwartz, Dr. Lester.

Lester flips an intercom switch.

LESTER
Security.

CRAIG

No. it's okay, sir. Just a mixup with your secretary.

LESTER

She's not my secretary. She's what they call an executive liaison, and I'm not banging her, if that's what you're implying.

CRAIG

Not at all, Dr. Lester. I simply misspoke.

LESTER

Tell me. Dr. Schwartz, what do you feel you can bring to LesterCorp?

CRAIG

Well, sir, I'm an excellent filer.

LESTER

(crafty)

You think so, eh? Which comes first, L or -- Glooph?

CRAIG

Glooph is not a letter, sir.

LESTER

Damn, you are good. I tried to trick you. Okay, put these in order.

Lester hands Craig a bunch of index cards. Craig orders them with amazing speed and dexterity. Lester watches, eyes wide.

LESTER

(flips intercom switch)

Floris, get Guinness on the phone.

FLORIS (O.S.)

Gehginnis ondah foam?

LESTER

Forget it.

FLORIS

Fork ah did?

LESTER

(flips off switch)

Fine woman, Floris. I don't know how she puts up with this damn

speech impediment of mine.

CRAIG

You don't have a speech impediment,
Dr. Lester.

LESTER

Flattery will get you everywhere,
my boy. But I'm afraid I have to
trust Floris on this one. You see,
she has her doctorate in speech
impedimentology from Case Western.
Perhaps you've read her memoirs, "I
can't understand a word any of you
are saying."

CRAIG

No.

LESTER

Pity, it tells it like it is.
That's why the eastern, read
Jewish, publishing establishment
won't touch it. That's a quote from
the book jacket. George Will, I
think.

(beat)

I apologize if you can't understand
a word I'm saying, Dr. Schwartz.

CRAIG

No. I understand perfectly.

LESTER

(choking up)

Thank you for being kind enough to
lie. You see, I've been very lonely
in my isolated tower of
indecipherable speech. You're
hired. Any questions?

CRAIG

Just one. Why is this floor so
short?

LESTER

Low overhead, m'boy. We pass the
savings on to you.

(laughs heartily)

But seriously, that's all covered
in orientation.

CUT TO:

33 INT. ORIENTATION ROOM - DAY**33**

It's a small screening room with red velvet seats. There are a few people scattered about the squat theater. Craig is among them. He looks around the room and his eyes rest momentarily on Maxine.

She is in her late 20's with close cropped black hair. Her eyes are opaque, her face expressionless, her countenance trance-like. She glances over at Craig, then turns back to the screen. The lights dim. A projector whirs and the screen is illuminated.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**34**

We tilt up the building.

MUSIC: Perky Industrial Film Music.

TITLE: The 7 1/2 Floor.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Welcome to the 7 1/2 floor of the Mertin-Flemmer building. As you will now be spending your work day here, it is important that you learn a bit about the history of this famous floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. 7 1/2 FLOOR - DAY**35**

Don and Wendy, two office workers, crouch in the hall and chat. Both hold cups of coffee.

WENDY

Hello, Don.

DON

Hello, Wendy.

WENDY

Don, I was wondering, do you know why our workplace has such low ceilings?

DON

It's an interesting story, Wendy. Many years ago in the late 1800's, James Mertin, an Irish ship captain looking to invest in the future of our great country, came to this town and decided to erect an office building.

CUT TO:

OLD FOOTAGE OF CONSTRUCTION CREW WORKING.

DON (V.O.)
He would call this building the Mertin-Flenner Building, after himself and someone else, who, local legend has it, was named Flenner.

CUT TO:

36 INT. 19TH CENTURY OFFICE - DAY

36

An actor playing Mertin sits at a desk and writes with a quill. He appears very stern and has mutton chop sideburns.

DON (V.O.)
One day, Captain Mertin received an unexpected visitor.

There is a knock at the door.

MERTIN
Enter ye, if ye dare enter.

A tiny woman enters.

TINY WOMAN
Captain Mertin?

MERTIN
What want ye, girl child?

TINY WOMAN
I am not a child. Captain Mertin, but rather an adult lady of miniature proportions.

MERTIN
(taken aback)
I see. Well, it is not my fault that thou art tiny. So if it is

charity yer after, then be gone
with ye, ye foul demon.

TINY WOMAN

I am not asking for alms, but
rather the ear of a kind man with a
noble heart.

MERTIN

(sighs)

Aye. Speak then if ye must.

TINY WOMAN

Captain Mertin, surely I am a God-
fearing Christian woman like
yourself, but, alas, I am afraid
that the world was not built with
me in mind. Door knobs are too
high, chairs are unwieldy, high-
ceHinged rooms mock my stature. Nor
am I a married lady, Captain, after
all, who would marry a person of my
dimuntiveness? So I am forced to
work for my few pennies a week as
an optometrist. Why cannot there be
a place for me to work safe and
comfortable?

Mertin wipes a tear from his eye.

MERTIN

Woman, your story moves me like no
other. Me own sister was tiny and
then died. Therefore, I shall make
ye me wife. And I shall build a
floor in my building, between the
7th and 8th, which will be scaled
down, so from now on there shall be
at least one place on God's green
Earth that you and your accursed
kind can live in peace --

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT. HALLWAY 7 1/2 FLOOR - DAY

37

Don And Wendy crouch and talk.

DON

So that's the story of 7 1/2. Since
the rents are considerably lower,
this floor has been adopted by

businesses which for one reason or another are forced to cut corners. After all -- the overhead is low! Ha ha ha!

WENDY

Ha ha ha!

TITLE: The End.

CUT TO:

38 INT. ORIENTATION ROOM - DAY

38

The screen goes dark. The lights go up. Craig looks over at Maxine. She stands and walks past him.

CRAIG

Moving story.

MAXINE

Yes. Unfortunately it's bullshit. The real story of 7 1/2 is so evil that it could never be revealed to Americans raised on sitcoms and happy news anchors.

CRAIG

Is that true?

MAXINE

Well, truth is for suckers, isn't it?.

CRAIG

Listen, I'm Craig Schwartz, just starting out at LesterCorp.

MAXINE

How dreary - to be - Somebody / How public - like a Frog / To tell one's name - the livelong June / To an admiring Bog!

CRAIG

(proudly)
Emily Dickinson.

MAXINE

I wouldn't know.

Maxine walks away.

CUT TO:

39 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

39

Lotte chops onions. A parrot sits on her head. Craig stirs a pot on the stove. A monkey leaps from the top of the cabinet to the top of the refrigerator to the kitchen table. A dog watches the monkey and barks at it.

PARROT

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

CRAIG

Shut up!

LOTTE

(to Craig)

Sorry, honey.

The dog continues to bark.

PARROT

Sorry honey. Sorry honey.

An offscreen neighbor pounds the wall.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Shut Up!

LOTTE

(yelling)

Sorry!

Lotte grabs the parrot off her head and leaves the room.

PARROT (O.S.)

Help! She's locking me in a cage!

Lotte reenters.

LOTTE

Isn't that cute? I just taught her that.

CRAIG

Adorable. What time are they supposed to be here?

LOTTE

Seven-ish.

CRAIG

We have to make it an early night.

LOTTE

They'll understand. Besides I've got a morning appointment tomorrow with Elijah's shrink. We're getting to the bottom of this acid stomach.

CRAIG

(not paying attention)

Hmmm.

LOTTE

Some sort of childhood trauma, she thinks. Possible feelings of inadequacy as a chimp. Interesting, huh?

CRAIG

Hmmm.

The doorbell rings. The dog barks. The parrot screams. The neighbor pounds on the wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

40

The dining room table is set up.' Craig and Lotte and their friends Peter and Gloria are seated and eating dinner. There is an obvious lull in the conversation.

PETER

Good food, Lotte.

LOTTE

Thanks. Craig helped, too, by the way.

PETER

Vege tari an, right ?

LOTTE

Yes. All vegetable, all the time.

PETER

Amazing.

There is another lull. Everyone eats.

PETER

No kidding about that 7 1/2 floor.
Craig?

CRAIG
No kidding, Peter.

GLORIA
That's great. It almost sounds like
make-believe.
(beat)
Like a storybook.
(beat)
like a fairy tale.
(beat)
It's really great.
(beat)
So Lotte, when y o u say all
vegetable,
do you mean all vegetable entirely?

CUT TO:

41 INT. PETER AND GLORIA'S CAR - NIGHT

41

Gloria and Peter drive in silence.

GLORIA
Lotte told me that Eskimos have a
lot of words for snow.

PETER
How many?

GLORIA
Ten, I think.

PETER
I wonder why so many.

GLORIA
Because they have a lot of snow.
Isn't that interesting?

CUT TO:

42 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

42

Craig washes the dishes. Lotte dries them. They don't look at
each other.

CUT TO:

43 INT. LESTERCORP FILE ROOM - MORNING**43**

Craig, in a cream colored suit, pours over the file cabinets. Floris watches from the doorway.

FLORIS
You're good.

Craig turns.

CRAIG
(over-enunciating)
Thank you, Floris.

Floris shrugs, shakes her head.

FLORIS
You're not like the other boys we've had here. Granted, I can't understand what you're saying either, but your soft palette resonates tremendously well and you never ever constrict your epiglottis.

CRAIG
I am a trained performer.

FLORIS
(swooning)
Music to my ears! Whatever you said. Speak, speak, speak, my magnificent friend, speak!

CUT TO;

44 INT. HALLWAY 7 1/2 FLOOR - DAY**44**

Craig pours himself a cup of coffee. Maxine approaches with an empty cup.

CRAIG
Hello again.

Craig fills her cup.

MAXINE
Yes, well --

CRAIG
You know, I've been thinking about what you said yesterday, about the

orientation film being a cover-up.
I think you're on to something.

MAXINE

And fifty other lines to get into a
girl's pants.

CRAIG

No, really.

MAXINE

You know, if you ever got me, you
wouldn't have a clue what to do
with me. That's the thing, Romeo.

Maxine walks away.

CUT TO:

45 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

45

Craig is at his workbench, painting the finishing touches on
a new puppet. It is beautiful. It is Maxine. Lotte watches
quietly from the door. A Lotte puppet hangs from a hook,
tangled and dusty.

LOTTE

New puppet?

Craig is surprised, caught.

CRAIG

Yeah, just an idea I had.

LOTTE

She's very beautiful.

CRAIG

(shrugging)

Just an idea I had.

Craig hangs the puppet, stands, and switches off the light.

CRAIG

C'mon, let's go to bed.

CUT TO:

46 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

46

The room is dark. Lotte snores lightly. Craig lies there with his eyes open. Quietly, he gets up and leaves the bedroom. Lotte watches him go.

CUT TO:

47 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

47

Craig stands above the puppet stage. He is working both the Craig puppet and the Maxine puppet at the same time. The two perform a beautiful and graceful pas de deux. They finish in a passionate embrace.

CRAIG
(quietly)
I would Coo know what to do with
you.

CUT TO:

48 INT. FILE ROOM - MORNING

48

Craig files. Floris watches him from the doorway. Dr. Lester watches Floris from behind a cabinet.

FLORIS
Oh, what magic those fingers could
work on the right 'cabinet."
(strokes Craig's neck)
Alphabetize me, baby. And don't
forget, X comes before U.

Floris laughs long and hard. Too long and too hard.

CRAIG
Floris, you're very nice, but I'm
afraid I'm in love with somebody
else.

FLORIS
(upset)
I' m afraid I -- have no idea what
you are saying -- you bastard!

Floris runs from the room. Lester pokes his head out from behind the cabinet.

LESTER
Don't toy with Floris, Schwartz.
Why, if I were eighty years
younger, I'd box your ears.

CRAIG

I wasn't toying with her, sir. I was just -- How old are you?

LESTER

One hundred and five. Carrot juice.

(beat)

Lot's of it. I swear, it's almost not worth it. I piss orange. Oh, and I have to piss sitting down -- like a godamn girly -- every fifteen minutes. But nobody wants to die, Schwartz.

CRAIG

I'll keep that in mind, sir.

LESTER

No sir-e-bob, I don't die. But what I do is get older, wrinkled like a former plum that's become the wrinkled prune you see before you. Oh, to be a young man again, maybe then Floris would care for me.

CRAIG

The elderly have so much to offer, sir. They are our link with history.

LESTER

I don't want to be your godamn link, damn you. I want to feel Floris' naked thighs against my own. I want to know passion. I want my body to inspire lust in that beautiful, complex woman. I want her to shiver in a spasm of ecstasy when I penetrate her. Oh, God, the agony of the flesh, Schwartz.

CRAIG

Dr. Lester, while I am flattered that you share your feelings with me, I believe perhaps the workplace is not the most suitable environment for this type of discussion.

LESTER

All right. Meet me at the Juicy-Juice Bar after work today

and I'll spill my goddamn guts for you.

Lester exits.

CRAIG

Shit.

CUT TO:

49 INT. HALLWAY 7 1/2 FLOOR - DAY

49

Craig squats next to a payphone.

CRAIG

(into phone)

I won't be late. I just have to listen to Lester's sexual fantasies and drink carrot juice for a little while. It's a job thing.

Maxine walks by. Craig grabs her arm, signals for her to wait a minute. She waits.

CRAIG

(into phone)

I gotta go back to work. Yeah, okay. You too. Okay. Bye.

Craig hangs up.

MAXINE

What?

CRAIG

I just wanted to say "hi." Did you know I still don't know your name or where you work?

MAXINE

Yeah.

CRAIG

How about this, if I can guess your first name within three tries, you have to come out for a drink with me tonight.

MAXINE

Why not?

CRAIG

Great.

(watches her face as he
guesses)

Buuuhppaahhhnnn Muhhhahhhh. Ma
hhnnnaaa, nollttuukkkaaaaralllll,
tahabararassssssuuuuusaaaaaannnn
nnaaa, aaannnnnnccccceeeeeee.
Mwaaaaa, Mahhhhhkkkkk, sssseeeeeen.
Maxine?

MAXINE

Who told you?

CRAIG

I'm right?

MAXINE

Who told you?

CRAIG

That's incredible! Nobody told me!
I swear! It's kismet. Maxine! It's
a beautiful name. There's a psychic
connection. Don't you see? It was
meant to be! Maxine! Maxine!
Maxine! I will shout it from the
rooftops!

MAXINE

Somebody told you.

CRAIG

Oh, Maxine, nobody told me, Maxine,
Maxine. It just came out of me like
a song, Maxine. A beautiful crazy,
song, Maxine. Maxine. Maxine!

MAXINE

I am dubious, but I don't welsh.
Meet me at The Stuck Pig. Seven
o'clock. You're late, I walk. So
help me, if I find out you cheated.

CRAIG

(in heaven)

Maxine.

Craig walks down the hall. A tiny smile flits across Maxine's
face.

CUT TO:

50 INT. JUICY JUICE BAR - EVENING

50

Lester and Craig sit at a table. There are several emptied glasses of carrot juice in front of Lester. Craig nurses one glass, and keeps checking his watch.

LESTER

Imagine a room full of women.
Nubile, blonde, wet with desire,
Schwartz. A harem, if you will. Me
in leather. A harness, if you like.
I am the object of this desire, and
all eyes are on me as I speak.
"Ladies," I begin, "I am the love
god, Eros. I intoxicate you. My
spunk is to you manna from heaven -
-

CRAIG

(standing)

Dr. Lester, it's been really
fascinating, but I'm afraid I have
to get home to my wife now.

LESTER

Wife, huh? I'd love to meet her,
Craig.

CRAIG

Yessir.

LESTER

Shall we say dinner on Friday. Just
the two of us?

LESTER

(afterthought)

You can come too if you like,
Schwartz.

CRAIG

(checking watch)

That's sounds fine, sir. Gotta run.

Craig hurries to the door. Lester downs Craig's juice,
signals the waiter for more.

CUT TO:

51 INT. THE STUCK PIG - NIGHT

51

Maxine sits at the bar, watching her watch. Craig rushes into the room, frantic, out of breath. He spots Maxine and plops himself next to her.

CRAIG

Made it. Maxine. Maxine, Maxine, Maxine.

MAXINE

Just.

CRAIG

Buy you a drink, Maxine?

MAXINE

You married?

CRAIG

Yeah. But enough about me.

Maxine laughs. The bartender approaches.

CRAIG

What'11 you have?

MAXINE

(to bartender)

The usual, Barry.

CRAIG

(to bartender)

I'll have, like, a beer. Like a Budweiser, or something.

The bartender walks away.

CRAIG

I like you. I don't know what it is exactly.

MAXINE

My tits?

CRAIG

No, no, it's your energy or your attitude or the way you carry yourself or --

MAXINE

Christ, you're not a fag are you? Because I don't want to be wasting my time.

The drinks arrive. Maxine's is in an enormous fishbowl of a glass. It's bright blue, with fruit and marshmallows swimming in it. Paper umbrellas stick out of it, and plastic monkeys hang from the rim.

CRAIG

That's the usual?

MAXINE

Don't let the girly shit fool you.
It'd blow your shorts off.

Maxine downs it like a shot of whiskey. She pushes the empty glass to the bartender.

MAXINE

Set me up again. Barry.

The bartender walks away with the empty glass.

CRAIG

I'm not a homosexual. I just like women for more than their bodies. I guess you could say I'm the new American male.

MAXINE

You're a fag or a liar.

CRAIG

(backpedaling)

I mean, I am really attracted to you.

MAXINE

(mocking)

I mean, I am really attracted to you. Jesus, you are a fag. We can share recipes, if you like, Darlene.

Maxine gets up.

CRAIG

(at a loss)

No, wait! I like your tits.

(beat)

I love your tits. I want to fuck you.

MAXINE

(sitting)

Good. Now we're getting somewhere.

(beat)
Not a chance.

Maxine's second drink comes. She downs it, pushes the glass toward the bartender.

MAXINE
So, tell me about yourself. If you can get your mind out of the gutter long enough, dog-boy.

CRAIG
Well, I'm a puppeteer --

The bartender comes back with Maxine's drink.

MAXINE
(to bartender)
Check.

CUT TO:

52 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

52

Lotte is combing Elijah. Craig enters.

CRAIG
Hi.

LOTTE
Hi.

CRAIG
(nervous, talking too much)
Sorry, I'm so late. Lester just wouldn't let me go. We're supposed to have dinner with him on Friday. I can get us out of it if you want. He's really amazing, this insane old lech. It's actually sort of amusing when you get past just how disgusting it is.

There is a silence. Lotte continues to comb out Elijah. Finally:

LOTTE
Did you eat?

CRAIG

Nah. I'm not hungry. I'm sorry I didn't call. It was just, you know, hard to get away.

LOTTE
I was worried.

CRAIG
I'm sorry. How was your evening?

LOTTE
Tom-Tom's puncture wound is infected.

CRAIG
The ferret?

LOTTE
The iguana.

CRAIG
Right.

LOTTE
I dressed the wound. Then I've just been feeding everyone, putting everyone to bed.

CRAIG
Yeah. You want a beer?

LOTTE
No thanks. I'm going to turn in.

CRAIG
All right. I'll be in my workshop for a little while. I'll be in in a little while. I need to unwind a little.

(beat)
I'll be in soon. A little while.

LOTTE
'kay.

Lotte exits.

CUT TO:

Craig works the Craig and Maxine puppets. The puppets sit on the edge of the small stage and chat. Craig does a pretty fair impersonation of Maxine's voice.

CRAIG
(as Maxine, fascinated)
Tell me, Craig, why do you love puppeteering?
(as Craig)
Well, Maxine, I'm not sure exactly. Perhaps it's the idea of becoming someone else for a little while. Being inside another skin. Moving differently, thinking differently, feeling differently.
(as Maxine)
Interesting. Would you like to be inside my skin, Craig? Think what I think? Feel what I feel?
(as Craig)
More than anything, Maxine.
(as Maxine)
It's good in here, Craig. Better than your wildest dreams.

The puppets kiss.

CUT TO:

54 INT. HALLWAY 7 1/2 FLOOR - DAY

54

Craig waits at the coffee machine, checks his watch. Finally Maxine approaches.

CRAIG
Hi.

MAXINE
You're not someone I could get interested in, Craig. You play with dolls.

CRAIG
(rehearsed)
Puppets, Maxine. It's the idea of being inside someone else, feeling what they feel, seeing what they see --

MAXINE
Yikes.

CRAIG

Please, let me explain.

Craig grabs Maxine's hand and drags her into an empty office.

CUT TO:

55 INT. EMPTY OFFICE - DAY

55

Craig pulls Maxine in closes the door.

CRAIG

It's just, and I've never done this before, Maxine, but it's just that I feel something for you. I've never felt this before for anyone, not even my wife. My future is with you, Maxine.

MAXINE

You might want to check those tarot cards one more time.

Maxine heads for the door. Craig sits on a box. He puts his head in his hands and sighs. Across the room he notices a very small door with a two by four nailed across it.

CRAIG

Another evil secret of the 7 1/2 floor.

Craig pries the two-by-four off and opens the door. It's a dark and wet membranous tunnel inside.

CRAIG

Holy shit. Maxine is gonna love this.

Craig lets go of the door and it slams shut.

CUT TO:

56 INT. LESTER'S OFFICE - DAY

56

Lester sits at his desk studying an instruction manual for a juicer. The spanking new juicer sits on his desk. There is an urgent knocking at the door.

LESTER

Yes?

Craig rushes in.

CRAIG

Dr. Lester --

LESTER

Ah, Craig. Just the fellow I wanted to see.

(proudly spreading his arms)

Juicer! Easy as pie. Just keep your fingers clear of the blade, and never, never use it while bathing in a tub full of water.

CRAIG

Dr. Lester, I have a question. I was in that vacant office down the hall and I stumbled upon a little door and --

LESTER

Ah, yes, the little door.

(checks watch)

There is a short film on the little door in the orientation room in exactly two minutes. If you hurry, you'll just make it.

CRAIG

Thank you, sir.

Craig exits. Lester waits a moment, then dials the phone.

LESTER

Put up reel 752.

CUT TO:

57 INT. ORIENTATION ROOM - DAY

57

Craig sits in the otherwise empty screening room. The lights dim, the film begins.

TITLE: THE LITTLE DOOR IN THE VACANT OFFICE

CUT TO:

58 INT. VACANT OFFICE - DAY

58

Wendy crouches in the vacant office and studies the closed little door. Don enters, smiling.

DON

Hi, Wendy! What're you up to in this vacant office.

WENDY

Well, Don, I peeked in here, even though I know it's against floor policy, and I discovered that there's a little tiny door in here. Isn't it cute? It's almost like a little dolly's door. I wonder what it's for.

DON

(laughing)

That's right, Wendy, it is against floor policy, but as long as you're here, let me tell you what I know about our cute little door friend. Many years ago, this very office was occupied by a kindly old watchmaker named Mr. White.

DISSOLVE TO:

59 INT. WATCHMAKER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

59

An old man toils away in the dusty office.

WHITE

Hmmm. I must have a small store room to store my merchandise when I am through working on it. I know, I will build a tiny store room. How cute!

DISSOLVE TO:

60 INT. VACANT OFFICE - DAY

60

WENDY

Wow! That's some story, Don.

DON

Truth is stranger than fiction, Wendy!

They laugh.

TITLE: THE END

CUT TO:

61 INT. ORIENTATION ROOM - DAY 61

The lights go up. Craig sits there for a moment. An usher pushes a broom down the aisle.

CRAIG
Bullshit.

Craig exits. The usher mumbles something into a walkie-talkie.

CUT TO:

62 INT. VACANT ROOM - DAY 62

Craig opens the little door and climbs into the membranous hallway. The door slams shut behind him.

CUT TO:

63 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING 63

It's dark and wet. The walls are soft and membranous. There is a dripping sound. Craig crawls along. Soon something starts to pull Craig as if he is being sucked through a straw. There is a flash of light.

CUT TO:

64 INT. FANCY DINING ROOM - MORNING 64

The POV of someone reading a newspaper. The person lifts a cup of coffee to his mouth. There is a slurping sound. The person puts down the coffee cup and the newspaper, and stands up.

CRAIG (V.O.)
(losing his balance)
Whoa! What the hell? Where am I?

We're still in POV. The person walks across the room, picks up his wallet from a coffee table, looks in a mirror and checks his teeth for food. It's John Malkovich.

CRAIG (V.O.)
 Holy shit! It's that actor guy.
 Shit! What's his name? That actor
 guy! What's happening? Am I inside
 him? Am I in his brain? Am I him?
 Is he me? Does he know I'm here? My
 brain is reeling! Is his brain
 reeling?

Malkovich walks to the front door, opens it, exits his
 apartment.

CUT TO:

65 INT. MAXINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

65

Maxine sits at her desk, eats a sandwich, looks at a fashion
 magazine, and chats on the phone.

MAXINE
 The puppeteer told me he loves me
 today.
 (laughs)
 I know. I can't think of anything
 more pathetic.

CUT TO:

66 INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

66

John Malkovich's POV from the back seat of the cab. The cab
 pulls away from the curb.

MALKOVICH (V.O.)
 (resonant throughout)
 The Broadhurst Theater, please.

The cabbie studies Malkovich in his rearview mirror as he
 drives.

CABBIE
 Say, aren't you that actor guy?

MALKOVICH
 Yeah.

CABBIE
 John Makel --

CRAIG (V.O.)
 John Malkovich! Of course!

CABBIE
Mapplethorpe?

MALKOVICH (V.O.)
Malkovich.

CABBIE
Malkovich!

CRAIG (V.O.)
John fucking Malkovich!

CABBIE
Yeah. I liked you in that one
movie.

MALKOVICH (V.O.)
Thank you.

CABBIE
The one where you're that jewel
thief.

MALKOVICH
I never played a jewel thief.

CABBIE
Who am I thinking of?

MALKOVICH
I don't know.

CABBIE
I'm pretty sure it was you. Hey,
could I get your autograph now?
It's for my -- oh, what the hell,
it's for me! I'm your biggest fan!

MALKOVICH
Yeah, okay.

The cabbie hands a pad back over the seat. Malkovich reaches
for it. There is a slurping sound.

CRAIG (V.O.)
(panicky)
Ahhhh!

The image starts to fade, then suddenly goes black.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. DITCH - DAY

67

It's on the side of Jersey Turnpike. There is a "pop* and Craig falls from nowhere into the ditch. He is soaking wet, and now dirty from the ditch. He stands, looks confusedly around, sees a N.J. Turnpike sign. After a moment, he goes to the side of the road and sticks out his thumb.

CUT TO:

68 INT. MAXINE'S OFFICE - LATER

68

Maxine sits behind her desk with her feet up, and talks on the phone.

MAXINE

Absolutely, doll. I'm just about to close up here.

Craig walks in disheveled and exhausted. Maxine sees him, keeps talking.

MAXINE

(into phone)

Meet you at "The Pig" in twenty minutes.

(laughs lasciviously)

Oh yeah, maybe I'll keep my legs closed till then.

(hangs up. to Craig)

I'm splitting for the day. Lock up for me, won't you, darling.

Maxine stands, puts some stuff in her purse.

CRAIG

Don't you want to know what happened to me?

MAXINE

(considers)

No.

Maxine heads for the door. Craig grabs her arm.

CRAIG

This is important!

MAXINE

(looking at his hand on her arm)

It better be.

Craig sits Maxine down in a chair, lets go of her arm.

CRAIG

There's a tiny door in that empty office. It's a portal, Maxine. It takes you inside John Malkovich. You see the world through John Malkovich's eyes, then, after about fifteen minutes, you're spit out into a ditch on the side of The New Jersey Turnpike.

MAXINE

Sounds delightful. Who the fuck is John Malkovich?

CRAIG

He's an actor. One of the great American actors of the 20th century.

MAXINE

What's he been in?

CRAIG

Lots of things. He's very well respected. That jewel thief movie, for example. The point is that this is a very odd thing, supernatural, for lack of a better word. It raises all sorts of philosophical questions about the nature of self, about the existence of the soul. Am I me? Is Malkovich Malkovich? Was the Buddha right, is duality an illusion? Do you see what a can of worms this portal is? I don't think I can go on living my life as I have lived it. There's only one thing to do. Let's get married right away.

MAXINE

Is this Malkovich fellow appealing?

CRAIG

Yes, of course. He's a celebrity.

MAXINE

Good. We'll sell tickets.

CRAIG

Tickets to Malkovich?

MAXINE

Exactly. Two hundred dollars a pop.

CRAIG

But there's something profound here, Maxine, we can't exploit it.

MAXINE

Fine. I'll do it myself. I was going to offer a partnership to you, but this way it's more money for me.

CRAIG

You wanted to be partners with me?

MAXINE

(bored)

Sure. It'd be fun.

CRAIG

(pleased)

Really?

(then:)

But, Maxine, can of worms! End of the world! Illusory nature of existence!

MAXINE

I'll protect you, dollface.

Maxine reaches over and squeezes his lips affectionately between her thumb and forefinger.

CRAIG

(in love)

Oh, Maxine.

DISSOLVE TO:

69 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S BRDROOM - NIGHT

69

Craig and Lotte are getting into evening clothes.

LOTTE

Don't be ridiculous. There is no such thing as a portal into someone else's brain.

CRAIG

Brain, soul, I'm telling you, Lotte, I was right inside him

looking out. We're going to be rich.

LOTTE
I want to try.

CRAIG
What?

LOTTE
I want to be John Malkovich.
Tomorrow morning. Plus I'd like to meet this partner of yours.

CRAIG
(nervously)
Well, you know we're going to be very busy tomorrow. I'll tell you what. Let's do it tonight. Right now.

LOTTE
Now?

CRAIG
Yeah. We'll do it right now. On the way to Lester's house.

CUT TO:

70 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

70

Craig holds open the small door as Lotte climbs in.

CRAIG
I'll meet you on the turnpike.

LOTTE
I'm scared.

The door slams shut.

CRAIG
Me too, babe.

Craig hurries out the door.

CUT TO:

71 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

71

Malkovich is in the shower. We watch from his POV as he soaps himself. He does this in a sensual manner.

LOTTE (V.O.)
Holy cow!

Malkovich steps out of the shower, slowly towels himself dry.

LOTTE (V.O.)
Oh, yes. Yes.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. DITCH - NIGHT

72

Lotte lands in the ditch. She is wet and ragged. Traffic whizzes by. Craig turns on the headlights in his parked car. They shine on Lotte. Craig steps out of the car.

LOTTE
I have to go back.

CRAIG
Okay. Maybe tomorrow.

LOTTE
I have to go back now.

CRAIG
We'll talk about it in the car.

Craig helps Lotte up and toward the car.

CUT TO:

73 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S CAR - NIGHT

73

Craig drives. Lotte looks distractedly out the window.

LOTTE
I have to go back, Craig. Being inside did something to me. All of a sudden everything made sense. I knew who I was.

CRAIG
You weren't you. You were John Malkovich.

LOTTE

(tickled)
I was, wasn't I?
(yelling out the window)
I was John fucking Malkovich!
(laughs, then intensely)
Take me back, Craig.

CRAIG
Tomorrow. We're late for Lester.

CUT TO;

74 INT. LESTER'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

74

It's a posh place with flocked wallpaper and candleabras. Lester, Craig, and Lotte sit around an elegantly appointed table with all different sorts of juices in front of them. Lotte is still wet. Lester sits quite close to her.

LESTER
Tell me, Lotte. can you understand
a word I'm saying?

LOTTE
Yes, of course. Dr. Lester.

LESTER
Oh, be still my heart.

LOTTE
Dr. Lester, would you point me
toward the restroom?

LESTER
With immense pleasure, my dear.
Down that hall, ninth door on the
left. Watch the step down. It's
sunken, you know.

Lotte smiles, and heads down the hall.

CRAIG
Dr. Lester --

LESTER
More beet-spinach juice, my friend?

CRAIG
No thank you, sir. It's delicious,
though. I just wanted to thank you
for the opportunity to work at
LesterCorp, but I'm afraid I'm

going to have to tender my resignation effectively immediately.

LESTER

I see. Are you unhappy at our little company?

CRAIG

No sir, not at all. It's just that I'm going to open my own business and --

LESTER

And what sort of business will this be? If you don't mind my asking.

CRAIG

Uh, import-export. Olive oil. Right on 7 1/2 actually.
(beat)
In the vacant office. So we'll still be seeing each other.

LESTER

The vacant office. I see. Olive oil. Interesting. Be warned, Schwartz, there are certain "doors" which should never be opened.

CUT TO:

75 INT. LESTER'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

75

Lotte walks down the ritzy hallway. She is counting closed doors in search of the bathroom. She opens a door, looks inside, gasps, then enters the room.

CUT TO:

76 INT. LESTER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

76

Lotte enters the room. It is dark. At the far end there is what amounts to a candle-lit shrine to John Malkovich. The centerpiece of the shrine is an enormous photograph of Malkovich bordered by a garland of flowers. Lotte stares at it for a moment, then drops to her knees in front of it.

CUT TO:

77 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 77

Lotte has just taken a shower. She towels herself dry in much the same way as Malkovich. Her eyes are closed. She opens them slowly and sees herself in the mirror.

Disappointed, she drops the towel and heads out of the bathroom.

CUT TO:

78 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S GARAGE - NIGHT 78

Craig sits at his work table. He is pulling the heads off of the Craig and the Maxine puppets. He puts the Maxine head on the Craig puppet. He sighs.

CRAIG

My kingdom for your portal, Maxine.

CUT TO:

79 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S OFFICE - MORNING 79

Maxine sits at her desk composing an ad. Craig stands behind her, ostensibly looking over her shoulder, but actually studying the back of her head. He sighs.

MAXINE

Okay. Here it is.

(reading)

Ever want to be someone else? Now you can. No kidding. Only two hundred dollars for fifteen minutes. Visit J.M. Inc., Mertin-Flemmer Building, etcetera etcetera.

CRAIG

Sounds good. Oblique but intriguing. Phone it in.

Maxine dials the phone. Lotte enters.

CRAIG

Lotte! Why aren't you at the pet shop?

LOTTE

Fuck pets. Is this your partner? I had to come back and do the

Malkovich ride again. Fuck everything else. Is this her?

MAXINE

(into phone)

Yes, hello, I wanted to place an ad.

(to Lotte)

Hi, are you Craig's wife?

LOTTE

Yes, Hi.

CRAIG

Lotte, Maxine. Maxine, Lotte.

Lotte and Maxine shake hands.

LOTTE

Hi. Have you done Malkovich yet?

MAXINE

Hi, uh --

(into phone)

Hi. I wanted to place an ad. Yes. "Ever want to be someone else?" No, that's the ad, but let's talk about you in a minute. 'Ever want to be someone else? Now you can. No kidding--"

CRAIG

(to Lotte)

Why aren't you at work?

LOTTE

I've been going over and over my experience last night. It was amazing.

(beat)

I've decided I'm a transsexual. Isn't that the craziest thing?

CRAIG

What, are you nuts? That's Oprah talking.

LOTTE

Everything felt right for the first time. I need to go back to make sure, then if the feeling is still there, I'm going to speak to Dr.

Feldman about sexual reassignment surgery.

CRAIG

This is absurd. Besides Feldman's an allergist. If you're going to do something, do it right.

(beat)

It's just the thrill of seeing through someone else's eyes, sweetie. It'll pass.

LOTTE

Don't stand in the way of my actualization as a man, Craig.

MAXINE

(hanging up the phone)

Let her go, Craig. I mean "him."

CRAIG

(anything for Maxine)

Yeah, okay.

(opens the portal door)

I'll pick you up.

Lotte enters. Craig closes the door, stands there.

MAXINE

You better hurry. Traffic.

Maxine tosses Craig his car keys. He heads out the door. Maxine dials the phone.

MAXINE

(into phone)

Davey? Max. Get me John Malkovich's home phone? That's great. Love ya and owe ya.

CUT TO:

80 INT. JOHN MALKOVICH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

80

Malkovich's POV. He sits on the couch, drinks coffee, and reads a copy of Awake and sine Bach plays on the stereo in the background.

MALKOVICH

(reading aloud)

So you believe in God -- you got something for it? You worked for

all the capitalists. You harvested
the fruit from your labor? You got
God!

LOTTE (V.O.)
What raw, animal power!

MALKOVICH
But the past comforts you? The
present smiles on you, yes?

The phone rings. Malkovich puts down the script, and picks up
the phone.

MALKOVICH
(into phone)
Yeah?

MAXINE (O.S.)
(telephone voice)
Mr. Malkovich?

MALKOVICH
Who's calling?

MAXINE (O.S.)
You don't know me, but I'm a
great admirer of yours.

MALKOVICH
How'd you get this number?

MAXINE (O.S.)
It's just that I fantasize about
you, and, well, speaking to you now
has gotten me sort of excited and -
-

LOTTE (O.S.)
(turned on)
Oh, I like this.

MALKOVICH
Listen, this is not amusing. Please
don't call here any --

MAXINE (O.S.)
(giggling)
Ooh, such authority! My nipples are
at attention, General Malkovich,
sir. So I'll be at Bernardo's
tonight at eight. Please, please

meet me there. I just adored you in
that jewel thief movie --

Malkovich hangs up the phone.

LOTTE (V.O.)

My God!

(attempting thought
control)

Meet her there. Meet her there.
Meet her there. Meet her there.
Meet her there --

Malkovich goes back to his script.

LOTTE (V.O.)

Meet her there. Meet her there.
Meet her there --

Malkovich picks up a pen and writes: Bernardo's 8:00.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. DITCH - MORNING

81

Craig waits. Lotte pops into the ditch. She's wet and slimy.

CRAIG

How was it?

LOTTE

I have to go back tonight. At
eight. Exactly.

CRAIG

Why?

LOTTE

Don't crowd me, Craig.

CUT TO:

82 INT. BERNARDO'S - NIGHT

82

Malkovich's POV. It's a busy Italian restaurant. Malkovich
looks around, checks his watch: 8:03. A guy walks up to him.

GUY

Excuse me, are you John Malkovich?

MALKOVICH

Yes.

GUY

Wow. You were really great in that movie where you played that retard.

MALKOVICH

Thank you very much.

GUY

I just wanted to tell you that. And say thank you. I have a cousin that's a retard, so. as you can imagine, it means a lot to me to see retards portrayed on the silver screen so compassionately.

The guy walks away. Malkovich scans the room. Maxine enters the restaurant. We see her, but Malkovich doesn't single her out of the crowd. She looks around.

LOTTE (V.O.)

Maxine!

Maxine spots Malkovich, and heads over. He focuses on her.

MAXINE

Hi. I'm so glad you decided to come. I'm Maxine.

Maxine holds out her hand. She is charming. Malkovich takes her hand.

MALKOVICH

I'm John. I didn't think I was going to come, but I felt oddly compelled. I have to admit I was a bit intrigued by your voice.

LOTTE (V.O.)

God, she's beautiful. The way she's looking at me. At him. At us.

MAXINE

And the funny thing is. Mr. Malkovich, my voice is probably the least intriguing thing about me.

LOTTE (V.O.)

I've never been looked at like this by a woman.

MALKOVICH

Can I get you a drink?

MAXINE

Whatever you're having.

CUT TO:

83 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S CAR - NIGHT

83

Craig drives. Lotte is soaking wet. She stares out the window.

CRAIG

So how was it? What was he doing?

LOTTE

Oh, you know, not a lot. Just hanging around his apartment. I think he must be a lonely man.

CRAIG

You see. men can feel unfulfilled, too. I'm glad you're realizing that. You shouldn't be so quick to assume that switching bodies would be the answer to all your problems.

LOTTE

You're right. You know I was thinking that we should have Maxine over for dinner. Since you two are partners and all. It might be a nice gesture.

CRAIG

I don't know. There's some tension between us. I'd hate to expose you to that.

LOTTE

It'll be okay. I'll fix my lasagna. We'll smoke a joint.

(dreamily)

Tensions will melt away.

CUT TO:

84 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

84

Craig, Lotte, and Maxine are seated at the table and eating lasagna. Lotte eyes Maxine. Craig eyes Maxine. There is an awkward silence.

LOTTE

(to Maxine)

Did you know that Eskimos have not one, but fifty words for snow. It's because they have so much of it.

CRAIG

After dinner I'll show you my puppets

MAXINE

Ah.

LOTTE

After that I'll introduce you to my favorite monkey, Elijah. He's got an ulcer, due to a suppressed childhood trauma. But we're getting to the bottom of it.

(whispers)

Psychotherapy.

There is another silence.

MAXINE

(to no one in particular)

The way I see it, the world is divided into those go after what they want and those who don't. The passionate ones, the ones who go after what they want, may not get what they want, but they remain vital, in touch with themselves, and when they lie on their deathbeds, they have few regrets. The ones who don't go after what they want -- well, who gives a shit about them anyway?

Maxine laughs. There is another silence. Suddenly, at the same moment, both Craig and Lotte lunge for Maxine and start kissing her passionately about the face and neck. They stop just as suddenly and look at each other.

CRAIG

You?

Lotte looks away.

MAXINE

Craig, I just don't find you attractive. And, Lotte, I'm smitten with you, but only when you're in Malkovich. When I looked into his eyes last night, I could feel you peering out. Behind the stubble and the too-prominent brow and the male pattern baldness, I sensed your feminine longing peering out, and it just slew me.

CRAIG

(disgusted)
My God.

Lotte strokes Maxine*s face. Craig clears dishes from the table.

MAXINE

(to Lotte, removing her hand)
Only as John, sweetie. I'm sorry.
(gets up)
Thanks for a wonderful dinner.
(walks past kitchen, to Craig)
No hard feelings, partner.

Maxine exits. Craig and Lotte look at each other.

LOTTE

I want a divorce.

CUT TO:

85 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S OFFICE - MORNING

85

It is deadly silent. Craig and Maxine sit at their desks. The wall clock ticks. Craig whistles tunelessly, every once in a while looking up and discreetly checking out Maxine. Eventually there is a knock at the door.

CRAIG

(a little too urgently)
Come in!

Erroll, a sad, fat young man enters meekly.

ERROLL

Hello. I'm here about the ad.

CRAIG

Please, have a seat.

Erroll sits in a chair in front of Craig's desk. He glances nervously over at Maxine.

ERROLL

When you say. I can be somebody else, what do you mean exactly?

CRAIG

Exactly that. We can put you inside someone else's body for fifteen minutes.

ERROLL

Oh, this is just the medical breakthrough I've been waiting for. Are there side effects? Please say no! please say no!

MAXINE

No.

ERROLL

Long term psychic or physiological repercussions?

MAXINE

No. Don't be an ass.

ERROLL

Can I be anyone I want?

MAXINE

You can be John Malkovich.

ERROLL

Well that's perfect. My second choice. Ah, this is wonderful. Too good to be true! You see, I'm a sad man. Sad and fat and alone. Oh, I've tried all the diets, my friends. Lived for a year on nothing but imitation mayonnaise. Did it work? You be the judge. But Malkovich! King of New York! Man about town! Most eligible bachelor! Bon Vivant! The Schopenhauer of the 20th century! Thin man extraordinaire!

MAXINE

Two hundred dollars, please.

ERROLL

Yes. Yes. A thousand times, yes!

Erroll takes out his wallet.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. DITCH - DAY

86

Craig waits by his car, checks his watch. "Pop!" Erroll plops into the ditch, wet and unkempt. He looks around, sees Craig, charges him with a yell and gives him an enormous bear hug.

ERROLL

Oh. thank you! Thank you! A thousand times, thank you!

CRAIG

(gasping for air)
Tell your friends.

ERROLL

Oh, I will, and I have many, many friends and associates, my friend. All, by the way, in Overeaters Anonymous. All of them fat and alone like me, all of them dream of being someone else, all of them with John Malkovich as their second choice!

CUT TO:

87 INT. HALLWAY 7 1/2 FLOOR - DAY

87

The hall outside Craig and Maxine's office sports a long line of crouching fat people, all clutching cash in their hands.

CUT TO:

88 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

88

Craig kneels at the door and peeks out through the mail slot. Maxine sits at her desk and files her toenails.

CRAIG

This is amazing! We're gonna be rich!

MAXINE

So unbolt the fucking door,
Einstein.

Craig unlocks the door. Lester steps in, closes the door behind him, locks it.

LESTER

You're making a big mistake,
Schwartz.

(nods to Maxine)

Ma'am.

CRAIG

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

LESTER

There are rules, boy, procedures,
etiquette. This is not a toy. I've
been waiting seventy years to
utilize this room, grooming myself,
quietly setting the stage,
performing ablutions, paying
tribute, seeing all his motion
pictures again and again.
Worshipping, Schwartz, worshipping
properly.

CRAIG

You're insane.

LESTER

I am not alone. There are others.
We are legion. You will pay for
this blasphemy. You will pay
dearly.

Lester exits. Craig looks at Maxine. There is a moment of tension. Finally:

MAXINE

Crackpot.

Craig opens the door. The first few fat people move noisily into the room.

CUT TO:

Many cloaked people in the room kneeling with candles in hand before the lit photo of Malkovich. Lotte kneels in the back row. They chant:

DISCIPLES OF MALKOVICH
How much do we love you? We loved
you in 'Making Mr. Right." That is
how much we love you. We even own
the director's cut on laser disc.
Please accept us into your head as
we have accepted you into our
hearts. Please let us be you. Amen.

CUT TO:

90 INT. LESTER'S DINING ROOM - A BIT LATER

90

The worshippers mill about, chatting, drinking coffee, nibbling on cookies.

LESTER
May I have your attention, please.
We have a new disciple among us
tonight.

DISCIPLES OF MALKOVICH
Hallelujah.

LESTER
She is the wife of Schwartz.

A stunned hush falls over the group.

LOTTE
(apologetically)
I'm getting divorced.

LESTER
No you mustn't, my child.

LOTTE
But why, Son of Malkovich?

LESTER
We need you on the inside, my
child. To report on his comings and
goings, and, if need be, to --
destroy him --
(hands Lotte a gun)
-- for lack of a better word.

CUT TO:

91 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

91

Craig is putting stuff in boxes. Lotte enters in her cloak.

LOTTE

What are you doing?

CRAIG

I'm moving. Remember? What's with the hooded cloak?

LOTTE

Nothing. Don't go, Craig. I've been thinking. Let's try to work this out. We've got so much history.

CRAIG

(still packing)

You should feed your animals. They're looking peaked.

LOTTE

I'm getting rid of the fucking animals.

CRAIG

What?

LOTTE

I'm getting rid of the animals. I've lost interest. Besides, they're standing between you and me.

CRAIG

No they're not.

LOTTE

You've always hated the animals.

CRAIG

You've always loved the animals.

LOTTE

I'm giving them up. I've changed. I've found a new focus.

CRAIG

What's that?

LOTTE

(beat)

Us, of course.

Craig looks up from his packing. He and Lotte stare at each other for a long while.

CRAIG
(tenderly)
Oh, Lot --

They hug.

CRAIG
What about Maxine?

LOTTE
Fuck Maxine.

CRAIG
We wish.

They look at each other and laugh, then fall back into the embrace. They both get faraway looks in their eyes.

CUT TO:

92 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S GARAGE - NIGHT 92

The clock reads 3:00 AM. Craig, in his pajamas, is working the Craig and Maxine puppets. They make love on the bare puppet stage. Craig seems possessed.

CUT TO:

93 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 93

Lotte lies in bed alone in the dark. She picks up the phone on the nightstand and dials.

CUT TO:

94 INT. MAXINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 94

The phone rings. Maxine sleepily picks it up.

MAXINE
Yes?

LOTTE (O.S.)
I have to see you. Can you call him
and invite us over?

MAXINE

When?

LOTTE (O.S.)

Give me one hour to get inside him.
Exactly.

Maxine checks her alarm clock. The time is 3:11 AM.

CUT TO:

95 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S CAR - NIGHT

95

Lotte drives.

CUT TO:

96 INT. MAXINE'S APARTMENT - A BIT LATER

96

The doorbell rings. Maxine, in a sheer black nightgown, answers it. John Malkovich stands there.

MAXINE

Thanks so much for coming over.

MALKOVICH

Oh, I'm really glad you called.

Maxine gestures for him to enter. As Malkovich passes by her, she checks the wall clock. The time is 3:50.

CUT TO:

97 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

97

Lotte sits on the floor in the dark. She leans, out of breath, against the wall next to the portal and checks her watch. The time is 4:10. She pulls open the door.

CUT TO:

98 INT. MAXINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

98

Maxine and Malkovich sit a bit awkwardly next to each other on the couch.

MAXINE

So, do you enjoy being an actor?

MALKOVICH

Oh sure. It's very rewarding --

The digital clock on the VCR clicks over to 4:11 AM. Maxine's look softens, and she kisses Malkovich hard on the lips. He seems surprised, but quickly warms to it. We shift to Malkovich's POV as Maxine begins to unbutton Malkovich's shirt.

LOTTE (V.O.)

Oh my darling. Oh my sweetheart.

MAXINE

I love you, Lotte.

LOTTE (V.O.)

Maxine --

MALKOVICH

(stopping)

I'm sorry, did you just call me "Lotte"?

MAXINE

Do you mind?

MALKOVICH

(thinking)

No, I guess not. I'm an actor.

They go back to it.

MAXINE

Oh, my sweet, beautiful Lotte.

MALKOVICH

(thinks he's playing
along)

Yes, Maxine, yes.

LOTTE (V.O.)

This is too good to be true.

CUT TO:

99 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

99

A sweaty and spent Craig sneaks back into the bedroom. He sees that the bed is empty.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. DITCH - NIGHT

100

With a gasp and a wail of release, Lotte pops into the ditch. She is soaking wet and breathes heavily. She just lies there.

CUT TO:

101 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

101

Craig sits hunched over a cup of coffee. The front door can be heard to open. After a moment Lotte appears in the kitchen doorway. She is caked with dirt. Craig looks up at her.

CRAIG

You were him last night, weren't you?

LOTTE

(quietly)

Yes.

CRAIG

And he was with her.

LOTTE

We love her, Craig. I'm sorry.

CRAIG

We?

LOTTE

Me and John.

CRAIG

Don't forget me.

LOTTE

Well, you have the Maxine action figure to play with.

Craig looks down at his coffee.

LOTTE

I'm sorry. That was nasty.

CRAIG

Life is confusing, isn't it?

LOTTE

Sometimes we're forced to make hard decisions.

(beat)

I'd like for us to stay together, Craig. You know, platonically, if that's possible. I truly value our friendship.

CRAIG

I feel that somehow my parents never prepared me to make this particular decision. Not that I blame them. How could they know? Today's world is so complicated.

(beat)

No. I have to go away now. I'm sorry, Lotte. I'm so sorry.

CUT TO:

102 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S OFFICE - MORNING

102

Craig enters with red-rimmed eyes. Maxine sits at her desk, actually looking kind of radiant.

MAXINE

You're late.

CRAIG

Are you torturing me on purpose?

MAXINE

(matter of fact)

I've fallen in love.

CRAIG

I don't think so. I've fallen in love. This is what people who've fallen in love look Like.

MAXINE

You picked the unrequited variety. Very bad for the skin.

CRAIG

You're evil, Maxine.

MAXINE

Do you have any idea what it's like to have two people look at you with total lust and devotion through the same pair of eyes? No I don't suppose you would. It's quite a thrill, Craig.

Craig turns and walks out the door.

CUT TO:

103 INT. HALLWAY 7 1/2 FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 103

Craig hurries past a long line of fat people, all looking eager, all clutching cash.

CUT TO:

104 INT. LESTER'S OFFICE - MORNING 104

Lester sits at his desk. The intercom buzzes.

LESTER
(depressing switch)
Yes, my dear?

62'.

FLORIS (O.S.)
(intercom voice)
Someone named A Lot of Warts on
line two.

LESTER
Thank you, Floris.

FLORIS (O.S.)
(intercom voice)
Think, Jew florist?

LESTER
(pressing line 2)
Good morning, Lotte!

LOTTE (O.S.)
Dr. Lester, everything's falling
apart.

CUT TO:

105 INT. GUN SHOP - MORNING 105

Craig is at the counter buying a pistol.

CUT TO:

106 INT. JUICY-JUICE JUICE BAR - MORNING**106**

Lester and Lotte sit at a table. They both have really large glasses of carrot juice in front of them.

LOTTE

I blew it. Dr. Lester.

LESTER

You followed your heart, m y child,
and that is not necessarily a bad
thing.

LOTTE

But now we've lost access to Craig.

LESTER

(laughs)

My child, I don't think it's any
great mystery what Craig's up to.

CUT TO:

107 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**107**

Craig stands still and tense, with gun in hand. We hear the front door unlock. Lotte enters. She does not see Craig.

He grabs her from behind as she passes. Lotte screams. Craig holds the gun to her head.

LOTTE

I'm your Goddamn wife. Once you
vowed to cherish me forever. Now
you hold a gun to my head?

CRAIG

Yeah, well welcome to the nineties.

LOTTE

Suck my dick!

CRAIG

(slapping her)

Shut up!

Lotte is stunned. She feels the muzzle against her forehead. She shuts up. Keeping the gun trained on Lotte, Craig dials the phone. He hands the receiver to her. He holds his ear close to the receiver also.

CRAIG

Tell her you need to see her.

LOTTE
(to Craig)
You bastard.

Craig cocks the pistol.

MAXINE (V.O.)
J.M. Inc. Be all that someone else
can be.

LOTTE
(looking at Craig)
I have to see you.

MAXINE (V.O.)
Sweetie! Oh, but we can't. It's
business hours. I need to keep the
membranous tunnel open for paying
customers.

CRAIG
(sotto)
Tell her, what the hell, close
early today, live dangerously.

LOTTE
What the hell, darling. Close early
today, live dangerously

MAXINE (V.O.)
Ooh. doll. I love this new devil-
may-care side of you. Alrighty,
I'll track down Lover-boy, and I'll
see both of you in one hour.
Exactamundo.

Maxine hangs up. Lotte hands the phone to Craig, who hangs it
up. Craig opens up the big cage where Elijah is housed, and
motions with the gun for Lotte to enter.

LOTTE
(screaming)
Help! He's locking me in a cage!

Craig slaps Lotte hard. She looks at him, almost sadly.

NEIGHBOR
Shut up!

PARROT
Shut up!

CRAIG

Lesson number one: Be careful what
you teach your parrot.

Craig tapes Lotte's mouth, ties her hands and feet. Elijah
watches him tie her. He becomes somewhat agitated, and holds
his stomach.

CUT TO:

108 INT. BROADHURST THEATER - DAY

108

Malkovich is rehearsing some business on stage. Maxine
watches from the house. She anxiously checks her watch, then
points to it so Malkovich can see.

MALKOVICH

Tommy, can I take fifteen?

CUT TO:

109 INT. MALKOVICH'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

109

Malkovich and Maxine are having sex on the make-up table,
against the mirror.

MAXINE

Oh, Lotte -- Oh, sweetie --

We now watch the scene from Malkovich*s POV.

MALKOVICH

Maxine --

CRAIG (V.O.)

I can't believe it. This is too
good to be true.

CUT TO:

110 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S OFFICE - DAY

110

Craig is toweling himself off, hurriedly combing his hair.
Maxine enters.

CRAIG

You're glowing again.

MAXINE

A girl has a right to glow if she wants. It's in the fucking constitution.

Maxine sits. Craig smiles to himself.

CUT TO:

111 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

111

Craig is feeding the various caged animals. He puts two plates of food in Elijah's cage. Lotte is ungagged and unbound now. She eats as Craig, slumps down next to the cage, gun in hand.

CRAIG

It was lovely being you being Malkovich, my dear. I'd never seen the passionate side of sweet Maxine before, or her actual tits for that matter. If only, I've been thinking to myself, if only I could actually feel what Malkovich feels, rather than just see what he sees -- And then, dare I say it, if only I could control his arms, his legs, his pelvis, and make them do my bidding.

LOTTE

It'll never happen, fuckface.

CRAIG

Ah, but you're forgetting one thing, Lambchop.

LOTTE

What's that?

CRAIG

I'm a puppeteer.

Craig picks up the phone and dials. He smiles as he holds the receiver up to Lotte's face.

CUT TO:

112 INT. MAXINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

112

Malkovich and Maxine are having sex on Maxine's couch.

MAXINE

Lotte, this is so good --

CRAIG (V.O.)

(tense, commanding)

Move right hand across her left breast now. Move right hand across her left breast now. Move right hand across her left breast now.

Malkovich clumsily, awkwardly moves his hand across Maxine's breast.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Holy shit, yes!

MALKOVICH

Holy shit, yes!

CRAIG (V.O.)

Holy shit! He said what I said!

MALKOVICH

Holy shit! He said what I said!

MAXINE

Lotte? Is that you?

CRAIG (V.O.)

Yes, yes, sweetheart, yes!

MALKOVICH

Yes, yes, sweetheart, yes!

(scared)

What the fuck is going on? I'm not talking. This is not me!

MAXINE

Oh, Lotte --

Maxine kisses Malkovich hard on the lips. There is a sucking sound.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. DITCH - NIGHT

113

There is a pop and Craig lands in the ditch.

CUT TO:

114 INT. MAXINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**114**

A panicked Malkovich is pulling on his clothes.

MALKOVICH

Something was making me talk. Some
Goddamn thing was making me move. I
gotta get out of here.

MAXINE

Oh, Dollface, it was just your
passion for me taking hold.

MALKOVICH

No, Dollface, I know what my
passion taking hold feels like. I
gotta go.

He leaves. Maxine falls back on the couch and sighs
contentedly.

CUT TO:

115 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**115**

A wet, messy Craig sits next to Lotte's cage. Lotte is bound
and gagged.

CRAIG

I did it, sweetie. I moved his arm
across your girlfriend's glorious
tit. I made him talk. And, oh,
there was the beginning of
sensation in the fingertips. Ummmm-
mmmm! It's just a

CRAIG

matter of practice before Malkovich
becomes nothing more than another
puppet hanging next to my
worktable. Coffee?

CUT TO:

116 INT. MALKOVICH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**116**

Malkovich paces nervously, a glass of whisky in his hand.
Kevin Bacon sits on the couch and fiddles with a Rubies Cube.

MALKOVICH

It's like nothing I've ever felt before. I think I'm going crazy.

KEVIN BACON

I'm sure you're not going crazy.

MALKOVICH

Kevin, I'm telling you it was like nothing I've --

KEVIN BACON

Yeah yeah yeah. Yadda yadda yadda
Were you stoned?

MALKOVICH

Yes, but you see, someone else was talking through my mouth --

KEVIN BACON

You were stoned. Case closed. End of story. How hot is this babe?

MALKOVICH

I think it might've been this Lotte woman talking through me. Maxine likes to call me Lotte.

KEVIN BACON

Ouch. Now that's hot. She's using you to channel some dead lesbian lover. Let me know when you're done with her. This is my type of chick.

MALKOVICH

I'm done with her now. Tonight really creeped me out.

KEVIN BACON

You're crazy to let go of a chick who calls you Lotte. I tell you that as a friend.

MALKOVICH

I don't know anything about her. What if she's some kind of witch or something?

KEVIN BACON

All the better. Hey, Hot Lesbian Witches, next Geraldo, buddy boy. Ha ha ha.

MALKOVICH

I gotta know the truth, Kevin.

KEVIN BACON
Truth is for suckers, Johnny-Boy.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

117

Malkovich, in a baseball cap and sunglasses, leans against the wall. After a moment. Maxine emerges from the building and walks down the block. Malkovich follows at a safe distance.

CUT TO:

118 INT. 7 1/2 FLOOR - MORNING

118

The elevator doors are pried open. It's packed. Maxine and a few other people climb out. The last to emerge is Malkovich. He is astounded by the dimensions of the floor.

He turns the corner and sees the long line of crouching fat people. Maxine goes into the office and closes the door.

Malkovich sees "J.M. Inc." stenciled on the office door. He turns to the first fat man and line.

MALKOVICH
Excuse me, what type of service
does this company provide?

FAT MAN
You get to be John Malkovich for
fifteen minutes. Two hundred clams.

MALKOVICH
(quietly flipped)
I see.

FAT MAN
No cutting, by the way.

Malkovich pounds on the door.

FAT MAN
No cutting!

Several fat people jump on Malkovich, and start beating him. Craig steps out of the office.

CRAIG

Hey! Break it up! Break it up!
Everybody gets a chance to be --

The fat people climb off Malkovich. His glasses and cap have been knocked off and everyone recognizes him.

FAT MAN

It's him! Oh, we're so sorry Mr. Malkovich! I hope me and my associates from Overeaters Anonymous didn't hurt you too terribly.

MALKOVICH

(to Craig)
Inside.

CUT TO:

119 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

119

Craig and Malkovich enter. Maxine looks up, startled, but controlling it.

MAXINE

Darling!

MALKOVICH

What the fuck is going on?

CRAIG

Mr. Malkovich. my name is Craig Schwartz. I can explain. We operate a little business here that -- simulates, for our clientele, the experience of -- being you, actually.

MALKOVICH

Simulates?

CRAIG

Sure, after a fashion.

MALKOVICH

Let me try.

CRAIG

You? Why I'm sure it would pale in comparison to the actual experience.

MALKOVICH

Let me try!

MAXINE

Let him try.

CRAIG

Of course, right this way, Mr. Malkovich. Compliments of the house.

Craig ushers Malkovich to the portal door, opens it.

MALKOVICH

(repulsed by the slime)
Jesus.

Malkovich climbs in. The door closes.

CRAIG

What happens when a man climbs through his own portal?

MAXINE

(shrugs)
How the hell would I know? I wasn't a philosophy major.

CUT TO:

120 INT. MEMBRANOUS TUNNEL - DAY

120

Malkovich crawls through. It's murky. He's tense. Suddenly there is a slurping sound.

CUT TO:

PSYCHEDELIC MONTAGE

We see Malkovich hurtling through different environments. It's scary: giant toads, swirling eddies of garish, colored lights, naked old people pointing and laughing, black velvet clown paintings.

CUT TO:

121 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

121

Malkovich pops into a chair in a swank night club. He's wearing a tuxedo. The woman across the table from him is also

Malkovich, but in a gown. He looks around the restaurant. Everyone is Malkovich in different clothes.

Malkovich is panicked. The girl Malkovich across the table looks at him seductively, winks and talks.

GIRL MALKOVICH
Malkovich Malkovich Malkovich
Malkovich --

Malkovich looks confused. The Malkovich Waiter approaches, pen and pad in hand, ready to take their orders.

WAITER MALKOVICH
Malkovich Malkovich Malkovich?

GIRL MALKOVICH
(studying menu)
Malkovich Malkovich Malkovich
Malkovich.

WAITER MALKOVICH
Malkovivch Malkovich.
(Turning to Malkovich)
Malkovich?

Malkovich looks down at the menu. Every item is "Malkovich."
He screams:

MALKOVICH
Malkovich!

The waiter jots it down on his pad.

WAITER MALKOVICH
Malkovich.

Malkovich pushes himself away from the table and runs for the exit. He passes the stage where a girl singer Malkovich is singing sensuously into the microphone. She is backed by a '40's style big band of Malkoviches.

SINGING MALKOVICH
Malkovich Malkovich Malkovich
Malkovich --

Malkovich flies through the back door.

CUT TO:

Malkovich lands with a thud in the ditch. Craig is waiting there with his van. On its side is painted "See The World in Malk-O-Vision" followed by a phone number. Malkovich is huddled and shivering and soaking wet.

CRAIG

So how was it?

MALKOVICH

That -- was -- no -- simulation.

CRAIG

I know. I'm sorry --

MALKOVICH

I have been to the dark side. I have seen a world that no man should ever see.

CRAIG

Really? For most people it's a rather pleasant experience. What exactly did you --

MALKOVICH

This portal is mine and it must be sealed up forever. For the love of God.

CRAIG

With all respect, sir, I discovered that portal. It is my livelihood.

MALKOVICH

It's my head, Schwartz, and I'll see you in court!

Malkovich trudges off along the shoulder of the turnpike.

CRAIG

(calling after him)

And who's to say I won't be seeing what you're seeing -- in court?

Cars whiz by Malkovich. Someone yells from a passing car.

MOTORIST

Hey, Malkovich! Think fast!

Malkovich looks up. A beer can comes flying out of the car and hits him on the head.

CUT TO:

123 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

123

Craig is feeding the animals. His gun is stuck in his pants. He gets to Lotte's cage. She is bound but ungagged. She looks haggard.

LOTTE

Once this was a relationship based on love. Now you have me in a cage with a monkey and a gun to my head.

CRAIG

Things change. Anyway, you gave up your claim to that love the first time you stuck your dick in Maxine.

LOTTE

You fell in love with her first.

CRAIG

Yeah but I didn't do anything about it. Out of respect for our marriage.

LOTTE

You didn't do anything about it out of respect for the fact that she wouldn't let you near her with a ten foot pole, which is, by the way, about nine feet, nine inches off the mark anyway.

CRAIG

(beat)

That's true. Oh, God, Lotte, what have I become? My wife in a cage with a monkey. A gun in my hand. Betrayal in my heart.

LOTTE

Maybe this is what you've always been, Craig, you just never faced it before.

CRAIG

Perhaps you're right. I can't let you go though. Too much has happened. You're my ace in the hole.

LOTTE

I need a shower.

CRAIG

I'm sorry. Oh God, I'm sorry. I'm some kind of monster. I'm the guy you read about in the paper and go, "he's some kind of monster."

LOTTE

You're not a monster, Craig. Just a confused man.

CRAIG

I love you so much.
(dials phone, opens her cage, put phone to her ear)
But I gotta go now. I've got to go be Johnny.

MAXINE (O.S.)

J.M. Inc. Be all that someone --

LOTTE

We have to meet.

MAXINE

One hour.

Craig hangs up, tapes Lotte's mouth.

CRAIG

I'll tell you all about it when I get home.

Craig exits. Lotte fiddles with the ropes on her hands. Elijah, slumped in the corner of the cage, blankly watches her moving hands. Suddenly his eyes narrow. Something is going on in his brain. We move slowly into his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

124 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

124

It is a memory: blurry and overexposed, the color washed out. We see a weathered wooden sign which reads "Africa."

The sound of running feet, huffing frantic breathing. We watch from up in a tree (Elijah's POV) as two men in safari suits chase a couple of chimps across the jungle floor. The

chimps are screaming as the safari men tackle them and tie them up. The safari men laugh.

SAFARI MAN

Well, these monkeys ain't going
nowheres. Let's get us a couple a
brews 'fore the boss comes back --

The safari men leave the chimps on the ground. We descend from the trees to the ground next to the bound chimps. One of the chimps looks at the camera. He grunts and squeals.

CHIMP ONE (DUBBED VOICE)

Son, untie your mother and me!
Quickly! Before the great bald
chimp-men return.

A small pair of chimp hands enter in to frame and struggle to untie the ropes, but to no avail. Chimp Two speaks.

CHIMP TWO (DUBBED VOICE)

Hurry, Elijah!

SAFARI MAN

Why you little bastard!

Elijah is wrestled to the ground amidst much screaming.

DISSOLVE TO:

125 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

125

Elijah shakes off the the memory and looks determinedly at the ropes on Lotte' s hands. He attempts to untie the knot. He works furiously and he succeeds. Lotte pulls the tape from her mouth.

LOTTE

Oh, Elijah, you are magnificent!

Elijah beams and screams for ecstatic joy. Lotte unlocks the cage, and dials the phone.

LOTTE

Maxine! Listen: It hasn't been me
in John the last three times.
Craig's had me locked up in the
apartment. He made me call you at
gunpoint. It's been him! Oh, God,
it's been him!

MAXINE (O.S.)

(beat, calmly)
Really? Well, you know, he's quite good. I'm surprised. Anyway. I have a session with Malkovich I have to attend. I'll speak with you soon.

LOTTE
But Maxine, I thought it was me you loved.

MAXINE(O.S.)
I thought so too, doll. I guess we were mistaken.

Maxine hangs up. Lotte, visibly shaken, dials the phone.

LOTTE
Hello, Dr. Lester?

CUT TO:

126 INT. MALKOVICH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

126

The doorbell rings. Malkovich answers it. Maxine stands there, dressed in an evening gown.

MALKOVICH
Come on in.

MAXINE
I can explain about the portal, darling.

MALKOVICH
Don't con me, Maxine. We're over. I just let you up here to tell you that, and to tell you that I'm taking you and Schwartz to court.

MAXINE
Oh shut up.
(beat)
Craig, darling are you in there?

Malkovich tenses up, then he shakes his head in an awkward, puppet-like manner. When Malkovich speaks, it seems to be against his will.

MALKOVICH
Yes. How did you know it was me?

MAXINE

Lotte called me.

MALKOVICH
Oh, so the bitch escaped.

MAXINE
Apparently you can control this
Malkovich fellow now.

MALKOVICH
I'm getting better all the time.

MAXINE
I'll say you are. Let's do it on
his kitchen table, then make him
eat an omelette off of it.

MALKOVICH
(as Malkovich)
No -- damn -- you.
(as Craig)
Oh shut up, you overrated sack of
shit.

Malkovich begins undressing, and does a lewd bump and grind while looking mortified. Maxine giggles. Malkovich (Craig) laughs wildly.

CUT TO:

127 INT. LESTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

127

Lester's hand is in a bloody bandage. The juicer sits on his desk. Lotte sits across from him looking nervous and hollow-eyed.

LESTER
You know I think it pays to leave
juice-making to the trained
professionals. You look terrible,
my dear.

LOTTE
Craig stole Maxine from me. Dr.
Lester.

LESTER
Hmmm, a lesbian, are you? I must
inform you that I find that highly
arousing.

LOTTE

No, you don't understand. I've been inside Malkovich when I'm with Maxine --

LESTER

(slaps Lotte furiously)
What?! That is not allowed. My God, you are supposed to be one of us. You know you must never partake of Malkovich by yourself!

LOTTE

No, I didn't know that.

LESTER

Oh, didn't anyone show you the indoctrination video?

LOTTE

No.

LESTER

Oh, sorry. Right this way.

CUT TO:

128 INT. SCREENING ROOM - NIGHT

128

Lotte sits next to Lester in the darkened auditorium. The projector whirs. The screen lights up.

TITLE: SO YOU WANT TO BE JOHN MALKOVICH

A much younger Lester addresses the camera in this black and white film, which seems to have been made in the 50's.

LESTER ON FILM

Welcome, my fellow Malkovichians. As you may already know, today a baby was born into this sad world.

We see a shot of a newborn.

LESTER ON FILM

His name is John Horatio Hannibal Malkovich. And we are the keepers of the door to his soul. One day, when his brain is big enough, we will all journey into his head and live there for all eternity. Following the teachings of our leader Karl Marx, we will build the

ultimate communist community, one body and hundreds, maybe thousands, of brains inside working together to form a super human intellect capable of curing disease, stopping all war, and ruling the world with a benevolent fist. We will take a wife, a woman of uncommon beauty and intellect, who is, as yet, still an infant herself.

We see a photo of another infant, this one with a ribbon in her hair.

LESTER ON FILM
Her name is Floris Horatia
Hannibella DeMent.

LOTTE
Does Floris know that she's the
chosen?

LESTER
Well, I tried to explain it to her,
but --

Lester points to his ear and shrugs.

CUT TO:

129 INT. MALKOVICH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

129

Malkovich and Maxine lie naked on the bed, looking quite relaxed.

MAXINE
You still there, sweets?

MALKOVICH
Yeah. I've figured out how to hold
on as long as I want. Oddly enough,
it's all in the wrists.

MAXINE
Wow.
(little girl pout)
Do a puppet show for me, Craig
honey.

MALKOVICH
You mean with Malkovich?

MAXINE

I'd love to see your work.

MALKOVICH

(pleased)

Really? Yeah. Okay.

Malkovich leans over and kisses her, then gets up.

MALKOVICH

I'll do something I call "Craig's
Dance of Despair and
Disillusionment."

Malkovich performs the same dance that the Craig puppet did at the beginning of the film. It is exactly the same, complete with impossible somersaults and perspiring brow. He finishes by falling to his knees and weeping.

MAXINE

(moved)

That was incredible. You're
brilliant!

MALKOVICH

You see, Maxine, it isn't just
playing with dolls.

MAXINE

You're right, my darling, it's so
much more. It's playing with
people!

Malkovich kisses Maxine. She snuggles close to him.

MAXINE

Stay in him forever?

MALKOVICH

(as Malkovich, screaming)

No!

(as Craig, calmly)

But how will we make a living, my
love, if our clientele doesn't have
access to our product?

MAXINE

Well, we'll have all the money in
Malkovich's bank account, plus he
still gets acting work
occasionally.

MALKOVICH

(as Malkovich, braking through)
No! Please!
(as Craig, to Malkovich)
Shut up, will you? We're trying to think here.
(to Maxine)
It is sort of like being a puppeteer. I like that about it.

MAXINE
No one would ever have to know it's not him.

MALKOVICH
(an idea)
Wait a minute! What if everybody knew? What if we presented Malkovich as the world's most complicated puppet and me as the only puppeteer sophisticated enough to work him? We'd wipe the floor with the Great Mantini!

MAXINE
Oh, Craiggy, that's brilliant!

CUT TO:

130 INT. LESTER'S SHRINE ROOM - NIGHT

130

The worshipers are assembled. Lotte stands before them.

LOTTE
I have sinned, unwittingly, against the consnunity. And for this I am truly sorry.

MAN #2
W-w-what's it like on the inside?

LOTTE
Oh, it's glorious. It's indescribable.

MAN #2
Oooh, I wanna go. I wanna go. I say it's time.

LESTER
Perhaps you're right, Terry. We're all prepared, and perhaps this

Schwartz fellow is forcing our hand
a bit. We will enter the portal
tonight!

Everyone cheers.

CUT TO:

131 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

131

Maxine and Malkovich are furiously filling the portal with cement. Suddenly Malkovich stops and runs to the office door screaming a bloodcurdling scream. He stops just as suddenly, begins to strangle himself.

MALKOVICH
(Craig to Malkovich)
Shut up!
(to Maxine)
Sorry, dear, I lost control for a
minute.

MAXINE
(kissing him)
It's okay, my sweet.

They go back to filling the portal. There is a the sound of many shuffling feet in the hallway. The door flies open and the Malkovichians led by Lester and Lotte burst in. Malkovich and Maxine turn with a start.

LESTER
Aaaahhhh, the portal!

LOTTE
(to Malkovich)
You bastard!

Lotte lunges for Malkovich. Lester grabs her arm, holds her back.

LESTER
No! Don't harm the vessel!

LOTTE
It's Craig in there, I can tell.

LESTER
I understand, but we must protect
the vessel at all costs.
(to Malkovich)

Please, Craig, please step aside
and allow us to have what is
rightfully ours.

CRAIG
Squatter's rights. Lester.

Craig laughs somewhat maniacally. Maxine slips her arm
through Craig's, joins him in his laughter, and glances
triumphantly over at Lotte.

MAXINE
Now excuse us, we have an
entertainment legend to create.

LESTER
(to the cult members)
Clear the way for them, my friends.
They will be dealt with in due
time.

The Malkovichians grumble and let Malkovich and Maxine exit.

LESTER
Now, let's see what we can do to
salvage this portal -- for the sake
of all that is good.

The Malkovichians converge on the sealed portal and begin
clawing desperately at the quick-drying cement. Fingers are
scraped raw, and we see smears of blood and skin on the rough
gray surface.

CUT TO:

132 INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

132

A slick-looking agent answers a buzzing phone.

AGENT
Of course, send him right in. Don't
ever keep him waiting again. Do you
understand?

Malkovich and Maxine enter. The agent stands, holds out his
hand.

AGENT
John! Great to see you! Sorry about
the cunt at reception.

MALKOVICH

This is my fiancee Maxine.

The agent shakes Maxine's hand.

AGENT

Great to see you, Maxine. Sorry about the cunt at reception. Please have a seat.

Malkovich and Maxine sit.

AGENT

Can I get you anything? Coffee? Water?

MAXINE

No thanks.

AGENT

(into phone)
Teresa, get me a chicken soup.
(to Malkovich and Maxine)
Chicken soup?

Maxine and Craig shake their heads "no."

MALKOVICH

I'll get right to the point, Larry.
I'm a puppet now --

AGENT

Okay.

MALKOVICH

I'm being controlled by the world's greatest puppeteer, Craig Schwartz --

AGENT

(no clue)
Oh yeah, he's good.

MALKOVICH

-- and I want to show off his skills by performing a one-puppet extravaganza in Reno.

MAXINE

Vegas.

MALKOVICH

Vegas. Can you arrange that?

AGENT

Sure, sure. Just let me make a couple of calls.

CUT TO:

133 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S OFFICE - DAY

133

The cult members are still there, now with picks and shovels. They are worn out and sweaty. The portal is excavated, but it seems ragged and destroyed. Man #2 emerges from the hole, a rope tied around his waist.

MAN #2

That's the last of it, boss.

Lester peers through the door.

LESTER

Well, let's see what we've got here.

Lester crawls into the tunnel, the door slams behind him.

CUT TO :

134 INT. PORTAL - CONTINUOUS

134

Lester crawls through. There is a slurping sound and a flash of light.

CUT TO:

135 INT. BUNKER - DAY

135

The scene is in black and white. Bombs are dropping. There is a blonde in forties clothes there. Lester views the scene through somebody's POV.

LESTER (V.O.)

My God, where am I? This seems so familiar.

The person walks past a mirror. It's Hitler.

LESTER (V.O.)

My God, I'm Hitler in the bunker! Aaaahhhh! Aaaah!

DIRECTOR

Cut!

We look over to see a director and camera crew.

LESTER (V.O.)

(relieved)

Oh, I'm just the actor in that
Twilight Zone episode.

There is a popping sound.

CUT TO:

136 EXT. DITCH - DAY

136

Lester pops into the ditch. One of his cult members is waiting with a car, and looking hopeful. Lester sadly shakes his head "no."

CUT TO:

137 INT. LESTER'S SHRINE ROOM - DAY

137

The cult members mill about, drinking coffee, chatting. Lester enters with the cult member who picked him up at the ditch. All quiet down and look over at him.

LESTER

Thank you all for your efforts, but I'm afraid we can no longer get into Malkovich through the portal.

LOTTE

(panicky)

Why not? I need to get in there!

LESTER

I'm not certain, my dear, but I believe your husband has somehow psychically diverted the route.

LOTTE

That bastard! I'll gladly dispose of him in the name of the order. Son of Malkovich.

LESTER

I'm afraid that no physical harm must come to him as long as he inhabits the vessel.

MAN #3

(raises hand)

Oooh, I got an idea! What if we build another portal to Malkovich, like around back, and sneak in that way?

MAN #4

Only Captain Mertin knew how to build a portal, dummy, and he's dead!

LESTER

Actually, my friends, I suppose it's time I told you, I'm Captain James Mertin.

The members fall into a stunned silence. Lester takes some refrigerator magnetic letters and spells out L-E-S-T-E-R on a board. He then rearranges them for awhile.

LESTER

You see, Lester is an anagram for Mertin.

Lester continues to rearrange the letters, getting a little tense now.

LESTER

It used to work, I'm sure of it.

Several members check their watches.

LESTER

Oh, damn it to hell. Anyway, I am.

L-E-S-T-E-R has been left as E-L R-E-S-T as Lester turns from the board to face the congregation.

MAN #3

How can this be? I thought you're only one hundred and five years old. Mertin would have to be --

LESTER

(chuckles amiably)

I'm two hundred and five, truth be told.

WOMAN TL

(flirtatiously)

You don't look a day over one hundred and five. Captain. What's

your secret?

LESTER

Lots of carrot juice, little lady.
That, and a deal with the Devil.

There is a lot of murmuring in the room now.

MAN #2

So what exactly are you saying? Are
we in cahoots with the Dark Master
here?

LESTER

Surprise.

The cultists get tense, start to leave en masse.

LESTER

Wait! It's not that bad! When we
get into Malkovich. we still get to
rule the world, just like I told
you. The only difference is that we
rule in the name of evil, instead
of good.

People stop in their tracks.

MAN #3

That's the only difference?

LESTER

Absolutely.

The cultists think about it, then shrug and stay put.

LESTER

So anyway --

Lotte stands.

LOTTE

Well, I for one. am resigning. I
will not serve evil. I am ashamed
of all of you.

Lotte heads for the door.

LESTER

My dear, let me assure that when we
attain power, it will be much more
pleasant for those inside
Malkovich, then for those outside.

Lotte stops and turns.

LOTTE
I'll take my chances.

She exits.

LESTER
Anybody else?

WOMAN #1
Do we get to wear a crown?

LESTER
But of course.

WOMAN #1
Count me in.

LESTER
Good. I think it's time to beckon
Mr. Flemmer. Perhaps He can help us
out of this pickle.

FLIP TO:

138 INT. LESTER'S SHRINE ROOM - A BIT LATER

138

Mr. Flemmer, a silver-haired gentleman in turtleneck and blazer, scratches his head. The cultists patiently watch him.

FLEMMER
Boy, this is a toughie. To be
honest, I didn't anticipate this.

LESTER
And as I said, sir, we can't very
well exert physical persuasion upon
the sacred vessel Malkvovich.

FLEMMER
Right, Lester. I heard you the
first time. I'm not a dummy.

LESTER
Didn't mean to imply that you were,
sir.

FLEMMER
Look, I'm going back to my house
to ponder this. So stay calm and
keep track of Schwartz's comings

and goings. Oh, and somebody
dispose of Schwartz's wife, will
you?

(to cultists)

Nice to meet you all.

The cult members ad-lib "same here, sir."

CUT TO:

139 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

139

Lotte sits in the living room, in her pajamas, softly sobbing. The caged animals watch her.

LOTTE

Oh, my friends. Be thankful you're not human. People are treacherous and greedy and corrupt. I've lost my heart to two of them and I almost lost my soul to another. And I'm no better. Look at the way I keep you, locked in cages, for my own enjoyment. Well, I've been in a cage, too, my friends. Literally and figuratively. So tonight I set you free.

Lotte opens the windows and the front door, then unlocks all the cages. The animals scurry and fly out of their cages, and out of the house. Lotte watches silently until she is alone.

LOTTE

Good-bye, friends.

A hand reaches for hers. She looks down. Elijah is still there and holding her hand. She smiles.

LOTTE

Hello, friend.

CUT TO:

140 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

140

We see the menagerie of animals on the otherwise deserted street, dispersing into the night. A lone dark figure turns the corner, and walks slowly up the street to Craig and Lotte's building.

CUT TO:

141 INT. CRAIG AND LOTTE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 141

Lotte and Elijah see the dark figure coming up the steps. The buzzer rings. Lotte and Elijah jump.

LOTTE

They've come to kill me, Elijah.
See, I know too much. I should get
the door. It's impolite to keep
death waiting.

Elijah looks up at her sweetly, a great sadness in his eyes.
Then he leads her by the hand out the window.

142 EXT. VEGAS HOTEL - NIGHT 142

The marquee reads: World's Greatest Puppeteer Craig Schwartz
and his Magical Puppet John Malkovich.

CUT TO:

143 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 143

Malkovich sits in a tuxedo and watches himself in the
dressing table mirror. Maxine, in a tight black number,
reclines on the couch.

MAXINE

This is it, lover. You're stepping
onto that stage a nobody and
presto-change-o, you're coming back
the greatest puppeteer the world
has ever seen.

MALKOVICH

I'm nervous. Malkovich is fighting
me hard today.

Malkovich jerks a bit, gets it under control.

MAXINE

Doesn't he know how important
tonight is to us?

MALKOVICH

He's a selfish bastard.

CUT TO:

144 INT. LAS VEGAS THEATER - NIGHT 144

The house is filling with formally dressed audience members. The cultists and Lester, also in tuxes and gowns, are among w them. The lights go down.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, it is the great privilege of the Luxor Hotel and Casino to present Craig Schwartz and his magical puppet John Malkovich!

The orchestra starts up. The curtains part.

LESTER

Blasphemous bastard.

Malkovich tap dances out onto the stage. He is amazingly nimble and the audience "oohs" and "ahhs."

LESTER

(grudgingly)

Pretty good though.

Malkovich does an amazing triple somersault, lands on one knee and, with spread arms, begins singing: "Kiss Today Good-bye." in a beautiful tenor. The orchestra catches up with him. The audience goes wild. A pretty-boy young man with a big tousle of black hair and a shiny, tight suit appears at the back of the house. An usher glances over at him.

USHER

Oh, Mr. Mantini! We weren't expecting you tonight, sir. Um, I'm afraid there's not an empty seat in the entire house.

MANTINI

(not taking his eyes from the stage)

Make one empty.

USHER

Y-y-y-es sir.

The usher looks nervously around for someone to boot.

Mantini waits in the back. On stage, Malkovich is now performing the "back of the car scene" from "On The Waterfront." He alternates between the Marlon Brando part and the Rod Steiger part, moving back and forth from one stool to another. He performs it magnificently. We see Lester in the audience wiping a small tear from his eye.

LESTER

Not too shabby.

Mantini is now sitting in a good aisle seat next to a beautiful woman. Her boyfriend is being hauled toward the exit by the usher. The beautiful woman watches, with some concern, as the boyfriend is taken away. Then she turns and smiles flirtatiously at Mantini. Mantini smiles back. On stage Malkovich is dressed in a ringmaster's outfit and juggling chainsaws.

MANTINI

Nothing more than a Goddamn clown.

At this point the entire audience stands and gives Malkovich a spontaneous standing ovation. All except Mantini. Even the cultists get up.

CUT TO:

145 INT. SEWER - NIGHT

145

Lotte sit sadly in the wet tunnel. She is scrunched-up against the damp cold. A small fire smolders in front of her. We hear footsteps approaching. It is Elijah, carrying supplies: food and blankets. He covers her with a blanket and sits down next to her.

LOTTE

They're going to take over the world, Elijah. Evil will reign. But, then,

LOTTE

evil already reigns, doesn't it? So what difference does it make if John Malkovich is wearing the fucking crown while it's reigning?

Elijah sighs, then holds his stomach. The ulcer is returning.

146 INT. FLEMMER'S APARTMENT - DAY

146

It's a conservatively furnished upper westside apartment. Looks like it belongs to a Columbia professor. The walls are lined with books. Mr. Flemmer sits at his desk, his head in his hands, deep in thought. The doorbell rings.

FLEMMER

It's open.

The door opens and Lester pokes his head in.

LESTER

It's just me, boss. I brought
croissants.

Lester enters with a greasy white paper bag.

FLEMMER

Have a seat. I'm wracking my brain
over this Malkovich thing.

LESTER

We saw his show at the Luxor last
night.

FLEMMER

(impressed)
Vegas? What'd you think?

LESTER

The kid's got talent. You've never
seen Malkovich like this. Schwartz
had him up there singing and
dancing. Impressions.

FLEMMER

Impressions? Those are hard.

LESTER

Very talented son of a bitch. Too
bad we can't kill him.

FLEMMER

I suppose. I could come to him in a
dream. I don't know. That's the
best I can think of right now.

LESTER

A scary dream?

FLEMMER

No, a sexy dream. Of course, a
scary dream.

LESTER

(noncommittally)
I like that.

CUT TO:

147 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

147

Malkovich sits on the floor in silk pajamas. He is surrounded by newspaper clippings. He is drinking champagne from the bottle. Maxine is at a dressing table, brushing her hair.

MALKOVICH

They love me, darling! "Craig Schwartz is fantastic!" The New York Times. "If only Craig Schwartz had always been inside Malkovich!" Women's Wear Daily. "Craig Schwartz - The world's greatest puppeteer!" Paul Wunder, WBAI Radio.

MAXINE

Oh, darling. It's a dream come true. We're going to ride this straight to the top.

MALKOVICH

Sleepy suddenly.

MAXINE

Busy day, my little fire chief. Why don't you climb into bed, and I'll meet you there in just --

But Malkovich is already passed out on the floor on top of his clippings. Maxine smiles maternally, gets up and puts a blanket over him. We stay on Malkovich's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

148 INT. HELL - NIGHT

148

Craig wanders across a jagged, rocky landscape. Geysers of flame shoot up around him. The sky is red. He is frightened. He arrives at a desk. The man behind the desk is facing away from him. He swivels to face Craig. It is Flemmer, looking the same as usual except for little red horns and a sinister grin.

CRAIG

Who are you?

FLEMMER

I am the Devil.

CRAIG

Oh.

FLEMMER

Leave Malkovich. He is mine.

CRAIG
Okay. Sorry. I didn't know.

CUT TO:

149 INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

149

Malkovich awakes with a start. Maxine looks over at him.

MAXINE
Bad dream, darling?

MALKOVICH
I've got to leave Malkovich.

MAXINE
You've got to be kidding.

MALKOVICH
I just had the most horrifying
nightmare. The devil was in it.

Flemmer crouches behind a bureau and listens. He is pleased with himself.

MAXINE
Malkovich is our meal ticket. You
can't back out because of some
stupid dream.

FLEMMER
(to himself)
Shit.

MALKOVICH
Honey, we can be happy and poor
together.

MAXINE
(laughs derisively)
Perhaps you'll want to consult that
Ouija board again..

There is a knock at the door. Maxine opens it, angry.

MAXINE
Yeah what?!

MALKOVICH
Derek Mantini!

Mantini enters. Maxine is suddenly interested. Mantini and Maxine give each other the once over.

MANTINI
(still eyeing Maxine)
Hello, Schwartz. I saw your show.

MALKOVICH
Did you see the reviews?

MANTINI
Yeah, I saw them.

MALKOVICH
Because if you missed any, I just happen to have copies here you can take with you when you leave now.

MAXINE
I'm Maxine. I produced the evening with Malkovich.

MANTINI
Very impressive. I could use a producer with your vision. And other outstanding attributes.

MALKOVICH
She's not available.

MANTINI
We'll see, Schwartz. We'll see.

MAXINE
Yeah, we'll see, Schwartz. We'll see.

MANTINI
I won't waste your time, or more importantly, mine. Here's my proposal: There's only room in this world for one "World's Greatest Puppeteer." Correct? So let's allow the puppet-going public to crown their king.

MALKOVICH
How do we do that?

MANTINI
A friendly competition, if you will. Your Malkovich puppet and ray Harry S. Truman puppet appear

opposite each other in a play. Not some Vegas Burly Q pyrotechnics, but a real play that requires actual acting. The audience decides who is more deserving of the title. The losing puppeteer bows out graciously. Goes back to obscurity as a file clerk.

MALKOVICH

What's the play?

MANTINI

Say "Equus"? It's got everything.

MALKOVICH

Never heard of it.

MANTINI

Broadway's finest three hours. It's about the suppression of the individual. Conformity as God in modern society.

MALKOVICH

Sounds boring. Are there songs?

MANTINI

Nothing but acting to hide behind, buddy-boy.

MALKOVICH

I'm not afraid. I toured for a year with the National Puppet Company's production of "Long Day's Journey into Night."

MANTINI

Great then.

MALKOVICH

Is there dancing?

MANTINI

No.

MALKOVICH

Who needs dancing?

CUT TO:

150 INT. FLEMMER'S APARTMENT - DAY

150

Lester is watering Flemmer's plants. A key is heard in the door. Flemmer enters, a small carry-on bag slung over his shoulder.

LESTER

How'd it go? Did you say the philodendron gets water or no?

FLEMMER

No, for God's sake, I just watered it yesterday.

(beat)

It almost went well. I gave a pretty good dream, but circumstances arose.

LESTER

What kind of circumstances?

FLEMMER

Maxine says she'll leave him if he leaves Malkovich, plus he's been challenged to a puppet-duel by Mantini.

LESTER

The Great Mantini?

FLEMMER

No, the Mediocre Mantini. Of course the Great Mantini!

LESTER

Oh, he's good! Great, actually. I saw him do "Tru" with his sixty foot Robert Morse puppet. Sensational.

FLEMMER

But I think I have another plan.

LESTER

(snippy)

Do tell. I love a good plan.

FLEMMER

Why are you being like this?

Lester shrugs.

LESTER

I missed you. I'm sorry. Tell me the plan.

FLEMMER

Well, if Mantini wins, Schwartz will leave Malkovich, right? So if he needs it, I help Mantini's performance a bit, give him an edge. Spice up the show.

LESTER

Can you do that? I mean, do you know anything about puppetry?

FLEMMER

I am the Devil, Lester. I think I can handle it.

LESTER

I was just asking. No disrespect intended.

FLEMMER

Fine. Let's drop it.

LESTER

Fine. I mean, it's not like I was doubting you, it's just that I know puppetry is a skill that takes a long time to acquire.

FLEMMER

Fine. I'm not mad. Let's just drop it.

LESTER

Fine. Your mail's on the kitchen table. Mostly junk. Oh, there's a letter from Alex Trebek.

CUT TO:

151 INT. SEWER - NIGHT

151

Lotte and Elijah, now dirty and drawn, are talking. Elijah uses sign language.

ELIJAH (SUBTITLES)

You've got to tell Craig what's in going on. He must never leave Malkovich.

LOTTE

I'm glad you learned sign language, Elijah, but I'm tired of your

nagging. I'm tired of this conversation. I'm tired period. What has the world ever done for me that I should feel personally responsible for saving it?

ELIJAH (SUBTITLES)

It is better to light one candle than curse the darkness. I learned that from you.

Lotte turns away, shaken. A tear rolls down her face.

LOTTE

What have I become?

152 EXT. BROADHURST THEATER - NIGHT

152

The Marquee reads: Derek Mantini's sixty-foot Harry S. Truman puppet and Craig Schwartz's actual-size John Malkovich puppet in Peter Shaffer's "Sonus."

CUT TO:

153 INT. BROADHURST THEATER - NIGHT

153

The house is packed. On stage is a minimalist set: wood planks and metal poles. Six guys in brown turtlenecks and stylized wire horse heads mill about. The 60 foot Harry S. Truman puppet is pacing, his strings extending up into the flyspace and out of sight. Malkovich sits on a bench.

Truman and Malkovich both take stabs at British accents.

HARRY S. TRUMAN PUPPET

Do you dream often?

MALKOVICH

Do you?

HARRY S. TRUMAN PUPPET

It's my job to ask the questions. Yours to answer them

MALKOVICH

Says who?

HARRY S. TRUMAN PUPPET

Says me. Do you dream often?

MALKOVICH

Do you?

We see the audience fidgeting in their seats, coughing.

CUT TO:

154 INT. BROADHURST BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

154

The dialogue drones on as Maxine watches coolly from the wings. She drags on a cigaret. Mr. Flemmer, dressed as a stagehand, stands behind Maxine. He also watches the actors, with an occasional sideways glance at Maxine.

MAXINE

(without turning around)

Keep your eyes in your pants, old timer.

CUT TO:

155 INT. THE BROADHURST LOBBY - A BIT LATER

155

It's intermission. The lobby is crowded. Maxine moves through the crowd listening to snippets of conversation. Flemmer, now in a tuxedo, moves about also. First couple:

THEATERGOER #1

That Truman puppet is downright boring as the psychiatrist.

THEATERGOER #2

It's a wooden performance, really. Get it? Wooden?

Second couple:

THEATERGOER #3

What's with the Malkovich puppet? He was much better in Vegas when played the piano with his feet.

THEATERGOER #4

I hate when they try to stretch. It's like Woody Allen.

Third couple:

THEATERGOER #5

They both stink! I'm going across the street to second act Miss Saigon.

CUT TO:

156 INT. DRESSING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER**156**

Malkovich watches himself in his dressing table mirror. Maxine enters, flops herself on the couch and lights up a cigaret.

MAXINE

You'd better turn on the pyrotechnics, lover, 'cause right now your running neck and neck with the dead president. And you're both in last place.

Malkovich continues to watch himself in the mirror, nods his head.

CUT TO:

157 INT. CATWALK ABOVE STAGE - CONTINUOUS**157**

Mantini leans against a rail and smokes a cigaret. Charles Nelson Reilly, in a tuxedo, confers with him in hushed tones.

CHARLES NELSON REILLY

You're doing beautifully, my boy. I wept at the speech about your wife.

Flemmer materializes behind Mantini.

CHARLES NELSON REILLY

What the hell? Nyong-nyong!

Mantini spins around to face Flemmer. Reilly makes a break for it. Flemmer points a finger and Reilly freezes in mid-strut. Flemmer then points a finger at Mantini, and he, too, freezes. Flemmer picks up the giant wooden controls for the marionette, and pulls a copy of the play from his pocket.

CUT TO:

158 INT. BROADHURST STAGE - NIGHT**158**

We watch the second act in progress. The Truman puppet paces as he delivers a monologue. Somehow he doesn't even seem to be a puppet anymore, so subtle and graceful are his movements and the changes in his facial expressions. It's as if there's a giant actual Harry Truman on stage.

HARRY S. TRUMAN PUPPET

I can hear the creature's voice.
It's calling me out of the black
cave of the Psyche. I shove in my
dim little torch, and there he
stands -- waiting for me. He raises
his matted head. He opens his great
square teeth, and says --

(mocking)

'Why? -- Why me? -- Why --
ultimately -- Me? -- Do you really
imagine you can account for Me?
Totally, infallibly, inevitably
account for Me? -- Poor Dr.
Dysart!'

Malkovich watches impressed and a little scared by this
bravura performance. He glances out into the audience and
sees a silent, rapt crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

159 INT. BROADHURST STAGE - A BIT LATER

159

Malkovich delivering a monologue. Acting up a storm. During
Malkovich*s speech, Truman repeatedly attempts to upstage
him, nodding his head, looking thoughtful, raising his ten-
foot eyebrows in surprise.

MALKOVICH

Eyes! -- White eyes -- never
closed! Eyes like flames -- coming
-- coming! -- God seest! -- God
seest! -- NO!

CUT TO:

160 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS

160

A man hole cover is pushed off. Lotte climbs out onto the
street. She is dirty but determined.

CUT TO:

161 INT. BROADHURST STAGE - LATER STILL

161

Malkovich is in convulsions on the floor. Big dramatic
convulsions. Truman scoops him up, and places him on the
bench. Malkovich continues with the convulsions, milking it.
Truman speaks.

HARRY S. TRUMAN PUPPET

Here -- Here -- Sssh -- Sssh --
Calm now -- Lie back. Just lie
back! Now breathe in deep. Very
deep. In -- Out -- In -- Out --
That's it -- In. Out -- In -- Out -
-

Malkovich is breathing insanely now, trying to keep the focus on himself.

FLEMMER in the catwalks, watching the crowd.

THE AUDIENCE watching Malkovich.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

(to his wife)

That Malkovich puppet is a damn
fine actor.

FLEMMER blood boiling.

FLEMMER

Bastard is stealing my thunder.

MALKOVICH AND TRUMAN on the stage. Truman is pacing, swirling, dancing, juggling enormous bowling pins as he talks.

HARRY S. TRUMAN PUPPET

All right! I'll take it away! He'll
be delivered from madness. What
then? He'll feel himself
acceptable! What then?

Malkovich has upped his convulsions now. He watches Truman out of the corner of his eye while writhing tormentedly on the bench. He levitates. Spins in mid-air. Falls on all fours and does an uncanny impression of a yelping dog.

Truman watches Malkovich, continues to speak. But now, when he talks, fire comes out of his mouth.

HARRY S. TRUMAN PUPPET

I'll heal the rash on his body.
I'll erase the welts cut into his
body by flying manes.

The audience "ooohs" at the flames. Malkovich rips off his clothes and convulses into the dying swan bit from "Swan Lake." The audience applauds. Truman continues his speech, now transforming himself into an actual 60 foot swan and flying around the auditorium as he speaks.

HARRY S. TRUMAN PUPPET

You won't gallop anymore, Alan.
Horses will be quite safe. You'll
save your pennies every week, till
you can change that scooter into a
car.

The audience watches the giant swan overhead, necks craned, in awe. Malkovich sighs. He is out of his league. He goes into a remarkable tap dance routine and sings "Mr. Bo jangles", but nobody even looks at the stage. The giant swan bursts into flames, flies back onto the stage, burns to a crisp, then rises from his ashes as the actual Harry S. Truman. Truman looks confused and disoriented, as if just raised from the dead.

ACTUAL TRUMAN

Where am I? Aren't I dead?
(possessed)
Vote for Mantini!

Truman grows and grows until he is again just a giant puppet. The audience bursts into applause, then delivers a standing ovation. Truman bows.

FLEMMER laughing wildly in the catwalks.

MALKOVICH walks dejectedly from the stage.

CUT TO:

162 INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

162

Malkovich walks past Maxine. She doesn't even look at him. Thunderous applause is heard in the background.

MALKOVICH
Good-bye, Maxine.

MAXINE
whatever.

Malkovich drops limply to the floor. He lifts his head.

MALKOVICH
(weak but relieved)
I'm back! My nightmare is over.

CUT TO:

163 INT. CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

163

Flemmer watches Malkovich from above. He pulls out a walkie-talkie.

FLEMMER
(into walkie-talkie)
Okay, now!

CUT TO:

164 INT. CRAIG AND MAXINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 164

Lester is surrounded by all the Malkovichians. He holds the walkie-talkie, has just received word. He nods, and the Malkovichians crawl in single file into the portal, while shrieking a war cry.

CUT TO:

165 INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS 165

Maxine watches as Malkovich pulls himself up off the ground. Suddenly, he is again possessed, first by one person, then by two, then by three, his body jerking and pulsating with each new occupant. It's almost like popping corn, starting out slowly, then going faster and faster, until Malkovich is possessed by all fifty Malkovichians. He shrieks a war-cry and runs out onto the stage.

CUT TO:

166 INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS 166

The Truman puppet now hangs limply from the catwalks. Malkovich hovers just above the stage and addresses the audience.

MALKOVICH
(now sounding like fifty
voices)
I am your earthly king! Kneel
before me!

The audience scoffs at first, but then are compelled to their knees.

CROWD
(like automatons)
Hail Malkovich. king of the damned.

Malkovich laughs, gives the thumbs up sign to Flenmer in the catwalks.

FLEMMER gives the thumbs-up sign back.

LOTTE appears in the back of the theater, an out-of-breath figure in shadows. It is too late. She runs from the theater.

CUT TO:

167 INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS 167

Maxine watches, somewhat amused. She turns and heads for the exit.

CUT TO:

168 EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - NIGHT 168

A dejected Craig walks along the shoulder. He is wet and cold. We hold on him for a long while until he eventually merges with the landscape.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

169 EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY 169

CHYRON: LATER THAT WEEK

Something is wrong. It's a typical midtown street, but everything is painted gray: the buildings, the streets, the sidewalks, the cars. People walk along the streets, carrying gray briefcases, wearing gray jumpsuits. Nobody talks, nobody smiles. Gray birds fly silently in the sky.

There is no noise whatsoever. There are several movie theaters on the block. All marquees advertise John Malkovich movies. Around the corner comes Malkovich. He is floating about ten feet off the ground on an enormous, bright red, jeweled throne. He wears a gold crown and purple silk robe and smiles condescendingly, majestically.

Floris sits on his lap. She is dressed in an orange satin gown. Nobody on the street looks up.

MALKOVICH
(fifty voices)
Greetings, my lowly subjects.

FLORIS

Great things, my lonely subtext?

MALKOVICH

(rolls his eyes)

Boy, be careful what you wish for.

(to Floris)

Never mind, dear. Just enjoy the ride, will you?

170 FLORIS SHRUGS, PICKS AT HER FINGER NAILS.

170

MALKOVICH

(to the people on the street)

I am bored. You will dance for your king now.

Without pause the entire street of gray clad people breaks into a meticulously choreographed production number. Totally silent, totally joyless, but exquisitely executed. We see that Maxine is one of the anonymous dancers. Her face is void of expression. Malkovich laughs.

MALKOVICH

Faster! Faster, my little trained monkeys!

The crowd dances faster and faster. Older people fall over, exhausted, clutching their hearts. Nobody stops dancing to help, nobody dares.

CUT TO:

171 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

171

Bird's eye view of the park. It's all painted gray. Every tree, every leaf. There's no sign of life. The camera moves in, through some gray trees and gray brush to:

A LUSH GREEN OASIS CAMOUFLAGED ON THE TOP AND SIDES WITH GRAY PAINT.

This place is filled with life: Colorful birds, lizards, cats, a rooster. All the animals are active, happy, but totally silent, as if they know the precariousness of their position. Lotte and Elijah sit among them. These are the animals that she freed earlier. Lotte and Elijah hold hands and look into each other's eyes. We see that they both wear gold bands. They are husband and wife. Elijah signs.

ELIJAH (SUBTITLES)

Must you take this terrible demon
on yourself, my love?

LOTTE

Yes. I'm the only one. I have to
enter Malkovich and destroy him
from the inside. If not me, who?

ELIJAH (SUBTITLES)

If there was any way I could go in
your place. But I'm only a monkey
and --

LOTTE

(puts finger to his lips)

Hush. sweetheart.

Lotte slips into a gray jumpsuit. She stuffs a homemade bomb
in her pocket. She and Elijah kiss passionately, then
embrace.

LOTTE

(to the animals)

I'll be with you always, my
friends. Who knows, maybe if I'm
lucky, I'll rejoin you with wings
and a beak.

ELIJAH (SUBTITLES)

Wings and a halo, my darling. Wings
and a halo.

Lotte turns quickly. This is too much to bear. She descends
into a storm drain. The animals stop what they're doing.

PARROT

(softly)

Good-bye. Good-bye.

DISSOLVE TO:

172 EXT. MERTIN-FLEMMER BUILDING - DAY

172

A man-hole cover lifts. Lotte pokes her head out. The coast
is clear. She emerges. Assumes the dead-eyed expression of
the others, and enters the building.

CUT TO:

173 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

173

Lotte watches the floors change. After seven, she presses the emergency stop button. The elevator jerks to a halt.

She picks up the crow bar in the corner, pries open the door. The 7 1/2 floor is gone. Nothing there but pipes and wires and beams. She climbs out onto the floor.

CUT TO:

174 INT. BETWEEN FLOORS - CONTINUOUS

174

Lotte searches the floor for some sign of the portal. It is nowhere to be found. There is a noise behind her. She turns with a start. It's Craig, ragged and ill-shaven.

LOTTE

My God!

CRAIG

I'm so glad you're safe. You look really wonderful.

LOTTE

I'm in love. For the first time. It's funny, but when it happens to you, there's no question.

CRAIG

He's a lucky man.
(beat)
Do I know him?

LOTTE

It's Elijah.

CRAIG

The iguana?

LOTTE

The monkey.

CRAIG

Oh, right. As long as you're happy. I'm sure he's a better lover than I ever was.

LOTTE

A better friend.

CRAIG

(beat)
I'm sorry for everything.

LOTTE

(pecking him on the
cheek)

It's okay, Craig. It all worked
out, in an odd sort of way.

CRAIG

You came up here looking for the
portal?

LOTTE

Yeah. I was going to kill him from
the inside.

CRAIG

And yourself too in the process.
God, you're so beautiful. Why
couldn't I see that before?

LOTTE

You saw it once. Now you see it
again. That's life, isn't it? And
you were up here to try the same
thing, weren't you?

CRAIG

I suppose. But they got here first,
the lousy bastards. So now it's all
over, I guess.

LOTTE

I don't know. There's a small
community of us. We have a place
they don't know about. We're happy.
We'll keep trying to figure out a
way. Come stay with us. Join the
struggle.

CRAIG

You'll have me, after all I've done
to you?

LOTTE

People make mistakes.

CRAIG

I'm through with puppets, Lotte. I
just want you to know that.

LOTTE

I know.

CRAIG

I'd like to be a farmer. I want to help things grow, to encourage life. Do you and your friends need a farmer?

LOTTE

Sure. We could really use a farmer. We'd be grateful for the help.

(beat)

Also, I think, you know, if you wouldn't mind too terribly, a little puppet show every once in a while, would do a lot to lift our spirits. You know, if you wouldn't mind too terribly.

Craig's eyes well up with tears. Lotte looks at him sweetly.

LOTTE

Oh honey. It's gonna be okay.

She puts her arm around him and leads him toward the elevator.

CRAIG

I love you, Lotte.

We come in very close to Craig's arm as he lifts it to put it around Lotte. We see a thin almost invisible filament.

We follow it up, and discover that Craig is now a marionette being controlled from above by an emotionless Mantini in a gray jumpsuit.

MANTINI

(in Craig's voice)

I can't wait to see where you and your friends live. Lotte.

LOTTE (O.S.)

It's beautiful, Craig, like Eden.

Now we see filaments attached to Mantini's arms, and we follow them up to find that Flemmer is controlling Mantini.

FLEMMER

One serpent, coming up.

Flemmer throws his head back and laughs. The camera moves into his mouth and down his throat, which, oddly enough, looks exactly like the membranous John Malkovich portal tunnel.

MUSIC IN: "Put Your Hand Inside The Puppet Head" by They
Might Be Giants. It plays throughout the credits.

FADE OUT.

THE END