

PHANTASMAGORIA: A PUZZLE OF FLESH

Compiled by BBP

The original file of this is the resource.msg that holds all “subtitle” files, although there aren't subtitles. In numerous cases they don't entirely follow what was being said – in most of these cases I let it slide.

There is not much material that is not in the game, but any outtakes are in red. In green is text that is ingame but not in the subtitle files. At times the .MSG resource is so different from the game dialogue that I post both, but in a lot of cases of word swap I let it pass.

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DISK 1:

INTRODUCTION:

MAREK (cold)"...He's having a severe psychotic episode. Keep your hands away from his mouth!"

DOUG (urgent, upset)"Jesus Christ, look at him!"

RATWOMAN (hissing, horribly gleeful)"Freak!"

MAREK (falsely reassuring)"Curtis, can you hear me? You're having a psychotic episode. We're going to help you."

NURSE Clear!

CURTIS' PLACE:

One Year Later

CURTIS (talking to himself)"Hmm, big purple bags under the eyes. Very attractive."

CURTIS (reading to himself)"Childhood's End...The House Next Door...Murder Beach...hmp. I've read every book I own at least twice."

CURTIS: Oh man, no wallet.

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"Damn. I can't leave without my wallet."

CURTIS (talking to Blob)"What am I doing? You can't come with me. Bob's the only rat allowed at WynTech."

CURTIS: Hey, 'morning Blob, how is it going today huh? Hey how are you? Building a little house in there huh? Allright I'll let you get back to it.

CURTIS (irritable)"There's my wallet. Blob!"

CURTIS (enticing Blob)"Mmm! Check it out, Blob! Granola! Whoop, there you are..."

CURTIS (triumphant)"Gotcha!" Oh very good, allright!

CURTIS (scolding playfully)"All right, you little snot. You dragged my wallet under there. You can just go get it back."

CURTIS "Blob? Blob? Come out of there!"

CURTIS (affectionate)"Hi there, Blob. Hi sweet girl."

CURTIS (playfully scolding)"Hey there. You're busted, ratgirl! What did you do with my wallet, Evil on the Paw?"

CURTIS (playfully scolding)"Wicked rat! You stole my wallet. Admit it!"

I dream about you. I feel your hands on my body. I taste your mouth on mine. When I wake, I can still feel your breath on my neck, and I shiver with pleasure.

WYNTECH:

CURTIS "You're such a pretty girl, Blob."

HECATOMB (speaking from the computer)"Freak!

TREVOR (teasing)"Good morning, sleeping beauty. Were you up too late last night watching Beavis and Butt-Head? Organizing your stamp collection, perhaps?"

CURTIS (trying not to laugh)"As a matter of fact, I was up early today. My rat stole my wallet."

TREVOR (teasing)"A likely story. You just couldn't haul your lazy butt out of bed. I, on the other hand, have a social life. I was out dancing til dawn, but here I am, on time and fresh as a daisy."

CURTIS (teasing)"A daisy, huh? I could say something."

TREVOR (laughing)"Don't go there! Don't you go there! I'll see you later, mean boy."

CURTIS (talking to himself)"Great. Time to get out of here."

CURTIS (being silly)"Hello, Curtis Craig? This is Ed McMahon. You've won ten million dollars! Mr. Craig, please. Stop it. Your squealing has become painful. Have some dignity, man."

HECATOMB (hissing, mostly not understandable)"Hello Curtis, you filthy little mother licking **bastard son of a whore.**"

MARIANNE CRAIG (desperate, insane)"I want my son! Give me back my son! Give him back to me!"

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"Oh, crap. I changed my password. Damn, what was it..."

JOCILYN "This is Jocilyn."

CURTIS (low and sexy)"Thank you for last night."

JOCILYN (teasing)"Oh, thank you, Mr. Warner! You were great!"

CURTIS (pretending to be upset)"Hey!"

JOCILYN (teasing)"Oh, it's you, Curtis. You were pretty good, too."

JOCILYN "This is Jocilyn."

CURTIS (husky)"This is an obscene phone call."

JOCILYN (amused)"Then shouldn't you be saying something obscene?"

CURTIS (grinning)"I want to chew through your brastraps like a rabid poodle. I want to smear your naked body with strawberry jelly. I want to pluck blueberries from your quivering navel with my teeth."

JOCILYN (laughing)"Sorry, but I don't talk to obscene phone callers. At least not silly ones."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"I'd better let her work."

JOCILYN "This is Jocilyn."

CURTIS (sweet but strained)"...Hi gorgeous. How are you?"

JOCILYN (sweet)"Mmm, I'm fine every time I think about last night. How bout you?"

CURTIS (sweet but strained)"Um...better now. I love...I love the sound of your voice."

JOCILYN (touched)"I love you, Curtis."

CURTIS (tormented)"I don't deserve you. Bye, baby."

HECATOMB (venomous)"Hello, Curtis, you miserable, insane wretch."

CURTIS (in shock, whispering)"I'm not insane."

HECATOMB (nasty, insinuating)"Are you not? But you know your mother was."

CURTIS (horrified, whispering)"Not...not always."

HECATOMB (vicious)"You're right. She wasn't always the violent, gibbering, drooling lunatic she

became, was she. You drove her to it."

CURTIS (horribly upset)"No! I was six years old!"

HECATOMB (smug, vicious)"Yes. A six-year-old monster who drove his poor mother to madness...and finally to suicide."

CURTIS (screams)"NOOOOOOOO!"

BOB (contemptuous)"Freak."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"Yeah, that's just what I need. A friendly conversation with Paul Warner."

PA WARNER "P.A. Warner."

CURTIS (nervous)"Sir, this is Curtis Craig. I--"

PA WARNER (overly friendly)"Curtis! How are you, son?"

CURTIS (even more nervous)"Uh, just fine, sir. Thank you. You, uh, asked me to let you know when the Mudgett documentation was finished. I, um, posted it on the network late last night."

PA WARNER (way too friendly)"Fine work, son, fine work! You're one of my best, you know that? I'll be keeping my eye on you!"

OPERATOR "We're sorry, your call cannot be completed as dialed. Check the number and dial again."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"What are you doing, Craig? Stop bothering the nice young lady."

THERESE "Therese speaking."

CURTIS (suddenly flustered)"Hi, Therese. It's, um, Curtis."

THERESE (polite)"Hi. What can I do for you?"

CURTIS (nervous laugh)"I was wondering if...this is gonna sound really lame...but I forgot why I called you."

THERESE (little laugh)"That's okay. YYou can call me any time you want. Bye, now."

TOM (recorded message)"This is Tom Ravell. I'm not at my desk right now, so please leave a message."

CURTIS (hesitating)"Uh, hi, Tom. This is Curtis. I'm just calling to let you know the Venimen document is going to be finished on time...I'll post it. Uh, thanks."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"I shouldn't bug him."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"Jesus, Craig. Don't be such a baby."

TREVOR "Trevor Barnes."

CURTIS (friendly)"Hey, squidboy. Did you catch 'Frankenstein' on channel 37 last night?"

TREVOR (smug)"Fraid not, my man. As much as I love Boris Karloff, I was much too distracted by the handsome and dashing Jay Buckman to watch TV."

CURTIS (smiling)"Well then, I guess you'll be far too busy to watch the original Bela Lugosi version of 'Dracula,' which is on tonight..."

TREVOR "Well! Perhaps Jay and I will watch it together. Nothing like a horror movie to get you a free feel or two...so, what about you? Have you found some devastating sorority girl to snuggle up and watch with, or are you spending your usual evening with a can of Crisco **and your right hand?**"

CURTIS (amused)"Bite me, weasel dick!"

TREVOR "Trevor Barnes."

CURTIS (worried, reserved)"Hey, Trev. Listen, I was wondering. Have you seen anything...weird today?"

TREVOR (teasing)"Just your freaky ass."

CURTIS (worried, distracted)Well, uh, okay. Talk to you later."

TREVOR (suddenly worried)"Wait a minute. You're serious! What's wrong, bud?"

CURTIS (closing off)"Oh man...it's nothing. Just bad brains. Later, Trev."

TREVOR "Trevor Barnes."

CURTIS (very upset)"Trevor...have you ever felt like you're going nuts, man?"

TREVOR (joking)"Oh, yeah, all the time. Sometimes I feel...attracted to other men. Oh God, do you think I'm gay?"

TREVOR (suddenly worried)"...Curtis? You're serious, aren't you?"

CURTIS (almost choking up)"I--I--"

TREVOR (very concerned)"Curtis, come over here. Right now. Okay, bud? All right?"

CURTIS (suddenly embarrassed)"I--I've gotta go, Trev."

TREVOR "Trevor Barnes."

CURTIS (very upset)"Listen, Trev. If anything happens to me...if I'm...gone for a while, will you take care of Blob?"

TREVOR (almost a little irritated)"Curtis, what are you talking about? You're not going anywhere."

CURTIS (even more upset)"Answer me, Trev! Will you take care of her?"

TREVOR (very worried)"Yes, yes, I'll come take care of your rat. Now come over here and tell me what the hell's going on. Now."

CURTIS (muttering to himself in disgust)"Bob, you towering sphincter."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"Yeah, right. Like I want to talk to the king of the assholes."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"I can't concentrate on this."

OPERATOR "We're sorry, your call cannot be completed as dialed. Check the number and dial again."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"What are you doing, Craig? Stop bothering the nice young lady."

TREVOR (friendly)"Hey, bud. What's up?"

CURTIS "Nothin' much."

TREVOR (playful)"Well, what a surprise, coming from the king of the party dogs. What did you do last night, anyway? Stay home and label your underwear?"

CURTIS (laughs)"Bite me."

TREVOR (laughs)"You're such a tease."

TREVOR (friendly)"Hey big time, why don't we go clubbing tonight? Who knows, you might meet a girl. You know, one of those weird things with boobs?"

CURTIS (teasing)"Nah, I don't think so. Your wild social life is just too fast for me."

TREVOR (teasing)"Tipper Gore's social life is too fast for you. Now go away, spud boy. You're distracting me. SOMEBODY has to get some work done around here. We can't all be old man Warner's favorite."

CURTIS (uncomfortable)"Hi Trev."

TREVOR (distracted, then looks around and is shocked)"Hey my man. What's up--Jesus! What happened to your face?"

CURTIS (really agitated, bitter laugh)"What if I said I don't know? Shit, Trev, I think I'm going nuts..."

TREVOR (concerned)"Curtis, what happened? Did somebody hit you?"

CURTIS (voice low)"I swear to God, I was just sitting at my desk...Trev, somebody slugged me, but there was no one there."

CURTIS (upset)"That sounds nuts, doesn't it? Just totally psycho."

TREVOR (concerned, shaken)"No, of course not. Remember when I got the flu, and I thought Dolly Parton was in the closet with a chainsaw? You've probably got a virus, Curt."

CURTIS (totally unconvinced)"Yeah...that's probably it."

TREVOR (concerned, approaching the subject delicately)"Curtis...you're not...you're not feeling any of the things you did before...like last time? I mean--you've been taking your medicine, right?"

CURTIS (very sad)"Yeah, I'm taking it. Trev--I looked at my computer, and I saw...oh God, Trev, if I have to go back it'll kill me."

TREVOR (helpless)"Curtis, you're not going back. You're just sick or something. It'll be okay."

CURTIS (sad smile)"Yeah."

CURTIS (angry)"I can't believe Bob! He is such a total jerk! You know what he said to me?"

TREVOR (amused)"No, but I'm sure it was ill-mannered and lame."

TREVOR (supportive)"Don't let him get to you, bud. Everybody knows you're gonna get that promotion over him."

CURTIS (kidding but sounds serious)"Yeah...still, do you think anybody'd mind if I killed him?"

TREVOR (mock-serious)"Nope. Be my guest."

CURTIS (very upset)"Trevor...Trev, I have to talk to you."

TREVOR (immediately concerned)"Curtis, what's wrong?"

CURTIS (very upset)"I...There's something wrong with me, Trev. Oh God. I'm seeing things."

TREVOR (upset but keeping his cool)"Now Curtis...it'll be okay, man. Look, why don't we get out of here for a few? I'll send mail to Tom, he won't mind. Okay?"

CURTIS (upset, a little relieved)"Well...yeah, I guess."

TREVOR "Let's go."

CURTIS "Look what I found. I forgot I had this."

TREVOR (chatty)"These are your folks? Nice looking couple. You know, you look a lot like your mom. Your eyes..."

CURTIS (teasing)"Check it out, Trev. Do you remember that party at all?"

TREVOR (laughs)"It's all a blur of white rum, hot music, and really bad food. Damn good thing you're a perpetual designated driver."

CURTIS "Yeah, that's me, the sobriety poster child."

TREVOR (thoughtful)"I do seem to remember Bob blowing cheese on the dance floor, though."

CURTIS "Look what I got in the mail today."

TREVOR (teasing)"Well well well! It looks like somebody's hot for your little ass, you stud!"

CURTIS (a little embarrassed)"Give it a rest."

TREVOR (teasing)"Have mercy on the poor girl when you find her, Fabio. You'll spoil her for all other men if you're not careful."

CURTIS (speculative)"I know your clearance is higher than mine, Trev...have you ever been into any of the restricted areas?"

TREVOR (mock scared)"No way, man, and I don't want to! They're probably breeding two-ton hamsters down there or something!"

CURTIS (shy)"Um, Therese? Could you check the Sagawa file back into the main directory? I'm

gonna need it soon..."

THERESE (flirting)"What'll you give me for it?"

CURTIS (flustered)"I, um, well--"

THERESE (laughs)"Don't sweat it, Curtis. I'm checking it in now."

CURTIS "Thanks."

CURTIS (weird, intense)"Can I ask you something, Therese?"

THERESE (intense)"Anything."

CURTIS (intense)"Do you think there are things in the world...beyond what we can see?"

THERESE (intense)"Yes. We are surrounded by things we can't see, Curtis. Things we can't see until we start looking for them."

CURTIS (uncomfortable)"Therese, about what happened in the network room...I like you a lot, but I'm seeing someone, and--"

THERESE: Be quiet... listen... Listen to the language of your flesh. It is telling you what to do.

CURTIS (shy)"I know you like old movie stars, Therese..."

THERESE (gleeful)"Oh, let me see!"

CURTIS (taken aback)"Therese--"

THERESE (pleased with herself)"My goodness. Somebody has quite a crush on you."

CURTIS (totally flustered)"Um, well--"

THERESE (seductive)"Want to know a secret?"

THERESE (whispering in his ear)"It's from me."

CURTIS (polite but reserved)"Hey Bob, if you're done with the Venimen files, would you mind if I borrowed them for an hour or so?"

BOB (snotty)"Forget it, ratboy. It wouldn't help you anyway. We both know I'm getting that promotion. piss off."

CURTIS (sarcastic)"Thank you, Bob. As always, it's been a pleasure. Maybe you'd be in a better mood if you changed your diaper."

CURTIS (cynical but cool)"Bob, would you know if something went wrong with the network recently? My document seems to be missing."

BOB (nasty, smug)"You lost your document? That's a whole new level of incompetence, even for you."

CURTIS (cold)"I found my document, Bob. That was pretty juvenile of you."

BOB (slippery and smug)"What are you talking about, Craig? It's not my fault you can't find your own files."

CURTIS (colder still)"Just don't do it again, Bob. I promise you'll regret it."

BOB (sarcastic)"Oh, was that a threat, ratboy? Stop it, you're scaring me!"

CURTIS (muttering under his breath)"Prick."

CURTIS (nastily amused)"Say, Bob, are you taking the same date to the Christmas party this year? She'll probably give you a discount since she turned sixty."

BOB (irritated)"Kiss my ass."

CURTIS (sarcastic, amused)"Ouch! What a devastatingly witty retort."

JOCILYN (happy to see Curtis)"Hi, babe."

CURTIS (looking around nervously)"Shhhhh!"

JOCILYN (exasperated)"Curtis...why? Why all the secrecy? Are you ashamed of me or something?"

CURTIS (evasive)"No, of course not. I just, I don't want everybody knowing our business, that's all, baby. I want you all to myself. Let's meet at the Dreaming Tree after work, okay?"

JOCILYN (heavy sigh)"Okay."

CURTIS (quietly)"Hi, baby." Booh!

JOCILYN (startled)"Oh! You scared me, Curtis!"

CURTIS (suggestive)"You weren't scared of me last night, wicked girl."

JOCILYN (smiling)Mmmm. Lawst night was sooooo..."

JOCILYN (sweetly)"I love you."

CURTIS (unsure, wanting to share with her)"Look, Jocilyn. I found this picture of my folks..."

JOCILYN (pleased)"Let me see! Hey, your father was pretty sexy...you know, you really look like your mother."

CURTIS (pleased)"Remember the company Christmas party, Joss?"

JOCILYN (smiling)"Mm-hmm. I remember after the party, too."

JOCILYN (a little bitter)"I didn't know you had that. I'm surprised you let somebody take a picture of us in public."

CURTIS (softly)"Thanks for the postcard, Joss."

JOCILYN (hurt, worried)"Curtis, I didn't send you that. I never saw it before."

CURTIS (embarrassed, flustered)"Oh...it's probably just a joke. From Trevor...I bet... he's just screwing around."

CURTIS "Uh, Tom? Sorry to bother you, but I'm going to be finishing up the Venimen report today. What do you want me to start next?"

TOM "Oh! Let's see...I think I'll put you on the documentation for Alotharia 9."

CURTIS "Okay, thanks."

TOM "Curtis?"

TOM (smiling)"Nice work."

CURTIS (careful)"Tom, I was wondering if you knew why my clearance is so low. I can't even get into the cafeteria with my card key."

TOM "You're kidding! That can't be right. I'll look into it for you, Curtis."

CURTIS (a little nervous and embarrassed)"Tom...I'm really sorry I was late today. I know this sounds really stupid, but my rat stole my wallet..."

TOM (laughs)"At least that's original...you look tired, Curtis. Are you okay?"

CURTIS (flustered)"Um, yeah. I've just been having trouble sleeping for a while."

TOM (sincere, concerned)"If you ever have any kind of problem, Curtis, I hope you know you can come to me. You're a fine employee, and I'll always help you if I can."

CURTIS (embarrassed, mumbling)"Thanks."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"The less I see Paul Alan Warner, the happier I'll be."

THERESE (flirting)"Why, look. There's a lion at the watering hole."

CURTIS (embarrassed)"Hardly. More like a wildebeest."

THERESE (amused)"I like you, Curtis. There's more to you than meets the eye."

CURTIS (friendly but distracted)"Oh, hi, Therese. How are you?"

THERESE (blunt, suggestive)"Horny."

CURTIS (embarrassed, flustered)"Wh--what?"

THERESE (sexy, aggressive)"You heard me. Let's cut the crap, Curtis. I find you...very attractive."

CURTIS (nervous)"Uh, God, Therese, I have a girlfriend. We--"

THERESE (sexy, predatory)"I don't care about that. I don't want to be your prom date. I want you. I want your flesh, and I want your sweat."

PA WARNER (artificially nice)"Why, hello, Curtis. What can I do for you, my boy?"

CURTIS (embarrassed, lying badly)"Uh, nothing, Mr. Warner. I was just, uh, looking for a Word 8 manual..."

PA WARNER (smiling slyly; letting Curtis know he knows he's lying)"Is that all? I'll have the Systems group send one over to you right away."

CURTIS (very embarrassed)"Uh, thank you, sir. Goodbye."

PA WARNER (voice cold but still smiling)"Goodbye, now."

JONAS CRAIG (shouting)"You have to stop this, or I will!"

PA WARNER (murderous)"I'll kill you, you son of a bitch!"

DREAMING TREE

MAX (friendly)"Curtis, my man. Aren't you supposed to be at work with the other wage slaves?"

CURTIS (a little sheepish)"Yeah. I just got stressed out and had to leave for a while."

MAX "Believe me, I sympathize. Some days I just want to shove a cheeseburger up the next ass that walks through the door."

CURTIS (laughs)"You're such a lovely ray of sunshine, Max."

MAX (teasing)"You again? How do you expect to support that rat of yours in style if you spend your workdays here, bubba?"

CURTIS (mock serious)"I know. I told that scaly-tailed slut to get a job, but she just peed on me."

MAX "Thanks for sharing."

MAX (teasing)"Well, well, well! The boys are playing hookey! Shame on you."

TREVOR (wicked smile)"Shame isn't part of my vocabulary."

MAX (giving straight line)"It must be. You just said it."

TREVOR (heavy sigh)"See what happens when you waste a good line on a straight boy?"

TREVOR (serious)"All right, bud. I've got you trapped. Talk to me. What happened today?"

CURTIS (very uncomfortable)"I--I saw something, that's all. Something that I don't think was really there. And it said--"

TREVOR (worried and upset)"Curtis, for God's sake, I'm your best friend. You know you can tell me anything."

CURTIS (very uncomfortable)"I know...Trev? You remember what I told you about my mom going nuts and leaving me and my dad alone?"

TREVOR (worried)"Yeah?"

CURTIS (extremely uncomfortable)"It's not true. I thought it was...until a few days ago. Until I remembered that she hung herself from the bedroom ceiling fan."

TREVOR (very sympathetic)"Oh, Jesus, man. That's harsh. No wonder you were flipped out."

TREVOR (carefully)"Curtis...don't take this personally or anything, man, but have you thought about talking to someone? That stuff with your mother...that's an awful lot for you to deal with alone."

CURTIS (thoughtful, sad)"I've thought about it...but Trev, I'd rather be dead--I'd rather be dead than go back...there."

TREVOR (comforting)"Hey, hey! Nobody's saying you should go back there. I'm just talking about some counseling. Okay?"

CURTIS (still pretty agitated)"O--Okay. I'll think about it. Trev--you're the only one who knows about that. You wouldn't ever--tell--"

TREVOR (trying to cheer Curtis up)"Of course not, fool! Are you kidding? My own therapist has made me so close to perfect that I never tell secrets. I never tell lies. Hell, I don't even have to crap any more. I just excrete rose petals from my belly button."

CURTIS (smiling)"Listen, bud, I've got a ton of stuff to finish at work. I'd better get back while I still have the energy to slog through it."

TREVOR (sincere)"Me too, come to think of it. What do ya say, let's get the hell out of Dodge. Let's go, Miss Kitty."

MAX "Aww, look at the two little love birds, aren't they cute?"

CURTIS: "Max, keep your voice down."

MAX: What for? Why are you always trying to hide this gorgeous lady, Curtis? If I was you I'd be following her around with a spotlight!

CURTIS (warm)"Hi."

JOCILYN (warm, smiling)"Hi yourself."

MAX (friendly)"Would you like your usual, Sir and Madam? A jalapeno and honey grilled cheese sandwich for him and a veggie burger for her?"

JOCILYN (musing)"Hmm. I'm not all that hungry..."

CURTIS (friendly)"Me either. How about a couple of your world-famous double chocolate malts?"

MAX "You got it, boss."

JOCILYN (sweetly)"Hi sweetie. How was your day?"

CURTIS (sarcastic snort)"It pretty much sucked."

JOCILYN (sincere)"Curtis...I care for you so much. I want to be there for you. I want to be able to help you out when you're feeling bad. You mean so much to me."

CURTIS (warm but enigmatic)"You're there for me, Joss."

JOCILYN (just a little frustrated)"I know...but I wish...I wish I could be there all the time. That's all."

CURTIS (worried but a little distant)"What's bugging you, Joss?"

JOCILYN (sincere, intense)"Curtis I know when we got together, we said this was just for fun. No commitments. I meant it, too. I did. But sometimes things change."

JOCILYN (sincere, hurting)"I--I love you, Curtis. I'm not trying to smother you or anything. I just

want to be with you. I just want to be with you."

CURTIS (changing the subject)"Joss, remember that night we went to the park? It was so hot..."

JOCILYN (smiles)"Mm-hm. We brought that loaf of stale bread to feed to the ducks. And they all came! I didn't know that many ducks could fit in one little pond. And you! You ran from them!"

CURTIS (kidding, then tender)"They were gonna eat me! Mmm...do you remember what we did after we lost the ducks?"

JOCILYN (intimate)"Of course I do...speaking of eating. It was so hot, your skin was so slippery..."

CURTIS (intimate)"We found that dark spot under a tree...and we had to stop moving any time anybody came close...and you kept making those sounds, those sexy little whimpers because you couldn't stand it..."

HECATOMB (vicious)"Kill that slut. Kill her like you killed your mother."

JOCILYN (hurt, confused)"Curtis, are you all right?"

CURTIS (very shaken up)"Uh...I'm sorry, Joss. I...haven't been feeling well today."

JOCILYN (sweet and sympathetic)"Oh, baby! Do you want me to come over tonight? I can make you feel better."

CURTIS (coming back to reality)"...Yeah. Yeah, that would be nice. You always make me feel better, Joss. Let's get out of here, okay?"

JOCILYN "Any time you want."

MAREK (condescending)"Good luck, Curtis. If you ever have any more...troubles, call this lady. She's one of the best."

ENDING SEQUENCE

CURTIS (warm and casual)"Come on in. I actually cleaned the apartment for a change."

JOCILYN (teasing)"Oh, yeah? Where'd you put the steamshovel when you were done?"

CURTIS (smiling)"Cute, Joss."

JOCILYN (smiling, flirting)"Don't I know it."

CURTIS (warm)"What are you thinkin' about?"

JOCILYN (suggestive, mischievous)"Guess."

JOCILYN (sincere)"I love you."

CURTIS (intense)"You're so beautiful."

DISK 2

INTRODUCTION

BOB (muttering to himself)"Say goodbye to your hard drive, asshole."

CURTIS' HOME

CURTIS (intense)"I didn't kill anyone."

HECATOMB (nasty, insinuating)"Of course you did."

TRISHA (polite and cheerful)"Dr. Rikki Harburg's office. How can I help you?"

CURTIS (nervous)"uh, my name's Curtis Craig. I was referred to Dr. Harburg by, uh, somebody. I'd like to make an appointment..."

TRISHA (polite and cheerful)"Certainly. Let me see...you're in luck, Mr. Craig. I have a cancellation today at five-thirty."

CURTIS (even more nervous)"Um, okay, I guess."

TRISHA (polite and cheerful)"Wonderful! See you soon, Mr. Craig. Bye-bye, now."

CURTIS (reading the card)"Thinking of you. Whips and Kisses, T."

CURTIS That's not gonna work.

CURTIS (murmuring to himself)"Threshold..."

CURTIS (irritable, talking to himself)"That's bizarre...the shelf is bolted in."

CURTIS: Hey Miss Blob, hey! Pretty girl! You're the prettiest in the world, aren't ya? Alright just don't get cocky, huh?

CURTIS (affectionate)"Hey, Blob. You're the prettiest rat there is, aren't you."

CURTIS (murmuring to Blob)"Hey, rat girl. I don't suppose you know what the hell is going on, do you?"

BLOB (hissing voice of the Ratwoman coming from Blob)"Isn't it obvious? You're a psycho killer."

CURTIS (reading to himself)"Caught Dead...Leech Therapy...Lobotomy is the Answer--what the hell?"

WYNTECH

COP (businesslike)"Thanks for your cooperation, folks. I know this hasn't been easy. Detective Powell will contact you if we have any more questions."

CURTIS (earnest)"Jocilyn...my God, what happened here?"

COP (businesslike)"This is an active crime scene, sir. I'm going to have to ask you to stay out of the area."

CURTIS (voice starting to crack)"...Trev..."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"Damn it."

CURTIS (earnest, upset)"There's, what's going on?"

THERESE(trying to be strong but very upset)"It looks like someone got pretty sick of Bob."

CURTIS (earnest, upset)"Trev, what the hell happened?"

TREVOR (shaken up, nauseated)"Oh Curtis...I got here early, and I went in to your cube to see if you were in yet, and Bob--Bob was there--"

COP (quiet and professional)"Yes...yes, we did. (pause)"Uh-huh." (pause)"Yeah." (pause)"I'm not sure. (Pause)"That's been taken care of. (pause)"Yes." (pause)"I doubt it, Sir." (pause)"No."

COP (quiet and professional)"Yes...yes, we did. "

COP ("Uh-huh." (pause)"Yeah."

COP ("I'm not sure."

COP "That's been taken care of."

COP "Yes."

COP "I doubt it, Sir."

PA WARNER: Why are you telling me this now? You were supposed to have these requisitions months ago! Yes... no... alright...

DET POWELL (irritated bark)"Hey! In case you didn't notice, this is an active crime scene! Back off!"

DET POWELL (more gently)"What's your name, sir?"

CURTIS (nervous, upset)"Uh, Curtis Craig."

DET POWELL "That's your cubicle?"

CURTIS (nervous)"Yeah."

DET POWELL (businesslike)"Detective Allie Powell. I'd like to speak with you for a moment, Mr. Craig."

DET POWELL (all business)"Mr. Craig, what was your relationship to the deceased man, Bob Arnold?"

CURTIS (nervous)"He--he was just my co-worker."

DET POWELL (all business)"Did you like Mr. Arnold?"

CURTIS (emotionless)"No."

DET POWELL (pointed)"Why didn't you like Bob Arnold, Mr. Craig?"

CURTIS (emotionless)"Because he was an ass--he was a creep, Detective Powell. He was a backstabbing sleaze."

DET POWELL (interested)"I see."

DET POWELL (very interested)"What exactly did Mr. Arnold do to make you dislike him so much?"

CURTIS (starting to realize he's incriminating himself)"Uh, stealing files, lying about me, that kind of thing. It wasn't just me, though. He did it to everybody. Just ask them."

DET POWELL (suspicious)"I will, Mr. Craig. Good morning."

CURTIS (morbidly curious)"Detective, what exactly was the weapon used to...to that to Bob?"

DET POWELL (sharp)"Weapons, Mr. Craig. Several Exacto knives, a box cutter, and a heavy duty stapler."

CURTIS (whispering, scared)"Who are you?"

HECATOMB (nasty)"Just a witness to your crimes."

DET POWELL (sharp)"Who are you talking to, Mr. Craig?"

CURTIS (freaked, flustered)"Uh...no one."

CURTIS (utterly horrified)"Stop it! Please! Stop it!"

DET POWELL (thinks Curtis is a total nut)"You're obviously overwrought, Mr. Craig. We'll continue this another time. Good morning."

TOM (upset but trying to be businesslike)"Curtis, I'm calling a--a sort of impromptu meeting at the Dreaming Tree. I think we all need to get out of here for a while."
CURTIS (still spacing out)"...Yeah, okay."

PA WARNER "P.A. Warner."

CURTIS (imitating Tom's voice)"Uh, hello, Mr. Warner. This is Tom. You're needed in the fourth floor conference room. Right away!"

DET POWELL (irritated)"What do you think you're doing here, Craig?"

CURTIS (flustered)"I...needed to, uh, pick up some work to take home."

DET POWELL (exasperated)"Are you out of your mind? You can't take anything from a crime scene. Get out of here!"

DET POWELL (angry)"Craig, you're unbelievable. Are you trying to make sure you're my prime suspect, or what?"

CURTIS (flustered)"Nuh--no! I just--"

DET POWELL (angry)"I'm gonna say this slowly, because you're obviously stupid. If I see you in here again today, I'll arrest you. Goodbye, Mr. Craig!"

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"Yeah, THAT'd be a smart move."

CURTIS (talking to himself)"Why does this thing have a lock?"

CURTIS(terrified, repulsed)"Get away from me, you--"

HECATOMB (silky, insinuating)"You what? You monster? I'm not the monster, Curtis. That would be your daddy."

CURTIS(angry, horrified)"NO!"

HECATOMB (silky, insinuating, getting nastier as it goes along)"Yes. He committed atrocities to turn the stomach of Josef Mengele. He wallowed in death like a pig in filth. He was Albert Fish's blood brother. He was the night manager of the Hotel Terminus. He--"

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"Carpe Diem. Seize the day. Yeah, seize this, Warner."

PA WARNER (irritated but smiling)"Well. Just what would you be doing in my office when I'm not here, Curtis?"

CURTIS (totally off guard)"I--I was--"

PA WARNER (Threatening)"What say we cut the crap. You've been poking around in places you don't belong. Don't make the same mistakes your father made, boy. I would hate to have to...lose you."

CURTIS (bristling, quietly angry but trying not to show it)"I'm--I'm sorry, Mr. Warner. Goodbye."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"God damn cop's out there."

JONAS CRAIG (voice sounds far away, but very angry and outraged)"It's wrong! It's more than wrong! It's unspeakable!"

PA WARNER (sounds very far away, but voice angry and yelling)"Shut the hell up, Jonas, or so help me, I'll shut you up forever!"

DREAMING TREE

TOM (uncomfortable)"Um...thanks for coming, everybody. A really, uh, tragic thing happened today. Tragic and horrible. If, um, if anybody should want to talk to a grief counselor, the company will make one available to you. I--I don't know what else to say, guys. I'll, uh, go get us some drinks."

JOCILYN (quietly, to Curtis)"God, it's so awful. I just can't believe it."

CURTIS (flat, distracted)"...Yeah."

TREVOR (looking like he's about to puke)"Guys--I don't feel good at all. Tell Tom I had to go, okay?"

CURTIS (grimly amused)"Sure thing, man."

JOCILYN (upset)"I never much liked Bob...but no one deserved that. No one."

CURTIS (grimly humorous)"Oh, I don't know. How about Charles Manson? If it's good enough for Bob, it's good enough for Jolly Cholly."

JOCILYN (worried and just a little irritated)"Curtis, are you all right? You're acting weird."

CURTIS (nasty and sarcastic)"Gosh, I'm sorry, Joss. I guess finding disemboweled dead guys in my cubicle just throws me right the fuck off."

JOCILYN (angry, hurt)"Fine. Call me when you're done being an asshole."

THERESE (interested)"Curtis, you really held it together when you saw Bob splattered all over your cube. Cool as a cucumber."

CURTIS (thoughtful but unemotional)"Yeah. My head was in a really weird space. I felt...removed from the whole thing. Like it wasn't really real."

THERESE (conspiratorial whisper)"Y'know, I don't feel all that sorry for Bob. I think it was the bad karma fairy that got him."

CURTIS (grimly amused)"The bad karma fairy, huh? Sounds like she's one dangerous bitch."

THERESE (amused, wicked smile)"Yep. She stomped on his head with her wicked six-inch heels."

THERESE (intense, sexy)"Curtis, let's cut to the chase, okay? I told you how I feel about you. You put up your nice-guy protests. We're through dancing. I want you to meet me at Borderline tonight."

CURTIS (suddenly nervous)"Borderline? The club? I've never been there..."

THERESE (smiling)"Here's the address. I'll be there at seven."

TOM (puzzled)"...Where'd everybody go?"

JOCILYN (angry, hurt)"Since I'm evidently invisible, Curtis, I might as well leave."

CURTIS (unenthusiastic)"Joss, you're not-- **damn**."

MAX (chatty)"Hey, my man. Aren't you supposed to be basking in the warm florescent lights of WynTech?"

CURTIS (grim humor)"Nope. School got called off due to murder. Bob Arnold got himself butchered like a pig. In my cubicle, no less."

MAX (grossed out but fascinated)"No way! That's harsh, man. So was Bob, like, totally messed up? Was he knifed, or what?"

CURTIS (grim amusement)"Exacto knifed and stapled, among other things."

MAX (grossed out and amused)"STAPLED?! Holy shit! He must have really pissed off somebody in Shipping."

MAX (morbid fascination)"So Curtis, were you, like, totally grossed out when you saw Bob all cut up? Did you puke?"

CURTIS (thoughtful)"Nope. I didn't feel much at all. It was kind of like looking at a dead cat in the road."

MAX (unsettled)"...Wow. You must've been in total shock, huh."

CURTIS (unemotional)"Must've been."

DR HARBURG

HARBURG (warm, friendly)"Hello, Curtis. I'm Dr. Harburg."

CURTIS (nervous)"Nice to meet you, doc."

HARBURG (warm, reassuring)"Have a seat, Curtis. Make yourself comfortable. Now, what exactly brings you here?"

CURTIS (really nervous)"Uh...I've been having a little trouble dealing with stuff lately...I keep getting freaked out by, uh, nothing--oh man. I don't know where to start."

HARBURG (warm, reassuring)"Just take your time. Talk about anything you want to. Anything that comes to your mind."

CURTIS (nervous, uncomfortable)"No offence, but I'm not very comfortable with this. Being here makes me feel like some kind of wacko or something."

HARBURG (kind, sympathetic)"Curtis, you're not a wacko. There's no stigma attached to analysis any more. Your brain is just like any other part of your body. When it isn't feeling well, it's not only okay to seek help, it's smart."

CURTIS (wistful)"My mother had a snowstorm like this. I used to think that must be what her mind looks like; all broken up, all those little pieces swirling around inside. She started hating me when I was about six."

MARIANNE CRAIG (angry, screaming)"Get out of my sight! FREAK!"

HARBURG (sympathetic)"The problem was hers, Curtis, not yours. You were just a little boy."

CURTIS (pained)"These are my parents. Don't they look happy? I think they were happy then, but I don't remember."

CURTIS (hurting)"It's not fair, y'know? I don't remember any of the good stuff. I don't remember my mother ever hugging me or kissing me. Just--hitting me. I remember when she--killed herself."

CURTIS (hurting even more)"A couple years later my dad got run down by a drunk in an old Plymouth."

HARBURG (sympathetic)"My God, Curtis. That's a lot for anybody to deal with."

CURTIS (smiling a little)"This was taken at our company Christmas party. I had a lot of fun that night, I guess."

HARBURG (smiling)"You look like you were having fun. Who are the people with you?"

CURTIS (warm, then stressed out)"That's my best friend, and Jocilyn...she's my lover. I don't know why, but I'm keeping our relationship a secret at work. I almost feel like...like I don't have any right to be with her."

HARBURG (open, non-judgemental)"Are you in love with Jocilyn?"

CURTIS (uncomfortable)"Yeah...I think so. But...I'm...I'm kinda--attracted to Trevor. That--worries me. I don't know if I should be with Jocilyn. I don't want to hurt her."

HARBURG (sympathetic)"Have you talked with Jocilyn about this?"

CURTIS (nervous laugh)"God, no. I have enough trouble opening up to her. To tell you the truth, Doc, even when we're making love, I don't feel totally...close to her. I guess I've never felt totally close to anyone."

CURTIS (intense)"Take a look at this, Dr. Harburg. I think the company I work for is conducting some sort of awful, illegal experiment. My dad was deeply involved--I--have to find out what the Threshold project is about."

HARBURG (thoughtful)"It's not impossible, Curtis. There have been some huge corporate cover-ups over the years."

CURTIS (miserable, stressed out)"Doctor...oh damn, this is hard. Not too long before my mother killed herself, she started...dressing me as a little girl."

MARIANNE CRAIG (crazy muttering)"Hmm, pretty dress, hmm. It doesn't matter. Doesn't matter how I dress you. You'll still be a monster. Pretty little monster girl. Monster girl."

HARBURG (very sympathetic)"Curtis, you've got to understand that the problem was entirely hers. You were an innocent child."

CURTIS (half joking)"So, Doc, do you think my mom dressing me up like Barbie had anything to do with the way I feel about Trevor?"

HARBURG (kind)"No, Curtis. Sexual orientation is genetic. However, the confusion your mother instilled in you may have contributed to your feelings of disassociation with society."

CURTIS (strange, a little creepy)"This guy I work with, Bob...he got murdered today. I don't mean shot in the head, either. He was spread all over my cubicle."

HARBURG (shocked, very concerned)"My God, Curtis. How are you feeling about this?"

CURTIS (distant, a little creepy)"That's what's weird, Doc. I don't feel anything. Nothing at all."

CURTIS (thoughtful)"I have a date with a girl from my office named Therese tonight. God, she's so sexy... but I feel, you know, really guilty about my girlfriend Jocilyn."

HARBURG (non-judgemental)"Do you feel that you're betraying Jocilyn?"

CURTIS (guilty, then angry)"Yeah...no! We agreed from the start that we weren't gonna be exclusive. I don't have a damn thing to feel guilty about. Right?"

HARBURG (noncommittal)"Curtis, that's for you to decide in your own mind and heart. Let me point out, however, that guilt is a very destructive emotion."

CURTIS (a little shy)"It's kind of embarrassing..but this kind of imagery has always fascinated me."

HARBURG (non-judgemental)"There's nothing to be ashamed of, Curtis. Have you ever thought about why you like images of bondage?"

CURTIS (puzzled and embarrassed)"...Yeah. That's even weirder. I feel like the person in the picture is somehow being...held together. Like they can't...come apart with all that stuff holding them in."

HARBURG (pleased, interested)"Fascinating!"

CURTIS (uncomfortable)"I almost didn't call you because...well, because Dr. Marek referred me to you. He was--he was my doctor in the...hospital."

HARBURG (concerned)"Yes, I know he was. Curtis, would you like to talk about your hospitalization? About Dr. Marek?"

CURTIS (very agitated, sounds paranoid)"God, no! It was--it was a nightmare. And Marek--he was my very own Mengele. He singled me out--he--"

HARBURG (gently)"Curtis, I'm not going to ask you anything specific about your hospitalization...but could you tell me if there was a single inciting incident that led up to it?"

CURTIS (shellshocked, remembering)"That's the hell of it, Doc. I don't know what happened. One minute I knew who I was...and the next, I had no idea. My identity came apart...like, old, rotten lace."

HARBURG "Curtis, our session's up...I think we've got a lot of work to do. How do you feel about coming back tomorrow?"

CURTIS (unsure)"Um, okay, I guess."

HARBURG (warm)"Wonderful. I'll see you then. Have a good evening, Curtis."

CURTIS (smiles at her)"Thanks. You too."

BORDERLINE

BOUNCER (tough)"Hold it. This is a private club. You have to know someone to get in."

CURTIS (caught off guard)"I--I know Therese Banning. I'm here to meet her."

BOUNCER (unimpressed)"So you know her name. Big friggin' deal. That doesn't mean she invited you."

CURTIS "Look. Therese sent this to me."

BOUNCER "Yeah, right. It's not even signed."

CURTIS "Therese gave this to me, see?"

BOUNCER (cynical)"Yeah, okay. Come on in. Don't get yourself hurt, now."

CURTIS (hesitant)"Hi. Could you tell me--"

MAN (lewd)"Mmm. Wanna play? I could make you scream with pleasure."

CURTIS (taken aback)"Uh, no thanks."

MAN "Amateurs!"

CURTIS (embarrassed)"Um, excuse me."

PIT GUARD (gruff)"Get away from there. You have no business going into the Pit."

CURTIS (smiling, hesitant)"Hi, Therese."

THERESE (happy to see him)"Hello, Curtis. I'm glad you came."

CURTIS (interested)"What kind of club is this, anyway?"

THERESE (laughs)"It's an S&M club, Curtis. Do you need a drink to cope with the ugly truth?"

CURTIS (sliding around the subject)"Don't need one. I find this all pretty intriguing."

THERESE (flirting, suggestive)"It gets better, baby."

CURTIS (nervous)"Therese, I have to tell you something. Jocilyn and I are pretty serious about each other, and--"

THERESE (wicked)"I don't really care, Curtis. Do you think you're the only man I'm seeing? Hey, bring Jocilyn along sometime if you want. She's pretty cute."

CURTIS (curious)"Therese, I'm not being judgmental or anything--"

THERESE (interrupting him)"Hey! Bring me a Red Shiny Rubber!"

CURTIS "...But why do people need to get hurt to have fun?"

THERESE (sexy smile)"Curtis, have you ever been whipped? Have you ever been oiled down in

candlelight and beaten with silk straps?"

CURTIS (turned on and a little embarrassed)"No."

THERESE (suggestive)"Sensual pain isn't like hitting your finger with a hammer, Curtis. It's intensely erotic."

CURTIS (fatalistic)"What the hell, it won't kill me. I hope."

THERESE (grinning)"There now. That wasn't so bad, was it?"

PIERCER "Good evening. I'm in the mood to pierce a navel tonight. Who wants it?"

CURTIS (loud, drunk)"Right here! I want it!"

THERESE (turned on)"Curtis! I'm going to enjoy watching this."

THERESE (calling out to the piercer)"My friend here does. Don't you, Curtis?"

CURTIS (drunk, grinning)"Sure, why not."

CHAPTER ENDING

PIERCER (earnest)"Congratulations, man. You're pierced."

THERESE (worried)"Curtis! Curtis, are you all right?"

CURTIS (loud, drunk)"OW!"

CURTIS: Ow! Oh my god!

DISK 3

INTRODUCTION

CURTIS' HOME

CURTIS (talking softly)"I had a really awful nightmare last night, Blob. Do rats have nightmares? Hmm?"

CURTIS (stressed, talking softly)"Hey, girl. Rats are so much better than people, aren't they. You're the only thing I can really count on."

BLOB (sarcastic voice of ratwoman coming from Blob)"How touching, freakboy."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"Chill, Craig. It's just Blob. The only thing that loves you."

CURTIS (reading, getting more upset)"Murder Without the Mess...Enter the Revolting Psyche of Curtis Craig--HEY!"

YOUNG CURTIS (far away, distorted)"DADDY!"

CURTIS (reading the mail, then commenting)"Bridget's Books is proud to welcome bestselling author Adrienne Delaney. Ms. Delaney will be signing copies of her latest book, Coping With Loss.' Wow, she's pretty."

CURTIS (answering the phone)"Hello."

PA WARNER (falsely cheerful)"Curtis, my boy. Why aren't you at work?"

CURTIS (surprised and irritated)"Mr. Warner? I--I thought that after Bob and all, we wouldn't--"

PA WARNER (falsely cheerful)"Well you thought wrong, Curtis. Get those lazy bones on in here."

CURTIS (really irritated)"Coldhearted son of a bitch!"

WYNTECH

CURTIS (teasing)"Hey bud! How was your second date with the mysterious Jay? **Was it a dream...aaaah! Or a dud? Ooooooh. Mystery daaaaaate...**"

TREVOR (sour)"A dud. Big time. Once I got past **the sexy eyes**, the gorgeous cheekbones, I saw the squid beneath the skin."

CURTIS (sympathetic)"What a drag."

TREVOR (bummed)"You said it. He spent half the time picking apart Bela Lugosi's acting, and the other half staring at his own bad self in the bathroom mirror."

CURTIS (indignant)"He doesn't like Bela? Well, piss on him, then!"

CURTIS (quietly)"...Trev?"

TREVOR (a little distracted)"Uh-huh?"

CURTIS (quiet, hesitant)"Trev, I've decided to make an appointment. With...with a psychiatrist."

TREVOR (suddenly giving Curtis his full attention)"Curtis...I'm so glad. Really. Maybe if a professional tells you your brain is healthy, you'll believe him."

CURTIS (relieved, teasing)"Believe HER, you sexist pig."

CURTIS (chatty)"Hey brotherman. Can you believe they dragged our butts in here today?"

TREVOR (grimly amused)"Yeah, the sensitivity is overwhelming. It was almost worth it to see that cop chewing on Warner's saggy ass, though."

CURTIS (grinning)"That was pretty damn cool. Too bad she didn't pistol whip him."

CURTIS (uneasy)"Y'know, I didn't feel a damn thing about Bob yesterday...but today I can't get the poor jerk out of my head. I keep seeing him splattered all over the walls."

TREVOR (sympathetic, then cautious when talking about counseling)"No wonder, bud. That was really nasty. So, um, did you...talk to anybody about it?"

CURTIS (quietly)"Yeah. I went to this shrink yesterday. Dr. Harburg. I'm seeing her again today."

TREVOR (pleased)"Cool."

CURTIS (tentative)"Hi, Joss."

JOCILYN (a little sad and subdued)"Hello, Curtis."

CURTIS (a little sheepish)"Look Joss...I'm sorry I was being such a jerk yesterday. I was pretty freaked out, I guess."

JOCILYN (sweet, forgiving)"We all were, Curtis. It's okay."

JOCILYN (hesitant)"Curtis...I tried to call you last night, but I couldn't reach you. The phone just kept ringing."

CURTIS (guilty)"I'm sorry, Joss."

JOCILYN (a little resentful but not bitchy)"You don't have to apologize, Curtis. You don't have to answer to me. You can do what you want."

CURTIS (lying pretty well)"I know, baby. Listen, I just..unplugged the phone and took a sleeping pill, okay? I just checked out for the night."

CURTIS (shy)"Hi, Therese."

THERESE (sexy purr)"Mmm. Hi there. I sure had fun last night, how about you?"

CURTIS (uneasy but turned on)"Yeah...yeah I did."

THERESE (low and sexy)"You'll think of me every time you feel those bruises, Curtis."

CURTIS (casual)"Therese..."

CURTIS (a little worried when she doesn't answer)"Therese?"

THERESE (quiet, strange hiss)"More..."

CURTIS (worried, almost scared)"...What?"

THERESE (quiet, sinister hiss)"You want more. Well..."

THERESE (low, sinister hiss that gets louder)"I...want...MORE!"

THERESE (concerned, confused)"Curtis? Are you okay?"

THERESE (lightly)"Think decaf, babe."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"Rip him a new one, detective. I hope she locks him up with Hannibal Lecter."

PA WARNER (angry, yelling)"Don't even think about going over my head, Tom. Don't even THINK about it!"

TOM: You're losing it, Paul! Next meeting with the board your head is gonna fly!

PA WARNER: Don't you threaten me!

DET POWELL (heated, angry)"...I don't care about your productivity, Mr. Warner. You had no right to destroy evidence."

PA WARNER (cold)"I have every right to make this work environment safe and pleasant for my employees, detective."

DET POWELL (voice raised)"The investigation would have been over in a matter of days! As it stands, your little redecorating spree may have cost you an obstruction of justice charge!"

PA WARNER (cold, voice low)"Would you mind if we took this discussion to my office, Detective Powell?"

DET POWELL (brusque)"Fine."

CURTIS (overly casual)"Hey, bud."

TREVOR (teasing)"What's up, weasel boy?"

CURTIS (overly casual)"Nothin' much. I'm just sitting here, two feet from a murder site, trying to be a productive little worker."

TREVOR (sympathetic)"Harsh! Hang in there, man."

CURTIS (with grim humor)"I'm doin' my best."

JOCILYN "This is Jocilyn."

CURTIS (gentle, subdued)"Hi, baby. How are you today?"

JOCILYN (pleased to hear from him)"I'm--I'm okay. I'm still upset about Bob...you know..."

CURTIS (tender, sympathetic)"I know, Joss. Me too. I wish I could make it better."

JOCILYN (touched)"Thanks, baby."

THERESE "Therese speaking."

CURTIS (casual)"Hi, Therese."

THERESE (low and sexy)"Well, if it isn't my slave. You were really good last night, baby. You're quite an actor, you know that?"

CURTIS (really embarrassed)"Uh, thanks..."

THERESE (low and sexy)"Curtis, if you'll let me, I'll take you on erotic adventures you've never even imagined."

HECATOMB (venomous)"Your whore isn't available right now, but I'll be happy to service you in any way--"

BOB (dead, scary, mushy yet electronic wail over the phone)"You MURDERED ME!"

CURTIS (a little reserved)"This is Curtis."

BOB (dead, scary, mushy yet electronic hiss over the phone)"Don't hang up on me, you murdering psycho son of a bitch!" (Curtis hangs up)

CURTIS (on the other end of the phone)"Hello."

CURTIS (puzzled & a little scared)"...Who is this?"

CURTIS (cheerful, on the other end of the phone)"Sorry, man, I can't talk right now. I'm right in the middle of disemboweling somebody."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"I can't concentrate on this."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"What the hell...? It's been plastered over. **This is too weird.** They're trying to hide something."

INSANITY ASYLUM

CURTIS (frightened, disoriented)"Nurse! Nurse, what am I doing here? I don't belong here!"

NURSE (ill-natured)"Shut up, wacko."

NURSE (bitchy)"Stop that right now or I'll have you sedated."

PATIENT: (screaming incoherent comment)

NO: (angry)"NO! SICK! SICK AND WRONG! Things like that don't happen. No."

NO: (angry, indignant)"NO!"

DEBUGGER: Happy birthday baby! I got I got...

Gimme the Cheeto, I got you, I got you!

That's my baby, that's my baby, I got!

Everybody in the pool!

That's my Barbie doll! That's my Barbie doll!

Pizza! Pizza! Pizza! Iiih!

I love you, baby!

Quiet in the back of the room! Quiet in the back of the room!

There's my Taco salad! There's it!

Tasty bits of oats and chewy!

Where's my latex?

Arabella on three, one two...

Fruit loops! Fruit loops and Cheerios... tape worm...

Disco dance, disco dance, disco dance!

RATWOMAN (angry and fearful)"Freak! Monster! I saw you! I saw you when they brought you in! I saw your GUTS!"

RATWOMAN (agitated, upset)Abomination! Mutant! Freak! I curse you with the black death!"

RATWOMAN (holding up her bleeding arm)"For you, O vile rat! My vile and filthy blood for you! Drink me! Drink me! Drink me!"

NO: (screaming incoherent outburst)

NO: (angry, upset)"NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO!"

PATIENT (frenzied joy)"MINE!"

RATWOMAN (ratwoman's prayer part 1)"O most depraved and filthy rat, god of the flea, god of the plague, god of pus and pestilence and puke, hear thy disease-ridden servant."

RATWOMAN (ratwoman's prayer part 2)"Bring the pain. Bring the stench. Bring the black vomit and shuddering death."

RATWOMAN (ratwoman's prayer part 3)"Bring down the plague, O rat unclean. Bring down the plague on us all!"

RATWOMAN(screaming and cackling)"Run, freak! Run! Ruuuuuuuun!"

MAREK (evil and slimy)"You're displaying a lot of hostility, Curtis. I think you need an attitude adjustment."

NURSE "Doug! Put this one back in the chair, would you?"

DOUG "Down you go, fruitcake."

RATWOMAN (whispering creepily)"Run, freakboy. Get out of here. I don't want to have to look at you any more."

MAREK: Curtis, you've been a bad boy, and you have to be punished.

NURSE: Clear!

JOCILYN (very concerned)"...Curtis? Curtis?"

TOM (concerned)"...He just fell...I didn't see...Curtis?"
TREVOR (trying to joke)"Hey, buddy, you gonna live?"
CURTIS (shaky, disoriented)"Yeah...yeah, I'm okay."
TOM (angry, indignant)"This is ridiculous. I don't give a damn what Paul said. I want you all to go home. Right now."
HECATOMB (condescending)"Tom's right, Curtis. You'd better run along. You're out of your depth."
TOM (concerned)"You look terrible, Curtis. Go home and get some sleep, okay?"
HECATOMB (sly)"Sweet dreams..."

DREAMING TREE

MAX (chatty)"Hey, man, don't you ever have to go to work?"
CURTIS (trying to be casual)"We got sent home. I guess management finally figured out that guys getting murdered in the office isn't great for productivity."
MAX (morbidly curious)"Wow. Are you, like, having bad dreams about that dead guy or what?"
CURTIS (ironic)"No, but I'm having bad dreams about everything else."
MAX (sympathetic, serious)"Damn. When my hamster Louie died, I kept having these nightmares where he'd come in through my window at night, only he was the size of a pit bull, and he was drooling and singing 'Who Do You Love.' Scared the hell out of me, man."

MAX (interested)"Y'know Curtis, I'd like to do a portrait of you sometime. You've got really weird eyes."
CURTIS (wry)"Thanks a lot, Max."
MAX (grinning)"Don't get pissy. I meant Andy Warhol weird, not Charles Manson weird."
CURTIS (grinning)"Now I see the distinction."

CURTIS (casual, friendly)"Hey."
TREVOR (melancholy)"Hey."

CURTIS (teasing)"Hey, Trev, buddy. What's up with the shake? Aren't you worried about your tiny waistline?"
TREVOR (doleful)"I'm drownin' my sorrows, bud. I admit it. I was getting some delayed nerves about poor old Bob."
CURTIS (sympathetic)"Yeah, I started to get pretty freaked this afternoon myself. It was just so damn weird, sitting there, right where he got splattered..."

CURTIS (musing)"Hmm. I kinda feel like a baked potato."
CURTIS (grinning)"What?"
TREVOR (grinning)"You remember my aunt Emily? The one who lives in Arizona, out in the desert?"
CURTIS "The one who loves animals?"
TREVOR (laughing)"That's the one. She always tosses her dinner leftovers outside for the little woodland creatures, see--"
CURTIS (teasing)"Woodland? I thought she lived in the desert."
TREVOR (laughs)"Shut up. My story. So one time when I was over, she hauls back and tosses this old, mangy, big, yucky baked potato out the front door. It was beautiful, man. The woman has an arm like a pro ball player. The spud just arced through the air...when this sweet little bunny rabbit hopped out of the bushes, right into the path of destruction."
CURTIS (starting to laugh)"No way!"
TREVOR (cracking up)"Way! Fraid so! That tater hit Mr. Bunny right between the ears. For a minute there, it looked just like a little German helmet. I have NEVER seen a rabbit jump that high

in my life!"

CURTIS (mock serious)"And you think that's FUNNY? That poor rabbit is probably in therapy right now!"

CURTIS (distant)"Trev...seriously...have you ever had really...horrible thoughts?"

TREVOR (worried)"Well...like what?"

CURTIS (spacey)"Like wanting to kill someone, Trev. I really wanted to kill Bob...every time he laughed at me...I just wanted to fucking kill him."

TREVOR (unsettled)"...Everybody feels that way once in a while, man. Don't worry about it."

TREVOR (smiling)"Listen, man. I've gotta go. I have a date for dinner."

CURTIS (smiling)"Somebody new? Tell me!"

TREVOR (a little shy)"His name is Mike. I met him at the Pre-Raphaelite exhibit downtown. He's smart, funny, and cuter than hell."

CURTIS (happy for him)"Well, all right. Have a good time, bud."

TREVOR (winks)"I'm gonna try!"

CURTIS "I've gotta go, Trev. I've got a bunch of stuff I've gotta do."

DR HARBURG

HARBURG (warm)"Hello, Curtis. How are you today?"

CURTIS (wan smile)"I'm okay, Doc."

HARBURG (gently)"Curtis, I won't be able to help you if you lie to me."

CURTIS (irritable)"Fine. I think I'm losing my god damn mind."

HARBURG (gently)"Sit down, Curtis. Let's talk."

CURTIS (weary)"Why did you want me to come back again today, doctor? That's not your standard policy, is it."

HARBURG (open)"No, Curtis, it isn't. I can tell we have a lot of work to do together. I want to get the groundwork done right away. All right?"

CURTIS (noncommittal)"Fair enough."

HARBURG (pleased)"Good."

CURTIS (deeply hurt)"When my mother started hating me...my dad just got so weird. He sort of withdrew...and he always looked at me with these sad, sad eyes."

HARBURG (concerned)"Did he protect you from your mother's irrational rages?"

CURTIS (hurt, then angry)"He tried...but not hard enough, damn it! She hurt me! She hurt me so bad..."

CURTIS (uncomfortable)"This is gonna sound really twisted...but sometimes I wish that I could live with Jocilyn and Trev both. Somewhere far away...where no one would judge us, and we'd never have to see another person."

HARBURG: Many people have fantasies like that, Curtis. Just because it isn't standard behaviour in our society doesn't make it wrong.

CURTIS (guilty)"I...I had this--experience with my co-worker Therese. The sex was...savage."

HARBURG (concerned)"Consensual? All the way around?"

CURTIS (guilty)"Yeah...but doc, she brought out feelings in me that were frightening. Wild, almost

violent feelings. I felt like--like anything I wanted to do to her, anything I could dish out, she could take it."

CURTIS (a little embarrassed)"On this...date with Therese last night, I got my navel pierced. In this S&M club. On the stage, in front of a roomful of people."

HARBURG (non-judgmental)"Was it something you really wanted to do?"

CURTIS (thoughtful)"I don't know. I don't think so. I was just...into being controlled at the moment. I just wanted Therese to--do things to me. When it was over, though, my feelings totally reversed. I wanted to...to control her."

HARBURG (interested)"How exactly did you want to control her?"

CURTIS (embarrassed)"It was weird. I came off the stage, and she was there...I just pounced on her, and I picked her up. I carried her into a bathroom, and we did it--we did it like a couple of animals."

HARBURG (non-judgmental)"How did she react to all this?"

CURTIS (sly grin)"She absolutely loved it. I thought she was gonna break me in half."

HARBURG (gently)"Curtis, did you ever consider that she was in control of everything?"

CURTIS (sly grin)"No...but you're probably right."

CURTIS (agitated)"Doc, I think this Threshold project--whatever it was--got shut down a long time ago...but now I think it's been re-opened. In fact, I think it's back in full swing."

HARBURG (interested)"What makes you think that, Curtis?"

CURTIS (conspiratorial)"A whole lot of little things. Files I've seen, conversations I've overheard...I think it's something bad, Doc. I think it's something no one has ever tried before."

HARBURG (polite)"Be sure to keep the difference between imagination and evidence clear in your mind, Curtis."

CURTIS (good natured)"Aw, you think I've been watching too much X-Files."

CURTIS (agitated and excited)"I found this letter that my father left me. Listen to this!"

CURTIS (reading from the letter)"...The Threshold project is not in itself an evil thing, Curtis, but as long as it is in the hands of Paul Warner and WynTech, nothing good can come of it. It is beyond the scope--"

CURTIS (suddenly upset)"Jesus, Doc. Was this written by a crazy man?"

HARBURG (calm, kind)"I don't think so, Curtis. It sounds perfectly rational."

CURTIS (worried)"Tell me the truth, Dr. Harburg. Does insanity run in families?"

HARBURG (reluctant, supportive)"Yes, it can, Curtis. But that form of mental illness is generally a chemical imbalance, and very treatable."

CURTIS (very upset)"God. God! Maybe I've ALWAYS been crazy. I can't remember big chunks of my childhood. Oh God..."

HARBURG (calm, reassuring)"Curtis, you're upsetting yourself. Take a deep breath and try to relax."

JONAS CRAIG (shouting)"You have to stop this, or I will!"

PA WARNER (murderous)"I'll kill you, you son of a bitch!"

CURTIS (upset but excited)"Doc--my father was murdered! I didn't remember seeing him dead...but after they hit him with the car, they got out and shot him. They SHOT him!"

HARBURG (kind, sympathetic, encouraged)"Oh, Curtis. A suppressed trauma like that can cause all sorts of emotional problems. I think you'll start improving now."

CURTIS (very upset)"My mother's hatred for me went way beyond humiliation and hitting. She...she tortured me. She did things to me that you hear about happening in Chile and Nicaragua."

HARBURG (very gently)"How did she torture you, Curtis?"

MARIANNE CRAIG (completely insane)"Come here, monster. What's under that crawling, slimy

skin of yours?"

HARBURG (gently, reassuring)"It's all right, Curtis. It's over now. She's gone. You survived it. You're here, Curtis."

CURTIS (very upset, almost crying)"Doctor...I think I might have killed Bob. I don't remember doing it, but I can't get the idea out of my head. I hated him. I wished he were dead so many times--"

HARBURG (rattled but trying not to show it)"That's very unlikely, Curtis. Homicidal blackouts are very rare. Have faith in yourself. Do you really think you would do a thing like that?"

CURTIS (distant, spooky)"...Maybe."

HARBURG (pleased, kind)"I think we made some wonderful progress today, Curtis. I'd like to see you next week...but please don't hesitate to call me if you need to talk. Any time, okay?"

CURTIS (smiling a little)"Okay, doc. Thanks."

HARBURG (clinical)"In today's session with Curtis Craig, I determined that subject is delusional, possibly paranoid, with a potential for violence..."

BORDERLINE

BOUNCER (mildly sarcastic)"Therese isn't here right now, big time."

CURTIS (trying to sound tough)"Whatever. I wanna come in anyway."

BOUNCER (vaguely amused)"Suit cherself."

MAN (nasty)"You know, I think you'd be more comfy at the yuppie bar down the street."

CURTIS (catty)"Really? I think you'd be more comfortable in a sideshow."

MAN (sly grin)"I think I'm starting to like you."

PIT GUARD (nasty)"Get the hell away from there, asshole!"

ENDING

CURTIS (apprehensive)"...Who's there?"

CURTIS (a little irritated)"Therese! How did you get in here?"

THERESE (enigmatic, sexy)"I'm a woman of many talents, Curtis. Come, sit with me."

CURTIS (nervous, making conversation)"Have you...have you been here long?"

THERESE (smiling, sexy)"Long enough to get to know your rat. She's a real sweetie."

CURTIS (pleased but perplexed)"Thanks."

CURTIS (nervous, making conversation)"You really startled me when I first came in."

THERESE (sly)"That was the idea, Curtis."

CURTIS (starting to relax)"So, do you break into people's apartments often?"

THERESE (smiling)"Only when I really like them."

CURTIS (getting more confidant)"Therese...I'm not trying to be rude or anything, but why are you here?"

THERESE (sly)"Well, I didn't come here to talk."

CURTIS (starting to flirt)"Oh? What did you come here to do?"

CURTIS nervous, embarrassed)"Uh, Therese, I'm not sure about this."

THERESE (edge in her voice)"Good."

CURTIS (husky)"This--this is kind of intense, Therese."

THERESE(wicked)"Oh, no. We're not even close to intense yet." Be quiet.

CURTIS (ragged breathing, horny)"Please, Therese. Please--I want to touch you."

THERESE(tough)"I said be quiet, slave."

THERESE (sexy, threatening)"We'll just zip up that sweet mouth of yours if you can't be a good boy. Do you want that? Well, do you?"

CURTIS (really doesn't like the idea)"No!"

THERESE(threatening and sexy)"Then don't make a sound. Don't you dare."

JONAS CRAIG (dead and creepy)"I think you're a good boy, Curtis. A very good boy indeed."

TOM (muttering angrily to himself)"...Most seriously, Mr. Warner's unfeeling and irresponsible actions endangered the mental and possibly even the physical wellbeing of all employees under his management."

TOM (with grim satisfaction)"There. That ought to be enough to fry your ass, Warner."

DISK 4

INTRODUCTION

CURTIS (sleepy, irritated)"Hello."

ROSALIE (reserved, trying to be professional, but shaken)"Good morning, Mr. Craig. This is Rosalie at WynTech. I've been asked to call everyone in your department and let you know that we don't need you to come in today."

CURTIS (chilled, worried)"...Why?"

ROSALIE (very upset)"There's--there's been another murder, Mr. Craig."

CURTIS (upset, almost panicked)"Who? Who was it?"

ROSALIE (very upset)"I'm not at liberty to say--"

CURTIS (deeply upset, yelling)"GOD DAMN IT, WHO? WHO WAS IT?"

ROSALIE (deeply upset)"It was Tom! Tom Ravell!"

DET POWELL(in Curtis' face)"Where WERE you last night, Craig?"

CURTIS (sarcastic)"Nice to see you too, detective."

CURTIS "I've gotta go, Trev. I've got a bunch of stuff I've gotta do."

TREVOR (worried)"If you mean you're gonna go poke around WynTech, you be careful, bud. Okay?"

CURTIS (amused)"Okay, mom. I promise I'll wear my sweater, too."

DET POWELL(suspicious)Where were you last night between the hours of eight and midnight?"

CURTIS (upset, a little angry)"I was here. With Therese Banning."

DET POWELL(in his face)"Yeah? How late did she stay?"

CURTIS (upset, a little angry)"I don't know. Late. **I fell asleep, and she was gone in the morning.**
I went to bed and when I woke up, she was gone.

DET POWELL(brusque)"Where is she now?"

CURTIS I don't know...

DET POWELL(irritated bark)"Craig! I said where is she now?"

CURTIS (really flustered)"I don't know. She probably went home. I don't know where she lives."

DET POWELL(In Curtis' face)"Why don't you know where your girlfriend lives, Mr. Craig?"

CURTIS (angry, upset)"She's not my girlfriend."

DET POWELL (snide, disbelieving)"Oh really. You must be pretty good friends, then."

DET POWELL(calmer but very cold)"Mr. Craig, do you know of anyone who hated Tom Ravell?"

CURTIS (cautious)"He had a huge fight with Paul Warner yesterday. It got to the point where they were screaming in each other's faces."

DET POWELL(interested)"Oh really. About what?"

CURTIS (a little wry)"About you, detective. And about Warner making us come back to work the day after Bob was killed."

DET POWELL(contemptuous)"You know what, Craig? I think there's something badly wrong with you. I'd love to haul your psycho ass in, but unfortunately, I don't have enough evidence. Yet."

DET POWELL (really disgusted and contemptuous)"Christ, you're screwed up! If you're guilty, Craig, I'll find you. No matter where you are. No matter how big a rock you crawl under."

DET POWELL (pissed off)"Hello! Did you hear me?"

DET POWELL (disgusted)"Damn!"

TRISHA (cheerful)"Dr. Rikki Harburg's office. How may I help you?"

CURTIS (embarrassed, reluctant)"Um, this is Curtis Craig. I'm having...problems. I was wondering if I could get in to see the doctor today."

TRISHA (cheerful)"Now let me see...the doctor's pretty busy today...Oh, you're in luck! We can get you in for a short appointment this afternoon at three."

CURTIS (flat, emotionless)"Thanks."

CURTIS (cautious)"Who's there?"

JOCILYN (upset, talking through the door)"It's me, baby. It's Jocilyn."

JOCILYN (deeply upset and shaken)"Curtis...God, I feel like the whole world's coming apart."

JOCILYN (starting to cry)"I liked Tom. I really did. He was a nice guy, you know?"

CURTIS (gently comforting but distant)"I know, baby. I know. I liked him too." *It just doesn't make any sense.*

JOCILYN (upset)"Curtis, let's go away this weekend, okay? I just--I just want to get away from all this."

JOCILYN: Curtis, can we go away for the weekend? I just... I really need to get away from all this.

CURTIS (reserved, closed off)"*I'll think about it, Joss.* I'd like to, Joss, I really would. I have some really important things to do."

JOCILYN (Upset, frustrated)"Damn it, Curtis, why can't you talk to me about anything that matters?"

JOCILYN (strong)"Curtis...it may be wrong in the face of...everything that's happened...but all I want right now is to feel you inside me."

CURTIS (guilty, pained)"Jocilyn--"

JOCILYN (angry, hurt, yelling)"Shut up! Just shut up, you son of a bitch. Go back to your filthy whore. You can have each other!"

CURTIS (talking softly to Blob)"I sure wish I knew what the hell was going on, girl." Aw you're a beautiful rat, aren't you? Yeah, you're a beautiful rat!

CURTIS (cautious)"What'cha munching on, silly girl?"

BLOB (leering voice of ratwoman)"Want some?"

CURTIS (angry, yelling at unseen force)"You listen to me! I know Blob can't talk! She doesn't eat people--she never did anything to anyone, so you leave her alone!"

CURTIS (cautious, then angry)"Creative Uses for a Staple Gun...Pulping Heads Made Easy--God damn you! This isn't real!"

CURTIS (reading note)"Meet me at Borderline tonight. This time we'll go full circle. Do you dare, Curtis? -Therese."

CURTIS (nervous)"Oh boy. What am I getting into?"

CURTIS (reading mother's weird note)"Dear Curtis. I hate you. You killed me. Your very existence was so unnatural and repulsive that it drove me to my grave."

(weird note continued)"Do you know how much it hurts to hang yourself, boy? My neck didn't break. It took twenty minutes of agony before I finally died. I could feel my eyeballs bulge, Curtis. I could feel my tongue push out of my mouth like a bloated slug. I could feel the piss running down my leg, hot as blood. I should have killed you when I had the chance. I'm coming for you, and this time I'm taking you with me."

WYNTECH

CURTIS: Damnit.

DET POWELL (angry, irritated)"Get the hell away from there, Craig!"

DET POWELL (angry, aggressive)"You're purely unbelievable, Craig. What do you think you're doing here?"

CURTIS (nervous but angry)"I work here, detective. I'm not trespassing. It just so happens that I left my notebook in the lunchroom.

DET POWELL (calling after Curtis)"It's just a matter of time, Craig!"

HECATOMB (threatening)"Sooner than you think."

DET POWELL (skeptical)"That's a load of shit, Craig. You're not just a creep, you're a really bad liar. Now tell me what the hell you're doing here before I arrest you."

CURTIS (defiant)"Fine. I'm trying to find out who killed Bob and Tom."

DET POWELL (disbelieving)"My ass. Now get out of here. Now."

CURTIS (intense)"Look, Detective. There's some kind of company conspiracy behind all this. I think WynTech's been experimenting on its employees with hallucinogenic drugs. I think they've--"

HECATOMB (mock kind and encouraging)"Do go on. It all sounds perfectly logical to me."

DET POWELL (disgusted)"You're a real case, you know that? You make Charles Manson sound reasonable."

CURTIS (angry, frustrated)"You've gotta listen to me! I--"

DET POWELL (angry, yelling)"I don't have to listen to dick. If I find one shred of evidence on Ravell--if I find one of your hairs, one of your god damn CELLS, I'll see you flash-fried."

CURTIS (angry, yelling)"Are you deaf or stupid? the company MURDERED my father! It probably killed Bob and Tom too! what do you want to bet I'm next?"

DET POWELL (quiet and cold)"I won't say it again, Craig. Get out. Or would you rather I called the boys with the white coats and the butterfly nets?"

HECATOMB (malicious glee)"Come back, Curtis. You know you're longing for the sting of the needle, the burn of electrodes on your skin..."

CURTIS (screams)"NO!"

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"God you, you son of a bitch."

HECATOMB (scolding)"Such language, Curtis."

HECATOMB (threatening)"I should wash your mouth out with soap."

CURTIS (yelling)"Get away from me!"

HALLWAYS

YOUNG CURTIS (tentative, worried)"...Daddy?"

PA WARNER (upset, angry, yelling) We're running out of time. Quickly!"

PA WARNER (upset, angry, yelling)"God DAMN it! We're running out of time. It's gonna be close! Jonas, go get Marek! Have him bring us another one. Quickly!"

PA WARNER (angry and worried)"Shit! Where the hell is he?"

YOUNG CURTIS (tentative, worried)"...Daddy?"

MAREK (nasty, condescending)"Come along, Curtis. We've kept your room just as you left it."

MAREK (vicious)"You're mine now, Curtis. I just can't wait to start cutting."

PA WARNER (calling from inside Threshold room)"Hurry up! Bring him in! NOW!"

DREAMING TREE

MAX (kidding)"Hey, Curtis, what's up? Don't tell me there's been another murder?"

CURTIS (grimly humorous)"Okay, I won't tell you, but that won't make the dead guy go away."

MAX (more freaked out than he's letting on)"Geez, man. You work at the freakin' Bates Motel! So who was it this time? Anybody I know?"

CURTIS (emotionless)"My manager. Tom Ravell."

MAX (shocked)"Tom? No way! He was a good tipper! Nice dude, too."

CURTIS (muttering to himself)"Nah, I'm not all that hungry."

CURTIS (gently)"Hey, bud."

TREVOR (sorrowful)"Hey."

CURTIS (gently teasing)"Wow, Trev. That's enough calories to power a small starship. You must be really bummed."

TREVOR (depressed)"Yeah. I liked Tom a lot. I really did."

CURTIS (bummed)"I know, man. I did too."

TREVOR (really sincere, very unhappy)"Curtis--let's just drop the bull for a minute and talk, okay?"

CURTIS (Unsure, uneasy)"Um, okay."

TREVOR (intense, unhappy)"I think you should get out of town for a while. You're--you're obviously freaked by everything that's happened...and Curtis, I know that cop has you down as a suspect. I think you need to be gone before the next one."

CURTIS (uncomfortable)"Before the next...murder? What makes you think there's going to be another one?"

TREVOR (grim humor)"I don't know. Call it Spidey sense."

CURTIS (uncomfortable)"I appreciate the thought, Trev, but I can't go anywhere right now. I've got to find out the truth about WynTech and the Threshold project."

TREVOR (worried)"Curtis...everybody's heard rumors about Threshold. It's a company urban legend. Maybe it was something really bad--but it has nothing to do with what's happening now."

CURTIS (agitated)"I think it does, Trev. I think it has everything to do with it."

TREVOR (frustrated)"All right, Curtis, if you have to do this, I'll help you. I'll hack into the net from home and see what I can find out."

CURTIS (warm, grateful)"Thanks."

CURTIS (trying to change the subject)"So how was your date with what's-his-name last night?"

TREVOR (mock offended)"His name is Mike, you Philistine! And it was awesome. Indian food, candlelight, Reservoir Dogs on laserdisk--"

CURTIS (amused)"You watched Reservoir Dogs on your first date? You sicko!"

TREVOR (pleased with himself)"Yup. And we laughed in all the same places."

CURTIS (amused)"Sounds like true love. Just don't go on any cross-country killing sprees, okay?"

TREVOR (sincere)"Look, Curtis, we'll uncover the Dark Secret of the Terrible Threshold, and then you go somewhere and veg out in the sun, okay?"

CURTIS (thoughtful)"Yeah, that sounds good."

TREVOR (serious and sincere)"Curtis I just want you to know that I'm your friend. Always. No matter what."

TREVOR (pushing the banana split over to Curtis)"Here, finish this quick before a stiff breeze blows you away, scarecrow boy."

CURTIS "I've gotta go, Trev. I've got a bunch of stuff I've gotta do."

TREVOR (worried)"If you mean you're gonna go poke around WynTech, you be careful, bud. Okay?"

CURTIS (amused)"Okay, mom. I promise I'll wear my sweater, too."

DR. HARBURG

HARBURG (very concerned)"Hello, Curtis. What's bothering you today?"

CURTIS (bitter)"Everything."

HARBURG (gently)"I heard about Tom Ravell's murder, Curtis. Is that why you've come?"

CURTIS (sardonic, then paranoid)"Yeah. It really got to me, for some reason--how did you know about Tom? What, is WynTech checking up on me?"

HARBURG (gently, carefully)"No, Curtis. Detective Powell came by and talked to me this morning."

CURTIS (mildly sarcastic)"I don't know why, but that makes me feel better."

HARBURG (careful)"Curtis...I can't help you if you keep things from me. Have you been having more problems than you've told me about? If you're having, say, hallucinations, delusions, or blackouts, you need to tell me right away."

CURTIS (really angry, yelling)"What is this, doctor? Are you and Marek trying to get me back into that stinking hellhole of a nuthouse? I've got a newsflash for you. I'd rather die."

HARBURG (calm, soothing)"Not at all, Curtis. I haven't spoken to Dr. Marek in months. I'm just trying to help you get better."

CURTIS (angry, fearful)"If--if I were having hallucinations or delusions, what--what would you suggest I do?"

HARBURG (very careful; hesitates for a long moment first)"...I would want to check you into a hospital for observation, Curtis."

CURTIS (furious, yelling)"NO! I will NOT go back there! I'll blow my god damned head off first!"

HARBURG (trying to calm him down)"Curtis, it wouldn't have to be Greenwood! We'll find you a private facility--"

CURTIS (screaming, totally out of control)"Shut up! Get the hell away from me!"

HARBURG (talking calmly into pocket tape recorder)"Patient Curtis Craig has just experienced a psychotic episode, marked by severe paranoia, irrational anger..."

CURTIS (sad, distant)"I feel like there's a snowstorm in my head sometimes. White noise. It's--bending the way I think."

HARBURG (gently)"Everyone gets depressed and confused sometimes, Curtis."

CURTIS (cold, angry)"Don't patronize me. This goes way beyond simple depression. Somebody--some THING is messing with my head."

CURTIS (sad, bitter)"Y'know, sometimes I wish my mom had brained me with that snowstorm.

Then I wouldn't have had to live through the snake pit. I wouldn't have to live through what's going

on now."

HARBURG (compassionate and a little frustrated)"Curtis, what IS going on now? Please! It's not going to get any better if you won't talk about it."

CURTIS (agitated, sounds a little crazy)"I want to tell you, Doc. I really do. But I can't. I can't tell anyone until I understand it myself."

BORDERLINE

CURTIS (smart-assed)"Hi there! You're looking sunny as ever."

CURTIS (drunk and irritated)"Look, Therese went in there and told me to follow her."

PIT GUARD (not amused)"I seriously doubt it, whitebread."

CURTIS (drunk and irritated)"Let me in! Therese gave me this!"

BOUNCER (tacit)"Not good enough. You need a special invitation to get in there."

PIT GUARD (firm)"Hold it, big time. You don't belong in there."

PIT GUARD (nastily amused)"All right, go ahead. Hope you survive the night, little man."

WOMAN (lewd and condescending)"Therese is gonna eat you alive, poptart. Come see me later, honey, if there's anything left of you by then."

CURTIS (a little shy)"Hi, Therese."

THERESE (smiling)"What are you doing all the way over there, Curtis? Get closer."

THERESE (sexy smile)"How's your belly button?"

CURTIS (a little embarrassed)"Okay, I guess."

THERESE (sly, sexy)"Did you know that pulling on a navel ring is sexually stimulating, Curtis? The sensation goes straight to your spinal cord."

CURTIS (embarrassed)"Uh, what are we going to do tonight, Therese?"

THERESE (sexy, suggestive)"You'll see."

CURTIS (nervous)"Come on, Therese, tell me what we're doing."

THERESE (low and sexy)"I'm not going to tell you, Curtis. I'm going to show you. Drink up. You're going to need it."

THERESE (purring)"Good boy. Now follow me, good boy."

CURTIS: Therese?

THERESE: Yeah, later...

THERESE (irritated, muttering)"Shit."

THERESE (interested, mischievous)"Who's there?" Hello? Helloooo... Come on... Who's there?

DISK 5

INTRODUCTION

DET POWELL (muffled, yelling outside the door in the other room)"Craig! Open this god damn door right now!"

CURTIS (sarcastic)"Good morning, detective."

DET POWELL(angry, accusing)"Where were you? Where the hell were you last night?"

CURTIS (irritated, almost belligerent)"I was with Therese. At Borderline. Then I came home. Wanna ask my rat for an alibi?"

DET POWELL(cold, accusing)"I know you were at Borderline, Craig. At least twenty people saw you there with Therese. Not an hour before she was murdered in the bathroom."

CURTIS' HOME

CURTIS (numb, looking sick)"What...what happened to her?"

DET POWELL (cold)"Oh, I think you know."

CURTIS (suddenly angry)"God damn it! I didn't kill her!"

DET POWELL (accusing, cold)"I think you did, asshole. It's just a matter of time before you're arrested. I just hope to God it happens before you slaughter someone else."

CURTIS (trembling with rage)"I--I liked Therese. I wouldn't have hurt her. Not ever."

DET POWELL (sarcastic)"Is that right. You two had a strange way of showing your affection."

CURTIS (trying to be calm)"Detective--please. I need to know what happened to Therese."

DET POWELL (cold, watching for his reaction)"A lot happened to Miss Banning, actually. I guess the short version would be that somebody strung her up and fried her in her very own blood."

CURTIS (whispering, icy rage)"I'll get him. I swear. Whoever did this...I'll get him."

DET POWELL (sarcastic)"I'm sure the good people of the city will rest easier knowing that."

CURTIS (angry, manic)"Why in the hell aren't you following Paul Warner around instead of me? He's behind all this. He'd kill me to protect that--that Threshold project. Whatever it is."

DET POWELL (sarcastic)"Gosh, I'd better go arrest him right away! And just for the record, who gave you this information? Space aliens?"

CURTIS (angry, yelling)"Get out! Get the hell out!"

DET POWELL (angry, yelling back)"Fine! But I'll be back, you son of a bitch! I'll be back to nail your ass to the wall!"

DET POWELL(angry, accusing)"Look, you god damned psycho, I'd arrest you now if I could. I'm gonna get you, one way or another. You can be sure of it."

DET POWELL (irritated)"What the hell are you looking at?"

CURTIS (worried, distracted)"I think my rat got loose."

DET POWELL (grossed out)"You'd better find it before I do..."

CURTIS (embarrassed, talking to Blob)"How'd you get out? How'd you do that?"

CURTIS (talking softly to Blob)"You'd never guess what I thought I saw, Blob. For a second there, I thought you were a Jurassic Rat!"

CURTIS (whispering to Blob)"I love you, Blob. No matter what, I'll make sure that someone takes good care of you."

THERESE(tortured scream)"Nooooooooo!"

TRISHA (cheerful)"Dr. Rikki Harburg's office. How may I help you?"

CURTIS (very upset, sounds crazy)"I--I have to speak to Dr. Harburg. I'm having problems--I need--I--"

TRISHA (a little shaken)"Um, yes sir. I'll get her right away. Please hold."

HARBURG (worried)"This is Dr. Harburg."

CURTIS (agitated, upset, freaking out)"It's Curtis--I have to see you. Therese--she was murdered. I--oh God, don't call Dr. Marek. He's in on it. They're all in on it. I have to see you I have to see you now!"

HARBURG (soothing)"It'll be all right, Curtis. Come on over. Okay?"

CURTIS (calming down a little)"Yeah...yeah, okay."

TRISHA (chirpy)"What can I do for you, Dr. Rikki?"

HARBURG (worried)"Trisha, could you alert security for me? One of my patients is on his way, and I think he's in the middle of a psychotic episode. Don't have him intercepted--just ask security to be ready if I call, okay?"

TRISHA (chirpy)"Will do, Doc!"

HARBURG (angry, shouting)"Shit! Marek! You spying son of a bitch!"

HARBURG (sorrowful but angry)"Oh, Curtis. You were right."

HECATOMB (terrible, roaring scream)"He's MINE!"

CURTIS (worried, agitated)"Doc?"

CURTIS (very worried)"Hello? Dr. Harburg?"

HARBURG

CURTIS (very worried)"Doc? Are you--"

CURTIS (miserable moan)"Oh no. Oh no."

SECURITY (flustered, upset)"HEY!"

HECATOMB (velvety, evil)"Beautiful work, Curtis. Just spectacular. The good doctor is truly your masterpiece."

CURTIS (sobbing)"I didn't do it! I couldn't have! I wasn't even here!"

HECATOMB (intimate, evil)"You didn't use your hands, Curtis. You don't have to. You used your mind. Your diseased, twisted, murderous mind."

CURTIS (hysterical, screaming)"Get it! Get that--thing!"

SECURITY (hyped up, scared)"Oh boy."

SECURITY (sick, horrified)"Jesus! Doc!"

WYNTECH

CURTIS (terrified, angry)"What do you want from me?"

HECATOMB (velvety, evil)"I only want you to be happy, Curtis. You've nearly lost your mind, haven't you. You'd be so much more at ease if you'd only give up the battle. You'll be well taken care of in the asylum."

CURTIS (angry, screaming)"Get away from me!"

CURTIS (frightened, angry, shouting)"Who are you?"

HECATOMB (velvety, evil, sexual)"Don't you recognize me, Curtis? I'm just a part of your own twisted mind. If you'll just give in to me, let me take over, you'll be soooo much happier. It won't hurt...much."

CURTIS (terrified, angry, screaming)"NO!"

CURTIS (relieved)"Trev, you scared the crap out of me! I thought--"

TREVOR (serious, intense)"Curtis, listen. I've been delving deep into the company network--leave it alone, man. It's--it's bad."

CURTIS (determined)"Trev, I can't let it go. I have to--"

TREVOR (urgent, intense)"You don't get it, Curtis! I gave myself top clearance! I saw! They've been synthesizing illegal drugs. Curtis, they've killed before."

CURTIS (stunned)"Oh my god."

TREVOR (determined)"I'm--I'm going to the cops. No job is worth this. But Curtis, I want you to stay out of it. I don't want you to get hurt."

TREVOR (awkward but sincere)"Curtis, you know I love you..."

CURTIS (screaming in anguish)"NOOOOO! Not Trevor! No, you son of a bitch!"

HECATOMB (nasty and mocking)"Don't cry, Curtis. You'll see him again. With his collar starched, and wax in his nose, and his jaws wired shut..."

CURTIS (miserable, heartbroken)"Oh God. I am so sorry."

JONAS CRAIG (shouting)"You have to stop this, or I will!"

PA WARNER (murderous)"I'll kill you, you son of a bitch!"-

THRESHOLD

MAREK (nasty, condescending)"Come along, Curtis. We've kept your room just as you left it."

ALIEN (extremely processed and flat electronic voice)"Hello Paul Warner. We have not. Been successful. In attempts to synthesize compound requested. Small living materials were useful. Larger ones are better. More please."

PA WARNER (edgy, nervous)"Don't move, Curtis. I'll blow your brains out." How I wish it wouldn't have come to this...

CURTIS (angry)"What the hell was I just talking to, Paul?"

PA WARNER (nervous but sarcastic)"Creatures from dimension X, of course."

CURTIS (getting angrier by the moment)"You killed my father, didn't you."

PA WARNER (nasty laugh)"He became a liability. Not everyone is strong enough to handle the sacrifice of human subjects for research."

CURTIS (shaking with rage)"You vile bastard." Son of a bitch.

PA WARNER (baiting Curtis)"You know, it's a good thing your dear old dad never knew he didn't really get his little boy back. He'd have lost his nerve much sooner."

CURTIS (furious)"What are you talking about?"

PA WARNER (smug, nasty)"Don't you remember?"

PA WARNER (smug, nasty)"I threw poor little Curtis in there, but he never came out. You did. You're a replica. You're some kind of imitation human that those things on the other side put together out of slime and dead rats and a little bit of Curtis' brain tissue. Oh, I told you father it was you, that there'd been a terrible accident. He believed me, because he wanted to."

CURTIS (horrified)"No..."

PA WARNER (gloating, really rubbing it in)"Yes, I'm afraid so. You started remembering a year ago. That's why we put you in the hospital. To observe you. I should say, to observe you more closely. You see, we've been watching you like a bug in a jar ever since those things spit you out of the Threshold."

CURTIS (freaking out)"WHERE AM I? WHERE IS HE?"

HECATOMB (gloating, mocking)"Do allow me to introduce myself. Curtis Craig, at your service."

CURTIS (enraged, crazed)"NO!"

CURTIS (overloading, freaking out)"That--that can't be."

HECATOMB (nasty, bitter)"You are a slow glob of protoplasm. What you see now is an electrical projection, a manifestation of my hatred for you. My body--my human body--is in there. It is a twisted, wretched mass, kept alive by the cannibalized body parts of corpses. Those...amorphous things just go about their life all around me...combining, recombining, playing with the monstrous things that Warner gives them. They never. Even. Touch me!

CURTIS (upset, confused)"I'm--I'm sorry..."

HECATOMB (getting angrier as it speaks)"Are you? Are you sorry that my body is a sickening aberration? Are you sorry that I haven't slept for twenty years? I've been awake, Curtis, watching you. Building my powers. so that I could smash you, destroy you, take your life the way you took MINE!"

CURTIS (upset, overwhelmed)"It wasn't my fault, I--I didn't do it to you. I was a victim too."

HECATOMB (nasty, mocking)"Poor baby. Your pain will stop very soon. Once your mind breaks, your body will be mine. I almost got you, you know, when you were in the asylum. Almost."

CURTIS (starting to cringe, nerve breaking)"No...don't..."

HECATOMB (nasty, triumphant)"It's time to go now, Curtis. Say goodbye to your sanity."

DIMENSION X / CURTIS' MIND

HECATOMB (anguished, enraged)"DON'T LOOK AT ME!"

HECATOMB (venomous)"Go rot in your own festering brain!"

MAREK (evil, mock-kindly)"Now then! Let's just find out what little mutant boys are made of."

CURTIS (terrified)"Let me go! I haven't done anything wrong!"

MAREK (cold, contemptuous)"Your very existence is an abomination."

MAREK (gloating, contemptuous)"You've been a bad boy, Curtis. You'll have to be punished."

JOCILYN (intimate, intense)"I love you, Curtis. Even though you've been cheating with Therese, I love you."

CURTIS (thunderstruck)"Joss--I--I--"

JOCILYN (warm but a little crazy)"I love you too much to ever let you go."

JOCILYN (affectionate but crazy)"I love you, baby."

TREVOR (voice harsh and gravelly)"I was wondering when you planned to drag your lazy ass in here."

CURTIS (frightened, confused, a little hopeful)"...Trev...?"

TREVOR suddenly threatening)"Curtis...I've decided to take you up on that kisssss..."

BOB (threatening, dead mushy voice)"Pray for death, freak-boy!"

CURTIS (terrified)"Please! Trevor, please don't!"

TREVOR (threatening, lascivious)"But Curtis, I only want a kiss!"

CURTIS (terrified)"Get away from me!"

BOB (gloating, vicious)"Come a little closer, ratboy. There's something in your eye."

CURTIS (terrified)"It wasn't my fault, Tom! It wasn't my fault!"

THERESE (outrageously lascivious)"That was hot, baby. Really, really hot!"

THERESE (snarling, Hector-like voice)"Your heart belongs to me, Curtis. It always HAS!"

MARIANNE CRAIG (sweet, smiling)"Curtis? Come here, Curtis, sweetheart. Come here."

MARIANNE CRAIG (sweet, smiling, but with a crazy edge in her voice)"Come here, Curtis, sweetheart. I have something for you."

MARIANNE CRAIG (shrieking, violent)"I said come HERE!"

YOUNG CURTIS (innocent whisper)"I love you, mama."

WOMAN (gossiping)"Can you believe a big-time exec like Paul Warner killed all those people?"

MAX (chatty)"Sure I can. Suits are evil, y'know?"

WOMAN (relishing it)"Where do you suppose he is now?"

MAX (amused)"In Panama, munching liver and fava beans."

JOCILYN (talking excitedly)"...You're gonna love the bikini I got. It is so tiny! I swear, it's this big! Oh, and I picked up some really strong sunblock, Curtis. I know how you burn. Oh, it's gonna be so great! Blue Mediterranean seas, sunwashed beaches..."

CURTIS (distracted)"Mm hmm."

JOCILYN (loving)"...You won't regret it, Curtis. I promise."

ENDGAME

JOCILYN (emotional, starting to cry)"Curtis...I know. I know...who you are. **It doesn't matter to me.** I love you. Please stay with me."

ALIEN (same flat electronic voice)"Hello Paul Warner. the doorway. Has been damaged. We believe. It has become unstable. We wish the twin. To return to us. It does not belong. On your side."

CURTIS (deeply sad)"We'll talk about it, baby. I'll...I'll do what's right."

CURTIS (suddenly cold and determined)"I'll do what's right. I promise you."

DEATH MESSAGES

HECATOMB "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

HECATOMB "Welcome to Hell, Curtis!"

HECATOMB "Say good-bye, Curtis."

HECATOMB "Time to join mommy & daddy!"

HECATOMB "See? Nightmares can come true."

HECATOMB "Face it, Curtis, you're better off this way -- and you thought it couldn't get any worse."

MAP

(muttering to himself) "It's not time for my appointment yet."

CURTIS "I'll miss my appointment with Dr. Harburg. I better wait on that."

CURTIS "What am I thinking? It's not time for my appointment."

CURTIS "I better hold off... I still have things to do."

CREATURES FROM DIMENSION X

Greetings PA Warner. We regret that we have been unable to synthesize the chemical compound requested.

What is the status of the Twin, PA Warner?

Greetings, PA Warner. When are we to receive live raw materials? Our artists, our holy ones, our scientists await.

We do not understand your meaning. We suspect we are "irritated." Enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

Enter and speak, PA Warner. We wish to discuss the meaning of "sacrifice."

You are being redundant, PA Warner. Are you being absorbed? We must have live materials to complete the synthesis. Enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

How you acquire live materials is entirely up to you, PA Warner. We have no influence over that decision. Please expedite the delivery of live materials. We suspect we are "impatient."

Synthesis can possibly be completed if we are provided with the following materials:

Alprazolam
Amitriptyline
Chlordiazepoxide
Fluconazole
Hydrocodone
Lithium
Oxybutynin
Simvastatin

Trifluoperazine
Venlafaxime
Two live adult human creatures

We do not know how to keep human creatures from the chemical process "death" without artificial life support. The Living Icon could not withstand our natural processes without artificial life support.

You are being redundant, PA Warner. Are you being absorbed? If you give us materials, we will attempt to synthesize the compound you request. That is beneficial to both of us. Enter Threshold transport and commence communication. We wish to discuss the synthesis in further detail.

We are disturbed to learn that the Twin no longer lives, PA Warner. Please enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

It is a fact. We have been unable to synthesize.

We do not understand, PA Warner. Does the Twin live or not?

You must finish what you started, PA Warner. It was you who came to us. Provide us with what we need, and we will provide you with what you want.

We do not understand your refusal. We suspect we are "angry." Enter Threshold transport and commence communication, PA Warner.

We suspect we are "angry," PA Warner. Enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

We do not understand your refusal. We suspect you are "angry." Enter Threshold transport and commence communication, PA Warner.

We do not understand your meaning, PA Warner. Is there a way for human creatures to withstand recombination and absorption?

Are you deliberately trying to confuse us, PA Warner? We suspect we are "angry." Enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

It is unfortunate that live materials must undergo the chemical process "death" when they are sent to us. The Living Icon is "special" because it survived. It is the first being to teach us the meaning of "unique." Before the Living Icon, we were One. Now we are One plus the Living Icon.

Immediately, PA Warner. The Living Icon must have live materials for survival. We must have live materials for our experiments. Do not deny us.

We will perhaps be able to complete the synthesis soon, if we are provided with the materials we need. Please provide for us:

Alprazolam
Amitriptyline
Chlordiazepoxide
Fluconazole
Hydrocodone
Lithium
Oxybutynin
Simvastatin
Trifluoperazine
Venlafaxime
Two live adult human creatures

We require living materials immediately. Our experiments have reached a critical stage. If you want what you have requested of us, provide us with what we need. The Living Icon cannot survive without live materials. We suspect we are "impatient."

You are being redundant, PA Warner. Are you attempting to confuse us? We suspect we are "angry." Enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

We will perhaps be able to complete the synthesis soon, if we are provided with the materials we need. Please provide for us:

Alprazolam
Amitriptyline
Chlordiazepoxide
Fluconazole
Hocrocodone
Lithium
Oxybutynin
Simvastatin
Trifluoperazine
Venlafaxime
Two live adult human creatures

Human creatures never withstand our natural processes, with the exception of the Living Icon. We do not understand your meaning. Enter Threshold transport and commence communication. We do not understand your meaning. Please enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

Our races are too different to be compatible, PA Warner. We should think you would know that by now. Question: What is the meaning of "murder?" We have been unable to complete synthesis because we lack the proper materials. Please provide for us:

Alprazolam
Amitriptyline
Chlordiazepoxide
Fluconazole
Hydrocodone
Lithium
Oxybutynin
Simvastatin
Trifluoperazine
Venlafaxime
Two live adult human creatures

We are concerned with the welfare of the Twin. It is part of us. We are part of it. Question: Define "addiction."

It is important to both you and us. We will not let you end it until it is finished, PA Warner. The Living Icon cannot survive without your support.

We have been unable to complete synthesis because we lack the proper materials. Please provide for us:

Alprazolam
Amitriptyline
Chlordiazepoxide
Fluconazole
Hydrocodone
Lithium
Oxybutynin
Simvastatin
Trifluoperazine
Venlafaxime
Two live adult human creatures

We ask about the Twin because we are concerned about the Twin. It is part of us. We are part of it.

Does the Twin live?

We must have live materials to maintain the Living Icon. The Living Icon must survive if we are to finish our experiments. Our experiments must be finished if we are to complete the synthesis you requested. Send live human creatures immediately.

Why are you behaving so, PA Warner? You know that the Living Icon is crucial to our experiments. You know that our experiments are crucial to your synthesis. Are you conducting an experiment upon us? We suspect we are "angry."

We do not understand your meaning. Enter Threshold transport and commence communication. Our races are too different to be compatible, PA Warner. We should think you would understand this by now. Question: What is the meaning of "murder?"

We do not understand your meaning. Please enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

You are being redundant, PA Warner. Are you being absorbed? We must have live materials to complete the synthesis. Enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

You are making no sense, PA Warner. Are you being absorbed? Please enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

We have been unable to complete synthesis because we lack the proper materials. Please provide for us:

Alprazolam
Amitriptyline
Fluconazole
Hydrocodone
Lithium
Oxybutynin
Simvastatin
Trifluoperazine
Venlafaximine
Two live adult human creatures

We must understand the concept of "addiction" if we are to achieve the requested effect of the synthesis, PA Warner. Question: Define addiction.

Cohesive organisms such as human creatures are not designed for recombination and absorption. We should think you would know that by now, PA Warner.

You are being redundant, PA Warner. Are you being absorbed? If you give us materials, we will attempt to synthesize the compound you request. This is beneficial to both of us. Enter Threshold transport and commence communication. We wish to discuss the synthesis in further detail.

You are being redundant, PA Warner. Are you being absorbed? If you give us materials, we will attempt to synthesize the compound you request. That is beneficial to both of us. Enter Threshold transport and commence communication. We wish to discuss the synthesis in further detail.

We ask because we regret process "death" which happens to all living materials given to us. We have learned "regret" from the Living Icon.

We do not understand your meaning, PA Warner.

If you are communicating that the twin lives, PA Warner, we rejoice to hear it. Question: Define "addiction."

We are pleased that more materials will be provided. Live materials do not last long. Human creatures do not withstand recombination or absorption.

We do not understand your meaning. Enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

We do not understand your meaning, PA Warner. Is there a way for human creatures to withstand recombination and absorption? Enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

We do not understand your meaning, PA Warner.

We rejoice to hear that the Twin lives, PA Warner. Question: Define "addiction."

We are pleased. We await the live materials. We believe that the relationship between our race and yours can be very beneficial.

We do not understand your meaning. Enter Threshold transport and commence communication. Are you saying that conditions can be created to allow for the survival of human creatures? We would know these conditions. Enter Threshold transport and commence communication, PA Warner.

We do not understand your meaning. Enter Threshold transport and commence communication. We rejoice to hear that the Twin lives, PA Warner. Question: Define "addiction."

We are pleased. We await the live materials. We believe that the relationship between our race and yours can be very beneficial.

We do not understand your meaning. Is there a way for human creatures to recombine without the occurrence of "death?" Enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

We do not understand your meaning. Please enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

We do not understand your meaning, PA Warner. Is there a way for human creatures to withstand recombination and absorption?

Enter Threshold transport and commence communication, PA Warner. We wish to discuss the synthesis you have requested in further detail.

Tell us more, PA Warner. Enter Threshold transport and commence communication.

E-MAILS

Desecration

Infection

Revelation

Introduction

p. 2. What is a code?

P. 5. The Rosetta Stone

p. 17. Cuneiform

p. 31. Celtuc Runes

p. 45. Indian Petroglyphs

p. 56. Navajo Code Talkers

p. 70. How to Write your Own Codes

A Child's Introduction to Secret Codes

by

Leslie P. Larch

Blob

ArnoldB.doc

CraigC.doc

RowanJ.doc

WarnerP.doc

BanningT.doc
RavellT.doc
BarnesT.doc

Employee Information
Birthdate: 12/26/60

Birthdate: 4/7/69

Employee Information

Arnold, Bob
Technical Writer
Extension 6114

Banning, Therese
Public Relations
Extension 3038

Barnes, Trevor
Systems Programmer
Extension 6125

Craig, Curtis
Technical Writer
Extension 6100

Ravell, Tom
Unit Supervisor
Extension 6120

Rowan, Jocilyn
Purchasing
Extension 6992

Warner, Paul Allen
Vice President of Research and Development
Extension 6996

Employee Information
Birthdate: 3/20/71

Employee Information
Birthdate: 10/31/64

Employee Information
Birthdate: 9/2/58

Employee Information
Birthdate: 2/14/69

Warner, P. A. / VP Research & Development

* Confidential File *

Archive/
BobA/
CurtisC/
Employees/
Memos/
PaulW/
ThereseB/

Foreign Documentation on Product Venimen
(Canada, Albania, Mexico)

Compiled and Reconstructed by

Bob Arnold

Venimen.doc
Full U.S. Research Reports: Venimen's Tincture

Compiled and Updated by

Therese Banning

Dr. D. Bunkowski's November Press Release
in Regards to
Traguset 12 Birth Defect Scare

CONFIDENTIAL!

Do not check out without express permission from Therese
Banning

Canadian Research Reports: Venimen Update

Compiled and Updated by

Therese Banning

Tincture.doc
Traguset12.doc
Venimen.doc
Foreign Documentation on Product Venimen
Canada, Albania, Mexico

+Documentation for Product Venimen, Yet Unnamed

by

Curtis Craig

Draft 3

Venimen_Sagawa/

Documentation for Product Venimen, Yet Unnamed

1. Definition

The chemical compound known as Venimen's Tincture, as yet unnamed for public consumption, is currently under review for appraisal by the FDA. Used for years in Mexico and Canada, Venimen's Tincture will be marketed by Sagawa Inc. in partnership with WynTech Industries for the coming cold and flu season and should it be approved in a timely fashion. The properties of Venimen's Tincture are as follows:

*Anti-Inflammatory

In tests conducted on volunteer arthritis patients, V.T. caused a marked decrease in swelling and pain. It was also suspected to cause heart palpitations in three out of four test subjects. It is believed that this side effect will allow the product to be marketed as a "Non-drowsy" formula.

*Antihistamine

Test markets reported a complete lack of nasal blockage following ingestion of V.T. However, there were an alarming number of nosebleeds also reported. R&D recommends that a coagulant be added to the V.T. formula.

*Pain Reliever

The test group for this aspect of the drug, consisting of ex-college football players with serious knee injuries, all reported substantial relief from their chronic pain. One eighth of all the test subjects also reported a metallic taste in the mouth and a buzzing in the ears. One tenth reported mild hallucinations involving insects. These symptoms are considered negligible.

*Cough Suppressant

Tuberculosis patients at the Douglas Clark Sanitarium reported long periods of relief from coughing after taking large doses of V.T. A small percentage of the patients also reported nickel-sized purple lesions which appeared on their midsections and lower backs, but these lesions are thought to be unrelated to V.T. According to WynTech's Research department, they were most likely caused by the Sanitarium's decision to change laundry detergents. The lesions have since healed in all but three cases.

Product Venimen (Sagawa), Yet Unnamed Draft 3

Author: Curtis Craig

File: Archives, Old (1960-1965)

Department: Research

Subject: Project Threshold

CLASSIFIED! CLASSIFIED!

CLASSIFIED! CLASSIFIED! CLASSIFIED!

In this, the exciting early days of the Threshold project, we are delighted to report a marked stability in the Threshold pulse. Using the latest in surge suppression technology, we have been able to control

(Document Incomplete; Searching for Remainder)

Threshold.doc

Project Threshold (1960-1965)

CLASSIFIED! CLASSIFIED!

Patient Instruction Sheet for Alotharia 9

by

Curtis Craig

Draft 1

Alotharia9.doc

Patient Instruction Sheet for Product Alotharia 9

Introduction:

Congratulations! You have wisely chosen to take Alotharia 9 for your high cholesterol problem. You will most certainly see an improvement within one to two months, provided you follow the enclosed diet and exercise program as well as taking your medication.

Indications:

For temporary relief from high levels of LDL cholesterol, which is known to cause heart disease.

Instructions:

Take one (1) tablet twice a day, preferably with breakfast and dinner. If high cholesterol persists beyond three months after starting the Alotharia 9 program, see your physician.

NOT RECOMMENDED FOR CHILDREN, PREGNANT WOMEN, THE ELDERLY, OR THE MENTALLY UNSTABLE.

Warnings:

Do not exceed recommended dosage because at higher levels dizziness, nervousness, paranoia, sleeplessness, and rectal bleeding may occur. Do not take this product if you have diabetes, diarrhea, diverticulitis, dementia, high blood pressure, low blood pressure, thyroid disease, syphilis, ebola, lethal midline granuloma, or difficulty in urination due to enlargement of the prostate gland.

Interaction Prevention:

Do not take this drug if you are currently taking aspirin, birth control pills, antihistamines, antidepressants, anti-seizure medications, or thorazine. If you are unsure whether your prescription drug will interact with Alotharia 9, contact your physician or the Atlanta Center for Disease Control. Do not take this product for chronic or persistent high cholesterol problems, such as those caused by a sedentary lifestyle and a diet high in fats and sugars. May cause excitability and destructive behavior, especially in children and the homicidally inclined. Do not take this product, unless directed by a doctor, if you have homicidal tendencies, delusions of grandeur, paranoid schizophrenia, or uncontrolled or irrational fits of rage.

May cause drowsiness and chronic exhaustion; use of alcohol, sedatives, or tranquilizers will increase the effect. Avoid fruit-flavored alcoholic beverages while taking this product. Use caution when driving a motor vehicle or operating heavy equipment such as an industrial metal press or a steam sheet folder. Do not take this product for more than four years. Persistent high cholesterol may be a sign of a seriously misguided lifestyle. If high cholesterol persists for more than a month, tends to recur, or is accompanied by migraines, high blood pressure, or a fever of more than 105 degrees, consult a physician. If new symptoms occur, such as muscle cramping, blindness, kwashiorkor, hydrophobia, or porphyria, consult a physician promptly. **KEEP THIS AND ALL DRUGS OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN, HOUSEHOLD PETS, AND THE MENTALLY INCOMPETENT.**

In case of accidental overdose, seek professional assistance and consult a poison control center immediately. Prompt medical attention in case of overdose is critical, even if you do not notice any symptoms. As with any drug, if you are pregnant or nursing a baby, seek the advice of a health professional before using this product.

Patient Instruction Sheet for Alotharia 9

Draft 1

U.S. Research Reports: Venimen's Tincture

Dr. D. Bunkowski's November Press Release

Canadian Research Reports: Venimen Update

Complete U.S. Research Reports

Birth Defect Scare : CONFIDENTIAL!

Venimen Update : NOT for General Disclosure

*Jack Kerouak's Cheeseburger

Hey, man, it's a large all-beef or veggie burger patty, amber waves of cheddar, chilled lettuce, crimson passionate tomatoes, ever-circular onions, and a crossroad of crispy bacon.

*Mary Shelley's Frankensalad

Put together from a little of everything. Living lettuce, fresh chopped tomatoes, recently unearthed water chestnuts, pine (box) nuts, shuddering spinach and pale, languid mushrooms, all stitched together with fine threads of blueberry vinagarett dressing.

*Lord Byron's BLT

It's a damn fine BLT; crunch bacon, crisp lettuce and fresh tomatoes on toasted rye. Very basic and blue-collar. Okay, Lord Byron never would have eaten it.

*Phillip K. Dick's Quesadilla

Seemingly unrelated bits of tomato, mushroom, green onion, jalapeno chilis and red peppers in a seething bed of cheese, wrapped up in a logical yet mysterious and somehow incomprehensible flour tortilla.

*William Burroughs' Naked Breakfast

Two existential eggs fixed any way you want, crunchy hashbrowns, surreal sausage links, and thick slices of homebaked whole wheat toast. Bug powder available upon request.

*Emily Bronte's Extra-Thick Chocolate Malt

Thick as the fog on the English moors, mixed with pure malt sugar, it's guaranteed to put color in even the most pale and languorous of faces.

*Sheridan LeFanu's Green Tea Ice Cream

Delicious! All the taste of green tea in a creamy dessert, with absolutely no risk of plugging your anima. Guaranteed monkey-free.

*Coffee

*Tea

(Herbal, Green, or Black)

*Beers

(Foreign and Domestic; ask your waitperson)

*Wines
(Reds, Whites, and that weird Pink Stuff)

To:

All Employees
From:
Curtis Craig
Re:
Me

Hello everyone,

I just wanted to let you know that I'm a murderer. I killed my mother. I made her do it. She hung herself because I'm such a freak. Because I'm such a MONSTER. You should have seen her, with her eyes bulging out of her face like rotting cherries and her tongue all black and purple and fat and piss dripping down her leg onto the rug you remember Curtis don't you remember YOU REMEMBER YOU REMEMBER YOU LITTLE FREAK!!!

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
Jonas Craig
Re:
Your Career

Hello son,

You've turned into quite a fine young man, haven't you. You've done better than I ever thought you could, considering that you should have died in your mother's womb and saved us all a lot of pain. I think it's time for you to follow in my footsteps. To get you ready for your promotion, you'll be attending a charming little academy in Poland. I'm sure you'll have fun there. I know I did. Don't forget to pack your Vapor Rub. The smell gets pretty overpowering sometimes <g>! Pack your bags. I'll be over to pick you up tonight.

At midnight.

P.S. You might not recognize me at first. I've lost a lot of flesh. Look for the guy with the necklace of eyeballs and teeth.

Dad

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
Hell
Re:
Career Opportunities

Dear Mr. Craig,

We've been following your career for quite some time now, and we've decided to make you an offer. We know that you're currently employed as a copywriter, but we feel that you have endless natural talent in the field of murder. We believe that with a little practice, you could become the world's next Ted Bundy, Jeffrey Dahmer... who knows, even a Hitler or a Stalin! Please send us a copy of your resume along with a dismembered human body, and a quart of goat's blood.

We are all looking forward to working with you.

Asmodeus, Asteroth, Beliel and Scratch, Inc.

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
A Fantasy
Re:
Dreams

I've started dreaming about you. We're making love in a cabin, with a howling windstorm outside. The cabin starts to rip apart, but we don't care, we don't stop. We're sweating, groaning, screaming, when the wind picks us up and spins us around and around...I wake up panting, on fire for you.

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
Jocilyn Rowan
Re: Hi Baby

Hi baby. I just wanted to let you know I'm thinking about you.
Have a good morning. I love you.

Joss

To:

All Employees
From:
Andrei C. in Legal
Re:
We won!

If you haven't heard the good news yet, WynTech won the lawsuit brought against us by Mrs. Fionnula Jeter regarding our Slimoril diet aid. We successfully proved in a court of law that;

1. Slimoril did not cause Mrs. Jeter's liver to shut down--that was caused by excessive consumption of mouthwash;
2. Slimoril did not cause Mrs. Jeter to go blind--that was caused by reading in front of a color TV;
3. Mrs. Jeter's hair was blue before she even began taking the product.

Congratulations to the WynTech law team for once again vindicating a perfectly harmless product. To celebrate our victory, Slimoril will be available in the

company store for half price all this week.

To:

All Third Floor Employees
From:
PA Warner
Re:
Restricted Areas

I have heard a lot of speculation and rumors about the nature of the areas restricted to third floor employees. I would like to emphasize that these areas are restricted for your safety, and the safety of our consumers. The clean rooms in the basement level must be kept free of particles and contamination so that our products are safe and reliable. The labs on the fourth floor are off limits due to the toxic and volatile nature of some of the chemicals involved in the creation of pharmaceuticals.

Let's all work together with the WynTech team and respect the other departments! Remember, no one is trying to keep you out. We want to keep you all in! In the WynTech family, that is.

P.A. Warner

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
Trevor Barnes
Re:
Happy Monday!

So these two leprechauns knock on the door of a church one day. The priest answers the door and says "Can I help you lads?" One leprechaun steps forward. His friend just sort of hangs back, looking worried. The first leprechaun says "Father, are there any leprechaun nuns in this church?" And the priest says, "No, my son, there aren't." So the leprechaun says "Father, are there any leprechaun nuns in this county?" And the priest says "No, my son, I'm afraid not." So the leprechaun says "Father, are there any leprechaun nuns in all of Ireland?" And the priest says "No my boy, there are not." So the leprechaun asks "Father, are there any leprechaun nuns anywhere in the whole world?" And the priest says "No my friend. Not one." The first leprechaun starts laughing wildly, and jabbing his friend in the ribs. "Ha ha ha!" he roared. "I told ya you boinked a penguin!"

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
Trevor Barnes
Re:
Fluffy Bunnies

So this guy has a pair of bunnies, and the bunnies are really old. One day he wakes up and both the bunnies have died. He's really sad, and he can't stand the thought of never seeing them again, so he puts them in a silk-lined box and takes them down to the local taxidermy shop. He sets the box on the counter and says to the taxidermy guy: "These were my beloved pet bunnies. I want to keep them forever." The taxidermy guy says "Okay. Do you

want them mounted?" "No," says the guy, after a moment of consideration. "Just holding hands."

So, how are you today, Curt, old bunnymeister?

To:

Curtis Craig
CC:
Tom Ravell
From:
Bob Arnold
Re:
Oops!

Hey Curtis,
I just wanted to let you know that you checked the Toole documents into the wrong directory. I had a deadline and couldn't find them anywhere. I finally found them in the New Products directory, when they should have been in New Clients, of course. Not a big deal--no permanent damage was done this time. Just wake up and pay a little more attention, my friend!

Bob

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
Jocilyn Rowan
Re:
Hang in there

Hey, love. I know you're having a tough day. It'll all work out, don't you worry. I'll give you a nice, deep backrub tonight and make you forget all about it.

Love,
Joss

To:

All Employees
From:
Joe Kallinger in PR
Re:
Animal Testing

Due to pressure from various animal rights groups, WynTech will officially end all animal testing on the first of next month. Sadly, this will result in our having to let several employees go. There will be a farewell party for Dr. Fritz "Rhesus" Haarmann in the fourth floor conference room next Friday at noon.

To:

All Employeess
From:
C. Starkweather in Finance
Re:
Charity Contributions

We are proud to announce that WynTech will now be giving one quarter of one cent for every thousand dollars net profit made on the drug Urethroset to the International Save the Gum Slug Foundation. When we discovered that our harvesting of the South American Yellow Gum Tree was destroying the little gastropods' homes, we did the only honorable thing we could. The slugs will be safely relocated to the Black Gum forests of Australia, which I'm sure they will find very similar to their old home.

To:

All Employees
From:
Des Nilsen in Sales
Re:
Sales This Month

Good news all! Sales of our new anti-inflammatory Furo 616 have reached a record-breaking high. Under its commercial name of Swell-Eze, this product is our best seller since Itch-Owt. Congratulations, everybody! In addition, sales of our new anti-depressant HHJJ 13 are climbing steadily, despite the lawsuits. Andrei C. in Marketing assures me that the litigants don't have a leg to stand on. Good job, everyone!

To:

All Employees
From:
Aileen W at HR
Re:
Building Renovations

Hi everybody,

As you all know, the WynTech building just celebrated its fiftieth birthday. Our grand old girl is in good shape, but it turns out she needs a little facelift. The rear entrances will all be closed for the next three weeks so that we can repaint, re-tile, and generally spiff up that whole area. Sorry for the inconvenience, but it'll be worth it in the long run when we have a building that puts the rest of the warehouse district to shame!

Thank you
Aileen

To:

All Employees
From:
Aileen W at HR
Re:
WynTech's 30th Birthday

Hi everybody,

Our company will celebrate its 30th anniversary next month! There will be a company-wide picnic held at the Gasworks park; more details to follow. On a more serious note, I'd like to put an end to a rumor I've heard circulating lately. Our building was NEVER used for biological warfare experiments by the U.S. Army. This structure, known as the

Donner building before it was purchased by WynTech, was owned by a research group called Future Physics. Their experiments were primarily in the area of electromagnetic fields. There is no truth to the rumor that there are deadly hemorrhagic fever viruses contained in the basement, and there are NO, repeat NO mutated salamanders in the water system.

Thank you,
Aileen

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
Trevor Barnes
Re:
Birds of a Feather

So this guy goes into a pet shop, and they have this parrot for sale really cheap (cheep?). He buys the parrot and takes it home. He puts it in a cage, and starts cleaning his house, because his mom is coming over that night. He's dusting a shelf next to the parrot and he says "Aren't you a pretty bird?" and the parrot says "Kiss my feathery ass." So the guy says "What did you say?" And the parrot says "You heard me, asshole!" Then the parrot just launches into this total blue streak, calling the guy every foul (fowl?) thing in the book. The guy gets mad and sticks the parrot in the closet. The parrot yells through the door, "Let me out, you shithead!" So the guy gets REALLY mad, and he puts the parrot in the freezer. He hears the parrot banging and cussing--then the room goes silent. The guy thinks, "Oh no, I didn't mean to kill him!" and he opens the freezer. There's the parrot, sitting on a bag of frozen peas with his wings folded primly. The guy holds out his finger, and the parrot steps timidly onto it. The parrot looks into the guy's face, and says sincerely, "I'm sorry for being so rude to you earlier, sir. It'll never happen again. May I ask you a question?" And the guy, who is totally astonished, says "Uh, sure." And the parrot says "So, what did the chicken do?"

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
Jocilyn Rowan
Re:
Missed You

Hi Curtis,

I kept wishing we were together last night, baby. I always feel safe when I'm with you. Did you think about me?

Joss

To:

All Employees
From:
P.A. Warner
Re:
Bob Arnold's Memorial Service

Members of the WynTech Family,

You are all invited to attend the company-sponsored memorial service for our friend and co-worker, Mr. Bob Arnold. The service will take place this Sunday at 9:00 AM at the Alfred Packer Chapel and Mortuary in Renton. The family requests donations in Mr. Arnold's memory be made to the Young Republicans Organization.

We at WynTech were all deeply saddened by the passing of Mr. Arnold. He will be missed by all.

Sincerely,

P.A. Warner

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
Therese Banning
Re:
Ooooooh...

I'm still quivering inside from last night. Aching and quivering. When I think of you, I can hardly sit still. The cold porcelain. Your hot mouth. Your sweat. Your taste. I thought you would be good, Curtis, but you were better than that. You were unbelievable. Savage and sweet...oh God, I'm sweating...

Therese

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
Trevor Barnes
Re:
Can you believe this shit?

I can't! Here we are, supposed to be working away, the day after a brutal murder! Right in our office! IN YOUR CUBE! Yeah, RIGHT! Admittedly, it was the murder of a marginally human slugboy, but hey, even he didn't deserve THAT. Every time I think about it I want to hurl for distance! Old Man Warner has hit a new low with this one, don't you think?

Trev

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
Trevor Barnes
Re:
READ THIS!

Curtis, I didn't manage to up your clearance so that you can get down into the lower levels--the WynTech central computer's security system detected me, and I had to get off of there QUICK! However, I did get the SecureCon password, so that you can raise your

clearance yourself. Do it if you have to, buddy, but please be careful. Something tells me our cheerful employers are playing hardball. The password is:

BLACKLOTUS
(Don't ask me, that was Warner's idea, not mine!)

Take care, you!

Trev

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
Therese Banning
Re:
WHY

WHY DID YOU KILL ME YOU SON OF A WHORE?

To:

Curtis Craig
From:
Marianne Craig
Re:
Family Reunion

We'll be together again soon, my love, my monster, my baby son. Soon we'll be together forever and then I can KILL YOU -- you MURDERING FREAK! I'LL RIP OUT YOUR BLACK TWISTED HEART! SOON! SOON! SOON!

Curtis Craig
From:
Curtis Craig
Re:
Health Concerns

Dear Curtis,

I really think we should check ourselves in to the hospital, right now. That nice Dr. Marek will take care of everything. We won't have to think. We won't have to feel. All we'll have to do is relax and ride the Thorazine. If we take enough, we won't even feel the scalpels. Or the shocks. He promised not to make it hurt that much. I trust him.

Don't you?

Hurry, Curtis, before we kill someone else.

Your friend,

Curtis

To:

Curtis Craig

From:

Trevor Barnes

Re:

FORGET WYNTECH AND GET OUT OF HERE NOW!

With your note in my inbox, dearest, I could sprout wings of pure joy and fly over to your cubicle. Just don't perch on my head and preen, okay?

So this little girl is walking her cute, fluffy little puppy down the street in Dublin, when a priest comes up to her and smiles. "What a lovely little girl you are!" says the priest. "What might your name be?" "Blossom," says the little girl. "Blossom!" cries the priest. "What a lovely name. How did your parents come to name you that?" "Well," says the little girl, "When my mother was pregnant with me, she was walking past a beautiful flowering tree, when a single blossom floated down and came to rest at her feet." "What a lovely story," said the priest. "And what might your little dog's name be?" "His name is Piggy," said the little girl. "Piggy!" cried the priest. "What a charmin' name. And how did you come to name him that?" "He screws pigs," said the little girl. You're sicker than I thought, Curtis. No wonder I like you.

These three animals, a lizard, a turtle, and a rabbit, all go into the fertilizer business together. Their business starts slowly, but after a while, they start getting more and more clients, and doing pretty well. They move into a cute little cottage together. One day this little old possum lady asks them if they can get some rare African gnu crap for her African violets. They drew straws, and the rabbit was chosen to go to Africa and get it. Well, this happened a long time ago, so the rabbit had to go by ship. By the time he got back, several months had passed. He loaded up this big old wagon with gnu crap, and went to his old house. He was really surprised to see it had been sold! So, he asked for the turtle and lizard in town, and everybody pointed to this huge mansion at the end of the road. The rabbit knocks on the door, and a butler answers. The rabbit tells him that he's here to see Turtle and Lizard. The butler looks down his nose at the rabbit, and says "Just a moment." So the rabbit waits, tapping his foot. After a while, the butler comes back. He says "They are busy, sir. Mr. LIZARD is down in the yard, and Mr. Tur-TELL is out by the well." So the rabbit just looks at him and says, "Well, you tell them that Mr. Rab-BIT is back with the SHIT!" I'll bet you've known that joke since the second grade, and you were just WAITING all this time to inflict it on somebody, weren't you.

A backrub sounds good...but if you really want to rub something, why don't you rub out Bob? Some Black Flag ought to do the trick. I've heard it works on the toughest cockroaches. Nah, I think I'll just use hairspray and a lighter. That way we can watch him pop.

So there's this lady who has a total asshole for a husband. I mean, nothing makes this guy happy. He bitches at her morning, noon and night, but she sticks with him, because she loves the creep. It's her husband's birthday, so she goes to a pet store, thinking a little companion might cheer him up. When she looks at the puppies and kittens, though, she gets discouraged, because she figures he'll just eat them for breakfast. She starts to leave when she spots this absolutely gorgeous little purple bird in a great big cage by the cash register. She runs up and asks the clerk, "How much for that bird?" He says, "Lady, you don't want that bird. It's a crunchbird." And she asks, "What's a crunchbird?" So he opens the door of the cage. He reaches under the counter and pulls out a pillow and sets it down. He takes a couple of steps back and says, "Crunchbird, that pillow." The crunchbird just ROCKETS out of its cage, and DEMOLISHES the pillow in a matter of seconds. I mean, there wasn't a piece of cloth or stuffing bigger than a crumb. Then the crunchbird goes demurely back into its cage. "I'll take it!" cries the lady. "My husband will love it! It's as nasty as

he is!" So the clerk sells her the crunchbird, and she takes it home. She walks in the door and calls "Honey? Happy birthday! Wait til you see what I got you!" He walks in wearing baggy boxers and a stained undershirt, cranky as usual, and says "Yeah, right. It's probably really stupid." And she says, "It's not stupid! It's a crunchbird, see?" And she opens the door so he can get a better look at it.

He just sneers, and says "Crunchbird, my ass."
Where can WE get a crunchbird, man? "Crunchbird, Warner's ass!" Yeehah!

Of course I did. You are my passion. My obsession. Once I dreamed I was you. Then I realized I look like hell in a dress. Hairy knees. I am damned; let me burn!
Sorry love, you're just not Calvin Klein material.

Aw, Therese! You made me knock my desk over backwards. No one's pitched a tent this big since the circus last came into town! I'll have to sit at my desk and think about Rush Limbaugh until it goes away!
All that lust and a sense of humor too. I knew I found the pick of the litter with you, Curtis!

Go ahead and think about it, Trev! Practice is the only way you'll be able to maintain your standing on the Olympic Projectile Puking Team. Go ahead, make me proud!
Are you implying that I have a delicate constitution, sir? I'll have you know that I'm tough as pig-iron and hard as coffin nails. Now take it back or I'll yarf on your shoe.

Oh, I'm sure it'll be a lovely morning. This is the best job in the world! I'm so happy I could just shit!
Aren't we cranky today. Don't let Bob get you down, Curtis. You're going to get that promotion!

So THAT was the momentous event in your life that made you turn gay, huh?
Who you callin' a leprechaun, weasel boy?

Oh, I'm fine, now that you've brightened my day with that charming bit of sophisticated humor.
I live to amuse you, Curtis.

Sure thing, Joss. Why don't we warm up now by doing the Happy Happy Joy Joy dance?
Don't take it out on me, Curtis. I was only trying to help.

BLEH! Go back to your coding and leave the jokes to the writers!
You liked that joke and you know it. I bet you laughed so hard you blew coffee through your nose.

Well, I wanted to think about you, but visions of Bob's lower intestine on my filing cabinet pushed you right out of my mind. I can't imagine why.
You're so angry, Curtis. Why are you always so angry? This wasn't your fault. It wasn't mine either.

Hey, Therese, you should try your hand at writing romance novels. I was surprised you didn't mention anything about my "monolithic tower of manhood."
Nasty boy!

Well, I guess it could be worse. Warner could have left Bob here for me. "Scuse me, Bob, but would you mind moving your liver off my keyboard? Thanks a million, old buddy old pal."
God, Curtis, maybe you should go home. I don't know how you're dealing with this.

Thanks, Joss. You have a good morning, too.
XOXOXOXOXOXOXO!

Thanks for the joke, bud!
Anything to make your dull little existence sparkle for a moment, Curtboy.

Not too bad, Trev. Thanks for the twisted little joke!
What do you mean, joke! That was a true story! It brought tears to my eyes, you insensitive clod!

Thanks, Joss. I'm looking forward to it.
Not nearly as much as I am! ;-}

You're WARPED, Trev!
That's why you love me.

Of course I did, pretty girl. I always think about you.
I love you.

Therese, I had a good time too, but we probably shouldn't be talking about this over the e-mail.

Curtis

Don't worry, Curtis. The CyberSex Police will never find out. Your girlfriend wouldn't either, if I hadn't blind copied her...

Just kidding.

Therese

No, I can't. It's pretty god damn surreal. I keep seeing Bob painted all over my cube like the world's biggest peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

Hang in there, bud. The day will be over before you know it. Just try to think about other things. Jocilyn's ass, for instance!

My Dear Curtis,

If you are reading this, I am dead. I have probably been dead for a very long time. My employers, WynTech Industries, will have arranged and carried out my murder. I know this is going to happen; I cannot avoid it. Before they come for me, I must confess to you, my only son.

WynTech has been experimenting with forces it can't possibly control. I am ashamed to admit I have been an integral part of that process. You must understand, Curtis, how excited I was at the prospect of working on something of this magnitude. I felt it could be important, beneficial, to the entire human race. I was so immersed in the pure science of the thing that I started to forget my humanity. The Threshold project is not in itself an evil thing,

Curtis, but as long as it is in the hands of Paul Warner and WynTech, nothing good can come of it. It is beyond the scope of their understanding, and they mean to use it for unspeakable purposes.

They've done terrible things, Curtis. People have died. I have tried to quit WynTech, to just take you away with me and leave, but they won't let me. They have threatened your life, Curtis. I can barely live with myself, knowing how horribly this project has hurt you. I cannot risk losing you altogether. If I stay, they have promised to care for you, to give you only the best schooling and medical care. I realize this is a pathetic attempt to repay you for the pain you have suffered at their hands, but I am in no position to bargain. I must accept. Forgive me. Forgive me.

You are probably a man now, or very nearly a man. You will have been raised in the bosom of WynTech, a child of this monstrous corporation. I hope they have been kind to you, but now you must leave her, Curtis. Get as far away from WynTech as you can. Live, love, enjoy life, and never think about them or me again.

I love you, Curtis. I love you with all my heart.

Be happy.

(signature)

Jonas Craig

August 17, 1976

To: Jonas Craig
From: P.A. Warner
Re: Threshold

Jonas,

What we have dreaded the most has finally happened. Not only has the military pulled their funding on the Threshold project, but they are suggesting that there will be an F.B.I. investigation regarding our methods of research. I have no other option but to suspend the Threshold project indefinitely. As head of the project, I expect you to handle this situation with discretion and tact. Frankly, Jonas, I'm worried about you. You knew that there would be a great sacrifice involved in gaining this great knowledge. I am getting a little tired of your "tortured conscience" routine. You are in this just as deeply as the rest of us. You must remain calm and keep everything having to do with Threshold in the strictest confidentiality.

I would hate to have to lose you, Jonas.

Sincerely,

P.A. Warner

Dear Curtis,

I hate you. You killed me. Your very existence was so unnatural and repulsive that it drove me to my grave. Do you know how much it hurts to hang yourself, boy? My neck didn't break. It took twenty minutes of agony before I finally died. I could

feel my eyeballs bulge, Curtis. I could feel my tongue starting to push out of my mouth like a bloated slug. I could feel the piss running down my leg, hot as blood. I should have killed you when I had the chance. Do you remember the electrical cords, Curtis? Do you remember the sewing needles? How about the feel of the curling iron on your white, revolting, freakish skin? I'm coming for you, Curtis. I'm coming for you, and this time I'm taking you with me.

Love,

Mom

Access.doc
Curtis.doc
Energy.doc

To: Edward Gein, Security

From: P.A. Warner

Re: Restricted Elevator Access

Hello Ed,

I realize that you and all of Security have been very busy over the past few weeks, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to make your life tougher still. I want to totally restrict access to the basement levels of WynTech, preventing entry by anyone and everyone but myself and the Threshold scientists. It simply wouldn't be safe to have employees venturing down there and possibly running into something that could cause them harm. I realize that this will entail reprogramming the entire basement security system, but I feel it is worth it. If, for some unknown reason, someone who does not have clearance should get down to the basement, you are encouraged to use whatever means necessary to prevent their access to the Threshold room. Any method you deem necessary, Ed. Our future depends on it.

Sincerely,

Paul

To: Edward Gein, Security

From: P.A. Warner

Re: Curtis Craig

Hello again, Ed,

As my father used to say, there's an exception to every rule. The exception to the restriction policy I just sent you is an employee named Curtis Craig. He is NOT to be allowed anywhere near the basement or the Threshold; I want to make that perfectly clear. However, in the unlikely event that he should make his way down to the basement, he is not to be quieted in any, shall we say, permanent manner. Rather, he should be detained, and Dr. Terrance Marek should be called immediately. Dr. Marek will take Curtis away to a safe place, where he will no longer be a danger to himself or to us. Curtis is a special employee. I don't want him harmed in any way.

Sincerely,

P.A. Warner

To: Peter Sutcliffe in R&D

From: P.A. Warner

Re: Threshold Energy Fluctuations

Hello Peter,

I was very excited to hear the news of the "strange and unusual energy fluctuations" in the Threshold. I hope, as you do, that this indicates increased activity, and perhaps the impending success of the synthesis attempts. Dr. Puaka Balava has expressed concern, however, that the WynTech generators might be unable to withstand the stress of the additional activity. I wanted to assure you that it will be taken care of, and immediately, before a problem can arise. Please arrange a meeting with Dr. Balava, and determine between the two of you what new equipment is required, and it will be immediately obtained. In the meantime, I trust that the Threshold equipment is being monitored around the clock.

Good luck!

Paul

energy.doc

access.doc

curtis.doc

goldmine.doc

Mr. Wm. Kemmler

Mr. J. G. Haigh

Gentlemen,

I am writing you in an urgent attempt to gain more funding for the Threshold project. We are on the verge of an incredibly important breakthrough. If we succeed in utilizing the dimensional rip known as the Threshold to synthesize the chemical LotusB according to specifications, if it actually has the effect on the human body that we believe it will, WynTech will become a multibillion dollar megacorp overnight.

I understand that some of you have reservations. The failure of the Threshold to adapt to military applications, along with the Jonas Craig debacle, were most definitely setbacks to the project. However, once we discovered the Threshold dwellers' ability to synthesize chemicals, those setbacks became insignificant. The goldmine that shines before us is virtually bottomless. A partnership with the U.S. government would have been nowhere near as lucrative.

Imagine, if you will, an antidepressant as subtly and strongly addictive as nicotine. The only side effect is gradual loss of excess body fat. Everyone in the country, everyone in the world, in fact, will want it. Before long, everyone will need it as well.

It's all yours for the taking, gentlemen, if you will just grant us the funds to finish our research.

Sincerely,

P.A. Warner

Funding Pitch
Chemical Goldmine : Funding
BDAdress.doc

To: The Board of Directors

From: P.A. Warner
Re: Threshold

Gentlemen,

Good news! Our external sources tell us that WynTech is, indeed, the only company currently researching interdimensionality and its potential for earning profit. The Threshold project is still ramping up after almost 30 years of hiatus, but we expect to be fully on-line soon. Tests have proved that the Threshold equipment is still running properly, although some upgrades of the flux controls were necessary. We have not yet achieved synthesis of
Board of Directors Address
Threshold Restoration

fine tonic

tear no veil

care is noted

INFECTION
REVELATION
DESECRATION
CARPE DIEM
ROSETTA

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

We at WynTech are so pleased you could be here tonight. As you all probably know, the Threshold project was begun October 9, 1958, with the discovery of the natural anomaly known as the Threshold in the basement of the old Donner building. Back then, we were dealing with something we knew nothing about; a strange, inexplicable force which seemed useless and untamable. But there were men with vision then, as there are now, who saw the potential of that little miracle in the basement.

Those of you who have been privileged to follow the history of WynTech and the Threshold know of the disappointing results of our venture into business with the United States Military. The Threshold, it was decided, had little or no military applications. Although we at WynTech did not necessarily agree with that judgement, our funding was cut, and the Threshold remained silent for nearly 30 years. Now, I am delighted to announce that we have discovered an exciting new possibility for the Threshold project. A possibility which could have a positive effect not just on WynTech, but on the entire world.

Well, I'm sure you're all tired of listening to me talk! Without

further delay, let me introduce you to the scientific director of the Threshold, Dr. Peter Sutcliffe.

A Sin the Size of this atrocity must bear terrible fruit.

BOB Forget it, Ratboy!"

BOB "Kiss my ass!"

FREAK

DIE

KILL THEM ALL

MATRICIDE

MONSTER

CANNIBAL

EAT THEIR EYES

BLOOD IS SWEET

MURDER

LOVEDEATH

HECATOMB

I AM YOUR DEATH

WALLOW IN DEPRAVITY

USE YOUR TEETH

CORPSELICKER

USURPER

BASTARD

YOU ARE THE DEAD

IT'S COMING SOON

EVISCERATE HER