

The act of creating a film is an exhaustive, revisionary process in which a work is hastily written, proposed, hastily rewritten, re-proposed, hastily filmed, edited, and hastily refilmed—often with a different ending,

actor, director, or film. What few people know is that some of the most celebrated films of all time have been drastically re-worked somewhere between the polyester diner booth and the editing-room floor—

generally because that twip from editing lost a couple of pages from the script while darting through traffic to pick up for coffee for the crew, forcing him to rewrite entire chunks of dialogue between takes.

Sometimes, these same twips, in the heat of the filming process, accidentally leave behind the very fragments they have hastily rewritten, fragments we have miraculously discovered, transcribed, and published for your reading pleasure.

The opinions expressed in the following alternate endings do not reflect those of the Yale Record staff and its multinational affiliates.

Hannibal Lecter: Hello Clarice.
 Clarice Starling: [pause] Hello Doctor Lecter.
 Hannibal Lecter: Well, Clarice, have the lamb chops stopped screaming ... ?
 Clarice Starling: Excuse me?
 Hannibal Lecter: You know, did they stop screaming after you had sex with them.
 Clarice Starling: I-I don't know what you're talking about, Doctor.
 Hannibal Lecter: Oh please, you had "bestiality" printed all over your forehead from the moment I met you across that bulletproof glass wall. [long pause; Clarice looks in mirror to examine forehead] As I was saying, Clarice, I'm having an old friend for dinner. Get it? Having ... or dinner?
 Clarice Starling: No, clearly I don't.
 THE END.

Vader gasping profusely, in regular intervals. Luke looks confused and approaches Vader.]
 Luke: Dad, are you okay?
 Vader: Just ... one second. I'll be fine ... in just ... a moment.
 Luke: Dad, what's that in your hand?
 Vader: Just ... hold on! I'm busy. [huge gasp]
 Luke: Dad, is that ... an inhaler?
 Vader: No, no! I don't need an inhaler. I'm a Jedi master!
 Luke: Dad, it's okay.
 Vader: [crying, gasping] No, it's not okay! You don't know what it's like to go through life trying to hide your asthma problem but not being able to breathe silently, and failing miserably. [takes off mask to reveal his grotesque face]
 Luke: But dad, now you can't breathe at all!
 Vader: shit. you're— [dies]
 THE END.

Verbal: I'm not bait. I post today.
 Kujan: Where are you going to go, Verbal, huh? You gonna run? If somebody wants to get you, you know they'll get you out there.
 Verbal: That may be, but I'm not rat, Agent Kujan. You tricked me. If they kill me, it's because they'll hear I dropped the dime—and they'll probably hear it from you. [he rises from his seat] Fuckin' cops. [exits]
 Kujan: Hmm ... [stares at his bulletin board; his face changes from puzzlement to confusion to dismissal] Bricks, Redfoot, Chuck E. Cheese, Gumby ... Funny, Verbal mentioned that name ... and that place ... and that thing. Hm. What a coincidence. Well, back to work. I hope that poor cripple doesn't get shot. [starts sifting through paperwork and eating a greasy glazed doughnut]
 Verbal: Ahhhh ... [limps among the moving crowd; starts to relax and straighten his lame leg and WALK UPRIGHT]
 Driver: Hey asshole, watch it! [slams the brakes too late and crashes into Verbal]
 Verbal: [writhing in pain on the street] Fuckin' eh, man! I was THIS CLOSE!

Jack and Rose drift in the ocean under the blazing stars.
 Rose: I'm so cold Jack. So cold!
 Jack: ~~What's wrong?~~
 Jack: No Rose. Not here. Not tonight. Understand?
 Rose: Jack, how could you even suggest making love!
 Jack: What? I'm a guy! What did you expect? We're going to die soon!
 Rose: die? we're going to die?
 Jack: PROBABLY (you fucking moron! I mean there's only one damn wooden door to cling to and you take up all of it.)
 Rose: What's that supposed to mean?
 Jack: Choo, I saw how much you've enjoyed the five star dining, Rose.
 Rose: Well suck it up! You're the man.
 Jack: Let go of the raft, Rose.
 Rose: No Jack! I'll never let go!
 Jack: I said LET GO.
 Rose: No! I'll never, ever, ever let go!
 (Jack dies).
 THE END.

GIRL: WHAT ABOUT ROSEBUD?
 DON'T YOU THINK THAT EXPLAINS ANYTHING
 THOMPSON: NO I DON'T.
 END.