

HEAD SHOTS

A Screenplay By

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*...and the only heroes we got left
are written right before us
and the only angel who sees us now
watches through each other's eyes
and I can hear him
in every footstep's passing sigh
he goes crazy these nights
watching heartbeats go by
and they whisper
we belong together,
but we belong together...*

- Rickie Lee Jones

INSIDE A BROKEN MIND - EARLY ONE DECEMBER EVENING

You are in a department store. It is horrible. The colors are shrieking. Background sound rushes forward into an urgent chaos. People stare at you. The people pull the thoughts out of your head. They speak to you, but their words make absolutely no sense.

The elves and cherubs nestled in the tinsel Christmas displays have strange teeth and distorted faces. They bleed, they burn, they melt, they scream.

An ANGEL, walking among the racks and counters, catches fire and flails as she is consumed in flame, agonized, becoming a burning vengeful harpie. But no one else in the store seems to notice.

But the worst are the voices: a dozen at once, screaming, whispering, accusing you, attacking you.

You can't get away from them. They're in your head.

INT. A NEW YORK DEPARTMENT STORE - THE SAME TIME

SALESPERSONS and CUSTOMERS among the perfume, silk, gold and leather. Right now they're frightened. And they make uneasy jokes. Or look away from:

MARY MARASZEK, a crazy woman in her 30s. Beautiful eyes, modest, dignified, graceful. At the moment she is yelling at the top of her voice.

MARY

Every angel down and burning. You know *that*. If every mother fucker was burning, *then* you'd take me up to heaven. When everyone is saved. When everyone is a virgin.

Her clothes are mismatched and the buttons are done up wrong. She hasn't bathed in a week and her make-up is grotesque. She's sweating, her hair is tangled, her voice is hoarse, her eyes bright and speeding.

MARY

Because otherwise the fire eats you up.
What high holiness has already taken the
children?

The POLICE are coming for her along the aisles, carefully.
They approach from two sides at once. They have on rubber
gloves.

MARY

Everyone starts out as angels. But the
angels get caught on fire and become
devils.

Mary lashes out at the Police as they close on her.
Christmas shoppers watch as the Police force Mary to the
floor and immobilize her, kicking and screaming.

MARY

Don't let them take me - *don't let them*
take me -

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - EVENING

The "intake". A young, tired PSYCHIATRIC RESIDENT asks
questions and makes notes on a clip-board. A NURSE stands
nearby, holding MARY's purse.

RESIDENT

Okay. What's your name?

MARY

Mary.

RESIDENT

Mary what?

MARY

Mary Christmas.

The RESIDENT nods to the NURSE, who looks through the purse
for ID and hands over MARY's wallet. As the RESIDENT notes
the pertinent information:

RESIDENT
Do you know what day it is?

MARY
Yes.

RESIDENT
Will you tell me?

MARY
No.

RESIDENT
Can you tell me the meaning of this
phrase: a rolling stone gathers no moss.

MARY
It means it can't stop.

RESIDENT
(Writing)
Uh-huh.

MARY
I used to know a lot of these things.
They took the thoughts away.

RESIDENT
Who took them?

MARY
The devils.

RESIDENT
What kind of devils?

MARY
Please: take them out of me. You can cut
off my head. You can do whatever you
have to do. Just get them out of me.
Please.

Fade out

TEN MONTHS LATER

INT. FRANKLIN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - PSYCH WING - DAY

Just inside the main street doors and security desk, STAFF, VISITORS, and PATIENTS functional enough to have "hall passes" hurry or drift at a juncture of several long drab corridors. A bank of elevators, a "lounge", a shop selling sandwiches and snacks.

Signs: ABSOLUTELY NO CREDIT. STAY IN LINE. A list of the rights of the mentally ill.

It's October, but it's hot. Layers of cigarette smoke float in the air. Chronic cases, shifty or dazed, many misshapen from head injuries, poverty, unlucky birth. A few have a wool hat they never take off, a book they carry all day.

Unshaved, waiting near a pair of pay phones on the corridor wall, is CHRISTY REISMAN. He's in his early 20s. He is muttering to himself furiously, but in a low voice.

Now and then he stops and stares fixedly at a spot on the walls or floor with a searching expression. Then he takes up again, muttering.

MRS. CLARK, a middle-aged nurse, buys a sandwich from the Spanish-speaking deli counterman and comes past Christy.

MRS. CLARK

Mr. Reisman - you have got to stop talking to yourself, or we're not going to let you out at the end of your shift.

CHRISTY

Memorizing, Mrs. Clark.

He holds up the French's Acting Edition of a play with his lines hi-lited.

MRS. CLARK

A lot of these people started out memorizing. (*Taps a finger on the face*)

of her wristwatch, as she walks away.)
Don't get lost. It's almost three.

CHRISTY

Just gotta make one call.

MR. SIMMS, a patient in pajamas, necktie and a raincoat, abruptly says "Gotta go!" into the payphone, puts the receiver on top of the phone and walks away. The receiver slips off and swings at the end of its cord.

Christy looks at the patient standing in line next to him smoking a cigarette.

CHRISTY

You're next.

The SMOKER gives him an uneasy look, and then looks away.

CHRISTY

The phone.

The Smoker doesn't hear; his cigarette, ash long and trembling, has almost burned down to his fingers. Christy sighs, goes around The Smoker to the phone.

Christy shoves the play he was studying into his shoulder-bag, which has a white orderly's jacket slung over it, and pulls out a "personal organizer" gone out of control: papers, cards, clippings, letters, post-it notes. A lot of unpaid bills.

He finds a photo contact sheet, and dials a phone number from the invoice stapled to it. The contact sheet shows 36 different moods and faces for Christy. Some are circled, some Xed, with china pencil.

CHRISTY

(Into phone)

Hello: this is Christopher Reisman. I'm calling about my head shots. Reisman.
Yeah, okay.

OSCAR, a muscular middle-aged orderly with a fierce military buzz-cut, comes up behind Christy and flicks a finger painfully behind Christy's ear.

OSCAR

Three o'clock.

CHRISTY

Ow - I'm on the phone -

OSCAR

Come on Reisman, quit jerking off.

CHRISTY

Just a sec - I'm on hold.

Oscar continues along the corridor rounding up PATIENTS and scaring them back the way he came from.

OSCAR

Simms: three o'clock. Medication.

MR. SIMMS

Doctor Simms.

OSCAR

Back to the ward. Three o'clock.

CHRISTY

*(Pulling copy of Backstage from his bag
to check casting notice)*

Hey - Oscar?

OSCAR

What?

LORRAINE, a patient, comes up to Oscar intently.

LORRAINE

Got any gum?

OSCAR

No. Everybody in for medication.

CHRISTY

I need to cut out about an hour early today - I can catch the tail end of an audition -

OSCAR

No way Jose -

LORRAINE

Oscar -

OSCAR

What?!

CHRISTY

(Over them)

- come on, Oscar, I worked an overnight,
you can let me go an *hour* early -

OSCAR

- you've always got some bullshit
nonsense -

CHRISTY

- it's not always and it's not bullsh-

OSCAR

You stay to the end of your shift. You
don't like it, take it up with your union
representative.

CHRISTY

You're my union representative.

OSCAR

Ain't that just the worst luck?

LORRAINE

Oscar. Got any gum?

OSCAR

No I don't got any friggin' gum. Cooper.
Chavez. Three o'clock.

CHRISTY

(into phone)

I'm still here. Reisman. Headshots.

Lorraine approaches. They stare at each other a moment.

CHRISTY and LORRAINE

Got any gum?

Lorraine bursts into a cackle of laughter and walks away, satisfied.

CHRISTY

(into phone)

Uh-huh. "Bounced"? *(Winces.)* That doesn't make sense.

He's looking down at his book and doesn't see Oscar coming back along the hall towards him.

CHRISTY

When did you call? And it was "not in service"? No, that's very strange. There must be something wrong with the line.

Oscar disconnects the call as he walks past. He doesn't even stop.

OSCAR

Medication.

CHRISTY

Jesus, Oscar - that was an important call.

OSCAR

Put your damn coat on and get with the program.

Christy furiously puts his organizer into the bag and pulls on the rumpled white uniform coat with plastic name plate and laminated ID tag.

Down the hall, Oscar is unlocking a metal ward door with a heavy skeleton key, herding patients in.

CHRISTY

Hang on.

Oscar goes into the ward and slams the door.

CHRISTY

Thanks.

He grabs up his bag and starts down the hall and then stops. Goes back to the Smoker, gently takes the burning cigarette from his fingers, drops it on the floor and steps on it.

CHRISTY

We're supposed to get with the program.

SMOKER

I am the program.

CHRISTY

*(Brushes the ashes from
the Smoker's shirt.)*

There ya go, then.

Christy examines the Smoker, nods and hurries away down the hall.

SMOKER

I've always been the program.

EXT. STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN - DUSK, THE SAME DAY

Mary, quite calm and pretty, carrying a bag of groceries in the hazy gold-tinted October sunset.

The neighborhood west of the theater district has lately been renamed Clinton, but it used to be called Hell's Kitchen, and it still has the dark tangle of fire escapes and trash cans, the sidewalk conversations and dirty kids playing in the street.

Mary stops outside a Korean grocery, selects a bunch of flowers and hands them to MR. KIM, who is trimming and plastic-wrapping vegetables. A three-year-old KOREAN CHILD sits on a plastic milk-crate next to him.

MARY

Good evening, Mr. Kim. Hasn't it been hot? They said it was seventy-three before.

He wraps the flowers in paper, stoic. As he does, Mary hesitates over her open purse as if not sure what to take out.

The Child has been watching intently, though Mary pretends not to notice. Mary takes something out, clasps her hands a moment and fidgets, then holds out her two fists to the Child.

The Child deliberates and picks one. Mary turns her hand over and opens it to reveal a penny. The Child takes it, smiling.

Mary smiles back and pays for her flowers.

INT. MARY'S BUILDING - 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - SOON AFTER

Mary comes up the dingy stairway and along the badly-lit hall. Noise of cooking, voices, the evening news come through the doors. She lets herself into her apartment.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - DIRECTLY AFTER

A single room with a bath and a kitchen alcove. The sofa opens into a bed. A bookshelf with teaching texts, a few recent literary bestsellers, a Bible. There is a sanctuary sense of quiet.

On a small desk, a "Things To Do Today" pad. List of emergency numbers, a calorie chart. Several laminated cards with color illustrations of saints and texts of prayers.

Mary comes in, puts down her flowers, sits on the sofa and takes off her shoes. Rubs her feet.

Through the wall, screaming voices.

WOMAN

*- you treat me like a whore when I'm the
best thing that ever happened to you -*

MAN

*- what are you doing this for? Just to
fuck me over? -*

WOMAN

*- and then you act so high and mighty
after you get what you want -*

MAN

- oh don't start again -

Mary winces at the noise. She pulls a pair of big fuzzy slippers from under the sofa. They look like bunny rabbits, complete with faces and floppy ears. She puts them on, smiling slightly, and stretches her toes.

WOMAN

*You've got everything and I've got
nothing - and I deserve better from you -*

MAN

*I don't need this. I don't need this -
you are a crazy fucking bitch!*

Mary shakes her head, tries to tune out the yelling - going into the bathroom

INT. MARY'S BATHROOM - DUSK

She looks at her face in the mirror. A small neat note taped on the glass: **TAKE YOUR PILLS!**

WOMAN

*I could just call your wife. I could
just do that.*

MAN

*Don't talk EVER about my wife - you hear
me?!*

Mary opens the cabinet, gets out a bottle of aspirin.

WOMAN

Or what? Tell me that, Frank - OR WHAT?

INT. MARY'S APT - DUSK

Mary drops an aspirin in the bottom of a vase and fills it with water. She unwraps the flowers, snips the ends off the stems and puts them in the vase.

MAN

- don't you ever threaten me, either, you understand?!

Annoyed, Mary turns thumps her hand on the wall.

WOMAN

Or what?! Or what?! It's all over anyway! Whata you gonna do, hit me?!

Something is knocked over in the next apartment, and a shriek, and a glass breaking.

MARY

This has to stop.

Mary raises her hand to the wall again but stops at the sharp hard noise of a gunshot.

She freezes, looking in shock at the wall.

There is no sound from the other apartment.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Disorganized, dirty, lit by a lamp with a thin scarf thrown over it to color the light.

On her back on the shag rug, eyes open, CARRIE LUKO is slipping away. The last air escaping, blood slowly spilling from her slack mouth, a slight twitch of the legs and the fingers. She was about twenty, skinny like a junkie, with inept streaks in her hair, dressed in harem pants and an embroidered vest, as if she dreamed of Jeannie.

The bullet went in under the chin and up through the roof of her mouth. It came out the top of her head.

On his knees next to her in dark blue pants and a sleeveless t-shirt is FRANK LISI, a big guy with short hair and mustache, in his mid twenties. One hand presses the hole in her jaw to hold in the blood, the other holds the .38.

FRANK

Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Carrie.

He turns her face to look into the shocked empty eyes, smearing blood all over her cheeks.

FRANK

Fuck. Oh fuck me.

He gets up, putting the gun on a table. He wipes his bloody hands on the bedsheets.

Then he unbuckles his belt frantically, kicking off his heavy black shoes. He pulls down his pants.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Mary backs away and sits on the sofa, eyes riveted to the wall.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Frank, in his underwear, looks at his wristwatch. He steps over Carrie's body and looks out the peephole of the door.

FRANK

Fuck.

He takes the scarf from the lamp. In the glare, methodically pulls out each drawer of the dresser using the scarf on the knobs.

He removes everything from the drawers, throwing it around the room. He pockets some jewelry and cash.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Mary, on her sofa, experimentally puts her hands over her ears, presses them tight, then pulls them away, listening intently. She is waiting.

She's waiting for more hallucinations. She's waiting for the devils.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

FRANK
(Low)

Fuck. Fuck.

He collects several snapshots of himself and Carrie that are tucked into the frame of the mirror, puts them in a pillowcase already heavy with stuff. Throws in a framed photo.

Goes into the bathroom and removes his cologne and shaving stuff from the medicine cabinet, throwing them into the pillowcase.

INT. HALLWAY - THE SAME TIME

Mary hesitantly steps into in the empty hallway. The sounds of television news, talking, cooking come through the thin walls.

Normal.

She looks at Carrie Luko's door. Steps closer to it, listening.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Frank pulls the cord from a clock-radio out of the wall. He yanks it out of the back of the clock. Distressed, he kneels by Carrie, turns her over, furiously binds her wrists behind her back, then ties them to her ankles.

FRANK

Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me.

He gets two bottles of liquor, empties them all over the bed and floor. Wipes the bottles clean.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Mary gets her purse, finds a plastic pill container with seven compartments marked S-M-T-W-T-F-S. She opens each translucent pink compartment and counts the pills, checking against the calendar to make sure she hasn't missed any.

She returns to sit on the sofa, pill container still in her hand, and stares at the wall. Waiting. Listening.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Hurriedly Frank washes off the blood at the kitchen sink. Then he pulls on his clothes:

Navy pants, black shoes, Kevlar vest, blue dress shirt with shoulder patch. Equipment belt with holster, hat. Frank is a police officer.

He surveys the room. It's a disaster. Satisfied, he glances up.

FRANK

Fuck!

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

MARY has not moved.

From the other apartment, she hears the scrape and shudder of a dresser being shoved across the floor.

She gets up fast, afraid. She pulls on a coat and goes to the door.

A small piece of paper with neatly-inked words is taped on

the door right above the lock:

KEYS?

She stops, looks around in a panic for her purse. Grabs it up, looking uneasily at the wall.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Frank has shoved the dresser under the bullet-hole in the ceiling. He gets a knife from the kitchen alcove and climbs up on the dresser.

He gouges at the plaster. Bits fall. He gouges out more, squinting. His head snaps around at the sound of Mary's door slamming shut. He listens.

INT. HALLWAY - THE SAME TIME

MARY rushes down the hall to the steps, not looking back.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

FRANK
(Low)

Fuck.

He gouges plaster viciously, and digs out the slug. Pockets it. Jumps down, collects the pillowcase full of loot and evidence.

EXT. STREET - THE SAME TIME

Mary hurries out of the building on to the dark sidewalk. She looks both ways, confused, then heads towards the bright avenue.

After a few yards, she stops. Looks at her feet.

She's still wearing the bunny slippers.

In an agony of fear and indecision she stands on the sidewalk, looking back at the lighted doorway of her building.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Frank lights a few of the many candles in the room. Then he goes to the stove, blows out the pilot lights and turns on all the gas.

The gas jets hiss.

INT. HALLWAY - SOON AFTER

Mary comes up the steps, desperately nervous.

As she approaches Carrie's door, which she must pass to get to her own, the top lock clicks open.

Mary panics and stops dead in the hall, frozen. Staring at the door as it opens.

Frank doesn't see her as he quickly steps out with his pillowcase, pulls the door shut behind him, locks it, wipes the knob.

Mary can't move.

Frank turns and stops in fright.

Mary and Frank stand staring at each other for a second.

Mary nervously nods and goes toward her door. Frank heads for the stairs. He listens as he walks, trying to think.

Mary slows by her door, then keeps walking past it.

Frank stops at the top of the stairs and turns to watch Mary turn a corner and disappear down the hall.

He listens to the jingle of keys.

Around the corner Mary is standing in the hall, jingling her keys, pretending to be unlocking a door.

Frank studies the hallway. His eyes shift to Carrie Luko's door.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

The body on the floor, the mess. The candles burning.

The gas jets hissing.

INT. HALLWAY - THE SAME TIME

Frank turns and hurries down the stairs.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE - SOON AFTER

Frank comes out of the building and walks quickly away down the street.

Carrie's windows explode out as the gas ignites. Flames leap from the blown-out windows. Glass rains down on the sidewalk. Car alarms go off.

FRANK

Fuck.

He crosses the street, glancing back over his shoulder, finds a shadowy doorway and hides in it.

EXT. THEATER DISTRICT SIDEWALK - EARLY EVENING

Christy, checking the casting notice marked in *Backstage*, hurries toward a shabby doorway.

INT. CASTING SPACE/OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Christy opens the door and sees:

Two dozen ACTORS, looking up, checking him out, turning away. They all look disturbingly like Christy; some peruse the same issue of *Backstage*, marked.

Christy, daunted but not deterred, goes to the sign-up sheet at the RECEPTIONIST's desk.

RECEPTIONIST
(Bored)

Head shot.

CHRISTY

I'm here to audition for the -

RECEPTIONIST

You're too late. There's already twenty-six people signed up ahead of you and we close up in half an hour. Leave your head shot and resume.

CHRISTY

I got held up at work -

RECEPTIONIST

Leave your head shot and resume.

Christy sighs and gives her his head shot. She doesn't even look at it as she puts it on a pile.

CHRISTY

That's old, I'm getting a new one done -

RECEPTIONIST

This is fine. We'll call you.

Christy nods. Turns to go.

EXT. STOOP OF CHRISTY'S BROWNSTONE - EVENING

Christy comes around the corner and stops dead.

MAGGIE LOWRY sits on the stoop, studying the French's Acting Edition of a play with her lines hi-lited. An empty

cup of take-out coffee nearby.

CHRISTY

(Hurrying over)

Oh God. I forgot. I completely forgot.
We had a rehearsal. *(Looks at his watch)*
You've been here an hour.

MAGGIE

Did you know your phone is out?

CHRISTY

(Getting his keys)

No, is it?

INT. CHRISTY'S BROWNSTONE FOYER - DIRECTLY AFTER

As Christy lets Maggie in, he grabs one of many Chinese restaurant delivery menus that have been left on the entryway floor between the two sets of glass-panel doors.

CHRISTY

We can order dinner - I'm really *really* sorry - I worked a night shift and then I took the eight-to-four right after, so I was up all night - because it's October eleventh -

MAGGIE

What's the significance of that?

CHRISTY

It's rent plus ten. Actually it's rent plus forty. Forty one. How many days - "thirty days hath September" - forty. Anyway - I'm sorry - I can still rehearse - I'm just a little -

MAGGIE

It's okay. Four nights a week I'm the night clerk at the Beaumont hotel. I know what it's like. You go without sleep and you get totally discombobulated.

CHRISTY

Yeah. And the people I work with tell me I'm only moderately combobulated to begin with.

INT. CHRISTY'S LANDING - EVENING

As they come up the steps toward Christy's door:

MAGGIE

Where do you work again?

CHRISTY

I work in a psychiatric hospital.

MAGGIE

Can you get me drugs?

There's a slight uncomfortable pause as they climb.

CHRISTY

Can you get me towels? *(He gets to his door)* Oh *damn it!* Damn it.

An eviction notice has been taped to his door. Christy looks at the floor, turned inward, tight-lipped.

MAGGIE

Do you -

Christy holds up a hand. Maggie falls diplomatically silent.

He exhales, unlocks the door and lets her in, ripping the notice down and glancing at the neighboring doors as he goes in after.

INT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A gorgeous apartment: exposed brick, bay windows, wood floors. Theatrical posters and postcards on the walls, shelves of plays and books on theater. The living room is

furnished but open doors reveal two of the three bedrooms are empty.

MAGGIE

Wow.

CHRISTY, reading the eviction notice, does not reply.

MAGGIE

How much have you not been paying for this place?

CHRISTY

Four people can just about cover it.

MAGGIE

(Noting the empty bedrooms)

But four people don't live here.

CHRISTY

Four people did. Four people who thought they could live together and start a theater company.

MAGGIE

Well - I bet you could find some roommates to split the re-

CHRISTY

I've discovered I don't work and play well with others.

Christy picks up the telephone. There's no dial tone. His phone's disconnected. The last, forgotten, straw.

He slams down the phone so hard it rings and sits on the sofa, staring at the floor. Maggie watches, silent.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MARY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Fire engines, police barriers, ambulances. RESIDENTS, GAWKERS, FIREMEN, COPS. Radios squawk. Colored lights flash red and yellow. Hoses shooting water in through the smashed windows of Carrie's apartment.

A FIREMAN comes out of the front doors.

FIREMAN

We have a body. We got someone in there.
I think it's a woman.

Mary, terrified, shaken, hangs back at the edge of the crowded emergency scene. Away from the lights - and the Cops asking if anyone knows what happened. She's still wearing the bunny slippers.

A uniformed figure comes up behind her and takes her firmly by the arm, moving her away from the crowd.

FRANK

This way.

EXT. ALLEY - SOON AFTER

Frank keeps an iron grip on Mary's arm as he steers her into the alley, among the trashcans.

MARY

Please - don't -

FRANK

Hey. Shh. Shh.

Frank sets Mary against the dirty brick wall and takes her purse.

FRANK

What have we got.

Mary is paralyzed. Frank opens her wallet and looks through it.

FRANK

We got "Mary Maraszek". Why doesn't Mary Maraszek talk to police? Mmm?

He finds the S-M-T-W-T-F-S pill box in her purse. Mary reacts instinctively to take it from him, then stops

herself. Too late.

MARY

I need those.

FRANK

For what?

Pops open one compartment and takes out a pill. Studies it.

FRANK

Ups? Downers? Whatta we got?

Mary doesn't answer. Frank suddenly pulls his flashlight from his belt, which Mary flinches away from, fearing a blow. He snaps it on and shines it in her eyes, reaching over and holding open one eyelid.

FRANK

Is Mary Maraszek a pillhead?

He pockets the pill and Mary's ID. Snaps shut the container and drops it in the purse, which he gives back.

FRANK

I'll see you later. Mary Maraszek.

He steps back and puts a finger to his lips. He gestures for her to stay there, walks back out to the street and disappears.

INT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Christy is in the kitchen, aimlessly looking through the refrigerator.

MAGGIE

We could - go out and get the take-out...

Christy nods, leans on the counter and shuts his eyes, rubs them eyes and his forehead and temples, pressing hard. Uncomfortable silence.

MAGGIE

Did you know your brain doesn't actually feel anything?

CHRISTY

Yeah, I knew that. *(He goes to sit)*

MAGGIE

I mean, your brain is in control of all your thoughts and feelings - but if your head was open and somebody squeezed your brain, you wouldn't even know it?

CHRISTY

Except for the convulsions. It's a great image, though.

Maggie sits delicately next to him on the sofa. He holds his head and looks at the floor.

MAGGIE

You okay?

CHRISTY

Great.

Pause.

MAGGIE

What's it like?

CHRISTY

What?

MAGGIE

Where you work.

CHRISTY

I get a union wage and excellent benefits.

MAGGIE

So it's just like being a doorman.

CHRISTY

More or less exactly like that.

MAGGIE

Then you wear a uniform?

CHRISTY

Yeah. A jacket.

MAGGIE

And a hat?

CHRISTY

No hat.

She waits for more. He sits up but doesn't look at her.

CHRISTY

They need help. Getting dressed and washed. Taking their pills. Eating. You have to make sure they don't hurt themselves. They can hurt themselves and not even know it. Because their brains don't work.

Nobody even really knows why. No blame, no story, they just got rewired. So the anger button pushes itself. Or they suddenly just have to die. Or they can taste colors. Or they think a thousand things in less than a second.

Some of the chronics turn into walking furniture. They just stare into space. Sometimes that's from the drugs, but schizophrenics used to curl up and stare before they even invented drugs. Their brains are so frantic, just *moving* can overwhelm them. Or the voices are so loud, they forget to move. They get voices inside their heads, real voices. Because if your brain puts voices in your head - you hear them with your ears. And if your brain takes your thoughts away, they're gone. You have to remember they're not "acting out". They're not acting at all. They're reacting.

(Pause)

It's a job. You laugh, you cry.
I'm sorry - I get tired of telling war
stories.

MAGGIE

Why do you do it?

CHRISTY

Entertains people.

MAGGIE

(Rephrasing)

Why do you work there?

CHRISTY

Oh. I grew up with it. My mother was a
schizophrenic.

Pause. She waits for more. He shrugs.

CHRISTY

You get used to it.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER THE SAME NIGHT

Mary, still wearing her bunny slippers, is standing with
her back to the lit-up front of a store closed and gated
for the night.

Cars and pedestrians hurry past her - she's watching them,
frightened, confused, not trusting. She needs to ask for
help, but it's a night full of strangers.

She walks toward a pay phone, distractedly searching her
pockets for change - someone bumps into her, hurrying past.

She goes to the phone, picks up the receiver, thinks, puts
it back. Picks it up again. Dials 411.

MARY

I need a - a listing. A number. I think
he's in Manhattan.

INT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - LATER THE SAME NIGHT

Several take-out food containers open on the floor; Maggie sitting on the floor, eating a bit - Christy nearby, toying with his food, studying his script. One of many silences has fallen. She watches him a while.

MAGGIE

Have you ever done mutual head massage?

CHRISTY

Not under that name.

MAGGIE

I invented it. Try this out.

She moves the food out of the way and moves next to him on the floor. Her eyes fixed on Christy's, she reaches up with both hands to gently massage his temples.

MAGGIE

You do me at the same time.

He does. They stare into each others eyes, their fingers rubbing each others' scalps. When they speak, it is slow, relaxed. Their eyes stay fixed on each other.

MAGGIE

I once did this with a guy, he was an Elvis impersonator. He made a living at it. Gorgeous guy. He could like sneer his lip up like -

She demonstrates. He tries it. They do Elvis sneers at each other, eyes fixed on each other. She lifts his lips into proper sneer with one finger.

MAGGIE

He had a ton of grease in his hair. And we were getting real relaxed. He kept saying, [Elvis:] "Mmm, baby." So I pushed harder, and harder. Until my hand slipped in the grease in his hair and I put his eye out with my thumb. It ruined his career. And he sued me.

CHRISTY

You're lying to me.

MAGGIE

Uh-huh. It's supposed to make you want to kiss me.

It almost works.

They fall silent, hands one each other's temples, eyes fixed on each other -

Then Christy abruptly stands, begins to clean up the take-out dinner. He does not look at her, wrestling with old inner demons of passion and anger.

Maggie studies him, aware that she has stepped into some kind of dangerous territory in Christy's soul.

CHRISTY

I'm sorry. *(Pause)* It's not you.

MAGGIE

I know that.

CHRISTY

I'm just not a good person to get involved with.

MAGGIE

I appreciate your warning me.

CHRISTY

I'm not kidding.

MAGGIE

Either am I. *(Pause)* What are you protecting everybody from?

CHRISTY

(Doesn't look at her)

I don't want to hear about your bad back.

MAGGIE

I don't have a bad back.

CHRISTY

Or your bad family. Or your fear of getting cancer. Or your allergies. Or your lousy job. Or your fucked-up childhood. Whatever it is. I just don't want to know.

MAGGIE

So - you don't want any *people* around, is that it?

CHRISTY

No. That's right.

MAGGIE

That's it? That's the dark secret?

CHRISTY

That's it.

MAGGIE

Okay. I'm not dead. It didn't kill me. See? (*CHRISTY doesn't say anything*) Do you want me to leave?

CHRISTY

I think it would be a good idea.

The door buzzer rings.

MAGGIE

You expecting someone?

CHRISTY

No. (*Goes to intercom*) Hello?

The intercom can't talk and listen at the same time. Christy has to press "talk" or "listen":

MARY'S VOICE

I'm sorry to bother you.

CHRISTY

Who is this?

MARY'S VOICE

Mary Maraszek. You don't remember -

CHRISTY

Who?

MARY'S VOICE

- the hospital. Can I come in? I need to talk to you.

CHRISTY

Damn it.

MAGGIE

They come to your house?

CHRISTY

No, they don't come to my house. They're not supposed to come to my house.

The buzzer rings again. Christy thinks. Pushes "talk."

CHRISTY

I can't help you.

MARY'S VOICE

- to bother you. But I had nowhere else to go.

CHRISTY

You have to go away. Go to an emergency room.

He turns from it. The buzzer rings again. Insistently.

CHRISTY

I'll be right back.

INT. BUILDING FOYER - SOON AFTER

Christy comes down the steps, opens the door to talk with her - but doesn't let her in.

MARY

I'm sorry to bother you.

CHRISTY

How did you find out where I live?

MARY

I called information. I remembered your name, but I didn't know where -

CHRISTY

You can't come to my house like this.

MARY

I know, I tried to call but your phone is -

CHRISTY

You can't *call* me, either -

MARY

I know - your phone is disconnected -

CHRISTY

That's *not* why you can't call me. You can't call because -

MARY

(Over him)

- so I came over because I don't know where else to go and I - I didn't know who else I could talk to.

CHRISTY

- I have a private life. I'm really sorry. But you have to go somewhere else.

MARY

You were very kind to me when I was in the hospital.

CHRISTY

Thank you. But that doesn't matter.

MARY

It did to me.

CHRISTY

Listen - (*Hesitates:*) I forgot your name.

MARY

Mary. Maraszek.

CHRISTY

Mary. I can't help you. I know you think -

MARY

I'm better.

CHRISTY

Good.

MARY

I'm on Mellaril - but only a hundred milligrams.

CHRISTY

Good - but -

MAGGIE

Christy?

Christy looks back. Maggie is coming down the stairs. She looks at Mary curiously.

MAGGIE

Hi.

MARY

I'm sorry - to interrupt.

CHRISTY

Go back up.

MAGGIE

Is everything okay?

CHRISTY

Everything is fine.

MARY

A policeman shot a woman in my apartment building.

MAGGIE

Jesus.

CHRISTY

Maggie - go back upstairs.

MAGGIE

Did you tell the police?

MARY

I'm afraid to.

CHRISTY

Mary - go to the police.

MARY

Would you come with me?

CHRISTY

No. I'm sorry.

MAGGIE

Christy?

CHRISTY

Stay out of it, Maggie.

MARY

You don't believe me.

CHRISTY

It doesn't matter if I believe you.

MARY

I'm better. I don't get voices any more. I live in my own apartment.

CHRISTY

I can't help you. Go to the police.

MARY

They're not going to believe me.

CHRISTY

There's nothing I can do about that -

MARY

I only heard it. I *heard* the shot. You know what that means.

CHRISTY

I can't help you, Mary - you have to go somewhere else -

MARY

But I'm better! I heard it, but it was *real* - and I had *trouble* with the police, back when I was ill - I filed complaints - they're not going to believe me if I tell them I *heard* the shot -

CHRISTY

I can't help you -

MARY

But I'm *better* -

CHRISTY

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE BETTER! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?! I DON'T CARE! IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ME - I JUST WANT YOU TO GET THE HELL AWAY FROM HERE AND DON'T EVER COME BACK AGAIN - EVER! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?! OUT!

Christy closes the door on her, turns and goes up the stairs. Christy won't look back. Maggie watches Mary take in the shock of it.

INT. CHRISTY'S LANDING - NIGHT

Maggie hurries to catch Christy going up the steps.

MAGGIE

Jesus - Christy - what if -

CHRISTY

You don't understand.

MAGGIE

Explain it to me.

CHRISTY

Just leave it alone.

MAGGIE

Why do you work there if it makes you angry?!

CHRISTY

It *doesn't* make me angry! You make me angry! Leave it alone, *okay*, Maggie?

MAGGIE

Yeah. I just feel bad is all.

CHRISTY

Don't. It's not your fault.

He goes into the apartment.

INT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maggie follows Christy in, observing him as he tries to regain control.

MAGGIE

Are you like one of those guys who beats the patients?

CHRISTY

Yes. I'm a monster. I mistreat them all the time. Would you please go now?

MAGGIE

(Gets her bag)

I'm gonna go. But if you ever want to talk - or anything - I'm around. Okay?

Christy nods, turned away. Maggie hesitates, unwilling to go.

MAGGIE

And I don't think you're a monster.

Christy doesn't say anything, or even look at her.

MAGGIE

So there.

She leaves.

INT. MARY'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

The apartment is blackened and dripping with water. TECHNICIANS scraping samples from the walls and snipping fabric swatches, putting them in self-sealing plastic evidence bags and making notes on them in marker.

Detective TOM DOYLE, nearing retirement, is looking up at the hole in the ceiling.

DOYLE

Fuck.

Detective VERNON GRANDY, African-American, about 40, steps over looks up, too.

GRANDY

Oh, yeah.

DOYLE

We got somebody smart who done it this time.

GRANDY

I don't know.

DOYLE

Who-done-it knew what to try and hide. Right?

GRANDY

Right.

DOYLE

Who-done-it turns on the gas to burn up whatever hairs and fibers, mess up the prints. Who-done-it digs the slug out of the ceiling.

GRANDY

But the victim takes the shot under the chin and who-done-it has her tied up on the floor. Nobody whacks out a victim on the floor from under the chin. That's weird. And it does not put a slug in the ceiling. It's like who-done-it is *informed*, but not very smart.

INT. MARY'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Grandy steps out into the hall, where the SUPER is watching cops tracking dirt along the hall.

GRANDY

Can you tell me anything about her?

SUPER

I think she had to do with drugs.

Grandy and Doyle exchange an interested look.

GRANDY

Why?

SUPER

I just think it.

Grandy gives Doyle a disinterested nod and walks down the hall.

DOYLE

You know any of her friends? Or family?

SUPER

No.

Grandy knocks on Mary's door. Waits.

DOYLE

Did you ever see her with anyone?

SUPER

No one I know. People from around.

Grandy knocks again.

SUPER

That one: comes from a mental hospital.

GRANDY

This one?

SUPER

Yeah.

GRANDY

You just think that?

SUPER

No, the building manager told me when she moved in. Told me her brother signed the lease, and I should keep an eye on her because she came from a mental hospital, make sure she wasn't trouble, you know.

GRANDY

Is she?

SUPER

No. She's quiet. Nice lady. She goes to that church on the corner every day, sometimes twice.

GRANDY

(Getting out notebook)

What's the name?

SUPER

Maraszek.

GRANDY

Can you spell that?

SUPER

No. Could you?

Grandy gets a card from his wallet and writes a note on the back. Slips it between the door and the frame over the knob.

EXT. FRANK'S PATROL BLOCK - NIGHT

Frank hurriedly turns the corner: a SERGEANT is waiting by a patrol car, ticked off. Frank grimaces and goes over to him.

SERGEANT

We got an explanation?

FRANK

Did you hear the squawk? On 49th?

SERGEANT

They got it under control.

FRANK

I went over. I heard it was arson and homicide.

SERGEANT

This is your block.

FRANK

It's two blocks up.

SERGEANT

I know that. But this is your block.

FRANK

I just wanted to know - you know - if they got a line on a perpetrator - or what. Hell of a bang.

SERGEANT

Officer Lisi, grow yourself up. I am

dead serious. You can't go running over to watch the fucking fire engines any more. You're on the job two months. You are not even a cop yet. You've got ten months of your probation left. Let the grown-up cops do their jobs. Your job is to watch your block. This is your block. Stay on it.

FRANK

Sorry.

Frank steps back as the Sergeant gets back in his car and drives away. The second his car disappears around the corner, Frank turns and heads into a bar.

INT. BAR - TENTH AVENUE - SOON AFTER

Frank walks in, searching the crowd. Several people immediately head out, brushing past him. He finds DR. K, a drug dealer.

FRANK

(Pulling him toward men's room)

Dr. K -

DR. K

I am not carrying. I am not in a conspiracy to carry. I don't know any of those people. It's an unholy bust.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DIRECTLY AFTER

Frank lets go of Dr. K, checks the stalls are empty.

DR K.

I am *paid up* for the week.

FRANK

(Gives Mary's pill to Dr. K)

What is that?

DR. K

You going into the business, Officer
Lisi? You're just a kid.

FRANK

I'm a kid who can eat you alive, skell.

DR. K

(Examines pill)

Don't tell me your dreams.

FRANK

What is that? Ups?

DR K.

(Squints at it)

Not hardly. This is Mellaril. Anti-
psychotic medication. This is for people
who already see things, and wanna stop.

FRANK

Who takes it?

DR K.

People in mental hospitals.
Schizophrenics, mostly.

FRANK

Schizophrenic? Like she's twelve
different people?

DR K.

You gotta stop watching so much
television. You know somebody who needs
this?

FRANK

Just answer me.

DR K.

Multiple personality is a reaction to
fucked-up situations. Your head decides
it's better off being somebody else.
Schizophrenia is a brain disease. It's a
thought disorder: that means your head
goes haywire. All you get is jumbles and
scrambles. So you don't get multiple

personalities - you just freak out until you're on your own planet and you've got no personality at all. And you can't talk your way back from that.

FRANK

So she's like, crazy?

DR. K

She's hearing voices in her head. (*Hands back the pill*)

FRANK

How's a lowlife dealer get to know so much stuff, Dr. K?

DR K.

I had a lot of time to read in the slam and I don't believe in God. You done with me now...*officer?*

INT. MARY'S HALLWAY - LATER

Mary comes past Carrie's door, which has been boarded over and stickered with police notices. Scorch marks on the walls.

Mary stops before she reaches her own door: Detective Grandy's card is tucked in the door over the knob.

She hesitantly takes the card, as if it might bite.

FRANK

(*off*)

It's from homicide.

Frank is coming along the hall, out of the dark.

FRANK

I don't have a card. Everybody has a card except me. (*Holds up MARY'S ID he took earlier*) You gotta card. He's gotta card. I'm gonna keep yours - okay?

He comes up to her. Holds out his fist, fingers down, waits. She looks at him, confused.

FRANK

Hold out your hand.

Mary does so. Frank opens his fist to let her pill drop into it. He smiles.

FRANK

Nobody is gonna believe you, are they?

Mary looks him in the eyes, and shakes her head *no*, ashamed. Frank nods, regards her somewhat sadly.

FRANK

What the hell. This way, you kind of caught a break. You can just go on and forget it ever happened. Whole thing never happened. Bad dream.

Frank studies her for a moment more, then nods again and turns to walk away. As he does Mary's eyes drop to the name plate under his shield: **LISI**.

Mary stands at the door of her apartment, watching Frank go down the stairs.

Fade out.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Mary and Grandy sit at across table from one another, Grandy taking notes on their conversation.

GRANDY

You were coming along the hall to your door when you saw him coming out of Ms. Luko's apartment.

MARY

Yes.

GRANDY

You were just coming home.

MARY

No. I was home. I heard the shot, and I ran out to the street. But then I had to go back up.

GRANDY

Why did you have to go back?

MARY

I went out in a panic. I wasn't thinking very clearly.

GRANDY

Well - it's understandable.

MARY

(Hesitates)

I forgot my shoes.

GRANDY

(Smiles)

You must've been really afraid. You went out in the street barefoot?

MARY

In slippers.

GRANDY

How far did you get before you noticed?

MARY

Not far.

GRANDY

So it was only a minute or so after the shot?

MARY

I don't know exactly.

GRANDY

Well - you said you ran out after the shot. Then a minute later you came back and you saw a police officer coming out of Ms. Luko's apartment. But whoever did this took some time destroying evidence. He took a bullet out of the ceiling. Removed some evidence. It had to take a more than a minute or two.

MARY

(Uncomfortably)

I waited a few minutes before I went out.

GRANDY

You heard the shot and then you waited, but you didn't call the police - and then you suddenly got in a panic and ran out without your shoes. *(Pause.)* I'm just trying to get the whole picture in my head.

MARY

Yes.

GRANDY

You knew it was a gunshot.

MARY

Yes.

GRANDY

But something else made you run out.

MARY

I told you I wasn't thinking too clearly.

GRANDY

Is this something you don't want to talk about?

MARY

Yes.

GRANDY

Mary - I'm not going to believe you until

I know everything that happened. I can tell you that right now.

MARY

I wasn't sure I had really heard it.

GRANDY

What do you mean? Was it loud?

MARY

Very.

GRANDY

I need you to tell me the whole truth.

MARY

Sometimes....There have been times when...I have heard things that weren't there.

Grandy waits.

MARY

I was in the hospital last winter with schizophrenia.

GRANDY

But you're not in the hospital any more.

MARY

No.

GRANDY

So you're better now?

MARY

It can come back. It's hard to say. It's gone and then come back a few times. About one out of three people who have it get better with drugs - another one out of three get better all by themselves - and then one out of three don't get better at all.

GRANDY

Do you take something for it?

MARY

Yes.

GRANDY

The reason I have to ask about this is that you might be an important witness -

MARY

I understand.

GRANDY

- and I need to know.

MARY

I saw him. I talked to him. He *threatened* me.

GRANDY

He did. What did he say?

MARY

He didn't *say* anything specifically.

GRANDY

What did he do? Did he gesture?

MARY

No. He just - made it...obvious.

GRANDY

He menaced you.

MARY

Yes.

GRANDY

And you were frightened.

MARY

At first. But when he was gone I got very *angry*.

GRANDY

Well - that was good.

MARY

It reminded me. Of when the voices came at me. When I was sick. You don't go all at once, you know. You come in and out. So you *know* it's happening, but you can't *stop* it. You know how you see people talking to nobody on the street? I'll tell you something about that. When you get the voices in your head, you feel very frightened and helpless. And sometimes you think you can keep them away if you yell back. Scare them away. Fight them off.

GRANDY

Were you hearing voices last night?

MARY

No. I'm just tired of being treated like a victim. And feeling like one. So I'm yelling back. I can identify the man I saw. *(Pause)* In fact schizophrenics often have extremely sharp and detailed perceptions. That can be very exhausting and even painful. But it's precise down to minute detail.

Grandy nods agreeably. Mary gets a slight trace of a smile.

MARY

And then of course there are other times when I've seen flaming demons in the grocery store.

Grandy looks at her, his face blank, unable to think of a polite response.

MARY

You said you were trying to get the whole picture in your head.

INT. HOMICIDE OFFICE - DOYLE'S DESK - MORNING

Detective Doyle comes into the office and plunks himself down at his desk, opening a bag of coffee and donuts.

OTHER DETECTIVE

You forget to set the alarm again, Tommy?

DOYLE

Very funny. Where's Grandy?

OTHER DETECTIVE

You got a witness in that shoot last night.

DOYLE

Huh.

Doyle takes a bite of a messy jelly donut and sees Grandy bring Mary out of the interrogation room, shake her hand. Mary goes out of the office, Grandy comes to his desk next to Doyle's.

DOYLE

What's up?

GRANDY

The neighbor.

DOYLE

From the mental hospital?

GRANDY

(Looking at notes)

Yeah. She knows who done it.

DOYLE

Who done it?

GRANDY

Patrol officer. Name of Lisi.

DOYLE

Frank Lisi?

GRANDY

You know him?

DOYLE

I know his uncle. He's at the three-oh. And his father was at the two-seven. Died of cancer couple years back. I met the kid once or twice maybe.

GRANDY

What do you think?

DOYLE

What, are you kidding? You're listening to a *mental* patient? Why don't you just go work for the fucking *New York Times*?

GRANDY

I think it took her a lot of courage to come in.

DOYLE

Oh, Jesus Christ.

GRANDY

(*Quietly*)

You gonna fight with me on this, Tommy?

DOYLE

What are you talking about?

GRANDY

No big blue wall here.

DOYLE

Are you crazy? Of course not.

GRANDY

I'm not turning a blind eye to a hom-

DOYLE

Look - some things - you think one thing, I think that's just the way it is - whatever - we agree to disagree, fine. What I think we both agree on is a fellow cop deserves *consideration*. That's all. This kid is on his probation year. I just think we owe another cop the consideration to find out how *mental* this prize witness is before we

call Internal Affairs and wreck his whole fucking life.

GRANDY

All right.

DOYLE

He did it, then he did it - and we deal with that. Our job is to look into it. But *carefully*, okay? Because *my* guess is that this junkie got herself a hole in the head over dope and at worst Frank Lisi was just bopping her and he got in the wrong place at the wrong time. Maybe he *found* the body. Who knows what. He's not bright. The whole *family* is none too bright. But if we made a big deal of *that* we wouldn't have any cops hardly at all. Okay?

GRANDY

Okay.

DOYLE

Okay.

There is an uncomfortable silence.

DOYLE

So I tell you what: I'm gonna go catch the bad guys, you can try and catch the good guys. Just go *slow* for a while, okay? Until we know some more.

GRANDY

Okay.

DOYLE

Okay. I'll call you in a bit. See where we are.

Doyle takes his coffee and donuts and heads out of the office. Grandy watches, reluctant. But he lets him go, because he agreed to.

EXT. FRANK'S PATROL BLOCK - DAY

Frank, patrolling his block in uniform, has the self-satisfied air of an old-time flatfoot on his beat.

Doyle double parks and gets out of his car, flashes Frank his shield. They stand on the sidewalk, both of them constantly checking the passersby to see if they're being overheard.

DOYLE

My name is Tommy Doyle. I knew your father, more or less.

FRANK

Can I do for you?

DOYLE

I'm in homicide.

FRANK

(Very casual)

Uhuh. What's up?

DOYLE

You got a serious problem.

FRANK

I do?

DOYLE

Look: don't be as stupid as you have been so far. I'm trying to get you out of a jam.

FRANK

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

DOYLE

You don't. Well this is what I'm talking about: you were involved with some girl, got shot in the head last night over on 49th Street, which is about as stupid as you can get. What were you, fucking her?

Long pause. FRANK nods.

DOYLE

Did you kill her?

FRANK

What? No! No. (*Doyle studies him. Frank gets uneasy.*) She tried to get the gun - it was like an *accident* - we were fighting - and it just went off. (*Doyle says nothing.*) I fucked up. I guess. I shoulda - I got panicked - after it went off. I mean, she *grabbed* the fucking gun. And I'm standing there - and my whole *life* is going down the toilet.

Doyle, waiting until Frank is done, considers a moment, then:

DOYLE

The woman who lives next door says she can identify you as involved. Anything else tie you to the dead girl?

FRANK

No.

DOYLE

Okay. Your witness is a mental case. I can stall my partner on this a *little while* - but you gotta take care of it, *right away*. Do you understand what I'm talking about?

FRANK

I understand. I'll take care of it.

DOYLE

You need some friends, get some friends.

FRANK

It's done.

DOYLE

Like tonight.

FRANK

I appreciate this. I mean it.

Frank holds out his hand. Doyle reluctantly gives it a quick shake and then sighs and walks away.

Suddenly he stops and comes back.

DOYLE

You think I mean you're supposed to kill her, don't you?

FRANK

(Yes he did)

No. No. I knew what you meant.

DOYLE

What was that?

FRANK

You meant...you know...

DOYLE

I don't know who the fuck taught you anything but having a badge does *not* mean what you think, you little prick. That badge *means* something. I oughta let you face the fucking music, except you'll disgrace the uniform and make everybody's job that much harder. So fuck that.

FRANK

Hey - look, it wasn't even my *fault* -

DOYLE

Shut the fuck up and *listen*. First off, get your alibi *air-tight*. Second, you can't whack out a witness because we already *know* she was pointing a finger at you, so you'd just be digging yourself a deeper hole, you moron. You gotta *scare the shit out of her* - but you can't raise a hand, you can't make an overt threat -

FRANK

I got it. I'll take care of it.

DOYLE studies him.

DOYLE

Jesus. You're really stupid, aren't you?

FRANK

I got it. I understand. It's under control.

DOYLE

Look. *I'll* talk to your witness. I'll do it. Okay? You just walk up and down here and do some serious thinking. I mean that. You might want to think about getting into another line of work.

FRANK

I appreciate this. I owe you one.

Frank puts his hand out. Doyle doesn't take it, he just shakes his head and walks away. Frank stands tall and watches him drive off.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD DAY ROOM - THE SAME MORNING

It's like the waiting room of a big city bus station except nobody's going anywhere. Sturdy institutional furniture, heavy wire gates on the windows, metal doors with safety-glass windows. The art therapists have gotten the patients to make big paper cut-out leaves in autumn colors, which are pasted up here and there.

Male and female PATIENTS talk, smoke, or watch a television bolted up by the ceiling that gets crappy reception. Some pace the same exact pattern across the floor all day.

Christy has fallen asleep over an game of Scrabble with two patients: MRS. GEARY is playing with the letters, Mr. Simms is writing intently on the scoring pad.

Oscar comes by and flicks Christy hard behind the ear, waking him in pain.

CHRISTY

Jesus, Oscar - you're gonna do that to me
one day and -

OSCAR

And *what?* Any *time*, pal. (*Waits*)
I know ways to hurt you, Reisman, nobody
would ever see a mark.

MR. SIMMS

(*To himself, as Oscar walks away*)
He does.

Christy gives Mr. Simms a thoughtful look, then lets it go.
Shakes himself awake, examines the Scrabble board, points
to some letters and addresses Mrs. Geary.

CHRISTY

What is "QUEVLID"?

MRS. GEARY

You were cheating. I won.

CHRISTY

What do I owe you now, total?

MRS. GEARY

Eight hundred and seventy million
dollars.

CHRISTY

Is that right, Mr. Simms?

MR. SIMMS

Doctor Simms.

CHRISTY

- Doctor Simms?

MR. SIMMS

I advise Amperscram at fifty milligrams
QVC.

Mr. Simms scribbles this on the pad, tears it off and hands
it to Christy. Christy sees Mrs. Clark gesturing through
the window for him to come into the Nurse's Station. He
gets up, showing Mr. Simms the paper.

CHRISTY
I'm going to go get this filled.

MR. SIMMS
Stat.

CHRISTY
Ten-four.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DIRECTLY AFTER

Mrs. Clark sits at the desk, reading a romance paperback with a pair of half-glasses.

MRS. CLARK
Go home and get some sleep. You're no good to us like this anyway.

CHRISTY
Sorry - I was up all night.

MRS. CLARK
Ah-huh.

CHRISTY
No, I was alone.

MRS. CLARK
You had a woman on your mind.

CHRISTY
Yes I did. Two, in fact.

As Christy goes to exchange his TA jacket for his own:

MRS. CLARK
You're gonna have to let *somebody* in, Mr. Reisman.

CHRISTY
What makes you say that, Mrs. Clark?

MRS. CLARK

I know what goes on. I read my books.

She holds up a romance novel; Christy sets aside his jacket, takes the book, smiles, examines it.

CHRISTY

In your experience, are these pretty accurate?

MRS. CLARK

You've got to look beyond the way things look. I know when someone has passions locked inside, waiting to be set free by the right person.

CHRISTY

(Reading a page at random)

Well - that's the catch, isn't it? Knowing who that might be.

MRS. CLARK

You'll know. If you let yourself.

CHRISTY

(Reading)

How?

MRS. CLARK

You'll be possessed of feelings that undo your reason. You'll surrender to that, and discover devotion, and sacrifice, even though you're a millionaire and she's just a shop-girl. Or the other way around. Doesn't make any difference.

CHRISTY

Well. Thanks for letting me in on that, Mrs. Clark.

He hands back the book. As he goes to get the bag and pulls on his jacket:

MRS. CLARK

You've gotta find someone to understand your soul. If you don't, your passions get twisted into dark cruelty and what

began as love will become revenge for things you don't even remember, which leads only to terrible torment and sorrow.

CHRISTY

Uh-huh.

MRS. CLARK

That's not me talking - that's common knowledge. Didn't your Mama ever tell you every pot has a lid?

CHRISTY

My Mom? No, she never mentioned it.
(Goes to the door) Thanks for the advice, Mrs. Clark. And the day off.

MRS. CLARK

Goodnight, then.

INT HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MAIN ENTRANCE - SOON AFTER

Christy, tired and lost in thought, lets himself out of the locked ward and walks toward the bustling Main Entrance. Suddenly he looks up, as he hears a WOMAN screaming.

SCREAMING WOMAN

- don't let them take me - don't let them take me - they're after me - the police are involved in a plot -

People in the corridor stop and turn - Christy moves past them, trying to see what's happening.

At the Entrance Lobby, a crowd is growing as two POLICE OFFICERS struggle with the Screaming Woman; she is obscured in the fray, but looks - in the glimpses Christy gets as he pushes through - like Mary.

WOMAN

- somebody help me - they're going to put rays in my brains! They're going to rape me -

Christy edges closer. The Screaming Woman is thrashing and kicking - one Cop finally grabs her in a wrestling hold and swings her, screaming and spitting, around so that Christy can see her face. It is not Mary.

INT. CHURCH - HELL'S KITCHEN - LATER THE SAME MORNING

Mary is sitting quietly in a small neighborhood church. She may or may not be praying, but she is certainly soaking in the peace of the dark wood and colored glass.

Detective Doyle is standing in the back, quietly watching her. Notes the few other FAITHFUL, a HANDYMAN cleaning. Doyle comes to sit next to Mary.

DOYLE

This is a nice little church, huh?
Quiet.

MARY nods, politely.

DOYLE

And it's convenient to where you live.

MARY

(Reacts - then carefully:)
What do you want?

DOYLE

Place like this - it's like a sanctuary. Safe. *(Pause)* But even *here*...somebody has a record of mental breakdowns, resisting arrest and assaulting police officers...they get in trouble with the police again, they get put down too hard maybe - an accident could happen. It could happen. There would two sides to every story.

Mary tries to stand. Doyle grabs her wrist. Mary freezes.

DOYLE

Leave the whole business alone.

Mary looks at his hand on her wrist. She looks into his eyes.

Mary screams at the top of her lungs, still looking straight into Doyle's eyes.

Everyone turns, shocked - the Handyman drops a glass light fixture he was working on. Doyle lets go of her wrist like it was a snake - and Mary stops screaming. She has not taken her eyes off him.

Mary walks away down the aisle, composed but putting her hand to her throat, which she hurt a bit.

INT. NURSES' S STATION - DAY

Christy comes back in. Mrs. Clark is still reading at her desk.

CHRISTY

Mrs. Clark, can you write out an order so I could take a look at a chart from a few months ago?

MRS. CLARK

You need a doctor to order up a chart.

CHRISTY

I know that.

MRS. CLARK

Oh.

Pause. She's waiting.

CHRISTY

It's something personal. (*Mrs. Clark raises an eyebrow*) Not *personal*-personal, it's just...something I (*shrugs*)...handled wrong...kind of.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - MAIN READING ROOM - LATER

Five fat bound volumes thump down on one of the long oak tables. Telephone books: *Manhattan, the Bronx, Queens, Brooklyn, Staten Island.*

MARY
(*Whisper*)

Sorry.

The assorted READERS at the table shift and show their ruffled feathers, then return to their work as Mary sits. She opens a small spiral notebook and uncaps her pen.

She opens the first phone book, finds the listings for *Lisi* and begins to copy down each name, address, and phone number.

A vicious sibilant voice creeps around her. Angry whispering.

She concentrates on copying the list. The noise gets more distracting.

Crazy nasty whispering.

Mary looks up. At another table, there is a DISTURBED HOMELESS WOMAN, agitated and dirty, in furious whispered conversation with nonexistent voices. The Disturbed Woman folds up scraps of paper, tears them, hides them.

A Reader sitting near the Disturbed Woman gets up to move, annoyed. He meets Mary's glance and gives her a heaven-help-us look.

Mary watches the Disturbed Woman. She tries very hard to control herself. The Disturbed Woman keeps on whispering.

Mary bends over the spiral notebook again, copying numbers out of the phone book. A tear drops on to the page, blurring the letters.

She painstakingly blots it and recopies those lines.

INT. HOSPITAL RECORD ROOM - THE SAME TIME

Christy waits at a desk while the RECORDS CLERK emerges from the rows of floor-ceiling file shelves with Mary's chart (charts are kept in loose-leaf binders).

CHRISTY

(As he signs for it)

Thank you. I just need it for a sec.
Can I borrow this? *(Takes a pen and slip of paper from the desk)*

He opens the chart, and copies the name and address under: *To Be Notified In Case Of Emergency*. Her brother. Home and work telephone numbers.

Then Christy hesitantly flips through the chart and reads some of it.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - PUBLIC LIBRARY - THE SAME TIME

Mary is dialing the phone in the old-fashioned wood booth, the kind with a glass-paneled door. There is a line of irritated people outside.

MARY

Hello, this is the 12th Precinct calling.
Is Officer Lisi there? Oh - I'm sorry.
No, my mistake.

She hangs up and crosses the name off the list in her spiral notebook. Drops in a quarter from a big pile on the counter below the pay phone, and dials again. She's about half-way through a list of at least twenty names.

MARY

Hello, this is the 12th Precinct calling.
Is Officer Lisi there? *(Reacts)* He's on duty? Oh! Yes. Yes, you're right - I see from our records - yes - thank you - goodbye.

Hangs up, a little nervously.

INT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Much of the wall material removed, windows and doors taken out, big holes in the ceilings, ladders; WORKMEN renovating the apartment throwing hunks of plaster-board and rotted wood out a window into a chute that lets the junk rattle down three flights to a dumpster.

Christy hesitantly appears in the doorway. Watches the WORKMEN yanking splintering pieces of the walls apart, dust swirling, anonymous beneath coveralls, caps, and bug-face breathing masks.

WORKMAN #1

Help you?

CHRISTY

Peter Maraszek?

WORKMAN #1 gestures at MARASZEK, who examines Christy a second, then dumps stuff out the window, pulls off his mask. He's a big man, with a mustache.

MARASZEK

I know you?

CHRISTY

No. I work at Franklin Memorial Hospital.

MARASZEK

Yeah?

CHRISTY

It's about your sister, Mary.

Maraszek doesn't react, but he glances at the other Workmen and gestures for Christy to follow him.

INT. OLD BUILDING - OTHER ROOM - DIRECTLY AFTER

MARASZEK wipes his sweaty, dusty face and waits.

MARASZEK

She in the hospital?

CHRISTY

No. But I think she's having some kind of trouble.

MARASZEK

Hospital sent you to tell me that?

CHRISTY

No - I'm not here - from them.

MARASZEK

No? Then what is it?

CHRISTY

Your sister came to see me very late last night. She came to my apartment.

MARASZEK

I'm sorry she bothered you.

CHRISTY

That's not the point.

MARASZEK

Well I don't know what the point is.

CHRISTY

I think your sister needs help.

MARASZEK

You want to help her?

CHRISTY

No.

MARASZEK

Me neither. I don't mean that to sound cold.

CHRISTY

That's okay.

MARASZEK

Does she have to go back to the hospital?

CHRISTY

No - I don't think so -

MARASZEK

Then I can't do anything. I mean I'll sign the papers - but I can't be responsible for her any more. Okay? I'm sorry.

CHRISTY

She might be in actual trouble.

MARASZEK

She's a sick woman, Mister...?

CHRISTY

Christopher Reisman.

MARASZEK

She's got a problem. I can't fix it. It makes me really sad, but I have my own family - and when we took her in - three years ago - it didn't work out. I don't know what anybody can do. It's just a tragedy, that's all. I'm sorry she bothered you.

CHRISTY

It's not that she bothered me.

MARASZEK

Well then what is it?

CHRISTY

I turned her away. And - I just - felt...

MARASZEK

What?

CHRISTY

I don't know what.

MARASZEK

Well I can't help you. I'm sorry mister. But if you don't know what - then I sure don't. I'm sorry she came to you. But

I'm working here. I'll look into it,
okay? I gotta get back to work.

CHRISTY

Okay. Thank you. I'm sorry.

MARASZEK

No big deal. Forget it.

Christy watches Maraszek put the cap and mask back on before he returns to work, his gaze steady and impassive - Christy shrugs, and goes to find his way out.

EXT. STREET IN QUEENS - AFTERNOON

Rows of two-family houses. Mary stands across the street, watching one in particular, hesitant.

A SENIOR CITIZEN is tending some potted plants in front of it. Just as Mary gets up the nerve to cross -

The door opens and a woman in her early 20s, Frank's wife JOANIE LISI, comes out with a stroller and a young daughter, DINA. They greet the Senior Citizen in passing and walk away down the sidewalk - and Mary follows.

EXT. LOCAL PLAYGROUND - SOON AFTER

Swing sets, see-saws, chain-link fence. Down the street, perhaps, we can see elevated subway tracks.

MOTHERS in clutches on the benches, talking. Mary sits by herself near the KIDS playing, watching Dina.

After a while Dina notices she's being watched. Studies Mary in return.

MARY

Hello. What's your name?

DINA

Dina.

MARY

I'm Mary. *(Holds out her hand. Dina won't take it; Mary accepts this.)* Do you go to school yet?

DINA

I have play group.

JOANIE

(Coming over)

Can I help you?

MARY

Is she yours?

JOANIE

Yeah.

MARY

She's careful.

JOANIE

Well - you gotta be.

MARY

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to frighten you. My name is Mary Maraszek. I used to teach first grade.

JOANIE

Around here?

MARY

No. In Manhattan.

JOANIE

Huh. *(Pause)* You *used* to.

MARY

I was ill for a long time.

JOANIE

Oh, I'm sorry.

MARY

That was the worst thing about it.

Losing them.

JOANIE

You seem okay now. You going back to it?

MARY

They won't let me. (*Joanie looks somewhat uncomfortable*) It's not contagious.

JOANIE

(*Nonetheless backing off*)

I didn't mean anything. Well - so long now. Dina. Let's let the woman be.

Dina walks over to Mary and puts out her hand. Mary smiles and kneels, gently shakes. Then she looks up over Dina.

MARY

Mrs. Lisi. Please tell your husband to leave me alone.

JOANIE

Dina - come here - now!

MARY

Mrs. Lisi -

JOANIE

I don't know who you are -

MARY

I know that. Here.

Mary is holding out her clenched fist. Joanie hangs back, holding Dina by the shoulders. Mary turns her hand over and opens it to reveal a Mellaril tablet.

MARY

Give this to your husband so he knows who I am and tell him to *leave me alone*.

Joanie won't move.

Mary sets the pill on the concrete halfway between them and then walks out of the playground.

INT. POLICE STATION LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

Frank is just changing out of his uniform. We might notice, in the background, two other young uniform cops just getting off their shift: FALCO and REEVES. (Frank might be talking with them.)

Frank's beeper goes off. He goes to a pay phone, dials.

FRANK

Yeah Joanie - what? *What* happened?!
Stop crying - tell me what happened!
(*Listens.*) Mother fucker! That stupid
bitch. Listen to me, Joanie. Don't
worry about it - no, I know what it is -
it's a beef I had here on the street -
I'll take *care* of it - you just take it
easy -

He's slamming his hand against the wall as he reassures her, face tight.

EXT. OUTSIDE MARY'S BUILDING - NEAR DUSK

Mary comes along the street, not noticing Falco and Reeves, the two rookie cops now in their street clothes, waiting in a car parked by a hydrant.

INT. FALCO'S CAR - THE SAME TIME

Falco checks a slip of paper with a description written on it as they watch Mary go into her building.

FALCO

Here we go, I think.

REEVES

About time. You sure?

FALCO

One way to find out.

INT. MARY'S HALLWAY - SOON AFTER

The Super is watching two WORKMEN put a replacement door on Carrie Luko's apartment. Through the open doorway we can see the fire-damaged room, including chalk outline.

Mary nods hello as she gets near, fishing for her keys.

SUPER
Your brother's in there.

MARY
(Freezes with her keys by the lock)
What?

SUPER
I let him in. He said he was your
brother.

MARY looks frightened, looks at the door.

SUPER
Big guy, mustache.

MARY
Yes.

SUPER
(Uncomfortably)
I hope that's okay. He said he was your
brother.

MARY
Thank you. Yes.

The Super goes into Carrie Luko's apartment.

Mary stands staring at her door in terror, keys in her hand. A big guy with a mustache. She slowly backs away from the door.

INT. MARY'S BUILDING - FRONT DOOR - THE SAME TIME

Falco and Reeves come into the building foyer, check the slip of paper and find Mary's buzzer.

INT. MARY'S HALLWAY - THE SAME TIME

MARY hears the buzzer through the closed door and stops moving away. She comes back to the door, listening intently. The buzzer rings again.

MARASZEK
(Through door)

Yeah, hello?

INT. MARY'S BUILDING - FRONT DOOR - THE SAME TIME

Falco and Ralco react to the voice. Falco checks the slip of paper again. Shrugs at Reeves, shakes his head.

MARASZEK
(on intercom)

Hello?

Falco gestures with his head and they back off, and they go out to the street.

EXT. OUTSIDE MARY'S BUILDING - DIRECTLY AFTER

REEVES
You notice how nothing is ever easy?

FALCO
I knew this was fucked-up from the start.

REEVES
Time is it?

FALCO
(Hands REEVES the paper)
Call him up on his beeper. Find out what's with the fucking *guy* in her house. Tell him nothing's like he said.

Reeves heads for the payphone.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Mary lets herself in; Peter Maraszek turns from the intercom, somewhat guilty and uncomfortable.

MARY

What are you doing here?

MARASZEK

Are you getting it again?

MARY

No.

MARASZEK

I heard from the hospital that you are.

MARY

Maybe *you're* getting it now. If you're hearing things.

MARASZEK

Very funny.

MARY

How are Linda and the kids?

MARASZEK

A man came to me at work. From the hospital. He said you rang his doorbell in the middle of the night.

MARY

He went to *you*?

MARASZEK

Well what else? They *always* come to me. I don't like it any more than you do. Change your name.

MARY

You'd like that.

MARASZEK

(Looks at her closely)

You've got it again, don't you?

MARY

No!

MARASZEK

I think you do.

MARY

Go ahead - make it worse. Something *happened* to me! It's just not in my head this time!

MARASZEK

How would you know?

MARY

I know! Oh Jesus - this is not *fair!* I should not have to fight against the people who are supposed to *love* me. This is hard enough.

MARASZEK

All right - Mary - don't get upset -

MARY

You ought to care about what I say!

MARASZEK

I can't! It's just been too much - all the screaming, and the accusations - I can't take it again, Mary. I'm sorry. But if you have to go back - you're going back. That's all.

MARY

Get out.

MARASZEK

I'm going.

MARY

I don't need your *help*.

MARASZEK

And I don't need people coming to me because you're ringing their doorbells!

MARY

Something *happened to me!*

MARASZEK

We all know that.

MARY

Something *real* happened to me!

MARASZEK

(Sadly)

I know.

He goes out. Mary, in a rage, throws the vase of flowers at the closed door, smashing it. She overturns a chair. Then she grabs her purse and goes out.

INT. CHRISTY'S STAIRWAY - SOON AFTER

Christy, exhausted, comes up the steps and stops. A shiny new hasp and padlock has been installed next to a new eviction notice.

CHRISTY

God damn it.

He gives the padlock a futile shake. He stands staring dumbly at the doorknob. Then he backs up a step and kicks the door, as hard as he can.

CHRISTY

(Shouting at the lock)

All my *stuff's* in there! *(He kicks again)* Mother fuckers -

He takes a few steps back and bashes his shoulder into the door full force, over and over until he's dizzy. He staggers to the steps and sits, massaging his shoulder.

CHRISTY

Nothing works like it does in the movies.

EXT. OUTSIDE CHRISTY'S BUILDING - SOON AFTER

Christy comes out, distracted, and almost gets down to the sidewalk when he sees Mary crossing the street diagonally toward him, furious.

Neither of them notices Falco and Reeves in the unmarked car coming slowly up the block after her.

CHRISTY

Oh no - not now -

He turns and goes back up the stoop, fumbling with his keys to let himself back in.

MARY

You *wait* - you just wait - I want to know what makes you think you have the *right* - what makes you think you have the *right* -

Christy lets himself back in the entryway and locks the glass door behind him.

INT. CHRISTY'S ENTRYWAY - NEAR DUSK

Mary comes up the steps and yells at him through the doors.

MARY

Who the hell do you think you are going to my *family*?!

CHRISTY

Just go away. Please just go away.

MARY

You're just like the rest of them, aren't you? I thought you were different because of the way you acted when I was in the hospital -

Christy slumps against a wall in the foyer, trying to tune her out.

CHRISTY

Go *away*.

EXT. OUTSIDE CHRISTY'S BUILDING - THE SAME TIME

MARY

- but it turns out you're just like that
other one, you're just like everybody
else - you don't care -

Behind her, Falco and Reeves step out of the car, surveying
the scene professionally. Falco comes a few steps up
behind Mary, taking an ID wallet out.

FALCO

Mary Maraszek?

INT. CHRISTY'S ENTRYWAY - NEAR DUSK

Mary turns, suspicious and frightened. The sudden stop
makes Christy look out the glass.

MARY

What?

FALCO

I'm from the Internal Affairs Division of
the New York City Police Department. I'd
like to talk to you a minute.

Mary backs against the doors, away from Falco. Christy,
inside the glass, watches, concerned.

MARY

You're who?

FALCO

(Approaching slowly)

There's nothing to be afraid of - we're
here because we know you have something
to tell us.

MARY

I already spoke to someone.

FALCO

Internal Affairs is the division that
investigates complaints against police

officers.

MARY
I already talked to someone.

CHRISTY
Excuse me.

He opens the door a little and steps out.

EXT. OUTSIDE CHRISTY'S BUILDING - THE SAME TIME

Falco is looking considerably frustrated.

FALCO
Can I help you, mister?

CHRISTY
I don't know.

FALCO
You know Miss Maraszek here?

CHRISTY
Yes.

MARY
(Very frightened, to Christy)
I already talked to someone.

CHRISTY
You want to tell us what's going on?

FALCO
Were you involved in the incident
involving Miss Maraszek?

CHRISTY
No.

FALCO
You want to let us conduct our business,
then? *(To Mary)* Ma'am, we'd like you to
come down to Police Plaza with us - we've

got a car here.

MARY

(Over him)

No - I don't think I want to -

FALCO

- I don't want to go into all this on the street -

CHRISTY

Listen - maybe there's some other time -

FALCO

Are you a relative of Miss Maraszek?

CHRISTY

No - I'm just - I work at a hospital -

FALCO

- okay then: do you have *anything* to do with this investigation?

CHRISTY

No.

FALCO

Then will you do me a favor and get on your way. There's nothing to see here.

Firmly takes Mary by the arm, steers her toward the car, where Reeves opens the back door.

MARY

I don't want to go with you right now.

CHRISTY

(Following)

Hey - where are you taking -

FALCO

(Hands Mary to Reeves and turns to Christy)

I think we already talked -

MARY

- let me go -

CHRISTY

I just want to know where you're taking her -

FALCO

Are you involved in this situation with Miss Maraszek?

CHRISTY

- what does it matter if -

MARY

- Christy -

FALCO

Are you *involved*?

CHRISTY

No - I'm - what do you mean?

FALCO

Are you *involved*?

CHRISTY

Yes! Okay?! I'm involved.

FALCO

Okay. Good. Now we know. (*Gestures angrily*) In the car.

REEVES

- Dan -

CHRISTY

No - wait a second.

FALCO

- in the back - everybody rides - everybody goes -

Falco hustles them roughly into the car, guiding their heads to keep them from hitting the doorframe as they go in - slams the doors.

REEVES

- Danny - whattaya doin'?

FALCO

Shut up and drive the car.

REEVES

Whole fucking thing is a mistake from the start.

Falco and Reeves get in the front and the doors slam as Reeves starts up the engine.

INT. THE CAR - SOON AFTER

Reeves drives, skillfully weaving through the traffic. Falco fumes in the shotgun seat. After a moment:

MARY

Where *exactly* are we going? And I want to know your names and badge numbers.

FALCO

(Checks his watch)

Why doesn't everybody just sit quiet.
(He turns up the police radio to intimidate them.) Be there in no time.

Falco sits slightly sideways so he can glance back at them.

Christy is sweating. As they stop at a light Mary tenses, putting her hand on the door handle as if she might try to get out.

Christy reaches over quietly and touches her other hand, to restrain her. She looks at him with a slight wildness, like he's putting a noose on her neck. He meets her eye steadily.

Reeves gives them the once-over in the rear-view and hits a button on his door. All four door locks thunk into place.

Mary gives a start at the noise.

REEVES

Don't want nobody falling out.

The car begins to move again.

Mary watches the streets pass out the windows. She sits back a bit, reaches over very hesitantly and takes Christy's hand in hers.

EXT. DERELICT FACTORY - QUEENS - JUST AFTER DUSK

There are blank places on the map of Queens in Laurel Hill, Steinway, Sunnyside: a landscape of corroded and abandoned factories, stinking canals and scrap yards.

Reeves parks the car in front of one such burned-out brick and iron industrial ruin.

INT. THE CAR AT THE FACTORY - THE SAME TIME

No one says anything. Mary and Christy's eyes search the darkening wreckage out the windows nervously.

FALCO

Okay. End of the road.

MARY

(Low)

Our father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name -

FALCO

Stretch your legs. Go on.

MARY

- thy kingdom come, thy will be done - on earth as it is in heaven -

Falco sighs and gets out.

MARY

- give us this day our daily rest - and lead us not into temptation - forgive us

our trespasses -

Falco opens Mary's door, takes her arm and pulls her out.

CHRISTY

Don't -

MARY

- as we forgive those who trespass
against us -

Reeves reaches over the seat and presses his hand against the center of Christy's chest to restrain him. Falco slams the door as he walks Mary, still praying, away.

Reeves waits until he's sure Christy's cooled-out, then slowly withdraws his hand. Reeves sighs and gets out of the car, pacing back and forth in front of it, his feet crunching on the broken brick and glass.

Christy's breath rasps in the silent car. Falco is taking Mary into a courtyard of cracked brick walls and chimneys and black broken windows.

The door opens abruptly and Frank slides in next to Christy.

FRANK

Who the *fuck* are you?

CHRISTY

I'm - her friend.

FRANK

Jesus fucking Christ.

Frank shakes his head. He exhales angrily, watching Falco, who punches Mary hard, a boxer's body blow, in the kidneys. She grabs her back and falls to her knees.

CHRISTY

Oh no -

Christy lurches to open the door and but Frank grabs him brutally by the neck and throws him back in the seat.

FRANK

Don't. Don't. Don't. Listen. Okay?
Listen.

Christy coughs. Reeves uncomfortably paces outside, trying not to look at either crime.

FRANK

You and me gotta fix this up. Okay?
Because your friend is out of control.
She doesn't know what she's doing.

Mary is trying to crawl away and Falco is walking alongside her, bent over and talking. He grabs her arm, lifts her up, and punches her in the stomach.

Christy flinches, turns in his seat.

Mary falls to her side on the ground. Falco kicks Mary.

FRANK

Listen. *Pay attention.* Are you
listening?

CHRISTY

Yes.

FRANK

I did it. Do you understand? She tell you? *(Christy shrugs)* I'm telling you because you have to *understand*. You can't fuck with me. Because - *(Pause)* - it's *done*. The way it happened - she did it to herself, if you want to know. Stupid bitch. She grabs my gun. I'm trying to take it back and BAM. It's over. She's dead. But I have to fix it up just as much as if I put it to her head.

CHRISTY

Okay.

FRANK

Don't just say "okay." *(He grabs*

CHRISTY's averted face and turns it to stare at him.) Look at me.

CHRISTY

I don't know what you want.

FRANK

She has got to stop.

CHRISTY

All right.

FRANK

I mean it. You have to get her some reality.

CHRISTY

Okay.

FRANK

Okay. You know now, right? *(Lets him go)* She better back off. I'm sorry. *(CHRISTY doesn't say anything.)* We all just have to forget all about it.

Frank reaches over Christy to open the door.

EXT. DERELICT FACTORY - JUST AFTER DUSK

Christy stumbles out the car, as Falco gets in the shotgun seat and Reeves gets behind the wheel. The car backs up, turns and drives away as Christy runs to Mary.

Mary is sobbing, curled up on her side with one hand pressed against her back. Christy kneels, turning her tearstained face to him, brushing the dirt off it.

CHRISTY

Oh God. Oh God. Mary. Can you walk?
Can you turn over? Fuckers.

MARY

- you forsaken me. Why have you forsaken me. Why have you forsaken me. Why have

you forsaken me -

CHRISTY

Fuckers!

Christy yells out in frustration. Then he holds her to him as she mutters over and over.

CHRISTY

It's gonna be all right. I'll take care of you.

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

Christy and Mary sit in a pair of corner seats, dirty, watchful. They don't talk. Mary suddenly panics. Looks around at her feet, on the seat.

MARY

My handbag.

CHRISTY

I have it.

Mary takes it. Checks that she's still got her pills. Relieved, puts it away.

MARY

You saw it happen.

CHRISTY

Yeah.

MARY

Nobody ever believes anything that happens.

She stares at the ground, shaking with rage and frustration.

MARY

I can't go home.

CHRISTY

I know.

MARY

I don't know where to go.

CHRISTY

I'll take care of it.

MARY

(Eyes fixed on the ground.)

I'm afraid they'll come at me again.

CHRISTY

No. They don't know where I'm taking you.

MARY

(She looks at him.)

Not them.

Christy meets her haunted eyes, and then nods. She looks back down at the floor between her feet, intent, distracted.

MARY

(Very quietly)

Stay away. Stay away. Stay away.

INT. HOTEL BEAUMONT LOBBY - LATER

Huge and elegant. A harpist and violinist in the bar. Christy and Mary, conscious of how dirty and out-of-place they seem, avoid the eyes of the HOTEL GUESTS and EMPLOYEES.

Christy takes Mary to a corner of the lobby where she is more or less out of the way. Mary nervously tries to brush her hair out of her face.

Christy sees Maggie at the Reception desk, hair up, wearing a prim hotel blazer and ID pin.

CHRISTY

Stay here. I'll be right back.

Mary grabs his sleeve as he starts away.

MARY

Christy.

He waits.

MARY

The last time I was in the hospital - I was arrested. I was in a department store. The angels had been sent down to bring me up to heaven. But they catch fire when they come down to earth. And they turn angry, and they hate you. And instead of coming to help you, they want to kill you.

Christy almost doesn't breathe. He nods.

MARY

If I start to talk like that again - you have to get me help. Don't wait. Don't let it get worse. Promise me.

Christy nods again, reassuring. She squeezes his hand and lets him go.

CHRISTY

I'll be right back.

Mary watches Christy cross the lobby to Maggie at the Reception Desk. She can see them talking. She sees Maggie glancing across the lobby at her.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION DESK - THE SAME TIME

MAGGIE

(Low)

What if she - starts acting strangely?

CHRISTY

She won't. She's fine.

MAGGIE

The last time we saw her you didn't think so.

CHRISTY

I was wrong. She's in trouble. We're gonna get it straightened out tomorrow. We'll get some help. We just have to get through tonight.

MAGGIE

Okay. But what *if* something happens in the middle of the night? What do I do, call you?

CHRISTY

You won't have to. I'm staying with her.

MAGGIE

Oh. Oh. I didn't understand.

She sits at her computer, types into it.

CHRISTY

I was - locked out of my apartment.

MAGGIE

(Typing into computer)

You could stay with me. If you need to. For a few nights.

CHRISTY

She's in trouble.

Maggie nods, reads the screen, types into the computer again. Pause.

MAGGIE

Do you want - two beds - or one?

CHRISTY

Two.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - THE SAME EVENING

Detective Grandy comes up the steps and stops with his hand an inch from the doorbell. He can hear yelling through the door.

JOANIE

I'm not GONNA forget it - I don't like you shutting me out - it makes me think about awful things -

FRANK

I get shit on the street - I get shit at the precinct - I don't want any more shit at home! I want it like I come home and everything else goes away. That's what I want.

JOANIE

But I'm here alone all day, Frank -

FRANK

And I'm all alone OUT THERE -

JOANIE

- and I don't know who the hell you ARE half the time! It's like you got some kinda split personality -

FRANK

Stop making this into a big deal - I got it under control! It's everyday shit!

JOANIE

People don't come up to me in the playground every day -

FRANK

I've got it UNDER CONTROL!

Grandy rings the doorbell and silence falls on the other side of the door. A moment passes. Frank opens the door.

FRANK

Yeah?

GRANDY

(Flashes ID)

I'm sorry to bother you. Vernon Grandy -
Homicide. Can I talk to you?

Frank lets him in.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DIRECTLY AFTER

Grandy comes in, notes Frank's uneaten dinner on the table and Joanie in the kitchen moving things around to look busy and sniffing into a tissue. Her eye make-up is a disaster.

GRANDY

I'm sorry to interrupt your...dinner.

FRANK

It's okay. What can I do you for?

GRANDY

(Glances at JOANIE)

I don't know if -

JOANIE

I was just going.

Joanie goes out of the room. Grandy studies Frank.

FRANK

Okay - you got my attention now.

GRANDY

Could I get a drink? You have scotch?
And soda?

FRANK

(Goes to pour him a drink)

So this is not - you're not on duty.

GRANDY

No, I'm on duty. You gonna tell on me?
(Takes the drink) I had the worst
fucking day.

FRANK

Makes two of us.

GRANDY

(Sits, drinks)

I'm sorry to come in here. *(Drinks more)*
I lost a witness today.

FRANK

You *lost* one.

GRANDY

Yeah. Gone. *Pfft.*

Pause.

FRANK

That sucks, huh?

GRANDY

I oughta just let it go. Case is a mess.

FRANK

I don't want to - um - could you tell me
why you came by?

GRANDY

Witness put you at the scene, at the
time.

FRANK

Me?

GRANDY

You. At the scene of Carrie Luko's
homicide last night. Witness.

FRANK

Not me.

GRANDY

By name.

FRANK

That woman is a whack.

GRANDY

I know.

FRANK

That woman has a history of mental problems -

GRANDY

You're right, Frank. You are one hundred per cent right. The woman may not be a credible witness, and there is no other evidence against you. Except you really are stupid, aren't you, Frank? You walked right into it. Because nobody said anything *about* a woman to you, Frank. Nobody said anything about a woman with a history of mental problems. So you stink. You're who done it. You stupid fuckhead.

Grandy sets aside the empty glass and stands up.

GRANDY

I can't prove it yet, but I will. And you better pray that nothing has happened to that witness.

FRANK

No - I knew -

GRANDY

(Walking to the door)

It's too late.

FRANK

Tom Doyle told me.

GRANDY

Tom *Doyle* did?

FRANK

That's his name, right?

GRANDY

He told you...*what?*

FRANK

He told me this fucked-up broad was down making claims about me in that homicide - I didn't do *anything*, mister. This woman - with a history of mental problems - is making my life a fucked-up hell. You heard - before. She came here to my wife. It's insane. So when you said - about a witness - I knew about it. That's all. I didn't *do* anything.

Grandy thinks about this.

FRANK

Honest.

Grandy studies Frank, sighs. He goes to the door.

GRANDY

I'll talk to Tom.

FRANK

Yeah - talk to - Tom.

GRANDY

(with the door open)

You know what happened to my witness?

FRANK

Me? No.

Grandy studies him further, goes out and shuts the door behind him. Frank leans against the closed door.

FRANK

Fuck.

INT. GRANDY'S CAR - PARKED OUTSIDE FRANK'S HOUSE - THE SAME TIME

Grandy unlocks his car, gets behind the wheel.

GRANDY

Fuck.

He starts the car.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - THE SAME NIGHT

Plush. Hushed. Two queen-size beds, heavy drapery. Mary is standing in the exact center of the room as if afraid to touch anything.

MARY

Fancy.

CHRISTY

Hey. What else.

Christy glances into the bathroom, opens the closet to check it out. He goes to the window, looks at the blue-black night and the harmless sparkling windows and streetlights spread out below. He turns to find Mary has come up behind him.

MARY

Thank you.

She hugs him; he stays very very still. Her hand gently strokes his hair. She realizes he's so still and pulls back to look at him.

CHRISTY

(Puts his thumb to her cheek.)

You're - um - dirty.

MARY

I am? Oh.

She goes to look at herself in the mirror, chastened.

CHRISTY

You take a shower, then I will.

MARY

Okay. Thanks.

She goes into the bathroom and shuts the door. He hears the bathtub begin to fill. Christy sits on the end of the

bed. Switches on the TV.

Mary comes out to get her purse.

MARY

What are we going to do?

CHRISTY

I don't know.

Mary nods. She goes into the bathroom and shuts the door.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - DIRECTLY AFTER

Mary finds her S-M-T-W-T-F-S pill box and takes the day's pill with a cupped-handful of water.

Then she opens the next day's compartment and takes that pill, too.

Mary takes a moment to study herself in the mirror.

She begins to undress to get into the steaming tub.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - THE SAME TIME

Christy flips from station to station on the TV, cutting sentences in half, looking for an answer.

There's a knock on the door. He mutes the TV and goes to it.

CHRISTY

Who is it?

MAGGIE

It's me. *(He lets her in.)* I'm on a break. Everything okay?

CHRISTY

We're fine. Thanks.

MAGGIE

Any trouble?

CHRISTY

No trouble.

The water is shut off in the bathroom.

MAGGIE

So - you're okay.

CHRISTY

Yeah. Thank you - for all of this.

MAGGIE

Can I get you anything?

CHRISTY

No, it's fine. You've done more than - I had a right to ask for.

MARY

(Through bathroom door)

Aspirin?

CHRISTY

Aspirin.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - THE SAME TIME

Mary is in the tub. There's an awkward silence on the other side of the bathroom door.

MARY

(Self-consciously)

For my back.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - THE SAME TIME

MAGGIE

I think I have that. With me.

Gets it from her purse. Then looks around the room.

MAGGIE

Okay. Remember that you're not here. Okay? Don't use the phone. Don't use the pay-per-view. There's an alarm clock in the radio. You have to be out by eight, no kidding. I won't be at the desk by then. Just drop the key in any mailbox.

CHRISTY

Got it.

MAGGIE

You okay?

CHRISTY

You already asked.

MAGGIE

Yeah. It's not what I meant. I think I mean: Do you know what you're doing?

CHRISTY

So far.

MAGGIE

Good. Will you - I mean, is there - *(Flustered)* This is weird. I don't even know what I want to say. Just: take care. Okay?

CHRISTY

I will. I mean it. Thank you. Really.

Maggie nods and opens the door. She gives a quick impulsive wave and hurries out.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Mary sits on the bed in a terry bathrobe from the closet with the hotel crest on it. She flips channels on the TV remote. Hits a frantic music video: manic editing, changing film stocks, subliminal imagery, visual insanity.

Mary watches, and calls to him.

MARY
This is what it's like.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - THE SAME TIME

Christy, hair wet from the shower, has the door open to let the steam out. He's put his pants back on and is brushing his teeth with his finger.

CHRISTY
What?

MARY
If you ever wanted to know what it's like.

CHRISTY
I can't hear you.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - THE SAME TIME

Mary switches off the TV.

She is looking around and sees his organizer, which is open on the dresser amid some other stuff from Christy's shoulder bag.

She takes the contact sheet of head shots, and is examining it as Christy comes out of the bathroom.

MARY
These are terribly phoney.

CHRISTY
Yeah, I know.

MARY
It must be strange: acting.

CHRISTY

It is.

MARY

I don't think I'd like it. Having to lose yourself, in somebody else.

CHRISTY

You're not supposed to do that. You're supposed to try and *find* yourself - in *moments* - that you never expected to be in. You're supposed to try to find yourself...in somebody else.

MARY

Do you think that can be done?

CHRISTY

I think it's a very...romantic idea. But I don't hold out too much hope.

MARY

Ah. Because you wouldn't want to be let down. Or hurt.

CHRISTY

I have a ways to go.

MARY

(Handing them back)

These look good, but they don't look like you.

CHRISTY

Thanks.

MARY

(Smiling)

You're *vain*.

CHRISTY

No.

MARY

You are.

CHRISTY

I don't know. Maybe.

MARY

Be vain. Nobody likes a saint, Christy. They're not popular at parties. Always bleeding and glowing with that unearthly light.

There's an uncomfortable silence.

MARY

You've become very serious. In the hospital you had a lighter touch. It meant a lot to us.

CHRISTY

I'm fine.

MARY

Are you afraid of me?

CHRISTY

Afraid of you?

MARY

I'm all right, you know. I mean - considering that it's after dark. I'm always better during the day.

CHRISTY

(Slight pause)

My Mom used to say it was at night that she knew she'd been abandoned.

MARY

She had it too?

Christy nods. Silence.

MARY

Do you have a picture of her?

CHRISTY

(Warily)

A picture?

MARY
(As if he's a little crazy)
Some people carry pictures.

Christy reluctantly takes out his wallet, gives her the picture.

MARY
Very pretty.

CHRISTY
Yes.

MARY
Where does she live?

CHRISTY
She's dead.

MARY
I'm sorry. (*Studies it*) By her own hand?

A silence. MARY is still looking at the photo.

CHRISTY
I don't know. I was away. At school. There was a fire. They couldn't say for sure if it was an accident or - what. She used to burn herself a lot when she was going under. I remember she'd be making dinner, talking a mile a minute, and she'd get a nasty red burn on her hand from the oven and not even notice. I'd have to tell her. And put something on it.

MARY
Oh, Christy - I'm sorry.

CHRISTY
Couple years ago.

But his eyes fill with tears, which he fights back.

CHRISTY

You know - though? What you described?
About the angels.

MARY

I was very ill.

CHRISTY

I know. But. What if it's true?

He can't hold back the tears any longer, but he stays very still. She puts her arms around him.

He begins to sob, and she starts quietly crying, too. They hold on to each other, tight.

They hug, crying. Their hands gently press each other's backs and smooth each other's hair, wipe their tears away even as more come. They put their faces together, forehead to forehead, cheek to cheek...

And they kiss. At first just kissing the tears away. But then brushing each other's lips - then with passion - passion that flows through the tears, stops the tears -

Their hands caress each other - faces, shoulders, arms - and even tentatively reach inside her robe, his shirt.

Suddenly Christy pulls away, and walks across the room - desperately trying to take back what has been done.

CHRISTY

I'm sorry.

Pause.

MARY

Why?

CHRISTY

I don't know.

Silence. Then:

MARY

You don't want to take advantage of a disturbed woman.

She's hurt and terribly ashamed.

CHRISTY

What is it you want?

MARY

I don't understand.

CHRISTY

What do you expect?

She takes a long moment. She doesn't look at him when she answers.

MARY

I just - for a moment I felt - I wanted to feel like a woman again.

It stops him cold.

CHRISTY

That's not what -

MARY

I used to be a woman.

CHRISTY

No. You're sti-

MARY

I'm a *female schizophrenic*. If you get sick with any other disease they don't say it's you. You're not "a cholera", you're not "a measles". But you *are* a schizophrenic. It takes your mind. Your whole you. It makes you it.

Ten years ago I was a teacher. First grade. I went out with men. I started late. Catholic school, Catholic family. I only moved out when I was almost thirty. And I wasn't any good at it at first. But I was very - determined. So I got experience. With men. I studied. Myself. And men. How it all worked.

And I became...*wonderful* at it. Really.
I could stop time. Have you ever had
that happen?

CHRISTY
(*Quietly*)

Yes.

MARY
(*Smiles*)

Good. Anyway - one man, who loved me -
tried to hold on when I began developing
symptoms. He was even waiting when I got
out of the hospital the first time.
But...

You go under. When you come out - it's
gone. A month. Six months. A year.
Just gone. You look around for all the
things that were taken away. Jobs. Men.
Children.

CHRISTY

I'm - sorry.

MARY
I didn't *want* anything from you, Christy.
Actually - what happened was, I thought
you wanted something from me.

Long silence.

CHRISTY

I did.

Mary goes to him - puts her hand in his, palm up to him.

MARY
Look. See the scars on my hand? I used
to do *this*.

She pushes the nails of one hand into the palm of the
other, demonstrating.

MARY
Because I wasn't sure if I was feeling

anything.

Mary turns her hand around and takes his, turns it palm up to her. Looks at the smooth palm, runs her finger-tips over it.

MARY

Is that how we're going to have to know
if you're feeling something?

She pushes her nails into his palm - lightly at first, then harder - until it hurts.

CHRISTY

(Pulling it away)

Ow.

MARY

Good.

She takes his hand back and kisses the injury. Puts it softly against her cheek. Moves it down her neck as she moves closer and kisses him on the lips. He kisses her back...

They make love. It is very good for both of them.

Dissolve to...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

Very quiet except for distant street noise. Christy and Mary naked in bed. Mary asleep, Christy awake.

He is watching her. She is relaxed...and beautiful. He ever so gently touches her. She stirs in her sleep and smiles and rolls to face the other way.

Christy looks at her back, which is now revealed. Ugly bruises have been left where the police beat and kicked her.

EXT. MIDTOWN TELEPHONE BOOTH - LATER THE SAME MORNING

Amid the morning rush, Christy is dialing from Grandy's card. Mary stands nearby.

Intercut with:

INT. HOMICIDE OFFICE - THE SAME TIME

Detective Doyle eating donuts and reading the tabloid sports pages; answers the phone when it rings.

DOYLE

Homicide.

CHRISTY

I'd like to speak with *(reads)* Detective Vernon Grandy.

DOYLE

Who wants him?

CHRISTY

I'm calling on behalf of a witness he spoke to yesterday.

DOYLE

Name of?

CHRISTY

Mary Maraszek.

Doyle reacts to the name, hesitates, then:

DOYLE

This is Detective Grandy's partner. My name is Tom Doyle.

CHRISTY

Can I speak with Detective Grandy?

DOYLE

You can speak with me. He's out on a call. We work together.

CHRISTY

(Hesitates)

Okay: the problem is: we don't know if we can trust you.

DOYLE

No? Why not?

CHRISTY

Last night, our lives were threatened and Ms. Maraszek was beaten by police officers.

Doyle gets furious, silently cursing Frank. Then, turning grim, gets control, and talks to Christy:

DOYLE

You sure of that? You know for certain they were police officers?

Christy just waits.

DOYLE

Okay. I gotcha. All right. You're right. You lay it out. The way you want. I'm listening.

CHRISTY

We want to meet with Detective Grandy. Alone. She already talked to Grandy. She knows him. So we want to meet with him. Somewhere we feel safe.

DOYLE

No problem. Tell me where. I'll get the word to him.

CHRISTY

Franklin Memorial Hospital. Psychiatric Wing. First floor, room number seven.

DOYLE

Franklin Memorial, Psychiatric Wing, first floor, number seven.

CHRISTY

Now listen. If we see *anything* we don't

like - you'll never even know we were there.

DOYLE

Nobody here wants to hurt you.

CHRISTY

You have to remember something.

DOYLE

Whats'at?

CHRISTY

People who go crazy are not necessarily stupid.

Christy hangs up. Doyle listens to the disconnect, jiggles the receiver hook and dials.

INT. POLICE STATION LOCKER ROOM - SOON AFTER

Frank is getting into uniform. His beeper goes off.

He checks the number, goes to a phone. Dials. Waits.

FRANK

Joanie?

Intercut with:

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - THE SAME TIME

Joanie is carrying the phone, peeking out the frilly front window curtains. We can see Grandy outside, walking to his car parked at the curb.

JOANIE

That guy was back. The one from last night.

FRANK

What did he want?

JOANIE

He had a lot of questions about you. It was about that woman from yesterday, I know it. I could tell.

FRANK

What did you tell him?

JOANIE

What could I tell him, Frank? I don't *know* anything.

Joanie goes to a telephone message pad and pencil by the phone in the kitchen. She runs the pencil lightly over the top page, bringing up an impression of what was written on the page above it.

FRANK

Now you understand why?

JOANIE

Big deal smart guy cop.

FRANK

What is the *point* of this, okay?

JOANIE

The point is I'm helping you *out* here. He got a *call*.

FRANK

What kind of a call?

JOANIE

His beeper went off. So he used the phone. It sounded like they got a call from that woman. They were setting up some kind of meeting. He took an address and *ran* out of here.

FRANK

You know where he was going?

JOANIE

Of *course*.

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE & CORRIDORS - SOON AFTER

The Main Entrance of the Psychiatric Building. Christy flashes his ID to pass a shabby Security Desk, and gestures to Mary.

CHRISTY

She's with me. Visiting.

The SECURITY GUARD gives her a clip-on laminated visitor's pass. They join the flow of DOCTORS, NURSES, ORDERLIES, and PATIENTS along the corridors.

MARY

I've never come in through the front door before.

Christy leads her to a door marked **STAFF LOUNGE** and unlocks it with his skeleton key.

INT. STAFF LOUNGE - SOON AFTER

There are a couple of beat-up sofas, a desk and a table, some armchairs, a TV, a kitchenette area. Mary looks around nervously; Christy is at home here.

CHRISTY

Okay. We have some time. I'm going to go get the doctor's pass-key to the room in case it's locked. You stay here.
(Mary looks anxious at the idea of being left.) You're safe here. It's always quiet in the morning after the coffee rush. If anyone comes in, you just tell them you're waiting for me.

Mary nods. Christy reassuringly touches her and goes out.

INT. HOSPITAL MAIN ENTRANCE - THE SAME TIME

Frank comes in from the street and studies the situation. He goes to the Security Desk.

FRANK

How many ways you got in and out of here?

SECURITY

I don't know. Nine or ten.

FRANK

Nine or ten?!

SECURITY

There's a lot of fire exits.

FRANK

Okay. I've gotta go in and find somebody.

SECURITY

No problem. Just check in at the Safety Office. (*Points*) They'll take your bullets and hold them for you.

FRANK

Are you kidding me?

SECURITY

No. It's a State law. No loaded weapons in a psychiatric hospital. (*Frank seethes. Looks around.*) Why don't you wait for backup?

FRANK

Why don't you quit watching so much fucking TV? There is no fucking backup.

Frank goes back out the street doors.

INT. STAFF LOUNGE - SOON AFTER

Mary walks around the room, reading the notices and lists on the wall. The door unlocks and she turns as Oscar comes in.

OSCAR

What the hell are you doing in here?

MARY

I'm - waiting - for someone -

Mary, afraid of Oscar, backs away, fumbling for the Visitor's Pass.

Oscar grabs her roughly, and she drops the pass on the floor. He forces her toward the door, jingling his keyring, as Mary turns and tries to pick up the pass -

OSCAR

How the hell did you get in this room?
It's supposed to be locked -

MARY

No, I'm *waiting* for someone -

OSCAR

(Dragging her away)

- I remember you. From last winter.
Take it easy. They bring you in
overnight?

MARY

(As he forces her out to the ward)

What? No! No - I'm *waiting* - for
Christy Reisman -

OSCAR

Reisman brought you in here?

Oscar pushes Mary roughly out to the corridor.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - THE SAME TIME

There is a sharp rapping on the Fire Exit door near the pay telephones and snack shop. The PATIENTS milling around react uneasily, mostly ignoring it or moving away.

There is another hard series of raps.

One PATIENT curiously opens the door and Frank steps in, putting his nightstick back in his belt.

FRANK

Police business.

Frank looks around, trying to get oriented. The Patients back away from his uniform. Except Mr. Simms, who is talking into the pay phone. He's wearing a tie and pajama shirt, as usual.

MR. SIMMS

- and I want him stabilized before we run any more tests - that's right - take a hemogram every two hours. And continue the IV. Good. Gotta go.

Mr. Simms puts the phone on top of the pay phone and turns. He looks at Frank.

FRANK

Doctor.

MR. SIMMS

(Puts out his hand to shake)

Doctor Simms.

FRANK

(Shakes, distracted)

I'm looking for first floor, room number seven.

MR. SIMMS

Come with me.

INT. SAFETY OFFICE - THE SAME TIME

Grandy unloads his gun for the SAFETY OFFICER, who sweeps the bullets off the desktop and into a manila envelope. The Safety Officer copies Grandy's name from his ID, which is open on the desk in front of him, on to the envelope, seals it, and hands back the ID.

GRANDY

I'm going to have cars outside front and back.

SAFETY OFFICER

No problem. I'll put my people at the fire exits on walkies in case of whatever.

GRANDY

Tell them not to *do* anything. I don't want this to blow up.

INT. STAFF LOUNGE - SOON AFTER

A NURSE or two reading magazines, drinking coffee. Christy lets himself in, jingling a set of keys, checking his watch and feeling pretty much in control.

He looks around. He realizes Mary is gone. It sinks in - a slow tidal wave of fear.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - THE SAME TIME

Oscar is forcing Mary along the busy corridor, holding so that if she struggles he can inflict pain.

MARY

Please - don't. I'm not a patient. I'm visiting. Christy Reisman can explain it.

OSCAR

(Over her)

Uh-huh. That's fine. We'll talk about it in the ward -

MARY

He won't know where to find me -

We see through Mary's eyes as Oscar steers her along the corridor - PATIENTS and STAFF glancing at her and then away -

They reach the heavy Locked Ward door with the wired-glass window. He unlocks it with his skeleton key. The lock

sounds like a prison cell door.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - THE SAME TIME

Christy hurries along the corridors, searching the faces, trying to keep down his rising panic.

He looks in doorways: Admitting - the Psychiatric Emergency Room - a barber shop for the patients to get their twice-weekly shaves and styleless cuts - a room where patients can take charity-donated clothing -

She's not anywhere.

INT. LOCKED WARD NURSES' STATION - THE SAME TIME

Mary is seated, Oscar blocking the door, a NURSE searching charts and files, a young RESIDENT examining her [*as in Scene 3/Page 2*]:

RESIDENT

Could you tell me your name?

MARY

Mary Maraszek. Please - I -

RESIDENT

Do you know what day it is?

MARY

Um - it's...Thursday. October 12. No, 13th. Sorry.

NURSE

Can you spell you name for me, please?

RESIDENT

What happened to your ID bracelet?

MARY

M-A-R-A-S - I didn't *have* an ID bracelet, I'm not a *patient* - I came in with Christopher Reisman -

Oscar, with a sour look at her, goes out.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR(S) - THE SAME TIME

Christy rushes frantically from door to door, unlocking wards, looking at his watch every few seconds - bumping into PATIENTS -

As he comes around a corner someone grabs him and throws him against the wall -

OSCAR
Reisman! What the hell do you think you're doing?

CHRISTY
(Pulling away)
Leave me alone, Oscar -

OSCAR
(Struggling with him)
Leave you *alone?! What are you doing now, molesting the patients?*

CHRISTY
What?!

OSCAR
You bring a patient off the ward, leave her in the lounge, have you lost your total fucking mind?

Christy grabs Oscar by the lapels and swings *him* against the wall -

CHRISTY
Where is she?! What did you do?!

Oscar easily throws Christy off him, sending him sprawling across the floor.

INT. LOCKED WARD DAY ROOM - DIRECTLY AFTER

Mary has retreated to a corner of the Day Room, among the PATIENTS. She's struggling very hard to fight off the sense that she's in a nightmare.

LORRAIRE
(Approaching)

Hi. Do you have any gum?

MARY
I'm sorry. I don't have any.

LORRAINE
Okay. Do you have any gum?

MARY
(Fraying a bit)
No. I just told you. I don't have any gum.

LORRAINE
All right. But Miss: do you have any gum?

Mary is on the verge of exploding -

CHRISTY
Just say it back to her. Come on.

Mary turns and melts with relief. Christy starts to lead her out of the Ward. Lorraine keeps up with them.

CHRISTY
Just say it right back.

MARY and LORRAINE
Do you have any gum?

Lorraine rewards Mary with a huge smile and walks off, happily. Christy is unlocking the door, nervously.

CHRISTY
We're late. It's show time.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - THE SAME TIME

Mr. Simms enthusiastically leads Frank, until Frank grabs him to stop.

FRANK

Whoa! Whoa - we've been *past* this place already. Where the hell are you taking me?

MR. SIMMS

Do you want to see the patient, or not?

FRANK

What patient?

MR. SIMMS

You don't look so well yourself. Let me see your eyes.

Mr. Simms reaches over to hold open Frank's eyelids, and Frank bats away his hand.

FRANK

Jesus fucking Christ.

Frank turns and storms back the way they came. Mr. Simms walks along with him, analytically:

MR. SIMMS

You are legally insane. You can't tell the difference between right and wrong.

Frank stops and turns to do some injury to Mr. Simms - then suddenly stops. Looks past Mr. Simms.

Down the corridor, Grandy comes around a corner, looking at door numbers.

Frank watches Grandy discover the door to Examination Room 7. It is open. He goes inside.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - THE SAME TIME

Doyle gets out of his car as a HOSPITAL EMPLOYEE comes toward him.

HOSPITAL EMPLOYEE

There's no parking here -

Doyle nods and waves and ignores him, hurrying into the Psychiatric Wing.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DIRECTLY AFTER

Christy hurries with Mary toward Examination Room 7.

CHRISTY

There's a back door into this exam room - we can watch the front door from across the corridor, and when he comes in, we can -

They arrive at the door and stop: the door is shut.

CHRISTY

(Nodding)

I knew it. That's why I took these - *(Shakes the keys. As he talks he tries various keys in the lock.)* They're supposed to keep this open during the day - but some of the doctors get paranoid - damn -

He winks at Mary as he checks his watch and tries more keys:

CHRISTY

Once we see he's alone, we can come around and go in the back - keep an eye out down the hall, in case you see our man - Ah!

He finds the right key, grins, and opens the door.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM 7 - THE SAME TIME

Frank is standing behind the door as Christy pushes it open and lets Mary in first, following her and turning to flick

the lights on -

As Christy clears the door Frank grabs him from behind and runs forward with him, smashing him into a cabinet and throwing him to the floor.

Frank whirls to grab Mary, who is going for the door - opening her mouth to scream -

He pulls her back inside, clamping his hand over her mouth and kicking the door shut with a bang. Frank is wearing bloody surgical gloves.

Christy sees Grandy, crumpled, dead, on the floor, bloody from stab wounds and a cut throat. The metal handle of a scalpel sticks out of him.

Christy shakes himself and starts to get up.

FRANK

Stay fucking down.

Frank throws Mary down on the floor, knocking her into Christy and both of them on to the floor.

Frank reaches down and pulls the scalpel out of Grandy and grabs Mary, putting the blade to her throat.

FRANK

Whoa - down - everybody just stay still.

Christy freezes. Frank pulls his cuffs out of his belt and tosses them to Christy.

FRANK

Cuff yourself to the radiator. Do it.

Christy hesitates. Then he does it, as Frank holds Mary, blade at her throat.

FRANK

Shh. Okay. All right.

Frank lets go of Mary, who scrambles away and stands. Frank stands, facing her. He offers her the scalpel, handle-first, palm open.

She backs away slightly.

FRANK
(*Advances*)

Take it.

She shakes her head *no*. He offers it again, closer.

FRANK
I'm gonna get your prints on it - one way
or another. Take a shot.

Mary shakes her head *no*, frightened.

FRANK
(*Waits. Shrugs*)

Okay.

Frank closes his hand on the scalpel, blade still pointed
at himself.

He stabs himself in the shoulder - jabbing it in deep and
hard, pulling it out fast, like he was punching himself.
Blood immediately seeps into his uniform shirt.

Mary involuntarily flinches and raises a hand to stop him.
Frank slashes himself, in the forearm.

MARY
Stop!

Frank holds up the palm of his free hand and slashes it,
cutting through the thin rubber glove, wincing.

MARY
God - *stop!*

FRANK
(*Explaining, in some pain*)
Defensive cuts.

Frank drops the scalpel on the floor at Mary's feet.

FRANK
Last chance.

He peels off the surgical gloves, which he puts in his pocket, and then reaches for his gun.

CHRISTY

No!

Christy lunges at his back, cuff clanking against the radiator - cutting into his wrist, almost breaking it -

- Christy grabs Frank's gun from the holster.

MARY

Christy - don't!

Frank turns and grabs Christy's gun hand, bending it, forcing him back and down.

Frank is kneeling over Christy, the gun between them, pointed up and at Frank. Frank is stronger. He begins to turn the gun. Christy gives a huge effort and turns it back toward Frank -

and pulls the trigger.

Frank's head jerks back and he flops backwards, limp. Christy falls back, gun in his hand.

MARY

Oh God.

Christy drops the gun. Blood spills from Frank. He settles on the floor, lifeless. The bullet went in under his chin, just like it happened to Carrie Luko.

CHRISTY

Oh, God.

MARY

Oh, no.

Mary rushes to hold Christy. He stares at Frank as she presses herself against him, trying to turn him away from the sight.

MARY

Don't look. Don't look.

There is a rattle at the doorknob and then the thump of someone shoving at it. Mary turns in fear.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - THE SAME TIME

Doyle is throwing his shoulder against the locked door. Patients hover around him, anxious, confused, eager, talking.

The Safety Officer comes running. Doyle turns on him.

DOYLE

Where's my fucking *bullets*?!

The Safety Officer, wide-eyed, turns and runs back to his office. He passes Oscar and several other TAs coming to help.

OSCAR

The hell is going on?

DOYLE

Unlock it - now!

OSCAR

I can't - it's a -

DOYLE

Get a fucking key!

Oscar runs.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM 7 - THE SAME TIME

Mary presses her hand against the door as if to hold it fast as Doyle kicks at it in frustration. She turns and looks at Christy, who is sitting cuffed to the radiator, staring at Frank.

CHRISTY

Jesus.

Mary picks up the gun. She begins to wipe it off frantically.

CHRISTY

No, forget it.

Mary looks at the door as it shakes again, then at Christy, who is holding his hurt cuffed wrist with his free hand.

Mary kneels by him with the gun.

MARY

It's okay. I'm crazy - remember?

She kisses him gently. Christy begins to realize and pulls away -

CHRISTY

- No! -

MARY

There's nothing new they can do to me.

Mary tries to get up. Christy reaches out to stop her, holding her wrist, but she pulls away. He desperately makes another grab but she's out of reach.

CHRISTY

- no! Mary, don't! Don't!

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - THE SAME TIME

Doyle steps back as he hears the door unlock. The Staff and Patients panic - some run, some grow confused and react strangely.

Mary comes out with the gun.

CHRISTY

Mary! No!

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM 7 - THE SAME TIME

Christy drags Frank's body closer and searches for the cuff keys on his belt.

INT. CORRIDOR - THE SAME TIME

Doyle draws his gun and Mary raises Frank's. Both of them pointing guns with both hands at each other's faces. Everyone backs away down the hall.

Standoff. Doyle and Mary looking into each other's eyes.

Doyle's glance flicks into the room, where the bodies lie in pools of blood and Christy is searching for the key to the handcuffs. *[During the standoff, we may cut back to Christy, struggling to get out of the cuffs.]*

DOYLE

Mary - you're not going to get out of here like this.

MARY

All I want is for someone to listen.

DOYLE

Well...I happen to have some time right now. *(Silence)* Mary, nobody has to get hurt.

MARY

I think it's too late. I think everyone has already been hurt.

DOYLE

What are we gonna do about that?

MARY

It has to stop. It has to stop - and somebody has to *listen*.

DOYLE

(Thinks. Nods. Pause.)

Okay. I'm going to ask you to trust me.

MARY

(Slight pause)

Are you out of your fucking mind?

DOYLE

(Almost smiles. Pause)

Got a point. You're not really all that insane, are you?

MARY

Sometimes I am. And I will be if I have to be. Do you understand?

DOYLE

(Pause. Nods.)

I think I do.

Doyle hesitates, then he throws his gun aside with a clatter. He stands in front of her, hands raised, looking in her eyes.

DOYLE

I didn't have any bullets anyway.

Long moment. Mary drops her gun with a clatter exactly as he did.

MARY

I did.

No one moves.

Oscar comes out of nowhere and blindsides tackles Mary, slamming her brutally to the floor and twisting her arms behind her, putting her in a choke-hold.

DOYLE

Whoa! Whoa!

Doyle goes to grab the guns, which have skittered dangerously near the Patients, who are struggling with the Staff, screaming, praying, backing away, pushing for a look.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM 7 - THE SAME TIME

Christy finds the cuff keys in Frank's pocket and unlocks his wrist. He stumbles up and to the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - THE SAME TIME

Christy sees Mary strangling in Oscar's relentless hold.

CHRISTY

Stop it!

Christy leaps on Oscar, grabbing him by the neck and wrenching him off her. The Patients go crazy. Some run away, others attack each other or the Staff.

DOYLE

Jesus -

Doyle pulls Mary out of the way, sitting her against wall by the open Exam Room door. Then he goes to check the bodies in the exam room.

Security are struggling to control the chaos. Whistles are blowing. Christy is viciously punching Oscar, over and over, Oscar fights back - Staff Members drag Christy off -

Christy fights free of them and crawls over to Mary - they hold each other, bloody, shaking, crying - madness around them -

Cops and Security converge on the couple on the floor against the wall, guns drawn, until Doyle comes out of the door next to them and holds up a warning hand:

DOYLE

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Wait! Back off!

Things begin to quiet down, a no-man's land around Christy and Mary. Doyle kneels down by them.

DOYLE

Hey. Are you okay?

MARY

(To Christy, over)

...I'm okay...

DOYLE

Is she gonna be all right?

CHRISTY

Yes. She's going to be all right.

Christy and Mary look at each other, wiping the tears and the blood from each other's faces. They hug each other, tight, grateful.

CHRISTY

We're both going to be all right.

Pause. Doyle stands, reaches down to help them up.

DOYLE

Okay - let's get you out of here -

Doyle clears a path to escort them through the crowd.

DOYLE

- come on, let us out here - these people
have been through enough -

Slowly, not letting go of each other, Christy and Mary make their way out of the madness.

- THE END -