

**THE BURNING ANGELS**

(original title: "HEAD SHOTS")

by  
Glenn Gers

Valuable Illusions, Inc.  
writingforscreens@gmail.com

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 harpy. 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

Christmas music. Glass cases of perfume, silk, gold and leather. Well-dressed SALESPEOPLE and CUSTOMERS trying not to stare, making uneasy jokes, or backing away from:

MARY MARASZEK, a crazy woman in her 30s.

Beautiful eyes, modest, dignified, graceful. At the moment she is raging, flailing her arms, and screaming along the aisles.

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. Because otherwise the fire eats you up.

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 (CONT'D)

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

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

COP  
Just take it slow and easy, lady.

MARY  
Burning angels - all of us are  
equally ascended through the  
vengeance of the fiery angels!

Mary lashes out as they close on her. She slugs one COP in the eye. He backs off, hand on his face.

COP  
Mother fucker.

Christmas shoppers stand and watch as the other cops, grunting and disheveled, force Mary to the floor and immobilize her, kicking and screaming.

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

She fights furiously, trying to bite the cops, twisting and pulling her wrists painfully against the handcuffs.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - EVENING

The "intake". A young, tired PSYCHIATRIC RESIDENT examines Mary - eyes, reflexes, darkening bruises on her wrists - making notes on a clip-board as he asks questions. 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. MARY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

A single room, with a bathroom and a kitchenette alcove.

We take some time in the apartment.

It is almost painfully neat, despite paint peeling up by the ceiling. All of the furnishings are second-hand, all the housewares are discount and plastic.

The sofa opens into a bed. A television. In the kitchenette, on the counter: a mug, a bowl and a spoon. Jars of flavored instant coffees.

Taped to the walls: drawings. Hundreds of them. In pencil, ballpoint, marker, hi-liter. All over the room. On different sized paper. Nervous, intense drawings, a mix of Daumier and Egon Schiele:

Drawings of angels and demons.

Still-lives of Mary's confined existence - a coffee cup, an ashtray, her sneakers, a flower in a glass.

Self-portraits. The face distracted, intent, haunted.

EXT. NINTH AVENUE & 39TH ST. - THE SAME TIME

The neglected neighborhood slightly downtown from what used to be called Hell's Kitchen. Heavy truck traffic, cheap bars, the edge of the garment district, Single Room Occupancy Hotels.

Mary comes along the crowded sidewalk, a beat-up backpack over one shoulder, carrying a bag of groceries.

She is much better.

Dressed in cheap clothes, a bit self-effacing, asexual. She shies away from the street action, keeps to herself - but she is coping.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

It is quiet. Still. We notice more details:

On a small desk, a pack of cigarettes with a book of matches neatly tucked in the cellophane wrapper, next to a clean ashtray.

Taped on the wall above the desk: a list of emergency numbers, a self-stick hook, a list of things to do organized by day of the week (laundry, hospital check-in, etc.)

On the dresser, a collection of painted plastic statuettes of saints and angels, postcard reproductions of paintings: the annunciation, visitations of angels.

The wings are beautiful. The faces turned up, in bliss.

EXT. MARY'S STREET - THE SAME TIME

She turns the corner on to a noisy side street of run-down tenement buildings.

Clusters of NEIGHBORHOOD PEOPLE hang out on stoops, on the sidewalks. Their radios thump out music.

Mary avoids their eyes as she hurries toward her building. She skirts the sprawled WASTED PEOPLE, the HOMELESS picking through the overflowing trash.

A car horn blares near Mary and she flinches.

A truck backing up flashes yellow lights and hoots out a nasty warning, over and over and over -

Mary puts her head down slightly, and walks past it.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - SOON AFTER

Keys rattle in the lock and Mary lets herself in.

She follows a careful routine:

She puts the groceries in the kitchenette, hangs her keys on the self-stick hook, leaves her backpack on the desk.

She lights a cigarette, putting the spent match in the ashtray. Inhales deeply.

Carrying the ashtray across the room, she sits on the sofa. After a moment of quiet satisfaction in the cigarette and the sanctuary stillness, Mary unties and pulls off her sneakers.

She has a slightly distracted air as she does all this, now and then mumbling, smiling.

MARY  
Forget it, never.

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 and stretches her toes.

Through the wall, some banging, then 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? -*

Mary winces at the noise as she goes to the desk, again carrying the ashtray.

Mary takes out of the backpack: pens, a spiral-bound sketchpad, a wallet. Removes a grocery-store receipt, coupons and food stamps from the wallet.

WOMAN

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

She opens the top desk drawer, revealing notebooks and envelopes, each carefully labeled.

MAN

*I can't take this any more. I mean  
it, you're making me fucking crazy!*

MARY

Shhh.

She writes the grocery expense in the notebook marked ACCOUNTS, puts the food stamps back in the envelope marked FOOD STAMPS, and the coupons in an envelope marked COUPONS.

WOMAN

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

MAN

*- I can't handle this any more,  
Carrie - I'm trying to help you -*

MARY

Damn it.

Pleasure spoiled, Mary takes the ashtray to the sink and runs the water, dousing the cigarette carefully before throwing it

in the trash, cleaning the ashtray, drying it with a dishtowel.

The voices don't stop. They keep pressing on Mary, leaking through the wall.

WOMAN

*Then leave! You're going to  
anyway!*

MAN

*I'm not! I'm NOT! I just don't -  
it's just all too much at once -  
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO GET FROM  
ME?!*

Shaking her head, irritated, Mary looks at her watch.

Goes into the bathroom.

INT. MARY'S BATHROOM - DUSK

The noise from next door is dimmed, but still creeps in and echoes on the old, cracked tiles.

WOMAN

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

Mary looks at her face in the mirror. Naked in the glass, no make-up on her careworn features.

A small neat note taped on the glass: **TAKE YOUR PILLS!**

MAN

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

Mary opens the medicine cabinet. Xeroxed information handouts from the hospital about how and when to take her medication are taped inside the cabinet door.

She takes out a pink plastic pill container with compartments marked S-M-T-W-TH-F-S. Pops open one compartment, shakes out a pill.

She runs some water into the plastic bathroom cup, takes the pill.

WOMAN

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

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Mary comes back out, sits at her desk and opens her spiral-bound sketchbook. Carefully tears out two new drawings.

She gets a pair of scissors from the desk and trims away the ragged edges where each drawing was torn from the pad. Hisses in annoyance at the argument in the next apartment.

MAN

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

Angrily, Mary thumps her hand on the wall. She gets tape from the desk, carefully tears bits off and puts the drawings on the walls, overlapping older ones.

WOMAN

*It's all over anyway! What are 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. Hundreds of drawings look back at her.

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.

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 t-shirt splattered with blood is FRANK LISI: muscular, with short hair, 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  
(Whispering)  
Carrie. Fuck. Oh fuck me.

Frank crawls back a few feet, letting go of Carrie's lifeless head, staring. He wraps both arms around his stomach and curls over, tight, forehead pressed to his knees.

FRANK  
(Muffled)  
Oh God. Oh God. Hail Mary, full of grace, Lord is with thee - pray for us sinners - hallowed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus...now... and...fuck me. Oh fuck.

He stifles a moan, 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.

The drawings: bits and fragments of everyday life. Her own face. The faces of angels. Drawings of angels in agony, on fire.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Frank, in his underwear, looks at his wristwatch. He steps over Carrie's body.

FRANK  
Fuck.

Breathing fast and shallow, 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.

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 BATHROOM - THE SAME TIME

FRANK

(Low)

Fuck. Fuck.

He removes his cologne and shaving supplies from the medicine cabinet, throwing them into a pillowcase.

INT. HALLWAY - THE SAME TIME

Mary hesitantly steps into in the empty badly-lit hallway.

Noise of cooking, voices, the evening news come through the doors.

Normal.

Mary stands listening. The noises all seem menacing. Significant.

As if behind the drab hallway doors, terrible secrets are stirring.

Or worse: as if normal life is locked away on the other side of the shabby doors, and all Mary has to hold on to is the disconnected noise.

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

The jumble of sound is all around.

The door is silent.

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.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Mary comes back in, goes to the bathroom and gets the S-M-T-W-TH-F-S pill container.

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

Frank washes the blood off his hands at the kitchen sink. Wipes his prints off the faucet handles.

Then he pulls on his clothes:

Navy pants, black shoes, Kevlar vest. Equipment belt with holster, hat. Blue dress shirt with shoulder patch, name plate and badge.

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, grabs the keys off the hook over the desk, 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 evidence.

Notices a polaroid of himself and Carrie tucked into the mirror frame. Puts it in the pillowcase.

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 stairway, 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 in the dingy hallway for an endless, airless moment. Mary's eyes flick down to Frank's name tag over his badge: **LISI**.

Mary 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 from view.

Around the corner, Mary stops, waiting, listening.

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. MARY'S STREET - 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.

INT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT - LATER THE SAME EVENING

Brownish and ill-kept. Some clothing left where it was taken off, a coffee mug forgotten by a newspaper. A tabloid "news" show buzzing low on the TV set.

DETECTIVE THOMAS DOYLE, in his 50s, somewhat ruffled and soured, comes out of the kitchen with his dinner: a "Dagwood" of a sandwich, pickles and a pile of chips dusted with high-salt flavoring.

He brings the plate to the table, where a chess-board has been set out with airline-size liquor bottles instead of pieces. It's mid-game, bottles are all over the board.

He moves: a vodka bottle takes a bottle of scotch.

He opens the scotch and drinks it down. Sets the empty to one side, adding to a small collection of "prisoners of war", and then turns the board around to play the other color.

He takes a bite of the sandwich, studying his position.

His beeper goes off. Doyle checks it, goes to his phone and dials the number, still chewing. "Mutes" the TV.

DOYLE

This is Tom Doyle.

He listens.

DOYLE

Jesus. Slow down. Tell me again.

Doyle sits on the sofa and pulls on a pair of shoes, phone wedged between his cheek and shoulder.

DOYLE

Where are you right now?

Doyle is collecting his off-duty gun, wallet, keys. As he speaks, he clips the holster on his belt, etc.

DOYLE

All right. Go home. You understand? You wait for me to call you at home. Gimme that number.

(Jots it down)

You say nothing to no one until you hear from me - you understand that? Say it back to me. Good. Hang tight.

Doyle puts the phone back in its cradle, thinking, grim.

DOYLE

Fuck.

He shuts off the TV, gets a jacket from the closet and goes out, shutting off the lights.

The chess game and sandwich are left forgotten on the table in the dark.

EXT. HALLWAY OF MARY'S BUILDING - LATER

Doyle comes up the stairs past UNIFORM COPS, hanging his badge over his jacket pocket.

DETECTIVE NORMAN ANSEN notices Doyle. Ansen is 50ish, like Doyle, and dressed in similarly cheap sport jacket and tie.

ANSEN

The hell. Tommy Doyle.  
(Comes over, shakes hands)  
Why aren't you in the Old  
Policeman's Home?

DOYLE

I'm trying to die before they retire me.

ANSEN

I'll drink to that.

A slight pause. Ansen watches Doyle glancing around at the people doing their crime scene jobs.

ANSEN

So. How's the war on drugs?

DOYLE

It's the fucking Alamo. How is homicide?

ANSEN

(Too nonchalant)

This one, or in general?

DOYLE

This one.

Silence. Ansen studies Doyle for a second. Doyle gives away nothing. Ansen shrugs, runs it down:

ANSEN

Whatta we got. A fuck-up. One victim, female, tied wrists and ankles with electric cord, gunshot wound under chin. Very close.

(Gestures with forefinger under his own chin)

Except you do that with a victim tied up on the floor, bullet's in the wall somewhere, low, right?

This one:

(points to ceiling)

So who-done-it wants us to think it's a robbery, execution, but that's after the fact.

DOYLE

You have the slug?

ANSEN

No. Took it out himself.

Ansen waits for some clue what's up.

DOYLE

You mind if I take a look?

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - SOON AFTER

It's a shambles, dripping with water. Ansen watches Doyle stroll in, glance around.

Two CORONER'S ASSISTANTS are putting Carrie's body into a plastic body bag.

ANSEN

This neighborhood, you got two choices on the menu: drug-related fuckheads killing drug-related scumbags, or pathetic human tragedy, domestic type. I was figuring this is door number two, with all the dumbshit effort to make it look like door number one.

Doyle nods, unwrapping a stick of chewing gum, nudging broken objects with toe of his shoe.

ANSEN

Except now you're here.

Doyle nods again, expressionless. A can of soup rolls away from his foot, unnaturally light. He picks it up, unscrews the bottom: it's a fake, a "safe". A few twenties folded inside.

DOYLE

Anybody tell you anything?

ANSEN

The entire building is deaf, dumb and blind people who don't speak English.

DOYLE

You talk to everybody?

Doyle offers half of the cash to Ansen. Ansen takes it. Doyle pockets the rest.

ANSEN

All except the next-door neighbor. She's not home. But the Super says she's recently released from a mental hospital.

DOYLE

Mental hospital?

Ansen nods, shrugs. Doyle thinks about this a moment.

Silence. Ansen and Doyle are looking at each other.

ANSEN

You want to give us the room for a minute, fellas?

Doyle and Ansen wait while the Coroner's Assistants go out.  
When they're alone:

ANSEN

Is this drug-related, Tommy? You  
know this girl?

DOYLE

Suppose I told you this girl was a  
bad element, and this should just  
be a random thing that happened?

Ansen nods. Considers the crime scene. The body bag.  
Shakes his head.

ANSEN

Don't leave me with some fucking  
unsolved mystery, Tommy.

Doyle nods. Looks around at the mess.

DOYLE

Next time some skell from my side  
of the fence might overdose, they  
might have evidence in their  
apartment. Settle it all up.

Pause. Ansen says nothing. Uncomfortable.

DOYLE

You just told me the building  
doesn't care. Only vote still out  
is from a mental hospital.

Ansen looks away, uneasy. Paces the room, thinking.

ANSEN

You know how this goes, Tommy.  
Victim's family shows up from like  
Ohio - puts up a reward, all of a  
sudden everybody down the hall has  
their memory back. I might do  
this. I'm not saying no. I'm  
asking why.

Doyle considers Ansen. Paces the room, looking at the  
wreckage.

DOYLE

This kid. First year on the job.  
You remember Louis Lisi?

ANSEN

No.

DOYLE

His father. We were in uniform together. Got the Big C and died a couple years back. The son and the father - you put 'em together, they still don't have the brains God gave a cocker spaniel. I been keeping an eye on the son now and then. Advice and whatnot.

ANSEN

He did this?

DOYLE

He calls me up an hour ago, freakin' out. He's slipping this girl the salami. And that went the way it always goes. There's an argument. This girl grabs his gun.

ANSEN

Shit.

DOYLE

Kid tried to cover it up. I think he's got a wife and a baby.

Ansen and Doyle look at the body bag.

DOYLE

It's done. She got out of hand, things went wrong.

Uneasy silence. Doyle watches Ansen turning it over in his mind.

DOYLE

Just go slow for twenty-four hours. Let me look into it. Make sure it's not going to blow up in our faces. If it's all right - we make the whole mess go away. Give the boy his life back.

Ansen shrugs. Nods. They sigh, looking around the blackened disaster of the crime scene.

ANSEN

Jesus. Kids, huh?

DOYLE

Whattaya gonna do.

ANSEN  
You have any?

DOYLE  
Me? No.

ANSEN  
Three. They have no - what?

DOYLE  
Common sense.

ANSEN  
Sense of...feelings.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MARY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Frank hides nervously in a doorway at the dark end of the street, drawn back into the dirty shadows.

His gaze is fixed on the tangle of vehicles and portable floodlights outside Mary's building, a nasty urban carnival attraction. On the tenement fire escapes, silhouetted figures drink beer and watch the "show".

The stretcher with the body bag is brought out of the building.

The body is loaded into a Coroner's van. The van doors are slammed, the engine starts up.

Frank watches the van nudge past a dark mob of faceless GAWKERS lit by whirling flashes of colored emergency light, bored and gleeful, muttering and indistinct.

UNIFORM COPS shift the sawhorses at the end of the street to let the Coroner's van drive slowly past Frank and into the pull of traffic.

Frank gradually loses sight of the van. His gaze lingers emptily on the avenue.

Then he sees her.

Across Ninth Avenue, Mary is standing with her back to a burglar-lit store closed and gated for the night.

Frank draws back further into the shadows.

She is still wearing her bunny slippers. Cars and pedestrians move past her.

As Frank watches, Mary uneasily steps toward the curb. She studies her building far down the street, the clutter of emergency vehicles.

Over her head, the signal flashes WALK - WALK - WALK.

She doesn't walk. After a moment, she turns and begins to wander up Ninth Avenue, away from the crime scene.

Frank watches her go. She's dissolving into the night flow of the avenue.

Frank impulsively moves out of the doorway. He hurries past the cops at the sawhorses, making a vague wave but turning his face away as he walks through the hiss and chatter of their radios, following Mary.

EXT. NINTH AVENUE - NIGHT

Mary walks uptown, somewhat aimless. She looks over her shoulder now and then, but doesn't see Frank following her. He stays far back and across the street.

She stops and looks at a payphone on the wall next to the plate-glass windows of a glittering cafe. Inside: pastries on display, couples talking, people typing into laptops. Broken bits of music.

Mary stands, searching in her pockets. She fumbles with a few coins as she pulls them out, and they ring on the pavement.

As she crouches to pick them up, PASSERS-BY swerve around her, irritated.

Frank waits and watches from across the avenue.

He's in a darkness full of strangers. People pass him by, glance at him. The passing faces seem dangerous.

The distant sirens, disconnected fragments of conversation, the shoes clicking on the sidewalks, all too close, insistent, obscure.

Across the avenue, Mary collects her coins, and stands in the middle of the sidewalk, confused.

She begins to walk again. Uptown toward a set of ugly concrete and steel ramps over Ninth Avenue at 41st Street. Silvery busses glide overhead, in and out of The Port Authority Bus Station.

Frank is drawn after the lost, uncertain figure.

INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

The evening rush is thinning out and the night loneliness is settling in. Faces look strange in the blue-green tube light.

Mary sits on a bench, bunny-slipped feet crossed at the ankles and tucked back under the metal legs bolted to the linoleum floor.

People with no destination - teenagers with nothing to do, addicts, TA Cops - wander around her like fish in a dirty tank. Now and then the public-address announces a bus leaving or arriving.

INT. BUS STATION BALCONY - THE SAME TIME

Standing at the railing of a mezzanine leading to the bus gates, Frank watches Mary sit among the waiting and the lost, unsure what to do next.

From above, she looks very small and frightened.

INT. BUS STATION WAITING AREA - THE SAME TIME

Mary glances around at the mentally ill, distracted and isolated in the echoing drift of the bus station:

A filthy HOMELESS MAN, eyes dazed and blank, on the floor with bundles of ragged possessions. A SCROUNGING TEEN GIRL WITH A DOLL, scavenging in ashtrays, avoiding the predatory drug-users.

T.A. COP

Excuse me, Ma'am. Can I see your ticket?

Mary turns to find a Transit Authority Cop looming over her -

and she catches sight of Frank, watching her from the mezzanine railing.

Frank and Mary's eyes meet.

He is frozen. She is shocked.

The T.A. Cop shifts, blocking Mary's view.

MARY

What?

T.A. COP  
A bus ticket? For a bus?

INT. BUS STATION BALCONY - THE SAME TIME

Frank steps back, away from the railing. Looks around, as if he was caught doing something wrong.

INT. BUS STATION WAITING AREA - THE SAME TIME

Mary is fumbling for words, distracted, shifting her head to see.

Frank has disappeared.

MARY  
No. I was just - I left my money -  
in...there was...

T.A. COP  
This area's reserved for people  
with bus tickets.

The T.A. Cop keeps inadvertently shifting his stance to block her view of the mezzanine. She cranes her neck to look past him.

MARY  
Okay - I understand...

The T.A. Cop snaps his fingers in Mary's face to get her attention. She looks at him, scared.

T.A. COP  
Hey! Passengers with tickets only.  
You can't sit here.

MARY  
All right. I'm going.

Mary stands and looks around, panicky. The T.A. Cop is scrutinizing her.

T.A. COP  
You got somewhere to go?

MARY  
Huh?

T.A. COP  
You know where home is?

MARY

Yes. I know where home is.

T.A. COP

You gonna go there?

Mary stares at him. Does this mean something? Is he part of it? She stands in front of him, paralyzed.

T.A. COP

You need someone from social services?

Mary hastily shakes her head, turns and leaves the Waiting Area.

The T.A. Cop watches her a moment and then gives up, moving along to the next unticketed soul.

INT. BUS STATION MAIN FLOOR - DIRECTLY AFTER

Mary walks past ticket windows, escalators to the bus gates, ranks of lockers, closed-up shops, nervously searching for Frank among the passing faces.

She suddenly turns around.

He's not behind her.

People glance at her, curious. Mary walks again, confused and frightened.

Impulsively, she goes down the stairs to the subway.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DIRECTLY AFTER

Mary descends into the underground chaos of the Times Square subway station.

It's a congestion of tunnels sprawling from 40th St. to 48th Streets, from 6th to 8th Avenues. Ten different subway lines feed into each other, connected by stairways, ramps, walkways, and squat-pillared concrete plazas with dirty florist shops and magazine stands.

Sounds are strange down here: monstrously garbled announcements hiss and groan from loudspeakers, voices and footsteps rattle intimately, trains rumble below and above, buskers play hypnotic drum rhythms or lonely violins.

Mary keeps moving along the dingy white-tile tunnels - checking if Frank's behind her.

She's so busy looking over her shoulder she doesn't realize she's wandered into a cul-de-sac: as she turns a corner, Mary sees the tunnel is closed at the far end by a metal gate.

She stops short. Looks back. Footsteps echo in the tunnel she just came from.

Distorted in the dented safety mirror high on the wall at the corner, Frank is coming towards her.

She's trapped.

Mary watches, horrified, as Frank gets bigger and bigger -

Frank sees her in the mirror. He stops.

Standing around the corner from each other, they stare at each other in the freakshow mirror.

Their upturned frightened faces seek mercy and forgiveness in the bizarre reflection.

There's a dull rumble of trains passing over their heads. The noises of the city echo around them, from nowhere.

After a moment, Frank backs away. He turns and hurries off down the tunnel.

Mary watches him go, confused.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - LATER THE SAME NIGHT

Doyle slumps behind the wheel, looking out the windshield at the front of Mary's building.

The emergency vehicles have left. Everyone has gone back into the dark shabby tenements. Doyle blows into a cardboard cup of steaming coffee. He takes a slurping too-hot sip.

Mary comes along the sidewalk, uneasily, hesitating before she enters the splash of light around the front doors and goes inside.

INT. MARY'S HALLWAY - SOON AFTER

Dim and quiet, apartments asleep behind their doors.

Mary appears at the end of the hall, very frightened. She approaches Carrie Luko's door, which has been stickered with police notices.

She stops in front of it, takes it in: the scorch marks on the walls, the yellow CRIME SCENE tape.

Mary goes to unlock her own door.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mary switches on the lights, double-locks the door, puts on the chain. She hangs her keys on the plastic hook.

She goes to the medicine cabinet, looking for something.

It's not there. Agitated, she looks in the desk drawers, and then finally sees it on the end table next to the sofa:

Her S-M-T-W-TH-F-S pill box.

Breathing easier, she pops open the proper compartment -

There is a violent set of knocks on the door.

DOYLE (O.S.)  
Miss Maraszek? Police.

Mary goes to look through the peep-hole. Doyle is there, distorted. He bangs again.

DOYLE  
You want to answer me, Miss  
Maraszek?

MARY  
What is it?

DOYLE  
Want to ask you a few questions  
about what happened here tonight.  
Could you open up the door?

Pause. Mary stands peering at Doyle through the peephole. He holds up his badge. They can hear each other breathing on the other side of the door.

MARY  
It's very late.

DOYLE  
Just take a second.

MARY  
I didn't see anything.

DOYLE

No problem. You want to open up the door so I could ask you a few things?

Mary doesn't say anything. Doyle waits.

DOYLE

You still there?

MARY

Yes.

(Pause. Quietly:)

I was...in the hall.

DOYLE

I didn't catch that.

(No reply)

Tell you what. I'm gonna put my card under the door.

She watches Doyle take his card out, bend over.

A white corner of the card appears under the door, between her filthy bunny slippers.

She stares at it, poking into her apartment.

DOYLE

You want to take that?

She picks it up, reads both sides. Rubs her fingertips over the raised NYPD insignia.

DOYLE

That's got a pager number. You just dial in the number you're at and hit "pound", and I call you back right away. Any time of the day or night. You understand?

MARY

Yes.

DOYLE

You do that tomorrow, in the morning.

MARY

All right.

Doyle nods. Mary keeps watching him. He stares at the peephole.

DOYLE  
Miss Maraszek?

MARY  
Yes?

DOYLE  
Don't forget.

INT. FRANK'S BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Frank is sitting on the closed toilet, in his uniform. He is looking at his gun, turning it over in his hands.

Outside the locked door: low noise of late-night television. Sound through the vents from bathrooms above and below. Water running in pipes.

The gun is heavy. He stares into the barrel.

He jumps at a knock on the door.

JOANIE  
Frank - you fall in or something?

FRANK  
No. I'll be out in a minute.

INTERCUT:

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - THE SAME TIME

JOANIE, his wife, in her early 20s; bored, a young mother with life panic visible in her eyeshadow and haircut.

JOANIE  
You been in there like an hour.  
(beat)  
You all right?

FRANK  
I'll be out in a second.

JOANIE  
Your stomach upset? Do you got diahrrea again?

FRANK  
No. I just need a few minutes of privacy.

JOANIE

(Pause)

Frank? Is something going on?

FRANK

Joanie, please leave me alone.

Joanie reacts as if slapped. Takes a moment to regard the door with contempt and long-bottled fury.

JOANIE

You're off by yourself alone  
sixteen friggin' hours out of every  
day - I don't know where you go or  
what you do -

FRANK

Joanie, don't start -

JOANIE

"Don't start"?

FRANK

Could you just please let me have a  
half a fucking minute?!

JOANIE

Take all fucking night! You're  
never even here when you're here  
anyway!

Joanie slams her hand on the door.

Frank furiously points the gun at her through the door.

The baby begins to cry. He turns away, twisting in the tiled cage, swallowing a scream.

JOANIE

Oh, now the baby's going off.

She leans her forehead against the door.

JOANIE

I mean it, Frank. I can't take  
this shit any more.

Frank sits on the toilet again and turns the gun on himself. Staring into the barrel. His hands tremble.

JOANIE

Frank? You gonna talk to me?

He cocks the gun.

The doorbell rings.

JOANIE  
Jesus H. Christ.

Frank uncocks the gun. Listens. Muffled voices, in the living room.

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - THE SAME TIME

Doyle is standing near the front door, Joanie is walking around with the crying baby, jiggling it at her shoulder. Doyle winces at the noise.

DOYLE  
Nah. It's the same old same-old, administration, bullshit. Won't take long.

Joanie notices Doyle's eyes flicking around the messy living room, which also serves as the baby's room, taking in a bottle of liquor and glass left out from the previous night, unwashed dishes, unopened mail.

JOANIE  
It's a little late at night for that, innit?

Frank steps out of the bathroom. They both look at him. Awkward silence, below the baby's nerve-tightening wails.

DOYLE  
We thought you fell in.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - NIGHT

Doyle parks in a desolate stretch of Long Island City by the East River. Frank sits beside him, high-strung.

DOYLE  
How you doin'? You doin' okay?

FRANK  
I don't know. I think I'm falling apart a little. My mind is racing.

DOYLE  
Well, that's gonna pass.

FRANK  
You think so?

DOYLE  
Yeah. You feel things. That's  
okay.

FRANK  
I feel like everybody knows.

DOYLE  
Nobody knows.

FRANK  
They're going to.

DOYLE  
You gonna tell them?  
(Pause)  
It's a serious question.

FRANK  
No. I don't know. What do you  
mean?

DOYLE  
You need to confess. It's human  
nature. Decent people need to  
confess. But you can't. You  
understand?

Frank nods tightly, but doesn't speak.

DOYLE  
If I'm gonna help you out of this,  
I gotta know you can tough it out.  
Next couple weeks, you have to be  
careful - somebody pushes the right  
button, you'll go.

Frank nods again. Doyle studies him.

DOYLE  
This girl. Were you two doing  
drugs?

FRANK  
No. She was - she went emotional  
sometimes. I was like, I never  
knew what to do when she was  
accusing me and everything. My  
belt was on the chair. She took  
the gun out of the holster. My  
heart just fucking stopped. I  
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

swear it. They're gonna find me shot with my own gun - and all I'm thinking is: I deserve it.

DOYLE

Frank - what happened to you was an accident. There's no reason your whole life has to get washed down the toilet for an accident.

FRANK

She's walking around gesturing with it, so when she got close I grabbed the gun. But she wouldn't let go and it went off. And she was dead so fast. In my hands.

He gets out of the car abruptly.

EXT. BY THE RIVER - LATE AFTERNOON

Doyle gives him a moment, gets out of the car and comes over.

Frank is holding tight to the rail, head bent down. Looking out at the highways and bridges across the swirling water.

DOYLE

You gonna throw up? (Frank shakes his head tightly.) You gotta throw up - you can throw up.

Pause. Doyle searches himself, finds a pack of gum, offers it to Frank, who shakes his head. Doyle unwraps himself a stick, puts it in his mouth.

DOYLE

I chew like ten packs a day. I need the artificial flavors. Banana. Passion Fruit. Grape. Soon as the flavor is gone I get the next one going. Chain-chewer. Ever since I quit smoking.

Frank is staring into the black water. Doyle lets him.

DOYLE

Half the places you go into on the job and most of the people you talk to, stink. So I started to smoke. Prob'ly the next thing they're gonna tell me, gum has some addictive shit in it. End of the  
(MORE)

DOYLE (CONT'D)

day, my tongue is one fucking weird color.

Frank is a thousand miles away, in the dark. Doyle waits, but he's not coming back on his own.

DOYLE

Did she have family, Frank? Might ask questions?

FRANK

No. She ran away from some town upstate. She didn't know anybody here. I was just trying to - I don't know: help her. And then...

DOYLE

You tell anybody? Guys in the locker room?

FRANK

I don't have anyone that I talk to.

DOYLE

Did she introduce you to any of her friends? Does anybody else know anything about you and her?

FRANK

(Shakes his head no)  
She was lonely. Used to play her guitar for money in the subway. Made up her own songs and stuff. That's how we met.

DOYLE

So the only person can relate you to what happened is this neighbor who saw you in the hall. Mary Maraszek.

Frank nods. Looks at Doyle. Waiting.

DOYLE

I pulled this woman's sheet from an arrest last December. She's got no next-of-kin. She's been in and out of mental hospitals. Even if she makes a report, it's an unsubstantiated claim against an officer by a woman with a history of mental illness. And she's not gonna make a report.

Pause.

FRANK

What are you gonna do to her?

DOYLE

What am I gonna do? I'm gonna be her only friend in a fucked-up world.

INT. HELL'S KITCHEN CHURCH - MORNING

Mary is waiting in a dark varnished-wood pew, lit by vague daylight filtering through sooty stained glass.

Doyle steps in from the street. He walks halfway up the aisle then remembers and goes back to clumsily dip his fingers in holy water and make an unfocused cross somewhere around his chin.

He slides along the bench to sit near Mary.

MARY

Thank you for meeting me here.

DOYLE

You wanted to be someplace you feel safe. I can understand that.

Mary nods. Doyle watches her. She licks her lips. Looks at her hands.

DOYLE

Do you have something you want to tell me?

MARY

I saw the man who killed the woman in the apartment next door.

Mary looks at Doyle, her eyes searching very quickly for signs. Doyle nods, waits.

MARY

I saw him leaving right after he shot her. I was coming down the hall, toward my door, and he came out. He was carrying a pillowcase with some things in it.

DOYLE

Why didn't you tell anyone last night? There must have been about six million cops around.

MARY

I was frightened.

DOYLE

Why?

Mary watches him, uncertain. He waits. She won't say anything. Looks away.

DOYLE

You think you could identify the guy you saw? Like from photographs or if we lined up a bunch of guys?

Mary gets her backpack, unzips it and pulls out a cheap spiral-bound sketchbook. She flips it open to a drawing of Frank. On the bottom of the page she has written LISI.

Doyle takes the sketchbook from her. Examining it:

DOYLE

Huh. You did this? Just from your head?

(Mary nods)

It's good. I mean... this is a - good drawing. I can't draw a straight line.

(Points to the name)

What is this?

MARY

His name. It was on his name tag. He's a police officer.

Electric silence. Eyes on each other.

DOYLE

What you're making is a very serious accusation.

MARY

I know.

DOYLE

I'm gonna ask you some questions. Is that all right?

Mary nods, trying to conceal her fear. She licks her lips, and sits rather formally, hands folded in her lap.

DOYLE

You said you saw this man right  
after he shot the woman next door.

MARY

Yes.

DOYLE

How do you know? You're coming in  
from outside. You couldn't know  
what happened before.

MARY

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

DOYLE

Why?

MARY

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

(Hesitates)

I forgot my shoes.

Mary is increasingly uncomfortable. She is rocking very  
slightly. Doyle notices.

DOYLE

You went out in the street  
barefoot?

MARY

In slippers.

DOYLE

How far did you get before you  
noticed?

MARY

Not far.

Mary is looking down a lot, swallowing. Doyle lets a silence  
linger, making her twist up, sweat. She's getting more and  
more on edge.

DOYLE

Mary, is this something you don't  
want to talk about?

MARY

Yes.

DOYLE

I can tell you right now, I'm not going to believe what you say unless I know everything I need to know.

Mary is silent. Doyle waits. Watches her struggle. She won't look at him.

MARY

I wasn't sure I had really heard it.

DOYLE

What do you mean? Was it loud?

MARY

Very.

Doyle waits. Mary judges him. His eyes on her are gentle, patient.

MARY

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

(Pause. Doyle waits)

I was in the hospital last winter with schizophrenia.

Mary studies him, afraid. Doyle nods. Very calm.

DOYLE

But you're not in the hospital any more.

MARY

No.

DOYLE

So you're better now?

MARY

It's hard to say. It's gone away and then come back a few times.

DOYLE

So: what do you - like, hear voices and things?

Pause. She nods.

MARY

It's part of the disease. In the afternoon and late at night, mostly.

DOYLE

(As she nods along:)

But you get by on your own. You on disability? You take some kind of medication?

(Pause)

Mary, have you ever had any trouble with the police? Been arrested or anything?

Mary looks down at her hands, clasped but still fidgeting. Nods, very small.

MARY

When they took me to the hospital. Last winter. I was very sick. I fought with them.

She can't look at him. He considers her a long time.

DOYLE

Okay, Mary: here's the thing. I'm gonna look into this. A lot of people - they wouldn't believe someone like you. But I do. You been very honest. That takes courage.

(Re: drawing)

You mind if I take this?

Mary tears it out, careful to not leave any bits of torn paper in the spiral binding. He folds it carelessly and puts it in his jacket pocket.

DOYLE

We gotta see where it leads. So what I'm gonna tell you is this: don't talk to anyone else about this, all right? Until I can find out what's what. You may not be safe. You understand? Is there anyone you could go to, if you had to? Family, friends?

(Mary shakes her head)

You see a psychiatrist?

MARY

No. I did at the hospital. Not since then.

DOYLE

Is there a support group? Out-patient program, halfway house?

MARY

No.

DOYLE

Who do you talk to, when things get bad for you?

MARY

Nobody.

DOYLE

You don't have a friend - a neighbor?

MARY

I take care of myself.

DOYLE

You don't have anybody?

MARY

(Ashamed)

No.

DOYLE

Awright. You keep my number. Anybody asks you anything, anything happens out of the ordinary - you call me up. Day or night.

Mary nods. Doyle puts out his hand.

Mary looks at it for a fraction of a second as if she doesn't understand the gesture, then takes it. He shakes.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CHURCH - MORNING

Doyle comes out of the church, crosses the street to where his car is illegally parked.

He opens the door, but then before getting in he takes the drawing out of his pocket, unfolds it.

INT. CHURCH - THE SAME TIME

Mary is lighting a candle before a large painted wood sculpture of an angelic saint, gilded wings half-unfolded, beatific, gentle.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CHURCH - THE SAME TIME

Doyle flicks the wheel on a lighter, holds the flame under the drawing.

The fire eats into Frank's image.

Doyle makes sure to burn away all traces of the face and name, lets the burning scrap of paper fall to the gutter.

EXT. MARY'S STREET - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Frank and Doyle are parked down the block from the front door of Mary's apartment building. They are both in plain clothes.

Frank shifts restlessly. Doyle observes him, smiles a little.

DOYLE

This is what it takes.

Frank nods, tries to stay still. Checks his watch.

DOYLE

Time is your shift?

FRANK

Eight.

Doyle sips a paper cup of cold coffee, makes a face. They watch the street in silence for a moment.

DOYLE

Your old man ever tell you about McGuire?

FRANK

He never talked much about work.

DOYLE

Donald McGuire, last of the old-time Irish flatfoots. Dinosaur, back in the two-seven.

Frank shakes his head. His mind is on other things than ancient war stories. He keeps eyes on Mary's building.

DOYLE

This is a true story. I'm two months on the job, out with McGuire. There's this local character, Uncle Charlie. This is  
(MORE)

DOYLE (CONT'D)

1979, we're only just begin-ning to call 'em homeless. We're in our unit about two a.m. and Uncle Charlie's curling up in a doorway for the night. McGuire tells me to move him along. So I get out and Uncle Charlie stands up and he's gotta be seven feet tall. And he's not in a cooperating mood. Breath like a dog has been drinking. I find this out because we get into a scuffle.

Frank is not listening. He looks like a bored kid staring out the window at school.

DOYLE

McGuire's standing by the unit, laughing his ass off. I'm fighting with the jolly black giant here, and I'm asking, you gonna help me with this, or what? And McGuire says you got yourself into it, get yourself out. So I pull out every move they taught me in the Academy, and son of a bitch, it works. I get the guy over, face down on the sidewalk, going yes-sir-no-sir while I put the cuffs on. Then McGuire comes over. He says, "Don't you ever raise your hand to an officer of the law," or some such, and he brings down his nightstick on this guy's coconut like WHOCK. And the guy's head, I don't know, because it's on the concrete or something - but his head just folded. Blood starts coming out of Uncle Charlie's eyes.

Frank has begun to listen.

DOYLE

I tell McGuire we gotta bring him into a hospital. McGuire says: the cuffs leave a mark. Just like that. Now, I'm green. I'm shaking. I'm this kid, you know? I start screaming at McGuire, "What the fuck are we gonna DO?!" Then I threw up.

(Pause)

I've never told anyone about this.

Doyle is silent a moment. Frank watching him.

DOYLE

Uncle Charlie, meanwhile, is dead. McGuire tells me to go on home. Says go home, don't say anything to anyone. Couple hours later, McGuire comes on over, tells me he drove Uncle Charlie out to Brooklyn, tied him to a cinderblock and dropped him in the Gowanus Canal. He tells me to get back in the unit, and we're gonna pretend we never met up with Uncle Charlie. I'm freaking out. I can't get my mind around it. So I do what he says. And life goes on. I mean that. Life continues.

Doyle does not look at Frank. Frank's eyes are fixed on Doyle's expressionless face.

DOYLE

I tried to talk about it, once. Not long after. McGuire gets real quiet a minute, then he says, "Kid, I would kill myself, I honestly would - except I just don't see what good it would do anybody." His exact words.

(Pause)

I transferred out from under him not long after. I would like to tell you that the next month he saved some kid out of a fire or some shit, but that never happened.

Out the windshield, Doyle sees Mary come out of her building and walk toward Ninth Avenue.

DOYLE

Here we go.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - SOON AFTER

There is a rattle and jiggle in the lock, and then it opens. Doyle pockets his lock-picks and steps inside, wiping the knob with a handkerchief.

Frank follows, uneasily. They look around at the confusion of drawings taped all over the walls.

DOYLE

Jeez.

Doyle nudges the door shut with his shoe and pulls rubber gloves from his pocket. Hands a pair to Frank. As they pull them on:

DOYLE

What?

FRANK

It's just weird. For me.

DOYLE

We gotta do this.

FRANK

No - I mean, being here. In this building, the hallway.

DOYLE

How serious was it? With this girl.

Doyle walks around, pulling on the gloves. Stops at the dresser. Examines the collection of cheap plastic religious figurines, impassively. The upturned faces, the wings.

FRANK

I don't know. I used to - you know, this would be like a place I'd come to get away.

(Pause)

Yesterday everything was different.

DOYLE

Yesterday everything is always different. Except eventually it's the same.

He carefully rearranges the statuettes. Sees Frank watching.

DOYLE

We fuck with her head.

(going into the bathroom)

Do the closet. See what there is to see.

FRANK

Okay.

INT. MARY'S BATHROOM - DIRECTLY AFTER

Doyle flicks on the lights, looks at **TAKE YOUR PILLS!** taped over the reflection of his face. Opens the cabinet.

FRANK (O.S.)  
What do I look for?

Doyle lifts the toilet seat up. He smiles at his own cleverness.

DOYLE  
Make sure she's not gonna suddenly  
turn up with a cousin who's a  
fucking ACLU lawyer or something.

He gets out his notebook, makes notes from the hospital instructions, copies from prescription labels.

INT. MARY'S CLOSET - THE SAME TIME

Frank opens the closet and pulls the chain on a bare overhead bulb to light up a crammed jumble of clothes, storage boxes.

FRANK  
You said she didn't.

Frank is looking at the possessions of a life stuffed into a one-room apartment closet. He reluctantly pokes his hands into the clothes.

DOYLE (O.S.)  
I said she said she didn't. You  
want to operate on her say-so? She  
takes seven kinds of anti-whacko  
pill.

Frank tugs out storage boxes and opens them. Unlike everything else in the apartment, these have no labels.

FRANK  
What's wrong with her, anyway?

DOYLE (O.S.)  
She said schizophrenia.

Frank discovers photo albums. Sits on the floor and opens one.

FRANK  
I don't even know what that is. I  
mean you hear it, but.

He's looking at pictures of Mary, smiling. A little girl.  
At high school graduation, with family. College.

Mary, teaching elementary school kids art.

DOYLE (O.S.)

I don't know. They hear voices  
telling 'em to do stuff. Turn into  
different people. When the moon is  
full.

Frank flips through the flashes of frozen time,  
heartbreakingly distant. Vacations. Birthday parties.

DOYLE (O.S.)

She's got a list taped up here from  
the hospital. "Symptoms of  
relapse". Nervousness. Lack of  
appetite. Trouble concentrating or  
remembering things.

Frank is staring at Mary's pictures. She dressed well. Wore  
make-up. Had friends.

DOYLE (O.S.)

Depression. Insomnia. Fixing on  
one or two things. Feeling like  
you're being laughed at or talked  
about. Distrust of others. Jesus -  
I got everything they're saying.

Doyle comes out and looks at Frank sitting on the floor with  
the albums.

DOYLE

What are you doing?

Frank looks up at him. Shamefaced, he shuts the album, puts  
it in the box, shoves the box back in the closet. Doyle sits  
at the desk.

FRANK

She doesn't seem that bad. You  
know. To look at her. I mean -  
you can't tell she's messed-up.  
That much.

Doyle pulls open drawers, sorts through rubber-banded utility  
bills, medical forms, correspondence.

DOYLE

You feeling sorry for her?

FRANK

I mean, not - you know. Something.

Frank has begun walking along the walls, looking at the drawings taped all over. So many.

DOYLE

Every fucking scumbag we deal with has got pictures of birthday parties. They all got kids. A mommy and a daddy. If that was the criteria...

FRANK

But they did something.

Mary's self-portraits. Her sketches of people sitting in parks, public libraries. Drawings of angels.

DOYLE

The woman is mentally ill. She's hearing invisible voices talking in her head. She's not like a person.

Now and then a nightmare shrieks out among the sketches, as if Daumier had suddenly been possessed by Ralph Steadman -

- agonized, hallucinated visions of people, tormented, demonic, wings sprouting from their mouths, bodies twisted as they burn.

Frank pauses over these paper screams.

FRANK

I don't know if I can do this.

Pause. Doyle looks at him. Darkening.

DOYLE

You don't want to do it?

FRANK

I didn't say that.

Doyle sets aside the desk papers. Stares at Frank.

DOYLE

Then what?

FRANK

I'm - I don't know where I am. I don't know what I'm doing.

Frank is looking at his feet, formulating words that dry up in his mouth. Doyle's eyes burn him.

FRANK

Look. What if I just go to IA and report in the truth? It was an accident.

Doyle sighs. Nods. Looks away in disgust, steams and controls himself.

DOYLE

Yeah. Okay. Good thing you told me - cause I was just about to do some serious shit to help you out.

Doyle gets up, pulls off his rubber gloves with a snap.

FRANK

I mean - I don't know. I was asking you.

DOYLE

No problem. Doesn't matter to me. But the fact is, you're not even a cop yet. You're still in your probationary year. The PBA won't protect you. They're gonna hang you out to dry so the TV news doesn't do a special report on Cops Out Of Control. You're gonna spend a long time on your hands and knees in the shower room at Rikers with every drug pusher and thief putting AIDS in your asshole.

FRANK

No, listen -

Doyle gestures it's okay, goes to the door. Gets out a handkerchief to open it.

DOYLE

My personal and private advice is go somewhere alone right now and eat your gun. Don't do it at home. You fucked them up enough already.

INT. MARY'S HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Doyle comes out, starts walking toward the stairway.

Frank steps into the doorway of Mary's apartment. He watches Doyle's retreating back. Carrie's blackened, CRIME SCENE door in the foreground.

FRANK

Please. Tom, don't. Just wait.

Doyle stops. Won't turn. Frank looks at the floor.

FRANK

I'm sorry.

Doyle turns and stares at him, cold-faced. Frank is on the edge of tears.

FRANK

Help me.

Doyle waits another moment, then nods, satisfied, and walks slowly back toward the apartment.

INT. MARIO'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

A dirty junkie's apartment. MARIO, the junkie, is preparing to "cook" a packet of heroin at his kitchen table. Doyle strolls the room.

MARIO

Jesus, man. I gotta tell you, I mean: this is like...I owe you.

DOYLE

I expect serious help after this.

MARIO

You know it. Serious-serious.

Doyle pauses at the dresser. He pulls some hairs from a brush, puts them in a plastic bag. Mario is too absorbed to notice.

INT. 80TH PRECINCT - THE SAME TIME

Frank comes in from the street. Phones ring, typewriters clack. He nods to people who nod to him.

DESK SERGEANT

Lisi - late for your shift. Move your fuckin' ass.

Frank waves and goes toward the Locker Rooms, then slows. A WOMAN is screaming somewhere down the hall:

SCREAMING WOMAN

- I know what you did - they're  
after me - the police are involved  
in a plot - all the police -

People glance at the room where the commotion is, and go about their business. A few stand, gawking, outside a doorway.

Frank walks uneasily toward it. The screaming gets louder.

WOMAN

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

Frank looks in the doorway. A crowd around the Screaming Woman; she is obscured from Frank's view.

He pushes closer.

The Screaming Woman is curled up in a corner, wild-eyed, hysterical. OFFICERS and CLERKS kneel by her, saying soothing things -

It is not Mary.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Mary lets herself in, follows her routine:

Keys on the hook, light a cigarette, carry the ashtray, remove her shoes. Takes a moment. Enjoys the stillness. Her apartment. Blows plumes of smoke.

She gets up with the ashtray and is passing the dresser when she stops.

The religious figurines have been moved.

She stands over them, uncertain, confused. Looks around the rest of the apartment. It is normal.

Mary stands very still for a long moment.

Then she takes another puff and goes to the desk. Gets the spiral pad from her backpack, opens it, slowly rips out two drawings.

She takes the scissors from the desk and snips along the ragged torn-perforated edge of each page, trimming it.

Everything is a little loud. Her breathing. The slow snips of the scissor blades.

Mary sets the drawings aside and brings the strips of torn-edge paper into the kitchen. She steps on the pedal of the trash-can, flipping open the top.

The flip-top mechanism sounds like metal clashing.

She crumples up the trimmed edges and drops them in, but hesitates before letting the lid fall back.

She stares down into the trash.

The crumpled page-edges are very slowly uncurling by themselves.

She lets the lid slam down on them. Shakes her head, goes into the bathroom to get her pills.

She is opening the bottle when she freezes. Staring. Scared.

The toilet seat is up.

INT. MARIO'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Mario is dead. He is lying on the floor, blue and flat-eyed, white drool coming out of his mouth.

Doyle is tearing open an EVIDENCE bag and removing some of Carrie Luko's possessions when his beeper goes off. He is wearing rubber gloves now.

He checks it, goes to Mario's phone, dials.

DOYLE  
This is Tom Doyle.

MARY (V.O.)  
He was here.

DOYLE  
Who is this? Mary? Who was where?

Intercut:

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

MARY

He was in my apartment. He knew I was out and he broke in somehow and went through my things.

DOYLE

Was the lock broken?

MARY

No.

DOYLE

The windows? You leave them open?

MARY

I have gates.

DOYLE

Is anything missing?

MARY

No. Maybe. I don't know yet.  
(She listens to his silence.) He was in here.

DOYLE

Mary - don't get offended - but you told me that sometimes you "see" things, right?

MARY

No. This is real. This is really happening.

DOYLE

Who else has the keys?

MARY

No one. Just the super.

DOYLE

I'll check with the super.

MARY

You're not listening to me. The super did not piss in my toilet.

DOYLE

That's what he did?

MARY

He's trying to tell me he can make me look crazy. Because of what's wrong with me.

Long silence.

DOYLE

Mary. I don't know how to tell you this nicely. I've had a team of officers watching Frank Lisi ever since you made your report. He never went anywhere near your apartment.

Mary looks around, helplessly, confused. Doyle lets her stew a minute.

DOYLE

Well - look - I'm gonna check it out. See what I can find out. In the meantime - Mary, don't tell anyone this happened. You understand? I don't want to frighten you - but we don't know who we can trust. There might be other

DOYLE (CONT'D)

people in the department involved. We both have to be very careful. Anything else happens - you call me up. Me and only me. Okay?

MARY

Okay. I will.

Mary hangs up and goes to check her locks are locked.

INT. DOYLE'S HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Frank, still wearing his street clothes, steps out of the elevator and looks around. Doyle opens the door of his apartment, in shirtsleeves. Concerned.

FRANK

I'm sorry I came over.

DOYLE

Come on in.

INT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT - DIRECTLY AFTER

Doyle steps aside to show Frank in, locks the door. The radio is playing, Doyle turns it down.

DOYLE

Aren't you supposed to be on your shift?

FRANK

I told them I was sick.

DOYLE

That's not a very good idea. Gotta be normal.

FRANK

I am sick.

DOYLE

You want a drink?

Frank nods, slumps down on the sofa. Doyle pours them each a drink.

FRANK

This woman -

Doyle waits, cold-eyed. Frank doesn't go on. He tries a different way:

FRANK

I feel like all I do is let people down.

DOYLE

There's nothing wrong with you. You picked the wrong people. You gotta be very careful how you put out the helping hand. Half the time - they'll cut it off and steal your watch and rings. The other half, they grab on tight and pull you down under with 'em when they go.

FRANK

I feel like I'm outside of everything.

Frank begins to cry. Doyle uncomfortably comes to sit next to Frank, who is hunched over, sobbing. Doyle uneasily puts his hand on Frank's shoulder a moment.

DOYLE  
Take it easy. It's okay.

FRANK  
I'm sorry.

DOYLE  
Your wife. You guys okay?

FRANK  
I don't know. I don't know  
anything any more. You ever been  
married?

DOYLE  
Nah. Who would have me? I whore  
around a little. Normal women - it  
doesn't work out. Your wife is a  
good girl. You should try and work  
it out. You've got a kid.

FRANK  
Yeah.

DOYLE  
(Awkwardly)  
You know, the department has people  
to talk to. Groups and programs.

FRANK  
I guess.

DOYLE  
Yeah. Probably not. What the hell  
- I don't think anything helps  
anyway. Truth is, they put us out  
there - nobody can possibly  
understand that. Fucking insane  
divorce rate, suicide, heart  
attack.

Doyle gets up to pour them a couple of refills.

DOYLE  
I was supposed to be a butcher. My  
father was a butcher. My mother  
wanted me to be a priest. So I  
went on the job. Halfway in  
between. Made everybody happy.

Doyle gives Frank his glass, takes his own and goes to brood  
in his worn armchair. Lost in thought a moment.

DOYLE

"...I would kill myself, I really would - except I just don't see what good it would do anybody." Poor old mean ugly bastard. What good it would do anybody. Like he was doing anybody any good walking the street. What we see, on the job: it takes away something in our ability to enjoy life. They give us guns and put us out in this sick, insane world, and say take care of everybody. It makes us insane.

(Pause)

But don't tell anybody.

(Long pause)

They might take back our fucking guns.

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Dim, quiet. Frank has pulled a chair over to the baby's crib, still in the same clothes from the night before. He is watching the baby sleep.

The bedroom door opens and Joanie comes out, half awake. She sees him and stops, whispers because of the baby.

JOANIE

When did you come in?

(No answer)

Did you go to work last night?

(No answer)

What's happening with you, Frank?

FRANK

Maybe we ought to go out to dinner.

JOANIE

It's seven-thirty in the morning.

FRANK

Thursday night I'm off. You want to get a sitter, we'll go out to a real good dinner?

JOANIE

Are you gonna tell me something really terrible?

FRANK

No. I'm just trying to get ourselves back on track. Back to normal.

JOANIE

Yeah. Okay.

(Pause)

You got something to tell me, you should tell me now.

FRANK

I don't have anything to tell anyone.

(He gets a coat, pulls it on)

I gotta get to work.

JOANIE

So...we'll talk later, right?

Frank shrugs and nods. He comes over to give her a very mild kiss. He goes out.

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.

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

She finds listings for Lisi in the first phone book, and begins to copy down each name, address, and 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 WHISPERING WOMAN, agitated and dirty, stiff and paranoid, in furious conversation with no one. She fidgets with a pack of cigarettes, a plastic hospital ID bracelet on

her wrist. A cigarette smokes, ignored, between her fingers, the ash long and trembling.

READER

There's no smoking.

The Whispering Woman ignores him. The Reader meets Mary's glance with a heaven-help-us look, and gets up to find someone in authority.

Mary sets down her pen and goes over to the Whispering Woman. Gently:

MARY

There's no smoking. They'll throw you out.

The Whispering Woman looks at Mary, eyes hopeless. Then she takes up her monologue again, intent and pressured, looking away as if Mary doesn't exist.

Mary nods. She reaches down toward the Whispering Woman's smoking cigarette.

The Whispering Woman flinches back, eyes riveted on Mary. Mary freezes. Meets the terrified silent eyes.

MARY

Shhh.

With infinite gentleness, Mary takes the cigarette out of the tense fingers - drops it on the floor and steps on it.

Mary delicately soothingly brushes some ash from the woman's sleeve. She smiles into the confused eyes.

The Whispering Woman does not acknowledge Mary's action or existence at all. She returns to her perpetual argument, getting a new cigarette out of the pack and lighting it.

Mary looks up. The Reader is bringing a SECURITY GUARD toward them.

Mary returns to her seat. She bends over the spiral notebook again, copying numbers out of the phone book.

LIBRARY SECURITY

Come on, lady. There's no smoking.

The Whispering Woman ignores him. Mary keeps her head down, working, trembling.

LIBRARY SECURITY

Hello? You listening? Speaka-  
English? Okay - come on. Out.

Mary refuses to look up as she hears the Security Guard pull the Whispering Woman out of her chair. She keeps copying.

As the SECURITY GUARD takes the Whispering Woman away, a tear drops on to Mary's page, blurring the letters.

She painstakingly blots it and recopies those lines.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LATER

Joanie is in the midst of housekeeping. Daytime TV on pretty loud. She turns it down when the phone rings.

JOANIE

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTHS - PUBLIC LIBRARY - LATER

Mary is in an old-fashioned wood booth, the kind with a glass-paneled door. A line of irritated people outside. She's half-way through a pile of quarters and list of two dozen names in her sketchbook.

MARY

Is Officer Lisi there?

JOANIE

No. He's out - can I take a message?

MARY

(Pause)

A message. No.

JOANIE

Who is this calling?

MARY

Um. This is the Win-A-Trip-To-France Sweepstakes.

JOANIE

What did he, win something?

MARY

No. I'm sorry. I have the wrong number.

Mary hangs up, nervously.

Joanie listens a second, confused, then she hangs up.

Mary circles the address on her list. Crosses off the rest of the names.

EXT. OUTSIDE FRANK'S HOUSE - QUEENS - MIDDAY

A street of two-family houses, identical except for variations in aluminum siding or stucco-and-brickface. Down at the end of the street, an elevated subway reminds the residents they didn't really make it to the suburbs.

Mary uneasily watches Frank's front door, shivers a little. Steps forward, then changes her mind.

Now and then, curtains in the windows up and down the block shift slightly and unwelcoming faces glance out. But she's a white woman so they let it go, withdraw back behind the curtains and the blinds.

Frank's door opens and Joanie comes out with the baby in a stroller.

Mary watches Joanie maneuver down the steps and along the sidewalk.

She follows.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - SOON AFTER

A shabby little public playground where the neighborhood women congregate with their pre-schoolers.

Joanie sits on a bench off by herself, wrapped in her thoughts.

Mary comes to sit near her. Watches the children. After a while, glances at Joanie's daughter, playing nearby.

MARY

Beautiful little girl. How old?

JOANIE

Fifteen months. Which is yours?

MARY  
I don't have any children.

JOANIE  
Oh.

MARY  
May I?

Joanie is a little unsettled, but nods yes as Mary goes to crouch down in front of the little girl. Mary plays with her tiny hands, smiling.

MARY  
I used to teach elementary school.  
Art classes.

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. I can't. Some  
days it takes all my strength just  
to speak to people. To put on my  
shoes.

JOANIE  
Oh.

Mary notices Joanie's uneasy reaction. Smiles a little.

MARY

It's not contagious.

Joanie smiles falsely. Mary plays with her daughter as she speaks, very conversational:

MARY

It's a brain disease. A mental illness. They don't really know how you get it. Or what it is. I take medicine. Makes me feel really - thick. Slow. But if I don't take it, I start to think that angels are being sent down from heaven to take me up - and when they get in the atmosphere, they catch on fire and turn into devils. So I have all these devils coming down to kill me.

Mary looks up past the little girl into Joanie's eyes, apologetically. Joanie begins gathering her things up.

JOANIE

If you'll excuse me, I gotta go now.

MARY

I'm just trying to -

JOANIE

I'm sorry, but -

MARY

Mrs. Lisi, please, listen.

Joanie freezes. Studies Mary, kneeling by her child.

JOANIE

Did you call me before?

MARY

Yes.

JOANIE

What do you want?

MARY

I just - I want you to tell your husband something for me.

JOANIE

How do you know my husband?

MARY

I'm scared. Tell him.

Joanie decides to risk it, moves toward Mary and the little girl -

JOANIE

Who the fuck are you?!

MARY

But it's too late. I already told  
the police.

Joanie grabs up her daughter as the other mothers come toward them.

JOANIE

Get the fuck away. Somebody help!

Mary is backing away - confused - as scared as she is scary.

MARY

Tell him it's too late. Tell him  
to leave me alone.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN STREET - SOON AFTER

Frank is in uniform, keeping back BYSTANDERS at an accident:  
a car has run up on the sidewalk.

The scene is stable, COPS and PARAMEDICS mill around. Frank  
wanders over to the back of an ambulance, where a Paramedic  
is straightening supplies. After a moment:

PARAMEDIC

How ya doin'.

FRANK

Can I ask you about something?

PARAMEDIC

Shoot.

The Paramedic keeps working, waiting for Frank to talk. But  
Frank is silent, stalled, nervous. The Paramedic sets aside  
his work.

FRANK

Schizophrenia. What happens?  
People get, like - turn into  
different people? Or what?

PARAMEDIC

No. That's MPD - Multiple Personality Disorder. Somebody gets in some horrible fucking situation, and their mind just turns into somebody else, says I can't deal with it. That's very rare - you know somebody like that?

FRANK

No.  
(Pause)  
I know a schizophrenic.

PARAMEDIC

(Gently)  
Somebody you care about?

FRANK

No. I mean. I -

The Paramedic waits, but Frank can't find appropriate words. He shrugs and looks around.

PARAMEDIC

Get 'em on medication. That's the main thing. Everything else happens after that.

FRANK

They ever get better?

PARAMEDIC

Sometimes. Depends. It's a brain disease. A chemical fuck-up. The signals get scrambled.

He points to his own forehead. Frank nods, still uneasy. Paramedic studies him a moment.

PARAMEDIC

I'm not sure what you want.

Paramedic waits for a response. Frank stares at him. A beeper goes off. They both check - it's Frank's.

PARAMEDIC

We got a cellular up front. You okay?

Frank nods, nervous - unfocused - as he goes around the ambulance:

FRANK

Yeah - no - my wife.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Mary is sitting in a pew, looking at her feet. Her lips are moving silently. Doyle comes in the doors noisily and storms over. Stands looking down at her.

DOYLE

How is anybody supposed to help you?

MARY

I'm sorry.

DOYLE

You went to his house and fucked with his family?! Don't you listen at all?! I told you we have to be CAREFU -

MARY

He was trying to scare me. He was invading my life and trying to intimidate me.

DOYLE

Then why the fuck aren't you INTIMIDATED?!

Doyle realizes the CUSTODIAN and handful of FAITHFUL are all staring. Mary and Doyle are both rather frightened by how close he is to violence.

He sits. Silent. Trying to control himself.

DOYLE

This whole thing is getting completely out of control.

MARY

I know. I'm sorry. I got angry.

(Pause)

You don't go all at once, you know. Sometimes you know it's happening, but you can't stop it. Sometimes you think you can keep the voices away if you just yell back.

(Pause)

I got scared. I yelled back.

Pause. Doyle is looking away.

MARY  
Am I making sense?

DOYLE  
What do you mean?

MARY  
Does what I'm talking about make  
any sense to you?

DOYLE  
I can understand it.

MARY  
If I start to sound all jumbled up,  
and talk about angels and devils -  
it means I'm going under.

DOYLE  
No. You're okay.

MARY  
(Slight pause)  
If it happens - I'll still be  
inside somewhere. But I won't be  
able to ask for help. So I'm  
asking now. Please get me to a  
doctor or a hospital.

DOYLE  
I'll do what has to be done.

Pause. Doyle is uncomfortable.

MARY  
I know you've been trying to...take  
care of me. Thank you.

Doyle nods, doesn't look at her. He goes out.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - MIDDAY

Joanie and Frank are in the middle of an argument, her face  
red and wet with tears.

JOANIE  
I mean it. I'm not sitting still  
for this shit any more. This keeps  
up, I'll get a divorce, Frank.  
You've been lying to me, you've  
been treating me like a doormat -  
you talk to me right now or it's  
over.

FRANK

I can't.

JOANIE

Are you fucking kidding me? Did you hear what I said to you?!

FRANK

I heard it. But you gotta believe that what you think is wrong, and that's all I can tell you.

JOANIE

Who is this woman, Frank? What is she to you?

FRANK

She's nothing. She's nobody.

JOANIE

Then what the fuck is happening?! I don't understand.

FRANK

I fucked up. It's done. I'm gonna try and get past it. Back to my life. I'm all right. I just need you to have a little faith in me.

JOANIE

How can I? I don't even know who you are any more!

FRANK

Oh, come on, Joanie - you know who I am.

JOANIE

Bullshit! It's like you've got this schizophrenic life - there's two completely different people living in the same Frank I used to know -

FRANK

That's not what it's like.

JOANIE

It's EXACTLY what it's like -

FRANK

Schizophrenic. That's not what it's like - two personalities. That's not what happens.

JOANIE

(Pause)

What the fuck are you talking  
about?!

Frank looks at her, across an abyss.

The phone rings. It rings again. He reluctantly picks it  
up.

FRANK

Hello. Yeah. No - she's all  
right. No. She's upset. Yeah.  
Okay, hold on.

Frank holds the phone out to Joanie. Confused, she takes it,  
sniffing.

JOANIE

Hullo? Hey, Tommy. No, I'm okay.  
Shook up. Yeah. Baby's fine.

She listens. Looks at Frank. He looks away.

JOANIE

No - it's just got me confused, is  
all.

Listens more. Her reluctance is slowly smoothed away by  
sweet-talk.

JOANIE

Yeah. All right, I mean - not  
forever, though, you know what I  
mean? No, I will. No. Okay, I  
will. Okay, I'll put him on.

She hands the phone back to Frank, and goes to make coffee in  
the kitchen.

Intercut with:

INT. WEST SIDE BAR - THE SAME TIME

A shabby fake-Irish place. Doyle is on the pay phone. He  
has had a few drinks.

DOYLE

You're gonna have to make this  
right when it's over, you know.  
Take her some place. Atlantic City  
or something.

FRANK

Okay.  
(Pause)  
Thank you.

DOYLE

Meantime, I got hold of a guy, who made me up some pills. This woman's medication, laced with LSD. I go back into her apartment, take out her medicine, put in these whammy pills. She pops 'em down - gets the heebie-jeebies in a big bad way. Guy says they'll put her right back in the rubber room in no time. She won't know her own fucking name.

FRANK

What do I do?

DOYLE

You just lay low, act normal. I'll talk to you later. When it's done. You take care of your wife.

Doyle hangs up. Makes his way back to a booth, where Detective Ansen is drinking with another plain-clothes cop, ORSINI.

INT. MARY'S HALLWAY - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Doyle comes along the hall to Mary's door. Knocks. No answer. Knocks again, louder.

Then he gets out his lockpicks.

INT. ANSEN'S CAR - THE SAME TIME

Ansen and Orsini are parked outside Mary's building.

They watch as Mary walks up the sidewalk toward them.

ORSINI

Shit. Think it's her?

ANSEN

Only one way to find out.

EXT. MARY'S STREET - DIRECTLY AFTER

Mary stops short as Ansen and Orsini get out of the car and hold up badges. She stays back, out of reach, wary.

ANSEN

Ms. Maraszek? Can we talk to you a minute?

MARY

What about?

ANSEN

We're supposed to ask you to come with us to make an identification.

MARY

I don't understand.

ANSEN

I don't know much more than what I told you, ma'am. We got a call. Were you a witness to something, maybe?

MARY

Did Detective Doyle call you?

ANSEN

We got a call on the radio, ma'am. I'm sure they'll explain the whole thing at the other end. We're just supposed to pick you up.

Mary looks at them. Orsini opens the rear door to the car. People walking by look at them.

Mary hesitantly gets in the car.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Doyle shuts the door behind him, pulls on rubber gloves.

On the desk, he finds the pink S-M-T-W-TH-F-S pill container.

He pops each of the little compartments. The first few are empty, then each has several pills in it.

He takes a plastic baggie of pills from his pocket, compares.

One compartment at a time, Doyle removes pills from the S-M-T-W-TH-F-S container and puts them on the desk. He replaces them with his "whammy" pills and snaps the compartments shut.

INT. ANSEN'S CAR - THE SAME TIME

Ansen is driving, Orsini in the shotgun seat, turning sideways to look back at Mary. He smiles.

ORSINI  
Won't take long.

Mary smiles tightly and glances out the side windows. The static and chatter on the police radio stabs at her.

Orsini leans forward and shuts it off. The silence is more unnerving than the noise. Looks back at Mary.

ORSINI  
We're not supposed to. But you  
won't tell anybody, right?

Mary looks at his smiling face as if he's offering her elective surgery. Shakes her head no.

ORSINI  
The hell. You can't do what you're  
supposed to do every minute of the  
day, right?

He winks. Mary looks away, out to the sidewalks, people passing, life going on. Frowns.

MARY  
The police station is on 54th  
Street. Why are we going downtown?

Ansen and Orsini glance at each other. Pause.

Mary watches them. Alert, scared.

ANSEN  
We're from the eight-oh. It's on  
the east side.

Mary's hand edges to the door handle.

Ansen steers, eyes on the traffic. Orsini glances at her, then away.

She's trying to tell what they're thinking. Trying to understand the meaning of what is happening. Studies their eyes, their breathing.

Orsini swallows. Ansen exhales as he flips the turn indicator.

Mary watches the streets go past - helpless, sweating.

She pulls the door open.

ANSEN

Jesus!

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN INTERSECTION - THE SAME TIME

Mary steps out of the car on the driver's side while it's moving. She falls, skinning her knees and palms.

Cars honk and thunk into each other.

She staggers to her feet, runs back the way they came.

INT. ANSEN'S CAR - THE SAME TIME

Ansen's car is jammed between cars, caught in a gridlock. Orsini's door can't open far enough, another car blocks it.

ANSEN

Get out and go the fuck after her!

ORSINI

I can't get out!

Orsini clambers over the seats, kneeing Ansen in the head. He goes out the door Mary used.

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN INTERSECTION - THE SAME TIME

Orsini climbs out of the car. Horns are blaring. He runs to the corner and looks around.

Mary is gone.

ORSINI

Fuck fuck fuck!

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN STREET - THE SAME TIME

Scraped up, gasping for breath, Mary runs along crowded shabby sidewalks.

We see through her staggering POV:

PEOPLE stopping stepping aside, eyes following her - scared, confused -

INT. MARY'S BATHROOM - SOON AFTER

Doyle switches on the light and drops the handful of real pills into the toilet.

He opens the medicine cabinet. He finds the appropriate bottle of medication.

Empties the bottle into the toilet and flushes it.

He is fumbling with the zip-lock top of his pill bag when he stops, shocked. Looks out at:

INTERCUT:

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

The top lock on the front door flips.

Doyle hastily shuts the lights off and half-closes the bathroom door - standing behind it in the dark, peeking out through the hinge-space.

The front door shakes slightly as Mary, outside, puts her keys in the bottom lock.

Doyle looks down and behind him, panicking.

The toilet is still refilling, the watery pipe hiss loud in his ears.

Mary lets herself in, messy, her knees and hands scraped, absorbed in her thoughts.

She hurries to the sofa. Sits, hands curled on her knees, eyes on the floor between her feet. Whispering to herself.

Doyle stares at the toilet, horrified. Watches the water gently ripple -

The tank stops hissing.

Mary sits still. Breathing. Then she looks up.

She sees the S-M-T-W-TH-F-S pill container on the desk.

Doyle watches through the space by the hinge -

Mary gets up and goes to the kitchenette. He can't see her there.

We see her fill her coffee mug with water.

Doyle's eye withdraws into the shadows.

She goes to the desk with the mug. She doesn't notice the bathroom door is half-closed.

She gets the S-M-T-W-TH-F-S container and pops open one of the sections. Takes out a pill.

She puts it in her mouth, swallows it with water -

Doyle comes out of the bathroom behind her, a towel in his hands.

He puts it over her head - yanking it tight like a mask - pulling her backwards - the mug falls to the floor -

Mary instinctively struggles and yells - stumbling and swinging -

DOYLE

Shh - shh - shh -

Doyle keeps himself behind her, holding the towel around her head - using his free hand to fend off her flailing groping fists -

DOYLE

Shh - SHH!

Mary twists and pulls, staggering blindly around the room with Doyle behind her -

They knock into the desk, she scrabbles for the phone, screaming muffled by the towel -

Doyle yanks her away with the towel, bashing her into the dresser. She falls to her hands and knees in a cascade of plastic religious figurines, with Doyle bending over her, straddling her, grunting -

MARY

No! No! Stop!

Mary grabs hold of one of the plastic figures and jabs it backwards past her head and into Doyle's face.

It gouges into his cheek and eye, and he screams, releasing her, clutching his face -

DOYLE

- aagh fuck!

Mary stumbles forward, head still wrapped in the towel, awkwardly falling face-first on the floor -

She is pulling the towel off her head -

Doyle grabs the towel before she can, and swings Mary by it head-first into the wall, as hard as he can.

Mary falls to the floor and curls up, whimpering, feebly trying to remove the towel -

Doyle staggers to his feet, hand pressed over his eye to staunch the bleeding -

He viciously kicks Mary two or three times, grabs up the bloody figurine and tries to mop up the blood-spatter on the floor with his sleeve -

He rushes to the door and out of the apartment.

INT. ANSEN'S CAR - SOON AFTER

Ansen and Orsini are driving along Mary's street toward the front of her building.

As they get near, they see Doyle stagger out - one hand clutched over his bleeding eye.

ANSEN

Oh Jesus Fucking Christ.

They honk the horn and pull over to Doyle.

INT. MARY'S APT. - THE SAME TIME

Mary, sobbing, curled up on the floor, pulls the towel off her face. Gets to her knees, looks around.

Through her POV: everything is starting to look strange. Sounds clash. Proportions shift. The walls loom.

Mary gets up and stumbles to the door. Goes out.

INT. DOYLE'S HALLWAY - LATER

Frank steps off the elevator, carrying a bag from a discount drugstore chain. He goes to Doyle's door and rings the bell.

After a moment, Doyle opens the door, holding a bloody dishtowel to his eye. As the door opens:

FRANK  
I'm sorry it took me a -  
(stares, shocked)  
Jesus.

Doyle steps back so Frank can come inside.

INT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Doyle takes the bag as Frank shuts the door behind him.

FRANK  
I got the stuff you asked for.

DOYLE  
Good. Thank you.

Doyle sets it on the table, pours himself a scotch. He does everything one-handed, the other hand pressing the towel to his eye.

FRANK  
But maybe you better go to a  
doctor.

DOYLE  
Later.

FRANK  
That's a lot of blood.

Doyle shakes a few pills out of a bottle. Doesn't count them, washes them down with liquor. He starts to look through the drugstore bag, pressing the towel to his face.

DOYLE  
What about you? You okay?

FRANK  
I'm good. I'm all right.

DOYLE  
You sure?

FRANK  
Yeah.  
(Pause)  
Let me take a look.

Doyle reluctantly turns and stands stiffly, as Frank very delicately takes away the bloody towel.

FRANK

It's bad.

DOYLE

I know.

FRANK

We've gotta get you to a doctor.

DOYLE

Can't do that yet.

FRANK

I don't know, I think you've lost  
your eye -

DOYLE

I KNOW I LOST MY FUCKING EYE! I  
CAN'T GO TO A FUCKING DOCTOR YET!

Doyle, shaking and ashamed of his near-scream, collects the stuff Frank brought - bandages and tape, peroxide, etc. - brings them into the bathroom.

INT. DOYLE'S BATHROOM - DIRECTLY AFTER

As Doyle unwraps and prepares them, cutting bandages and tape nervously, Frank stands in the hall, just outside the door.

DOYLE

I've got my twenty. I can retire on disability and a pension. I'm going to have an accident, trip and fall when I'm carrying a glass - tonight, later. I'll go to the emergency room. Tell them I didn't think it was so bad. Tried to fix it up myself. I did not put in twenty-four years in the fucking sewer to lose it all and be disgraced.

Doyle pours peroxide on a washcloth and dabs it on his wounds. Winces. Presses the peroxide cloth to his face.  
Pause.

DOYLE

Some guys I know are waiting outside her place. Sooner or later one of two things is gonna happen. She's gonna call me. Or she's gonna go home. One or the other.

Doyle has turned, one hand pressing the cloth to his face, and looks at the younger cop.

DOYLE

You ready for this, kid?

Long silence.

FRANK

Yeah.

DOYLE

You know what I'm talking about?

Frank looks down, shrugs. On the hallway floor, he sees Doyle's bloody jacket, and the bloody plastic angel.

Doyle reaches out and cups Frank's chin. Forces Frank to look into his disfigured face. With his good eye he is probing Frank for weakness.

DOYLE

This woman is going to kill herself tonight. Nobody will care. Put an end to this whole business.

Doyle waits, hand holding Frank's face. Frank nods.

Doyle's beeper goes off.

He checks the number, gives Frank a glance and goes to dial his phone.

EXT. PAY PHONE - UPPER WEST SIDE - EVENING

Mary stands by a pay phone on a busy corner on upper Broadway, Doyle's card in one hand. She is dirty and agitated, her eyes constantly shifting.

We see through her POV: it is like the film's opening sequence in the department store, but not as extreme.

The faces of people passing by suddenly woosh up close, pressing at her, menacing. Colors are vibrating weirdly.

Everything sounds hollow and detailed. Hostile, ugly voices from nowhere repeat strange meaningless sentences.

MARY

Go away. Go away.

A bus stops nearby, doors folding open like rubber wings. The sound is VERY loud.

She looks at the bus. Looking down at her, smudgy through the bus window is an Angel, angry face pressed against the dirty glass.

The pay phone rings, loud, jangling. Mary picks it up.

MARY

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

DOYLE

This is Tom Doyle.

Listens to the street noise on the other end of the line.

DOYLE

Mary?

MARY

Something happened.

DOYLE

I know. But it's all under control now. Tell me where you are. You okay?

Across the street, a woman trying to flag down a taxi suddenly stops and stares at Mary. She says something invisible.

MARY

How do you know?

DOYLE

How do I know? We had Lisi under surveillance. He slips it. We go over to your place -

MARY

There were men. Other men.

DOYLE

No. You sure?

MARY

Policemen.

Mary turns at the sound of laughter. No one is there. But flitting across the sidewalk is the shadow of a winged figure, flying overhead.

DOYLE

Jesus. Okay. Tell me where you are. I'll get somebody we can trust to bring you somewhere safe.

Mary says nothing.

DOYLE

Mary. You're gonna be okay. We have him. Under arrest.

Doyle glances at Frank, who is sitting across the room listening, head down. Doyle can't see it, but Frank has the bloody plastic angel in his hands. He is studying the plastic face.

Mary stays silent, untrusting, uncertain. Alone.

DOYLE

Mary, Lisi went into the emergency room - he's all cut up in his eye. We arrested him. You understand? It's over. He's in the Tombs. Special isolation. Suicide watch. It's all over. Tell me where you are.

Mary won't speak. But she can't hang up.

She just listens to the frightened silence between them.

DOYLE

Tell you what. What you need to do is take some time. Think it out. You figure out how to trust me. Then you page me again. Take your time, feel safe.

Pause. Mary hangs up.

Doyle jiggles the receiver and dials, checking his pager for the number.

DOYLE

Stupid bitch.  
(Into phone:)  
This is Thomas Doyle, badge number 29841. I need the location on a phone number, it's a pay phone, very fast. You ready?

INT. ELEVATOR - DOYLE'S BUILDING - SOON AFTER

Doyle and Frank step in from his hall and wait for the doors to close. Doyle has put on a clean shirt and jacket. His eye is clumsily bandaged. As they ride down:

DOYLE

You holding up?

(Looks over. Frank nods.)

All be over soon. You're gonna be okay.

FRANK

I wasn't thinking about me that much.

DOYLE

I'm awright. Not too bad. It throbs, like, but I'm standing up.

Frank lets the misunderstanding go.

DOYLE

Nobody ever said this job was easy.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DOYLE'S BUILDING - DUSK

Doyle and Frank come out to the sidewalk. Doyle's car is parked nearby. Frank looks at Doyle as he goes to it:

Doyle moves awkwardly, his depth perception gone. He tilts his head a little and moves his head around a lot because his vision is narrower. He looks like a pugnacious pigeon.

FRANK

You better let me drive.

DOYLE

Huh?

Doyle turns and looks at him. His one eye is jazzed with drugs and suspicion. The world looks strange to him.

FRANK

You're in no shape.

Frank holds out his hand for the keys.

Doyle hesitates. Frank looks into his remaining eye, plain, innocent.

Doyle hands over the keys.

DOYLE  
Take the Triborough.

FRANK  
Kay.

Frank goes around to the driver's side and unlocks the car.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - DIRECTLY AFTER

Frank gets behind the wheel, slams the door.

Doyle is standing outside the passenger door. We only see his waist, his holster in his belt. He reaches down and tugs on the door handle. It's locked.

Frank puts the keys in the ignition, frightened.

Doyle raps impatiently on the passenger window. Points at the lock.

Frank starts the car. Doyle bends over, a confused, pissed-off look in his unbandaged eye.

Frank won't look at him, keeps his eyes straight ahead.

Then Doyle realizes.

Frank puts the car in gear as Doyle slams his hand on the window. Doyle yanks the locked door handle, his yells muffled through the window.

Frank refuses to turn and look at the contorted face as he pulls away.

EXT. BROADWAY & 104TH ST - SOON AFTER

Mary is on the concrete island between the uptown and downtown traffic, sitting among people who think it's a park because it's got a bench, people who can't walk any further from their cheap single-room apartments.

She is hunched over, trying to stay very still, silencing the cacophony inside.

It is getting dark. Across the street, Ansen's car pulls over to the curb.

INT. ANSEN'S CAR - THE SAME TIME

Ansen and Orsini watch Mary. Her lips are moving steadily, her eyes stare at the ground.

ORSINI

She's gonna make a scene. We're gonna have to drag her to the car.

ANSEN

It's 104th and Broadway. We could give her a fucking hysterectomy on the sidewalk, nobody's gonna stop.

ORSINI

Our luck, there's gonna be some asshole with a camcorder.

He sighs. They get out of the car.

EXT. BROADWAY & 104TH - DUSK

At the edge of her vision, Mary sees Ansen's and Orsini's shoes approaching. She looks up.

We see through her POV: Ansen and Orsini are coming at her - voices echoing, hands raised, palms out, soothing - but their hands are on fire.

MARY

Oh God - Somebody help me!  
Somebody stop this!

It's too late - they're grabbing her arms.

Bystanders watch Ansen and Orsini drag Mary, kicking and screaming, toward their car. Ansen holds up his badge:

ANSEN

Police. You want to give us some room here?

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - THE SAME TIME

Frank is driving toward the intersection.

Through the windshield he can see Ansen and Orsini push Mary down over the hood of their car and cuff her hands behind her back. She's wild-eyed, struggling.

EXT. BROADWAY & 104TH ST. - DIRECTLY AFTER

Ansen and Orsini begin trying to force Mary into their back seat. They look up as Frank drives Doyle's car at them, leaning on his horn.

ORSINI

What the fuck?

With a metal thud and spray of headlight glass, Frank smashes Doyle's car into their left front wheel, crumpling the fender into the tire, which deflates.

ORSINI

You outa your fuckin' mind?!

Orsini pulls his gun. Ansen grabs his arm, an eye on the public spectacle they've become.

Bystanders on the sidewalk are staring, clapping their hands, cheering. Faces look down out of windows, cars are stopped.

Mary escapes from the distracted cops and staggers away.

MARY

Somebody help me!

ANSEN

Let it go.

(Yells to Frank:)

You want her? Take her! Go on!

Frank puts Doyle's car in reverse and pulls out of the collision. Part of the hood is bent up and wisps of steam or smoke escape.

EXT. 104TH STREET - SOON AFTER

Mary stumble-runs up the block, hands cuffed behind her back, frantic, crying.

Frank drives the wrong way up one-way 104th street, hammering on his horn, following her. He pulls ahead and drives on to the sidewalk, cutting her off.

We see through Mary's POV: Frank gets out of the car and comes toward her - his mouth is moving but no sound is coming out. Instead, a dozen horrible hissing voices whisper at her.

Frank's urgent face is coming closer. The edges of everything have an acidulous sizzle to them, the colors tinged with chemical overtones, the perspective distorted.

Frank's face, mouth urgently yapping in silence, is very close, out of focus. But far down the block, razor-sharp despite the distracting blurred face in the foreground, is the anguished, hateful burning angel we saw in the department store in the first scene.

Back in reality: Frank grabs Mary and pulls her toward the car. She spits at him, kicks uselessly.

FRANK

Mary - I don't want to hurt you -  
but we gotta get in the car -

MARY

...though I walk through the valley  
of the shadow of death, I shall not  
fear. I shall not fear.

He pushes her in the passenger side and slams the door.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - DIRECTLY AFTER

Frank gets behind the wheel and drives the crippled car into the flow of traffic on the avenue. He looks back. Mary is whispering and gasping, her head bent down and away, shutting Frank out.

MARY

If the angels of mercy have been  
sent to haunt me, I shall fear no  
death.

FRANK

It's okay now. It's all right.

MARY

I shall walk through the angels of  
the shadow of death. I shall fear  
no mercy.

He tries to reach over and soothe her - but he doesn't know where to touch and his hand hovers useless for a second before he puts it back on the wheel.

MARY

I shall not want. I shall not  
fear. I have no sorrow. I have no  
time.

Frank focuses on threading through traffic, getting them away.

EXT. WEST 129TH STREET - DUSK

Frank drives them off the streets, on to the Henry Hudson Parkway North, the engine knocking and shuddering now and then, occasionally spewing steam from its smashed-in hood.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - SOON AFTER

Mary has gone silent. She still will not look at him.

FRANK  
Are you okay?

MARY  
My arms hurt.

FRANK  
All right - just hang in. I'll get  
us someplace we can stop.

EXT. HENRY HUDSON PARKWAY - EVENING

Doyle's car pulls over at a rest stop scarred with scorch marks and graffiti. The woods around it are muddy and trash-strewn.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - THE SAME TIME

Frank shuts off the clattering engine and sits a minute.

Mary's lips move slightly, but we cannot hear the prayer.

FRANK  
I'm gonna take the cuffs off. But  
I need you to listen to me first,  
okay? Just listen. Then you want  
to run away - you can. Okay? All  
right?

Mary reluctantly nods. She stares at the dashboard.

FRANK  
Look at me. Look at my face. My  
eye. It wasn't me at your  
apartment.

Mary glances at him. He is looking in her eyes.

She studies his face, his eyes. She's confused, wary.

FRANK

I need you to understand something.  
What happened next door to you.  
That was an accident. She grabbed  
my gun and I was trying to get it  
back and it went off.

His face is hard to understand. Mary can only see one part  
at a time. Eyes. Nose. Mouth. It is frightening. She  
looks away again, lips moving.

FRANK

Everything that's happened. I'm  
sorry. I don't even know how it  
all got like this. It's like -  
every-thing in my life that made  
sense, all just...went insane.

Silence. Then:

MARY

What do you want from me?

FRANK

I just want to help you.

MARY

Help me.

FRANK

Yeah.

After a moment:

MARY

Why?

FRANK

Why.

Frank thinks. Looks at her, curled up, beaten, dirty.

FRANK

My wife told what you said about  
the angels.

MARY

The angels come down from heaven to  
help us, and take care of us, but  
they catch on fire when they come  
down through the sky.

FRANK

Yeah.

MARY

And when then they hate us. So they turn into devils here on earth...the burning angels.

FRANK

I want to help you because...I think you're right. About that. I think it happens.

(Pause)

I think it's happening to me.

She says nothing, but turns to look at him. Frank becomes uncomfortable. He gets his key ring out.

FRANK

Okay. Turn your hands to me.

Mary hesitates, then turns in her seat so Frank can unlock her cuffs.

The moment he gets one off she pulls her hands away, opens the door and gets out.

EXT. REST STOP - DIRECTLY AFTER

Mary stumbles out, cuffs dangling from one wrist.

She runs a few yards away from the car and then stops, staring at Frank.

Frank sighs, stays behind the wheel. Puts his palms up, slowly gets out of the car.

MARY

I want to go home.

FRANK

You can't go home.

MARY

I need my things to do. I have to get my pills. Mellaril.

FRANK

Your pills are making you sick.

Mary looks at him, frightened. She backs away.

MARY

No. No - you're talking like them. You're one of the devils. They devils hate the medication. I have

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

to take Mellaril. Two hundred milligrams. I have to get the devils out of my head -

FRANK

We'll get you new medication -

MARY

The persecuting devils have already been sent. I can tell the signs from the list -

FRANK

Tell me the signs -

MARY

All the symptoms of the descent - into the atmosphere -

FRANK

I can't help you if I don't know what to do!

MARY

(Frightened, trying to tell:)

I can't get all my words out. The inside of my head turns into metal and everything echoes inside it, very ugly. After a while, reality electrocutes my eyeballs. I taste colors, and I hear feelings. Then everybody starts to move the bones inside their faces. I realize that I'm separating from the earth. My mind is filled with things I didn't think. God is putting thoughts in my head. I just want to live. Like a person. They're taking away my days.

FRANK

Can you hold on for a while?

MARY

No. They've already started to put thoughts in my head. I have a list of things to do. I'm supposed to take my pills.

Frank is approaching slowly. Mary stays still, looks him in the eyes, ready to bolt.

FRANK

We'll get you to a doctor. Then I can help you get away. I have some money. Six, seven thousand dollars. I could even send you some more later, maybe, I don't know.

Frank gets closer, very tentative. Mary stares, taut as a wire.

FRANK

Have you got anyone, anywhere, that you can go to? Out of town?

MARY

No. I'm scared.

FRANK

Okay. I know.

Frank reaches over and removes the other cuff. Mary stays frozen where she is.

MARY

I don't know what's happening.

FRANK

I know.

Hesitantly, Frank puts his arm around Mary and leads her back to the car.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - DIRECTLY AFTER

He puts her in the passenger seat, goes around to get behind the wheel. As he tries to start up the engine:

MARY

When they come, they shall be merciful. They shall be swift.

FRANK

What we'll do is take you to a doctor, and then put you on a bus for someplace. Like down to Florida. You could check into a hotel down there. Find a hospital. That would be nice, right?

MARY

I don't know.

The car won't start. As he tries again:

FRANK

Whole thing could end right now,  
just with this.

MARY

They're coming down. The wind is  
bringing them. Through the  
windows.

FRANK

(Distracted, trying the  
engine)

No, we're fine. We're gonna figure  
out where you can take a vacation.

MARY

I have to do my things to do.

FRANK

Does it matter where you do them?

It almost catches and then clatters and clunks and stops.

FRANK

Shit.

MARY

Maybe they broke the engine.

FRANK

No. I broke the engine.

MARY

We can't go anywhere.

He tries it again. Jiggles the key, the pedals. Again.

FRANK

Yes we can. We can get you out of  
town, you can go sit by the beach.  
Take your pills. Look at the  
ocean.

MARY

Where will you be?

Frank looks at her a long moment. Then he goes back to the  
ignition. This time it catches.

FRANK

Okay. Gonna be okay.

MARY

Because they're coming after us and  
nothing can stop them. They're  
from heaven and hell.

Frank nods. He glances into the rearview mirror, takes a  
deep breath, and pulls them out.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joanie's waiting, tense. Smoking a cigarette. The phone  
rings. She picks up.

JOANIE

Hello?

Intercut:

INT. PAY PHONE - NIGHT

Frank is on a pay phone, outside a supermarket. Mary is  
waiting in the battered car. Praying. He left it running,  
afraid to shut the engine off.

FRANK

It's me.

JOANIE

Where the hell did you run away to?

FRANK

I don't have time. I need you to  
do something for me.

JOANIE

Frank -

FRANK

This is very important. Right now.  
Take the baby to Mrs. Merwin, and  
get the money out of the coffee  
can. All of it. Bring it to me.  
I'm gonna be at -

JOANIE

You want to talk to Tommy?

FRANK

Tommy?

JOANIE

He's here.

Frank says nothing. Joanie gives the phone to Doyle. He's very calm. Drinking.

DOYLE

Where are you, Frank?

FRANK

I'm sorry.

DOYLE

I understand.

(To Joanie)

You want to give me a minute here, darling? Thank you.

Joanie shrugs, goes into the bedroom.

DOYLE

What are you doing, kid?

FRANK

I'm just going to get her out of town. She doesn't want to be a problem. I just want this to be over.

DOYLE

Me too. So what are you gonna do, give her money?

FRANK

Yes.

DOYLE

Have you thought this all out?

FRANK

Yes.

DOYLE

You have.

FRANK

I don't know. We can't kill this woman, Tommy. We can't do that. I mean - who are we? We can't do that.

DOYLE

What if she gets unstable, Frank?  
The woman is mentally unstable.  
Tomorrow, the next day -

FRANK

I can't. I don't know.

DOYLE

This woman means a lot to you.

FRANK

No. I just...need to - everything  
has gone so out of control - and I  
feel bad.

DOYLE

This woman mean more to you than  
your wife? Your child?

FRANK

What do you mean?

DOYLE

You have this woman. I have  
Joanie, and the baby.

FRANK

I don't understand. What are you  
talking about?

DOYLE

You bring me this woman, Frank. Or  
I will kill your family.

FRANK

Are you insane?

DOYLE

All of a sudden, she doesn't seem  
so important, does she?

FRANK

Don't. Don't you even -

DOYLE

You don't like it, Frank? You just  
remember something. All this is  
HAPPENING because of YOU. I have  
to do all this - because of YOU.  
Because you're too fucking weak.

FRANK

I swear to God - I'll -

DOYLE

You'll what? You'll rat me out?  
You'll tell?

Frank is silent. Panicked.

DOYLE

I'm giving you a chance, here,  
Frank. A chance to come back. Get  
yourself right with what's  
important. You have family here.  
This woman is nothing. Now you see  
that. I'll give you an hour to  
bring her over here. You listening  
to me, Frank?

FRANK

Yes.

DOYLE

Bring the woman in my car. You  
park it out front. I'll come out  
and everyone will be okay. All  
right?

Frank is looking at Mary sitting in the car.

DOYLE

Frank - yes?

FRANK

All right.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - DIRECTLY AFTER

Frank gets into the car. Sits a moment, but doesn't look at  
Mary. She is rocking back and forth gently in her seat.

FRANK

How you doin'?

MARY

Not so good. Things are closing  
in.

FRANK

Just hang in. Won't be too much  
longer. We'll take care of you.

Frank puts it in gear. There's some clunking and sputtering  
before the engine catches.

He drives them along a boulevard of car lots and fast food joints.

MARY  
Who did you call?

FRANK  
My wife. To get some money for the doctor.

MARY  
You seem different.

FRANK  
I'm not.

Mary stares at him. Frank keeps his eyes on the road.

MARY  
You're changing.

FRANK  
You're not really in any state to judge, are you?

They drive in a painful silence for a moment.

MARY  
I don't know.

With a hammering noise, the engine dies. The lights go out on the dashboard.

FRANK  
Fuck. Oh fuck me.

MARY  
What do we do?

He tries to start it again, as cars honk their horns and drive around him. It won't start.

He looks at his watch.

FRANK  
Okay, don't panic. Shit.

Mary is looking at him, nervous. Frank looks around outside. The lights of a multiplex cinema glow.

EXT. MULTIPLEX CINEMA LOBBY - QUEENS - NIGHT

Crowded. Popcorn popping. Video games let loose electronic yells and explosions. Monitors run movie previews: abrupt-cut bits from comedies in which people go through terrifying cartoony transformations, faces changing, bodies expanding.

Frank steers Mary through the lobby, searching for the pay phones. She's very agitated in the bright colors and noise.

FRANK

I'm going to call a cab. You just stay put.

MARY

No.

FRANK

No?

MARY

I'm going to a hospital. I have to get medication. Mellaril. Two hundred milligrams. I can't wait until Florida.

FRANK

You're not waiting until Florida - you're waiting for me to call a taxi.

MARY

I have to go to a doctor RIGHT NOW. I have to get Mellaril. Two hundred.

Mary tries to go back toward the doors.

FRANK

Just wait for a fucking minute!

Frank grabs her arm, roughly. She stares at him, frightened.

MARY

You're hurting me.

FRANK

I'll get a cab in ten minutes. I can take you to a hospital. Just wait.

MARY

No. Let go.

FRANK

I'm gonna...help you.

Mary tries to pull away and Frank holds on to her, hard. She freezes, panic rushing over her. They look at each other.

FRANK

I'm sorry.

Mary screams. Loud, eyes fixed on his. People are turning, looking.

FRANK

Stop. Shh -

Mary screams again. Frank lets go. She keeps looking steadily in Frank's eyes as she backs away.

Then Mary screams again, turning and flailing at the crowd of gaping MOVIEGOERS.

It's like the first scene of the movie.

Mary screaming, jabbering. People move out of her way. She attacks a giant cardboard cut-out of a movie star with a gun, rips the head off, throws it at the gaping spectators.

Security rent-a-cops are hurrying toward the commotion, talking into their radios. Frank watches, helplessly.

Mary grabs a self-serve candy station, pulls it over. Insanely-colored candy spills all over. She keeps howling, cursing at everyone, until the Security guards grab her, push her down, put her in handcuffs.

As they do, she looks over her shoulder - and finds Frank. Their eyes meet.

He stands there in the crowd, abandoned.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - EVENING

A nightmare. A dozen MENTALLY ILL PEOPLE wait: foul-smelling STREET PEOPLE; a drug-hyped MANIC MAN tied to a wheelchair, splattered with drying blood from a wound (now bandaged) on his head; a depressed, SUICIDAL WOMAN.

A COP stands next to Mary as she answers questions at CLERK'S desk. She is obedient and meek, but distracted, nervous.

CLERK

Have you ever been hospitalized before?

MARY

Yes.

CLERK

Do you remember when and what for?

MARY

I just need to talk to the doctor.  
I can explain it to him.

CLERK

We have to get this information  
before you can talk to a doctor.  
The doctors are very busy.

MARY

I can't stay here. They'll come  
after me.

CLERK

Who's after you?

Mary looks at the Cop, standing nearby, bored. Low:

MARY

I can't...talk about it. Here. I  
need Mellaril. Two hundred  
milligrams. And then I can go.

CLERK

You can't go anywhere and we can't  
give you any medication until  
you've been evaluated by the  
doctor.

Mary looks uncomfortably at the Cop again, leans forward and  
whispers to the Clerk:

MARY

There are policemen trying to kill  
me.

The Clerk gives her a long expressionless stare. Mary  
fidgets, dirty, her hair dark with dried sweat. The Clerk  
glances at the Cop, who sighs.

CLERK

Have you got insurance? Or  
Medicare or Medicaid?

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MULTIPLEX - NIGHT

Frank is standing by Doyle's dead car watching the traffic. Doyle pulls up in an unmarked car. Frank comes over, looks in the back. It's empty.

FRANK

Where are my wife and baby?

DOYLE

They'll be all right. Get down on your knees, Frank. Slowly.

FRANK

What?

DOYLE

Down on your knees and put your hands on the car.

Doyle shows his gun. Cocks it. Frank does as he's told.

Doyle gets out and frisks Frank. Takes away his gun. Puts his own gun to the back of Frank's head.

DOYLE

You scared, Frank?

FRANK

Yes.

DOYLE

Good. You stay scared.

Doyle takes the gun from his head, steps back and clubs Frank in the kidneys. Frank falls over, writhing as Doyle kicks him. Again. Doyle stands over Frank.

DOYLE

Now this is what's going to happen. We're going to find this woman and take her out to a place I know and you are going to kill her. With your gun. And I'm going to take her somewhere and bury her, and you're not going to know where. And traceable loads from your weapon are going to be in the body. And you are going to be quit the police force and disappear from my whole fucking world forever. Yes?

FRANK

Yes.

DOYLE

Good. Get in the car. We don't  
have all night.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER

The "intake interview" - as in the movie's opening.

She is in a cubicle with a curtain. A DOCTOR, late-middle-aged, white coat, bad tie, is doing a cursory physical exam. He refers to and makes notes in a thick loose-leaf binder: Mary's chart.

During the following he remains routine and unemotional; Mary is hyped-up, terrified, distracted by sounds.

MARY

I know you have to check me out -  
but I'm all right. You can't keep  
me here. I'm not a danger to  
myself or others. My name is Mary  
Maraszek. I know what time it is,  
what place we're in, and why a  
rolling stone gathers no moss.

DOCTOR

Have you been taking your  
medication?

MARY

Yes. I didn't take it this  
afternoon. I need more. Mellaril.

DOCTOR

You seem agitated. Your speech is  
pressured.

MARY

I'm under pressure.

DOCTOR

What kind?

MARY

What's happening to me is real.

DOCTOR

Schizophrenia is real.

MARY

I know.

DOCTOR  
You were hospitalized here before.

MARY  
Nine months. Like I was born.

DOCTOR  
What?

MARY  
A birth.

DOCTOR  
Oh. Do you want to tell me what's  
going on? What's bothering you?

MARY  
I'm not out of control.

DOCTOR  
Well - that's good.

MARY  
I'm sick. I know. I have the  
signs. But it's because of the  
policemen. They're trying to kill  
me.

DOCTOR  
How do you know they want to kill  
you?

MARY  
They came into my house.

DOCTOR  
Do you know why?

MARY  
Because I know they killed the  
woman who lives next door to me. I  
heard it through the walls. They  
followed me in the subway. They  
went to the bathroom in my toilet.  
And hit my head - here. They came  
out of the bathroom.

DOCTOR  
Mm-hmm. What happened tonight at  
the -  
(checks chart) )  
- movie theater?

MARY

They took me there. I didn't know how else to get away from them. So I was crazy.

DOCTOR

The policemen took you to the movies?

MARY

Because the car broke down. He was taking me to the bus station. He was going to give me money. But then I think he changed.

DOCTOR

Mary, your chart says last time you were here you believed you saw angels. Are you seeing angels now?

Mary hesitates. Afraid. Then tells the truth:

MARY

Yes.

DOCTOR

Are the policemen angels?

MARY

One of them said he was. He said he thought he was.

The Doctor nods. He prepares an injection.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - SOON AFTER

Doyle leads Frank in and looks around the ugly normal chaos. They go over to the Clerk's desk, Doyle flashes his badge.

DOYLE

Looking to talk with a woman that got brought here. Made a disturbance in a movie theater. Name of Maraszek, Mary.

CLERK

She just got admitted. I'll go find out where she is.

The Clerk walks down a hall to the curtained examining area. Frank talks low to Doyle:

FRANK

They're not going to let us take her out of here.

DOYLE

I got a plan to cover that.

FRANK

We can't take her out and then she disappears. There's no way we -

DOYLE

You want to shut the fuck up and do exactly like your told?

Frank looks in Doyle's red, dangerous eye. Then Doyle turns as the Clerk comes back to her desk.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

An ORDERLY escorts Mary off the elevator, along empty halls with heavy wire gates on the windows. Mary is foggy-headed from medication.

Visiting hours are over. The tile walls bounce chill echoes of their steps and voices.

MARY

I need to speak with the doctor again. I can't stay here.

ORDERLY

You just behave now.

MARY

They'll find me.

ORDERLY

Whyn't you try and get along?

With a frightening jingle and rattle, the Orderly unlocks a heavy metal ward door, peeking through the little square safety-glass window to make sure he's not letting anyone out.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - SOON AFTER.

A NURSE shows Mary a narrow metal-frame bed in a cubicle among rows of other cubicles. Pajamas and a thin robe are folded up on the rough wool blanket. The Nurse hands her a plastic bag with a toothbrush, toothpaste, comb, shampoo, bar of soap and washcloth.

NURSE

This will be your bed. If you have valuables we can lock them up. We have showers in about an hour. You just missed dinner, you want me to try and get you some?

Mary looks around. Lying curled up on one of the other beds, Mary sees the Whispering Woman from the library, wearing hospital pajamas, still whispering.

Their eyes meet. The Woman looks away. Mary shakes her head, dim and confused.

MARY

You have to let me go. They'll find out I'm here and kill me.

NURSE

Nobody's coming after you in here. They can't get in.

MARY

They can.

NURSE

Let's take you into the Day Room.

INT. HOSPITAL SECURITY OFFICE - THE SAME TIME

Frank and Doyle wait before another desk. Behind it, a paunchy old HOSPITAL SECURITY OFFICER sits with a phone to his ear, on "hold".

Uneasy silence. Frank shifting, tense.

SECURITY

So this woman: what's the story?

DOYLE

We think she killed her next-door neighbor.

SECURITY

No shit. Hello -  
(Listens to phone)  
Gotcha. Right. Roger.

The Security Officer hangs it up, stands and gets a hefty ring of spare keys from a cabinet.

SECURITY

We're gonna have her taken down to one of the administrative offices, 'cause they're empty after hours. You can use it as an interview room.

DOYLE

Good. Thanks.

The Security Officer shows them out.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY ROOM - SOON AFTER

The Nurse brings Mary to a communal room where male and female PATIENTS of all ages sit or wander. More bars on the windows. A TV in a cage hung from the ceiling display bad-reception images from a sitcom. The laugh track sounds particularly cruel and mindless here.

Chronic cases, shifty or dazed, stare into space or pace the same pattern in the floor over and over - many misshapen from head injuries, poverty, unlucky birth. A few have a wool hat they never take off, a book they carry all day. Some stare at Mary.

MARY

But - listen - I can't -

NURSE

The doctor will be around in the morning.

In the Nurse's Station, ANOTHER NURSE answers a ringing phone. Through the window, she waves the Nurse over.

NURSE

Why don't you just settle in and make your acquaintances.

The Nurse goes to confer through the Nurse's station window.

They are talking about Mary. They look at her.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - FIRST FLOOR - SOON AFTER

The Security Officer waits with Frank and Doyle by the elevators.

Frank is numb. In shock. He's going to kill a defenseless woman in cold blood very soon. Looking only at details.

Posters on the walls: rights of the mentally ill. Graffiti scratched into the paint on a door.

The Security Officer pushes the elevator button again. Studies Frank, Doyle.

SECURITY

What happened to your eye?

DOYLE

Cataract surgery.

SECURITY

And they won't even give you time off, right?

Doyle looks at him with his only eye. The elevator doors rattle open clumsily.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - DIRECTLY AFTER

The Security Officer lets Frank and Doyle step in first. He pushes the button. He stands with his back to Frank and Doyle.

Frank is looking at the linoleum floor. The Security Officer's shoes.

The doors jam halfway shut. The Security Officer sighs, yanks the door and it opens. Pause. Closes again.

SECURITY

Takes half your life just to get up to the fifth floor. Nothing works here.

The elevator climbs very slowly. As it passes each floor, a tone sounds for the blind.

The Security Officer's belt. A revolver hangs in his holster. Frank stares at it.

SECURITY

I was gonna be on the force. Way back when.

(Pause)

Couldn't get past the written examination.

The gun is held in the holster with a little leather snap-strap. Frank stares at the butt of the gun, sticking out at him.

Frank looks over at Doyle. Doyle is watching him very closely.

Frank looks away. The doors pull open.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - ANOTHER FLOOR - DIRECTLY AFTER

The Security Officer walks slightly ahead of Frank and Doyle. Frank watches the gun wagging in the holster on the Security Officer's hip.

Doyle walks up alongside the Security Officer, clapping his hand on the guy's shoulder - blocking Frank's access to the gun.

DOYLE

We really appreciate your help.

SECURITY

No problem. Brotherhood in blue.

Doyle glances back at Frank warningly. They turn a corner and see an Orderly waiting by a door.

DOYLE

This it?

SECURITY

Yeah. (To ORDERLY) She in there?

The Orderly nods.

INT. ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE - DIRECTLY AFTER

Drab. A desk, a couple chairs, a battered vinyl sofa. Reference books, chart binders. An electric fan, a couple of framed travel posters. There's only one door. Windows barred.

Mary is waiting. Standing in the middle of the room. Drugged. Nervous.

The door opens. She panics when Frank and Doyle step inside.

MARY

Oh - no - don't -

Frank stares at her. Doyle is shutting the door in the Security Officer's face.

DOYLE

Thanks very much for your help. We got it from here.

MARY

No!

Doyle locks the deadbolt and turns, pulling his gun, putting a finger to his lips. Mary is trying to call out, get to the door -

Doyle claps his free hand over her mouth and puts his gun to her head. Mary freezes.

DOYLE

Gimme a hand, here, Frank.

Frank looks at Mary, fearful, helpless. He comes over, and holds Mary. Puts his hand over her mouth.

Doyle holsters his gun, searches the desk.

FRANK

Tom - they're not going to let us take her out of here -

DOYLE

I know.

Doyle finds a letter opener in a pencil can on the desk.

FRANK

There's no way we can get away w-

Doyle turns and stabs the letter opener hard into Frank's chest and pulls it out again, quickly.

Frank grunts, startled, confused, as Mary instinctively steps forward, hands out -

MARY

Don't!

Doyle turns and punches Mary hard, sending her reeling back across the room. Frank staggers, hunching over, grabbing at the wound, in intense pain.

Doyle stabs him again and again - until the letter opener breaks off, leaving a stub sticking out of Frank's bleeding back. Rather gently, helping Frank down to the floor:

DOYLE

Get down. That's right. Lay down.

Frank goes down to his knees, curls over on the floor, bleeding. Mary is getting to her feet.

DOYLE  
Just stay down.

Mary freezes.

Doyle stands over Frank, looking down into his baffled eyes.

DOYLE  
You get it now? She kills you. I  
kill her.

Frank looks past Doyle to Mary - in pain and inexpressibly sad.

Doyle stands over Frank with his back to Mary.

His gun is in his holster. Within reach -

Mary pulls Doyle's gun out of the holster.

FRANK  
No - don't -

Doyle turns around as he feels the gun go - grabs Mary's wrist as she points the gun at him -

Frank watches helpless from the floor as they struggle - tries to stand -

Mary's got Doyle's gun in both her hands, Doyle's trying to pry her fingers off - the gun is pointing up -

they're staggering around the room clenched together - facing each other -

DOYLE  
Let it go -

Mary squeezes the trigger.

The gun goes off - Doyle's head flips back, as the bullet goes in under his chin. He falls backwards, limp and sightless -

Mary falls back, gun in her hands - eyes wide in horror as Doyle settles on the floor, bleeding profusely out of his head.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - THE SAME TIME

The Security Officer and the Orderly stand outside, confused. The Security Officer's hand hovers over his gun as he goes to the door.

SECURITY

You okay in there? Hello?

No answer. He turns the knob. Locked. He rattles it.

INT. ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE - THE SAME TIME

Frank turns at the sound of the knob rattling. Mary's eyes are fixed on Doyle's body.

MARY

Oh God. Oh my God.

Frank, hunched over on the floor, watches Mary back to the wall and crouch there, gun in her hand, shaking her head.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - THE SAME TIME

SECURITY

Call 911. Now.

The Orderly runs down the hall, as the Security Officer frantically begins searching for the key on his huge spare-key ring.

INT. ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICER - THE SAME TIME

Mary looks at Frank, agonized. Frank meets her eyes.

Mary begins to gasp and sob, on the edge of hysteria. Frank painfully gets to his feet and comes toward her, whispering. Bleeding.

FRANK

It's okay. It's gonna be okay.

MARY

It's not! It's NOT OKAY.

She puts her hands - one holding the gun - up at the sides of her face, staring at what she has done.

Frank gets closer. Coughs blood. Kneels by her, slow, gentle.

FRANK  
Mary. Give me the gun.

Mary suddenly wedges herself further back into the corner, away from him. He puts out his bloody hands.

FRANK  
Give me the gun. I did this. Do you understand?

Mary shakes her head, frightened.

There are voices at the door. Pounding. Keys rattle.

FRANK  
Let me have the gun - and I shot him.

Frank puts his hands over hers on the bloody gun.

FRANK  
Give, Mary. I did it. Not you. Me.

Keys are turning in the lock. Frank is looking in her eyes.

FRANK  
Please.

Out of her anguish, Mary slowly, looking in his eyes, recognizes his.

She lets him take the gun, lets him back away, holding the gun - gratitude and despair in his eyes -

As the door unlocks and bangs open behind him.

The Security Officer enters pointing a shaking gun. He slowly lowers it.

STAFF MEMBERS peek around him in the doorway, looking at the bleeding man, the woman curled up in the corner, the dead body.

FADE OUT.

**TEN MONTHS LATER**

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY - SUMMER

A tiny dank iron box. A security cell. Frank, in prisoner's clothing, lies on the bunk, staring at the iron ceiling.

There are a few snapshots of his daughter taped to the wall. None of his wife.

And a small drawing of Mary's. A self-portrait.

The noise through the bars is clangorous and murky. Men's voices, doors clanging, laughter.

Frank stares at the ceiling. Breathes. Thinks.

The minutes tick past, numberless, useless.

EXT. MARY'S STREET - THE SAME TIME

Mary turns the corner on to a noisy side street of run-down tenement buildings - just as she did at the beginning of the movie.

It is summer. PEOPLE cluster on the stoops.

She walks home, eyes averted, flinching at the noise.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - SOON AFTER

The apartment is as we first saw it: very neat, shabby, hundreds of drawings taped to the walls.

Keys rattle in the lock and Mary lets herself in. She follows her careful routine.

Putting the keys away, getting out the cigarette, taking her pills.

As we leave Mary to her quiet, methodical survival, filling the teapot, making a cup of coffee...

we move past her careful notes to herself, her plastic religious figures, to the paper on the walls...

among the clutter of images is a drawing of Frank.

He has wings. He is on fire.