

# PORTAL TO HELL

## SCRIPT

By Reynaldo Reyes

FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - 1980

The painting on the wall. The intricate wooden models and dime novels. The Venetian blinds, closed, shutting out sunlight.

REY (V.O.)

I was fifteen years old, I wanted to be a cartoonist. I wanted to live a simple life, go to school, learn a trade, pick a career,

marry and have a family.

Voices, barely audible, from somewhere else in the house:

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Something decided that was not  
meant to be.

Rey looks up at the ceiling and stares, as if he's been carried into another world.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I just wanted to live a regular  
life.  
But, I've started to experience  
a dramatic, supernatural event  
occurred.

The sound of a door closing.

EXT. ESTABLISH SHOT OF NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Were the once famous buildings of old are now replaced by futuristic buildings all over town.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Images of several people walking around in a zombie look with chips on the back of their necks.

EXT. CORNER STORE - DAY

Several people are exchanging cards for drugs.

EXT. INNER CITY COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Where law enforcements are dragging tenants out of their homes in pure force.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOME - DAY

A family being separated by law enforcements.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Police dogs are chasing several blacks and Hispanics

completely out of their own neighborhoods.

INT. REY'S HOME - DAY (1980)

Rey, his sister LINDA and a couple of friends helping each other with their Halloween costumes.

REY (V.O.)

It was Halloween. Me, my sister and a few friends were getting ready to go to this Halloween party at a club called "Inferno".

They all together put on their costumes. They immediately begin to laugh at Rey's costumes.

LINDA

Rey, what the hell is that you have on your face.

Everyone burst into laughter.

REY

What's so funny?

Rey looks around pretending to find out what is funny, but not realizing he's the joke.

LINDA

You and that --

REY

It's an elephant costume.

They again burst out into laughter.

REY (CONT'D)

Are you guys laughing at my costume -- that I made from nothing I might add.

Linda and friends all turn to each other and burst into laughter again.

REY (CONT'D)

Well, at least I tried. . .

LINDA

You know, Rey. If you have made  
the elephant trunk in a twirl.  
It would have looked nicer.

They all laugh together again.

Rey gives them the middle finger with a smile.

REY

It took me all week to do this  
brilliant costume.

Then Rey's other sister CARMEN came running down stairs  
with an even worst devil outfit.

Rey, Linda and friends all look at each other and burst  
out laughing. Rey this time join in on the laugh.

Carmen nods her head.

CARMEN

You guys make me sick!

She runs back upstairs.

Everyone burst into laughter.

INT. INFERNO NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Rey and company finally walk in.

REY (V.O.)

We all finally made it to the  
Inferno. It was a perfect club  
to host a Halloween party.

Rey and company begin to take in the place.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Because in Spanish, "inferno"  
means "hell".

Rey and company greeting people.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The club had a multi-room movie

screen on the walls, showing  
humans and demons burning in  
Hell!

Rey all smiles.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Like I said before, this club was  
made perfectly for Halloween.

INT. INFERNO NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT LATER

Everyone having a good time, dancing, socializing,  
having drinks. Just having fun.

AT THE BAR

Rey, with a drink in his hand just stands there sipping  
away as he listens to "I Want To Rock With You" by  
Giorgio MCZ Casa Blanca.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, somebody up, pushes Rey,  
almost knocking his drink down and him.

REY  
What the fuck?!

Rey look around to see who have pushed him, but it  
was like the man just vanished.

After Rey gets his composure back, he turns back to  
the bar.

Moments later, the same person again bumps into Rey.

Rey quickly turns and yells. . .

REY (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck is that?

By time Rey could even turn around, the man again quickly  
vanishes.

Rey looks around for a moment. See nothing.

Rey puts his drink down, thinks for a moment. He looks  
up and sees a man staring at him.

Rey turns his head, looks away, turns back and the man continues to stare -- even harder. Rey begins to feel uncomfortable.

Linda approaches Rey. Sees Rey looking complex.

LINDA  
Rey, what's wrong?

Rey points to the man that's staring at him.

REY  
You see that man over there?

LINDA  
What man?

REY  
That man over there staring at me like crazy!

Linda finally turns to that direction. She sees nothing.

LINDA  
What man, Rey?

REY  
That man over there!

LINDA  
I don't see nobody, Rey.

Rey looks over and the man grins at him still staring.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
I don't see nobody. I think you had too many drinks.

Linda walks off.

REY  
That's the thing. I have not been drinking!

Rey slowly turns and sees the man continuing to stare.

REY (V.O.)

Thatís when I started to feel uncomfortable and frightened. That was the very first time in my whole life that God Himself touched me on the shoulder!

INT. REY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rey, lies in bed looking at a huge bumblebee that's in his lamp shade.

REY (V.O.)

After that experience and watching all kinds of sorts of monster, alien movies . . .

Rey smiles at the bumblebee.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I begin to dream all of that shit. I begin to dream as if I was living in one of those scary horror movies.

Rey close his eyes, and then. . .

INT. REY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT LATER

Rey awakens in a cold sweat. The huge bumble bee finally comes out and stings Rey. He flinches from the sting.

Rey rises, get up and walks out the bedroom and into. . .

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Rey walks in the kitchen, opens up the fridge and grabs a drink.

Suddenly without any warning, the whole kitchen lit up in flames for about a two to three seconds.

REY

What the fuck?

A flaming portal came out and dragged a kitchen chair five feet across from Rey.

Rey's whole body went numb, face turned pale. If he weren't scared of anything, this is it.

Rey screams. . .

Rey's mother and father came running out.

REY'S FATHER

Son, what happened?

Rey tries to get himself together. He's speechless.

REY'S MOTHER

Are you alright?

Rey just stands there in a deep stone look.

REY'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Rey?

No response.

REY'S FATHER

(shaking him)

Son?

Rey hands are shaken.

REY'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Was there anybody else in here,  
Rey?

Rey's father look around to see if anything was missing, thinking an intruder had break in.

REY'S MOTHER

Rey, are you gonna be okay?

INT. REY'S ROOM - NIGHT LATER

Rey lays in bed still nervous, but not wanting to tell his parents what he saw.

Rey's mother walks in with a cup of tea.

REY'S MOTHER

Here you go sweetheart. I hope



this can get you to sleep.

REY

Thank you.

REY'S MOTHER

And help you stop having those  
crazy nightmares.

Rey's mother exits.

INT. REY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Rey paces around his room. A nervous wreck.

REY

(to himself)

What the hell is going on?

Rey keeps looking around, hands shaken badly.

REY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

My kitchen - - My kitchen turned  
up in flames!

Suddenly, Rey hear noise.

REY (CONT'D)

Who the fuck is there?!

We hear a mysterious laugh.

Rey immediately check in closet. No answer was there.

The windows in his room begin to crack.

Rey's face is about pale at this moment. The fear that  
he experience in the kitchen seemly following him.

We hear another mysterious laugh. The windows cracking  
become louder. Then the sound of footsteps can be heard.

Rey, totally frighten.

REY (CONT'D)

What the hell do you want from

me?!

The laughs are louder. The windows are on the brink from shattering. The footsteps are closer and closer.

REY (CONT'D)

Get out of my room! Get out of my room!

An invincible force begin to grab Rey's throat and proceed to choke him to death. Rey tries to fight, but the force was too strong. Rey begins to scream.

Rey's parents rush into the room.

They see Rey holding his throat, coughing, tears down his face.

REY'S FATHER

Son, are you alright?

REY'S MOTHER

What's wrong?

REY

God!

Rey's parents turn and look at each other, confused.

REY (CONT'D)

God. He came in my room and attacked me!

Rey's parents look at each other again and nods in sadness.

REY (CONT'D)

He came in and tried to choke me!

Silence, then. . .

REY'S FATHER

Wait a minute. You said. . . God attacked you?

REY

What? You guys don't believe me?

Look at my window.

They turn toward the window that was supposedly been broken. No cracks.

REY'S MOTHER

Your window is fine, Rey.

She even goes over to shut the blinds.

REY'S FATHER

Son, you just had a bad dream.

REY

This wasn't a dream. It just happened. I been wide awake.

REY'S MOTHER

God wouldn't do a thing like that. He heels people, not hurt them.

REY

That's what he wants you to believe. He was here I tell ya'. He was here I tell ya'! Here was here!!

Rey begin to have a panic attack. His parents tries to hold him down. Rey's fighting.

REY (CONT'D)

(screaming)

He was here I tell you!! He was here!! He tried to kill me! God tried to kill me!!

INT. KINGSBOROUGH PSYCHIATRIC CENTER UNIT/ROOM - DAY

Rey wakes up see his mother sitting across from him. Rey slowly look around to get a better sense to where he's been placed.

REY

Momma!

REY'S MOTHER

Good morning, son.

REY

Where am I?

REY'S MOTHER

Baby, you're in the Psychiatric center.

Rey notices now that his hands and feet are scrapped.

REY

Why am I scrapped like this, mom?  
What the hell is going on?

REY'S MOTHER

You had one of those attacks again last night. We couldn't control you.

(beat)

You had to be sedated.

REY

Why? There is nothing wrong with me.

REY'S MOTHER

Its gonna be okay. This place is gonna give you the best care you need to get well.

REY

What'cha mean, "get well"? I am perfectly fine, mom.

REY'S MOTHER

No your not, Rey. You were saying all these weird things about God, and how you were attacked - -

REY

Its all true! I've seen the vision. And how dare you to bring me here! Get me out of here.

REY'S MOTHER

We can't do that.

REY

The same way I was brought in,  
I can easily be taken out.

Rey laughs.

REY (CONT'D)

I don't believe you, mother. How  
could you.

REY'S MOTHER

We didn't know what to do.

Rey screams loud in an effort to get attention.

REY

Get me outta here!! Get me outta  
here. I am held hostage!!

Rey's mother in a panic move runs out.

REY (CONT'D)

Somebody get me outta here! This  
is what the evil spirits want to  
happen! REY This is what the evil  
spirits looking to do!

Several nurses run in and attempts to calm down a  
screaming Rey.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A dim, sleepy cavern of a lobby. No one but a switchboard  
operator thumbing through a magazine. Echoing  
footsteps reach her station and she glances up and  
at the man from outside.

Images of a huge, white statue of an extraterrestrial.

OPERATOR

Yes?

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

He seems uncomfortable. Perhaps it's the suit. Or the

place.

Or the situation. Or the hard straight-backed chair he's in.

When he does finally speak, it's with great sincerity.

REY

When you say people ... you mean  
living people?

Behind an old oak desk, the hospital's Director glances over to its Chief of Medicine, Dr. Kaufman, with a look that seems to wonder, As opposed to what?

DIRECTOR

Living people, yes. Patients.

Rey's chair begins to feel more uncomfortable. He tries to clear up the confusion.

REY

I'm here for the research  
position. . . in your neurology  
lab.

DIRECTOR

Neurology lab?

He doesn't laugh at Rey, just at the thought of it.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

We have an x-ray room.

Rey tries to share the Director's amusement with a good-nature smile, but doesn't really understand it. Kaufman seems to have less time for this, and in plain English, unadorned -

Rey looks like a man who's just learned that everything he knows about the world is wrong.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(pause)

A doctor ... doctor.

The Director refers to stapled sheets of paper in his

hands, Rey's resume.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

The God Institute. Tell me about that, anything with patients there? Or . . .

REY

Portal To Hell!

The Director isn't sure he heard right.

DIRECTOR

Sorry?

REY

nothing.

I was trying to extract a decigram of myelin from four tons of earthworms.

REY (CONT'D)

I was on it for five years. I was the only one who really believed in it. The rest of them said it couldn't be done.

KAUFMAN

It can't.

REY

Well, I know that now. I proved it

The director offers a slow tentative nod before consulting the resume again.

DIRECTOR

Maybe before. At Saint Thomas.

(Rey is already shaking his head no)

All research. Earth - ?

REY

Pigs brains . . . they're quite similar to human brains.

DIRECTOR  
(hopefully)  
Are they?

REY  
Oh, yes . . . three years.

As the Director retreats back to the resume, hoping against hope of finding in it something germane, Rey glances away to a window. He wishes he were outside it. He has no business being here. He should leave.

REY (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, I made a mistake coming here. Clearly you're looking for someone with more of a clinical background.

He stands up to leave. Kaufman stands to see him out. But the director keeps searching the resume.

REY (CONT'D)  
I've taken enough of your time. You must have a hundred applicants more suitable.

KAUFMAN  
Thanks anyway.

DIRECTOR  
Back in medical school ...

Kaufman shoots the Director a look that says, No, we're not that desperate.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
I mean, you couldn't have graduated without some clinical experience. .

Rey hesitates. And eventually manages sort of a shrug and a nod., '

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
Well, there we are, doctor.



Kaufman can't believe it, but is sent back a look that says, We have no choice. The Director gets up out of his chair, and, smiling broadly, extends his hand to Rey. Which unsettles Rey. Which in turn unsettles the Director.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(not far from  
begging)

You do want the job, don't you?

Rey isn't so sure. He thinks about it long and hard . . . He thinks about the demons that has been coming after him since he was a small child.

8. INT. CORRIDOR - - DAY

Moving along a corridor crowded "with patients, some ambulatory, some in wheelchairs, "living people" living with profound neurological disease.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Spent much time in chronic  
hospitals, doctor?

A patient approaches, and, passing Rey and the orderly who's

ESCORTING HIM (ANTHONY), OFFERS -

FEMALE PATIENT 1

Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello . . .

ANTHONY

(to Rey)

You'd remember.

REY

I guess not.

ANTHONY

Hey, how you doing?

(calling to someone  
down the hall)

Dr. Sullivan.

Staying on the OLD PATIENT, he eventually manages,  
too late -

OLD PATIENT

Fine . . .

Down the hall in an alcove, Dr. Sullivan glances up  
long sufferingly from-a.patient with'.an . a-board  
who !. mumbling, complaining, unintelligibly.  
Anthony and Rey arrive.

ANTHONY

Dr. Sullivan, this is Dr. Rey --

There's a kind a "deadness" in Sullivan's eyes and  
voice; he's been here too long.

SULLIVAN

Not the neurologist, that'd be  
asking too much. You're not the  
neurologist.

REY

I think I am.

Rey extends his hand. Instead of shaking it --

SULLIVAN

Well, come on, Anthony, get him  
a coat for Christ's sake.

Sullivan thrusts his clipboard into Rey's hand.

INT. DAYROOM (A) - DAY

A woman in a wheelchair uttering high-pitched screams  
(FEMALE PATIENT 2) . Rey in a lab coat trying to calm  
her.

REY

They're just pencils, pens.

He tries to prove it to her by removing one of them  
from the pocket of his white coat. Screaming louder  
at the sight of it, she tries to protect her face with  
her hands like a boxer being beaten senseless.

INT. DAYROOM (B) - DAY

A man in his sixties confronts Rey with an announcement in a loud commanding voice.

MALE PATIENT 1

Jam Master Jay is dead! Jam Master Jay was killed not by common thugs. But he was killed by another cause.

We see images of Jam Master Jay on the turn-tables.

MALE PATIENT 1

(CONT'D)

Dr. Martin King was not murdered by the CIA, but was murdered by another by God.

We see images of Dr. King at Washington performing his famous "I HAVE A DREAM" speech in 1963.

MALE PATIENT 1

(CONT'D)

The world is coming to the end! There are demons right now walking this planet!

Rey looks at him very indifferently.

MALE PATIENT 1

(CONT'D)

What the hell you're looking at? Get the hell out!

INT. DAYROOM (C) - DAY

Stepping around a wheelchair, Rey finds in it an elderly woman, nicely dressed, her hair done-up, a ribbon in it. Glancing at the chart in his hand -

REY

Mrs. Cohen?

MRS. COHEN

He's over here?

She smiles, glances around. Rey hesitates, uncertain who she means.

REY

I'm here.

(pause)

To examine you.

MRS. COHEN

Oh, no, I'm leaving today. My son's coming to take me home.

Confused, Rey tries to find a discharge form among the papers on the clipboard. Unsuccessful, he excuses himself from her and crosses the room to a nurse.

REY

Excuse me. Mrs. Cohen's son. Is he coming today?

NURSE 1

I wouldn't bet on it, he hasn't for twenty years.

The nurse turns away. Rey crosses slowly back to Mrs. Cohen, trying to find the words to tell her. He doesn't have to; his discomfort does it. Her hand slowly reaches up and pulls the ribbon from her hair.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM/OFFICE- LATER - DAY

Silence. Institutional beige walls. Glass cabinets, locked, containing medical instruments. A metal examination table with leather straps.

Rey alone at one of three old desks in the large room, still unsettled from the experience with Mrs. Cohen. Eventually, he gets up, crosses to a window and tries to open it.

It's jammed shut, painted shut perhaps, but finally gives way, sliding up. He lets the air from outside wash over his face as he stares out absently at children on an elementary school playground beyond a debris-strewn field.

MISS COSTELLO (O.S.)  
(a matter of fact)  
It gets easier.

Rey turns to the voice, to Miss Costello, the hospital's head nurse, a veteran of this place, a woman who has seen it all. She's standing in the doorway.

MISS COSTELLO  
You don't think it will, but it does.

A moment and she turns and leaves\_.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Rey lying on the couch as he attempts to discuss his supernatural powers with his weekly Therapist, DR. KELLY

REY  
Every night I've been dreaming of lately that I am in some sort of movie where I play a doctor...

DR. KELLY  
What kind of doctor?

REY  
A doctor that works in a psycho ward who is determined to find a cure to stop the end of civilization and evil spirits.

DR. KELLY  
Is this superintendent in your dreams?

REY  
No. This story is real.

DR. KELLY  
Tell me about this superintendent.

REY

This sup who lived one floor below me had an empty apartment next door to him which happens to be right below my room. He started hearing chairs moving around in that empty apartment. He was scared, because he personally had cleaned out the whole apartment that very same day.

DR. KELLY

Was he the only one in the apartment?

REY

He was the only one in that apartment I remember he mentioned the exact time when he heard the moving chairs.

DR. KELLY

And when was that, Rey?

REY

It was almost the exact time when I encountered the fiery vision that appeared in front of me! Then he heard the sliding chairs for a second time. That's when he ran next door to the empty apartment and REY immediately opened the door.

DR. KELLY

What happened next?

REY

The sound of the moving chairs had stopped. He searched all over the apartment and there were absolutely no pieces of furniture there. Not only was he super shocked, but his whole family was frightened.

Dr. Kelly jotting this down in her notebook.

REY (CONT'D)

That's when I clearly realized that the December 4, 1980 experience with the evil spirit, who slid my kitchen chairs across the room, had come to visit me for the second time! But this time a few people had heard the ghost of the sliding chairs in that apartment.

INT. TENEMENT - NEW YORK.- DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

The needle of a Victrola clawing at the endless music-less inner bands of a 78.

Cold eggs and toast and prescription medicine on a kitchenette table. A puddle of coffee on the floor. Ceramic shards, a broken cup. .

An old woman on her knees, eyes closed, arms tangled in an aluminum walker, limp and stiff at once somehow, like the limbs of a discarded marionette. Beyond her, beyond a threshold, a shuttered living room. Furniture from another era and the clutter of a lifetime.

A shadowy figure in a wicker wheelchair near the Victrola.

Another old woman, with spindly limbs, profoundly afflicted and preposterously still. The back of her head is flat and bald, the result of lying supine upon it for much of several decades.

On her passive face rest round wire-rim glasses. Insane or retarded and unaware of the dead woman, she mumbles, just barely audibly, a melody..

REY'S VOICE

Can you hear me?

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM/OFFICE - DAY

Distant music of children's laughter. Perhaps real, emanating from outside; perhaps imagined, remembered, playing in a remote region of the woman's damaged mind.

Arrested of all movement, she stares, transfixed, at the blades of a fan.

REY'S VOICE

Do you know where you are?

(nothing back)

Do you remember being brought here?

(nothing back)

Do you know what has happened?

If she does, she gives no indication. No word or gesture. No change of expression on her mask of a face. She is elsewhere

(or nowhere), cut adrift by her illness, living in a private world (or hell).

REY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Can you hear me?

Rey's, wearing a white lab coat, tries to read her eyes.

Behind thick lenses, uncleaned for weeks or months, the eyes are inscrutable

Rey reaches to her face and carefully pulls the glasses from it. He cleans them with a flap of his lab coat, they are loose, bent out of shape and gently slides the temples back over her ears.

He turns back in his chair to find the woman doubled-over in her wheelchair, one arm very close to the floor, the hand clutching the glasses. She is not moving, but she has moved.

Rey rights her, takes the glasses from her hand and slips them back onto her face. He studies her for a moment, and for that moment remains as still, as entranced, as her.

He takes the glasses from her face again and sets them on the floor. He waits. She doesn't retrieve them. He picks them up and holds them out to her. She doesn't move to take them. He lets go of them and she lunges



forward, catching them the instant before they hit the floor. Rey just stares.

REY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Her name is Lucy Fishman . . .

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EXAMINATION ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Dr. Kaufman, the hospital's Chief of Medicine, notices a number of patients lined up in their wheelchairs as he passes them on his way into Rey's examination room -

REY'S VOICE

She was found by neighbors with her sister, several days after the , sister had died . . .

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The same room as before. The same woman. All that has changed is the light. It's late afternoon.

REY

According to the neighbors, she's never set foot outside her apartment, has no other living relatives, and has always been the way she is now -without any comprehension or response. Kaufman tries to feign interest. He glances to the others 1 Rey has summoned to the room two other doctors, Tyler and Sullivan, and Miss Costello. And yet . . .

Without any warning whatsoever Rey tosses a tennis ball at her. Her hand suddenly jerks up out of her lap and catches it. And stays there, stiff, still.

Rey is delighted but the expression on Kaufman's face is that of one who has long ago learned and tired of simple card tricks. Dismissing the phenomenon.

DR. KAUFMAN

A reflex.

REY

If she batted it away I might call that a reflex. She doesn't bat it away, she catches it. I'm sorry, if you were right I'd agree with you.

Kaufman, understandably, takes some offense at the comment.

Rey, however, is unaware that he has caused any.

REY (CONT'D)

It's as if . . . having lost all will of her own on which to act, she borrows the will of the ball.

AWKWARD SILENCE.

Rey nods. Kaufman and the other doctors concur with glances that the theory and theorist are absurd.

DR. SULLIVAN

Excuse me.

Sullivan has better things to do and leaves the room. So does Tyler.

DR. KAUFMAN

You're trying to make a good impression. That's it, isn't it? You're still settling in.

Rey isn't sure if he should agree or not. He does neither.

DR. KAUFMAN (CONT'D)

Miss Costello, you'll see that Dr.

Rey's patients waiting out there are rescheduled for tomorrow?

MISS COSTELLO

Yes, sir.

DR. KAUFMAN

Good night.

Rey watches Kaufman leave. So does Miss Costello. Lucy, looking less like a woman than a Diane Arbus photograph of one, doesn't.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Rey climbs into his Toyota and, as he buckles his seat belt, recites in a mumble to himself \_

REY

One . . . .  
(he turns the key)  
Two . . .

He slowly looks behind him, thinking he saw something or someone behind him.

REY (CONT'D)

Three . . .  
(releases the brake)  
Four . . .  
(shifts out of park)  
Five. .

Just as he's depressing the accelerator, someone raps on his window. He slams on the brakes. Miss Costello's face appears at the window. Recovering, Rey rolls it down.

REY (CONT'D)

What'd I forget?

MISS COSTELLO

I just wanted to say to you I preferred your explanation.

It's unclear whether he knows what she's referring to.

**MISS COSTELLO**

**(CONT'D)**

And that I'll look after things for you until you've "settled in."

Good night, doctor.

She leaves. He stares blankly out after her, then at his dashboard. To it eventually, quietly.

REY

Thank you . . .

He glances to his rear view mirror and can see her walking away toward her car. To the reflection --

INT. FISH MARKET THE - NIGHT

Rey at a table eating dinner alone. He should've brought along something to read. He glances at the little "Catch of the Day" notice on his table for the tenth time, then absently in at an eel in a fish tank, which seems to be peering back out at him.

SIDNEY (V.O.)

I am not mad ... not mad . . .

EXT. SCHOOLYARD & HOSPITAL - DAY

A tether ball dangling from a rope, resting against a pole.

The chains of a swing. Pigeons scavenging scraps on the asphalt of the elementary school playground, deserted.

SIDNEY V.O.

I know the difference between  
what is real and what is not . . .

Beyond a chain-link fence, across the field, on the roof of one of the brick buildings, peering down from the edge of it, coat over his smock, hat on his head, an elderly man.

INT. SIDNEY'S DAYROOM - DAY

Tight on the elderly man's face.

SIDNEY

The voice was real.

Rey nods in agreement though he is not altogether as certain of the claim. They are in a ward crowded with

many patients who are mad, obviously and irretrievably so.

REY

What did the voice say?

SIDNEY

It was saying something to the fact that the world we are living in would destroy currency and move over to chip.

REY

Chip?

SIDNEY

Micro chips. The end of the world is near.

By that statement. Rey recognizes that statement from a previous conversation.

REY

Did you recognize it as belonging to a person? Or was it just a voice?

Sidney considers Rey suspiciously ... then smiles slyly.

SIDNEY

You don't deny it was you.

REY

Me?

Rey is taken aback. As is Sidney. One of them, and Sidney believes he knows which, is lying or crazy.

REY (CONT'D)

We've only just now met, sir.

Sidney, suddenly completely disoriented, withdraws.

SIDNEY

If that's true . . . I'm in a predicament.

INT. STAFF CAFETERIA - DAY

Rey in line with Drs. Tyler and Sullivan, both younger than himself. He seems distracted, Rey, lost in the color of the beets on his tray. Or a thought.

Like George telling Lenny again about the rabbits:

DR. SULLIVAN

We'd be high up - 40th, 50th floor,  
nice midtown view - suite of  
offices, carpeted, good-looking  
receptionist -... but we'd miss  
all this. We'd miss the wards.

DR. TYLER

The smell of them.

(THIS CAFETERIA)

We'd miss this . . .  
(the plate of mush as  
it's set down onto his  
tray)  
Whatever this is. .

REY

Yes ....

Rey glances up at them, having paid attention to nothing they've said, and nods at some other thought.

He leaves his tray where he stands, and heads out of the cafeteria.

INT. SIDNEY'S DAYROOM - DAY

Rey back with Sidney.

REY

Did you see me when I "spoke?"

Sidney thinks about it, tries to remember, to summon back the moment in question, to picture it exactly as it happened, or didn't happen.

SIDNEY

No.

REY

You see me now though.

SIDNEY

Yes.

Sidney turns to a patient, an elderly woman in a wheelchair beside him. Her state resembles that of Lucy's, that is, she appears to have no awareness of Sidney, Rey, or anything else in her environment. It is only now, in fact, as Sidney spoons soup into her mouth, careful not to spill any, that Rey notices her.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

I want you to look around. If you don't actually see me, if you only hear me, you can be sure that I'm not real, and you can ignore me.

Rey smiles, pleased with his solution.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Unless you use the P.A. system.

Rey's smile fades. Sidney is still in a predicament and Rey hasn't the answer.

INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY

Rey dials the hospital operator.

REY

Maintenance, **please**.

Waiting to be connected, he notices another "statue" (BERT).

What's unsettling about this one, apart from the man's ghostlike appearance, is the angle of his wheelchair. It's like an **P**-askew painting, as if whoever was wheeling it simply let go of

Not wanting to lose the call, Rey moves toward the patient, keeping the receiver to his ear. At full extension of the cord, unfortunately, he's still two paces short. Reaching back with the arm with the phone,

he gains distance and turns the wheelchair quickly just as his call connects.

REY (CONT'D)

Yes. Hi. I need a lock installed on the door to the East Wing roof. A big lock. The sooner the better.

He hears a loud bumps, then. . .

REY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, this is Dr. Rey. .  
(pause)  
I'm sorry, form . . .

He scribbles a number on the back of his hand and hangs up. He wanders over to the "statue" again.

REY (CONT'D)

How are you?

No response whatsoever. Rey manages his pen into the man's hand and searches his pockets for paper.

Borrows a section, returns with it, slides it under the pen and waits. The man doesn't write. Doesn't move.

Rey takes the pen back, returns it to his coat pocket, hesitates, pulls it out again, holds it out . . . and lets it go.

The man, lightning quick, catches it.

INT. ANOTHER DAYROOM (B) - LATER

Another man rigid as stone (FRANK). This one peering up at a television set with a horizontal hold problem.

Rey drags a chair over, stands on it, adjusts the set, corrects it, gets a picture . . . but the man's "attention" slowly drifts away. Rey "readjusts" it, gets the jumping horizontal lines again, and the man's vacant eyes return.

INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - LATER - DAY

Another dayroom crowded with patients, one of which



stands before a table, absolutely motionless, on thin bird-like legs.

It is Lucy, the one who caught/the tennis ball. The movement of nurses and other patients only accentuates her stillness.

Rey considers her from all angles as one considers an abstract art piece that baffles but intrigues. Unlike the others, she's on her feet. And unlike the others, she seems, to Rey, to have been headed somewhere before turning to stone again.

He decides that her destination was the drinking fountain across the room. And that it's the table, like a barrier, that has arrested her progress. He moves the table.

In what appears to be slow motion, she takes a tiny step. And another. And another before encountering and being "blocked" by an empty wheelchair. She stops.

Rey moves the wheelchair and all other obstacles out of her path. She continues and eventually makes it halfway to the fountain before mysteriously stopping again.

Rey studies the puzzle ... there are no longer any barriers in her way, but she's not moving. Defeated, he goes to the fountain himself, fills a paper cup, and takes it to her.

Across the room, a man in a wheelchair, another "ghost"

(LEONARD), stares through eyes which seem more dead than alive.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER - DAY

The files spread out on a table. Rey and Miss Costello leafing through them. ..

Rey considers one's original admission forms. He scans and finds documents of entitled "THE LAST DAYS"

He sets it aside and picks up another.

MISS COSTELLO

"The Last Days," this one.

Reynods to himself and keeps reading his. He eventually finds in its text. He flips to the end of the file. "No change since last file. He turns the page. He turns the page, the last entry. "No change." The date, "11/9/44."

REY

There must be more recent files we missed somehow. "Part Twos" to their medical histories.

(Miss Costello is shaking head 'no.')

In some other filing cabinet somewhere. . . .

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING

Rey and Miss Costello walking to their cars.

REY

One would think that after a point enough atypical something would amount to a typical something. But a typical "what?"

Miss Costello, no doubt, has less of an idea than Rey what the "what" could be.

MISS COSTELLO

, Doctor . . . would you like to get a cup of coffee somewhere?

(pause)

Tea?

REY

Ah . . . normally I'd say yes . . .  
\_ only I've made other plans . . .

She nods quickly. She seems, strangely, relieved.

MISS COSTELLO

Some other time.

REY

Yes.

MISS COSTELLO

Good night. ,

REY

Good night.

They veer apart to their respective cars.

INT. REY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Tight on (Ernest Heckle) drawings of primitive life forms. Rey's, in his dining room, leafs through the old first edition, pleased it has arrived, intrigued by its pictures. The parcel paper lies beside it on the table

INT. REY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Fingers on the keys of a baby grand piano that seems out of scale with Rey's small living room. Wrapped in a robe, he plays a melody. All around him lay packing boxes, some empty, many not. The books are out at least - many of a medical nature, many others on nature itself,, botany, many first editions - two and three deep on shelves, on the floor, on tables, stacked on the couch and chairs almost like figures of people.t

INT. REY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

A lamp, on, in the living room. Rey asleep on the couch, an open book and reading glasses resting on his chest.

His eyes blink open. Not at a noise. At a thought.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

A night janitor with a pail-on-wheels and a mop moves past darkened offices. He pauses at one, the file room, light under its door, and opens it.

JANITOR

I'm sorry, doctor. I thought

someone left the lights on.

Glancing up from files strewn across the table, Rey shares a discovery with the janitor -

REY

They all survived encephalitis years before they came here. In the 1920's.

He taps a finger at the files - the patients' medical histories prior to admission - forms listing childhood diseases and ailments. The janitor, having no idea of course what he means, retreats with his pail and mop, closing the door.

INT. REY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rey awakens from his dream in a cold sweat.

That's when he was attacked by an alien.

The alien tried to choke him. Rey couldn't breath as he tries to fight it off.

REY

No! I don't want to die!

Then in a spirit form it places its hand over Rey's mouth.

REY (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Junior! Son, where are you?!

Rey begin to close his eyes and pray for a moment.

Immediately, the evil invasion disappeared.

Rey grabs his son and ran into. . .

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As he quickly sits on the couch frighten as never before.

Rey's son, Junior speaks out.

JUNIOR

Daddy, what's going on? Why were we running?

REY

Nothing now, son. Its over. For now.

INT. DR. KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Rey lying on Dr. Kelly couch looking very exhausted.

DR. KELLY

Have God made any attempt of correcting his wrong against you?

REY

God tried to make it up to me by giving me a beautiful vision in my dream of a futuristic civilization.

DR. KELLY

Kindly explain?

REY

It seemed that I didn't become the star God wanted me to become in 1980. So God decided to give me a second chance to become a star when I met the first female from holy family church Elizabeth Perez - -

DR. KELLY

Who was your . . .

REY

Exactly.

Dr. Kelly smiles.

REY (CONT'D)

God started that rumor just because of a vision that appeared

to me! Genesis 40: 4 1, Daniel  
2:1928, The vision said, Jesus,  
Father is the very first Yahweh  
Yalabaoth son of Sophia the  
goddess of wisdom I believe that  
Sophia gave birth to or bought  
about the creation of the Jewish  
God of the Old Testament.

Dr. Kelly jotting this down.

REY (CONT'D)

The "Yalabaoth" was created in  
a special flesh and eternal  
spirit in heaven through the  
third person of the holy trinity  
who truly represents the father  
on high. The vision also said that  
Jesus father is a male god, or  
should I say, the image of a human  
man! Acts of the Apostles.

DR. KELLY

Acts of the Apostles?

REY

Yes, Dr. Kelly. 7:55, 2  
Corinthians: 4:4, Col: 1:15, the  
third person in the holy trinity  
also created a special companion  
for Jesus Father! Lucifer was  
one of Jesus heavenly brothers.

Dr. Kelly jotting more notes.

REY (CONT'D)

JESUS CHRIST IS THE FIRST BORN  
IN HEAVEN OUT OF ALL GOD'S  
CREATURES! JESUS CHRIST IS BORN  
IN HEAVEN FROM HIS BIOLOGICAL,  
HEAVENLY MOTHER, A Mysterious  
Goddess of the Celestial

DR. KELLY

I can't argue with you on this  
because I'm not deep into that.

REY

That's why I am educating you on this, Dr. Kelly.

Dr. Kelly nods in approval.

REY (CONT'D)

The Virgin Mary was only his birth earthly mother! Mary was only a vessel to fulfill the holy scriptures on the earth, so that Jesus Christ can come in the form of a human man to save the souls of humanity. If Jesus heavenly parents are eternal flesh and spirit, that can only mean that his children, whom we call cherubs, angels, archangels and nephilim, have eternal flesh and spirit bodies also, right?

DR. KELLY

I guess.

REY

In fact, it is explained all over the scriptures that his heavenly children and Mary, Elijah, and Jesus have eternal flesh and spirit in heaven!

Dr. Kelly studies Rey. Write down more information.

REY (CONT'D)

That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever! For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my "FLESH" shall I see God.

Dr. Kelly is taken aback.

DR. KELLY

Amazing.

REY

In my vision, sometimes there are angels in the glory of God who are allowed to turn their eternal bodies into celestial form. That means, on the earth, human beings can only see them in spirit. Any God, his apostles and mankind can fictionalize any images of an animal, mix it with a human and call it a devil or demon, like Hollywood did in the beginning of 1913, when the first movie was film.

DR. KELLY

Hollywood?

REY

Yes, Hollywood. Movies were created and invented by God, and mankind. At first, television was meant for debate purposes, then the golden dream was born. The past, present and future of the lives of humans and historical events was actually brought to life on film. That's when movie stars were born. As you notice, since the making of vampires and werewolves, movies have all been the same.

Dr. Kelly think on it for a beat, then. . .

DR. KELLY

I see where this is coming from.

REY

Since 1913 until today not to mention alien movies and the rest of the monsters movies have been created by the imagination of the



mind.

INT. TRAIN RIDE - NIGHT

Rey, Cesar, Juan, Chino and friends laughing, telling jokes, having a good time.

REY (V.O.)

God and his son Jesus Christ set motives on innocent people who are somehow linked to God's very own instigation. He does it under the powers of Lucifer, who is also working for God's Plan. Lucifer is the Angel of death and God uses Satan to possess people whenever he needs to do a killing. God sets motives on people way before things even happen in the future. Like this situation here.

Juan and his friends horse playing around.

REY

We were all hanging out, enjoying ourselves.

EXT. WEST 4TH STREET - NIGHT

Were our gang got off the subway trying to cross the other side of the street.

A car with three young Spanish guys inside blow their horns loudly.

SPANISH GUY #1

(shouting)

Get the fuck out the street!

CHINO

Just who the fuck you think you're talking to like that, huh?

CESAR

Calm the hell down, Chino!

The three guys give Chino a hard stare.

CHINO

What the fuck you're lookin' at?  
I dare you to get out the fuckin'  
car.

JUAN

Shut the fuck up, Chino and bring  
your ass, man?

the guy by the neck and threw him against the brick  
wall and began punching the guy in the face

Suddenly, the three Spanish guys get out the car and  
went straight for the trunk.

REY

Oh, shit! They're taking out  
guns!

Our boys take off running.

The Spanish boys pulled out baseball bats from the  
trunk ready to rumble.

The Spanish guy that got out of the car took one wild  
swing at Cesar, but Cesar ducked and the guy cracked  
his own friend in the head with the bat.

The other Spanish guy that came out of the car punched  
my Juan in the face from behind his back.

Rey grabbed the guy by the neck and threw him against  
the brick wall and began punching the guy in the face.

MOMENTS LATER, THE COPS APPEARED, PULLING REY AND  
JUREAN OFF THE SPANISH GUYS.

REY (V.O.)

We all got arrested, but later  
was released because we had no  
prior records.

INT. R R TRAIN - NIGHT (LATER)

Rey, his brother Juan, and Cesar all riding back

quietly.

REY (V.O.)

It goes to show you that God  
and his son Jesus Christ set  
motives on innocent people who  
are somehow linked to God's very  
own instigation.

Rey nods his head in disgust.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

God sets motives on people way  
before things even happen in the  
future. Another coincidence is  
that most of my experiences  
happened on a block called 17th  
Street.

Images of The US Columbia Shuttle blowing up on February  
1, 2003.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The US Columbia Shuttle blew up,  
killing seven people on board.

Images of another US Shuttle blowing up on January  
28th, 1986.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Seventeen years earlier on Jan.  
28, 1986, another US shuttle blew  
up killing six on board.

Images of the World Trade Center blowing up and later  
collapsing on September 11th, 2001

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The terrorist who'd brought down  
the twin towers.

Images of Rodney King being beaten by the LAPD.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Just like the Rodney King  
beating.

Images of JamMaster Jay of RUN DMC murder press release.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And the senseless murder of one  
of the greats, Jam Master Jay.

Images of civilians walking around with a verichip  
& microchip on the back of their necks.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If the United States of America  
eliminates the currency and  
creates future verichip &  
microchip implants, that means  
they are fulfilling the mark of  
the beast right here in America.

We see a Hollywood producer shaking hands with a CIA  
member.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Jewish community, their  
country, Israel, and the United  
States, God, Hollywood and his  
corrupted U.S. government are  
all working together as a team.  
So they can hurry up with the New  
World Order and submit American  
people into tyranny. It's going  
to be one evil dark global world  
in our distant future. The signs  
are labeled all over the American  
money that the end of the world  
is very near.

INT.LIBRARY - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A microfilm machine. Rey manipulating its levers and  
eventually finding what he's after, an article titled:

END OF THE WORLD, TEN YEARS LATER.

Accompanying the text are grainy black and white  
photographs taken in an old operating theater. An  
anatomical skeleton, a doctor in a white coat, subjects,  
men, women and children with haunting eyes.

INT. DAYROOM (C) - DAY

The hand of a stone-like woman catches the tennis ball while the rest of her remains absolutely still. Rey gestures to Anthony, Okay, and the orderly wheels her out of the crowded room.

INT. WARD 5 DAYROOM - DAY

The hand of an otherwise still-life man snaps to catch the ball. Rey nods to an orderly who wheels him out past younger patients, Ward 5's residents.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The ball glances off the face of a man who turns in his wheelchair and glares at Rey.

REY

Sorry. .

INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - LATER - DAY

Rey has assembled them all, the fourteen or fifteen he has decided are post-encephalitics, and wanders among them like a naturalist in a garden of stone.

He lifts an arm of one particularly remote male patient. It remains suspended, doll-like.

He tries to follow the trajectory of another's gaze. It leads only to blank space.

He considers another who appears "deeply involved" in some minute and curious activity with his twisted hands, a kind of tearing, shredding motion.

Across the room, paying no attention to Rey, are Sidney and Lolly. He's gently brushing her hair.

Rey manages a pen into the hand of another woman and she "draws" a kind of circular shape that spirals in on itself until it reaches a "vanishing point" in the center.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER - DAY

The results of standard perception tests scotch-taped to a wall of the examination room.

Rey and Miss Costello, like visitors to a museum, consider each for a moment before moving onto the next.

Printed in the left column of each are a circle, square, triangle and daisy. In the right are the post-encephalitics' failed "attempts" to copy them.

Rey keeps coming back to one in particular. Unlike the others which, if you use your imagination, vaguely correspond somewhat positional to the pre-printed shapes, this one bears no resemblance. This patient has instead scrawled over the shapes, seemingly violently. He thinks he sees many demons

Miss Costello joins Rey and ponders it along with him.

MISS COSTELLO

It's different.

REY

Quite. It's quite bad.

Rey keeps studying it.

REY (CONT'D)

(more to himself)

Did he fail to understand? Or was he unwilling to fail?

He isn't really asking her to answer, which is fine with her since she doubts equally both hypotheses.

REY (CONT'D)

Could he be saying, "I can't draw a triangle, don't make me"?

(before she can respond:)

Could it be willfully bad?

She doesn't say it but it's clear she thinks Rey is reading far too much into the "badness" of the patient's scrawl. To himself -

REY (CONT'D)

Which one is this?

He leans closer to see the typed name . . .

INT. LEONARD'S WARD - DAY

The painting of the Western town from the prologue - saloon, livery stable, sunset. Below it, in his wheelchair, Leonard.

His face is unlined and passive, like a mask. His body is still, like the dead.

REY'S VOICE

Does he ever speak to you?

Leonard's mother, a woman of seventy or so, is combing her son's hair, being careful to get the part straight.

MRS. LOWE

Of course not. Not in words.

REY

He speaks to you in other ways.

MRS. LOWE

He speaks to me as if he knows where he is going after death

REY

And what is that?

MRS. LOWE

He speaks of everybody.

REY

Meaning?

MRS. LOWE

Everyone is going to the portal of hell!

INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Rey, trailing after Mrs. Lowe and her son becomes momentarily distracted by Lucy, the most recently

arrived postencephalitic, the one he tried unsuccessfully to coax to the drinking fountain. She is there again, "stuck" at the same point, angled toward the fountain but unable to reach it.

Rey brings her a cup of water and rejoins Mrs. Lowe.

-

REY

I'd like to examine him again-if that's all right with you.

MRS. LOWE

He did well.

REY

In a sense.

MRS. LOWE

He's very clever. Aren't you, Leonard. .

Rey shows her the perception test "drawing" Leonard made.

REY

Does this mean anything to you?

She glances back to Rey who nods uncertainly. She recognizes. the look on his face; she's seen it before on the faces of more doctors than she cares to remember.

MRS. LOWE

(becoming impatient  
with him)

Well it's abstract, isn't it.

Rey can't bring himself to agree with her.

MRS. LOWE (CONT'D)

That's the problem with all you doctors, you have no imagination.

Everything has to be real to you.

No longer having any use for him, she pointedly ignores



him.

Taking the hint, Rey's wanders off, past Lucy, looking like a statue, holding the paper cup he brought her.

INT. MRS. LOWE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens from the inside revealing Rey in street clothes. Judging from the look on Mrs. Lowe's face, he has arrived unannounced.

REY

I want to know more about him.

INT. MRS. LOWE'S APARTMENT - LEONARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

An old photograph. A sixth grade class picture from 1980 Moving slowly across the young faces to Leonard, eleven, at the end of a row.

MRS. LOWE

Something was wrong, they said,  
with his hands. He couldn't write  
anymore, he couldn't do the work,  
I should take him out of school,  
they said. He was eleven.

They're in Leonard's old bedroom, Rey and Mrs. Lowe. Except for the Western painting that's missing, nothing has changed in it in thirty years.

MRS. LOWE (CONT'D)

He slowly got worse. He'd be  
talking, suddenly he'd come to  
a stop. After a few seconds he'd  
finish what he was saying like  
nothing happened, but these  
standstills got longer.  
Sometimes he'd call to me and I'd  
come in and find him at his desk  
in a trance. An hour, two hours.  
Then he'd be okay again.

Rey glances around the room. It's been preserved, like a shrine.

MRS. LOWE (CONT'D)

One day I came home from work and found him in his bed, his arm like this, reaching.

(pause)

"What do you want, Leonard?"

She pictures the moment in her mind, and waits, it seems, for the young Leonard to speak, to tell her what it is he wants.

Finally she lowers her arm and shrugs.

MRS. LOWE

He never spoke again. It was like he'd disappeared. I took him to there later that year. November fourteenth, 1980. He was twenty.

Rey glances away from her to the room itself again.

REY

What'd he do with himself, Mrs. Lowe, those nine years he stayed in this room?

She smiles to herself, proudly it seems.

MRS. LOWE

He read. Fought of demons, but they just kept coming and coming.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Leonard's face in shadow. Wires emerging from his scalp. A sluggish EEG pattern.

A blinding flash from a strobe suddenly lights up the room.

The pupils of Leonard's eyes shrink, but his EEG remains slow.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - DAY

A monkey flipping switches on a panel built into a

laboratory room, searching for a sequence.

In an observation booth, years of collected data - charts and graphs, EEG's and notes.

MANN

When you say you're working with people, you don't mean living people.

REY

Living people, yes. Patients.

Mann just stares. He's a scientist, they both are, and the idea of Rey working with living people, rather than expired ones laid out on the pathology table, is inconceivable to him.

MANN

(fearing the answer)  
Where?

REY

It's in The Bronx. It's a poor private chronic hospital called Mount '97

MANN

(appalled)  
Oh, Malcolm, Malcolm, come back, come on. You're a benchman, you're no clinician, why would you lower yourself?

Rey hasn't an answer for him.

REY

How's Hank?

MANN

How's Hank? He's great, he's brilliant, look at him.

Rey glances away to Hank the monkey, watches him. Mann studies Rey, chagrined and incredulous.

MANN (CONT'D)

A physician? You?

He slaps him angrily across the shoulders with some papers.

The monkey completes a complex sequence which opens a chamber revealing an electric train. The animal jumps and hoots with wild glee. Rey reaches out and presses the button on the stop watch dangling from Mann's neck.

REY

Subtract two seconds off his time.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - LATER - DAY

Rats in cages, wired up, manipulating elaborate series of ladders and pulleys, traversing catwalks, or ratwalks, leading to glucose rewards.

While Mann, with something less than great enthusiasm, considers an EEG Rey has brought, his monkey drags toys over to Rey and tries to engage him in play. One of the toys is an Ouija Board.

MANN

(to, Rey)

Don't look at me like that. It's for his alphabet lessons.

(to the monkey)

We're busy, Hank, go play solitaire.

The monkey obediently goes off in search of a deck of cards.

Gesturing at patterns on the EEG --

MANN (CONT'D)

Asleep. First stage normal.

He shrugs, lays out a second EEG, and gestures at patterns on it.

MANN (CONT'D)

Awake. Slightly erratic. No more  
so than a lot of people walking  
the streets of New York.

(shrugs again)

I give up, what's wrong with him?

REY

You have them backwards. This is  
him awake . . .

(points to one EEG;  
then the other)

This is him asleep.

Mann thinks Rey is kidding. He isn't.

MANN

This is him awake? This is him  
asleep?

Rey nods. Mann tries, without success, to make some  
sort of sense out of that.

MANN (CONT'D)

What are you saying? When he's  
awake, what, he's dreaming?

REY

When there's any brain activity  
at all, which is infrequent, yes.

Dreaming or hallucinating.

MANN

And when he's asleep . . . ?

REY

When he's asleep he manages to  
create a kind of reality. What  
we might call reality.

MANN

That's what you think these say?

REY

I don't know.

Mann studies the "waking" EEC He points to its one and only large electrical peak. ;

MANN

What's this peak? Strobe?

REY

No. This is the strobe.

Rey indicates a flat section of the pattern where there is scribbled in pencil a small "s."

REY (CONT'D)

This . . .

Mann stares rather dumbly at Rey. Then at Hank the monkey on the floor dealing solitaire.

INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

A circle of patients in wheelchairs. The post-encephalitics reunited. "Waking" just long enough to catch and release the object, a small beach ball.

Leonard and Rey, on opposite sides of the circle, ignoring the ball and the other patients. He's reached a dead end, Rey, right where he began, his only "accomplishment," this, ball-catching patients.

Images of Alex Haley Roots appear.

Images of the video footage of the Rodney King beating of 1991.

INT. REY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rey, eyes still closed trying to wake up from this dream. He's shaking his head, then screams himself awake. He sighs heavily.

INT. DR. KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Rey's weekly meeting with Dr. Kelly as she tries to get more into his mind.

DR. KELLY

Rey, tell me about that warrant  
for your arrest in Florida?

REY

Back in 1997 when I was living  
in Florida, I received a letter  
from Social Security that they  
owed me an overpayment since I  
was a child and that money  
belonged to me from my father's  
benefits.

DR. KELLY

How much was the benefits?

REY

Little over six grand.

Dr. Kelly write down that information.

DR. KELLY

Continue.

REY

The Florida authority must have  
come around twice asking my  
parents if I still lived there  
and my parents answered they  
weren't sure where I was. So the  
Florida police asked for my name  
and social security number. It  
took the Florida Police  
authority up to 8 months to find  
out that I was receiving benefits  
from social security and that's  
when, in the year 2001, the  
Florida authority terminated  
some of my government income  
which was Social Security Income,  
because it was part of the welfare  
incomes.

DR. KELLY

(nodding)

Interesting. . .

Dr. Kelly writes down more notes in pad.

REY

God has always put people against me -- all the time.

DR. KELLY

Explain, Rey?

REY

For instance, when I use to work at the Boston Market and everyday I get cruel jokes not only from my co-workers, but from my boss as well.

INT. BOSTON MARKET RESTAURANT/BACK AREA - DAY

Rey and his boss, BILLY were unloading a truck.

BILLY

Here you go.

Billy intentionally throws the box in his face.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

His fellow co-workers begin to snicker behind him.

REY

That's okay.

BILLY

I know its gonna be okay you crazy nut!

Co-workers burst into laughter. Rey is not.

BILLY (CONT'D)

What'cha gonna do weirdo? Attack me like the evil devils attack you?

Co-workers are really laughing now.

Rey does not respond, he keeps picking up and moving



them boxes holding his pride.

INT. DR. KELLY'S OFFICE - SAME

Dr. Kelly jotting down Rey's story.

REY

Just like my ex-friend, Pacheco who had a brother who was a U.S.Marshall and had the audacity to ask me if I had any warrants. Pacheco was a snitch. A snitch for God.

DR. KELLY

I'm listening.

Rey rises. He's getting serious.

REY

God,TV, radio announcers, the lying tongues of human beings, and a neighborhood called 17th Street are nothing but carrytales, clacks, gossippers, gossipmongers, scandalizers, snakes, talebearers, telldales, busybodies, informers, instigators, dirt scum, cokeheads, weed addicts, bums, devil worshipers, tabbys, mumblenews, storytellers, bochinchosos, leeches, and bloodsuckers.

Dr. Kelly nods in approval.

REY (CONT'D)

The ones who always put bad thoughts, worries and long-life suffering into the minds of human beings is that monster in heaven and his descendants on television and radio stations. They like breaking through the concentration of the human mind

and disturbing the inner peace  
of people on Earth.

DR. KELLY

Interesting thought.

REY

Another true phenomenon is that  
God Himself chooses me to see all  
of these powerful visions and  
supernatural invasions by two  
intelligent celestial families.

DR. KELLY

Did you say that you were  
born with a gift that God himself  
gave you?

REY

That's right.

DR. KELLY

And you said you think it had to  
do with your past and future?

REY

It's an inner power of  
supernatural visions, a blessing  
and an eternal gift that I was  
born with. Jesus Christ didn't  
say the truth, not the whole truth,  
about what happened in paradise  
or on earth. This mysterious  
spirit who we called on earth  
created the first celestial man  
in heaven in the image of a male  
human. Because of this I believe  
that it is part of polytheism and  
religion, it has been also  
protected by mankind since the  
beginning. Jesus Christ and his  
unseen father try to deny at the  
very beginning all of the ghostly  
experiences and trials they put  
me through since December 1980.

DR. KELLY

A quote by a famous person. "You are the great Power which came into being, and I am the perfect light which is above! The Spirit and the darkness, the one who puts to shame the darkness for the intercourse, of the impure practice."

Rey smiles.

REY

You got a little understanding.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF 17TH STREET - DAY

Where residents are up and about.

REY (V.O.)

The people that lived on 17th street loved to gossip - - especially about me, because they thought I was crazy. I've noticed and remembered that 17th Street was also inhabited by evildoers who practiced witchcraft.

EXT. 17TH STREET/CORNER STORE ENTRANCE - DAY

Rey and Jerry having conversations.

REY (V.O.)

I became good friends with this guy named, Jerry from across the street. But, before I could really get to befriend him, some other kids on the block was warning me that Jerry's family were devil worshipers.

INT. JERRY'S FAMILY HOME/DINNING ROOM - DAY

Jerry and his family all at the table eating dinner.

REY (V.O.)

To me they looked like a nice family at the time. I continued to hang around with Jerry's family from time to time.

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rey and Jerry sorting through a couple of magazines.

REY (V.O.)

One evening when I visit Jerry in his house, he started showing me magazines of demons and devils that I had never seen before in my life. That's when I started remembering what that kid had said a few months ago.

Mr. Carmine, Jerry's father comes in and shows Rey some sort of black magic.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then Carmine, Jerry's father showed me a book of black magic and demonology. That's when I realized what the kid was trying to tell me about their family and it was totally true.

Rey, along with Mr. Carmine and Jerry explaining Rey their black magic and demonology.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jerry was telling me about a friend of his that worships the devil, who sliced chickens necks all day for a living. I thought they were joking around. They were not.

Jerry and Mr. Carmine continue to plug Rey with their black magic and demonology.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was in a state of shock and

trying to make an excuse to leave  
that apartment immediately and  
never thought of ever going back.

INT. POULTRY SHOP - DAY

Rey enters the shop pass the women that was there as  
he flirts with them.

REY (V.O.)

So, two weeks later my mother sent  
me to go to the poultry shop to  
buy a fresh whole chicken.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Rey enters. His cousin Jose awaits in line.

REY (V.O.)

We were both waiting in line for  
our chicken. Then the butcher  
turns around and hand us both our  
chickens.

Jose and Rey give each other a grip. Jose exits.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then I said to myself. That  
butcher looks familiar.

Rey begins to walk out.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As I was walking out I thought  
of that butcher. And I finally  
figured out who it was. That  
butcher was Jerry's father. Mr.  
Carmine.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Rey alone in the examination room, tired, at its window  
staring blankly out.

His perspective: The empty lot below littered with  
abandoned couches, refrigerators, rusting automobile  
carcasses.

And beyond the lot, the elementary school playground. Laughing children on swings and slides. Jumping rope. Batting tether balls. Playing hopscotch.

Moving slowly in on one of the hopscotch games. On a girl tossing a bean bag into a square. Jumping over it and into the next square. Turning and jumping back. Balancing on one foot.

Retrieving the bean bag and tossing it down again. Into the next square of the tile pattern chalked on the asphalt.

INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

From above, patients in wheelchairs dot the black and white checkerboard linoleum-tile floor like chess pieces. The pattern is regular to a point but then breaks up is interrupted by an area of solid white, where a wall once stood before being restored. It forms a kind of narrow "sea," the white area, on either side of which lies "land."

At floor level Rey and Miss Costello, on their hands and knees, are "blacking in" the missing tiles with shoe polish, "bridging" the gap between the two checkerboards. The retarded patients around them ignore them. The ward nurses pretend to. '

Completing the pattern Rey glances across the room to Leonard. He seems to be "watching." His mother, nearby, idly thumbing through a magazine as she brings Leonard up to date on neighborhood news, isn't.

Rey crosses to Lucy. Lifts her gently out of her chair.

Points her in the direction of the drinking fountain.

She begins to move. To step slowly over each tile. She reaches the "bridge" and hesitates. Then crosses it.

Rey doesn't know whether to applaud or cry. He does neither, burying his emotions behind a professional mask instead, and watches as Lucy, "delivered" to the other side, free now, lets the regularity of the pattern

guide her toward the fountain.

She nears it. She is almost there. Then she is. there.  
But doesn't drink. Doesn't stop. She continues past  
it . . .

To a window, the window beyond the drinking fountain  
which Rey hadn't noticed before, had no reason to notice,  
had no need to notice, with a broken pane allowing  
a view to the outside.

She stares out at the traffic below, in hopes no doubt  
of figuring out where she is.

And Rey's eyes, behind which exhilaration and horror  
rise up, shift from her to Miss Costello, and then  
to Leonard, in whose mask of a face Rey thinks he sees  
a faint glimmer.

These people are alive inside.

INT. DAYROOM (B) - DAY

A soap opera on a portable black and white TV in a  
narrow passageway of a nurses' station. Beyond it,  
beyond a glass partition, a crowded idle dayroom.

Miss Costello crosses into and out of view and reappears  
moments later next to the TV. She switches it off and  
turns to face the three RNs who were watching it.

MISS COSTELLO

Good. Dr. Rey was hoping you'd  
have some free time.

She hands a book to the nurse who spoke (MARGARET),  
a first edition worn /rom many readings. Margaret  
glances from it to the other nurses and back to Miss  
Costello.

INT. DAYROOM (B) - LATER - DAY

The nurse holds the book like it's something quite  
foreign to her. She finds the beginning of the first  
chapter, clears her throat, and reads \_

MARGARET

"Call me . . . Ish-ma-el . . .

She glances up at her audience: three blank-faced post- ,55 . Miss Costello, who is nearby, nods to her to continue. She clears her throat again, and, feeling like a fool, reads.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

"Some years ago, never mind how long precisely, having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world . . . "

Miss Costello leaves.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Leonard's head locked on his shoulders at an improbable angle that forces his entranced gaze upward to a point well above Rey.

REY

Can you hear me, Leonard? I want to hear you speak your name. :

Rey waits . . . but Leonard remains mute.

INT. DAYROOM (D) - DAY

An old box-style phonograph. The kind whose top is also a detachable speaker.

An orderly, Fernando, dusts it off, rigs it, takes the record Miss Costello holds out to him, gets it spinning, and sets the needle down.

Opera music. For the "enjoyment" of two more postencephalitics.

The eyes of one narrow slightly, almost imperceptibly. --.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY



The keys of Rey's old manual Underwood typewriter.  
And Leonard's claw of a hand hanging over them like  
one of those unmanageable penny arcade cranes.

Leonard's hand remains still, suspended above the keys,  
for what seems an eternity.

INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

Under Miss Costello's supervision, maintenance men  
remove the gratings from the windows and wash the panes.

INT.- DAYROOM (D) - DAY

30's jazz music. The orderly from before with "his"  
two postencephalitics.

Each has a tray of cafeteria food, but only one is  
eating, and mechanically at that.

FERNANDO

. . . not just any music, it has  
to be the right, music for them.  
Jazz does nothing for Bert. Only  
Rose.

(pause)

It's like they're only moved by  
music that moves them.

**REY**

(intrigued)

Yes, so am I. The moment Fernando  
takes the record off, Rose stops  
eating, stops moving. The  
orderly puts on Mozart and waits.  
Neither patient moves.

FERNANDO

I haven't found anything that  
moves Bert yet.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

A "normal" patient with multiple sclerosis has managed  
to intercept Rey on his way somewhere else, his arms  
full with an 8mm camera and tripod and screen. MS

WOMAN I don't interest you like those other people,  
those ones with that disease.

REY

That's not true.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Leonard in his wheelchair, absolutely motionless. Rey behind the lens of the 8mm camera on the tripod. Drs. Tyler and Sullivan, at the doorway, watch with some amusement.

INT. DAYROOM (A) - DAY

Miss Costello wheels the man who shreds invisible things to a window and places a piece of toast from a tray into his hands.

He tears at it, the crumbs sailing out onto a landing, and a flock of pigeons swoops up.

INT. DAYROOM (C) - DAY

Three post-encephalitics with cards in their hands and the best poker faces you ever saw. :

**MARGARET**

They'll sit there all day like  
that if I let them. I have to play  
the first card.

Rey watches her pull a card from one of their hands and place it on the table. All three "wake" and begin throwing down cards, one after another.

REY

Is it a real game I wonder?

MARGARET

If it is, I don't know it. Maybe  
it's three different games.

REY

(delighted)

Yes.

INT. CORRIDOR / DAYROOM (B) - DAY

Rey moving past "normal" patients lined up in the hall like planes on tarmac. Suddenly, from a dayroom, booms Dr. King "I Have A Dream" speech.

Rey peers curiously into the room. Bert is eating and Anthony is grinning. He sees Rey in the doorway and sends him a self-satisfied thumbs-up sign.

INT. DAYROOM (C) - DAY

Miss Costello sitting with a post-encephalitic man.  
(FRANK)

MISS COSTELLO

There's something else that  
reaches them.

She touches the man's hand, holds it, and his head slowly turns to face her.

MISS COSTELLO

(CONT'D)

Human contact.

She pulls him gently to his feet and walks with him a few steps. .

MISS COSTELLO

(CONT'D)

He can't walk without me. If I  
let go - ;

(to the patient)

won't let go of you -

(to Rey)

if I let go, he'll fall. He'll  
walk with me anywhere.

They walk a few more steps and tears begin to form in Miss Costello's eyes.

MISS COSTELLO

(CONT'D)

It's like the ball . . . only it's  
my will he's borrowing.

Rey, too, is moved. But as he watches Miss Costello and her patient walk away, his expression changes; something she has said or done has struck a chord, or unlocked a door:

Close on their hands . . .

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT -

Empty corridor. Echoing footsteps.

INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGHT

Leonard. Tucked in but "awake." Staring at the ceiling.

REY O.S.

Leonard?

INT. LEONARD'S WARD - LATER - NIGHT

In a far corner of the darkened ward, in a pool of lamp light, two silhouetted figures. Rey and Leonard. Sleeping patients all around them.

Rey carefully, awkwardly, places his hand on Leonard's.

After a moment, the contact brings the useless appendage "to life." As it slowly turns over and grasps the doctor's hand, a glimmer of life seems to appear in Leonard's eyes as well.

Rey, unfamiliar, it seems, with the feeling the contact produces in him, nonetheless places his other hand on Leonard's other. Soon it too turns and holds onto Rey's.

The doctor draws both of Leonard's hands toward him and sets them down on the pointer of an Ouija Board.

REY

I'll begin moving the pointer  
toward the "L." For "Leonard."  
Once I feel you beginning to move  
it, I'll stop and you'll take over.  
Do you understand?

Leonard, of course, cannot say whether he does or not.

The look on his face is "thoughtful." The look on Rey's, hopeful and foolish.

REY (CONT'D)

I'm beginning . . .

The pointer begins to slowly move past stars and moons.

Judging from Rey's expression he begins to feel Leonard's movement of it and, presumably, stops his own.

REY (CONT'D)

Yes, good . . .

The pointer moves across the letters, but passes the "L" without stopping. It stops on the "R."

REY (CONT'D)

No. No, I didn't make myself clear.  
My fault. I . . . .

The pointer begins moving again, "interrupting" Rey. It passes the "L" again, reaches the "I" and stops.

REY

No. No, I . . . . .

Rey suddenly begins to hear voices in his head, then resumes.

REY

Yes. Yes. That's what I meant. . .

Keeping one hand on the moving pointer, Rey fumbles a pen from his shirt pocket and scribbles on his lab coat what Leonard has and is continuing to "write":

Rey quickly looks around the room as the voices gets louder and louder as if they are surrounding this room.

Rey quickly exits.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Rey alone in the examining room, standing over his desk. The lab coat is on it. And on it is scrawled:

CHPAECOMGNOMORCURRY

He has to study it only a moment before he sees the meaning of it. 69A. EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY. - ESTABLISH - DAY 69

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - LATER - DAY

Moving slowly in on Rey's at one of the library tables with books.

REY'S VOICE

"His gaze from staring through the bars has grown so weary that it can take in nothing more . . .

INT. LEONARD'S WARD - DAY

Moving slowly into the Western painting.

REY'S VOICE

"For him it is as though there were a thousand bars, and behind the thousand bars, no world . . .

EXT. ZOO - DAY

Moving in on a panther, limbs weakened, spirit broken, slowly pacing back and forth before the bars of a small cage.

REY (V.O.)

"As he paces in cramped circles, over and over, his powerful strides are like a ritual dance around a center where **a great will** stands paralyzed . . .

Moving slowly away from Rey watching, moving high above him; the place is virtually deserted.

INT. LEONARD'S WARD - DAY

Moving slowly in on Leonard as, in bed, flannel pajamas, as his mother diapers him for the night.

REY (V.O.)

"At times the curtains of the eye  
lift without a sound . . .

Moving slowly in on Rey, unseen in a doorway, staring  
at Leonard, at the look of contentment on his face.  
Or is it a look of impotent rage?

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
" . . . and a shape enters, 'slips  
through the tightened silence of  
the shoulders, reaches the heart  
and dies."

EXT. CHURCH - NEW YORK - AFTERNOON

Preachers and Preacher types filing in past a placard,  
an enlargement of an article from the Journal of  
Spiritual belief titled. END OF THE WORLD. Below it:

INT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON

Everyone is glued to their seat. Its a standing room  
only.

PREACHER  
There's an ordinary study with  
which we are all familiar.

A man at a podium is shouting aloud with the good book  
in his hand.

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
And then there is another kind.  
A kind that thinks this world is  
never coming to the end.

He glances to a point above his listeners, and an  
overhead projector splashes a diagram of spiritual  
endowments (and the silhouette of a raised hand). The  
preacher traces the shadow to its maker in the audience.

REY  
Thank you. Yes. Yes, I'm very  
much interested in your work.  
I'm curious if . . .

PREACHER

Sir...?

REY

(pause)

You know. . . I'm curious if  
you . . .

PREACHER

After I'm through, Dr. Rey. If  
you wouldn't mind.

Rey glances around the church. Everyone's looking at him. He grasps the offending hand and holds it in his lap with the other.

INT. AUDITORIUM LOBBY - LATER - AFTERNOON

Refreshments on tables. Rey, uncomfortable in his suit, wandering around the crowded room with a glass of wine. He approaches its hub of activity, the preacher surrounded by

Several impressed colleagues, but can't manage to get close enough to speak with him.

INT. MEN'S ROOM, CHURCH - LATER - AFTERNOON

The preacher walks in and crosses to the urinals. A moment later, he hears the door opening, and footsteps, and then nothing, until. . .

REY (O.S.)

Do you think it's possible that  
within the next few years,  
currency will no longer be around  
and we would be force into chips?

When no one answers, the deacon glances over his shoulder.

Rey is there, quite alone, looking at him.

PREACHER

Are you speaking to me?

Rey is. And really wants to know the answer. The deacon



zips up and moves to the sinks to wash his hands.

REY

REY (CONT'D)

If true, then were somehow in  
trouble with what's to come. .  
(demonstrating what he  
means)

Rey eyes transfixed like a postencephalitic's, staring.  
The deacon slowly dries his hands with a paper towel.

PREACHER

Dr. Rey, yes?

Rey nods.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

I'm a preacher, Rey. I leave it  
to the hands of Jesus Christ.

He drops the paper towel into the trash and leaves

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

Emerging from his car with some papers, Dr. Kaufman  
is ambushed by Rey. . .

REY

Did you have a chance to look at  
any of the -.

KAUFMAN

Freud believed in miracles.  
Prescribing cocaine like it was  
candy . . .

Rey has to hurry to keep up with his supervisor as  
he heads toward the hospital.

KAUFMAN (CONT'D)

We all believed in those  
"miracle" until our patients  
went psychotic on it. Now it's  
L-Dopa.

He hands over the papers - articles from medical journals and newspapers which Rey gave him to read - and keeps going, Rey straggling a few steps back.

REY

With all due respect, I think it's rather too soon to say that.

KAUFMAN :

With all due "respect," it's rather way too soon. Let the lord do determine that.

The gap between them widens as Rey slows. He expected this sort of reaction from Kaufman, but had hoped for another.

Kaufman disappears into the building.

INT. KAUFMAN'S OFFICE - LATER - MORNING

The stack of papers drops onto Kaufman's desk.

REY

Did you read the case - the husband who came home to find his wife singing. She hadn't felt like singing in years.

Kaufman, on the phone, glances to Rey long-sufferingly, lets him wait while he finishes with his call, and eventually sets down the receiver.

KAUFMAN

I read them all. Soberly. All thirty of them bastards. You know better than to make a leap like that, you want to believe there's a connection, that doesn't mean there is one.

REY

What I believe, what I know, is that these people are truly insane

KAUFMAN

How do you know? Because the way  
the have acted?

REY

I know it.

Rey doesn't elaborate, but his tone is resolute. And it has the intended effect on Kaufman, causing him to consider the possibility that Rey could, somehow, know it as a fact.

KAUFMAN

And what if this drug were to kill  
them?

REY

And what if this new chip doesn't  
do anything?

Somewhere behind Kaufman's eyes Rey can see, he thinks, a change, or reminiscence, long ago, long buried, of things he once believed or wanted to believe.

KAUFMAN

How many did you think would be  
let out?

REY

All of them ... some of them ...  
one of them . . .

KAUFMAN

One. With the family's consent.

Signed.

Rey tries to hide his elation and turns to leave before Kaufman changes his mind.

Rey turns. He was almost to the door. He had almost made it out.

KAUFMAN (CONT'D)

That "immense" project of yours.

Rey thinks about lying, but senses Kaufman knows the

answer already and just wants to hear him say it. So he does:

REY

He asked me to leave. .

Kaufman nods like,

KAUFMAN

Just checking.

REY

Okay. . .

KAUFMAN

Good luck.

Rey leaves.

INT. DR. KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Rey looks outside the window as Dr. Kelly talks to him.

DR. KELLY

Are you still having those long meaningless dreams?

REY

Every night.

A long beat, then. . .

DR. KELLY

When did you joined St. Thomas Church?

REY

In the fall of 1997.

DR. KELLY

And why did you joined St. Thomas Church?

REY

Because of the vision I'd received over the years coming

there.

Dr. Kelly nods in approval.

DR. KELLY

And what about the kids there?

REY

I noticed at that time almost half of the people in the youth groups were disappearing from the church, right in front of my eyes. I realized that St. Thomas groups were quickly breaking up.

DR. KELLY

But?

REY

During the three and a half years that I knew these kids at St. Thomas, I always had a good heart for them and for everybody everywhere else. I remember in that same year 1997 some of the young people in the St. Thomas groups remained loyal, stopping in at the meetings to see me.

a long beat, then. . .

DR. KELLY

Let us change topics and talk about Florida. How was your living experience was there for you.

REY

Awful!

DR. KELLY

I would like to hear.

Rey finally stops looking outside and finds a seat.

REY

Where I lived was generally for bums, alcoholics and drug addicts. I had a very bad feeling about my neighbors and the whole state of Florida. When I was around those people, I felt the prejudice that was in the air and coming from their eyes and hearts. In that state of Florida, every redneck is supposedly half Indian, and the white race is mostly from Alabama and Georgia where the real prejudice comes from. I felt that those rednecks hate Indians.

DR. KELLY

Is that a true statement?

REY

You had to be there. The whole state of Florida was inhabited by Indians, until ancients came and killed off all of the Florida Indians. People drink because there was an alcoholic habit and a lot - - alot of them are hooked on it. People were hooked on Ecstasy, stuff you couldn't even get in New York!

A beat, then. . .

REY (CONT'D)

And they all were heavy drinkers and potheads.

INT. MRS. LOWE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A standard consent form and pen on a kitchenette table. Two coffee cups. One used tea bag.

REY

People with ordinary thinking that the end of the world is vastly approaching and people will give

up. Lose their souls . . . "  
(he picks up a cup with  
a shaking hand)

They have to think about the  
things we just do . . .

(with great "trouble"  
he sets it down)

It has to do with a the crazy  
things that's going on. Its the  
lack, or rather the lack of it,  
L-Dopa replenishes this dopamine,  
making it possible for these  
people to move more naturally.

He picks up the cup again, gracefully, and sets it  
down.

MRS. LOWE

Leonard has a disease?

REY

No. No, his symptoms . . . are like  
no other . . . and then again  
they're not.

She doesn't understand what he means; there's no reason  
why she should.

MRS. LOWE

(pause)

Then what will this actually do  
for this patient?

REY

I don't know what it'll do for  
him, if anything.

MRS. LOWE

What do you think it will do?

REY

I don't know.

MRS. LOWE

What do you hope it will do?

REY

I hope it'll bring him back from  
wherever he is.

MRS. LOWE

To what?

REY

To the world.

MRS. LOWE

(pause)

What's here for him after all  
these years? '

REY

You are here.

She ponders that and the enormity of the whole situation,  
all the while staring at the consent form.

INT. PHARMACY- DAY

The hospital pharmacy, a subterranean structure built  
into the basement, cluttered from floor to ceiling  
with medicines.

Tony, the pharmacist, dips into a bag of powder. He  
spoons some out onto a scale and looks to Rey to tell  
him the dosage.

REY

I have no idea. What do you say  
we ease into it with ... what,  
^ . \_ fifty milligrams?

Tony begins to measure five milligrams.

REY (CONT'D)

Let's say a hundred.

Tony shrugs; it's okay with him. He knifes at the powder,  
removing all but 100 milligrams.

INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

Leonard, sphinx-like in his wheelchair, his mother



by his side.

Rey, stirring the L-Dopa into a paper cup of orange juice.

Miss Costello, in the doorway, watching. Rey hands the glass to Mrs. Lowe.

REY

Leonard? Your mother's going to give you some juice. There's medicine in it which is why it may taste more bitter than usual.

Rey glances to Mrs. Lowe. It's as if they've rehearsed it all. She holds the glass to her son's lips and gradually drains the liquid down his throat.

Nothing immediately happens, of course, but they all, with the

Exception of Leonard, look as if they expect it to. Mrs. Lowe hands the empty glass back to Rey.

And they all wait.

INT. THE PHARMACY, LATER - DAY

Tony measuring out another 100 milligram dose.

TONY

Maybe the acid in the orange juice, neutralized it.

REY

Or maybe it's not enough.

Tony tosses Rey a look that says, "don't push it."

Rey nods.

TONY

I'll try it in milk.

INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGH

An empty milk glass on a night table. "

Leonard, in his wheelchair, in pajamas, still and silent under the painting of the boat.

His mother, Rey and Miss Costello watch and wait while around them nurses aid orderlies hoist other patients into bed.

INT. THE PHARMACY - DAY

Tony scrapes powder from the scale into a pharmaceutical funnel which takes it down onto a miniature glass dish.

Handing the dish to Rey.

TONY

Five hundred milligrams.

INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

Another empty milk glass. Leonard, stoic, or so it seems, in his wheelchair.

His mother and Rey and Miss Costello waiting for a movement, a change of expression, a sign of any kind that something is happening inside him. But there's nothing . . .

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A corridor. Mrs. Lowe is leaving. Rey is with her, seeing her to the door.

REY

I'll call if there's any change.

MRS. LOWE

Yes.

Neither really knows what else to say except for good night.

She leaves.

INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGHT

Rey and Miss Costello lift Leonard out of his wheelchair

and into his bed.

MISS COSTELLO

I'm going home too. If you need  
me .

REY

Yes, I'll call.

They nod "good night" at each other and Miss Costello  
leaves.

Rey slumps into Leonard's wheelchair. And waits.

INT. THE PHARMACY - NIGHT

Tony has gone home, too. Rey, alone in the pharmacy,  
measures out 1000 milligrams, ten times the original  
dose.

INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGHT

Rey at Leonard's bedside, holding the glass to  
Leonard's lips, draining the liquid into him, all of  
it. \_

INT. LEONARD'S WARD - LATER - NIGHT

Rey asleep in the wheelchair. He stirs. Wakes. And  
takes a moment to remind himself where he is. And why.  
His eyes narrow, uncomprehending.

Leonard's bed is empty.

INT. DAYROOM - LATER - NIGHT

A claw of a hand dragging a crayon across a sheet of  
paper.

Tight on Rey, framed in a doorway, as still and silent  
and entranced as a post-encephalitic.

His perspective of the dayroom deserted except for  
a figure, a patient, Leonard, hunched over the table.

As Rey crosses toward him, Leonard's head slowly rises.

Rey sits opposite him and they consider each other in silence for several moments.

Leonard struggles to speak, to form words. They come out in a halting cadence, flat, without inflection, and are only barely recognizable as words:

LEONARD

It's quiet.

REY

It's late. Everyone's asleep.

LEONARD

I'm not asleep?

REY

No. You're awake.

Though he nods, it's unclear whether Leonard realizes how significant that is. Rey gestures at the piece of paper beneath Leonard's hands.

REY (CONT'D)

May I?

Rey draws the paper across the table. It's covered with what seems imponderable hieroglyphic-like scrawl. But there is order in the chaos. Letters. Leonard's name.

LEONARD

Me.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAWN

Alone in the room, Leonard moves slowly around it, feeling things: the smoothness of the cabinet glass/ the warmth thrown by a desk lamp, water from the cooler splashing onto his hand.

REY (O.S.)

Leonard?

Leonard turns to Rey's voice with an expression of child-like , wonder on his face.

REY

Your mother is here.

She appears in the doorway of the room. She's done her hair, her face, she's put on a nice dress, yet she remains unprepared for this reunion.

She can do nothing but stare at her "infant son" who is now, "suddenly," a man.

As he slowly crosses toward her, she is struck by the fact she must look in order to meet his eyes. He reaches her.

Reaches out to her. And she embraces him.

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

A corridor crowded with patients in wheelchairs with nowhere to go and nothing much to do.

MISS COSTELLO

My name is Elizabeth. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Leonard, standing, reaches for her hand and struggles to pronounce her name correctly. Fighting to keep from crying in front of him, Miss Costello glances to Rey and Mrs. Lowe.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - MORNING

Miss Costello, flanked by Rey and Mrs. Lowe, watches as Leonard extends his hand to the "card playing nurse."

MARGARET

How do you do, sir? My name is Margaret.

LEONARD

Margaret.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - MORNING

Margaret has joined the "tour, group" and introduces Leonard to the "music orderly." They shake hands.

LEONARD

Fernando. How are you?

FERNANDO

Great, man. How're you?

LEONARD

Great, too.

INT. THE PHARMACY - MORNING

Fernando is along for the ride and watches Leonard shaking Ray the pharmacist's hand.

TONY

How do you do, Mr. Lowe?

LEONARD

Good, sir. !

INT. CAFETERIA KITCHEN -MORNING

The cooks and kitchen workers around Leonard and his entourage, shaking his hand.

INT. STAFF CAFETERIA - LATER - DAY

A tray of truly awful cafeteria food. The group, minus Rey and Miss Costello, watches Leonard dip a fork into some mushlike concoction and manipulate it, with difficulty, to and into his mouth. He seems amazed by its flavor.

LEONARD

It's delicious.

FERNANDO

I wouldn't go that far, Len.

Rey and Miss Costello, at another table, glance over to the others who are all laughing. Rey smiles.

MISS COSTELLO

I don't think I could deal with losing 30 years of my life. I can't even imagine it.

Rey's smile fades. The possibility that Leonard might not have realized the extent of the passage of time had not, until this moment, occurred to him. He stares blankly at Miss Costello.

MISS COSTELLO  
(CONT'D)

He does realize it, doesn't he?

Rey nods uncertainly.

REY  
He must.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER - DAY

Rey demonstrates a clapping motion. Leonard repeats it more slowly but with decent motor control.

REY  
Splendid.

Rey makes a note. They are alone in the examination room which, like most of the hospital, has little in it to indicate that it is not the 1980's.

REY (CONT'D)  
Can I see you walk the length of the room?

Leonard walks slowly across the room past the perception tests and notes and Polaroids cluttering the wall.

Coming back, he pauses. He's looking at a picture of himself taped there.

Rey watches him slowly reach his hands to his face to feel his features. He stares at the photograph of himself, trying to comprehend that which cannot be comprehended.

He's not young anymore.

INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGHT

Rey and Mrs. Lowe at Leonard's bedside.\_

LEONARD

I'm afraid to close my eyes . . .  
If I close my eyes. . .

He hesitates, as if saying it may make the fear more real.

REY

. . . you'll sleep. And when you  
wake up in the morning, it will  
be the next morning. I promise.

Rey's smile tries to assure them both that it will happen just that way. He excuses himself, leaving Leonard with his mother, joins Miss Costello by the door and glances back. Mrs.

Lowe is stroking Leonard's head as she hums a lullaby.

INT. ROOM ADJACENT TO EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING

Rey comes in with some books, sets them on Miss Costello's desk and crosses to a closet.

REY

I didn't sleep, did you?

MISS COSTELLO

Does it look like it? .

Rey hangs up his jacket and slips into a lab coat.

REY

Do you know if Leonard's awake?

She smiles and points toward the adjoining examination room.

INT. REY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rey wakes up, rises, face pale.

INT. RESIDENT HOME/BEDROOM - DAY

Rey enters this murky bedroom surround by statues everywhere with candles lit up on all four corners of this room. There's a WITCH DOCTOR waiting.



REY (V.O.)

I decided to visit a witch doctor who may could help me. But I tell you, it gave me the creeps.

Rey tries to take in his surroundings.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But I was really anxious to find out what really happened in my apartment with those sliding chairs.

The witch doctor gestures Rey to sit.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She finally asked me to sit down.

WITCH DOCTOR

Who sent you to my house?

REY

I came alone, ma'am.

WITCH DOCTOR

You young man have a special gift and power. I felt that when you'd first walked in.

She took her cards and started to shuffle them on her table. She placed them facing backwards and made Rey take one card off the deck.

WITCH DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Are you going on a trip?

She made Rey take another card out of the deck. Then she stared at him for a moment, looked down at the cards, then...

WITCH DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Somebody in your family is going to die! But who?"

Rey remain silent, did not answer.

Witch doctor again slid one of the cards over to herself and looked at it. Then she looked at Rey.

WITCH DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Somewhere in your future trip, you are going to meet a woman with red hair, and she is going to have freckles on her face.

Rey got up and gave the fortune-teller twenty dollars and left the house.

REY (V.O.)

When I finally got outside, I said to myself that this woman was crazy.

Images of money, coins and gold coming down like rain.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The money that we have today is from the Federal Reserve note banks, where they make the government of the treasury! For bonds, coins and dollar bills marked with God's seal, that means that whoever worships the power of evil has no authority or power to win the money today which is marked with the seal of God! But when the end times are near, that's when the government of the U.S.A. will start to make credit cards with the seal of the "beast."

Images of local and government officials gathered at a conference table conversing.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It might start a revolution in our community neighborhoods and a future World War III. When the bio-chip implant system is finally launched across the United States of America it is

likely that even the poor, middle  
class, and the weak Christians  
Will compromise their faith  
because of their need to pay their  
bills and obtain their daily  
Necessities such as food,  
clothing, and rent.

Images of Blacks, Hispanics, Arabian and other  
minorities walk with their heads low and silently as  
the song "The Dream Is Over", by Crowded House being  
played.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The new world order will mostly  
attack Religious Hispanics,  
gospel black African-Americans,  
the white minority Christians,  
and the Arabian religious  
culture.

Images of cops and other law enforcement getting shot  
by plain civilians.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In the first four years  
dispensationalism of the end  
times, they will begin to start  
killing cops.

Images of thousands of people protesting in Washington  
D.C.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They will be protesting in  
throughout this country.  
People will be getting arrested.  
There will be people missing.  
It'll be a total chaos.

Images of several people being held without their will  
as they try to fight them off.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The rich people who are marked  
with the currency of the devil

will be beheaded by the poor people, middle class, and weak Christians, they will be chopping their hands and heads off and running it through the ATM Scanner Machines.

Images of people rioting, breaking in stores, turning over cars.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The weak minority people who would not accept the mark of the bio-chip implant will automatically go crazy and will begin to steal, fight for food on the streets, and will break into stores, they will be turning cars upside down and burning them in the street and it will be a lot like that video game "State of Emergency".

Images of the Martin Luther King Jr. Speech on Washington while the song "Remember" by Gino Soccio being played.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In America itself, fifty states are already distributing the verichip and microchip implants.

Images of Rey ripping bibles and breaking statues as the song Tears For Fears (Break It Down Again) being played.

REY (V.O.)

I knew that God Himself wanted me to become and international superstar. I begin ripping up bibles breaking statues.

INT. THE EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Showered and shaved and groomed and bright-eyed, Leonard sits listening to his own heartbeat with Rey's

stethoscope.

REY  
Good morning.

LEONARD  
Good morning. .

His speech is still rather flat, halting.,

REY  
Been waiting for me long?

LEONARD  
Yes.

Rey smiles. He hands Leonard the books. History books.  
An almanac.

REY  
Some things have happened while  
you've been away. I thought you'd  
be interested.

Leonard opens one carefully, reverently, and begins  
reading from it to himself.

REY (CONT'D)  
You don't have to read them now,  
Leonard. They're yours. At your  
leisure.

Leonard closes the book but holds onto it and the others  
like they're gold.

LEONARD  
I used to read quite a lot.

Before. . .

REY  
Yes. I know.

LEONARD  
Thank you for these.

Rey nods that he's welcome.

REY

Have you thought about what you'd like to do today?

LEONARD

Everything.

REY

(smiles)

I'm not sure I can arrange that.

LEONARD

Try.

Rey smiles again. For a man who just yesterday learned he has been cheated out of the greater"- part of his life, Leonard seems to have recovered extraordinarily.

REY

Let's approach it this way. What. Do you think you'd like to do .

LEONARD

I'd like to go outside.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Rey and Leonard emerge from the hospital and move under trees along a path toward the parking lot. At a point, the doctor realizes his patient is no longer at his side; he's several steps back, feeling the sunshine on his skin.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

Though it is only a Toyota, its dashboard, to Leonard, resembles something out of Jules Verne. He allows Rey to buckle his seatbelt for him and watches with fascination as Rey performs the "complex" preparatory sequence necessary, apparently, to make the car go.

The car pulls away. Above, framed in a second story window of one of the buildings, stands a lone figure looking out Leonard's mother.

INT. REY'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Tight on the radio. Rey switches it on. To Leonard's amazement, classical music fills the interior.

EXT. THE BRONX - MOVING SHOTS - MORNING

Chips used in many inner cities instead of cash.

Rodney King 1991 cop beatings.

Billboards advertising color televisions and electric shavers.

Buses which have grown over the decades to a behemoth scale.

A tribute performance from rappers for the late-Jam Master Jay.

"Ultra-modern" housing projects and gas stations.

"Futuristic" cars.

Leonard cannot imagine a more enthralling re-introduction to the world and stares at it all with wonder. Everywhere he looks there is something "extraordinary."

LEONARD

What a wonderful place The Bronx  
has become.

INT/EXT. GARDENS - DAY

A rose. , Leonard puts his face close to it to appreciate its fragrance.

He touches its petals gently, explores them, and is quietly astonished by the tactile sensation.

Rey watches. He, too, can appreciate wonders of the real world, especially those of a botanical nature, but not with, the purity or intensity Leonard can.

Pulling back reveals them in the middle of a vast garden of countless thousands of roses.

INT. REY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Leonard turns the radio dial from the classical station to another playing a very different kind of music, and listens to it bemused but intrigued.

EXT. PARK - THE BRONX - LATER - DAY

Children playing flag-football on an expanse of grass. Dogs running around, nannies with prams, lovers.

A disk, a frisbee, falls at Leonard's feet. He retrieves it but has no idea what it is or what to do with it. Rey demonstrates the wrist action with an invisible one. Leonard doesn't get it. Rey takes it from him and flings it pathetically not halfway back to its owners.

EXT. STREET CORNER JOINT - THE BRONX - LATER - DAY

Leonard watches with interest a Carvel ice cream machine.

He and Rey are handed cones and Leonard's attention moves to a girl wearing an unbelievably short skirt.

Her boyfriend stares at Leonard. Rey tries to pull his charge's attention elsewhere. Leonard, finally, glances away, up, to a sound overhead.

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY

A 747 roaring down a runway. At the edge of it, it lifts off and thunders over Rey and Leonard and the parked Toyota.

Exhilarated, Leonard waves.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

An expressway. The Toyota traveling at "astounding" speed, passing a sign that reads CITY ISLAND.

Boats and fish markets and lush vegetation. Paradise compared to the Bronx. The Toyota turns down a side road near the water and into the driveway of Rey's small wooden house.

INT. REY'S KITCHEN / DINING ROOM - DAY



Tea bags steeping in a pot on a cluttered kitchen counter.

Rey, exhausted from the day, hunts in vain through packing boxes on the floor for crackers, cookies, something he can offer his guest.

He keeps glancing in at Leonard, who's wandering around the dining room, navigating around packing boxes, to browse at the

Spines of books. Noticing Rey watching -

LEONARD

You just moved here.

REY

Yeah. Well, five years ago. \_

Rey shrugs, disappears into the kitchen a moment . . . before peeking back in to see what Leonard is looking at now: a small I framed photograph of a boy with a toy sailboat and a forlorn expression posed in front of a curtain; the boat obviously a photography studio prop.

LEONARD

You got a nice place here actually.

Leonard takes in his surroundings.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

(looking closely at '  
the photograph)

You seem uncomfortable.

REY

I probably was.

Rey disappears into the kitchen again. And a moment later \_ glances back in around the door frame at Leonard who has moved \_.

Over to an old sideboard on which several pairs of glasses are neatly arranged.

REY (CONT'D)

Each has a specific purpose.

As Leonard considers each pair of glasses ...

REY (CONT'D)

Those are my normal interior glasses. And spare pair. Those, I wear outside. Two pairs, in case I lose one. Those, those are my daytime reading glasses. And spare. Those are for close work.

For fine print. Those are my nighttime reading glasses - \_ Leonard's examining the frames of this last pair closely.

REY (CONT'D)

That's heavy-gauge metal so when I fall asleep and roll over on them I don't wreck them. They're indestructible.

Leonard returns the indestructible ones to their proper place and considers them all together.

REY (CONT'D)

As long as I pretty much know ahead of time what I'll be looking ' at, it works out, I don't have to carry all five pairs around.

LEONARD

What if you just want to go for a walk?

REY

(pause)

Walks are a problem. Walks are the hardest thing. You just never know.

He's absolutely serious, like a man plagued for years by an imponderable dilemma. He retreats back into his kitchen before reappearing again with the pot of tea, two mismatched cups and some saltine on a tray.

REY (CONT'D)

I hope you'll forgive the inelegant presentation. I don't entertain much.

INT. REY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

They've cleared places on the sofa and chair and sit there sipping their tea.

REY

I can date my interest in science \_precisely, actually. I'd been sent off to boarding school - a place perhaps not quite as Dickensian as I remember it - when I happened to come across the periodic table of elements.

(smiles at the thought)

I memorized it. Which I admit was a rather precocious thing for a seven year old to do. And I remember feeling . . . not so much a sense of accomplishment . . . as comfort. The halogens were what they were. The alkali metals were what they were. Each element had its place, and nothing could change that. They were secure, no matter what.

Leonard nods, perhaps more out of politeness than understanding.

Rey nods too, feeling, perhaps, a little exposed.

LEONARD

You're not married.

It seems to Rey a non sequitur.

REY

No.

He smiles. Sips his tea. Silence except for the ticking of a

Clock somewhere. Then, very matter of factly -

REY (CONT'D)

I'm not terribly good with people.

LEONARD

I like them. I wish I could say I had more than a rudimentary understanding of them. But the world would end soon and these demons are coming.

Leonard walks over.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Maybe if they were less unpredictable . . .

He shrugs. Silence again.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Eleanor would disagree with you.

Rey stares at him blankly. He doesn't seem to know who Eleanor is.

REY

Eleanor?

LEONARD

Miss Costello.

REY

Oh, yes, of course.

(uneasy)

She's spoken to you about me?

Leonard nods. Rey can't imagine why, nor what she might have said. Fearing the worst.

REY (CONT'D)

What'd she say?

LEONARD

That you're a kind man. That you  
care very much for people.

Rey shifts in his chair uncomfortably.

Leonard stares down.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

But you meant normal people.

Rey seems at a loss as to how to respond. The accompanying  
silence grows awkward.

REY

We should be getting back.

Rey crosses over to the sideboard, to the pairs of  
glasses, stares at them for several moments, and picks  
up two pairs.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Climbing out of his car, Kaufman sees Rey striding  
toward him. He glances to the sky, Kaufman, to God,  
and silently complains to Him.

INT. STAFF CAFETERIA - LATER - DAY

Cafeteria workers carting serving trays back to the  
kitchen.

Nurses and orderlies and office workers at tables with  
finished' meals and cups of coffee. They seem unaware  
of Rey and Kaufman at a table near the door.

KAUFMAN

When you say expensive, what are  
we talking about?

REY

To put them all on the dosage Mr.  
Lowe is on . . . about twenty  
thousand dollars.

Kaufman stares at Rey aghast. He knew L-Dopa was  
expensive, but not that expensive. He manages to  
recover somewhat.

KAUFMAN

That would be for how long?

REY

About a month.

KAUFMAN

A month?

Reynods. Kaufman glances away. Stares blankly at faces at other tables. Back to Rey.

KAUFMAN (CONT'D)

I can't go before the board with that. I could . . .

He laughs to himself at the futility of it.

REY

I was thinking of speaking to the patrons.

KAUFMAN

The few patrons this hospital has give what they can.

REY

Well, we'd have to convince them to give more than they're accustomed to giving.

Rey begins to hear those voices again, but ignores them.

REY (CONT'D)

He hadn't intended as impudent a tone as that which came out.

Rey thinks on it for a second, and then. . .

REY (CONT'D)

Perhaps if they saw Mr. Lowe.

KAUFMAN

I think you overestimate the effect Mr. Lowe has on people.

REY

We're talking about money here.

Kaufman sips at his coffee and slowly becomes aware of the silence around them. No one is talking.

He glances up as Miss Costello walks by setting something on the table in front of him. She leaves the cafeteria without a word.

Kaufman glances down. She has left a payroll check made out in her name. Kaufman turns it over. She has endorsed it back to the hospital.

Fernando walks by and out, leaving his salary check on the table. Then Tony, the pharmacist, leaving his. Then the nurse who reluctantly read "Moby Dick" to the patients. Then a cafeteria worker. A secretary. A clerk. A janitor.

The cafeteria is soon empty, except for Rey and Kaufman.

Long silence.

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

8mm film of Leonard before L-Dopa a wide shot of him absolutely motionless in his wheelchair.

REY (O.S.)

There was extreme rigidity of the axial musculature . . . only vague available motion in the neck . . . no voluntary movement in the limbs . . .

A tight shot of Leonard's entranced face appears on the screen.

REY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Perhaps most striking was the profound facial masking -- which we now know should not have been confused with apathy.

The light from the projector flickering on his face.

REY

Virtually aphotic, Mr. Lowe could articulate no words, but rather only, with considerable effort, an occasional noise, a kind of, "Ah".

In the darkness sit Kaufman, the rest of the Board of Directors, some elderly patrons of the hospital, and, near Rey, Miss Costello. She hands him a scribbled note.

"Less scientific" it reads.

REY (CONT'D)

Demons, chips, world coming to the end crap. The mention of his name, notes of particular pieces of music, the touch of another human being managed on occasion to briefly summon him, but these awakenings were rare and transient, lasting only a moment or two.

Rey glances to Miss Costello. She nods, "Good, that's better."

REY (CONT'D)

The rest of the time he remained in a profoundly eventless place deprived of all sense of history and happening and self '97 encysted, cocooned, enveloped in this metaphorical if not physiological equivalent of sleep . . . or death.

On Leonard, as he was. Looking more like a photograph of a man than a motion picture of one.

REY (CONT'D)

This was his condition when first seen by me in a remote bay of this hospital. And the quality of his life for the last 30 years.



The "before picture" of Leonard on the screen is replaced with the "after".

His eyes alert, his hands exploring a desk microphone. He glances up and off at something.

LEONARD (FILM)

Now?

REY'S VOICE

Whenever you're ready.

LEONARD

My name is Leonard Lowe. It has been explained to me that I have been away for . . . quite some time . . .

He seems to withdraw, to wrestle with the thought, to try to somehow come to terms with it, to somehow resolve it. He nods as he finds within himself some source of strength and looks directly at the camera.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I'm back.

INT. BOARD ROOM, LATER - NIGHT

The lights are on, the screen rolled up, the board members and patrons visibly moved, almost shaken, and silent.

Eventually one of the patrons, an old woman, reaches into her purse for her checkbook and a pen. Another patron, an elderly man, pulls a checkbook and pen from an inside jacket pocket.

Another already has hers out in front of her ...

Rey and Miss Costello exchange a glance. The room is absolutely silent, except for the muted scratch of pens on paper.

INT. DR. KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Rey paces around the office. He's very paranoid.

DR. KELLY

Why do you feel that the courts can't do anything to you?

REY

First of all, I never cut the guy. I only chased him around the gas station. Second, If I had cut him or cracked his head with a bat, or physically attacked someone, then that would have been a different case. Third, this famous label that God Himself tried to put on my forehead started when I was seventeen years old, on October 31, 1980, when God Himself introduced me to a beautiful, huge, glowing star.

DR. KELLY

Okay.

REY

But I blame God for all that.

DR. KELLY

And why is that?

REY

When I was arguing with that white girl, God Himself was instigating those white boys at the radio stations to make racist remarks about Spanish people and Indians. They are very prejudiced against brown-skinned people, Hispanics, and

Dr. Kelly writes down his statement.

REY (CONT'D)

While this white chick and I were arguing, three white boys came out of a black car. One of the

white boys stepped up to me and was acting as if he had something inside his pants.

DR. KELLY

And?

REY

I thought that he had a knife or a gun, so I panicked. I had a carpet knife on me and I started chasing him around the gas station. I had no intentions of harming him because I'm not that type of man, unless my life is seriously in trouble and I have no choice but to defend myself.

Dr. Kelly writes down more information. Rey turn and observe Dr. Kelly.

REY (CONT'D)

I know who you are, Dr. Kelly.

Dr. Kelly stops writing, looks up.

DR. KELLY

Excuse me?

REY

You are one of them.

DR. KELLY

One of who, Rey?

REY

God. You're one of God's rat. You're God's rat.

DR. KELLY

Rey, you have me confused. I am here to help you, like I've been doing for the last several weeks.

REY

You're not helping me. You're trying to tear me down.  
You're one of them. You've been hired by God to get  
into my head.

DR. KELLY

Rey, I am here for you.

REY

You're just here because you were  
assigned to me, and you're  
getting paid for it. And I'm not  
gonna give you no more  
information, because I am not  
coming back - - ever!

Rey begins to walk out.

DR. KELLY

Rey, we're trying to help! Don't  
leave?

Rey is out the door.

EXT. 17TH STREET - DAY

Rey walking the neighborhood.

REY (V.O.)

I was born with a supernatural  
vision that started revealing  
itself to me naturally  
throughout my life, as I was  
becoming a young man. I clearly  
remember the whole view, and it  
said, "There came to exist an  
unusual, colossal substance that  
is unknown and mysterious to the  
family of man. This essential  
being structured not only the  
universe, but built a huge,  
golden mansion and called it  
Paradise."

Rey stops, picks up a rock.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In my vision, he created the first man and woman, celestial beings in a special assumption of eternal flesh. They both multiplied.

Rey throws the rock as far and hard as he could be.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The babies were born more special than any other humans. In my vision, the rebellion began with the Holy Ghost, the first two creations of the universe coming to an end. It crippled and separated a third of Heaven. Jesus' true biological mother was finally descended out of the golden throne that we call Heaven. But thousands of her children from Heaven came with her.

INT. ST. THOMAS CHURCH - DAY

Rey sits praying to his leader.

REY (V.O.)

The Holy Trinity and The Father created a place for them. That's how the structure of space began the Holy Trinity design, a fiery world that is called The Fifth Dimension. It's right in our solar system, but in a spiritual world. If we die, we can actually see the planet Earth and the universe at its beginning, when God first structured it without buildings, people or animals on it.

Rey looks up at the ceiling.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So I think that he tried to burn the Assumption flesh, and the

spirits of his falling family remain. When your time is up and you die, your Earthly body will turn into dirt once more. But when your soul enters the portal of light, which is home, your spirit will enter into a new vessel, and Assumption body, eternal flesh, and you can turn your Assumption body into celestial form.

Rey rises, leaving the church.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This story is truly the Paradise in Heaven. In my vision, there are a lot of daughters born in Heaven. I'm sure that not only might Jesus have had intercourse with one of them, but also every male Angel had a Heavenly Wife. Till this day, this scary phenomenon poltergeist is still in the process of torturing me spiritually. Due to this uncivilized practice, I could have killed innocent people.

Rey turns, looks back at the church.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This torture has created a vengeful need, which I must fulfill by engaging in violent behavior towards the innocent. Instead of hurting people, I started breaking statues in nearby churches. Many people were judging me without knowing the true story of my personal dilemma and calling me the reincarnation of the Devil. Other people in my family kept wondering why I kept ripping

apart my mother's Bibles and my  
sister's pictures of Jesus.

Rey fades out the church.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This is how the Heavenly Father  
kept bringing trouble on my path.

EXT. 17TH STREET - NIGHT

Rey headed back home. He greet and smile at some  
residents.

REY (V.O.)  
The years people in my old  
neighborhood on 17th Street knew  
me as a kid that was committed  
to churches. But they didn't  
know that it was God himself who  
was harassing and tormenting me  
spiritually behind doors in that  
evil building known as 140. This  
is how the rumors among people  
on that block started spreading  
about me that I was crazy  
because while he was harassing  
me I acted out by punching walls,  
since I did not see the ghostly  
bastard spirit. This spirit was  
tormenting my every being and  
vessel.

Rey stop and look around his 17th street neighbors.

REY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My mother in turn, as a result  
of the attacks, kept calling the  
ambulance, which created even  
more rumors! This memoir is my  
chance to explain in detail who  
persecuted and corrupted my  
reputation since my teenage  
years on 17th Street.

INT. REY'S HOME - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Rey enters, slowly look around the place.

REY (V.O.)

There was a supernatural power involved in my life that indeed was actively fracturing me in that evil apartment since I was a little child.

INT. REY'S ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Rey enters

REY

Through the years people in my old neighborhood on 17th Street knew me as a kid that was committed to churches. But they didn't know that it was God himself who was harassing and tormenting me spiritually behind doors in that evil building known as 140.

Rey opens up his drawer, look inside.

REY (CONT'D)

This is how the rumors among people on that block started spreading about me that I was crazy because while he was harassing me I acted out by punching walls, since I did not see the ghostly bastard spirit. This spirit was tormenting my every being and vessel.

Rey finally pulls out a book.

REY (CONT'D)

My mother in turn, as a result of the attacks, kept calling the ambulance, which created even more rumors! This memoir is my chance to explain in detail who persecuted and corrupted my reputation since my teenage



years on 17th Street.

Rey flops on his bed.

REY (CONT'D)

There was a supernatural power involved in my life that indeed was actively fracturing me in that evil apartment since I was a little child. Not only did God ruin my childhood, He hastily spread evil rumors that questioned my sanity.

Rey begins to read his book.

REY (CONT'D)

God spread gossip to the gossip block, putting my name in a bad light; giving me a bad name among those people in that neighborhood called 17th Street who were gossipers and devil worshipers at the same time.

INT. REY'S ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Rey pulls out a laptop computer.

REY

We were working together with the Holy Ghost and Jesus Christ in Heaven! They instigated this whole thing since my seventeenth birthday on October 31, 1980, at 10:45 PM.

Rey opens up the laptop, turns it on.

REY (CONT'D)

Because I was afraid of his frightening offer, Jesus and his Dad decided to torment me and ruin not only my life, but my

reputation as well, in that  
evil-infected, disgusting  
neighborhood on 17th Street. I  
guess that it was God's sweet  
revenge towards me for letting  
him down twice in a row, for his  
offer to me of stardom.

Rey begins typing away at his first attempt of his  
novel.

REY (CONT'D)

That I didn't accept the offer  
of that vengeful bastard of a  
ghostly substance is still  
tormenting me everyday. I guess  
as soon as I publish this true  
memoir based on my life, the  
torment and persecution will  
come to a final end.

Fade out:

THE END