

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.re

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
stares 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.) That's
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 nod 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 the 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.

Rey nods 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 breathe 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 begins 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 frightened 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 2:19 28, 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 Jam Master 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 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.

MR.S 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,
gossipers, gossipmongers,
scandalizers, snakes,
talebearers, telltales,
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. BUTCHERSHOP - 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,
a . _ 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 an 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?

Rey nods. 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 every day. 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