

AWAKENINGS

Screenplay by

Steven Zaillian

Based on the Book by

Olivier Sacks

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|                |             |
|----------------|-------------|
|                | (BLUE)      |
| REV .10/1 3/89 |             |
| REV.1 0/16/ 89 | (PINK)      |
| REV.1 0/25/ 89 | (YELLOW)    |
| REV.1 1/6/8 9  | (GREEN)     |
| REV.1 1/10/ 89 | (GOLDENROD) |
| REV .11/1 4/89 | (SALMON)    |
| REV .11/1 6/89 | (LAVENDER)  |
| REV .11/2 2/89 | (CHERRY)    |
| REV .12/4 /89  | (WHITE)     |
| REV.1 2/5/8 9  | (BLUE)      |
| REV.1 2/12/ 89 | (PINK)      |
| REV .12/ 13/89 | (YELLOW)    |
| REV. 1,2/15/89 | (GREEN)     |

1. A dusty deserted street - saloon, livery stable, sunset. Only there is something unsettling about it all. The colors are too muted and the angles not quite in perspective. Pulling slowly back eventually reveals the edges of a narrow wooden picture frame ...

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1930**

Drifting away from the painting and slowly across a room. Across Venetian blinds, open, letting in moonlight, across intricate handmade wooden models, dime novels and comic books, across the arm of a metronome gently slapping back and forth, and settling finally on a small hand writing slowly and deliberately, over and over, in synchronization, it seems, to the rhythm of the metronome, the word, " L E O N A R D . "

**2. INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING - 1930**

The pendulum of a clock. An adult hand placing a bowl of cereal on a table. Leonard, ten or eleven, waits a moment for the adult to leave, grasps his spoon, and manipulates it from bowl to mouth in time with the soft regular rhythm of the

clock.

**3. EXT. STREET - NEW YORK - MORNING - 1930**

3.

Schoolbooks slung over their shoulders, Leonard and another boy his age, a classmate, move along a street. All around them are "visual rhythms" - lines in the sidewalk, the even placement of trees, the sunlight breaking through the branches above them - and somewhere unseen, the rhythmic pounding of an elevator train. As they climb a fence, a pocket watch, Leonard's, falls to the ground.

**4. INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - 1930**

4.

An adult hand chalking the words of a poem on a blackboard. Children at desks dutifully transcribing the lesson. All but one. Leonard. Whose hands are trembling slightly and whose paper is blank. There is a noticeable lack of rhythms. A cold silence. The broken watch rests on his desk. The boy from the train, glancing at Leonard, begins gently tapping the end of his pen against his desk. Leonard, "guided" by the cadence of his friend's tapping, begins to write.

(o The teacher's hand at the blackboard hesitates. Distracted by  
4.

the rhythmic noise, he traces it to the offender and silences him with a look.

Without the rhythm, and without, apparently, inner natural rhythms to replace it, Leonard's hand begins dragging the pen across the paper, forming vague scrawl, each word less defined than the last, until they begin melding together into what resembles nothing so much as a child's rendering of ocean waves.

The teacher resumes chalking on the board. The boy from the train begins tapping his pen again, and, "guided" again by the rhythm, Leonard is able to give definition to the "ocean waves," to form recognizable letters and words.

The teacher hesitates again and glares at the boy making the irritating noise. The boy stops tapping and Leonard's writing again becomes formless.

5.

**5. INT. CLASSROOM.- LATER - DAY - 1930**

The finished poem on the blackboard. The sounds of children at play on the schoolyard. The teacher, alone in the classroom,

o at his desk grading the penmanship lesson. He circles offending errors on the last page of the last composition book. He scribbles a grade opposite the student's name in a grade book. He notices the absence of a grade in

Leonard's column.  
Leonard's desk. The teacher locates the missing composition book buried under textbooks. He takes it back to his own desk, opens it, and stares curiously at the last lesson, the poem, or rather Leonard's illegible representation of it. He considers earlier lessons in the book. He begins to see in the script a pattern of deterioration. He reaches the last entry again and stares at the few recognizable words drowning in "the waves."

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6

**6. INT. LEONARD'S BEDROOM - DAY - 1930 - WINTER**

The painting on the wall. The intricate wooden models and dime novels. The Venetian blinds, closed, shutting out sunlight. Voices, barely audible, from somewhere else in the house:

**BOY'S VOICE**

When can I see him?

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

When he's well.

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**6.CONT.**

**BOY'S VOICE**

**6.CONT,**

When will he be well?

After a moment --

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

I don't know.

-- and the sound of a door closing.

A small twisted hand lifts a slat of the Venetian blinds revealing the snow-patched street below. Leonard's friend, crossing it, glances back . . . then disappears around a corner. And the small gnarled hand lets the slat slide down, extinguishing the single ray of light.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**6A. EXT. BAINBRIDGE -HOSPITAL - THE. BRONX - DAY - 1970 .**

**6A**

Tight on the face of a man (SAYER), late thirties, glasses, staring up at the face of a building, imposing in its institutional dullness.

**6B. INT. LOBBY - BAINBRIDGE - DAY**

**6B.**

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.

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**OPERATOR**

Yes?

**7. INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - BAINBRIDGE - 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 --

**SAYER**

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.

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**7. CONT.**

**7.**

There's some mistake. And Sayer's chair begins to feel more \*  
uncomfortable. He tries to clear up the confusion -

\*

**SAYER**

I ' m here for the research

\*

position . . . in your neurology

\*

lab.

**DIRECTOR**

Neurology lab?

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

**DIRECTOR**

We have an x-ray room.

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

**KAUFMAN**

- The-position-ds-Staff-^Neurologist. .

Sayer looks like a man who's just learned that everything he \*  
knows about the world is wrong. f

**DIRECTOR**

(pause)

A doctor ... doctor.

The Director refers to stapled sheets of paper in his hands,  
Sayer's resume.

**DIRECTOR**

The Camel Institute. Tell me

\*

about that, anything with patients

\*

there? Or . . .

\*

**SAYER**

(burying it)

Earthworms.

The Director isn't sure he heard right.

**DIRECTOR**

Sorry?

'  
>

**SAYER**

It was an immense project. "  
I was trying to extract a decigram  
of myelin from four tons of  
earthworms.

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**7. CONT.**

**DIRECTOR**

**7.**

(pause)

Really.

**SAYER**

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.

t

**KAUFMAN**

It can't.

**SAYER**

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.  
(Sayer is already  
shaking his head no)  
All research. Earth - ?

**SAYER**

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

**DIRECTOR**

(hopefully)

Are they?

**SAYER**

Oh, yes . . . three years.

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

**SAYER**

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.

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7.CONT.

**SAYER**

7.

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**

I mean, you couldn't have  
graduated without some clinical  
experience. .

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

**DIRECTOR**

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 Sayer. Which unsettles  
Sayer. Which in turn unsettles the Director.

**DIRECTOR**

(not far from v  
begging)

You do want the job, don't you?

Sayer isn't so sure. He thinks about it long and hard . . .

8. INT. CORRIDOR - BAINBRIDGE - DAY

8.

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 Sayer and the orderly who's  
escorting him (ANTHONY), offers -

**FEMALE PATIENT 1**



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.

v

**11. INT. DAYROOM (B) - DAY** **11.**

A man in his sixties confronts Sayer with an announcement in a loud commanding voice -

**MALE PATIENT 1**

X was born in 1911 in  
Kinasbridae, New York. I came  
here in July of 1955. Prior to  
July of 1955. I resided at the  
Brooklyn Psychiatric Center  
Brooklyn. New York. Prior to  
that I was a person. And you.  
sir.- i Who the\* hell >are.\*v.ou? .

**12. INT. DAYROOM (C) - DAY** **12.**

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

**SAYER**

Mrs. Cohen?

**MRS. COHEN**

He's here?

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

**SAYER**

I 'm here.

(pause)

To examine you.

**MRS. COHEN**

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

(6 Confused, Sayer 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.

**SAYER**

Excuse me. Mrs. Cohen's son.  
He's coming today?

**NURSE 1**

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

The nurse turns away. Sayer 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.

**13. OMITTED**

**14. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM/OFFICE- LATER - DAY**

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

Sayer 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.

Sayer 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.

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**14A. EXT. TENEMENT (LUCY'S) - ESTABLISH - DAY****15. INT. TENEMENT - NEW YORK.- DAY**

1

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.

**SAYER'S VOICE**

Can you hear me? .

**16. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM/OFFICE - BAINBRIDGE - 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.

**SAYER'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).

**SAYER'S VOICE**

Can you hear me?

Sayer, wearing a white lab coat, tries to read her eyes. Behind thick lenses, uncleaned for weeks or months, the eyes are inscrutable.

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**16.CONT.**

**16.**

Sayer 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 away from her and types at a manual Underwood. The form in the machine, at the top, reads -- BAINBRIDGE HOSPITAL / ADMISSIONS / CONSULTATION REQUEST / NEUROLOGY. Sayer types in a lower section headed -- FINDINGS / DIAGNOSIS.

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. That, or she is dead.

Sayer 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. Sayer just stares.

**SAYER<<S VOICE**

Her name is Lucy Fishman . . .

r

**16B. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EXAMINATION ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 16B.**

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 Sayer's examination room -

**SAYER'S VOICE**

She was found by neighbors with

\*

her sister, several days after the ,  
sister had died . . .

**17. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON**

**17.**

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

**SAYER (CONT'D)**

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  
Sayer has summoned to the room -- two other doctors, Tyler and  
Sullivan, and Miss Costello.

1

**SAYER**

And yet . . .

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

Sayer 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.

**SAYER**

If she batted it away I might call that a reflex. She doesn't bat it away, she catches it.

**DR. KAUFMAN**

- It's still a reflex.

... : . ' . " . '

**SAYER**

I'm sorry, if you were right I'd agree with you.

Kaufman, understandably, takes some offense at the comment. Sayer, however, is unaware that he has caused any.

**SAYER**

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

Awkward silence. Eventually--

**DR. TYLER**

The "will of the ball?"

Sayer 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. Kaufman and Miss Costello remain.

**DR. KAUFMAN**

I

(hopefully)

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

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

**DR. KAUFMAN**

Miss Costello, you'll see that Dr.  
Saver's patients waiting out there  
are rescheduled for tomorrow?

**MISS COSTELLO**

Yes, sir.

**DR. KAUFMAN**

Good night.

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

**18. EXT. PARKING LOT - BAINBRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON**

C'\ Sayer climbs into his Toyota and, as he buckles his seat

belt,

-\*©

recites in a mumble to himself --

**SAYER**

One . . .

\*

(he turns the key)

Two . . .

(puts on sunglasses)

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, Sayer rolls it down.

**SAYER**

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.  
r

**MISS COSTELLO**

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 --

**SAYER**

Thank you . . .

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

**SAYER**

Thank you very much.

**18A. EXT. SAMMY'S FISH GROTTTO - ESTABLISH - NIGHT 18A.**

**19. INT. SAMMY'S GROTTTO, CITY ISLAND, THE BRONX - NIGHT 19.**

Sayer 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 . . .

**20. EXT. SCHOOLYARD & BAINBRIDGE 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 Bainbridge's brick buildings, peering down from the edge of it, coat over his smock, hat on his head, an elderly man.

21. INT. SIDNEY'S DAYROOM - DAY

21.

Tight on the elderly man's face.

**SIDNEY**

The voice was real.

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21.CONT.

21.

Sayer 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.

**SAYER**

What did the voice say?

**SIDNEY**

"Mr. Titch, get your coat and hat, go up to the roof and jump off."

**SAYER**

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

Sidney considers Sayer suspiciously ... then smiles slyly.

\*

\*

**SIDNEY**

You don't deny it was you.

\*

**SAYER**

\*

Me?

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

' ' . \* **SAYER** ' .

I do deny it. It wasn't me.

It wasn't real.

(pause)

We've only just now met, sir. »

Sidney, suddenly completely disoriented, withdraws.

**SIDNEY**

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

22. INT. STAFF CAFETERIA - BAINBRIDGE - DAY

22.

Sayer in line with Drs. Tyler and Sullivan, both younger than himself. He seems distracted, Sayer, 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 -  
\*

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**22.CONT. DR. TYLER**

22

fp\  
\\_J)

Aquarium in the waiting room,  
George.

**DR. SULLIVAN**

We could have all that ... but  
we'd miss all this. We'd miss the  
wards.

**DR. TYLER**

The smell of them.

**DR. SULLIVAN**

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

**SAYER**

Ye ....

s

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

**SAYER**

Yes . . . ,'

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

**23. INT. SIDNEY'S DAYROOM - DAY**

23.

Sayer back with Sidney.

**SAYER**

Did you see me when-1 "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.

**SAYER**

You see me now though.

**SIDNEY**

Yes.

23.CONT,

(continuity only)

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, Sayer, 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 Sayer notices her.

**CONTINUED:**

sr^ (y--\ in , v\_y a ro u e me be s c an

Mr. Ti t ch , I w an ty ou d on 't act u al l y se h ea rm e, you c an n ot re a l, a nd y ou i g no re me.

Sa ye r sm il es , pl ea se d w it h hi s so lu ti on .

**SID NE Y**

U nle ss you us e th e P .A. sy ste m.

S a ye r' s sm il e fa de s. Si d ne y is s ti ll i n a pr ed ic a me nt a nd

Sa ye r has n' t t he a nsw er .

**2 4. INT . NUR SE S' ST AT ION - D AY**

24

;

Sa ye r di al s th e ho sp it a l op er at or .

**S AY E R**

Mai nten ance, plea se.

W ai ti ng t o be co n ne ct e d, he n o ti c es a n o t h e r " s ta t ue " ( B E R T) .

W ha t's un se t t li ng a b ou t t h i s o n e, a p a r t f r o m t h e m a n ' s g h o s t -

l ik e a p p e a r a n c e , i s t h e a n g l e o f h i s w h e e l c h a i r. I t ' s l i k e a n

P~ -\ ask e w p a i n t i n g, a s i f w h o e v e r w a s w h e e l i n g i t s i m p l y l e t g o o f

\TS? the c h a i r a n d t h i s i s w h e r e i t a n d i t s c a r g o h a p p e n e d t o c o m e

\*to rest, faci ng th e wal l.

Not wanting to lose the call, Sayer moves toward the apartment, 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 wheel quickly just as his call connects.

**SAYER**

Yes. Hi. I need a lock installed on the door to the East Wing room. A big lock. The sooner the better. (pause) I'm sorry, this is Dr. Sayer.

(pause)

I'm sorry, form . . .

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

**SAYER**

How are you?

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

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He glances around. Sees an orderly reading a newspaper. (P) Borrows a section, returns with it, slides it under the pen and waits. The man doesn't write. Doesn't move. Sayer 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.

**25. INT. ANOTHER DAY ROOM (B) - LATER - DAY**  
**25.**

Another man rigid as stone (FRANK). This one peering up at a television set with a horizontal hold problem. Sayer drags a chair over, stands on it, adjusts the set, corrects it, gets a picture . . . but the man's "attention" slowly drifts away. Sayer "reads" it, gets the man's vacant eyes return.

26. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - LATER - DAY

. 26.

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.

Sayer 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 Sayer, 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.

Sayer 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.

Sayer 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. "At" Sayer.

27. INT. FILE ROOM, BAINBRIDGE - DAY

27

o An admission form, yellowed and brittle with age --

**BAINBRIDGE HOSPITAL / ADMISSIONS  
STATE OF NEW YORK**

A typed date / AUGUST 2, 1929. The admitting physician's name. The patient's name. And age / 15. An identification number and ward assignment number.

As Sayer pulls the folder and closes the drawer of one of several filing cabinets lining the walls of a claustrophobic room, Miss Costello slides open another, locates a particular folder in it and in the folder another admitting form -- The date / MAY 7, 1932. Names and numbers.

Another drawer. Sayer pulling another folder. Another admission form ~ Date / DECEMBER 12, 1930. Age of the patient / 22.

28

**28. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER - DAY**

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

Sayer considers one's original admission forms. He scans bodies of text and finds a diagnosis -- ATYPICAL SCHIZOPHRENIA. He sets it aside and picks up another.

**MISS COSTELLO**

"Atypical Hysteria," this one.

Sayer nods to himself and keeps reading his. He eventually finds in its text -- ATYPICAL RABIES. He flips to the end of the file. "No change since last examination" it reads. He turns the page. "No change, no therapy recommended." He turns the page, the last entry. "No change." The date, "11/9/44."

**SAYER**

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.

**MISS COSTELLO**

**NO.**

o

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**29. EXT. PARKING LOT - BAINBRIDGE - EVENING**

**29.**

(>~s,

Sayer and Miss Costello walking to their cars.

**SAYER**

One would think that after a point enough atypical somethings would amount to a typical something.

But a typical "what?"

Miss Costello, no doubt, has less of an idea than Sayer

what

the "what" could be.

**MISS COSTELLO**

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

(pause)

Tea?

**SAYER**

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

She nods quickly. She seems, strangely, relieved.

**MISS COSTELLO**

Some other time.

**SAYER**

Yes.

**MISS COSTELLO**

Good night.

**SAYER**

Good night.

They veer apart to their respective cars.

30.

**30. INT. SAMMY'S GROTTO, CITY ISLAND - NIGHT**

The tiny gree/i eyes in the head of the eel staring out at refracted light and shadow. Sayer, alone at the same table

as

before, finished with his meal.

i

**WAITER**

Tea, right?

**SAYER**

P e s . '...-·

lae

The waiter leaves. Sayer glances back into the fish tank

at

the eel behind the rock, its rock, its home.

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31.

fpl

**31. EXT. CITY ISLAND - LATER - NIGHT**

Sayer strolling down a dark side street. He reaches a snail wooden house near the water and climbs three steps to the porch. He gets the front door opened and bends to pick up mail (including a few book parcels from antiquarian shops) just

\*

inside the threshold.

\*

32.

i

**32. OMITTED**

33.

**33. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT**

Tight on (Ernst Heckle) drawings of primitive life forms.  
 \*  
 Sayer, 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.  
 \*

**34. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT**

Fingers on the keys of a baby grand piano that seems out of scale with Sayer's small living room. Wrapped in a robe, he plays a melody.  
 fcuJ 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

**35. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT**

A lamp, on, in the living room. Sayer 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.

**36. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - BAINBRIDGE - LATER - NIGHT**

A n i g h t j a n i t o r w i t h a p a i l - o n - w h e e l s a n  
 d a m o p m o v e s p a s t  
 d a r k e n e d o f f i c e s . H e p a u s e s a t o n e , t h e  
 f i l e r o o m , l i g h t u n d e r  
 i t s d o o r , a n d o p e n s i t .  
 -.. \*

**JANITOR**

I'm sorry, doctor. I thought someone left the lights on.

Q

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**36'.CONT.**

**36.**

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

**SAYER**

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.

**36A. EXT. MEDICAL LIBRARY, NEW YORK - ESTABLISH - DAY**

**36A.**

**37. INT. MEDICAL LIBRARY, NEW YORK - DAY**

**37.**

Sayer displays what he has written on the back of his hand to

\*

an assistant librarian: NEJM 4-6-35.

**SAYER**

The New England Journal of  
Medicine, April 6th, 1935.

\*

**38. INT. MEDICAL LIBRARY - LATER - DAY**

**38.**

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

**ENCEPHALITIS LETHARGICA, TEN YEARS LATER.**

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

**39. EXT. RESIDENTIAL GARDEN, NEW YORK - DAY**

**39.**

Close on the doctor from the photographs - ancient and ill.

**OLD DOCTOR**

(philosophically  
detached)

Pus and pain, that's the final

\*

reward. Pus and pain and  
obscurity.

He's in a small unkept rose garden. With Sayer.

\*

Note: To get clear and free from the New England Journal of \*  
Medicine, we must indicate that it is a weekly publication, \*  
which is why the "6th" has been added. \*

**OLD DOCTOR**

I believe you when you say some  
still live. But I can assure you  
they're medically irrelevant. As  
they were thirty years ago when I  
fought to get my work published.

He smiles at a thought, at once wistful and bitter.

**OLD DOCTOR**

That's the problem with a unique  
disease. Once it no longer rages,  
I'm telling you, it becomes very  
unfashionable.

He buries his face into his mask, manages to get some deep breaths into his lungs and shakes his head at Sayer.

**OLD DOCTOR**

What would I be without this thing? A man with a shred of dignity left.

**SAYER**

Should I get your nurse?

**OLD DOCTOR**

God forbid, no.

He lights a cigarette, coughs and puts it out.

**OLD DOCTOR**

How many have you found there?

**SAYER**

Five. So far. I think there may be more.

The old doctor nods. He has the torn look of someone reminded of an unfaithful lover just when he'd managed to forget about her. He wants and doesn't want to know how they're doing. Finally --

**OLD DOCTOR**

How are they?

**SAYER**

As you described them. As they were back then. As "insubstantial as ghosts." Only I guess most of them were children then.

**OLD DOCTOR**

Yes. Children who fell asleep.

o 40. INT. OLD DOCTOR'S STUDY - DAY  
40

Boxes of ancient history have been dragged out of storage, the emphysema-plagued doctor's post-encephalitic research, files and photographs and cans of 16mm film.

**OLD DOCTOR**

Most died during the acute stage of the illness, during a sleep so deep they couldn't be roused. A sleep that in most cases lasted several months.

The doctors, in the dark, watch forty year old footage projected onto a screen by a pre-World War II Bell & Howell - a motionless man in a chair, his head thrust back, mouth gaping open, arms suspended out from an emaciated torso as if from invisible strings.

**OLD DOCTOR**

Those who survived, who awoke, seemed fine, as though nothing had happened. Years went by - five, ten, fifteen - before anyone suspected they were not well. .

They were not.  
A doctor, this doctor decades younger, appears beside the subject on the screen and lowers the man's arms.

**OLD DOCTOR**

I began to see them in the early 1930's - old people brought in by their children, young people brought in by their parents - all of them complaining they weren't "themselves" anymore. They'd grown distant, aloof, anti-social, they daydreamed at the dinner table. I referred them to psychiatrists.

The man on the screen disappears and is replaced by a seal-shaped woman in whom a hundred strange diseases seem to reside. They conspire against her, torment and harass her, force her to perform incessant and meaningless actions with her hands, to paw her chin, to flutter, to adjust glasses that aren't there.

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**40 .CONT .**

**DOCTOR**

40

**O<  
ID**

Before long they were being referred back to me. They could no longer dress themselves or feed themselves. They could no longer speak in most cases. Families went mad. People who were normal, were now . . . \*  
(searches for the word)  
. . . elsewhere ...

The woman on the screen is replaced by a young man, a teenager, who seems composed less of flesh than wax, a wax figure with real eyes.

**SAYER**

What must it be like to be them?

On the screen, the young man's eyes, entranced, gaze upward as if trying hard to remember something. Or trying hard to forget it.

**SAYER**

What are they thinking? .

**OLD DOCTOR**

0

They're not. The virus didn't :  
spare the higher faculties.

**SAYER**  
(hopefully)  
We know that for a fact.

**OLD DOCTOR**  
Yes.

**SAYER**  
Bec use . . .  
a

4

Sayer waits for the old doctor to tell him the reasons, the data, to support the merciful truth. But he doesn't seem to possess it any more than Sayer does. Long silence before:

**OLD DOCTOR**  
Because the alternative is  
unthinkable.

**40A. INT. DAYROOM (C) - DAY**

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

**40B. INT. WARD 5 DAYROOM - DAY**

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

i

**40C. INT. CORRIDOR - DAY**

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

**SAYER**  
Sorry.

**41. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - LATER - DAY**

Sayer 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.

v

Across the room, paying no attention to Sayer, are Sidney and

40B

40C

41

Lolly. He's gently brushing her hair.  
Sayer 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.

**42. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER - DAY**

**42.**

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

Sayer 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.

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Sayer keeps coming back to one in particular. Unlike the others which, if you use your imagination, vaguely correspond somewhat positionally to the pre-printed shapes, this one bears no resemblance. This patient has instead scrawled over the shapes, seemingly violently.

Miss Costello joins Sayer and ponders it along with him. Eventually, as if to excuse it and its maker--

**MISS COSTELLO**

It's different.

**SAYER**

Quite. It's quite bad.

Sayer keeps studying it.

**SAYER**

(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.

**SAYER**

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 Sayer is reading far too much into the "badness" of the patient's scrawl. To himself -

**SAYER**

Which one is this?

He leans closer to see the typed name . . .

**43. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - DAY**

**43.**

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.

SAYER'S VOICE

>|

v

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.

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**MRS. LOWE**

Of course not. Not in words.

**SAYER**

He speaks to you in other ways.

How do you mean?

**MRS. LOWE** i

You don't have children.

**SAYER**

No. ,

**MRS. LOWE**

If you did you'd know.

Finished with his hair, she wheels him from the sleeping ward

\*

and into the -

**43A. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

**43A**

Sayer, trailing after Mrs. Lowe and her sonr becomes  
momentarily distracted by Lucy, the most recently arrived post-  
encephalitic, 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.  
Sayer brings her a cup of water and rejoins Mrs. Lowe. -

**SAYER**

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

**MRS. LOWE** ,

He did well.

**SAYER**

In a sense.

**MRS. LOWE**

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

Sayer shows her the perception test "drawing\*\* Leonard made.

**SAYER**

Does this mean anything to you?

**MRS. LOWE** .

(more to Leonard)

It's very good. ; .  
' .  
.

She glances back to Sayer 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. ' f

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**MRS. LOWE**

(becoming impatient  
with him)

Well it's abstract, isn't it.  
Sayer can't bring himself to agree with her.

**MRS. LOWE**

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

**43B. EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING (MRS. LOWE'S) - ESTABLISH - NIGHT 43B.**

**44. INT. MRS. LOWE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**44**

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

**SAYER**

I want to know more about him.

**44A. INT. MRS. LOWE'S APARTMENT - LEONARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**44A.**

An old photograph. A sixth grade class picture from 1930?,  
Moving slowly across the young faces to Leonard, eleven, at the  
end of a row.

**MRS. LOWE 0.8.**

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, Sayer and Mrs. Lowe. Except  
for the Western painting that's missing, nothing has changed in  
it in thirty years.

**CONTINUED:**

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**MRS. LOWE**

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.

**CONTINUED:**

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

**MRS. LOWE**

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  
Bainbridge later that year.  
November fourteenth, 1937.

He was twenty.

Sayer glances away from her to the room itself again.

**SAYER**

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. y

**45. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - BAINBRIDGE - DAY 45**

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  
stuporously slow.

**45A. EXT. RESEARCH LAB, NEW YORK - ESTABLISH - DAY 45A.**

**46. INT. RESEARCH LAB - DAY 46**

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.

There, Dr. Mann, a contemporary of Sayer's, stares at Sayer Ay

curiously. Eventually he manages --

**MANN**

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

**SAYER**

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

**MANN**

(fearing the answer)

Where?

**SAYER**

It's in The Bronx. It's a poor  
private chronic hospital called  
M o u n t --

**MANN**

(appalled)

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

Sayer hasn't an answer for him. »

**SAYER**

How's Hank?

**MANN**

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

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

**MANN**

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. Sayer reaches out and presses the button on the  
stop watch dangling from Mann's neck.

**SAYER**

Subtract two seconds off his  
time.

**47. OMITTED**

**47**

**48. INT. RESEARCH LAB - LATER - DAY**

**48**

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 Sayer has brought, his monkey drags toys over to Sayer and tries to engage him in play. One of the toys is an Ouija Board.

**MANN**

(to, Sayer)

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**

Asleep. First stage normal.

Second a little dull. Normal

**RM...**

**E**

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

**MANN**

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?

**SAYER**

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

(points to one EEG;  
then the other)

This is him asleep.

.-," -

Mann thinks Sayer is kidding. He isn't.

**MANN**

This is him awake? This is him asleep?

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

**MANN**

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

**SAYER**

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

**MANN**

And when he's asleep . . . ?

**SAYER**

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



**51. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY**

**51.**

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 Sayer 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 Sayer 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.

t, .

Sayer 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.

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Sayer 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 Sayer 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 Sayer'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 Sayer thinks he sees a faint glimmer. These people are alive inside.

**52**

**52. 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. In their defense --

**V**

**NURSE**

The patients have all been given their morning medication.

**MISS COSTELLO**

Good. Dr. Sayer 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.

**53. INT. DAYROOM (B) - LATER - DAY**

**53**

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-encephalitics. Miss Costello, who is nearby, nods to her to continue. She clears her throat again, and, feeling like a fool, reads --

,55

**MARGARET**

"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.

**54**

**54. 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 Sayer.

**SAYER**

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

Sayer waits . . . but Leonard remains mute.

**55. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - MORNING "**

**55**

Tight on Sayer pulling record albums from his extensive classical collection.

**56. INT. DAYROOM (D) - DAY**

**56**

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

-  
-

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**57. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY**

**57**

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

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**SAYER**

**57**

L . . . Leonard . . . L . . .

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

**58. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY**

**58.**

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

**INT.- DAYROOM (D) - DAY**

**59.**

**59.**

30's jazz music. The orderly from before with "his" two post-encephalitics. 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. I'm that

'\*''-

w ay .

**SAYER**

(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.

**59A. INT. CORRIDOR - DAY**

**59A.**

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

j MS WOMAN

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

**SAYER**

That's not true.

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**MS WOMAN**

I wish I had something like that. Something that would interest you instead of this stupid boring MS.

**60. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY**

**6**

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

**60A. INT. DAYROOM (A) - DAY**

**60A**

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.

**61. INT. DAYROOM (C) - DAY**

**61**

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.

>

Sayer 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.

**SAYER**

Is it a real game I wonder?

**MARGARET**

If it is, I don't know it. Maybe

it's three different games.

**SAYER**

(delighted)

Yes.

62

62. OMITTED

63. INT. CORRIDOR / DAYROOM (B) - DAY

6

Sayer moving past "normal" patients lined up in the hall like planes on tarmac. Suddenly, from a dayroom, booms the opening bass line of Hendrix's "Foxy Lady."

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63.CONT.

.. ..

'' . ''

«

63.

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

64. INT. DAY ROOM (C) - DAY

64.

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

**M I S S C O S T E L L O**

There's something else that reaches them.

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

**M I S S C O S T E L L O**

Human contact.

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

.

**M I S S C O S T E L L O**

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

(to the patient)

I won't let go of you' -

(to Sayer)

- 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 .

**M I S S C O S T E L L O**

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

Sayer, 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 . . .

**65. OM IT TED -**  
**65.**

**66. INT. BAI NBRI DGE - NIGHT**  
**66.**

Empty corridor . Echoing footsteps.

**67. INT. LEONARD 'S WARD - NIGHT**  
**67.**

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

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**SAYER O.S.**

Leonard?

**68. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - LATER - NIGHT**  
**68.**

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

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

**SAYER**

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 Sayer's, hopeful  
and foolish.

**SAYER**

I'm beginning . . .  
The pointer begins to slowly move past stars and moons.  
Judging from Sayer's expression he begins to feel Leonard's  
movement of it and, presumably, stops his own.

**SAYER**

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

**SAYER**

No. No, I didn't make myself  
clear. My fault. I . . .  
The pointer begins moving again, "interrupting" Sayer. It  
passes the "L" again, reaches the "I" and stops.

..

**SAYER**

".,

No. No, I . . .

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But the pointer is moving again. It stops on the "L."

**SAYER**

Yes. Yes. That's what I meant. .  
"L." Good. Now the "E."  
It begins moving again. But not to the "E." To the nK," where  
it hesitates briefly before moving again.

**SAYER**

(realizing, to  
himself)  
. . . you're spelling something  
el e . . .  
s

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

**RILKESPA**

**69. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT**

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

**RILKESPANTHERILKE**

He has to study it only a moment before he sees the meaning of  
it; he quickly scratches out the last four letters, and adds a  
slash between the "S" and the "P," so that it reads:

69A. EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY. - ESTABLISH - DAY  
69

70. INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY  
7

A card catalogue. Cards flipping by, stopping on one that  
.reads:

831 R Rilke, Rainer Maria  
German poet and fiction>fwriter;  
1875-1926; Collected Poems  
tr. fr. German by --

71. INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - LATER - DAY  
7

Moving slowly in on Sayer at one of the library tables with a V  
book.

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(continuity

onxy;

**SAYER'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

72.  
72.

Moving slowly into the Western painting.

**SAYER'S VOICE**

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

72A. EXT. BRONX ZOO - DAY

72A.

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

**SAYER 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 Sayer watching, moving high above him;  
the place is virtually deserted.

73. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - DAY  
73.

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

**SAYER V.O.**

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

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

**SAYER V.O.**

". . . and a shape enters, slips  
through the tightened silence of  
the shoulders, reaches the heart  
and dies .i."

**FADE TO BLACK** . . . .

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(continuity only)

**73A. EXT. AUDITORIUM - NEW YORK - AFTERNOON**

**73A.**

Professional and professorial types filing in past a placard, an enlargement of an article from the Journal of Neurochemistry titled: LEVADOPA IN THE TREATMENT OF PARKINSONISM. Below it: **A DISCUSSION WITH MARTIN S. THOMAS, PH.D.** There's excitement (and jealousy) in the air.

**74. INT. AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON**

**74**

An anatomical skeleton dangling from a metal stand.  
**NEUROCHEMIST**

There's an ordinary medicine with which we are all familiar. An everyday medicine of stubbed toes and bunions and boils.

A man at a podium in a modern version of the 1920's basement operating theatre.

**NEUROCHEMIST**

And then there is another kind. A medicine that holds out to the afflicted the promise of restored life.

He glances to a point above his listeners, and an overhead projector splashes a diagram of molecular structure (and the silhouette of a raised hand) onto a screen. The neurochemist traces the shadow to its maker in the audience.

**SAYER**

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

**NEUROCHEMIST**

Doctor ...?

**SAYER**

(pause)

Sayer. I'm curious if you . . .

**NEUROCHEMIST**

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

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

**75. INT. AUDITORIUM LOBBY - LATER - AFTERNOON**

75,

Refreshments on tables. Sayer, uncomfortable in his suit, wandering around the crowded room with a glass of wine. He approaches its hub of activity, the neurochemist surrounded by several impressed colleagues, but can't manage to get close enough to speak with him.

**76. INT. MEN'S ROOM, AUDITORIUM - LATER - AFTERNOON**

7

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

**SAYER O.S.**

Do you think it's possible that  
simple Parkinsonian tremor taken  
to its furthest extreme could  
appear as no tremor at all?

When no one answers, the chemist glances over his shoulder. Sayer is there, quite alone, looking at him.

**NEUROCHEMIST**

Are you speaking to me?

Sayer is. And really wants to know the answer. The chemist zips up and moves to the sinks to wash his hands.

**SAYER**

If jail the compulsions in the  
Parkinson's patient were somehow

accelerated -

(demonstrating what  
he means)

- the hands, the shaking, the  
tics, the head bobbing, the  
quickenning speech -

(he's become a mass »  
of tics and  
accelerated speech)

- might they not cave in on  
themselves and, in effect, turn  
the person into stone?

He comes to a abrupt stop, his eyes transfixed like a post-encephalitic's, staring. The chemist slowly dries his hands with a paper towel.

**NEUROCHEMIST**

Dr. Sayer, yes?  
(Sayer nods)

I'm a chemist, doctor. I leave it  
to you guys to do the damage.  
He drops the paper towel into the trash and leaves

**77. EXT. PARKING LOT - BAINBRIDGE - MORNING** **77**

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

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**77.CONT. SAYER** **77.**

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

**KAUFMAN**

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

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

**KAUFMAN**

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

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

**SAYER**

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  
chemists do the damage.

The gap between them widens as Sayer slows. He expected this  
sort of reaction from Kaufman, but had hoped for another.  
Kaufman disappears into the building.

**77A. INT. KAUFMAN'S OFFICE - LATER - MORNING** **77A**

The stack of papers drops onto Kaufman's desk. The one on top  
reads, NEW DRUG LETS SHAKING PALSY PATIENTS EAT JELL-O.

**SAYER**

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 Sayer long-sufferingly, lets  
him wait while he finishes with his call, and eventually sets  
down the receiver.

Pg.

77A. CONT.

**KAUFMAN**

77A.

I read them all. Soberly. All thirty cases had mild Parkinson's. Your Parkies - if that's what they are - haven't moved for decades. 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.

**SAYER**

What I believe, what I know, is that these people are alive inside.

**KAUFMAN**

How do you know? Because they catch tennis balls?

**SAYER**

I know it.

Sayer doesn't elaborate, but his tone is resolute. And it

has

the intended effect on Kaufman, causing him to consider the possibility that Sayer could, somehow, know it as a fact.

**KAUFMAN**

r..iiJi!

And what if this drug were to kill them?

**SAYER -**

(right back)

>

And what if this drug were to cure them?

Somewhere behind Kaufman's eyes Sayer 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 I ' d let you put on it?

**SAYER**

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

**KAUFMAN**

One. With the family's consent. Signed.

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

77A. CONT.

KAUFMAN

77A.

Sayer -  
Sayer turns. He was almost to the door. He had almost made  
\* it out.

KAUFMAN

That "immense" project of yours.  
The myelin? The worms? When that  
failed, what was the reaction of  
your lab supervisor?

Sayer thinks about lying, but senses Kaufman knows the answer  
\* already and just wants to hear him say it. So he does:

SAYER

He asked me to leave. .  
Kaufman nods like, Just checking. And -

KAUFMAN

Good luck.  
Sayer leaves.

78. INT. MRS. LOWE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

78.

:

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

SAYER

People with ordinary Parkinson's  
Disease sometimes complain that  
they've "lost their grace . . . "

(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 chemical in  
the midbrain, or rather the lack  
of it, called dopamine. L-Dopa  
replenishes this dopamine, making  
it possible for these patients  
to move more naturally.

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

MRS. LOWE

Leonard has Parkinson's Disease?

Q

78. CONT.

**SAYER**

No. No, his symptoms ... are  
like Parkinsons ... 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 medicine do  
for him?

**SAYER**

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

**MRS. LOWE**

What do you think it will do?

**SAYER**

I don't know.

**MRS. LOWE**

What do you hope it will do?

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**SAYER**

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

(O

**MRS. LOWE**

To what?

**SAYER**

To the world.

**MRS. LOWE**

(pause)

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

**SAYER**

You are here.

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

79

**79. INT. PHARMACY, BAINBRIDGE - DAY**

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

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

**SAYER**

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

Ray begins to measure five milligrams.

**SAYER**

Let's say a hundred.  
Ray shrugs; it's okay with him. He knifes at the powder,  
removing all but 100 milligrams.

**80. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY**

80

Leonard, sphinx-like in his wheelchair, his mother by his side.  
Sayer, stirring the L-Dopa into a paper cup of orange juice.  
Miss Costello, in the doorway, watching. Sayer hands the glass  
to Mrs. Lowe.

(NOTE: Consult w/Sacks on this; may need the contents of a '  
\* capsule emptied into the cup) - '-'

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**SAYER**

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.

Sayer 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 Sayer.  
And they all wait.

**81. INT. THE PHARMACY, LATER - DAY**

81.

Ray measuring out another 100 milligram dose.

**RAY**

Maybe the acid in the orange juice,  
neutralized it.

**SAYER**

Or maybe it's not enough.

\*

^...-N . Ray tosses Sayer a look that says, "don't push it." Sayer  
\0 " n o d s . . . " . " "

**SAYER**

I'll try it in milk.

**82. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGHT**

82.

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, Sayer and Miss Costello watch and wait while  
around \*  
them nurses atid orderlies hoist other patients into bed.

**83. INT. THE PHARMACY - DAY**

**83.**

Ray scrapes powder from the scale into a pharmaceutical  
funnel  
which takes it down onto a miniature glass dish. Handing the  
dish to Sayer -- ;

**RAY**

Five hundred milligrams.

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**84. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY**

**84.**

Another empty milk glass. Leonard, stoic, or so it seems, in  
his wheelchair. His mother and Sayer 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 . . .

**85. INT. BAINBRIDGE - NIGHT**

**85.**

A corridor. Mrs. Lowe is leaving. Sayer is with her, seeing \*  
her to the door.

**SAYER**

I'll call if there's any change.

**MRS. LOWE**

Yes.

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

**86. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGHT**

**86.**

Sayer and Miss Costello lift Leonard out of his wheelchair and  
into his bed.

**MISS COSTELLO**

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

**SAYER**

Yes, I'll call.

They nod "good night" atT each other and Miss Costello leaves.  
Sayer slumps into Leonard's wheelchair. lAnd waits.

**87. INT. THE PHARMACY - NIGHT**

**87.**

Ray has gonejhome, too. Sayer, alone in the pharmacy, measures  
out 1000 milligrams, ten times the original dose.

**88. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGHT**

**88.**

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

**89. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - LATER - NIGHT**

8

Sayer 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.

**90. INT. DAYROOM - LATER - NIGHT**

9

A claw of a hand dragging a crayon across a sheet of paper. Tight on Sayer, 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 Sayer crosses toward him, Leonard's head slowly rises. Sayer 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.

**SAYER**

It's late. Everyone's asleep.>

**LEONARD**

I'm not asleep?

**SAYER**

No. You're awake.

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

**SAYER**

May I?

Sayer 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.

**91. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAWN**

91

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.

**SAYER O.S.**

Leonard?

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

**SAYER**

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 up in order to meet his eyes. He reaches her. Reaches out to her. And she embraces him.

**92. INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING**  
.92.

:

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 Sayer and Mrs. Lowe.

**93.**  
**9.3. INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - MORNING**

Miss Costello, flanked by Sayer 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.

o 94. INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - MORNING  
9

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.

9  
**95. INT. THE PHARMACY - MORNING**

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

**RAY**

How do you do, Mr. Lowe?

**LEONARD**

!

Good, sir.

95

**95A. INT. CAFETERIA KITCHEN -MORNING**

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

>

**96. INT. STAFF CAFETERIA - LATER - DAY**

9

A tray of truly awful cafeteria food. The group, minus Sayer and Miss Costello, watches Leonard dip a fork into some mush-like 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.

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

**MISS COSTELLO**

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

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Sayer'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**

He does realize it, doesn't he?

Sayer nods uncertainly.

**SAYER**

He must.

97.

**97. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER - DAY**

**(NOTE: CONSULT SACKS ON THIS SCENE:)**

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

**SAYER**

Splendid.

Sayer 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 1930's.

**SAYER**

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. Sayer 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.

98.

98. OMITTED

99. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGHT

99.

Sayer and Mrs. Lowe at Leonard's bedside.

RE

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L E O N A R D

(y\ I ' m a f r a i d t o c l o s e m y e y e s . . . I f  
I close my eyes . . .

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

SAYER

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

Sayer'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.

100. INT. ROOM ADJACENT TO EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING

100.

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

SAYER

I didn't sleep, did you?

MISS COSTELLO

Does it look like it? .

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

SAYER

Do you know if Leonard's awake?

v

She smiles and points toward the adjoining examination room.

101. INT. THE EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING

101.

Showered and shaved and groomed and bright-eyed, Leonard sits listening to his own heartbeat with Sayer's stethoscope. Coming in --

i SAYER

Good morning.

LEONARD

Good morning. .

His speech is still rather flat, halting.,

SAYER

Been waiting for me long?

**LEONARD**

Yes.

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

**SAYER**

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.

**SAYER**

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.

**SAYER** i

Yes, I know. .

**LEONARD**

Thank you for these.

i

Sayer nods that he's welcome.

**SAYER**

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

**LEONARD**

Everything.

**SAYER**

(smiles)

I'm not sure I can arrange that.

**LEONARD**

Try.

Sayer 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.

**SAYER**

Let's approach it this way. What . ".  
do you think you'd like to do .  
first? . . .

x  
1J

REV. 10/13/89 p.55A  
(continuity only)

**LEONARD**

I'd like to go outside.



countless thousands of roses.

**106. INT. SAYER'S CAR - MOVING - DAY** **106**

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. It's John Lennon singing "A DAY IN THE LIFE" and it CONTINUES OVER:

**107. EXT. PARK - THE BRONX - LATER - DAY** **107**

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. Sayer demonstrates the wrist action with an invisible one. Leonard doesn't get it. Sayer takes it from him and flings it pathetically not halfway back to its owners. The music CONTINUES OVER:

**108. EXT. STREET CORNER JOINT - THE BRONX - LATER - DAY** **108.**

Leonard watches with interest a Carvel ice cream machine. He and Sayer are handed cones and Leonard's attention moves to a girl wearing an unbelievably short skirt. Her boyfriend stares at Leonard. Sayer tries to pull his charge's attention elsewhere. Leonard, finally, glances away, up, to a sound overhead. The music CONTINUES OVER:

**109. EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY** **109**

A 747 roaring down a runway. At the edge of it, it lifts off and thunders over Sayer and Leonard and the parked Toyota. Exhilarated, Leonard waves. The music CONTINUES OVER:

**110. OMITTED** **110**

**111. EXT. THE BRONX / CITY ISLAND - DAY** **111**

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

R!V. 10/13/89 p.58

Boats and fish markets and lush vegetation. Paradise compared to the Bronx. The Toyota turns down a side road near the water  
t  
and into the driveway of Sayer's small wooden house.  
w '... .'  
And the music ends.

**112. INT. SAYER'S KITCHEN / DINING ROOM - DAY**

**112.**  
Tea bags steeping in a pot on a cluttered kitchen counter. Sayer, 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 Sayer watching -

**LEONARD**

You just moved here.

**SAYER**

Yeah. Well, five years ago.

Sayer shrugs, disappears into the kitchen a moment . . . before peeking back in to see what Leonard is looking at now: a small 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**

Your son?

**SAYER**

Me, actually.

**LEONARD**

(looking closely at

the photograph)

You seem uncomfortable.

**SAYER**

I probably was.

Sayer 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.

**SAYER**

Each has a specific purpose.

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As Leonard considers each pair of glasses ...

**SAYER**

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.

**SAYER**

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.

**SAYER**

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?

**SAYER**

(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.

**SAYER**

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

113.

**113. INT. SAYER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

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

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**SAYER**

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. Sayer nods too, feeling, perhaps, a little

\*

exposed.

**LEONARD**

:

You're not married.

\* It seems to Sayer a non sequitor.

\*

**SAYER**

No.

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

\*

clock somewhere. Then, very matter of factly -

**SAYER**

I'm not terribly good with people.  
I like them. I wish I could say I  
had more than a rudimentary  
understanding of them.

(pause)

Maybe if they were less  
unpredictable . . .

He shrugs. Silence again.

**LEONARD**

Eleanor would disagree with you.

\*

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

\*

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**SAYER**

~

Eleanor?

^r \*

LEONARD

Miss Costello.

**SAYER**

Oh, yes, of course.

(uneasy)

She's spoken to you about me?

Leonard nods. Sayer can't imagine why, nor what she might have

said. Fearing the worst --

**SAYER**

What'd she say?

**LEONARD**

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

Sayer shifts in his chair uncomfortably.

a.

**LEONARD**

But you meant normal people.

Sayer seems at a loss as to how to respond. The accompanying  
/til\*\*) silence grows awkward. 7

**SAYER**

We should be getting back.

Sayer crosses over to the sideboard, to the pairs of glasses,

stares at them for several moments, and picks up two pairs.

**114. OMITTED**

**114**

**114A. EXT. PARKING LOT - BAINBRIDGE - DAY**

**114A.**

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

'4

**115. INT. STAFF CAFETERIA, BAINBRIDGE - LATER - DAY**

**115**

Cafeteria workers carting serving trays back to the kitchen. Nurses and orderlies and office workers at tables with finished'

and meals and cups of coffee. They seem unaware of Drs. Sayer

Kaufman at a table near the door.

**KAUFMAN**

z^ When you say expensive, what are we talking about?

<="" b="">

To put them all on the dosage Mr.

Lowe is on . . . about twenty thousand dollars.

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

**KAUFMAN**

That would be for how long?

**SAYER**

About a month.

**KAUFMAN**

A month?



available motion in the neck . . .  
no voluntary movement in the  
limbs . . .

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

SAYER O.S.

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

Tight on Sayer, the light from the projector flickering on his  
face.

SAYER

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

A

In the darkness sit Kaufman, the rest of the Board of  
Directors, some elderly patrons of the hospital, and, near  
Sayer, Miss Costello. She hands him a scribbled note.  
"Less scientific" it reads.

SAYER

Isolated circumstances -- 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.

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

SAYER

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

Tight on the screen, on Leonard, as he was. Looking more like  
a photograph of a man than a motion picture of one.

SAYER

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?

SAYER'S VOICE

Whenever you're ready.

LEONARD (FILM)

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 (FILM)

I'm back.

117. INT. BOARD ROOM, LATER - NIGHT

117

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

118. INT. THE PHARMACY - DAY

118.

The raw L-Dopa powder, 20,000 dollars worth, has arrived. It sits on a pharmacy counter in large clear bags. Sayer and Ray peer between racks of medicine at two teenage girls and two very old men chatting in a corner of the pharmacy.

RAY

They're volunteers from the :  
neighborhood.

SAYER

Wonderful.

v

119.

119. OMITTED

120. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

120.

Several empty medicine paper-cups. The "garden of stone," reassembled. Sayer knows better than to sit and wait, that nothing is going to immediately happen, but he sits and waits anyway. As does Miss Costello. As does Leonard and his mother.

121. INT. STAFF ROOM - NIGHT

121

Sayer asleep on a couch that's too short for him. Miss Costello asleep on another.

VOICE

Dr. Sayer?

Sayer wakes to find a night nurse standing over him.

SAYER

What is it?

ry

(continuity only)

121. CONT.

121.

NIGHT NURSE

It's a miracle.

121A. INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

121A.

i

They move along a silent corridor that seems to stretch out forever -- the doctor, the two nurses -- carrying themselves professionally, with sobriety and restraint. But as they near the ward, as they're joined by others, other nurses, orderlies, their steps and hearts quicken. They break into a trot.

122.

122. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

They appear at the threshold, Sayer, Miss Costello, the night nurse, the others, and peer into the darkened room:

In the quiet, in the shadows, in the moonlight filtering in through the windows, the post-encephalitics are emerging from their "cocoon," rising from the "dead" like Lazarus from the earth, reborn.

Moving slowly past the beds: A figure rediscovering the feeling of her skin; another, the sound of his breath; another, the beating of her heart.

A figure still asleep . . . wakes. And for the first time in nearly half a century sees herself in the world.

Tight on Sayer, on the look of awe on his face as he stares at the scene going on in the darkened ward. His glance finds Leonard who is sitting up in his bed, smiling.

123. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

123,

Tight on Lucy's face, deep in thought, lost in thought. After several moments of silence, she speaks -

.,:, ' . :... . ,.LUCY V . . . \* .-..

. . . I just had the strappest dream . . .

A cacophony of off-screen voices - from a radio, the television, and the awakened post-encephalitics themselves - rises up as another woman, Miriam, moves past Lucy's face. We follow her, as does a nurse with a blood pressure guage on

wheels.

11/ b/ aa) tureen

Pg

123.CONT.  
12

NURSE

Miriam, please, I - (have to  
check your blood pressure - )

MIRIAM

(interrupting)

I've been sitting for 25 years,  
you missed your chance.

Miriam and the nurse trailing after her pass in front of a man \*  
with no English (Josef) trying to explain something to a couple  
of orderlies. One to the other - .

ORDERLY 1

You're Italian, he's Italian,  
what's the problem?

ORDERLY 2

I was born here - X don't speak  
Italian.

Nearby, another man. This one does speak English -

BERT

I want a steak, rare. I want  
mashed potatoes and gravy, string  
beans, a slice of pie and a  
chocolate phosphate.

Anthony turns away with the tray he just brought in - broth,  
jello and juice - and carries it away, passing the "card  
playing nurse," Margaret.

ANTHONY

I think I prefer them the other  
way.

Having settled on Margaret: she smiles, glances to "her"  
patient, Rose, who, staring at her reflection in a hand mirror,  
tugs at her grey hair.

ROSE

And some dye. Black.

MARGARET

(jotting down the  
request)

Black, are you sure?

ROSE

And some clothes . . . my. clothes.

i.1/ b/«y)Green

Pg.

123.CONT.  
123

-

She pulls at her faded shapless dress with great disdain.

ROSE

Who put me in this?

A bewildered man on stiff legs (FRANK) walks by. Following him, we catch a glimpse of a Dutch woman in a wheelchair, with a nurse -

MAG DA

... the garden er, he must prune  
the fruit trees ... the roses . . .  
I think he's forget . . .

- before settling on Miss Costello with a man whose  
seems lost in  
a world of his own, his head nodding slightly to music  
from an  
unseen radio.

M I S S C O S T E L L O

Can you speak to me, Ronaldo?  
Ronaldo, it's Miss Costello. Can  
you understand me?

Apparently not. A figure blurs past. And a moment  
later,  
another, the nurse with the pressure gauge, still trailing  
after Miriam. The camera follows them -

NUR SE

Miriam ... Miriam . . .

- before settling on a man, Desmond, doing a soft-shoe.  
Leonard, and a few others, watch. Frank blurs by again,  
passes  
a woman, Francis, sort of lost, seated with a nurse :

F R A N C I S

... I was aware of things, but  
nothing meant anything, there was  
no connection to me.

(vague recollection:)

There was a war . . .

(pause)

... or two . . .

Miss Costello notices Frank, standing nearby, looking  
puzzled.

M I S S C O S T E L L O  
F r a n k ? A r e y o u a l l r i g h t ?

FRANK <  
M y w i f e a n d s o n . A r e t h e y w e l l ?

xu/ os > vaU.bL>fNKUD

Pg.6

123.CONT.

123.

Hiss Costello finds herself at a loss for a moment . . .

MISS COSTELLO

We'll find them for you. We'll  
track them down.

Lucy again, Sayer still at her side.

LUCY

. . . I called to my sister, but she  
couldn't hear me. No one could  
hear me. I was alone . . .

(pause)

And then I woke up.

She smiles. Sayer tries to. He hesitates . . . but finally  
can't help asking her -

SAYER

Lucy, what year is it?

LUCY

What year is it? You don't know?

He shakes his head 'no.' She glances around the place, then  
leans close to him and whispers -

LUCY

·26.

MIRIAM O.S.

Doctor! Doctor!

\*

Sayer turns to the urgent voice, concerned, and sees Miriam  
flanked by a large group of staff from other parts of the  
hospital gathered at the threshold of the room.

MIRIAM

I walked all the way over there.

And back. What a perfect day.

The group at the doorway applauds, and it CARRIES OVER:

123A. OMITTED

123A.

123B. INT- CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - DAY

123B. \*

The corridor, and the sound of a woman's voice, very faint, .\*

from somewhere unseen: \*

PAULA O.S.

" . . . Like crowds storming the

\*

Bastille ...

\*

124.-128. OMITTED

124.-12

129. INT.'POST-ENCEPHALITIC DAYROOM - CONTINUED - MORNING  
Sidney bursts into the room out of breath and scans the faces of the awakened post-encephalitics and staff. He spots Sayer, seated with a woman, her back to him and the door. She slowly turns to look over her shoulder and, seeing Sidney, smiles.

129.

LOLLY

Hi, Sidney.

There's a kind of hush. Conversations, activities cease. Everyone is looking at Sidney. Not knowing what else to say, he manages a hesitant --

SIDNEY

Hi. i

He smiles and crosses toward her, but by the time he reaches her the smile has disappeared. Something troubling has occurred to him. He glances to Sayer and whispers --

SIDNEY

Is it real . . . or . . .

SAYER :

As real as real can be.

CONTINUED:

f123B.CONT.

123B

Leonard, moving along the corridor with Saver's camera and tripod (or looking for something to read at the magazine table) slows and listens:

PAULA O.S.

. . . the Mighty Mets stormed

11

their locker room shortly after  
nine o'clock on their night to  
remember -

He moves toward the voice, traces it to a crafts area, where a young woman is reading from the sports page to an older man tied to his wheelchair.

Though it's doubtful the man is even aware of her presence, she reads to him as if her were, and in the process, draws Leonard into the sound of her words until there are no sounds but her words:

PAULA

"Released from bondage and  
ridicule after seven destitute  
seasons, they raised the roof of  
Shea Stadium - while their fans  
attempted to dismantle it - in one  
of the loudest, wildest victory  
celebrations in baseball :

history - "  
The reverie is suddenly shattered, the real sounds of the hospital rising back up, as Sidney, wild with excitement, bangs through the far doors of the corridor. He sprints past the crafts area, past Leonard, runs the entire length of the corridor, and -

124-12

124-128. OMITTED

129. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - CONTINUED - DAY

1

Sidney bursts into the room out of breath and scans the faces of the awakened post-encephalitics and staff. He spots Sayer, seated with a woman, her back to him and the door. She slowly turns to look over her shoulder and, seeing Sidney, smiles.

LOLLY

Hi, Sidney.

There's a kind of hush. Conversations, activities cease. Everyone is looking at Sidney. Not knowing what else to say, he manages a hesitant --

SIDNEY

Hi.

. x x / x u / o ; I V

a U i i U & e mU U J r\* g »

129.CONT.

129

He smiles and crosses toward her, but by the time he reaches her the smile has disappeared. Something troubling has occurred to him. He looks to Sayer and whispers --

SIDNEY

Is it real ... or . . .

SAYER

As real as real can be.

Sidney lowers himself to his knees before Lolly and, weeping

\*

quietly, rests his head on her lap. She strokes his head.

FADE TO BLACK

130. INT. CORRIDOR - ANOTHER DAY

13

Sidney and Lolly emerge from the dayroom, followed by the other post-encephalitics. They're all wearing suits and dresses and walk with purpose past wheelchair-bound patients with "uninteresting" diseases.

As they wait for the elevator, Leonard wanders slightly down the corridor to see if the girl is there again reading in the crafts area. The chair she was in is empty.

130A. INT. ELEVATOR & CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

130

The elevator door slides open revealing them. Paula, inside, hesitates: the sight is almost surreal. >As they crowd in, she wedges out, and down the hall, Leonard watching after her.

ANTHONY

Len - come on.

Leonard steps into the elevator, the last one in.

131. EXT. BAINBRIDGE -SAME DAY

13

They're going on a field trip. As they're escorted onto an idling hospital bus, Leonard, outside it, tries to reason with his mother:

MRS. LOWE

Sidney's going.

LEONARD

He's a patient, Mom.

A3

MRS. LOWE

MRS. LOWE

C -j

He's not the same kind of patient.

XX / XU /O y

/ V aU J jU K NK U D P

131.CONT.

13

LEONARD

He's still a patient. You're not  
a patient.

MRS. LOWE

I'm your mother.

driver

Inside the bus, Miriam, anxious to leave, leans over the

to honk the horn. Leonard kisses his mother on the cheek and turns away.

MRS. LOWE

Wait a minute.

(he turns back)

What on earth have you done to  
your hair?

He's parted it, apparently, on the "wrong" side. She pulls a comb from her purse, recombs it "correctly," straightens his jacket lapels and steps back.

MRS. LOWE

There.

LEONARD

There's your bus.

The public bus, behind her, coming down the street. As she hurries to the corner, Sayer climbs down off the hospital bus.

SAYER

Ready?

\*

LEONARD

I've decided not to go.

He waves to his mother. Sayer stares at him.

LEONARD

I'm staying here.

SAYER

Why? What's wrong?

LEONARD

Nothing. Wave.

He waves again to his mother; she's boarding the public bus. Sayer does as he's told, waves too. Impatient, Miriam honks the horn again.

MIRIAM

'(\_J) Let's go, already.

131.CONT.

131

As the public bus pulls away, Leonard pats Sayer on the shoulder.

LEONARD

I'll see you later, have a good time.

He climbs the hospital steps and disappears inside, Sayer staring after him. Miriam honks the horn again, and he climbs aboard. The doors hiss shut and driver turns to him.

BUS DRIVER

Where to?

Sayer suddenly realizes he has no idea "where to." He glances over his shoulder at the expectant faces of the patients, all dressed up with nowhere to go. It's up to him . . . His face brightens; he's thought of a good place.

132

132. INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - NEW YORK - DAY

Moving slowly toward a herd of still and silent elephants in a cavernous, darkened room.

As a nun counts the heads of parochial school children filing past the huge beasts, Miss Costello counts the heads of the post-encephalitics.

Both come up short and glance frantically around.

NUN

v

(calling)

William?

MISS COSTELLO

(calling)

Dr. Sayer?

132A. INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - DAY

132A.

A lifeless polar bear in a diorama "stares" out at Sayer who's peering in, intrigued. Miss Costello appears at his side.

MISS COSTELLO  
It's very hard to keep everyone  
together, doctor.

SAYER  
Has someone wandered off?

MISS COSTELLO  
You.

(REV.11/10/89) GOLDENROD

Pg.

132A.CONT.

1  
.,->, She leads him away by the arm.  
CO

133. INT. SIDNEY'S DAYROOM - SAME DAY

13  
A dayroom thick with inactivity. And the voice:

PAULA O.S.

"From the sleek skyscrapers  
of Wall Street where a tickertape  
blizzard filled the sky . . .

From the doorway, from a distance, Leonard watches Paula  
across  
the room with her father, reading to him again from the  
newspaper:

PAULA

" . . . to the undistinguished  
bars of a hundred neighborhoods,  
New York yesterday went pleasantly  
mad over the World Champion  
Mets . . .

133A. INT. PATIENTS' CAFETERIA - LATER - DAY

133  
Paula moving along the serving line with a tray. Leonard, next  
in line, moving along with his tray, a little too close. He  
steals a glance.

PAULA

You following me? \*

Startled and embarrassed, Leonard withdraws.

PAULA

I'm kidding. I'm sorry. I saw  
you upstairs . . . just now.

Leonard nods without looking at her.

PAULA

Visiting someone?

LEONARD

No.

PAULA

You work here.

LEONARD

I live here.

(REV.11/10/89) GOLDENROD

Pg.75  
133A.CONT.  
133

PAULA

(pause)

You're a patient?

He admits it with a nod, lags back again, and eventually dares another glance at her. \*

PAULA

You don't look like a patient.

LEONARD

(pause)

I don't?

She smiles and shakes her head 'no.1

134.

134. INT. PATIENTS' CAFETERIA- LATER - DAY

Leonard and Paula at a table. At other tables are patients who do look like patients.

PAULA

I don't know if he knows I visit him or not. I don't know that he knows who I am. My mother doesn't think so. She doesn't; come around any more--

LEONARD

(pause)

But you do.

PAULA

Sometimes I think I see something.

\*

I think I see a change. And for a

\*

second, I see him like he was . . .

\*

She smiles at the memory of her father like he was . . . but then it's gone and her smile fades. \*

PAULA

Does that make any sense?

A slow nod from him . . .

\*

LEONARD

s

Yes.

\*

His tone is that of someone speaking of a fact, rather than \*

offering an opinion. She studies him . . . and eventually:

\*

PAULA

Why are you here?

(REV.11/10/89) GOLDENROD

Pg

134.CONT.

He doesn't know how to begin to explain it to her.

LEONARD

(pause)

I receive medication.

She waits for more, but it doesn't come. Only a smile.

LEONARD

I'm okay now.

\*

135. OMITTED

1

136. INT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - ANOTHER ROOM - DAY

13

The post-encephalitics filing past still figures in African ceremonial costumes and masks.

s

NUN O.S.

''''

(calling)

William?

MISS COSTELLO O.S.

(calling)

Dr. Sayer?

136

136A. INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - DAY

A working display of a tide pool. Anthony's reflection joins Sayer's in the glass.

SAYER

I've always loved tide pools,  
haven't you?

Anthony doesn't answer. He seems troubled.

SAYER

What is it?

ANTHONY

You chose this place?

(Sayer nods)

Why?

SAYER

(pause)

I come here all the time.

ANTHONY

Why?

Pg.

136A.CONT.

Sayer glances away, sees Miss Costello coming. She looks

a

little irritated. As she arrives -

ti^

SAYER

Miss Costello, I think Anthony  
thinks they're bored.

He says it like, Have you ever heard anything so ridiculous?

MISS COSTELLO

They are.

Sayer, taken aback, glances back to Anthony, whose look says,  
There you go.

SAYER

I ' d thought about the opera house.  
Do you think they'd prefer that?

ANTHONY

The opera house?

SAYER

The Botanical Gardens?

Anthony looks to Miss Costello and rolls his eyes.

SAYER

y5?.

Well, where else is there?

137. INT. ROSELAND - LATE AFTERNOON

Roseland's Big Band belting out "That Old Black Magic."  
On the dancefloor, the post-encephalitics dance with one  
another amidst "normal" middle-aged and older couples, all  
having a great time.

At the bar, Sayer tries to get the attention of a young  
bartender busy mixing drinks. Watching, it slowly dawns on  
Rose that something is "wrong" here. More to herself -

ROSE

It's legal again?

MISS COSTELLO

(pause)

For some time now.

Rose is delighted; she can hardly believe it. She gets

the

bartender's attention.

-( )

ROSE

A Rob Roy on the rocks.

P

137.CONT.

back to

The young bartender has to think a moment. Rose turns

Rose, Miss

watch the action on the dance floor. Gesturing to

Costello whispers to the bartender -

MISS COSTELLO  
A Shirley Temple.

138. INT. LOBBY, BAINBRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON  
Leonard and Paula crossing toward the front doors.

She's just

chatting but he's taking it seriously.

PAULA

Things happen, people are late.

LEONARD

They won't be angry.

PAULA

Oh, they'll be angry. What're  
they going to do, fire me?

shrug that

He doesn't realize she's not asking him. He has to  
he doesn't know.

PAULA

(U\*T

I'll just take the graveyard.

means,

Her look to him says, Right? He has no idea what she  
but finally nods in agreement.

LEONARD

Okay.

to him.

They're almost to the doors. She offers her hand

PAULA

(pause)

Bye.

He shakes the hand gently, lets it go.

LEONARD

Bye.

PAULA

Thanks for talking to me.

She steps away toward the door.

LEONARD

He knows.

(REV.11/10/89) GOLDENROD Pg.7

138.CONT.

138

She glances back at him. She's not sure what he means.

LEONARD

Your father. He knows you visit  
him.

her.

Whether he's saying it just to be nice doesn't matter to

It's what she wants to believe. She smiles gratefully.

\*

PAULA

I'll see you.

She leaves.

138A.

138A. OMITTED

139. INT. ROSELAND - LATER - EVENING

139.

The band in the middle of "You Hade Me Love You."  
At the bar -

ROSE

Is he betrothed, do you know?

Miss Costello doesn't know who she could possibly mean. She follows her sightline to the opposite wall, to a chair, to Sayer sitting alone.

MISS COSTELLO

Not that I know of. I kind of doubt it.

Rose gets up and crosses toward Sayer. Seeing her coming,

he

smiles ... but the smile slowly begins to fade as she sings

to

him:

ROSE

You made me love you

I didn't want to do it

I didn't want to do it . . .

Singing as she does it, she pulls him out of his chair. Embarrassed, he resists, but she finally gets on the dance floor. Never more mortified in his life (it seems as if everyone is watching) he "dances . . ." And the band finishes the song.

' (")

(REV.11/10/89) GOLDENROD . Pg.76  
(continuity only)

. 14

140. OMITTED

141. INT.- CORRIDOR & LEONARD'S WARD

14

Returning from their night out, happy and satisfied, the post-encephalitics come down a quiet corridor, trailed by their chaperons.

Passing the examination room, Sayer hears faint typing, and slows.

142. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

14

Sayer steps into the room to find a figure hunched over his typewriter in a pool of lamplight. Glancing over to the door,

the figure is revealed to be Leonard.

CONTINUED:

142

LEONARD

"

Everybody have a good time?

Leonard doesn't wait for the answer, returns to his typing. Sayer comes closer.

SAYER

What are you doing?

He peers over Leonard's shoulder to read what he's typing, and a slow smile crosses his face.

SAYER V.O.

"One - typewriters and writing supplies in all dayrooms at all times . . .

143

143. INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

Drifting slowly across the faces of Kaufman, the director and the other board members as Sayer reads to them from a typewritten sheet of paper --

SAYER

" . . . Two - music and dance classes for those patients who desire them. Three - technical courses for those who wish to learn a trade. Four - patients' grievance committees. Five - the same food in the patients' cafeteria as in the staff's. Six . . . " and I happen to think this is an excellent idea, "the establishment of a permanent hospital library. And "Seven - televisions that work."

Sayer sets the paper down on the table --

SAYER

"Respectfully, Leonard Lowe."

-- and listens to the silence. It's a long one.

144. INT. BASEMENT - BAINBRIDGE - DAY

144.

Rumbling furnaces. The boiler room. Exposed conduit and pipes and ducts on the ceiling like tangled roots of an enormous metal tree.

(REV.11/22/89)CHERRY

Pg

144.CONT.

I

Leonard A subterranean corridor. Deserted except for Sayer and

145. INT. BASEMENT OPERATING THEATRE - DAY

1

A dusty anatomical skeleton shrouded in darkness is suddenly illuminated as Sayer yanks down a sheet covering a high window.

Yanking down another, a second shaft of light falls on old discarded surgical tables and equipment. Brain surgeries were once routinely performed here back in a time when they held out hope for docile patients and dociled the rest. Used only for storage now, its floor and tiers of observation benches! are covered with boxes and files and broken

furniture. Leonard stares in at the eerie room and listens to the distant muted drone of the furnaces. He feels as though he's been here before. Maybe he has, long ago. Quietly ~

LEONARD

What is this place?

SAYER

It's your library.

Sayer pulls down another sheet and more light spills in.

SAYER

It'll take some fixing up >> obviously. A thorough cleaning to begin with. Some desks. Books of course.

Leonard's glance slowly moves across the dim room, settling finally on Sayer, who's smiling.

SAYER

They agreed to find the money for it. And to my suggestion that you oversee it and select the books.

LEONARD

Me?

146. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

14

Fingers on the keys of a piano, Sayer's baby grand, moved here from his house. Rolando, oblivious to the world, at it playing a simple yet emotional melody.)

(REV.11/22/89)CHERRY Pg.7  
"(continuity only)

\* \*

146.CONT.

RAY  
He's still hasn't talked?  
MISS COSTELLO  
We think he got sick before he  
learned how to talk.

CONTINUED: '

(REV.11/14/89) Salmon Pg.79

146.CONT.

146.

Listening to the music a moment more, she corrects herself:

\*

MISS COSTELLO  
To talk with words.  
Close on two nurses, across the room.

NURSE 1  
She's the daughter of the nephew  
of a Dutch archduke. She's  
royalty.

She's referring to Magda, who glances over as if sensing  
they're talking about her. They drop their voices:

BETH  
He's dead, this duke?

NURSE 1  
He's been dead a hundred years.

BETH  
Then forget it, I'm not curtsying.  
Lucy, wearing "stylish" new glasses, smiles as Sayer listens to  
her heartbeat through a stethoscope. Satisfied with it, he  
makes a notation in her chart.

SAYER  
Can I have your hand?

LUCY  
Yes, you can have my hand.  
(she holds it out  
to him)

Take me away from this place.  
He smiles uneasily.

SAYER  
I'm your doctor, Lucy.

LUCY  
You're my Prince Charming.  
Close on hands rapidly dealing 3-Card Monte. The cards  
eventually settle, and the hand of someone else hesitates over  
them before gingerly tapping one. As it's turned over:

ORDERLY  
There it is.  
The orderly snaps his finger in triumph. The 3-Card Monte  
dealer, a dextrous encephalitic, shrugs.

(REV.11/14/89) Salmon Pg.80

146.CONT.

146.

LUIS

\*

Another tough break for me.

\*

The orderly reaches to rake another dollar into his pile.

\*

There's a nice watch on the wrist. Luis smiles to himself.

\*

MARGARET O.S.

\*

I don't know how to say this,

\*

Miriam, so I ' m just going to say

\*

it.

Miriam waits, but Margaret doesn't immediately say it.

\*

MARGARET

Your husband?

\*

(Miriam nods)

\*

He was granted a divorce from

\*

you in 1953.

\*

Margaret almost grimaces, anticipating hysteria. Instead, a

\*

slow smile crosses Miriam's face.

\*

MIRIAM

\*

Thank God.

\*

Pliers, tin snips and a pile of found objects on a table.

\*

Josef is there, fashioning strange and beautiful toys from the

\*

junk.

\*

NURSE 2

\*

Francis?

\*

t

Francis turns to find the nurse standing with a 20 year old

\*

girl who's holding a toddler by the hand.

\*

NURSE 2

\*

Your daughter.

\*

Francis smiles at the toddler, mistaking her for the daughter.

\*

DAUGHTER

\*

Hi, mom.

\*

Francis' glance comes up to meet the 20 year old's, shifts down

\*

to the toddler again, comes back up.

\*

FRANCIS

\*

Of course . . .

\*

From across the room, Frank watches Francis hug her "actual

\*

daughter," glances to Rose who has been reunited with a few old

\*

girlfriends, to Desmond with his son and daughter-in-law and

\*

their teenage kids, and to Sidney and Lolly in a corner.

\*

(REV.11/14/89) Salmon

Pg.80A

146.CONT.

146.

o

ANTHONY

How's it going, Frank?

Frank glances blankly at Anthony and another orderly, who are hanging out nearby with Bert, passing around a Road & Track magazine.

FRANK

How's it "going?"

ANTHONY

How do you feel?

FRANK

How do I feel?

(pause)

My parents are dead. My wife is I  
in an institution. My son has  
disappeared . . . "Out West"  
somewhere.

(pause)

I feel old and I feel swindled,  
that's how I feel.

Anthony glances at the others with a why-did-I-ask kind of  
look. Frank wanders away.

BERT

He is old.

So is Bert, though he doesn't feel it. As far as he's  
concerned, he's still twenty years old. He glances back at the  
magazine.

ANTHONY

Pontiac Firebird, 350 engine, now  
there's a car, Bert.

BERT

Firebird . . .

He likes the sound of it. Tight on the picture in the  
magazine.

Rough sketches and balsa wood models of the operating theatre-

\*

proposed library on a table. Leonard working on them.

PAULA

Hi, Leonard.

Leonard glances up from his work. His mother glances up from  
her magazine. One of them is delighted to see the girl.

(REV.11/22/89)CHERRY

Pg.81

146A. INT. OPERATING THEATRE / LIBRARY - LATER - DAY  
6A.

14

The anatomical skeleton being dragged across the floor like the  
lifeless thing that it is.

MOVER 1

Excuse me, ma'am.

Paula steps aside as the guy goes past her and Leonard with the  
rattling bones.

LEONARD

. . . bookcases there . . . there . . .  
take some of these benches out . . .  
maybe have a ramp over here . . .

He's not exactly sure where everything is going to go, but he's  
proud of it. Gesturing to the operating lamp hovering from  
above like a giant spider

LEONARD

I'm going to get rid of this  
thing.

The thing is so unbelievably macabre they have to grimace.  
Another mover comes past dollying out old: operating equipment.

MOVER 2

Excuse me, ma'am\*

147.

147. OMITTED

148. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

148.

Mrs. Lowe, slowly pacing.

\* MRS. LOWE

He never talked about girls  
before. He certainly never had  
anything to do with them.

She casts around trying to come to terms with it.

MRS. LOWE

It's a bit ridiculous all this  
girl business, don't you think? A  
grown man like him?

She looks to Sayer for confirmation.

Sayer manages a nod.

MRS. LOWE

You know what he said? I should  
take a vacation. I should go away  
for a few days and "relax."

(REV.11/22/89)CHERRY  
(continuity only)

Pg.82

148

148.CONT.

SAYER

Maybe you should.

(she shoots him a  
look)

I'm sure he meant you deserve a  
vacation. Which you do.

MRS. LOWE ^

I can't leave him alone in this  
place. He'd die without me.

Sayer "agrees" with a sympathetic nod, but suspects it is she  
who would die if she left. She resumes pacing, and mutters to  
herself the bitter-tasting word:

MRS. LOWE

Girls . . .

149. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

149.

Sayer in bed, asleep with a book on his chest and his  
indestructible reading glasses on his face. The phone rings.  
He groans and gropes for it, puts the receiver to his ear.

SAYER

:

Hello?

LEONARD'S VOICE

I think we should organize a  
speaking tour.

Sayer, more asleep than awake, can't be sure that what he's  
hearing, who he's hearing, is real.

SAYER

Leonard?

150. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

i  
150.

Leonard, wide awake, alone in the room. He's seated at Sayer's desk with Sayer's office phone to his ear.

LEONARD

I think it's important. I think it's important some things were said.

SAYER'S VOICE

What kind of things?

CONTINUED:

LEONARD

Things that matter. Things that have happened to me. Things I've come to understand. Things.

151. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - CONTINUED - NIGHT

Sayer is gradually coming to. He glances at his clock. It's like three o'clock in the morning.

SAYER

Where are you calling from?

LEONARD'S VOICE

Your office.

SAYER

i

It's very late, Leonard.

LEONARD'S VOICE

Is it?

Sayer nods to himself that it is. That fact and that Leonard has apparently felt compelled to call him to discuss "things" concerns him.

SAYER

Stay there. I'm coming over.

LEONARD'S VOICE

Good.

\*

Dial tone. Sayer listens to it a moment before slowly setting the receiver back on its cradle.

152. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Dressed haphazardly, hair messed up, eyes still a little unfocused, Sayer resembles more a patient than doctor. Clean and alert, Leonard appears rather more "doctor-like."

;

N

LEONARD

Read a newspaper, people have forgotten what life is all about.

They've forgotten what it is to be  
alive. They need to be reminded.  
They need to be reminded what they  
have, what they can lose, what I  
feel, this, the, the, the . . .

<( ")

His mind seems to be racing ahead of his mouth's ability to

LEONARD

. . . the joy, the freedom, the  
spaciousness of life, the gift of  
life. This is what they've  
forgotten. This is what they need  
to remember. This is what we'll  
tell them.

Leonard waits for a reaction to his idea, his "Gospel According  
to L-Dopa" lecture tour. Sayer can manage only an uncertain  
nod.

153. INT . THE PHAR MACY - DA Y >

153.

Amidst the thousands of bottles and jars of medicines, Sayer  
wonders out loud to Ray --

SAYER

I don't know if it's liberation or  
mania or love.

RAY

With me?- I never know. .

SAYER

What he says is absolutely true.  
We don't really live.

. (pause)

Does that mean there's something  
wrong with him or us?

The balance of the pharmaceutical scale wavers like the sword  
of Damocles.

SAYER & RAY

Us.

154.

154. OMITTED

155. OMITTED

155.

156. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - NIGHT

156

A night janitor with a cleaning cart peers into the darkened  
room at Leonard standing at a window looking out.

JANITOR .

Mr. Lowe?

(Leonard glances  
over)

Are you all right?

LEONARD

Yeah.

Pg.85

156.CONT.

156.

The janitor wheels his cart back down the corridor. Leonard  
stares back out the window, at what lies beyond the grounds of

\*

the hospital . . . the glittering lights of the Manhattan \*  
skyline.

157-

158.

157-158. OMITTED

159. INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

159.

Drifting slowly across the faces of the board members again,  
and across Sayer -

LEONARD O.S.

I ' m thankful to everyone in this

\*

room . . . I was dead, and you

\*

brought me back ...

\*

- and reaching Leonard, standing at the head of the table.

\*

LEONARD

I ' m thankful, but what I need now  
isn't here.

Silence. And, eventually, since no one else asks it:

KAUFMAN

Where is it? :

LEONARD .

There.

Kaufman and Sayer and the others follow Leonard's gesture to \*  
the windows.

KAUFMAN

\*

Mr. Lowe, I ' m sorry, I ' m afraid I  
don't understand. What is it

\*

you want now?

\*

LEONARD

The simplest thing.

KAUFMAN

(somehow doubting it  
will be simple)

And what is that?

LEONARD

I want to know that I'm free  
to go for a walk, if I feel like  
it. Like any normal person.

The board members glance among themselves. They seem  
relieved.

{V That is a simple request.

REV. 12/12/89 (PINK)

Pg.8

159.CONT.  
159.

KAUFMAN

KAUFMAN

What difference does that make?

LEONARD

(pause)

I think you know.

KAUFMAN

I don't know. Tell me.

LEONARD

(right back)

It makes all the difference.

He brushes at his brow again. Sayer studies him, or rather the  
tic itself as it repeats.

LEONARD

-

\*

You didn't wake a thing, you woke

\*

a person. I ' m a person. »

\*

PSYCHIATRIST

Mr. Lowe? I wonder . . . are you  
at all aware of the unconscious  
hostility you're exhibiting  
towards us right now?

\*

Kaufman glances over to the psychiatrist, weary. The look on \*  
Leonard's face is complete innocence; and his tone completely \*  
without innuendo -

LEONARD

How could I be aware of something  
that's unconscious? \*

Sayer smiles to himself. So does Kaufman. The psychiatrist \*  
doesn't. \*\*

KAUFMAN

I 'm curious . . . I can tell this is  
important to you but I ' m not sure  
why. What would you do if you  
went out?

159.CONT.  
159.

LEONARD

I don't know, what would you do  
if you were me?

KAUFMAN

(his patience  
straining)

I ' m hot you. Enlighten me.

LEONARD

I ' d walk around. I ' d talk to  
people, I ' d look at things. I ' d  
decide whether I wanted to go this  
way, or that way, or keep going  
straight. I ' d do the things you  
do everyday and take for granted.

Long silence. Then:

KAUFMAN

I'll tell you what, we'll take it  
under consideration. We'll let  
you know.

160.

^ 160. INT. PATIENTS' CAFETERIA - DAY

Leonard at a table. Waiting. Sayer appears. Sits.

LEONARD

Yeah, I was aware of it.  
(the tic)

I was nervous. It's nothing.  
What'd they say?

SAYER

They said it's a dangerous place  
out there. They said they can't  
be held responsible for what might  
happen to you out there. They  
said no.

Leonard nods, sips his coffee, seems to take the decision in  
stride.

LEONARD

And what did you say?

SAYER

They don't have to listen to me.

LEONARD

Did you agree with them?

SAYER

(pause)

Yes.

Leonard nods again, philosophically it seems.

SAYER

I ' m not sure we're out of the  
woods yet, Leonard. I'm not sure  
this is nothing.

(the tic)

I have to be sure you're well.

There'll be time enough -

Leonard gets up out of his chair --

LEONARD

Bye.

-- and turns to leave.

SAYER

Leonard ...

Leonard ignores him and walks out -- :

161

161. INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Leonard striding down a corridor. Sayer hurrying\* after him.

SAYER

Where are you going?

LEONARD

For a walk.

SAYER

Leonard . . .

Leonard ignores him.

SAYER

Leonard . . .

Leonard disappears around a corner. Sayer veers off to a  
hospital phone and picks it up. Into it -

SAYER

This is Dr. Sayer . . .

(REV. 11/22/89) CHERRY

Pg.8.8

162. INT. CORRIDORS / LOBBY - DAY

162.

Faces of patients in wheelchairs blur as Leonard runs past  
them. In another corridor faces blur as orderlies rush past  
them. In another corridor faces blur as Sayer runs.

Leonard reaches the lobby just ahead of the orderlies. They  
try to be gentle with him but when he fights to free himself it  
it gets out of control. Sayer appears.

SAYER

Let go of him.

The orderlies don't know what to do. They're just trying to  
restrain Leonard but he's making it almost impossible.

SAYER

Leonard, stop fighting.

He keeps fighting. He can see the outside through the glass

doors, so close, so far.

SAYER

Let go of him.

They pull him back, away from the doors, into the corridor

-w

behind them.

163. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

163.

\*

Tight on Sayer, staring at the floor, despondent.

MRS. LOWE O.S.

I don't understand it, he was  
never any trouble before.

Kaufman, too, is there, and Miss Costello. Kaufman watches

\*

Sayer.

MRS. LOWE

He was quiet: and polite and  
respectful. He never demanded  
anything. He was never  
disobedient.

SAYER

He was catatonic, Mrs. Lowe.

He seems to say it more for Kaufman's benefit; regardless, she  
doesn't care for his tone.

MRS. LOWE

I'm speaking of when he was a boy.

(REV.11/22/89) CHERRY

163.CONT.

SAYER

163

fT~\

Of course.

MRS. LOWE

(to Kaufman)

He was always nice-minded when he  
was a boy. ^

Kaufman nods, studies Sayer.

MRS. LOWE

I don't know who that is up there.  
I don't think he knows.

(to Sayer)

You've turned Leonard into  
something he is not.

,. 164

164. INT. WARD 5 STAIRWELL & CORRIDOR - DAY

Coming up a flight of stairs, 1930's music can be heard.

''

Reaching a caged landing the orderly escorting Sayer unlocks\* door, leads him along a short corridor to another door and unlocks that one.

\* 165. INT. WARD 5 DAYROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY  
165

An old black and white musical blaring from a television bolted to the ceiling. Young male patients, subdued with Thorazine, vacantly staring at it. >

Sayer comes in, finds Leonard in one of the chairs, and kneels to gain some confidentiality. Leonard cranes slightly to see around him, to see the television.

SAYER

This is a mistake. It's wrong and it's cruel and it should never have happened like this - but you have to understand - nothing quite like this has happened before, no one knows what to do . . . Leonard, please don't ignore me.

Leonard condescends a look to him. A moment and Sayer smiles at a thought:

SAYER

I wish you could just walk out like that. I wish it were that simple.

(REV.11/22/89)CHERRY

Pg»9

165.CONT. LEONARD /  
165.  
is.

Sayer's smile fades. Leonard glances back to the set. Tight on the screen: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rodgers dancing.

166.

166. EXT. BAINBRIDGE HOSPITAL - NIGHT \*

Light glows in only a few of the windows.

In one, on the third floor, the examination room, a figure in .\*

silhouette (Sayer), stares out.

In another, on the fifth floor, a second figure in silhouette (Leonard), behind bars, slowly paces.

166A. INT. WARD 5 DAYROOM - DAY

166A.

The blaring TV again. Suddenly the picture goes dark.

Leonard, who turned it off, climbs down off a chair and faces the "somnambulant" men who were "watching."

Moving along their chairs he considers each much as Sayer

considered the post-encephalitic "garden of stone." Reaching one stretched out across three chairs, asleep, Leonard

gently nudges him.

LEONARD

Wake up.

167-163. OMITTED  
169

167-

169A-. INT. ELEVATOR & CORRIDOR

169A.

The elevator door slides open revealing an orderly with several \* trays of untouched food on a cart. Kaufman steps in and the door slides shut. Descending:

ORDERLY

I guess they're not hungry.

Kaufman nods distractedly, not really listening. The orderly begins whistling a tune to himself. Kaufman glances over long-sufferingly, quieting him. The door slides open, and the young man wheels the cart past Kaufman. Finally: ~

KAUFMAN

Who?

ORDERLY

Ward 5.

The door slides shut.

(REV.11/22/89)CHERRY

, Pg

(7~) 170. OMITTED  
170

171. INT. WARD 5 DAYROOM - DAY  
171

Leonard paces before the entire Ward 5 population, gathered like the blind and the sick under a revivalist's tent.

LEONARD

It isn't us that's defective,  
it's them. We're not in crisis,  
they are. We've been through the  
worst that can happen to a person  
and survived it. They haven't.  
They fear it. And they hide from  
their fear by hiding us, because  
they know, they know . . .

The men wait for the rest, but Leonard loses his train of thought. Frustrated, his tactics resurface and elaborate. He

seems unaware of them. To one of the men:

LEONARD

How long have you been here? \*

(the man shrugs)

You don't know? A month, a year?

sj^  
(^7

(he doesn't know)

Why are you here?

He doesn't know that, either. To another patient:

LEONARD

How do you feel being locked up?

WARD 5 PATIENT

I don't like it.

LEONARD

You don't like it? Aren't you an animal?

WARD 5 PATIENT

I'm no animal.

LEONARD

Then why are you in a cage?

The man's getting agitated . . . they all are. Leonard stops pacing, faces them, and almost whispers:

LEONARD

Anger . . .

REV.12/13/89 (YELLOW)

Pg.9

171.CONT.

171.

Silence . . . and suddenly, loudly, exploding:

LEONARD

That's what you feel . . . anger!

The men erupt in a burst of noisy approval; they come alive. Tight on Kaufman on the other side of the "cage," watching. And, over the din -

SAYER V.O.

He's lived for thirty years in abjection and defeat . . .

172.

172. INT.' KAUFMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sayer and Kaufman alone in the room, arguing -

SAYER

- He's lived for thirty years without the ability to release his anger -

KAUFMAN

- So have the others -

SAYER

I happen to think his behavior's more natural than theirs -

KAUFMAN

Really - and his tics and paranoia? They're more natural - ;

SAYER

He's in that place.

KAUFMAN

Oh, is that it -

SAYER

We wake him up, then lock him up,  
that's not "paranoia," that's a  
fact.

»

KAUFMAN

I've got 20 psychotics up there,  
"doctor," refusing to eat. They  
have no idea why they're refusing  
to eat. How long should I let  
that go (on) -

SAYER

He knows why, he wants out.

REV.12/13/89 (YELLOW)

Pg.9

CD 172.CONT.  
172.

KAUFMAN

Hell, so do I.

Kaufman suddenly looks weary, as if all his years in this place  
have finally, at this moment, caught up with him. Eventually,  
calmly, evenly -

KAUFMAN

Mr. Lowe is not the Messiah of  
Ward 5, he's a man in trouble. He  
wasn't "resurrected," he was  
administered a drug - by you -  
that's fallen somewhat short of  
its "miraculous" reputation -

SAYER

The others are fine, they show no  
signs of -

KAUFMAN

He's been OQ it longer!

Sayer has no rejoinder. A silence before:

KAUFMAN

I sympathize with him. I've  
tried to accommodate him. But

I will not let him endanger the  
health of other patients.

He's resolute; it feels like a threat, or ultimatum. Trying to  
remain calm, Sayer changes tactics -

SAYER

I'll talk to him, I'll explain the  
problem. He'll listen to (me) -

(Kaufman has to  
laugh)

Without the drug, he's dead.

Th e sta teme nt do esn 't hav e qui te the p owe r Saye r may h  
av  
hoped. At least not on Kaufman. His eyes seem to go dead . .  
and then the slightest, slightest shrug.

173/174. INT. WARD 5 DAYROOM - DAY

173/174

Sayer enters the dayroom and is immediately intercepted by  
three young male patients.

SAYER

Excuse me.

REV.12/13/89 (YELLOW) Pg.93

173/174CONT.

(continuity only) 173/174.

The patients stand their ground forming a kind of human barrier  
which Sayer cannot get past.

SAYER

Excuse me.

WARD 5 PATIENT

We can't allow it.

Leonard, across the room, pacing slowly, glances over.

LEONARD

He's all right.

Leonard's "bodyguards" step aside. Sayer crosses to Leonard  
and is greeted in a tone precisely that of master to servant,  
very courteous yet unmistakably condescending:

LEONARD

How are you today?

SAYER

I'm all right, how are you?

LEONARD

Never better.

A strange gesture, a tic, appears and repeats.

SAYER

And these gentlemen?

>>

"CONTINUED:

(REV'. '11/22/89) CHERRY

Pg.9

173/174.CONT. LEONARD

173/17

These gentlemen protect me. I  
wish I didn't need them.

SAYER

Someone wants to hurt you?

(no answer)

Who?

Leonard glances at Sayer with a slight knowing smile.

'.

LEONARD

That's the thing, isn't it, you never know who. Someone I least expect, I expect. Look at history.

SAYER

Every patient in this ward thinks there's a plot against him, Leonard.

LEONARD

Yeah, well they're mistaken, they're crazy.

j

..

\*

The smile that appears this time on Leonard's face is as insane as anything Sayer's ever seen. He hesitates. Then:

SAYER

Something's wrong.

LEONARD

Hey, buddy.

SAYER

\*

The drug's not working. These are

\*

side-effects and they're consuming

\*

you, and if we don't do -

\*

LEONARD

Hey, I appreciate you coming to see me, I have some things to do.

Leonard abruptly extends his hand; it's a little twisted.

\*

Sayer doesn't so much shake the hand as hold onto it.

SAYER

Look at yourself, Leonard.

r

Leonard tries to pull his hand away, but Sayer's grasp is

\*

stronger.

SAYER

Look at yourself -

(REV.11/22/89) CHERRY

Pg.95

173/174.CONT.

LEONARD

173/174.

(erupting)

Look at you.

Leonard yanks his hand free of Sayer's, and, in a torrent:

LEONARD \*

Disease took mjs out of the  
world, I fought to come back, I  
failed for 30 years but at least I  
fought, look at you.

But Sayer is looking at him, moving back and forth against the  
bars on a window, panther-like. He retaliates:

SAYER

The medicine can be taken away.

. '

That can be done. You. can wake up

"

in the morning and it won't be  
there.

The remarks seem to have no effect on Leonard. He seems not to  
have heard them. But as Sayer takes a step closer, Leonard, \*  
without warning, lunges. \*

Sayer stumbles back and his glasses fall to the floor. He . '  
scrambles to his feet, leaving them, and backs away from \*  
\*

Leonard's bodyguards who are slowly coming toward.him.  
Orderlies get the cage unlocked and hustle Sayer out. As it \*  
slams shut again, he glances back in at Leonard, and hardly \*  
recognizes him. , \*

174A. EXT. SAYER»S HOUSE - NIGHT (ALREADY SHOT)

174A.

\*

Beyond the porch windows, Sayer can be seen slowly pacing the \*  
narrow width of his living room. Opera music blares \*

and CONTINUES OVER:

.\*

0

\*

175. INT. WARD 5 - LATER - NIGHT

175.

Moving slowly past the sleeping forms of Ward 5 inhabitants.  
And reaching and settling on a bed that's empty.  
The opera music CONTINUES OVER:

176. INT. SAYER«S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

176.

The record spinning. And Sayer at his desk, just sitting, his  
"close work" glasses resting on a page of Ernst Heckle.

(REV.11/22/89)CHERRY

Pg.

176.CONT.

1  
/T~-\  
.  
The opera music CONTINUES OVER:

177. INT. WARD 5 - LATER - NIGHT

177  
blankly  
Test pattern on the television. Leonard, in a chair,  
staring. His eyes are drawn to something glimmering on the  
floor across the room. Saver's shattered glasses.  
The opera music CONTINUES OVER:

\*  
178. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT (ALREADY SHOT)

178.  
Alone in his room, perched on his bed, Sayer pathetically  
cleans his remaining pairs- of glasses.  
The opera music CONTINUES OVER:

178A. INT. WARD 5 - LATER - NIGHT

178A.  
sees  
The shards of the lenses layed out on a table.  
Leonard picks one up, and, turning it over to consider it,  
that it has already cut his finger.  
He doesn't set it down.

178B. INT. STAIRWELL - DAWN

178B.  
silence.  
A metallic dang interrupts the music and echoes into  
Footsteps. Sayer appears, and slowly climbs up through the  
caged stairwell. He reaches a landing' and unlocks a door.

179. INT. WARD 5 - MOMENTS LATER - DAWN

179.  
at  
Sayer steps into room and quietly crosses it. He peers in  
sleeping figures, and at the one empty bed.  
LEONARD O.S.  
How are the others?  
Sayer turns to the voice, to Leonard, a ticcing figure in  
shadow hunched in a corner of the dayroom.  
SAYER  
Scared.

(REV.11/22/89)CHERRY Pg.  
(continuity only)

179-.CONT. LEONARD Pg.  
(pause) 179  
They should be.

SAYER

(pause)

They want you back. I want you  
back. \*

CONTINUED:

&

.REV. 12/5/89 (BLUE)

Pg. 98

179.CONT.

179.

Leonard remains in the shadows. Eventually -

LEONARD

I want to be back.

180. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

180.

i

'\*

Sayer has called together the ward staff, the other patients,  
Kaufman and Ray.

SAYER

He's aware of his appearance.  
He's less concerned with it than  
he is with the effect it may have  
on the rest of us.

He waits for the patients to acknowledge they understand. They  
nod.

SAYER

We'll be working with his dosage.  
He's aware of this, too, and says  
he's prepared for it. He wants us.  
to be prepared for it.

ANTHONY

:

Hey, Len.

The patients glance away to the threshold of the room. Miss  
Costello and Mrs. Lowe are escorting Leonard slowly in.  
Anthony comes over, shakes his hand. ,

ANTHONY

Welcome back.

LEONARD

Thanks.

The others come over, shake his hand and pat him on the back,

\*

but all a little too gently, too concerned, like he might break. Leonard manages a smile.

LEONARD

I' m all right.

The others nod quickly in agreement. And the room falls into

\*  
silence.

LEONARD

Only it's too quiet in here.

REV.12/5/89 (BLUE)

Pg.9

180A. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - NIGHT

180A.

CO Anthony at the piano, playing, singing; the others echoing the refrains -

ANTHONY

"You build me up, Buttercup,

"

Only to let me down ... " v  
It's like a cocktail party - everybody dressed up, some singing, some milling around talking. Leonard tries to enjoy it, too, struggling to contain,, to hide from the others, the tics that are trying to "come out."

LEONARD V.O.

. . . I keep acquiring new ones like a junk collector . . .

181-182. OMITTED

181-182.

183. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

183.

Through the lens of the 8mm camera -  
The blackboard. Chalked on it: LEONARD LOWE - 750 MGS.  
In front of it, Leonard seated in a chair, his hands performing repertoires of tics. He seems wholly unbothered by them.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

. . . some are new . . . some are \*  
elaborations . . . some are counter-  
tics. They don't bother me. What  
bothers me is that I know they  
shouldn't be there . . .

One of his hands makes a movement to his ear, to his pants, to his ear again, like some bizarre genuflection.

LEONARD

This is new . . .

1 8 4 . OMITTED

184.

185. INT. BATHROOM - DAY

185.

Alone in the bathroom, Leonard struggles to get toothpaste onto a toothbrush with two tremoring "disobedient" hands. It's a monumental struggle.

185A. INT. PHARMACY - DAY

185A.

The counterweight of a pharmaceutical scale being slid by hand from 750 to 500 mgs.

RE V. 12/ 5/ 8 9 ( B LUE)

Pg . 1

186-188. OMITTED

186-188.

189. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY \*

189.

The other patients at tables, painting.

Leonard at another table, with the sketches of his library. On

\*

one showing the placement of tables and desks, he writes the letters, " F L O W " before getting "stuck."

LEONARD V.O.

(flat)

There's no sense of time. It's  
like being caught between mirrors  
. . . or echoes . . .

Tight on his face, his eyes, transfixed.

LEONARD V.O.

Something has to happen ...

A cockroach runs across the paper and Leonard's eyes "wake up" and his hand finishes the word, " F L O W E R S "

190. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY .

190.

Sayer and Leonard watching film of him eating from a bowl of soup. The hand with the spoon freezes midway to his mouth.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

It's not that it feels bad, it's,  
nothing, I feel nothing. Like I'm  
nothing. Like I ' m dead.

191. INT. PHARMACY - DAY

191.

The counterweight sliding up from 500 to 625 mgs.

192. \*

192. INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

Though the junk has been cleared and some of the railings

\*

ripped out, the place is still grim, unpainted. Wood scraps

\*

and workmen's tools lay around. There's a wheelchair ramp,

\*

half-built, not yet in place.

\*

LEONARD

I feel good when I ' m working. I  
feel good in here.

. \*

In this room. They're alone in it, he and Sayer, by a table- \*  
saw that's cluttered with the original hospital blueprints and \*  
Leonard's plans and notes.

REV; 12/5/89

(BLUE). Pg.1

CD

192.CONT.

LEONARD

U 92 .

The book list is coming along.

SAYER

I ' d love to see it.

LEONARD

It's here somewhere . . .

head

As he hunts for it amidst all the notes, his hands and

and, hard

begin shaking. The hands seize on some other papers

pages

as he tries, he can't make himself let go of them. The

crumple.

SAYER

It's all right, I'll see it some  
other -

i

He's interrupted as Leonard suddenly goes into an

severe

oculogyric crisis, his head thrusting back -

LEONARD

Get the camera get the camera get  
the camera get the camera -.

f ' « >!» ' .

INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

193.

\S~P

ig2,

room  
8mm film of Leonard, in a chair in the middle of the  
His  
out  
head still back, his eyes darting, his mouth spitting  
words -

LEONARD (FILM)

I-I-I-I-I--

SAYER O.S. (FILM)

- I can't do this - I'm turning  
the camera off -

LEONARD

No - no - no - no - watch - watch  
- watch - watch -

SAYER O.S. (FILM)

- I have to help you -

LEONARD

- learn - learn - learn - learn -  
learn - learn - learn -

REV.12/5/89 (BLUE) .

Pg.1

193A. INT. PHARMACY - DAY

193A.

L-Dopa powder, falling like snow onto the scale; and the  
counter-weight balancing precariously at 575 mgs.

194. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY (WAS SC. 186)

194.

The chalkboard: Name and dosage (575 MGS). And Leonard signing  
on it, clearly, without trouble, "Leonard Lowe."

SAYER

Good.

Leonard sits. He seems fine. Suddenly his hand jerks up and  
catches the tennis ball Sayer has thrown.

SAYER

Good.

The ball, without warning, comes back. Sayer lunges at it, but  
misses. It hits his wrist and rolls across the floor.

SAYER

Well, I wasn't ready, was I.

Leonard smiles. Sayer smiles. They're both so relieved, they  
can hardly believe it. It seems they're out of the woods, that  
they've found the "middle ground."

Tight on Leonard's pharmaceutical chart on the desk. Sayer's  
hand comes in and boldly underlines the, dosage - 575 MGS.

195. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - DAY

195.

Leonard buttons his shirt, then picks up the bow tie he always

wears when he's seeing Paula. He looks well, he feels good, the only sign of illness some fine motor skill trouble.

MRS. LOWE

Here, let me.

LEONARD

No, I can do it.

She watches him try to get the tie on by himself, and casts around, feeling, perhaps, without a purpose. Eventually, more to herself than to him:

MRS. LOWE

What you see in that girl . . .

(she trails off)

I don't get it.

REV.12/5/89 (BLUE)

Pg.10

195.CONT.

LEONARD

195.

(D

(to himself)

She's normal.

MRS. LOWE

What?

(no answer)

You're not talking to yourself\* again.

LEONARD

Yeah.

MRS. LOWE

You shouldn't do that, you know.

LEONARD

I know.

She watches him struggle with the tie a moment more. Finally,

\*

she can't bear it any longer, and reaches to do it for him.

\*

MRS. LOWE

You're taking forever, it's hard

\*

to watch. . . -.

\*

LEONARD

I can get it.

\*

MRS. LOWE

\*

No, you can't.

>

LEONARD

I can, get away from me.

.,

\*

\* He pushes her hand away and turns his back to her. She can't  
\* believe it. Silence. Then, to herself, in a murmur -

\* MRS. LOWE  
\* . . . thirty years . . . for what . . .  
\* thirty years . . . gone . . .

\* The tie comes off in Leonard's hand, which begins shaking  
\* uncontrollably. JUMP CUT TO:

196. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - LATER - DAY  
196.

The trembling has escalated into a full-blown crisis. The staff and other patients can't ignore this one. Sayer wedges past them and into the room, and crosses quickly to Leonard and his mother, both hysterical. All trying to speak at once:

\* SAYER  
What happened?

REV.12/5/89 (BLUE)

Pg.1

196. CONT. LEONARD  
196. . . I'm ungrateful . . . I'm  
ungrateful . . .

MRS. LOWE  
I said a terrible thing . . .  
LEONARD  
... she, she, she, she ...

His arm lashes out, sending the model of the library  
crashing  
\*  
to the floor.

SAYER  
(to Mrs. Lowe)  
What happened?  
LEONARD  
... she devoted her life to me . . .  
she'd have a life if it weren't

p-  
for me . . .  
MRS. LOWE  
. . . I said the most terrible  
thing . . .  
LEONARD  
. . . I'm ungrateful . . . I'm  
ungrateful . . .

>

His mother tries to comfort him, to hold him, tears  
scoming to \*  
her eyes, too.

LEONARD

I'm sorry . . . I'm so sorry . . .

MRS. LOWE

I'm sorry . . . I'm sorry . . .

Frank, kneeling to the floor, gathers the pieces of  
the broken \*  
library model.

196A. (NOW SC. 196C)

196A.

196B. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - LATER - DAY

196B.

Moving slowly across Joseph's work table where he and Frank  
are . \*  
rebuilding the library model.

LUCY'S VOICE

// There's a song at twilight

/

6

When the lights are low

J

REV.12/5/89 (BLUE)

Pg.10

196B.CONT.

196B.

Her voice CONTINUES the verse OVER: Rose, her sad strange  
china doll face.

ROSE

You'd never know it now, but I  
used to be so pretty, Dr. Sayer,  
even you would've thought so.

SAYER

I do think so.

She shakes her head 'no. She knows what she looks like.

MAGDA O.S.

What if he's just had enough  
of it?

Sayer glances to Magda, nearby with a group of other patients,  
some of them looking off toward the sunroom where Leonard,  
alone, at a window, stares out.

FRANCIS

What if it's just a matter of  
time for all of us?

SAYER

:

There's no reason to think  
any of this will happen to you.  
You're individuals. And you're  
all well.

(pause)

Aren't you?

Most nod, but it's without great conviction.

BERT

He's the strongest of us.

Close on Lucy/ across the room with Miss Costello, finishing the song:

LUCY

Comes love's old song

Comes love's old sweet song . . .

Her voice trails into silence.

MISS COSTELLO

That was lovely. '.

LUCY

I learned that song a long, long time ago.

(\y

REV .12/5 /89 (

BLUE ) Pg.1

196B.CONT.

196

o

She glances across to the sunroom, to Leonard, still at the

window, unaware, or so it seems, of her and the others.

LUCY

I know what year it is . . .  
I just can't imagine being older than twenty-two, I have no experience at it.

(pause)

I know it's not 1926 . . . I just need it to be.

196C . I NT. PH ARM ACY - N IGH T

196C

Drifting across Leonard's dosage schedules, minute milligram changes leading to vanishing point of health, across the scale, - with nothing on it, and reaching, finally, Sayer, alone in the room, surrounded by racks of medicine and no solution.

They

He glances up. Mrs. Lowe has appeared in the doorway, consider each other for a long moment before:

MRS. LOWE

When my son was born healthy,  
I never asked why. Why was I so lucky, what did I do to deserve

this perfect child, this  
perfect life? -

Silence. Her face toughens.

MRS. LOWE

But when he got sick, you can bet  
I asked why. I demanded to know  
why. Why was this happening?

Silence. Then with an almost philosophical shrug:

MRS. LOWE

There was nothing I could do  
about it. There was no one I  
could go to and say, "Stop this,  
please stop this, can't you see  
my son is in pain?"

SAYER

He's fighting, Mrs -

MRS. LOWE

He's losing.

o

REV.12/5/89 (BLUE) Pg.

196C.CONT.

196C.

Sayer almost recoils, as if from a slap. Silence. Then:

\*

MRS. LOWE

The truth is . . . I wouldn't mind  
if he lost . . .

(long pause)

I know you can't understand how I  
could say such a thing . . .

MRS.

LOWE

But we were happy before.

197. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - NIGHT

197.

Leonard, alone at a table with a book. He glances up as Sayer  
sits opposite him, then down again at the book.

LEONARD

I can't read anymore. The words  
are written too slow. I keep  
going back to the beginning, to  
the beginning, and trying . . .

He turns back to the beginning, tries  
too quickly across the lines, "ahead"  
and head begin shaking out of control  
close the book.

again, his eyes moving  
of the words. His hands  
and it' s' all he can do to

LEONARD

I've let the others down.

SAYER

· You have not.

( LEONARD

I've let you down.

SAYER

You have not.

LEONARD

I'm grotesque . . . grotesque . . .  
grotesque . . .

SAYER

Leonard, I won't sit here and  
listen to you talk about yourself  
like this --

LEONARD

Look at me.

REV.1,2/5/89 (BLUE)

Pg.107

,\  
-

19 7.

^

197.CONT.

He is a man consumed by illness. With a voice that is flat and

\f)

w\*

limbs that are bent and hands that are twisted and a grimace  
that can only hint at the great depth of the despair he is  
suffering.

LEONARD

Look at me and tell me I am not.

SAYER

You are not.

It's over and Leonard knows it. And though he won't admit it,  
so does Sayer. Leonard barely gets the words out ->-

LEONARD

This . . . isn't . . . me.

198.

198. INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Standing before a mirror above a sink, Leonard struggles to  
part his hair straight. He's wearing his best clothes, those  
he wears when he's seeing Paula, but they seem to drape  
awkwardly.

199.

199. INT. PATIENTS' CAFETERIA - DAY

him,

He may not have looked like a patient when Paula first met  
but he does now. It's all she can do to not break down in  
front of him. >

CONTINUED:

PAULA

(p .. I worked . . . I had friends  
over . . . I went dancing . . . that's  
about it . . .

Leonard, ticcing, nods, smiles through his grimace, imagining those things.

PAULA

I know, I should do something with my life.

LEONARD

Like what? Those are great things. I've never done any of those things.

PAULA

You will.

Leonard shakes his head 'no.'

LEONARD

They'll never let me out of this place. They shouldn't.

They consider each other for several moments -- the one, young and healthy; the other, old and ill.

LEONARD

I'm not well. I feel well inside when I see you. I wish you could see what's inside. Instead of this.

PAULA

I can see it.

Silence. As much as Leonard wants to say "I love you," he knows he cannot, that it would be ludicrous. Instead:

LEONARD

Goodbye.

He holds out one of his shaking hands to her. She reaches to it, places her hand on it, holds it, and the shaking slowly, slowly, slowly begins to subside.

She lifts him gently out of his wheelchair and leads him away

\*

from the table. She arranges his arms in such a way that he is sort of holding her and begins to slowly dance with him.

(REV. 10/16/89) Pink p. 10

199. CONT.

199.

Some patients glance up from their food. Servers glance up

CO f rom their work . All watc h wi th a sort o f re  
verie the coup le  
dancing without music . They watch as Leo n ard  
's tics gradually  
disappear. They watc h as he finds a sens e of  
grace and ease,  
as he borrows her gra ce and ease. They w a tch  
him become,  
simply, a man dancing with a woman .  
From somewhere, perhaps imagined, there is music, a quiet  
melody played on a piano.

200. INT.\* DAYROOM - SAME DAY

200

Rolando's hands on the keys of the piano, playing the melody.  
(NOTE: Hay want to shoot front end of this scene again without  
Rol ando to l eave op en the opt ion of usi ng the sam e s core  
Ra ndy

writes for Lucy's walk to the window - SC. 51.)

L eonar d, r eturn ing f rom t he ca fete ria, walks slow ly in  
to t he \*

room. He's bent, his arms at strange angles like the limbs of  
a diseased tree, his legs managing each step only with great  
concentration.

He nears the center of the room, the area of inconsistent tiles  
which Sayer and Miss Costello long ago conformed with shoe  
polish. Some of the black has worn off, and as Leonard reaches

\*

i t, h e f in ds hi ms elf t hro wn b y t he ir re gu lar it y.  
He t rie s to \*

step over to "the other side, ll but his feet or legs or mind  
will not do it.

Everyone in the room except Rolando becomes acutely aware of  
the problem, of the struggle, of Leonard fighting with all his  
will, and nothing but it, to "cross over."

H e-cro sses the "barr ier." And, wit h sur er bu t sti ll di  
ffic ult

steps, passes -the drinking fountain.

Tig ht o n th e wi ndow . Le onar d res ts h is gn arle d ha nd  
on the

frame as he p eers down at Paula wal king away from the hosp  
ital.

She glances back briefly before disappearing around a corner.  
Rolando's musdc CONTINUES OVER:

201. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

201.

The original 8mm film of Leonard, h'is eyes alert, his hands  
exploring the microphone.

. . . . . : : : . . . . .  
.. ' . . . . : : : . . . . .

. . LEONARD (FILM)



all of us.

On screen, Leonard buttons buttons on his shirt and glances up smiling, proud. Tight on sayer in the dark room, the projector light flickering behind him. More to himself --

SAYER

Why doesn't that comfort me?

3

MISS COSTELLO

(quietly)

Because you are kind.

(pause)

And because he's your friend.

On screen, Leonard is beckoning to someone unseen. No one appears but he keeps beckoning. Finally Sayer, embarrassed and camera shy, appears. Though there is no sound, it is clear he asks, "What?" Leonard turns the doctor so that he is facing the camera, and points. Sayer again asks, "What?" "There," Leonard says. "Where?" Sayer demands. Finally, Sayer looks directly, curiously, into the camera.

Rolando's music CONTINUES OVER:

)

202. INT. DAYROOM - NIGHT

20

Through a window, autumn leaves on trees.

And the school yard beyond the field, quiet, deserted.

Pulling back, panes of glass. Across the walls of the dayroom.

Drawings and water colors, of people and: places.

To the arm of the metronome slapping back and forth.

And a twisted hand, a pen grasped awkwardly in it, writing

excruciatingly slowly, and just barely legibly:

& « « \* c # \* \* \* O » \* \* r i ' « « \* A . \* . x \ . . .

Th e ha nd , an d th e mu si c, un fi ni sh ed , st op .

T he han d i s s till , t he arm is sti ll, th e h ead is sti ll,

L e o na rd 's e ye s ar e "s ti ll . "

O n l y th e me tr on om e mo v es , ge nt ly s la pp in g.

D r i f t in g s lo w ly a w ay fr om Le o na rd , h i s fa c e, h i s b o d y , h i s

be in g, "a sl e ep " . . . ac r os s t he e mp t y ro o m . . . a n d sl ow l y to w ar d

the window . . .

.. . w he re it is no w s no win g . . .

v,

. . . long sil ence bef

ore . . .

0

LEONARD O.S.

\*

/T\

It's winter.

His voice is flat, inflectionless. His eyes, with little life behind them, staring at the falling snow. He's in a wheelchair.

SAYER O.S.

Yes.

LEONARD

Am I speaking?

SAYER O.S.

Yes.

Leonard's eyes drift to a chair, his mother's chair, the one she has used for thirty years. It's empty.

SAYER O.S.

Your mother is well. She's home.

She visits you on Sundays.

Leonard slowly nods. Somehow he knows that.

LEONARD

f ~^

She's living her own life.

SAYER O.S.

She's trying to.

figures

Leonard's eyes drift again, across to silent ghost-like

in wheelchairs, the post-encephalitics, all of them, "asleep" again.

SAYER O.S.

They fought, as you did, with great courage. They were strong.

Leonard looks down at his hands and feels one with the other. He looks back at the "sleeping" patients, not comprehending

why

they cannot do the same.

LEONARD

I'm stronger?

Sayer is finally revealed seated beside him. He doesn't answer. Leonard's hands slowly reach to his face and feel its features.

LEONARD

,x

I'm here, aren't I?

&

His glance finds the tray beside Sayer, the paper medicine cup and empty juice cup on it. He must be back on the medication again. He looks back to Sayer, who's looking toward the window, to the falling snow. Eventually -

SAYER

Do you think you can walk?

i

203. INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

203

A doctor in a lab coat, one Sayer long ago imparted his "will of the ball" theory to, emerges from a ward.

FERNANDO O.S.

Dr. Tyler?

The doctor turns. Fernando is walking toward him.

FERNANDO

You got a minute?

DR. TYLER

(not really)

What is it?

Fernando arrives, leans against the corridor wall, and sort of mumbles --

FERNANDO

You know that woman in Ward 7 . . .

Grace, uh . . . what's her last name

. . . Grace . . .

DR. TYLER

(annoyed)

Does it matter, Fernando?

Sayer and Leonard walk slowly past, behind Tyler. eyes briefly meet Sayer's.

Fernando's

FERNANDO

. . . no . . . I guess not . . .

204. INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR, - DAY

204

Another doctor emerges from another ward.

\*

MARGARET O.S.

Dr. Sullivan?

DR. SULLIVAN

(turning)

Yeah?

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204

204 CONT.

Sayer and Leonard approach. Margaret has positioned herself,

like Anthony, against the wall, and, pointing out something on

a clipboard to Dr. Sullivan, glances up briefly as Sayer and

and T~^\

( i--J Leonard pass.

205. INT. CORRIDOR / LOBBY - DAY

205.

Sayer and Leonard approaching the lobby. As they enter, the switchboard operator glances up, notices them, and glances

back

down without a word.

They approach the front doors. They are almost there.

From

behind them, loudly --

MISS COSTELLO O.S.

Dr. Kaufman?

KAUFMAN O.S.

Dr. Sayer?

Sayer and Leonard stop just short of the doors. They glance back and see- Kaufman -and,v-several\* steps .behind..him,

looking

distraught, Miss Costello. She has failed.

SAYER

Yes?

The two doctors stare at one another for several moments. Clearly Kaufman knows what is happening. Clearly Sayer

knows

he knows. Eventually --

KAUFMAN

Put a coat on him for Christ's sake.

He turns around, walks past Miss Costello and down the

corridor-

from which he came. Miss Costello relaxes, turns around and walks away down the corridor.

Sayer and Leonard turn and walk outside.

206. INT. DAYROOM - SAME TIME - DAY

206.

Though Rolando is not playing, cannot play, the piano, he

can

hear it, distant, like an echo, as a nurse wheels him

toward

the windows. Other nurses and orderlies are wheeling Rose, Frank, Bert, and Lucy and the others there. Sidney is

wheeling

Lolly.

They all "peer" out. They all "see" down below, standing across the street, Sayer and Leonard.

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207

207. EXT. BAINBRIDGE - SAME TIME - DAY

CO Sayer drapes his coat around Leonard. Neither speaks.  
Neither quite knows what to say. Eventually, Sayer holds out a  
hand for Leonard to shake. Leonard stares at it for a long  
moment, then awkwardly embraces Sayer.

208. INT. DAYROOM - SAME TIME - DAY

208 The others "watch" Sayer cross back to the hospital. They  
"watch" Leonard staring after him. He glances down the street,  
Leonard, glances down the street the other way. He seems  
uncertain which way to go . . .  
He walks away.

209. INT. SUBWAY - EVENING

209 Rhythmic pounding. Metal wheels over metal tracks.  
Leonard feels things inside his coat pockets. He pulls from  
one several capsules of L-Dopa in a clear plastic bag; and from  
the other, a wad of money wrapped in paper on which is typed  
his name and "Bainbridge Hospital, Bronx." He stuffs it  
all back into his pocket and glances up. :

The train is crowded. Everyone seems to be hiding behind a  
newspaper or the veil of a glazed look; everyone but Leonard  
and the eleven year old boy seated next to him with his mother.  
They're taking everything in, Leonard and the boy - the rumbl  
of the train, the overhead lights flashing off and on again,  
the mounting excitement they both feel.

The boy glances up at Leonard, and, like a secret -

BOY ON TRAIN

(a whisper)

We're going to the city.

LEONARD .

(a whisper back)

Me, too.

210. INT. SUBWAY STATION - N.Y. - NIGHT

210 Underground tunnels. People climbing stairs. Leonard climbing  
with them. Under exposed pipes and ducts. Along passageways.  
Through an exit turnstile. Up more stairs. And finally -

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(continuity only)

211. EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

2 1..

1

Leonard, emerging from down below, reaches the street. People  
jostle past him but he doesn't move. He stares in wonder at  
what lies before him . . . lights, skyscrapers, Christmas  
decorations, taxis, noise, people . . . life.

211A. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

211A.

An oppressive silence. The oppressive institutional room. Sayer, alone in it, at his desk in the corner.

MISS COSTELLO O.S.

Good night.

Sayer glances up, sees Miss Costello in the doorway to the corridor.

SAYER

Good night.

i

She leaves. He stays. iPuts a -folder in a drawer\* Straightens things on the desk. Looks for something more to do. Clearly there's nothing more to do.

He gets up. Wanders slowly around the room. Past the medical instruments in the glass cases, the tripod and projector,

along

the wall covered with taped and tacked data, notes,

Polaroids.

Buried in it he sees Leonard's original perception test, and alongside it, the first Polaroid of him . . .

Sayer abruptly moves to the window, yanks at it, but it's jammed shut again. Below he can see Miss Costello crossing toward her car. He fights with the window, finally frees it, slides it open and yells out loudly -

SAYER

Eleanor.

She turns to the voice. He turns from the window. Tight on the glasses left on his desk.

211B. EXT. PARKING LOT, BAINBRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

211B.

He hurries out of the building and across the lot. Winded, he reaches her.

MISS COSTELLO

What's wrong?

Q

R EV. 12/ 15/ 89 (GRE

EN)

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211B.CONT.

211

He holds his hand up while he tries to catch his breath . She

starts at him , concerned perhaps something as happened to Leonard.

SAYER

Nothing ...

(he casts around)  
No , I was wo nde rin g . . . W hat ar e  
y o u d o i n g ? Y o u p r o b a b l y h a v e  
p l a n s . . . o r . . .

M I S S C O S T E L L O  
No, I ' m j u s t -

S A Y E R  
Because I was wondering . . .  
m a y b e . . . y o u h a v e n o p l a n s . . . ?  
M I S C O S T E L L O  
I h a v e n o -

S A Y E R  
Because -I -was -wondering, ..maybe . . .  
you'd . . . we . . . could . . .  
(grasping for an  
idea)  
I d o n ' t k n o w , g o g e t a c u p .  
o f c o f f e e s o m e w h e r e . . . t o g e t h e r  
. . . o r . . .

O r w h a t - s e p e r a t e l y ? H e t r a i l s o f f , p e r h a p s w  
i s h i n g h e  
h a d n ' t c o m e o u t a t a l l .

S A Y E R  
. . . M a y b e w e c o u l d j u s t . . . g o  
f o r a w a l k . . . ?  
H e s h r u g s . T h a t ' s t h e b e s t h e c a n d o . A s l o w , s l o w s m i l e  
c r o s s e s h e r f a c e .

M I S S C O S T E L L O  
I ' d b e d e l i g h t e d .

212. EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

212.

A mechanical dog crosses Leonard's path wagging its tail.  
Unlike everyone else, he stops to admire it. He's enchanted by  
it. He smiles at the peddler and the "litter of pups" moving  
around his feet.

L E O N A R D  
T h e y ' r e s o l i f e - l i k e .

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212.CONT.

P E D D L E R

212.

A n d o n l y f i v e b u c k s , c a n y o u  
b e l i e v e i t ?

213. INT/EXT. TAXI/STREETS - NIGHT

213.

In the back of a taxi, Leonard stares out the window, mesmerized by all he sees. The driver glances back in the rear view mirror.

HECTOR

How 'bout those Jets?

Leonard glances at the rear view mirror and finds in it the driver's eyes.

LEONARD

I like them.

Leonard glances out the window, a little puzzled, to the sky, to see if there's one flying overhead.

HECTOR

Broadway Joe.

The driver glances back to see what Leonard thinks of that.

\*

Leonard nods uncertainly.

LEONARD

Yeah.

As they rattle along, Leonard peers back but the window at things going by, and absently pets the mechanical dog in his lap. Eventually -

HECTOR

You're not from here.

LEONARD

I am. I was born here. But I've been away a long time.

HECTOR

Where?

LEONARD

The Bronx.

Hector has to laugh, but it's cut short by the blare of his \* horn as he slams it in response to another cab sliding into his \* lane.

214-217. OMITTED

214-

217.

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218. INT/EXT. TAXI/STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT

218.

The meter clicks over and into double digits. The taxi is parked across the street from a diner.

HECTOR

I don't mind sitting here if you don't, but to what end are we sitting here?

Leonard watches a waitress in the diner, Paula, chatting with some young customers. His hand moves to and onto the car door handle, but then hesitates opening it. Paula is getting her coat and leaving with her friends. They have ice skates.

219.

219. EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - NIGHT

Prometheus stealing fire from heaven, dwarfed by the Christmas tree that towers over him. Figures glide past the statue.

Skaters on the ice rink.

It's magical.- At \*least« as-seen, through .Leonard's eyes. From the promenade he watches the skaters gliding gracefully over the ice. Hector appears at his side.

HECTOR :

I ' m sorry to bother you, Len, I  
just thought you should know this  
is adding up, you know?

Without taking his eyes from the skaters below, Leonard digs into his coat pocket and hands Hector a clump of money, hundreds of dollars. Embarrassed -

HECTOR

I didn't mean that, just -

LEONARD

I don't need it, you keep it.

Hector puts the money back in Leonard's coat. Leonard finds Paula among the skaters, isolates her from them, and watches her glide around the rink. A fine mist of snow is falling, veiling her.

HECTOR

Beautiful, isn't it.

LEONARD

Unforgettable.

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219.CONT.

219«

^  
/'~J~  
moment

A blur of faces, of people on the promenade, from Paula's perspective. Though it is impossible, she thinks for a

Wj

she sees Leonard's among them. She arcs and glances back up again, but the man who resembled Leonard is gone.

220. INT. TAXI - NIGHT

220.

The cab rattling down another street.

LEONARD

You have children, Hector?

Hector takes a photograph from his chauffeur's permit plate

and

hands it back. A boy, five, healthy and happy.

LEONARD

He's lovely.

HECTOR

I thank God for him every day.  
Every single day.

slows Leonard begins to weep softly. Once Hector notices, he  
the car, pulls to the curb, and studies Leonard in the rear  
view mirror. Has this man lost a child? The taxi engine  
idles. :

r--

\%

221. EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

221. The cab, empty, parked in front of an apartment building in  
a working class neighborhood.

222. INT. HECTOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

222 The mechanical dog on a bathroom sink. Leonard staring at  
his reflection in a mirror. And at his hands. It's happening.  
He's falling apart.

HALLWAY. Leonard at a bedroom door. Peering in at Hector's  
sleeping son. He steps quietly into the room and places the  
mechanical dog on the pillow beside the boy's head.

THE LIVING ROOM. A small Christmas tree. Hector and his wife  
sitting on cheap furniture with cups of egg nog. Leonard  
emerges from the hallway.

LEONARD

I have to be leaving.

(having trouble with  
the words)

I want to th-ank you. You've been  
very kind to me.

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222.CONT.

222.

Hector and his wife are both thinking the same thing: this  
man's not well and they shouldn't let him go.

HECTOR

Leave? You're our guest, we got  
dinner coming. We're having  
something to eat.

His wife agrees with a couple of words in Spanish as she gets

\*

up and crosses toward the kitchen.

HECTOR

Stay with us.

LEONARD

I can't.

And he can't explain why. He takes the crumpled wad of money

\*

(and paper) from his coat pocket and tries to give it to Hector again.

HECTOR

Hey -

LEONARD

It has no value to me, believe ;  
me.

HECTOR

I don't want it.

LEONARD

It's for your son. It's for him.

Hector doesn't take it but doesn't say anything more about it when Leonard sets it down on the coffee table.

HECTOR

At least let me give you a lift  
wherever you're going.

LEONARD

No, I think I ' d like to walk. .  
(to Hector's wife)

Thank you.

She nods, Your welcome, from the doorway of the kitchen.

Leonard offers his hand to Hector to shake.

HECTOR

What's wrong with you, Len?

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222.CONT.

LEONARD

222

(pause)

This is good, what you've got  
here.

HECTOR

I know that.

Leonard smiles; the man does know it, and appreciates it.

LEONARD

Bye.

223. EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

223.

Descending from a fire escape strung with a single strand  
of Christmas lights . . . down to the street below, to Leonard,  
moving along the sidewalk, noticing:

A young couple, bundled up, hurrying down the stairs of a  
basement apartment, fumbling with keys;

A Christmas tree too large for the doorway of an another  
apartment across the street, being tugged at by someone inside,  
unseen. >

Leonard smiles. His gait and tics, and especially the smile, make him look insane. He passes a shop window with very simple ornamentation as the proprietor inside switches out the lights, and continues on, and into the darkness of the street ahead.

224. EXT. EAST RIVER - NIGHT

224.

Black water. The river. The drone of engines and syncopated rhythms of wheels of unseen cars.

Leonard, at the river's edge, stares into the water. His hand comes out of his pocket holding the bag of L-Dopa capsules, and he lets it fall in. It floats for a moment before a force from below, like a hand, pulls it under.

224A. EXT. EAST RIVER - DAWN

224A.

Leonard on a bench. Behind him, across an empty field, bums huddled over a barrel fire warming their hands.

SAYER O.S.

Leonard?

Sayer's face appears against a pastel dawn sky. Leonard glances up at him. Behind them, in the distance, Hector stands outside his parked cab. Sayer sits. Long silence . . .

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(continuity only)

224A.CONT.

SAYER

224A.

I' m sorry.

LEONARD

What for?

He smiles crookedly, then looks out across the water again.

LEONARD

Isn't that something . . .

Sayer looks out. The morning colors are mirroring off the water like paint on glass. They both watch. The colors are deepening right before their eyes. Long, long silence before . . .

LEONARD

Can you take me home?

Sayer helps him up. And as they move slowly toward the waiting taxi. Hector opens the rear door. The only sound is the hiss of tires, the -rhythm of wheels, .until -

LEONARD V.O.

When I was a boy I felt myself  
being carried away by illness like  
a swimmer sucked out by the tide.

Drifting slowly out across the water and the Brooklyn Bridge stretching out across it.

LEONARD V.O.

I feel it again, only this time  
I've been somewhere. I went to a

J

place and felt things I never  
dreamed of. I went to a place and  
felt hope and fear and hatred and  
love, I glimpsed life . . .

225. INT. LEONARD'S LIBRARY - BAINBRIDGE - DAY  
225.

Drifting slowly across the faces of patients reading in  
Leonard's library, and settling finally tight on him,  
"asleep."

LEONARD V.O.

It's good, life.  
Spines of books on shelves lining the walls. And Paula's face,  
considering the titles.

[--\  
;(         
1J  
'

SAYER O.S.

I t doesn't matter wh ich one.  
They'r e all his favorites .

r

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(continuity only)

225.CONT.

225

She pulls one of the books down at random and crosses the  
,  
library with Sayer, passing patients - including the woman  
with  
multiple sclerosis - reading at tables with flowers on  
them.

SAYER O.S.

Leonard?  
He's in a wheelchair, behind an oak desk on which rests,  
among  
other things, the Ouija board. His eyes open but do not  
appear  
to comprehend the doctor's presence or his surroundings.  
His  
expression is absolutely "expressionless."

SAYER

I ' m sorry to wake you, but there's  
someone here to see you.  
Leonard remains still. "Asleep." And there's a long silence  
broken only by the sound of pages being turned. And then,  
from

Dickens' "The Old Curiosity Shop" --

PAULA

(reading)

"Night is generally my time for walking. In the summer, I often leave home early in the morning and roam about fields and lanes.: all day. Or even escape for days or weeks together . . .

' '^  
recognizes

Leonard is unable to acknowledge in any way that he the words or her voice . . . but he does. And as she reads, the words become alive and the walls recede ...

PAULA

"But saving in the country, I seldom go out until after dark, though Heaven be thanked, I love its light and feel the cheerfulness it sheds upon the earth as much as any creature living . . . "

And he is moving into the light.