

A CROWDED ROOM

by

James Cameron

FADE IN:

We don't know what we're looking at. It's an abstract mass -- swirling lines in constant motion -- but we're too close to see any form.

As WE PULL BACK, we can now make out that they are what seem like animated streaks of charcoal -- forming and reforming into a series of drawings:

First, a small girl, clutching a rag doll. She stares plaintively into the lens as around the edges of the frame, a male figure with a thick, black moustache, cradles her protectively in his arms.

But this image quickly changes to a landscape -- evil and foreboding. A desolate farmhouse against an overcast sky. Leafless trees with spiky tentacles for branches sprout like eruptions from the very bowels of hell. It's every shade of gray -- ominous, depraved.

Now we start to close in on this landscape's heart of darkness -- a constricted old corn crib -- but before we get close enough to see inside it, the scene shifts. A pale, sad-eyed teenage girl looking straight at us. Then we move to a line drawing of the rag doll that the little girl had clutched earlier -- only now it hangs from a noose, surrounded by long, shattered lines that recall the farmhouse branches. The last shift leads us to a dark haired little boy, scared into impenetrable silence, as he is approached from behind by the immense, leering presence of an adult male.

Finally, this Rotoscope animated picture transform itself into reality -- an actual oil painting, wet and glistening on a canvas. It's the first image we've seen that has dimension or texture. In a moment, a paint-stained hand enters the frame and feverishly smears the adult figure beyond all recognition with its fingers, leaving the little boy alone in the F.G. Then, the hand leaves, returning with a paint brush. It re-does the area surrounding the child in a wash of midnight blue. As it does, we hear:

DONNA (V.O.)

He had some kind of stain or something on his hands.

KLEBERG (V.O.)

Stain? What, like dirt?

BOXERBAUM (V.O.)

Oil?

DONNA (V.O.)
No. They were blue. Dark blue.
All over his fingers.

KLEBERG (V.O.)
Ink?

DONNA (V.O.)
No. I don't know what it was. But
it had a funny smell to it.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

DONNA WEST is a short, plump woman in her twenties, eyes red from crying, hair in her face, talking to POLICE CHIEF KLEBERG and DETECTIVE BOXERBAUM. She's huddled across a table from them in a blanket. Beside her stands a FEMALE POLICE OFFICER.

A LEGEND COMES UP ON SCREEN: OCTOBER 22, 1977

DONNA
Oh, God, I don't know. I can't
think.

BOXERBAUM
Alright, don't worry about his
hands. Just try and tell us
whatever you remember so that we can
get a statement.

DONNA
It was about eight A.M. and I was
getting out of my car in the parking
lot.

KLEBERG
This is at Ohio State?

DONNA
Yes, I'm an optometry student there.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

DONNA WEST is getting out of her beat up Toyota. We see what she describes.

DONNA (V.O.)
I had gone around to the passenger
side to pick up some books, and as I
was leaning in...

BILLY MILLIGAN, a regular looking guy, maybe a little burlier than average, with a full mustache and brown

tinted sunglasses, enters frame. He holds a small revolver, which he presses against DONNA'S arm.

BILLY

Would you please get in the car?

Frightened, she does. BILLY goes around to the driver's side and gets in. He takes out a pair of handcuffs and cuffs her to the inside of the door. He goes through her bag and pulls out her car keys. He starts the car and drives off.

INT. CAR

As they drive away from the campus.

DONNA

Where are we going?

But BILLY is muttering to himself, oblivious to her question.

DONNA

I know this is gonna sound ridiculous, but I have an optometry test today...

He looks at her suddenly.

BILLY

You can study for it if you want. This won't take long. Go on.

She picks up a text book with her trembling free hand and feigns studying.

EXT. ROAD

As the car drives through a deserted stretch of countryside.

INT. CAR

DONNA is "studying" stealing glances at BILLY. Suddenly, BILLY grabs her bag and pulls out her address book. As he rips out pages.

BILLY

I'm taking these addresses and phone numbers. If you say anything to the police, I'll send someone from my brotherhood after you.

INT. POLICE STATION

KLEBERG and BOXERBAUM.

KLEBERG

His "brotherhood"?

ANGLE

But now we see they're not talking to DONNA WEST, they're talking to CARRIE DRYER -- a prettier GIRL also in her twenties, also very upset. There's a sketch artist there.

CARRIE

That's what he said. He belonged to a brotherhood and they'd send someone after me if I said anything.

BOXERBAUM

Was he high? Could you tell?

CARRIE

It's weird. There was liquor on his breath... I mean he reeked... but he drove perfectly. In fact, he didn't act drunk at all, except when he would talk to himself.

SKETCH ARTIST

(holds up a sketch of Billy)

How's this?

CARRIE

He didn't have a moustache. He was clean shaven.

INT. CAR

BILLY is now clean shaven, driving through the woods. Handcuffed to the passenger door is CARRIE DRYER. BILLY is muttering to himself. He wears sunglasses.

EXT. CAR

As it bumps over train tracks.

INT. CAR

The jostling seems to jar him back to reality. He turns on CARRIE.

BILLY

Take off your pants.

CARRIE

What?

BILLY

Take your fucking pants off!

She does the best she can with only one hand.

BILLY

You won't run away without any pants
on.

EXT. WOODS

The car is parked. BILLY and CARRIE stand beside it --
she is in a blouse and underwear.

BILLY

(gently)

Are you cold?

She shakes her head "no". BILLY lays CARRIE'S buckskin
jacket down on the muddy ground.

BILLY

(awkwardly, not
looking at her)

Take off your underwear and lay
down.

CARRIE dissolves in tears.

INT. POLICE STATION

KLEBERG and BOXERBAUM.

BOXERBAUM

(offers Kleenex)

It's O.K. You want to stop for a
while?

ANGLE

A different WOMAN is there, taking the Kleenex to wipe her
eyes. It is POLLY NEWTON, a little younger than the other
two.

POLLY

No. I'm all right.

KLEBERG

Did he hit you or push you or hurt
you in any way?

POLLY

No. He wrote me a poem.

BOXERBAUM

A poem?

POLLY

(nods)

A love poem. He never showed it to me because he was afraid you'd trace his handwriting.

EXT. WOODS

POLLY lies on the ground, naked from the waist down. BILLY crumples up a piece of paper, then slides next to her and holds her gently like one would a lover.

BILLY

Do you know what it's like to be lonely? Not to be held by anyone? Not to know the meaning of love?

He looks at her and takes off his sunglasses. His eyes repeatedly drift slowly to one side, then dart back to center.

INT. POLICE STATION

DONNA WEST and the two cops.

DONNA

It's called nystagmus. I'm an optometry student. I recognized it immediately. An involuntary oscillation of the eyeballs.

INT. POLICE STATION

CARRIE DRYER and the two cops.

CARRIE

He never took off his glasses. I don't know.

KLEBERG

Then what happened?

CARRIE breaks down.

CARRIE

He... raped... me...

EXT. WOODS

BILLY on top of CARRIE. We don't see much, but it's obvious what is going on.

INT. POLICE STATION

DONNA WEST staring straight off into space.

EXT. WOODS

BILLY on top of DONNA. She stares off exactly as she had in the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION

The FEMALE POLICE OFFICER holding POLLY, who is crying uncontrollably.

EXT. WOODS

BILLY holding POLLY tightly after the rape. They are both standing half-dressed.

BILLY

I'm sorry we had to meet under these circumstances. I really love you.

His eyes drift and dart. He puts on his sunglasses.

INT. POLICE STATION

POLLY NEWTON and the OFFICERS.

POLLY

Then he drove me back into town and made me cash him a check at my bank.

KLEBERG

(to Boxerbaum)

Same as the others.

POLLY

Then he took me to Wendy's.

BOXERBAUM

Wendy's?

POLLY

For a burger.

The COPS give each other a look.

INT. POLICE STATION

DONNA WEST and the OFFICERS.

DONNA

Then we finally went back to the campus and he left. Oh yeah -- he said his name was Phil.

THREE TRAYS OF MUG SHOTS

thud down onto the table

ANGLE

to include CARRIE DRYER and the OFFICERS.

CARRIE

There's this many criminals around here?

BOXERBAUM

That's just the young, white male sex offenders. And only the ones who've been arrested.

CARRIE starts going through the photos.

POLLY

going through photos. She comes to one of BILLY, wearing mutton chops. She stops. The OFFICERS react.

POLLY

It sure looks like him... but I can't be sure.

DONNA, KLEBERG and BOXERBAUM.

DONNA

(jumps up, knocking over her chair)

That's him. No doubt about it. I'm positive.

KLEBERG picks it up and WE PRESS IN on a name:

WILLIAM STANLEY MILLIGAN.

EXT. OHIO STATE CAMPUS - NIGHT

A SERIES OF CUTS

It looks like an embassy under siege. Uniformed COPS

with dogs comb the area. Armed COPS keep watch from every roof top. Flashlights dart everywhere -- occasionally illuminating posters of the police sketch of BILLY on campus walls and windows. In their dorm rooms, frightened GIRLS watch from their windows, while below MALE CO-EDS travel in packs with baseball bats. A newspaper vending machine shows the Columbus Dispatch headline: CAMPUS RAPIST MANHUNT CONTINUES - POLICE URGE CURFEW.

EXT. CHANNINGWAY APARTMENTS

A two story apartment complex. Three unmarked police cars pull up in front.

INT. CAR

BOXERBAUM driving, a young PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER in the passenger seat.

BOXERBAUM

5673 Old Livingston. That's his current address.

The YOUNG OFFICER checks his weapon, puts it back in the waistband of his pants, then puts on a Domino Pizza hat and grabs a pizza box from the back seat.

EXT. REAR OF BUILDING

TWO OFFICERS carefully approach the rear of BILLY'S ground floor apartment. One looks in a window. He can't see anyone, but the floor of the living room is covered with kids toys: blocks, trucks, etc. Then we hear voices. We can't make out what they're saying, but It's some kind of argument between three men: one with an English accent, one with some sort of Eastern European accent, and one American mid-west.

FIRST OFFICER

Shit. He's not alone.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

As the YOUNG OFFICER rings the bell. In a moment, BILLY answers the door.

YOUNG OFFICER

Pizza. You Billy Milligan?

BILLY

Who?

YOUNG OFFICER

Billy Milligan? 5673 Old
Livingston?

BILLY
I'm not Billy Milligan and I didn't
order any pizza.

INT. CAR

As BOXERBAUM watches from a distance -- his hand on his
gun.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

YOUNG OFFICER
You're sure you're not William
Stanley Milligan?

BILLY
Huh?

The YOUNG OFFICER throws the pizza up into BILLY'S face
and pulls out his gun, holding it against his head.

YOUNG OFFICER
Freeze. Police Officer.

BILLY
What's going on?

COPS are suddenly everywhere. Bursting in through the
back door, piling out of cars, all with guns drawn.

INT. REAR OF APARTMENT

Where the TWO OFFICERS who heard voices are barreling
through, expecting an ambush.

FIRST OFFICER
He's not alone!

SECOND OFFICER
Alright, motherfuckers, come on out!

THE YOUNG OFFICER grabs BILLY and turns him around. Using
BILLY'S body as a shield, he drags him through the
apartment, looking for accomplices.

THE COPS

kick the closet door, then the bathroom door -- all empty.

ONE COP

steps on a LEGGO fort -- crushing it.

ANOTHER COP

grabs a Smith and Wesson nine millimeter from under a chair in the living room.

YOUNG OFFICER

Where are they?

BILLY

Who? There's no one here.

A COP

finds several paintings. He moves one and reveals the picture of the little boy we saw being worked on earlier. BOXERBAUM enters frame. It clicks. He goes over to BILLY and yanks his fingers open. They're completely paint stained.

ANOTHER COP

finds wallets, cash and I.D.'s on top of a dresser. He picks up two credit cards and a drivers license belonging to Carrie Dryer. Donna West and Polly Newton, respectively.

YOUNG OFFICER

(as he cuffs Billy)

William Milligan, you're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent...

(etc.)

As we PRESS IN on BILLY.

EXT. THE FRANKLIN COUNTY JAIL

As a police truck pulls up. TWO GUARDS open the rear doors and out steps a group of PRISONERS, all handcuffed to each other -- except for BILLY, who pops out free as a bird, giving the GUARDS the finger. The BLACK PRISONER who had been cuffed to him is panicked.

BLACK PRISONER

I didn't do nothin' I swear I didn't do nothin'

ONE GUARD holds BILLY while the other re-cuffs him.

INT. POLICE STATION

TV CAMERAS and REPORTERS everywhere, demanding information. POLICE CHIEF KLEBERG makes his way through

the chaos without answering them. We FOLLOW him into a room where TWO OFFICERS are unloading a carton onto a table. It is filled with every make weapon imaginable.

KLEBERG

Jesus Christ. It's a fucking arsenal.

INT. CELL

BILLY sits in the middle of the floor drawing a picture. It's simple, childish. TWO GUARDS watch him from the other side of the bars. One holds a cup. The other bangs the bars with his nightstick.

FIRST GUARD

Hey, Jew Boy.

SECOND GUARD

What do you know -- we have a goddamn Rembrandt on our hands.

FIRST GUARD

Maybe he can draw himself a new asshole after the cons at Lima get through humpin' the one he's got. They don't look too kindly on rapists over there.

SECOND GUARD

They sent you down some Kool-Aid. You want it?

BILLY looks up.

SECOND GUARD

Is that a no?

The GUARD starts to turn away, but BILLY gets up. He comes to the bars and reaches for the cup. The GUARD grabs his wrist and pulls.

SECOND GUARD

Hey, you think we oughta tattoo this Jew Boy?

FIRST GUARD

Yeah. Put some numbers right there.

BILLY pulls his arm free as the GUARDS laugh.

SECOND GUARD

Here ya go, Rembrandt.

He throws the drink onto BILLY'S picture, ruining it.

Instantly, BILLY changes. His eyes, his gait. His chest expands and his adrenaline flows a mile a minute as he gets up and walks over to the toilet bowl. He squats and grabs hold of it. The GUARDS give each other a look, then eye him warily. Sweat pours down as he focuses his strength till it's like the pinpoint of a laser. Then, with a mighty heave he rips the toilet from the wall, stands and hurls it at the GUARDS in one impossible motion. It smashes into a million pieces -- porcelain shards fly into the GUARD'S faces, cutting them to ribbons.

INT. CELL

BILLY being beaten senseless by SIX GUARDS as they put him into a straitjacket.

INT. CORRIDOR

BILLY is nearly unconscious as the GUARDS drag him down the narrow hallway -- laying into him the entire way.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

They throw BILLY in. His head hits the cement hard as the cell door slams shut behind him with a thunderous echo.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE

KLEBERG in front of a phalanx of microphones, reading a statement.

KLEBERG

We do have a suspect in custody.
His name is William Stanley
Milligan. He has one prior
conviction from a run-in with a
prostitute.

INT. CORRIDOR

A GUARD carries a tray of food toward BILLY'S cell.

KLEBERG (V.O.)

We continue to treat this
investigation very carefully and
very thoroughly but with the
evidence we've already gathered, we
feel extremely confident.

The GUARD reaches the cell door. As he opens it.

GUARD

O.K., rapist, chow time. We all took turns spitting in your food before I brought it down, but you can ignore that, can't ya? Just pretend it's soup...

His eyes suddenly go wide.

GUARD

Jesus H. Christ.

ANGLE

BILLY is fast asleep in the middle of his cell. He is out of the straitjacket and is using it as a pillow. And he's sucking his thumb.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE

KLEBERG

Open and shut. A textbook investigation.

INT. A DRAB WHITE ROOM

DR. ADAM FINK, a clinical psychologist, sits across a table from BILLY.

TIGHT ON A PAGE OF NOTES

At the top of the page, beside BILLY'S vital statistics, DR. FINK fills in his name. Underneath, he writes: PRELIMINARY REPORT.

ANGLE

on them both, DR. FINK just watches for a moment. BILLY is withdrawn and out of it, like a boxer who's taken one too many left hooks. There's a wall between him and the world.

DR. FINK

Do you know why you're here, Billy?

No response.

TIGHT ON THE FORM

Under COMMENTS, the DOCTOR writes: eyes completely normal. No evidence of nystagmus.

ANGLE

DR. FINK

Billy?

BILLY
(snaps back slightly)

Oh.

DR. FINK
Do you know why you're here?

BILLY
No.

DR. FINK
Did you understand what the police
officers said when you were
arrested?

BILLY
The... what?

DR. FINK
Do you know why you've been
arrested? Billy?

He just stares blankly. DR. FINK writes.

TIGHT ON THE NOTES

DR. FINK is adding: SULLEN; NON-COMMUNICATIVE; TOTALLY
DISORIENTED.

BILLY

suddenly energetic, even hyper -- night and day to the way
we've just seen him.

BILLY
(laughing)
You should have seen their fuckin'
faces when them van doors opened and
BOOM!. There I am, out of the cuffs
and givin' them the finger. Shit...
Whassamatter, Doc, not actin' crazy
enough for ya? How's this?

He rubs his lips up and down with his finger and makes a
"crazy" sound. As he does:

ANGLE

to reveal he's talking to DR. RICHARD EDMUNDS, in the same
room, some time later. EDMUNDS holds DR. FINK'S report
and is completely confused. BILLY laughs. Then:

BILLY
Who do you have to fuck to get
somethin' to eat around here? I'm

starving. And a lawyer might be nice. What do you say?

TIGHT AS BILLY CONTINUES

Next to DR. FINK'S report, we see DR. EDMUNDS' hand fill in his own report. He's already put down his name, BILLY'S name and underneath written: FOLLOW UP REPORT. Now we see him writing: OUTGOING, OBNOXIOUS, TOTALLY COHERENT AND AWARE. EYES NORMAL.

BILLY

The novelty's wearin' thin, you know what I mean? I been in places worse than this in my life, and I'll tell you something... there isn't a box on Earth can hold me. Certainly not this two bit, rinky dink drunk tank.

DR. EDMUNDS

I'd like to talk to you about the attacks.

BILLY

Hey, I wasn't there. I don't know what they're talkin' about because I didn't do a fuckin' thing they accused me of. And I don't lie.

Using his right hand. BILLY starts doodling a sketch of a landscape on the table with a marker. EDMUNDS looks at him quizzically.

DR. EDMUNDS

I want to play a little game. Write down the first thing that comes into your mind.

He moves a pen and a piece of paper toward BILLY, who writes with his right hand. EDMUNDS looks at the information on his form.

TIGHT ON THE REPORT

Scan down BILLY'S listed vital statistics -- Hair: Brown; Eyes: Brown; Height: six feet; Weight: 175; Birthdate: 2-14-55; etc. until he gets to: Left Handed.

BACK TO BILLY - FINISHING

He hands back the paper. It says: I AM INNOCENT.

TIGHT ON THE PREVIOUS TWO REPORTS

On DR. EDMUNDS, "Left Handed" has been crossed out and "Right Handed" written in. Next to them is a third form, with the NAME: DR. CLAIRE HUBBARD and SUPERVISOR'S REPORT

written underneath.

ANGLE

The same room. DR. HUBBARD, hopelessly confused, and BILLY, who now appears to be a frightened child. Fragile. Near tears. Knees drawn up into a fetal position in the chair.

DR. HUBBARD
Are you alright? You look like
you're about to fall apart.

BILL
I'm scared.

DR. HUBBARD
There's nothing to be scared of.
I'm Dr. Hubbard from the Southwest
Community Mental Health Center and
I'm here to ask you a few questions.
Where are you currently living?

BILLY
Here.

DR. HUBBARD
What's your Social Security number?

BILLY
I don't know.

DR. HUBBARD
Is it 126-44-6218?

BILLY
I don't know.

DR. HUBBARD
Billy, if I'm going to help you,
you're going to have to try and...

BILLY
Billy's asleep.

DR. HUBBARD
What?

BILLY
Billy's asleep. And the others
don't want me to wake him up.

DR. HUBBARD
What others?

BILLY
The other people. They want Billy

to stay asleep.

DR. HUBBARD

Who are these other people?

BILLY

I can't talk about it. I made a mistake telling you. Promise you won't say anything to anyone.

DR. HUBBARD

I promise. But you have to tell me...

BILLY

(upset)

I can't...

DR. HUBBARD

Alright, you don't have to say anything else, but would you do me a favor?

BILLY

What?

DR. HUBBARD

Would you sign your name for me?

BILLY

O.K.

She gives him a pen and paper. He takes it into his left hand and scrawls in a child's penmanship: DANNY.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE OF SAME DRAB WHITE ROOM

Through the door, we see BILLY, alone, waiting. Outside, DR. HUBBARD and JUDY STEVENSON, a public defense attorney, are talking.

JUDY

Multiple personality disorder? You mean like Sybil?

DR. HUBBARD

Worse -- if one of the personalities is a violent criminal.

JUDY

With all respect, Doctor, if you were a rapist, caught dead to rights with a ton of evidence in your apartment, wouldn't you try and make up a story, too? Trust me, this is a guy who read a bestseller and got

a brainstorm.

DR. HUBBARD

Maybe, but I don't think so. He's already been seen by three separate doctors because no one could make head of tails of him.

JUDY

Well, I thought I'd seen it all, but I have to admit "I didn't do it, he did" "No I didn't" "Yes he did" -- that's a new one even to me.

DR. HUBBARD

Just come in and talk to him with me -- then decide.

JUDY

We'll represent him no matter what. We have to. But fine--
(as they go in)
I only have a caseload that high sitting on my desk while I waste a whole afternoon here...

INT. GARY SCHWEICKART'S PUBLIC DEFENDERS OFFICE

The first thing we hear is reggae music: Bob Marley's "Jammmin", with a male voice that can't really sing, singing along. Then we PAN along the office -- a royal mess -- books, papers everywhere -- a poster of the BILL OF RIGHTS with "NULL AND VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW" stamped across it in red letters. We finally come to a big, bear-like figure in an ex-hippie's khaki shirt and jeans -- late thirties, with a beard and an oversized stogie, skankin' around the office. This is GARY SCHWEICKART.

GARY

(in a Jamaican
accent)

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, my client, Jah Skank Irie, is innocent. For it is not the ganja weed that is on trial here today, only the man...
mon.

JUDY burst in.

JUDY

Gary, put down what you're doing and get your ass down to Franklin with me.

GARY

(Jamaican accent)
Whoa -- don't get your knickers in a twist -- you'll give yourself one of them aneurisms.

JUDY
I'm serious, Gary. I think you should see this.

She dumps her notes on his desk.

GARY
(drops the accent)
Billy Milligan?

JUDY
Yes.

GARY
Uh uh. Sorry, Judy, one of the perks of getting to be the boss is you don't have to give up all your free time representing the Campus Rapist if you don't want to. And I don't want to. Besides, I already met him before I ordered the psychiatric evaluation, and he specifically asked for a female lawyer.

JUDY
(smiles, she knows he's gonna like this)
He's not guilty.

GARY
(he does, his eyes twinkle, he loves a challenge)
Not guilty? They got enough hard evidence to lock him up till doomsday.

JUDY
(leans in)
I'm telling you, Billy Milligan did not commit those rapes. At least come down and talk to him.

A beat. GARY leaps up, grabs his beret to leave.

INT. THAT SAME DRAB WHITE ROOM

JUDY, GARY and BILLY. BILLY has withdrawn completely into himself -- eyes half-closed, his lips moving in some

internal conversation. JUDY looks at GARY, who just sits there -- skeptical and impassive. Finally, BILLY opens his eyes and is suddenly infused with the same belligerent energy he had while talking to DR. EDMUNDS.

BILLY
(to Judy)
Who's Ranger Bob?

JUDY
This is Gary Schweickart. He works with me in the Public Defenders office.

BILLY
Howdy, Bob.

GARY smiles tightly. He doesn't like him right off.

JUDY
You don't remember meeting him briefly when you first came in?

BILLY
(shakes his head)
That's not a face you forget.

JUDY
I know that you requested a female attorney, but Gary's the most qualified...

BILLY
I didn't request nothin'

JUDY
Well, Billy did.

BILLY
Billy's asleep.

GARY
(getting annoyed)
Well, someone did.

BILLY
(imitates Gary)
Well, someone ain't me.

JUDY
Who are you?

BILLY
Tommy.

JUDY
And have we met before?

BILLY

Yeah. You came in with one of the headshrinkers.

JUDY

And at that time you answered to the name Billy?

BILLY

We all do. Saves time. But that don't mean we like it.

GARY

Alright... Tommy... we'd like to ask you a few questions. How old are you?

BILLY

Sixteen.

GARY

How much time do you spend as Billy? Were you there when he got out of the straitjacket?

BILLY

(laughs)

Yeah, that was me. Billy couldn't get out of a wet paper bag. I can dislocate my shoulder to slip it down to where I can loosen the ties.

GARY

Where'd you learn to do that?

BILLY looks away.

JUDY

Tommy?

BILLY

You got somethin' else you wanna know or can I leave?

JUDY

No. Please. How many of you live there with Billy?

BILLY smiles.

JUDY

More than three? More than five?

BILLY

I'm not really sure. A lot.

GARY

Were you there when... whoever you
were at the time was arrested?

BILLY

No. That was Danny.

JUDY

The little boy.

BILLY

Danny's the keeper of pain.

GARY

What does that mean?

BILLY

College man, Bob? Ivy League?

GARY steams.

BILLY

It means whenever Billy's in any
pain, Danny comes onto the spot to
take it.

JUDY

The spot? What's that?

BILLY

Jesus Christ... it's not my job to
answer all these questions. I'm
outta here.

JUDY

No, wait... Tommy...

But BILLY has retreated into himself once again. Eyes
glazed and half-closed -- lips moving silently.

GARY

This is what you dragged me here for
in the middle of the day?

JUDY

Wait.

In a moment, BILLY "returns" -- but now he sits with
impeccable posture, his fingertips pressed together in
front of him. He speaks in clipped, precise tones with a
perfect Knightsbridge English accent.

BILLY

I must apologize for Tommy's
impudence. He gets frustrated from
being locked up. My name is Arthur.
How do you do?

JUDY and GARY exchange a look. He ain't buying it.

JUDY

How do you do?

JUDY looks again at GARY, who half rolls his eyes.

GARY

(mutters)

Yeah, how are ya...

BILLY

Well, understandably, I've been better. But Tommy said you have some questions.

JUDY

Yes. Gary was asking about the arrest.

GARY

The police found an arsenal of weapons in your apartment.

BILLY

I have nothing to do with those. The only one permitted to handle guns is Ragen. He's the Keeper of Rage.

GARY

He used those guns when he kidnapped and raped those three women.

BILLY

(icily calm)

Ragen never raped anyone. He committed the robberies because we were skint, but he denies, absolutely, having anything to do sexually with those women. And of the many things he undoubtedly is, a liar is not among them. All our lives people have accused us of being liars. It's become a point of honor never to tell a falsehood.

JUDY

But if you don't always volunteer the truth, then that's lying by omission.

BILLY

Oh come now. As an attorney, you know very well a witness is under no compulsion to volunteer

information he hasn't been asked for. You would be the first one to tell a client not to elaborate unless it was in his best interest. But why don't you meet Ragen and ask him yourself?

JUDY

Isn't Ragen the one who pulled the toilet from the wall and threw it at the guards?

BILLY

He's learned to control his flow of adrenaline. It gives him unnatural strength.

(playfully)

But don't worry -- he won't hurt you. Unless, of course, he feels threatened.

GARY

Alright... Arthur -- I'd like to meet him.

BILLY smiles -- then gets up and moves his chair to the far side of the room -- putting as much distance between himself and them as possible. He sits back down and then retreats once more. Eyes look down -- lips move.

GARY

How much education has he had?

JUDY

Not much. Some high school. D average. I.Q.'s a hundred. He paints, though.

GARY

Paints?

JUDY

Portraits, landscapes. He's good.

Then, BILLY'S back. He seems bigger -- hulking -- crouched like a wary fighter. The tension in his facial muscles change his appearance. His eyes squint narrowly, giving them a piercing quality -- his brow beetles. And he speaks in a thick, Slavic accent.

BILLY

Who called me a liar?

GARY

(a little unnerved)

I said the evidence indicated that someone in there raped those three

woman.

BILLY

I admit three robberies near university. But other things you say I do is a lie. And if we go to jail, I'll kill the children. Jail is no place for little ones.

JUDY

What little ones? There are children there with you?

GARY

If you killed the little ones... wouldn't that also mean your own death?

BILLY

(coolly)

We are all different people.

GARY

But when you get hurt...

BILLY

I feel nothing.

JUDY

Because Danny is the Keeper of Pain?

BILLY

Exactly. Danny is empath.

JUDY

And Billy knows nothing about you?

BILLY

He has amnesia. Arthur and I keep him asleep to protect him. Depending on circumstances, either I rule or Arthur does. In prison, I control spot because is dangerous place. As protector, I have complete command. In situations where is no danger, and where intelligence and logic are more important, then Arthur controls spot.

GARY

Do you know Tommy?

BILLY

Of course.

GARY

He mentioned the spot, too. Can you

describe to us just what that means.
Billy?... Uh...
(he looks to Judy
for help)

JUDY

Ragen.

GARY

Ragen.

But suddenly, RAGEN is gone. JUDY and GARY look at each other. There is none of the usual lips moving and quasi R.E.M. state. He's just blank. Then, in a moment, he "returns". He seems tentative, frightened, softer.

JUDY

Hello.

No reply.

JUDY

Have we met? My name is Judy
Stevenson. This is Gary
Schweickart. We're your attorneys.
Do you have a name?

GARY

Judy.

She looks at GARY.

GARY

His eyes.

She looks back to BILLY. His eyes seem to wander and dart back and forth of their own volition, like an ocular pendulum.

INT. CORRIDOR

As GARY and JUDY come out. GARY immediately lights a cigarette.

GARY

Either he's a multiple, or else he's
the greatest liar anybody's ever
seen.

JUDY

Right.

GARY

The question is which is it?

JUDY

(convinced)

Gary...

As they talk, WE CUT TO:

BILLY alone in his empty cell, eyes half-closed, lips moving silently.

GARY (O.C.)

He's facing hard time.

JUDY (O.C.)

He's got one right handed personality.

GARY (O.C.)

Lots of people are ambidextrous.

JUDY (O.C.)

Ragen speaks and writes prefect Serbo-Croatian.

GARY (O.C.)

So do ten million Serbs.

JUDY (O.C.)

Apparently, Arthur's fluent in Arabic and Swahili.

GARY (O.C.)

Having a facility for languages doesn't automatically make you one hand short for bridge.

JUDY (O.C.)

The escape artist, the wandering eyes, the electronics expert...

GARY and JUDY.

GARY

All of that can be mastered.

JUDY

All by one person? With a hundred I.Q.? From a small farm in Ohio? You're looking for some kind of miraculous, inexplicable "thing" to prove this to you beyond a shadow of a doubt. Well, it's an illness, Gary... not a magic trick. And I believe him.

GARY

(sighs heavily)

I do, too. And I feel like I can convince my wife of it when she asks

me why I came down here for fifteen minutes, and came back five hours later. But how in hell am I ever gonna convince a judge? Or a prosecutor? No one's ever been acquitted of a crime before by blaming it on another personality.

JUDY

You won't have to. He will.

INT. ISOLATION CELL

BILLY sits on his cot in a cold sweat. Something is clearly terrifying him. He looks across the cell toward a piece of steel over the sink shiny enough to serve as a mirror. He is frozen.

INT. OUTSIDE THE ISOLATION CELL

It's a big, opaque, steel door with a small opening two thirds up in the middle. A GUARD approaches with keys. There's a loud rumbling coming from inside.

GUARD

Alright, Milligan. Exercise time.

As he turns the key:

GUARD

One hour in the yard, all to yourself.

As he opens the door:

GUARD

Come on... Milligan...

Now we see BILLY lying in a pool of blood on the floor. The sink is smashed into a million pieces and his wrists have been slashed lengthwise with a shard of porcelain. Hot water shoots from the blood-stained sink like a firehose gone haywire. He meant business. He's fainted and landed on his own arm, which is saving his life. The GUARD runs in.

GUARD

Help! We got an emergency! Quick!

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

BILLY lies in bed, staring off blankly, while GARY and JUDY talk to him.

GARY

How ya feelin', Billy? You were out for quite some time.

JUDY

Do you know where you are? You're in the hospital, but you're gonna be just fine. Your hearing is going to go ahead as scheduled.

GARY

Well, why don't you get some rest. We'll check in with you tomorrow.

JUDY

Goodnight, Billy.

He remains motionless. They leave and we follow them into the hall.

JUDY

What do you think?

GARY

I don't know. But there were no hammers or crowbars in that cell with him. He broke that sink with his bare fist.

INT. HEARING ROOM

MEMBERS OF THE ADULT PAROLE AUTHORITY, JUDY, BILLY and A PROSECUTOR, along with a COURT STENOGRAPHER and TWO POLICE OFFICERS. BILLY'S wrists are bandaged. GARY enters, obviously agitated.

JUDY

(to Gary)

What's wrong?

GARY

I just found out they're gonna try and send him to jail for a parole violation and keep him there till the trial. We need him in a hospital with doctors for those ninety days to build a case.

JUDY

Parole violation?

GARY

But there's a statute of limitations and this is the last day they can nail him on it.

JUDY

What are you gonna do?

GARY

Wing it.

CHAIRMAN

(nods to the
Prosecutor)

Mr. Yavitch? Shall we begin?

PROSECUTOR

Mr. Chairman, members of the Adult Parole Authority, the state moves that possession of an unregistered firearm is a direct violation of the defendant's parole, and he should therefore be remanded to Lebanon State Prison until trial date.

GARY

Objection, Mr. Chairman.

MR. CHAIRMAN

Mr. Schweickart -- don't you own a tie?

GARY

(disheveled as
usual)

I do, your honor, but I like to save it for funerals.

CHAIRMAN

What is your objection?

GARY

Are these the weapons that were found in the defendant's home?

PROSECUTOR

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Schweickart knows damn well that they are.

GARY

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Schweickart does not know damn well that they are because Mr. Schweickart has yet to see any ballistics report.

PROSECUTOR

The weapons have not been test fired yet, you honor, so the report has not been completed. But I fail to see in what way that is prescient to the decision at hand.

GARY

(winging it)

It is "prescient" counsel, because without any proof of it's ability to propel a ballistic, this... "thing" is not a gun, your honor.

PROSECUTOR

Oh come on, Schweickart, of course it's a gun.

(to the Chairman)

It's a gun. Obviously it's a gun.

GARY grabs it and holds it to his head.

JUDGE

Mr. Schweickart...

JUDY and BILLY duck -- the PROSECUTOR finches -- but GARY pulls the trigger. It's unloaded.

GARY

Legally, until it shoots a bullet it's as much a gun as it is a zucchini. And having zucchinis found in your apartment is not a violation of Mr. Milligan's or anybody else's parole. Mr. Chairman, gentlemen, since the statute of limitations of Mr. Milligan's alleged parole violation is up today. I move that the defendant be allowed to stay at Harding Hospital, under the supervision of a trained psychiatric staff until it is time for him to stand trial.

PROSECUTOR

Mr. Chairman...

The CHAIRMAN raps his gavel.

CHAIRMAN

So be it. Next time get your shit together, counsel.

Shakes his head, chuckling.

CHAIRMAN

Zucchinis...

EXT. HARDING HOSPITAL - DAY

BILLY is escorted from a police car by TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS. He is handcuffed.

INT. HARDING HOSPITAL

An admitting nurse signs a release form, accepting delivery of BILLY with a big ORDERLY.

NURSE

Take those off him.

FIRST OFFICER

Not while he's still ours.

She finishes, they uncuff him. To the nurse:

FIRST OFFICER

Can I give you a little advice?
Keep him away from the toilets. Let
him piss in a bucket.

INT. CORRIDOR

BILLY, the NURSE and the ORDERLY walking down the hall.

NURSE

Doctor Harding's not here right now,
but he'll look in on you as soon as
he arrives.

As they walk, they pass people who are obviously deeply disturbed, as well as TWO FEMALE PSYCH-TECHS.

FIRST PSYCH-TECH

(after they've
passed)

I'm not gonna stand for it.

SECOND PSYCH-TECH

Jean...

FIRST PSYCH-TECH

It's a con. It's a lousy con. And
I'm not gonna treat him.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

BILLY is alone. He looks at the door. An eye is watching him through the peephole.

INT. CORRIDOR

A PSYCH-TECH sits on a stool, watching him and taking notes.

THE NOTES:

5:00 Sitting cross legged on bed, quiet.
5:15 Sitting cross legged on bed, staring.
5:32 Standing, looking out the window.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

BILLY sits, alone and sullen, while other PATIENTS either smoke, play cards or stare into space. Another YOUNG MALE PATIENT sits next to him. He's got a tin of peanut brittle.

PATIENT

Want some? My folks bring it. Your folks come visit you?

BILLY

My folks are divorced. Leave me alone.

PATIENT

What's your name? Come on, what's your name?

BILLY

Allen.

PATIENT

(sympathetic)

Only they call you Billy, right?
But that's not your name, is it? I understand.

BILLY

(softening)

You do?

PATIENT

They do that all the time here.

(offers his hand)

Natalie Wood. How do you do?

BILLY shakes it.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

At Harding Hospital. BILLY attached to an EEG, while a TECHNICIAN looks at the results. He's obviously confused.

TIGHT

on the print out.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

At Harding. The TECHNICIAN is showing the printout to a DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

It's got to be a mistake. A glitch
in the machine.

TECHNICIAN

I've never had a problem before.

DOCTOR

Well, what do you want me to say?
Adults do not emit spiked Theta
waves on their EEG's. Only children
do. Try changing the electrode.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

The TWO DOCTORS are administering another EEG to BILLY.
They seem satisfied with the results this time.

DOCTOR

See? Completely normal. Those
electrodes are for shit.

TECHNICIAN

But I didn't change the electrode.
I had to order it.

INT. CORRIDOR

DOCTOR HARDING approaches BILLY'S peephole and peers in.
Beside him is the ADMITTING NURSE.

INT. ROOM

BILLY is on the floor, drawing. He's made a very
disturbing picture of a tombstone that's inscribed: DO NOT
R.I.P.

INT. CORRIDOR

NURSE

I think he's looking forward to
meeting you, Doctor.

DR. HARDING

(gulps a little)

I'll see him in my office. Lots of
coffee, please.

He heads off down the hall.

INT. OUTSIDE HARDING'S OFFICE

BILLY is dropped off by an ORDERLY.

HARDING

(rises to greet him)

Ah, Billy, come on in. Sit down.
Coffee?

The ORDERLY leaves, closing the door and shutting us out.

INT. HEARING ROOM

It's small and sterile. The JUDGE, PROSECUTOR, STENOGRAPHER, DR. HARDING, GARY, JUDY and BILLY are present.

HARDING

Your honor, based on my interviews with the defendant, it is my opinion that, William S. Milligan suffers from Multiple Personality Disorder and has fragmented into ten separate personality manifestations. At the time of the acts in question, I believe he was mentally ill and unable to distinguish between right and wrong. Further, he did not have the ability to refrain from committing these acts. These findings are consistent with a plea of not guilty by reason of insanity, and I would, therefore, recommend that he be remanded to Athens State Hospital for suitable treatment.

JUDGE

Mr. Yavitch, do you contest these findings?

PROSECUTOR

No, your honor. The prosecution does not.

JUDGE

Then, lacking any evidence to the contrary, this court has no alternative than to find the defendant not guilty by reason of insanity.

He raps his gavel three times.

EXT. COURTHOUSE

BILLY is led, handcuffed, by TWO POLICEMEN, out a back entrance, but they still collide with a handful of REPORTERS.

REPORTER

How do you feel now that you've been found not guilty?

BILLY

I feel better now that it's all over with and I finally have come back to a reality that I've missed for so long.

SECOND REPORTER

Do you have any recollection of the crimes your other personalities have been charged with?

BILLY

Very little. Certain things come to me in forms of dreams that you could call memories, but I can't really distinct between memories -- the realities...

REPORTER

(aside to another Reporter)

Yeah, right. And I'm Doris Day.

BILLY

... because my emotions split so far apart -- love, hate and fear...

SECOND REPORTER

Billy, what do you want to do with your life?

BILLY

Become a citizen again.

The COPS lead him away.

INT. POLICE CAR

BILLY sits in back, flanked by the TWO POLICEMEN. It's freezing cold. They're bundled up -- BILLY wears just a suit. One POLICEMAN drinks hot coffee.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Well, you got away with it, didn't ya? You must be pretty proud of

yourself.

BILLY shivers silently.

FIRST POLICEMAN

You turn my stomach. I've got two daughters. Come on, you can tell me -- you're fakin', right?

SECOND POLICEMAN

Ray...

(to Billy)

You look cold. You want some hot coffee? Here.

The SECOND POLICEMAN, who wears thick gloves, purposely shoves the cup at BILLY'S handcuffed hands so that the coffee spills all over his lap, scalding him. The POLICEMEN laugh.

Out the window, BILLY realizes they're passing by a turn off on the road marked by a covered bridge. He gets upset.

WE PRESS IN on BILLY. Then:

TYMPANI ROLL

INT. THE SHOWROOM AT THE EDEN ROC HOTEL IN MIAMI BEACH

It's 1958, and filled with middle aged JEWISH COUPLES out for the resort's Saturday night entertainment. The MEN are in suits and the WOMEN are dressed to the teeth -- falls attached to over-teased hair, false eyelashes and stiff, heavy gowns. Minks draped over chairbacks. Spotlights roam the stage and the audience.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Ladies and gentlemen. The Eden Roc Hotel welcomes you to the Grand Ballroom. Have we got a show for you tonight!

PRESS IN on BILLY, AGE THREE.

He's in a suit and bowtie, on a stool next to the kitchen entrance, watching the stage in rapt fascination. WAITERS and BUSBOYS rush past him loaded down with trays full of drinks.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Claire and Myrna -- the Barry Sisters...

(applause)

The dancing stylings of Tanya and Briaggi...

(applause)

And now, please welcome the adults
only comedy of Johnny Morrison.

THE STAGE

Over applause, the band plays JOHNNY'S lead-in music. He bounds on stage, all sweat and smiles -- his old shirt collar too tight for his extra chin. But the spotlights keep roaming -- leaving him in the dark. He gives a "can you believe this shit?" face and the audience reluctantly plays along. This is the oldest shtick in the book. Once again, the band plays his little intro. Once again the audience applauds -- but less than before. And this time, instead of the spots landing on him at the music cut-off, they focus on an empty spot across the stage. Scattered laughter. More groans.

BILLY

laughing hard.

THE STAGE

JOHNNY

Now you know why it's cheaper here
than the Fountainbleu.

Nothing. No response. Just chairs scuffling and forks on dessert plates.

INTERCUT

Between BILLY and the SPOTLIGHT, as JOHNNY continues with his act. BILLY is fascinated by it: it's sharp, defined glow, lighting up just one perfect circle while all around it is darkness.

JOHNNY

Two women at the Fountainbleu are looking through a hole in the wall into the men's steam room. They see one poor shnook, naked as a jaybird with a towel over his face. The first woman says: "Ciel... would you look at that? He's not Jewish." The other woman says "Jewish? He's not even a guest here."

Rimshot.

THE STAGE

JOHNNY

(flop sweat now)
Alright, already.

He whistles at the spot through his two fingers and motions it towards him. It moves maybe a foot in his direction. He commits the comic's cardinal sin -- he laughs when the audience doesn't. He's the joke now.

BILLY

oblivious. Laughing -- deliriously happy. Suddenly, a BUSBOY with a tray full of glasses bangs into him and everything smashes to the ground.

BUSBOY
(cleaning)
Goddammit!

BILLY
I'm sorry.

BUSBOY
Get out of the goddamn aisle. I
been just missin' you all night.

BILLY
I couldn't see before.

BUSBOY
Well, that's too bad -- what the
hell are you doin' in here all
alone, anyway?

BILLY
(points to Johnny)
That's my Daddy.

BUSBOY
Yeah? Well, he stinks. That steam
room joke is as old as my Aunt
Bessie's ass.

He goes to lift BILLY off the stool.

BUSBOY
Now sit someplace else, before I
have you thrown out.

BILLY
No!

TWO BIG HANDS -- more like paws -- enter frame and lift the BUSBOY off the ground. They belong to a second BUSBOY, huge and mustachioed. He speaks with a thick Slavic accent.

SECOND BUSBOY
Leave him alone.

BUSBOY

(scared)
Hey, buddy, I was only...

SECOND BUSBOY
Just leave him alone.

He tosses the FIRST BUSBOY aside like a piece of crumpled up paper and gives his attention to BILLY.

BILLY
I couldn't see before. That's my
Daddy.

He lifts BILLY up onto his shoulders.

SECOND BUSBOY
There. Now you see everything.

THE STAGE

as JOHNNY finally walks over to the spot and steps inside it. A couple of people applaud.

BILLY

on the BUSBOY'S shoulders -- eyes glued to his FATHER -- all lit up against the blackness.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

BILLY'S MOTHER, DOROTHY, is coming, watching a soap opera and talking on the phone all at the same time. BILLY, still three, has a toy ambulance that he's running all over with -- rolling it over everything, making siren noises, "vrooming" at the top of his lungs. Finally:

DOROTHY
Billy, please -- can't you see I'm
tryin' to watch the TV? Now take
that someplace else.

He takes the car down the hall -- vrooming slightly quieter. WE HOLD on a framed photo of JOHNNY MORRISON and JIMMY DURANTE. Baby BILLY sits on DURANTE'S knee.

BILLY

arrives at a door leading to the garage. He opens it and immediately starts coughing. It's filled with fumes. He looks inside the car, which is running, and sees his FATHER, slumped over on the front seat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's filled with people, all in black, all eating. BILLY

is in a black suit and bowtie, getting underneath everybody's feet, still carrying his ambulance. He vrooms very quietly. He looks over at his MOTHER, red-eyed from crying, on a sofa with another WOMAN. DOROTHY breaks down.

DOROTHY

My God, he looks just like him. I can't look at him. I can't...

THE OTHER WOMAN quickly bustles BILLY away.

WOMAN

Come on, son. Your Mother's very upset.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM

It's empty as the WOMAN brings BILLY inside.

WOMAN

Now you just sit up here and play for a while, alright? That's all grown up stuff goin' on downstairs. And soon your Mama's gonna take you back home with her to Ohio. Won't that be fun?

She leaves and closes the door. He sits alone in the middle of the floor. He spins the wheels of his ambulance against the worn out rug.

BILLY

(softly, a siren)

Wooooo... wooco...

And he rolls it slowly out of frame. Beat... beat... beat... it rolls back to him. And it's been turned around to face him. BILLY looks up and smiles.

ANGLE

to reveal a three year old GIRL, all in white. She's the girl from the painting with the rag doll.

GIRL

Vrooom... vrooom...

BILLY

He rolls it back to her.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

There's a piano bar and DOROTHY is in a ratty, red

sequined dress, singing "You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You." As she does, WE SEE BILLY, age eight, not really watching, just sitting sullenly -- blowing air bubbles in his Coke. Someone's watching though. CHALMER MILLIGAN sits at the bar, smiling at DOROTHY. She starts performing just to him. BILLY realizes what's going on and watches carefully. CHALMER catches BILLY'S look and feels exposed. He turns his attention back to DOROTHY.

LATER

CHALMER and DOROTHY, laughing in a booth over drinks.

PAN OVER

to the next booth -- BILLY is fast asleep.

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

Lots of people and rides. BILLY, DOROTHY and CHALMER are in line for one ride, but as they get to the gate:

ATTENDANT

Sorry, he's too little. There's a height requirement.

BILLY is stricken.

CHALMER

(to Billy)

Well, tell ya what -- you wait here and we'll meet you right after. It's a short one, this one.

He ushers DOROTHY onto the ride as BILLY steps aside -- watching and waiting.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHALMER watches from the sofa as BILLY sits with crayons and a pad on the floor. BILLY reaches for the red one, but CHALMER'S foot comes down on it. A beat as BILLY looks up at him. Finally, CHALMER lifts his foot and BILLY takes it.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

DOROTHY is shaking BILLY out of a deep sleep. She's breathless with excitement.

DOROTHY

Billy, wake up. Look.

She shows him an engagement ring on her finger.

DOROTHY

He asked me to marry him. We're not going to be alone anymore.

She hugs him tight.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

BILLY and DOROTHY doing the dishes together.

BILLY

I don't know what to call him.

DOROTHY

Chalmer is your Daddy, now. You call him Daddy Chal.

BILLY looks into the living room at CHALMER, asleep in front of the TV, a beer in his hand. CHALMER opens his eyes unexpectedly, startling BILLY.

CHALMER

What are you doin' in there? Only sissies help their Mama's do dishes. You come in here with me and watch some TV.

BILLY is nervous.

DOROTHY

(privately)

Go on. He's your Daddy, now. You mind him. He loves you.

BILLY goes inside.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

The three of them at the dinner table. No talking -- just quiet eating.

DOROTHY

Billy, would you please pass the salt?

He grabs it and goes to hand it to his MOTHER, but CHALMER grabs his other wrist.

CHALMER

Salt gets passed clockwise.

BILLY

What?

CHALMER

Everything at the table gets passed clockwise.

BILLY

Why?

CHALMER

Because that's how we did it when I was growin' up. It learned me manners -- you don't have everybody reachin' all over the table for everything -- gettin' in everybody's food.

BILLY passes it clockwise, via CHALMER, who gives it to DOROTHY.

DOROTHY

Thank you.

CHALMER

It's just like when I taught you to sit with your hands on your knees and your feet flat on the floor when you're not eatin'. And you don't have to know the reason for everything, anyway. If I say to do something, then that's enough. Right?

BILLY

Yes.

CHALMER

Yes, what?

BILLY

Yes, Daddy Chal.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

CHALMER, BILLY and DOROTHY watching TV. Ed Sullivan. CHALMER'S got a beer in one hand and his other arm is around DOROTHY as he starts fondling her breast.

DOROTHY

(smiling awkwardly,
pulling away)

Chalmer...

CHALMER

(a hoarse whisper)

What...?

He leans in to kiss her neck. BILLY watches. CHALMER

looks right at him, then nuzzles her.

DOROTHY
(still mindful of
decorum)

No...

CHALMER
(climbing on her now,
but not really
threatening)

Don't tell me no -- we're married
now.

He thinks he's being playful. A hand inside her blouse.
BILLY still watches in silence.

DOROTHY
(catches Billy's look
to Chalmer)

Billy...

CHALMER

So?

He looks at BILLY once more, then, never taking his eyes
off him, slides his tongue into DOROTHY'S ear.

DOROTHY
(gets up)
We can go in the bedroom.

She leaves and goes upstairs. BILLY looks at CHALMER.

CHALMER
What are you looking at?
(an icy hiss)
You bend them eyes while I'm talkin'
to you, boy.

BILLY looks down. CHALMER drains his beer and tosses the
empty can at him, then heads upstairs. In a moment, we
hear a hit. DOROTHY screams. Another hit. BILLY sits
closer to the TV -- turns up the volume. A plate spinner
on Ed Sullivan. As the beating continues upstairs. BILLY
changes the channel, landing on an old Basil
Rathbone/Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes movie. He stare hard
as Holmes performs some miraculous demonstration of
deduction. BILLY turns up the volume till it drowns
everything else out.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

BILLY sits drawing at the table while his MOTHER does the
ironing. The drawing is a landscape, and remarkably good
for a nine year old.

DOROTHY

Is it that late? God, I don't know
where the time went.

She leaves the room and heads upstairs. As BILLY looks up, he sees CHALMER standing in the next room, staring at him. BILLY goes back to drawing, but is unnerved. He looks up again -- CHALMER is gone. He tentatively leaves the kitchen and pads very slowly into the living room. No one there. BILLY sits on the sofa and looks up -- there's CHALMER, leaning against the wall next to the entrance way. BILLY is startled.

BILLY

Hello, Daddy Chal...

No response. CHALMER'S eyes bore a hole right through the boy. BILLY picks up a magazine. He leaf's through a couple of pages, consumed with fright, then puts it back carefully -- perfectly -- in the center of the coffee table. He glances up. CHALMER hasn't moved. He's still staring. BILLY puts his hands on his knees and his feet flat on the floor. Then he gets up and exits the room from the opposite side where CHALMER is.

EXT. BACK PORCH

As BILLY comes out of the house. He goes into the yard and wanders restlessly -- tosses a stick. He gathers all his courage and looks back towards the house. There is CHALMER, watching him from the window. Terrified, BILLY starts to cry silently. Suddenly, his MOTHER'S voice startles him.

DOROTHY

Billy!

She's at the upstairs window.

DOROTHY

Come on to bed!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

BILLY lies awake. He's exhausted, but more scared. Every time he starts to nod off, he forces his eyes back open with a start. He pinches his arm and twists hard to keep himself up.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

BILLY, eyes puffy from lack of sleep, sits opposite CHALMER and DOROTHY. CHALMER doesn't look like he's slept

much, either.

DOROTHY

Look what I made for my two men
this morning. Pancakes and bacon
and fresh squeezed juice...

CHALMER

We're going to the farm today,
Billy. There's a lot to be done.

BILLY is gripped by fear.

INT. CAR

BILLY and CHALMER moving down a long, lonely road.
Neither one says a word. They both just stare straight
ahead.

EXT. CAR

As it turns off one road and onto another -- this one
containing the covered bridge. It's the same one that
adult BILLY passed in the police car. A farm can be seen
in the distance amongst the spindly, leafless trees.

EXT. FARM - DAY

CHALMER sits on the ground, drinking beer and staring.

ANGLE

to include the corn crib from the charcoal animation.
BILLY is locked inside, trying to ignore his step-father's
stare.

INT. CORN CRIB

BILLY sees a cardinal on a tree branch. He has some
paints with him and starts to sketch out the bird on a
piece of slate. Suddenly CHALMER pops up in front of him,
carrying a shovel. He unlocks the corn crib.

CHALMER

Come on...

He leads BILLY out and they walk off into a field as the
cardinal flies away to freedom.

EXT. FIELD

BILLY is digging a long hole that's already knee deep.

CHALMER sits and watches. He holds a rusty, hollow, metal pipe in his hand -- about a foot long and four inches wide.

CHALMER
Six feet. You hear me?

BILLY continues digging.

EXT. FIELD

CHALMER pushes a rototiller, churning up the ground for the coming season.

WE FOLLOW him as he goes. Finally, he passes the pipe he was holding earlier -- only now it sticks up six inches from the ground. As CHALMER rides out of frame we hear the amplified sound of shallow breathing.

INT. BARN

We see BILLY only from the naked torso up. Through a window, we can see CHALMER outside, drinking under a tree. His pants are undone. BILLY'S back is to us. He's tied to the rototiller -- straddling it. His eyes are wet from crying. He struggles against the rope, but it's no use. Then, his eyes fix into the middle distance. He stares so hard, it hurts.

A BRIGHT, WHITE LIGHT

shining straight into our eyes. At first it has no form, no perimeters.

BILLY

staring.

THE LIGHT

feels like a birth as we PULL BACK from its center, gathering velocity. It rumbles, then roars, until we finally get to it's outer edge. Now it has a shape. It's a spotlight -- sharp, defined. Surrounded by darkness. Like the spot that shone on Johnny Morrison at the Eden Roc.

BILLY

staring even harder.

THE SPOT

as a form emerges from it's deepest recesses. It's human. A teenage boy. The figure stretches out it's hand.

BILLY

Suddenly, he blinks -- like we've seen the adult BILLY do. His entire face seems to change. He's not terrified anymore, merely confused. He reaches his face over to his constrained hand and touches his cheek with his fingers. He has no idea why he's been crying. He looks around the barn -- then out at CHALMER, who is oblivious. BILLY looks at the rope around his wrists. They are tied to each other, close together, but there's still some slack. He takes a beat, then uses one hand to push the thumb of his other hand far across it palm. His eyes are clenched in concentration. His hand turns beet red. Suddenly, there's a snap and his thumb is successfully dislocated. With his thumb pulled out of its socket and draped across his palm, the thickest part of his hand is now thinner than his wrist, enabling him to slide it out from the rope. He snaps it back in place and undoes his other wrist. Outside the window, CHALMER is now passed out drunk.

INT. BARN

THE CARDINAL painted on the piece of slate. It's been signed: BILLY. BILLY is fully dressed now, rubbing his still red thumb, when he stumbles upon it. He picks up the paintbrush next to it and adds some touches. Satisfied, he signs a second name beneath the one that's already there: TOMMY.

EXT. STREET

It's a brilliant Fall day. BILLY, age nine, is walking to school past an apple orchard. He carries a big, shiny red apple -- polishing it as he goes. He never sees the car that suddenly rounds the bend and heads straight for him. We hear a MAN and a WOMAN giggling drunkenly from inside -- completely oblivious. It is virtually upon him, when, as if shoved from behind by an invisible force, BILLY is thrown clear of the automobile. It crushes the apple into sauce and disappears around the next bend, but BILLY lands safely. He starts to cry. Then we hear a voice. It has a thick East European accent.

RAGEN'S VOICE

Christene...

BILLY looks up.

RAGEN'S VOICE

Please... don't cry... I get you another apple.

TIGHT

on a adult pair of hands as they shimmy up a tree trunk and grab an apple.

EXT. STREET

BILLY, holding this new apple, walking happily to school once more.

RAGEN'S FACE

against a dark and indistinct background. He's inspired by the Eden Roc busboy -- intense, olive-skinned, with a full black moustache.

RAGEN

I will always be here to protect
you.

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT

BILLY, age twenty one, is working out with a set of nunchuks. He handles them like an expert, like a killer. Sweat covers his bare chest. His hands are a blur. He punctuates each move with a throaty war cry, still in the thick Yugoslavian accent, as he uses a mannequin's face and torso to simulate the disarming and vicious pummeling of an attacker. He ends with a fierce, sustained scream of a warrior. When he comes back to himself, he looks down: the mannequin is in shreds. He opens the refrigerator. It's empty. He grabs his wallet from his pocket and opens it. It's empty. He throws it angrily to the floor. He goes to the sink and sticks his head under, to wash the sweat off the get a drink, when the doorbell rings. BILLY approaches it warily. He keeps his accent all through this.

BILLY

Who is it?

GORDY (O.C.)

Gordy.

BILLY grabs an M-16 from under a chair, reaches high on a shelf for a clip and pops it in, then holds it to his side as he opens the door a few inches. GORDY is eighteen, thin, pale and high as a kite.

GORDY

Shit, it's cold. You got any
scotch?

He starts to enter, but BILLY blocks his way.

GORDY

What's wrong? We gonna do this in front of the neighbors? I've got the money.

GORDY takes out sixty bucks in crumpled bills. BILLY looks at it, then lets him in. GORDY walks past him into the living room.

BILLY
Where are you going?

GORDY
(not looking back,
imitates him)
Where am I going?

GORDY pulls out a dresser drawer and put it on the floor.

BILLY
Hey.

GORDY reaches in and BILLY moves right for him, the gun barrel coming to rest on his back. GORDY pulls out a cellophane bag that's been duck taped to the back of the dresser. It's got several smaller bags inside, each stocked with a different supply of pills.

GORDY
Whoa. Jackpot.

He turns and sees the gun pointed straight at him.

GORDY
What's wrong? I showed you the money.

He tosses it to BILLY.

GORDY
Cool it.

But BILLY is stunned. He's never seen the pills before. He lowers his gun and grabs the bag. As he opens it and pulls out its contents:

GORDY
What are you gettin' all excited for? Have I ever ripped you off? Never. Wow, you got the reds.

BILLY drops the bag to the floor.

BILLY
How did you know this was there?

GORDY
(picking them up)

That's where you always keep 'em.
Oh no. Are you gonna get all weird
again? I hate when you do this
shit.

GORDY pockets sixty dollars worth of speed, then sees the
nunchuks and a set of free weights.

GORDY
I didn't know you were so into that
stuff.

He picks up the nunchuks -- does a few comically inane
moves.

BILLY
Put them down.

GORDY
(he does)
Boy, who put the bug up your ass
today? And what's with the commie
accent? You know, the guy I work
for is looking for a bodyguard.
Someone to drive the car to the
pick-ups and look like an animal so
no one pulls any shit. You wanna
meet him? The pay is good.

BILLY
How much?

GORDY
I don't know -- ask him. The
sumbitch is made of money. I'm
goin' over there now. You wanna
come?

BILLY
We need money.

GORDY
So come on. His name's Foley.

BILLY grabs a sweatshirt and they leave.

EXT. HOOVER RESERVOIR - DAY

As the water roars below, BILLY sits alone in his parked
car. Thirty yards away is a parked MERCEDES. TWO MEN sit
in the front seat, while GORDY leans in the back window
talking to FOLEY. BILLY is tense, but stoic. In a
moment, GORDY turns. He gets out of the car.

GORDY
He wants to talk to you.

BILLY gets out of the car. The other THREE MEN get out of theirs. BILLY takes the long walk over, but upon reaching them one MAN spins him around to face the car while holding an automatic to his head and the OTHER starts to frisk him. Immediately, BILLY elbows the MAN WITH THE GUN in the throat, delivers a quick flurry of knifehand karate strikes to his face, breaking his nose, then holds him in front of his own body. BILLY grabs the MAN'S hand, wrapping his finger around the finger that was already guarding the trigger, and straightens the henchman's arm, using it to point the gun directly at FOLEY.

BILLY

It is not good to move. I put
three bullets between your eyes
before you take step.

FOLEY puts his hands up. BILLY turns to the SECOND FLUNKIE.

BILLY

You. Take gun from under jacket
with two fingers and put on ground.

The MAN hesitates.

BILLY

Do it now or you will be smiling out
of your sleeve.

He does as BILLY says. BILLY pushes the FIRST MAN away, holding onto the gun.

BILLY

I would say you need better
bodyguard than these two.

FOLEY

(to the two men)

Go over there. I'm going to have a
talk with Mr. Milligan.

INT. MERCEDES

FOLEY presses a button and a bar opens.

FOLEY

What do you drink?

BILLY

Vodka.

FOLEY

No shit. Where'd you get a name
like Milligan?

BILLY

Names mean nothing. I am
Yugoslavian.

FOLEY

Well, Billy. I'm in the shipping
business, and my drivers need
protection.

BILLY

I am a protector. You have job. I
do it. I need money.

FOLEY

Oh, don't worry, you'll make money.

BILLY

Except one thing. I do not hurt
people unless my life is in danger,
and I do not harm womans.

FOLEY

It's a deal.

They shake hands.

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT

GORDY'S taking a hit of speed and washing it down with a
swig of vodka.

GORDY

Where'd you learn karate? Who are
you really? Ex-C.I.A.? Mercenary?

But BILLY has drawn into himself -- lips moving silently.

GORDY

You O.K.?
(holds out the speed)
Here, you want a B.B.?

BILLY "returns". He quickly checks out the scene -- where
he is and who he's with.

BILLY

(almost relieved)
Gordy.

BILLY smiles and takes a pill. After he swallows it,
GORDY offers him the vodka. BILLY reaches past him for a
beer.

GORDY shrugs and picks up a volume of poetry by Emily
Dickinson.

GORDY

(laughs)

Poetry? You read this shit? Or you got a girlfriend I don't know about?

BILLY has never seen it before. GORDY reads:

GORDY

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without the words
And never stops at all.

BILLY grabs it and throws it across the room.

BILLY

I've never seen it before.

GORDY

No? Then who the hell's it belong to?

The book has landed in front of a painting of the withdrawn, teenage girl with long hair parted in the middle.

As we PRESS IN on BILLY, we CROSSFADE to:

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

He's nine years old. DOROTHY'S approaching voice wakes him up.

DOROTHY

Billy! you're gonna be late for school!

She opens the door.

DOROTHY

Billy, come on.

He looks at her, confused.

DOROTHY

Let's go. I'm making blueberry pancakes.

INT. SPOT

The bright, white light, surrounded by darkness. PHIL is there, tucking a napkin into his collar. He's a tough looking twenty year old with bad skin and three days of growth of beard.

INT. KITCHEN

BILLY, still age nine, tucking a napkin into his collar. He's smothering his pancakes in a ton of syrup and wolfing them down in huge, convict size bites.

DOROTHY

I'm not going to show this report card to Daddy Chal. One D, all the rest F's... What's wrong, Billy? I know you're bright. You go to school every day. Why don't you learn? It's like there's two Billy's. And one of them I don't care for very much at all. Now you're going to have to try and do better, and that's all there is to it. Understand?

BILLY

Do you have any black coffee?

INT. THIRD GRADE CLASSROOM

It's very Eisenhower fifties mid-west. Thanksgiving turkey cut-outs on the windows; Autumn leaf displays, etc. The CHILDREN are all taking their seats. BILLY doesn't know where he belongs. He finally sits, but immediately, a GIRL approaches.

GIRL

That's my seat.

BILLY

Go to hell.

GIRL

Miss Haworth, Billy Milligan just swore at me and he's sitting in my seat.

BILLY

(under his breath)

Jesus...

BILLY stands and the GIRL sits.

MISS HAWORTH

What's the matter, Billy? Don't you remember where your seat is?

He shakes his head no.

MISS HAWORTH

I'm getting very tired of this
little game, Billy. Now take your
seat.

By this time, there's only one seat left unoccupied.
BILLY sits.

MISS HAWORTH

Thank you. Now maybe we can get on
with our arithmetic test.

As MISS HAWORTH passes out the mimeographed quiz sheets,
BILLY is gripped with fear. He looks at the sheet. It's
like hieroglyphics to him.

MISS HAWORTH

Alright class, you may begin.

The KIDS start work -- BILLY freezes. A beat then:

TIGHT

on an adult hand, holding a pencil, poised over the test.
We hear an English accent:

ARTHUR (O.C.)

Oh, dear, really. You must be
joking.

ANGLE

on the classroom.

MISS HAWORTH

Ssh!

BILLY sits with a completely different posture and
demeanor. He looks down his nose at the test and races
through it. He's done almost immediately and puts down
his pencil.

MISS HAWORTH

looks up from her desk.

MISS HAWORTH

Done already?

ANGLE

to include BILLY. He's back to being himself -- scared
and confused. He has no idea how he got to school.

MISS HAWORTH

(approaching)

Aren't you even going to check your
work?

He doesn't respond. She takes the paper and looks at it.
Then:

MISS HAWORTH

Let me see your arms.

He rolls up his sleeves. Then she looks all around his desk.

BILLY

What's wrong?

MISS HAWORTH

(extremely
suspicious)

They're all correct.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

It's a Saturday and there's no one around, except for BILLY, now age fourteen. He's throwing rocks from about thirty yards away -- trying to break windows. We're behind him as he hears PHIL'S twenty year old voice.

PHIL (O.C.)

Hey.

VERY QUICK CUTS. FIRST:

An ANGLE on BILLY'S face, speaking as PHIL, with a thick New York accent.

BILLY

What are you doing?

Another ANGLE on BILLY'S face, answering as KEVIN -- also twenty.

BILLY

Bustin' windows.

An adult hand, picking up a rock.

PHIL (O.C.)

Cool. Let me.

BILLY

throwing a rock and shattering a window.

INT. SPOT

PHIL, in the light, wiping the dirt off his hands.

EXT. THE SCHOOL

BILLY is baffled, looking around.

BILLY
(as Kevin)
Where are you?

PHIL (O.C.)
Where are you?

BILLY
(as Kevin)
I'm standing on the hill -- behind
the school.

PHIL (O.C.)
Yeah? Me too.

INT. SPOT

KEVIN, now in the light. He's twenty, blonde hair, green eyes -- a tough guy like PHIL.

KEVIN
What's your name?

PHIL (O.C.)
Philip, what's yours?

KEVIN
Kevin.

ANGLE

In the distance, KEVIN is lit in the spot. In the F.G., PHIL in semi-darkness, is unaware of him.

PHIL
That's a funny name.

KEVIN
Yeah? I'd bust you if I could see
you.

PHIL
Where ya live?

EXT. THE SCHOOL

BILLY casually throws rocks at the school, breaking windows as he speaks.

BILLY

(as Kevin)
On Spring Street. Where you from?

PHIL (O.C.)
I'm from Brooklyn, New York, but now
I live on Spring Street, too.

INT. SPOT

KEVIN

KEVIN
It's 933 Spring. A white house.
Owned by some guy named Chalmer
Milligan. He calls me Billy.

KEVIN reaches down.

EXT. SCHOOL - BILLY'S HAND

picking up a rock.

BILLY (O.C.)
Jeez -- that's where I live. I know
the same guy. He calls me Billy,
too. I play along for the pancakes.

BILLY throws the rock -- then turns around.

INT. SPOT

KEVIN turns, as BILLY just did, and comes face to face
with PHILIP.

PHIL
I ain't never seen you there.

KEVIN
I ain't never seen you there,
either.

PHIL
(popping open a
Zippo)
Well, shit, pal, let's go down to
the woods and light fires.

KEVIN
Cool.

EXT. SCHOOL

BILLY runs off towards the woods, Zippo in hand.

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT

BILLY, age twenty one, has discovered drugs stashed behind the dresser drawer. He checks them out, then speaks with Arthur's British accent.

BILLY

L.S.D. Kevin and Philip have become undesirables. Something must be done to banish them from the spot.

BANG!

MUSIC blasts. Elton John's "Madman Across the Water". The screen is filled with a wash of deep blue. BILLY enters frame, silhouetted against it, paintbrush in hand. He attacks the blue with whites and yellows.

In a SERIES OF CUTS:

The painting is incredibly detailed -- fine, delicate lines forming eyes and strands of hair -- but his manner is frenetic. He paces the floor, staring at the canvas the way a matador sizes up a bull, then hurls himself at it -- always reigning himself in to achieve the controlled, meticulous tension that the painting demands.

THE SPOT

ALLEN painting. Cigarette dangling from his mouth.

THE PAINTING

further along. It's like a story unfolding. Symbols, clocks, faces -- all corresponding to some private vision of BILLY'S.

INT. APARTMENT

TIME CUT. BILLY is drenched now. He paints a section, then steps back to look at it. Dissatisfied he takes a can of red paint and flings it across the canvas. He stops a moment to catch his breath, then starts all over again. In a moment, he "blinks". His demeanor changes, his posture, the way he holds the brush. He goes from looking like an artist in complete command of his craft, to looking like some guy holding a paintbrush. He sees the bag of drugs ARTHUR had left out earlier and picks them up, hungrily. From out of an envelope, he shakes out a small piece of paper with a stamp of a loopy cartoon horse on it. He smiles wickedly, then puts it to his tongue and licks the purple microdot off the tip of its muzzle.

BILLY

painting -- tripping out of his mind.

BILLY - LATER

now ALLEN, the personality who had originally started the painting. He's looking aghast.

HIS POV

PHIL has turned it into some sixties psychedelic nightmare and signed it.

BILLY

lights a cigarette, then starts painting over it -- starting again.

BILLY

painting in detail once more. His neck is sore. His fingers are sore. It's pitch black outside.

BILLY - DAWN

finally finished. Ashtray overflowing. He's looking at the result. It is a major work -- complicated -- probably over-complicated -- full of the confusion and enormity of what's inside him. He signs it: ALLEN. He wipes the sweat off his face, walks to the sofa and lies down. He's asleep in seconds.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

BILLY wakes up. A beat. He walks over to the painting. He looks at it, then reaches for a handful of crayons.

INT. SPOT

Three year old CHRISTENE picking up crayons.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

BILLY stands stunned. There are childish squiggles and drawings all over the canvas. It's completely ruined. His eyes fill with tears.

INT. DARKENED AREA

There is a male figure moving through the shadows, though we can hardly discern any activity.

ANGLE

to include the spot in the distance. RAGEN is in it. In the foreground, now, the lurking male figure enters the frame. We see him, only partially and from behind, watching RAGEN.

EXT. WOODS

Fourteen year old BILLY is practicing pulling a knife from his boot and chucking it at a tree with lightning speed and accuracy.

INT. SPOT

ARTHUR'S VOICE
Ragen Vadascovinich.

RAGEN turns quickly.

EXT. WOODS

BILLY has his knife out in a defense stance.

INT. SPOT

RAGEN is in the same position.

RAGEN
Where are you?

ARTHUR'S VOICE
I'm right here.

EXT. WOODS

BILLY is all alone, talking to himself in the woods.

BILLY
(English accent)
We are in the same body. We share it. You are in my head and I am in yours. And there are others as well, but most of them don't know about each other.

INT. SPOT

ARTHUR stands just outside the spot, talking to RAGEN. He's twenty two, with a patrician air and John Lennon glasses.

RAGEN

Is true -- I have heard voices
before -- but how can you be same
place I am? Is not possible.

ARTHUR

It's simple, really. Whoever is on
the spot holds the consciousness.
Right now, it's you. When it's
someone else, we are very often
unaware.

RAGEN eyes him warily.

ARTHUR

Do you play chess?

RAGEN

Of course.

INT. BILLY'S MIND

RAGEN and ARTHUR in a limbo-like space, playing chess.
Though they are obviously sitting, we can see not chairs.
It's like they are sitting in blackness. In the
background, we can see CHRISTENE, all of three years old,
sitting in the spot, drawing happily.

ARTHUR

If we are to survive in the world,
we will have to bring some order out
of this chaos. Billy wanders
around, oblivious, starting things
and not finishing them -- getting
into all kinds of ridiculous
scrapes -- switching in front of
people. And some, like Philip and
Kevin are quite destructive and need
to be carefully monitored.

INT. CLASSROOM

Fourteen year old BILLY and his class are taking a math
test, but BILLY, currently occupied by CHRISTENE'S
personality, is drawing pictures all over the test sheet.
A GIRL sitting next to him is watching him incredulously.

ARTHUR AND RAGEN

playing chess. CHRISTENE drawing in the spot in the
background.

ARTHUR

Ah, an Indian defense. Very good.

RAGEN

Who is that?

He indicates a four year boy sitting alone, staring blankly.

ARTHUR

That is Shawn. He's completely deaf. He takes the spot to block out his mother's cries. We've got all kinds here. But there's got to be a way of controlling things.

RAGEN

Does Billy know about us?

ARTHUR

No.

RAGEN

Should he be told?

ARTHUR

I think it would drive him insane.

RAGEN

Then how can things be controlled?

ARTHUR

We'll make rules. Everyone will have specific duties that are tailored toward their particular talents. Tommy is an electronics genius, as well as an escape artist. Several of us are painters. I excel at foreign languages and dabble in medicine and biochemistry. The girls do domestic chores.

RAGEN

There are women here?

ARTHUR

Oh yes. April and Adalana. They do the cooking, the shopping, the cleaning... checkmate.

RAGEN

What about me?

ARTHUR

You shall continue your role as protector...

EXT. ROAD

Fourteen year old BILLY jogging -- sweat pours down.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

... developing yourself physically...
learning the martial arts --
weaponry -- being able to step into
a dangerous situation at a moments
notice.

He speeds up -- running harder and harder. The intensity in his face is enormous -- as if every fiber of his being were perfectly focused on this one activity.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A TEACHER is droning on, writing endlessly at the blackboard. She has lost control of the class, which is chatting away, paying little or no attention.

TEACHER

The War of the Roses was a series of wars fought by two English families in the late 15th Century for the rule of the country.

As she speaks, the class gets quieter and quieter in the background, until there's just the TEACHER and a strange whispering.

TEACHER

The House of Lancaster had a red rose as its emblem while the House of York had a white rose. The forces of the House of Lancaster won and their leader, Henry Tudor, father of the future Henry VII, became king...

Finally, she turns around and stops speaking.

ANGLE

to include class. They are all staring at BILLY, age fourteen, who sits at his desk, eyes glazed and half rolled into his head -- lips moving a mile a minute -- whispering in a strange gibberish.

INT. SCHOOL COUNSELOR'S OFFICE

A sign on his desk identifies him as such. He faces BILLY.

COUNSELOR

Do you know why you're here, Billy?

Do you want to talk about it?

BILLY looks away. The COUNSELOR comes around his desk and sits close to BILLY.

COUNSELOR

You can say anything here. Go on.
What are your feelings?

BILLY

It's like a dream that comes and goes. My step-dad hates me. I hear him screaming. I hear other voices, too. I get blamed for stuff I didn't do. People call me a liar. I never know what time it is -- or what day it is. Sometimes I feel like I'm going crazy. I don't know what's in my pockets. And I see lots of things that aren't real. There's a locked door and someone's pounding to get out. I see a woman falling down and suddenly she's turning into a pile of metal and I can't reach her and I'm so scared and lonely and I'm afraid to ask for help. I need help. Oh God...

(self-conscious,
through sniffles)

Hey, I'm the only kid who can take a trip without LSD.

COUNSELOR

It's all right, Billy. We're going to get you some help.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

BILLY being examined by a G.P. -- while his MOTHER looks on. After a bit:

DOCTOR

Ears normal, eyes normal, throat
O.K. -- I don't see anything yet.
Alright, Billy, take off your pants.

His face crumbles. He's overcome by fear.

DOROTHY

Go on, Billy, you mind the doctor.

The DOCTOR reaches for BILLY'S belt, and BILLY screams in terror.

BILLY

Nooo!!!

It echoes into eternity as WE CUT TO:

INT. COLUMBUS STATE HOSPITAL

BILLY walking down a corridor with a different DOCTOR, leaving his MOTHER behind. As they go, they pass all manner of disturbed children.

DOCTOR

Don't worry, Billy. No one's going to hurt you. We're here to help you.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

The DOCTOR gives BILLY two pills in a small, paper container. BILLY puts them in his mouth.

QUICK CUTS:

BILLY taking different pills on a different day.

The same day.

And again. Now he washes them down with water.

INT. DOCTOR'S CONSULTATION OFFICE

BILLY, DOROTHY and CHALMER, across the desk from the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

He certainly seems high strung, and his mood swings are unpredictable. He also likes to pretend or role play quite a bit. But I don't really see that there's anything more we can do for him here. Try changing his diet. He seems to do better on Jello day.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

As BILLY walks through with his books, other KIDS point and whisper to each other. Some laugh. As he passes one little GIRL, she yells from behind.

GIRL

Billy Milligan is a psycho! He was in the loony bin!

The KIDS laugh.

EXT. THE ROOF OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

It's windy as all hell as BILLY inches his way towards the edge. He's a million miles away -- his eyes fixed in the middle distance.

INT. SPOT

BILLY, with the very same expression, inside the spotlight. We hear voices from around the periphery.

RAGEN'S VOICE

We must do something. We must act now.

ARTHUR'S VOICE

Push him off the spot or he'll jump.

EXT. THE ROOF

BILLY still moving forward -- ever closer.

INT. SPOT

He appears to be walking -- but he doesn't move. It's as if he's on a treadmill.

TOMMY'S VOICE

Oh let him jump. Who needs him around, anyway? Always embarrassing us -- always getting us into trouble...

ARTHUR'S VOICE

No. It's our responsibility to keep him safe.

EXT. ROOF

BILLY'S picking up speed now. This is the final push.

INT. SPOT

BILLY going fast -- still gaining no ground.

RAGEN'S VOICE

Take spot. Quickly.

ARTHUR'S VOICE

(he's trying)

I can't.

TOMMY'S VOICE

The hell with him. Loser...

EXT. ROOF

BILLY at the edge -- about to jump.

INT. SPOT

RAGEN'S VOICE

No!

And now RAGEN emerges from the darkness, running full speed. He tackles BILLY.

EXT. ROOF

BILLY suddenly throwing himself to the ground just a step before going over.

INT. SPOT

RAGEN and BILLY on the ground.

RAGEN

(after catching his
breath)

We must put him to sleep, is too
dangerous otherwise.

ARTHUR emerges close enough to the light to be visible.

ARTHUR

I agree. He can no longer function
for himself. He shall relinquish
the spot indefinitely. Even if it
means he never wakes up again.

EXT. ROOF

BILLY, on the ground, eyelids heavy, lips moving.
Suddenly, he is still. Then, his eyes open fully. He
gets up. He's completely confused at being on the roof.

INT. SPOT

Which is now occupied by ALLEN, the fourteen year old, all
alone in the light. His confused expression is an exact
duplicate of BILLY'S on the roof. Somewhere in the B.G.,

a small girl laughs softly.

WE PAN OVER

into the surrounding semi-darkness, where RAGEN kneels before CHRISTENE, a finger to his lips.

RAGEN

Ssh. Billy is sleeping.

WE CONTINUE TO PAN

as RAGEN indicates BILLY, lying in what we can only assume is a bed -- but the darkness is too thick to see below his body. He is fast asleep.

THIS IMAGE TRANSFORMS INTO ROTOSCOPE ANIMATION

which segues into a series of fluid images:

PAINTINGS

done by BILLY. Portraits, still lifes, landscapes -- done and signed by different personalities, ending with a portrait of SHAWN.

INT. LANCASTER ELECTROPLATING

It looks like something out of Dante's Inferno. Gigantic machinery, churning out sparks and steam, motored by propane and hydraulics. The noise is deafening as huge, hook-covered ladders roll on suspended tracks and dip an endless supply of metal parts into a succession of electrified acid baths. MEN duck and weave in goggles and huge, rubber gloves, narrowly avoiding decapitation or electrocution as they do their routines.

WE TRACK TO BILLY

standing at the operator's control panel. It's a mystifying series of buttons, levers and speakers -- and BILLY is completely dumbfounded.

BILLY POV

He sees everything, but hears nothing. Silence. He is deaf.

ANGLE - SOUND NORMAL

as suddenly there's a zinc stack up in one of the acetone rinses. The parts keep rolling along on the overhead conveyor track -- compounding the jam.

WORKER

Power off! Power off!

BILLY IN SILENCE

knows he's yelling at him, but hasn't any idea what he's supposed to do. He sees the WORKER'S lips move.

WORKER

Milligan!

The FOREMAN runs up and pulls the power switch. The entire apparatus grinds to a halt.

FOREMAN

(we lip read only)

What the hell is wrong with you?

ANGLE - SOUND NORMAL

FOREMAN

Don't you hear him? Billy? Knock knock...

BILLY "blinks". He's confused. He knows where he is, but not how he got there.

FOREMAN

What's going on?

BILLY

Nothin', Ted. We got a problem?

FOREMAN

Yeah, we got a problem. I got a train wreck over there and you're sittin' here pullin' your pud. You do good work when you do it, but I can't run my factory at your convenience.

BILLY

What are you talkin' about?

(calls out)

Hey, Willie, you got a traffic jam?

FOREMAN

I'm sorry, Billy. You have to leave.

BILLY

What?

FOREMAN

You're fired.

BILLY

Fired?

FOREMAN

Come up front. I'll pay you off for
the week.

INT. CAFETERIA RESTAURANT - DAY

BILLY is at the cashier with a tray full of food. He's
still got grease stained hands from work.

CASHIER

That's \$2.85, please.

BILLY reaches into his wallet -- but it's empty. He's
completely confused. He checks his other pockets as the
line gets impatient behind him, but pulls out fists full
of candy. He looks at the CASHIER in embarrassment --
then bolts out of the restaurant, leaving his food behind.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

BILLY lies in bed, eyes half closed, lips moving. All we
can make out is a vague muttering.

INT. SOMEBODY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Right smack in the middle of a party. Lots of people
dancing, drinking, making small talk. We pick out BILLY,
sitting on a sofa next to FRANCINE. She's
unselfconsciously beautiful. Her edge is tough.
Unpampered. But not without its sweetness. BILLY looks
lost beside her.

FRANCINE

You O.K.?

BILLY

Yeah, fine.

FRANCINE

I kept sayin' "Billy". Did you hear
me?

BILLY

I was just thinking. Sorry.

FRANCINE

(flirting a little)

What about? Somethin' I made you
think about?

BILLY

Uh... who's party is this?

FRANCINE

I know, me too. I know he works at the same plant as my friend Liz. But she told me you used to work there, too.

BILLY

I, uh... I'm embarrassed. I forgot your name.

FRANCINE

(playful)

I didn't tell you yet. It's Francine... And I know you're Billy. I asked Liz right when I came in and seen ya. God, that must sound so slutty.

BILLY

I like girls to be a little slutty.

FRANCINE

(laughs)

I bet you do.

BILLY

I don't like the stuck up kind.

FRANCINE

I know -- me either. Walkin' around all perfect like they don't have no dark part. But you know they do, 'cause everybody does. That's my favorite part -- the dark part. How about you?

BILLY

I don't know. I guess I've never run into it.

FRANCINE

Sure you have. People just don't like you knowin' that's what you ran into. Hey, do that trick with your eyes again.

BILLY

What trick?

FRANCINE

Where you make your eyes go funny.

BILLY

How much have you had to drink?

FRANCINE

Me? What about you?

He looks at the beer in his hand, not knowing how it got there, and not feeling the least bit drunk.

FRANCINE

One minute you're fallin' down drunk, the next you're sober. You gotta teach me that one. So, are we going to your place?

He looks at her -- suddenly brightened.

FRANCINE

You said you'd show me your paintings. Come on, I wanna see 'em. I'll just say goodnight to Liz.

She gets up and crosses to her girlfriend. BILLY sits there and fades away into himself. Immediately, he's back -- drunk and cocky. He downs the rest of his beer and walks toward FRANCINE, deftly grabbing a joint out from behind some guy's ear as he passes. He puts an arm around her waist and leads her out.

INT. CAR

Parked on the street -- BILLY and FRANCINE inside. She's busy looking in her compact.

FRANCINE

Are you O.K. to drive? You downed at least two sixes that I saw.

BILLY "leaves" a moment, then "returns" -- he has changed.

FRANCINE

Huh? Are you O.K.?

BILLY

(English accent)

I'm perfectly fine.

FRANCINE

(laughing, and doing an English accent)

Oh, well then, home, William.

He starts the car and pulls out.

EXT. STREET

As BILLY and FRANCINE drive off.

FRANCINE (V.O.)

You're on the wrong side of the

road!

And, indeed, he is. An oncoming car narrowly misses them. He pulls back to the right side and they continue out of frame.

PAINTINGS

four or five, one after the other. Landscapes, portraits...

FRANCINE

looking at them with BILLY.

FRANCINE

Hey, you're really good. I mean it.
The trees look like trees -- the
people look like people... I
couldn't do that.

BILLY

(he's Allen now)

Thanks.

FRANCINE

You sure must like kids.

Several of the portraits are of the "children".

BILLY

(he feels this
deeply)

Kids are very important. But you
have to be careful how you paint
them -- they're so easy to mess
up...

She leans over and kisses him tenderly. They separate. She leads him to the bed. They kiss again. Their eyes are closed -- but he opens his mid-kiss. His eyeballs drift with nystagmus and a tear emerges -- rolling down his cheek. He closes them again as he lays her down.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

BILLY is naked, fast asleep.

ANGLE

to include FRANCINE, in his oversized tee shirt, silently looking around the apartment. It's fairly run down and cheaply furnished. There is a conspicuous absence of photographs. She approaches BILLY'S desk. In one area, it is stacked with medical texts and biology primers. In another, tools, wires and electronic parts lie scattered.

She opens a drawer, checking to make sure she's not waking him, and, inside, finds a few children's books: Dr. Seuss "Green Eggs and Ham", "Little Red Riding Hood", etc. She closes it and opens another. Inside are papers in hand written Arabic. Pages and pages of it. She puts them back and closes the drawer. She moves to his closet, goes inside and closes the door behind her. She pulls a string and the light goes on. There among his clothes, she finds a .38 pistol inside a shoe box. She smiles. She's found the dark part. She closes the box, turns off the light and opens the door. There stands BILLY, scaring the shit out of her.

BILLY

(sharply)

What are you doing in there?

FRANCINE

I got cold. I was looking for pajamas or a sweater.

A beat, as he scrutinizes her. She smiles privately. He grabs a robe off a chair and puts it around her shoulders. He holds her to him.

BILLY

What happened? Last thing I remember we laid down on the bed -- did I fall asleep for a minute?

FRANCINE

A minute? It's almost dawn. Come on back to bed.

She leads him. As they lie down, she kisses him. She pulls away.

FRANCINE

You're not tired, are you? Once just ain't enough for me tonight.

She looks at him -- eyes twinkling. He has absolutely no memory of their having made love.

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

He sits at his desk, translating Arabic from a thick hardcover. As he moves the book closer, a note falls out. It says: You have hidden talents. - F. BILLY crumples it up angrily, then feels something in his pocket. He reaches in and pulls out an empty condom wrapper. He throws it in the trash.

BILLY

(English accent)

She spent the night. Bloody hell.

INT. SHOWER

BILLY scrubs himself, singing, feeling good.

INT. APARTMENT

BILLY, in his jacket, grabs his lunch pail and heads out the door.

INT. CAR

BILLY driving, singing along with the radio.

EXT. LANCASTER ELECTROPLATING

As BILLY pulls up.

INT. LANCASTER ELECTROPLATING

In full operation. The belly of the beast. BILLY walks in, happy as a clam. A couple of GUYS look at him funny.

BILLY

(nods)

Roy. Leaky.

He makes his way to the makeshift locker area: there are boxes in rows attached to a wall, facing out. Each one has a name written on masking tape. Several GUYS are there, getting their goggles and gloves. BILLY ambles up to what should be his box, but someone's in front of it. He looks at the tape. There's a second piece of tape over what obviously was once his. It now says JACK DECKER. DECKER turns around.

DECKER

Yeah?

BILLY is confused, but consumed with an all too familiar feeling of dread. He starts to back up. Another GUY walks past him.

GUY

Hey, Billy. Long time, no see...

BILLY turns and bolts. He nearly knocks over the FOREMAN as he heads for the door.

EXT. ELECTROPLATING FACTORY - MORNING

BILLY runs out of the building and leans against the chain link fence. A beat, then he changes. His confusion and panic replaced by RAGEN'S predatory glare.

EXT. BAIT SHOP - NIGHT

We're in back. Crates of worms have been delivered and await unpacking tomorrow.

ANGLE

GORDY and BILLY in GORDY'S car as they pull up...

BILLY
(Slavic accent)
I do not like this.

GORDY
Calm down.

BILLY
They are early.

GORDY
So they're early. The merchandise
won't have a chance to get stale.

He pats the merchandise on the back seat: fourteen pounds of marijuana, divided into bricks.

GORDY
Go on. Take the stash bag.

BILLY grabs a small satchel with a couple ounces in plastic bags inside, and gets out, leaving the door open.

STACKS OF CRATES

filled with worms. BILLY and the CONNECTION meet in their shadows.

CONNECTION
Well, well. The Russky.

BILLY is completely humorless. He gives up the taste. The CONNECTION smells it. Feels it.

CONNECTION
Sticky. Green. Good. Bring out
the rest.

BILLY
Where are the guns?

The CONNECTION motions behind him.

ANGLE

A SECOND CONNECTION is standing by the car. Beside him, on the ground, is a crate covered by a canvas tarp.

BILLY and THE CONNECTION.

BILLY

Bring over here.

CONNECTION

Dope first.

BILLY

No.

CONNECTION

Look man, we're cuttin' you a ridiculous deal as it is.

BILLY

during the following, looks over at the canvas covered crate. From underneath the bottom, he sees several worms crawl out.

CONNECTION (O.C.)

You take advantage of my good nature and I'm gonna take my toys and go home.

BILLY and CONNECTION.

BILLY knows he's being stung.

BILLY

We do not do business.

He turns and walks back toward GORDY and the car. In an moment, there is gunfire at his back. As the TWO CONNECTIONS empty their clips, BILLY tears ass between columns of stacked bait. Bullets splinter the wood, blowing holes wide enough for tangled masses of worms to squirm out of. BILLY returns some fire but GORDY has no gun and can't cover him. BILLY reaches the car and dives through the open window of the wide open door. He uses the car chassis for protection, but it's too dangerous for him to lift himself high enough to see where he's shooting.

BILLY

lays on the ground and sees his attackers from their feet to the bottoms of their thighs. He opens fire -- knee capping one, and ripping a hole in the other's ankles. They both hit the ground. Now BILLY can see their faces under the car. He smiles and waves. GORDY has started

the engine by now and BILLY hauls himself into the passenger seat. They take off, leaving the two wounded CONNECTIONS writhing in the exhaust amongst the swarms of escaped worms.

INT. APARTMENT

BILLY stands in the middle of the living room talking to himself in an English accent.

BILLY

It's getting harder and harder to keep control. The mix-up times are happening far too frequently. The undesirable personalities have been stealing. And today I found this.

He's holding a bail receipt.

BILLY

(Slavic accent)

Someone is doing drugs. No one can hold a job.

BILLY

(English accent)

It's all slipping away...

INT. APARTMENT

Press in on BILLY'S face -- lost, empty. He closes his eyes and the screen blacks out. A second later:

BILLY'S POV

separating from kissing FRANCINE. She's sweating. They have been making love. Blackout.

A SECOND LATER:

In a restaurant, facing people who are eating at other tables. Blackout.

A SECOND LATER:

BILLY looking in the medicine cabinet mirror in his bathroom. It's morning and he's going to shave. He opens the cabinet, reaches for the shaving cream, then stops. He can't figure out why there's a box of Tampax in there. Blackout.

A SECOND LATER:

MEN working on a factory assembly line. Blackout.

A SECOND LATER:

Facing a MAN from the assembly line in a bar. He's laughing at a joke BILLY told saying "You're a funny guy" -- so his response is directly to camera. Blackout.

A SECOND LATER:

FRANCINE cooking in BILLY'S kitchen. We see her at the stove from behind. Blackout.

A SECOND LATER:

FRANCINE, holding a new box of tampons and a wastepaper basket, talking directly to camera.

FRANCINE

(peevied)

Why do you keep throwing out my tampons? My toothbrush and my hairspray, too. You know, if you don't want me to keep stuff here, just tell me.

A SECOND LATER:

A FOREMAN -- angry, veins bulging in his forehead.

FOREMAN

(to camera)

What do you call this?

He holds up a wrongly put together piece of machinery.

FOREMAN

My six year old could put this together. Go home, Milligan. You're fired.

Blackout.

A SECOND LATER:

BILLY'S hands shaking out a Tuinal and a Quaalude from two separate bottles. He lifts his hands toward the lens. Blackout.

A SECOND LATER:

Painting on a canvas. Blackout.

A SECOND LATER:

FRANCINE, naked, sitting up in bed. She's upset.

FRANCINE

(to camera)

I don't understand it. You're so gentle when you make love.

BILLY

sweating, sitting opposite her in bed. The camera continues pressing in on his face as it did at the start of this section.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

It's a roadside stop on the highway -- empty and quiet. BILLY is outside his car with the ATTENDANT, who's finishing filling the tank. BILLY pays him and gets back in the car.

INT. CAR

As BILLY sits. His eyes close a moment. When they reopen, they are filled with fear and confusion. He sits immobilized for a long moment, looking around for help. He moves his hands toward the steering wheel.

TIGHT

on the steering wheel. Two small child's hands reach into frame and grab it.

INT. CAR

BILLY with his adult hands on the steering wheel. He looks down.

TIGHT

on the gas pedal as a small child's foot tries vainly to reach it. He's way too short.

INT. CAR

BILLY, trying not to panic. He rubs his nose with his sleeve. Finally, he moves over to the passenger seat and waits for an adult to drive him home.

LATER

Same situation, only now he has to go to the bathroom. He holds his crotch like a little kid. He gets out of the car and sees the "MENS" sign. All is quiet as he walks past three or four parked cars and enters the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

It's very dimly lit and BILLY'S eyes need a second to adjust. The lightbulb's been removed from the overhead fixture. The stall door is closed. A middle aged MAN in a sweater and glasses is washing his hands. There are two urinals, one low for children. That's the one BILLY goes to. The MAN at the sink looks at BILLY in the mirror. The stall door opens and a SECOND MAN steps out. He's a big, working class kind of guy in a porkpie hat and leather jacket. Instead of leaving, he just stands against one wall. In a moment, a WOMAN comes out of the same stall. She's tall and flamboyant. She sashays over to the urinal beside BILLY and glances over. Now we get our first real look at her. It's immediately clear that she is a man in drag. BILLY, more confused than frightened, looks at the transvestite, who smiles. Now the other two men go into the toilet stall and close the door.

TRANSVESTITE

Hey sweetheart, got somethin' there
for me?

The TRANSVESTITE reaches down to touch BILLY'S penis.

ANGLE

BILLY opening his eyes. There's fire in them. BILLY grabs the TRANSVESTITE by the blouse, lifts him off the ground and throws him into the side of the toilet stall, leaving a big dent in the metal. He/she slides down, quivering, to the floor. The TWO MEN come out of the stall. One gets away, but one runs smack into BILLY who punches him hard in the face. His ring cuts open the MAN'S lip. He turns back to the TRANSVESTITE, who has gotten up and is shrieking at him, waving a knife.

TRANSVESTITE

You bastard! I'll cut your heart
out, motherfucker!

In a flash, BILLY does a quick flurry of karate hits and kicks that leave the TRANSVESTITE unconscious under the sink. BILLY looks over to the SECOND MAN.

BILLY

(Slavic accent)

He will live. I am very careful
about what bones I break.

Suddenly, BILLY blinks hard -- shakes his head -- looks around, quickly surveying the situation. He picks up the TRANSVESTITE'S purse up off the floor and empties it -- nothing valuable. He turns back to the SECOND MAN.

SECOND MAN

No... please...

BILLY takes the MAN'S watch off his wrist. The MAN offers his wallet, which BILLY takes. He now has a New York accent.

BILLY

The jacket.

He takes it off the BILLY grabs it.

BILLY

Don't breath a word, you hear me?
You hear me?

SECOND MAN

(breathless)

Yes...

BILLY

(holds up wallet)

I know where you live, now.

And BILLY leaves.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

From the bathroom we hear the shower running while FRANCINE, sorting dirty laundry on the bed, has found something that's stopped her dead in her tracks. The MAN from the gas station's wallet lies in front of her, and in her hands she holds credit cards with this stranger's name. She looks over to the dresser. There's the watch. Over the back of the chair is the leather jacket. On the desk is a fistful of money. The shower is turned off. She freezes. She quickly puts the things back in the wallet and the wallet back in BILLY'S pocket. BILLY emerges from the bathroom in a towel and kisses her on the head as he passes.

INT. GRILLI'S TAKEOUT ITALIAN - NIGHT

GRILLI is making BILLY a hero: sausage, provolone, tomato sauce. He puts it, steaming hot, into a white paper bag.

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT

BILLY enters, tosses the keys on the table, lays the white bag on the counter, and goes into the bedroom. He walks into the closet and bends for his slippers as the door shuts behind him. He stands up and hits his head on the shelf. He slumps down, holding his head.

OUTSIDE THE CLOSET

crouched, he kicks open the door. He's changed. He's like a panther. He grabs a gun from a shoebox and stalks the apartment. As he enters the kitchen, he senses movement. There's a strange, white bag on the counter, and the steam rising makes it crinkle and move. BILLY quickly aims and fires, bouncing it off the wall. He ducks behind the counter, then peers over it cautiously. The gun trained on the bag as it lays on the floor. He walks around the counter and carefully uses the gun barrel to open the top of the bag. There he sees what looks like a bloody mess and jumps back, firing again. Finally he can see that it's a sandwich. Confused, he picks it up and puts it back on the counter. He goes back in the bedroom, puts the gun down and lays on top of the bed. He closes his eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

BILLY enters, rubbing his stomach. He grabs a plate and a napkin and goes for the white bag. He sees what a mess it is. He pulls out the shredded sandwich.

BILLY

What the fuck...?

INT. GRILLI'S

The phone rings and GRILLI picks it up.

GRILLI

Grilli's Heros.

BILLY

(on phone)

What's going on? I bought a Stromboli hero and when I got it home it was all mangled.

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT

BILLY on the phone.

BILLY

It looks like it's been put through a blender. You son of a bitch, you just lost yourself a customer.

He hangs up.

INT. GRILLI'S

GRILLI is completely confused. As he hangs up:

GRILLI

Ohio, man. Must be something in the water...

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

BILLY'S car zipping down a two lane highway in the rain. He's swerving.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

BILLY unloads a couple of Black Beauties and washes them down with a swig of Jack Daniels.

EXT. POND - NIGHT

It's not far from the side of the road. BILLY'S pulled the car over and sits, barefoot, in the swampy grass, looking out at the water. A stray dog comes out of the shadows. He's big, part Shepard, but seems friendly enough.

BILLY

(New York accent)

Hey, Boy. What are you doin' here all alone? C'mere.

But the dog hangs back -- his eyes flashing in the light that's reflected off the water. Somehow he knows not to come closer. Somehow he knows everything.

BILLY

What are you lookin' at me like that for? What's wrong? Come here.

The dog recedes back into the darkness.

BILLY

Crazy mutt...

Then, in a moment, a car speeds past. There's a dull thud as it goes. BILLY hears a whimpering noise and gets up. He's blind drunk as he wanders toward the crying. There, near the highway, lies the wounded dog. It's bleeding like crazy, obviously a hit and run victim. BILLY kneels down and scoops it up.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

BILLY bursts in, holding the wounded animal. He's in a frenzy, flagging down any NURSE or DOCTOR in sight.

BILLY

(New York accent)
Help me. He's been hit by a car. I
found him by the side of the road...

NURSE
Sir, you can't bring him in here --
this is a medical hospital. We'll
call the veterinary hospital.

BILLY
He's not gonna make it to a vet.

NURSE
(going for a phone)
We'll send him in an ambulance.
There's nothing we can do.

BILLY
(chasing her)
What the fuck is wrong with you?
He's a living creature!

NURSE
(to another)
Call security.

BILLY
Fuck security.

A DOCTOR comes over.

DOCTOR
O.K., why don't you just settle
down. You've had a lot to drink.

BILLY ignores him and heads down the corridor.

BILLY
Somebody help me! Anybody!

SECURITY GUARDS head off after him, grabbing him by the
arms, trying to wrestle the dog away.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

He's asleep in bed, covers pulled up to his chin. He
looks like he had a bad night. His eyes pry open, one at
a time. It only takes a moment for him to realize
something is wrong. He looks down to the foot of the bed.

ANGLE

as BILLY slowly pulls the covers up, revealing his bare
feet. They're caked in mud and wet grass. The covers
keep pulling. His ankles are also filthy -- and something
more: there's a trickle of dried blood. He keeps pulling.

It's some grotesque true life parody of the horse's head in "The Godfather." BILLY is completely covered in blood. And he hasn't got any idea why. He's fully dressed.

INT. BATHROOM

BILLY is in a panic. His shirt is off and he's trying to wash out the blood in the sink. He scrubs it first with soap, then Comet and a brush. Suddenly, FRANCINE is at the bathroom door, loaded down with groceries. She stares in horror at what's going on.

BILLY

Go away!

He kicks the door shut in her face.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM DOOR

FRANCINE

Billy, what have you done?! There's blood everywhere -- my God, Billy!

The door flies open. There's BILLY -- crazed.

BILLY

Get the hell out of here and don't say a word to anybody.

He goes back to scrubbing.

FRANCINE

(near hysteria)

What's happening to you? I wake up scared every day. Billy, I don't know if you're gonna be sweet or act crazy or sit and stare at the wall -- and I don't know if it's my fault or what I did wrong. Tell me -- I can fix it. Please...

She stumbles to the closet, and pulls out the shoebox while he comes into the bedroom and puts the wet shirt over a chair to dry. She emerges with the .38 in hand.

FRANCINE

I know you have guns, Billy. You don't have to hide them. I want to know where you've been getting all this money from? New watches, new clothes -- you haven't held a job steady in six months! Billy... Billy...

She turns him around to face her. His eyes are rolled up under his lids -- his lips going frantically. He's

oblivious to her as she pulls back in fear.

INT. SPOT

It's empty. Around the edges, ARTHUR, RAGEN, TOMMY, ALLEN, PHIL and KEVIN are in a frenzied argument. In the distance, we hear FRANCINE continuing to speak to BILLY, trying to snap him back.

ARTHUR

It's time to break this off once and for all.

ALLEN

No.

TOMMY

Where did all the blood come from?

RAGEN

(to Arthur)

You were supposed to dominate spot. Is your fault.

ARTHUR

I'm trying -- I can't keep control. The others steal time and I can't stop them.

PHIL

So what? Would ya listen to him? He thinks he shits crumpets.

KEVIN

(to Arthur)

If we all listened to you we'd be sitting with our thumbs up our asses.

ARTHUR

There must be some code, some kind of order.

RAGEN

I agree.

ARTHUR

We must re-group. And the first step is to eliminate her.

ALLEN

You can't. I won't let you.

ARTHUR

You've nothing to say about it.

ADALANA comes forward. She's nineteen, with long, stringy black hair. Her eyes drift with nystagmus. She has a pathetic kind of gravity that shuts the others up.

ADALANA

It's not fair. You can't shut out the only love we have. No one else touches us. Feelings matter more than staying in control. They matter more than anything.

PHIL

Shut up.

ADALANA

Without love we'll die.

Behind her, we can see TOMMY has gotten into the SPOT and picked up the gun, which he now holds to his head and cocks. The others don't notice.

INT. BEDROOM

As FRANCINE watches in fear. BILLY holds the cocked .38 to his head.

FRANCINE

Billy... Billy, come on...

He twirls it on his finger and puts the barrel in his mouth.

FRANCINE

Billy... you're scaring me...

In one swift move, he aims and shoots out a lamp, darkening the room to an eerie glow. FRANCINE screams as the bullet leaves a hole in the wall.

INT. SPOT

As the others argue. RAGEN grabs the gun from TOMMY and takes the spot.

RAGEN

You know rules! Only I touch guns!

INT. BEDROOM

BILLY angrily slaps the gun down on the desk. He turns and paces as he rants:

BILLY

(Slavic accent)

Things have gone too far. I take control from now on.

(English accent)

No, that's not the solution...

FRANCINE takes this opportunity to grab the .38 and run out of the apartment. BILLY realizes and chases after her.

INT. STAIRWAY

FRANCINE a flight ahead of BILLY, running for her life.

EXT. STREET

FRANCINE gets in her car and is frantically hitting all the buttons to lock the four doors as BILLY reaches her. He looks inhuman -- a maniac. He's carrying a screwdriver and banging on the driver's side window with it, chipping the glass. She turns the key and starts to pull away from the curb, but BILLY jumps on the hood and starts frantically puncturing the windshield with the screwdriver. Shards of glass fly into the car, whizzing past her face, cutting her forehead and cheek.

BILLY

(Slavic accent)

Give me the gun! Give me the gun!

Terrified, she stops the car, opens the window just wide enough to fit the gun through. He grabs it and she immediately rolls the window back up. He jumps off the hood and stalks his way back inside as FRANCINE burst into tears.

INT. AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT

A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN talks to BILLY, who sits next to her.

WOMAN

Fifty four years old, my first time on a plane... can you believe it? My daughter finally got me a ticket. She says let me do something for you. I said if you really wanna do something for me, stop seeing that musician who gave your dog angina. The truth. He played that damn guitar so loud, he killed the dog. If I gave you her number, would you call her? I'm gonna write it down.

(and she does)

Is this you first time going to England?

BILLY
(English accent)
Madam, it's my home.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GATES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE

ARTHUR is in his glory. BILLY wears a suit and bowler hat, and carries an umbrella.

IN FRONT OF BIG BEN

BILLY checks his vest pocket watch against the huge clock.

BILLY

crossing Abbey Road. He takes his shoes off first, reproducing the album cover.

BILLY

coming out of a fish & chips shop -- happily munching away. He passes a BUSINESSMAN in a suit. Next to him, it's painfully clear how removed from reality ARTHUR'S cliched vision of a proper Englishman is.

BILLY
(greets him)
Cheerio, wot.

The BUSINESSMAN gives an odd look to this antiquated stranger as he passes.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

It's noisy and crowded. BILLY has a cream tea and is sitting at a table, expounding to the several uninterested people crammed onto his banquette.

BILLY
(as Arthur)
The decline of the empire can be directly linked to disastrous labor policies since the war. Misguided attempts to withdraw from colonization in Africa left a void not only economically, but in the national psyche. We must bring the conservatives back to power immediately.

The only person even looking at him is a PUNK with "EXPLOITED" tattooed across his forehead and spiked, black hair. BILLY looks down his nose at him.

BILLY

I've obviously returned just in
time.

EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - NIGHT

BILLY, alone in the lamplight, crossing the Thames with
the city lit up behind him. He is reciting Wordsworth's
poem as he goes.

BILLY

Earth has not anything to show more fair
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty
The city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning...

It's the middle of the night.

BILLY

Well...

He stops and takes his return airplane ticket from his
pocket, looks at it a moment, then tears it into a dozen
pieces. He lets them scatter over the water like
confetti.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

BILLY wakes up wearing pajamas in a Hampstead bed and
breakfast. He doesn't know where he is. The bed is
strange. The room is strange. Panicked, he goes to the
window and looks out: double decker buses, big black
taxicabs, all driving on the wrong side of the street. He
turns back to the room, sweating now. He sees a suitcase
and lurches for it. He pulls out unfamiliar clothes,
toiletries. He finds his wallet. It's filled with
strange, colored money. Then he sees a passport he
doesn't remember obtaining. The picture has him in a suit
and a bowler. He notices a United Airlines ticket
envelope on the night table and opens it. It's empty.
He's verging on hysteria now as he runs out into the
hallway and down a narrow flight of stairs, where he
passes the PROPRIETOR.

PROPRIETOR

Bit of breakfast, then, gov'ner?
It's included...

But BILLY just tears past him, out the front door and into
the street. He paces the sidewalk, terrified and angry at
the same time, ranting to no one.

BILLY

What's going on? What the hell am I

doing here? What's wrong with me?

He falls down to his knees, tears streaming down now, and beats his fists into the curb.

BILLY

What's wrong with me? I want to die... please, God, let me die...

INT. GOVERNMENTAL OFFICE - ENGLAND

A UNIFORMED IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL is stamping BILLY'S certificate of deportation. As a conversation goes on around him, BILLY zones out -- lost in thought.

FIRST OFFICIAL

No passport, no money, no ticket home...

SECOND OFFICIAL

That's not clever, is it?

FIRST OFFICIAL

Bloody Americans -- think they own the world.

PRESS IN ON BILLY

We hear a FEMALE VOICE inside his head. It's insinuating, manipulative.

APRIL (V.O.)

It's all your fault. Everything. Our whole life is ruined and it's all because of him. He has to pay for what he's done to us. He has to die. There are ways. Things we can do to him...

INT. CORN CRIB

The one at the farm. CHALMER is tied, shirtless, to a chair. A lit blowtorch enter frame and comes straight at him. CHALMER screams.

ANGLE

APRIL nineteen, long hair, big, crazy eyes. She has the blowtorch.

INT. PLANE

BILLY heading home from England. A UNIFORMED OFFICER sits beside him, but he's staring off.

APRIL (V.O.)

We could burn his body -- bit by bit -- so he'd never be able to hurt anyone again. The heat would cauterize his wounds as we went, so there would be no blood.

INT. CORN CRIB

APRIL is force feeding CHALMER pills.

APRIL (V.O.)

We'd keep him awake with amphetamines, so that he'd suffer here on Earth -- before he went to hell.

INT. AIRPLANE

BILLY is so intense by now, that the UNIFORMED OFFICER is looking at him funny.

INT. SPOT

From the near darkness, APRIL whispers into RAGEN'S ear -- like the snake convincing Eve to bite the apple.

APRIL

Don't forget what he did to the children. To Christene... He has to be stopped. He has to die.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

BILLY has a telescope, which he's taking apart. He pulls two hairs from his head and carefully wets them to the inside of the eyepiece, which he's removed from the telescope. He looks through it -- then glues the cross hairs in place. He swigs from a bottle of Stoli.

INT. CHALMER MILLIGAN'S HOUSE

CHALMER MILLIGAN is getting ready for work: putting a large key ring on his belt, etc. Of course, he's thirteen years older than we've last seen him. He walks into the front hall, but, as he passes the mirror, a light flashes in the reflection, it blinds him for a split second. He doesn't think much about it and goes for the hall closet door.

EXT. HOUSE

The flash of light. It comes from the sun hitting the homemade telescopic sight that BILLY has mounted onto a carbine. He's hiding behind a tree across the road, with the weapon aimed straight for CHALMER'S front door.

INT. HOUSE

CHALMER puts on his jacket, then his hat.

EXT. HOUSE

BILLY watching and waiting.

INT. HOUSE

CHALMER, ready to go, reaches for the doorknob.

EXT. HOUSE - BILLY'S POV

The doorknob turns.

BILLY

starts to pull the trigger.

THE DOORKNOB

stops turning.

INT. HOUSE

CHALMER, his hand still on the doorknob, realizes he's forgotten something. He leaves the frame.

EXT. HOUSE

BILLY suspended, waiting. A car passes from out of nowhere. The DRIVER looks over in BILLY'S direction. BILLY ducks behind a tree before he's seen. His eyes half close. His lips move.

INT. SPOT

RAGEN in the light, holding the carbine. ARTHUR emerges from the darkness.

ARTHUR

What are you doing?

INT. HOUSE

CHALMER, in his bedroom, retrieves his wallet from a dresser and leaves the room.

INT. SPOT

RAGEN aiming the rifle once more, while ARTHUR pleads with him.

ARTHUR

You can't kill him. They'll send us to jail -- including the children. How do you expect them to survive in prison?

RAGEN

I will protect them. He must be stopped so he can never hurt children again.

EXT. HOUSE

BILLY, carbine poised, still lost inside himself and muttering.

INT. HOUSE

CHALMER re-entering the front hall.

INT. SPOT

ARTHUR

Killing is wrong. We only protect ourselves if we are threatened.

APRIL emerges.

APRIL

What about what he did to us? We'll never be able to get on with our lives as long as we know he's somewhere out there. We'll never feel safe.

EXT. HOUSE

The doorknob is turning once again.

BILLY

aiming -- the scope pressed so tight against him, it makes a deep, red imprint.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

Ragen...

INT. SPOT

ARTHUR has brought out CHRISTENE.

CHRISTENE

Please don't hurt him.

RAGEN looks over.

EXT. HOUSE

BILLY, sweating, his eye a couple of inches from the eyepiece now.

FLASHBACK - VERY FAST

BILLY, age eight, tied to a door that's been taken off its hinges and laid across two saw horses. CHALMER'S standing over him with a knife and a cat. He lifts them out of frame above BILLY'S naked chest. BILLY begins vomiting, but because of his supine position, he chokes.

EXT. HOUSE

BILLY still sweating.

THE DOOR OPENS

The angle is such that we can't see CHALMER yet. Suddenly, he emerges.

TIGHT ON BILLY

the trigger is slick with sweat.

FLASHBACK - VERY FAST

The Farm. From behind, we see CHALMER is taking a leak. Once he walks away, we see that he's actually been urinating into the pipe that sticks up from the ground.

THE PRESENT - CHALMER

shutting and locking the door behind him.

INT. SPOT

CHRISTENE has come right up to RAGEN. She's crying.

CHRISTENE

Ragen, I'm scared. I don't want
anymore nightmares.

ARTHUR

If we kill him, then they were all
right. We're crazy. And we will
never get better.

RAGEN looks at CHRISTENE.

CHRISTENE

(through tears)

Please...

He looks at APRIL -- a woman possessed with hatred.

EXT. HOUSE

CHALMER turns back from locking the door and comes down
the walk.

CHALMER

in BILLY'S crosshairs.

BILLY

Rifle poised.

CHALMER

suddenly looks up and straight at the lens.

BILLY'S FINGER

squeezes the trigger.

A SHOT RINGS OUT.

CHALMER

still alive, looks over.

LEAVES

scatter from the treetop.

BILLY

leaning against the far side of the tree -- the
carbine pointing straight up -- as leaves fall around him.
He is hyper-ventilating.

CHALMER

takes off in his car -- driving right past BILLY,
but never seeing him.

THE SPOT

CHRISTENE hugging RAGEN as ARTHUR looks on and APRIL
slinks back into darkness.

THE PAINTING

of DANNY with CHALMER looming over him.

BILLY - IN HIS APARTMENT

obliterates CHALMER with his hands, as we had seen
earlier, and starts to re-do the background in dark blue.
This is the first time since the rapes that we've seen him
wearing a full moustache.

BILLY

at his mailbox. The blue paint still on his fingers.

BILLY'S MAILBOX

as he pulls out an envelope. Inside is an eviction notice
for non-payment of rent. He crumples it angrily.

BILLY

(Slavic accent)

The money is gone. The bills have
not been paid.

INT. SPOT

RAGEN rants.

RAGEN

The trip to London leaves us broke.
Now we are evicted. Something must
be done.

PHIL and KEVIN approaches him.

PHIL

We can't hold a job. We can't count
on Billy to do anything. We're
starving. There's only one way for
us to make any money.

KEVIN holds out a pistol to RAGEN.

KEVIN

You don't have to hurt anyone --
just force some guy to cash a check.

In the shadows, CHRISTENE is standing, holding her rag doll. Her big blue eyes starting to dim.

CHRISTENE

I'm hungry.

RAGEN looks at her, his heart full. He picks her up and cradles her in his arms. This is the inspiration for the painting of them we saw earlier.

INT. APARTMENT

BILLY, standing there, cradling thin air, gently rocking back and forth. His gun is in the waistband of his pants.

EXT. ROAD

BILLY is jogging, wearing the same outfit he had on during the rapes.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The same lot on the Ohio State campus where we saw BILLY abduct the women. BILLY swigs from a bottle of vodka. He's wearing dark brown tinted sunglasses.

INTERCUT

between BILLY and various students, teachers, etc., both male and female. He has no plan. He's just looking for someone to rob. He sees a young woman park a gold Toyota. She gets out of the car -- it is DONNA WEST. BILLY turns away to look elsewhere.

BILLY

(Ragen's accent)

I do not rob womans.

A beat. Behind his glasses, BILLY "blinks."

WE PRESS IN ON HIM

as he suddenly turns back toward DONNA WEST.

INT. SPOT

In the semi-darkness, RAGEN is passed out, cradling his empty bottle of vodka.

WE PAN OVER

so that we're staring straight into the spotlight. It blinds us. A hand raises the gun into frame.

EXT. PARKING LOT

DONNA WEST is leaning in through the passenger seat window, when the gun enters frame and presses against her arm.

WE PULL UP

to reveal not BILLY, but ADALANA holding it.

ADALANA

Would you please get in the car?

Terrified, DONNA gets in the car. ADALANA walks around to the driver's side and gets in.

INT. CAR

Instead of ADALANA sitting down behind the wheel, KEVIN does. He cuffs DONNA to the door and pulls her car keys from her bag.

EXT. CAR

As it pulls away from the curb.

INT. SPOT

ADALANA is upset and confused in the dark periphery of the spot. In the actual light sits KEVIN at the wheel of the car.

DONNA (O.C.)

Where are we going?

ADALANA clenches her eyes shut.

INT. CAR

ANGLE

on DONNA WEST.

DONNA

I know this is gonna sound ridiculous, but I have an optometry test today.

ANGLE

as ADALANA is suddenly sitting there. She looks at DONNA.

ADALANA

You can study for it if you want.
This won't take long. Go on.

INT. SPOT

ALLEN, visible in the dark, obviously upset, cigarette in hand.

ALLEN

What's going on? Does Arthur know
about this?

INT. CAR

DONNA picks up a text book with her trembling free hand and feigns studying. ADALANA behind the wheel.

EXT. ROAD

As the car drives through a deserted stretch of countryside.

INT. CAR

DONNA is "studying", stealing glances at her abductor. Suddenly:

ANGLE

KEVIN grabs her bag and pulls out her address book. As he rips out pages:

KEVIN

I'm taking these addresses and phone
numbers. If you say anything to the
police, I'll send someone from my
brotherhood after you.

EXT. COLUMBUS STREET

BILLY "comes to" as RAGEN but we see BILLY'S body. He's still dressed the same way. He is confused, as usual, standing in front of a grocery store.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

BILLY, still dressed the same way, is paying for a large bag of groceries with a thick wad of bills. Behind him, TWO WOMEN talk.

FIRST WOMAN

Kidnapped her right out of the parking lot.

SECOND WOMAN

My God. Black fella or white?

FIRST WOMAN

Black, I think.

CASHIER

My daughter goes to that school.

BILLY

(Ragen's accent)

Thank you.

BILLY leaves, oblivious.

INT. BILLY'S KITCHEN

He still has his moustache as he loads the refrigerator full of groceries and shuts the door, then leaves frame. A beat. He returns and opens the refrigerator. It's empty. He grabs his wallet -- it's empty. He touches his face -- he is completely clean shaven.

INT. SPOT

ALLEN arguing with PHIL and KEVIN. In the B.G., ADALANA controls the spot -- sitting behind the wheel of a different car.

PHIL

Shut up, faggot.

KEVIN

Yeah. Go paint a picture.

ALLEN

This is a bad mix-up time. Arthur should be controlling the spot. Or Ragen if you're going to rob somebody. Where is Ragen?

INT. SPOT

ADALANA behind the wheel. PHILIP watching.

INT. CAR

BILLY is driving through the woods. Handcuffed to the passenger door is CARRIE DRYER. BILLY is muttering to himself, wearing sunglasses.

EXT. CAR

As it bumps over train tracks.

INT. CAR

The jostling has made PHILIP appear in the car. He turns on CARRIE.

PHIL
Take off your pants.

CARRIE
What?

PHIL
Take your fucking pants off!

She does the best she can with one hand.

PHIL
You won't run away without any pants on.

INT. SPOT

ADALANA pleading with PHILIP from outside the spotlight.

ADALANA
Don't hurt her.

KEVIN
(comes up behind her)
Shut up.

ADALANA
I have to hold the spot. Please.

KEVIN
Fuck you.

ADALANA clenches her eyes shut.

EXT. WOODS

The car is parked. BILLY and CARRIE stand beside it -- she is in a blouse and underwear.

BILLY
(gently)
Are you cold?

She shakes her head "no". BILLY lays CARRIE'S buckskin jacket down on the muddy ground.

BILLY
(awkwardly, not
looking at her)
Take off your underwear and lay
down.

CARRIE dissolves in tears.

INT. SPOT

PHIL and KEVIN looking at ADALANA, who is lit by the spotlight.

PHIL
That fucking bitch.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM

Reality. A jarring switch. BILLY is in a frenzy. He's ripping his wallet to shreds -- it's empty again. He throws it across the room, breaking a vase. Then he sees the cellophane bag full of pills and grabs it.

BILLY
(Slavic accent)
Dammit! Someone is spending all
money on drugs! Arthur!

INT. SPOT

RAGEN, alone, ranting.

RAGEN
Arthur!

INT. BATHROOM

As BILLY empties the pills into the toilet and flushes. He looks up into the mirror -- and sees RAGEN'S reflection.

EXT. WOODS

POLLY NEWTON and BILLY are sitting on the ground. He's

wearing his sunglasses. She's naked from the waist down. He has a pencil and paper in his hand and is reading to her.

BILLY

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And sings the tune without the words
And never stops at all
And sweetest in the gale is heard
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm
I've heard it in the chilliest land
And on the strangest sea
Yet never in extremity
It asked a crumb of me

I can't let you have it. The police
could trace my handwriting.

He crumples it up and stuffs the pieces in his pocket.

ANGLE

POLLY is lying on her back -- cold and frightened. As she speaks, ADALANA enters frame and lies next to her.

ADALANA

Do you know what it's like to be
lonely? Not to be held by anyone?
Not to know the meaning of love?

She takes off her sunglasses. Her eyes drift to the side and dart back to center. She rolls on top of POLLY and kisses her.

INT. SPOT - QUICK, SILENT CUTS

RAGEN passed out.

ANGLE

ARTHUR, also asleep.

ANGLE

CHRISTENE, sleeping, sucking her thumb.

EXT. WOODS

ADALANA on top of CARRIE DRYER.

INT. SPOT

ALLEN watching, crying.

ANGLE

PHILIP and KEVIN watching, annoyed.

EXT. WOODS

ADALANA on top of DONNA WEST.

INT. SPOT

ADALANA in the light -- just her face. Tears roll down her cheeks.

ADALANA

I'm sorry we had to meet under these circumstances. I really love you.

She puts on her sunglasses.

WE PAN SLOWLY AROUND

into the shadows, until we finally come to BILLY -- lying on a bed of darkness -- fast asleep -- as he has been the past seven years.

INT. SPOT

PHILIP and KEVIN.

PHIL

Alright, that's enough. Let's get the check cashed.

INT. CAR

POLLY in the passenger seat as they drive -- but suddenly, TOMMY finds himself behind the wheel. He looks over -- total confusion.

TOMMY

What the fuck?

INT. WENDY'S

TOMMY and POLLY having burgers and shakes. She's completely freaked out. He assumes he's on a date.

TOMMY

So, I apologize for forgettin' your

name -- I haven't been out on a date
in a while... you have enough food?
You want somethin' else?

TOMMY "blinks."

ANGLE

Now PHILIP is there. He looks around -- annoyed at where
they are.

PHIL
(getting up, grabbing
her hand)
Come on.

INT. CAR

PHILIP and POLLY leaving the drive-thru window at the bank
with a fresh wad of cash.

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT

DANNY, age eight, is building with a set of Leggos. He's
very determined -- as focused and concentrated as BILLY is
while painting. The doorbell rings. He answers it. The
COP is there, dressed in a Domino's Pizza uniform, holding
a pizza.

YOUNG OFFICER
You Billy Milligan?

DANNY
Who?

INT. LIVING ROOM

As instant replay of the earlier scene: COPS swarming the
place -- the YOUNG OFFICER using DANNY for a shield. ONE
COP steps on DANNY'S Leggo fort -- crushing it.

YOUNG OFFICER
Where are they?

DANNY
Who? There's no one here.

INT. CELL

CHRISTENE sits in the middle of the floor drawing a
picture. TWO GUARDS are there.

SECOND GUARD

They sent you down some Kool-Aid.
You want it?

CHRISTENE looks up.

SECOND GUARD

Is that a no?

CHRISTENE gets up, reaches for the cup, the GUARD grabs her wrist.

SECOND GUARD

Hey, you think we oughta tattoo this
Jew Boy?

FIRST GUARD

Yeah. Put some numbers right there.

CHRISTENE pulls her arm free as the GUARDS laugh.

SECOND GUARD

Here ya go, Rembrandt.

He throws the drink -- ruining the picture.

ANGLE

as RAGEN rises into the frame -- fire in his eyes. He walks over to the toilet bowl, squats and grabs hold of it.

THE BARS

as the toilet crashes against them, exploding to smithereens. The shards cut the GUARD'S faces to ribbons.

SIX GUARDS

beating RAGEN and putting him into a straitjacket.

INT. ISOLATION CELL

TOMMY in a straitjacket. He pops his shoulder out of its socket, dislocating it, and slips free.

INT. ISOLATION CELL - LATER

CHRISTENE, asleep using the straitjacket for a pillow and sucking her thumb, as we hear the approaching guard:

GUARD (O.C.)

O.K. rapist, chow time. We all took turns spitting on your food before I brought it down, but you can ignore that, can't ya? just

pretend it's soup...

Light spills in from the corridor.

GUARD

Jesus H. Christ...

INT. SPOT

SHAWN sits in the near dark, making a heart inscribed "Happy Valentine's Day."

PULL BACK

to reveal RAGEN and ARTHUR talking nearby.

RAGEN

February 14th. Is twenty first birthday. I think it is time to wake him.

ARTHUR

Absolutely not. He can't handle it.

RAGEN

In jail I control spot. Is time.

INT. CELL

BILLY is there now. We haven't seen him for a long time. He is confused and disoriented.

INT. SPOT

As RAGEN, ARTHUR, TOMMY and ALLEN watch BILLY, who is in the light.

BILLY

I thought I was dead. I though...

FLASHBACK

BILLY heading for the edge of Lancaster High School roof at fourteen.

SAME THING FROM BILLY'S POV

The ground looks very far away.

INT. CELL

BILLY looks at his body. It can't be his. He sees the bars. The cot. He starts breathing faster. He sees a

shiny piece of steel bolted into one wall, which serves as a mirror. His knees are weak as he gets up and walks towards it.

INT. MIRROR

He gets near enough to look at his reflection. Almost immediately, he is reduced to utter panic.

Everything goes crazy. QUICK CUTS. No reality.

BILLY'S HAND

as it springs to his mouth to stifle a scream -- but the hand is an adult's not the teenager's that he expects.

TIGHT

on ALLEN'S FACE against blackness.

TIGHT

on TOMMY'S FACE against blackness.

BILLY

looking in the mirror, touching his stubble. His thinning hair. He cries out.

ANGLE

on the cell. BILLY is talking in ARTHUR'S English accent.

BILLY

My God -- sweet Jesus Christ.

FAST CUT

BILLY, in the cell, whirls around and hits the sinks with his clenched fist. It shatters into a million pieces. Water sprays everywhere. His hand is a bloody stump.

INT. SPOT

RAGEN, in the light, sweating buckets. His clenched fist drips red.

BILLY

in the cell.

BILLY

(an anguished cry)

What's happening??!

INT. SPOT

CHRISTENE in the spotlight, happily holding her hand in the torrent of water -- splashing and playing.

INT. CELL

BILLY has his hand in the middle of the spray, as CHRISTENE did.

INT. CELL - QUICK CUT

BILLY grabbing one of the porcelain shards from the floor.

BILLY'S WRIST

as he slashes it lengthwise.

TIGHT

on ARTHUR'S FACE against blackness.

TIGHT

on ADALANA'S FACE against blackness.

INT. CELL

As BILLY passes out, landing on top of his arm. He's in a pool of blood and foam and porcelain.

TIGHT

on CHRISTENE'S FACE against blackness. She loses consciousness.

ALLEN

against blackness. Confused, he loses consciousness as well.

INT. SPOT

It's empty. Bright light illuminating nothing.

THE SCREEN SUDDENLY BLACKS OUT

DANNY

Everything is white and silent -- it's jarring after the tumultuousness of the last section. He's in a hospital bed, completely confused.

ANGLE

GARY and JUDY are there with him.

GARY
How ya feeling, Billy? You were out
for quite some time.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Eight year old DANNY is having an EEG performed. The
TECHNICIAN is confused by the printout.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

The TECHNICIAN and DOCTOR are there now, looking at a
normal printout.

DOCTOR
See? Completely normal. Those
electrodes are for shit.

TECHNICIAN
But I didn't change the electrodes.
I had to order it.

WE PAN AROUND

to see that ARTHUR is now hooked up to the EEG.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Harding Hospital, as DR. HARDING watches through the
peephole. APRIL sits on the floor, drawing a tombstone
that reads DO NOT R.I.P.

TIGHT ON JUDGE

JUDGE
Lacking any evidence to the
contrary, this court has no
alternative than to find the
defendant not guilty by reason of
insanity.

He raps his gravel three times.

EXT. ATHENS MENTAL HEALTH CENTER - DAY

Establishing shot.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

It's on the grounds at Athens. Several months have passed. BILLY sits alone in the grass. We are some distance away. He has a half finished canvas and a paintbrush that hangs limply in his right hand.

ANGLE

closer as ROSALIE DRAKE, a nurse, approaches and sits next to him.

ROSALIE

You're awfully quiet today, Allen.
I almost thought it was Danny
sitting out here, till I saw the
brush in your right hand. Allen?

BILLY turns his head toward ROSALIE. Her eyes well up.

ROSALIE

Oh my God.

BILLY

I'm Billy.

INT. DR. CAUL'S OFFICE

DR. CAUL is there, alone, with BILLY. BILLY seems stable, self-possessed.

CAUL

Good afternoon, Billy. How are you
feeling today?

BILLY

Fine, thanks, Dr. Caul. How are
you?

CAUL

I'm just fine. Now, you've been
responding so well to the Amitol,
that I've talked with Arthur and
Ragen and the others, and we all
feel that you're ready for this.

BILLY

Yes.

CAUL

Alright then.

ANGLE

to reveal a VCR and monitor. DR. CAUL presses play and
we:

INTERCUT

between BILLY'S reaction and the screen. His emotions run the gamut as he watches.

THE MONITOR

BILLY sitting in the very same room with DR. CAUL. They wear the same outfits. BILLY'S knees are jiggling.

INT. OFFICE

BILLY notices his own knees are jiggling and stops them.

THE MONITOR

BILLY, eyes half closed, lips moving silently. And suddenly, he's back, with all the facial and physical characteristics we've come to recognize as RAGEN.

BILLY

You have made quite a few enemies,
Dr. Caul. I'm not one of your
enemies, at the moment. It is
Arthur.

DR. CAUL

Why?

BILLY

The things that Arthur was keeping
secret was exposed, the other day.
There was penetration by the
undesirables.

DR. CAUL

Explain the undesirables. We need
to understand that.

BILLY

The undesirables are people who was
silenced by Arthur because their
functions were no longer necessary --
um -- for a multitude of reasons
they were silenced.

DR. CAUL

Then why are they still around?

BILLY

What do you want us to do? Murder
them?

As he continues, we PRESS IN on BILLY, watching himself --
face to face with this locked door thrown open for the

first time.

THE MONITOR - TIME CUT - INTERCUT WITH BILLY WATCHING

Now it's the TOMMY personality.

BILLY

It gets frustratin' 'cause people
keep callin' ya Billy and you don't
pay attention and then, finally,
you're like: oh yeah, I'm Billy.
But I'm not Billy. I'm Tommy.

THE MONITOR - TIME CUT - INTERCUT WITH BILLY WATCHING

It's now the ARTHUR personality.

DR. CAUL (O.C.)

(on tape)

How did you learn Arabic? How did
Ragen learn Serbo-Croatian? Or
Tommy electronics and escape
artistry...?

BILLY

(English accent)

Different ways. Books. The
library. By doing. Everyone has a
special job, special abilities --
and it is each person's
responsibility to develop them.

THE MONITOR - TIME CUT - INTERCUT WITH BILLY WATCHING

ALLEN smoking.

DR. CAUL (O.C.)

(in room)

That's Allen. He's the only one who
smokes. He's also the only one
who's right handed. At the time of
the trial, we thought there were
only ten of you, because Arthur had
already banished the undesirables by
that point.

BILLY

Yeah. Philip, Kevin, April,
Adalana -- he kicked a whole bunch
out when everything happened.

DR. CAUL

So then, how many of you are there
all together?

BILLY

Twenty three.

DR. CAUL
Twenty three. Plus Billy?

BILLY
Plus Billy.

THE MONITOR - TIME CUT - INTERCUT WITH BILLY WATCHING

DR. CAUL (O.C.)
(on tape)
What about Adalana? She's a female.

BILLY
(as Arthur)
You must understand that Billy
associates any type of male
sexuality with abuse and torture.
Just as Tommy can get out of ropes
and Ragen can protect himself
physically. Adalana was created to
make and seek love.

INT. THE ROOM

BILLY watching the monitor -- tears form.

THE MONITOR

It's the ADALANA personality -- meek, teary, nystagmatic.

TV ANCHORWOMAN

on the 6:00 news.

ANCHORWOMAN
In the ten months he's been at the
Athens Mental Health Center, campus
rapist Billy Milligan has been
described by doctors as a model
patient who has made enormous
progress and even started the
Foundation Against Child Abuse with
money earned from the sale of his
paintings. But there is a new
controversy swirling around him
today.

EXT. STEPS OF FRANKLIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

It's a mob scene -- hordes of protesters, mostly women,
are screaming and chanting anti-rape slogans. A SPEAKER
quiets them. A LEGEND identifies the speaker as State
Representative Dick Molinaro.

MOLINARO

It has come to our attention that Billy Milligan's doctors have been letting him take unsupervised trips from the hospital into town as part of his therapy. This is completely unacceptable! I have today called Judge Kinworthy to sign a court order sending Milligan away to the maximum security facility at Lima, where he'll never again be allowed to roam freely in the community!

INT. GARY SCHWEICKART'S KITCHEN

He is watching the news while eating dinner with his family. This has taken him completely by surprise.

GARY

What?!

INT. DR. CAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. CAUL and GARY.

GARY

Is it true? Have you been letting him out of the hospital?

DR. CAUL

Yes.

GARY

Alone?

DR. CAUL

He has a treatable illness, Mr. Schweickart. And ultimately, the point of any treatment is to make the patient well enough to be discharged.

GARY

But is he ready?

DR. CAUL

Yes. He's met all of his personalities and is finally becoming one Billy. He's no longer a danger to himself or anybody else. And you can take that to the bank.

GARY

Where is he now?

DR. CAUL

Upstairs. But it's crucial he not be sent to Lima. It's a snake pit. He'll revert completely. All the work we've done here will be lost.

GARY

It's an election year. This Molinaro guy has 'em all whipped up into a frenzy. The National Organization of Women, the National Lesbian Coalition...

DR. CAUL

A little boy is repeatedly sodomized and tortured for a period of years. In order to survive, he fragments his personality -- because he is trying desperately to gain some kind of control over what for him is an unfathomable situation. That's a basic human response, Mr. Schweickart. No matter how unusual the route he chose, since the dawn of time, when man can't control his reality, he makes up someone who can. It's why we created God. Ragen, Arthur, Adalana -- they were Billy's God's -- and, like God, they demanded terrible sacrifices. He couldn't stop worshiping them when they demanded he break the law.

INT. DAY ROOM

At Athens. A NURSE sits reading the Columbus Dispatch. BILLY is front page news. An AIDE pops his head in, starting her.

AIDE

I'm grabbing some lunch. You have to babysit.

He leads BILLY in.

AIDE

See you in an hour.

NURSE

(terrified to be
alone with him)

But...

The AIDE is gone. BILLY looks broken, a little boy. The NURSE, however, is trembling so much that a lock of hair on her forehead is vibrating. Suddenly, GARY enters. The

NURSE gasps.

GARY

Sorry.

NURSE

You startled me.

GARY

I'm Billy's defense attorney. Dr. Caul said it'd be alright if I talked to him alone...

Before the words are out of his mouth, she has bolted.

GARY

... for awhile. Hey, Billy.

BILLY looks up.

GARY

Long time no see.

BILLY

I'm sorry. I don't know who you are.

And in that moment it all truly crystallizes for GARY for the first time -- just what it's like to be BILLY MILLIGAN. GARY smiles warmly and extends his hand.

GARY

Gary Schweickart. I'm your lawyer. I'm here to help.

BILLY shakes it.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

It's on the hospital grounds, but as we TRACK with GARY and BILLY, we see there are no names on the tombstones -- only numbers.

BILLY

I apologize. I don't remember a lot of people I've met.

GARY

That's O.K. I'm meeting you now. This is kind of a morbid place to take a walk, isn't it?

BILLY

This is where I come sometimes to try and sort things out. When you don't have any family or a friend in

the world and nobody gives a damn
and you die here, all your records
are destroyed. But they keep a list
of who's buried where so that in
case some long, lost relative shows
up they can say "Oh yeah, he's
number forty one." That's what
happens to you if you're sick. If
you're the black sheep.

GARY
How's therapy going?

BILLY
Good. Last week in group therapy
they had another multiple there.
That was a crowded room.

GARY laughs.

BILLY
They're gonna send me to Lima,
aren't they?

GARY
Not necessarily.

BILLY
I'll die there.

GARY
There's going to be a hearing and
you're going to get to finally tell
your side of the story.

BILLY
No one believes that I'm sick.

GARY
They will. Unless they believe that
a little boy who was placed in a
mental hospital when he was fourteen
for acting like different people was
really planning his defense eight
years in advance.

BILLY
Why are you helping me?

GARY
'Cause you deserve it.

INT. SUBURBAN DEN - DAY

CHALMER MILLIGAN, flanked by a lawyer, sits on his couch
in front of a sea of microphones.

CHALMER

(referring to notes)

I, Chalmer Milligan, have been accused by my adopted son, William, of threatening, abusing and sodomizing him, particularly over the period when he was eight or nine years old. This accusation is completely false. William is a habitual liar, and I feel that he is continuing a pattern of lying which he established many years ago. These accusations have caused me extreme embarrassment, mental anguish and suffering, and I make this statement in order to set the record straight and clear my good name.

EXT. ATHENS MENTAL HEALTH CENTER - DAY

Outside the fence, a crowd of protesters are there, consumed with bloodlust. They chant and throw rocks at the building, calling BILLY a liar and a rapist.

INT. DAY ROOM

BILLY sits with JUDY STEPHENSON listening to the furor outside.

JUDY

Don't listen to them. They just believe what they read in the papers.

A NURSE enters.

NURSE

Billy? You have a visitor.

DOROTHY, BILLY'S mother, enters.

JUDY

I'll wait outside.

JUDY leaves with the NURSE. DOROTHY sits across from BILLY.

DOROTHY

Hello, Billy. You look fine. People sure are talkin' about you. You're a regular celebrity. Billy, I...

BILLY

It's all right, Mama. You went through it, too. When I close my eyes and picture you -- it's with a bloody mouth and black eyes and half the hair pulled out of your head.

She is crying.

BILLY

But I can't help you with your guilt. Don't ask me to.

He takes her hand.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OF DAY ROOM

DOROTHY passes JUDY on her way out.

JUDY

Are you alright? I'm Judy Stephenson. I work in the Public Defender's office.

DOROTHY

How do you do. I'm sorry...

JUDY

Don't be silly. But Mrs. Moore, I wonder if I could talk to you a moment?

DOROTHY

Yes?

JUDY

The statements your ex-husband has made -- we have to know -- are they true? Did Billy make it all up?

DOROTHY

I've made my statement. I wouldn't have any way of knowing the extent...

JUDY

Please. Off the record.

A beat. DOROTHY cries, then pulls her hair back, revealing nasty disfiguring scars.

DOROTHY

This is Chalmer Milligan. And this. And this. He destroyed that little boy. And I didn't stop him.

She moves away down the hall, leaving JUDY alone.

INT. GARY SCHWEICKART'S BEDROOM - MORNING

He's tightening the knot on his tie in the mirror as his WIFE looks on.

WIFE
Wearing a suit, huh? You must be
worried.

GARY
Piece of cake.

But his hand isn't steady enough to do the knot.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

In GARY'S house. As he comes out from the bedroom he passes his small, red-haired DAUGHTER.

DAUGHTER
(confused)
Daddy, you match.

INT. FRANKLIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE

We can hear the ever present protesters outside as GARY and JUDY walk briskly down a corridor to the courtroom.

JUDY
See the paper this morning? People
believe Chalmer's story.

GARY
They also once thought you could get
the clap from toilet seats.

JUDY
You can't?

They turn a corner and walk smack into DICK MOLINARO and ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL BANKS, who's leading the prosecution.

MOLINARO
(nods)
Gary. Judy.

GARY
(pointedly)
Dick.

MOLINARO

You know Mr. Banks.

GARY

You send him to Lima and you're gonna kill him.

BANKS

Lima's a mental health facility, not death row.

GARY

It's a butcher shop. Dr. Caul talks about medical conditions and sacrificing Gods... you know what I see? I see a little kid who had no way out, so he created a bunch of comic book heroes. The Justice League of America. The escape artist, the Yugoslavian hitman...

MOLINARO

The rapist.

GARY

No one wants to make him a saint -- we just don't want to execute a guy who wasn't even there at the scene of the crimes.

MOLINARO

I know you, Schweickart. You don't think you're on the right side unless you feel like the underdog. Well, this time your compassion is misplaced. Try thinking about the victims. Try thinking about their families. I'm gonna stop you, Gary. And I'm not gonna lose a night's sleep afterwards.

INT. COURTROOM

The JUDGE, BANKS, MOLINARO, SCHWEICKART, JUDY STEPHENSON, BILLY, HIS MOTHER, A BAILIFF and A STENOGRAPHER. BILLY is on the stand.

GARY

Have you ever been to Lima?

BILLY

Yes. For a week.

GARY

And when you were there, did you receive hypnotherapy?

BILLY

No.

GARY

Group therapy?

BILLY

No.

GARY

Art therapy?

BILLY

No.

GARY

Do you have any confidence in your doctor there, Dr. Milkie?

BILLY

No. He doesn't believe I'm sick. He gave me Stelazine. It messed me up.

GARY

Billy, before you were arrested and Dr. Caul started treating you, did you ever suspect that there was anything wrong with you?

BILLY

Sure. I knew I lost time and heard voices in my head, but I thought that happened to everybody.

GARY

Didn't you think it strange that no one talked about it?

BILLY

I was so scared and embarrassed, I figured everyone else was, too. Then, every once in a while, I'd hear someone say "I don't know where the day went" or "Did I have fun last night?". I thought that was as close as anybody came to discussing it.

GARY

And how do you feel now, after ten months at Athens?

BILLY

Well, I feel whole, like I'm one person for the first time in my life. I used to feel like a freak.

But then I got to thinkin' -- in my life, I've learned to get out of handcuffs and straitjackets, be a righty or a lefty, control if I'm drunk or sober, talk Arabic, Hebrew, Yugoslavian, Japanese, learn martial arts, play piano and drums, make my eye shake, be an artist... And, I'm no rocket scientist... my I.Q. is pretty average -- so I got to thinkin' if I could do all that, then couldn't everybody? They just don't know how to tap into it. But if they have a brain, just like I have a brain -- and it's made up of the same muscle and stuff that mine is, then maybe, just maybe, if they went through what I went through as a kid, they might have split up into a bunch of different people like I did. And then I didn't feel like such a freak. I felt like someone who got forced to open a door everybody else gets to keep locked. I felt like that but for the grace of God go there.

(he turns to the
Judge)

I don't want to hurt anybody ever again, your honor. I can't get out of bed in the morning knowing what I've done. But I want to keep getting better. And I know that won't happen if you send me to Lima.

BANKS

on his feet -- delivering his summation.

BANKS

(reads from a book)

Multiple Personality Disorder is a form of narcissism. A willful disease. Cowardly. It is the five year old child with powdered sugar on his lips saying "I didn't eat the last doughnut."

He put the book down.

BANKS

You have already heard the testimony from his psychiatric resident at Lima State Hospital, Dr. Frederick Milkie, who, after examining the defendant, concluded not only that he did not suffer from M.P.D., but

that in all probability, the disorder itself does not exist. The defense has certainly offered no physiological evidence to the contrary. Only differing professional opinion. But, your honor, the validity of Mr. Milligan's psychiatric claims is not at issue here. What is at issue is the safety of this community from a convicted sex offender.

GARY

That's a lie. He was acquitted.

BANKS

You're absolutely right, counsel, and I apologize. He was acquitted -- by reason of insanity. Insanity, your honor. Insanity which made Billy Milligan strap on a Smith & Wesson, jog to the Ohio State University campus, on not one, not two, but three separate occasions, abduct a young woman, drive her to a secluded area in the woods and rape her. And now, Dr. Caul and his staff want to allow this man, who is, by his own admission and by the court's edict, insane, to roam freely and unsupervised through the streets of this city. Well, your honor, if this man is well and not serving very hard time, then there has been a gross miscarriage of justice. But if he is truly insane, and not responsible for his actions at the time of the crimes, then send him to Lima, where this community can rest assured he will not be allowed to walk the streets and do yet more irreparable damage. When you break a teacup, you glue it back together. But do you ever feel safe using it again? No. You put it away in the cupboard and close the door. Your honor, there's a lot more at stake here than just being scalded by some hot water.

He sits.

JUDY

(to Gary)

Jesus Christ.

JUDGE

Mr. Schweickart, are you ready with your summation?

GARY gets up.

GARY

Your honor, the prosecution is right. There is more at stake here than just being scalded by some hot water. There's also a hell of a lot more at stake than a cracked teacup. There's a human life. One that's been robbed of every chance at normalcy from the age of eight by vicious and relentless child abuse. Faust made a pact with the devil. Well, Billy Milligan made a pact, too. But he did it to survive. Something inside his eight year old mind said "I can't fight this man who adopts me, then rapes me. Who tells me to call him Daddy, then buries me alive with just a metal pipe over my face for air. And then urinates down the pipe. I can't protect myself -- and neither can my mother. And I'm too afraid to tell the police. Or a teacher. Because if I do, he'll kill me. So I'll go to sleep. And I'll let someone else take over my mind and my body to protect me. And they can escape out of the ropes when he ties me up. And they can defend me. And outsmart him. And take the pain so I don't kill myself just to make it stop." The only problem was, the personalities didn't conveniently go away when he grew up and no longer needed them. They stayed. And in order to fight fire with fire, some of those personalities had learned to be as angry and destructive as their tormentor. And finally one of those personalities was a part of him who needed and demanded love. And her name was Adalana. And three times, last October, in the woods outside Columbus, she took it. By force. The devil had finally come with the bill. You've heard Dr. Caul and Dr. Harding both testify that Multiple Personality Disorder not only does exist, but that it's symptoms cannot be faked. Amnesiac fugue states cannot be

faked. Nystagmus cannot be faked. And you've also heard them say that he's no longer a threat to himself or anybody else, but that if he's sent to Lima, where he will be given drugs instead of therapy, Billy will almost certainly re-fragment, and destroy all the remarkable progress he's made since coming to Athens. And although the prosecution has made a lot of the fact that Billy's doctors see it as essential to his recovery that he be allowed furloughs off of hospital grounds and into the city, there is a fundamental issue not being addressed here -- and that is the fact that Billy Milligan is not a criminal. The court decided that when he was found not guilty. And they were right to do so, We all like to think of ourselves as compassionate and caring human beings and yet as soon as that compassion threatens to demand something real from us -- a demonstration -- proof of its existence -- we draw the line. Please, your honor, let's use this opportunity to take one small step in narrowing the gap between our potential for compassion and the reality of its limits. If I have an incurable disease, and I don't know it, and I give it to you, and you die -- can I to be tried as a murderer? No. I didn't know I was sick. So you decide to quarantine me instead, which is only sensible, since we don't want me to hurt anyone else. But, if I'm then cured to the point where I'm no longer contagious... do you never let me out again? Billy Milligan has been fighting for his life since he was eight years old, your honor. Now that he's finally got a piece of it back -- please don't take it away from him.

GARY sits.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

BILLY, GARY and JUDY sit waiting. They say nothing. BILLY'S eyes move from one to the other, but they don't

return the looks. Then, a BAILIFF enters.

BAILIFF

The Judge is ready.

INT. COURTROOM

As the JUDGE renders his decision.

JUDGE

The court finds that the respondent, due to his mental illness, is dangerous to himself and to others and requires hospitalization in a maximum security facility. It is ordered, therefore, that the respondent, William Stanley Milligan, be committed to the Lima State Hospital in Lima, Ohio.

He raps his gravel. BILLY sinks into his chair, into himself. GARY knocks his stack of papers to the floor. Outside the courtroom, there is an eruption of cheers as MOLINARO gives the thumbs up at the window. GARY finally approaches BILLY. They hug.

GARY

(in Billy's ear)

I'm gonna get you out. I swear to God.

EXT. COURTHOUSE

BILLY being led away in handcuffs through the crowd. Flashbulbs pop.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS

GARY and JUDY watching as BANKS and MOLINARO are interviewed.

INTERVIEWER

Do you have any comment, Mr. Molinaro?

MOLINARO

Yeah, I have a comment. What took them so long?

INT. POLICE CAR

TWO COPS shove BILLY roughly into the back seat.

COP

We got you now, motherfucker.

The car pulls away.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The police car driving through a light drizzle. We hear BILLY'S V.O.

BILLY (V.O.)

Dear Gary, Billy is asleep.
Something very bad is happening but
I don't know what. The doctors say
bad things about us and what hurts
most is they are right.

EXT. LIMA - DAY

The car pulls up and delivers BILLY. It is every bit as horrific as one might expect.

BILLY (V.O.)

We, I, am a freak, a misfit, a
biological error. We all hate this
place, but it's where we belong.

COP

(as he gets Billy out
of the car)

Welcome to Hell.

INT. LIMA

MEN in the deepest throes of mental illness wander the corridors, some naked, as BILLY is taken to his room.

BILLY (V.O.)

Ragen is stopping everything for
good. He has to. He says if you do
not speak, you do no damage to
anyone on the outside or the inside.
No one can blame us for anything.

A LINE

of zombied out MEN, including BILLY, getting their Thorazine.

BILLY (V.O.)

The span of attention will be turned
inward and it will enforce the total
block. By shutting out the real
world, we can live peacefully in

ours. We know that a world without
pain is a world without feeling...
but a world without feeling is a
world without pain.

The MAN in front of BILLY has now reached the head of the line. He becomes upset. He refuses the medication, screams "No!" and runs off. BILLY steps up and takes his medicine.

INT. CORRIDOR

BILLY walking aimlessly.

BILLY (V.O.)

When I'm not asleep and not on the spot, it's like I'm lying face down on a street of glass that stretches out forever and I can look down through it. Beyond that, in the farthest ground, it seems like stars of outer space, but then there's a circle. A beam of light.

BILLY

receiving electro-shock therapy.

BILLY (V.O.)

It's almost as if it's coming out of my eyes because it's always in front of me. Around it, some of my people are lying in coffins.

INT. CORRIDOR

A continuation of the earlier shot: BILLY walks aimlessly.

BILLY (V.O.)

The lids aren't on them because they're not dead yet.

INT. ROOM AT LIMA

A DOCTOR, in a suit and white lab coat, is hitting BILLY with a Bible as he's held down by ATTENDANTS.

DOCTOR

I rebuke you demons, in the name of the savior, Jesus Christ! Leave this wretched soul!

BILLY (V.O.)

They're asleep, waiting for

something. There are some empty coffins because not everyone has come there yet.

INT. CORRIDOR

BILLY continues walking. He reaches a MEN'S ROOM and looks in. The toilets are stainless steel. He shifts his gaze. The MAN who refuses his Thorazine is running the sink water at a boiling hot temperature. He looks at BILLY through the steam.

BILLY (V.O.)

Danny and the other young ones want a chance at life. The older ones have given up hope.

The MAN puts his finger under the water -- never taking his eyes off BILLY. The flesh quickly bubbles and boils off.

BILLY (V.O.)

Danny named this place because he made it.

The MAN brings what's left of his digit to his mouth and bites it off.

BILLY (V.O.)

He calls it "The Dying Place".

INT. BILLY'S ROOM

A GUARD throws in some paints, a brush and a piece of paper, then leaves. BILLY picks up the paintbrush, but sets the paper aside. He turns to the white wall and starts a mural. It begins to segue into the Rotoscope animation -- then flowing once more into reality as it charts the accelerated progress of the painting. Back and forth, until it's become a lush, green landscape. Idyllic, lyrical.

WE PRESS IN on BILLY, in both reality and animation, as he paints, until we can no longer see the room around him -- just BILLY, enveloped in this peaceful, green Eden -- painting himself out of Hell and into a world of escape.

LEGEND ON SCREEN:

Gary Schweickart appealed Billy Milligan's case to the Supreme Court. On December 4, 1980, he was returned to Athens State Hospital, where he was successfully fused. Lima State Hospital was closed soon afterwards, amid indictments for patient abuse.

A SECOND LEGEND REPLACES THE FIRST:

Today, after thirteen years in the Ohio Mental Health System. Billy Milligan is a free man and supporting himself as an artist.

FADE OUT.