

Bad Dreams

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B A D D R E A M S

FADE IN:

1 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - SUNSET

1

A serene landscape, mist collecting as the red ball of a sun dips behind the mountains.

In the middle of a field stands a bare-chested man facing the sunset. He is HARRIS, forty-ish, greying but handsome, and very fit. His hands are outstretched as if embracing an invisible entity. He seems filled with some sort of transcendental power. Now, an air of fulfillment and resolve settles over him. He turns and walks away from us. CAMERA ADJUSTS and reveals--

2 EXT. UNITY HOUSE - LONG SHOT - SUNSET

2

Once the home of Victorian Gentry, a few seasons of amateur repair work have not compensated for decades of neglect. But now as Harris walks towards it, the fading daylight and long shadows turn it into a fantasy castle. MUSIC ECHOES faintly from within; it's "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" by Iron Butterfly. If the music didn't place the era for us, the battered VW MINIBUS parked outside the house does; it's covered with flower paintings, slogans, and the ubiquitous peace sign.

As Harris approaches the house, a dozen or so YOUNG PEOPLE rush to greet him and embrace him. Extending his arms out to enclose them all, he goes inside.

3 INT. COMMON ROOM - SUNSET

3

This was probably a stately parlor in its day. There is a funky assembly of odd handmade furniture. There are muslin curtains on the windows, crude paintings, and quilts covering ripped chairs and couches. Despite the squalor, there is a neatness to the place. Now, the CAMERA begins to ROAM through the room and down the hallways lined with fading wallpaper.

VOICES

(various)

--where did she go...? ... was
here a moment ago... Cynthia, come
on, honey, we need you... Cynthia,
come out, come out wherever you
are... the sun's going down, we're
losing the moment...!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICES(CONT'D)

Hey, mellow out, we got ten minutes, I like, checked the almanac, okay...? Ready or not, here we come...

All these comments are made in relaxed and good natured tones. Finally the CAMERA PANS OVER to a little storage alcove beneath the servant's stairway. A HAND reaches in and opens the door, and inside we SEE cartons, antique toys... and then CYNTHIA, a pretty 13 year old girl who wears funky clothing and a haunted, nervous expression.

VOICES (CONT'D)

...There you are, you naughty girl! You almost made us lose the sunset... Come on, honey, time's wasting...

She shrinks back from the HANDS that are pulling her up and out, but they prevail, and she's up and on unsteady feet. The CAMERA stays with her as she's led back down the hallway.

CYNTHIA

(faintly)

No, please... I... I really don't want to do this... Can't I just wait for you..? I--I'm not sure about this--

A SET OF HANDS moves in, separates Cynthia from the others.

4

NEW ANGLE

4

Revealing VICTOR, a handsome youth a few years older than Cynthia.

VICTOR

Easy, Cyn, easy. You don't want to do this, that's okay... right, Harris?

The VOICES stop as everyone awaits an answer. CAMERA PANS across the common room, to the end we haven't seen yet.

In the center of the room is a big cistern or font. As we watch, Harris has just DUNKED someone in it. The person steps out, laughing, sloshing in amber liquid. Standing around are other people, some already dripping wet, others awaiting their turns. Some are clothed and wet, others in varying degrees of undress. It all seems slightly off, slightly eerie, despite their smiles and cheer. Harris splashes himself with the amber liquid from the tub, pushes his hair back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRIS

No, Victor, it's not okay. Here
at Unity House, some things have to
be done...

(slight smile)

...in Unity. This is one of them.

He WADES CLOSER to the CAMERA, within reach of Cynthia,
Victor and the others. Smiles again. It's the kind of a
smile that inspires trust.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Cynthia, do you trust me?

She nods immediately.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

And have I ever lied to you?

She shakes her head. He GESTURES. The people around Cynthia
begin to GET INTO the tub. Some remove their clothing;
others get in clothes and all. Toddlers and infants are held
by their parents and playfully splashed.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Then I say to you now... to all of
you now... that this will be the
Ultimate Joining... of man and
woman... parent and child...
humanity and Godhead.

He looks at Victor, who reluctantly lets Cynthia's hand go,
gets in. Now only Cynthia remains.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Cynthia. Come. There is no shame
in this. No crime. No sin. Just
the final break with the old
world... As night falls, we start
a new day... a day of Unity.
(a command, but warm)
Come to me... my lovechild.

5

ON CYNTHIA

5

His last words melt her remaining resistance. Moving like a
sleepwalker, she steps into the tub, wades forward. Then she
stops, looks down at the fluid lapping at her jeans... runs
her hand through it. Her eyes widen.

6 EXT. HOUSE - LONG SHOT 6

The sun almost gone now, red light reflecting on the gabled windows. Even the battered VW van looks good in this setting. It's beautiful.

CYNTHIA'S VOICE

No! No...

HARRIS' VOICE

Cynthia, come back! We can't do it without you... We must have unity, my lovechild... Unity, now and through eternity... Cynthia, you cannot run... You belong to us forever--!

Pause. The faint SOUNDS of SPLASHING and then FOOTSTEPS skittering on tired wooden floors... and then--

--UNITY HOUSE EXPLODES!

7 EXPLOSION - ANOTHER ANGLE 7

WINDOWS blow out. Splintered BEAMS propeller through the air. The VW camper on the lawn ROCKS with the shock wave. Then a SECOND EXPLOSION blows the Victorian cupolas and widow's walk off the roof. From somewhere in the distance we HEAR SIRENS...

CUT TO:

8 EXT. UNITY HOUSE - NIGHT 8

FIRE is CONSUMING what's left of the building. Rescue workers and firefighters are running back and forth.

9 INSPECTOR WASSERMAN 9

A plainclothes detective, he NODS to some uniforms, steps around some debris to move closer to the scene. He puts his collar up against the SPRAY which leaks from firehose connections. Seeing one of his men, he SHOUTS over the din.

WASSERMAN

What have we got?

POLICEMAN

Twenty-four bodies, Inspector.
Maybe more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he says this, both men watch as firefighters carry out a SCORCHED AND BLACKENED CORPSE that looks like a 3,000 year old mummy.

10 CORPSE - CLOSER 10

It's set down on the ground beside other blackened bodies partially covered by tarps. As the body is set down it CRUNCHES, and a piece BREAKS OFF.

11 BACK TO SCENE 11

Wasserman blanches, wipes his mouth.

WASSERMAN
Cause of fire?

OFFICER
Some kind of explosion... gas main, methane, too soon to tell. God only knows.

WASSERMAN
Let's hope He doesn't keep it to Himself.

A VOICE
We got one! We got a survivor! Get a stretcher and oxygen over here, STAT!

Wasserman and the cop run up the slope with the others.

12 RUINS - CLOSER 12

Medics run around the parked VW, which drips water and chemical foam. Rescue workers move a FALLEN BEAM and pull a soot-blackened form out of a hole. As the CAMERA PUSHES closer, we see that it is Cynthia. Her clothes are torn and singed, and she is unconscious, but as they work on her we see that she is largely unharmed.

VOICES
(busy, frantic)
Make room, make room! Get that airway in! I got a pulse, whoa, it's faint... Talk about lucky, she musta fallen in the basement... First and second degree burns... Come on people, move your asses!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wasserman tries to keep up as they carry her on a stretcher towards an ambulance, put her inside. It ROARS AWAY, SIREN WAILING. MUSIC COMES UP AND OVER-- it's MAGIC CARPET RIDE by Steppenwolf.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

(filtered)

--Authorities continue to investigate yesterday's mysterious explosion and fire at Unity House, the controversial New Age commune headed by self-styled Guru Adrian Harris. 32 people died in the blaze. Thirteen year old Cynthia Weston, the fire's only survivor, remains in guarded but stable condition at County General. In national news, newspaper heiress Patricia Hearst was abducted from her Bay area apartment shortly before dawn today... A communique from the so-called "Symbionese Liberation Army" demanded that...

CUT TO:

13 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

13

The doors CRASH ASIDE as Cynthia is rushed in on a gurney. The CEILING LIGHTS flicker past us as they move her into the emergency room.

VOICES

Blood pressure 90 over 30, we're losing her... Where's that cart?
CLEAR! CLEAR! Okay, it's climbing... Watch the EEG...
Brain activity, shit, damn low...

We begin a SERIES OF DISSOLVES, including:

A) WASSERMAN, who appears first in his clothes from the fire, then two other wardrobe changes;

B) HOSPITAL PERSONNEL, at first the harried and rushed emergency staff, and then the more blase regular doctors and nurses;

C) VARIOUS MEDICAL EQUIPMENT, as a series of DIAGNOSTIC TESTS are run on Cynthia--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D) CYNTHIA, first in her fire-scorched clothing, then as it is cut away, and then in several HOSPITAL GOWNS, first white, then green, then blue...

E) A SERIES OF HOSPITAL ROOMS AND LABS;

P) HOSPITAL CHARTS AND FILES, with ever-changing DATES;

VOICES (CONT'D)

(over this)

No sign of physical damage but neurological functions still depressed... Sorry, Inspector, no changes... Patient comatose after 14 days... Brain scan shows minor irregularities; pupil function within normal range... Still no sign of consciousness... Still comatose after 21 days ... Sorry, Inspector, we'll call you if there's any progress... Still comatose after 42 days... Patient moved out of intensive care....

As the MONTAGE CONTINUES, TITLES BEGIN. Now we HEAR VARIOUS NEWS BROADCASTS which come UP AND OVER, fading IN AND OUT with the medical VOICES. (If desired, TV NEWSCASTS might be seen as well on a hospital room's set.)

VARIOUS NEWSCASTERS' VOICES

(filtered, in and out,
intermittently audible)

...The mother of Martin Luther King Junior was assassinated today while she played the organ in her son's church... interrupt to bring this bulletin... Richard Milhous Nixon has resigned as President of the United States... As the Marine guards hold back the crowds, the last helicopters took off from the roof of the Embassy in Saigon... Bicentennial festivities begin today in Philadelphia...

14 MONTAGE - CONTINUED

14

We SEE Cynthia in her bed, always in the same near-fetal position. The only changes are the occasionally different hues of her blankets and the varying length of her hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEWSCASTERS

--leak at the Three Mile Island facility... 73 Americans remain hostage in the Teheran Embassy... Ronald Reagan has been elected 40th President... renewed fighting in the Middle East... assailant shot John Lennon at point blank range... President Reagan has been shot! He is in guarded condition at... The Pope has been shot! He was rushed by ambulance to... President Anwar Sadat has been assassinated...

14A BERRISFORD - IN MONTAGE

14A

We SEE several SHOTS of this man, first as a white-coated RESIDENT in his late 30's, walking past Cynthia's hospital doorway, and then stopping, curious, and looking in on her... and then in--

14B OTHER SHOTS - BERRISFORD

14B

as (with changing wardrobe and increasing status) he checks in on the girl's unaltered condition as months and years continue to click by:

NEWSCASTERS(CONT'D)

...the Korean airliner was shot down by a Soviet jet, killing all 269 people aboard... invasion of the island Nation of Grenada... Prime Minister Indira Ghandi was assassinated by members of her own bodyguard... the PLO hijackers shot the wheelchair-bound American and threw his body overboard... Space Shuttle Challenger exploded moments after launch... renewed fighting today in the Middle East... President Corazon Aquino asked the soldiers to lay down their arms... Senator Gary Hart withdrew from the race... Fawn Hall... Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North... Contrascam Investigation... PTL scandal... munitions train severed the lag of a protester at the... renewed fighting in the Middle East...

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. HOSPITAL NURSE'S STATION - DAY

15

The HEAD NURSE looks up, smiles at a YOUNG FLOOR NURSE as she walks past. From somewhere we HEAR a Springsteen song on the radio.

HEAD NURSE
Debbie. What happened to your windsurfing lesson?

YOUNG NURSE
No wind. I changed shifts with Nancy.
(picking up charts)
Well... time to weed the vegetable patch.

We FOLLOW the young nurse as she goes into--

16 CYNTHIA'S ROOM

16

Bored, the nurse goes to the foot of the bed, checks the chart there. She moves past MONITORING EQUIPMENT which shows only subtle movement. As she begins to take Cynthia's blood pressure, CAMERA CONTINUES ON INTO THE BED and we see Cynthia,

She is now a fully grown young woman in her late 20's. She is curled up in a fetal ball.

17 THE YOUNG NURSE

17

finishes her work and then gathers some bottles from the side table. She goes to the door and then REACTS to a SOUND.

She looks around, puzzled. Meanwhile, we SEE (and she DOESN'T) that there is INCREASED ACTIVITY on the monitors.

CYNTHIA
(faint, weak)
No... no... it's wrong...
someone... please help...

YOUNG NURSE
Holy shit...

Stunned, the nurse DROPS the bottles with a CRASH. Recovering her composure, she darts back to the bed, watches flabbergasted as Cynthia continues to STIR, her arms weakly battling half-realized fears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The young nurse hits an ALARM, grabs Cynthia's arms to prevent her from pitching out of the bed, and then DOCTORS and NURSES are scrambling all over the room, and as the DIN RISES we

CUT TO:

18 INT. HOSPITAL PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

18

FLASHBULBS pop and the HOSPITAL SPOKESMAN grins clumsily, famous for fifteen minutes.

There's eight or nine reporters here, all of them wishing they were on bigger stories.

SPOKESMAN
(in mid speech)
Twelve years, two months... nine days.

FIRST REPORTER
Is that like a world record for a coma or something?

SPOKESMAN
Actually, no. The longest one on record is 37 years.

The first reporter closes a notebook, leaves.

SECOND REPORTER
Does she remember anything about the fire at Universe House?

19 NEW ANGLE - SHOWING THE BACK OF THE ROOM

19

Lieutenant (née Inspector) Wasserman is there. He's grayer, paunchier, but the raincoat is the same one.

SPOKESMAN'S VOICE
(correcting)
Unity House. No, she appears to have no memory of the accident itself or the days leading up to it. It's not uncommon after serious trauma.

THIRD REPORTER
What happens to her now? Have her family or friends been notified?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPOKESMAN

We stopped looking for any family
ton years ago.. Right now we're
planning to transfer Cynthia to Dr.
S.A. Berrisford's Neuropsychiatric
Clinic. It's right here on our
grounds, and Dr. Berrisford is
familiar with both the
neuromuscular problems a patient
like this will encounter as well as
the inevitable mental readjustment
that will be required. Thank you.

The reporters filter out.

Wasserman is already gone.

CUT TO:

20	FOOT	20
	as it is clumsily set down... another FOOT slides forward.	

21	INT. THERAPY ROOM - WIDER	21
	Cynthia is standing inside a set of parallel bars. She's pale, weak looking. A PHYSICAL THERAPIST is at her elbow, egging her on.	

THERAPIST

Good... Very good... Come on,
just a few more steps...

Cynthia blinks, as if just processing the therapist's word
takes some adjustment.

CYNTHIA

(weary)

I... I can't... I have to rest...

BERRISFORD'S VOICE

Young lady, you've had fifteen
years of rest.

CAMERA ADJUSTS to show DR. BERRISFORD. In his 50's,
avuncular, he wears half-framed glasses and a sweater vest
under his medical coat. Two pieces of tissue paper mark his
razor's passage on his neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERRISFORD (CONT'D)

Now walk to the end of that platform, or you won't get any chocolate ice cream.

Something about Berrisford's mock-stern tone bores in on Cynthia, gets a reaction. She gropes for an answer.

CYNTHIA

(finally)

I... I hate chocolate ice cream.

BERRISFORD

Then walk to the end of the platform, or I'll shove an entire gallon down your throat.

Cynthia's eyes crinkle with confusion. And then, ah, she gets it! A joke, the first one in over a decade. She SMILES, and it's a beautiful smile. Setting her jaw, she makes a renewed effort and reaches the end of the platform. The therapist and Berrisford both move quickly to catch her and set her down in a wheelchair.

BERRISFORD

(to the therapist)

That'll be all.

Berrisford begins wheeling Cynthia along. They leave the therapy room, go down a corridor. (Note: Passage as per location.) As they go by other patients and staff, there's a general BUZZ as people whisper about Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

(peering at Berrisford)

Am I supposed to know you or something?

BERRISFORD

I've looked in on you from time to time... but that's hardly an introduction. You've been transferred into my care, Cynthia. I'm Doctor S. A. Berrisford, Consulting Chief of Neuropsychiatry and head of the Berrisford Clinic.

CYNTHIA

(fumbling it)

C-consulting Cheev-- Chief of--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERRISFORD
Oh, forget all that. Just call me
what my staff does.

CYNTHIA
What's that?

BERRISFORD
God.

Cynthia LAUGHS. She likes this man's directness, the way he
doesn't condescend to her.

22 INT./EXT. SUN DECK OR DAY ROOM - DAY

22

Berrisford parks her and sits down across from her.

CYNTHIA
What... what kind of doctor did
you say you were?

Berrisford notices one of the tissues on his neck. Scowls,
flicks it away.

BERRISFORD
Obviously, I'm not a surgeon.
(as she laughs)
I'm a psychiatrist.

CYNTHIA
(puzzled)
Why do I need a psychiatrist?

BERRISFORD
Cynthia, you've been out of touch
with reality for over ten years.
Your recovery goes beyond your
muscle tone... You have to ease
into life... into interacting with
other people again. Into a world
that's changed so much that
sometimes I get confused by it.
(taking out an appointment
book)
Now, my assistant Dr. Goldman has a
group therapy session every day...
I'm putting you down for it,
starting tomorrow...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA
(unsure)
Group therapy? But--

WASSERMAN'S VOICE
Dr. Berrisford?

23 NEW ANGLE

23

Revealing Wasserman. He shows his badge to the doctor.

WASSERMAN
I'm Lieutenant Wasserman. I left a
message with your secretary...?

BERRISFORD
(rising, meeting him
halfway)
And I left one with your desk
sergeant.
(a hard whisper)
I told you this would have to wait.
You shouldn't even be here--

24 FAVORING CYNTHIA

24

She can't help but listen as they continue in lowered tones.

WASSERMAN
I've waited fifteen years. That's
long enough. Now I want to speak
with Miss Weston.

BERRISFORD
Miss Weston is still recovering and
is in no condition for a prolonged
interrogation.

WASSERMAN
(tight smile)
Then don't prolong it. I'll be
brief with her, I'll be gentle with
her--

BERRISFORD
I'll let you know when she's ready--

CYNTHIA
E--excuse me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

25

ANGLE

25

They turn and look at her.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Doctor Berrisford, what's this all
about...? This man wants to talk
to me...?

Berrisford starts to answer, but Wasserman rushes in.

WASSERMAN
(quietly, slowly, as if to
a child)
That's right, Miss Weston. I just
have a few easy, simple questions.
(patient, phony smile)
About you... and about Unity House.

Cynthia looks at him strangely, turns to Berrisford.

CYNTHIA
(sotto)
Why is he talking like that? Is he
one of your patients?

Wasserman burns. Berrisford LAUGHS.

BERRISFORD
Lieutenant Wasserman is a police
officer. And the word "patience"
isn't part of his vocabulary.

Wasserman scowls, not enjoying being the butt of a joke. He
resumes his normal tone, which is far from diplomatic.

WASSERMAN
Miss Weston. What's the last thing
you remember before...

CYNTHIA
--Before the accident? Nothing.

WASSERMAN
Then how do you know it was an
accident?

BERRISFORD
Lieutenant!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CYNTHIA
I remember... a beautiful sunset.
Harris, smiling at me...

WASSERMAN
(writing)
Harris, he was the leader?

Cynthia's eyes are far away. The memories come back... the words are slow, but vivid.

CYNTHIA
Leader, founder... chief cook and
bottlewasher...
(smiling)
Executive in charge of Dreaming.
We were all together... all
working to make a new world...
That last night, there was a...
(brow furrowing)
Gathering... a... a sort of...
baptism... And then...

She winces, rubs her eyes.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, that's all I can see.

WASSERMAN
Miss Weston. This "Unity House"...
was it a cult?

CYNTHIA
I'm sorry. I don't understand the
question.

BERRISFORD
A "cult," Cynthia. A syndrome of
society you have been fortunate
enough to miss. They're popular
with impressionable people, the
penny press...
(pause)
...and lazy policemen who like to
blame them for crimes they can't
solve.

Wasserman closes his notebook, gives Berrisford a cold stare.

WASSERMAN
I was there that night, Doctor. I
watched them stack those bodies...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WASSERMAN (CONT'D)

men, women, children. They looked like 2,000 year old mummies. They broke apart like 2,000 year old mummies.

Cynthia gasps.

WASSERMAN (CONT'D)

If it was an accident... fine. If it wasn't... the person responsible could still be out there.

(pause)

And he's probably as interested in Miss Weston's memory as I am.

He turns, nods to Cynthia.

WASSERMAN (CONT'D)

Feel better.

He goes out. Cynthia's breath comes in short gasps. Finally she calms.

CYNTHIA

I don't like that man.

BERRISFORD

That makes two of us.

He sits beside her again.

BERRISFORD (CONT'D)

But as long as you're here...

(smiling)

I can keep him away.

CAMERA TIGHTENS on Cynthia as she considers this...

CUT TO:

26

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

26

The room is cheery, commands a view of the city. A VIDEO CAMERA sits unobtrusively in one corner. Six people sit in chairs in various stages of interest and/or boredom.

They are MIRIAM, an attractive woman in her forties, who chain-smokes designer cigarettes;

CONNIE, smiling, chipper;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED, overweight, friendly;

LANA, pale, worried looking;

and GILDA, tiny, frightened, withdrawn. She sits with feet pulled up on her chair, arms wrapped around her knees.

CAMERA ADJUSTS to show Cynthia driving her electric wheelchair into the room and into a place in the circle.

RALPH stands. Long-haired, with the staccato delivery of a stand-up comic, he smiles.

RALPH

Well, now that we're all here, we can begin. Cynthia, I'm Dr. Goldman, and I'd like to welcome you to our little group. I don't know how much my colleague Dr. Berrisford has told you about my methods. I have my detractors... but I have my successes, too! We're going to get you out of your depression... We're going to get you out of your neuroses... We're going to get you out of that hideous hospital robe and into a flimsy revealing negligee--one with the little holes here? I can see us now on a desert island... You, me, a portable waterbed--

As Cynthia's eyes widen, DR. ALAN GOLDMAN comes into the room, sighs with weary familiarity at Ralph's antics. (Actually, Alan doesn't look much more like a doctor than Ralph.)

ALAN

Ralph, sit down and cut out the shit, okay?

RALPH

Dr. Goldman, I was on the verge of a major breakthrough, and you blew it!

ALAN

Ralph?

(when he sits)

Cynthia. I'm Doctor Goldman--at least, last time I checked...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALAN(CONT'D)

and I doubt if my welcome can equal Ralph's, but I'll try. This is the Borderline Personality Group. And you are now a card-carrying member.

CYNTHIA

What's a borderline personality?

MIRIAM

Don't ask him. He's making this up as he goes along.

ALAN

A borderline personality is one that can't be accurately placed on the Neurosis-Psychosis arc. As a personality syndrome it encompasses identity crises, chemical addictions, emotionalism, anxiety-

RALPH

(standing, SCREAMING like Sam Kinison)

You forgot VIOLENT MOOD SWINGS!

He sits, smiles sweetly.

CONNIE

He also forgot suicidal tendencies. But, as one whose previous reincarnations stretch back to Ancient Atlantis, well, suicide is meaningless anyway.

ED

And don't forgot binge eating.
(pause)
Gourmet binge eating.

MIRIAM

(sweetly, to Cynthia)
I told you he was making this up.

ALAN

If everyone is finished--

LANA

(breaking in)
They're not finished, Dr. Goldman, they won't be finished until they have her feeling as miserable and pathetic and confused as they are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CYNTHIA
I am confused--

LANA
See?
(to the group)
I hope you're all happy--

CYNTHIA
Dr. Goldman, I... I don't really
know what I'm doing here. I
mean... I don't think I meet your
description of a Borderline
Personality--

RALPH
Give yourself some time, Cynthia.
We'll help you work on it.

CYNTHIA
--and I don't really know what I'm
doing here.

ALAN
Didn't Dr. Berrisford explain?

CYNTHIA
He said he thought that this would
help me... fit into the 80's.

Miriam CRACKS UP.

MIRIAM
Honey, you want to fit into the
80's, you're already two divorces,
one condo and a yeast infection
behind. Why don't you just catch
up with the 70's and move to
Cleveland?

ALAN
If I can offer a more practical
suggestion... Why don't you talk,
Cynthia?

CYNTHIA
Talk...?

ALAN
About something close to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIRIAM

Stop beating around the fucking bush, Goldman! Just come out and ask her!

LANA

(to Miriam)

Do you have to be so crude?

MIRIAM

Come on, Cynthia. Dish out the dirt. Tell us all about Unity House.

(gesturing a marquee)

The last gasp of the Age of Aquarius. Building a better world through... what? Chemistry? Good vibrations? Tie-dying your undies?

CYNTHIA

I'm sorry to disappoint you. I don't have those kinds of stories.

RALPH

Back off, Miriam. Cynthia, just tell us about the orgies.

CYNTHIA

Ralph, I'm going to bore you.

She thinks for a minute, starts to speak. She's hesitant at first, and then the old memories come forward. She's sincere, earnest... captivating.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

What we felt... what we believed... was that if people could become selfless enough, if they could free themselves from their egos, they would experience a... togetherness. A... oneness. A Unity. That's where the name came from. We had a dream about a perfect society based on trust. On love. On totally committed togetherness. We weren't trying to change the whole world. We were just trying to change each other.

Pause. Everyone is affected by her sincerity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

RALPH
(acting out)
Bullshit.

GILDA
No.

27 NEW ANGLE

27

AS everyone turns, astonished. Gilda gets out of her chair, slowly walks towards Cynthia. Takes her hand. And smiles.

GILDA (CONT'D)
It's beautiful. It didn't matter
if it worked. All that mattered
was... you tried.

CYNTHIA
(touched)
Exactly!

CUT TO:

28 INT. BERRISFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

28

WIDEN from a TV SCREEN which shown the above moment. As the group session CONTINUES UNDER, CAMERA PANS to reveal Berrisford and Alan watching the tape.

ALAN
Gilda hasn't said three words in
three weeks. And now, Cynthia
comes in with this love, peace and
Woodstock routine and... presto.
Am I missing something, or what?

BERRISFORD
She's espousing a total belief
system. A kind of holistic healing
matrix not unlike the dynamic
energy shift model. Isn't that
interesting? They're adopting it,
embracing it.

ALAN
Too bad we can't follow through on
this.

BERRISFORD
Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

Dr. Berrisford, the people in this group... some of them are deeply disturbed. Cynthia doesn't belong with them-- an experiment for one session, fine, but in the long run--

BERRISFORD

Alan. We've opened primary channels of communication. You've opened them, Alan. Let's not rush to throw away our progress. Neuroses are hardly contagious. A few weeks in the group won't hurt Cynthia. With luck, she'll overcome her memory trauma. That would mean progress... not to mention getting Lieutenant Wasserman off my back. In the meantime...

He stands, puts his hand on the younger man's shoulder.

BERRISFORD (CONT'D)

She seems to like you. See if you can get her to open up, and let's press on.

(pause)

With a united front?

ALAN

A united front. Sure.

Satisfied, Berrisford smiles, goes out the door. Alan sighs, and looks at Cynthia's image on the screen.

CUT TO:

29 INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - DAY

29

Patients in different stages of fitness use the equipment, some with supervision, others on their own. HETTIE, Berrisford's chief nurse--a Selma Diamond type--comes in with a tray of medication in paper cups. She works her way over to where

30 CYNTHIA

30

is doing log lifts on a bench. She's in a leotard and leg warmers, and there's real color in her face for the first time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HETTIE
Drop down to first gear, honey.
It's Miller time.

She fumbles on her tray for the cup marked "Weston," hands the pills to Cynthia along with a cup of juice.

CYNTHIA
What are these? Vitamins?

HETTIE
Beauty secrets from the orient.
Look what they've done for me.

Cynthia laughs, takes the pills. Hettie moves over to Ralph, who's just finished doing bench presses.

HETTIE
Ralph, you in a cooperative mood,
or do I have to tie you up again?

RALPH
Promises, promises.

He takes the pills she gives him, smiles. She just looks at him, taps his mouth.

HETTIE
Open.

Of course the pills are still under his tongue. Hettie gives him a shot in the solar plexus and he GULPS. Hettie hands him the juice.

HETTIE (CONT'D)
Next time I hit lower.

She moves on to other patients. Ralph moves over to Cynthia.

RALPH
She's crazy about me.
(watching Cynthia's
workout)
You're coming along. A regular
Rocky.

CYNTHIA
Rocky? The flying squirrel?

RALPH
Rocky the fighting Stallone.
(on her blank look)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RALPH(CONT'D)

I keep forgetting you just left the Twilight Zone. Hey, why don't you come up to my room, and I'll bring you up to date. I've got a VHS VCR, a CD, and MTV.

CYNTHIA

You're making this up... aren't you?

He just grins. She slips down to the floor, does some stretching exercises.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Sounds like a complicated world. How do you handle it?

RALPH

Well, whenever it gets to be too much, I just let all of the negative stuff out of my body.

CYNTHIA

You mean with meditation, yoga, what?

RALPH

Nah. I just make a little hole and let it all escape.

He pulls open his shirt. On his chest and arms are dozens of scars in neat little rows.

Cynthia swallows, stunned. Nonplussed, Ralph buttons back up.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Uh-uh, here comes the assistant Ayatollah. See ya.

As Ralph exits, Cynthia looks around, puzzled.

CYNTHIA

"Ay-a-toll-ah..?"

Then she sees Alan.

ALAN

Buy you some lunch?

CYNTHIA

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He starts to help her up. She pushes him off gets up with a theatrical hop.

ALAN
I'm impressed.

They walk out of the therapy room.

CYNTHIA
Impressed enough to call me a cab?

ALAN
I'm not sure I follow you.

CYNTHIA
I've been talking to Ralph. He told me about his... personal therapy program.
(as Alan winces)
And I've been watching the others... Dr. Goldman, they belong here. I don't.

31 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

31

They pass Lana and Miriam who are swallowing medication from Hettie's tray. The two women patients wave at Cynthia, who smiles.

ALAN
(as they walk)
Please, call me Alan. Doctor Goldman is my father...
(thinking)
...and my grandfather. I think my first baby toy was a stethoscope--

CYNTHIA
You're changing the subject...
(trying it out)
--Alan. I'm feeling stronger. I'm getting used to things like VC esses and MCDs. I want to leave.

ALAN
(carefully)
Your parents died when you were a child. We haven't been able to locate any relatives.

He stops at the elevator doors, hits the button.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN (CONT'D)
Where would you go?

CYNTHIA
I guess I'd just look up some of
the old hands from Unity House...
crash with them for a while...
(thinking)
...do people still say "crash"--?

ALAN
Cynthia...
(gently)
There aren't any old hands left.
The fire that injured you...? It
took everyone also with it.
They're all gone.

Cynthia reacts as if struck... has to lean against the wall
to catch her breath.

CYNTHIA
I knew there were deaths... but...
everybody?

ALAN
I'm afraid so. Look, Cynthia...
I'm not saying this to upset you,
but the sooner you realize that
that whole phase of your life is
over, and move on, the better off
you're going to be. Why don't you
bring this into the open... talk
about it in group? Oh, here's our
ride.

Saying this, he turns as an elevator OPENS. It's pretty
crowded. He holds the door for her.

CYNTHIA
(confused)
Talk about it...?

Seeing he's waiting, she straightens, moves into the
elevator.

32 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

32

ALAN
Could somebody hit one? Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA

(to him)

"Talk about it in group." Is that
the answer to everything around
here?

The doors CLOSE. Everyone huddles in the compact space
silently, politely. The elevator heaves into movement. It
HUMS as it whisks down the shaft.

The overhead fluorescent light in the car is weak. It
flickers off and on momentarily.

ALAN

Nobody ever said it would be easy.
And it works for a lot of people.

CYNTHIA

(gently)

It's not working for Ralph... or
his chest.

(pleading tone)

Can't you at least transfer me...
get me in a group of people with
problems a little more like mine--

ALAN

Cynthia, we don't have a lot of
patients who've been in a coma for
over a decade!

The light gets weaker. Finally it just goes out. There is a
general SIGH of annoyance from the passengers.

The light FLICKERS on every few seconds giving off the effect
of a strobe light.

A PASSENGER

You'd think with what they charge
here they could pay their electric
bills

LAUGHTER.

CYNTHIA

Relax. They're probably giving
shock therapy.

(for Alan's benefit)

"It works for most people".

More LAUGHTER. Then Cynthia is RIVETED by the sight of
something across the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In the LIGHT of the next strobe like FLASH, we see HARRIS!
He is staring at Cynthia.

33

ON CYNTHIA

33

Staggered, disbelievingly, she moves behind Alan, looks over to the far corner again.

Another FLASH. Harris is gone. Suddenly the ELEVATOR JERKS TO A HALT, but the doors DON'T OPEN. Passengers GROAN, annoyed.

PASSENGER

Oh, great--

The emergency BELL starts sounding. Cynthia, still confused, gets shoved against the back wall as the passengers busy themselves pushing buttons.

Cynthia bumps into the man next to her. She looks up at him.

FLASH. It is Harris.

FLASH. Harris reaches out to Cynthia. She CRIES OUT, jerks away, slamming into Alan, falling to the floor.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)

Jesus, lady, relax! We're on the ground floor--

CYNTHIA

Let me out! Let me out--!

FLASH. Cynthia is on the floor. She raises her head. Someone is on the floor right across from her.

FLASH. It's Harris. His face is burned and skeletal. He GRINS.

HARRIS

Unity, Cynthia... Now and forever!

He has no eyelids or lips. Cynthia SCREAMS, struggles to her feet, knocking over another passenger. Now it's chaos in here.

CYNTHIA

Let me out, let me out! Alan, help, help--!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HARRIS
Cynthia, you cannot run... You
belong to us Forever--!

34 ALAN

34

Struggles across the crowded elevator, catches her in his arms.

ALAN
Cynthia..?

The elevator doors suddenly OPEN.

35 INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

35

Cynthia literally TUMBLES out of the elevator, staggers along the wall, holding herself up. Alan runs out to aid her. The passengers get off the elevator, looking at her oddly. A CUSTODIAN runs up and turns off the alarm.

ALAN
Cynthia, what happened--?

CYNTHIA
It's him! It's him! He's alive--

ALAN
Who's alive?

CYNTHIA
(pointing)
He's alive! Right over--

She stops. The elevator is open and empty. The passengers watch her, some concerned, some voyeuristic. Now they drift away.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
(weakly)
--there...

Alan just stares at her.

CUT TO:

36 INT. BERRISFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

36

Berrisford sits, listens intently to Alan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN
--hallucination, flashback, I don't
know what to call it-

BERRISFORD
How about psychotic episode?

ALAN
No, no, she doesn't fit the
pattern--

BERRISFORD
Addictive personalities can be
borderline. You know that--

ALAN
(patiently)
She has no history of drug abuse--

BERRISFORD
There's other kinds of addictions.
(standing, pensive)
we see it in these fringe religious
groups... these instant creeds
with pseudo-Messianic delusions.
You've heard how she talks about
Unity House? Perhaps that's her
drug. Perhaps she's going through
a--withdrawal of sorts. Her memory
lapses about Unity House are
equally symptomatic... There's
some violent turmoil under that
pretty little facade.

ALAN
(skeptical)
You put her in the Borderline Group
and she became one?

BERRISFORD
No.

CAMERA TIGHTENS ON HIM.

BERRISFORD (CONT'D)
I believe she went into that coma
a disturbed young lady. Fifteen
years later... nothing has
changed.

CUT TO:

37 INT. ENTRANCE - BERRISFORD CLINIC WING - NIGHT 37

We can read the name on the locked security door (albeit backwards.) A SECURITY GUARD watches a basketball game on a portable set.

38 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT 38

This is not the room we saw when she was comatose, but a brighter, more residential arrangement. Cynthia sits on the bed, watches as Hettie counts out pills for her. Cynthia swallows them, hesitates at a red one.

CYNTHIA
This one's new.

HETTIE
It'll help you sleep.
(explaining)
Sort of a post-elevator cocktail?

Cynthia scowls, takes it. Hettie goes out. Cynthia lies down on the bed, stiff. Turns over once or twice. Sighing, she picks up the TV remote, shakes her head at the myriad buttons. Finally she finds the right one, CLICKS IT.

39 TV - HER P.O.V. 39

She's come in on the middle of a group therapy scene from THE BOB NEWHART SHOW. (NOTE: Or maybe THE SNAKE PIT or SHOCK CORRIDOR?)

40 BACK TO SCENE 40

She watches until she realizes what it is, then CLICKS it off.

41 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT 41

Hettie leans over the security guard's desk. The guard GROANS in frustration as the basketball game ends.

HETTIE
(extending her hand)
Pay up. Twenty bucks.

Neither notices a DARK FIGURE passing by close to the CAMERA.

42 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

42

Cynthia lies restlessly in her bed. She hears footsteps coming closer. They stop at her door. She looks over.

There is a SHADOW moving in the crack under the door. The doorknob TURNS. Cynthia sits up.

CYNTHIA
Who's there?

She reaches for the button to call the nurse, but then the door is OPEN, and the figure stands there silhouetted.

FIGURE
(whisper)
Cynthia?

The figure comes forward. Cynthia backs off the other side of the bed and turns on a light.

It is Victor, the boy we remember from the opening scene. The years have been kind to him. He stands there, the dim light spilling on his Army field jacket and bell-bottomed jeans.

VICTOR
Cynthia? It's me. Victor.

CYNTHIA
(amazed)
Vic? Oh, my God--

She practically leaps across the room, hugs him with all her strength.

VICTOR
Look at you.
(marveling)
Little Cyn.
(impressed)
Not so little anymore.

CYNTHIA
Vic, this is just... fantastic,
it's the most incredible...
(hesitating)
But... how can you be here?

VICTOR
Yeah. It is after visiting hours--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA
I mean... they said that... that
everybody died.

VICTOR
(smiling)
Do I look like a ghost to you?

CYNTHIA
(rapid-fire)
How did you survive? How did you
find me? Is anyone else--

VICTOR
Whoa, whoa. It's a long story...
(looking around)
Let me tell it somewhere else. I
feel like I'm in, like, the
Pentagon or something.

Cynthia grins, grabs a light jacket.

CYNTHIA
Then let's go AWOL.

43 INT. HALLWAY

43

Victor peeks out the door. An orderly passes, then
disappears. Victor and Cynthia tiptoe out, sprint down the
corridor to a stairwell marked "EXIT", and they are gone.

44 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

44

Victor takes her hand, and they run towards a battered VW
van. We recognize it and its slogans.

CYNTHIA
Zeke! You've still got Zeke!

She runs her hand along the dusty side lovingly, and then
they hop inside.

45 ON THE REAR LICENSE PLATE

45

Rusted, dated 1973. The van DRIVES AWAY.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. VICTOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 46

It's a tacky but cozy building, circa 1958. "Zeke" pulls up, rattling to a coughing halt. They get out, head up the steps.

47 INT. VICTOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 47

They come in, turning on lights. It's a dingy couple of rooms, but lush with its variety of objects. Everything looks like it came from the Age of Aquarius: beanbag furniture, paper "Tiffany" shades on hanging lights, blacklight posters, hanging macrame planters.

Cynthia loves the room and everything in it. But she is particularly drawn to a canvas on an easel in the far corner.

48 PAINTING - HER POV 48

It's of her, sitting serenely in a meadow, the Unity House perched prominently on a hill in the distance. (In the doorway, the bare-chested FIGURE of a man may--or may not--be barely visible.) Cynthia's clothes in the painting are the ones she wore in the opening scene.

But her face is that of today's Cynthia.

49 BACK TO SCENE 49

VICTOR

I... did it by memory. I tried to imagine... what you'd... look like today. Guess I came pretty close.

CYNTHIA

It's beautiful. More beautiful than I ever was.

VICTOR

(softly)

Then you need a new mirror.

she smiles, flattered. Suddenly a CAT jumps up on a crate.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

That's Chairman Meow.

Cynthia picks him up. Victor takes out a bottle of tequila and two glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA
You still haven't told me how you
lived. I really can't remember
anything about the... accident.

VICTOR
It wasn't an accident.

She stiffens. His eyes are far away.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
A lot of people back then, they
hated Unity House. Hated Harris
and his dreams... dreams of
peace... of oneness. That hate
fed negative energy into the cosmic
vortex... Something bad was bound
to happen. That hate was so
strong... so envious of what we
had...

He has SQUEEZED the shot glass in his hand so hard that it
EXPLODES. Cynthia JUMPS, and that's when he notices it.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
(very normal)
Oh, fuck--

CYNTHIA
You've cut yourself--

She comes over, binds his hand with a dishcloth. He holds
onto her.

VICTOR
I guess talking about the past can
be a little dangerous.

He pours a shot into the remaining glass.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Let's drink to the present.
(pause)
To us.

He SIPS. Passes the glass to her.

50

CYNTHIA

50

She hesitates... smiles. Drinks.

There is a drop of blood in the glass. She doesn't see it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CYNTHIA

To us.

51 BACK TO SCENE

51

VICTOR

(quietly)

To... Unity.

He pulls her close. They KISS... she seems to melt in his grasp. The cat jumps down. Slowly they kiss and touch each other. They stop and stare into each other's eyes.

He moves his hand over her shoulders, neck, through her hair. She is completely his.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

52

Half a dozen candles illuminate the room.

Cynthia and Victor are making love. Not violent, but slow, passionate, dreamlike. They are completely enjoying each other. The satisfaction seems spiritual. They stare into each other's eyes the entire time. They are lost.

Gradually Victor's rhythm builds. As his momentum increases, as the ecstasy nears, Cynthia accelerates too. Heaving, gasping, they are approaching a beautiful climax.

But just when it seems Victor is on the verge, the very threshold, he stops and JUMPS violently out of bed.

VICTOR

Oh Jesus!

CYNTHIA

Victor?

Victor paces around the room, practically bouncing off the walls.

VICTOR

Oh, my God. I can't believe it.
What a great idea...! Too amazing!
Too amazing!

CYNTHIA

Is something wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
Not wrong, Cynthia...right! The
most right thing in the world!

He goes to his closet and pulls out a shoe box. He holds it with a coy expression, like a kid hiding a frog. Cynthia's annoyance with the break in mood fades in light of his exuberance. Their tone with each other remains loving, kidding.

CYNTHIA
Are you going to tell me your
little secret, or should I just got
dressed?

VICTOR
I'm sorry, Cyn, but I just got the
most incredible idea. It's
absolutely beautiful! Do you want
to know what it is?

CYNTHIA
(exasperated)
Yes!

He sits on the bed.

VICTOR
I was just thinking about what we
were doing here together...

CYNTHIA
I should hope so...

VICTOR
Wouldn't it be incredible if, right
at the perfect moment right when
we're coming, if we did it?

CYNTHIA
Did what?

VICTOR
What we were meant to do, of
course.

CYNTHIA
(puzzled)
...meant to do...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VICTOR
That sunset. That last night. At
Unity House. Remember?

CYNTHIA
No... No, Victor, I don't...

VICTOR
(distant)
They all got to go. You and me...
we got left behind... while they
went on.
(chuckling)
Guess that's why they say life
ain't fair. Well...

He opens the box. Inside it are TWO PISTOLS.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
--we can fix that.

CYNTHIA
(stiffening)
My God, Victor! Put those away--

He ignores her, checks the cylinder on the revolver, the clip
on the automatic.

VICTOR
This is so great! I mean, I've
been living with all this shit,
thinking about you, searching...
going nowhere. And you, hell, you
don't fit in with Ralph and Miriam,
those other flakes... Berrisford
and Goldman, they're a waste of
time--

CYNTHIA
H-how do you know about them? I
never--

He SLAMS the clip home, CLOSES the cylinder.

VICTOR
Yeah. We had the answers, way back
then. Unity. Unity, now and
forever. Cynthia, this is our
second chance!

She shrinks away from him on the bed. He bounces closer like
a kid at a pajama party, holds out one of the pistols.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Okay, you do me, and I'll do you--
but wait until I say go! Hey, get
rid of the sheet... Let me see
that grown up body...

He grins, puts the gun to her head and gets an top of her.

CYNTHIA
No, Vic. Please. Please! I don't
want to do this!

VICTOR
Yes, you do. You know you do.

CYNTHIA
No!

He's holding her down. He's getting into it.

VICTOR
Oh, Cynthia, it's so beautiful.

CYNTHIA
God, God, no--

VICTOR
We're on the edge of space and
time.

He spreads her legs under the sheets. She's struggling
against him, but it's no use. He's too strong. He's coming
closer.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Oh, good... good... ummm...
ummm...
(continuing)
Cynthia, it's happening. Put the
gun to my head.

CYNTHIA
Jesus, Vic, no!

VICTOR
Yeah, oh yeah... oh, YEAH--

A SHOT sounds. She SCREAMS--

CUT TO:

53 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

53

Cynthia BOLTS up out of bed.

CYNTHIA

No!

The candles are out. Victor isn't in the room.

Cynthia, drenched with sweat, slowly catches her breath. She looks around, confused.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Vic?

She goes into the other room.

54 INT. LIVING ROOM

54

No Vic. It is dark except for a FIRE in the fireplace. The flames REFLECT oddly on the slick surface of the oil painting of Unity House.

CYNTHIA

Vic?

She checks in the kitchen. Nothing. She looks back in the bedroom. The apartment is empty.

She's just calming when--MEEOW! The CAT LEAPS out of nowhere, startling her, and then running out of sight.

She swallows. Very nervous now, she sits on the couch and starts pulling on her jeans and shoes. The CAMERA MOVES AROUND her, revealing the entire apartment. We see EVERY ANGLE. It is completely quiet and still. The CAMERA SETTLES at one ANGLE on Cynthia. A shadow behind her MOVES.

VICTOR

Where are you going?

Cynthia JUMPS from fright.

CYNTHIA

Jesus, Vic. I thought you... left.

VICTOR

Me? Leave you all alone?

He pulls her into his arms. She hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA
Vic? Vic, are you... happy?

VICTOR
That...
(kissing her)
...has to be..
(kissing again)
...the stupidest question I ever
heard...

He keeps kissing, caressing.

CYNTHIA
I mean... with... life. With...
being alive.

He looks at her oddly.

VICTOR
What are you talking about?

CYNTHIA
(relaxing)
Never mind... I had this...
bizarre dream...

VICTOR
Welcome to reality.

He touches her soft face. He runs his hands down her neck.
They kiss again, she now completely without reservation.
Their embrace is so all-encompassing that, when she opens her
eyes, it's only then that she SEES

55 CLOSER

55

She is kissing a BURNED AND SCARRED FACE WITH ONLY CLUMPS OF
PUPPY BLACK MUSCLE HANGING ON THE BONE. It is Harris' face,
the face we saw in the elevator. Cynthia GASPS, fumbles
backwards off of the sofa.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
What's the matter?

She looks back up at him. He's Victor again, normal again.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Cynthia?

She knocks over a tequila bottle. It's spilled all over the
floor. She is speechless. He picks the bottle up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Why did you pull away?

CYNTHIA
I... I think I'd better go.

VICTOR
Why?

She's over by the door. Victor comes and presses against it so she can't get out.

CYNTHIA
Please let me out.

VICTOR
I don't understand... What did I do?

CYNTHIA
Nothing. It's not you, it... it's me. I just want to go.

VICTOR
You know, maybe you belong in that clinic, because this, this is crazy! We were having a good time--
(on her look)
I'm sorry. Look, what we were feeling... it was special.

She softens--

VICTOR (CONT'D)
--it was Unity.
(distantly)
Unity, Now and through Eternity...
Cynthia, you cannot run...

That does it. Pale, she scrabbles at the doorknob, opens it, runs out.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
You cannot run... You belong to us
Forever--!

56 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

56

She runs out of the building, past "Zeke." She looks back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

57 THE APARTMENT--HER POV 57
Victor is in the window waving, firelight dancing behind him.
The reflection on the glass makes the painting on the wall
look totally aflame.
ETHEREAL SITAR MUSIC UP OVER THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE:

58 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 58
Cynthia has her thumb out as the cars whizz by. One stops.

59 INT. CAR - NIGHT 59
A sweaty-looking DRIVER eyes Cynthia. She just looks off,
depressed and afraid.

60 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAWN 60
She gets out of the car and goes in the main entrance.

61 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAWN 61
She makes her way to her room looking tired, distraught.

62 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - DAY 62
She lies on her bed, exhausted, trying to sleep. She can't.
She gets out of bed.

63 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY 63
She's looking for an office. She goes in one marked Dr.
Goldman. He looks up from his coffee, sees her ashen
expression... pulls out a chair. Listens as the words
tumble out. His expression changes... to skepticism... and
then, as she breaks down SOBBING, to concern. He holds
her... thinks...
...reaches for his car keys.

CUT TO:

64 INT. ALAN'S CAR - DAY 64
They are travelling along the highway. Cynthia POINTS. He turns onto another street.

65 EXT. VICTOR'S APARTMENT - DAY 65
They pull up in front, park. Go inside.
CAMERA LINGERS long enough for us to notice a puddle from an OIL LEAK exactly where "Zeke" was parked.
THE MUSIC FADES OUT.

66 INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - DAY 66
The MANAGER, a fat woman in a muumuu, waddles ahead of them, a huge keychain CLINKING with each of her steps.
MANAGER
Apartment 2-B, right?
Alan looks at Cynthia.
CYNTHIA
Right.
MANAGER
2B or not 2B, that is the question.
She chuckles at her own wit, arrives at the door. Opens it.

67 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 67
They step inside. The place is completely bare. No furniture. Nothing. Cynthia is stunned.
CYNTHIA
B..but... it... it's empty!
MANAGER
Of course it is. I don't show rented apartments. Anyway, what you see is what you get... one bedroom, gas range, yadda yadda yadda.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANAGER(CONT'D)

Supposed to be six months minimum,
but you seem like nice kids, so if
you want a month to month, we can
work it out.

CYNTHIA

This... this is impossible...
Alan, I was here... He was here-

Cynthia is staggering around the room, looking everywhere.
She stares long and hard at a DUST-FREE rectangle where the
painting...

...might have been.

ALAN

(to the manager)

How long has this place been
vacant?

MANAGER

'Bout six weeks. Couple a
deadbeats... their damn kids tore
the hell out of it, too--

CYNTHIA

Alan, I don't care what she says,
this is it! Look, look--
(pointing)
There's a double-door closet in
there on the left.

Alan goes in.

68 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

68

Alan looks and sees the closet as she described it.

69 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

69

CYNTHIA

(as he comes back out)

Well?

ALAN

Cynthia, a double closet isn't
exactly a positive I.D.--

MANAGER

What are you two talking about? You
wanna rent, or what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cynthia looks around, suddenly points to a stain on the rug, triumphant.

CYNTHIA

There! There, look--that's where I spilled the tequila...

(on her knees, desperate)

See? See? It's still wet!

MANAGER

(apologetic)

Hon, I think that's from the ceiling...

CAMERA TILTS UP. There is, indeed, a corresponding damp spot directly above the one on the rug. As we WATCH a DRIP plops down.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

...damn plumber was supposed to fix it last week.

(smiling)

So! We in business?

CUT TO:

70

INT. BERRISFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

70

Wasserman SLAMS his hand down on the desk, furious. Cynthia JUMPS, squeezes Alan's hand. Berrisford sits quietly, leans forward and picks up the pan holder Wasserman has displaced.

WASSERMAN

Twelve hours! You wait twelve hours to tell me about this? Am I supposed to be grateful for your civic-mindedness? I told you the Unity House case was still open--

(pointing at Cynthia)

--and she's the only lead. You should have called me the minute you found out--

BERRISFORD

(calmly)

Found out what? Lieutenant, if I called the police every time one of my patients experienced a fantasy or a delusion, you'd have to move in here--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA
(sharp, stepping forward)
It was not a delusion! Victor
Lunes was here--

BERRISFORD
The security guard didn't see
anyone--

CYNTHIA
Then the security guard needs
glasses! Alan, tell them--

ALAN
(on the spot)
The apartment did match her general
description--

WASSERMAN
--a one bedroom flat with a beige
rug... that's rather... generic.

CYNTHIA
--Victor isn't generic--

WASSERMAN
Victor is dead! Dead for fifteen
years--

CYNTHIA
--you've seen his body?

WASSERMAN
--it was burned beyond recognition--
but there was I.D.--

CYNTHIA
I knew it--I knew it-

ALAN
Cynthia. Look... we've all done
it... tumbled out of bed positive
that we've just lived something
that was only a dream--

CYNTHIA
(firmly)
Damn it, it wasn't a dream--I was
out there--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WASSERMAN

No one's denying you flow the coop,
Miss Weston... You wanna prove the
rest? Lemme get a policewoman to
stand by while a gynecologist
checks out your plumbing. We'll
see soon enough if your ghost left
a calling card--

Cynthia hauls off and gives Wasserman a tremendous SLAP.

CYNTHIA

You bastard.

She goes to the door, looks at the doctors.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You...
(searching)
--experts!

She goes out, SLAMS the door. Wasserman rubs his jaw, checks
his mouth.

BERRISFORD

Wonderful! Wonderful! I've been
waiting and waiting for her to
finally show real anger--real
emotion! This could be a
breakthrough!
(sincere)
Thank you, Lieutenant.

Wasserman holds a filling in his fingertips.

WASSERMAN

Hey. Anytime.

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

CAMERA PANS past a row of PILLOWS. We WIDEN, see that each
member of the group has a big pillow in front of them.

ALAN

Okay. First off, we're all going
to feel a little silly and maybe
look a little silly...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RALPH
(a la Groucho)
Especially in that shirt you're
wearing, Goldman...

70A NEW ANGLE - FAVORING CYNTHIA

70A

She sits, looking very distracted. As Alan continues speaking, he occasionally looks at her, but--to her relief--deliberately doesn't single her out.

ALAN
(amused, but pushing on)
--but this technique works, and
we're going to release some of our
hidden aggression. Who's going to
go first? Lana?

LANA
(pause)
How many helpless goose had to die
to fill those stupid pillows?

ALAN
(as everyone groans)
None, Lana. They're polyester.
Ed? Want to start?

ED
Nah. Let's talk about the geese
again. Nice fat ones, with all the
trimmings--

ALAN
All right, how about if we all
start together and eliminate the
wimp factor. Come on.

He starts POUNDING his pillow with a steady beat. Gradually, self-consciously, the others JOIN in except for Cynthia.

ALAN (CONT'D)
(standing, walking around
the circle)
Okay. What are we feeling?

CONNIE
(as she pounds)
We used to do something like this
in the royal palace in Atlantis.
But we used bags of dried kelp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RALPH
Your brain is a bag of dried kelp--

ALAN
(chiding)
Ralph. Miriam?

MIRIAM
(pounding)
I'm pretending this is my first
husband... No, maybe my third...
(grinning)
Can I have a baseball bat?

ALAN
Please, people, let's work at being
serious.

He moves behind Cynthia, who's still unmoving. Leans close,
whispers.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I know you had a rough night. But
you have to participate.

She sighs, starts to pound the pillow. At first she's very
distracted, but then she gets into an unconscious rhythm...

70B GROUP - QUICK SHOTS

70B

All of them are finally and legitimately exorcising personal
demons.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Okay, that's better. Now let's
hear some emotion. Let it out.
yell! Scream!

Miriam gives a very theatrical scream. There's some
laughter, but others try, too. Gilda begins to give little
angry yelps. Ralph is really punching some ancient enemy.
Connie does a respectable if modest SCREAM. Ed SNARLS with
more anger than we'd expect.

70B CYNTHIA

70B

begins hitting the pillow with growing strength. Her eyes
are far away. She begins to BREATHE HEAVILY. CAMERA
TIGHTENS ON HER. She closes her eyes. When she opens them,
she REACTS TO--

75 INT. UNITY HOUSE COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

75

The scene is exactly like the first time we saw this room with one difference: the hospital Group Therapy crowd sits in the room. They are oblivious to the change around them. Now their pounding gradually UNIFIES, becomes a background voodoo-like DRUMMING.

Cynthia is speechless. She looks at them in amazement, but none of them notice her. Suddenly she sees

75A HARRIS

75A

He's across from her, SMILING. Again, he sleeks back his hair in that amber liquid.

HARRIS
You failed me, Cynthia... You
failed all of us...

Harris holds a wooden match. With it he presses back a fingernail. It snaps off and bleeds. Harris watches Cynthia.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
We were supposed to be together...
in this world... and in the next...

CAMERA WIDENS to take in the cistern of liquid. We SEE the dripping wet Unity members.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
It was going to be perfect, all of
us taking the same journey... You
shouldn't have run. You made us
wait for you while you slept...
all those years.

He presses back another nail SNAP. CAMERA WIDENS FURTHER. Now we see something we didn't see before: a dozen or so PLASTIC JERRY CANS marked "GASOLINE--DANGER--PLAMMABLE."

HARRIS (CONT'D)
The waiting time is over, my
lovechild. It's time for you to
join us. In Unity...

Another. SNAP. Hands and faces everywhere are soaked. They DRIP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS (CONT'D)
In death. You know you want it.

SNAP. Drip.

75B CYNTHIA

75B

Her throat muscles constrict, but she can't speak. She looks over at Alan, who seems not to see any of this. Now, eyes widening in horror, Cynthia LOOKS DOWN and sees a POOL OF GASOLINE SPREADING TOWARDS HER. It washes against the pillow, her knees.

75C BACK TO SCENE

75C

HARRIS (CONT'D)
You know we're your family...

SNAP. Drip.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
...You have no choice...

He takes the match and strikes it through the pile of nails.

The nails scatter.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
...Come to us, Cynthia. It's time to die. Don't let another take your place. Come to us... now.

The match is lit. He throws it off.

76 SLOW MOTION

76

It FALLS through the air. Lands on the soaked carpet. An EXPLOSION of flames. They RUSH TOWARDS CYNTHIA--

CYNTHIA
N000000000--!

It is a blood-curdling and heart-stopping a scream as ever heard.

There is a FLASH of light.

CUT TO:

77 INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY 77

Cynthia's SCREAM trails off as she THROWS herself back from the pillow.

The Unity House Members and Harris are all gone.

The group therapy people all turn to her in amazement.

77A MIRIAM 77A

Open mouthed, she DROPS the match she's holding to light a cigarette. It SIZZLES on the rug. Alan STOMPS it out, rushes over to Cynthia, who SAGS in his arms,

CUT TO:

77B INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - DAY 77B

Cynthia sits in a crumpled sprawl in Alan's office. The room is decorated in comforting tones, with Sierra Club posters and outdoors-y souvenirs. The late afternoon sun steams in through the partially closed blinds.

Alan sits beside Cynthia on the couch, concerned. Berrisford sucks on his pipe, makes notes.

Wasserman, rocking on the legs of his chair, jots in his own little notebook.

CYNTHIA

(softly, tense)

...They... they sang songs as they stacked up the white containers... they were... happy. Because it was going to be their break with the world... a world that didn't understand them. I don't remember if they took a vote or if Harris just... decided. But they all agreed. They were... happy... smiling... laughing... crying from happiness as he drenched them in the gasoline...

WASSERMAN

(under his breath)

--Jesus--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA

Somehow, I... I knew it was wrong... I ran... When he threw the match, I was at the other end of the hallway... There was a flash... and a... like a wind, or the hand of God--picked me up, threw me... The ceiling fell in... When I opened my eyes...

(she looks up)

I was here.

Hettie appears in the doorway, tray in hand, raises her eyebrows inquisitively at Alan. Alan nods immediately: Hell, yes. Hettie comes in, gives Cynthia her medication.

Wasserman closes his book, looks thoughtful.

ALAN

(to Wasserman)

If that's what happened, why didn't you find any evidence of arson?

WASSERMAN

The plastic jerry cans would've burned up before anything else... We knew there'd been an explosion... We just didn't know how or why.

Berrisford stands, approaches Wasserman as the police officer closes his book, moves to the doorway.

BERRISFORD

Well. You must be pleased. Closing a case after... what is it, twelve years?

WASSERMAN

Who says it's closed?

The medical people look at him. Cynthia's thoughts are elsewhere.

ALAN

What's that supposed to mean?

WASSERMAN

When the fairy princess here woke up, she said she didn't remember anything about 32 deaths. Now she remembers they committed suicide...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WASSERMAN(CONT'D)

but she, of course, was innocent.
 Who knows what she'll remember
 tomorrow? Running for help... or
 pouring gasoline on the fire?

He goes out.

HETTIE

That man's a candidate for shock
 therapy... with a car battery
 right to the cojones.

CYNTHIA

No... he's right. I am guilty.

They look at her, startled.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I'm guilty of lying... to Unity
 House. I promised to be part of
 it... Forever. They expected me
 to keep my word.

(pause)

They still do.

She stands, goes out. Alan and Hettie look worried.
 Berrisford looks... unsurprised. He turns to Alan.

BERRISFORD

Well, Alan. Still think she
 doesn't belong in the group?

Alan just looks at him.

CUT TO:

80

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

80

Cynthia, in her bathrobe, wanders out of the shower in
 between the dark, steamy rows of lockers. She passes Lana
 and Miriam. Miriam is dressing, and Lana is putting on a
 swimsuit.

MIRIAM

Nothing like a hot shower, huh?

Cynthia doesn't hear or see them. She settles on the far end
 of the bench. She sits there blankly. Lana nears, with
 great trepidation.

LANA

Cynthia? Cynthia? Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cynthia looks up.

CYNTHIA
What?

LANA
Are you all right? After that
session today, I--

CYNTHIA
I'm fine.

Cynthia starts to dress, ignoring Lana. Lana stands there
for a moment, very awkwardly.

LANA
I think... you're a decent
person... not a... mean spirited
witch like some people...

She thrown a look at Miriam, who just smiles pleasantly.

LANA (CONT'D)
--and, well, if you need a friend
here...

CYNTHIA
(distant tone)
All my friends are dead.

Rattled, Lana backs off, on the verge of tears, rushing past
Miriam, who has observed all this.

MIRIAM
Lana, wait a minute, she didn't
mean it--shit.

Miriam closes her locker and comes over to Cynthia.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
I know Lana's a mealy-mouthed
little prude, but she means well.
I probably pull her chain too
much... She's reaching out, like
all of us. Try and help her.

CYNTHIA
I can't even help myself.

Miriam looks at her, puzzled, then exits the locker room,
heading back to the ward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Beyond the lockers, through a doorway, we see Lana lowering herself into the pool. Blue ripples line the wall beyond.

DISTANT VOICES
(echo affect)
Be cleansed!

The SOUND of the VOICES unnerves Cynthia. She presses her hands against her forehead in pain.

We are TIGHT ON Cynthia. We hear SPLASHING.

VOICE
Cleanse the heart of your mind.

A bright white light melts across Cynthia's face. She looks up. Something draws her forward.

80A CYNTHIA - SIDE ANGLE

80A

She begins walking, passing behind CLOTHES RACKS and LOCKERS. Then, somehow, the SHADOWS of these things become the SHADOWS of TREES, and then Cynthia is

80B ON A BROAD FIELD

80B

which leads down to a POND. Twenty or so PEOPLE are gathered at the edge of the water. We see the Unity House in the distance.

Cynthia moves behind a tree to watch. Harris stands waist-deep in the pond. The Unity House Members all sit or stand on the shore. Harris holds his hands out in a gesture. A girl comes forward through the group out into the water. It is Cynthia, the younger Cynthia, with long hair in a braid.

She smiles at Harris as she nears him. He clutches her hands. Behind the tree, Cynthia watches "herself," absorbed.

Harris looks into Cynthia's eyes. He touches her face.

HARRIS
Cynthia. You are part of the
whole.

He grabs her by the back of the head and plunges her violently under water.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Cleanse the heart of the mind!

He yanks her up. She smiles exultantly. He dunks her back down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Cleanse the soul of the self!

He yanks her up again, but it's not Cynthia. It's LANA.
Before she can catch her breath, she's plunged back down.

80C LANA - CLOSER

80C

She's yanked up, but this time she's not in the pond, she's
in that gasoline-filled cistern!

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Cleanse the spirit of the body!

He holds her under. She starts to move her arms around to
grab hold of something to pull herself up, but Harris is too
strong. She flails around desperately.

80D CYNTHIA

80D

Alarmed, she moves forward--

80E WITH LANA - UNDER WATER

80E

HARRIS (CONT'D)
(distant)
Cleanse the spirit.

Lana's gasping, inhaling water, turning blue. Harris is
possessed.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Cleanse.

Her movements slow. Her eyes close. She is completely
still.

80F HARRIS - CLOSE

80F

He looks directly at Cynthia.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
I warned you, Cynthia. I warned
you someone else would take your
place.

80G UNDER WATER AGAIN

80G

His HAND withdraws from Lana. Her eyes OPEN. No life there.
SHE FLOATS UPWARDS. THE CAMERA BREAKS THE SURFACE OF THE
WATER WITH HER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

We're in the clinic's swimming pool! On the edge of the pool, Cynthia SCREAMS, drops to her knees in horror.

80H OTHER END OF BUILDING 80H

The clinic CUSTODIAN and some staff run into the room.

80I SWIMMING POOL - HIGH ANGLE 80I

Someone wades out to Lana's body, drags it to the concrete deck, tries futilely to pump life back into it.

Across the pool, Cynthia flails at the people trying to help her.

CUT TO:

80J INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT 80J

TIGHT on Cynthia's arm as a clear liquid is injected into her vein. We WIDEN, see Berrisford has injected her. Alan watches, concerned.

Cynthia flails on the bed, already reacting to the sedative qualities of the drug.

CYNTHIA

--He killed her--he killed her
because I broke my word... He said
he'd take someone else, and he
did... She wanted my help... my
friendship... That's why... he
took her...

She's out cold. Behind the doctors, in the doorway, the other clinic patients press close, curious. Hettie pushes them out and down the hallway.

HETTIE

Move it, people, this ain't a
sideshow... Get back to your
rooms...

Alan looks down at Cynthia with genuine concern. But Berrisford eyes her totally clinically.

BERRISFORD

(thinking aloud)
Fascinating.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERRISFORD(CONT'D)

She's a textbook specimen from a collective environment, an immersion philosophy, run by an extremely manipulative figurehead with Messianic delusions. Unity House at its apex must have been a classic matrix of belief impression overlaid on collectivity--

(exciting himself)

That would indicate she's symptomatic of a hypothetical Borderline Personality syndrome among cult followers, all externalizing their anxiety!

(turning)

What do you think?

Alan looks at him disbelievingly.

ALAN

(exploding)

I think she's fucking freaked out about Lana!

BERRISFORD

(a shrug)

Possible.

88

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

88

The patients file past the nurse's station, taking their meds from Hettie. They look unsettled.

ED

(aside to Ralph)

Did you see the swimming pool this morning? The cops are all over it... Fingerprints, photographs...

RALPH

Next they'll send in the fucking coast guard. Lot of good it'll do Lana.

HE SMASHES his fist on the counter, denting it. Hettie looks at him.

HETTIE

Ralph, we're gonna start billing you for these outbursts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ralph just crumples his medication cup and throws it towards her. She glares at him, doesn't say anything.

88A NEARBY

88A

Cynthia and the other women from the group sit in a waiting area. Connie sits in a sunbeam, looking ethereal. Gilda is nearby, unmoving... tear stains on her cheeks.

CONNIE

Drowning isn't so bad... I
remember when I died in Atlantis...
It was like failing asleep. You
know what's bad? Burning. When I
was in the great Fire of London,
well, let me tell you--

Hearing this, Cynthia chokes back a sob, jumps up and leaves the room. Miriam whirls on Connie.

MIRIAM

Connie, I don't know about your
previous lives, but in this one,
you're a shithead.

She follows Cynthia.

88B INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - DAY

88B

Cynthia is on the bad, crying. Miriam comes in, sits beside her... Cynthia jumps at the weight on the bad, calms when she sees who it is.

MIRIAM

Honey, you can't blame yourself.
Lana was an unhappy girl.
Sometimes unhappy girls do foolish
things.

CYNTHIA

She didn't kill herself.

Cynthia sits up.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

It was Harris.

MIRIAM

Harris?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA

From Unity House. He comes to me,
Miriam. He talks to me. He
reminds me that I was supposed to
go with them that night--

MIRIAM

Go with them--

CYNTHIA

Through the fire. To the next
world. They waited while I was in
a coma... He told me that if I
didn't join him, he would take
someone also... and he did it,
Miriam, he did it!

Miriam gets up, her face a mixture of sympathy... sympathy
and something else. She lights a cigarette. Involuntarily,
Cynthia FLINCHES at the spark.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You... you don't believe me, do
you?

MIRIAM

I believe that you believe it. And
I also believe that shooting you up
every time you get the heebie-
jeebies ain't gonna do shit for
your real problems. We gotta get
you out of here--get you to some
nice place at the beach or the
mountains where you can fight your
demons in your own way. Right?

CYNTHIA

But I don't know anyone. I don't
have any money.

MIRIAM

You know me.

CYNTHIA

(skeptical)

And you have money, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

88C

CLOSE ON MIRIAM

88C

MIRIAM

Look. Despite popular opinion to the contrary, I have not always been the career borderline psychotic neurotic that I am today. Up until a coupla years ago I was a writer, a reporter, a damn good one too... Hell, I really kicked some ass with that Selectric...

She seems lost in thought for a moment. Unconsciously, she scratches her wrist... a wrist where we notice for the first time a PURPLE SCAR across the veins.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

(turning)

I was on the staff of a magazine... Well, some people called it a rag, but it was home: ME! Magazine. You heard of it?

CYNTHIA

(shaking her head,
diplomatic)

I was in a coma.

MIRIAM

Oh, right. Well, when they took me off to the funny farm, Saul--he's the editor--he said I was always welcome back. Maybe this is the time. See, if I can go to him, tell him your story, I could get a big advance... I'd share it with you, and we'd be set! I mean, girl, your story has everything... death, hospitalization, weird rituals, maybe a little romance-- I've seen all those longing glances between you and Goldman-

CYNTHIA

What--!

MIRIAM

--and now with poor Lana we got a little mystery. Hell, you're not an article, you're a goddamned mini-series!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CYNTHIA

I... I don't know...

MIRIAM

Cynthia, let me be honest. This is a great story, and it means a second chance for me, so, okay, there's some self interest here. But I really think you need to tell people about Unity House... about the way decent ideas and dreams got twisted into something sick and poisonous. You owe it to the world. You owe it to yourself. It's your life, and you have to ask yourself how you want to live it...
(sharper)
--if you want to live it.

Cynthia turns, mind made up.

CYNTHIA

Let's do it.

CUT TO, .

92 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

92

Cynthia walks along with Miriam towards the banks of elevators.

MIRIAM

I think I know a way to make a phone call. We'll have you out of here tonight.

Miriam suddenly stops, almost paralyzed with anxiety.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

Cynthia. This is the right thing to do.

CYNTHIA

Of course it is.

MIRIAM

Uh oh. Mum's the word.

Alan is coming down the hallway towards them. They move towards the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN
(nodding)
Ladies. Good to see you
socializing, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA
Yes.
(to Miriam)
See you later. And... thanks.

MIRIAM
Thank you.

Miriam then gets into the elevator. The doors remain open,
Alan turns to Cynthia.

ALAN
How are you feeling?

CYNTHIA
Fine.

ALAN
Good.

He heads off in the opposite direction. Cynthia watches him.
She turns back towards Miriam. Miriam is alone in the
elevator except for one other person.

Miriam smiles and waves.

Cynthia smiles and waves.

From behind Miriam, Harris, all burned and puffy, smiles and
waves.

The elevator doors close.

CYNTHIA
No!

Alan whirls around. Cynthia rushes to the elevator.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Miriam! Stop!

She bangs on the buttons. She pounds on the doors. Everyone
in the corridor turns to look.

ALAN
Cynthia?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He starts to approach. She runs to a stairwell.

93 INT. STAIRWELL 93

Cynthia sprints down a flight. She goes out onto

94 INT. HALLWAY, ONE FLIGHT DOWN 94

Cynthia runs to the elevator and pounds on the button, but the elevator car has already passed.

CYNTHIA
(yelling into the door)
Miriam, get out!

She races back to

95 INT. STAIRWELL 95

She flies down the steps. We can hear ALAN tailing her.

ALAN'S VOICE
Cynthia!

She swings around a turn into a flight and trips. Suddenly she's ROLLING DOWN A

96 EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT 96

She SLAMS into a tree. We see the Unity House in the distance.

VOICE
Cynthia!

ANOTHER VOICE
She's trying to get away!

There are PEOPLE pounding through the brush all around her. She gets up and runs along the path into the forest.

VOICE
Cynthia! We want you to stay with us! You mustn't be afraid!

She is in total panic, running blindly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA
Please, no.

Branches thrash her face. She can barely see where she is going, but she comes to a halt when she reaches a dark precipice, a cliff which seemingly has no bottom--just black as night.

The people are getting nearer.

FEMALE VOICE
She's over here.

We see someone nearing through the brush.

HARRIS
No pain, Cynthia. There's no pain.
Come with us. Share with us. Take
my hand.

Cynthia looks down the cliff.

ORDERLY'S VOICE
Take my hand.

Cynthia backs away. She starts lowering herself down, trying to get footing. Some rocks slide out.

97 INT. STAIRWELL

97

ORDERLY
Cynthia, take my hand.

The Orderly rushes to her, but she wavers dizzily and FALLS down the half-flight. She's dazed, but she becomes alert when she sees the orderly approaching. She picks herself up and runs.

98 INT. TENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR

98

She gets to the elevator. The door is just closing, but it opens again against a purse--Miriam's purse. The elevator is empty. Cynthia whips around looking for her. Orderlies and nurses are moving towards her.

At the opposite end of the hallway, a window is broken. Cynthia runs to it. There is a WOMAN'S SCREAM from the street below. PEOPLE YELLING. Cynthia looks out and down.

We know what she sees. She covers her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An orderly takes hold of her. She is docile now, almost weak. Alan runs up. He looks out the window. So does a Nurse.

ALAN

Jesus.

The nurse crosses herself. Cynthia is escorted away amid the confusion.

99

EXT. SKY - DAY

99

The CAMERA IS MOVING FORWARD, TOWARDS the window.

It seemingly goes OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW.

The FRAME is filled with bright blue sky.

Silence, except for a slight BREEZE.

Someone is falling through the sky. It is MIRIAM.

We see her CLOSER, flowing down, the wind rushing up round her. She is happy.

MIRIAM

Cynthia, it's really quite beautiful.

The ground comes rushing up and we SLAM into it.

BLACK.

FADE IN:

99A

INT. THERAPY ROOM - NIGHT

99A

It's not a session. It's a wake. Cynthia sits, face half in shadow.

CYNTHIA

They want us all now. They want us with them. Whether we like it or not, we're going,

ALAN

Cynthia, we're all upset by what's happened. But let's not get--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA

Harris promised us eternal bliss on the other side when we're all together.

CONNIE

Eternal bliss....

RALPH

Eternal bullshit--!

CYNTHIA

Miriam was going to write a story about me. He killed her because she was going to help me get out of here.

ALAN

Cynthia, please...

CYNTHIA

You're not listening to me! He wants us all to die! He wants you all with them, and it's because of me!

(sobbing)

It's all because of me...

Berrisford addresses a pack of about thirty REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS and CAMERAMEN.

FIRST REPORTER

Dr. Berrisford, what would you call two suicides on your promises so close together?

BERRISFORD

I'd call it a tragic coincidence. Unfortunately, Borderline Personality Disorder is indicative of a pre-existing disposition towards suicidal tendencies.

SECOND REPORTER

What about the commune girl? Has she confirmed that the fire was some sort of mass suicide?

BERRISFORD

As that is a police matter, I am not at liberty to comment on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FIRST REPORTER

Speaking of the police, doctor,
isn't it true that they suspect
that the recent deaths may not have
been suicides at all?

BERRISFORD

That's completely absurd. Where do
you get this nonsense?

FIRST REPORTER

(a smug smile)

From Lieutenant Wasserman. He
confirmed to me that he's assigning
some of his officers to the
hospital grounds until further
notice.

Pandemonium as the other reporters seize this information.

REPORTERS

(rapid fire)

Doctor Berrisford, are you
cooperating with the police? Dr.
Berrisford, do your patients have a
history of violence?

BERRISFORD

Ah... I have work to do. No
further questions.

And--flustered for once--he leaves the room.

CUT TO:

107 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

107

It is raining. Cynthia sits in bed, in the dark.

We see the CHARRED AND BURNED HARRIS sitting across the room
in a shadow. Cynthia looks over at him.

HARRIS

You're in pain, Cynthia.

He reaches up to his face, and peels off some skin. It
CRACKLES and oozes. He peels off more.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Your pain is my pain. We share it
all, because we have our love.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS(CONT'D)

Our love will never die. Don't
make me take another of your
friends. Keep your promise,
lovechild. Join me.

She stands, fumbles for the switch, knocks over a glass, and
turns on the light.

He is gone. As she stands there in shock, a HAND touches her
shoulder, spins her around. She GASPS--

It's Alan, who's just opened the door. He looks at her,
worried.

ALAN

I didn't want you to be alone.

She sways, dizzy, sags in his arms.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Looks like I was right.

CUT TO:

108 INT. CONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

108

Connie is sitting on her bed. She takes her pills from
Hettie dutifully. Ed comes in.

HETTIE

What are you doing here?

ED

You know me at feeding time.

He takes his meds from her, smiling. CHEWS THEM loudly and
sloppily until she grimaces and goes out.

Then, the minute the door closes, Ed and Connie are in each
other's arms. They kiss like characters in a Harlequin
Romance.

CONNIE

(coming up for air)

Why didn't you tell me before that
you were a Prince of Ancient
Atlantis?

ED

It slipped my mind ... your
Highness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She kisses him passionately again. He breaks the clinch, pulls her towards the door.

ED (CONT'D)
They'll have bed check soon. I
know a better place.

109 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

109

Alan sits on the counter across from Cynthia's bed. He plays with the hinged mirror on the wall.

ALAN
I don't know if you want to hear
this or not, and frankly, I don't
care.

As he toys with the mirror, we see a CANTED REFLECTION of first Cynthia and then the hallway. A nurse passes by.

109A ON CYNTHIA

109A

As she listens.

ALAN (CONT'D)
You are no more responsible for
those deaths twelve hours ago than
you are for the ones twelve years
ago.

Something catches her eye.

109B IN THE MIRROR

109B

Connie and Ed walk by.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Thinking otherwise is putting you
in a self-replicating spiral of
depression. And that puts me in a
bind... What do I do, write more
prescriptions? You need to face
reality, not get medicated out of
it...

Cynthia GASPS. HARRIS HAS APPEARED IN THE MIRROR, following Ed and Connie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

109C BACK TO SCENE

109C

Cynthia jumps up, heads for the door. Alan catches her by the wrist,

ALAN (CONT'D)
Damn it, Cynthia, you can't run
away from this--

CYNTHIA
It's Harris--he's going to do
something to Connie--to Ed--!

Alan SLAPS her. She pales... tries to hit him back.

ALAN
Good! Get mad--get angry--but not
at me--at these fantasies--!

She stands on rocky feet, unsure...

112 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

112

Connie and Ed come to a door marked "Utility." Ed looks around cautiously and opens the door, relieved that it's still unlocked.

113 INT. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

113

Once inside the small space, he kisses Connie. He pulls out a pint flask of schnapps from his bathrobe pocket. He gives her a swig.

CONNIE
(wistful)
Nectar from the grapes of Atlantis!

ED
No fooling you.

He leads her back to a door that's labeled "DANGER: Authorized Personnel Only." The lock is busted open. They go in.

114 INT. TURBINE ROOM - NIGHT 114

There are metal grating steps leading up to a platform that sits adjacent to a huge spinning turbine, its six-foot blades WHIRRING at top speed. Air ducts lead in and out of the space.

Connie is uplifted, frightened, exhilarated. Their clothes and hair are blown around. They ascend the platform, and sit across from each other. They each take a swig. They kiss softly, spiritually.

ED
I'm so happy.

115 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 115

The door to the utility room CLOSES. It LOCKS.

116 INT. TURBINE ROOM - NIGHT 116

Connie and Ed stare into each other's eyes. They are lost.

The CAMERA MOVES IN AND OUT between and around them, exploring the depth of their absorption. The CAMERA MOVES TOWARDS the huge spinning turbine. Its SOUND builds to a tremendous ROAR.

We see Connie and Ed through the door into the turbine room. The door is pulled closed by someone or something. The knob locks.

117 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT 117

Cynthia keeps looking at the door, worried.

ALAN
Miriam and Lana were both deeply disturbed women. Miriam tried to kill herself before. Lana was obsessed with the morbid... You heard her in the sessions. You can't twist what they did into something other than what it was.

Just then, all the lights go OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN (CONT'D)
Now what?

In the darkness, he stumbles towards the light, flicks it. Nothing. The door OPENS. In the dim light of the hallway emergency lamps, we SEE Cynthia go out.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Damn it, Cynthia, come back--!

Trying to follow, he COLLIDES With some furniture.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Shit--!

118 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

118

Darkness and confusion. Cynthia passes by the CAMERA. A moment later Alan comes by, looking for her. Other patients come out and wonder. Flashlights. A NURSE streams by.

NURSE
It's just overloaded circuits.
Everyone, please go back into your
room.

CAMERA ADJUSTS to show an elderly, skeletal custodian, EDGAR, on the phone.

EDGAR
The turbine room upstairs? All
right.
(he hangs up)
We'll set it straight in a minute.
Somethin's caught in the turbine.

NURSE
Hurry.

120 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

120

Edgar comes up to the utility door, but it won't budge.

EDGAR
Goddammit.

He walks off.

121 INT. UTILITY TUNNEL - NIGHT

121

This is a low passageway between floors. Edgar has to stoop under the ducts and pipes. He comes to a small hatchway in the coiling above him marked "CAUTION: Turbine."

There is a latch which has to be pulled to release the hatchway. Edgar pulls. It's stuck. He yanks with his frail body. The latch barely moves.

A TRICKLE OF BLOOD streams out at the edge, but Edgar doesn't see it.

Edgar yanks and pulls with all his might, groaning and heaving. Finally he stops in frustration. He sits on a duct, resting.

Just then the latch undoes itself. The hatchway slams open. Edgar is showered with red lumpy fluid. He is coated with it.

EDGAR
What the hell?

Edgar looks down. In the pool of red is a woman's shoe. Puzzled, he bends down, picks it up. Something FALLS OUT OF IT.

121A ON THE FLOOR

121A

It is a SEVERED HUMAN FOOT.

121B ON EDGAR

121B

as he reacts in shock, the spinning turbine begins to SPLATTER DROPS OF BLOOD on him.

CUT TO:

122 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

122

Cynthia comes towards us. Alan, further down the hall, sees her.

ALAN
Cynthia--!

Cynthia turns, reacts... and then reacts to--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE'S VOICE
Cynthia. Cynthia.

CYNTHIA
Connie?

She goes into another corridor. Alan hurries to catch up, but then has to help a nurse with a frightened OLDER WOMAN.

122A ANOTHER CORRIDOR - WITH CYNTHIA

122A

CONNIE'S VOICE
Cynthia.

Cynthia moves down the hall a bit. She looks up at the coiling.

123 ANGLE - THE AIR VENT

123

CONNIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Cynthia, we're up here!

Down the hall further, another vent.

ED'S VOICE
Come with us, Cynthia!

CONNIE'S VOICE
You must join us, Cynthia!

Cynthia follows the voices. She is underneath another larger vent with a fan spinning inside. Everyone in the hall ignores her.

HARRIS' VOICE
Cynthia, you must reach out and embrace our love for you... You must reach out to me...

We see Harris now, behind the fan, in brief flashes of light, burnt then normal, gazing down at Cynthia. He reaches towards her.

CYNTHIA
Where are Connie and Ed?

His fingers ARE SLICED OFF BY THE FAN. He takes no notice.

HARRIS
They're with us now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

We hear SPLASHING. Cynthia looks over. Gallons of blood and solid matter pour out of the ceiling vents all down the hall.

CYNTHIA
Where are they?
(she is frantic)
Where are Connie and Ed? Where are
they?

Alan wonders at the pouring red, then he hears Cynthia screaming. He runs down the hall to stop her.

The patients and nurses watch the blood pour in horror. Cynthia is getting more and more hysterical.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Where are Connie and Ed?

Alan corners her.

ALAN
It's all right--it's all right--

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a BLOOD-COVERED BODY careens into them, driving them apart!

123A ANGLE 123A

It's Edgar, covered with blood, in a total state of shock.

EDGAR
--horrible--sweet Jesus--help me--

Alan struggles to restrain him. Nurses run to help.

123B CYNTHIA 123B

Huddles on the floor in a position not unlike the one from her coma. She SOBS uncontrollably.

CUT TO:

123C INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 123C

Alan and an orderly escort Cynthia to her room. Alan comes out, watches Edgar pass by in a wheelchair, raving. Ralph and Gilda come up to Alan.

RALPH
What the fuck is going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILDA
It's Ed and Connie. They're dead,
aren't they?

Alan looks at her. How did the grapevine got it to her so fast?

ALAN
Yes. We're not sure what
happened... There was evidence
that they were drinking... They
fell into... the main turbine.

RALPH
Fuck... Look, Ed drank before.
Lots of times. Didn't know that,
did you? But he didn't usually
decide to jump into a mix master,
man!

ALAN
Ralph, as for your own safety, you
are being given the most amount of
protection possible.

GILDA
The police are powerless. Ask
Cynthia. She knows.
(softly)
Harris wants us all.

Ralph looks at Gilda with almost as much dismay as Alan.

RALPH
Jesus Fucking Christ! I'm getting
the hell out of here.

Ralph storms out.

125 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

125

As Ralph moves along, a paunchy POLICEMAN intercepts him.

RALPH
Now what?

COP
Lieutenant Wasserman assigned me to
you. Where you go--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RALPH
I get the picture. Try not to
shoot me or your fat ass, okay?

CUT TO:

126 BERRISFORD'S SILENT IMAGE ON A VIDEO SCREEN 126

127 INT. CYNTHIA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 127

The newscast continues silently on the TV in her room. She is getting dressed. She peaks out the door.

128 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 128

The Policeman assigned to her is down the hall a ways, chatting with a nurse. Cynthia slips out and down the corridor.

She waits for an elevator. When a door opens, she tries to inconspicuously slip inside but she finds herself face to face with Alan who is just getting out of the elevator. He holds a grocery bag.

ALAN
Isn't this a coincidence?

CYNTHIA
I'm getting out of here.

He takes her arm and starts leading her back to her room.

ALAN
Believe it or not, this is the
safest place for you to be. The
police are here. There are doctors
here. And I'm going to keep you
company, all night. I even brought
provisions.

He shows a variety of fast food.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Pure unadulterated junk. At this
point, who cares about the
chemicals?

She smiles slightly. He holds his arm out for her like a swain escorting his date. She takes it in a similar spirit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The policeman comes out of Cynthia's room, looking for her in alarm. He's instantly relieved to see her there with Alan. Alan directs her inside. She goes. Alan gives the Policeman a look.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Try harder next time.

He goes into her room, leaving the embarrassed cop behind. Suddenly the LIGHTS RETURN with an eye-jarring FLASH. The cop has his revolver halfway out of the holster before he realizes what it is.

128B INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

128B

They both react to the returned power with relief. Alan takes the stuff out of the bag: chips, dips, cookies, six-packs of beer. He offers some of the chips. She shakes her head. The TV's still on. Alan switches channels with the sound muted.

CYNTHIA
(with frightening
casualness)
Connie and Ed aren't going to be
the last.

ALAN
Yes, they are. Everyone's under
protection. Nothing can happen.

CUT TO:

128C CLOSE UP - A KNIFE

128C

pointing upwards. An outstretched hand SLAMS itself down, the blade impaling through the palm. The hand squirms its fingers a bit, then pulls off.

130 INT. RALPH'S ROOM - NIGHT

130

He gets up clenching the perforated hand. He is very calm. He closes the knife and puts it in a drawer.

Suddenly, violently, he kicks a trash bin. Then he is calm again.

Ralph's assigned Policeman pokes his head in the door.

RALPH'S POLICEMAN
Everything okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ralph sticks his hand behind him. He is very friendly, very normal. He smiles.

RALPH
Yes, thank you, officer. Hey,
lemme buy you a cup of coffee.

RALPH'S POLICEMAN
(shrugging)
Sounds good to me.

131 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 131

Ralph comes out of his room. Ralph's policeman is beside him. His hand bleeds, but goes unnoticed.

132 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT 132

Alan lies back in front of the TV, eyes closed, SNORING. Sympathetic, Cynthia slips the remote control from his hand... then there is a KNOCK at the door. She goes there, finds Ralph, who steps inside.

RALPH
(to his cop)
Just a sec.

CYNTHIA
Ralph? What is it?

RALPH
Nothing. I just came to tell you--
(smiling,
conspiratorially)
Everything's gonna be okay.

CYNTHIA
What's going to be okay?

He goes into the bathroom and rinses his blood-soaked hand. Cynthia sees this.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
What happened to your hand?

RALPH
Don't worry. Everything's gonna be
okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA

Ralph?

Cynthia is mystified. He goes.

133 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

133

Ralph walks off, his Policeman following.

CYNTHIA

(yelling down the hall)

Ralph?

134 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

134

She comes in and pokes Alan awake.

CYNTHIA

Ralph was just here. His hand
was... all bloody.

They go to the door and they are immediately faced with
Hettie.

HETTIE

Dr. Goldman, have you seen Ralph?

ALAN

I was going to ask you the same
thing.

She holds up a paper cup with a tablet in it.

HETTIE

He didn't take his four o'clock.
If he misses this one, I'm gonna...

Alan takes the capsule, examines it.

ALAN

Shit! It's his tranquilizer! If he
doesn't take this, he'll completely
flip out--!

Alan and Cynthia run down the hall. Cynthia's policeman
follows.

135 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 135

Alan and Cynthia and the policeman scan for Ralph.

CYNTHIA

Look.

136 ANGLE - ON THE FLOOR 136

Every five or six feet along in a line, there is a moderately-sized droplet splatter of blood. They follow the droplets along the hallway.

They follow the droplets through a set of double doors.

137 INT. DARK, QUIET HALLWAY - NIGHT 137

Ralph walks along, his policeman trailing. No one else is around.

RALPH'S POLICEMAN

Are you sure you know where you're going?

Ralph stops suddenly and turns to him. Ralph smiles warmly. Suddenly he hits the cop in the head using two fists.

The cop falls.

138 INT. HALLWAY IN CLOSED SECTION OR HOSPITAL 138

Alan and Cynthia's policeman move down the hall, following the drops, scanning in doorways. Cynthia is just behind them.

These hallways are unused. Nobody around.

ALAN

Was he behaving strangely?

CYNTHIA

No more strangely than everybody also in this place.

CYNTHIA'S POLICEMAN

(with walkie-talkie)

I can't get him. He must be shut off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They pass an open freight elevator. Cynthia looks in it and stops.

There is a droplet of blood on the floor inside.

CYNTHIA

Hey.

A BLOODY HAND reaches out of the elevator covering her mouth and pulls her inside.

139 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT 139

Ralph holds her, slams the gate closed, and flips the switch. The car moves down. Cynthia SCREAMS.

140 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 140

Alan and the policeman rush up just as the car disappears.

ALAN

Cynthia!

141 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT 141

They descend. She wipes blood from her face. He looks wired.

CYNTHIA

Ralph, we have to go and get your medication.

She slowly moves to the control panel. He watches her. Just as she is about to reach the buttons, he violently pushes her back.

RALPH

Relax.

He smiles.

142 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 142

The elevator comes down to a stop. Ralph throws the door open. It is a huge dark space, a vast store room. Cynthia won't come out. Ralph gestures politely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA

Ralph, I'm not going out. We have to go back upstairs.

Ralph grabs her firmly and pulls her out.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Ralph, please!

RALPH

I have to talk to you.

He leans in the elevator, opens the control panel and yanks some wires. Sparks fly. The HUM of the elevator motor dies. Cynthia is panicked.

RALPH (CONT'D)

It's very, very, very, very, very important that I talk to you.

CYNTHIA

Ralph, you're not being yourself. Can't you tell?

RALPH

No! This is the real me!

He flies across the basement and, grabbing a chair, smashes the control box for the electric cargo door, the only other entrance.

He darts up a storage aisle. He rips a phone off the wall.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I come down here a lot. It helps me unwind.

Cynthia can't see him. He wildly paces up and down the storage aisles. Cynthia starts to cry.

CYNTHIA

Ralph, please! How do we get out?

RALPH

It's been said by better men than me in better ways in better times-- there is no way out!

She goes to a barred window.

CYNTHIA

Help!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ralph goes into a rage. He pushes over a huge storage shelf. Everything spills and breaks. Amid the rubble a pile of surgical blades lies glinting in a pool of light.

Ralph looks down at it.

Cynthia sees him looking at it. She is afraid. He grabs some of the blades randomly and disappears. He is walking crazily up and down the storage aisles. Cynthia only catches glimpses of him. He jumps up and breaks the individual LIGHT BULBS which hang on wires, providing the only illumination. The space grows DARKER. All the while, Ralph talks and talks.

RALPH

There are only a few chances for real glory, and most people fuck it up. Most people can't even find the noses on their fucking faces.

(jump, BREAK)

You want an example? How about EVERY FUCKING DOCTOR in this entire hospital? Do you think I'm just going to let myself slowly dissolve into nothingness here?!

(jump, BREAK)

I'm talking about a glorious glory. And everybody's trying to drag me down!

CYNTHIA

Ralph, please, they said you have to take some pills.

RALPH

Pills have got nothing to do with it! You know what I'm talking about!

He jumps, smashes the last bulb. She can't see him.

CYNTHIA

No, I don't. I don't.

RALPH

You do! Real glory, hallelujah! The great big gig in the sky. Don't play dumb, Cynthia.

She sees him at the far end of the aisle. His shirt is off. There are deep, bleeding cuts all over his chest and stomach. He has blades clenched in both fists.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Cynthia is terrified.

RALPH (CONT'D)
I think you know the word I'm
searching for.

He starts making deep slashes on his arm.

RALPH (CONT'D)
U, N, I, T, Y! Unity!

CYNTHIA
Oh God, Ralph! No!

RALPH
Yes, oh, yes! Eternal bliss!

He stops and raises the scalpels to his chest. He jabs them
in and cuts open down to his stomach.

CYNTHIA
Ralph, please, stop!

He swats at the one remaining lamp. It flickers on and off.
Ralph's eyes flutter. He FALLS. Cynthia rushes to him.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Ralph!

He throws a scalpel at her. It misses, but she is spattered
with blood.

RALPH
(fading)
Get back.

Cynthia is crouched down, crying as she watches him.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Join us, Cynthia.

The light flickers off, then on. A hand is on Cynthia's
shoulder. She looks up...

it is Harris.

HARRIS
Join us.

The bulb DIES. Blackness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VOICES

Join us.

CUT TO:

144 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

144

Wasserman rushes in, raincoat over a pajama shirt and chino slacks. Another POLICEMAN rushes to meet him.

POLICEMAN

They're in the basement. The
girl's alive.

They run on together.

145 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

145

Lots of COPS, a few DOCTORS and ORDERLIES. Alan is stopped by a FEMALE COP.

He looks into the basement area and sees Ralph in a pool of blood. A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER is taking pictures of him. Alan stares at Ralph.

Berrisford is with Cynthia and a nurse. Cynthia is getting an injection.

Wasserman comes over to Alan and Berrisford.

WASSERMAN

You're running out of patients,
Doctors.

ALAN

What did she say happened?

WASSERMAN

She's having a little trouble with
reality--as usual.

A nurse and an orderly escorts Cynthia towards the elevator.

CYNTHIA

(to Alan)

Goodbye, Alan. Thanks for trying.
But it's time for me to go now.

Alan suddenly realizes what she means.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN
I have to go with her. Where is
she being taken?

BERRISFORD
Isolation.

ALAN
(stunned)
Isolation? Are you out of your
mind? That girl needs human
contact--connection--isolation is
the worst thing you can do--

BERRISFORD
Dr. Goldman, I know you're fond of
the girl, but you're out of line.

ALAN
Shit. You want her on the edge,
don't you... You want to play your
theory out to the end--

BERRISFORD
Goldman!

WASSERMAN
(interested)
Theory? Anything I should know?

BERRISFORD
It's an extraordinarily complex
situation, severe identity crisis
compounded with the multiple shock
of these deaths. She's reverting
to this total belief system from
the commune through an intermittent
psychosis that puts ideology above
her life itself--

ALAN
Fuck ideology! Fuck you,
Berrisford! You can't use a human
being as a guinea pig--
(to Wasserman)
You have to stop this. Call it
off--I'll--I'll sign her into
police custody if I can stay on as
her physician--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERRISFORD

Doctor Goldman. I believe your
tenure with my clinic has just come
to an end.

(calling off)

Security? Would you please escort
Dr. Goldman off the premises?

CUT TO:

146 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

146

Cynthia is escorted through the hospital by the nurse and
policeman. She moves without resistance, without emotion.
We hear CRICKETS. Cynthia hovers in a dreamlike calm. The
hospital is a blur as they move through it.

Objects pass in front of our view as we TRACK with her.
Cynthia, the nurse, and the policeman walk up the path to

147 EXT. UNITY HOUSE - DUSK

147

The imposing facade of the old Victorian with its warmly lit
windows looks inviting. The three make their way over the
lawn up the path towards the front porch. An evening BREEZE
is just coming up.

Cynthia looks around, absorbing the environment. The
policeman and the nurse say nothing. Cynthia turns to them.

CYNTHIA

Would you like to come in?

NURSE

No, thank you.

Cynthia steps inside.

148 INT. ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

148

The door is closed. It is dark. A video camera hovers
above. We hear keys LOCKING a bolt. Cynthia stand there.

VOICE

It's time, Cynthia.

149 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

149

The nurse puts her keys in her pocket, looks at the policeman, and goes.

The policeman stays.

CUT TO:

149A INT. BERRISFORD CLINIC - NEAR EXIT - NIGHT

149A

Furious, carrying a carton of personal items, Alan storms towards the exit. The security guard rises to intercept him.

SECURITY GUARD

--Excuse me, Dr. Goldman?

(apologetic)

I'm going to have to ask you for your key card.

(apologetic)

Dr. Berrisford's orders. I'm sorry.

Burning, Alan shifts his package, finds the card, flings it down on the counter.

ALAN

Tell Berrisford he can use it for a bookmark. Maybe then he can find his dick without a road map.

SECURITY GUARD

We're gonna miss you around here, Dr. Goldman.

Alan manages a smile for the man, goes out.

CUT TO:

152 A DIM, FUZZY VIDEO IMAGE

152

FOCUS DOWN until we realize it is Cynthia lying in her bed.

We are looking at her from directly above. We WIDEN, realize that we're at a NURSE'S STATION, where Cynthia is monitored along with other patients. We can see that she is talking.

154 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM

154

The only illumination comes from a small lamp near Cynthia's bed. She seems comparatively alert.

HARRIS' VOICE

You were always the favorite. We love you. Come with us.

FEMALE UNITY MEMBER

All of us together, that's all we've ever wanted, isn't it?

CYNTHIA

Why are you doing it to everybody else? Why don't you kill me?

154A ON HARRIS

154A

His index finger is AFLAME.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Why don't you kill me?

We see the whole room now. It's filled with Unity House Members, all of them. They're sitting leaning, slumping everywhere in the shadows. Among them are Connie and Ed.

CONNIE

You have to do it yourself, honey. When you didn't... he took us instead. But we're not mad. It's wonderful here.

FEMALE UNITY MEMBER 2

Death is like this really beautiful trip Cynthia. We just want to share it with you.

Lana and Miriam.

LANA

You mustn't be afraid, Cynthia.

Harris in playing with his burning finger.

MIRIAM

if I can do it, you can do it, honey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA
Why don't you kill me?

157 INT. NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT 157

A NURSE notices Cynthia's movement on the screen. She turns the volume up.

CYNTHIA (ON TV)
Why don't you just kill me?!

The nurse gets up. Gilda is standing there. She follows. Gilda's policeman lurks nearby.

GILDA'S POLICEMAN
Hey.

158 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT 158

HARRIS
You have to join us because you love us. You have to do it for yourself.

We hear the Nurse UNLOCKING the door.

A MALE UNITY MEMBER looks over at the door. We seem him momentarily burned.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
You have to do it for yourself--
(smiling)
--lovechild.

We see Harris momentarily burned. He blows his finger out.

CYNTHIA
But I'm so scared.

The Nurse opens the door. The room is empty except for Cynthia on her bed.

NURSE
You want me to call the doctor, honey?

Cynthia says nothing.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Try to sleep, all right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gilda rushes in behind the Nurse, going to Cynthia.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Hey, get out of here!

GILDA
(frantic)
I can do nothing for you now, but
know this--the answer you seek is
inside of you! It is inside you!

Gilda's Policeman comes in.

NURSE
Get her out of here!

He pulls at Gilda.

GILDA
(as she goes)
Know yourself and you will be at
peace! It is so!

The Nurse SLAMS the door closed. Cynthia is alone.

159 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 159

Gilda's policeman is on the phone.

POLICEMAN
Yeah, I'm taking her back to her
room... Okay, bye.

He hangs up, looks around. Gilda is gone.

160 INT. HALLWAY - ELSEWHERE - NIGHT 160

We are FOLLOWING GILDA through the corridors back to her
room.

161 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 161

Gilda's policeman is still looking for her. She's nowhere in
sight.

164 INT. GILDA'S ROOM - NIGHT 164

Gilda comes in and lies down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Momentary silence.

A shaft of light hits Gilda as someone comes in the door. Whoever it is nears Gilda. She is calm. She looks over.

GILDA
I know you'd come.

Silence.

GILDA (CONT'D)
But you're too late.

She holds up a bottle of tablets. We fleetingly see the word "poisonous."

The bottle SMASHES to the floor.

CUT TO:

170 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT 170

171 TIGHT ON HER 171

She looks like she's been crying. She stares off into space.

Someone crosses in the shadows to the window.

The rubber edging is slit with a scalpel.

CYNTHIA
It feels good. I know this is right.

HARRIS' VOICE
That's right. You need our love.
We need your love.

A shadowed hand pushes on the plexiglass. The windowpane plops onto the pavement below.

A breeze wafts in.

Cynthia gets out of bed and comes to the window. She looks out onto the evening horizon, refreshed, fully experiencing the moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA
I know this is right. We'll all be
together.

CUT TO:

171A EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

171A

Alan comes out, still fuming. He walks along a ways and then looks at the illuminated SIGN pointing out the way to the "Berrisford Clinic." Alan stares at it, then in a sudden release of fury, KICKS it, once, twice, and then he THROWS his carton at it.

Calming, feeling like an idiot, he sighs.

ALAN
Brilliant. Do we feel better now?
No. Yes. Maybe.

A thought strikes him. He reaches into his shirt pocket, takes out--

171B TRANQUILIZER - CLOSE

171B

--the one Hettie handed to Alan two long and bloody hours ago.

171C BACK TO SCENE

171C

ALAN (CONT'D)
(with a shrug)
It's okay, officer. I'll write
myself a prescription in the
morning.

He swallows it, dry, with a loud GULP, Then he picks up his papers and things, heads for the parking lot.

171D ALAN'S CAR - NIGHT

171D

PULLBACK as Alan unlocks it, his carton momentarily balanced on the car roof. The door open, Alan gets in, puts his box in the cluttered back seat. He SHIVERS from one of those unexpected chills we all get, then puts the key in the ignition, STARTS the engine, turns on the LIGHTS. Then he looks up ahead and sees--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

171E DR. BERRISFORD - HIS POV 171E
Briefcase in hand, crossing the parking lot up ahead, his long shadow falling across a high retaining wall.

171F BACK TO SCENE 171F
Alan sits, face unreadable. He REVS the engine. Faster. Faster.
A strange smile crosses Alan's face. He THROWS THE CAR INTO GEAR.

171G BERRISFORD - CROSSING THE LOT 171G
He taken out his keys, approaches his car... suddenly REACTS as HEADLIGHTS BLIND HIM--

171H REVERSE ANGLE 171H
Alan ROARS TOWARDS HIM, grinning behind the wheel--

171I BACK TO SCENE 171I
Berrisford gasps, RUNS!

171J THE CHASE 171J
Berrisford dodges in and out of cars, behind lamp posts. Manic, Alan follows him relentlessly, skidding around turns, SIDESWIPING as many cars as budget allows. Finally--

171K BERRISFORD 171K
finds himself against a wall--as TIRES SKID in he SCREAMS--

171L INSIDE ALAN'S CAR 171L
He SLAMS Berrisford against the wall. Berrisford's body SMACKS against the bricks, rebounds onto the windshield, CRACKING IT.
Alan recoils from the impact, blood on his lips from his own collision with the steering wheel. He looks at Berrisford, squirming a foot away with the little life left in him.
Alan CACKLES, gives Berrisford the finger.
Then he throws the car into reverse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

171M REAR TIRES 171M
SKIDDING BACKWARDS--

171N BERRISFORD 171N
SLIDES off the car hood, hits the asphalt, his head CRACKING--

171O ALAN'S CAR 171O
RUNS FORWARD AGAIN--

171P BERRISFORD - QUICK CUTS 171P
As the car GRINDS him into the ground, his wrist bones SNAPPING, ribs CRUNCHING, body TWITCHING. Finally he is STILL. An artery SQUIRTS fountain-like into the air.

171Q INSIDE THE CAR 171Q
The blood hits the windshield. Idly, distracted, Alan turns on the windshield wipers...
Suddenly HARRIS sits up in the rear seat, a smile on the burned and scarred face.

HARRIS
Good work, Dr. Goldman. Now, it's your turn.

Skeletal hands GRAB Alan's throat. He STRUGGLES. KICKS--out of the corner of his eye he sees-

171R FRONT OF CAR 171R
Gasoline is flowing over the dented hood and through the cracked windshield and over the dash and over Alan. More and more comes.

171S BACK TO SCENE 171S
Holding Alan with one hand, Harris leans forward, pulls out the cigarette lighter! He holds the GLOWING TIP up in the air.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Need a light?

He presses the burning tip against Alan's gasoline soaked CREEK. It SIZZLES--Alan SCREAMS--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

171T CAR - LONG SHOT 171T
It EXPLODES--

CUT TO:

171U ALAN - IN HIS CAR 171U
He jerks his head up, face drenched in sweat. He's still in his original parking space! He's never even started the car! Gasping for air, still freaked, he opens the door, tumbles out.

171V PARKING LOT 171V
The box of his possessions is still on the roof of the car. Alan sees this, staggers against the car, fights a wave of nausea. Struggling to remain composed, he takes his pulse. Feels his head. Suspicion crosses his face. Then his hand moves to his shirt pocket.

171W FLASH CUT 171W
of himself taking the pill by the clinic sign.

171X BACK TO THE PRESENT 171X
fingers down his throat. He HEAVES his guts out beside his car... but when he straightens up, he's clear eyed and lucid. He turns, runs like hell towards the clinic.

171Y INT. CLINIC PHARMACY - NIGHT 171Y
RON, the pharmacist, looks up as Alan storms inside.

RON
Goldman, you look like shit--

ALAN
(pushing him aside)
Show me the scrips for the therapy group--

RON
Come on, man, I can't do that--
it's Berrisford's show all the way--

Ignoring him, Alan finds the files.

ALAN
Shit, this is all standard stuff--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RON
What do you expect?

ALAN
Do you fill these prescriptions?

RON
Nah, Berrisford does it. He comes
in every morning and sets up the
medication for the day--Hettie
takes it as she needs it--

ALAN
Fuck!

He turns, tries to open the glass case with the prearranged
trays. It's locked. He grabs a paperweight, SMASHES THE
GLASS.

RON
Hey--!

Alan pulls out the tray, scans it. He grabs Ron by the
collar, shoves the files into his face.

ALAN
Read it. Pesco, Ralph--

RON
He's dead--

ALAN
READ IT! What's he down for?

RON
Ah, Lithium--four times a day--

Alan grabs the tray, holds up a pill.

ALAN
Is that Lithium?

RON
Fuck, no--that's Endoral--the
complete opposite--one of those,
even a normal person would flip
out--

ALAN
Tell me about it--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Alan looks at the tray and its compartments labeled for Lana, Miriam, Ed... all the others. Alan GRABS them all.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What's this? And this? And this?

RON

This is, uh, dextroamphetamine... Christ, take one of these and you can walk on the ceiling. Holy mother. Methylphenidate! Don't mess with that fucker. Clonidine! Chlorpromazine! Preludin? Shit, I didn't know they still made that... Two of these and Mother Teresa would turn into a maniac!

Alan is having convulsions of horror.

181	FLASH CUTS - ON MIRIAM AND LANA - they swallow medication.	181
182	ON BERRISFORD - he pulls bottles off the pharmacy shelves.	182
183	ON CONNIE AND ED - they swallow medication.	183
184	ON BERRISFORD - he hands the bottles of medication to the pharmacy administrator.	184
185	ON NURSE WITH RALPH'S PRESCRIPTION - Alan grabs it away.	185
186	ON BERRISFORD he injects Cynthia with medication.	186

RON (CONT'D)

Tetrahydrocannabinol! Do you know what that is? Liquid condensed marijuana! Just thinking about that stuff gets you wasted.

Alan runs out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RON (CONT'D)
Hey, Goldman, come back here!
Who's gonna clean up this mess--?

187 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 187
Alan running faster.

188 INT. NURSE'S STATION, ISOLATION WARD - NIGHT 188
Hettie is standing smiling in the middle of the hall. Alan
nears.

HETTIE
You're not supposed to be here, Dr.
Goldman, are you?

Alan turns. Two SECURITY GUARDS are coming.

ALAN
Please, Hettie, I need your help.

189 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT 189
She is at the window, facing out.

VOICE
Now.

190 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 190
Alan rushes over to Cynthia's door and pounds furiously.

ALAN
Cynthia! Cynthia!

The two security guards start running over. One of them has
his gun drawn. Alan wants to run, but he sees there is no
way out. He sticks his hands in the air. The guards are
upon him. They start leading him away.

NURSE
Sometimes doctors got personally
involved. I think it's a mistake.
You've got to keep professional.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HETTIE

Get some rest, Goldman. You look like shit.

He looks back at Hettie. He sees a fire alarm.

Suddenly, he grabs one of the Guard's guns. He dives against the wall and pulls the fire alarm.

All of the Isolation Ward doors open. BELLS and SIRENS go off. Red lights FLASH on and off.

HETTIE (CONT'D)

Oh, no!

Alan runs from the guards, shooting but missing. He runs up the hall in the opposite direction of Cynthia's room.

He hides in a doorway. They pass. He heads back up to Cynthia's room. He grabs the cop's chair and runs into

191 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

191

He slams the door and rams the metal chair log into the bolt latch to secure the door. SIRENS and BELLS continue. Alan looks over. The room is dark, except for the red light flashing on and off. Cynthia is crouched in the far corner by the open window.

We can see that the room is otherwise empty of anybody.

CYNTHIA

Get out of here. I want to do it!

ALAN

(going to her)

No. Cynthia, please. I'm not going to be able to come back, but you have to listen! Berrisford's been tampering with the medication for everybody in the group--that's why they've been committing suicide--he's been making them crazy--

CYNTHIA

But Harris comes to me... He speaks to me--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

A drug induced psychotic state is very suggestible. All we've hearing for days is "Harris, Harris,"... so that's what we all saw... That's what I saw when I took Ralph's pill! It's all part of Berrisford's plan--he has this fucked-up theory about how you still think you're part of the Unity House, and the only way he can prove it is if you want to kill yourself!

Behind Alan, the dark shape of Berrisford emerges from outside the window. It is climbing inside from the ledge.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Do you hear me?! He's going to want you to kill yourself! He's recreating the whole thing for you! But you can't listen to him!

Cynthia is getting hysterical. Berrisford stands behind Alan with a scalpel.

BERRISFORD

Dr. Goldman.

Alan turns around.

Berrisford bashes him in the head, neatly slicing off some skin. Alan flies against the wall.

The gun is knocked away.

Alan writhes a little, then dips into unconsciousness,

Cynthia is a basket case. She looks at Alan.

CYNTHIA

No... no... no...

Berrisford comes to her and starts giving her an injection.

She calms herself. She looks at him dreamily.

191A CYNTHIA'S POV

191A

She sees Harris gazing at her lovingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRIS

Only one thing matters.

She touches his face.

CYNTHIA

Our love. We'll be together. All
of us.

Berrisford taken Alan's gun.

192 INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

192

Alan comes to. The ALARMS and BELLS are still ringing.
Cynthia and Berrisford are gone.

ALAN

Shit!

193 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

193

The corridors are run amuck with isolation patients (the
worst kind) all escaped from their rooms. Alan runs out of
Cynthia's room. He is surrounded by bizarre-looking people
screaming, singing, dancing, praying.

Hettie is by the stairway helping Isolation patients exit.

HETTIE

One at a time! No pushing! Please
do not use the elevator!

Alan is frantically looking for Cynthia and Berrisford,
checking everywhere, pushing open doors.

The security guards are at the far end of the hallway. Alan
goes to Hettie.

ALAN

Where's Berrisford?

HETTIE

This is your fault! These goddamn
doors won't re-lock!

ALAN

(furious)

Where is he? He's going to kill
Cynthia! Tell me where he is!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HETTIE
I haven't seen him!

The guards see Alan. They come after him. He runs.

Alan scans every room. He slams into patients. The guards aren't far behind. Alan turns a corner, passing a door marked "NOT AN EXIT: ROOF ACCESS." It is ajar. He goes in without the guards seeing him.

194 INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

194

It is dark, but the red lights FLASH. He runs up several flights. The landings face onto the outside with a railing, open, no glass.

He turns a corner. Cynthia is there.

She is perched on the outside of the railing, a serene expression on her face, the wind blowing her frail white gown.

Alan freezes. He moves towards her slowly, hands outstretched.

ALAN
(soothingly)
Cynthia, take my hand... Just
relax... Think about what you're
doing... Stay calm... I want you
to take my hand...

She watches him blankly. She turns to someone behind Alan.

CYNTHIA
It's so beautiful.

Alan turns. There on the stair above is Berrisford, his face dancing in the flashing red light.

ALAN
(to Berrisford)
You piece of shit!

Cynthia lets go.

Alan reaches out.

ALAN (CONT'D)
No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

195 FALLING 195

It is a dizzying spiral. We hear the WIND RUSHING up as we go FASTER AND FASTER down. We SLAM into the ground.

CYNTHIA'S HEAD hits rock.

196 ON HER FACE 196

She is still. Blood drips out her nose and mouth. She is dead. We HOLD ON HER until gradually bright light pours in over her. The CAMERA LIFTS UP revealing

197 EXT. UNITY HOUSE - DAY 197

Cynthia rises and walks towards the house through a field in the foreground.

She walks up the porch.

198 INT. UNITY HOUSE ENTRANCE - DAY 198

She opens the door. Everything is clean and fresh. Flowers. Light. Birds CHIRPING.

Harris is at the far end of the hall. There is an intense white light behind him. He is smiling beatifically. Cynthia goes towards him. As she nears him, she reaches out her hands. He does too. They clasp.

ALAN'S VOICE

Cynthia!

Suddenly she FALLS.

She drops and dangles in the night air against

199 EXT. HOSPITAL BUILDING - NIGHT 199

She is unconscious. She swings twelve stories above the pavement.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS UP her arm to her hand grasped tightly by Alan's hand. We CONTINUE UP TO Alan.

ALAN

Cynthia! Open your eyes! Open your eyes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is over the railing holding on with his other hand.

Cynthia is coming to.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Pull up! Pull yourself up so I can
got a grip on you!

CYNTHIA
Let me go.

ALAN
No!

CYNTHIA
Let me go. I saw it. It's
beautiful.

ALAN
You didn't see shit! Hold on!

BERRISFORD
Eternal bliss.

CYNTHIA
Yes! I want to go! Let me go!

BERRISFORD
(coming forward)
Let her go. She needs it.

ALAN
No! Cynthia, Harris doesn't exist!
He's dead! Look at who that is!
Look at him! Look!

Cynthia looks at Berrisford deliriously.

He CHANGES from Berrisford to Harris with each FLASH. He
comes to the railing where Alan is holding on.

Almost politely, he tries to undo Alan's grip.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Goddamn you! Goddamn you!

Alan's grip on Cynthia slips down to her fingers.

BERRISFORD
Let her go. Let her go and I'll
forget your disobedience.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERRISFORD(CONT'D)

You can stay one with me in the
psychosis and cult behavior study.
We'll publish our findings
together--

ALAN

Publish this, asshole!

Alan SWINGS one leg up, KICKS Berrisford in the groin.
Berrisford HOWLS and suddenly his calm demeanor cracks.
Snarling like an animal, he stomps, claws and even bites at
Alan's hand.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(to Cynthia)

Don't you hear him? He's trying to
bribe me--but I'm not letting go!
I'll go with you, but I'm not
letting go!

Berrisford sees the discarded gun... picks it up. He aims
unsteadily... SHOOTS. Alan yanks himself out of the way.
Berrisford misses. Berrisford moves closer. Raises the g=
barrel at point black range towards Alan's hand.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Cynthia, help us! Help us both!

BERRISFORD

You'll be with them, Dr. Goldman,
Be happy.

ALAN

No!

CYNTHIA

S...stop it... Stop it!

Berrisford SHOOTS. One of Alan's finger joints is BLOWN
AWAY. He SCREAMS, his grip loosens, and he SLIDES down the
railing. Berrisford moves several yards to stay close...
begins to POUND on Alan's mutilated hand.

ALAN

Cynthia, don't let him kill you!
Don't let him do this!

CYNTHIA

Unity... It... it's my destiny...
I've fought it too long. Right or
wrong... my death has a purpose...
It will close the book. End the
story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALAN
Your life has a purpose... to
bring joy and happiness! You're
part of my life now. That's an
unfinished story, too...

She looks at Berrisford viciously pounding on Alan's hand.

CYNTHIA
Let me up. Stop it.

She starts to climb up, but she can't.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Let me up!

BERRISFORD
I'm afraid it's too late for that.

Alan's grip on her slips down to two fingers. They CRACK.
She yells from the pain. She swings in the breeze.

Alan is weakening. He is losing consciousness. He knows he
is about to die.

GUARD
Dr. Berrisford?

Suddenly Berrisford freezes.

He is paralyzed at the sight of one of the guards coming up
the stairs. Berrisford backs away glaring.

Alan GROANS. The guard rushes over.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Jesus
(Yelling down the stairs)
Gomez, get up here!

The other guard appears.

They start helping Alan up by Pulling his arm. As they help
him up, Berrisford, in a state of shock, backs further up the
wall. He leans against the wall and puts the gun to his
head. He trembles. He pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. Out of bullets. The others are too
busy to be noticing what he is doing. Just as they pull
Cynthia to the edge, she looks up to see:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Berrisford coming to the railing, and jumping, calmly.
Silently.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

Cynthia numbly watches him fall. Then she is pulled up and over...

CUT TO:

200 INT. HALLWAY - OVERHEAD - NIGHT

200

Cynthia is plopped over onto a gurney. Lights are passing her. She is being whisked down a hallway. She is descending into a haze of unconsciousness.

DOCTOR'S VOICE
I need a detox prep! Stat!

CYNTHIA
It was him...

201 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

201

Alan runs alongside the gurney with doctors and nurses. He clutches bloody bandages to his hand, tries to hear Cynthia.

ALAN
It's okay. It's over. It was
Berrisford. He killed them.

CYNTHIA
Then all those other things...
Faces... voices? They were... in
my head?

ALAN
It was Berrisford. He shot you up
with hallucinogens. What he didn't
do, you imagined.

There is joy through her delirium. She is just able to clasp hands with him briefly before she disappears behind a set of double doors.

202 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

202

A new station wagon whisks along the pretty road.

203 INT. STATION WAGON - DAY 203

Alan drives, Cynthia looks at a map. They both look relaxed. They both have bandaged hands.

CYNTHIA
Go right if that's the interstate.
Yeah, it is.

207 EXT. UNITY HOUSE - DAY 207

Through the greenery are the charred and overgrown remains of Unity House. A chiseled sign embedded into a tree verifies it. Alan and Cynthia pull up, park. Cynthia gets out and looks around. She goes to the front entrance. Alan follows her in.

208 INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY 208

A mere skeleton of what it was. Daylight pours in through the faded, burnt slats of wood. Patches of woods have sprouted up. Cynthia wanders in and marvels at it all. Only piles of charcoal signify where furniture was.

Alan meanders in from the other end of the house.

ALAN
Victorian. Looks like it was a nice house once.

CYNTHIA
Yes. I guess appearances can be deceiving.

She moves out upstairs. He follows her up onto the risky-looking steps.

209 ON THE LANDING 209

She reaches a point at the top that looks out over the meadow and pond. She looks out. Alan joins her. Cynthia takes in the view contentedly.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
It's dead. It's really dead...

ALAN
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gestures to the house around them.

CYNTHIA

It's over.

Alan smiles. He pulls her close to him. They look into each other's eyes. Neither of them is completely at ease with the other, but there is honest affection. They hug, then kiss.

210 EXT. UNITY HOUSE - DAY

210

It looks almost tranquil. MUSIC UP.

CUT TO:

210A INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

210A

Wasserman walks along, accompanied by a uniformed officer. They go into-

201B INT. BERRISFORD'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

201B

where the doctor is in a bed, one leg and one arm in traction. He's talking to his LAWYER as the police officers enter.

LAWYER

(in mid-speech)

--letters of support could have an influence on the court... You know, from your peers--?

BERRISFORD

(cutting him off)

I have no peers.

(turning)

Hello, Lieutenant.

(smiling)

Forgive me for not getting up.

WASSERMAN

Real funny, Doctor. Try this for laughs: As soon as you're ambulatory, you're going in front of a Grand Jury, and you're going to be charged with six counts of obstruction of justice and two counts of assault.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WASSERMAN(CONT'D)

Then it gets choice: five counts of murder in the first degree, one count of murder in the second degree. Add the civil liability to all that, and you're going to have plenty of time to write that book.

BERRISFORD

Well. I don't agree with your definition of justice, but I suppose I obstructed it... All in the name of science, of course--

LAWYER

(appalled)

Doctor Berrisford--

BERRISFORD

(hushing him)

--but as to murder, well, Lieutenant, I beg to differ. I didn't kill anyone. Why would I? I'm only interested in knowledge. Cynthia is a unique girl--the product of an environment and a philosophy unrivaled in its purity. I wanted to understand the depth of her commitment, the link between psychosis and total immersion philosophies, the dark terra incognita of the human psyche--

WASSERMAN

(fed up)

Hey, go chow on a Latin dictionary, okay? You can bullshit all you want, but how do you account for six bodies?

BERRISFORD

Clearly some unknown variable was a factor.

WASSERMAN

Yeah? Well, if you didn't kill off the therapy group, who did?

BERRISFORD

Lieutenant, I'll put it in terms even a policeman can understand.

He smiles, shrugs the best he can in his plaster cast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERRISFORD (CONT'D)
It beats the fuck out of me.

CUT TO:

213 EXT. UNITY HOUSE - DAY TRACKING IN 213

214 INT. UNITY HOUSE - DAY 214

Cynthia and Alan are still in each other's arms. Cynthia pulls away.

ALAN
What's the matter?

CYNTHIA
I was just thinking about Gilda.
Somehow, she knew. She kept
talking about "him," but I didn't
know what she meant. She said the
answer was inside me. Why would
she say that?

Alan doesn't have an answer. She sighs.

ALAN
Let's go.

CYNTHIA
You go down. I'll be out in a
minute. I just want to... bury
some memories.

ALAN
You sure?

She nods. He goes.

Cynthia gives a final look around at the deteriorated structure and turns down the stairs.

She stands at the top of what remains of the stairs.

We FOLLOW HER DOWN. Just as she nears the bottom, the TICKING of a clock is audible. It gets LOUDER. Cynthia reaches the last stop and turns into

215 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

215

We FOLLOW HER with a CONTINUOUS PAN. The foyer is new now, completely untouched by fire, just as it was at the beginning of the film. A candelabrum is lit.

Cynthia turns and we PAN BACK TO THE STAIRCASE. It is new, unburnt. Two KIDS come scrambling down the stairs laughing.

The entranceway, the archway to the front room, the staircase are all intact, just as we saw them in the opening scene.

CYNTHIA peers into the kitchen. Two WOMEN in work aprons are kneading bread dough, chopping vegetables. They smile at Cynthia.

WOMAN 1
Cynthia! Are you staying for
supper?

Cynthia is silent, wide-eyed, taking it all in. She turns towards the front door. Victor is coming in.

VICTOR
Cynthia. It's good. Come in.

She is unable to resist.

216 INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

216

They walk in. The room is filled with people. There is a fire in the hearth. Children play. Candles illuminate the space. Unity Members smile and greet her casually as she passes them.

Miriam is talking with a BEARDED MAN intently.

MIRIAM
Cynthia, I'm so glad you're here.

Ed and Connie are by the fireplace with some others. They smile at Cynthia knowingly.

Lana is sitting contentedly on the window seat reading with some children.

Ralph is crouched with Victor in a corner. They are laughing warmly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gilda comes up to her. She is ebullient, happier, healthier looking than we've ever seen her.

GILDA
Cynthia, it's so wonderful here,
but we miss you terribly.

Cynthia nears Harris. He smiles at her and kisses her. Everyone in the room turns to her. Harris holds up a shiny and sharp knife with ornamentation on the handle. Cynthia doesn't see it yet.

He puts the pointed tip against her chest.

HARRIS
It's time, Cynthia. It's finally
time, isn't it?

EVERYONE
Yes.

CYNTHIA
(fighting the vision)
You don't exist.

HARRIS
I wouldn't say that.
(he touches her)
Go on. Take the knife.

She can't escape his gaze.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Do it. You know you want to.

GILDA
You know you do, Cynthia.

VICTOR
You'll see how beautiful it is.

SOMEONE ELSE
You will.

Cynthia clasps her hand around the knife at her chest, Harris lets go. She holds it there by herself, completely hypnotized by his words, by his eyes.

MIRIAM
Cynthia, we're only telling you
this because we love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRIS
Beautiful lovechild. All will be
in balance when you've joined us.
All will be right when daughter is
with father.

SOMEONE
You're special, Cynthia.

SOMEONE ELSE
Scared blood... daughter of the
father.

Cynthia in mortified.

CYNTHIA
I'm...?

HARRIS
Now you remember.

CYNTHIA
Yes...

HARRIS
My own beautiful lovechild.
Everyone has proven their love to
me. Now you must.

She is weak now. She is about to do it.

Her grasp tightens around the knife handle. She's trembling.
She takes a deep breath.

CYNTHIA
No!

She jams the knife into Harris' throat and pulls it out.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
No I don't! I don't love you! I
don't need you!

She is crazed. She flies around the room brandishing the
knife at everyone. They back off.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
I never loved any of you! I hate
you! I hate you all! What you did
was wrong!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She swats the knife at them all. Victor's arm gets cut. Gilda has to dive away from her. Cynthia is knocking over lamps and chairs in her rage. She is crying hysterically.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
It was WRONG! It was stupid!

HARRIS
(saddened)
Oh, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA
I never needed you! Any of you!

We are TIGHT ON CYNTHIA. She is winding down, crying with her face buried in her arms.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
I never did...

She is still. Gradually, the silence fills with a quiet BREEZE.

ALAN
Cynthia?

She drops the knife. The knife is all rusty and corroded. The floor is a charred mass.

Cynthia turns around.

Alan comes in the front door. The room is again its empty, skeletal self, blackened and silent.

Cynthia is trembling.

She walks out of the room.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

CYNTHIA
Let's go.

217 EXT. UNITY HOUSE - DAY

217

She stands on the porch, holding onto a post, trying to calm herself. Alan comes out. As he starts the car, a gust comes up. The trees are thrashed around.

The WIND ECHOES through the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUSIC UP SOFTLY, EERILY.

Cynthia descends the stairs. The station wagon pulls up. She gets inside.

218 INT. STATION WAGON - DAY 218

They pull out. Slowly we see Cynthia collect herself. A sense of hope is evident.

CYNTHIA
It's going to be okay. I'm going
to be okay.

219 EXT. ROAD - DAY 219

The car speeds off trailing dust.

We see the UNITY HOUSE in the distance. The winds kicks up again.

220 EXT. UNITY HOUSE - DAY 220

We are CLOSER. Branches and leaves are being tossed around by violent gusts as we MOVE TOWARD the structure.

A teenage GIRL comes running up from the field behind. She is crying. She runs into the house. We FOLLOW HER.

221 INT. UNITY HOUSE - DAY 221

She goes to a far corner and cries some more, angrily, hopelessly.

BOY
(far off)
Come on, where are you? I hope
you're not in that house... You
always got like this and make
stupid threats that you don't mean!

The girl peeks out the corner of the window.

222 ANGLE - 222

The TEENAGE BOY is in the field beyond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOY (CONT'D)
If you're not here on three, I'm
history. Permanently. One...
Two... Three! Fine. Good
riddance.

THE GIRL backs away from the window, only more upset now.

A hand touches her shoulder. She whirls around.

GIRL
(startled)
Who are you?

HARRIS
A friend. You're upset.

She nods.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
What would you say if I could
promise you eternal bliss?

GIRL
Eternal bliss? What do you mean?

TRACKING IN on the old knife an the floor. It begins to
transform from its rusty and corroded state into a new and
shiny knife.

MUSIC UP.

A burned, skeletal hand reaches INTO FRAME and takes it.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END