

EXORCIST III
" L E G I O N "

An Original Screenplay

by

William Peter Blatty

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH SHOT - DAHLGREN CHAPEL - GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY -
PREDAWN

The chapel sits in a quadrangle on the campus. Snow. The chapel doors are open. Light pours out and from within we HEAR a massed choir singing a Gregorian chant at Christmas Mass. Approaching from the right, the SOUND of HELICOPTERS.

LEVEL ANGLE AT CHAPEL

Through the doors, we see a host of PRIESTS on the altar, concelebrating the Mass. The choir continues to sing. From the right, THREE POLICE HELICOPTERS approach low and overfly the chapel. They disappear from FRAME at the left. As they do, we CUT TO:

INT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL

The main server -- FATHER EDWARD KELLY, S.J. -- stands in center of altar and prays:

KELLY

"A light shall shine upon this day,
for the Lord is born to us; and He
shall be called Wonderful; God; the
Prince of Peace; the Father of the
World to Come."

He pauses and the CHOIR comes in with a new chant.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - POTOMAC RIVER AREA - DAWN

Shooting from behind the Gothic spires of the university, we see the Potomac River below. The police helicopters are circling, skimming low above the waters in a search pattern. A POLICE DREDGEBOAT is in mid-river. A university crew team plies a scull through the chilly waters. We continue to HEAR the CHANTING from the chapel, which is close to our point of view. In counterpoint to this, we also HEAR the whirring of the copter blades and the indistinct electronic TRANSMISSIONS of the copter pilots communicating with one another and with someone on the dredgeboat.

INT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL - AT KELLY ON ALTAR

The chanting is abruptly OUT.

KELLY

"But as for me, I have walked in my
innocence: redeem me and be merciful
unto me."

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAWN

The PILOT is speaking into his radio mike:

COPTER PILOT

"Hello, Riverboat Charlie, this is
Delta Able Seeker, this is -- "

INT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL - AT KELLY

We can hear the COPTERS whirring from afar as:

KELLY

"Remember also, O Lord, thy servant,
Leo Monaghan, who has gone before us
with the sign of faith and sleeps the
sleep of peace."

ANOTHER ANGLE

KELLY

"Peace I leave you; My peace I give
you..."

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER AREA - DAWN

We are shooting across at Georgetown from the Virginia side of the river. The helicopters are circling low; the dredgeboat is heading for shore toward the D.C. side where we can make out a dock and the Potomac Boathouse. The dock is swarming with police personnel, paramedics and a crime lab crew going over the site of a homicide. Strobe lights flash on the dock; police car and ambulance red lights rotate. We HEAR, from afar, the Gregorian chanting from the chapel. We also HEAR, along with static:

COPTER PILOT'S VOICE

Yeah, River Dredge, old Delta Able Seeker here. Is that the package you were looking for?

POLICE BOAT VOICE

Yeah, this is it, all right.

COPTER PILOT'S VOICE

We read you.

There is a low and stunned horror in the voice now as:

POLICE BOAT VOICE

Jesus Christ.

PUSH IN toward the copters and then CUT TO:

EXT. LOW ANGLE SHOT AT DAHLGREN CHAPEL - DAWN

The light. The singing.

INT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL

A series of SHOTS: the Christmas chanting.

EXT. BOATHOUSE DOCK - DAWN

We can HEAR the chanting from afar in the silence as the city sleeps. The crime lab team is at work. In the foreground, a homicide detective -- LIEUTENANT ANTHONY ANDAMO -- stands grimly staring down at a bulky, unseen mass now being covered over with a canvas tarpaulin by STEDMAN, a police pathologist, who is kneeling. Stedman gets up. He is looking down at the canvas as:

STEDMAN

There's an index finger missing and some cuts on the palm of his hand. They've been sketched. We got some prints off the head of the statue.

Andamo nods, still looking down.

STEDMAN

Christ, what a weird way to die.

ANDAMO

No death is natural.

A beat. Another. Stedman turns to Andamo and sees that the detective has turned his head up toward the SOUND of the GREGORIAN CHANTING; he is listening to it and his face betrays some wistful longing; some pain. Stedman looks up toward the sound, then back at Andamo.

STEDMAN

I guess at times like this, you must wish you were back in the seminary.

Andamo looks at Stedman.

ANDAMO

I'm needed here.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAWN

We are SHOOTING ahead through copter window. The copter is rushing toward the Georgetown University spires as:

COPTER PILOT

Headin' home now, River Dredge.
Homeward bound.

On the SOUND of his microphone being replaced, CUT TO:

INT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL - CLOSE AT KELLY

He breaks the communion host in half, praying:

KELLY

"This - is - my Body."

The COPTER SOUNDS have been approaching, and as Kelly completes the words of consecration, they are at their LOUDEST. He looks up at the SOUND and we CUT TO:

INT. SACRISTY OF DAHLGREN CHAPEL

Kelly and an ALTAR BOY are putting away vestments after Mass.

KELLY

Thanks, Tim. You been up all night or what?

ALTAR BOY

No, I'm drivin' to Philly, Father. I've been doin' it every Sunday. I like to get Mass in before I start.

KELLY

The way you drive, I don't blame you. What's in Philly?

ALTAR BOY

Nothing special.

KELLY

You just received. Now what's in Philly?

ALTAR BOY

Bonnie Sue Coleman. And I'm in love.

KELLY

With "nothing special."

ALTAR BOY

Please don't quote me, Father.

KELLY

You're as quotable as a giraffe. I'd hate to think of what would happen if you met someone special, Tim. You'd probably burst into flames.

ALTAR BOY

What's wrong with that?

KELLY

When it happens, you'll know.

ALTAR BOY

How'd I do on my philosophy quiz?

KELLY

Change your name to Duns Scotus.

ALTAR BOY

Who's that?

KELLY

A famous heretic. At least I thought he was famous. Read your notes.

ALTAR BOY

Father, everything's relative.

KELLY

Sure.

ALTAR BOY

Who's Elton John?

KELLY

Oh, kiss my flaming fundament.

Altar Boy heads for door, shaking head.

ALTAR BOY

I was hoping you'd think he played shortstop for the Astros.

KELLY

We can always hope.

ALTAR BOY

You know, Father, you mentioned a Leo Monaghan in your prayer for the dead.

KELLY

That's right.

ALTAR BOY

Father, isn't he the priest who -- ?

KELLY

Yes. He is.

ALTAR BOY

The one who died on the altar saying Mass?

KELLY
That's right. Eight years ago
today.

ALTAR BOY
What happened?

KELLY
I don't know.

ALTAR BOY
You hear all kinds of --

KELLY
Philbin, get lost. Bonnie Sue.

As the Altar Boy leaves:

ALTAR BOY
See ya, Father. Merry Christmas.

CLOSE AT KELLY

Sadness.

KELLY
Merry Christmas.

EXT. MOVING SHOT AT BOATHOUSE FROM POLICE DREDGEBOAT - DAWN

We are heading for the boathouse dock. SUPERIMPOSE MAIN
TITLE AND CREDITS. Imbedded in the throaty hum of the boat's
engines is a muffled, distant SOUND of a WOMAN SOBBING that
grows ever louder as we near the dock. During the latter
part of the boat's approach, Andamo, kneeling by the object
underneath the canvas tarpaulin, has looked up at us, stood
up and awaits the boat's arrival at the edge of the dock.

END OF CREDITS

The boat comes to dock to tie up.

SIDE ANGLE ENCOMPASSING BOAT AND DOCK

A POLICE SERGEANT -- a member of the search team aboard the
dredge -- jumps from the boat to the dock. He is carrying
a canvas sack about the size of a watermelon and tied at
the mouth.

ANGLE FEATURING ANDAMO AND SERGEANT

ANDAMO
You found it.

The Sergeant nods grimly. Andamo makes a gesture with his head indicating that the Sergeant should show him the contents of the sack. The Sergeant loosens the strings, removes a few ice cubes from the top of the sack, and then holds it up to Andamo's scrutiny. We do not see its contents. Andamo stares; then he nods, looking away at the ground.

ANDAMO

Ask Mrs. Kintry if that's her son.

The Sergeant nods, folding up the sack, and exits. FRAME as Stedman enters with a sketch pad open.

STEDMAN

You know those cuts on the victim's left hand?

Andamo is restraining a mounting anger as:

ANDAMO

What about them?

STEDMAN

Well, I'd say they've got a pattern.

ANDAMO

Is that so? I didn't see that.

STEDMAN

It's a sign of the Zodiac. I think Gemini.

This turns Andamo's head.

ANDAMO

Gemini?

From O.S. we HEAR a sudden WAIL OF AGONY from the sobbing woman. Andamo winces.

STEDMAN

Are you through with the body, Lieutenant?

Andamo points to the form beneath the canvas, and in a sudden outburst of rage:

ANDAMO

Ask him if he's through with it, Stedman!

Stedman is a bit taken aback. He stares, then turns and quickly walks away. Andamo looks down.

O.S., we HEAR another sudden wail of agony from the sobbing woman. Andamo turns to look in her direction. His eyes are filling with tears and there is both pain and rage in his face. He turns back and looks down at the canvas at his feet.

ANDAMO

Where the hell is God. Jesus!

He swiftly leans down and angrily rips back the canvas drape from the unseen object he'd been examining earlier.

ANDAMO'S POV - HIS HAND IN FRAME WHIPPING OFF CANVAS DRAPE

disclosing the decapitated figure of a nine-year-old boy. He is crucified, nailed through the wrists and feet to rowing oars broken to size and fashioned in a cross. His right index finger is missing; and cut into his left palm is a zodiacal sign. Set snugly atop his severed neck is a plaster head of Christ crucified with crown of thorns. It is a grotesque travesty: the eyes have been painted with the crosses of a cartoon clown's eyes; and it has been inexpertly blackfaced, with white circular patches around the mouth and eyes, like a minstrel, the mouth drawn so that it appears to be smiling.

The O.S. woman's shrieking is agonized, unbearable and at its loudest. Flapping sound of canvas. The shot is almost subliminally brief. And we CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY QUADRANGLE AREA - DAY

SOUNDS of a busy dining area and kitchen.

INT. JESUIT REFECTORY - DAY

Seated at table are Father Kelly and another Jesuit, the PRESIDENT of the university. B.G., a scattering of priest. A hum of conversation and activity.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

Any plans today, Ed? You'll be around?

KELLY

You want to show me your necktie collection or what?

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

Well, I've got this speech for the American Bar next week. I'd like to kick around a few ideas.

KELLY

On Christmas Day?

The President shrugs.

KELLY

I'll be here until a quarter of one, then I'm going to a movie. "It's A Wonderful Life." You ever see it?

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

On Christmas Day you're going to a movie.

Kelly shrugs.

KELLY

It's a corporal work of mercy. I'm going with Andamo. Every Christmas Day he's depressed so I try to cheer him up. He's nuts about movies.

The President nods; he knows Andamo.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

Yes; I remember. Well, I'll see you at dinner.

KELLY

No, I'm eating at his mother's.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

Good luck with lasagne for Christmas dinner.

INT. PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - DAY - RAIN

We are FOLLOWING STEDMAN, who has just come in off the street; drops of rain on his coat. From behind a door, we can HEAR ANDAMO SHOUTING at someone. We FOLLOW Stedman as he opens a door marked "LT. ANTHONY K. ANDAMO" and enters:

ANDAMO (O.S.)

You know what "Macbeth" was about? I'll tell you! It's a play about the deadening of the moral sense!

INT. ANDAMO'S OFFICE - DAY - RAIN

Andamo is chewing out Atkins. Stedman is finding a place to lean.

ANDAMO

Here's a man who starts out with some kind of sensitivity and then winds up feeling nothing at all when someone's murdered! It's a play about us!

Andamo turns to Stedman.

ANDAMO

I tell him to check Holy Trinity Church to see if they're missing a head of Christ. They aren't and he tells me and I say, "Too bad." And you know what he says to me? He says, "Win some, lose some, Lieutenant." "Win some -- "

(he breaks off, turns back to Atkins)

You start with that shit and you're finished as a human being.

(back to Stedman)

All right, Stedman, what took the Kintry kid's head off? Are we looking for a vet? A wire man? What?

STEDMAN

I'd be guessing.

ANDAMO

Guess!

STEDMAN

I'd say shears made of surgical steel. You see, the cuts are --

Andamo waves him off.

ANDAMO

I don't want to hear it. It's Christmas.

Andamo is going for his coat; he's leaving.

ANDAMO

Atkins, wire San Francisco for the file on the "Gemini Killer."

ATKINS

He's been dead for eight years.

ANDAMO

No kidding. You're a walking felony, Atkins. Jesus.

He now addresses Stedman.

ANDAMO

On the entrance exam for new policemen they asked, "What are rabies and what would you do for them?" Tell him your answer, Atkins. I'll tell him.

(MORE)

ANDAMO (cont.)

Atkins said, "Rabies are Jewish priests and I would do anything I possibly could for them." When will the autopsy be completed?

STEDMAN

Tomorrow.

Going out the door:

ANDAMO

I'll see you then.

He enters:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY - RAIN

Someone calls out to Andamo:

OFFICER AT DESK

Got your wife on the line, Lieutenant.

Andamo pauses at desk nearest him, picks up a phone.

ANDAMO

What line?

OFFICER AT DESK

It's flashing.

ANDAMO

(muttering)

Everyone's a smartass.

(as he punches in)

Yes. Hello, Shirley. How's your mother?

INT. ANDAMO'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

SHIRLEY ANDAMO is stirring contents of a pot with one hand, holding phone with the other. Sitting at breakfast table, arms folded and eyes filled with spite, is her mother, an elderly woman. Gefülte fish floats in large jars.

SHIRLEY

What do you mean, how's my mother?

The mother emits a grunt.

SHIRLEY

(at mother)

I'm talking.

TWO YOUNG CHILDREN begin to argue over possession of a toy.

SHIRLEY

Children, be quiet. I'm talking to your father.

MOTHER

Too loud.

SHIRLEY

(into phone)

Honey, everybody's meeting at your mother's at three. Now please don't be late. Okay?

INT. SQUAD ROOM - ANDAMO ON PHONE - DAY

In the background, two policemen are seen entering, forcibly ushering in a handcuffed PRISONER who is resisting and shouting obscene imprecations.

ANDAMO

We'll try to make it.

The Prisoner is now being led past Andamo.

PRISONER

Cocksucking bastards! I'll break your balls! I'll break every one of your fucking -- !

A DOORSLAM cuts off the tirade.

ANDAMO

(into phone)

No, it's nothing. Tell your mother it was goyim, she'll be happy.

(listens)

No, I'm taking Kelly to a movie first. Remember? He always gets depressed today. I've got to cheer him up.

(listens)

What do you mean by that, Shirley?

(a beat)

What do you mean by, "Speaking of goyim?"

INT. ANDAMO'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY - RAIN

SHIRLEY

(into phone)

Always out with the priests. You'll
just never let go.

MOTHER

Bad company.

INT. BIOGRAPH LOBBY - DAY - LIGHT RAIN

Andamo gives tickettaker tickets while Kelly moves toward
us to candy counter. Andamo sees him, frowns, comes up
beside him. There's a crowd at the counter.

ANDAMO

What are you doing?

KELLY

I need some lemon drops.

ANDAMO

Come on, come on, we'll be late for
the picture.

KELLY

I once spent a year hearing children's
confessions and I wound up a lemon drop
junkie. The little weirdos keep
breathing it on you along with all
that pot.

COUNTER ATTENDANT

Can I help you, Father?

KELLY

Yes, I'd --

ANDAMO

No, I'm just --

Kelly and Andamo look at one another; then Andamo looks
away and moves back.

KELLY

(lunging up to counter)

Yes.

REVERSE ANGLE

CAMERA TRACKS CLOSE with Andamo as he moves away from the
counter group, a strange sadness in his face. He halts as
his eye catches something O.S.

ANDAMO'S POV

Standing motionless outside the theater's glass facade is a hulking brute of a man, a STRANGER, with eyes and a face that are among the most quietly menacing and disturbing ever seen. He is staring intently at Andamo.

LOOSER ANGLE AT ANDAMO

Staring back. Kelly enters FRAME with lemon drops, one already in his hand.

KELLY

I got 'em.

CLOSE AT KELLY

So saying, Kelly pops one into his mouth and crunches it.

ANGLE AT THEATER FACADE

The Stranger watches for a moment; then we see him moving to the cashier's box, removing wallet, purchasing a ticket.

INT. THEATER AUDITORIUM - AT KELLY, ANDAMO

They are watching the main attraction. Kelly is to Camera Right.

ANDAMO

(whispering to self)

Nice. That's really nice.

The CAMERA drifts to the left. Beside Andamo, an empty seat; and next to that, the STRANGER sits, now wearing dark glasses that make his appearance even more sinister. He watches the screen; then glances surreptitiously at Andamo. And now he furtively slips into the seat next to Andamo. And with equal furtiveness, allows his left hand to inch slowly downward and over until it is gently clasping Andamo's inner thigh.

CLOSE AT ANDAMO - FRONT SHOT

as his eyes slightly widen; and the CAMERA follows his head as he turns and fixes the Stranger with a look of incredulity.

CLOSE AT STRANGER'S FACE

He is smiling. Until we HEAR the O.S. crunching of a handcuff being affixed. He looks down at:

POV CLOSE AT STRANGER'S HAND - HANDCUFF

CLOSE AT ANDAMO

still looking incredulous.

ANDAMO

I don't believe you.

EXT. BIOGRAPH THEATER - GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY

A police car, red light flashing, pulls up to curb as Andamo exits theater with the Stranger in tow, Kelly skulking along behind, and then slipping to the side, trying to look invisible. The Stranger is yelping and protesting in outrageously queenish tones. Policemen exit squad car.

STRANGER

This is absolutely the most outrageous, snotty, despicable, highhanded treatment I've ever received. I mean, where the hell are we? Nazi Germany?

Andamo hands handcuff end he's been clutching to FIRST POLICEMAN, who hustles the Stranger into pen in back of car.

ANDAMO

Take him.

Andamo is beckoning Second Officer to him as:

STRANGER

I'm a personal friend of Senator Kennedy!

While Stranger continues AD LIB O.S.:

ANDAMO

I'm sure he'll be very sorry to hear it on the ten o'clock news.

(to Second Policeman)

Book him.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Can we drop you somewhere?

ANDAMO

And ride in the back with him?

SECOND POLICEMAN

Yeah, well, have a good night, sir.

ANDAMO

(watching him go)

Sure. It's Christmas.

ANOTHER ANGLE AT ANDAMO

As he turns away, looks around for Kelly, then walks; and as we HEAR police car door slamming shut, and car taking off, siren blaring, and:

STRANGER (O.S.)
You fucking Philistines!

Andamo discovers Kelly against wall, turned to side, coat collar up, his hand using it to conceal his Roman collar. Andamo looks puzzled.

ANDAMO
What are you doing, founding an order called "Lurking Fathers?"

KELLY
I was trying to make myself invisible.

ANDAMO
You failed.
(he touches Kelly's arm; ingenuously)
Look at that; there's your arm.

ANDAMO
Gee, it's sure a lot of fun going out with you, Tony.

Andamo takes his arm and walks him along, CAMERA FOLLOWING FRONT.

ANDAMO
Ah, come on, let's get a drink. We've got plenty of time yet before we go to Mom's.

KELLY
Are you sure? You look tired. Hey, why don't you go home and take a nap before the dinner.

ANDAMO
No, I can't. I can't go home yet.

As they halt:

KELLY
Why not?

ANDAMO
(with an earnest intensity)
The carp.

KELLY
You know, I thought you said "carp."

ANDAMO
The carp.

KELLY

There, you said it again.

ANDAMO

My Yiddisha mother-in-law is visiting with us. And Tuesday she's cooking us a carp. A tasty fish. I'm not against it. But because it's supposedly filled with impurities, Shirley's mother buys it alive and for three days now it's been swimming in my bathtub. Even as we speak it is swimming in my bathtub. Up and down. Down and up. Cleaning out the impurities. And I hate it. I cannot stand the sight of it swimming. Understand me? Now you're standing very close to me, Father. Have you noticed? Yes. You have noticed I have not bathed in several days. Three. The carp. So I never go home until the carp is asleep. I'm afraid that if I see it while it's swimming I'll kill it.

EXT. CHURCH BELLS & CROSS ATOP GEORGETOWN CHURCH - DAY

The bells and cross are in f.g. We are SHOOTING toward Prospect Street and the 1789, "Tombs," "F. Scott's" restaurant complex just across the street from it. CHURCH BELLS RING a matin.

REVERSE ANGLE

Across the street, a group of young people is having a fine, laughing time as they head for the entrance to the "Tombs," the student-faculty rathskellar. We HEAR the CHURCH BELLS from a block away.

INT. "TOMBS" STAIRCASE - STUDENTS - DAY

Church bells still in b.g. We TRACK FRONT as the young people enter boisterously, charging down the stairs, and then PAN AROUND to an ESTABLISHING SHOT as the students head for the bar at left. The rathskellar's walls are festooned with lithographs of old Georgetown, the university, by-gone heroes and favorite faculty. Booths, tables, and a charcoal grilling kitchen, open to the diners.

AT SECTION OF LITHOS - FACULTY AND FOOTBALL PHOTOS - PANNING

Among them, a photo of three men in clerical garb. They are smiling. One of them has an "X" shaped scar on his cheek. The second priest is Kelly; and the third is Andamo. We HEAR:

ANDAMO (O.S.)

No one could do that like Jimmy
Stewart, Eddie. Nobody.

KELLY (O.S.)

That's for sure.

AT ANDAMO AND KELLY IN BOOTH

KELLY

I've seen that flick about fifteen
times.

Kelly has a stein of beer; Andamo scotch rocks. He is
smoking. A STUDENT WAITER is setting another round on
the table as we come in.

KELLY

Thanks, Joey.

STUDENT WAITER

Sure thing, Father.

ANDAMO

And where are they today, the great
players? What we've got now is dishwater,
Eddie. Granola. And then even the great
new films, there's something wrong with
them, Eddie; something's missing. It's
like watching Robert Redford eating lox.

KELLY

Don't give up. I've been working on a
screenplay of my own.

ANDAMO

(suspicious)

Is this a joke?

KELLY

I've been thinking I ought to have
something else going just in case I
ever leave the priesthood.

ANDAMO

(shocked)

What the hell are you talking about?
Who's leaving?

KELLY

Faggots. In droves. Basic black has
gone out.

ANDAMO

Eddie, don't ever kid about shit like that.

KELLY

(shrugging shoulders)

Just a joke.

ANDAMO

It's not funny. You don't have to be funny all the time. When the age of miracles comes back you won't jump on every straight line that I feed you.

He belts back some scotch.

KELLY

Why don't you cool that stuff?

ANDAMO

I need it.

KELLY

You're getting humorless and feisty.

Andamo is staring at photo on wall as:

ANDAMO

We're in the same boat and I can't swim. You can. Stick around.

Kelly turns to what Andamo is staring at.

INSERT: ANDAMO'S POV - PHOTO OF KELLY, ANDAMO, OTHER PRIEST
ON WALL

BACK TO SCENE

ANDAMO

Yeah, that's part of it. Leo. Leo dying. Everything dying in this whole cockamame excuse for a world.

KELLY

Keep the faith.

ANDAMO

Are you kidding? I wish you could've seen what I saw on the Potomac Boathouse dock this morning. "Keep the faith." Ah, never mind, let's change the subject.

KELLY

What happened on the boathouse dock?

ANDAMO

Drink your beer.

KELLY

I think I will.

But Andamo can't contain himself. He leans across table intently.

ANDAMO

I never doubted God's existence, Ed, you know that. Someone made us, someone put this all together. But I'm beginning to think he was either a shmuck or some kind of a monster.

KELLY

Ah, come on.

ANDAMO

Come on, what? This whole damned planet is a homicide victim. What kind of a God would invent a thing like death? It's a lousy idea, let's face it. It isn't too popular, Ed, it's not a winner. And neither is pain and Mongoloid babies and cancer and earthquakes. They're lousy ideas and they piss me off!

KELLY

What happened on the boathouse dock?

ANDAMO

How can God be good while innocent children suffer and die? Will you answer me, Eddie? Job asked the same question and God took the "Fifth."

KELLY

So why should the Mafia get all the breaks?

Andamo leans back, lets go.

ANDAMO

Enlightening words. Eddie, when are you preaching again? I'd really love to hear more of your insights.

KELLY

Could even God make a man if there weren't at least some possibility of suffering?

ANDAMO

I wish you could have seen what I
saw on the dock.

KELLY

What'd you see?

ANDAMO

You know, I don't think God made
the world at all. I think God told
some angel, "Here kid, here's a
buck, now go create the world.
Don't give me any stories, just go
out and create it!"

(he looks at Kelly)

And the angel obeyed him. He did
his best. But his best wasn't good
enough, Ed; not by half.

KELLY

Is that why you left?

ANDAMO

It's a halfassed vocation.

KELLY

(after a beat)

What happened on the dock?

INT. ANDAMO'S MOTHER'S HOME - THE KITCHEN - DAY

Women cooking and chatting. Stirring a pot of sauce on
stove is ANDAMO'S MOTHER.

ANDAMO'S MOTHER

You know who died?

ANDAMO'S AUNT

No, who?

ANDAMO'S MOTHER

Joey Risk.

SOUND of DOORBELL. Exiting kitchen, wiping hands on apron:

ANDAMO'S AUNT

Oh, no. He was such a young man.

ANDAMO'S MOTHER

Sixty-two.

ANDAMO'S AUNT

You never know.

DOORBELL is RINGING again.

ANDAMO'S MOTHER

Just a minute, I'm coming, I'm coming.

We have picked her up in the foyer, approaching door.
Children run across her path.

ANDAMO'S MOTHER

(at children)

Hey, you. No running! Go and watch
the TV!

She opens front door disclosing Andamo and Kelly.

ANDAMO'S MOTHER

Ahh!

She calls inside to the household:

ANDAMO'S MOTHER

It's them! The two priests! Hey,
they're here, everybody!

INT. LIVING ROOM - PARTY ACTIVITY - DAY

FEATURE ANDAMO'S WIFE (SHIRLEY)

She turns and stares toward front door, her expression
blank, at:

ANDAMO'S MOTHER (O.S.)

It's the priests! Hello, sweetheart.

SOUND of her kissing Andamo as:

ANDAMO (O.S.)

(low)

C'mon, Ma, quit calling me a priest.
I never took my vows.

ANDAMO'S MOTHER (O.S.)

It's the same. Father Kelly, Merry
Christmas.

SIDE ANGLE AT ANDAMO, ANDAMO'S MOTHER, KELLY

Andamo is staring off at his wife as:

KELLY

Merry Christmas.

ANDAMO'S MOTHER

Oh, Father, it's so wonderful you could come.

(at Andamo, chiding)

Take his coat, Tony! Company, for heaven's sake!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Andamo's sister-in-law JEAN leans over back of sofa to Andamo's wife. Beside her is Andamo's brother FRANKIE.

JEAN

Hey, Shirley, it's better with a priest? Tell the truth. You must of had some honeymoon, huh?

FRANKIE

Nah, they prayed the whole time.

JEAN

Yeah, Frankie, so did I. I kept praying for a priest instead of you, you were so drunk.

FRANKIE

Hey, come on.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Andamo enters with Kelly's coat and Roman collar. From the other room we can hear:

FRANKIE (O.S.)

That ain't funny.

And the O.S. SOUNDS of the party and of vibrant family life continue to infiltrate this room as Andamo, enroute to put Kelly's things atop the stack of coats on the bed, pauses by a bureau on which rest a number of votive candles, Holy Pictures, Religious statues; and on the wall, a crucifix. He looks at the crucifix; a sadness. Then he looks down at the Roman collar he is holding; the coat. A moment. Then he tosses them onto the bed decisively.

EXT. ANDAMO'S MOTHER'S APARTMENT WINDOW - NIGHT

A time lapse shot to show it has grown dark. Lights burning in the apartment. Music. Merriment

INT. ANDAMO'S MOTHER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

KIDS running through kitchen. Andamo's mother dishing up pasta to guests in line with plates. Frank at head of line.

She shouts at children:

ANDAMO'S MOTHER

Hey, you, you stopping running or no dessert!

(loads pasta onto plate)

Help yourself to the sauce, Frankie.

FRANK

Sure, Ma.

ANDAMO'S MOTHER

And the sausage. I made it myself.

She looks back at the next in line: Andamo's wife. The mother gives her a look; and then fills her plate in silence.

CLOSE AT ANDAMO'S WIFE

She knows the mother wishes her son had become a priest; and resents her.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH CONFESSIONAL BOX - DAY

On the CUT the soundproof wooden panel separating PRIEST from PENITENT is being slid back with a rasping sound and then a soft thud as it locks into place, disclosing the elderly Priest-Confessor: FATHER BIRMINGHAM. We are shooting from the Penitent's side of the box. The Priest's face is averted, a propped hand shielding part of his face from us. At first we hear only heavy, emphasytous and eerie breathing from the Penitent.

PRIEST

(prodding)

Yes. .

The Penitent's voice is a whisper; labored and raspy. We cannot tell if it is male or female.

PENITENT'S VOICE

Bless me, Father, I have sinned. It's been eight or nine years since my last confession.

The Priest nods acknowledgement as now the CAMERA BEGINS TO DRIFT around to an angle favoring the Priest's face more: the Penitent, however, never disclosed. More disquieting breathing; then:

PENITENT (O.S.)

I have -- a scrupulous conscience, Father.

PRIEST

Yes.

PENITENT (O.S.)

This need -- to confess so many things. If I step -- on two straws in the shape of a cross, I feel -- I feel that I have to confess it.

PRIEST

Yes.

PENITENT (O.S.)

It torments me.

PRIEST

Try to make a good confession. Remember, Christ forgives our sins.

PENITENT (O.S.)

Only little things.

The Priest nods assent and understanding as:

PENITENT (O.S.)

Nothing. Seventeen of them, Father. The first was that waitress near Candlestick Park. I cut her throat and watched her bleed. She bled a lot.

The Priest has begun to react, at first non-plussed and then with a growing surmise and dread in his eyes as the Penitent's eerie, raspy breathing grows quicker and louder and as we:

QUICKLY CUT TO:

INT. ANDAMO'S MOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

While some clap hands to the MUSIC, Kelly and Andamo's Mother are in center of crowd doing an Italian folk dance. Children running around.

INT. KITCHEN - ANDAMO AND WIFE

ANDAMO

I wish Sis could be here.

ANDAMO'S WIFE

They wouldn't let her out, not even at Christmas?

He shakes his head.

ANDAMO

She's past her fifth year. From here out she's cloistered. She can't even talk any more. Vow of silence.

ANDAMO'S WIFE

Gee, maybe your brother could take one of those.

They look off. A SOUND of a body fall; then of concerned commotion. Handclapping has stopped. "What's wrong?" "What happened? etc." They start to leave kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kelly is being helped to a chair. He seems unglued.

FRANK

What's the matter?

ANDAMO'S MOTHER

He just fell down.

KELLY

Hey, come on, I'm okay, I'm okay. I just got a little dizzy. Okay? Too much grappa.

FRANK

(at his mother)

Priests don't know how to dance Italian, Ma.

Andamo and his wife into scene.

ANDAMO'S MOTHER

(at Andamo)

Take care of your friend.

Holding up arms as if to dance with Andamo's wife:

FRANK

Hey, come on, let's show 'em.

ANDAMO'S WIFE

I'm Jewish.

And without a hesitation, Frank grabs his mother and dances her off. Andamo and his wife sit beside Kelly.

ANDAMO

Are you sick? What's the matter?

KELLY

It's nothing. I've been getting these dumb little dizzy spells.

ANDAMO

You've seen a doctor?

KELLY

Yeah, I did but he couldn't find a thing. It could be anything. An allergy, a virus.

(he shrugs)

My brother Tommy had the same thing for years. It was emotional. Anyway, I'm checking in tomorrow for some tests.

ANDAMO

(worried)

You want some water? I'll get you some water.

He jumps up and leaves scene even as:

KELLY

No, I don't need any --

(he's gone; shakes head)

I get a hangnail and Tony's a nervous wreck.

ANDAMO'S WIFE

He'd fall apart without you, Father. You're his rock.

KELLY

Some rock.

ANDAMO'S WIFE

You said you're checking in. Where?

KELLY

Georgetown General. A bunch of neurology tests. Father President insists. He's got a sneaking suspicion I'm allergic to examination papers, and he wants some scientific confirmation.

INT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH - NIGHT

Mass. A few penitents are lined up for confession. An ELDERLY, VEILED WOMAN dressed in black slowly emerges from confessional and begins a slow walk to back of church. She carries a shopping bag. At the back of the church, a uniformed YOUNG NURSE awaits her, takes her arm and helps her out of the church.

INT. ANDAMO'S MOTHER'S HOME - NIGHT

Kelly and Andamo's Mother are back to dancing a tarantella. Andamo's sister calls out to her husband:

JEAN
Hey, Frankie, maybe I shoulda
married a priest.

Then she turns to Andamo's wife, who is beside her:

JEAN
(low)
Boy, you must've had some first night.

Andamo's Wife smiles.

INT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH VESTIBULE - EVENING

On the CUT, the vestibule doors to interior of church burst open as in a fairly tight SHOT, a man -- RICHARD MCCOOEY -- crashes through and past FRAME, his face a mask of horror as some unbearable shock whimpers forth from him. Simultaneously, and on the CUT as well, we HEAR a sustained and horrified woman's SCREAM.

AT STATUE OF VIRGIN MARY

The SCREAMING continues and is repeated here and through end of sequence. A startled HUBBUB of other shocked VOICES OF PARISHIONERS are also heard beneath the scream.

LOW MOVING SHOT

as the CAMERA tracks an ever widening trail of blood on the floor between pews of the church. The move is slow and continuous until at last CAMERA tilts up and HOLDS on a CONFESSOR'S box. The door is open. Seated, slumped against confessional wall at a grotesque angle, is Father Bermingham. There is blood on his cassock and on his round Roman collar. And above the collar, there is no head. As we achieve the SHOT, the SCREAM is at its loudest and most piercing as we:

CUT TO:

INT. ANDAMO'S MOTHER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Andamo is on phone:

ANDAMO
What?

As he listens, his shocked gaze turns to:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SHOT THROUGH KITCHEN DOOR - NIGHT

The party. But particularly, Kelly dancing. The CAMERA PUSHES SLOWLY IN TO HIM AND WE CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - POLICE CARS - AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The SIRENS and the SCREAM have blended. And we CUT TO:

EXT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH - STREET - NIGHT

Police cars and ambulance; crime lab trucks. Flashing red lights. Low murmur from a crowd that has gathered outside the church. Police at the doors keeping everyone out.

INT. WIDE DOWN SHOT CHURCH FROM CHOIR LOFT - NIGHT

About sixteen PARISHIONERS sit in various clusters well away from the confessional box where the CRIME LAB TEAM is dusting for prints, taking blood samples, photographs etc. The door of the confessor's box is closed. AMBULANCE/PATHOLOGY TEAM is standing by with stretcher, sheet etc. Griefstricken, alone, Father Kelly kneels in a pew, head down on his forearms. Andamo sits in a pew by another confessional box. He is facing around addressing four parishioners seated together behind him. Sergeant Atkins stands nearby, memo pad and pen in his grasp.

ANGLE AT ANDAMO GROUP

ANDAMO

All right, now, if you'd stay here
just a little bit longer. Would you
do that?

They nod and give indications of assent. Andamo rises.

ANDAMO

Thank you.
(at Atkins)
Tell the others they can go.

As Atkins moves to comply (dismissing the other parishioners):

ANDAMO

Now once again, take your places,
if you would. Would you do that?

The four parishioners behind him rise to stand, two on each side of the confessional box, as if awaiting their turn.

ANDAMO (cont.)

As you were when you were --

He is interrupted by Stedman.

ANDAMO (cont.)

(at parishioners)
Thank you. Excuse me.

Andamo turns to Stedman. A quiet exchange.

ANDAMO

Yes, Jacob.

STEDMAN

We need some shots of the body now.
Some tests. Just a couple right away.

Andamo looks over to Kelly.

AT KELLY - POV

BACK TO SCENE

ANDAMO

Just a minute.

HIGH ANGLE

as Andamo, Stedman trailing, moves quietly to Kelly.
Stedman starts to open the confessor's box door, but
Andamo stops him, closing it, shakes his head at Stedman.
Then he leans over, puts his arm around Kelly.

ANDAMO

(paternal whisper)

Father Joe.

No response.

ANDAMO (cont.)

You should go now.

Kelly, eyes wet, sits up, looking straight ahead at altar.

ANDAMO (cont.)

Please.

No response. Then Kelly stares down. And then:

KELLY

(a whisper)

Yeah.

Kelly then shakily gets out of pew, Andamo assisting, and
walks up the aisle to exit church. Andamo stares after him.
Then, as Atkins enters FRAME:

ANDAMO

Have someone take him in a car.

Atkins nods.

ANDAMO

And stay with him until he's
locked himself in his room.

Atkins stares at Andamo with a foreboding surmise; then
starts to move off CAMERA as we:

CUT TO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOX - ANDAMO

We are SHOOTING from confessor's angle at Andamo, who is kneeling in penitent's box. As we come up on the shot he reaches in a hand, finds a metal pull on confessor's side of the sliding panel that separates confessor from penitent, and slowly, carefully starts to slide it closed. It goes only so far before his hand interferes with a complete closing. He withdraws his hand and slides panel shut from the other side.

AT PENITENT (PRICE) IN OPPOSITE PENITENT'S BOX

Price is fortyish, sallow complected, acned. Very nervous and agitated. We HEAR O.S. SOUNDS of confessional door opening on other side; then this door is opened, disclosing Andamo looking in, holding open door.

ANDAMO

Which was it that you heard; the
first, continuous sliding shut of
the panel? or the second -- with a
slide, a hesitation, then a slide?

PRICE

The second.

ANDAMO

Please come out now, Mr. Price.

INT. CHURCH - OUTSIDE CONFESSIONAL BOX - NIGHT

On left side of box stand McCOOEY and a college student named MANNIX, as if queued to make a confession. He is wearing a restaurant bus-boy or kitchen help attire. Queued on the right side is a girl college student, MISS PATERNO. She is distraught, cupping hands over mouth to stifle sobs. Sergeant Atkins is seated in a nearby pew, pen and notepad at the ready, recording the colloquy. Andamo leans over to him.

ANDAMO

(low)

Have them dust the exterior of both
the sliding panels, and the metal pulls.

ATKINS

The pulls?

ANDAMO

(gesturing)

On the priest's side. The pulls on the panels.

As Atkins nods and rises to go to murder scene, Andamo turns back to McCooey, Mannix and Paterno.

ANDAMO

And so now, to recapitulate. Mr. McCooey -- while you were in here (indicates confessional box on right), you, Mr. Price, were waiting your turn over here on this side. Am I correct?

PRICE

That's right.

ANDAMO

And ahead of you in line was a man dressed in hospital uniform; perhaps a doctor, or an intern, an attendant. Very tall and very powerfully built. While he was standing in the line, he seemed impatient. He kept glancing at his watch.

Andamo turns to Miss Paterno.

ANDAMO

Miss Paterno, did you notice this, also?

Hands still over mouth, she shakes her head affirmatively.

ANDAMO

And this impatience was generated, you believe, because of Mr. McCooey, whose confession was taking an extremely long time.

(turning to glance at McCooey)

Fifteen minutes? Maybe more?

McCooey, ashen, nods, his head lowered. Andamo paces a moment, thinking. Then he stops. To all of them:

ANDAMO

The man from the hospital entered here (indicates) while Mr. McCooey was still confessing.

Paterno nods.

TOGETHER

PRICE
Yes.

MANNIX
That's right.

ANDAMO
He was in there for five or six minutes, and then left very hurriedly.

MANNIX
Yes, sir.

ANDAMO
(turning to others)
Understand me, if I say something wrong, you'll please correct me.
(as they nod)
Very good. And then the man from the hospital exits in a hurry, and at a point just precisely when Mr. McCooey here is also coming out. Correct?

MANNIX
That's right.

ANDAMO
(indicating the respective penitents' boxes)
And then (indicates Price) you go in here and the elderly woman (at Paterno now) who was standing in front of you entered here.

Miss Paterno nods, still weeping.

ANDAMO
Tomorrow morning come to headquarters, please. The old woman and the doctor, please keep them in your minds, make some notes when you go home. You'll help the sketch artist tell us what they look like, those people. Mr. McCooey and Mr. Price, please stay for a moment.

McCOOEY

He is seated at edge of pew, head lowered, fingering rosary beads.

ANDAMO (O.S.)
The rest of you, thank you for your help. You may go.

SOUNDS of departure.

AT McCOOEY

Andamo sits into FRAME in next pew. He stares at McCooley. McCooley turns to meet his gaze. A moment of silence. Then:

ANDAMO

You made a very long confession,
Mr. McCooley.

McCooley looks away and down; then nods. A beat. Then:

McCOOEY

I have a scrupulous conscience.

CUT TO:

STATUE OF THE VIRGIN MARY

HIGH FULL SHOT - THE CHURCH

Only Andamo, Atkins and the Ambulance Crew are left. They are adjusting a sheet to cover the body of the priest. As they start to wheel or carry the body out:

CLOSER ANGLE

ANDAMO

Hold it.

They wait. Andamo pulls back enough of the sheet to disclose the priest's left hand. He examines it, and apparently not for the first time. The index finger is missing, neatly severed at the stump. Then Andamo walks around, pulls back enough of the sheet to examine the palm of the priest's right hand. We do not see what Andamo sees: but it apparently has some ominous meaning for Andamo. He replaces the hand, pulls the sheet over it, stares for a moment at the spot. Then:

ANDAMO

(softly)

Go ahead.

As they walk out of scene, we PUSH IN CLOSER on Andamo. He lifts one of his hands. It is trembling. He looks up with a chilling dread. Then we FOLLOW him, loosening up the SHOT as he walks to a pew and sits beside Atkins.

ANDAMO

Be sure they complete the autopsy
tonight. They'll want to bury Father
Bermingham tomorrow.

ATKINS

That soon?

ANDAMO

That soon. It's a Jesuit custom.
Tomorrow night they'll have a feast.

Atkins registers confusion and surprise. Andamo turns to him.

ANDAMO

He's gone back to God.

EXT. STREET - HOLY TRINITY - NIGHT

The angle is long, includes Holy Trinity and the Georgetown General Hospital building which is on the next corner, same side of the street. The restaurants are closed, the street dark. The only persons we see are TWO NURSES entering the hospital. We can see that the doors are unlocked. A wind blows a section of newspaper down the street.

INT. HIGH FULL SHOT - HOLY TRINITY - NIGHT

It is empty. The only light, the ghostly flickering of votive candles.

INT. CONFESSOR'S BOX - ANGLE FROM PENITENT'S SECTION

We come up on a SHOT of sliding panel (blackness) sliding fully open, disclosing Andamo seated in the murdered priest's place. He stares, thinking, then slides panel back shut.

FRONT SHOT AT ANDAMO

through open door to confessor's box. We see above the panel a small crucifix. Andamo is thinking, puzzled.

ANGLE AT ANDAMO FROM CONFESSOR'S SECTION

Above the sliding panel section, we can discern a small crucifix. Andamo is pensive and puzzled. He thinks. Then he flicks his gaze up at the crucifix.

INSERT: CRUCIFIX

AT ANDAMO, STARING

A beat. Then he shakes his head and lowers his face into his hand, exhausted. And then, with a startling suddenness, the sliding panel is pulled back with a bang. Andamo jumps slightly, looks up at:

POV ATKINS

looking in from penitent's box. He speaks in a whisper, as though making a confession.

ATKINS

We've got an autopsy report on the boy.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE ANDAMO, ATKINS

as Andamo unconsciously leans his head and his ear in close to Atkins' mouth, like a priest hearing confession. His face is to us; he does not look at Atkins as:

ANDAMO

(almost a whisper)

What is it?

ATKINS

Kintry didn't die from the decapitation. He was injected with a drug called succinylcholine. It's generally used as a muscle relaxant in electroshock therapy.

Andamo is nodding his head like an understanding confessor.

ATKINS (cont.)

But injecting ten milligrams per fifty pounds of body weight causes immediate and total paralysis. The kid couldn't move or scream.

ANDAMO

For how many minutes?

ANDAMO

Ten to twenty. While the killer was nailing and cutting him up. By the time he was finished, the kid was dead from a slow asphyxiation. The drug attacks the respiratory system.

CLOSE ANGLE AT ANDAMO, ATKINS POV

as Andamo looks up at him in quiet horror.

WIDE ANGLE AT CHURCH FROM ALTAR

Atkins and Andamo step out. Atkins goes to side door and exits. Andamo leans against end of a pew, then turns to stare at us. A beat.

ANDAMO'S POV - FULL SHOT AT CRUCIFIX ABOVE CENTER OF ALTAR

EXT. HOLY TRINITY - STREET - NIGHT

The angle is such that the University clock tower is visible, thus knitting together the church's proximity to both the university and the General Hospital next door to the church. Andamo leaves the church, walks slowly along 36th Street. At the corner he stops, staring at:

POV NURSES ENTERING GEORGETOWN GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

AT ANDAMO, THOUGHTFUL

INT. BATHROOM - ANDAMO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We are SHOOTING toward the door. The bathtub is not visible. Andamo enters wearily. He has already removed his jacket and coat, turns on wash basin taps, rolls up his sleeves, washes his hands, then soaks a face rag in hot water, lays it over his face, pats it. Feeling a little better, as he lays down the rag he sees something to left, O.S. His expression becomes inscrutable as his eyes dart slowly back and forth, as though following the movement of something swimming in the O.S. bathtub: the carp. At last he turns away, clenching sides of washbasin and bending head low.

From O.S. we HEAR a "Hmph." Andamo turns to the sound.

ANDAMO'S POV - THE MOTHER

She is in the bathroom, sitting in a rocking chair, guarding the carp, gently rocking, her arms akimbo, defiant.

EXT. ESTABLISHING GEORGETOWN GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

INT. MAIN RECEPTION DESK - GEORGETOWN GENERAL - DAY

A Catholic hospital. Andamo leans across desk as:

RECEPTIONIST

Father Kelly's in Neurology, Room 411.
Pathology's Level A-3.

ANDAMO

Thanks a lot.

He walks to elevator banks, pushes down button. In the near background of the shot is a deep alcove. On the wall directly ahead of us is an almost full-sized crucifix. Intact.

INT. GEORGETOWN GENERAL PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY

CLOSE AT LONG KNIFE ON TABLE

Thick and wicked.

MAN'S VOICE

That could do it.

FULL SHOT - LAB TABLE - ANDAMO AND DOCTOR BRUNO

A windowless, basement area. Other than them, the lab is empty. Cadavers and the usual tables, freeze lockers. Andamo is picking the knife off the table, on which is laid other various instruments of dissection. The lighting is dim; eerie.

ANDAMO

No doubt, no doubt. But it would take a great deal of strength.

BRUNO

(slowly taking the
knife from Andamo)

Not at all.

(fingering the sharp
end of the knife)

No, very little.

ANDAMO

I'm surprised.

Bruno has put down the knife.

BRUNO

Even less with a wire, or a
coathanger, even. Now this...

He has picked up the most wicked, terrifying instrument imaginable. It resembles a grotesque garden shears. He whistles.

ANDAMO

(awed)

Holy Mother.

BRUNO

Even a child could manage it with
this.

ANDAMO

Or an elderly woman?

BRUNO

If she's healthy.

Andamo takes the shears from him. He opens, then closes them. He slightly strains to accomplish it.

ANDAMO

No, I find that very doubtful.
Just to open these and close them
-- it's not easy.

Bruno takes the shears, opens and closes them.

BRUNO

Yes, you're right.

Andamo points to something on one of the handles.

ANDAMO

What's this sticker?

Bruno examines it, starts to remove a sticker.

BRUNO

Nothing. Just a shipping tag. It's
brand new.

(tries opening and
closing shears again;
metallic squeak)

Yes, it's stiff. It needs adjustment.

ANDAMO

They replace these very often?

BRUNO

Hell, no, they're expensive. And
impossible to damage. I don't know
why they'd be getting in a new one.

(he looks around, searching)

Well, the old one's not around. Maybe
one of the medical students copped it.
Do you handle burglaries, Lieutenant?

ANDAMO

Why would a student want to steal it?

BRUNO

Might be good for cracking walnuts.
Some of these yo-yos we get here are
weird.

Andamo has just been examining the sticker. Now he reads
from it.

ANDAMO

"In December 23rd." That's three days
ago.

BRUNO.

Anything further that you need here,
Lieutenant?

ANDAMO
 (taking the shears and
 working them slightly)
 Yes. A new earth and new good people.

INT. GEORGETOWN GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Andamo is walking along a corridor checking room numbers. He is laden with magazines, a newspaper and a McDonald's Burger bag. We TRACK WITH HIM around a corner, and he pauses at a room number long enough for us to see the legend "NEUROLOGY" painted on the wall. He continues on. And we go to a:

LOOSE FRONT TRACKING SHOT - ANDAMO

He looks into one open room, almost passes, then takes a half step back and stares inside.

ANDAMO'S POV - HOSPITAL ROOM

A patient is receiving the Last Rites.

CU ANDAMO, STARING

INT. PRIVATE ROOM IN NEUROLOGY WARD - DAY

Father Kelly, a NURSE (NURSE BLAINE). Kelly is facing the nurse, trying to tie a knot in strings of hospital gown behind him.

KELLY
 I always feel ridiculous in one of
 these things. They're --

Making as if to go behind him and help tie the knot:

NURSE BLAINE
 Can I help you?

Kelly wheels quickly around to keep her from getting a view of his exposed backside.

KELLY
 Oh no, no, that's just fine, I've
 got it under control.

NURSE BLAINE
 Oh, come on now, Father.

KELLY
 No, really. No, I've got it. I've
 got it. That's --

They have been doing a little dance over this, and just as Andamo steps into the room to witness matters, Kelly holds both hands up, palms out, in front of him.

KELLY

I've got it!

ANDAMO

What the hell is going on here?

KELLY

Not what you think.

Blaine is on the way out. Eyeing and pointing to the hamburger bag.

NURSE BLAINE

You'd better eat that right away.
You've got a test in half an hour.

Andamo is dumping his gifts on the bed. He puts the burger on the nightstand. Kelly is waiting for Blaine to leave the room and close the door. Meantime:

ANDAMO

I can save you the trouble. He's got several exotic venereal diseases.

KELLY

Right.

Blaine has closed the door a little harder than absolutely necessary. Now Kelly sits on the bed.

KELLY

Any news about the pastor?

ANDAMO

Not too much. But they found some kind of drug in him. He didn't feel a thing.

KELLY

You're lying.

Andamo holds the burger to his face.

ANDAMO

Here, eat this.

Kelly shakes his head.

ANDAMO

Eat half. It's McDonald's.

Kelly takes the burger, takes a bite, chews listlessly then sets down the burger, eyeing it.

ANDAMO

Something the matter with it?

KELLY

No, it's just sleeping.

Kelly is listless and silent. He picks at a magazine while Andamo sits in a chair. A few beats.

KELLY

I had to miss the funeral Mass.

Andamo nods, then looks up and stares at a crucifix on the wall.

POV CRUCIFIX

INT. NEUROLOGY WING CHARGE DESK - DAY

Andamo; Neuro Charge Nurse. He is showing her his I.D. She nods. As he puts away the I.D.:

ANDAMO

Psychiatric. They still do electro-shock therapy?

CHARGE NURSE

Yes, sir. You wish to speak to Doctor Temple?

ANDAMO

Most hospitals don't do it anymore.

CHARGE NURSE

Doctor Temple could tell you. Shall I call him?

ANDAMO

That's not necessary. Thank you, Miss. Thank you very much.

He leaves and we TRACK WITH HIM around a corner to the elevators. He pushes "DOWN." Another alcove. Another large crucifix. This one's head is missing!

Elevator door opens. Andamo steps in. He didn't see it. The door closes. A beat.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRIME LAB - DAY

Andamo, Stedman, Atkins, and RYAN, a crime lab technician. On a blackboard, a sketch of the confessional box; suspects' names. There is also a scale mockup of the sliding panel of confessional box.

ANDAMO

Succinylcholine again. The priest too.

STEDMAN

He couldn't scream or cry out. So the killer was able to take his time. Incidentally, the drug causes horrifying pain.

A long silence. Then:

ANDAMO

What happens if the proper dosage isn't given?

STEDMAN

Too little, and nothing happens, really; the muscles relax. Too much means instantaneous death. In both the murders, just enough of it was given to paralyze. You could jump to conclusions and --

ANDAMO

Don't. Get out of here. You stink of formaldehyde and death.

Stedman leaves with a parting shot.

STEDMAN

The killer had medical expertise.

ANDAMO

We knew that. Get out of here, Stedman. Get lost.

Door closes behind Stedman. Andamo turns to the other two.

ANDAMO

All right, what about the fingerprints?

ATKINS

Well, they're mostly Father Bermingham's. But we got something here --

Atkins has gone to blackboard and indicated sliding panel on right side of confessional booth.

ATKINS (cont.)

--- on the inside pull of this panel.

ANDAMO

On the right side.

ATKINS

Here. This is right.

ANDAMO

Keep talking, you're standing right above a trap door.

ATKINS

So it had to be McCooey or the elderly woman.

ANDAMO

You got it. That's absolutely right.

Andamo moves to the mockup of the sliding panel arrangement.
Demonstrating:

ANDAMO

The killer wants the panel closed so the next in line doesn't see the priest dead. And he reaches in -- slides it almost shut -- then has to slide it from the outside the rest of the way.

A thud as the panel slides shut.

ANDAMO

Do McCooey's prints match?

ATKINS

No, they don't.

ANDAMO

Then it's the unknown elderly woman in black. It doesn't make any sense. It smells wrong. It just stinks. We're all letting the facts get in the way of the truth. There were no prints at all on the left panel, Atkins?

ATKINS

Only Father Bermingham's.

Andamo is pacing, walking away from them.

ANDAMO

(to Ryan)

But the prints from the oars match the prints on the panel.

Ryan is silent. Andamo finally turns to him.

ANDAMO
Well, don't they?

RYAN
No.

A long, stunned silence. Then:

ANDAMO
Two different people committed
those murders?

He looks from one to the other. Silence. Then he goes
for his coat.

ANDAMO
Where the hell is that Gemini file?

ATKINS
On your desk.

ANDAMO
'I'm taking it home. I'll be at home.

He is leaving.

ANDAMO
Never trust in the facts. They
stink. They hate us.

He closes door loudly behind him.

EXT. SUNRISE SHOT - POTOMAC RIVER

Capitol landmarks are visible in b.g.

INT. ANDAMO'S KITCHEN - DAWN

A litter of half-eaten food on the table where Andamo sits. Thick files of papers. He is sipping coffee, deep in thought, absently doodling something on a paper napkin. We hear light FOOTSTEPS approaching; Andamo is oblivious. But in the background, through open door to hallway, we glimpse the mother-in-law quickly, almost silently traversing past, carrying the small rocking chair. After she has passed, Andamo looks up, as if wondering whether he heard something. Nothing. He returns to his doodling.

INSERT:

Andamo now completes an ink sketch of the zodiacal sign of the GEMINI.

BACK TO SCENE

Andamo is staring intently at the symbol on the napkin. Then jerks his head up as we HEAR, distantly, the unmistakable CREAKING SOUND of the rocking chair in the bathroom. Andamo lowers his face into a hand and then almost jumps, so startled is he at the RINGING of the kitchen TELEPHONE. He rushes to answer.

ANDAMO

(into phone; quietly)

Andamo.

He listens. Looks horrified.

ANDAMO

Oh, my God!

INT. GEORGETOWN GENERAL HOSPITAL - HALL IN NEUROLOGY WING -
DAY

We are SHOOTING down a long angle. In the medium distance is the Charge Desk on the right; almost directly opposite is Kelly's room. There are POLICE outside the doors; a hushed hubbub among NURSES and INTERNS behind the desk; and from an unknown source, MUFFLED SOBBING of a woman. Andamo is approaching Kelly's room from other end of hall. He hesitates a moment at the door as a POLICEMAN opens it for him. Then slowly he begins to enter.

INT. ROOM IN HOSPITAL - DAY

We are SHOOTING toward the door as Andamo gravely enters, staring toward the bed behind which the CAMERA is stationed. We see part of a figure, covered with a white sheet, on the bed. CAMERA STROBES flash frequently. In the SHOT stand Dr. Bruno and another DOCTOR (TOBIAS), who is Chief of Pathology. A uniformed policeman is in the room. Andamo halts at the foot of the bed. He stares.

HIGH ANGLE

The bedsheet flattens out where Kelly's head should be. Behind his bed, something we cannot make out -- some writing -- is scrawled on the wall in red script. A wheeled dinner tray sits at side of room near window, a multitude of specimen jars filled with a reddish fluid resting on it. Two CRIME LAB TECHNICIANS are present. One is placing a plastic sheet over the writing, apparently making a cast of it; thus obscuring it. The other is reloading his camera with fresh film. No one speaks. Andamo seems to be composing himself. Now he walks slowly around to the side of the bed. Again, he stands motionless for a time.

Then Andamo reaches under the sheet, pulls Kelly's hand up to his view, examines it, unmoving. He replaces the hand, walks slowly around to other side of bed, and pulls the other hand up to his view: the index finger is missing. Andamo replaces the hand. For a little while he pauses, staring down; then he moves slowly to the head of the bed. Now he stands motionless for a time. Then at last he reaches to the top of the bedsheet.

ANOTHER ANGLE

so that we cannot see what Andamo sees when he pulls back the sheet. His face convulses. He sets back the sheet and turns away, goes to a window and stands there, his back to us. We know he is silently weeping. We HEAR the door open. Someone enters, agitated: DR. FREEDMAN, in civvies. He glances around, speaks to Andamo.

FREEDMAN

Listen, I'm Doctor Freedman, I'm
the chairman of --

ANDAMO

(gazing at bed)
Get out of here.

FREEDMAN

I've got to have --

ANDAMO

(a shout)
Get out!

Then, softer, to the Policeman:

ANDAMO

Casparelli, get him out of here.

As the Policeman takes Freedman's arm and gently but forcibly removes him:

CASPARELLI

(gently)
Come on, sir.

FREEDMAN

We'll see about this!

Door closes. Andamo pinches eyes with fingers; composes himself. Then he turns around and sits on a chair near window, never taking his eyes from the bed. For a time he stares. Camera strobes keep flashing. Andamo lowers his head for a time. Then he looks up, turns to meal tray with specimen jars to his right. He stares.

CLOSE ANGLE AT ANDAMO

from opposite end of jars, which are in foreground of SHOT.

ANDAMO

What are these?

HIGH ANGLE - THE ROOM

Now the technician with the camera stops shooting; lowers the camera and turns to look at the hospital pathologist. The man working at casting the writing on the wall also pauses and turns to stare at Andamo. A protracted silence. Then:

DR. TOBIAS

His entire blood supply.

They are frozen in tableau, except for Andamo, who turns and stares at Tobias. From O.S., the faint sound of SOBBING continues and is the only sound we hear. After some time, Andamo turns his gaze to the bed; and then to the handwriting on the wall, now no longer obscured. Andamo rises, moves slowly to edge of bed, and stops. He sees:

INSERT: WRITING ON WALL

Scrawled in blood, in labored, uneven handwriting -- as of someone poorly schooled -- are the words:

It's A Wonderfull Life

(NOTE: The double "ll" is not a typo.)

The flash of a strobe bounces off the wall.

INT. HALLWAY NEUROLOGY WING - DAY

Shooting long toward the Charge Desk again. Andamo emerges from Kelly's room quickly.

ANDAMO

Dust the jars for prints.

He heads for Atkins, who has come forward from where he seems to have been questioning a tearful Nurse (NURSE CHARLES). They meet in mid-stride. Freedman also bolts forward to Andamo, plus a POLICE SERGEANT. Briskly:

ANDAMO

Get a squad of men and make sure all the hospital doors are locked. No one in, no one out, except for Emergency cases. Make a patterned search, the killer may still be in the building.

The Police Sergeant moves off quickly.

FREEDMAN

I --

ANDAMO

I'm sorry, sir, you have my apologies.

Before Freedman can speak again, Andamo looks around Atkins at Nurse Charles, now weeping uncontrollably; then looks at Atkins.

ATKINS

She was the last one to see him alive. She gave him his medication.

ANDAMO

When?

ATKINS

Five o'clock. They found him at six.

FREEDMAN

(at Andamo; testy)

May I please have your name, sir?

ANDAMO

No.

The First Crime Lab Technician has just exited Kelly's room carrying an aluminum, padlocked valise. He has come up to Andamo.

FIRST LAB TECH

The jars were loaded with prints.

ANDAMO

Then get back to the lab and run a national check. Before that, though, I want you to --

CUT TO:

INT. CHARGE DESK GLASS-BOOTH OFFICE - DAY

Continuation of the SCENE, SHOOTING THROUGH THE GLASS. The booth door is closed and we see Andamo urgently instructing the technician. We cannot hear anything they are saying. When he sees Bruno and Tobias exiting Kelly's room, he halts to draw Atkins and the Crime Lab Tech out of their earshot, forward to the Charge Desk, then continues. At one point the technician seems to be saying, "What?" as he frowns in puzzlement and surprise. Andamo nods confirmation of whatever he's told him. The lab tech shrugs, seems to be saying, "Okay," and quickly leaves.

Andamo now turns to Atkins and gives him some instructions. Atkins nods, starts toward Charge Desk Booth, but Andamo diverts him to another direction. Atkins walks quickly off and now Andamo goes to Nurse Charles, puts a comforting arm around her shoulder, speaks to her. She nods. He leads her into the Charge Booth and closes door behind them. She is still weepy and stunned.

ANDAMO

I'm sorry.

NURSE CHARLES

My God, my God...

Dr. Freedman bursts partway into the booth.

FREEDMAN

Lieutenant, I don't want any "press" around the place.

Easing him back out the door:

ANDAMO

I assure you, they will ooze through the walls. I'm not God.

And he closes the door on him and locks it. Now Andamo leans against a desk and waits as Nurse Charles, now seated, sobs for a while. Then she regains some composure, uses a handkerchief to wipe at her nose; the wetness on her face. She sighs. This signals Andamo.

ANDAMO

After you gave Father Kelly his five o'clock medication, Miss, you went where?

NURSE CHARLES

I checked 403 and 407.

ANDAMO

And how long did that take you?

NURSE CHARLES

A minute. Maybe two.

ANDAMO

And then?

NURSE CHARLES

I came back to the Charge Desk.

ANDAMO

You were here until you went to Father Kelly at six?

Looking down, she nods.

ANDAMO

In here or were you out by the desk?

NURSE CHARLES

Both places. Mostly here. I was writing up reports.

ANDAMO

So if someone else had entered Father Kelly's room between the time you left and the time you returned, you wouldn't necessarily have seen them.

NURSE CHARLES

Yes.

ANDAMO

But did you see anyone enter the room or leave it?

She shakes her head.

ANDAMO

Did you see anyone in the hallway?

She shrugs. Then:

NURSE CHARLES

Doctor Nickel came up for a while to visit.

ANDAMO

Visit who, please?

NURSE CHARLES

Me. We go out from time to time.

ANDAMO

He didn't enter the room?

NURSE CHARLES

No, he didn't. I was out by the desk when he came and when he left.

ANDAMO

And you saw no one else in the hall?

NURSE CHARLES

No, I didn't. I mean... Well -- Mrs. Clelia.

ANDAMO

You saw a Mrs. Clelia in the hall?

In the B.G., we note that the hospital is assuming some semblance of normal early morning activity.

NURSE CHARLES

I don't know. I mean, no, not exactly.
I saw her sprawled on the floor in
"401."

ANDAMO

When?

NURSE CHARLES

On my way to give Father Kelly his medication.

ANDAMO

The five or the six?

NURSE CHARLES

The six. The door was open and I saw her lying there.

ANDAMO

Mrs. Clelia is a patient?

NURSE CHARLES

Yes.

ANDAMO

Of course. I asked if you saw someone in the hall.

NURSE CHARLES

"401" isn't Mrs. Clelia's room.
That room is empty.

ANDAMO

Which room is Mrs. Clelia's?

NURSE CHARLES

None of these, Lieutenant. She's a
"senile."

ANDAMO

A what?

NURSE CHARLES

She's from the "harmless" ward around the corner.

ANDAMO
I beg your pardon?

NURSE CHARLES
Psychiatric.

INT. CONFLUENCE IN HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

We are focussed on the legend "PSYCHIATRIC" -- followed by an arrow painted in black letters on corner wall.

ANDAMO
Your name again?

MAN'S VOICE.
Temple. I'm the Psychiatric Resident.

INT. "HARMLESS" WARD - DAY

We are SHOOTING at double swinging doors as Andamo and TEMPLE enter. We TRACK LOOSELY with them as they move forward, both looking around the room for someone. The room is vast and is a combination Day Room/sleeping area, roughly thirty bunk beds and lockers aligned along the walls. Some of the PATIENTS are already dressed in hospital gown and robe while others seem to be just awakening. An ORDERLY (WILLIS) and a NURSE (JOURDAN) are dispensing medication and helping some to dress. A hum of disjointed conversation. Most of the patients are elderly, but others range upward from about sixteen. Most seem catatonic or withdrawn. As Andamo and Temple walk, a toothless OLD MAN accosts Temple:

OLD MAN
I want cereal this morning, and
figs. Don't forget the damned figs.

As they leave him behind another patient accosts Andamo. It is the ELDERLY WOMAN IN BLACK we saw leaving Holy Trinity Church just before the discovery of Fr. Bermingham's death! Her voice is eerily familiar.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Are you my son?

ANDAMO
(compassionate and courtly)
I would be proud to believe so.

She stands behind as they keep walking.

ELDERLY WOMAN
You're not my son.

Temple points O.S.:

TEMPLE

There's your girl.

Andamo looks. We go to:

A HIGH FULL SHOT - THE WARD

Andamo and Temple are standing still, staring at an extremely frail old woman (MRS. CLELIA) sitting catatonically on the edge of a bunk bed. After a few beats, Andamo walks up to her while Temple stays back, watching.

AT MRS. CLELIA

ANDAMO (O.S.)

Mrs. Clelia?

She stares into space, dull-eyed. Then she lowers her head and makes a motion at straightening her hair. And looks off again.

MRS. CLELIA

Monkey business.

AT ANDAMO

as Temple walks up beside him. Andamo lowers his head and gives it a slight negative shake. At Temple:

ANDAMO

Never mind.

They start to walk away.

CLOSE AT MRS. CLELIA

MRS. CLELIA

(after one beat)

Never mind.

INT. CORRIDOR IN PSYCHIATRIC WING - DAY

FRONT TRACKING SHOT - ANDAMO, TEMPLE

TEMPLE

No, sir, she's normally much more alert. I'll have to give her a closer look today.

Andamo has stopped, looking ahead.

ANDAMO

What's this?

POV SHOT

Just ahead, the corridor has widened into a large square space. In the center is a circular glass booth, a control station. A Nurse (NURSE AWAD) looks up from some reading material and smiles. To the left is a formidable looking heavy metal sliding door with a one-way glass panel in the center.

AT TEMPLE, ANDAMO

TEMPLE

The "Disturbed Ward."

Andamo looks sidewise at Temple, eyebrows arched. Temple reads his thought, shakes his head. Two POLICEMEN brush briskly past them. The search team has arrived.

TEMPLE

Sure, Neurology's just around the corner but --

Andamo puts a hand on his arm to stop him, as he turns toward the Policemen who've gone by.

ANDAMO

Forgive me.

(at Policemen)

Look in every broom closet!

Everywhere!

(back to Temple)

Yes?

TEMPLE

No one gets out of there, Lieutenant.
It's impossible.

ANDAMO

Open it.

TEMPLE

Of course.

Temple nods at Nurse as he goes toward door, Andamo following. The metal door slides open -- revealing still another metal door. Another press of a button in the control booth and the second door starts to slide open.

INT. DISTURBED WARD - SHOOTING AT INNER METAL DOOR

as it slides fully open, disclosing Andamo and Temple standing there. Andamo looks around, walks in, and Temple follows. The doors slide shut behind them, Andamo turning to look at the sound when first door slides into closed position. O.S., muffled, we HEAR disjointed ravings and mutterings of the inmates. Temple has moved to a four-button panel beside door, indicating it to Kinderman.

TEMPLE

To get out, you punch a four-digit combination. That sends a signal out to the control booth. The inner door opens. The control booth operator visually checks through the one-way glass, and if it's staff, she lets them out. And there's a new combination every day.

ANDAMO

Good. Let's take a little look around.

Andamo moves forward and OUT OF FRAME leaving Temple in mild consternation.

INT. DAYROOM - DISTURBED WARD - DAY

Mad mutterings and ravings. Orderlies. Paintings. Therapy. TV. An establishing glimpse.

INT. ISOLATION CORRIDOR OF DISTURBED WARD - DAY

Andamo and Temple are ambling toward us, Andamo staring through each observation panel into the padded rooms. Muffled utterings, oaths and ravings. From somewhere, we HEAR a high-pitched MALE VOICE saying:

"Andamo"

Andamo stops short, turns half around to cell he just peered into.

TEMPLE

Something wrong?

REVERSE ANGLE - ANDAMO, TEMPLE

Observation window of cell Andamo just passed is in F.G. of SHOT. Andamo comes slowly back to it, frowning oddly. He stares into the cell.

ANDAMO'S POV

Padded cell, a single bare light bulb hanging by a wire from the ceiling dimly illuminates the scene: against the far wall, a cot. Sitting on it, head slumped to his chest so that we cannot see his face, a dark-haired man in a straight-jacket. Long leather restraints affixed to his legs and to eyebolts in the floor. In the room, a cart bearing equipment for the checking of vital signs. A wash basin. A commode.

REVERSE ANGLE

Andamo staring in; then he lowers his head in puzzlement; moves away.

FRONT TRACKING SHOT - KINDERMAN, TEMPLE

TEMPLE

He just turned violent on us a while ago.

Andamo nods, still thoughtful, then walks into a CLOSE SHOT as we HEAR again the simpering, childlike, evil giggle heard in the church the night before. Andamo's eyes find their way directly into CAMERA as we:

CUT TO:

INT. NEURO WARD HALL - ML ANGLE - DAY

Bruno, Temple and Freedman huddle in front of Charge Desk, talking in agitated low tones which are not close enough to make out. They pause and stare as TWO POLICE AMBULANCE CREWMEN approach and wheel a Gurney cart into Kelly's room; Bruno turns away and leans across Charge Desk. The door to Kelly's room closes.

ANGLE AT DOCTORS FROM BEHIND CHARGE DESK

They resume their discussion.

FREEDMAN

We can't have the patients being --

Bruno, who has seen something O.S., staring toward CAMERA, puts a hand on Freedman's arm, interrupting him. Bruno indicates Charge Booth with a move of his head. The others look.

REVERSE ANGLE - GLASS CHARGE BOOTH

Andamo is waving the doctors in as Atkins dials a number on telephone.

INT. GLASS CHARGE BOOTH - DAY

In the background, the Gurney cart is being wheeled out with Kelly's body. Andamo is addressing the doctors. Atkins is talking on the telephone. The doctors enter, Freedman first. As he hits the door:

SIMULTANEOUSLY

FREEDMAN

(reasoned,
conciliatory tone)

Look, I fully appreciate that you're trying to prevent any further tragedy and horror, but I ask you also to consider the effect on the patients' state of mind with fifty policemen prowling the halls, SWAT teams with guns and --

ATKINS

No no no. Send every schlepper and tech we've got available. The Lieutenant wants every member of the staff, employees, every patient in the hospital fingerprinted. Get 'em over on the double... Yeah... Well, then find them... Listen, Eddie, get it done or it's your ass!

At this point, Freedman has just overheard Atkins' statement about fingerprinting. He explodes.

FREEDMAN

What?! What the hell did I hear him
(indicating Atkins)
just say about fingerprints? By Christ, sir, no, you can't do that! We've got patients with coronaries, with cancer! You go in and start to --

ANDAMO

(bellowing)

Quiet!

In the ensuing silence, Andamo waits for Atkins to complete his telephone conversation and hang up. Now he looks back to the doctors.

ANDAMO

Doctor Freedman, when the fingerprinting's done, and the search, we'll have the hospital back to its normal routine, except perhaps for patrolmen inconspicuously posted and dressed in plain clothes.

FREEDMAN

(gentler tone)

But --

He breaks off as Andamo holds up a hand for silence.

ANDAMO

Thank you, Doctor Freedman. In the meantime, understand what it is we may be facing. Please listen, and of course, weigh the risks, either way. The "Gemini Killer." You've heard of him?

The doctors look at each other in consternation.

ANDAMO

I know. He's dead. Shot to death eight years ago in a police chase that ended on the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco. He was climbing the girders when a hundred bullets must have hit him. His body fell into the river. The dredge never turned it up.

A silence. The doctors are waiting. Then Andamo continues:

ANDAMO

Do any of you recall the published accounts of the "Gemini's" modus operandi?

A little pause before:

BRUNO

Decapitation.

ANDAMO

More.

BRUNO

Mutilation.

ANDAMO

Yes. The middle finger of the victim's left hand was found severed and missing. And on the victim's back he would carve out a sign of the zodiac -- the Gemini -- the twins. And therefore the name the press gave him. Is that right? (at Freedman) Your friends. And the name of each of his victims -- be it the first or the middle or the last -- began with a "K." (at Bruno) Is that correct, Doctor Bruno?

BRUNO

I don't know, it's such a long time ago.

ANDAMO

It's correct. At least about the letter "K." But the missing finger was not on the left hand at all, it was the right, and the index finger, this one. And the sign of the Gemini was carved on the left hand palm, not the back. Only San Francisco Homicide knew that, no one else. The misleading information was fed out to the press to help them weed out the crackpots coming in every day and saying they were the "Gemini Killer."

"How'd you kill them?" "Yes,

(holds up left hand
middle finger)

this finger I cut off, and on their backs I put my mark." "Next case."

But in this case, gentlemen -- in this case -- three decapitations -- three victims with

(holds up right hand
index finger)

this finger severed, the correct one!

And the sign of the Gemini

(displays left palm)

here. Here! And one more thing. The Gemini wrote letters to the Chronicle boasting of his murders. Always he doubled his final "l's." As with "beautiful" -- two ll's. As with "wonderful."

The CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS to an ECU of Bruno. He looks stunned, and filled with a sudden, surprised dread.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A silence as Andamo paces a bit before:

ANDAMO

And the victims' names. "K."

All "K."

FREEDMAN

(awed; a murmur)

But the priest, Father Bermingham!

ANDAMO

His first name was Kenneth!

INT. SQUAD CAR - KEY BRIDGE - DAY

Atkins drives. Andamo beside him. The detective is bursting from within with repressed grief over Kelly. Heavy traffic on the bridge. Suddenly:

ANDAMO

Let me out, I want to walk.

ATKINS

I'll stop by the --

ANDAMO

(a furious burst)

Let me out here!

A screech of brakes.

ATKINS

Okay, okay.

Andamo gets out. A near pile-up of cars has occurred and motorists are honking horns furiously. Atkins drives off. Andamo walks and we TRACK with him. He stops, leaning his arms and body on the parapet overlooking the Potomac.

FRONT SHOT - ANDAMO

as now the dam breaks and he convulses in tears and sobs. After a time he looks to heaven. His face contorts into a mask of anger and pain. Tears stream down as he cries out:

ANDAMO

What are you?

A pause and the CAMERA IS PULLING UP.

ANDAMO

What are you? Answer me!

The CAMERA is still ascending and with the traffic roaring past behind him, oblivious, Andamo raises his arms in supplication. It is a gesture used by the priest at Mass; and this is indeed a Mass upon the Key Bridge as:

ANDAMO

Speak to me!

The voice echoes across the river.

INT. CRIME LAB COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Fingerprint matching machinery whirring.

CLOSE AT THE COMPUTERS SEEKING A MATCH

They suddenly halt with a jarring silence. Two identical sets of prints are on the grid.

INT. KELLY'S ROOM IN HOSPITAL - DAY

AT DOOR

as it is slowly opened by Andamo. Holding on to doorknob, he then stands stock still, staring at someone O.S. Quiet incredulity.

FULL SIDE ANGLE - THE ROOM

Dr. Temple sits on radiator in front of window. Mrs. Clelia sits on edge of bed facing Andamo, hands folded serenely in her lap as she stares into space. The specimen jars, still neatly aligned, rest in same position on dining stand. Andamo stares. Then his hand drops to his side with a dull slap, and with other hand he removes his hat as he pulls up a wooden chair and sits facing Mrs. Clelia.

ANDAMO

(gently)

Mrs. Clelia.

No reaction. Then:

ANDAMO

Mrs. Clelia, my name is Andamo.
Would you help me?

Now she speaks, but as if to someone unseen to CAMERA side.

MRS. CLELIA

Well, now what about my radio?

Andamo looks over her head to Temple.

MRS. CLELIA

Fix it.

(now she's grumbling to
herself, oblivious of Andamo)
Nothing ever gets fixed. Just a lot
of anchovies.

ANDAMO

(trying, but failing,
to make eye contact)

Do you remember coming in here last
night, Mrs. Clelia?

MRS. CLELIA

Stupid. Stupid Germans.

ANDAMO
I'm the radio repairman, Mrs.
Clelia.

MRS. CLELIA
(looks up at him)
Well, fix it.

REVERSE ANGLE

so that the specimen jars are in f.g., bottom of FRAME.
Andamo points to them.

ANDAMO
Is that the radio, Ma'am? Over
there?

She looks. A beat. Then:

MRS. CLELIA
Those are jars.

ANDAMO
(encouraged)
Yes. They're jars. You came in
here last night and you touched
them. Remember? You touched every
one of them. Why?

MRS. CLELIA
(head down)
Those are jars.

A beat. Now Andamo's tone grows stern and commanding.

ANDAMO
Mrs. Clelia!

She looks up at him. Temple stands, concerned about the
patient.

ANDAMO
Did you see anyone in here last
night?

MRS. CLELIA
You can't cook without a radio.

Then she turns her gaze to the specimen jars, stares for
three beats. Then:

MRS. CLELIA
That one isn't mine.

Andamo looks up at Temple, then lowers his brow to his fingers, rubbing. He's given up.

FULL AT THE SPECIMEN JARS

as we HEAR Andamo's defeated exhale of breath.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOT THROUGH OBSERVATION WINDOW AT PADDED CELL - DAY

The dark-haired man in the straightjacket. Head to chest, face not visible.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE ISOLATION ROOM - CLOSE SIDE ANGLE - TEMPLE - DAY

He stares fixedly through window. Then he turns his head away and toward us, staring down into space. Numb foreboding in his eyes. He whispers:

TEMPLE

Jesus Christ!

INT. NEURO WARD CHARGE DESK BOOTH - DAY

His temple propped on a fist, Andamo watches expressionlessly as Atkins and Freedman have a brief exchange outside. Farther away, Dr. Temple is coming along the hall, approaching. Atkins gestures for Freedman to wait a moment, opens door and pops head in.

ATKINS

The University president wants to come and see the body.

KINDERMAN

Not until we've found the rest of him.

Atkins eyes him a moment, then exits. No sooner does he approach Freedman, but Temple enters and closes door behind him. He is nervous, ashen. Andamo looks up at him, waiting. At last:

DR. TEMPLE

That dark-haired man in the isolation tank. The one that you looked in on.

Andamo waits.

TEMPLE (cont.)

(hesitant and strained)

The police brought him in here about eight years ago. Not "about." Precisely eight years ago this week. They'd picked him up wandering the "C&O" Canal down around Key Bridge. Total amnesia. No I.D. They brought him to us here and his condition grew worse. He ended up a hebephrenic schizophrenic. He completely withdrew from the external world. But recently...

He pauses, biting his lip, staring down. Andamo waits.

TEMPLE (cont.)

Well, about six weeks ago he slowly began to come out of it. Began communicating. Every day he grew better. Every day. Oh, he had a -- strange stutter now and then -- not all the time. Then the stuttering stopped and when it did -- he turned violent. Really. Bad news. So we started with electroshock therapy. He's been in isolation for the last two weeks.

(a pause)

The thing is...

(another pause; and now

he looks up at Andamo for

the first time)

He claims to be the "Gemini Killer."

INT. CORRIDOR OF DISTURBED WARD - DAY

A Ward Nurse (NURSE ALLERTON) is unlocking door to padded cell while Temple leans against opposite wall, arms folded, apprehensive, watching Andamo. The door is pulled open and Andamo looks in.

ANDAMO'S POV

The dark-haired man still has head sagging to chest, face obscured.

REVERSE ANGLE - ANDAMO STANDING IN HALLWAY

He slowly starts toward us, halts, looking down.

DOWN SHOT - THE MAN - ANDAMO'S POV

Slowly, the man starts to raise his head, but before we can see his face, we go to:

CLOSE SLIGHTLY UP ANGLE - ANDAMO

Watching. Then suddenly his eyes widen in shock.

INT. CORRIDOR OF DISTURBED WARD - DAY

Andamo bolts out into the hall, reaches out and slams the door shut behind him. He covers his face with a trembling hand. In a shaking voice, hand still over face:

ANDAMO

I want the file on that man!
Get it now!

INT. DOCTORS' OFFICE - DISTURBED WARD - DAY

Filing cabinets, examining table, etc. Through glass wall we can see activity in the patients' ward beyond. Agitated, Andamo is rapidly devouring the pages of a patient file, whipping over each page with a loud snap. Once the ringing of a PHONE interrupts and he seizes the phone receiver before Temple, who is standing in the room, can get it.

ANDAMO

It's for me.
(into phone)
Andamo.
(listens)
Good.

He hangs up, briskly flips through a few pages of the file before tossing it aside roughly into a file basket. Turning to Temple, with a nervous, irritable edge to his voice:

ANDAMO

This file is thin, Doctor Temple;
it is thinner than a bakhlava leaf.
No age. No description of what he
was wearing. Were you here when the
man was brought in?

TEMPLE

No, I wasn't.

ANDAMO

Who was? Are they here?

TEMPLE

Nurse Allerton's been here for ten
years.

ANDAMO

Is she here?

TEMPLE

(leaving)

I'll bring her in here.

Andamo watches him close door behind him. Through the glass he observes Temple approach Nurse Allerton, who was talking with a patient. They converse. Then both come back to the office. They enter, close door behind them. During this, Andamo has picked up the file again, glanced at a page or two quickly, and now puts it aside as the duo enters.

ANDAMO

Nurse Allerton, please sit down.

As she sits:

NURSE ALLERTON

You want to know about the man in Eleven.

ANDAMO

Stretch your memory, Miss Allerton. What was he wearing when they brought him in?

NURSE ALLERTON

God, that's such a long time ago.

ANDAMO

Was he dressed like a priest?

She frowns in puzzlement at him.

NURSE ALLERTON

Like a priest?

She looks aside, straining but unable to remember.

ANDAMO

Were there signs of any injuries? Blood? Lacerations?

NURSE ALLERTON

(indicating it)

Well, that would be in the file.

Clearly not himself, Andamo speaks roughly, picking up the file and slamming it down for emphasis of his words.

ANDAMO

It is not in the file!

(turning to Temple)

It is not!

CUT TO:

INT. ISOLATION ROOM - SHOOTING AT DOOR - DAY

The door is pulled open by Allerton and Andamo stands framed beyond doorway, hands in coat pockets. He stares for a moment. Then he slowly walks forward into a CLOSE SHOT, staring down.

REVERSE ANGLE - CLOSE DOWN SHOT

as the straightjacketed patient slowly lifts his face up to CAMERA (Andamo).

PATIENT "X"

It's a wonderful life.

It is the other priest in the photos of Andamo and Kelly together!

AT ANDAMO - PATIENT "X" POV

He is in shock. In hesitant, slow steps, never taking his eyes off the patient, he backs away as if in fear of something horrifying that he is powerless to grasp or defeat.

INT. HALLWAY NEUROLOGY WARD - DAY

Andamo stands at Charge Desk with Atkins. Atkins makes notes as:

ANDAMO

Two men in plain clothes on every ward. Rotate them. Twenty-four hours a day. And two in the Disturbed Ward; one inside close to the entry door, and one outside the door. Ask the Jesuits at Georgetown for dental records on a Father Leo Monaghan. And see if he ever had a saliva test taken. They would give us a positive identification.

Atkins looks up at him quizzically.

ANDAMO

Father Monaghan was a friend of mine. We were in the seminary together. He appears to be the man in Cell 11.

Atkins' face reflects an even deeper puzzlement at this. Then:

ANDAMO

I said "appears." Father Leo Monaghan has been dead for eight years. I watched him die.

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY JESUIT CEMETERY - DAY

In a WIDE ESTABLISHING that includes the practise field where the Georgetown football team is drilling in F.G., gravediggers are in last stages of unearthing a coffin. At foot of grave, Andamo and Atkins stand looking down into grave. On a road nearby, a POLICE AMBULANCE and PATHOLOGY ATTENDANTS.

UP ANGLE FROM GRAVE AT ANDAMO, ATKINS

Diggers toss shovels to earth above, and then we HEAR hasps prying loose the lid of a coffin. It creaks fully open. Silence, as Andamo and the others stare down, unmoving.

ANDAMO

Find out who the hell that is.

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY MAIN CAMPUS - DAY

The campus is active with the sights and sounds of students going to and from class. Some frisbie throwers.

INT. UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

The President. Andamo.

PRESIDENT

He just collapsed on the altar. It was right in the middle of the consecration.

ANDAMO

I know. I was there.

PRESIDENT

Yes, of course. I remember.

A pause. Then:

PRESIDENT

Yes, his heart just stopped. We never figured out why. He was healthy.

ANDAMO

And he was buried the next morning.

PRESIDENT

Of course.

ANDAMO

Closed coffin. The usual. All that I remember. But who was the last person ever to see him? Would you know? Do you remember?

PRESIDENT

Brother Fain.

A beat.

PRESIDENT (cont.)

Yes, no question. He was left to dress the body and seal up the coffin. Then no one ever saw him again. Sad case. Do you remember him? No, you left in '72. He'd always griped about the Order not treating him well. He had family in Kentucky and kept asking for assignment someplace near them. Toward the end he --

ANDAMO

(interjecting)

Toward the end?

PRESIDENT

He was elderly; eighty -- eighty-one. He always said that when he died he'd make sure he died at home. We always figured he just split because he sensed it was coming. He'd already had a couple of pretty bad coronaries. .

ANDAMO

Two heart attacks precisely?

The President nods.

ANDAMO

The man in Leo Monaghan's coffin -- you remember he was dressed like a priest. The autopsy...

(hesitates)

He was elderly...and showed the scarring of three major heart attacks: two before, plus the one that killed him.

The President stares. A few beats. Then:

ANDAMO

We have every indication that he died of fright.

INT. DISTURBED WARD CORRIDOR - AT ISOLATION ROOM DOOR - DAY

Nurse Allerton unlocks and pulls it open disclosing Patient X staring sardonically at CAMERA, smiling. SUBJECTIVE CAMERA (Andamo) moves into the room as we HEAR DOOR close and lock behind us. Sardonic chuckling as X's gaze follows CAMERA as it moves to the right and then drops about three feet.

ANDAMO (O.S.)

Who are you?

ANGLE FROM NEAR FRONT DOOR

Andamo is seated on a pulldown canvas cot secured to wall by bolts. After three beats, in a breathy low voice:

PATIENT X

Call me "Legion" -- for we are many.

A protracted silence as they continue to stare at one another. The only sound is a very slow, light drip in a wash basin. Then:

PATIENT X

I can do imitations. Listen.

He launches into a grotesque, unnervingly authentic crowing of a cock. Then the neighing of a horse. Braying of a jackass. Then falls silent, staring. The performance is chilling. No reaction from Andamo. A few beats. Then, quietly:

ANDAMO

Who are you?

PATIENT X

You know.

ANDAMO

Tell me.

PATIENT X

The "Gemini."

ANDAMO

Prove it.

Patient X begins to low authentically like a steer. After this:

FULL SHOT FROM DOOR

PATIENT X

It's often good to change the subject, don't you think?

(sighs; looking down)

I've had such fun in my life; good times.

(closes eyes, miming the inhaling of a lovely fragrance)

Ahhh. Karen. Little ribbons. Yellow ribbons in her hair. It smelled of Houbigant Chantilly.

He is musing, staring at ground. After a beat or two he turns his gaze quickly to Andamo.

PATIENT X

I killed her. After all, it was inevitable, wasn't it? Of course. A divinity shapes our ends and all that. I picked her up in Sausalito and then dropped her off at the city dump. At least some of her. Some of her I kept. I'm sentimental. It's a fault, but who is perfect, Lieutenant? In my defense, I kept her breast in my freezer for a time. I'm a saver. Pretty dress she was wearing. Little peasant blouse. Pink and white ruffles. I still hear from her occasionally. Screaming. I think the dead should shut up unless there's something to say.

Here he puts back his head and repeats the strident and chilling authentic braying of an ass. He turns to Andamo.

PATIENT X

Needs work.

HIGH DOWN SHOT - THE ROOM

PATIENT X

Be calm. I hear the sound of your terror ticking like a clock.

A silence. The dripping. Then:

PATIENT X

Yes, I also killed the black boy by the river. That was fun. They're all fun. Except for your friend, the priest. Father Kelly.
(MORE)

PATIENT X (cont.)

That was different. Not my style.
I kill at random. That's the thrill
of it. No motive. That's the fun.
Father Kelly was different.

A silence.

PATIENT X (cont.)

I was -- obliged -- to settle a score
for a -- friend.

ANDAMO

What friend?

PATIENT X

You know, a friend over here. The
other side.

ANDAMO

You are on the other side?

Patient X's tone drops the mockery; instead, a trace of
uneasiness and -- fear.

PATIENT X

Don't be envious, Lieutenant.
There is suffering over here. It
isn't easy. No, not easy. They can
sometimes be cruel. Very cruel.

The CAMERA has begun a SLOW MOVEMENT DOWNWARD toward
Patient X.

PATIENT X

They can do things we mortals cannot.

ANDAMO

Who is "they?"

PATIENT X

Never mind. I cannot tell you. It's
forbidden. Where I am -- it's like
a...

(his eyes want to
close; he grows drowsy)

It's forbidden.

His voice is trailing away, his eyes close, his head droops.
And suddenly, a new voice emerges from his lips: higher-
pitched; a young man's; stuttering; shouting yet distant.

PATIENT X/OTHER VOICE

It's f-father! F-f-find father!
F-f-father is the --

Patient X's head jerks up, eyes wide, with an effort to fight off sleep.

PATIENT X

Quiet!

He chuckles sardonically.

PATIENT X

A few boo's from the gallery.
Distractions. Never mind. It's
a wonderful life.

(a pause)

For some. Too bad.

ANDAMO

About what?

PATIENT X

About poor Father Kelly.

Andamo waits a little. The dripping. Then:

PATIENT X (cont.)

You know I killed him.

A silence. Then, as the CAMERA starts a SLOW MOVE into him:

PATIENT X

An interesting problem. But it worked. First a bit of the old succinylcholine to permit one to work without annoying distractions; then a three-foot catheter threaded directly into the inferior vena cavea -- or in fact, the superior vena cavea -- it's a matter of taste, don't you think? Then the tube moves through the vein from the crease of the arm, and into the vein that leads into the heart.

Andamo's startled reaction tells us he knows this recitation is without a doubt an authentic account of how Kelly was killed. His eyes widen with growing certainty and his body leans slowly forward toward Patient X. Meantime:

PATIENT X (cont.)

Then you hold up the legs and squeeze blood manually from the arms and from the legs. It isn't perfect, there's a little blood left in the body, I'm afraid, but regardless, the total effect is astonishing, and isn't that really what counts in the end?

After the CAMERA has achieved a CLOSE SHOT on Patient X, it PANS OVER to Andamo, who is both chilled and enraged by this account.

PATIENT X (cont.)

Yes, of course. Good show biz, Lieutenant, the effect. And then off comes the head without the spilling of a single drop of blood. I call that showmanship, Lieutenant. But of course no one noticed. Pearls before --

Before he can finish it, Andamo has lunged, thrown a right and broken "X's" jaw with a crunching sound of bone. He is stunned. Blood trickles down from a corner of his mouth. Then slowly he lifts his head with a crooked little grin. He is growing somnolent again.

PATIENT X

(a whisper)

More boo's from the gallery. Well -- don't be bored. You will have another chance to play at detective, my spoiled priest friend. Katherine... Sweet little Katherine...

Now the totally other voice again, shouting as from afar though Patient X's lips barely move:

PATIENT X/OTHER VOICE

S-s-stop him! D-d-don't let him -- !

PATIENT X

Katherine...

CLOSE AT PATIENT X

PATIENT X/OTHER VOICE

B-b-brother!... F-f-father! S-s-s--!

It cuts off as Patient X's head drops in an apparent dead faint.

CLOSE AT KINDERMAN

staring. He looks at his swollen hand. He conceals it inside his jacket.

INT. HALL OF DISTURBED WARD OUTSIDE ISOLATION ROOM - DAY

Two Policemen are posted in the hall. Nurse Allerton is unlocking the cell door. Andamo beckons her inside.

ANDAMO

He passed out.

As she enters cell:

NURSE ALLERTON

Again? Oh, my God, I think he's
hemmorhaging!

Andamo, about to address the Policemen, does a slow
double take at what she said and stares after her oddly
as:

ANDAMO

"Again?"

POV ALLERTON WHEELING UP MEDICAL CART

She pushes a wall BUZZER for assistance.

AT KINDERMAN - STARING

eyebrows squeezed down in thought.

INT. HALL OF DISTURBED WARD - DAY

Andamo turns back to the Policemen.

ANDAMO

On every shift -- pass it on -- one
of you never leaves this post; the
other stays posted out there by the
doors. Never leave! If you have
to piss, then piss in a jar. Under-
stand? I'm not kidding.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Yes, sir.

Temple has come along hall and entered Cell 11, closing
door behind him. Andamo turns and peers through the cell
observation window.

INT. CELL 11 - DAY

CLOSE AT OBSERVATION WINDOW

Andamo peering in, wheels turning suspiciously. Then he
vanishes from view as we:

CUT TO:

INT. GLASS OBSERVATION CAGE/OFFICE IN DISTURBED WARD - DAY

Outside, activity of the psychotics in the vast ward. Andamo sits deep in thought at desk. Peripherally, he sees Nurse Allerton walking by, reaches up and taps on glass to get her attention. She stops. He motions her inside. She enters, the ward cacophony assailing us until she closes the door.

NURSE ALLERTON

Lieutenant?

He indicates a chair. She sits.

ANDAMO

When I told you the man in Cell 11 fell unconscious, you said something.

NURSE ALLERTON

Oh?

ANDAMO

You said, "Again."

NURSE ALLERTON

Yes, it's happened before. Have you any idea why he's bleeding?

ANDAMO

How often has it happened before?

NURSE ALLERTON

Well, actually, just this week. I think the first time was Sunday.

ANDAMO

Sunday.

NURSE ALLERTON

Right. Then again the next day. If you want exact times I can check the chart.

ANDAMO

No no no, not just yet. Any others?

NURSE ALLERTON

Well --

(she's suddenly uncomfortable)
about half-past three this morning.
Just before we found...

ANDAMO

Yes. That's all right. You needn't mention it. Your chart would show the times when he recovered?

NURSE ALLERTON

Yes.

ANDAMO

I'll take them with me when I leave
if you don't mind.

NURSE ALLERTON

Oh, well, I can't let --

ANDAMO

Then perhaps you'll make a copy for
me.

NURSE ALLERTON

Yes, sir.

ANDAMO

When this happens, is it merely
normal sleep?

NURSE ALLERTON

No, not at all. His autonomic system
slows to almost nothing: heartbeat,
temperature, respiration. It's like
hibernation.

ANDAMO

Really.

NURSE ALLERTON

But his brainwave activity's just the
opposite. It speeds up like crazy.

He stares at her, silent. Then:

NURSE ALLERTON

Does that mean something?

ANDAMO

Have you ever heard him speaking in
another voice?

NURSE ALLERTON

Oh, well, he imitates --

ANDAMO

No no no. A young male voice that
stutters.

She stares at him. Then:

NURSE ALLERTON

Well, yes.

ANDAMO

When?

NURSE ALLERTON

Different times. Just before he passes out.

Andamo ingest this. Then:

ANDAMO

Can you recall what he says in this voice?

NURSE ALLERTON

(looks down, thinking)

I don't know.

(suddenly remembers,
looks up)

"Tom." He mentions "Tom." No, he says, "I'm Tom."

Andamo stares. Then:

ANDAMO

Anything else?

NURSE ALLERTON

Well, I'm not with him all that often.

ANDAMO

That you've heard.

NURSE ALLERTON

(head down, hand to brow)

Well, scattered words. Sometimes "brother." "Father." And -- and "Stop him." Does that mean something?

Andamo thinks a moment. Then:

ANDAMO

Thank you, Miss Allerton.

She rises to leave.

NURSE ALLERTON

"Mrs."

ANDAMO

Oh, Mrs. Allerton?

She turns.

ANDAMO

Has anyone mentioned what happened
to Father Kelly to the man in Cell
11?

NURSE ALLERTON

I haven't.

ANDAMO

And any others who've attended him?

NURSE ALLERTON

(shrugs nesciently)

I'll check around.

ANDAMO

I'd appreciate it.

INT. DISTURBED WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

Andamo approaches Cell 11 observation window, peers in.

POV THROUGH GLASS

Patient X is unconscious, reclined on the cot, various
monitor wires hooked up to him.

INT. CORRIDOR DISTURBED WARD AT CELL 11 DOOR - ANDAMO - DAY

As Andamo looks away from the window, he finds himself
confronted by Atkins, who has just entered FRAME.

ANDAMO

He knows the details of the murder
of a girl named Karen in San Francisco
eleven years ago. That murder was
kept out of the press. It was a
Gemini killing.

AT ATKINS REACTING

EXT. GEORGETOWN CAMPUS - QUADRANGLE - DUSK

Andamo is crossing the yard.

INT. G.U. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DUSK

Andamo. The President. A long silence. Then:

ANDAMO

There was a rumor that Father
Birmingham was involved in an
exorcism.

PRESIDENT

Yeah. About a year ago. In West Virginia.

ANDAMO

They say he wouldn't talk about it.

President nods. Then:

PRESIDENT

He'd promised the family that he wouldn't.

ANDAMO

What can you tell me about it?

PRESIDENT

Nothing. I promised, too.

A long silence. Then:

PRESIDENT

I can tell you this much, I guess:
it worked.

EXT. HEALEY BELL TOWER - DUSK

It has grown darker. Healey clock is bonging out the hour, a sound that cuts to silence as we go to:

INT. ANDAMO APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE AT WALL - PENDULUM CLOCK

Two-ten a.m.

AT ANDAMO SITTING AT KITCHEN TABLE

He is wearing long flannel underwear, his coat worn open over it. Steam wafts up from a coffee percolator by stove. He wears reading glasses and is reading intently from a copy of the New Testament. A stack of official files on the table.

ANDAMO

(reading aloud in a
murmur)

"And Jesus spoke to the man possessed.
'Who are you?' he asked him. And he
answered, 'Legion -- for we are many.'"

He stares at the text for a time, then lays down the book and removes his glasses, staring off thoughtfully into space.

The CAMERA GENTLY TRAVELS OVER TO A CLOSE SHOT OF THE PENDULUM CLOCK. As it does, the PENDULUM SOUND grows ever louder, at last louder than life as we:

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR NEUROLOGY WARD - NIGHT

Silence. The same familiar angle we have been establishing all along: down the hall to the right, the Charge Desk; left and opposite, Father Kelly's former room, now empty. A Security Officer ambles toward us and past FRAME; another one approaches Charge Desk, leans elbows on it to converse with NURSE KEATING, who is writing entries in charts on desk. They exchange pleasantries, unintelligible at this distance. Then the SECOND SECURITY OFFICER wanders around corner of Charge Desk and out of sight down another corridor.

AT NURSE KEATING

Writing. We HEAR something: an odd crackling sound. She looks up. Waits. We HEAR it again. She looks in the direction.

ANGLE FROM OTHER SIDE OF CHARGE DESK

Nurse Keating staring at door to patient's room two to left of Kelly's. Door is slightly ajar. The SOUND -- twice.

ANGLE FROM END OF HALL

Nurse Keating stands staring for a time, motionless. Then slowly, reluctantly she comes around from behind the Charge Desk. She stops in front of it, looks in each direction for sign of a policeman. No one.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - AT DOOR - NIGHT

The SOUND. Louder. From somewhere in this room. Very slowly and apprehensively, Nurse Keating opens the door, enters a step, looks.

KEATING'S POV

Stillness. A patient sleeping on side, faced away from us. The patient's hair is long, dark, and shaggy -- like Patient X.

AT KEATING

entering very haltingly, scanning the room.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

scanning from right to left, then HALTS as we HEAR the SOUND again. CAMERA QUICKLY SHIFTS LEFT to sound's source. A drinking glass on bedside table. It contains ice.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Keating silently approaches the glass.

CLOSE ANGLE AT GLASS

the SOUND again: ice chips popping and crackling.

ANGLE AT KEATING - GLASS - BED BEHIND HER

She puts a hand to her heart and exhales a slight sigh of relief. And suddenly emits a startled, terrified yelp as the patient rolls toward her in a lightning move, raising up and grabbing the bedrail.

PATIENT "A"

Jesus Christ, can't I get any sleep? What do you want?

NURSE KEATING

I was only --

PATIENT "A"

Bad enough you get up at half past five to have breakfast.

AT NURSE KEATING

Backing out door.

NURSE KEATING

Sir, I'm sorry.

INT. HALL IN NEUROLOGY - NIGHT

As she backs into hall, closing door.

PATIENT "A"

Yeah, you're sorry. You do it on purpose.

NURSE KEATING

Goodnight, sir.

Just before the door is full closed we hear:

PATIENT "A" (O.S.)

"Angels of mercy," horseshit!

INT. HALL IN NEUROLOGY WING - NIGHT

Same long angle. The Security Officer who chatted with her earlier has swiftly approached Nurse Keating.

2ND SECURITY OFFICER

You okay?

She puts a finger to her lips for silence. Softly:

NURSE KEATING

. Yeah, I'm fine. I'm just jumpy,
that's all.

2ND SECURITY OFFICER

Okay.

While she goes back to behind Charge Desk, he goes to end of hall opposite CAMERA POV and posts himself in front of double doors, where there is a stool on which he sits and lights a cigarette. When Nurse Keating gets back to her papers, she looks over toward him and he waves reassuringly. She smiles and returns to her work.

Another sound. Different. Like an air compressor's sigh. Eerie. She looks up. Another sound -- more like a hollow knocking cushioned by velvet. She has turned her head to its source: Father Kelly's empty room.

CLOSE AT NURSE KEATING.

KEATING'S POV KELLY'S ROOM - THE NUMBER ABOVE IT

The sighing sound.

LONG ANGLE DOWN THE NEURO CORRIDOR

Nurse Keating comes around the Charge Desk; hesitates to see that the Security Officer is still there; then moves slowly forward to the door. She does not see what we see in the background:

A THIRD SECURITY OFFICER has pushed open one of the double swinging doors and silently beckons the Second Security Officer to come with him. The latter rises and both disappear behind the doors into the other wing. Meantime, Nurse Keating searches through her key hoop, finds the right one, opens the locked door to Kelly's room. She pushes it open slowly and cautiously, and before entering, reaches in to wall switch and turns on lights in the room. She pushes the door all the way open, looks around -- then enters, her manner now assured. Second Security Officer now comes back in through doors, but walks briskly around corner and out of sight down hallway running parallel to Charge Desk. When we HEAR him pushing open a swinging door O.S. down the corridor, Nurse Keating, calm and brisk, exits Kelly's room, turns off the lights, closes the door, and starts back toward the Charge Desk.

Almost immediately, the door flies open silently behind her and with an accompanying SHRIEK OF SCORE, there swiftly emerges a figure with a bedsheet draped over him and the decapitating shears thrust forward at neck level. Just before the shears overtake her, we:

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN IN ANDAMO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Back to silence but for the sound of the pendulum clock. Andamo puts aside a file, leafs through others seeking one in particular. His wife appears in kitchen door in robe.

SHIRLEY

Tony, please come to bed.

ANDAMO

Yeah, honey.

SHIRLEY

(after a wait)

Tony, did you hear me?

No response; he's intent on his search.

SHIRLEY

Tony, the carp is dead.

ANDAMO

Yes, sweetheart.

Mrs. Andamo turns away and goes back to bed.

SHIRLEY

(mumbling)

Didn't hear a word I said.

The CAMERA PANS AROUND to pick up the classification of the file Andamo finally unearths from the pile.

"GEMINI"

PSYCHIATRIC PROFILE

Andamo clears away other files, sets this one down in front of him. He opens it. Photographs. One by one he picks them up and examines them. They comprise, in order: (1) a photo of two young boys: twins; (2) photos of the twins as young men; (3) photo of a TV evangelist. He resembles the young men. And (4) a photo of the TV evangelist's logo: Michaelangelo's depiction of God's index finger touching Adam's. Finally, Andamo examines an old San Francisco newspaper headline dated December 11, 1969 announcing the retirement and disappearance from public life of the evangelist:

KARL VENAMUN ENDS MINISTRY
Noted TV Evangelist
Cites Threats, Harrassment

Putting aside the photos and clipping, Andamo begins to read the file. As the CAMERA PUSHES IN to the page, blurring the words, we pull focus back into a five-part montage:

1. Elementary schoolroom. Third grade. Art Teacher is showing children how to make an Easter basket from clips and art paper. At the back of the room, one of the twins (TOM) is hopelessly mismanaging the simple task. He seems timid, retarded. His brother (JAMES) is a seat away, sees Tom's helplessness, slides over to help him. With compassion and tenderness: "No, Tommy. Here. Let me show you."
2. A children's Halloween party. Tom and James sit together.

HOST CHILD

(heading for light switch)

Okay, we're gonna play "Lights Out!"

The other children cheer and squeal anticipated fear, but in Tom's dulled eyes a genuine terror appears.

TOM

No, don't! I'm afraid, Jimmy.

James grips his brother's hand.

JAMES

I'm holding onto you, Tommy, don't be scared... Don't be --

The lights go out. Blackness. Sound of Tom crying. Then:

TOM

Jim, make it light. I'm scared. I'm --

JAMES

(crying out)

Turn on the lights! Turn 'em on or I'll --

QUICK CUT TO:

3. REAR UP ANGLE CATCHING SPOTLIGHTS SHINING DOWN ON STAGE

His back to us, an Evangelist exhorting an enormous crowd in a theater or amphitheater. TV cameras all around.

EVANGELIST

It isn't me! It's the power of
Jesus that cures you!

Pious outcries from the audience.

FRONT SHOT - EVANGELIST

It is the father of Tom and James: KARL VENAMUN.

VENAMUN

It's the power of Jesus that --

QUICK CUT TO:

4. INT. KITCHEN OF COUNTRY HOME - DAY

Tom sits doe-eyed and spacy at kitchen table. James is preparing a breakfast as the evangelist, clad only in pajama bottoms, lurches into the kitchen carrying a half-full bottle of whiskey and a shot glass. He drunkenly eyes the scene.

VENAMUN

(at James)

What are you doing?

JAMES

Fixing Tommy his breakfast.

As James crosses his path with a bottle of milk, the father backhands him, sending him and the milk flying to the floor.

VENAMUN

I can see that, you snotty little
bastard. I said no food for him
today. He dirtied his pants.

JAMES

(from the floor; holding
cheek)

He can't help it.

The father is advancing on Tom, who is so frightened he is shaking.

VENAMUN

And you. You were told not to eat.

With this, the father knocks food dishes in front of Tom to floor. He roughly grabs him by the arm, yanks him upright, hauls him toward front door. James reaches up an arm to tug at his sleeve.

VENAMUN

You little ape, you'll learn
obedience and cleanliness, God
damn you!

He kicks James brutally in the stomach and marches
out the door.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

In F.G., cellar doors. B.G., the father drags Tom.

VENAMUN

You're going down in the cellar
with the rats.

TOM

No!

Tom is trembling, hysterical. The father pulls open
one cellar door. B.G., James is painfully crawling
out of the house, weakly pleading for his father to
desist.

TOM

No, don't put me in the dark!
Jim! Jiiiiiiiiiiim!

The last "Jim" is a wail of terror as the father hurls
Tom down the cellar steps, slams down the door and
padlocks it.

VENAMUN

Filthy little moron bastard!

As from below, Tom is shrieking in electrifying terror
and James is lurching to his feet, coming toward us.

JAMES

Let him out, Pa! Don't! Let him --!

The father ends it with a staggering backhand blow to
Jim's head. Jim bellies to the ground, flattened,
unconscious.

5. INT. COUNTRY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The father is watching a tape delay of one of his
services on TV, very drunk, speech slurry. James is
tied to a straightbacked wooden chair, gagged, but
faced toward the television screen. The front door is
open. We can hear Tom's muffled SCREAMS.

VENAMUN

Yeah, the rats'll keep 'im busy.
Little bastard.

ECU JAMES

His eyes bulging with horror, alarm.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

CELLAR DOORS IN F.G.

The screaming. And:

TOM (O.S.)

Jim! Jiimmmmm!

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

The evangelist, neatly dressed, stands at window, curtain pulled back, watching an AMBULANCE TEAM load stretcher bearing Tom into back of ambulance. He turns around.

VENAMUN

Keep your mouth shut.

EVANGELIST POV - JAMES STANDING IN DOORWAY

On the CUT, the CAMERA ZOOMS swiftly to a CLOSE SHOT. The burning hatred in James' eyes.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL DAY ROOM - DAY

CLOSE AT TOM

He is seated in a wheelchair, staring at a television set that is O.S. We HEAR daytime programming. The CAMERA PANS left, disclosing he is holding someone's hand. It is James, seated next to him. The twins are now in their mid to late twenties. Now the CAMERA begins to PULL BACK, until at last the twins are two small figures sitting silently watching the television screen in the midst of the dayroom activity.

INT. HALL IN STATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

SHOOTING through open door in patient room. Tom lies in bed, head propped up a little on pillow. James sits in a chair beside him, one hand gripping Tom's, the other holding a child's story book from which James is reading. And ELDERLY DOCTOR is on other side of bed, checking Tom's heart with a stethoscope.

JAMES

"And they all lived happily
ever after." The end.

The doctor finishes examination, drops stethoscope
from ears.

DOCTOR

Doing fine.

He stares a moment at James, then drops gaze to the
hands gripping one another. Now he rises and leaves,
coming toward us. As he gets to door, a Nurse (STATE
HOSPITAL NURSE) comes along and pokes her head in.
Looking at James:

STATE HOSPITAL NURSE

I'm sorry, sir, visiting hours are --

The doctor cuts her off, taking hold of her arm and
shaking his head.

DOCTOR

(low)

No, no.

He heads her out door and to the side a ways, then stops.

DOCTOR

We allow him to stay until his
brother falls asleep. A special
case.

STATE HOSPITAL NURSE

A special case.

DOCTOR

Very special. I've been here for
twenty years, and the brother comes
to visit every day. He's never missed.

He's stopped walking, musing.

DOCTOR

Sometimes he stays with him all through
the night. Oh, yes, the lamp in his
room. The boy is terrified of darkness.
Pathologically. Never turn it off.
I'm afraid of his heart. It's very
weak.

STATE HOSPITAL NURSE

I'll remember.

DOCTOR

(smiles)

Okay. See you tomorrow.

He walks out of FRAME, CAMERA HOLDING on her.
Watching him go:

STATE HOSPITAL NURSE

(softly)

Dumb.

INT. TOM'S ROOM IN STATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

James' eyes are closed, weary. His hand still grips Tom's. Tom's eyes are open, staring straight ahead. A tear rolls down from one eye as the CAMERA is PUSHING IN and:

TOM

I l-l-love you, J-j-j-James.

It is the stuttering voice we have heard coming forth
from Patient X!

The CAMERA has now CLOSED on the clasped hands of the brothers.

REVERSE ANGLE AT DOOR

The same Nurse walks quickly by the open door. Then she returns, a hand on the doorframe, looking in with sour grimace. Shaking her head she comes forward, and while we do not see her turning off the light, we are suddenly plunged into darkness. She exits, closing the door behind her.

EXT. SECTION OF SAN FRAN STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Silence. Then a SHRIEK of terror, repeated and repeated.

INT. TOM'S ROOM IN STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

SHOOTING toward open door. TWO ATTENDANTS are lifting Tom's dead body, covered with sheet, onto a cart. Around the corner, swiftly comes James; stops in the doorway; stares. CAMERA ZOOMS to his FACE as it contorts into a terrifying rage. He raises his face, emits a bloodcurdling cry of pain and fury.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN ANDAMO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Andamo reads from the file:

ANDAMO

(softly)

"Subsequent killings of initial
"K" victims indicate proxy murders
of the father: Karl." Hmm.
"Secondary motivation: destruction
of the father's career and
reputation by way of connection
with the Gemini's crimes."

From O.S., the bedroom, a sleepy voice:

SHIRLEY

Were you calling me, Tony?

ANDAMO

Yes. I said, "The carp is dead."

Nearby WALL PHONE RINGS. Andamo grabs it off hook before
the ring is completed.

ANDAMO

(into phone)

Andamo.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM IN NEURO WARD - NIGHT

On the bed, a white sheet covers a headless body. Dr.
Temple sits with his head in his hands. A senile OLD MAN
is seated opposite, Nurse Blaine beside him, with a hand
on his shoulder. She is teary-eyed.

OLD MAN

(to Nurse)

Is it dinner time?

She shakes her head.

OLD MAN

I like dinner time.

Andamo and Atkins burst into the room, Atkins closing door
behind him. Andamo stops near foot of bed, removes hat,
lowers head and shakes it, sighing. Then he notices the
Old Man. He looks at him; then at Atkins, questioningly.

ATKINS

We found him passed out in the
hall near the Charge Desk.

ANDAMO

Who is he?

DR. TEMPLE

From the "harmless" ward. He's
a semi-catatonic.

OLD MAN

(to Andamo)

I like dinner.

ANDAMO

(at Temple, unbelieving)

Catatonic?

DR. TEMPLE

That's all he ever says.

OLD MAN

I like dinner.

ANDAMO

(pacing away, frustrated)

"I like dinner."

DR. TEMPLE

There was blood on his face.

Andamo turns around to Temple.

DR. TEMPLE (cont.)

We're running it through the lab.

As the Old Man makes silent, automatic motions, staring
into space, Andamo too turns his gaze to the dead nurse.
Nurse Blaine sobs, covering her face.

NURSE BLAINE

Poor Katherine.

CLOSE AT ANDAMO

as he turns an astonished look to Nurse Blaine.

ANDAMO

"Katherine."

INT. DISTURBED WARD ISOLATION CELL HALLWAY - NIGHT

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA MOVES CLOSE TO OBSERVATION WINDOW:
sees Patient X as he raises his head and grins sardonically
into CAMERA.

ANDAMO (O.S.)

He's either a psychic or the killer.

SIDE ANGLE

Andamo pulls gaze away from window. Police Guard, Nurse Charles and Atkins are with him. To the Nurse:

ANDAMO

You said he was unconscious.

She frowns, then peers through the window. Back to Andamo.

NURSE CHARLES

He was.

ANDAMO

And when did that happen? Do you know?

Reaching for patient chart hanging from eye-hook on wall:

NURSE CHARLES

Yes, I was with him. I gave him medication.

(eyeing chart)

One-oh-six.

ANDAMO

And Mrs. Keating was killed at what time?

ATKINS

One-eighteen.

CU ANDAMO

as he turns and stares at Atkins.

INT. "HARMLESS" WARD - NIGHT

Andamo enters and stands, his gaze scanning the entire room.

LONG FULL SHOT FROM SIDE OPPOSITE DOORS

The patients are asleep. One of them is whispering incoherently. Kinderman, at far end, stands still, thinking.

INT. NEURO WARD - CHARGE DESK - ANDAMO ON PHONE - NIGHT

A Hospital Attendant (SECOND ATTENDANT) wheels incoming patient, a six-year-old BOY, up to desk and Charge Nurse (NURSE KLUNE). Andamo's manner is of grave urgency.

ANDAMO

(into phone)

Yes.

He turns to look at the Boy as:

ATTENDANT

Here's a fine little fellah for
you, Nancy.

NURSE KLUNE

(filling in form)

Last name?

ATTENDANT

Korner. K-o-r-n-e-r. Vincent P.

Andamo's party comes back on the line and he turns away.

SIMULTANEOUSLY

ANDAMO

(into phone)

Yes.

(listens;
turns grim)

Thank you.

He hangs up just at Atkins
comes INTO SCENE beside him.

ATKINS

Lieutenant...

ANDAMO

(turns to him)

The blood on the old man's
face -- it matches Nurse
Keating's.

ATKINS

I've got more for you.
Lieutenant. You were right.
Sometimes patients in the
"harmless" ward leave the
hospital. Sometimes with
a relative, sometimes a
private duty nurse. This
week, two were out: the
times coincide with the
murder of the priest and
the boy by the river.

ANDAMO

I want four men posted
outside the harmless ward.
I want them posted around
the clock. No one leaves.
You understand me? No
patients get out!

LITTLE BOY

Vincent Paul.

ATTENDANT

That's right.

LITTLE BOY

I get a lollipop, right?
Just like the dentist?

2ND CHARGE NURSE

(smiling)

That's right.

(she produces
one from under
desk)

Here you go.

(to Attendant)

Four-eleven.

ATTENDANT

(to Boy)

Wave bye-bye.

LITTLE BOY

(waving)

Bye-bye.

As Attendant wheels him away,
Nurse waves.

NURSE KLUNE

See ya later, alligator.

We HEAR the Boy GIGGLE.

Andamo is quickly moving away as:

ATKINS
But Doctor Freedman --

ANDAMO (O.S.)
Lock him up!

INT. ISOLATION CELL IN DISTURBED WARD - DAY

CLOSE AT PATIENT X

He chuckles sardonically. Then:

PATIENT X
Have you guessed it? Have you put
it all together?

His eyes are moving to the side, following Andamo, whose shadow at first covers Patient X, but now slides off him. We HEAR Andamo SITTING on the cot to the right.

PATIENT X (cont.)
How my precious little surrogates
carry on my work? Well, they're
perfect hosts, of course. Their
own personalities are shattered.
And so in I slip. For a while.
Just a while.

FULL ANGLE FROM AREA OF DOOR

Andamo merely stares. Then "X" glances down at himself.

PATIENT X
(apologetic tone)
Oh, yes. Yes, of course. About
this body.

He looks up at Andamo.

PATIENT X (cont.)
Friend of yours?

He leans back his head with a cackle of spiteful laughter that slides into the familiar, chilling braying of an ass. Then he stops and looks at Andamo.

PATIENT X (cont.)
Well, there I was so awfully dead
and confused. I felt poorly. So
much work left to do and no body.
Adrift. And then along came a friend.
Sort of a friend. One of "them." He
thought my work should continue --
but in this body.

ANDAMO

(softly)

Why?

PATIENT X

Let's call it spite. A little joke. This pious body as the instrument of...Well. That's confidential. But my friend was sympathetic. He brought me to our mutual friend, Father Monaghan. Not too well at the time. Passing on. So as he was slipping out my helpful friend slipped me in. Ships that pass in the night and all that.

The CAMERA is VERY SLOWLY inching in toward "X."

PATIENT X (cont.)

Some confusion on the altar when the ambulance team pronounced him dead, of course. Well, he was dead, technically speaking. I mean, in the spiritual sense. He was out. But I was in. A little traumatized, true. And why not? His brain was jelly. Lack of oxygen. Disaster. Being dead isn't easy. Never mind. I managed. Yes, a maximum effort that at least got me out of that coffin. Then at the last a bit of slapstick and comic relief when that elderly Brother saw me climbing up and out. Yes, it's the smiles that keep us going at times, the bits of cheer. But after that it was rather downhill for a time. So much damage to the brain cells. Lost. So many lost. I'm not complaining, understand. It was a chance for incredible achievement. And I did it. The cells of the brain cannot possibly regenerate. That is scientific fact, is it not? Yes, it is. But over eight long years I did it, Lieutenant. I did it! I willed those cells to come back!

(hissing)

Now go and tell that to your headquarters, Andamo! Tell them! They'll lock you up in here with me!

He throws back his head in grotesque, howling laughter. It is protracted, but at the end tapers off and seems somehow to have weakened him. Now he seems a little dazed, unfocussed as:

PATIENT X

Yes. Yes, the cells have come back. But they're -- bruised. Hurt. Very badly. I had to -- stamp them with -- my memories.

His eyes close, his head sinks to his chest. His voice is fading to a whisper.

PATIENT X (cont.)

Memories. Child's play. Little -- Vincent Korner sat -- in a --
(a silence; then:)
Eating -- his Christmas...

Another word so soft it cannot be made out. Was it "die?" And now from "X" comes:

TOM'S VOICE

(faint and afar)

N-n-n-no! N-n-n-no! D-d-d-d --

And here it breaks off as "X" slumps into an unconscious state.

CU ANDAMO - ALARMED

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE "HARMLESS" WARD - NIGHT

The POLICEMEN on duty. Andamo swiftly rounds a corner and comes up to them.

ANDAMO

Repeat your instructions!

POLICEMAN

No patient comes out of there.

ANDAMO

Damned right!

INT. "HARMLESS" WARD AT DOORS - NIGHT

as Andamo enters. He stops, scans the room, then begins to walk through it. A SERIES OF SHOTS shows him carefully scrutinizing each and every one of the patients, close at their faces, alert for a sign of some anomaly. Some sit semi-comatose, catatonically, some making automatic movements and mouthing words without sound. One woman is having a conversation with the host of a radio talk show.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET IN HARMLESS WARD

The arm of a woman garbed as a Nurse slowly and silently pushes door slightly ajar, and through the opening we see Andamo. (The closet is situated in an alcove off the front doors.) Andamo stops, staring straight ahead; then just as he turns to look in our direction, the closet door is pulled shut.

AT ANDAMO

staring toward closet; looks down, something nagging at him. Then he looks up, scanning the room quickly, searching for something, frowning in puzzlement.

INT. NURSE'S BOOTH - SHOOTING THROUGH GLASS AT ANDAMO - NIGHT

He turns his gaze toward us. Thinks. Then swiftly advances toward us.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET

Again the door is pushed slightly ajar from within.

INT. NURSE'S BOOTH - NIGHT

Andamo closer; and in the background, a figure in nurse's uniform (NURSE X) crosses laterally from the supply closet alcove to the front doors. She carries a white canvas shopping bag. She exits as Andamo puts face against glass, peers into the booth. He looks down: looks alarmed. He rushes around to the door, enters.

ANDAMO

Christ!

ANDAMO'S POV

Sprawled on the floor, the body of a nurse dressed only in bra and underpants. Blood pours from her head.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT AT NURSE'S BOOTH

as Andamo charges out toward us, then suddenly halts. We HEAR a staggered SOUND, like wood popping out of sockets.

ANDAMO'S POV

Every patient in the room is standing, moving in from all sides to form a cordon closing in Andamo. We see one, with unexpected strength, pull a wooden chair leg out of its socket. Others already have chair legs in hand. They are grinning, scowling, demonically. From separated points around the room come lilting voices repeating:

"Hello."

"Hello."

"Hello."

And a final "Hello" that is a whisper, followed by a greeting from an elderly female closest to us:

"So nice to see you, dear."

INT. HALLWAY NEAR "HARMLESS" WARD

MEDIUM CLOSE FRONT TRACKING SHOT - NURSE X

Cadaverous of visage, hollow-eyed, the late-middle-aged woman walks with inexorable rhythm. B.G., the Police Guards in front of "Harmless" Ward conversing. As she rounds a corner into another hallway, CAMERA TILTS DOWN to the large canvas bag whose straps she grips.

INT. ROOM IN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The Korner boy lies back on bed, Nurse Blaine fluffing his pillow.

NURSE BLAINE

Feeling sleepy yet?

Drowsy, he nods his head. TV is on. Cartoons.

NURSE BLAINE

Here, we'll leave on the picture but turn off the sound.

She does so, goes to door, turns off light, starts out door.

INT. "HARMLESS" WARD - AT ANDAMO

His eyes dart from left to right. An odd shuffling sound O.S.

ANDAMO'S POV

The patients are close, enfolding, silent, the only sound their slippers sliding against the floor as they shuffle slowly forward.

HIGH ANGLE DOWN SHOT - THE WARD

Encircled, Andamo rushes forward and is engulfed as the cordon closes on him.

ANDAMO

(shouting)

Emergency! Help!

CLOSE SHOT OF THE MELEE - FEATURING ANDAMO

ANDAMO

(shouting)

Police -- !

The rest is cut off as a female patient claws his cheek with her fingernails, etching lines of blood on his face. The action is accompanied by a guttural, unearthly demonic snarl.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FRONT TRACKING SHOT - NURSE X

Striding inexorably. Then halts as we HEAR APPROACHING CONVERSATION from behind CAMERA POV.

REAR ANGLE AT CONFLUENCE OF CORRIDORS

Nurse X slips into a darkened alcove and waits, staring sightlessly as Atkins, Dr. Temple and Dr. Freedman appear and then stand in the confluence, continuing their conversation.

FREEDMAN

Sergeant Atkins, where do you draw the line? We have patients who --

TEMPLE

(interjecting)

Sergeant, he's right. There are some of these --

QUICK CUT:

INT. HARMLESS WARD - FULL SHOT FROM DOOR POV - NIGHT

An incredible melee: shrieking, clawing, snarling. The four Policemen who were guarding the door are now involved and as more pour in past us, Andamo frees himself from the group and races us toward CAMERA POV, obliterating the SCENE as we:

CUT TO:

INT. CONFLUENCE OF CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Nurse X in the alcove. Atkins, Freedman, Temple.

ATKINS

Okay, I'll tell him.

FREEDMAN

Thank you.

Temple and Freedman go left down one corridor, Atkins walks past us -- and the alcove -- heading for the "Harmless" ward.

INT. KORNER BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE DOWN SHOT - KORNER

He is sleeping. Flickering rays of TV cartoons running silently flick over him.

FULL SIDE ANGLE

so that door to room and all of the Korner boy are visible in shot. After three slow beats, the door flies open swiftly but soundlessly. Nurse X enters, closes door behind her.

CLOSE DOWN SHOT - KORNER

O.S. SOUND of something soft being set on floor; then a sliding sound of metal against canvas; both accomplished swiftly. Korner stirs, turns over, squinting toward us.

REVERSE ANGLE - NURSE X

With the decapitating shears upraised and extended, she is advancing to us (the boy) swiftly. A split second after the CUT, the door bursts open, in tears Andamo followed by Atkins and a Policeman, and Andamo is the first to seize and yank away Nurse X's arm at just the moment the shears were about to close around the boy's neck.

KORNER

Mommy! Daddy!

In the struggle, the Policeman has a strangle grip on Nurse X.

ANDAMO

(at Policeman)

Don't hurt her!

Andamo has gone to the boy, soothing him as Nurses and Interns crowd to the door.

ANDAMO

Yes, all right, son. All right.
It's all right.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SAN FRANCISCO BAY - GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE -
DAWN

A tugboat HOOTS.

EXT. LEGEND ON ESTABLISHING FACADE - DAY

The legend reads: "MERCY MISSION." A haven for drunkards and indigents. It is on the waterfront. We HEAR RIVER SOUNDS; the tugboat again. Longshoremen's cries.

INT. MERCY MISSION - DAY

A middle-aged, kindly-looking woman -- MRS. TREMLEY -- is chopping the makings of a stew at a soup kitchen setup. She HEARS DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE O.S. A jingle of little bells. She looks to the sound.

MRS. TREMLEY'S POV

Coming forward are two men, one a ragged derelict apparently just netted from the lower depths: clothes torn, dirty, gaunt. The other man helps to hold him up and walk him forward. The derelict limps.

OTHER MAN

Found a new friend, Mrs. Tremley.

AT MRS. TREMLEY

She smiles, goes back to her work. SOUND of the men approaching.

MRS. TREMLEY

You've got a heart of gold. I'll bet you spent the whole night searchin' 'round for his likes.

OTHER MAN (O.S.)

I don't mind. I just figure I'm out looking for my brother.

AT MRS. TREMLEY

MRS. TREMLEY

(fondly)

All these years. I guess you've brought a thousand brothers in by now.

(she glances O.S.
toward them, then back
to her work)

And now you'll wash 'im up and toilet 'im and clean his dirty clothes and then you'll dress 'im up and teach him on the Lord.

The WALKING SOUNDS have ceased, and she turns and smiles.

MRS. TREMLEY
God bless ya, Karl.

HER POV - THE DERELICT - THE MAN

The Man is Karl Venamun, the former evangelist and father of the "Gemini." There is about his face and in his eyes a sweetness, a tender compassion. There are lines of pain around his eyes; but he exudes the innocence and relief of expiation.

VENAMUN
I don't mind.

AT MRS. TREMLEY

Back to work. We HEAR the men moving off; the limp.

MRS. TREMLEY
God bless ya.

She turns, as the walking sounds stop and we HEAR the SOUND of RETCHING.

VENAMUN (O.S.)
I'll clean it up.

CUT TO:

ANGLE AT BATHROOM DOOR IN MISSION

The door is open. The Derelict is in the bathtub. Venamun kneels by the tub, scrubbing him with soap. Then a Voice:

MRS. TREMLEY (O.S.)
Karl?

He looks to door.

AT MRS. TREMLEY OUTSIDE BATHROOM

MRS. TREMLEY (cont.)
Telephone, Karl. Long distance.

AT WALL TELEPHONE

Venamun steps into SHOT, wipes hands with a towel, picks up phone.

VENAMUN
(into phone)
Hello? This is Karl Venamun...

The rest is Karl listening; going through stages: puzzlement; concern; incredulity; and at last, weeping. The CAMERA PUSHES IN on him, blurring focus and into:

INT. ISOLATION CELL - DAY

CLOSE AT PATIENT X

He is raging, bellowing and snarling inchoately, unthinkable hatred, fury. He struggles powerfully to break his bonds and lunge forward.

POV AT VENAMUN STANDING IN OPEN CELL DOORWAY

He slowly backs up, stunned, and into the hallway.

INT. ISOLATION CELL HALLWAY - DAY

Venamun is staring into the cell. Although muffled, the cries and bedlam shouts of other patients in cells join in to underscore the bellowing of Patient X. Nurse Charles and an Attendant (THIRD ATTENDANT) are moving along the passageway trying to calm the other patients. Venamun turns an awed glance at Andamo, who stands to the side, and then walks over to him.

VENAMUN

(shaken)

I need a minute.

Andamo nods. Venamun leans against wall, leans face into a hand. Then abruptly he comes up close to Andamo again.

VENAMUN

(anguished)

This is crazy. That's not him.

It can't be him.

ANDAMO

We have to try. There's nothing left. Sir, will you try?

Venamun's eyes scan Andamo's; deep down he's afraid it's true. Then abruptly he puts his back to wall, lowers face into hand. His lips move rapidly in murmurs. He is praying. Abruptly, the outcries from Patient X cease; then the other patients. Venamun looks up. There is an extraordinary silence in the hallway. From within his cell we HEAR a seductive voice:

PATIENT X (O.S.)

Come in, Father...Come in.

INT. PATIENT X'S CELL - AT DOOR - DAY

As Venamun appears in doorway; pauses; then turns to Andamo O.S.

VENAMUN

(softly)

Don't come in. I want the
door closed behind me..

Now he looks in at Patient X again. And steps forward into the cell. The door swings softly shut behind him. For a moment he startles at the sound; then again looks forward.

SIDE ANGLE TO INCLUDE VENAMUN, PATIENT X

PATIENT X

Come a little closer, Father.

After a hesitation, Venamun comes two steps closer.

PATIENT X

That's right. Every father should
be closer to his sons. We're both
here. Tom is here. We've both
missed you so much.

A sardonic laugh.

PATIENT X

We've tried to make you very proud
of us, Father. Keep your name up
in lights. Bloody lights. Have
you enjoyed the notoriety, Father?
All for you.

VENAMUN

You're not my son.

PATIENT X

(a fierce but
intelligible whisper)

I'm your son. Can you hear me?
Come closer?

Venamun comes closer. Patient X spits projectilely, hitting Venamun in the eye with a gob of mucous. As Venamun wipes it off:

PATIENT X

(still the whisper)

I'm your son. You gave mother a
locket with a picture of Jesus in
it for her birthday on March 21st,
1958.

VENAMUN

(a gasp, a trembling
hand moving to his
temple)

Oh, my God!

PATIENT X

You put Tom in the cellar with
the rats!

TOGETHER

PATIENT X

In the dark! I'm your
son, I'm your son!

(and now from
the whisper, a
sudden shout)

I'm your son!

VENAMUN

Oh, my God, oh, my God,
oh, my --

Venamun falls back weak and shaken to the support of a padded wall, where he weeps.

PATIENT X

I'm your little Jimmy boy, Father!

I'm the "Gemini!" You bastard!

You scum!

He again lunges forward, trying to burst his bonds, and from his mouth emanates the authentic bellowing of a steer, but with an unearthly metallic quality added.

CLOSE AT VENAMUN

Weeping.

VENAMUN

Jesus help me!

INT. ISOLATION CELL CORRIDOR - DAY

The bellowing; other unearthly, raging sounds. Andamo is staring in through observation window. He shakes his head and moves away. The Nurse and Attendant are leaned against wall a little way down from Patient X's cell. Wonder and consternation. As he passes them:

ANDAMO

Call me when Venamun comes out.
I'll be inside.

As Andamo disappears around a corner, a sudden silence from the cell. The Nurse, curious, comes forward and looks through observation window.

POV THROUGH WINDOW

Venamun is standing in center of cell, close to and obscuring Patient X. Venamun's back is to us.

INT. ISOLATION CELL CORRIDOR - DAY

Nothing to interest her, the Nurse returns to her place beside the Attendant.

INT. PATIENT X'S ISOLATION CELL - DAY

CLOSE AT PATIENT X

PATIENT X

Why this is too wonderful, Father.
Do you mean it? No, you're
teasing me. It's just a little
joke, Father, isn't it. Isn't it?

Then his gaze drops lower as we HEAR an O.S. SOUND of METAL sliding against CLOTH. Patient X looks back up. He seems pleased.

PATIENT X

Why, Father!

AT VENAMUN

In his hand, held so that his body shields it from view of anyone at the observation window, is a most wicked, gleaming, long and razor-sharp knife.

VENAMUN

(tears in his eyes)
I'm responsible for what you are.
And it's up to me to terminate
what you are. Understand why I'm
doing this, James. It's all for
nothing if you don't understand it.
I'm doing it --
(a sob)
because I love you.

He lifts the knife and strikes toward Patient X.

CLOSE ANGLE AT STRAIGHT-JACKET RESTRAINTS

The knife isn't killing him; it is being used to cut loose Patient X's restraints in lightning strokes so that one of his hands is freed. The knife is then thrust into X's hand. CAMERA PANS up to stunned look on X's face.

CLOSE POV AT VENAMUN

VENAMUN
(hoarse whisper
through the tears)
Kill me, Jim. Quickly! Do it now!

INT. DISTURBED WARD DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Andamo seated at desk with head lowered into hand.
Jerks up at SOUND of O.S. NURSE SCREAMING. He jumps
up running.

INT. ISOLATION CELL CORRIDOR - DAY

Nurse is fumbling at lock of cell, pulls it open. Andamo
rounds the corner.

INT. ISOLATION CELL - DAY

Patient X is doubled over, Venamun on his knees in front
of him, his hand cradles X's face.

VENAMUN
(weeping)
Oh, no! God, no!

Venamun's other hand is gripping both of X's. The latter
are wrapped around the handle of the knife, the blade
partly buried in X's. And now, as we watch, X drives the
blade in deeper; drives it home with a grunt. Andamo has
rushed into SCENE, crouching down between X and Venamun.

ANDAMO
(a whisper)
God almighty.

Head low, eyes closed, and in Tom's stuttering voice, as
from afar:

PATIENT X
I-I-I had -- to d-do it -- F-f-father.

X slowly raises a trembling hand, unseeing, toward his
head, feeling for something. Venamun grips the hand in
his.

PATIENT X
(in his own voice;
a murmur)
You didn't -- have to do that -- Tom.

X's hand goes limp in Venamun's. He looks at it, gently lowers it. Then he bends his head and kisses the back of X's hand. FREEZE THE FRAME for two beats. Then:

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIV. JESUIT CEMETERY - L.S. - DAWN

Mourners and celebrants are slowly trooping away. Casket rests on the earth, draped. Andamo and the University President stand together, Andamo holding his hat.

CLOSER ANGLE - ANDAMO, UNIV. PRESIDENT

They stare at the casket. A beat. Abruptly, Andamo turns and walks away. The CAMERA RISES to a HIGH SHOT of the scene and we:

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. CONVENT OF NUNS - DAY

An order whose members are contemplatives and are forbidden to speak.

INT. CONVENT RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A barrier of wood and glass. On the visitors' side, Andamo waits. Another NUN leads Andamo's SISTER into the room on the other side of the barrier, points to a wall clock on her side and holds up three fingers. The Nun retreats back inside the convent while Andamo's sister comes to face him on the other side of the glass. She has three minutes. They examine each others' faces. Then:

ANDAMO

Hello, Sis.

(a pause)

You look good.

She smiles. A pause.

ANDAMO

Now that I'm here I don't know
what to say.

Andamo searches. At last he comes up with something familiar, something from his world that concretizes what he is trying to say; to get from his sister.

ANDAMO

Two young punks with .22's went into the mountains last week; they went to fire at a practise range. A mother - her daughter - the son-in-law - their kid. A little girl. Two years old. One punk tells the other, "Let's kill them and take their guns." The other said, "That's stupid; and besides, there's the kid. I couldn't do it." And the first one said, "I'll take the kid." They killed them all.

(a pause)

For their guns.

Now he's run out of familiar territory. He searches. He reads the unspoken answer in her eyes.

ANDAMO

Yeah, I know, Sis: we can't have free will without someone choosing evil. But who is it who chooses that there ought to be earthquakes? Who chooses that kids should be born deformed? Who chooses cancer and Mongoloid babies and floods and tornadoes and disease and death? Who chooses all of that, Sis? Tell me who!

A long silence.

ANDAMO

How can God be good?

(a pause)

I don't know why I exist.

(a pause)

I don't know why you have faith.

(a longer pause)

Tell me why.

She stares. At last she places her hand, palm forward, against the glass. A pause. Then Andamo presses his hand to the spot, matching finger for finger. They stand thus in silence until the other Nun appears again. It is time. The sister leaves. Andamo watches until she is gone. He turns and walks away.

At the exit, Andamo sees a Holy Water font. He stops, stares at it, uncertain. He thinks. Then quickly, and in a perfunctory manner, he dips his fingers into the font and blesses himself as he hurries out the door of the convent, like a Catholic at Mass who is late for a ball game. We hold on the open door.

SLOWLY FADE OUT.