

FINAL ANALYSIS

Screenplay By

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Story by Robert Berger and Wesley Strick

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Director:
John Boorman

THE SCREEN IS BLACK. FADE UP ON:

A SEA OF FACES. Twisted. Contorted. Mouths open wide -- black holes, screaming. But silently: these SHOTS are MOS.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER TWISTED FACE. A young CRAZY MAN. He slowly brings a gun INTO FRAME. Slides the barrel into his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANT STADIUM - NIGHT

The sea of faces again. Black, brown, white --- football fans. Without sound it's a strange, almost savage spectacle. Munch's "Scream" times ten-thousand. Slowly FADE UP SOUND ... a dull ambient ROAR.

CUT TO:

INT. WELFARE HOTEL - SAME TIME

A filthy little room somewhere in the South Bronx. The Crazy Man stands on a mattress, the gun still in his mouth. At his feet a Girl is curled, her wrists slashed. TWO COPS stand in the doorway, crouched, guns drawn. A standoff in some circle of metropolitan hell.

COP 1
Put it down. Slow.

The Crazy Man slides the gun out of his mouth. Lets it fall onto the mattress. He is grinning.

CRAZY MAN
Welcome to the Bantarian Embassy.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIANT STADIUM - NIGHT

Taylor sacks Montana for a big loss.

THREE FANS leap up, in their seats. All in their late 30's.

MIKE O'BRIEN, an ursine Public Defender with fiery eyes;

ALAN LOWENTHAL, a meticulous, conservative psychiatrist; and in between them:

ISAAC BARR, another psychiatrist, somewhat less meticulous and conservative.

Through the din, Isaac realizes that his beeper is BEEPING.

BENEATH THE STANDS

As Isaac moves past the hot dog vendors toward the nearest exit. Beneath the cantilevered rows of stands, he passes a strange, skinny MAN who spasmodically jerks -- a marionette going cold turkey -- to the rise and fall of the fans' ROAR.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT (MOVING)

Isaac has pulled an electric shaver from his briefcase. He runs it over his cheeks as the cab hurtles downtown.

It's hard to get an even shave, as the cab drops into deep potholes and bounces out again.

Now he stuffs the shaver back into his case as the cab pulls up in front of Bellevue Hospital.

CABBIE

I used to be in there. They threw me out. That was wrong. I shouldn't be driving this cab, I'm a crazy person.

As Isaac hands over the fare:

ISAAC

Y'have to be crazy to drive a cab ...

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING AREA - SAME TIME

Teeming with loud, angry lunatics. Every seat is taken, even a couple of stretchers.

Guarded by a bored and hulking C.O., a NURSE takes the pulse of the handcuffed Crazy Man.

CRAZY MAN

There's no need for that. My pulse rate is twenty.

C.O.

Sounds more like your IQ.

Provoked, the Crazy Man springs at the big C.O. The C.O. steps back and whallops the Crazy man with a ham-fist.

INT. PRISON WARD ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Isaac reaches the first of three heavy steel gates with the emblem "N.Y.C. Department of Corrections" bolted to it.

ISAAC

Crack the gate!

INT. HOLDING AREA - A MINUTE LATER

Crazy Man is being guarded now by TWO C.O.'s. A fresh bruise on his cheek.

Isaac, entering, immediately notices the bruise. He and the C.O.'s trade tense looks. Now, soft but emphatic:

ISAAC

We'll be okay.

C.O. 2

Your call.

Reluctantly, the two C.O.'s exit.

Isaac sits on the bench opposite Crazy Man, who regards him with cold, slitted eyes.

ISAAC

Do you understand that you're in a hospital, and that it's a special kind of hospital?

The Crazy Man just glares.

ISAAC

It's a prison. Do you understand that you're going to be charged?

CRAZY MAN

I'm already charged, with ions from Bantar.

ISAAC

"Bantar"?

CRAZY MAN

The planet.

ISAAC

What I mean is, do you understand why you're here?

CRAZY MAN

To prepare for the landing. This facility will make a suitable headquarters.

Isaac considers this. It doesn't make sense.

ISAAC

You'd think they'd want something closer to midtown.

Crazy Man stares at Isaac. Now, the hint of a smile.

CRAZY MAN
You've been to Bantar, haven't you?

ISAAC
(shrugs)
Only on business.

INT. NURSING STATION - NIGHT - LATER

Isaac raids the med closet as a pretty duty nurse (FRANKLIN) makes notations in her charts.

NURSE FRANKLIN
Guy psycho or whacked out on dope?

ISAAC
I'll hedge my bets. Both.

He finds what he's looking for: Maalox. As he swigs:

NURSE FRANKLIN
We've stashed some Chardonnay in the fridge, behind the urine samples and tetanus toxoid.

Isaac doesn't pick up on the offer. Franklin tries again.

NURSE FRANKLIN
Robert's out of town till Wednesday ...

A beat, then Isaac snaps shut Crazy Man's chart.

ISAAC
Really? Maybe tomorrow night ... But I don't know -- I've got this thing ...

Franklin nods: this thing. Great. And Isaac hurries out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISAAC'S BUILDING - LATE NIGHT

A brownstone on 19th off Broadway. Isaac has the lower two floors, and the basement office.

He steps out of a cab, in front of a huge hairy HOMELESS MAN warming himself by a garbage can -- its contents are afire.

HOMELESS MAN
Hey Doc. Would you consider loaning me five-thousand dollars?

Isaac hands him a pile of change, then hurries to his door.

INT. ISAAC'S LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Isaac turns on a light, on a dimmer, very low. Our first impression is of books, everywhere. And second, of the sorts of fixtures and furnishings a bachelor would have, unaccountably mixed with older, worn items from another era.

A dark, older WOMAN steps into the room. She's been knitting a sweater. They speak softly.

WOMAN

Everything's fine. She's fast asleep.

ISAAC

Thanks, Maria. Let me call you a cab.

WOMAN (MARIA)

I'll do it.

She goes to the phone. Isaac crosses, into:

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

A LADY, not that old, but frail, her body slightly bowed, is tucked in bed. Her features are relaxed, blank ... but there is an intelligence, somehow, in her eyes. Her eyes are open.

Isaac sits on the couch opposite the bed. Quietly:

ISAAC

Got beeped at the game. Missed the end
... Just gets worse at the hospital ...
The city's at war. A war in the head,
in people's heads, and we're losing.

Isaac's mother doesn't respond. It doesn't seem as though she can hear him. Nevertheless he continues to "converse".

ISAAC

I'll be home all morning ...

He nods down at the floor, signifying the floor below.

ISAAC

Private patients. I know, I know, but
it just piles up ...
(remembers)
... then court, tomorrow afternoon.

We HEAR the night nurse letting herself out. Isaac stands, crosses to his mother's bedside. Strokes her forehead.

ISAAC
Okay, okay. I promise I'll slow down.

CUT TO:

INT. ISAAC'S OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Quiet and austere. Black blinds block the view. The desk is made of two filing cabinets and a marble top. There's an Eames chair opposite the desk chair and a black leather couch opposite the Eames chair. Isaac sits in the Eames chair.

OFF-SCREEN, we hear the VOICE of a young WOMAN.

WOMAN (OS)
... I've had the dream again.

Lying on the couch is DIANA BAYLOR, mid-20's. Very pretty, but pale and thin. In drab clothes and schoolgirl bangs.

Clearly much of the session has already passed: her eyes are closed, her body limp.

DIANA
I'm arranging flowers on a table ... as
a centerpiece ...

Isaac watches as she twists on the couch, causing her skirt to hike up ever higher on her thighs.

DIANA
I decorate the flowerpot with fancy
paper ...

Suddenly her eyelids roll wide open, like a doll's.

DIANA
By the way, my sister --

ISAAC
Wait. Let's go back to your dream.
Tell me more about the flowers.

DIANA
There's nothing more to tell.

She swings her feet over the side of the couch and sits up.

DIANA
My sister still wants to talk to you.
She thinks she knows some things about
Mom and Dad that might shed some light.

Isaac glances at his clock: As he suspected, end of session.

ISAAC

Maybe these are things we'd do better to uncover in our work here, Diana.

DIANA

She's paying for this, Dr. Barr.

ISAAC

Why don't we discuss how that makes you feel in our next session?

Diana hesitates, then stands. As she starts toward the door:

ISAAC

And try to be on time, please.

Diana turns. Explains:

DIANA

It's not me, it's the stove.

Isaac looks at her.

DIANA

Whenever I leave my apartment, I have to go back to be sure the stove's off. Then after I check it, I have to go back to be sure the pilot light didn't blow out when I closed the oven door.

ISAAC

That's why you were late today?

DIANA

I went back thirteen times.

She stands there, awaiting a response from Isaac. Finally:

ISAAC

It could be ... that you perform this ritual in order to be late.

Diana looks confused.

ISAAC

To put people off. Make them "give up" on you. As a way of avoiding intimacy.

DIANA

You mean I'm "passive aggressive" ...

Isaac stands. Calmly, firmly, as he shows her to the door:

ISAAC

We'll get into it on Thursday.

He gently closes the door on her. Then bolts to his desk -- he's late! --

Isaac madly grabs at a bunch of papers, and thrusts them into his briefcase --

CUT TO:

INT. GYPSY CAB - AFTERNOON

Speeding up to 161st Street. Past half-demolished housing developments and bombed-out storefronts. Beirut, the Bronx.

Isaac alternately reviews his papers and stares out at the devastation. His knee jiggles. As they stop at a red light:

ISAAC

(whispers)

Don't be mean, turn to green.

A chant he's used since he was young. The light stays red.

ISAAC

Don't be mean, turn to gr--

The CABBIE jumps the red light and goes SCREECHING through an intersection, just missing two others cars.

ISAAC

Take it easy!

CABBIE

You said you were inna hurry!

ISAAC

I was kidding.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONX SUPREME COURT - AFTERNOON

In the back, Legal Aid Lawyers try to convince various pimps, prostitutes, dope dealers, motorcycle punks, to cop pleas.

Isaac, on the witness stand, is being cross-examined.

ASSISTANT D.A.

This is a schizophrenic patient who may suffer a relapse in the future. Isn't that true?

ISAAC

I don't agree that Pepe Carrero suffers from a schizophrenic illness.

(more)

ISAAC (Cont'd)
 Nonetheless the prognostic indicators of what you call a "relapse" are: Previous hospitalization? Pepe was not previously hospitalized. Gradual onset of the illness? His onset was abrupt, acute. Lingered symptoms? Pepe has had a rapid reorganization.

Pepe, small and scared, sits at the defense table in borrowed clothes that are too big for him, beside his lawyer, O'Brien.

MS. KAUFMAN
 You don't feel that this man, who murdered his male lover with scissors, should be held in a secure facility? For our safety, if not for his own?

O'BRIEN
 Objection! Your Honor, our safety isn't the issue here --

ISAAC
 I'd like to answer the question.

JUDGE
 Go ahead.

ISAAC
 A maximum security state hospital -- what you call a "secure facility" -- is in fact a human warehouse. There's no psychotherapy offered, only chemical restraints. And once a patient is committed, who knows how long he'll be held there? Five years? Ten? Will he be a human time bomb when he's released? No, Pepe will be safer in a civil psychiatric treatment center. And if he's safe, we'll be safe too.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE ROTUNDA - LATE AFTERNOON

Crowded with the accused, their lawyers and relatives. Isaac and O'Brien make their way through the mob, to the street.

O'BRIEN
 Score another upset win! We're a fucking demonic team, you and me.

ISAAC
 True.

O'BRIEN

So why are you so fucking ecstatic?

ISAAC

I dunno ... Suppose Pepe slips through the system. It's been known to happen.

O'BRIEN

Pokes another boyfriend with pinking shears?

Suddenly Isaac notices, across the entrance hall, a stunning WOMAN who seems to be peering through the crowd at him. She's fair, early 30's, and couldn't look more out of place.

O'BRIEN

Hey, that's Pepe's problem. We won, Ike my man. Now we gonna celebrate.

Now the Woman is obscured by an oversized pair of Bikers ...

ISAAC

I'm gonna go home. Eat with my mother.

O'BRIEN

Hey, Gretschen could feed her tonight.

Isaac nods at his beeper.

ISAAC

I'm on call.

O'Brien grabs Isaac's beeper off his belt. Waves it.

O'BRIEN

Y'know who wears beepers these days? Crack dealers.

ISAAC

(grabs it back)
And doctors.

He clips it on his belt again. Then looks up, trying to find the stunning Woman. But she's vanished, now.

O'BRIEN

(scolds)
Only people you hang out with are guys that rape their grandmothers.

ISAAC

After decapitating them.

They exit the courthouse, and Isaac flags a gypsy cab.

CUT TO:

INT. ISAAC'S VESTIBULE - EVENING (LATER)

Isaac unlocks his mailbox. Removes his mail, and scans it. He seems to be looking for one particular letter.

He finds what he's looking for, rips open the envelope.

ISAAC

Yes.

Then pulls out his many keys, and starts to unlock the front door when he hears, behind him:

WOMAN (O.S.)

-- Dr. Barr?

Isaac turns to find the Woman from the courthouse. Her rather sensational figure, he now sees, is wrapped in a tight-fitting Romeo Gigli suit that seems made for her.

WOMAN

I'm Heather Evans -- Diana Baylor's sister. I left a few messages on your machine.

ISAAC

I've been in court. Didn't I -- see you there?

HEATHER

I wanted to speak with you alone. And the man you were with? I thought maybe -- I don't know, that he might've been some kind of ... patient, or something.

ISAAC

(laughs)

O'Brien? He's crazy, but nobody's had him committed yet.

Her limpid eyes fixed on Isaac, Heather waits for him to say more.

ISAAC

Well ... come in for a second ...

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As they enter, Heather takes in the several walls of books.

HEATHER
You've read them all ..?

ISAAC
Oh, those. My decorator buys them by
the pound.

He uncertainly glances at Heather, who's taken Modern Man In
Search Of A Soul off the shelf.

ISAAC
Would you excuse me a minute?

INT. BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Isaac's mother is propped up in bed. GRETSCHEN, the tough-
looking but attractive day nurse, is spoon-feeding her.

ISAAC
Gretsch. Could you stay another hour?

She looks up at him. Smiles.

GRETSCHEN
I could stay all night.

ISAAC
Oh ... Okay. Yeah. Good.

He takes the spoon from her hand, starts to feed his mother.

ISAAC
Mom, my paper ... It's been accepted
for presentation at the next Academy of
Psychiatry and Law Conference.

Isaac's mother silently finishes her soup.

ISAAC
I know it's not that big a deal ... But
everything helps when you're not board
certified ...

He hands the spoon back to Gretsch. Tells his mother:

ISAAC
I've got somebody waiting. A patient's
sister. I'll talk to you later.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Heather slides the Jung volume back onto the shelf.

HEATHER
Who were you talking to?

ISAAC
(a little embarrassed)
My mother.

Heather laughs.

HEATHER
Are you into taxidermy too?
Isaac looks quizzical -- he doesn't get it.

HEATHER
Norman Bates --?
Now Isaac laughs.

ISAAC
No, my mother's quite real. Though I
guess Norman would've said the same.
Now Heather notices Gretschen, standing in the doorframe of
the back bedroom. Appraising her.

HEATHER
Could we possibly go somewhere else?
To talk?

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Isaac and Heather are in a booth, sipping coffee. In b.g., a
trio of garish transvestite Hookers buys cigarettes, candy.

ISAAC
... Diana mentioned to me that you know
something about your parents.

HEATHER
Does anybody really know anything about
their parents? Actually, I'll bet your
parents are terribly proud of their son
the doctor.

ISAAC
Actually my father's dead, and --

HEATHER
I'm sorry. How?

ISAAC
Car accident. And my mother's had a
stroke, so there's no way of knowing if
she's proud, actually.

He offers a slightly pained smile.

HEATHER
Were you driving the car?

ISAAC
As a matter of fact.

HEATHER
So you decided to become a doctor ...?

ISAAC
Obviously.

HEATHER
Can psychiatrists really cure people?

ISAAC
(shrugs)
Freud called it "the impossible
profession".

HEATHER
(beat, then)
I guess Jimmy agrees with Freud.

ISAAC
(beat, then)
Jimmy is ... your husband?

Heather offers a pained smile of her own.

HEATHER
He thinks people in analysis just need
a good spanking.

ISAAC
Some of them could benefit from that.

Heather stubs out her cigarette.

HEATHER
I could use some air.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The street is quite empty -- a sense that the rest of the
city is barricaded behind heavy doors and barred windows.

ISAAC
So ... you hate your husband?

HEATHER

"Hate"? That's a strong word.

ISAAC

Why do you stay with him?

HEATHER

Maybe it's a matter of chemistry ...
"pheromones". Isn't that the word?

ISAAC

Pheromones have only been demonstrated
to work in animal mating. Humans are a
lot more complicated.

HEATHER

I'm not so sure.

(then)

How are you planning to help Diana?

ISAAC

To paraphrase Freud, I'm trying to turn
her neurotic misery into general
unhappiness.

HEATHER

Are you generally unhappy?

ISAAC

Actually you caught me at a bad time --
I'm feeling pretty good.

HEATHER

I don't think I believe you.

ISAAC

(laughing, protests)

But my days are full, rich ... I'm on a
first-name basis with several mass
murderers.

HEATHER

(laughs, then)

May I call you Isaac?

ISAAC

Please.

HEATHER

We really need your help.

As she flags a cab. It screeches to a stop. Heather climbs
in. Isaac leans into the window.

ISAAC

"We"?

HEATHER

(amends)

Diana.

(then)

Goodnight, Isaac. I'm glad we met.

As her cab takes off, Isaac pulls out a cigarette and sticks it in his mouth.

And forgets to light it, as he stands here and stares at the disappearing cab.

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Memphis intermixed with Victorian antiques. A Francis Bacon on one wall.

HEATHER

-- Jimmy --?

INT. BATHROOM

which is the size of a normal bedroom -- mirrored walls, two sinks and w.c.'s, shower, tub, and five-foot diameter sunken Jacuzzi in the middle, always filled with hot bubbling water.

An alcove houses an exercise area with Lifecycle, dumbbells, treadmill, etc.

Luxuriating in the Jacuzzi is JIMMY EVANS, swarthy, with thick, taunting features. For a man of 40, he's in fine shape -- and with all this equipment, why not?

He lazily eyes Heather. In a sleepy, deep, insinuating tone:

JIMMY

Heather. Honey. Man, I've missed you.

HEATHER

I tried you, Jimmy. I let the phone ring forever.

There is none of the teasing insouciance heard with Isaac.

JIMMY

I been soaking awhile ... all evening, actually, and I'm still unwinding.

HEATHER

Can I bring you a scotch? Something?

JIMMY

I gotta haul my ass out of this tub.
We're meeting Nick Pappas at Nell's.

Heather nods. Jimmy nods at Heather, nodding. Then --

JIMMY

You knew that, right? That we had a
social obligation?

HEATHER

Well I mean ... I've been running all
day and --

JIMMY

Where, from Eve Arden to Bendel's to
where?

HEATHER

Elizabeth Arden. And I'm tired.

JIMMY

You're tired.

HEATHER

You heard me.

She places her hands on her hips, challenging him. He grins.

JIMMY

I heard you. Now do it.

HEATHER

Not now. Please, Jimmy --

JIMMY

Do it, Heather.

HEATHER

I told you, I'm tired.

She's whining a bit, like a child.

JIMMY

Do it.

Heather hopelessly stares at him. Then strips off her suit-
coat. Tosses it. Undoes her blouse ...

CLOSE JIMMY

His eyes feast on her. A buzzard's eyes.

JIMMY

Slower.

His voice is slightly choked, with lust.

JIMMY
Don't ever tell anybody what we do.

And then he suddenly stands, in the Jacuzzi, the water whooshing off him -- this great dark hairy figure, emerging like a sea monster from the depths. He steps out of the tub.

HIGH ANGLE - HEATHER

lies naked on the white marble floor. Fetally curled.

LOW ANGLE - JIMMY

Looming. Omnipotent. He stares down at his wife. When he speaks, he sounds truly moved.

JIMMY
You are magnificent.

CUT TO:

INT. ISAAC'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Diana has just arrived. Wearing a cute pinafore, white anklets, maryjanes. As she sits on the couch:

DIANA
Isn't she beautiful, Dr. Barr?

ISAAC
Who?

DIANA
Heather. She told me. You met her.

ISAAC
Yes.

DIANA
Compared to her I always felt like a caterpillar, y'know? Creepy and crawly.

ISAAC
Perhaps it's unproductive to compare yourself with Heather.

DIANA
(trace of bile)
-- because I can't measure up?

Diana catches herself; her voice softens.

DIANA
You guys talked about Mom and Dad ...?

ISAAC
Actually we didn't. And I want you to know that we didn't discuss what happens in this room. If we meet again, I'll only be a listener. And I'll let you know what she tells me.

Diana lies back.

DIANA
I had the dream again.
(beat)
I'm arranging a centerpiece of flowers, on a table.

She speaks rotely, as though reciting someone else's words.

DIANA
I decorate the flowerpot with fancy paper.

Silence. When he's sure she's not going to say more:

ISAAC
What kind of flowers?

DIANA
Three kinds. Lilies, carnations ...

She trails off again.

ISAAC
... And the third kind?

Diana shrugs -- she can't remember.

ISAAC
What are your associations with the word "lily"?

DIANA
Like lily-white, I guess ... Pure.

ISAAC
What about "carnation"?

Diana draws a blank.

ISAAC
Do you know the word "carnal"?

DIANA
 (beat, then)
 It has to do with -- lust ... right?

Isaac nods.

ISAAC
 So far, in your centerpiece, you've
 placed a symbol of purity -- of
 virginity -- and a symbol of lust.

Diana turns to Isaac with a coy, embarrassed smile.

DIANA
 I guess there's a conflict here ..?

ISAAC
 Do you remember what we said about the
 stove ritual?

DIANA
 You mean somehow that it's this passive
 aggressive thing?

ISAAC
 I think that "fear of intimacy" may be
 an issue here.

As though to gain the upper hand:

DIANA
 The stove ritual is over, Dr. Barr. I
 haven't done it in a week.

ISAAC
 Why do you think that is?

As she considers, her body twitches on the couch, hiking up --
 her pinafore, revealing a great deal of leg.

DIANA
 I don't know ...
 (then)
 I'm checking the gun now.

ISAAC
 (tensing)
 -- the gun?

DIANA
 I make sure the safety's on, and that
 it's loaded ... five to ten times, in
 the morning.

ISAAC

Why do you feel you need a gun?

DIANA

I don't feel I do. Heather made me take it. It belongs to, um --

ISAAC

-- Jimmy?

The name has popped out of his mouth -- both Isaac and Diana look surprised. Quickly recovering:

ISAAC

Why don't we focus on the feelings and associations you get when you're "checking" the gun in the morning ..?

DIANA

Well, it's my surrogate penis, and the safety being on is because I'm ambivalent about my phallic fantasies ... and the bullets are semen.

Isaac takes a beat.

ISAAC

Have you thought about the dangers of keeping a loaded gun in your apartment?

Diana thinks about it. So does Isaac. He doesn't look happy at all.

TIME CUT:

We're still in Isaac's office, but it's evening. Heather is sitting on the couch now. As she swings up her legs:

HEATHER

So ... is this where Diana lies?

ISAAC

And sometimes tells the truth.

HEATHER

When she's deep in thought, does she ... sort of twitch, and turn ...

Which Heather does, for Isaac's amusement.

HEATHER

... making her skirt sort of accidentally ride up ... like this?

Heather somehow makes her skirt hitch up, to mid-thigh.

Isaac watches, as impassively as he can manage. When Heather finally turns to him for a reaction:

ISAAC
Tell me about the gun.

HEATHER
What gun?

ISAAC
Jimmy's gun. The gun you gave Diana.

Heather swings her legs over, sits up again.

HEATHER
Isaac. I worry about my baby sister but I have not armed her. In case you've missed it, Diana invents neurotic compulsions. She thinks they make her interesting. I assume she told you she checks her stove fifty times every morning?

ISAAC
(nods)
But a fabrication is a kind of fantasy, and a fantasy is a kind of wish. Do you see what I'm getting at?

HEATHER
Behind every lie, there's an element of truth ...?

Isaac nods again.

ISAAC
Still, I'm glad the gun is a lie.

Heather looks disappointed.

HEATHER
-- And that's it?

ISAAC
Unless you want to tell me whatever you came to tell me the other night.

Heather rises. Paces, like a cat.

HEATHER
Your downstairs office, this brownstone ... It's all very Dressed To Kill ...

Isaac smiles but he doesn't respond.

HEATHER
Are you dangerous, Dr. Barr?

ISAAC
What do you think?

Suddenly she stops pacing and turns to him.

HEATHER
I think a psychiatrist can't have a personal relationship with a patient.

ISAAC
You're right.

HEATHER
What about a patient's sister?

ISAAC
Technically, there's nothing that prohibits it. But -- to me -- it doesn't feel right.

HEATHER
Okay.

ISAAC
In addition to which you're married.

HEATHER
Technically.

Heather sinks back down onto the couch. Sighs.

HEATHER
You try divorcing a Greek Orthodox gangster.

Isaac smiles at her melodramatic choice of words.

ISAAC
A "gangster"? What, he drives a Stutz Bearcat and wears double-breasted pinstriped suits?

HEATHER
He drives a Mercedes 300 and wears single-breasted pinstriped suits. Jimmy builds public housing for the poor, which is what gangsters do today. We live together in the same apartment. Emphasis on "apart".

ISAAC

Look, our previous evening together
already generated some inappropriate
stuff in my session with Diana.

HEATHER

That sounds like psychobabble -- but if
it's how you feel, let's not beat this
to death.

She sits up. A last look at Isaac. Then she stands.

HEATHER

Goodnight. Goodbye.

ISAAC

Okay. I'm sorry. Goodbye.

He moves to the door, to let her out -- they brush up against
each other, in the door frame.

Then they're kissing. Running their hands over one another's
bodies. Hungrily ... they've both been starving. In between
moans of pleasure and anticipation:

ISAAC

There's a nurse upstairs. And my
mother ...

HEATHER

(softly)
We'll be quiet. I won't tell.

They've fallen back onto the stairs that lead up to Isaac's
apartment. Feverishly undressing each other here.

And then, abruptly, Heather disentangles herself from Isaac.

ISAAC

-- What --?

She holds up a palm: wait.

Then begins a slow, languid, melancholy strip that instantly
hypnotizes him.

HEATHER

(softly)
Do you like this?

ISAAC

(hoarse)
Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON WARD - MORNING

Isaac and Alan Lowenthal -- the reserved psychiatrist we saw earlier, at the stadium -- have just entered the checkpoint.

ISAAC

On the gate!

It's a sort of cage, surrounded by mirrors and closed-circuit cameras. Isaac nods at all the bars and security devices and chirps at his gloomy colleague:

ISAAC

Look at this! Shrinks in cages! But we can free ourselves, Alan ... Learn to hang-glide, maybe. Mentally, too.

Alan doesn't know what to make of Isaac's lightheadedness.

ALAN

Cut it out. You're making me nervous.

The Gatekeeper BUZZES them in.

CUT TO:

INT. DAYROOM - MORNING - LATER

Where some PATIENTS play cards, others aimlessly roam around the crowded room. Those most heavily medicated are slumped before the TV watching Wheel of Fortune. Isaac, making his rounds, is peppered with OS questions, e.g.: "When's my court date, Doc?" and "Hey, Doc, when do I get sprung outta here?"

Isaac is approached by INMATE 1.

INMATE 1

Doc -- I'm charged with assault!
Compared to the motherfucking fights I
seen in here, what I had was a tiff.
And I'm charged with assault.

ISAAC

Billy: Regardless of what other people
call it or what other people do, you
still have to work on controlling your
anger. Okay?

Inmate 1 looks a tad defensive.

ISAAC

Anyway "1st Degree Tiff" doesn't have
the right ring to it, does it?

Inmate 1 backs off. Isaac approaches an almost sweet-looking INMATE 2, hunched in the corner.

ISAAC
What's up, Kevin?

INMATE 2
Doc, I figured out why I smoked all that angel dust and crack. It's not 'cause I feel bad about myself. It's 'cause I feel bad about the world.

Isaac is surprised and touched by this.

ISAAC
Yeah? I think I know that feeling.

Inmate 2 is surprised but comforted by Isaac's response.

INMATE 2
You do ..?

Now, insistently tapping Isaac's shoulder, is Bantar Man.

BANTAR MAN
Doc ... I made you something in art therapy class.

He furtively pulls several sheets of sketchbook paper out from under his shirt and hands them to Isaac.

CLOSE - ARTWORK

Crude paintings of the devil ... the names "Isaac" and "Satan" connected with arrows ... repetitions of the phrase "Dr. Barr must die."

BACK TO SCENE

Isaac puts on a broad smile.

ISAAC
May I keep these?

BANTAR MAN
They're yours, Doc. Suitable for framing.

Now Isaac notices Pepe Carrero, across the dayroom, longingly staring out through the mesh window. Isaac crosses.

ISAAC
Hey, Pepe ...

Pepe turns. Sees Isaac, smiles.

PEPE

Hey, Doc.

ISAAC

Pepe. You been hearing any voices?

PEPE

Nada.

ISAAC

You know you're being transferred as an outpatient to Bronx Psychiatric, it's a civil hospital ...

PEPE

Thanks to you, Dr. Barr. You ever need anything from me, you just ask.

ISAAC

Thanks.

(then)

Look, I just want to know: After your boyfriend brutalized you ... the thing that happened, with the scissors ...

Pepe steps back, immediately uncomfortable. Isaac holds his gaze, peers hard into his eyes.

ISAAC

Is there some part of you -- way deep inside you -- that feels maybe it was right, though you know it was wrong?

Pepe pales.

PEPE

Oh man ... No ...! I was crazy! And for weeks after, all's I could hear was Ramon screaming. No way, man. Shit --

Isaac lightly puts a hand on Pepe's shoulder.

ISAAC

I'm sorry, Pepe. I had to ask.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSING STATION - LATE MORNING

With Isaac and Nurse Franklin.

ISAAC

Let's keep an eye on Larry Pomeranze --
he's sure we've got a machine upstairs
that's scrambling his brain.

(looks up at her)

Do we?

FRANKLIN

I've never known Larry to be wrong on
something like this.

ISAAC

Disassemble it immediately ... And also
-- and I hate to do this -- raise his
Thorazine to 1200 a day. Oh, and I
think we can D/C Lamarr King from one-
to-one suicide watch.

(starts off, stops)

Am I forgetting anything?

FRANKLIN

(sour)

Robert's back.

Absently, as he exits the nursing station:

ISAAC

Really? How was his trip?

FRANKLIN

Forget it.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE WING - AFTERNOON

Isaac and Alan munch hero sandwiches as they move along the
corridor, crowded with crying kids, shouting patients, cops --
drifting here and there ...

ALAN

This new referral is so dull ...
Yesterday, during the session, I
actually started to fall asleep.

ISAAC

Long as you don't snore.

ALAN

But what do you say at the end of a
droning monologue you haven't heard?

ISAAC
 You repeat the last word or two,
 phrased as a question.
 (demonstrates)
 "Your mother?"

Alan laughs.

ISAAC
 I've got a great new patient who uses
 the most elegant symbolism and verbal
 bridges in her dream content ... She
 represents her libido not by a tunnel
 or a forest, but by a carnation.

ALAN
 Ah. Carnation. "Carnal". I like it.

ISAAC
 She has an older sister. About thirty.
 We met a couple of times to talk about
 the family ...

Alan follows him into:

INT. ISAAC'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Cramped, crowded with files, made (barely) habitable only by
 the window that faces onto a rooftop exercise area.

Alan shuts the door tight. Sits opposite Isaac.

ALAN
 You didn't sleep with her ...?

ISAAC
 Look, if you never want to have lunch
 with me again, I understand.

ALAN
 No, don't stop. I'd love to see you
 hanged by your civil libertarian pals.

ISAAC
 Hey, I went through the A.M.A.'s
 Principles of Ethics, and even the
 special annotations for psychiatry
 don't say anything about sleeping with
 a patient's sister.

Alan shakes his head, incredulous.

ISAAC
 What can I say, Alan? I have a
 weakness for unhappy women.

ALAN
Don't flatter yourself. All shrinks
have a weakness for unhappy women.

ISAAC
Yes, but this is something special ...
She's really unhappy.

Alan is unamused.

ALAN
If your patient finds out -- which
seems likely -- then all the trust
you've built goes down the dumper. If
she doesn't find out, it's because
you're lying to her, which means the
analysis can't continue. Anyway you
know as well as I do that romantic love
is a projection. You don't see this
woman -- you see your vision of her.
You're in a delusional state, Isaac ...
No human being is so beautiful, so
special that she, uh ... that she --

Alan is looking past Isaac. His mouth is slightly agape.

HEATHER

has stepped into the office. She's like a goddess visiting
the lower depths.

ALAN
C-can I help you?

Heather touches Isaac's shoulder. Alan dies a little.

HEATHER
The receptionist said you'd be here.

Isaac is surprised and delighted. He stands.

ISAAC
This is Alan Lowenthal. My colleague,
my conscience. Alan, Heather Evans.

A blushing Alan jumps to his feet as well.

ALAN
Pleased to meet you.
(offers his seat)
Please ... Sit down.

HEATHER
Sorry for barging in on you guys.

ALAN

Don't be.

ISAAC

(to Alan)

What were we just saying?

Alan flashes Isaac a mortified grin.

ALAN

That I'm late for rounds. Nice to meet you, Ms. Evans.

HEATHER

Nice meeting you.

Alan mops his brow and hurriedly EXITS.

Heather smiles at Isaac.

HEATHER

So ... Cure any crazies today?

ISAAC

No, but I was given a lovely set of original watercolars. Created by a personal friend of the President of Bantar.

HEATHER

"Bantar"?

ISAAC

The planet. The theme of the work is that Satan and I have much in common, and that I must die.

HEATHER

... God ...

ISAAC

So what're you doing here?

HEATHER

Is it okay? I woke up and all I wanted was to see you. And I can't tonight ... Jimmy made a reservation at Lutece.

ISAAC

There're worse places to eat dinner ...

HEATHER

That's just the beginning. Then it's
on to Nell's. Three times a week ...

(beat)

He makes me dance.

She looks down, as though in shame. Isaac reaches a hand to her chin, turns her face up to his.

His mouth finds hers. She bites his lip. He pushes her against the wall, hand groping under her skirt ... She grabs and tears at him. They are almost making love when ...

P.A (V.O.)

Dr. Barr ... Dr. Barr to the Prison
Ward immediately ... Dr. Barr ...

Neither seems to hear: they continue to consume one another.

INT. PRISON WARD - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Bantar Man is being restrained by Four C.O.'s as a fifth fits him for a straitjacket. Another C.O. kneels nearby, with a smashed, bloody nose.

Alan has just injected Bantar Man with a heavy sedative as Isaac belatedly arrives, still straightening his clothing.

He guiltily takes in the scene.

ISAAC

Sorry. I was across the building --

ALAN

-- Dr. Barr was giving an important
injection.

The two doctors trade looks.

CUT TO:

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

A crowded, storefront Pell Street noodle joint. Isaac and O'Brien are deep into their fried rice and Tsing Dao beers.

ISAAC

Mike, through the D.A.'s office maybe
... could you check out a guy for me?

O'BRIEN

"A guy"?

ISAAC
Jimmy Evans. He builds projects, I
think ... Maybe a crook of some kind.

O'BRIEN
Who is this guy?

ISAAC
I don't know, 's'why I'm asking you.
(then, concedes)
Somebody's husband.

O'Brien squints at his friend.

ISAAC
She's trying to get out of it. And I'm
trying to find out if that's as tough
as she's making it sound.

O'BRIEN
Ike, this isn't you. You're a rational
guy.

ISAAC
Yeah. I know. But trust me, Mike ...
this is a Good Thing. Life affirming.
Positive energy. Everything we hate.

O'Brien grudgingly smiles. Raises his beer.

O'BRIEN
If we hate it, it's gotta be alright.

Isaac and O'Brien clink glasses, and drink.

CUT TO:

INT. LUTECE - NIGHT

Jimmy and Heather, looking splendid but stiff, share a table
in one of the formal upholstered dining rooms upstairs. He's
washing down sauteed sweetbreads with a wine that he
refreshes from a carafe. She's picking at pelerines a la
Meridionale, and sipping ice water.

A CLATTERING of silverware in lieu of conversation. Finally:

JIMMY
Know what I love about Lutece?

Heather reluctantly raises her eyebrows: what?

JIMMY

You take away the prices and all the polite bullshit and it's peasant food. Mountain food. My kind of food.

Heather manages a halfhearted murmur.

JIMMY

Plus which we're not gonna run into any of my, ah ... grease-a-ball business-a buddies, y'know what I'm saying?

Another murmur from across the table.

JIMMY

They're in pig heaven in their pasta palaces with the velvet walls and the wine steward fresh off the boat. What do those gorillas know from Alsatian cuisine ..?

(beat)

Where is Alsatia, anyway?

HEATHER

(quietly corrects)

Alsace.

JIMMY

Al's ass? Who's Al? Some stud you're seeing on the side?

Mortified, Heather glances at the neighboring Diners.

JIMMY

What do you care if they heard? Do you think their shit don't stink?

HEATHER

You can be very crude.

JIMMY

And you need that. "Crude." "Rough". You pretend that you don't but you do.

Heather looks down. She is mum.

JIMMY

To get off.

(cold, quiet)

Don't you?

Heather looks up.

HEATHER

I'd like some wine with dinner.

JIMMY

You'd like some wine with dinner.

He lifts his glass, as though to hand it to her. But he holds it tantalizingly out of reach.

JIMMY

Or don't you remember the last time?
You got way out of hand.

HEATHER

"Way out of hand".

JIMMY

Wild.

HEATHER

I got wild! I have one good time --
once -- and I'm wild.

JIMMY

It's more than once.

HEATHER

Oh you're right. Twice. Thrice.
(snaps her fingers)
-- Hopa!

JIMMY

Two months I'm holding this reservation
and you pick tonight to grow a wild
hair up your ass.

Again Heather flicks her eyes to the nearby tables.

JIMMY

They're not gonna help you. You need
help, you pray. You pray to me.

HEATHER

One sip.

There is a note of pleading in her voice.

JIMMY

You pray. "Our father ..."

HEATHER

(weakly)
"Our father ..."

Jimmy smiles. Then hands her his wine glass.

JIMMY

One sip.

Heather takes a gulp. Then passes the glass back to him.
Jimmy is happy now. As he polishes off his sweetbreads:

JIMMY
You believe I'm eating this? Me, who
used to be a vegetarian. And here I am
chewing on a pancreas. A pancreas is a
gland, f'r godsakes ...

During this speech, Heather has gone from listlessly forking
her scallops to furiously attacking them.

JIMMY
(alarmed)
Heather --?

Seemingly oblivious, Heather stabs at her scallops with such
force, the sauce splatters off the plate.

Several Diners in the immediate vicinity trade concerned
looks with Jimmy, who's now leaning across the table.

JIMMY
Heather --!

Apparently brought back to her senses, Heather abruptly sets
down her silverware. Then, softly:

HEATHER
It's alright. I'm ... a little woozy.
I need the ladies room.

She shakily stands, awkwardly pushes her chair aside.

HEATHER
I'll be fine.

She puts on a wan smile meant to reassure. Shuffles away
from the table. Jimmy tears off a chunk of roll. As he
starts to butter it we hear a startling SHRIEK OFF-SCREEN.

HEATHER'S VOICE
He's controlling me! My brain!

Horrified, Jimmy drops his butter knife. Turns. Gawks:

WHAT HE SEES

At the staircase just beyond the dining room stands Heather.
Wild-eyed, mouth twisted, finger pointed at Jimmy. Her
screeches sound not at all like her natural voice: it's as
though Heather were demonically possessed.

HEATHER

My brain! My body. They're not mine!

The hush is palpable. All eating and bustling have ceased; Diners and Waiters alike are frozen by the spectacle.

Then Heather bolts back to the table. She hurls herself at a horrified Jimmy, who ducks out of harm's way ... Heather crashes onto the table, which collapses onto the floor.

She is rushed by three waiters and two captains. As they seize Heather, sprawled across the capsized table, her cries continue, muffled:

HEATHER

He controls my brain! My body --

CUT TO:

CLOSE - SYRINGE

As Heather is injected, we hear:

JIMMY'S VOICE

She had a drink a few times before and kinda ... snapped. But I never thought one big sip could set her off ...

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Heather, sweaty and bruised, is laid out on an examining table. Jimmy anxiously watches as the attending NURSE completes the injection, swabs Heather's shoulder, then combs the damp hair out of her face.

NURSE

She's been in before?

JIMMY

Why? We only get one visit?

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - JIMMY

is met here by the Attending PHYSICIAN. As they shake:

PHYSICIAN

Mr. Evans ... I'm Dr. Spector.

They start down the corridor crowded with Patients, standing, sitting, sprawled on gurneys, etc.

DR. SPECTOR

You realize your wife suffers from
Pathological Intoxication?

(more)

DR. SPECTOR (Cont'd)
I see on her chart she came in here
last year after a similar incident.

JIMMY
If I knew so little could make her go
flippy ... In Lutece, talk about
humiliating --

DR. SPECTOR
People with this syndrome will have a
dramatic, often violent, response to
even the most minute amounts of
alcohol. And never remember a thing.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATE NIGHT

Two orderlies deposit the semiconscious Heather into the back
seat of a waiting cab.

DR. SPECTOR
(tells Jimmy)
We gave her five milligrams of Haldol.
Get her home, let her sleep off the
shot, and keep her away from alcohol.
In any form. Understood?

INT. CAB (MOVING) - NIGHT

Heather is half-sprawled, head lolling. Jimmy studies her
face -- relaxed, even beautiful, despite the bruise.

JIMMY
(soft, mournful)
You're damaged goods.

He reaches out and gently arranges her hair just so, as one
would do for a small child.

JIMMY
But you're also my wife.

He suddenly seizes Heather and desperately clutches her limp
form to him.

JIMMY
But if you ever embarrass me like that
again I'll fucking kill you.

CUT TO:

INT. ISAAC'S LIVING ROOM - NEXT EVENING

He's at his word processor, revising his paper. In b.g. we
faintly HEAR canned LAUGHS from a TV in his mother's bedroom.

CLOSE - SCREEN

As Isaac types: "Yet since the Reagan Era, the insanity defense has been under fire from"

BACK TO SCENE

Disgusted, he stops typing. Mutters, as he deletes:

ISAAC
Bullshit.

Reaches into the ashtray, finds the longest cigarette butt. As he starts to light it, there is a loud BUZZ.

Isaac jumps up, crosses to the intercom.

ISAAC
Yeah?

WOMAN'S VOICE
(through filter)
National Institute of Mental Health.

INT. VESTIBULE - NIGHT

A restored Heather stands at the intercom.

HEATHER
Morals Division.

Isaac BUZZES her in.

INT. ISAAC'S KITCHEN - FIVE MINUTES LATER

As he mixes two vodka tonics he hears, from the living room:

HEATHER'S VOICE
Is your mother awake?

ISAAC
Watching the tube.

He crosses, with the drinks, into:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Heather is peering at Isaac's computer screen.

ISAAC
Don't read that. Would you like to meet her?

HEATHER
Not yet.

She looks up as Isaac hands her a glass. Lightly sniffs.

HEATHER

Vodka?

ISAAC

And tonic.

HEATHER

I'd prefer hot water with lemon. I'm fighting a cold. And I don't drink.

ISAAC

But you smoke ...

HEATHER

Want one? Go in my pocketbook.

She tilts her head in the direction of the couch, where she'd left it. Then crosses to the kitchen, to turn on the kettle.

Isaac reaches into Heather's pocketbook. And finds an item that's more intriguing than cigarettes. He pulls out:

A LEAD PIPE

Chrome-plated, about five inches long, with threaded ends.

SCENE

Isaac is studying it as Heather steps back into the room.

HEATHER

Oh. That's protection. There's a lot of lunatics in this town.

ISAAC

Fortunately for some of us.

He hefts the pipe.

ISAAC

Hmm. Why not a whistle? Or mace? Or a nice, traditional kick in the balls?

Meantime Heather is reading off Isaac's computer screen:

HEATHER

"The insanity defense is as old as the conflict between free will and determinism. As far back as the Bible, distinctions are drawn between those who are criminally responsible and those who are not ..."

ISAAC
Painful, isn't it? I've got to rework
the whole thing.

HEATHER
Why? It looks interesting.

ISAAC
The words of a sage who acquired his
hard-won wisdom in the law library.

Heather turns from the screen to him.

HEATHER
Whereas now that you're sleeping with a
patient's married sister, you've become
worldly and profound?

Isaac is about to retort, when he notices:

ISAAC
Your cheek. What happened --?

Heather averts her face to make the bruise less obvious.

HEATHER
Nothing.

ISAAC
Jimmy?

HEATHER
I thought you wanted a cigarette. Go
on -- have a cigarette.

Still clutching the lead pipe, Isaac holds it in her face.

ISAAC
This is protection from Jimmy -- isn't
it? Talk to me.

Heather steps toward him. Reaches out for him.

HEATHER
I can stay late. He has a poker game,
Tuesdays and Thursdays. Sometimes he
plays all night.

Incongruous mindless LAUGHTER cascades from the back bedroom.

ISAAC
He leaves you all night to play poker.

As he puts the pipe back in her pocketbook:

ISAAC
Every new detail helps me to hate him
more. And I don't even know the guy.

HEATHER
Let's leave it that way.

In the kitchen the kettle emits a SHRIEK that quickly becomes
piercing. But neither Isaac nor Heather appears to notice.

ISAAC
I don't want to leave it. And I don't
think you do either.

Heather's response is to abruptly -- almost violently -- kiss
Isaac's lips. As abruptly, she breaks the kiss.

HEATHER
Isaac, don't rewrite your paper. Don't
change because of me. This isn't real.

ISAAC
No? What's real? A husband who drops
a bundle at five-card stud, then
stumbles home and smacks his wife?

Isaac shakes his head.

ISAAC
That's bullshit. This is real.

Heather shakes her head -- more adamant, even, than Isaac.

HEATHER
No. This isn't real. It's a movie.
We're in a movie.

Her tone is almost desperate. Isaac starts to speak, but:

HEATHER
Here's a scene. I'm in bed --

INT. ISAAC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A modest room upstairs. Crowded also with books and papers.
Heather lies on Isaac's bed, nearly naked, partially covered
by a sheet. He stands in the far corner, shrouded in shadow.

HEATHER
In my bed. Asleep. But warm ... it's
summer. I toss and turn.

ISAAC
(soft, rapt)
And who am I?

HEATHER
You're an intruder. You've come for my
jewels. You thought I was out of town,
with my husband. But I stayed behind.

Isaac moves toward the bed. We see, now, that he is naked.

HEATHER
You've just come out of jail. Haven't
been with a woman in five years. But
you were a legendary lover ... You'd --

Isaac silences her with a soft kiss. Then deftly removes her
lingerie with one hand while tenderly stroking her with the
other. His movements are gentle, deliberate. Healing.

Then Heather pulls her mouth apart from his, to speak. Her
voice is oddly childlike.

HEATHER
Can you ... fuck me without hurting me?

Isaac is stunned by the question. But now is not the time to
play shrink.

ISAAC
Of course.

He continues to make love to her. She begins to respond. At
first she is tentative, but it builds, steadily, and builds
more ... When she comes, it is both ecstatic and a strange
surprise. A tear slides down her cheek.

ISAAC
... What?

Heather pulls herself together. Kisses Isaac's forehead.

HEATHER
That never happened to me before.

ISAAC
You mean, you don't come when --

HEATHER
Don't be silly.

ISAAC
Then ... why ...?

A beat, then Heather swings her legs off the bed.

HEATHER

I have to go.

Her tone is suddenly, oddly cordial. She finds her bra, her panties. Stands before the mirror and brushes her hair with quick strokes.

ISAAC

Stay awhile longer. I want to talk.

HEATHER

I can't ... You know I can't.

She continues to brush her hair -- in an abstract way, like an autistic activity. Now, without turning from the mirror:

HEATHER

How is Diana? Will she be okay?

ISAAC

We'll see progress ... But there's no magic. It takes a lot of time and hard work to break through the defenses --

HEATHER

(matter of fact)

Our Mom died when we were small -- Dad raised us alone. He raped Diana. More than once. She's blocked it all out.

Heather finally turns from the mirror, to face Isaac.

HEATHER

Will that speed things up a little?

Isaac is startled, though not entirely surprised. He reaches out to touch her.

ISAAC

It'll help.

HEATHER

Good.

The sound of a SIREN, outside ... barreling into the night.

ISAAC

I know it was hard for you to tell me that.

Heather presses herself hard against him, but doesn't speak.

ISAAC

Stay the night. The hell with Jimmy.

Heather's eyes shine.

HEATHER

He'd kill us both.

She pushes away from him and quickly crosses to the door. As Isaac follows her out, we HEAR:

DIANA'S VOICE

Have you seen her again, Dr. Barr?

CUT TO:

INT. ISAAC'S OFFICE - DAY

Diana is lying on the couch.

DIANA

Did you talk about me?

Isaac sits in the Eames chair. A beat, then:

ISAAC

No. We didn't.

DIANA

Are you two lovers?

ISAAC

Why do you want to know?

DIANA

Because I keep imagining it.

ISAAC

How does that make you feel? When you imagine it ..?

Diana considers. Then changes the subject.

DIANA

I had the dream again.

In a somnolent monotone, as though instantly self-hypnotized:

DIANA

I'm arranging a centerpiece of flowers, on a table. I use fancy paper to decorate the flowerpot ... the paper feels like velvet ... and there are three kinds of flowers.

ISAAC

What kinds?

DIANA
Lillies, carnations ...

She trails off.

ISAAC
What's the third kind, Diana?

After a long beat:

DIANA
Violets.

Isaac lights a cigarette.

ISAAC
"Violets".

Diana turns her head, to see him.

DIANA
Does that mean something?

ISAAC
What do you think?

Diana just stares.

ISAAC
Let's say the table is you, Diana ...
Compared to your sister you see
yourself as plain, flat ...
uninteresting.

Diana doesn't contradict this.

ISAAC
The centerpiece of flowers ... perhaps
... is your sexuality. And the
connection between purity and lust ...
the missing piece of the puzzle ... is
"violets".

Diana makes a dismissive face.

DIANA
Violence are just flowers.

ISAAC
"Violence"?

DIANA
I didn't say that.

ISAAC
What did you say?

DIANA
(flustered)
I said "violates".

She catches herself.

DIANA
Violets. Godammit -- violets.

Abruptly she sits up and swings her feet over the side of the couch so she's facing Isaac. She looks upset.

DIANA
Why?

ISAAC
(gently)
Perhaps it relates to something in your past, that you've ... put away.

As though panicked by this suggestion:

DIANA
They're just flowers, Dr. Barr. I used to do floral arrangements ... Why does everything always have to be about sex?

Isaac remains impassive.

ISAAC
Tell me more about this fancy paper, that feels like velvet.

DIANA
(heatedly)
You mean something gross, like it's pubic hair. I knew you'd say that.

ISAAC
No, you said it.

Diana glances at her watch. Then swings her legs off the couch.

ISAAC
Where're you going?

DIANA
Hour's up.

As she starts to rise:

ISAAC
I did see your sister last night. We
did talk about you.

Diana sinks back onto the couch.

DIANA
What about me?

ISAAC
... About your father.

DIANA
(beat, then)
It's true.

ISAAC
What's true?

DIANA
I wanted him to be dead. And he did.

ISAAC
He "did"?

DIANA
Had a heart attack. Dropped dead. And
I was happy.

ISAAC
And why were you happy?

DIANA
Because he hated me. Once he was dead
we were finally free! We could start
fresh, come to New York ...

ISAAC
Whose idea was that?

DIANA
Oh, Heather has all the ideas. I just
... I just agree with her.

CUT TO:

INT. ISAAC'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING (LATER)

Isaac alternately eats his dinner off a tray and feeds his
mother, who's propped up and staring at the local TV NEWS.

In the midst of an OS report of someone being pushed off a
subway platform, the phone RINGS. Isaac picks up.

ISAAC

Dr. Barr ...

O'BRIEN'S VOICE

Ike? Got some info on "Jimmy Evans".

ISAAC

Oh yeah? How bad is it?

INTERCUT:

INT. O'BRIEN'S LEGAL AID OFFICE - SAME TIME

Chaotic and grungy. O'Brien reads off a notepad.

O'BRIEN

Born Dmitri Evagalou ... Emigrated from Athens at eighteen, to avoid the draft. Jimmy builds buildings. Supplemented by the occasional pension fund scam, bid-rigging, maybe laundering the money for drug deals ... Fucking around with his wife, it's like teasing King Kong.

Isaac is silent.

O'BRIEN

There's a federal task force looking into this beauty. I'd stop seeing the girl, Isaac.

ISAAC

You haven't seen the girl, Michael. But thanks -- I'll catch you later.

Isaac hangs up. As he spoons more soup for his mother, he explains:

ISAAC

She's not a girl you stop seeing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - THAT NIGHT

Isaac, hugging his sides, tries to stay warm by shuffling back and forth over a subway grate.

He's been out here awhile, on the park side of the avenue. Waiting. Watching. Now he stops moving. He sees:

ACROSS THE STREET

Heather, escorted by Jimmy, as they exit their building and are helped into an idling limousine.

BACK TO ISAAC

He retreats into the shadows, studying both his lover and his rival. Then as the limo moves off, he steps into the street.

ISAAC

-- Taxi.

CUT TO:

EXT. NELL'S - NIGHT (LATER)

The demimonde hangout. Limos double-parked. Trendoids desperate to get in. TRACK with Isaac as he alights from his cab and steers a determined path to the entrance.

He appears to know just where he's going. Nobody stops him.

INT. NELL'S - NIGHT (LATER)

Heather and Jimmy on the dance floor. He's casual, loose ... surprisingly nimble.

She dances with a distracted air ... a quality of not-being-there that is languid, and effortlessly sensual.

Now as their bodies separate, we see between them to the bar.

ISAAC

Finishing what, to judge by body language, is not his first vodka tonic. Still studying his lover, and his rival.

JIMMY

happens to turn, as he sways -- and catches Isaac's glance.

ISAAC

is too far gone to care: He continues to baldly stare.

SCENE

Jimmy signals to Heather -- he's had enough. He leads her off the dance floor, making a point of passing Isaac.

Heather hasn't noticed him until Jimmy is standing right in front of Isaac's stool.

JIMMY

Were you just giving me a look?

Heather is stunned. She quickly recovers, tugging his arm.

HEATHER

C'mon, Jimmy --

Jimmy won't let it go.

JIMMY

Was that a look you were giving me?

Heather's eyes flick to Isaac, pleading with him to back off.

ISAAC

It was a look of admiration.

Heather inhales -- oh God, what next?

ISAAC

(continuing, to Jimmy)

I'm a fan of yours. Of all the great
builders: Le Corbusier, Donald Trump,
Adolf Hitler ...A tense beat as Jimmy measures his response. But Heather
manages to pull him away, back to their table.

INT. BATHROOM - 5 MINUTES LATER

Isaac douses his face and tries to sober up. Now he raises
his face, to dry it --

-- and there's Jimmy reflected in the mirror. Isaac whirls.

JIMMY

You little pricks over at Justice
either hand down an indictment or stay
off my ass. Remember: Shit flies two
ways.

ISAAC

Shit definitely flies two ways.

Jimmy takes a step closer.

JIMMY

I'm memorizing your cute puss. 'Cause
if I catch you even glancing at me
again, I'll pry out both your fucking
eyeballs.

Isaac stands his ground.

ISAAC

That'll solve your legal problems.Without warning Jimmy SMACKS Isaac's cheek -- with an open
hand, but hard.

Isaac swings at Jimmy's face but Evans is quick, and the blow is glancing, at best.

Jimmy pushes Isaac against the sink. He's about to punch him out when two elegant men emerge from the same toilet stall.

All parties trade stunned, embarrassed looks. In the moment, Jimmy reconsiders -- he abruptly turns and walks out. OVER:

MAN'S VOICE

Maybe I'll never have sex again.

CUT TO:

INT. ISAAC'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A male PATIENT is in session, luxuriating in despair.

PATIENT

It's not just the AIDS. It's the rest of it: papilloma, hepatitis B, genital warts ... and the AIDS, of course.

Isaac is bruised, hung over and out of sorts. Trying to pay attention, but his eye keeps wandering to the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

We see the feet and legs of passing pedestrians. OVER:

PATIENT'S VOICE

Now they're saying condoms may not work -- and I don't even like condoms ...

A bum hobbles by, one oversized shoe and one bare foot. Then a Woman with a dog and a pooper-scooper.

BACK TO ISAAC

As he realizes it's time to make a comment.

ISAAC

"Condoms"?

MAN

Consumer Reports says that an effective one is just a few years away.

BACK TO THE WINDOW

Two Kids in Nikes adroitly kick a bottle back and forth.

PATIENT'S' VOICE

So do I wait? Or do you think this is all some kind of defense?

Then a pair of shapely calves, the feet in expensive pumps.

PATIENT'S' VOICE

Do you think maybe I'm afraid of sex?

SCENE

Isaac has a feeling about those legs. It's all he can do to turn back to his patient.

ISAAC

What do you think?

The Patient carefully considers this for a beat.

PATIENT

... That's an interesting question.

BACK TO WINDOW

Isaac was right -- Heather has come down the stairs. She peers through the blinds to see whether Isaac is occupied.

SCENE

Isaac signals to her -- wait. Then, to the Patient:

ISAAC

I'm sorry ... our time is up.

The Patient sits up.

PATIENT

No it's not.

ISAAC

(firm)

Yes it is.

AT THE DOOR - A MINUTE LATER

Isaac shows the Patient out as Heather enters. The Patient nearly suffers whiplash trying to get a look.

INT. ISAAC'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Isaac quickly closes the door behind them.

HEATHER

Brilliant move.

Her eyes are bloodshot.

ISAAC
It was dumb, I know. I'm sorry.
You've been crying.

HEATHER
I've caught a goddamn cold.

She notices the bruise. Lightly strokes it.

HEATHER
That looks terrible.

ISAAC
Now we both bear the Mark of Jimmy. By
the way, he thought I was with the
Justice Department. C'mon, Heather ...
Do I dress that bad?

Heather isn't amused.

HEATHER
That's why psychiatry is the
"impossible profession". Psychiatrists
are impossible ... More narcissistic
than any of your patients.

ISAAC
I just felt a neurotic, masochistic ...
stupid need to see him. See you
dance with him ...

Heather involuntarily shudders.

HEATHER
After the other night with you, I ...
can't bear him touching me.

ISAAC
Leave. Divorce him --

HEATHER
It's not that easy! He'd still be ...
around. And I'd ... I'd still be who I
am. Divorce ... it's just a legalism.

ISAAC
But a fairly definitive one.

Heather grabs Isaac's shirt, pulls him to her.

HEATHER
Let's not talk. Let's just fuck --

Isaac holds her off.

ISAAC

Why do you think -- really think -- you can't walk out on Jimmy? Because he's Greek Orthodox? A gangster? No, it's because he's what you understand in a man, what you expect from a man ... That, and "fucking". So far, I bet, you've been "fucked" by every man you've ever known. But it doesn't have to be that way. You have a choice.

Heather shuts her eyes. Tears roll down her cheek. Now she wearily rests her head on Isaac's shoulder. Sniffles, a bit.

Then sneezes.

CUT TO:

INT. PHARMACY - EVENING - LATER

Isaac and Heather stand at a cash register. The CASHIER rings up Kleenex, Nyquil ...

Next to them, a CRONE pleads with the pharmacist:

CRONE

You don't need a prescription to have pain, do you?! I need Demerol! I'm an M.D., godammit! A Doctor of Misery!

Heather sneezes again.

CASHIER

Go ahead. Take the Nyquil.

Heather gratefully opens the box, unscrews the cap. Sips.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEATHER'S BUILDING - EVENING

Heather and Isaac approach her building. She tenses. Jokes:

HEATHER

I think I can make it the rest of the way.

ISAAC

I'm walking you to your door.

HEATHER

Isaac --

ISAAC

He doesn't own the sidewalk. Does he?

HEATHER
You sound like a child.

The doorman opens the door for Heather. She turns to shoo Isaac away. And then, softly:

HEATHER
Shit.

Isaac starts to turn around, to see what Heather sees, over his shoulder.

HEATHER
Don't turn. Just come in.

BEHIND ISAAC

A long, shiny black limo is gliding up to the curb.

INT. LOBBY - EVENING

Heather quickly leads Isaac past the doorman. Softly:

ISAAC
Is it him?

HEATHER
I don't know.

They move to the elevators, in a bank off to the side. She presses Up. Both anxiously look up, at the floor indicator above the car door.

THE INDICATOR

As 2 blinks off, and Lobby blinks on. Behind them, the CLACKING of a man's SHOES, approaching.

IN THE ELEVATOR

As the door opens and Isaac and Heather quickly board. Isaac presses Door Close.

A hand reaches in, jolting open the door. And --

-- a harmless old GENT in coke-bottle glasses boards. He brings his face close to Heather's. Squints.

GENT
Evening, Mrs. Evans.

Heather manages a smile as Isaac presses Door Close again.

GENT
We haven't seen you at the co-op
meetings lately. Lots of changes. New
chandelier in the lobby.

The car stops on 4, and the Gent gets off.

GENT
Night, now.

HEATHER
'Night.

The car continues up. Stops at 6.

HEATHER
-- C'mon.

Isaac exits with her, into:

INT. VESTIBULE - EVENING

There are only two apartments per floor. Heather leads Isaac
to a third, plain door.

HEATHER
The service stairs down.

She opens the door for him. He pauses to kiss her.

ISAAC
Call me.

EXT. ALLEY - EVENING - TWO MINUTES LATER

Isaac exits the building into a shadowy alley where trash is
collected. Then humiliatingly slips in some slick stuff

Isaac gets to his feet. Collects himself -- and his dignity
-- then darts out of the alley, and hurries down the block.

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Heather stands here, sipping more Nyquil. Muffled, through
the walls, she hears a strange, unearthly TRAMPING sound.

INT. BATHROOM/SPA - EVENING

It is Jimmy on the treadmill, in running shoes and shorts --
hirsute, pouring sweat, feet POUNDING. An almost fascistic
picture of power in motion.

Heather stands in the doorway, watching the spectacle. He instantly senses her presence. Without looking at her:

JIMMY
We're meeting Joe Giannatasio at Tre
Scalini, at eight.

A smile of contempt crosses her lips.

HEATHER
I'm in for the night. I have a cold.

She sips her Nyquil.

JIMMY
Two weeks I'm holding reservations.

Heather's response is to take another sip of Nyquil.

Jimmy shuts off the treadmill.

JIMMY
C'mon. Go to your room. Make yourself
gorgeous.

HEATHER
I'm staying in. I'm sick.

She swigs again on the Nyquil. Jimmy crosses, for a towel.

JIMMY
You're sick? Now tell me something I
don't know.

On "don't", he swats the Nyquil out of her hand. The bottle goes flying, shatters against the mirrored wall, cracking it.

JIMMY
Shit. You're paying for that --

A cruel glint in his eye. He brings the towel to his face.

JIMMY
Take off your clothes. Get down on
your knees.

He vigorously dries the sweat from his forehead and --

-- Heather reaches for the nearest dumbbell. Grips it with both hands and swings it at his temple!

It connects with a hideous CRACK, the impact sending Jimmy over the side of the Jacuzzi, into the bubbling water.

All we see are his feet, bobbing ... and the towel still covering his face, like a shroud. A stain spreads on it, then the towel floats away, revealing eyes open in surprise, turning the water a sick fizzy pink -- and Heather SCREAMS.

FADE OUT. As the SCREAMS subside, we FADE UP ON:

EXT. RIKERS ISLAND - NEXT MORNING

The sun rises on "the Rock," fabled and forbidding.

A cab pulls up at the gate. Isaac climbs out, shows his card to the prison guard, enters.

INT. WAITING ROOM - MORNING

Diana is wedged between an old Latino Man mumbling prayers in Spanish and a Young Tough who jumps up every few seconds, swears, and sits down again.

As Isaac enters, Diana flies into his arms.

DIANA

What're they gonna do to her --?

Isaac pats her shoulder.

ISAAC

I don't know ...

(then)

What happened ..? Do you --

DIANA

They found him -- Jimmy ... with his head ... um ... crushed I guess ...

Isaac winces. He feels sick, disbelieving.

DIANA

And she ... she's not sure -- what --

OFF-SCREEN, we HEAR:

C.O.'S VOICE

"Barr"?

INT. VISITORS' AREA - MORNING

Three big, barred windows and a row of picnic-style tables.

On the far side of the tables sit the female prisoners (mostly young, black), in drab jumpers. Guarding them are a dozen C.O.'s, male and female, black and white. On the near side of the tables sit the visitors: husbands, boyfriends, girlfriends, parents. There is a multilingual BABBLE.

Isaac sits -- hunched, apprehensive -- on the visitors' side of the picnic table. The chair opposite is empty.

Through CLANGING steel DOORS at the far end of the Visitors Area comes Heather, escorted by a female C.O. Heather's skin is chalky, hair greasy and limp, eyes swollen from crying.

Spotting Isaac, she breaks away from the C.O., swiftly moves to the chair opposite, and sits.

ISAAC

Are you okay?

Heather mimes that she needs a cigarette. Isaac shakes one out for himself too, lights them both. Then:

ISAAC

He found out about us? Attacked you?

Heather shakes her head.

ISAAC

Threatened you?

HEATHER

(fights for control)
It wasn't like that. We were talking
... a fight, but nothing -- unusual ...
and then, God I, just snapped, like --

She brings the cigarette to her mouth with a trembling hand.

HEATHER

Like those other times.

ISAAC

What other times?

HEATHER

The feeling that came over me. Losing control. Going crazy --

ISAAC

When?

HEATHER

But this time, I didn't have a drink.

ISAAC

What?

HEATHER

I was going to tell you ... but it's not easy for me ... I guess I wanted you to think I was perfect ...

She laughs -- softly, bitterly.

HEATHER
Something happens to me when I drink.
It's horrible, I become ... I don't
know what I become, I can't remember.

ISAAC
Have you seen a doctor for this?

Heather half-nods.

ISAAC
... And did they diagnose it?

Heather shakes her head -- she can't think.

ISAAC
Did they call it -- would you remember?
-- "pathological intoxication"?

Heather frowns, tilts her head -- maybe ...

HEATHER
I don't know --

ISAAC
But you said you didn't have a drink --

HEATHER
Of course not. I know I can't drink.

ISAAC
Okay ... What did you do?

HEATHER
I ... went into the bathroom ... Had
some more Nyquil ... Jimmy was there --

Isaac blinks: of course.

ISAAC
The Nyquil. You drank -- how much?

HEATHER
(shrugs)
A few sips. Quite a few ...

Isaac leans across the table.

ISAAC
Don't you know that Nyquil is twenty-
five percent alcohol?

Heather looks baffled.

ISAAC

You didn't know what you were doing --

HEATHER

Isaac, I'm not crazy --

ISAAC

But you've been treated for this, am I right? For pathological intoxication?

HEATHER

I've been ... they brought me in to, um, New York Hospital ... twice ... and once to Lenox Hill ...

Isaac nods. The wheels are spinning.

ISAAC

Do you have a lawyer?

Heather shakes her head. Despairing:

HEATHER

I don't have a lawyer. I don't have anything.

Isaac places a steady hand on her trembling one.

ISAAC

Yes you do. Now you do.

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT (SEVERAL WEEKS LATER)

A large, loud, unruly MOB moves up the concrete ramp toward the arena. Among them we FIND Alan, O'Brien and Isaac. Petitioning the conservative shrink:

ISAAC

It's open and shut and I'd do it --

O'BRIEN

-- but Barr's been -- what's the word?
-- schtupping the accused.

ISAAC

Mike --

O'BRIEN

What, I didn't say it right?

ALAN

I don't know, Isaac ... If I'm anything, I'm a prosecution man ...

ISAAC

Which only increases your credibility
as a defense witness in this case.

TRACK with them as they enter a dark, claustrophobic tunnel.

O'BRIEN

Alan, the deceased was a guy they been
trying to prosecute for a pig's age.
Haven't you noticed the birds chirping
more melodiously? The children's
laughter a little brighter? America's
a nicer country without that shitball.

ALAN

I'm not stupid. I know why you're
determined to suck me into this.

O'Brien turns to Isaac. The soul of innocence.

O'BRIEN

What's he talking about?

ALAN

Several years ago I published a study
in the Archives of General Psychiatry.
You want me to believe Isaac didn't
mention that to you?

As they find their entrance, and move toward their seats:

ISAAC

Relax, Alan. Think of the referrals
this'll bring you.

CUT TO:

EXT. 100 CENTRE STREET - MORNING (A FEW MONTHS LATER)

Civil servants make their way into the Criminal Court. OVER:

MAN'S VOICE

The defense will tell you that Mrs.
Evans was under the influence of this
or that when she killed her husband.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The largest courtroom, on the 13th floor. It's packed.

JUDGE COSTELLO presides.

To the side is the jury -- mixed race, mostly blue collar.

They attentively listen to Assistant D.A. DONALD BRAKHAGE as he delivers his opening statement. Brakhage has the build of Dick Butkus and the mien of Bruce the Shark.

BRAKHAGE
They'll bring in so-called experts to
say she wasn't in her right mind.

ANGLE - HEATHER

At the defense table. Terribly pale, terribly pretty.

BRAKHAGE'S VOICE
But ladies and gentlemen of the jury:

PAN to O'BRIEN, next to Heather. He's thoroughly cleaned up his act for this occasion; in his Perry Ellis suit, he looks every inch the high-powered criminal lawyer.

BRAKHAGE'S VOICE
We are here to try a woman who ...

IN THE GALLERY

Diana, even paler than her sister. Isaac has discreetly sat a few rows behind her. Now:

A BLACK MAN

slips into the room, takes a seat in the same row as -- but on the opposite side of -- Isaac. He intently watches Isaac (who hasn't noticed him) as the D.A. continues his opening:

BRAKHAGE'S VOICE
... on a lovely spring night ...

The black man is sharp and ferocious-looking, nearly bursting out of his blue suit.

BACK TO BRAKHAGE

BRAKHAGE
... in the sanctity of the apartment
she shared with her husband, waited
until he'd turned his back, then
savagely ...

He lifts a dumbbell off the prosecution table. Raises it, in a way that emphasizes its weight.

BRAKHAGE
... swung a heavy dumbbell at his head.

On "head," Brakhage SMASHES the dumbbell down onto the tabletop, producing a shocking, terrible THUD.

IN THE GALLERY

Spectators flinch. Even Isaac ...

TIME CUT:

O'BRIEN

as he delivers his opening statement to the jury.

O'BRIEN

Impressive wasn't it? Though I think Raymond Burr did it first, in A Place In The Sun, with an oar ... But what Mr. Brakhage didn't say was that that dumbbell over there is not the object that killed Jimmy Evans. The actual dumbbell was never recovered. If indeed it was a dumbbell. You see whatever object was used, and whatever really happened in that bathroom on that night, can never be known beyond a reasonable doubt.

He gestures at Heather -- she looks small, frail and afraid.

O'BRIEN

Because Heather Evans has no memory of the events of that night. As we proceed, you'll see this is consistent with our plea.

CUT TO:

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Isaac at his word processor, back to revising his paper.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Surprised, Isaac gets up, goes to the door, looks through the keyhole. Opens the door, for ...

MIKE O'BRIEN. Tie and hair askew.

O'BRIEN

Sorry to barge in. Mommy asleep?

ISAAC

Last I looked. What's up?

O'BRIEN

I was just hanging with a buddy of mine from the D.A.'s office. Quaaffed a few.

ISAAC

No kidding.

O'BRIEN
Brakhage's expert witness?

ISAAC
Cohagan? I'm not worried about him --

O'BRIEN
(grins)
They were just sandbagging us with Dr. Cohagan. Their star's been waiting in the wings: They're calling Dr. Grusin.

ISAAC
They're shelling out for Jack Grusin?

O'Brien flops into the nearest chair.

O'BRIEN
... Those goddam insurance companies. They'll spend more figuring out how to beat a claim than just pay the fucker.

ISAAC
What the hell does an insurance company have to do with this?

O'BRIEN
Got any Bushmill's? No, you wouldn't.

Isaac crosses to the kitchen, pulls a bottle of Stolli out of the freezer. Pours two over ice. As he reenters the room:

O'BRIEN
Seems Jimmy had a million dollar life insurance policy and Heather's the sole beneficiary. If she's found Not Responsible, they have to pay double -- 'cause (you'll like this) technically it'd be considered an "accident".

He takes a vodka from Isaac and downs half in one gulp.

ISAAC
(stunned)
You're saying ...

O'BRIEN
I'm saying a million times two is --

ISAAC
Wait. Shut up! A good divorce lawyer could've gotten her that and more --

O'Brien shakes his head.

O'BRIEN
Seems our dear departed mogul was four
mil in the hole. Gambling debts and
junk bonds f'r days ... Says my pal the
prosecutor.

Now it's Isaac's turn to drain his Stoli.

O'BRIEN
When this is all over, your girlfriend
could be up to her long slender neck in
megabucks. Hey, maybe I shoulda taken
this case for a piece of the action.

INT. ISAAC'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Late night, perfect quiet. Isaac's sleeping mother looks so
peaceful and still, she might almost be dead.

He sits at her bedside, head bowed but wide awake. Softly:

ISAAC
She loves me. She knows how I feel
about her. She wouldn't use me like
that.

He reaches out, as though he'd like to wake her, to ask:

ISAAC
Would she?

Isaac's mother just peacefully sleeps.

CUT TO:

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND VISITOR'S AREA - NEXT MORNING

Heather comes through the gate and crosses to Isaac. She
appears rested; some color has returned to her face. She
takes a seat opposite Isaac and reaches out for his hand.

HEATHER
Hi.

Isaac is silent. He looks strained and tense.

HEATHER
Is something wrong? Diana --?

ISAAC
Diana's fine. You forgot to mention
that you're the sole beneficiary of
your husband's life insurance policy.

Heather looks confused.

ISAAC
Or is that another thing you were
waiting to tell me?

HEATHER
... What're you -- saying?

ISAAC
Just that if the jury finds that you
weren't responsible, you walk out of a
hospital in a month or so, and collect
two million tax-free bucks.

HEATHER
But that's impossible!

Impassioned, Heather is shaking her head.

HEATHER
No. No. Jimmy would never have named
me beneficiary.

Isaac's looks says: he did.

Heather's hand flies up to her mouth.

HEATHER
My god -- did he -- do you think ... it
means he loved me?

As though this were the most terrifying possibility.

Isaac impassively lights a Camel, as Heather tries to hold
herself together.

Isaac just puffs. And presently Heather realizes:

HEATHER
That's why you're here. You think ...

Now she rises. Backs away, looking mortified.

HEATHER
You think I could've killed somebody
for money --?

She hurries out of the room. Isaac just stares after her.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Diana looks over her shoulder, for Isaac. He's not here.

BRAKHAGE

The People call Dr. John G. Grusin.

TIME CUT:

DR. GRUSIN is on the stand. Authoritative yet avuncular. A defendant's worst nightmare. Brakhage questions him:

BRAKHAGE

Dr. Grusin, have you examined the defendant, Heather Evans?

GRUSIN

Yes, I have.

BRAKHAGE

Did you find Mrs. Evans to be suffering from any illness that could impair her normal functioning?

GRUSIN

No. I did not.

BRAKHAGE

What about Pathological Intoxication?

GRUSIN

I found no evidence of it whatsoever.
(glances at the jury)
And I doubt that anyone but a defense attorney would, either.

Muffled TITTERS in the gallery. The ferocious-looking black man breaks into a little smile.

O'BRIEN

Objection, Your Honor. Move to strike.

JUDGE

Sustained. The jury will disregard the witness's last statement.

BRAKHAGE

Doctor, why do you doubt the existence of so-called Pathological Intoxication?

GRUSIN

Discussion of this "disorder" is, I believe, simply an attempt to dazzle a jury with pseudoscientific jargon ... to convince them that alcohol exerts magic, evil powers on the brains of just a few people.

O'BRIEN
Objection! The witness is stating an
opinion! Nothing more.

JUDGE
That's what he's here for, counselor.
He's an expert witness. Overruled.

Brakhage smiles, turns back to Grusin.

BRAKHAGE
Why "pseudoscientific," Doctor?

GRUSIN
Because no one has ever shown any
physical evidence of Pathological
Intoxication.

SEVERAL MEMBERS OF the JURY frown, concerned.

BRAKHAGE
What would constitute "physical
evidence," Dr. Grusin?

GRUSIN
A brain scan. Genetic profile.
Analysis of blood chemistry. Things
that can be tested ...

TIME CUT:

That afternoon. O'Brien is cross-examining the witness.

O'BRIEN
... Are you aware that Heather was
brought to Roosevelt Hospital once, and
New York Hospital twice, in the past
eighteen months?

GRUSIN
Of course.

O'BRIEN
You say "of course" because you
examined her emergency room records?

GRUSIN
Certainly.

IN THE GALLERY - ISAAC

slips into the room. Takes the empty seat beside Diana. He
tried to stay away, but couldn't.

O'BRIEN'S VOICE
And what were the doctors' diagnostic
conclusions?

BACK TO SCENE

GRUSIN
Pathological intoxication. But based
on my experience in this area, I would
have to disagree.

O'BRIEN
Your "experience in this area" ... Tell
me, Doctor, how many patients have you
treated with pathological intoxication?

GRUSIN
(flinty)
Mr. O'Brien, I testified on direct as
to my doubts that this "illness"
exists, therefore how can I be expec--

O'BRIEN
Please answer the question. How many
such patients have you treated?

GRUSIN
I haven't treated any. I've evaluated
some, who claimed --

O'BRIEN
(losing patience)
Alright, then how many such patients
have you evaluated?

GRUSIN
Two.

O'BRIEN
Two.

As though this answer confirms all O'Brien's doubts about the
so-called "expert" witness.

O'BRIEN
No further questions.

ISAAC

looks down, so that his little grin can't be seen.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING (A FEW DAYS LATER)

Isaac, on his way into the building, falls into step with a pudgy COURT OFFICER who, perspiring heavily, wipes his neck with his sleeve as he drags himself up the stairs.

ISAAC

(smiles)

Hey Hector -- it's a bitch, huh?

The Court Officer nods. As they enter the courthouse:

COURT OFFICER

Never thought we'd see her up there.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

An odd response, and not what Isaac meant. But rather than belabor it:

ISAAC

Actually, she's not gonna take the stand.

Hector blinks. He and Isaac board separate elevators. OVER:

O'BRIEN'S VOICE

Dr. Lowenthal ...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Alan is on the stand. He appears stiff, nervous.

O'Brien stands before him, coaxing:

O'BRIEN

What quantity of alcohol must be consumed to produce a severe psychotic reaction in a person suffering from pathological intoxication?

ALAN

(timid)

In, ah, my experience ... only a very small amount of alcohol is needed to produce a severe psychotic reaction.

ISAAC

Anxiously watching. Wishing he could step in.

SCENE

Continuing, in his most gentle, solicitous tone:

O'BRIEN

And yet a person suffering from pathological intoxication may otherwise show no evidence of mental disorder?

ALAN

Based on my experience I'd say that's ... ah, correct.

O'BRIEN

Thank you, Doctor. Your witness.

Brakhage rises. Confidently ambles to the witness stand.

BRAKHAGE

Doctor, you repeatedly make reference to your "experience" with this obscure disorder. How many patients with this "condition" have you actually treated?

ALAN

During my fellowship training at the Columbia Psychiatric Institute, I had the opportunity to conduct a study of pathological intoxication. My findings were published in The Archives of General Psychiatry. In all, there were thirty-seven patients involved.

A loud BUZZ in the courtroom.

ISAAC

smiles to himself -- Brakhage blundered into their trap.

BACK TO SCENE

But the D.A. hasn't backed off -- instead, he steps right in front of Alan and thunders:

BRAKHAGE

Did any of those thirty-seven patients beat their spouses to death?

ALAN

(rattled, blurts)
Dear god, no.

BRAKHAGE

No further questions.

THE BLACK MAN

in the gallery smirks with satisfaction.

BACK TO SCENE

O'Brien leaps up.

O'BRIEN
Request opportunity for redirect, your
Honor!

JUDGE'S VOICE
Proceed.

O'Brien fairly sprints back to the witness box.

O'BRIEN
Doctor: Can you tell us what some of
those patients did do, in the acute
psychotic phase of their illness --?

Alan, still shaken, shoots O'Brien a desperately blank look.

O'BRIEN
-- Didn't one slash her wrists?

ALAN
Oh. Yes.

ALAN
Didn't another break her son's arm?

ALAN
(catching on)
Yes!

O'BRIEN
Didn't --

ALAN
And one of 'em threw himself in front
of a subway train! Lost a leg!

He turns to the jury. Brightly:

ALAN
It's all there, in my paper!

O'BRIEN
(relieved, backs off)
Thank you. The Defense rests.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - TWO HOURS LATER

Diana, in a corner, gnaws at her cuticle.

Isaac and O'Brien pace, as they await the verdict.

O'BRIEN
We get the Nyquil Lady off, you owe me.
How 'bout fixing me up with the sister?

A COURT OFFICER steps out of the courtroom.

COURT OFFICER
The jury has returned.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

Everyone rises. The Judge strides in, sits. Everyone sits.

JUDGE
Have you reached a verdict?

FOREMAN
We have, Your Honor.
(clears throat)
We, the jury, find Heather Evans Not
Responsible by reason of --

His last words are drowned out by general CLAMOR in the court
as reporters jump up, people SHOUT, etc.

Isaac and Heather share a brief stolen look.

JUDGE
I hereby order her remanded to the
Kirby Forensic Facility ...

CUT TO:

INT. KIRBY FORENSIC FACILITY - TWO DAYS LATER

A civil unit on Ward's Island. We're in the Visiting Room,
full of relatives visiting crazy wives, daughters, mothers.

JUDGE'S VOICE
... for examination and observation
until it is confirmed that she no
longer represents a danger to herself
or others, and that she no longer
suffers from active dangerous mental
disorder.

Heather, ill at ease in the midst of the cacaphony, anxiously
watches for someone. Now she sees --

-- Diana and Isaac, as they are let into the room. Heather quickly crosses, embracing first her sister, than Isaac. We realize we've never seen all three in the same FRAME before.

ISAAC
How're you making out in here?

HEATHER
I don't know ... How long do you think
I'll have to stay ..?

As Isaac leads her (Diana following) to an unoccupied table:

ISAAC
Technically, it's indefinite. But you
play the game and the shrinks'll sign
you out in maybe six to eight weeks ...

HEATHER
That's two months. Isaac, don't you
know anyone on the staff who --

DIANA
Well I mean you did kill your husband.

Heather and Isaac shoot Diana a quick look. Then the lovers regard each other again.

ISAAC
Is it that terrible in here?

HEATHER
No but it's ... there's noise, all the
time, day and night. People shouting,
and the damned TV. And lights on, all
night too. That's hard on my nerves.

She reaches out for Isaac's cigarette, has a hungry puff.

HEATHER
And all I can think about is being with
you.

ISAAC
When you're released, I'd like you to
come live with me.

Heather doesn't say no. So Isaac turns to Diana. Gently:

ISAAC
Obviously I can't remain your doctor at
that point. I know a number of
excellent analysts who'd --

DIANA

That's okay.

Like a child, she has a hard time hiding her hurt. Hastily:

ISAAC

But there's no hurry. For the next two months, anyway ... I don't see why we can't continue together ...

Now a strained look crosses Heather's face. Isaac and Diana notice. Everyone starts to say something at once --

-- then everyone stops.

INT. KIRBY FORENSIC - MORNING (LATER)

Isaac and Diana exit the elevator. As they cross the lobby, she takes his arm.

DIANA

Didn't she look awful? She almost looked like an insane person.

Isaac chooses to ignore the comment. OVER:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Everyone has heard Freud's rhetorical question, "Women, what do they want?"

CUT TO:

INT. NYU AUDITORIUM LECTURE HALL - AFTERNOON (A WEEK LATER)

The American Academy of Psychiatry and Law Conference. A large audience of Doctors and Attorneys listen (or don't) as a feminist psychologist SPEAKER holds forth at the podium.

SPEAKER

Elsewhere, Freud refers to the female sex as "the dark continent".

THE AUDIENCE

Including Isaac. Bored, he drums his fingers on his leg ...

SPEAKER'S VOICE

In his Interpretation of Dreams, the man who gave the world "penis envy" declares that women's libido is essentially masochistic. The evidence?

BACK TO SPEAKER

SPEAKER
It's buried deep in Chapter VI ... A patient, dreaming about arranging a floral centerpiece, has the poor taste to mix violets with lillies and carnations.

ISAAC

sits up straighter in his chair.

SPEAKER'S VOICE
Of course violets represent women's unconscious need to be violated -- violently, wouldn't you know?

BACK TO SPEAKER

Hitting her stride now.

SPEAKER
But I would like to paraphrase the good doctor and proclaim that sometimes a violet is just a violet!

BACK TO ISAAC

He quickly makes his way -- quietly excusing himself -- along his row. Then up the aisle to the exit. OVER:

SPEAKER'S VOICE
And what of the table on which these flowers were laid -- forgive the expression ...

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY PLACE - AFTERNOON

His briefcase wildly swinging, Isaac dashes across the street through heavy traffic to the University library.

INT. LIBRARY - ISAAC

rushes to the Information Desk.

ISAAC
-- Where's your psychology section?

INT. THE PSYCHOLOGY SECTION

A separate room, dimly lit, low-ceilinged, claustrophobic. He finds the Freud shelves.

An entire shelf is devoted to the Standard Edition of the Complete Works of Sigmund Freud -- 24 Volumes. Isaac reaches for Volume V, The Interpretation of Dreams.

CLOSE - INDEX OF DREAMS

Isaac's finger trails down the pages past hundreds of dreams, to the dream listed as "Table Decorated With Flowers".

ISAAC

anxiously thumbs through the dream. INTERCUT between ISAAC and phrases from Freud's text as, whispering, Isaac reads:

ISAAC

"I arrange the centre of a table with flowers ... I decorate the flowers with fancy paper. The paper looks like velvet ... There are lillies of the valley, pinks, or carnations ... and violets."

Isaac stands there, frozen ... And then he slowly shuts the book, replaces it on the shelf.

EXT. LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

As Isaac hurries out, arm upraised for a cab. But it is the start of rush hour, and there are no cabs.

Isaac starts to run ... down the crowded sidewalk ... nearly knocking over numerous outraged pedestrians --

EXT. 100 CENTRE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Most everybody is streaming out of the Criminal Courthouse. Isaac races up the steps. He fights the tide, to get into:

INT. ARRAIGNMENT COURT - EARLY EVENING

The familiar chaos -- lawyers, lowlifes ... Isaac quickly moves toward the rear, craning his neck for:

HECTOR

The pudgy Court Officer he spoke to during Heather's trial.

HECTOR

Dr. Barr ...

ISAAC

(winded)

Hector ... May I see you a moment?

Before Hector can reply, Isaac is guiding him into a corner.

ISAAC

That day at the trial ... You said "I never thought we'd see her up there."

Hector blinks as he remembers.

ISAAC

I thought you meant, as a witness. But that isn't what you meant, is it?

HECTOR

Not exactly ...

ISAAC

You meant, as a defendant. Didn't you?

HECTOR

(hedges)

Not that it's any of my business, but ... Ms. Evans is your girlfriend?

ISAAC

Why do you say that?

HECTOR

A guy like me, married as I am ... notices a woman like that. Even with glasses and a kerchief.

(explains)

She sat in the back row a coupla times last year.

ISAAC

Last year ...

HECTOR

When you was testifying.

(grins agreeably)

She must really love you. Looked like she was hanging on your every word.

Isaac nods. Now he knows.

HECTOR

I'm glad for you, Doc, that she got off. The woman's really something.

ISAAC

(grim smile)

Yes. She really is.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYU AUDITORIUM - EARLY EVENING

Isaac jumps out of a cab, races into the building.

INT. BACKSTAGE - ISAAC

approaches a Moderator, who is nervously checking his watch.

ISAAC
Listen. I --

The Moderator smiles with relief.

MODERATOR
Thank god. You're next.

ISAAC
Sorry. I can't do this. Something's
come up and --

In b.g., a FIGURE at the mike is concluding his introduction.

FIGURE
... Barr, of Bellevue Hospital.

MODERATOR
Don't bust my chops, Isaac. You're on.

ANGLE - ISAAC AT THE PODIUM

A moment later. In no mood, Isaac tentatively begins:

ISAAC
The insanity defense, ah ... dates back
to the Babylonians and Assyrians ...
Both the Bible and the Talmud contained
several references to ...

He trails off. Blinks at his audience. Then puts aside his
text. Takes a breath.

ISAAC
Isn't every act of violence a form of
insanity? The "crime of passion" we
understand in that context, yes, but --

He seems, momentarily, to lose this thread as well.

IN THE AUDIENCE

Restless shifting. Alan and O'Brien trade curious glances.

BACK TO ISAAC

As he finds his voice again.

ISAAC

But what about someone who coldly plans the death of another? Isn't that -- in a sense -- even more pathological? But if that is sick ... as we psychiatrists insist, then ... aren't all criminals sick, and shouldn't all prisons become hospitals? And not just prisons ... I can imagine a time when this whole city will, in fact, be one enormous minimum security psychiatric facility ...

Isaac takes another breath. Then hurriedly stuffs his papers back into his briefcase and strides off the dais.

IN THE AUDIENCE

People trade rueful looks: another promising young shrink self-destructs.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW DELHI RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

TRACK with Isaac as he crosses the crowded room, to join:

Alan and O'Brien, washing down curries with Taj Mahal beer.

O'BRIEN

Look who's here: The prophet Ezekiel.

Isaac sits. He looks pensive.

ALAN

Congratulations. That was perhaps the most bizarre valedictory since Nixon's farewell to his White House staff.

Isaac pours himself a beer, takes several big gulps. But he hasn't spoken yet, or cracked a smile.

O'Brien turns to Alan.

O'BRIEN

You know what the problem is -- this dude doesn't trust happiness. Don't you witchdoctors have a name for it?

ALAN

Anhedonia.

(studies Isaac)

Actually, I think what we're seeing is a crisis of commitment. Typically, in a love triangle, when the third party is vanquished, the lovers develop a --

ISAAC

Bullshit.

O'BRIEN

I know: You're uptight about taking on the formidable Widow Evans... piece of work ... But think of the perks: Park Avenue condos, Bavarian cars, vacations in Virgin Gorda ... And I figured you'd end up with an ex-hippie social worker.

Isaac ignores O'Brien, turns to Alan.

ISAAC

Have you ever had a patient with a phony pathology?

ALAN

(surprised)

You mean, reporting bogus symptoms, dreams, etc? We've all had patients like that.

O'Brien listens intently, as:

ISAAC

And how do you proceed with patients like that?

ALAN

You dig beneath the phony pathology to get to the real pathology. There's always something there to stir up.

He and O'Brien watch, curious, as Isaac ponders. And then abruptly rises.

ISAAC

I gotta go.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

O'Brien catches up to Isaac, halfway down the block.

O'BRIEN

Something not kosher with the sister act? Am I in the ballpark here?

Isaac doesn't answer -- just keeps walking. Fast.

O'BRIEN

Notice I'm not asking what. 'Cause it's over. We won.

By now, Alan has caught up too.

ISAAC

You won. I helped my girlfriend get away with murder.

Alan pales.

ALAN

Oh shit. Oh shit! I knew it! In my gut -- oh God --!

O'BRIEN

Get a goddam grip on yourself.

Then back to Isaac, moving so fast now he's nearly jogging.

O'BRIEN

I don't want to know anything about it. Just make it right somehow.

ISAAC

I'll do what I have to do.

O'BRIEN

No police, no publicity ...

ALAN

(terrified, babbles)

You dragged us into this -- you gotta fix it, Isaac --

O'Brien glares at Alan again. When he turns back, Isaac has sped into a full-out sprint, leaving his friends behind ...

CUT TO:

INT. CAB - NIGHT (MOVING)

Isaac, in the back seat, restlessly bounces his knee up and down, taps his teeth. As the cab brakes, he looks up.

ISAAC

Don't be mean, turn to green.

ANGLE - TRAFFIC SIGNAL

Instantly, the light turns green. The cab lurches ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. KIRBY FORENSIC FACILITY - NIGHT (LATER)

Isaac hops out of the cab. Dashes into the building.

INT. NURSING STATION - ISAAC

Revved, almost manic, he impatiently listens as:

NIGHT NURSE

I'm sorry, Dr. Barr, but it's well past visiting hours. The inmates are alr--

ISAAC

I know. But listen: I have to finish a report for court tomorrow and I just realized I'm missing some data. And I'm gonna get killed if I don't have it first thing in the morning --

CUT TO:

INT. CHART ROOM - NIGHT (5 MINUTES LATER)

An Orderly escorts Heather into the room. She is surprised to find Isaac here, pacing.

HEATHER

Hi! What's going on?

Isaac waits for the orderly to exit. Heather takes a step forward, steals a quick kiss. Then pulls away, when Isaac doesn't kiss back. Off her questioning look:

ISAAC

When you married Jimmy were you already planning to kill him? Or did the plan just sort of evolve?

HEATHER

What?

ISAAC

Right, what? What about me? Are you gonna eat a bowl of cherries jubilee and then push me in front of a bus?

HEATHER

Isaac, please -- this is crazy --

ISAAC

Crazy maybe but clever too, sending me your sister -- how concerned and compassionate ... and I fell for it. I believed every word. I thought -- finally -- something real. But all along you were just sucking me in --

Heather's tone is simultaneously pleading and piercing:

HEATHER

Don't turn on me. You're the only man
I ever trusted.

She moves toward him again. Isaac pushes her off.

ISAAC

You forgot about one phenomenon:
transference. The bond a patient
develops with the doctor who listens to
her, analyzes her, counsels her ...
it's such a powerful force, even a
phony patient will start to feel
something you might call "love".

(then)

Diana told me everything. How you came
to court, watched me testify ...
Auditioning me for the part ...

Heather sinks onto the nearest chair. Weakly:

HEATHER

Diana doesn't love you.

ISAAC

But she thinks she does. You let her
lie on my couch week after week free-
associating, fantasizing, fabricating
... Well, that gives a psychiatrist
some insight. And a degree of control.

When Heather looks up we see that she is crying.

HEATHER

Get out of here. I never want to see
you again.

Isaac lights a Camel. He's riffing, on anxiety overdrive.

ISAAC

But you will -- every six months. Oh
yes you will. I'll be on the
evaluating committee that visits you!
We'll consider how you're interacting
with other patients, look at the
paintings and little clay sculptures
you've done in art therapy ... See,
it'll be quite awhile before you get
out -- once you're stuck in a maximum
security psychiatric hospital, your
civil rights sort of ... evaporate.
Yes and -- do you know about the anti-
psychotic drugs? The side effects?
Speech impairment. Facial twitches ...

Heather dries her eyes. Stands. Steps toward Isaac and puts a hand on his cheek. Even in extremis, she is ravishing.

HEATHER

You wouldn't do that.

Isaac stubs out his Camel. A bitter laugh.

ISAAC

You know I would've done anything for you ... Except what I did for you.

Then he turns and walks out of the chart room, gesturing for the Orderly to take her away.

INT. CORRIDOR - A MINUTE LATER

As a distressed Heather is escorted back to her room:

HEATHER

I need to make a call!

ORDERLY

In the morning, lady ...

HEATHER

It's a family emergency -- I need to phone my sister --!

A second Orderly opens the door to Heather's room -- a dorm-type arrangement with seven other women -- and the escorting Ordlerly roughly pushes her inside.

EXT. KIRBY FORENSIC - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Isaac walks out, his body twisted from tension, the pain of a near-migraine evident on his face.

He kicks a piece of trash on the steps, and emits a string of frustrated curses. Suddenly --

-- a hulking FIGURE steps from out of the shadows, blocking him. Isaac startles.

FIGURE

Isaac Barr?

The Black Man from the trial. He's nearly a head taller than Isaac and twice as wide. He's smiling, but somehow we're not reassured. His voice is guttural, effortlessly threatening.

BLACK MAN

How's Heather?

ISAAC

Who are you?

A beat, then a badge glimmers in Isaac's frightened face.

BLACK MAN

Huggins. Homicide.

Isaac relaxes, but not much.

ISAAC

What can I do for you?

HUGGINS

How's Heather?

ISAAC

She's ... fine.

HUGGINS

You look upset. Could use a shower, too. What'd she tell you -- she ain't gonna share the two million with you?

Isaac's mind whirls. The silence is punctuated by a lunatic WOMAN'S shrill SCREAMS, from inside the building.

ISAAC

I have a report due in the morning. I needed some data, so I --

HUGGINS

Don't yank my dick! Night of the murder some stud walked into the building with Heather. Hinky thing, no one saw this stud walk out.

With all the cool he can muster:

ISAAC

Sounds like an interesting lead. Why didn't you follow up on it?

HUGGINS

Doorman's a pillhead on parole. Geezer who rode upstairs with the happy couple is legally blind ... Even if one of 'em made an ID, in court it'd be worth zip.

ISAAC

But you think it was me, with Heather?

HUGGINS

At this juncture? I know it was. But without a murder weapon I can't do jack. Meantime you're the expert witness. The lawyer's your best friend. The sister's your patient and you're banging the accused. And I don't have a fucking murder weapon.

He glowers at Isaac. Who tentatively steps around him.

ISAAC

I wish I could help you with that, Detective. Now if you don't mind, I'm going home to take that shower.

He steps down, to the cab waiting at the curb.

Huggins watches as Isaac's cab pulls off, into darkness.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - NIGHTSTAND

As the PHONE on it RINGS. It's a cute pink phone we'd expect to find in the room of a teenage girl. The clock next to the phone says it's 7:00 a.m.

On the third RING, a hand grabs at the receiver, knocking the clock and several vials of tranquilizers off the nightstand.

DIANA'S VOICE

(groggy, hoarse)

-- What --?

INTERCUT HEATHER, in:

INT. KIRBY FORENSIC - MORNING

On the pay phone in the dayroom. The hollows around her eyes suggest she was up all night waiting to make this call -- and did, at the first opportunity. She sounds measured, steely.

HEATHER

What did you tell him?

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

A one-bedroom whose cutesy decor has been eerily overwhelmed by dirty dishes, tossed clothes and old magazines. Like the bachelorette pad of a stewardess with a mood disorder.

Diana, phenomenally unkempt, valiantly tries to sit up.

DIANA

Who?

Desperately trying to shake off her sleeping-pill hangover.

HEATHER

Isaac.

DIANA

I ... I told him the -- the dream.

(trying to please)

The one we picked: with the violets --

HEATHER

You fool! You fell in love with him!

DIANA

Wh-what do you mean? I --

HEATHER

You want to tell me how he found out?

This brings Diana to full consciousness.

DIANA

He found out?

HEATHER

Yes, and he said you told him.

DIANA

I didn't tell him shit!

HEATHER

If you're lying to me --

DIANA

Don't accuse me! You're the one who
fucked him!

Furious -- she's getting nowhere -- Heather hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. ISAAC'S OFFICE - THAT AFTERNOON

Diana has had a few hours to pull herself together, put her
"sweet girl" persona back in place. As she lies down:

DIANA

When someone's been traumatized ...
even if everything came out okay in the
end ... that person can sometimes still
show signs of -- trauma. Can't they?

ISAAC

I'm not sure I know what you mean ...

DIANA

Well like my sister. Even though was found Not Responsible, she is still under stress ... and I wondered ...

ISAAC

Did something happen between you two?

Diana is silent. Isaac lights a cigarette. Carefully:

ISAAC

The kind of stress you're talking about can manifest itself in bizarre ways ... in paranoia, that might result in certain kinds of mental distortions ...

DIANA

You mean, like, lies?

Now Isaac is silent. He puffs, and waits.

DIANA

Is it possible that Heather is jealous of us -- you and me? Because she's locked up, and we're, y'know -- free?

Isaac sighs, stubs out his cigarette.

ISAAC

Diana, I think it's time we had a talk.

Diana instantly sits up, as though jolted.

ISAAC

You know how I feel about Heather. But you're my patient and that comes first.

Diana is nearly breathless with apprehension.

DIANA

What? Tell me --

Isaac is deeply sorry, but:

ISAAC

Heather's trying to cut a deal with the D.A. She'll tell a grand jury that you were an accessory to Jimmy's murder.

Diana lets out a shocked gasp. She can't speak.

ISAAC
What's so unfair is, she made you do
it. Pressured you ... Didn't she?

Diana starts to hyperventilate.

ISAAC
And now she's trying to sell you down
the river.

Finally, Diana articulates four strangled words:

DIANA
-- but she's my sister --

ISAAC
Exactly.

CUT TO:

EXT. KIRBY FORENSIC - DAY

Isaac and Heather stroll the grounds, bounded by barbed wire,
under leaden skies that promise rain.

Heather nods at an older woman, standing in the middle of a
small grassy area, making weird signs with her hands.

HEATHER
That's "LaLa". All night she stands at
the window mumbling. You can't sleep.
When you ask what she's doing she says
she's praying for the Jews ...

ISAAC
What did you want to tell me --?

HEATHER
I want to talk to you. Try to make you
see why I ... did what I did. It
wasn't for the money, more like --

ISAAC
For two million? Of course not --

HEATHER
-- a kind of suicide --

ISAAC
-- called murder --

HEATHER
I lashed out at my husband, my
marriage, myself as victim ...
(more)

HEATHER (Cont'd)

I was crazy ... but not in a way you could understand in any clinical --

ISAAC

Oh, I understand. All my training, my experience ... it's about understanding why people do what they do to each other. And how they justify it.

He lights a Camel, drags deeply on it.

HEATHER

Look, I don't blame you. I used you and I lied to you. But I also fell in love with you. That night in your bed, you branded me with your tenderness. I belong to you --

ISAAC

No. The seduction is over.

Heather grabs his cigarette and steals a puff.

HEATHER

You won't listen --

ISAAC

Yes, I will. Tomorrow, in fact ... I'm bringing two Assistant D.A.'s -- they'd like to hear your whole story, Heather.

HEATHER

I've been found Not Responsible. Ever heard of double jeopardy? I can't be tried twice for the same crime.

ISAAC

If you're so sure of that, why is your hand shaking?

Heather looks down: the cigarette is indeed twitching between her fingers. She drops it, smothers it with her shoe.

HEATHER

Call off the D.A.'s, Isaac. Don't you remember the little lead pipe you held, that night in your living room?

Isaac's eyes narrow, as he remembers.

HEATHER

That was the handle of a dumbbell.

The grounds around Isaac seem to blur a bit, and almost start to spin.

HEATHER

I hoped it wouldn't come to this. You don't know how sorry I am, that it has.

Isaac abruptly leans forward. Gives her a quick, hard kiss.

ISAAC

We'll see you tomorrow, at noon.

CUT TO:

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON (LATER)

Diana lies, limp, on the bed. The tv is CHATTERING but she's studying the ceiling, sunk in daydreams.

The phone's SHRIEK jolts her from her reverie. She grabs it.

DIANA

-- What?

INTERCUT HEATHER, in:

INT. KIRBY FORENSIC DAYROOM - MORNING

On the pay phone again. Resigned, almost tragic, but firm.

HEATHER

Tomorrow. Bring the dumbbell.

Diana sits bolt upright.

DIANA

What? Why?

HEATHER

Because I say to. At noon. Take care when you handle it. And be on time.

Heather clicks OFF. Diana is motionless for a moment. Then she hangs up.

Takes a breath. Stands, and crosses to her closet.

Very little is hanging: mostly, things have been thrown here -- a pile of dresses, pants, sheets, shirts, and shoes.

Diana finds, near the top of the pile, a pair of thin white gloves. She pulls them on.

DIANA

Okay. The dumbbell.

Then reaches under the whole pile, feels around ... extracts one ... two ... three baggies.

A beat. And then, from Baggie One she removes the five-inch chrome-plated handle with Isaac's fingerprints.

From Baggie Two, a thick chrome-plated lead disk. Diana screws it onto one of the handle's threaded ends. Her hands are shaking a bit, so this takes some doing.

Then she opens Baggie Three. Inside is another such disk. This disk is heavily flecked with what appears to be -- but isn't -- rust. And there are a few black hairs still stuck to the "rusty" part.

Diana retches. Then manages to calm herself ... then decides she's going to vomit -- runs OUT of FRAME, toward the bathroom, but it's okay, she'll be okay ... She returns, INTO FRAME. Carefully sinks to her knees, and takes the disk ...

Starts to screw it onto the handle. But her hand is wildly shaking, she can't match the threads ... she curses ... and loses her grip on the disk which hits the floor and rolls a few feet. Shit!

She crawls after it. Touches it and then -- almost as though it was alive -- the horrible bloody disk rolls, another foot!

Frustrated and unnerved, Diana brings her gloved hands to her face and SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT DAY

At Kirby. It is conspicuously quiet here. Isaac sits beside two 50ish men in blue suits -- the Assistant D.A.'s.

Guarded by a burly female Orderly, Heather sits opposite.

HEATHER

I gather you've heard his version.

A perfunctory nod in Isaac's direction.

HEATHER

Now are you ready for the truth?

The D.A.'s look a tad surprised at her intensity.

D.A. 1

Of course, Ms. Evans.

HEATHER
I've invited my sister. She'll
corroborate what I have to say.

D.A. 1 nods: that's fine. To the Orderly:

D.A. 1
You'll allow Ms. Evans' sister in, the
moment she arrives.

He turns back to Heather. In a solicitous tone:

D.A. 1
In the meantime, why don't we begin.

HEATHER
I should have a lawyer present, but my
lawyer is his best friend.

Again, a nod at Isaac. Trying to conceal her irritation:

HEATHER
I tried to replace him but the Judge
won't let me -- because I was recently
found to be temporarily insane -- so I
have to defend myself on my own.

D.A. 2
(gently)
Don't worry, Ms. Evans. We'll listen
carefully and impartially to anything
you want to tell us.

Heather's looks says: I wish I could believe that.

HEATHER
My sister is one of his patients. He
and I met a few times, to discuss
family matters. And in the course of
that, we ... we began an affair.

Isaac shakes out a cigarette. Lights it. Nervously puffs.

HEATHER
When Isaac first suggested killing my
husband, I thought he was joking. But
he knew I suffered from pathological
intoxication and he became obsessed,
insisting we had the makings of ...

She pauses. It's tough to articulate such an alien concept.

HEATHER
... the "perfect murder".

The D.A.'s make copious notes. Isaac sits, smoking.

HEATHER

One night Isaac followed me home. He was excited, agitated. I begged him to leave but he came upstairs and ... he did it. He hit Jimmy. Isaac hit Jimmy, with a dumbbell.

The conference room door opens. Diana is led in by a second Orderly, who remains in the room. Diana carries a briefcase.

Isaac anxiously eyes it.

HEATHER

I was horrified ... I think Isaac was too. He just sort of ran out of the apartment, and then he called, I don't know, five minutes later from a bar, I think. Said I'd better tell the police I'd done it ... after sipping Nyquil.

The D.A.'s gravely stare at Isaac -- who gazes at the floor, drops his cigarette, grinds it out.

HEATHER

I -- did as I was told.

She momentarily cracks. Starts to softly cry.

HEATHER

But I was thinking clearly enough to hide the dumbbell Isaac used. I know that was wrong -- concealing evidence ... but I've been so scared ...

It's too much for her -- she "breaks down".

The D.A.'s uncomfortably shift. Isaac puffs. Diana digs into her purse and finds a tissue for her sister.

Heather pulls herself together. Between sniffles:

HEATHER

I asked Diana to bring this briefcase today. She doesn't know what's inside.

A warm sisterly smile.

HEATHER

Sweetie ... Let them have it.

Diana dutifully hands the briefcase to the D.A.'s. Isaac watches, tensing as D.A. 2 snaps it open. Pulls out --

-- a sheaf of sketchbook paper.

Heather looks confused. She grabs for the briefcase. But there is nothing else inside.

THE PAPERS

Covered with demented scrawls in poster paint. As the D.A.'s leaf through them we note the phrase "Dr. Barr must die", and the name "Isaac" scribbled above the word "Satan", the two connected with arrows.

This was Bantar Man's gift to Isaac.

SCENE

Heather angrily grabs at the papers. Then turns on Diana.

HEATHER
-- Where's the dumbbell?

Her tone is harsh -- like the voice she'd used in Lutece.

Diana cringes.

HEATHER
Where did you get these? From him?

Shooting Isaac a lethal look. Then, to the D.A.'s:

HEATHER
He's controlling her. He forced her to substitute these paintings.

She whirls, again, on Isaac.

HEATHER
They're from the planet Bantar, aren't they?

The D.A.'s trade looks.

HEATHER
How did you get her to bring them, Isaac? You're fucking her, aren't you?

Isaac turns away. Diana, mortified, is staring out a window.

HEATHER
Answer, you bastard!

She flies out of her chair, at Isaac. The Ordleries grab and restrain her. Urgently petitioning the deadpan D.A.'s:

HEATHER
They're in this together. Do you see?
They're trying to frame me!

D.A. 2
Of course, Ms. Evans.

D.A. 1 snaps open his own briefcase. Inside are medications and syringes.

Heather's eyes widen as an Orderly yanks up her sleeve.

HEATHER
-- What?

And now she realizes:

HEATHER
You're doctors.

As "D.A. 1" -- actually Doctor 1 -- sinks in the syringe:

DOCTOR 2
You know we're doctors ... You're just
a little confused right now.

Explaining, in infuriatingly gentle tones:

DOCTOR 1
I'm with the Forensic Review Committee.

DOCTOR 2
I consult with your late husband's
insurance company.

Heather starts flailing.

HEATHER
You tricked me. All of you --

DOCTOR 2
You're very upset, Ms. Evans.

Confirming this, as she shouts to no one in particular:

HEATHER
Liar!

She struggles to break free. Sotto, to his colleagues:

ISAAC
If I may ... I know Heather, and I just
might be able to reach her.

DOCTOR 1

Please, Doctor.

Isaac approaches Heather. She stops struggling to hear what he has to say. Softly, into her ear:

ISAAC

You were right about double jeopardy.
This was the only way.

Heather freaks.

HEATHER

Sonovobitch bastard --

The Orderlies cart her away. We HEAR the muffled sounds of SCREAMING; they FADE as she's dragged farther down the hall.

Diana is standing, mute and expressionless, in a far corner.

Stunned, the two Doctors approach Isaac. Quietly:

DOCTOR 1

Jesus.

DOCTOR 2

When you came in the other day with your diagnosis, we were -- well, we were skeptical.

DOCTOR 2

There was no indication of psychosis, no prior history. But ...

DOCTOR 1

She's worse than you described her. Talk about paranoid ... Who did she think we were? District Attorneys?

Isaac shakes his head -- he's mystified.

ISAAC

Maybe the anxiety of killing her husband -- plus the repeated insults of alcohol -- have produced a stress-related organic psychosis.

(shrugs)

I wouldn't be surprised if there was further deterioration.

DOCTOR 1

We'll want her reviewed in six months. You're familiar with the case, Dr. Barr. You should be on the evaluation team.

ISAAC
I'll try to find the time. But you
know, these cases can drag on ...
patients remain committed for years.

The Doctors nod -- they know. They know.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Isaac and Diana. The aftermath: She's sobbing, remorseful.
Isaac pats her knee, attempting to soothe her.

ISAAC
It's okay ...

Now the Cabbie does a typically wild maneuver -- veering
across four lanes -- and Diana's head is whipped around.

Isaac unloads all his tension on the Cabbie:

ISAAC
Could you drive sanely please? We'd
like to get there alive.

The Cabbie grudgingly slows and Isaac turns back to Diana.

ISAAC
You did the right thing. The only
thing ...

DIANA
... Did I?

She wears a doubtful look. Begging for more encouragement.

ISAAC
Now that you're free of her you can
finally begin to be ... who you are.

The faint trace of a hopeful smile crosses Diana's lips.

ISAAC
You'll see. The caterpillar is going
to become a butterfly, Diana.

Then he adds, as casually as he can:

ISAAC
Meantime, after all that's happened, we
should keep our distance for awhile.

Diana's smile flickers, uncertain.

ISAAC

So no one draws a conclusion that might
be dangerous to us both.

Diana nods: she sees his point.

ISAAC

So all I need from you is the dumbbell
back. Then we'll stay clear of each
other -- only for as long as necessary,
of course.

A long beat. Then Diana pulls a Kleenex from her pocketbook,
and dries her eyes. Smiles again, rather coyly.

DIANA

Of course.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - ISAAC

follows Diana up a narrow flight of stairs, into:

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT - DUSK

We've been here before and seen how messy it is. Now it's
gotten even worse: piles, everywhere, of clothing, bedding,
magazines, unreturned videotapes, dishes and glasses ...

Diana seems gaily oblivious to the disorder as she beckons:

DIANA

Come in. Make yourself comfortable.

Isaac cautiously closes the door behind him.

DIANA

Can I fix you some tea? Camomile?
Mint?

ISAAC

I shouldn't stay, Diana. I just --

DIANA

Right. Of course. The dumbbell.

She makes a cute girlish gesture: Be right with you.

Still standing by the door -- ready to make a fast getaway --
Isaac watches as she moves to her bedroom closet, opens it.

Massive clutter. Diana kneels, feels under all the dresses
and underwear she forgot to hang back up, these past months.

Then she starts sifting through all that stuff, feeling for the dumbbell.

Then she stands. Scowls.

DIANA

Hmm.

Isaac steps forward.

ISAAC

-- What?

Diana snaps her fingers.

DIANA

I know. I hid it somewhere better.
After that detective ...

ISAAC

Huggins?

DIANA

(nods)
After he started calling. And then he
came by. Poked around.

ISAAC

Jesus Christ --

DIANA

He wants it real bad. So I hid it ...

A beat, as she concentrates. Then it comes back to her:

DIANA

... under the mattress.

Diana crosses to her bed, leans down, feels under it, frowns.

Isaac crosses. Joins her. Feels, too. Nothing.

DIANA

Shit.

She straightens up. Squints at the bed. And remembers:

DIANA

I couldn't sleep with it there.

She takes in a breath. Surveys her apartment. Exhales.

DIANA

The dumbbell, the dumbbell ...

She starts moving around, throwing stuff off her nightstand, flinging things in the air ...

DIANA

Where did I put that dumbbell --?

Moving faster, like a dervish through the chaos, upending everything, sending dirty sheets flying, as she murmurs:

DIANA

It's here somewhere I know it's here --

ANGLE ISAAC

As it starts to sink in that maybe she's toying with him ... and then he brightens as he HEARS:

DIANA (OS)

A-ha!

ANGLE DIANA

As she triumphantly waves it.

DIANA

I haven't seen this in weeks!

But it's not the dumbbell she's found -- it's Jimmy's gun!

BACK TO SCENE

Isaac startles as she recklessly waves the .38.

ISAAC

Careful with that --

DIANA

Oh the safety's always on --

BLAM! As the thing discharges, a bullet ZIPPING past Isaac's ear and EXPLODING a lamp.

ISAAC

Jesus Christ!

Diana pauses to look at the gun, then at Isaac, to marvel:

DIANA

I fired it! Finally --!

The neighbor below angrily BANGS on the ceiling.

DIANA

Shuttup!

(resuming the search)
Where the hell could it've gone? I
mean dumbbells just don't up and walk
out of a girl's apartment, right --?

She brushes aside empty cereal boxes, discarded shoes ...

Isaac now wears a small, ironic smile.

Diana, feet firmly planted in the middle of the maelstrom,
throws up her arms, extravagantly befuddled.

DIANA

I just don't know what to say.

ISAAC

... Right.

DIANA

I'm so embarrassed ... I mean I know
it'll turn up one day ...

Then, an idea:

DIANA

Y'know, maybe ... in the course of my
therapy ... Maybe you'll help me break
through my defenses and remember where
I put the damn thing.

Isaac just nods. He's almost amused.

DIANA

So. I guess this butterfly will be
seeing you Tuesday. At the regular
time ..?

ISAAC

See you then, Diana.

He starts to turn, to open the door, but:

DIANA

And by the way, Daddy fucked Heather,
not me.

This stops Isaac cold.

DIANA

He always preferred her -- he wouldn't
even let me sit in his lap.

(beat)

If that helps any.

ISAAC

It's all grist for the mill.

He turns, now, opens the door. Walks out, acutely aware that there's an unstable young woman behind him with a loaded gun.

Diana watches her psychiatrist go, wearing a satisfied smile.

Which disappears as a thought crosses her mind. She quickly moves to the stove. Opens the oven, to check that the pilot light is still on.

It is.

FADE OUT. Then, slowly FADE UP ON:

INT. ISAAC'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

Some time has passed -- the quality of the light, through the blinds, has changed.

Isaac sits on the couch opposite his mother's bed. They both look thin, pallid. They're both staring into space.

Now Isaac jots some notes, on the legal pad in his lap.

ISAAC

(murmurs, as he
writes)

"Trouble sleeping" ... "Appetite loss"
... "Lack of concentration" ...

He looks up at his mother.

ISAAC

Yeah, I know what they're symptomatic
of ... But I'm not -- How could I be
... c'mon, six months later ..? With a
woman who ... She lied, she --

He's interrupted by the RINGING phone. Then Isaac's clipped prerecorded MESSAGE, followed by:

O'BRIEN'S VOICE

Hey. Howard Hughes. What're you, not
showing up again?

In b.g., we HEAR the DIN of a CROWD. O'Brien is calling from a public phone in a stadium, it sounds like. Next, we HEAR:

ALAN'S VOICE

Can't you be a tad less borderline?
Gooden's starting against the Dodgers.

O'BRIEN'S VOICE

We're waiting, schmuck.

With that, he clicks off.

At first, Isaac doesn't move. Then, abruptly, with a sudden sense of purpose, he rises.

ISAAC

I'll call Gretschen. I should go.

(beat)

To the baseball game, where else?

CUT TO:

INT. DAYROOM - EVENING (LATER)

Exercise class. A dozen women stretch, bend, etc. Most are stiff, out of shape. Some make bizarre gestures in the air. All look shabby and desperate, in this dingy, awful dayroom.

Heather slouches, in the corner. Tired and pale, but still possessed of grace and beauty. Her strategy for coping is, apparently, to pretend that she's not here.

She's on a beach in the south of France -- we can almost read it in her eyes.

ANGLE DOOR

A man's face, jaw set tight, in the mesh pane. Staring into the room -- at Heather.

Isaac Barr.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING (LATER)

A windowless little room -- a cell, really -- where Isaac has come to visit Heather in his role as "Evaluator".

ISAAC

Are you having trouble sleeping?

There is a rudimentary desk between them, a lamp on the desk. Her head is down -- her hair hangs, a little greasy, in front of her face. Concealing, like a curtain.

No answer from across the desk. In a clinical voice:

ISAAC

At night. Do you find you have trouble sleeping?

Finally, a response. Muted, but distinct:

HEATHER

I love you.

ISAAC

(beat -- then,
neutral)

Please answer my question.

Heather looks up. Her lovely face is streaked with tears.

HEATHER

I love you.

Isaac stares at her for a beat. Then:

ISAAC

Have you experienced loss of appetite?

HEATHER

I love you.

ISAAC

Difficulty concentrating?

HEATHER

I love you.

ISAAC

(stands)

Stop it. Answer truthfully --

HEATHER

I love you.

ISAAC

(erupts)

If you'd told me the truth, I could've helped you ... You couldn't just leave Jimmy any more than you could've walked away from your father -- I understand that now, I could've helped you, but --

HEATHER

I love you.

ISAAC

Enough! Tell me the truth for once.

HEATHER

I love you.

ISAAC

Dammit! The truth --

HEATHER
I love you.

Isaac
Bullshit! The truth!

HEATHER
I love you.

ISAAC
It's true.

The realization hits Isaac like a punch to the gut -- almost knocking him back, against the wall.

Two beats. His voice, now, is as muted and fragile as hers.

ISAAC
Christ ... What do we do ..?

As she silently looks at him, and he at her, CAMERA SLOWLY starts to rise ... higher and higher ...

Revealing walls that are twenty, thirty, forty ... fifty feet tall, and more ... until we are looking down on these two, as from a great height, a pair of mice trapped in a mineshaft --

The CAMERA is still RISING as we slowly FADE to BLACK.