

"M A N A L I V E !"

Written

by

Larry Cohen

Larry Cohen
2111 Coldwater Canyon
Beverly Hills, CA 90210
Phone: (310)550-7942
Fax: (310)271-6494

FADE IN:

UNDER MAIN TITLES:

THE STREETS OF DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN: AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF A ROLLERBLADER --

Dodging and weaving through heavy midday traffic -- zigzagging on and off the pavement-- running lights --

TIGHT ON THE ROLLERBLADER -- Bearded, early twenties, tall, angular, all muscle -- wearing dark wraparound glasses and earring. He carries a small backpack.

THIS IS ZACH MOSELY. A man clearly in love with speed.

Reaching Fifth Avenue, Zach skates up to the uniformed DOORMAN of a luxury condo building who's waiting for him with a manila envelope.

DOORMAN

This has gotta be at
McNaughton's office by
12:30. Can you still make
it?

ZACH

It's already there.

Grabbing the delivery, Zach takes off again, speeding down the sidewalk and jumping the curb.

CAMERA RISES UP and swoops above Zach.

We catch sight of him below -- passing cab drivers and zipping in between delivery trucks.

Picking up momentum, he turns New York's east side into a roller derby track of his own creation. CAMERA CRANES UP and finally loses Zach now as it prowls above the city streets jammed with those on their lunch hour.

Below is the fashionable Madison Avenue -- one side of the street dominated by Barney's popular department store.

The side streets off Madison are lined with residential brownstones -- many of which have been converted into multiple units.

CAMERA SWOOPS LOW AND MOVES IN SEARCHING OUT A SECOND FLOOR WINDOW OF ONE OF THESE BROWNSTONES.

INT. LUXURY BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - DAY

It's furnished in an eclectic fashion, crowded with books, sculptures and photographs from around the world. CAMERA PANS the room, coming to rest on a CLOSE-UP OF AN ORDINARY COCKTAIL GLASS as it drops to the carpet, its last few drops spilling out.

A figure leans INTO FRAME, picking up the glass.

He's in his early thirties, handsome and well-dressed.

GAVIN

No problem. It won't leave a stain.

The ANGLE WIDENS to reveal BRIAN MALICK, about the same age and equally good looking. He's slouched helplessly in a cushiony chair and he seems to be struggling to keep his eyes in focus.

GAVIN

I wish Helene could see you in this condition.

Brian is now trying to get up. He can't seem to make it to his feet.

GAVIN

Careful. You might fall.

But Brian is becoming more agitated. Frantic!

GAVIN (Cont'd)

Something with your voice?

Brian tries to form words, but no sound emerges.

GAVIN

Any numbness in your hands and feet yet?

(glances at
his watch)
It works more quickly than I
expected.

Now Gavin sits down opposite Brian. He seems openly
amused.

GAVIN
A concoction I picked up on
my trip to Calcutta.
Secretion from the skin
glands of a rare breed of
salamander. The Indian
fakirs have relied on it for
centuries.

Brian finally realizes that Gavin has drugged him.

He's on the verge of panic. His adrenaline is
pumping. It gives him the strength to stagger to his
feet.

He weaves his way to the open bathroom and drops to
his knees in front of the commode. He tries to make
himself vomit by shoving a finger all the way down his
throat.

Gavin wanders in, stands over him.

GAVIN
Don't bother. It's been
fully absorbed into the
system.

Brian uses the sink to pull himself upright.

GAVIN (Cont'd)
The paralysis will be total.
But you'll remain conscious.

Brian turns, lashing out at Gavin, who seizes his arm
before the blow is even struck. He hauls Brian back
into the living room and lowers him to the sofa.

GAVIN
Just let it happen, Brian.

He backs off now -- watching his victim with clinical interest.

GAVIN (Cont'd)
Makes me recall that night
you slipped me some LSD at
the frat party in Cambridge.
How everybody enjoyed that
little sex show.

Brian can look out the window from where's he's
seated. The street -- full of people.

GAVIN (Cont'd)
Only one of many
humiliations. What's that
Oscar Wilde quote? "A man
is never truly a success
unless his best friend is a
failure." You've seen to
that.

Life outside is proceeding as usual. The traffic, the
congestion, the pulse beat of the city. If he were
only out there where he could get help.

Brian flashes a look over at the door only a few yards
away. Can he reach it?

GAVIN (Cont'd)
Shortly there'll be no
pulse, no heartbeat. You'll
appear dead but you'll be
able to see through those
frozen unblinking eyes.
Right up to the moment of

your own autopsy. You
attended your share of
autopsies in medical school,
even if you never could
stand the sight of blood.

With a burst of sudden strength, Brian seizes hold of
the floor lamp beside the sofa and sends it smashing
onto the glass coffee table that separates him from
Gavin.

Gavin shields himself as the shards of glass fly in
all directions.

Making use of the distraction, Brian reaches the door
and bursts out onto the second floor landing.

The steps ahead are steep. One flight down to the
street door. He can't maneuver them. He tumbles
down.

Now he's sprawled only inches from the door to the
street as Gavin races down from above to stop him.

Brian may be injured from the fall but the drug
anesthetizes him against any pain.

He's up on his knees turning the knob.

Gavin is half-way down the stairs.

The door is partially open.

With all his remaining strength, Brian propels himself through that doorway.

EXT. THE BROWNSTONE - DAY

There are four concrete steps leading to the sidewalk.

Brian simply rolls down the steps into the path of pedestrians who are passing by.

Inside, Gavin pulls the door tightly shut so as not to be seen by those on the sidewalk.

He watches through the peephole.

ANGLE THROUGH PEEPHOLE (DISTORTED)

Most people circle around Brian to avoid contact.

He has a wild desperate look in his eyes that leads people to view him as a derelict.

He tries to move away from the building toward Madison Avenue using parking meters, lampposts and the hoods of parked cars for support.

BRIAN'S POV -

We now see the city as he sees it. DISTORTED -- AND MOVING AT A SLOWER SPEED. EVEN THE SOUNDS OF THE CITY SEEM SLOWED.

TIGHT ON BRIAN --

He realizes his time is running out. But people look right through him. He's invisible to them. An unpleasant sight.

Like dogshit on the city streets.

There's the welcome sound of a SIREN.

A police car rounds the corner. It's about to pass him.

Brian lurches off the curb, waving as best he can to attract the attention of the two officers inside. But they're on a call. An emergency.

They zip by Brian -- leaving him in the center of traffic.

HORNS BLARE AT HIM.

A vehicle throws on its brakes to avoid hitting him.

Brian's lips are moving. He's screaming. But no sound will come out. Passersby deliberately avoid him.

Brian's mind is racing. He reaches into his own pocket, finds his billfold. There are plenty of tens and twenties in there.

They'll see he isn't a derelict. They'll stop. They'll pay attention. They have to!

NOW OUT ON THE SIDEWALK ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE STREET, GAVIN WATCHES FROM A DISCREET DISTANCE.

He's followed Brian outside now -- fearful that his victim will find help. That he'll find some way to communicate what's being done to him.

Brian is handing out money now. A ten here -- a twenty there. Even a few fifties.

A few people accept it when it's weakly thrust at them, but many back away.

They fear it's a scam.

PEDESTRIAN

Hey, I don't want to be involved.

One man tries to avail himself of the lunatic's generosity, but his wife won't let him.

WIFE

Don't you dare take his money! Can't you see he's nuts?

When he can't find takers, Brian starts tossing the money in the street.

A few see it and dive for it. They wouldn't accept it from him personally but when it's on the sidewalk, they go after it.

Brian has nothing left. Some wise-ass approaches with his hand out.

WISE-ASS

Okay, pal, where's mine?

When nothing is forthcoming, he gives Brian a shove which almost sends him sprawling.

Brian doesn't even realize he's dropped his billfold which is now devoid of cash.

The wallet with its driver's license and credit cards is casually scooped up by a home-boy who quickly disappears down the block.

From a distance, Gavin views the entire wallet snatch with detached amusement.

Everything around Brian is turning into a blur.

Directly in front of him he can make out the entrance to a bank. THE CITY BANK OF NEW YORK.

Brian stumbles through the revolving doors.

For the first time, Gavin registers some concern.

INT. THE BANK - DAY

Brian finds his objective. A marble-topped counter with a stack of blank deposit slips and pens.

Brian intends to put his plea in writing. To scribble a message that will communicate his condition.

But he can barely hold the pen.

What he scrawls across the narrow deposit ticket is gibberish.

He crumbles it -- tosses it aside. He tries again.

The word "HELP" is clear only because we know what to look for.

His face is inches from the piece of paper he's writing on.
He tries printing now.

From across the bank, a uniformed BANK GUARD approaches.

BANK GUARD
That's enough. You're
defacing bank property.

Brian has completed his note. It's short and to the point.

TIGHT INSERT SHOT - THE NOTE -

" HELP. I AM NOT DEAD"

WIDER ANGLE

BANK GUARD
Jesus -- are you wasted!

Brian offers the deposit slip with the words printed across it the Guard rips it out of Brian's hand, crumples it and tosses it in a wire trash can beside the counter.

Brian goes after it, down on his knees, fishing the slip out and unraveling it.

BANK GUARD
Let's go!

The Guard pulls Brian to his feet and physically escorts him to a doorway opening onto Madison.

EXT. THIRD AVENUE - DAY

Brian clutching his note.

But who's going to stop to look at it? One flimsy sliver of paper with childish writing.

WHIP PAN ACROSS THE STREET TO --

GAVIN -- still tracking his victim, waiting impatiently for Brian's collapse. It's quite clear he'll find no help on these cruel streets.

WHIP PAN BACK TO BRIAN - STILL OUTSIDE THE BANK -

He doesn't see the young skater zig-zagging down the sidewalk, deliberately running pedestrians out of his path.

IT'S OUR ROLLERBLADER, ZACH, racing to make his delivery on time. Most people see him coming and quickly get out of his way.

Only now when Zach zigs, the man on the sidewalk fails to zag.

Brian remains frozen in place.

Zach plows into him.

They both go sprawling.

Brian hits his head on the pavement. Zach lands on top.

ZACH
You okay, mister? Say
something!

Brian feels total paralysis finally starting to take hold. He'll never get up again.

He still has his pitiful note clutched in his left hand and no one to appeal to.

He slips it into Zach's jacket pocket -- shoving it in deep -- without Zach ever noticing.

ZACH
You're not hurt that bad...

But Brian's eyes have glazed over. He stares blankly.

ZACH
Come on, man.

Brian's breathing is non-existent. It's stopped. Or at least it seems that way. Suddenly, Zach feels a rush of fear. Then there are hands pulling him to his feet, off of the body.

CONCERNED BYSTANDER
Everybody stay back!

ZACH
(to crowd)
He just got the wind knocked out of him. He'll be okay.

MEMBER OF CROWD
You better hang around.

ZACH
Yeah. That's my intention.
You don't have to tell me.

WOMAN CROWD MEMBER
They shouldn't allow lunatics like you on the street.

ZACH
Lady, I'm just trying to do my job.

MAN WITH CELLULAR
I called 911.

Far back in the crowd we see another flash of GAVIN.

ZACH
I think I fucked up my elbow...and my knee.

SPECTATOR
Forget about you. This guy is dead.

ZACH
No. He can't be.

CONCERNED SPECTATOR

Well, he's not breathing, is he?

ZACH
Where's the goddam ambulance?

ANOTHER BYSTANDER
He don't need one.

ZACH
You all saw it was an accident. Why didn't he get out of the way? He just froze.

SPECTATOR
Tell that to the cops.

Then Zach hears the POLICE SIREN. Instantly he panics, then tries to take off. The Bystander grabs him isn't strong enough to hang on.

Zach breaks loose and barrels through the cluster of spectators and speeds out into the passing traffic.

Before anyone can catch him, he's zipping in front of a city bus which jams on its brakes.

A Federal Express truck also screeches to a stop and is instantly rear-ended.

Attempts to run after him by the public spirited prove futile.

Meanwhile, an ambulance pulls to the curb and a pair of medics rush to the body.

At almost the same moment, two squad cars arrive.

Other bystanders rush up to the arriving police vehicles -- pointing out the rapidly disappearing figure of Zach -- heading further east.

BYSTANDER

There he goes, Officer. The
one on blades! He ran the
poor guy down.

COP
Yeah, I see him.

One of the police cars makes a sharp U-turn and takes
off in hot pursuit -- SIREN BLASTING.

CHASE SEQUENCE

AS THE PROWL CAR GIVES PURSUIT AND ZACH TAKES EVASIVE
ACTION, GOING UP ON THE CURB -- AND TAKING NARROW
ALLEYS.

CHASE SEQUENCE

Zach always narrowly ahead of the police car.

Finally, he skates into the ATRIUM OF AN OFFICE
BUILDING -- full of workers on their lunch break.
Plastic tables and chairs scatter in all directions --
as do the lunches -- as Zach races through -- emerging
on the other side of the building a block away.

The police have lost him. They radio back in.

EXT. BENEATH the 59th STREET BRIDGE - DAY

Zach pauses, realizes he's outdistanced his pursuers.
He unlaces his blades, stuffs them in the backpack
from which he retrieves an ordinary pair of running
shoes. He pulls on a stocking cap to alter his
appearance -- then steps out to hail the first passing
cab.

ZACH
(to cab driver)
Take the bridge. Cruise
Queens Boulevard.

CUT TO:

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

Police have secured the area.

A police photographer is already snapping shots of the body when fifty year old DETECTIVE RAY NOLAN arrives in an unmarked car. His clothes fit loosely -- as if he's had a recent weight loss. With him is DETECTIVE PHILLIP GLENN, twenty years younger and highly ambitious. The Sergeant in command of the situation recognizes Nolan.

SERGEANT

Lt. Nolan, how're you feeling?

DET. NOLAN

Was it advertised in the New York Times or what?

SERGEANT

No problem, Lt., my brother-in-law had a "quadruple" last June and he's out shooting hoops now like an eighteen year old.

NOLAN

I haven't had any such urge. What about the perp?

SERGEANT

They lost him in traffic. It appears he deliberately smashed right into the victim, then took off.

DET. GLENN

He must've had some reason to panic and run.

NOLAN

Any identification on the body?

SERGEANT

Just a set of keys. No wallet.

GLENN

That'd account for the hasty
departure.

(checking
out the
victim's
clothes)

Turbull & Asser shirt,
Armani jacket. We've got
ourselves a high profile
corpse.

MEDIC

Can we get him out of here?

NOLAN

(to photographer)

Got what you need?

PHOTOGRAPHER

All angles.

NOLAN

(to medics)

Where are you taking him?

MEDIC

Lenox Hill.

BRIAN'S POV --

SEEING NOLAN AND THE OTHERS IN A TOTALLY DISTORTED
VIEW. THEY SEEM DISTANT AND THEIR VOICES ECHO -- AS
IF FROM MILES AWAY.

SERGEANT

This here's the Security
Guard from the bank.

GLENN

Seen this man before?

BANK GUARD

Guy stepped inside for a
minute -- then seemed to
change his mind.

The Guard is lying -- covering his own ass.

BRIAN'S VIEW IS ALMOST OBSCURED AS HE'S LIFTED INTO A PLASTIC BODY BAG AND IT IS PARTIALLY ZIPPED. Then he's loaded into the ambulance.

ANGLE ON DETECTIVE NOLAN

as he glances above him.
HIS POV -- An outside security camera surveys the bank.

BACK ON NOLAN, GUARD --

NOLAN

You must keep a tape off that.

BANK GUARD

It transmits directly to our security service on West 56th Street. They keep them a week, then erase them.

GLENN

(to Nolan)

Why don't you handle all this inside -- out of the hot sun while I interview the witnesses?

Nolan flashes an irritated look at Glenn before entering the bank. He hates being treated like a fucking invalid.

CUT TO:

INT. A SPEEDING AMBULANCE - DAY

Transporting Brian Malick to the nearest hospital. His eyes remain frozen open and he lies motionless in the partially unzipped body bag.

The two attendants, LEON and D'URVILLE have been picking up bodies off the streets of the city for years. They pay scant attention to Brian and continue their normal banter.

LEON

So sixteen years old and swollen
out to here and my idiot brother

and his wife carrying on like it's
the fucking "immaculate conception."

CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT ON BRIAN -- AND THOSE IMMOVABLE
EYES FILL THE SCREEN.

D'URVILLE'S VOICE
Fool! Didn't nobody teach
you what the immaculate
conception is?

BRIAN'S POV - 180 DEGREE LENS. TOTAL DISTORTION --
the entire ambulance interior from one side to the
other.

The two attendants seem distant, their figures
truncated by the lens.
Again their voices are heard as Brian hears them: as
if from the far end of a tunnel.

D'URVILLE
According to the Bible, all
people was born with
original sin.

LEON
Yeah. On account of Adam
and Eve fucking up so bad.

D'URVILLE
Except for the blessed
Virgin Mary. Her being born
without sin was the
"immaculate conception."
Jesus was the "Virgin
Birth," dumb shit.

LEON
Well I was close! It's the
same family.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - A FEW BLOCKS FROM THE BANK -
DAY

Gavin pauses at a telephone kiosk to make a 911 call.

GAVIN

Police? I believe I
recognized the man who
collapsed at 59th and
Madison. He's Dr. Brian
Malick. Who I am doesn't
matter, I'm just trying to
be helpful.

Gavin hangs up, wipes the receiver and is gone long
before the phone begins to ring as the cops call the
number back.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DAY

East 77th off Lexington. The ambulance making its
arrival. The attendants hop out and wheel Brian
through the automated doors which spring open.

The young RESIDENT on duty immediately examines the
new arrival.

LEON

We applied CPR. Couldn't
revive him.

The Resident is quite thorough in checking out the
body. He seems to detect something. Then decides
otherwise.

RESIDENT

Probably only stomach gases.

LEON

Yeah, sometimes it makes
them groan and moan. Scares
the shit out of you.

RESIDENT

Nothing ever surprises me.
Tag this one DOA.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENS BOULEVARD - DAY

Abandoning the taxi, Zach makes sure it's out of sight before he turns up a side street.

INT. THE BANK - DAY

Det. Glenn hurries up to Nolan.

GLENN

One woman states the perp told her he was just doing "his job." What kind of job would you do on rollerblades in the middle of downtown?

NOLAN

We'll see when we get those tapes. They're being delivered to the squad room.

Nolan quickly dials up his cell phone.

INTERCUT - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

DETECTIVE HALEY answers the call.

HALEY

Third Squad, Haley speaking.

NOLAN

On this 1214, I need you to check all the messenger services that employ runners on skates. Here's the description --

HALEY

(interrupts)

Ray, we got an ID on the victim. "Brian Malick." A doctor.

NOLAN

Where'd this come from?

HALEY

It was called in,
anonymously.

NOLAN

Family been notified?

HALEY

It's in the process.

NOLAN

Curious, how that caller
knew we needed to make an
ID.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMPTUOUS TOWNHOUSE - SUTTON PLACE - MANHATTAN -
DAY

Beautifully furnished, this five-story residence would
probably market in the ten million dollar range.

We find HELENE MALICK in the company of her decorator,
inspecting rolls of fabric in her spacious living
room. Several framed photos of Helene with her
husband Brian are visible on both the piano and
mantle.

Helene is a former model and soap opera actress, she
enjoys the privileges of a trophy wife.

DECORATOR

I'm afraid the back order
time on this fabric is
fourteen weeks.

HELENE

Grease them plenty and
they'll have it for me in a
month.

The maid interrupts.

MAID

I'm sorry, Mrs. Malick, but
it's someone calling from
the Police Department.

HELENE
Did you tell them I was home?

Helene finally picks up the extension.

HELENE
This is Helene Malick.

We don't hear what she's being told. We focus only on
her reaction.

HELENE (Cont'd)
That just isn't possible.

She remains extremely controlled.

HELENE (Cont'd)
I'm telling you there has to
be some mistake.
(a beat)
There's no need. I can get
to Lenox Hill Hospital on my
own.

She hangs up, turns to her decorator.

HELENE (Cont'd)
There's been an accident.
They think it's Brian.

DECORATOR
Is he badly hurt?

HELENE
They say he's dead.

Saying it out loud makes her believe it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET - OFF QUEENS BOULEVARD

as Zach approaches a run-down residential building.

He fishes in his pocket for his keys and lets himself in.

INT. THE BUILDING - DAY

Zach climbs the stairs to the third floor.

INT. THIRD FLOOR APARTMENT OFF QUEENS BOULEVARD - DAY

Tastefully, if inexpensively, decorated from thrift shops. It has a woman's touch.

Right now WENDY HALLORAN, a very pretty twenty-two year old, is on one of the hundreds of calls she initiates every work day of her life. She does phone sales out of her home.

WENDY

(on phone)

"We can offer you increased coverage on both cars at a reduced premium. Don't take my word for it. We'll fax you a written estimate which will be good for seven days."

Zach has entered with his own key. Now he crosses over and nips her on the back of the neck.

WENDY

You're off early.

ZACH

Things were slow so they sent me home. How's business?

WENDY

The usual seventy-five percent hang-ups.

ZACH

How do you stand the rejection?

WENDY
(studying him)
You don't sound good -- and
you don't look good.

ZACH
Truth is, this elbow is
killing me. My knee's
fucked, too.

WENDY
What did you do, fall?

ZACH
Pothole in the sidewalk. I
should sue the goddam city.

WENDY
I thought you said things
were slow?

She knows he's hiding something and he avoids eye
contact.

ZACH
Just need to chill, look at
the tube. I'll keep the
volume down.

He has located a local news telecast.

WENDY
Don't ever recall you
watching the news.

He switches nervously from one news show to another --
searching for a mention of the "accident."

WENDY (Cont'd)
Let me have a look at that
arm.

ZACH
It'll wait.

He again switches stations with the remote -- and
finally finds what he's looking for.

NEWSCASTER

The still unidentified
victim was rushed to Lenox
Hill Hospital where he was
pronounced dead on arrival.
Elsewhere, an explosion in a
Brooklyn restaurant left
three dead...

Zach is again switching...trying to get a fuller
report of the incident. There's nothing now but
sports and weather.

WENDY

Tell me about it.

ZACH

You heard. He died. He
fucking died.

WENDY

What'd you have to do with
it?

ZACH

It all happened so
quick...he saw me coming and
froze. It was an accident,
that's all.

WENDY

You told that to the cops?

ZACH

I didn't hang around that
long.

WENDY

Why would you run? There
must've been witnesses to
back you up.

ZACH

Yeah, like witnesses that
put me at that fucking
burglary.

WENDY

They made a mistake.

ZACH

My mistake was bargaining
down for something I didn't
do.

WENDY

You would've been locked up
nine months waiting for a
trial -- and facing five to
ten. I'd say walking with
eighteen months was some
good deal.

ZACH

That's bullshit. This city
owes me one.

On a higher cable channel, he locates another local
news brief.

A "live" remote from the site of the incident on the
corner in front of the Bank of New York.

FEMALE EYE WITNESS

(to Interviewer)

He barely stepped out of the
bank when this maniac came
racing up the street with
total disregard for anyone's
safety and smashed straight
into him.

THE TV COVERAGE CUTS BACK TO THE STUDIO --

ANCHORWOMAN

Breaking news! More coming
in on the victim...now
identified as Dr. Brian
Malick, Chief Executive
Officer of Genetech
Industries and one of the
pioneers in the study of
DNA. The 34 year old Dr.
Malick was also well known
for his philanthropic

efforts and his recent
endowment to Columbia
University Medical School is
said to have been in the
millions.

An instant later, Brian's image appears on the TV
SCREEN as he stands addressing a black tie audience at
a Waldorf Astoria charity event. It's a brief clip
without sound. (So far in our movie we've never heard
Brian's voice).

ZACH

That's him, alright. A
genius-- and he couldn't get
out of the goddam way.

ANCHORMAN

A company spokesman,
attorney Steven Slocum,
issued this statement at
Genetech's New York offices.

In a moment, the image of an impeccably groomed 40
year old attorney appears on screen standing outside a
Manhattan office building -- facing camera. His name
"STEVEN SLOCUM" is superimposed across the bottom of
the screen.

STEVE

Brian Malick and his team
sought to isolate the root
of disease by decoding and
tracking the variant genes
and causative mutations for
over fifty hereditary
disorders.

ZACH

(watching)

I know that building.
That's 666 Madison.

STEVE (ON TV)

This is a tremendous loss to the scientific community -- but Genetech will continue on to carry forward Dr. Malick's creative vision --

Zach switches off the TV. He's seen enough. It's time to run.

ZACH

I need out of the city. Can you borrow your sister's car?

WENDY

Zach, you got no choice. Just pick up the phone and give yourself up.

ZACH

I knew that was coming!

WENDY

You didn't mean to hurt anyone.

ZACH

Who'll give a shit about my honorable intentions? It's strike three!

WENDY

Let's stop and think this out.

ZACH

Wendy, when did I ever get a break? You know I couldn't stand being put away again.

WENDY

I won't let that happen.

Suddenly she's hugging and kissing him.

ZACH

Like you got something to say about it. Maybe you'll

be a lot better off with me
out of your life.

WENDY

I don't want to hear that
talk.

She kisses him as if it's got to last for a long time
-- maybe forever.

WENDY (Cont'd)

I'll get the car. I'll
drive you to Philly.

Before heading for the door, she reaches for her
cigarettes and finds the pack is empty.

ZACH

Look in my jacket.

She goes in where he's tossed his jacket, feeling
inside the pockets.

Instead of a pack of Camels, she finds the crumpled up
note.

WENDY

What's this?

ZACH

Garbage.

WENDY

Last time I found a piece of
paper wadded up in your
pocket, it had some bitch's
number.

She unfolds the wad of paper.

WENDY

It's just a deposit slip.

ZACH

I don't know how I got hold
of that.

She reads the handwriting in the margin.

WENDY

Does this say what I think
it does?

ZACH

'Help. I am not -- done.'
No, that's a 'd' at the end.
What're we wasting time on
this for?

WENDY

Wait. It's d-e-a-d. 'I am
not dead.'

(a beat)

Didn't they say the guy
stepped out of the bank just
before you cold-cocked him?

ZACH

So I hit the mother fucker
so hard this note just flew
in my pocket?

WENDY

Weren't you both lying there
on the curb?

ZACH

Me on top of him.

WENDY

So he could've stuck the
note into your pocket. How
else did it get there?

ZACH

That means he hadda be
awake. Why didn't he say
anything then?

WENDY

Maybe he couldn't. If he
deliberately gave you that
note, he was thinking

clearly. He was asking for help.

ZACH
What's the difference?
Man's dead now.

WENDY
Why are you so sure?

ZACH
The hospital says so.

WENDY
Which hospital?

ZACH
Didn't the TV say Lenox Hill?

WENDY
Fine. We don't need to deal with the police.

ZACH
You lost me.

WENDY
We'll show this note to the doctors.

ZACH
They'll laugh their asses off.

WENDY
I had a cousin. He was an epileptic. Once as a kid, I saw him go into a fit. Just that once, but it sure as hell stayed with me.

ZACH
What's your point?

WENDY

When he grew up, all Alvin ever talked about was for us to be sure he was really dead before we buried him. He had this thing about being buried alive. He'd heard stories of that.

ZACH

A hundred years ago, maybe.

WENDY

I had this nightmare once about him digging his way out of his grave. Didn't you ever hear that they used to bury people with a length of string running out of their coffin and attached it to a bell? So if they woke up alive, they could ring for help.

ZACH

No, I never heard that shit. You're talking like you're the one got slammed in the head.

WENDY

Be logical, okay? A man writes a note 'HELP. I AM NOT DEAD.' And then seems to die a minute later.

ZACH

Not 'seems.' He fucking croaked. The end!

WENDY

You heard what they said about him. He's a good man. He's worth saving and even if he wasn't, you've got to save yourself.

Zach grabs the deposit slip and studies it again.

ZACH

We could go to a pay phone
and call 911 and...

WENDY

Do you really think some
police dispatcher is going
to pay any attention?
You'll never get through to
anyone who'll believe this.
The doctors are your only
chance.

ZACH

That hospital will be
crawling with cops.

WENDY

Then let me go in alone.
You wait outside.

ZACH

I got another idea. That
lawyer on the TV. He's in -
- 666. I make deliveries
there all the time. The
security people are used to
seeing me. I could get
upstairs easy and maybe fill
him in. What was his name?

WENDY

Sloane? No -- Slocum.
Steven. Slocum, wasn't it?

ZACH

Run off a copy of that note
for me.

She uses her fax machine to make him a copy -- but the
deposit slip is so crumpled it doesn't want to feed
through. It jams.

ZACH
Pull it out before it gets
chewed up.

Wendy manages to retrieve the deposit slip from the
machine before any damage occurs.

ZACH
He'll have to take my word
for it.

WENDY
If you can get to this
Slocum and he calls the
hospital, they'd be afraid
not to listen -- him being a
big-shot lawyer.

She grabs her cell phone. He's got his. Now they're
both heading for the door.

INT. STAIRWAY OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT

We follow as they descend quickly.

WENDY
This way we've at last got
two shots at getting
somebody to pay attention.

EXT. QUEEN'S BOULEVARD - DAY

Zach and Wendy hail a Gypsy cab.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

ZACH
Take the bridge. Drop me at
666 Madison. She's going
uptown to Lenox Hill
Hospital in the east
seventies.

GYPSY CABBIE
That'll run you fourteen.

The cab pulls into traffic.

ZACH

If this don't work out, I'm
doing a vanishing act.

WENDY

When you get to this lawyer,
just talk slowly -- and
focus. Tell him you found
the note on the sidewalk --
not that you had anything to
do with the accident.

ZACH

You don't have to tell me
that.

CUT TO:

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - DAY

Emergency. The body of Brian Malick lies motionless
on an examining table.

His lifeless eyes stare at the fluorescent lights on
the ceiling. Like a fish on ice in a supermarket
display case.

A uniformed police OFFICER lingers just outside the
room. Another FEMALE OFFICER escorts HELENE MALICK
down the hall. We notice she's changed into a dark
Chanel suit.

FEMALE OFFICER

This is Mrs. Malick.

RESIDENT

I'm sorry, there was nothing
we could do for your
husband.

HELENE

I'm absolutely certain
there's been some mistake.

FEMALE OFFICER

We need a formal
identification.

They escort her to the body.

She stiffens as she realizes it is Brian. She's also conscious that others are watching her reaction.

HELENE

How could this happen? Not to Brian.

FEMALE OFFICER

That is your husband?

HELENE

Yes. May I touch him?

The officer nods and Helene reaches out, running her fingers gently across Brian's forehead.

OFFICER

At least it was quick.
There couldn't have been much pain.

HELENE

Brian couldn't stand pain.
(a beat)
Could I be alone with him for a moment or two? It'd mean so much.

Both officers back off to allow her a private moment.

She leans over the body and talks in a whisper.

AND BRIAN CAN HEAR AND UNDERSTAND EVERY WORD SHE SPEAKS.

HELENE

But you were never afraid of inflicting pain, were you?
Where is that famous glib response now-- the humorous retort sharpened with just enough truth to draw blood. Finally, without any answer, Brian? I suppose I never had you fooled, did I?

Those watching from a distance think they're looking at a grieving widow. Nothing could be further from the truth.

HELENE (Cont'd)
You prided yourself as being
'unlovable.' It was your
defense mechanism. Well,
you're defenseless now,
aren't you?

She turns away from the body. The resident joins her.

HELENE (Cont'd)
Can't you close his eyes?

As Helene crosses to the police officers, the resident approaches the body and SHUTS BRIAN'S EYES.

TRUCKING SHOT -- HELENE AND THE POLICE OFFICERS
LEAVING THE AREA.

FEMALE OFFICER
Are you here by yourself?

HELENE
Friends are on the way over.
And Brian's attorney, of
course.

FEMALE OFFICER
May I ask you a question?
You look so familiar?

HELENE
I used to model. I was
under contract to L'Oreal --
before Brian came along --
and turned my life around.

FEMALE OFFICER
(to the
other cop)
You see, I was right.
(to Helene)
And you did a "soap" too.

HELENE

"Days of our Lives."
Eighteen months until they
killed me off. You've got
some memory.

CUT TO:

EXT. MADISON AVENUE & 50th STREET - DAY

The Gypsy cab deposits Zach on the corner opposite
666. Wendy leans out to give him a kiss of
encouragement.

WENDY
I'll buzz you on your
cellular -- or you call me.

ZACH
If you don't hear from me,
it probably means I got
nailed. But I'll keep you
out of it.

WENDY
Zach, we're doing the right
thing.

Zach can't believe what he's getting himself into --
but he'll try it her way.

ZACH
Sure we are.

He slams the door. The cab pulls away. Zach takes a
deep breath and then crosses to 666.

INT. THE LOBBY - 666 MADISON - DAY

Zach crosses to the elevators, passing the uniformed
security guard and the elevator starter, both who
respond to his casual wave.

ZACH
(to starter)
I've got something for a Mr.
Steve Slocum.

STARTER

That's "Genetech" on eleven.
But they closed the office
for the day on account of a
death.

ZACH
Maybe he's still up there.

STARTER
Some of them are.

Zach steps into an elevator. The doors slide shut.

INT. OFFICES OF GENETECH INDUSTRIES - DAY

Decorated in a spare ultra-modern design. Every chair and sofa looks uncomfortable. There's nobody at the reception desk as Zach steps out of the elevator. The staff seems to have been sent home because of the tragic loss of the founder.

Zach looks around for somebody to talk to. Then he hears voices from a suite at the end of the corridor. He passes a large framed photo of Brian Malick on the wall and proceeds in the direction of the voices. There's also the sound of a machine running. A shredder.

Through the narrow crack in the open door, he can see two executives shredding documents.

Zach holds his position, continues watching.

Then, a loud voice startles him.

VOICE
Stop!

For a moment he thinks it's directed at him. Then someone enters the inner office from a far door. It's Steve Slocum, immediately recognizable from the news report.

STEVE
Turn that off. It may not
be necessary.

His junior associates, BRIDGES and COMPTON, seem nervous.

BRIDGES

You're certain you can handle her? We can't have any outside auditors coming in.

STEVE

I'll use all my charm. Nothing will change, I promise you that.

COMPTON

For all our sake I hope you're right.

STEVE

I'm on my way over now to get her power of attorney.

Zach remains silent and motionless outside the door, trying to make sense of what's being said. Instinct tells him this is hardly the time to make his presence known.

Then, behind him, one of the elevators slides open. Zach hears it and turns, catching a glimpse of a uniformed police officer and his companion, whom we instantly recognize from the crime scene as Detective Lieutenant Ray Nolan.

Zach quickly ducks inside one of the smaller cubicles -- well out of sight -- hoping he hasn't been seen.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - DAY

as Wendy makes her arrival.

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - DAY

Wendy approaches the Central Information Desk next to the central lobby waiting room.

We note that Helene is seated close by, within earshot, along with a pair of relatives who've arrived to console her.

WENDY

Could you help me? I need to find out about someone who was brought in a little while ago.

RECEPTIONIST

The name?

WENDY

Malick. Brian Malick.

RECEPTIONIST

Just what is your relationship to the patient?

WENDY

We're -- we're close friends.

Suddenly, Helene is at her elbow glaring at her.

HELENE

What's the matter with you?

WENDY

Excuse me?

HELENE

Haven't you any shame at all?

WENDY

You've got this all wrong.

HELENE

You might've known we'd be here. Did you have to rub our faces in it?

WENDY

Mrs. Malick?

HELENE

Didn't he describe me to
you?

Wendy doesn't get to reply. One of the relatives
interrupts.

BEN
She's very upset. Even you
can understand that.

HELENE
Don't apologize for me. Not
to her!

Ben's wife now decides to butt in.

ELEANOR
If you had any decency,
you'd leave!

The relatives have wedged themselves between the
grieving widow and this pretty young intruder.

HELENE
It's over. Whatever you got
out of him is all you'll
ever get.

WENDY
I didn't even know him.

But nobody is listening. They've turned their backs
to her.

BEN
(to Helene)
Come on, we'll get you some
coffee.

Wendy watches them disappear down the hall.

WENDY
(to floor nurse)
Isn't there some doctor I
could speak with?

RECEPTIONIST
This doesn't seem to be any
of your business.

WENDY
(pissed off)
You're right. It isn't.

BACK TO HELENE AND HER FRIENDS --

ELEANOR
I didn't think 'that' was
his type.

BEN
How long are you planning to
hang around here?

HELENE
Steve is on his way over to
handle the legalities. You
can run along.

ELEANOR
Are you sure?

HELENE
I really prefer to be alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - DAY

Wendy steps outside but lingers. Gradually she
regains control of herself, thinking about what
brought her here in the first place. She takes out
her cell phone and speed-dials Zach.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL CUBICLE - OFFICES OF GENETECH - DAY

where Zach has briefly taken refuge. Only a few feet
away, the voice of Lt. Nolan can be heard.

NOLAN (VO)
Hello! Anyone here?
Police officers!

At that moment, Zach's cell phone starts to RING. It couldn't happen at a worse moment. He gropes in his pocket for it, finds it, switching it off.

INT. THE OFFICES - DIRECTLY OUTSIDE THE CUBICLE - DAY

Steve Slocum emerges from the executive suite and hurries up the corridor to intercept the police officers.

STEVE

Can I help you? I'm Steven Slocum, Head of Business Affairs.

NOLAN

Det. Lt. Nolan. I have just a few questions for you.

STEVE

Have you found the damned fool yet?

NOLAN

No, but we've got a good lead on him. This won't take but a few minutes.

STEVE

Why don't we talk in Brian's office? Follow me, please.

Steve leads the detective down another corridor to a distant part of the office complex. The uniformed cop remains in the reception area, cutting off Zach's access to the elevator.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - DAY

Wendy is increasingly frustrated when Zach fails to pick up his phone. She keeps ringing.

WENDY

Answer, goddamit.

Finally she hangs up, looking back at the hospital entrance and making a decision. She'll give it another try. She goes back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. GENETECH OFFICES - DAY

Zach opens the door to the cubicle a crack, keeping track of the uniformed cop, who now mercifully steps into the men's room to relieve himself. This is Zach's only chance. He quickly steps out.

INT. BRIAN MALICK'S OFFICE - DAY

That of the Chief Executive. Helene's photograph is displayed prominently on the impressive desk.

The walls are covered with plaques and honors as well as photos of Brian with celebrities.

Det. Nolan is concluding the brief session with Steve.

NOLAN

You're certain Dr. Malick
had no accounts in that
particular bank?

STEVE

I have absolutely no idea
what he'd be doing in there.
Now if you don't mind, Mrs.
Malick is expecting me at
the hospital.

NOLAN

We'll be wanting to speak
with her later.

STEVE

I can arrange it once she
gets home.

Nolan passes the attorney his card.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Zach has reached the elevators. He rings for one and waits nervously. Any moment the cop could emerge from the washroom.

And he does!

Zach is still waiting at the elevator when the officer steps out and sees him -- but assumes he's just an employee ready to go home for the day.

COP

How're you doing?

Zach simply nods in reply. The elevator now arrives and Zach steps inside, pressing the lobby button. The doors begin to slide shut.

Then Nolan's voice is heard close by.

NOLAN

Hold it!

The cop steps over and places his hand in the door, keeping it from shutting.

Then Lt. Nolan steps into the elevator followed by the officer. They are accompanying Zach down. They ride in silence for a moment. Nolan looks Zach over.

NOLAN

Work here?

ZACH

Sure.

NOLAN

Too bad about Dr. Malick.
What kind of a guy was he?

ZACH

I didn't have much to do
with him.

Nolan takes note of Zach's clothes. He doesn't quite fit in.

NOLAN

What kind of work do you do?

ZACH

-- Repairs.

NOLAN

Well, at least you've got
the rest of the day off. My
work's just beginning.

Finally the elevator reaches the lobby. Nolan and the
man he's looking for go their separate ways.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - DAY

CAMERA follows Det. Nolan and the officer as they
return to the police vehicle parked across the street.

A police sergeant is waiting for Nolan.

SERGEANT

They rushed me over with
this print-out off of a
freeze frame of the bank's
video.

Nolan opens the envelope, slides out an 8 x 10 grainy
photograph of Zach on rollerblades, an instant before
the collision. Nolan recognizes him instantly.

NOLAN

Shit! If I'd got this ten
minutes sooner, we'd have
had him. I let him walk
away.

The cop who accompanied Nolan recognizes Zach, too.

COP

He said he worked there.

NOLAN

Get back upstairs and check
that out.

(to Sergeant)

He's on the streets. Get
this description to all
units.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT PARKING GARAGE FOR 666 - DAY

as Steven Slocum steps out of the elevator and into
his waiting limousine.

STEVE
(to chauffeur)
Lenox Hill Hospital.

The limo disappears up the ramp to the street.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - DAY

Lt. Nolan's police car pulls out into traffic. Nolan
scans both sides of the sidewalk ahead for any sign of
Zach.

NOLAN
He would've tried to
distance himself fast.

COP
If he has any smarts, he'll
grab the subway at Fiftieth
and Lex.

NOLAN
Notify the transit police.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE - DAY

The subway entrance. As predicted, Zach has decided
to take public transit and keep off the streets.

He's half-way down the stairs when he pauses to dial
Wendy on his cell phone.

CUT TO:

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - DAY

Second floor lounge. A waiting room full of friends, relatives and children.
Wendy has been searching for some sign of Helene without any luck. She answers her phone immediately.

WENDY

Where have you been? Why
didn't you pick up?

CROSS CUT WITH ZACH at subway entrance.

ZACH

I walked right into it. The
cops arrived almost the same
time I did.

WENDY

Didn't you get to talk to
anybody?

ZACH

No. What about you?

WENDY

Mrs. Malick blew me off.
She got the wrong idea.

ZACH

Just meet me at your
sister's. We'll borrow the
car and move on.

WENDY

No. I want another shot at
the wife. If she hasn't
already left the hospital,
I'll find her!

ZACH

We tried it your way -- now
let's just haul ass.

WENDY

Give me twenty minutes.
I'll call you back.

Zach hangs up, starts down into the subway.

ZACH'S POV - BELOW

At turnstile level, two transit cops are positioned -- checking everybody out. They've stopped someone dressed similarly to Zach.

Zach changes his mind before the transit police catch sight of him. He doubles back up to street level.

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE - DAY

Zach continues uptown on foot. The streets are crowded and he tries to mix in.

CUT TO:

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - DAY

Wendy keeps on searching all the public areas for any sign of Helene Malick. She takes the stairs back to the lobby level.

Then a familiar face catches her eye. A well-dressed executive type has just entered, carrying a Gucci briefcase. It's Steve Slocum, whom she saw giving a statement on TV. He's connected with Brian Malick and he's worth following.

INT. HOSPITAL VIP DINING ROOM - DAY

This small cafe is reserved for use by senior staff and VIP guests.

Attorney Steve Slocum enters and immediately embraces Helene, who's been waiting for him.

STEVE

Sorry I took so long. Have you been alone all this time, Helene?

HELENE

I had friends here but I sent them away.

STEVE

Life dealt Brian a rotten hand. All his success and dead at thirty-four.

HELENE

(all business)

I don't suppose this will affect your taking Genetech public?

STEVE

(reassuring)

Just relax -- and be glad you hung on as long as you did, Helene. You're going to be a wealthy woman. Or is it in bad taste for me to bring that up?

HELENE

You knew the situation between us.

STEVE

Brian could be a difficult man to love, but he did help a great many people.

HELENE

He was wonderful with strangers. There was never anything left for me. He gave away millions and then came home and went over my checkbook like it was an IRS audit.

STEVE

Did he have some reason not to trust you?

Helene decides to evade that question. Then she looks across the cafeteria and sees Wendy approaching.

HELENE

(to Steve)

That young woman. Do you recognize her?

STEVE
I really wouldn't know.

HELENE
What is she hanging around
for? Can you make her go
away!

STEVE
I'll do what I can.

He cuts Wendy off before she can reach Helene.

WENDY
I have very important
information for Mrs. Malick
about her husband's
condition.

STEVE
His condition is that he's
deceased.

WENDY
(trying to
get around
him)
Mrs. Malick, please --

STEVE
She doesn't care to speak to
you.

WENDY
She doesn't understand --

STEVE
I'm afraid she does.

WENDY
She should know that he
wrote a note...

STEVE
(cutting her off)

We're not interested in
buying any letters he may
have written you. Let me
warn you that what you're
doing constitutes a criminal
offense.

WENDY

Can't you just listen! The
man may not be dead!

STEVE

I won't let you upset Mrs.
Malick any more than you
already have.

(calls to a GUARD)

Security! This young lady
doesn't belong here.

Wendy sees the GUARD coming and backs off.

WENDY

God knows I tried.

She quickly exits the VIP dining room.

Steve rejoins Helene at her table.

HELENE

Thank you, Steve.

STEVE

Definitely a disturbed
individual. But I'm sure
we're rid of her.

HELENE

I suppose you'd like to see
Brian?

STEVE

Yes. I would like to say
goodbye.

Helene leads him out. There's no further sign of
Wendy in the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

Brian Malick lies apparently lifeless on an examining table with a sheet covering his face.

An attendant admits Helene and her companion, Steve Slocum, and stands by watching them.

STEVE

It's freezing in here.

ATTENDANT

You won't have long.
They're picking up the body
in a few minutes.

HELENE

Whatever for?

ATTENDANT

For transit to Bellevue.
That's where they do the
honors.

STEVE

You mean the post mortem? I
suppose that's absolutely
necessary?

ATTENDANT

Mandatory for anybody that
dies out on the street.

HELENE

Do you mind if I wait
outside?

STEVE

(opening his briefcase)

Look these over while you
wait. I'll need your
signature on all copies so I
can keep all the engines
running.

HELENE

No problem.

She takes the documents with her and steps outside. She's still visible through the glass partition as she scans the papers -- then takes out a gold pen and carefully signs each of them.

Inside with the corpse, Steve is relieved to see how readily she's complied with his request. He flicks open his cell.

STEVE
(calling his
partners)
I'm in here with the body
now. No, there's not a mark
on him that I can see.
(a beat)
She's proving to be no
problem at all. I'm making
myself indispensable.
(listening,
then
replying)
I agree, it couldn't have
happened at a better time.
Brian was beginning to ask
some very embarrassing
questions, wasn't he?

The Attendant now returns, accompanied by a team who've come to claim the remains for transport.

ATTENDANT
Need more time?

STEVE
No, you can take him.

Steve rejoins Helene in the anteroom, taking the signed documents from her and putting them in his attaché case.

Back inside, Brian is again zipped into a body bag for transit.

JUMP CUT:

TIGHT ON BODY BAG - WITH BRIAN MALICK INSIDE IT

TRUCKING SHOT - as it is wheeled out the rear of Lenox Hill Hospital -- en route to Bellevue.

ANGLE ON HOSPITAL VEHICLE - as the body bag is loaded along with similar body bags.

ATTENDANT
Don't let anybody fall out.

DRIVER
Haven't lost one yet.

THE DOOR IS SLAMMED SHUT. The vehicle pulls away.

INT. THE HOSPITAL VEHICLE - HEADING DOWNTOWN

CAMERA GOES DEEP INSIDE THE BODY BAG WHICH IS ALREADY ZIPPED TIGHTLY SHUT.

WE SEE BRIAN'S EYES TIGHTLY CLOSED.

WE GO BEYOND THE LIDS -- INTO THOSE EYES -- INTO BLACKNESS.

AND WE HEAR THE EXAGGERATED SOUNDS OF THE CITY AS THE VEHICLE CROSSES FROM THE SEVENTIES AND LEXINGTON OVER TO 34TH AND 1ST AVENUE, THROUGH ALL THE CONGESTION, PAST THE CONSTRUCTION AND EXCAVATION SITES WITH THE INCESSANT DRILLING OF THE SIDEWALKS.

THE RACKET SEEMS RAISED TO A FEVER PITCH.

BEING TRAPPED IN DARKNESS ACCENTUATES THE NOISE LEVEL UNTIL IT'S ALMOST MADDENING.

AND FOR A FEW MOMENTS, WE ARE BRIAN MALICK. A DEAD MAN WHO CAN STILL HEAR, FEEL AND THINK.

CUT TO:

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - DAY

INSIDE AN ELEVATOR -- as Helene and her attorney descend to the main floor.

STEVE
I'd like to believe I was
his closest friend.

HELENE

I'm afraid Gavin has that honor. Oh, he'll be all broken up over this.

She's speaking of the very man we know is responsible for Brian's "simulated death."

STEVE

Brian told me things he'd never share with anyone he expected to love him. He could play pretty rough when he thought it was called for.

(a beat)

Your turn was coming.

HELENE

You're dying to tell me about it.

They reach the lobby floor. We TRUCK with them.

STEVE

He never intended to have you survive him -- not as his wife.

HELENE

Had he gotten around to redrafting his estate.

STEVE

He did. But I haven't filed it yet. One might say you got lucky.

HELENE

That sounds odd coming from the man behind the miserable "pre-nup" he made me sign.

STEVE

You might've gotten it set
aside-- if you had as good a
lawyer as me.

HELENE

Well now I do.

Steve smiles with relief. He will retain control.

STEVE

Then you're safe. Feel free
to enjoy your grief.

HELENE

Can you stop by the
brownstone later tonight?
We still have a great deal
to go over.

STEVE

Yes, we have. Will you be alright?

HELENE

Absolutely fine. I'm
rapidly getting accustomed
to widowhood.

STEVE

I'll also start setting up
plans for the memorial. I'm
sure you'll give the
performance of your life.

He kisses her lightly on the cheek and exits the
hospital. His town car and driver await him in the
circular driveway.

When Helene turns back around, she finds she's not
alone. WENDY'S STANDING THERE. Far too close for
comfort.

WENDY

Get this straight, lady! I
never met your husband. I
don't even know what he
looks like.

HELENE
If this is some kind of scam
you pull-- hanging around
hospitals...

WENDY
You're going to hear me out.
Your husband could still be
alive.

HELENE
Get out of my way.

But Wendy blocks her path.

WENDY
First you're going to look
at this deposit slip. The
handwriting along the edge.

Helene finally takes a look. A long look.

WENDY (Cont'd)
That is his handwriting?

HELENE
It's not even legible.

WENDY
It says "HELP. I AM NOT
DEAD." He's stating a fact.

HELENE
It's not at all clear.

WENDY
He'd just come out of this
bank. Has he ever had a
seizure of any kind? Is he
diabetic?

HELENE
The answer to everything is
"NO!" How can all the
physicians who've seen him
be wrong?

WENDY

You're the only one they
might listen to. Demand
another exam. What have you
got to lose?

The fact is, Helene has plenty to lose. Just about
everything.

HELENE

You swore you'd never seen
my husband. But you've got
the note.

WENDY

A friend of mine picked it
up.

HELENE

Then why didn't he come
forward? Who are you
covering up for?

CUT TO:

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE - DAY

ANGLE ON ZACH - Moving quickly along the crowded
sidewalk -- heading uptown. Then he glances across
the street and freezes.

WHAT HE SEES ACROSS THE STREET -

A police cruiser slowing to a stop just opposite him.

The two cops inside are looking straight across at
Zach.

INT. PROWL CAR - DAY

The officers have a copy of the print-out. That
grainy enlargement of Zach's head and shoulders taken
from the bank surveillance tape. They're matching it
to the man walking.

BACK TO ZACH -

He realizes he's been made. He cuts through a pocket
park -- past the swings and the children at play.

ANGLE ON THE POLICE -

One of the officers gets out and jaywalks through passing traffic. The prowler car circles around the corner.

ON ZACH - as he picks up the pace.

The cop is gaining on him.

OFFICER
Hold it up, mister!

Then Zach spots the same police car as it appears up ahead. The second officer inside is getting out.

Zach's escape route is cut off.

His eyes flash around for some other route. He sees a Gristede's Supermarket up ahead -- and dashes for the entrance.

INT. GRISTEDE'S MARKET - DAY

Full of smartly dressed East side housewives -- many with kids riding in their shopping carts.

Zach rushes down the narrow aisles, seeking another exit.

The two cops split up in their effort to overtake Zach.

One officer is calling in for assistance.

COP
Officer needs assistance.
In pursuit of suspect --
supermarket located at...

He doesn't get to finish.

WHACK! A heavy can of Chunky Soup finds its mark and the officer goes down.

Zach has pitched it with unerring accuracy.

As the other cop makes a dive for him, Zach capsizes an entire shelf of bottled juices on top of him -- temporarily

burying his pursuer. A chain reaction occurs as other shelves topple in its wake. Havoc reigns as customers flee.

But Zach doesn't reckon with the Puerto Rican Security Guard who comes up behind him wielding a billy club. His head seems to explode!

Zach goes down on his knees.

The second blow sends him sprawling forward.

The cop who got creamed with the soup can is quickly recovering. He fumbles for his gun.

The Security Guard, flushed with success, is about to administer a third blow when Zach rolls over and delivers a powerful kick to the kneecap.

The Security Guard drops -- giving Zach the chance to land a jarring right cross.

The Guard is down and Zach is up -- and running.

His eyes are still not in focus. The two blows on the head make his ears ring.

He collides with a shopping cart that holds a three year old child along with the groceries. It tips -- and Zach grabs it just in time, setting it upright.

The cops are not about to do any shooting in a crowded supermarket.

Zach crashes through the double doors leading into the SERVICE AREA of the store --

Ahead is the BUTCHER SHOP and the FISH DEPARTMENT with its long counter where fresh fish are being filleted on a bed of cracked ice by men in splattered aprons.

The larger of the cops catches up with him. They struggle for a moment before Zach gets the upper hand

-- tossing the uniformed officer across the fish counter.

Momentum carries the cop along the slick, slimy surface covered with cut mackerel and Chilean sea bass.

Zach doubles back, finding a rear exit that takes him into an alley!

CUT TO:

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - MAIN FLOOR WAITING ROOM - DAY

Wendy seated beside Helene who has decided the best approach is to shine her on.

HELENE

I promise I'll bring this to the attention of the authorities. Now if you'll give me the note.

But Wendy is too smart to part with the evidence.

WENDY

Why don't I go with you?

HELENE

That's impossible. They've already removed the body.

WENDY

When?

HELENE

Nearly thirty minutes ago.

WENDY

It's been transferred to the medical examiner, hasn't it?

Helene won't respond.

WENDY (Cont'd)

You realize if he is alive, an autopsy will kill him.

HELENE
You make the doctors sound
like such fools. I'm going
home.

Helene walks to the exit with Wendy following close
behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ALLEYS - DAY

as Zach races through a narrow maze and scales a
rickety wire fence with amazing agility.

He drops his cell phone but goes back for it. It's
his only link to Wendy.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Zach out onto the next main
thoroughfare, where he vanishes into the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - DAY

Helene tries walking away but Wendy tags along. She
won't let up.

WENDY
Will you come with me to the
medical examiner or do I go
there alone?

HELENE
They won't even see you.

WENDY
I can scream awful loud when
I have to.

HELENE
All right. If you must
know, they've taken him to
Bellevue.

WENDY

I'll even spring for the
cab. Let's go, Mrs. Malick.

She and Helene take one of the taxis waiting at the
cabstand and depart for Bellevue.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Manhattan District.

Several detectives join Nolan in reviewing the bank
surveillance tape.

An officer enters with an update.

OFFICER

One of our units ID'd your
perp. The suspect assaulted
both officers and a security
guard and got away.

NOLAN

Where was this?

SERGEANT

East Sixties and Lex.

NOLAN

They swear up and down at
Genetech they don't know the
guy. Then what was he doing
here?

On the video screen, the image is that of a HIGH ANGLE
EXTERIOR OF THE STREET ENTRANCE TO THE BANK with
pedestrian traffic moving rapidly past. Then Brian
can be seen staggering into view.

DET. HALEY

This Malick sure looks like
he's stoned.

NOLAN

There's still no reason for
him to be in that bank.
Switch to his exit.

In an instant, Brian is seen exiting onto the sidewalk.

HALEY

It happens -- now!

Zach is ENTERING FRAME at top speed -- almost a blur...

...and colliding with Brain.

Det. Glenn now enters with the full run-down on Zach.

GLENN

"Speeding Bullet Messenger" identifies him as Zach Mosely, who's been with them for six months since his release. Lives with his girl in Queens. I've got the address of the apartment.

NOLAN

Matched him with any priors yet?

GLENN

Eight months on bookmaking and seventeen months on burglary. Time served. Here's his jacket.

On the monitor, we're watching Zach and Brian tangled up on the sidewalk, both moving.

Now passersby are getting in the way of the coverage as they crowd INTO FRAME.

NOLAN

What the hell is Malick doing down there?
(a beat)
Let me see what happened inside the bank again.

TECHNICIAN

Coming up.

He switches tapes, pushes play.

ON THE TV SCREEN, THE INTERIOR OF THE BANK. Brian's desperate actions inside the bank are visible.

We see him scribbling the quick note in the margin of one of the slips and trying to get the Guard to look at it.

NOLAN

He's headed outside with
that note still in his hand.
He got slammed immediately.

GLENN

He must've dropped it. We
didn't find anything.

NOLAN

Replay it.

The original tape is now rolling again. Zach slamming into his hapless victim. Both men go down in a heap.

NOLAN

Focus on Malick's right
hand. He's still clutching
that slip. See it? He
hasn't lost it yet.

GLENN

What's the difference?

NOLAN

Roll that back a frame.
Okay, forward -- and freeze
it. See where Malick's hand
is going?

TECHNICIAN

It looked to me like he went
into the other guy's pocket.

GLENN

This doesn't change
anything. It's still
involuntary manslaughter.

HALEY

Not to mention assaulting
two officers and unlawful
flight.

NOLAN

If this Zach accidentally
rammed into Malick, then why
was he visiting his offices
only an hour and a half
later?

As usual, Detective Glenn has a theory about
everything.

GLENN

Suppose somebody put him up
to doing it? And he went
there to get paid off?

DET. HALEY

Why don't we release this
tape to local television?
Maybe somebody will spot
him.

NOLAN

I want to have a look at
Zach's apartment. You're
welcome to join me.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Carrying Wendy and Helene downtown and all the way
east to Bellevue Hospital. They ride in total
silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET - THE EAST SIXTIES - DAY

Zach on the move, passing a local barber shop. He
peers in the window. There are no customers -- just
one old guy -- reading the sports page.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

This is not any modern hair salon -- the place hasn't had a face lift in forty years. Zach enters and slides into a chair.

ZACH

Can you do me a crew -- real short -- with the clippers?

BARBER

My specialty. I started off cutting hair in the army.

ZACH

And a shave. Take off the beard.

BARBER

Your own mother won't know you.

ZACH

She never did.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A cab lets Helene and Wendy off. As promised, Wendy pays.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL RECEPTION - NIGHT

They approach the volunteer at the main desk.

HELENE

I suppose we want the office of the Medical Examiner.

VOLUNTEER

Have you got an appointment?

WENDY

Of course she does.

VOLUNTEER

(checking directory)
Basement level, Room 700.

WENDY
That wasn't difficult, was
it?

HELENE
Suppose we're too late?

There's a long line at the elevator. Wendy isn't
wasting valuable time.

WENDY
Take the stairs.
They're headed down two flights to Room 700. FORENSIC
PATHOLOGY. (STEADI-CAM FOLLOWS).

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARBER SHOP - DAY

The transformation in progress. The beard is gone.
The long hair is being clipped.

ZACH
Shorter even.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWER LEVEL - BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - DAY

TRUCKING WITH WENDY AND HELENE.

Ahead stands a door of clouded glass with the words
stenciled "OFFICE OF THE DEPUTY MEDICAL EXAMINER.
COUNTY OF MANHATTAN." A business-like receptionist-
assistant named CONNIE is seated at her desk.

WENDY
We'd like to see the
official in charge of
autopsies.

CONNIE
That'd be Dr. Ulster. What
is this in reference to?

WENDY
(to Helene)
Tell her.

HELENE
My husband was killed in an
accident this afternoon.
I'm Mrs. Brian Malick.

WENDY
He hasn't begun the
procedure yet, has he?

CONNIE
No. It's on his schedule though.

WENDY
For when?

CONNIE
He should get started once
he finishes his class.

She makes reference to a doorway across the corridor
clearly marked "NYU SCHOOL OF MEDICINE - OBSERVATION."

WENDY
Then we have to see him now.

CONNIE
He should be out in ten
minutes. Have a seat.

Wendy's too nervous to sit down.

WENDY
We'll wander.

She signals Helene to follow her. They cross the
corridor, passing that door marked "NYU."

WENDY
Care to have a look?

HELENE
We're not allowed in there.

WENDY
Then they'll kick us out.

She quietly opens the door a crack to reveal steps which lead to an observation room above. Close by, voices can be heard. A class in progress.

WENDY

Come on.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BARBER SHOP - DAY

as Zach, virtually unrecognizable, steps out into the sunlight. He studies his reflection in the shop window.

ZACH

I hate it!

He pulls out his phone.

ZACH (Cont'd)

And why don't you fucking
call me?

CUT TO:

INT. SURGICAL THEATRE VIEWING AREA - DAY

The gallery is occupied by a half-dozen medical students, more than half of them foreign exchange students.

Wendy and Helene find vacant seats without attracting attention. All eyes are riveted below, where a dozen NYU medical students, both male and female, circle a steel autopsy table on which a body is stretched out. They all wear green surgical scrubs, latex gloves and surgical masks.

The Medical Examiner conducting the class wears a blue mask, surgical gown and cap.

Only the body on the table is immediately identifiable.

IT'S BRIAN MALICK -- STARK NAKED -- HIS EYES ARE BEING SPREAD WIDE OPEN BY THE MEDICAL EXAMINER. NOW HE CAN AGAIN SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM.

Brian is totally conscious of all that's going on as the Medical Examiner draws a line with a black marker pen across his breastbone to indicate where an incision will be made.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I'll then sever the collar
from the breastbone to
examine the neck organs.

Above in the gallery, Helene has refused to look down at the procedure in progress. Therefore, she hasn't yet realized it's her own husband on the table. (And Wendy doesn't know what Brian looks like).

HELENE

(whispers)
I can't watch this.

Directly below, the class continues.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Now what are the
possibilities we're looking
at a victim of
strangulation? Ms.
O'Connor?

The female student leans close over the body, using her miniature flashlight to examine Brian's eyes.

MS. O'CONNOR

Highly unlikely due to the
absence of any tiny pinpoint
hemorrhages in the whites of
the eyes.

OUR CAMERA NOW MOVES IN ON THESE EYES.

BRIAN'S POV - 180 DEGREE LENS -

ALL THE STUDENTS HOVERING ABOVE HIM. The masked surgeon -- and the figures in the gallery directly above him -- all tremendously distorted.

BRIAN SEES HIS OWN WIFE seated in the gallery above, her head is turned away. But it is unmistakably Helene. Meanwhile, the Medical Examiner continues on -- entertaining his class even as he instructs.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Now let's suppose this body had been sawed in half. The lower portion from the waist down to be found in the New Jersey swamps. The upper half turning up in a dumpster in Lower Manhattan. Given these facts, which state would claim jurisdiction over the corpse? I'm waiting.

The students seemed stumped -- but one of the exchange students in this gallery shouts down --

MR. SU LING

New York would!

MEDICAL EXAMINER

And why, sir?

MR. SU LING

Because wherever the heart is found determines the jurisdiction.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Excellent.

Then from above, another voice calls out. It's Wendy.

WENDY

I have a question, doctor!

He peers up at the stranger, this pretty young woman.

WENDY (Cont'd)

Could someone appear to be dead -- even to someone like yourself -- when they're still very much alive?

TIGHT ON BRIAN - THE CORPSE

Hearing these words he's prayed someone would ask.

HIGH OVERHEAD ANGLE - ON THE SURGEON

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I'm afraid only in Edgar
Allen Poe.

The NYU students have their laugh.

Then the Medical Examiner casually removes his cap and
facemask TO REVEAL IT'S GAVIN!

GAVIN

Class, since I'm testifying
in court tomorrow morning,
we'll convene after lunch at
2:30.

The mask has previously muffled and disguised Gavin's
speech to make it unrecognizable.

As the medical students disperse, Gavin leans over the
body and whispers to Brian -- CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER.

GAVIN

We'll leave your eyes open -
- so you don't miss
anything.

He pulls the sheet up over Brian's face.

GAVIN

(to attendant)
Return him to autopsy. I'll
be with him shortly.

Gavin exits the surgical theatre and body is wheeled
out.

UP IN THE GALLERY --

we realize Helene has recognized Gavin. Her nerves
are shot -- the tension is getting to her. But she
tries to cover.

HELENE

Well, I hope you're
satisfied.

WENDY

I still want him to see the
note.

Helene has no choice but to follow Wendy back
downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN FLOOR - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Det. Nolan and Det. Glenn come downstairs and are
about to leave when they cross paths with veteran
detective STAN RUDNICK, who's just returning to the
building.

NOLAN

Rudnick! Got a minute?

DET. RUDNICK

What can I do for you?

NOLAN

About two years ago -- you
were the arresting officer
in a burglary of a discount
electronics store on 14th
Street. You picked up this
man?

He shows Rudnick a mug shot of Zach.

DET. RUDNICK

Yeah. I remember him.

NOLAN

Fill me in.

RUDNICK

You know the type -- always
in trouble.

NOLAN

Capable of violence?

RUDNICK
If cornered, maybe.
(he takes Nolan
aside,
to talk privately
Truth is, I'm not too proud
of that conviction. Back in
January I had a string of
similar robberies and the
guy we finally nailed --
well, he copped to the job
we got this Zach on.

NOLAN
But you said nothing about
it?

RUDNICK
The kid had already done his
time and was out. What good
would it have done?

NOLAN
He wouldn't have two fucking
strikes on him!

RUDNICK
Is it my fault his shit
public defender pleaded him
out? Why didn't he fight
it?

NOLAN
No, nothing's your fault.

RUDNICK
Nolan, I wouldn't let myself
get so excited. It's not
good for your condition.

The clear reference to his recent bypass is a low blow
that Nolan has to endure. He walks away angry.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

The newly transformed Zach is still restlessly on the move-- looking for anywhere to hole up until he hears from Wendy. THE COMPUTER GAME PARLOR on the corner seems just the place.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GAVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Helene and Wendy again approach Connie.

CONNIE

He's expecting you.

She leads them into an office cluttered with medical textbooks and journals.

GAVIN

(rising)

Mrs. Malick, my deepest sympathy. How can I be of help?

Helene covers well, pretending to be a total stranger.

HELENE

This young woman came to me with a note she's convinced my husband scribbled just prior to his death.

WENDY

His "collapse."

GAVIN

A suicide note? Is that what you're suggesting?

WENDY

Not at all. Why don't you read it?

She hands him the note, which he studies.

GAVIN

What do you think it says?

WENDY

It's very clear to me.
'HELP. I AM NOT DEAD.'

GAVIN

Now I better understand the question you shouted out in class.

WENDY

He was still conscious after he hit the sidewalk. Alive enough to slip this piece of paper to...

GAVIN

To whom?

WENDY

To someone. To anyone -- he was asking for help.

GAVIN

You seem to be doing all the talking here.

(to Helene)

What do you think?

HELENE

I mean if there's any doubt at all...

GAVIN

I'm sorry I was so glib in my earlier response. There was such a case of total paralysis reported at Cook County Hospital as recently as 1998.

WENDY

Well, that makes me feel a little less of a 'nutcase.'

Gavin starts to put the deposit slip in his pocket. Wendy stops him.

WENDY

If you'd like a copy, doctor, I've got plenty of them, courtesy of Kinko's.

HELENE
You didn't say you'd made
copies.

WENDY
Isn't that what any sensible
person would do?

She's bluffing, but it's effective. Gavin leans
across the desk and returns the original.

GAVIN
If you'd both like to stick
around to satisfy
yourselves, my examination
won't take very long.

WENDY
Sure, out of curiosity.

GAVIN
(rising)
You can accompany me down.

WENDY
First I need to make a call.

GAVIN
Dial 9.

WENDY
In private.

Wendy exits the office.

INT. OUTER OFFICE

Wendy consults Connie at her desk. She's being
careful.

WENDY
He's the regular Medical
Examiner, isn't he?

CONNIE
Chairman of the Forensic
Division. You couldn't have
a better man.

INT. BACK INSIDE GAVIN'S PRIVATE OFFICE

HELENE

Tell me the truth. Did you have anything to do with what happened to Brian?

GAVIN

You know I've wanted to kill him since I was fourteen years old.

HELENE

I never thought you were serious...

GAVIN

(cutting in)

He was too good to practice medicine like the rest of us. He had to amass a fortune and get his picture in every newspaper. Well, the obituary should run half a page in the Times.

(a beat)

Where did the girl materialize from?

HELENE

In off the street. What is she talking about? How could he still be alive?

GAVIN

Not without a major effort on my part.

HELENE

Why would you take such a chance?

GAVIN

There was no risk at all. His body had to be brought to me. It's routine.

HELENE
Wasn't being rid of him
enough?

GAVIN
Helene, try to imagine it.
He's fully conscious.

HELENE
Then he could hear every
word I said?

GAVIN
I wish I'd been there to
hear it myself.

HELENE
My God, if he's alive, won't
he bleed when you have to
cut him?

GAVIN
Profusely.

HELENE
Then how can you expect to
get away with it?

GAVIN
Because I'll be performing
the procedure alone -- as I
most often do.

HELENE
I'm begging you not to do
this.

GAVIN
You're getting what you want
out of this. Why shouldn't
I?

HELENE
How could you conceive of
such a thing?

GAVIN

A man can't spend every day
of his life taking human
beings apart without getting
some pretty

(MORE)

GAVIN (Cont'd)
strange ideas in his head.
I kept seeing Brian's face
on every cadaver I sliced
down the middle.

HELENE

Stop. Stop talking about
it!

GAVIN

I've lived in his shadow
ever since our days at
Andover. He enjoyed proving
he could take away
anything from me that he
fancied for himself.
Especially you. Well, I'm
just reclaiming what's mine
-- with interest.

He kisses Helene roughly on the mouth even as she
tries to pull away.

GAVIN (Cont'd)

One of the things I like
most about you was that you
were never afraid of
anything. Don't ruin that
image.

Helene can't hide her terror. But we realize she will
do exactly as she is told.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE GAVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Off to herself out of Connie's earshot, Wendy dials.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER GAME PARLOR - DAY

Zach racks up points on a racing car simulator. He almost doesn't hear the phone under the deafening beeping.

ZACH

Yeah -- hello -- I'm here!

WENDY

What's all that noise?

ZACH

It's okay. I can hear you.

WENDY

Listen carefully. I'm with Mrs. Malick now. I hooked up with her and also with this Dr. Ulster over here at Bellevue.

CROSS CUT TO:

ZACH - stepping out ONTO THE SIDEWALK to hear better.

ZACH

How come all of a sudden you're at Bellevue? Why fucking Bellevue? And why didn't you ever pick up your calls?

WENDY

Honey, I couldn't. I've been with her the whole time. How quick can you get here?

ZACH

No chance. I did me a quick "makeover" and I'm ready to ditch this fucking town.

WENDY

No. I need you here. Hang by the main gate on First

Avenue and 34th. I'll keep
you clued in by phone. But
don't call me.

ZACH
You still think he's alive?

WENDY
More than ever. And the
wife's hiding something.

ZACH
Now how would you know that?

WENDY
My built-in bullshit
detector.

ZACH
You're some amazing woman.

WENDY
It's time you realize that.
Gotta go.

Then she's gone before he can thank her.

BACK INSIDE GAVIN'S OFFICE

He's giving Helene a sedative to calm her down.

Then the door opens and Wendy returns.

GAVIN
Have you completed your
call?

WENDY
(lying)
I tried but nobody was
there.

GAVIN

Well, let's have us a look
at the patient. You'll
notice I didn't say corpse.
Yet.

INT. BASEMENT FLOOR - BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - DAY

Helene and Wendy follow Gavin along the maze of
corridors to the autopsy room. They wait outside.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

THE "DENER," the name for an autopsy assistant, awaits
Gavin, who enters alone.

THE DENER
Next up we have "MALICK,
Brian, 34, possible subdural
hematoma.

GAVIN
How long have you been on?

THE DENER
Since six last night.

GAVIN
You must be out on your
feet. I can handle this
myself.

THE DENER
I could drain the vitreous
out of the eyeballs for you
before I go.

GAVIN
It's routine for me. Get
some rest.

THE DENER
No chance of that. Soon as
my wife sees me walk in the
door she'll make dinner
reservations.

The "Dener" makes a quick exit.

For the purpose of complete privacy, Gavin first has to deal with RAYMOND, the weaselly autopsy room attendant whose cluttered desk sits in the hall opposite.

GAVIN

Braving the Lotto again this week, Raymond?

RAYMOND

It's up to forty-seven million. Hey, I admit it, I'm a degenerate gambler.

GAVIN

Why don't you run over and buy fifty dollars worth of tickets and we'll be partners on it?

RAYMOND

You mean now?

GAVIN

Why not? I suddenly feel lucky. I'll man the fort.

Raymond clutches the fifty that Gavin offers and he's out of there in a New York minute.

Gavin rejoins Helene and Wendy, who've waited in the hallway. He escorts them into the glass enclosed OBSERVATION BOOTH which adjoins the autopsy room.

He pulls open the drape, revealing the surgical tables and shelves which hold a vast collection of bodies.

GAVIN

If you care to go inside, slip on surgical gowns and masks.

WENDY

I never said I wanted to get that close.

GAVIN

I won't be initiating any
invasive procedures, just
checking the vital signs as
per your request.

(a beat)

It was my impression you
didn't want to miss
anything?

WENDY

Actually I don't.

Wendy slips into a green surgical gown, cap and mask.

HELENE

I'd just as soon watch from
here.

Helene remains behind the glass. Gavin shows Wendy
into the autopsy room, locking it from the inside.

She winces at the powerful antiseptic smell.

GAVIN

You'll get used to it.

He glances at the tag on the toe of the deceased.

GAVIN

This appears to be Mr.
Malick.

He pulls back the sheet, looking directly into Brian's
eyes which remain frozen in a wide-eyed stare.

GAVIN (Cont'd)

See any sign of life? He's
stone cold. Touch him.

WENDY

No, thanks.

GAVIN

See any difference between
him -- and this other one?

He pulls the sheet off the adjoining body.

A forty-year old woman -- totally naked. A long jagged incision across her throat. She's been sliced from ear to ear. Wendy looks away quickly.

GAVIN

I'm always puzzled by the lack of expression. Here this woman was murdered and she only appears mildly surprised. Where's the fear?

WENDY

Having some fun with me?

GAVIN

What can you tell by looking at a face? Was he a kind man? Or was he cruel?

WENDY

Can we please get on with it?

Gavin avails himself of a small hammer -- tapping Brian's elbow and his leg above the knee.

GAVIN

Negative reflex response.

He focuses a small light on the pupils.

GAVIN (Cont'd)

No dilation. And of course no discernable heartbeat or pulse. Yes, I'd have pronounced him dead.

WENDY

If he's alive he'd still bleed, wouldn't he?

GAVIN

Why don't we find out?

Helene continues watching from behind the glass panel in the observation area...

...as Gavin picks up a scalpel. Wendy expresses shock.

GAVIN
Not a major incision, but
maybe you'd rather turn
away.

WENDY
Thanks for the warning.

BRIAN'S DISTORTED POV - THAT OF THE PARALYZED VICTIM
WHO LIES ON THE TABLE -- (A 180 DEGREE ANGLE) --

He can't warn Wendy, this girl he's never seen before,
of the danger that she's placed herself in.

GAVIN'S VOICE SEEMS ECHOED AND FAR AWAY --

GAVIN
I'll tell you when it's safe
to look.

He places the scalpel aside and picks up a thin length
of rubber tube -- the type used to intubate a patient.

He knots it in the center -- then approaches Wendy,
whose back remains turned.

She still believes he's working on the body.

GAVIN
My Lord -- you weren't
wrong.

WENDY
He's bleeding?

GAVIN
You've saved his life.

From behind the glass, Helene watches a murder about
to take place. A murder to which she is an
accomplice. The horror of it is evident in her
expression.

Wendy sees Helene's face and is confused -- then frightened.

She begins to turn -- but too late.

The length of tube is over her head and tightening.

She struggles to resist but Dr. Gavin Ulster's gloved hands are far too powerful. She claws at her own face, tearing away the surgical mask.

GAVIN

Brian will be joining you
pretty soon.

Wendy can only focus solely on the witness to her murder -- on Helene. Their eyes interlock.

HELENE

Why couldn't you let us
alone?

Wendy uses all the strength left to pull forward, slamming flat against the glass panel -- looking straight into Helene's face on the far side. They're separated only by the one inch glass.

Wendy smashes her face and forehead against the glass -- hard!

Once -- then again and again. Her nose is bleeding now and her strength is ebbing.

GAVIN

A perfect place to be
murdered. So much available
storage.

Wendy loses consciousness. Still Gavin continues to apply pressure. He's counting to himself as the seconds tick by.

BRIAN'S POV - DISTORTED LENS

He, too, is witness to the homicide. The young girl who was his only hope is no longer amongst the living.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - DAY

A cab deposits Zach across the street from the institution's main gate.

Once alone, he again takes out his cell phone but hesitates before dialing. She told him not to call. He puts the phone away --

Then nearly jumps out of his skin when he hears the SCREAM OF A SIREN close by. But it's only an ambulance leaving the hospital -- rushing to somebody's aid.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Stripping the surgical gown and cap from Wendy's lifeless body, Gavin drags her over to Brian.

GAVIN

Here's what a genuine corpse looks like. Did you enjoy the exhibition? I staged it for your entertainment. It must be boring lying on a slab all day.

Now he shifts the body onto a vacant gurney. He picks up Wendy's purse and unzips it, quickly locating the deposit slip from where he saw her put it.

He brings it over and displays it for Brian to see.

GAVIN

Remember this!

Then he shreds it into small pieces before Brian's eyes.

Gavin disposes of Wendy's hospital gown, shoes and handbag in an oversized receptacle with the clear markings: "DANGER - TOXIC WASTE"

He wheels her body to the wall of shelves, pulling one out and carefully shifting Wendy's fully clothed corpse onto the slab.

He then fills out a perfunctory identification card so that everything will appear in order -- securing it to her left toe. He then slides the drawer tightly shut.

For now she's gone -- to be permanently disposed of later.

Gavin turns and makes an antic face at Helene, who remains half-paralyzed herself with shock. She wonders just what kind of lunatic she's gotten herself mixed up with.

GAVIN

(to Brian)

Don't feel too badly about the poor girl. Being murdered is probably one of the best ways to die. Quick and unexpected -- and you get to die in perfect health. Too good for you.

At that moment there's a sound of a phone RINGING. That shrill CHIRPING cry.

Not the telephone on the wall of the operating room.

The peculiar, quite annoying ring is coming from the disposal bin marked "DANGER - TOXIC WASTE."

It's clear Wendy had a cell phone buried deep in her purse.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST AVENUE IN FRONT OF BELLEVUE - DAY

Despite her instructions, Zach has finally dialed.

ZACH

Come on, honey. Pick up!

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Gavin can't allow that ringing phone to remain in the toxic waste bin. It could very likely ring again and attract attention. It could connect Wendy's body to this very autopsy room.

Even with surgical gloves on, he won't enjoy reaching into that toxic waste bin to retrieve the purse, but he must. It's more repugnant to him than the murder was.

He dons a mask, then crouches low over the bin and feels around inside. The antiseptic stench burns his eyes and he turns his head to the side to avoid it. All the while the phone won't stop ringing -- that shrill scream for attention.

On the other side of the glass, Helene has slumped into a chair in a state of near shock.

INSERT SHOT - INSIDE THE TOXIC WASTE BIN -- Gavin's gloved hand searching amongst the diseased remnants that have been deposited here -- finally touching the purse and getting a grip on it.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

as Gavin removes the jangling phone from the purse before shoving the handbag back inside the bin.

Gavin stares at the phone throbbing in his hand -- like some living organ he's just removed from a body. He's curious to know who's calling the girl whose life he's just claimed.

But the thought of placing that cell phone to his ear and mouth is revolting.

He finds a can of antiseptic spray and douses the phone before answering.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

ZACH

Hello? It's me. Baby, talk
to me! Is it a bad
connection or what?

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Gavin listens but doesn't utter a word.

ZACH'S VOICE
I can't stand here in the
street all day waiting on
you. Say something.

GAVIN CHECKS OUT THE CALLER ID NUMBER, VISIBLE ON
WENDY'S PHONE AND JOTS IT DOWN IN HIS POCKET NOTEPAD.

BACK TO THE EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - BELLEVUE

Zach has stepped off the curb without looking at
traffic, hoping to improve reception.

ZACH
Hear me better now?

Then an ambulance races around the corner nearly
hitting him -- driving him back on the curb. It's
followed by a second ambulance and the several police
emergency vehicles follow them into the hospital
driveway.

The SIRENS drown out any possibility of further
conversation. Zach hangs up in frustration.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Gavin sets the cell phone aside and focuses on the
work at hand. He looks straight into Brian's eyes.

GAVIN
I apologize for the delay.

Unexpectedly, there's a tapping on the glass door
leading to the corridor. It's Raymond, back and
gleefully displaying his Lotto tickets. He's returned
a bit too soon.

Gavin crosses and opens the door just a crack.

GAVIN
I'm glad you're back. I
need to move the remains of
Mr. Malick into the
"decomposed room."

RAYMOND
Contagion?

GAVIN
We can't be too careful, can
we? Not when we're this
close to winning forty-seven
million. For safety sake,
restrict any entry until I
inform you otherwise.

RAYMOND
With all the shit going
around, this could qualify
as a hazardous occupation.

Gavin quickly relocks the door. Then focuses on
Helene in the observation booth staring at a blank
wall.

INT. THE BOOTH

Gavin enters.

GAVIN
Go home now.

HELENE
Did you have to make me
watch?

GAVIN
Take this with you. Get rid
of it somewhere but wipe it
clean of any prints, first.

He takes Wendy's cell phone out of the pocket of his
medical gown and shoves it in her handbag.

GAVIN (Cont'd)
Now just turn and walk out.
Don't speak to anyone. Just
leave the hospital.

INT. THE HOSPITAL HALLWAY - OUTSIDE THE AUTOPSY
SECTION

Helene steps out of the Observation Booth and
disappears into the elevator, leaving Gavin to the
work at hand.

BACK INSIDE THE AUTOPSY ROOM --

Gavin returns to Brian and wheels him into the next
chamber -- a much smaller room with a large ventilator
system on the ceiling. A room generally used to
examine bodies that have been exhumed from burial.

He shifts Brian onto the steel table with drains on
all sides. Then he tests out the electric saw,
capable of slicing off the top of a human skull like
opening a can of Campbell's soup.

He holds the spinning blade up so his immobilized
victim can see it clearly.

Then abruptly he snaps it off.

GAVIN
No, I'm getting ahead of
myself. First we'll remove
a few major organs. I'll
hold them up so you can have
a good look.

Then he prepares to make the initial incision.
Straight down the sternum.

Then there's a frantic pounding on the locked door to
the main autopsy room.

Gavin can't ignore it. We follow him to the source.

RAYMOND
Doctor, open up!

GAVIN
Didn't I explain...?

There's then another voice. A doctor.

DR. FRY
For God's sake, Gavin, open
this door.

Gavin turns the lock.

GAVIN
What the hell is it?

DR. FRY
Serious accident on the FDR
and 44th. A tour bus
overturned and caught fire.
Half a dozen fatalities.

GAVIN
I'm in the process of...

DR. FRY
It'll have to wait. They're
bringing in the first load
now. It's a matter of
identification and storage.
I'll try to get you all the
help I can.

Gavin realizes there's no use arguing.

GAVIN
That's what I'm here for.

The elevator at the far end of the long hall is seen
opening and several bodies are wheeled off.

Headed straight for the morgue.

As they are wheeled in, Gavin returns to Brian's body
in the adjoining "decomposed room."

GAVIN
(whispers)
Seems you're in good
company. It's a popular day
for dying.

The main room is filling up with bodies -- battered
and burned from the collision. All on gurneys.

INSIDE THE NOW CROWDED AUTOPSY ROOM -

Gavin returns and immediately gets to work processing
the oncoming bodies.

EXT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - DAY

Zach watches from a distance as emergency workers
bring still more victims. A few cops arrive and begin
to move the crowd of bystanders back.

COP #1
Let's clear the sidewalk.

Zach is quick to vacate his spot before he can
possibly be recognized. He moves on up the block --

Just as Helene emerges from the front entrance of
Bellevue.

The two pass on the sidewalk -- brushing shoulders.

TRUCKING SHOT - WITH HELENE. She's not sure where
she's going. But it's not far.

Ahead is a Greek Coffee Shop. She enters and finds an
empty booth by the window. In the distance we can
still see the hospital and the frantic activity.

INT. GREEK COFFEE SHOP - DAY

HELENE
Just coffee.

WAITER
There's a three dollar
minimum at tables, lady.

HELENE
The cherry cheesecake and
coffee.

The TV over the counter is showing coverage of the
brutal accident on the FDR Drive where an oil delivery
truck struck a tour bus.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Reluctantly Zach has wandered inside. He looks around
for Wendy. No luck. He questions the volunteer at
the desk.

ZACH
I'm looking for my
girlfriend who came in less
than an hour ago.

VOLUNTEER
Was she visiting a patient?

ZACH
It was on account of
somebody that died. Fella
name of 'Malick.' Brought
over from Lenox Hill?

VOLUNTEER
(checking
the
computer)
Oh yes. As far as I can
see, the body hasn't been
released to the family yet.
But we've got a major
emergency going on here and
that division is swamped.

ZACH
Maybe you saw her. Wendy.
About five-six, short
haircut, wearing a leather

skirt and a light pink blouse.

VOLUNTEER
I wish I could help you.
Next, please.

ZACH
Oh, come on. She had to come through here. Don't go ignoring me!

The beefy Security Guard on duty immediately confronts Zach.

SECURITY GUARD
Got a problem? Then move on.

Zach knows better than to draw undue attention to himself.

He exits the hospital without looking back.

INT. GREEK COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Helene is staring at her cherry cheesecake. But she has no appetite for it. She's just seen a girl killed.

Halfway across the restaurant, Zach enters and slides onto a stool at the far end of the counter.

TIGHT ON ZACH

ZACH
Got any beer?

COUNTERMAN
Michelob or Heineken?

On second thought, Zach decides to forgo any hard stuff.

ZACH

No, forget it. Make it a
coke. Dress it up with a
lemon wedge.

He takes out his cell phone and dials Wendy again.

Across in Helene's booth, the cell phone in her purse
begins to ring. Wendy's phone with that peculiar
chirping sound.

TIGHT ON ZACH

He hears the familiar chirping that has annoyed him so
often -- coming from somewhere in the restaurant.

He reacts. Looking at his own cellular and then
searching for the location of the ringing phone.

Helene sits frozen, afraid to answer. Other customers
at nearby tables glance over, irritated by the
constant ringing. Her waiter crosses to her table.

WAITER

Why don't you answer it,
lady?

Zach pinpoints where the ringing is coming from. But
to make sure, he hangs up. The ringing at Helene's
table stops.

Zach punches in instant redial.

The phone in Helen's handbag begins to chirp again.

There's no doubt about it. The sophisticated young
woman in the booth is in possession of Wendy's phone.
How the hell would she get it?

CAMERA FOLLOWS ZACH to her table. Helene is reaching
into her purse to locate the cell phone and shut it
off -- just as Zach slides in opposite her.

HELENE

What do you think you're
doing?

Zach holds up his cellular so she can't miss it.

ZACH
I'll bet I can make that
stop ringing.

Zach hangs up.

Instantly the chirping from Helen's purse ceases.

ZACH
Helluva trick, wasn't it?

HELENE
What do you want?

ZACH
Not going to touch that
cheesecake?

Zach reaches for her fork.

ZACH (Cont'd)
This clean?

He pulls the cheesecake across to himself. Helene seems frozen, unable to move.

HELENE
It's not my phone --

ZACH
That I know.
(a beat)
Last thing Wendy would ever
part with is her cellular.
Peculiar little ring it's
got. Really bugs me.

Helene is no fool. She covers quickly.

HELENE
It was lying here in the
booth when I sat down.

ZACH
And it climbed into your
purse?

She tries to make use of her talents as a former actress to fabricate a story.

HELENE

I don't know why I should
have to admit it to you.
But I do take things, now
and then, usually from
department stores. My
husband knew all about it
and made good on it. It's
just a habit I can't help.

ZACH

Uh-huh.

For a moment, Zach seems to be buying it. She takes
Wendy's cellular out of her bag and lays it on the
table.

HELENE

I can certainly afford
anything I want to buy --
but taking things gives me a
satisfaction I can't
explain.

(a beat)

I'd like to go now.

Zach puts his hand gently on her wrist, stopping her.

ZACH

Didn't I pass you coming out
of Bellevue?

She doesn't reply.

ZACH

So what's your name? Show
me some ID, okay?

HELENE

I don't have to show you
anything.

ZACH

No, you don't.

Zach pushes instant redial and the phone on the table
starts ringing again -- shrill and annoying.

Terrifying to Helen. It brings back the moment of the murder to her.

HELENE
Stop that thing! Please
stop it.

A patron at the next table has had enough.

PATRON
Will you please answer that!

ZACH
You heard the man.

She reaches for the phone, but Zach pulls it out of Helene's hand and flips it off. He sniffs it.

ZACH
Funny smell to it. Like
Lysol or something. Where's
it been?

The question provokes an audible gasp -- which Helene then tries to excuse.

HELENE
I have good reason to be
upset. You see, my husband
died today.

ZACH
You wouldn't be Mrs. Brian
Malick? Maybe your old man
didn't die. Ever examine
that possibility?

HELENE
No.

ZACH
Ever hear that suggestion
from anybody else? That he
might just 'look dead.'?

HELENE
How could that be?

ZACH

I think this is worthy of
more discussion. Slide out
of that booth. Pay the bill
first. Leave a nice tip.

He leads her out of the coffee shop into the street,
proceeding back towards Bellevue.

ZACH

It's 'visiting hours' again.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - TV SCREEN

The local newscast - afternoon edition.

NEWSCASTER

Police continue to search
for this man, Zachary
Mosely, in connection with
the death on Third Avenue of
Brian Malick, Jr., prominent
biotech researcher whose
success in harvesting fetal
stem cells recently gained
national attention.

The freeze frame blow-up of Zach as he appeared at the
scene of the crime is followed immediately by Zach's
police mug shot taken some years back. In both shots,
he sports a beard and longer hair.

ANCHORWOMAN (Cont'd)

Anyone with information
should contact the police
hot line at (212) 966-4100
immediately.

WHIP PAN AWAY from TV set across THE LOBBY OF BELLEVUE
to the hospital Security Guard on the phone with the
cops.

SECURITY GUARD

(into phone)

I'm telling you it's the same dude -- only with a crew cut and no beard. He was loitering so I got him to leave. Then I saw him coming back in at the east entrance. ...Yeah, just now on one of our security cameras. He walked in with some woman. Don't you want the spelling of my name?

CUT TO:

INT. WENDY AND ZACH'S APARTMENT IN QUEENS - DAY

Detectives Nolan and Glenn are going over the place for clues to Zach's whereabouts. Nolan examines some snapshots of Zach with Wendy taken in Central Park -- on a happier occasion.

NOLAN

They make a nice couple.

GLENN

Why such a bleeding heart for this Zach?

(correcting himself)

I swear I wasn't making reference to your bypass or anything.

They're interrupted by a call from headquarters. Glenn listens and passes the info along.

GLENN

He's been spotted inside Bellevue. Units are already en route.

NOLAN

The last place I want to be.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - BELLEVUE

Zach is hanging onto Helene by force as they move along the hallway.

ZACH

We got to stick together, lady. I mean we're joined at the hip! If we get caught together, they're gonna think you put me on to eliminate your rich husband -- and make it look accidental.

HELENE

They can't think that.

ZACH

If they don't, I'll put the idea in their head quick enough. I'm not going down alone. That's for sure.

HELENE

I'll pay you to leave us alone.

ZACH

Us? So who's in it with you?

HELENE

No one.

ZACH

Is it that lawyer, Slocum? He looked like he had something to cover up when I saw him up at his office today.

HELENE

You went there?

ZACH

Wendy already told me on the phone that she showed you the note. You and some

doctor -- named -- what was
it?

HELENE
I don't recall his name.

Helene tries struggling but Zach has a firm grip on
her.

HELENE (Cont'd)
Just tell me what you want!

ZACH
I want Wendy! That's what!

HELENE
Please, I couldn't help what
happened.

ZACH
What's that mean? You're
gonna tell me one way or the
other.

Helene's about to open up when two POLICE OFFICERS
appear at the end of the corridor. Their attention is
instantly drawn to Zach and their glance lingers far
too long.

ZACH
Start walking.

The cops are coming their way.

Summoning all her strength, Helene breaks away from
Zach and begins running toward them.

Zach can't pursue her. He can only get out of there -
- get lost in the hospital and try and find Wendy.
She's still in the building. Helene admitted as much.

It's beyond his comprehension that she could be dead.
She's young and smart and she can take care of
herself.

Zach sees elevator doors closing and squeezes in --
even before Helene reaches the police.

•

She turns and looks back and sees the elevator carry
him away. He's gone.

POLICE OFFICER
Lady, what's the matter?

2nd OFFICER
What are you afraid of?

HELENE
Please...I'm so confused and
exhausted. I lost my
husband today and I don't
know what to do.

POLICE OFFICER
That man you were with?

HELENE
He was just asking for
directions.

POLICE OFFICER
We're looking for a man of
his description. A man named
Mosely --

HELENE
We only exchanged a few
words. But I got the
impression he was on drugs.

The cops double-time it toward the elevator Zach
disappeared into while reporting in on the sighting.

CAMERA REMAINS WITH HELENE and follows her up the
corridor to the next nurse's station.

HELENE
May I make an internal call?
The Central Autopsy Room,
please.

ATTENDANT
Dial 1483.

HELENE
(dials)

Is Dr. Ulster still there?
Mrs. Brian Malick -- and
it's urgent.

(a pause)

Yes, hello. ...I did leave
but I ran into someone. He
forced me to accompany him
back. His name is Mosely
and the police are looking
for him all over the
hospital.

CROSS CUT TO:

INT. THE AUTOPSY SECTION - DAY

The other doctors are still processing the numerous bodies that have come in. It's still extremely chaotic. Nobody pays any attention to Gavin who's in a far corner.

GAVIN

You didn't admit anything to him?

HELENE

No, but he suspects the worst.

GAVIN

He's done us a favor by showing up. Before I was stuck with a body to dispose of.

HELENE

What're you planning to do?

GAVIN

Don't worry. He'll be coming to me. Go home now.

He hangs up -- then returns to processing bodies.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

as Detectives Nolan and Glenn arrive on the premises.

We can see that being back inside a hospital so soon after his surgery gives Nolan bad vibes.

NOLAN

Give me one good reason why this Zach would show up here?

GLENN

We'll ask him when we nail him.

Officers are stationed at all the exits. Glenn quickly briefs them.

GLENN (Cont'd)
You all know who you're
looking for. He has no way
out of the complex.

NOLAN
God, why do they always keep
these places so freezing
cold?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FOURTH FLOOR - BELLEVUE - DAY

Zach immediately takes notice of the cops who suddenly appear at both ends of the hall. The corridor is crowded with staff and visitors so he hasn't yet been spotted.

An ORDERLY is wheeling a patient out of from THE MENTAL WARD in a wheelchair. It's a lockdown facility with barred security doors.

The oversized fellow in the straitjacket has an angry look in his eyes.

Like a caged animal, he's big and dangerous. And he's been left alone in the hall as the Orderly brings his paperwork into the Urology Unit for processing.

Seizing the opportunity to create a distraction, Zach steps up behind this mental patient and, with a few quick movements, unbuckles the straps on his straitjacket.

ZACH
Make a fucking run for it.

Zach steps back. It takes the patient only a moment to realize he's free -- then he leaps out of the chair and chaos ensues.

The Orderly turns to see this dangerous character taking off down the hall -- the straitjacket still dangling off him, his arms flapping wildly like a bird trying to take flight.

ORDERLY

Stop that guy!

Plenty of police are there and they try to block the mental patient who seems possessed of enormous strength and determination to escape confinement.

It takes all the cops and considerable staff to bring the big guy down -- while Zach makes use of the confusion to circumvent the police presence.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Zach finds a long medical jacket on a hook behind the nurse's station which is momentarily vacant. He also helps himself to a cap. The nurses have flocked to watch the efforts to subdue the escapee.

Zach ducks inside the small bathroom off the hall designated for visitors. The cops have already checked it out.

He's no sooner locked the door than his own cell phone begins to ring. He thinks it's got to be Wendy.

ZACH

Hello, honey...?

But it's the now familiar voice of her killer.

ULSTER (VO)

This is Dr. Gavin Ulster speaking.

ZACH

Yeah. Wendy told me your name. Where is she?

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON ULSTER -- STILL INSIDE THE MORGUE

HE'S HOLDING THE NOTEPAD ON WHICH HE JOTTED ZACH'S PHONE NUMBER WHICH HE GOT OFF THE PRINTOUT ON WENDY'S CELLULAR.

Around him, other doctors are wrapping up the gruelling process. Only a few corpses remain to be

tagged. Some of the doctors are already leaving the area now -- to return to regular duties. Nobody's close enough to hear the conversation.

GAVIN

Wendy's busy looking after your best interests. She's perfectly fine.

ZACH

I'll believe that when I see her.

GAVIN

She gave me your number and asked me to help you.

ZACH

Why would you wanna do that?

GAVIN

Pure self-interest. She didn't get here in time to prevent the autopsy--but I've offered to make it worth her while not to report what happened.

ZACH

Sure. It's my ass and you're all making deals.

GAVIN

My findings will show Mr. Malick died of a stroke -- unrelated to any injury inflicted by you. Clearing you is part of the deal she negotiated.

(a beat)

Now where are you in the hospital?

ZACH

Up on Four West.

GAVIN

See if you can make your way
east -- just past Rooms
4428-E and 4430 -- there's
an unmarked door. It's
usually unlocked.

ZACH

What's there?

GAVIN

A chute. A sort of dumb-
waiter that descends
manually. If you're lucky
enough that it's not in use,
it'll access the basement
floor. Follow the signs to
the serology lab. You'll
see a utility room
immediately opposite. I'll
be waiting inside.

ZACH

See that Wendy's with you.

GAVIN

She'll be there.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR TOILET

Zach hangs up.

He doesn't trust Gavin a lick but he has little
choice. He exits into the hall. The police presence
is gone, along with the fugitive from the loony bin.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

In his green smock and cap, Zach attracts no attention
as he quickly crosses to the other wing.

INT. BACK INSIDE THE MORGUE - DAY

Gavin wheels an empty gurney to the far corner and
opens the shelf that houses Wendy's remains. She's
still fully clothed.

Removing the tag from her toe, he quickly shifts her body onto the gurney.

He covers it with a sheet. It's all done with the usual casual professionalism. None of the others in the morgue pay the slightest bit of attention. They've all got work to finish up.

Gavin's about to leave with Wendy's remains -- when he's blocked by a young female intern who's been assisting.

BARBARA

I know it's probably a bad time.

GAVIN

Never too busy for you.

BARBARA

Well, I was hoping you wouldn't mind signing your book for me.

She produces a copy of the hard cover book entitled "THE DEAD TESTIFY -- CONFESSIONS OF A NEW YORK MEDICAL EXAMINER-- by Dr. Gavin Ulster." Gavin is in a hurry and this doting young woman is delaying his progress - but he can't appear suspicious.

GAVIN

Gladly.

CUT AWAY TO:

INT. EAST WING - FOURTH FLOOR - BELLEVUE - NIGHT

Zach has reached Rooms 4428 and 4430. He tries the designated unmarked door in between. It's locked.

ZACH

Sonofabitch!

There's a code box with numbers to push beside the door.

Zach pushes REDIAL on his cellular -- ringing Gavin back.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Gavin answers under the watchful eye of the adoring young Barbara, who's still waiting for that autograph. He keeps his cool.

CROSS-CUT WITH ZACH:

GAVIN

Yes?

ZACH

I made it but the fucking door's locked. I need the code.

GAVIN

Try 925.

ZACH

(he tries)

No good.

GAVIN

Press POUND. Then 925.

ZACH

Shit. More police just got off the elevator. They're doing another search.

GAVIN

Stay calm. Push POUND plus 925.

This time the green light goes on, signifying the code worked.

He opens the door and enters the tiny room with the chute.

ZACH

(into cellular)

It's like putting myself
down the garbage.

GAVIN
Exactly what it's for. The
removal of toxic waste
materials.

ZACH
Shit.

Gavin hangs up -- before Zach can object further.

GAVIN
(to Barbara)
Some of the young interns we
get are so squeamish
nowadays.

He goes back to autographing the book.

INT. ROOM WITH CHUTE - DAY

Zach hauls the dumb-waiter to his level -- testing it
to be sure it'll hold his weight. Finally reassured,
he climbs in and begins his descent, using the ropes
and pulleys to regulate his speed downward.

BACK TO MORGUE --

Gavin returns the fully autographed book to Barbara --
never allowing any of his anxiety show. One would
guess he was in the midst of covering up a murder.

GAVIN
I hope you paid full price
for it.

BARBARA
Sorry. Got it from Amazon
dot com.

GAVIN
(signing)
We must get together some
day and I'll quiz you on it.

BARBARA

I'd enjoy that.

He again starts pushing the gurney out -- but she walks beside him -- still flirting. Why won't she go away?

BARBARA

Doctor, what first got you
interested in forensic
pathology?

GAVIN

The fact that my patients
never complain. Or sue.

He flashes her that charming smile and he's off with the body on the gurney.

Before leaving the unit, he pauses at Raymond's desk to initial the sign-out book. It's such normal procedure that Raymond hardly looks up from his Daily News crossword puzzle.

RAYMOND

I guess that didn't turn out
to be anything catching,
huh?

GAVIN

You can never be too
careful.

He wheels the body off down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHUTE - DAY

Zach descending -- inching his way down -- controlling the pulleys so he doesn't go crashing four stories down.

OVERHEAD SHOT -- ZACH'S TORTUROUS DESCENT.

INT. REFUSE DISPOSAL AREA - BASEMENT OF HOSPITAL -
NIGHT

as Zach climbs out of the narrow chute to find himself surrounded by stacks of sealed bags marked "DANGER -

TOXIC WASTE." A massive incinerator nearby awaits this material.

ZACH

Show me where to take a
fucking shower.

He follows Gavin's instructions, following the signs to the serology lab.

Not far ahead, he catches sight of the lab on one side and a door to the utility room just opposite.

BACK TO LOBBY AREA - BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - DAY

Police and security personnel. One of them approaches Nolan, who doesn't feel well at all being back in a hospital so soon. He hates the smell of the place.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me, Lt. It may be
nothing.

NOLAN

Where'd they see him this
time?

SECURITY GUARD

Basement floor. Some man
just rang up and claimed to
have spotted Mosely entering
a utility closet opposite
our serology lab.

NOLAN

Give me directions.

Nolan himself will check it out.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT FLOOR OPPOSITE SEROLOGY LAB -

Zach has reached his destination. We know he's been
set up.

He turns the knob -- enters.

INT. HOSPITAL UTILITY ROOM - DAY

Zach steps inside quickly shutting the door. He doesn't dare turn the light on yet. He looks around, his eyes adjusting to the darkness.

Dr. Ulster isn't here so nothing to do but wait for him.

ZACH

Come on, Ulster. Show up!

He takes a few tentative steps and stumbles over something on the floor.

It's a body.

Zach kneels beside it. In a moment he realizes who it is.

ZACH

Wendy -- Oh, God, no --

He grabs her in his arms as if trying to will life back into her by shaking her violently.

ZACH (Cont'd)

What'd they do to you?

What'd they do?

He's still shaking her body when the door to the hallway is flung wide open. A lone silhouette blocks the doorway.

It's not Ulster.

It's Detective Lt. Ray Nolan and his .38 calibre revolver is pointed directly at Zach (with whom he previously shared an elevator ride).

NOLAN

Hello, Zach. We've got to stop meeting like this.

Nolan then switches on the light and sees Wendy lying sprawled on the floor behind Zach.

NOLAN (Cont'd)
You sonofabitch! Clasp both
hands behind the back of
your neck. Don't give me
the excuse to use this.

Zach remains frozen, curled up on the floor next to
the body of the girl. He's numb.

NOLAN
You heard me!

ZACH
You got it all wrong.

NOLAN
Yeah, everybody's always got
it wrong where you're
concerned. To think I was
trying to give you a break.
Why'd you have to kill her?
Answer me!

ZACH
Not me! Ulster -- he set me
up --

NOLAN
I don't want to hear your
bullshit. Now move!

At that moment, a floor nurse passes the utility room
and sees the door wide open. She also sees a man
inside holding a gun extended and two people on the
floor -- one of them dead. She panics.

FLOOR NURSE
(screams)
Somebody, help!!

The distraction gives Zach an instant in which to act.
He springs forward, catching Nolan around the waist --
below the level of his gun.

Nolan is propelled backward into the corridor as he
gets off one gunshot that goes by Zach's left ear
within inches.

Before Nolan can regain his balance, Zach slams him into the far wall, knocking the wind out of him.

Nolan's heart is pounding and he's out of breath. Certainly he's in no condition to win a fight with this powerful younger man.

The floor nurse begins beating on Zach from behind but to no effect -- as he directs blow after blow on Nolan -- venting all his anger and fury on the one cop that sympathized with him.

Zach tries to dislodge the gun from Nolan's hand but the detective won't let go.

From up the hall, Zach sees several orderlies coming to Nolan's aid. He has no time left to struggle.

ZACH

Gotta believe me -- it was
Ulster.

Then he's up and gone -- rushing down the corridor and disappearing around the corner before Nolan can even take aim.

The detective is helped to his feet and he stumbles to the side of the victim -- quickly examining Wendy and noting how she's been strangled.

He flashes his badge on the small crowd that is gathering.

NOLAN

Back off. Nobody can help
her.

With a trembling hand, he locates the elastic band with which Wendy was strangled.

Ulster has brought it here along with the body. He hasn't missed a trick.

At that moment, other officers reach the scene.

NOLAN

That's twice he got by me.
He killed her and I let him
get by me.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

The staff is busy. As always, there's an emergency.
Zach avoids being noticed by stepping into the first
cubicle he passes.

The patient within is on life support and is not
conscious.

Zach realizes a RESPIRATORY NURSE is headed his way.

He seats himself beside the bed, buries his face in
his hands and appears to be weeping inconsolably.

RESPIRATORY NURSE

Excuse me. I can come back
later.

When he looks up, we see that Zach isn't faking. He's
crying for Wendy and his suffering is very real.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - DAY

The area has been quickly cordoned off. Nolan still
seems shaken by his encounter.

OFFICER

Sure you're okay, Lt.?

NOLAN

I always feel great after
getting my ass kicked.

GLENN

And this was the guy you
were feeling sorry for.
Lucky he didn't take your
gun away from you.

OFFICER

Who is she?

NOLAN
The girl Zach lives with.
"Wendy Halloran."

GLENN
This should answer your
question as to what brought
him here.

NOLAN
I'm stupid.

GLENN
She came here to turn him
in. He followed her and
shut her up.
As usual, Glenn has the wrong take on the situation.

NOLAN
Why wouldn't she just dial
911?

GLENN
Maybe she had in mind to hit
the Malick family up for a
fat reward.

NOLAN
Since you've got a fucking
answer for everything, what
do you make of her shoes
being gone? This body's
been moved.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

A number of visitors are exiting the unit. Zach
mingles with the large family group. He keeps pace
with them until he passes the hospital chapel. He
takes a chance at ducking inside.

INT. THE HOSPITAL CHAPEL - DAY

Stained glass. A small, non-denominational chapel.

Zach seems to be alone as he sinks down on one of the benches looking up at the altar.

Here he can talk in privacy to Wendy out loud.

ZACH

I should've been there with
you. I should've protected
you from him.

He hasn't noticed the hospital chaplain who has entered the chapel through a side door covered by a curtain. The chaplain stands silently, listening.

ZACH

My God -- the last thing you
must've felt...the fear.
How could anybody hurt you
like that? How could he do
that to you?

Then he looks up and sees the man in the religious collar standing there.

CHAPLAIN

You're the young man the
police are looking for.

ZACH

Only I didn't...

CHAPLAIN

(stopping him)

Yes, I know you didn't. I
heard.

ZACH

Father, I don't know what to
do.

CHAPLAIN

Stop running.

ZACH

Nobody'll believe me. And
don't tell me to put my

faith in God. God let her
be killed. What kind of God
is that?

CHAPLAIN

I've been asked that
question too many times. I
have no answer.

ZACH

Do you know a doctor around
here named Ulster?

CHAPLAIN

Of course. Gavin Ulster.

ZACH

Can you tell me where his
office is?

CHAPLAIN

Almost directly below us,
one floor down.

ZACH

Do you really want to help
me?

CHAPLAIN

I've served here for nearly
five years and I've offered
up a lot of prayers. But
I'm not sure they've ever
really helped anyone.

ZACH

I'm not talking about
praying. Can you get me
downstairs?

CHAPLAIN

That would be aiding and
abetting, wouldn't it?

ZACH

I'm not trying to escape.
My girl was murdered in this

hospital and I was set up.
Help me prove it.

The Chaplain doesn't respond.

ZACH
Forget it. At least don't
turn me in.

Zach starts for the door.

CHAPLAIN
Wait.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

The Chaplain moving up the hall, pushing one of the small wooden refectory tables from the chapel. It's stacked with religious artifacts and candles. The embroidered cloth covering the table hangs low enough to hide the man curled up on the shelf below.

The Chaplain passes a few cops who are still searching from floor to floor. One officer bumps the table and a candle nearly tumbles off. The officer catches it in time and sets it upright.

COP
Sorry, Father. Can I give
you a hand with that?

CHAPLAIN
Thanks.

The cop wheels the table with its stack of Bibles and crucifixes up to the open elevator -- which is half full of passengers.

CHAPLAIN (Cont'd)
Basement, please.
INT. LOWER FLOOR - DAY

The Chaplain wheels the table out of the elevator and straight to the vicinity of Gavin's office. His secretary, Connie, is again at her desk. The Chaplain

pauses out of her view. Zach climbs out of his hiding place.

ZACH

Can you distract her for a while?

The Chaplain knows what he's got to do.

We watch from a distance (ZACH'S POV) as the Chaplain approaches Connie's desk. She recognizes him and he engages her in an animated conversation. In a moment, Connie gets up and accompanies him down the hall -- out of sight.

ANGLE ON ZACH

as he takes the opportunity to cross the corridor and slip inside Gavin's private office.

INT. GAVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Gavin is startled to look up and find himself facing Zach -- who quickly locks the door behind himself.

At first he'd like to grab Gavin and beat him senseless. But Zach maintains control and tries to learn as much as he can.

ZACH
I couldn't make it to that
utility room. Too many
cops. So I detoured here.

GAVIN
Yes, that was an excellent
idea.

ZACH
Where's Wendy?

Gavin has no idea that Zach has seen Wendy's body and
is now "playing him."

GAVIN
No use sending for her until
you'd arrived.

Zach finally takes a seat.

GAVIN
As I explained, my ass is on
the line here as much as
yours.

ZACH
So you admit the autopsy
killed him?

GAVIN
You can imagine the lawsuit
we're facing. It could cost
the hospital millions.

ZACH
I don't want to talk anymore
until I see Wendy.

GAVIN
Fair enough. I asked her to
remain in the staff lounge
until I called.

ZACH
Get her here now!

GAVIN

You're not the only one
under stress. Look at me.
I'm shaking all over. I
need a drink.

Gavin removes a bottle of Jack Daniels from a cabinet.
He pours himself a drink, then puts an empty glass in
front of Zach.

GAVIN

Sometimes we deal with so
much death that a bracer
becomes obligatory. Won't
you have one?

ZACH

Pass. I'm in the program.

GAVIN

Under the circumstances,
this won't count as a slip.

He hands Zach the liquor bottle -- to allow him to
pour his own. Then Gavin drains his glass as if to
demonstrate there's nothing to worry about.

GAVIN (Cont'd)

Doctor's orders.

Finally, Zach dutifully pours himself a short one.

ZACH

She smells this on my breath
she'll have my ass.

Zach raises the glass to his lips -- when there's a
tapping on the door.

COP'S VOICE

Police officers. We're
conducting a search.

Gavin signals Zach to step behind the door, out of
sight. Then he opens it wide. A cop peers inside.

GAVIN
I heard you were looking for
someone. What's it all
about, officer?

COP
Are you alone?

GAVIN
You can see I am.

COP
(exiting)
Sorry to have troubled you,
Doc.

Gavin turns as Zach reaches for the Jack Daniels to
pour himself a refill.

ZACH
You were right. I needed
it, bad.

GAVIN
Sit down -- while I call the
lounge.
(he fakes a phone
call)
Hello, Terry, this is Dr.
Ulster. There's a young
woman there waiting for me.
...No, I don't need to speak
with her. Simply ask her to
return to my office now.
She knows the way. And
thanks.

(to Zach)
Well, how do you feel?

ZACH
Jesus, I used to be able to
hold my liquor better.

GAVIN
You were already in a state
of exhaustion.

ZACH

One thing still doesn't fit.
How come that woman had hold
of Wendy's cell phone?

GAVIN
I'm sure she'll explain when
she arrives. How do your
legs feel?

Zach takes his cue from Gavin and acts a big groggy.

ZACH
Weak. How'd you know?

GAVIN
And your hands? The fingers
in particular?

ZACH
Pins and needles.
(faking it)
Shit, you put something in
that drink. And now you're
gonna turn me in --

GAVIN
You've got it half right.
You've been so curious about
Mr. Malick's condition and
now you can share the
experience. Can you sense
your heartbeat slowing and
your vision blurring?

ZACH
What you did to -- Wendy?

GAVIN
She didn't make it easy for
me, I'll give her that.
Look at the scratches on my
wrists.

ZACH
Where is she?

GAVIN

The police will have found her by now. And you'll get all the credit for it, I'm sure.

Zach appears to struggle to his feet and then fall back in his chair.

ZACH
But you drank too...

GAVIN
It wasn't in the bourbon.
Your glass was coated with
double the dose I gave
Brian. You see, preparation
is everything.

Zach has heard enough. He springs to life, landing a lightning jab to Gavin's jaw.

ZACH
Fucking lunatic!

The doctor collapses at his feet as Zach administers several well-placed kicks to the ribs.

ZACH (Cont'd)
Now I'm going to take you
apart in little pieces, doc.
(picking up the
glass)
The police lab oughta find
this shit interesting.
(a beat)
Or maybe I ought to pour
this drink down your fucking
throat.

He shoves the glass to Gavin's lips.

GAVIN
Don't! I'm the only one
that can clear you. Brian
Malick is still alive!

ZACH
Then let's go see him, Doc.

He cold-cocks Gavin who is trying to get up. Zach then rips the cord off the lamp on Gavin's desk.

Zach steps into the hall and helps himself to one of many wheelchairs lined up against the far wall.

Back inside, he lifts the unconscious Gavin into the wheelchair which he's just unfolded. He lashes him in place by tying the length of cord across Gavin's waist and knotting the ends to the wheelchair.

ZACH
Wouldn't want you falling
out and getting hurt.

Draping a blanket across his chest, he wheels Gavin out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Some of the cleaning crew are freshly mopping as Zach pushes the wheelchair across the wet floor.

ZACH
Sorry, guys.

He takes note of directions stenciled on a wall up ahead with an arrow pointing left.

It reads:

"BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - NYU
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE -
TOXICOLOGY DEPARTMENT - CITY
MORGUE"

Zach follows the direction of the arrow.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - BELLEVUE - NIGHT

Dozens of TV monitors communicate the activity in the corridors and on the elevators.

On one of the screens, Zach can be seen from behind, pushing someone in a wheelchair.

SECURITY CAPTAIN

Have a look at this.

He's joined by Detectives Nolan and Glenn. Ever since Nolan took a beating and let Zach escape, Glenn has more or less taken charge.

SECURITY CAPTAIN (Cont'd)

Is that your man?

GLENN

Did you get a look at his face?

SECURITY CAPTAIN

He kept his head turned.
That's what made me think
maybe...

NOLAN

If it is him, who the hell's
he got with him?

GLENN

Maybe he took a hostage.

NOLAN

What's in that direction?

SECURITY CAPTAIN

Employee parking for one
thing.

GLENN

(wrong as usual)
That's it. He's forcing
somebody to drive him out in
their car.

(he issues orders)
Close off the exits. No
vehicles out. I even want
ambulances checked before
they leave.

SECURITY CAPTAIN

We're on it!

NOLAN
I don't believe he killed
that girl.

GLENN
Whatta you mean? He nearly
killed you.

NOLAN
Zach was on the run. He had
no time to be moving a body.
And we know she was moved
'cause her shoes were
missing.

GLENN
Look, you had your chance
with him and you blew it.
Now just stay out of my way.

The others doubletime it out. Nolan follows, slowly
but surely.

CUT TO:

TRUCKING SHOT - THE WHEELCHAIR IN MOTION

TIGHT ON GAVIN ULSTER -- not yet recovered from the
blows that rendered him unconscious. Only the cord
tied across him under the blanket keeps him in place.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

The usual attendant, Raymond, is again on duty at his
desk, watching the Lakers on his small portable TV.

He's so involved he's unaware of anyone coming up
behind him. It takes only one sharp blow to the back
of the neck to put him out.

Zach cushions Raymond's body as it topples forward and
gently stashes him out of sight beneath the desk.

He presses the button that releases the door to the
morgue's identification area -- and the cadaver

storage section just beyond -- and he wheels Dr. Gavin Ulster inside.

INT. STORAGE SECTION - THE MORGUE

Zach and Gavin are inside now.

The room remains crowded with the bodies from the accident on the FDR Drive.

Zach parks Gavin in his wheelchair and proceeds from one corpse to the next, uncovering each only long enough to glance at the face.

Still no Brian Malick.

Finally he gets lucky. Brian Malick is staring up at him, immobile, with that glazed faraway look.

BRIAN MALICK'S POV - DISTORTED, DIFFUSED

The sound of Zach's voice seems to come from far off.

ZACH

You know what you did to me,
you sonofabitch. Just by
not getting out of my
fucking way! Wendy's dead
on your account.

He pulls down the sheet, exposing Brian's nakedness.
Clearly, no autopsy has been done on him.

ZACH (Cont'd)

Saving you already cost me
more than you're worth.

Malick hears it all -- but can still make no response.

Then Zach sees something that fixates him.

The alleged corpse is beginning to perspire heavily.
Beads of sweat appear on his upper lip--and then on
his forehead.

ZACH

You're alive alright.
Nobody could miss that.

TIGHT SHOT - BRIAN'S LEFT HAND HANGING LIMPLY AT HIS SIDE.

Now the pinky is twitching. A solitary nerve has come to life and is moving in a spasm.

WIDER SHOT

as Zach lifts Malick's hand.

ZACH
Look what you're doing.
Can't you feel it?

He holds the twitching hand before Brian's eyes.

ZACH (Cont'd)
Make it move more. Try!

CLOSE UP - BRIAN MALICK'S EYES

The pupils seem to expand and contract slightly.

WIDER ANGLE

ZACH
Do something for yourself,
you lazy fuck! Move your
feet, wiggle your toes!

Zach slaps his face, maybe a little too hard -- to vent his frustration.

ZACH (Cont'd)
Don't they whack a baby's
ass to bring it to life?

There's a tremor in Brian's left eye. A twitch.

ZACH (Cont'd)
Did you blink? Am I
imagining shit? Let's see
that again. You're not
getting any mouth to mouth
from me -- but there's
plenty of whacking around

coming if you don't blink
for me again! Do it!

EXTREME TIGHT SHOT - EYES OPENING

BUT THEY'RE NOT BRIAN'S. IT'S DR. GAVIN ULSTER
RECOVERING CONSCIOUSNESS.

BACK TO ZACH HOVERING OVER BRIAN MALICK --

whose left hand now slowly closes and opens again.

ZACH
If that hand can move, so
can the rest of you.

He seeks a pulse at Brian's throat -- and finds one.

ZACH (Cont'd)
And I can smell your fucking
bad breath, too.

Zach grabs the body in his arms and forces Brian to
sit upright -- holding him in position.

ZACH (Cont'd)
Don't go puking on me.

Brian's eyes peer over Zach's shoulder.

WHAT BRIAN SEES - COMING INTO FOCUS --

GAVIN IS FULLY AWAKE NOW AND REACHING OUT FOR SURGICAL
INSTRUMENTS ON A TABLE NOT TOO FAR AWAY.

HE'S GOT A SCALPEL AND HE'S CUTTING HIMSELF FREE OF
THE LAMP CORD THAT BINDS HIM IN THE WHEELCHAIR.

Meanwhile, Zach is so taken with his success in
reviving Brian that he's ignoring any possible threat.
Brian's eyelids are pulsating now -- and finally he
has the strength to fully blink.

A series of blinks follows. He's trying to warn Zach
with his eyes.

ZACH

It's coming back, isn't it?
You'll be able to tell them
who did it to you.

The blinking becomes more rapid. But no words. Just
an almost inaudible rattling in Brian's throat.

BEHIND ZACH, GAVIN IS ON HIS FEET AND WIELDING THE
RAZOR-SHARP SCALPEL. HE'S ONLY A STEP AWAY.

ZACH (Cont'd)
Remember, it was her --
Wendy -- that saved you.
Not me. God bless you,
baby, you did it.

The look in Brian's eyes isn't just blank anymore.
It's pure fear.

And that registers on Zach at the very last moment.

He sees a reflection of movement on a chrome fixture
and whirls.

The scalpel, aimed at his vulnerable back, slashes his
upper arm which is raised in defense.

Gavin lashes out again. Zach throws himself back and
the gurney with Brian Malick on it turns completely
over.

Zach tumbles backwards. Both he and Brian are
sprawled on the tile floor amid an assortment of
surgical instruments from a table which has also
capsized.

Gavin doesn't hesitate to finish Zach off. He's on
top of him, pinning him down, trying to reach his
throat -- his jugular vein -- and slice it open.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPLOYEE PARKING - UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

The police are checking on every vehicle. A dozen
cars are backed up, being searched before being
allowed to leave.

GLENN
Where else could he have
gone?

SECURITY CAPTAIN
There's always the morgue.
But there's no exit from
there.

NOLAN
Who's in charge of the
morgue?

SECURITY CAPTAIN
A Dr. Ulster.

NOLAN
Ulster? That's the name he
said. That's where he'll
be.

Nolan runs off -- this time they follow him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MORGUE - NIGHT

as Zach struggles for his life. One arm has already
been disabled by the initial attack -- and his
strength is running out.

PAN ACROSS TO BRIAN MALICK - ON THE FLOOR -

on his back only a foot away.

His eyes seem focused now. The expression on his face
has returned. The frozen mask of death has vanished.

He's trying to raise his head -- a supreme act of
willpower.

ANGLE ON GAVIN

as he plunges the scalpel deep into Zach's shoulder.
He's gaining control now.

Gavin lowers his head until he's mere inches from Zach's face.

GAVIN

How I'm going to enjoy
weighing that undersized
brain of yours.

Then Gavin gags and stiffens. HE TURNS SLIGHTLY AND
WE ARE AWARE OF THE PAIR OF SURGICAL SCISSORS IMBEDDED
IN HIS NECK.

He releases his hold on Zach and struggles to his knees.

He looks over at Brian Malick, whose head is now raised. There's something resembling a smile on Brian's lips.

Rising to his full height, Gavin claws at the scissors
with which Brian has stabbed him.

WIDER SHOT - AUTOPSY ROOM

Lt. Nolan arrives outside and sees what is happening within. But he hasn't got the code to enter. Det. Glenn rushes up beside him, drawing his gun and taking aim -- at Zach -- who's in full view.

But Nolan grabs his arm, stopping him.

TIGHTER ON ZACH

He kicks out with both legs, striking Gavin's knees and causing him to fall onto his side, hitting the tile floor hard and driving the scissors deeper in.

Gavin ceases to move.

Zach gasps with relief but doesn't try to rise.

He looks over at Brian who lies next to him. Their eyes meet.

Zach reaches out for Brian's hand which is strong enough to grasp his in return.

ZACH

Hey, man, I was supposed to
save you.

Brian still can't speak but there's an appreciative
grunt.

WIDER SHOT - THE AUTOPSY ROOM

Outside the glass, Nolan and the others still can't
believe what they're seeing.

The naked figure of Brian on the floor -- Gavin dead
and Zach lying beside him wounded.

Finally, Nolan shoots the lock apart and they all rush
in.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN AND HELENE MALICK'S TOWNHOUSE - OFF
MADISON AND E. 65th STREET - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

A quiet, uneventful evening.

INT. THE PANELED DEN - NIGHT

where Helene confers with Steve, her indulgent
attorney. Maybe they're seated a bit close together
on the sofa.

HELENE

It feels good to have
someone to lean on, Steve.
Someone who knows exactly
who I am.

STEVE

I'll bet close to a thousand
will turn out for the
funeral. I'd like to say a
few words, if you don't
mind.

HELENE

So many of his friends will
want to speak. I'm sure
Gavin will have a few choice
observations himself.

Then, Brian's voice is heard calling out from the
hallway:

BRIAN (V.O.)

I'm home!

Steve and Helene are both paralyzed.

A moment later, Brian is wheeled inside -- in a
wheelchair pushed by Zach, whose arm is in a sling.

ZACH

I found him wandering around
the hospital and brought him
on home.

Helene and Steve seem cast in bronze -- as Brian
flashes a broad smile in their direction. He's pale
and weak -- but very much alive.

Then the cops follow them in -- Detectives Nolan and
Glenn.

ZACH (Cont'd)

These guys insisted on
crashing the homecoming.

BRIAN

It's a miracle. I'm raised
from the dead. And like
they say about those out of
body experiences, I could
hear every word -- see every
move.

NOLAN

Let's get to the
formalities. Helene Malick,
you have the right to remain
silent...

STEVE

Helene, don't say a word.

NOLAN

(to her)

You'll be charged as an
accessory in the murder of
Wendy Halloran.

Zach pulls a bluff aimed directly at Mrs. Malick.

ZACH

Right now, Gavin's talking
his head off, laying it all
on you.

HELENE

I want to make a
statement...

STEVE

As her attorney, I forbid
her to...

BRIAN

Shut up! You're going to
need a lawyer of your own.

The detectives remove Helene and Steve for further
questioning, leaving Brian and Zach to themselves.

BRIAN

Why is it I don't feel
better about this?

ZACH

Because maybe you didn't
deserve to be saved. Not at
the cost of her life.

BRIAN

You're not being quite fair.
All my research has been for
the public good. I've been
generous in supporting the
right causes...

ZACH

So how come all the people
closest to you hated your
guts? What's that say about
you?

BRIAN

I suppose you don't believe
in second chances?

ZACH

What do you care what I
think?

BRIAN

Can't you stay a while? At
least to talk?

ZACH

Mister, we got nothing to
discuss. I just wish you'd
got in somebody else's way
on that fucking sidewalk.

Zach turns to leave. Brian reaches out to him.

BRIAN

Wait. I'd like to do
something for you -- for
Wendy's family. Please let
me.

ZACH

I never thought I'd ever
turn down money, but what
you got wasn't for sale.

Zach walks away.

BRIAN

Where are you going?

ZACH

I guess that's up to the
cops, isn't it?

Zach pauses in the doorway a moment, looks back.

ZACH (Cont'd)
Wendy gave up her life for
both of us. I'm gonna try
to make that worth
something. Let's see what
you can do.

BRIAN
You're going to need a job.
I could arrange something
that'd give you a real
future. Won't you even
consider it?

Zach has no time to reconsider. Detective Nolan
reappears and takes Zach's arm. They leave the
brownstone together.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

A police car awaits them.

ZACH
So what's it gonna be?
Assaulting an officer?

NOLAN
Now that I think about it, I
guess I slipped and fell on
my ass. I think I can
square things with the other
cops and that security guard
at the market.

(gives him a card)
You just be here at 10 A.M.
to fill out a full
statement.

ZACH
Thanks, Lieutenant.

NOLAN
Wait a minute. The man
offered you a good job,
didn't he? Don't piss away

the chance. Wendy wouldn't
want you to.

ZACH
You're starting to sound
like her.

Nolan leans into the window of the police car.

NOLAN
I'm feeling energetic
tonight. I think I'll walk.

Nolan strolls off, invigorated, at a good pace.

The police car pulls away and Zach is left alone in
front of the elegant brownstone to decide for himself.
Will turning his back on the man he saved prove
anything?

Perhaps this is the turning point -- leading to the
better life Wendy wanted for him.

Finally, as he hesitantly reaches for the buzzer, we
PULL BACK and

FADE OUT.

The End