

THE DREAM TEAM

original screenplay by

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INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

We follow a briskly efficient, white-coated attendant, clipboard in hand, as he hurries down the fluorescent-lit green hallway. Thirty-ish, a nervous bundle of energy, his name is HENRY.

HENRY stops at a cluster of NURSES and surveys them up and down. He straightens the name tag on one of the NURSE'S uniforms.

HENRY
There, that's better.

NURSE
Thanks, Henry.

HENRY continues on, taking a turn in the hall with a military square corner.

INT. REC ROOM

HENRY enters. There is a ping-pong table, shuffle-board, and a few "Up-With-Life" posters. There is a spectrum of mental patients - most of them medicated into passivity.

HENRY
Time for Group, William.

ANGLE ON BILLY, a good-looking kid in his early 20s, in hospital greens. His face could be sensitive, but is now a mask of boredom as he tries to play ping-pong with a dull-eyed patient across the table.

BILLY
Twenty-one - one. You want another one, Kenny?

HENRY
(authoritative)
It's 10:15, Mr. Caufield.

BILLY squashes his cigarette out on the ping-pong table, along with a hundred other burn marks, and with practiced skill flicks the butt across the room, a perfect bank-shot off the wall into a trash can.

HENRY
You could lose your privileges for that, William. I'll be consulting with Dr. Weitzman.

BILLY shoots him a "give-me-a-break" look.

CONT'D.

HENRY CLICKS HIS PEN nervously, and scribbles something on his clipboard.

HENRY
I wish I didn't have to put this down.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

BILLY follows HENRY and lights up another cigarette behind his back. Up ahead, a NURSE grabs a pencil from a PATIENT drawing on the wall.

BILLY'S POV

it's a drawing of a naked woman with a nurse's cap.

BILLY
It's you, Margaret. It's you.

INT. TV LOUNGE

Among a group of middle-aged zombies, a short, roly-poly 35-year old man with a child's innocence and simplicity about him, sits watching a Yankee game on TV. He is ALBERT. He half-repeats along with Phil Rizzuto.

ALBERT
Holy cow, did you see that shot, White?

HENRY enters and stands in front of the TV with a superior air.

HENRY
Group.

ALBERT
Line drive to right center...could go for extra bases...

HENRY
(guiding Albert bodily to his feet)
Yes, yes...

As ALBERT allows himself to be led out of the lounge, we see his shirt is mis-buttoned and his pants are hitched up too high. The other patients don't notice ALBERT'S departure, or much of anything else.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S ROOM

HENRY appears.

HENRY
Time for Group.

We see the occupant of the room; JACK, a 40-ish man of average build with thinning hair and a sharp blue intensity to his eyes. He sits in an armchair reading the Bible. He is stark naked.

HENRY
Jack.

JACK stands, tucks the Bible under his arm and starts to leave the room.

HENRY
You can't go like that. You're naked.

JACK
We are all naked in the eyes of the Lord.

HENRY
I'm going to have to include this in my report to Dr. Weitzman.

JACK
Call not for a doctor, but for an Elder of the Church. James 5 - 14.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

BILLY and ALBERT have been waiting outside JACK'S room. He now steps out into the hall naked, HENRY following behind him.

A tough old NURSE blocks JACK'S path with folded arms and a disapproving look. He gets the message and returns to his room to re-emerge a moment later in a hospital gown and slippers.

HENRY now stands in a pose similar to the NURSE

HENRY
I told you.

JACK strides ahead with long, majestic steps. BILLY, ALBERT and HENRY follow.

HENRY shakes his head sadly at JACK'S back and confides to a BLACK ORDERLY mopping the floor.

CONT'D.

HENRY
Tortured soul.

ORDERLY
I know what you mean, Doc.

INT. ANOTHER STRETCH OF CORRIDOR

HENRY leads his three charges through a set of swinging doors and shows them into a large, carpeted meeting room. He closes the door behind them, then quickly crosses the hall to join a conference of two DOCTORS, one of whom wears a stethoscope. HENRY nods sagely at the conversation.

DR. TALMER
(in hushed tone)
General anxiety level indicates a minor dosage increase of 30 milligrams Elevil.

DR. VERBOVEN
Are you at all concerned about the sequalee effect?

DR. TALMER
We're at such a low level here, Steve, that I really don't think...

HENRY
I agree with Dr. Talmer.

There is a long silence as the two doctors appraise their new colleague.

DR. VERBOVEN
(removing his stethoscope,
gesturing)
Shouldn't you be in Group, Henry?

HENRY
I usually wait out here for Dr. Weitzman. I don't like to be alone in there. They're very hostile towards authority.

DR. TALMER
Henry, I think you'd better get in there.

HENRY
Well...okay...I'll keep an eye on them.

As he turns to leave he palms VERBOVEN'S stethoscope from a table and puts it around his neck.

CONT'D.

DR. VERBOVEN

Henry, I'm not finished with that.

HENRY, removes his stethoscope and hands it back with some embarrassment.

HENRY

Sure...looks just like mine.

INT. MEETING ROOM

HENRY enters. A dozen folding metal chairs are grouped in a loose circle. JACK, BILLY and ALBERT sit as far away from each other as they can get. BILLY blows smoke rings...JACK reads his Bible...ALBERT mumbles to himself.

ALBERT

High pop fly...looks like it's drifting foul...

JACK

Would you shut up? I'm trying to read the Lord's verse.

HENRY

These chairs are all wrong.

HENRY begins obsessively straightening the chairs to make sure their front legs are perfectly lined up.

HENRY

I can't leave you guys alone for two minutes, these chairs are off the line. You've completely ignored the line.

He comes to ALBERT'S chair, and hoists him up.

HENRY

Albert, don't you even know what a parallel line is?

He moves ALBERT like a rag doll and plops him down in the chair next to JACK.

JACK

Hey, I don't want him next to me. He smells like tuna fish.

JACK gets up and moves to a chair HENRY has already straightened. He collapses into it, sliding it out of line.

CONT'D.

HENRY

Look what you did, goddamnit!

HENRY hurries back to the first chair and straightens it out with JACK still in it. He now has all the chairs arranged except BILLY'S.

He moves towards BILLY, but stops under BILLY'S cold stare.

HENRY scowls, CLICKS HIS PEN, and writes on his clipboard.

HENRY

Dr. Weitzman's not going to like my report. This group will not begin until your chair is where it should be, William.

BILLY just rolls his eyes. HENRY makes another note.

HENRY

Jack and Albert have their chairs in place. You're the only one. If you don't move it, I'll have to move it for you.

BILLY

I'll move it. In fact, I'll line 'em up.

BILLY picks up his chair.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

DR. WEITZMAN, an earnest and amiable young psychiatrist, walks down the corridor carrying a clipboard and wearing a white jacket similar to HENRY'S.

Suddenly he hears a CRASH, followed by a second then a third. He breaks into a run.

NURSE

(as Weitzman sprints by)
Good morning, Dr. Weitzman.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM

DR. WEITZMAN rushes in. JACK and ALBERT are sitting on the only remaining chairs. HENRY and BILLY stand. HENRY is scribbling furiously on his clipboard.

CONT'D.

WEITZMAN'S POV

three metal chairs are wedged in the bars of a high window.

DR. WEITZMAN

Looks like our chairs tried to make a break for it.

HENRY

(offering his clipboard)

Billy did it. It's all in my report, Dr. Weitzman.

DR. WEITZMAN

Look, you're all feeling a little bit on edge these days.

(pulling the chairs down from the smashed window)

It's normal when you're coming off medication. But these chairs are innocent, believe me, fellas.

SHORTLY THEREAFTER

The chairs are grouped in a circle. The four patients and DR. WEITZMAN get underway.

DR. WEITZMAN

Before we start - Henry, take off the jacket, please. And put the clipboard away. We'll be using my notes today.

HENRY, chastened, does as he is told.

DR. WEITZMAN

(with a warm smile)

Well, who wants to start...?

SILENCE.

..DR.. WEITZMAN

Billy, do you want to talk about what just happened...?

BILLY

Not really.

DR. WEITZMAN

Last time we were talking about working on managing frustration and getting along with the group...keeping the lid on a little bit.

CONT'D.

BILLY
Doctor, what am I doing in here with
these vegetables?

DR. WEITZMAN
We were also talking a little bit about
tolerance, Bill.

JACK
Judge not lest you shall be judged.

BILLY
Hey, Doc, if you've got the cross, I'll
bring the nails.

JACK
.You don't scare me.

DR. WEITZMAN
(ignoring them)
Bill, why don't we start by reviewing
some of our goals from the last time.
(consulting notes)
Do you remember what you said, Bill?

BILLY
Yeah, yeah. I know...I said my goal
was to do Daryl Hannah.

DR. WEITZMAN
We were talking about a relationship,
right? Which is good. That's a healthy
goal. Not necessarily with a major movie
star...maybe just a regular girl.

BILLY
When are you gonna let me outa here so
I can find one?

DR. WEITZMAN
Billy, this may sound like Ann Landers,
but Miss Teenage American may not exactly
be looking for a hair-trigger temper in
the man of her dreams. Really, how far
do you think you're going to get with
Daryl Hannah if you throw a chair through
her window?

ALBERT
That's a no-hitter.

CONT'D.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

DR. WEITZMAN

Now, Jack...last week we had you set a goal for yourself. Do you remember what it was?

JACK

(rueful)

Well, my original goal was to rid Benton and Bowles of Satan's influence and bring Jesus Christ back into the advertising business where he belongs.

BILLY laughs...HENRY shakes his head.

DR. WEITZMAN

But I think the revised goal we talked about was the possibility of you re-entering the job market at some point. Of course, we're talking about finding a position for Jack Rappaport, not for Jesus Christ.

BILLY

I say we get a job for Christ - screw Rappaport. What's he ever done for us?

HENRY

He's still walking around naked, Dr. Weitzman. I think he has a long way to go.

DR. WEITZMAN

Henry, we're going to get to you in a minute.

BILLY

He's scared shitless.

HENRY

That's my diagnosis too, Dr. Weitzman.

BILLY

Okay, Jack - if you had to answer right now - who would you rather be - a messiah or a burned out ad guy?

JACK

(shouting)

You weren't there! You and Satan were burning down prep schools while I was trying to make a living.

BILLY

Satan had nothing to do with it, asshole.

HENRY

Do I sense some hostility here? Should they role-play this, Doctor?

DR. WEITZMAN
Do you want to talk about it, Jack?

Jack is silent. It hurts.

DR. WEITZMAN
(giving Jack a hug)
Look, it takes time. You're doing good.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

DR. WEITZMAN
Okay, Henry. What's new?

BILLY
I've been waiting for this all morning.
Dr. Demento speaks.

HENRY picks up his clipboard and reads a prepared statement.

HENRY
On the first Monday of every month, it
is my intention to submit to you, Dr.
Weitzman, a complete report of all
infractions of hospital rules, particularly
by these patients.

He puts the clipboard back, briskly efficient.

BILLY
You're a control freak, asshole.

HENRY
You see what I'm up against, Doctor.

JACK
He's worse than I am.

DR. WEITZMAN
Look, we're all in this together. We're
all trying to help each other. That's
what this group is about, guys.

HENRY
Exactly! But these idiots don't under-
stand that!

DR. WEITZMAN
Henry, would you mind if I made a small
observation?

HENRY whips out his clipboard ready to write.

DR. WEITZMAN
Henry, I want you to just listen to this.

HENRY reluctantly puts down the clipboard.

DR. WEITZMAN

I know you're trying to be helpful, and that's good. That's in the spirit of the group. But I feel that focusing on other people's problems is really your way of avoiding having to deal with your own.

HENRY

Exactly!

DR. WEITZMAN

So, let's talk about you. I have seven letters from your wife in my office. She hasn't heard from you in a year and a half.

HENRY

I don't want to talk about that...

HENRY lowers his head and seems to shrivel.

DR. WEITZMAN

What are you feeling right now?

HENRY'S really turned inward, obviously pained. DR. WEITZMAN puts his hand on his shoulder.

DR. WEITZMAN

Henry, I want you to know it's safe here. We're all here for you.

ALBERT

Bases loaded...three and two count...

DR. WEITZMAN

Henry, we're not the Gestapo. We're here to help.

HENRY

Everything's such a mess. So disorganized.

DR. WEITZMAN

Reality is messy, Henry. But that's okay. It's not up to you to clean it up.

HENRY

But who's gonna do it? Not these guys.

DR. WEITZMAN picks up HENRY'S clipboard and tears off a page. He crumples it up and throws it on the floor.

HENRY moves reflexively to pick it up, but DR. WEITZMAN stops him gently with a smile.

DR. WEITZMAN

I want you to do me a favor, Henry. Don't pick it up. Leave it there. Don't think
(MORE)

CONT'D.

DR. WEITZMAN (cont'd.)
about it. It's not your responsibility.
Just relax.

HENRY takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and leans back.

DR. WEITZMAN
Henry, next week we'll work on leaving
all the rest of the papers in the world
right where they are. You'll see, Henry,
chaos is okay.

HENRY smiles.

BILLY
Can we go now?

DR. WEITZMAN
Billy, every week you get up and say -
"Can we go?" - and every week I say -
"We still haven't heard from Albert."

BILLY
Nobody's heard from Albert in years.

DR. WEITZMAN
Billy, we all have our different ways
of handling reality.

BILLY
Hey, I'm a baseball fan too, but Jesus
Christ, enough's enough.

DR. WEITZMAN
Albert, you were going to work on saying
the names of the people in the group...
(pointing)
Billy...Jack...Henry...and Albert - you.
(Albert nods)
You wanna try...?

ALBERT shakes his head 'no'.

The three other patients laugh.

BILLY
Strike three, Albert.

JACK
There's no joy in Mudville, brothers.

DR. WEITZMAN chuckles at the joke.

CONT'D.

DR. WEITZMAN

You know, guys, three weeks ago before we came off medication, Albert wasn't shaking his head...now we know he's listening.

BILLY

Yeah, to Phil Rizzuto.

DR. WEITZMAN and the guys stand.

DR. WEITZMAN

Well, is this the week you guys finally break down and give each other a little hug?

(no response)

I'd settle for a pat on the back.

JACK

I don't think this is the week.

Awkward silence.

DR. WEITZMAN

Well, we'd better get something going by tomorrow, 'cause we might be going on our field trip. I put in for special passes for the Yankee-Boston game tomorrow night at the Stadium. I'll find out this afternoon. How does that sound?

ANGLE ON THE GUYS - they're scared.

DR. WEITZMAN

Hey, you guys were all excited when I first mentioned it.

HENRY

(frightened)

Does that mean we'd actually be leaving the hospital grounds?

DR. WEITZMAN

The Yankees aren't gonna come here, Henry.

INT. HOSPITAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The weekly staff meeting. DR. NEWALD, a severe, old-school W.A.S.P., sits at his desk listening to the reports of his staff - DR. WEITZMAN, DR. TALMER and DR. VERBOVEN.

CONT'D.

DR. WEITZMAN

The window was essentially my fault, Dr. Newald. I was late and there was no one there supervising.

DR. NEWALD

This is the group that you want to take out tomorrow, Jeff? You've got some pretty chronic types here.

DR. WEITZMAN

Look, I screened this group, I didn't pick them out of a hat. And I'm seeing some real progress.

DR. TALMER

What do you call progress?

DR. WEITZMAN

They're bickering. They're annoying the hell out of each other. It's great.

DR. VERBOVEN

Throw four dogs in a room, they'll fight.

DR. WEITZMAN

It's a much more subtle dynamic, Steve. They're standing up for themselves and saying I have a right to think you're a fool. Their real identities are creeping back.

DR. NEWALD

Quite candidly, this whole trip seems like a lot more trouble than it's worth.
(glancing at file)

One of these patients hasn't been out of an institution in 12 years.

DR. TALMER

Why can't you guys just watch the game on TV in the rec room?

DR. VERBOVEN

You could end up chasing one of these guys out on the field or something.

DR. WEITZMAN

Look, I want to get these guys out of the rec room for one afternoon. If I see one more re-run of Gilligan's Island I'm going to have to go on Thorazine myself.

CONT'D.

DR. NEWALD

You've got more of a sense of humor about this than I do. These patients are wards of the state. I can't sanction this.

DR. WEITZMAN

Do you want my resignation? It's a 5 hour field trip, for Christ's sake! We're not going up the south face of Everest.

DR. NEWALD

Jeff, don't over-dramatize this. I just don't see what you hope to gain.

DR. WEITZMAN

Albert's dying in here. That's drama.

DR. NEWALD

Nobody's dying in here, Jeff.

DR. WEITZMAN

Watching Albert drift away is like watching him die. I mean, look if these guys spend the rest of their lives in an institution, I'd like to give them a chance to taste a hot dog at Yankee Stadium and hear a crowd roar when Mattingly hits one out. That's gotta be worth a couple hours of our time.

DR. TALMER

I'm not sure what the therapeutic value of a ballpark frank is for four schizophrenics.

INT. HENRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bedtime. Institutional gloom. HENRY removes his shirt and undershirt, hanging them both up in his closet with meticulous care. He folds his socks over a hanger as well. From beneath a pile of underwear he pulls out a cheaply-framed photograph of a woman in her early 30s with a 6-year old girl. He looks at it for a long time, then tucks it back carefully.

Suddenly the door pops open and WEITZMAN sticks his head in.

DR. WEITZMAN

We got it, Henry.

HENRY gives a frightened, lopsided, trying-to-please grin.

HENRY

(shaking)

Doctor, do you think the other patients are ready?

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

JACK lies awake in bed. He turns to dial of his bedside radio until he finds a late-night evangelist. It's a lonely, distant voice offering little comfort.

A moment later there is a KNOCK and WEITZMAN enters.

DR. WEITZMAN

Box seats on the right field line.

JACK

Will the atheists be there?

DR. WEITZMAN

We're all gonna be there. All the faiths will be represented. It's gonna be great, Jack.

The RADIO EVANGELIST reaches a climax of Bible-thumping.

DR. WEITZMAN

(slyly),

You're a lot better than that guy.

JACK chuckles as DR. WEITZMAN leaves. A beat, then JACK turns off the radio and light. He stares out the window into the darkness.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

BILLY'S switching through the TV channels, past endless commercials, a tacky Ed MacMahon-M.C.'d beauty contest, past an old black and white movie, then back to it.

It's William Wyler's 1939 "Wuthering Heights" with Olivier and Oberon - Heathcliffe and Kathy on the moors.

KATHY ON TV

Oh, Heathcliffe, I never want anything to change. I want the world to stay exactly as it is now and forever...

CU BILLY - moved.

WEITZMAN'S VOICE joins KATHY'S line...

KATHY ON TV AND WEITZMAN

...you and the moors and the sky...

CONT'D.

BILLY turns to see WEITZMAN standing behind him. Embarrassed, he turns off the TV.

DR. WEITZMAN

That's one of my favorite scenes of all time.

BILLY

It makes me want to throw up.

DR. WEITZMAN

C'mon, you were right out on the moors there with them. I'm beginning to realize you're one of the last great romantics - and I gotta tell you, on this floor, that's really something.

BILLY

What are you doin' up here?

DR. WEITZMAN

We're going tomorrow.

BILLY

With the veggies? Jesus Christ.

DR. WEITZMAN

Listen, Bill, I'm counting on you. There's 65 thousand chairs up in the stadium...but I don't want you to get your hopes up, they're all screwed down.

BILLY laughs as DR. WEITZMAN smiles and exits. BILLY hesitates a moment, then quietly turns the TV back on.

EXT. STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A large, old sprawling red-brick facility. WE MOVE IN TOWARD the east wing, and see the bars on the lower floors. At a 3rd-story window, a face peers out - his features etched in the moonlight. It's ALBERT.

The door to his room opens behind him and DR. WEITZMAN enters. He comes up behind ALBERT and gently puts his arm around his shoulder.

From down the hall, WE FAINTLY HEAR BILLY'S TV.

OLIVIER/HEATHCLIFFE ON TV

I'll come back again. I'll come back...
I promise.

CONT'D.

WE PULL BACK AGAIN and see the two figures silhouetted behind the bars, tiny against the great stone building and the sky.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Lunchtime. Crowded, but strangely silent given the number of diners. A sea of light green hospital-issue garb.

DR. WEITZMAN, in sports jacket and chinos, works his way through the room, collecting his four group members, who, in contrast to the rest of the inmates, are now dressed in civilian street clothes for the outing.

DR. WEITZMAN hands JACK, HENRY and BILLY each a plastic ID tag with hospital name and phone number, and pins the fourth on ALBERT'S shirt for him.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

DR. WEITZMAN leads his four worried-looking patients through a set of swinging doors and past a security check-point, where an old GUARD waves them on.

INT. EAST WING MAIN LOBBY

DR. WEITZMAN and the GUYS comes down a set of stairs, and pause before a NURSE'S desk. She nods to another SECURITY OFFICER who swings open two large glass doors to the outside.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

With some trepidation, the patients follow DR. WEITZMAN out, emerging into the sunlight. BILLY whips on a pair of Porsche sunglasses.

DR. WEITZMAN leads them to a somewhat battered red Ford van, and slides open the side door.

HENRY

I'm riding up front with the doctor,
your Holiness.

JACK

No, I am. I can't sit in the back.
I get sick.

HENRY and JACK both climb in the front seat. They struggle and JACK wins. HENRY stands outside.

CONT'D.

HENRY

Dr. Weitzman, I'm not going. That maniac took my seat.

DR. WEITZMAN

C'mon, Henry, remember I'm counting on you.

(handing him a tinfoil package)
My wife made us some brownies. Would you be in charge of passing them out?

HENRY

(taking them)

Alright.

(re Jack)

But none for the Bishop of Bullshit.

INT. VAN PARKED IN THE HOSPITAL COURTYARD

HENRY climbs in. BILLY, already sprawled in back, pulls the sliding door closed.

DR. WEITZMAN takes off his jacket, gets in and starts the van, then realizes that ALBERT'S still standing alone outside.

DR. WEITZMAN

Billy, open the door.

BILLY

(opening it)

You really wanna take him, huh? He's about as much company as a goddamn fungo bat.

ALBERT climbs in.

EXT. HOSPITAL FRONT GATE THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The van pulls through the main entrance. THE RADIO PLAYS some hyped-up Run D.M.C.-type rap tune.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The little red van cruises north on the New Jersey Turnpike.

INT. VAN TRAVELING

The GUYS are silent and wide-eyed, as they munch on their brownies.

CONT'D.

DR. WEITZMAN
We're gonna have a beautiful night for
the game, guys.

THEIR POV

a huge 18-wheeler roars past them. The van shakes.

DR. WEITZMAN
Don't get nervous, guys. There're four
lanes - plenty of room. No worse than
the cafeteria at lunchtime, huh Albert?

ALBERT, fear in his eyes, white-knuckled, doesn't respond.

EXT. POLASKI SKYWAY

The van crests the highest point of the old iron bridge and
like magic there's the fabled skyline of New York, golden in
the afternoon sun.

DR. WEITZMAN
There it is, guys. New York...some kinda
town.

ANGLE ON THE GUYS - high anxiety.

BILLY
Big deal.

HENRY
Lincoln Tunnel, next right.

He writes it on his clipboard.

DR. WEITZMAN
Thanks, Henry.

INT. LINCOLN TUNNEL

The eerie, fluorescent-lit, semi-darkness and WAIL OF SPEEDING
CARS.

HENRY
We're directly under the Hudson River now.

BILLY reads the fear in ALBERT'S eyes.

BILLY
Dr. Weitzman, if one of these tiles, like
got loose, wouldn't million and millions
of gallons of water come down on us?

CONT'D.

ALBERT cranes his neck to the side and looks up through the darkness, expecting the worst.

BILLY

You see any leaks up there, Albert?

DR. WEITZMAN

Okay, Billy, cut it out.

EXT. LINCOLN TUNNEL - DAY

The van emerges from the tunnel and begins moving up 10th Avenue through the seedy streets of Hell's Kitchen.

INT. VAN TRAVELING - DAY

ANGLE ON ALBERT, grimacing, his legs held tightly together like a 5-year old kid who's gotta go. ALBERT really does. He rocks up and down in his seat.

HENRY

(sing-song voice)

Albert's gotta go-o...Albert's gotta go-o...

BILLY

Christ, he's gonna piss all over the seat.

HENRY

He drank a whole can of Hawaiian Punch before we left. I told him not to.

DR. WEITZMAN

Albert, do you think you can hold it just a little while longer?

ALBERT

(urgently)

Batter up...batter up...

JACK

I think that means 'no', Doc.

DR. WEITZMAN

Easy does it, Albert. We'll find a place.

He pulls the van into a gas station.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

DR. WEITZMAN helps ALBERT out of the van and together they walk to the station's men's room. But it's locked, and the place is closed.

WEITZMAN spots an alley.

DR. WEITZMAN

C'mon, Albert, we'll go back in here.

He leads ALBERT who is now limping like a crippled duck.

EXT. ALLEY

DR. WEITZMAN points ALBERT down the alley.

DR. WEITZMAN

Okay, Albert, right in there is okay.

ALBERT starts down the alley alone looking for a spot.

DR. WEITZMAN

Albert, that's far enough.

ALBERT looks back at the doctor sheepishly.

DR. WEITZMAN

I'm not going to look, Albert.

DR. WEITZMAN turns his back to ALBERT, but ALBERT keeps walking, reaches the end of the alley, then turns and walks out of sight.

DR. WEITZMAN

(turning)
Albert...?

WEITZMAN'S POV

ALBERT'S gone.

EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY

Around the corner from the first. ALBERT unzips, looks up and sees a window several stories up. Spooked that he might be seen, he sidles behind a large dumpster and proceeds.

The doctor rounds the corner looking for ALBERT.

CUT TO:

WEITZMAN'S POV

no one in the alley. But down a flight of steel steps there's an old, rusty freight door with light coming from underneath.

WEITZMAN descends and puts his shoulder against the door. It won't budge. He pushes harder and now it swings open.

DR. WEITZMAN

Albert, are you in here?

INT. SEMI-GLOOM - WEITZMAN'S POV

It's a crack factory. Two Colombians stand at a table of processing paraphenalia and drugs. But what is more ominous, two uniformed NEW YORK CITY COPS - one white, one black - sit counting money.

WHITE COP/O'MALLEY

Who the fuck are you?!

1ST COLOMBIAN/TATTOO

Grab that motherfucker!

WEITZMAN turns and bolts up the stairs, the two Colombians right after him.

BLACK COP/JOHNSON

Jesus Christ, the man saw us!

EXT. ALLEY

ALBERT'S still peeing behind the dumpster. He does not see WEITZMAN as he reaches the top of the steel steps and is clubbed from behind.

Reeling from the blow, WEITZMAN staggers off down the alley right past the dumpster without seeing ALBERT, and out towards a side street - around the corner from where the van is parked.

The two Colombians pursue.

ALBERT'S POV

As the Colombians rush by the dumpster - on the forearm of one, a TATTOO of a blue dagger pierces a red snake. The other has a silver EARRING.

TATTOO and EARRING leap on the dazed WEITZMAN just as he reaches the side street. A knife blade flashes.

CONT'D.

A passing gypsy cab screeches to a halt.

DRIVER

What the fuck are you doing?!

He begins BEEPING HIS HORN. People come out of a bodega across the street.

TATTOO and EARRING turn and flee, again past the dumpster without seeing ALBERT.

ANGLE ON ALBERT - terrified as he watches a crowd begin to gather around the unconscious doctor.

SFX SIREN as ALBERT steps from behind the dumpster, his fly still open.

INT. VAN

Parked around the corner. JACK, HENRY and BILLY look around as they hear a SIREN WAIL - just one more frightening city sound.

EXT. ALLEY

WEITZMAN is lifted on a gurney and loaded into an ambulance. The doors close.

ALBERT runs towards the departing ambulance.

ALBERT'S POV

the ambulance melts into traffic.

ALBERT stands alone, stunned as the crowd breaks up.

EXT. STREET - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE VAN

ALBERT emerges from the alley and approaches the van.

INT. VAN

ALBERT, ashen-faced, opens the door and gets in.

JACK

What the hell took you so long?

HENRY

Where's Dr. Weitzman?

CONT'D.

BILLY
Don't waste your breath, asshole.

HENRY
(pen clicking, scribbling on
his clipboard)
He'll be here in a minute. We're on a
very tight schedule.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Two hours later. The van is still parked on the street. Grates
come down on the stores. It's dark and begins to rain.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The GUYS still sit there. ALBERT'S rocking back and forth,
obviously agitated.

BILLY
(slamming the back of the seat)
This is fuckin' beautiful!

JACK
Albert, where is the doctor?

BILLY
Albert, goddamnit, say something!

ALBERT seems to be trying to communicate, but all that comes
out is...

ALBERT
Ball four.

BILLY groans and slams the seat again.

HENRY
We're gonna be late for the game.

JACK
Maybe he didn't really want to take us.

HENRY
Maybe he didn't want to take you.

BILLY
I know I wouldn't want to walk into a
public place with four paranoid schizophrenics.

CONT'D.

HENRY
I've never agreed with that diagnosis.

JACK
(tapping Henry's clipboard)
Believe me, you are nuts.

HENRY
(yanking away clipboard)
Don't touch that! Don't you dare touch that!

BILLY
(exploding)
Would you guys shut the fuck up!

They sit in silence for awhile.

HENRY
What about dinner? Who's going to get our dinner?

JACK
Nobody's going to get you dinner.

BILLY
Why don't you get our dinner? Isn't the Son of God good for a burger in this town?

JACK
That's not funny. You're a very disturbed young man.

HENRY
I sense a lot of hostility here. My report's not going to look very good for either of you.

BILLY
I'm getting the hell outa here.

HENRY
You're not allowed to leave the group without permission.

BILLY
(opening the door)
I'm giving myself permission.

HENRY
No one gives permission but the doctor, and I'm the doctor until the doctor comes back.

CONT'D.

BILLY
(slamming the door)
Fuck you!

HENRY
I'm telling Dr. Weitzman. And Dr.
Newald.

BILLY turns around and punches the window. It cracks. He disappears off into the night.

JACK and HENRY stare in horror at the broken window.

ALBERT
One away. One away. Next batter.

HENRY
We're in trouble now. Dr. Newald's gonna be really mad. I'll have to make a full report.

JACK
You're a sick man. It's a sickness of the soul. Put that in your report.

HENRY
I'm going to have to recommend that you be put back on medication.

JACK
(a holy glow)
You would prescribe drugs for me? Do you know who I am?

HENRY
I've got a pretty good idea.
(clicking pen, making note)
Regression.

ALBERT
Swing and a miss. Strike two.

They sit in silence for a long moment. The rain beats down on the van.

JACK
God is testing us now. It's so clear.

JACK opens the door and starts to get out.

CONT'D.

HENRY
You can't go anywhere. I'm in charge here. You're having a psychotic episode. That automatically puts me in charge.

JACK
Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding...
(pushing Henry aside)
Outa my way, asshole! Make way for the Lord!

JACK'S off into the night.

ALBERT
Two down. Two down.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Where DR. WEITZMAN disappeared. BILLY looks up and down - nothing. He continues on past it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As he crosses a street, an obnoxious cab driver comes right at him, actually pushing him. BILLY pounds the hood. The cab lurches forward. BILLY leaps on the hood and starts yelling at the driver through the windshield.

The cab speeds down the street, suddenly screeching to a halt, throwing BILLY off.

The cab swerves around him. BILLY chases the cab on foot. As it pulls away, he grabs a bottle from the gutter and hurls it after the cab.

At the curb, pedestrians give him a wide berth and strange looks.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

HENRY fidgets nervously with the clipboard, rearranging papers anxiously.

HENRY
This is a very disturbing trend. Who's going to take us back? We've really got to get this place straightened up. It's almost time for group.

HENRY begins frantically tidying up the van, picking up brownie crumbs.

HENRY
Albert, sit up straight. The doctor will be back any minute now. We've got a lot to talk about tonight.

They sit in silence for a moment.

HENRY
(checking his watch)
I'd better see what's keeping him.

HENRY leaves the van, then reappears.

HENRY
Wait here.

HENRY disappears into the night.

EXT. 47TH STREET AND 8TH AVENUE - NIGHT

JACK wanders through the New York night, a lonely, pathetic figure. At the light, WINOS with filthy rags wipe windshields for quarters.

JACK goes up to the driver of one of the cars.

JACK
Excuse me, have you seen Dr. Weitzman?

The WINO doing the windshield turns and shoves him.

WINO
Hey, Charlie, I got this one.

JACK'S POV

the city is huge and frightening. A swirling chaos of lights, colors and menacing people. AS WE TRACK WITH HIM up the street, something catches his eye - a huge, lighted cross in the window of a storefront church.

CU CHURCH WINDOW - in crude hand lettering it reads: "Pastor Lester Jackson's Assembly of the Christian Witness, Inc."

EXT. TIMES SQUARE CORNER - NIGHT

HENRY dumps an armload of collected trash into a street-side container. His clipboard accidentally goes in. He fishes it out and wipes it off.

A TRUCK DRIVER throws a styrofoam coffee cup out of his window. HENRY immediately picks it up and remonstrates with the 300lb. DRIVER.

CONT'D.

HENRY
I could report this. We have rules
around here.

HENRY continues down the street. Up ahead, a N.Y. City
SANITATION WORKER throws bagged garbage into the idling truck.

HENRY joins in, hefting a garbage can and emptying it into
the truck. He's splattered with eggshells.

The SANITATION WORKERS gawk. HENRY goes around shaking hands.

HENRY
Good work. Good work.

Perplexed, the SANITATION WORKERS climb back in their truck.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Packed. It's Saturday night. The organ's humming gospel
music, and PASTOR LESTER'S in the pulpit, the top of his game.

PASTOR LESTER
Brothers and sisters, can you feel the
spirit?

CONGREGATION
Amen...Amen...Hallelujah...Praise God...
Preach it, brother...etc.

PASTOR LESTER
Do we have a witness to the Spirit...to
the power of the spirit...?

Among the predominantly black congregation, we find JACK,
standing next to a fat lady beating feverishly on a tambourine.
JACK nods a silent response to PASTOR LESTER.

EXT. BLARNEY STONE - NIGHT

HENRY stands outside clutching his clipboard, staring through
the window.

INT. BLARNEY STONE - HENRY'S POV
on a big screen, the Yankee game.

CUT TO:

INT. BLARNEY STONE

HENRY enters and spots an empty stool. He sets his clipboard down on the bar and slouches on the stool in exact imitation of his neighbor.

A TABLE WAITRESS comes up to the bar, leans past HENRY and calls to the BARTENDER.

WAITRESS

Jerry, I need two rum collins, two Jack Daniels - one on the rocks - and a Heineken.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

HENRY

Jerry, I need two rum collins, two Jack Daniels - one on the rocks - and a Heineken.

The BARTENDER'S puzzled, but turns to make up the two identical orders.

HENRY

I like Jerry. He's making me drinks.

1ST CUSTOMER

Yeah, Jerry's good that way.

The BARTENDER sets the drinks in front of HENRY.

BARTENDER

You wanna run a tab?

HENRY

Good idea, Jerry.

The BARTENDER heads to the cash register, then turns to look back at this odd customer.

BARTENDER'S POV

HENRY has lined up the six drinks in a neat little row and attached the bill to his clipboard.

1ST CUSTOMER

(impressed)

You're uh...pretty organized.

CONT'D.

HENRY

I used to work at the post office.

HENRY downs a rum collins and checks it off on the bill with precision, before moving on to the next one. He's distracted by the mess of crumpled cocktail napkins, twizzle sticks and empty glasses on the bar in front of his neighbor.

HENRY

Would you mind cleaning up your area?
No one likes a Mr. Messy.

The 1ST CUSTOMER shrugs and turns away.

1ST CUSTOMER

Fuck you.

HENRY

He refuses to clean up his area.

2ND CUSTOMER

Leave me alone, okay.

HENRY

Do I sense some hostility here? Why
don't we bring this up in Group?
(throwing his arms around
both guys)
Or should we just hug?

EXT. BLARNEY STONE - NIGHT

HENRY'S thrown out, landing in the gutter. He picks up his clipboard, wipes it off and calls back into the bar.

HENRY

Would someone take me back to my room?

There is no answer. He staggers off into the New York night.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The organ pounds and the congregation is at a fever pitch of "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" as the greatest witness they've ever seen takes them to new heights - it's JACK, standing on a pew in the back.

JACK

Yes, I was once a lover of things of this world.

CONGREGATION

Tell it, brother. Speak it!

JACK begins working his way through the crowd to the front.

JACK

I once made a hundred thousand dollars a year, had a house in Scarsdale with a big blue swimming pool. Yes, brothers, I lived the white man's lie.

CONGREGATION

Amen. Preach it!

The place is going nuts. PASTOR LESTER claps and "Amens" encouragement as JACK climbs up to the pulpit.

JACK

But I was lost. I was dancing with alcohol, I was lovin' drugs...and there were women, brothers and sisters...Oh God, there were women...

CONGREGATION

Tell it, brother!

JACK

Fine women...But I hadn't hit bottom yet. Oh no, I just kept right on falling. Right through the floor...

A growing round of "Amens" accented by the organ. JACK begins to unbutton his shirt.

JACK

That's when God found me. And you know what he said to me...?

(MORE)

JACK (cont'd.)

(hesitating)

I have been persecuted for speaking
this truth.

CONGREGATION

Tell it, brother. Tell it like it is.

The organ plunges in. JACK'S shirt comes off and he reaches
of his shoes and socks.

JACK

He said, "Son" - that's what He called
me - "Son." And I said "Son?" And He
said, "Yes, you are the Son of God."

The CONGREGATION falls into a stunned silence at this blasphemy,
but JACK continues obliviously.

JACK

And that's when I knew everything would
be okay. He said leave behind the things
of this world.

(he begins unbuttoning his pants)
...the fine houses...the fancy cars...the
flashy clothes...

(he's down to his underwear)
Because we are all naked in the eyes of
the Lord.

He throws open his arms. The CONGREGATION is in shocked silence.
Finally, the silence is broken by the CLICK OF A BALLPOINT PEN.

JACK'S POV

There at the door, looking accusingly at him is HENRY, scribbling
furiously on his clipboard.

HENRY

(to the entire congregation)
This man is clinically insane. He is
presently undergoing treatment at the
New Jersey State Hospital under my
supervision. Sorry for the interruption.

JACK

Get out of here! This is a house of
worship!

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

HENRY and JACK are ushered out by several burly CHOIR MEMBERS.
JACK is still in his underwear. They wander off down the street.

CONT'D.

JACK
Have you found Dr. Weitzman yet?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

DR. WEITZMAN'S van is the only vehicle left parked on the entire street.

CU VAN DOOR

creaking as it opens very, very slowly...

CU ALBERT

fear, as very hesitantly he emerges.

WE TRACK UP THE STREET WITH ALBERT as he timidly peers in window after window, a Chaplinesque figure.

CU WINDOW - ALBERT'S POV

a clutter of high-tech headless mannequins in bras, panties and garter belts - surprisingly realistic.

ALBERT shrinks from the window.

CU ANOTHER WINDOW - ALBERT'S POV

a pet store. Little puppies yip and press their noses against the glass.

ALBERT strokes the window. He moves on, calmer now.

At the corner, a BAG LADY is camped over a steam vent. ALBERT approaches wide-eyed. His fly is still open.

BAG LADY

Don't try'n put that thing in me. Get away from me with that filthy thing.

She shakes an umbrella at him and ALBERT flees in panic.

ALBERT slows to catch his breath somewhere in the neon insanity of the Times Square night.

ANGRY VOICE-OFF

Freeze motherfucker!

ALBERT'S POV

an outdoor movie preview monitor. ALBERT'S looking up the wrong end of a double-barreled shotgun held by Charles Bronson. The GUN BELCHES DEADLY FLAME.

CONT'D.

ALBERT turns and runs, bumping into a huge six and a half foot canary-yellow CHICKEN. The CHICKEN holds out a handbill for a free Coke at 'Bojangles.

CHICKEN

Yo, mah man!

ALBERT stumbles backwards, paralyzed in fear by this feathered nightmare. He dashes across the street.

ALBERT'S POV

a wall of night-time traffic SCREAMS down on him.

INT. VAN

A panting ALBERT dives back inside. He shuts the door and scrambles back into his seat. He sits wide-eyed, heart pounding.

CUT TO:

CU COUPLE MAKING LOVE

We notice a tattoo on the man's arm. It's one of the COLOMBIANS from the crack factory. Then we notice a 2nd woman in the bed. There is a cigar box full of cash on the night table and a couple lines of coke.

THE DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS.

TATTOO springs to his feet, pulling a Sten gun from under his bed.

THE BUZZER SOUNDS AGAIN AND AGAIN.

One of the girls moves to answer the door. TATTOO grabs her roughly and shoves her back onto the bed. He draws a curtain, closing off the bedroom, moves to the door and opens it.

It's the corrupt cops - O'MALLEY and JOHNSON - in leather jackets and street clothes.

TATTOO

What the fuck are you doin' here?

O'MALLEY

Did you get him?

TATTOO

We fucked him up. They took him away in an ambulance.

CONT'D.

O'MALLEY

You're tellin' me you don't know whether
the motherfucker's dead or not?

JOHNSON

The man was close enough to read my
goddamn badge number for Christ's sake!

O'MALLEY

We gotta shut the place down.

TATTOO

We got 600 thousand dollars worth of
shit cookin' there, and we ain't touchin' it.

O'MALLEY

Spose he's still alive?

TATTOO

Then you find him, man, and we'll fuck him
up forever.

The two COPS exchange uneasy looks.

TATTOO

You know what your problem is? You guys
worry too much. You're both too fuckin'
white.

CUT TO:

INT. DUNCAN DOUGHNUTS - NIGHT

BILLY is seated at a table sipping coffee and eating a doughnut.
At the far end of the counter a burly COUNTERMAN hassles a GIRL
in her early 20s. She is dressed in a 2nd-hand cocktail dress
and beneath the make-up she's a beauty.

The COUNTERMAN takes away the GIRL'S order of coffee and doughnut.

GIRL

I'm starved.

COUNTERMAN

I don't know you, lady. You want a
freebie, go down to the Shelter.

The GIRL grabs for the food, but the COUNTERMAN'S quicker.

COUNTERMAN

Look, get the fuck outa here or I call the
cops.

CONT'D.

The GIRL still doesn't budge.

COUNTERMAN

(calling into kitchen)

Hey, Lou, let's get this skank outa here.

LOU, a hulking potwasher, steps out of the kitchen. The two men grab the GIRL.

BILLY'S seen enough. He lights a whole book of matches, leans over the counter and drops them in a grease can which ignites with a WHOOSH! Thick black smoke billows up.

The COUNTERMAN and LOU see the smoke and rush over. While they're trying to put it out, BILLY hops the counter.

BILLY

What'll it be?

The GIRL breaks into a grin.

EXT. DUNCAN DOUGHNUTS - NIGHT

BILLY and the GIRL exit carrying a large bag of doughnuts. They're both laughing. Smoke is still coming out of the shop. Suddenly the FIRE ALARM GOES OFF. They run.

EXT. AROUND THE CORNER

They slow to a walk. The GIRL opens the bag and offers it to BILLY. They each take out a doughnut and continue up the street.

GIRL

Thanks. I'm flat broke.

BILLY

You don't look broke. You look rich.

GIRL

That's the trick.

She stops at a trash can, rummages around a bit, and pulls out a coffee-stained N.Y. Times, discarding everything but the "Weekend" arts and leisure section.

GIRL

You know where I was tonight?

(points to paper)

Having white wine at this deKooning

(MORE)

CONT'D.

GIRL (cont'd.)
opening at the Whitney. They had this
great avocado dip and Rex Reed said hello
to me.

BILLY
Freebies, huh?

GIRL
It's more like a lifestyle. Hey, you
wanna meet somebody important?

BILLY
Sure.

GIRL
Go to a museum. Right now I'm up for
a movie part.

BILLY
What are you talking about?

GIRL
Okay, three days ago I'm nobody, right.
Then I pick up the Times. There's this
Impressionist opening at the Modern. I
go, I meet this guy, Raoul. He knows
this director, Victor Lazarra. Boom!
it's inside track time.

BILLY
Victor who?

GIRL
Lazarra. He did "Hatful of Blood" and
the new one's gonna be called "A Skull
for Sammy." Don't laugh, it's cult stuff.

BILLY
You're an actress?

GIRL
Let's just say I'm open to super-stardom -
preferably in the arts. What do you think
of this?

The GIRL, goofing, strangles herself, writhes in agony, and
dies a slow agonizing death, ending up sprawled on the pavement.

GIRL
(lying on her back, looking up)
I'm up for one of the victims.

CONT'D.

They laugh. She holds her hand out for BILLY to pull her up. He's too shy to take it.

GIRL

God, you're really a charmer, aren't you?
(picking herself up)
I'm Riley.

BILLY

Uh...uh...I'm Billy.

RILEY

So you never heard of Victor Lazarra?
Where you from? Don't you read the
Times, man?

EXT. BROADWAY AND 45TH STREET - NIGHT

MUSIC OVER as JACK, naked except for his jockey shorts, and HENRY work their way up the crowded street, frightened and bewildered, asking passersby..."Have you seen Dr. Weitzman?"

BLACK PIMP

(eyeing Jack's shorts)
You a long way from the beach, my man.

JACK

Have you seen Dr. Weitzman?

BLACK PIMP

I ain't seen no doctor, but there's an
Army-Navy store on the corner there.
Maybe you wanna check it out.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

JACK and HENRY seem to have finally found someone who thinks he knows where their doctor is. The man wears a tattered 3-piece suit and a fireman's hat with a rolled newspaper sticking straight up out of it. He's clearly demented, and gesturing with another newspaper, indicating elaborate instructions which send JACK and HENRY off uncertainly in a whole new direction.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

RILEY and BILLY walk along eating doughnuts from the bag.

RILEY

So, you're here with a group, huh?
What is it, rock? blues?

CONT'D.

BILLY
Yeah, definitely blues. So blue you
wouldn't believe it.

RILEY
I used to want to be a blues singer.

BILLY
I thought you were an actress.

RILEY
That too. What ever comes through
first.

BILLY
How do you live in the meantime?

RILEY
My mom sends me a check every once in
awhile.

BILLY
Obviously it doesn't cover your doughnut
tab. Couldn't you wait tables or something?

RILEY
(bristling)
Listen, my mom worked in a Howard Johnson's
up in Albany all her life waiting for
something to happen after my dad left. You
know what happened to her? Burgers and
BLTs and truck drivers on reds. I'm not
waiting.

BILLY
Hey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything
by it.

They pass under the brightly lit marquee of a porno theatre
and RILEY stops a little beyond at a grimy steel doorway.

RILEY
Okay, this is me. Which way do you go?

BILLY
I don't exactly have a place yet.

RILEY
(looking up at the sky)
It's supposed to rain all night. If you're
really stuck, you could stay here.
(Billy, nervous, doesn't respond)
What's wrong? It's the place? I mean,
I'm sorry, I lost my Gold Card, okay.

CONT'D.

BILLY
Uh...I don't know...

RILEY
Don't freak out on me, I'm not talking
about heavy sex or anything.

BILLY
I'm not freaking out...I uh...it's just
I gotta get together with the guys...
you know...rehearsal.

RILEY
(wounded)
Well, screw you. Who needs you!

She disappears behind the door, leaving BILLY alone in the
rain.

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN STREET - NIGHT

Rain. BILLY walks along. At the corner he sees a woman
with a big umbrella shepherding three tiny kids across the
street. One of them is crying. Somewhere in the night, a
SIREN WAILS.

BILLY turns and breaks into a sprint.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The van in the rain across from the gas station.

INT. VAN

ALBERT lies asleep on a backseat as a STRANGE METALLIC GROANING
comes from somewhere outside. Slowly, ALBERT begins to tilt.

EXT. VAN

It's being raised on the winch of a tow truck run by two New
York City Traffic Control BROWN SHIRTS.

INT. VAN

ALBERT slides off the seat onto the floor and wakes with a
start.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN

One of the BROWN SHIRTS stands watching the van rise.

HIS POV

ALBERT'S head pops above window-level. His nose fogs the glass.

1ST BROWN SHIRT

Hey, Lenny, there's someone in here.

2ND BROWN SHIRT

Get him out. This thing goes.

EXT. STREET

BILLY sprints around the corner.

HIS POV

ALBERT is being dragged out of the van by both BROWN SHIRTS, hanging on for dear life.

BILLY races over and pulls the BROWN SHIRTS off ALBERT, who grabs onto BILLY'S sleeve like a drowning man.

BILLY

What are you doing? This is our van.
You can't take it.

2ND BROWN SHIRT

Watch us.

He hops behind the wheel of the tow truck while his partner completes the hook-up.

THE FRAME WIDENS TO REVEAL, approaching on the opposite corner, our saviour - JACK - in his jockey shorts.

JACK

Who dares to tow the van of the Living Christ?!

1ST BROWN SHIRT

The City of New York, asshole!

The 1ST BROWN SHIRT steps into the street and directs his partner with hand motions.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL HENRY, mimicking the BROWN SHIRT with identical hand motions, trying as usual to be helpful.

CONT'D.

As the van starts to move, BILLY opens the door and grabs the doctor's tweed jacket from the back of the seat.

FOUR FORLORN AND FRIGHTENED FACES watch as the van is towed away down the street. BILLY puts the doctor's jacket on JACK. ALBERT starts to cry.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

At the emergency entrance. Several ambulances, drivers and attendants. O'MALLEY comes out and walks to a patrol car.

INT. PATROL CAR

O'MALLEY gets in, turning to JOHNSON.

O'MALLEY

This is it, man. Let's call.

JOHNSON

(hesitating)

Do we really wanna tell these hop heads where he is? Jerry, we're talkin' murder one here. I could walk away from the bread.

O'MALLEY

He saw us, Leon. He fuckin' saw us.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

It is raining heavily again. In the parking spot once occupied by the van, we now see a large cardboard refrigerator box.

INT. BOX

The four GUYS stand in the box, holding it up with their heads, sheltered from the rain. JACK shivers in his Fruit of the Looms.

HENRY

(checking his clipboard)

I think we should review our goals.

Now, Jack...

BILLY

Goals?! You whacko, we've gotta find the doctor!

CONT'D.

HENRY
Who put you in charge? I'm in charge here.

CRACK OF THUNDER

JACK
This is God's way of telling us we're going to die.

INT. N.J. STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

DR. TALMER strides alongside DR. NEWALD down a hall. NEWALD in street clothes, has just arrived.

DR. TALMER
They were due back at midnight. I thought I should call you.

DR. NEWALD
Christ, it's three-fifteen.

INT. NEWALD'S OFFICE

NEWALD picks up the phone.

DR. NEWALD
I was against this thing from the start.

DR. TALMER
Look, it could be traffic, a flat tire, who the hell knows? Weitzman's van looked like it was held together with spit.

DR. NEWALD
If he broke down, he should've phoned.

DR. TALMER
Who're you calling?

DR. NEWALD
The Turnpike Authority. See if there've been any accidents.

DR. TALMER
Look, Jeff's a responsible guy. I'm sure everything's under control.

CUT TO:

EXT. 44TH STREET AND 8TH AVENUE - NIGHT

It's still raining heavily. The refrigerator box moves shakily across the intersection as traffic weaves around it and HORNS BEEP.

BILLY

Albert, if you step on my foot one more time, I'm going to kill you.

WE HEAR THE CLICKING OF HENRY'S PEN AS...

HENRY

This overt hostility is very disturbing.

BILLY

Why the hell does a grown man have to smell like tuna fish?

HENRY

Do you want to share your feelings with us, William?

BILLY

I can't believe I'm walkin' around New York in a Frigidaire box with a naked man, a tuna fish and a guy who thinks he's Sigmund fuckin' Freud.

JACK

The Lord works in mysterious ways.

THEIR POV OUT LITTLE WINDOW CUT IN BOX

A street person stands in a doorway with a shopping cart piled high with a life-time's accumulated junk, and peers out into the rain. This is REUBEN, a natty, gone-wrong Hispanic hipster.

REUBEN'S POV

a talking box.

JACK'S VOICE FROM BOX

What're we stopping here for?

HENRY'S VOICE FROM BOX

To get you some clothes, asshole.

REUBEN is unfazed - he's seen it all - but nonetheless he digs in his shopping cart and comes up with a machine gun. He levels it.

REUBEN

What do you want, box?!

CONT'D.

BILLY'S VOICE FROM BOX
Jesus Christ, he's got a goddman sub-
machine gun.

HENRY'S head appears.

HENRY
Please don't shoot, sir. We're just
looking for a pair of shoes. Perhaps
some slacks and a sports shirt.

REUBEN
(lowering his gun)
What the fuck you think this is - Bloomingdales?

REUBEN tosses his gun back into the cart - and now we see it's
just a plastic squirt gun.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The GUYS are gathered around REUBEN'S cart dressing JACK.
He's got a mismatched pair of shoes, stained plaid pants and
a bright orange polyester shirt under the doctor's tweed jacket.

REUBEN
I'm telling you it works. It's a
statement, man. Go with it. You know
who you are.

HENRY
No he doesn't.

JACK
I am the Son of God.

REUBEN
Yeah, go with it. Fuck 'em.

We now notice that REUBEN wears HENRY'S hospital nametag. He's
holding two others.

REUBEN
This is three. The deal was four, man.

ALBERT clutches his nametag.

SFX AMBULANCE SIREN. ALBERT reacts - his eyes mist, following
the blinking lights as the ambulance passes. He takes a few
steps after it, but it is long gone.

BILLY
What the hell's goin' on with you?
C'mon Albert, we need the tag.

CONT'D.

ALBERT allows BILLY to detach his nametag and hand it over to REUBEN.

REUBEN

It's good to be able to slip in and out of identities - especially in my line of work.

ALBERT picks up a Yankees cap from REUBEN'S cart.

REUBEN

You want that? I'm gonna throw this in for my man here.

He puts the cap on ALBERT'S head. ALBERT touches the brim of the cap and gives a little smile.

ALBERT

Batter up.

REUBEN

Thanks, Reuben.

JACK

Have you happened to see a doctor around here? His name is Weitzman.

REUBEN

Let me think...Weitzman...Weitzman... I seen Dr. J one time outside the Garden.

BILLY

No, that's not him.

HENRY

We should go to the police.

REUBEN

Personally, I'd stick to the streets. One time I asked this cop what time it was, I spent Thanksgiving on Rikers Island. You talk about dry-y-y turkey. Giblet gravy made outa rat hearts. Jesus!

HENRY

I don't think we should be using this gentleman as our advisor.

REUBEN

You ever wanta find out something important around here - you know who you ask?

CONT'D.

Who? BILLY

REUBEN
Ask a transvestite. Very sensitive people.

HENRY
(heading towards the box)
This man is obviously disturbed. We'll
find the doctor on our own.

EXT. 45TH STREET AND 10TH AVE. - NIGHT

The GUYS have approached two BLACK TRANSVESTITES who tower
over them on six inch silver spike heels.

DOLLY
You're lookin' for a shrink. Shee-it.
You got problems, you can talk to me,
honey.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE CORNER - NIGHT

A BOOM BOX and three BLACK TEENAGE RAPPERS and BREAKDANCERS
and a small circle of on-lookers.

HENRY'S out in the circle doing the white man's shuffle as
JACK tries to talk to one of the RAPPERS, but only gets...

1ST RAPPER
You're lookin' for a Weitz-man - white
He's tall and light...

2ND RAPPER
(to Albert)
But my bro, he say
You ain't too bright.

CUT TO:

EXT. SISTER CLARA'S FORTUNE TELLING AND STAR READING

A dingy, Hispanic store-front astrologer with a neon sign,
TV playing, and cluttered with spiritual gee-gaws.

The GUSY stand in the doorway talking to SISTER CLARA - a
wizened little tart.

SISTER CLARA
Five dollars I tell you where he is...

CONT'D.

BILLY
(dragging the guys away)
She doesn't know. Come on.

SISTER CLARA
(calling after them)
Okay, okay - four dollars.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

The GUYS pass a doorway where a well-dressed BUSINESS MAN stands, his hands on his head, all his pockets turned inside-out.

HENRY
Have you seen a Dr. Weitzman? About
five-ten, dark hair...?

The BUSINESS MAN, wide-eyed, shakes his head 'no' and nods frantically towards the darkness behind him.

THE GUYS' POV

now in the darkness they see two frightened TEENAGE MUGGERS, one with a knife to the BUSINESS MAN'S back.

HENRY
(oblivious to the situation)
Maybe one of your friends has seen him.

BILLY
(pulling the guys away)
I don't think they're that close, Henry.

ALBERT'S POV

the knife.

ALBERT
Holy cow, White...

The MUGGERS, sensing they've drawn an audience, bolt.

BUSINESS MAN
Thank you.

JACK
Don't thank us. Thank the Lord.

BUSINESS MAN
(trotting off)
Who? Oh yeah, him too...

CUT TO:

EXT. TAHITIA ORIENTAL DISCO MASSAGE - NIGHT

The GUYS are talking to a SHILL in a dumpy double-knit, clanking with gold chains.

SHILL

Oh sure, sure...five-ten, dark hair... Weitzman...yeah, he's in there. Check it out. Tits around the clock.

JACK allows himself to be whisked in by the SHILL, along with ALBERT and HENRY. BILLY hangs back.

BILLY

He's not in there, for Christ's sake!

SHILL

C'mon, Jim. Loosen up a little bit. Don't be shy. The ladies aren't shy.

INT. TAHITIA

South Sea decor. Sarong-clad oriental hostesses dance with customers. ALBERT holds a champagne cocktail as a girl attempts to dance with him. JACK and HENRY, also with champagne cocktails, head for the massage rooms. Billy follows. The MADAM behind the bar waves for them to stop.

MADAM

You no pay. No go there.

ALBERT follows.

INT. MASSAGE ROOMS

JACK, HENRY and ALBERT begin searching the rooms off the corridor.

ROOM ONE

HENRY parts the curtain. A beefy BUSINESS MAN looks up from his oriental delight.

HENRY

Excuse me, I'm looking for a Dr. Weitzman.

BUSINESS MAN

Get the fuck outa here!

CUT TO:

ROOM TWO

JACK parts a curtain, sticks his head in...and closes his eyes..

ROOM THREE

ALBERT steps in.

ALBERT

Holy cow. .

ROOM FOUR

The curtain parts. Another business man - GROSSMAN - looks up from three ORIENTAL GIRLS.

Henry enters.

GROSSMAN

I didn't order anybody else.

JACK enters.

JACK

I've never seen so many commandments broken in my life.

ALBERT enters.

ALBERT

Capacity crowd. Standing room only.
Bases loaded.

BILLY enters. The tiny room is jam-packed.

GROSSMAN

Who the hell are you assholes?!

BILLY

(pissed)
Mental patients! What's it to you, Charlie?!

A BOUNCER enters.

BOUNCER

Everybody out!

CUT TO:

EXT. TAHITIA - NIGHT

The GUYS are thrown out onto the street. The slick SHILL grins at them.

SHILL

Dude wasn't in there, huh...My mistake.

CUT TO:

EXT. BENEATH THE 59TH STREET BRIDGE - EARLY MORNING

O'MALLEY and JOHNSON are at a payphone, very grim.

O'MALLEY

Roosevelt Hospital. Room 306. It's gotta be now. We don't know when this guy's gonna come out of it.

INT. TATTOO'S APT.

TATTOO on the phone.

TATTOO

It's done.

He hangs up, and turns to EARRING who's doing several lines of coke at the kitchen table.

TATTOO

Hey, don't get too fucked up, asshole. We're goin' now.

CUT TO:

EXT. 10TH AVENUE - EARLY MORNING

The GUYS are walking along.

BILLY

Let's just get back to where the van was, okay. Sooner or later he'll show up.

HENRY

(starting off in a different direction)
The van was over here, William.

JACK

(off in a third direction)
The van was down this way near the light.

CONT'D.

HENRY
How do you know?

JACK
The Lord is guiding me.

HENRY
Wait a minute, the doctor left me in charge.

The GUYS are now standing on three different corners, ALBERT somewhere in the middle.

BILLY
(continuing in his direction)
Screw you! I'm going my own way.

HENRY
(going in his direction)
Well, I'm going the right way!

JACK
(going his way)
There is only one true way!

SFX AMBULANCE SIREN as suddenly an ambulance rounds a corner and SCREAMS past them.

ALBERT looks, then sprints after it.

JACK, HENRY and BILLY look at each other.

BILLY
He's flipped. The little guy's flipping out on us.

BILLY takes off after him. A beat later, and JACK and HENRY join the chase.

EXT. CORNER

The GUYS, out of breath, catch up with ALBERT and grab him. The ambulance disappears in morning traffic.

BILLY
What the hell is with you, Albert?

JACK
He's like a dog chasing a car.

CONT'D.

BILLY

Albert, what are you looking at?

(Albert is silent, Billy
grabs him)

Jesus Christ, Albert, why can't you
make sense for once?!

HENRY

You know this patient's history. I
don't advise over-stimulating him.

BILLY

Albert, did they take him away in an
ambulance?

ALBERT

(nodding ever so slightly)
Big inning. Big inning.

BILLY

He said yes!

JACK

He said "big inning".

BILLY

Yeah, but he nodded when he said it.

EXT. METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

The four GUYS come up the front steps.

HENRY

I can't believe we're listening to a
catatonic schizophrenic.

BILLY

You got any better ideas?

INT. METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL

The GUYS are in front of a very intimidating DUTY NURSE.

DUTY NURSE

No Weitzman on the admissions list...
or emergency...just one John Doe.

HENRY

Not Doe, Weitzman! Pay attention.

CONT'D.

DUTY NURSE

Look, if we don't get a name - either because the patient was unconscious or unable to identify himself - we list it as John Doe. Would you like to take a look?

BILLY

Yes.

DUTY NURSE

Do you all have to go up?

JACK

We're the Doe family.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

The GUYS look down into a bed. A NURSE stands by.

THEIR POV

a grizzled old drunk is sleeping it off.

They're about to leave the ward when they realize they're missing ALBERT.

THEIR POV

ALBERT is pulling back covers to check on every other patient in the ward.

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - MORNING

The GUYS are led by another NURSE through a large open ward. A PRIEST is giving last rites to a patient.

JACK

How's it going, brother?

The PRIEST looks up, puzzled. JACK pulls down the sheet. The dead man is not WEITZMAN.

JACK

Lucky man. He's with the Lord now.

INT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - MORNING

The reception desk. The GUYS talk to another DUTY NURSE.

CONT'D.

DUTY NURSE

No Weitzman, but I think there was one
John Doe on the third floor. Two
gentlemen are up there looking at him now.

INT. 3RD FLOOR RECEPTION AREA

The GUYS step off the elevator.

ALBERT'S POV

the two COLOMBIANS - TATTOO and EARRING - emerge from a room
at the far end of the hall, close the door and walk quickly
towards the GUYS.

ALBERT presses against the wall, frozen in fear.

BILLY

What's wrong, Albert?

TATTOO and EARRING pass.

ALBERT'S POV

that striking snake tattoo on the forearm of one. The silver
earring identifies the other.

The COLOMBIANS push the button for the elevator.

ALBERT races down the hall to the room the Colombians just
left. BILLY takes off after him.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

BILLY enters. ALBERT stands looking down at DR. WEITZMAN who
lies unconscious in bed. ALBERT and BILLY'S eyes connect.
ALBERT has tears in his eyes.

BILLY

We got him, Albert. But Christ, look
at him.

HENRY and JACK enter.

JACK

Is he alright?

HENRY

Maybe he's just sleeping.

CONT'D.

Then they hear a DRIP, DRIP, DRIP and look down to see two IVs slashed, the fluid dripping onto the floor. A tube dangles from an oxygen machine. The respirator makes a STRANGE RASPING NOISE and we now see an oxygen mask has been ripped from WEITZMAN'S face.

BILLY
Something's wrong.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

BILLY races out of the room and down towards the NURSE'S station.

BILLY'S POV

The elevator doors close on TATTOO and EARRING.

INT. ANOTHER HOSPITAL ROOM

A NURSE is spoon feeding an ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

NURSE
Come on, Mr. Barclay, open the hangar.
Here comes the butterscotch plane.

BILLY charges in and grabs her.

BILLY
Quick, it's an emergency.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

BILLY drags the NURSE towards WEITZMAN'S room.

INT. WEITZMAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM

JACK and HENRY are frantically trying to reconnect WEITZMAN'S IV and respirator, and are making a mess of it.

BILLY wrestles the protesting NURSE into the room.

NURSE
Let me go!
(then she sees, horrified)
What are you doing?! Get away from him!

She pushes them aside and hits a bedside alarm.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Two INTERNS drop what they're doing and come running.

INT. WEITZMAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM

The GUYS look on anxiously as the INTERNS reconnect WEITZMAN'S life-support.

NURSE

(turning on them furiously)
I want these men arrested. Call security!

JACK, HENRY and BILLY flee. ALBERT stays by WEITZMAN'S bedside.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

The GUYS running.

BILLY

Where's Albert?

They all turn and head back for him.

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL

The four GUYS thunder down.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - MORNING

The GUYS come barreling out a rear door.

THEIR POV

the two Colombians sprint towards the far end of a parking lot.

A police cruiser across the street starts its engines. BILLY runs towards it.

BILLY

Police! Police!

The cruiser SCREECHES up alongside the Colombians. TATTOO and EARRING hop in back.

BILLY'S POV

a glimpse of O'MALLEY and JOHNSON up front as the patrol car bears down on him.

CUT TO:

COPS' POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

BILLY racing to intersect their escape route.

O'MALLEY
Who the fuck is that?

TATTOO
Hit him!

The cruiser clips BILLY and sends him spinning, then disappears into the night.

The GUYS run towards BILLY and help him up. They're all in shock.

BILLY
Jesus Christ, those were cops.

INT. N.J. STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

An emergency staff meeting in NEWALD'S office. Crullers, coffee cups, patient's files, and an exhausted staff of DR. TALMER, DR. VERBOVEN and DR. NEWALD.

A SECRETARY pokes her head in the room.

SECRETARY
For you on 9. Collect. It's them.

DR. NEWALD
Weitzman?

SECRETARY
No... them.

DR. NEWALD
Put them on conference.

CONT'D.

The SECRETARY disappears, and the squawk box comes on.

DR. NEWALD

This is Dr. Newald. To whom am I speaking?

INT. PHONEBOOTH - MORNING

In Bryant Park, behind the 42nd Street Library. JACK, HENRY and BILLY are crammed into the booth. Behind them we see ALBERT, alongside a busy hot-dog stand repeatedly trying to swipe a hot-dog, right under the eyes of a burly VENDOR.

HENRY

Dr. Newald, this is Henry Seggerman, Dr. Weitzman's assistant.

INT. NEWALD'S OFFICE

The DOCTORS lean around the squawk box, patient files open.

DR. NEWALD

(whispered aside)

Assistant?

DR. TALMER

(whispering)

Paranoid schizophrenic, sir.

INTERCUT NEWALD'S OFFICE AND PHONEBOOTH

DR. NEWALD

Yes, Henry. Where are you calling from?

HENRY

We're in a phonebooth in a park on 42nd street.

DR. TALMER

(whispered aside)

Gotta be Bryant Park.

DR. NEWALD

(whispered aside)

Call the New York City police. Get them over there right away.

(into phone)

Henry, where is Dr. Weitzman now?

HENRY

Roosevelt Hospital. They're trying to kill him.

CONT'D.

DR. NEWALD
Who's trying to kill him?

JACK
The brown men. It's Satan's work.

DR. TALMER
(whispered aside)
Jack Rappaport. Christ fixation.
Megalomania.

DR. NEWALD
(whispered aside)
We've got some serious regression here.
(into phone)
Now fellas, I want you all to find a
policeman and tell them who you are. All
of you together. Do you understand?

JACK
Not the cops. They're in on
it.

DR. NEWALD
In on what?

JACK
The plot to kill the doctor.

DR. TALMER
(hanging up another phone,
whispered aside)
The police are on their way. Keep them
on the phone.

HENRY
That's right, Dr. Newald. I forgot to
mention that.

DR. NEWALD
Henry, what are you talking about?

HENRY
I was just going over my notes, and you see,
well...they think we did it.

DR. NEWALD
Who thinks you did what?

HENRY
The people at the hospital think we attacked
the doctor. I'll cover it more thoroughly
(MORE)

CONT'D.

HENRY (cont'd.)

in my report which I'll have on your desk in the morning. In the meantime, I'm having a lot of trouble with these patients. Would you please tell them I'm in charge.

BILLY

Gimme that phone, goddamnit. Don't call the police, Dr. Newald.

DR. TALMER

(whispered aside)

William Caufield. The kid's got a history of violence.

DR. NEWALD

No, no William. We won't call the police, if that makes you uncomfortable. Everything's going to be fine. Stay right where you are - we're sending someone over. You'll be back here by this afternoon. Say, I hear we're having chicken chow mein tonight. That's one of my favorites. Is that one of your favorites, William?

BILLY rolls his eyes at this idiocy, then stops short.

BILLY'S POV

across the park, two police cruisers have pulled up to the curb, then several more. A dozen uniformed COPS fan out through the park, armed and alert.

BILLY

(dropping the phone)

C'mon, let's get outa here. That son-of-a-bitch sent the cops.

The GUYS run. ALBERT grabs a hot-dog and follows.

CUT TO:

TV SCREEN: CONNIE CHUNG STANDS OUTSIDE ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.

CONNIE CHUNG

...where earlier today, four escaped mental patients apparently attacked their own doctor.

CONT'D.

WE PULL BACK TO SEE THE TV IS IN...

INT. RILEY'S ROOM

A storeroom next to the projection booth of an old porno theatre. A mattress and blankets on the floor, an old Salvation Army armchair in the corner.

RILEY wears an old terrycloth robe and is sponging off her black cocktail dress. She reads the social section of the New York Times, circling items with a red pen.

CONNIE CHUNG ON TV

Dr. Jeffrey Weitzman has been in a coma since his admission yesterday evening, apparently the result of an earlier attack by these same men. Now let's go to Gabe Pressman at the New Jersey State Hospital, East Orange...

EXT. STREET - DAY

The GUYS follow BILLY under the porno theatre marquee and around the corner to that big steel door.

GABE PRESSMAN ON TV (V.O.)

I'm here with Dr. Eric Newald, Director of the hospital where until yesterday these men were undergoing treatment. Dr. Newald, are these men dangerous, and should the public be concerned?

BILLY pushes open the door and leads the GUYS up a dark narrow stairway.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM

THE TV: PRESSMAN AND NEWALD.

DR. NEWALD ON TV

On the basis of what we've seen so far, I'm afraid I would have to say yes, they are dangerous.

RILEY looks up from the Times and now focuses on the TV.

INT. PORNO THEATRE BALCONY

BILLY and the GUYS reach the top of the stairs, and find themselves in the balcony of a seedy, old porno theatre.

CONT'D.

On screen, writhing bodies, SIGHS AND GROANS. Several degenerates slump in the seats.

HENRY

This is where she lives?

BILLY

She's an interesting girl. You'll like her.

REACTION SHOT THE GUYS

each mesmerized by the screen flesh.

JACK

(puffing up)

The Lord...

BILLY

(grabs him)

Don't even start.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM

THE TV: PRESSMAN AND NEWALD.

DR. NEWALD ON TV

Dr. Weitzman was treating these men and it is an irony that the therapist frequently becomes the focus for deep-seated hostilities and transference.

INT. HALLWAY IN PORNO THEATRE

The GUYS move through the darkness. The door of the projection booth opens and FRANK appears. He is a balding, pear-shaped loser with thick glasses. A major league voyeur, but practically harmless.

FRANK

What the fuck are you guys doin' up here?

BILLY

We're looking for Riley.

FRANK

Back there. And tell her she's not supposed to have anybody up here.

CUT TO:

INT. RILEY'S ROOM

THE TV: PRESSMAN AND NEWALD.

GABE PRESSMAN ON TV

The hospital has release these photographs of the four patients.

ON TV FLASH FOUR PHOTOS OF BILLY, HENRY, JACK and ALBERT.
Close-cropped institutional haircuts, vacant looks.

RILEY

Oh my God!

There is a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

RILEY

Okay, okay...

RILEY opens the door. It's BILLY and the three other faces from the TV news.

BILLY

Hi, meet the band. This is Henry...Jack... and Albert. This is Riley.

RILEY

What are you doing back here?

BILLY

Look, we're really stuck for a place.

RILEY snatches up a clock radio for a weapon.

RILEY

I know who you are.

BILLY

What the hell are you talking about?

RILEY

Just go.

HENRY

I'd better handle this. You're obviously getting her upset.

BILLY

(shoving the guys into the hall)
Goddamnit, you don't even know her.

CONT'D.

BILLY closes the door.

RILEY
Don't come any closer.

INT. HALL IN PORNO THEATRE

JACK, HENRY and ALBERT move towards the sounds of the movie.

THEIR POV FROM BALCONY

below on the screen, many writhing bodies.

JACK covers ALBERT'S eyes.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM

She's still holding the clock radio like a club.

RILEY
You're not a band. It was all on TV.
You're a bunch of head cases!

BILLY
Screw you! We are not!

BILLY grabs the clock radio and throws it.

RILEY
(afraid)
Yes, you are.

BILLY
Low frustration tolerance. I'm supposed
to be working on it. Otherwise, I'm a
pretty nice guy.

RILEY smiles, thawing a little.

RILEY
So far I've seen you torch a doughnut
place, accused of attempted murder, and
destroy my personal property. That
doesn't exactly add up to Mr. Right.

BILLY
Can I just tell you what happened?

RILEY
It better be good.

CUT TO:

INT. PORNO THEATRE BALCONY

HENRY moves down the row.

HENRY
Get those raincoats off your laps. Go
wash your hands. This will be reported.
Count on it.

Several of the DEGENERATES get up grumbling.

HENRY
(clicking his pen, clipboard
poised)
And I want names.

FRANK'S POV THROUGH PROJECTION BOOTH WINDOW

JACK is down onstage exhorting the crowd.

JACK
Brothers, turn you back on Satan!
(gesturing behind him to screen)
This is his work.

Behind JACK, ALBERT is running his hands over the screen in
disbelief.

FRANK
Sit the fuck down, you asshole!

INT. RILEY'S ROOM

BILLY and RILEY.

RILEY
That's it? That's your story? Come
on, normal people don't go around attacking
patients in hospital beds.

BILLY
Normal? This guy had a blade as long as
a flagpole and a boa constrictor tattooed
around his arm and he was running up and
down intensive care cutting IV tubes.
Maybe I've been in the hospital too long,
but it that's normal in this neighborhood,
I'm getting out of here.

BILLY opens the door to leave.

CONT'D.

RILEY

Wait a minute...A snake tattoo?
What'd this guy look like?

BILLY

I don't know. Kinda dark. Like maybe
he was South American or something.

RILEY

What about the other guy?

BILLY

Same. Except he had a silver earring.

RILEY

Oh, Christ...

BILLY

What's wrong?

RILEY

(dead serious)

Listen, I know this neighborhood, I know the
club where they hang out, and I'd get your three
little loony tunes and get the hell out of here
while you're still alive. Those guys are
major dealers - Colombians. I don't know
why they'd want your doctor, but if they do,
he's dead.

BILLY

You think they might try again?

RILEY

The only thing you can do is tell the
police. Let them take care of it.

BILLY

We can't. When those guys ran out of the
hospital last night, you know how they
got away? In a cop car.

RILEY

Billy, you are a nice guy, but I'm not
the Equalizer, you know, and I don't want
to get killed right now...I've got plans
tonight.

The door suddenly opens. It's FRANK. He's got the three
guys. He holds ALBERT by the collar.

FRANK

These guys says they're staying here.

CONT'D.

He shoves the GUYS into the room, and tosses the doctor's tweed jacket that JACK was wearing in after them.

FRANK
They're not stayin' here.
(to Riley)
Come here.

INT. PORNO THEATRE HALL

FRANK draws RILEY out into the dark hallway.

FRANK
Listen, I tell you no guests - you bring the fuckin' Marx brothers.

RILEY
Frank, I'm sorry. They're going.

FRANK
You're going too.

RILEY
Frank, I don't have anywhere to go. You know that.

FRANK
(pouring on the sleaze)
Then maybe you could be a little more friendly, you know what I mean...

He reaches for her. She shies away.

FRANK
(keeps coming)
That's not very friendly.

BILLY appears behind him, and shoves him up against the wall.

BILLY
Leave her alone, sleazeball. We're going.

FRANK
(exploding)
That's it! I want you and your fuckin' boyfriends outa here in five minutes, I'm callin' 911!

INT. RILEY'S ROOM

She's packing her bag in a blind fury.

CUT TO:

CU DR. WEITZMAN'S TWEED JACKET - packed in with the rest of Riley's clothes.

BILLY

Riley, I'm really sorry. I'm always screwing up with people. Could we just talk a minute...?

She shoves him out the door and slams it in his face.

EXT. PORNO THEATRE - DAY

The GUYS are gathered under the marquee. JACK is in his shirtsleeves.

RILEY comes out in her black party dress, burdened down with a bulging sailcloth bag.

RILEY

Stay away from me!

BILLY

Riley, listen, you're the only person I know in the city.

RILEY

Look, you're wanted by the police, and I just got evicted. I'm going to an opening at the Met carrying everything I own in this friggin' bag 'cause of you. I don't think we have anything more to say to each other, do you?

BILLY watches her as she walks off down the street.

HENRY

Do I sense some hostility here?

BILLY kicks over a trash can. Bottles and cans roll noisily into the street.

Just then, a COP CAR cruises around the corner.

BILLY and the GUYS melt back into the alley.

INT. CRACK FACTORY - DAY

Dark. Below street level. Half a dozen COLOMBIANS process large amounts of cocaine at a series of tables.

TATTOO stands next to several crates packed with furniture. EARRING slits open the back of an elegant armchair, and begins to remove large packets of smuggled cocaine.

CONT'D.

O'MALLEY and JOHNSON enter.

TATTOO
I got a new living room set for you,
officer.

O'MALLEY
Listen, asshole, that guy's all over the
11 o'clock news. They just transferred
him out of intensive care. He could
come to anytime.

TATTOO
Fuck him. Who cares?

O'MALLEY
(grabbing Tattoo)
This isn't some fuckin' yo-yo from the
streets, man. This guy's a doctor.
They're gonna listen to him. We gotta
shut down. Now.

TATTOO shoves O'MALLEY against the wall and in a flash has
a blade to his throat.

TATTOO
You don't touch me, motherfucker. You
don't tell me what to do. You don't even
breathe around me.

JOHNSON
Hey, take it easy T.J. We're on the same
side. It's just gettin' so fuckin' hot
out there. We don't know what this guy's
gonna come around.

TATTOO lets O'MALLEY go.

TATTOO
Okay, listen. We're gonna go in and do
him right.

JOHNSON
They got all kinds a security around the
place now. You're not gonna be able to
just walk in there this time.

TATTOO
They're lookin' for those fuckin' nuts.
They don't even know we're alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

On the east side of Columbus Circle. Around the decrepit fountain winos mingle with senior citizens and welfare mothers with kids. REUBEN and a hulking black wearing a bandana - WILBERT - do car windshields at the light for quarters.

ALBERT is perched on a green cement turtle, his hand outstretched to a vicious, dirty-looking mongrel. JANEY, an old bag lady wearing a purple turban, with two cats in her shopping cart, warns ALBERT...

JANEY

Don't show him that hand unless you wanta give it to him. That son-of-a-bitch'll turn you into a Big Mac soon as look at you.

ALBERT ignores her. Incredibly, the dog just licks his hand.

JANEY

Well, I'll be. He musta been your pet in another life - or vice versa.

On another bench sit HENRY and JACK, two apple-cheeked OLD LADIES between them. Across from them sits BILLY, next to another street person, the 300lb. LOUIE-LOUIE, who blows "When The Saints Come Marching In" on a battered old sax, his tattered fedora at his feet for donations.

HENRY

(reading from his clipboard)
I think our first goal is to get the van back. I mean, we can't carry the man in a hospital bed down the Jersey Turnpike on our backs.

REUBEN cracks up. The OLD LADIES heads swivel.

HENRY

What's so funny?

REUBEN

You guys are gonna get your van outta the pound, and your doctor out the hospital and the whole circus outta New York?

BILLY

What's wrong with that?

REUBEN

I hate to say anything, but sane people couldn't do that, and you guys are crazy - am I right?

CONT'D.

HENRY

Well, we're getting better...
 (re. Jack)
 ...except him.

REUBEN

Well, you better get better quick. New
 York's a tough town - even on model
 citizens like myself.

Suddenly ALBERT scrambles under the turtle. The GUYS look up.
 THEIR POV

two COPS on the beat amble by the park.

The GUYS turn their backs to them.

JANEY

Hey, Roy, I saw Governor Cuomo gettin'
 mugged over on 43rd...It was that bastard
 Koch again. You better get over there.

COP

Thanks, Janey. We'll check it out.

REUBEN

(confiding to the guys)
 She's a little nuts. Always turnin'
 people in.

The GUYS nod sagely. They wait until the COPS are gone, then...

BILLY

C'mon, let's get out here before she
 turns us in.

As they leave ALBERT calls the dog.

ALBERT

Slider...Slider...

JACK

Is he talking to that mutt?

HENRY

Albert, we're not allowed to have
 pets. You know that.

ALBERT stops and looks down at the dog. The GUYS keep going.
 ALBERT hurries to catch up. The dog follows again.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR POUND

The GUYS sheepishly enter a huge, drab, fluorescent-lit quonset hut. It's packed with disgruntled motorists and scofflaws, snaked out in one long line from a sleepy, slow-motion civil servant manning the one open window. Everybody else has been at lunch all day. It looks hopeless.

GUYS' POV

through a high chain-link fence, the red Ford van parked at the far end of the pound lot amidst hundreds of other cars.

ALBERT excitedly starts to climb the fence. HENRY pulls him down.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

The GUYS have been on line for the last few hours, but have finally reached the CLERK at the window who's munching a big hero sandwich.

CLERK

Owner's license and registration.
50 for the fine, 75 for the tow, 40
for storage. That's 165.

BILLY

Shit.

HENRY

Dr. Weitzman's wallet.

BILLY

Jack, where's the doctor's coat? You were wearing it, for Christ's sake.

JACK

I left it at your girlfriend's.

BILLY

Shit. She's at the Met. Where the hell is the Met?

ALBERT

Shea Stadium.

BILLY

Not the Mets, the Met.

HENRY

I know where that is. Right near my old shrink's. He's the doctor who committed me. Fine physician.

CUT TO:

PAN TABLES LADEN WITH SUMPTUOUS FOOD - an enormous buffet.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - NIGHT

The new Egyptian wing. A typical New York black tie opening with everyone from investment bankers to politicians to the Andy Warhol set. A new exhibit of ancient tombs and sarcophagi dominate the room.

RILEY, almost fitting in in her slinky black cocktail dress, chats up her movie contacts - RAOUL, a 50-year old playboy with a low-budget Continental accent; VICTOR, an ascoted director; and GISELLE, an airhead starlet.

RILEY

(to Victor)

Raoul tells me Justine is Giselle's tortured lover in the script. Let me tell you Victor, I've been tortured by experts.

They all chuckle.

RAOUL

(slinking an arm around Riley)

Didn't I tell you she was fabulous.

VICTOR

We must get you a script.

RAOUL

You know, I believe I have one back at my flat. Why don't you come back and get it tonight.

RILEY'S eyes go wide.

RAOUL

Did I say something wrong?

But she's looking over his shoulder. They follow her gaze.

THEIR POV

JACK, HENRY, ALBERT and SLIDER all have their noses pressed to the window. They wave.

VICTOR

They seem to know you.

RILEY

Just ignore them.

CONT'D.

BILLY suddenly emerges from the crowd.

BILLY
Jeez, I'm glad I found you. We've
gotta get the doctor's wallet. I think
it's in a jacket with your stuff.

RILEY
It's not a great time to talk.

BILLY
(reacting)
Oh Christ, I told them to wait outside.

BILLY & RILEY'S POV

JACK, ALBERT and SLIDER move through the buffet line like
Sherman through Georgia, stuffing their faces and pockets,
offending guests.

JACK addresses a DOWAGER next to him in line.

JACK
This reminds me of the Last Supper.

DOWAGER
(smiling)
Yes, it is quite a spread.

JACK
I remember saying to the Apostle Paul...

ALBERT lifts a slice of roast beef from the DOWAGER'S plate
and drops it to SLIDER.

ANGLE ON BILLY, RILEY and the FILM PHONIES.

RILEY
(embarrassed, under her breath
to Billy)
Would you go? You're ruining everything.
This is important.

VICTOR
(to Giselle)
Don't you think Riley would make a wonderful
Justine?

CONT'D.

GISELLE

(catty)

I'm sure she can handle it. It's just a small part, dear.

RAOUL

There are no small parts in Victor's films.

THEIR POV

HENRY sails past Riley, Billy and the others with a silver tray of champagne glasses, playing the waiter.

A tuxedoed WAITER follows HENRY and grabs him, wrestling for the tray.

WAITER

What are you doing?

HENRY

I'm in charge of this tray.

The WAITER tugs at the tray and it goes over, dousing a beauty in a strapless gown.

HENRY

You try to help and this is what happens. This will be in my report.

ANGLE ON BILLY, RILEY and FILM PHONIES.

BILLY

(to Riley)

Justine, darling...I really need that jacket.

RILEY

I'll get it later.

BILLY

When later?

RAOUL

Look, the lady said later. I think she means much later. Now, if you'll excuse us.

JACK and HENRY arrive, pulling food out of their pockets.

CONT'D.

JACK
 (to Billy)
 Did you get the jacket?
 (to Giselle)
 They're trying to kill our doctor.

GISELLE
 How dreadful.

HENRY
 Yes, we're very upset. We've only been
 off medication a few weeks now. Hi, Riley.
 A shrimp drops from JACK'S plate into the cuff of RAOUL'S
 Bill Blass slacks. He lifts it out with disdain.

RAOUL
 Who are you people?

BILLY
 We're escaped mental patients with a history
 of violence. Who are you?

Just then, the house lights start to dim as a SPEAKER moves
 to a podium. RILEY takes RAOUL'S arm and tries to mend the
 fence.

RILEY
 Oh look, it's starting.
 (whispering)
 I met them in an actor's workshop. I
 hardly know them.

SPEAKER
 On behalf of the Metropolitan Museum of
 Art, I'd like to welcome you to an exciting
 new exhibit which I believe...
 (somewhere a dog barks, the
 speaker falters)
 ...which I believe adds an important
 dimension to man's evolving concept of
 immortality...
 (more barking)
 ...and the afterlife of the soul. There
 is perhaps no more eloquent statement of
 man's age-old yearning...
 (a real yowl now)
 ...yearning for the after-life, than in
 the extraordinary tombs and sarcophaghi
 of Ramses III and his royal family.

CONT'D.

Another spotlight comes on to illuminate the raised tomb of enormous stone columns and ornaments that is the centerpiece of the entire exhibit. Four sarcophagi tilted at a 45 degree angle in display racks line the front portion of the tomb.

From the crowd a gasp of awed appreciation and light applause turns to an uneasy murmur as we see, there happily picnicking on the tomb, lounging on a sarcophagi is ALBERT and the pooch, with a bag full of food. They look up, blinking in the spotlight.

ANGLE ON HENRY, VICTOR AND GISELLE.

HENRY

That's Albert. I told Dr. Weitzman we shouldn't have brought him.

SPEAKER

(not noticing the trespassers)
More than 20 years excavation in the Nile Valley has yielded up these most marvelous artifacts...

ANGLE ON MUSEUM SECURITY GUARDS hurrying around the back of the tomb.

SPEAKER

Sir...please! That is not a dining area. Those are priceless artifacts.

ALBERT flees towards the back of the tomb.

HIS POV

MUSEUM GUARDS charge up the steps.

The dog barks viciously, holding them off for a moment.

ALBERT flees back to the front of the tomb, into the light. BILLY, HENRY and JACK run up to get him. In the commotion, somebody knocks over the giant pharonic sarcophagi of the big guy himself.

Ramses III begins to topple - the CROWD GASPS. Like dominos the rest of the royal family follows suit, the four sarcophagi tumbling down the steps of the tomb towards the horrified guests.

One coffin bursts open and out pops the mummified little body of Mrs. Ramses III. It catapults through the tomato aspic, down a banquette of shrimp cocktail and into the lap of Mrs. Donald Trump.

CONT'D.

VICTOR, GISELLE and RAOUL edge away from RILEY.

VICTOR
(to Raoul)
I don't think your friend is quite
right for Justine.

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - NIGHT

RILEY stands alone on the broad front steps watching the elegant crowd glitter down to their limousines. A police car is parked at the curb, its light flashing.

RILEY sees VICTOR, RAOUL and GISELLE hail a cab and leave together.

CU RILEY

her chance blown. She's alone and sad. She pulls up her coat and heads off down the street.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL BILLY has been watching from the shadows.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As RILEY walks, four and a half shapes emerge from the shadows.

RILEY
I'm gonna call the cops.

BILLY
Look, I'm really sorry. The guys don't
get out that much.

RILEY
Do you realize you just completely blew
it for me?

BILLY
C'mon, Riley, that guy was a sleazeball
and you know it.
(imitating Raoul's accent)
"There are no small parts in Victor's films" -
give me a break. He just wanted to get you
back to his apartment.

RILEY
At least he has an apartment. Where do you
invite girls - back to a mental institution?
- that's romantic.

CONT'D.

She walks away. BILLY stares after her.

BILLY

Look, we may live in an institution, but you're livin' in a dream world. I mean, I don't exactly have my life together - obviously - but I'm not waitin' for a bunch of pretentious phonies to put it together for me. I'm screwed up, but I got one advantage on you. At least I know I'm screwed up, and I'm trying to do something about it.

RILEY stops - the words sinking in. She softens.

HER POV

the GUYS - looking pretty lost.

CU RILEY

despite herself, she cares.

RILEY

Where'd you get the dog?

BILLY

He sort of adopted ALBERT.

RILEY

Well, now at least one of you knows his way around.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

Wall lockers. RILEY digs in her sailcloth bag and hands the doctor's tweed jacket to BILLY.

BILLY finds the wallet. The doctor's license and registration and some money.

BILLY

Look, 60 bucks. Christ, we still need 105.

JACK

Where are we gonna get 105 dollars?

BILLY

How the hell do I know? Why don't you put in a call to God the father?

CONT'D.

HENRY

(taking the wallet)
I'd better hold onto that. Dr. Weitzman
always puts me in charge of the important
things.

RILEY takes the driver's license photo ID from BILLY and
studies the face.

RILEY

So that's the guy who let you out, huh?

CU WEITZMAN'S PHOTO

RILEY VOICE-OFF

He looks smarter than that.

No one says anything for a long beat - it's obvious the GUYS
care a lot.

INT. WAITING ROOM AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION

RILEY and the GUYS walk under the giant clock heading into the
cavernous waiting room.

BILLY

You have a place to stay tonight?

RILEY

I had a place, thanks. And I was working
on a place, thanks...

In the waiting room they see four COPS moving among the benches
waking up the STREET PEOPLE with their night sticks.

COP

C'mon, move people. This ain't a hotel.

The COPS eye WILBERT warily, but he complies peacefully, waking
up his buddy, the 300lb. LOUIE-LOUIE, who carries his battered
sax case.

CU BILLY

steaming as he watches the COPS drag JANEY the bag lady off a
bench. She falls to the floor.

BILLY

(rushing over)
Hey, leave her alone. She's an old lady.

CONT'D.

COP
She's an old bum. And you're a young bum.

BILLY kneels by JANEY as the COP gives her another poke with his stick. BILLY grabs it.

BILLY
Leave her alone.

A second COP clubs BILLY.

WILBERT, LOUIE-LOUIE and all the STREET PEOPLE watch, silent, impressed as BILLY stands, helping JANEY to her feet. There's a gash on his forehead.

COP
If she's yours, get her outta here.

The COPS bang the wooden benches with their night sticks, driving the remaining STREET PEOPLE out.

JACK and HENRY hesitate dumbly, then come over to help BILLY with JANEY.

HENRY
C'mon, William, this is not the time to provoke these law enforcement people.

They pick up JANEY'S shopping cart and cats, and head towards the street exit.

VOICE-OFF
Tattersall, houndstooth and tweed - I'd recognize my Fall line anywhere.

The GUYS turn - it's REUBEN.

CUT TO:

ROAR OF SUBWAY ROCKETING THROUGH STATION

INT. SUBWAY CAR TRAVELING - NIGHT

REUBEN, JANEY, WILBERT and a dozen other STREET PEOPLE, RILEY and the GUYS have taken over a subway car. LOUIE-LOUIE blows "Moonlight Serenade".

The GUYS are emptying their pockets and passing out the fancy tea sandwiches and hors d'oeuvres from the museum buffet. We even see little white cocktail napkins on the threadbare knees of the STREET PEOPLE. There is a curious gentility about this people's banquet. ALBERT takes two bottles of champagne from his bag.

CONT'D.

The champagne gets passed around. JANEY watches as WILBERT tilts back a bottle.

JANEY

Just a sip, Wilbert. You let your Ripple do the heavy work.

RILEY moves to wipe at the cut on BILLY'S forehead with her napkin. He stops her.

RILEY

They didn't put you in a mental institution for rescuing old ladies, did they?

BILLY

No, but they do for punching out college deans. I always used to think I was right, but I began to reevaluate my position on lithium.

RILEY

Obviously, you're off lithium.

She reaches up, and now BILLY lets her wipe the blood off his forehead.

LATER

Everybody's settling in, getting ready to sleep. ALBERT is curled up with the dog. RILEY and BILLY sit together at the front of the car. JACK and HENRY sit at the far end, side by side. There's an air of tranquility in the car as it hurtles through the night.

HENRY

You wouldn't have anymore of those strawberry things, would you?

JACK digs around in his pocket and comes up with a little strawberry turn-over. He takes a piece of lint off it, and hands it to HENRY.

HENRY

Thanks.

JACK watches HENRY eat.

JACK

Good, huh?

HENRY

Yeah. My wife used to make stuff like this.

CONT'D.

JACK
Why are you so scared to read her letters?

HENRY
Why are you so scared to go back to the office?

Uncomfortable silence. Down the car, SLIDER yawns and rolls over. A moment later, almost as though in imitation, ALBERT yawns and rolls over too.

JACK
Have you noticed anything strange about Albert?

HENRY
No, not really.

JACK
I could swear I hear him talking, and not just that baseball stuff.

HENRY
That is strange.

JACK
I mean, I'm really worried about him.

HENRY
What'd he say?

JACK
Well, he was talking to that dog, and I think he said goodnight.

They both shake their heads.

LATER

RILEY is an incongruous figure in her black cocktail dress as she moves through the car covering the sleeping GUYS and STREET PEOPLE. She puts LOUIE-LOUIE'S sax in its case. She takes a bottle out of a snoring WILBERT'S hand, and moves his boot out of REUBEN'S face. She puts her own coat over ALBERT and the dog. She takes HENRY'S clipboard out from under his head, and lifts JACK'S legs up onto the seat.

One of JANEY'S cats has gotten loose. RILEY puts it back under JANEY'S coat with its sister.

RILEY
Goodnight, Janey.

CONT'D.

JANEY

(looking up in Riley's face)
You're a beautiful girl, you know that.
You shouldn't be on the streets. You
need a place sometime, you can use my
vent over by CitiCorp.

RILEY

Thanks, Janey.

RILEY comes over to BILLY.

RILEY

Jeez, they're like babies, aren't they?
They had mothers and fathers who probably
had all sorts of private dreams for them.
And now...

BILLY

Don't waste your time. I don't think
they're gonna put you in their next movie.

RILEY

You're not exactly like a patron of the
arts either. Am I wasting my time with
you?

BILLY

I hope not.

RILEY

(a beat)
I was thinking about what you were saying
back there. Do you really think I'm that
screwed up?

BILLY

Hey, I'm sorry about that. I'm a mental
patient, what do I know?

RILEY

Well, I can't afford a shrink. Maybe a
mental patient's the next best thing.

BILLY

All I meant was, you don't have to put on
some weird cocktail dress and go to a museum
and say you're an actress for people to like
you.

RILEY

How do you know?

CONT'D.

I know.

BILLY

RILEY

(a beat, she's touched)
You gotta get back to your hospital.
You could get hurt out here. I mean,
forget this doctor.

BILLY

You don't get it, do you? If you were
drowning, I mean, really going down,
and one guy out of all those stiff in
white coats taking notes and passing out
little pink pills - one guy actually jumps
in and swims out and starts draggin you
back inch by inch - I may be emotionally
unstable, but I'm not gonna walk away from
him.

There is a long silence. RILEY'S moved.

RILEY

I wish somebody felt that way about me.

DISSOLVE TO:

BILLY AND RILEY stand close, touching at the window.

THEIR POV

above ground now, somewhere in Queens, heading back towards
Manhattan's towers, silver in the sunrise.

REUBEN appears by their side with a hatful of change.

REUBEN

Me and my friends got our own problems
and we're not much for causes or anything,
but we know there's trouble and it's your
main man, so we took up a collection.
Fifteen twenty-seven and three tokens.

ANGLE ON BILLY - touched.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - MORNING

Commuters flood across the vast lobby. Emerging from the
subway entrance the little group of STREET PEOPLE, RILEY
and the GUYS, followed by the dog. The STREET PEOPLE straggle
off.

CUT TO:

A NEWSTAND IN THE STATION

As RILEY and the GUYS pass, something catches ALBERT'S eye. He picks up a N.Y. Post as the GUYS continue on, then stop, realizing they've lost him.

NEWSDEALER

C'mon, this isn't a library, buddy. You want the paper or don't you?

HENRY

Don't worry, sir. He can't read.

HENRY tries to put the paper back, but ALBERT won't let go. HENRY sees what he's staring at.

CU NEWSPAPER - the headline reads "PROBE CRACK-COP LINK", but a corner inset, an unrelated inside feature shows a photo of DR. WEITZMAN with the caption - "New Hope For Coma-Doc - story page 6".

HENRY

It's Dr. Weitzman!

RILEY and the GUYS gather round as HENRY opens the paper.

HENRY

(reading)

While police still seek his suspected assailants - four mental patients - Doctors at Roosevelt Hospital told reporters today that Dr. Jeffrey Weitzman shows signs of regaining consciousness...

JACK

He's getting better.

Jack, Henry and Albert start hugging and jumping up and down. Billy smiles. Everybody in the station turns to look at the spectacle.

ANGLE ON COP STANDING ON UPPER BALCONY

HIS POV

four bouncing loonies down on the main lobby floor.

He signals to his partner across the station and the TWO COPS start towards the GUYS from opposite directions of the lobby, their guns drawn.

CONT'D.

ANGLE ON 40-ish commuter - CANNING - stuffed into a 3-piece suit.
HIS POV

JACK jumping up and down.

CANNING
Hey, Jack, how are you?

JACK stops bouncing, but doesn't recognize the guy.

CANNING
C'mon, the big pink pad in the little
blue box...?

JACK
Oh, uh...Tom, right?

By this time, CANNING'S taken in JACK'S suit and the whole
road shows and is backing off a little.

CANNING
Listen, Jack...let's do lunch sometime.

BILLY spots the TWO COPS closing in.

BILLY
Cops! Move it!

JACK
I'll call you, Tom. Good seeing you.

CANNING'S POV

JACK and the rest sprint out of the station, just ahead of
the COPS, the little mutt on their heels.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

The TWO COPS race out - too late - the GUYS are gone.

CUT TO:

TILT DOWN THE LARGE IMPOSING FACE OF ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL

it's the GUYS POV from across the street. They are partially
hidden behind a line of parked cars.

HENRY
Ten minutes 'til visiting hours.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL RECEPTION DESK - DAY

RILEY is standing in line. There are two well-dressed men ahead of her, one with a bouquet of flowers.

DUTY NURSE

Weitzman...Weitzman...here it is.
Transferred out of Intensive Care to
Ward C. Take the elevator to the 4th
floor.

The two well-dressed men nod and move off to the elevator bank. RILEY recognizes them - they're the Colombians TATTOO and EARRING.

RILEY

(anxious whisper to nurse)
You can't let those men go up there.
They're gonna kill him.

DUTY NURSE

What on earth are you talking about?

RILEY

(raising her voice)
I'm telling you they're gonna kill him!

ANGLE ON TATTOO AND EARRING looking back at RILEY.

The elevator doors open and they're about to enter when RILEY lets out her patented blood-curdling movie victim's SCREAM!

Everybody in the place turns around.

TATTOO and EARRING hurry out a side exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - GUYS' POV FROM ACROSS STREET

RILEY hurries out.

BILLY

Hey, something's wrong.

As RILEY crosses the hospital parking lot, TATTOO and EARRING intersect her path. TATTOO grabs her and drags her out of sight behind a van.

BILLY and the GUYS sprint across the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

TATTOO has RILEY slammed against the side of the van.

TATTOO
Who the fuck are you, bitch?!

JACK
Let her go, asshole!

The COLOMBIANS whirl around - face to face with the four GUYS.

HENRY
Why are you trying to hurt our doctor?

EARRING
It's the fucking nuts!

He rips an antennae off a car and advances, whipping it at BILLY. BILLY catches the blow on his shoulder and springs at EARRING.

TATTOO leaps on him from behind.

JACK and HENRY hesitate then rush over. JACK catches the antennae across the face and falls backwards. HENRY'S kicked in the groin and doubles over.

ALBERT hides his eyes - it's too much for him.

BILLY breaks free from TATTOO and hits him flush in the mouth. TATTOO pulls out a knife and slashes at BILLY.

A COP CAR SQUEALS up. RILEY runs over to the window. TWO COPS emerge and sprint over - but it's O'MALLEY and JOHNSON. The COPS grab BILLY.

RILEY
(pointing to the Colombians)
It's them! They're the ones!

BILLY is being held by O'MALLEY when TATTOO lunges at him with the knife. JOHNSON just stops him in time.

JOHNSON
Get the fuck out of here.

TATTOO
I want this motherfucker. I'm gonna cut his balls off.

JOHNSON shoves TATTOO away. He and EARRING run.

CONT'D.

RILEY
You've got the wrong ones!

JOHNSON grabs ALBERT and quickly cuffs his hands behind his back. SLIDER leaps on JOHNSON but is kicked away.

O'MALLEY slugs BILLY with a gun butt and cuffs him.

HENRY picks up his clipboard and stumbles off across the street. JACK tries to follow but is separated by a wall of traffic and loses him.

BILLY and ALBERT are thrown into the back of the police car.

RILEY grabs SLIDER and backs away in shock as the SIREN COMES ON and the police car flashes out onto 9th Avenue.

BILLY'S POV OUT REAR WINDOW

RILEY, a tiny figure, alone, standing on the curb, holding the dog.

EXT. WEST 64TH STREET - DAY

HENRY, bruised and limping a little, checks a street sign.

EXT. BROADWAY AND WEST 59TH STREET - DAY

JACK examines his black eye in the reflection of a restaurant window. A WAITER motions him away.

CUT ON FLASH TO:

ALBERT'S MUG SHOT - scared.

INT. POLICE STATION

ALBERT'S pulled aside and BILLY'S lined up for his mug shot.

BILLY
Please, officer, you've gotta believe me. They're gonna kill the guy.

1ST GUARD
(wryly to his partner)
Appears to be a conspiracy of some kind, Tony.

CUT ON FLASH TO:

INT. FINGER PRINTING ROOM

The GUARDS process BILLY and ALBERT.

BILLY

Those cops that arrested us are part of it. They're gonna go in again.

1ST GUARD

(checking booking sheet)

This guy Dr. Newald told the Lieutenant all about your theories.

2ND GUARD

(taking Albert's hand)

Gimme that thumb.

1ST GUARD

Now is this the one with the ghost of Lee Harvey Oswald...?

ON CLANG OF CELL DOOR CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL

The TWO GUARDS walk off chuckling, leaving BILLY and ALBERT alone.

BILLY

Fuck you!

CUT TO:

INT. AD EXECS' OFFICE - DAY

TOM CANNING (the ad guy JACK met in Grand Central) sits in his spacious high-tech office. His SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY

Your lunch date is here.

CANNING

My lunch date?

HIS POV

in the reception area, JACK disheveled in his tattersall and plaid Salvation Army look and with a big shiner.

TIME CUT TO:

CANNING watches warily as JACK paces the office, looking at the photographs on the wall - dinners and award ceremonies. We recognize JACK in many of them.

CONT'D.

JACK
I'm surprised you still have these up.

CANNING
You kidding? Golden days of advertising. We were really tearing up the industry in those days. Nobody ever wrote copy like you did.

JACK
Listen, Tom, this isn't easy for me, but I'm here doing the Lord's work, and I'm kind of desperate.

CANNING
(laughs nervously)
Remember the last time you were in this office? The Son of God punched Murray and threw all my Cleos out the window.

JACK
That was a long time ago, Tom.

CANNING
How's the old State treating you?

JACK
You mean, what am I doing out? It's kind of why I'm here. Somebody's trying to kill my doctor.

CANNING
Really...?

The door flies open and MURRAY, a super-hassled, middle-aged art director walks in with an armload of story boards.

CANNING
Murray, look who I found.

MURRAY stops in his tracks, nervously eyeing JACK.

MURRAY
Jack...uh, uh...long time no see.

JACK shakes hands with MURRAY in a dignified fashion.

JACK
Hi, Murray.

MURRAY
(backing out the door)
Listen, I'm crazed right now. Tom, we've got that Beechnut presentation in 10 minutes...

CONT'D.

MURRAY'S out the door.

JACK
Murray looks like he's under a lot of pressure.

CANNING
This place hasn't changed much, Jack.

JACK
It's funny. I used to think it was me.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

MURRAY to SECRETARY.

MURRAY
Get security.

INT. CANNING'S OFFICE.

JACK babbles at a dumbfounded CANNING.

JACK
So you see, I'm the only one left and I gotta get some money and get that van and get him outa that hospital before those guys come back again. I know it sounds crazy, but could you let me have a couple hundred?

The door opens and two UNIFORMED SECURITY GUARDS enter.

CANNING
Sorry, Jack.

JACK
(growling to Canning)
Where are your Cleos, you son-of-a-bitch?!

INT. OFFICE HALL

JACK is being led out by the two SECURITY GUARDS, now accompanied by two NYC COPS.

EXT. BROWNSTONE UPPER-WEST SIDE - DAY

HENRY'S POV from across the street. Through the window he sees a little girl playing.

CONT'D.

HENRY starts to walk away, then comes back. He takes a deep breath and crosses the street.

INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY

As HENRY rings a doorbell, a hatchet-faced snoop - MRS. MEYER-WITZ stares out a her door.

HENRY
Hello, Mrs. Meyerwitz.

She quickly shuts her door.

INT. APARTMENT

A 6-year old girl, PEGGY, goes to answer the DOORBELL. It's HENRY. He's overwhelmed at the sight of his daughter. PEGGY runs away. HENRY'S wife, ELLEN, appears around the corner.

ELLEN
Who is it, dear?

She freezes when she sees HENRY.

LIVING ROOM

A very nervous HENRY and ELLEN sit facing each other across a coffee table.

ELLEN
They called here yesterday and told me what happened. I said I hadn't heard from you for two years. Why, Henry? Why didn't you ever answer my letters?

HENRY
I was too afraid I'd lost you.

ELLEN
Did you really do something to the doctor?

HENRY
No.

ELLEN
Henry, you've got to go back to the hospital.

CONT'd.

HENRY
I can't...not yet. It's up to me now.
I've gotta get that van.

LATER

ELLEN is going through her purse as HENRY watches. PEGGY is peeking from around the corner.

ELLEN
I don't know why I believe you. Maybe
because I want to so much.
(handing Henry the money)
It's 190 dollars.

HENRY
(putting it in Dr. Weitzman's
wallet)
This means a lot.

They move to the door.

ELLEN
Henry, do you really have to go...?
PEGGY moves cautiously towards her father. She wants to
show him her crayon drawings.

PEGGY
Miss Ferguson gives you a star when
you color it the right color. Parrots
are green. Canaries are yellow.
(eyeing Henry's clipboard)
Can I have that for my drawings?

HENRY hesitates then pulls his papers out and clips PEGGY'S
drawings on, and hands her the clipboard.

ELLEN
Do you want me to throw those away for
you?

HENRY
No, I'd better file them myself.

HENRY folds up his notes and puts them in his pocket.

PEGGY
Daddy, when are you coming home to live
with us some more?

CONT'D.

HENRY
(to Ellen)
Do you want me to?

ELLEN
Why don't you stay? I'll call the
hospital.

HENRY
I can't.

ELLEN
Are you gonna be alright, Henry?

HENRY
I'm off medication now. I'm a little
shakey, but things are clearer.

WE STAY A MOMENT AT THE DOOR as the three hold each other.

INT. BROWNSTONE - MRS. MEYERWITZ APT. WINDOW

HER POV OUT WINDOW DOWN TO STREET - where a squad car pulls
up to arrest HENRY as he steps out of the building.

INT. HOLDING CELL

JACK, BILLY and ALBERT look up as a GUARD opens the door and
leads HENRY in.

GUARD
Which one of you is Caufield?

BILLY
That's me.

GUARD
You got a message. Some girl.
(handing him a slip of paper)
You're allowed one call, you know.

BILLY
(crumpling the paper and throwing
it on the floor)
Screw it.

SHORTLY LATER

A GUARD appears at the cell door.

CONT'D.

GUARD
Listen up. Dr. Newald will be here to
pick you up in an hour. They're gonna
transfer you to Bellevue for observation.

The GUARD walks away.

BILLY
Terrific - Bellevue. And back on medication
too, I guarantee it.

BILLY'S pacing the cell. He punches a mattress with his fist.

BILLY
This whole trip is a goddamn disaster.
He pulls a mattress off a bunk and heaves it across the cell.

BILLY
What kind of asshole takes four mental
patients to a friggin' baseball game?!

HENRY
He was doing it for us, Billy.

BILLY
Screw Weitzman!
(he throws another mattress)
If he knew what he was doing, we wouldn't
be here right now. Weitzman sucks!

JACK
I don't like you saying that about Dr.
Weitzman.

BILLY
(shoving Jack)
I don't care what you like. This group
sucks!

JACK
I think you suck!

BILLY slams JACK against the wall.

HENRY
I agree with JACK.

BILLY goes after HENRY, and grabs him by the collar. He's
about to slug him, when ALBERT grabs him from behind in a
bear hug.

BILLY
Get the fuck away from me, Albert!

CONT'D.

ALBERT
It...It's my fault.

BILLY
(pushing Albert away)
Shut up Albert.

HENRY
He just talked. Albert just talked.

JACK
Big deal. He's been talking to that dog
the last two days.

HENRY
No. I mean he really said something...

BILLY
Bullshit.

There are tears in ALBERT'S eyes as he falteringly begins
to speak...

ALBERT
Dr. Weitzman was taking us to the game...for me...
ALBERT stops...a long beat...

HENRY
Go ahead, Albert.

ALBERT
My dad used to take me...my foster dad...
the '61 Yankees...Mantle in the center...
Marris in right...Ford on the mound...
He called them the dream team...I felt...
like I was...one of them...

HENRY
Dr. Weitzman should be here to see this.

JACK
The man knew what he was doing.

ALBERT
I wish...I could talk to him...right now.

BILLY
I don't know about you guys, but I'm not
goin' to goddamn Bellevue.

He picks up the slip of paper from the floor and uncrumples it.

BILLY
So this is the dream team, huh Albert?
Three schizophrenics and the Son of God.
(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BILLY
 (calling down the hall)
 Hey, I wanna make my call.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION WAITING ROOM - DAY

The main waiting room off 42nd Street we've seen before. RILEY, with SLIDER, REUBEN, JANEY, WILBERT, LOUIE-LOUIE and a gaggle of STREET PEOPLE occupy the benches and sprawl on the floor.

THE PHONE IN ONE OF THE BOOTHS RINGS, and RILEY goes to answer.

RILEY
 Billy...?

INT. HOLDING CELL AND CORRIDOR

A POLICE CAPT. confers with DR. NEWALD and DR. TALMER. He hands NEWALD a wallet.

POLICE CAPT.
 Dr. Weitzman's wallet. We found it on one of them when we took him in. Will you need any help getting these men over to Bellevue?

NEWALD looks into the cell.

HIS POV

four basket cases stare vacantly back. ALBERT'S babbling baseball, JACK'S talking Bible, HENRY'S making notes on his palm without a pencil, and BILLY'S a stony mask of silence. Two burly HOSPITAL ATTENDANTS roughly strap them into strait jackets.

DR. NEWALD
 Captain, I don't think we'll have any trouble.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The two HOSPITAL ATTENDANTS lead four passive and disoriented strait-jacketed patients out to a waiting hospital ambulance. They're manhandled into the back as DR. NEWALD and DR. TALMER look on.

CONT'D.

DR. NEWALD
I don't know what possessed me to approve that trip.

DR. TALMER
Jeff can be very persuasive. It's a damn shame he was so wrong.

DR. NEWALD
Get them the hell in there. We're due at Bellevue.

CU THE AMBULANCE DOORS CLOSE AND LOCK.

INT. AMBULANCE TRAVELING - DAY

The two HOSPITAL ATTENDANTS up front, DR. NEWALD and DR. TALMER in back, and in the way-back, the GUYS, separated from the others by a steel mesh screen.

EXT. STREET THROUGH WINDSHIELD - ATTENDANT'S POV

An old bag lady - JANEY - pushes her cart out into the middle of the street.

1ST ATTENDANT
Goddamn bag lady.

He slams on the brakes. Suddenly an oily cloth begins to rub the window. Then another one from the other side. The windshield gets dirtier and dirtier until you can't see through it.

1ST ATTENDANT
(shouting to bum)
Hey, get the hell out of here.

2ND ATTENDANT
Step on it, Rich.

1ST ATTENDANT
I can't see.

He rolls down his window. It's REUBEN. From beneath his overcoat protrudes the barrel of a submachine gun - it looks very menacing.

REUBEN
Alright, everybody out and in the back.
I'll use this!

CUT TO:

EXT. AMBULANCE

ANGLE ON REAR DOORS - as they're closed on NEWALD, TALMER and the two ATTENDANTS.

The GUYS pile in front.

REUBEN

You'd better take this.
(he hands Jack the machine gun)
Don't let 'em get too good a look at it. And for God's sake, don't pull the trigger.

JACK pulls the trigger - it squirts water.

ANGLE ON PASSENGER DOOR

RILEY gets in.

BILLY

Where do you think you're going?

RILEY

With you. Get used to it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

REUBEN and JANEY watch the ambulance SQUEAL away.

INT. AMBULANCE TRAVELING - DAY

NEWALD, TALMER and the ATTENDANTS in the security bay. JACK at the wheel. HENRY beside him. ALBERT holds SLIDER on his lap. RILEY sits next to BILLY.

BILLY speaks with NEWALD through the rear grate.

BILLY

Dr. Newald, I'm begging. You've got to help us get Weitzman out of that hospital.

DR. NEWALD

Absolutely not. For God's sake, Caufield, can't you see that the only thing you're rescuing Dr. Weitzman from is your own collective delusion? Gangsters...? Crooked cops...? Little green men...?

CONT'D.

JACK

Brown men.

DR. NEWALD

Whatever. I'm at the end of my rope. When they catch you, and believe me, you will be caught, I'll see to it personally that you're locked up for a very long time. You're very sick men.

BILLY

And you're a son-of-a-bitch.

HENRY'S going through DR. NEWALD'S folder.

HENRY

Hey, Billy - look.

BILLY'S POV

HENRY holds a stack of hospital files. Inside the top one - a hospital transfer form.

HENRY

They were gonna transfer us out to Bellevue. Why don't we just transfer Dr. Weitzman back to East Orange.

BILLY

You gotta be a doctor to do that.

HENRY

I've got the medical experience.

JACK

I think this guy could play Newald better than Newald himself.

HENRY

You know, Jack, you're starting to show signs of real progress.

CUT TO:

NEWALD'S POV OUT REAR DOOR OF AMBULANCE

standing outside the parked ambulance; JACK - the machine gun leveled.

JACK

I said strip.

CONT'D.

NEWALD, TALMER and the ATTENDANTS don't move.

JACK

I gave you life - I can take it away!

He gestures with the machine gun - they start to strip.

EXT. OLD WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - DAY

Deserted. The ambulance is parked beneath an old bridge. It roars away.

EXT. REXALL'S - DAY

The ambulance is parked outside. HENRY hurries out carrying a shopping bag.

INT. AMBULANCE TRAVELING - DAY

The GUYS are dressed in the doctors' and attendants' clothes. They have opened the Rexall bag and are shaving in the rear-view mirror.

In the security bay, NEWALD, TALMER and the ATTENDANTS are in the GUYS' clothes and strait jackets.

HENRY has NEWALD'S wallet and ID, BILLY has TALMER'S. They pocket them. HENRY hands WEITZMAN'S wallet to RILEY.

HENRY

This is Dr. Weitzman's. Could you hold onto it?

HENRY pores over the Bellevue admissions files and yells through the mesh at NEWALD.

HENRY

These diagnoses are way out of date.

JACK

(reading over Henry's shoulder)
And why would we want to attack Dr. Weitzman? He's the only competent man on your staff.

DR. NEWALD

If we're not at Bellevue in 15 minutes, they'll have every cop in the city looking for you.

CONT'D.

BILLY
Good point. Where's Bellevue?

EXT. BELLEVUE

The ambulance pulls right up to the emergency entrance and BILLY and HENRY (as TALMER and NEWALD) present their credentials to a GUARD who summons several burly INTERNS and a BELLEVUE ADMINISTRATOR.

ALBERT and JACK (as the hospital attendants) unlock the rear door.

The strait-jacketed NEWALD and TALMER are furious.

DR. NEWALD
I am Dr. Newald! Those are the patients!

The Bellevue INTERNS can barely conceal knowing smiles.

HENRY
Paranoid delusion, manic phase. A couple of them actually think they're doctors. Tragic.

The Bellevue INTERNS lead the four protesting STRAIT-JACKETS into the hospital.

JACK
Go easy with them. They've been through a lot.

INT. DR. WEITZMAN'S ROOM AT ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - DAY

NURSE BARNES enters. WEITZMAN is propped up on his pillows, smiling weakly. He is no longer hooked up to any life-support machines.

NURSE BARNES
My, we're doing very well, aren't we?

DR. WEITZMAN
(weakly)
I've got to get a call into my hospital about my patients. And I've got to talk to the police.

NURSE BARNES
Please, just rest, Dr. Weitzman. You've had a very close call. Dr. Bauer will be down to see you very soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - DAY

The ambulance SCREECHES up.

INT. AMBULANCE

HENRY and JACK get out. BILLY turns to RILEY and ALBERT.

BILLY
If we're not back in half an hour -
have a nice life.

INT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - DAY

HENRY, BILLY and JACK (aka NEWALD, TALMER and ATTENDANT)
enter the lobby, trying to look as medical as possible.

HENRY
Good morning, nurse.

JACK
(under his breath)
Remember, you're just playing doctor.
Let's try'n stay out of surgery, okay?

HENRY
Okay, okay. But you stay away from the
Old testament.

They reach a DUTY NURSE at the front desk.

BILLY
(showing some ID)
Hi, I'm Dr. Talmer, New Jersey State
Hospital, East Orange...

INT. HOSPITAL REAR SERVICE ENTRANCE

TATTOO and EARRING enter. TATTOO checks a lethal-looking
45. They start up a rear stairwell.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

In the hospital's rear parking lot. O'MALLEY and JOHNSON
monitor police radio traffic.

RADIO
We got a 911 on 138th Street. Junior's
Danceland. It's a 203. Knives - watch
(MORE)

CONT'D.

RADIO (cont'd.)
 out, 73, you got that? Where's Nelson?
 Nelson, you got a 197 at 65th and Third,
 and your wife says bring home a quart of
 milk. We got an APB on Jersey plates
 480JKL - possible stolen ambulance. May
 be mental patients. We're checking out the
 story now.

O'MALLEY
 Jesus Christ.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL REAR PARKING LOT

The patrol car SQUEALS around front.

INT. AMBULANCE

Parked in front of the hospital. RILEY and ALBERT wait.

THEIR POV

the patrol car wheeling into the circle.

RILEY
 We better get out of here.

They jump out of the ambulance and run. Crouching behind
 another parked car, they see the patrol car block the ambulance.

INT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

The hospital administrator - DR. BAUER - walks with HENRY,
 BILLY and JACK (aka NEWALD, TALMER and ATTENDANT). DR. BAUER
 carries DR. WEITZMAN'S medical chart.

DR. BAUER
 This is quite unexpected. We usually
 require at least 48 hours notice.

Behind BAUER'S back we see BILLY'S short fuse is lit - anything
 could happen.

DR. BAUER
 I'm extremely reluctant to release the
 patient at this time.

BILLY slams the wall with his fist in frustration - A RESOUNDING
 THWACK ECHOES down the hallway. JACK locks an arm around him.

CONT'D.

DR. BAUER
(spinning around)
What was that?

The GUYS smile innocently and shrug.

DR. BAUER
But if you are willing to take the
responsibility...

They reach and elevator bank. DR. BAUER presses the button.
Also waiting is a white-haired BLACK ORDERLY with a stiff
under a sheet on a gurney.

JACK/ATTENDANT
The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh
away.

ORDERLY
Amen, brother.

JACK/ATTENDANT
You know in Paul's Epistle to the
Corinthians...

BILLY elbows JACK. Mercifully, their elevator arrives, and
they get in.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL IT IS EARRING'S POV. He is watching from
the end of the hall.

INT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - FOURTH FLOOR

DR. BAUER leads the GUYS towards WEITZMAN'S room.

HENRY/NEWALD
May I see his chart, please?

DR. BAUER hands HENRY DR. WEITZMAN'S chart.

HENRY/NEWALD
Uh-huh...uh-huh...vital signs appear
normal. Good, good.

DR. BAUER
We were quite concerned about the possibilities
of internal hemorrhaging.

HENRY/NEWALD
Yes, yes. But I see blood pressure is
back to normal. Always complex in coma
patients. When I was at Hopkins with Barnard...

CONT'D.

BILLY/TALMER

(through clenched teeth)
Dr. Newald, may I see that chart, please,
Dr. Newald.

He grabs it, shutting up HENRY.

P.A. VOICE

Paging Dr. Talmer...Dr. Talmer.

BILLY/TALMER

Uh...I guess that's me.

CUT TO:

BILLY ON PHONE AT NURSE'S STATION.

CUT TO:

RILEY in phonebooth outside hospital, ALBERT pressed in
with her.

RILEY

The cops are all over the ambulance.
We're going for the van.

INT. WEITZMAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM

DR. BAUER enters.

DR. BAUER

Well, well, Dr. Weitzman, it looks as
though we're going to lose you. Dr.
Newald's here to take you back home.

BILLY, HENRY and JACK enter.

DR. WEITZMAN

Dr. Newald?!

BILLY/TALMER

That's right...and Dr. Talmer. We're
all here, Jeff.

BILLY sits down on the bed, his back to BAUER.

BILLY

(under his breath)
Lemme explain...please..

CONT'D.

HENRY
Dr. Bauer, could I confer with you for
a moment...

HENRY leads DR. BAUER out into the hall.

INT. CAB - DAY

On West 59th Street across from Roosevelt Hospital. A flustered
ALBERT and RILEY climb in, SLIDER right behind them.

CABBIE
Where to?

ALBERT
Going...going...gone.

RILEY
(shaking Albert)
Albert, goddamnit.

ALBERT
It was...the pound...where they...tow
all the cars.

INT. WEITZMAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM

WEITZMAN looks skeptically at BILLY and JACK.

BILLY
...and then we drove to Bellevue, committed
Newald and Talmer, and came right over.

JACK
Albert went to get the van.

DR. WEITZMAN
Albert...alone? Albert Ianuzzi?

JACK
The Lord is with him.

BILLY
Riley's with him. Jesus, Jack.

DR. WEITZMAN
Who's Riley?

BILLY
My girlfriend.

CONT'D.

WEITZMAN is wide awake now. HENRY and DR. BAUER re-enter.

DR. BAUER
Well, how's the patient. Ready to travel?

BILLY/TALMER
(whispers)
You gotta believe us...

JACK/ATTENDANT
Faith is a wonderful thing, Dr. Weitzman.

A long beat as DR. WEITZMAN studies the faces of His patients.

DR. WEITZMAN
Ready as I'll ever be, I guess.

DR. BAUER
(exiting)
I'll get a gurney for you.

DR. WEITZMAN
We've got to call the police.

BILLY
Soon as we get you out of here.

INT. CAR POUND

RILEY AND ALBERT'S POV

it's bedlam.

They take a deep breath and begin moving forward, two little figures fight bravely through an intimidating crowd.

INT. WEITZMAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM

The old BLACK ORDERLY arrives pushing a gurney.

ORDERLY
Got your wheels for ya.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - EARRING'S POV

BILLY, HENRY and JACK wheel WEITZMAN'S gurney out into the hall. They stop at the bank of elevators, press the button and wait. They glance nervously up and down the hall.

CONT'D.

The elevator doors open - it's empty.

INT. ELEVATOR DESCENDING

The GUYS with the gurney. It stops on 3. The GUYS tense.

Two NURSES enter. The elevator continues down.

It stops on 2. The doors open. An OLD MAN WITH A WALKER hobbles in.

It continues down to the ground floor.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL

The elevator doors open. Passengers get out. BILLY checks up and down the corridors, then signals JACK and HENRY out.

They push the gurney to the main check-out desk, where they are met by DR. BAUER. HENRY nervously signs several forms.

BILLY'S POV

a side exit is blocked by O'MALLEY.

the other side exit blocked by JOHNSON.

The GUYS push the gurney toward the main doors, BAUER follows. There's nowhere to go but straight out.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - DAY

The GUYS shake hands with DR. BAUER on the portico and continue down the ramp to the waiting ambulance in the circle. Their eyes dart around anxiously as they proceed.

EXT. AMBULANCE

The GUYS open the rear doors and slide in the gurney.

INT. AMBULANCE

The doors close.

LOW ANGLE FROM GURNEY - PILLOW-LEVEL

TATTOO rises up from the front and pumps 20 rounds straight at us.

CONT'D.

Slugs tear through the gurney.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL

O'MALLEY and JOHNSON race to their patrol car.

HENRY, BILLY and JACK sprint back inside.

EXT. AMBULANCE

TATTOO opens the rear door.

INT. AMBULANCE

TATTOO tears the sheet off the gurney.

TATTOO and EARRING'S POV

a body made of sheets.

EXT. REAR DOOR OF HOSPITAL

HENRY, BILLY and JACK pound on a steel door. It's opened by the black ORDERLY. He lets them in.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE

HENRY, BILLY and JACK survey a room of stiffs on gurneys.

ORDERLY

Where's my fifty?

BILLY

We'll mail it to you. Where's our doctor?

ORDERLY

The warm one over there without a tag.
Lemme write my address down for ya.

WEITZMAN raises his head from a gurney in the corner.

DR. WEITZMAN

You guys alright?

BILLY

We're okay, but your gurney's dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOADING BAY AT REAR OF HOSPITAL
 BILLY, JACK and HENRY with DR. WEITZMAN on his gurney.

BILLY
 Where the hell is Albert?

INT. POUND PARKING LOT

ALBERT and RILEY unlock the van. SLIDER jumps right in.
 ALBERT hands RILEY the keys.

RILEY
 (glancing inside)
 It's a stick...my god...I can't drive a
 stick.

ALBERT
 They took away my license when I went on
 Thorazine in 1963.

INT. VAN TRAVELING

Bucking and sputtering as it lurches out of the pound with
 ALBERT at the wheel. The van heads the wrong way down a one-
 way street. Riley screams. Albert is concentrating like it
 was the end of the world, oblivious to the chaos he is causing.

EXT. LOADING BAY

O'MALLEY and JOHNSON'S patrol car SCREECHES around the corner.
 TATTOO and EARRING jump out of the backseat.

The GUYS flee, pushing the gurney.

O'MALLEY and JOHNSON swerve to cut them off.

The GUYS and the gurney just squeak past.

TATTOO and EARRING pursue on foot.

The gurney merges with cross-town traffic.

EXT. BROADWAY AND 66TH STREET

Traffic merging and criss-crossing from all different directions.
 Three TRAFFIC COPS trying to sort it out. The gurney weaves
 wildly in and out escorted by BILLY, HENRY and JACK.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN STREET.

African jewelry street-vendors frantically gather up their wares. A moment later, Albert's van barrels up the sidewalk dodging people and scattering trinkets. Riley covers her face in terror while Slider whines anxiously on the floor in back.

ANGLE ON PATROL CAR

O'MALLEY and JOHNSON scream down 65th Street.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE

A movie line parts like the Red Sea - the gurney rockets through.

ANGLE ON TATTOO AND EARRING

exploding through bewildered crowd a beat later.

EXT. 63RD STREET

The GUYS and the gurney plow through a three card monte game.

THE GUYS'S POV :

up ahead a hot dog vendor's cart is RIDDLED WITH GUNFIRE.

ANGLE ON TWO NYC CCPS - reacting. One radios for help. They join the chase.

THE GUYS' POV :

TATTOO and EARRING closing, firing indiscriminately.

THE GUYS' POV

up ahead - Columbus Circle and Central Park.

They veer into the park and down a path.

ANGLE ON REUBEN catching rays on a rock. He sees his friends in trouble and rushes down to help, calling to other STREET PEOPLE.

It starts with only a few, then more and more join in as the SHOUTS RIPPLE THROUGH THE PARK. REUBEN, then JANEY, then WILBERT and LOUIE-LOUIE and all the rest. Guys at windshields,

CONT'D.

guys at trashcans, people on benches...all join in. It's tiny, ragged army of the streets.

The chase continues through the footpaths of the park, TATTOO and EARRING closing on the gurney.

The GUYS cut under a bridge, but their path is blocked as O'MALLEY and JOHNSON'S patrol car SCREECHES up. The two COPS are out - their guns drawn.

THE GUYS' POV

behind them - TATTOO and EARRING.

ANGLE ON BILLY AND WEITZMAN.

BILLY

I'm sorry, Dr. Weitzman. I'm really sorry.

SFX. HONK! HONK!

THE GUYS' POV

That blessed red Ford van, a wild-eyed ALBERT at the wheel, RILEY riding shotgun as it swoops down to the rescue.

The STREET PEOPLE converge from all sides blocking lines of fine.

The GUYS load WEITZMAN'S gurney in the back of the van, then jump in, followed by REUBEN and JANEY.

The van ROARS away.

TATTOO AND EARRING'S POV

the van disappears and the STREET PEOPLE'S army closes in.

Three NYC PATROL CARS SCREECH up to the scene from different directions.

OFFICERS' POV

a mob of angry STREET PEOPLE have pinned in O'MALLEY and JOHNSON, TATTOO and EARRING.

WILBERT and LOUIE-LOUIE, in command, wave the COPS over.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN TRAVELING

DR. WEITZMAN taking it all in, totally amazed.

HIS POV

the GUYS laugh and slap each other on the back. JACK and HENRY hug each other.

BILLY

Albert, how the hell did you find us?

ALBERT

You were the only gurney going south on Central Park West.

DR. WEITZMAN

Albert, is that you?

ALBERT

We were very worried about you, Dr. Weitzman.

BILLY

Dr. Weitzman, I'd like you to meet my girlfriend, Riley.

RILEY

They love you, you know.

DR. WEITZMAN

I know.

BILLY

And this is Janey and Reuben. Native New Yorkers.

REUBEN

Nice to meet you, Doctor. I'm glad they found you.

JANEY

They're all good boys.

DR. WEITZMAN reacts with mingled pride and disbelief as BILLY kisses his girl, ALBERT drives, and JACK and HENRY give each other high-fives.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The red van pulls up alongside a parked NYC PATROL CAR. JANEY leans out the window.

CONT'D.

JANEY
 Hey, Roy - I got a doozy for you this
 time.

CUT TO:

HELICOPTER POV

over 9th Avenue. That little red Ford van leads a caravan
 of police cars down the avenue like the Pied Piper.

EXT. CRACK FACTORY

that gas station and tangle of alleys where the van first
 stopped. A police helicopter lands on the roof and patrol
 cars, lights flashing block every alley as the NYPD moves in.

REUBEN and JANEY hop out of the red van, and wave as it pulls
 away.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - DAY

MUSIC UP AS the little red van sails across, heading back to
 New Jersey.

ALBERT VOICE-OVER
 That New York is some kinda town, huh
 Dr. Weitzman?

EXT. N.J. STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

The van pulls up the long driveway. The sun goes behind a
 cloud.

INT. VAN

Coming up the driveway. The GUYS faces are as gray as the
 sky and the walls.

JACK
 Tuesday...Chicken a la King...

HENRY
 Knots Landing...

BILLY
 Ping-pong with Kenny...

CONT'D.

ALBERT
Has he scored a point yet?

EXT. N.J. STATE HOSPITAL

The van pulls up to the portico. An OLD SECURITY GUARD comes out. He summons two MALE NURSES. They unload DR. WEITZMAN'S gurney.

INT. VAN

RILEY and our four GUYS - nobody's moved.

A MALE NURSE moves to open the van door.

ALBERT locks it.

THE GUYS' eyes connect.

All the doors are locked.

EXT. N.J. STATE HOSPITAL

The van roars off, swerves down the driveway and disappears through the gates.

CREDITS ROLL AS WE CUT TO:

INT. YANKEE STADIUM

The gang's all here watching the game. BILLY'S got his arm around RILEY. JACK and HENRY sit side by side chattering.

ALBERT, followed by SLIDER, works his way down the steps carrying an armful of franks and sodas. He hands them out.

WE HEAR THE CRACK OF A BAT. THE CROWD RISES AS ONE AND ROARS!

ALBERT
(watching the arc of the ball)
It's outta here!

THE END