

A W A K E N I N G S

Screenplay by

Steven Zaillian

Based on the Book by

Oliver Sacks

OCTOBER 2, 1989

REV.10/13/89 (BLUE)  
REV.10/16/89 (PINK)  
REV.10/25/89 (YELLOW)  
REV.11/6/89 (GREEN)  
REV.11/10/89 (GOLDENROI  
REV.11/14/89 (SALMON)  
REV.11/16/89 (LAVENDER)  
REV.11/22/89 (CHERRY)  
REV.12/4/89 (WHITE)  
REV.12/5/89 (BLUE)  
REV.12/12/89 (PINK)  
REV.12/13/89 (YELLOW)  
REV. 1,2/15/89 (GREEN)

1. A dusty deserted street - saloon, livery stable, sunset. Only there is something unsettling about it all. The colors are too muted and the angles not quite in perspective. Pulling slowly back eventually reveals the edges of a narrow wooden picture frame ...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1930

Drifting away from the painting and slowly across a room. Across Venetian blinds, open, letting in moonlight, across intricate handmade wooden models, dime novels and comic books, across the arm of a metronome gently slapping back and forth, and settling finally on a small hand writing slowly and deliberately, over and over, in synchronization, it seems, to the rhythm of the metronome, the word, " L E O N A R D . "

2. INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING - 1930

The pendulum of a clock. An adult hand placing a bowl of cereal on a table. Leonard, ten or eleven, waits a moment for the adult to leave, grasps his spoon, and manipulates it from bowl to mouth in time with the soft regular rhythm of the clock.

3. EXT. STREET - NEW YORK - MORNING - 1930

3.

Schoolbooks slung over their shoulders, Leonard and another boy his age, a classmate, move along a street.

All around them are "visual rhythms" - lines in the sidewalk, the even placement of trees, the sunlight breaking through the branches above them - and somewhere unseen, the rhythmic pounding of an elevator train.

As they climb a fence, a pocket watch, Leonard's, falls to the ground.

4. INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - 1930

4.

An adult hand chalking the words of a poem on a blackboard. Children at desks dutifully transcribing the lesson.

All but one. Leonard. Whose hands are trembling slightly and whose paper is blank. There is a noticeable lack of rhythms. A cold silence. The broken watch rests on his desk.

The boy from the train, glancing at Leonard, begins gently tapping the end of his pen against his desk. Leonard, "guided" by the cadence of his friend's tapping, begins to write.

6  
The teacher's hand at the blackboard hesitates. Distracted by the rhythmic noise, he traces it to the offender and silences him with a look. 4.

Without the rhythm, and without, apparently, inner natural rhythms to replace it, Leonard's hand begins dragging the pen across the paper, forming vague scrawl, each word less defined than the last, until they begin melding together into what resembles nothing so much as a child's rendering of ocean waves.

The teacher resumes chalking on the board. The boy from the train begins tapping his pen again, and, "guided" again by the rhythm, Leonard is able to give definition to the "ocean waves," to form recognizable letters and words.

The teacher hesitates again and glares at the boy making the irritating noise. The boy stops tapping and Leonard's writing again becomes formless.

5. INT. CLASSROOM.- LATER - DAY - 1930 5

0  
The finished poem on the blackboard. The sounds of children at play on the schoolyard. The teacher, alone in the classroom, at his desk grading the penmanship lesson.

He circles offending errors on the last page of the last composition book. He scribbles a grade opposite the student's name in a grade book. He notices the absence of a grade in Leonard's column.

Leonard's desk. The teacher locates the missing composition book buried under textbooks. He takes it back to his own desk, opens it, and stares curiously at the last lesson, the poem, or rather Leonard's illegible representation of it.

He considers earlier lessons in the book. He begins to see in the script a pattern of deterioration. He reaches the last entry again and stares at the few recognizable words drowning in "the waves."

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6. INT. LEONARD'S BEDROOM - DAY - 1930 - WINTER 6

The painting on the wall. The intricate wooden models and dime novels. The Venetian blinds, closed, shutting out sunlight.

Voices, barely audible, from somewhere else in the house:

BOY'S VOICE

When can I see him?

WOMAN'S VOICE

When he's well.

6.CONT. BOY'S VOICE  
When will he be well?

6.CONT

After a moment -

WOMAN'S VOICE  
I don't know.

- and the sound of a door closing.

A small twisted hand lifts a slat of the Venetian blinds revealing the snow-patched street below. Leonard's friend, crossing it, glances back . . . then disappears around a corner.

And the small gnarled hand lets the slat slide down, extinguishing the single ray of light.

FADE TO BLACK

6A. EXT. BAINBRIDGE -HOSPITAL - THE. BRONX - DAY - 1970 .

6A

Tight on the face of a man (SAYER), late thirties, glasses, staring up at the face of a building, imposing in its institutional dullness.

6B. INT. LOBBY - BAINBRIDGE - DAY

6B.

A dim, sleepy cavern of a lobby. No one but a switchboard operator thumbing through a magazine. Echoing footsteps reach her station and she glances up and at the man from outside.

OPERATOR

Yes?

7. INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - BAINBRIDGE - DAY

He seems uncomfortable. Perhaps it's the suit. Or the place Or the situation. Or the hard straight-backed chair he's in. When he does finally speak, it's with great sincerity -

SAYER

When you say people ... you mean  
living people,

Behind an old oak desk, the hospital's Director glances over to its Chief of Medicine, Dr. Kaufman, with a look that seems to wonder, As opposed to what?

DIRECTOR

Living people, yes. Patients.

7.CONT.

7.

There's some mistake. And Sayer's chair begins to feel more uncomfortable. He tries to clear up the confusion -

SAYER

I'm here for the research position . . . in your neurology lab.

DIRECTOR

Neurology lab?

He doesn't laugh at Sayer, just at the thought of it.

DIRECTOR

We have an x-ray room.

Sayer tries to share the Director's amusement with a good-natured smile, but doesn't really understand it. Kaufman seems to have less time for this, and in plain English, unadorned -

KAUFMAN

- The-position-ds-Staff-^Neurologist. .

Sayer looks like a man who's just learned that everything he knows about the world is wrong. f

DIRECTOR

(pause)

A doctor . . . doctor.

The Director refers to stapled sheets of paper in his hands, Sayer's resume.

DIRECTOR

The Camel Institute. Tell me about that, anything with patients there? Or . . .

SAYER

(burying it)

Earthworms.

The Director isn't sure he heard right.

DIRECTOR

Sorry? >

SAYER

It was an immense project. " I was trying to extract a decigram of myelin from four tons of earthworms.

7.CONT.

DIRECTOR

7.

(pause)

Really.

SAYER

I was on it for five years.  
I was the only one who really  
believed in it. The rest of them  
said it couldn't be done.

t

KAUFMAN

It can't.

SAYER

Well, I know that now. I proved  
it.

The director offers a slow tentative nod before consulting the  
resume again.

DIRECTOR

Maybe before. At Saint Thomas.  
(Sayer is already  
shaking his head no)  
All research. Earth - ?

SAYER

Pigs brains . . . they're quite  
similar to human brains.

DIRECTOR

(hopefully)

Are they?

SAYER

Oh, yes . . . three years.

As the Director retreats back to the resume, hoping against  
hope of finding in it something germane, Sayer glances away to  
a window. He wishes he were outside it. He has no business  
being here. He should leave.

SAYER

Excuse me, I made a mistake coming  
here. Clearly you're looking for  
someone with more of a clinical  
background.

He stands up to leave. Kaufman stands to see him out. But the \*  
director keeps searching the resume.

O

7.CONT.

SAYER

7.

I've taken enough of your time.  
You must have a hundred applicants  
more suitable.

KAUFMAN

Thanks anyway.

DIRECTOR

Back in medical school ...

Kaufman shoots the Director a look that says, No, we're not  
that desperate.

DIRECTOR

I mean, you couldn't have  
graduated without some clinical  
experience. .

Sayer hesitates. And eventually manages sort of a shrug and a  
nod.,

DIRECTOR

Well, there we are, doctor.

Kaufman can't believe it, but is sent back a look that says,  
We have no choice. The Director gets up out of his chair, and,  
smiling broadly, extends his hand to Sayer. Which unsettles  
Sayer. Which in turn unsettles the Director.

DIRECTOR

(not far from  
begging)

You do want the job, don't you?

Sayer isn't so sure. He thinks about it long and hard . . .

8. INT. CORRIDOR - BAINBRIDGE - DAY

8.

Moving along a corridor crowded "with patients, some ambulatory,  
some in wheelchairs, "living people" living with profound  
neurological disease.

ANTHONY O.S.

Spent much time in chronic  
hospitals, doctor?

A patient approaches, and, passing Sayer and the orderly who's  
escorting him (ANTHONY), offers -

FEMALE PATIENT 1

Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello . . .

8.CONT.

ANTHONY

8.

(to Sayer)  
You'd remember.

SAYER

I guess not.

As they pass an old patient in a wheelchair -

ANTHONY

Hey, how you doing?  
(calling to someone  
down the hall)  
Dr. Sullivan.

Staying on the old patient, he eventually manages, too late -

OLD PATIENT

Fire . . .

Down the hall in an alcove, Dr. Sullivan glances up long  
sufferingly from-a.patient~with'.an .Ouij a-board who '.s mumbling,  
complaining, unintelligibly. Anthony and Sayer arrive. \*

ANTHONY

Dr. Sullivan, this is Dr. Sayer;

' : : '

' - ' .

There's a kind a "deadness" in Sullivan's eyes and voice; he's  
been here too long.

SULLIVAN

Not the neurologist, that'd be  
asking too much. You're not the  
neurologist.

SAYER

I think I am.

Sayer extends his hand. Instead of shaking it -

SULLIVAN

Well, come on, Anthony, get him a  
coat for Christ's sake.

- Sullivan thrusts his clipboard into Sayer's hand.

9. OMITTED

9.

10. INT. DAYROOM (A) - DAY

10.

A woman in a wheelchair uttering high-pitched screams (FEMALE  
PATIENT 2) . Sayer in a lab coat trying to calm her.



10.CONT. SAYER . 10.

They're just pencils, pens.

He tries to prove it to her by removing one of them from the pocket of his white coat. Screaming louder at the sight of it, she tries to protect her face with her hands like a boxer being beaten senseless.

11. INT. DAYROOM (B) - DAY v 11.

A man in his sixties confronts Sayer with an announcement in a loud commanding voice -

MALE PATIENT 1

X was born in 1911<sub>f</sub> in  
Kinasbridae, New York. I came  
here in July of 1955. Prior to  
July of 1955. I resided at the  
Brooklyn Psychiatric Center<sub>f</sub>  
Brooklyn. New York. Prior to  
that<sub>p</sub> I was a person. And you.  
sir.- i Who the\* hell >are.\*v.ou?

12. INT. DAYROOM (C) - DAY 12.

Stepping around a wheelchair, Sayer finds in it an elderly woman, nicely dressed, her hair done-up, a ribbon in it. Glancing at the chart in his hand -

SAYER

Mrs. Cohen?

MRS. COHEN

He•s here?

She smiles, glances around. Sayer hesitates, uncertain who she means.

SAYER

I'm here.  
(pause)  
To examine you.

MRS. COHEN

Oh, no, I'm leaving today. My  
son's coming to take me home.

(6

Confused, Sayer tries to find a discharge form among the papers on the clipboard. Unsuccessful, he excuses himself from her and crosses the room to a nurse.

SAYER

Excuse me. Mrs. Cohen's son.  
He's coming today?

NURSE 1

I wouldn't bet on it, he hasn't  
for twenty years.

The nurse turns away. Sayer crosses slowly back to Mrs. Cohen, trying to find the words to tell her. He doesn't have to; his discomfort does it. Her hand slowly reaches up and pulls the ribbon from her hair.

13. OMITTED

v .

14. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM/OFFICE- LATER - DAY

Silence. Institutional beige walls. Glass cabinets, locked, containing medical instruments. A metal examination table with leather straps.

Sayer alone at one of three old desks in the large room, still unsettled from the experience with Mrs. Cohen. Eventually, he gets up, crosses to a window and tries to open it.

It's jammed shut, painted shut perhaps, but finally gives way, sliding up. He lets the air from outside wash over his face as he stares out absently at children on an elementary school playground beyond a debris-strewn field.

MISS COSTELLO O.S.

(a matter of fact)

It gets easier.

Sayer turns to the voice, to Miss Costello, the hospital's head nurse, a veteran of this place, a woman who has seen it all. She's standing in the doorway.

MISS COSTELLO

You don't think it will, but it  
does.

A moment and she turns and leaves.

14A. EXT. TENEMENT (LUCY'S) - ESTABLISH - DAY

15. INT. TENEMENT - NEW YORK.- DAY

The needle of a Victrola clawing at the endless music-less inner bands of a 78 . . . . \*

Cold eggs and toast and prescription medicine on a kitchenette table. A puddle of coffee on the floor. Ceramic shards, a broken cup. .

An old woman on her knees, eyes closed, arms tangled in an aluminum walker, limp and stiff at once somehow, like the limbs of a discarded marionette. Beyond her, beyond a threshold, a shuttered living room. Furniture from another era and the clutter of a lifetime.

A shadowy figure in a wicker wheelchair near the Victrola. Another old woman, with spindly limbs, profoundly afflicted and preposterously still. The back of her head is flat and bald, the result of lying supine upon it for much of several decades. On her passive face rest round wire-rim glasses. Insane or retarded and unaware of the dead woman, she mumbles, just barely audibly, a melody.

SAYER'S VOICE

Can you hear me? .

16. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM/OFFICE - BAINBRIDGE - DAY

16

Distant music of children's laughter. Perhaps real, emanating from outside; perhaps imagined, remembered, playing in a remote region of the woman's damaged mind. Arrested of all movement, she stares, transfixed, at the blades of a fan.

SAYER'S VOICE

Do you know where you are?

(nothing back)

Do you remember being brought here?

(nothing back)

Do you know what has happened?

If she does, she gives no indication. No word or gesture. No change of expression on her mask of a face. She is elsewhere (or nowhere), cut adrift by her illness, living in a private world (or hell).

SAYER'S VOICE

Can you hear me?

Sayer, wearing a white lab coat, tries to read her eyes. Behind thick lenses, uncleaned for weeks or months, the eyes are inscrutable. . . .

16.CONT.

16.

Sayer reaches to her face and carefully pulls the glasses from it. He cleans them with a flap of his lab coat - they are loose, bent out of shape\*- and gently slides the temples back over her ears.

He turns away from her and types at a manual Underwood. The form in the machine, at the top, reads - BAINBRIDGE HOSPITAL / ADMISSIONS / CONSULTATION REQUEST / NEUROLOGY. Sayer types in a lower section headed - FINDINGS / DIAGNOSIS.

He turns back in his chair to find the woman doubled-over in her wheelchair, one arm very close to the floor, the hand clutching the glasses. She is not moving, but she has moved. That, or she is dead.

Sayer rights her, takes the glasses from her hand and slips them back onto her face. He studies her for a moment, and for that moment remains as still, as entranced, as her.

He takes the glasses from her face again and sets them on the floor. He waits. She doesn't retrieve them. He picks them up and holds them out to her. She doesn't move to take them. He lets go of them and she lunges forward, catching them the instant before they hit the floor. Sayer just stares.

SAYER«S VOICE

Her name is Lucy Fishman . . .

r

16B. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EXAMINATION ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 16B.

Dr. Kaufman, the hospital's Chief of Medicine, notices a number of patients lined up in their wheelchairs as he passes them on his way into Sayer's examination room -

SAYER'S VOICE

She was found by neighbors with her sister, several days after the , sister had died . . .

17. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

17.

The same room as before. The same woman. All that has changed is the light. It's late afternoon.

SAYER (CONT'D)

According to the neighbors, she's never set foot outside her apartment, has no other living relatives, and has always been the way she is now - without any comprehension or response.

Kaufman tries to feign interest. He glances to the others Sayer has summoned to the room - two other doctors, Tyler and Sullivan, and Miss Costello.

SAYER  
And yet . . .

Without any warning whatsoever Sayer tosses a tennis ball at her. Her hand suddenly jerks up out of her lap and catches it. And stays there, stiff, still.

Sayer is delighted but the expression on Kaufman's face is that of one who has long ago learned and tired of simple card tricks. Dismissing the phenomenon -•

DR. KAUFMAN  
A reflex.

SAYER  
If she batted it away I might call that a reflex. She doesn't bat it away, she catches it.

DR. KAUFMAN  
It's still a reflex.  
- . . . : ••'• "•'

SAYER  
I'm sorry, if you were right I'd agree with you.

Kaufman, understandably, takes some offense at the comment. Sayer, however, is unaware that he has caused any.

SAYER  
It's as if . . . having lost all will of her own on which to act, she borrows the will of the ball.

Awkward silence. Eventually-

DR. TYLER  
The "will of the ball?"

Sayer nods. Kaufman and the other doctors concur with glances that the theory and theorist are absurd.

DR. SULLIVAN  
Excuse me.

Sullivan has better things to do and leaves the room. So does Tyler. Kaufman and Miss Costello remain.

DR. KAUFMAN  
(hopefully)  
You're trying to make a good  
impression. That's it, isn't it?  
You're still settling in.

Sayer isn't sure if he should agree or not. He does neither.

DR. KAUFMAN  
Miss Costello, you'll see that Dr.  
Saver's patients waiting out there  
are rescheduled for tomorrow?

MISS COSTELLO  
Yes, sir.

DR. KAUFMAN  
Good night.

Sayer watches Kaufman leave. So does Miss Costello. Lucy,  
looking less like a woman than a Diane Arbus photograph of one,  
doesn't.

18. EXT. PARKING LOT - BAINBRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON

C'\  
- \* ©  
Sayer climbs into his Toyota and, as he buckles his seat belt,  
recites in a mumble to himself -

SAYER  
One . . .  
(he turns the key) \*  
Two . . .  
(puts on sunglasses)  
Three . . .  
(releases the brake)  
Four . . .  
(shifts out of  
'park')  
Five.

Just as he's depressing the accelerator, someone raps on his  
window. He slams on the brakes. Miss Costello's face appears  
at the window. Recovering, Sayer rolls it down.

SAYER  
What'd I forget?

MISS COSTELLO  
I just wanted to say to you I  
preferred your explanation.

r ( ) It's unclear whether he knows what she's referring to.

MISS COSTELLO  
And that I'll look after things  
for you until you've "settled in."  
Good night, doctor.

She leaves. He stares blankly out after her, then at his  
dashboard. To it eventually, quietly -

SAYER  
Thank you . . .

He glances to his rear view mirror and can see her walking away  
toward her car. To the reflection --

SAYER  
Thank you very much.

18A. EXT. SAMMY'S FISH GROTTTO - ESTABLISH - NIGHT 18A.

19. INT. SAMMY'S GROTTTO, CITY ISLAND, THE BRONX - NIGHT 19.

Sayer at a table eating dinner alone. He should've brought  
along something to read. He glances at the little "Catch of  
the Day" notice on his table for the tenth time, then absently  
in at an eel in a fish tank, which seems to be peering back out  
at him.

SIDNEY V.O.  
I am not mad ... not mad . . .

20. EXT. SCHOOLYARD & BAINBRIDGE HOSPITAL - DAY 20.

A tether ball dangling from a rope, resting against a pole.  
The chains of a swing. Pigeons scavenging scraps on the  
asphalt of the elementary school playground, deserted.

SIDNEY V.O.  
I know the difference between what  
is real and what is not . . .

Beyond a chain-link fence, across the field, on the roof of one  
of Bainbridge's brick buildings, peering down from the edge of  
it, coat over his smock, hat on his head, an elderly man.

21. INT. SIDNEY'S DAYROOM - DAY 21.

Tight on the elderly man's face.

SIDNEY  
The voice was real.

21.CONT.

21.

Sayer nods in agreement though he is not altogether as certain of <sup>the</sup> claim. They are in a ward crowded with many patients who are mad, obviously and irretrievably so.

SAYER

What did the voice say?

SIDNEY

"Mr. Titch, get your coat and hat, go up to the roof and jump off."

SAYER

Did you recognize it as belonging to a person? Or was it just a voice?

Sidney considers Sayer suspiciously ... then smiles slyly. \*

SIDNEY

You don't deny it was you.

SAYER

Me?

Sayer is taken aback. As is Sidney. One of them, and Sidney believes he knows which, is lying or crazy.

' ' . \* SAYER ' .

I do deny it. It wasn't me.

It wasn't real.

(pause)

We've only just now met, sir. »

Sidney, suddenly completely disoriented, withdraws.

SIDNEY

If that's true . . . I'm in a predicament.

22. INT. STAFF CAFETERIA - BAINBRIDGE - DAY

22.

Sayer in line with Drs. Tyler and Sullivan, both younger than himself. He seems distracted, Sayer, lost in the color of the beets on his tray. Or a thought. \*

Like George telling Lenny again about the rabbits:

DR. SULLIVAN

We'd be high up - 40th, 50th floor, nice midtown view - suite of offices, carpeted, good-looking receptionist -



22.CONT.

DR. TYLER

22

fp\  
 \J)  
 • Aquarium in the waiting room,  
 George.

DR. SULLIVAN

We could have all that ... but  
 we'd miss all this. We'd miss the  
 wards.

DR. TYLER

The smell of them.

DR. SULLIVAN

We'd miss this place -  
 (this cafeteria)  
 We'd miss this . . .  
 (the plate of mush as  
 it's set down onto  
 his tray)  
 Whatever this is. .

SAYER

Yes . . . .

Sayer glances up at them, having paid attention to nothing  
 they've said, and nods at some other thought.

SAYER

Yes . . . , '

He leaves his tray where he stands, and heads out of the  
 cafeteria.

23. INT. SIDNEY'S DAYROOM - DAY

23

Sayer back with Sidney.

SAYER

Did you see me when-1 "spoke?"

Sidney thinks about it, tries to remember, to summon back the  
 moment in question, to picture it exactly as it happened, or  
 didn't happen.

SIDNEY

No.

SAYER

You see me now though.

SIDNEY

Yes.

23.CONT,

(continuity only)

Sidney turns to a patient, an elderly woman in a wheelchair beside him. Her state resembles that of Lucy's, that is, she appears to have no awareness of Sidney, Sayer, or anything else in her environment. It is only now, in fact, as Sidney spoons soup into her mouth, careful not to spill any, that Sayer notices her.

CONTINUED:

sr^  
(y--\  
v\_y

SAYER

If it happens again, Mr. Titch, I want you to look around. If you don't actually see me, if you only hear me, you can't be sure that I'm not real, and you can ignore me.

Sayer smiles, pleased with his solution.

SIDNEY

Unless you use the P.A. system.

Sayer's smile fades. Sidney is still in a predicament and Sayer hasn't the answer.

24. INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY

: 24

Sayer dials the hospital operator.

SAYER

Maintenance, please.

P~-\  
\TS?

Waiting to be connected, he notices another "statue" (BERT). What's unsettling about this one, apart from the man's ghost-like appearance, is the angle of his wheelchair. It's like an askew painting, as if whoever was wheeling it simply let go of the chair and this is where it and its cargo happened to come \*to rest, facing the wall.

Not wanting to lose the call, Sayer moves toward the patient, keeping the receiver to his ear. At full extension of the cord, unfortunately, he's still two paces short. Reaching back with the arm with the phone, he gains distance and turns the wheelchair quickly just as his call connects.

SAYER

Yes. Hi. I need a lock installed on the door to the East Wing roof. A big lock. The sooner the better.

(pause)

I'm sorry, this is Dr. Sayer. .

(pause)

I'm sorry, form . . .

He scribbles a number on the back of his hand and hangs up. He wanders over to the "statue" again.

SAYER

How are you?

No response whatsoever. Sayer manages his pen into the man's hand and searches his pockets for paper.

(P) He glances around. Sees an orderly reading a newspaper. Borrows a section, returns with it, slides it under the pen and waits. The man doesn't write. Doesn't move.

Sayer takes the pen back, returns it to his coat pocket, hesitates, pulls it out again, holds it out . . . and lets it go. The man, lightning quick, catches it.

25. INT. ANOTHER DAYROOM (B) - LATER - DAY

25.

Another man rigid as stone (FRANK). This one peering up at a television set with a horizontal hold problem.

Sayer drags a chair over, stands on it, adjusts the set, corrects it, gets a picture . . . but the man's "attention" slowly drifts away. Sayer "readjusts" it, gets the jumping horizontal lines again, and the man's vacant eyes return.

26. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - LATER - DAY

. 26

Another dayroom crowded with patients, one of which stands before a table, absolutely motionless, on thin bird-like legs. It is Lucy, the one who caught/the tennis ball. The movement of nurses and other patients only accentuates her stillness.

Sayer considers her from all angles as one considers an abstract art piece that baffles but intrigues. Unlike the others, she's on her feet. And unlike the others, she seems, to Sayer, to have been headed somewhere before turning to stone again.

- ." »

He decides that her destination was the drinking fountain across the room. And that it's the table, like a barrier, that has arrested her progress. He moves the table.

In what appears to be slow motion, she takes a tiny step. And another. And another before encountering and being "blocked" by an empty wheelchair. She stops.

Sayer moves the wheelchair and all other obstacles out of her path. She continues and eventually makes it halfway to the fountain before mysteriously stopping again.

Sayer studies the puzzle . . . there are no longer any barriers in her way, but she's not moving. Defeated, he goes to the fountain himself, fills a paper cup, and takes it to her.

Across the room, a man in a wheelchair, another "ghost" (LEONARD), stares through eyes which seem more dead than alive.

"At" Sayer.

27. INT. FILE ROOM, BAINBRIDGE - DAY

2

An admission form, yellowed and brittle with age -

BAINBRIDGE HOSPITAL / ADMISSIONS  
STATE OF NEW YORK

A typed date / AUGUST 2, 1929. The admitting physician's name.  
The patient's name. And age / 15. An identification number  
and ward assignment number.

As Sayer pulls the folder and closes the drawer of one of  
several filing cabinets lining the walls of a claustrophobic  
room, Miss Costello slides open another, locates a particular  
folder in it and in the folder another admitting form - The  
date / MAY 7, 1932. Names and numbers.

Another drawer. Sayer pulling another folder. Another  
admission form ~ Date / DECEMBER 12, 1930. Age of the patient  
/ 22.

28. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER - DAY

28

The files spread out on a table. Sayer and Miss Costello  
leafing through them. ..

Sayer considers one's original admission forms. He scans  
bodies of text and finds a diagnosis - ATYPICAL SCHIZOPHRENIA.  
He sets it aside and picks up another.

MISS COSTELLO  
"Atypical Hysteria," this one.

Sayer nods to himself and keeps reading his. He eventually  
finds in its text - ATYPICAL RABIES. He flips to the end of  
the file. "No change since last examination" it reads. He  
turns the page. "No change, no therapy recommended." He turns  
the page, the last entry. "No change." The date, "11/9/44."

SAYER  
There must be more recent files we  
missed somehow. "Part Twos" to  
their medical histories.  
(Miss Costello is  
shaking head 'no.')

In some other filing cabinet  
somewhere. . . .

MISS COSTELLO  
NO.

29. EXT. PARKING LOT - BAINBRIDGE - EVENING

29.

(>~s, Sayer and Miss Costello walking to their cars.

SAYER

One would think that after a point  
enough atypical somethings would  
amount to a typical something.  
But a typical "what?"

Miss Costello, no doubt, has less of an idea than Sayer what  
the "what" could be.

MISS COSTELLO

Doctor . . . would you like to get a  
cup of coffee somewhere?

(pause)

Tea?

SAYER

Ah . . . normally I'd say yes . . .  
only I've made other plans . . .

She nods quickly. She seems, strangely, relieved.

MISS COSTELLO

Some other time.

SAYER

Yes.

MISS COSTELLO

Good night.

SAYER

Good night.

They veer apart to their respective cars.

30. INT. SAMMY'S GROTTTO, CITY ISLAND - NIGHT

30.

The tiny gree/i eyes in the head of the eel staring out at  
refracted light and shadow. Sayer, alone at the same table as  
before, finished with his meal.

WAITER

Tea, right?

SAYER

Please. ' . . . - •

The waiter leaves. Sayer glances back into the fish tank at  
the eel behind the rock, its rock, its home.

fpl

31. EXT. CITY ISLAND - LATER - NIGHT 31.

Sayer strolling down a dark side street. He reaches a snail wooden house near the water and climbs three steps to the porch. He gets the front door opened and bends to pick up mail (including a few book parcels from antiquarian shops) just inside the threshold. \*

32. OMITTED 32.

33. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT 33.

Tight on (Ernst Heckle) drawings of primitive life forms. Sayer, in his dining room, leafs through the old first edition, pleased it has arrived, intrigued by its pictures. The parcel paper lies beside it on the table. \*

34. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT 34.

Fingers on the keys of a baby grand piano that seems out of scale with Sayer's small living room. Wrapped in a robe, he plays a melody.

fcuJ  
\*^^

All around him lay packing boxes, some empty, many not. The books are out at least - many of a medical nature, many others on nature itself,, botany, many first editions - two and three deep on shelves, on the floor, on tables, stacked on the couch - and chairs almost like figures of people.t

35. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT 35.

A lamp, on, in the living room. Sayer asleep on the couch, an open book and reading glasses resting on his chest.

His eyes blink open. Not at a noise. At a thought.

36. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - BAINBRIDGE - LATER - NIGHT 36.

**A night janitor with a pail-on-wheels and a mop moves past darkened offices. He pauses at one, the file room, light under its door, and opens it.** \*

JANITOR

I'm sorry, doctor. I thought someone left the lights on.



36'.CONT.

36.

Glancing up from files strewn across the table, Sayer shares a discovery with the janitor -

SAYER

They all survived encephalitis  
years before they came here. In  
the 1920's.

He taps a finger at the files - the patients' medical histories prior to admission - forms listing childhood diseases and ailments. The janitor, having no idea of course what he means, retreats with his pail and mop, closing the door.

36A. EXT. MEDICAL LIBRARY, NEW YORK - ESTABLISH - DAY 36A.

37. INT. MEDICAL LIBRARY, NEW YORK - DAY 37.

Sayer displays what he has written on the back of his hand to an assistant librarian: NEJM 4-6-35. \*

SAYER

The New England Journal of  
Medicine, April 6th, 1935. \*

38. INT. MEDICAL LIBRARY - LATER - DAY . 38.

A microfilm machine. Sayer manipulating its levers and eventually finding what he's after, an article titled: ENCEPHALITIS LETHARGICA, TEN YEARS LATER.

Accompanying the text are grainy black and white photographs taken in an old operating theatre. An anatomical skeleton, a doctor in a white coat, subjects- men, women and children with haunting eyes.

39. EXT. RESIDENTIAL GARDEN, NEW YORK - DAY 39.

Close on the doctor from the photographs - ancient and ill.

OLD DOCTOR  
(philosophically  
detached)

Pus and pain, that's the final  
reward. Pus and pain and  
obscurity. \*

He's in a small unkept rose garden. With Sayer. \*

Note: To get clearance from the New England Journal of  
Medicine, we must indicate that it is a weekly publication, \*  
which is why the "6th" has been added. \*



OLD DOCTOR

I believe you when you say some still live. But I can assure you they're medically irrelevant. As they were thirty years ago when I fought to get my work published.

He smiles at a thought, at once wistful and bitter.

OLD DOCTOR

That's the problem with a unique disease. Once it no longer rages, I'm telling you, it becomes very unfashionable.

He buries his face into his mask, manages to get some deep breaths into his lungs and shakes his head at Sayer.

OLD DOCTOR

What would I be without this thing? A man with a<sup>1</sup> shred of dignity le\_ft.

SAYER

Should I get your nurse?

OLD DOCTOR

God forbid, no.

He lights a cigarette, coughs and puts it out.

OLD DOCTOR

How many have you found there?

SAYER

Five. So far. I think there may be more.

The old doctor nods. He has the torn look of someone reminded of an unfaithful lover just when he'd managed to forget about her. He wants and doesn't want to know how they're doing. Finally —

OLD DOCTOR

How are they?

SAYER

As you described them. As they were back then. As "insubstantial as ghosts." Only I guess most of them were children then.

OLD DOCTOR

Yes. Children who fell asleep.

Boxes of ancient history have been dragged out of storage, the emphysema-plagued doctor's post-encephalitic research, files and photographs and cans of 16mm film.

OLD DOCTOR

Most died during the acute stage of the illness, during a sleep so deep they couldn't be roused. A sleep that in most cases lasted several months.

The doctors, in the dark, watch forty year old footage projected onto a screen by a pre-World War II Bell & Howell - a motionless man in a chair, his head thrust back, mouth gaping open, arms suspended out from an emaciated torso as if from invisible strings.

OLD DOCTOR

Those who survived, who awoke, seemed fine, as though nothing had happened. Years went by - five, ten, fifteen - before anyone suspected they were not well. . They were not.

A doctor, this doctor decades younger, appears beside the subject on the screen and lowers the man's arms.

OLD DOCTOR

I began to see them in the early 1930's - old people brought in by their children, young people brought in by their parents - all of them complaining they weren't "themselves" anymore. They'd grown distant, aloof, anti-social, they daydreamed at the dinner table. I referred them to psychiatrists.

The man on the screen disappears and is replaced by a seal-shaped woman in whom a hundred strange diseases seem to reside. They conspire against her, torment and harass her, force her to perform incessant and meaningless actions with her hands, to paw her chin, to flutter, to adjust glasses that aren't there.

40.CONT.

OLD DOCTOR

40

Before long they were being referred back to me. They could no longer dress themselves or feed themselves. They could no longer speak in most cases. Families went mad. People who were normal, were now . . . \*

(searches for the word)

. . . elsewhere . . .

The woman on the screen is replaced by a young man, a teenager, who seems composed less of flesh than wax, a wax figure with real eyes.

SAYER

What must it be like to be them?

On the screen, the young man's eyes, entranced, gaze upward as if trying hard to remember something. Or trying hard to forget it.

SAYER

What are they thinking? .

OLD DOCTOR

They're not. The virus didn't spare the higher faculties.

SAYER

(hopefully)

We know that for a fact.

OLD DOCTOR

Yes.

SAYER

Because . . .

Sayer waits for the old doctor to tell him the reasons, the data, to support the merciful truth. But he doesn't seem to possess it any more than Sayer does. Long silence before:

OLD DOCTOR

Because the alternative is unthinkable.

40A. INT. DAYROOM (C) - DAY

40A.

The hand of a stone-like woman catches the tennis ball while the rest of her remains absolutely still. Sayer gestures to Anthony, Okay, and the orderly wheels her out of the crowded room.

40B. INT. WARD 5 DAYROOM - DAY

40E

The hand of an otherwise still-life man snaps to catch the ball. Sayer nods to an orderly who wheels him out past younger patients, Ward 5's residents.

40C. INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

40C

The ball glances off the face of a man who turns in his wheelchair and glares at Sayer.

SAYER

Sorry.

41. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - LATER - DAY

41

Sayer has assembled them all, the fourteen or fifteen he has decided are post-encephalitics, and wanders among them like a naturalist in a garden of stone.

He lifts an arm of one particularly remote male patient. It remains suspended, doll-like.

He tries to follow the trajectory of another's gaze. It leads only to blank space.

He considers another who appears "deeply involved" in some minute and curious activity with his twisted hands, a kind of tearing, shredding motion.

Across the room, paying no attention to Sayer, are Sidney and Lolly. He's gently brushing her hair.

Sayer manages a pen into the hand of another woman and she "draws" a kind a kind of circular shape that spirals in on itself until it reaches a "vanishing point" in the center.

42. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER - DAY

42.

The results of standard perception tests scotch-taped to a wall of the examination room.

Sayer and Miss Costello, like visitors to a museum, consider each for a moment before moving onto the next.

Printed in the left column of each are a circle, square, triangle and daisy. In the right are the post-encephalitics' failed "attempts" to copy them.

Sayer keeps coming back to one in particular. Unlike the others which, if you use your imagination, vaguely correspond somewhat positionally to the pre-printed shapes, this one bears no resemblance. This patient has instead scrawled over the shapes, seemingly violently.

Miss Costello joins Sayer and ponders it along with him. Eventually, as if to excuse it and its maker—

MISS COSTELLO  
It's different.

SAYER  
Quite. It's quite bad.

Sayer keeps studying it.

SAYER  
(more to himself)  
Did he fail to understand? Or was he unwilling to fail?

He isn't really asking her to answer, which is fine with her since she doubts equally both hypotheses.

SAYER  
Could he be saying, "I can't draw a triangle, don't make me"?  
(before she can respond:)  
Could it be willfully bad?

She doesn't say it but it's clear she thinks Sayer is reading far too much into the "badness" of the patient's scrawl. To himself -

SAYER  
Which one is this?

He leans closer to see the typed name . . .

43. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - DAY

43.

The painting of the Western town from the prologue - saloon, livery stable, sunset. Below it, in his wheelchair, Leonard. His face is unlined and passive, like a mask. His body is still, like the dead.

SAYER'S VOICE >| v  
Does he ever speak to you?

Leonard's mother, a woman of seventy or so, is combing her son's hair, being careful to get the part straight.

MRS. LOWE  
Of course not. Not in words.

SAYER  
He speaks to you in other ways.  
How do you mean?

MRS. LOWE i  
You don't have children.

SAYER  
No. ,

MRS. LOWE  
If you did you'd know.

Finished with his hair, she wheels him from the sleeping ward  
and into the -

43A. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

43A

Sayer, trailing after Mrs. Lowe and her son, becomes momentarily distracted by Lucy, the most recently arrived post-encephalitic, the one he tried unsuccessfully to coax to the drinking fountain. She is there again, "stuck" at the same point, angled toward the fountain but unable to reach it. Sayer brings her a cup of water and rejoins Mrs. Lowe.

SAYER  
I'd like to examine him again-if that's all right with you.

MRS. LOWE  
He did well.

SAYER  
In a sense.

MRS. LOWE  
He's very clever. Aren't you, Leonard.

Sayer shows her the perception test "drawing\*\* Leonard made.

SAYER  
Does this mean anything to you?

MRS. LOWE  
(more to Leonard)  
It's very good.

She glances back to Sayer who nods uncertainly. She recognizes the look on his face; she's seen it before on the faces of more doctors than she cares to remember.

MRS. LOWE  
(becoming impatient  
with him)

Well it's abstract, isn't it.

Sayer can't bring himself to agree with her.

MRS. LOWE  
That's the problem with all you  
doctors, you have no imagination.  
Everything has to be real to you.

No longer having any use for him, she pointedly ignores him. Taking the hint, Sayer's wanders off, past Lucy, looking like a statue, holding the paper cup he brought her.

43B. EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING (MRS. LOWE'S) - ESTABLISH - NIGHT 43B.

44. INT. MRS. LOWE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 44

The door opens from the inside revealing Sayer in street clothes. Judging from the look on Mrs. Lowe's face, he has arrived unannounced.

SAYER  
I want to know more about him.

44A. INT. MRS. LOWE'S APARTMENT - LEONARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 44A.

An old photograph. A sixth grade class picture from 1930, moving slowly across the young faces to Leonard, eleven, at the end of a row.

MRS. LOWE 0.8.  
Something was wrong, they said,  
with his hands. He couldn't write  
anymore, he couldn't do the work,  
I should take him out of school,  
they said. He was eleven.

They're in Leonard's old bedroom, Sayer and Mrs. Lowe. Except for the Western painting that's missing, nothing has changed in it in thirty years.

CONTINUED:

MRS. LOWE

He slowly got worse. He'd be talking, suddenly he'd come to a stop. After a few seconds he'd finish what he was saying like nothing happened, but these standstills got longer. Sometimes he'd call to me and I'd come in and find him at his desk in a trance. An hour, two hours. Then he'd be okay again.

CONTINUED:



Sayer glances around the room. It's been preserved, like a shrine.

MRS. LOWE

One day I came home from work and found him in his bed, his arm like this, reaching.

(pause)

"What do you want, Leonard?"

She pictures the moment in her mind, and waits, it seems, for the young Leonard to speak, to tell her what it is he wants. Finally she lowers her arm and shrugs.

MR.S LOWE

He never spoke again. It was like he'd disappeared. I took him to Bainbridge later that year. November fourteenth, 1937. He was twenty.

Sayer glances away from her to the room itself again.

SAYER

What'd he do with himself, Mrs. Lowe, those nine years he stayed in this room?

She smiles to herself, proudly it seems.

MRS. LOWE

He read.

y

45. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - BAINBRIDGE - DAY

45

Leonard's face in shadow. Wires emerging from his scalp. A sluggish EEG pattern.

A blinding flash from a strobe suddenly lights up the room. The pupils of Leonard's eyes shrink, but his EEG remains stuporously slow.

45A. EXT. RESEARCH LAB, NEW YORK - ESTABLISH - DAY

45A

46. INT. RESEARCH LAB - DAY

46

A monkey flipping switches on a panel built into a laboratory room, searching for a sequence.

In an observation booth, years of collected data - charts and graphs, EEG's and notes.

There, Dr. Mann, a contemporary of Sayer's, stares at Sayer curiously. Eventually he manages – Ay

MANN

When you say you're working with people, you don't mean living people. (

SAYER

Living people, yes. Patients.

Mann just stares. He's a scientist, they both are, and the idea of Sayer working with living people, rather than expired ones laid out on the pathology table, is inconceivable to him.

MANN

(fearing the answer)  
Where?

SAYER

It's in The Bronx. It's a poor private chronic hospital called Mount –

MANN

(appalled)  
Oh, Malcolm, Malcolm, come back, come on. You're a benchman, you're no clinician, why would you lower yourself?

Sayer hasn't an answer for him. » •

SAYER

How's Hank?

MANN

How's Hank? He's great, he's brilliant, look at him.

Sayer glances away to Hank the monkey, watches him. Mann studies Sayer, chagrined and incredulous.

MANN

A physician? You?

He slaps him angrily across the shoulders with some papers. The monkey completes a complex sequence which opens a chamber revealing an electric train. The animal jumps and hoots with wild glee. Sayer reaches out and presses the button on the stop watch dangling from Mann's neck.

SAYER

Subtract two seconds off his time.

47. OMITTED

47

48. INT. RESEARCH LAB - LATER - DAY

48

Rats in cages, wired up, manipulating elaborate series of ladders and pulleys, traversing catwalks, or ratwalks, leading to glucose rewards.

While Mann, with something less than great enthusiasm, considers an EEG Sayer has brought, his monkey drags toys over to Sayer and tries to engage him in play. One of the toys is an Ouija Board.

MANN

(to, Sayer)

Don't look at me like that. It's for his alphabet lessons.

(to the monkey)

We're busy, Hank, go play solitaire.

The monkey obediently goes off in search of a deck of cards. Gesturing at patterns on the EEG --

MANN

Asleep. First stage normal.

Second a little dull. Normal

REM . . .

He shrugs, lays out a second EEG, and gestures at patterns on it -

MANN

Awake. Slightly erratic. No more so than a lot of people walking the streets of New York.

(shrugs again)

I give up, what's wrong with him?

SAYER

You have them backwards. This is him awake . . .

(points to one EEG;  
then the other)

This is him asleep.

. - , " - .

Mann thinks Sayer is kidding. He isn't.

MANN

This is him awake? This is him asleep?

Sayer nods. Mann tries, without success, to make some sort of sense out of that.

MANN  
What are you saying? When he's  
awake, what, he's dreaming?

SAYER  
When there's any brain activity at  
all, which is infrequent, yes.  
Dreaming or hallucinating.

MANN  
And when he's asleep . . . ?

SAYER  
When he's asleep he manages to  
create a kind of reality. What we  
might call reality.

MANN  
That's what you think these say?

SAYER  
I don't know.

Mann studies the "waking" EEC. He points to its one and only  
large electrical peak. ;

MANN  
What's this peak? Strobe?

SAYER  
No. This is the strobe.

Sayer indicates a flat section of the pattern where there is  
scribbled in pencil a small "s."

SAYER  
This . . .  
, (the large peak,  
marked with an "L") /  
. . . is me saying his name to him.

Mann stares rather dumbly at Sayer. Then at Hank the monkey on  
the floor dealing solitaire.

49. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

46

Tight on Leonard. Something blurs past him but his eyes don't  
follow it. Pulling back, the object blurs by again from the  
other direction.

Tight on Sayer. The thing blurs past his face. His eyes don't  
follow it either. Pulling back, it blurs again.

A circle of patients in wheelchairs. The post-encephalitics reunited. "Waking" just long enough to catch and release the object, a small beach ball.

Leonard and Sayer, on opposite sides of the circle, ignoring the ball and the other patients. He's reached a dead end, Sayer, right where he began, his only "accomplishment," this, ball-catching patients.

50. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

50.

Sayer alone in the examination room, tired, at its window staring blankly out.

His perspective: The empty lot below littered with abandoned couches, refrigerators, rusting automobile carcasses.

And beyond the lot, the elementary school playground. Laughing children on swings and slides. Jumping rope. Batting tether balls. Playing hopscotch.

Moving slowly in on one of the hopscotch games. On a girl tossing a bean bag into a square. Jumping over it and into the next square. Turning and jumping back. Balancing on one foot. Retrieving the bean bag and tossing it down again. Into the next square of the tile pattern chalked on the asphalt.

51. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

51.

From above, patients in wheelchairs dot the black and white checkerboard linoleum-tile floor like chess pieces. The pattern is regular to a point but then breaks up - is interrupted by an area of solid white, where a wall once stood - before being restored. It forms a kind of narrow "sea," the white area, on either side of which lies "land."

At floor level Sayer and Miss Costello, on their hands and knees, are "blacking in" the missing tiles with shoe polish, "bridging" the gap between the two checkerboards. The retarded patients around them ignore them. The ward nurses pretend to.

Completing the pattern Sayer glances across the room to Leonard. He seems to be "watching." His mother, nearby, idly thumbing through a magazine as she brings Leonard up to date on neighborhood news, isn't.

Sayer crosses to Lucy. Lifts her gently out of her chair. Points her in the direction of the drinking fountain.

She begins to move. To step slowly over each tile. She reaches the "bridge" and hesitates. Then crosses it.

Sayer doesn't know whether to applaud or cry. He does neither, burying his emotions behind a professional mask instead, and watches as Lucy, "delivered" to the other side, free now, lets the regularity of the pattern guide her toward the fountain.

She nears it. She is almost there. Then she is. there. But doesn't drink. Doesn't stop. She continues past it . . .

To a window, the window beyond the drinking fountain which Sayer hadn't noticed before, had no reason to notice, had no need to notice, with a broken pane allowing a view to the outside.

She stares out at the traffic below, in hopes no doubt of figuring out where she is.

And Sayer's eyes, behind which exhilaration and horror rise up, shift from her to Miss Costello, and then to Leonard, in whose mask of a face Sayer thinks he sees a faint glimmer.

These people are alive inside.

52. INT. DAYROOM (B) - DAY

52

A soap opera on a portable black and white TV in a narrow passageway of a nurses' station. Beyond it, beyond a glass partition, a crowded idle dayroom.

Miss Costello crosses into and out of view and reappears moments later next to the TV. She switches it off and turns to face the three RNs who were watching it. In their defense -

NURSE

The patients have all been given their morning medication.

MISS COSTELLO

Good. Dr. Sayer was hoping you'd have some free time.

She hands a book to the nurse who spoke (MARGARET), a first edition worn /rom many readings. Margaret glances from it to the other nurses and back to Miss Costello.

53. INT. DAYROOM (B) - LATER - DAY

53

The nurse holds the book like it's something quite foreign to her. She finds the beginning of the first chapter, clears her throat, and reads -

MARGARET

"Call me . . . Ish-ma-el . . .

She glances up at her audience: three blank-faced post-encephalitics. Miss Costello, who is nearby, nods to her to continue. She clears her throat again, and, feeling like a fool, reads -

,5

MARGARET

"Some years ago, never mind how long precisely, having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world . . . "

Miss Costello leaves.

54. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

5

Leonard's head locked on his shoulders at an improbable angle that forces his entranced gaze upward to a point well above Sayer.

SAYER

Can you hear me, Leonard? I want to hear you speak your name. :

Sayer waits . . . but Leonard remains mute.

55. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - MORNING "

5

Tight on Sayer pulling record albums from his extensive classical collection.

56. INT. DAYROOM (D) - DAY

5

An old box-style phonograph. The kind whose top is also a detachable speaker.

An orderly, Fernando, dusts it off, rigs it, takes the record Miss Costello holds out to him, gets it spinning, and sets the needle down.

Opera music. For the "enjoyment" of two more post-encephalitics. The eyes of one narrow slightly, almost imperceptibly.

i

57. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

5

The keys of Sayer's old manual Underwood typewriter. And Leonard's claw of a hand hanging over them like one of those unmanageable penny arcade cranes.

SAYER

57

L . . . Leonard . . . L . . .

Leonard's hand remains still, suspended above the keys, for what seems an eternity.

58. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

58.

Under Miss Costello's supervision, maintenance men remove the gratings from the windows and wash the panes.

59. INT.- DAYROOM (D) - DAY

59.

30's jazz music. The orderly from before with "his" two post-encephalitics. Each has a tray of cafeteria food, but only one is eating, and mechanically at that. <

FERNANDO

. . . not just any music, it has to be the right, music for them. Jazz does nothing for Bert. Only Rose.

(pause)

It's like they're only moved by music that moves them. I'm that way. 'TTTT-

SAYER

(intrigued)

Yes, so am I. &gt;

The moment Fernando takes the record off, Rose stops eating, stops moving. The orderly puts on Mozart and waits. Neither patient moves.

FERNANDO

I haven't found anything that moves Bert yet.

59A. INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

59A.

A "normal" patient with multiple sclerosis has managed to intercept Sayer on his way somewhere else, his arms full with an 8mm camera and tripod and screen.

j MS WOMAN

I don't interest you like those other people, those ones with that disease.

SAYER

That's not true.



MS WOMAN

I wish I had something like that.  
 SSmething that would interest you  
 instead of this stupid boring MS.

60. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

6

Leonard in his wheelchair, absolutely motionless. Sayer behind the lens of the 8mm camera on the tripod. Drs. Tyler and Sullivan, at the doorway, watch with some amusement.

60A. INT. DAYROOM (A) - DAY

60

Miss Costello wheels the man who shreds invisible things to a window and places a piece of toast from a tray into his hands. He tears at it, the crumbs sailing out onto a landing, and a flock of pigeons swoops up.

61. INT. DAYROOM (C) - DAY

6

Three post-encephalitics with cards in their hands and the best poker faces you ever saw.

MARGARET

They'll sit there all day like  
 that if I let them. I have to  
 play the first card.

&gt;

Sayer watches her pull a card from one of their hands and place it on the table. All three "wake" and begin throwing down cards, one after another.

SAYER

Is it a real game I wonder?

MARGARET

If it is, I don't know it. Maybe  
 it's three different games.

SAYER

(delighted)

Yes.

62. OMITTED

6

63. INT. CORRIDOR / DAYROOM (B) - DAY

6

Sayer moving past "normal" patients lined up in the hall like planes on tarmac. Suddenly, from a dayroom, booms the opening bass line of Hendrix's "Foxy Lady."

63.CONT. . . . " . ' ' « 63.  
Sayer peers curiously into the room. Bert is eating and Anthony is grinning. He sees Sayer in the doorway and sends him a self-satisfied thumbs-up sign.

64. INT. DAYROOM (C) - DAY 64.

Miss Costello sitting with a post-encephalitic man. (FRANK)

MISS COSTELLO  
There's something else that reaches them.

She touches the man's hand, holds it, and his head slowly turns to face her.

MISS COSTELLO  
Human contact.

She pulls him gently to his feet and walks with him a few steps.

MISS COSTELLO  
He can't walk without me. If I  
let go - ;  
(to the patient)  
I won't let go of you' -  
(to Sayer)  
- if I let go, he'll fall. He'll  
walk with me anywhere.

They walk a few more steps and tears begin to form in Miss Costello's eyes.

MISS COSTELLO  
It's like the ball . . . only it's  
my will he's borrowing.

Sayer, too, is moved. But as he watches Miss Costello and her patient walk away, his expression changes; something she has said or done has struck a chord, or unlocked a door:

Close on their hands . . .

65. OMITTED - 65.

66. INT. BAINBRIDGE - NIGHT - 66.

Empty corridor. Echoing footsteps.

67. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGHT 67.

Leonard. Tucked in but "awake." Staring at the ceiling.

SAYER O.S.

Leonard?

68. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - LATER - NIGHT

68

In a far corner of the darkened ward, in a pool of lamp light, two silhouetted figures. Sayer and Leonard. Sleeping patients all around them.

Sayer carefully, awkwardly, places his hand on Leonard's. After a moment, the contact brings the useless appendage "to life." As it slowly turns over and grasps the doctor's hand, a glimmer of life seems to appear in Leonard's eyes as well.

Sayer, unfamiliar, it seems, with the feeling the contact produces in him, nonetheless places his other hand on Leonard's other. Soon it too turns and holds onto Sayer's.

The doctor draws both of Leonard's hands toward him and sets them down on the pointer of an Ouija Board.

SAYER

I'll begin moving the pointer  
toward the "L." For "Leonard."  
Once I feel you beginning to move  
it, I'll stop and you'll take .  
over. Do you understand?

Leonard, of course, cannot say whether he does or not. The look on his face is "thoughtful." The look on Sayer's, hopeful and foolish.

SAYER

I'm beginning . . .

The pointer begins to slowly move past stars and moons. Judging from Sayer's expression he begins to feel Leonard's movement of it and, presumably, stops his own.

SAYER

Yes, good . . .

The pointer moves across the letters, but passes the "L" without stopping. It stops on the "R."

SAYER

No. No, I didn't make myself  
clear. My fault. I . . . .

The pointer begins moving again, "interrupting" Sayer. It passes the "L" again, reaches the "I" and stops.

SAYER

..  
' " . ,

But the pointer is moving again. It stops on the "L."

SAYER

Yes. Yes. That's what I meant. .  
"L." Good. Now the "E."

It begins moving again. But not to the "E." To the "K," where it hesitates briefly before moving again.

SAYER

(realizing, to himself)  
. . . you're spelling something else . . .

Keeping one hand on the moving pointer, Sayer fumbles a pen from his shirt pocket and scribbles on his lab coat what Leonard has and is continuing to "write":

R I L K E S P A

69. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Sayer alone in the examining room, standing over his desk. The lab coat is on it. And on it is scrawled:

R I L K E S P A N T H E R I L K E

He has to study it only a moment before he sees the meaning of it; he quickly scratches out the last four letters, and adds a slash between the "S" and the "P," so that it reads:

R I L K E s/p A N T H E R BmBJUP\*

69A. EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY. - ESTABLISH - DAY

6

70. INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

A card catalogue. Cards flipping by, stopping on one that reads:

831 R Rilke, Rainer Maria  
German poet and fiction<sub>f</sub> writer;  
1875-1926; Collected Poems  
tr. fr. German by --

71. INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - LATER - DAY

7

Moving slowly in on Sayer at one of the library tables with a V book. . . .

SAYER'S VOICE  
"His gaze from staring through the  
bars has grown so weary that it  
can take in nothing more . . .

72. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - DAY

72

Moving slowly into the Western painting.

SAYER'S VOICE  
"For him it is as though there  
were a thousand bars, and behind  
the thousand bars, no world . . .

72A. EXT. BRONX ZOO - DAY

72A

Moving in on a panther, limbs weakened, spirit broken, slowly  
pacing back and forth before the bars of a small cage.

SAYER V.O.  
"As he paces in cramped circles,  
over and over, his powerful  
strides are like a ritual dance  
around a center where **a great will**  
stands paralyzed . . .

Moving slowly away from Sayer watching, moving high above him;  
the place is virtually deserted.

73. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - DAY

73

Moving slowly in on Leonard as, in bed, flannel pajamas, as his  
mother diapers him for the night.

SAYER V.O.  
"At times the curtains of the eye  
lift without a sound . . .

Moving slowly in on Sayer, unseen in a doorway, staring at  
Leonard, at the look of contentment on his face. Or is it a  
look of impotent rage?

SAYER V.O.  
" . . . and a shape enters, 'slips  
through the tightened silence of  
the shoulders, reaches the heart  
and dies .i."

FADE TO BLACK . ' ' ' . '

73A. EXT. AUDITORIUM - NEW YORK - AFTERNOON

73A.

Professional and professorial types filing in past a placard, an enlargement of an article from the Journal of Neurochemistry titled: LEVADOPA IN THE TREATMENT OF PARKINSONISM. Below it: A DISCUSSION WITH MARTIN S. THOMAS, PH.D.

There's excitement (and jealousy) in the air.

An anatomical skeleton dangling from a metal stand.

NEUROCHEMIST

There's an ordinary medicine with  
which we are all familiar. An  
everyday medicine of stubbed toes  
and bunions and boils.

A man at a podium in a modern version of the 1920's basement  
operating theatre.

NEUROCHEMIST

And then there is another kind.  
A medicine that holds out to the  
afflicted the promise of restored  
life.

He glances to a point above his listeners, and an overhead  
projector splashes a diagram of molecular structure (and the  
silhouette of a raised hand) onto a screen. The neurochemist  
traces the shadow to its maker in the audience.

SAYER

Thank you. Yes. Yes, I'm very  
much interested in your work with  
this drug. I'm curious if . . .

NEUROCHEMIST

Doctor ...?

SAYER

(pause)  
Sayer. I'm curious if you . . .

NEUROCHEMIST

After I'm through, Dr. Sayer. If  
you wouldn't mind.

Sayer glances around the auditorium. Everyone's looking at  
him. He grasps the offending hand and holds it in his lap with  
the other.

Refreshments on tables. Sayer, uncomfortable in his suit,  
wandering around the crowded room with a glass of wine. He  
approaches its hub of activity, the neurochemist surrounded by  
several impressed colleagues, but can't manage to get close  
enough to speak with him.

The neurochemist walks in and crosses to the urinals. A moment later, he hears the door opening, and footsteps, and then nothing, until -

SAYER O.S.

Do you think it's possible that simple Parkinsonian tremor taken to its furthest extreme could appear as no tremor at all?

When no one answers, the chemist glances over his shoulder. Sayer is there, quite alone, looking at him.

NEUROCHEMIST

Are you speaking to me?

Sayer is. And really wants to know the answer. The chemist zips up and moves to the sinks to wash his hands.

SAYER

If jail the compulsions in the Parkinson's patient were somehow accelerated -

(demonstrating what he means)

- the hands, the shaking, the tics, the head bobbing, the quickening speech -

(he's become a mass of tics and accelerated speech) »

- might they not cave in on themselves and, in effect, turn the person into stone?

He comes to a abrupt stop, his eyes transfixed like a post-encephalitic's, staring. The chemist slowly dries his hands with a paper towel.

NEUROCHEMIST

Dr. Sayer, yes?

(Sayer nods)

I'm a chemist, doctor. I leave it to you guys to do the damage.

He drops the paper towel into the trash and leaves

Emerging from his car with some papers, Dr. Kaufman is ambushed by Sayer.



77.CONT.

SAYER

77.

Did you have a chance to look at any of the -.

KAUFMAN

Freud believed in miracles. Prescribing cocaine like it was candy . . .

Sayer has to hurry to keep up with his supervisor as he heads toward the hospital.

KAUFMAN

We all believed in the "miracle" of Cortisone until our patients went psychotic on it. Now it's L-Dopa.

He hands over the papers - xeroxed articles from medical journals and newspapers which Sayer gave him to read - and keeps going, Sayer straggling a few steps back.

SAYER

With all due respect, I think it's rather too soon to say that.

KAUFMAN

With all due "respect," it's rather way too soon. Let the chemists do the damage.

The gap between them widens as Sayer slows. He expected this sort of reaction from Kaufman, but had hoped for another. Kaufman disappears into the building.

77A. INT. KAUFMAN'S OFFICE - LATER - MORNING

77A

The stack of papers drops onto Kaufman's desk. The one on top reads, NEW DRUG LETS SHAKING PALSY PATIENTS EAT JELL-O.

SAYER

Did you read the case - the husband who came home to find his wife singing. She hadn't felt like singing in years.

Kaufman, on the phone, glances to Sayer long-sufferingly, lets him wait while he finishes with his call, and eventually sets down the receiver.

77A.CONT.

KAUFMAN

77A

I read them all. Soberly. All thirty cases had mild Parkinson's. Your Parkies - if that's what they are - haven't moved for decades. You know better than to make a leap like that, you want to believe there's a connection, that doesn't mean there is one.

SAYER

What I believe, what I know, is that these people are alive inside.

KAUFMAN

How do you know? Because they catch tennis balls?

SAYER

I know it.

Sayer doesn't elaborate, but his tone is resolute. And it has the intended effect on Kaufman, causing him to consider the possibility that Sayer could, somehow, know it as a fact.

KAUFMAN

And what if this drug were to kill them?

SAYER -

(right back) >

And what if this drug were to cure them?

Somewhere behind Kaufman's eyes Sayer can see, he thinks, a change, or reminiscence, long ago, long buried, of things he once believed or wanted to believe.

KAUFMAN

How many did you think I'd let you put on it?

SAYER

All of them ... some of them ... one of them . . .

KAUFMAN

One. With the family's consent.  
Signed.

Sayer tries to hide his elation and turns to leave before Kaufman changes his mind.

77A.CONT.

KAUFMAN

77A.

Sayer -

Sayer turns. He was almost to the door. He had almost made it out. \*

KAUFMAN

That "immense" project of yours.  
The myelin? The worms? When that failed, what was the reaction of your lab supervisor? •

Sayer thinks about lying, but senses Kaufman knows the answer already and just wants to hear him say it. So he does: \*

SAYER

He asked me to leave. .

Kaufman nods like, Just checking. And -

KAUFMAN

Good luck. .

Sayer leaves.

78. INT. MRS. LOWE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT :

78.

A standard consent form and pen on a kitchenette table. Two coffee cups. One used tea bag.

SAYER

People with ordinary Parkinson's Disease sometimes complain that they've "lost their grace . . . "

(he picks up a cup  
with a shaking hand)

They have to think about the things we just do . . .

(with great "trouble"  
he sets it down)

It has to do with a chemical in the midbrain, or rather the lack of it, called dopamine. L-Dopa replenishes this dopamine, making it possible for these patients to move more naturally.

He picks up the cup again, gracefully, and sets it down.

MRS. LOWE

Leonard has Parkinson's Disease?

78.CONT.

SAYER

No. No, his symptoms ... are  
like Parkinsons ... and then again  
they're not.

She doesn't understand what he means; there's no reason why she  
should.

MRS. LOWE

(pause)

Then what will this medicine do  
for him?

SAYER

I don't know what it'll do for  
him, if anything.

MRS. LOWE

What do you think it will do?

SAYER

I don't know.

MRS. LOWE

What do you hope it will do?

(0

SAYER

I hope it'll bring him back from  
wherever he is.

MRS. LOWE

To what?

SAYER

To the world.

MRS. LOWE

(pause)

What's here for him after all  
these years? ' '

SAYER

You are here.

She ponders that and the enormity of the whole situation, all  
the while staring at the consent form.

79. INT. PHARMACY, BAINBRIDGE - DAY

79

The hospital pharmacy, a subterranean structure built into the  
basement, cluttered from floor to ceiling with medicines.

Ray, the pharmacist, dips into a bag of powder. He spoons some  
out onto a scale and looks to Sayer to tell him the dosage.

SAYER

I have no idea. What do you say  
we ease into it with ... what, »  
fifty milligrams? .

Ray begins to measure five milligrams.

SAYER

Let's say a hundred.

Ray shrugs; it's okay with him. He knifes at the powder,  
removing all but 100 milligrams.

80. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

80

Leonard, sphinx-like in his wheelchair, his mother by his side.  
Sayer, stirring the L-Dopa into a paper cup of orange juice.  
Miss Costello, in the doorway, watching. Sayer hands the glass  
to Mrs. Lowe. v

(NOTE: Consult w/Sacks on this; may need the contents of a '  
capsule emptied into the cup) - 'J

SAYER

Leonard? Your mother's going to give you some juice. There's medicine in it which is why it may taste more bitter than usual.

Sayer glances to Mrs. Lowe. It's as if they've rehearsed it all. She holds the glass to her son's lips and gradually drains the liquid down his throat.

Nothing immediately happens, of course, but they all, with the exception of Leonard, look as if they expect it to. Mrs. Lowe hands the empty glass back to Sayer.

And they all wait.

81. INT. THE PHARMACY, LATER - DAY

81

Ray measuring out another 100 milligram dose.

RAY

Maybe the acid in the orange juice, neutralized it.

SAYER

Or maybe it's not enough.

^••,-N  
|0 "

Ray tosses Sayer a look that says, "don't push it." Sayer nods.

SAYER

I'll try it in milk.

82. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGHT

82

An empty milk glass on a night table. "

Leonard, in his wheelchair, in pajamas, still and silent under the painting of the boat. \*

His mother, Sayer and Miss Costello watch and wait while around them nurses atid orderlies hoist other patients into bed. \*

83. INT. THE PHARMACY - DAY

83

Ray scrapes powder from the scale into a pharmaceutical funnel which takes it down onto a miniature glass dish. Handing the dish to Sayer - ;

RAY

Five hundred milligrams.

84. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

84.

Another empty milk glass. Leonard, stoic, or so it seems, in his wheelchair. His mother and Sayer and Miss Costello waiting for a movement, a change of expression, a sign of any kind that something is happening inside him. But there's nothing . . .

85. INT. BAINBRIDGE - NIGHT

85.

A corridor. Mrs. Lowe is leaving. Sayer is with her, seeing \* her to the door.

SAYER

I'll call if there's any change.

MRS. LOWE

Yes.

Neither really knows what else to say except for good night. She leaves.

86. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGHT

86.

Sayer and Miss Costello lift Leonard out of his wheelchair and into his bed.

MISS COSTELLO

I'm going home too. If you need  
me . . \*

SAYER

Yes, I'll call.

They nod "good night" at each other and Miss Costello leaves. Sayer slumps into Leonard's wheelchair. Land waits.

87. INT. THE PHARMACY - NIGHT

87.

Ray has gone home, too. Sayer, alone in the pharmacy, measures out 1000 milligrams, ten times the original dose.

88. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGHT

88.

Sayer at Leonard's bedside, holding the glass to Leonard's lips, draining the liquid into him, all of it.

89. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - LATER - NIGHT

Sayer asleep in the wheelchair. He stirs. Wakes. And takes a moment to remind himself where he is. And why. His eyes narrow, uncomprehending.

Leonard's bed is empty.

90. INT. DAYROOM - LATER - NIGHT

A claw of a hand dragging a crayon across a sheet of paper.

Tight on Sayer, framed in a doorway, as still and silent and entranced as a post-encephalitic.

His perspective of the dayroom - deserted except for a figure, a patient, Leonard, hunched over the table.

As Sayer crosses toward him, Leonard's head slowly rises. Sayer sits opposite him and they consider each other in silence for several moments.

Leonard struggles to speak, to form words. They come out in a halting cadence, flat, without inflection, and are only barely recognizable as words:

LEONARD

It's quiet.

SAYER

It's late. Everyone's asleep•>

LEONARD

I'm not asleep?

SAYER

No. You're awake.

Though he nods, it's unclear whether Leonard realizes how significant that is. Sayer gestures at the piece of paper beneath Leonard's hands.

SAYER

May I?

Sayer draws the paper across the table. It's covered with what seems imponderable hieroglyphic-like scrawl. But there is order in the chaos. Letters. Leonard's name.

LEONARD

Me.



Alone in the room, Leonard moves slowly around it, feeling things: the smoothness of the cabinet glass/ the warmth thrown by a desk lamp, water from the cooler splashing onto his hand.

SAYER O.S.

Leonard?

Leonard turns to Sayer's voice with an expression of child-like wonder on his face.

SAYER

Your mother is here.

She appears in the doorway of the room. She's done her hair, her face, she's put on a nice dress, yet she remains unprepared for this reunion. She can do nothing but stare at her "infant son" who is now, "suddenly," a man.

As he slowly crosses toward her, she is struck by the fact she must look up in order to meet his eyes. He reaches her. Reaches out to her. And she embraces him.

A corridor crowded with patients in wheelchairs with nowhere to go and nothing much to do.

MISS COSTELLO

My name is Elizabeth. It's a »  
pleasure to meet you.

Leonard, standing, reaches for her hand and struggles to pronounce her name correctly. Fighting to keep from crying in front of him, Miss Costello glances to Sayer and Mrs. Lowe.

Miss Costello, flanked by Sayer and Mrs. Lowe, watches as Leonard extends his hand to the "card playing nurse."

MARGARET

How do you do, sir? My name is  
Margaret.

LEONARD

Margaret.

94. INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - MORNING

Margaret has joined the "tour, group" and introduces Leonard to the "music orderly." They shake hands.

LEONARD  
Fernando. How are you?

FERNANDO  
Great, man. How're you?

LEONARD  
Great, too.

95. INT. THE PHARMACY - MORNING

Fernando is along for the ride and watches Leonard shaking Ray the pharmacist's hand.

RAY  
How do you do, Mr. Lowe?

LEONARD  
Good, sir.

95A. INT. CAFETERIA KITCHEN -MORNING

The cooks and kitchen workers around Leonard and his entourage, shaking his hand.

96. INT. STAFF CAFETERIA - LATER - DAY

A tray of truly awful cafeteria food. The group, minus Sayer and Miss Costello, watches Leonard dip a fork into some mush-like concoction and manipulate it, with difficulty, to and into his mouth. He seems amazed by its flavor.

LEONARD  
It's delicious.

FERNANDO  
I wouldn't go that far, Len.

Sayer and Miss Costello, at another table, glance over to the others who are all laughing. Sayer smiles.

MISS COSTELLO  
I don't think I could deal with losing 3D years of my life. I can't even imagine it.

Sayer's smile fades. The possibility that Leonard might not have realized the extent of the passage of time had not, until this moment, occurred to him. He stares blankly at Miss Costello.

MISS COSTELLO  
He does realize it, doesn't he?

Sayer nods uncertainly.

SAYER  
He must.

97. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER - DAY

97

(NOTE: CONSULT SACKS ON THIS SCENE:)

Sayer demonstrates a clapping motion. Leonard repeats it more slowly but with decent motor control.

SAYER  
Splendid.

Sayer makes a note. They are alone in the examination room which, like most of the hospital, has little in it to indicate that it is not the 1930's.

SAYER  
Can I see you walk the length of  
the room? \*

Leonard walks slowly across the room past the perception tests and notes and Polaroids cluttering the wall. Coming back, he pauses. He's looking at a picture of himself taped there.

Sayer watches him slowly reach his hands to his face to feel his features. He stares at the photograph of himself, trying to comprehend that which cannot be comprehended.

He's not young anymore.

98. OMITTED

98.

99. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - NIGHT

99.

Sayer and Mrs. Lowe at Leonard's bedside.

(y\

LEONARD  
I'm afraid to close my eyes . . . If  
I close my eyes . . .

He hesitates, as if saying it may make the fear more real.

SAYER  
. . . you'll sleep. And when you  
wake up in the morning, it will be  
the next morning. I promise.

Sayer's smile tries to assure them both that it will happen just that way. He excuses himself, leaving Leonard with his mother, joins Miss Costello by the door and glances back. Mrs. Lowe is stroking Leonard's head as she hums a lullaby.

100. INT. ROOM ADJACENT TO EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING

100

Sayer comes in with some books, sets them on Miss Costello's desk and crosses to a closet.

SAYER  
I didn't sleep, did you?

MISS COSTELLO  
Does it look like it? .

Sayer hangs up his jacket and slips into a lab coat.

SAYER  
Do you know if Leonard's awake?

She smiles and points toward the adjoining examination room.

101. INT. THE EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING

101

Showered and shaved and groomed and bright-eyed, Leonard sits listening to his own heartbeat with Sayer's stethoscope. Coming in -

*i* SAYER  
Good morning.

LEONARD  
Good morning. .

His speech is still rather flat, halting.,

SAYER  
Been waiting for me long?

LEONARD  
Yes.



Sayer smiles. He hands Leonard the books. History books. An almanac.

SAYER

Some things have happened while you've been away. I thought you'd be interested.

Leonard opens one carefully, reverently, and begins reading from it to himself.

SAYER

You don't have to read them now, Leonard. They're yours. At your leisure.

Leonard closes the book but holds onto it and the others like they're gold.

LEONARD

I used to read quite a lot. Before.

SAYER i

Yes, I know.

LEONARD

Thank you for these.

i

Sayer nods that he's welcome.

SAYER

Have you thought about what you'd like to do today?

LEONARD

Everything.

SAYER

(smiles)

I'm not sure I can arrange that.

LEONARD

Try.

Sayer smiles again. For a man who just yesterday learned he has been cheated out of the greater"- part of his life, Leonard seems to have recovered extraordinarily.

SAYER

Let's approach it this way. What do you think you'd like to do first?

LEONARD  
I'd like to go outside.

101A. EXT. BAINBRIDGE HOSPITAL - DAY

101A

Sayer and Leonard emerge from the hospital and move under trees along a path toward the parking lot. At a point, the doctor realizes his patient is no longer at his side; he's several steps back, feeling the sunshine on his skin.

(p\ 102. EXT. PARKING LOT, BAINBRIDGE - MORNING 10

Though it is only a Toyota, its dashboard, to Leonard, resembles something out of Jules Verne. He allows Sayer to buckle his seatbelt for him and watches with fascination as Sayer performs the "complex" preparatory sequence necessary, apparently, to make the car go.

The car pulls away. Above, framed in a second story window of one of the buildings, stands a lone figure looking out - Leonard's mother.

103. INT. SAYER'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING 10

Tight on the radio. Sayer switches it on. To Leonard's amazement, classical music fills the interior

and CONTINUES OVER:

104. EXT. THE BRONX - MOVING SHOTS - MORNING 10

Billboards advertising color televisions and electric shavers. Buses which have grown over the decades to a behemoth scale. "Ultra-modern" housing projects and gas stations. "Futuristic" cars.

Leonard cannot imagine a more enthralling re-introduction to the world and stares at it all with wonder. Everywhere he looks there is something "extraordinary."

LEONARD

What a wonderful place The Bronx  
has become.

The music CONTINUES OVER:

105. INT/EXT. NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDENS - DAY 10

A rose. ,

Leonard puts his face close to it to appreciate its fragrance. He touches its petals gently, explores them, and is quietly astonished by the tactile sensation.

Sayer watches. He, too, can appreciate wonders of the real world, especially those of a botanical nature, but not with the purity or intensity Leonard can.

Pulling back reveals them in the middle of a vast garden of countless thousands of roses.

106. INT. SAYER'S CAR - MOVING - DAY 106

Leonard turns the radio dial from the classical station to another playing a very different kind of music, and listens to it bemused but intrigued. It's John Lennon singing "A DAY IN THE LIFE"

and it CONTINUES OVER:

107. EXT. PARK - THE BRONX - LATER - DAY 107

Children playing flag-football on an expanse of grass. Dogs running around, nannies with prams, lovers.

A disk, a frisbee, falls at Leonard's feet. He retrieves it but has no idea what it is or what to do with it. Sayer demonstrates the wrist action with an invisible one. Leonard doesn't get it. Sayer takes it from him and flings it pathetically not halfway back to its owners.

The music CONTINUES OVER:

108. EXT. STREET CORNER JOINT - THE BRONX - LATER - DAY 108.

Leonard watches with interest a Carvel ice cream machine. He and Sayer are handed cones and Leonard's attention moves to a girl wearing an unbelievably short skirt.

Her boyfriend stares at Leonard. Sayer tries to pull his charge's attention elsewhere. Leonard, finally, glances away, up, to a sound overhead.

The music CONTINUES OVER:

109. EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY 109

A 747 roaring down a runway. At the edge of it, it lifts off and thunders over Sayer and Leonard and the parked Toyota. Exhilarated, Leonard waves.

The music CONTINUES OVER:

110. OMITTED 110

111. EXT. THE BRONX / CITY ISLAND - DAY 111

An expressway. The Toyota traveling at "astounding" speed, passing a sign that reads CITY ISLAND.



Boats and fish markets and lush vegetation. Paradise compared to the Bronx. The Toyota turns down a side road near the water and into the driveway of Sayer's small wooden house.

And the music ends.

112. INT. SAYER'S KITCHEN / DINING ROOM - DAY

112.

Tea bags steeping in a pot on a cluttered kitchen counter. Sayer, exhausted from the day, hunts in vain through packing boxes on the floor for crackers, cookies, something he can offer his guest.

He keeps glancing in at Leonard, who's wandering around the dining room, navigating around packing boxes, to browse at the spines of books. Noticing Sayer watching -

LEONARD

You just moved here.

SAYER

Yeah. Well, five years ago.

Sayer shrugs, disappears into the kitchen a moment . . . before peeking back in to see what Leonard is looking at now: a small framed photograph of a boy with a toy sailboat and a forlorn expression posed in front of a curtain; the boat obviously a photography studio prop.

LEONARD

Your son?

SAYER

Me, actually.

LEONARD

(looking closely at  
the photograph)

You seem uncomfortable.

SAYER

I probably was.

Sayer disappears into the kitchen again. And a moment later glances back in around the door frame at Leonard who has moved over to an old sideboard on which several pairs of glasses are neatly arranged.

SAYER

Each has a specific purpose.

As Leonard considers each pair of glasses ...

SAYER

Those are my normal interior glasses. And spare pair. Those, I wear outside. Two pairs, in case I lose one. Those, those are my daytime reading glasses. And spare. Those are for close work. For fine print. Those are my nighttime reading glasses -

Leonard's examining the frames of this last pair closely.

SAYER

That's heavy-gauge metal so when I fall asleep and roll over on them I don't wreck them. They're indestructible.

Leonard returns the indestructible ones to their proper place and considers them all together.

SAYER

As long as I pretty much know ahead of time what I'll be looking at, it works out, I don't have to carry all five pairs around.

LEONARD

What if you just want to go for a walk?

SAYER

(pause)

Walks are a problem. Walks are the hardest thing. You just never know.

He's absolutely serious, like a man plagued for years by an imponderable dilemma. He retreats back into his kitchen before reappearing again with the pot of tea, two mismatched cups and some saltine% on a tray.

SAYER

I hope you'll forgive the inelegant presentation. I don't entertain much.     •/•     .

113. INT. SAYER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

113.

They've cleared places on the sofa and chair and sit there sipping their tea. \*

SAYER

I can date my interest in science precisely, actually. I'd been sent off to boarding school - a place perhaps not quite as Dickensian as I remember it - when I happened to come across the periodic table of elements.

(smiles at the thought)

I memorized it. Which I admit was a rather precocious thing for a seven year old to do. And I remember feeling . . . not so much a sense of accomplishment . . . as comfort. The halogens were what they were. The alkali metals were what they were. Each element had its place, and nothing could change that. They were secure, no matter what.

Leonard nods, perhaps more out of politeness than understanding. Sayer nods too, feeling, perhaps, a little exposed.

LEONARD

You're not married.

\* It seems to Sayer a non sequitor.

SAYER

No.

He smiles. Sips his tea. Silence except for the ticking of a clock somewhere. Then, very matter of factly -

SAYER

I'm not terribly good with people. I like them. I wish I could say I had more than a rudimentary understanding of them.

(pause)

Maybe if they were less unpredictable . . .

He shrugs. Silence again.

LEONARD

Eleanor would disagree with you.

Sayer stares at him blankly. He doesn't seem to know who "Eleanor<sup>11</sup>" is.

SAYER

Eleanor?

LEONARD

Miss Costello.

SAYER

Oh, yes, of course.

(uneasy)

She's spoken to you about me?

Leonard nods. Sayer can't imagine why, nor what she might have said. Fearing the worst -

SAYER

What'd she say?

LEONARD

That you're a kind man. That you care very much for people.

Sayer shifts in his chair uncomfortably.

LEONARD

But you meant normal people.

Sayer seems at a loss as to how to respond. The accompanying silence grows awkward.

SAYER

We should be getting back.

Sayer crosses over to the sideboard, to the pairs of glasses, stares at them for several moments, and picks up two pairs.

114. OMITTED

114

114A. EXT. PARKING LOT - BAINBRIDGE - DAY

114A

Climbing out of his car, Kaufman sees Sayer striding toward him. He glances to the sky, Kaufman, to God, and silently complains to Him.

4

115. INT. STAFF CAFETERIA, BAINBRIDGE - LATER - DAY

115

Cafeteria workers carting serving trays back to the kitchen. Nurses and orderlies and office workers at tables with finished meals and cups of coffee. They seem unaware of Drs. Sayer and Kaufman at a table near the door.

KAUFMAN

When you say expensive, what are we talking about?

<D

SAYER

To put them all on the dosage Mr. Lowe is on . . . about twenty thousand dollars.

Kaufman stares at Sayer aghast. He knew L-Dopa was expensive, but not that expensive. He manages to recover somewhat.

KAUFMAN

That would be for how long?

SAYER

About a month.

KAUFMAN

A month?

Sayer nods. Kaufman glances away. Stares blankly at faces at other tables. Back to Sayer.

KAUFMAN

I can't go before the board with that. I could . . .

He laughs to himself at the futility of it.

SAYER

I was thinking of speaking to the patrons.

KAUFMAN

The few patrons this hospital has give what they can.

SAYER

Well, we'd have to convince them to give more than they're accustomed to giving.

He hadn't intended as impudent a tone as that which came out. More calmly ~

SAYER

Perhaps if they saw Mr. Lowe. . . . i . . . - ' ' ' ' : ' . : . . i . . . - , ' . ' " ' . . . ' . . .

KAUFMAN

I think you overestimate the effect Mr. Lowe has on people. We're talking about money here.

Kaufman sips at his coffee and slowly becomes aware of the silence around them. No one is talking. He glances up as Miss Costello walks by setting something on the table in front of him. She leaves the cafeteria without a word.

CD

Kaufman glances down. She has left a Bainbridge payroll check made out in her name. Kaufman turns it over. She has endorsed it back to Bainbridge Hospital.

Fernando walks by and out, leaving his salary check on the table. Then Ray, the pharmacist, leaving his. Then the nurse who reluctantly read "Moby Dick" to the patients. Then a cafeteria worker. A secretary. A clerk. A janitor.

The cafeteria is soon empty, except for Sayer and Kaufman. Long silence.

116. INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

110

8mm film of Leonard before L-Dopa - a wide shot of him absolutely motionless in his wheelchair.

SAYER O.S.

There was extreme rigidity of the axial musculature . . . only vague available motion in the neck . . . no voluntary movement in the limbs . . .

A tight shot of Leonard's entranced face appears on the screen.

SAYER O.S.

Perhaps most striking was the profound facial masking -- which we now know should not have been confused with apathy. \*

Tight on Sayer, the light from the projector flickering on his face.

SAYER

Virtually aphonic, Mr. Lowe could articulate no words, but rather only, with considerable effort, an occasional noise, a kind of, "Ah . . ."

In the darkness sit Kaufman, the rest of the Board of Directors, some elderly patrons of the hospital, and, near Sayer, Miss Costello. She hands him a scribbled note. "Less scientific" it reads.

SAYER

Isolated circumstances - the mention of his name, notes of particular pieces of music, the touch of another human being - managed on occasion to briefly summon him, but these awakenings were rare and transient, lasting only a moment or two.

Sayer glances to Miss Costello. She nods, "Good, that's better."

SAYER

The rest of the time he remained in a profoundly eventless place ~ deprived of all sense of history and happening and self - encysted, cocooned, enveloped in this metaphorical if not physiological equivalent of sleep . . . or death.

Tight on the screen, on Leonard, as he was. Looking more like a photograph of a man than a motion picture of one.

SAYER

This was his condition when first seen by me in a remote bay of this hospital. And the quality of his life for the last 30 years.

The "before picture" of Leonard on the screen is replaced with the "after" - his eyes alert, his hands exploring a desk microphone. He glances up and off at something.

LEONARD (FILM)

Now?

SAYER'S VOICE

Whenever you're ready.

LEONARD (FILM)

My name is Leonard Lowe. It has been explained to me that I have been away for . . . quite some time . . .

He seems to withdraw, to wrestle with the thought, to try to somehow come to terms with it, to somehow resolve it. He nods as he finds within himself some source of strength and looks directly at the camera.

LEONARD (FILM)

I'm back.

117. INT. BOARD ROOM, LATER - NIGHT

117

The lights are on, the screen rolled up, the board members and patrons visibly moved, almost shaken, and silent.

Eventually one of the patrons, an old woman, reaches into her purse for her checkbook and a pen. Another patron, an elderly man, pulls a checkbook and pen from an inside jacket pocket. Another already has hers out in front of her ...

Sayer and Miss Costello exchange a glance. The room is absolutely silent, except for the muted scratch of pens on paper.

118. INT. THE PHARMACY - DAY

118

The raw L-Dopa powder, 20,000 dollars worth, has arrived. It sits on a pharmacy counter in large clear bags. Sayer and Ray peer between racks of medicine at two teenage girls and two very old men chatting in a corner of the pharmacy.

RAY

They're volunteers from the  
neighborhood.

SAYER

Wonderful.

119. OMITTED

v

119

120. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

120

Several empty medicine paper-cups. The "garden of stone," reassembled. Sayer knows better than to sit and wait, that nothing is going to immediately happen, but he sits and waits anyway. As does Miss Costello. As does Leonard and his mother.

121. INT. STAFF ROOM - NIGHT

121

Sayer asleep on a couch that's too short for him. Miss Costello asleep on another.

VOICE

Dr. Sayer?

Sayer wakes to find a night nurse standing over him.

SAYER

What is it?



(continuity only)

121. CONT.

121.

NIGHT NURSE  
It's a miracle.

121A. INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

121A.

They move along a silent corridor that seems to stretch out forever - the doctor, the two nurses - carrying themselves professionally, with sobriety and restraint. But as they near the ward, as they're joined by others, other nurses, orderlies, their steps and hearts quicken. They break into a trot.

122. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

122.

They appear at the threshold, Sayer, Miss Costello, the night nurse, the others, and peer into the darkened room:

In the quiet, in the shadows, in the moonlight filtering in through the windows, the post-encephalitics are emerging from their "cocoon," rising from the "dead" like Lazarus from the earth, reborn.

Moving slowly past the beds: A figure rediscovering the feeling of her skin; another, the sound of his breath; another, the beating of her heart.

A figure still asleep . . . wakes. And for the first time in nearly half a century sees herself in the world.

Tight on Sayer, on the look of awe on his face as he stares at the scene going on in the darkened ward. His glance finds Leonard who is sitting up in his bed, smiling.

123. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

123,

Tight on Lucy's face, deep in thought, lost in thought. After several moments of silence, she speaks -

..:, • . :... . ,LUCY V . • \* . - . . .  
. . . I just had the strappest  
dream . . .

A cacophony of off-screen voices - from a radio, the television, and the awakened post-encephalitics themselves - rises up as another woman, Miriam, moves past Lucy's face. We follow her, as does a nurse with a blood pressure gauge on wheels.

123.CONT.

NURSE

12

Miriam, please, I - (have to  
check your blood pressure - )

MIRIAM

(interrupting)

I've been sitting for 25 years,  
you missed your chance.

Miriam and the nurse trailing after her pass in front of a man  
with no English (Josef) trying to explain something to a couple  
of orderlies. One to the other - .

ORDERLY 1

You're Italian, he's Italian,  
what's the problem?

ORDERLY 2

I was born here - X don't speak •  
Italian.

Nearby, another man. This one does speak English -

BERT

I want a steak, rare. I want  
mashed potatoes and gravy, string  
beans, a slice of pie and a ' ' '  
chocolate phosphate.

Anthony turns away with the tray he just brought in - broth,  
jello and juice - and carries it away, passing the "card  
playing nurse," Margaret.

ANTHONY

I think I prefer them the other  
way.

Having settled on Margaret: she smiles, glances to "her"  
patient, Rose, who, staring at her reflection in a hand mirror,  
tugs at her grey hair.

ROSE

And some dye. Black.

MARGARET

(jotting down the  
request)

Black, are you sure?

ROSE

And some clothes . . . my. clothes.

123.CONT.

-

12.

She pulls at her faded shapeless dress with great disdain.

ROSE

Who put me in this?

A bewildered man on stiff legs (FRANK) walks by. Following him, we catch a glimpse of a Dutch woman in a wheelchair, with a nurse -

MAGDA

... the gardener, he must prune  
the fruit trees ... the roses . . .  
I think he's forget . . .

- before settling on Miss Costello with a man who seems lost in a world of his own, his head nodding slightly to music from an unseen radio.

MISS COSTELLO

Can you speak to me, Rolando?  
Rolando, it's Miss Costello. Can  
you understand me?

Apparently not. A figure blurs past. And a moment later, another, the nurse with the pressure gauge, still trailing after Miriam. The camera follows them -

NURSE

Miriam ... Miriam . . .

- before settling on a man, Desmond, doing a soft-shoe. Leonard, and a few others, watch. Frank blurs by again, passes a woman, Francis, sort of lost, seated with a nurse:

FRANCIS

. . . I was aware of things, but  
nothing meant anything, there was  
no connection to me.  
(vague recollection:)  
There was a war . . .  
(pailse)  
... or two . . .

Miss Costello notices Frank, standing nearby, looking puzzled.

MISS COSTELLO

Frank? Are you all right?

FRANK

&lt;

My wife and son. Are they well?

123.CONT.

123.

Hiss Costello finds herself at a loss for a moment . . .

MISS COSTELLO  
We'll find them for you. We'll  
track them down.

Lucy again, Sayer still at her side.

LUCY  
. . . I called to my sister, but she  
couldn't hear me. No one could  
hear me. I was alone . . .  
(pause)  
And then I woke up.

She smiles. Sayer tries to. He hesitates ... but finally  
can't help asking her -

SAYER  
Lucy, what year is it?

LUCY  
What year is it? You don't know?

He shakes his head 'no.' She glances around the place, then  
leans close to him and whispers -

LUCY  
•26.

MIRIAM O.S.  
Doctor! Doctor!

Sayer turns to the urgent voice, concerned, and sees Miriam  
flanked by a large group of staff from other parts of the  
hospital gathered at the threshold of the room.

MIRIAM  
I walked all the way over there.  
And back. What a perfect day.

The group at the doorway applauds, and it CARRIES OVER:

123A. OMITTED

123A.

123B. INT- CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - DAY

123B. \*

The corridor, and the sound of a woman's voice, very faint,  
from somewhere unseen: \*

PAULA O.S.  
" . . . Like crowds storming the  
Bastille ...

129. INT.'POST-ENCEPHALITIC DAYROOM - CONTINUED - MORNING 129.

Sidney bursts into the room out of breath and scans the faces of the awakened post-encephalitics and staff. He spots Sayer, seated with a woman, her back to him and the door. She slowly turns to look over her shoulder and, seeing Sidney, smiles.

LOLLY

Hi, Sidney.

There's a kind of hush. Conversations, activities cease. Everyone is looking at Sidney. Not knowing what else to say, he manages a hesitant -

SIDNEY

Hi. i

He smiles and crosses toward her, but by the time he reaches her the smile has disappeared. Something troubling has occurred to him. He glances to Sayer and whispers -

SIDNEY

Is it real . . . or . . .

SAYER

As real as real can be.

:  
CONTINUED:

123B.CONT.

123E

Leonard, moving along the corridor with Saver's camera and tripod (or looking for something to read at the magazine table) slows and listens:

PAULA O.S.

<sup>11</sup> . . . the Mighty Mets stormed their locker room shortly after nine o'clock on their night to remember -

He moves toward the voice, traces it to a crafts area, where a young woman is reading from the sports page to an older man tied to his wheelchair.

Though it's doubtful the man is even aware of her presence, she reads to him as if he were, and in the process, draws Leonard into the sound of her words until there are no sounds but her words:

PAULA

"Released from bondage and ridicule after seven destitute seasons, they raised the roof of Shea Stadium - while their fans attempted to dismantle it - in one of the loudest, wildest victory celebrations in baseball history - "

The reverie is suddenly shattered, the real sounds of the hospital rising back up, as Sidney, wild with excitement, bangs through the far doors of the corridor. He sprints past the crafts area, past Leonard, runs the entire length of the corridor, and -

124-128. OMITTED

124-1

129. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - CONTINUED - DAY

1

Sidney bursts into the room out of breath and scans the faces of the awakened post-encephalitics and staff. He spots Sayer, seated with a woman, her back to him and the door. She slowly turns to look over her shoulder and, seeing Sidney, smiles.

LOLLY

Hi, Sidney.

There's a kind of hush. Conversations, activities cease. Everyone is looking at Sidney. Not knowing what else to say, he manages a hesitant -

SIDNEY

Hi.

129.CONT.

129

He smiles and crosses toward her, but by the time he reaches her the smile has disappeared. Something troubling has occurred to him. He looks to Sayer and whispers -

SIDNEY

Is it real ... or . . .

SAYER

As real as real can be.

Sidney lowers himself to his knees before Lolly and, weeping quietly, rests his head on her lap. She strokes his head.

\*

FADE TO BLACK

130. INT. CORRIDOR - ANOTHER DAY

13

Sidney and Lolly emerge from the dayroom, followed by the other post-encephalitics. They're all wearing suits and dresses and walk with purpose past wheelchair-bound patients with "uninteresting" diseases.

As they wait for the elevator, Leonard wanders slightly down the corridor to see if the girl is there again reading in the crafts area. The chair she was in is empty.

130A. INT. ELEVATOR & CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

130

The elevator door slides open revealing them. Paula, inside, hesitates: the sight is almost surreal. >As they crowd in, she wedges out, and down the hall, Leonard watching after her.

ANTHONY

Len - come on.

Leonard steps into the elevator, the last one in.

131. EXT. BAINBRIDGE -SAME DAY

13

They're going on a field trip. As they're escorted onto an idling hospital bus, Leonard, outside it, tries to reason with his mother:

MRS. LOWE

Sidney's going.

LEONARD

He's a patient, Mom.

MRS. LOWE

He's not the same kind of patient.

A 3

C -j

131.CONT.

13

LEONARD

He's still a patient. You're not  
a patient.

MRS. LOWE

I'm your mother.

Inside the bus, Miriam, anxious to leave, leans over the driver to honk the horn. Leonard kisses his mother on the cheek and turns away.

MRS. LOWE

Wait a minute.

(he turns back)

What on earth have you done to  
your hair?

He's parted it, apparently, on the "wrong" side. She pulls a comb from her purse, recombs it "correctly," straightens his jacket lapels and steps back.

MRS. LOWE

There.

LEONARD

There's your bus.

The public bus, behind her, coming down the street. As she hurries to the corner, Sayer climbs down off the hospital bus.

SAYER

Ready?

\*

LEONARD

I've decided not to go.

He waves to his mother. Sayer stares at him.

LEONARD

I'm staying here.

SAYER

Why? What's wrong?

LEONARD

Nothing. Wave.

He waves again to his mother; she's boarding the public bus. Sayer does as he's told, waves too. Impatient, Miriam honks the horn again.

MIRIAM

Let's go, already.

'(J)



131.CONT.

131

As the public bus pulls away, Leonard pats Sayer on the shoulder.

LEONARD

I'll see you later, have a good time.

He climbs the hospital steps and disappears inside, Sayer staring after him. Miriam honks the horn again, and he climbs aboard. The doors hiss shut and driver turns to him.

BUS DRIVER

Where to?

Sayer suddenly realizes he has no idea "where to." He glances over his shoulder at the expectant faces of the patients, all dressed up with nowhere to go. It's up to him . . .

His face brightens; he's thought of a good place.

132. INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - NEW YORK - DAY

132

Moving slowly toward a herd of still and silent elephants in a cavernous, darkened room.

As a nun counts the heads of parochial school children filing past the huge beasts, Miss Costello counts the heads of the post-encephalitics.

Both come up short and glance frantically around.

NUN

v

(calling)

William?

MISS COSTELLO

(calling)

Dr. Sayer?

132A. INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - DAY

132A.

A lifeless polar bear in a diorama "stares" out at Sayer who's peering in, intrigued. Miss Costello appears at his side.

MISS COSTELLO

It's very hard to keep everyone together, doctor.

SAYER

Has someone wandered off?

MISS COSTELLO

You.

132A.CONT.

She leads him away by the arm.

.,->,
CO

133. INT. SIDNEY'S DAYROOM - SAME DAY

1.

A dayroom thick with inactivity. And the voice:

PAULA O.S.

"From the sleek skyscrapers
of Wall Street where a tickertape
blizzard filled the sky . . .

From the doorway, from a distance, Leonard watches Paula across
the room with her father, reading to him again from the
newspaper:

PAULA

" . . . to the undistinguished
bars of a hundred neighborhoods,
New York yesterday went pleasantly
mad over the World Champion
Mets . . .

133A. INT. PATIENTS' CAFETERIA - LATER - DAY

13.

Paula moving along the serving line with a tray. Leonard, next
in line, moving along with his tray, a little too close. He
steals a glance.

PAULA

You following me? \*

Startled and embarrassed, Leonard withdraws.

PAULA

I'm kidding. I'm sorry. I saw
you upstairs . . . just now.

Leonard nods without looking at her.

PAULA

Visiting someone?

LEONARD

No.

PAULA

You work here.

LEONARD

133A.CONT.

13

PAULA

(pause)

You're a patient?

He admits it with a nod, lags back again, and eventually dares another glance at her. \*

PAULA

You don't look like a patient.

LEONARD

(pause)

I don't?

She smiles and shakes her head 'no.'<sup>1</sup>

134. INT. PATIENTS' CAFETERIA- LATER - DAY

134

Leonard and Paula at a table. At other tables are patients who do look like patients.

PAULA

I don't know if he knows I visit him or not. I don't know that he knows who I am. My mother doesn't think so. She doesn't; come around any more--

LEONARD

(pause)

But you do.

PAULA

Sometimes I think I see something. I think I see a change. And for a second, I see him like he was . . .

She smiles at the memory of her father like he was . . . but then it's gone and her smile fades. \*

PAULA

Does that make any sense?

A slow nod from him . . .

LEONARD

Yes.

His tone is that of someone speaking of a fact, rather than offering an opinion. She studies him . . . and eventually: \*

PAULA

Why are you here? \*

134.CONT.

He doesn't know how to begin to explain it to her.

LEONARD

(pause)

I receive medication.

She waits for more, but it doesn't come. Only a smile.

LEONARD

I'm okay now.

135. OMITTED

136. INT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - ANOTHER ROOM - DAY 1

The post-encephalitics filing past still figures in African ceremonial costumes and masks.

NUN O.S.

(calling)

William?

MISS COSTELLO O.S.

(calling)

Dr. Sayer?

136A. INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - DAY 136

A working display of a tide pool. Anthony's reflection joins Sayer's in the glass.

SAYER

I've always loved tide pools, haven't you?

Anthony doesn't answer. He seems troubled.

SAYER

What is it?

ANTHONY

You chose this place?

(Sayer nods)

Why?

SAYER

(pause)

I come here all the time.

ANTHONY

Why?

136A.CONT.

Sayer glances away, sees Miss Costello coming. She looks a little irritated. As she arrives -

t i ^

SAYER

Miss Costello, I think Anthony thinks they're bored.

He says it like, Have you ever heard anything so ridiculous?

MISS COSTELLO

They are.

Sayer, taken aback, glances back to Anthony, whose look says, There you go.

SAYER

I'd thought about the opera house. Do you think they'd prefer that?

ANTHONY

The opera house?

SAYER

The Botanical Gardens?

Anthony looks to Miss Costello and rolls his eyes.

CUT TO

y5?.

Well, where else is there?

137. INT. ROSELAND - LATE AFTERNOON

Roseland's Big Band belting out "That Old Black Magic."

On the dancefloor, the post-encephalitics dance with one another amidst "normal" middle-aged and older couples, all having a great time.

At the bar, Sayer tries to get the attention of a young bartender busy mixing drinks. Watching, it slowly dawns on Rose that something is "wrong" here. More to herself -

ROSE

It's legal again?

MISS COSTELLO

(pause)

For some time now.

Rose is delighted; she can hardly believe it. She gets the bartender's attention.

-( )

ROSE

A Rob Roy on the rocks.

137.CONT.

The young bartender has to think a moment. Rose turns back to watch the action on the dance floor. Gesturing to Rose, Miss Costello whispers to the bartender -

MISS COSTELLO  
A Shirley Temple.

138. INT. LOBBY, BAINBRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Leonard and Paula crossing toward the front doors. She's just chatting but he's taking it seriously.

PAULA  
Things happen, people are late.

LEONARD  
They won't be angry.

PAULA  
Oh, they'll be angry. What're they going to do, fire me?

He doesn't realize she's not asking him. He has to shrug that he doesn't know.

(U\*T  
PAULA  
I'll just take the graveyard.

Her look to him says, Right? He has no idea what she means, but finally nods in agreement.

LEONARD  
Okay.

They're almost to the doors. She offers her hand to him.

PAULA  
(pause)  
Bye.

He shakes the hand gently, lets it go.

LEONARD  
Bye.

PAULA  
Thanks for talking to me.

She steps away toward the door.

LEONARD  
He knows.

138.CONT.

138

She glances back at him. She's not sure what he means.

• LEONARD  
Your father. He knows you visit  
him.

Whether he's saying it just to be nice doesn't matter to her.  
It's what she wants to believe. She smiles gratefully.

\*

PAULA  
I'll see you.

She leaves.

138A. OMITTED

138A

• 139. INT. ROSELAND - LATER - EVENING

139

The band in the middle of "You Hade Me Love You."

At the bar -

ROSE  
Is he betrothed, do you know?

.- Miss Costello doesn't know who she could possibly mean. She  
follows her sightline to the opposite wall, to a chair, to  
Sayer sitting alone.

MISS COSTELLO  
Not that I know of. I kind of  
doubt it.

Rose gets up and crosses toward Sayer. Seeing her coming, he  
smiles ... but the smile slowly begins to fade as she sings to  
him:

ROSE  
You made me love you  
I didn't want to do it  
I didn't want to do it . . .

Singing as she does it, she pulls him out of his chair.  
Embarrassed, he resists, but she finally gets on the dance  
floor. Never more mortified in his life (it seems as if  
everyone is watching) he "dances . . ."

And the band finishes the song.

' ("

140. OMITTED . 14

141. INT.- CORRIDOR & LEONARD'S WARD 14

Returning from their night out, happy and satisfied, the post-encephalitics come down a quiet corridor, trailed by their chaperons.

Passing the examination room, Sayer hears faint typing, and slows.

142. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 14

Sayer steps into the room to find a figure hunched over his typewriter in a pool of lamplight. Glancing over to the door, the figure is revealed to be Leonard.

CONTINUED:



LEONARD

Everybody have a good time?  
Leonard doesn't wait for the answer, returns to his typing.  
Sayer comes closer.

SAYER

What are you doing?

He peers over Leonard's shoulder to read what he's typing, and a slow smile crosses his face.

SAYER V.O.

"One - typewriters and writing  
supplies in all dayrooms at all  
times . . .

143. INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

14.

Drifting slowly across the faces of Kaufman, the director and the other board members as Sayer reads to them from a typewritten sheet of paper -

SAYER

". . . Two - music and dance  
classes for those patients who  
desire them. Three - technical  
courses for those who wish to  
learn a trade. Four - patients'  
grievance committees. Five - the  
same food in the patients'  
cafeteria as in the staff's. Six  
. . ." and I happen to think this is  
an excellent idea, "the  
establishment of a permanent  
hospital library. And "Seven -  
televisions that work."

Sayer sets the paper down on the table -

SAYER

"Respectfully, Leonard Lowe."

- and listens to the silence. It's a long one.

144. INT. BASEMENT - BAINBRIDGE - DAY

144.

Rumbling furnaces. The boiler room. Exposed conduit and pipes and ducts on the ceiling like tangled roots of an enormous metal tree.

144.CONT.

A subterranean corridor. Deserted except for Sayer and Leonard moving along it. Past the boiler room. The pipes and ducts above them.

<D

145. INT. BASEMENT OPERATING THEATRE - DAY 1

A dusty anatomical skeleton shrouded in darkness is suddenly illuminated as Sayer yanks down a sheet covering a high window. Yanking down another, a second shaft of light falls on old discarded surgical tables and equipment.

Brain surgeries were once routinely performed here back in a time when they held out hope for docile patients and dociled the rest. Used only for storage now, its floor and tiers of observation benches! are covered with boxes and files and broken furniture.

Leonard stares in at the eerie room and listens to the distant muted drone of the furnaces. He feels as though he's been here before. Maybe he has, long ago. Quietly ~

LEONARD

What is this place?

SAYER

It's your library.

Sayer pulls down another sheet and more light spills in.

SAYER

It'll take some fixing up >> obviously. A thorough cleaning to begin with. Some desks. Books of course.

Leonard's glance slowly moves across the dim room, settling finally on Sayer, who's smiling.

SAYER

They agreed to find the money for it. And to my suggestion that you oversee it and select the books.

LEONARD

Me?

146. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY 14

Fingers on the keys of a piano, Sayer's baby grand, moved here from his house. Rolando, oblivious to the world, at it playing a simple yet emotional melody.

• )

146.CONT.

RAY

He's still hasn't talked?

MISS COSTELLO

We think he got sick before he  
learned how to talk.

CONTINUED: '

146.CONT.

146.

Listening to the music a moment more, she corrects herself:

\*

MISS COSTELLO  
To talk with words.

Close on two nurses, across the room.

NURSE 1  
She's the daughter of the nephew  
of a Dutch archduke. She's  
royalty.

She's referring to Magda, who glances over as if sensing they're talking about her. They drop their voices:

BETH  
He's dead, this duke?

NURSE 1  
He's been dead a hundred years.

BETH  
Then forget it, I'm not curtsying.

Lucy, wearing "stylish" new glasses, smiles as Sayer listens to her heartbeat through a stethoscope. Satisfied with it, he makes a notation in her chart.

SAYER  
Can I have your hand?

LUCY  
Yes, you can have my hand.  
(she holds it out  
to him)  
Take me away from this place.

He smiles uneasily.

SAYER  
I'm your doctor, Lucy.

LUCY  
You're my Prince Charming.

Close on hands rapidly dealing 3-Card Monte. The cards eventually settle, and the hand of someone else hesitates over them before gingerly tapping one. As it's turned over:

ORDERLY  
There it is.

The orderly snaps his finger in triumph. The 3-Card Monte dealer, a dextrous encephalitic, shrugs.

146.CONT.

146.

LUIS

Another tough break for me.

The orderly reaches to rake another dollar into his pile.  
There's a nice watch on the wrist. Luis smiles to himself.

MARGARET O.S.

I don't know how to say this,  
Miriam, so I'm just going to say  
it.

Miriam waits, but Margaret doesn't immediately say it.

MARGARET

Your husband?

(Miriam nods)

He was granted a divorce from  
you in 1953.

Margaret almost grimaces, anticipating hysteria. Instead, a  
slow smile crosses Miriam's face.

MIRIAM

Thank God.

Pliers, tin snips and a pile of found objects on a table.  
Josef is there, fashioning strange and beautiful toys from the  
junk.

NURSE 2

Francis?

Francis turns to find the nurse standing with a 20 year old  
girl who's holding a toddler by the hand.

NURSE 2

Your daughter.

Francis smiles at the toddler, mistaking her for the daughter.

DAUGHTER

Hi, mom.

Francis' glance comes up to meet the 20 year old's, shifts down  
to the toddler again, comes back up. \*

FRANCIS

Of course . . .

From across the room, Frank watches Francis hug her "actual  
daughter," glances to Rose who has been reunited with a few old  
girlfriends, to Desmond with his son and daughter-in-law and  
their teenage kids, and to Sidney and Lolly in a corner. \*

146.CONT.

146.

ANTHONY  
How's it going, Frank?

Frank glances blankly at Anthony and another orderly, who are hanging out nearby with Bert, passing around a Road & Track magazine.

FRANK  
How's it "going?"

ANTHONY  
How do you feel?

FRANK  
How do I feel?  
(pause)  
My parents are dead. My wife is I  
in an institution. My son has  
disappeared ... "Out West"  
somewhere.  
(pause)  
I feel old and I feel swindled,  
that's how I feel.

Anthony glances at the others with a why-did-I-ask kind of look. Frank wanders away.

BERT  
He is old.

So is Bert, though he doesn't feel it. As far as he's concerned, he's still twenty years old. He glances back at the magazine.

ANTHONY  
Pontiac Firebird, 350 engine, now  
there's a car, Bert.

BERT  
Firebird . . .

He likes the sound of it. Tight on the picture in the magazine.

Rough sketches and balsa wood models of the operating theatre-  
proposed library on a table. Leonard working on them. \*

PAULA  
Hi, Leonard.

Leonard glances up from his work. His mother glances up from her magazine. One of them is delighted to see the girl.

146A. INT. OPERATING THEATRE / LIBRARY - LATER - DAY

14 6A.

The anatomical skeleton being dragged across the floor like the lifeless thing that it is.

MOVER 1

Excuse me, ma'am.

Paula steps aside as the guy goes past her and Leonard with the rattling bones.

LEONARD

. . . bookcases there . . . there . . .  
take some of these benches out . . .  
maybe have a ramp over here . . .

He's not exactly sure where everything is going to go, but he's proud of it. Gesturing to the operating lamp hovering from above like a giant spider

LEONARD

I'm going to get rid of this thing.

The thing is so unbelievably macabre they have to grimace. Another mover comes past dollying out old: operating equipment.

MOVER 2

Excuse me, ma'am\*

147. OMITTED

147.

148. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

148.

Mrs. Lowe, slowly pacing.

\*

MRS. LOWE

He never talked about girls before. He certainly never had anything to do with them.

She casts around trying to come to terms with it.

MRS. LOWE

It's a bit ridiculous all this girl business, don't you think? A grown man like him?

She looks to Sayer for confirmation. Sayer manages a nod.

MRS. LOWE

You know what he said? I should take a vacation. I should go away for a few days and "relax."

148.CONT.

SAYER

14

Maybe you should.

(she shoots him a  
look)

I'm sure he meant you deserve a  
vacation. Which you do.

MRS. LOWE

I can't leave him alone in this  
place. He'd die without me.

Sayer "agrees" with a sympathetic nod, but suspects it is she  
who would die if she left. She resumes pacing, and mutters to  
herself the bitter-tasting word:

MRS. LOWE

Girls . . .

149. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

149

Sayer in bed, asleep with a book on his chest and his  
indestructible reading glasses on his face. The phone rings.  
He groans and gropes for it, puts the receiver to his ear.

SAYER

:

Hello?

LEONARD'S VOICE

I think we should organize a  
speaking tour.

Sayer, more asleep than awake, can't be sure that what he's  
hearing, who he's hearing, is real.

SAYER

Leonard?

150. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

150.

Leonard, wide awake, alone in the room. He's seated at Sayer's  
desk with Sayer's office phone to his ear.

LEONARD

I think it's important. I think  
it's important some things were  
said.

SAYER'S VOICE

What kind of things?

CONTINUED:



LEONARD  
Things that matter. Things that  
have happened to me. Things I've  
come to understand. Things.

151. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - CONTINUED - NIGHT

151

Sayer is gradually coming to. He glances at his clock. It's  
like three o'clock in the morning.

SAYER  
Where are you calling from?

LEONARD'S VOICE  
Your office.

SAYER  
It's very late, Leonard. i

LEONARD'S VOICE  
Is it?

Sayer nods to himself that it is. That fact and that Leonard  
has apparently felt compelled to call him to discuss "things"  
concerns him. :

SAYER  
Stay there. I'm coming over.

LEONARD'S VOICE  
Good. \*

Dial tone. Sayer listens to it a moment before slowly setting  
the receiver back on its cradle.

152. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

152

Dressed haphazardly, hair messed up, eyes still a little  
unfocussed, Sayer resembles more a patient than doctor. Clean  
and alert, Leonard appears rather more "doctor-like."

LEONARD  
Read a newspaper, people have  
forgotten what life is all about.  
They've forgotten what it is to be  
alive. They need to be reminded.  
They need to be reminded what they  
have, what they can lose, what I  
feel, this, the, the, the . . .

<( " )

His mind seems to be racing ahead of his mouth's ability to

LEONARD

. . . the joy, the freedom, the spaciousness of life, the gift of life. This is what they've forgotten. This is what they need to remember. This is what we'll tell them.

Leonard waits for a reaction to his idea, his "Gospel According to L-Dopa" lecture tour. Sayer can manage only an uncertain nod.

153. INT. THE PHARMACY - DAY >

153

Amidst the thousands of bottles and jars of medicines, Sayer wonders out loud to Ray -

SAYER

I don't know if it's liberation or mania or love.

RAY

With me?- I never know. •

SAYER

What he says is absolutely true. We don't really live.

. (pause)

Does that mean there's something wrong with him or us?

The balance of the pharmaceutical scale wavers like the sword of Damocles.

SAYER & RAY

Us.

154. OMITTED

154

155. OMITTED

155

156. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - NIGHT

156

A night janitor with a cleaning cart peers into the darkened room at Leonard standing at a window looking out.

JANITOR .

Mr. Lowe?

(Leonard glances over)

Are you all right?

LEONARD

Yeah.

156.CONT.

156.

The janitor wheels his cart back down the corridor. Leonard stares back out the window, at what lies beyond the grounds of the hospital . . . the glittering lights of the Manhattan skyline.

157-158. OMITTED

157-158.

159. INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

159.

Drifting slowly across the faces of the board members again, and across Sayer -

LEONARD O.S.

I'm thankful to everyone in this room . . . I was dead, and you brought me back . . .

- and reaching Leonard, standing at the head of the table. \*

LEONARD

I'm thankful, but what I need now isn't here.

Silence. And, eventually, since no one else asks it:

KAUFMAN

Where is it?

LEONARD •

There.

Kaufman and Sayer and the others follow Leonard's gesture to the windows.

KAUFMAN

Mr. Lowe, I'm sorry, I'm afraid I don't understand. What is it you want now?

LEONARD

The simplest thing.

KAUFMAN

(somehow doubting it  
will be simple)  
And what is that?

LEONARD

I want to know that I'm free to go for a walk, if I feel like it. Like any normal person.

The board members glance among themselves. They seem relieved. That is a simple request.

{ V

159.CONT.

KAUFMAN

159.

You're free to go for a walk.

LEONARD

I am?

(Kaufman's shrug says  
"of course")

Alone?

Now there's a pause. And Leonard's hand makes a gesture to his face, to his brow. He ignores it (or is unaware of it). \*

KAUFMAN

What difference does that make?

LEONARD

(pause)

I think you know.

KAUFMAN

I don't know. Tell me.

LEONARD

(right back)

It makes all the difference.

He brushes at his brow again. Sayer studies him, or rather the tic itself as it repeats.

LEONARD

You didn't wake a thing, you woke  
a person. I'm a person. »

PSYCHIATRIST

Mr. Lowe? I wonder . . . are you  
at all aware of the unconscious  
hostility you're exhibiting  
towards us right now?

Kaufman glances over to the psychiatrist, weary. The look on Leonard's face is complete innocence; and his tone completely without innuendo -

LEONARD

How could I be aware of something  
that's unconscious? \*

Sayer smiles to himself. So does Kaufman. The psychiatrist doesn't. \*

KAUFMAN

I'm curious . . . I can tell this is  
important to you but I'm not sure  
why. What would you do if you  
went out?

159.CONT.

LEONARD

159.

I don't know, what would you do  
if you were me?

KAUFMAN

(his patience  
straining)

I'm hot you. Enlighten me.

LEONARD

I'd walk around. I'd talk to  
people, I'd look at things. I'd  
decide whether I wanted to go this  
way, or that way, or keep going  
straight. I'd do the things you  
do everyday and take for granted.

Long silence. Then:

KAUFMAN

I'll tell you what, we'll take it  
under consideration. We'll let  
you know.

160. INT. PATIENTS' CAFETERIA - DAY

160

Leonard at a table. Waiting. Sayer appears. Sits.

LEONARD

Yeah, I was aware of it. •  
(the tic)  
I was nervous. It's nothing.  
What'd they say?

SAYER

They said it's a dangerous place  
out there. They said they can't  
be held responsible for what might  
happen to you out there. They  
said no.

Leonard nods, sips his coffee, seems to take the decision in  
stride.

LEONARD

And what did you say?

SAYER

They don't have to listen to me.

LEONARD

Did you agree with them?

SAYER  
(pause)

Yes.

Leonard nods again, philosophically it seems.

SAYER  
I'm not sure we're out of the  
woods yet, Leonard. I'm not sure  
this is nothing.

(the tic)

I have to be sure you're well.  
There'll be time enough -

Leonard gets up out of his chair -

LEONARD

Bye.

- and turns to leave.

SAYER  
Leonard ...

Leonard ignores him and walks out - :

161. INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

16:

Leonard striding down a corridor. Sayer hurrying\* after him.

SAYER  
Where are you going?

LEONARD  
For a walk.

SAYER  
Leonard ...

Leonard ignores him.

SAYER  
Leonard ...

Leonard disappears around a corner. Sayer veers off to a  
hospital phone and picks it up. Into it -

SAYER  
This is Dr. Sayer ...

162. INT. CORRIDORS / LOBBY - DAY

162.

Faces of patients in wheelchairs blur as Leonard runs past them. In another corridor faces blur as orderlies rush past them. In another corridor faces blur as Sayer runs.

Leonard reaches the lobby just ahead of the orderlies. They try to be gentle with him but when he fights to free himself it it gets out of control. Sayer appears.

SAYER

Let go of him.

The orderlies don't know what to do. They're just trying to restrain Leonard but he's making it almost impossible.

SAYER

Leonard, stop fighting.

He keeps fighting. He can see the outside through the glass doors, so close, so far.

SAYER

Let go of him.

They pull him back, away from the doors, into the corridor behind them. . -w

163. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

163.

Tight on Sayer, staring at the floor, despondent.

MRS. LOWE O.S.

I don't understand it, he was never any trouble before.

Kaufman, too, is there, and Miss Costello. Kaufman watches Sayer. \*

MRS. LOWE

He was quiet: and polite and respectful. He never demanded anything. He was never disobedient.

SAYER

He was catatonic, Mrs. Lowe.

He seems to say it more for Kaufman's benefit; regardless, she doesn't care for his tone.

MRS. LOWE

I'm speaking of when he was a boy.

163.CONT.

SAYER

163

ft~\

Of course.

MRS. LOWE

(to Kaufman)

He was always nice-minded when he  
was a boy. ^

Kaufman nods, studies Sayer.

MRS. LOWE

I don't know who that is up there.  
I don't think he knows.

(to Sayer)

You've turned Leonard into  
something he is not.

164. INT. WARD 5 STAIRWELL & CORRIDOR - DAY

,. 16

Coming up a flight of stairs, 1930's music can be heard. "

Reaching a caged landing the orderly escorting Sayer unlocks\*  
door, leads him along a short corridor to another door and  
unlocks that one.

165. INT. WARD 5 DAYROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

165

An old black and white musical blaring from a television bolted  
to the ceiling. Young male patients, subdued with Thorazine,  
vacantly staring at it. >

Sayer comes in, finds Leonard in one of the chairs, and kneels  
to gain some confidentiality. Leonard cranes slightly to see  
around him, to see the television.

SAYER

This is a mistake. It's wrong  
and it's cruel and it should never  
have happened like this - but you  
have to understand - nothing quite  
like this has happened before, no  
one knows what to do . . . Leonard,  
please don't ignore me.

Leonard condescends a look to him. A moment and Sayer smiles  
at a thought: ,

SAYER

I wish you could just walk out  
like that. I wish it were that  
simple.



165.CONT. LEONARD / 165.

Sayer's smile fades. Leonard glances back to the set. Tight on the screen: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rodgers dancing.

166. EXT. BAINBRIDGE HOSPITAL - NIGHT \* 166.

Light glows in only a few of the windows.

In one, on the third floor, the examination room, a figure in silhouette (Sayer), stares out.

In another, on the fifth floor, a second figure in silhouette (Leonard), behind bars, slowly paces.

166A. INT. WARD 5 DAYROOH - DAY 166A.

The blaring TV again. Suddenly the picture goes dark. Leonard, who turned it off, climbs down off a chair and faces the "somnambulant" men who were "watching."

Moving along their chairs he considers each much as Sayer considered the post-encephalitic "garden of stone." Reaching one stretched out across three chairs, asleep, Leonard gently nudges him.

LEONARD

Wake up.

167-163. OMITTED 167-16

169A-. INT. ELEVATOR & CORRIDOR 169A.

The elevator door slides open revealing an orderly with several \* trays of untouched food on a cart. Kaufman steps in and the door slides shut. Descending:

ORDERLY

I guess they're not hungry.

Kaufman nods distractedly, not really listening. The orderly begins whistling a tune to himself. Kaufman glances over long-sufferingly, quieting him. The door slides open, and the young man wheels the cart past Kaufman. Finally: ~

KAUFMAN

Who?

ORDERLY

Ward 5.

The door slides shut.

(7~) 170. OMITTED 170

171. INT. WARD 5 DAYROOM - DAY 171

Leonard paces before the entire Ward 5 population, gathered like the blind and the sick under a revivalist's tent.

LEONARD

It isn't us that's defective,  
it's them. We're not in crisis,  
they are. We've been through the  
worst that can happen to a person  
and survived it. They haven't.  
They fear it. And they hide from  
their fear by hiding us, because  
they know, they know . . .

The men wait for the rest, but Leonard loses his train of thought. Frustrated, his tics resurface and elaborate. He seems unaware of them. To one of the men:

LEONARD

How long have you been here? \*  
(the man shrugs)  
You don't know? A month, a year? .  
(he doesn't know)  
Why are you here?

sj^  
(^7

He doesn't know that, either. To another patient:

LEONARD -

How do you feel being locked up?

WARD 5 PATIENT

I don't like it.

LEONARD

You don't like it? Aren't you an  
animal?

WARD 5 PATIENT

I'm no animal.

LEONARD

Then why are you in a cage?

The man's getting agitated . . . they all are. Leonard stops pacing, faces them, and almost whispers:

LEONARD

Anger . . .

171.CONT.

171

Silence ... and suddenly, loudly, exploding:

LEONARD

That's what you feel ... anger!

The men erupt in a burst of noisy approval; they cone alive.

Tight on Kaufman on the other side of the "cage," watching.  
And, over the din -

SAYER V.O.

He's lived for thirty years in  
abjection and defeat . . .

172. INT.' KAUFMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

172

Sayer and Kaufman alone in the room, arguing -

SAYER

- He's lived for thirty years  
without the ability to release his  
anger -

KAUFMAN

- So have the others -

SAYER

I happen to think his behavior's  
more natural than theirs -

KAUFMAN

Really - and his tics and  
paranoia? They're more natural - ;

SAYER

He's in that place.

KAUFMAN

Oh, is that it -

SAYER

We wake him up, then lock him up,  
that's not "paranoia," that's a  
fact. »

KAUFMAN

I've got 20 psychotics up there,  
"doctor," refusing to eat. They  
have no idea why they're refusing  
to eat. How long should I let  
that go (on) -

SAYER

He knows why, hs. wants out.

CD

172.CONT.

KAUFMAN

172.

Hell, so do I.

Kaufman suddenly looks weary, as if all his years in this place have finally, at this moment, caught up with him. Eventually, calmly, evenly -

KAUFMAN

Mr. Lowe is not the Messiah of Ward 5, he's a man in trouble. He wasn't "resurrected," he was administered a drug - by. you - that's fallen somewhat short of its "miraculous" reputation -

SAYER

The others are fine, they show no signs of -

KAUFMAN

He's been oq it longer!

Sayer has no rejoinder. A silence before:

KAUFMAN

I sympathize with him. I've tried to accommodate him. But I will not let him endanger the health of other patients.

He's resolute; it feels like a threat, or ultimatum. Trying to remain calm, Sayer changes tacks -

SAYER

I'll talk to him, I'll explain the problem. He'll listen to (me) -  
(Kaufman has to laugh)

Without the drug, he's dead.

The statement doesn't have quite the power Sayer may have hoped. At least not on Kaufman. His eyes seem to go dead . . . and then the slightest, slightest shrug.

173/174. INT. WARD 5 DAYROOM - DAY

173/174.

Sayer enters the dayroom and is immediately intercepted by three young male patients.

SAYER

Excuse me.

173/174CONT.

(continuity only)

173/174.

The patients stand their ground forming a kind of human barrier which Sayer cannot get past.

SAYER

Excuse me.

WARD 5 PATIENT

We can't allow it.

Leonard, across the room, pacing slowly, glances over.

LEONARD

He's all right.

Leonard's "bodyguards" step aside. Sayer crosses to Leonard and is greeted in a tone precisely that of master to servant, very courteous yet unmistakably condescending:

LEONARD

How are you today?

SAYER

I'm all right, how are you?

LEONARD

Never better.

A strange gesture, a tic, appears and repeats.

SAYER

And these gentlemen?

»

"CONTINUED:"

173/174.CONT.

LEONARD

173/17

These gentlemen protect me. I wish I didn't need them.

SAYER

Someone wants to hurt you?  
(no answer)

Who?

Leonard glances at Sayer with a slight knowing smile.

LEONARD

That's the thing, isn't it, you never know who. Someone I least expect, I expect. Look at history.

SAYER

Every patient in this ward thinks there's a plot against him, Leonard.

LEONARD

Yeah, well they're mistaken, they're crazy.

j

The smile that appears this time on Leonard's face is as insane as anything Sayer's ever seen. He hesitates. Then:

SAYER

Something's wrong.

LEONARD

Hey, buddy.

SAYER

The drug's not working. These are side-effects and they're consuming you, and if we don't do -

LEONARD

Hey, I appreciate you coming to see me, I have some things to do.

Leonard abruptly extends his hand; it's a little twisted. Sayer doesn't so much shake the hand as hold onto it.

SAYER

Look at yourself, Leonard.

Leonard tries to pull his hand away, but Sayer's grasp is stronger.

SAYER

Look at yourself -



173/174.CONT. LEONARD  
(erupting)  
Look at you.

173/174.

Leonard yanks his hand free of Sayer's, and, in a torrent:

LEONARD \*  
Disease took mjs out of the  
world, I fought to come back, I  
failed for 30 years but at least I  
fought, look at you.

But Sayer is looking at him, moving back and forth against the bars on a window, panther-like. He retaliates:

SAYER  
The medicine can be taken away.  
That can be done. You. can wake up  
in the morning and it won't be  
there.

The remarks seem to have no effect on Leonard. He seems not to have heard them. But as Sayer takes a step closer, Leonard, without warning, lunges.

Sayer stumbles back and his glasses fall to the floor. He scrambles to his feet, leaving them, and backs away from Leonard's bodyguards who are slowly coming toward.him.

Orderlies get the cage unlocked and hustle Sayer out. As it slams shut again, he glances back in at Leonard, and hardly recognizes him.

174A. EXT. SAYER»S HOUSE - NIGHT (ALREADY SHOT) 174A.

Beyond the porch windows, Sayer can be seen slowly pacing the narrow width of his living room. Opera music blares

and CONTINUES OVER:

175. INT. WARD 5 - LATER - NIGHT 175.

Moving slowly past the sleeping forms of Ward 5 inhabitants. And reaching and settling on a bed that's empty.

The opera music CONTINUES OVER:

176. INT. SAYER«S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT 176.

The record spinning. And Sayer at his desk, just sitting, his "close work" glasses resting on a page of Ernst Heckle.

176.CONT.

1

/T~-\  
•

The opera music CONTINUES OVER:

177. INT. WARD 5 - LATER - NIGHT

177

Test pattern on the television. Leonard, in a chair, blankly staring. His eyes are drawn to something glimmering on the floor across the room. Saver's shattered glasses.

The opera music CONTINUES OVER:

\*

178. INT. SAYER'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT (ALREADY SHOT)

178.

Alone in his room, perched on his bed, Sayer pathetically cleans his remaining pairs- of glasses.

The opera music CONTINUES OVER:

178A. INT. WARD 5 - LATER - NIGHT

178A

The shards of the lenses layed out on a table.

Leonard picks one up, and, turning it over to consider it, sees that it has already cut his finger.

He doesn't set it down.

178B. INT. STAIRWELL - DAWN

178B

A metallic dang interrupts the music and echoes into silence.

Footsteps. Sayer appears, and slowly climbs up through the caged stairwell. He reaches a landing' and unlocks a door.

179. INT. WARD 5 - MOMENTS LATER - DAWN

179

Sayer steps into room and quietly crosses it. He peers in at sleeping figures, and at the one empty bed.

LEONARD O.S.

How are the others?

Sayer turns to the voice, to Leonard, a ticcing figure in shadow hunched in a corner of the dayroom.

SAYER

Scared.



179-.CONT.

LEONARD

(pause)

They should be.

SAYER

(pause)

They want you back. I want you  
back. \*

175

CONTINUED:

179.CONT.

179.

Leonard remains in the shadows. Eventually -

LEONARD  
I want to be back.

180. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

180.

i \*  
Sayer has called together the ward staff, the other patients,  
Kaufman and Ray.

SAYER  
He's aware of his appearance.  
He's less concerned with it than  
he is with the effect it may have  
on the rest of us.

He waits for the patients to acknowledge they understand. They  
nod.

SAYER  
We'll be working with his dosage.  
He's aware of this, too, and says  
he's prepared for it. He wants us  
to be prepared for it.

ANTHONY  
Hey, Len.

The patients glance away to the threshold of the room. Miss  
Costello and Mrs. Lowe are escorting Leonard slowly in.  
Anthony comes over, shakes his hand.

ANTHONY  
Welcome back.

LEONARD  
Thanks.

The others come over, shake his hand and pat him on the back,  
but all a little too gently, too concerned, like he might  
break. Leonard manages a smile. \*

LEONARD  
I'm all right.

The others nod quickly in agreement. And the room falls into  
silence. \*

LEONARD  
Only it's too quiet in here.

CO

180A. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - NIGHT

180A.

Anthony at the piano, playing, singing; the others echoing the refrains -

ANTHONY

"You build me up, Buttercup,  
Only to let me down ... " v

"

It's like a cocktail party - everybody dressed up, some singing, some milling around talking. Leonard tries to enjoy it, too, struggling to contain,, to hide from the others, the tics that are trying to "come out."

LEONARD V.O.

. . . I keep acquiring new ones like  
a junk collector . . .

181-182. OMITTED

181-182.

183. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

183.

Through the lens of the 8mm camera -

The blackboard. Chalked on it: LEONARD LOWE - 750 MGS.

In front of it, Leonard seated in a chair, his hands performing repertoires of tics. He seems wholly unbothered by them.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

. . . some are new . . . some are \*  
elaborations . . . some are counter-  
tics. They don't bother me. What  
bothers me is that I know they  
shouldn't be there . . .

One of his hands makes a movement to his ear, to his pants, to his ear again, like some bizarre genuflection.

LEONARD

This is new . . .

**184. OMITTED****184.****185. INT. BATHROOM - DAY****185.**

Alone in the bathroom, Leonard struggles to get toothpaste onto a toothbrush with two tremoring "disobedient" hands. It's a monumental struggle.

185A. INT. PHARMACY - DAY

185A.

The counterweight of a pharmaceutical scale being slid by hand from 750 to 500 mgs.

**186-188. OMITTED****186-188.**

189. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - DAY

\*

189.

The other patients at tables, painting.

Leonard at another table, with the sketches of his library. On one showing the placement of tables and desks, he writes the letters, " F L O W " before getting "stuck."

\*

LEONARD V.O.

(flat)

There's no sense of time. It's  
like being caught between mirrors  
... or echoes ...

Tight on his face, his eyes, transfixed.

LEONARD V.O.

Something has to happen ...

A cockroach runs across the paper and Leonard's eyes "wake up" and his hand finishes the word, " F L O W E R S "

190. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

.

190.

Sayer and Leonard watching film of him eating from a bowl of soup. The hand with the spoon freezes midway to his mouth.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

It's not that it feels bad, it's,  
nothing, I feel nothing. Like I'm  
nothing. Like I'm dead.

191. INT. PHARMACY - DAY

191.

The counterweight sliding up from 500 to 625 mgs.

192. INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

192.

Though the junk has been cleared and some of the railings ripped out, the place is still grim, unpainted. Wood scraps and workmen's tools lay around. There's a wheelchair ramp, half-built, not yet in place.

LEONARD

I feel good when I'm working. I  
feel good in here.

In this room. They're alone in it, he and Sayer, by a table-saw that's cluttered with the original hospital blueprints and Leonard's plans and notes.

CD

192.CONT.

LEONARD

U92.

The book list is coming along.

SAYER

I'd love to see it.

LEONARD

It's here somewhere . . .

As he hunts for it amidst all the notes, his hands and head begin shaking. The hands seize on some other papers and, hard as he tries, he can't make himself let go of them. The pages crumple.

SAYER

It's all right, I'll see it some  
other -

i

He's interrupted as Leonard suddenly goes into an severe oculogyric crisis, his head thrusting back -

LEONARD

Get the camera get the camera get  
the camera get the camera -.

f' « > » '  
S~P

*ig2'* INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

193

8mm film of Leonard, in a chair in the middle of the room, where, thirty years earlier, patients had been filmed. His head still back, his eyes darting, his mouth spitting out words -

LEONARD (FILM)

I - I - I - I - I - -

SAYER O.S. (FILM)

- I can't do this - I'm turning  
the camera off -

LEONARD

No - no - no - no - watch - watch  
- watch - watch -

SAYER O.S. (FILM)

- I have to help you -

LEONARD

- learn - learn - learn - learn -  
learn - learn - learn -

193A. INT. PHARMACY - DAY 193A

L-Dopa powder, falling like snow onto the scale; and the counter-weight balancing precariously at 575 mgs.

194. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY (WAS SC. 186) 194.

The chalkboard: Name and dosage (575 MGS). And Leonard signing on it, clearly, without trouble, "Leonard Lowe."

SAYER

Good.

Leonard sits. He seems fine. Suddenly his hand jerks up and catches the tennis ball Sayer has thrown.

SAYER

Good.

The ball, without warning, comes back. Sayer lunges at it, but misses. It hits his wrist and rolls across the floor.

SAYER

Well, I wasn't ready, was I.

Leonard smiles. Sayer smiles. They're both so relieved, they can hardly believe it. It seems they're out of the woods, that they've found the "middle ground."

Tight on Leonard's pharmaceutical chart on the desk. Sayer's hand comes in and boldly underlines the, dosage - 575 MGS.

195. INT. LEONARD'S WARD - DAY 195.

Leonard buttons his shirt, then picks up the bow tie he always wears when he's seeing Paula. He looks well, he feels good, the only sign of illness some fine motor skill trouble.

MRS. LOWE .

Here, let me.

LEONARD

No, I can do it.

She watches him try to get the tie on by himself, and casts around, feeling, perhaps, without a purpose. Eventually, more to herself than to him:

MRS. LOWE

What you see in that girl . . .

(she trails off)

I don't get it.

(D)

195.CONT.

LEONARD  
(to himself)  
She's normal.

195.

MRS. LOWE  
What?  
(no answer)  
You're not talking to yourself\*  
again.

LEONARD  
Yeah.

MRS. LOWE  
You shouldn't do that, you know.

LEONARD  
I know.

She watches him struggle with the tie a moment more. Finally, \*  
she can't bear it any longer, and reaches to do it for him. \*

MRS. LOWE  
You're taking forever, it's hard \*  
to watch. . . - . \*

LEONARD  
I can get it. \*

MRS. LOWE  
No, you can't. \*

LEONARD  
I can, get away from me. . , \*

He pushes her hand away and turns his back to her. She can't \*  
believe it. Silence. Then, to herself, in a murmur - \*

MRS. LOWE  
. . . thirty years . . . for what . . . \*  
thirty years . . . gone . . . \*

The tie comes off in Leonard's hand, which begins shaking \*  
uncontrollably. JUMP CUT TO:

196. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - LATER - DAY

196.

The trembling has escalated into a full-blown crisis. The  
staff and other patients can't ignore this one. Sayer wedges  
past them and into the room, and crosses quickly to Leonard and  
his mother, both hysterical. All trying to speak at once: \*

SAYER  
What happened?

196.CONT. LEONARD 196.  
 . . . I'm ungrateful . . . I'm  
 ungrateful . . .

MRS. LOWE  
 I said a terrible thing . . .

LEONARD  
 . . . she, she, she, she . . .

His arm lashes out, sending the model of the library crashing to the floor. \*

SAYER  
 (to Mrs. Lowe)  
 What happened?

LEONARD  
 . . . she devoted her life to me . . .  
 she'd have a life if it weren't  
 for me . . . p-

MRS. LOWE  
 . . . I said the most terrible  
 thing . . .

LEONARD  
 . . . I'm ungrateful . . . I'm  
 ungrateful . . . >

His mother tries to comfort him, to hold him, tears coming to her eyes, too. \*

LEONARD  
 I'm sorry . . . I'm so sorry . . .

MRS. LOWE  
 I'm sorry . . . I'm sorry . . .

Frank, kneeling to the floor, gathers the pieces of the broken library model. \*

196A. (NOW SC. 196C) 196A.

196B. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - LATER - DAY 196B.

Moving slowly across Josef's work table where he and Frank are rebuilding the library model. \*

LUCY'S VOICE  
 There's a song at twilight  
 When the lights are low ,



196B.CONT. 196B.  
Her voice CONTINUES the verse OVER: Rose, her sad strange china doll face.

ROSE

You'd never know it now, but I  
used to be so pretty, Dr. Sayer,  
even you would've thought so.

SAYER

I do think so.

She shakes her head 'no.<sup>1</sup> She knows what she looks like.

MAGDA O.S.

What if he's just had enough  
of it?

Sayer glances to Magda, nearby with a group of other patients, some of them looking off toward the sunroom where Leonard, alone, at a window, stares out.

FRANCIS

What if it's just a matter of  
time for all of us?

SAYER

There's no reason to think  
any of this will happen to you.  
You're individuals. And you're  
all well.

(pause)

Aren't you?

Most nod, but it's without great conviction.

BERT

He's the strongest of us.

Close on Lucy/ across the room with Miss Costello, finishing the song:

LUCY

Comes love's old song  
Comes love's old sweet song . . .

Her voice trails into silence.

MISS COSTELLO

That was lovely. '.

LUCY

I learned that song a long, long  
time ago.

196B.CONT.

19

She glances across to the sunroom, to Leonard, still at the window, unaware, or so it seems, of her and the others.

LUCY

I know what year it is . . .  
I just can't imagine being older  
than twenty-two, I have no  
experience at it.

(pause)

I know it's not 1926 . . . I just  
need it to be.

196C. INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

196C

Drifting across Leonard's dosage schedules, minute milligram changes leading to vanishing point of health, across the scale, - with nothing on it, and reaching, finally, Sayer, alone in the room, surrounded by racks of medicine and no solution.

He glances up. Mrs. Lowe has appeared in the doorway, They consider each other for a long moment before:

MRS. LOWE

When my son was born healthy,  
I never asked why. Why was I so  
lucky, what did I do to deserve  
this perfect child, this  
perfect life? -

Silence. Her face toughens.

MRS. LOWE

But when he got sick, you can bet  
I asked why. I demanded to know  
why. Why was this happening?

Silence. Then with an almost philosophical shrug:

MRS. LOWE

There was nothing I could do  
about it. There was no one I  
could go to and say, "Stop this,  
please stop this, can't you see  
my son is in pain?"

SAYER

He's fighting, Mrs -

MRS. LOWE

He's losing.

196C.CONT.

196C.

Sayer almost recoils, as if from a slap. Silence. Then:

MRS. LOWE

The truth is . . . I wouldn't mind  
if he lost . . .

(long pause)

I know you can't understand how I  
could say such a thing . . . <K

The look that crosses her face holds him responsible for all  
that has happened. In a tone that condemns him for it -

\*

\*

MRS. LOWE

But we were happy before.

197. INT. LEONARD'S DAYROOM - NIGHT

197.

Leonard, alone at a table with a book. He glances up as Sayer  
sits opposite him, then down again at the book.

LEONARD

I can't read anymore. The words  
are written too slow. I keep  
going back to the beginning, to  
the beginning, and trying . . .

He turns back to the beginning, tries again, his eyes moving  
too quickly across the lines, "ahead" of the words. His hands  
and head begin shaking out of control and it' s' all he can do to  
close the book.

LEONARD

I've let the others down.

SAYER

• You have not.

LEONARD

I've let you down.

SAYER

You have not.

LEONARD

I'm grotesque . . . grotesque . . .  
grotesque . . .

SAYER

Leonard, I won't sit here and  
listen to you talk about yourself  
like this -

LEONARD

Look at me.

197. CONT.

197

He is a man consumed by illness. With a voice that is flat and limbs that are bent and hands that are twisted and a grimace that can only hint at the great depth of the despair he is suffering.

LEONARD

Look at me and tell me I am not.

SAYER

You are not.

It's over and Leonard knows it. And though he won't admit it, so does Sayer. Leonard barely gets the words out ->-

LEONARD

This . . . isn't . . . me.

198. INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

198.

Standing before a mirror above a sink, Leonard struggles to part his hair straight. He's wearing his best clothes, those he wears when he's seeing Paula, but they seem to drape awkwardly.

199. INT. PATIENTS' CAFETERIA - DAY

199.

He may not have looked like a patient when Paula first met him, but he does now. It's all she can do to not break down in front of him.

CONTINUED:

PAULA

. . . I worked . . . I had friends  
over . . . I went dancing . . . that's  
about it . . .

Leonard, ticcing, nods, smiles through his grimace, imagining those things.

PAULA

I know, I should do something with  
my life. •

LEONARD

Like what? Those are great  
things. I've never done any of  
those things.

PAULA

You will.

Leonard shakes his head 'no.'

LEONARD

They'll never let me out of this  
place. They shouldn't.

They consider each other for several moments – the one, young and healthy; the other, old and ill.

LEONARD

I'm not well. I feel well inside  
when I see you. I wish you could  
see what's inside. Instead of  
this.

PAULA

I can see it.

Silence. As much as Leonard wants to say "I love you," he knows he cannot, that it would be ludicrous. Instead:

LEONARD

Goodbye. •

He holds out one of his shaking hands to her. She reaches to it, places her hand on it, holds it, and the shaking slowly, slowly, slowly begins to subside.

She lifts him gently out of his wheelchair and leads him away \*  
from the table. She arranges his arms in such a way that he is  
sort of holding her and begins to slowly dance with him.

199. CONT.

199

CO

Some patients glance up from their food. Servers glance up from their work. All watch with a sort of reverie the couple dancing without music. They watch as Leonard's tics gradually disappear. They watch as he finds a sense of grace and ease, as he borrows her grace and ease. They watch him become, simply, a man dancing with a woman.

From somewhere, perhaps imagined, there is music, a quiet melody played on a piano.

200. INT.\* DAYROOM - SAME DAY

200

Rolando's hands on the keys of the piano, playing the melody.

(NOTE: Hay want to shoot front end of this scene again without Rolando to leave open the option of using the same score Randy writes for Lucy's walk to the window - SC. 51.)

Leonard, returning from the cafeteria, walks slowly into the room. He's bent, his arms at strange angles like the limbs of a diseased tree, his legs managing each step only with great concentration. \*

He nears the center of the room, the area of inconsistent tiles which Sayer and Miss Costello long ago conformed with shoe polish. Some of the black has worn off, and as Leonard reaches it, he finds himself thrown by the irregularity. He tries to step over to "the other side,"<sup>11</sup> but his feet or legs or mind will not do it. \*

Everyone in the room except Rolando becomes acutely aware of the problem, of the struggle, of Leonard fighting with all his will, and nothing but it, to "cross over."

He-crosses the "barrier." And, with surer but still difficult steps, passes -the drinking fountain.

Tight on the window. Leonard rests his gnarled hand on the frame as he peers down at Paula walking away from the hospital. She glances back briefly before disappearing around a corner.

Rolando's musdc CONTINUES OVER:

201. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

201

The original 8mm film of Leonard, h'is eyes alert, his hands exploring the microphone.

• ,, >">;> ' •• ••'•••':•••"••  
• . LEONARD (FILM)  
NOW? • • • • •  
• SAYER'S VOICE (FILM) • " • • • •  
Whenever youfre ready. • "'• ;

(T~^|

0

LEONARD (FILM)

My name is Leonard Lowe. It has been explained to me that I have been away for quite some time.

Tight on Sayer, - alone in the darkened room, watching the footage, watching Leonard wrestling with the thought.

LEONARD (FILM)

I'm back.

Light moves across the screen. Someone has entered. Miss Costello. She exchanges a long glance with Sayer before they both look back to the screen.

LEONARD (FILM)

I thought it was a dream at first.

Silence except for the sound of the projector. Then -

SAYER'S VOICE (FILM)

When did you realize it wasn't?

Leonard thinks back, trying to recall the exact moment he realized he was "alive." Finally -

LEONARD (FILM)

When I spoke and you understood me.

One tear snakes down Saver's cheek. The film cuts to silent footage of Leonard, soon after his awakening, combing his hair and delighting in the fact that he can comb it.

Quietly, without looking at Miss Costello -

SAYER

You told him I was a kind man ...

(long pause)

It's kind to give life only to take it away?

There is self-loathing in his voice. On the screen, Leonard's trying to operate an electric shaver that seems alive.

MISS COSTELLO

It's given and taken away from all of us.

On screen, Leonard buttons buttons on his shirt and glances up smiling, proud. Tight on sayer in the dark room, the projector light flickering behind him. More to himself -

SAYER

Why doesn't that comfort me?

MISS COSTELLO

(quietly)

Because you are kind.

(pause)

And because he's your friend.

On screen, Leonard is beckoning to someone unseen. No one appears but he keeps beckoning. Finally Sayer, embarrassed and camera shy, appears. Though there is no sound, it is clear he asks, "What?" Leonard turns the doctor so that he is facing the camera, and points. Sayer again asks, "What?" "There," Leonard says. "Where?" Sayer demands. Finally, Sayer looks directly, curiously, into the camera.

Rolando's music CONTINUES OVER: )

202. INT. DAYROOM - NIGHT

20

Through a window, autumn leaves on trees.

And the school yard beyond the field, quiet, deserted.

Pulling back, panes of glass. Across the walls of the dayroom. Drawings and water colors, of people and places.

To the arm of the metronome slapping back and forth.

And a twisted hand, a pen grasped awkwardly in it, writing excruciatingly slowly, and just barely legibly:

& « « \* c # \* \* \* 0 » \* \* r i ' « « \* A \* \* \* x \ . . .

The hand, and the music, unfinished, stop.

The hand is still, the arm is still, the head is still, Leonard's eyes are "still."

Only the metronome moves, gently slapping.

Drifting slowly away from Leonard, his face, his body, his being, "asleep" . . . across the empty room . . . and slowly toward the window . . .

... where it is now snowing . . .

. . . long silence before . . .



LEONARD O.S.

/T\

It's winter.

(  
\*

His voice is flat, inflectionless. His eyes, with little life behind them, staring at the falling snow. He's in a wheelchair.

SAYER O.S.

Yes.

LEONARD

Am I speaking?

SAYER O.S.

Yes.

Leonard's eyes drift to a chair, his mother's chair, the one she has used for thirty years. It's empty.

SAYER O.S.

Your mother is well. She's home.  
She visits you on Sundays.

Leonard slowly nods. Somehow he knows that.

LEONARD

:

She's living her own life.

f ~^

SAYER O.S.

She's trying to.

Leonard's eyes drift again, across to silent ghost-like figures in wheelchairs, the post-encephalitics, all of them, "asleep" again.

SAYER O.S.

They fought, as you did, with  
great courage. They were strong.

Leonard looks down at his hands and feels one with the other. He looks back at the "sleeping" patients, not comprehending why they cannot do the same.

LEONARD

I'm stronger?

Sayer is finally revealed seated beside him. He doesn't answer. Leonard's hands slowly reach to his face and feel its features.

LEONARD

I'm here, aren't I?

, x

&

His glance finds the tray beside Sayer, the paper medicine cup and empty juice cup on it. He must be back on the medication again. He looks back to Sayer, who's looking toward the window, to the falling snow. Eventually -

SAYER

Do you think you can walk?

203. INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

20:

A doctor in a lab coat, one Sayer long ago imparted his "will of the ball" theory to, emerges from a ward.

FERNANDO O.S.

Dr. Tyler?

The doctor turns. Fernando is walking toward him.

FERNANDO

You got a minute?

DR. TYLER

(not really)

What is it?

Fernando arrives, leans against the corridor wall, and sort of mumbles -•

FERNANDO

You know that woman in Ward 7 . . .  
Grace, uh . . . what's her last name  
. . . Grace . . .

DR. TYLER

(annoyed)

Does it matter, Fernando?

Sayer and Leonard walk slowly past, behind Tyler. Fernando's eyes briefly meet Sayer's.

FERNANDO

. . . no . . . I guess not . . .

204. INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR, - DAY

204

Another doctor emerges from another ward.

MARGARET O.S.

Dr. Sullivan?

DR. SULLIVAN

(turning)

Yeah?

\*

204 CONT.

( T~^\  
i-J )  
Sayer and Leonard approach. Margaret has positioned herself, like Anthony, against the wall, and, pointing out something on a clipboard to Dr. Sullivan, glances up briefly as Sayer and Leonard pass.

205. INT. CORRIDOR / LOBBY - DAY

205.

Sayer and Leonard approaching the lobby. As they enter, the switchboard operator glances up, notices them, and glances back down without a word.

They approach the front doors. They are almost there. From behind them, loudly -

MISS COSTELLO O.S.

Dr. Kaufman?

KAUFMAN O.S.

Dr. Sayer?

Sayer and Leonard stop just short of the doors. They glance back and see- Kaufman -and, v-several\* steps .behind..him, looking distraught, Miss Costello. She has failed.

SAYER

Yes?

The two doctors stare at one another for several moments. Clearly Kaufman knows what is happening. Clearly Sayer knows he knows. Eventually -

KAUFMAN

Put a coat on him for Christ's  
sake. .

He turns around, walks past Miss Costello and down the corridor- from which he came. Miss Costello relaxes, turns around and walks away down the corridor.

Sayer and Leonard turn and walk outside.

206. INT. DAYROOM - SAME TIME - DAY

206.

Though Rolando is not playing, cannot play, the piano, he can hear it, distant, like an echo, as a nurse wheels him toward the windows. Other nurses and orderlies are wheeling Rose, Frank, Bert, and Lucy and the others there. Sidney is wheeling Lolly.

They all "peer" out. They all "see" down below, standing across the street, Sayer and Leonard.

207. EXT. BAINBRIDGE - SAME TIME - DAY

207

Sayer drapes his coat around Leonard. Neither speaks. Neither quite knows what to say. Eventually, Sayer holds out a hand for Leonard to shake. Leonard stares at it for a long moment, then awkwardly embraces Sayer.

208. INT. DAYROOM - SAME TIME - DAY

208

The others "watch" Sayer cross back to the hospital. They "watch" Leonard staring after him. He glances down the street, Leonard, glances down the street the other way. He seems uncertain which way to go . . .

He walks away.

209. INT. SUBWAY - EVENING

209

Rhythmic pounding. Metal wheels over metal tracks.

Leonard feels things inside his coat pockets. He pulls from one several capsules of L-Dopa in a clear plastic bag; and from the other, a wad of money wrapped in paper on which is typed his name and "Bainbridge Hospital, Bronx." He stuffs it all back into his pocket and glances up. :

The train is crowded. Everyone seems to be hiding behind a newspaper or the veil of a glazed look; everyone but Leonard and the eleven year old boy seated next to him with his mother.

They're taking everything in, Leonard and<sup>1</sup> the boy - the rumbl of the train, the overhead lights flashing off and on again the mounting excitement they both feel.

The boy glances up at Leonard, and, like a secret -

BOY ON TRAIN

(a whisper)

We're going to the city.

LEONARD .

(a whisper back)

Me, too.

210. INT. SUBWAY STATION - N.Y. - NIGHT

210

Underground tunnels. People climbing stairs. Leonard climbing with them. Under exposed pipes and ducts. Along passageways. Through an exit turnstile. Up more stairs. And finally -

(continuity only)

211. EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

211.

Leonard, emerging from down below, reaches the street. People jostle past him but he doesn't move. He stares in wonder at what lies before him . . . lights, skyscrapers, Christmas decorations, taxis, noise, people . . . life.

211A. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

211A.

An oppressive silence. The oppressive institutional room. Sayer, alone in it, at his desk in the corner.

MISS COSTELLO O.S.

Good night.

Sayer glances up, sees Miss Costello in the doorway to the corridor.

SAYER

Good night.

i She leaves. He-stays. iPuts a -folder in a drawer\* Straightens things on the desk. Looks for something more to do. Clearly there's nothing more to do.

He gets up. Wanders slowly around the room. Past the medical instruments in the glass cases, the tripod and projector, along <sup>the wa</sup>ii covered with taped and tacked data, notes, Polaroids. Buried in it he sees Leonard's original perception test, and alongside it, the first Polaroid of him . . .

Sayer abruptly moves to the window, yanks at it, but it's jammed shut again. Below he can see Miss Costello crossing toward her car. He fights with the window, finally frees it, slides it open and yells out loudly -

SAYER

Eleanor.

She turns to the voice. He turns from the window.

Tight on the glasses left on his desk.

211B. EXT. PARKING LOT, BAINBRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

211B.

He hurries out of the building and across the lot. Winded, he reaches her.

MISS COSTELLO

What's wrong?

211B.CONT.

211

He holds his hand up while he tries to catch his breath. She stares at him, concerned perhaps something has happened to Leonard.

SAYER

Nothing ...

(he casts around)

No, I was wondering ... What are you doing? You probably have plans ... or ...

MISS COSTELLO

No, I'm just -

SAYER

Because I was wondering ... maybe ... you have no plans ...?

MISS COSTELLO

I have no -

SAYER

Because -I -was -wondering, ..maybe ... .  
you'd ... we ... could ...

(grasping for an  
idea)

I don't know, go get a cup .  
of coffee somewhere ... together  
. . . or ...

Or what - seperately? He trails off, perhaps wishing he hadn't come out at all.

SAYER

... Maybe we could just ... go  
for a walk ... ?

He shrugs. That's the best he can do. A slow, slow smile crosses her face.

MISS COSTELLO

I'd be delighted.

212. EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

212.

A mechanical dog crosses Leonard's path wagging its tail. Unlike everyone else, he stops to admire it. He's enchanted by it. He smiles at the peddler and the "litter of pups" moving around his feet.

LEONARD

They're so life-like.

212.CONT. PEDDLER 212.  
 And only five bucks, can you  
 believe it?

213. INT/EXT. TAXI/STREETS - NIGHT 213.

In the back of a taxi, Leonard stares out the window,  
 mesmerized by all he sees. The driver glances back in the rear  
 view mirror.

HECTOR

How 'bout those Jets?

Leonard glances at the rear view mirror and finds in it the  
 driver's eyes.

LEONARD

I like them.

Leonard glances out the window, a little puzzled, to the sky,  
 to see if there's one flying overhead.

HECTOR

Broadway Joe.

The driver glances back to see what Leonard thinks of that. \*  
 Leonard nods uncertainly.

LEONARD

Yeah.

As they rattle along, Leonard peers back but the window at  
 things going by, and absently pets the mechanical dog in his  
 lap. Eventually -

HECTOR

You're not from here.

LEONARD

I am. I was born here. But.I've  
 been away a long time.

HECTOR

Where?

LEONARD

The Bronx.

Hector has to laugh, but it's cut short by the blare of his  
 horn as he slams it in response to another cab sliding into his  
 lane.

214-217. OMITTED

214-217.

218. INT/EXT. TAXI/STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT

218.

The meter clicks over and into double digits. The taxi is parked across the street from a diner.

HECTOR

I don't mind sitting here if you  
don't, but to what end are we  
sitting here?

Leonard watches a waitress in the diner, Paula, chatting with some young customers. His hand moves to and onto the car door handle, but then hesitates opening it. Paula is getting her coat and leaving with her friends. They have ice skates.

219. EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - NIGHT

219.

Prometheus stealing fire from heaven, dwarfed by the Christmas tree that towers over him. Figures glide past the statue. Skaters on the ice rink.

It's magical.- At \*least« as-seen, through Leonard's eyes. From the promenade he watches the skaters gliding gracefully over the ice. Hector appears at his side.

HECTOR

I'm sorry to bother you, Len, I  
just thought you should know this  
is adding up, you know?

Without taking his eyes from the skaters below, Leonard digs into his coat pocket and hands Hector a clump of money, hundreds of dollars. Embarrassed -

HECTOR

I didn't mean that, just -

LEONARD

I don't need it, you keep it.

Hector puts the money back in Leonard's coat. Leonard finds Paula among the skaters, isolates her from them, and watches her glide around the rink. A fine mist of snow is falling, veiling her.

HECTOR

Beautiful, isn't it.

LEONARD

Unforgettable.



219.CONT.

219«

^  
/'"~J~  
W j

A blur of faces, of people on the promenade, from Paula's perspective. Though it is impossible, she thinks for a moment she sees Leonard's among them. She arcs and glances back up again, but the man who resembled Leonard is gone.

220. INT. TAXI - NIGHT

220

The cab rattling down another street.

LEONARD

You have children, Hector?

Hector takes a photograph from his chauffeur's permit plate and hands it back. A boy, five, healthy and happy.

LEONARD

He's lovely.

HECTOR

I thank God for him every day.  
Every single day.

Leonard begins to weep softly. Once Hector notices, he slows the car, pulls to the curb, and studies Leonard in the rear view mirror. Has this man lost a child? The taxi engine idles.

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221. EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

221

The cab, empty, parked in front of an apartment building in a working class neighborhood.

222. INT. HECTOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

222

The mechanical dog on a bathroom sink. Leonard staring at his reflection in a mirror. And at his hands. It's happening. He's falling apart.

HALLWAY. Leonard at a bedroom door. Peering in at Hector's sleeping son. He steps quietly into the room and places the mechanical dog on the pillow beside the boy's head.

THE LIVING ROOM. A small Christmas tree. Hector and his wife sitting on cheap furniture with cups of egg nog. Leonard emerges from the hallway.

\*

LEONARD

I have to be leaving.

(having trouble with  
the words)

I want to th-ank you. You've been  
very kind to me.

222.CONT.

222.

Hector and his wife are both thinking the same thing: this man's not well and they shouldn't let him go.

HECTOR

Leave? You're our guest, we got dinner coming. We're having something to eat.

His wife agrees with a couple of words in Spanish as she gets up and crosses toward the kitchen.

HECTOR

Stay with us.

LEONARD

I can't.

And he can't explain why. He takes the crumpled wad of money (and paper) from his coat pocket and tries to give it to Hector again.

HECTOR

Hey -

LEONARD

It has no value to me, believe ; me.

HECTOR

I don't want it.

LEONARD

It's for your son. It's for him.

Hector doesn't take it but doesn't say anything more about it when Leonard sets it down on the coffee table.

HECTOR

At least let me give you a lift wherever you're going.

LEONARD

No, I think I'd like to walk.

(to Hector's wife)

Thank you.

She nods, Your welcome, from the doorway of the kitchen. Leonard offers his hand to Hector to shake.

HECTOR

What's wrong with you, Len?

222.CONT.

LEONARD

222.

(pause)

This is good, what you've got here.

HECTOR

I know that.

Leonard smiles; the man does know it, and appreciates it.

LEONARD

Bye.

223. EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

223.

Descending from a fire escape strung with a single strand of Christmas lights . . . down to the street below, to Leonard, moving along the sidewalk, noticing:

A young couple, bundled up, hurrying down the stairs of a basement apartment, fumbling with keys;

A Christmas tree too large for the doorway of an another apartment across the street, being tugged at by someone inside, unseen. >

Leonard smiles. His gait and tics, and especially the smile, make him look insane. He passes a shop window with very simple ornamentation as the proprietor inside switches out the lights, and continues on, and into the darkness of the street ahead.

224. EXT. EAST RIVER - NIGHT

-

224.

Black water. The river. The drone of engines and syncopated rhythms of wheels of unseen cars.

Leonard, at the river's edge, stares into the water. His hand comes out of his pocket holding the bag of L-Dopa capsules, and he lets it fall in. It floats for a moment before a force from below, like a hand, pulls it under.

224A. EXT. EAST RIVER - DAWN

224A.

Leonard on a bench. Behind him, across an empty field, bums huddled over a barrel fire warming their hands.

SAYER O.S.

Leonard?

Sayer's face appears against a pastel dawn sky. Leonard glances up at him. Behind them, in the distance, Hector stands outside his parked cab. Sayer sits. Long silence . . .

224A.CONT.

SAYER

224A.

I'm sorry.

LEONARD

What for?

He smiles crookedly, then looks out across the water again.

LEONARD

Isn't that something . . .

Sayer looks out. The morning colors are mirroring off the water like paint on glass. They both watch. The colors are deepening right before their eyes. Long, long silence before . . .

LEONARD

Can you take me home?

Sayer helps him up. And as they move slowly toward the waiting taxi. Hector opens the rear door. The only sound is the hiss of tires, the -rhythm of wheels, .until -

LEONARD V.O.

When I was a boy I felt myself  
being carried away by illness like  
a swimmer sucked out by the tide.

Drifting slowly out across the water and the Brooklyn Bridge stretching out across it.

LEONARD V.O.

I feel it again, only this time  
I've been somewhere. I went to a  
place and felt things I never  
dreamed of. I went to a place and  
felt hope and fear and hatred **and**  
love, I glimpsed **life** . . .

225. INT. LEONARD'S LIBRARY - BAINBRIDGE - DAY

225.

Drifting slowly across the faces of patients reading in Leonard's library, and settling finally tight on him, "asleep."

LEONARD V.O.

It's good, life.


Spines of books on shelves lining the walls. And Paula's face, considering the titles.

SAYER O.S.

It doesn't matter which one.  
They're all his favorites.

225.CONT.

22!



She pulls one of the books down at random and crosses the library with Sayer, passing patients - including the woman with multiple sclerosis - reading at tables with flowers on them.

SAYER O.S.

Leonard?

He's in a wheelchair, behind an oak desk on which rests, among other things, the Ouija board. His eyes open but do not appear to comprehend the doctor's presence or his surroundings. His expression is absolutely "expressionless."

SAYER

I'm sorry to wake you, but there's someone here to see you.

Leonard remains still. "Asleep." And there's a long silence broken only by the sound of pages being turned. And then, from Dickens' "The Old Curiosity Shop" -

PAULA

(reading)

"Night is generally my time for walking. In the summer, I often leave home early in the morning and roam about fields and lanes.: all day. Or even escape for days or weeks together . . ."

Leonard is unable to acknowledge in any way that he recognizes the words or her voice . . . but he does. And as she reads, the words become alive and the walls recede . . .

PAULA

"But saving in the country, I seldom go out until after dark, though Heaven be thanked, I love its light and feel the cheerfulness it sheds upon the earth as much as any creature living . . ."

And he is moving into the light.