

THE PARADISE SHIFT

by

Dennis A. Babkin

FADE IN:

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Three neurosurgeons hover over a patient attached to high-tech electronic gizmos. A bank of monitors shows continuous feed of cranial surgery to a group of interns watching behind the glass in the observation area ...

DR. PETER KOVAK is in the center of the action, giving his undivided attention to the surgery, with obvious respect from the others ... He is well-groomed, in his early 40's.

INT. ANTEROOM

The surgery is over. Dr. Kovak comes out taking off his electronic head-gear ... The interns APPLAUD ...

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE ROOM

The spacious auditorium is filled with nicely dressed audience sitting at the round banquet tables ... Dr. Kovak is giving speech from the podium. The projection screen behind him displays a computer presentation of his speech ...

As we go through the audience -

DR. KOVAK (O.S.)

Think about it. Think about what we know. Think about what we can do with this knowledge. Medical advances in science opened up doors to absolutely new frontiers, the world of neuroscience. It is incredible. Millions of years of evolution have not just passed on us. Oh, no. It created something unique, something never seen in the nature before, the CEREBRAL CORTEX. You'd ask me, "Why is it so special?"

(pause)

Well, it is special because that is the part of our brains that makes us ... well, us.

The chuckle spreads through the audience.

DR. KOVAK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You don't think about it every day
 but all your perceptions, thoughts,
 memories and feelings are parts of
 your brain. The organ that is
 constantly bombarded by a torrent of
 sensory data, channeled through five
 major alleys -

We focus on Dr. Kovak on stage ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 - sight, hearing, smell, taste and
 touch. Think about it. Everything
 you know, saw and remember was
 served to you via those five
 inputs. Everything that you are
 came through those five channels.

TIGHT ON old couple in the audience struggling to understand.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 You are just a glob of gray matter
 lying in the darkness blindly
 digesting what is fed to you.

PAUSE ... (Dead silence in the audience.)

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 Think about it. Maybe what you see,
 feel and believe in isn't what it
 really is?

DR. KOVAK'S POV - BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in early 30's, an epitome
 of a male dream, looks straight at us with total devotion ...
 Her stare is broken by the ROAR OF APPLAUSE in the audience.

Dr. Kovak walks off the stage ... The beautiful woman
 approaches him and tucks her arm under his elbow. Dr. Kovak
 kisses her. This is his wife JESSICA ... In the mean time a
 richly dressed couple approaches them.

MAN #1
 That was amazing. Eleanor and I
 would certainly attend symposium in
 Atlanta.

Dr. Kovak wants to reply when another couple joins them ...

MAN #2
 It's so impressive. I bet it'll
 open many pocket books tonight. It
 sure did mine.

They all share a hypocritical cackle ...

LATER

MAN #1'S WIFE
(to Jessica, while walking
away)
You are a very lucky woman.

JESSICA
(with a fake smile)
Thank you, Mrs. Markovich.

... At last Dr. Kovak and Jessica are alone.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You think they liked it?

DR. KOVAK
No. But they all need their logos
displayed in our presentation.

Jessica smiles lovingly ... and walks away leaving Dr. Kovak
alone ... but not for long.

A moderately dressed WOMAN approaches Dr. Kovak. Unlike pea-
cock doctors she is not smiling. Her name is LORNA. She is in
her late 50's. She is not wearing much of make-up.

LORNA
It's not easy anymore to talk to
you, Peter.

DR. KOVAK
Excuse me?

LORNA
You're a big man now. You don't
talk to little folks anymore. Look
at all your body guards.
(turns to show)
It's easy to bump me off than face
the truth, isn't it?

DR. KOVAK
(losing his smile)
Do I know you?

LORNA
Your posse surely doesn't.

DR. KOVAK
 (looking in that
 direction)
 That is security for the event.
 They are not my -

LORNA
 It took me a long time to get
 through to you. You still care?

DR. KOVAK
 Care? Are you sure you got the
 right guy?

LORNA
 Peter, he needs your help.

DR. KOVAK
 Who needs my help?

LORNA
 Josh needs you.

DR. KOVAK
 Josh? Josh, who? I don't -

LORNA
 He is alone and needy! It cannot go
 on like this.

JESSICA'S POV - Dr. Kovak reveals an expression of a cornered
 animal ... next to a strange woman.

Jessica joins Dr. Kovak and Lorna.

LORNA (CONT'D)
 That's your new Ms.? She's pretty.

DR. KOVAK
 This is my wife Jessica.
 (uneasy)
 Listen, Mrs. ... Ah. It sounds like
 a medical situation. Why don't you
 give me a call at the office?

He hands Lorna his business card. Speechless, she STARES at
 it like if he gave it to his high school sweetheart ...

Dr. Kovak puts his arm around Jessica and pushes her aside.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 (to Lorna)
 You're welcome to stay here. This
 seems like a hip party.

WE FOLLOW DR. KOVAK AND JESSICA as they rush away ... Lorna stands on the same spot in total confusion ...

JESSICA
(whispering)
How weird. How did she find you?

DR. KOVAK
Beats me. I guess they don't pay security well enough.

JESSICA
I can't wait to leave all this behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT - DAY

This is one of those mega yachts. A typical crowd of big city doctors on vacation are having fun onboard. The locale is a tropical island ...

WE FOLLOW the woman in bikini carrying a couple of Margaritas ... She comes up to a group of men. Dr. Kovak takes a drink from her. She turns ... This is Jessica.

JESSICA
Well boys, I'm going to check the masseuse over there.

DR. KOVAK
Don't make it too intense, babe.

They all smile. Dr. Kovak SMOOCHES her on the lips and she SCAMPERS AWAY ... Other men watch her leave ...

MAN #1
I can't believe you snatched that piece of ass, Peter.

DR. KOVAK
(with smug expression)
Sometimes I cannot believe it myself. But life is short. Live it like it's your last day.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

Music PLAYS LOUD. We go through festive crowd having a good time in a tropical paradise, lit up by alcohol ...

Jessica dances seductively with Dr. Kovak. She is a TRUE VIXEN in her evening gown. We pass them and focus on -

EXT. BAR - LONG SHOT

(MOS) Dr. Kovak slips out of Jessica's embrace and joins the crowd at the bar on deck. He motions bartender and orders.

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak sitting at the bar showing exhaustion from dancing ... Suddenly he pulls out his cell phone. It is VIBRATING ... Dr. Kovak brings it up to his ear ...

LORNA (O.S.)

Peter?

DR. KOVAK

Yes. Who is it?

LORNA (O.S.)

This is Lorna. You gave me your business card at the function.

DR. KOVAK

How did you get this number?

LORNA (O.S.)

You gave it to me, remember? You said to call you.

DR. KOVAK

I did?

LORNA (O.S.)

Josh is very sick. He needs you.

DR. KOVAK

(his party mood changes)

Listen, how shall I put it? I'm on vacation. I will be back in the office in a couple of days -

LORNA (O.S.)

You don't understand. He needs you. NOW.

DR. KOVAK

Ma'am, I understand you but I cannot diagnose over the phone.

LORNA (O.S.)

You don't hear me, do you? He might not make it if you don't check on him.

DR. KOVAK

Listen. If it's an emergency, call 9-1-1. They will help you.

LORNA (O.S.)

Do you think I am stupid? You think I can't call the fucking 9-1-1?

DR. KOVAK

What do you want me to do? Even if I wanted to ... I'm fifteen hundred miles away from you.

LORNA (O.S.)

You rich people. You think that your big plans cannot even stand close to what others might need. Has it ever occurred to you that your sleazy little soul will burn in hell for what you've done?

Dr. Kovak PAUSES to massage the bridge of his nose ...

DR. KOVAK

What's his situation?

LORNA (O.S.)

You're the one who knows what's best for Josh.

DR. KOVAK

(after a pause)

OK. Listen. I'm losing you here. If it's not emergency I promise that I will take a look at Josh as soon as I get back in town.

Dr. Kovak puts down the cell phone. His mood is sullen ...

JESSICA

(running up)

Honey, are you alright?

DR. KOVAK

That woman from McAlister function somehow found me.

JESSICA

What does she want from you?

DR. KOVAK

I don't know. I think her son is sick or something.

JESSICA

She shouldn't be calling you here.
I'm going to talk to them at the
office. They cannot spoil our
vacation like this.

Jessica pulls Dr. Kovak toward herself.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(seductively)

Come on, forget about her. Don't
let it ruin our time together.

I/E. BEACH BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Dr. Kovak MAKES OUT with Jessica on the bed ... We pan past
them and focus on the full moon in the dark sky, and -

MATCH CUT TO:

I/E. JOSH'S ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON the same moon in an open window. We move away from
it and slowly reveal glow-in-the-dark stars on the ceiling of
the room ... WE KEEP MOVING and see child's clothes in a
closet ... then toys on the night-stand. The bed comes to
view ... JOSH lies on his back, his eyes open even with the
light being off ... He is no older than 8.

JOSH'S POV - Stars on the ceiling begin MEANDERING ... We
turn to the side. The wall picture GLIDES AWAY and MORPHS
into the corner ... We look at the closet. It BULGES OUT like
a play-dough ... We focus back on the ceiling. The stars are
slowly CHANGING COLORS ... Suddenly something starts sucking
them in with an OMINOUS HISS ... We dart our eyes from side
to side ... and hear -

LORNA (O.S.)

Josh! JOSH!

Lorna kneels besides Josh's bed, SHAKING HIM ... Josh comes
to senses, BREATHING HEAVILY ... His eyes are wide open with
fear ...

LORNA (CONT'D)

(pulling him near)

He won't get away with it anymore.
We'll make him pay.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Dr. Kovak emerges wearing an unbuttoned shirt. Jessica is still in bed half-awake, stretching out, yawning ...

JESSICA

I can't believe it's all over.

DR. KOVAK

(lowers to kiss her)

Don't be sad. We'll have our time share at Cancun soon.

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak in the mirror as he ties the necktie.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)

(smugly at himself)

It's time to face the reality.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. KOVAK'S CAR - DAY

Dr. Kovak is on the phone while driving ... The Bluetooth headset gives him wireless connection to the office.

DR. KOVAK

Yes, transfer Erickson to another day. Make sure all craniotomies are scheduled for Wednesday.

(pauses, while listening)

Hah, interesting. What ICP did ventriculostomy show?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLINIC - DAY

Dr. Kovak walks in. The clinic is a trendy glass building flaunting the wealth of its inhabitants right off the bat. He approaches the FEMALE RECEPTIONIST ... still on the phone.

THE RECEPTIONIST

Morning, Dr. Kovak. How's the vacation?

Dr. Kovak shows thumbs-up to the receptionist.

DR. KOVAK
(into the phone)
They cannot move us to another
month. We had it all inked.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY / CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Kovak waves to a couple of doctors in a distance while walking ... one responds with the OK sign.

DR. KOVAK
(into the phone)
That's OK. Those guys are hardest
to deal with. No, no need. I'll
straighten it out myself.

Dr. Kovak walks up to his ASSISTANT JULIE, a well-dressed siren in her late 20's, while still being on the phone with her ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
It's just another laminectomy.
(hangs up the phone)
You're still perky.

She smiles as he passes ... then quickly GETS UP and follows him.

THE ASSISTANT
Ah. Dr. Kovak. One more thing. The
woman with a child -
(looking at her notepad)
- Lorna. Is waiting for you.

Dr. Kovak STOPS in his tracks, and turns to face the assistant. He did not expect it.

THE ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
She said you arranged a personal
appointment for her.

Dr. Kovak stares at the assistant ... His smile is gone.

THE ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
(sensing trouble)
You didn't?

DR. KOVAK
By the way, I hope you had a good
reason to give out my personal
phone number to this woman?

THE ASSISTANT

(confused)

I haven't spoken with her before.

(after a tense pause)

Oh, I'm sorry. Shall I cancel it?

Dr. Kovak lingers ... then checks his watch ...

DR. KOVAK

No. Where are they?

INT. WAITING AREA

Dr. Kovak approaches Lorna and Josh. Lorna JUMPS UP to her feet while Josh continues slouching in the seat.

DR. KOVAK

(smiling)

So, you must be Josh and Lorna?

(points to his office)

Shall we go to my office?

Busy, Dr. Kovak turns to lead the way, when -

LORNA

Josh wanted to see you alone.

DR. KOVAK

(turns around, annoyed)

OK. You want to do it here.

(sighs)

Ma'am. I'm not sure you understand.

I am not a regular physician. I am -

LORNA

His problem isn't quite physical.

PAUSE. Dr. Kovak doesn't know what to say ...

Josh gets up, and walks toward the office door as Dr. Kovak and Lorna watch ... then stops in front of it ...

JOSH

Are you coming, Peter?

(beat)

INT. DR. KOVAK'S OFFICE

Dr. Kovak sits on the edge of his desk. Josh is in a patient's chair, looking down at the floor ...

DR. KOVAK

Well, Josh, something must be bothering you.

JOSH

(after a pause)

Peter, do you think it's gonna work this time?

DR. KOVAK

I'll be honest with you, Josh. I'm very confused over all this. You seem to know my first name. Have we met before?

(Josh looks up at him)

Can you help me out?

Dr. Kovak stops. He deliberately waits for an answer ...

JOSH

(lowering his eyes)

Sometimes I'm dreaming about Mom. She cares about me, you know.

DR. KOVAK

OK. Let's talk about it. She is a nice person, isn't she?

Josh nods.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)

She told me that you wanted to see me because of some illness. What is it? What bothers you?

(Somehow questions like this really irritate Josh.)

JOSH

Don't you know?

Dr. Kovak FREEZES and stares at Josh ... then SMILES.

DR. KOVAK

I'm sorry. Listen -

(rubbing his face)

I am not a telepath. I can't read minds. I'm not a psychic, either. If you don't tell me, I'm afraid I won't be able to help you.

Josh looks up at Dr. Kovak. Their EYES MEET for a split second ... Josh quickly looks away.

JOSH
I have headaches. Very bad
headaches. They usually come at
night. I start seeing things.

DR. KOVAK
(getting closer)
OK. Tell me more. Does it happen
every night?

Josh shakes his head.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Do you sleep well at night?

Josh shakes his head again.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
I see. Listen, I know it's
difficult for you to answer. I wish
your Mom was here.
(Josh looks up at him)
Are you getting tired during the
day? Do you feel dizzy? Difficulty
concentrating?

Josh nods.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
How well are you doing at school?
Are you a good student?

JOSH
My Dad wants me to excel.

TIGHT ON Josh as he SIGHS ...
(beat)

INT. WAITING AREA

Lorna JUMPS OFF her seat as Dr. Kovak and Josh come out.

DR. KOVAK
(to Josh)
Josh, why don't you take a seat.

Josh grudgingly complies and walks away to a seating area.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
I think he is perfectly normal.

LORNA
What?

DR. KOVAK

Josh most certainly has a sleeping disorder. That is why he has headaches, tiredness, maybe even sleepwalking, irritability.

LORNA

(scornfully)

Do you really believe it?

DR. KOVAK

Yes. And one can cure this with a simple visit to a hospital. Everything Josh may need is a Tylenol. He definitely doesn't need a brain surgeon for that.

Lorna makes couple steps back ... She is SO DISGUSTED! She motions Josh, who runs up to her. She grabs his hand as they both SPRINT AWAY ... Josh, in tow behind Lorna ...

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dr. Kovak joins his wife at this swanky place. He is wearing a tux and she sports a gorgeous night dress.

JESSICA

How was your first day?

DR. KOVAK

Don't even ask.

JESSICA

By the way, I spoke with Richard at the clinic and he assured me that they did not give out your cell number to anyone.

DR. KOVAK

Julie says the same. I don't know. The whole thing is crazy.

JESSICA

What do you mean?

DR. KOVAK

That lady that called me. Lorna. She brought in her son today.

JESSICA

No way!

DR. KOVAK

Yes. I think she's not all there.

(making a face)

The boy has a simple insomnia but it sounds like she wants to treat it with the brain surgery.

JESSICA

Oh boy! What did you tell her?

DR. KOVAK

The truth. That he doesn't need me. I almost thought about calling social services. She may hurt him. She's very strange.

JESSICA

(reaching out for him)

Forget about her. She is just another wacky lady that saw your name in the news. I'm sure we'll never see her again.

(beat)

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Wearing high-tech gear, Dr. Kovak masters another surgery. A patient's head area is covered by a mechanical spider web of cables sticking out like some futuristic crab legs.

TIGHT ON observation room window as Dr. Kovak's assistant KNOCKS on the glass ... catching Dr. Kovak's attention.

WE FOLLOW Dr. Kovak out of the operating room ...

DR. KOVAK

What's going on, Julie?

THE ASSISTANT

(little out of breath)

I thought to give you a heads-up. That woman yesterday. Something happened to the boy. She left several angry messages for you within the last half hour.

DR. KOVAK

She can't just leave me be, can she? I'll address it later.

Dr. Kovak turns to go back ...

THE ASSISTANT

(stopping him)

It looks like she also contacted Mr. Robertson. And he wants to see you at his office as soon as the surgery is over.

DR. KOVAK

(ripping off his gloves)

I can't believe it.

(beat)

INT. HALLWAY DESK

Dr. Kovak still wearing scrubs RUSHES to a desk phone. He takes off the receiver ... Can't use it - his head-gear is still on. He SLAMS it down, then hits the loud speaker and DIALS ...

ELECTRONIC VOICE

You have reached the voice mail of Doctor Kovak -

He quickly dials the pass code ...

ELECTRONIC VOICE (CONT'D)

You have three unplayed messages -

He doesn't want to wait, HITS the next button ...

LORNA (O.S.)

(crying)

Well, Peter one time was not enough for you. You needed more proof. So here you got it. You bastard! I had to call -

The message breaks up. Dr. Kovak HITS the button again ...

LORNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(more composed)

They took him to the ER. Are you happy now? Right like you wanted. They took him in an ambulance. Those guys must be real doctors.

(starts to sob again)

I can't believe this. He was so frail. He trusted you.

Dr. Kovak PUNCHES the phone to play the next message ...

LORNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (now viciously)
 FUCK YOU, Peter.

Dr. Kovak RIPS OFF his head gear, deep in thought ...

DR. ROBERTSON (O.C.)
 She said pretty much the same thing
 on my machine.

Dr. Kovak turns to see the head of neurological division.

DR. ROBERTSON (CONT'D)
 Is there anything I need to know?

In spite of being a "Boss" and somewhat older, we can tell
 that DR. CHRISTOPHER ROBERTSON is Dr. Kovak's friend.

DR. KOVAK
 Chris, I can assure you that this
 is not worth your attention. This
 woman is a psycho. She is
 overreacting. Her son was
 absolutely normal when I saw him.

DR. ROBERTSON
 Peter, you understand that we don't
 need any bad publicity for the
 clinic, let alone a law suit.

Dr. Kovak's assistant silently joins them.

DR. KOVAK
 I give you my word that I will
 follow up on this and will make
 sure that the boy is OK.
 (to the assistant)
 What Emergency Room was it?

CUT TO:

INT. E.R. / WAITING AREA - DAY

It is populated by "small" people with "small" problems.
 There's no glamor of the clinic we were in before. Dr. Kovak
 RUSHES IN and proceeds straight to the receptionist.

DR. KOVAK
 You must have a boy admitted
 recently. His name is Josh -
 (stumbles)
 I can't think of his last name.

THE E.R. RECEPTIONIST
 (disbelievingly)
 And who are you to that boy?

It throws Dr. Kovak off guard, pretty much as his lack of knowledge of Josh's full name ... PAUSE ...

DR. KOVAK
 I am his doctor.

TIGHT ON the receptionist as she EYES HIM as if he just told her that he is the President of the United States ...

INT. E.R. / HALLWAY

The receptionist leads Dr. Kovak. They approach the woman INTERN in early 20's. She can easily intern for Dr. Kovak.

THE E.R. RECEPTIONIST
 Apparently this is your patient's doctor. I'll let YOU handle this.

WE FOLLOW the intern and Dr. Kovak down the hallway ...

THE INTERN
 The boy collapsed in school.
 Possible cause - malnutrition.
 (looks at the chart)
 He has high blood pressure.
 Electrolytes level is quite high. Mild form of ataxia. Skin flushing.

DR. KOVAK
 (relieved)
 Do you suspect any form of sleep deprivation?

THE INTERN
 Possibly. But that is the result, not the cause.

They approach a curtained-off bed ...

THE INTERN (CONT'D)
 The patient also suffers from an acute eczema.

DR. KOVAK
 (stopping in his tracks)
 It's not possible! I saw him just recently.

The intern SLIDES the dividing curtain with a don't-bullshit-me look revealing Josh, frail and hurt on the bed. The reddish ECZEMA SPOTS are clearly visible on his face.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 (running up to Josh)
 Oh my God. What happened to you?

LORNA (O.C.)
 That's what happens when you take
 medicine into your own hands.

Dr. Kovak pivots to face Lorna.

DR. KOVAK
 This is impossible. Eczema does not
 develop overnight.

LORNA
 Shouldn't you know it better?
 DOCTOR!

DR. KOVAK
 (he's had enough)
 Listen, lady. I am the medical
 doctor. I spent 8 years studying
 and 11 practicing. Do you seriously
 think you know better?

THE INTERN
 (sensing trouble)
 The cause of eczema may be
 psychological.

Lorna looks at her and backs off.

THE INTERN (CONT'D)
 Josh needs to rest now.

They all begin walking away ... when -

TIGHT ON Josh -

JOSH
 (very weak)
 Peter, will you help me?

This makes Dr. Kovak SPIN ON his heels and RUN up to Josh.

DR. KOVAK
 (next to Josh)
 Yes, Josh. I will help you. I
 promise. But I want you to help me
 too.

(MORE)

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 I want to know what do you feel?
 What bothers you?
 (pause)
 I want to know what's going on?

JOSH
 Do you really want to know?

Dr. Kovak nods friendly.

JOSH (CONT'D)
 This is simple.

TIGHT ON Josh as he looks straight into Dr. Kovak's eyes.

JOSH (CONT'D)
 Just follow the light.
 (beat)

INT. E.R. / HALLWAY

Dr. Kovak and Lorna seem to have cooled off.

DR. KOVAK
 No. This place is not good for him.
 I will arrange with them to release
 Josh as soon as possible. After
 that I would strongly suggest that
 you bring him to our clinic. I will
 personally supervise his recovery.
 I promise.

He slightly touches Lorna's shoulder and smiles at her.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. KOVAK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Kovak dictates into a hand-held recorder at his desk.

DR. KOVAK
 Patient's name Joshua. Last name -
 (checks the chart)
 Lipski.

Something momentarily catches his attention ... STRANGE!

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 Patient has severe case of sleep
 deprivation. As a result the
 patient experiences hallucinations
 and exhibits signs of paranoia.

Dr. Kovak rubs his eyes ... It is late and he is tired.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)

The patient collapsed in school and was admitted to the Emergency Room. Possible cause? Malnutrition and lack of sleep. Recent observations showed signs of eczema. The cause unknown.

(beat)

Strong indication of parental abuse. Will have to look into it.

Dr. Kovak stops the recorder and sits silently ...

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK GREEN SCENE (MOS)

Ripples make us realize that we're UNDERWATER. Dark figure of unconscious, fully clothed PERSON looms in a distance ... He comes to senses and spastically looks around ...

PERSON'S POV - All we can see is a greenish tinge of the water void. We begin to desperately FLAIL our hands ... We look up. A BRIGHT LIGHT moves above water's edge. Its rays, penetrating murky depth, resemble an intense light source flying low above the surface as could be seen by a diver ...

INT. DR. KOVAK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Kovak JUMPS UP with a gasp. He fell asleep at his desk.

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC / WAITING AREA - DAY

Dr. Kovak walks up to Josh and Lorna waiting for him ...

DR. KOVAK

Good Morning. How are you, Josh?

JOSH

OK.

Dr. Kovak's assistant joins them with a clipboard.

DR. KOVAK

This is Julie, my assistant. She will take some information from you to get you started.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
(to Josh)
Until then, why don't you let me
look at you?

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

Josh sits on exam table in the hospital patient gown. Dr. Kovak has just finished examining him with a stethoscope.

DR. KOVAK
You don't feel any pain in your
chest or stomach area, do you?

Josh shakes his head.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Do you feel dizzy or see any
strange things?

Josh shakes his head again. Dr. Kovak pauses to prep for a
difficult question ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Did you take any unusual drink or
food lately? Something that didn't
taste right, or maybe made you
sick?

JOSH
No.

DR. KOVAK
OK. This question may sound a bit
odd to you but I still have to ask
it. Has your Mom ever given you, or
maybe done something that made you
feel sick?

JOSH
(very suspiciously)
No. Why would she hurt me?

DR. KOVAK
Well, I don't know. This is what I
am trying to establish here, that
no one hurts you.

Dr. Kovak takes out a small flashlight, turns it on and
POINTS it into Josh's face.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
OK, Josh. Follow the light.

TIGHT ON Josh as he moves his eyes from left to right ... then from right to left ... and STOPS, staring straight ...

JOSH

Peter, have you seen the light?

Dr. Kovak FREEZES ...

DR. KOVAK

What?

JOSH

The light. You said you wanted to know what's going on. Remember? You have to follow the light. This is the only way out.

PAUSE as Josh stares straight into Dr. Kovak's face ...

JOSH (CONT'D)

Peter, you're hurting me.

The CELLPHONE RING makes Dr. Kovak come to senses ... and move away the flashlight. He pulls out the cellphone ...

TIGHT ON the cellphone ... It reads "BTY".

DR. KOVAK

(straightens out)

I'm sorry. I gotta take this.

Dr. Kovak walks to a big floor-to-ceiling window and puts the cellphone to his ear facing away from Josh ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)

(in low voice)

Why are you calling me here?

(pause, listening)

No, it's not that.

(pause, then smiling)

Yeah, sounds great.

(pause, listening)

Well, maybe. I think I can.

(pause, listening)

Yeah. Listen, I can't really talk right now. I'll call you later.

INSERT - INT. BETSY'S APARTMENT - DAY

BETSY is in her late 20's, wearing only a bath towel wrapped around her body ... She throws her cellphone on the bed and walks away, looking happy ...

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Kovak turns around remembering Josh ... He's not there!

INT. WAITING AREA

Dr. Kovak RUSHES to Lorna and Josh at the desk counter.

DR. KOVAK
Here you are, sneaky fella.

LORNA
(sternly, reading through
his bullshit)
What else do you need from us?

Dr. Kovak grabs a medical chart and quickly scans it ...

DR. KOVAK
I think we have everything. Julie
has made an appointment for you to
see dermatologist and dietitian.
Make sure you follow all
recommendations. And, we'll keep
checking on your progress.

TIGHT ON Lorna as she hugs Josh and smiles at him.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. KOVAK'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Kovak comes out of a bathroom buttoning up his shirt ...

INT. DR. KOVAK'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM

Jessica turns around to catch Dr. Kovak sneaking by ...

JESSICA
Wow. What's going on?

DR. KOVAK
(improvising on the go)
Oh, nothing. Got a new patient.
Have to work overtime.

JESSICA
What about our dinner at Pito's?
Hun, it's Friday.

DR. KOVAK

Oh, I'm so sorry. This is very important. Can you call your sister? Maybe she'll go with you?

He plants a light kiss on her cheek ... then smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB

Disco lights and electronic music are GOING AT FULL BLAST. The dance floor is packed with stylish yuppie crowd having a Friday night out ...

TIGHT ON Betsy DANCING in provocative short dress and a tight blouse ... She is all into her man, GRINDING her hips against him ... Soon we recognize Dr. Kovak with her ...

INT. JOSH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Josh lies in bed ... WE GET CLOSER. He is SHIVERING ...

TIGHTER ON Josh's face to reveal sweat beads ...

EXT. NIGHT CLUB / ENTRANCE - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

Dr. Kovak STAGGERS OUT with Betsy in tow. They are drunk. Betsy trips but he catches her. They begin LAUGHING ...

INT. JOSH'S ROOM - NIGHT

JOSH'S POV - The room starts to RIPPLE ... everything SLOWLY MORPHS into a dark green underwater image we saw before ...

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Dr. Kovak passionately MAKES OUT with Betsy, her back against the wall, his hand FEELING UP her breasts ...

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak's HAND as it slides down her rib cage ... then down under her dress ... revealing her RED PANTIES ...

Dr. Kovak and Betsy HAVE SEX fully clothed. She is perched up on a garbage bin, her legs around his waist ... HE THRUSTS IN, almost toppling over their makeshift seat ... THEN AGAIN ... AND AGAIN ...

INT. JOSH'S ROOM / BED - NIGHT (O.V.)

Josh OPENS his eyes, breathing heavily ...

JOSH
Peter, where are you?

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK GREEN SCENE / UNDERWATER (MOS)

Dark silhouette of an unconscious person FLOATS into view ...
He comes to senses and begins hectically TREADING WATER ...

The BRIGHT LIGHT appears flying above the surface ... The
person FREEZES ... and THRUSTS himself up toward the light.

PERSON'S POV - We are barely catching up with the light, at
the same time nearing the water surface ... the light is
getting BRIGHTER ... until ... the WHITEOUT, and -

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DARK GREEN ROOM - DAY

PERSON'S POV - Colors dim down from a bright whiteout to a
greenish tinge ... Our vision FLOATS, heart beats fast ...
THUMP ... THUMP ... THUMP ... We seem to be lying in bed and
can make out a window draped with a cloth that gives this
room the eerie green color ...

CUT TO:

INT. DR. KOVAK'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak on the bed. He JUMPS UP, his face wet with
sweat ... This wakes up Jessica as well.

JESSICA
Honey, are you OK?

DR. KOVAK
(looking around, dazed)
Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - LONG SHOT - DAY (MOS)

Dr. Kovak is among a group of golfers, all wearing white pants, polos, and matching Tour Caps. Their air-swings make us believe that they certainly talk about the game ...

Dr. Kovak reaches into his pocket ... it's the CELLPHONE. He walks to the side to talk ... We can tell that something bad happened by the look on his face ...

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC / HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Kovak wearing scrubs walks fast along with two doctors.

DOCTOR #1

Got him couple hours ago. He was really bad. Epileptic convulsions, incontinence, heart beat at 120 BPM.

DR. KOVAK

I don't understand. How could this happen again?

DOCTOR #2

I checked. No visible signs of deliberate intoxication.

The nurse joins them.

NURSE #1

Administered 2 CC's of Diazepam intravenously. Repeated after 5 minutes. Patient stabilized. Blood pressure is still high. He is conscious.

They all approach the bed with Josh looking sick and very pale in it. EKG Leads attach him to machines. Nurse #2 is busy attending the EKG machine ...

DR. KOVAK

(to Nurse #2)

Make sure to have his blood and urine tests done. How's his heart?

NURSE #2

Slowing down.

Josh lies there SCARED AS A MOUSE. We meet his eyes.

DR. KOVAK
How are you kido?

Josh looks away ...

Dr. Kovak sees his assistant rushing in ... He touches Josh's forehead as to console him, and walks out to meet her ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
(to his assistant)
I want you to run the background
check on the mother. You have her
info, don't you?

THE ASSISTANT
Yes.

DR. KOVAK
Make sure to notify security not to
allow her in the building.

Other doctors and nurses join Dr. Kovak and his assistant.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
(to the group)
Anyone seen her?

They look around and shake heads ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
I'm sure she is doing this with
some sort of a house cleaner. We'll
notify authorities as soon as the
background check comes back. In the
mean time check his clothes for any
signs of bleach or ammonia.

Nurse #2 nods and walks away.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Now, everyone let's not scare him
even more than he already is.
Please go and do your business.

Dr. Kovak goes back inside and approaches Josh in bed ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
(close to Josh)
What is she doing to you, Josh?

Josh looks back with a puzzled stare.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
There must be something?

Josh remains silent ... Dr. Kovak waits.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Come on, talk to me. There should
be something? Help me out. Bad
tasting drinks, pills, shots?

This time Dr. Kovak doesn't give in and waits ...

JOSH
You're the only one who gives me
pills.

PAUSE ... Dr. Kovak mellows out and grabs Josh's hand.

DR. KOVAK
Do you still see things?

Josh nods. He is SCARED ... ready to cry ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Don't worry, pal. We'll get you
fixed up.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. KOVAK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Kovak dictates into recorder going through a medical
chart on his desk.

DR. KOVAK
The boy has very vivid -
(corrects himself)
abnormal hallucinatory reaction to
unknown substance. Toxicology
results should come in tomorrow.
Confirmed that the patient is
suffering from the loss of sleep.
Possible Narcolepsy. The cause of
seizures is still unknown.

Dr. Kovak stops the recorder and keeps starting at it ...

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL WARD - NIGHT

Josh lies motionless in bed ... We move on to EKG machine.
His pulse spikes begin increasing ... BACK TO Josh while
hearing his HEART BEAT ... His eyeballs dash from side to
side underneath his eyelids ... He suddenly OPENS his eyes.

JOSH'S POV - The colors in the room SHIFT toward dark green. The walls appear to have RIPPLES as if they were liquid ...

JOSH
 (barely audible)
 Daddy, why are you doing this to me?

EXT. DARK GREEN SCENE / UNDERWATER (MOS)

Dark silhouette of a person appears to be PUSHING himself up through murky water ... He is after a BRIGHT LIGHT flying above the surface, moving away fast ...

A person gets closer to the light with each stroke ... The scene gets BRIGHTER ... When he is almost at the surface -

MATCH CUT TO:

PERSON'S POV - INT. DARK GREEN ROOM - DAY

With a JOLT we find ourselves in a bed. Our vision is SMUDGED and BLURRED ... It is the same room we saw before - the draped window looks familiar ...

We look to the right. Our hand is strapped in ... We quickly TURN to the left. The other hand is also tied in ... The IV TUBE catches our attention ...

Hearing our IRREGULAR BREATH and a THUMPING HEART we follow the IV tube from our wrist up to a solution bag on the stand near the bed ... Then suddenly -

JOSH (V.O.)
 (in a distance)
 Daddy, why are you doing this to me?

CUT TO:

INT. DR. KOVAK'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - DAY

Dr. Kovak wakes up in cold sweat. He looks straight up for a few seconds ... He is alone in bed ... Then -

TIGHT ON alarm clock, "8:20 A.M."

DR. KOVAK
 (jumping off the bed)
 Shit!

INT. DR. KOVAK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Kovak HASTILY WALKS through a hallway, putting on a necktie ... then checks a room as if searching for someone.

He looks into another room ... then glances upstairs ...

Approaching the main living room -

DR. KOVAK
Honey, did you touch the alarm
clock? The darn thing didn't -

INT. DR. KOVAK'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM

Jessica is standing by the window, her back to us ...

DR. KOVAK
Honey, what's wrong?

Dr. Kovak starts walking toward her ... Jessica turns around.
Her face is covered WITH TEARS. She holds the RED PANTIES ...

JESSICA
(hysterically, showing red
panties)
That's what's wrong!

Dr. Kovak freezes up on the spot ...

DR. KOVAK
Honey, I don't understand -

JESSICA
Oh, yes! It's hard to understand
what heavily perfumed female
underwear does in your pocket,
isn't it, darling?

Dr. Kovak starts approaching her ...

DR. KOVAK
(trying to save the
situation)
Listen, I can explain.

JESSICA
Ha-ha. Explain? Yes, this explains
a lot, doesn't it?

A moment of awkward silence ...

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 I told you I loved you, Peter.
 (begins weeping)
 And you decided to ruin it.
 (bitter)
 Now you'll get what you wanted.

She TOSSES the red panties at Dr. Kovak and WALKS AWAY ...

Dr. Kovak lingers in the room, holding red panties,
 speechless ...

CUT TO:

I/E. DR. KOVAK'S CAR / HIGHWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

It is RAINING HARD ... Dr. Kovak's car DODGES another vehicle
 to pass it ... then SPEEDS ahead of it ...

Dr. Kovak is driving, holding a cellphone to his ear.

DR. KOVAK
 How else would she find out?

INT. BETSY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Betsy PACES AROUND the apartment, on a phone as well ...

BETSY
 I don't know. I swear to God. I
 have nothing to do with it.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DR. KOVAK AND BETSY

DR. KOVAK
 And you didn't tell it to your
 friends? Neighbors? Anyone?

BETSY
 No. I told you, I don't know anyone
 in this town. I just moved in.

DR. KOVAK
 Shit! How else can she find out?

Dr. Kovak SLAMS THE BRAKES just feet away from a vehicle in
 front of him ...

Dr. Kovak's car slightly FISHTAILS and SWERVES abruptly to
 the right ... then ACCELERATES and catches up with a slow
 driver ...

Dr. Kovak looks at the other driver and HONKS ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 (to the other driver)
 Son on a bitch!

BETSY
 (almost crying)
 I'm scared. What would she do?

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak being caught in a thought ... An expression of ANGER is obvious on his face. PAUSE ...

The BEEPING SIGNAL of another coming call wakes him up.

DR. KOVAK
 She will try to get back at me. She always used to say -

Again BEEPING SOUND of another call breaks in.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 (irritated)
 Hang on a second!

He glances at the cellphone ... and CHANGES lines.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 Kovak.

INT. CLINIC / LAB - DAY

While checking the Excel chart on the screen -

LAB ASSISTANT
 Dr. Kovak. This is Sherrie from the lab. The test results that you requested are in. There was a note to call you ASAP.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DR. KOVAK AND THE LAB ASSISTANT

DR. KOVAK
 Yes. What did you find?

LAB ASSISTANT
 Something doesn't add up.
 (checks again)
 The samples might have been contaminated. It says here that the patient is 9 years old. Is that right?

Dr. Kovak is now off the highway, driving through busy city streets ... The RAIN is still pouring down hard ...

DR. KOVAK

Yes. I believe so.

LAB ASSISTANT

Well then, the amount of illegal drugs it shows is incredible. It clearly indicates traces of Amphetamine and Phencyclidine. This kind of a cocktail would be lethal for an adult. I can't imagine a boy was able to function like that. You have to take a look at this.

Dr. Kovak makes a SWIFT RIGHT TURN to the side street, not noticing the HOMELESS GUY crossing it ...

TIGHT ON SCREECHING TIRES ...

IN SLOW MOTION. Dr. Kovak's body flies forward with inertia. The cell phone SLIPS OUT of his hand ... HITS the dashboard and DISAPPEARS under his feet ...

DR. KOVAK'S POV - We stopped inches away from the homeless guy. He STARES at us unperturbed ... We concentrate on his crude SIGN made out of cardboard, "SAVE YOURSELF. TOMORROW WILL BE TO LATE!" ...

DR. KOVAK'S POV - The homeless guy doesn't move. We keep STARING at his sign ... The colors SHIFT toward dark green. Objects in the background begin to DISTORT ... Suddenly -

LOUD HONKING brings Dr. Kovak back to senses. The homeless guy is gone ... an angry motorist behind isn't.

DR. KOVAK

OK! OK!

Dr. Kovak lunges down and picks up his cell phone ...

TIGHT ON the cell phone. It reads, "CALL LOST".

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC / HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Kovak rushes out of the elevator ...

DR. ROBERTSON (O.C.)

We need to talk, Peter.

DR. KOVAK
(turns, still walking)
Chris, I'll swing by later.

DR. ROBERTSON
(getting closer)
Is there something important going
on for you?

Dr. Kovak feels the tone and slows down ...

DR. KOVAK
Well, I'm kinda busy right now.

DR. ROBERTSON
Busy enough to miss your appointed
surgery?

DR. KOVAK
(rolls his eyes)
Oh shit! Is it -
(throws his hands up)
It's not my day today. The way it
started. I knew it. Come on, Chris,
shoot me.

DR. ROBERTSON
Brownstrom covered for you this
morning. Luckily he was on call. We
still need to talk though.

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak's face admitting defeat ...

INT. DR. ROBERTSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Robertson gestures to a chair. Dr. Kovak takes a seat.

DR. ROBERTSON
Peter, what's going on with you?

DR. KOVAK
I promise it'll never happen again.
I don't know what's going on today.
It's like things have suddenly
spiraled out of control.

DR. ROBERTSON
Forget about the appointment. What
worries me more is your loss of
concentration. You aren't yourself
lately. And now this boy. Are you
capable of handling this?

DR. KOVAK
I'm totally in control.

DR. ROBERTSON
You've been working long hours
lately. I'm concerned about you -

Dr. Robertson reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out a
BUSINESS CARD. He offers it to Dr. Kovak ...

DR. ROBERTSON (CONT'D)
I want you to take a day off. Go
check this guy.

DR. KOVAK
What is it?

DR. ROBERTSON
(offering the card)
This is your relief.

Grudgingly Dr. Kovak takes the card ...

TIGHT ON the card in Dr. Kovak's hand ... It is an unusual
plain card with only four centered words -

D r . X o r a n
Unconventional Psychology

DR. KOVAK
(smiling)
You must be kidding me.

Dr. Robertson doesn't smile back ... PAUSE.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Chris, you know I don't need this.
Yes, I'm going through a rough time
now but why would I need a
psychologist?

DR. ROBERTSON
Don't look at the façade. This is
not just "a psychologist". This guy
is a pro. All big names used him at
some point. He can relieve your
stress and put you back on track in
no time.

Dr. Kovak puts the card on the desk and stands up ...

DR. KOVAK
Listen, I understand your concern.
But I'm fine.
(MORE)

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 Besides that I am psychologist
 myself. I can probably teach your
 guy.

(turns to leave)
 I should really go now.

Dr. Robertson stands up too and picks up the card ...

DR. ROBERTSON
 Sometimes traditional medicine is
 not the best answer.

Dr. Robertson stretches out his hand holding the card ...

DR. ROBERTSON (CONT'D)
 Peter, I'll be honest with you. You
 are a good surgeon. I really
 wouldn't want to lose you.

PAUSE ... Dr. Kovak hesitates, looking at the card ...
 (beat)

Dr. Kovak TAKES THE CARD and walks to the door ...

DR. ROBERTSON (CONT'D)
 Ah. There's one more thing.

Dr. Kovak stops at the door ...

DR. ROBERTSON (CONT'D)
 We seem to be missing some pills
 and anesthetics in the storage
 room. Do you have any idea who
 could have taken those?

DR. KOVAK
 (not turning around)
 No, I don't.

Dr. Kovak opens the door and leaves.

TIGHT ON Dr. Robertson as he ponders it over ... then lowers
 his eyes and SIGHS out loud ...

INT. CLINIC / HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Kovak's assistant approaches him.

THE ASSISTANT
 Dr. Kovak, toxicology report on
 Josh is in. Lab tech said she
 called you?

DR. KOVAK

Quite an interesting find, isn't it?

THE ASSISTANT

Yes. And there's something else you need to know.

(beat)

She clearly got Dr. Kovak's attention ...

THE ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

The background check on boy's mother came back. You wouldn't believe it.

The assistant hands Dr. Kovak a clipboard with papers.

TIGHT ON THE PAPERWORK. We see a fuzzy picture of a woman, resembling nothing of Lorna ...

THE ASSISTANT (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Look at the name.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON THE PAPERWORK. We follow the line, "NAME: Lipski, Mary Joe" ... Then slide down to, "AGE: 29".

THE ASSISTANT (O.C.) (CONT'D)

And there's one more thing -

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON THE PAPERWORK. We scroll to the bottom of the form ... The bold line, "DECEASED" comes to view ...

INSERT - SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING SCENES ARE SHOWN WITH A GREENISH TINGE.

- A) PERSON'S POV - MARY JOE LIPSKI gets closer to us. She is young and beautiful. We're in bed, cuddling ...
- B) PERSON'S POV - This is church. We quickly look around ... Mary Joe stands in front of us in a wedding gown ...
- C) PERSON'S POV - A hospital hallway ... We peek through the door crack and see Mary Joe in agony in bed surrounded by nurses while giving birth ...
- D) PERSON'S POV - Mary Joe guides a toddler by his hands, teaching him to walk ...

INT. CLINIC / JOSH'S WARD - DAY

Dr. Kovak **SHOVES** the dividing curtain to the side. He had enough! Josh looks up, **SICK**, still hooked to machines.

DR. KOVAK
Josh, we need to talk. Man to man.

Josh scoots up on the bed.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
I just saw your blood test report.
Do you know what it says?

Josh shakes his head.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
It says that your body is full of
drugs. Illegal drugs. Do you know
anything about it?

Josh shakes his head again.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
(irritated)
Come on. You should know at least
something? They cannot get into you
by themselves.

Josh stares back and says nothing ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
OK. You don't want to talk about
it. That's fine with me. But who
are you covering? Who is giving you
those drugs?
(beat)

JOSH
(very low)
I'm not supposed to tell.

DR. KOVAK
(sternly)
You have to tell me.

Josh looks down ... PAUSE ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Come on. I'm waiting! Who is it?

JOSH
(scared)
You are.

PAUSE ... Dr. Kovak lets out a nervous giggle ...

DR. KOVAK

What?

Josh lowers his eyes as a kid knowing he is in trouble ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)

(after a pause)

OK. I get it. You and that woman -
(nervously pointing out)

That's what you tell everyone here,
don't you?

Dr. Kovak wipes the SWEAT off his forehead ... and gets
closer to Josh.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)

OK. Do you want to tell me where is
your mother?

Josh's posture droops down.

JOSH

She passed away.
(beat)

DR. KOVAK

Oh, now you decided to start
telling the truth. You didn't want
to mention this when that nutcase
woman was accusing me, did you?

JOSH

You didn't ask me.

DR. KOVAK

(slowly raising his voice)

Well, isn't it normal for a little
boy to come see a doctor with his
Mommy, and not some psychopathic
friend, relative, accomplice, or
whoever she is?

JOSH

She cares about me.

DR. KOVAK

Oh. And I don't?

JOSH

(low)

You would.

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

If you didn't have that woman with
you.

(beat)

Dr. Kovak leans slightly toward Josh ...

DR. KOVAK

WHAT!?

JOSH

The woman that calls you all the
time -

Dr. Kovak LOSES IT! He GRABS Josh by his shoulders ...

DR. KOVAK

What are you saying?

(shaking Josh)

Who told you that?

DR. KOVAK'S POV - JOSH IN BED

Josh coils up in fear ... His face DISTORTS ... Colors START
SHIFTING toward green ... We keep SHAKING him, holding him by
the shoulders ... Then suddenly -

DR. ROBERTSON (O.C.)

(in a distance)

Peter.

(then louder)

PETER!

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Kovak FREEZES ... His both hands clutch Josh's shoulders
in a tight grip ... PAUSE ...

Dr. Kovak RELEASES Josh ... and turns around to see Dr.
Robertson surrounded by disturbed nurses ...

DR. KOVAK

(in low voice, mostly to

Josh)

I'm sorry!

INT. CLINIC / HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Kovak PACES AROUND, rubbing his eyes ... Dr. Robertson
joins him.

DR. ROBERTSON
 (sternly, as a boss)
 Let's pretend that what just
 happened was simply a sign of your
 exhaustion.

DR. KOVAK
 He was accusing me. He and that
 woman are playing the same game.

DR. ROBERTSON
 He is nine years old.

DR. KOVAK
 He sure knows much more than a nine-
 year-old.

DR. ROBERTSON
 Listen. I really don't want to hear
 this anymore. Take the rest of the
 day off. You need to get back in
 shape.
 (rolls his eyes)
 I called Dr. Xoran. He is expecting
 you.

DR. KOVAK
 Thanks. I'm good. I have other -

DR. ROBERTSON
 Did I say that you have a choice?

PAUSE as we focus on Peter mulling it over ...

CUT TO:

EXT. CLINIC - LONG SHOT - DAY

It is POURING RAIN ... Dr. Kovak's car pulls out of a parking
 garage ... and drives away ...

Her back to us, Lorna stands under the pelting rain ... She
 is totally soaked ... She was watching Dr. Kovak leave.

CUT TO:

I/E. HIGHWAY / DR. KOVAK'S CAR - DAY

TIGHT ON the dashboard screen. Highlighted line scrolls down
 through names in address book ... and stops on "BTY".

The loud speaker comes on ... BLEEP ... BLEEP ... BLEEP ...

BETSY (O.S.)

Hello.

DR. KOVAK

It's me.

BETSY (O.S.)

I'm so glad you called. I wanted to hear your voice so much.

Dr. Kovak has no reaction to it and simply drives ...

BETSY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(on the verge on tears)

Peter, I'm scared. I'm afraid to pick up the phone. What's going on?

DR. KOVAK

(emotionless)

I don't know. You tell me?

BETSY (O.S.)

I truly don't know. Why are you accusing me?

DR. KOVAK

Why? Because there's no one else who knew about us.

BETSY (O.S.)

What shall I do to make you believe me?

DR. KOVAK

Listen. Are you absolutely sure you didn't tell anyone about us?

BETSY (O.S.)

I DIDN'T!

DR. KOVAK

(yelling)

How THE FUCK would they find out then?

BETSY (O.S.)

(sobbing)

I'm really scared. I want to see you. When are you -

DR. KOVAK

Yeah, I'm gonna come by tonight. We need to discuss it in private.

TIGHT ON the GPS screen on the dashboard ...

GPS COMPUTER VOICE
Arriving at the destination.

DR. KOVAK
Stay at home. Don't pick up the
phone unless it's me.

BETSY (O.S.)
OK.
(sobs)
I want you.

DR. KOVAK
(after a pause)
Yeah. Talk to you later.

IRRITATED he punches the dashboard button to disconnect.

The car approaches a TALL GLASS BUILDING ... Dr. Kovak looks
up at it, while driving into a parking garage ...

CUT TO:

INT. GROUND FLOOR / LOBBY - DAY

We watch Dr. Kovak walking up to the front receptionist,
looking around ... He gives her his business card.

THE FRONT RECEPTIONIST
(smiling)
Twenty third floor, sir.

INT. 23RD FLOOR / RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

The décor of the 23rd floor is that of a minimalist style
coupled with the BIG MONEY.

Elevator doors open up and Dr. Kovak walks out ...

Dr. Kovak approaches the RECEPTIONIST. She is a very pretty
young woman in revealing dress. She sits behind the counter
under the big fancy sign on the wall, that reads,

"DR. XORAN - UNCONVENTIONAL PSYCHOLOGY".

DR. KOVAK
(skeptical from get-go)
Dr. Kovak to see Dr. Zoran. That's
how you say it, isn't it?

DR. XORAN'S RECEPTIONIST
(with a fake smile)
Yes, Dr. Kovak, Dr. Xoran is
expecting you.

She tries to get up to show him the way, but -

DR. KOVAK
(motions her to sit down)
I'll find it myself.

He proceeds down to the corridor ...

Dr. Kovak walks through a long hallway leading to the actual
office ... He stops at the big TRANSLUCENT DOOR ...
(beat)

A SHAPE of a person appears on the other side ... The door
slides open to reveal DR. XORAN. He is wearing an expensive
suit, which would have given him off as a very successful
Wall Street broker if not the rest of his wardrobe. His LONG
JET-BLACK HAIR is pulled back in a tight bun. His wrists are
adorned with multiple ECLECTIC BRACELETS. The eye and lip
liner makeup make him look almost like an Egyptian Pharaoh.

DR. XORAN
(with an accent)
Dr. Kovak. Please come in.

Oh, great! The accent doesn't help Dr. Kovak's skepticism.

DR. KOVAK
(walking in)
I should give it to you. You have
quite a nice joint here.

DR. XORAN
Oh, thank you. We have a little bit
of everything from every corner of
the world.
(points to a chair)
Please take a seat.

INT. DR. XORAN'S OFFICE - DAY

It is decorated in the same MINIMALIST STYLE as the 23rd
floor. The furniture and every accessory in this room has
very unusual "square" forms.

Dr. Kovak rests in the patient's chair across from Dr. Xoran
behind the glass desk ...

DR. XORAN
My good friend Chris told me that
you are stressed out by work?

DR. KOVAK
Well, who isn't?
(chuckles)
Although he's somewhat
exaggerating. Ever heard of a
figure of speech?

DR. XORAN
Interesting. Well then, do you want
to share what's bothering you?

DR. KOVAK
Who said I'm bothered by something?

DR. XORAN
(smiling)
Sometimes actions speak louder than
words. Ever heard of it?

DR. KOVAK
(cynical)
Hah. That's funny.

DR. XORAN
What exactly?

DR. KOVAK
I'm usually the one on the other
side of the desk. Now it's as if
I'm talking to myself.

DR. XORAN
It's nice to face yourself once in
awhile, isn't it?

DR. KOVAK
I guess.

DR. XORAN
So, can you answer to yourself?

DR. KOVAK
Yes, I can. And I am fine.

DR. XORAN
Are you sure about that?

DR. KOVAK
Yes! I am sure.

DR. XORAN
 Isn't it amazing that this is the
 first answer we give when we indeed
 have a problem?

DR. KOVAK
 (with a sneer)
 You know what, I majored in
 psychology. I don't know if you -

With his hand Dr. Kovak motions a circle in the air, implying
 an open-ended question ... Dr. Xoran simply stares back ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 (giving up his previous
 statement)
 I can pretty much diagnose myself.
 Yes, I had a couple of rough
 moments lately and I made some
 mistakes and I admit it. No
 offense, but I don't need anyone to
 tell me that I'm OK.

DR. XORAN
 (calmly, unperturbed)
 Really? Someone telling you that?

Dr. Kovak senses the tone. His tool of trade is being used
 against him. It gets him WORKED UP even more than this would-
 be shaman-like medical doctor ...

NOTE: DR. KOVAK RAISES HIS VOICE WITH EACH LINE.

DR. KOVAK
 Yes. Really! Listen, no disrespect
 to you but how many years of
 practice do you have to think that
 you can help me?

DR. XORAN
 Did I get it right, Dr. Kovak, you
 claim that I am a phony?

DR. KOVAK
 Jesus! That's not what I meant.

DR. XORAN
 If not, what did you mean?

DR. KOVAK
 Listen, I don't know. OK? You are -
 (searching for the word)

DR. XORAN

I am what? Not capable of being a medical doctor. That's what you meant?

DR. KOVAK

What the hell is it? A setup? I don't care who you are, what you can and can't do.

DR. XORAN

The guy that doesn't look like your every day MD cannot even touch the medical field. That's what you meant, isn't it?

DR. KOVAK

GOD DAMMIT! All I said was that I am fine and I can deal with it!

DR. XORAN

Oh. And you didn't say that you are not stressed out by work and that such a layman like me cannot even approach helping you?

DR. KOVAK

(yelling)

NO!

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak. HE IS MAD! PAUSE ...

Dr. Xoran waits ... With every passing moment Dr. Kovak realizes that he had swallowed the bait with the Freudian slip of his last answer ... He mellows out.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)

OK. I guess, you're right.

DR. XORAN

Well, admitting it is the first and the most important step. Is it what they taught us, Dr. Kovak?

DR. KOVAK

(in his thoughts)

I don't know what's going on with my life these days. It's almost like someone is contriving to destroy everything I have.

DR. XORAN

Have you thought about it? Why is someone doing this to you?

DR. KOVAK

The point is that I don't know why. It's this boy, Josh ... It is so weird ... Then there's that woman with him. She makes him believe that I am hurting him in some way.

DR. XORAN

And, are you?

DR. KOVAK

Excuse me?

DR. XORAN

Are you hurting the boy?

DR. KOVAK

No! Of course not. I'm not even sure that I saw him before.

(pause)

Although -

(beat)

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)

Sometimes I think that I know who he is. It's really crazy -

(not believing himself)

You know, one might have a gut feeling, déjà vu or however it's called. I think I knew him from somewhere before ... I don't know how to explain it.

DR. XORAN

Do you think that he could've been a part of your life that's missing now?

DR. KOVAK

Might be.

(pause)

I started having those dreams after I began treating him. I'm sure it's just a coincidence and I wouldn't even care if not him being a part of it.

DR. XORAN

Hmm. What's in those dreams?

DR. KOVAK

It's more than just dreams. You know, dreams usually scare you and then go away, you'll hardly remember anything later. These dreams are different. I seem to remember everything like if I re-live it again. That's what's so frightening about it.

DR. XORAN

And you never had them before?

DR. KOVAK

No. Matter-of-fact, I had a perfect life. Everything was so good until recently when things seemed to have started spiraling out of control.

DR. XORAN

What about your work? I've been told that you are one of the best neurosurgeons in the state. Does Josh's case really overwhelm you?

DR. KOVAK

Well, it's not that it overwhelms me. What happens is that I can't get a grip on it. It's almost like it is slipping away from me and I can do nothing about it.

(pause)

It's like that dream when you're sinking deeper and deeper. You don't know where is up and down, and you keep drowning, until -

(beat)

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)

- you see the light.

DR. XORAN

And what happens next?

DR. KOVAK

I don't know. Sometimes it really scares me. What happens next?

(beat)

Dr. Xoran stands up and walks to the wet-bar ... He opens a small fridge that gives out strange BLUISH GLOW from inside.

DR. XORAN
 Sometimes people live their lives
 not realizing what lies underneath.
 They never open up and never feel
 their true selves.

Dr. Xoran picks up something from the fridge and shuts it.

DR. XORAN (CONT'D)
 Have you ever heard about
 alternative medicine, Dr. Kovak?

DR. KOVAK
 Well, I used to do shrooms back in
 college.

DR. XORAN
 (smiling)
 No, that's not it.
 (pause)
 Sometimes healing of your body
 comes from healing of your mind.
 Have you heard about such concept?

DR. KOVAK
 (skeptical)
 Well, there's no clear evidence -

DR. XORAN
 Not in my field of study.

Dr. Xoran comes closer to Dr. Kovak ...

DR. XORAN (CONT'D)
 What I'm going to offer you is
 something that you won't find
 anywhere else, a potion that can
 cure your mind. It has a unique
 blend of natural properties -

DR. KOVAK
 (sarcastically)
 Wow. Hold on. What clinic is it?

DR. XORAN
 You seem to be questioning me
 again, Dr. Kovak.

DR. KOVAK
 (with a smirk)
 Well then, how does this -
 (showing quotation with
 his fingers in the air)
 - "potion" can help me -
 (MORE)

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
(showing quotation again)
- "cure my mind"?

DR. XORAN
Well, for that you have to try it.
We're going back to the same issue
of trust. I don't know if you saw
my resume? I am referred by the
best physicians in the industry.
The waiting list for my appointment
stretches out for weeks. I'm not
just playing a Medicine Man here.

Dr. Xoran stretches out his open hand with a SMALL BLUE VIAL
in it ... Dr. Kovak hesitates ...
(beat)

Dr. Kovak TAKES the vial, looks it over ... and prepares to
leave ...

DR. KOVAK
(with a smirk)
I'll send you my feedback.

CUT TO:

EXT. DR. KOVAK'S HOUSE - EVENING

It's raining hard. Dr. Kovak's car approaches the driveway
... then slows down in front of it ...

DR. KOVAK'S POV - His wife's car is parked on the driveway
... We keep on driving slowly past the house ...

INT. DR. KOVAK'S HOUSE

Jessica stands by the front window, her back to us. We can
see Dr. Kovak's car passing by on the background ... She
angrily walks away, picks up the phone and begins dialing off
a business card ...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

The RAIN doesn't cease. It's an old town neighborhood. Couple
of neon signs announce the presence of the late night bars.

Dr. Kovak's car pulls into view ... and parks on the street.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The place is LOUD and filled with SMOKE. The night crowd is enjoying it, someone plays pool in the background. This is anything but the high-class establishment that we saw Dr. Kovak in before.

Dr. Kovak sits alone by the bar. Couple of empty shot glasses decorate the counter in front of him. He fiddles with his cellphone ... then MAKES A CALL and waits ... No answer ... After awhile he SLAMS the phone on the counter. IRRITATED.

CUT TO:

INT. BETSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Betsy lies on the bed hugging a pillow. Her makeup is smeared with tears ... We hear the answering machine -

VOICE OF BETSY

This is you-know-who. I must be powdering my nose. If you have something to say, go for it.

- and focus on it. The electronic number 5 glows on its front LED panel ... We hear the BEEP of a voice mail recorder ...

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Kovak turns his CELLPHONE OFF and shoves it into his coat pocket ...

SERIES OF SHOTS

NOTE: SPFX. WE DO A 360 SPIN-VIEW AROUND DR. KOVAK, AS -

- A) He throws a shot of liquor in ...
- B) Then does another one ...
- C) He spills the contents of next shot but still downs it ...
- D) He tries to stand up. His hand slips. He almost falls ...

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Kovak talks to a (male) bartender, who treats him as another drunk at the bar.

DR. KOVAK
 (leaning forward)
 My world was a Paradise. I had a
 beautiful wife, a perfect job,
 quarterly vacations in Bahamas,
 fucking gorgeous house.

DR. KOVAK'S POV - (MOS) Bartender responds, we don't care ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 And, what happened with that
 Paradise?
 (pause)
 It shifted all up-side-down.

(MOS) Dr. Kovak grabs a SHOT sitting in front of him ...
 Bartender objects ... Dr. Kovak doesn't care at this point.
 He tumbles it down anyway ...

TIGHT ON the bar counter as Dr. Kovak's hand FALLS on it ...

SPFX: As if with a tiny cam we ENTER Dr. Kovak's WRIST ...
 We're inside his vein, FLYING FAST with the blood ... We get
 into a PUMPING HEART, then forcefully get EXPELLED OUT ... We
 FLY again through the tube-like vessels ... and -

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM (O.V.)

We POUR OUT and AWAY from a bloody spot on Josh's motionless
 body lying on the operating table ...

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dr. Kovak JUMPS UP off the bar counter ... For a second he
 can't figure out where he is ...

DR. KOVAK'S POV - (MOS) Bartender TALKS to us and SHOWS
 toward the door ...

Dr. Kovak GETS UP on his feet. Whoa! He is UNSTEADY ... He
 rushes toward the exit, almost KNOCKING DOWN a chair ...

CUT TO:

I/E. HIGHWAY / DR. KOVAK'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON the pouring RAIN in the HEADLIGHTS of Dr. Kovak's car speeding on a lonely highway ...

Dr. Kovak inside struggles to stay awake.

DR. KOVAK
(mumbling)
No. Go away!

TIGHT ON the front of Dr. Kovak's car as it SLOWLY DRIFTS to the side ... Tires make a thumping sound over darting highway reflectors. Suddenly the car JERKS BACK to its lane.

DR. KOVAK'S POV - Everything is DISTORTED, in DARK GREEN COLORS ... We notice a blurry WHITE LIGHT in front of us ... It is getting brighter ... and starts to BLINK ...

FROM INSIDE DR. KOVAK'S CAR we see the blindingly BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS right in front. It has no effect on Dr. Kovak ...

FROM INSIDE OF ONCOMING MINI-VAN a family is SCREAMING in horror as Dr. Kovak's car approaches and is just yards away from them ... A male driver JERKS the wheel to the right ...

With the SCREECHING tires and SMOKE the mini-van sharply SWERVES to the break-down lane just a second before a head-on collision ... and comes to a stop ...

Dr. Kovak's car KEEPS GOING in the wrong lane as if nothing happened. In front of him is only darkness ... We watch his car drive away ...

CUT TO:

INT. DR. KOVAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens. Dr. Kovak stumbles in. Something's wrong! Concerned, he looks around ...

Dr. Kovak walks into a room. Nothing unusual there ...

He checks another room. CLOTHES are strewn on the floor ...

Dr. Kovak checks the bedroom. It's in disarray ... He checks the closet ... The wife's section is empty.

Dr. Kovak opens the garage door. His wife's car is not there.

Dr. Kovak walks into the kitchen and braces himself against the counter, rubbing his face ... The BUSINESS CARD catches his attention ... He picks it up.

TIGHT ON the card - "LAWRENCE BRUTTMIRE - ATTORNEY AT LAW".
 SHIT! He TOSSES the card into the garbage can.

INT. DR. KOVAK'S BEDROOM

Dr. Kovak FALLS into bed, facing up, fully clothed. He is so EXHAUSTED ... Something catches his attention. He pulls out the BLUE VIAL from his coat pocket.

TIGHT ON the vial as Dr. Kovak twiddles it ...

DR. KOVAK
 It can't make it worse, can it?

He POPS the vial open with his thumb and sniffs it ... He lingers for a second ... before KNOCKING BACK the contents.

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak in bed. Phew! It SOURS his face like a straight shot of liquor. He puts the vial back into his pocket ... and notices something else ...

He pulls out the CELLPHONE, and turns it on. It gets connected ... then CHIMES.

TIGHT ON the cellphone - "12 MISSED CALLS" ...

Dr. Kovak struggles to get up to the edge of the bed ... He's UNSTEADY. He puts the cellphone to his ear ...

ELECTRONIC VOICE
 You have five unplayed messages.

Dr. Kovak taps the cell phone, ANGRY with himself.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (CONT'D)
 First unplayed message -

DR. KOVAK'S POV - Bedroom gets slowly DISTORTED, objects begin CHANGING COLORS ... We become WOOZY ... and WOBBLE ...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 (gets distorted at some parts)
 Dr. Kovak, this is Julie. Call me back as soon as possible. There was a complication -
 (fades away)

DR. KOVAK'S POV - Objects on the wall MOVE and COLLIDE with each other ... We overpower it and focus on the cellphone ...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (gets distorted more)
 Dr. Kovak, where are you? It's an
 emergency. We need you -
 (fades away)

Dr. Kovak pulls out the VIAL. It WARPS and CHANGES SHAPES ...

DR. KOVAK
 What the hell is it?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 (some parts missing)
 Josh is in critical condition ...
 had a lung failure and ruptured
 blood vessels ... we are performing
 tracheotomy ... WHERE ARE YOU?

TIGHT ON the floor. The VIAL falls down and rolls under bed.

DR. KOVAK'S POV - We FALL BACKWARD and now face the ceiling
 ... The colors quickly CHANGE through a spectrum of rainbow
 and FADE OUT INTO BLACK ...

MATCH CUT TO:

PERSON'S POV - INT. DARK GREEN ROOM - DAY

We're in bed, facing up. We hear our heartbeat - THUMP ...
 THUMP ... THUMP ... (It continues throughout this scene.)

We look around. We saw this room before. It is OLD and
 FILTHY. The plaster hangs loose off the moldy walls. The only
 window is draped with a quilt-like green fabric ...

We look to the side. We're STRAPPED to the bed. The IV TUBE
 goes into our arm. (The heartbeat SPEEDS UP.) We start to
 WIGGLE ... The strap gives in, but not completely.

We look to the other side. The other strap is not as tight.
 We slide our arm out ... It FALLS on our stomach - sleepy
 hand ... We force it to move ... It stubbornly complies ...

We reach for the other hand and PULL IT with a tug. The IV
 tube stretches ... and the needle SNAPS OUT.

INT. DARK GREEN ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Kovak WRITHES in pain on the bed ... Yes, it's him! He
 doesn't look like himself. He is wearing a once-white, sweat-
 drenched T-shirt. A filthy blanket covers him from the waist
 down. His face is dirty. He is sporting a THICK BEARD ...

Dr. Kovak GLANCES from side to side like a caged animal ... He seems to be alone in the room. He tries to slide off the bed, but ... something still HOLDS him down below ...

He pulls up the blanket. (We can't see what he sees.) His EYES WIDEN at what is down there ... He reaches in and YANKS it out ... His face DISTORTS in silent pain ...

TIGHT ON THE FLOOR. Big medical urine collecting bottle sits under the bed. A tube connects it to something up above. It is full of dark yellow liquid ... ON THE BACKGROUND we see Dr. Kovak's half-naked body PLOPS DOWN on the floor ...

(O.V.) Naked from the waist down, Dr. Kovak CRAWLS AWAY from the bed ... Walking is not an option for him. EVERY MOVE comes with PAIN ...

Dr. Kovak tries to PULL himself up on a chair ... He TOPPLES IT OVER sending himself and a bunch of dirty clothes down on the floor ... Several COCKROACHES scurry away ...

TIGHT ON THE FLOOR. Dr. Kovak lifts himself off the floor. Several smashed bugs stick to his face. Wasting no time, he tries to GET UP again ... This isn't easy!

In an awkward leaning position Dr. Kovak tries to PUT ON a pair of jeans he just found ... He almost TRIPS but catches himself. Something else CRASHES DOWN instead. He FREEZES in horror ... No one apparently heard it ... He pulls the jeans fully on.

Dr. Kovak can stand upright now. Still VERY WEAK, he moves closer to the door BRACING himself against the wall ...

INT. HOUSE / DARK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door CRACKS OPEN sending a sliver of light in ... Dr. Kovak staggers into the hallway, still hugging the walls ...

WE FOLLOW DR. KOVAK through the hallway with closed doors on each side and a boarded up window at the end ...

Dr. Kovak grabs a KNOB on one of the doors trying to brace himself. Instead the door SWINGS OPEN ...

DR. KOVAK'S POV - A thin man inside the room lies unconscious in bed ... TIGHT ON his lifeless face ... THEN QUICKLY ON TO the IV tube in his wrist ... THEN FOLLOW the IV tube up to a DRIPPING solution bag on a stand ...

Dr. Kovak RUSHES to another door ... and PUSHES it open. The same looking room has a SICKLY SMALL PERSON strapped in bed.

We can barely make him out - he may well be a small child ...
(beat)

INT. HOUSE / DOWNSTAIRS

Dr. Kovak struggles down the stairs in the darkness ... He is at a shiny METALLIC SECURITY DOOR. (It is very much out of place here.) He JIGGLES the door knob ... It's LOCKED!

TIGHT ON ELECTRONIC KEYPAD as Dr. Kovak punches the code, his hands SHAKING badly ... The keypad GLOWS RED ... He starts over ... SUCCESS! The door unlocks with a clank.

EXT. HOUSE / BACKYARD - DAY

Dr. Kovak rushes out. He SHIELDS his eyes from a blinding sun while cautiously walking through the backyard clutter ...

TIGHT ON A MASSIVE CHAIN as it rapidly begins to UNWIND ...

A huge ROTTWEILER DARTS OUT and JUMPS on Dr. Kovak, who SPRINGS BACK and FALLS HARD against the house ... SUDDENLY the chain YANKS the beast back just inches away from Dr. Kovak's face. BARK ... BARK ... BARK ... SCOWLING TEETH flash in front of Dr. Kovak, lying in horror on the ground ...

Dr. Kovak quickly GETS UP to his feet. His face shows intense PAIN of the fall ... He begins LIMPING AWAY while still keeping an eye on the BARKING DOG ...

EXT. HOUSE / FRONT

While still looking back, Dr. Kovak RUNS OUT from the side of the house onto the street in ghetto-looking neighborhood ... Suddenly he RUNS INTO a guy talking on a cellphone. (The guy is MONTI, Hispanic-looking, thin, in his early 30's.) The impact almost KNOCKS the cellphone out of Monti's hands ...

MONTI

Whoa! Watch out!

Dr. Kovak has a look of a deer-in-the-headlights ...

MONTI (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

(waits)

You don't run into people like this, bro.

Dr. Kovak LOOKS AROUND in desperation ... We still hear the dog BARKING in the background ...

DR. KOVAK
 (has to act quickly!)
 Listen. You gotta help me! Do you
 have a car?

MONTI
 (confused)
 What are you saying, bro?

DR. KOVAK
 Listen to me. I need you to give me
 a ride. I'm gonna pay you.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Monti leads Dr. Kovak to a run-down sedan circa 1980 ... Dr. Kovak grabs the passenger side door handle and impatiently JIGGLES it ... Monti shakes his head, gets in from his side and leans over to unlock the passenger side door.

DR. KOVAK
 (while getting in)
 Let's go! Don't wait!

Monti isn't so eager ... He calmly tries the ignition.

MONTI
 What's up with this rush, bro? Who
 are you running from?
 (beat)

The car pulls away ... Dr. Kovak keeps staring back ...

MONTI (CONT'D)
 That's a tough shit you took.

Dr. Kovak is still dazed and incognizant.

DR. KOVAK
 What?

MONTI
 (smiling)
 Where are we going, bro?

DR. KOVAK
 I don't know. Just drive.

I/E. STREETS / MONTI'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They now drive through a better neighborhood.

DR. KOVAK
(suddenly restless again)
Oh shit! I can't believe it.

Dr. Kovak pulls up his T-shirt and begins nervously looking over his torso ...

MONTI
Hey, are you OK?

DR. KOVAK
Yes ... NO!

MONTI
What the hell is wrong with you,
bro?

DR. KOVAK
I don't know. I really don't know.
What's your name?

MONTI
(confused)
Monti.

DR. KOVAK
Good. I'm Peter Kovak.
(Monti gives him a strange
look again)
Check my back, would you?

Dr. Kovak turns around with his T-shirt lifted up ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Do you see any fresh scars?

MONTI
Man, you're crazy.

DR. KOVAK
Come on, just look at it!

MONTI
(looking)
It's clean.

DR. KOVAK
Are you sure? Check it again.

MONTI
Yes, I am sure. What do you think,
someone cut out your liver?

DR. KOVAK
 (pulls his T-shirt back)
 You never know. Do you think it's
 normal to go to sleep in one place
 and wake up in another?

Monti chuckles ... and is ready to say something when -

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 Holy crap! Wait a second, I get it.
 (turns to Monti)
 Slap me.

MONTI
 What?!

DR. KOVAK
 Come on. I want you to slap me.

MONTI
 Bro, what the hell?

DR. KOVAK
 Yes, go for it. Slap me! I know
 you've done it before -

Monti THROWS a hefty BITCH-SLAP. It almost makes Dr. Kovak's
 head spin around ... PAUSE ... Dr. Kovak slowly turns back.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 It hurts.

MONTI
 No shit.

Dr. Kovak is TERRIFIED. It doesn't feel like dream anymore.

MONTI (CONT'D)
 Hey, I'm not sure about you but I'm
 hungry. Do you want a bite?

Dr. Kovak, speechless, simply stares back at him ...

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL / MAIN CONCOURSE - DAY

Monti leads the way through bright shopping mall full of
 shoppers. The place is bustling with activity.

MONTI

You wouldn't believe how good this place is. They're quite new. Didn't hire those teenage punks yet.

Dr. Kovak trails along, all sullen ... not looking good ...

MONTI (CONT'D)

I used to go to Pete's. Ya know, on the corner of 30th and Lafayette. Then one day I'm looking at my double stacker and ... Holy Shit! There's a gnarly Band Aid. Can you believe it? Right in the middle between the fucking patties.

Dr. Kovak doesn't even look at him ...

MONTI (CONT'D)

(after a pause)

Hey, you're awful pale, bro. But, don't worry. We're almost there. You'll try some REAL good food.

INT. SHOPPING MALL / BURGER PLACE

It's a sit-down-type food court mostly occupied by families with their young kids ... Monti leads Dr. Kovak to an empty plastic table.

MONTI

You stay here. Make sure though that no fat kid takes my seat. I'm gonna get us some real good shit.

Monti walks away to the counter and almost immediately takes out his cellphone ...

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak. He doesn't look good. DARK CIRCLES adorn his eyes on the backdrop of his PALE FACE. He BRACES himself against the table and tries to stay upright ...

DR. KOVAK

(out loud to himself)

OK. This is not a dream. Otherwise it'd be the longest fucking nightmare ever. But if not, how the fuck did I get here?

A family that sat next to him QUICKLY GET UP and LEAVE ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)

What was I doing in that house?

INSERT - INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - FLASHBACK (MOS)

NOTE: EACH FLASHBACK LATER ON IS SHOWN WITH A SLIGHTER DIMMER, WORN-OUT COLORS AKIN TO THE EARLY COLOR MOVIES.

Dr. Kovak RUNS IN holding an unconscious boy. His clothes are stained with RED ... He DARTS from nurse to nurse ...

END FLASHBACK

Monti comes back to the table holding a tray with two huge burgers, good-sized French Fries and a bag of onion rings.

MONTI

Hey bro, if I were you I wouldn't talk to yourself. Those soccer moms might freak out.

DR. KOVAK'S POV - FOOD COURT

We look around ... THE MALL ... Something there catches our attention ... the HOMELESS GUY walks through it (he is the same guy Dr. Kovak almost ran over in his car) ... WE FOLLOW HIM ... He has a CARDBOARD SIGN, but we can't read it ...

MONTI

(with a full mouth, making us to turn to face him)
Are you gonna try it?
(takes another bite)
It's fucking delicious.

We shift our attention to the BURGER in front of us ... Our vision BLURS, COLORS SHIFT and the BURGER DISTORTS ...

WITH A SHAKE we make it go away ... We look back at the mall area ... But the homeless guy is no longer there.

MONTI (CONT'D)

I don't know, bro. Without any food you may kick the bucket.

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Kovak reluctantly takes a bite off the burger ...

DR. KOVAK'S POV (MOS) - Monti talks to us while devouring his food. We begin hearing a LOW HUMMING NOISE ... It grows LOUDER, our vision begins to BLUR ... We look around and see one soccer mom giving us a look of contempt ...

Suddenly Dr. Kovak JUMPS UP and DASHES toward the tray bin. He pushes the lid off that CRASHES on the tile floor with a loud JARRING SOUND ... Dr. Kovak leans into the bin and begins VIOLENTLY THROWING UP making the awful GUTTURAL SOUNDS ... On the background we see families FLEEING in panic ...

INT. SHOPPING MALL / MAIN CONCOURSE

(MOS) We can still see the burger place in the background, while Dr. Kovak and Monti JOG AWAY ... Monti periodically looks back at couple of angry employees GESTICULATING and YELLING in a distance ...

DR. KOVAK

(his mind somewhere else)

Now it makes sense. All those dreams. They must have done that to me before. No wonder I can't remember a thing from a year ago.

(to Monti)

Listen, I need you to help me.

MONTI

What?

DR. KOVAK

(it hits him)

Oh shit! JOSH!

(beat)

They have him too. It is that woman. I'm sure she did this to me. Don't ask me how I know this. I just do. I'm damn sure now. She hated me so much. How could I not think about it before.

(grabs his head)

Now everything falls into place.

Monti walks by Dr. Kovak, not understanding a word ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)

I know that I probably don't look like one now, but I'm a surgeon. This woman did this to me, to disparage me, to destroy my life.

They walk outside through the entrance doors ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)

I need to borrow your car. Give me your address and phone and I will have it delivered back to you.

(checks his pockets)

(MORE)

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)

I don't have any cash on me but I swear I will reimburse you good -

MONTI

Hold on. Hold on, bro. Slow down. You're so fast I can't follow you.

DR. KOVAK

(enunciating)

I need to borrow your car.

MONTI

Whoa! No one drives my wheels except me, bro.

DR. KOVAK

You don't understand. This is important.

MONTI

No, YOU don't understand. My wheels are very important to me.

DR. KOVAK

(losing patience)

OK. Can you give me a ride then?

MONTI

Well, we can consider that.

(pause)

Where you wanna go?

DR. KOVAK

Home.

MONTI

(confused)

Home?

DR. KOVAK

Yeah. I'll show you the way.

CUT TO:

I/E. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD / MONTI'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Monti's car clearly stands out from clean suburban streets of a new housing development as it drives through ...

The road begins ascending and houses turn BIGGER as they go ... Soon they approach a private GATED AREA with a heavy wrought iron gate blocking the way ...

EXT. PRIVATE ENTRANCE GATE - CONTINUOUS

MONTI
(pulling over)
Bro, we shouldn't be here.

DR. KOVAK
Don't worry. I live here.

MONTI
(worried, looks around)
Who do you think you are? A
celebrity? What are we doing here?

Dr. Kovak smiles back and gets out. He walks to a small punch pad by the gate ... and types the code ... Nothing happens.

TIGHT ON the punch pad as Dr. Kovak presses the buttons again ... RED LIGHT comes on in response ...
(beat)

Dr. Kovak adjusts his hair in frustration.

DR. KOVAK
Shit! I've done it so many times.

He TAPS the "Call For Assistance" button ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
(loud to Monti)
I have this thing in my car that
gets it automatically -

VOICE THROUGH INTERCOM
Can I help you?

DR. KOVAK
Yes. Thank God, you're there. This
is Peter Kovak. I don't have my car
with me. Can you let me in?

TIGHT ON the camera above as it pivots toward us ...

MONTI'S POV - In a rear-view mirror we see a shiny black Mercedes pulling up behind us ...

MONTI
Bro, that's enough. Let's go!

Dr. Kovak isn't giving up. He is so close! He waits while pacing around the punch pad ...

Another resident pulls up in a fancy car ... Monti BACKS his clunker to the side and away from the gate, sensing trouble.

Dr. Kovak loses patience and walks toward the Mercedes.
Seeing him, a WOMAN DRIVER pulls up her window ...

DR. KOVAK
Hi. I'm Peter Kovak. Do you know
me? I live here.

The woman inside SHAKES her head and grabs the CELLPHONE ...

Dr. Kovak, MAD, walks back to the punch pad ... The GATE
GUARD approaches the gate from the inside on a golf cart ...

GATE GUARD
Can I help you, sir?

DR. KOVAK
(irritated)
Yes. You can let me in!

GATE GUARD
Do you have an appointment?

DR. KOVAK
(almost yelling)
No, I don't have an appointment. I
live here!

GATE GUARD
I'm afraid you have to leave, sir.

DR. KOVAK
WHAT?!

MONTI'S POV - (MOS) Dr. Kovak ARGUES and GESTICULATES with
the gate guard ... We shift our attention to a PATROL CAR
appearing on the background ... SHIT! We quickly LOOK AWAY
... and START the engine ...

Two police officers approach Dr. Kovak from behind ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
(to the gate guard)
Why don't you go check your tenant
list and come back and apologize -

POLICE OFFICER #1
What's going on here?

It takes Dr. Kovak by surprise ...

GATE GUARD
(walking away)
I hope you can straighten this guy
out. He doesn't belong here.

POLICE OFFICER #1
 (to Dr. Kovak)
 What is your name, sir?

DR. KOVAK
 I am Dr. Peter Kovak and I live
 here. I want you to tell this idiot
 that he'd better know his tenants.

Dr. Kovak tries to GET CLOSER to the gate to make sure that
 the retreating guard hears him. Cops quickly INTERVENE ...

POLICE OFFICER #1
 Sir, walk this way please.

Cops lead Dr. Kovak to a police cruiser ...

POLICE OFFICER #2
 Sir, do you have ID on you?

Dr. Kovak PATS the sides, then the back of his jeans ...
 Nothing there. He LOOKS at the officers empty-handed ...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION / BOOKING DESK - DAY

The officers lead Dr. Kovak handcuffed to a booking desk. The
 officer behind the desk seems busy with his paperwork ...

POLICE OFFICER #1
 Full moon last night, hah?

DESK OFFICER
 (lifting up his eyes)
 You bet. What you got there?

POLICE OFFICER #1
 Disorderly conduct. Caught him
 trying to sneak into private
 community. No wallet. No ID. Claims
 he is a doctor.

Desk officer glances at Dr. Kovak ... then SMILES.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
 Also claims that a woman he knew
 drugged him up and put him into a
 secluded house to get to his boy.

Desk officer stops writing and looks up at Dr. Kovak.

DESK OFFICER
(sarcastically)
Is that true, DOCTOR?

DR. KOVAK
(breaking his downward
gaze)
This boy is in danger. You gotta
help me find him.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Dr. Kovak sits behind a metal desk. Right across from him is
DET. MORRISON, black, overweight, middle-aged man. He is an
epitome of a hard-working low-paid cop.

DET. MORRISON
(referring to his notes)
You claim your name is Dr. Peter
Kovak and you live at 32 High Hill
Estates. Is that correct?

DR. KOVAK
(aggravated)
Yes. I was still living there when
I woke up this morning.

DET. MORRISON
So, where exactly did you wake up
this morning?

DR. KOVAK
Listen, I'm not joking with you.
Something bad happened to me.

Dr. Kovak rubs his eyes. We can see his frustration ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
I woke up in this terrible house. I
don't know how I got there. Someone
must have kidnapped me.

DET. MORRISON
Who could've done that to you?

DR. KOVAK
I don't know for sure. It could be
the woman a know. For some reason
she wants to destroy my life.

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak as he brings up an arm to RUB his face. We clearly see NEEDLE MARKS on it under fluorescent light ...

DET. MORRISON
Do you use drugs?

DR. KOVAK
(offended)
Do I look like -

DR. KOVAK'S POV - We turn our arm to expose NEEDLE MARKS ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Someone did this to me.
(after a pause)
I am a medical doctor.

Det. Morrison grimaces and looks down into his notes ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
(after watching Det.
Morrison)
That NicoDerm patch you're wearing.
It must be changed daily, which you
don't do. If I were you, as a part
of your Nicotine Replacement
Therapy I'd use sublingual tablets
and gum. They're more efficient at
an early stage.

TIGHT ON Det. Morrison as he adjusts his sleeve to hide the patch ... at the same time he casts a glance at Dr. Kovak.

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
I know my stuff, Detective.
(beat)

LATER

DET. FRETWELL opens the door. He is a white male in mid-40's.

DET. FRETWELL
They're ready for fingerprinting.

DET. MORRISON
(to Dr. Kovak)
Well, it sounds compelling. In the
mean time I have to make sure that
you are who you say you are.

Det. Morrison stands up and motions at the door ... Dr. Kovak gets up too and walks to it ... Right at the door -

DR. KOVAK

Detective, you have to promise that you'll find this boy. His name is Josh. He is in the wrong hands. And he is very sick.

DET. MORRISON

Is there a reason for you to think this way?

DR. KOVAK

Yes.

DET. MORRISON

How well do you know this boy?

DR. KOVAK

I know him very well. I think -
 (pause)
 - he is my son.
 (beat)

Det. Morrison looks at Det. Fretwell and then back at Dr. Kovak ...

DET. MORRISON

I'll see what I can do.

A uniformed officer leads Dr. Kovak away ...

DET. FRETWELL

(watching Dr. Kovak)

What do you think? Another tramp?

DET. MORRISON

(in his thoughts)

Don't know yet. He sure doesn't sound like one.

INT. FINGERPRINTING LAB

Dr. Kovak stands in front of the fingerprinting desk ...

LAB ASSISTANT

Sir, your right hand.

DR. KOVAK'S POV - Our arm slowly BLURS and DISTORTS as the lab assistant pressed the prints ... A short spurt of an eerie HISSING SOUND breaks the silence ...

LAB ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Relax your hand.

INSERT - INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - FLASHBACK (MOS)

Dr. Kovak RUNS IN holding a boy ... His white shirt is stained with BLOOD. While running to the front counter -

DR. KOVAK (MOS)
(yelling)
Help! Somebody help!

The nurse is too slow to respond ... Dr. Kovak can't wait! He RUSHES away toward approaching doctor ...

END FLASHBACK

LAB ASSISTANT
Sir, are you OK?

Dr. Kovak SHAKES his head, dazed ...

INT. SUSPECT IDENTIFICATION ROOM

The wide ONE-WAY MIRROR separates it from the interrogation room. Through it we can see Dr. Kovak sitting behind the table, alone, hunched over, holding his head with both hands.

DET. FRETWELL
Sounds like a nut case. If he is a doctor, shouldn't there be some record of him?

On the background Dr. Kovak lifts his head ... then listlessly looks toward us and the mirror. Something in it CATCHES his attention ...

DET. MORRISON
Yes, I suppose. Did you check the name and address in the system?

INSERT - INTERROGATION ROOM

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak as his nonchalant facial expression CHANGES, his EYES WIDEN ... He sees something in the mirror!

BACK TO SCENE

DET. FRETWELL
(checking his notes)
No match on the full name. There are 58 people with the same last name in town though.

In the back, Dr. Kovak GETS UP, still FIXATED on the mirror.

DET. FRETWELL (CONT'D)

An interesting fact about the address. One doctor that actually lives at the High Hill Estates filed the harassment complaint against couple kids some time ago. That seems to be pretty much all the crime that happened there.

DET. MORRISON

Any matches in the missing people reports?

In the back, Dr. Kovak slowly MOVES toward the mirror ...

DET. FRETWELL

No. No one is really looking for our DOCTOR. Something is seriously wrong about him. Do you -

Both detectives TURN toward the one-way mirror, STUNNED by the image of Dr. Kovak standing right in front of it ...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak's profile from the side. He looks PARALYZED, holding his outstretched arm toward the mirror ... WE MOVE SIDEWAYS and see the surface of the mirror ... Dr. Kovak's hand is touching it ...

WE KEEP PANNING revealing the reflection in the mirror ... First, his hand ... then his arm ... then slowly the face ...

IT IS NOT DR. KOVAK IN THE MIRROR! The person we see is a lanky man with a scraggly beard. (This is PETER LIPSKI.) He is in mid-30's, wearing the SAME dirty clothes we saw on Dr. Kovak. But he is just a hint of Dr. Kovak's healthy build.

WE PAN BACK from the reflection to Dr. Kovak ... IT'S NOT HIM IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR EITHER! It is Peter Lipski as well.
(beat)

Peter WOBBLER and COLLAPSES on the floor ...

CUT TO:

INT. DR. KOVAK'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - DAY

Dr. Kovak wakes up in his bed, PANTING, SWEATY ... He looks around ... The bed is fresh. He is cleanly shaved ...

TIGHT ON the alarm clock - 10:30 A.M.

DR. KOVAK
I've never slept this much.

He quickly GETS OFF the bed ... and carefully INSPECTS his arms ... No signs of needle marks. He sighs a relief ...

INT. DR. KOVAK'S HOUSE / BATHROOM

Dr. Kovak checks his face in the mirror, turns to the right, then to the left ... IT'S HIM! He looks good as before. He pulls his tongue out. Nothing unusual there ... PAUSE ...

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak's waist as WOMAN'S HAND slides around it and toward his crotch ...

Dr. Kovak JUMPS AWAY in fear ... It's his wife, smiling ...

JESSICA
(seductively)
Scared you, silly? You want a quickie before work?

Dr. Kovak runs away from her. What's going on? He has that deer-in-the-headlights look again ... PAUSE ...

Jessica tries to get closer ... Dr. Kovak PUSHES HER AWAY and quickly RUNS OUT of the bathroom ...

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Honey, what's wrong? What did I do?
Did you sleep well?

INT. DR. KOVAK'S HOUSE / KITCHEN

Dr. Kovak NERVOUSLY checks the SINK ... then opens a DRAWER. What he's looking for isn't there. He opens ANOTHER DRAWER.

TIGHT ON the drawer and the GUN lying in it ...

JESSICA
(walking in, concerned)
Honey, what's going on?

Dr. Kovak PICKS UP the big garbage can and UPTURNS it on the kitchen counter ... Trash FLIES all over the kitchen ...

Jessica tries to get closer to stop him ...

DR. KOVAK
Get away from me!

This stops her. She watches in total shock as Dr. Kovak spastically digs through the trash pile on the counter ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
 Where is it?
 (looks up at her)
 Bruttmire? Attorney At Law? You
 cleaned it all up, didn't you?

DR. KOVAK'S POV - Our hands go through garbage items ... then suddenly we find the card, and FREEZE ...

TIGHT ON "DR. XORAN - UNCONVENTIONAL PSYCHOLOGY".

CUT TO:

I/E. DR. KOVAK'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Kovak drives ERRATICALLY FAST passing cars on each side ... He pulls out his cellphone ...

INT. 23RD FLOOR / RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Dr. Xoran's receptionist answers the call. She is all dolled up as before, doing her long nails as she speaks,

DR. XORAN'S RECEPTIONIST
 Dr. Xoran's office.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DR. KOVAK AND DR. XORAN'S RECEPTIONIST

DR. KOVAK
 (in no mood for small
 talk)
 This is Dr. Kovak. I'm on my way to
 see Doctor -
 (corrects himself)
 Mr. Xoran.

DR. XORAN'S RECEPTIONIST
 I'm sorry, Mr. Kovak. Dr. Xoran
 will not be able to see you at this
 moment. Do you want an appointment?

DR. KOVAK
 Too late. I'm already there.

Dr. Kovak makes a SHARP TURN into the underground garage ...

INT. 23RD FLOOR / RECEPTION AREA

Dr. Kovak RUSHES IN, past the receptionist ... She prepares to get up to catch him. He shuts her up at a distance with his outstretched palm ... and PROCEEDS down the hallway ...

INT. DR. XORAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Kovak BARGES IN. Dr. Xoran turns around, SURPRISED, wearing a bath robe ... The receptionist RUNS IN as well ...

DR. XORAN'S RECEPTIONIST
Sir, you have to leave. I'm calling security if you don't -

Dr. Kovak turns to her. His ANGRY LOOK is enough to shut her up again and show that he is not playing around ...

DR. KOVAK
What the hell is this? What kind of business do you run here?

DR. XORAN
(calmly to receptionist)
That's OK. My friend Peter is confused. We're gonna be fine.

The receptionist walks away, closing the door.

DR. XORAN (CONT'D)
(getting behind his desk)
You need answers to what you saw, don't you, Peter?

DR. KOVAK
(smiling nervously)
You bet I need answers. First I want to know who are you and what you peddle here? All this expensive stuff. Is it from illegal drug trafficking? Or maybe even better - legal prescription medicine?

Dr. Xoran starts LAUGHING out loud ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Do you know that woman, too? What the hell is her name? Lorna? You must be some freaky lovers. Did she make that stuff you gave me? It was good. It knocked me out flat.

DR. XORAN
(still smiling)
Peter, I'm amazed that you still
don't see it.

DR. KOVAK
Don't see what?

DR. XORAN
Do you know what paradigm shift is?

Dr. Kovak looks back, not understanding his point ...

DR. XORAN (CONT'D)
An illusive picture that looks one
way and then when you flip it over
it becomes something else?

PAUSE ... It confuses Dr. Kovak even more ...

DR. XORAN (CONT'D)
Didn't you see that everything in
your life was perfect? Wonderful,
giving bombshell wife, willing to
satisfy your every need at a drop
of a hat. Perfect job, people can
kill for. Vacation after vacation.
No worries for house chores or
other earthly things. Didn't you
see that your world was your dream?

DR. KOVAK
Who are you?

DR. XORAN
The world that you live in is your
Paradise.

Dr. Kovak stares back, he is fed up with this bullshit ...

DR. XORAN (CONT'D)
Peter, your world is what you want
it to be.
(beat)

DR. KOVAK
What?

DR. XORAN
Remember you came to see me and you
were confused? You didn't know what
was going on. You wanted to see the
truth. You wanted to unlock the
cage and learn who you are.

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak trying to process all this ...

DR. XORAN (CONT'D)
I gave you the key.
(beat)

INSERT - INTERROGATION ROOM (O.V.)

(IN GREEN COLORS) Paramedics SCRAMBLE around Peter Lipski on the floor, trying to administer CPR ...

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Kovak CAN'T BELIEVE it ... Dr. Xoran gets closer to him and sits down on the desk in front of him ...

DR. XORAN
I understand. You are confused.
(pause)
This world, everything you see and touch, your friends and foes, wife and lovers, boss and clients, even your dog, all that is what you want it to be. You control it.
(enunciates)
YOU MAKE THE RULES.
(beat)

Dr. Kovak leans back, relaxes and then smiles ...

DR. KOVAK
I knew you're a fucking nutjob.
(slowly raises his voice)
If I'm so much in charge of everything, how come I cannot diagnose a simple disease of an eight-year-old boy? Can't see what he is suffering from, let alone even try to cure him? How come all my friends and colleagues betrayed me and my wonderful bombshell wife was going to divorce me?

DR. XORAN
(grinning)
You still don't get it, do you?
(pause, no answer)
It's funny. Even what you say now isn't real either.

It draws the last straw out of Dr. Kovak. He GETS UP ...

DR. KOVAK
You wanna say that in my face?

Dr. Xoran doesn't ... Instead he begins LAUGHING ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
(boiling with anger)
OK, you fuck!

Dr. Kovak pulls out the GUN. He quickly SHOVES it into Dr. Xoran's face ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
How about this? Is it real to you?

Dr. Xoran's faces turns serious ... He begins SLOWLY MOVING his hand toward the gun pointed at his face ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Don't test me, dickhead. I swear,
I'm gonna do it!

Dr. Xoran FORCEFULLY GRABS Dr. Kovak's hand that holds the gun ... and starts PUSHING IT into his own face ...

DR. XORAN
Come on. Do it if you will. Prove
what I just said.

Dr. Kovak can't believe this madman. He tries to MOVE the gun AWAY ... but Dr. Xoran's hand DOESN'T LET HIM ...

DR. XORAN (CONT'D)
(yelling)
I am nothing else than your alter
ego. Come on, prove it!

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak's face as it begins to SHAKE and SWEAT ...

DR. XORAN (CONT'D)
Ah! Not so cool anymore?

BOOM!!! Suddenly a loud GUN SHOT rocks the room ...

TIGHT ON the glass desk as it gets SPATTERED with blood ...

DR. KOVAK
(jumping away)
You fucking asshole!

WIDE ANGLE ON Dr. Kovak standing IN SHOCK holding the gun ... A puff of smoke hovers over the lifeless body of Dr. Xoran on the floor ... Dr. Kovak begins backing away from it ...

DR. KOVAK'S POV - Our BLOODY HANDS holding the gun ...

Dr. Kovak drops the gun ... and NERVOUSLY wipes his forehead. He doesn't know what to do? ... It then hit him! He reaches in and PULLS OUT his cellphone ...

He dials 911, his HANDS SHAKING ... Listens ... No response ... He tries again ... Listens ... Nothing! What the hell? He stares at his cell phone ...

INT. 23RD FLOOR / RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Kovak RUNS OUT, wide-eyed and panting. The receptionist stares NONCHALANTLY back at him from behind the desk ...

DR. KOVAK
No way! Don't tell me you didn't
hear that?

She smiles back, all sexy ...

DR. KOVAK'S POV - Our hands are SQUEAKY CLEAN again ...

Dr. Kovak DARTS toward the elevator doors ... and impatiently HITS the button. He can't wait and DASHES toward the stairs.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Kovak runs along parked cars ... His heavy breathing is gone.

DR. KOVAK
I can't even run out of breath.

The sporty looking and fancy LAMBORGHINI GALLARDO comes into view parked on the side ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
(noticing the car)
So, I make the rules, right?

He slows down and pulls out his car key chain ... then hits the unlock button. Lamborghini lights FLASH on and off ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
I'll be damned!

I/E. CITY STREETS / LAMBORGHINI - DAY - CONTINUOUS

It's a bright sunny day. The street outside of the parking garage is BUSY ... Suddenly Lamborghini DARTS OUT and makes a sharp right turn ALMOST HITTING a couple of passing cars ...

Lamborghini quickly PULLS TO A STOP just a foot away from a car in front of it at a traffic light ...

DR. KOVAK'S POV - We turn to the left to see a Jeep full of bikini-clad blonds right next to our Lamborghini ... Seeing the car the girls immediately turn their attention to us.

BLOND #1
Hey! What's up, cutie?

Dr. Kovak looks them over from his low-riding rocket ...

DR. KOVAK
Let me guess, you are on a high school assignment to study as much cock as possible?

Girls GIGGLE in a typical Spring-break-hottie manner ...

BLOND #2
(leaning forward, boobs sticking out)
Hey, stud. We're having a party tonight. Wanna come?

DR. KOVAK'S POV - The face of Blond #2 DISTORTS and CHANGES COLOR ... We SHAKE our head and FOCUS on the traffic light. It switches into GREEN ...

DR. KOVAK
You must be a fake too.

Girls make sour faces and are ready to respond ... Dr. Kovak GUNS the Ghini. It LUNGES forward, and SWERVES ahead of the Jeep missing a slow car in front by an inch ...

BLONDS
(in unison)
Hey, jerk!

The Ghini is way ahead of everyone, GOING WAY OVER the city street speed limit ... The traffic light ahead is RED ...

DR. KOVAK
(to himself)
Well, since I make the rules. What if I don't want any?

TIGHT ON accelerator pedal as Dr. Kovak PUSHES it down ...

The Ghini SPEEDS toward the intersection ... The light is RED and vehicles ZIP THROUGH in a perpendicular direction ...

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak as he tenses up and closes his eyes ...

The Ghini WHIZZES THROUGH the intersection BARELY MISSING cars moving across ... WILD HONKING ensues ...

VIEW FROM BEHIND PATROL CAR as the Ghini crosses the intersection in front ... Its STROBE LIGHTS come on. The cruiser TAKES OFF in a hasty pursuit ...

DR. KOVAK'S POV - We see COMMOTION at the intersection in a rear-view mirror ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Holy shit!

TIGHT ON accelerator pedal as he slams it again ...

The Ghini PLOWS right through another intersection ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Aha! I'm starting to like it!

COP #1 POV - His cruiser DODGES cars in pursuit of the fast moving Lamborghini ...

COP #1
(into the radio)
Suspect driving black import, going at high speeds on Lacross toward Interstate. Requesting backup.

DR. KOVAK'S POV - Police cruiser in a rear-view mirror turns the SIREN ON, strobes flashing ...

DR. KOVAK
Hah. The cavalry is here.

The Ghini makes a sudden LEFT TURN straight through the next intersection ... It misses a head-on collision only because the other driver SLAMS the brakes in time ... TIRES SMOKE ...

LATER

The Ghini DODGES slow moving traffic ... No cops in sight.

COP #2 POV - Our cruiser POURS into the street and SLAMS into the back of the Lamborghini executing the PIT maneuver ... Both cars proceed SKIDDING across the pavement ...

Dr. Kovak JERKS the wheel trying to regain control ... and straightens out the Ghini ... He GUNS IT again ...

DR. KOVAK
Son of a bitch! Where is the big
gun when you need one?

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak's pensive face ... PAUSE ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Wait a second.

He reaches toward the glove-box compartment, opens it up and pulls out the BIG MAGNUM ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
(with the Terminator grin)
Who's owned now?

TIGHT ON the brake pedal as Dr. Kovak SLAMS IT ...

TIRES LOCK sending a cloud of smoke ... The Ghini slows down almost to a stop ... The cruiser SWERVES to the right to avoid collision and appears on the right off the Ghini ...

Dr. Kovak points the MAGNUM at the cop through his passenger side window ... The cop DUCKS DOWN just a fraction of a second before ... a BIG BANG!!! The MONSTROUS BLAST shatters both windows on the cop car and on a vehicle parked on the street ... The cruiser JERKS to the right and CRASHES ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
(in mild shock)
Gosh, I swear he made me do it.

WE WATCH as the Lamborghini speeds away ...

LATER

The Ghini CLIPS a car and sends it CAREENING off the road ...

DR. KOVAK
Calm down, Peter. You're acting
like a suicidal maniac.

The Ghini approaches yet another busy intersection ahead ...

DR. KOVAK (CONT'D)
Although, I can't even die here.

He's done it many times by now. Without flinching, Dr. Kovak GUNS the Ghini toward the intersection ...

DR. KOVAK'S POV - We approach a gap between vehicles moving across ... It looks like another close call, but ... Suddenly the side of a GREYHOUND BUS appears right in front of us ...

IN SLOW MOTION the hood of the Ghini CRUMPLES like a tin foil ... We FLY FORWARD and SLAM into the steering wheel ...

THE SCENE FADES TO BLACK.

MATCH CUT TO:

PERSON'S POV - INT. HOSPITAL WARD

From the absolute darkness our vision MORPHS into blurry white outlines ... We hear our heartbeat ... THUMP ... THUMP ... THUMP ... Forms slowly begin to take shape ...

We're in a hospital bed ... We raise our arm ... The heart monitor is attached to our finger, and IV catheter goes into our wrist. The arm drops ... We see the approaching nurse. She is a plump gal in her late 20's ...

THE NURSE

Hey, you woke up. We thought we lost you.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a BUSINESS CARD ...

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

Cops told me to call them when you regain consciousness, but they didn't handcuff you -
 (she puts the card on the stand next to the bed)
 - so I guess you're a good guy. And a cute one too.
 (smiles at us)
 I'm not gonna call them right away.

WE / VOICE OF DR. KOVAK (O.C.)

Cops? What happened?

THE NURSE

You tripped quite badly.

INSERT - EXT. STREET / SIGHT OF THE LAMBORGHINI CRASH - DAY

The Ghini PLOWS right into the bus - FULL FORCE ... THEN IN SLOW MOTION as smoke BILLOWS OUT and DEBRIS fly all around it slowly obscuring the view ...

BACK TO SCENE

WE / VOICE OF DR. KOVAK (O.C.)
You think it's easy to hit a bus?

THE NURSE
(confused)
A bus? Sweetie, are you OK?

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

SPFX. We come out of POV and DO A QUICK 180 SWEEP around the nurse and a person in bed ... and now face the bed ...

The bearded person in bed is FRANTICALLY FEELING his face as if it was replaced in his sleep ... He puts his hands down ... THIS IS NOT DR. KOVAK! Instead we see Peter Lipski. He quickly SITS UP on the bed with a look of horror of his face.

PETER
(yelling)
NOOOOO!!!

THE NURSE
(making him to lay down)
Listen, you have to calm down.

PETER
(flailing his arms and
pushing her away)
Who am I? Tell me, who the fuck am
I?

The nurse, sensing trouble, quickly RUNS AWAY ... Peter COLLAPSES in bed. Tears streak down his face ...

PETER'S POV - We look to the side and pick up the business card. It reads, "DET. RICK MORRISON, CRIMINAL INVESTIGATIONS UNIT" ... Next to it, a yellow page torn out of a notepad catches our attention. We pick it up and see the message scribbled in haste,
"GET OUT QUICK MEET U AT PARKING LOT 555-873-2137" ...
(beat)

INT. HOSPITAL / HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The nurse leads a doctor and a male nurse through a busy hallway ... They approach the ward ... Peter's bed is empty!

On the background Peter SNEAKS OUT from a side room wearing a trench coat ... Not wasting a beat, he quickly WALKS AWAY ...

INT. HOSPITAL / FRONT RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Peter BOWS DOWN and QUICKLY WALKS past the front desk ...

EXT. HOSPITAL / FRONT - DAY

Peter SPRINTS AWAY from the building toward parking area ...

INSERT - INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - FLASHBACK (MOS)

PERSON'S POV - Through a glass window of a door into an operating room. Doctors DESPERATELY try to RESUSCITATE a limp body of a boy ... It looks like the last attempt ... They STOP ...

Doctors WALK AWAY leaving several clamps and a tracheotomy tube sticking out of the boy's body ...

END FLASHBACK

TIGHT ON Peter as he abruptly STOPS ... WAITS ... Then changes direction and walks away from the parking lot ...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET / PEDESTRIAN WALK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter TRUDGES ALONG ... It looks like a busy weekday morning and every pedestrian is preoccupied with their business ...

PETER'S POV - We watch cars on the street as we walk ... One of them WARPS UP and DISTORTS ... We look straight at people walking toward us ... One face MORPHS into an ugly apparition ... WE WATCH him until he passes us ...

PETER'S POV - We STARE at our reflection in the store-front window - the unshaven man, wearing dirty clothes ... We get CLOSER ... Our face in reflection TWISTS and CONTORTS ...

Peter GRABS his face and -

PETER
(ominously loud)
AHHH!!!

People passing Peter try to keep a wide berth ...

INSERT - INT. DR. KOVAK'S CAR - FLASHBACK (MOS)

DR. KOVAK'S POV - (When he almost ran over the homeless guy.)
We stare at the guy's cardboard sign - "SAVE YOURSELF.
TOMORROW WILL BE TO LATE!" ...

INSERT - INT. SHOPPING MALL / FOOD COURT - FLASHBACK (MOS)

DR. KOVAK'S POV - (The moment when we caught a glimpse of the
homeless guy walking by.) We concentrate on the sign in the
guy's hands - "SAVE YOURSELF. TOMORROW WILL BE TO LATE!". It
is the same sign! We look up ... The big billboard up above
reads, "DEL MONTE PLAZA" ...

END FLASHBACK

PETER
(low voice, to himself)
Del Monte Plaza.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Peter walks on the city street full of business people ...
- B) Peter walks through an empty back-alley with only a
garbage man throwing trash into a garbage truck ...
- C) Peter walks on the break-down lane on an off-ramp of a
freeway ...
- D) Peter walks through an empty industrial complex ...
- E) Del Monte Plaza sign comes to view as Peter walks toward
it ...
- F) Peter dodges people in the main walkway of the shopping
mall, looking around for something ...
- G) Peter checks the food court seating area, still on the
prowl ... Can't see it there, either ...
- H) Peter walks outside through the mall front entrance doors.

EXT. DEL MONTE PLAZA / FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Peter stops to catch his breath ... He looks around ...

PETER'S POV - Something grabs our attention ... A MAN in a distance resembles that same HOMELESS GUY ... In a brief moment he vanishes behind parked cars ...

Peter BOLTS toward him ...

EXT. DEL MONTE PLAZA / PARKING LOT

Peter runs between cars, SEARCHING ... then stops ...

PETER'S POV - The homeless guy strolls away toward the public park in a distance ...

EXT. PUBLIC PARK

The homeless guy is still ahead ... But, Peter is catching up, following him in a FAST PACE ...

EXT. PUBLIC PARK / BENCH - DAY

The homeless guy sits down on the bench. He is untidy man in late 50's, wearing dirty long coat, a beanie hat and cut-off gloves. He takes a hot dog out of his coat pocket, unwraps it and barely get a bite, when -

Peter RUNS UP and PLOPS DOWN on the bench next to him ... The homeless guy FROWNS and SCOTS AWAY ...

PETER

Listen, I might be making a mistake. Have you seen me before?

The homeless guy slides further away on the bench ... Peter CAN'T WAIT! He JUMPS OFF and SQUATS DOWN in front of the homeless guy, who covers his hot dog as if Peter is after it.

PETER (CONT'D)

Look at me. Did we meet before?

The homeless guy looks away and tries to stand up ...

PETER (CONT'D)

(grabbing the guy's shoulders)

Come on! It's very important!

THE HOMELESS GUY

(scared for his life)

No mister. I don't know you.

PETER
 (shaking the guy)
 Come on! Think hard!

The homeless guy has had enough! He PUSHES Peter away ...

THE HOMELESS GUY
 Mister, I see hundreds of people
 every day. What do you want from
 me? I'm homeless, ya know.

Peter WRENCHES the cardboard sign away from the guy and flips
 it over ... "SAVE YOURSELF. TOMORROW WILL BE TO LATE!"

PETER
 It's you. I know it!

THE HOMELESS GUY
 What? Are you out again?

PETER
 (gets closer to the guy)
 What did you say?

THE HOMELESS GUY
 (jittery again)
 No, nothing. I really don't know
 nothing. I got to go, mister.

PETER
 You said AGAIN. How do you know me?

The homeless guy tries to leave ... Peter GRABS him ...

PETER (CONT'D)
 Out of what?

THE HOMELESS GUY
 Hey! I don't sell crack anymore. I
 got busted for that. I'm living a
 clean life now.
 (beat)

Peter lets him go ... He can't believe his ears ...

PETER
 You sold me crack!?

THE HOMELESS GUY
 Hell yeah. Unless you have a twin
 brother, or something -
 (chuckles)
 Well, back then you looked more
 like an office boy, ya know.
 (MORE)

THE HOMELESS GUY (CONT'D)
 But I don't do this anymore. I live
 a clean life now. Me and my lady -

PETER
 Look at me! Carefully!
 (grabs the guy again)
 Did you sell drugs to me before?

THE HOMELESS GUY
 Shit man, what the hell is wrong
 with you? You and yours always come
 to me when you're low. But that's
 it. No more! I'm living a clean
 life now.

PETER
 What did you sell me?

THE HOMELESS GUY
 Everything. Crack, acid, Horse,
 even freaky stuff. You used to run
 some experiments or some shit.

Peter RELEASES his clutch ... The homeless guy slowly BACKS
 AWAY feeling his freedom ...

INSERT - EXT. GHETTO STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK (MOS)

PETER'S POV - We approach the same homeless guy ... He turns
 around and greets us ... We hand him something and he hands
 us a small plastic bag ...

END FLASHBACK

PETER'S POV - Our vision BLURS and objects DISTORT ...

THE HOMELESS GUY
 Hey, mister, are you OK? You look
 really bad. You need to go to a
 hospital or something.

Peter backs away and SLUMPS DOWN onto the bench ...

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

A) Peter RUNS INTO the E.R. holding a young boy ...

B) Peter YELLS at nurses as they take the boy away on a
 gurney and don't let him follow them ...

C) Peter KICKS a chair in the waiting room ... then SLIDES DOWN against the wall ... HOLDING his head ...

PETER'S POV - PARK

(MOS) Our vision DISTORTS in an LSD-like haze ... The homeless guy tells us something, but we don't hear him. Instead his previous words keep RINGING GARBLED in our head -

THE HOMELESS GUY (V.O.)
(repeating over and over)
Everything. Crack, acid, Horse,
even freaky stuff. You used to run
some experiments -

The homeless guy gives up and LEAVES ...

We're on the bench, looking at the morning park. People THROW Frisbee ... A young mother PUSHES a stroller ... A couple WALKS their dog ... their shapes FLOAT in surreal manner ...

We SHAKE our head to CLEAR our vision ... and LOOK UP at the tree line. The SUN has just risen up above it ...

SPFX. Suddenly the sun TAKES OFF - a gliding fireball across the sky. It slides at a semi-arc trajectory (like in a time-lapse animation) ... WE FOLLOW ... It goes all the way up to the zenith and then rolls down past the trees ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK / BENCH - DUSK

Peter comes to senses with a JOLT ... He is still on the same bench, except it's now DARK and the park is deserted ...

Peter JUMPS UP to his feet ... The look on his face reveals that it was a PAINFUL MOVE. He wants to leave -

Something catches Peter's attention ... He digs into his pockets ... and pulls out the card.

TIGHT ON the business card, "DET. RICK MORRISON, CRIMINAL INVESTIGATIONS UNIT" ...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

TIGHT ON the FAX MACHINE as it prints a black-and-white page ... It is Police Report. A grainy PICTURE of Peter comes out framed in the corner ... "Peter Lipski" next to it.

The hand of Det. Fretwell picks up the fax print-out. He looks it over ... and QUICKLY LEAVES ...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Peter mills around a lonely pay phone ... He checks the change compartment. BINGO! It's a quarter. He inserts it into the phone without wasting a beat, and pulls out the yellow notepad page ... then dials off of it ... We hear RING ... RING ... RING ... RING ... RING ...

MONTI (O.S.)
(sleepy)
Yeah.

PETER
Monti?

MONTI (O.S.)
Who is it?

PETER
This is ... Ah ... You left me a note in the hospital.

MONTI (O.S.)
(this wakes him up)
Holy shit! Where've you been, bro?
I thought you were dead by now.

PETER
I wish. That would put a closure on everything. I think I tried it once today. It didn't work.

MONTI (O.S.)
Bro, where the hell are you? I ...
Ah -

PETER
Yeah, listen. It's hard to ask a guy one hardly knows. But I really need your help. I don't think I know anyone in town besides you -

MONTI (O.S.)
 Sure. Where are you?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The station is quiet. Det. Morrison works at his desk ...
 Det. Fretwell walks up holding a paperwork folder.

DET. FRETWELL
 Hey, Rick, paperwork on your DOCTOR
 just came back from the Feds.
 (handing it to him)
 You wouldn't believe it.

It immediately draws Det. Morrison's attention. He opens the
 folder and starts thumbing through it ... PAUSE ...

DET. MORRISON
 I'll be damned!
 (beat)

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Peter is BLINDED by the headlights of a car that pulls up in
 front. He SHIELDS his eyes with his hand ...

I/E. STREETS / MONTI'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They drive through deserted ghetto streets ... Peter, riding
 shotgun, is ON THE LOOKOUT for something ... He is RESTLESS.

PETER
 (pointing out)
 Yeah! That's the house. Stop! Stop!
 Don't approach any closer.

Monti pulls the car over ... CONFUSED ...

Peter is very AGITATED ... We can see why - it's the house
 where he (as Dr. Kovak) woke up in the dark green room ...
 The street looks different at night though. All activity has
 died out ... Couple of beat-up parked cars reveal presence of
 earlier human life ...

PETER (CONT'D)
 Kill the headlights.

PETER'S POV - We hear the NOISE and look at the house ...

Peter DUCKS DOWN and PUSHES Monti down as well ...

The BIG BURLY GUY emerges from the side of the house pushing a wheelchair with unconscious person covered by a comforter. He walks down to the WHITE MINIVAN parked at the curb ...

PETER (CONT'D)
 (low, to himself)
 Josh!

Peter cracks the door open and is ready to leave -

PETER (CONT'D)
 (to Monti)
 Hey, where's your cellphone?

Monti pulls out his cellphone, confused and speechless ...

PETER (CONT'D)
 (grabs the cellphone)
 Listen! This is dangerous. Stay in
 the car.

Peter quietly closes the door ducking down behind the side of Monti's car ... then CAUTIOUSLY SPRINTS forward still bending down ... ON THE BACKGROUND we see the Big Guy pushing the empty wheelchair back to the house ...

Peter SCURRIES toward a big dumpster trying to stay low and hidden behind parked cars ... At the dumpster he PEEKS from the side toward the house. It's QUIET again ...

TIGHT ON Peter as he pulls out the business card ... and dials the number on Monti's cellphone ...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

TIGHT ON the cellphone on Det. Morrison's desk as it begins VIBRATING ... The display on its front panel shows a FUNKY ANIMATION and glows "Unknown - (555) 873-2137" ...

DET. MORRISON
 (opening his cellphone)
 Morrison.

EXT. STREET #1 - NIGHT

Peter SQUATS behind the dumpster, speaking in LOW VOICE -

PETER
This is Peter Kovak. Remember me?

INTERCUT BETWEEN PETER AND DET. MORRISON

DET. MORRISON
(stops typing)
Yes, I do.

PETER
I think I found the house.

DET. MORRISON
(looking for a pen)
Peter, tell me where are you?

PETER
(briefly looking around)
I don't know. It's the West Side.

DET. MORRISON
OK. Look for the street names. Can you see any?

PETER'S POV - We look toward the street name sign ... and try to concentrate on it ... "CULBERTON ST." -

MATCH CUT TO:

PERSON'S POV - FLASHBACK - DAY (MOS)

- we look away from the same "CULBERTON ST." sign, while walking on the driveway of the same house ...

END FLASHBACK

PETER'S POV - The green "CULBERTON ST." sign BLURS and DISTORTS ... We turn around and search for another sign. It's much farther away. We try to FOCUS on it ... and see INDISTINCT "148TH AVE" ...

PETER
(hyperventilating)
I think it's Culbertson and 148th.
I'm not sure though. It's a big brown house. They have a white minivan parked right next to it.

DET. MORRISON
Peter. Listen! Stay where you are. Don't go inside.

PETER
 (pause)
 They have my son!

TIGHT ON the cellphone as Peter disconnects the call ...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Det. Morrison JUMPS OFF his chair, grabs his coat and RUSHES AWAY from the desk ...

DET. MORRISON
 (to another Detective)
 Where's Fretwell?

DETECTIVE #1
 He went out to get carry-outs.

DET. MORRISON
 (checking his gun)
 Shit! Radio him. We got our doctor.
 148th and Culbertson. Look for the
 big brown townhouse.

Detective #1 scribbles it down as Det. Morrison leaves ...

EXT. STREET #1 - NIGHT

Peter DASHES toward the minivan, staying low ... He PEEKS INSIDE using his both hands against the window ...

An indistinct FEMALE VOICE cuts through the silence at a distance. Peter STEALS A LOOK through the minivan window and quickly DUCKS DOWN ...

TIGHT ON Peter's face bearing an expression of TOTAL SHOCK ...

We see the Big Guy and BETSY walking toward the minivan from the house ...

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

A) TIGHT ON Peter and Betsy passionately MAKING OUT ...

B) Peter (instead of Dr. Kovak) and Betsy HAVE SEX in the back alley of a night club ...

END FLASHBACK

TIGHT ON Peter staying low, his back to the minivan ...

BETSY
(sound of opening minivan
door)
We can't go without him.

Peter TENSES UP ... PAUSE ...

BETSY (CONT'D)
OK. Go get him.

The minivan door is SHUT with a bang ... PAUSE ... Soon it is quiet again. Peter SIGHS a relief ...

Peter turns around to sneak a peek from the side of the minivan ... then DARTS AWAY toward the house ...

TIGHT ON Monti's car. Monti is NOT THERE ...

EXT. STREET #2 - NIGHT

The unmarked car pulls up to the curb. Det. Morrison JUMPS OUT holding a handgun and quickly walks out of the shot ...

EXT. HOUSE / BACKYARD - NIGHT

Peter CAUTIOUSLY walks along the side of the house ...

EXT. HOUSE / BACKYARD - DAY - FLASHBACK

PETER'S POV - A huge ROTTWEILER jumps out (the scene with Dr. Kovak earlier) as he is walking out of the house ...

END FLASHBACK

TIGHT ON the chain on the ground ... NO DOG in sight ...

Peter carefully BACKS AWAY from the spot ...

Suddenly the house side-door swings open just a foot away from Peter ... He FREEZES FLAT against the house wall ... The door stops just an INCH AWAY from his face ...

PETER'S POV - The person who opened the door stops at the threshold ... CIGARETTE SMOKE reveals his presence ...

"THE SMOKER"
Where the hell is he?

TIGHT ON the cellphone in Peter's hand as it begins BLINKING and VIBRATING ...

TIGHT ON Peter's face FULL OF HORROR ...

INSERT - EXT. STREET #2 - NIGHT

Det. Morrison holds the cellphone to his ear while pacing around an empty driveway ...

BACK TO SCENE

TIGHT ON the cellphone in Peter's hand as he BLINDLY PUSHES buttons to kill it before it goes into ring-tone ... He succeeds. The phone GOES QUIET ...

TIGHT ON Peter as he CLOSES his eyes and HOLDS his breath ...

INSERT - EXT. STREET #2 - NIGHT

Frustrated, Det. Morrison walks back to his car and gets in ... He DRIVES AWAY and makes a turn ... Right at that moment a police squad car appears in the background driving fast toward us ...

BACK TO SCENE

The house side-door GETS SHUT ... Peter lets out a sigh of relief ...

INT. HOUSE / SIDE-DOOR - NIGHT

The view is clear through a small window on the door ... Then Peter's face APPEARS in it ... He PEEKS IN and HIDES away ... PAUSE ... The door slowly opens and Peter SNEAKS IN ...

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Peter SKULKS through a dark hallway ...

TIGHT ON the door as Peter OPENS IT ... and walks in. The room is DARK having only ambient light from outside. An untidy BED is in the middle ... A medical SOLUTION BAG with IV is attached to a STAND next to the bed ... A DEPRESSION in the bed reveals recent presence of an occupant in it ...

Peter CAUTIOUSLY proceeds toward the bed ...

TIGHT ON Peter's CONTORTED face in response to PUTRID AIR ...

Suddenly BRIGHT FLASHLIGHT pours in ... Peter SWIVELS AROUND to become FACE TO FACE with the Big Guy shining the flashlight into Peter's face ...

THE BIG GUY

And we thought you'd never come.

(beat)

Peter CHARGES into the side opening ... KNOCKING OFF a tray with medical tools, sending them FLYING everywhere ...

INT. HOUSE / ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Peter BREAKS THROUGH the side entrance ... He STUMBLES and CRASHES DOWN on the floor ... This room also has no light ... He quickly PULLS himself up BRACING against the bed ...

PETER FREEZES looking at a FRAIL MAN on the bed ... PAUSE ...

PETER'S POV - The man has IV TUBES going into his wrist and nose. He appears to be unconscious ... then suddenly the man OPENS his eyes, and tries to RAISE his hand toward us ... The FLASHLIGHT BEAM hits his face and shifts his attention.

INT. HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door FLINGS wide open and Peter RUSHES OUT ...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Det. Morrison's unmarked car approaches an intersection ...

SPFX. TIGHT ON the street name sign ... First being BLURRY "148TH AVE", it CLEARS into "143RD AVE" ...

We hear the SOUND OF BRAKES ...

WIDE ON the intersection as Det. Morrison's car makes a SHARP TURN and heads down the street ...

INT. HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Peter RUNS through the dark hallway ... Suddenly a glimmer of faint LIGHT appears ahead ... This is the living room ...

INT. HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SLAM! Peter BUMPS into someone. The person PULLS the string and a single overhead LAMP COMES ON ...

THIS IS MONTI! He is not fazed a bit ... Peter quickly LOOKS BACK ... HE IS CORNERED! The Big Guy blocks the way back ...

PETER
(to Monti)
No! Not you!

Peter starts backing away from his captors ...

THE BIG GUY
Enough bullshit. It's time to go.

PETER
Where's my son, you bastards?

MONTI
(with a smirk)
Bro, you're some freak.

PETER
Shut up! I didn't expect this from you. I thought I could trust you.

MONTI
Trust me? You're the wackiest son of a bitch. First I'm hired to watch you and then you don't trust me?

PETER
Watch me! Who hired you?

MONTI
(looks at the Big Guy)
You.
(beat)

EXT. STREET #2 - NIGHT

The neighborhood comes to life as police squad cars quietly line up on the street outside of a brown townhouse. The uniforms pour out and converge by a SWAT van ...

Det. Fretwell surrounded by a group of SWAT Team soldiers impatiently PACES AROUND ... He checks his watch, then -

DET. FRETWELL
 (into the radio)
 We're going in.

Two heavy-set men wearing face masks and bullet-proof vests SMASH IN the front door of the townhouse using the police battering ram ... Other members of the SWAT Team RUSH INSIDE following the line formation ...

INT. HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter DARTS toward the hallway, toward the DARKNESS ... He suddenly STOPS and begins BACKING AWAY ...

The GUN points at Peter from the darkness ... He begins slowly moving away from it, back into the room ... It also slowly REVEALS the person with the gun, who comes out into the light ... THIS IS DET. MORRISON ...

PETER
 Detective, thank God you found me.

DET. MORRISON
 You bet, I did.

Det. Morrison positions himself so that he can scope them all ... Monti and the Big Guy back off toward the wall ...

PETER
 Why did it take you so long?

DET. MORRISON
 That was a clever street trick,
 Peter.

PETER
 (confused)
 What?

Peter TAKES OFF toward the hallway ...

PETER (CONT'D)
 Listen, Detective, we have to find
 my son. He is somewhere in this
 house -

DET. MORRISON
 Hey! Not so quickly.
 (shifts the gun on Peter)
 Your son isn't here.
 (beat)

Peter FREEZES not believing his eyes (and ears) ...

PETER

What?

(pause)

I thought you were a cop?

DET. MORRISON

I am the cop.

(shows his badge)

The question is, who are you?

(beat)

PETER

(smiling)

Who am I? Oh, I get it. This is happening again, that weird stuff in my dreams.

(looks around at all of them in the room)

This is not real. Right?

DET. MORRISON

It is real. You have confused your life so much that you can't tell hallucination from reality anymore.

PETER

Well, of course, you'd say that. You're in it, too. How else would you know who am I?

DET. MORRISON

How about the FBI file?

(Peter loses his smile)

Your name is pretty real in it.

(pause)

I think I now know who you are, Peter Lipski.

INSERT - INT. APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK (MOS)

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING FLASHBACKS OVERLAP WITH DET. MORRISON'S DIALOG.

PETER'S POV of himself in the mirror as he just put on the clean T-shirt (the one we saw Dr. Kovak woke up in) ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.)

The first official record of you comes from a medical school where you and your girlfriend were quite an item.

INSERT - INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK (MOS)

Peter and Betsy MAKE OUT in the back of the classroom ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.)
It is so bad that you never
graduated. And the reason is
simple. Extensive drug abuse.

INSERT - INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK (MOS)

Peter playfully beckons Betsy into a storage room ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.)
You had something else in mind
besides studying. What a brilliant
idea? Two junkies interning through
hospitals.

TIGHT ON Peter as he furtively THROWS couple pills into his
mouth ... He and Betsy start GIGGLING ...

BACK TO SCENE

DET. MORRISON
Of course it didn't last long at
one place.

Det. Morrison TURNS ON his flashlight and POINTS it toward a
bed with the soiled sheets and medical paraphernalia ...

DET. MORRISON (CONT'D)
I don't know whose idea it was, but
you were Bonnie and Clyde of your
trade. You went all over the
country -

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

A) EXEC OFFICE. Peter dressed up in a suit applies for job.

DET. MORRISON (V.O.)
- New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia,
Oregon, California, Colorado. You
operated from coast to coast. You
knew how to work the system.

B) STORAGE ROOM. Peter and Betsy quickly DIG THROUGH medical
supplies and STUFF them into a duffel bag ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 By the time hospital officials knew
 what happened you were long gone.

C) HOSPITAL - NIGHT. Peter and Betsy SNEAK OUT from the back
 door ... and RUN toward the parking lot, EXCITED ...

BACK TO SCENE

DET. MORRISON
 But you always wanted to be someone
 better than a petty thief. You
 always wanted to be a doctor. I bet
 that thought never left your head.

FROWNING, Peter looks up at Det. Morrison ...

DET. MORRISON (CONT'D)
 Oh, yeah. You wanted it bad. Isn't
 that right, Dr. Kovak?
 (chuckles)
 The interesting fact is that the
 real Dr. Kovak is indeed a
 prominent neurosurgeon. And you and
 your girlfriend are nothing more
 than a couple of stalkers that
 badly wanted to be him.

PETER
 Enough! It's not true!

DET. MORRISON
 Well then, how'd you recall all the
 midnight calls and visits to his
 house?

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

- A) APARTMENT. Peter talks emotionally on the phone ... then
 hangs up and LAUGHS hysterically ...
- B) LANDSCAPE - DUSK. Peter and Betsy get up on an outcrop
 overlooking real Dr. Kovak's house ... Peter SWINGS a golf
 club ... HITS the ball ... It FLIES OFF toward the house
 ... Peter and Betsy DUCK DOWN and LAUGH ...
- C) Peter is handcuffed and led into a police car ...
- D) Peter holds a police NAME PLATE ... Camera FLASHES and
 captures the black-and-white STILL of Peter's mug-shot as
 we saw it in the Police Report earlier ...

INSERT - INT. LECTURE ROOM - FLASHBACK (MOS)

DET. MORRISON (V.O.)
 You even diligently attended all of
 his lectures.

Real Dr. Kovak, that is a much older guy, is on stage ...
 "SECRETS OF HUMAN BRAIN" is displayed on the wide screen
 behind him ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 These visits to see Dr. Kovak
 didn't just go in vain.

TIGHT ON Peter sitting in the audience ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He called it the ALTERED STATE OF
 MIND, a drug-induced coma that
 shuts down all the senses and makes
 the brain responsible to create its
 own reality. It was just a theory.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

A) TIGHT ON Peter's arm getting a SHOT from a syringe while
 lying in bed ... He shuts his eyes and drifts off ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.)
 Poor doctor had no clue that
 someone would actually try it out.

NOTE: THEN PREVIOUS SCENES WITH DR. KOVAK REPLACED BY PETER.

B) YACHT. Peter dances with Jessica ...

C) CLINIC. Peter in a surgeon's outfit performs surgery ...

D) STREET. Peter drives the Lamborghini ... then the VIOLENT
 CRASH into the Greyhound bus ...

INSERT - INT. HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK (MOS)

DET. MORRISON (V.O.)
 And, you had the way to do it.

Peter and Betsy pose as a young couple checking out the
 rental house ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You rent an inconspicuous house on
 the outskirts of town.
 (MORE)

DET. MORRISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You do it right. You're friendly
 with a landlord. You pay your rent
 on time to keep him happy.

(MOS) Asian-looking landlord lady laughs at Peter's joke ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Once you're in, the game begins. You
 equip the house. Security system,
 beds, basic medical supplies, IV's,
 waste drains, pulse readers. You
 don't need much. Human body remains
 peaceful in that state.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

- A) Peter and the Big Guy MOVE IN hospital beds ...
- B) Peter and the Big Guy install METALLIC SECURITY DOOR ...
- C) Peter PROGRAMS the KEYPAD for the security door ...

BACK TO SCENE

DET. MORRISON
 And then your cocktail. You're the
 one who knows what's in it. Don't
 you, Peter?

TIGHT ON Peter's face. He lowers his eyes ...

DET. MORRISON (CONT'D)
 I got your report from the
 hospital. It's a doc-talk shit.
 Hard to read.

INSERT - INT. HOUSE / DARK GREEN ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK (MOS)

Peter takes off his jeans and hangs it on a chair ... He is
 in the T-shirt (we saw Dr. Kovak wearing when he woke up). He
 lies down in bed while Betsy hangs the IV solution bag ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.)
 Amphetamines, PCP, traces of
 morphine. You got it all.

TIGHT ON Peter's arm as Betsy INSERTS the catheter ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You put yourself out. But you're
 not dead.

(MORE)

DET. MORRISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Your body is unconscious but it's
 still functioning in some sort of
 suspended animation.

TIGHT ON the bed as Peter drifts away ...

BACK TO SCENE

Peter nervously CHECKS his arms ... We see distinctive NEEDLE
 MARKS ...

DET. MORRISON
 Tough shit. I don't know how you
 freaks get your rocks off on that
 stuff, but it sounds like this
 little invention of yours can keep
 you out of society for months.

INSERT - INT. DARK GREEN ROOM - FLASHBACK (MOS)

SPFX. (O.V.) SPEEDED UP MANY TIMES OVER we see Peter lying in
 bed on his back ... He is unconscious, moving only slightly.

SPFX. TIGHT ON the waste container under the bed as it FILLS
 UP with urine ...

BACK TO SCENE

DET. MORRISON
 (looking at Monti)
 All you needed is to find a shit-
 head to take out your piss, and to
 look after you when you come out of
 your trips to the Wonderland.
 Because it looks like when you do
 come out, your brain gets all -
 (searches for word)
 - fucked up.

PAUSE as Det. Morrison laughs at his own joke ...

DET. MORRISON (CONT'D)
 Until today, you were avoiding
 authorities for over ten years.
 (beat)

PETER
 Well, that's very interesting
 Detective. Where is my son?

DET. MORRISON
 (sighing)
 Well, you weren't bad all the time.
 Nope. Once you even tried to quit
 this life style. You gave a boot to
 a girlfriend and found a wife.

Peter looks up at Det. Morrison in surprise ...

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

- A) Peter ARGUES with Betsy ... She violently THROWS something at him and walks away SLAMMING the door ...
- B) Peter holds a BRIDE during the marriage ceremony at a church. He smiles and looks happy ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.)
 You had a son. Joshua.

BACK TO SCENE

This gives Peter a JOLT ... He gets closer to Det. Morrison, who stops him by SHIFTING the gun at him ...

DET. MORRISON
 But as they say, every jailbird has to go back to its cage. You could not really stop. The temptation was too strong to fight, the drug addiction - too powerful to quit.

PETER
 (angry)
 Where is my son?

DET. MORRISON
 I saw his medical chart -

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

- A) Peter sits by Josh's bed, looking him over ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.)
 Doctors stated the case of severe insomnia. The stuff that no one actually studied extensively before. But you knew it better.

- B) Peter gives Josh couple of PILLS at a dinner table ...
 Josh looks at him ... and SWALLOWS them ...

C) Josh TOSSES and TURNS in his bed while sleeping ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You wanted to play a doctor and try
 your own treatment on him. Didn't
 you think you were a master to
 manipulate human mind?

D) Peter walks into Josh's bedroom and makes an intravenous
 INJECTION into his arm ... Josh STARTS TO CRY ... Peter
 pulls him near and hugs ...

BACK TO SCENE

PETER
 WHAT?

DET. MORRISON
 You see, you can't even believe
 yourself now.

Peter begins PACING AROUND ... RUBBING his face ...

DET. MORRISON (CONT'D)
 We would never learn about your son
 if not for the efforts of one
 conscientious woman. Your baby-
 sitter.

INSERT - INT. JOSH'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (MOS)

Peter leaves the room ... Lorna SNEAKS IN behind his back ...
 She BEELINES toward Josh who is whimpering in bed ...

BACK TO SCENE

DET. MORRISON
 If she didn't report you, we would
 never know all this. She collected
 most of the information on you. She
 also seems to be the only one who
 really cared about your son -

PETER
 ENOUGH of this bullshit! Tell me
 where is he?

DET. MORRISON
 Oh, come on. You must remember
 something. Don't tell me that this
 shit fried your brain completely?

PETER
 (desperate)
 What happened to him?

DET. MORRISON
 When people play God, accidents
 happen even to the best players.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

- A) Josh CONVULSES in bed and FOAMS at the mouth ...
- B) Peter RUNS into the E.R. holding unconscious Josh, his shirt stained with blood ...
- C) Josh is RUSHED AWAY on the gurney ... A nurse STOPS Peter, who tries to follow him ...
- D) Peter backs away to the wall ... and slides down to the floor, holding his head with both hands ...

BACK TO SCENE

PETER
 (angrily staring at Det.
 Morrison)
 Who did this to my son?

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

- A) Peter JUMPS UP to his feet when the doctor approaches him ... The doctor lowers his eyes ... We see a LOOK OF PANIC on Peter's face ...

DET. MORRISON (V.O.)
 You did, Peter -

- B) Peter slowly walks away from the doctor ...

BACK TO SCENE

DET. MORRISON
 You killed your own son.
 (beat)

TIGHT ON Peter's face, wet with running tears ...

DET. MORRISON (CONT'D)
 You've gone way too far. And it's
 gotta end now.

TIGHT ON Det. Morrison's cellphone on his belt. The screen comes alive with a FUNKY ANIMATION as it begins VIBRATING ...

PETER

(indifferently)

You know, Detective, you haven't said anything about my significant other? Shouldn't she be here with us tonight?

RING ... RING ... Det. Morrison quickly looks at Peter and then down at the cellphone on his belt ...

TIGHT ON the cellphone. It glows, "FRETWELL" ...

TIGHT ON Det. Morrison as the SILHOUETTE of Betsy appears from the darkness behind him ... She quickly STABS a syringe into his neck ...

(beat)

INSERT - EXT. STREET #2 / TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Det. Fretwell walks down the hallway with a cellphone to his ear ... The house is BUSTLING with uniforms and sleepy tenants being FRISKED for nothing ... Det. Fretwell waits for answer, visibly IRATE ...

BACK TO SCENE

Det. Morrison TRIES TO TURN ... Betsy is QUICK TO MOVE behind him while holding the syringe lodged in his neck ... Det. Morrison GROWLS and ... BAM! ... BAM! He SHOOTS twice ... Both shots reach no one ...

Det. Morrison DROPS to his knees as Betsy PULLS OUT the syringe ... He LOSES the gun and GRABS his neck ...

TIGHT ON the floor. We see the gun ... Then the limp body of Det. Morrison FALLS FLAT next to it ...

BETSY

(kicking away the gun)

Good timing, Peter.

INSERT - EXT. STREET #2 - NIGHT

Det. Fretwell along with the SWAT Team guys stand in a semi-circle around Detective #1 (the one who wrote down the house address from Det. Morrison) ...

DET. FRETWELL
Are you sure he gave you this
address?

DETECTIVE #1
Yes. Hundred-forty-eight and
Culbertson.

Det. Fretwell walks away, FRUSTRATED ... He pulls out his
CELLPHONE and dials again ...

BACK TO SCENE

Peter stands IN SHOCK in the middle of the room ...

PETER
I guess, what he said is true?

BETSY
Well, some of it. Cops always make
it sound worse.

Monti comes into view, breathing heavily.

MONTI
We gotta get the hell outta here.
There're cops everywhere. His
friends will be here at any moment.

BETSY
(to the Big Guy and Monti)
Load everything up. We're leaving.

The Big Guy and Monti rush out of the room ...

BETSY (CONT'D)
Obviously our Detective made a
mistake, as otherwise the cavalry
would've been here already.

Betsy PULLS OUT another SYRINGE ... and offers it to Peter.

BETSY (CONT'D)
We've got to end it.

TIGHT ON Det. Morrison's cellphone on his belt ... A FUNKY
ANIMATION glows on the screen ... then RING ... RING ... The
phone VIBRATES and displays, "FRETWELL" ...

PETER
(to Det. Morrison)
I didn't mean to mislead you,
Detective. I truly wanted to help.

TIGHT ON Det. Morrison on the floor TRYING to move his hand that is just inches away from his cellphone ... But, all he can do is slightly twitch his fingers ...

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

- A) Peter and Betsy SNEAK into a dark medical storage room ... They quickly begin stuffing medication into a bag ...
- B) A bottle DROPS DOWN. SMASH! ... Peter and Betsy look at each other ... They erupt in hushed laughter ...
- C) SECURITY ROOM. A night guard hears something ... He quickly GETS UP and leaves ...
- D) Night guard opens the door into the storage room, turns on the LIGHT and walks in holding a night stick ... Suddenly Peter appear from behind. He LEAPS FORWARD and THRUSTS a SYRINGE into the guard's neck, while still holding him from behind ... (That's who Betsy learned it from.)
- E) Night guard FALLS DOWN on the floor ... Peter grabs Betsy's arm and they RUN OUT of the storage room ...

BACK TO SCENE

TIGHT ON Peter staring at the syringe in Betsy's hand ...

BETSY

Come on, now. It takes you longer
and longer to get back to being
yourself.

PETER

Being myself?

Betsy smiles and PUTS the syringe into Peter's hand ...

BETSY

I'll lower your doze. We don't have
much time though. You've got to
finish it.

(beat)

LATER

Peter SQUATS DOWN in front of Det. Morrison on the floor, holding the syringe ...

TIGHT ON Det. Morrison's eyes DARTING from side to side ...

PETER
(after a pause)
Well, Detective. You were right.
It's gonna end now.

TIGHT ON Det. Morrison's face as his eyes SHOOT WIDE OPEN ...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET #1 - NIGHT

The white minivan drives away from the house ...

I/E. WHITE MINIVAN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Peter watches out of the window as the minivan drives through the neighborhood ... ON THE BACKGROUND we catch a glimpse of POLICE STROBES as we pass intersection with the 148th Ave.

Peter looks away ... pale and dreamy ...

PETER'S POV - A thin sickly guy is in the seat in front of us ... On the side there's a man hunched over in the wheelchair. He is covered by a comforter and is unconscious. The IV tube is still attached to his wrist ...

Betsy tries to hang a new solution bag on the stand next to the guy in a wheelchair ...

PETER
Do you know where my wife is?

BETSY
(smiling)
Who knows, Peter. How many women
would tolerate you anyway?
(pause)
I heard she passed away.

PETER
How many times have we done this?

BETSY
Who counts? You need to give props
to Monti though. He is the one
who's saving your ass every time.

PETER
Saving my ass?

BETSY

Yeah. These trips are quite fun
except when you flip out. You do
lots of crazy stuff and need
someone to watch you.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

- A) Peter JUMPS UP in bed TEARING IV tubes out ... Betsy RUNS UP to him. He FLAILS his arms and HITS her ...
- B) Peter WANDERS aimlessly through a dark hallway ...
- C) Peter WALKS like a zombie along shoppers in a mall ...
- D) Peter HITS passer-by in the face for no apparent reason.
- E) Security guards DRAG Peter through a tiled hallway ... then BEAT him ruthlessly with night sticks ...
- F) Betsy and Monti discuss something on the street ... Monti nods and Betsy hands him an ENVELOPE that he stuffs into his jacket ... He nods again, smiles and walks away ...

END FLASHBACK

PETER

You mean, he knew everything from
the get-go?

BETSY

Of course. You wouldn't be here
without him.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK

- A) STREET. (MOS) Monti answers his cellphone ... and looks around ... then Peter RUNS into him (when he was first trying to escape the HOUSE as Dr. Kovak)
- B) Monti walks away from Peter in the SHOPPING MALL / BURGER PLACE, then pulls out his cellphone -

MONTI

(into the cellphone)
He is getting better.

- C) Monti walks through the hallway in the HOSPITAL ... Peter lies unconscious in bed as Det. Morrison stands next to him giving his CARD to the nurse ... Monti abruptly CHANGES direction ...

D) (MOS) Monti approaches the desk nurse in the HOSPITAL ... She gives him a notepad ... He quickly scribbles the note we saw, tears a YELLOW PAGE out, and gives it to her ... She nods ...

END FLASHBACK

PETER
(low voice, dejected)
Was it true about Josh?

Betsy STOPS fixing the catheter and looks at Peter ... then gets near him and sits down across the aisle ...

BETSY
It wasn't your fault, Peter. There was nothing that you could do.

PETER
(tearing up)
So this is true?

BETSY
(puts her hand on his)
Don't let it get to you again.

PETER
(shaking off her hand,
almost yelling)
I killed my son! How can you say this?

Betsy lowers her eyes ...

TIGHT ON Betsy's hand holding a SYRINGE ...

BETSY
This won't make you feel better. We went through this many times before. I wish you remembered.

Peter looks at her SURPRISED ... tears running on his face.

BETSY (CONT'D)
That boy is mostly the reason why you do this. This is your only way to escape reality and to forget about him.

Betsy reaches out for his arm ...

PETER
 (looking at the syringe)
 I don't want to do this anymore.

BETSY
 (smiling slightly)
 Peter, you cannot quit, remember?

PETER
 What?

BETSY
 If you stop at any moment your body
 will not function without it -

INSERT - INT. ROOM - FLASHBACK

Peter, holding a syringe, sits next to Betsy who lies in bed.
 He is answering the exact same question for her -

PETER
 (continuing the sentence)
 - your systems will shut down in
 less than a couple of days. You
 will be in a coma shortly
 thereafter.

He kisses Betsy on the lips ...

PETER (CONT'D)
 Are you sure you want to do this?

BETSY
 (waits, then nods)
 There's no way back. Remember?

Betsy SMILES at Peter ...

TIGHT ON Peter's face as he SMILES back at her ...

END FLASHBACK

Betsy grabs Peter's forearm and brings her other hand with
 the SYRINGE closer to it ...

BETSY
 (softly)
 Peter, there's really nothing left
 in this world. It's all just pain,
 loss and grief. We're better than
 that.
 (smiling)
 (MORE)

BETSY (CONT'D)

They won't catch us. We're always going to be one step ahead of them.

The minivan is now driving on a lonely Interstate highway ... We catch Monti's look at us in the rear-view mirror. He is the one driving the minivan.

MONTI

Yeah, Boss. I got us a really cool house this time. It's in Montana. By the lake. Really secluded place. You'll love it.

TIGHT ON Peter's arm as Betsy pulls an EMPTY syringe away from it ...

Peter looks down at his arm ... then back up at Betsy ...

PETER

They'll eventually find that cop.

BETSY

So what? Peter, you devised this plan. It's perfect. Sometimes I think that you're a genius. Why do you think they still haven't caught us?

Peter looks at her. He really doesn't know ...

BETSY (CONT'D)

Because we're not murderers.
(beat)

PETER

(drugs kicking in)
But the shot -

BETSY

It was a sedative with a big dose of Zolpidem. Our detective will wake up the next morning with a bad headache in an empty house not knowing what hit him. He really has nothing. He wouldn't even be able to prove that someone was there with him.

PETER'S POV as our vision begins to BLUR ... We turn to see smiling Betsy ... She puts her hand on our shoulder ...

BETSY (CONT'D)

Peter, relax. Everything will be alright.

THE SCENE MORPHS INTO -

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHBACK (MOS)

NOTE: WE RE-LIVE SOME OF THE PREVIOUS SCENES BACKWARDS IN A QUICK SUCCESSION.

- A) HOUSE / LIVING ROOM as Betsy sticks the syringe into Det. Morrison's neck ...
- B) HOUSE / BACK YARD as Peter sneaks along the back wall ...
- C) PUBLIC PARK as Peter sits motionless on the bench ...
SPFX. We see shadows quickly move around him in a time-lapse animation ...
- D) HOSPITAL / OPERATING ROOM as doctors fight to revive lifeless body of Peter ...
- E) POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM as Peter touches his reflection in the mirror ...
- F) SHOPPING MALL (Peter's POV) as we see the Homeless Guy walking along ...
- G) HOUSE / FRONT as Peter runs into Monti for the first time ...
- H) HOUSE / HALLWAY as dazed Peter wanders through ...
- I) DARK GREEN ROOM (O.V.) as Peter lies strapped in bed ...

CUT TO:

INT. DR. KOVAK'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - DAY

(O.V.) Dr. Kovak wakes up on a clean bed in his house ...

TIGHT ON Dr. Kovak's cleanly shaved face covered in sweat ...
He looks around, confused ... He is momentarily LOST IN
THOUGHT ...

He smiles ... Everything is alright. Everything is back to normal ...

(How long do we remember our bad dreams anyway?)

FADE OUT.

THE END