

THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION

Written by

Johnny Cruz

*“If the doors of perception were cleansed
everything would appear to man as it is,
infinite.”*

-William Blake

*“But the man who comes back through the Door
in the Wall will never be quite the same as the
man who went out.”*

-Aldous Huxley

FADE IN:

INT. DR. CAMERON'S OFFICE - RAVEN INSTITUTE - DAY - 1953

A door is opened from the other side by NURSE FLETCHER (late 20s), revealing TUCKER MANION (30, a sickly-looking young man) waiting in the hall.

NURSE FLETCHER
They're ready for you.

Tucker, with a bum right leg, limps into the office to see...

DR. CHRISTOPHER EWEN (30's, slick Neuropsychologist), beside him, is DR. STANLEY CAMERON (50's, respected Psychiatrist, inscrutable disposition), sitting at his desk.

DR. EWEN
Hello, Mr. Manion, I'm Dr. Ewen, and
this is Dr. Stanley Cameron:
Director of the Raven Institute.

DR. CAMERON
Hello, Tucker.

TUCKER
How goes it?

DR. EWEN
Please, take a seat.

Tucker does so, Ewen pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

DR. EWEN (CONT'D)
Like one?

TUCKER
Surely.

Tucker plucks one from the pack, Ewen lights it with a match. Cameron's eye catches a scar on Tucker's left backhand.

DR. EWEN
So, how about telling why you're here?

TUCKER
Don't you know that?

DR. EWEN
We'd just like to hear your side.

TUCKER
It's the same as the one you heard.

Beat.

DR. CAMERON
You were arrested on morphine
related charges, correct?

TUCKER
That's correct.

Tucker waits for them to speak... They don't, so...

TUCKER (CONT'D)
Yeah, I, uh... skimmed off the top of
stock...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEDICAL SUPPLY WAREHOUSE - DAY

Down a cargo aisle, Tucker limps along with a pen and
clipboard in hand. A Band-aid over his left-hand scar.

TUCKER (V.O.)
I'm a-- or was an Inventory Manager
at a medical supply warehouse.

Tucker counts stock, checks off his clipboard as he comes
upon the MORPHINE SUPPLY: two crates of 3x4 inch boxes.

As Tucker limps by, he counts the boxes vertically...

TUCKER
One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six,
Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten.

...then counts the boxes across the top...

TUCKER (CONT'D)
One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six,
Seven, Eight, Nine...

...he swipes the last box...

TUCKER (CONT'D)
Ten.

...and discreetly thrusts it into his jacket pocket. Checks
off the clipboard and goes about his business.

TUCKER (V.O.)
It was quick and easy, better than
getting it off the street.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

The packed-in COMMUTERS, all dressed for the winter, keep their balance as the train rumbles. Among them is Tucker, holding the top rail with one hand, suitcase with the other.

His eyes find a foxy REDHEADED WOMAN. Ogling her, Tucker hides an erection with his suitcase.

INT. BATHROOM - TUCKER'S APARTMENT - DAY

In his squalid bathroom, Tucker masturbates on the toilet, his eyes glued to the cover of a magazine...

"SPECIAL FIGURE SALON, ART PHOTOGRAPHY, 'THE GIRL WITH TEN FACES'; NOVEMBER 1952."

On the cover, another attractive Redhead looks seductively at him. Tucker stares into her eyes as he--

TUCKER
--Urrrrrrgggggghhhh!

INT. TUCKER'S APARTMENT - LATER

After seeing the bathroom, the rest of the apartment is what you'd expect. Dark, damp, and dingy.

Tucker spins the lock on a small safe, opens it to reveal his STASH: a near-empty morphine vile and a half-used box of syringes, both bundled together with a rubber band.

He retrieves the bundle and deposits the new box of morphine.

TUCKER (V.O.)
Stealing it didn't hurt anybody...

MOMENTS LATER

On the couch, Tucker yanks the rubber band off the bundle and wraps it around his left wrist tight.

He fills a syringe with morphine.

MOMENTS LATER

Tucker peels the Band-aid off his hand, revealing the scar on his big vein, which now bulges out thanks to the rubber band.

TUCKER (V.O.)
If it was hurting somebody I
wouldn't have done it.

With experience, Tucker injects the morphine into his vein.

He quickly puts down the syringe -- whips the rubber band off and slowly lays back as the drug overtakes him.

TUCKER (V.O.)
It was only helping me along.

FADE WHITE TO:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Sun out, warmest it gets in winter, but still cold. Tucker sits under a tree, high on morphine, watching the PARK-GOERS stroll when his eye is drawn to...

A BIG BILLBOARD on the city street: a decorated army man posing stoically, with big words that read;

**"HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT YOUR FUTURE, SON?
THE U.S. ARMY BUILDS MEN!"**

Tucker shakes his head, rubs his bad knee, thinks a bit...

He pulls out his wallet, retrieves a picture of a BEAUTIFUL REDHEADED GIRL, 18 or 19, bouncy hair, freckles.

The picture is old with creases, boxed on the edges.

But Tucker's eyes don't suggest arousal like they did with the woman on the train or the woman on the magazine.

Tucker yearns for this one.

INT. MEDICAL SUPPLY WAREHOUSE - DAY

Down the cargo aisle, Tucker checks the stock...

TUCKER (V.O.)
But I didn't anticipate the tolerance to the morphine. It was good for a while, I'd take one box...

Tucker takes one box.

ANOTHER DAY

Tucker takes two boxes.

TUCKER (V.O.)
Then two.

ANOTHER DAY

Tucker takes three boxes.

TUCKER (V.O.)
Then three.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TUCKER'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Shivering, Tucker limps across the winter street, holding a greasy bag of take out.

TUCKER (V.O.)
And eventually... I guess someone
started to take notice.

He steps onto the sidewalk, nears his building's door as --
TWO VICE DETECTIVES march around the corner, flashing badges.

VICE DETECTIVE
Tucker Manion?

Tucker freezes.

TUCKER
What--? Yeah, no... I mean...

The Detectives close in on Tucker, who creeps backward...

TUCKER (CONT'D)
That's just... gotta be kidding--!

--Tucker makes a run for it! The Detectives go after him!

Tucker runs a pathetic twenty feet before he's tackled to the sidewalk -- spilling his takeout everywhere.

BACK TO:

INT. DR. CAMERON'S OFFICE - RAVEN INSTITUTE - DAY

Tucker speaking to the Doctors...

TUCKER
Needless to say, I was fired.

Pause. Tucker looks at the floor...

DR. CAMERON
Convenient profession for an
addict: Medical Supply.

TUCKER
It's what the army gave me.

DR. EWEN
You fought in Korea?

TUCKER
Japan. And I didn't fight; I was a
medic.

DR. EWEN
Is that where--?

TUCKER
--Look, I don't wanna get into all of
that, right now. Right now, I just
wanna know about the withdrawals.

DR. EWEN
Of course...

TUCKER
I don't wanna go through them.

DR. EWEN
Detox is an important part of
rehabilitation.

TUCKER
And I wanna get rehabilitated, but...
I've tried the detox thing once and
I'm not doing it again.

Ewen looks to Cameron...

DR. CAMERON
(to Tucker)
You agreed to the experimental
treatment, correct?

TUCKER
They'd only send me here if I did.

DR. CAMERON
Then you don't have to worry about
detoxification.

Tucker nods, relieved.

TUCKER
Good. That's good. What's the
treatment?

DR. CAMERON
A kind that may be able to cure
mental illness.

Tucker stares quizzically.

TUCKER
But I don't... have a mental
illness. I'm just an addict.

Beat. Cameron leans back in his chair, retrieves a big thick book from a drawer and stands it on the desk. It's the DSM-1 (the original edition published in 1952).

DR. CAMERON
The Diagnostic and Statistical
Manual of Mental Disorders states
otherwise.

TUCKER
Yeah, and who wrote that?

DR. CAMERON
I did.
(off Tucker's look)
Well... With the help of the
American Psychiatric Association,
of which I'm the president--

TUCKER
--Alright, alright, I get it.
You're right. You win.

Cameron smirks.

DR. CAMERON
I'm sorry to be so terse with you.
It's just amusing, winning an argument
by stating that you quite literally
wrote the book on the subject.

The Doctors, and even Tucker, chuckle.

DR. CAMERON (CONT'D)
Very good, very good.
(beat)
So now, Dr. Ewen will get you
assessed...?

DR. EWEN
Yes...
(to Tucker)
...then escort you to the newly built
D-Wing: where you'll be staying.

TUCKER

Swell.

DR. EWEN

Come with me.

Tucker stands and follows Ewen. Cameron observes Tucker.

DR. CAMERON

Where did you get that limp?

Ewen and Tucker stop in the doorway.

TUCKER

Okinawa.

Cameron nods.

DR. CAMERON

Does it hurt?

TUCKER

Constantly.

INT. ASSESSMENT ROOM - RAVEN INSTITUTE - DAY - QUESTIONS

Ewen, clipboard and pencil, and Tucker sit in armchairs.

DR. EWEN

Okay, Mr. Manion, I'm going to ask some questions and you just answer them the best you can.

LATER - RORSCHACH TEST

On his lap, Ewen opens a square case.

DR. EWEN

Familiar with the Rorschach test?

TUCKER

Surely.

DR. EWEN

Good. Tell me then...

Ewen holds up a Rorschach Blot-Card.

DR. EWEN (CONT'D)

...what do you see?

BACK TO:

QUESTIONS

Ewen and Tucker in armchairs, Ewen asks questions...

DR. EWEN
Have you had any trouble sleeping?

TUCKER
Only without morphine.

DR. EWEN
When's the last time you went
without it?

Tucker shrugs.

RORSCHACH TEST

Ewen shows another Blot-Card...

TUCKER
The bomb.

DR. EWEN
The bomb?

TUCKER
The *H* bomb.

DR. EWEN
Oh, I see...

QUESTIONS

Ewen continues...

DR. EWEN
Have you hit your head recently?

TUCKER
When those detectives pounced me.

DR. EWEN
Any consequences of that? Like any
changes in the way you walk?

TUCKER
I wish.

RORSCHACH TEST

Ewen shows another Blot-Card... Tucker giggles.

DR. EWEN
What is it? What do you see?

TUCKER
C'mon, you know what that is.

DR. EWEN
What do you think it is?

TUCKER
It's a... you know...? A *cooch*.

Duly noted.

QUESTIONS

Ewen continues...

DR. EWEN
Do you sometimes see or hear things
that other people don't?

Tucker smirks.

TUCKER
That's the cuckoo question, right?

DR. EWEN
Yes, that's the cuckoo question.

TUCKER
(laughing)
No.

RORSCHACH TEST

Ewen shows Tucker one last Blot-Card. Tucker's eyes soften.

TUCKER
Well, that reminds me of a girl.

DR. EWEN
What girl?

TUCKER
Just a girl I know.

QUESTIONS

Ewen continues... Tucker is entertained by the questions.

DR. EWEN

Do you regularly have any thoughts
that come across your mind and
can't stop?

Tucker's playful attitude is extinguished.

TUCKER

Sometimes. Yeah.

DR. EWEN

What kind of thoughts?

Tucker, conflicted...

TUCKER

Memories.

DR. EWEN

Of the war?

Tucker shrugs... makes eye contact with Ewen... Then nods.

INT. THE SHOWERS - RAVEN INSTITUTE - DAY

Splashed by the running faucet, Tucker showers in a gray,
concrete shower room.

We get a good look at TUCKER'S BODY: his translucent skin
hangs onto his dwindling muscles like wet plastic bags.

INT. HALL - D-WING - NIGHT

The environment in the D-Wing is slicker and more sterile
than in the rest of the Raven Institute. Down the white
hallway, Ewen and ORDERLY LASHBROOK, escort Tucker.

DR. EWEN

The D-Wing is small, but it's only
built exclusively for the
experimental treatment.

TUCKER

Is it that promising?

DR. EWEN

According to Dr. Cameron, yes.

INT. TUCKER'S SLEEP ROOM - D-WING - MOMENTS LATER

Lashbrook opens the door(which has a small window for observation), Ewen and Tucker step into a small white room with one reinforced window and a bed.

DR. EWEN

This is where you'll sleep. You'll spend most of your time in here.

Tucker looks out the window to see the big, Romanesque-Styled MAIN BUILDING, which towers over the rest of the institute.

DR. EWEN (CONT'D)

The only times you'll be in the main building are for meals, showers, and seeing Dr. Cameron in his office.

Tucker steps away from the window to the bed. Regards and tugs on a pillow sown into the mattress.

TUCKER

Why's the pillow stitched to the bed?

DR. EWEN

For the patients' safety.

Beat. Fletcher steps in with two paper cups.

NURSE FLETCHER

Dr. Ewen.

DR. EWEN

Ah, thank you, Ms. Fletcher.

Ewen and Fletcher exchange seductive smiles as Ewen takes the cups and hands them to Tucker.

DR. EWEN (CONT'D)

Here, take these.

TUCKER

What is it?

Tucker studies the cups, one filled with water, and the other with two pills: one beige and one white.

DR. EWEN

Medication. You'll be taking it before and after bed. The night medication helps you sleep.

Tucker stares at the pills unsurely.

DR. EWEN (CONT'D)

We also put a small dose of morphine
to ward off any withdrawal symptoms--

TUCKER

--Oh.

Tucker slams back the pills, washes them down with the water.
Ewen takes the cups.

DR. EWEN

Good. Now, get some sleep. In the
morning you'll meet the others.

TUCKER

The others?

INT. PATIENT MESS HALL - MAIN BUILDING - DAY

Escorted by Lashbrook and Fletcher, Tucker steps into the
MESS HALL to see the other MENTAL PATIENTS.

Women on one side and Men on the other. Some look relatively
normal, some even laugh, but some, grouped together, seem
like there's nothing left of them except their bodies.

Tucker is brought to the medication window.

NURSE FLETCHER

Your medication.

The WINDOW NURSE hands Tucker two paper cups, and he takes
his pills.

MOMENTS LATER

Tucker is brought to a table in the corner, and there sit TWO
PATIENTS: DOREEN MACDONALD(early 20's, a young housewife) and
EMERSON BENNETT(19, a sarcastic fellow).

NURSE FLETCHER

Mr. Manion, let me introduce you to
Mrs. Macdonald and Mr. Bennett.

DOREEN

Hi, there.

TUCKER

How goes it?

Tucker looks to Emerson, who doesn't say anything, just
strangely sizes Tucker up.

NURSE FLETCHER

They'll be participating in the experimental treatment as well. Why don't you sit and get acquainted?

TUCKER

Surely.

Tucker sits, starts eating... Sees Emerson looking at him.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

So, uh... How long you been here?

EMERSON

Eh, four or five.

TUCKER

Four or five what?

EMERSON

Yeah, maybe even six.

Tucker, realizing Emerson is goofing around, asks Doreen;

TUCKER

What about you? How long've you--?

DOREEN

--Oh, just a week. It's funny, I never thought I'd end up in one of these places. But I guess everyone needs help once in a lifetime. I'm lucky I'm not like the chronics over there. At least I still know that I have a head on my shoulders...

Doreen, rambling, goes on and on... Tucker and Emerson exchange looks, pretending to listen to her.

INT. EXPERIMENTATION ROOM - D-WING - DAY

In a sterile, windowless room with a BIG MIRROR BUILT INTO THE WALL, Ewen stands before OUR THREE PATIENTS (Tucker, Doreen, and Emerson), who sit. Cameron sits in the corner.

DR. EWEN

The first trial with the new treatment will be in an individual manner, but afterward, we'll review it as a group. Any questions?

Doreen raises her hand.

DR. EWEN (CONT'D)
Mrs. Macdonald.

DOREEN
Yes, what exactly is the treatment?

DR. EWEN
It's a new form of group therapy that utilizes Psychoanalysis to communicate with your unconscious mind. We'll interpret your dreams and unconscious behaviors to find the root source of your mental complications.

Emerson raises his hand.

DR. EWEN (CONT'D)
Mr. Bennett.

EMERSON
Can I get some water? I wasn't given none at breakfast.

TUCKER
Yeah, I'm thirsty too--

DR. CAMERON
--Soon.

All eyes divert to Cameron. Ewen gets back on track...

DR. EWEN
Now, since this is a group endeavor, it's important you get to know each other; Mrs. Macdonald, why don't you share why you're here?

DOREEN
Of course... I'm here because Dr. Cameron diagnosed me with severe postpartum depression. Few months ago, me and my husband, Leo, had our second baby, Paul. But weeks afterwards, I didn't feel like myself. We thought it was just a case of the baby blues, but months went by and it got worse. Leo took time off work to watch the kids while I'm here getting better. Hopefully, it won't be too long. We heard Dr. Cameron and the Raven Institute are the best in the business.

Cameron nods his thanks.

DR. EWEN
 Very good, Mrs. Macdonald, thank you.
 (beat)
 Mr. Bennett?

Emerson, reluctant...

EMERSON
 My parents committed me here.
 Ewen waits for more... There isn't any.

DR. EWEN
 Because...?

Emerson glances around, embarrassed.

EMERSON
 (to Ewen)
 Whatta you want me to say?

DR. EWEN
 You're a homosexual, are you not?

Tucker and Doreen make faces, Emerson sighs.

EMERSON
 Yep.

DR. EWEN
 And you wish to change that?

EMERSON
 I guess so.

DR. EWEN
 You guess?

EMERSON
 (faux-dramatic)
 I'm sick, Doctor! I need help!
 I'm wicked in the head!
 (beat)
 Is that what you want me to say?

DR. EWEN
 You don't feel demoralized? Having
 intercourse with other men?

Emerson thinks it over...

EMERSON
 Afterwards, I do.

Tucker stifles a laugh. Ewen gives up on Emerson, moves onto...

DR. EWEN
Mr. Manion?

TUCKER
Yeah, I'm uh-- I'm a needle freak;
morphine. And uh... I just wanna
get clean, get outta here and...
Well, I guess I've felt frozen in
time for a while now and I wanna
get my life going again.

DR. EWEN
Very good. You were also a medic
in Japan. Okinawa, you said.
Would you like to talk about that?

Beat.

TUCKER
Nah.

Ewen looks to Cameron, who nods.

DR. EWEN
Alright, then. Let's start your
treatment, shall we?

INT. EXPERIMENTATION ROOM - D-WING - LATER

Nurse Fletcher steps in with two glasses of water on a tray,
brings it to Ewen and Tucker, who sit alone at a table.

She gives a glass to Ewen, hands the other to Tucker.

TUCKER
Thanks, miss.

CLOSE ON TUCKER'S WATER... There's something ominous about it
that Tucker doesn't realize... He raises the glass to his
lips and chugs it down. As does...

INT. EXPERIMENTATION ROOM - D-WING - DIFFERENT TIME

...Doreen, she sips the water. As does...

INT. EXPERIMENTATION ROOM - D-WING - DIFFERENT TIME

...Emerson, who slams his glass back, refreshed.

BACK TO:

TUCKER & DR. EWEN

In the experimentation room, still at the table, Ewen slides a box of colored pencils and paper to Tucker.

DR. EWEN

Write down your name, please.

Tucker does so, Ewen checks his watch...

DOREEN & DR. EWEN

In the experimentation room, talking at the table...

DOREEN

Oh, I often have very powerful dreams, very emotional, yes.

DR. EWEN

Do you often feel your dreams are trying to tell you something?

DOREEN

Umm...

Doreen thinks. Then smacks her lips together...

DOREEN (CONT'D)

Do you taste that?

DR. EWEN

Taste what?

DOREEN

Batteries.

EMERSON & DR. EWEN

At the table, Emerson, in a curious state as well, looks suspiciously at the ceiling, mouth agape.

DR. EWEN

Recall a struggle with your homosexuality.

EMERSON

(distracted)

I don't, uh... struggle with it.

(MORE)

EMERSON (CONT'D)

It's usually other people-- my
parents-- that do the struggling.

(beat, pointing)

I'm sorry, but-- Do you...? What's
going on up there?

Emerson, certainly not his normal self, draws lines in the
air with his finger, giggles.

TUCKER & DR. EWEN

Tucker, in a similar state, only more so: an ALTERED STATE,
gazes at his hand, moving it closer and closer to his face.

Ewen isn't worried by what he sees, just observes.

DR. EWEN

Mr. Manion?

Tucker doesn't answer, he just presses his head into his palm.
An intense experience to Tucker, but buffoonery to Ewen.

DOREEN & DR. EWEN

In an ALTERED STATE, Doreen gasps at the world around her,
waving her hands, immensely amused, overwhelmed with joy.

DOREEN

Good heavens!

DR. EWEN

Can you describe to me what you see?

DOREEN

Oh, I just couldn't! I couldn't
possibly describe it to you! It's...
It's *here!* Don't you feel it?

EMERSON & DR. EWEN

Emerson, in an ALTERED STATE, gazes at the ceiling, entranced.

EMERSON

Woah! That's...! When I talk the
words are drawn on top of each
other in a loop! That's bananas.

As Emerson continues, our attention is drawn to the big
mirror on the wall beside them...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - D-WING - CONTINUOUS

...In a dark room, behind what we now see is a ONE-WAY MIRROR, Cameron sits with Nurse Fletcher, who takes notes for him.

A CAMERA records the patients...

DR. CAMERON

Subject's visual and auditory systems beginning to blend.

TUCKER & DR. EWEN

Head still in his hand, Tucker thinks intensely, mumbling...

TUCKER

I... I have the words... the words that I need to say to you, but I haven't thought of them yet and I can't think the thoughts until I've told them to you. I just don't know when to think thoughts. You know what I mean?

DR. EWEN

I do not.

Beat -- Tucker stands. Shuts his eyes to think.

TUCKER

Okay, so I'm here, in *right now*. And if behind me is the past...

Tucker steps backward, opens his eyes, amazed.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Holy cow! How about it!? I'm in the past!

DOREEN & DR. EWEN

Doreen, enchanted, enlightened, rambles as Ewen listens...

DOREEN

I've never seen such infinite beauty in my life. It's like a... curtain or a spider web or... Can you see it? It's right here in front of me, right now. Watch...

Doreen's body shivers, and her eyes widen.

DOREEN (CONT'D)
 You know it just went through me?
 (beat)
 It passed right through me! I
 was... It-- Wha--?

TUCKER & DR. EWEN

Tucker walks in circles around the room, looking at the walls, mesmerized, Ewen watches.

DR. EWEN
 Mr. Manion, what are you doing?

TUCKER
 I'm watching-- walking through my
 life being played on the walls.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - D-WING - CONTINUOUS

...Cameron curiously notices that TUCKER'S LIMP IS GONE...

INT. EXPERIMENTATION ROOM - D-WING - CONTINUOUS

...Tucker continues to walk through his life with good posture, points excitedly at the wall.

TUCKER
 Just met Rebecca! Eight years old!
 (keeps walking)
 My Dad! And his funeral...
 (keeps walking)
 High school. Oooh! This is the
 part where me and Rebecca get sweet
 on each other! All through high
 school... and after. Until...
 Until I was drafted to-- Wah!

--Tucker dives onto the floor! Slides up against the wall!

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 Japan! I hate this part!

Tucker takes cover and cowers like he's caught in crossfire, holds his right knee as if it's hurt.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 Gotta get out! Gotta get out! Go
 forward, go forward, go forward...

Tucker diligently crawls across the floor, once he reaches the other side of the room, he calms down, catches his breath.

Ewen watches as Tucker struggles into a stand, continues to walk around the room as...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - D-WING - CONTINUOUS

...Cameron notices that TUCKER'S LIMP HAS RETURNED...

INT. EXPERIMENTATION ROOM - D-WING - CONTINUOUS

...Tucker limps around the room, tired, with bad posture. He then stops, points at the wall with sorrow.

TUCKER
Last time I saw her.

DR. EWEN
Saw who?

TUCKER
Rebecca. Can't let her see me like this. Not as a needle freak.

EMERSON & DR. EWEN

Emerson still stares at the ceiling, silent. Ewen watches.

DR. EWEN
Answer a question for me.

EMERSON
It depends what color you ask me in.

Ewen leans forward...

DR. EWEN
Right now, do you have the urge to partake in homosexual or any sexual activities?

Emerson's eyes harden, thinks seriously before he slowly stands, steps around the table, and leans down to Ewen...

EMERSON
Yeah. You interested?

Emerson cups his hand around Ewen's crotch! Ewen jumps out of his chair and slaps Emerson's hand away!

DR. EWEN
Mr. Bennett!

Emerson, crying laughing, scampers into the corner, spills onto the floor, clutching his stomach. Ewen sighs.

TUCKER & DR. EWEN

Tucker still limps around the room -- suddenly stops where he started. Observes his surroundings...

TUCKER
I'm *now* again.

DR. EWEN
Good.

Tucker points behind him.

TUCKER
That's all just memories now. If I step backward, I'll go into the memories. But if I step forward, *I step forward into the future.*

TUCKER TAKES A STEP FORWARD and reacts as if he's entered another mode of being. Looks at himself in the mirror.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
Wow! I can see it now!

DR. EWEN
The future?

TUCKER
The future!

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - D-WING - CONTINUOUS

...Cameron watches Tucker.

TUCKER
I can see so far into the future.

DR. CAMERON
Subject's memory affected. And he seems to be... rediscovering time?

DOREEN & DR. EWEN

Doreen still rambles, Ewen listens...

DOREEN
I mean, everything is so beautiful and lovely and... and alive. And I'm part of it! And I'm... And...

Somethings clicks in Doreen's head.

DOREEN (CONT'D)
 And you know what? I'm not sad
 anymore! I'm happy! Oh, I'm so
 happy! And I miss my family so much!

Doreen, ecstatic, stands and hugs Ewen.

DOREEN (CONT'D)
 My, you must be a genius, Dr. Ewen!
 I'm cured! Thank you! I think
 I'll go see Leo and the kids!

She prances to the door -- Ewen stops her.

DR. EWEN
 Hold on, Mrs. Macdonald...

TUCKER & DR. EWEN

Tucker still thinks he's standing in the future.

DR. EWEN
 How do you feel about time?

TUCKER
 There seems to be plenty of it. I
 couldn't see that in the now. I was
 stuck in there for so long.

Ewen gets an idea...

DR. EWEN
 Do me a favor, Mr. Manion, don't
 step back into the... now. Stay in
 the future. Come here and draw me
 what you see. Can you do that?

TUCKER
 Surely.

EMERSON & DR. EWEN

Emerson, still curled up on the floor, isn't crying laughing
 anymore, now he's just crying. Ewen steps over...

DR. EWEN
 Mr. Bennett?

Emerson rocks back and forth, terrified to open his eyes.

EMERSON

(whispering)

Please, please don't show-- don't
wanna-- not good. Oh, god! Do I
ever get out of this? The door's
at the corner of the sphere.

DR. EWEN

Mr. Bennett, are--?

--Emerson's eyes shoot open! Burning away the tears!

EMERSON

You wanna make a fake one of me and
send that back to everyone? Well,
what if I don't wanna be fake?
What if I like being real? What if
I like being me!?

Before Ewen can reply -- Emerson returns to his cries and
sinks into the corner.

TUCKER & DR. EWEN

Tucker finishes his drawing, beholds his creation...

DR. EWEN

May I see it?

Tucker shows Ewen: A drawing of a silver rod, wrapped in
impossible swirls of vivid colors.

DR. EWEN (CONT'D)

That's your future?

TUCKER

That's Rebecca.

DR. EWEN

Who exactly is Rebecca?

Tucker, almost offended by the question...

TUCKER

Well, she's my best girl.

Tucker thinks fondly to himself, studying his drawing.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

She's been in the past for so long,
but now, she's waiting for me in the
future. And I have to get there.