K-Pax

By Charles Leavitt
A dollar for a homeless vet. | Come on, little man.
Come on, little man. | I fought the war with your daddy.
Y'all ain't paid me for this leg yet. | Thank you, sugar.
Jackie Chan! | Jackie Chan!

Shanghai Noon.
I take traveler's checks. | Arigato to you too. | Thank you, sugar.
Here you go. | Thanks.
You kids!

Here. | Hold it right there!
- What happened? | - Step away from her.
Oh, man, | he ain't done nothing.
Those kids. | Who took your bag? | This man?
No, it was a couple of punks. | They came and they just ran off.
Four-eight, this is Romano. | Robbery and assault victim...
with facial wound | at East 42nd entrance.
Sir, I'd like you to just stand right there.
Certainly. | Are you traveling somewhere?
I have arrived. | My travels are over for the time being.

Where's your luggage?
I don't require luggage. | Do you have a ticket?
Train ticket? | Ticket stub?
I didn't arrive by train.
Would you remove your sunglasses for me, please?
Oh, I'd rather not. | I'd forgotten, but I mean, wow,
Your planet is really bright.
I see. | East 42, we have an E.D.P.
I have to ask you to come with us, sir.
Of course.

Freddy!
Did you see this fella come out of a gate?
He didn't come from no gate. | Brother came from nowhere.
You know what I'm saying?
Yeah, Freddy, | I know what you're saying.
I don't wanna go outside, | because there's things that can kill you--
Thank you.
If you breathe all those chemicals out there,
not to mention the cosmic rays and the West Nile virus,
and that other one-- the new airborne pigeon disease nobody wants to talk about.
The new pigeon disease. | I've heard of that.
Another thing that's been bothering me is the food.
The cafeteria serves lukewarm food, full of germs.
You really need to do something about that, Dr. Powell.
Heat is the only thing that kills germs. Heat.
Point taken. We'll look into that right away.
In the meantime, I want you to start taking your medication again.
It'll help you sleep. And you need the sleep, Ernie.
Sleep is good.
Is our time up?
Only for today, Ernie.

Two calls:
Yeah. And Dr. Chakraborty.
A transfer from Bellevue he wants you to take a look at.
Great. Who is it this time? Jesus Christ or Joan of Arc?
Dr. Chakraborty didn't say.
He arrived at Bellevue a month ago,
suspicion of hallucinogenic intoxication.
But, uh, he was found negative for substances of any kind.
His EKG, his blood value are all normal.
There's no sign of concussion, no brain tumor,
o no temporal lobe, epilepsy, no indication of organic abnormality whatsoever.
However, after one month,
his amnesia and his delusion have persisted.
He claims to be not human.
A visitor from another planet.
They administered Thorazine on this guy for three weeks...
at 300 milligrams a day, and he was unresponsive?
How can you be unresponsive to 300 milligrams of Thorazine? It's impossible.
That's why they sent him to you.
Terrific.
No I.D., no missing persons report matching his description.
What's this?
He had it on him.
Well, let's hope extraterrestrials qualify for Medicaid.
He's here, Doctor.
Thank you, Joyce.
Medical record 2-8-7. Calls himself Prot.
This one's as gentle as a pussycat, Doc.
Come in. Have a seat.
"Have a seat." Curious expression.
Well, let me introduce myself. I'm--
Dr. Mark Powell, Chief of Clinical Psychiatry...
of the Manhattan Psychiatric Institute.
Good. You know where you are.
Well, now, uh... Prot, is it?
"Prote." I see, "Prote."
Well, Prot, we're here to-- May I?
Please.
Red delicious. You call this variety.
It's my favorite.
I'd like to begin by asking you...
if you know why you're here.
Of course. You think I'm crazy.
We prefer the term "ill." Do you think you are ill?
A little homesick, perhaps.
Really. Where is home?
K-PAX.
K-PAX is a planet.
But don't worry, I'm not going to leap out of your chest.
I'm not worried.
Its just that I'm only familiar with nine planets.
Well, actually, there are ten, but that doesn't matter.
I'm not from Your solar system.
K-PAX is about 1,000 of your light-years away from here...
in what you would call Your constellation Lyra.
That's quite a ways.
I'm curious. How did you get to Earth?
It's a matter of harnessing the energy of light.
I know that sounds crazy to you.
You beings are eons away from discovering light travel.
You travel at the speed of light?
Oh, no. We can travel many times that speed. Various multiples of "C."
Otherwise, the trip here would have taken about 1,000 years now, wouldn't it?
What if, um, I were to tell you...
that according to a man who lived on our planet named Einstein,
that nothing can travel faster than the speed of light?
I would say that you misread Einstein, Dr. Powell. May I call you Mark?
You see, Mark, what Einstein actually said...
was that nothing can accelerate to the speed of light,
because its mass would become infinite.
Einstein said nothing about entities already traveling at the speed of light or faster,
- at tachyon speeds. Tachyon?
I detect a note of skepticism, Dr. Powell.
Oh, not at all. It's just that you--
You speak English so well.
I'm amazed. Well, English isn't that difficult a language to learn. You should try speaking--
I'm-- I'm confused.
Maybe you can explain it to me. Uh...
how is it that being a visitor from space, that you--you look so much like me...
or anyone else from Earth?
Why is a soap bubble round?
You know, for an educated person, Mark, you repeat things quite a bit. Are you aware of that?
A soap bubble is round...
because it is the most energy-efficient configuration.
Similarly, on your planet, I look like you.
On K-PAX, I look like a K-PAXian.
Prot, why did you want to come to our planet?
Well, I've been here many times before.
But what brought me here first? I don't know.
Pure curiosity, I guess.
I'd never been to a Class BA-3 planet before.
Class BA-3?
Early stage of evolution.
Future uncertain.
And if I give all my possessions to feed the poor--
Howie. Go on. Talk to him.
Go on.
You're really from up there?
Indeed.
I am from K-PAX.
What--
What sort of place is it?
K-PAX is bigger than your planet.
But we are circled by seven purple moons.
Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit, bullshit, bullshit, bullshit.
Go on.
Well, K-PAX is most lovely when K-MON and K-RIL are in conjunction. Those are our two suns. What you would call Agape and Satori.
You finish Your homework, Abby? Yeah.
I lost another tooth.
Oh, yeah? Let me see. Hey! Maybe the tooth fairy will come tonight, huh?
There's no such thing as the tooth fairy, Dad. Theres just you and Mom.
I fed them already. I couldn't wait. How was your day?

Oh, 6:
Should have caught the nearest beam of light.
You should have caught what?
Oh, nothing. How was your day? Good.
Sent the deposit in for the house on the cape for the last two weeks of August.
Which works out perfectly, 'cause Abby doesn't get out of camp till the 15th.
Sent the deposit in?
Yeah. Come on, Rache.
That wasn't definite. We were just talking. I said maybe.
Maybe sometime in August we'll clear it.
Maybe. Maybe we should start paying you for your time. You got a family rate?
Oh, look. They published my letter.
I spoke with Natalie about going into the after-school program next year, in case I go back to teaching.
And this morning my head fell off, but I was able to sew it back on with dental floss.
Waxed, of course. Dental floss?
Sorry. I wasn't listening.
Yeah, I know. Let's just eat.
Train was late. I'm tired.
And to top it off, the city is dumping patients on us.
I know.
You stink.
Have a nice day, Sal.
I've been to 64 planets within our galaxy.
Earth is the only one with your species, Homo sapiens, that I've visited so far.
And when did you arrive on Earth?
Four years and nine months ago.
So that makes you how old?
In Earth terms, 337 years old.
I aged about seven getting here, traveling at six multiples of "C."
But really, Marko, it only seemed like an instant.
Marko? Time may warp at super light speed.
I'd say access one psychosis NOS.
That's glib to call him a psychotic. That's a wastebasket diagnosis.
Oh, yeah? He believes he traveled here from another planet.
What's your diagnosis, jet lag?
Well, how come he didn't respond to the Haldol?
Haldol can make you more psychotic. It's rare, but it does happen. Look. I'm not saying that medication can't be a useful tool... to help somebody like this, but you can't-- He maybe a good subject for the "Betazine" protocol. The drug's on clinical trial. You want to experiment on him before we have a diagnosis? Do you have some other idea? He's not a danger to anyone. How about getting to know him first? In the meantime, we have ten new transfers to take care of. You know, maybe what's wrong with him... is that he is. Is what? From the planet K-PAX. Mmm. Your produce alone has been worth the trip. Could you tell me... a bit about your boyhood on K-PAX? Where were you born? You were, uh, born, right? K-PAXians have babies? Oh, yes, much like on Earth, but unlike you humans, the reproductive process is quite unpleasant for us. Could you compare the effect to something that I might understand? Like a toothache? It's more like having your nuts in a vise, except we feel it all over. And to make matters worse, the sensation is associated... with something like your nausea, accompanied by a very bad smell. The moment of climax is like being kicked in the stomach, and then falling into a pool of mod droppings. Mod droppings? A mod is a being, much like your skunk, only far more potent. Uh, if it's such a terrible experience, uh, how do you reproduce? As carefully as possible. What are you doing? Well, you just reminded me of something I want to include in my report. Your report. Yes, it's our custom... to compile descriptions of the various places and people we encounter throughout the galaxy. Morning, Betty. Good morning, Prot. Morning, Navarro. Hey, what's up, man? Mr. Friedman. Morning, Maria. - I'm Vanessa. - Just chill. Morning, Bess.
Morning, Bess.
She doesn't talk to anybody. Afraid smoke will come out of her mouth when she talks.
Been here since she was a little girl. Burned her house down. Shouldn't play with matches. Very dangerous. It was an electrical flare. Why do you make up stories like that? Ernie has a very powerful imagination.
Phil listen!
Come on, Doris. You gotta come out of Your room sometime.
Look what I brought just for you.
Pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh.
Do that again, you go up to three.
Her Royal Highness never, ever comes out of her room. Not even to eat. No wonder she's here. I'm sick and tired of this shit. Everyday, coming up here and shooting food at me. I hate this. The service here is atrocious!
Good morning, Mrs. Archer. Doris. I wasn't expecting any gentleman callers... until this afternoon.
Excuse me.
You have a place set for two.
Oh, yes. Um... I'm expecting someone.
How long have you been waiting? Eleven years.
For some around here might... call that crazy, but I prefer to call it... romantic.
Romantic. Like a, uh...
waltz in the moonlight, or a...
candlelit dinner...
or a sunset. Oh, we have those.
On K-PAX, we have two suns. They rise together only once every 200 years. And that is quite a sight.
He most definitely has a sensitivity to white light, but I think it's his range that You'll find interesting. What am I looking at?
He can detect light at a wavelength of up to 300 to 400 angstroms. Ultraviolet.
Of course, Prot's explanation is that... due to his planet's peculiar quality of light caused by its two suns, K-PAXians are used to light conditions much like our twilight most of the time.
W-Wait a minute. Chuck, I didn't think...
human beings could see ultraviolet light.
We can't.
Good morning, Joyce.
That's a lovely configuration. You're wearing today. Thank you.
Macy's. Come in.
This is so much better.
It's a lot like home.
Well, uh, Prot,
I was hoping you'd tell me more about home.
Well, what would you like to know?
Well, uh, do you, um,
do you have a family on K-PAX?
It doesn't work on K-PAX the same way it works here, Mark.
On K-PAX, we don't have families in the way that you think of them.
In fact, a family would be a non sequitur on our planet, as it would on most others.
In other words, um,
You, uh, you never knew your parents.
On K-PAX, children are not raised by their biological parents, Mark, but by everyone.
They circulate among us, learning from one and then another.
Do you have a child? No.
Do you have a wife waiting back for you on K-PAX?
You are not really listening to what I'm saying to you, are you?
We do not have marriage on K-PAX.
There are no wives. There are no husbands.
There are no families.
I see. So, um,
what about societal structure?
Government. No, there's no need for one.
- You have no laws? - No laws. No lawyers.
How do you know right from wrong?
Every being in the universe knows right from wrong, Mark.
But what if--
if someone did do something wrong--
committed murder or rape--
how would you punish them?
Let me tell you something, Mark.
You humans, most of you,
subscribe to this policy of "an eye for an eye, a life for a life," which is known throughout the universe... for its stupidity.
Even your Buddha and your Christ had quite a different vision,
but nobody's paid much attention to them, not even the Buddhists or the Christians.

You humans,
sometimes it's hard to imagine how you've made it this far.

Josh, be careful.

Okay, kids. Let's go. The hot dogs are ready.

Hey. Where were you just now?

Come on. Okay.

Hey, kids, come on. Wash up.

Okay!

Josh. Now come on, quit teasing the dog.

Josh, let's go. Settle down now.

- Here we are. - Oh, park that right here.

Boy, that looks terrific. That looks great.

Steve, how was, uh, how was your trip up from Princeton?

Steve, how was, uh, how was your trip up from Princeton?

Not too bad. We even stopped by to see Michael.

Oh, that was nice of you, Sis.

Quite a detour for you guys.

Well, it was his birthday.

I know it was his birthday.

I sent him a card and a nice, uh, a nice, big check as usual.

It wouldn't kill you to pick up the phone every once in a while...

and talk to your own son.

Thank you, Abby. You wanna pass the potato salad, please?

There you go.

By the way, I put him through Dartmouth. He knows how to pick up a phone too.

I'm thinking of inviting him for Christmas. Oh, great.

He spends Christmas with his mother.

He won't come here. How do you know? When was the last time you asked him?

Am I on the couch here, or what?

You want a beer? Please and thank you.

You want some more? Can I have corn, darling?

Steve, I, uh,

I have a rather unusual favor to ask you.

What can I do you for, Dr. "P"? Well, I have a patient.

Sit down. I have this patient, who, uh, seems to know quite a bit about your field.

A patient who's an astronomer?

So, tell me about this patient of yours.

Well, he, uh, he claims to come from a planet he calls K-PAX.

What kind of name is that? K-PAX?
He says it's a thousand light-years away, near the constellation Lyra.
Uh-huh. Bighead? Green? About this high?
Yeah, I think I know the guy.
No, he's, uh, he's very convincing.
I mean, of course, he's, uh, he's human.
It's just that he's, um, well, he's-he's the most convincing delusional I've ever come across.
If I can prove to him that this K-PAX is just a figment of his imagination, then maybe I can find out who he really is.
Well, sure. I can give you...
a whole list of questions to ask your fella. Wonderful.
All his books and papers and everything...
are spread all over the desk like always, but he's just sitting there.
Someone change his medication?
I gave him his usual, Anafronil, 250 milligrams.
Hmm. Well, something's wrong with him.
An obsessive-compulsive doesn't just sit there looking out the window.
Howie?
Good morning, Dr. Powell.
Good morning. But are you looking for something?
Bluebird.
The bluebird?
The bluebird of happiness.
Prot told me to find the bluebird of happiness.
Prot told you.
It's a task.
The first of three.
I don't know what the other two are yet.
He'll tell me.
If I complete all three, I'll be cured.
There. Maintain your breathing.
That's it. Now you see?
There are none of these ammonia particles that you're so worried about.
In the first place, I would be able to see them. Good morning, Sal.
And I don't. Good morning, Dr. Stinky.
Ringed monkey, 7:00.
Take a bath. Take a bath.
Ernie, could you excuse us for a moment, please? Mm-hmm.
Good to, uh, see you outside, Ernie.
Thank you. Oh, Ernie, you stink.
Prot, it's one thing to take an interest in your fellow patients. It's quite another to make them think that you can cure them.
You seem overly upset, Mark.
To borrow a phrase from Navarro, | You need to chill.
For your information, | all beings have the capacity | to cure themselves, Mark.
This is something | we've known on K-PAX | for millions of years.
Listen to me. | On this planet, | I'm a doctor, you're a patient.
It's not your job | to cure Howie.
Or Ernie or Maria | or anyone else. | It's mine.
Then why haven't | You cured them yet?
Oh, by the way, | here are the answers | to the questions you asked me.
I hope they meet | Your satisfaction.
I don't know what to say, Mark.
I mean, this is-- | this is pretty wild stuff.
Gibberish, huh? | Well, not exactly.
I mean, see,
Your patient indicates | his planet, K-PAX,
orbiting an eclipsing | binary star system-- | Agape and Satori.
Yeah. | Near the Constellation Lyra.
He could have | looked that up, right?
That's the funny thing, Mark. | Not really.
I mean, except for my boss, | Duncan Flynn,
one of the foremost | astrophysicists in the world...
and maybe two or three | of his colleagues,
obody knows much about | the possibility of planets | in this star system yet.
It hasn't even been reported | in any journals.
Tell me, honestly,
did Duncan put you | up to this?
You know-- | You know, like a joke?
No. It's no joke, Steve.
Uh, tell me,
do you know of any missing | astrophysicists?
Can't say I do.
But there's one or two | around here who'd sure like | to meet this fella of yours.
Thanks a lot, Steve. | I sure appreciate it.
But unlike you humans, | the reproductive process...
is an unpleasant one for us. | Start again.
What way is it unpleasant?
It's a pain--
So, this is | Your neighborhood, huh?
Hello, gentlemen. | Sure appreciate you | meeting with us.
Thank you, Dr. Powell. | We'd like to get to the bottom | of this just as much as you.
Thank you, Doctor. Great. Let me introduce You to Prot. It's a pleasure to meet you, Prot. I'm Dr. Becker. This is Dr. Flynn. Drs. Patel and Hessler. Doctor. Doctor. Doctor. Doctor. How many doctors are there on this planet? Here, Prot. Have a seat. "Have a seat." Oh, shit! Feel at home? We found your notes quite interesting, Prot, and we'd like to ask you some questions, if that's all right. Be my guest. Good. Then I'll jump right in. Make sure you can swim. Yes, well, let's start with this idea of light travel, shall we? What can you tell us about that? Absolutely nothing. If I told you, you'd blow yourselves up. Or worse, someone else. You'd be surprised how much energy is in a beam of light. Hmm. Well, then, maybe you could show us how this light travel works. You mean a demonstration. That would be... fine. Adios. Aloha. Well, when are you gonna-- I'm already back. See, where I come from, Prot, that's called "the fastest gun in the West" routine. Well, I don't come from where you come from, Dr. Becker. Prot, you've indicated in your notes that your planet K-PAX... orbits around the twin stars of Agape and Satori, near the constellation Lyra. Well, frankly, we're a bit mystified... as to how you gained knowledge there's such a planetary system around these stars. Professor, where I come from, that's common knowledge. This was taken from the Hubble. We've computer enhanced it, based on Dr. Patel's readings... from telescopes in Chile and Hawaii. It's the clearest picture we have of where you come from. What we'd like is if you could diagram on the light pad... the orbital pattern that your planet takes through this system. Mm-hmm. My pleasure. I think that's right.
Steven, could you input that?
Already on it.
Wh-What's going on?
I take it my calculations help explain the "protabations" you've been seeing...
in the rotation pattern of your binary star,
but have been unable to explain until... this moment.
How--
How could you know this?
How could you--
Every K-PAXian knows this.
Just as every child on Earth knows...
that your planet revolves around your sun.
It's common knowledge. Isn't it?
What, um, what happened in there?
I mean, you--
He could be a savant.
There-There are savants who have painted flawless copies of Rembrandt,
who couldn't-- who couldn't remember their own names.
You don't believe him, Steve.
I don't know what I believe, Mark, but I know what I saw.
I moved. I moved. It's your move.
One and two. Your move.
Bluebird.
You just wait till next game. Bluebird.
Bluebird! Bluebird!
Bluebird! Bluebird! Bluebird!
Howie! Bluebird! Bluebird!
Bluebird! Bluebird! Bluebird!
Okay. Okay. Bluebird!
Where's the bluebird?
Look, bluebird! Bluebird! Bluebird!
Oh, my God.
Bluebird! Bluebird! Howie! Howie, get back here!
Bluebird! Bluebird! Bluebird!
Do bluebirds bite, Sal?
Nah, they don't bite, stinkhead.
Hey, Bess, it's a bluebird.
- Shit!- Disturbance on two.
- It's the bluebird!- Bluebird! Bluebird!
Bluebird! Bluebird!
Bluebird! Bluebird!
It's mass hysteria.
Betty! | Betty, what the hell is going on here?
- Come here! Come here! | - Dr. Powell, come and see!
You see it? | Do you see it?
Lookit! Lookit! | Lookit!
What's going on here, Dr. Powell? | What on Earth is out there?
- Just a bluejay. | - A bluejay?
A bluejay.
Off the chair. | Everybody, get off the chairs.
Mrs. Archer... | Come out of her room.
Bluebird?
It's a bluebird?
Come on over here.
I know who you are.
You're the bluebird.
Good night, Bess.
And how are we today? | Oh, just fine.
That's good, Maria. | My man.
Psst.
Excuse me. | Mm-hmm.
About that | light travel thing.
I was wondering if maybe | You could show me | how to do that.
I put up with | the stinkin this place | for ten years.
I wanna get out, | if you know what I mean.
I used to be the doorman | at The Plaza.
F-Fifteen years.
That's when I started | to notice it.
Notice what? | The smell.
They all stank.
I-I tried to tell 'em, | but, uh,
they put me here.
And, um, and-and--
And this-this place | smells worse than all.
Except for you. | Y-You don't smell,
so I figured maybe | You could help me.
You should smell | the york blossoms | on my planet...
in a gentle breeze.
Pretty much | like your sugarplums.
I would-- I would | like to smell that.
I would like to go there, | to-to your, um,
planet.
I'm afraid I can only take | one person back with me | when I go.
Uh, I had my weekly session | with Sal today.
He says you're | taking him to K-PAX.
In fact, I've heard from most of the patients on ward two, they all tell me that they're going to K-PAX. I wonder if that's a wise thing to be promising patients in a psychiatric facility.

No, no, no, Mark. I made it clear to each and every one of them, I can only take one person back with me when I return. Return? Mark, don't get me wrong. I mean, you've been very hospitable. Hospital. Hospitable. But my time here is almost up, and I can't wait to get back. Back? To K-PAX? Yes, of course. Where else? You're planning to return to K-PAX. You're repeating yourself again, Mark. Yes, I have one trip to take up north, and then I am planning on returning to K-PAX. Joyce gave me these strawberries this morning from her garden in Hoboken. They're delicious. You'll have to forgive me, but, um, but this is a bit confusing.
You see, I can go anywhere on Earth without fear of bumping into someone... traveling at super light speed, but beings are coming and going all the time from K-PAX. It has to be coordinated. You're telling me...
You're beaming back to K-PAX on July 27.

At 5:
Hey, hey, hey, honey.
Mark, you were just dreaming.
You were just dreaming.
Daddy? Mark.
Mark, what's going on? Daddy's okay.
Go back to bed, honey. Where is Daddy going?
Daddy's all right. He has a tummy ache. He's all right.
Daddy! Get in bed!
And when did you arrive on Earth?
Four years and nine months ago. What's going on?
Shh! Listen.
And when did you arrive on Earth?
Four years and nine months ago.
Your years.
Four years, nine months and three days ago.
That'll be five years to the date on July 27. That's when he's leaving.
What? To go back to K-PAX.
Mark, what is the matter with you?
Rachel—Mark, it is 2:00 in the morning.
What is—What is this patient doing to you?
He's telling me that five years ago on July 27...
something terrible happened to him.
Some horrible trauma. I gotta get to him before that date.
—Mom, what's happening?—Unbelievable.
Nothing. Come on. Come on. Let's all go back to bed.
Ah, I've got it!
Come on. Let's eat.
—Is the spaceman here yet?—Shh. Don't call him that.
Spaceman. Spaceman. No, no. No, no.
Whoo! Everybody, come here.
Listen, everybody, look. He's going to be here any minute.
I want you guys to just calm down. Be yourselves. Act natural.
Okay. Spaceman.
Why, is he going to zap us with his laser gun?
I mean it. I do. Here.
Oh, Mom.
I can't believe I agreed to this.
I tried everything else. Rachel, look.
I want him to spend Fourth of July with us...
to see if a normal family environment might bring something out of him.
Since when did we become a normal family?
Please. Look. They're here.
I just feel uncomfortable. Well, don't.
Joyce's son, he's on the high school wrestling team,
and Betty's husband's an ex-cop.
Hey! Hi.
Hey, Joyce. Hey, buddy.
Glad you could make it.
Wow. This is my husband, Dominic.
He looks like Data. That's right, embarrass him.
Welcome, Prot.
This is my wife Rachel.
How do you do? Rachel.
Thank you so much for inviting me today.
Thanks for coming.
—Watch out. Watch out.—No.
Shasta, no. Shasta, no. Shasta!
Come here, good dog. I know. I know.
Damn dog's never liked anyone. Shh.
Oh. Okay. Kids.
Okay.
She says she doesn't like it when you hide her favorite tennis shoe. And she doesn't hear so well in her left side, so-- so don't sneak up on her anymore.
No way.
Let's get some lunch, okay? Let's have lunch.
Let's go eat.
It's good, Rachel.
Okay, you guys, come on.
Careful, careful, | Gabby.
All right. Come on. | Somebody else | want some?
There we go.
So, Prot, Mark tells me | You don't eat meat.
That's very healthy. | Speak for yourself.
You got it?
Yes, I want burgers, | thank you. | It's good.
Everything looks so good. | Pass me one of those hamburgers.
Come on.
Give me a push.
There's a photograph on the piano of a young man with all the others.
That's Michael.
That's Mark's son from his first marriage.
How many marriages has he had?
Just the two... so far.
"So far? | No, I mean, he's not out to set a world record or anything. But the young man in the photograph, he's not here today. No, um, he doesn't live with us.
You know, he's away at college and--
and the truth is, he and Mark don't talk to each other.
I don't know why I'm telling you this. Probably because I'm a locked-up lunatic, so what harm could it do. Maybe.
Maybe that's it.
Dr. Powell's been trying to teach me the importance...
You beings place on Your biological connections. | Hmm.
You think he means it?
You don't?
Do you know what a family is?
You worry.
They don't tell you that, you know.
You don't have a family.
No.
We don't have families on K-PAX.
Well, you don't know what you're missing.
I'll get you some more lemonade.
All right. Incoming.
That's beautiful. Thank you.
Fourth of July.
Thank you for inviting me here today, Mark.
You're most welcome, Prot.
Come push me on the swing!
I'll show you a trick.
This is called...
Go to the Table and Have a Beer.
Okay.
But first you have to hold on very tight.
Okay. Ready?
This is fun!
Come on, let's go! Come on! Come on!
Watch out. Watch out.
Let's go in the water!
No, don't. Come on!
No, don't go. Don't go. Let's go!
Hey! Let go! Don't go in the water! Don't! No, don't!
Mom! No! No, you stay! No!
Natalie? Natalie!
Mark! Mark!
Prot!
Hey, this guy's as strong as an ox! Betty, quick!
Turn off the goddamn water!
Stay there, Josh. I'll turn it off! I got it.
It's okay.
Prot?
It's okay. It's okay. No, no, no, it's okay, Betty. Where are his glasses?
I got it. Are you all right?
Prot?
You're okay.
Is that apple pie I smell?
Sweetheart, are you all right? Yeah.
He was pushing my daughter on a swing, like he had done a hundred times before.
Not like he was some alien from K-PAX.
I saw him. He was connecting with something.
Some kind of normal life. That's not enough.
He's a violent patient, Mark.
He's not violent.
Something violent happened to him. Something in his past.
When he was going after Natalie, he wasn't trying to harm her, he was trying to protect her.
From the sprinklers? I'm not sure from what.
I need more than a hunch to go on, otherwise I have to send him upstairs.
We need to regress him—take him back into the past, find out what happened and have him confront it.
Regress him? Do you have any idea how risky it is to regress a patient like this one?
It's his only chance.
Claudia, we have to push him. There's no time.
He told me that he's going back to K-PAX on July 27.
That's in three weeks.
I think that he could become violent on that day. Hurt himself, somebody else.
You know what the problem is, Mark.
You're too close to this patient.
Everybody else can see it but you.
I am transferring him to the fourth floor, and that's final.
I know I'm too close to him. All right, fine. I admit it.
Why choose this one to save, Mark?
I don’t know. Maybe—Maybe because I feel...
he chose me.
Has anyone seen Prot?
He went up north for a few days.
"North"? Greenland.
Iceland.
You know.
He had a few countries left to visit before he could finish his report.
Don't worry, Dr. Powell. He'll be back.
How do you know, Ernie?
Because he took his glasses with him, darling.
When he returns to K-PAX, he won't need them.
Patients do not escape from this institution. They don't escape.
There has been no evidence of escape, but obviously, I've notified the police, social services.
I'm gonna have a great time explaining this to the state board.
I got psychotics on the fourth floor packing up their sneakers... because they all think they're going off to K-PAX.
Claudia—Find him.
Well, what about city shelters?
Have you—Have you checked?
No.
No, I'm not telling you how to do your job.
Uh-- Thank-- Thank you.
Dr. Powell, I presume.
Where the hell have you been?
Newfoundland, Greenland, Iceland, uh, Labrador--
All right, cut the crap. We've been looking for you for three days.
I believe I mentioned my taking a trip up north, Mark, in this very garden.
"Taking a trip? You're a patient here.
You don't leave here without a discharge. And don't give me this beam-of-light shit,
because I don't buy it.
What would you say if I were to tell you...
that I don't believe You took any trip at all...
to Iceland or Greenland or anywhere?
That I don't believe You're from K-PAX?
I believe you're as human as I am.
I would say you're in need of a Thorazine drip, Doctor.
Well, there-- there is one way...
You could convince me beyond any doubt.
Of course, I would need your consent.
It's called hypnosis.
I just don't see the point. Let me tell you what your alternative is.
A trip to a place where they'll stick a needle in your ass every morning, which may or may not leave you with a stupid grin on your face...
for the rest of your days here on Earth.
Is that what you'd like?
Prot?
I want to help you.
What we're going to be doing, Prot, is a bit like daydreaming.
I'm gonna count from one to five.
On the count of three, Your eyes will close,
and you will find yourself in a very nice, deep, comfortable, relaxed state of hypnosis.
One. Your eyes are starting to get very heavy now.
Two. I want you to use your imagination...
and imagine small lead weights on your eyelids...
that are just making them so... heavy.
Pulse rate is 40 B.P.M.
Three.
Keep your eyes closed. I'd be concerned if he were human.
Let yourself go way, way down deep.
Four. Let a wave of relaxation move through your body now...
as you go down even deeper.
And five,
going way, way down deep.
You are in a relaxed state of hypnosis now.
How do you feel?
Like...
nothing.
I want you to go back in time.
I want you to recall the first experience that you can remember.
What do you see?
What was that?
What do you see?
Uh--
I see...
casket.
Silver...
with a blue lining.
Whose casket is it?
It's the father of a friend of mine.
What's your friend's name?
I'm not telling.
Do you know how your friend's father died?
He had an accident at the place that he worked at.
He was killed in an accident?
He-- He was hurt and then died later?
Where did he work? The place where they kill cows.
Where is this place?
The pulse rate just shot up ten B.P.M.s.
Do you know where this place is?
I-I want you to relax.
I want to move forward in time now.
Where are you?
It's nighttime.
We're in his house.
At the other boy's house? Yeah.
I want him to come outside.
Why?
To look at the stars.
That's where I come from, you know.
Is your name Prot?
Wow.
How did you know that?
Where are you from, Prot?
I'm from the planet K-PAX.
It's in the constellation Lyra.
Do you know all the constellations?
Yeah. Most of 'em.
And does your friend know them too? Yes, he does.
When his dad got sick and had to stay home, they got a telescope, and his dad taught him about all the constellations. But he's not interested in those right now.
Why not?
Something happened.
That's why he called me.
He calls me when something bad happens.
Like when his father died?
That's right.
How do you know to come? How does the boy call you?
I don't know. I just come. I just-- I just know.
How do you get to Earth?
I wanna go outside. Can I go outside?
Uh-- read-- read his body language, Mark.
I-I don't think he wants to talk anymore today.
All right. Prot?
I want you to just relax now.
Think about the stars.
That's right. I'm gonna count backwards now from five to one, and you'll find yourself wide-awake and refreshed.
Five. You're starting to come out of it now.
Four. You're feeling more alert.
Three. Even more alert.
Two. You're becoming awake now.
And one.
So when do we begin?
It's already over.
Oh, the old "fastest gun in the West" routine, huh?
Let's find the locations of all the slaughter houses operating in the United States.
I mean, how many can there be?
I don't know.
We eliminate, uh, the ones in or near big cities...
and we concentrate on small towns, rural areas, You know, places where You can see the stars.
Joyce, we only have six days.
Shall I bring the crystal or leave it here?
I suppose I won't really need it on K-PAX.
I don't even know what they drink.
Dream on, sister. He can only take one of us with him.
Why the hell would he take a stinker like you? He's taking me.
How dare you! I do not stink.
Nah, forget it, ho. I'm the one goin'.
Yeah? Which one of you?
Okay. Who would like to begin?
Ernie. Uh, I-I was-- I was wondering if it was possible... for us to have Cream of Wheat instead of oatmeal.
Not again. Howie.
I have a suggestion, because there's really, really not much time.
I would like to propose an essay contest...
to decide once and for all who will go with Prot.
I've spoken with him, and he's agreed to read them all by July 27.
So if anyone would like to be considered, please state your reasons in a clear, legible hand... and return them to me.
Russell.
Yes?
Would I get to take my bible to K-PAX?
Of course you would.
We can finish the essays later.
Now, I want you to go back in time again, but not so far back as last time.
Is your friend there?
Is he with you now?
Yeah.
What's his name? I'm not tellin'.
Prot, I would like to know your friend's name.
Well, I ain't gonna tell ya.
Well, we have to call him something.
How about Pete?
Well, that's not his name, but whatever thrills you.
How old are you? One hundred and seventy-five.
How old is Pete? Seventeen.
Tell me about Pete.
What happened?
Is there a problem?
Is that why he called you?
He's got a girlfriend.
And the problem is with the girlfriend? She's pregnant.
He can see it all coming right down the road. You get married, have a bunch of kids, wind up in the same job that killed your dad.
He blames her for this? Oh, no, no, no.
He doesn't blame her? No, he just--
He-- How did he put it? He hates the chains that people shackle themselves with.
I mean, we don't have all that crap on K-PAX. All right, Prot. I want you to listen to me carefully. I want to move forward in time again. Oh, say, two weeks. You--

If you would like to open your eyes or move around, you may. Would you like to? I know that.

Prot?

Prot, when-- It's, uh, according to Your Earth calendar.

And your friend Pete called you? Not for anything in particular.

He just... sometimes wants to talk things over... with someone every now and then.

Tell me about Pete now.

He's a knocker. A "knocker"?

A knocker is the guy that knocks the cow inside of the head... so it won't struggle while they slit its throat.

I know. It's barbaric, isn't it?

Does he still live in the same town?

Oh, just outside of town.

He's got a little place, but he's fixed it up nice. It's got some... trees and a couple of acres... and a river.

It reminds me of K-PAX, except for the river.

Tell me, did he ever marry that pregnant girl?

Wow, what a memory.

Yeah, they got married, but she's no longer pregnant. Why, that was six years ago.

I've forgotten her name.

S--

I didn't tell you her name.

Can you tell me now?

Sara.

Did they have a son or a daughter?

Rebecca.

Rebecca.

It's her birthday next week.

Chak, what's happened? Howie tried to kill Ernie.

What? He's fine.

Ernie? I feel wonderful, Dr. Powell.

For heaven's sake. What happened? Absolutely wonderful.

My good friend Howie, he just about strangled me to death. What?
Son of a bitch, I love him.
Ernie, I don't understand.
You should've seen it.
I was asleep. You know, the way I like-- my hands tied and everything.
He wrapped something around my neck-- a handkerchief or something--
and then tightened it.
There wasn't a damn thing I could do about it.
Well, when I stopped breathing,
he lifted me onto the gurney, rushed me up here,
and they brought me back as quick as they could.
And when I woke up,
You know what I realized, Dr. Powell?
Dying.
Dying's something you have no control over.
Why waste your life being afraid of it?
I'll sleep on my stomach from now on.
I'll eat fish with bones in it.
I'll swallow the biggest pill you can find. Bring it on.
I feel good.
That's terrific, Ernie.
See you at our session tomorrow? Yes.
I cured him, didn't I?
Prot says one more task and I'll be cured too.
And then it's... bon voyage.
Tell me your name, damn it.
I'm gonna give you a specific date,
and I want you to remember where you were and what you were doing on that day.
Do you understand?
Perfectly well, my dear sir.
The date is July 27, 1996.
I'm on K-PAX.
- Are you sure? - Quite sure, governor.
- Are you sure? - Quite sure, governor.
I'm harvesting croppins for a meal.
Croppins are a fungi, like, uh, your truffles.
Big truffles. Delicious. Do you like tru--
Wait a minute.
There it is. What? Is it Pete?
Yes.
I sense something is wrong. He needs me.
I'm now on Earth.
I'm with him.
And where are you? What are you doing?
By a river...
in the back of his house.
It's dark.
He's taking off his clothes.
Why is he doing that?
He's-- What?
What is he doing?
He's trying to kill himself.
Why does he want to kill himself?
Because something terrible has happened.
Has he done something? Has he done something he shouldn't have?
He doesn't want to talk about it.
Prot, I'm trying to help him. I can't help him unless he tells me what happened.
He knows that.
Well, then, why won't he tell me?
Because then You would know...
what even he doesn't want to know.
Then you have to help him, Prot.
You have to help him tell me what happened.
He doesn't want to talk about it. Are you fucking deaf?
Time is running out for him.
Time is running out for everyone.
He jumps in.
He's floating.
Pulse is up to 140. Respiration's at 30.
For God's sake, man, bring him back.
All right. Listen to me.
Listen to me.
You can save him. You're his friend.
I am his friend. That's why I won't try.
Save him. No.
I can't.
The cur-- The current is too strong.
There's no chance.
I... cannot. Listen to me.
You've helped a lot of patients here.
You've helped Mrs. Archer. You've helped Howie and Ernie.
I'm gonna ask you to help cure Pete now.
Let's call it a task.
- I want you to let me speak to him.
If he's listening, I want him to know that he can trust me.
I want him to know that if it was Sara or Rebecca that he did something--
Get in there. No, no, no, wait! Wait, wait, wait, wait!
No. No, stay back. Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
Oh, my God! Oh-- 
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God!
It's okay.
It's all right.
Shh.
That's okay.
It's all right now.
I'm gonna count backwards now from five to one, 
and as I count, You'll become more and more alert.
On the count of one I'll snap my fingers, 
and you'll wake up feeling refreshed.
Five. You're starting to come out of it.
Four. You're becoming more alert.
Three. Even more alert.
Two. You're starting to wake up now.
And one.
Are you okay? Yes.
Feeling fine.
Okay.
Thank you.
Is this-- Is this area code 5-0-5? Where are you?
New Mexico, sir. New Mexico?
"Salva."
Salvation.
Salvation!
There are a dozen Salvation Army shelters in New Mexico.
Albuquerque, Las Cruces, Roswell.
Wait a minute. There's one in Santa Rosa. Santa Rosa. Santa Rosa.
Santa Rosa.
Guelph.
That's pretty damn close to Santa Rosa.
What's the biggest local newspaper for that region?
Guadalupe County Observer, covering Guadalupe County.
All right. Bring that up.
Go to July 27, 1996.
"'Swap meet, livestock sale.'"
Wait. Go to the 28th.
Okay.
There it is!
"Robert Porter. Drowned!"
His name... is Robert Porter.
Robert Porter. | Ah, here it is.
Yeah, I do remember this case.
It was about the biggest thing ever happened around these parts.
He was a quiet type.
As I recall, he was a real smart fella. Kind of brainy.
Strong as a horse, though, and worked as a knocker.
Lived about 20 miles outside of town with his—his wife and child.
Sarah.
His wife's name was Sarah.
That's right.
Damn shame what happened.
You got time to take a ride?
Yeah.
Well, it's been empty.
Yeah, nobody comes around here much anymore...
since all that happened.
Ain't no livin' next of kin to give the place to anyway.
I had detectives come down from Albuquerque...
to try and piece this one together.
Well, accordin' to the official story,
Porter, he was at work when this, uh, this drifter,
Darryl Walker, come by the house.
Two-time parolee lookin' for trouble. You know what I'm sayin'?
Started out as a robbery.
The wife and the daughter were out back.
Sarah?
Sarah?
From what we can gather from forensics and all,
this Walker, he, uh-- he forced the two women into the house.
Raped the wife,
killed 'em both.
Porter, he must've come home and found Walker still here.
God.
Snapped a grown man's neck like it was a twig.
Can't say I wouldn't have done the same myself.
Uh, the river's this way.
They found the clothes there.
That's probably where he jumped in.
And this river can be pretty treacherous.
Even in July it's got a hell of a current.
Still, I suppose it might have been a mistake, officially,
to declare it a drowning when the body was never found.
Doc,
if that boy you got back there in New York is really Robert Porter,
I'd just as soon not know about it.
Know what I mean?
Mark.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Never do that again. I won't.
What happened?
I found what I was looking for.
You sure? Yeah.
Wish I hadn't.
{##And I think it's gonna be a long, long time##}
{## Till I touch down brings me round again to find##}
{##I'm not the man they think I am at home##}
{## Oh, no, no, no##}
{##I'm a rocket man##}
If you wouldn't mind putting mine on top.
{##Burnin' out his fuse up here alone##}
{##And I think it's gonna be a long, long time##}
Prot.
Have a seat.
You all packed? Ready to go?
Quite ready. I travel light.
That's a joke, Mark.
You humans. There's just no sense of humor.
I doubt, uh, Freud ever tried this,
but before someone goes away,
we usually like to send them off with a little toast.
Scotch okay, or would you prefer something more fruity?
I will try the scotch.
Well, here's to a...
safe journey.
Tell you the truth, K-PAX sounds like a beautiful place.
I'd like to see it sometime. Think there's a chance of that?
I think you should see more of your world.
As a matter of fact, I think you should see more of your own family.
Invite your son for Christmas.
I may just do that, Prot.
You know what I've learned about your planet?
There's enough life on Earth to fill 50 planets--plants, animals, people, fungi, viruses--all jostling to find their place,
bouncing off each other, feeding off each other, connected.
You don't have that kind of connection on K-PAX?
Nobody wants, nobody needs.
On K-PAX, when I'm gone, nobody misses me.
There would be no reason to.
And yet I sense that when I leave here,
I will be missed.
Yes.
Strange feeling.
You don't have to leave, Prot.
I'm sure there must be some way that I can help you...
to stay as one of us.
I will miss you, Dr. Powell.
Oh.
And I have to finish my report, but...
I seem to have misplaced my pencil.
Take mine.
A much more efficient writing tool.
Adios, my friend.
Prot?
I wanna show you something.
That is Robert Porter.
Prot, that's you.
You and Robert Porter are the same person.
That's patently absurd. I'm not even human.
Can't you at least admit the possibility?
I will admit the possibility that I am Robert Porter...
if you will admit the possibility...
that I am from K-PAX.
Now if you'll excuse me,
I have a beam of light to catch.
Oh, Mark.
Now that you've found Robert,
please take good care of him.
### That nobody can deny#
### That nobody can deny#
# That nobody can deny #
# For he's a-- I can't stand it.
I-- I can't stand this!
I demand to know...
which one of us is goin' with you.
Well, I can tell you this.
There's extra points for the one who goes to sleep first.
Out of my way!
Oh, my gosh.
You never gave me my last task.
What's my last task?
To stay here.
And be prepared...
for anything.
You look tired, Doc. Why don't you get a few hours of rest?
He's not goin' anywhere. Uh--
We got seven hours. I'll see you in four, hmm?
Get some rest.
You're gonna eat.
You need some food and you need to sleep.
Chow Fun.
Oh, the place on Broadway with the ugly lanterns in the window?
The mean walter always shouted at us.
Their fortune cookies never had any fortunes in 'em.
We never needed any.
I knew my fortune that night.
He was sitting right in front of me.
Hope he still is.
Hey. What's up, man?
Look, 20 says he goes. You're on.
Shit!
Oh, damn it!
Two minutes. You know where Dr. Powell is?
I'll buzz him.
One minute.
Here comes Dr. Powell!
He's moving.

Repeat:
What the hell?
Wait for me, you--
Son of a bitch.
Oh, God.
Oh, man. Oh, God.
Call a code blue. Help me. Let's get him.
Who's that? Beats me. How'd he get in here?
That's not Prot. He's definitely not Prot.
Certainly not. Prot's gone.
Where's Bess?
Where's Bess? Bess?
He chose Bess.
Bitch!
Good-bye, Bess.
Good for you, | homegirl.
Bess went to K-PAX.
Patient 287, Robert Porter.
How I wish I could say that | Robert sat up one fine day...
and said, "I'm hungry. | Got any fruit?"
Like most catatonics,
he probably hears | every word we say...
but refuses | or is unable to respond.
Nevertheless, | I keep him up to date.
Let's see. | I told you about Howie.
He got that job | at the public library.
And Ernie, he's determined | to be a crisis counselor.
The only one we're, uh, | really concerned about is Bess.
You know, we've checked | halfway houses, shelters,
churches, bus stops.
Nothing.
Uh, we don't understand. | It's like...
people don't just disappear.
July 27th?
You wouldn't happen to know | anything about that, would you?
Robert?
No.
Well, maybe | it'll come to you.
Whenever you're ready, | I'll be waiting.
I want to tell you | something, Mark,
something you | do not yet know,
but we K-PAXians have been | around long enough | to have discovered.
The universe will expand,
then it will collapse | back on itself,
and then it will | expand again.
It will repeat | this process forever.
What you don't know is that | when the universe expands again,
everything will be | as it is now.
What ever mistakes you make | this time around, you will | live through on your
next pass.
Every mistake you make...
you will live through...
again and again, forever.
So my advice to you is to | get it right this time around,
because this time...
is all you have.
You're lookin' great, | Michael. | Think so?
Thanks. | How you doin'?
Good. How was your-- | How was your trip?
Was it--|Was it good?
{##Maybe this is forever###
{##Forever fades away###
{##Like a rocket ascending###
{##Into space###
{## Could you not be sad###
{## Could you not breakdown###
{##After all###
{##I won't let go###
{## Until you're safe and sound###
{## Until you're safe and sound###
{## There's beauty in release###
{## There's no one left to please###
{##But you and me###
{##I don't blame you for quitting###
{##I know you really tried###
{##Only you could hang on###
{##Through the night###
{##'Cause I don't wanna be lonely###
{##I don't wanna be scared###
{##And all our friends###
{##Are waiting there###
{## Until you're safe and sound###
{## Until you're safe and sound###
{## There's beauty in release###
{## There's no one left to please###
{##But you and me###
{## Until you're safe and sound###
{##Feel like I could have held on###
{##Feel like I could have let go###
{##Feel like I could have helped you###
{##Feel like I could have changed you###
{## Until you're safe and sound###
{##Feel like I could have held you###
{##Feel like I could have let you###
{##Until you're safe and sound###
{##Feel like I was a stranger###
{##Feel like I was an angel###
{## Until you're safe and sound###
{##Feel like I was a hero###
{##Feel like I was a zero###| {##Safe and sound###
{##Feel like I could have killed you###
{##Feel like I could have healed you###
{## Until you're safe and sound###
# Feel like I could have touched you#
# Feel like I could have saved you#
# Until you're safe and sound#
# Feel like I should have known you#
# Until you're safe and sound#
# Feel like I could have changed you#
# Feel like I could have moved you#
# Until you're safe and sound#
# Feel like I should have told you#
# Feel like I could have known you#
# Feel like I could have loved you#
# Feel like I could attract you#
# Feel like I could have saved you#
# Feel like I really loved you#
# Feel like I really loved you#