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Malice

By Aaron Sorkin

Little Ricky, where are you baby?
Come on, honey. It's dinner time.
It's your favorite flavor. Liver buffet.
Where are you?
There you are.
Hey, what're you doing under there?
What you doing under there?
What's the matter?
Ricky, baby,
what's the matter sweetheart?
They're ready for you, Doctor.
- How is she?
- Still in the OR.
We haven't heard anything yet.
When did this happen?
He was waiting for her at her place
when she got home from class.
Forensics says it was the same man
who raped Cara Latham.
Did you really need a forensics expert
to tell you that?
- Andy.
- Dana, when was the last time
I asked your department to beef up
the security and cameras, right?
I mean not the first four times.
Just the last time.
Don't get pissy with me, Professor.
I don't have the manpower
to break up a frat party.
- Suction.
- Suction.
What's that pressure?
We're under 70. Sixty-nine.
She's sliding down pretty fast.
- We're gonna lose her, Doctor.
- I would not bet my ranch on that.
David, drop 0.2 CCs of epinephrine.
- Tanya, give me the stitch please.
- 3-0 silk.
We're down at 63. Epinephrine, Doctor?
No, not yet.
Sixty.
Still think it's a Phenobarb reaction?

Epinephrine.

In.

All right.

Ease up on that retraction pressure.

Sixty-five and going up.

Don't worry about that.

- 68.

- I don't believe it.

- 72.

- How about some scissors?

- Metzenbaum.

- Beautiful.

80. She's out of the woods.

- Way to practice medicine.

Irrigation please. - Irrigation.

Dr. Robertson,

would you please close for me?

- You got it.

- Nice going, people.

By the way, everybody,

it's great to be in Saint Agnes.

That was good work.

- Dr. Robertson... May I call you Matthew?

- Of course.

Matthew,

I'm the new guy around here

and I want to make friends,

so I'll say this to you

and we'll start fresh.

If you don't like my jokes, don't laugh.

If you have a medical opinion,

please speak up and speak up loud.

But if you ever again tell me or my surgical

staff that we're going to lose a patient,

I'm going to take out your lungs

with a fucking ice-cream scoop.

Do you understand me?

I'm not gonna like you, am I?

Don't be ridiculous. Everybody likes me.

- Dr. Hill.

- Yeah.

I'm Andy Safian.

I'm Associate Dean at the college

and I wondered if you could tell me

anything about Bridget Kelly's condition.

Well, she has a badly contused liver,
but I think she's gonna be just fine.

Great. Thanks to you.

Well, come to the midnight show,

I levitate the next of kin.

It's Jed Hill, right?

Yeah.

"Gallopig" Jed Hill?

Excuse me.

We were at the high school together.

You're kidding me.

- You went to Van Buren?

- Yeah.

How long you've been in Westerly?

Well, I've been here about nine hours now.

Van Buren, huh?

Yeah, well, we weren't in the same...

We didn't travel in the same circles but...

- Did I give you a hard time?

- No, you didn't know who the hell I was.

Dr. Hill.

Hi, Tanya.

I just wanted to say congratulations.

We're all very happy that you're here.

Well, thank you. It's nice to be here.

Looks like you're big man

on campus again.

- I hope to see you around.

- Yeah, me, too.

That's wonderful, Michelle.

Hey, why don't we try painting

on the paper not on your arm?

- I am a boogeyman.

- Teacher, teacher!

Hey, Jason, don't you ever, ever play

with plastic bags

or I'll tie you up and I'll feed you

to little cape monster. You got it?

Hi. I heard what happened.

Can you go on lunch now?

Give me a minute.

Yeah, the guy got in

when she was out at her class.

- She's gonna be all right?

- Looks like it.

Turns out that your hospital
has a new surgeon,
this whiz kid from Mass General
who did a great job.

So I went back to introduce myself,
to thank him and are you ready for this?

- We went to high school together.

- Oh, no kidding.

- Speak of the devil...

- And the devil appears.

I was just recounting
all your exploits here.

This is my wife, Tracy.

Tracy, this is Dr. Jed Hill.

Any high school friend of Andy's...

- This is Dr. Sullivan, Alan and
Tracy Safian. - Andy.

Andy. Andy works at the college.

- He's associate dean of students.

- Fantastic.

I don't leap tall buildings
in a single bound.

- But we are very proud of him.

- That's well. You should be.

Listen, we're having a small reception
to welcome Jed to Saint Agnes.

Why don't you come along?

We'd love to,

but we have a lunch appointment.

Maybe some other time.

Definitely.

- Nice meeting you, Tracy.

- Yeah, nice to meet you.

Well, we got the estimate
from the plumber this morning.

And?

- Are you ready for this?

- How much?

It's 13,000 and change.

How much change?

It's 14,000.

All right, forget it.

I'm gonna do the work myself.
- I got a better idea.
- No.
Well, just for a little while.
It'll pay some bills.
We rent it to
some visiting lecturer or something.
I don't want to rent out the third floor.
I don't want a stranger in our house.
All right, suit yourself.
Would've been nice living in a home
with running water but...
I'm a simple girl.
- Hey, I'm gonna pick you up after work.
- No, it's okay.
Forget it. I'm gonna pick you up.
There's a maniac loose in this town.
Helen can give me a ride.
- She can? Are you sure?
- Yeah. Yes.
Make sure she waits
until you're inside the house.
I'll have her provide air coverage
if you want.
It's funny. I married a funny woman.
- See you.
- Goodnight. See you.
You know in street clothes,
Helen looks positively masculine.
What?
Helen. You said you were
getting a ride home from Helen.
- Were you spying on me?
- No, no. I was just looking out my window.
Then you were looking
at Dennis Riley, Andy.
He was my mother's lawyer.
He had papers for me to sign.
What kind of papers?
Something about my mother's estate.
What is this?
- Your mother's estate?
- Yes.
You told me she barely got by

on a social security check.
And now she's Lady Astor?
Come on, Andy.
There was a small account.
It handled the cemetery arrangements.
The money's run out.
Dennis wanted to talk to me about.
Now what is it you want
to talk to me about?
Sorry.
Hey, listen, would you think
any less of me if I used a fork?
I'm beginning to lose my strength here.
I can't let that happen.
Lie back. Give it to me.
Lie back. That's right.
All the way back.
- Technique, huh?
- The expert.
It's all in my hands, see?
Open. Open up.
Good boy. Delicious, huh?
Open.
That's good. More.
Look, I think your strength
is returning.
It's a miracle.
Andy.
- What?
- He's there again.
So?
He's looking at us.
Sounds like he's playing
one of those electric keyboards.
Jesus, it gives me the creeps.
Be nice. His mother works at night.
I think she's a night nurse.
He's probably lonely.
We gotta get some curtains up in here.
It's a priority.
Curtains are now the priority.
Not until we decide what to paint.
There is no point in painting if we are
gonna rip up the floors with the plumbing.

So, really, we're back
to where we started.

Jeez.

Front door was wide open.

You scared the hell out of me.

- I should have knocked but...

- Oh, no, no.

Yeah. I have been working
with all this paint remover.

Sometimes I get a headache
from all the fumes.

- You should be taking a B complex.

- Say again?

Well, a loading dose of a B-12
would help to enhance the cerebral...

- Never mind.

- No, no, no.

Why did you stop? That sounded great.

Well, no, it just occurred to me
that I was suggesting

you take a jar of vitamins,

when the smart thing to do

would be to leave the door open.

Look at that. I saved myself \$5.95.

I was in the neighborhood

looking at some houses

and I thought I would take you and

your wife up on that rain check for lunch.

Great. Well, Tracy is out at her class

but I can get cleaned up

and we could go out ourselves.

- Sounds good.

- All right. Okay, I'll be right back.

So this is a real Victorian, huh?

Yeah, buried under

a hundred years of paint.

It was part of the underground railroad

during the civil war.

What it lacks in comfort,

it makes up for in history.

You know anything about architecture?

Architecture? Architecture is my life.

If I hadn't been a doctor,

I'd have been a...

I'd have been a building.
Is this a Degas?
Yeah. I think it's original.
Tracy's father gave it to her.
She's been having these abdominal pains.
- How often?
- Maybe once every couple of days.
How long do they last?
Maybe half a minute,
sometimes a little longer.
Is she seeing someone?
Yeah, a doctor in Boston
named Lillianfield.
David Lillianfield. Do you know him?
I've heard of him.
Lillianfield is a good man.
The thing is, we really wanna have kids.
Tracy is nuts about it. So am I.
I'll tell you what.
Give it another couple of weeks and if there
is no change, have her come by and see me.
- All right.
- Hey, Stanley.
Hey, Doc, it hurts when I do this.
Then don't do that.
And get some new jokes, Stanley.
So I told him,
"Why don't you come by and look at ours,
"and maybe it would work out?"
You did what?
You're the one who wanted to rent it out.
I thought you'd be thrilled.
Do I look thrilled?
You're not thrilled. I can see that now,
but this is better than a visiting lecturer.
Jed is a friend.
He's not a friend.
He didn't even remember your name, Alan.
I mean, common the guy had
just been through 12 hours of surgery.
What is it, Andy?
You want to relive the high school,
be friends with the quarterback
this time?

No, he was the running back.
And stop talking to me like I'm 11.
What's your problem with this guy?
I mean he's smart, he's funny,
and he's a brilliant doctor.
I know. I know he's brilliant, Andy.
I can tell by the way
the nursing staff genuflect
when he walks down the hallway.
I mean, this guy doesn't have friends,
he has subjects.
Well, it's not too late,
we can call it off.
No, no. I'm leaving it up to you.
If you want to live with that,
it's your decision.
You're gonna get to like him.
You really will.
And you know what else?
We could even ask him
to recommend another doctor for you.
Hold on. What?
If for no other reason,
then it's ludicrous to drive two hours
to see Lillianfield in Boston
when we could just easily...
Andy, please tell me
you didn't say anything to Jed.
Please tell me you didn't share
my problems with him.
It came up.
It came up.
I apologize.
All right.
I will go along with this
for a few months
only because I have my heart set on a sofa
to go with the step ladder.
Oh, my God, is he moving in tonight?
- You're assuming it's Jed?
- I'm quite certain it's Jed. Open the door.
It could be anyone.
Angels could dance on pinheads, Andy,
but they don't. It's Jed.

- What makes you so sure?

- You want to bet me?

No.

Because once money is involved,
you take me seriously, right?

Hello.

Dr. Hill. Please come in.

Hey, Jed.

Andy just got through telling me
we're gonna be roommates.

Well, that's why I stopped by.

I just wanted to make sure
that it was really okay.

Yeah. Don't be silly.

I'm looking forward to it.

She is. She is really
looking forward to it.

Excellent.

The mid-term was at 8:30.

I set my alarm for 7:00
and it didn't go off.

I mean, if Professor Schmidt wants to give
me an incomplete, then I really don't care.

I can't control everything in this world.

My alarm didn't go off.

That's good. That's very good, Paula.

That's so much better than locking
your copy of Beowulf in your friend's car.

Thank You.

Yeah.

- Detective Harris wishes to see you.

- Really.

I'm amazed she could find the building.

We'll have to continue this next week
if you don't mind.

Fine.

Hang on, Paula.

Hi, Dana, go on in.

I'll be just a second.

Mrs. Worthington, I want you to note
all test and exam times for Ms. Paula Bell.

She's to receive wake up calls
from this office.

Wake up calls?

She can't be expected to
control the world, Mrs. Worthington.
Her alarm didn't go off.
I'll see you next week, Paula.

- Sorry.

- Jesus.

Was she able to
give any kind of description?

All she remembers is
her cat crouching under a chair
and an arm grabbing her from behind.

Is there any chance
she'll remember more?

I don't think so.

So...

- What do we do now?

- We?

"We" don't do anything, Andy.

Only one of us is a police detective.

Maybe not even that many.

Collegiate wit. Let me search my mind
for a clever comeback.

How about "bite me"?

Touch.

We have ordered more

"Security Precautions" pamphlets.

- More pamphlets?

- That's right.

Do you know what I see
when I come to work every morning?

I see fathers loading steamer trunks,
suitcases, fichus plants
and daughters into station wagons.

Presumably to drive them off to school
so that they don't pose
quite as high a death threat.

See, I don't think I'm being
unreasonable when I ask

what you and your
crack-team of professionals are doing
other than distributing literature
to repress this situation.

I need a list of anyone who had access
to the students' schedules.

Both victims were out of class
when our guy got in.

So you have narrowed it down
to a couple of thousand people.
A list, Andy. I need it, now.

Dana.

- What do you think he does with the hair?

- The hair?

Yeah, he cuts off all their hair.
What do you think he does with it?

He makes pillows. Who knows?

Billy, I want you in bed by 10:00,
you hear me?

You scared the shit out of me.

I'm sorry about that.

What the hell are you doing in here?

- Are you all right?

- No, I'm not all right.

Anybody home?

Up here, honey.

This is ridiculous.

Baby, go to sleep.

Who the hell can sleep
with them going at it all night?

It's been like three hours.

I'll ask him to turn it down.

No, I don't want to make
a big thing about it.

No, no, if you can't fall asleep...

- You think maybe he heard us?

- I hope so.

- Where're you going?

- To the bathroom.

I know why guys like you become doctors.

- It's not what you think.

- Yeah?

I think it's so you can make a lot of money
and see a lot of naked women.

Well, then it is what you think.

Hey, pace yourself.

I'm not done with you yet.

- I'm impervious to alcohol.

- Yeah?

We'll see about that.

Tracy.

You all right?

Yeah. I'll be right there.

- You had me worried for a second.

- No, I'm fine.

Come on, let's go to bed.

Hey, hey. Got to get out there, old man.

Six miles a day keeps the doctor away.

- You want some coffee?

- No, never touch in the morning.

- You okay, Trace?

- I'm fine.

Well, I'll grab quick shower,

fly over to the hospital.

I'll catch you guys later.

Are you sure she didn't call to
cancel her appointment?

Yes, I'm sure. In fact,

I called her yesterday to remind her.

- Did you try calling her again?

- Nobody's there, professor.

- I keep getting her answering machine.

- She's there.

She's dodging the call.

Paula?

Paula!

I'm gonna need a statement.

Andy.

You wanna hear about the first time

I ever saw a corpse?

No.

It was my first year of medical school,
gross anatomy.

The takes a real saw
to the cadavers head.

People were running out of the room.

They're passing out, turning green.

I tell you, it really didn't
bother me over that much, though.

It's a great story, Jed.

Of course, I'll never look at a cantaloupe
the same way again, but other than that...

Hey, You'll get over it.

Hey, Stanley, who the hell is that

in the backfield?

Livelle something. He's off the bench.

- What happened to Krakowski?

- Flunked the piss test.

That upsets me.

Guy can't stay off of cocaine
even for one million dollars.

Man, I'll give my right arm
for a million dollars.

We cannot afford plumbing,
for Christ's sake.

- Would you really?

- What?

Give your right arm
for one million dollars?

- You mean like, literally?

- Yeah.

Well, not even an arm.

Let's just say a finger.

One finger, for one million dollars?

Oh, God, this is a strange conversation.

What we're talking about
is a surgical procedure
just to the joint. Would you do it?

No.

Really?

Would you?

No.

Oh, man.

I should be getting back.

Here, let me...

No, no, no, no.

Hey, stay and have
one more drink with me.

No. Tracy's gonna be home.

- I'll see you.

- Yeah.

Stanley.

Would you please bring those two girls
a round of whatever it is they're drinking?

- Bourbon.

- Bourbon it is.

- Got a minute?

- Sure.

This is the living room.

Have a seat.

I just need you to

clear up a few things for me.

Like what?

Paula Bell came to see you three times,
is that right?

That's right.

- It would have been four times, only...

- What is this?

Last night we matched the soil sample
taken from Paula Bell's carpet
to a sample taken from your yard.

I went inside, I told you that.

We also matched it to a sample
taken from Bridget Kelly's room.

Bridget came by here to
pick up a letter of recommendation.

Am I a suspect, Dana?

Am I a fucking suspect?

All three victims had been in to see you
before they were attacked.

I found Paula, for Christ's sake.

- What was it that made you go to her house?

- She missed her appointment.

So you went to her house?

Yes, because she was a screw-up
and I have a responsibility.

- What's your blood type, Andy?

- O positive.

See, as luck would have it,
you have the same blood type
as the perpetrator.

Dana, this is crazy.

In my entire life

I have never harmed anyone.

I believe you.

I don't think you're the guy.

Thank you.

I need you to do something for me.

It's procedural, I wouldn't be doing
my job if I didn't ask you to do it.

Do what?

I need a sperm sample to test

against the one taken from the victims.
I can't believe this.
It's a simple thing, take maybe in an hour.
You'll be eliminated as a suspect.
What if I refuse?
You get to wear my handcuffs.
- Damn.
- No, no. That's much better.
- No, it's not.
- No, it is.
At least you're not
hitting innocent bystanders.
Beautiful.
Andy.
Andy.
Oh, God.
911. Emergency.
The rotator cuff, if you don't mind,
it's right in here, okay.
I pierce that, he can't even comb
his hair, let alone throw a ball.
That thing's been beeping all night.
Are you a drug dealer?
Yeah, you can say that.
Stanley.
Somebody talk to me.
We've got massive hemorrhaging.
It's probably an ovary.
We'll have some more numbers
in a few minutes.
- Blood type.
- AB negative. We need more.
Tanya, get a hold of the Mass General,
Boston, and Mercy, Hartford, in that order.
If they're low, we're gonna need donors.
I'm sorry we had to
put you through this, Andy.
You can go home now.
Andy.
- Mr. Safian.
- Yeah.
Your wife's name came up on a 911.
It's a medical emergency.
- David, what's the blood pressure?

- 93 above 57.
- Heart rate?
- 86.
- Quick count?
- 27.

Jed, did you see this?

Four to five weeks would be my guess.

- She is pregnant?
- Not for long.

Her fetus will abort

from the trauma of the procedure.

Whenever you're ready, doctor.

Dr. Hill.

All right, let's go.

- Scalpel.
- Scalpel.
- Mr. Safian.
- Yeah.

- What happened to my wife?

- She's bleeding internally.

Dr. Hill will come and talk to you soon as her condition is stabilized.

- Is she conscious?
- I'm sorry Mr. Safian, that's all I know.

We're almost done.

I just wanna have one last look around.

Check for rings and watches.

- Suction.
- Suction.

All right, I think we've got it all.

It's amazing it didn't rupture sooner.

Jed.

We've got some pathology in the second ovary.

- Let me have a look in here. Harrington.
- Harrington.

It was torsed when I unpacked it.

Think it's necrotic?

All right I want to do a frozen section right away,

see if we still get a viable ovary here.

- We can't.
- Why not?
- The pathologist isn't in house.

- Well, what do I do for frozen section?
- We can call him in.
- How long would that take?
30, 40 minutes.
Hell, I'd better get a microscope
and do it myself.
It'll take at least a half an hour
for the processor to warm up.
- What's the pressure?
- 78.
- I don't have that kind of time.
- You got maybe half that, tops.
All right. Irrigate and try to
get the BP back up. I'll be right back.
- Come with me.
- What's going on?
Just come with me.
I had to remove one of Tracy's ovaries.
It ruptured. A large cyst had developed
and that what was causing her pain.
I have to be direct with you
because we're little under the gun.
- Is it under control?
- Not yet.
There is a problem
with Tracy's second ovary.
We discovered it was torsed or twisted
around in its own blood supply.
If I remove it, I'm simply
removing a dead organ
and in all likelihood
Tracy will lead a normal, healthy life.
But...
She won't ever be able to have children.
If I close her up now, she could die of
toxic-shock in the middle of the night.
Do whatever you have to do.
- Tracy's gonna be fine.
- Yeah.
- But what?
- I'll tell you later.
No. No, tell me now.
Tracy was pregnant. Of four weeks.
- Tracy is pregnant?

- No Andy.

The fetus aborted.

She sustained a lot of trauma.

There was nothing that could be done.

- I'm sorry.

- Yeah.

Vascular clamp.

Dr. Hill, I think this might be a mistake.

How do you know it's not still viable?

This is the wife of a friend, Matthew.

I'm not taking any chances. Scalpel.

You could be taking out a viable ovary.

It's necrotic. Scalpel.

Without the histology,

you can't be sure.

I'm sure.

Tanya, give me the scalpel.

Jed.

- What you got there, George?

- It's from pathology.

The Histology report?

We took out a healthy ovary.

Only the surface was necrotic.

Jed, take this.

Look at it.

Then burn it.

That's a nice gesture, George. Really.

The technician owes me a favor.

Lab won't be a problem.

It'll be a problem for me.

This hospital took out a healthy ovary.

I took out the ovary. No one else.

It was a judgment call

and I stand by it.

- Are you gonna be all right?

- I'll be fine.

I didn't do anything wrong.

I figured you probably hadn't

eaten anything in a while.

We should talk later, okay?

Well, Andy, I wanted to have

a word with Tracy.

Maybe later, okay? Jed...

Hello, Mrs. Safian.

You gave us quite a scare.

Did I?

Tracy, I know you've been told
all about what's happened.

Yes.

I don't know if there's any point in
telling you how sorry I am.

I spoke with a lawyer this morning.

I want to make sure you don't
do this to someone else.

There'll be some depositions
in about a week.

I think we can bring them down from
the 30 million in a settlement.

Let's not dick each other around here.

30 million, 25 million,
what difference does it make?

You know anything
over 10 million dollars
and I can't get insurance in this
or any other state.

- I say we go to a jury.

- I can't recommend that.

Why not?

Let me tell you what a jury sees.

A jury sees a beautiful young woman
married to a mild-mannered teacher.
They buy an old house and dream of
filling it up with children.

Now that is a Norman Rockwell painting
and you have ripped it to shreds
with your scalpel.

You are my lawyer. Am I right here?

It's not my job
to hold your hand, doctor.

It's not your job
to be an asshole either, counselor,
but that doesn't seem
to be stopping here.

Maybe if we all calm down.

We could bring in a private investigator,
dig up something on her background.

Lester, she volunteered five days a week
in a children's ward.

And baked cookies for the staff.
Looks like you picked the
wrong patient to screw up on, doctor.
I didn't pick her, counselor.
Physicians don't get to choose.
I'll need an 'expert.
Who do you want to call?
- What do you mean?
- An expert. Someone to make a statement.
A statement saying what?
A statement saying that
you are as good as you think you are.
Call Dr. Martin Kessler.
Harvard Medical School.
Is that it, Miss?
Yes.
- How will I get in touch with you?
- You won't.
I don't want you to.
Tracy, why won't you let me help you
get through this?
This isn't a phase, Andy.
I can't have children. Ever.
He thought you were going to die.
Right about now he's wishing I did.
Tracy, I love you.
He took my insides out,
and you gave him permission.
Goodbye, Andy.
Dr. Kessler, would you describe
your history and relationship to Dr. Hill?
Dr. Hill was a student of mine
at medical school.
Upon graduation I asked him
to serve his residency
under my direction at Mass General.
And when he finished the residency,
I asked him to join our surgical staff.
Dr. Kessler, how long have you been
teaching at Harvard Medical school?
Twenty-one years.
How long have you been
chief of staff at Mass General?
Fourteen years.

So you've been in a position to work with thousands of young doctors. Am I correct?

Yes.

I might add that the doctors I've had the pleasure to teach and work with are among the very best in the world. And how would Dr. Hill rank in this group that are among the very best in the world?

- There's no one any better.

- Thank you.

Mr. Riley.

Dr. Kessler, your faith in Dr. Hill's surgical talent is obvious.

And completely deserved.

Dr. Kessler, seven months ago the position of Chief of Surgery became available on Mass General. Did Jed Hill seek this position?

Yes, he did.

- Did you give the position to Jed?

- Excuse me, my client's name is Dr. Hill.

Forgive me,

did you award the position to Dr. Hill?

- No.

- Why not?

Well, he was certainly qualified...

But you didn't give him the job.

There were many other candidates.

- Surgeons more qualified?

- This isn't a trial, Mr. Riley.

Dr. Kessler, during Dr. Hill's residency in Mass General you wrote several quarterly evaluations. Evaluations to be read and reviewed by hospital administrators, department heads.

Yes.

I'm looking at one right now dated June 15th, 1982, and bearing your signature.

It's coming around.

I'd like to read from page three, paragraph four.

"While Jed Hill consistently remains

the most skilled
"and the brightest of our residents,
"we should not ignore what I and several
of his colleagues observed
"to be an indulgence
of the 'God complex'."
"God complex." That's not a typo, was it?
It says "God complex."
That was written a decade ago.
What's a God complex?
How did you get this information?
This was privileged information.
Dr. Kessler, what's a God complex?
It's a term that has no clinical meaning
at all. Doctors throw it around...
Sir, with all due respect,
but knock it off.
What did you mean in this evaluation
when you said Dr. Hill had a God complex?
The power to heal can be
an enormous thing, an enormous thing.
To save a life, to get blood flowing
into cells and vital organs.
If a person can do that, and if one
can do it as exceptionally as Dr. Hill,
it's not uncommon for a person like that
to begin to believe that he can do anything.
The power to heal can be like a drug.
"Like a drug", you're saying?
Would it be uncommon for a person with a
God complex to reject the advice of others?
No.
Would it be uncommon for such a person
to proceed on a course
that others might reject if only
out of a sense of a God like power?
I think now you're vastly overstating.
- Is that why you didn't give Dr. Hill the job?
- There were a number of other factors.
Is that why you removed a healthy ovary
without any scientific diagnosis?
Don't you address my client, Mr. Riley.
Do you have a God complex?
This is not acceptable.

- No, no. Let him address me.

- Jed.

No, no. It's about time.

I got to give some answers here.

Stop typing. This is off the record.

The question is,

do I have a God complex?

Dr. Kessler says yes.

Which makes me wonder

if this lawyer has any idea

as to the kind of grades

one has to receive in college

to be accepted at a top medical school.

If you have the vaguest clue

as to how talented someone has to be

to lead a surgical team.

I have an M.D. from Harvard,

I am board certified

in cardio-thoracic medicine

and trauma surgery,

I have been awarded citations

from seven different medical boards

in New England,

and I am never, ever sick at sea.

So I ask you,

when someone goes into that chapel

and they fall on their knees

and they pray to God

that their wife doesn't miscarry

or that their daughter

doesn't bleed to death,

or that their mother doesn't suffer acute

neural trauma from post-operative shock,

who do you think they're praying to?

Now, go ahead and read your Bible, Dennis,

and you go to your church,

and, with any luck,

you might win the annual raffle,

but if you're looking for God,

he was in operating room number two

on November 17,

and he doesn't like

to be second guessed.

You ask me if I have a God complex.

Let me tell you something.
I am God.
And this sideshow is over.
You got a winner here, Lester.
Call my office in the morning
and we'll work out a settlement.
- It gets better.
- What do you mean?
We talked to the bartender
of a place called Prince William Tavern.
Ask God how many shots of bourbon
he had before he cut me open.
The insurance company will wire a draft
into my firm's account
by sometime next week.
Assuming you sign it right away,
you should get your money
few days after that.
Listen, there are some things
we should discuss now,
like an umbrella policy.
Dennis, this isn't such
a good time for me.
Tracy, we're talking about \$20 million.
Dennis, I think about what I want
for breakfast, I start crying.
You can put the money in a coffee can,
for all I care.

- It's after 8:

- I'll see you tomorrow.
- You should go home.
- I'll see you tomorrow.

Mrs. Worthington.

Mrs. Worthington.

Mr. Leemus.

Mr. Leemus.

Jesus!

You surprised me.

I was working on the furnace.

I didn't know anybody else was here.

I saw the lights...

It's my mother's hair.

She's not alive anymore.

That's her in the picture.
I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to get any of your things.
- That's okay.
- I just, I...
I came down to get a light bulb.
I didn't realize that...
- You live down here?
- No, no. Just for a while.
My landlady asked me to leave,
put me in a tight spot.
I won't stay here long. No.
I promise, Mr. Safian.
No, you stay here
as long as you want, Earl.
- I'll just take this and
I'll head back out. - Sure.
- Good night, Mr. Safian.
- Good night, Earl.
Don't worry,
you don't look as bad as the other guy.
So help me God, I could have killed him.
Junior, have you met the professor?
A very tough guy.
If you want something done all right,
goddamn it, you call a teacher.
Let me buy you a drink.
You know, there is one thing
I realized during all of this.
Jed had just come out of the OR
to talk to me. He was covered in blood
and he was telling me
what he was about to do
and then he needed
my permission to do it.
And there was a second,
maybe a second and a half,
between him telling me
that Tracy was pregnant
and him telling me that the fetus
was aborted during surgery.
And that second, that second and a half,
that was the happiest time in my life.
That is a horrible story.

It's the worst story I've ever heard.
And I appreciate your words of comfort.
I mean it, Andy.
You're like a fucking Job,
shit just happens to you.
Have you had a lot of success
talking jumpers in from window ledges?
- Let me ask you something.
- Sure.
How well do you know Tracy?
She's my wife. What do you mean?
My brothers, my friends,
and my ex-husband
Have all accused me of wielding my sense
of honesty like a blunt instrument.
I don't want to hurt you anymore
than you have been,
but I'm fairly sure
I'm doing the right thing.
What are you talking about?
I want you to come back to the station
with me.
I wanna show you something.
- Sir? Sir, can I help you?
- I'm gonna see Jed Hill.
What the hell happened to you?
It wasn't my baby.
What?
It wasn't my baby.
Come inside.
What the hell happened to your face?
Doesn't matter. You know what this is?
This is a police test.
It's a lab report.
I don't understand.
It is a sperm sample I made
after the Paula Bell rape.
I'm sterile.
Can I have a look at that, please?
I can't have any children,
so it wasn't my baby.
You got to call your lawyer, Jed.
You call your lawyer,
you have 'em tell the insurance company

to stop the presses because this thing,
no, it's not over yet.

Andy, this isn't about me.

It's about both of us, Jed.

She reamed both of us. It's too late for me,
but it's not too late for you.

Andy, I don't mean to seem indelicate,
but as far as my situation is concerned,
it doesn't matter if Tracy was sleeping
with the Boston Celtics.

I took out her reproductive system.

It was a wrong call
and the bill was \$20 million.

No. That's where you're wrong. See,
the \$20 million is a big settlement, right?

That wasn't for the fuck-up.

That was for the victim.

The insurance company
settled high and fast
because they thought
they're up against Snow White.

What happens if Snow White is shacking up
with her lawyer Jed, huh?

You tell me.

Andy, you're hurt and you want revenge.

And I can understand that,
but I got what I deserved.

And you know something,
as much as this pains you,
no matter what Tracy
was doing behind your back,
she got a hell of a lot worse
than she deserved.

Did I?

- Did you what?

- Did I get what I deserved?

Bad things happen to good people
all the time, Andy, and for no reason.

Take my word for it.

I'll see you later.

What are you gonna do, Andy?

I'm gonna go out
and get to know my wife.

Hi, Dennis!

He doesn't have an appointment, Mr. Riley.
He just walked right in.
She tried to stop me, Dennis.
See, I can call him Dennis
'cause we're old friends.
We both slept with my wife.
Claudia, call security.
Do that Claudia
and then call the US Attorney's office
and see if conspiracy
to commit insurance fraud
comes under their jurisdiction.
- Forget security, Claudia.
- Sir?
Just close the door behind you.
Thank you.
This... This is a nice office.
What the hell happened to your face?
I beat the shit out
of a deeply disturbed serial rapist.
Hey, I want an explanation.
An explanation for what?
For how my wife could have been pregnant
when her husband's sterile?
What was it? Immaculate conception?
If that's the case, Dennis, I wouldn't have
settled for \$20 million if I were you.
Andy, I had no knowledge of this.
And I wasn't sleeping with your wife,
if that's what you're suggesting.
Bullshit.
Then what can I do for you, Andy?
You can tell me where Tracy is.
Telling you where Tracy is
would break an attorney-client privilege,
and I will not do that.
Now there is nothing more I can do.
Claudia will be happy
to call the US Attorney for you.
Were you sleeping with her?
No.
Can you help me?
Help you do what?
What is it you want, Andy?

I want to talk to Tracy.

- Andy...

- I know I'm asking you a favor.

I have a professional obligation.

I have a legal obligation to my client.

Your problems, your questions,
cold as this may seem, are not my business.

And I haven't got the answers you want.

Even if I did,

I wouldn't be able to give them to you.

Talk to her friends, talk to her mother,

talk to the people she works with

at the hospital.

- What did you say?

- I'm saying this is a personal matter.

Did you say, "Talk to her mother?"

She certainly knows Tracy

better than I do.

Her mother is dead.

- When did she die?

- Twelve years ago.

You handled the estate.

No, I didn't.

What are you saying to me?

I'm saying I didn't handle

Mrs. Kennsinger's estate,

and anything outside of the framework

of your wife's lawsuit is not my...

I don't give a fuck

about the lawsuit, Dennis.

- All I'm asking you...

- Then we have nothing here to talk about.

Is her mother alive?

Where does she live?

- Please understand...

- Fuck it. I'll find her myself.

Andy.

- Scotch.

- What?

Bring her a bottle of scotch.

- My name is Andy Safian.

- So what?

Did your daughter ever tell you

she had a husband?

Did your wife ever tell you
she had a mother?
Yeah.
You're a liar.
She said you were dead.
What do you want from me?
- It's nothing. I just thought...
- Nobody wants nothing.
I thought maybe we could
have a drink and talk.
She sure loved her daddy.
Second best confidence man
south of Boston.
He taught her everything.
She was daddy's girl.
I wanted to ask you some questions.
She tried to do the smart thing,
I give her that.
The smart thing. What was that?
Marry a bank account. What do you think?
Tracy was married before?
I said she tried.
You got to pay attention.
One of Bill's old partners,
a guy from Newport.
Millionaire with a heart problem.
He wouldn't marry her though.
Not even after she got pregnant.
Mrs. Kennsinger, I...
This is single malt scotch.
That was so classy, mister.
I haven't had single malt since '69.
I drink crap. Blended whiskey is crap,
I don't give what color the label is.
I need to find Tracy.
Tell me the part again where she was
working with children's ward.
Like I told you, she likes kids.
So she...
What?
What?
Did I say something funny?
That girls sure found herself a live one.
Like shooting tuna fish in a barrel.

Big one, too.
You're drunk.
And you're stupid.
I can say that to you because
you're my son-in-law.
Want to see something?
I want you to tell me where Tracy is.
I'm older, I'm smarter.
You can learn something from me.
I know she's been here.
Andy. Is it Andy?
- Yeah.
- Andy.
It's a simple trick.
The statue...
- What?
- This, the Degas.
Yeah. What about it?
It was in my house. It was Tracy's.
So I know she's been here.
Andy, believe me.
You need to see this trick.
- Do you get that I'm serious?
- Pick a card.
I got it. Pick a card.
Look at it.
Put it back in the deck.
Shuffle the deck.
- Mrs. Kennsinger, I don't want...
- You can call me "Mom."
I don't think so.
Shuffle the cards.
And shuffle them good.
Bill and me, we used to give Tracy
a little bit of the money each week
so she could buy candy.
Shuffle the cards!
She wouldn't spend it though, not a penny.
Each week she put it under the mattress.
I swear I think that kid had maybe
200 bucks under the mattress.
I'll tell you something else
about Tracy.
I don't think it bothered her a bit

when her father cleaned out
the bank accounts and disappeared.
I think it bothered her when he took
the 200 dollars from under the mattress.
Jesus. What the hell
kind of a family is this?
- Want to bet me a double-C?
- What?
200 bucks. You wanna give me 200 bucks
if I know what your card is?
I'll give you 200 bucks if I don't.
No.
Because once money is involved,
you take me seriously, right?
Look, you said there was
a point here and I...
Why do you give a Frenchman's fuck
who she was sleeping with?
Get into the game.
Go for the 20 million yourself.
Are you saying that Tracy set this up?
What the hell have I been telling you?
Am I talking to my shadow?
You think you're Sherlock Holmes
with this statue?
You can buy them in any
departmental store for \$89.95.
Looks just like the real thing.
The whole thing was a setup?
You're crazy.
Yeah?
Then how come I have the jack of clubs
in my fucking pocket?
Look, kid, I don't know
what the game is.
But you got stung,
so did your friend, the surgeon.
Maybe, it's best to just take a medicine
like a good little boy and go home.
Do me a favor. Leave me this scotch.
Whatever happened to the baby?
- What baby?
- The Newport millionaire, the baby.
She pocketed the money

he gave her for an abortion.
Went downtown to a clinic.
She ended up working for the doctor.
There's a happy ending, though.
She disappeared with 80,000
of the clinic's money.
- How much of that do you think I saw?
- What was the name of the doctor?
How much you think I'm going to see
from this 20 million?
Was the name of the doctor
David Lillianfield?
How much do you think she's gonna give
her dead mother?
- Was it?
- Was what what?
You think you can drink like this
and remember a name?
Was the name of the doctor
David Lillianfield?
Welcome to the game.
Hello.
Excuse me.
Can I talk to your manager?
Mr. Hearn leaves at 5:00.
You're gonna have to come back tomorrow.
I'm Dr. Lillianfield.
Mr. Hearn wanted me to come by to fill out
a change of address card for your billing.
- Was that Lillianfield?
- Yeah. David.
All right. Why don't you just write it
on the back of the old card
and we'll take care
of the rest tomorrow.
Okay. Thanks.
Where is the key?
I'm soaked.
God! I'm freezing.
It's cold in here.
We must do something about the latch.
We got to get this latch fixed.
This damn door is driving me crazy.
I'm chilled to the bone.

Warm me up, I'm freezing.
Take me upstairs and fuck me.
I should be heading back to town.
We just got here.
I know, but it's broad daylight.
Relax. It's a done deal.
I'm cutting the check on Monday.
What's wrong with you?
- I got a letter today.
- From who?
Whom, from whom. From Dr. Kessler.
What did he say?
He didn't say, Tracy.
It was a letter. He wrote.
Jed, take a drink, take a pill, do whatever
it is you have to, but lighten the fuck up.
What did he write?
That he was sorry.
That he was very sorry.
That was thoughtful of him.
- What?
- That was.
The man put us over the top.
I was in the room.
The bartender was just icing,
but Kessler was the one who closed it.
Come on,
what more do you want from the man?
I want him to know it.
I want him to know
that I was holding the strings.
He's sorry? Let him say
he was sorry about Mass General.
When he says he was wrong, when
he says that I should have gotten the job,
then you talk about bygones
being bygones.
In the meantime,
I think I'll send him a postcard.
There, that's the spirit.
A picture of me sitting under a palm tree
with \$10 million in one hand
and a copy of his God complex memo
in the other.

- With an inscription.
- What would it say?
It wouldn't say anything. It would read.
Attagirl, Trace.
What would it read?
"Never underestimate
a genius with a chip on his shoulder."
Shit! What the fuck was that?
Oh, my God!
Where did that come from?
Andy.
What?
Andy's been here.
What are you talking about?
He knows.
Then why aren't the police
knocking on the door?
Because he's playing with us.
- Andy?
- Yes.
I don't believe it.
Believe it.
How could he possibly...
Well, let's think about that
for a moment, shall we?
What could we have done wrong?
Let's retrace the plan
and see if we can put our finger
on a detail we may have overlooked.
One of us may have improvised.
One of us may have decided that
to get pregnant would double the money.
It did double the money.
Now I don't want to hear
about it anymore. It is history.
No, no, no kidding.
It's the present.
It's the here and the now
and the needle in the haystack.
Let me ask you something.
Once he found out he was sterile,
how long do you think it took him
to figure out there was no Dr. Lillianfield?
Do you understand what I'm saying?

There wasn't supposed to be a baby.
I'll take care of Andy.
Don't get up.
What happened to your face?
I tripped.
I heard they caught the guy, the rapist.
Yeah.
Well, that must be a load off your mind.
Yeah, it's great
to finally have things back to normal.
Andy, they can be back to normal.
What's that?
Things.
Our life.
Remember me?
- Tracy.
- What?
I think you dropped your shoe.
What can I get you?
We'll have two glasses of house wine.
- Is chardonnay all right?
- It'll be fine.
- Anything else?
- Some privacy.
Sweetie, I'm going to talk for a minute,
so it would be better
if you don't interrupt me, okay?
I found a hypodermic needle in my bed.
I don't know who put it there,
it doesn't matter.
What matters
is that I didn't think it was funny.
And as you well know,
I've a healthy sense of humor.
So what I'm saying is this.
Whoever played that joke is playing
in a league they're just not ready for.
Now, I came here
hoping we could reach an understanding.
I'm afraid I'm gonna have to
hold a grudge on this one, Trace.
Go to cops. They'll call you crazy.
As would Westerly or any another school
at which you try and get a teaching job.

Happy hunting, Andy.

- Sit the fuck down!

- What?

I said sit the fuck down.

I'm running the show now.

You're running it

with an empty hypodermic needle?

I'm running it

with trace amounts of Pergonal.

Here you go.

Ma'am, would you happen to know anything about a drug called Pergonal?

I'm sorry.

Never mind. That's all right.

It's a fertility drug, Andy.

I was trying to get pregnant.

A fertility drug. That's exactly what the lab guys told me.

But it turns out that Pergonal, when it's injected in, like, massive quantities will actually create ovarian cysts.

They gathered brilliant young surgeons around, Trace,

'cause you gave us all quite a scare.

The hormone dissolved in the ovaries, you wouldn't have a clue how much I was taking.

That's right.

It's not like I had a witness.

I mean, if I had a witness who saw Jed giving you the injections, then you and doctor man would be spending the rest of your sexually-active years in a place where if you're very, very good, they'll let you work in the laundry.

You're bluffing.

Tracy.

Right now, more than anything else in the world, don't you wish I had finally gotten around to putting up the curtains in the bedroom? Shit!

Are you all right?

- You should run that under some water.

- No, I'm fine.

- Are you sure? Let me just...

- I said I'm fine!

Jesus!

You spilled your wine, Trace.

By the by,

you should know in case some bizarre,
active God should happen to take my life,
my will's been amended

to direct the police to the 10-year-old son
of our next-door neighbor.

What do you want?

What does anybody want?

I want the Red Sox to win the World Series.

You haven't taken the kid to the police.

What do you want?

I had a chat with your mom.

Not bad looking for somebody
who's been dead for 12 years.

What do you want, Andy?

I want to change my life, Tracy.

I don't think

Emma was stating the case either,
and she knows

some pretty cool card tricks.

Cut the shit! What do you want?

I want half.

What the fuck do you think I want?

Give him the money.

What?

Give the man the money,
and let's get out of here.

Jesus, Jed. Don't fade on me.

I need you to focus on this thing.

I'm telling you precisely what to do.

Give the guy the 10 bucks
and we leave the country.

I'm supposed to split the money three ways?

I'm supposed to just accept this?

Welcome to the land

where you don't have a choice.

Don't fucking turn on me.

I earned this money.

This money is mine.

He's not getting a nickel.
They write the check to me.
Not in prison, they don't.
Without the kid,
he doesn't have anything.
Without the kid, Andy is just a guy
who cracked under the strain.
What?
Absolutely.
Do you know what you're saying?
What's the big leap, Jed?
You cut me open, stuck your hands in,
twisted my ovaries, so they look all dead.
Excuse me, necrotic.
Now you develop some enlightened sense
of what's right and wrong?
- He's a child.
- No!
He is a fucking troll who deserves to be put
out of his misery for fucking up my life!
Now, if you don't have the balls to...
Don't talk about this again.
Anything happens to the kid,
and I'm the State's star witness.
Give the man the money.
I'm sorry I hit you.
Put it down.
How much blood did you let me lose
before you saved me?
You waited an extra minute or two,
didn't you?
You thought about going the other way
after you saw I was pregnant.
You thought for a second
about letting me die, didn't you?
- I'm a doctor.
- You were a doctor.
Don't overestimate yourself, Tracy.
Give me the gun.
Come on.
- Hello?
- It's me.
I have the money.
- Where are you?

- I'm at Market Square.
Meet me in the northwest corner
in 15 minutes.
Like shooting tuna in a barrel.
I won't mind shooting you.
What took you so long?
We were waiting for Jed.
Somehow, I don't think
he's going to show.
Don't move. You need a doctor.
You hear that, Trace?
We need a doctor.
You okay?
I will be.
You're supposed to put ice on that.
I don't want any ice.
You need ice.
Fine.
I'll have mine in a glass
with some scotch.
Fine.
Single malt. Nothing blended.
Blended whiskey is crap.
Somebody told me that once.