



Scripts.com

Blink

By Dana Stevens

The band's so good.
It's so funny.
What's wrong
with my suit?
Take a look at yours.
You ought to have
a matching handbag.
What did it cost you,
two paychecks?
Who's next?
Some mick band
folk crap.
Hey, I'm trying to share
some cultural diversity...
here with
you ignorant fucks.
The music of my people,
all right?
And all you got to do
is hurl racial epithets?
Ladies and gentlemen...
The Drovers!
1... 2... 3... 4.
Mother Mary,
would you look at her?
Nice. Hey, John,
is she one of your people?
I think
it's his mother's side...
County Cork or some kind
of crap like that.
Hey, did your mother
look like that?
Oh, my God...
would you look at
the wheels on that mother!
Gentlemen, I got
a pronouncement to make.
I am going to know
that girl.
I mean, know her.
Fat chance!
When was the last time
you got laid?

Come on, when was
the last time you got laid?
Was it Carter-Mondale,
huh?
Goldwater!
Goldwater!
I bet you 10 bucks...
you can't nab
that girl on stage.
You'll have to come up
with more money than that.
All right. I got you.
I'll bet you 20 bucks...
20 that you can't
get her to smile.
20 bucks that what?
You can't get her
to smile at you.
That I can't get her
to smile at me?
What are you, deaf?
I'm taking money
from children.
Take my motherfucking
money. Come on.
Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!
Shake it, baby!
See, white boys
can't dance.
That's the problem.
White boys can't dance.
I keep telling you.
She's gonna look!
Hey, mama,
are you looking?
Oh, yeah!
Go, Johnny, go!
Go! Go!
Oh, yeah, yeah!
Get in there.
There you go!
She's not even...
she's not even
looking at him!

Yeah! Mmm!
Show us the whole
business, yeah!
Give us the redeye, baby!
Come on,
show us the goods!
Great show, guys!
Great show!
The Sun Times lady
was here.
She may
have been dancing.
Either she was dancing...
or she had gum
stuck on her shoe.
- Emma.
- Yeah?
I see you have a groupie.
Ralphie's my groupie,
aren't you, boy?
No. No, I mean,
who's the asshole?
I heard about that.
What happened?
Gave us a great big
anatomy lesson.
Oh. How big?
Nice doggy.
Hello, Mr. Cuchetto.
Emma.
OK.
That's my baby boy.
We're home.
Good boy.
All right. Go get
your bunny, Ralphie.
Come on, jump up.
Yeah.
There you go.
Good boy.
Hello?
Hi.
It's Dr. Pierce.
Doc, it's Saturday night.

Why aren't you on a date?
I don't have dates.
I... I have seminars.
Emma, we have a donor.
I pulled a few strings
at the eye bank.
What are you saying?
Would you like
to do it now?
It's, uh, Brody, Emma.
B-r-o-d-y.
247 West Damen Street,
apartment 2B.
247 West Damen what?
She's been waiting
20 years...
and you want
to fill out forms?
How you doing?
I think you're more excited
about this than I am.
I'm getting
new wallpaper...
and I just have to
have your opinion.
Yee-hah!
Just relax, Emma.
Count sheep.
I don't remember sheep.
I keep picturing
Wile E. Coyote.
Count something
you know a lot of.
Not men, thank you.
How about your jobs?
OK.
Uh, carton packer...
ticket taker...
suicide...
hotline operator...
tiny dog trainer...
hooker...
no, not really.
I love you all.

Oh, God!
Are you the new
Mr. Whitney?
No, kid,
I'm Santa Claus.
Don't you
recognize me?
Santa already came
at Christmas.
Yeah, well,
I had one more gift...
for Mrs. Whitney.
You got one for me?
Why not?
'Cause
you're a bad kid.
But Mrs. Whitney
was good?
I have
absolutely no idea.
See this? This is
for sugar... candy.
No mind-altering substances
with that, OK?
Some of your fans
are here to observe.
Bobby, are you there?
I'm here, Emma.
Good. 'Cause I got
to check you out.
You won't be sorry.
What's the first thing
I'm going to see?
Probably my face.
Keep the bandage on.
Stop.
I'm scared.
It's scary.
Could you ask the others
to leave? Sorry.
That was a joke,
about your face.
I know.
I, uh, I just wish

I'd seen it before...
so I could
prepare myself.
Picture the last one
you saw.
That's my mother's.
I never want to see
a face like that ever.
Don't expect
too much at first.
It's just the one eye.
Keep your lids closed.
We have to see
if this eye works...
before we do
the other one.
I'm going to open
your lids.
You have no depth
perception now.
Here I am.
Oh, Dr. Pierce...
It's nice to see...
to see you.
Who is it?
Hello?
Hello?
I walked into her room,
she looked right through me.
She couldn't tell
if anybody was there.
What the fuck...
can I say fuck in here?
I guess you can.
What kind of a doctor
are you?
I'm an ocular surgeon...
and I can't discuss
Emma's case...
with anyone
but Emma or family.
The band is her family.
We've got an interview.
She can't

handle that yet.
She's been on her own
since she was 15.
She handles a lot.
She wants you
to think that.
You want to
take care of her.
Men react this way
to Emma.
I do take care of her.
I'm her doctor.
Can she see or not,
doctor?
You know what it's like
to be sleeping...
and someone turns on
the light?
How it hurts,
and you squint...
and you stumble around...
and it takes you
some time to adjust.
Effectively, Emma's
been sleeping for 20 years.
Humans reach visual
maturity at age 9.
Emma was blinded at 8.
We just don't know
what she'll see...
or how well
she'll see it.
Can I help you?
Good morning.
Anything... hey! Hey!
Careful?
Are you all right?
- Jesus.
- Yes, I'm fine.
You sure you didn't
break anything?
I'm fine, thanks.
There was a woman just now.
She had flowers.

Did you see her?
She had a hat.
A hat?
Well, you... you...
you mean Candice?
That was Candice?
That was yesterday, Emma.
No, she was here
2 seconds ago.
Tell her to come back.
Candice was here yesterday.
Yesterday?
Wow. There is
some research out there...
about a perceptual delay...
in the early days
of the surgery.
I don't understand.
It's like a flashback.
You see something new...
but don't understand what
it is until the next day.
You think
that's what happened?
No, no, no.
I think you were dreaming.
Look over there.
Your second eye
is healing well...
but the next few months
might be difficult.
You may experience...
a wavering
in and out of focus.
You may be able...
to see sharply in
your peripheral vision...
while your central
vision remains blurry.
Or things might suddenly
jump into focus.
Other than that,
you're ready to go.
Go where?

Home.

I want my money back.

Thanks.

Thanks, bro.

You all right?

Yeah. Which one?

There it is.

That?

Ralph!

Hi! My God, look at you,

you're so gorgeous!

You hunk of burning love!

I love you!

Emma, hey!

This is my friend...

from the Sun Times.

The reporter.

He's gorgeous!

He's beautiful!

I can't believe this!

Have a seat

in the kitchen.

What was your condition,

the technical terms?

I had traumatic

cataracts...

and severely damaged

corneas.

From?

My mother smashed my head

into a mirror.

Michael, can you get

the phone?

Michael! Michael!

Why?

I wasn't supposed to play

with her makeup.

These surgeries...

have been fairly routine

for years now.

How come you didn't

know about them before?

Um, well, I was told

my retinas were screwed up.

My mother and her doctor...
said I wouldn't be
able to see again.
But now
you see normally?
Things are still
kind of jumbled...
and it's going to take
a little time...
but every
once in a while...
I see something
really clear.
It's the most
incredible thing.
Are you pretty?
Do people tell you
you're pretty?
My boyfriend does.
That's nice.
OK.
You're on your own,
little man.
Go on. Go upstairs.
Good boy.
Go on. Go on.
Hey. L...
I don't need any help.
I'm fine.
I wasn't asking.
The mailman put one of
your letters in my box.
I slid it
under your door.
Thanks.

Time... 3:

Mr. Cuchetto?
It's all right.
I took care of it.
Go back to bed.
Hey, Ralphie, yeah.
Here's your rabbit.
That's a good boy.

Time... 8:

All right. Mom's up.
I'm up.
Oh, shit.
Valerie!
Mr. Cuchetto?
Wait!
Hey, lady,
watch where you're going!
I'm sorry, miss.
You're in the wrong place.
How did you get up here?
I took the stairs. Look,
can you help me or not?
I've got roll call
in a couple of minutes.
I'll give you
a case report form...
I want you to start
filling out...
and I'll help you
finish it later.
No, I can't do this.
Ridge, what about
this cross she's wearing?
Who's wearing a cross?
Nina Getz... the naked
dead girl in the bathtub.
Look, it's very simple.
Give a description...
of what it is you're
trying to tell me.
I told you! I need you
to go to 247 West Damen...
Excuse me.
Detective Hallstrom,
we just got here!
The watch has yet
to change. Ease up.
Get your feet off
the lieutenant's desk.
Go to 247 West Damen St.
My name is Emma Brody...

What do you want me
to do about it now?
How about some detective work
for a change, jagoff?
Jagoff?
Could I speak to
Detective Hallstrom?
Help yourself.
Is that...
is he over there?
Yes, right this way.
Thank you.
I got Nina Getz's parents
calling me on the hour.
You want to talk to them?
Are you
Detective Hallstrom?
Uh... yeah.
I'm trying to eat
my breakfast here.
Can I help you?
You were blind?
Until 6 weeks ago, yes.
You were blind completely
until 6 weeks ago?
Um, let me
get this straight.
I'm a little bit
confused here.
You heard some suspicious
noises upstairs...
and you hear this guy
coming down the stairs...
you look out,
and you spoke to him?
That was last night...
but you didn't see it
till this morning?
That's right. Yeah.
So, what is that?
Your eyes are
driving the train...
and your brain's the caboose...
it hasn't caught up yet?

I guess you could
say that, yeah.
So your eyes are having
a delayed reaction to reality?
I don't know
how to explain this.
It's something
that happens...
with some people who've
had this kind of surgery.
We're a little off-track.
I came here to tell you
I think something's wrong.
OK. It's all right.
Thank you.
Um... how long
were you blind?
Are there any cops
around here who work...
or do you just sit around
and drink coffee?
Now, did you happen
to consume...
any alcoholic beverages
last night?
You don't believe me?
Did you have
anything to drink?
It's a simple question.
- Wine.
- Wine?
Oh, wine.
How much... wine?
A little.
A lot, look...
If you'll excuse me...
I can see the seven dwarfs
doing cartwheels...
on a little...
a lot of wine.
I'm very happy for you.
Have a nice day,
Miss Brody.
There was someone

in that hallway.
I could smell him.
Smell?
What does it say on this?
Fuck you, detective!
No. That's not
what it says.
Listen, lady...
that's not 5 feet
away from you.
You don't see
very well.
Ralph, come.
Come on.
Hey, Miss Brody?
Why did you ask for me?
I liked the sound
of your voice.
Hey, John.
Who put all this shit
on my desk?
Ridgely's
having his breakfast.
Ridge?
Get your shit off
the lieutenant's desk...
would you?
You know, I didn't
dream that guy up.
He was there.
The police are checking
into it, right?
That's what they say.
They acted like
I was an incompetent.
Just explain to them.
He acted like
I was an idiot.
I never used to care
what people thought.
I'm sorry.
Are you telling me that
what other people think...
is who you really are?

The last time I looked...
I was a little girl,
and I... I...
I blink... and I look
like my mother.
I look like her.
You're not her.
You're not what
that cop thinks.
You're...
you're very attractive.
Don't you see that?
Don't you see
anything beautiful?
I have no idea
what beautiful is.
Uh... music's beautiful...
but the things that I see...
they make my head hurt...
and my heart.
Maybe you should be glad.
Most people are numb...
by the time
they reach your age.
I would love to be numb
for a while.
No. You wouldn't,
Emma, believe me.
You wouldn't.
All right, all right.
Give us some room, guys.
Yes, sir.
Sorry to fuck up
your date.
I told her
to wait for me.
"Relax in a nice
hot bath," I said.
This ain't no crackhead.
This girl's got folks.
No, no. That's
actually what I said.
What was her name?
Her name

was Valerie Wheaton.
The landlord Cuchetto
found her.
Her boss called,
worried...
she hadn't shown up
at work for 2 days.
We got jimmy marks on
the fire escape window...
which suggest
the offender...
accessed
the apartment here.
There was a struggle
in the front room...
he strangled her,
then he raped her.
The disarray suggests that
he dragged her body here...
postmortem.
Just like Nina Getz.
Looks like she found God
in the same jewelry box.
Why do you suppose...
he slashes their wrists
after they're dead?
Because he's suicidal...
no, his mother's suicidal.
How the hell
should I know?
All right, miss, I'm going
to make this quick.
Who did this to you, hmm?
Not talking?
All right.
It's your funeral.
You're
a sick bastard, John.
Pull that over.
She's a stinker.
Yeah,
what else is new?
See this?
Police!

Hi, I'm
Detective Hallstrom...
She's dead, right?
Yes, she is, uh...
do you mind if I ask you
a few questions?
Come in.
What's with the candles?
You expecting someone?
No, they're just
easier on my eyes.
I can turn on the light
if you want.
Is there anything else
you can tell me...
about Valerie Wheaton?
No. I never really
spoke to her.
I mean, the most
I can tell you...
is that she took
stairs 2 at a time...
and she was kind
of a noi...
She was... what?
She was a noisy lover.
Oh. Noisy lover, huh?
Did she have a boyfriend
that you know?
Yeah, she did.
Was this one guy,
or a lot of guys?
No. One guy.
How do you know
it was one guy?
I could hear him.
OK. You got
a name on him?
Oh, baby.
Oh, baby? OK.
Could you go over
for me one more time...
exactly what happened
when you opened the door?

I looked out...
but I couldn't see
very well because of...
Your operation,
you're drinking wine, right.
And?
Well, I heard breathing...
and then I said,
"Mr. Cuchetto?"
And he said "Yes,"
But it wasn't Cuchetto,
'cause Cuchetto says
he's sleeping...
his wife verifies that.
And you didn't
recognize straight off...
that it wasn't the
building manager's voice?
Well, he whispered.
He whispered?
Yeah.
All right.
Um...
I have to ask you to
come down to the station...
and we'll do up a sketch...
and I need you to look
at some pictures.
- Right now?
- Please.
So... how is your vision?
Can you see me
clearly now?
"Detectives do good
under cover."
That's that flashback thing
you were talking about?
Is that a reference to
police work or fucking?
It's just a dick joke.
A dick joke?
Dick, uh, detectives.
We call ourselves dicks.
Ahh, I see.

With good reason,
you're probably saying.
All right,
I'll give you my card here.
If you remember
anything after tonight...
anything at all,
please give me a call.
My beeper number's on
the back, and it's 24 hours.

- OK?

- OK.

I hate this.

Do you like flowers?

Flowers?

You got soft skin
for a man.

It smells
like that lotion...
they make
out of roses.

You know that guy
on the stairs?

He had a weird smell.

He smelled bad?

No, not bad.

Some kind of strange
strong soap and sweat.

"Strong soap. Sweat."

Is that it
on the smells?

Well, there was
something else. L...

I'm probably
just imagining it...

Why don't you
tell me anyway?

There were these
7 little men behind him...
doing cartwheels.

We've got semen from
the swabs and the carpet...
and we've recovered
skin cells...

from under the fingernails
of the deceased...
but we figure
the killer wore gloves...
'cause so far
we got no prints.
We got the boyfriend
out of bed.
He's in there
weeping up a storm.
So...
he's got an alibi.
It checks out.
Forget him.
She can't see
the mug shots.
Well, get
a magnifying glass.
What do you
think, John?
This one's
got hair on it.
A serial?
Just take your time.
If he is,
he's just getting started.
We cross-referenced
his M. O...
the cross, the wrist,
bathtub, necrophilia...
with the national computer.
We got nothing,
which is good.
Means he's probably
not a drifter.
And if he lives here,
we'll catch him.
'Cause we got
an eyewitness.
Well, of sorts.
No, check that.
We got an eye, ear,
and smell witness.
She smile at you yet?

No. She's one tough cookie.
Listen, she's got
this vision problem...
but I think
she's for real.
She checks out so far.
All right, look,
I'll clear your boards.
From now on, you got
one case and this is it.
She may not be enough...
so let's see if
we can get some more.
Put this one to bed
quick, John. Nail him.
Don't let them write
a book about this guy.
Oh, that was good.
Think I'm getting
the hang of this?
Oh, yeah. You'll be
fucking mayor by 40.
Emma!
I'll show you!
You little whore!
What's up, Emma?
The girl died...
and there was nothing
you could have done.
Candice, if there is
anything beautiful...
in this hellhole
of a city...
I would love
to see it.
Christ! Control
yourself, all right?
I can't help it.
He makes me nuts.
You're making me nuts.
I can barely see the guy.
Put a cork in it, OK?
You've got the whole
blind woman thing going.

What blind woman thing?
Everybody says blind
women are great lovers...
and you're in tune with
your sense of touch.
I want to know
if it's true.
You've done it
with your eyes closed.
Figure it out.
I want to know.
All right, I'll tell you,
but if you tell anybody...
I swear to God,
I'm going to kill you.
- Promise?
- Yes, I do.
OK. This is the deal,
all right?
I can't believe
I'm telling you.
I never got nervous
around men.
I just pulled them into
whatever I was fantasizing...
and I was in control.
I've felt attractions...
to voices, scent,
and conversation...
but it could really be anybody.
That's the whole thing.
Oh, Michael!
He looked at me.
Oh, my God.
- Johnny?
- Yo!
This model is like the Honda
of Byzantine crosses.
There's 4 churches
in our area alone...
got them in
their gift shop.
They even got
a goddamn catalog.

He could've got them
anywhere.
Fuck.
Yo, squire,
someone fucked up.
We got one of
the fiddler's letters...
in Valerie
Wheaton's mail.
- So?
- Take it over to her.
We'll throw in a c-note
if you sink the salami.
Hey, hey, guys. No way.
Not this time.
Bullshit.
No, I'm serious here.
I'm going by the book.
What book is that?
You think I'm going
to waste this body...
on a ball-busting blind
broad who can't see it?
Come on.
- Sold out!
- Great crowd.
Must be the article today
in the Sun Times.
I'm great.
I'm fuckin' great.
Oh, don't worry about it.
Have a good time.
Here you go, Emma.
Gotcha!
The mike
is right here.
Thanks.
You're going to be fine.
Good luck.
Ladies and gentlemen...
the Metro is proud
to present The Drovers.
All right, here we go.
1, 2, 3.

Candice!
Call Detective
Hallstrom now! Go!
Keep moving.
Keep moving,
please, folks.
Thank you.
Keep moving.
Keep moving. Thank you.
All right,
we picked up some guys...
that were loitering
in the neighborhood.
They've been kind enough
to volunteer for a lineup.
We'll need you
to come, too.
Can we drop
Ralph at home?
Sure, yeah.
We'll use the siren.
Oh, uh, here,
take a whiff of that.
Line up over here.
Come on.
Face the front.
Everybody,
turn to the right.
Now face front
one at a time...
starting with number one.
Number four.
Are you sure?
I thought it was him.
OK. Come on.
We're done.
All right.
Eyewitness, my ass.
Let them go.
What happened?
I thought you said your eyes
were getting better.
- They are.
- Oh, yeah?

How much better
are they, huh?
It's been a hell of
a rough night, Hallstrom.
OK, you tell me.
Can you read?
Can you tell time?
Can you walk
down the street...
without a dog
leading the way?
Can you walk down a street
with that bug up your ass?
How were you blinded?
What?!
How were you blinded
in the first place?
My mother.
Your mother?
I'm not going to talk
about this with you.
Your mother blinded you.
That must have
really contributed...
to your mental health.
Do you want to
say that again?
Number four was
a uniform across town...
the night of the murder.
You identified
a copper as the murderer.
Don't people make mistakes?
Normal, seeing people?
Maybe he wasn't even there!
Now you're starting
to piss me off, all right?
I get this kind of shit
all the time at the station.
Guy saying,
"I saw a robbery."
"Hey, man, I saw a murder
down there on division."
I had a guy once tell me...

he saw Elvis Presley
at his brother's bar mitzvah.
Crazy people, that's what
you're talking about.
Lonely people,
people who like attention.
People who
like attention?!
Yeah!
Like a guy
who strips naked...
and shakes his ass
in a bar full of people!
You saw me?
No. The guys in the band
recognized you.
Well, uh...
things are not
what they seem.
What?
It's a little secret
detective credo I have...
the soul is dead
that slumbers...
and things are not
what they seem.
Oh...
oh, brother! You are
really something.
A cop quoting
Longfellow.
It's disgusting.
Hey, hey! I just use it
to pick up women.
Yeah?
I bet it works.
Frankly, not as well
as my handcuffs.
You're the first one
to know who it is.
I can't believe
you know who it is.
Most of the women
I go out with...

think it's a line
from Guns N' Roses.
L... I don't know
your first name.
John.
Would you like to have
some coffee... John?
What do you think
he's talking about?
I think he's trying to find
a rhyme for "pretentious."
- Pretentious?
- Yeah.
Park benches, pal.
That was very good.
You want to write me
some lyrics?
You want
to catch a murderer?
1, 2, 3, go.
He doesn't like blood.
There was a man
from Nantucket... what?
He doesn't like blood.
He slits their wrists.
That's the last thing
he does...
but he scrubs his hands
so raw I could smell them.
Then he gets out.
He doesn't want
to see her bleed.
That's very good.
Why?
You tell me.
His kills are clean
so they can be...
nice and pretty
while he...
Does this rhyme
with Nantucket?
Yeah.
Your normal rapists,
they like the live ones...

the look in their eyes
when the knife comes out.
Oh, yeah,
they get off on that...
but this guy, this guy
just wants a body...
a fucking blowup doll that
won't fly out the window...
when you squeeze it
too hard.
But they're still
struggling, moving...
so he strangles them
to stop them...
from kicking
and moving around...
and then it gets weird.
He fixes them up like her...
like someone
he once knew...
and then he slits
their wrists. Why?
To make sure
they never go back...
to being what they were...
that there lies
his fantasy preserved...
pickled
in her own juices.
I don't know.
You're good at your job.
Sometimes my job...
is the only thing
I am good at.
Oh, I doubt that.
Think you're going
to catch him?
You think you saw him?
Yeah, I did.
All right,
then we'll catch him.
"X." Uh...
"L, M, B."
That's OK.

Try this one.
"Z... M... I... O."
All right.
And this?
Whose eyes are these?
They don't work.
Miss Brody,
those are the corneas...
of two healthy girls
in their early 20s.
Really? Whose?
I know a little
about one donor.
The family wrote to me.
How did this donor die?
Auto accident.
Well, can I meet her,
her family?
That's not
a good idea.
Do they want to meet me?
What's the problem?
Emma, you have
to move on...
repair your life,
and so do they.
Don't prolong
their grief.
You're just like John.
Neither of you...
can go to work
until somebody dies.
John...
Detective Hallstrom.
You saw him again?
I had a little panic
at the club last night.
Are you all right?
I'm fine.
My playing's for shit.
Maybe I could help
somehow.
What?
Emma?

Nothing.
Ralph's parked
on level three.
Aren't you supposed
to give him...
to another blind person?
No. He's too old.
He gets to retire.
I guess I'm the lucky one
in a way.
Call me... anytime.
OK. Thanks.
Here's your dog.
There you go.
Do you know
when the next train is?
About 6 minutes.
You got plenty of time.
All right.
Thanks a lot. See you.
Bye-bye.
Ralph! Come on.
What?
You stay put.
Ralph, where are you?
If that's food,
you're dead, pal.
You're such a doofus.
That's just a train,
Ralph.
Ralph, come.
Ralph, come.
Oh, my God!
Easy, boy.
OK, we might have some
fractures in the rear...
possibly a broken pelvis.
I can feel
at least 2 broken ribs.
And I think there's
some internal bleeding...
so we've got to get him
to the hospital.
- Let her go.

- Thank you.
What?
There's nothing
out there.
He was there.
Did you see him?
Not very clearly, no.
Do you ever see
anything clearly?
It was that soap smell.
I can still smell it.
What else?
Some kind of necklace,
like a cross or a medallion.
I never told her.
Show me this cross.
No. I got to be
with my dog.
This is very important.
Show me where that is.
I'll take care of him.
Thanks, Dr. Alexander.
Hang on, baby.
All right.
It was here.
I saw it.
We combed every inch
of this place.
Emma, the vet's
ready to go. Come on.
How far to the hospital?
There's no cross here,
John.
You saying she's lying?
I want to believe her.
I want a witness
as badly as you do.
I just think this guy's
a figment of her imagination.
Believe me,
the guy was here.
How do you know?
This isn't even his pattern.
He kills them in the home.

I don't remember seeing
a bathtub around here.
She's not part
of his string.
She's a witness.
It's different.
Let me know as soon as
you hear anything.
Mitch, what about
the cross, huh?
She saw the cross.
She could have overheard
that at the station.
How much do you know
about this girl?
I know what
I need to know.
No, what you want to.
You're not doing
your homework, my friend.
The doctor told me
she hallucinates.
Yeah, we know that.
Not the killer,
smart ass...
other things,
from her past.
Look, a girl in her
building was murdered.
She's afraid, her mind
makes this stuff up.
I'm telling you something
happened here tonight.
The girl's a dead end.
She hasn't led us anywhere.
This guy has stumped me.
You've always trusted
my instincts before.
What the hell's
different now?
You stuffed your instincts
in the trunk, my friend.
Your dick
is driving the car.

Fuck her and get on
with the goddamn case!
I don't want
to fuck her.
Isn't one of you enough?
Can you smell that?
No, that's not it.
How's the dog?
He has to stay there
for a while.
Don't turn on the light.
You want something
to drink?
No, no. I'm not staying.
What are you trying
to do here?
Turn that off, please.
You think having
the lights off...
is gonna make
everything OK?
Just let me pretend
for a while.
Pretend what,
that you can't see?
I can't see.
I can't see things that
are right in front of me...
and I can see things
that couldn't be there.
For all I know, it was
Cuchetto on the stairs.
I saw Valerie
after she died.
I saw my mother.
Want to see me cry?
Boo-hoo!
My dog got hit
by a Cadillac.
Now get the fuck
out of here.
Simmer down.
Is this the cross
you saw?

Is it?
How about this one?
That's it.
Why didn't you tell me...
about these other
hallucinations you had?
Because it wouldn't make me
a credible witness.
Isn't that right?
Isn't that what
you're here to tell me...
that I'm a nut
and you're moving on?
Why do you think I assigned
someone to protect you?
I can protect myself.
With what...
darkness?
I survived 20 years...
without sight
or a cop at my door.
That's great.
What are you going to do...
break every lamp
in the house?
No. Take the bulbs out.
You need some light?
You creep.
- Just lay down!
- No!
Listen to me!
You want to be raped...
strangled, and drowned in
a bath of your own blood?
If you want to keep
your ass alive...
you're gonna have to help me.
You better be strong.
Strong like you?
Let go!
Don't test me.
Why did you come here?
You better
get some sleep.

I don't want to sleep.
I got to go.
Someday that dam you built's
going to break, detective.
What you got there?
Soap.
It's from the hospital.
Surgical, antibacterial.
She saw him there
last night, right?
She smells
the same weird soap.
So you're going to
bring her in...
for a detergical lineup...
like some kind of
goddamn commercial?
What the hell
are you doing?
Anyone at the Byzantine churches
recognize the drawing?
Hallstrom,
Crowe's on 501.
Joe.
Hallstrom.
You lost her?
Asshole rookie fuckup.
This lady asked me
to take her picture.
Patroleo jagoff
is what you are.
I should have known...
when she wanted
to bring the violin.
She had the violin?
Some strange fate
Might wait for them
Fortune turns her wheel
When fortune
turns her wheel
Emma, really great.
Ready to go?
You two know
each other.

Yeah. What are you
doing here?
Just doing my job.
What are you
doing here?
Hey.
Sounded good.
Where are
your glasses?
You wear glasses, right?
Contacts.
So which one's
your date...
Grumpy or Doc?
Thank you for asking me.
Let's do it again
sometime. It was great.
Good night.
You all right?
You and the doctor...
I wanted to get on
with my life...
but I just can't
see him that way.
Why is that?
Because my eyes are
filled with someone else.
What are you
smirking at?
Huh? You are in
serious trouble.
You're going to need
fucking flippers...
to wade through
the shit you're in.
The lady was so upset...
I had to sack out
on her couch.
Hysterical crying
and shit.
You know, I'll have
to write this up.
You know that?
Oh, yeah.

Oh, yeah.
There was one time...
me and my friend Dennis...
we were 8 or 9...
we were in the front row
of the grand stand...
and I had a Coke in my hand.
And when I looked down...
I mean, it was
a direct hit.
And I said
right there and then...
I said, "I'm going to live
in one of these buildings...
with a view like this."
What?
You want to go inside?
Shh. Wait, wait, wait.
Open your eyes.
I want you
to look at me.
My face is so fat...
I don't think Ray wants
to sleep with me anymore.
I'm growing a mustache.
No, it's the medication.
They're not here.
Ray took them to the movies.
Look, come over.
I haven't felt this good
in years.
Marlene...
OK, OK.
Honestly, Marlene,
I'm not made of glass.
OK. Bye.
What's this?
Van Morrison.
Mm-hmm. And this?
Vivaldi.
Mmm... this?
Pearl Jam.
God, you're eclectic.
What's this one?

That's The Drovers.
You're kidding.
You bought ours?
Yeah. That night
I saw you guys.
They sold them
in the hallway.
God, you're one of
3 people who bought it.
No, I'm all 3 people.
Of course,
I was drunk.
Figured I could
give 'em away...
for Christmas presents.
I think I could
fall in love with you.
Thank you, I guess.
You're welcome.
Unfortunately...
I got to go
to work today.
Hallstrom.
Don't bother me.
Wait, wait.
Lieutenant?
Aw, holy shit.
Yeah. I'll be
right there.
There's been
another murder.
Milwaukee.
Why don't you just
come in here and sit?
How long was this one dead
before they found her?
What's she doing here?
Not even an hour.
The husband came home
with the kids.
Would you come
with me, please?
- What?
- Come on.

What's going on
with this girl?
I happen to like her.
Is it any of your business?
Yeah, it's my business
because it's my ass.
Mitchell's talking about...
putting another
team on the case.
Mitchell's what?
Who the hell's he going
to put on this case...
that's not already
working on it?
I mean, we followed
every goddamn lead.
We got enough evidence to
put the guy away for life.
We've got
one fucking problem...
we have no idea
who did it.
And she is the only one
that saw that killer.
That's why I keep
coming back to her.
I'm telling you,
she's the key.
To the case or to you?
Ridge...
I bought her flowers.
I bought her
fucking flowers. Me.
If you two are through
making out...
I'd like to see you
in my office, please.
What have we got?
We got victim number 3
in Wisconsin.
He's hitting his stride now.
Nina Getz, Valerie Wheaton,
and now this.
Somebody's got to go to

Milwaukee this afternoon...
and tell them that
we ain't got jack shit.
It sure as hell
isn't going to be me.
Be sure and show 'em
that drawing you got...
from a blind witness.
You just keep
pushing me.
Hey, you need it!
Then don't you
just take me off...
this fucking case
right now.
Oh, ho!
No way, Jos.
You're going right down
with me, asshole.
Why don't you lighten up,
lieutenant?
Stay out of this,
Ridgely.
You two know more about
this case than anybody.
This guy's out there
laughing at you, man.
He's beating you.
I want you to go out and
shut the motherfucker down...
'cause you're not
getting off the case.
You're going to retire
on this one.
I'm going straight
to Milwaukee.
I don't know
when I'll be back.
I'll get you a ride
from someone downstairs.
I got this fucking jagoff
of a lieutenant...
who's blaming me
for the fucking murder.

Here for the murder?
They're all inside.
You live here?
I'm sorry.
Why do people say that?
Why don't they just say that
it sucks shit your mom's dead?
We'll be coming
to Chicago tomorrow.
I wish I had more
to tell you guys.
Sometimes it takes
a new victim...
new input to a case
to break it wide open.
We're going to have
to do an autopsy.
She marked
her driver's license.
The donation was
very important to her.
You can imagine.
Is there nothing
you can do?
She lost too much blood
from the wrist wounds...
for them to be in
any shape for donation.
I'm sorry.
I'm very sorry.
Well, thank you very much
for your kindness.
Brought those home
last night...
for her.
How many has he killed?
As far as we know, 2.
Including my wife?
No, no. Your wife
is number 3.
Don't call my wife
a number.
Her name is
Margaret Tattersall.

I'm, uh...

I'm real sorry, sir.

What have you been
doing down there?

Why didn't you catch him?

What have you been doing?

Want some coffee
or anything?

Oh, no. I'm in
enough trouble already.

But thanks.

OK. See ya.

Holy shit.

When did this happen?

When you were with her.

Christ. Why didn't
you beep me?

Hey, John,
you were in Milwaukee.

Look, I've got
a patroleo with her.

Who? Crowe?

Aw, Jesus, Tommy.

I told him to call me...
if anything happens...
anything at all.

Let me ask you something.

You believe her, don't you?

Yeah, sure,
I believe her.

Tommy, could you take over
for Crowe through tonight...
just till I get my head
fucking straight here?

Good morning, Miss Brody.

Where's John?

He's working.

You'll be safe with me.

Well, can you tell me
when he'll be available?

No. No message.

Miss Brody!

It's Detective Ridgely.

Is everything all right?

Did you get my messages?
I've been calling you...
and calling you.
Are you OK?
Where's Ridgely?
Ridgely?
What are you...
Do you have a death wish
or something?
Jesus Christ, Emma.
Now you listen to me.
While we were
goofing around...
another woman
got murdered.
I am gonna get someone
to take you home...
and you stay there with
the cop who's assigned to you.
Please don't palm me off
on somebody else.
I have to talk to you.
I got to work on this
full-time all the time.
Ridgely's a good cop.
He's gonna look after you.
Is Ridgely gonna take
over fucking me, too?
Did you enjoy that?
What the hell
am I to you...
one of your
little conquests?
I've seen your friends
smirk at me.
You think I'm stupid?
What do you tell them?
You give them
a full report?
Listen to me.
I'm a little bit
busy right now...
to be playing Romeo
to your Juliet.

I have one or two
minor things on my mind...
not the least of which
is finding this killer...
before he finds you...
so simmer down
and stop acting...
like some
love-crazed teenager.
You are such a prick.
Emma... I like you.
You're a very
interesting...
unusual woman.
You're so full of shit.
Don't you dare treat me
like we just met in a bar.
Well, we did, didn't we?
Fuck!
What do you want me
to say, huh?
You want me to say
I love you?
Is that what you want?
Look at us.
You think we have some
kind of future together...
some kind of suburban
bullshit? Huh?
You're the type of woman...
who needs a man
you can control.
Well, guess what...
I'm not that man.
I'll show you!
You little whore!
Oh, Jesus Christ.
Emma, let me see
your hand.
You keep the fuck
away from me!
Get the fuck away!
How the fuck could you
let her get out alone?

You crossed the line, John.
You put the girl in jeopardy.
Yeah, well,
I didn't lose her.
She's reckless
because of you!
To get to you!
Now, I'm gonna go get her,
bring her home...
and handcuff her
to the fucking banister!
She's gone!
Oh, man!
She's probably at the EI.
Come on.
No. No way!
You stay out of this!
You fucked up
enough already!
Come on.
Couldn't you have said
something...
she wanted to hear?
Anything?
Couldn't you have lied?
I did lie.
Help! Help me!
The mailman put
one of your letters...
in my box.
I'll give you
some medication.
I'm growing a mustache.
Miss Brody.
It's me.
It's Detective Ridgely.
You all right, honey?
Take this.
Miss Brody.
Don't you ever try...
to sneak off on me
like that again.
You understand?
It's all right.

Hey, Barry.
Long night, squire?
Hospital bills.
You got a file for every
nosebleed in Illinois?
If you'll just
be patient...
Thank you.
But this says 3B.
Yes.
Miss Brody lives
in apartment 2B.
Somebody made a mistake.
That's right.
Valerie Wheaton died
in apartment 3B.
Who has access
to these files?
Only hospital personnel.
I want a list.
All right.
Do you by chance recognize
the handwriting on this?
This looks like
Dr. Pierce's writing.
What were you doing
at the El station...
so late at night?
Why do you want to know?
Does it have anything to do
with Detective Hallstrom?
Look, I don't want
to talk about it, OK?
You don't like him
because you...
What? Wanted you
for myself.
I'm sorry.
This is stupid of me.
You're ready
for contacts...
if you want them.
Or glasses. They'll
correct you to 20/50.

Do you think
I saw the killer?
Seeing isn't something
that happens to you, Emma.
It's something you do.
I gave you the equipment.
It's up to you
to control it.
If you invent these visions,
you can stop them.
Do you think
I invented him?
Doesn't matter
what I think.
What do you think?
I'll call you later.
I got to go.
Oh, sergeant, hi.
It's Detective Hallstrom
from Chicago.
I'm trying to find out
if Margaret Tattersall...
spent any time
in a hospital recently?
A lot of time?
She got a new kidney.
Hey, you just can't...
That's OK. It's OK.
It's all right.
Where's John?
What's the problem?
I have to tell him
something.
I'm expecting John
any minute.
There's been
another murder.
In Indiana.
Indiana?
Is there something
you want to tell me?
No, nothing.
The smell
on the killer's hands...

it's surgical soap.
He must take it with him.
He washes his hands
with surgical soap...
to get rid of the blood.
I don't like this.
Nina Getz was my patient
for many years.
The man has killed 3 people.
A donor's identity is
strictly confidential.
Here it is.
Leslie Davison.
OK, follow me here.
Frank's victim...
Margaret Tattersall...
had a kidney transplant
2 months ago.
So?
Our victim...
Nina Getz...
had skin grafts
from an organ donor...
about 2 months ago.
Valerie Wheaton
never had a transplant.
No, but the woman
who lived below her did.
Emma Brody... she had
a corneal transplant...
and, it turns out...
her apartment number
is listed incorrectly...
on her medical records.
This guy meant
to kill Emma Brody.
Holy fuck!
OK. So you got
the letters...
and the organs, right?
What's the connection?
I'm not done yet.
Nina Getz's donor's name...
was Leslie Davison.

All right?
What if our guy knew her at
church, work, or something...
and he's obsessed with her?
But she dies.
She donates her organs...
and he goes after
the people that have them.
Now, postmortem
wrist wounds...
blood loss speeds
the decay of the organs.
The result is, they
can't be passed on again.
I'm betting that
this girl Davison...
is the donor for
all of our victims...
Getz, Tattersall,
and Emma.
Emma is not dead.
I heard back from Ned
in Indiana.
The latest victim
was a heart transplant.
If you'll excuse me,
gentlemen...
Emma. Please,
it's Dr. Pierce.
I've been trying
to reach you all day.
Emma, listen. The donor
I talked to you about...
her family
is threatening to sue.
Her mother had
religious objections...
to harvesting
her daughter's organs...
even though her daughter
was a voluntary donor.
I don't think
they have a case, but...
Are you listening to me?

Her lawyer just called.
She needs to see you.
She needs to see
how her daughter's cornea...
has changed your life.
Because it has, Emma.
Whether you like it
or not, it has.
Where does she live?
Is this Leslie's?
You're Russian, you go
to a Russian church?
Yes. Um, Davisovich
is our ancestral name.
Where did Leslie work?
Illinois Masonic...
on Wellington.
She was a nurse.
No, thank you.
I'll do that.
I could probably get
Miss Brody to come by.
- What?
- Emma Brody...
the woman who received
your daughter's cornea.
She says you've
written to her.
No. I never heard
of Emma Brody.
Is this the place?
Well, this is
the right block...
but...
jeez, what a dump.
He said that the Davisons
were at 523 South Sawyer.
Well, there it is.
That's it.
That's it?
Now, wait a minute.
We got to find
a place to park here.
OK, I'm gonna

turn around up there...
and park back there
across the street.
Oh, they've seen us.
This is good. I'm gonna go.
Hold it. Hallstrom said...
never to take
my eyes off you.
I'll be on the porch.
You'll see me.
Now, wait.
Hold on. Hold...
Ah, shit!
Hey, officer.
Mrs. Davison.
It's Emma Brody.
Hello?
Crowe, wait up!
There's no one there.
Crowe? Hey.
Do you hear me or wh...
Think of him
in terms of Leslie...
someone she might've known,
someone who liked her a lot.
You got something?
I got an I.D.
From an orderly.
The guy's name
is Neal Booker.
- Neal Booker?
- Yes.
You know him?
The orderly.
He's so quiet...
like he's not even there.
- He working now?
- I don't know.
I think this
could be Neal...
if he were really
angry and scared.
Ridge, get down
to personnel.

Find out
where this guy is.
Your eyes are different,
Leslie.
They gave them to her.
They're not
the right color.
They...
they took the corneas.
Just the clear window
on top.
The windows of the soul.
I've been looking for you.
In all of them.
I... saw them...
carry pieces
of you away.
I'm here.
Put it on.
You have 30 seconds.
Leslie Davison was
Emma's donor, correct?
How did you get
that information?
She has something to do
with the murders.
Yeah, Leslie Davison
is the donor.
Emma's with her mother
right now.
Someone who said
he was her lawyer...
gave me the address.
Leslie, put it on.
You're so beautiful.
Stand by for the all call.
Stand by for the all call.
Attention all units
and all districts.
I'm on South Sawyer.
Can you hear me?
Unit 12 proceeding
southwest Harvard.
ETA South Sawyer 3 minutes.

You're not Leslie.
You're one of them.
You killed her
to give you life...
like that fat sow
who had her heart...
her little beating heart
and all that f...
Blind as a fucking bat,
aren't you?
I'm closer
than you think.
I could be
right beside you...
and you wouldn't even know.
I'm coming.
I should've just
gone for her.
I should've just...
I should be with her.
Help! Somebody!
I'm in here! Help!
I'm in here!
Goddamn it!
In here!
Fuck!
That's Leslie Davison.
You guys go around back.
Make sure everything's
all right there.
Looking for Officer Crowe.
They can't hear you.
You're dead.
You wanted to be Leslie.
Well, you weren't
good enough.
Somebody shoot
that fucking car alarm.
Say goodbye
to the light, Emma.
I'm taking back
the eyes you stole.
Goddamn it, no!
Over here!

Hold your fire!
You all right?
You all right?
Sir, it's Crowe!
Oh, Jesus Christ.
Ms. Brody,
come with me.
Come on.
Johnson, take the back.
Watch your head.
Look, I know all of this
has been hard on you...
and again, I just want
to thank you for everything.
I think we got enough now.
Sure you don't need
to go to the hospital?
No, think I've had
enough of hospitals...
for a while anyway.
Let me get somebody
to take you home.
I'll drop her off,
lieutenant.
Why don't you take this.
Thank you.
It's the gray one.
I think I've got
a ride home.
Let me give you your coat.
That's all right.
It's OK.
Thanks a lot.
Ralphie.
Hello, boy.
How you been?
What a good boy.
Can I buy you breakfast?
I know this great
little diner.
Sure.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
Well, seeing as you

caught the killer...
I figured
the least I could do...
was write you some lyrics.
So...
There once was a dick
from The Windy City
Who met this great mick
who was, oh, so pretty
He told her goodbye...
But he had
no reason why...
That's all I got so far.
Well, I was soaked
to the marrow
I was chilled
to the heart
I took shelter
in her room
She called me
from the corner
Of a song I never liked
For the occasion
that was in there
If I let you inside me
Will you stay for long?
The one and only
While the gray wall
crumbles
Whatever you are
Whatever you want
One more time
While the gray wall
crumbles
If I knew now
What I knew then
I'd run from
these blues-soaked hills
And I'd go back
to the well
And chew
her white lipstick
And her long, slow kisses
If I let you inside me

Will you stay for long?
The one and only
While the gray wall
crumbles
Whatever you are
Whatever you want
One more time
While the gray wall
crumbles
I'll tell the keeper
Bring us something else
to smoke
While we're naked and alone
So they make us immortal
So they make us a deal
Will it matter when
we're naked and alone?
Such a beauty
with a smile
There'll be opportunity
And abundance for all
But if I let you
inside me
Will you stay for long?
The one and only
While the gray wall
crumbles
Whatever you are
Whatever you want
One more time
While the gray wall
crumbles
If I let you inside me
Will you stay for long?
The one and only
While the gray wall
crumbles
When you're an old lady
And I'm still around
We'll make love in ruins
Make love in the strand