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Dead Again

By Scott Frank

Come on in, Mr Baker.

As you can see, |I've become quite a fan of yours.

I'm flattered.

Is that why you've asked me to |come down to death row, Mr Strauss?

- To tell me what a fan you are? | - I'd like you to print something.

After all,

you're so good at that.

I'd like you to print

that I said I loved my wife.

- You loved your wife. | - And that I'll love her...

forever.

Of course. Forever. All right.

Thank you, Mr Baker.

Aren't you afraid of dying?

To die is different |from what anyone supposes.

- And luckier. | - That a line from your opera?

It's Walt Whitman.

I can't take credit |for everything, Mr Baker.

You really believe |that you're lucky to die?

What I believe, Mr Baker,

is that this is all far from over.

But you still killed her. |Didn't you, Mr Strauss?

OK, Strauss, let's go.

No! Stop him! Stop him!

Stop him!

These are for you!

You're all right, child. |I'm not going to hurt you.

Here we go. Keep it going! |Keep it going! There!

We found her two nights ago |trying to climb over the gates.

Since then she hasn't |spoken a single word.

She won't eat. And when she does |sleep, she has violent nightmares.

- Call the police. | - They've already been here, Father.

They want to take her |to County Hospital.

Last night Sister Constance - |she is in the next room -

she heard the woman call |this word out in her sleep.

- "Die-sheer"? | - "Dish-er".

- Sounds like nothing to me. | - Father...

The woman belongs downtown!

Father, every night before bed, |she blocks her door with a chair,

and if you had only heard |this woman scream!

- I don't have to hear her scream. | - I will not abandon her, Father.

She's not spending |another night here and that's final.

But, I see no reason

why we can't have someone look for |her family in the meantime.

But we don't have the money|to hire anybody.
The man I'm thinking of|would do it for nothing.
He grew up here. He was a policeman.
He worked in missing persons|for some time.
How's that for a name you can trust?
Pete? It's Mike.|Don't run the ad. I found Carlisle.
I'm on my way to him right now.
- You're on the wrong side!|- Thanks, pal!
If your wife's cousin calls,
just don't take what she says|too seriously.
Yeah, I took her out.
We went and had some lunch|and we kind of...
We went back to her place and...
No, we're not going out again.
Tell your wife there's nothing|wrong with her cousin,
it's just she...|I don't want to...
I'm not looking for Miss Right.|I'm looking for Miss Right Now.
Thank you.
- Cozy Carlisle?|- Try the freezer.
Thank you.
Fuck you. I'm on a break.
Mr Carlisle,|I've been retained by a law firm
to find you and tell you that|Myron Spargo died last month.
- Who the fuck's Myron Spargo?|- He was a patient of yours.
I had a lot of patients.|Now, beat it.
This one left you \$1 1,000.
- Myron!|- Yeah, Myron.
- Myron T Spargo.|- Plumbing contractor.
Lived in San Marino|with his wife, Karen or Sharon.
Karen.|She must be very Ionely right now.
Jesus! 1 1,000,|that's a lot of grateful.
- You want a cigarette?|- What? No. I don't smoke.
You've looked at this pack|three times in the last minute.
- What?|- You use that pen like a cigarette.
You helped Myron Spargo quit smoking?
No. Myron was impotent. Imagine that.
A man lays pipe for a living,|can't get it up at home.
He had some hard-on|when he made out his will.
Hey, thumb-dick,|I was a damn good shrink.
In 16 years I worked with a|lot of people through a lot of shit.
OK, I slept with a patient or two.
- I still cared about them.|- OK.
I loved being a doctor.
I used to not charge|half my patients.

Then the fucking State comes along, |they send some bitch undercover,
and I'm fucked.

It ain't fair, is it?

Why don't you call Opperman-Crowe?

Set up an appointment, |sign the paperwork,
they'll cut you a cheque |for the 8,800 there.

Excuse me. |What happened to the 1 1,000?

Well, 1 1 less my commission.

That is, unless you got a problem |with that, Sigmund.

Could I use your phone?

- Help yourself. |- Thanks.

- Mr Church? |- Yeah?

Someone's either a smoker or a |nonsmoker, there's no in-between.

The trick is to find out |which one you are and be that.

- Well, I'm trying to quit. |- Don't tell me you're trying.

People who say that are pussies |who cannot commit.

Find out which one you are. |Be that. That's it.

If you're a nonsmoker, you'll know.

Thank you. Nice place you got here.

Fuckin' fruitcake.

Somewhere someone is very worried |about this woman.

All right. I'll give her a lift |to County Hospital.

That's really all I got time to do |right now.

Maybe on the way I'll stop and have a |buddy of mine at the paper
take her picture, |run it in the morning edition.

- How's that sound? |- That sounds wonderful. Thank you.

That sounds wonderful. All right.

So only one glove, one ring...

I was checking the labels to get a |line on where she bought them.

And how did the labels |smell, Mr Church?

Expensive.

Perfume. I mean...

Mike Church.

This is a Claddagh ring, |Irish wedding band.

If you wear it with the crown up, |it means you're taken.

Crown down, you're not. |How were you wearing it?

The policeman had her take it off |so he could see it.

What about the other glove?

She only had the one on |when we found her.

I'll help her get ready.

If you see anything |you recognise, holler.

I know you can't holler per se,

so maybe just you give |a wave or something.

It sure is nice to be with someone

you don't feel you have to yak to all the time.
Smile, sweetheart. That's a girl!
You're really just going to dump her off at County?
- Why don't you take her home? - She's not a stray dog, Pete.
Besides, you never bring women back to your place.
They might mess with your stuff. "Oh, my stuff! "
At least you won't forget her name. She's already forgotten it for you.
Count to 30, take her out of the fixer, put her in the water.
I'll be writing the caption. Let's start.
- Thank you so much. - You're in good hands, sweetheart.
Mikey's a pro. He can find anything.
Same thing happened to me once. Two years ago.
This mailman in Lawndale freaked out, chopped up his family with a trimmer.
Then either cos he heard a voice or maybe he felt bad,
- He cut off his own arms. - Pete.
- Had to dial 911 with his nose. - Pete!
- What? - I know there's a point to this.
It's coming! I was the first shooter to show up at the scene.
I take one look, I pass out. I passed out cold.
I come to, I had no idea who I was. I didn't even know my own family.
It was the scariest thing that ever happened to me.
Then one morning I wake up
and my little girl is standing beside the bed.
And she looks at me and says, "I love you."
I just looked at her and in about two seconds
my whole life came back to me.
So, you hang in there, sweetheart.
Sooner or later, it'll all come back. Scout's honour.
I got to get her to the hospital.
I got this thing to write.
- Thank you. - Sure.
My name and number are going to be in the paper,
so when somebody sees your picture, I'll come get you.
We're talking one night at the most here.
That's my fucking cookie, bitch! That's my cookie!
Give it to me! Give it to me!
- It's not my problem! - Take her to the hospital.
- I took her. It was terrible. - We cannot deal with her.
I'm sure you'll find this place almost as nice as County Hospital.
My goodness! The maid hasn't been.
I'm sure you won't be stuck here too long.
This place was spotless when I left it a year ago.
Somebody's going to see your picture in the paper and
they'll come find you and you'll know what your name is.

It's OK. | Can I get rid of this for you?
Relieve you of hospital life. | Are you faint?
You're hungry, right? | You haven't eaten all day.
If you get hungry, | the fridge is there.

Trudy, it's 10:

We're friends. Music, I love it. | But her music? No.
The bedroom's in here.
The bathroom's here. | The closet's there.
There's a sweatshirt | in the bottom drawer,
in case you want | something to sleep in,
and some old clothes | if you want to change in the morning.
Help yourself.
That's a beauty, isn't it?
The desk and bookcase in there | are from the same period.
Good night.
Welcome to...
"The desk and bookshelf in there | are from the same period."
What an asshole!
These are for you.
What's going on? Open the door!
Take it easy.
You're OK. It's OK. Take it easy.
I'm not telling you anything. | You tell me what her ring looks like.
A coiled serpent.
Skull and crossbones? Yeah?
Matches the tattoo? | Thanks for calling, Floyd.
The entire male | population of LA's checked in.
This is better than video dating.
- Excuse me, Mr Church? | - Yeah. Can I help you?
Actually, I'm here to help you.
Who are you supposed | to be, her grandfather?
Not her grandfather, | nor her grandmother, for that matter.
In fact, I'm no relation at all. | My name is Franklyn Madson.
That's a very handsome chair. | That's a Heywood-Wakefield.
I'll give you \$45 for that right now.
It's a Stickley, worth \$250. | What can I do for you?
A glass of water would be lovely.
Your stairs are rather steep. | The long climb's worn me out a bit.
I see cases like this all the time.
A person experiences a trauma
and they want to erase it | from their minds.
The trouble is, they erase | everything else along with it.
- You a shrink? | - No, not exactly.

I'm a hypnotist.

Here's the water, there's|the door. Sorry about the stairs.

Tastes a bit like bourbon.

It's simply a matter of regressing|the young lady back to a happier time and then asking her who she is.

Your hand is feeling|very light, my dear,
so light that I'm afraid|if I were to let go of it,
it would just float up,|all on its own.

- Who gave you permission?|- No.

She's perfectly all right.|Continue to relax, my dear.

Tell yourself|you're going deeper and deeper
into a state of hypnosis. That's it.

That's right.

That's very nice.

Good.

My dear, let us go back.

Tell me, has something...

Somebody help me!

- Is she still under?|- No.

What made you scream?|Can you talk now?

At least we know she does talk.|Rather well, in fact.

How do you feel?

I'd say she was feeling better.|Splendid.

You could come by my shop tomorrow|afternoon and we can try again.

I shall need several hours|but the surroundings there will be...

You did great, she spoke,|but I don't have the money...

No. It will cost you nothing,|Mr Church.

We'll deal with her family|when we find them.

I'm sure they'll find my services|invaluable
once they realise I'm the one|who's reunited them with their...
daughter, wife, or whomever.

You have some lovely things. Pity...

I bid you all good day.

You missed something around the back.|Do you want to put your head down?

I'll get you a towel.

Madson?

You were inside|President Roosevelt's office?

Yes, lots of times.

My mommy was his cook.

We were like family.

I used to sit on Uncle Teddy's lap.

- I liked that.|- I'm sure Uncle Teddy did, too.

Mrs Tepper,|on the south wall of that office,
there was a lacquered mahogany desk.

Yes, I remember.

What did President... ?

What did Uncle Teddy do with it?

He gave it to Emily Maxwell, |his personal secretary.

- Where did Mrs Maxwell retire to?|- Tucson, Arizona.

I'm going to count to three,

at which point you'll be wide awake, |quite refreshed,

and you'll remember nothing |of our little discussion.

One, two, three.

How did I do?

I don't think you'll need to worry |about those silly chocolate cravings.

Mother, turn that down, please.

I thought today, |since this is our first real session,

we'd just go for an hour or two.

As soon as you feel |quite comfortable, my dear,

I want you to take a look |at the candle in front of you.

I want you to stare at it. Good.

I want you to picture yourself |walking down a flight of stairs.

With each step, |you'll relax still further.

And as you go down,

I want you to tell yourself,

"I am going deeper and deeper

into a state of hypnosis."

Since yesterday |you became a bit excited,

today I want you to distance yourself |from the events you're watching,

as if you were only a witness, |not an actual participant.

If you do happen to notice |any nice little relics

or objets d'art along the way, |you might just mention them, too.

For Christ's sakes.

At the bottom of the stairs, |I want you to picture a door.

This door is very important,

because just beyond it lies |whatever time or place

from your life you wish to visit.

All right, the door has opened.

You can speak, my dear. |What was the happiest day... ?

- The day we first met. |- Distance yourself.

The day Roman and Margaret first met.

Margaret?

- That's right. |- Margaret who?

- Mr Church... |- Strauss.

All right, let's go back to the day |Margaret and Roman first met.

How far back are you? Two years?

Three years? A year?

It was 1948.

I think I've heard enough.
Mr Church, I really must insist|that you refrain from talking.
The lady just told us she met a guy|named Roman in 1948.
- I say the session's over.|- On occasion, Mr Church,
hypnosis can take us back to our past|lives as well as our past.
You expect me just to run with that?
Let me remind you, yesterday|this young lady wasn't even speaking.
Rachmaninoff was|on the program that night.
Wait for me, my dear.
When was this?
Winter 1948.
Roman was guest conductor|with the Los Angeles Symphony.
Everyone was terrified of him,
except Margaret.
It was after the war,
and Los Angeles was so exciting.
Everywhere you went,|people were having fun.
I'm sorry.
To Margaret, a woman|with more beauty than grace.
Thank you very much.
Roman could dance.
He could tell jokes.
He could even read palms.
Not much of a life line, I'm afraid.
But wait. I do see love.
Passionate, everlasting, love.
- Does this work on a lot of women?|- I'll let you know.
Margaret's career was flourishing,
and Roman was confident|that his new opera
would make him as famous in America|as he had been in Europe.
I heard you were once married.
Yes, I was. She's dead now.
How did she die?
To escape Germany,|we had to go through the mountains.
It was a very difficult trip,|and she had a weak heart.
Roman lived in this enormous house.
Just him, his housekeeper|and her son.
And Roman's music.
It's for an opera I'm working on.
You're writing an opera|about a monster?
- Is this from your opera?|- Yes.
The opera was almost|all Roman cared about,
until he met Margaret and literally|swept her off her feet.
I'm drenched. We'll ruin this couch.

I'll get another one.

The day of the wedding was so happy.

It seemed like nothing and nobody|could ever come between them.

Daytime.

First step's always the toughest.|Sweetheart, thank you.

Help. Where are we?

Don't ask. Just try to be polite.

Easy, boys, the war is over.

- Lydia.|- Otto!

- So nice to see you.|- So nice to see you.

May I present Gray Baker?

- I'm yawning already.|- We'll stay five minutes.

- Nice to see you.|- Gray Baker. Congratulations.

Inga, I was just upstairs.

- Yes?|- It's just that I thought...

We had talked about you and Frankie|moving downstairs.

Roman never said anything to me.

What Mr Strauss said or didn't say|is irrelevant.

We've already discussed this.|Tonight, of all nights,

I'd appreciate it if you weren't|sleeping in the next room.

- Yes, Mrs Strauss.|- Thank you.

Mrs Strauss?

- Congratulations.|- Thank you, Frankie.

- Lydia.|- Mrs Strauss.

May I present Gray Baker?

- How do you do?|- How do you do?

Mr Baker just made the list|for the Pulitzer Prize.

Really?

- Yes, really.|- Well, congratulations.

- Congratulations yourself.|- Thank you.

So, any new tidbits from the press?

Zero. To tell you the truth,|I miss the war.

What an odd thing to say.

Doesn't seem to be much news any|more, all this back-to-normal stuff.

The world's getting boring again.

I'll tell you what,|the only thing I do regret
is by being away so long|I haven't had my chance...

to hear you play, Mrs Strauss.|To hear you play.

I'm not going into hiding, Mr Baker.|I'm just getting married.

- It's a pleasure to meet you.|- The pleasure's mine.

See you later. Bye.

Roman had given Margaret|the wedding day of her dreams,

full of new people|and wonderful surprises.

But there was|another surprise to come.

Roman.

I've never seen anything like this.

It's beautiful. | I don't know what to say.

- "Thank you" is always good. | - Thank you.

No, it's not a bracelet, darling.

It's an anklet, | a very special anklet.

Let's have your leg.

It's very old. The man | I bought it from explained to me
that when a husband gives this | to his wife,
they become...

two halves of the same person.

Nothing can separate them.

Not even death.

So we're stuck with each other.

Either that, or I've | overpaid terribly for the thing.

Three, two, one.

A little hot in here.

Mother, could you open | a window for us, please?

This isn't as uncommon | as you might think.

A colleague in San Francisco...

May I have a glass of water?

You really have found your tongue. | Wonderful.

- Do you know your name? | - Give her time.

Do you remember anything | about the people you talked about?

- Are they still alive? | - I'd like to show you something.

June 1949.

That was Roman Strauss, | that was his wife Margaret,
and that was their home.

Handsome man, wasn't he? Not at all | the sort who'd murder his wife.

Yes. He stabbed her in the throat

with a lovely pair of antique | Die Schere barber scissors.

Die Schere... Disher.

They were auctioned at Christie's | last year for 20,000

by a Japanese gentleman, | if memory serves.

They seemed so in love.

They're usually the people | that kill each other.

Could she have dreamed this | or read about them?

No. I got clarity far beyond what one | would pick up from reading.

- They look alike. It means nothing. | - Mr Church.

- I don't believe she was there. | - It doesn't matter.

For whatever reason, | these events are consuming her.

The sooner we work through them, the | sooner she'll get her memory back.

Tomorrow I have a Friar's luncheon | at twelve.

- How's 4:

My pleasure.

- Mr Church.|- Yeah?

The magazine. It's \$1 7.95.

You OK? Is there anything|you need right now?

You mean besides my memory?

OK. I can't get used|to the sound of your voice.

It's like one day you wake up|and your cat talks to you.

It's just you've been so quiet|the last couple of days and...

Never mind.|I didn't speak. Forget it.

Mr Church.

- Mike.|- Why are you helping me?

I don't know. You smell good.

Maybe I feel sorry for you.|Maybe I like you.

Maybe I just want to hear|how that story you told ends.

But you don't believe any of that.

I believe you experienced|something weird.

I'm not convinced it means|what he says.

- You think I'm crazy?|- I think we need a second opinion.

- What do you think happened?|- Sounds like a past-life experience.

You said you were good.

I used to think it was bullshit,|but it happens.

I had this one crazy old lady.|Really batshit.

She was so claustrophobic|she'd choke in Yankee Stadium.

I thought, you know|what I'm dealing with here?

Maybe some childhood trauma.|I'll use hypnotherapy.

I'll find some memory.|I'll regress her.

Sure enough. Bingo!

There it was.|She was five years old.

She had this uncle who'd molest her|in the closet.

Really sick shit.|I thought, "I got it! " No.

A couple more months,|she's still claustrophobic.

I said, what the fuck!|I'll regress her back even further.

This time when I ask her the year,

- She says 1832.|- 1832?

When I hear that,|I say, "Right, lady. Blow me."

But she keeps going. She says there's|this father who's an undertaker.

She has a brother|who liked to lock her in coffins.

I don't know if it was bullshit|or if it wasn't.

All I know is after that session,|she wasn't claustrophobic any more.

A lot more people believe in|past lives than don't.

I'm sure that makes her|feel a lot better.

This lady screams in her sleep today,|right now. I don't care who she was.

I want to know who she is.

Do you believe what you saw was real?
It seemed real. Yeah.
Stick with the junk man. | He's on the right track.
- I'll tell you why. | - Look...
Sometimes a trauma in a present life
can lead you back | to a trauma in a past life.
If you resolve that past-life trauma,
you got a good chance | of finding out who you are.
You take knowledge from this life, | use it in the next. That's karma.
Isn't it I do something bad now, | I'm a termite next time?
You ask me, you're already a termite | in this life in a shitty suit, OK?
What good is learning if you'll be | with different people each time?
You won't be with different people.
Thanks to fate, the cosmic force | with a tragic sense of humour,
you burn somebody in one life, | they get to burn you in this one.
It's the karma credit plan. | Buy now, pay forever.
Excuse me. It's my karmic burden | to load some cat food.
Come on.
Tell me something, Mike.
Why is it that I can recognise | certain smells,
that I know my right hand | from my left,
but I can't remember | what my favourite colour is
or my favourite flower | or what kind of wine I like.
- Maybe you're lucky. | - How so?
There must be a certain freedom | living only in the present.
At least you don't have to spend | every day trying to forget your past.
Excuse me.
So Roman's guard on death row | wrote this?
This is the press coverage?
I spent three hours in the file | morgue looking for that stuff.
How's it going with Jane Doe? | Getting anywhere? Trying to?
Gray Baker. | She mentioned him today.
- You think she's married? | - He wrote every single one of these?
- I've known her two days. | - Sometimes that's all it takes.
- Think Baker's still around? | - He'd be a million years old.
I notice you're staying in tonight.
Why don't you find someone from that | paper who knows what happened to him.
Shut up.
- Hello, Pete. | - You're talking!
Yeah. I hope it's OK, | I borrowed more clothes.
Sure, fine.
Don't worry. | I didn't mess with your stuff.
I like your voice.
I like being able to finally use it.

You don't want to be late.

- For what?|- For whatever.

- Right. She's living here?|- Let me know when you find Baker.

Need some? I got one in my wallet.

It was really nice of you|to eat the whole dinner.

- No. It was really good.|- I don't have company that often.

You'll love this. We can have|a few drinks, maybe dance off dinner.

I know the owner. |He'll take good care of us.

Ray, how you doing?

We're closed, Mike. |It's going to rain.

- You're kidding. No music tonight?|- Al's sick.

I'm trying to have|a romantic evening.

You want to get her drunk?

Two glasses of wine. |We'll sit outside. You can leave.

- We lost our liquor licence.|- No.

- The neighbours.|- How about some coffee?

I got tea.

- Tea is fine.|- Tea is fine.

What the hell|happened to this place?

I can't believe there's no booze. |What's going on?

Is this from your opera?

Father Tim made us take piano|lessons. He said it was therapeutic.

Tea's up. Jesus! I'm sorry.

Let's see how else|I can screw up this evening.

- It's OK.|- You OK?

It's OK.

- It's OK.|- OK.

- Cold?|- No, I'm not cold.

I'm just scared.

- Of what?|- I don't know.

It's like...

someone's following me.

And I can't see who it is.

I can't...

see behind me.

But you will. It takes time.

Mike, someone wants to kill me.

Those are just dreams. |They're not real.

Nobody is going to hurt you now.

When you know who you are, |you're not going to be so afraid.

If it makes you feel any better, |I can read tea bags.

- You're gonna tell me my future?|- I'm going to tell you your past.

Let's see. You were born in Idaho. |Your father was a potato farmer.

You tell jokes real well. |You're a great cook.

You never get seasick, except maybe|that one time on your honeymoon.
I'm married?

To Jim Tannenbaum, the Potato Prince.

The Potato Prince? So I'm rich?

No, but you have each other,|so it doesn't matter.

Your favourite colour's red.|Favourite flowers are roses.

How did I lose my memory?

Once a month, you take|six homeless women bungee jumping
off the Cal Fed building|on Miracle Mile.

Last week, you bumped your head and|wandered around the Wilshire district
until you ended up at St Audrey's.

- Bungee jumping?|- You're a thrill seeker.

What's my name?

Grace.

Grace.

That's what the tea bag says,|that my name is Grace.

I had this kindergarten teacher,|Sister Grace.

You remind me of her.

Would this be the|big, fat sister Grace?

No, this would be the

big, beautiful, Sister Grace.

OK. Grace it is.

OK. To Grace.

Mike, why is it|Father Timothy asked you to help me?

I owe Tim a lot of favours.|I was not the greatest kid.

I always had this kind of temper.

I used to beat up on the other kids.|He straightened me out.

In fact, if it wasn't for him,|I'd be in some jail somewhere.

Don't you think it's strange we both|just showed up at St Audrey's?

Not strange. Just one of those|things. It's coincidence.

I wonder.

You wonder what?

I wonder how|the Potato Prince would feel
about us walking together|around a moonlit lake.

I'm sure he's a very|understanding guy.

Then again,|maybe there is no Potato Prince.

Maybe not.

- It's sprinkling.|- That's nothing.

- Do you remember how to dance?|- I don't know.

- Let's go up to my roof and see.|- Your roof?

It's where I take all the women|I date with no memory.

- It's going to rain.|- It never rains in LA.

I think it is going to rain.

- We'll ruin it.|- It's already ruined.

This is what happened|with Roman and Margaret.

I'm not Roman.

We can always go back inside.

No, I'm hungry.|Let's go someplace, see what I like.

Maybe Syd would give you|your old table back.

Kathryn?

Kathryn!

Thank God, you're all right.

- You don't recognise me, do you?|- No.

In a few days, it'll all come back.

- Who the hell are you?|- I'm sorry. Doug O'Malley.

- So?|- This is my fiance.

When I got home and|you weren't there, I went crazy.

Then I saw your picture in the paper.

- Why doesn't she recognise you?|- It must be the Dalmane.

- The what?|- Dalmane. It's for insomnia.

- "Kathryn Pierce"?|- Sometimes it causes memory lapse.

- Are those his?|- This has happened before?

Once when she took too much,|but I was around that time.

- Whose clothes are these?|- Where were you this time?

- I had a job interview back east.|- What kind of ring does she wear?

It's an Irish wedding band.|I gave it to her in high school.

I'm still going to need|a little more.

I found this near the front door.|You must have dropped it.

- Why can't I remember you?|- You will. I swear you will.

I promise.

Is there some sort of fee|involved here?

Forget it.

You should get something|for your trouble.

- Let me pay for your expenses.|- Just...

Just take good care of her.

I don't know what...

Thank you for everything, Mr Church.

Have a nice life.

The car's up here.|We'll go straight to the doctor.

I got your other glove.

Man, you were this close.

This glove thing was a nice touch.

I don't know what you mean.

There's only one|teeny little problem.

It's for the wrong hand, Doug.

Son of a bitch!

You son of a...

That fucking guy|look like he knew karate to you?

I really believed him. Who was he?
You got people chasing you|in every life.
The sooner we find out|who you are, the better.
In light of today's events,
I think we should|move along a little faster.
Therefore, my dear,|I want you to think about
when things started to turn sour|for Roman and Margaret.
All right, then? The door has opened.
It all started|the night of Otto Kline's party.
It was one of Otto's|weird costume things.
Roman didn't want to go.
Margaret was convinced|that something was wrong,
but Roman would only say|that things were wonderful.
Welcome, my dear friends.|Let the party begin!
Margaret, darling! Margaret, hello!
- You look so lovely.|- You look stunning, beautiful.
Strauss, you old Kraut.|There you are.
- How are you?|- Excuse me.
Of course, I love what you do.
- Otto, I love your costume!|- What luck I have.
- May I have a word in private?|- Sure. What's on your mind?
- I need some money.|- You?
- I'm offering you a job.|- I can't write music for the movies.
I tried it once. You yourself said|it wasn't any good.
No. I told you it was too good|for the damn picture.
It doesn't matter. I've turned|the library into a music room.
If I can just finish this opera,|I know things will change.
- There you are, you naughty boy.|- Darling!
- Mission dry, please.|- What a coincidence.
Mr Baker.
- Mrs Strauss.|- How are you?
- Still miss the war?|- Matter of fact, I do.
- Thank you.|- To friendship.
- Cheers.|- Cheers.
- Is it really good to smoke so much?|- No.
That's why I started rolling my own.|Figured it will slow me down.
- Has it?|- No. I just roll them faster.
- You look like you're somebody.|- Do I?
- You in the business?|- The business?
- You know, pictures, movies.|- No. I'm a composer.
In that case, you're not anybody.
It's cold.|I think we should go inside.
How are things at home, Margaret?
Writing gossip these days, Mr Baker?

You meet someone on their|wedding day, it's been a while,
it's natural to inquire|how things are going.

- Especially if you're a reporter.|- Especially.

- How are things?|- Fine. Wonderful.

- Go inside, everyone.|- This cutting cold!

Make yourself comfortable. |Roman, it's freezing out there.

- I could be a good friend, Margaret.|- What makes you such a good friend?

I can talk baseball to a man

and pay a stupid compliment|to a woman, what else is there?

Who's going to win|the series this year?

Very nice.

Impressive piece of jewellery.

May I get close to it?

Yes.

This must be worth a fortune.

Yes, it is.

I know I shouldn't say this,|but the first time I saw you...

- Hello, Margaret.|- Roman. Where have you been?

Inside with everyone else.

How are you, Mr Strauss?

I'm curious what you were|doing with my wife's leg.

- I was only trying...|- Really, Roman.

- Mr Baker's just a friend.|- This man is no friend of yours.

This is none of my business|but Margaret just needed somebody...

Roman!

- Where do you get such ideas?|- I don't know.

Maybe when I saw him|holding your leg.

He was looking at the anklet|you specifically asked me to wear
so everybody could see|how rich we are, or were.

- So you told him we're broke?|- I didn't say anything.

No, you just lifted up your dress!

Is everything all right,|Mr Strauss?

Yes. Everything is fine.

I may not be|as successful as Gray Baker...

I don't care about Gray Baker!|You can be so stupid sometimes.

What happened to the man who said|that nothing could separate us.

That we're two halves|of the same person?

He became a nobody.

Only in his eyes.

You're not a nobody, Roman.

And you're my husband.

I love you.

No, no...

- No!|- Mr Strauss?

- Yes, Frankie?|- The phone rang. Mother answered.
I'm not sure,|but I think it's for you.
Thank you, Frankie.
I called to apologise|about the other night.
Not at all. I'm hoping|that we can all forget what happened.
Margaret, I think there's some things|you should know about Roman's money.
- Who was on the phone earlier?|- Just an old friend.
The flute player.
Oboe.
How is he?
She's fine.
Good.
What are you doing?
I was giving you this.
It's a charm for good luck.
Frankie, do you know what happened|to my pearl earrings?
No, I don't.
They were in this drawer last night.
I wouldn't steal anything from you,|Mrs Strauss.
I don't have to.|Roman is very good to us.
You're overreacting.
I caught him|with his hand in my drawer.
He was giving you a charm.|They're like that, superstitious.
- I want you to fire them.|- I can't fire them.
- They've been with me for years.|- That's no reason...
- They saved my life.|- What are you talking about?
They got me out of Germany.
After my wife died, I became ill.
Frankie and Inga risked their|own lives by remaining with me.
They made many sacrifices. They...
You can't ask me to|fire these people, Margaret.
Why have you never told me you got|all your money from your first wife?
Because it isn't true. Who... ?
Why would a woman with a bad heart|travel over mountains?
We had no choice. It would have|been worse had we stayed.
Have I answered all|of Mr Baker's questions?
He's been feeding you|this nonsense, hasn't he?
What is it between you and Mr Baker?
- Roman, don't start this.|- Where do you two meet?
Don't you walk away from me!
Wake up, sweetheart.
- Roman?|- No. These are for you.
- You were in the house.|- What house?
Roman and Margaret's house.

You saw Mr Church in the past?

He had a pair of scissors.

He was going to kill me.

- Come on.|- This means that you're finally...
coming into the present.

- I'm on her mind, that's all.|- You were there.

We could always regress you, Mr|Church, take you back 40 years.

- Forget it.|- Well, why not?

That way, if you walk through|the door and out onto Miami Beach,

- At least we'd know for certain.|- I'm not Roman.

But you were there.

It was real.

Yes. I'm coming. Yeah?

- Mike, this is Pete.|- Yeah?

- I got a line on Gray Baker.|- So he's still alive?

I got a post office box|in the Valley.

- I want to send him a message.|- Hold on. Go ahead.

You have it say, "Margaret wants|to know if you still miss the war."

- What?|- No name. Just my number.

Maybe Gray Baker|can make sense out of this.

- I'm afraid of you, Mike.|- You're afraid of a dead man.

You heard what Dr Carlisle said,

about how two people|keep meeting again and again.

Say that's true.|- Why would I hurt you?

- Why would Roman hurt Margaret?|- I'm not Roman!

Trudy! Will you shut up?

OK, take these.

- Take them!|- Well, I don't want them.

I want you to have them,|so just take them.

OK, all right.

- Will you stop...|- Take the fucking scissors, Grace!

Come on. I got some more.|- Come on! Let's clear this thing up.

- Mike, don't!|- We can't be too careful.

I might scratch your eyes out|with them.

I know we got some more.|- There's got to be some in here.

Mike, please stop it! Stop it!

Here, take it. Sleep with it.|- Put it under your pillow.

- I come near you, blow my head off.|- No!

If you're so fucking afraid of me,|you should be glad to have it!

No!

I'm sorry. It's OK.

I would never hurt you, Margaret.

All right.

Let us begin with the staircase.

As you continue down, you become|aware of a door at the bottom.
As you move through this door,
you will recall a memory,|any memory at all.
Just tell me the first thing you see|as you go through the door.
Remember,|you are no longer an observer.
Where are you?
- In a hallway.|- Whose hallway?
- My hallway.|- Who are you?
- I don't know.|- Have a look at yourself.
What do you see?
My leg? I don't know.
I see a candlestick.
I'm going through a door.|It's a bedroom, it's my bedroom.
I see pictures|on the walls, a chair...
I don't know,|there's this dressing table.
Mr Church, what else do you see?
The chair. I see a mirror.
- And in the mirror?|- I see myself.
Do you know your name?
Yes.
- Well, what is it?|- Strauss.
What do you see, Mr Church?|What do you see?
Stop this. Jealous... Have to...
Have to stop this.
I have to stop this.|I have to stop this.
No, Mr Baker.|There's nothing to say. Goodbye.
I think we've heard enough.
No, you haven't.|I'm not Roman, and you were not...
Hello!
Mike, I was hoping you'd be here.
Hi, Amanda.
- Who?|- That's your name, Amanda Sharp.
Your ID's inside.|Apparently, you're an artist.
You live on High Tower, the old|Carl Kay house, with the elevator?
Your neighbour saw the picture.
When they couldn't|reach Mike, they called the paper.
No!
I got to get out of here.
Are you OK?
Look out!|There's no reason to be so upset.
She's got no husband,|no fianc, no nothing.
- You butthead!|- I checked.
We're talking about a profound state|of unattachment.
- Did you hear what I said?|- Yeah. It doesn't matter any more.

Watch the feet, for Christ's sake. | What's the matter with you?

Let me get this straight.

- You were this Margaret Strauss? | - That's right.

The lady with no memory | was your husband?

Roman Strauss.

And 40 years ago, she killed you, | and now she's back again.

Right.

It all makes perfect sense.

This gender switching shit | happens all the time.

You can be Bob in one life | and then Betty in the next.

- Husband in one, wife in the next. | - Two halves of the same person.

From this picture, | you look more like him.

- But what a babe you were. | - Come on.

What happens now?

Fucking do her, man. Blow her away.

- What? | - One shot, right here.

- You telling me to kill her? | - You do her before she does you.

I thought karma meant | learning from previous lives.

That's what you learned | from this life.

Karmically, | self-defence is quite cool.

Besides, what you've told me,

I doubt it's any different today | than it was 40 years ago.

Maybe Roman Strauss | didn't kill his wife.

You know that's not true. He caught | her on the phone and killed her.

- I didn't see him kill her. | - If I were you, I'd forget her.

I can't forget her. | I don't know what to do.

Why would she want | to kill me now?

Why do women do anything?

Your neighbour said | you were mugged one night.

You seemed OK, | but the next night you were gone.

Your work's still here, though.

My God!

- I live here? | - Give yourself some time.

But I don't recognise anything.

Nothing.

But you will, my dear. You will.

She used to paint seascapes.

Her mind has obviously been stealing | visits to the past for some time until, apparently, she woke up | one night stranded there.

Why don't you forget all this | metaphysical stuff and call Mike?

I don't think that would | be a good idea at all.

Let me be very honest. | At this point, I think it best

you have no contact whatsoever | with Mr Church. None.

You don't honestly think | Mike would hurt her.

I think they could hurt each other.
I promise you, my dear, |within 24 hours,
Mr Church will come riding up |that lovely old elevator
with nothing but the sweetest words |and the very best intentions.
He'll have a perfect explanation as |to why everything will be just fine.
Before you know it, |you'll be in each other's arms
and you'll feel warm and safe.
But I'm telling you |right here and now,
any security you feel |will be an illusion.
I'm telling you, |any relationship with Mr Church
can end only one way-violently.
I've known Mike forever. |He'd never hurt her.
Mr Dougan, we're talking about fate. |If fate works at all,
it's because people think that |this time, it isn't going to happen.
I don't...
I've got to run down to the paper for |a while. I'll check on you tonight.
What about tomorrow night |and the night after?
How am I supposed to keep him away?
If you can't keep him |away with words, use this.
Sorry. |It's been in my shop for years.
It belonged to a famous gangster, |Stinky somebody.
- I can't use that. | - It's old, but it still fires.
- I can't shoot anybody. | - Take it all the same.
You don't honestly believe this |stuff, do you? Does Mike?
He found you again, didn't he?
I saw you two together |the other night.
You looked good. You looked happy.
What about that man |you told me about?
That mailman |who chopped up his wife and family.
How happy were they |when they first met?
Yeah? This is Mike Church. |Somebody called me.
Mr Church, someone would |like to see you, a Mr Gray Baker.
He'll ask, but whatever you do, |don't let him smoke.
Gray Baker?
- Can I have a cigarette? | - You're not supposed to smoke.
I'm dying. |What the fuck is the difference?
I don't want to get in trouble. |I just want to...
You claim someone says |they're Margaret Strauss.
I said that they said that they...
They were Margaret Strauss.
You know, in a past life.
He said it wasn't over. |That's what he said to me.
I assume he meant |I hadn't heard the last of him.
I read a book |by Roman's guard on death row.

He said right before|Roman was executed,
you asked him if he|really killed his wife.
The guard said Roman|whispered the answer in your ear.
- What did he say?|- Why do you want to know?
Mr Baker, did Roman kill his wife?

No.

Although, at the time,|I honestly thought he did,
until I went to see him on death row.

What did he say?

- Can I have a cigarette?|- I don't have any. What did he say?

- In your pocket.|- What did Roman tell you?

What did Roman tell you?|What did Roman tell you?

Tell me, Mr Baker!

Take it easy. Are you OK?

Jesus. Just...

Want me to get someone?

May I please have a cigarette?

Yeah.

No. Keep them. Really. I just quit.

He didn't say anything.

Come on. I gave you|a fucking cigarette.

I'm telling the truth. I asked him...

But you still killed her.

Didn't you?

- He kissed me.|- What?

He kissed me. The bastard|leaned over and kissed me,
and I have not written a word since.

Who killed her?

- I don't know.|- You've been a big help. Thanks.

Sit down.

If anyone would know,|it would be the housekeeper.

- The housekeeper? Ingrid something?|- Inga.

She knew everything|that went on in that house.

- She's still alive?|- Perhaps.

Last I heard, they had opened|some sort of shop.

Antiques.

She and the son|opened an antique shop?

Antiques.

The Laughing...|The Laughing something.

- On Robertson.|- On Robertson.

Don't forget the rings and jewellery|in the bureau drawer.

Our client wants it to|look like simple robbery.

- That's very important.|- OK.

Let me just check the address again.

Hi, Inga.

You know who I am. | We don't have much time.

So before I call the police, | I thought I'd stop by,
see if you'd tell me | why you murdered Margaret Strauss.

What are you doing here? | Where's Frankie?

You know what I'm doing here.

You loved Roman. I want the truth. | I'm not leaving without it.

You don't know anything.

I never for a moment thought | I was actually in love with him.

- Until he met Margaret. | - First I was really glad.

Margaret was good to Roman.

For a while, | she was good to Frankie and me, too.

But then they got married | and it all went to hell.

The day of the murder, I decided | to tell Roman how I really felt,
that we were so much happier | before in Germany,
that we would be happier | there now, together.

I love you.

But Roman said | he could never love me.

I tried to explain it to Frankie, | but he couldn't understand
that Roman and Margaret | truly loved each other.

Mr Baker, | I don't want you to call me any more.

No, Mr Baker, there's nothing to say. | Goodbye.

- I'm so sorry. | - Roman...

I'm sorry, too. | I haven't been very understanding.

I know you've been unhappy | these past months.

I just couldn't admit it.

I couldn't admit that | you might be unhappy with me.

Unhappy with you?

Margaret, I love you.

So Roman loved Margaret and not me, | and Frankie hated her for it.

I just didn't know how much.

That same terrible night,
we heard Roman's opera | echoing through the house
for the first and the last time.

I didn't know what was happening | until it was...
all over.

Who's there?

After the murder,

Frankie's speech problem | got worse and worse,
so I took him to England, | to a specialist.

The guy used hypnosis to cure him.

He told him about the subconscious | and about reincarnation.

And from that moment on,

the boy was obsessed with the idea | that Margaret would come after him.

And when he found your article|in the newspaper, he knew.
So he hired Dougie the fianc|to take her from me?
His real name's Mark.|He's just an actor.
Jesus!|I left Grace alone with your son.
Wait a minute.
I'm through protecting him.
- It's all right.|- I had to tell him.
It's all right, Mother.|You should be in bed.
Up we go.
There.
Just couldn't live with it any more.
I understand.
Good night, Frankie.
Good night, Mother.
Shit!
- Grace, it's Mike. Let me in.|- Go away!
- I need to talk to you.|- I'm calling the police.
I know you're upset.|If you'll just listen...
What did you do to the phone?
- What are you talking about?|- The line is dead.
It's windy out. Lines are|probably out all over the hills.
- Will you listen?|- Just go away!
Will you just listen to me, OK?
Don't shoot. Take it easy, Grace.
Where are you going?
- I won't hurt you!|- Go away!
Take it easy. Look. Listen. Watch.
Roman did not kill his wife.|He was writing the opera.
Listen, this is for you.
My god.
What have I done?
- Mr Madson.|- Good evening.
I shot him.
Thank you. Less work for Frankie.
Who's there? Frankie?
Antiques.
This is for you!
And this is for my mother!
Margaret?
It's all over, Frankie!
- Mike, don't!|- Pete, stop it!
Don't!
I, for one,
am very interested...

to see...

what's going to happen next.

Somebody help me!

- I'm so sorry. I'm sorry.|- It's OK.

It's OK.

The door just closed.

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