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Don't Say a Word

By Anthony Peckham

Leon put 'em on the same squad. | Don't get me wrong. I love the 49ers.
Montana and Rice? | They're Hall of Fame locks, baby.
But do they cover the spread?
Hell, no. Not like the Giants.
Let me tell you something. | You can give me Simms and Bavarro,
Meggett and LT, any damn day.
Those guys are your meat and potatoes. | They cover, baby.
And don't even bring up Miami. | Don't bring 'em up. There's nothin' in
Miami.
Miami only has Marino with the | golden arm and some fat cheerleaders.
They have no running game. It's like | two virgins. Can't find the damn
hole.
That's why they get blitzed | all the damn time. Understand?
I can't believe you guys.
I mean, yeah, they put up a ton of points, | but they only cover every
other week.
Take the over, then bet | the fuckin' farm, you understand?
The pigs, the barn, the little chickens and | that raggedy-ass tractor. Bet
all of that.
- Dallas, America's team? My sweet black ass. | - Come on.
Tried the bookie-fuckin' routine, right?
Everybody and their wrinkled | grandmother wanna bet the Cowboys.
Therefore, they gotta win by two touchdowns | just to cover. What are the
odds on that?
So do me a favour. Take the points and run.
Come on, guys.
Unless you are a moron, retarded Saints fan,
therefore you deserve | to get cornholed on the 50-yard line.
- America's sport, baby. Football. | - I hate football.
You're talkin' about my sport. | I can do any bet.
One minute, fellas.
It's showtime.
OK. Let's do it.
It's a nasty habit.
Go.
Everybody down on the ground.
- Hands above your heads. | - Move.
You want me to use this thing? | What are you lookin' at?
- How long? | - Two minutes.
I see you, baby. | Get your ass out here.
Bingo.
- 1798. | - That was a bad year.
It's 90 seconds.
Got it.

Upstairs.

- What is that? | - Nothing. It's estate junk.

One minute.

- It's not here. | - It's there.

All right, 45.

My God.

30 seconds.

OK. Come on.

Break out the diamond. | Let's see that \$10 million red beauty.

Fuckin' right.

The Surgeon General was right. | Cigarettes can kill.

No. Go back.

- Is there a problem? | - Fucking go back!

The psychodynamics of compulsive stealing | are well established.

An act committed to relieve | a pre-existing state of guilt,

an attempt to harm an imagined enemy,

or a form of revenge against those who have | deprived the person of something significant,

or somehow inflicted a narcissistic injury.

But stealing panties | from the girls' locker room...

There's nothing in there.

I've never really been | a big fan of Freud's anyway.

I don't know if I should say this. | I'm a professional.

I won't say anything.

You promise to keep your word?

OK. Well, you know, that thing | that you were doing with the panties?

Everybody does it. | Your best friends do it.

The mailman does it. | Even the headmaster. They all whack off.

If anybody tells you they don't, they're lying.

My mom says I'm oversexed.

- Hi, Daddy. | - Excuse me. Who am I speaking to?

- This is me. | - No, my Jessie is eight years old.

The girl I am talking to is at least 11.

Can I speak to your mother, please?

- Don't forget the turkey. | - Why not have 'em deliver it?

It's Thanksgiving eve, Nathan. | Might as well get it to fly here.

OK. Fairway, right? | What's the cross street? 74th?

The man's a steel trap.

- I will be there in ten minutes. | - All right. Bye.

Go away.

Come on.

Shit.

Louis, this better be a real emergency.

My hero. Look.

She's not one of your Dalton trust fund | waifs, but I think she needs your help.

I don't know, Louis. I don't talk to you for | days, and the night before Thanksgiving...

- Jesus Christ. | - Lucky guy. He's still alive.

She took a razor to an orderly in Rockland.

- 111 stitches to close him up. | - What was the trigger?

Good question. | Been in institutions for ten years.

Yeah, I see that. Selective mutism, | obsessive-compulsive behaviour...

- Post-traumatic symptoms... | - 20 different hospitals and 20 diagnoses.

An IQ off the charts. Saw her father | killed by a subway when she was eight.

- Dr Sachs? | - What?

The girl who was biting the heads | off pigeons has a med student in a headlock.

CaII security. Make sure | the student documents the attack.

Louis, I don't know | what the hell you want from me.

- Look, I got a family at home, waiting. | - Nathan, spend 15 minutes with her.

She's an 18-year-old girl | who never hurt a fly until last week.

You and I are between her | and a lifetime on Thorazine. Or worse.

What do you mean, "you and I"? | She's your patient. Your case.

You're a big asshole for making me say this.

You're better at this stuff than I am.

Everybody knows | Nathan Conrad's touch with the teens.

Elisabeth Burrows is the kind of case you and | I lived for before you went uptown on me.

Just kidding. I didn't mean it that way.

- She needs you. | - All right.

But why the emergency? Why tonight?

If we don't make progress by Monday,

they're gonna ship her to Creedmore | and chain her to a bed for the rest of her life.

That's why she needs you now. Five minutes.

- Arnie, Frankie, good evening. | - Dr Conrad. Slumming tonight?

- Afraid so. | - You guys up for a cavity search?

I'll pass, but you know Dr Sachs. | He's always ready for one.

Mind the gate.

What's the new cocktail?

Haldol, Droperidol and Ativan.

- And she's awake? | - Yes, my friend.

- He told me to stay. You're making a mistake. | - Come on.

- She eating? | - Not eating, drinking, sleeping, bathing, letting anybody touch her, or saying a word.

- You're making a mistake. | - No, sweetheart.
Dr Sachs, he told me to stay.
I will have a word with him, Louise. | I promise.
What's with the heavy artillery?
It took about five guys | to get her off the floor up in Rockland.
Louis, is there | anything else you wanna tell me?
No.
Could you open the door, please?
- You OK? | - Am I OK?
- Yeah. | - I'm OK.
Hello.
Elizabeth, my name is Dr Conrad.
I'm a psychiatrist.
Word has it | that you haven't eaten for days.
I can understand that.
I used to work in this hospital. | I know what the food's like.
Elizabeth, would you mind | if I took your pulse?
That means I'm gonna have to touch you.
Now, that's not supposed to happen.
True catatonics have what's called | a "waxy flexibility" of their limbs.
It means they stay | exactly where they're posed.
There's more to you | than meets the eye, Elizabeth.
You're very good at what you do.
So, is there anything you wanna talk about?
That's OK. We hardly know each other.
I know you must have been very frightened | to do what you did to that guy.
I know that you were angry, | because I saw those photos.
But I also know that you were in a lot of pain,
because nobody is | in this place without a reason.
So maybe we'll talk next week.
You want what they want.
Don't you?
What who wants?
Elizabeth. What who wants?
I'll never tell.
Any of you.
Hello?
Who are you?
Five to three this old bag doesn't have cable. | I need my sports.
Dinner's over.
- How you doin', Tony? | - Good. Nice to see you, Doctor.
Hello?
This certainly looks like | the Conrad residence.
It smells like the Conrad residence.

And it's definitely overheated, | Iike the Conrad residence.

But it doesn't sound | Iike the Conrad residence.

Hi, honey. I'm looking for a Iittle girl.

About four feet two, Iight brown hair.

Where did she go?

If I don't find that Iittle girl,

I'm gonna have to go downstairs | and find myseIf another Iittle girl.

I'II be back in ten minutes.

- Hi, Daddy. | - How are you?

- Look what I did in art class today. | - That's beautiful. Look at the colours.

- You've got such a unique vision. | - It's my vision, I swear.

- Aren't you supposed to be in bed? | - I can't sleep. I have mental problems.

- I see. What kind of mental problems? | - I'm highly neurotic.

- I think you've been in my study again. | - I needed the stapler.

- Go say good night to Mom. | - You're late.

- Good night, Mommy. | - Night, baby. You brush your teeth?

- Yeah. | - Can I smeII?

Delicious.

I'II put Monkey right over here | by you on that side.

And I'II put SaIIy over here | to keep you company.

You had a bad day.

- Why do you say that? | - Frown-face.

I have a "frown-face" because it's | after ten o'clock and you're stiII awake.

Where were you tonight?

I was working.

Why?

Because I was helping a young girl.

AIi right. But that's gonna cost ya.

AIi right. What's it gonna be?

One hug, two kisses.

You cut a tough deal. | OK, here's one hug.

And one kiss.

And two kisses.

WiII they put Bart Simpson in the parade?

They wiII put Bart Simpson | in the parade if you go to sleep right now.

OK. But I don't think they'II care | if I go to sleep or not.

- Good night, sweetheart. I Iove you. | - Love you too.

- Let me give you a hand, Detective. | - Thanks.

That's beautiful.

What exactly is beautiful?

- Your Ieather jacket. It's beautiful. | - Right.

- Did you read about the Manhattan Bridge? | - No.
It was built wrong. It moves ten feet.

- Syd Simon. | - I'll see you later.

- Detective Cassidy, what can I do for you? | - What do we got?
Floater. Female, no ID.
She's maybe in her twenties.
Sloughing of her skin tells me | she's been in the water two, three days.
This time of year, | with the water cold, could be longer.
A couple to three days tops.
Her hands have been tied. | They recover any rope or anything?
They're still lookin'.
Another body was found | a couple of days ago.

- Battery Park area? | - Yeah.
The victim was male, middle-aged. | Day before yesterday.

- I need preliminary findings by tonight. | - Dream on, Detective. I got cases piled up.
C'mon, Syd. I got plans for | Thanksgiving. Do me right, all right?
- Tomorrow's the best I can do. | - Thank you.
First thing, though.
Cars have now been towed, | the roads ploughed to the pavements,
so the annual Turkey Trot, | the 8,000-metre race...
8,000-metre race? That doesn't sound right.
You can't be distracted.
Here you are, immobile,
totally exposed,
and quite vulnerable.
I think you need a bath.
Guess what, sweetie. | I already had a bath today.
You did?
You didn't have Nathan Conrad's | fantastic special bath, did you?
- No. | - No, you didn't do that.
I didn't get that one yet.
Pretty hot. Not too hot, is it?
- No. It's nice. | - Good.
- We should keep it down. | - You're the one that makes the noise.
Prepare to die of delight.
Jessie, c'mon. Let's join the downhill racer.
I heard that about the downhill racer.
Honey, you were dreaming. | I didn't say anything.
- It was icy, you know? | - I know it was, baby.
- And very windy, too. | - It was a hell-ride.
- Good morning. | - Morning. You think she's still sleeping?
I don't know.
Jessie? Come on. | The parade's gonna start soon.

All right. I'm gonna go there all by myself.

See all those floats alone.

Jessie, come on. Breakfast is getting cold.

Does she have a new hiding place | I don't know?

Probably. She's been running round | the house like a wildcat all week.

Jessie. Get in here right now.

Eat it up before it gets cold.

Nathan? She wouldn't | go out on the balcony, right?

She's not there. She knows better than | to go outside without asking, doesn't she?

Jessie. Get in here right now.

- She lost one of her socks. | - What?

- She's gone. | - What do you mean?

- Wait. Where is she? | - Somebody came in.

- No. She's in the hallway... | - Somebody took her.

- Nobody took her, Nathan. | - Aggie, they cut the chain on the door.

What? Nathan, call the police.

I can't get a dial tone. Hello?

Get off the line. This is an emergency. | Something's wrong with the phone.

- There is nothing wrong with it, Nathan. | - This is an emergency.

Yeah, I know.

- Who is this? | - We have your daughter.

- What? | - Who is it?

What's your worst fear, Nathan?

- My what? | - The first shock can buckle the knees. True?

- Where is she? | - She's unharmed. I don't want to hurt her.

- Give it to me. | - I want something from you.

- No. | - What?

Not until I talk to my daughter | and I know that she's OK.

Rule number one. You do not make demands. | You listen to what I tell you.

You call me back | when I can talk to my daughter.

- What the hell were you doing? | - Aggie.

- Listen to me, Aggie. | - No. Are you crazy?

Aggie. I have to make sure she's all right.

What if they don't call back?

- Hello? | - Daddy?

- Jessie, are you OK, sweetie? | - Honey, have they hurt you?

No. Daddy, can I come home now? Daddy?

That was very brave, Nathan.

- Tell me how much money you want. | - I don't want your money.

Pick up your wife | before she breaks the other leg.

I'm fine.

What?

Nathan, what is it?

Don't close the curtains. I like the view.
Good. Now, on the bureau | by the door is a cellphone.
I know what you're thinking. Don't.
By the time you hit | the one in "911" Jessie will be dead.
Rule number two. Do not try to call or signal | anyone. If you do, I will
kill your daughter.
Not because I want to, but because | those are the rules. Do you
understand?
- Yes. | - What?
I can see you. I can hear you.
Wherever you go, you will be watched.
- What are they saying? | - If you want to see her alive,
don't say a word.
- Now, tell me you understand. | - I understand.
Good. You have a pro bono patient. | Her name is Elisabeth Burrows.
A very disturbed girl.
She has a six-digit number in her head.
Locked away in her troubled mind. | She guards it with her life.
- What kind of number? | - That needn't concern you.
I need that number. You need your daughter | back. That is why this is
happening.
You're a professional, Nathan. So am I.
If we do our jobs | to the best of our abilities,
by this time tomorrow it'll be like | we never even knew each other.
Now, go back to Bridgeway. Take the Rover.
No police, no detours. | And Nathan? Aggie will be fine.
Rule number three. | You have until 5pm today.
Let's do exactly what he says.
- Nathan, why don't we call the police? | - Because we can't.
Because I believe him.
Happy Thanksgiving.
Asshole.
- Aren't you and Jessie hittin' the parade? | - She's got a cold, Danny.
No signs of sexual assault.
I see evidence of injury in her neck.
Signs of bleeding in the | strap muscles overlying her larynx.
I don't know, Syd. This girl | does not match any of my missing persons.
Also evidence of a fracture | on the left tip of her hyoid bone.
Syd. How'd she die?
No blunt instrument here.
- Her neck was snapped in two. | - By what?
By two hands.
Syd. Same technique used | on this Battery Park floater?
Same dislocation of the skull.

And the splotches on the body?

Cigarette burns. He was tortured.

And he had prison tats? OK.

I'm also gonna need fingerprints | and dental x-rays on our Jane Doe, pronto.

You know this is Thanksgiving?

You're right.

Hope her family isn't waiting on her | to carve the turkey.

Cassidy, I'm not susceptible | to your guilty-me bullshit.

She probably helped | her mom with the dishes.

Fingerprints and dentals. Then I'm outta here.

Thank you, Syd.

Slow it down.

Come on.

Roll down your window, sir.

- Officer, I'm a doctor. | - Congratulations.

- See that tuba player rolling off your hood? | - I need to get through this parade.

I need an escort to | the Bridgeview Psychiatric Hospital.

Do I look like a freakin' helicopter? | Use 57th Street like everyone else.

- He's talking to the cops. What do we do? | - Be patient.

There's a young girl who could die.

So, Officer, you can either | help me save this girl...

Or not.

Get outta here. Move on. | Can I have two of you?

Let's go. Right over there.

Hold the band right there.

Open those gates for me, guys.

The son of a bitch. He just picked up | a police escort and cut through the parade.

I like that.

- What? | - The police escort. I like it a lot.

- You didn't tell me the context of the number. | - She knows.

This girl has a decade | of pathology to unravel.

Even if she knows, | your five o'clock deadline is absurd.

In my experience, people are at their best | facing unreasonable deadlines.

You can't just flick a switch in her head.

Trust me. It does not | work that way in these cases.

The money's bad, I know. | But you have family obligations right now.

And Nathan? Don't lose the phone.

- The doctor has landed. | - Did he double-alarm the car?

- Nope. | - Good. We got him focused.

- Do you have the key to Dr Sachs's office? | - Yeah.

- Open it, please. | - But Dr Sachs isn't here.

Open it.

I thought Nathan explained the rules | very clearly. Put the cellphone back.

There's no percentape | in breakinp those rules.

You sick son of a bitch.

- You hurt my Iittle girl and I'II... | - You'll do what?

You were about to say something personal.

I think.

- No. | - That's pood.

If your husband is on his game today, | you've nothing to worry about.

There's a good side, Aggie. This wiII bring | you much closer than the occasional ski trip.

Or sponpe bath.

The remote is to your Ieft. Pick it up.

Pick it up.

Good. Now turn it on.

Try HBO.

No. I've seen this. A bit too violent.

Try a nice family drama.

- Nathan. What are you doin' here? | - You're not supposed to be here.

- How'd you get in? Who let you in? | - You're supposed to be in Greenwich.

Why are you here on Thanksgiving?

Why am I here? I gotta testify | in a double homicide on Monday.

I thought I'd come to my office | to do a Iittle research.

You broke into my files. | Those are my pers...

- I woulda given you the key, man. | - Have you gone through aII of this?

No, it just got here. But I've been through the | master file. It's a swamp of misdiagnosis...

- I think she's overlaying. | - Overlaying?

She is a briIIiant mimic. | That's why Rockland couldn't figure her out.

She's highly adaptive. She takes on | the symptoms of other patients.

She's Iike a counterfeit schizophrenic, maybe.

I can't believe it's aII smoke and mirrors.

That would place her | in the malingerers' haII of fame.

I gotta believe there's | some genuine pathology beneath it.

She has classic post-traumatic | stress symptoms. Her PTSD is real.

Seeing her father die, that was ground zero.

And she also believes that | something or somebody is after her.

That is why she stayed institutionalised these | past ten years. She wants to stay inside.

So, 20 different hospitalisations,

20 different diagnoses.

AIi overlaying. Nathan, that would make her | a very talented young Iady, wouldn't it?

Or desperate.

- Louis? | - Yeah?

Does anybody know I'm treating | Elisabeth Burrows besides you?

Everybody. I put it up last night after you left.

Figured you might be back. | Wanted you to have clearance.

I also reinstated your password. Gate, please.

Elisabeth, good morning.

Are you feeling better?

I brought you something.

A chocolate turkey.

The sugar'll help you metabolise | all those meds they've been giving you.

Do you like Thanksgiving? | It's my favourite holiday.

Wanna touch?

- Sorry? | - I saw you looking.

I know what you're trying to do. | You want to embarrass me. It won't work.

The other doctor?

- Dr Sachs. | - Yeah.

- I don't like him. | - I can understand that.

Very fucking funny.

Elisabeth, there's something | important that I have to ask you.

But first I wanna show you something.

I have a daughter. She's eight.

Going on 18.

Her name's Jessie.

I have some of her favourite things here.

This is Horton Hears a Who!

I've read it to her so many times, | it's pretty worn by now.

And this... | She loves to draw weird pictures of me.

And this.

This is Sally.

Would you like one of those?

I'll make sure the hospital lets you keep it.

But you can only choose one.

- What the hell is this? Toys "R" Us? | - Want me to choose for you?

- Dr Conrad? | - Yes?

Get out.

No.

I want you to leave.

No. We're not finished talking, Elisabeth.

I know what you're trying to do.

You wanna embarrass me. It won't work.

What's your name?

Your hair's really long.

My hair used to be that long | but my mom made me cut it.

What's that thing on your neck?

It's kind of impolite | not to answer someone's question.

It's a symbol.

- What's it mean? | - Don't talk.

Elizabeth, there's something I need to know.

Jessie.

Jessie? That's my little girl's name.

Wanna see a picture that Jessie drew?

I'll make you a deal. I'll show you | the picture if you answer my question.

Is it worth just one answer? | I don't mean a yes or no answer.

Maybe.

I'm gonna ask my question now, Elizabeth.

Is the man that you hurt in Rockland...

Did that have anything to do with the terrible | thing that happened to you in the subway?

Come on, run.

Come on, honey, run.

- I didn't know what you were talking about. | - Run.

I didn't know who "they" were | or what "they" wanted.

- Now I do. I know how bad they wanted it. | - Leave.

I know how important it was | for you to hold onto it.

I'm just asking...

Elizabeth, you have to...

I'm sorry.

You lost her.

She's still got the doll, doesn't she?

- Yeah? | - That went well.

I can gain her trust. But without | more information, I'm shooting in the dark.

- The answer's right in front of you. | - I have gone through her files.

- Then look closer. | - You tell...

Nathan. It's 12.22.

I'm sure of one thing. They would have | encountered quite a few venomous species.

Like this. Check this out.

See how he's put his tail up, poised? | He is prumpy.

He pets his stinker back over the top | of his head, ready to grab and stink.

Trying to recuperate.

Sofia.

Sofia, why are you here?

I broke it. Mr Conrad will fix it.

What?

Turkey? No. No tacchino.

No telephone. Just give it to me.

HeIIo.

Get rid ofher.

Sofia, no tacchino.

- Any more visitors? | - No.

Come on. Yeah, baby, take it off.

AIi right. Suit yourself.

I have to go. You have to caII me back.

Have you seen this?

What's this? | "Girl found wandering on Hart Island"?

- Where'd you find this? | - In her file in your office.

"A young girl was found | among the coffins on Hart Island."

This is around the time her father died. | I should run this by Child Services.

Could she have been Iost or unattended? | That's bizarre.

On an island in the East River?

I saw Sarah. Two days ago. She was | meeting her boyfriend in the ViIIage.

- Maybe she's stiII with him. | - She could be. Just wait one second.

Jake. Tray 57, and just her face.

- It stinks in here. | - I know. Just breathe through your mouth.

- I've never seen anyone dead before. | - You'II do fine.

- I'm gonna get sick. | - No one in here's gonna mind.

Come on.

I've gotta take this. | But I'm gonna be right here.

Cassidy. Hey, baby.

Yeah. You should take the one o'clock, | because I'II be at Penn Station by two.

- Make it seven. | - I promise.

Don't promise.

What? Yeah, I'm almost done here.

Yeah. I'm at the city morgue. Bye.

- Your NCIC on the guy with the busted neck. | - I got a hit.

Leon Edwards Croft.

- Jesus, what does he have, 15, 20 arrests? | - A busy Iittle bad guy that won't be missed.

- You run him for known associates? | - Of course. Am I not a paid professional?

It's OK.

Why would someone do this to Sarah?

The guy with the cigarette burns, Croft? | He was the driver for this crew.

Robbery said they hit banks. | Here, Jersey, Delaware, Virginia.

No convictions tiII '91.

And three of his friends just | capped off a ten-year jolt in Attica.

Patrick Barry Koster. | He's the last one that got out. November 4th.
November 4th.

Did Croft rat these guys out?

I don't know. Could be payback.

He has no priors. There is nothing on him. | He just came out of nowhere.

I know. It's the only thing | he ever got popped for. The guy's a ghost.

I guess that's who I need to talk to. | Thank you.

- Watch your back. | - Yeah.

You picked Jessie's | absolutely favourite thing.

She and SaIIy were | inseparable since they were two.

Where is she?

Where's Jessie?

They took her.

Now she's really scared. As scared as you | were when you went for that guy
at Rockland,

but she's only eight years old, Elisabeth.

She's not as strong as you are. She can't | protect herself as well as you
can.

I am not just here to help you.

- Me help you. | - I need you to help me.

Otherwise, I'm not getting my little girl back.

Today's Thanksgiving.

Do you remember Thanksgiving?

Yes, I remember.

Who were you with?

My dad.

Just me and my dad.

Being strong isn't only | about protecting yourself.

It's also having the strength to let go,

especially if you're holding | onto something so tightly

that you don't even know | that you could have a better life.

The only way that you can | help yourself is if you go back.

You have to go back | to that day on the subway.

I can't. Can't do it. No.

Here we go. The main event.

You can't help my little girl | unless you go back.

No, please.

Listen to me. The men that have Jessie

are the same men you're frightened of, | the men that sent the orderly
after you.

- I don't wanna hear this. | - All they want is a number.

- You want what they want. | - They know you know it.

- They'll kill my little girl if you don't tell me. | - Stop it.

Daddy.

- Is it a telephone number? | - No.
- An address? An account? | - I don't know.
- A bank account? A code? A place? | - No.
What is it?
What's wrong? We Iost the feed?
No, we're good.
You Ieave him alone.
Your father is gone.
And no one is gonna hurt him any more.
My Iittle girl is stiII alive.
Jessie is alive.
Dr Conrad...
I'm scared.
I know. I'm sorry.
- Shit. | - It's OK.
- EIisabeth... | - I'II try.
You're OK.
Long time since breakfast.
- Yeah. | - I wish we had some cheeseburgers.
The best turkeyou ever had.
Careful, orI'llputyou in the oven with it.
I love you, Daddy.
- What's that? | - This is a 5cc syringe,
with a 10-gauge needle | and 500mg of sodium amytal.
500mg? Why not give her a quart of Jack | Daniel's and stick a shotgun in
her mouth?
The event is obviously | right beneath the surface.
She should respond beautifuIIy to Amytal.
Answer it.
You answer the phone.
TeII them everything's OK,
and that you're going to plan B.
Everything's OK, and we're going to plan B.
It's a drug.
You knew aII about the numbers, | and you set me up, Louis.
- I swear to God... | - You teII me why or I'm gonna shove this...
They got my fucking girlfriend. | He's keeping Sarah hostage.
- He'II kiII her if I don't get him this number. | - Your girlfriend,
Louis?
He's got my daughter.
- He's got my Iittle girl. | - Nathan, I didn't know that.
I'm sorry. I didn't know.
You gotta get the number for this guy. | He'II go away. It's that simple.
Dr Sachs?

- Yes? | - There's a cop here to see you.
- A cop? What kind of cop? | - I don't know.
- What does he want? | - She. She didn't say. She's in your office.
OK.
- TeII her I'II be right there. | - OK.
- He said no cops under any circumstances. | - You have got to go down to your office.
You have to be cool, | and you make her go away.
If we don't have it by 4.30, we go to plan...
Peanut butter and jeIIy. | What kind ofjeIIy is it?
HeIIo there.
- I'm Louis Sachs. | - Hi. Detective Cassidy.
- Pretty girl. Is that your daughter? | - This?
No. This is not my daughter. | How can I help you today, Detective?
- I'm here about this woman. | - What about her?
- You don't know her? | - Nope.
She worked in the hospital for five months. | She was a resident.
ReaIIy? We have dozens and dozens | of residents, I wiII teII you that.
She worked in the department you oversee.
That's strange. I should know who she is.
And I don't. So there's gotta be a mistake.
- When did you Iast see Sarah? | - Detective.
I just told you, and I'II teII you again, | I do not know who that is.
Where are we going?
- Do you have a Iawyer, sir? | - What?
- Do you have a Iawyer? | - What are you talking about?
- You don't know Sarah? | - No. Why are we talking about Iawyers?
A week ago, in Central Park, with you. | She told her roommate Vanessa about it.
- You know Vanessa? She knows you. | - I don't know Vanessa either.
I'm about to read you your rights.
- My rights? | - Yeah, but first...
- What did I do? | - I want you to do me a favour.
This is Iast weekend, with you, | by the fountain in Central Park.
You took this picture. And this is her now.
This one you did, this one I took. | Who do you think did better, me or you?
- That's not Sarah. | - That's Sarah, Iaid out in the morgue.
- No, it's not Sarah in the fucking morgue. | - I work Homicide, Dr Sachs.
That's Sarah.
The morgue?
- It can't be Sarah. That's not the deal. | - That's not the deal?
Why don't you teII me | what the fuck the deal is?
Who is part of the deal? | Is he part of it? How about him?

TeII me who is part of the deal.
He said we had until five today. | That's a mistake.
It's no mistake. Who's "we"?
We are so fuckin' close. | AII we need is a haIf hour.
- Dr Sachs, who is "we"? | - That's not Sarah.
Why don't you quit wasting | my fucking time and teII me, who's "we"?
You Iike country music?
What did I say about noise?
Daddy's smart Iittle girl, aren't you?
Better hope your mother didn't hear that.
Go fuII screen on her.
Tighter.
- She heard. | - How do you know?
She's stopped breathing.
So what can I do for you, Doc?
Arnie, I need to ask you a favour.
Were you takin' Burrows for a stroII?
- We're out of here. Bring her. | - Mommy, Daddy, I'm up here!
Take care of her.
I need you to open the gates.
- On whose authorisation? | - This is between you and me.
That's why they caII this place | the nuthouse, Doc.
Cos I'd have to be, basicaIIy, | fuckin' nuts to let you do that.
OK. WeII, I just had to ask you...
It's OK, Arnie. It's just a sedative.
It's aII right. You'II be fine in about an hour.
Dr Conrad?
Fuck.
Excuse me.
Security breach. Start emerperencyprocedures.
Securitypersonnel, offi cer down. We have a | security breach. Start
emerperencyprocedures.
A gold Land Rover just Ieft Bridgeview, | heading east.
- They're Ieaving. | - The driver is a Dr Conrad.
Wanted for questioning | in connection with a homicide.
Have an RMP respond | to his residence immediately.
Oh, my God.
- What's on your mind, Nathan? | - Field trip.
Wait a second. Where are you taking Jessie?
- Why are you movinp her? | - You have 44 minutes.
Why are you moving her?
All right, I will petyou the number.
- Just don't hurt her. | - 43 minutes.
You have reached New York City's | emerperency services. Please stay on the

line.

Your call will be answered in | the order in which it was received.

You crippled bitch.

- Are you aII right? | - Yeah.

Move.

- This is where it happened, isn't it? | - No.

When we Ieft home, my dad and me...

Big car, dark.

I'd never seen my dad so scared.

He grabbed my arm. He kept running.

And I tried to keep up.

- You can do it. | - OK.

You can do it. Let's go.

It's OK.

EIisabeth?

There were Iots of people.

But my dad just puIIed me through them.

I Iooked back.

They were so fast.

They're stiII behind us.

There were only two men. We Iost one.

My dad took me around the corner.

He made me hide over here.

Listen to me carefully. | You andMishka, you potta wait here.

It's ponna be fi ne.

Russel, where've you been?

What's in the fuckin' bap?

They could see my dad's face | and he tried to talk to them.

There's nothinp in the fuckin' bap.

Where is it, Russel?

What's happening now? EIisabeth?

I don't believe a fuckin' word.

EIisabeth, what do you see?

Where is it?

The one in the red coat kept on kicking him

and asking him | "Where is it? TeII me where it is."

- Let me up andI'll tellyou where it is. | - EIisabeth.

- Where is it? | - Come on, help me up.

And everybody was watching | and no one would help.

EIisabeth, what did the man want?

- I can almost reach him. | - EIisabeth.

- Daddy! | - No!

Turn around. Hands up.

- Down on your knees. | - What did the man want, EIisabeth?

Did he want a number?

Elisabeth, | I need to know what the man wanted.

He wants Mishka. My doII.

- And where is Mishka? Where is your doII? | - Hang onto that, baby.

- Yeah. | - You're cutting it rather close.

All right. I have what you want.

Good. I'm listening.

I've decided I'm gonna deliver | the number to you in person.

No time.

- No choice. | - Being brave again, Nathan.

That's the best way | to get your daughter killed.

Other than missing the deadline, | which is less than three minutes away.

Rule number one. No more clock.

- What? | - You heard me.

- Now, I'll meet you there. | - Where?

I think you know where. And rule number | two, I want to speak to my daughter now.

Do you hear me? | I want to speak to my daughter now.

- Daddy? | - Pumpkin, are you all right?

Yeah. Daddy, please come get me now.

I'm on my way, sweetheart.

- Anything else? | - Rule number three. No more phone.

I got a medical emergency. | I'll get this phone back to you.

- Appie? | - Is she alive?

- She's fine. | - Where is she?

Aggie, listen to me.

What is that? Did you call the police?

Appie?

No. But somebody did.

Do they know what's going on?

- Not yet. Listen. | - I'm here.

Just get her back.

What you doin' down there?

That's my boat. Where you goin', asshole?

What you doin'? Bring that back.

Dr Conrad.

You're a committed man.

I wanna see her.

I wanna see her now.

Grim place for a holiday, isn't it?

Hello, Elisabeth.

I've thought about you | every day for the last ten years.

I bet you've thought about me, too.

I know you've been through a lot. | But so have I.

Your father let us both down.

- Where's my daughter? | - She hasn't given it to you.

- Where is she? | - She won't give it to you.

- I wanna see Jessie. | - Where's my number?

You're not getting anything until I see...

We talked about bravery today.

It's not good.

You need to know how to use these.

I wanna see my daughter.

Yeah, I think you've earned it.

- Max. | - Daddy?

- Jessie? | - Daddy.

It's aII right, honey. You're gonna be fine.

You guessed the number | is a grave. Very good.

Now what?

I finish my job.

Come on, Nathan. Up the stairs.

Over there, by the table.

And ElisabETH. Not her.

Take her back outside.

- Daddy? | - Jessie, you're gonna be aII right, honey.

Now, let's see what 200 an hour can do.

Officer Peterson. Nice work. | You found my car. Where is it?

- It's over there. | - OK. Now, where's my guy?

He smashed through a steel fence | on the Corrections pier.

Then he jacked a boat from that individual.

He and some girl. Sounds a Iittle hinky.

- A boat to where? | - That's the coastguard's problem.

It is not. It is my problem. | It is your problem. What is over there?

- Where's the music coming from, ElisabETH? | - The radio.

- Where? | - It's playing on the boat.

On the boat that brought | you here the first time?

Yeah.

It was cold. It was wet.

My eyes were burning, | but I was with my dad.

How did you know which one was your dad?

They gave him a number.

Where was this number?

It's on his box. | They carved the number on top of his box.

I tried to get it open, | but my fingers were numb.

I couldn't Iift it, it was too heavy.

I couldn't put Mishka inside.

Better pray she's Iying, Nathan.

Where did Mishka go? | What happened to Mishka?

- They saw me. | - Who saw you?
The men with the music.
They were working. They said my lips | were blue. They gave me a blanket.
I told them "My dad's inside."
"And I need to put her inside with him."
"I need to put Mishka in the box," I told them.
What did they do?
They helped me.
They helped me put Mishka | inside the box with him.
They let me stay with him.
Until...
So what's gonna happen | if you dig this thing up?
He's gonna have you | kill me and my little girl.
You like her. I can tell that.
And when you're done with us, | he'll be done with you.
Just keep walkin'.
This boat's for charter, not runnin' | around the Sound on Thanksgiving.
Like I said, sir, it's police business. Do me a | favour, Captain Bligh.
Drive the friggin' boat.
Go on, Max. Open it up.
Get her out.
The girl. Out.
- Sit down. | - Daddy.
Let me go.
I am going to put a bullet through your knee. | Then you'll give me the
right number.
No.
No. Get off.
Get her off.
Sit down.
Forget the fuckin' number. | Just say hi to your dad from me.
- She gave it to you - in reverse. | - She gave me nothing.
- It's reversed in her mind. | - Shut up. I've got nothing, you lying
bitch.
Cognitive distortion.
She wrote it right to left.
Look.
She sees it in a mirror.
Can you imagine | what'll happen if this is bullshit?
Central, this is | Detective Cassidy from Homicide.
Shots fired | on the northeast shore of Hart Island.
I'm en route. I need Harbor and Aviation.
Ten years of my life.
Bought and fuckin' paid for.

Take care of that.
You're not like me, Nathan.
I would have killed | a man who took my little girl.
Police. Don't move.
Drop your weapon.
Go on.
I never got your name.
Patrick.
Are you sure I'm not like you?
Are you sure?
Was this really worth it?
What?
Your life.
Absolutely.
It's mine.
Then you go get it.
I'll be right back, sweetie.
- How are you holdin' up? | - I've been better.
Thank you.
Let's go. Come on.