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Elephant Song

By Nicolas Billon

Rise and shine, Michael!
- Morning, Dr. Greene!
- Good morning, Bruce!
Do you... have an envelope?
Of course!
Thank you.
Mr. Chairman...
Oh, Dr. Greene.
Sorry it took so long to get this set up.
How was Christmas in Paris?
Fine. Family...
Still a little bit jet-lagged.
Shall we get started?
Yeah, let's do that.
I didn't have time
to go through everything yet,
but I'm sure between
you and Miss Peterson...
It's been a few weeks.
I don't expect
your memory to be perfect.
I was looking for my glasses.
This was in Dr. Lawrence's office?
I wanted to have
a glance at his file, but...
without my glasses...
Oh...
Hello!
Kevin is charging us triple time.
Well, it... it'll get fixed.
How did you know to even
find me at this extension?
Bruce transferred me.
And how's Amy?
You know, I think she... she'd
like to help you make dinner.
Of course.
Call me when you're done
in case I need you
to pick something up.
I will. I..
Bye.
Oh!
Oh!

Oh, thank you, Miss Peterson.
Let me know
if you need anything.
I'll shut the door,
just to be safe.
This didn't worry you?
I didn't know
what I was up against.
About how unstable
the patient was?
You've never met
Michael, have you?
Hmm.
That's the second time today
I've been asked that question.
Ah.
What did you do
when the patient shut the door?
I went back to my office.
You were anxious?
No, I was...
concerned...
I see.
...apprehensive.
I'm Dr. Greene.
What kind of doctor?
I'm a psychiatrist.
Please, don't...
don't touch anything.
Why not?
Oh, is this about Dr. Lawrence?
It is.
Ah. Shouldn't you be a cop, then?
Oh, maybe you're supposed to be crazy
and I'm supposed to be the cop.
Yeah, so,
my codename would be
White Elephant, of course,
and yours...
Existential Crisis.
Do you like that?
- Michael...
- Who's Michael?
You are.

No, I'm White Elephant.
Miss Peterson told me
you like to play games.
You're right.
White Elephant is a much better
codename for Miss Peterson.
Female elephants
are called cows.
Not a very nice thing to say.
No, I'm allergic
to hypocrisy, anyway, so...
I can't stand it.
It kills me. It kills me.
I'm not here
to talk about Miss Peterson.
I know what you're here about.
To hear the patient
vilifying Miss Peterson
must have been difficult.
Oh, he knew what he was doing.
Yeah, he knew what he was doing.
I should have seen it,
of course, but, uh...
that morning was the first time
Miss Peterson
and I had really...
Well, not since our daughter Rachel died.
Good morning!
Nice to see you here again.
- Hi.
- I've got mine.
Yeah, they keep me busy upstairs.
- I have my keys.
- So, you're working today?
Yeah. I came in early to see
if I could help with Dr. Lawrence.
If it means anything,
I drove by his house.
His car's not in the driveway.
Well, let's not make a mountain
out of a molehill just yet.
It's just on my way.
How much do you know
about the last patient Dr. Lawrence saw?

Michael Aleen?

Yeah.

Is that what you're doing here?

Yeah, why else?

- To find Dr. Lawrence.

- Yeah, that's the idea.

Michael won't tell you anything.

Why don't you talk to Bruce?

I want to talk to the patient.

What's... Uh, what's going on?

What aren't you telling me?

Well, apparently,

he has some information

about Dr. Lawrence's disappearance.

- Michael does?

- Yeah.

- He said this?

- I... I gather.

You know what he's doing?

He's taking advantage

of the situation

to waste your time

and to play games.

Jones wants me to clear it

all the same.

I thought he was away for Christmas.

He called from Paris this morning.

He said he was taking this seriously.

Here's what you're up against.

By the way, how much

do you know about elephants?

- Sorry?

- Nothing.

Aside from the occasional

"good morning," almost 3 years ago.

Oh. It's been that long?

September 1963,

so almost 3 years, yes.

And when you went

to get the patient,

what was his state of mind?

Anything unusual about him?

Good morning!

Oh, good morning!

You're early.

Well, no one's heard
from Dr. Lawrence yet.

- Are you worried?

- Mmm.

I've got to take Michael
to Dr. Lawrence's office.

Dr. Greene wants
to talk to him.

Lucky us.

Dr. Greene wants to talk to you.

I understand that the patient
had a certain reputation
in the hospital.

I had heard a thing or two,
but patients weren't part
of my day-to-day.

I'm here because I understand
you have information about Dr. Lawrence.

And I'm here
to talk about elephants.

Well, I'm afraid

I'm not interested in elephants.

I'm afraid elephants
form matriarchal societies.

But that's not the reason
you and I are here.

I think you know that.

Elephants can recognize
the bones of their relatives.

- That's fascinating.

- Right, guys?

But Dr. Lawrence"

It is also said that elephants
can grieve for loved ones.

Darwin said that the elephant
is the one animal
that can shed tears,
apart from crocodiles,
of course.

Dr. Lawrence did not
come home yesterday.

They have the longest
gestation period of any mammal,

22 months!

In other words, Dr. Lawrence
appears to be missing.

22 months with Mommy.

Can you imagine that?

- You're not listening to me.

- Are you listening to me?

I'm talking about

something that's very serious.

So am I.

You're talking about elephants.

You're talking about Dr. Lawrence.

Two subjects about which

you know very little.

I'm... I'm just not

in the mood for games.

Neither am I.

- OK.

- OK.

Well'?

Let's talk about Dr. Lawrence.

Why? I'm not worried about him.

Elephants are endangered.

Do you know where he is?

Did he say anything before leaving?

Yeah.

Come closer. It's a secret.

You gotta come closer.

"Michael, whatever you do,

whatever you do,

"don't tell anyone where I'm going,

"especially not that nosy Dr. Greene."

Miss Kinley brought you

to your appointment.

Mm-hmm.

When she returned an hour later,

Dr. Lawrence was gone

and you were back in your room.

So, what happened

during that hour?

In that hour...

OK, so...

No, no, no, no. And then I...

All I can remember is that Miss Kinley

brought me to my appointment,
and then an hour later,
she found me back in my room.

Sorry.

Elephants have
a phenomenal memory, though.

Yes. It's phenomenal.

Let's just stop.

Let's just stop
wasting each other's time.

I'm rather enjoying our little chat.

Now I'm losing patience, Michael.

Are you?

That's the thing with you doctors, right?

I'm the patient and you're the impatient.

You walk in here with your prejudices.

What prejudices are you talking about?

Are you serious?

Yes, I am.

Dr. Tulipan...

Dr. Stuhler...

Dr. Lawrence,
they've all got me
figured out for you.

Oh, you mean this.

My name is Michael,
and I have a problem.

I haven't read it.

Give yourself a gold star.

You told him
you didn't read his file?

Yes, I did.

Why'?

I was trying to gain his trust.

I'll make you a deal...

you know, a little quid pro quo.

I know where Dr. Lawrence is.

I'm listening.

What about what I want?

Just because I'm crazy,
doesn't mean I'm stupid.

I'm not gonna negotiate.

I want 3 things:

First, you must agree
not to read my file.
You would be unduly influenced
as to my character.
I want to be discharged eventually,
and your good opinion
would go along way.
That's for Dr. Lawrence to decide.
- I'll need a new therapist too.
- Uh-huh.
Second, chocolate.
Just because Dr. Lawrence
is no longer with us,
doesn't mean
I should be deprived
of my daily quota, right?
So, Dr. Lawrence
gave you chocolate.
Last condition...
Miss Peterson stays out of this.
If she's involved...
And that was a mistake.
In what sense?
It was my mistake.
He was trying to get me
to engage emotionally, and...
I let him.
You didn't know what
was true and what wasn't.
You were there to help find Dr. Lawrence.
I was there because you asked me
to find out what he knew.
Yes.
And you felt the patient still had
pertinent information?
I felt he knew something, and I...
thought I could learn as much
from the lies as from the truth.
Hmm.
So, whether you were engaged
emotionally is irrelevant.
There's something else.
I was in no hurry to go home.
Can't somebody else go instead?

No, the board is nervous, Olivia.
They want me to handle it.
God forbid any of them should have
to change their plans on Christmas Eve.
They just want me
to talk to the boy!
Can't it wait?
No, it can't,
not after Dr. Cartwright.
Fine.
Should I drive your niece home?
Well, we always spend Christmas Eve...
I know, tradition,
but I have to cook dinner.
I have so much to do.
I-I'm not gonna belong.
Let's... let's just call Kevin to fix this.
You know what that means.
He's gonna charge double time.
Omelette?
I'm making fried eggs, Amy.
Honey, your aunt Olivia
makes the best fried eggs
in the whole world!
Do you want one?
- Yeah?
- Yep.
Try and have fun, OK?
Mmm.
Hey!
She's not mad at you, you know,
so don't worry.
- No.
- OK, yeah.
- Are you gonna help her make dinner?
- Yeah.
- Are you?
- Yeah.
OK. Are you gonna draw me
a snowman, a picture for the fridge?
Yeah.
'Cause I don't have mine yet,
you know?
I love you.

' Aw!
- Bye!
- Bye.
I thought, uh, no, I hoped...
that getting Olivia and Amy
to spend some time together would...
Maybe I just wanted
a break from Olivia.
So, what is Miss Peterson
involved in exactly?
Don't let the fact that she's a hick
from Port Francis fool you, Dr. Greene!
Come on.
She's not from Port Francis.
She's a cunning rhymes with runt.
Michael, why... I mean,
why are you attacking her?
Because she's a spying cow!
She's probably listening to us right now.
So, you don't like her?
Miss Peterson, Miss Peterson, help, help!
Miss Peterson, please!
Miss Peterson, I conjure you!
I conjure you.
In the name of Lucifer, I conjure you!
She's gonna be right there.
I conjure you, Miss Peterson!
I conjure you...
in the flesh.
- I heard something"
- There's been a misunderstanding.
Where were you yesterday,
Miss Peterson?
- Excuse me?
- Where were you yesterday?
You weren't at work yesterday.
I'm just curious to know
if you were feeling any better.
What's going on here?
I'm not sure.
Goodbye, Miss Peterson.
Listen between the lines.
Auf wiedersehen.
Bonjour!

Arnvederci!

Don't let him rail road you.

We're fine.

Leave the door open...

Uh-huh.

- ...And behave.

- Uh-huh.

So, you were worried about leaving
the patient alone with Dr. Greene?

The opposite, actually.

Worried about Dr. Greene?

Have you never met Michael?

Never.

If you'd met him, you wouldn't
have asked me that question.

I'm not sure I understand.

I'm sure you don't.

All right, now, Michael...

What do you think of that?

I think the intercom helped.

You're missing

the bigger picture. Come on!

She's leaving the door open

so she can eavesdrop.

I'm not buying any of this.

- She's afraid I'm gonna tell you.

- So, what are you gonna tell me?

Miss Peterson was absent yesterday.

But what you don't know is why, right?

Miss Peterson took a sick day

because it's the Stan of her period.

I beg your pardon?

Period.

She's on the rag.

Now, this is crucial.

Listen to me.

Every 28 days or so,

Miss Peterson here

takes a day off.

It's the only time she's ever away.

And she's as regular as clockwork,

so it's easy to determine in advance

what day she's gonna take off, right?

Isn't that unfair?

Isn't that unfair,
I mean, for her to take time off
for her period?
Jesus Christ!
She's basically a titless cow!
I mean, as far as reproduction goes...
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
You hit him?
Yes, I did.
That's a grievous breach.
I know.
How did the patient react?
His name is Michael.
How did he react?
You just became much more interesting,
Dr. Greene.
I'm sorry, Michael.
That was unforgivable.
- That was overdue.
- No, I should have...
Forgiven and forgotten.
I admire the passion.
I'm even a little turned on.
If you want to make
a formal complaint...
I'm not mad or upset or distraught.
I'm fine.
Now, there was a point to all this.
And it's that Miss Peterson
was absent yesterday.
So...
So there was no one to hear
Dr. Lawrence cry for help.
Ah!
Ah! Asphyxiation, actually.
I strangled him.
You can't self-strangle, trust me.
Come on, Michael, we...
You see the closet right there...
behind me, that closet?
He's in there...
all wrapped up in a garbage bag
so he doesn't smell too much.

You're the hospital director.
It's only fair that you know first.
Michael, you're making this up.
His car is not in the parking lot.
There should be a black filing box
in the left-hand corner.
Do you see it?
Open it.
Can you smell him?
Oh!
You found him!
This isn't funny, Michael!
Yes, it is!
No, it's not, actually.
An elephant?
It's Anthony.
Anthony is pan of the puzzle.
He will help explain
why Dr. Lawrence ran away.
Oh, I thought you killed Dr. Lawrence.
Is his car in the parking lot? No.
How could he be here?
Now that there is
an elephant in the room,
can I have him back?
Why was it in the closet?
Because he's shy.
Because Dr. Lawrence
confiscated him.
Ah.
Confiscated him because...
' Yes?
...because I wouldn't...
You wouldn't what?
Shit.
That's the thing, right?
Right?
That's the moment
we've been waiting for.
Right.
I smell another round of bullshit.
We're getting to know each other,
and I like that.
That stuff about Miss Peterson...

that wasn't true.
I just didn't realize
she was your girlfriend.
She's your girlfriend!
She is!
- No.
- No.All right.
Too bad.
Well, she can do a lot better anyway.
Hello?
Hi, it's me again.
This isn't a good time.
Just wanted to say you forgot
your glasses. Do you need them?
N-no. Well, yes, I know,
but no, I don't need them.
Hey! Switch them!
Uh, Kevin is almost
finished fixing the furnace.
Good!
Well, we'll speak later.
Who was that?
Never mind.
Never Mind,
that's a very unfortunate name.
Don't you think?
I would like to get back to Dr. Lawrence.
I know you would,
but my job here is to be crazy.
That's why I get free room and board,
Dr. Greene.
And giving you a straight answer
does not fall within my mandate of lunacy.
You implied that Dr. Lawrence
ran away because...
Because I threatened to tell...
' Yes?
...about us...
about what goes on in here.
Was he implying, uh...
untoward behaviour
on Dr. Lawrence's part?
If by "untoward behaviour,"
you mean a blow job, yes.

You believed him?
That's a very serious accusation
you're making, Michael.
It's not a joke.
No? Isn't it?
'Cause I think 2 sex scandals
in a year is pretty funny.
He knew about that?
Oh, he knew about
Dr. Cartwright's arrest
and he knew about the pictures
the police had found in his house...
and he also knew the administration
had been kept in the dark about it.
So he knew what buttons to push.
You're lying.
I have a witness.
I'm sure Anthony was
traumatized by the experience.
- That's not...
- Maybe it was Miss Peterson.
Looked through
the keyhole, right?
Miss Peterson,
will you come get Mr. Allen
- and bring him back to his room, please.
- Coming, Doctor.
Aleen, een.
I guess you don't want
to see the photographs.
But I bet I could find some journalist
who would love to see them.
Where are they?
In here.
You did call for me this time?
- Yes, I did.
- What's going on here?
Nothing I can't handle.
- Michael.
- Yes?
Get out of Dr. Lawrence's chair.
Let's go.
That's Dr. Lawrence's chair?
What happened to your face?

- I slapped myself.

- What'?

I said something mean about you,
so I slapped myself,
like this, like this, like this.

Michael, Michael...

Michael. Michael,
come, let's go.

- I want to carry on with him.

- Yeah, let's go. Please, I'm tired.

You just told me
to come get him.

I know. I'm sorry.

It was my mistake.

Thank you.

Sarah?

Sarah, can you keep an eye
on Dr. Lawrence's office?

I'll be right back. Thank you.

Next time, she is taking you
back to your room.

Oh no!

Where are they?

Chomping at the bit.

Enough!

A little gratitude, please.

- Gratitude?

- Yes, gratitude.

"Why, Miss Peterson, how good of you
to notice my red cheek,

"compliments

of Dr. Greene's right hand."

Ah!

"Why, Miss Peterson, I'm not sure
I'd call it assault, but..."

I would have taken responsibility.

I just saw you take responsibility.

Now...

let's get back to Dr. Lawrence.

Christelle, have you noticed
anything, um, unusual

about Michael's behaviour this morning?

Well, he hasn't eaten his last 2 meals.

I went to speak with him.

He... he said that
he's on a hunger strike
until Dr. Lawrence comes back.
Will you look up the number
for the police, please?

- Sure.

- And hand me the phone.

It's Region 3...

- Mm-hmm.

- ...861...

Dr. Lawrence was my lover,
and vice versa.

A little more vice
than versa, actually.

I want to see those photographs.

Yesterday,

I told Dr. Lawrence
that I wanted to end things.

He started to cry,
of course, but I was firm...

"It's over."

Then, he did the most unexpected thing.

He threatened to transfer me
to another institution
and confiscated Anthony.

I told him:

"I'm gonna tell everybody about us."

And he said:

"No one will believe you."

Only, I happen to have a photograph.

Only one?

You said photographs.

I'm comforted to know
that you are listening.

The other photographs
are in the drawer.

Which drawer?

Ice cold.

Ice cold. It's freezing!

Mmm-mmm! Warmer!

Warm. Hot. Hot!

Burns!

It's locked.
Of course it is!
Why do you think that is, Sherlock?
Nice try!
Dr. Lawrence is just
following hospital protocol:
Lock all drawers
and filing cabinets.
Oh yeah, is he?
To protect the patients
or the hospital?
Forget it!
Forget about the truth, right?
Who cares! Hmm?
Ignorance is bliss.
Congratulations on your leadership,
Dr. Greene.
And he hit a nerve there.
It was that morning
I'd seen the clipping
about Dr. Cartwright's scandal.
Normally, I would have coffee
in my office,
but that morning, I had it
in the staff room on the 3rd floor.
Dr. Greene!
Good morning.
Morning!
- Sugar... Oh!
- Oh, Jesus!
Oh, I'm so sorry!
It didn't burn, I hope.
No, it's... no, it's...
Do you want me to see
if there's an extra shirt?
Um, no. I'm fine.
OK, well...
The photographs
don't exist, do they?
Y-you know what?
Yes, I'm gonna give
Dr. Cartwright a call.
I think he'd love to see them.
Can I use the phone

for a minute?
That was an isolated incident.
That sharp, gritty taste in your mouth
is the sand
you've been sticking your head in.
That's the wrong key.
No. Still a no.
Yes.
Two boxes of chocolate,
and then right next to them,
you should find brown envelopes.
No, that's not the one.
Yes. See?
Michael Aleen,
that's me, all day long.
So, there were photographs?
Yes.
Of Dr. Lawrence?
Not exactly.
Take a wild guess.
Aren't they beautiful?
Has anyone ever told you
your pranks might be funnier
if they weren't so predictable?
That one on top is my favourite.
Dr. Lawrence uses these
in your therapy?
Yes.
I'm sure he'd be very proud
of your conduct here this morning,
Michael.
You're upset because you believed me.
But now, you're relieved...
'cause you think...
No, no, that's not true.
I mean, maybe you think it's clever,
getting me to open drawers.
But you accuse any doctor
of inappropriate behaviour,
you're gonna get a reaction.
Doesn't mean I believe you.
But that was just foreplay.
I think there's more in that envelope.
Please, it's not that small.

Is this you?
Yes, that's me.
I was only 15. Not bad, eh?
There should be some close-ups as well,
towards the end.
Jesus!
Yeah, I didn't want to believe any of it.
But this created a doubt.
Of course.
That explains this poor young man's
unbalanced behaviour.
Dr. Lawrence has nothing to do with these.
Please explain to me exactly
how it's OK for a shrink
to have naked pictures of his patients?
- Well, how did he get them?
- How am I supposed to know?
- Who cares? I'm giving you evidence...
- This isn't evidence of anything!
Aside from for your inability
to distinguish a sexual deviant
from an innocent patient, no, it isn't.
' Yes?
Sorry to interrupt, Dr. Greene.
Sergeant Taylor wants to speak with you.
Something to do with Dr. Lawrence.
Well, tell him I'll call him right back.
Oh, actually, he's here, Dr. Greene.
Downstairs?
Yes.
All right, I'll be right down.
- And that was...
- No one.
- No One? Is that Never Mind's stepsister?
- Miss Peterson, would you please
come and keep an eye on Mr. Allen?
Coming, Dr. Greene.
- Aleen. Ah-leen. It's not that hard.
- Sit down.
What's the magic word?
Sit.
Close enough.
Is it the police, Dr. Greene?
Pop quiz!

My interests include
inappropriate relations with children
and I rhyme with "chamomile."
I'll be right back. I just...
I need to take care of something.
Can I borrow your reading glasses?
Sure. They're in my desk.
Dr. Greene!
I was looking for Miss Peterson.
Oh, she's, um,
just keeping an eye on a patient.
Do you need help finding anything?
No, I'm fine.
I was just looking for these.
- Christopher.
- Dr. Greene!
Hi, how are you?
What's going on?
As you know, Susan filed
a missing person's report on James.
No, I didn't know.
What, when?
I thought you knew.
No, uh...
No, I... Listen, I don't think
there's any need to panic.
She's just... She's sensitive to people
disappearing, as you might imagine.
I don't think James is
in any danger. She's just...
Yeah, I agree.
You do?
Yes. Bruce was just telling me
that he saw Dr. Lawrence leave.
He practically ran out of here.
Didn't even say bye or nothing.
And shortly after that, I saw him
when he pulled over to my patrol car
and asked me if the highway
to Port Francis was still closed.
He seemed...
Well, he appeared to be very upset.
Did something happen here?
Um, no, but...

Did you say Port Francis?
Yes, that's correct.
I think the phone's ringing.
Are you gonna pick that up?
- No.
- No?
' Yes?
Is Dr. Greene there, please?
He's just stepped out.
May I take a message?
I'll... I'll call back.
OK. Thank you.
Oh!
Since we're at the awkward phase
of our relationship,
I think now is a good time to let you know
that I need to use the washroom.
Number two.
I knew it!
You are spying on us!
Are you kidding me?
We're gonna go
all the way down to the rec room?
Yes.
I'm not sure
if I can hold it in that long.
Oh, my God!
There's gonna be a disaster!
- You can't get in without me, Michael.
- I know!
Come on!
- Hi.
- Hey!
I thought you were supposed to be
with Michael.
He's in the bathroom. Wow.
OK. Merry Christmas.
Can I borrow your lighter?
You need some company here,
don't you?
You...
You scared me.
Hmm. Well, now you know how I feel.
Please tell me what's going on with you.

Nothing's going on.
That may work with him,
but not with me.
Aw, you're so special, aren't you?
Why are you being
such a pain in the ass today?
Because I just spent the last hour
getting the third degree
by Doctor Dolittle.
Do you think Greene's arrogant?
I mean, he walks in there, right,
figures he knows
everything he needs to know about me.
If that isn't arrogance...
He's just doing his job.
Is defending Dr. Greene
a form of masochism
or is it just because
he's your ex-husband?
Oh, I see.
He didn't tell you that.
Nurses talk.
I gather.
Amazing, right?
And, um...
' Yes?
...apparently he never talks
about Rachel.
Is that true?
Is that true?
Michael, you know
I won't lie to you.
And you know that's not what you and I
have to talk about, right?
Right.
Maybe Anthony can help you!
I want to...
I want to talk to you.
"I'm sorry.
Michael isn't here at the moment.
"He is visiting
the state of Catatonia.
Can I help you?"
Hey! Hi!

Promise me you won't do anything stupid.

"Cross my heart and hope to die."

I want... I want Michael...

I want Michael to promise me!

Thank you, Miss Peterson.

I can take it from here.

- Um, wait...

- No, I can take it...

Hold on a minute.

May I stay with him...

- We're gonna have a little word.

- Can I talk to you, then, please? Just...

I'm not done with you.

Dr. Greene, I think something is not right. Did you tell him?

- I know, I know.

- No, I was...

- What is this?

- Those were in James' desk.

- I don't belie...

- Well, neither do I...

- This is ridiculous!

- ...but I'm taking it seriously!

- This is child pornography.

- Oh, my God! We have to find James.

He knows where James is.

- How do you know that?

- It's along story.

No, Toby, please don't, please.

Please, let me just bring him back to his room.

- No.

- Just for a...

- No.

- Why not?

'Cause there's something here.

I have to get to the bottom of this.

- Oh, my God!

- We won't survive another scandal.

He is totally unpredictable right now.

Please.

I can handle him.

No, you can't! He's been running circles around you! Please!

Listen, I know exactly what he's doing. Oh, my God! You are being so irresponsible right now! Don't lecture me about responsibility. I didn't... I...

And the reference to Rachel, surely, that affected your frame of mind. It was unforgivable, what I said. I was supposed to take Rachel to the lake that morning, and Susan took her instead. It wasn't her fault. I don't know why I... would think it would be any different if... Why was it important for him to promise you? He never lied to me, ever. I doubt that. This patient has a long history of concealing the truth. As does this hospital. So, you believe the patient never lied to you? Until that day, never. I know that for a fact. Earlier, you made a nasty crack about Miss Peterson being a hick from Port Francis.

- Yeah, I said a lot of things.
- That's where Dr. Lawrence went.

Really? That's amazing. Is that even statistically possible? How did you know that's where he was going? I've got this thing called a Ouija board...

OK, just stop! You've been jerking me around for over an hour.

I bet you're all anxious
to go home and celebrate Christmas.
Right?
It's all you can think of.
Pull up your pants, walk out of here
with your head held high.
Isn't that exciting?
I know what you want.
I doubt that.
But I do.
I want to give it to you.
Oh, this is big, Dr. Greene.
It's so big. It's huge.
Ah-ah-ah-ah!
James was in a hurry yesterday,
so he didn't see me swipe it.
Give me the rest of it!
Are you crazy or what?
"Miss Kinley,
cancel my appointments for the..."
- Remainder...
- "...remainder of the day."
It's Dr. Lawrence's handwriting.
Why didn't you have him searched
for the rest of the note?
Oh, he would have eaten the note.
Besides, I thought, at the time,
it would be cheating.
I appreciate that you're lonely
and frustrated and...
maybe too smart to be here.
I can see why you want
to entertain yourself
by playing these shell
games with me, but...
at the end of the day,
you'll be going back to your room.
I'll find out the truth,
with or without your help,
so how about you cooperate?
Cooperate?
No... That... that's all I do, coopera...
"Wake up.
"Eat this.

"Take this pill.
"Go outside for an...
one hour, just one.
"Go see this doctor.
"Now eat this.
Go to sleep. Wake up!"
And again and again
and again and again!
That's all I do, cooperate!
Now, why don't you play
by my fucking rules for just today?
'Cause today,
I'm gonna make some decisions!
Today, I'll get to have Miss Peterson
not look after me
like a fucking hawk all day!
Today, I'm gonna have a conversation
with a decent person
who listens to me, all right,
someone who doesn't know
what disease I have!
Today, I'm gonna have
3 chocolates instead of one!
OK, OK.
I hear you.
- Just tell me what you want.
- I want out!
- Hey!
- I want to get out of here!
I'm gonna take that away
from you unless you calm down.
Calm down!
Now, tell me what you want.
I want to get out of here.
OK, well, that's...
That's up to the board to decide.
I don't have any power over that.
If you did, your opinion...
How long have you been here?
I've been here forever.
That's what I'm trying to tell you.
I've been here forever!
I've been... I've been...
I've been here for 5 years, OK?

I've been here for 5 years.
We had a deal.
The deal was that...
you would tell me
what happened with Dr. Lawrence.
I want you to take me
on my own terms...
on who I am now...
not on the things I've done,
not on the things
people say about me.
Is that so crazy?
No, it's quite reasonable.
That's the first decent thing
you've said to me all day.
Well, you have a way
of pushing people's buttons.
There's nothing I can do about your
status here, Michael. That's the truth.
But here's what I will do:
I will go to your next review hearing,
and I'll make absolutely sure
it's thorough.
How's that?
You would do that...
for me?
Yeah.
Maybe you're just saying this.
You're just saying that
to get this over with and go home.
I'm... I'm not in any hurry to go home.
Wow.
Look at us being all honest and stuff.
Now...
your turn.
Dr. Lawrence never touched me.
A couple of months ago,
he confessed he was in love with me.
What?
Don't get your panties in a twist.
He said he found me to be one of the most
interesting people he'd ever met.
He said he found my intelligence
to be frightening and beautiful.

To beloved was a new thing for me.
I... I was in love with James
long before he ever was with me.
The photographs were
a gift I made him.
Well, and here we are...
with the truth.
Yeah.
The truth, there it is.
When I lie, I embellish.
But to him, of course,
the whole thing was platonic.
Can you imagine being in love...
with someone who won't touch you?
Yes, I can understand that.
Can you?
DO you?
It's the closest
I've come to happiness.
Does this make you uncomfortable,
Dr. Greene?
Hi.
What are you doing here?
I... I brought you your glasses.
- I'm in the middle of a session. I can't...
- I thought you might need them.
Hi, honey!
Hey, these aren't yours!
What happened?
They're not mine, but...
- You have a stain.
- Oh, for Christ's sake, Olivia!
Don't raise your voice with me.
I'm not feeling well.
I think I'm getting a cold.
You can't just drop in here.
Hello!
' Ha' .!
Everything's fine, Miss Peterson.
We're... we're fine.
Is that Amy?
Amy? Amy!
Oh! Ah, oh!
Oh, my goodness!

What are you thinking,
bringing her here?

She wanted you.

Well...

- I'm not feeling well.
- I know you're not feeling well.
- And I'm getting a cold, OK?
- I'm sorry! What do... What do I...
- I've got a headache.
- OK. Well, you should go home.

OK!

Time to go!

I know you still want one, don't you?

Time to go. Bye, now.

Time to go!

Aw!

Oh!

Goodness!

Olivia, Susan Peterson.

- Hello.
- Oh, how do you do?
- Nice to meet you.
- You too.

All right, I'll get back
to what I was doing.

- Bye!
- Bye!

Bye!

Are you ready to go home?

- . Bye, Amy!
- Bye!
- Bye!

OK! She's tired.

Just take her home.

I'll be home as soon as I can!

- Say bye-bye!
- Amy, come on, let's go.
- Say bye-bye!
- Bye!

Come on!

- And that was?
- That was my niece.
- Listen...
- I know.

I know. You gotta go.
- No.
- No?
I know there's...
some reasonable explanation.
What are you still doing here?
I think you still have things
you wanna say to me.
You know, if we carry on with this,
you might begin to understand.
That's the idea.
I'm just saying,
caveat emptor, doctor.
That's the number of times
I saw my father.
As long as it's the truth.
Trust me,
I couldn't make any of this up.
When my mother was on tour
in South Africa,
I was a last-minute accident
of a 24-hour affair.
I can see you going through your archives
of absent-father pathologies.
I went to visit him
when I was 8, just once.
He died with his eye fixed on mine.
Michael!
- Yes'?'
- Is everything all right'?'
Yes, everything's fine, Susan.
My mother knew
something was wrong
because she picked me up
herself at the airport
And were you close to your mother?
Real close for about 9 months,
then she gave birth.
So, when you came back
from Africa, that's when...
she gave you Anthony?
How did you know that?
- Intuition, I...
- Oh! Huh.

Intuition...

My mother, I'll have you know,
is the greatest opera singer
this country's ever produced.
I didn't know that.
Famous, successful.
Has a child she doesn't want,
names him Michael.
There were lots of nannies,
boarding schools,
age inappropriate birthday gifts.

I figure:

She's not very good
at the whole mom thing. It's fine."
And then...
gives me this and sings to me,
that counting song...
me Elephant Song.
And on and on.
It's a French counting song.
The point is...
she could be a good mom.
She knew how.
She gave me hope.
That's the worst thing
you can give a child, Dr. Greene,
if you're not gonna follow through.
Does she come to visit you often?
She can't.
I killed her.
Pardon me?
I killed her.
That's why I'm here.
I'm 14.
I come home.
She's lying on the floor,
a bottle of pills in her hand.
She's still breathing, though.
I'm old enough
to know what's going on, right.
I know what I'm supposed to do:
I should call an ambulance
and have her stomach pumped.

But instead...
I kneel by her...
I take her hand...
I sing the Elephant Song.
I made it to 78 elephants
before she stopped breathing.
Do you know what her last words are?
"I love you? Forgive me?"
"Three false notes."
Which I later found out referred
to her last concert, her last performance.
On a happier note...
YOU win!
In exchange for 3 chocolates
and tending my review board...
you get to find out
what happened to Dr. Lawrence.
How do we do this?
On the count of three...
...two, one.
' Oh, my God!
It's just a stroke.
Why would you hide this?
His sister...
Because I'm ugly.
. "Ugly-"
Go on.
You know, I personally think
that you should get your staff
something more exciting next year.
I'll keep it in mind. Hello.
This is Dr. Greene from
81. Christina Psychiatric Hospital.
Could I speak to
Dr. James Lawrence please?
Well, could you ask him
to call me back at his extension please?
Thank you.
Dr. Greene.
You and Susan,
I son of see it now.
You two must have been good
together, hmm?
Excuse me?

Hmm.
And Rachel, she was lucky
to have you as parents.
Give me that!
James! James, hi.
Yeah, how are you?
Well, no, we just got your note.
That's right.
Yeah, of course.
Why? Well, yeah,
Susan said the same thing.
How is your sister?
Oh, thank God!
OK, well, um...
No, no, nonsense! You just take
all the time you need, and...
Michael would like to say,
uh, have a quick word.
Can I hand him over?
. Hey-
Miss Peterson, I found James.
I miss you.
Mm-mmm. No! No.
No, on the contrary,
I've been really, really good.
No. He even gave me 3 choc...
He gave me 4 chocolates
for my good behaviour.
He's in Port Francis. He's fine.
He left a note that Michael took.
The ones you got for Christmas.
James' sister had a stroke?
Remember?
Wait, we're missing
something here.
Those sound like crocodile tears.
That doesn't change anything.
I love you.
I wanted to talk to him!
Oh! Sorry!
You just gave that to him?
- Mm-hmm.
- Why'?

Why do you always

think the worst of me?
Because I know you.
I cannot believe this.
Yeah, this is Dr. Greene
for Dr. Lawrence again, pl...
Yeah, I can hold.
Did you eat these, Michael?
Did you eat those?
Unlike elephants,
nuts are really not good for me.
Hang up!
We need adrenaline right now!
- Hey, hey, hey, hey! Hey! Just...
- Don't move! Michael!
- Don't!
- Michael, calm down!
Please don't!
- Please don't!
- Calm down!
- Move!
- Take it easy!
Get the adrenaline!
Michael, come on.
Look at me. Look!
Look, look, look!
You just have to breathe.
He's coming right now.
Ah!
Just, easy...
Stay right here. Stay!
What's his pulse?
Very weak.
Just wait, Michael.
Michael, come on!
Dr. Greene is here.
Come on, Michael!
Just breathe! Breathe!
Come on!
You're coming back.
You're coming back, Michael.
Come on. Come on!
It's not work...
- It's gone! It's gone! Gone!
- Come on! Come on!

No, no, no, no! No!

Stop! Stop!

Stop!

Michael! Mich...

Michael!

No!

No!

Forgive me!

Forgive me!

Oh, God! Forgive me!

Oh!

"Forgive me."

Those were his exact words?

OK...

I think it might be best if you took
a couple of weeks off just to...

Piece myself back together.

- Yes, exactly.

- Good.

Uh, now we'll have
to call it a leave of absence
or a sabbatical
or something like that.

- Yeah. Right.

- Uh-huh.

The timing of this
won't reflect well on us.

James!

Oh, hey! How are you?

I'm all right.

How are you?

All right.

They called me to let me know
no one has come to claim his things.

Over all the years
as a psychiatrist,
I never once set foot
in a patient's room.

You're probably not the only one.

We're gonna miss you, Toby.

- News travels fast.

- Mm-hmm.

That's kind of you to say so.

You know, I always suspected

that I wasn't much
of a shrink, you know?
And Michael made me believe
I had it in me.
But he knew
the emperor had no clothes.
Am Un lphant,
ga trompe! Ga trompe!
It's a pun. Trompe means
"an elephant's trunk,"
but it's also the verb "to deceive."
- The cheeky bastard!
- Mm-hmm.
I'd like to ask you
an indiscreet question.
Yes...
I loved him.
But not in the way
he wanted, of course.
That may be hard to understand.
No.
No. It isn't.
You know, I often...
I have this recurring dream
about Rachel
where the doorbell rings,
and I go to the door,
and she's standing there
in this pretty dress
that I last saw her in.
You know, then I wake up, and...
all I can see is her tiny, little body
just sprawled out on the dock.
And then, nothing...