INT.   INTENSIVE CARE WARD.

The ward is quiet. A NURSE sits at the station. Nearby, two
uniformed OFFICERS talk with a plainclothes DETECTIVE.

Schroeder enters the ward.

>   DETECTIVE
>   (to Schroeder)
>   Excuse me. This ward is off limits
>   to all--

>   SCHROEDER
>   Yes. Hello. I'm Doctor Nicholas
>   Schroeder. I heard that some of my
>   patients are here. They were
>   victims in the explosion uptown.

>   DETECTIVE
>   Could I see some I.D., Doctor?

Schroeder pulls some identification from his jacket and shows
it to him.

>   SCHROEDER
>   Any idea what happened?

>   DETECTIVE
>   Not yet. Any idea why they wee
>   together? Was that your office
>   they were in at the time of the
>   explosion?

>   SCHROEDER
>   No. My office is in Chelsea. I
>   Was treating them for a congenative
>   disorder that they--

>   DETECTIVE
>   Congenative?

>   SCHROEDER
>   Yes, a congenative--

>   DETECTIVE
>   (beat)
>   Would you mind getting against the
>   wall, Doctor?

>   SCHROEDER
>   Excuse me?

The Detective pushes him against the wall. The Officers step up to them

                    DETECTIVE
          People are treated for 'congenital'
          disorders, not 'congenitive'
          disorders, Doctor.

The Detective pulls the atomic heater out from under Schroeder's jacket.

                    DETECTIVE
          What's is this? A digital camera?
          You another reporter? Cuff him.

The first Officer pulls out his cuffs. Schroeder spins around and grabs his's head. He gives it a quick twist.

CRACK

As the first Officer falls to the floor, Schroeder grabs the detective's hands and twists. He takes back the heater and backhands the second officer, knocking him down.

He points the heater at the detective's head.

                    SCHROEDER
          Nothing personal.

He pulls the trigger. The detective falls lifelessly to the floor. A hole is burned into his forehead. Schroeder turns to the second cop. He squeezes the trigger.

The desk nurse GASPS. Schroeder turns to her.

                    NURSE
          Please...

Schroeder fires the heater at her. A hole the size of a quarter burns through her forehead. Her body stiffens. She remains standing. Her hair smolders.

He steps over to her and sticks his finger in the hole. He wiggles it. Her arm twitches.

He stops wiggling. She stops twitching.

He wiggles again. She twitches again.

He CHUCKLES.

He pulls his finger out. She falls to the floor.

He looks around.

                    SCHROEDER
          Now, you can call me Doctor Fucked.

INT. MYERS' CAR.

Myers answers his ringing cell phone.

                    MYERS
          Yeah?

Schroeder drags the nurse's body into a supply closet. The
Detective's body slides in on its own. The bodies of the
uniformed cops are already there.

                    SCHROEDER
               (into phone)
          They're not here, Jimmy.

                    MYERS
          What do you mean, not there?

                    SCHROEDER
          I mean, 'not here.' They're not in
          intensive care.

                    MYERS
          They're not going to be there!
          They're in the operating room.
          Doctors are going to be working on
          them until Christmas.

                    SCHROEDER
          Thanks for telling me this now.

He ducks into a room as a nurse walks down the corridor.

                    SCHROEDER
          Oh, by the way. The body counts
          going up, but not with Faces.

                    MYERS
          What the hell are you doing?
          Finish the job and get your ass
          down here.

                    SCHROEDER
          Easy for you to say from your warm
          safe comfortable car--

                    MYERS
          Finish the job!

Schroeder stands by a stairwell door. There's a small window at eye level.

> SCHROEDER
> After this, you, me and Tommy are
> gonna have a serious talk--

A fist crashes through the window. Schroeder is punched square in the face. He drops his phone.

Myers sits up in the car, startled.

> MYERS
> Nick? Nicky? Answer me, man!

Myers hears a SLAPPING noise over the phone.

Schroeder's phone lays on the floor. The SLAPPING is louder.

Whitey kneels over Schroeder, rabbit punching him in the face. Each blow makes him bloodier.

> MYERS (O.S.)
> Nicky? What the hell's going on?

Whitey stops hitting Schroeder. He picks up the phone.

> WHITEY
> (into phone)
> Hello?

> MYERS (O.S.)
> Nick, is that you?

> WHITEY
> Jim Myers? Is that you?

> MYERS
> Who is this?

> WHITEY
> A ghost from your past... Is my
> cousin with you?

Myers' jaw drops.

> WHITEY
> Tell him I'll be visiting him soon.

Whitey puts the phone in his pocket. Schroeder coughs up blood.