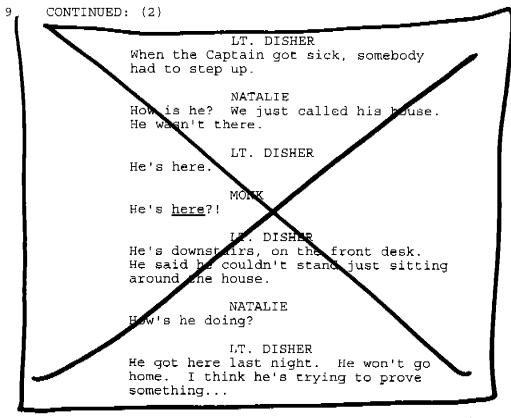
9

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POLICE HQ - FRONT DESK -- SAME TIME 10 INT.

> In the lobby. Capt. Stottlemeyer is sitting at the FRONT DESK. He's talking to a simple, unassuming elderly

10

couple: MR. AND MRS. PARINI.

Capt. Stottlemeyer is tired. And in pain. His back hurts. He's taking aspiring, as ...

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

(resuming)

Downstairs.

Mrs. Parini, let me get this straight. You filed a complaint two and a half weeks ago. You said somebody vandalized your house ..?

MRS. PARINI

That's right.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER I have your file right here.

(CONTINUED)

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MRS. PAPINI

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10 CONTINUED:

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Stottlemeyer takes out a GLOSSY PHOTOGRAPH of the Parinis' door. Painted, in grey, on the door: a simple, rough sketch of a PEDESTAL FOUNTAIN with an ANGEL POURING WATER FROM A VASE. Beneath it, printed, is the word "DRINK".

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (CONT'D) You thought some teenagers had painted this... thing on your front door.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER
This <u>fountain</u> on your door. But now you'd like to withdraw the complaint?

MRS. PARINI
That's right. It wasn't any teenager.
I know that now. It was God. It
was a sign from God.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER (wearily)
Uh huh. God drew a little picture.
On your door.

MRS. PARINI It was a miracle. All summer, my lungs were burning.

MR. PARINI She couldry broatie. We error three different doctors.

MRS. PARINI
Then I heard, on the news, about the fountain. At the Franklin Park
Monastery.

MR. PARINI
We went to the fountain.
(indicates the photo)
It looked just like this. It was
this fountain. And when she drank
from it...

MRS. PARINI

I was cured.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER You were cured?

(CONTINUED)

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MRS. PARINI

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CONTINUED: (2) 10

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MR. PARINI

It's a miracle!

MRS. PARINI

Write that down. It's a miracle.

POLICE HO - BULLPEN -- MOMENTS LATER INT.

11

Upstairs. Stottlemeyer enters. He walks slowly. in pain. He's <u>using a cane</u>.

NATALIE

There he is.

MONK

How are you feeling?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYE

How to I look?

MONK

ou look bad. You kook Bad. terriblé

NATALIE

Back problems are the worst.

Stottlemeyer lowers himself into a chair. Slowly. He winces.

What does the Actor say?

APT STOTTLEMEYER

(bitter ly)

I've been to <u>five</u> loctors. Specialists. The best in the city. They don't have a clue. I've tried everything. Even this crap.

Stottlemeyer takes out a DISTINCTIVE PURPLE GLASS LOTTLE.

MONK

What is it?

CAPT STOTTLE EYER

My aunt sent me a whole carton. Some kind of hippie organic herbal concoction from Hell.

Stottlemeyer drinks from the bottle. We winces.

(CONTINUED)