

SAVING ROBIN WILLIAMS

by

Lawrence Whitener

All of Robin and his Family's dialogue are their real-life quotes.

*All of Professor's medical dialogue is true and accurate with most
of his dialogue also Robin's own quotes.*

*This script was read by Susan Williams who is now Chairman of the
NYC American Brain Foundation and lectures on Lewy Body Disease.*

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FADE IN:

INT. UPPER-CLASS HOME FOYER IN PARADISE CAY, CA - MORNING

Corner floor-lamp with a crucifix-painting near it and table with lamp in opposite corner with three-framed *Chirashi* movie-posters. Two chairs with an accent table having a clown's red nose and a *Mork* doll are centered. A ticking pendulum wall clock is beside the front door, it chimes. A flash of light from outside illuminates door's edge, then pounding on it.

CAPTION: *August 11, 2014 - 10:30 a.m.*

A beloved voice in a *Yiddish* accent yells from upstairs.

ROBIN (O.S.)
We're havin' a brit milah here!

More pounding. ROBIN WILLIAMS, in a long black T-shirt, black pants with matching long black nylon belt unhooked, and black tennis shoes, walks downstairs like on a death-march holding his pants up, then angry-yanks the door open as *Mr. T*.

ROBIN
I pity tha' fool!

Robin is taken aback by the large figure kneeling outside of PROFESSOR CHRISTOPHER, 60s, wearing shiny leather-like laced-pants, laced-vest, and wrist-band, but no socks or shoes, who slowly stands revealing a long ponytail and Van-dyke beard.

Robin tries to hide his shock in humor speaking as a *Dakotan*.

ROBIN
Aww jeez, geezer-rider, Sturgis be
in South Dakota, not Sac-ra-men-to.

Robin goes to close the door, but Professor points to Robin's waist while taking one step forward.

PROFESSOR
I know what you're going to do with
that belt.

Robin stumbles back re-cinching his belt with left hand to recover as *John Wayne* with famous accent and right arm swing.

ROBIN
Have ta' do better than that, Pilgrim.

PROFESSOR
Is your pocket-knife upstairs by
the closet where they find it?

ROBIN
(steps back more)
"They!" --What knife?

PROFESSOR
(steps forward more)
The one you used to cut your left
wrist.

Robin looks at his scarred wrist distracted while Professor
steps in to close the door behind him, then spins.

PROFESSOR
You have Lewy Body Disease, not
Parkinson's! That, is what's
causing your dementia.

ROBIN
(now as a *Canadian*)
Yer postly mortem be scarin' me,
ehh keener.

Robin points to Professor's Santa-belly.

ROBIN
Nice Molson-muscle.

PROFESSOR
Canada? --They're not that scary.

ROBIN
(now in regular voice)
They're like the kindest country in
the world, like a really nice
apartment --over a meth lab.

PROFESSOR
You said that last year on Reddit,
after being misdiagnosed.

ROBIN
Who are you?

PROFESSOR
A friend.

ROBIN
Wanna-be crazy-ass fan, you mean!
Look ass-hole, I don't know what
your game is, but I do know it --

Robin makes the original *Pac-Man* game-ending sound effect.

ROBIN

is over. So get your ass, and hole,
outta' here, or I'll call Smokey
and all his bears.

PROFESSOR

Please do --Rebecca's 9, 1, 1, call
doesn't come in until 11:55.

ROBIN

What call, how do you know Becky?

PROFESSOR

Your wife just left and your
Assistant doesn't arrive for twenty
minutes. They both knocked on your
locked bedroom door --only to think
you were finally sleeping.

Robin holds up his pointer-finger, *Wait*, then picks up an
imaginary receiver to talk into his thumb and little finger.

ROBIN

Suicide Prevention --*please hold*.

Robin "hangs-up" to grab his head in pain as knees buckle.

PROFESSOR

No, I'm not crazy, but yes, I am a
fan --of you staying alive. That's
why I came back.

ROBIN

"Came back!" Where, to Paradise
Cay? I don't, who --what are you?

PROFESSOR

An analyzer of universal truth who
stumbled upon a mistake that became
an opportunity.

ROBIN

Even mistakes can be wonderful.
(shakes head confused)
Who said that?
(shakes head again)
What's your f'n problem?

PROFESSOR

My problem is, I'm a problem solver
--but that's not important.

Professor does become a professor again.

PROFESSOR

What is important, is that I'm a
professor of physics and
mathematics specializing in ...

Robin sits on second chair to hold the same pose as *Mork* doll
on the table, then leans forward into a pose as *The Thinker*.

ROBIN

Do you ever think that Marcelle
Marceau is somewhere in France
going --

Robin jumps up to Moon Walk backwards now in a *French* accent.

ROBIN

fuck you Michael Jackson, this shit
is mine I tell you.

Robin breaks into his child-like laughter clapping his hands
while spinning in circles till dizzy and wobbles recovering.

Professor continues to explain with a return deadpan stare.

PROFESSOR

...the concept of movement between
certain points in history.

ROBIN

"Movement, history?" You mean --?
(steps back alarmed)
Time! You're a --Traveler?
(now as *Jon Lovitz*)
Why do they call it rush hour,
when nothing moves? Yeah.

PROFESSOR

(glances at wall clock)
We don't have much time.

ROBIN

(now *Lost in Space* robot)
Danger, danger Will Robinson!

Robin sits on the second chair again, normal, then lifts both
feet to hug his knees in a high-pitched child's voice.

ROBIN

My parents aren't home right now,
so you'll have to wait outside --
(now in regular voice)
until your spaceship lands!

Robin jumps up laughing hysterical and stomping his feet, then calms to stand exhausted speaking in his regular voice.

ROBIN

But I will thank you, for giving me, one last laugh --I needed one.

PROFESSOR

I'm not a traveler because ...

Robin cuts Professor off by hand-motioning, *Sit*. Both do.

ROBIN

"Because --?" Oh, do pray tell.
(180° angry mood swing)
No, no prayers! No one, not all the g-d doctors, not my wife, certainly not my kids --
(looks upstairs sad)
God, I hope they'll understand.
(angry at Professor)
No, not even God --can help me.
(points to closed door)
Out!

PROFESSOR

Yes, "out" of all those I could choose ...

ROBIN

"Choose!" You've got no choice. When I had open-heart surgery, it literally breaks you open, and you feel really mortal. And that is the thing, that is --the gift.

PROFESSOR

But you're the world's gift! You bring joy to so many, you must stay --even if, for just one more day.

ROBIN

Sometimes you can have a whole lifetime in one day, and never notice that this --
(looks around sighing)
is a beautiful as it gets.

Robin pulls out to open a pocket knife. Its blade reflects.

ROBIN

I've been slicing at myself for years --trying to cut my pain out.

Robin turns left arm over and moves blade near its wrist.

Professor can see multiple old scars run across Robin's wrist and slides forward in his seat holding a hand out, *No!*

Robin raises knife high threatening as *Christopher Walken*.

ROBIN

It'll feel good, carvin' on
someone else, for a change.

PROFESSOR

(glances at wall clock)
Thirteen minutes.

ROBIN

(still as *Walken*)
WHOA --Stop!

PROFESSOR

I can't stop time, or physics, no
one can, and if I can't stop you,
and you can't, then we both --
(sees Robin's *Awards Wall*)
only difference is, no one will
remember me.

Robin hesitates, then folds his knife up to re-pocket.

ROBIN

If, and I'm just saying if sparky,
I am going to kill myself --what
makes you think you can stop me?

PROFESSOR

I choose to believe that we were
all put here to help each other.

ROBIN

(reflexive)
Everyone you meet, is fighting a
battle you know nothing about.

PROFESSOR

I tried to "know" everything about
you, to be able to help you know
how to decide.

ROBIN

"How to decide!" Okay, if, and I'm
still just playing along here
sports fans --

Robin makes a stadium's crowd-noise.

ROBIN

even if, the game's end, was fixed
all along?

Professor shrugs and his leather-like clothing *creaks*.

ROBIN

And what's with the moo-cow
costume, bikerina?

PROFESSOR

It's not leather, it's *scrofa*
domesticus.

ROBIN

Scro --Sus? --In a pig's eye!

PROFESSOR

Pig skin is the more suitable model
to human skin. Otherwise, I'd be
sitting here naked, and I didn't
think that would go over too well.

ROBIN

You haven't seen me naked, boy-
wonderless, I'm scary hairy. I'm
such a gorilla, I was once hit on
by one. I look like a grizzly
overdosed on Rogaine. I had a
waxing for a movie with two girls
working on me and at a one point
they went --

(shakes hands *girlish*)

Do you mind if we take a break?

Professor points to crucifix-painting above Robin who looks.

PROFESSOR

Surprised to see that in here.

ROBIN

Catholic lite --same rituals, half
the guilt.

(shakes head frustrated)

Look, I have a rendezvous with
destiny. He's a nice guy, a little
dark, so if you'll please leave --

(now as *The Godfather*)

and even if, it ain't pleasin' you.

PROFESSOR

Most physicists accept that travel to the future is possible, Einstein proved that, but travel to the past, oh they'll fight you on that. There's was this one time ...

ROBIN

(now as *Einstein*)

Time! --Time, is the best teacher. Unfortunately, it kills all of its students. Class, dismissed.

Robin looks confused, then speaks as TV's *Sergeant Shultz*.

ROBIN

I know nothink!
(now in regular voice)
Introductions, please.

PROFESSOR

Christopher, please call me Chris.

Robin stands with a hand extended down speaking as his *Vladimir Ivanoff* from "Moscow on the Hudson."

ROBIN

Hoe-kay, pleased to meet you, mister-mister. I am Robin Williams, Honorary Jew.

Professor stands with a hand extended to shake, but Robin grabs its wrist spinning Professor to step behind him and bending that arm at the elbow while pulling on Professor's ponytail with other hand in his angry regular voice.

ROBIN

I'm a very tolerant man, except when it comes to holding a grudge!
(pulls on ponytail hard)
How dare you use my best friend's name, he'll superman your ass!

PROFESSOR

Never pick a fight with an ugly person, they've got nothing to lose.

Robin chuckles and relaxes. Professor turns back to him.

ROBIN

That's funny, who said that?

Professors raises one eyebrow at Robin.

PROFESSOR

You.

ROBIN

And you are --?

PROFESSOR

Search, me?

Professor unties to hand Robin his pigskin wrist-band with his name etched on its back. Robin pulls his smart-phone he always carries out of a pants pocket and sits to "search" while hand-motioning with his free hand, *Sit*. Professor sits. Robin hands the etched-skin back.

ROBIN

Says you're a crack-pot?

PROFESSOR

That's on Yelp, look at --

Professor glances at wall clock, slaps himself, then drops wristband, and stab-points while machine-gunning sentences.

PROFESSOR

Your wife sleeps separate because you pace all night, so you wedge your belt buckle in the top hinge of the second bedroom closet door. Your Assistant doesn't break-in for almost an hour later, to find you hung inches off the floor, like you're sitting in a chair.

Robin points behind Professor to its same title's *Chirashi*.

ROBIN

Then I'll really be a sitting member of the *Dead Poet's Society*.

PROFESSOR

(desperate to get through)
Listen to me! I know that you're in pain, that you can't remember movie lines, or names of people you've known for years, but you are too valuable in making this a happier world, and all of us so much richer, just by having you in it!

ROBIN

I don't know how much value I have in this universe --

Robin lean back to become his true warm self.

ROBIN

but I do know, I made a few people happier than they would have been without me. As long as I know that, I'm as rich as I ever need to be.

PROFESSOR

Your death made me --all of us, feel so much poorer, and so alone.

ROBIN

I used to think the worst thing in life was to end up all alone. It's not. The worst thing in life, is to end up with people that make you feel all alone.

PROFESSOR

(quotes *Sarte* sarcastic)
If you are lonely when you're alone, you are in bad company.

ROBIN

Ah, Jean-Paul Sarte!
(in a thick *French* accent)
He is like French baseball--
(does an Umpire's wave)
no one is safe!

PROFESSOR

We're in Canada again?

Robin pretends to be smoking and becomes a *Frenchman* again.

ROBIN

Sacré bleu, it is grandiose going to Pah-ree where they say --
(exhales fake smoke)
I know who you are, and I don't geev a shit. --I seeeee youuuu.

Robin pretends to give his fake-cigarette down to a baby.

ROBIN

Look, zee baby is smoking, does dat make you ahn-gree?

PROFESSOR

Now I see why one of your audience members developed a hernia from laughing so hard and had to be taken away by ambulance.

Robin puts a hand on his chest to speak as *Mrs. Doubtfire*.

ROBIN

Well, Hell-low-oooo! It was a run-by fruiting, dear.

Professor instinctively looks at his wrist, but now there's no band, and no watch.

Robin sees him and becomes *Armand Goldman* pointing to a movie *Chirashi* for "The Birdcage."

ROBIN

All right, I'll bite --where are you going?

PROFESSOR

Actually --nowhere, man.

Robin sings as Paul McCartney "The Beatles" *Nowhere Man*.

ROBIN

He's a real nowhere man, sitting in his nowhere land, making all his nowhere plans, for no-bod-eeee.

PROFESSOR

No! You, are somebody, all over the world, every single day, you make millions of people happy!

ROBIN

I think the saddest people always try their hardest to make people happy, because they know what it's like to feel absolutely worthless, and they don't want anybody else to feel like that.

PROFESSOR

(glances at wall clock)
You have to mind what I say!

ROBIN

Mind! I don't mind, because I don't have a mind.

(hands clap shut)

Closed for repairs!

(now as *Sean Connery*)

Aye, there's the rub, Shakespeare.

I really don't --have a mind.

(now as *Walter Brennan*)

She done left town, real sudden-like, hee-hee-hee-hee-hee!

Robin tears up desperate and afraid.

ROBIN

What is left is --I don't know?
Don't you get it, I don't know!

PROFESSOR

But we can change that! I told you
what you really have, and I can
write a letter --
(looks around for paper)
that'll tell your doctors ...

Robin jumps to standing angry.

ROBIN

What! Tell them what --to put me on
more anti-psychotic medicine?
(cries out to Heaven)
The hallucinations, the images, the
terror, all coming at me at the
speed my comedy used to come --
(wails angry at Professor)
Don't you get it? I don't know how
anymore, I don't know how to be
funny!

Robin opens knife, pulls back left sleeve, and begins cutting
on his wrist. Professor jumps up. Robin threatens him again.

ROBIN

For someone that supposedly came
back in time to save my
spectacularly burnt-out ass, you're
fucking-up on a spectacular scale.

Robin looks around, *Who said that*, then at scratched wrist.

ROBIN

Did they --find cuts on my wrist?

Professor nods. Robin pulls down sleeve and pockets knife.

ROBIN

Won't be needing that again.

Robin sits oblivious. Professor sighs relieved and sits.

PROFESSOR

Your doctors ...

ROBIN

Doctors!

Robin gives his explosive laugh.

ROBIN

When I was growing up, they would tell me, Robin, drugs can kill you. Now, Robin you need drugs to live.

PROFESSOR

Yes, "live!" So my job is to ...

ROBIN

Our job --is improving the quality of life, not just delaying death.

PROFESSOR

But I need to delay, your death!

Robin jumps up as a *Pakistani* waiter straightening an imaginary table, then "presents" it to Professor.

ROBIN

*Death is nature's way of saying --
(pulls out imaginary chair)
your table is ready, sir.*

PROFESSOR

(jumps up stab-pointing)
And don't give me your god damn, Death is to blink for an exceptionally long period of time deflection either! You are too important, to too many people, to lose.

Robin shrugs, then sits nonchalant. Professor stands, *WTF?*

ROBIN

Real loss is only possible, when you love something more than you love yourself.

PROFESSOR

Exactly! That's why I'm willing --
(sits questioning life)
There must be a reason that accident in the lab showed me, there must be, else why --?

ROBIN

Why? I try to make sense of things. Which is why, I guess, I believe in destiny. There must be a reason, that I am as I am.

Professor points to the third *Chirashi* poster of Popeye.

PROFESSOR
Sounds like your Popeye character.

ROBIN
Now that was a crazy ass movie.

Robin *Popeye*-mumbles, then does the Popeye-laugh followed by Popeye's pipe going *beep-beep*.

PROFESSOR
It did seem to just kinda' end?
Kinda' like, you want to now. So
how do you want us --
(waves hand between them)
to end?

Robin's eyes go left-right back-and-forth like a cat-clock.

Professor recognizes that as a sign of mental distress.

ROBIN
Oh, there are no rules, just follow
your heart."

PROFESSOR
I did.
(beyond frustrated)
So this is Hell --
(finger-wags at painting)
and there is a crucifix in it!

Robin nods in total agreement becoming *Armand Goldman* again.

ROBIN
I believe in Heaven and Hell. I've
had coming attractions of them, in
my dreams.

PROFESSOR
(desperate to convince)
If you wait, you could finally
write your life-story. You've
always declined offers.

ROBIN
Truth is, I don't remember enough
about the '70s and early '80s --if
they'd let me start at about 1985,
I might consider it.

PROFESSOR
Please don't say good-bye, not yet.

ROBIN

Oh, never say goodbye, because
saying goodbye means going away,
and going away, means forgetting.

PROFESSOR

No one --will ever forget you.

ROBIN

Pretend it's all pretend, that's
what I do.
(tilts head wondering)
Do I?

Truth comes out as Professor pounds a fist on the table.

PROFESSOR

You can't die! Don't you
understand? You can never die!

Robin straightens head upright shocked to clear-mindedness.

ROBIN

What really made you come here
today? What are you so afraid of --
will happen to you?

PROFESSOR

It's not about me, it was never
about me! It's my kid brother, my
only brother, he --
(releases guilt-anger)
he kills himself, after hearing
about your death.

ROBIN

The things we fear the most, have
already happened to us.

Robin jumps up to look around in a scared-shitless panic-
attack breathing hard. Professor stands up understanding.

PROFESSOR

Hallucinations?

ROBIN

Extemporaneous rants, rapid-fire
tangents, frenetic gesticulations
all exploding in my head at once!

PROFESSOR

Just like --your Stand Up.

Professor puts a hand on Robin's shoulder and sits him gently, but leaves hand on. Robin looks at his hand, *WTF?* Professor coughs excusing-himself to sit back in his chair.

PROFESSOR
Okay, so what's right --now?

ROBIN
For me, right now, the greatest thing, is to take a moment and just --breathe.

They both breathe deep, then Robin runs out the front door.

PROFESSOR
Uhhhh --Robin?

Robin runs back in with fresh-picked daisies and hands them down to Professor. Professor stands up to accept wondering.

PROFESSOR
What are these for?

ROBIN
Going-away present --
(points to open door)
go, away.

PROFESSOR
But I'm, we're not finished?

ROBIN
(hand-motions as *Tonto*)
Go now, *kemosabe*, time you ride off to --

Robin becomes *Rod Serling* to pretend smoking again, then brings hands down to crotch in Serling's signature stance.

ROBIN
your next stop, *The Twilight Zone*.

PROFESSOR
(threatens with flowers)
I must persuade you!

ROBIN
(now in regular voice)
Of what?

Professor sits crushed, dropping flowers on floor beside him.

Robin closes door and crosses room joking as *Robert De Niro*.

ROBIN

'Ey, I'm just messin' with you --
fogetaboutit.

(wonders in own voice)

I sure did?

PROFESSOR

Comedy --can be a cathartic way to
deal with personal trauma.

ROBIN

It's like riding a psychotic horse
toward a burning stable.

(looks around room)

Who said that?

Professor stares up at him. Robin nods getting, it was *Me*.

ROBIN

You know when you're about to be in
a car crash? It's a helpless
feeling. There's nothing you can do
except wait for it to happen --in
slow motion.

PROFESSOR

(jumps up snapping fingers)

That's it, that's the missing
variable! We just, slow down, to --
nothing, and just wait.

ROBIN

For what, my pilot light to go
completely out? I've already been
through all ten warning signs of
Alzheimer's --Shazbot.

(sits sad)

God I'll miss my friends.

(looks at *Mork* doll)

Who, what's her name?

PROFESSOR

(sits hopeful)

Pam, Pam Daw ...

ROBIN

(snaps fingers twice)

Right, right.

(stops, confused again)

What were we talking about?

(snaps fingers once)

Right, you came back! So now, what
--you just pop forward?

PROFESSOR

I just --
(snaps fingers once)
"pop."

ROBIN

Yeah, right, you pop forward,
that's what I said.

PROFESSOR

Not what I said.

ROBIN

But you can go back, right? I mean,
you must have figured that part out
before you --I mean, that's
possible, right?

PROFESSOR

Wrong --impossible.

ROBIN

What some folks call impossible, is
just stuff they haven't seen
before.

PROFESSOR

Trust me, nobody's seen what's
going to happen to me --before.

ROBIN

What? Wait! You came back, knowing,
this was a one-way trip?

PROFESSOR

All aboard.

ROBIN

But why would you want to kill
yourself?

Professor stares at Robin, *Are you kidding me?*

PROFESSOR

Your wife and Assistant said you
never talked about committing
suicide, and your autopsy showed
only the correct amount of ordered
prescription drugs in your system?

ROBIN

You will have bad times --but they
will always wake you up to stuff,
you weren't paying attention to.

PROFESSOR

"Tooooooo --?"

ROBIN

How bad it was getting! How --

Robin gets out knife to study it. Professor slides forward.

ROBIN

how little of me, is left, of me.

Robin puts knife away to look up with weary eyes. Professor relaxes to quote *Sarte* again, but now compassionate.

PROFESSOR

Freedom, is what you do, with
what's been done to you.

ROBIN

(angry mood swing)
Again with Jean-Paul Sarte-Ass and
fuckin' existentialism, fine!

Robin crosses his legs to angry-speak in French, *We are born, we die, and in between ...*

ROBIN

Nous sommes nés, nous mourrons, et
entre ...

Professor cuts Robin off by answering in French, *We live.*

PROFESSOR

Nous, vivons.

ROBIN

Until living becomes too --?

Robin uncrosses his legs to sit back relaxed and reflexive.

ROBIN

When you're young, death seems so
outrageous, but as you get older,
and for me, as I slide off this
ridiculous Reisberg Scale, death is
becoming a more regular scenario in
my life. So this --
(plays with his belt's end)
feels right.

PROFESSOR

What's right is what's left, if you
do everything else wrong?

ROBIN
(looks up surprised)
Hey, that's good, who said that?

Professor raises eyebrows. Robin thinks and nods again, *Me.*

ROBIN
Well, guess I have kinda' lifted my
leg on this world.

PROFESSOR
Pretty sure you'll do the same, on
the next one.

ROBIN
Oh, if heaven exists, to know that
there's laughter, that would be a
great thing. Just to hear God go --
(now in a *Jewish* accent)
two Jews walk into a bar.

PROFESSOR
You really do live, to make others
smile don't you?

Robin smiles the sweetest of human smiles in normal voice.

ROBIN
To not be able to make people
laugh, to not see them smile, to
not get that sense of immediate
love and acceptance from them? The
truth is, if anything, I'm probably
addicted to laughter.
(his wonderful true laugh)
That constant desire to please all
the time, that can get you into
some shit!

PROFESSOR
Then your action is not a selfish
giving up? Are you really telling
the world you want everyone to
remember you, the way you were?

ROBIN
Was.

PROFESSOR
So you're doing this out of love?
(snaps fingers)
That's why you gave your wife "a
perfect day" yesterday!

ROBIN

Imagining something, is better,
than remembering something --
sometimes.

PROFESSOR

Then imagine your death so shocked
the world, it finally had to face
modern society's disease known as
depression.

ROBIN

It did?

PROFESSOR

And opened the floodgate for other
celebrities to follow.

ROBIN

I did?

PROFESSOR

(nods)

Ten percent jump in the first four
months.

ROBIN

Wow, didn't see that coming. How
many like I did, uh, do, uh --?

PROFESSOR

Thirty-two percent copy-cat
increase.

ROBIN

My suicide caused all that!

PROFESSOR

No! All yours did, was show the
devastating power of social media
to make suicide contagious. Even
your wife believes it was not
depression that killed you, it was
"Chemical Warfare."

Robin crosses a leg and leans back folding his arms tight to
lift his chin now as *William F. Buckley, Jr.*

ROBIN

The entire worrrrlldd could be in
nuclear waarr, and only the Swiss
would be going, What's that noise?

Professor leans forward in chair frustrated to the extreme.

PROFESSOR

Deadly chemicals are destroying
your brain as a triple threat!

Robin talks faster and faster pointing everywhere at once as
his Aladdin's *Genie* in same excited voice.

ROBIN

In case of emergencies, exits are
here, here, here, here, here, here,
(finger on lips, whispers)
anywhere --
(points to self)
we, choose.

PROFESSOR

(counts with his fingers)
Memory, movement, and behavior, all
three are being attacked inside
your mind and body twenty-four
seven. That's --what's really
happening to you, in reality.

Robin sits back now in his regular voice.

ROBIN

Reality, whew, what a concept.
(quoting as *Buckley* again)
Idealism is fine, but as it
approaches reealiity, the costs
become --prohhibbiitive.

PROFESSOR

(falls back in chair)
Well, Hell.

ROBIN

(in regular voice)
Hell, yes. Good people end up in
hell, because they can't forgive
themselves.

PROFESSOR

Is that what you think I'm doing,
giving you permission --really?

ROBIN

Thought, is real. Physical, is the
illusion. --Ironic, huh?

Professor leans forward dropping to shake his head sad.

Robin leans forward now as *Matthew McConaughey*.

ROBIN

Hey, hey, hey, it's 'sall right --
'sall right, 'sall right. I'm just
channelling Matthew McConaughey.

Professor sits up to *raspberry* at losing the battle.

Robin speaks in his most compassionate true voice.

ROBIN

Please don't worry so much, because
in the end, none of us, have very
long on this Earth.

(looks off upstairs)

My wife, she's my best friend --

(looks at Professor)

did she forgive me?

PROFESSOR

Fifty billion percent.

ROBIN

And my daughter?

Professor's eyes burn into Robin's soul quoting his daughter.

PROFESSOR

I'll never ever understand, how he
could be loved so deeply, and not
find it in his heart to stay!

Robin covers his mouth with both hands tearing up.

Professor sees the pain he caused and relinquishes.

PROFESSOR

Immediately followed by, as for
those sending negativity, know that
some small part of him is sending a
flock of pigeons to your house, to
poop on your car --right after
you've had it washed.

Robin's delightful laugh now explodes, *HA*, then he wonders.

ROBIN

If you came back to save me, why
are you telling me all this?

Professor cracks and reveals his own pain while pointing at
his own chest.

PROFESSOR

All it takes, is a beautiful fake smile to hide an injured soul, and they will never notice how broken, you really are. So I guess, I did come back, to save you from guilt.

ROBIN

Like your brother's?

PROFESSOR

Was hoping on a two-for-one deal.
(shrugs shoulders)
But who knows what ripples I may have caused in the timeline continuity pool? Maybe ...

ROBIN

Can they cure me?

Professor stares blank at Robin, then shakes his head slow.

ROBIN

Treatment?

Professor shakes his head even slower.

PROFESSOR

Only acceptance of the inevitable.

ROBIN

K, O, so this way --
(plays with belt again)
is the only way --
(looks up to Professor)
I can take power back over my own life?

PROFESSOR

Your wife thought so.

ROBIN

And you, you sacrificed your own life because --?

PROFESSOR

Your autopsy revealed the worst case of L, B, D, doctors had ever seen --no cure, no treatment, no hope.

Professor now understands what his destined purpose was all along and smiles the second sweetest of human smiles.

PROFESSOR

You treat a disease, you win, you lose. You treat a person, I guarantee you'll win, no matter what the outcome.

Robin picks up to examine the table's red clown-nose.

ROBIN

I have not thought about it, but when I die, just dance on my grave and water the plants with what you are drinking. Please do not clone me, because after a while --your clone is not as bright as you are.

Robin stands with the red nose giving a *Vulcan V* hand-sign.

ROBIN

Nanu-nanu, my friend.
(offers hand down)
You're the bravest man --

Professor stands up with hand out. They shake good-bye.

ROBIN

I've ever known.

PROFESSOR

Those were your wife's exact words, before they took you away.

Robin turns to leave. Professor loses it as tears flow.

PROFESSOR

Robin --!

Robin turns back finally at peace. Professor breaks down.

PROFESSOR

I hope, we meet again, someday --
some, place.

ROBIN

You know that place between sleep and awake, that place where you still remember dreaming? --That's where I'll be waiting.

Robin puts on his clown nose and walks up into the shadows, then the clown-nose *squeaks*.

The wall clock *chimes* the quarter-hour.

Professor, tears streaming, closes his eyes finally at peace.
There's a bright flash of light followed by a *pop*, he's gone.
The door knob turns. Only Robin's daises lay on the floor.

FADE OUT.

CAPTION: *There is still no cure or treatment for Lewy Body Dementia.*