

12

"A KISS BEFORE DYING"

Screenplay

by

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from the novel by

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FOURTH DRAFT

Robert Lawrence Prods.
Universal Pictures
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1. INT. COPPER SMELTER. CONVERTER SHED. DAY

A giant steel hangar. Shafts of greenish-yellow sunlight pierce through the windows in the peaked roof high above, columns of light. There is the thunderous roar of machines and men. The WORKERS appear ant-like in proportion to their surroundings.

On either side lie six copper converters, massive cylindroid vessels dwarfing the men on raised platforms between them. Each vessel has a huge gaping mouth, belching out flames. One of the converters is turned forward on its cogged rollers. Liquid fire pours from its radiant throat, rushing down into an immense crucible on the floor. The molten copper, heavy and smoking, a luminescent green, fills the steel container. The converter rolls back, its mouth still dripping.

The yoke of the crucible lifts, caught by a great blunt hook from whose block a dozen steel cables rise into the roof, up to the underbelly of a grimy cab hanging from a single-railed track in the dimness above. The crucible is raised aloft, swinging gently on the rod-like cables. It begins to draw away, retreating towards the haze at the far end of the building.

At the other end of the hangar, another crucible tilts to pour its load into a row of moulds. As the flaming copper cools, it turns from green to a more familiar reddish gold. Emptied, the crucible is raised up again, swinging away on its cables back towards the converters.

TRACKING from the POV of the cab, high above the smoke and flames below, the impression is of vastness, industrial power, the creation of fabulous wealth - a literal inferno, simultaneously fascinating and repellent.

2. EXT. COPPER SMELTER. FREIGHT YARD. DUSK

The yard is criss-crossed with rails. Moulded slabs of copper are loaded by crane onto an open freight car drawn by a locomotive of sixties vintage. Another freight car, already loaded, has a tarpaulin stretched over its gleaming cargo by a team of WORKMEN, shadowy figures against the fading light.

3. EXT. COPPER SMELTER. LONGSHOT. DUSK

An endless procession of freight cars makes its way slowly along the works railroad and out of the plant. In the distance beyond, the smelter glows in the dusky gloom.

3. Contd.

As the last of the cars exits through massive gates, we CRANE UP to the arched logo above, heavy with its fretted iron lettering. We read:

'KINGSHIP COPPER CORPORATION'

The MUSIC sounds a forbidding note.

SLOW FADE, as we END CREDITS.

4. EXT. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. CAMPUS. DAY

General view of the campus. STUDENTS moving to and from their classes. Light, up-beat MUSIC takes over.

5. INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING. ENGLISH LECTURE. DAY

There are some fifty STUDENTS in the class, facing the LECTURER's platform. We TRACK across young, impressionable faces.

LECTURER

There's no denying that Wordsworth's poetry has a strongly didactic streak which can make the modern reader somewhat uncomfortable...

The CAMERA seeks out a girl at the back of the classroom - DOROTHY KINGSHIP.

DOROTHY is twenty-one, blonde, attractive, a girl who evidently takes trouble over - and pleasure in - the way she looks. She's not a natural blonde. She doodles distractedly on a note pad, as the lecturer drones on.

LECTURER (contd)

This was a view already prevalent in his own day. In fact it was Keats himself who confessed he felt uneasy about 'poetry that has a palpable design upon us', as he put it...

CLOSE on what she's drawing - a rather well done sketch of a couple embracing, she in wedding dress and lifted veil, he in wing collar and morning coat. Little hearts fly away from their lips like exploding stars. The girl is obviously meant to be her, the boy a handsome Prince Charming.

6. INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING. CORRIDOR. DAY

The corridor is deserted. There is a sudden commotion as a door opens and a lecture room full of STUDENTS files out. DOROTHY is among them, pushing impatiently past.

7. INT. STUDENT RESIDENCE BLOCK. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM. DAY

DOROTHY's apartment is in one of the on-campus high rise blocks. She's getting dressed in front of a mirror, putting on a tailored green suit, with a cream blouse underneath. She tries on a pair of shoes, then rejects them, kicking them off in annoyance. She tries another pair. Still not right. There's a feeling of urgency about all her actions.

8. INT. STUDENT RESIDENCE BLOCK. CORRIDOR. DAY

DOROTHY comes out of her room and sets off down the corridor. She passes an earnest-looking, bespectacled STUDENT entering the next room.

PATRICIA

Hi, Dorothy. How're you doing?

DOROTHY

Great, just great!

She's glowing, slightly breathless, positively radiating excitement and happiness.

PATRICIA

(grins)

Who's the lucky guy?

DOROTHY

(coloring)

What guy? What are you talking about?

(recovering)

Sorry, Patricia, I'm late. I gotta run.

She hurries on. PATRICIA calls after her, almost wistfully.

PATRICIA

Some things you can't hide.

9. INT. SHOE STORE. DAY

Surrounded by boxes, DOROTHY stands in front of a mirror, examining herself in a new pair of high heels - green to match her outfit. A gum-chewing SALESGIRL looks on with an air of boredom.

DOROTHY

Perfect!

10. EXT. SHOE STORE. DAY

She emerges from the store in her new shoes, carrying a bag with the old ones.

10. Contd.

She looks around, sees a trash can, dumps the bag. A nearby BAG-LADY immediately homes in on it. DOROTHY gets a twenty dollar bill out of her purse and hands it to her.

DOROTHY

Here. Bring me luck!

The BAG-LADY takes the note without a word, holding it up to the sky to check its authenticity. DOROTHY gets into a waiting cab.

11. EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING. DAY

The taxi pulls up outside. DOROTHY gets out. A guy, twenty-one, moves forward to greet her. He's JONATHAN CORLISS. He's strikingly good-looking, slim, dark-haired. He has on a dark, preppy suit. He's wearing shades. He kisses her, then moves back to look her up and down, raising his shades to reveal clear blue eyes, with a touch of ice. DOROTHY looks radiant, if a little nervous.

JONATHAN

You look beautiful.

He kisses her, gently. They draw apart.

DOROTHY

So do you.

He smiles. Of course, he's her Prince Charming. He guides her through the swing doors into the building.

12. INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING. TWENTY-NINTH FLOOR. DAY

The elevator doors open and DOROTHY and JONATHAN step out. He strides ahead of her.

DOROTHY

Wait for me!

She comes up and takes his arm. JONATHAN takes a quick look over his shoulder as if to check no one is following them.

DOROTHY

(laughs)

Jonathan, you are so paranoid!

JONATHAN

I'm not - just careful.

DOROTHY

He's not the CIA, you know.

12. Contd.

JONATHAN

What makes you so sure he hasn't got another private detective on your tail?

DOROTHY

Relax.

13. INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING. CORRIDOR. DAY

We TRACK them along the corridor towards the licence bureau. They arrive outside. The doors are closed. There's nobody about. DOROTHY reads a notice on the door.

DOROTHY

They're closed. I don't believe it.
They're closed between one and two.
(crestfallen)

Jonathan, you might have got it right.

JONATHAN

The woman said lunch was one-thirty to two-thirty. I'm sure that's what she said.

(checks his watch)
Twenty-five minutes. What are we going to do?

DOROTHY

Wait. What else?

14. EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING ROOF. DAY

A metal door opens onto the roof with a groan of rusty hinges. A flock of pigeons takes flight. They step out into a blaze of sunlight. DOROTHY moves forward.

DOROTHY

You're right - it is a great view.

THEIR POV - A breathtaking panorama of the city skyline.

JONATHAN moves forward out of FRAME. She follows.

15. EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING ROOF. AIR SHAFT. DAY

He reaches a central air shaft some forty feet across, surrounded by a low wall. He holds out his hand as she comes up beside him.

JONATHAN

Here. Take a look down there.

15. Contd.

She peers tentatively over the edge. The shaft shoots down vertiginously, thirty stories, to a glass covered atrium below, the lobby of the building. She draws back instinctively.

DOROTHY

Makes your stomach dip.

She leans back against the wall. JONATHAN is watching her curiously.

DOROTHY

You know, I'd give anything to see my father's face when he finds out! Won't it be great - no more sneaking around? No more hiding.

She puts her arms around him. They kiss, long and languorously. He looks into her eyes, searchingly.

JONATHAN

You haven't told anyone? About us.

DOROTHY

Of course not.

JONATHAN

Not even Ellen?

DOROTHY

No. Ellen and I aren't speaking. I told you.

JONATHAN

We don't wanna blow it, Dorrie.

DOROTHY

What do you think, I'm crazy? I haven't told a soul.

JONATHAN

I guess I am a little paranoid. Who wouldn't be, with a father like yours?

DOROTHY

Forget him. What's he gonna do, once we're married? Cut me off? Big deal.

JONATHAN

(frowns)

It's a pity it had to be this way, that's all.

15. Contd.

DOROTHY

Jonathan, we've been over it a hundred times.

(she checks her watch)

It's ten to. Shouldn't we go back down?

JONATHAN

There's plenty of time... Got a cigarette?

She goes to get her cigarettes out of her purse. He turns away from the shaft and hitches himself onto the waist high wall, sitting with his back to the drop.

DOROTHY

Careful!

JONATHAN

What's wrong? It's a foot wide. You sit on a bench a foot wide and you don't fall off.

She gives him a cigarette and lights it for him. She lights another for herself.

DOROTHY

It's not the same.

JONATHAN

Of course it is. So long as you don't look down. Come on.

He pats the wall next to him.

DOROTHY

No.

JONATHAN

C'mon. You're being silly.

He jumps down. With a sudden, swift movement, he takes her by the waist and hoists her up onto the wall, before she has time to protest.

DOROTHY

Hey! Don't!

JONATHAN

(grins)

Don't be afraid. I've got you.

He stands in front of her, holding her by her calves. Her legs dangle in front of him.

15. Contd.

DOROTHY

Let me down.

JONATHAN

In a minute...

He reaches up, caressing the inside of her thighs, then her breasts. She moans softly, forgetting her fear for a minute. Suddenly he notices she's wearing a new pair of shoes, green to match her outfit.

JONATHAN

Nice shoes. They new?

DOROTHY

I just bought them... Are you gonna let me down now?

With a sudden movement his hands run down her calves and grip her by the ankles. She sways back, losing her balance. Her eyes fill with sudden panic as she struggles to get upright. For a split second their eyes meet. He smiles sadly.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry, Dorothy. But you've only got yourself to blame.

He jerks her ankles up, tipping her over the edge, down the shaft. Both her shoes come off in his hands. He drops them after her and stands there, peering down, listening to her scream echoing away.

16. EXT. AIR SHAFT. DAY

TRACKING with DOROTHY, falling, falling...

17. HER POV

The glass roof of the atrium rushes to meet her.

18. INT. LOBBY. ATRIUM. DAY

There is an almighty crash as she comes smashing through the roof and down into the lobby. A woman SCREAMS.

19. EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING ROOF. DAY

JONATHAN closes his eyes at the sound of the impact, then opens them again. Up on the roof, all is strangely peaceful. He glances at the wall where Dorothy was sitting only seconds before and sees her lighter and cigarettes.

19. Contd.

INSERT - THE LIGHTER

It's solid gold and bears the inscription:

'DOROTHY KINGSHIP'

It's the same lettering as the logo of the copper corporation. He pockets the lighter and cigarettes and walks swiftly to the fire exit door.

20. INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING. LOBBY. DAY

JONATHAN emerges unhurriedly from the service door. He walks across the lobby towards the exit, pausing only to deposit a letter in a mailbox.

Behind him, under the gaping hole of the atrium roof, a CROWD has gathered.

21. EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING. DAY

JONATHAN comes through the revolving doors out into the street. He starts walking, away from the building. We keep on TRACKING with him. In the background, an ambulance pulls up outside the building, siren screaming.

He reaches the bus stop, checking the time on his watch. As if on cue, a bus hoves into view. He hops on and the doors shut behind him. The bus disappears up the street.

The perfect murder.

22. INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN. NIGHT - ANGLE ON TV

We are tight on the screen of a little black and white TV - the scene outside Police HQ. There's a crowd of ONLOOKERS and REPORTERS, bristling with cameras and microphones, held back by POLICE. Grim-faced, LEO KINGSHIP, an impressive, granite-faced man in his sixties, exits a limousine and runs the gauntlet of REPORTERS, staring straight ahead. His other daughter, ELLEN, follows, eyes downcast. She's a brunette, her hair's cropped short, she wears no make-up. It takes us a beat before we realize she's Dorothy's twin.

REPORTERS

(all at once)

Mr Kingship, do you have any explanation for your daughter's suicide...? When was the last time you spoke to your daughter, Mr Kingship...? Did Dorothy leave a suicide note...? Are the police satisfied it was suicide...? (etc, etc.)

23. INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN. NIGHT

JONATHAN elbow deep in dirty dishes, watches, mesmerised. A noisy hubbub from the restaurant - a hip, student venue - filters through. TERRY, the other dishwasher, turns to him.

TERRY

All that bread and the kid goes and kills herself. Fuck, nothing's that bad - I could have helped her spend it!

JONATHAN says nothing, unable to tear his eyes from the screen.

ANGLE ON TV

ELLEN pushes past the REPORTERS, following her father into the building. The frame momentarily fills with her head and shoulders.

TERRY

Hey - the sister's not bad, either. I'm available... Aren't they supposed to be twins? They don't look like twins.

JONATHAN

(tersely)

Would you just shut up? I'm trying to listen.

TERRY

What's eating you?

JONATHAN ignores him. On TV, the news item continues. Back at the scene, the female REPORTER signs off:

REPORTER

First there was the suicide of ex-wife Louise. That was followed by the death of only son Bobby in an auto accident. Now tragedy has struck again. This is Carol Mahoney at Police Headquarters, reporting another sad chapter in the troubled family history of copper baron Leo Kingship.

24. INT. POLICE HQ. LIEUTENANT CORELLI'S OFFICE. NIGHT

We are CLOSE on LIEUTENANT CORELLI. Around thirty, he has a small, wiry build, with dark, intelligent eyes.

CORELLI

The circumstances of your daughter's death do seem to point to suicide.

KINGSHIP and ELLEN sit opposite him. KINGSHIP nods heavily. His pain is palpable, though he struggles hard not to show it.

KINGSHIP

I'm afraid so. In view of the note.

ELLEN

(quietly)

What note? That's bullshit.

KINGSHIP flashes her a black look.

KINGSHIP

I apologize for my daughter, Lieutenant. This has been a great shock to both of us.

ELLEN

It was not a note. It was a poem.
By Christina Rossetti.

CORELLI

Do you have it?

KINGSHIP produces an envelope from his briefcase. He hands it to CORELLI. CORELLI peruses it.

CORELLI

(reads)

'When I am dead my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me,
With showers and dewdrops wet:
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.'

(he looks up)

It certainly suggests a morbid state of mind. Is it definitely her writing?

ELLEN

Yes. I still don't believe she committed suicide.

CORELLI

(studies the envelope)

She mailed it yesterday. Just before she...

ELLEN

(choking back a sob)

Why would she want to kill herself?
It doesn't make sense!

KINGSHIP

(pained)
Ellen, don't...

ELLEN

But she was so damn happy! I was
always the serious one. Nothing
ever got to Dorrie...

She breaks down, burying her face in her hands. KINGSHIP
puts his arm around her shoulder, trying to console her.

KINGSHIP

(choked)
I'm sorry, darling.

He looks up and catches CORELLI's eye. Their gaze locks
together for a moment. We sense a complicity between them.

CORELLI

I don't want to prejudge this. But
frankly, Miss Kingship, suicide does
seem the most likely explanation.

KINGSHIP

The press have had a field day in
the past. I'd appreciate it if you'd
keep your investigations to a
minimum, Lieutenant.

CORELLI

Of course, I see no reason why we
need - -

ELLEN stares at them in angry disbelief.

ELLEN

For God's sake! Dorrie's dead! Do
you hear me? She's dead! Don't you
want to know why? All you care about
is covering up another scandal!

25. INT. HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT - ANGLE ON PHONE

The phone rings. KINGSHIP picks up. In the background,
ELLEN sits at the table, eating dinner.

KINGSHIP

Yes...? This is Leo Kingship...
(he listens with a frown)
I'm going to take this in the other
room.

25. Contd.

He looks at ELLEN shiftily as he goes through to the bedroom.

KINGSHIP

I won't be a minute.

We hear him pick up and murmured conversation through the door. ELLEN strains to hear. She gets up and presses her ear to the door.

26. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. NIGHT

KINGSHIP listens on the phone. His expression is steely.

KINGSHIP

Yes, I see... I'd appreciate it if we kept this between ourselves, Doctor... I do understand your problem, I absolutely understand... Let's not beat about the bush, Doctor Willard. If there's anything I can do to show my appreciation, if not for you personally, then for your clinic... Thank you for your co-operation, Doctor, you've been very understanding...

27. INT. HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT

ELLEN rapidly backs away from the door as KINGSHIP emerges.

ELLEN

Who's Doctor Willard?

KINGSHIP

Were you listening at the door?

ELLEN

What are you trying to hide? I'm not a child.

KINGSHIP

You don't understand.

ELLEN

Understand what?

He looks at her, hesitates, finally decides to tell her.

KINGSHIP

Dorothy was pregnant.

ELLEN

(stunned)
Pregnant? But... she never said...

KINGSHIP

Exactly. Maybe she didn't want to bother you.

ELLEN

Bother me? What does that mean?

KINGSHIP

(bitterly)
Maybe she thought you were too busy looking after strangers and vagrants to have time for your own sister.

ELLEN

That's not fair! You know that's not true!

But the look in her eyes says he's touched her unspoken fear, the guilt that's already eating away at her.

KINGSHIP

Ellen, it's done, let's not open old wounds. It's a terrible tragedy, but we have to live with it...

(his voice breaks)
It was in the blood.

ELLEN

In the blood?
(incredulously)
Do you mean mother? That's the sickest thing I ever heard!

KINGSHIP

Dorothy was a whore, Ellen! Like her mother!

He grabs her by the shoulders and starts to shake her.

KINGSHIP

And that man I was talking to, that doctor - I'm going to buy his silence, all right? Because I'm not having this family dragged through the mud again! Understand?

ELLEN

Stop it! You're hurting me!

He's shaking her more and more frenziedly.

27. Contd.

KINGSHIP
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

She nods mutely. Tears are rolling down her cheeks. Suddenly he realises what he's doing, stops, clasps her to his chest. They're both sobbing now.

KINGSHIP
I'm sorry! Oh, baby, I'm sorry...!

They stand there, clinging to each other, united in their grief.

SLOW FADE

28. INT. CORLISS HOUSE. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM. DAY

It's the room of a teenager. Football pennants on the wall, beautifully assembled model airplanes proudly displayed on shelves, a poster of an outmoded rock band, a high school diploma over the bed. Like a museum to his childhood, perfectly preserved. The CAMERA ends on a photo of Jonathan and his classmates, aged about seventeen, under the caption 'Milton Academy'. He's in the uniform of a swanky private school.

JONATHAN squats on the bed, hunched over a spread of photographs, newspaper clippings, spilling out of an open briefcase. Looking over his shoulder, we see his POV - a series of newspaper clippings, magazine articles, a Kingship Copper brochure - all items relating to the Kingship family. A quick succession of images amounts to a MONTAGE of their history:

A piece in the Wall Street Journal details a Kingship takeover. Clippings from various national and local newspapers feature headlines on Kingship's divorce from his wife Louise, along the lines of: 'COPPER MAGNATE SEEKS DIVORCE', 'WIFE'S INFIDELITY CITED'. There's a shot of Louise Kingship coming out of an alcoholics' clinic, and finally a series of headlines dealing with her death - 'LOUISE KINGSHIP FOUND DEAD, POLICE TREATING AS SUICIDE'. A graveside photo shows a young Dorothy and Ellen, standing next to their elder brother, Bobby, with the caption: 'LEO KINGSHIP SHUNS EX-WIFE'S FUNERAL'. Another story has: 'BILLIONAIRE RECLUSE LENDS SUPPORT TO MORALS CAMPAIGN'. Then there's Kingship holding an enormous salmon, an item about him leading a US angling team on a trip to Scotland.

JONATHAN continues leafing through, compulsively. A New York society magazine has a photo of Dorothy in typical soft-focus debutante pose. Another clipping has a photo of Bobby on his way into a New York nightclub, a beautiful girl on his arm.

27. Contd.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN

reacting to a photo of a mangled Ferrari, next to the caption: 'NEW TRAGEDY HITS KINGSHIP FAMILY - HEIR TO SIXTH LARGEST FORTUNE DIES IN AUTO ACCIDENT' and: 'KINGSHIP "CURSE" STRIKES AGAIN', alongside a photo of Bobby. The photo reveals a certain resemblance to Jonathan.

28b. EXT. PITTSBURG SUBURB. CORLISS HOUSE. DAY

A 'Century 21' realtor's van pulls up in front of the modest two story house. MRS CORLISS gets out, in her gold uniform, complete with name tag. She's a well turned out fifty year old, who tries hard to convey an impression of gentility, despite her impoverished state. She retrieves two bags of groceries from the trunk.

A freight train rumbles past - the house backs onto the railroad tracks.

29. INT. CORLISS HOUSE. DAY

The whole house is shaking as the front door opens. MRS CORLISS enters.

MRS CORLISS

Jonathan?

30. INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM. AFTERNOON.

JONATHAN is studying a photo of Ellen Kingship next to an article about her working for 'The Citadel', a shelter for homeless kids in New York's Hell's Kitchen. Headed 'DEBUTANTE GOES DOWN-AND-OUT', the article describes Ellen's work with runaway kids in lower Manhattan, with a photo of her talking to a group of teenage prostitutes.

The door opens and MRS CORLISS appears. She's flustered, trying to stay calm. He quickly clears away the clippings.

MRS CORLISS

What happened?

JONATHAN

What do you mean?

MRS CORLISS

The bank. You never showed up for your interview.

JONATHAN

Why do I want to go and work in a shitty little bank anyway?

MRS CORLISS

It's over four months since you graduated. You can't rest on your laurels forever, you know.

JONATHAN

I'm giving it some thought, all right?

MRS CORLISS

That's all very well, but isn't it time you did something?

JONATHAN

For God's sake, I said I'm giving it some thought! Now will you get off my back?

MRS CORLISS

(quietly)

That's what your father always used to say.

JONATHAN

Yeah, well, like father, like son, right? I'm probably gonna turn out just as useless as him, so you'd better get used to the idea.

MRS CORLISS

Jonathan, I just don't want to see you waste your potential, is that so terrible? Is there any harm in wanting to better yourself?

JONATHAN

Jesus, no wonder he ran out on you, if that's the way you kept nagging on at him!

MRS CORLISS

(trembling)

Shame on you, Jonathan.

She turns and goes back out the door.

MRS CORLISS

(through her tears)

Shame on you!

JONATHAN

(feeling bad)

Mom, I'm sorry... I said, I'm sorry!

31. INT. CORLISS HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

The room has a faded gentility to match its owner. MRS CORLISS sits watching TV. She has a moist handkerchief in her hand with which she dabs at her eyes.

JONATHAN enters the room with heavy step and sits down beside her, putting his arm around her shoulder.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry.

She rests her hand on his without turning away from the TV.

MRS CORLISS

It's okay. I know I go on at you sometimes... It's because I love you so much. I just want you to show them? Don't you understand?

JONATHAN

Sure I do. And I will, you'll see.

MRS CORLISS

All these years I've dreamed of what you could be. The sacrifices we made so you could take that scholarship - what was it all for if all you do is sit around the house and mope?

JONATHAN

Trust me, okay? You're gonna be real proud of me, I promise.

She rests her head on his shoulder with a sigh.

MRS CORLISS

I hope so, Jonathan. God, I hope so.

32. EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY. NIGHT

JONATHAN is walking along the side of the highway, a tote bag slung over his shoulder. He sticks out his thumb for a ride. A TRUCK thunders past without stopping.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A car approaches from behind him, slows and stops. The door opens. JONATHAN runs up and gets in. It's an old VW.

33. INT/EXT. CAR. NIGHT

The DRIVER is a young guy, about the same age as Jonathan. He wears his hair in a pony tail, with an earring in one ear.

33. Contd.

DRIVER
Where are you headed?

JONATHAN
New York.

DRIVER
(grins)
It's your lucky night.

JONATHAN
(getting in)
That's great. Thanks. I thought I was gonna be freezing my ass all night back there.

The DRIVER smiles pleasantly and offers his hand.

DRIVER
I'm Jay. Jay Forrester.

JONATHAN
Jonathan Corliss.

34. EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT

The car takes off, disappearing up the road.

34a. INT/EXT. CAR. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Time has elapsed. FORRESTER drones on - a compulsive talker.

JONATHAN dozes fitfully, his head resting on the back of the seat. Forrester's voice fades in and out of his consciousness. FORRESTER periodically glances across for a response, but in the absence of one carries on anyway.

FORRESTER
... I always stop for hitch-hikers. Never had a problem. Just got back from two years on the road myself - India, Thailand, the old hippie trail. Amazing time. The most incredible dope...
I've been on the move ever since I was a kid. My dad was a diplomat, we never stayed in one place for long...
Remember the Korean 747, the one that got shot down by the Russians? My parents were on it.

JONATHAN opens one eye, suddenly alert.

JONATHAN

Yeah, I remember. God, both parents?
I'm sorry. That's terrible.

FORRESTER

Yeah. I was an only child. They were
like my best friends. After they
died, I just hit the road. Been
travelling ever since.

JONATHAN sits up. His mind is beginning to form an idea.

JONATHAN

Sounds like you got a pretty
enviable life. No ties, no
responsibilities.

FORRESTER

And no money. They left me some, but
it's gone. I figured I'd hit the Big
A, see if I can find me a job in a
club, maybe. Lay down some bread and
take off again next summer.

JONATHAN

You got friends there? A place to stay?

FORRESTER

Nope. I never spent much time in New
York. I was planning on staying in a
hostel... How about you?

JONATHAN

Nothing definite.

FORRESTER

Hey, maybe we could hook up, split
the rent on an apartment?

JONATHAN

(smiles)

Yeah, maybe we could.

34b. EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT

The VW zooms past, disappearing into the night.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

35. EXT. NEW YORK. TRIBECA. 'THE CITADEL'. DAY

A brilliant summer day. Traffic surges past a dilapidated
building - 'The Citadel', a shelter for runaway kids.

36. INT. 'THE CITADEL'. OFFICE. DAY

MICKY, a sullen fifteen-year old, sits on a chair. He's hungry—and dirty, his coat torn, his sneakers falling apart. ELLEN KINGSHIP stands over by the window, watching him sympathetically. She looks tired, like she's been up half the night - which she has.

ELLEN

You can only stay here for two weeks, Micky. That's the rule. What'll you do then? Go back on the streets?

MICKY

Dunno... Yeah, I guess. What else?

ELLEN

If you decide you want to go home, we'll pay for your ticket.

MICKY

(shakes his head)

No way. I'm not going back. If you make me, I'll just run away again.

ELLEN

I don't mean your parents. No one's going to make you go back there, I promise. Isn't there someone else you could stay with? A relative - or a friend?

MICKY

(stubbornly)

I'm not going back.

ELLEN

So how are you gonna live? You gonna beg? Hustle? Steal? What..? How long do you think you're gonna survive out there?

MICKY

Shit, I don't know. Why do you keep asking all these questions?

ELLEN

Because they're important, Micky.

MICKY looks at her, sad and confused. A lost, middle class kid.

37. INT. 'THE CITADEL'. RECEPTION AREA. DAY

CATHY, a vivacious twenty-eight year old black girl, is on desk duty. She looks up as ELLEN comes through from the inner office.

CATHY

Baby, you look wrecked.

ELLEN

I am wrecked.

ELLEN sits down, leans her head against the wall behind her, banging it gently in frustration.

ELLEN

Shit! Sometimes I just run out of things to say to them.

CATHY

(sympathetically)

Why don't you go home and get some sleep?

ELLEN

I can't. I've gotta go to Philadelphia.

CATHY

(reproachfully)

Ellen...

ELLEN

I know, I know. It's just something I have to do. Do you understand? If I can prove Dorrie didn't kill herself, maybe I can stop feeling so damn guilty about it.

CATHY

I do understand. Just don't be too disappointed if it doesn't work out.

ELLEN

It's OK, I'm a big girl. I'll be at the Marriott if you need me. And thanks again for taking my shift tonight.

She moves towards the door.

CATHY

No problem. At least I'll get to spend the night with lover-boy.

ELLEN

(coloring)

He is not my lover.

CATHY

(grins)

Not for want of trying.

37. Contd.

ELLEN

(laughs)
Bitch.

CATHY

That's me. Not that I blame you!

ELLEN

(exits)
You're just jealous.

CATHY

Who wouldn't be?

39. EXT. PHILADELPHIA. MUNICIPAL BUILDING. DAY

The MUSIC sounds a forbidding note, as the CAMERA PANS down from the roof of the municipal building onto the entrance on the opposite side of the street.

ELLEN enters FRAME in FOREGROUND. She hesitates a moment to pluck up her courage, before crossing over towards the building.

40. DELETED

41. EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING ROOF. DAY

ELLEN sits on the parapet wall, the very place from where Dorothy fell. She can't resist looking over the edge.

HER POV

Swooping all the way down to the atrium below. She represses a shudder.

CLOSE ON ELLEN

She stares off into space, lost in thought. Slowly, a silent, SHADOWY FIGURE approaches in the BACKGROUND behind her. She only becomes aware of it at the last moment. She turns with a startled gasp.

It's CORELLI. She quickly recovers her composure.

ELLEN

(ironically polite)
Lieutenant. Thank you so much for coming.

CORELLI

My pleasure. You didn't leave me much choice.

ELLEN

What were you expecting, a repeat performance?

CORELLI

I really don't know what I was expecting. I don't have time for games, Miss Kingship. I got a job to do, an impossible job at the best of times.

ELLEN

I'll get right to the point. I am not happy with your investigation. As a matter of fact I think it sucks.

CORELLI

Really?

ELLEN

Dorothy did not commit suicide. She was murdered.

CORELLI

I guess you've got some evidence to back this up?

ELLEN

She was wearing a brand new pair of shoes. She bought them less than an hour before she died. I checked with her credit card company. The store was four blocks from here. There's a marriage licence office three floors below where we're standing. I'd have thought even your averagely dumb cop could get a handle on that one.

CORELLI

You think you're pretty smart, don't you? As it happens, I did check with the marriage licence office. There weren't any no-shows that day. Every appointment was kept. No way was your sister getting married.

ELLEN

Right. But she didn't know that. The fact they hadn't got an appointment only proves the guy had no intention of going through with it.

CORELLI

So the guy didn't show. All the more reason for throwing herself off the roof.

ELLEN

Except for the note. Why would she send a suicide note if she thought she was getting married? I think she was set up. And the note proves it.

(reacting to his skepticism)

Lieutenant, my sister just wasn't the type to commit suicide. I knew her better than anyone. We were twins.

CORELLI

And a motive?

ELLEN

I don't know. But somebody got her pregnant. It didn't just happen

CORELLI

(softening)

Look, suicide is always rough on the ones who get left behind. My advice is to put it behind you and get on with your own life.

ELLEN

What's the real reason? Are you afraid of my father?

CORELLI

Miss Kingship, this may come as a surprise to you, but the world don't shake every time your old man sneezes.

ELLEN

No. Only the Philadelphia police department.

She gives him a tight little smile. He stares back, clearly uncomfortable.

42. EXT. CAMPUS. QUADRANGLE. NIGHT

We TRACK ELLEN and PATRICIA FARRELL as they walk around the quad and through an archway.

PATRICIA

I never really believed she killed herself. She seemed so happy the last time I saw her. She was all dressed up, she looked so beautiful - like she was rushing to meet some guy. That's what I thought - I even said it to her.

42. Contd.

ELLEN

I think she was getting married.

PATRICIA

Married?

ELLEN

Yeah. Least, she thought she was.
She didn't say anything?

PATRICIA

No. Not to me.

ELLEN

She was pregnant.

PATRICIA

God - I didn't know.

ELLEN

You don't have any idea who the
father could have been?

ANGLE ON FEET

The feet of a MAN following.. The FEET stop walking, then
edge sideways, taking refuge behind another column.

ELLEN and PATRICIA have stopped walking. They stand under a
pool of light.

ELLEN

Another student? Someone in her
class?

PATRICIA

We didn't really hang out together.
Dorothy kept pretty much to herself.
There was someone the year before, a
student.

(hesitantly)

They stopped seeing each other after
your father found out. There was a
rumor he had the guy followed by a
private detective.

ELLEN

Sounds like my father. Maybe they
didn't stop seeing each other. Do
you remember his name?

PATRICIA

No. But he used to work in the law
school library. I think he still
does. He was pretty nice looking -
tall, dark...

42. Contd.

ANGLE ON MAN

As he peers out from behind the column, a slash of light falls across his EYES. It's JONATHAN. There's a tightness in his expression. He's wearing a knitted hat, pulled down over his forehead.

43. INT. 'THE CITADEL'. NIGHT

CATHY is on the phone. It's early evening and the place is quiet. Another VOLUNTEER hovers in the background, reading a newspaper.

CATHY

How's it going?

44. INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

ELLEN is in the bathroom, in front of the mirror. She's making herself up differently - more like Dorothy.

ELLEN

I think I may have found the guy who got Dorrie pregnant.

BACK to CATHY (etc):

CATHY

No shit! Are you sure?

ELLEN

I'm about to find out.

CATHY

Ellen, are you crazy? Let the cops handle it.

ELLEN

The cops aren't interested, Cathy.

CATHY

So what do you think you're gonna do? Make a citizen's arrest? Give me a break.

ELLEN

No. I just have this feeling, if I see this guy, if I confront him, face to face, I'll know... And if it wasn't him, then maybe he can at least help me find out who it was.

CATHY

Just be careful, promise me?

44. Contd.

ELLEN

Promise. Is everything okay there?

CATHY

Everything's fine. Except I got stood up. Jay called in sick.

ELLEN

(concerned)

What's wrong with him?

CATHY

He's got the 'flu or something. Dave's standing in for him.

DAVE, a young co-worker at the shelter, comes through into the reception with a boxful of cookies, cartons of milk and juice.

DAVID

Is that Ellen? Say hi.

CATHY

Dave says hi.

ELLEN

Say hi to him. I gotta go. 'Bye, honey.

She hangs up.

44a. INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

ELLEN is wearing a green suit - the same suit Dorrie was wearing the day she died. She picks up a blonde wig, revealing a small handgun next to it on the chest of drawers. She pulls on the wig. The transformation is complete. She stares at her reflection. It's an eerie, startling resemblance. She puts the gun in the purse, checks her appearance one last time in the mirror and goes out.

45. INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY. NIGHT

ELLEN enters the library. It's late and very quiet. She walks nervously through into the main body of the hall. One of the last remaining READERS gathers up his books and exits past her.

HER POV

At the far end of the hall, a LIBRARIAN is collecting books from the tables and returning them to their shelves. He's tall, dark. He could easily be Jonathan.

45. Contd.

CLOSE ON ELLEN

We TRACK BACK in front of her as she resolutely walks the fifty feet or more separating them.

ANGLE ON LIBRARIAN

As he hears her approaching footsteps, he turns towards her, his face catching a pool of light from one of the table top reading lamps. He does a double take, dropping the books he's carrying. Nearby, a middle-aged READER, a professorial type, looks up in annoyance.

But it's not Jonathan, it's TOMMY ROUSSELL, Dorothy's previous boyfriend. ELLEN smiles sweetly.

ELLEN

Is anything wrong? You look like you saw a ghost.

For a moment he just keeps staring at her.

TOMMY

(finally)

You must be Ellen... Right?

She looks back at him, saying nothing.

TOMMY

(unsurely)

What's going on?

ELLEN

You tell me. You seem kind of agitated.

TOMMY

This is fucking ridiculous. You're Dorrie's sister.

The READER looks over and makes an angry shooshing noise.

TOMMY

(lowering his voice)

Why are you doing this?

ELLEN

Dorrie didn't jump. Why should she? She thought she was getting married.

TOMMY

Married? Who to?

ELLEN

To you. Who else?

45. Contd.

TOMMY

I really don't need this shit.

READER

Would you please be quiet over there!

ELLEN

I've called the police. They know I'm with you.

TOMMY

You what?

ELLEN

You pushed her, didn't you? I don't know why, but you killed her. Was it something to do with the baby?

TOMMY

What baby? Will you get out of here, now - before I call the cops?

He takes a step towards her.

ELLEN

Stay right there!

She pulls out the gun and points it at him. He backs off, holding up his arms. Seeing this, the middle-aged READER gathers up his books and makes a swift exit.

TOMMY

Take it easy. You are one crazy lady. And I thought Dorrie was weird.

ELLEN

Don't move! I mean it.

TOMMY

Just listen a moment, okay? I didn't even know Dorrie was pregnant. It's the first I heard of it... For Christ sakes, I hadn't seen her in over six months. I wasn't even here that term!

ELLEN

Weren't here?

TOMMY

No... I was... I was in therapy. I had kind of a breakdown... Okay? Are you satisfied now?

46. INT. TOMMY'S CAR. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

TOMMY's at the wheel of an old Chevy.

TOMMY

I stopped seeing her at the end of the fall. That's when it all started getting a little heavy - your dad having us followed by a private detective and all kinds of shit... I saw her with this guy a couple of times after that.

ELLEN

Do you know who he is?

TOMMY

No. I think can find out. I've got a year book back at my place.

She looks at him warily out of the corner of her eye, still not sure whether to trust him or not.

ELLEN

Your place?

TOMMY

Yeah, my place.

47. INT. JONATHAN'S RENTAL CAR. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

JONATHAN's gaze is riveted to the Chevy's tail lights. There is no anxiety in his eyes, only a calm concentration. A task to be performed.

48. EXT. BROWNSTONE. NIGHT - HIS POV

The Chevy pulls up outside a brownstone. JONATHAN carries on past and takes the next turn.

49. INT. TOMMY'S CAR. NIGHT

TOMMY has his hand on the door.

TOMMY

You wait here, okay?

ELLEN

Why can't I come in?

TOMMY

I've got this cranky old landlady. She doesn't allow girls in the rooms after ten o'clock.

48. Contd.

She eyes him suspiciously.

TOMMY

Trust me, okay? Jesus, what do you think I'm gonna do? Fly out the back window?

50. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

TOMMY walks to the entrance of the brownstone.

In the FOREGROUND, we see Jonathan's rented car park in the sidestreet, having circled the block.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN

He watches TOMMY go into the house.

51. INT. BROWNSTONE. HALLWAY. NIGHT

TOMMY comes through into the hall. It's a boarding house for students. He starts up the stairs, two at a time. Loud ROCK MUSIC comes from another room in the building.

52. EXT. BROWNSTONE. NIGHT

We TRACK, a handheld POV, along the sidewalk towards the brownstone. The Chevy is parked beyond the entrance so that Ellen has no direct sight of it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SHOOTING across the front of the Chevy, we have a view of ELLEN sitting waiting and JONATHAN reaching the building in the BACKGROUND.

53. INT. TOMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT

TOMMY searches among the shelves for the year book. He finally locates it and pulls it down. The buzzer rings. He goes to the entryphone and picks up.

TOMMY

Hello?

JONATHAN (o.s.)

Tommy Roussell?

TOMMY

Who is it?

53. Contd.

JONATHAN (o.s.)

I'm from next door. I got a package for you. It was delivered to me by mistake. I'll leave it in the hall.

TOMMY

Sure. Thanks.

He presses the front door button.

54. INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY. NIGHT

JONATHAN comes into the hallway. He checks the board showing the disposition of the rooms and finds Tommy's name. He starts up the stairs.

55. INT. TOMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT

TOMMY is flicking through the yearbook pages.

HIS POV

Page after page of student mug shots, strangely frozen in time.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

His expression suddenly changes.

HIS POV

There, staring out at him, Jonathan's face, younger looking, oddly innocent.

BACK TO SCENE

TOMMY snaps the book shut and goes to the door. He turns the handle.

Standing there in front of him is JONATHAN. A very different Jonathan. TOMMY freezes. For a split second which lasts forever, the two men stand staring at each other. JONATHAN's eyes wander down to the year book, which TOMMY is clutching. TOMMY follows his gaze down to the book, then looks back up at JONATHAN, almost guiltily. There is no need for words of explanation. With a sudden, sharp movement, JONATHAN drives a gloved fist into Tommy's solar plexus. TOMMY staggers back into the room, groaning and gasping, doubled up with pain. JONATHAN advances swiftly onto him, cat-like.

56. INT. TOMMY'S CAR. NIGHT

ELLEN waits. She re-tunes the car radio to a different station.

57. INT. TOMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT

Bestriding him from the rear, JONATHAN slips a leather belt around his neck, pressing his knee into his back and forcing him down onto the floor. With slow, deliberate, pressure, he pulls the belt tighter, tighter...

TOMMY starts to make hideous, rasping noises. JONATHAN perseveres with a chilling intensity.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry, old buddy. Nothing personal.

He sounds genuinely apologetic.

58. INT. TOMMY'S CAR. NIGHT

ELLEN is beginning to get impatient. She gets out of the car and goes to the brownstone entrance. She tries the front door. Locked. She looks at the bells - and presses Tommy's.

59. INT. TOMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT

JONATHAN freezes. He looks down at TOMMY's face, his tongue lolling grotesquely, his body slumped like a limp balloon. Dead. His mind races as the BELL rings again.

60. EXT. BROWNSTONE. NIGHT

ELLEN waits. Finally she starts knocking on the front door.

61. INT. BROWNSTONE. HALLWAY. NIGHT

An obese middle-aged lady - the LANDLADY - goes to open the door. She's wearing a dressing-gown and she's none too crazy about being disturbed at this late hour.

LANDLADY

Okay, okay, I'm coming!

(she opens the door)

What's the idea, banging on the door like that, waking up half the neighborhood?

61. Contd.

ELLEN

I'm sorry, I'm waiting for Tommy Rousell. He went in ten minutes ago and now there's no reply. There must be something wrong with his bell.

The LANDLADY looks at her suspiciously, then calls upstairs.

LANDLADY

Tommy..? Tommy, you there?

ELLEN

I know he's there. I saw him go in. Can I just go and see? Please?

LANDLADY

I don't allow girls after ten.

ELLEN

Please, it's important. Can't you make an exception? It's only for a minute.

LANDLADY

(grudgingly)

Make sure it is. It's the door at the top of the stairs... Damn students.

ELLEN

Thanks. I'm real sorry.

ELLEN starts up the stairs.

62. INT. LANDING. NIGHT

She arrives outside Tommy's door and knocks.

ELLEN (o.s.)

Tommy..? It's Ellen. Are you there?

She tries the handle. The door is locked.

63. INT. TOMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT

JONATHAN hides by the door. He has the belt in both hands, gripped at either end, ready to strike. The knob rattles ineffectually.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

He sits grotesquely in an armchair, eyes staring. Outside the door, footsteps go away, back down the stairs.

64. INT. BROWNSTONE. LANDING. NIGHT

ELLEN and the LANDLADY come back upstairs to the LANDING outside ~~Tommy's~~ room, the LANDLADY muttering irascibly to herself. She raps on the door.

LANDLADY

Tommy? Are you in there?

ELLEN

(anxiously)

Please. Something's wrong.

The LANDLADY gets out a bunch of keys and unlocks the door.

65. INT. TOMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT

The door opens, revealing the two women. They step apprehensively into the room. Shock, horror register on both their faces.

THEIR POV

TOMMY's lifeless body dangles at the end of the belt, suspended from a pipe running along the ceiling. An overturned chair lies on the ground nearby.

66. EXT. BROWNSTONE. BACK YARD. NIGHT

JONATHAN drops the last few feet from a drain pipe onto the ground. He makes his way across the yard and over the side wall towards the street.

67. EXT. BROWNSTONE ENTRANCE. NIGHT

Tommy's bagged body is loaded into the rear of an AMBULANCE. Two SQUAD CARS are parked nearby.

68. INT. SQUAD CAR. NIGHT

ELLEN sits in the back with LIEUTENANT CORELLI, still badly shaken. He hands her a book, a collection of poetry, open at a page.

CORELLI

We found this, open on his desk.

She studies the book. It's the poem, by Christina Rossetti. The corner of the page has been turned down. She starts to read, in faltering voice.

68. Contd.

ELLEN .

— 'When I am dead my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me...'

She can't go on. She looks at CORELLI, a tear welling up in her eye.

CORELLI

I'm sorry. I guess we owe you an apology.

ELLEN

At least I proved Dorothy didn't kill herself.

69. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The AMBULANCEMEN slam shut the rear doors. They get in and drive off, lights flashing soundlessly.

70. INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. EVENING

The apartment is small, but cosy, in a converted brownstone down in the Village.

She pours herself a drink. A plangent, tragic piece of classical music is playing on the hi-fi. The phone starts to ring. She doesn't answer. She goes over to the sofa and sits down in front of an old photo album.

HER POV

Shots of the Kingships in happier days - of Ellen, with Tommy and Dorothy, growing up, their mother - even a smiling Leo Kingship. More of Dorothy, laughing, full of hope. Fragments of a shattered family.

CLOSE ON ELLEN

A large tear rolls down her cheek. And finally it comes, she lets go, dissolving into uncontrollable sobs.

71. INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT

The music has stopped. ELLEN sits in the semi-darkness. The door bell goes. She seems surprised. She goes to answer. She's a little unsteady from the drink.

72. INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. HALL. NIGHT

She picks up the entryphone.

72. Contd.

ELLEN

— Hello?

VOICE (o.s.)

It's me, Jay.

ELLEN

(pleasantly surprised)

Jay? Come up. It's on the third floor.

She presses the buzzer.

ANOTHER ANGLE

There is a knock at the front door. ELLEN comes through from the bedroom. She's put on a bit of make-up. She checks herself briefly in the mirror before opening the door.

HER POV

Standing there with a big bunch of flowers, it's... JONATHAN! His appearance is altered - he wears his hair pulled back in a pony tail, he wears an earring in one ear - he looks like Jay Forrester, in fact.

JONATHAN

Are you okay, Ellen?

ELLEN

(woosily)

No, I'm not... I'm not. Oh, Jay...
It was awful... And I was right, all
along, Dorrie was murdered...

She goes into his arms, resting her head on his shoulder. His eyes dart from side to side, trying to gauge her.

ELLEN

I'm sorry. I'm a little drunk.

JONATHAN

I tried calling you - -

Suddenly her legs seem to give way. She staggers and nearly falls. He grabs her at the last moment.

JONATHAN

Whoah!

He helps her straighten up. Almost immediately she falls again. She ends up on the floor, completely passed out.

73. INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. MAIN BEDROOM. NIGHT

JONATHAN carries her into the room and lays her on the bed, easing her gently under the covers.

As he fusses over the bed, rearranging the covers, ELLEN watches him through half-open eyes. He looks down and sees that she's still awake. She smiles.

ELLEN

You're still there?

JONATHAN

I'm still here.

ELLEN

I'm glad. Makes me feel safe.

JONATHAN

I was worried about you. Taking off like that.

ELLEN

(pleased)

You were?

JONATHAN

Cathy told me what happened. Jesus, Ellen, who do you think you are, Sherlock Holmes?

ELLEN

I didn't do so bad for a beginner.

JONATHAN

Yeah, well, just promise me next time you'll take me along. We're a team, remember?

Her eyes are droopy with fatigue. She attempts to smile.

ELLEN

Sure thing, partner.

JONATHAN

(sternly)

You get some sleep now.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER

Some time has elapsed. JONATHAN sits on a nearby chair, watching her sleep. The room is completely still. It's an eerie moment, as the killer of one sister sizes up the other.

ELLEN's eyes open. She looks at him a little blearily. Slowly a smile spreads across her face.

73. Contd.

ELLEN
What are you doing?

JONATHAN
Watching you.

ELLEN
You didn't want to get in with me?

JONATHAN
(smiles)
I didn't want to take advantage of
you.

ELLEN
Come on... Take advantage of me.

She holds open the sheets in invitation. He smiles as he slips into the bed. They kiss, slowly, deliciously.

74. INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT - LATER

The room is in darkness, save for a shaft of light coming through the window from the street lamp outside.

At the far end, on the bed, their two figures move together under the rippling sheets.

CLOSER ON THE BED

JONATHAN makes love to her gently, expertly. ELLEN is completely transported, her whole being reaching out to him, hungry for his love. This is the most incredible sexual experience she's ever had, opening her up, physically and emotionally. She clings to him as they reach a simultaneous and overwhelming climax.

ELLEN
(whispers)
Oh, baby... Give me all of you...
Give me all of you..!

75. EXT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAWN

A distant pink glow suffuses the dawn greyness above the Manhattan rooftops.

76. INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAWN

Wearing nothing but boxer shorts, JONATHAN leans over the stove making scrambled eggs.

76a. INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAWN

ELLEN squats on the bed, wrapped in a sheet, sampling the eggs. JONATHAN perches on the bed next to her with his own plate.

ELLEN

These are great!

JONATHAN

Don't sound so surprised. I was a chef. On a boat - a yacht. A friend of mine used to take charters round the Carribean... Then we started smuggling, running drugs and stuff. It got a little out of hand...

He shakes his head ruefully at the memory. She watches him with interest, intrigued by this revelation of a shady and glamorous past.

JONATHAN (contd)

I was doing a lot of drugs. Way too many. I went a little crazy for a while, after my parents were killed.

ELLEN

They were both killed? What happened?

JONATHAN

Remember the Korean airliner, the one that got shot down by the Russians? They were on it.

ELLEN

I'm sorry. I had no idea.

JONATHAN

We were real close. I was an only child. My dad was a diplomat, so we were always moving around. They were my best friends.

He suddenly looks tragic and vulnerable. She reaches across and touches him.

ELLEN

We make a great pair, don't we?
Talk about accident-prone.

He takes her hand, presses it against his lips. Behind them, through the window, the dawn is coming up. She snuggles up against him.

JONATHAN

You're so beautiful.

76a. Contd.

ELLEN

Am I?

JONATHAN

You know you are.

ELLEN

You make me feel I am. I never did before. Dorrie was the beauty. I always felt plain next to her.

JONATHAN

Weren't you identical?

ELLEN

It comes from inside. She had this inner light. She was full of life. Like our mother...

(bitterly)

... before twenty years married to our father drained it out of her. She and Dorrie were so alike. They used to fight like hell. Dorrie totally took his side over the divorce. I just could never understand how she could do that. I wouldn't speak to her. Even after Bobby was killed. Now it's too late. (struck by a sudden thought) You know what really frightens me? I think deep down I'm like him. Afraid of love. Maybe that's why I hate him so much. He reminds me of everything I don't want to be.

He looks at her intensely.

JONATHAN

You don't have to be afraid anymore.

ELLEN

Don't I? If you knew how much I've been wanting you, Jay. It was scary. I don't want to get hurt.

JONATHAN

I'm not going to hurt you.

ELLEN

Promise?

JONATHAN

Promise.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN

76a. Contd.

He pulls her towards him and holds her tight. Strange emotions conflict within him, overcast by the shadow of his dark secret. This wasn't the plan, feeling things.

Is it possible he could really be falling in love with her?

SLOW DISSOLVE

77. EXT. MANHATTAN. TIMES SQUARE AREA. NIGHT

Time has passed - some three months. It's cold, mid-winter. The sidewalks are lined with HUSTLERS, CRACK DEALERS, PIMPS and PROSTITUTES. A scene from Dante's Inferno.

78. INT. VAN. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

JONATHAN is driving, ELLEN sits next to him. Subtle changes in their appearance suggest the elapse of time. They're cruising the streets in 'The Citadel' van. ELLEN sees something ahead.

ELLEN

Slow down. Isn't that Rose?

79. ANGLE ON SIDEWALK - THEIR POV

A YOUNG GIRL, no more than thirteen or fourteen, teeters on high heels over to a car, idling by the kerb. After a brief discussion with the DRIVER, a middle-aged business type, she gets inside. The car drives off.

JONATHAN (o.s.)

There goes Rose.

80. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The van pulls into the kerb, the 'Citadel' logo emblazoned on the side. JONATHAN and ELLEN get out. They open up the back, where there's a supply of hot coffee, juice, soup, sandwiches, etc. Almost immediately, a group of KIDS gather around them. JONATHAN starts calling out their wares.

JONATHAN

O-kay, whadda we got? We got coffee, we got cookies, we got soup, we got juice!

The KIDS tuck in eagerly. On closer examination, two of the girls, long-haired and gorgeous, are in fact boys, with pumped up silicone breasts. Ironically, cookies seem to be the most popular item with these child-adults.

80. Contd.

ELLEN distributes cards with the address of the shelter.

ELLEN

This is our address. If you want a bed for the night we can take you there now, or you can just show up later. Whatever. The door's open, day and night.

JONATHAN starts distributing small packets.

JONATHAN

And condoms. Don't forget the condoms.

Ironie cheers. SUZY, a sixteen year old hooker, slings the packet back at him. She looks thin and sick, her skin blotchy and pallid.

SUZY

Johns don't want condoms, man. Condoms are a turn-off.

CHICO, a male prostitute, grins.

CHICO

Who wants to take a shower in a raincoat?

JONATHAN

Aids is a bigger turn-off. It'll turn you off for good.

SUZY

Fuck aids. I been on the street for four years and I ain't got it.

JONATHAN stoops to pick up the pack of condoms. He tucks it into SUZY's pocket.

JONATHAN

Do me a favor. Think about your future, OK?

SUZY

(bitterly)
Who are you kidding?

JONATHAN looks at her. She turns away.

JONATHAN

C'mere... C'mon...

He beckons to her, leads her away from the group, puts his arm around her.

80. Contd.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN AND SUZY

JONATHAN

What's with the cynicism? What's wrong with you? It's not too late. It's never too late.

SUZY

Oh, man. You are so naive. Look, if it makes you feel good cruising the streets in that dopey van, that's fine by me. Just leave me out of it, OK? You do-gooders make me want to puke.

She pushes past and walks away up the street. He watches her sadly. ELLEN catches his eye and gives him a sympathetic smile. He shrugs, as if to say: 'Can't win 'em all'.

81. INT. VAN. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

It's much later. They cruise the streets. Less action now. Only the hardest are still out there.

THEIR POV

A BOY PROSTITUTE breaks away from his COMPANION and goes up to a stationary car, starting a dialogue with the DRIVER.

ELLEN reacts to something off-screen.

ELLEN

Look! Over there.

81a. EXT. 42nd STREET. NIGHT

The van screeches to a halt. JONATHAN and ELLEN get out and run over to the sidewalk.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

A GIRL is slumped in the doorway, leaning against the wall.

ELLEN

(horrified)
It's Rose.

We recognize the girl we saw earlier, getting into the john's car. JONATHAN helps her into a sitting position.

JONATHAN

Rose, you okay?

81a. Contd.

She slowly turns her face towards him. One side is puffed and swollen, the eye completely closed up. She's been badly beaten.

JONATHAN

(gently)

Come on, we're taking you to the hospital.

ROSE mumbles incoherently. JONATHAN and ELLEN help her to her feet. She can barely stand. JONATHAN picks her up in his arms and carries her over to the van. ELLEN gets in the back with her. JONATHAN closes the door, gets in the front and drives off.

82. INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

JONATHAN and ELLEN wait in the casualty department. A NURSE comes out. They get up anxiously.

NURSE

She's got a couple of broken ribs, a broken jaw and a severe concussion. We're going to have to keep her in for observation.

ELLEN

Whatever she needs. I'll be responsible for the charges.

NURSE

You'll have to sign a form.

ELLEN

That's okay.

83. EXT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

JONATHAN lets her in her side of the van. ELLEN is lost in thought, still upset about Rose.

JONATHAN

(reassuringly)

She's a tough little cookie. She'll make out.

ELLEN

Yeah... You won't say anything - about me paying? Not even to Cathy?

JONATHAN

Of course not.

83a. INT/EXT. VAN. NIGHT TRAVELLING

She leans back against the seat, turning her head to ease the pressure on her neck. JONATHAN slots in a cassette.

ELLEN

What a fucking night.

He reaches over with his free hand and starts to massage the back of her neck.

ELLEN

Don't stop. That feels incredible.

JONATHAN

(continuing)
Better?

ELLEN

Hmmm... Much better.

She takes his hand and kisses it tenderly. He looks at her, lovingly.

JONATHAN

You feel okay?

ELLEN

Sure.

JONATHAN

I mean - about us?

ELLEN

(smiles)
I know that's what you mean. I feel good.

JONATHAN

Me, too.

He grins happily. They drive on in silence, hands linked.

84. EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. NIGHT

The van disappears up the deserted street, as the dawn begins to break.

SLOW FADE

85. EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAY

More time has passed. It's Spring. Sunday afternoon in the park.

85. Contd.

WHACK! JONATHAN strikes a softball. He's playing with various KIDS and HELPERS from the shelter. He starts to run round the bases. His hair is shorter, he no longer sports a pony tail - or earring.

ELLEN and CATHY cheer him on from the sideline. One of the FIELDERS gathers up the ball and slings it towards fourth base. It's ROSE, fully recovered, to all the world like a normal, healthy kid. JONATHAN slides home safely, just as the ball arrives, to ironic jeers.

ANGLE ON ELLEN AND CATHY

CATHY watches ELLEN watching Jonathan.

CATHY

Happy?

ELLEN

Yep.

CATHY

You look it. It's great. You found the perfect guy.

ELLEN

I did, didn't I?

CATHY

You deserve it. I mean, God, it was time you had a break, after all the shit you've been through. How long have you been together? Six months?

ELLEN

Seven.

CATHY

Must be some kind of record.

ELLEN

Jay's different from any guy I've known. He has this... strength - he really knows who he is. The kids adore him.

CATHY

Who wouldn't? I'm horribly jealous. He's probably a great lover, too.

ELLEN

(flushing)
Cathy!

CATHY

Well?

85. Contd.

ELLEN

(naughtily)
As a matter of fact he is.

CATHY

I hate you.

ANGLE ON GAME

Someone else is up to bat. They hit the ball and run to first base. JONATHAN trots to home base. He comes over to ELLEN and CATHY and flops down on the grass next to them.

CATHY

Your ears must be on fire.

JONATHAN

Nice things, I hope?

CATHY

You'd blush if I told you.

JONATHAN

I'm a nice guy. I deserve to have nice things said about me.

ELLEN

And modest. That's what I love about him the most!

She leans over him and kisses him. They roll around on the grass, frolicking like the two young lovers they are.

CATHY

I think I'm gonna throw up.

Suddenly JONATHAN stops to check his watch.

JONATHAN

(anxiously)
Do you realize what time it is?

ELLEN

What's the hurry? I didn't say we'd be there till six.

JONATHAN

I want to get showered and cleaned up first.

86. INT. CAB. EVENING - TRAVELLING

They bump along in the back of a cab. Jamaican reggae pounds from a tinny cassette player suspended from the driver's rear view mirror.

86. Contd.

JONATHAN is wearing a sports jacket and tie, his hair freshly washed and combed. He looks out of the side window, evidently nervous. ELLEN observes this with a wry smile.

ELLEN

I don't know why you want to put yourself through this.

JONATHAN

I gotta meet him sooner or later.

ELLEN

Why?

JONATHAN

He's your father.

ELLEN

So?

JONATHAN

I don't know. I guess I just want everything to be open and above board.

ELLEN

Look, it really doesn't matter what my father thinks. We don't get along, we never have got along - and we never will get along.

87. INT. KINGSHIP APARTMENT. STUDY. NIGHT

The room is somber, with dark, heavy furniture. Embalmed fish in glass cases hang on the walls, eerily beautiful. KINGSHIP gets up from his chair, as JONATHAN and ELLEN enter from the HALLWAY, ushered in by a Vietnamese BUTLER.

The old man clears his throat awkwardly. If anything, he seems more ill at ease than either of them.

KINGSHIP

Ellen. You're here.

She goes up and pecks him rather coldly on the cheek.

ELLEN

Hi, daddy. This is Jay Forrester.

JONATHAN

Glad to meet you, sir.

He extends a manly hand. ELLEN seems slightly taken aback by his almost exaggerated politeness.

87. Contd.

KINGSHIP

How do you do? Can I offer you a drink?

He registers what KINGSHIP is drinking - a large Scotch.

JONATHAN

I'd love a Scotch, please. On the rocks.

KINGSHIP

Ellen?

ELLEN

I can't. I'm late for work already. I'm on duty tonight.

KINGSHIP

Are you sure?

He seems disappointed, though he doesn't want to show it.

ELLEN

I'm sorry.

She looks at him a beat, during which we sense all the unresolved tension and sadness between them - a look which is observed by JONATHAN.

KINGSHIP

Come up to Bedford one week-end, if you can spare the time. Bring Jay.

He says it with no trace of irony, more in hope than expectation. She smiles, without enthusiasm.

ELLEN

Sure.

88. INT. KINGSHIP APARTMENT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

ELLEN comes out of the study and heads for the front door.

89. INT. KINGSHIP APARTMENT. STUDY. NIGHT

KINGSHIP studies JONATHAN, as he sips his Scotch gingerly, staring up at one of the framed fish.

KINGSHIP

I caught that little fella up in Maine.

JONATHAN

It's a golden carp, isn't it?

89. Contd.

KINGSHIP

(surprised at his knowledge)
That's right. King among fish... I
caught them all. It's my vice,
hobby, whatever you want to call it.

JONATHAN

I used to fish, as a kid. With my
father.

KINGSHIP

Really?

JONATHAN

'As no man is born an artist, so no
man is born an angler.'

KINGSHIP

(smiles)
Isaak Walton.

JONATHAN

'The Compleat Angler'. I still got
my father's copy. Fishing was his
great passion. I used to love it.
Watching the dawn come up. Waiting
for that first bite.

KINGSHIP studies him a minute, a slight twinkle in his eye.
He's beginning to warm to him.

KINGSHIP

So who's idea was this meeting? Does
it mean what I think it means?

JONATHAN pauses a beat to adapt to the switch of track.

JONATHAN

Well, we are pretty serious about
each other. We've been dating for
over six months now.

(hesitantly)

I wanted... May I speak frankly?

He looks him squarely in the eye.

KINGSHIP

Please, go ahead.

JONATHAN

(clears his throat)

I know relations between you and
Ellen haven't been too great for a
while. I know deep down, that's
something she regrets. It's
certainly something I regret.

89. Contd.

KINGSHIP

Is that so?

KINGSHIP's a little taken aback, at the same time intrigued and to a degree impressed by his directness.

JONATHAN

I lost both my parents when I was nineteen. They were on the Korean 747, the one that got shot down by the Russians.

KINGSHIP

I'm sorry.

JONATHAN

I had some unresolved differences with my father. I've always regretted not having the chance to square things with him before...

He looks at the ground, as if afraid to give way to his emotions. KINGSHIP watches sympathetically.

JONATHAN

I just don't want Ellen to make the same mistake I made. I know how much she cares about you underneath.

He looks up, into KINGSHIP's eyes. He's getting through to him. The old boy suddenly looks sad and vulnerable.

KINGSHIP

She's very precious to me, Jay.
She's all I have left.

JONATHAN

She's very precious to me, too, sir. I want you to know that... And I wouldn't want you to think I intend spending the rest of my life doing what I'm doing now. It's very rewarding work. But ultimately my ambitions lie elsewhere...

KINGSHIP smiles encouragingly.

JONATHAN

... And if you're worried about me being able to keep Ellen in the manner to which she's accustomed, as they say - well, I don't think you need have any worries on that score. I'm ambitious and I'm very determined and I'm not afraid of hard work.

89. Contd.

KINGSHIP

Well. You seem like a serious young man.

JONATHAN

Oh, I am, sir. I'm very serious.
(he smiles disarmingly)
And I'm very serious about your daughter.

90. INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

JONATHAN comes into the apartment. He is whistling a tune, feeling distinctly pleased with himself. Ellen's not at home. The phone starts to ring.

91. INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

He comes into the main room. The answer machine cuts in before he can pick up. He waits to see who it is.

Patricia Farrell's voice comes on the machine.

PATRICIA (o.s.)

Hi, it's Patricia Farrell. I think I may have something on the guy Dorothy was dating when she died. I'm going to be in New York for a couple of days. Please call me, area code 215 369-3472.

We hold JONATHAN in tight CLOSE UP. He looks like he's been struck by a thunderbolt. He quickly picks up before she hangs up.

JONATHAN

Hello, Patricia? I'm Ellen's boyfriend, Jay.

92. INT. PATRICIA FARRELL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

PATRICIA

Oh, hi. You heard my message?

She picks up a photo lying next to the phone, on top of a University of Pennsylvania yearbook. It's of Patricia, outside her dormitory building. In the background, on the opposite side of the street, a couple is walking past, slightly out of focus. A circle has been drawn around them.

BACK to JONATHAN (etc):

92. Contd.

JONATHAN

Ellen had to go out of town for a couple of days, but I know she'll want to see you. When will you be in New York?

PATRICIA

Tomorrow. I get in around four. I'll be at the Hilton.

TRACKING IN on the photo, we recognize the couple. Jonathan and Dorothy.

JONATHAN

Have you told the police about this?

PATRICIA

No. I wanted to talk to Ellen first.

JONATHAN

It's probably better you don't at this stage. They haven't been too cooperative in the past.

PATRICIA

Sure.

JONATHAN

She'll call you tomorrow evening. Will you be there at six thirty?

PATRICIA

I'll make sure I am.

JONATHAN

Goodbye. And thank you.

93. EXT. BLOOMINGDALE'S. DAY

JONATHAN crosses the street and enters Bloomingdale's.

94. INT. BLOOMINGDALE'S. DAY

JONATHAN is in the luggage department. He picks out their biggest suitcase, the kind with wheels on the bottom.

95. INT. HILTON HOTEL. BEDROOM. EVENING

PATRICIA is in a hotel bath robe, drying her hair. MTV is blasting over the TV set. The door buzzer goes.

PATRICIA

Who is it?

95. Contd.

JONATHAN (o.s.)

— Bellboy. I have an envelope for you.

She opens the door. JONATHAN stands there. She does a kind of double take which quickly turns to fear as she seems to recognize him. Before she can act, or cry out, he barges in, knocking her back with the suitcase. He quickly locks the door behind him.

PATRICIA

What are you - ? Help me somebo - !

He's on her in a flash, choking off her cry.

96. INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. EVENING

Outside in the corridor, all is quiet. No one about. The muffled sound of MTV.

9 . INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. EVENING

He continues squeezing her throat until the struggle finally goes out of her. Her limp body rolls over and lies flat on the floor. He sits there a moment, drawing in long, deep breaths, composing himself.

98. INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. EVENING

The door opens and JONATHAN hangs a 'Do not disturb' notice on the handle.

99. INT. HOTEL BATHROOM. EVENING

We TRACK SLOWLY into the bathroom, through the open door. JONATHAN is stripped to his shorts, hunched over the bathtub, sawing rhythmically...

100. ANGLE ON BATHTUB - LATER

The tub is filled with half a dozen neatly tied black plastic bags. He hoses the tub clean with the shower. The last of the blood gurgles away down the plug hole.

101. INT. HOTEL LOBBY. EVENING

The suitcase wheels squeek ever so slightly as JONATHAN pulls it across the concourse.

A BELLBOY approaches from the opposite direction, wheeling a heavily laden baggage trolley.

101. Contd.

For a moment, their eyes meet. JONATHAN stares straight ahead. The BELLBOY passes by. JONATHAN exits the building without drawing so much as another glance.

102. INT. NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT

A heavy, disco beat. Out on the dance floor, JONATHAN and ELLEN strut their stuff. She looks sweaty and sexy - and feels it. He looks into her eyes, a broad grin on his face.

JONATHAN

Marry me!

ELLEN

Can't hear you!

JONATHAN

I said, marry me!

She stops dancing, beaming from ear to ear.

ELLEN

Are you serious?

JONATHAN

Church, bridesmaids, the works.

ELLEN

You are serious!

He takes her in his arms and kisses her, slowly, deliciously, before whisking her back into the rhythm of the dance.

103. EXT. TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE. NIGHT

Ellen's little BMW is crossing over the Triborough Bridge. It's late and there are few cars about.

104. INT. BMW. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

JONATHAN is at the wheel, alone. He looks towards the side of the road, glancing repeatedly in the rear-view mirror.

105. EXT. TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE. NIGHT

The BMW pulls into the side. JONATHAN gets out and goes to the trunk. Inside is the suitcase. He drags the case to the bridge parapet and heaves it over, down into the river below.

106. ANGLE ON RIVER

The suitcase hits the water and is swallowed up by the inky blackness.

107. INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

ELLEN is asleep. The bedside lamp Jonathan's side is still on. He slips into bed. She mumbles drowsily.

ELLEN

What took you so long?

JONATHAN

Couldn't find anywhere to park. I must have driven round the block twenty frigging times.

He clicks off the light. He leans over her, whispers in her ear.

JONATHAN

I love you, baby.

ELLEN

I love you, too.

He lowers his head, planting a gentle kiss on the nape of her neck...

108. INT. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. DAY

The organ strikes up the Wedding March. We TRACK BACK in front of the married couple, as they walk back down the aisle. ELLEN looks radiant. JONATHAN is flushed with satisfaction, resplendent in his morning coat. Behind them, a halfdozen BRIDESMAIDS carry her train. DAVE is best man, CATHY maid of honor. KINGSHIP smiles with fatherly pride.

109. EXT. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. DAY

A CROWD throngs the sidewalk by the entrance. PAPARAZZI jostle for position. The BRIDE and GROOM line up with the BRIDESMAIDS, USHERS, RELATIVES. They lean together for a lingering kiss. Flashguns flash amid cheers and applause. KINGSHIP approaches JONATHAN, extending his arms in a fatherly embrace. Another barrage of camera flashes...

109a EXT. BEACH CABANA. DUSK

JONATHAN holds a photo of the above, his embrace with Kingship - one of many of the wedding. He's sitting on a verandah overlooking a beautiful white beach somewhere in the Carribean. The sun sets over the ocean.

109b EXT. BEACH. DUSK

ELLEN comes out of the water and runs up the beach. She's bronzed and beautiful.

109c EXT. BEACH CABANA. DUSK

JONATHAN gets up to wrap her in a towel. She shivers ever so slightly as he rubs her dry. He holds her to him. She looks up at him and smiles.

ELLEN

This is perfect, isn't it?

JONATHAN

Perfect.

ELLEN

If only we could freeze time.

109d INT. BEACH CABANA. NIGHT

They lie naked on the bed, her head on his shoulder. The starlit sky twinkles outside the window. He strokes her hair. She smiles dreamily.

JONATHAN

What are you smiling about?

ELLEN

Just thinking. How lucky we are. How we found each other. I mean, if you hadn't come into the shelter that day, looking for a job, we never would have met.

JONATHAN

We'd have met. One way or another. I believe in fate.

ELLEN

(suddenly anxious)

You won't ever leave me, will you?

JONATHAN

Of course not. How can you ask?

ELLEN

Everyone I ever loved always ended up leaving me. My mother, Bobby... Dorrie. I was never going to let myself love anyone again. Then you came along.

JONATHAN

Aren't you glad I did?

109d Contd.

ELLEN

What do you think?

She cranes her head up towards him. Their lips meet. They move together, her back arching up as his hands caress her breasts...

110. INT. UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT. DAY

The room is large and spacious, with a polished wooden floor. Music plays from a CD unit. There are packing crates around, witness to a recent move. Hammer in hand, ELLEN bangs a nail into the wall and hangs a framed photo of the wedding.

JONATHAN comes through from the hall. Like Ellen, he's tan from the honeymoon. He's carrying a cardboard box.

JONATHAN

What's this? I found it in the bedroom.

He puts the box down. She pulls out a green jacket - the one Dorothy was wearing the day she died. Then the green shoes.

ELLEN

They're Dorrie's. She was wearing them the day she died.

JONATHAN

(gently)
Don't you think it's time you threw this stuff out?

ELLEN

I don't like to.

JONATHAN

The bad times are over for this family, Ellen. It's ancient history.

He kisses her on the forehead and exits with the box. He calls out over his shoulder.

JONATHAN

Don't forget, we're meeting your dad at seven-thirty.

ELLEN

Do we have to? I'm really not in the mood for him.

110. Contd.

JONATHAN

(reproachfully)

He bought us this apartment. I think the least we can do is have dinner with him.

111. INT. BASEMENT. NIGHT

JONATHAN hefts the cardboard box into the incinerator in the basement of the building. He stares at the dancing flames, until the last trace is consumed - the flickering light eerily reflected in the dark holes of his pupils.

SLOW FADE

112. EXT. KINGSHIP MANSION. DAWN

To establish. A stately colonial mansion, with a white colonnaded facade.

113. EXT. KINGSHIP ESTATE. LAKE. DAWN

A rowing boat scuds silently across the glassy surface of the lake. JONATHAN is at the oars, KINGSHIP in the stern.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The boat is stationary. JONATHAN manoevers the oars to keep it that way. KINGSHIP leans over the side to place the bait on a lily pad. Once satisfied, he signals to JONATHAN to start rowing back, gently unreeling the line as they draw away.

114. EXT. LAKE SHORE. DAWN

They are sitting side by side by the shore. The sun is beginning to peek over the horizon. They talk now, but in low voices.

KINGSHIP

I'm going to very gently draw the bait off the lily pad and let it float down.

(he reels in slowly)

That's the great thing about carp. They know they're being fished, they know you're there. It's a battle of wits.

114. Contd.

JONATHAN

(enthusiastically)
And the bait, potato soaked in
honey? What's that about?

KINGSHIP

The smell of the honey attracts the
fish, the potato hides the hook.
They won't go near it till they're
sure it's safe. These guys live for
forty, fifty years, in one place.
They get to know every nook and
cranny - we could sit here for weeks
and not get a bite.

115. EXT. KINGSHIP ESTATES. MORNING

An open jeep shoots along a dirt track, hitting up the
dust. The sun is already up.

116. INT. JEEP. MORNING - TRAVELLING

JONATHAN is at the wheel. KINGSHIP smiles philosophically.

KINGSHIP

Don't say I didn't warn you. I hope
you weren't bored.

JONATHAN

God, no. On a morning like this? It
brought it all back. Those times
with my father.

KINGSHIP

(after a beat)

I've been thinking about what we
were talking about yesterday. We're
in the process of modernising our
Pittsburg works. It'll end up being
the most modern of its kind in the
world. If you're really serious
about wanting a job, maybe I could
find you something to cut your teeth
on. You'd be kind of my personal
assistant, if that sounds
interesting?

JONATHAN

Yes, it does. But I'd have to talk
it over with Ellen.

KINGSHIP

Of course. I understand.

116. Contd.

He looks at JONATHAN with a sudden rush of affection.

KINGSHIP

You know something? You remind me a lot of Bobby. My son Bobby.

JONATHAN

Thank you. I take that as a great compliment.

KINGSHIP

I had high hopes for him. High hopes. Things have been pretty rough in this family, Jay. People talk about the 'Kingship curse'. Sometimes I think they're right.

JONATHAN

Things can change.

KINGSHIP

Maybe you're right at that. Anyway, I appreciate the way you've tried to bring us together, heal the rift.

JONATHAN

I believe in the family. It's the most important thing there is.

KINGSHIP

You're right, Jay. You're absolutely right.

117. EXT. KINGSHIP MANSION. MORNING

The Jeep wends its way home across flowing parkland. The white mansion stands on top of a hill, bathed in early morning sunlight, like a magical Xanadu.

118. INT. KINGSHIP MANSION. BEDROOM. DAY

ELLEN, still in her nightgown, watches from the window.

119. HER POV - THE COURTYARD

JONATHAN and KINGSHIP walk together towards the house, laughing and chatting.

120. CLOSE ON ELLEN

Her face is impassive. She watches them a beat longer, then moves away from the window.

121. INT. BMW. LATE AFTERNOON - TRAVELLING

They fight their way back into the city through the week-end traffic.

ELLEN

(horrified)

Offered you a job? You're not going to take it, are you?

JONATHAN

I don't know, Ellen. I think we ought to at least talk about it.

ELLEN

We don't need to talk about it. You are not going to work for my father. I can't believe we're having this conversation.

JONATHAN

At least keep an open mind.

ELLEN

What's happening to you, Jay?

(upset)

What about the shelter? What about our work together? You really want to give that up?

JONATHAN

It's not that I want to give that up... I want to try something else, that's all. Can't you see it from my point of view?

ELLEN

I'm trying, Jay, I'm trying.

JONATHAN

Everything we've got, everything we own - this fucking car - it all comes from your money. How do you think that makes me feel?

ELLEN

So you're gonna take a job with my father? I don't see the difference.

JONATHAN

There's a big difference.

ELLEN

Sell the apartment, if it makes you feel better. I never wanted it in the first place.

121. Contd.

JONATHAN

I don't want to sell the apartment. Okay? I like the apartment. Does that make me a terrible person?

ELLEN

It's not what I thought you were about, that's all.

JONATHAN

It's nothing to do with what I'm 'about'. Let's forget it, I don't want to fight about it. I never said I was going to take the damn job...

122. EXT. THEIR APARTMENT BUILDING. EVENING

JONATHAN stops the BMW outside the apartment building. He drops ELLEN, then continues round the corner.

ELLEN, still angry, walks up to the entrance. A MAN comes forward out of the shadows.

DET. MICHAELS

Ellen Forrester?

ELLEN

Yes...?

DET. MICHAELS

Detective Michaels. New York Homicide.

ELLEN

Homicide?

123. EXT. GARAGE. EVENING

JONATHAN emerges from an all night garage and walks back towards the apartment.

124. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. HALLWAY. EVENING

JONATHAN enters the apartment. He hears voices off-screen. Intrigued, he approaches the living room, warily - as if alerted by a sixth sense.

ELLEN (o.s.)

I never heard from her after that time in Philadelphia. Over a year ago.

125. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING

DETECTIVE MICHAELS and ELLEN are sitting on the sofa. They look up as JONATHAN enters. He smiles pleasantly.

JONATHAN

What's going on?

ELLEN

This is Detective Michaels. My husband, Jay.

DET. MICHAELS

(nods)

Mr. Forrester.

JONATHAN

Detective Michaels?

He is completely calm. If he feels any alarm, he doesn't show it.

DET. MICHAELS

I'm investigating the disappearance of Patricia Farrell. We're treating it as a possible homicide. Your wife's name was in her diary.

JONATHAN

Patricia Farrell? Who's that?

ELLEN

She knew Dorrie at college. I met her a couple of times. She was one of the last people to see her alive.

DET. MICHAELS

Do you recall a woman phoning the apartment, asking to speak to your wife? About four months ago. June seventh, to be exact.

JONATHAN

No. I'm sorry. I don't.

126. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. HALLWAY. EVENING

JONATHAN sees DETECTIVE MICHAELS to the door.

DET. MICHAELS

Well, thank you for your time. If you do remember anything?

JONATHAN

Of course.

126. Contd.

DET. MICHAELS
Goodnight, Mr Forrester.

127. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Jonathan comes back into the room. ELLEN looks pensive.

ELLEN
Well? Don't you think it's weird?

JONATHAN
What?

ELLEN
Patricia Farrell disappearing like that. Maybe even murdered. It's just too much of a coincidence.

JONATHAN
People disappear all the time.

ELLEN
My name was in her diary. On the exact same day she disappeared. With my telephone number. Like she was going to call me.

JONATHAN
But she didn't call you, did she?

ELLEN
Maybe she found out something about Dorrie?

JONATHAN
(groans)
But you know who killed Dorrie. That guy who hanged himself, what was his name?

ELLEN
But what if he didn't hang himself? What if he wasn't the one who killed her?

JONATHAN
Babe, you're gonna drive yourself crazy if you go on like this. You keep going round in circles! You gotta bury the dead and let them be.

ELLEN
But if I'm right, the killer's still out there! He killed Tommy Roussell and he killed Patricia Farrell!

127. Contd.

JONATHAN

— If it'll make you feel better, pick up the phone and call the Philadelphia Police.

ELLEN

You know that's a waste of time.

JONATHAN

(suddenly losing it)
Jesus, are you ever gonna stop? I'm sick of listening to your neurotic fantasies!

He storms out, leaving her stunned by his outburst.

128. INT. HALL. NIGHT

As he comes into the hall, he stops, closes his eyes. Cursing himself for his momentary loss of control.

129. INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

ELLEN sits on the sofa, staring moodily at the TV. JONATHAN comes up behind her. He rests his hands on her shoulder.

JONATHAN

Baby, I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me.

ELLEN

It's OK. Maybe I am being a little neurotic.

JONATHAN

I had no business shouting at you like that. Forgive me?

ELLEN

Forgive you.

She rests her hand on his, but continues staring at the TV.

SLOW DISSOLVE

130. EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE. NIGHT

A light burns in a window on the 32nd floor of a glass tower.

130a CLOSE ON WINDOW

JONATHAN sits at a desk in a plush conservatively decorated office—all mahogany and leather. He's dressed to match, in suit and tie. It's late and he's the only one about.

131. INT. OFFICE BUILDING. JONATHAN'S OFFICE. NIGHT

He's studying a large working model of the new converter plant. The phone rings.

JONATHAN

Hello?

132. INT. 'THE CITADEL'. OFFICE. NIGHT

ELLEN's on the office phone.

ELLEN

You still there?

JONATHAN

I won't be long.

ELLEN

What about the movie?

JONATHAN

We can still make the ten o'clock showing.

ELLEN

Okay. You'll come by here and pick me up?

JONATHAN

Sure.

ELLEN

Don't let me down.

JONATHAN

I won't.

He hangs up and goes right back to his model.

133. INT. JONATHAN'S OFFICE. NIGHT - LATER

He's stretched out on the couch, asleep, papers strewn around him - cost estimates, building schedules. He awakes with a start, looks at his watch.

JONATHAN

Shit!

134. INT. OFFICE BUILDING. LOBBY. NIGHT

JONATHAN runs out of the elevator and across the lobby, out through the front exit.

135. EXT. OFFICE BUILDING. NIGHT

He comes out of the building. We PAN up to the logo above the entrance:

'KINGSHIP COPPER CORPORATION'

The MUSIC sounds an ominous note. JONATHAN hails a passing cab.

136. INT. 'THE CITADEL' RECEPTION AREA. NIGHT

JONATHAN enters breathlessly. He bumps into CATHY.

CATHY

(accusingly)
You missed her.

JONATHAN

What?

He groans.

CATHY

She left already. She waited as long as she could. She went to the movie.

137. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

JONATHAN is in bed, reading - more stuff from the office. The SOUND of the front door opening. ELLEN appears in the doorway.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry, babe. I'm real sorry. I fell asleep at the office.

Wearily, she sits down on the end of the bed.

ELLEN

I knew this would happen.

JONATHAN

What?

ELLEN

Face it, Jay, you're at the office all day, most evenings. I'm at the shelter nearly every night. We lead totally separate lives.

137. Contd.

JONATHAN

That's not true.

ELLEN

Yes, it is. I mean, what's the fucking point?

JONATHAN

Things would be a whole lot easier if you quit your job.

ELLEN

Quit my job? I love my job. I had my job before I even met you. Why should I change? You're the one who's changed.

JONATHAN

I haven't changed, Ellen. I'm the same guy you married. And I love you very much.

He holds out his hand, a gesture of conciliation. She doesn't take it.

JONATHAN

And you're right. We aren't spending enough time together. That's going to change, I promise. Once this damn modernisation program is over.

ELLEN

You're always making promises.

JONATHAN

I mean it. You're the most important thing in my life. I won't let anything come between us. Not even my career.

ELLEN

(sadly)

'Career'? I never thought of you as someone with a 'career', Jay.

She gets up off the bed and goes into the other room. He watches her, troubled.

138. EXT. BEACH. LONG ISLAND. DAWN

A DOG is running along the beach at dawn. Its owner, an ELDERLY WOMAN, follows at some distance. As a wave breaks on the shore, it sends a stream of foam shooting up the beach. The foam disturbs a flock of seagulls, pecking at a black plastic bag.

138. Contd.

The seagulls briefly take flight, then hop back again, pecking acquisitively. The DOG bounds up, barking and chasing the gulls away. It returns to the black bag, its curiosity aroused. It starts to paw and whine. The WOMAN calls him, but the DOG stays put. She approaches, intrigued, prodding the bag with her walking stick, ad-libbing dialogue with the dog. As she starts pulling at the plastic, something slides out.

Shock. Horror. Revulsion. She clamps a hand over her mouth and starts to retch uncontrollably.

139. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAY

ELLEN, still in her nightshirt, makes herself a cup of coffee. The radio is on, a newscast, droning in the background.

NEWSCAST

... in the severed head case, police have positively identified the victim from dental records as Patricia Farrell. Miss Farrell checked into a New York hotel a year ago and was never seen again. Police are still baffled as to motive but they are working on several theories...

ELLEN freezes, dropping her cup, which smashes on the kitchen floor, spewing coffee everywhere.

140. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

ELLEN dials a number. And waits. Her nerves are stretched to breaking.

141. INT. SUBURBAN HOME. DAY

A middle-aged woman picks up the phone. She's in a modestly furnished suburban living room. The TV is on in the BACKGROUND, watched by a MAN in a wheelchair.

MRS ROUSSELL

Hello?

BACK to ELLEN (etc):

ELLEN

Is that Mrs Roussell?

MRS ROUSSELL

Yes, it is.

141. Contd.

ELLEN

I'm sorry to bother you, I got your number from student records at Penn. I'm a friend of Tommy's.

MRS ROUSSELL

Tommy's?

She makes frantic gestures to her husband to turn down the volume. He, too, is galvanised by the mention of their son.

MRS ROUSSELL

(suspicious)

What do you want?

ELLEN

Just to ask you - did Tommy have like a breakdown? The year before last?

MRS ROUSSELL

Who are you?

(sudden bitterness)

Are you a reporter?

ELLEN

Please, I think the police may have made a terrible mistake. It may not have been suicide.

MRS ROUSSELL pauses. She appears to deliberate.

MRS ROUSSELL

Yes, Tommy had a breakdown. He missed his final exams.

(her voice catches)

That's why he had to go back the next year.

ELLEN

I'm sorry, I know how painful this must be for you. Are you saying he missed the whole of the Spring Term?

MRS ROUSSELL

Why do you want to know?

ELLEN

And he didn't go back at all?
Please, it's very important.

MRS ROUSSELL

Yes. I told the police he couldn't have done it, but they wouldn't believe me. Tommy never could have done such a thing. Never!

141. Contd.

ELLEN

Thank you, Mrs Roussell. I'm sorry to have bothered you.

MRS ROUSSELL

Hey, wait a minute...! Hello..?

ELLEN stares at the phone. She's shaking.

142. INT. OFFICE BUILDING. CORRIDOR/OUTER OFFICE. DAY

We TRACK ELLEN through a door marked 'Corelli Security', into a small outer office, with a RECEPTIONIST behind a desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

ELLEN

I'm Ellen Forrester. I have an appointment with Lieuten - I mean, Mr Corelli.

At that moment CORELLI pokes his head out from the inner office.

CORELLI

Mrs Forrester, come on through.

143. INT. CORELLI'S OFFICE. DAY

ELLEN sits opposite CORELLI in his somewhat spartan office.

CORELLI

Congratulations on your marriage, by the way.

ELLEN

Thank you. What happened to you? I called the police department, thinking you were still there.

CORELLI

Oh, I got a little tired of all the politics. What brings you back to town? My secretary said it was urgent.

ELLEN

Tommy Roussell didn't kill my sister. He wasn't even there at the time - he was having a nervous breakdown. I spoke to his mother this morning.

143. Contd.

CORELLI

Maybe she just won't admit her son was a killer? There was nothing to stop him going back, even if he was under treatment. It's not like he was in an institution.

ELLEN

I don't think she's lying.

CORELLI

So what are you saying? Dorothy did commit suicide?

ELLEN

No. Somebody else killed her.

CORELLI

This all begins to sound very familiar. Leave it alone, Mrs Forrester, that's my advice. The case is closed.

ELLEN

I'll pay you to re-open it. I take it your services are for hire?

CORELLI

But the guy hanged himself. How do you explain that?

She lets the question hang unanswered.

CORELLI

He didn't hang himself?

ELLEN

Not if I'm right. He was murdered.

CORELLI

Look, I don't want to talk myself out of a job. But if Tommy Roussell didn't kill your sister, who the hell did?

ELLEN

Dorothy's boyfriend. The real one, the one who got her pregnant. Tommy Roussell knew who he was but the guy got to him before he could tell me. And now Patricia Farrell's dead and she knew something too.

CORELLI

Patricia Farrell?

143. Contd.

ELLEN

She disappeared last year from a New York hotel. They just found her head, washed up on Long Island. My name was written in her diary, on the exact date she was last seen alive. I think she knew something about Dorrie and that's why she was murdered... Don't you think it's just one coincidence too many?

We HOLD on CORELLI's thoughtful look. He does indeed think it's one coincidence too many.

144. INT. JONATHAN'S OFFICE. DAY

JONATHAN is playing with his model of the copper converter plant. He lifts the roof off a long hangar-type building, revealing the intricate workings inside. There are ant-like models of men placed on the ground, giving an idea of the human scale.

JONATHAN

Phase three is right on schedule. We'll be pouring copper a week on Wednesday.

We PULL BACK to reveal KINGSHIP watching him with a fatherly smile.

KINGSHIP

You've done a good job, Jay. You've more than justified my faith in you.

JONATHAN

Thank you. That means a lot to me.

KINGSHIP

Is Ellen coming down for the re-opening?

JONATHAN

I'm not sure. I'm working on it.

KINGSHIP

We're still very much a family business. I think it's important to emphasise that.

144a EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN. STREET. DAY

ELLEN and CATHY are walking down the street in the area of the shelter, arms linked.

144a Contd.

ELLEN

He's changed. Maybe it's my fault, maybe he's bored. All I know is I never see him any more. I'm afraid if it goes on like this, we're going to grow so far apart...

CATHY

God, don't shatter my illusions. I always thought you two were made for each other.

ELLEN

So did I. Then there's this weird thing he's got about my father.

CATHY

Is it really so weird? He lost his own parents. Maybe it's an orphan complex?

ELLEN

What the hell's that, Cathy? There's something not natural about it. I can't explain.

CATHY

Ellen, honey, I love you, but maybe sometimes you should lighten up a little. You'll end up analyzing it to death! You don't have to take everything so damn seriously, you know.

ELLEN

(sheepishly)

I do, don't I? I can't help it, it's just the way I am.

CATHY

It's OK, it's fine. I wouldn't want you any other way. But sometimes, just sometimes - relax, let your hair down... So he works hard? So what? He's an ambitious guy. Accept it, let him have his space, you do your thing, and when you are together, make sure you're having a great time. The guy's crazy about you, I know he is.

145. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING

ELLEN's on the phone. Her hair's wrapped in a towel.

145. Contd.

ELLEN

You mean no one saw her with anyone?
I find that pretty hard to believe.

146. INT. CORELLI'S OFFICE. EVENING

CORELLI's on the other end.

CORELLI

Not since she stopped going with
Roussell. I guess she must have
been extra careful after that thing
with the private detective.

BACK to ELLEN (etc):

ELLEN

(disappointed)
So where do we go from here?

CORELLI

Frankly, I don't know. I've done
about all I can do this end. I feel
bad taking any more of your money.

147. INT. APARTMENT BUILDING. LANDING. DAY

JONATHAN comes out of the elevator and goes to the front
door of their apartment.

148. ANGLE ON ELLEN

ELLEN

Well, thanks anyway. How much do I
owe you for what you've done?

149. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. HALL. DAY

A key is inserted in the lock. JONATHAN comes in. He pulls
up, intrigued by what he hears OFF-SCREEN.

ELLEN (o.s.)

Does that include the check I gave
you...? Okay, I'll send it to you.
Thanks, Dan. We tried.

150. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

JONATHAN appears in the doorway as ELLEN hangs up.

150. Contd.

At first she doesn't see him. She takes off the towel and shakes her hair loose.

JONATHAN

Hi, babe.

She jumps.

ELLEN

Jay! What are you doing home so early?

As she turns into the light, we see her hair. She's dyed it blonde. It's Dorothy, come back to life.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN

He's transfixed, his perfect smile frozen on his lips. He's clutching a large bunch of flowers.

JONATHAN

What happened..? Your hair...

ELLEN

Don't you like it.

JONATHAN

It's great. I'm just... It's a surprise, that's all.

ELLEN

I felt like a change. Blondes are supposed to have more fun, aren't they?

She stands there awkwardly, feeling her efforts have been a failure.

JONATHAN

No, you look... wonderful.

He recovers his composure and produces the flowers with a flourish.

JONATHAN

I thought we'd go out tonight. See a movie, have dinner, and then - whatever you feel like doing.

ELLEN

(taking the flowers)
They're beautiful! Thank you.

She kisses him, inhaling their scent.

150. Contd.

ELLEN

But I'm supposed to go to work tonight.

She goes to the kitchen to put the flowers in a vase. He follows her.

JONATHAN

I spoke to Cathy and told her you wouldn't be in. She was cool.

151. INT. KITCHEN. EVENING

ELLEN arranges the flowers. JONATHAN watches her from the door.

JONATHAN

(casually)

Who was that on the phone?

ELLEN

Nobody. It was a wrong number.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN

He observes her carefully, wondering why she's lying.

JONATHAN

The movie starts at eight. We've got time for a drink first.

ELLEN

Great.

152. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. BATHROOM. NIGHT

ELLEN stands in front of the mirror putting on her make-up.

153. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

JONATHAN is staring at ELLEN's purse. He opens it carefully and gets out her checkbook. He starts flicking through. He frowns, puzzled and disturbed.

HIS POV

The record of a \$1000 check made out to Corelli Security.

154. INT. BAR. NIGHT

They sit at the bar, sipping cocktails. ELLEN seems up, pleased to be out with him.

154. Contd.

JONATHAN

I'm flying down with Leo next week for the re-opening of the plant. Why don't you come?

ELLEN

(good-naturedly)
I've managed to live this long without seeing the inside of a copper works.

JONATHAN

This new process is the most modern of its kind in the world.

ELLEN

I'm sure it is. You can bring me back a photo.

JONATHAN

That reminds me. I got something for you.

He reaches inside his jacket and retrieves a little gift-wrapped package.

ELLEN

What is it?

JONATHAN

Open it.

She unwraps the packet. There's a little Tiffany jeweller's box inside. She opens it. It's a gold locket on a chain.

JONATHAN

Look inside.

She opens the locket. Each panel has a photo inside, one of her, one of him. She is touched by the gift.

ELLEN

I love it. Thank you.

JONATHAN

Put it on.

She puts it round her neck. He helps her with the clasp.

ELLEN

What have I done to deserve this?

JONATHAN

Put up with me.

She leans forward to kiss him.

154. Contd.

ELLEN

— You're not so bad.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN

Suddenly his expression freezes. The blood drains from his face. He stares at the bar entrance.

HIS POV

A COUPLE has just come in. The MAN has thinning hair, cut short, but it's unquestionably TERRY DIETER, Jonathan's co-worker from college days.

JONATHAN breaks away from ELLEN, turning in towards the bar, trying to hide himself.

ELLEN

You know what I'd really love? I'd love to go on a long trip. Somewhere really exotic. Up the Amazon, some place like that.

ANGLE ON DOOR

TERRY removes his overcoat and hangs it up. He walks through into the main part of the bar with his GIRLFRIEND. They pass by JONATHAN and ELLEN, without seeing JONATHAN.

JONATHAN

Great idea.
(draining his glass)
Let's get out of here.

ELLEN

I haven't finished my drink.

JONATHAN

Come on, let's go.

ELLEN

The movie doesn't start for another twenty minutes.

JONATHAN

(standing up)
Now. I don't feel so hot.

ELLEN

(concerned)
What's wrong? Do you want to go home?

JONATHAN

I just want some fresh air, for Chrissakes!

154. Contd.

TERRY (o.s.)

Jonathan?

JONATHAN doesn't react. ELLEN looks up. TERRY is coming towards them, his GIRLFRIEND in tow, grinning inanely.

TERRY

Jonathan Corliss!

JONATHAN looks at him blankly.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry. You've got the wrong guy.

TERRY

It's me, Terry. Terry Dieter.

He turns to his GIRLFRIEND.

TERRY

Jonathan and me were at Penn. We used to work in this shitty restaurant, washing dishes!

ELLEN reacts with growing surprise.

ELLEN

Penn?

JONATHAN

I've never seen you before in my life. Come on, Ellen. Let's go.

TERRY

Jonathan, it's you. I know it's you.

He reaches out to hold his sleeve. JONATHAN shrugs him off violently. PEOPLE are beginning to stare.

JONATHAN

Get your fucking hands off, asshole!

He takes ELLEN by the arm to propel her towards the door. Now TERRY's getting annoyed.

TERRY

Hey, you watch who you call an asshole, you snotty bastard!

WHOOOMP! JONATHAN buries his fist in TERRY's solar plexus. He doubles up, in agony. JONATHAN grabs ELLEN and leads her out of the bar. Disapproving murmurs from CUSTOMERS all around them.

154. Contd.

ELLEN

(shocked)

Jay, what's gotten into you?

155. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

As they hit the street, JONATHAN breathes in deep lungfuls of air.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry, I can't stand jerks like that.

ELLEN

You didn't have to hit him.

JONATHAN

(unconvincingly)

I thought he was gonna hit me. Look, I'm sorry. Don't let it spoil the evening. The guy was an asshole.

She still looks horrified. It seems to anger him.

JONATHAN

By the way, the hair? I don't like it. It makes you look cheap.

He strides off. She follows, hurt and disturbed.

156. INT. MOVIE THEATER. NIGHT

They sit side by side in the crowded theater. The movie is a comedy. All around, the AUDIENCE is laughing. All except them. ELLEN's face is impassive, a mask. JONATHAN sneaks an anxious glance, trying to gauge her state of mind.

157. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. BATHROOM. NIGHT

JONATHAN stands at the sink, brushing his teeth. His reflection stares back at him from the mirror. His mind is racing.

158. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

ELLEN lies in bed, the light her side turned off. She's on her side staring at the wall. As JONATHAN comes through from the bathroom, she closes her eyes, pretending to be asleep.

He gets into bed his side and turns off the light. He faces away from her, eyes wide open, equally unable to sleep.

158. Contd.

They ~~lie~~ there, two people isolated by their thoughts, alone in the darkness.

CLOSE ON ELLEN

A terrible suspicion is growing inside her, spreading through her whole being like a cancer, emerging through her staring eyes.

Cue MUSIC, building ominously.

159. EXT. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA LIBRARY. DAY

To establish.

160. INT. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA LIBRARY. DAY

We TRACK ELLEN as she moves along the shelves. Her hair is back to its normal color. She finally locates what she is looking for.

READING AREA

She sits at a table with the book in front of her. It's a college year book. It's as if she's trying to delay the moment of opening it. Finally she turns the pages until she locates the entry for Jonathan Corliss. And there it is, the youthful photo with its oddly innocent expression.

She stares at the page with a growing feeling of devastation. His entry lists among his interests 'Drama Club'. She turns forward to Dorothy's entry and there it is again under her name - 'Drama Club'.

She closes her eyes in pain.

161. DELETED

162. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

The phone rings, unanswered.

163. INT. JONATHAN'S OFFICE. DAY

JONATHAN frowns. He finally hangs up. He stares thoughtfully at the model of the copper plant, with its intricate system of catwalks.

164. INT. CORLISS HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY

The phone is ringing. A shadow falls across the glass of the front door. A key is inserted in the lock. MRS CORLISS enters and just makes it to the phone.

MRS CORLISS

Hello?

165. EXT. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. CAMPUS. DAY

ELLEN is on a pay-phone.

ELLEN

Hello, is that Mrs Corliss?

BACK to MRS CORLISS (etc):

MRS CORLISS

Speaking.

ELLEN

Jonathan's mother?

MRS CORLISS

Yes.

ELLEN

I'm sorry to bother you, you don't know me, but I'm a friend of his. I knew him at Penn. I was wondering, do you have an address for him? I'd love to get in touch with him.

MRS CORLISS doesn't answer. It's too painful.

ELLEN

Hello...? Are you there?

MRS CORLISS

(finally)

Jonathan's dead. He died three years ago.

166. INT. THEIR APARTMENT. HALL. EVENING

A key is inserted in the front door. The door opens and ELLEN comes in. She takes off her coat, hangs it up in the closet and turns to go into the living room.

167. INT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING

The room is gloomy in the dying evening light. ELLEN strides towards the telephone.

167. Contd.

SHOCK CUT

She comes face to face with JONATHAN! She practically jumps out of her skin.

JONATHAN

(grins)
Hey! What's the matter with you?

ELLEN

God, you scared me! I thought you were having dinner with my father tonight?

JONATHAN

I was worried about you. I called you at the shelter and they said you weren't feeling well. I tried you here and there was no answer.

ELLEN

I was feeling better. I went out to do some shopping

JONATHAN

What did you buy?

ELLEN

Oh - nothing in the end.

She smiles airily. Her determined normalcy is somehow disconcerting.

ELLEN

I'm starving.

She goes towards the kitchen. He follows her anxiously back into the hall, his antennae vibrating furiously.

168. INT. HALL. EVENING

JONATHAN

(hopefully)
Your hair looks nice.

ELLEN

Does it? Thank you.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry about last night. I know you're upset about it.

ELLEN

I'm not. Honestly.

168. Contd.

JONATHAN
— You seem... distant.

ELLEN
I'm tired, that's all.

She goes through into the kitchen. He trails after her.

169. INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

She looks in the cupboard.

ELLEN
Damn, we're out of pretzels.

JONATHAN
Pretzels?

ELLEN
I've got a craving for pretzels.

She goes out again, passing him in the doorway. It's as if she can't bear to be around him, but covers it over with an enforced jollity.

170. INT. HALL. EVENING

She pulls on her coat.

ELLEN
I'm just gonna run out and get some.
Is there anything you need?

JONATHAN
No... Ellen, what is it?

ELLEN
Nothing, Jay.

JONATHAN
I love you very much, you do know
that, don't you? And... I need you,
Ellen.

He looks at her with a kind of naked desperation. She can hardly bring herself to meet his eyes.

ELLEN
Everything's fine. Don't worry. Go
to your dinner.

She goes out. He stares after her, grim-faced.

171. EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING. EVENING

ELLEN comes out of the building and crosses over the street towards the store.

172. HIGH ANGLE

View of the same, from the window of their apartment. A few moments later, ELLEN comes out of the store, but instead of crossing back over she goes to a nearby phone booth.

173. ANGLE ON JONATHAN

He watches from the window, in darkness.

174. EXT. STREET. PHONE BOOTH. EVENING

ELLEN is speaking on the phone.

ELLEN

I need you back on the case, Dan.

CORELLI (o.s.)

Why, what's happening?

Her voice is trembling.

ELLEN

I can't explain now... I think I know who killed my sister.

175. EXTREME CLOSE UP - JONATHAN'S EYES

They stare down at her, unfathomable in the darkness.

176. EXT. PITTSBURG SUBURB. DAY - TRAVELLING

ELLEN drives slowly in a rented car, checking the numbers of the houses along the modest suburban street.

177. EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSES. DAY - HER POV

Little two story boxes, one after the other. A MAN works on his beat-up old pick-up truck out on the street. It's a lower class neighbourhood, predominantly blue collar.

We finally come to rest opposite a house no different to any of the others. The Corliss home.

178. CLOSE ON ELLEN

She stares at the house, the house Jonathan grew up in, so far removed from the world she knows. And suddenly feels an almost unbearable sense of desolate, empty sadness.

179. EXT. CORLISS HOUSE. DAY

MRS CORLISS pulls up outside the house in her 'Century 21' van.

180. INT. CORLISS HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

ELLEN and MRS CORLISS sit on the sofa. The latter looks older, more haggard than the last time we saw her. Deeper lines of sadness are etched on her face.

MRS CORLISS

All they found was a pile of clothes and a note. He just swam out to sea and never came back.

She shakes her head. She begins to cry.

MRS CORLISS

He said he was sorry, he didn't want to hurt me, but his life was such a failure he didn't have the strength to carry on. They never found his body. That's what makes it so hard. If I could at least have given him a proper burial.

At that moment a train passes, shaking the house.

MRS CORLISS

Damn trains... You get used to them in the end.

She is suddenly racked by sobs. ELLEN puts her arm around her, moved by her grief.

ELLEN

I'm sorry. I know this is very painful for you.

MRS CORLISS

It was such a waste! He was such a gentle, loving boy.

ELLEN

He said his father was a diplomat?

180. Contd.

MRS CORLISS

A diplomat? He was an accountant.
One day he just upped and went...
That was sixteen years ago.

ELLEN

It must have been hard raising him
all on your own.

MRS CORLISS

We were so close. I always tried to
make up for his father not being
there. I don't suppose you ever can
really. He never got over it, you
know, his father walking out on him
like that.

181. INT. CORLISS HOUSE. CORRIDOR. DAY

ELLEN and MRS CORLISS walk along the upstairs corridor. The walls are lined with photos of Jonathan at various stages of childhood, Jonathan as a child in short pants, Jonathan on a bicycle, Jonathan in a dark suit, smiling. ELLEN inspects them, making appropriate noises of approbation.

MRS CORLISS

(proudly)

There he is at the Milton Academy.
Doesn't he look handsome? He got an
athletics scholarship, you know.

182. INT. CORLISS HOUSE. JONATHAN'S ROOM. DAY

The door opens onto the room. MRS CORLISS and ELLEN stand in the corridor outside.

MRS CORLISS

And this is his room.

ELLEN steps forward into the room. She's immediately struck by its aura of time frozen. This is the room of the boy Jonathan, oddly touching. She stands there, taking it all in.

183. INT. CORLISS HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY

MRS CORLISS puts on her coat.

184. INT. CORLISS HOUSE. BATHROOM. DAY

ELLEN is in the bathroom, overlooking the back yard. She opens the window a crack, flushes the toilet and exits.

185. INT. CORLISS HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY

They leave the house together.

MRS CORLISS

I'm sorry to rush off, but I have an appointment to show a house at two.

ELLEN

Thank you so much for letting me see you. I really appreciate it.

MRS CORLISS squeezes her arm gratefully.

MRS CORLISS

Thank you. It helps talking to somebody else who cared about him.

ELLEN

I did. I cared about him very much.

For a moment her own sadness threatens to overwhelm her. Suddenly she hugs MRS CORLISS, who dissolves into grief.

186. ANGLE ON STREET

MRS CORLISS drives away, giving ELLEN a little wave as she passes. ELLEN starts her own car and moves off. She takes the first turning ahead.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A few moments later, she pulls up again, outside the house. She gets out and cautiously approaches.

187. INT. CORLISS HOUSE. BATHROOM. DAY

ELLEN climbs in through the bathroom window.

188. INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM. DAY

ELLEN comes into the room. She looks around. There's a large blow-up poster of Jonathan, aged twelve, in football gear, attached to the door of a closet. She goes over and finds herself staring at the face, wide-eyed and innocent. She finally steels herself to open the door - as if terrified at what she might find. Shirts and jackets hang neatly, they could have been pressed yesterday. Shoes sit tidily in a rack above.

ANOTHER ANGLE

She peers under the bed. It's an empty space. She straightens up. Something catches her eye.

188.Contd.

HER POV

On top of the closet, a glint of light on a metal lock on what could be a box, just peeking above the lip.

She reaches for the box. Only it's not a box, it's a briefcase. She lays it on the bed and goes to open it. It's locked.

ANOTHER ANGLE

She forces the lock with a penknife and the catches spring open. The pile of Kingship memorabilia stares back at her, hoarded by Jonathan over the years, page after incriminating page.

CLOSE ON ELLEN

A feeling of utter devastation. She shakes her head in disbelief. She feels almost physically sick.

There, nestling amongst the papers, is a gold cigarette lighter, with the name engraved:

DOROTHY KINGSHIP

She picks it up. For some reason, she strikes it. A flame pops up.

Suddenly the window starts to rattle in its frame. A train surges past the back of the house. She goes to look.

189. EXT. RAILROAD TRACK. DAY - HER POV

A freight train hurtles past, towing wagon after wagon filled with... copper. Canvas tarpaulins are emblazoned with the logo:

'KINGSHIP COPPER CORPORATION'

190. CLOSE ON ELLEN

She stands there, staring at the train, watching till it has gone completely past.

SLOW DISSOLVE. The distinctive SOUND of a chopper, the whirring of rotating blades bleeding into the IMAGE...

191/193. DELETED

194. EXT. KINGSHIP COPPER MILL. ANGLE ON HELICOPTER. DAY

The Kingship helicopter descends towards the ground like a giant flying beetle.

195. EXT. ADMIN BUILDING. DAY

LEO KINGSHIP gets out, followed by JONATHAN - and ELLEN. The smelter manager, MR CONNOR, moves forward to meet them. He's accompanied by CORELLI, disguised in work clothes. Handshaking and introductions all round.

CONNOR

And this is my assistant, Rick Daner.

CORELLI steps forward, shakes hands. JONATHAN doesn't give him a second glance.

CONNOR

I wasn't sure what you'd want to do, whether you'd want lunch first or go straight to it.

KINGSHIP

What do you think, Jay? Do you want to get going now?

JONATHAN

I can't wait. If that's okay with everybody else?

ELLEN

Sure. If I can just... do you have a ladies' room?

CONNOR

Of course. Can you show her, Rick?

ELLEN goes off with CORELLI. JONATHAN is staring across the yard, watching an ore-laden train disappear behind a steel wall at the left of the building.

JONATHAN

There's something about copper. It's so... elemental!

(he laughs)

Of course, it is an element. What I mean is, it's like... Well, all the power that goes into the making...

His expression is rapt, transfixed. KINGSHIP observes him with curiosity, seeing for the first time the full extent of his obsession. JONATHAN turns to him with a smile of such trusting, innocent pleasure - like a child that can't conceive his joy isn't shared by everyone around him.

196. INT. WASHROOM. DAY

ELLEN's shirt is undone. CORELLI tapes a transmitter to her midriff. He works with practised haste. She puts on her jacket, adjusts her appearance in the mirror. No sign of any tell-tale bulk.

CORELLI

How does it feel?

ELLEN

Fine... It feels fine.

CORELLI

We'll leave you alone with him in the control room. That's when you make your move.

(he looks at her with concern)
Are you sure you want to go through with this?

ELLEN

I have to know, Dan, once and for all. I can't live with this doubt. Anyway, we need the proof, don't we?

CORELLI

Yes, we do. You've got the gun?

She nods.

CORELLI

Don't be afraid to use it. I'll be right next door. Yell into the mike if anything's wrong.

197. INT. COPPER SMELTER. CONVERTER SHED. DAY

The building is a vast shell, filled with the roar of machines. On either side massive, cylindroid vessels dwarf the WORKMEN on railed platforms between them.

A group composed of KINGSHIP, JONATHAN, CORELLI, ELLEN and CONNOR stand watching from an island of railed platform. CORELLI carries a small briefcase, containing the receiver and tape machine. They watch, as a crane lowers a steel vat, seven feet across, in front of a mammoth cylinder. The cylinder begins to turn, rumbling forward, spilling a flood of racing incandescence into the giant bowl. Green flames shoot up from the surface.

The vat is swung across on the end of a massive chain. The lid of a huge furnace opens at its approach, like a giant mouth yawning with hunger. The vat tilts forward and the molten liquid streams into the furnace.

197. Contd.

JONATHAN

— Awesome, isn't it?

CONNOR

Do you want to see the control room now?

KINGSHIP

Yes, let's go.

He exchanges a quick glance with CORELLI.

198. ANOTHER ANGLE

The group walks along the perimeter of the shed, past a series of ladders and catwalks. JONATHAN and ELLEN trail behind. He pauses at the foot of a hooped steel ladder, rising vertically to the roof.

JONATHAN

It must be a great view from the top.

He points towards an elaborate system of walkways, high above the converters.

JONATHAN

Do you want to go up there?

ELLEN

(she hesitates)

No... We haven't got time, have we?

He looks at her with a smile, curiously insistent. Up ahead, KINGSHIP and CORELLI stop and look back, realising they're no longer following.

JONATHAN

What's wrong? I didn't know you were afraid of heights.

She looks back into his eyes, answering his unspoken challenge. It's as if he's testing her loyalty, her trust.

ELLEN

I'm not.

JONATHAN

So what are you afraid of?

ELLEN

I'm not afraid.

She pauses at the bottom rung and looks up.

199. HER POV

A vertiginous ascent to the smoky gloom more than a hundred feet above.

BACK TO SCENE

She starts up the ladder. He follows. KINGSHIP and CORELLI hurry back.

KINGSHIP

What the hell are you doing, Ellen?

She turns to face him, her eyes telling him not to interfere.

ELLEN

We're going to take a look up the top.

KINGSHIP

(flustered)

Come back down. It's too dangerous.

JONATHAN is watching him curiously, picking up on his tone.

ELLEN

(firmly)

It's okay.

KINGSHIP hesitates. To insist now would be to give the game away. He seems paralysed as they continue their ascent.

JONATHAN

Don't worry, Leo, I'll watch out for her.

KINGSHIP exchanges an anxious look with CORELLI.

KINGSHIP

Get after them. If in doubt, shoot the little bastard.

200. MIDWAY UP THE LADDER

ELLEN leads the way, hand over hand. Only half way up, the distance below is already dizzying. Smoke drifts up from the converters below, the workmen like scurrying mice. She turns to look back. JONATHAN is a few feet below.

JONATHAN

Okay?

She nods and continues her ascent. JONATHAN fixes his gaze on the back of her, his expression ominous.

201. TOP OF THE LADDER - UPPER CATWALK

ELLEN pokes her head through a hole in the floor of the catwalk and continues up the ladder till she is on the same level. JONATHAN steps through behind her. They both grip the handrail and look down.

202. THEIR POV

Twenty feet below and ten feet out from the catwalk, hangs a vat of molten copper, passing slowly towards the far end of the building. Its cables stretch up to the crane's cab in the roof above, its DRIVER dimly visible within.

203. LOWER CATWALK

CORELLI is on the catwalk below, tracking them over the radio mike. Briefcase in hand, he has an earphone in one ear, attached to the side of the case. We hear Jonathan's voice, distorted by the transmitter and all the ambient noise.

JONATHAN (v.o.)
Isn't it a great view?

ELLEN (v.o.)
Yes, it is.

204. CORELLI'S POV

Their feet are silhouettes on the catwalk grill above.

205. UPPER CATWALK

She leans forward. JONATHAN is standing behind her. For a moment it looks as if he might be going to push her. She suddenly turns back to face him. Their eyes meet.

ELLEN
(abruptly)
Have you got a cigarette?

He feels in his pocket, comes out with a pack. He gets two, gives one to her, goes to get his lighter.

ELLEN
It's OK. I've got a light.

She reaches into her bag. She strikes the lighter under his cigarette.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN

205. Contd.

Caught in the flare of her lighter. He inhales on his cigarette. Suddenly his expression changes.

HIS POV - THE LIGHTER

It's Dorothy's! The engraving, 'DOROTHY KINGSHIP', clear as daylight.

JONATHAN calmly exhales a lungful of smoke.

JONATHAN

So how is my mother?

ELLEN stares back at him, stunned by his coolness.

ELLEN

Very sad. Very lonely. That was a terrible thing you did to her... Jonathan.

He smiles at her use of his true name.

JONATHAN

I know. But it was necessary.

ELLEN

Necessary?

JONATHAN

I had a dream, Ellen. I did what I had to do. I didn't shrink... Carnegie, Rockefeller, Trump - those guys didn't get there without breaking a few eggs on the way.

ELLEN

They didn't kill people.

JONATHAN

(smiles)

Didn't they? Who can say for sure?

206. LOWER CATWALK

CORELLI is rooted to the spot directly underneath. He strains to make out what's coming through his earpiece. A vat passes with a grinding of metal, drowning out the words. CORELLI swears angrily and looks anxiously up at the catwalk above.

207. BACK TO JONATHAN AND ELLEN

He looks at her with a tight, sad smile.

207. Contd.

JONATHAN

How much do you know?

ELLEN

Everything. Dorothy, Tommy Roussell, Patricia... Jay Forrester. I guess you must have killed him, too?

JONATHAN

There's no proof. You can't prove a thing.

There's another ROAR of machinery, drowning out his words.

ELLEN

I know that.

JONATHAN

Who else have you told?

ELLEN

No one. I wanted to be sure.

JONATHAN

Your father?

ELLEN

No. Nobody.

JONATHAN

Then... we don't have a problem.

ELLEN

(stunned)

Don't have a problem?

JONATHAN

Ellen, look at me. I love you. I'm your husband... It's all in the past, it's done, over. What matters is now - and the future. Look at what we've got. We've got everything! We're young, we're rich, we love each other - don't we? Can you honestly say you don't love me?

For a moment she almost seems to hesitate.

ELLEN

(softly)

You murdered my sister. How can you stand there..?

JONATHAN

(smiles)

Did I? Can you be sure?

207. Contd.

ELLEN

Do you really think I could love you now? After what you did?

(she shakes her head slowly)

No. You're obscene. You make my skin crawl.

JONATHAN

That makes me very sad. I'm not sure I believe you, but anyway... it makes me sad.

His eyes suddenly take on a lethal sharpness. For the first time, she is afraid. He takes a step towards her. She recoils, her back to the railing. Behind her, the ground swoops away vertiginously, a hundred feet below.

JONATHAN

Relax. You don't think I'm going to kill you too? Lose two sisters? That really would be careless.

He moves across the catwalk, blocking the way back.

ELLEN

Stay away from me!

She gets out her gun and points it at him.

JONATHAN

(surprised)

Where did you get that?

208. ANGLE ON CORELLI

Still straining to hear above the din, he crabs along the catwalk underneath them.

209. UPPER CATWALK

ELLEN tries to steady the gun, but her hand is shaking too much.

ELLEN

You admit it. You killed her.

JONATHAN

I had no choice. We had it made. And then she went and ruined it all by getting pregnant. I knew your father would disown her - and then where would I be? I couldn't allow her to destroy all my plans, Ellen. Surely you can understand that?

210. ANGLE ON CORELLI

Fiddling and tweaking his dials. All he gets is a load of static.

BACK TO SCENE

JONATHAN

Dorrie took it all for granted. She was a spoilt brat, she wasn't like you - she didn't have soul, and depth. You're so much better than her.

ELLEN

How did you get her to write the poem?

JONATHAN

I had her copy it out of a book. She was always giving me poems. She was such a romantic - a shallow, cheap romantic.

He suddenly reaches out and grabs her wrist. The gun spills onto the catwalk grille.

JONATHAN

It wasn't about the money, Ellen. If you knew what the Kingship name meant to me. To have all that - all this! - in my grasp. And then, the possibility of losing it? Can you imagine what that was like? To be just another jerk running around trying to scrape a living? I'm better than that. You know I am.

He forces her back against the railing.

ELLEN

Don't. You're going to make me fall.

JONATHAN

If you fall, that's something else. Accidents will happen.

ELLEN

You won't get away with it. There are fifty people down there.

JONATHAN

I got away with all the others, didn't I? It's fate, Ellen. It's all down to fate. I mean, there I was, my future all for shit - and along comes...

211. ANGLE ON CORELLI

He's finally picking them up.

JONATHAN (o.s.)

... Jay Forrester, an orphan, only child, no one to report his disappearance...

212. JONATHAN AND ELLEN

She's watching him in a kind of daze.

JONATHAN (contd)

... I'm not religious, but sometimes it's hard not to believe in a higher purpose.

He looks at her with infinite sadness.

JONATHAN

Oh, Ellen, Ellen. We could have been so happy. Why couldn't you let things be? It's your father I feel sorry for. He doesn't need this, another tragedy.

(he sighs)

But, we'll mourn you together. I'll be a great comfort to him.

There's madness now, in his eyes. Suddenly, she screams.

ELLEN

Help!

213. CLOSE ON CORELLI

He recoils from the BLAST of her scream! He flings down the briefcase and runs to the nearest ladder.

214. DOWN ON THE GROUND

KINGSHIP watches CORELLI, sensing something is wrong.

215. ANGLE ON CORELLI

He's half way up before he realizes the ladder only goes as far as a bridge leading to a steel door in the wall.

216. UP ABOVE

JONATHAN is calm now, sure of his prey.

216. Contd.

JONATHAN

Go ahead. Scream. No one can hear you.

ELLEN

(panicky)

You're wrong. I'm wired. I'm miked up. They can hear me, they can hear everything.

She tears at her shirt, trying to open it.

JONATHAN

(smiles)

Sure.

217. LOWER CATWALK

CORELLI runs back down the ladder and leans over the side of the catwalk, shouting down and waving frantically.

218. ELLEN AND JONATHAN

ELLEN

Corelli's down there with a receiver. Take a look if you don't believe me.

(shouts into mike)

Corelli! Where the hell are you?

219. ANGLE ON KINGSHIP

He has seen Corelli. He freezes.

220. JONATHAN AND ELLEN

JONATHAN

Oh yeah..? And who's Corelli?

ELLEN

A detective.

Less sure now, he can't resist peeking down over the edge.

221. HIS POV

Way down below, KINGSHIP gestures to some RUNNING FIGURES.

BACK TO SCENE

221. Contd.

105

Taking advantage of his momentary lapse of concentration, ELLEN pushes past him with all her strength. He loses balance and nearly goes over the edge. Pulling himself back, he sets off after her.

222. LOWER CATWALK

CORELLI sprints to the next ladder along, the one Jonathan and Ellen used to get to the top.

223. TRACKING WITH ELLEN

She runs for her life along the upper catwalk. JONATHAN is behind her, gaining all the time.

ANOTHER ANGLE

JONATHAN's hand stretches out and grabs hold of the tail of her jacket. There is the SOUND of tearing fabric as the jacket comes apart. At the last minute the fabric holds and she's jerked violently to one side. She loses her footing and goes sliding under the safety rail, right over the edge of the catwalk!

ANGLE ON ELLEN

She dangles over the side, JONATHAN still holding instinctively onto the other end of her jacket - her life literally hanging by a thread. All he has to do is release his grip and she will fall. She swings gently from side to side, a hundred feet above the ground.

224. QUICK CUT

CORELLI races up the ladder, two rungs at a time.

225. ANGLE ON JONATHAN

He stares down at ELLEN. It's as if he's paralysed. For a moment there is complete stillness.

SUDDEN RIP!

The remainder of the fabric gives way. ELLEN drops like a stone - but somehow manages to grab hold of one of the struts supporting the catwalk. She looks up at him desperately, muscles screaming, hanging by her left hand.

ELLEN

Please...! Help me!

She looks down.

106

226. HER POV

The ground swoops away from her. The human figures are ant-like. A vat of molten copper swings across directly below.

227. ON THE GROUND

KINGSHIP has seen her. He stands there, horrified, rooted to the spot.

228. ON THE CATWALK

JONATHAN stares down at her. It's as if he's in a trance.

229. HIS POV

ELLEN stares back at him. Only now it's not Ellen, it's DOROTHY falling in SLOW MOTION from the municipal building roof.

He blinks away the vision.

230. HIS POV

It's ELLEN he's seeing again. She looks so lovely, so vulnerable, so desperate - she so wants to live.

ELLEN

I can't hold on much longer.

He shakes his head sadly.

JONATHAN

If only I'd met you first. None of this would have happened.

He reaches down to prise her hand off the strut. She struggles to maintain her grip.

ELLEN

No!

JONATHAN

I'm sorry. I really do love you. I want you to know that.

231. AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER

At that moment CORRELLI hits the catwalk. He sees JONATHAN and ELLEN some thirty yards ahead. He starts to sprint towards them.

232. ANGLE ON ELLEN AND JONATHAN

JONATHAN looks up and sees him coming. At that moment, ELLEN swings her free hand up to his wrist, locking onto it like a vise. With a superhuman effort, she jerks him forward. He loses balance and pitches head first over the edge as ELLEN gains a precarious foothold on the infrastructure.

233. JONATHAN'S POV

Tracking with his fall - into the mouth of the vat of molten copper!

234. ANGLE ON COPPER VAT

With a terrible SCREAM, JONATHAN plunges into the vat with a resounding splat. He's instantly swallowed up by the molten liquid.

235. ANGLE ON ELLEN

Clinging safely to the strut with both hands. She looks away in horror.

236. INT. CONVERTER SHED. DAY

KINGSHIP waits on the ground, as ELLEN comes down the last few rungs of the ladder, followed by CORELLI.

They stand there for a moment, looking at each other, both overcome by emotion. Then, instinctively, she goes to him, burying her head on his shoulders, weeping softly. Tenderly, he strokes the back of her head, comforting her like a child.

KINGSHIP

I'm sorry, darling. I'm sorry for so many things.

She nods mutely, fighting back the tears.

237. INT. CONVERTER SHED - LATER

The vat is slowly lowered to the ground. KINGSHIP, ELLEN, CORELLI, a crowd of WORKERS look on. ELLEN is still shaken, but determined to see this through.

238. ANGLE ON VAT

JONATHAN's body lies on the bottom of the empty vat, a shapeless mass of steaming greenish fluid.

238. Contd.

The body is hoisted up on chains, clear of the vat, and lowered gently onto the ground.

ELLEN pushes forward, driven by a strange compulsion.

239. HER POV

JONATHAN lies, as if in state. Slowly, as the copper cools, the green turns to a more familiar reddish hue.

240. CLOSE ON JONATHAN'S FACE

The features become more distinct, like a mask, a statue. The expression strangely frozen, the lips seem to be smiling.

241. INT. CONVERTER SHED. DAY

KINGSHIP comes up behind ELLEN. He puts his arm around her and leads her away.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END