

17773

A PERFECT MURDER

by

Patrick Smith Kelly

Based on Dial M For Murder by Frederick Knott

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ARNOLD KOPELSON PRODUCTIONS
6100 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
SUITE 1500
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90048
PHONE: (213) 932-0500
FAX: (213) 932-0238

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FADE IN

INT. DAY--ANGLE ON A PAINTING

A brooding canvas honeycombed with dark compartments. Demonic things, maybe men, peek out from tiny lairs, eyes bright with mayhem. A woman sighs. The sound is deep and unhurried, like a wave rolling up a beach.

WIDER

As the pattern decomposes toward the center, caving in like bad cell tissue before disappearing down a sucking vortex of atomized debris. The sigh reaches apogee, breaks, then washes away to dead silence.

WIDER STILL

Revealing a vast loft, cluttered with a painter's tools and abandoned machinery. The woman's voice comes through the gloom, low with pleasure. It mingles with the voice of a man. The talk is wordless and gentle, soft covering around the involuntary gasps of a hard fuck.

MOVING

Toward a square waterfall of sun.

TWO SHOT

A couple makes love on a bed under a huge four-pane skylight, the man on top. They pause, eyes locked, hanging on by their fingernails. He lowers his mouth, brushing her lips with the most proper of kisses. They shudder, then coil decisively, going over the falls together.

ANGLE ON THE WOMAN

She arches, falling away, lost to it.

HER POV/ANGLE ON THE SKYLIGHT

Up, through the glass, into the blinding silver-blue.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAY--UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL

Delegates are listening to a speech. The SPEAKER is former-soviet bloc, wearing blunt features and a brown suit. The language is indignant, animated Russian.

ANGLE ON THE COUNCIL MEMBERS

Members of the UN inner sanctum listen through headphones to simultaneous translation. We hear a swatch of each member's mother tongue; French, German, Chinese, Italian, and so on. Their expressions are uniformly impassive, like card players. United States Ambassador ANGELA WILLS is sixty, with grey hair and a ramrod straight back. She presses a forefinger to the headphones, tucking her chin in concentration.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

We categorically deny...these...false...
accusations...since not one...warhead...
not one gram...of fissionable material...
is unaccounted for at our...facilities...

OVER AMBASSADOR WILLS' SHOULDER

Sits EMILY BRADFORD HAYES. Emily is twenty-nine, with short auburn hair and stone washed blue eyes. Her face is clean and angular, changing composition with every movement, a 3-D essay on classic beauty. She's wearing a charcoal suit, balancing a legal pad on one knee, writing. It almost camouflages the physique seen in the loft. She doesn't bother with headphones.

ANGLE ON THE LEGAL PAD

English and Russian co-mingle down the page. We catch up with her pen hand. She makes a notation in all caps: WOULD YOU BUY A USED CAR FROM THIS MAN? She tears off the page and passes it to Ambassador Wills. The Ambassador smiles.

ANGLE ON EMILY

She flips to a clean page.

ANGLE ON HER PEN HAND

As it draws a big square, then languidly dissects that into four smaller ones, tracing the lines over and over until they cut through the paper. The skylight.

ECU OF EMILY'S FACE

She's still thinking about it.

CUT TO:

INT. UN--MOVING

Emily cuts across the lobby of the Secretariat, trading banter with passing colleagues. She shifts seamlessly through half-a-dozen languages, a natural linguist. A dark-haired woman in her twenties falls in step. RAQUEL MARTINEZ is all curves and energy.

EMILY

Hola.

RAQUEL

What's your hurry?

EMILY

Escape from the tower of babble.

EXT. DAY--MANHATTAN

They emerge from the Secretariat, crossing the fountain court toward First Avenue. It's late afternoon.

RAQUEL

Let's grab a drink somewhere and let strange men fawn over us.

EMILY

Can't. I have to change and be at the Met by eight.

RAQUEL

Poor baby.

EMILY

Tomorrow definitely.

RAQUEL

You said that yesterday.

EMILY

(stopping, thinking hard)
Really?

RAQUEL

And you never used to give a damn about those parties.

Raquel looks her friend in the eye.

RAQUEL

So sooner or later you'll tell me what's up, right?

A bus hauls over at the curb, disgorging passengers. Emily digs through her purse for a token. We notice her wedding ring. She looks up at Raquel, backing away.

EMILY

Sooner or later. Promise.

Emily gets in line. Raquel has to grin.

EMILY
What's so funny?

RAQUEL
(hailing a cab)
You taking the bus.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY--MANHATTAN

The bus pulls over at First and sixty-seven. Emily climbs down and heads west, a particle carried along by rushhour.

EXT. DAY--PENTHOUSE DECK

We're behind him. He's tall, wearing a splendid tux and holding a cellular phone. Channels of grey have just begun to infiltrate his swept-back brown hair. He listens mostly, interrupting with the occasional clipped question, the gist of which we can't quite surmise. Both voice and body resonate control. He snaps the phone shut. We come around, past broad shoulders, into his face.

ANGLE ON TONY HAYES

The forehead is high and patrician, the eyes dark and calibrated. Not a man to be crossed.

TONY'S POV

His gaze sweeps over Central Park, then down the sheer gorge of Fifth to the cataract of cars and people. He watches Emily enter the building.

INT. DAY, PENTHOUSE

Emily comes through the front door. She stops, surprised. Tony is standing in an art-cluttered living room torn from the pages of Town & Country. He retrieves a sweating silver shaker and pours two martinis, moving like a well-clad cat. His eyes have switched to an easy charisma. The picture of charm and insouciance. He hands her a drink. She steels herself as he leans in, kissing her on the mouth.

TONY
How was your day?

EMILY
(recovering)
Fine.

They touch glasses. She notes the tux.

EMILY

You changed your mind about tonight.

TONY

I told you how much I hated to miss it.

EMILY

What about dinner with your Hong Kong people?

TONY

(dismissive wave of his glass)

When commerce takes precedent over art
the end is surely near...

(checking his watch)

Shouldn't you be getting dressed?

INT. BEDROOM

Emily enters. She slips out of her suit, glances back at the door then picks up the phone by the bed. She dials quickly, chewing her lip. Tony strolls in. She resists the urge to slam the phone down. He settles into an overstuffed chair, sipping his drink, eyes roving her body in an appreciative, husbandly sort of way. She waits a beat then hangs up.

TONY

Nobody home?

EMILY

The office. I left some Security Council transcripts out on my desk, but everyone seems to have left.

TONY

Anything earth-shattering?

She turns away, removing bra and panties, reaching into a closet.

EMILY

Important enough not to be left out.

TONY

(voice dropping a pointed octave)

You look...incredible.

EMILY

(pretending not to hear)

We better hurry.

She yanks a simple black cocktail dress off the rack. Tony rises from the chair. He knows damn well she heard him.

TONY
(chilly smile)
In that case...

He crosses to his wife, reaching past her, taking down a terribly chic Givenchy. He drapes the dress across her arm.

TONY
I'd prefer you in this.

EMILY
But...

TONY
(end of discussion)
Better hurry.

ANGLE ON EMILY

She steps into the shower, turning the hot water on full blast, grateful for the enveloping steam.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT

Tony and Emily emerge from the building, Emily now dressed to the nines. Hard rain pounds the pavement. A doorman deploys his umbrella, waving the limo forward.

INT. LIMO--MOVING UP MADISON

Tony gazes out the window, chin on fist, watching the wet city slide by. He swivels toward Emily, taking his time, studying her profile. She doesn't seem to notice. Her eyes stay straight ahead, lit with anticipation like some exquisite breathing sculpture.

TONY
Emily.

EMILY
(turning, shaken from her reverie)
Yes.

TONY
(taking her hand)
I don't believe I've ever seen you so
alive. So completely beautiful.

EMILY
Of course you have.

TONY

Yes. Maybe once.

EMILY

When?

He brings her hand up, examining it like some treasure before brushing his lips across the flawless dorsal flesh.

TONY

On our wedding day.

ANGLE ON EMILY

The recollection is potent. Her eyes soften. The sweet sting of love lost. She squeezes Tony's hand, turning away, catching her own reflection in the rain-swept glass.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART--THE AMERICAN WING

White-jacketed waiters glide by with exotic nibbles and stands of fluted glasses. Champagne babble blends with the string quartet in the courtyard. The crowd is sleek and affluent, the Met's power patrons on black tie promenade.

ANGLE ON AN HORS D'OEUVRE TRAY--MOVING

As it floats through the throng, balanced lightly on the fingertips of a WAITER. A hand reaches out, snatching two crab-stuffed pastries like nuts from a bowl. The startled Waiter nearly loses the whole rig. He pirouettes, stiff with annoyance.

WAITER

Are you quite sure two is enough, sir?

ANGLE ON DAVID SHAW

David is late twenties and wearing a scruffy rented tuxedo. His hair is dark, his face open and vital. He pops a pastry in his mouth, eyes flickering with boyish amusement. He looks different in clothes.

DAVID

(mouth full)

For now.

The Waiter leaves in a huff. David snares a passing glass of champagne. He looks around, washing the crab down with a long swig. A kid in a candy store.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Tony and Emily make their entrance, his right arm draped loosely around her waist. The body language is subtle but unmistakably proprietary. Emily as the ultimate accessory. Tony is flagged by a group of men with careful tans and predatory features. Merchant princes in full display plumage. Emily scans the room.

EMILY'S POV

Past a montage of faces until her eyes clinch with those of her lover. David starts forward, big grin on his face.

ANGLE ON EMILY

She shakes her head, very slowly, very emphatically. Danger.

ANGLE ON DAVID

He stops in his tracks, looking past her, locking on Tony. The grin vanishes along with his color. He turns on a dime, meanders to the far side of the courtyard and disappears into a gallery.

ANGLE ON EMILY

She glances back at her husband. He's deep in conversation, oblivious to the exchange.

INT. GALLERY

David is standing in front of an Edward Hopper, guts churning, doing his best to look absorbed. Emily drifts over, stopping at his shoulder, feigning interest in the same painting.

DAVID

(eyes on the canvas)

I thought he wasn't coming.

EMILY

He changed his mind. I tried to call you.

DAVID

(passing bricks)

Christ. Now what?

EMILY

Enjoy the exhibit.

DAVID

(not sure he heard right)

What?

EMILY

He has absolutely no idea who you are.
(touching his arm)
Please. It feels good just having you in
the same room.

DAVID

Oh really? How'd it feel watching your
husband and ten of his rich friends stomp
my brains in?

EMILY

(amused)
And why would he do a thing like that?

DAVID

(dead serious)
Because I'll never be able to keep my
eyes off you.

EMILY

Then don't.

David turns, slowly, into her face. They stare at each other,
mouths straining to collide.

DAVID

(swallowing finally)
Lunch tomorrow?

EMILY

And tomorrow and tomorrow.

Tony's voice falls around them like a cordial trap.

TONY

There you are.

Tony is standing ten feet away. He strolls over with two
glasses, handing one to Emily.

TONY

I turn my back for thirty seconds and
she elopes with a younger man.

EMILY

(forcibly composing herself)
Tony, I'd like you to meet David Shaw.

TONY

(shaking David's hand)
A pleasure.

DAVID
(still thrown)
Yes sir...

EMILY
David's a painter.

TONY
Not houses, I hope.

DAVID
(little grin)
Not yet. But you never know.

EMILY
I saw some of his pieces downtown. I
thought they were amazing.

TONY
Really. And what brings you all the way
uptown, to our inbred little soiree?

DAVID
(deciding to tell the truth)
Well...actually, Emily was kind enough to
wrangle me an invite.

TONY
(genial nudge to David's rib)
Me too.

Tony's charm is insidious. David laughs.

TONY
People call me a risk taker because I
gamble on currencies. But compared to a
man who gambles his life to create art I
might as well be curled up in the fetal
position afraid to face the light of day.
(raising his glass to David)
Here's to real risk taking.

They all drink.

TONY
Now tell me about your work.

DAVID
A couple of small galleries carry me when
there's space...

He spots a passing tray of canapes. He nabs one.

DAVID

(chewing)

But I guess you could call this the pay-
rent-or-eat stage.

TONY

Becoming. The most exciting time of life.
Did you study formally?

DAVID

Berkeley. Almost formally graduated.

TONY

Good man. Too much training pollutes the
soul...

(to Emily)

And he's good?

EMILY

(almost stumbling)

He's...wonderful.

TONY

David, did my wife happen to mention that
I'm a bit of a collector?

DAVID

Nope.

Tony cocks his head toward Emily. His eyes suddenly recalibrate
to cutting tools, charm vaporizing.

TONY

Then why do I have the distinct feeling
that I'm being set up?

EMILY

(unsure, then biting)

Tony, honestly I had no intention...

She stops herself. Tony slides his arm snugly around his wife.

TONY

(grinning)

Sweetheart, you've become an easy mark
in your old age.

Emily forces a smile.

TONY

I'd love to see some of your pieces. When
can that be arranged?

David looks at Emily. No help there.

DAVID

Anytime.

TONY

Does Emily have your number?

DAVID

You can get it from the gallery. She knows which one.

TONY

Fine. And if you're as gifted as my wife suggests, I'll pass the word to my more acquisitive friends.

DAVID

That's...very generous of you.

TONY

Nonsense. I'm a man who believes in taking chances on talented people.

(parting smile)

Nice meeting you.

Tony turns, gracefully guiding Emily back toward the courtyard.

ANGLE ON DAVID

He watches them stroll away, greeting couples of similar socio-economic ilk. He looks like his dog just got run over.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT, PENTHOUSE

Tony and Emily enter. He removes his jacket, loosening his collar. She scans the stack of mail and magazines on the hall table. Tony embraces her from behind.

TONY

Could I interest the lady in a nightcap?

EMILY

(weary)

Just bed, thank you.

TONY

(kissing her neck)

Even better.

She pivots, gently extricating herself.

EMILY

I'm really dead on my feet.

TONY

Of course. Long day...

(urgent, searching her eyes)

But I need you to tell me what's wrong.
Nothing elaborate. Ten words or less. I
promise I won't collapse into jelly.

EMILY

Nothing's wrong. I'm just...

(avoiding his gaze)

Tired.

Tony places both hands on her shoulders and pulls her face into point-blank range. His eyes are still. The pain wells up from below, threatening to spill down his face like a lost boy asking directions.

TONY

Don't tell me you don't feel the new
space between us.

EMILY

Sweetheart...

-- (gentle, hand on his face)

Of course I feel it...I've tried to talk
to you about it for months.

TONY

My work does make certain demands on my
concentration...

(shrug)

I suppose I could have missed something.

EMILY

(turning away)

That's because it's not something you can
fix with a conference call or a fax.

TONY

Maybe you should tell me exactly what
you mean.

EMILY

I mean...us. Lately I feel like some damn
decoration.

TONY

You know my only true passion in life is
taking care of you.

EMILY
(exasperated)
Tony...I do know that but...

TONY
(zeroing in)
But what? Something's missing. Or
something's been added. It has to be one
or the other so which is it?

EMILY
(lying with the truth)
I need more than...maintenance.

Tony cups her face, studying the map of his life. You are here.

TONY
I know...

He kisses her gently on the mouth, then with growing force. She lets him, not really kissing back. He lifts her, pivoting toward the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

They're covered by sheets, Tony on top, rocking forcefully.

ANGLE ON EMILY/OVER HIS SHOULDER

Face turned slightly away, eyes shut, out of body. The first tear rolls down her cheek. Then another. Then a flood.

ANGLE ON TONY

Watching, the last good place in his soul dying.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY--MIDTOWN

A limo pulls over at Park and 55th. The Driver hustles around to the door. Tony gets out wearing a grey double-breasted suit. He enters the soaring glass tower on the corner.

INT. DAY--HAYES CAPITAL CORP.

Tony's corner office has minimalist decor and a wide-angle southern exposure. On a clear day you could see Florida. A trio of ADVISORS in Brooks Brothers blue are seated opposite an uncluttered desk with reams of data on their laps. They speak softly, picking out the cogent nuggets in practiced rotation. US t-bill auctions. Saudi crude production. London gold. Hong Kong silver. The Korean composite index. Euro yen rates. Russian grain forecasts. Financial free-association on a global scale.

ANGLE ON TONY

Slouched deep in a leather swivel chair facing the window, fingertips pressed together, eyes fixed on something far off. There are three clocks on his desk. London, Tokyo, New York. It's noon.

EXT. DAY--ANGLE ON THE UNITED NATIONS

Emily walks out the main entrance, past a snapping thicket of national flags.

INT. DAY--GRAND CENTRAL STATION

She hurries down to the subway platform, jumping on the downtown IRT express as the doors shut.

EXT DAY--LOWER MANHATTAN--BROOKLYN BRIDGE IRT STOP

Emily comes up the steps. As she cuts across the park in front of City Hall, toward the grey slice of Hudson River visible through the jumble of Tribeca.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY--ANGLE ON AN ABANDONED BUILDING

Ten stories of boarded up windows and peeling brick. Just below the roof, turn-of-the-century paint still announces McCormick Machinery and Farm Implements with faded flourish. Emily crosses the street. She hangs a left at the sidewalk, then a right down the alley running alongside the building. She stops under a rusted fire escape, looking up.

EMILY

(stage whisper)

Emily, reservation for two.

The alley's acoustics carry her voice skyward, clear as a bell. David's head pokes out of a top floor window. He waves. She steps through an iron door.

INT. BUILDING

There's a burst of light containing Emily's silhouette. She crosses to an elevator cage and gets in.

INT. DAY--DAVID'S LOFT

Through the vastness, toward an oasis of candlelight. Emily and David are seated at a wooden cable spool bedecked with flowers, a bottle of red wine, two motel glasses, and a pizza carton. Her suit jacket is draped over the back of the folding chair. David's wearing paint-splattered overalls. He pours the vino then opens

the box. The pizza is smothered with everything ever remotely conceived as a topping.

DAVID

They call it the Kitchen Sink.

EMILY

(skeptical beat)

Is it dead?

DAVID

It will be soon.

(handing her a glass)

Cheers.

He takes a gulp of wine then stops.

DAVID

Whoops. Almost forgot your present.

He reaches into his overalls and retrieves a little box. The kind a watch would come in. He hands it to Emily. She lifts off the top. Sitting on cotton is a shiny new key.

DAVID

Now my place is your place.

She stares at it, struck silent by the irony of the gift. The key to what? She reaches for his hand.

EMILY

It's perfect.

His smile is blinding. He kneels at her side, taking her hands, all high-school earnest.

DAVID

We could be in Mexico this time tomorrow.

EMILY

Mexico?

DAVID

(nodding)

Caribbean side. I know Cancun like the back of my hand. You'll think you died and went to heaven.

EMILY

I already think that...

(firm beat)

But I'm not ready to tell him.

DAVID

(standing, stung)

Then what the hell are you doing here?

Emily drops the key in her purse and looks up at David, very matter of fact, a doctor disclosing her own terminal condition.

EMILY

Falling in love...but part of me is still with Tony.

He turns away, shoulders tense and insolent, fuse lit. We wait, but the explosion never comes.

DAVID

So I'll wait.

EMILY

Will you?

DAVID

Forever...

He turns, picking up the carving knife on the table. For a nanosecond he looks capable of something nightmarish.

DAVID

(little grin)

As long as we eat in the meantime.

EMILY

I think that's doable.

David cuts the pizza in half, then in quarters, then eighths. He slides a slab onto each plate and sits. She pushes her's away, leaning back.

DAVID

Christ. Now what?

EMILY

Lost my appetite.

Their eyes lock, exchanging something too explicit for words.

DAVID

Oh...

He gets up, coming around behind her.

DAVID

Didn't I give you the specials?

EMILY

Not yet.

He reaches over her shoulder, unbuttoning the blouse. Fabric peels away to bare shoulders. He kisses the nape of her neck then slides down, sinking his teeth deep into the trapezius. She inhales sharply, nerve bundles detonating.

OVER HIS SHOULDER

As he steps in front of her, stripping the bra away, freeing her breasts as he kneels between her legs.

EMILY'S POV

Her skirt is hiked in one motion. Nothing but black panty hose beneath. Male hands rip them apart like tissue. His mouth loiters over her nipples, gently savaging. She bucks.

DAVID

(hoarse, pressing her back)

Be still...

He licks down, across her belly, probing the navel for an agonizing beat before dropping into the fire. Emily braces her legs against the cable spool. It starts to tip up. The pizza slithers off. Flowers fall. Plates and glasses shatter. Finally the spool topples onto its side, rolling off like a runaway tire at a car crash. Emily pushes David onto the floor, straddling him amid the wreckage.

INT. DAY--TONY'S OFFICE

He's alone, standing at the window, hands clasped behind his back like a soldier at parade rest. The silence is **pounding**.

INT. DAY--DAVID'S LOFT

Emily is getting dressed. David is sprawled on the floor, naked, devouring a slice of pizza. The bed's a wreck. Emily is hopping around on one foot, searching for something.

EMILY

Where's my other shoe?

DAVID

(pointing) ~~~~

Under the bed.

EMILY

How'd it get over there?

DAVID

(smug grin)

Bodies in motion.

She crosses to the bed, bending down toward the shoe. Something is sticking out, just barely, from under the bed. It's a pistol butt. The gun is stuck in quick-draw metal clip, ready to be grabbed from deep sleep. She gingerly touches the weapon, then slides it out, holding the diminutive Glock 9mm awkwardly by the action.

EMILY

What are you doing with this?

David's eyes register the piece. He jumps to his feet, takes it away with a careful grab then slips it back into the clip under the bed.

DAVID

In case you didn't notice I don't live behind a bunch of doormen on Fifth Avenue. This is the world, Emily. Not the Metropolitan-fucking-Museum of Art.

EMILY

I still don't like it being here. With us.

DAVID

You don't have to like it...

(taking her in his arms)

Just don't worry about it.

He kisses her, softly, but her lips are unyielding, her eyes searching his. His tongue caresses, gently prying. The aperture widens, almost imperceptibly, then bursts open, sucking him in. The phone rings. They keep kissing. It keeps ringing.

ANGLE ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE NEXT TO THE BED

Click. We hear David's outgoing message.

MACHINE

Sorry. I can't come to the phone right now. Leave a message and I'll get back.

Beep.

TONY (ON MACHINE)

David, this is Tony Hayes...

CLOSER

Emily's wedding ring is lying on the answering machine.

TONY (MACHINE)

I have to be down on Water Street this afternoon. Thought we could meet on the return leg, say around six? Leave a message with my office if that works. The number is five-four-four, one-eight-one-seven. I look forward to seeing you again.

Click. The machine resets, message light blinking.

TWO SHOT

EMILY

What are you going to do?

DAVID

(shrugging)

Call him back and confirm.

She turns away, finishing getting dressed, tight-lipped.

DAVID

Hey. If I don't it'll look weird. Might as well get it over with.

EMILY

You're playing with fire, David.

DAVID

Then you shouldn't have given him my goddamn number.

EMILY

(shaking her head, like you just don't get it)

I didn't.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY, DOWNTOWN BAR

A low-rent watering hole with an eclectic batch of the under-class, heavy on the starving artists. No pool table. No TV. Just a long line of house liquor.

ANGLE ON TONY

At the bar, nursing a vodka on the rocks, absurdly elegant yet completely at ease. A man who displaces space without apology. The other patrons try not to stare, looking off as Tony's eyes stroll their way. His trenchcoat is folded over the next stool. A newspaper lies on top of the coat.

ANOTHER ANGLE

David is at the door, watching Tony, all of a sudden not so sure of the whole damn enterprise. He crosses to the bar. Tony scoops his coat off the stool. Some mail falls out at David's feet.

TONY
(reaching down)
Well that was stupid...

DAVID
(quicker)
I got it.

David stoops, picking it all up. Tony folds the newspaper into a "V", casually holding it out. David drops the stuff in.

TONY
Thanks.

Tony sticks the paper back in the trenchcoat pocket.

TONY
So. What's your poison?

DAVID
(wave of the hand)
Pass. I had us meet here because of my place. It's kinda hard to find and not exactly, you know, residential.

TONY
As in illegal loft space?

DAVID
That's one way to put it.

TONY
What's the other way?

DAVID
(defensive laugh)
Look, the last thing I need is people asking around for directions.

TONY
I feel knee-deep in bohemian cachet.
(throwing a bill on the bar)
Lead on.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY--ELEVATOR CAGE--MOVING

As it chugs past abandoned floors. David stares straight ahead, into the shadows. Tony's eyes rest evenly on David.

INT. DAY--DAVID'S LOFT

The key punctures the lock. The door swings open. Tony looks around, breathing it all in, mapping the terrain.

TONY

Here we go.

TONY'S POV

David's work area is adjacent to the bed, still catching sun from the skylight. Canvas, paints, brushes, and rags are strewn about like a blast zone. Leaning against the wall are a dozen finished pieces ranging from 2 X 3 feet to mural size. Like square chunks of bad dreams.

ANGLE ON A PAINTING

An old woman on a park bench, little bag of sunflower seeds in her lap. But the pigeons are hungrier than that. They swarm her head, pecking holes in her face, drinking from her eyes like a swarm of big bugs. A couple pushing a baby carriage strolls by, caught in mid-smirk, oblivious.

ANOTHER

The same couple. Still smirking, lost in each other's eyes. But now the baby carriage is in flames. The child's hand waves through black smoke.

STILL ANOTHER

A voluptuous redhead lying across a Motel-6 bed, naked except for heels and a negligee. A trucker's dream from here.

BUT MOVING CLOSER

Her features thicken. The Mabelline eyes are hooded. There's dense hair on her chest. And the hands. The blunt, hard hands of a man. Vargas on a bad trip.

ANGLE ON TONY

Examining each piece, confirming something.

TONY

Now I see what Emily means.

DAVID

What's that?

TONY

Your work is trashy but potent.

DAVID

(not sure he likes that)

Is that what she calls it?

TONY

All art is at once surface and symbol.
Those who go beneath the surface do so at
their peril.

DAVID

Emily said that?

TONY

Oscar Wilde...
(stepping back for an overall
perspective)
Your anger is very controlled.

DAVID

(careful)

Anger?

TONY

The anger in the work. The color of
despair. Where do you suppose that comes
from in a college man of such tender age?

David hesitates, catching the first scent of a trap.

DAVID

Inside I suppose.

TONY

Inside indeed.

Tony sits down at the cable spool table. He places both hands
flat on the rough wood, examining them for a beat, as if con-
templating his next manicure.

TONY

More than anything I envy you.

DAVID

(freezing)

Envy me?

DAVID'S POV

Emily's wedding ring is lying in plain sight on the answering machine, diamonds glinting. No way to know if Tony saw it.

TONY

You should be very flattered.

TWO SHOT

David strolls over to the bed and brushes the ring off the machine and into the top drawer of the nightstand.

TONY

Because I'm not prone to envy. It's a pathetic emotion. It sneaks into a man, like cancer. Makes him fragile...

(deep breath)

And now I have it.

(looking at him)

Do you know why, David?

DAVID

No.

TONY

But of course you do.

Tony stares off, past the paintings, into the gloom. His eyes slip into unvarnished melancholy.

TONY

It is one of life's legitimately sublime experiences. So utterly... complete.

(turning to David)

And when it's all said and done I suspect you can count those on one hand.

DAVID

It?

TONY

Fucking my wife.

DAVID

(backing away)

Mr. Hayes...I...

TONY

(gracious nod)

Tony.

DAVID
(swallowing hard)
Tony...Emily and I...are in love.

Tony examines David for a minute, mildly disappointed.

TONY
That's it? You steal the crown jewel of a man's soul and your only excuse is some churlish Hallmark card sentiment? Even if it were true it's not good enough.

DAVID
(bewildered)
If what were true?

TONY
She's in love. You're in business.

DAVID
What the hell are you saying?

TONY
Which word didn't you understand?

David snaps, lunging at Tony with a guttural sound, grabbing him by the lapels with the adrenal rush of a cornered animal.

DAVID
Answer me goddammit!

Tony lets himself be lifted out of the chair. Then his hands come up, grasping David's as if in prayer, bending them back over the wrists in a leisurely display of strength. David's eyes widen with pain. His knees buckle, hitting the floor with a thud. Tony smiles down at him, bending his wrist bones like chicken wings.

TONY
I'm saying you didn't meet my wife by chance. I'm saying you didn't study at Berkeley. I'm saying you learned to paint while serving four to seven in Soledad State prison for relieving a widow in San Francisco of her life savings. I know the sentence sounds harsh but the judge was tired of seeing your face...
'''''' (Cartilage going off like popcorn)
Your third arrest, if memory serves.
In any case you're a career criminal.
Born Winston Lagrange, which I rather like, in Barstow California...

TONY cont.

A ward of the state from the age of ten.
Pickpocket to car thief to con man. You
found you had a way with the softer sex.
No doubt searching for the mother you
could barely remember. A life composed
entirely of depressing little scams...

Tony releases him. David collapses in a heap, clutching his
wrists to his chest, breathless with agony.

TONY

Until now.

Tony cocks his head, looking down at the man as if he were some
creature he had just hit with his car.

TONY

Get up.

David gets to his feet. His demeanor has changed drastically. The
boyishness has vanished, replaced by a calculating subservience.

DAVID

How do you know all that?

TONY

All that is for sale, David. The hell of
it is you're not half bad with a brush.

DAVID

It's called rehabilitation.

TONY

It's called a con. And Emily is the grand
prize...

(thin smile)

But you've raised your sights a tad too
far this time.

DAVID

Now what?

TONY

Choices. I can tell Emily who you really
are and life will imitate art. You become
a starving painter. Game over.

DAVID

(defiant)

Maybe not. You said yourself she loves
me.

TONY

Emily loves David Shaw, your invention.

DAVID

What makes you so sure?

TONY

Doesn't matter. You've made a fundamental miscalculation.

David just stares at him, not following.

TONY

Play it out. Love conquers all. Emily divorces me and marries you. Given your resume' her advisors would insist on an ironclad prenuptial. So even if you did storm the castle you'd never get the keys to the treasure room. Ever.

DAVID

Suppose I don't care.

TONY

The pickpocket turned swindler doesn't care about the fair lady's fifty million dollar trust? Cut the shit. You care or we wouldn't be having this conversation. And you don't love my wife...

(pointing)

Or you'd have been out that door already, scampering to her side to bare your soul.

(stepping into his face)

All that's keeping you from bolting this fucking second is greed.

DAVID

(beat)

You said choices. I only heard one.

TONY

Or you could cash out now.

DAVID

Cash out?

TONY

Half a million dollars. Tax free.

DAVID

For...for just walking away?

TONY

(laughing)
I said tax-free. Not free.

DAVID

Then what's the five-hundred grand for?

TONY

Killing my wife.

David just stares at him, unable to fully process.

DAVID

(slowly)
You mean...kill Emily?

TONY

Imagine my embarrassment if they're not one and the same. One-hundred now, four-hundred after.

DAVID

(needing to hear it again)
For murdering your wife.

TONY

Cash and carry.

DAVID

(shaking his head)
You're nuts.

TONY

Not really.

DAVID

(squinting at Tony like a bug)
Why?

TONY

As in...why?

DAVID

I mean...you're already rich.

TONY

I appreciate your curiosity but my agenda doesn't concern you. My proposition, however, does.

DAVID
 (recovering his wits)
 What if I went straight to Emily and told
 her all this?

TONY
 My word against yours...Winston.

DAVID
 What if I go to the cops?

Tony shakes his head, a man patiently watching a rat in a maze.

TONY
 At least ask questions with different
 answers.
 (strolling away)
 I suggest you take a moment and pretend
 to think it over...
 (glancing back)
 You do have something that can hold a
 hundred thousand in cash?

David doesn't answer because it's not really a question. Tony
 picks up his coat and heads for the door.

TONY
 Bring it by my home tomorrow at noon...
 (pointed smile)
 Unless you have a previous engagement.

EXT. NIGHT--TRIBECA

Tony emerges from the door in the alley. He pulls on calfskin
 gloves and starts walking. The streetlight at the corner flutters
 with pale incandescence. There's a mailbox directly beneath. He
 takes the newspaper from his coat pocket and removes one of the
 stamped envelopes David picked up off the floor.

ANGLE ON THE ENVELOPE

Addressed to Tony at his office with block letters and no return
 address. He unfolds a piece of white paper, also handled by
 David. It's a note, written in cut-outs.

~~44-38861-1000~~
 INSERT OF NOTE

AIN'T LOVE GRAND?

Tony folds the note up and puts it in the envelope, then reaches
 into his vest pocket and retrieves a 3 X 5 photo sheathed in
 glassine paper.

INSERT OF PHOTO

It's B & W, shot with a long lens, Emily and David have stepped into a doorway just off a busy street. He's pushed her against the wall, hands cupping her ass, kissing her hard. Her arms are thrown around his neck. It's furtive and passionate and utterly undeniable. The dying streetlight flickers down on the photo, making the lovers grind salaciously.

ANGLE ON TONY

He stares at the picture a long time, expression unreadable. Then he tucks the photo in the envelope, seals the flap and drops it in the mailbox. Then he steps off the curb, into total darkness.

INT. NIGHT--EAST SIDE BAR

A dense and talkative herd of young Manhattan bourgeoisie. Lots of Burburys and tony briefcases. The music is low, a bass beat for all that human energy. People leaning into every word. Emily and Raquel are sitting knee-to-knee, elbows on the bar. The bartender refreshes their glasses. Raquel lifts her wine.

RAQUEL

Well here's to all that glow.

EMILY

(glass stopping halfway)

What glow?

RAQUEL

On your face. At first I was just envious.
But now I'm getting irritated so spill
your guts or stop glowing.

A MAN sticks his head between their faces, interrupting. He's late 20's, wearing a suit and a smirk. He shuts his eyes, nodding, savoring some unseen force.

MAN

Permission to enter the magnetic storm.

Raquel sizes him up then hoses him down with a burst of something akin to Spanish. The Man's eyes pop open.

EMILY

(translating)

Your father screws burros and your mother...

(cocking her head at Raquel)

Likes to watch?

RAQUEL

Close enough.

EMILY

(to the Man)

My Portuguese is a bit rusty.

The poor bastard retreats, not sure what hit him.

RAQUEL

(to Emily)

So. Let's start with a name.

EMILY

(long beat)

David...he's a painter...

(then pouring it out)

We met six months ago, at some hole-in-the-wall gallery. His work was so dark and he was so...alive. We just started talking and then we had lunch and then he asked when he could see me again.

RAQUEL

What the hell happened to you and Tony?

EMILY

Nothing. Except we let things cool. And then David happened.

RAQUEL

Let me guess. He's a starving artist. He's your age. And he wouldn't know Dom Perignon from Dr. Pepper.

EMILY

Age shouldn't matter.

RAQUEL

Neither should size. So there goes that theory of sexual bliss.

EMILY

David and I don't have sex...we fuck...

(deep breath)

I never even liked that word, now I can't stop thinking about it.

RAQUEL

(whistling)

Jesus. Somebody stick a fork in the girl. She's done.

EMILY

(beat, looking off)

Before we got married, Tony told me everything fades...life's most sadistic little reality he called it. Scared the hell out me. I called him a cynic. He laughed. He said I was exactly wrong. He said falling in love in the face of that reality made him the supreme romantic. I never understood what he meant until now.

RAQUEL

What does that mean?

EMILY

Maybe...maybe I should try and save my marriage.

RAQUEL

How?

EMILY

Start by telling him the truth. He deserves that.

RAQUEL

What makes you think he doesn't already know?

EMILY

There's no way. I mean he knows something isn't right but...he couldn't...
(registering the ring is gone)
Oh my god...

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT--PENTHOUSE STUDY

The room is deep and luxurious. Tony is sitting at an ancient oak desk, face lit by the green glow of a Quotrec screen. The Tokyo markets are already humming.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

Emily appears, coat draped over her arm. She stands there a moment, Raquel's last question ringing in her head. She crosses to the desk and kisses him lightly on the cheek, careful to keep her left hand out of sight.

TONY

(mock anger)

Where have you been?

EMILY

With Raquel.

TONY

And how is the castellan femme fatale?

EMILY

Excellente'.

TONY

(eyes on the screen)

By the way, I saw your friend David earlier this evening.

EMILY

Oh.

TONY

He honored me with a visit to his industrial hideaway.

EMILY

(supremely casual)

How did you get his number?

TONY

Called a few of the obscure galleries you prefer to prowl and dropped your name.

(looking at her)

You were right. He's talented.

EMILY

Did you buy something?

TONY

Made him an offer.

EMILY

And?

TONY

(turning back to the screen)

He's chewing on it.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY--UN GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING--MOVING

Emily is walking between two dark-suited diplomats. One American, one French. The Frenchman is in mid-diatribes. The American looks ready to strangle him. Emily is translating into English, not missing one derisive nuance. The Frenchman takes a breath. The American launches his counter-attack. Emily clicks into French.

INT. DAY---SECRETARIAT---EMILY'S OFFICE

The East River slides by below, wide and sluggish. Darkest Queens lies beyond the far bank. Emily enters in a hurry, looking distracted. She grabs the phone and punches in a number.

DAVID

(on phone)

Hello?

EMILY

It's me. What happened?

DAVID

(on phone)

Relax. It was cake. He...

EMILY

I left my wedding ring.

DAVID

(on phone)

I know. I put it in the drawer by the bed before he got here.

EMILY

Thank god...what did you talk about?

DAVID

(on phone)

Just the work. He doesn't have a clue.

EMILY

He said he made you an offer.

DAVID

(on phone)

As a matter of fact he did.

EMILY

Which piece?

DAVID

(on phone)

You never saw it.

EMILY

I thought I'd seen them all.

DAVID

(on phone)

Listen, I gotta take a rain check on lunch today.

EMILY

What's wrong?

DAVID

(on phone)

Nothing's wrong. Someone wants to see my sketches. Could be a decent commission, that's all.

EMILY

You sound funny.

DAVID

(on phone)

It's called being broke, sweetheart.

EMILY

What about tomorrow?

DAVID

(on phone)

Reservation for two?

EMILY

A quiet table, in the back.

DAVID

(on phone)

Very quiet. I love you.

EMILY

Me too.

INT. DAY--TONY'S OFFICE

Tony is seated, perusing sheets of fresh data. A young ASSOCIATE stands across the desk. The guy looks agitated.

ASSOCIATE

I thought you should see this.

(pointing at a graph)

The yen's broken out of the uptrend channel. Way out.

TONY

(not looking up)

False island top.

ASSOCIATE

You can't be sure.

TONY

Of course I can.

ASSOCIATE

Even if you're right we have a timing problem. The dollar is coming right back at us.

Tony continues to read, face serene.

ASSOCIATE

Tony, we're running out of room real fast.

TONY

The herd will turn. Always does.

ASSOCIATE

And what do I tell the banks in the meantime?

TONY

Doesn't matter. They're in too deep. They can't cut and run and neither can we.

ASSOCIATE

The bank won't get the margin call. We will.

TONY

(flat glance, dismissing him)
Anything else?

The man leaves. Tony turns toward the clocks on his desk. It's 11:30 AM. He presses the intercom.

TONY

I need the car. Now.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY--PENTHOUSE

The doorbell rings. Tony opens the front door. It's David. He's wearing a windbreaker and holding a battered portfolio case. The kind you carry sketches in.

ANGLE ON DAVID

He enters, rubbernecking, awed by the sheer rambling expanse of the place, dazzled by the art. The promised land.

TONY

(reading his mind)

I'm afraid none of this would have been your's anyway. Emily has never shown the slightest interest in possessing such objects. She thinks they belong in museums.

DAVID

So what?

TONY

So everything you see is mine...

(taking the case)

Allow me. And your jacket?

DAVID

(keeping it on)

That's okay.

Tony sets the portfolio on a credenza then motions David to follow him out onto the deck. David hesitates, remembering the man's strength, imagining the drop.

EXT. DAY--PH DECK

Tony is leaning over the railing. Central Park undulates west and north like a great brown-green quilt. David joins him, staying just out of arm's reach. Tony points straight down.

THEIR POV

A car turns into the building's garage entrance, stopping at the gate. A hand comes out of the driver's side window and inserts a keycard. The gate begins to rise.

TONY

There was a burglary in the building last year. The probable means of entry was the garage. The granite facade creates a small blind spot on the lobby surveillance camera. It was never corrected.

DAVID

Why not?

TONY

Aesthetic reasons.

DAVID

How do you know?

TONY

I'm on the board.

He turns abruptly, going back inside. David follows.

INT. PENTHOUSE

Tony crosses the living room and dining room, David at his heels.

TONY

You enter as I leave at 8 PM. I won't pull out until the garage is clear. The gate takes five seconds to close. Hug the right side wall as I drive by. Take the stairs next to the service elevator.

They enter a large kitchen.

TONY

(pointing)

The key to the front door also works on the service entrance.

Tony turns the lock, throws the deadbolt high on the door, and swings it open. He steps across the hall and opens the stairwell door, motioning for David to come look.

INT. STAIRWELL

A six-inch pipe runs down the wall on the PH landing.

TONY

I'll take Emily's key from her purse before I leave and hide it there... behind that pipe.

DAVID

Where will you be?

TONY

At my regular card game.

DAVID

Why not just leave me your key?

TONY

My key implicates me. Her key implicates no one. She could have lost it. It could have been stolen. Whatever. In any case, she won't be around to explain or accuse.

(eyeing David's windbreaker)

Aren't you warm in that?

DAVID
(ignoring the question)
Why not just make me a copy?

TONY
Two loose ends.
(walking back into the kitchen)
The key and the locksmith.

INT. KITCHEN

Tony locks the door and throws the deadbolt.

DAVID
What about the deadbolt?

TONY
It's always locked. She'll never notice
it isn't, even if she checks the door.
Wait in the stairwell until nine-thirty.
She'll be in the bath by then.

DAVID
How can you be sure?

TONY
~~Because that's what she does on the night~~
~~I play cards. Our little symmetric ritual.~~
For her it used to be about solitude...
(shooting David a look)
More recently it's about my absence and
long telephone conversations.

DAVID
(not rising to the bait)
But what if she's not?

TONY
She will be.

DAVID
Then why not just do it in the tub?

TONY
That would look like cold-blooded murder.
She needs to surprise the intruder, as if
~~she heard a noise then got out of the bath~~
to investigate. Which is precisely what
will happen.

Tony steps over to a walk-in pantry closet and opens the door.

TONY

Conceal yourself here...

(pointing at the adjacent wallphone)

That's a separate line. At exactly ten I will get up from my game and call that number. Emily will come in to answer the phone. At which point you will emerge and...

(polite pause)

Kill her.

DAVID

(sarcastic)

Aren't you gonna tell me how?

TONY

(unruffled)

Since you asked, it should appear spur of the moment. I've always thought bludgeoned had a very spur of the moment sound. ---

Tony crosses to a set of copper saucepans hanging within reach of the pantry closet.

TONY

One of these should fill the bill.

DAVID

Then what?

TONY

Rifle the jewelry in the bedroom. Disable the service entrance lock on your way out to make it look picked. Then...

DAVID

(annoyed)

What makes you think I couldn't just pick that lock anyway?

TONY

No doubt. But why take the chance she'd hear you and throw the dead-bolt or call the police or both? Where was I?

DAVID

Make the lock look picked.

TONY

Right. Then return the key to where you found it behind the pipe and leave the building the same way you came in. I'll get in after midnight...

TONY cont.

By the time I find the body the burglar
turned murderer will have vanished into a
city of seven-point-five million...

(walking out)

Come.

Tony grabs the portfolio off the credenza without missing a step.

DAVID

What's the plan if the plan goes to hell?

TONY

It won't.

INT. STUDY

Tony crosses to his desk and unlocks the bottom right drawer.
It's long and deep. He steps back.

TONY

But reward is always commensurate with
risk.

David walks over and looks down into the drawer. The bottom is
paved with packets of C-notes.

DAVID

(eyes on the money)

When's your card game?

TONY

Tomorrow night.

DAVID

(head jerking up)

No fucking way. What about my alibi?

TONY

A man with your resume' should be able to
come up with something in no time.

DAVID

A man with my resume' should take the
money and run.

TONY

I bet you four-hundred thousand you won't.

David blinks, then kneels. Slowly at first, then with gathering
speed, he transfers the money into his portfolio. When it's done
he snaps the case shut and strides out without looking back.

INT. PH KITCHEN--FOLLOWING DAY--ANGLE ON A RAW ROAST

A football of good bloody beef. Eight inches of stainless steel needle slide decisively into the heart of it. Only the round temperature gauge is left exposed, like the hilt on a sword.

ANGLE ON THE HOUSEKEEPER

JANET MORAN is mid-fifties, thick armed and ruddy with a bun of grey hair. She pops the roast in a hot oven then goes back to tidying up coffee cups, newspapers, and breakfast dishes. She does everything with brusque economy. She glances at the wall clock. Almost noon.

INT. DAY, SECRETARIAT BUILDING--LOBBY

Emily cuts through the lunchtime crowd toward the main entrance.

EXT. DAY--ANGLE ON THE UN

She crosses the fountain court to First Avenue, starting the downtown trek to her lover. Then she stops in her tracks. Tony's limo is at the curb. He emerges, resplendent as usual.

TONY

(off her face)

That's not happiness to see me, is it?

EMILY

Try surprise.

TONY

I had an unexpected hole in the day and lunch with my beautiful wife seemed to be indicated. But you have plans.

EMILY

What makes you say that?

TONY

You're in such a hurry.

EMILY

Just errands.

TONY

(reaching for her left hand)

Like shopping for a new wedding ring?

EMILY

One of the settings felt a little wobbly. I took it in. Should be ready tomorrow.

TONY

What if there were no tomorrow?

EMILY

What do you mean?

TONY

Wouldn't you regret not having one last lunch with your husband?

EMILY

Of course.

TONY

(taking her arm)

Then your carriage awaits.

INT. DAY--DAVID'S LOFT

David sets the cable spool table with hero sandwiches and a jug of wine. He lights a couple candles, humming something tuneless.

INT. DAY--LE CIRQUE RESTAURANT

The place is bustling, the air imbued with the muted tinkle of bone china and the sure murmur of people who never doubted this is how it would be. The ageless locus of power lunchers.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Maitre d' greets Emily and Tony in a fit of obsequiousness, shooing the help out of the way as he guides them to a table.

ANGLE ON EMILY

Sitting opposite Tony, eyes bright and trapped, desperately needing to be somewhere else and anywhere but there. Desire and paranoia claw their way up her spine. She spreads her napkin across her lap then lets her hands drop down. They grip the sides of the chair, going white-knuckled against the impulse to scream.

INT. DAY--DAVID'S LOFT

David is sitting at the table. He finishes one hero, checks his watch, then picks up the other sandwich. He takes a huge bite, leans back, and watches the candles burn out in pools of hot wax.

INT. DAY--PH KITCHEN

The place is floor-to-ceiling spotless. Janet opens the oven and removes the roast, now a juicy burnished brown. She checks the meat thermometer. Satisfied, she pulls it out and crosses to the

sink. She's rinsing off the shaft when she hears the front door open. She sets the thermometer down in the sink and grabs a dish towel, wiping her hands as she walks into the foyer. Tony is hanging up his coat.

TONY
What smells fantastic?

JANET
(thick brogue)
The roast you asked me to make, what else?

TONY
(like he just remembered)
Of course. I forgot.

JANET
Doesn't matter.
(gathering up her things)
I made it for the lady of the house, not
the likes of you. It's her favorite.

The banter is familiar and easy. Tony helps her into her coat.

TONY
Janet, you will marry me someday won't
you?

JANET
(wagging a finger in his face)
One of these days I'll say yes and you'll
be in a fix.

TONY
(unfazed)
When?

JANET
When pigs have wings, Mr. Hayes. And then
just maybe.

She leaves, shutting the door behind her.

INT. DAY--EMILY'S OFFICE

She enters looking drained and grabs the phone. She dials.

INT. DAY--DAVID'S LOFT

He's sitting cross-legged on the bed, the money dumped in a pile
in front of him. The phone rings. He picks up.

DAVID

Hello.

EMILY

(on phone, breathless)

He was waiting for me outside. He took me to lunch...David?

DAVID

(staring at the money)

I'm here.

EMILY

(on phone)

He's never done that before. Something's wrong. He knows.

DAVID

You're letting your mind get away from you.

EMILY

(on phone)

Maybe. But I can't live like this. I'm going to tell him.

DAVID

Tell him what exactly?

EMILY

(on phone)

Everything. Tonight.

DAVID

(beat, picking up a pack of bills)

Wait 'till tomorrow.

EMILY

(on phone)

Why? I thought it was what you wanted.

DAVID

If you wait we can tell him together, in a public place. Less chance of things getting crazy.

EMILY

(on phone)

It is what you want, isn't it?

DAVID

More than anything.

INT. NIGHT--PENTHOUSE FLOOR

The elevator opens. Emily steps out. She starts to reach into her purse for keys but stops. The front door is wide open.

INT. PENTHOUSE

Emily enters. Tony is standing in the living room, making himself a martini. The king in his castle.

TONY

And how was the rest of your day?

EMILY

Fairly brutal.

Tony holds up the shaker.

EMILY

Not just yet.

She drops her coat and purse on the credenza and walks down the hall.

INT. BEDROOM

Emily kicks off her shoes as she crosses toward the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

She shuts the door behind her, turns on the water in the sink, then sits down on the edge of the tub, massaging her temples. Life out of balance.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tony takes one step down the hall. He listens for a beat then swivels quickly toward the credenza. He reaches into Emily's purse, removes her key chain and separates one out.

MOVING

He enters the kitchen, unbolts the service entrance, unlocks it, and crosses the hall to the stairwell door.

INT. STAIRWELL

Tony reaches behind the pipe. His hand comes out with a magnetic key case. He inserts Emily's key then places the case back behind the pipe.

INT. BEDROOM

Emily is standing in front of her closet, changing into jeans and a sweatshirt. She shuts the closet door and turns. Tony is standing there.

EMILY

(unnerved)

I...I didn't hear you come in.

Tony smiles, coming closer. He reaches out, perfect powerful hands cupping her face.

TONY

Just wanted to say goodbye.

He kisses her on the forehead, a long and tender kiss, like a father sending his child off to a bad place.

TONY

Whatever would I do without you?

EMILY

(sincere)

I don't know.

TONY

(turning for the door)

I'll call you later.

EMILY

Thought I'd run down to Nick's for a burger...

Tony stops in his tracks, like a cat, as if he planned to.

EMILY

So don't worry if there's no answer.

TONY

I won't. But you might want to reconsider.

EMILY

Why?

TONY

Janet made one of her legendary roasts.

EMILY

(surprised)

She did?

TONY

Thought I'd have time to eat before the game but...

(checking his watch)

Christ, wish me luck.

EMILY

(watching him go)

Good luck.

ANGLE ON THE GARAGE GATE

It rises to a throbbing electronic hum.

REVERSE ANGLE

Tony sits behind the wheel of a black Mercedes. The car eases out of the garage. A shadow slips by his door, faceless and quick, hugging the wall.

TONY'S POV/REARVIEW MIRROR

The gate is coming down. The shadow has vanished inside. He swings the car into the night.

INT. STAIRWELL--INTRUDER'S POV

He climbs the stairs two at time, breathing nice and easy, in no hurry.

INT. BEDROOM

Emily undresses and puts on a robe. She picks up the phone and punches in a number.

INT. NIGHT--DAVID'S LOFT

The phone rings four times before the machine kicks in.

MACHINE

Sorry. I can't come to the phone right now. Leave a message and I'll get back...

INT. PENTHOUSE

Emily hangs up.

INTRUDER'S POV

He reaches the PH landing. There's the pipe. He sticks a gloved hand behind it, feels up, then down, then stops. He's got the case. He takes the key out and pushes the stairwell door open. He

listens a long beat. Absolute silence. He kneels in front of the service entrance and inserts the key. Click. He cracks the door, tapes the lock back, then lets it gently shut. He returns to the stairwell. He puts the key back in the case and sticks it behind the pipe where he found it.

INT. NIGHT--PENTHOUSE

Emily leans over the bathtub, turning the hot water on full blast.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT--NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB

Several games are underway in a posh and paneled lounge. Cigar smoke hangs over the green tables like a fog bank. The banter is low-key and ribald. Tony is sitting with four other players. The game is draw.

ANGLE ON TONY

His eyes flit from his cards to the clock on the opposite wall. Nine on the nose.

INT. NIGHT--PH BATHROOM

The tub is full. Emily enters with a glass of wine and turns off the spigot. She lets the robe fall away to the floor. She sweeps a foot through the water then lowers herself in. She dunks a hand towel, folds it into a square, lays back and plops it over her eyes.

INT. NIGHT--NYAC

Tony is playing with panache, not betraying a scintilla of nerves. He raises. Someone calls. He lays down his hand. A jack-high flush. He rakes in the pot then collects the deck. He shuffles. Someone cuts. He looks up as he flicks cards around the table.

HIS POV/ANGLE ON THE CLOCK

Ten to ten.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT--PH BATHROOM

Emily has dozed off, her head melting to one side. Only the languid drip of the faucet punctuates the stillness.

INT. KITCHEN

It's dark and neat, nothing amiss.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE PANTRY CLOSET DOOR

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT--NYAC

Tony folds, excuses himself, and walks out of the lounge.

ANGLE ON THE CLOCK

Ten straight up.

INT. NYAC--MAIN FLOOR LOBBY

Tony comes down the stairs. He stops. The two phone booths are occupied. They're ancient, the wooden ones with a small fold-down seat inside. Tony strolls over, jangling the change in his pockets, marking the two men like a circling bird of prey. But they seem oblivious to his presence. Suddenly he steps over to the nearest booth and raps hard on the glass. The caller inside, a prosperous looking man of fifty, jerks the door open, startled.

TONY

Sorry. It's an emergency.

The man takes one look at Tony's eyes and hangs up. Tony slides past the man into the booth and shuts the door. He grabs the phone and drops a quarter into the slot.

ANGLE ON TONY'S INDEX FINGER

It hovers for a millisecond then dials.

INT. NIGHT--PH BATHROOM

Emily's breathing is deep and rhythmic, syncopated by dripping water. Far away, a phone rings. It keeps ringing, penetrating the solitude like a drill. She stirs, dragging the towel off her face. She opens her eyes, cocking her head, realizing it's the kitchen phone. She plops the towel over her eyes and lays back, assuming the caller will give up. But the caller doesn't give up. It just keeps ringing. Three more times. Then five. Then ten...

EMILY

(pulling the towel off her eyes)

You gotta be kidding me.

She climbs out of the tub and into her robe.

MOVING

As she goes down the hall, past the dining room. The kitchen is coming up, dark as hell. The ringing gets louder.

INT. NIGHT--KITCHEN

Emily enters, hitting the light. She crosses to the wallphone and picks up, her back to the pantry closet.

EMILY
Hello? Who's this?
(getting bored)
I can hear you breathing...

REVERSE ANGLE/OVER HER SHOULDER

The pantry closet explodes. A man in a ski mask takes her from behind in a chokehold. Emily drops the phone, twisting, slamming her attacker into the cabinets. China shatters, shards flying.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE DANGLING KITCHEN PHONE

INT. PHONEBOOTH---NYAC

The sounds of the struggle escalate. Emily's scream is throttled into a nightmare wail. Tony listens, stone cold, unblinking.

INT. NIGHT--KITCHEN

The death dance pivots across the floor. Emily squirms sideways, her shoulder turning into the intruder's chest. She rakes her nails across the eyeholes in the mask. He grunts in pain, driving her into the counter, snapping her spine back.

EMILY'S POV

The intruder mashes his forearm into her windpipe and bears down, watching impassively.

ANGLE ON EMILY'S HANDS

They flail and grab. Recipes. A bowl of bananas. The coffee maker. One finger brushes the knife rack. The hand frantically backtracks, clutching the first handle it comes to. A carving knife. But he sees it too. He grabs her wrist and bangs it against the wall. The knife skitters away.

TWO SHOT

~~He jerks her out of reach of the cutlery, bending her over the lip of the sink, still crushing her throat.~~

ANGLE ON EMILY

Her arms are thrown back and down. Suddenly she pushes off, swinging something at his face, putting her life into the blow.

The intruder bobs his head like a fighter ducking a jab. The meat thermometer arcs into his neck with a resonant thud.

INT. PHONEBOOTH--NYAC

Tony presses the phone to his ear, face tight with concentration. The contest seems to have abruptly ceased.

INT. NIGHT--KITCHEN

Emily and the intruder are still embraced, draped over the counter like a dead drunk couple in mid-kiss. The silence is pounding. Then we hear it. A wet and steady swish. Blood is pulsing from the intruder's neck in looping arterial spurts, splattering across the expensive tile like a hard rain. He tightens the chokehold one last time, bleeding out. Emily's eyes roll up. Her mouth falls open with a hoarse rattle. They sink to the floor, entwined like lovers in a sea of blood.

INT. PHONEBOOTH--NYAC

Tony does a double-take. The man he threw out of the booth is standing nearby, staring. Tony hangs up and opens the door.

MAN

Everything okay?

TONY

(brushing by)

Certainly sounds like it.

INT. LOUNGE--NYAC

Tony returns to the card table. He rubs his hands together, as if invigorated by the intermission.

TONY

Whose deal?

ANGLE ON THE WALL CLOCK

Quarter after ten.

STAY ON CLOCK/TIME LAPSE TO MIDNIGHT

REVERSE ANGLE

The lounge has thinned considerably. Tony collects his winnings and gets up from the table.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE

The Benz glides in. Tony gets out and looks around, half expecting to see David. The place is a tomb. He crosses to the service elevator.

INT. NIGHT--PENTHOUSE

The front door swings opens. Tony stands there a moment, senses on red alert. He starts for the kitchen then freezes. A blood highway swirls down the hall, drying into dark eddies.

MOVING

As he follows it to the bedroom door. He tries the knob. Locked. He steps straight back, brings his knee up and front-kicks the door off its hinges.

INT. BEDROOM

Emily drops the phone, screaming. But no scream comes out. Just a low and raspy gurgle. Her bathrobe hangs open, ripped and red. Her hands and knees are tarred with coagulated gore. Her throat is a dented black and blue.

ANGLE ON TONY

Face registering the scene with a mixture of shock and high-speed data processing. He takes her in his arms. She sobs, holding on for dear life. Then he sees the phone lying on the floor. He deposits her gently on the bed and picks it up.

911 OPERATOR

(a woman's voice, stern, in command)
Emily? We got a car on the way. Just hang on honey, they're coming as fast they can...

INT. KITCHEN

Tony enters, skidding on the reddish-brown lake. The intruder is sprawled on the floor, head propped up by the meat thermometer through his neck. Add the ski mask and it looks laughably Halloween. The phone is making that annoying off-the-hook beep.

ANGLE ON TONY

He sucks it all in with a swift breath, hangs up the phone, then steps over to the sink. He opens the cabinet below, finds a pair of bright pink rubber gloves and pulls them on. He moves down the counter, opens a drawer, glances inside, slams it shut and opens the one below that. He finds a screwdriver. He goes back to the

sink, rinses the handle off and wipes it dry. He opens the service entrance, sees the tape and peels it off. He jams the screwdriver into the lock, twisting with all his strength. The mechanism snaps, badly mangled. He shuts the door and locks it. He turns the knob. The door opens anyway. His movements are quick and deft.

ANGLE ON THE INTRUDER

Tony kneels, going through his pant pockets. He finds two subway tokens, a pack of Juicy Fruit and a couple crumbled bills. Cursing softly, he tries the jacket. Nothing in the left side pocket. He sticks a gloved hand into the right one. The hand comes out with a key. Tony sticks the screwdriver where the key used to be.

ANGLE ON TONY

He walks out of the kitchen to the entrance hall. He puts the key on Emily's key ring. There's a loud pounding at the door.

MUFFLED VOICE

Police!

Tony reaches for the door. But he's still wearing the pink rubber gloves. He frantically peels them off.

MUFFLED VOICE

Knock it the fuck down...

He stuffs them in his jacket as the door bursts open. There stand two of New York's Finest, guns drawn.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT--PENTHOUSE

Lots of people mill around, most in NYPD blue. The air is charged with that crime-scene nonchalance.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Emily is sitting on the couch, hair freshly washed, back in the jeans and sweatshirt. A paramedic is packing his gear, having just finished examining her neck. She's talking to an older detective who keeps nodding sympathetically, all the while jotting things down in a little spiral notebook.

INT. KITCHEN

More cops. Coffee's been made. The dead man is given plenty of room, as if he smelled bad. A man wearing latex gloves is taking lurid snapshots. Another is kneeling over the corpse, exploring it like some fragile artifact. The mask hasn't been touched.

ANGLE ON TONY

He's off to one side, leaning against the counter, eyes on the intruder. Someone steps in front of him, blocking the view. The man is a head shorter than Tony, with olive skin and a luxurious black mustache. His compact physique fits perfectly in a severely pressed grey suit. He flashes a badge and striking white teeth.

ANGLE ON DETECTIVE MOHAMED KARAMAN

He's young to have a gold shield, barely past thirty, with eyes like a mongoose. They draw a bead on Tony and stick like crazy glue. He's second-generation American. No trace of an accent.

MOHAMED

(offering his hand)

I'm Detective Karaman.

TONY

(taking it)

Tony Hayes.

MOHAMED

I know.

(stepping aside to reveal the corpse)

Could I ask you a question?

TONY

Of course.

MOHAMED

Not really. You might want your lawyer present.

TONY

That's very sporting of you. Fire away.

MOHAMED

I couldn't help but notice what I assume to be your footprints in the blood around the deceased...

(pointing)

Can I assume those are you?

TONY

Yes you may.

MOHAMED

What were you doing?

TONY

Making sure he was dead.

MOHAMED

Was he?

TONY

Near as I could tell.

MOHAMED

You take his pulse?

TONY

No.

MOHAMED

(indicating the print closest to
the body)

See right there? Looks like you leaned
over him for something.

TONY

I was trying to determine if he was still
breathing.

MOHAMED

Was he?

TONY

Not at the time.

ANGLE ON THE INTRUDER

A young female NYPD Crime Lab TECHNICIAN leans over the corpse,
peering closely at the meat thermometer. She taps the gauge.

TECHNICIAN

This guy is definitely undercooked.

A laugh floats around the kitchen. She slips her fingertips under
the bottom of the ski mask and gently rolls it up.

REVERSE ANGLE

Everyone has stopped, transfixed by the unveiling of death. All
except Mohamed. He's still stuck on Tony.

MOHAMED'S POV

Tony's anticipation is blunt, almost sexual. The wisp of a gloat
curls his lips.

ANGLE ON THE CORPSE

The face is peeled into full view.

TECHNICIAN

Hello...

ECU OF INTRUDER

It's a white guy, about forty, with bad skin and thinning blond hair. His eyes are open. He looks bored by it all.

ANGLE ON TONY

The computer crashes for full thirty seconds. Like he was slapped. Surprise-induced intellectual neutral.

MOHAMED

Something wrong?

TONY

(back on line)

Aside from the dead man lying on my kitchen floor?

MOHAMED

For a minute there I thought you knew the guy.

TONY

~~Not Likely.~~

MOHAMED

~~Why is that?~~

TONY

~~I never forget a face.~~

~~(polite smile)~~

~~Anything else?~~

MOHAMED

~~Not this second. But your wife will have to come down and give a formal statement.~~

TONY

~~When?~~

MOHAMED

~~Soon as she's ready.~~

~~Tony goes into the living room and sits down on the couch next to Emily. He puts his arm around her, squeezing with brute soothing strength, the picture of the consoling husband. Her head falls into his chest. The other detective gets up and walks over. BOBBY FAIN is fifty, Tony's height but another forty pounds round the gut and glutes. Seen-it-all eyes set in a soft pale face.~~

MOHAMED

What d'you think?

BOBBY

I believe her. What about him?

MOHAMED

Couldn't say.

BOBBY

Yea well...

(looking around the place)

The rich are different from you and me.

MOHAMED

How?

BOBBY

They have a fuck of a lot more money.

INT. NIGHT--ANGLE ON A POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

Emily and Tony are seated at a grey metal table, holding hands and styrofoam coffee cups. Bobby Fain sits opposite. A microphone and tape recorder are cued up in front of Emily. Nobody speaks. Bobby glances at the wall clock, marking time. Almost three AM. A door opens. The best LAWYER money can buy strides in looking just that. Late forties, sleek and vital, he shakes hands with Tony, gives Emily a comforting hug, then turns on the poor cop like a dapper rottweiler. But we can't hear a thing...

WIDER

Because we're behind glass, watching over Mohamed's shoulder as he watches the people in the room like creatures in a terrarium.

ANOTHER COP (OS)

You gonna turn on the sound or what?

MOHAMED

I like it like this.

He leans close to the glass. Close enough to kiss.

MOHAMED'S POV

First Emily. She's talking, eyes shot and fragile, fixed on something far off. Then the Lawyer, at her side, gently interrupting, shepherding her statement with protective precision. And finally Tony. He's watching Emily, face blank, processing her words. Then his eyes wander up to the glass. Somehow they find Mohamed's.

TONY'S POV/ANGLE ON THE MİRRORED GLASS

There's a gauzy little puff of condensation.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Emily has finished. Mohamed enters. He circles the table as Bobby and the Lawyer spar over what, if anything, should be given to the press. The attorney is dropping names of people in high places like nickels at a county fair. All the way from the DA to the governor and back. A uniformed COP pops his head in the room.

COP

(pointing at the blinking wallphone)
Mo. For you on three.

MOHAMED

I'm busy.

COP

She says it's an emergency.

Everyone looks over at him.

MOHAMED

Right.

He picks up, turning his back to the room. He listens a beat, answers in a torrent of hushed Arabic, then hangs up.

EMILY

(subtitled Arabic)
How old is your boy?

MOHAMED

(subtitled Arabic)
One month.

EMILY

(subtitled Arabic)
Is he ill?

MOHAMED

Colic.

EMILY

(subtitled Arabic)
May God protect your son and cover him
with blessings.

MOHAMED
(subtitled Arabic)
And you as well...
(impressed pause)
Your Arabic is excellent.

EMILY
So is yours.

Mohamed grins. The room takes a beat.

BOBBY
(standing)
Glad we got that cleared up.
(to Emily)
I have to ask you not to leave the city,
Mrs. Hayes.

TONY
But we are.

BOBBY
When?

TONY
Right now. To her mothers.
(indicating the lawyer)
Roger has the number.

BOBBY
Wait a minute...

LAWYER
Why? She hasn't been charged. Her statement is complete. So it's really just a matter of courtesy.

MOHAMED
He's right.
(giving his card to Emily)
If you happen to think of anything else
you give me a ring.

TONY
What else could there be?

MOHAMED
Probably nothing.
(to Emily in Arabic)
Safe journey.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT--LONG ISLAND (NORTH SHORE)

Tony's Mercedes turns onto a meandering private drive. A tudor estate commands the crest of the next hill. Long Island Sound is a flat blackness beyond.

ANGLE ON THE MAIN HOUSE

Every light is on. Like someone died.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY--MANHATTAN

The newsstand on the southeast corner of Canal and Broadway. David buys the Times, steps out of the sidewalk flow and scans the Metro section. Nothing. He tosses it in the trash and buys the Post. He flips to the Police Blotter. His eyes track down the narrow column of mayhem and disorder. He brings the page up close to his face. He squints. He found what he was looking for but not what he was expecting.

EXT. DAY--BRADFORD ESTATE--ANGLE ON THE DOCK

Jutting one-hundred feet into a dead calm Long Island Sound. Emily is slouched in a wooden lounge chair at the very end, scarf around her neck, staring across the water through dark glasses. Tony is hurrying down the dock. He looks happy as hell. He waves.

TONY

Roger just called...

(coming around in front of her)

The dead man was on parole with a dozen prior convictions. Therefore no charges. No grand jury. No nothing. Aside from the police blotter it won't even make the papers...

(removing her glasses, lifting her up, into his face)

Isn't that great?

EMILY

(numb beat)

I still took his life.

TONY

~~Because he was trying to take yours...~~

~~(hugging her tight)~~

~~Good God. You act as if you should be punished for defending yourself.~~

ANGLE ON TONY (OVER HER SHOULDER)

His eyes freeze over.

TONY

I have to go into the city now.

EMILY

Why?

TONY

Roger has prepared a statement for the district attorney. He wants me to sign off on it right away so they can close the case. I thought I'd stay in town tonight and send the car for you tomorrow...

EMILY

(soft)

What if there were no tomorrow?

TONY

We have a million tomorrows...

(kissing her on the forehead)

Now let's get this ugly business behind us.

He walks toward shore.

ANGLE ON EMILY

Watching him with new eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY--STATEN ISLAND FERRY--MOVING

New York Harbor slides by, cold and choppy. Tony is standing on the lower deck, watching the Statue of Liberty and the rotted industrial shoreline of Bayonne. A freezing wet wind keeps all the other passengers inside. All except one guy who strolls by, collar turned up against the wind. David takes a spot at the railing, maybe six feet away.

DAVID

(off the statue)

There's one woman I never get tired of looking at. The mother of all fresh starts.

It's a different David. The real David. All that boyish sand-bagging is gone.

TONY

Who was he?

DAVID
(straight-faced)
Someone I met at Berkeley.

Tony moves with startling speed. A two-step glide and he's got David by the collar with both hands, dangling him over the propeller churned water. David's feet clamber frantically at the lip of the deck, straining for a toehold.

TONY
Do you have any idea who you're fucking with?

DAVID
(teeth grit)
Do you?

Tony lets go with one hand. David screams, dropping toward the thrashing blades. Tony holds him there for a second then one-arms him back onto the deck like a gaffed tuna.

DAVID
(tickled by Tony's pique)
You hired me to kill your wife because you couldn't do the wet work yourself. Well neither could I...
(shrugging)
So I farmed it out. Shit happens.

TONY
Can you be connected to him?

DAVID
Not now.

TONY
How do you know he didn't talk to someone?

DAVID
Because Ron was a good man.

TONY
Not quite good enough.

~~They ride in silence awhile, watching Manhattan get smaller.~~

DAVID
What's plan B?

TONY
---You tell me.

DAVID

Nah. It's kinda like football. I just threw the big interception. You take the the next snap.

TONY

Another attempt on her life would appear pretty damn coincidental.

DAVID

(sardonic grin)

You think?

TONY

So we wait.

DAVID

For what?

TONY

(walking away)

I'll let you know.

DAVID

Hey Tony.

He stops.

DAVID

Do I keep fucking your wife in the meantime or what?

Tony starts to turn then just keeps walking.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY--TONY'S OFFICE

The same young Associate from before is across the desk. Tony paces against the window like a big caged cat. He's holding a letter, tapping its edge against his palm.

ASSOCIATE

They've started liquidating our long positions to cover.

TONY

When did this happen?

ASSOCIATE

Late yesterday. You were unreachable.

ANGLE ON THE LETTER

It's the one he mailed to himself.

TONY

Which ones?

ASSOCIATE

Bank Leumi and Chase.

The intercom beeps.

TONY

I said no calls.

RECEPTIONIST

(on intercom)

I'm sorry Mr. Hayes. It's the police, a Detective Karaman.

TONY

Get a number.

RECEPTIONIST

(on intercom)

He's not calling. He's here.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE--ANGLE ON MOHAMED

Staring out the window, mesmerized by the view.

MOHAMED

You ever get tired of looking at that?

TONY

No.

MOHAMED

Top of the world, huh?

TONY

More or less.

Mohamed crosses to the chair opposite Tony's desk and sits. They size each other up, unblinking. Two predators facing off on open ground.

MOHAMED

I wanted to clear up a few little things.

TONY

How ominous.

MOHAMED

Why don't we start with the deadbolt on the service entrance.

TONY

Why don't we.

MOHAMED

According to your wife it's always bolted.
That night it clearly wasn't.

TONY

Clearly. What's your question?

MOHAMED

Did you use the service entrance that
day? Maybe forget to throw the bolt?

TONY

No. But we do have a housekeeper and I
would imagine she goes in and out of that
door several dozen times a week.

MOHAMED

We spoke to her. She thought it was locked.

TONY

Thought. But couldn't be sure.

MOHAMED

No.

TONY

What other...little things?

MOHAMED

The deceased was a solid B & E guy.

TONY

Sorry. I don't speak the patois of law
enforcement.

MOHAMED

Breaking and entering. Picking a lock was
second nature for this man. No fuss no
muss.

TONY

So?

MOHAMED

So he came through your kitchen door like
a crackhead. Nearly ripped the lock out.
Must have sounded like a truck.

TONY

Maybe he was a crackhead.

MOHAMED

Maybe...

(eyes locking on Tony)

Then there's the phone call. Odd little coincidence someone calling an unlisted number while the intruder was on the premises.

TONY

So trace it.

MOHAMED

We're trying. Unfortunately the phone company's software isn't set up to capture non-toll calls. The originating number search indicated it came from midtown. Somewhere between Fifty-seventh and Forty-second streets...roughly.

TONY

(thin smile)

I seem to be missing the point of this entire conversation.

MOHAMED

It doesn't make sense.

TONY

What doesn't?

MOHAMED

Any of it. Skilled burglar breaks into a home like a junkie needing a pop, hides in a closet, waits until someone walks by to answer the phone then jumps out and tries to strangle them.

Tony rises slowly from his chair, using his height to full looming advantage.

TONY

~~Are you calling my wife a liar, detective?~~

MOHAMED

Just the opposite.

TONY

(picking up the phone)

Maybe her lawyer should be hearing this.

MOHAMED

Knock yourself out.

TONY

What exactly are you accusing Emily of?

MOHAMED

(standing to go)

Telling the truth.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY--BRADFORD ESTATE

A Range Rover is parked in the circular cobblestone drive in front of the main house. MEREDITH BRADFORD is in her early sixties but moves like someone much younger. The unconscious grace of good lineage. She's helping Emily load the Rover.

ANGLE ON THE STUFF BEING LOADED

Boxes of novels. Photographs. Yearbooks. Nick-knacks from her old apartment. Touchstones of life before Tony.

MEREDITH

Like sending you off to college. Again.

EMILY

I left Raquel's address on your desk.

Meredith watches her daughter stack stuff in the cargo area.

MEREDITH

You'll call me as soon as you get there?

EMILY

(slamming the tailgate shut).

You know I will.

MEREDITH

I also know there's something you're leaving out...

(hands on her shoulder)

Something important. And it hurts me.

EMILY

(eyes welling)

I'm sorry. I don't mean to. It's just that...I got lost in Tony...like a dream. Now I'm awake and I don't know who he is.

(looking at her)

Or who I am...

MEREDITH

I know who you are. Without or without
Tony...

(hugging her hard)

And don't you ever forget it.

EXT. DAY--ANGLE ON THE TRIBORO BRIDGE

The Rover crosses into Manhattan.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY--DOWNTOWN BAR

The same place Tony met David. In fact the same patrons on the same stools. Emily enters, wearing jeans and a leather jacket. She goes to the payphone by the head, drops a quarter and dials.

INT. DAVID'S LOFT

David is in paint-smeared overalls, working on a large canvas. The phone rings. He tosses the brush in a can.

DAVID

Hello?

EMILY

(on phone)

~~It's me.~~

DAVID

You okay?

EMILY

(on phone)

Yes.

DAVID

(exploding)

Then fuck you! I've been out of my god-damn mind for three days! What the hell is going on?

EMILY

(on phone)

I'll tell you when I see you.

DAVID

How soon till you get here?

EMILY

(on phone)

I'm not coming there, David.

INT. DAY--DOWNTOWN BAR

David enters. Emily has a table in the back. He walks over. He gets an abbreviated kiss then sits opposite, all love sick and smoldering sulk. The old David.

EMILY

Sorry for not calling sooner.

DAVID

(taking her hand, kissing it)
You're here. That's all that matters.

EMILY

Not really...
(turning the jacket collar down)
A man broke into my home. He tried to kill me.

DAVID

(off the bruises)
Oh my god...who the hell...

EMILY

I don't know his name. All I know is I killed him first.
(matter of fact)
And that he wasn't a burglar.

DAVID

What are you talking about?

EMILY

I told you he knew.

DAVID

You think...Tony?
(skeptical snort)
That's crazy. He'd have me killed first.

EMILY

Maybe...
(squeezing his hand)
Look...I need some time.

DAVID

What does that mean?

EMILY

It means you have to let me be awhile.

DAVID
How long?

EMILY
Until I figure things out.

DAVID
What things?

EMILY
You and me. Tony. Everything. Just try to understand...

DAVID
(grabbing her)
All I understand is that I love you.

EMILY
Right now I need you to be my friend.
Period. Can you handle that?

DAVID
Fuck friends.

EMILY
(jerking free, heading for the door)
Have it your way.

DAVID
(tortured)
Emily!
She doesn't stop.

ANGLE ON DAVID

He smiles. Somebody hand the prick an oscar.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY--PENTHOUSE FLOOR

The elevator opens. Emily steps out, digging for her key. She finds it, steps in front of her door, inserts the key and turns. She frowns. It's on her keychain but the damn thing doesn't work. She drops it in her purse and gets back in the elevator.

INT. LOBBY

ALBERT the concierge is a uniformed man about fifty. He sits behind a marble counter. Emily comes out of the elevator.

EMILY
I need the house key.

ALBERT
(unlocking a drawer, handing her
the key)
What happened to your's, Mrs. Hayes?

EMILY
Doesn't seem to work.

She turns abruptly, walking off toward the elevator.

INT. DAY--PENTHOUSE

Emily comes through the front door. She hesitates, rocked back like she hit a force field. A nightmare place in broad daylight. She steels herself and walks into the kitchen.

HER POV/SMASH CUTS

The wallphone. The pantry closet. The counter. The knife rack. The floor, now miraculously pristine.

ANGLE ON EMILY

She forces herself to step over to the exact spot. To make herself see it all again.

OVER HER SHOULDER

There's someone coming out of the gloom down the hall.

SOMEONE'S POV

Closing the distance. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six paces from the nape of her neck. She spins, hand shooting for the knife rack.

TWO SHOT

TONY
(off the cutlery in her hand)
It's just me.

EMILY
I know.

TONY
I didn't hear you come in...
(reaching for her)
Why didn't you send for the car?

EMILY
Don't.

TONY

(stopping)

Emily, I realize you've been through a terrible trauma...

(coming closer)

But I am your husband.

EMILY

(abruptly)

I can't stay here.

TONY

Of course not. We'll leave tonight...

EMILY

Or with you.

She drops the knife on the counter and walks past him.

INT. BEDROOM

She's throwing stuff in a suitcase. Tony comes in. He just watches for awhile.

TONY

I think I deserve an explanation.

She snaps the bag shut and turns to face him, fighting panic.

EMILY

I don't have one at the moment.

TONY

Then why can't I come with you?

He crosses to her, cold and eerie calm. She freezes.

TONY

(towering over her)

Why not, Emily?

Hands shaking, she wraps a scarf around the bruises, picks up the bag and walks out. He doesn't move until the front door slams.

INT. KITCHEN

Tony enters. He grabs a dish towel and crosses to the counter.

HIS POV/ ANGLE ON THE CARVING KNIFE EMILY WAS HOLDING

He picks it up with the towel, blade first, and peers closely at the handle. Her palm prints are still damp.

INT. NIGHT--RAQUEL'S APARTMENT

Quintessential west-side.

MOVING

Past Emily's suitcase, toward familiar female voices.

INT. KITCHEN

Emily and Raquel are sitting at the kitchen table. There's a bottle of tequila and well-sucked lime sections in between them.

EMILY

I can't get that call out of my mind.

RAQUEL

Wrong number.

EMILY

Then why didn't they hang up? Why did they just keep listening...

RAQUEL

Beats me. But one week in your life is definitely worth ten TV movies.

EMILY

(deep breath)

You were right about one thing.

RAQUEL

What?

EMILY

Tony knows about David.

RAQUEL

Most likely, he knows.

EMILY

No. I'm certain he does. The question is would he have me murdered for it?

RAQUEL

Well...fucking around is the second oldest reason in the world to kill someone.

EMILY

What's the oldest?

RAQUEL

Money, honey.

Emily blinks like she just got slapped.

RAQUEL

But I vote for door number two.

EMILY

Why?

RAQUEL

Tony's already rich...
(off Emily's expression)
Right?

EMILY

(lost in thought)

Right.

RAQUEL

Besides, someone with your kind of bucks
in the family had to have a prenuptial
agreement.

EMILY

He offered. I said no.

RAQUEL

Wow...
(raising her glass)
Here's to crazy love.

EXT. DAY--ANGLE ON THE UNITED STATES MISSION TO THE U.N.

An elegant East Side brownstone. A flagpole juts from the granite facade, the American flag snapping in the breeze. A discreet brass plaque identifies the building.

INT. DAY--AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE

Emily is ushered into an ornate office by a young aide-de-camp. Ambassador Wills is writing behind a vast and cluttered desk. The aide slips out, softly shutting the door.

AMBASSADOR WILLS

Take a load off.

Emily sits in one of two overstuffed chairs opposite the desk. Seconds tick by on a monstrous pendulum clock standing in the corner. Loud drops of pure time.

EMILY

(indicating the clock)

I thought you were getting rid of that thing.

AMBASSADOR

So did I...

(coming around the desk)

Until someone reminded me it was a gift from the Secretary of State.

(plopping down in the other chair)

Like listening to yourself die.

(beat, eyeing Emily)

You said this was a personal matter.

EMILY

It is. There are family friends I could approach but I don't feel...comfortable.

AMBASSADOR

And why is that?

EMILY

They all know my husband.

AMBASSADOR

(leaning forward)

This is getting good.

EMILY

I need to know his financial condition.

AMBASSADOR

(puzzled)

Your husband's?

EMILY

Yes. His true financial condition.

AMBASSADOR

Emily, I'm sure Dunn and Bradstreet could provide you with a...

EMILY

They're not positioned to find the truth. Very few people are. Tony operates in a rarefied world. I thought you might have ...access to such a person.

AMBASSADOR

I suppose I might. When do you...

EMILY
As soon as possible.

INT. DAY--TONY'S OFFICE

Two of the pallid Brooks Brothers techies sit opposite the desk, reams of data splayed across their knees, scared shitless.

THEIR POV

Tony paces a short oval behind his desk, totally focused, the picture of battle-hardened cool. The man on the speakerphone sounds spooked.

SPEAKERPHONE
You see it moving back in the channel because you have to.

TONY
You're panicking.

SPEAKERPHONE
You're damn right I am.

TONY
Look at the spot rate...

SPEAKERPHONE
Fuck the spot rate! My ass is on the line for half a billion. Half a fucking billion! What's your round trip ticket? Ten percent of that?

TONY
What's your point?

SPEAKERPHONE
The tail is through wagging the dog.

The intercom beeps.

TONY
Not now.

RECEPTIONIST
(on intercom)
I'm sorry Mr. Hayes but I have a caller who says this is an emergency. He says it concerns your wife.

TONY
Who is it?

RECEPTIONIST

(on intercom)

He won't identify himself.

TONY

(to speakerphone)

I'll get back.

He terminates the man in mid-scream, picks up the phone and punches another line.

TONY

Who is this?

There's a whisper of static, like cloth rubbing against a mike. Then he hears himself.

TONY ON TAPE

She needs to surprise the intruder, as if — she heard a noise then got out of the bath to investigate. Which is precisely what will happen...

(static)

Conceal yourself here...

(static)

That's a separate line. At exactly ten I will get up from my game and call that number...

TONY'S POV

The techies watch from a few feet away, expressionless.

TONY ON TAPE

Emily will come in to answer the phone. At which point you will emerge and kill her...

(static)

It should appear spur of the moment. I've always thought bludgeoned had a very spur of the moment sound...

(static)

Aren't you warm in that?

The tape ends.

DAVID

(on phone)

It's the fabric. It breathes.

TONY

Now what?

DAVID

(on phone)

Meet me in the coffee shop downstairs.

TONY

Not a good place to be...

Click. Dial tone.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY--LOBBY COFFEE SHOP

Generic and bustling. Tony enters. David is at the counter, halfway through an omelette. Tony takes the stool next to him, orders coffee and picks up a menu.

TONY

What do you want?

DAVID

The rest of my money.

TONY

But you didn't fulfill your end of the bargain.

The waitress sets a cup down in front of Tony and pours.

DAVID

So?

TONY

So what do I get in return?

DAVID

You get this super fine thing. Hell, I guess you could call it...

(turning, with perfect diction)

Legitimately sublime.

TONY

And what exactly is this thing?

DAVID

You're looking at it...

(shit-eating grin)

It's called time outside of prison, old partner...

(digging into his omelette)

Can't beat it with a stick.

TONY

I see. And how much time does half a million buy me?

DAVID

(chewing)

Whatever the market will bear.

TONY

I'll need a few days.

DAVID

Take forty-eight hours. From right now.

TONY

Where?

DAVID

Stop trying to take the fun out of things. --

(motioning for the check)

We'll touch base in the morning.

(getting up)

I don't have the total amount by this time day after tomorrow, I'll settle for what I got and do a mailing of Tony's greatest hits.

TONY

I understand.

The check comes. David tucks it into Tony's shirt pocket.

DAVID

(soft, in his ear)

Make fucking sure you do.

FOLLOWING DAY--UNITED NATIONS--DELEGATES LOUNGE

Soaring windows face north and east, past the span of the Triboro Bridge. The room is empty except for Ambassador Wills and a dapper man in a three-piece suit. Emily enters.

AMBASSADOR

Emily, I'd like you to meet Robert Harrington. Bobby is Deputy Director of the Security and Exchange Commission.

(to him, without preamble)

You're on.

Ambassador Wills walks out of earshot.

HARRINGTON

(slightly uncomfortable)

Passing this kind of information, even to a spouse is...unethical. What I mean to say is I could lose my job.

EMILY

I got it.

HARRINGTON

Your husband built a fortune betting against the market.

EMILY

Tony calls it the herd. And that's not new information.

HARRINGTON

For the past four months he's been buying dollar-yen contracts on margin and using those trades as collateral...

(glancing at her)

Like getting loans against investments you already made with borrowed money. Nothing illegal but a risky maneuver in a perfectly predictable world. Three months ago US interest rates started moving against him. He should have gotten some horrific margin calls but he didn't. That's because the banks he's in bed with are hiding the losses and hoping to hell things turn around. But...that's not happening.

EMILY

Are you sure?

HARRINGTON

Yes. Your husband plays a zero-sum game. I made inquiries on the other side of his trades. They're all in the black. For once the herd was right. I'm afraid your husband is about to be wiped out.

EMILY

(stunned)

I see.

HARRINGTON

(off her reaction)

Mrs. Hayes, that's not exactly uncommon for a trader who takes such risks.

EMILY
Of course...thank you.

She walks off. The Ambassador calls after her. Emily doesn't stop.

INT. NIGHT--RAQUEL'S LIVING ROOM

Emily is slumped in an overstuffed chair, staring into space, wide awake in a nightmare. Raquel is pacing in front of her.

RAQUEL
(incredulous)
Why didn't the cops check that out?

EMILY
I don't know...I don't know if they'd even know how.

RAQUEL
(disappearing down the hall)
That tears it...

A minute later she's back with a box the size of a good novel.

RAQUEL
My brother gave me this when I moved to New York five years ago...
(blowing dust off)
Been up in the closet ever since.

ANGLE ON THE BOX

It says "Smith & Wesson". Raquel lifts off the lid. There's a factory fresh snub-nosed .38 snuggled in blue velvet. She picks up the revolver.

RAQUEL
He loaded it for me and everything.

EMILY
(watching in disbelief)
What are you doing?

RAQUEL
(holding it out, butt first)
Giving you something to protect yourself with. Just keep it in your bag and don't forget to use the delegate's entrance.

EMILY
Why?

RAQUEL

It's the only one without a metal detector.

EMILY

This is...crazy.

RAQUEL

(putting the gun in her hand)

You're telling me.

INT. DAY--POLICE STATION

A sergeant leads Emily through generic NYPD activity. They reach a glass cubicle. Mohamed's desk is an island of geometric tidiness in the chaos. We notice the baby pictures. He does a double-take off Emily.

EMILY

Detective Karaman.

MOHAMED

(standing)

Mrs. Hayes...

He clears a pile of faxes and files off the chair next to his desk. She sits, surprised by the density of the clutter.

MOHAMED

Three hours of paperwork for one hour of police work...

(polite pause)

And what brings you to the belly of the beast?

EMILY

Information about my husband.

MOHAMED

(poker faced)

Concerning?

EMILY

The man who broke into my home.

MOHAMED

You have information connecting Mr. Hayes with your assailant?

EMILY

Not exactly. But I found out my husband is in serious financial trouble. He was hiding it from me...

EMILY cont.
I thought that it was a possible...
(can't quite spit it out)
Possible reason for Tony to...

MOHAMED
Hire someone to kill you?

EMILY
Yes.

MOHAMED
I know what you're worth, Mrs. Hayes.
That kind of money is always a motive.
So the financial condition of a suspect
becomes almost immaterial.

EMILY
(surprised)
Are you saying my husband is already a
suspect?

MOHAMED
He was suspected of conspiracy to commit
murder.

EMILY
Was?

The cop lays his hand on a six-inch stack of case files.

MOHAMED
These are unsolved homicides. Most don't
even have suspects. Department guidelines
give them priority now.

EMILY
Just what the hell does that mean?

MOHAMED
It means barring new evidence to the
contrary your case is considered closed.
Whether I like it or not.

EMILY
And why don't you like it, detective?

MOHAMED
Because when I was a boy my father called
me Handyman. I could take anything apart
and put it back together...anything.

He opens a drawer and slides a case file out. He drops it in front of Emily. Her name is on the cover.

MOHAMED

I took your case apart a thousand times.
Then I'd put it back together. But one
piece was always left out on the table.
Like a little screw that didn't fit.

EMILY

What are you talking about?

MOHAMED

The dead man had no keys on him...
(letting that sink in)
Not one.

She blinks, mind racing.

MOHAMED

He had a wallet. Some cash and change.
A driver's license. A membership card
for a video store. But not a single key.
Not even to his apartment. To me that's
impossible.

EMILY

Why are you telling me this?

MOHAMED

Shot in the dark...
(off Emily's reaction)
Did I hit anything?

He knows damn well he did. Now she's staring hard at the file.

EMILY

Who was he?

MOHAMED

A con named Ronald Digs. Fresh from
Soledad.

EMILY

Where?

MOHAMED

Soledad State Prison out in California.
He was there from '87 to '94.

EMILY

Could I see his picture?

MOHAMED

Why?

EMILY

I keep wondering what he looked like.
Where he came from. If he had a family.

MOHAMED

What difference does it make?

EMILY

None...the only thing that matters is
that I took his life. Knowing something
about it might help me get on with mine.

MOHAMED

(shoving the file over)
Knock yourself out.

ANGLE ON THE FILE

Ronald Digs in profile. Ronald Digs straight on. His short life stretches down the page, a litany of car theft, breaking and entering, armed robbery and worse. Fucking up and getting caught ad nauseam. She flips the page. Some more photos. There's her kitchen. His dead face in profile. His dead face straight on. She sucks it up and keeps going, flipping to another page.

CLOSER

The final details, scrawled in hand. Contents of pockets and wallet. Last known address: 401 East 2nd Street--#2B.

TWO SHOT

Emily shuts the file. She looks a little green around the gills.

MOHAMED

That help?

EMILY

It's a start.

MOHAMED

What exactly were you looking for?

EMILY

I told you.

MOHAMED

No...I don't believe you did.

EMILY

You have a suspicious nature, detective.

MOHAMED

And withholding evidence is a serious crime.

EMILY

What evidence?

MOHAMED

You tell me.

Emily stands to go. Mohamed slaps his hand down hard on the file.

MOHAMED

Police work is not for amateurs.

EMILY

You're right. It's too easy to draw the wrong conclusions.

MOHAMED

(tapping his heart)

Not from here.

EMILY

(leaving)

Thank you for your time, detective.

MOHAMED

Mrs. Hayes...

(she turns)

He who loses his instincts loses his soul.

EMILY

I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY--MANHATTAN

A cab hurtles down Second Avenue.

INT. CAB--MOVING

Emily dumps her bag out on the back seat.

EMILY

Shit...

The .38 is lying there with her brush, compact, bus tokens, etc. She shoves the gun back in the bag then sorts through the stuff until she finds the key. The one that didn't work on her door.

EXT. DAY--LOWER EAST SIDE (ALPHABET CITY)

The cab pulls over on East 2nd Street, just off Avenue B. Emily rolls down the back window.

HER POV/ANGLE ON THE BUILDING

There's a junkie lying across the stoop. A walk-down bodega peddles lotto tickets and drug paraphernalia while squads of troubled youth patrol the sidewalk. The same building David was watching. The address is 401.

INT. CAB

The DRIVER is young and tough and nervous.

EMILY

Will you wait for me?

DRIVER

Can you say fat chance?

EMILY

(handing him two twenties)

Fat chance.

Emily steps out of the cab, over the junkie, and disappears into the building. The cab doesn't move.

INT. BUILDING

The air is charged with noise. Loud music. Loud daytime TV. Loud fights. The cacophony of poverty.

ANGLE ON EMILY

She reaches the second floor. The peephole in 2A goes dark as she walks by. The next apartment has something festive strung around the door, like bright yellow ribbon. Police evidence tape. She uses the key to slit the tape along the door-jamb. Then she sticks it in the Medeco lock.

INT. APARTMENT 2B

A bare-walled studio. The contents have been tossed and left where they landed. A mattress, stained sheets, some skin mags and a clock radio. The tumblers in the Medeco thud into alignment. The door swings open, exhaling the last stale breath of Ronald Diggs' life into Emily's face.

EXT. DAY

Emily runs out of the building, nearly tripping over the junkie. She regains her balance, looking around wildly. Fat chance. The cab is gone. She starts down the sidewalk, a well-heeled gazelle hurrying through a pack of human hyenas. Catcalls ring out. A troubled youth falls in step, whispering wet evil in her ear.

EMILY'S POV--MOVING

The corner and uptown traffic is still half a block off. One of the boys is in front of her now, back-pedalling, letting his tongue do the talking.

OUT OF THE CORNER OF HER EYE

Something yellow whooshes up to the curb.

DRIVER

Where to, Beirut?

She jerks the cab door open and jumps in.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY--MANHATTAN

Dusk is settling over Central Park. The penthouse sits on the skyline, lit-up like a bejeweled treehouse.

INT. PENTHOUSE STUDY

Tony is at his desk, face lit by the glow of the Quotrec screen.

OVER HIS SHOULDER

Emily appears in the doorway. She watches him like he was brand new to the world, a creature never before seen by human eyes.

EMILY

Tony.

TONY

(not turning)

Yes?

EMILY

Please look at me.

She sounds oddly brittle. He turns.

EMILY

The key to the dead man's apartment...

She trails off, fighting the roar of confusion in her head.

TONY
(rising from his chair)
What are you talking about?

EMILY
It was on my key chain.

Tony blinks, brain lurching to warp speed. She crosses to him like a sleepwalker, her voice a halting recitation from a bad dream.

EMILY
Someone switched his key with mine...
after I killed him...and there's only one
person in the world who could have done
that...

TONY
Me.

EMILY
Why?

TONY
To protect you.

EMILY
From what?

TONY
(cold)
Your lover...unless someone else sent
those pictures.

EMILY
(uncomprehending beat)
Pictures?

TONY
Don't worry. They're incredibly romantic.
Amazing how you can tell when two people
are in love...

Tony unlocks a drawer and retrieves the now-opened envelope. He tosses it on the desk.

TONY
Even from across the street.

Emily unfolds the letter inside.

SMASH CUT/HER POV

The leering "AIN'T LOVE GRAND?" jumps at her face. The photos spill into her hands.

EMILY

My god...

TWO SHOT

TONY

He called me at the office. Bragged about how hard you had fallen for him. I've already shelled out a hundred thousand but he wants a hell of a lot more.

EMILY

(horrified)

For what?

TONY

For breaking off your relationship.

EMILY

(sheer disbelief)

David would never...

TONY

Did he mention Mexico yet?

The question hits Emily like a sledgehammer.

TONY

Cancun to be precise.

Her jaw drops. Tony reaches into the same drawer and pulls out several pages of stapled photocopies. He hands them to Emily.

TONY

That's where he took the others.

INSERT OF DAVID'S MUG SHOT AND RAP SHEET

There's our boy. Younger and meaner but still our boy.

TONY

It seems to have an aphrodisiac effect on lonely women of means.

ANGLE ON EMILY

Ashen, eyes glued to the mug shot.

TONY

(pained)

I have no idea where we go from here...
or if "we" is even an option.

He turns away, as if unable to bear the sight of David's face.

TONY

But I do know I've done everything I can
to protect you from the career criminal
you've seen fit to crawl in bed with.

EMILY

(reeling)

Why didn't you tell me?

TONY

I was sure you were in love with him.

EMILY

(leaping to the wrong conclusion)

Is...is that why you're in trouble?

TONY

(wary beat)

Trouble?

EMILY

The banks...the margin calls...

TONY

(amazed)

How did you...

He trails off, seeing her mistake and seizing the opening in one
smooth cognitive shift.

TONY

It certainly hasn't helped.

EMILY

But it's true isn't it?

TONY

Yes. I was wrong about the yen. Dead
fucking wrong. But I can always make more
money. Always have. That's half the fun.
There's a goddamn sea of the stuff out
there...

He stares at her for a long time.

TONY

But there's only one of you.

EMILY

(searching his face, wanting to
believe every word)

Why did you switch the key?

TONY

David had threatened violence from the beginning. When I saw that body in the kitchen I was certain it was his. I could see the door wasn't forced so I assumed he had taken your key somehow.

EMILY

When? I came home with it that night.

TONY

Did you?

EMILY

I'm sure I did.

TONY

You're sure you used your key to open the front door that night?

~~She blinks~~ (she blinks)

Because if memory serves the door was in fact open and I was making a drink. I watched you walk in.

EMILY

(remembering)

Maybe.

TONY

That means David could have taken it any-time before that. Even the day before...

(letting the logic sink in)

Were you with him the day before?

EMILY

(eyes shut, suddenly ashamed)

Yes...

TONY

So I checked what I thought were David's pockets. I found what looked like your key. I checked your key chain. Your key wasn't there so I reacted...

TONY cont.

I broke the lock with a screwdriver and
put it in his jacket...

(shrug, end of story)

After that I put what I thought was your
key back on your chain.

Emily absorbs the explanation like a blow, bending forward at the
waist, hands pressed to her forehead as if she might faint.

EMILY

Tony...

(deep breath, dizzy with remorse)

Can you ever forgive me for what I was
thinking?

His arms envelope her like a child, crushing her into his chest.

TONY

I already have.

EMILY

We...we have to tell the police.

TONY

Tell them what exactly?

EMILY

Everything.

TONY

Little late for brutal honesty, don't you
think?

EMILY

Late?

TONY

(holding her at arm's length)

I should have gone to the police in the
first place but I didn't. I've paid off a
blackmailer. I've tampered with evidence
in a homicide. I'm in over my head and so
are you.

EMILY

What do you mean?

TONY

Think it through. David could say any
crazy thing. That I paid him to have you
killed. Or that he was blackmailing us...

TONY cont.

(ironic pause)

As in the seemingly happily married wealthy couple. In which case, it would appear that we let the poor bastard in to kill him thinking it was David. At this point it all depends on how he wants to play it.

She turns away, staggered by their predicament.

EMILY

But that man...

TONY

What man?

EMILY

The man I killed.

TONY

(dismissive)

You think he had something to do with David?

EMILY

He must..

TONY

That's ridiculous...do you realize how many burglaries there are in this city every single day?

EMILY

What do we do now?

TONY

First, we disentangle ourselves from your painter. Then, when we're good and ready, we bring in the police.

TONY'S POV

Emily's ring finger is still bare.

TONY

Think carefully. Did you leave anything at David's that could be linked to either of us?

EMILY

Like what?

TONY

Anything.

EMILY

Not that I...

(left hand shooting up)

My ring...

TONY

I thought it was being repaired.

EMILY

That was a lie. I left it...

TONY

By the bed?

EMILY

(head hung)

Yes.

TONY

Anything else?

EMILY

(mortified)

Isn't that enough? The idea of them finding it down there...

TONY

They won't. I'll get it back tonight.

EMILY

Tonight?

TONY

(nodding)

Along with anything else that can help us, in or out of court.

EMILY

How?

TONY

I assume you still have a key to David's loft.

EMILY

What about David?

TONY

He won't be there.

(checking his watch)

He expects me to meet him in Newark at nine...

(sad smile)

Another payment.

(taking her in his arms)

Will you be here when I get back?

EMILY

(looking him in the eye)

I'm just not ready.

TONY

No...

(releasing her)

I can see that.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT--LOWER MANHATTAN

The ragged edge of Tribeca. The black swath of the Hudson flows by at the end of the street. There's a man standing in a darkened doorway, looking up, across the street.

MAN'S POV

It's David's building.

REVERSE ANGLE

The man checks both ways then crosses the street.

INT. NIGHT--STAIRWELL OF DAVID'S BUILDING

Tony is taking the stairs two at a time. The century-old iron and wood is rock solid, it accepts his weight with nary a creak.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR TO DAVID'S LOFT

A gloved hand comes into frame, a key held between thumb and forefinger. The key penetrates the blackness of the lock and just keeps going. There is no lock, just a hole where it used to be. Tony steps back, processing, ready for anything. There's a slender object in his right hand, maybe a foot long.

INT. LOFT

Moonlight cascades through the skylight and pours across empty floor. The door swings open. Tony steps in. He stands stock still for several seconds, head cocked, then reaches for the string hanging from the bare bulb. The light is stark and powerful.

TONY'S POV

The place has been swept clean. No bed, no kitchen, no sign of human habitation. Just the phone sitting forlornly on the floor. Then something flits across the edge of his vision. A pinprick of white-hot brilliance. He turns. Emily's wedding ring is tied to the end of the string, swinging gently, diamonds flashing.

ANGLE ON TONY

He has to smile. Then his right hand flashes up, cutting the string like air. The ring drops into his left hand.

ANGLE ON THE CARVING KNIFE

It's the one with Emily's prints.

ANGLE ON TONY

He starts for the door. The phone rings. He stops, staring at it. It keeps ringing. He walks over and picks up.

WOMAN (on phone)

Hello?

(nothing)

Mr. Donald Martin, please.

(still nothing)

Is Mr. Martin there?

TONY

Speaking.

WOMAN (on phone)

Good evening Mr. Martin, this is Amtrak...

CUT TO:

INT. DAY--TONY'S OFFICE

He's behind the desk, hands pyramided in front of his face. He's dressed casually for work, in slacks and a sweater.

TONY'S POV/ANGLE ON THE DESK CLOCKS

It's tomorrow in Tokyo, evening in London, and eleven AM in New York. The intercom beeps.

RECEPTIONIST

(on intercom)

David Shaw.

TONY
(punching a line)
Morning.

DAVID
(on phone)
Washington Square Park. Be under the arch
in 20 minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY--WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

Street musicians play to oblivious class-bound NYU students. Loose joint salesmen hawk their wares without moving their lips. The endless chess games in the southwest corner already have kibitzers three-deep. Panhandlers flutter around the edges like little fish on a coral reef. Just another morning in the Village's polyglot park.

ANGLE ON THE ARCH

Tony is standing at the mouth of Fifth Avenue, in the shadow of the arch. He's wearing a wool jacket with a rakish tweed cap and sunglasses. Not a disguise by any means but enough to prevent recognition by casual glance. He's carrying a black leather gym bag big enough to hold a tennis racquet and change of clothes. He scans the park one more time then checks his watch.

ANOTHER ANGLE

David is behind him, ten feet back. He's smirking.

DAVID
We gotta stop meeting like this.

Tony turns around smoothly, incapable of surprise. We can't see his eyes but his face is set different. Something ice cold is waiting behind those shades.

DAVID
(off Tony's expression)
Get up on the wrong side of the bed?

Tony doesn't move. David walks over.

DAVID
Let's take a walk.

TONY
Why?

DAVID

Because I said.

TONY

(tiny smile)

Lead on.

They stroll through the center of the park, looking more like professor and student than partners in crime. Guitar music wafts by. A frisbee sails over their heads.

DAVID

Give.

Tony hands him the bag without breaking stride. David grunts. Tony's strength made it appear almost weightless. David adjusts his grip, unzips the bag and glances in.

ANGLE ON THE CONTENTS

White tennis togs sit on a neatly folded towel. David shoves the stuff aside. The bottom of the bag is six-inches deep with packets of hundred-dollar bills.

DAVID

Don't think I won't count it, first chance I get.

TONY

Naturally.

David holds up a micro cassette. The kind used in answering machines.

DAVID

Think of this as a commemorative copy.
(he flips it to Tony like a coin)
Nice knowing you.

WIDER

David saunters off. After twenty paces he swivels around. Tony hasn't moved. He eyes David impassively, like a tall, nattily attired robot.

ANGLE ON DAVID

He throws the bag over his shoulder and cuts through a cluster of yacky students. Ten paces later he glances back again.

DAVID'S POV

The spot where Tony was standing is just thin air.

SMASH CUTS

As David cranes his neck in all directions. The chess players. Musicians. Tourists. Hotdog vendors. A pair of beat cops frisking a dope dealer. But no Tony.

ANGLE ON DAVID

He continues on his way, cock-sure composure slightly dented.

EXT. DAY--LOWER MANHATTAN

David reaches Broadway and hangs a left. He reaches the 14th Street subway entrance. He glances over his shoulder before hurrying down the steps.

INT. DAY--14TH STREET SUBWAY STATION

David descends to the downtown express. It's packed. He shoves his way to the edge of the platform and peers uptown into the tunnel. No train in sight. He looks around, paranoia brushing his spine. He rolls up on the balls of his feet for a better view but it's no good. Faces and bodies have reduced visibility to arm's length. Sweat breaks across his face like fresh dew.

ANGLE ON THE TRACKS

A discarded newspaper unfolds and takes flight on a gust of wind. The express thunders into the station. The crowd surges close to the moving steel. The doors slide open. Riders force their way off like salmon pushing upstream.

INT. SUBWAY CAR--ANGLE ON DAVID

He shoulders his way in. All the seats are taken. He moves to the center and grabs a pole. Other passengers flood in around him, hardening like cement until he's literally held upright by the crush of their bodies. The doors shut. The car lurches forward.

ANGLE ON THE TRAIN

As it clears the platform, zooming into darkness.

INT. SUBWAY CAR--DAVID'S POV

A thicket of arms and faces. They pick up speed. The noise builds to teeth-jarring level. The train hurtles over a piece of bad track. There's a long beat of screeching darkness then back to

the hard fluorescent light. Then a commotion at the far end. Like someone pushed their way on from the following car.

ANGLE ON DAVID

He turns toward the rear of the train, like he heard it too. But it's human gridlock. He stares at his feet, taking deep breaths, forcing himself to relax. The train crosses another dead spot. The car is submerged in ear-ringing blackness. Five seconds later the lights come back on. A fat bead of sweat rolls down to the tip of his nose and hangs there. He wipes it away, still staring at the floor. The lights blink out again. He swivels his head, attempting a 360 scan, senses strummed by something unseen.

DAVID'S POV

Impenetrable flesh jungle. The lights flicker, creating a ghastly montage of blank New York faces. The lights come on full. He strains to read an airline ad through all the arms. A thong-clad woman is lying on a blinding white sand beach.

REVERSE ANGLE

David smiles, hugging the bag of money to his chest.

INT. DAY--BROOKLYN BRIDGE IRT STOP

The express roars into the station. The doors open. Riders pile off. There's David. But he doesn't head for the stairs. He turns to face the train, scanning up and down the platform. The doors close. The train speeds into darkness. No sooner has it cleared the station than the uptown express blasts in from the opposite direction. David sprints for the stairs.

ANGLE ON THE UPTOWN PLATFORM

The express grinds to a stop. Passengers get off. A few people get on. The Motorman leans out, checking both ways. Nobody. Ding. The doors starts to close. David flies down the stairs, hitting the platform at a dead run. He dives.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

David lands hard, bag held out in front of him. But his feet are still on the platform. The doors keep trying to close, gnawing at his knees. The train starts moving. People are screaming. He kicks himself clear. The doors thump shut. He jumps up, dusts himself off and bows to a scowling audience.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY--PENNSYLVANIA STATION

David enters the crowded main waiting room. He stops under the

departure board, reaches into his jacket and takes out an Amtrak ticket. He checks the ticket then looks up.

HIS POV/ANGLE ON THE TRAIN DEPARTURE TIMES

The Montrealer is on schedule, leaving for Canada in 20 minutes.

ANGLE ON THE MONTREALER

The sleek silver cars are being swarmed by passengers and precious few porters. Piles of luggage are toted onboard. Other track announcements ricochet through the air. The timeless chaos of rail travel.

ANGLE ON DAVID

As he makes his way through the mess. He spots a harried PORTER and taps him hard on the shoulder.

PORTER
(turning, ready to be annoyed)
Can't you see...

David is holding up his ticket. A twenty dollar bill is folded around it. The Porter smiles, reaching for the gym bag.

DAVID
(handing him the ticket instead)
Just lead the way.

INT. TRAIN--FIRST CLASS SLEEPER COMPARTMENT

The kind with a private toilet, table for two at the window, and a wall couch that folds out into a bed. The door slides open.

PORTER
Here we are, sir.

DAVID
(stepping in, closing the door in his face)
Thanks.

He locks the door, steps over to the window and pulls the shades. Then he sits down on the couch, unzips the bag and tosses out the tennis clothes. He licks his thumb and starts counting the money. There's a knock at the door. David jumps up, nerves shot to hell, jerking the Glock from under his jacket.

DAVID
Who is it?

PORTER
(through door)
Porter.

David stuffs everything into the bag, clothes on top. He cracks the door, gun held behind his back.

DAVID
What?

PORTER
(through crack)
The dining car opens at seven and closes ten sharp.

DAVID
Great.

David locks the door and sags against it, wasted from anxiety. He draws the back of his hand across his forehead. It's sopped in sweat. He tosses the gun on the couch.

DAVID
Get a fucking grip.

He opens the door to the toilet.

DAVID'S POV

Tony's head and shoulders consume his entire field of view for a stationary beat, then explode around him.

TWO SHOT

As David staggers backward, held in a one-armed vise of a bear hug. Tony's other hand is buried in David's stomach.

CLOSER

Tony tightens his embrace until their eyes are inches apart, as if they might kiss, then steps back. David folds to the floor, landing on his side. The carving knife is stuck to the hilt in his guts.

ANGLE ON TONY

He picks up the Glock with a gloved hand and throws it into the overhead rack. Then he sits down on the couch to watch David bleed to death.

TONY

By the way, Mr. Martin...
(thin smile)
Or shall I call you Don?

David doesn't reply. He's too busy watching the pool of blood expand before his eyes like time-lapse photography.

TONY

Amtrak called to confirm your departure
time and compartment number...
(looking around)
So efficient. Hard to believe they keep
losing all that money.

DAVID

(white lipped, barely audible)
You...still...lose...

TONY

You'll have to speak up...
(leaning down)
You're dying.

David tries to reach into his jacket pocket. Tony gives the hand a murderous stomp. Bones and cartilage go off like Rice Krispies. David doesn't even yelp because he's already dead. Tony kneels, reaching into the pocket David's hand was going for. Nothing there...except a folded piece of pink paper.

ANGLE ON THE PAPER

As Tony unfolds a receipt from a messenger service.

SMASH CUT TO THE MESSENGER'S DESTINATION

United Nations.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY--BIKE MESSENGER'S POV--MOVING

Midtown. Gridlocked intersections are dissected at warp speed. Pedestrians leap aside, their curses sucked up by the symphony of horns.

ANGLE ON THE MESSENGER

He slaloms around a stalled truck and accelerates east. The monolith of the U.N rises at the far end of the city canyon.

EXT. DAY--34TH STREET

Tony's Benz is flying low. He clips a slow-moving car at Second, running the light.

EXT. DAY--UNITED NATIONS

The Messenger dismounts at the entrance to the Secretariat Building. He plucks a small package from his shoulder bag, not much bigger than a deck of cards, and walks the bike inside.

TONY'S POV--MOVING

The people in the crosswalk at First see him coming and scatter like rodents. He hangs a hard left, uptown.

INT. DAY--SECRETARIAT BUILDING (UN SECURITY STATION)

A bomb-sniffing german shepherd gives the little package a once-over. Then it's x-rayed. Then it's red-stamped "CLEARED" and dropped into a mail cart.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE PACKAGE

Wrapped in brown paper cut from a grocery sack and sealed with scotch tape. It's addressed to; Emily Bradford-Hayes/United States Delegation.

INT. DAY--SECRETARIAT (PUBLIC ENTRANCE)

Tony enters. He's facing two airport-style metal detectors flanked by UN guards. Foot traffic is heavy. Every man and woman in the place wears an ID badge. He strolls over to the GUARD manning the security desk. The man is late fifties with trim grey hair.

TONY

(cordially entitled)

I'm Tony Hayes. I'm here to see my wife, Emily. She's a translator assigned to the U.S. delegation.

GUARD

(turning to a computer screen)

Did she leave you a pass, Mr. Hayes?

TONY

I believe so.

GUARD

I don't see one...

(dialing her extension)

Was she expecting you?

TONY

Of course.

INT. DAY--SECURITY COUNCIL CHAMBER

The session has just broken. Emily is huddled with Ambassador Wills and a member of the Saudi Delegation. She's switching from hushed English to hushed Arabic with impassive precision.

INT. SECRETARIAT LOBBY

GUARD

(phone to his ear)

She doesn't seem to be in her office.

TONY

So?

GUARD

So I can't let you up until we find her.

TONY

You must be joking.

GUARD

No sir. Visitors can't go through without a pass unless escorted by an employee who can vouch for your identity and destination.

ANGLE ON THE MAIL CART--MOVING

As it negotiates hallways high in the Secretariat.

ANGLE ON EMILY

Walking from the Conference Building into the Secretariat lobby with a tide of people from the same session. She gets in the elevator, screened by the crowd. The doors shut.

REVERSE ANGLE

Tony has his wallet out. He's holding his driver's license up.

TONY

Look. This is me and you know damn well where I'm going.

GUARD

But I still can't let you through.

TONY
That is fucking absurd.

GUARD
(infinitely patient)
That is my job, sir.

TONY
Was. Where is your supervisor?

TONY'S POV

Roving the Secretariat lobby, over a chatty sea of technocrats and functionaries. A familiar face bobs to the surface.

ANGLE ON RAQUEL

ID badge pinned to her blouse, on her way out of the building.

TONY
(blocking her path)
Hola...
(kiss on the cheek)
The calvary arrives at last.

RAQUEL
(creeped out, forcing a smile)
Tony...what's going on?

He drapes a powerful arm around her shoulder, steering her over to the Guard as if she were weightless.

TONY
I was trying to see Emily, but marriage apparently doesn't cut it as a credential.

GUARD
(as relieved as Tony)
Do you know this gentleman, Ms. Martinez?

RAQUEL
I do.

MOVING

As Raquel escorts Tony through the metal detector to the elevators. She punches the up button.

RAQUEL
You know how to find her office, right?

TONY
(mock disappointment)
You're not coming?

RAQUEL
(backing away, tapping her watch)
I'm already late.

TONY
Good to see you.

RAQUEL
It was.

She walks around the corner of the elevator bank and breaks into a run toward the phones on the far side of the lobby.

ANGLE ON THE MAIL CART

It stops. A hand grabs the package and drops it on Emily's desk. Just one more thing amid the paper clutter.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Emily brushes past the cart, entering her office.

INT. ELEVATOR (GOING UP)

Tony is standing in the back of the car, eyes straight ahead. A dozen UN employees are crammed in with him. The air is a melange of languages. He looks down. He blinks.

TONY'S POV

His shoes are dappled with dime-sized droplets of blood.

ANGLE ON RAQUEL

Cursing quietly in Spanish, waiting for a phone to free up.

ANGLE ON EMILY

Sitting behind her desk wearing a headset plugged into a tape recorder. She's staring out the window, across the East River into space. Her expression is unreadable. She reaches out, hits the STOP button, then REWIND, then PLAY. She shuts her eyes hard, cocking her head, making sure she heard what she heard.

WIDER

Tony enters. He stops in his tracks.

TONY'S POV

Locking on Emily's headset.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE PACKAGE DAVID SENT

Sitting on top of some mail. It hasn't been opened.

ANGLE ON TONY

Smiling. There is a god. But wait...

TONY'S POV

Emily's hand brushes the package. Her fingertips explore the texture of the wrapping then snatch it up. She rolls the object around her palm, eyes still shut, lost in concentration. After a moment she drops the package and hits the STOP button. She opens her eyes. She's startled to see her husband.

TONY

Am I interrupting?

EMILY

Not really...

(removing the headset, popping out
a taped transcript)

Fast Armenian is impossible.

TONY

No doubt.

Tony crosses toward the desk. Emily walks over to the door and shuts it. She turns. Tony is blocking her view with his body. He seems to have something in his hand.

EMILY

What are you doing?

Tony turns, fist clenched, looking caught. Then he strides over, hand opening. It's her wedding ring. He slips it back on her finger, dead calm with the thrill of victory.

TONY

Taking you home.

ANGLE ON THE DESK

The package is gone. Tony helps her into her coat. They walk out the door. Four seconds later the phone rings.

INT. NIGHT--PENTHOUSE

Tony is standing under a blast of scalding water. He scrubs soap hard across his neck and chest, cleansing himself.

EXT. NIGHT

Emily is standing on the deck, bare arms braced against the freezing wind. She's racked by shivers. She goes back inside, sloshes some cognac into a glass and walks down the hall.

INT. STUDY

Emily crosses to Tony's desk. She opens drawers until she finds David's rap sheet. She forces herself to pick it up, to study the face of the man she fell in love with. She reads down the page, absorbing the dry summation of his outlaw life. Suddenly she stops, zooming in, reading something again. Then again and again, trying to make it stick.

INSERT OF DAVID'S RAP SHEET

INCARCERATED (3/12/88--2/20/93)
SOLEDAD STATE PENITENTIARY,
SOLEDAD CA.

ANGLE ON EMILY

Her eyes are different, instantly and irreversibly older. A single tear rolls down her new face. She goes to the window, breathing deep, looking over a city now and forever glistening with menace.

INT. BATHROOM

Tony steps out of the shower, throws on a robe and crosses to the mirror. He does a double-take. Emily is standing in the door.

EMILY

I just called downstairs. I'm having the
locks changed tomorrow.

TONY

Why?

EMILY

Still can't find my key...
(shrugging)
Better safe than sorry.

Tony blinks, running down the riddle. Only a supreme act of will keeps his head from turning in the direction of the stairwell.

EMILY

You alright?

TONY

(taking her hand)

Just exhausted.

EMILY

Me too. It's been a long day...

(pulling away)

Think I'll take a walk before bed.

TONY

This late?

EMILY

(over her shoulder)

Just around the block. I need some air.

Tony doesn't move until he hears the thud of the front door.

INT. STAIRWELL

The door flies open. Tony is still in his robe. He reaches behind the pipe. His hand moves up, then down. He smiles.

INT. PENTHOUSE

Tony comes back through the service entrance, locks it and crosses the kitchen. He hurries past the dark living room, staring at the key in the palm of his hand like it was the eighth wonder of the world.

EMILY

(disembodied, from darkness)

He must have put it back on his way in.

(emerging from the gloom)

You didn't plan on that.

Tony's brain runs full bore for ten seconds, jet-fueled with astonished adrenaline, then crashes to a resigned insouciance.

TONY

The devil is always in the details. And David was...unpredictable.

Emily's eyes burn through Tony's face and out the back of his skull with shattering clarity. Her voice is flat and precise.

EMILY

Too bad neither of you had the stomach for the hard part.

TONY
You mean the wet work?
(ironic grin)
Yes. What a shame.

EMILY
Maybe you'll share a cell.

TONY
Why?
(holding up the key)
Because of this?
(tossing it on the floor at her feet)
I can't imagine David ever seeing the
inside of prison again. As for me, I just
found the key you lost.

EMILY
You left it for him.

TONY
The man you killed?
(slow shake of the head)
Never knew the gentleman.

EMILY
David did.

TONY
Let me put it this way...
(stepping close, dead calm)
You can't prove anything, except how much
I love you.

Emily backs away, seeing the monster in all its glory. Then she pivots, grabbing her purse off the credenza. She reaches for the door. It's halfway open when Tony's arm shoots out, slamming it hard enough to shatter.

EMILY
Tony...please...just let me go.

TONY
Just let you go? That's fucking rich.

EMILY
(reaching for the door again)
I won't say anything...about the key...
about anything...I...

Tony grabs her arm and yanks her away from the door. She lands on her ass, stunned. The purse skids off across the marble.

TONY

You still don't get it. The only way you
walk out on me is dead.

He steps over to the bar. We hear ice dumped in crystal. She
reaches for her purse.

ANGLE ON TONY

His back to Emily, pouring a cocktail. The hammer-cock of the .38
is unmistakable. He takes his time turning, more curious than
worried.

ANGLE ON EMILY

Holding the gun with both hands, arms outstretched, shaking like
a leaf. The thing is aimed at Tony's face.

TONY

What the fuck is this?

EMILY

(utterly terrified)

I...am...leaving...

She edges toward the door, gun trained on Tony.

TONY

Fine...

(setting his drink down)

Have it your way.

He glides forward with feline certainty, power surging through
his shoulders, never believing she'll pull the trigger.

TONY

I will be less without you...

The muzzle-flash bounces off Tony's eyes. He's spun sideways,
hit high on the left shoulder. The .38 bucks out her hand,
clattering to the floor. Tony shakes his head, amazed, then
strides forward to finish the job. Emily drops to her knees,
grabbing for the gun. Her fingers close around the butt. Tony's
foot smashes into her hand. The gun skids across the floor. He
lifts her by the scruff of the neck until they're eyeball to
eyeball.

TONY

Just remember...

He blinks, almost betraying himself with a sob. Then his grip
tightens like a vise. She gags.

TONY

He never loved you...

Emily's hands shoot out, clawing his eyes. Tony roars, hurling her into the wall. She crashes to the floor in a broken heap. Tony staggers in a little circle, cursing softly, hands pressed to his face, covering his eyes. She got him good.

ANGLE ON EMILY

Bell rung, wobbling to her knees. The .38 is on the floor, maybe ten feet off, on the other side of Tony. She crawls toward it like a drunk.

ANGLE ON TONY

He takes his hands away. One eye is swollen shut, a trickle of blood channeling down that side of his nose. The other a slit. He swivels. She's behind him, fumbling with the pistol like it was greased. He lunges, half-blind, bloody robe flying. She gets off a single round. Tony hip-hops backward, hit in the chest. He forces himself forward, a man leaning into a blizzard. But his knees buckle like straw. He topples, cheek mashed against cold stone. His good eye recalibrates one last time, trying to process the surprise of his life.

TONY'S POV

The key is lying just beyond his nose.

ANGLE ON EMILY

She picks up the phone and dials.

EMILY

Detective Karaman please...

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE KEY

As it's covered by a tidal wave of blood.

FADE TO BLACK