

ALL GOOD THINGS

Written by

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SHOOTING DRAFT

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FADE IN:

DARK WATER.

TITLE: This story is inspired by events that took place between January 1971, and November 2003 in Texas, Los Angeles, and New York.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK. GALVESTON, TX. NIGHT.

A stretch of old WAREHOUSES and OFFICE BUILDINGS. It is quiet, deserted. A sign on one of the buildings reads GALVESTON RAIL AND FREIGHT.

A SILVER HONDA SUV approaches, then pulls off the road onto a dirt track, leading to an abandoned steel railway trestle stretching across an expanse of water. The car stops at the mouth of the trestle, then just sits there, idling. HOLD.

Voices from a COURTROOM:

LAWYER (V.O.)

For the record, tell the ladies and gentlemen of the jury your name.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)

David Marks.

LAWYER (V.O.)

And where were you born?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)

New York City.

LAWYER (V.O.)

Is your father still alive?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)

Yes sir.

LAWYER (V.O.)

Is your mother still alive?

INT. SILVER HONDA. THAT MOMENT.

A WOMAN in a floral blouse and permed blonde hair, sits behind the wheel with her back to us. The RADIO murmurs the day's closing stock prices.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)

No sir.

LAWYER (V.O.)
How old were you when your mother
died?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
Seven.

LAWYER (V.O.)
Were you present when she died?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
Yes sir.

LAWYER (V.O.)
And how did she die?

A beat. The woman straightens up, takes a breath...

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
She died a violent death.

CUT TO:

INT. GALVESTON COURTROOM. DAY. (PRESENT)

DAVID MARKS is on the stand. He's 60 here, with short grey hair, conservatively dressed. He looks tired, rubs his eyes. Questioning him is his lawyer, Texan defense attorney RICHARD PANATIERRE.

PANATIERRE / LAWYER (O.S.)
David, if you don't mind, I'm going to
ask you more about your past.

MR. MARKS
(distracted)
I'm sorry.

PANATIERRE (O.S.)
Your past?

HOLD ON DAVID. He hesitates.

CREDITS--

HOME MOVIES OF THE MARKS FAMILY IN THE 1950s. The footage centers on ELAINE MARKS, a beautiful woman in her 30s, and her eldest son David, 7 years old here: learning to ride a bike, to swim in the family pool, to play tennis. A birthday party with a TOM MIX COWBOY. From time to time we spot David's father, SANFORD, mid-40s, in the B.G., removed from the action.

The last images show Elaine on the patio, carrying a birthday cake and singing. Young David smiles, makes a wish... blows out candles.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. HARLEM STREET. DAY. (1971)

To establish.

TITLE: NEW YORK CITY, 1971

DAVID MARKS, 28 here, exits a corner deli, grocery bag in hand. He has long shaggy hair, could very easily be a jobless hippie except for the EXPENSIVE TUXEDO. He steps into a phone booth.

ANGLE, PHONE BOOTH -- David's tux pulls at his shoulders as he tries to manage the phone.

DAVID (INTO PHONE)
Yes, I'd like to make a collect call
please... David Marks.
(he waits, shuffles a
little)
Dad. David.
(beat)
Huh? How am I going to do that?
I've got on the tuxedo. I'm wearing
the tuxedo.
(sighs)
Can't we just call a plumber? Yeah.
Right. Why would we do that?

He hangs up. David crosses the street to the car, muttering to himself.

DAVID
That doesn't make any sense. Why
would we send a plumber to do a
plumber's job?

INT. VW BEETLE (PARKED). THAT MOMENT.

David gets in. He fishes a joint from an inside pocket of his tux and lights it. He leans back and exhales, filling the car with smoke. He looks in the rear view mirror.

DAVID
What are you lookin' at?

He coughs a bit, pats ash off his lap. Then he turns and we see IVAN, his Norwegian Elkhound, in the back seat.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING. LATER.

David climbs the narrow stairway of a New York City walk-up, knocks on one of the apartment doors.

CUT TO:

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT. THAT MOMENT.

The door opens to reveal David in his tux, head back, putting Visine in his eyes.

KATIE

Hi.

DAVID'S POV: A GIRL COMES INTO FOCUS. KATIE MCCARTHY, 19, fair skin, achingly beautiful.

DAVID

Oh... Hi.

(beat)

I've forgotten why I'm here.

INT. KITCHEN. LATER.

David is on the floor, struggling with a leaky pipe under the sink. Katie watches him, leaning against the counter. His pants inch up, revealing a pair of RED WOOL SOCKS. She smiles.

KATIE

I was going to make some coffee.

DAVID

Excuse me?

KATIE

Do you want coffee? I was going to make some.

David looks at her (a little too long).

DAVID

No, thank you.

Katie sits, not knowing what to do with herself.

KATIE
(re: his attire)
Am I keeping you from something?

DAVID
Yeah... but it's something I'm
dreading. Do you have some kind of...
I don't know, something I could put
under here?

KATIE
(crossing the room)
Yeah... Here.

She hands him a coffee pot which he wedges under the pipe.
He stands, wipes his hands on a dish cloth.

DAVID
So, how long ago did you move in?

KATIE
On Sunday.

DAVID
From where?

KATIE
Long Island. My mom's house.

An awkward pause.

KATIE
You done?

DAVID
I think I should stop. I mean, I'm
not a plumber as you might have
guessed. And I can't get a plumber in
here until Monday, so... I guess what
I've done is eh...

David removes a BOW-TIE from his pocket and fumbles with it.

KATIE
Do you want help with that?

DAVID
Sure.

Katie moves toward him, fastens his tie. They're close.

DAVID

Anyway, so I guess what I did was come out here to tell you that you have a leak, and that you should get it fixed.

(beat)

You smell good.

KATIE

You're going to be late.

DAVID

I'm always late.

She finishes fastening his tie, straightens his collar.

KATIE

There. Perfect.

BOB

Thank you.

KATIE

You could always blame me.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRACIE MANSION. LATER.

To establish: official residence of the Mayor of New York.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM. THAT MOMENT.

A black-tie event. Pre-dinner cocktails. Various groups, lots of chatter. People still arriving.

David and Katie are met by a DOORMAN who checks them off the list. Katie is wearing a simple sundress.

DAVID

(to doorman)

David Marks.

David spots his father, SANFORD MARKS, 50s here, talking to a couple across the room. He's a large man with hard features. Everything about him exudes power. He sees David with Katie. A flash of annoyance. David whispers to Katie as Sanford approaches.

DAVID

Just ignore him, and I apologize for anything he says between now and the time we leave.

SANFORD

(joining them)

Late. Always late. Anybody who didn't know you would think you were a busy man.

(turning to Katie)

I see you brought a friend.

David starts to introduce her, but can't remember her name.

KATIE

Katie.

DAVID

Katie.

SANFORD

Your full name, dear, always.

KATIE

Katherine... McCarthy.

SANFORD

Well, what a lovely young woman you are. You even manage to make my vagabond son look handsome.

KATIE

He is handsome.

Sanford escorts David away. Katie hurries to keep up.

SANFORD

David, I need you to meet the next Senator from New York...

(sotto)

And I didn't invite you here to help you get laid.

INT. VERANDA. MOMENTS LATER.

SANFORD

Ambassador Moynihan?

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN, mid-40s, red bow-tie, US ambassador to India, turns to see Sanford, who has dragged David with him on his rounds, Katie in tow.

MOYNIHAN
Sanford. Congratulations.

SANFORD
Thank you. Welcome back...
(to Moynihan's wife)
Liz, always more gracious.
Ambassador, you remember my eldest,
David.

MOYNIHAN
David, the heir apparent, of course.
How are you?

DAVID
Fine, thank you.

SANFORD
Oh, and this is...

KATIE
Katherine... McCarthy.

In that moment, David's younger brother DANIEL MARKS, 27,
joins the group, handing out drinks.

DANIEL
Ambassador...

MOYNIHAN
Thank you.

DANIEL
Here you go Dad.

SANFORD
Thanks Daniel.

David leans in to Daniel, whispers:

DAVID
Hey, shouldn't you be wearing white
gloves?

DANIEL
(aside)
Screw you, David.

Heads turn. The Moynihans share a look.

KATIE
(without missing a beat)
Is that Irish?

MOYNIHAN

Excuse me?

KATIE

Moynihan. Is that an Irish name?

Sanford looks at her. Moynihan smiles.

MOYNIHAN

Gaelic... originally Scottish Gaelic.
Although my family roots, as far I can
trace them, are from Belfast...

As Moynihan prattles on, Sanford watches David and Katie.

The SOUND of a glass being tapped to hush chatter.

MAYOR BEAME (V.O.)

...My friends, please welcome...

INT. DINING ROOM, GRACIE MANSION. LATER.

MAYOR BEAME stands to address a table of POWERFUL MEN and
their wives.

MAYOR BEAME

... a man who's old enough to
remember how 42nd Street used to be.
Sanford Marks.

APPLAUSE. Sanford stands.

SANFORD

Thank you Mr. Mayor.

(addressing the table)

My father had a vision for Times
Square and he passed it on to me.
Where there are peep shows and massage
parlors, I see Broadway theaters
restored to their former glory. Where
there are dilapidated hotels, I see
gleaming office towers bustling with
the important business of this City.
It is my hope I can help breathe life
back into this neighborhood that was
so dear to my father, a man who placed
great trust in me to carry on his
legacy.

(raises his glass)

To Howard Marks.

Applause.

ANGLE -- At the back of the room, the mayor's special assistant, SIDNEY GREENHAUS, 40s, watches...

ALL SOUND OUT.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)

So David, tell me about the family business. Has the Marks Organization always been a powerful entity in New York?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)

Yeah. We were always in the top five or six property owners in Manhattan.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)

Was it work that you were interested in?

As Sanford sits, his eyes search for David, only to find an EMPTY CHAIR.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)

No sir.

EXT. CARL SCHURZ PARK, 86TH AND EAST END. NIGHT.

David and Katie walk David's dog Ivan along a riverside path, smoking a joint.

KATIE

A health food store?

DAVID

Silly, right?

KATIE

No. I think that's great.

DAVID

Really?

KATIE

Yeah. Where?

DAVID

In Vermont.

KATIE

That's great.

DAVID

What do you do?

KATIE
I want to go to medical school, but
since my dad died...

She shrugs. They go on walking.

DAVID
It's funny how hard it is just to do
what you want.

KATIE
Yeah.

A beat.

DAVID
Well, I bet you could do anything --

CUT TO:

EXT. CARL SCHURZ PARK. LATER.

David sits on a bench in a tiny park, Ivan at his side,
watching Katie perform the title number from "Oklahoma"
standing on the bench opposite. They are both very stoned.
As she runs out of lyrics, and fills in with hums, they both
collapse laughing.

ALL SOUND OUT.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
Did your father approve of you living
with Katherine McCarthy?

David watches Katie, in love.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
Well, he didn't really have a problem
with that, but he wanted me to live in
New York... and to go into the family
business.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD GENERAL STORE, VERMONT. DAY. (MOS./SUPER 8)

SUPER 8MM FOOTAGE of David and Katie's life in Vermont: at a
run down general store at the edge of town. David's old VW
bug parked outside.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
What did you do instead?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)

Katie and I moved to Vermont. We lived a sort of a back to the land kind of lifestyle. We bought a small piece of land and we ran a health food store.

David, hammering, gripping nails clenched in teeth. He stands on the roof, putting up a new sign. He climbs down the ladder and steps back. Katie joins him... stops filming.

EXT. OLD GENERAL STORE. SAME.

They both look up at the sign: "ALL GOOD THINGS."

KATIE

Perfect.

EXT. ALL GOOD THINGS. NIGHT.

A clear night. Laughter is coming from inside the store.

INT. ALL GOOD THINGS. MOMENTS LATER.

Katie is up on the counter, her skirt hiked up, David between her legs. Both flushed. They laugh and kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENNIS COURT, SANFORD'S COUNTRY HOUSE. DAY.

Post-game. Katie follows Daniel up the lawn toward a large house. David and Sanford pick up balls on either side of the net.

SANFORD

She's certainly a very enthusiastic young woman. Where did you find her?

DAVID

53rd Street... She had a leaky faucet.

SANFORD

Ah, yes, the famous Leaky Faucet of 53rd Street. Aren't you sorry you gave up a promising career in real estate?

DAVID

No.

A beat.

SANFORD
You're ignoring a very hard fact of
life David.

DAVID
What's that?

SANFORD
That she'll never be one of us.

David smiles.

DAVID
I know. Isn't that great?

Hold on Sanford.

SANFORD
Don't forget your racket.

And with that, he leaves the court and heads up the path to
the house. David watches him go...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT.

David's VW Bug rushing down a rain-swept road.

INT. VW BEETLE (MOVING). NIGHT.

David at the wheel, Katie asleep against the passenger
window. David mumbles to himself as he drives.

Katie blinks awake, looks at him.

KATIE
David, you're talking to yourself.

He stops but says nothing. She curls up next to him. David
looks at her, then back to the road.

CUT TO:

INT. ANN MCCARTHY'S HOME, NEW HYDE PARK. NIGHT.

David and Katie sit with her boisterous Irish-American
family, all eating and talking over each other. Kids running
about. David is flanked by Katie and her brother JIM, 26.

At the head of the table is Katie's mother, ANN, mid-50s, bright face, big specs. MARY, Katie's sister, sits across from them.

ANN

David, I hope you brought an appetite.

David shifts in his seat, trying to follow the conversation over the chatter and the children.

MARY

The ham looks delicious, mom.

JIM

(mid-story)

You squeeze both at the same time and you get ketchup and mustard: I call it... "kepustard."

Laughter.

AUNT

Katie, your brother's gonna be a millionaire.

MARY

Pass the ham.

JIM

David, what does your family usually do for the holidays?

David just looks at him. An awkward beat. Katie places her hand on David's.

KATIE

We're going skiing.

JIM

Skiing?

KATIE

I'm going to teach David how to ski.

JIM

(off David's look)

I'd be scared too.

Laughter.

AUNT

(to Katie)

You look terrific.

KATIE

Thank you.

AUNT

Doesn't she look terrific?

UNCLE

She's a beautiful girl.

David and Katie steal a look at each other. David relaxes a bit, smiles.

INT. KITCHEN. LATER.

Ann rinses dishes. After dinner chatter in the next room.

INT. DINING ROOM. THAT MOMENT.

David and Katie have left the table. The McCarthy's are hushed in gossip. Ann clears the dishes.

JIM

The Marks family. Marks.

UNCLE

What?

JIM

Are you kidding? They own half Times Square.

ANN

Can we please not talk about this now?

UNCLE

Which half of Times Square? What are you talking about?

JIM

I'm just saying -

He rubs his fingers together to signify "money."

MARY

He's taking her to Paris. That's what she said.

AUNT

(to Uncle)

Hey. Whatever happened to my trip to Paris?

JIM
You'll be lucky if you get a trip to
Paris, New Jersey.

Laughter.

EXT. BACKYARD. THAT MOMENT.

A small yard with an old swing set. David smokes a joint discreetly. Katie comes out.

KATIE
Mom's making coffee.

He hides the joint behind his back.

KATIE
Why are you hiding?

He offers her the joint. She takes it.

KATIE
Is it awful?

DAVID
Is it awful? No it's not awful at
all. It's just different, that's all.
It's just very different.

Katie sits on the swing.

DAVID
Everybody talks to each other.
There's a ham with pineapples on it
with these - these little cherries in
the middle...

KATIE
I like those cherries.

DAVID
I like them too... It's just really
different.

David looks at her. A beat.

DAVID
Will you marry me?

Katie is speechless. Finally:

KATIE
What?

DAVID
Is that a yes?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH. DAY. (8 MM FOOTAGE)

8 MM FOOTAGE of David and Katie on their wedding day, kissing on the church steps, Katie wearing a BRIDAL VEIL. Sanford joins them. After a moment, he has had enough, waves the camera off.

INT. RESTAURANT, BEDFORD, NY. LATER.

A large restaurant, only a few tables occupied. David, Katie, Sanford and Ann sit in the middle of the room. This is their wedding dinner. The table has been cleared. Ann is upset, but does her best to hide it.

ANN
This was nice.

DAVID
Yeah.

KATIE
We just wanted to do it... to make it official.

Polite smiles. A lull. A WAITER brings the check to Sanford, who looks at it and does a quick calculation.

SANFORD
(to Ann)
That's \$39.50 each. That includes a generous tip.

Ann is confused. Katie looks at David, shocked, but David looks away. Suddenly realizing Sanford is expecting her to pay half, Ann rustles through her purse, mortified.

ANN
I'm sorry. I'm sleeping.

KATIE
Thanks mom.

Katie kisses Ann on the cheek.

ANN
You're welcome sweetheart.

DAVID
(to Ann)
Thank you.

ANN
You're welcome.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALL GOOD THINGS. DUSK.

David jogs along a country road.

TITLE: RUTLAND, VERMONT. 1972

He slows, seeing SANFORD'S CADILLAC pulled up outside the store.

INT. ALL GOOD THINGS. THAT MOMENT.

Katie sits at the top of a ladder, putting tins of syrup on a high shelf. Sanford hands them up to her.

SANFORD
... So the guy's not selling, and his kids are starving and he's sitting on the world's most valuable butcher shop. But my dad wouldn't give up. He used to say, there's always a way to convince a holdout, y'know? I came around. Sooner or later, everybody does.

David enters.

KATIE
Oh David. Look who's here.

SANFORD
Speak of the devil.

CUT TO:

INT. ALL GOOD THINGS. LATER.

Katie organizes shelves. Sanford stands with David on the porch outside.

EXT. PORCH, ALL GOOD THINGS. THAT MOMENT.

SANFORD

Your grandfather didn't come hat in hand to ask me to join the firm. It was understood. I understood it. Your brother understands it. And you do, too.

DAVID

We're happy here, okay?

SANFORD

I'm subsidizing that.

DAVID

Only until we get settled.

SANFORD

Settled?

(then:)

You think she's happy here?

A beat. David shrugs.

DAVID

Isn't she?

SANFORD

You think this dump was what she had in mind when she left Mineola? When she laid eyes on you?

David starts to answer but Sanford cuts him off.

SANFORD

No, she had more in mind. And she deserves better. She's a beautiful woman. Just like your mother.

Katie comes out. She takes his hand.

KATIE

Thanks for visiting.

SANFORD

Thank you honey. I'd better get back to work. How do you think my son can afford to live like this?

Sanford leaves and walks to his car.

David looks at Katie...

KATIE
What?

CUT TO:

EXT. ALL GOOD THINGS. DAY.

CU. A KEY LOCKS A DOOR.

Katie turns and hands the key to A REALTOR.

REALTOR
Do you have a place picked out in New York yet?

KATIE
No.

David stands nearby, staring out at the mountains, a cold wind blowing.

ALL SOUND OUT.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
... and, why did you sell it?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
I guess I thought it was what I should do.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MARKS ORGANIZATION. DAY. (MOS.)

A marble lobby. People coming and going, crossing to a bank of elevators. The sign behind the RECEPTIONIST tells us we're in THE MARKS ORGANIZATION.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
And I went along with my father's wishes and I agreed to go into the family business.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING SECURITY OFFICE. DAY.

David stands in front of a white pull-down photo screen, clean-shaven now, with short hair and wearing a dark suit and red tie. A CAMERA FLASH polarizes his blank expression.

INT. EXECUTIVE MEN'S ROOM. DAY.

Sanford, at the urinal, zips up.

SANFORD

Some of our Times Square tenants pay their rent in cash. So you'll pick it up in person.

(to Sachs)

Solly, give him the address of the Luxor.

David stands next to SOLLY SACHS, short, 50s, Sanford's consigliere. He helps Sanford with his jacket.

SANFORD (CONT'D)

When you get down there, you'll see why I'm sending you. These people aren't really "corporate." But these properties need to pay for themselves, that is until we tear them down. Ultimately, I think maybe you could manage the whole area.

Sanford approaches David, smiles.

SANFORD

Well, it's good to have you here son.

An awkward beat, followed by an equally awkward hug.

SANFORD

You keep Solly in the loop.

Sanford and Sachs leave. David stares at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, his corporate ID tag dangling from his lapel.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE. NIGHT. (1975)

VARIOUS SHOTS OF TIMES SQUARE. Theater marquees. Flashing lights.

INT./EXT. CAB. THAT MOMENT.

David looks out at sidewalks choked with bums, junkies, hustlers and pimps in the glow of lighted storefronts.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)

Explain to the Jury, please, what the family business consisted of?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
My grandfather owned land in Midtown
which was once upon a time a farm.

EXT. LUXOR BATHS HOTEL, TIMES SQUARE. NIGHT.

David exits the cab and looks up to see a once-grand Times Square hotel, reduced to an SRO flophouse.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
And as the area developed, we built
apartment buildings, then office
buildings and whatever was appropriate
for the time.

SIGN READS: LUXOR BATHS.

David checks the address against an index card.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER. THAT MOMENT.

Sidney Greenhaus, the Mayor's special assistant, sits next to a UNIFORMED POLICE SERGEANT. HE WATCHES DAVID.

INT. OFFICE, THE LUXOR HOTEL. LATER.

A small office, dirty and depressing.

A hard looking MAN with acne scars sits behind his desk, watching David quickly jot figures into a GREEN LEDGER BOOK. Behind him, an OLD WOMAN in black pulls BUNDLES OF CASH from a free-standing safe.

WOMAN
(handing the cash to
David)
Here.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
What did you do for the Marks
Organization?

David closes the ledger book and loads the bundles into his briefcase.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
Some leasing, but mostly bookkeeping-
type things.

CUT TO:

POV FROM A CAR: David hurries out of The Luxor.

GREENHAUS (V.O.)
I followed the kid all night...

EXT. THE LUXOR HOTEL. THAT MOMENT.

As David pushes along the crowded sidewalk, an emaciated JUNKIE GIRL harasses him for money. David crosses the street away from her.

GREENHAUS (V.O.)
Peep shows, massage parlors, porn theaters. All people see are the fancy office towers, but Marks owns some of the worst buildings in Times Square...

INT. THE MAYOR'S OFFICE, GRACIE MANSION. NIGHT.

Mayor Beame pulls on a tuxedo jacket in front of a mirror, dusts the lint off his shoulders. Sidney Greenhaus stands behind him.

GREENHAUS
He's the problem.

MAYOR BEAME
What do you want from me?

GREENHAUS
We need to take the offensive, Mr. Mayor. Let me use the police.

MAYOR BEAME
Relax, Sidney. We'll get what we want. Remember, we're just the custodians. This guy owns the place.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE, 37 RIVERSIDE DRIVE. NIGHT.

A penthouse with stunning views of the city. It is being renovated: drop cloths, ladders, fixtures hanging off the walls etc. Laughter from behind the door, then David comes in carrying Katie over his shoulder.

DAVID
Close your eyes.

KATIE
My eyes are closed.

DAVID
Keep them closed...

David puts Katie up on a painter's work table.

DAVID
If I'm going to be captain of
industry, we might as well enjoy the
perks.
(then)
You're looking.

KATIE
No, I'm not.

DAVID
All right. All right.

David climbs a ladder across from Katie, looks at her just standing there, excited, eyes firmly shut.

DAVID
Five... four... three... two... one.
Open them.

Katie opens her eyes, takes a moment to absorb everything, the dazzling views.

KATIE
Oh... Look at this. Oh my God.

David steps down from the ladder.

DAVID
Do you like it up there? You want to
come down?

KATIE
(smiles/playful)
I want to come down.

David lifts her off the table.

CUT TO:

SAME, LATER.

CLOSE UPS/DAVID'S AND KATIE'S LIPS, glued together, pulling off their clothes, kissing, biting, sweating... eyes locked, making love on a mover's blanket.

INT. PENTHOUSE. DAWN.

Dawn light outlines the room. Katie is asleep, alone. She wakes, feels around for David, who's not there. She sits up.

EXT. PENTHOUSE TERRACE. CONTINUOUS.

The sun rising over New York. David sits outside the door, naked, wrapped in a blanket, rolling a joint. Katie comes out.

KATIE

Hi.

She sits with him. They share the blanket.

KATIE

It's going to be so beautiful here.

They kiss. Stare at each other.

KATIE

Do you ever think about having kids?

David doesn't respond. Katie nuzzles up to him.

KATIE

Come on, don't you want a little David running around the house? Pulling at your toes in the morning... smushing food in your hair?

Again, David says nothing.

KATIE

Are you saying no?

DAVID

Can't we just talk more about the apartment? Is this going to be a living room, or a dining room...?

He lights the joint.

KATIE

Are you saying not now? About kids... or not ever?

DAVID

(it takes a moment)
Not ever.

HOLD ON KATIE, something slowly dawning on her.

KATIE
David? Is there something wrong with
you?

David takes a last pull on his joint.

DAVID
Yeah... there is something wrong with
me.

He goes inside. She's frozen in place.

INT. PENTHOUSE. LATER.

Katie walks down the hall, hears David muttering behind the
bathroom door. She listens for a moment.

KATIE
David?

DAVID (O.S.)
(pulling himself together)
Yeah?

KATIE
Are you okay?

Nothing. She waits.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
Did you ever have any kind of
psychiatric treatment?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
Yeah... after my mother died, I was
sent to psychiatrists... A lot of them
actually.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB. MANHATTAN. NIGHT.

Jammed with PEOPLE dancing. David and Katie come in, work
their way through the crowd.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
I didn't find them very helpful.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
Was there anyone in your life with
whom you did talk openly about your
past?

PUSH IN ON DEBORAH LEHRMAN, mid-20s, round moon-like face and Cleopatra hairdo. She is chatting away in a PRIVATE BOOTH, holding court with TODD and LAUREN FLECK, a glamorous couple in matching tweed suits. She bounces up in mid-sentence seeing David:

DEBORAH
David, you cocksucker! Get over here
and give me a hug.

They hug affectionately.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
Deborah Lehrman... she was my best
friend.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB. LATER.

The DEEJAY puts on a new record. People react.

ANGLE -- David stands at the bar with Todd.

TODD
(to Bartender)
Two tequilas.

David looks across the dance floor to see Deborah and Katie talking in the booth. Katie gives him a little wave.

DAVID
I swear to God, I had no idea people
like her even existed.

TODD
Yeah?

DAVID
She's perfect.

TODD
Oh yeah? What do you mean by perfect?

David thinks.

DAVID
I mean there's nothing that I do that
she doesn't like.

TODD
She doesn't know you long enough...

ANGLE -- KATIE AND DEBORAH IN THE BOOTH. Deborah looks bored.

KATIE

It must be so exciting having a book published. You know I was thinking of taking some classes. Maybe premed.

DEBORAH

How's David doing working for his dad?

KATIE

Oh, I don't know. He doesn't say. Or he just says "okay."

DEBORAH

Well, that's him... Like when he lost his mother.

KATIE

When did she pass away?

DEBORAH

Pass away?

(almost laughs)

She jumped off the roof, cracked her skull open like a walnut on the driveway. David saw the whole thing. He hid under a table for a week. When he came out, it was like he never had one.

Katie's confused.

KATIE

One... what?

DEBORAH

A mother. And that was that.

Deborah spots someone in the crowd and gets up.

DEBORAH

Excuse me... Katie.

Katie just sits there, bewildered, absorbing the news. A belly-dancing Santa takes her Polaroid. Kathie winces from the flash.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN. 4AM.

To establish. Rooftops in Chinatown.

INT. NAM WAH TEA PARLOR, CHINATOWN. THAT MOMENT.

It's busy. An odd mix of strung-out party-goers and Chinese construction workers. David and Deborah sit alone at a table in the back.

DEBORAH
She's very sweet.

DAVID
Unbelievable.

DEBORAH
What?

DAVID
You're the only person I know who can say 'sweet' like you're cursing.

DEBORAH
I didn't. Sweet is a great thing. I wish I was sweet.

DAVID
I wish you were sweet too. What did you say to her?

DEBORAH
Nothing. I didn't say anything to her. We just met.

DAVID
Nothing?

She shrugs innocently.

DEBORAH
Anyway, I've missed you.

He kicks her under the table.

DEBORAH
Quit it! I'm being sweet. I missed you.

DAVID
I missed you too.

Deborah thinks.

DEBORAH
You surprised me a little. You're
married to a nice blonde shiksa.

DAVID
Well I wouldn't...

DEBORAH
You're working for your dad, David
Which you said you'd never do. When's
the baby shower?

DAVID
Come on. You know... It's still me.

DEBORAH
Does that girl know how fucked up you
are?
(then:)
We're gonna straighten you out David.
I know a great therapist, and you're
going to love her because... she does
house calls.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY, SANFORD'S COUNTRY HOUSE. MORNING.

CU. DAVID, dressed in white, lets out a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM.

He runs out of breath, straightens up, and a SCREAM
THERAPIST, a woman with cropped white hair, COMES INTO FRAME.

THERAPIST
Try to focus on your breathing. It's
not so much the memory, but the
feeling, the feeling the memory
evokes.

David nods, gearing himself up for another scream.

DAVID
Again.

EXT. POOL AREA. THAT MOMENT.

Daniel sits on a lounge chair, reading, relaxing. The peace
is shattered by a SCREAM.

EXT. SANFORD COUNTRY HOUSE. THAT MOMENT.

Wide of the house. Sounds of distant lawn-mowers. Another SCREAM from inside the house.

INT. GUEST ROOM. THAT MOMENT.

Katie ties her bikini top and tries to light a cigarette, but the lighter is out.

KATIE

Shit.

She looks through David's jacket. Nothing. She sees DAVID'S BRIEFCASE on the bed, thinks for a moment, then opens it.

INSERT/INSIDE: BUNDLES OF CASH, along with the GREEN LEDGER BOOK.

KATIE

Jesus.

She opens the ledger book: handwritten entries with figures next to them: "LUXOR BATHS... AVON THEATER... HOTEL 123."

Katie puts the briefcase back the way she found it, thinks for a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE, MARKS ORGANIZATION. DAY.

David stands at his desk in front of the open briefcase. He stares out at the Manhattan skyline behind him.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)

How did you and Katie feel about your new life in the city?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)

Well, New York City commercial real estate is very button down and white shoe, and I really wasn't set up for that.

INT. PENTHOUSE. DAY.

The apartment is fully furnished now. Katie organizes the bookshelves.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
Katie seemed to like the city. She
had fixed up the apartment. And
eventually we even bought a cottage on
a lake outside of New York.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE. DAY.

Cars clutter the road in front of David and Katie's new lake cottage. Loud music coming from inside. An old Monte Carlo pulls up.

TITLE: LAKE TRUESDALE, WESTCHESTER COUNTY. 1976

Jim, 31 now, and his fiancé SHARON, 28, step out of the Monte Carlo. She's wearing a large white hat.

SHARON
Am I overdressed?

JIM
You look beautiful.

They cross the lawn to a beautiful cottage on the lake.

JIM
(giddy)
Wow. This place must have cost a
pretty penny.

SHARON
Do you think all these people drove up
from the City?

INT. LAKE COTTAGE. THAT MOMENT.

A housewarming party in full swing. Hipsters dancing and drinking and chatting.

Deborah Lehrman puts on a Barry White record and sings along.

David stands behind Katie, his arms around her waist, talking to a GUEST. Katie sees Jim and Sharon enter...

KATIE
My brother's here!

David tightens his grip.

KATIE
(pulling away)
Come on.

He lets her go, and Katie crosses to meet Jim. Big hugs and introductions.

KATIE
Hi.

JIM
Sorry we're late.

KATIE
Sharon?

SHARON
Hi.

KATIE
This is great. I'm so glad. Jim's
told me so much about you.

SHARON
What a beautiful home you have.

KATIE
Thank you.

They move off as neighbors BARRY DAVIS, mid-30s, and his pregnant wife SARAH enter, looking like they stepped out of another era. Sarah holds a large fruitcake. Barry looks around: pot smoking, dancing, loud music.

BARRY
Oh my God. Disco people.

Sarah ignores him/joins the party.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE. SOME TIME LATER.

Jim is drunk and has David cornered, both slouched on a sofa.

JIM
You know, I really think it's quite
unique. Of course, I'd love to pick
your brain about the business plan...

Deborah approaches.

DEBORAH
(ignoring Jim)
Let's go. Come on, get up. Up. Up.
Up. Dance with me...

Jim's left sitting alone. He looks around, not knowing what to do with himself.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE. LATER.

Katie and Sarah sit at the edge of the lake, away from the party.

SARAH
It's nice to finally meet the neighbors.

KATIE
Yeah.
(beat)
Can I touch your belly?

SARAH
Sure.

Katie places her hand on Sarah's pregnant belly. Smiles.

KATIE
It's moving.

SARAH
She's moving.

KATIE
How do you know?

SARAH
I don't know. I just do.

Sarah turns to see Barry, further up on the lawn. A HIPPIE GIRL helps him into a Yoga position.

SARAH
Before we walked over, Barry tried on every shirt he owns.
(laughs)
We don't get out much.

KATIE
Most of these people are David's friends. I don't even think he knows half of them.

SARAH
I thought they were your friends.

KATIE
(shrugs)
Some of them.

SARAH
I guess it's just the way people act
around you. They sort of... favor
you.

KATIE
(out of the blue)
Maybe that's because I'm pregnant.

SARAH
Are you?

KATIE
You're the first person I've told.

SARAH
That's wonderful! How far along are
you?

KATIE
I don't know. I just found out. I
don't know how it happened. It wasn't
planned.

Katie doesn't look entirely happy.

DAVID (V.O.)
That's not what I said!

INT. KITCHEN, LAKE COTTAGE. NIGHT.

Everyone has left. The place is a wreck.

KATIE
You said that you couldn't, that it
wasn't possible. You said there was
something wrong with you.

DAVID
I didn't say that.

KATIE
Yes you did.

DAVID
What's the difference?

KATIE

All the difference in the world.

DAVID

Look, we have an apartment in
Manhattan, a house in the country,
we've got a Mercedes...

KATIE

I don't care about all of that.

DAVID

You don't care?

KATIE

I care about you, David. I want to
have your child. David?

DAVID

Okay, if you don't care let's just go
back to Vermont?

KATIE

Fine. We'll go back to Vermont.
Fine. We'll do whatever you want to
do.

(quieter)

Please, David. It won't be like when
you grew up.

David looks at her, a darkness coming over him.

DAVID

What do you know about it?

KATIE

I'm not blind.

We don't know how David feels -- until he grabs a chair and
hurls it across the room! It brings down a shelf, SMASHES a
framed photograph, a lamp... and he storms out.

EXT. PORCH. MOMENTS LATER.

David sits on the porch. Katie joins him.

KATIE

David.

(takes his hand)

David, look at me.

He does.

KATIE

David -

DAVID

You make me out to be this person that you think that I am. But I'm not that person. You can ask me anything you want. Anything... anything and I'll do it. Just don't ask me this. I can't do this.

There's nothing left to say. Katie tears up, then turns away and starts crying.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, NEW YORK PENTHOUSE. MORNING.

IN THE MIRROR, Katie puts on earrings. Something has clearly changed in her. In the reflection, David puts on his coat.

DAVID

Are you ready?

Katie doesn't respond.

INT. TAXI (MOVING), MANHATTAN. DAY.

David and Katie stare out at passing city streets. David leans forward to talk to the driver.

DAVID

I've got to make a stop on the way.

Katie looks at him, confused.

EXT. THE LUXOR HOTEL. LATER.

Scores of POLICE CARS are pulled up outside the LUXOR HOTEL. UNIFORMED COPS haul out half-naked PROSTITUTES and JOHNS, ushering them into paddy-wagons. The OLD WOMAN and the MAN are led away in handcuffs.

INT. TAXI. THAT MOMENT.

Katie sits in the back, staring across the street. Police lights flash across the window.

KATIE
What are we doing here? What is this
place?

David sees Sidney Greenhaus talking with the Police Sergeant.

DAVID
I've got to make a call.

INT. PAYPHONE, TIMES SQUARE. MOMENTS LATER.

David shuffles about nervously.

DAVID (INTO PHONE)
I'm here. I'm at the Luxor. There
are cops everywhere.

INT. SANFORD'S OFFICE. THAT MOMENT.

Sanford at his desk on the phone. Solly Sachs sits on the
couch in the BG, talking quietly on the phone. INTERCUT WITH
THE ABOVE.

SANFORD (INTO PHONE)
Listen to me: go over to the Avon.
They may be next.

DAVID
No. No. No. You've got to find
someone else, okay? I've got to take
Katie somewhere.

SANFORD
What the hell are you talking about?

SOLLY SACHS
(covering the receiver)
Mayor's not available.

SANFORD
(reacting)
David. Get your ass over to the Avon
and pick up the cash.

Sanford slams down the receiver.

David looks at Katie, waiting in the cab.

EXT. TAXI. MOMENTS LATER.

David leans into the cab.

DAVID
You go ahead and I'll be right behind
you, okay.

Katie looks at him.

DAVID
I'll be there... You just go on
ahead.

He closes the door and the cab pulls away. ON KATIE,
expressionless.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM, OBSTETRICS PRACTICE. LATER.

Katie sits alone, her bag on her lap.

A RECEPTIONIST sits behind her desk on the phone, her voice
muted by the glass.

INT. LOBBY, THE AVON THEATER. LATER.

David paces in the lobby, briefcase in hand. He checks his
watch. A TICKET GIRL sits in her booth, reading, bored.
As an OLD MAN exits the theater, the curtain parts and we see
a porn movie playing on the screen.

BLURS OF SEX ON SCREEN.

INT. WAITING ROOM. THAT MOMENT.

Katie, restless, tries to hold it together. A YOUNG COUPLE
sit across from her, holding hands. The WOMAN is pregnant.

INTERCUT WITH DAVID, IN THE THEATER, waiting, restless.
He glances back toward the curtain: A FLASH OF SEX, hands
groping breasts. Fake groans of pleasure.

David needs to get out.

THEATER MANAGER (O.S.)
Mr. Marks.

The THEATER MANAGER holds out a thick envelope.

INT. WAITING ROOM. THAT MOMENT.

A NURSE enters --

NURSE
Mrs. Marks?

INT. LOBBY, THE AVON THEATER. THAT MOMENT.

David glares at the Theater Manager, offering up the envelope.

INT. WAITING ROOM. THAT MOMENT.

The nurse smiles...

NURSE
I'm sorry. We'll have to get started.

ALL SOUND OUT, just Katie's breathing. She shuts her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. ELAINE'S RESTAURANT. LATER.

The restaurant is crowded. David and Katie sit at a table in the back. They look numb.

TODD (O.S.)
David!? David!?

David looks up --

Todd and Lauren Fleck roll in wearing matching furs. Awkward hellos. Katie says nothing. Lauren picks up on the tension but Todd rambles on...

TODD
They can't seat us for an hour. Do you mind, David? Is that okay?
(to Waiter)
Can we pull a chair over here, please?
Is that okay?
(settling in)
So, I heard about all the excitement today. Your old man must have had you running all over town-

Katie abruptly leaves. David rises to follow, but Lauren grabs his arm.

LAUREN
Sit. I'll go.
(to Todd)
What is wrong with you?

Lauren follows Katie to the bathroom. Todd looks at David, "Did I say something?"

INT. BATHROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Katie splashes water on her face. Lauren comes in.

LAUREN
I'm sorry. That's just Todd. He's
completely unaware of anyone else
around him...
(chuckles)
Which just makes him an asshole.

Lauren opens the door to a stall.

LAUREN
Step into my office...
(Katie hesitates)
Come on. It'll cheer you up.

ANGLE -- INSIDE STALL

Katie follows her in. Lauren locks the door, takes a VIAL from her purse and taps out two lines of cocaine on the toilet tank using a credit card.

LAUREN
Have you done this before?

KATIE
No.

LAUREN
(rolling up a bank note)
Just snort it back fast. Like this...

Lauren demonstrates, then hands Katie the rolled-up note. Katie looks unsure.

LAUREN
Trust me: whatever's on your mind now,
it won't be.

Katie leans down and snorts a line.

INT. DANCE CLUB, MANHATTAN. NIGHT.

PUSH IN ON KATIE, wired, smoking, lights flashing on her face.

DAVID
Do you want something?

Katie shakes her head "no." HOLD.

FADE OUT.

EXT. TRAIN TRESTLE. NIGHT. (2000)

We are back at the bridge. The Honda SUV idling.

After a moment the driver's side door opens, and we hear the day's closing stock prices on the RADIO. Then the BLONDE WOMAN sticks a foot out on to the gravel rocks, and slips out of her high heels. She puts on a pair of tennis sneakers.

ANGLE -- THE HATCH OPENS revealing the contents of the trunk, filled with bulky BLACK GARBAGE BAGS.

EXT. TRAIN TRESTLE. MOMENTS LATER.

THE WOMAN drags one of the bags along the bridge.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE LAKE COTTAGE. DAY. (1978)

A bright fall day.

PANITIERRE (V.O.)
In the next few years, how did things
change?

A SAILBOAT drifts, rudderless, in the middle of the lake, its sail sagging in the wind.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
We began sort of living separate
lives. Katie lived at our lake house.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM. DAY.

Katie and classmate BONNIE FELDER, 25, pack up after class.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
She was going to college near there so
it made sense, I guess.

INT. DANIEL MARKS' OFFICE. DAY.

A large office on one of the higher floors. Daniel sits at his desk, signing checks fed to him by Solly Sachs.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
I was still working in the city, so...
well, that kept me busy.

REVERSE: David stands across from him waiting for the checks to be signed.

INT. WESTERN CONNECTICUT COLLEGE, CLASSROOM. DAY.

Katie and Bonnie pack up their things after class. STUDENTS file out in the background.

BONNIE
Did you even tell him you applied to
medical school?

KATIE
Not yet.

BONNIE
You have to tell him.

KATIE
I know, it's because of school, you
know? I'm here during the week, and
we only see each other on weekends...

BONNIE
Yeah, well... he's going to find out
anyway because you are going to get
in.

Katie smiles. They leave.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE. DAY.

David walks upstairs, sorting through mail. He stops on a letter. He sits at the dining table, tosses the other mail aside, studies the envelope.

INSERT: The return address: "ALBERT EINSTEIN COLLEGE OF
MEDICINE."

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, LAKE COTTAGE. LATER.

Katie comes home, drops her book bag at the door.

KATIE

David?

She sees THE OPEN LETTER on the table, picks it up, reads it. A broad smile crosses her face. She lets out a yelp.

THEN, hearing a noise outside, Katie moves to the window to see David heading down the back lawn to the lake, stripping to his underwear as he goes.

He dives in.

EXT. LAKE TRUESDALE. THAT MOMENT.

ON DAVID, swimming through the icy water. He comes to the wayward boat and hauls himself up, lies there for a moment, catching his breath.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE. THAT MOMENT.

Still holding the letter, Katie watches David paddle the sailboat back to shore.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE. MOMENTS LATER.

WE FOLLOW KATIE down from the house, a blanket in her hand. David has pulled the boat onto the lawn and is shaking a can of spray-paint.

ANGLE -- David spray paints their phone number sloppily across the boat's deck.

KATIE

What are you doing?

DAVID

It was drifting away. I didn't want anybody to steal it.

He sits down on the grass, shivering. Katie puts the blanket over his shoulders, holds him close...

KATIE

Oh, David.

INT. SHOWER, LAKE COTTAGE. LATER.

David takes a hot shower. Through the fogged glass door, we see Katie approaching. David turns to see her step inside. She reaches up and touches his face, his ears. He closes his eyes. She touches his eyelids. They kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE, MARKS ORGANIZATION. DAY.

David sits at his desk with nothing to do.

INT/EXT. LAKE COTTAGE. LATER.

LOOKING IN THROUGH GLASS DOORS we see Katie alone, studying, a glass of wine and a cigarette. Ivan is curled up beside her... She takes off her BLUE BANDANA and ties it around Ivan's neck as a makeshift collar.

INT. PENTHOUSE, 37 RIVERSIDE DRIVE. MOMENTS LATER.

The phone RINGS. AN ANSWERING MACHINE next to a framed photograph of David and Katie skiing PICKS UP:

KATIE'S VOICE

Hi, you've reached David and Katie.
Please leave a message.

INT. PENTHOUSE. NIGHT.

David arrives home from work, hangs his coat and throws his keys in a bowl.

KATIE'S VOICE

Hi. It's me. I don't know what time
it is. It's late.

INT. KITCHEN, PENTHOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

David makes himself a bowl of cereal.

KATIE'S VOICE

It's so quiet here, the smallest
sounds are keeping me up.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE. THAT MOMENT.

Katie looks outside. It has started to rain now.

KATIE'S VOICE

Anyway, I just wanted to say, I miss
you, and I wanted to hear your voice.

INT. KITCHEN. THAT MOMENT.

David chomps on a mouthful of cereal, listening to the
message.

KATIE'S VOICE

I hope you're still coming tomorrow.
It would mean a lot to me.

DISSOLVE TO:

A CLEAR BLUE SKY... GRADUATION CAPS GO FLYING...

EXT. WESTERN CONNECTICUT COLLEGE, SCHOOL OF NURSING. DAY.

The bleachers filled with proud parents and families all
standing, cheering and clapping. Among them are Katie's
family and friends. Jim, Ann etc.

PUSH IN ON DAVID, who remains seated, the only one not
clapping.

INT. ANN MCCARTHY'S HOME, LONG ISLAND. NIGHT.

Katie's graduation party. Guests mingle under a haze of
cigarette smoke. Katie sits on the couch between Jim and
Ann, all talking, drinking, and laughing. Katie is drunk.

KATIE

Say it. You didn't think I was smart
enough.

JIM

Are you kidding?

KATIE

Then what's that look?

JIM

I'm just, you know... my little
sister's gonna go to medical school.
Can you believe this?

ON DAVID, watching Katie from the adjacent room. He stands uncomfortably with a small group, then pushes his way through the room. Sharon stops him.

SHARON
Congratulations, David. You must be
so proud.

David pushes past...

ANGLE -- KATIE, JIM AND ANN.

ANN
Where is the campus?

KATIE
In the Bronx. It's in the city. And
it has one of the best pediatric
programs in the country.

ANN
Jim, you know, I always thought you'd
become the doctor.

JIM
Thank you, Ma, that's nice. I feel
much better about my life now -

KATIE
Mom!

Laughter.

ANN
I'm kidding. It was a joke. Come on,
I'm teasing.

David approaches, ready to leave.

DAVID
I can't find my jacket. Do you know
where you put it?

ANN
Oh. You're not leaving?

KATIE
No.

DAVID
Yeah, it's...

Taps his watch.

JIM
Sit down. David, come on, what are
you drinking?

DAVID
We have a long drive back to the city,
so... Katie.

Jim rises.

KATIE
I'm not going anywhere. Jim, Jim, sit
down.

DAVID
I'll go start the car.

KATIE
Do whatever you want. I'm not leaving
yet.

David looks around, embarrassed. He stares at her.

KATIE
What? What's so important that we
have to rush home for? What, David?
What?

DAVID
I'm going to start the car. I'm going
to go wait in the car.

EXT/INT. RED MERCEDES (PARKED). MOMENTS LATER.

David gets in and starts the car. He turns on the radio to
calm himself. SUDDENLY, he turns the car off, gets out...
heads back inside.

INT. ANN MCCARTHY'S HOME. CONTINUOUS.

WE FOLLOW DAVID back into the house and into the living room.

In an instant, HE GRABS KATIE BY HER HAIR, yanking her up off
the couch and marching her out of the room.

It's dead silent, everyone too stunned to react.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Katie throws clothes haphazardly into a suitcase on the bed.
David watches from the door.

DAVID

Where are you going? Where are you
going to go? Where are you going to
live?

She goes on packing.

DAVID

Because if you leave me I'm not going
to be able to subsidize your
lifestyle. Which I don't think that
you want. I don't want that.

(then:)

Look, can we just think about this for
a second?

She stops packing, looks at him.

KATIE

I've never been closer to anyone...
And I don't know you at all.

David stands there for a moment, then leaves the room.
Katie can't believe it, she doesn't know whether to laugh or
cry. She sits on the bed, takes a breath, tries to gather
her thoughts.

INT. BEDROOM, PENTHOUSE. LATER.

Katie lies awake in bed. David sleeps.

CUT TO:

INT. ELAINE'S. DAY.

Lunchtime crowd. Katie has lunch with Lauren.

KATIE

Maybe I should go stay at my Mom's
until I sort things out.

LAUREN

You're joking, right? Why would you
give up everything you've done just
because of him? And you're not
leaving New York to move back to...
Long Island... Yech.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
(to Katie)
Ma'am? I'm sorry. Your card was
declined

KATIE (CONT'D)
Try it again.

WAITRESS
I already did. Twice.

Embarrassed, Katie starts to look through her pocketbook.

KATIE
I don't understand.

WAITRESS
Do you have another card, or cash?
It's only \$22.75.

KATIE
I know how much it is.

Lauren whips out a credit card and hands it to the waitress.
She notices a woman looking over from the next table.

LAUREN
What the hell are you looking at? Eat
your salad.

CUT TO:

INT. ERMA BARRY'S OFFICE, LAW FIRM. LATER.

Katie and Lauren sit opposite ERMA BARRY, a lawyer with a
grave, precise manner.

KATIE
I just need enough money to get
through school.

ERMA BARRY
I'm trying to explain. Your husband
is the beneficiary of a number of
family trusts, most of which were set
up a long time ago.

KATIE
I know that.

ERMA BARRY

That means that as long as you're married, you can have access to his money. But if you separate, if you divorce him, you won't get any money because he doesn't have any. Not of his own.

LAUREN

Motherfuckers.

ERMA BARRY

Regardless... Families like the Marks' set their assets up this way to protect them from divorces.

LAUREN

(to Katie)

Mother. Fuckers!

ERMA BARRY

(to Lauren)

Okay, could you just not... just not do that.

The lawyer looks at Katie now, resets her tone:

ERMA BARRY

These people play hardball. If you want a settlement, you're going to have to think of a way to motivate them.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM, PENTHOUSE. THAT NIGHT.

David and Katie have Chinese take-out. David's food is untouched. Katie eats, trying not to look up. David fiddles with his chopsticks.

DAVID

How was your day?

KATIE

Good.

She takes a sip of wine.

KATIE

I had lunch with Lauren today.

David stares at her.

DAVID
What else did you do today?

Katie glances up then goes back to her food.

CUT TO:

INT. CALLENDER APARTMENT. THAT MOMENT.

BRIAN and KELLY CALLENDER, an attractive couple in their 30s, sit in bed watching TV. We hear rain outside.

SUDDENLY: There's banging on the window, behind drawn blinds.

KELLY
What the hell is that?

Brian gets up and goes to the window.

KELLY
Don't. Brian. Call the police.

Brian ignores her and parts the blinds. Katie stands on their balcony in her nightgown, soaking wet, shaking and crying in the pouring rain.

KELLY
Oh my God.

Brian opens the window and helps her in. Her lip is cut and there's blood on her collar.

BRIAN
Jesus, what happened?

KATIE
Oh God. Oh God.

BRIAN
What the hell happened? Kelly, call the police.

Kelly goes to the phone.

KATIE
No. No. No. No. No...

Katie holds him, sobbing. Brian and Kelly share a look.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY. MOMENTS LATER.

David's opens up to find Brian in the hallway. Kelly stands in the doorway across the hall.

DAVID

Hi.

BRIAN

David, Katie's next door with us, and she's scared to come home.

DAVID

Well, we had a fight, but it's nothing. I mean, it's not nothing, but you can tell her to come home. It's over. Would you tell her to come home please?

Katie stands just inside the door of the Callender apartment, listening.

BRIAN

Actually, I don't think that's such a great idea. I think she should stay with us tonight, just let things cool off between you.

Katie exits the Callender apartment, unzipping a sweater and handing it to Brian. She walks right past them into her apartment.

KATIE

Thank you.

Katie goes inside.

DAVID

Good night. Thank you.

David closes the door, leaving Brian standing in the hall.

INT. BEDROOM, PENTHOUSE. LATER.

In bed, Katie faces away from David, her mind racing. The outline of a bruise is starting to form around her eye. He looks to see if she's awake.

DAVID

Katie?

She closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY, MARKS ORGANIZATION. MORNING.

Morning bustle. Katie comes in, her school bag over her shoulder, sunglasses to cover the bruise. She crosses to a BANK OF ELEVATORS.

INT. ANTEROOM, MARKS ORGANIZATION. MOMENTS LATER.

CU. AN IBM TYPEWRITER TYPES: "January 8th, 1982."

LULA BAXTER, David's secretary, 50s, types a letter. Katie comes in, fidgety, wired.

KATIE

Hi Lula.

LULA BAXTER

Hello Mrs. Marks.

KATIE

Is David in?

LULA BAXTER

No, he's upstairs with his brother.

KATIE

Okay, I'll be in his office. I'm just going to make some calls.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER.

Katie enters and moves quickly to the desk. She picks up the phone and punches in a number. After a moment we hear:

VOICE ON PHONE

At the tone, the time will be eleven
fifty six and twenty seconds... beep
(continuing...)

Katie rests the receiver on the desk.

INT. ANTEROOM. THAT MOMENT.

CU. A TELEPHONE CONSOLE. A light BLINKS on Line One. The typewriter clacking away.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE. THAT MOMENT.

Katie rifles through the file cabinet.

She finds a file: "LUXOR BATHS." She thinks. Then another: "AVON 42 THEATER" and "123 HOTEL." She pulls them out and shoves them into her bag.

INT. SANFORD MARKS' OFFICE. THAT MOMENT.

Daniel sits at his desk, signing checks fed to him by Solly Sachs. David stands, waiting for the checks to be signed.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE. THAT MOMENT.

Katie closes a drawer with one hand, balancing an open file with the other. There's a KNOCK at the door. Katie spins toward the door, spilling the contents of the file across the floor.

LULA BAXTER (O.S.)
I'm going to lunch now, Mrs. Marks.

Katie freezes.

KATIE
Thanks Lula.

Through the translucent pane, Katie watches Lula leave. As she gathers the strewn papers she notices the GREEN LEDGER BOOK she saw in David's briefcase at the country house years earlier. She opens it:

INSERT, LEDGER BOOK - now filled with scores of handwritten entries.

Katie shoves the GREEN LEDGER BOOK into her bag.

INT. ELEVATOR. THAT MOMENT.

David stands in the elevator, staring at the overhead floor indicator. TWO BUSINESS TYPES behind him discuss interest rates.

The door opens and David exits.

INT. ANTEROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

David stops at Lula's desk and flips through a stack of PINK PHONE MESSAGES... He notices the BLINKING LIGHT on her telephone showing Line One engaged.

He looks to his office door...

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE. THAT MOMENT.

David's shadow appears in the translucent pane. The faint sound of the automated voice on the phone.

David enters. Katie's gone. Seeing the phone off the hook, he moves to his desk and picks it up, listening to the automated time message.

He hangs up, thinks...

INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE. DAY.

Looking down on the bathroom floor: the GREEN LEDGER BOOK book, alongside the stolen file folders, spread out among overstuffed ashtrays, a wine bottle, a lipstick mirror with cocaine on it and a phone propped on the toilet, its wire running under the door.

The telephone RINGS. Katie ignores it. She writes on a MANILA ENVELOPE: SENATOR PATRICK MOYNIHAN, 476 RUSSELL SENATE OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON, DC, 20510.

INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE. LATER.

Katie sits alone in the dark, staring at the envelope. The telephone RINGS and RINGS...

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE. MOMENTS LATER.

The SUPER sweeps the street under the awning. Katie exits in her parka and sunglasses, the envelope tucked beneath her coat.

SUPER
Evening Mrs. Marks.

Katie walks on, crossing to a MAILBOX. She opens the mailbox door, hesitates. A car turns onto the street, its headlights blinding her and blooming the scene...

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. TRAIN TRESTLE. NIGHT. (2000)

A LARGE GARBAGE BAG plunges into the dark water below, then drifts.

ANGLE -- THE TRUNK OF THE HONDA. All that remains is a LARGE SUITCASE. The woman lifts it out, struggling with its weight... revealing a BLOODY BOW-SAW...

LOOKING UP THROUGH WATER: the dark shape of the woman looking down from the trestle. She pushes the suitcase over the rail and it plunges into the water.

INT. HONDA SUV. MOMENTS LATER.

The woman gets in, starts the car.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUSSEL SENATE BLDG., WASHINGTON, D.C. DAY.

To establish: a large colonnaded building.

INT. SENATE OFFICES. THAT MOMENT.

A DOOR with a name painted on the glass: "SENATOR PATRICK MOYNIHAN." The door is opened by a SENATE PAGE. MOYNIHAN'S LEGISLATIVE ASSISTANT, early 30s, sits at his desk, sorting through mail. He stops on the manila envelope and opens it...

He slips out the GREEN LEDGER BOOK, scans the pages gaining interest.

INT. HALLWAY, SENATE BUILDING. LATER.

MOYNIHAN, signature red bow-tie, walks briskly down a grand staircase, as he flips through the GREEN LEDGER BOOK, assistant in tow.

MOYNIHAN
(abruptly)
Send it back.

LEGISLATIVE ASSISTANT
(confused)
Excuse me, sir?

MOYNIHAN

It's a family matter, it has nothing
to do with us.

He hands it back and walks off, leaving his assistant
confused.

CUT TO:

INT. SANFORD'S FORMER OFFICE. DAY.

David sits across from his father's desk.

DANIEL (O.S.)

It's not just that you barely show up
for work...

REVERSE: DANIEL sitting where his father once sat, the GREEN
LEDGER BOOK that was sent to Moynihan open in front of him.
He leafs through it, disgusted.

DANIEL

Or that you can't control your home
situation... When you are here, you
are stoned most of the time. It's
untenable.

David is mortified.

DANIEL

(shrugs, resigned)

There's an office on three. It's out
of the way. No one will bother you.
You won't have to bother with
anything. You keep your secretary,
get your mail. I don't know what else
to say...

David looks off.

DAVID

Dad?

AND NOW WE SEE SANFORD, standing by the window with his back
to David. He looks older now.

SANFORD

Why couldn't you just have given her
what she wanted?

(then:)

You're a very weak man David.

ALL SOUND OUT.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
 Did there come a time when your father
 passed on control of the Marks
 Organization, not to you, but to your
 younger brother?

David removes his glasses, dries his eyes.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
 (a whisper)
 That's correct.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE, MARKS ORGANIZATION. LATER (MOS.)

David sits at his desk, brooding, lost in thought.

TIME LAPSE: life goes on outside his window, hyper-speed.
 Day turns to night, storm clouds gather, lightning flashes
 over the skyline.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
 When that happened, how did you feel?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
 I was glad.

CUT TO:

INT. ANN MCCARTHY'S HOME. DAY.

A door opens to reveal Katie, nervous, strung out.

SHARON
 (pleased to see her)
 Oh my God, Katie.

Sharon is eight months pregnant.

KATIE
 I'm sorry.

SHARON
 No. You said you weren't coming. Is
 everything okay?

She pushes past Sharon, heads inside.

KATIE
 Is Mom home?

SHARON
No, she's still in Florida.

INT. LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

A baby shower: THIRTY WOMEN crowd the small living room. Sharon sits on a couch opening gifts. She unwraps a tiny outfit, holds it up and melts.

OVERWEIGHT WOMAN
I couldn't resist.

The other women react.

INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM. THAT MOMENT.

Katie sits on the edge of her childhood bed. We hear women laughing in the next room. She catches her reflection in the vanity mirror. She looks drawn.

INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER.

Katie talks quietly, confiding in a WOMAN (mid-50s) on the COUCH.

KATIE
He died when I was sixteen... I don't remember much...

JUMP CUT TO -- Katie talks to a small GROUP OF WOMEN GATHERED IN THE DINING ROOM, cigarette and a glass of wine.

KATIE
(drunk/wired)
Ten years... how did that happen, you know? And he does love me. But I have to look out for me now. I have my whole life to live...

JUMP CUT TO -- LIVING ROOM, RESUMING.

KATIE
My father used to say we should never regret the things we do, only the things we don't do... but I had an abortion, and I don't know what that is, you know, if it's something I did, or something I didn't do.

INT. ANN MCCARTHY'S HOME, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. LATER.

Katie sits on the floor beside the phone stand, cupping her hand over the mouthpiece.

DAVID (OVER PHONE)
Hello.

KATIE (INTO PHONE)
David.

She starts crying.

DAVID (OVER PHONE)
Katie, Katie don't cry.

KATIE (INTO PHONE)
You have to let me go. This is
killing me.

DAVID (OVER PHONE)
I know. I know. I know that now,
just come home. I can make this
better. I promise. Just come home.
Please. Katie?

She hangs up.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE. THAT MOMENT.

CU. PHONE.

DAVID (O.S.)
Katie?

David hangs up. His dog Ivan perks up, the blue bandanna around his neck.

DAVID (O.C.)
(to Ivan)
What are you looking at?

CUT TO:

EXT. ANN MCCARTHY'S HOME. THAT MOMENT.

Jim takes out groceries from the trunk of his car. Katie comes out, pulling on her parka.

JIM
Katie?

She walks past him.

JIM
Where are you going?

KATIE
I'm going home. I'll call you in the morning.

She slips a bit and he steadies her.

JIM
You can't drive like this. You've been drinking. Come on.

Katie gets in and starts the car.

JIM
Hey. Come on.

Jim watches the Mercedes drive off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVIS HOME, LAKE TRUESDALE. LATER.

It's pouring with rain. Looking in, we see neighbor SARAH DAVIS washing dishes. Hearing a car, she comes to the window.

EXT. DAVID AND KATIE'S LAKE COTTAGE. THAT MOMENT

Sarah sees the Mercedes pull into the driveway.

EXT. MERCEDES. THAT MOMENT.

Katie sits at the wheel, staring down at the cottage. She turns the engine off, but just sits there. Lights a cigarette and takes a long draw. The wipers stop and rain settles on the windshield.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE. MOMENTS LATER.

Katie crosses to the house under an umbrella and climbs the steps to the porch.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE COTTAGE. THAT MOMENT.

POV from across the room: someone watches Katie let herself in and hang up her umbrella. HE APPROACHES...

A coat falls off the rack, and as she bends down to pick it up, we see the silhouette of David, standing right behind her.

DAVID (O.S.)

Hey.

Katie turns, startled.

KATIE

What are you doing?

DAVID

Nothing. You hungry?

She nods, looks around...

KATIE

Where's Ivan?

DAVID

Uh... the kennel.

KATIE

Why? You know he hates it there.

DAVID

Yeah, I know, but he bit me...

She looks at him. He moves to take her coat.

DAVID

Here.

She takes a step back.

DAVID

What?

KATIE

I'm cold.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE. LATER.

Looking in through the rain, a blur of David and Katie eating dinner in silence.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE. MOMENTS LATER. (MOS.)

Katie eats quietly. David watches her. He takes a sip of wine, looks up.

KATIE
What is it?

He takes a bite of his burger, then mumbles:

DAVID
You would have made a good mother.

After a moment, Katie puts her fork down and gets up, spitting her food onto her plate as she heads into the kitchen.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE. NIGHT.

The downpour persists...

Katie comes outside hauling a garbage bag, white parka over her blouse, wearing a pair of David's boots. She trudges through the mud and rain to the shed...

INT. GUEST ROOM, LAKE COTTAGE. THAT MOMENT.

David watches through the window as Katie heads to the shed.

INT. GARDEN SHED. THAT MOMENT.

Katie enters, turns on the light, opens the lid of a trash can and slides the garbage bag inside. It bumps into a set of garden tools, knocking them over with a clatter. She bends to pick them up and something catches her eye: IVAN'S ROYAL BLUE BANDANA stuck to the blade of a shovel.

Katie picks up the bandana. It is wet and dirty. Her first instinct is to clean it off, but she notices her fingers. They are covered in BLOOD. She backs away, suddenly terrified.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE. NIGHT.

FOLLOWING KATIE, panicked, crying, as she struggles toward the house.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE. THAT MOMENT.

FOLLOWING KATIE INSIDE. No sign of David. The water has been left running in the kitchen sink.

INT. GUEST ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Katie comes in. David stands waiting for her by the window.

She looks at him, trembling, in shock, then holds out the bloody bandana...

KATIE

David?

CUT TO:

SARAH DAVIS bolts upright in bed, catching her breath...

INT. DAVIS HOME, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Barry remains asleep. Sarah gets up and slips on her robe, looks out the window toward the Marks cottage. The cottage is dark.

INT. DAVIS KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER.

CU. GAS IGNITES UNDER A BURNER.

Sarah puts the kettle on and looks out at the Marks' cottage again, now noticing a DIM BLUE LIGHT in the basement window.

The KETTLE screams. Sarah stands at the kitchen window, deaf to it, glaring at the cottage and the light in the basement --

CUT TO:

A COMMUTER TRAIN FLASHES BY...

CUT TO:

INT. SANFORD'S OFFICE. LATER.

Sanford stands at the window, the phone pressed to his ear. He listens for a moment then hangs up, quiet, shaken.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANFORD MARKS ESTATE. NIGHT.

Headlights fall on an imposing ENTRY GATE, illuminating a "NO TRESPASSING" sign.

The gate automatically opens and Sanford's Cadillac proceeds down a long driveway, pulling up to the house next to David and Katie's RED MERCEDES.

INT. MARKS ESTATE. THAT MOMENT.

David sits in an upholstered chair in the middle of a dark living room. He is soaked from the rain and smeared with mud, holding a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH.

Sanford enters, turns on the lights. Ignoring David, he tosses his keys on the table, crosses to the bar and pours himself a drink.

David says nothing, doesn't look up from the photo.

INSERT, PHOTOGRAPH: an old photo of David's mother Elaine, whom we recognize from the opening home movies.

SANFORD

So?

David looks up.

DAVID

She must have hated you.

SANFORD

Your mother was a very sick woman, David.

DAVID

She wasn't always like that. She was happy.

SANFORD

I did everything I could for her, just like I did for you.

David points to the door.

DAVID

You let me stay out there and watch her jump.

SANFORD

I didn't... I told the nanny to bring you inside.

DAVID
That's not true.

David stands now.

DAVID
That's not true. You left me out
there to watch. I saw her there, on
the driveway. I thought she was
sleeping, so I tried to wake her up.
I touched her head.

SANFORD
-- this is morbid. Give me that--

He tries to snatch the photograph from David, but David grabs
his arm, shoves him forcefully back down. David stands over
him, menacing...

DAVID
How come you didn't just pick me up,
Dad? How come you didn't just take me
inside.

Sanford looks at him...

DAVID
Why?

A long beat, then Sanford sighs, his posture changes,
relenting.

SANFORD
I thought if she saw you standing
there... she wouldn't jump.

David is quiet. He turns away. Sanford downs his drink.

SANFORD
I'm going to bed. Why don't you go
home to your wife.

DAVID
She's gone.

SANFORD
What are you talking about?

David places the photograph back on the mantle. Turns and
looks at his father.

DAVID
Now, I'm just like you.

David leaves.

EXT. MARKS ESTATE. CONTINUOUS.

David walks down the long gravel driveway, leaving his car behind. Sanford comes out after him.

SANFORD

DAVID!

David keeps walking.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)

Something happened in 1982 that kind
of turned your world upside down.

SANFORD

DAVID!

MR. MARKS (V.O.)

Yes sir.

Sanford watches David walk away, then looks at the Mercedes in the drive.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM, GALVESTON. DAY. (PRESENT)

David on the stand (60), meek, tired.

MR. MARKS

(beat)

We went to the lake for the weekend,
and I put Katie her on the train to go
back into the city that evening and
that was the last time I ever saw
her...

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE. NIGHT. (1982)

Katie walks up the side walk in her WHITE WINTER COAT to the apartment building. The SUPER lets her in.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
But according to the police, she was
in fact seen later that night at your
apartment in the city?

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR, RIVERSIDE DR. MOMENTS LATER.

THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR pulls open the elevator door.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR
Miss Katie.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
Yes, sir.

Her back to us, Katie steps inside.

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE. DAY.

The BUILDING SUPER sweeps the sidewalk.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
And the Super said he saw her the next
morning making a phone call and
getting into a taxi cab... Is that
correct?

The Super looks up to see Katie in a PAY-PHONE half-way up
the block (her back to him). She hangs up and flags down a
cab. The cab pulls away and the Super goes back to sweeping
the sidewalk.

INT. COURTROOM, GALVESTON. RESUMING.

MR. MARKS
That's correct.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
So, at the time, there was a
substantial investigation into Katie's
disappearance?

VARIOUS SHOTS/THE JURORS watching David.

MR. MARKS
Yes, sir.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)

And were you ever considered a suspect?

MR. MARKS

No.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK. DAY. (1982)

Jim McCarthy tapes A FLYER to a lamp post. He moves off to reveal Katie's smiling face above "MISSING" and a telephone number. In the distance, Jim tapes another flyer to another lamp post...

DEBORAH (V.O.)

As you know, Katherine Marks has been missing now for five days. David, her husband, is very distraught and so he's asked that I speak to you on his behalf...

EXT. SANFORD MARKS MANSION. THAT MOMENT.

Deborah stands in front of the closed gates of the mansion, talking to a group of REPORTERS. Solly Sachs is at her side.

DEBORAH

Now, the Marks family is offering a \$15,000 reward for any information that leads to the discovery Katie's whereabouts -- I'm sorry, but for the moment, that's all I am able to tell you. Thank you.

REPORTERS begin to clamor with questions.

SOLLY SACHS

Thank you, there'll be no more questions at this time. Thank you, very much for coming. Please respect the family's need for privacy at this very difficult time. Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN (PARKED), MANHATTAN. DAY.

Jim's wife Sharon waits in the passenger seat. Jim gets in.

SHARON

Where are we going next?

JIM

We haven't covered the West End below
70th...

SHARON

We can start again early in the
morning.

JIM

Yeah.

Jim starts the car. After a moment, he turns the engine off
and breaks down.

CUT TO:

CU. "MISSING" FLYER -- TIME-LAPSE: THE FLYER JIM TAPED TO THE
LAMP POST WEATHERS AND AGES. The wind flips the edges of the
paper as Katie's smiling face is eroded by rain, then the
sun. The paper yellows and new flyers infringe on it as time
passes.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE. DAY. (2000)

To establish. The lake, no one in sight. The cottage, dark
and empty. The sailboat, now old, pulled up on the shore
covered in leaves. It's quiet, deserted.

TITLE: 2000

INT. LAKE COTTAGE. THAT MOMENT.

Sheets cover the furniture.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)

So David... I want to get you now to
the year 2000.

INT. COURTROOM, GALVESTON. DAY.

David shuffles in his chair.

MR. MARKS
If I could have some water.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY, DA'S OFFICE, WESTCHESTER. DAY.

JANICE RIZZO, late-40s, District Attorney of Westchester County, steps up to a press podium with confidence, perfect hair, Chanel skirt-suit. REPORTERS clamor. CAMERA FLASHES punctuate her speech.

RIZZO
Thank you for coming on such short notice...
(reading from a statement)
Due to new evidence which surfaced last week, and a close look at the case, I've decided to open an investigation into the disappearance of Katherine Marks. Katherine disappeared in 1982, almost twenty years ago, and she remains a missing person to this day...

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO, MARKS ESTATE. MORNING.

A bright spring morning. SANFORD (now in his 70s) sits in a wheelchair eating breakfast with DANIEL (now in his 50s) and Daniel's TWO TEENAGE SONS in tennis whites.

RIZZO (V.O.)
Now there are plenty of people who thought they got away with crimes that we're now finding can be solved based on DNA and other forensic evidence, and I'm sure that puts a lot people on edge right now.

Sanford picks up the New York Post, flips through, stopping on a HEADLINE that catches his eye. He suddenly looks ill.

RIZZO (V.O.)
I'll take your questions...

INSERT/HEADLINE: "TRAIL HEATS UP IN 20 YEAR OLD MISSING PERSONS CASE." Over a picture of David and Katie from when they were together.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
So what did you believe was going on?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
Well, it was clear to me that the District Attorney of Westchester County was reopening the investigation to further her political career.

Sanford's expression darkens. He hands the paper to Daniel.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
There wasn't anybody who didn't know about it. You couldn't miss it. You couldn't walk down the street. You couldn't walk past a newspaper stand or drug store...

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM, GALVESTON. RESUMING.

MR. MARKS
It was just... everywhere.

PANATIERRE
What did you do then?

MR. MARKS
I intended to fill up my car with clothing and linen and go somewhere and hide, and disguise myself...
(hesitates)
It seemed to me that the problem was being David Marks. So, I just wanted not to be David Marks anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. AVENUE K., GALVESTON, TEXAS. DAY.

A residential street in the decrepit ocean-front town.

TITLE: GALVESTON, TEXAS. NOVEMBER 2000

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN with platinum blonde hair and a floral blouse carries groceries home. She stops to adjust her shoe, then starts towards an old rooming house... and as the woman gets closer, we recognize her as DAVID, 58 here, wearing a dress, a blond wig on his head.

INT. HALLWAY, ROOMING HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

The hallway of a cheap rooming house. David comes in with his groceries. As he reaches his apartment door and rustles for his keys, an odd-looking man in his seventies emerges from the room across the hall. This is MALVERN BUMP.

MALVERN

Hey! Do you mind?!

David turns, startled.

MALVERN

You don't have to let the door slam like that. It's very abrasive on my ears. You know, I just need a little consideration. Just keep the noise down.

David looks at him blankly.

MALVERN

What?

David approaches Malvern, taking out a pad and pen from his handbag/writes a note.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)

So, now you're living in Galveston, Texas and you meet Malvern Bump for the first time...

He hands the note to Malvern. It reads: "I AM MUTE."

PANATIERRE (V.O.)

Did you pretend to be mute?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)

Yes.

MALVERN

Yeah, well... just be sure and turn the hall light out when you are coming and leaving because it is on my meter. OK?

Malvern turns and goes back into his apartment. David opens his door to go inside.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)

Do you think Malvern believed you were a mute?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
I doubt it.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
Do you think he believed you were a woman?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
Probably not.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S ROOM, GALVESTON. NIGHT.

TV FOOTAGE: A NEWS SPECIAL shows a POLICE SEARCH of David's old Lake House. A CORRESPONDENT walks down the backyard...

CORRESPONDENT
Eighteen years ago, this lakeside cottage was a weekend retreat for New York real estate heir David Marks and his wife, Katherine, a beautiful, young medical student. Now, according to Westchester County District Attorney Janice Rizzo, it is being considered a possible crime scene.

TROOPERS with dogs comb the surrounding woods. DIVERS drag the lake.

CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)
Earlier today, in an exhaustive search, cadaver dogs uncovered a body.

FORENSICS brush off dirt from the SKULL OF DOG pulled from a hole in the ground.

CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)
Unfortunately for hopeful investigators, it was just the remains of a dead dog.

REVERSE: David alone in his tiny apartment, lying on a cheap couch watching the news.

CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)
Sources inside the D.A.'s office say that Rizzo's interest in the case was triggered by an unpublished manuscript written by this woman: Deborah Lehrman.

A photograph of DEBORAH LEHRMAN, 30s, appears on David's television.

CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

Lehrman's novel apparently describes a murder, the details of which are strikingly similar to those surrounding the disappearance of Katie Marks in 1982.

REVERSE: David, CLOSER.

CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

Investigators are also interested in talking to David Marks, but at the moment no one seems to be able to find him.

The phone RINGS. David ignores it.

CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

Reporting live...

INSERT, ANSWERING MACHINE. Deborah's voice drowns out the television. She sounds strung out.

DEBORAH'S VOICE

David? It's Deborah. I can't believe that this is happening again. I don't know how people get my number...

INT. DEBORAH'S BUNGALOW. THAT MOMENT.

Phone cradled between her shoulder and her ear, DEBORAH, 50s here and looking every inch of it, puts on dark red lipstick, but the head breaks off and falls in the sink.

DEBORAH (INTO PHONE)

First, it was this reporter and now a cop's calling from New York every five minutes.

She tries to re-attach the stub, but it falls off again.

VARIOUS JUMP CUTS -- the call continues over DEBORAH putting on make-up in the mirror, doing her best to look nice.

DEBORAH'S VOICE

And I want to be there for you, David, I do. But I have my own problems now. I had an accident.

(MORE)

DEBORAH'S VOICE (CONT'D)
It's nothing serious, but my car needs
some repairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEBORAH'S BUNGALOW. LATER.

In sunglasses, and carrying a large bag, Deborah hurries out of the house dragging behind her TWO WIRE-HAIRED TERRIERS on a split leash. She crosses her yard, high heels sinking into the overgrown grass. The sprinkler's suddenly go off and she hurries to escape them.

DEBORAH
Shit. Fuck.

DEBORAH'S VOICE
... as you know, life in Los Angeles
without one is impossible.

She crosses the driveway past her old Mustang. We linger on a California VANITY PLATE - "E-Z STRT."

DEBORAH'S VOICE
And I hate myself for asking... But I
need more money.

WIDE: The old convertible is TOTALLED, just a hulk propped on bricks.

INT. DAVID'S ROOM, GALVESTON. DAY.

ANSWERING MACHINE.

DEBORAH'S VOICE
I don't know if this is recording --

The machine BEEPS, cuts her off.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S ROOM, GALVESTON. MORNING.

David lets himself in and props a paper bag on the table, removes two boxes. He walks over to the stove and opens the grill drawer, revealing TWO PISTOLS. He drops in new boxes of AMMUNITION.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S ROOM, GALVESTON. NIGHT.

The ANSWERING MACHINE clicks on again:

DAVID'S VOICE
Leave a message.

BEEP.

DEBORAH'S VOICE
(hesitates, desperate now)
David... why are you avoiding me?
I've always been there for you...

Looking very domestic in his wig and dishwashing gloves,
David crosses from washing dishes to the answering machine;
hits the STOP BUTTON with his elbow.

DEBORAH'S VOICE
I've been a good friend to you. Don't
you fucking --

BEEP. The message is cut off.

David thinks, then hears YELLING from the hallway outside his
apartment. He moves to the door.

MALVERN (O.S.)
I told you, never go in my room! Get
away from me!

LANDLORD (O.S.)
You got thirty days, Malvern.

INT. HALLWAY, ROOMING HOUSE. THAT MOMENT.

Malvern argues with his LANDLORD, brandishing a floor lamp to
keep him away.

MALVERN
I pay you. I pay you good money for
this shit hole!!!

INT. DAVID'S ROOM, GALVESTON. THAT MOMENT.

David puts his eye to the peephole to watch.

MALVERN (O.S.)
Get away. I got rights here.

LANDLORD (O.S.)
 What rights? You got thirty days to
 get out, Malvern You're lucky I don't
 call the cops.

FISH-EYE VIEW into the hallway. The landlord walks away.

MALVERN
 Where am I gonna go?

LANDLORD
 Whatever. You got thirty days,
 Malvern.
 (then)
 ... And stop turning off the God damn
 light.

And Malvern is left standing there, still brandishing the
 floor lamp.

MALVERN
 (mutters)
 It's on my meter.

ALL SOUND OUT.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
 So, what sort of relationship
 developed between you and Malvern?

On David, as he moves away from the peephole, thinks for a
 moment.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE. NIGHT.

David and Malvern grocery shop together. David in his dress
 and make up and wig. From a distance, they look like an
 older couple.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
 We became good friends.

CUT TO:

EXT. PELICAN ISLAND. MORNING.

A BLONDE MODEL IN A COSMETIC AD, torn from a magazine and
 tacked to a telephone pole, fluttering in the wind...

CABOOM! The model's head is blown off and a bullet rips into the wood, sending splinters flying.

CABOOM! CABOOM!

Malvern lowers the target pistol. Next to him, David in his blouse but no wig, also holds a pistol. They are standing on the rocky shore of a small cove, desolate, neglected. Broken wires hang from telephone poles.

DAVID
(impressed)
Where the hell you learn to shoot like that?

INT/EXT. HONDA, PELICAN ISLAND. LATER.

David and Malvern sit in David's Silver Honda SUV parked in a large empty lot on the beach. They are smoking a JOINT, both in fits of laughter.

DAVID
The Purple Heart?

MALVERN
I swear to God.

DAVID
...for sunburn?

MALVERN
And we spent the entire war shooting coconuts off the side of the boat.

Malvern's laughter turns to wheezing then coughing, more and more. David looks at him, stops laughing. Malvern gets out, tries to walk it off, his face reddening.

David gets out. Malvern raises a hand for David to leave him alone. He finally stops coughing. He looks at David, as if noticing something for the first time.

MALVERN
What do you wear all of that shit for anyway?

DAVID
What?

MALVERN
The girl stuff? You like that kind of thing?

DAVID

No. I guess... I just kind of want to disappear for a while. What about you? Is that why you came out here?

MALVERN

Me? No. No, I disappeared a long time ago.

David considers this, forges a smile, then reaches into his pocket, and pulls out the key to his room.

DAVID

Well... you know, I'm not always home.

He offers Malvern the key.

DAVID

I know you like to watch television.
So...

Malvern stands there for a moment, looking at the key. This might be the nicest thing anyone's ever done for him.

DAVID

You seem like someone I can trust.
I may need you to do something for me one day.

Malvern smiles.

MALVERN

Thanks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEAWALL, GALVESTON. DAY. (MOS.)

David jogs along the seawall in sweats and his wig.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)

In the days and weeks to come, did
Malvern Bump become aware that you had
a lot of money?

INT. DAVID'S ROOM, GALVESTON. DAY. (MOS.)

David comes in, sweating from his morning jog. He takes off his sneakers and lies back on the bed.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
He became aware that I was planning on
buying a house.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
What effect did you see that have on
him?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
Well, Malvern had a problem...

EXT. NEW CONDO OPEN HOUSE. DAY. (MOS.)

A "For Sale" sign on the lawn outside a new condo.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
He was getting evicted, and I guess he
thought I was going to be the
solution...

INT. NEW CONDO, GALVESTON. DAY. (MOS.)

A REALTOR shows TWO YOUNG COUPLES around. Another couple
follows them in: Malvern and David (blonde wig).

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
I can remember looking at houses
together...

INT. BEDROOM, NEW CONDO. MOMENTS LATER.

VARIOUS SHOTS:

Malvern lays on the bed.

Malvern sits up and starts bouncing up and down, testing the
mattress.

Malvern opens and closes a closet with an automatic light, to
see if the light stays on when it's closed.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
... and he was saying things like, you
know, this would be a good place for
you to buy because there would be room
for me over there.

INT. LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

David looks out the window while Malvern examines the silverware on the dining room table.

DAVID
(without turning)
This place might be good for us,
Malvern.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S ROOM, GALVESTON. MOMENTS LATER.

The phone is RINGING.

TRACK ACROSS a dresser, a wig on its wig-stand, a head-scarf, some cosmetics etc., to the answering machine as it PICKS UP.

DAVID'S VOICE
Leave a message.

BEEP.

DEBORAH'S VOICE
David, I need to see you. You need
to come out here. If I don't hear
from you... I'm going to blow the lid
off things. You know what I'm talking
about.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEBORAH'S BUNGALOW, LOS ANGELES. DAY.

An L.A. CAB pulls up to Deborah's house on Benedict Canyon Drive.

INT. CAB. THAT MOMENT.

Deborah in the back, pays the driver. She sees DAVID'S HONDA SUV parked beside her wrecked Mustang.

DEBORAH
David?

INT. DEBORAH'S BUNGALOW. MOMENTS LATER.

Deborah hurries in.

DEBORAH
David? David?

We hear a TV playing at full blast somewhere in the house.
She follows the racket...

INT. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS.

Deborah moves down the hall toward the guest room, DOGS
yapping at her feet.

DEBORAH
David! You didn't even give me time
to clean up. Turn that down...

INT. GUEST ROOM. THAT MOMENT.

Deborah crosses to a large wood-paneled TV, on which CNN
plays at full volume.

DEBORAH
(yelling over the racket)
David, you cocksucker... you're going
to go deaf.

Deborah kneels to turn the TV off, revealing, MALVERN BUMP,
who turns from the dresser and raises the target pistol,
aiming it at the back of her head --

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S ROOM, GALVESTON. 2 AM.

David stands on a chair on the bed in his underwear, a joint
clasped tightly in his lips, trying to kill a mosquito high
on the wall with a rolled up newspaper.

The answering machine clicks on...

MALVERN'S VOICE
David... David?

David edges closer, then closer, then... SWAT!

CUT TO:

INT. DEBORAH'S BUNGALOW. THAT MOMENT.

LOOKING DOWN ON DEBORAH, DEAD, a pool of blood soaked into
the carpet forms a halo around her head.

INT. DAVID'S ROOM, GALVESTON. THAT MOMENT.

David examines the swatted mosquito on the newspaper, takes another toke off his joint as he steps off the bed.

EXT. PINK MOTEL. LOS ANGELES. MORNING.

A motel signs hangs over a two-lane road. The Honda SUV is parked in the lot.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. THAT MOMENT.

Malvern sits on the bed, on the phone with his back to us.

INT. DAVID'S ROOM, GALVESTON. THAT MOMENT.

David lying on the couch asleep. Phone ringing. Machine picks up again:

MALVERN'S VOICE

David? You there?

(beat)

All right, well... everything is taken care of.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. THAT MOMENT.

MALVERN, on the phone:

MALVERN (INTO PHONE)

You told me to call, so I'm calling.
I... I just need something to eat. I
haven't had anything to eat, and
there's no food here so -- I thought,
well, maybe I'd stop on the way back
and-

BEEP -- the machine cuts him off. This doesn't sit well with Malvern. He pulls a brochure from his pocket. It's the brochure from the open house. He dials the number, waits...

MALVERN (INTO PHONE)

Hello? Yes. My friend and I came to
your open house a few weeks ago... for
Unit 107...

NEWS CORRESPONDENT (O.S.)
Deborah Lehrman wasn't just killed...
It was an execution.

CUT TO:

INT. DA'S OFFICE. DAY.

RIZZO ON A TV MONITOR, brightly lit, being interviewed by a TV NEWS CORRESPONDENT. Rizzo is poised, thoughtful, comfortable in front of the camera.

RIZZO
Her death is a very questionable death, Michelle... Not just in terms of the fact it was a homicide, but the timing is extremely curious.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN, MARKS ESTATE. DAY.

Sanford sits alone watching the TV broadcast, slippers and a housecoat. He is hooked up to oxygen tank.

CORRESPONDENT (ON TV)
Curious because Deborah Lehrman was murdered just before District Attorney Janice Rizzo had intended to question her about another mystery. The disappearance twenty years earlier of a beautiful young medical student named Katherine Marks...

Sanford fumbles with the TV and turns it off. He grabs his cane, struggles to his feet and stumbles to the door, sending his oxygen tank to the floor...

INT. HALLWAY, MARKS ESTATE. CONTINUOUS.

The walls are lined with old photos showing the history of the Marks Organization: New York City high-rises, various ceremonies, Sanford shaking hands with various mayors and city officials.

Sanford comes out of the den, grappling the wall to steady himself, pulling photographs off their hooks... FRAMES SMASH on the floor...

He loses his balance, collapses to his knees...

Sanford holds himself up for as long as he can, like a boxer trying not to go down... then he topples over.

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Rizzo reviews the next day's schedule with an ASSISTANT DA.

ADA
Okay, you have the Post interview -
Marks - then a phoner with W.I.N.S.
also about the Marks case, which we
can do from the car...

Rizzo looks up.

RIZZO
What?

ADA
We got a call from Albany. They want
you to do that meeting tonight.

RIZZO
Got the numbers I asked for?

The ADA shuffles through his papers, hands her a spreadsheet.

ADA
They've been very generous to the
Governor. Totals are in the last
column.

Rizzo scans the numbers.

RIZZO
These are all from the Marks family?

She takes off her reading glasses, thinks for a moment.

RIZZO
I'll have to change.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD, SOMEWHERE IN NEW MEXICO. DAY.

WIDE: a grim stretch of road lined with factories. Malvern
has pulled the Honda over to use a PAYPHONE.

ANGLE -- MALVERN, on the phone. We hear ringing on the other end, then:

DAVID'S VOICE
Leave a message.

BEEP.

MALVERN (INTO PHONE)
David? Come on, David, I know what's going on.

EXT. GALVESTON WATERFRONT. DAY.

In sweat pants, running shoes, and his platinum wig, David jogs along the seawall.

MALVERN'S VOICE
I talked to the broker. She said you never even made an offer...
(waits)
I trusted you. We had a deal...
(losing it)
Pick up the fucking phone!

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT, NEW YORK. NIGHT.

Rizzo enters with the ADA, who takes her coat. They are met by Solly Sachs, older now. He smiles politely.

SACHS
Hello.

RIZZO
Mr. Sachs.

SACHS
Nice to see you...
(gesturing to the back of the restaurant)
Please.

The restaurant is empty. She hesitates for a moment, then heads down a long row of empty booths...

In the last booth, she finds DANIEL MARKS alone. He stands, extends his hand.

RIZZO
No, don't get up.

DANIEL
Thank you for coming.

RIZZO
My pleasure.

She settles across from him.

RIZZO
Now, what can I do for you?

CUT TO:

INT. ROOMING HOUSE, GALVESTON. NIGHT.

The hallway is cluttered with the contents of Malvern's apartment. A yellow EVICTION NOTICE is taped to Malvern's now-padlocked door. The TV in David's room is on, and we hear it in the hall.

INT. DAVID'S ROOM. THAT MOMENT.

Malvern watches TV.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE, GALVESTON. THAT MOMENT. (MOS.)

David comes in and walks down the hall.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
So David, on the night in question,
you came home and found Malvern had
been evicted.

He sees the contents of Malvern's apartment piled up and notices the EVICTION NOTICE.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
Yes.

David stops outside his door... he hesitates hearing the TV.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
Explain to the jury please what
happened then?

He thinks for a moment, sucks in a breath...

INT. DAVID'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

David enters the dark room to find Malvern in front of the TV. As David approaches he sees the target pistol resting on Malvern's lap. Malvern turns, rises, hands fumbling for the pistol.

MALVERN

We had a deal!

David is on him, whipping the pistol away. The pistol skitters across the floor and underneath the bed.

David twists Malvern onto his back and starts pummeling him, over and over. Malvern loses consciousness and David finally stops, exhausted.

ALL SOUND OUT.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)

So, Malvern came at you with a gun?

MR. MARKS (V.O.)

That's correct. He had been evicted,
he was desperate.

David grabs the TELEPHONE and smashes Malvern with it, OVER
AND OVER...

INT. GALVESTON COURTROOM. RESUMING.

INTERCUT WITH THE ABOVE:

On JURORS as they listen to David's testimony, intercut with David smashing Malvern with the phone.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)

He demanded that I take him in. And I
just wasn't going to do that.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S ROOM. NIGHT.

David reaches under the bed for the gun.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)

We struggled... the gun went off.

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE. THAT MOMENT.

It's quiet but for the rain. THEN A GUNSHOT FLASHES in the window.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
So David, if Malvern's death was a
matter of self defense, why didn't you
call the police?

INT. DAVID'S ROOM, GALVESTON. LATER.

CU. DAVID, sitting in the dark, sweating, laboring over something.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
Because I knew that no one would
believe me. I knew that no one would
believe that it was an accident.

He picks his head up, then brings a hand to his forehead, covered by a yellow rubber glove, holding a BLOODY BOW SAW. He wipes the sweat from his brow, leaving a streak of blood on his face.

MR. MARKS (V.O.)
So, I had to get rid of the body...

LOOKING DOWN THROUGH A CEILING FAN: David sits cross-legged on the floor, in the middle of his room, wearing only his underwear and rubber gloves, surrounded by A LARGE SUITCASE AND FOUR BLACK GARBAGE BAGS. The floor is covered in blood.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRESTLE. NIGHT. (2000)

REPEAT SCENE: STILL WATER... as a black garbage bag falls from the bridge and splashes down.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
So, no one would believe you because
of your past?

David (the blonde woman) walks along the bridge back to his Honda.

CUT TO:

INT. GALVESTON COURTROOM. RESUMING.

MR. MARKS
I'm sorry?

PANATIERRE
Your past? Let's clear that up. Set
the record straight.

WIDE: the courtroom. Panatierre pauses in front of David on
the stand.

PANATIERRE
(beat)
Did you kill your best friend, Deborah
Lehrman?

CUT TO:

INT. DEBORAH'S BUNGALOW. DAY.

REPEAT SCENE: MALVERN BUMP turns from the dresser behind
Deborah. He raises the 22. PISTOL, aiming it straight at the
back of her head.

INT. COURTROOM, GALVESTON. RESUMING.

BANG! The GUNSHOT resonates. David shakes his head.

MR. MARKS
No.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR. NIGHT. (1982)

REPEAT SCENE: THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR stands in the open
elevator door.

OPERATOR
Miss Katie.

THE WHITE PARKA brushes past him on the way in. The Operator
closes the door.

PANATIERRE (V.O.)
Can you think of any connection
between the murder of Deborah Lehrman
and the disappearance of your wife,
Katie Marks?

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE. DAY. (1982)

REPEAT SCENE: LONG SHOT, looking along the street to Katie flagging down a CAB. She gets in and the cab pulls away...

INT. CAB (MOVING). THAT MOMENT.

And now we see it's not Katie, but DEBORAH LEHRMAN wearing a blonde wig and Katie's white parka. She pulls off the wig and her sunglasses, shaken, close to tears.

INT. COURTROOM, GALVESTON. RESUMING.

MR. MARKS

No, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB. RESUMING.

Deborah breaks down.

INT. COURTROOM, GALVESTON. RESUMING.

PANATIERRE (O.S.)

Is there anything you'd like to add?

David thinks.

SANFORD (V.O.)

DAVID!

CUT TO:

EXT. MARKS ESTATE. NIGHT. (FLASHBACK)

Sanford watches David walk down the driveway away from the house into darkness.

Sanford stands there for a moment, then turns and looks at the RED MERCEDES. Sensing something, he approaches the back of the car, looks at it, looks around, then tentatively opens the trunk.

CU. SANFORD. The trunk creaks open as he sees inside, his face expressionless.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM, GALVESTON. RESUMING.

PANATIERRE (O.S.)
David?

David looks up, shakes his head.

MR. MARKS
No.

PANATIERRE (O.S.)
Thank you David. I have no more questions.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRESTLE. NIGHT.

The SUITCASE floats on the water.

TITLE: David Marks' testimony in his trial for the murder of Malvern Bump convinced the Texas jury that he acted in self-defense. He was found not guilty.

TITLE: He was convicted of improper disposal of a body and sentenced to nine months in jail.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE COTTAGE. DAY. (1978)

REPEAT SCENE: Deborah Lehrman (mid-20s here) puts on a Barry White record and sings along.

TITLE: No one has ever been charged with the murder of Deborah Lehrman.

CUT TO:

INT. ICU, MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL. NIGHT. (2003)

Sanford is on life support, in a coma.

TITLE: Before Sanford Marks' death, David visited his father for the last time.

David enters the room and closes the blinds.

FLASH ON: SUPER 8 FILM OF KATIE AND DAVID IN VERMONT (1973), DAVID AND KATIE at their happiest.

INT. SANFORD'S HOSPITAL ROOM. RESUMING.

David sits at Sanford's bedside. After a long, quiet moment, David leans in close... whispers softly to his father.

DAVID
I miss her so much.

FLASH ON: SUPER 8 FILM OF KATIE IN VERMONT (1973). Katie in the garden, smiling... We hold on her, looking back at US/DAVID/CAMERA.

TITLE: The disappearance of Katie Marks is still considered a missing persons case.

KATIE SMILES. The film runs out, flashes to white.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR. HOSPITAL. NIGHT. (2003)

David alone, humming a song to himself... He mumbles a few words from the theme to Oklahoma.

PING!

The doors open and he steps out.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. THAT MOMENT.

David heads for the exit, walking away from us.

TITLE: David Marks currently lives in Florida. He is a real estate investor.

FADE OUT.

#