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Final
Revised Version

"ANONYMOUS CALL"

A New Thriller

by

LARRY COHEN

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glaad



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Mr. Larry Cohen
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Dear Larry:

Thank you for forwarding me a copy of your thriller *Anonymous Call*. It kept me guessing until the very end.

The project is not defamatory or insulting to the gay community. When his colleagues think Gil is gay, his reaction is not of disgust, which is so often the case in film. Rather, Gil simply wants people to know the truth – that he is straight.

One minor note: when Loper and Gil are lunching, Loper says, "I've always been completely open about my lifestyle, Gil." A gay man would not use the term "lifestyle." A realistic phrase might be, "I've always been completely open about who I am, Gil," or "I've always lived out of the closet, Gil."

Please keep me posted on the progression of this project.

Best,

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Dear Larry,

As a gay man and a
movie reviewer of nearly 40 years'
experience I'd say you've written
a helluva script; one that
addresses the pervasive nature of
homophobia in the form of a classic
suspense thriller that keeps us
guessing and also invites us to
consider the evil of all forms of
stigma.

All good, indeed,

Kevin Thomas

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

EXT. THE OVERLOOK MOTEL - NIGHT

Located just above Riverdale, New York, close to the Hudson River.

This is a moderate-priced one-story motor court a short ride from the heart of the city.

A light rain is falling as the door to Room #11 opens and SAM GILMAN appears.

He's a good-looking executive type who keeps himself in excellent shape.

Which comes in handy tonight since he's carrying well over 150 pounds in his arms.

It's unmistakably a human body wrapped up tightly in an ordinary bedsheet.

Gil is hauling the body to the trunk of his Mercedes which has been left open a crack.

He glances around the motor court. All lights are out -- including those in the office.

He raises the trunk and eases the corpse inside.

It's then that we hear a voice on the sound track.

GIL'S NARRATION

*That's me you're looking at. Sam
Gilman. They call me 'Gil.'
Pleased to meet you. Although
this is hardly an opportune time
to get acquainted.*

Gil hurries back inside the motel room and returns with a man's jacket and a wallet -- which he tosses into the trunk before shutting it. He has locked the door to the room and now he climbs behind the wheel.

In a moment, he has backed out of the space and is pulling out onto the main road.

GIL'S NARRATION

*The guy in the trunk can remain
anonymous for now. My intention
is to put him where he won't be
found for a very long time.*

[PRODUCTION NOTE: WE REALIZE THE VOICE ON THE TRACK IS NOT THAT OF THE ACTOR WHO PORTRAYS GIL IN OUR FILM. IT'S CLEARLY NOT THE VOICE OF A PROFESSIONAL ACTOR. THIS IS THE "REAL" GIL, COMMENTING ON THE ACTION].

INT. THE CAR

WINDSHIELD WIPERS struggling as the rain increases in volume.

GIL'S NARRATION

This isn't exactly the way it happened. It wasn't raining. But the director thought rain would add production value to the sequence. And I didn't even have cast approval much less rain approval.

ANGLE ON THE MERCEDES --

plowing through the night.

GIL'S NARRATION

But the facts are true. The fact that in five days, my whole life was turned around. The fact that I had everything completely under control up to that time.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The car turns off the highway with its headlights cutting through the rain. The river lies just to the left.

GIL'S NARRATION

I had a fantastic job, a fabulous wife and daughter, a terrific girlfriend. My weight, 174; my blood pressure 120/80; my cholesterol way down to 160. No matter what crisis I encountered, I landed on my feet. And I'll get out of this jackpot, too. Like that disco number goes, 'I fucking will survive.' If only I could figure out why this happened. There was no warning at all. It just kind of slipped up -- like somebody cutting your throat from behind.

TIGHT ON GIL'S FACE --

as seen through the rain-splattered windshield, as we

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

EXT. STEPS OF THE CAPITOL BUILDING - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY
a MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION CREW has set up to film a "spot"
for the NATIONAL FUND, one of America's foremost charitable
institutions.

A number of U.S. SENATORS are eagerly on hand to pose with
this year's Poster Child. MELANIE has spent the first seven
years of her life in a wheelchair, but she's a bright and
cheerful youngster.

A multicolored banner has been strung up reading: NATIONAL
FUND -- 44th ANNIVERSARY DRIVE.

The head honcho of the entire operation is of course SAM
GILMAN, Chief Operating Officer of the Fund.

GIL'S NARRATION

*Since work seems to define who a
person is, you may as well see me
on the job.*

Impeccably dressed in Armani, Gil operates in a loose,
casual style.

GIL

Senators, say hello to Melanie.

The politicians all chime in with their cheerful hellos.
But the child is looking around for someone else.

MELANIE

Where's my Stanley?

ASST. DIRECTOR

Sorry, he's not here, honey.

MELANIE

But he promised.

Gil crosses to his publicity director, MILES BURTON.

GIL

Where is the prick bastard?

BURTON

Getting it on with some lobbyist
he met on the flight down.

GIL

Which leaves me with one unhappy
little poster girl. Bring out the
cutout.

Production assistants fetch a six-foot life-sized cutout of
SINGING STAR, STAN MORGAN, the perennial emcee of the annual
telethon. Everything about Stan is artificial. In fact,
the cardboard figure is probably more real than he is.

GIL

(to Melanie)

Remember me? Gil?

MELANIE

Sure. You're some kind of boss.
But I want my Stanley!!

GIL

Here he comes now.

MELANIE

That's not really him.

GIL

It sure is. Somebody wanted to
grease their car so they ran over
him.

The crew laughs and Melanie joins them.

MELANIE

Stop, you're making me laugh.

GIL

Good. Roll camera.

DIRECTOR

Alright. Action, please.

GIL

(to Melanie)

Remember your line now.

(to camera)

I hope you'll join this year's
poster child, Melanie, and me at
the National Fund's Annual

(MORE)

GIL (Cont'd)
Telethon on this station Saturday
night, September 4th -- hosted by
Stan Morgan. How about that,
senators?

SENATORS
(all in unison)
We'll be watching!

MELANIE
(on cue)
You better be!

DIRECTOR
Got it. Cut!

MELANIE
You made me smile. I wasn't going
to. I was mad.

GIL
I love getting people to do what I
want them to.

OVER THIS WE AGAIN HEAR GIL'S COMMENTS:

GIL'S NARRATION
*Actually I'm a few years older
with a little less hair. But
they've captured the essence of my
personality.*

CUT TO:

EXT. MODERN OFFICE BUILDING - NEW YORK - DAY

A high-tech giant on Fifth Avenue. The limo pulls up to the
main entrance and Gil jumps out, followed by his staff.

GIL'S NARRATION
*Now you can observe me in my
natural habitat.*

INT. 32nd FLOOR - LUXURIOUS OFFICES, NATIONAL FUND - DAY

Everyone is conscious of Gil as he comes off the elevator.
The RECEPTIONIST quickly picks up her phone.

RECEPTIONIST
The man is back!

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - DAY

TRUCKING SHOT - as Gil proceeds toward the conference room. He is joined by his executive assistant, BOBBI JEAN, an attractive middle-aged woman who has been his good right arm for years.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Surrounded by glass windows that afford a breathtaking view of Lower Manhattan. EXECUTIVES fill the seats at the mahogany table. Most notably the number two man in the organization, TOM HINDEN, a small, wiry chap who looks like he runs three miles before breakfast. One seat seems to be vacant.

GIL

Where's Herb?

BOBBI JEAN

I'll ring Mr. Loper and let him know --

HINDEN

Don't! I thought it would be advisable to exclude Herb from this meeting.

Hinden thrusts a folder in front of Gil. A medical dossier.

HINDEN

It appears Herb has been HIV positive for the last eight months.

BURTON

God, no.

GIL

The fact is, he came to me early in June and told me about it.

BURTON

Don't you think you might have shared that with us?

GIL

As long as he could handle his job, it was nobody's business.

BURTON

You still can't be thinking of promoting him to chair the building committee?

HINDEN

What's the point of putting a man with AIDS in a position which depends upon cementing long-time relationships when he could be hospitalized a few months from now?

GIL

You're a true humanitarian, Tom.

HINDEN

Face it, Gil, any charity relies on its image...the good will of its contributors. And there's still a sizable percentage of people in this country who are turned off by gays in visible positions of authority.

GIL

Ever wonder why you feel so threatened by these people?

HINDEN

You can't be unaware that there's a virtual gay mafia operating within this organization. Hiring and promoting their own kind.

Gil turns to Bobbi Jean.

GIL

Have P.R. draft the press release on Herb's promotion. I'll personally make the announcement on the fourteenth. And now I'm going home.

CUT TO:

INT. A DARKENED BEDROOM - SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY

Sam Gilman in bed with a very young and beautiful woman. It's early evening and they have already made love once.

GIL'S NARRATION

Sure. First they build me as a sympathetic character and then they pull the rug out.

JULIE

I want you all to myself for a few days. Somewhere without a telephone.

GIL

We'll grab another vacation right after the telethon.

JULIE

Another? Two days in Quebec and a weekend in Maui do not constitute a vacation.

He kisses her lovingly.

JULIE

This is even better with room service. Remember what we did with that hot butterscotch sauce? I would have hated to be the chambermaid.

GIL

I guess we can never go back to the Chateau Frontenac again.

JULIE

Which reminds me.

She slides out from under the covers.

JULIE

I need to switch my laundry to the dryer. Be right back.

Julie is only about 24 and in fantastic shape. She's naturally beautiful without a touch of makeup. She pulls on an old sweatshirt and proceeds through the apartment. Gil follows her.

ANGLE ON SERVICE AREA AT REAR OF APARTMENT

A large old-fashioned washer and dryer beside it. Julie removes a glob of damp laundry from the washer, popping it into the open dryer.

Gil appears behind her, fondling her breasts.

JULIE

A woman's work is never done.

GIL

You're so damn domestic, Julie.

The old dryer has "had it." It rumbles and trembles and shudders as it goes through the drying cycle.

JULIE

I'd better call the landlord about that.

GIL

Don't you dare.

He scoops her up and sits her down on top of the dryer, which is vibrating even more violently now. They begin making love on top of the rapidly vibrating appliance, reacting to the incredible pulsating sensation.

GIL

Spin dry coming up.

The new cycle creates a very different rhythm of movement.

JULIE

I can hardly wait for 'fluff' to kick in.

GIL'S NARRATION

I've got to admit, this is the scene that gives me and my family the most problem. The only trouble is, it's accurate.

JULIE

I wonder if anybody else ever thought of this?

GIL

If they had, these fucked up dryers would go for a fortune.

JULIE

Next time let's try it with a heavy load.

He picks her up and carries her back toward the bedroom.

GIL

Julie, don't ever let me catch you
doing laundry without me.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, FASHIONABLE SUBURBAN HOME DONE IN ANTIQUE
COLONIAL STYLE - NIGHT

GIL'S NARRATION

*Finally you get to see my house.
Our house. Way up in the
Riverdale section. Just above
Manhattan. It's worth triple what
I paid for it.*

A few lamps are on but the house seems empty. CAMERA
EXPLORES the place. Many of the pieces are costly
originals. Everything is in impeccable taste. We HEAR a
car pull up outside. In a moment, the front door opens.

SAM GILMAN ENTERS, removing his jacket and tossing it
casually on the sofa. This is obviously his home. CAMERA
PANS along with him, pausing on an end table where a
beautifully framed photograph of a man and a woman is
displayed. The man is Gil. The very attractive woman
beside him is RACHEL, his wife.

GIL'S NARRATION

*That's my Rachel. Beautiful,
highly educated. Perfect in every
way. Why is it I'd never think of
putting her on top of a washing
machine?*

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

as Gil sweeps in cheerfully, CAMERA MOVING with him,
suddenly coming to a jarring halt revealing a girl COMING AT
HIM WITH A KITCHEN KNIFE IN HER HAND.

Gil looks at her with surprise but without fear. There are
onions and tomatoes on the chopping board nearby. She's
obviously in the midst of preparing a meal.

This is SUSAN, Gil's 18-year-old daughter.

SUSAN

Mom got called into surgery. The
Yankee centerfielder got struck in
the shoulder with a pitched ball.

GIL

So you volunteered to come over
and fix my dinner?

SUSAN

I happened to be on the phone with
her when she got the call.

GIL

Stop pointing at me.

She drops the dangerous-looking knife in the sink.

SUSAN

Sometimes I do have fantasies
about doing terrible things to
you.

GIL

Maybe I deserve it.

SUSAN

Butting into my personal life was
totally wrong.

GIL

But now you're glad I did.

SUSAN

I never trusted that bastard. I
just didn't want to give him up.
That's what's so funny, daddy.
You thought he was using me, but I
was using him just as much. And
then I would have dumped him.

GIL

Sure. So are you moving back in
or what?

SUSAN

Most of my stuff is already
upstairs. You always get your
way, don't you?

GIL

Call it a charmed life.

GIL'S NARRATION

What did I tell you?

SUSAN

Maybe I shouldn't be so mad at you for hiring that detective. I spied on you for twelve years minimum.

Susan tosses a steak on the skillet and it sizzles. She has already opened a bottle of red wine.

SUSAN (Cont'd)

As a kid, I'd listen at your door, look through the keyhole trying to catch you naked. And when you went out at night, I'd go through your desk and your trash and read your mail. I even stole money out of your wallet once and I felt so bad all week I couldn't stand it.

GIL

Besides, where could a kid unload a fifty dollar bill?

SUSAN

How did you know it was a fifty?

GIL

Somehow it found its way back into my wallet by the weekend.

SUSAN

And you never mentioned it.

GIL

But I didn't know about your going through my mail.

SUSAN

Or how I took your income tax forms to school and showed everybody how much money you made and what deductions you took. It was for 'show and tell.'

GIL

No wonder I got audited.

She hugs him tightly. A long, meaningful embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAME KITCHEN - LATER

The lights have now been dimmed as father and daughter dine at the kitchen table by candlelight.

There's the SOUND of a door closing and in a moment, Rachel enters the room.

RACHEL

Candles and all? You two seem to be getting along again.

SUSAN

We cleaned the blood up before you got here.

GIL

(kissing her)

Rough evening?

RACHEL

I picked four bone chips out of MacNeal's shoulder. But I think he'll play again by the end of the season.

GIL

I hope he knows how to show his appreciation.

RACHEL

When he came out of the anesthetic, that's the first thing he offered to do. But I told him I'd send him a bill instead.

SUSAN

I'd better go upstairs and finish unpacking.

RACHEL

I'll come by to say goodnight.

Susan hurries upstairs to her bedroom.

GIL

Everything's back to normal.

RACHEL

Susan is a sweet kid, but she's also a very convincing liar. She got that from you.

GIL

Me?

He puts his arms around her, kisses her, but she doesn't seem to be in a romantic mood.

RACHEL

You know how I am after a surgery. Right now, I'd just like to take a nice long soaking bath and listen to one of my relaxation tapes.

GIL

Then you won't mind if I bring some reading upstairs.

He fetches his briefcase and follows her up the staircase. CAMERA ASCENDS with them. Halfway up she pauses a moment.

RACHEL

I almost forgot. You got a call just before I left for the hospital.

(a beat)

Someone named Julie.

The name hits Gil like a slap across the face.

GIL

What?

GIL'S NARRATION

Here's where it all spun out of control. Like a car, jumping the divider and coming straight at you.

Rachel continues up the stairs. Gil follows her now at a distance.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Spacious, with a fireplace and an old four-poster bed. Rachel begins undressing to take her bath. Gil watches her from across the room.

GIL

When was this? The call? What time did you say it came in?

RACHEL

Four-thirty or so. It's on the notepad downstairs.

CAMERA MOVES in TIGHT on Gil's face.

RACHEL'S VOICE

He said his name was Julian
Templer. That you'd met up in
Quebec.

He reacts with confusion to the shift of gender.

WIDER SHOT

Rachel has undressed and slipped into a silk robe.

RACHEL

I explained that you'd never even
been to Quebec. But he said you
gave this number.

GIL

Of course I've never been there.

RACHEL

He kept insisting it was last
April.

(a beat)

Isn't that the time you went to
Toronto and they lost your
luggage?

GIL

That's right. On the trip back.

RACHEL

It doesn't matter. He said he'd
call again.

GIL

When?

RACHEL

Is it important?

GIL

No. It's not important at all.

But Rachel is puzzled by the noticeable edge in his voice.

GIL'S NARRATION

*I don't think I'd ever really felt
fear until that moment. I started
waiting for the ground to collapse
under me.*

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights have been extinguished. Gil and Rachel lie together under the thick quilt. She seems to be in deep sleep, but Gil's eyes are wide open, staring at the blank wall, still wondering about that phone call. The odd coincidence of names.

GIL'S NARRATION

I didn't have long to wait.

All at once, the JANGLE of the telephone breaks the silence.

Gil stares at the telephone which is only inches away on the night table.

INSERT SHOT: The illuminated face of the caller ID box identifies the caller as "Anonymous."

WIDER ANGLE

RACHEL

What's the matter? Answer it.

GIL

It's after three o'clock.

He grabs the phone and BARKS into it.

GIL

Yes? Who is this?

There's a voice on the other end of the line. A voice we will come to know. A hoarse, somewhat distant male voice which speaks just above a whisper.

VOICE

I know you can't talk because she's there.

GIL

Who's calling?

VOICE

It's Julie, of course. Your 'Julie.' We have to get together again soon.

GIL

I don't know you. And don't call here again.

He slams down the receiver as Rachel switches on her lamp.

RACHEL

Why are you getting so excited?

GIL

Shit. It's the middle of the night, isn't it?

RACHEL

Was it that same man? Julie?

(a beat)

You never even found out what he wanted.

GIL

It's kind of an odd voice.

RACHEL

Yeah, I felt the same way. Something weird.

GIL

Well, some idiot's obviously got our number.

RACHEL

Oh, please. You're not going to change our number over one stupid call?

He switches off the lamp. But he's too restless to fall back to sleep.

GIL

I've got to get something to drink.

He exits the bedroom in his pajamas.

ANGLE ON STAIRCASE OUTSIDE

as Gil descends the stairs in the darkened house.

GIL'S NARRATION

I couldn't get that odd voice out of my head. Or the name. It was no coincidence.

INT. MAIN FLOOR OF HOUSE - NIGHT

as Gil crosses and takes the telephone off the hook. He's not taking any chances of Julian Templer calling back. Then

he realizes he isn't alone. His daughter, SUSAN, is seated on the couch, looking at him.

GIL

Phone wake you up?

SUSAN

Was it Vic?

GIL

Why would Vic call me in the middle of the night?

SUSAN

He claims you broke us up. Said he'd get even. I told him he was full of shit.

GIL

What could he do to me?

SUSAN

I've seen him hurt people. I was afraid of him myself. Maybe that was part of the attraction. I've never been really afraid of any guy before.

GIL

Did he ever hurt you?

SUSAN

Wasn't it all in the report?

GIL

I didn't read all of it. Just enough to know that I wanted him out of your life.

SUSAN

Be careful, daddy.

GIL

The world is full of crazy people and they all seem to own a telephone.

CAMERA MOVES AWAY to that telephone lying -- temporarily out of order. It ceases its beeping signal and all is silent.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE GIL'S OFFICE - DAY

His assistant, Bobbi Jean occupies the adjoining office. Gil's TWO SECRETARIES are at their desks. They treat Gil with a distant respect. He's every inch the "boss."

GIL

Good morning, Connie. Good morning, Phyllis.

BOTH

'Morning, Mr. Gilman.

He enters Bobbi Jean's office and shuts the door.

GIL

Think hard. Do I know anyone named Julian Templer?

BOBBI JEAN

It appears you do.

She hands him a beautifully wrapped gift with an accompanying note. The note is not sealed. Gil opens it.

INSERT SHOT - THE HANDWRITTEN NOTE

"With all my love and sincerest apologies, Julian."

WIDER SHOT

GIL

Did you read this?

BOBBI JEAN

He seems friendly enough. And excellent penmanship.

GIL

When did this arrive?

BOBBI JEAN

Twenty minutes ago, by messenger.

Gil rips open the package. It contains a designer manicure set in a beautiful leather case. The name "GIL" is engraved upon it.

BOBBI JEAN (CONT'D)

From Gucci. He went first class.

GIL

Call Personnel. See if anybody has ever heard of this person.

BOBBY JEAN

Right away.

GIL

Then Google him -- if he's not listed, contact our friends over at Bell Atlantic.

BOBBY JEAN

Stan Morgan is waiting in your office. I tried to set up a later appointment, but he wouldn't go away.

INT. GIL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

STAN MORGAN is sprawled out on the sofa with his feet on the marble coffee table like he owns the place.

GIL

Why didn't you make yourself comfortable?

MORGAN

You wouldn't even have this office if it wasn't for me.

Gil places the manicure set on his desk. Now he is ready to face the arrogant host of the yearly telethon.

GIL

Nobody's trying to ease you out, Stan.

MORGAN

What do you call bringing in three 'guest hosts'?

GIL

Taking the pressure of you, that's all.

MORGAN

You think I'm going to let you cut off my balls?

GIL

My wife's the surgeon, not me.

Morgan crosses to Gil's desk and picks up the manicure set.

MORGAN

What's this? Just another little perk?
Those go for about four hundred. You
must've done somebody a favor.

GIL

Maybe somebody just likes me.

Morgan opens the kit and uses one of the tiny instruments to clip his fingernails.

GIL (CONT'D)

Maybe somebody just likes me. But they
stay out of my way 'cause when I'm
pushed, I push back hard. It could be
messy. And have a very negative effect
on your fund-raising for a long time to
come.

Morgan exits. Gil is alone. But he's not thinking about San. It's that phone call that disturbs him.

GIL'S NARRATION

*I just walked through the day in a
fucking daze -- expecting this 'Julian'
to make his next move.*

CUT TO:

INT. LE CIRQUE RESTAURANT - LUNCHTIME

Gil is at his usual table in the company of HERB LOPER, a handsome, well-groomed executive.

GIL

(lying)

There was no serious opposition to your
promotion.

LOPER

I figured Hinden would resist it.

GIL

He knew nothing would change my mind.
I'm sorry you couldn't bring Tony with
you to lunch.

LOPER

He's busy choreographing the revival of 'BRIGADOON.' He's been wonderfully supportive through this whole illness.

GIL

You're fortunate to have him.

LOPER

It's nine years now.

GIL

Ask him to get us tickets to the opening. And I'll pray that Rachel isn't in surgery that night.

LOPER

I've always been completely open about my lifestyle, Gil. I couldn't live any other way. You allowed me that freedom. Even before it was politically correct.

(a beat)

I've never said thanks.

GIL

You know that's not necessary.

(he gets up)

Excuse me a minute, I have to make a quick call.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT

as she picks up the phone.

GIL'S VOICE

I've been ringing you all day.

JULIE

I went to the library after class. What's wrong?

GIL'S VOICE

You told someone about Quebec.

JULIE

Nobody. I swear.

INTERCUT GIL ON CELLULAR - OUTSIDE LE CIRQUE - AND JULIE

GIL

Maybe you did it without realizing. I don't know any of your friends. Whom do you hang out with?

JULIE

What's happened? What's all this about?

GIL

I can't talk about it on the phone. I'll see you tomorrow at the regular time.

He disconnects.

TIGHT ON JULIE

She stares at the phone.

JULIE

(to herself)

The regular time.

Then the doorbell RINGS. She hangs up the phone, looks at herself in the mirror, fusses with her hair, then crosses happily to the door where the bell is ringing more insistently now. As she unlatches it and opens it, we

CUT TO:

EXT. 55TH & 3RD AVENUE - MANHATTEN - EVENING

Gil's Mercedes pulls to the curb and his daughter, Susan, hops in, laden down with shopping bags and packages.

SUSAN

Thanks for the lift.

INT. THE MERCEDES

Driving uptown.

SUSAN

Don't get nervous, most of those packages are for mom. I only bought a pair of shoes and a scarf.

GIL

I feel much better now.

SUSAN

Oh, and I met your friend today...
Julian.

For a moment, Gil looks away from the traffic. He hits a pothole in the center of the street.

SUSAN (Cont'd)

Dad, look where you're going.

GIL

Sorry.

(a beat)

Where did you see him? Julian?

SUSAN

This afternoon while I was
browsing at Barnes & Noble, he
came over.

GIL

How would he know you?

SUSAN

He said you'd once shown him my
picture.

GIL

I can't exactly place him.

SUSAN

He was very nice, really.
Actually I'm impressed, dad. I
didn't know you had any gay
friends.

GIL

Of course we do. Your mother and
I socialize with quite a number of
gay couples.

(a beat)

What else did he say?

SUSAN

Just that you'd both been at some
hotel in Maui at the same time. I
never heard that you and mom had
been there.

GIL

Maybe because we haven't.

SUSAN

So it was someplace else. What's the big deal?

GIL

Nothing. No big deal.

SUSAN

Well, he sure knew me.

GIL

If you ever see this man again, let me know.

SUSAN

Is there some problem?

GIL

Can you describe him?

SUSAN

Slender. Sandy-colored hair but very pale skin, like he never got out in the sun much. That's why I thought that Hawaii was kind of funny. He didn't seem the beachy type.

GIL

Just because I shake someone's hand at a function, they think they know me.

SUSAN

Anyway, he just said to tell you 'Julie sends his love.'

To cover the silence, he pops a CD into the deck. The car is flooded with music as he continues to drive his daughter home.

GIL'S NARRATION

Suddenly I was hating somebody I didn't even know. But he knew me alright.

EXT. PARKWAY - EVENING

as Gil's Mercedes weaves through the traffic.

EXT. RIVERDALE AREA - NIGHT

as Gil's Mercedes drives up in front of the beautiful two-story Colonial home covered with ivy.

INT. GIL'S MERCEDES - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

He notices another car parked directly opposite his house. A beat up Chevrolet. Someone in the front seat watching the house.

EXT. GIL'S CAR - NIGHT

He pulls over short of his driveway. He jumps out of the car and runs across the street to the parked car, pulling open the door -- expecting to confront "Julian."

Susan is right behind him.

SUSAN

Dad, stop!

TIGHTER ANGLE ON GIL

He reaches for the man inside. The figure that gets out is bigger and younger than Gil, muscularly built, dark hair, nothing like the description of Julian Templer. Now Gil seems to recognize him.

GIL

What the hell are you doing around my house?

SUSAN

Dad, don't get into this.

(to the young man)

I told you to stay away from us.

VIC

Let's go someplace.

SUSAN

I have nothing to say to you.

VIC

I think you do. Things we can't talk about in front of daddy. I miss it. Don't you miss it?

GIL

You heard what she said.

VIC

I know her better than you do.
The only time she was ever herself
was when she was with me. Okay, I
got a little rough, but she likes
being on the edge, don't you,
Suzette?

Gil looks at his daughter for a moment. She has an
expression on her face he has never seen before.

VIC (Cont'd)

Look at her. She's getting a
charge out of this right now. Go
ahead, Mr. Gilman, take a shot at
me. I won't hit you back. I
won't even sue you.

(he laughs)

I want to make you feel good, too.
Hitting me would do that, wouldn't
it?

SUSAN

Let's get away from him.

VIC

Do it yourself, Mr. Gilman,
instead of sending some hired hand
to follow me around. Be a man.

Gil wants to hit the guy so badly it aches, but his daughter
grabs his arm.

SUSAN

He isn't worth it. You'll get
hurt.

GIL

I'm not worried about him. He
only hits women.

Susan looks away. She doesn't want to make eye contact with
this man. She drags her father away from him.

As they walk back to the house, Vic shouts after them:

VIC

I knew you were just a chicken-
shit faggot!

TIGHT SHOT - GIL

as the derogatory sexual reference strikes a sensitive chord. A few days ago, it would have meant nothing. But now, he turns and looks back wondering if perhaps Vic had something to do with the phone calls and notes that are plaguing his life.

GIL

What did you call me?

WIDER SHOT - THE STREET - NIGHT

Vic gets in his car. The headlights come on catching Gil and Susan in their beams. The engine ROARS. Vic SCREECHES away from the curb burning rubber. For a moment, it appears he's going to run them both down. But he swerves a few feet from them and zigzags off down the street.

SUSAN

I thought for a minute you were going to punch his lights out.

GIL

You think I was afraid of him?

SUSAN

You should be.

GIL

Why? If I got beat up, I've got my own doctor on retainer.

They walk to the entrance of the house and go inside.

GIL'S NARRATION

I wanted to hurt this kid. If I'd started hitting him, I wouldn't have stopped.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A recently delivered floral arrangement stands on the coffee table.

SUSAN

Maybe it's for mom from one of her patients.

Gil approaches the flowers, notices a card.

SUSAN (Cont'd)

One thing for sure, it's not from Vic.

Gil picks up the card, opens it.

GIL'S NARRATION

There it was again.

INSERT SHOT - THE CARD READS:

"You have a lovely daughter. With continued affection, Julie."

WIDER SHOT

Gil crumples the card in his hand -- and lies about it.

GIL

It's from the manager of the Knicks...thanking her.

Susan realizes he's not telling the truth, particularly when he pockets the crumpled card and walks away.

SUSAN

Are you jealous of somebody? Has mom got a friend?

GIL

I told you what it was.

(a beat)

You left your packages outside.

Susan knows she's being told to mind her own business. She shrugs it off. She exits, leaving Gil more shaken than he was from the encounter with Vic.

GIL'S NARRATION

You've probably figured by now that Julian Templer is the sonofabitch in the trunk of my car. But don't jump to any nasty conclusions.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - GREENWICH VILLAGE

The kitchen table is covered with textbooks and Julie has been taking voluminous notes for her classes. Gil is making himself a cup of instant coffee.

JULIE

To you, having an affair is like checking into one of the world's great hotels. You love using all the facilities just so long as you know you can always go home.

GIL

Speaking of hotels, somebody knows about Hawaii, too.

JULIE

Your wife?

GIL

No.

JULIE

Well, then, what's the difference?

GIL

Will you put those books down!

JULIE

Didn't you talk me into taking these classes?

GIL

Nobody heard about the Chateau Frontenac from me.

JULIE

So naturally it has to be my fault?

GIL

Maybe you wrote some postcards. Alright, I can see you're getting angry, but this is serious. I've been getting notes and phone calls. It could be some sort of blackmail. Have you ever heard of anybody named Julian Templer?

JULIE

I'd remember a name like that.

GIL

He calls himself 'Julie' too, and he's trying to make it appear that he and I are sexually involved. Don't laugh. It isn't funny.

JULIE

So what's the big deal? Half of New York is gay or bi...

GIL

If someone's spreading a lie about you, wouldn't you want to know why?

JULIE

Every celebrity get 'outed' nowadays. It makes no fucking difference.

GIL

It'd make a difference to my wife and daughter.

JULIE

So would I! Which do you think would be worse?

GIL

Why are you trying to provoke me?

JULIE

Relax. I intend to solve the mystery.

Julie goes to her laptop and Googles.

JULIE (CONT'D)

In Quebec. The Chateau Frontenac. There's an 800 number.

GIL

What are you doing?

JULIE

(dialing)

If he was registered, they'll have an address.

GIL

I should have sent you to the Police Academy instead of NYU.

JULIE

(into phone)

Reservations desk, please.

(to Gil)

Why don't you handle this?

Gil takes the phone.

GIL

(into phone)

This is Mr. Gilman in New York. I was with you from the sixteenth to the eighteenth of April. We made friends with another of your guests but I've lost his card and I wonder if you could help me out? Mr. Julian Templer. Could you check?

While he waits, Julie nuzzles up to him, kissing him, fondling him, unbuttoning his shirt. He puts up with it.

GIL

(into phone)

Yes? He had Room 706? Right across the hall? But he paid in travelers checks. What about the address? There is no 5200 Sutton Place. It doesn't exist. Thanks, anyway.

JULIE

At least we know he was there.

GIL

I can't believe someone's been following us for months. I mean, why go to all that trouble?

JULIE

Maybe Rachel isn't as easy to fool as you think.

GIL

Why would she do something like this?

JULIE

Suppose it's not enough for her to break up the marriage. She's successful herself. She doesn't need your money. Maybe she wants to hit you where it'll really hurt.

GIL

She's not that kind of person.

JULIE

No. Only I would think of something that vicious.

GIL

Cut that shit out.

JULIE

Okay. Isn't it possible you might've met this man a long time ago...in college or the army?

GIL

What you're really asking me is did I ever experiment a little? Mess around just once or twice. If I had, I wouldn't be ashamed to tell you about it. You don't think I'd block it, do you?

JULIE

Would I be less of a person if I confessed that I had a relationship with an older woman? Somebody I worked for back in Atlanta a few years ago. Something that lasted less than a week.

GIL

Is that true?

JULIE

Could you accept that if I told you it didn't mean anything? Or would it make me a dyke?

GIL

I don't know if you're testing me or what, but nothing like that happened to me.

JULIE

Not even in your fantasies?

GIL

Do you really want to know what goes on in my head?

JULIE

I think you're dying to tell somebody.

GIL

You won't like it. I don't like it myself.

(beat)

When I'm in the dark with Rachel, I think about you. When I'm with you, a lot of the time I fantasize about her. And I enjoy every fucking minute of it.

JULIE

I guess neither of us matters that much to you.

GIL

That isn't so.

(beat)

I told you this because it's about the worst thing I could think of. Sorry. That's about as kinky as I get.

Julie kisses him lightly on the lips.

JULIE

From now on, when we make love, keep your goddamn eyes open! Now get out of here so I can finish my term paper on human sexuality.

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

as Gil exits into the street. He crosses toward a small corner tavern. (One of the old landmark saloons in New York). Gil steps inside for a drink.

INT. THE TAVERN - DAY

Gil is seated at a table by the window ordering his second vodka of the afternoon.

GIL'S NARRATION

Okay, I admit I didn't entirely trust her.

GIL'S POV

Through the window of the tavern, he sees Julie emerging from the converted brownstone, heading up the street in a big hurry.

BACK TO GIL

tossing money on the table and exiting.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TAVERN - DAY

Gil proceeds to follow Julie.

GIL'S NARRATION

*I figure I had a right to know.
Can you fault me for that?*

EXT. THE NEXT CORNER - DAY

Julie is heading away from the college campus.

ANGLE ON GIL

almost ashamed to be following her.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE NEAR WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

A good-looking YOUNG MAN in his early twenties waits at one of the tables. He's a lean, artistic-looking fellow with shoulder-length blonde hair. Julie hurries up to him. They embrace. It is a long, affectionate kiss.

ANGLE ON GIL

watching from down the block. He steps back into a doorway.

GIL'S NARRATION

Only I wish I hadn't done it.

HIS POV

Julie and her young man seated together holding hands.

ANGLE ON GIL

He feels like some sort of criminal spying on them. Finally he hails a taxi.

CUT TO:

INT. GIL'S OFFICE - DAY

as WEXLER, a narrow-eyed, overweight private detective, is ushered in.

Gil is busy at his desk, approving architectural sketches of a new medical facility the charity is funding. Bobbi Jean is at his side.

GIL

Do we have some outstanding business, Mr. Wexler?

WEXLER

I think so.

BOBBI JEAN

They need your final approval on the lobby and landscape design for the Seattle Research Center. Initial each rendering.

Gil scribbles his approval on each blueprint without even looking at them.

GIL

(to Wexler)

I can give you five minutes.

Bobbi Jean glances curiously at Wexler as she exits.

WEXLER

I understand our friend Vic has turned up again.

GIL

It's alright. Susan isn't even taking his phone calls. She's through with him.

WEXLER

She was with him again last night.

GIL

I don't believe you.

WEXLER

Hey, don't get pissed at me. You came to me. I didn't come to you.

GIL

That was a mistake.

WEXLER

I was clearing out my old files. You know how cluttered an office can get. And technically, this stuff is your property.

Wexler displays a photographic proof sheet.

INSERT SHOT - THE PROOF SHEET

There are two dozen pictures taken with a telephoto lens.
All of them are of a man and a young woman -- naked.

MEDIUM SHOT

Gil recoils. Looks away.

WEXLER

These are a couple of months old.

Wexler slips the proof sheet back into the manila envelope.

WEXLER (Cont'd)

The negatives are in here, too.

He places the now closed envelope on Gil's desk.

WEXLER (Cont'd)

Don't blame your daughter too
much. She's just human.

He turns and walks to the door, then pauses.

WEXLER (Cont'd)

Haven't you got anything you're
ashamed of, Mr. Gilman? I mean
aside from hiring yours truly?

Suddenly Gil is on his feet.

GIL

You had some other reason for
coming.

WEXLER

Did I? You know most of my work
involves families. Husbands and
wives, parents and kids. Usually
I'm hired to find out about one
member of the family but sooner or
later, I find out about everybody.
All the peculiarities, the
extracurricular activities, all
the quirks...

(a beat)

It's a big burden to carry,
knowing so much about other
people.

GIL

What do you know about me, for example?

WEXLER

You only gave me five minutes and my time is up.

Wexler leaves, closing the door softly.

Gil stares at the manila envelope which holds the proof sheet and the negatives. He tears it in half, then tears it again and again as if by destroying the contents, he could will it out of existence.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NATIONAL FUND BOARD MEETING - DAY

Tom Hinden has the floor and seems overly aggressive in his presentation.

HINDEN

My proposal includes downsizing the administrative staff by eleven percent.

GIL

Do we want a charity run by machines or human beings? How can a computer make a decision involving pain and suffering?

HINDEN

Now let me get on to abuses on the executive level: travel, entertainment, all kinds of perks. It seems like everyone emulates the behavior of the top man. If he does it, it's alright for them too.

GIL

This seems to have degenerated into a personal attack.

HINDEN

I understand your sensitivity, Gil. We can handle this in private.

GIL

If you have any specific complaints to level, let's hear them. I've got nothing to hide from the board.

BOARD OFFICER

I think we might adjourn for fifteen minutes.

The board members gladly rise up and exit.

HINDEN

You're not above criticism, Gil. You treat this organization like it's your own private fiefdom.

GIL

What makes you think you can get away with this crap?

HINDEN

I'm ashamed of myself for not taking a firmer stand against you in the past.

(beat)

I should've openly opposed you on this Loper matter. But of course, now I realize why you went to bat for him. You people always stick together.

GIL

Meaning what?

HINDEN

The channeling of funds to gay-related illnesses -- to the exclusion of other worthy causes.

GIL

That's homophobic bullshit and you know it.

HINDEN

I can contain this budding scandal if I have a mind to. I'm aware of the effect it might have on your wife and family.

GIL

I don't have to defend myself to you, but there's no truth to any rumor you've heard.

HINDEN

It would be prudent of you to reconsider moving Herb Loper into such a visible spot. It's only going to serve to reaffirm these nasty stories. Fortunately, the press releases haven't been distributed.

GIL

I've already informed Herb of my decision.

HINDEN

And you have every right to change your mind.

(a beat)

And I wish you'd hold off finalizing designs for the Seattle Center -- until after I've offered my input.

GIL

It's taken you a while to make your move.

HINDEN

I'm only trying to protect a valuable asset. Anything that hurts you reflects badly on the fund.

GIL

Are you finished?

HINDEN

I think the question is: are you finished? Sleep on it, Gil. I'm sure you'll make the intelligent choice.

Hinden walks out. Gil is shaken. He suddenly feels totally alone -- isolated.

GIL'S NARRATION

At that moment, I finally made a smart choice.

He reaches for the phone and speed-dials his wife's office.

NURSE'S VOICE
Dr. Gilman's office.

GIL
Hello, Stacey. Could you put her
on, please?

NURSE'S VOICE
She's with a patient.

GIL
Tell her it's important.

There is a pause, then the voice comes back on the line.

NURSE'S VOICE
She's very sorry. She says she'll
get back to you in a few minutes.

GIL
It's not necessary. I'm coming
over.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Rachel's waiting room is full of big, brawny types. White, black, Chicano -- all professional athletes, and all suffering some form of injury. These are her usual clientele. Her specialty: sports medicine. Gil enters.

Compared to her patients, Gil seems a puny fellow indeed. The nurse, of course, recognizes him.

NURSE
Hi, Mr. Gilman. I gave her your
message. She's a little backed up
now.

GIL
I can see that. I'll wait.

There's only a small space between two of the huge athletes. They edge over as far as they can and Gil squeezes in between them. Then he feels quite awkward. He sits there in silence a few moments before one of them speaks.

HANK

So you're the husband? That's some gorgeous woman you've got there.

GIL

I agree.

HANK

When they told me it was a female doctor, I didn't want to come. The first couple of times I was embarrassed.

GIL

What was wrong with you?

HANK

Hernia. But she operated and I'm playing again. Now I look forward to these visits.

GIL'S NARRATION

I could see it in my mind -- Rachel giving these guys a physical. And maybe one of them liking her a little too much.

The handsome black athlete, RIP, sitting on the other side of Gil, is a basketball player, nearly seven feet tall.

RIP

Let me shake your hand, mister. I love your wife.

GIL

Most people do.

RIP

You got a job?

GIL

That's why she charges you so much money because she has to support me and the kid.

The door to the office opens. A monstrous-looking weight lifter waddles out followed by Rachel.

RACHEL

Be at the hospital at seven and don't eat anything after midnight.

She sees Gil who tries to get up but is wedged in between the two athletes. Finally he dislodges himself and goes to her.

RACHEL
Did something happen?

GIL
No. I just need to talk to you.

RACHEL
It'll be a little while.

GIL
I'll make dinner reservations somewhere.

RACHEL
Okay, who's next?

Rachel and her next patient, Hank, disappear inside. Hank flashes a big smile at Gil before closing the door.

The huge basketball player now towers over Gil, wrapping a lengthy arm around his shoulder.

RIP
Never played much ball, did you?

GIL
A little second base in high school. But she doesn't like muscles. That's how come we get along.

RIP
She don't?

GIL
She sees muscles all day. By nighttime she's sick of muscles. I don't even work out because it might turn her off.

RIP
Shit.

The phone at the nurse's desk rings and she can be heard taking the call.

NURSE

Dr. Gilman's office. ...I'm sorry,
her next available appointment
would be the week after next...
Wednesday, the 24th at 11 A.M.
What's the name, please?
'Templer'? Would you spell that,
please?

Gil hears the name and it brings him to his feet. He
interrupts the nurse.

GIL

Who is that on the phone? Is it
Julian Templer?

NURSE

(to Gil)

Yes, do you know him?

GIL

Let me talk to him.

NURSE

I'm sorry. He seems to have hung
up. I didn't even have time to
find out who referred him. Was it
you?

Suddenly Gil doesn't feel so glib anymore. A numbness has
seized hold of him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORNER TABLE, FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gil and Rachel having drinks before ordering.

GIL

Any of those hunks ever make
passes at you?

RACHEL

When a man is in pain, the last
thing he thinks of is sex.

GIL

An astute observation.

RACHEL

You wanted to talk about
something. Is it Susan?

GIL

No. It's me for a change.

RACHEL

You had me worried for a minute.

GIL

I suppose if it's my problem it can't be that serious?

RACHEL

Well, I know you're in excellent health -- so what else is there?

GIL

You know how close I am to Herb Loper?

RACHEL

Oh, God, he's not dying.

GIL

No, his condition stabilized and I promoted him. But now someone's trying to make it look...like I'm --

Gil glances across the restaurant and sees something that disturbs him. He stops talking, tenses up.

GIL'S POV - THE BAR

A MAN seated at the bar seems to be staring straight at Gil. He's thin and sandy-haired with a pale complexion.

ANGLE ON GIL

He shifts uncomfortably, then the waiter interrupts.

WAITER

May I tell you about tonight's specials?

Gil looks up again, over the top of his menu.

GIL'S POV - OVER MENU

The sandy-haired man continues staring provocatively at Gil's table.

ANGLE ON GIL

sliding out of his booth and angrily heading for the bar -- straight for the man, pulling him off his barstool.

GIL

What the fuck do you want from me?
Answer me!

Everybody at the bar is stunned. The maitre d' and waiters stop in the middle of service and most of the patrons turn to view the altercation. Gil shoves the man back against the bar but before he can throw a punch the man speaks:

MAN

Okay, I'm sorry. She's a great looking woman. What else can I say?

Gil lets go, suddenly realizing that this man's been staring at Rachel not at him. Then he realizes that everyone is watching and that Rachel is mortified by this sudden display of violence.

GIL

(to the man)
Alright, forget it.

MAN

Yeah, sure.

The man leaves the restaurant. Gil returns to Rachel.

RACHEL

Why would you do such a thing?

The maitre d' taps Gil on the shoulder.

GIL

Look, I apologize for...

MAITRE D'

Telephone call for you, Mr. Gilman. You can take it right over there.

Gil crosses to the waiting phone with a sense of dread.

JULIAN'S VOICE

You can't continue avoiding me like this, Gil. I won't accept that kind of treatment.

GIL

You called my wife's office today,
didn't you?

(no response)

Tell me what you want. Is it
money?

JULIAN'S VOICE

I just want your friendship back.
I want things to be as they were
before. You're forcing me to come
out in the open, Gil, and that's
not good for either of us.
Everybody's finding out.

Gil looks back in Rachel's direction. She can sense his
anxiety. He tries to remain calm as the voice continues.

JULIAN'S VOICE (Cont'd)

How do you think Rachel will take
it? Can she live with it?!

Gil slams the phone down as Rachel approaches. She's still
upset over Gil's assault on the man at the bar.

RACHEL

Will you please get the bill! I
want to go home.

GIL

It was...

RACHEL

I don't care who it was. I want
to go home.

They exit the restaurant.

GIL'S NARRATION

*She'd never looked at me that way
before. The timing couldn't have
been worse for a confession.*

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE OF BROOKLYN RESEARCH CENTER - DAY

Gil has put in an appearance at the ground-breaking
ceremony. As pictures are snapped, Gil is approached by
Herb Loper who seems distraught.

LOPER

Gil? A moment please. In private.

GIL

Let me assure you, there's been no change regarding your promotion.

LOPER

Why couldn't you be honest with me of all good people? Instead of so goddamn patronizing!

A STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER covering the event has followed them and continuously snaps pictures.

GIL

Maybe I'm a little slow, Herb...

LOPER

Did you think I wouldn't keep quiet about it? Or that I'd make a pass at you?

GIL

I don't know what you're talking about.

LOPER

Oh, please. Isn't it time we drop the pretense? It's all over the goddamn office. Give it up, Gil. Have some respect for yourself.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Could you shake hands and turn a little to the left? Your left.

GIL

I'd just like to know who you heard this from?

LOPER

There I was last week in Le Cirque groveling because someone from the straight world was treating us like human beings. Oh, you must have been so amused.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Another one. Smile, please.

LOPER

I genuinely feel sorry for you, Gil. You're afraid to make them accept you on your own terms.

(beat)

Surely Rachel knows, or have you kept it from her, too?

GIL

The subject is closed, okay?

LOPER

I'm here for you any time you want to talk. So are Michael and Howard and any of the others.

GIL

Oh, so you've all convened and discussed it?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Could you hold up the designs so we can see them?

LOPER

Howard still has a wonderful relationship with his ex-wife and his two kids. They're closer than they ever were before he accepted the truth about himself. He wanted you to know that.

GIL

I appreciate everybody's concern, but you've been misinformed.

LOPER

Gil, if you don't deal with this, it'll destroy you.

GIL

Somebody else is taking care of that.

CUT TO:

INT. 32nd FLOOR RECEPTION - NATIONAL FUND - DAY

Gil returns to the office, still trying to balance his personal crisis with the crises of the impending telethon.

But now he looks at the secretaries and clerical workers as he never did before.

GIL'S POV - TRUCKING SHOT

Pretty secretaries whisper and smile as he passes by, or is he imagining it? A mailroom clerk and a clerical worker both make eye contact and look away perhaps a bit too quickly.

The secretary named CAROL pauses as she passes him. She's always been distant and respectful, but now she touches his necktie appreciatively.

CAROL

Love that tie. You always have
such good taste.

TIGHT SHOT - GIL

still walking. He hears muffled laughter behind him.

INT. GIL'S PRIVATE OFFICE

He crosses to Bobbi Jean and takes her arm.

GIL

Take a walk with me. Down to the
atrium.

BOBBI JEAN

Fine. I need the exercise.

CAMERA TRAVELS with them.

They don't speak again until they're alone in the elevator.

GIL

I want to know what they're
saying.

BOBBI JEAN

The same as always, that you're a
lovable slave driver.

GIL

That's not this week's scoop.
Come on, Bobbi Jean, if I can't
count on you to tell me --

BOBBI JEAN

It had to get back to you
eventually. I'm sorry.

The elevator door opens and CAMERA FOLLOWS them into the building's GLASS ENCLOSED ATRIUM -- a virtual botanical garden in the midst of Manhattan.

They continue their conversation.

BOBBI JEAN

Okay. Lisa and Samantha took me to lunch and started pumping me. When I got angry, they said I was being over-protective. Like I should have known. Then they said, 'If his wife didn't know, how would you?' I wanted to murder them.

(a beat)

I even lied a little. Well, I was trying to protect you. I told them that we'd had an affair off and on for years.

GIL

I'm sure your husband is going to appreciate that.

BOBBI JEAN

I couldn't think of anything else. Besides, it could've happened if we hadn't got the 'laughies' that night.

GIL

You started it.

BOBBI JEAN

Oh no, it was you. And pretty soon you got me laughing and then neither of us could stop and it was over before it began. We just lay there in bed for hours, giggling like a pair of idiots. Then we got up and put our clothes back on.

GIL

I guess we just knew each other too well.

BOBBI JEAN

I know you're one hundred percent straight.

GIL

Please don't say it like it's such an honor.

BOBBI JEAN

A person doesn't know what to say. It always comes out wrong.

Gil sits down on a bench. Bobbi Jean joins him.

GIL

Shit. Every time I deny it, I feel like I'm slapping gay people in the face. I'm not saying I'm better than they are.

BOBBI JEAN

It isn't even an issue nowadays. Most people couldn't care less.

GIL

Remember that old movie with Gregory Peck -- where he told everybody he was Jewish, just to see their reaction?

(a beat)

It's amazing how everyone's behavior changes. That slightly amused look in their eye.

BOBBI JEAN

If you're talking movies, what about the comedy with Kevin Kline where he got 'outed' at the Oscarcast?

GIL

I laughed my ass off. But if you'll recall, he did turn out to be gay.

BOBBI JEAN

He was still a wonderful person and everybody accepted him.

GIL

He wasn't married with a daughter.

BOBBI JEAN

They should know better than anybody that this is total bullshit.

GIL

Bobbi, this didn't just happen.
Somebody made it happen.

BOBBI JEAN

Maybe you should call the police.

GIL

What could they do?

Reluctantly, Bobbi Jean takes a slip of paper out of her purse.

BOBBI JEAN

I've been a little hesitant about
passing this on.

GIL

The phone company came through?

BOBBI JEAN

I had to lean on them -- remind
them how much they make off our
telethon every year.

GIL

Templer's number?

She hands it to him.

BOBBI JEAN

And an address on West 92nd. If
you're going there, better take
your lawyer along.

GIL

Absolutely.

GIL'S NARRATION

Naturally I followed her advice.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 92nd STREET AND AMSTERDAM AVENUE - DAY

A line of brownstones once fallen into decay but now
reclaimed, renovated and rented.

A taxicab drops Gil off alone at the corner, totally
contrary to advice.

He walks a few houses down until he finds 321. The address
jotted on the piece of paper.

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

Gil scans the names on the buzzers. Apartment 6 bears the name Julian Templer. Gil rings. No one answers.

Then the door to the vestibule opens suddenly. Gil whirls, half expecting Julian Templer. But it's only a FEDERAL EXPRESS DELIVERY BOY exiting. Gil takes the opportunity to step inside, despite the young man's suspicious look.

INT. VESTIBULE OF BROWNSTONE

as Gil climbs the stairs to the second floor.

INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING

He presses the doorbell of Apartment 6. Then he notices the key is in the lock.

GIL'S NARRATION

Yeah, I know. You would've turned around and left. The hell you would've!

It is an urge he cannot resist. He turns the key and pushes the door wide open.

GIL

Hello?

GIL'S POV - THE APARTMENT

Although it is afternoon, all of the venetian blinds are drawn. The furniture is pure thrift shop. The generic prints on the wall could have been picked up anywhere.

ANGLE ON GIL - STEPPING INSIDE --

He leaves the door open a crack. He peers into the kitchen. A few unopened bottles of wine stand next to the sink which is stacked with dirty dishes and silverware.

With CAMERA TRACKING with him, Gil passes the end table beside the sofa and picks up one of the magazines.

INSERT SHOT - COVER OF COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

with the subscription label made out to Julian Templer.

WIDER SHOT

Ahead lies the bedroom. The door is half-closed. Gil pushes it all open. The queen-size bed is unmade.

He crosses into the bathroom. Julian Templer's toothbrush is there. But there is also a second toothbrush and some Ralph Lauren after-shave.

GIL'S NARRATION

My brand.

On the back of the bathroom door, he finds two identical white bathrobes. Souvenir bathrobes inscribed "Chateau Frontenac."

INT. BEDROOM

as Gil reenters and crosses directly to the large closet.

INT. CLOSET

It's divided into two sections. To the right, off the rack clothing belonging to Julian Templer. A direct contrast to the clothing on the left side, custom-made suits and sports jackets with coordinated slacks. The property of Sam Gilman himself.

ANGLE ON GIL'S REACTION

as he pulls the clothes off the hangers.

GIL'S NARRATION

*All from the suitcase I thought
I'd lost at the airport. Someone
had been planning this a long
time.*

Gil kneels down and sees the green suitcase in question stashed in the closet, still with its baggage tags marked "QUEBEC."

There are shoes at the bottom of the closet, too. Two pair of British-made shoes belonging to Gil. Next to them, shoes belonging to Julian Templer, several sizes smaller. Gil is kneeling there looking at the shoes when he hears a sound from the other room. Like the door to the apartment being closed.

Then there are footsteps moving through the apartment.

Someone is approaching the bedroom. Slowly a hand presses on the bedroom door and it swings back.

Gil springs forward to confront Julian Temple face-to-face.

But the figure framed in the door is that of Gil's wife Rachel. For a moment they stare at each other blankly.

RACHEL

Then it's true...isn't it?

(a beat)

Answer me, goddamn you!

GIL

How did you find this place?

RACHEL

Did you think you could keep it a secret forever?

She looks at the clothing scattered on the floor.

RACHEL (Cont'd)

You seem to have been planning to move out in a hurry.

She crosses and picks up one of the jackets. A cashmere.

RACHEL (Cont'd)

I bought this for you myself. Two Christmases ago.

She hangs it neatly up in the closet again and looks over the shoes which are clearly of two different sizes.

RACHEL (Cont'd)

Doesn't he have small feet?

GIL

Who told you to come here?

RACHEL

There was a message on my machine. From him.

GIL

You were supposed to show up and find my belongings.

RACHEL

And instead I found you.

(a beat)

I guess I should be grateful. I could have walked in and caught you both together. I don't think I could have handled that.

GIL

Can't you see we're being set up?

Ignoring his words, she crosses the bedroom to a chest of drawers on the opposite side, passing the unmade bed.

RACHEL

I could never get you to make your bed either.

She slides open one of the many drawers and looks inside, takes out several monogrammed shirts and neckties.

RACHEL (Cont'd)

I always wondered what happened to these. Does he do your laundry for you? Your socks and underwear. Is he a better wife than I am?

Then she tosses the articles aside. She's trying very hard not to break down and cry in front of him.

He reaches out to her, but she avoids him and exits the bedroom quickly, without looking back.

INT. LIVING ROOM

When she turns to face him, she has recovered.

RACHEL

Julian doesn't have particularly good taste in furniture, does he?

GIL

Rachel, believe me, I've never been here before. And I've never had any kind of relationship with this 'person' -- sexual or otherwise.

RACHEL

I've felt there was something wrong for a long time. But I thought it was another woman.

His reaction. How can he tell her there is indeed another woman and that her name is Julie. That he has lived with her and supported her for over a year.

GIL

So you already made up your mind it was true before you even got here.

RACHEL

Well, it explained a lot of things that have been bothering me for a long time. The fact that we don't talk to one another anymore. That you don't even seem to be there when we're making love.

GIL

Whatever our problem, this isn't it. This is some fucking con game.

RACHEL

Just try being honest with me for a change. I don't know how Susan will feel, but she loves you and I guess she'll adjust.

GIL

And how about you?

RACHEL

Ask me next week, next month. Maybe I still won't know the answer.

Rachel notices the package of cigarettes, picks them up.

RACHEL

I thought you couldn't stand to be around a smoker.

She crushes the cigarettes in her hand, tossing them aside.

RACHEL (Cont'd)

What does he look like? Haven't you got any pictures of the two of you on the beach somewhere?

(she notices the
two barbells in
the corner)

I suppose he's in very good shape. Naturally you couldn't be attracted to anybody who was out of shape.

GIL

Dammit, you're not listening to me! Those clothes came from the green suitcase that was stolen on my Canadian trip.

RACHEL

Yes, I recognized it in there.
You said Toronto but the tag said
Quebec. That was just another
lie, wasn't it?

Once again his relationship with Julie is being confused
with this imaginary relationship with "Julian."

RACHEL

I've got the car downstairs. I'd
like to go home and I'm in no
condition to drive myself.

GIL

Alright.

RACHEL

Unless you'd prefer to wait here
for him and explain...

GIL

He won't be coming back.

RACHEL

Who paid the rent?

GIL

Goddam it! Let's get out of here.

RACHEL

What about your things?

GIL

Leave them, forget them.

RACHEL

In other words you're finished
with 'him' just like that? Simply
because I found out. It couldn't
have been a very strong bond.

GIL

After twenty years in the same bed
with you, I shouldn't have to deny
this.

RACHEL

Then stop trying!

They exit. Gil takes one furious look back at the apartment
before he SLAMS the door.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE

Gil and Rachel descend the staircase. Another door on the floor opens a crack as if some other tenant is watching.

EXT. THE STREET - EVENING

It has grown dark as Gil and Rachel exit from the building. Rachel's car is parked around the corner in the red zone.

RACHEL

At least I haven't been towed.
Those MD plates come in handy.

She hands him the keys and gets in. He crosses to the driver's side of the vehicle looking back at the old brownstone, wondering what possessed him to step into the trap. Then he gets into the car and drives away.

EXT. PARKWAY - EVENING

as husband and wife ride home together.

INT. THE VEHICLE - EVENING

Gil at the wheel. They are both staring straight ahead in absolute silence. Now that they're out of the accursed apartment, they seem to have nothing left to say to one another.

GIL'S NARRATION

I had to hand it to him. The set-up had been letter perfect.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GILMAN HOME - RIVERDALE - NIGHT

as Gil pulls into the driveway.

INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel hangs up her coat.

RACHEL

Don't worry. Susan's not home.
She and her friend Jessica took in
a movie.

GIL

Do you want a drink?

RACHEL

We have some other business to take care of first.

She crosses to the small office she keeps in the house.

INT. RACHEL'S SMALL OFFICE

She's at her desk, opening her medical bag. She's taking out a syringe.

As Gil appears in the doorway, she turns to face him.

RACHEL

I have to know. For my own protection, I have a right to know.

Gil peels off his jacket and rolls up his sleeve.

GIL

Take as much as you like.

RACHEL

You're so confident. What makes you certain he hasn't been promiscuous?

Gil crosses to the chair beside her desk and sits down. She applies a tourniquet to his upper arm, then inserts the needle, drawing a specimen of blood.

RACHEL

Didn't hurt a bit, did it?

She stares at the specimen of his blood.

GIL

Is it easier for you to accept me running around with a man than a woman?

RACHEL

Suddenly I find myself married to some anonymous person I don't even know.

(a beat)

Oddly enough, I'm not sure if I'm not more curious than I am jealous.

GIL

You haven't seemed so interested
in me in a long time.

Rachel crosses and places the specimen of blood in her small
refrigerator.

RACHEL

Now I'll have that drink.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Gil crosses to the bar in his den just
opposite her small office. He knows exactly what she
drinks. A vodka martini. And he mixes it expertly.

RACHEL

You'd be surprised at how many of
these macho athletes that I treat
have admitted to homosexual
episodes. I'm their doctor. They
ask me to test them for AIDS.
They confide things they wouldn't
tell anybody else.

GIL

You're my doctor and my wife, and
I'm telling you there's no truth
to it. None!

RACHEL

I can accept anything but lies!
We've been together all these
years and we have a child we both
love. We can get through this
together.

GIL'S NARRATION

*It was like those communist witch
hunts from the fifties. Admit
you're a party member and recant
and all is forgiven, but if you
have nothing to confess...you're
royally fucked.*

GIL

You'd feel more comfortable if I
stayed somewhere else tonight.

RACHEL

What's wrong with the guest room?

Then they are again silent. Like two strangers.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL PATIO IN A COURTYARD BETWEEN VINTAGE BUILDINGS
IN GREENWICH VILLAGE - NIGHT

A few lanterns illuminate the area and there are candles on every table. Gil's having a drink while Julie is feasting on a huge bowl of cassoulet. She can really put it away.

GIL

This other guy you see, does he know about me?

JULIE

What's the difference?

GIL

I need to know. Does he know my name?

JULIE

Wouldn't I look rather foolish to him, hopping in the sack with a married man whenever he has nothing better to do?

GIL

That isn't an answer.

JULIE

He doesn't know you exist.

(a beat)

You didn't imagine I'd be sitting around doing nothing five nights out of the week.

GIL

Are you really that well adjusted?
No hang-ups when it comes to me?

JULIE

Why did you drag me out here? You knew I would just eat, and I'm trying not to.

GIL

I just thought you'd enjoy an evening out.

JULIE

Another lie! You felt guilty about coming back to the apartment?

GIL

Maybe.

JULIE

Why, all of a sudden? Did Rachel find out about me?

GIL

Not yet, but I may have to tell her. It's insane, isn't it? I may have to tell her about you to save my marriage.

JULIE

You know, for some reason I don't appreciate that. Everybody goes off happily ever after -- except me.

WAITER

Are you two alright?

JULIE

He's great. I need dessert. Bring me the tray.

Gil signals for a refill. The waiter departs.

JULIE (Cont'd)

So if Rachel kicks you out, I guess you expect me to be waiting.

GIL

That's up to you.

JULIE

Nothing's ever up to me. The times you choose to see me. The apartment you chose for me to live in. The presents that you pick out because it isn't a good idea for us to be seen shopping together. Even the crap courses I take.

GIL

It worked for fourteen months.

JULIE

It's not all your fault. I went along with it.

GIL

I often wondered why.

JULIE

Why do you think I try so hard to make decent grades? So you'll be proud of me. Like some stupid little girl showing her report card to daddy.

GIL

I guess what was 'perfect' for me wasn't perfect for you.

JULIE

Is that what you were after, perfection?

GIL

I knew eventually you'd find somebody else.

JULIE

You were hoping I would. It's easier on you if I break off the relationship. But even after I met Paul, I still didn't want to.

GIL

Paul?

JULIE

This is about us, not him. Whatever he means to me, I still didn't want to give you up. You love more than one person, why can't I?

GIL

I could never figure out why romantic love had to be totally exclusive. You can have three or four kids and love them all.

JULIE

I read in a book once, a good marriage and a good murder have the same thing in common. Not getting caught.

The waiter returns with the dessert tray.

JULIE

Sorry. I changed my mind.

She gets up, leans over and kisses Gil on the cheek.

JULIE (Cont'd)

Don't drink any more. Go on home.

GIL

Can you believe I've still got a late supper scheduled with major contributors. But not until eleven.

JULIE

Then you've got a lot of time to fill.

GIL

I don't feel like being alone.

JULIE

I know what that's like.. And the worst place to be alone is in this goddamn city.

She slips on her jacket, walks away from him.

GIL

Julie --

But she's gone. The waiter arrives with the check.

GIL

Bring me another vodka.

GIL'S NARRATION

Just when you should be doing some hard analytical thinking, it's really smart to get piss drunk.

CUT TO:

THE SAME CAFE - NIGHT

Gil is the only remaining customer. He's had too much liquor. The waiter catches up with him as he leaves.

WAITER

You left your briefcase!

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

Gil reaches his car. He tosses his briefcase inside and slides behind the wheel.

GIL'S NARRATION

If I'd been lucky, I would've been pulled over by a cop.

EXT. GIL'S CAR IN MOTION - NIGHT

Another car HONKS angrily as Gil changes lanes without signalling.

ANGLE ON GIL BEHIND THE WHEEL

Using his car phone he verbally dials.

GIL

Bobbi Jean -- home.

In a moment the connection is made.

GIL (CONT'D)

(into phone)

It's me. Or what's left of me.

BOBBI JEAN (V.O.)

You don't sound too good, boss.

GIL

I'm in no shape to take that Wilcox and Bryant meeting. You'll have to make the pitch for me.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, BOBBI JEAN'S APARTMENT

Bobbi Jean with her middle-aged husband BEN -- jointly preparing a gourmet dinner for two.

BOBBI JEAN

How did you get in this condition?

BEN

What's the matter with the guy?

GIL AT THE WHEEL

still talking on the phone.

GIL

I've just turned onto the parkway,
but I'm not going home. I don't
want Rachel to see me like this.

(a beat)

There's a motel...the Overlook
facing the Hudson, below the
Riverdale exit.

BOBBI JEAN'S VOICE

I've driven past it.

GIL

(into phone)

I'll check in there. Pick up the
documents from me and go on to Le
Cote Basque at eleven.

CUT TO:

INT. BOBBI JEAN'S KITCHEN

Bobbi Jean on the phone. Ben looks on unhappily.

BOBBI JEAN

Give me half an hour.

BEN

You're not going out? What about
our plans for a change?

BOBBI JEAN

(to Ben)

Honey, I can't help it. He's in
terrible shape.

GIL

(on phone)

And can you bring me something to
help me sleep? My head's killing me.

BOBBI JEAN

Fine.

She finally hangs up.

EXT. PARKWAY - NIGHT

Gil's car speeding.

ANGLE ON GIL BEHIND THE WHEEL

His head is throbbing even worse now.

HIS POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The lights ahead are blurring into one another. Then he sees the sign indicating the exit.

ANGLE ON OFF RAMP - NIGHT

It is only now that we realize that GIL IS BEING FOLLOWED.
A dark sedan with rental license plates keeps well back out of his view.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BOBBI JEAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She's getting dressed to meet Gil. Ben has a difficult time controlling his frustration.

BEN

Suppose I insisted you didn't go?

BOBBI JEAN

You have no idea what he's been going through the past week.

BEN

Don't I? I've heard talk.

BOBBI JEAN

It's just not true, Ben.

BEN

Oh? How can you be so certain of that?

BOBBI JEAN

You always thought there was something going on between us. Why didn't you ever ask?

BEN

I was sure you wouldn't tell me the truth.

BOBBI JEAN

The truth is -- it's a great job.

She crosses to the bathroom and takes a small bottle of sleeping pills out of the cabinet.

BEN

You know if you didn't earn more
than I do, I'd tell you to quit.

She gives him a tender kiss and then leaves quickly.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

located only a few blocks from the parkway. Gil's Mercedes
pulls in and parks.

GIL'S NARRATION

*You recognize the place. You saw
me here before.*

THIS IS THE LOCALE OF THE PROLOGUE TO OUR FILM. THE MOTEL
FROM WHICH WE SAW GIL CARRY THE BODY.

Gil parks and goes to the office to register. CAMERA PANS
to the trees across the road.

The dark sedan is pulling in out of sight.

INT. THAT CAR - NIGHT

Someone is behind the wheel watching Gil from a distance.
We can't tell if it's a man or a woman.

Through the windshield we can see the night clerk issuing
Gil a room key.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #11 - NIGHT

Gil enters and tosses the attache case on the foot of the
king-size bed. He pulls off his necktie and jacket, and
flips on the television set. The Knicks are playing at
Madison Square Garden.

Gil doesn't focus on the game. He snaps open the attache
case and sorts through the sketches and proposals that are
intended for tonight's meeting with the power brokers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A white Toyota arrives, Bobbi Jean at the wheel.

ANGLE ON BOBBI JEAN IN HER CAR

She parks beside Gil's solitary vehicle which is in front of Room 11. The lights are on in that room and no where else on that side of the motel.

ANGLE FROM ACROSS THE WAY SEEN THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

as the person who has followed Gil continues to watch.
Bobbi Jean is seen knocking on the door of Room 11. In a moment, an exhausted Gil admits her.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

BOBBI JEAN

You're a wreck. If I saw you on the street, I'd slip you a dollar.

GIL

A lot more than Wilcox and Bryant will give me if I show up in this condition.

BOBBI JEAN

What brought this on?

GIL

For the first time tonight I saw what I did to Julie...and how she must have felt. What it must have been like to sit alone waiting for the phone to ring.

BOBBI JEAN

So there is a 'Julie'?

GIL

A female version. You'd like her. She's got your sense of humor.

BOBBI JEAN

(caustic)

I'll bet the similarity ends there.

GIL

What are you hostile about?

BOBBI JEAN

Why shouldn't I be pissed? Do you know how many times you lied to me, you sonofabitch? It's after six o'clock so I'm allowed to call you that.

(beat)

I can understand why you had to deceive Rachel...but why me? You don't think I would have snitched?

GIL

So it's fine to cheat on your wife, but it's not okay to cheat on your secretary. Now that I know the rules, it will never happen again.

BOBBI JEAN

First of all, I'm not your fucking secretary.

GIL

Sorry. Executive assistant.

BOBBI JEAN

I thought I was a little more than that.

GIL

I'm sorry. You're one of my few real friends.

Bobbi Jean prowls the room, still steaming.

BOBBI JEAN

Shit! Christ! The shitload of appointments that had to be canceled, the meetings that had to be re-scheduled because you were suddenly unavailable. The excuses I had to make for you. Ben's right, I am a fool!

GIL

You never thought there was anything going on?

BOBBI JEAN

I knew you would have told me if there was. I thought we were that close.

(a beat)

Yeah, you're 'straight' alright -- in the worst sense of the word.

GIL

This is my week for apologizing to the world.

Gil sinks down on the bed.

GIL

Could you turn that light out? It's killing my eyes.

BOBBI JEAN

I should let you suffer!

Bobbi Jean opens her handbag and locates the small plastic pill bottle and tosses it on the bed..

BOBBI JEAN

As ordered.

GIL

Your efficiency overwhelms me.

BOBBI JEAN

Fuck you! I'll re-schedule your morning. Don't show up until noon.

She picks up the documents, tucks them under her arm.

GIL

Bobbi Jean, from now on, no more secrets, okay?

BOBBI JEAN

You're on probation.

Bobbi Jean leaves. Gil crosses to the bathroom, pours a cup of water and swallows two of the pills.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

As Bobbi Jean hurries to her Toyota, she doesn't notice the sedan in the shadows across the road.

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THAT SEDAN

The motel room is still under surveillance. We can see Bobbi Jean pull away from the motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Gil kicks off his shoes, doesn't bother to undress. It's cold in this room, and damp. He pulls back the slipcover and slides beneath the bedsheets. The clock beside the bed reads 9:45 p.m.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

There's a rumble in the sky, flashes of lightning, and then it begins to rain.

EXT. THE MOTEL AS SEEN THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE SEDAN

The windshield wipers scrape back and forth. The manager has turned off the motel sign and gone to bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

VARIOUS SHOTS

The punishing rainstorm pounding against the motel roof.

The sedan remains parked in the shadows with the defective windshield wiper scraping like nails running across a blackboard as the unseen observer continues his vigil.

ANGLE ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE MOTEL

Someone is approaching on foot in the rain. A MAN HOLDING AN UMBRELLA that masks his identity. He circles the parking lot and approaches Gil's room.

POV - SEEN THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The man with the umbrella can be seen pausing beside Gil's car. Then crossing to the window of Gil's room and peering through.

INT. GIL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gil's on the bed asleep, motionless. CAMERA MOVES PAST him -- tracking directly to the window -- dollying into CLOSEUP -- A PAIR OF EYES LOOKING IN. MEN'S BLUE EYES.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As the man with the umbrella turns away from the window, his features are illuminated by a flash of lightning. His hair is sandy blonde, his skin is pale -- almost white. It is our first look at this phantom who calls himself Julian Templer. HE IS REAL.

QUICK FADE TO BLACK.

OVER THE BLACKNESS, the nerve-racking scraping sound of the distant windshield wipers continue to grow LOUDER and LOUDER.

SLOW FADE IN:
LONG SHOT THE MOTEL

The rain has stopped. It is still pitch dark. No one is in sight.

GIL'S NARRATION

*I was so fucked, a presidential
motorcade could've gone through
the room without waking me.*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT ON GIL'S FACE

Still in his clothes, deep in sleep. But it is a troubled sleep, full of unsettling dreams. He awakens, gasping as if someone is at his throat.

The clock beside the bed reads 4:05 a.m. Gil has been "out" for close to six hours.

The effects of the pills have not worn off.

As he rolls over in bed, he notices a figure lying on the floor.

He sits upright in sudden shock, staring at the motionless body of a man in a short-sleeved shirt and trousers. He's blonde with a pale complexion.

The same man we saw looking in the motel window. His mouth slightly open. His eyes staring up into space. There are no visible wounds. Yet he's clearly dead.

OVERHEAD SHOT SHOOTING STRAIGHT DOWN

as Gil leans over the wax figure which was once a human being.

GIL'S NARRATION

*There were no marks on him but I
knew this was death by popular
request.*

He notices the man's suit jacket crumpled on the floor near the bed. He picks it up, goes through pockets and finds a wallet.

INSERT SHOT: THE WALLET

The driver's license bears a photo of the dead man, Julian Templer.

BACK TO GIL

He looks at the room key lying on the nightstand.

GIL'S NARRATION

*I was registered in this room. I
couldn't let the body be found
here.*

He pulls the top sheet off of the bed and kneels beside the corpse.

He begins to roll the body up in the sheet like a shroud.

He crosses to the door and looks outside.

EXT. COURTYARD OF MOTEL - NIGHT

Heavy rain and no one in sight. There is no activity in any of the other rooms. The office is closed for the night.

Gil steps outside, reaches his car and unlocks the trunk. Leaving it wide open, he returns to the room.

A moment later he emerges, carrying the body completely wrapped in the sheet. Gil dumps the body in the trunk and again returns to the motel room. (THIS IS THE SCENE WE WITNESSED IN OUR PROLOGUE).

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

He checks the room carefully. He picks up the jacket and the man's wallet from where he left it on the end table.

EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD - NIGHT

Gil hurries out, locking the door. He tosses the jacket and wallet in with the body and closes the trunk. He gets in the car and quietly backs out of the motel parking lot.

GIL'S NARRATION

Look familiar? Yeah, this is where you came in -- but it's not over. Not for me. You might say this was just the beginning.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD OF PARKED SEDAN

The first indication that the person who has followed Gil is still there watching him. Gil's car turns onto the country road.

ANGLE ON THE SEDAN

as it comes to life. The headlights are not turned on. The vehicle is a mere shadow as it begins to roll off in pursuit of Gil.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DRIVING SHOT

Gil's car passes by. A few moments later the dark sedan with no headlights follows.

ANGLE ON GIL

making a sharp right turn down a gravel road.

WIDE SHOT - PALISADES ABOVE THE RIVER EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

Here a narrow road weaves along the cliffside. Below are the pitch black waters of the turbulent Hudson River.

ANGLE ON GIL

as he pulls to a stop and gets out.

He opens the trunk. Wiping away any fingerprints, he replaces the wallet in the dead man's jacket and walks to a precipice overlooking the river. He tosses the jacket into the dark waters below.

ANGLE ON THE JACKET

as it is swept away by the powerful current of the river. In a second it's gone.

ANGLE ON GIL

He returns to the car. He's about to remove the body when he looks back up the road.

HIS POV

In the distance the black sedan can barely be seen edging into view, stopping, and then backing up out of sight. No headlights, no sound. But Gil has spotted it.

ANGLE ON GIL

A chill creeps over him. He realizes he has been followed. For a moment there is sheer panic. He closes the trunk quietly and slides behind the wheel.

Only now he is driving more quickly, recklessly.

GIL'S NARRATION

*Whoever left the body wanted to
see what I'd do with it.*

VARIOUS SHOTS - GIL DRIVING

Down dirt roads--much too fast. Branches are scraping at the sides of the car. His tires are going over jagged rocks. And the car bounces in and out of ditches. Some of the roads are overgrown with trees and one can hardly see up ahead.

ANGLE FROM INSIDE GIL'S CAR THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

as the vehicle zigs -- then SCREECHES to a stop, just in time to keep from plummeting over the edge of the palisades.

ANGLE ON GIL'S CAR

perched inches from the incline.

ANGLE ON GIL

as he throws the car into reverse and tries to back up.

ANGLE ON THE WHEELS

His rear wheel is imbedded in the mud from the rain.

TIGHT SHOT ON GIL

as he tries still again to gain traction.

WIDER SHOT - THE CAR

Finally he succeeds in backing up the incline and turning the car around.

But he's lost. And the black sedan appears behind him, stalking him. He hears the rumble of an approaching train. The New York Central tracks are nearby.

EXT. THE TRACKS - NIGHT

Here the road intersects the train tracks. The scream of the train whistle still closer. Then its lights can be seen.

ANGLE ON GIL'S CAR

He steps on the gas and drives full speed across the tracks--crossing only moments before the passenger train roars by. Nobody can follow him now.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Only the moonlight illuminates the abandoned quarry which looms ahead. A few rotting sheds with the words "Logan Granite Company" stenciled on them, the remains of abandoned tools and heavy equipment which stand rusting.

The quarry is overgrown with foliage and partially flooded by rainstorms. Once slabs of granite were torn from this section of earth. Now only a huge cavern is left. A jagged pit that might well be the entrance to hell itself.

ANGLE ON GIL'S CAR

He pulls up -- gets out of the vehicle, sinking ankle-deep into the fresh mud as he crosses to the trunk of the vehicle, unlocking it again and staring in at the body.

GIL'S POV

The corpse still encased in the white bed sheet.

WIDER SHOT - GIL

lifting the corpse out of the trunk, carrying it in his arms to the edge of the quarry.

Once again he listens. There is only the strange shrieking of a few birds and the chirping of insects.

GIL

Goodbye, Julian, whoever you are.

He clutches the corners of the bedsheet in both hands as he uses all of his strength to roll the body out of its shroud.

Julian Templer spills out of the crumpled sheet, and plunges down into the stagnant waters of the quarry.

ANGLE ON GIL

as he stands there still holding the crumpled sheet.

OVERHEAD SHOT - THE CORPSE

floating face down on the surface.

ANGLE ON GIL

watching with anxiety. It's not sinking.

ANGLE ON THE BODY ONCE MORE

as slowly the muddy waters seem to creep up and devour the body.

ANGLE ON GIL

relieved as Templer disappears from view. He gathers the sheet up under his arm and retreats to his car. He realizes his shoes are caked in mud. He sits down in the car leaving the door wide open and his feet outside. He uses the sheet to wipe the mud from each shoe so he will not stain the carpeting with incriminating evidence.

TIGHT SHOT - HIS SHOES

being wiped clean before Gil slides into the car. He rolls up the sheet and stuffs it under the front seat.

INT. THE VEHICLE - NIGHT

as Gil straightens up.

SUDDENLY THE MUD-CAKED FIGURE OF JULIAN TEMPLER IS IN THE CAR BESIDE HIM. HIS FRAIL ARMS EXTENDED -- AS HE WRAPS GIL IN A HIDEOUS EMBRACE.

AS THE ARMS OF THE CORPSE ENVELOP GIL, A SCREAM CHOKES IN HIS THROAT.

AND SUDDENLY -- HE'S ALONE IN THE CAR AND THE MOMENTARY LAPSE OF SANITY HAS ENDED.

He quickly regains control.

GIL'S NARRATION

That was as close to madness as I came. I wasn't thinking now. Just acting on instinct. I knew I had to get back to the motel and check out as if nothing had happened.

Gil is still trembling as his hands grip the wheel. He must get back to the motel before sunrise. The car clock reads 4:36 a.m. Only a half hour has elapsed since he found the body.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Gil is trying to find his way back to the main country road. It is like traveling through a maze. Then finally he hits the gravel road.

WIDE SHOT

Gil's car ultimately finds the paved thoroughfare which leads him back to the Overlook Motel.

ANGLE ON THE FLOORBOARD OF GIL'S CAR

The crumpled bedsheet.

GIL'S POV

The approach to the Overlook Motel.

But there are vehicles in the parking lot now, cars with flashing red lights -- police cars.

ANGLE ON GIL

braking to a halt and watching.

HIS POV

In the distance, he can see police officer entering the room which he so recently occupied.

WIDE SHOT

Gil quietly backs up and turns around. He will not be returning to the Overlook Motel tonight.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKWAY - NIGHT

It's raining heavily again as Gil drives the few miles to Riverdale.

EXT. PARKWAY EXIT, RIVERDALE - NIGHT

as Gil's car pulls off and stops near a large rubbish dumpster. He disposes of the muddy bedsheet.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIL'S COLONIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

He pulls into his garage, gets out and checks the car for scratches. The torrential rain has washed away most traces of mud on the vehicle.

EXT. DARKENED HOUSE - NIGHT

Gil goes to the stairs. CAMERA RISES with him. He ascends -- then whirls as someone steps up behind him.

SUSAN

I guess you and mom must have had a fight.

GIL

She didn't tell you about it?

SUSAN

I came back in late. She was already in bed --with the door locked.

GIL

It's over. Don't worry.

Gil reaches the second landing, pauses outside the door to the master bedroom -- but doesn't try to enter. Instead, he proceeds to the guest room down the hall.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Gil in the shower, trying to wash away the very touch of the corpse he handled tonight.

GIL'S NARRATION

*I hadn't escaped from anything.
Whatever force was trying to get
me was lying patiently in wait.*

CUT TO:

INT. NATIONAL FUND SCREENING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Gil and Bobbi Jean preview an eight-minute fundraising film for A HALF DOZEN CORPORATE CONTRIBUTORS. The film is greeted with enthusiastic applause.

MR. WILCOX

Bobbi Jean did quite a sales pitch on us last night. And this film lives up to the hype.

MR. BRYANT

I challenge anyone with a heart to look at that and not write a check.

The lights come up in the theater and Gil realizes there are two strangers standing in the rear. One is a tall, rather intimidating BLACK MAN.

BOBBI JEAN

I'm afraid this is a closed screening.

GRIMES

We need to talk to Mr. Gilman.

The black gentleman flashes a badge.

GRIMES (Cont'd)

Lt. Grimes. This is Sergeant Sullivan.

GIL'S NARRATION

They were right on schedule.

GIL

If it's about those parking citations...?

GRIMES

It's not.

Gil turns to the Executives, WILCOX and BRYANT, then exchanges a look with Bobbi Jean who instinctively knows it's her job to get everyone out of there.

BOBBI JEAN

Shall we all take a break and meet in the conference room in ten minutes?

WILCOX

(to Gil)

Don't keep us waiting too long.
We're in a generous mood.

The executives exit with Bobbi Jean, leaving Gil with the two cops.

GIL

Well, exactly what is it?

SULLY

Still living in Riverdale?

GIL

Same house as always.

SULLY

But Wednesday night you checked into the Overlook Motel--about fifteen minutes from your house.

GRIMES

You used your MasterCard. The manager said you arrived about ten-thirty and you looked like you'd had a few drinks.

GIL

I'd like to know the reason for these questions.

GRIMES

And we'd like to know why you vacated the room around four-thirty in the morning?

GIL

Maybe I'm an early riser. Besides, how would you know what time I gave up the room?

GRIMES

The local police got an anonymous phone call from some other resident at the motel -- who said they heard screams coming from one of the rooms.

SULLY

They arrived to check out the complaint at ten minutes of five and your room was already empty.

GIL

The truth is, I had an argument with my wife and decided to spend the night out. But I just couldn't get comfortable in that strange bed. So rather than brazen it out I got up and went back home.

GRIMES

And you didn't hear any screams?

GIL

Nothing.

GRIMES

You must have had some good reason to steal the top sheet off the bed?

GIL

Who says I did?

GRIMES

It was missing. The officers note details like that in their report.

SULLY

Towels I've heard of taking. But a fucking sheet!

GIL

I'm not going to be arrested for stealing a bed sheet?

GRIMES

You're not going to be arrested for anything. Not right now.

GIL

It so happens there never was any top sheet on the goddamn bed. That's another reason I couldn't get to sleep. The blanket was itching hell out of me.

SULLY

Why didn't you complain to the manager?

GIL

It was pouring rain and the lights in the office were out.

SULLY
Considerate of you.

GRIMES
You're really convincing, Mr. Gilman. I'm talking about that film. I had to try hard not to start crying. How would it have looked when the lights came up and there was a cop standing here blubbering?

GIL
That's what we set out to do -- touch people.

SULLY
You mean 'put' the touch on people.

GRIMES
Don't mind Sully. He thinks everything is a racket. But I contribute every year. I never miss the telethon and you always get my twenty-five dollars.

GIL
Those gentlemen who just left are on the verge of handing over five million, so I'd better not leave them alone too long.

SULLY
You do such good work, it'd be a shame if anything happened that'd hurt the reputation of the fund.

GIL
Like what -- for example?

GRIMES
You know how it is nowadays. Everybody's looking for the kind of juicy story that'd make a good book or Movie of the Week, or even a mini-series.

GIL
Is that what you're looking for, Lieutenant?

GRIMES

Why not? Other cops have gotten lucky. I took a writing course at the New School two nights a week. Now all I need is a worthwhile subject.

GIL

You've come to the wrong place.

GRIMES

If a man like you was going to commit a crime, I'd hope it would be a big one. Like homicide. Stealing a sheet -- hell, I don't think I'd get much of an advance from a publisher for that.

GIL

Sorry to stand in the way of your literary career.

SULLY

But who knows what was wrapped up in the bedsheet?

GRIMES

The man just told you. There wasn't any top sheet. Don't you listen?

GIL

Excuse me now, guys. Got to get back to work.

GRIMES

Be seeing you.

GIL

Will I?

GRIMES

On TV -- on the telethon. It's this weekend, isn't it?

GIL

Saturday, for sixteen hours.

GRIMES

My wife and I stay up for the whole thing. But what do you need that asshole Stan Morgan for? I think he turns a lot of people off.

GIL
Lieutenant, you ought to be in
show business.

GRIMES
Give me time.

And Gil is gone. The two detectives exchange a look.

GRIMES (Cont'd)
I think I just got chapter one.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - NATIONAL FUND OFFICES - DAY

As Gil heads up the hall, he's accosted by an oddly subdued Stan Morgan.

MORGAN
Gil, I wanted to apologize for how
I talked the other day. I was way
out of line.

GIL
Forget it.

Stan pulls Gil into the empty conference room with its giant
projection TV screen.

MORGAN
Just give me a minute to set the
record straight. I know the fund
doesn't need me any more. I need
the fund.

GIL
Stan, you're still a very
important part of our
organization...

MORGAN
Don't bullshit me. We both know
the telethon is all I've got. I
haven't had a record on the charts
in years. My movie and TV career
is fucking non-existent. So please
don't take this away from me.

GIL
Nobody's trying to.

MORGAN

Cut the shit. You're in back of it.

GIL

Where do you get your information?

MORGAN

You just can't deal with the truth, can you? Not about your own life -- not about anything! From what I hear, your whole marriage is one big lie! And everybody knows it.

GIL

I thought you were trying to be a nice guy today.

MORGAN

Nobody ever said I was a good actor.

GIL

Aren't you going to threaten me again?

MORGAN

Maybe neither of us are going to be around here much longer. Then you'll know how it feels.

Stan Morgan pushes by him and is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM HINDEN'S OFFICE - THE NATIONAL FUND - DAY

In the midst of a meeting, Hinden gets a call on his private line. (We can't hear the voice.)

HINDEN

Kindly speak up. I can't understand a word you're saying.

(listens)

No, I'm not acquainted with anyone by the name of 'Templer'. Certainly not on our staff.

Hinden is aware everyone in the room is listening and he's speaking a bit too loudly, playing them.

HINDEN

I must tell you I have total faith
in Sam Gilman's integrity and I
have no intention of...hello?

Hinden turns to his male secretary.

HINDEN

Locate Peter Burmeister of the
accounting department and get him
up here. Now!

CUT TO:

INT. SURGICAL THEATER, NEW YORK HOSPITAL - DAY

Dr. Rachel Gilman in mask and gown is performing surgery on
the spine of a hockey player with a slipped disc.

Behind a glass window above, a half dozen medical students
observe the operation. They are joined by Sam Gilman, who
seats himself to the rear.

CUT TO:

INT. SURGICAL SCRUB ROOM - DAY

as Rachel washes up and discards her bloodstained surgical
gear. She's surprised when her husband enters,

GIL

I thought I'd pick you up and we'd
take a ride.

RACHEL

Were you upstairs -- watching?

GIL

All of a sudden I'm not squeamish
any more.

RACHEL

The blood test came back --
negative. I'm sure your friend
will be happy to hear that.

GIL

Are you really ready to hear about
her?

Rachel reacts to the reference to "her." They stare at each
other in silence as interns and doctors file by.

ANESTHETIST

Great work, doctor. I bet the sonofabitch is back on the ice before the end of the season.

Then Gil and Rachel are alone again.

RACHEL

Has she got a name?

GIL

'Julie.' And that's no coincidence.

RACHEL

Well, I put you through the blood test -- so I guess I deserve this. Let's have a look at her.

GIL

What do you mean?

RACHEL

I mean I want to meet her -- in person. If you can produce her.

GIL

Alright, fine.

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIE'S BUILDING IN GREENWICH VILLAGE NEAR NYU - DAY
as Gil parks and leads Rachel inside.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Gil reaches Julie's door and rings the bell.

RACHEL

Don't you think she'll be upset over this little surprise visit?

GIL

It's over anyhow. We agreed on that the other night.

Gil rings again. A bit more insistently.

RACHEL

Can't you just let yourself in?
You do pay the rent.

GIL

I never had my own key. That was part of the arrangement.

RACHEL

Oh, is that what it's called?

GIL

(rapping)

Julie, are you in there?

The door opens abruptly. A PUERTO RICAN PLASTERER stares at them blankly.

PLASTERER

I'm not allowed to show the apartment. You gotta go see the rental agent.

GIL

Where is she? When did she move out?

Gil pushes by him and enters. Whatever furniture there was is now gone. The walls have been stripped bare and are wet with fresh plaster.

PLASTERER

I don't know shit about no tenants. I got started this morning fixing up the walls.

GIL

Didn't you see her?

PLASTERER

I told you. I didn't see nobody.

RACHEL

Let the man finish his work.

Gil stares numbly at the vacant apartment. It's as if his life with Julie never happened. Rachel has already walked out. Gil follows her.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

as Gil catches up with his wife.

RACHEL

Of course you can always show me the canceled checks for the rent.

GIL

I gave her everything in cash. I didn't want any record.

RACHEL

Couldn't you write her off as a business expense -- like you do me? Every time you buy me a meal.

(a beat)

What about all your mutual friends?

GIL

We kept to ourselves. I suppose I could find a few waiters who saw us together.

RACHEL

Quaint little out of the way places like we used to go to when we were broke.

GIL

You still don't believe me.

RACHEL

Of course I do.

She slaps him hard across the face. And enjoys doing it.

GIL

I thought it would come as some kind of relief to you.

RACHEL

Tell me -- did you think the world would come to an end if people thought you were gay?

GIL

I guess I did.

RACHEL

What you couldn't stand was everyone perceiving you as someone out of control of his own sexuality. Gay people are weak to you -- powerless and vulnerable, without that good old masculine clout you've worked so hard to perfect.

GIL

Maybe I was thinking of the family
-- of Susan.

RACHEL

She would've felt closer to you
than she ever has because for the
first time you might've needed
her.

GIL

I was certain it would ruin our
marriage.

RACHEL

You've done a damn good job of
achieving that all by yourself.

GIL'S NARRATION

*I've got nothing to add. She said
it all.*

Then they both get in the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILMAN HOUSE ON RIVERDALE - NIGHT

As Gil and Rachel drive up to the garage, the headlights
pick up the figure of a man.

INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

RACHEL

Who is that?

GIL

A cop.

WIDER SHOT - OUTSIDE GARAGE - NIGHT

Lt. Grimes is watching them. Gil approaches.

GIL

What the hell is this?

GRIMES

Aren't you going to introduce me
to your lovely wife?

(turns to Rachel)

I'm Leon Grimes, Homicide
Division.

RACHEL
Would you care to come inside?

GIL
No, I don't want him inside.

GRIMES
And I thought we were getting
along.

GIL
Not when you show up at my house
in the middle of the night.

GRIMES
I was in the neighborhood. It
seems some kids found a dead man
submerged in an old granite quarry
not ten minutes from here.

RACHEL
Who was he?

GRIMES
He had no identification on him.
But he's blonde, pale complexion.

RACHEL
You say he drowned?

GRIMES
Oh, no. Our medical examiner says
it was an air bubble injected into
a vein in his left arm with a
hypodermic.

Gil instantly associates a hypodermic with Rachel.

RACHEL
I think it would be a good idea to
invite the officer inside. He's
not going away.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel is serving coffee to Grimes while Gil looks on.

GRIMES
I suppose you keep a few syringes
at home, doctor?

RACHEL

At least a dozen. Want to see them?

GRIMES

My associate, Sergeant Sullivan, will be here soon with a search warrant just to make it all proper.

RACHEL

Exactly what do you think happened?

GRIMES

Well, let's see -- okay -- a very proud and successful woman becomes aware that her loving husband is having an affair -- and with a man yet.

GIL

That's enough --

RACHEL

No, let him finish.

GRIMES

Now where was I? Oh, yes. She tracks the offending couple to a motel one night. I forgot to say she's a woman doctor. So she uses her medical skills and her hypodermic to kill the lover. Then she and her husband tearfully reconcile and dispose of the body together -- providing each other with a false alibi. How am I doing?

RACHEL

You're in the wrong profession. You should write fiction.

GRIMES

You don't realize it, but that's quite a compliment.

The doorbell RINGS. Det. Sullivan has arrived.

RACHEL

I hope your partner has more brains than you have.

Rachel exits to the front door.

GIL

I think before we talk any further, we'd better have a lawyer present.

GRIMES

So far I've done all the talking.

(he gets up)

I'm not ready to arrest you and screw up the telethon that all the kids are depending on. You and your wife aren't going anywhere.

GIL

What's it going to be, Lieutenant, a paperback or a hard cover?

GRIMES

Definitely a hard cover.

Sullivan enters with a warrant which he waves in the air.

SULLY

Okay if we start upstairs and work our way down, Lieutenant?

GRIMES

I'll join you.

Gil takes Rachel out INTO THE GARDEN behind the house where they won't be overheard. CAMERA FOLLOWS them outside.

GIL

You always keep your medical bag in the trunk of your car.

RACHEL

So?

GIL

I didn't see you when I got home that night. Neither did Susan. She said your door was locked.

RACHEL

Where is all this leading?

GIL

The police could say you don't have an alibi.

RACHEL

They could also say you borrowed a hypo from my bag.

GIL

Why would I kill a man I didn't even know?

RACHEL

You started a fight with him in the restaurant. The police will find out about that.

GIL

That wasn't the same man.

RACHEL

How can you be so sure of that?

GIL

Because I saw the body, Rachel. Before I got rid of it.

RACHEL

Don't tell me any more of your deep dark secrets. I don't want to hear anymore.

GIL

Who could hate me enough to do this? How could I have earned so much hate?

RACHEL

You were the guy everybody loved. The guy who could get people to do anything for him.

Grimes peers out the door into the garden.

GRIMES

It seems like we're going to be here a few hours. But don't let us keep you up.

RACHEL

Goodnight, Lieutenant. Help yourself to anything in the fridge.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Gil and Rachel inside. They proceed upstairs to their bedroom as the curious cops look on.

INT. THE BEDROOM ABOVE - NIGHT

They enter and lock the door.

GIL

Help me, Rachel. If you care for me at all, help me while you still can.

RACHEL

You mean lie for you?

GIL

I mean believe me.

RACHEL

I do believe you. Damn you.

She can't hold the tears back anymore. She begins to cry bitterly.

RACHEL (Cont'd)

What happened was partly my fault. I left you alone too much.

She reaches out to him. It's just what he needs. He sits down on the bed beside her, holding her.

GIL

Rachel, somebody knew all the right buttons to push.

RACHEL

They went straight for your balls.

GIL

Why is it, ever since I was a kid, the one thing guys couldn't stand being called was the real 'F' word. Fag! It filled you with anger and you had to hit somebody. As if punching them out would make it a lie.

RACHEL

Why couldn't we ever talk about these things?

GIL

All this week I've been walking in the shoes of a gay man and starting to see myself as I really am. Straight and very sick.

RACHEL
If you were all that bad, I
couldn't still love you.
(she laughs)
Well that slipped out.

He finally kisses her and she seems to respond.

GIL'S NARRATION
*Only I had it in my head that
maybe she forgave me too easily.*

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. MANHATTAN TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Total chaos -- The final rehearsal before air time.

Teamsters, electricians, grips, etc. busily moving equipment
and set decoration for the telethon.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
We're running way behind. Where's
Gilman?

BOBBI JEAN
He just went upstairs to the
production office. Can I help you?

PRODUCTION MGR.
We need him down here again. He's
the only one who can make a
fucking decision.

CUT TO:

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICES UPSTAIRS ABOVE TV STUDIO

Gil enters his spare cubicle and locates a script atop his
small desk. Then he sees something -- still another
beautifully wrapped gift. This one has no card on it.

Gil rips the expensive wrapping paper off and lifts the lid.

INSERT SHOT: THE CONTENTS

A shiny new .22 CALIBER REVOLVER.

TIGHT ON GIL

as he reaches in, picks up the gun and finds it is loaded.

GIL'S NARRATION

There it was. The inevitable next step. But this time I wouldn't take the bait.

Gil hears VOICES approaching and he quickly slips the weapon in the top drawer of the desk just as Bobbi Jean and the Production Manager enter.

PRODUCTION MGR.

We're ready for a final run-through.

GIL

I'm coming.

CAMERA TRUCKS with Gil as he joins them.

They descend winding stairs to the floor of the studio.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO BELOW - DAY

The giant logo: "THE NATIONAL FUND" with a huge likeness of host Stan Morgan beside it is hoisted into position. And the tote board where the tote of the contributions will show up is rolled into place. ASSISTANT DIRECTORS, FLOOR MANAGERS swarm about.

Gil makes his way across the stage exchanging handshakes. Bobbi Jean follows dutifully, warding people off. Her husband, Ben, lurks uncomfortably in the background, simply another spectator. Gil spots him and crosses to greet him.

GIL

Sorry to drag your wife out the other night.

BEN

Never any problem, Gil. You know that. She's married to both of us.

But there's an edge to his response. A clear resentment.

Before there's any further exchange, Gil is pulled aside by Wilcox, the very generous donor.

GIL

Excuse me, Ben.

MR. WILCOX

Gil, I've got a tremendous amount of respect for you. We know 'all about it' and Suzanne and I still think you're one great guy. I say what people do in their bedroom is their own damn business.

For the first time, Gil does not deny the accusation or feel the need to fight back. He has overcome that.

GIL

Great. Thanks for telling me.

Wilcox releases his sturdy grip and Gil heads on to the control room.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The TECHNICAL DIRECTOR and the DIRECTOR set camera shots.

Gil and Bobbi Jean enter. Herb Loper is one of those in the control room -- and he approaches, giving Gil a hug while everyone looks on.

LOPER

You see. It's not the end of the world, Gil. To the people who care about you, it doesn't matter.

Again Gil offers no denial.

GIL

I'm finding that out.

GIL'S NARRATION

Maybe I could make the whole fucking world happy by announcing it on television.

When Gil turns around, Thomas Hinden has entered the control room -- looking quite grim.

HINDEN

We've got to talk -- right away.

GIL

The whole production's waiting on me.

HINDEN

This has priority.

They both step into the adjoining Green Room.

INT. GREEN ROOM - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Once he and Gil are alone, Hinden explodes.

HINDEN

You bastard! Did you really think you could get away with using your boyfriend to cover for you?

GIL

Cover what?

HINDEN

I've had auditors on double shift all week.

GIL

Get to the point.

HINDEN

You've stolen from people that needed and trusted us. It's what you've done to the Fund that I hate you for.

GIL

How much, goddamn you?

HINDEN

So far we've found \$982,000 diverted to shell companies owned or controlled by your beloved Julian Templer.

GIL

How could all that be siphoned off?

HINDEN

Skimmed from the advertising and promotion budget. He must be a skilled accountant, your friend.

Gil laughs. It is the laughter of relief.

GIL'S NARRATION

At least now I knew it was nothing personal.

GIL

I haven't seen a penny of that money.

HINDEN

Don't tell me lover boy has run off and left you to take the rap. And believe me, you will.

GIL

Tom, I need time to sort this out. It's in the interest of the fund to wait before you break this to the public.

HINDEN

My only chance to save the reputation of the fund is with your full confession. It'll be up to me to put our case before the American people -- tell them that the bulk of their money may eventually be recovered and that this can never happen again.

GIL

You'll be self-destructing your own pledge drive. Who's going to send money to a crooked charity?

HINDEN

The alternative?

GIL

I'll announce my resignation at the close of tonight's show. You'll wait two weeks -- until most of the pledges have come in -- to release the story.

HINDEN

Just get out of my sight.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Gil out of the Green Room. He takes the stairs to his temporary office above.

GIL'S NARRATION

All the pieces of this puzzle had a reason. And the gun had to be part of it.

INT. GIL'S PRODUCTION CUBICLE UPSTAIRS

Gil returns to the small desk where he stashed the gun.

INSERT: THE DRAWER

Gil opens it. The gun is no longer there.

WIDE SHOT - THE CUBICLE

Before Gil can fully react, Lt. Grimes walks in.

GRIMES

Just wanted to thank you for those
V.I.P. seats.

(beat)

By the way, didn't you used to
employ a man named Wexler, a
private detective?

GIL

You seem to know all about it.

Grimes notices the torn scraps of gift wrap paper on the
floor where Gil discarded them. He picks them up and stuffs
them in a trash basket.

GRIMES

Any reason why this Wexler might
be hanging around that motel the
night you checked in? Because
neighbors across the road saw a
car parked all night in the rain
and jotted down the license.

GIL

Any businss we had with Wexler was
finished weeks ago.

GRIMES

It appears not.

He passes Gil what looks like an ordinary check from a local
bank.

GRIMES (Cont'd)

You'll see this was dated two days
before the homicide at the motel.

INSERT SHOT - THE CHECK

One Thousand Dollars Payable to "THE WEXLER AGENCY" and
signed by RACHEL GILMAN on her personal account.

GIL'S REACTION

GIL

How did you get hold of this?

GRIMES

I took it off his body less than an hour ago. He was found in his apartment with a bullet in the back of his head.

GIL'S NARRATION

*Why the hell did I feel so guilty?
It just seemed natural.*

Gil's eyes flash to the drawer from which the gun disappeared. This was surely the murder weapon. Grimes takes Rachel's check back and pockets it.

GRIMES

I'm sure your wife can supply a few answers. It's clear Wexler saw something that cost him his life.

Mercifully, the small room suddenly becomes crowded with a swarm of upscale well wishers.

SOCIALITE

Gil, we know this is going to be the most successful fund drive ever.

GRIMES

I trust you won't be leaving the studio for the duration of the telecast.

GIL

You'll be keeping an eye on me.

GRIMES

Sixteen hours is a long time to stay awake, so I've brought plenty of backup.

(a beat)

You're turning out to be a fascinating character, Mr. Gilman. I hope I can do you justice.

Grimes departs, leaving Gil to navigate his way through the many who demand his attention.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA

as showtime approaches.

Gil again ascends to the studio floor. The audience has been admitted and is filling up the seats.

The two V.I.P. places for Rachel and Susan remain vacant.

As soon as Gil is sighted, he is besieged with questions from production personnel.

GIL

Has anybody seen my wife around? And where's Bobbi Jean?

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Grabbing a quick bite next door with her husband. Want me to text her?

GIL

No, let it alone.

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

Here's the new rundown. The taped greeting from the White House just came in. Where do you want it to go?

GIL

The end of hour two.

FLOOR MANAGER

We'd better get you into make-up.

And Gil is hustled off, still looking for some sign of Rachel.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO CONTROL ROOM

The TECHNICAL DIRECTOR punching up the shots as the show goes on.

ANNOUNCER

The Fifteenth annual National Fund Telethon is on the air. Sixteen hours of great entertainment starring Stan Morgan.

VARIOUS SHOTS

The telethon live on stage and as seen on TV monitors.

ANNOUNCER

With Stan's very own guest hosts.
From Los Angeles, Martin Short.
From Las Vegas, Whoopi Goldberg.
And from Chicago, Damon Wayans.

CAMERA FOCUSES on Gil in a freshly pressed Armani suit but still looking rather shaken as he watches from backstage.

HIS POV - THE AUDIENCE

Those seats reserved for his wife and daughter remain unoccupied. But Detective Grimes and Sully are now seated up front with their wives. Several uniformed cops are visible standing against the wall.

ANNOUNCER

And now in New York, our host of hosts. Here is Stan Morgan...

BACK ON STAGE

MORGAN

Tonight is all about love, ladies and gentlemen. And tonight, many great stars will be here to receive your gifts of love.

Bobbi Jean appears beside Gil in the wings, fixing his tie.

BOBBI JEAN

You're on in a second. Hello?

GIL

Where the hell is Rachel?

MORGAN

And now a man who is a star to all of us. The chairman of your National Fund, Mr. Sam Gilman.

Bobbi Jean has to nudge Gil to step forward. CAMERA FOLLOWS Gil onto the stage into the blinding lights to the roar of the audience approval. The video cameras dolly in, and the grinning figure of Stan Morgan turns to face him.

MORGAN

(whispers)
C'mere, fruitcake.

WIDE SHOT - THE STAGE

as Gil and Stan Morgan embrace and the applause continues.

EXTREME TIGHT SHOT - THE HUG

Stan Morgan with his arms warmly wrapped around Gil.

MORGAN

(whispers)

How'd you like me to blow you in
front of twenty million people.

GIL

I love you too, Stanley.

Gil dislodges himself from the bear hug. He starts to speak
but his throat has dried up.

GIL (Cont'd)

Tonight...tonight, we'll be
talking about hospitals you've
helped build. Research centers
you've endowed. Medical care
you've subsidized. And our plans
for the future.

GIL

Of course your generous gift is
tax deductible. The numbers are
on your screen right now. So on
with the show!

MORGAN

How about that? Sam Gilman,
ladies and gentlemen, a genuine
sweetheart!

Gil joins the rows of celebrities manning the phones. He
looks out into the audience again.

GIL'S POV - THE AUDIENCE - V.I.P. SECTION

Coming down the center aisle led by an usher are Rachel and
Susan.

Detective Grimes sees Mrs. Gilman pass by. He waves to get
her attention, and grins at her. Rachel is clearly
disturbed at finding the police here at the telethon.

CAMERA RISES UP TO: THE BALCONY

Every seat is filled. One young man stands in the corner aisle watching someone in the audience below. It's Vic, and he never takes his eyes off Susan below.

CUT TO:

BACK ON STAGE

as the telethon continues into hour two. A rap group has just finished their number.

Manning the phones, Gil is busy taking calls from contributors.

Stan Morgan joins him, microphone in hand.

MORGAN

Let's see how our Chief Operating Officer is doing with his pledges.

GIL

I've got a lady from Omaha who's raised sixty-five dollars, so wave hello to Mrs. Miriam Peterson.

MORGAN

Hello, Miriam.

The phone light in front of Gil blinks on again.

GIL

Here's another pledge.
(picks up phone)
This is Sam Gilman.

The VOICE on the other end of the line sends a chill through Gil. IT IS JULIAN TEMPLER'S VOICE.

TEMPLER'S VOICE

Gil...that water you put me in was so cold...

CAMERA MOVES IN for EXTREME TIGHT SHOT of Gil.

TEMPLER'S VOICE (Cont'd)

...lying there naked without even the benefit of clergy. How could you do that to someone you love?

REVERSE SHOT FROM BEHIND GIL

The television cameras are focused on him. Millions of people are seeing him at this very moment.

TEMPLER'S VOICE

If they don't get you for my killing, they'll nail you for Wexler's. Especially when they find the weapon with your prints all over it stashed in your office.

CLOSE-UP GIL'S FACE ON TELEVISION - ASHEN

PULLING BACK to WIDER SHOT of the control room.

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR

What's the matter with him?

CLOSE-UP - RACHEL

seated in the audience. She too realizes that Gil is acting strangely.

BACK ON STAGE

Realizing something's wrong, Morgan tries to take the phone.

GIL

No!!!

Gil hangs up quickly.

INT. THE CONTROL BOOTH

DIRECTOR

Cue the orchestra. Cut away.

BACK TO GIL AND STAN MORGAN

MORGAN

What was that all about?

GIL

-- Obscene call.

MORGAN

Can you believe that? Somebody calls up a charity and talks dirty.

Gil wants to get offstage as quickly as possible.

GIL'S NARRATION

That voice never belonged to the man whose body I'd found. He was still alive out there applying the finishing touches.

He realizes incriminating evidence is being planted while he's trapped in front of the TV cameras. Imprisoned by the very telethon that he helped to create. It takes all his self-control not to run -- to simply walk casually off.

ANGLE ON THE AUDIENCE

Detective Lieutenant Grimes realizes something is wrong and rises from his seat.

BACKSTAGE AREA -

Hinden is waiting for Gil in the wings.

HINDEN

I've prepared a statement for you.
It's being put on the prompter.

He hands Gil a typed paragraph. His resignation.

GIL

The best copy you've ever written.

He pushes past Hinden and hurries to the buffet and bar where performers linger, waiting to go on.

Just beyond is a fire exit. Gil struggles to reach it but is constantly blocked by well-wishers.

Then someone grips Gil's arm tightly. He turns and faces his wife, Rachel, who wears a "back stage pass" pinned to the lapel of her jacket.

RACHEL

What happened to you out there?

GIL

Tell me about Wexler. The truth.

RACHEL

I was so furious. I didn't know what to believe...so I had him follow you. The way you had him follow Susan.

GIL

Well, you won't be hearing from him.

Gil looks back over his shoulder.

GIL'S POV

Det. Lt. Grimes is desperately trying to gain entrance to the backstage area but the security personnel are giving him a hard time.

BACK TO GIL AND RACHEL

GIL

You've got to run interference while I get back to my office. Will you do it for me -- without asking questions?

RACHEL

All right. Go!

He pushes past the crowd of celebs and reaches the FIRE DOOR.

ANGLE ON RACHEL

watching him vanish and then quickly blocking Det. Lt. Grimes who has now gotten past security. She hangs on to Grimes' arm and chatters away while Grimes looks futilely around, searching for Gil.

GRIMES

Where's your husband?

RACHEL

Yes, why don't we go somewhere and talk about him?

GRIMES

Let's confine the subject to Mr. Wexler's murder.

Rachel expresses shock and Grimes manages to free himself from her iron grip.

He heads for the fire exit.

INT. CONCRETE FIRE STAIRCASE - STEADI-CAM SHOT

Gil descends. He reaches the main floor and emerges into the lobby. There are several policemen holding back the fans. One of the cops moves the barricade to allow Gil to pass.

EXT. STREET BY THEATER

A dozen limousines are parked at the curb. Gil finds his own driver.

LIMO DRIVER

Aren't you supposed to be on stage?

GIL

That's exactly why nobody will be expecting me at the office. Let's go!

Gil's POV - STAGE ENTRANCE

He sees Lt. Grimes rushing out into the alley.

BACK TO GIL

He thinks fast. He shouts to the crowd of fans.

GIL (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Hey -- the Jonas Brothers are coming out!
That's their manager.

The mob immediately surges forward and fills the alley.

The frantic kids form a wall of humanity through which Lt. Grimes cannot pass.

Gil's limo pulls away.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Gil speeds across town to his office.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - V.I.P. SECTION OF AUDIENCE

Susan is alone as Vic slips into the vacant seat beside her.

VIC

I knew you'd be here.

SUSAN

It's over, Vic. So just vanish.

VIC

I'll tell you when it's over, Suzette.

SUSAN

And I don't need my father to
fight my battles anymore.

She slaps his face with all her might. Her defiance is totally unexpected and Vic realizes everyone is staring at him. He quickly exits up the aisle.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERTED MAIN LOBBY - GIL'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

as Sam Gilman's footsteps ECHO across the marble floors. A SECURITY GUARD is on duty at the main desk. He is watching a small television set which is broadcasting the telethon.

SECURITY GUARD

Mr. Gilman? I just now saw you on
the tube.

GIL

Has anybody else been upstairs
tonight?

SECURITY GUARD

Only the cleaning crew.

Gil enters the solitary elevator that operates after hours.

INT. 32nd FLOOR - OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

One of many floors occupied by the National Fund.

The elevator doors slide open. Gil steps out. Only a few lamps at the end of each hall remain lit. The entire place has taken on an eerie quality. SHADOWS swallow up whole sections of the complex. Gil proceeds slowly, carefully toward his own suite of offices, seeing no one.

INT. GIL'S DARKENED OFFICE - NIGHT

Gil reaches for the lamp on his desk and he switches it on.

He goes quickly through the drawers.

The gun has already been placed in the bottom drawer where the police could certainly find it. Gil can see it's still partially loaded.

Gil takes his handkerchief out of his vest pocket and begins to carefully wipe his prints off the weapon.

Then the few lights in the corridor outside begin to go out. One by one.

SOMEONE'S OUT THERE SYSTEMATICALLY PLUNGING THE ENTIRE FLOOR INTO DARKNESS.

Holding the gun carefully, Gil approaches the darkened doorway. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he steps out into the vacant corridor. At the far end of the hall, another light goes out.

Gil proceeds forward, ready to shoot if necessary. He moves carefully past each open office from which someone could spring. Then, near the elevator well, MORE LIGHTS ARE TURNED OUT.

Now only the moonlight shining through the huge glass windows illuminates the area ahead. Gil can barely see the gun in his own hand. Then, without warning, someone seizes his arm.

He's shocked for a moment, then relieved when he realizes it's only Bobbi Jean, who screams.

GIL
Shit, I almost shot you.

BOBBI JEAN
(staring at the
gun)
What's that for?

GIL
Why did you come here?

BOBBI JEAN
After you ducked out, I called
your limo. The driver said where
he'd dropped you.
(a beat)
I thought you'd need me.

GIL
We're not alone up here.

BOBBI JEAN
Who's turning out all the lights?

CAMERA MOVES with them as they hurry along the dark corridor to the reception area. He tries to flip on a lamp but the master switch must be off.

She rings for the elevator but it seems to be on the penthouse floor and it does not respond. Service seems shut off.

BOBBI JEAN

It was running a minute ago when I came up. I'm not walking down any thirty-two flights.

GIL

Stay right here. Dial 911 and get help.

He indicates the telephone on a table beside the elevators.

GIL (Cont'd)

And if anybody tries to stop you, shoot them.

He hands her the gun. She shakes her head, but he presses the revolver into her hand.

GIL

Careful, the safety is off.

BOBBI JEAN

Now who the hell am I supposed to shoot?

GIL

Whoever he is, protect yourself.

Bobbi Jean looks down at the gun, shrugs.

BOBBI JEAN

If that's an order.

GIL

I'm going to find him.

BOBBI JEAN

It's somebody we know isn't it?

He turns and moves away from her. He stops at the corner of the hall and gives her one last reassuring look.

GIL

Make that call.

ANGLE ON BOBBI JEAN

as she lifts the telephone, holding the gun ready.

ANGLE ON GIL

moving down still another dark hallway. Pushing his way through a set of double doors, he finds himself in the accounting section which is totally computerized.

INT. HUGE COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

as Gil steps inside. The lights are out but dozens of computer screens are illuminated and each is showing printouts that have to do with transactions involving "Julian Templer" and his shell corporation, "Templer Industries."

The data is running through the computers and, at the bottom of each screen, is superimposed the blinking word: "ERASE. ERASE. ERASE."

All of these records are being instantly obliterated.

Gil moves from one computer to the next trying to turn them off.

Then a VOICE speaks from behind him. The thin, raspy voice of Julian Templer, in person.

JULIAN'S VOICE

You shouldn't have given away your gun.

GIL

(shouts)

Bobbi Jean! Bobbi Jean, are you alright?

There is no answer from her!

JULIAN'S VOICE

No, she's not alright. She's never been alright.

The silhouette that appears in the doorway is a familiar figure.

In one gloved hand she holds the gun, in the other she holds a small voicebox which she presses against her throat -- which completely alters her vocal pattern. It is a device developed for patients whose vocal chords have been damaged or removed, but Bobbi Jean's utilizing it for another purpose. What comes out of her mouth now is a man's voice.

IT IS JULIAN TEMPLER'S VOICE.

BOBBI JEAN

Look familiar, Gil? We supplied these to cancer clinics across the country last year. I just ordered an extra one for myself.

GIL'S NARRATION

There she was. So close she was almost an extension of myself. I'd have signed anything she put in front of me.

BOBBI JEAN

Nine hundred and eighty two thousand dollars. All transferred to your dead lover. A man you murdered and threw in a quarry.

GIL

Who was he, really?

BOBBI JEAN

Oh, his name was Julian Templer alright. An unemployed actor. He never knew why I brought him to that motel, or what was going to happen to him.

GIL

But that was always your voice on the phone.

BOBBI JEAN

On a recording. When I needed to be in two places at once.

GIL

Why Wexler?

BOBBI JEAN

Your wife hired him to find out if your sordid 'affair' was really over. He saw me drive away from the motel and then come back later with Templer. After I left the second time, he waited and saw you carry the body out. I couldn't let him talk to you, could I?

GIL

It wasn't just the money, was it?

BOBBI JEAN

You don't even remember how it was
-- our one night together. I was
never laughing. It was you
laughing at me.

GIL

You were my closest friend...

BOBBI JEAN

What does that tell you about
yourself?

GIL

Why didn't you just kill me?

BOBBI JEAN

I decided to kill that precious
male image instead. And it wasn't
too difficult, was it? With all
your liberal posturing, you
couldn't stand being thought of as
one of them.

GIL

Now I know how little difference
it makes.

Gil edges away from her as she comes still closer.

BOBBI JEAN

Mustn't back away, Gil. There
have to be powder burns for it to
be suicide.

Gil quickly turns his back to her.

GIL

Then you won't shoot me in the
back.

BOBBI JEAN

Don't.

Gil is moving slowly toward the door. One step at a time.
Bobbi Jean pointing the gun at his back.

GIL

Go ahead. They'll be looking for
somebody who left the telethon
right after me and took a cab to
this building.

BOBBI JEAN

Turn around! Turn around!!

Gil's halfway through the doorway now.

He dodges violently to the left as she squeezes the trigger.

The bullet strikes Gil in the right shoulder as he disappears beyond the doorway, momentarily out of her sight.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Bobbi Jean as she rushes into the hall and finds Gil is nowhere to be seen.

Then suddenly, a television set is switched on in one of the pitch black offices. It's the damn telethon again. The hokey singing voice of Stan Morgan belting out his ancient hit single, "STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT."

Bobbi Jean enters the office where the TV is playing, but Gil has already departed through the opposite door which is just swinging closed. Bobbi Jean fires twice.

The bullets splinter. There's a sound on the other side like the fall of a body.

Bobbi Jean rushes to the door, pushes it open. The chair behind the secretary's desk has been knocked over, but there is no body...and ahead is nothing but darkness.

She hits the wall switch and the overhead lights come blindingly on. There's still no sign of Gil.

Then the huge projection television screen in the adjoining conference room comes on at full volume again. The telethon is progress.

Bobbi Jean rushes in, sees a shadow quickly pass in front of the screen. She opens fire twice -- shattering the screen which goes blank. Her gun clicks empty.

Only then does Gil step into view, blood dripping from his shoulder. The expression on his face isn't anger. It's sadness. The pain he feels isn't just from his wound.

At the sight of him Bobbi Jean turns and runs, the gun dangling uselessly at her side. She reaches the fire exit. Struggling with the door, vainly trying to get it open.

Finally she shoves it with all her might. It springs open and an alarm goes off. She looks back, and there's Gil heading toward her.

ANGLE ON FIRE STAIRS

as Bobbi Jean descends quickly, fearfully.

Gil stands at the top of the fire stairs looking down at her.

GIL

(shouts)

There's no place to run, Bobbi
Jean. I know how it feels.

HIGH ANGLE ON BOBBI JEAN

as she stops running and looks back up at him. Her voice
ECHOES UP.

BOBBI JEAN

You'll never prove it was me!

She looks over the rail. There are some twenty-eight floors
of air shaft below her.

She makes up her mind in an instant and THROWS HERSELF OVER
THE RAIL, PLUNGING STRAIGHT DOWN, bouncing off the railings
on either side as she plummets downward. It is the only
escape left.

ANGLE ON GIL

watching her fall. Realizing her last words were correct.
No one will believe him.

GIL'S NARRATION

*Alright, maybe they embellished on
this sequence. Fine. But the
truth is, she did wing me just
below the left shoulder -- and she
did take the plunge.*

(a beat)

And she was my very best friend.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE AREA - MAIN FLOOR OF BUILDING - NIGHT

The crushed body of Bobbi Jean lies in a puddle of blood
surveyed by the security guard from the lobby and by Gil who
has now come downstairs.

SECURITY GUARD

I didn't see her come into the
building.

Gil notices Bobbi Jean's shoulder bag which has fallen along with her. The contents of which is spilled out on the concrete floor. ZOOM IN ON A NUMBER OF FOREIGN BANKBOOKS ARE HELD TOGETHER BY A RUBBERBAND.

Gil scoops up these items before the blood reaches them.

GIL'S NARRATION

She'd brought along all the evidence I'd eventually need to clear myself. Although it took three months and \$40,000 in legal fees before it was done.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

The studio audience applauding madly. The performers entertain with inexhaustible vigor, and the band plays on.

ANNOUNCER

We now enter the fifth hour of our annual event.

INT. BACK STAGE - THE TELETHON - NIGHT

as Gil appears wearing a fresh shirt, tie and a new jacket. The bullet wound is not visible, but he moves painfully. He's accompanied by the two detectives, Grimes and Sully.

Tom Hinden has been anxiously awaiting him.

HINDEN

I thought you ran out on me.
Your resignation is on the teleprompter.

GIL

Eighty-six it! Talk to these two gentlemen.

On stage, Stan Morgan takes the spotlight again. He gets a signal from the floor manager who's holding up a card reading: "GILMAN NEXT."

MORGAN

And now once again we welcome the Executive Director of the National Fund, my very dear personal friend, Mr. Sam Gilman.

Gil starts out on stage but Hinden tries to block him.
Detective Grimes pulls Hinden out of the way

GRIMES

Before you make a fool out of
yourself, better listen.

Gil makes his entrance before the cameras as Grimes explains. We cannot hear what's being said, but it is obvious that it does not please Hinden at all. He has been checkmated.

ANGLE - CENTER STAGE

The APPLAUSE is just dying down as Stan Morgan once again embraces Gil in that phony show biz hug.

TIGHT SHOT - GIL AND MORGAN

tight in their embrace.

GIL

By the way, buddy, I meant to tell
you, you're fired.

For once, Stan is speechless.

Gil faces the camera.

GIL

I guess the best thing for me to
do is get on those phones and take
your money. Great job as always,
Stanley!

Then Gil walks to the banks of telephones where celebrity volunteers continue taking contributions from all over the country. The big map of the United States is pulsing with lights and the tote board has exceeded twenty-eight million.

GIL'S NARRATION

*I guess I wouldn't be telling you
the story if it hadn't worked out
my way. Once again I'd landed on
my feet -- but I'd never be so
sure of myself again.*

Det. Grimes slips out on stage for a quick word with Gil.

GRIMES

How's the shoulder?

GIL

Starting to throb again.

GRIMES

Finish up here before you start bleeding through the bandages on that expensive jacket.

GIL

Maybe it would've made a better book if I'd died at the end?

GRIMES

I might still kill you off. With your permission, I'm fictionalizing it.

GIL'S NARRATION

Actually I beat him to it. Only I made it a screenplay. Naturally they brought on a few Hollywood 'pros' to improve on it. But who's complaining?

A PRETTY SHOWGIRL on one of the telephone lines gently taps Gil's right shoulder. He winces in pain.

SHOWGIRL

Gil, this party won't speak with anybody but you.

GIL

No more calls tonight.

SHOWGIRL

Not even from Julie?

GIL

Julie?

The telephone is thrust into his hand. CAMERA MOVES IN.

GIL

(into phone)

Yes?

From the other end of the line we hear Julie's voice. She sounds as lovely as ever. CAMERA MOVES in tight on Gil.

JULIE'S VOICE

Gil, I'm calling from San Diego. I knew you'd want to congratulate me. Paul and I got engaged.

GIL

I wish you the best. I hope I'm
still married.

JULIE'S VOICE

I hope so, too. Did you ever find
out who was to blame?

GIL

Yeah, I found out. It was me.
(a beat)
I was to blame.

GIL'S NARRATION

Want to hear the line read better?
'I was to blame.'

HOLD TIGHT ON HIS CLOSE-UP and

QUICK FADE OUT.

THE END

"ANONYMOUS CALL"