

BLACK WIDOW

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BLACK WIDOW

INT. APARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

ECU of CATHARINE, staring at us with analytical detachment. A striking face. Early thirties, small perfect features, dominated by intelligent eyes. Her hand comes into frame, as she finishes applying her eyeliner.

Her hair hidden by a scarf, she scrutinizes her image in the bathroom mirror. Satisfied. Black silk slithers down the frame, as she slips on her evening gown. She pulls away the scarf now, and a single toss of her head releases a cascade of soft ash blonde hair.

She walks to the BEDROOM, attaching a drop-dead diamond earring as she goes.

Her husband, SAM PETERSEN, stands at a full-length mirror. Tuxedo pants, evening shirt, cummerbund. Late fifties, more than old enough to be her father. Tall, still well-built, a thick shock of steel gray hair. She meets his eyes in the mirror. They smile. These people like each other.

CATHARINE

What do you think...earrings too much?

Shakes his head. His eyes have heavy flesh beneath, and though they light up for Catharine, they are weary. She watches him now as he stretches his back and neck muscles, cracking his vertebrae. To her sympathetic gaze, he's really beat. She steps behind him. Her fingers gently massage his shoulders.

CATHARINE

(softly)

Forget the party. Let's stay home and play.

He turns to look at her. Man, would he love to. But there's just no way.

SAM

Andy's throwing the goddam party.
He's ready to switch publishers. I
got the inside track.

He crosses to the dresser. Pulls his black tie from the drawer. Loops it around his neck.

SAM

Doubleday'll be there. MacMillan.
With their teeth sharpened.

CATHARINE
It's a godawful drive...

SAM
I look that tired.

He sure does.

CATHARINE
You look great. I'm tired.

He knows she's lying to save his feelings, and he loves her for it.

SAM
Can't do it, babe. I need this guy.

She's motionless. The eye of the hurricane, watching him stalk the room. He yanks his evening jacket off the rack.

SAM
He's coming off a big book...scared
pissless he can't repeat it. These
guys are all alike...they don't know
who they are unless you tell 'em every
five minutes.

Puts on his jacket.

SAM
They don't have the balls to work
with someone who won't play the game.
(beat)
We don't show up tonight...

She slips on her other earring. A gesture of acquiescence.

CATHARINE
When I get back from this trip...
we'll get away somewhere...

SAM
Sure. I got the Book Fair in
Munich...and then we'll...figure
something out.

She sees it in his eyes. He won't really do it. Sam crosses to the mirror. Starts to work on the tie.

CATHARINE
Y'know, Sam...I don't think we're
so awfully different from the crowd
at that party...

He stops on this. Something in her voice. Turns to her.

CATHARINE

We're self-centered...were frivolous...
we tend to lose track of what really
counts. Just like everybody else.

(beat)

But there's one part of it...I just
can't buy...

She holds his eyes.

CATHARINE

We don't bullshit ourselves. Not
you and me. Life is too damn short.

Silence.

CATHARINE

(softly)

Now either we're going to make time
for us...or we're not.

She's reached him. His eyes soften in a way we haven't seen before.

SAM

Ok, kid...you've got a date.
It's a promise.

Satisfied, she turns and goes back into the bathroom. Leaves the
door slightly ajar. He talks to her through the door as he knots
his tie.

SAM

Fast evening. Just run out there...
kiss the ring...give him a few strokes...

He's finished. Taps on the bathroom door.

SAM

You ready...?

CATHARINE

Never been so ready.

He pushes the door open. We see his shock. On the floor is her
evening dress, underclothes. We catch a flash of bare skin, as
bright silk swishes across the frame.

Catharine stands at her mirror, wearing only the diamond earrings
and Sam's loosely-tied dressing gown. The eroticism is
understated. She starts to brush out her hair...

CATHARINE

You're the best publisher there is...

Turns to him now. Softly:

CATHARINE

I know it...and he knows it...
just make sure...

(beat)

you don't forget it.

Her smile. Hot and just for him. His fingers go to his tie.
Pull it loose. She touches the diamonds at her ear. Slyly:

CATHARINE

What do you think...earrings
too much...?

INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Late night. Crowded terminal. Hundreds of weary passengers
streaming off a DC-10. Among those waiting, eyes searching the
arriving hordes, is SARA, Sam's secretary. She's forty. A plain
but sensitive face. Earnest, with large round glasses. Behind
the glasses, the eyes are red-rimmed, swollen.

Sara's found what she's been looking for. It's CATHARINE.
Standing with her flight bags, staring back at Sara, her own eyes
quiet and grave.

Then, Catharine drops her bags. Goes to Sara. Slowly slides her
arms around her. As Sara's silent tears come, Catharine holds her
tight. Sara pulls back finally, looking at Catharine with such
inexpressible grief.

SARA

When he didn't come to the office...
ten...eleven o'clock...I called
the house. I thought...

She's about to break down again. Catharine sends her a brave,
loving smile, and Sara struggles to hang on.

SARA

I'd just...gotten your tickets.
Munich, Majorca. And the hotels...
(beat)
Catharine...he went in his sleep.
So...peacefully...

CATHARINE

I should have been there.

SARA

Doctor said...if you'd been
sleeping right next to him...you
wouldn't even have known. You
couldn't have done anything.

CATHARINE

He died alone. Too...good a man
to die alone.

(softly)

Should've been there.

3. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Catharine enters her bedroom alone. Drops the flight bags at the door. Throws her coat onto the bed. Absolute silence.

She goes to a wet bar in the corner of the room. Kneels to open the liquor cabinet. In front of the brand-name bottles is a crystal decanter, with only a small amount of amber fluid. She stares at it for a beat, then pulls the decanter from its resting place.

Cradling the decanter, she slowly crosses the room. Into her bathroom now. She stands for a beat, as if lost in thought. Then, absently, she begins to pour the amber liquid into the sink, as if she's decided not to have a drink. We hold on Catharine's face. The thoughtful, impassive eyes.

Finished now. Back to the bedroom. Sam's closet. Opens to reveal suits in a neatly ordered row. She runs her fingertips along the sleeves, stopping at his tux. Stares at it.

At the dresser now. The photo. Sam and Catharine, sailing togs, smiling and squinting into the sun. His arm is around her. He looks relaxed, vital. As she stares at the picture, the feeling comes up to her eyes.

DISSOLVE:

4. INT. APARTMENT, WASHINGTON D.C. - MORNING

ECU of a woman's face. It's the same shot as our opening one, but a different woman. The face belongs to JENNIFER. Early thirties. An angular, interesting face. The bones are delicate, refined. It's a face with possibilities. She wears no make-up. Squints at her reflection with a self-deprecation that has become habitual.

The doorbell RINGS. She seems not to notice. Applies pale lipstick from a tube in what seems almost a single careless stroke.

Another RING. Still ignoring it, she decides to give her lifeless brown hair a few swipes with the brush. The doorbell RINGS a third time. She hollers out...

JENNIFER

Just leave it there...

She walks through her APARTMENT. Small, inexpensively furnished. Messy. Posters, books, weird figurines from vacation travel.

She OPENS the front door to reveal a HUGE CANVAS POUCH, just sitting at her doorstep. Khaki green with leather handles. More amazing, she's not surprised to see it.

In the living room, she unknots the heavy bag and dumps the contents across the carpet. NEWSPAPERS. Twenty, maybe more, each rolled into a cylinder.

ANGLE (later) on the papers opened, spread all over the floor. Different papers, different cities. Each turned to OBITUARIES.

ANGLE on Jennifer opening the door of her fridge. Peers in. Six-pack of Mountain Dew. One red bell pepper. Crumpled Twinkie wrapper. Jennifer pulls out the wrapper, ransacks it, looking for a scrap of Twinkie. Zip. Her weary sigh.

ANGLE...Jennifer on her knees in the middle of all the newspapers, absently munching on the red bell pepper as if it were an apple. Her fingers expertly tracing down the obit columns. Moving on.

INSERT...her finger stops. She draws a red circle around a Mafia-type name.

5. EXT. CONSTITUTION AVENUE - MORNING

Jennifer creeping along in heavy traffic past the Capitol Dome. She drives an old Alfa convertible. Couple of weeks since the last wash. Her helpless frustration at the tie-up. She's really late.

6. EXT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING

Massive stone structure. The chisled words: DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE. Jennifer walks up the steps.

7. INT. MAIN CORRIDOR

Jennifer hurrying past a security checkpoint. As she passes through the metal detector, we HEAR the electronic beep go ape. She freezes, confused for an instant. Then she realizes.

She turns to JAMES, the old security guard. Caught.

JAMES
Miss Barnes...you think I could...
see your purse?

8. INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE

Jennifer stands at the doorway of an executive cubicle. Behind her, a bustling open office area. A hundred desks. A hundred computers.

JENNIFER
(lame)
There's no...bullets...or
anything...

ANGLE on BRUCE, her boss. Forty-five, lean, balding. A bright tough bureaucrat. On his desk, Jennifer's purse. Dangling from a finger, Jennifer's PISTOL.

JENNIFER
It's for the shooting range. I'm...
trying to get certified.

BRUCE
This why you're late...or
you just...knocking over a
Seven-Eleven...?

Tries to keep his eyes hard. Can't prevent the trace of a grin.

BRUCE
Tell ya what. Send the piece
back to Sears...and stick to
your computer...
(beat)
...lot more deadly.

He puts the gun in the purse. Shoves it across his desk toward her. His eyes slide back to reading. Dismissed, she's left standing there. Glares. An unresolved agenda.

She grabs her purse and stalks off to her desk. It's stacked with tall neat piles of documents and folders stamped DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE: SPECIAL INVESTIGATION TASK FORCE. She picks up a handful of message slips and starts sorting through.

MICHAEL appears at her side. Blond, cute and young. Maybe six years younger than she is. Doesn't bother him.

MICHAEL
That's a pretty blouse...

JENNIFER

Has been for years. Talk to me, Michael...I'm two hours late...I spent the whole morning going over obituaries...

She looks up now. Little smile. She likes him.

JENNIFER

Detroit Free Press on your list?
April 12?

He winces.

MICHAEL

Uh, I'm all caught up...through the fifth.

She nods. Hands him the red-circled obit. Kindly:

JENNIFER

Tell Bruce you found it...

He reads. Doesn't get it. She points to the obituary...

JENNIFER

Wasn't this guy a capo for Marangano? Few years back?

MICHAEL

So...?

JENNIFER

So they die within four days of each other. What does that say to you...?

MICHAEL

No pattern. This guy coulda been a hit. But Marangano died in his sleep...just stopped breathing. They ran a full toxicology screen...

She's not buying. Not for a minute. She looks up now, and stares at Bruce, as he takes a call across the room.

JENNIFER

That what Bruce thinks...?

MICHAEL

Bruce thinks you're a flipping genius.

She's still staring at her boss.

JENNIFER

Got a weird way of letting me know...

MICHAEL

But he says you gotta let go of this Marangano thing. People die in their sleep, Ok? Even Dons.

JENNIFER

It's a hit. Marangano runs trash collection for half of Jersey...he doesn't die in his sleep from something called...

MICHAEL

...Ondine's Curse. It's damage of unknown origin to the part of the brain that controls breathing. It's rare but it's real. It happens.

JENNIFER

I'm doing this six years...it never happened before.

(beat)

You do the run on it...?

It's in his hand. He puts it in hers. She scans it.

JENNIFER

Only one...?

MICHAEL

Can't be connected. The guy's not Mafia...he's a millionaire publisher from New York.

JENNIFER

(reading)

...cause of death unknown...
evidence suggests unexplained
interruption of breathing...
etcetera...consider possibility
of Ondine's Curse.

She's scanning.

JENNIFER

Sam Petersen...fifty-six...

(beat)

...survived by his wife of four
months...Catharine, age thirty-one...

Hold on Jennifer. Searching.

MICHAEL

(V.O.)

It's the only one...and I
had to go back a year to find
it. Believe me...there's
nothin' there...

Stay on Jennifer, mulling over the print-out. Then...concludes
there's nothing after all. Sets it aside.

9. INT. HEALTH SPA, HOUSTON - DAY

LOTTIE, a black attendant, looks at her watch. Saunters off
through a lushly appointed health spa. Lavish jacuzzi, decorated
in Texas Rococo. Through the dressing area. Into massage.

10. INT. MASSAGE ROOM

Follow Lottie into a private massage room. Two women, face-to-face,
chatting on their rubbing tables. Facing us is JILL. Platinum-blond
pushing forty. You'd have to grudgingly describe the face as
beautiful. Also, hard enough to strike a match on.

Jill's body and limbs are wrapped in wet muslin, like an overripe
mummy. The latest weight-loss technique. Lottie wants to unravel
her, but it's like beginning a roll of saran wrap. Can't find a
place to start. Jill is oblivious to the prying and poking.

JILL

I dunno, Marielle. I just...

(beat)

There's no reason to marry him.
God knows I don't need the money...
and...he's a sweet enough guy, but...

MARIELLE

...no fire.

Rear view of MARIELLE, wearing only a thin cotton tank top that
just covers her bottom. Her body is tight and absolutely
terrific. Long silky hair, a tawny shade of red and gold. Her
voice is soft and Southern. New Orleans maybe, or Carolina.

JILL

What's the guarantee on this
one, Lottie?

By now, Lottie's figured out the puzzle and is rapidly unwinding
Jill. Amazingly, we see a second layer of damp green spinach
underneath. Now she looks like a stuffed grape leaf.

LOTTIE

One full inch. Straight off
your butt.

MARIELLE

(dry)

Course it takes three inches
off your tits...

Jill starts to smile. Then she wonders about that. Shoots Lottie
a paranoid glare.

MARIELLE

Easy, darlin'. You can spare it.

Jill looks back at her friend. Reflective now.

JILL

No fire. What do you do about that?

MARIELLE

Well, first thing...you gotta ask
yourself...do you really want the fire.

(beat)

Or you just think you're supposed
to want it.

JILL

And the second thing...?

MARIELLE

You give yourself an honest answer.

Lottie finishes peeling spinach leaves from Jill. Slops them into
a pile. Jill picks up one leaf gingerly with two fingers.

JILL

(to Lottie)

What is this...spinach?

(beat)

What do they do with it...?

LOTTIE

I expect they burns it...
way downwind.

MARIELLE

Makes you think twice 'bout
eating the quiche here...

The mere thought is an appetite-suppressant. We hear Marielle's
voice change tone now. Caring. Straight from the heart.

MARIELLE

You like Lou? Really...like him...?

JILL

(has to admit)

Yeah. Really do. That all that counts?

We face Marielle for the first time now. Despite the hair, the voice, the way make-up has changed her face - despite everything, it's CATHARINE. And through whatever transformations may follow, that's what we'll call her.

CATHARINE

No. And...it counts a lot.

11. INT. BEN'S OFFICE, HOUSTON - DAY

Elegant, tasteful, high-tech office. Through the window, half of downtown Houston. On the phone, BEN DUMERS. Near sixty, with the lean hard body of a man half his age. Leathery sun-tightened face.

On the massive lucite desk is one item - an abstract computer toy. He stares at it as he listens to his caller. He's pissed.

BEN

Walter...see, I dunno how to read the goddam instructions. I'm only five fucking years old.

(beat)

Now you're my daddy. And you just tell me how to use it. Nice and simple.

Into the office swings Catharine. Irritated as he is, she draws his eye and a slow little smile. Her gait is free and spirited. Her slacks are tight, her shirt loose and mostly open. Too elegant to be trashy, the look is just plain hot.

BEN

Well, I never been a daddy either, Walter. But if you want me to pop fer two hundred thousand units of this little plastic turd here...I'd suggest you start fakin' it.

Catharine steps around the desk and peers at the toy. We see a video screen, and a set of six buttons in assorted bright colors.

Still on the phone, Ben pushes the start button. As he and Catharine watch, a sequence of colored lights flash on the screen, each accompanied by the sound of its own musical note. PURPLE, ORANGE, ORANGE, PINK, GREEN...twelve in all. Pretty fast.

BEN
(into phone)
Now I do the same colors...?
How the hell am I gonna...

Nonetheless, he's hooked. Gotta try it. Hits the start button.
Licks his lips. Taps the colored buttons...PURPLE, ORANGE,
ORANGE, GREEN...WRONG.

Screen flashes: YOU LOSE, TURKEY. Hideous BUZZER sound.

BEN
(frosted)
Nobody in the goddam world
could do that...

With a serious face, Catharine puts her tongue in his ear, searing
him with the hottest kiss imaginable. He struggles for composure.

BEN
Look Walter, my bride just
arrived for our lunch date, so...
(listens, grins)
No, she don't look so good today.
Kinda...scraggly.
(listens again)
Yeh, well, if you'd write some of
yer instructions in English...maybe
you'd have a market for this...what's
it called. Yeh. So long.

He hangs up the phone. Looks at her.

BEN
Forgot they're makin' these
toys for kids.
(beat)
And this damn thing is their
Christmas leader...

She just stares at him. Knows him cold.

CATHARINE
You wanna buy it.

Ben's little smile. She's got his number all right.

BEN
Wanna buy the company.

He lets the air out.

BEN

Prob'ly crazy. We're so overextended now. We could double our gross in that division...or...

(beat)

...we could...get hurt.

CATHARINE

Easy come...

He does like to look at her.

BEN

Could lose...most all of it, sugar.

She raises a skeptical brow. He's too shrewd for that.

CATHARINE

All of it...?

BEN

(little twinkle)

Wal...mebbe just your half.

CATHARINE

(quietly)

I say...let's go get 'em.

BEN

And if we lose?

CATHARINE

Then...it's our tail, isn't it.

She gets a real smile back. The kind he gives to nobody else. He looks down at the toy.

BEN

Y'think anybody's gonna be interested in this...?

She turns to the machine. Presses the start button. Her eyes snap to deep predatory concentration. She taps the keys...PURPLE, ORANGE, ORANGE, PINK, GREEN...all twelve. On the nose. The toy plays her a victory tune and flashes: NOT BAD, TRY FOR 20? She turns to Ben, who can't believe she did that.

CATHARINE

It's about winning. Everybody's interested in winning.

Stares at her. Stupefied. Stands, takes the toy to a door. Opens the door revealing an immense GAME ROOM, crammed with every toy, game, gadget, and stuffed animal imaginable. The contrast with his chic office is startling and funny.

2. INT. GAME ROOM

Ben enters the game room. He shows the room to the toy.

BEN

Little fella...you just earned a spot in the Game Room.

He turns now to see Catharine. She's sprawled in the lap of a giant stuffed gorilla, whose hands cover her breasts. Gorilla sports a goofy grin.

CATHARINE

Me too...?

13. INT. LADIES' ROOM - DAY

Catharine, in a stylish suit and gloves, enters an elegant restroom. From the decor and an employee sign, it is clearly a restaurant powder room. She's carrying an oversized leather handbag.

We follow her into a toilet cubicle. She locks it. Pulls down the toilet lid and rests her large bag on it. From the bag, her gloved hand pulls a fifth of Remy Martin. Gently peels back the tin foil, exposing the cork. Sets the bottle carefully back on the lid.

From the handbag now, she pulls a small vial of clear liquid. Next, a small syringe. She holds the vial up to the light, top down. Expertly inserts the needle up into the vial, pulling the plunger to fill the syringe.

Now the Remy. She tilts the cognac bottle and eases the needle carefully through the cork. Grasps the neck of the bottle, twisting it bottom to top, and back again, blending the fluid through the cognac. We see her eyes now. Quiet, professional. No trace of emotion.

The Remy goes back in the bag. The bag goes to the floor. Toilet lid comes up. The tiny vial and syringe are tossed into the bowl. she flushes immediately. Watching intently to be certain that they've disappeared.

14. INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Lavishly appointed bedroom. Pan to a huge suitcase, open on the bed. Catharine packing a suitcase. In the the B.G., Ben wanders to and from the living room with a highball in his hand.

CATHARINE

I gotta be the world's number one
airhead...

(beat)

Five days away...I'm packin' half
of Nieman-Marcus here...

ANGLE...Ben standing at a built-in redwood bar in the living room.
He's examining an ornate decanter which is nearly empty.

BEN

Marielle...how'd we run outta my
Remy so quick, hon?

She never looks back or misses a beat.

CATHARINE

Didn't I see a fresh bottle back
there...behind the Chivas?

Hold a beat on her bland, impassive eyes, as she just keeps packing.

15. EXT. FUNERAL - DAY

Massive funeral. Hundreds of mourners, viewed through the
shimmering heat waves of Texas midday. Endless line of limos and
sedans, snaking through the funeral park to the freshly-dug grave.

Front row of mourners at graveside, the only ones seated. We see
JILL. Then CATHARINE, wearing black. Dry-eyed, but pale and
staring. Silently bearing her grief and shock. Next to her, the
flint-hard visage of ETTA, Ben's sister. She's fifty, already
gray. Dressed expensively, but a woman who knows how to work,
when to fight, and everything about life's harsh truths. Hold a
beat on the intelligent, unforgiving eyes.

16. INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

We're in an attorney's office. Etta's with her HUSBAND, a tough
old bird in a banker's suit, who takes no shit. He's glaring
across the room at Catharine, with undisguised antipathy.

MARTIN, the attorney behind his desk, is sweating it out.

MARTIN

Now, Marielle...I've explained to
Etta that this will is valid in
every respect. Any...contest here...
just be a waste of time and money...

ETTA

(quietly)

My time. My money.

There's a frozen beat before the husband chimes in.

HUSBAND

Man cuts his only sister outta
his will...two months after
marryin' a...

Catharine never looks away from Etta's eyes.

CATHARINE

...younger woman.

(beat)

You know somethin', Etta...
your husband is right.

Etta just absorbs that. Thinking, reading.

CATHARINE

Ben had no quarrel with you...
only...the way you felt about me.

(beat)

I think if he were here...he'd
regret what he'd done.

A small smile from Catharine now. Gentle, friendly.

CATHARINE

Martin, what would be the tax
consequences if I were to...make
a small gift...?

HUSBAND

Young lady...

He's silenced by a small motion of Etta's hand.

ETTA

Marielle is going back to
Charleston. She doesn't want
any harsh feelings...or...
needless delays...

(beat)

How...small a gift, dear...?

A beat. Catharine's smile never wavers.

CATHARINE

Something...in the mid-six figures...?

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE, WASHINGTON D.C. - END OF DAY

End of the working day. Last few stragglers filing out. Jennifer
still at her computer monitor. Punching up data.

Michael appears. Flops down in the seat next to her desk.

MICHAEL
Finally got another Ondine's
Curse. Guy died ten days ago...

Her eyes are still on her computer screen. Holding up one finger.
Just be a second. Punches up new data. As he watches her, he
seems strangely nervous now. Deep breath...

MICHAEL
Dinner...?

She looks up on that all right.

MICHAEL
I thought of a lot of...dumb
ways to ask you...but I'd...
(beat)
like to have dinner with you.

Silence. She cares for this boy. Doesn't want to hurt him.

JENNIFER
(softly)
You asked just right. I'm sorry.

He may have expected it, but it still hurts.

MICHAEL
Too young? Too...uninteresting?

The warmth of her smile makes her prettier somehow.

JENNIFER
Plenty interesting. And plenty
young.

He tries a last-ditch boyish grin.

MICHAEL
Look older with my shirt off...

He probably does. Her voice is low now. Carries real affection.

JENNIFER
You're my right arm, Michael. That's
a very important relationship in
my life. In fact...I'd hate to
even think of losing you.
(beat)
Now if you use this to make it..awkward
between us...I'll never forgive you.

He sends her a thin smile. The silence is more tender than awkward. She tries to shift the subject, but the softness stays in her voice.

JENNIFER
Say you...found another
Ondine's Curse...

MICHAEL
Not Mafia. This guy was a...
toy manufacturer from Houston.
Very rich...very clean.
(beat)
Get you a full print-out tomorrow...

18. INT. OFFICE ELEVATORS

An empty elevator arrives, and they get in. The doors close. They ride in silence.

JENNIFER
(can't let go)
I dunno. Could a Texas toy mogul
have a mob connection...?

Michael's grinning. She never quits.

MICHAEL
Actually...the Texan's a ringer for
the other guy. The publisher from
New York.

She looks at him.

JENNIFER
How's that?

MICHAEL
Older guys...very rich. Each married
to a young gal for a coupla months...

They've reached the lobby. Door's opening. She's just staring at him with this funny look.

MICHAEL
...must be kinda bad for your health.

She nods absently. Her finger reaches out. Hits the button for the fifth floor.

JENNIFER
Got a minute?

19. INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE

The large office area is empty and darkened. Jennifer and Michael stand at the only lighted desk. She's reading the print-out...

JENNIFER

(not looking up)

Make some calls to New York and
Houston. Newspapers, whatever.
Let's round up some photos.

MICHAEL

Shouldn't be hard. They were
prominent guys...

JENNIFER

Not the men. The wives.

20. EXT. SEATTLE PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Establishing shot. It's raining. Massive structure with the
words: SEATTLE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

21. INT. LIBRARY

Cavernous room. Endless dusty stacks. ARTIE with an armload of
books. He's thirty. Sweater vest, bow tie, painfully thin.
Reaches on his toes for one last volume. Then scurries back to
the check-out desk. Drops his armload next to an already-impressive
stack of books.

ARTIE

Ok, Japanese cooking. What's
next?

He picks up a list from the desk. Scans it.

ARTIE

Rare coins. What kind of rare
coins...?

He looks up now to the breathtaking woman across his desk. Deep
chestnut brown hair, tied at the back. Long demure lashes. So
different, and yet, it's CATHARINE. The lashes flutter. The voice
is gentle, educated.

CATHARINE

Something general, for a beginner.
And then something more particular.
Perhaps Italy in the Nineteenth
Century...

ARTIE

Before the city-states were unified...or after?

CATHARINE

I don't know. Which would be more...unusual?

Strange answer. He looks back at the list.

ARTIE

Northwest Indians, art and artifacts. Which tribes?

CATHARINE

Coast Salish, for certain. And... whatever else you have...Tlingit, Bella Coola...Kwakiutal...

(beat)

My primary interest is totem poles.

Hold on Artie. Utterly captivated. Can't resist...

ARTIE

(timidly)

What're you...cramming for a game show...?

22. INT. COIN SHOP - DAY

Small shop. Glass cases, carefully arranged displays of rare coins. Catharine sits, studying them. Hovering at her shoulder is the PROPRIETOR, a dignified seventy.

CATHARINE

(not looking up)

I'd like to invest twenty thousand dollars. Could I get something... comprehensive for that figure?

She sure can. His eyes water a little. She looks up to him.

CATHARINE

But you have to pull it all together...complete...in three weeks.

Her sweet, firm smile. A lady who knows what she wants.

23. INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Catharine in leotards and tights at the barre of a sunlit dance studio. Her chestnut hair is pulled back and knotted. She looks very much the part. Stretching now, limbering.

A scratchy needle dropped on a record. Catharine steps away from the barre. Takes first position. We pull back now, looking over the shoulder of a young black man, apparently her INSTRUCTOR. His arms folded, he watches the first pirouette as Catharine begins her routine.

Spinning. Up on pointe. Whirling again. Suddenly, she turns an ankle and GOES DOWN. Grabs the ankle in pain. The instructor starts toward her, but she stops him cold with a glare.

INSTRUCTOR

I told you...you weren't ready...

She stands slowly, without help. Flexes the ankle. Tight-lipped. Furious with herself. Her voice plays against it. Controlled.

CATHARINE

You want the bonus...get me ready.

24. EXT. EXHIBITION PARK - DAY

Fearsome wood carving. A thunderbird, wings spread, painted beak glaring in the sunlight. Slide down to the fierce mask of a bear, brightly painted. Down to the carving of a man's face, mouth open in rage or agony. Then, a killer whale.

Down the next hundred feet of the totem, to see Catharine at the bottom. Staring up. Her eyes moving slowly over each figure.

See the entire park now. Catharine, tiny and alone in a forest of silent totems.

25. INT. CATHARINE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Catharine in the sitting room of a small, finely appointed hotel suite. She's on the rug. Open books spread across the floor. Period photographs of Indians. Canoes, huts, artifacts.

Hold now on Catharine, absorbed in a book with illustrations of totem poles. They are fierce, grotesque, sometimes comical. Slowly turning pages rapt concentration.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Her eyes flash to an OPEN FILE at her side. We see the PHOTO OF A MAN. Fifty, lean, bare-chested. Standing by an Indian canoe. With a quick, furtive movement she closes the file. Slides a magazine over it. She walks to the door. Opens it to see the BELLBOY, holding a rented VCR.

MOMENTS LATER...Catharine sitting cross-legged, watching the VCR. An old grainy black and white print of Edward S. Curtis' classic (1906) film documentary on the Salish Indians.

TWT. SCREENING ROOM, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Photo of CATHARINE. Chic evening gown, on SAM'S arm. Arriving at a gala. He's smiling, waving to someone. She's turning, right profile partially obscured by the long ash blonde hair.

Clicking sound, and the photo is replaced by another. A civic award ceremony. BEN receiving a plaque from a grinning official. CATHARINE is standing at his right, turning away. A hard, bored expression on her left profile. Expensive suit, but the skirt is slit up the side, the V-necked jacket has nothing under it, and her heels are four-inch spikes.

Click again. The two photos together.

BRUCE

(V.O.)

The Texas one...has a better body.
Different.

See JENNIFER and BRUCE now alone in a darkened screening room.
The photos are blown-up images on the screen.

JENNIFER

It's the way she dresses...the way
she stands...

BRUCE

She's...younger than the
other one. Maybe...five
years younger.

JENNIFER

Make-up. Hair. Attitude.

Thinking it over. Slowly, shakes his head.

BRUCE

Think you're wrong.

JENNIFER

But I could be right...

BRUCE

And what if you were? Whattya got
...some modern Lucretia Borgia...?

JENNIFER

...someone who's done this twice.
She'll do it again, Bruce. She's
out there...doing it right now.

She takes a deep breath. Isn't going to be easy.

JENNIFER

I just want...the field assignment
on it.

(beat)

Please.

Ah. So that's it.

BRUCE

Look...data analysis is the heart
of what we do. And the best work
that goes on in this shop...happens
right between your ears.

(beat)

It's a job you were born to do...

A long beat. Finally...

JENNIFER

(quietly)

It's a job...with no window.

We see the feeling in her eyes.

JENNIFER

Six years, Bruce...I'm sitting
in an office. Without a window.

BRUCE

Yeh, I know...you want excitement...

(beat)

Well...lots of people don't look
to get it all from their job.

JENNIFER

What's that supposed to mean?

Weary shake of his head. His exasperation sounds like anger.

BRUCE

Whattya think it means? Having a
goddam date for one thing. When
was the last Monday you rolled in
late because you had a...big weekend?

She can't believe she's hearing this.

JENNIFER

Jesus...it's bad enough I talk to
a shrink about this shit...who the
hell do you think you are...?

He had no idea. Really sorry and she can see it. Cools her out.

BRUCE

(gently)

Look...I just...you're not happy. You're not a...happy person. And...

(beat)

...you deserve to be. That's all.

A moment of real connection. Her smile now. Small and warm. Her eyes flick up to the photos on the screen. Back to him.

JENNIFER

(softly)

So make me happy...

She's unstoppable. He looks up at the photos.

BRUCE

Even if you're right...it still isn't Federal.

Straight at her eyes now. Then he grins.

BRUCE

So...whatever you can't fit on the weekends...don't forget to call in sick.

27. INT. MUSEUM, SEATTLE - DAY

INDIAN WARRIOR, sharpening his spear point. Another, kneeling at the hull of a canoe.

CATHARINE and IRENE strolling past the Indians, who are MANNEQUINS in a glass-windowed exhibit. Irene is early forties, handsome, trim. We sense old money, taste, and a skeptical eye for nouveaux.

IRENE

A sizeable amount of money, Miss Dodd. Yes it is. But this museum does not sell places on its board.

Catharine's smile. Angellic and earnest.

CATHARINE

I consider this more than a donation. It's an...investment. In the community.

(beat)

I want to lend my time and my heart... and such expertise as I've gathered...

IRENE
Yes, well...Mr. Macauley makes
those decisions for us...

Catharine draws a careful breath. Holds her tongue.

INT. IRENE'S OFFICE

Irene seated behind her small, antique desk. Clearly feels she
has the situation in hand. Her eyes are solicitous, but firm.

IRENE
I know that you are new to
our community...Mr. Macauley's
family has been prominent here
for generations. He has devoted
his life to philanthropy...and...
he is particularly expert in
the area of your special interest.
(beat)
I know you will feel comfortable
placing your...investment...in his
hands.

Catharine stands. The sweet smile never wavers.

CATHARINE
I understand completely. Truly,
I do.
(beat)
Perhaps the Seattle Museum of
Art will...take a different view.

Irene is speechless. Catharine holds her eyes for a beat. Walks
to the doorway. Turns.

CATHARINE
(cheery)

Good-bye.

INT. MUSEUM BOARD ROOM - DAY

Dark-panelled conference room, resembling a Victorian study.
Three women over sixty, rich. A porcine fellow, with a wool vest.
Next to him, IRENE. At the head of the table, WILLIAM MACAULEY.
He's fifty-five, lanky, with a long face on the pleasant side of
plain. Intelligent eyes, capable of quickness and reflection.
He's a few years older now, but we recognize him as the MAN BY THE
CANOE, from the photo we saw in Catharine's secret file.

All eyes are on CATHARINE. Chestnut hair pulled back. Trim,
conservative suit. Glowing with a timid, fragile beauty. She
looks down, hesitant. William's voice is gently supportive.

WILLIAM

Margaret...we want your view on this.
Now I understood you had strong
feelings about this collection...

CATHARINE

Mr. Macauley, I just...I didn't want
my first meeting to...be one where I...

MACAULEY

...disagreed with anybody?

They exchange warm smiles. Hers is shy. Her eyes hold his for a
beat, then turn to Irene.

CATHARINE

I think it's a...a mistake for us
to concentrate so exclusively on
the Coast Salish in our acquisitions.

IRENE

Miss Dodd...the Canadian museums
have the definitive collections of
the Northern tribes. If we spread
ourselves thin...we'll lose our...

CATHARINE

...our bragging rights. You
want to be best at something.

(beat)

But...that's not our role. Not
our...our public trust.

WILLIAM

And what is, Margaret?

She's gathering her thoughts. Deferent, but determined.

CATHARINE

We need to compare artifacts from
all tribes. You can't separate art
from ethnography. We study their
art...to learn about them.

(beat)

We study them...to understand ourselves.

As Irene studies her, she senses competition.

IRENE

William, I...

But he silences her with the slightest motion of his hand. Still
looking at Catharine, whose plea is heartfelt.

CATHARINE
That isn't...spreading ourselves
thin, Mr. Macauley.
(beat)
It's doing our job.

LATER...the board meeting is just wrapping up. Catharine approaches William now. Shyly.

WILLIAM
Margaret...?

CATHARINE
I just wondered if you...
(looks up)
...had any...plans for lunch...

Irene is next to him, stacking her papers. She smiles thinly at Catharine. Her tone protective of her long-standing hopes.

IRENE
William and I have a budget
to wade through...
(to him)
Right, William...?

He turns to Irene. Stares for a beat.

WILLIAM
Sure. Let's start say...
three o'clock.

30. EXT. PIKE PLACE MARKET - NOON

Catharine and William strolling in a giant open-air market. She's clutching a large copper pot she's just purchased. He's got shopping bags in both hands, filled with more of her new utensils. She walks very close by his side. Alone together in a crowd.

CATHARINE
My parents died while I was at...
college. I wound up with a
degree in anthropology...a great
deal of money...and several bankers
who wanted to tell me what to do
with it.
(beat)
And I was...all alone.

She looks up at him. Deciding how much to tell.

CATHARINE

And every year since then...every day...

(beat)

...more and more alone.

She looks away. Her eyes moving aimlessly over a passing stall.

CATHARINE

Which is...the way I want it. I'm not really very comfortable with other people.

(beat)

Especially men.

She turns back to him. Still walking. Stares for a beat.

CATHARINE

I found a picture of you. In a journal. You were on the Olympic Peninsula Dig. Standing by this magnificent Makah canoe...

(beat)

You had your shirt off...

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE

Sunlit square. Catharine and William at a sidewalk table. He looks down at his cup. Turns it with long, slender fingers.

WILLIAM

I don't know why...I never married.

(beat)

I have a serviceable list of reasons. Take out my reasons...polish them every once in a while...

He looks up at her now. His smile is shy and honest.

WILLIAM

I kept growing out in all these... peculiar...idiosyncratic directions. I'd put on a little bristle here...and one over there...

(beat)

Sort of...turned myself into a porcupine.

She flashes a smile of her own. Warm. Dazzling.

WILLIAM

What...?

CATHARINE

Well, it's such an old joke.
How do two porcupines make love...?
(beat)
Very...carefully.

Just grinning at each other for a long beat. Holding the moment.

WILLIAM

I'm glad...you asked me to
lunch. Even if...
(beat)
...I'm not sure...why you did.

Her smile fades. Dead straight:

CATHARINE

Because we're alike. And because...
(quietly)
I'm attracted...

32. EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, NEW YORK - DAY

Establishing shot of Manhattan brownstone.

33. INT. APARTMENT, NEW YORK - DAY

SARA, Sam Petersen's secretary, stands in the kitchen of her small apartment. Slowly, thoughtfully, placing tea things on a plastic tray. She's wary about something.

She carries the tray to her LIVING ROOM. Carefully. She's a careful lady. The room is simple and painfully neat.

SARA

Justice Department...Task Force.
Why would you be involved in
something like this?

She sets the tray down before JENNIFER.

JENNIFER

We tried to find...Mrs. Petersen.
Talk to her about it. She...seems
to have...
(beat)
...disappeared.

In her quiet way, Sara is somewhat indignant.

SARA

What could Mrs. Petersen know
about this?

JENNIFER

Well, we can't know, can we...
unless we find her.

SARA

She was destroyed by his death.
They were...very devoted...

(beat)

Catharine...needed to get away.
She went to Europe.

JENNIFER

It's more than a year. Have you
heard from her?

SARA

(defensively)

I got a card from Rome. And...
a lovely note from Vienna. And
a gift.

JENNIFER

All in the first month...or
thereabouts...?

Actually, that's right. Stops Sara for a beat.

JENNIFER

(gently)

Anything...lately...?

Not really.

JENNIFER

Only the attorney. He received
instructions to convert the entire
estate to cash...transfer the funds
to a numbered Swiss account.

(beat)

No one else in Manhattan. Not one...
single...soul...

Sara licks her lips.

JENNIFER

Everyone says the same thing. She
came from Chicago. She had no family.

(beat)

No one really knows just where she
worked...or lived...

Her eye stops at a framed PHOTO on the end table next to her. Sara, Sam and Catharine together. Jennifer picks up the photo...

JENNIFER

Could I have this picture...?

She turns to catch Sara's thinly concealed shock.

JENNIFER

(truly sorry)

I meant...a copy, of course.

Silence.

JENNIFER

God, I...that sounded so...
awful...

Something heartfelt about her regret. It reaches Sara, whose eyes soften for the first time.

JENNIFER

Sara, it's just...she came out
of thin air. And she vanished
back into thin air...

SARA

Is that against the law?

JENNIFER

It's odd. I find it...odd.

Her voice is caring. Honest.

JENNIFER

Sam Petersen is gone...and so
is all his property...money...

(softly)

And if I loved him as you did...
I'd find it very odd indeed.

34. INT. CATHARINE'S HOTEL SUITE - EVENING

Catharine in jeans, bare feet and a flannel shirt. Looks natural, irresistible. She's opening the door to reveal William. Suit and tie, clutching a small bunch of violets. He's a little surprised.

CATHARINE

I figured we'd...just stay in.
I like to cook...and...

He's totally charmed. Little nod. Holds the violets out. She takes them. Sniffs. Smiles at his thoughtfulness.

LATER...in her living room. They are examining one of several large plastic-coated sheets of rare coins.

CATHARINE

Silver five franc piece...from
the Principate of Lucca and
Piambino...that's near Tuscany.
1808...neo-classical design...

WILLIAM

Now...tell me about the two girls
on the coin.

She meets his challenge with innocent eyes.

CATHARINE

They're dead.

WILLIAM

(challenging)

Anything else...?

She holds his eyes for a beat. Points to the coin.

CATHARINE

That's Felice Baciocchi. That's
her sister, Elisa.

He's suitably impressed. But there's something more in his smile.
As she looks away to reach for another sheet of coins...

WILLIAM

You probably looked up all this
stuff...just to impress me...

A flicker of her eyes that he can't see. Calm:

CATHARINE

Did it work...?

WILLIAM

Y'know, I really did wonder...
you almost seem...too good
to be true.

(beat)

I thought of...checking up
on you...

She's still sorting coin sheets, as if looking for a certain one.

CATHARINE

Not a bad thought. After all,
I could be practically anybody...
(beat)
Dangerous...not to check people out...

WILLIAM
(reticent)

I did.

She turns on this. Easy smile.

CATHARINE
And what did you find?

WILLIAM
I found...you went to Mt. Holyoke.
And you studied anthropology. And
I found...
(softly)
...we're a lot alike.

AFTER DINNER...The Chopin melody, Catharine in leotards, spinning,
twirling through her ballet routine for a rapt William. She's
concentrating so hard, sweating, really into it. At the last note,
her final spin takes her to a graceful drop directly at his feet.

She looks up, breathing hard. An innocent, vulnerable plea for his
approval. He's utterly silent.

CATHARINE
If you laugh...if you even
smile wrong...

He fights it back for a moment, then for the first time since
we've known him, he laughs, surrendering to a lusty guffaw. After
a beat of mock indignation, she can't resist joining him. When
the laugh dies, they are left staring at each other in the
silence. The look becomes their first moment of commitment.

35. INT. HEALTH SPA, HOUSTON - DAY

Lavish jacuzzi. Texas-sized pond, with Texas ladies sipping
highballs. Raunchy gossip.

JILL seems alone at the near edge, up to her cleavage in roiling
waters. Far away look. Thinking.

JILL
Y'know...I don't think they
ever did...

See JENNIFER now, fully dressed. Sitting on the tile just above Jill.

JENNIFER

Never fought? They never fought
at all. That strike you as normal?

JILL

Strikes me...Marielle was good
at her job.

JENNIFER

Her job...

JILL

She was married. That's how she
made her living.

Silence.

JENNIFER

So...she didn't love him.

Jill squints up, and meets Jennifer's eyes.

JILL

Why don't you get naked and
get in, honey?

Jennifer thinks that over. Pulls off her shoes. Rolls up her pants
to the knee. Dangles her feet in the water. Jill sends a sour look.

A SPLASH from some nearby horseplay soaks Jennifer's thighs. Jill
suppresses a grin. Calls out to LOTTIE who's strolling by...

JILL

Double gin-lime, Lottie...

(to Jennifer)

What'll you have...grasshopper...?

JENNIFER

(flat)

Daniels. Up.

Jennifer wins a glance of new respect. Presses the advantage.

JENNIFER

So she didn't...love him.

JILL

I didn't say that at all. I said she
was married for a living. What's
one thing got to do with the other?

(beat)

You married...?

Gets a flat look.

JILL
Been married...?

Apparently not.

JILL
Lived with a fella...?

Oh for three. Jill shows the trace of a smile.

JILL
Oughta try it sometime.

JENNIFER
Got any leftovers?

Jill's smile broadens a bit. A moment of connection.

JILL
Listen, honey...Marielle took care of Ben upside-down and backwards. Never saw a guy so in love. She earned every dime of whatever she got...

JENNIFER
I'll bet she did. And... she's never contacted you...

JILL
She's my friend, honey. If she were livin' at my place right now...why would I tell you?

JENNIFER
Because if she so much as phoned... and you didn't tell me...that's called accessory after the fact. First...degree...murder.

(beat)
And, honey...you'll need the best lawyer you can buy to hold that to twenty years.

36. INT. CATHEARINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

William, outside the door. It opens, revealing Catharine in a flowing silk robe. Clinging, elegant. Erotic and ethereal. He's speechless. She takes his face in her hands and kisses his mouth. When she pulls back, we see her eager, girlish smile.

CATHARINE

I should have dressed as a geisha...
but I just would've felt...so...

Her eyes linger on his, then she slowly sinks to her knees.
Begins to untie his shoes. She gently slips them off. Sets them
beside the door.

ANGLE on a tea caddy, scoop and bowl. She's passing a strip of
cloth over the pieces. They are kneeling on soft cushions.

CATHARINE

This is silk. Ritual of
purification...

She scoops tea carefully into his bowl. Fingers moving precisely.

We see the room now. A magnificent Japanese screen by the fireplace.
Hanging Japanese scroll. A simple vase, filled with white

flowers, exquisitely arranged. Everywhere, sticks of incense curl
their fragile fingers of smoke.

CATHARINE

Now this is the Koicha...the
thick tea. And after...I give you
sweet bean cakes called namagashi.

She turns the bowl slowly. Reaches it up to him. Their eyes hold
as he takes it from her fingers, tries his first sip.

CATHARINE

In a real tea ceremony, the server
wouldn't eat...and she would maintain
complete silence.

(beat)

You would contemplate her gestures...
as a work of art...and this would
bring you...calmness of mind.

He's staring at her. In the love, the depth of feeling, we see a
man for whom the years have been peeled away.

WILLIAM

I've been contemplating the
server. For a long time.

(softly)

Always brings...calmness of mind.

Her eyes linger for a beat. Then she turns away, expertly
adjusting the objects on the table. When she turns back, a small
box, wrapped in silver, has appeared at her knees. She looks to

his eyes, and she knows. Her own eyes already glistening, her fingers gently unwrap the paper. Open the box. A perfect diamond in a graceful setting.

WILLIAM

I never thought...I'd find
anything...anyone...perfect...

CATHARINE

Life is always chance. Just
a...flicker. And all we
can ask ourselves is...

(beat)

...did I seize my moment.

37. INT. CATHARINE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Two shapes in the darkness, rolling over and over and over beneath the covers. Sudden stop.

CATHARINE

My God, what is that? I think
it broke my tooth...

Catharine sits up. Looks down at William. She reaches to the chain around his throat, gently pulling up a small brass dog tag.

CATHARINE

Army...?

WILLIAM

Medic Alert. I'm allergic...
penicillin...

38. INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CORRIDOR - LATE NIGHT

JAMES, the old security guard, walks slowly down the dimly lit hallway, carrying the punch-clock he uses in his rounds. Comes to the TASK FORCE door. Faint light through the glass. Muffled voices.

39. INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE

James opens the door, squinting into the darkened office.

VOICES

I'm in...In...Forget it...

We see now a single lighted area. Two tables pushed together. Bruce. Four other guys in their forties and fifties. And JENNIFER. The two biggest guys, SID and HERB, have SHOULDER HOLSTERS slung over their chairs. James clears his throat and Bruce looks over at him.

JAMES
I'm sorry, folks. Henry comes
on duty in fifteen minutes. If
he, uh...

Bruce gets it. Waves reassuringly.

BRUCE
(to players)
Last hand, guys...
(to guy across the table)
Twenty to ya, Sid...

Sid's thinking it over. Looks at the guy to his right, who is
staring deadpan into space.

SID
Herb's got it. He's got
"the look"...

Sid folds. Next guy too. Up to Bruce. Looks sideways at Herb,
who now turns to him deadpan, then flashes a big stupid grin.

BRUCE
You got it, Herb. You big,
lame, mother-loving...

Bruce turns his cards over. Begins to shove a major stack of
chips toward Herb. Suddenly, a hand covers his. Jennifer.

JENNIFER
Here's your twenty, Herb.
And...kick you twenty...

Four blue chips. Neatly stacked. Bruce can't even believe this.

BRUCE
What is this, suicide? Some
kinda...sympathy ploy here...?

JENNIFER
This is called...putting your
money up. What say, Herbert...?

HERB
(weary)
I got it, Jen. Keep your forty.

JENNIFER
(dead flat)
You got it? Kick me back...

He's half considering it til he catches Bruce's eye. Death is promised.

HERB

Just call. All blue, darlin'...

He turns over the rest of his flush. As Herb rakes 'em in, the guys shake their heads. More than a little protective of her. Jennifer stares at her tiny stack of chips. Guys are standing now, all cleaning up the mess at the same time, bumping into each other with ashtrays and styrofoam cups. She's just sitting there.

SID

See ya home, Jen?

JENNIFER

No thanks...

40. INT. CORRIDOR

Sid and Herb strolling out.

SID

You took Jen out, didn't ya...?

HERB

Yeh. Redskins game.

SID

So...how'd it go...?

HERB

'Skins lost.

41. INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE

Guys are gone. Quiet. Jennifer still sitting at the table, exhausted. Bruce appears with his coffee mug. Watches her massage her shoulder.

BRUCE

Want your neck rubbed...?

Her eyes go to him. Takes a breath to say no. Then, what the hell.

JENNIFER

I want my neck rubbed.

BRUCE

Thinking about your Borgia lady...?

No answer. His look is kind. She's really tired.

BRUCE

You figure out...how she
hits 'em...?

JENNIFER

Well...methadone could do it.
Overdose of methadone interferes
with the carbon dioxide exchange.
Which...would...look like Ondine's
Curse.

BRUCE

Both guys were autopsied...

JENNIFER

Leaves a negligible trace.
Anyway...they only look for
it with known heroin addicts.

(beat)

You know how many poisons they
knew to look for in...1940?

He doesn't.

JENNIFER

Sixty. All organic. Today...
there's maybe 250,000.

(beat)

There isn't enough tissue in the
human body to test for 'em all.

He gives her shoulders a parting squeeze, and picks up the coffee
mug. Reaches for the vodka bottle and adds a hit, revealing that
he wasn't drinking coffee in the first place.

BRUCE

You got her cornered yet...?

JENNIFER

You know how many men over
fifty...married women under
forty...in the last four months?

BRUCE

Nope.

JENNIFER

Neither do I.

(beat)

Now try...just the top thirty
cities.

BRUCE

Tell me.

JENNIFER

Exactly...a zillion.

She rubs her temple now. Shaking off a headache.

JENNIFER

And that's the easy part. Then
you gotta cross that against
millionaires...

(beat)

Try to find...photos of the women...

BRUCE

And...you could use more
computer time...

Small shake of her head. He's got it wrong.

JENNIFER

(quietly)

We're there. I'm down to six
ladies without pictures. Counting
the two this week.

(beat)

Gotta go...check 'em out.

Silence. When his words come, the tone is very tender.

BRUCE

If your gal exists...she is one
very brilliant...very dangerous
lady...

Staring at her. He feels helpless to protect her.

BRUCE

Darlin'...you don't know this...
kind of work.

(beat)

You stay clear.

42. EXT. FERRY, SAN JUAN ISLANDS - DAY

Catharine and William at the rail of the ferry. They stare off
into the wind at the approaching island. We see her hand cover
his. Her wedding ring.

43. EXT. DOCK, ROCHE HARBOR - DAY

View of William's Mercedes, pulling down the ferry's gangplank and
off into the island.

44. EXT. ROCHE ISLAND HOME - DAY

The Mercedes pulls up in front of a rustic summer home at the water's edge. Not lavish, but really charming. As William helps her out of the car, Catharine stares at the house.

45. EXT. BACK PORCH - DAY

Catharine and William at the rail of their back porch, which is right on the water. She's staring out at the channel. Thinking. He's watching her.

CATHARINE

It's a mistake. It's a family business...

(beat)

You put me on that board...
there'll be resentment...conflict...

WILLIAM

You're my wife. I want you
with me. Need your...input.

She turns to him. Her small smile.

CATHARINE

I am with you. We accept each
other's...input.

Winds her fingers through his hand. Holds the eye contact.

46. INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, SEATTLE - DAY

Catharine in a prim, conservative suit. Purse across her knees. No ring on her hand this morning. The DOCTOR looks at her across the desk. He's forty, nice-looking. A tanned, easy-going face, but just now his eyes are a little concerned.

DOCTOR

Miss Catlett, I've...never seen
that compound used for the
condition you describe.

(beat)

Doctors in Connecticut...prescribe
that for you...?

CATHARINE

Well, I've lived abroad for some
years. Latin America...

He nods. Maybe there.

DOCTOR

I can give you some prednisone...
should help. But...to get what
you're looking for...

(beat)

...you're gonna have to hold up
a hospital somewhere...

He smiles warmly. She's worth the charm. She smiles back. Shy.

DOCTOR

C'mon...let's get a look
at you...

47. INT. EXAMINING ROOM - LATER

Catharine sitting on the edge of the examining table, wearing only
a short gown loosely tied in the back. The doctor is just finishing
up, washing his hands. As he turns, he sees her eyes are furtive.

CATHARINE

There is...one more thing. I
have a...recurring...

(beat)

...vaginal infection.

Her eyes flutter up to him. He nods professionally. Reaching for
a prescription pad.

DOCTOR

What usually works for you?

CATHARINE

Penicillin.

Hold a beat on Catharine's clear innocent eyes.

48. INT. PHONE BOOTH, MEDICAL BUILDING LOBBY - LATER

Catharine sits in an enclosed booth with the phone cradled to her
ear. Listening to William. In her lap, a small paper bag from
the pharmacy. She pulls from the bag a box of toothpaste.
Extracts the tube.

CATHARINE

Yes, but you know her...I mean
you've lived with it for...

Now from the bag, she takes a small tube labelled PENICILLIN.
Takes the cap off, and off the toothpaste as well.

CATHARINE

Sure. Exactly my point...

She squeezes out a small amount of toothpaste, and inserts the tip of the penicillin tube into the toothpaste tube, transferring an small amount of white penicillin paste. As she begins to recap each tube...

CATHARINE

Of course, darling. See you at dinner...

49. INT. ELLIOTT BAY BOOKSTORE/CAFE, SEATTLE - LUNCH

Catharine, is in the loft of a bookstore/cafe, perusing a photo book. She walks to the register. Pays.

Coming down the stairs now. Walking through the cafe. As she walks out of frame, we hold on a lone figure, watching from a nearby table...JENNIFER.

50. INT. IRENE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jennifer with Irene. Taking notes as Irene struggles to recall.

IRENE

I think she said...her degree was in...anthropology.

(beat)

Vassar or Smith...or...

Jennifer jots a note.

JENNIFER

And she was originally from...?

Irene's realizes that she really doesn't know.

IRENE

New England, I think.

(beat)

You know, I see her three mornings a week...and I still...

She reaches for the telephone. Punches a button.

IRENE

Sally, is Mrs. Macauley across the hall this morning...?

(beat)

Please check. I have a reporter in here, who'd like some background on her.

JENNIFER

I'm...not really sure if we
should...bother her...

Irene's eyes sharpen a bit. What's the problem?

JENNIFER

Well, I wasn't going to...impose
on my subjects. Until I had
something written up to show them.

(beat)

Then I could make changes...if
they didn't approve...or...

There's a trace of wariness now in Irene's voice.

IRENE

It's publicity for the museum.
I don't see why any of these
ladies would regard it as an
imposition. I should think...

There's a soft knock and a door opens behind Jennifer. As she
turns, we see WILLIAM. He speaks to Irene, but his eyes are
locked on Jennifer.

WILLIAM

Margaret's not in this morning,
Irene. Can I help?

IRENE

William, this is Mrs. Talley.
She's with the Post-Intelligencer...
doing a background piece on some of
our more prominent women volunteers...

Jennifer stands. Clutching her notebook. He's sizing her up.

WILLIAM

I know your managing editor
fairly well. You're on metro
desk...features...?

JENNIFER

I'm not...with the paper,
actually. I write freelance
and...I thought the women's
section might...

He's nodding, but his eyes are still studying her.

WILLIAM
Well...why don't you step down
to my office...

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE

More like a fashionable sitting room than an office. Jennifer waits on a sofa. William walks slowly toward her, flipping through mail and messages. Sits now, distracted for a beat.

WILLIAM
Your home phone...?

JENNIFER
I...don't live in town.

WILLIAM
So you're staying at the...?

JENNIFER
...Hilton.

WILLIAM
Airport?

JENNIFER
Downtown.

He jots a note. Pleasant smile, but his eyes are intense.

WILLIAM
Just one question. Why did
you lie back there...about
the paper...?

JENNIFER
I'm sorry. I really am. I'm
just...starting out. I thought
an article on...powerful women...
might sell to Cosmo or Woman's
Day...

He assimilates that. His eyes soften.

WILLIAM
You know, I...never had to prove
myself that way.
(beat)
Must be...

His voice trails off. Thinking.

WILLIAM

My wife is a...very private person. And I respect that. Still...

(beat)

...let me talk to her. See if we can...help you out.

Jennifer's smile. Grateful. More than she deserves.

JENNIFER

(heartfelt)

That's...very understanding...

He returns her smile. Stands now, as if to end the interview. She doesn't move. He sees the hesitation in her eyes.

WILLIAM

Something...else...?

Moment of truth. She's frozen. Wants to with all her heart, but there's just no way.

JENNIFER

(softly)

No. Just...thank you...

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION, SEATTLE - DAY

Police station. Close on a glass-walled private office.

Through the glass, Jennifer paces angrily. At his desk is RICCI, who seems a little pissed off himself. He's forty, dark and handsome. Immaculate shirt, cufflinks. Maybe wears too much gold.

Ricci is staring at photographs. The photo of Catharine and Sam from Sara's apartment. A close-up of Catharine, as flame-haired Marielle, in her wedding dress. Blow-ups of Catharine as Margaret, four or five candid shots taken around Seattle.

RICCI

There's a resemblance. There is. But...I've seen strangers who looked like twins...

JENNIFER

You're just looking for a reason to kiss this off...

(beat)

You don't have the stomach for it, so just...

RICCI

And what are you lookin' for?
Why you wanna bury this lady...?

(beat)

Two old guys die of some...curse...

JENNIFER

Ondine's Curse. They died in
their sleep. They stopped
breathing. When Macauley dies
of the same thing...you give me
a call, OK?

Glaring at each other. He drops his voice. Exaggerated calm.

RICCI

You said...the wives were outta
town when these guys died.

JENNIFER

She poisoned them. She
put it in something she knew
they'd eat or drink...

He's raising his eyebrows now. Trace of condescension.

RICCI

These boys were autopsied. You
got any cops in New York, Houston...
wanna dig up the bodies and run
another one?

Slows her down. Her face is still hot and her motor's running.

RICCI

No. You don't. You just want
me to go...to one of the five
richest guys in this state...

(beat)

...and tell him some dingbat
Fed...

She reaches across now, snatching the photos from his hand. He's
chuckling. Shaking his head in amused wonder.

RICCI

...thinks his wife looks like two
different gals...who this Fed
thinks murdered two different
guys...

(beat)

Only nobody else even thinks
there's been a homicide.

JENNIFER

OK, you're absolutely right.
Y'solved this one right behind
your desk. Take the rest of
the day off, OK?

Holds up his hand.

RICCI

Oh, no ma'm. You're absolutely
right.

(picks up the phone)

Hello, Mrs. Macauley...we were
wondering if you'd like to come
down to the station...tell us
if you ever killed anybody...no,
we don't have any evidence, but...

JENNIFER

I spent forty minutes giving
you the evidence.

RICCI

If that's what the Justice
Department is calling evidence
these days...that is the scariest
part of this whole conversation.

Her eyes soften. Just a trace.

JENNIFER

The thing is...I'm right.

RICCI

Little free advice...you got
some major libel exposure here...
you start mouthing off this crap.

She just nods. Thanks a lot. Heads for the door.

RICCI

Ma'm...

(she turns)

Your problem is...you got
yourself a wet dream here...
only you don't like to be
wrong. And that makes you a
dangerous lady.

JENNIFER

Yeh, well...your problem is...
you don't want to know if it's
true. And that makes you a
dangerous asshole.

Out the door. Slammed so hard, we expect the glass to shatter. Hold a beat on Ricci. Shakes his head. Back to work.

EXT. BACK PORCH, ROCHE ISLAND HOME - NIGHT

Catharine stands alone at the rail, staring out at the water. From inside the house now, we hear a PIANO PLAYING. Catharine looks back, listening.

54. INT. ROCHE ISLAND HOME - NIGHT

Follow Catharine through to a formal, tasteful living room. William is at the piano, playing fluidly. She steps behind him, her hand caressing the back of his head as he plays.

WILLIAM
What do you think...?

CATHARINE
I didn't know you played...

WILLIAM
Gave it up...long time ago.
(beat)
Along with...other things. .

She kisses the top of his head. Tenderly. Makes him smile. He's still playing.

WILLIAM
So...what do you think...?

CATHARINE
I think the playing's better
than the piano.
(beat)
I'll get a tuner out here tomorrow...

She crosses to the liquor cabinet, as he finishes the last few bars. He turns around on the bench now. Staring at her back.

WILLIAM
Young woman came by the museum
today. She's researching an
article...about you...
(beat)
She was really very sweet...

ANGLE on Catharine. The flicker of reaction that William can't see. Her hands never miss a beat with the ice tongs...

CATHARINE
Fix you a gin...?

55. EXT. HILTON, SEATTLE - NIGHT

Mercedes pulls up at the Downtown Hilton. Catharine climbs out. She doesn't return the doorman's smile. Her face is straight business.

56. INT. HILTON

Catharine at the front desk, confronting the clerk. A young Chinese woman, small and dignified.

CATHARINE

You check again. She told my husband she was here...waiting for our call...

Catharine's voice is urgent, but the young clerk is unruffled. Her fingers move across the keys of her computer terminal.

CLERK

She was here. Checked out this afternoon. Transferring to... the Sheraton.

(beat)

Perhaps I could call for you...

The clerk looks up. But Catharine is already gone.

EXT. SHERATON - NIGHT

The Mercedes pulls up to the Sheraton. Catharine is out of the car in a hurry. Heading for the lobby.

58. INT. SHERATON LOBBY

This clerk is a young man. Slender, with a flamboyant manner. Catharine is really hot.

CATHARINE

She just checked in...

CLERK

And right back out. She comes prancing up to me...says the room will not be adequate...and will I recommend a place more suitable.

(dry grin)

I sent her to the Ramada.

Catharine is heading for the door. The clerk calling after her...

CLERK

(smug)

You ever see the rooms at the Ramada...?

59. EXT. SHERATON

Catharine is really flying. Into the Mercedes. Fumble with the key. Turn the engine over. As she looks up, she's staring straight at a BUM who has stepped in front of her grill, totally blocking her car. The bum is lighting a cigarette. Oblivious.

She LEANS ON THE HORN. A long, furious blast. The bum just turns slowly. Stares through the windshield. She races the engine, then slams into gear. For a frozen instant we think she's going to blow him away. But he's fearless. He reaches out, flipping down her moveable hood ornament. Saunters off.

Half a beat to throttle her rage, and she PEELS OUT.

See a parked car now. JENNIFER watching. Silent, professional. She turns her ignition.

60. INT. RICCI'S OFFICE - MORNING

Ricci looks up from his desk. The cold, lazy smile.

RICCI

First thing Monday Morning...

JENNIFER

Wanna guess what I did Friday night...?

RICCI

You tell me. I got a limited imagination in those areas...

Same calm insouciance. But something's different. She sees it.

JENNIFER

I followed Mrs. Margaret Macauley... as she tore around to three different hotels...frantic to find me.

(beat)

That sound a little peculiar...?

RICCI

Lady...everything about you... sounds peculiar.

JENNIFER

Fine. I'm going to hear what Mr. Macauley has to say about it.

RICCI

You can tell him. But he won't say much.

That freezes her.

RICCI

They found him Saturday morning.

She can't even believe it. It's a long beat.

RICCI

Don't get too excited, Agatha
Christie...he didn't die of any
weird breathing disease.

(beat)

Just a good old-fashioned American
heart attack, like everybody else.

She's just shaking her head. Still can't accept it's happened.

RICCI

And there was an autopsy...and
a regular toxicology screen...

JENNIFER

Which covers about sixty compounds
at the outside. You think she
doesn't know which ones to avoid...?

Her eyes dart toward the ceiling. Mind racing. Suddenly...

JENNIFER

Shock. Anaphylactic shock looks
like cardiac arrest. Was he...
allergic to something?

(beat)

Bee venom, antibiotics...?

RICCI

Bee venom? You won't believe this,
but I thoroughly overlooked the
possibility...

(beat)

Gonna be my ass...

JENNIFER

She's left town, hasn't she? And
you don't know where.

RICCI

Lady...watch my lips. There...
is...no...homicide. No investigation.
No suspects. What the fuck do I
care where she went?

JENNIFER

Enough to find out she'd gone.

Bullseye. Stops him dead.

JENNIFER

You're scared shitless someone's gonna find out about me. Ask why you didn't check this out... when you had the chance...

(beat)

Gonna need a pretty big rug, Lieutenant. Sweep all this under...

His stare turns flat and cold. He stands up. This meeting is over.

RICCI

You have a complaint...file it.

(beat)

Otherwise...please screw off...

61. INT. BRUCE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Middle of the working day. The big common room is bustling. Jennifer sits in Bruce's cubicle. Just staring at each other...

BRUCE

(quietly)

It's not a reason.

There's nothing she can say.

BRUCE

You want to count the guys who died on me?

(beat)

You wanna hear names...?

JENNIFER

I was in the room with him. He was four feet away...

BRUCE

And what were you supposed to do?

JENNIFER

I don't know. I just...tell him, I guess. I should have... said it...

BRUCE

And he would have believed you.

JENNIFER

He would have had a chance. I didn't...

(beat)

...give him a chance.

BRUCE

He would have gone straight to
her with it. Then you're blown...
she's gone...

JENNIFER

...and maybe he's alive.

There's a flicker of something across her mind.

JENNIFER

Thing is...he did go to her.
That's why she tailed me...and
then she panicked...and...

Her eyes are helpless.

JENNIFER

I did it all backwards, Bruce.
I nailed his coffin...

Staring at him. She stands now. Goes to the doorway. Turns back.

BRUCE

You don't quit your job...six
years...

(beat)

...to chase the one that got away.

No answer. The look holds and then she just walks out the door.

ANGLE...long shot of Jennifer heading through the common room. Up
ahead is MICHAEL, waiting at her desk. As she reaches him, he
hands a telex up to her. Whatever news she receives, she responds
by flinging her arms around him.

62. INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Clutter and crates and cardboard boxes everywhere. Everything's
packed. The walls are bare, showing faint rectangles where the
travel posters used to be. Curled on the floor is Jennifer.
She's asleep, her head cushioned by a folded coat. Next to her,
two large packed suitcases.

We hear a knock at the door. She doesn't stir. Another knock.
Still no response. We hear someone try the knob. Open the door...

ANGLE...Bruce entering the room. He sees her, sleeping on the
floor. Stands for a beat, staring. A tender moment. Slowly, he
goes to her. Kneels. Gently shakes her shoulder. Her eyes come
open. As she sees him, she's more disoriented than startled.

BRUCE
(gently)

You Ok...?

She nods. Sits up very slowly. Gives him a sleepy smile. He sits now on a small wooden crate next to her. Pulls out an envelope, handing it to her. She takes it with questioning eyes. Opens it, looks...

JENNIFER
I've already got my ticket
to Maui...

BRUCE
(softly)
That's your ticket back.

Looks up to his eyes. Her little smile. She's going to miss him.

BRUCE
What makes you so sure...
she's even there...?

JENNIFER
Michael says...ticket gal in
Seattle recognized the photo...

BRUCE
Yeh, but who's to say she didn't
fly right back outta Hawaii...
under any name at all...?

Not as if she hadn't thought of it.

JENNIFER
Maybe she did.
(beat)
Where else am I gonna start...?

She's got him there. Got her work cut out, and he really feels for her. He looks around, pulls on a lighter smile.

BRUCE
My God, you didn't pack the
vodka, did ya...?

She climbs to her feet. We follow her as she heads for the fridge.

BRUCE
(V.O.)
You storing all this stuff...?

She's pulling a bottle of Stollie out of the freezer.

JENNIFER
(calling back)
Only what I couldn't sell...

She's bringing the vodka back, along with a huge coffee mug.

BRUCE
What'd you get for the Alfa...?

She sits down on a box just across from him.

JENNIFER
Seven-four. Blue book was eight...

Hands him the vodka and the mug. He's staring at her.

BRUCE
(quietly)
Well, that's what happens...
when you're in a hurry...

He pours himself about a triple, but doesn't drink it. Just looks back up at her.

BRUCE
Jen...why...?

He reaches across to hand her the vodka. He'd poured it for her all along. She accepts it, never breaking eye contact.

BRUCE
It's her, isn't it?
(beat)
Just...her.

No answer. She takes a hit from the vodka. Stares at him across the rim. Takes another one. Her words come softly, carefully...

JENNIFER
When I...shave my legs. At night.
When I pull a...pickle outta one of
those...skinny little jars.
(beat)
When I do...anything at all. I
wonder...
(beat)
...how she'd do it.

Silence.

JENNIFER
(softly)
And that's all of it. All
there is.

She hands the cup back to him now. He takes a hit of his own.
Staring at her across the rim.

BRUCE
Maybe you're as...screwy as
she is...

Her smallest smile now. Warm and loving.

JENNIFER
Crossed my mind...

63. EXT. AIRPORT, MAUI - DAY

Arriving passengers streaming by us. Palm trees. The sign.
KAHULUI AIRPORT

ANGLE...JENNIFER wobbling down the concourse with two enormous
bags.

64. EXT. RENTAL CAR LOT

Jennifer somehow lifting the huge bags into her hatchback.
Struggling to shut it. Not even close. Stands and glares.
Unsolvable.

65. EXT. OPEN ROAD

Jennifer's car far below us, speeding alone down the highway.
Green mountains. Cliffs. The sea.

DISSOLVE:

66. INT. SHIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jennifer sitting across from MR. SHIN, a scruffy Chinese private
eye, with a sleazy suit and Peter Lorre smile. Smokes his
cigarette pensively. Staring at Jennifer as if searching for a
profound truth.

SHIN
You always been a...impatient
lady...?
(beat)
I mean...you whole life...?

JENNIFER

Mr. Shin. In four weeks, I've given you six hundred dollars. You...by way of contrast...have given me zip.

(beat)

I'm amazed you can find your own office in the morning. What, you drop breadcrumbs...?

He just nods. Dead serious.

SHIN

You always been...sarcastic, like that? You were...

(beat)

...sarcastic little baby?

The cigarette comes out. Followed by an incredible amount of smoke.

SHIN

You look for lady four weeks.

(beat)

One time...I look for somebody eighteen years...

JENNIFER

That's quite a recommendation...

He nods. Damn straight. Taps his temple.

SHIN

Persistence.

His eyes shift heavenward now. Seeking divine inspiration.

SHIN

Anyway...can't find such a pretty lady for buck-and-a-half a week...

(looks back to her)

Need...incentive bonus.

Her first smile.

JENNIFER

No bonus. Just give me what you've got.

SHIN

What you mean...what I got?
I got nothing.

JENNIFER

Mr. Shin...any guy who would hit me for a price increase...without something in the hole to deliver... would be kinda stupid.

(beat)

No point insulting your intelligence. I like to do business on a basis of... mutual respect.

SHIN

That good. I like respect.

JENNIFER

So let's not even start talking about what extortion charges would do to your license...

(beat)

... 'cos frankly... I don't wanna get into whether I was vindictive as a toddler...

No change in his expression at all. Just sucks on the cigarette while it all runs through his computer. Then, a dry grin...

SHIN

Hafta tell you, Mrs. Goldberg... I like you style.

67. EXT. HOTEL COURTYARD - NIGHT

A limo pulls up to a lavish hotel. The driver comes around, but a man has already emerged from the rear. He is MAX DELANEY, a rugged, athletic figure in crisp black tie. Late forties, with square shoulders and chisled good looks. A quiet air of self-possession.

Max offers a hand to the lady emerging in an elegant evening dress. As she slides into the light, we see a woman of astonishing beauty. Long black hair spilling over her bare shoulders. A serene face of almost regal self-assurance. CATHARINE. She takes his arm, as they enter the hotel.

68. INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Max and Catharine cross the lobby, passing an Oriental cocktail HOSTESS. She looks up to Max with a smile of personal overtones. The couple continues on to the front desk.

ANGLE on JENNIFER, reading with her back to the room. She must have missed them. She looks up, catches the eye of the hostess. The girl glides over. Delicate features. Large dark eyes.

HOSTESS
Something for you...?

Jennifer gestures toward Max, far across the lobby. Hadn't missed them at all.

JENNIFER
That...uh...man in the evening jacket. You know him...?

HOSTESS
Max Delaney. He lives here.
(smiles)
He owns it. And eight or nine others. Miami, Palm Beach... Jamaica...

JENNIFER
(little twinkle)
Seemed to...know you pretty well...

HOSTESS
Well, Max knows all the ladies...

Her trace of a smile seems to be boasting about just how well she does know him. Jennifer responds with a conspiratorial grin.

JENNIFER
His...wife...is very beautiful.

HOSTESS
That one...he brought in...
Thursday, I think. So, let's give her til...
(beat)
...next weekend, the latest.

69. INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

Elite beauty salon. Rows of beauty care products. Jennifer sits on a high stool. Apprehensive. Across from her is RANDY, a slender, doe-eyed fellow of forty. He gestures to a wall of hair-style posters. His voice is friendly.

RANDY
See something that appeals...?

Jennifer opens her purse. Takes out a photograph. Looks at it one more time. Tentatively, hands it across to Randy.

INSERT...Photo of Catharine in her first incarnation. Blonde.

JENNIFER

Could it be...something like this...?

60. INT. PRIVATE ROOM, BEAUTY SALON

Jennifer seated before Randy. She wears a thin gray smock. Her hair now completely concealed by a turban. He's working like an artist with multiple brushes.

LATER...Randy applying liner to her lower lid. Concentrating.

LATER...he's done now. Studies his handiwork. We're on him, haven't seen her full face. As his fingers reach slowly for her turban, we see him smile reassuringly.

RANDY

Shake your head, darling...

The turban comes off, and she shakes loose a rich honey blonde cascade. We flash to see her looking at the total effect in the mirror. She is simply and without question, beautiful. At first she seems startled. The eyes harden slightly, almost in disapproval. Then, the slow little smile.

71. EXT. OCEAN - AFTERNOON

We're on a fifty foot ketch tacking back toward is the village of Lahaina, maybe three miles off. Only crew is Catharine at the wheel, Max at the jib. Max looks great in his swimsuit. Lean and hard. Catharine wears a heart-stopping bikini.

MAX

I was thinking...I could rearrange some stuff tomorrow...maybe we could fly over to Kona...do a little scuba...

CATHARINE

Can't make it.

MAX

I love it when you play hard to get...

She looks back with a smile usually reserved for old friends.

CATHARINE

Whattya give this, pal...two more weeks...?

He's mildly amused. She looks away now, to the shoreline.

CATHARINE
We're running out of things I
can't beat you at.

MAX
Such as...

CATHARINE
Sex. I beat you at sex...

MAX
What is that supposed to mean?

CATHARINE
It means...I limit sexual
activity to basically two
groups...
(beat)
People who interest me...and
people who I want to interest.

Studying the compass now. Still not meeting his eyes.

CATHARINE
You limit sex to one group...
people who have the necessary
equipment.

MAX
Gives you something to look
down on. Thought that's why
you liked me.
(beat)
Anyway...what makes you better
at sex? We haven't exactly...

CATHARINE
I use it better. Recreation...
not neurosis.
(beat)
A loser's neurosis...

On that one she finally looks at him. Direct, unsmiling.

CATHARINE
Not jealousy, Max. Advice
from a friend.

72. EXT. POOL, MAX'S HOTEL - DAY

Twenty women standing by a hotel pool. Assortment of ages, figures
and bathing suits. Each has a scuba tank in front of her
Parading past, like a smug closet D.I., is SHELLEY, the hotel's

instructor. Nearing forty, leathery overtanned skin. The condescending manner of a kindergarten teacher.

SHELLEY
(intoning)

Two rules, ladies. Never...
never...race your bubbles to
the top.

(beat)

You can get air in your bloodstream...
which is called the bends...which is
an agonizing death.

Shelley marches past, revealing CATHARINE, who rolls her eyes. What an asshole. A horrifying COUGH rings out, and CATHARINE turns to see DAWN. Twenty, sad-faced, a mountain of flesh in an enormous suit. One more racking COUGH, as Dawn's mass quivers ominously. Catharine looks at her with amazement and sympathy...

CATHARINE

Honey, you oughta sit this one out...

Dawn shakes her head. Leans to whisper. Then stops cold. Catharine becomes aware of a silence. She looks up directly into Shelley's glare.

SHELLEY

When we're all quiet...and all
paying attention...then we'll
go on. Until then...we'll all
just have to wait...

Catharine somehow forces a lame smile. Dawn sends up a cough that rattles the pool. Shelley waits her punitive beat, then holds up a breathing mask as her irritating smile resumes.

SHELLEY

We're going to pair up...
underwater...and practice
breathing two on the same mask.

(beat)

This would be necessary where
one partner runs out of air...

ANGLE on DAWN, clutching at Catharine's arm.

DAWN

Partners...?

(horrendous cough)

Don't worry...I'm not contagious...

Catharine takes a breath, totally stymied. Just then, ANOTHER WOMAN takes hold of Catharine's hand. Catharine turns to see JENNIFER.

JENNIFER

(to Dawn)

I'm sorry, honey. My girlfriend
promised me...

Catharine stares at this stranger-turned-savior. Dawn is distraught.
Looks down the line of women pairing up...

DAWN

Ohhh...but then I'll be
odd-man-out...

Jennifer's little smile. Jerks her thumb toward SHELLEY. Dawn gets
it, brightening immediately. Catharine is dumbstruck with delight.

LATER...twenty women, tanks on their backs, plunge madly into the
water. Our views from above and beneath the surface reveal their
widely varying levels of ability to cope.

We see DAWN now, paddling over to partner up with the instructor.
Shelley's veneer crumbles at the horrifying realization.

ANGLE on Catharine, easily treading water. Holds out her hand to
Jennifer...

CATHARINE

Rennie Walker...

JENNIFER

Alex Bates...

The hands clasp. The eyes hold. Catharine looks over at Shelley
and Dawn, then back to Jennifer. Smiles.

CATHARINE

Alex Bates...owe you a beer.

LATER...SERIES OF ANGLES...

The ladies underwater. Catharine and Jennifer passing the single
mask back and forth, as they give each other oxygen. Holding eye
contact through the ritual.

Jennifer giving Catharine artificial respiration at poolside.
Stradling her body, leaning her full weight as she presses on
Catharine's back.

Catharine and Jennifer practice mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

CATHARINE

Five bucks says you use Listerine...

JENNIFER
For five bucks I'd give it up.

3. EXT. POOL DECK - LATER

Catharine and Jennifer on the deck, towels over their shoulders.

CATHARINE
What brings you over...?

JENNIFER
I sold condos in Chicago. Heard things are hot here...

CATHARINE
Like where...?

JENNIFER
Kahului, Kapalua, Kahakuloa...
Jesus, all these places sound alike. It's the weirdest damn language...

CATHARINE
Most primitive language in the world...

JENNIFER
...only has twelve letters.

Catharine's a little impressed.

CATHARINE
What the hell can you say in twelve letters...?

Jennifer counts the letters out on her fingers...

JENNIFER
Two mai-tais...

They share a grin.

74. EXT. HOTEL LAWN - DAY

The girls are walking toward the bar. Jennifer, wearing a tank suit, checks out Catharine's bikini.

JENNIFER
That thing...stay on most of the time...?

CATHARINE

Doesn't come off till it's s'posed
to...

(beat)

Why don't we go pick out one
for you...?

JENNIFER

I don't really...have the body
for it.

Catharine gives her the once over.

CATHARINE

Coulda fooled me.

75. EXT. BEACH BAR - LATER

Covered tropical bar, right on the sand. ANGLE on four guys.
Drinking, looking. See now that they're looking at our gals. Two
of the guys get up to make their move. Start sauntering over...

ANGLE on Catharine and Jennifer, sipping their drinks unaware of the
impending hit.

CATHARINE

You mean...as a group?

JENNIFER

No fair rephrasing the question.

It's a spot quiz.

(beat)

What do you think of...men?

QUICK ANGLE on SHIN, sitting at a distant table, watching
Catharine and Jennifer. The two guys, drinks in hand, have
circled to flank the women, one on each side.

ANGLE back on Catharine and Jennifer.

CATHARINE

It's like...what do I think
about vegetables.

(beat)

I like broccoli. Not so crazy
about bruss...

GUY #1

(interrupts)

Pardon us, ladies...

The guy on Jennifer's side. Slightly beery smile. Chest matted
with dark hair. Jennifer turns slowly.

JENNIFER
'Scuse us, fellas...we're having
a private conversation...

The guy next to Catharine has already rested his hand lightly on
her bare shoulder.

GUY #2
Private conversation is...
our favorite kind.

Catharine looks first at the guy's hand. Keeps looking til he
pulls it away.

CATHARINE
I wouldn't be interested.

GUY #2
And why is that...?

CATHARINE
Oh, I'd rather not say.
It's...a little embarrassing.

GUY #2
No need to be embarrassed
with friends...

She stares. As if thinking it over.

CATHARINE
Well, I'll let a guy buy me a
drink if he's at least a seven.
Dinner...we're talking seven
and a half. Sex...I draw the
line at nine...
(beat)
You're a four.

Said so straight and honest, there's nothing he can say.
Catharine offers a soft little smile. Almost apologetic.

CATHARINE
Maybe you're a real nice guy
and all that...but the honest
truth is...
(beat)
...I'm just too shallow to give
a fuck.

A parting smile and she turns back to Jennifer, as if the guy had
disappeared. The women's eyes meet as Catharine lifts her drink.

CATHARINE
Okra of the species...

ANGLE on SHIN, still watching, as the two guys drift/slink away. A SCRAWNY KID with a patch of green in his hair appears at Shin's side. Slips a WHITE PACKET into Shin's empty coffee cup. PALMS THE CASH from beneath the saucer. The kid is gone, as if Shin never noticed him.

ANGLE now on our women. Catharine's got her purse in her lap. Rummaging around for something, as she speaks...

CATHARINE
So...right back at ya...

She's found it. Pulls out a baggie. Inside, yellow JELLYBEANS.

CATHARINE
...what do you think of men?

Jennifer takes two jellybeans. Slips them into her mouth.

JENNIFER
Taste like lemon...

CATHARINE
Men...?

JENNIFER
Haven't tasted any of those lately...
Guess I'm too...particular.

CATHARINE
Well...guess we need to find
you a...very particular man...

76. EXT. VOLCANO - DAY

Catharine and Max in hiking gear. Trudging up a mountain.

ANGLE...we see now that they are on the rim of a gigantic VOLCANO. Unearthly black lava landscape towering above the sea. An astonishing sight. As Catharine does a 360, she adopts the voice of a wide-eyed bimbo...

CATHARINE
Gollll-eeee, Mr. Delaney...am
I really the first Capricorn
you ever brought up here...?

He's working at keeping a straight face.

CATHARINE

I mean...it's all so...just
like being in a church. It
just makes me...hot.

(own voice)

I'm telling you, Max, you should
save this stuff for your other girls.
This is vintage stuff...

In B.G. NOISE of an approaching helicopter.

MAX

I thought you saw through this
superficial asshole exterior...
to the slightly more complex
asshole deep inside...and...

(beat)

...I thought you liked that guy.

CATHARINE

I do. And when you start
to like him...better than the
other guy...you let me know.

MAX

What...can't hear...

The sound of the CHOPPER is huge now. She realizes now that it's
coming for them. Looks at Max with amazement.

ANGLE on HELICOPTER LANDING on the moon-like lava bed, right in
front of them. Uniformed stewards are jumping out of the chopper,
pulling equipment behind them. Folding table, covered with linen,
silver, china. Hot food cart being dragged onto the black rock.
As they look on, Max is stoic, Catharine simply stupefied.

A chair is slipped in place, and Max seats her. The steward has
poured chilled wine. Sets a huge platter in front of her, hidden
beneath an immense domed silver cover. The stewards retreat now,
as Max hovers over her, playing captain. Catharine stares at the
silver cover.

CATHARINE

(muttering)

If I eat one more veal chop...

With a flourish, Max PULLS AWAY the silver cover. Sitting on the
enormous platter, is a simple sandwich.

MAX

Club with no middle slice of bread. Chicken instead of turkey...no lettuce...y'hate lettuce...and mayo on the side.

Little cup of mayo on the side. She picks it up, turning it in her fingers.

CATHARINE

Maybe you've got...possibilities after all...

77. EXT. TERRACE, MAX'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Glittering illuminated terrace, major dance in progress. Moonlit ocean beyond the rail. Catharine in a sleek low-cut gown, clinging to Max's arm. Whispering in his ear, as she leads him through the dancing couples.

See now she's taking him to Jennifer, tanned and beautiful in a classic gown of her own. Total effect is knockout.

CATHARINE

Max Delaney...my new pal,
Alex Bates.

Max reaches out for a firm no-bullshit handshake.

MAX

Rennie told me you were...
kind of ugly...

The women exchange a glance. Jennifer's eyes return to Max.

JENNIFER

She told me you were kinda
rich. And kinda...smarter
than you look.

His eyes stay on hers, unblinking through a beat of silence.

MAX

Dance with me...

Jennifer slides her arm through Max's and he leads her to the dance floor. He takes her in his arms and sweeps her gently into the flow of the dancers. She seems a little stiff, but they do make a striking couple.

JENNIFER

I'm not really...much of a dancer...

MAX

Who says...? Just take it easy...

He picks her up into a MADLY WHIRLING SPIN, which takes her breath away. The spin ends, as they settle back to slow dancing. His tiny smile has a trace of the devil.

MAX

Tell me...the best thing about you.

JENNIFER

You want the truth...?

MAX

Not necessarily.

JENNIFER

I'm not sure I know...

MAX

That sounds like a challenge.

JENNIFER

What do you mean?

MAX

You're asking me to find out for myself...

ANGLE on Catharine sitting alone at the table, watching them.

78. INT. COFFEE SHOP - MIDDAY

Catharine is at the register, paying for lunch. Jennifer comes out of the powder room. Sees Catharine way up ahead. A hand touches Jennifer's arm.

SHIN

See you...caught your fish, after all...

She pretends not to recognize him.

SHIN

Ah. Can't place my face. Forgetting is...useful skill. I could learn same thing... Mrs., uh...Goldberg...

Her voice is low and edged with steel.

JENNIFER

Take out your cigarettes...

He hesitates. Doesn't understand.

JENNIFER

Because you're asking for a
match, asshole...

His eyes flick behind Jennifer toward Catharine, oblivious, well across the room. He wearily pulls out his cigarette, as Jennifer fumbles in her purse for a match. She's smiling sweetly, but talking through her teeth.

JENNIFER

You just stepped in way over
your head, little fella...(beat)
This is Federal Government.
So you think twice before you
play three fucking sides
against the middle.

ANGLE on CATHARINE now. They don't see her watching. Chilling.

79. INTERCUT: INT. CATHARINE'S HOTEL SUITE/ JILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Catharine with the telephone receiver to her ear. Ringing. Click.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(V.O.)

Hullo...

CATHARINE
(Southern accent)

Jill...?

(beat)
Marielle DuMers, darlin'...

ANGLE on JILL in an expensive condo. We see the slow smile. She's glad to hear from Marielle.

JILL

To what do I owe the extreme
honor? You outta cash, baby?

CATHARINE

Not hardly.
(serious)
It's good to hear your voice.
Truth is...I got myself a
little...problem, maybe.

CATHARINE

(cont'd)

Someone told me awhile back...
there was this...freelance lady
reporter. Checkin' me out.
Actin' real sneaky...

A knocking on Catharine's door.

VOICE

Room Service...

CATHARINE

(shouting back)

Later, please...

(into phone)

Anybody like that...show up down
your way? Yankee girl. Thin,
pretty. Maybe...twenty-nine...
thirty... .

We can feel the tension coming from Jill's end.

JILL

Honey, you know I had no number,
and...no way to reach you...

CATHARINE

I understand.

(quietly)

Just tell me now.

JILL

There was a cop. Maybe six
months ago. A Fed, really.
Her name was Barnes. Jennifer
Barnes...

BANGING on the door. Catharine turns now, covering the phone.

CATHARINE

Leave it...

Turns back. Snaps directly into persona. Voice sweetens.

CATHARINE

What would a Fed...want with me,
y'think...?

Catharine waiting. As long as it takes.

JILL

She thought...she thought maybe...
you killed Ben.

CATHARINE

Did she really... ?

JILL

You got somethin'...more'n
you can handle, baby...?

CATHARINE

Not likely...

POUNDING at the door resumes. Louder than ever.

CATHARINE

I'd better see to my supper. You
take care now, and...

(heartfelt)

...thank you, sugar.

She nods and slowly replaces the receiver. As the POUNDING CONTINUES, she seems not to notice. Finally stands, goes to the door. FLINGS IT OPEN to reveal a slightly seedy BELLMAN behind his food cart. Bad skin, pomaded hair, jaded eyes.

BELLMAN

Supper, Ma'm...

He flashes an insincere smile and pushes the food cart right past her icy glare. He's a in a hurry. Starts unloading the platters on the table nearest the doorway.

Catharine steps to one end of his cart, and without looking at him, pushes the cart out the door. Her voice is cold and very low.

CATHARINE

I said...later.

With a backwards glance at her, he's out the door and gone.

She's forgotten him already. Standing with her arms folded, clutching herself, staring up toward the ceiling. Absently now, she lifts the metal cover from the platter he's left behind. She's still staring, still thinking. Then, CRASHES IT DOWN against the platter in a private instant of fury.

80. EXT. KANAPALI BEACH - MIDDAY

Catharine and Jennifer, both in bikinis, walking down the beach toward the surf. Catharine carries two scuba tanks, Jennifer has the rest of the gear. There's a fair-sized crowd, the male eyes of which are turning to follow their progress.

JENNIFER

Am I...all in this thing...?

CATHARINE

If you are...you're doin'
it wrong.

81. EXT. CORAL REEF

Underwater at a coral reef. Diving through schools of numberless brilliantly colored fish. Catharine is the more skillful swimmer, twisting gracefully through the currents. Pointing and guiding Jennifer, who's not half bad.

ANGLE...Jennifer exploring the mouth of a cave at the bottom. We can't see Catharine at the moment. As Jennifer examines a shell, she SUDDENLY FREEZES. She twists around wildly, CLUTCHING at her mask. She's OUT OF AIR, somehow. Frenzied. TEARS the mask OFF...

She starts to LURCH toward the surface, but a hand GRASPS HER ARM. Holds her firmly. CATHARINE. They face each other in a frozen instant. Then, Jennifer FIGHTS WILDLY, THRASHING to free herself. No use. In the struggle, Catharine grabs her across the chest from behind, pinning her arms.

Then, Catharine PULLS OFF HER OWN MASK placing it over Jennifer's nose and mouth. As Jennifer's panic subsides, Catharine leads her gently and slowly to the surface. The two trading hits on the mask as they rise.

ANGLE as they BREAK THE SURFACE. Jennifer still coughing up sea water. It's a long way to the beach. Catharine sizes up Jennifer's condition, then slips a hand under her chin, pulling her on her back for a lifeguard's tow.

CATHARINE

Relax...relax...

82. EXT. BEACH

The two of them, washed up on shore. Lying exhausted for a moment as the surf laps over them. Catharine helps Jennifer up, half-carrying her. They sink to the beach now, side-by-side.

They're breathing hard. Jennifer still terrified by the close call. She struggles to get out of her air tank, fighting the straps. Catharine reaches to help, but Jennifer twists away from her, finally getting the thing off. She pulls it into her lap. Eyes moving across the tank in anger and fear.

JENNIFER

It says half full. The gauge
says half full...

Catharine pulls it around to where she can see the gauge.
Examines it. Taps it hard with her finger.

JENNIFER

One in a thousand. Isn't that
what the instructor said...?

CATHARINE

(quietly)

All my fault...I was s'posed to
check these out...

(beat)

God...if I'd been a little
farther away down there...
or had my back turned...

The concern sounds so heartfelt, it stops Jennifer. Doesn't know
what to believe.

CATHARINE

(anxious smile)

You scared the shit outta me,
kid...

Jennifer may not be certain about the tank, but one thing is clear.
Catharine undeniably saved her life.

JENNIFER

(softly)

Thanks for...not having your
back turned...

The look holds. Then, Catharine stares out to sea.

CATHARINE

There's a legend. If somebody
dies...and you breathe their
last breath...from their mouth...

(beat)

...you inherit their power...

JENNIFER

Power. That important to you?

CATHARINE

It's useful.

JENNIFER

The legend...comes from American
Indians -- Cherokee I think.
But...I don't guess it works
with oxygen masks...

Catharine's impressed that she knew about the legend.

JENNIFER
Besides...nobody died.

No. Nobody died. Catharine's staring at her, holding the moment.

CATHARINE
You're easy to be with. I don't
find that a lot.

JENNIFER
Not from what I've seen...

CATHARINE
That's men. Down deep...I'm
not too comfortable with women.
You're different...
(softly)
Stick around, Ok?

83. EXT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jennifer standing in front of her apartment house. Beach bag over her shoulder, squinting at something across the road. From the opposite direction, a car pulls up smack in front of her.

CATHARINE
Island Tours...

Jennifer grins and points across the street...

ANGLE on a seven-foot intricately carved totem pole. Bright colors, fearsome animal masks.

JENNIFER
Start with that...

Catharine stares at the totem.

CATHARINE
One ugly sucker.
(beat)
Why in hell you s'pose
they made those things...?

84. EXT. HANA DRIVE - AFTERNOON

Catharine's convertible, whipping around the endless curves of the Hana Drive. A road of constant switchbacks through a rain forest, high above the sea.

85. EXT. ROADSIDE

The car slows now, pulls off the road. The women get out. Catharine walks a few steps into the jungle growth. Jennifer right behind her.

86. EXT. RAIN FOREST

Catharine staring up into a tree. She begins to climb, reaching for the lower branches. Jennifer staring up at her from the ground. In the silence now, Catharine begins picking small brownish fruit, dropping them down to Jennifer.

87. EXT. CLIFF

The two of them cross-legged on a blanket at the very edge of a precipice. Behind them is the rain forest. Below, a sheer drop to the sea. It's a palpably romantic setting. Catharine is showing Jennifer how to peel the mangosteen.

CATHARINE

Then...you eat out all the pink stuff...

As she demonstrates, Jennifer is staring at her intently.

CATHARINE

Eat up...

JENNIFER

You ever...married?

Smile in place, Catharine nods. Picks out another mangosteen.

CATHARINE

Lots of times. That's how I got rich.

JENNIFER

Once wasn't enough...to get rich?

Catharine starts to peel the fruit. Slowly, thoughtfully.

CATHARINE

Rich is hard. You always figure... you're never quite there...

JENNIFER

Sounds pretty romantic.

CATHARINE

Well, I used to...think of it as my job. Making myself... appealing...

(beat)

I was a professional. I was good.

Her mouth digs at the pink fruit.

CATHARINE

Been retired for awhile now...

Her eyes go back to Jennifer. Sees the disapproval.

CATHARINE

(dead straight)

I loved every one of them.

Deeply, honestly...

(beat)

Wouldn't have worked...any
other way.

Looking at Jennifer. Something passing through Catharine's mind...

CATHARINE

You like him.

Jennifer stares. As if she hasn't understood. Catharine starts
to peel another mangosteen...

CATHARINE

Max. You like him.

Slowly, Jennifer gives a little nod.

CATHARINE

Go for it.

(nods)

I want you to.

Silence.

CATHARINE

You'll have fun. You'll get
hurt. You'll grow.

Jennifer seems reluctant.

CATHARINE

(softly)

It'll be Ok, you'll see. He's
a good guy...

JENNIFER

Not good enough...for you...?

Catharine's small smile. Another level of intimacy.

CATHARINE

Time passes. You get older.
Feel...different.

She's finished peeling the mangosteen. It was for Jennifer.
Hands it across to her.

CATHARINE

Need somebody, now. Someone
who knows...

(beat)

...how to commit.

88. INT. PENTHOUSE KITCHEN, MAX'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Max's penthouse suite. Through a glass wall, the best view on the island. In the kitchen, Catharine has been cooking up a storm. Pots, pans, ingredients everywhere. A huge pasta maker extruding long flat noodles. The counter is strewn with bowls of pastas and sauces. She's pairing them up.

CATHARINE

So the panna...let's stick with
the fettucini on that...nice and
down home. And the arrabbiata...

(licks her fingers)

...definitely the rigatoni. Major
rigatoni in progress here.

She looks up to see his amused bewilderment at the chaotic display.

CATHARINE

Or...you could call room service.

MAX

If I'd eat stuff from my own
chefs...why would I keep you
around on the seventh floor...?

She arches a brow.

CATHARINE

All things considered...no reason
I can think of...

He steps behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist. Starts to kiss the top of her head, her ear, her neck...

MAX

Just one more question...

(beat)

Why are you pushing Alex
on me...?

CATHARINE
Because I like her. A lot.
(beat)
Take it as a compliment...

MAX
(softly)
Only you...can turn a brush-off
into a compliment.

CATHARINE
(flat and dry)
You got it, Charlie. Just shaking
you off my fucking back...

Without looking, she reaches back, grabs a fistful of his hair, and yanks his face down to hers. As his mouth comes open, she plunges hers into it, kissing him hungrily. No embrace. He finally pulls back.

MAX
I know, I know. "That's enough
for tonight, Max..."

Catharine's smile is very tender. Caring.

MAX
It's Ok, y'know. Not sleeping
with me. Won't drive me away...
(beat)
and...it's not what keeps me
coming back.

CATHARINE
What is...?

MAX
Never knew...anyone...like you...

CATHARINE
(correcting him)
You never knew anyone you
couldn't have.

MAX
That's not fair..that's not
how I feel.

CATHARINE
But it is how you feel. Bang
on the nose. And wanting
something you can't have...
isn't the same...
(beat)
...as wanting me.

89. EXT. PLANTATION - DAY

ANGLE on an endless field of towering sugar cane against a cloud-filled sky. From a distance, we see Max and Jennifer, their heads barely visible above the tops of the cane. They seem to be moving at a surprising speed.

ANGLE...closer. We hear the HOOFBEATS now, realize they are riding horses. Flat out racing. He's in the lead. She's behind, leaning forward, straining to catch up.

ANGLE...ground-level view of them charging straight at us down the narrow dirt path. Tall rows of cane on either side. Horses in full flight, they barrel right over us.

90. INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jennifer's living room. Empty. Sunlight pouring in through the glass. Shimmering sea below. In the silence, we hear a clicking sound at the front door. Another. The door opens and Catharine stealthily enters the room. Closes the door. Chain-bolts it behind her. We follow her as she proceeds through the apartment and into the bedroom.

Her eye sweeps the room now. Cold, dispassionate. She goes first to the desk. Opens the drawer. Sorting through. Another. Pulls out a peach-colored box of stationery. Lifts the lid. The letterhead says: ALEXANDRA BATES. No address. Catharine stares for a beat, replaces the box.

Dresser now. Sorting through clothes. Opens another drawer. Closes it. Another. We see handkerchiefs, neatly ironed. Monogrammed AB in flowing script. Hold a beat on Catharine. The quiet, thoughtful eyes.

DISSOLVE:

91. EXT. IAO VALLEY - EARLY MORNING

ANGLES on glider, silently knifing through blue sky.

ANGLE on spectacular green valley below. The Iao Needle, a natural green tower, rises 1200 feet from the valley floor.

ANGLE from inside the glider. Max is flying; Jennifer huddled at his side in the breathtaking stillness. He points as they suddenly sweep up past the rim of Puu Kukui Crater, to see the west coast of the island and the sea beyond.

92. EXT. BLACK SAND BEACH - MIDDAY

Max and Jennifer walking along a deserted black sand beach. Shirt and jeans. Barefoot. Their tracks show they've come a long way.

JENNIFER

This place...the beach, it's perfect.

MAX

I've got a hotel in Bali. If you saw the sand...pure pink... you'd say it was perfect.

(beat)

Nothing's perfect.

JENNIFER

Except Rennie.

Max grows reflective...

MAX

The thing about perfection is... sometimes...it's a wall...

Looks over at her now.

MAX

I like mistakes. Sure keep making 'em. I like it when people can...

(laughs)

...fuck up together.

JENNIFER

That's what I am...the perfect fuck-up...?

Max laughs, tousles her hair.

93. EXT. SHIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Catharine's convertible, pulling up to a seedy low-slung building. She gets out, appraising the funk of the place.

ANGLE...Catharine finds Shin's name on an outdoor office index

94. INT. SHIN'S OFFICE

With Catharine now as she opens a door, directly into Shin's office. He's STARTLED. Hurriedly ROLLS HIS SLEEVE DOWN over his arm. Catharine NOTICES. Shin is really flustered.

SHIN

You no knock...? Come into a person's office...

(beat)

...don't anybody knock anywhere?

CATHARINE

I'm sorry, I...

SHIN

I knock. I come to your office...
I knock. Where you brought up...?

CATHARINE

Wisconsin.

Stops him.

CATHARINE

Should I come back later...?

SHIN

No, you already no knock. Too
late come back later.

(beat)

What you want, Wisconsin?

Shy now. Tentative.

CATHARINE

Mr. Shin...my name is Rennie
Walker...

She takes a photo of Jennifer from her purse, shows it to him.
His blank stare. As if he's never seen her before.

CATHARINE

This woman befriended me. Now I
think...she's seeing my fiancée.
(heartfelt)

I have to know...

SHIN

I no do this kinda work.
(beat)

Not...respectable...

CATHARINE

I'll tell you two things about
me. I'm very wealthy. And I'm
very rich.

She opens the purse. Removes a thick envelope. Slides it across
the desk. Without touching it, he can see it's stuffed with cash.
He can hardly tear his eyes back to hers.

SHIN

(incredulous)

You think...I could be bought...
for money...?

95. EXT. MANGO GROVE - AFTERNOON

Max and Jennifer entering a deep green grove. Lonely spot. Same shirts and jeans as their walk on the beach, since it's later that same day. As Jennifer looks around at the silent beauty of the place, Max sinks to the ground. Leans back on his elbows.

JENNIFER

Pretty...private place...

Still reclining, he reaches up to her. Gently sits her down.

MAX

(quietly)

You look...troubled.

JENNIFER

Wondering...how many...girls
you've brought here...

He grins.

MAX

To this place? No one. Ever.
That's why I picked it...

It's on the table now. We can see her tightening up.

MAX

The sleep-around stuff bothers
you. I know that. And the truth
is...last little while...it's
just...stopped.

(tight smile)

Last little while...I don't
know who the hell I am half
the time...

JENNIFER

Last little while...since you
met Rennie.

(beat)

I guess after what you said
on the beach...I don't know
where you guys stand.

A beat.

MAX

I'm not with Rennie. I'm
with you.

Suddenly, Max screams like Tarzan...

MAX
ANYBODY GOT A MANGO!?

Silence. Max turns back to her.

MAX
Just us.

Stares at her.

MAX
(gently)
Look...it's going to be
somebody...
(beat)
I'd like it to be me.

He gives her a long passionate kiss. Jennifer takes it in, then awkwardly withdraws. He smiles.

MAX
Take my hand. Go ahead.
Put it wherever you like.

She hesitates. Then puts his hand on her knee. Safe enough.

MAX
Your knee? I can't touch
you...here...?

He removes his hand, putting his finger on her ankle. She laughs.

MAX
Or here...?

He puts a finger on her neck.

MAX
(gently)
Turn over.

Jennifer does, on her stomach. Max massages her neck, then her spine. Now he rolls down her shorts gently. He stares at her buttocks. Then, very playfully, gives her a tiny spank. She looks around.

MAX
That's for making me nervous.

She grins.

MAX
God, Alex, you are beautiful.

They make love.

96. EXT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The TOTEM POLE in the moonlight. Jennifer's apartment house. It's late and very still.

ANGLE...an open jeep. Max driving Jennifer home. He jumps out. Dashes around to help her climb down. Hand-in-hand, they enter the building.

ANGLE...light going on, second floor. A beat. Jennifer and Max appear at the window. A long, tender kiss.

ANGLE...SHIN looking up from the darkness, at the kiss. Raises his camera.

97. INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Max and Jennifer at her door. She's still in her nightgown. He gives her hand a final squeeze. She watches him go.

98. INT. JENNIFER'S BATHROOM

Jennifer in her nightgown. Her face without makeup. Staring in the mirror now. As if she's never seen the face before. She smiles. Likes what she sees.

DISSOLVE:

99. EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

The jeep bumping along a country road. Max and Jennifer, in the middle of nowhere. The back of the Jeep is stacked with a mountain of Maui Potato Chip bags. Jennifer reaches back for a fresh bag, tears it open with her teeth, and feeds the first one to Max as he drives.

DISSOLVE:

100. INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

Jennifer and Catharine shopping. Jennifer's trying on a new dress for Catharine and the salesgirl. It's hot, trashier than Jennifer's accustomed style, but she really likes it. Looks to Catharine, who nods approvingly. When the salesgirl turns her back, Catharine gives Jennifer a glance that says: get outta town.

DISSOLVE:

101. EXT. MOUNTAIN - EARLY MORNING

Heavy mist of early morning. Through the haze, we can make out a setting of deep woods. We hear footsteps. Into frame, the barrel of a rifle. Catharine, alone, stalking her prey.

ANGLE on Jennifer in the same mist. See now that she too is alone, coming toward us with a rifle. Suddenly, from a clearing well behind Jennifer, Catharine emerges. The tip of her rifle comes up. Hear the sudden deafening crack of a RIFLE SHOT.

ANGLE on Max, in a nearby clearing. He's fired the shot. Stands immobile. With him is the GUIDE, a scrawny, sharp-featured man with watering eyes. In a moment, Catharine comes running into the clearing. A beat later, Jennifer appears.

MAX

Must have been... three hundred pounds. Tusks... I know I hit him.

GUIDE

You nailed him, Mr. Delaney. Let's head back... get the carcass later.

CATHARINE

Later...?

GUIDE

That boar took off like a freight train. He'll run 'til he drops. But 'til he does...

(beat)

...you don't wanna run into him.

She gives the guide a flat look that edges into disgust. Turns, heads off into the woods.

MAX

Rennie...

She doesn't look back.

CATHARINE

You're a hunter, Max. You have a responsibility to that animal...

ANGLE on the four of them, tramping through the dense growth. They come to a clearing by a stream. They stop.

From behind them, we hear a RUSTLING. As they turn, we see the WOUNDED BOAR. Bloody, impossibly huge, and only twenty yards away. A single frozen instant, and with a terrible sound, IT CHARGES. As the rifles swing around, we hear a SINGLE SHOT. JENNIFER. The boar DROPS INSTANTLY. Lies motionless.

Her rifle leveled, Catharine slowly approaches the boar. Max looks at Jennifer in amazement.

MAX

Where'd you learn that...?

She's watching Catharine. Answers him absently.

JENNIFER

Skeet. Never anything...alive.

As Catharine closes to within five yards, the boar's head suddenly LURCHES AROUND, she STUMBLES to one knee, her rifle going down. MAX fires THREE RAPID SHOTS, finishing the boar.

Max goes to Catharine's side, his arm protectively around her. Cool as she is, she's a little shaken. He helps her to her feet. Unmistakably, a man and his woman.

She goes to the boar now. Kneels. Her fingertips reach to touch it, almost tenderly.

She looks back to Jennifer, who stands frozen, her rifle still pointing at Catharine and the boar. Slowly now, Jennifer lowers her gun.

CATHARINE

You're just...one surprise after another...

102.INT. MAX'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Max alone in his bedroom. Sleeping. Through the glass wall pours the silver light of moon skimming off the sea.

We hear a key enter a lock. Turning. Clicking. Door sliding open. Max's eyes come open. Narrowing. He hears soft footsteps in the next room. Draws himself up, leaning against the headboard.

MAX

Rennie...?

ANGLE...in the moonlight, Rennie stands at the foot of his bed, wearing a fur coat. The coat now slides from her shoulders onto the carpet, revealing her in something filmy that is far more erotic than nudity. He's never seen her like this, and she is as breathtaking as he had ever imagined. He can only stare...immobile...

RENNIE

(tiny smile)

Something...on crooked...?

MAX
Just...can't believe you'd...
(beat)
...change your mind.

She comes toward him now. Stops just out of reach.

CATHARINE
Nothing changed. I always
knew...a time would come...
(beat)
...when it would be right.

He just looks at her. Then, suddenly, hear his laugh...

MAX
Why the hell didn't you tell me...?

She throws back his covers. Reaches her hands onto his body now.
Lowering herself to him. As his arms go around her...

CATHARINE
(softly)
It was none of your goddam
business...

ANGLES...DIRECTOR'S LOVE SCENE.

3. EXT. HALEAKALA MOUNTAIN - FIRST LIGHT

Craggy mountain peak, just above an endless field of billowing clouds. The first rays of the still-hidden sun appear.

ANGLE on the empty jeep. At the rim of the world, Max sits with Catharine. Alone together. Both hunch forward in down jackets. It's windy. Very cold.

MAX
First night you and I...slept
on the boat. On the deck...

Both staring out at the point where the sun is about to appear.

MAX
And you said...it's not about
feeling the pull. It's not
about fascination or possession...
or connection, or...even love...
(beat)
It's not a...shopping list, you said.

The ghostly, endless cloudscape is warming now.

MAX

It's just flat out...wanting
to be with...

(beat)

Not because of anything. More...
in spite of everything...

And suddenly, the sun. Its glows above the farthest cloud bank.

MAX

Marry me, Rennie.

(beat)

Be with me.

He turns now, looking at her profile. She slowly, helplessly,
begins to shake her head.

104.EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Jennifer and Max on a twenty foot catamaran. They're heeled out
over one pontoon, and the cat is really moving. Max is guiding
the thing. Jennifer is holding on for dear life, her body
dangling way over the water. She shows the wide-eyed glee of a
roller coaster novice.

A sudden shift of wind. Max strains at the line, but Jennifer is
flung screaming into the sea. Max whips the cat around into the
wind. Turns back anxiously, only to see Jennifer treading,
ear-to-ear grin.

She strokes over to the cat and he helps her up. Throws a towel
around her. Starts to rub her dry. She takes over, and he sits
back, watching.

MAX

The other day...the other night...
was...

(beat)

Rennie and I call it...feeling
the pull.

Silence. Staring back at him.

JENNIFER

I felt it too.

(smiles)

Maybe you guessed...

MAX

I still feel it. When you
look at me. On a lot of
levels...there's a connection...
I don't want to lose.

(softly)

But it has to change.

She doesn't understand. Her face grows thoughtful.

MAX

I asked Rennie to marry me.

Hits her like a ton of bricks. She lets the air out slowly.

JENNIFER

(quietly)

Congratulations.

MAX

(smiles)

She said no.

Somehow, she smiles back. A thin and friendly smile.

MAX

I never wanted...anything...
the way I want this...

(beat)

I'm not going to quit. I
can't.

Despite her struggle to hide it, he sees more feeling there than he can understand.

MAX

(gently)

You...OK with this?

JENNIFER

Guess...I have to be...

Clearly, this is rougher on her than he figured. He cares about her pain...but he has to ask...

MAX

She says you know her...
like nobody else.

(beat)

What are my chances...?

Her back is to him. Almost a tear. She recovers. Turns to him.

JENNIFER

(softly)

Better than you think.

105.EXT. OCEAN - SUNSET

The wharf at Lahaina. The sea. It's nearly sunset. Alone on the calm water is a large Chinese junk. Three tall masts with squared

red sails. The ship is red, with a golden dragon painted on the bow. The name: LIN WA.

ANGLE...sixty people on the deck. Dressed in evening clothes, standing silently, facing in one direction.

ANGLE...Jennifer among them. Staring with a grim intensity we haven't seen before.

ANGLE...JENNIFER'S POV...an altar at the far end of the deck. A Catholic priest in pure white vestment. Before him, Max stands facing Catharine. She wears a beaded lace gown of virgin white. The most exquisite bride imaginable. A vision of perfect love.

CATHARINE

I, Renata...take you, Maximilian...
to have and to hold...from this
day forward...

(beat)

For better...for worse. For
richer...for poorer. In sickness...
and in health...

(beat)

...until death...us do part...

ANGLE...both on their knees before the priest. He takes the golden chalice from the altar boy. Bends now, placing the wafer on Catharine's tongue. She takes the body of Christ into her mouth.

LATER...wedding party in full swing on the deck. Dance band. Catharine working the room, the center of it all. Through the crowd now, she sees Jennifer alone at the bow rail, watching her. Catharine heads towards her, stopping to acknowledge well-wishers, until she reaches Jennifer's side.

They're alone in the eye of the storm. Catharine is flushed with excitement. Radiant.

JENNIFER

Woman in love.

There's an edge to the words. Catharine absorbs that. Her voice is direct, intimate.

CATHARINE

Do you really doubt it...?

JENNIFER

I helped you get here...didn't I?

Jennifer's POV. Finds Max through the crowd.

JENNIFER

When you put us together...
made him want you all the more.
(beat)
Could say...my wedding gift...
was the groom.

CATHARINE

Meant it to be...an exchange of
gifts. Something you could...
take away with you...from your
time with Max...

The sincerity registers.

JENNIFER

That case...
(quietly)
Still owe you one...

Jennifer reaches into her purse. Pulls out a small box. Wrapped
with ribbon. Catharine accepts the box. Slowly, pulls away the
ribbon.

As she starts to lift the lid, a HAND grasps her arm. She looks up
into the face of a YOUNG GIRL.

GIRL

Beautiful ceremony...

She gives Catharine a kiss. And then is gone. Catharine turns
to Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Was a lovely ceremony. Only
thing missing was the traditional
father...to give the bride away...

Catharine's smile fades.

CATHARINE

I didn't miss it.

JENNIFER

Your father...pretty rough?

Catharine's tone hardens.

CATHARINE

I never knew him...
(beat)
...never wanted to.

She turns toward the celebration. Leans back against the railing, stretching her arms above her head, happily.

CATHARINE

Sweet life.

She looks back now to the box. Lifts the lid...

CATHARINE

Whatever this is...means a
lot to me...

Pulls off the cotton...to reveal a BROOCH. In the shape of a SPIDER. Black. Catharine takes it from the box. Red stones on its belly, in the shape of an hourglass. Her fingertips trace the spider legs.

CATHARINE

(softly)

Black widow...

She holds it up to the light. Turning it slowly.

CATHARINE

She mates and kills.

(beat)

And your question is...does
she love...?

She looks to Jennifer's eyes now. Her voice is honest. Direct.

CATHARINE

You can't answer...unless you
live in her world.

(beat)

Maybe her love...is different.

JENNIFER

(quiet, strong)

It's different, all right.

(beat)

Irreversible...

Catharine can only nod her agreement.

CATHARINE

Such a...provocative gift. Makes
me wish I had more to...

(beat)

...share with you.

Her eyes soften in a way we haven't seen before. With affection and complete honesty.

CATHARINE

Truth is...

(softly)

...I'm sorry it's over.

Jennifer's voice is equally low. But now there's steel at the spine.

JENNIFER

Truth is...

(beat)

...it's not over yet.

The challenge. Catharine's smile grows stronger. Her eyes take on the glow. Pierce now. Invincible...

CATHARINE

(whisper)

Til then...

As she moves toward Jennifer, a hand lightly touches her shoulder. Catharine turns to the face of an elegant Italian MAN.

MAN

With your permission...a kiss
for the exquisite bride...

The exchange of smiles. He takes her face in his hands, and gives her a genteel kiss on the lips. As the man turns away, Catharine's eyes swing back to Jennifer's. Lock.

Catharine reaches out, yanks Jennifer's face to her. Kisses her, ferociously, full on the lips. A KISS OF DEATH. Their eyes hold for a beat. And Catharine is gone.

Hold on Jennifer now. The final battle has begun.

106.INT. SHIN'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door to Shin's office. We see a woman's shoulder, arm. We don't know who. She knocks sharply...

SHIN'S VOICE

Come in...

107.INT. SHIN'S OFFICE

Shin working late at his desk. Hear the door open. He looks up. We see his dry smile...

SHIN

Hey, Wisconsin. You knock...I
no recognize you.

Catharine. Calm eyes. Light smile.

CATHARINE

Do you have...my pictures...?

Something in her voice sobers him up a little. Reaches into a drawer. Hands a packet of photos across his desk. She takes them with gloved hands. Flips through. We see photos confirming an affair. Jennifer and Max.

SHIN

(V.O.)

Good stuff, huh...?

She puts the pictures back on the desktop.

CATHARINE

What else...do you have in your desk...Mr. Shin...?

SHIN

(indignant)

What you mean by that? I got lotsa stuff. I got paper clip... I got menthol...condom even, not that it you business...

(beat)

Why you ask that...?

She pulls out a pistol. The glint of black metal.

CATHARINE

Because you have a choice, Mr. Shin. You can die...

(beat)

...or you can die happy.

He's frozen. Unable to respond.

CATHARINE

Third drawer. You've got five seconds...

(beat)

One...two...

His hand goes to the drawer. We see the SYRINGE, the PACKET, the RUBBER STRAP...

DISSOLVE:

108.INT. SHIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Blinding light of a FLASH BULB. As it fades, we see POLICE, TECHNICIANS, PHOTOGRAPHER. The tiny office is crammed. Slumped

over his desk is SHIN. Foam at his lips, like bath bubbles. His face is contorted hideously.

ANGLE on a NEWSPAPER REPORTER. A gaunt tired forty, with a tired smile and a thin tie. He sidles up to a tall well-dressed DETECTIVE who's obviously in charge. Waits unobtrusively while a cop hands the detective a batch of photos. The cop leaves, as the detective flips through them.

REPORTER

Anything here for the Star, John?
Just a...nothin' O.D.?

ANGLE on the DETECTIVE. He's fifty, calm, intelligent. Leafing through the photos that the reporter can't see. Jennifer and Max.

DETECTIVE

If it starts to get exciting...
I'll find your number...

Doesn't look up, but the reporter nods anyway. Strolls off. Detective looks up now, direct from the photo, to JENNIFER herself, entering. Stands in a corner. Tense.

He makes his way slowly across the room. Handing the photos to a cop along the way. She looks up. Seems tight enough to snap. He says nothing. Pulls out a cigarette, offers her the pack. She shakes her head. He lights up.

DETECTIVE

Now who would you be...?

Through her tension now, the wisp of a smile.

JENNIFER

That's a reasonable question...

109.INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jennifer at an open wall safe in her living room. Removing a small blue folding wallet.

JENNIFER

Didn't Rennie leave the island...
a little abruptly...?

ANGLE on MAX, half-sitting on a tall barstool. A light, curious smile at his lips. What the hell is she doing?

MAX

Just her usual trip. Sees her
accountant on the mainland.
Investments...

He's watching her cross the room. She sinks to the carpet now, sitting cross-legged in front of him. Her fingers turning the blue wallet over and over in her lap. She watches as it turns.

JENNIFER

How well...

(beat)

How well you think you
know me...?

Something in her voice is now very weird indeed. His smile fades.

MAX

Know you...a little bit,
I guess.

JENNIFER

Would I ever lie to you?

She looks up at him now. For the first time.

JENNIFER

Well, I have.

Silence.

JENNIFER

My name isn't Alex Bates.
It's Jennifer...Jennifer
Barnes. I work...for the
Justice Department.

She opens her wallet I.D. He takes it, warily.

JENNIFER

Rennie...isn't your wife's name
either. Only no one knows what
her real name is...

(beat)

Just...listen, Ok...?

He's on his feet. Stalking away. Angry.

MAX

Look...

JENNIFER

...under three different names...
she married three different
men. Very...wealthy men...

(beat)

She killed them all, Max.
She poisoned them.

Stops him for half a beat.

JENNIFER

(pleading)

She left town. That's when
they all die...when she's gone...

It's a chilling thing to hear. But he shakes it off. Can't be.

MAX

She doesn't need my money.
I've seen her portfolio...
bank accounts...

JENNIFER

I just told you...how she gets
them.

She sees his loyalty to Catharine. Makes her hurt all the more.

JENNIFER

I know this sounds like...
I...used you...

MAX

Sounds like...?

The dampness comes to her eyes. She's sorrier than she can say.

JENNIFER

You can't tell me...you don't
know...how I felt...

MAX

That was Alex, not some cop.

Through his anger, part of him still doesn't want to hurt her.

MAX

Look, lady...don't feel so bad.

(beat)

Everybody uses everybody.

She just nods. Tight-lipped. Guess they do.

JENNIFER

(softly)

But she does it better...

MAX

That's what it is, isn't it.
She does it better.

JENNIFER

No, that isn't it!

MAX

And I told myself you could handle it...

JENNIFER

I did.

MAX

Yeh, then maybe you can explain...
our wills. They leave everything...
everything...to the Cancer Foundation.
Nothing to each other.

(beat)

It was her idea.

She's stopped cold.

MAX

Sound like...the girl you're
talking about...?

As he watches her confusion, the anger leaves him. Concerned for her now.

MAX

C'mon...tell me there's no
jealousy. No jealousy at all...

(beat)

Tell me...

She can't.

DISSOLVE:

110.EXT. KAHULUI AIRPORT - DAY

Jet on the tarmac. Arriving passengers filing down the ramp.
CATHARINE returning. At the bottom, the DETECTIVE waits.

111.INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, MAX'S HOTEL - DAY

Living room of the penthouse suite. On the sofa, the detective.
Sipping tea. Catharine sits in an elegant chair. She wears
black. Demure, attentive, but clearly struggling with her grief.

CATHARINE

They said he strangled or something...
in his sleep.

The detective keeps sipping. And watching.

CATHARINE

They said there would have to be
a...closed casket. He was too...
bloated and...

She has to stop. Stays in control.

DETECTIVE

You know a woman named
Alexandra Bates?

CATHARINE

(puzzled)

I do.

DETECTIVE

It seems that Miss Bates is
really a Federal agent...named
Barnes. And Miss Barnes
believes...

(beat)

...that you murdered Mr. Delaney.

Stunned. Uncomprehending. As if wondering whether he could
really mean such a thing. Her words are barely audible.

CATHARINE

Max died...last night. I was
in...San Francisco...

(beat)

...you could...call the hotel...

He understands her confusion and pain. She's near tears.

DETECTIVE

She thinks you...poisoned him.
Something you knew he'd eat
or drink. Something that would
take delayed effect. While he
slept.

CATHARINE

Is...something like that even...
possible?

DETECTIVE

I don't really...the forensic
guys say it is. Could be possible.

CATHARINE

Why would I...do such a thing?
I loved my husband. I...still do...

Seems to reach him. His voice is apologetic.

DETECTIVE

I don't know. I don't have a motive. Miss Barnes has a few... psychiatric theories...

That seems to register on Catharine. She's nodding slightly. There's a quiet anger rising that is helping fight back the tears.

CATHARINE

Well, did you check our suite... for the poison?

DETECTIVE

No. There's no probable cause for a warrant. There's really nothing but Miss Barnes'... allegations. I was hoping you might...

(beat)

...voluntarily...

CATHARINE

Of course. Look through everything. Please. My husband liked to drink an armagnac in the evening...or sometimes a Martell...

(beat)

And while you're at it...

With that, his eyes sharpen.

CATHARINE

Miss Bates was my husband's lover. Before and...after the wedding.

(beat)

So...while you're searching my home...

Hold on Catharine. Pain and quiet indignation. Finally:

DETECTIVE

Interesting. We've learned... he went to her apartment...

(beat)

...yesterday afternoon.

112.INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Two COPS in a small utility kitchen. One is stacking foodstuffs from the pantry. The other has the fridge open. Writing down items on his clipboard. The DETECTIVE comes through the kitchen,

accompanied by his FORENSIC SPECIALIST, edging their way around the cops. We follow them through the hallway, and into Jennifer's living room.

The Detective stands, eyes sweeping the room. Then, he goes directly to the liquor cabinet behind the bar. Kneels. There's a key sitting in the lock. He pulls out his handkerchief. Carefully turns the key. The door swings open to reveal a modest selection of liquor bottles.

He's staring, peering without touching. Looking for something specific. His eyes stop now. With the handkerchief, he gently removes a bottle of vodka. Then, reaches back and extracts an empty decanter. Removes the cork stopper. Sniffs the inside of the decanter. Nothing. Washed clean. Then, his eyes go to the stopper itself. Seems damp. Touches the cork. Sniffs it. Raises it up to his specialist, who takes a sniff. Something there.

113.INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE -DAY

Catharine sitting across the desk from the Detective. His voice is gentle, almost apologetic.

DETECTIVE

You've been more than kind. After
what you've been through...

His voice trails off.

DETECTIVE

We did find a...toxic compound...
in Miss Barnes' apartment.

(beat)

A delayed acting poison...

Seems to hit Catharine. Shocked, even though she had suspected.

DETECTIVE

(softly)

Also...we're in possession of...
certain photographs.

(beat)

Photos of...Miss Barnes and
your husband...

Shame in Catharine's eyes.

CATHARINE

Those pictures are...all my fault.
I hired this...horrid little man to...

She stops now. Her eyes narrow.

CATHARINE

How...did you get them...?

DETECTIVE

The man you hired...is dead,
Mrs. Delaney. We assumed he had
taken an...accidental overdose
of heroin...

(beat)

Now I'm afraid...Miss Barnes
may have more than your husband
to answer for...

Catharine shakes her head in saddened disbelief.

DETECTIVE

You know, from the first moment
she came to us...I suspected we
were dealing with a very...
troubled young lady...

Catharine's eyes sharpen. They question why.

DETECTIVE

She had it fixed in her mind that
you're some kind of...demon. That
you keep changing identities...
marrying men and...killing them.
Over and over.

CATHARINE

How could she think such a thing...

DETECTIVE

She says...child abuse...leading
to some kind of...bizarre erotic...
thing...

CATHARINE

(softly)

My God...

DETECTIVE

Yeh. Lotta psychological
mumbo-jumbo.

(beat)

I'm an old fashioned guy.
Usually look for something...
little more conventional...
in the way of a motive.

114.INT. MAUI JAIL

Jennifer has just been booked. A matron now leads her, handcuffed down the corridor. Two uniformed officers clear a path through a small knot of press and general onlookers.

ANGLE...our REPORTER in the group. Next to him, his PHOTOGRAPHER. Jennifer is being led past them. The photographer SNAPS A FLASH directly in her face, as she instinctively winces and turns away.

115.INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - MORNING

Catharine at her breakfast table. Alone. Gently removing the top from a soft-boiled egg. She opens the morning paper now. Turning pages. Stops.

INSERT...the PHOTO of JENNIFER being led from her booking.

Catharine's gaze is thoughtful. Impassive.

116.INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

Well-appointed office. Behind the desk is the ATTORNEY. Nearing seventy, but pink-faced and robust. The suit is Savile Row. The manner, Wall Street.

Across the desk sit Catharine and MR. FOSTER. He is fifty. A gangling bird-like man, with a bald dome and piercing eyes.

ATTORNEY

Mrs. Delaney...The Cancer Foundation flew Mr. Foster to the islands...because we seem to have...

(beat)

Well, something of a... situation.

She turns slowly to Foster.

CATHARINE

A situation...?

FOSTER

Concerning Mr. Delaney's will...

The attorney clears his throat. As if to remind Foster to button it.

ATTORNEY

It, uh...seems that Mr. Delaney's legal residence is the state of Florida. Were you aware of that?

CATHARINE

No. Should I be?

He tries a smile slightly too relaxed and sincere.

ATTORNEY

Florida has a so-called mortmain statute, Mrs. Delaney.

(beat)

Any bequest to charity...in a will executed within six months of death...

(longer beat)

...can be...invalidated by the spouse.

Catharine absorbs the news. Then...

CATHARINE

I see.

FOSTER

Of course, there is no requirement that you invalidate the gift.

(beat)

And since this was your husband's clearly expressed desire...

She turns to Foster.

CATHARINE

Well, this does give one food for thought...

Harpooned. His worst fears realized. Visible only through his eyes, which become incredulous slits.

FOSTER

You mean...you would actually consider...

CATHARINE

Shortly before his death, Mr. Foster...my husband told me of...reservations concerning your organization.

(beat)

Profound reservations.

Foster's eyes dart to the attorney. Nothing he can do. It's all over.

117.EXT. MAUI JAIL - DAY

Establishing shot of Maui's jail, a one-story cream colored building with a red tile roof. The sign says MAUI INTAKE SERVICE CENTER/MAUI COMMUNITY CORRECTIONAL CENTER.

ANGLE...a cemetery, Maui Memorial Park, directly adjacent. A cab drives past the cemetery, pulling up in front of the jail. Catharine exits, wearing the same wardrobe from her visit to the attorney. She pays the cabbie. Enters the jail.

118.INT. VISITING ROOM

The visiting room is divided by a chicken wire partition, with a guard gate cut into it. Catharine sits. Waiting.

Across the wire, a door opens. A matron enters with JENNIFER in a thin prison dress. The matron leaves. They are alone together.

CATHARINE
Just came from my lawyer's
office...

(beat)
Brought you something...

Rummages through her purse. She pulls out some candy. Very proud of herself. Pokes it part way through the chicken wire. Jennifer makes no move to take it...

CATHARINE
What're you thinking...
poisoned apple...?

Catharine pulls it gently back through the wire. Unwraps one end. Looking straight into Jennifer's eyes, Catharine takes a healthy bite. Chews, with that funny little grin, until Jennifer finally grins back. In spite of herself.

Catharine pushes the candy back through the wire. This time, Jennifer pulls it all the way through to her side. It sits in her lap.

CATHARINE
Treating you OK...?

JENNIFER
Can't complain. Lot of...
psychological tests. Which is
kind of surprising for a...
jealous lover killing...

CATHARINE

Not so surprising. They don't seem to think your only motive was jealousy...

(beat)

...not of Max, anyway.

Jennifer's eyes narrow on that one.

CATHARINE

They seem to think your obsession ...was me.

Catharine's head tilts a little to one side.

CATHARINE

They think you started as an ambitious little Fed. And you became obsessed by this...phantom. And chased her...and chased her...

(beat)

And when you thought you were never gonna be quite quick enough to catch her...

It registers in Jennifer's eyes. The smallest smile of admiration. Grudging perhaps, but truly felt.

JENNIFER

I killed him...to frame you...

Jennifer sags back in her chair, shaking her head. Disbelief. In the B.G., a GUARD opens the door, as if to lead her away.

Jennifer rises, walks to the door and nods to the guard. He nods back, allowing her a brief stay of time. When he's gone, Jennifer returns to Catharine, more deliberate and determined than before. She picks up the candy, peels off the paper, stares at it. Then decides to eat it. One bite at a time.

JENNIFER

How did you manage it? You left town and snuck back...?

Catharine smiles. An acknowledgement of Jennifer's theory.

JENNIFER

What did you use? The same cognac bottle you planted at my place...?

CATHARINE

You have this tendency to... overthink...

(beat)

The most important thing about figuring stuff out...is knowing when to stop.

Catharine's face changes now. Softens. She stares through the wire mesh with real affection for Jennifer...

CATHARINE
All the relationships I'll...
look back on. Fifty years
from now...
(quietly)
I'll remember this one.

The sound of the corridor door opening. Footsteps. The two women oblivious, holding each other's eyes.

Then, Catharine turns toward the door. As she does, her face FREEZES. Hold on her now in the silence. Her face is the flat, expressionless mask we've seen so many times.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Catharine...

Now Catharine smiles. Gentle, graceful.

CATHARINE
Hello, Sara...It's good to
see you...

ANGLE on SARA, Sam Petersen's secretary. With her, the DETECTIVE.

ANGLE on the open door now. Through it steps...MAX. Catharine's SHOCK is immediate. Shaken to her depths, to see him alive. Their look holds.

Then she turns sharply. To Jennifer. Catharine's eyes nearly overflowing:

CATHARINE
(quietly)
I want you to know...
I put the poison in...

JENNIFER
(reassuringly)
...We've already found it...
(beat)
He'll be all right.

Both women on the edge. Slowly now, Catharine stands, holding the eye contact. When she turns to Max, she is composed. Walks firmly to him. Takes his hand. Squeezes warmly.

CATHARINE
(softly)
I'm glad...you made it through...

She reaches up and kisses his cheek.

CATHARINE

Personally...I always liked you.

A lingering look and she releases his hand. The matron has entered, and gently takes her arm.

As Catharine turns now, she is face-to-face with Jennifer who has stepped through the guard gate.

Then, Catharine's small smile. Unreadable. Unknowable. She exits with the matron, heading down the corridor. Jennifer watching her go...

MAX

(to Jennifer)

You Ok...?

There's no answer.

MAX

(gently)

C'mon...let's get out of here...

But Jennifer's not listening. She brushes past all of them. Heading down the corridor after Catharine. Jennifer breaks into a run now, as Catharine exits the corridor into a holding room. Jennifer reaches the matron in the doorway.

JENNIFER

Just give me...one minute...Ok...?

119.INT. HOLDING ROOM

Jennifer enters the holding room alone. Closes the door behind her. Catharine's standing at the wall. Silence.

CATHARINE

(softly)

I know.

JENNIFER

What do you know...?

CATHARINE

You just...don't want it to end.

Jennifer nods. Choking back too much feeling to speak. Then...

JENNIFER

(softly)

Did you have to be...the way
you are...

(beat)

...or did you choose?

Stops Catharine. We see her really think about it.

CATHARINE

Truth is...

(beat)

...I don't see the difference.

Jennifer's small nod of understanding. Hand on the door. Stops.
Turns back now.

JENNIFER

Five bucks says...you never
had a sister...

CATHARINE

And you...?

JENNIFER

Guess you're the closest...
I'm ever gonna get.

20.INT. CORRIDOR

Jennifer's through the door and hurrying down the corridor.
Flanked by Max and the Detective, who were waiting. Various
REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS seem to be congratulating her.

FLASH GOES OFF right in her face.

Max LASHES OUT at the photographer, creating an avenue through
which Jennifer can pass.

Jennifer keeps walking, as Max catches up to her. In her face,
no triumph.

FADE TO BLACK. ROLL END CREDITS.