

BODY HEAT

An Original Screenplay

by

Lawrence Kasdan

**FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY**

**THIRD DRAFT**

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1.

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. NIGHT SKY**

Flames in the night sky. Distant SIRENS. PULLING BACK, we see that the burning building is mostly hidden by dense, black shapes that define the oceanside skyline of Miranda Beach, Florida. We're watching from across town. The sound of a bathroom SHOWER comes to a dripping stop at about the same time we see the naked back and head of NED RACINE. We continue to PULL BACK INTO --

**RACINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Racine, dressed in undershorts, is standing on the small porch off his apartment on the upper floor of an old house. Racine lights a cigarette and continues to stare off at the fire. We've passed him now, into the bedroom of the apartment, and the shape of a young woman, ANGELA, flashes by, drying her body with a towel.

**ANGELA (O.S.)**

My God, it's hot. I stepped out of  
the shower and stared sweating again.  
... It's still burning? Jesus, it's

bigger! And I thought you were making me hear those sirens.

(she giggles)

What is it?

**RACINE**

The Seawater Inn. My family used to eat dinner there twenty-five years ago. Now somebody's torched it to clear the lot.

Angela reappears briefly, gathering her clothes. She sits on an unseen bed to get dressed.

**ANGELA (O.S.)**

That's a shame.

**RACINE**

Probably one of my clients.

**ANGELA (O.S.)**

I'm leaving.

**RACINE**

(back still turned)

It's four a.m.

On the bed, Angela snaps on her bra.

**ANGELA**

I go on duty at Miami Airport at seven.

**(MORE)**

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2.

**ANGELA (CONT'D)**

I wouldn't mind having breakfast...  
What do you care? You're watching the fire. You're done with me. I'm just getting into my uniform here...

She is, in fact, slipping on the blouse of her Avis Rent-a-Car uniform. There's a smile on her lips as she buttons up, watching Racine.

**ANGELA**

You've had your fun. You're spent.  
(trying for a straight face)  
I'll just slip into my uniform here

and slip away.

**RACINE**

My history's burning up out here.

**ANGELA**

Hey, I don't mind. I'm leaving.  
Why do they make these damn skirts  
so hard to zip...

Now, for the first time, Racine turns to look at her.  
She is sitting on the edge of the bed, half into her  
uniform. Racine smiles broadly at the sight and moves  
into the room. He pushes her back and they both disappear  
from sight, fabric rustling.

**RACINE**

Where's your hat?

**ANGELA (O.S.)**

Hey... hey...  
(giggling)  
... don't wrinkle it!

**RACINE (O.S.)**

'You're spent.' Where'd you hear  
that?

We are left looking out over the porch at the night. And  
we go back there, across the rooftops, to the flames.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

An Assistant County Prosecutor named PETER LOWENSTEIN has  
been conferring at the bench with JUDGE COSTANZA and now  
they both wait as Racine comes into view to join them.

The Judge is irritated.

**JUDGE COSTANZA**

Mr. Racine, I do no longer care  
whether these alleged toilets were  
**(MORE)**

**JUDGE COSTANZA (CONT'D)**

ever actually en route from Indiana  
or not. I think we're wasting our  
time here. It's pretty clear your  
client has attempted to defraud the

county in a not very ingenious manner.  
(he nods at  
Lowenstein)

The Assistant Prosecutor has made  
what I consider a generous offer.  
And given that you've failed to  
generate even the semblance of a  
defense --

**RACINE**

Judge Costanza, perhaps when I've  
presented all --

**JUDGE COSTANZA**

Yeah, yeah. If I were you, I'd  
recommend to your client that held  
quickly do as Mr. Lowenstein here  
has suggested -- plead nolo  
contendere, file Chapter Eleven and  
agree never to do business with  
Okeelanta County again.

Racine is surprised and pleased.

**RACINE**

You would look favorably on that?

**JUDGE COSTANZA**

(nods)  
He can walk. But don't test my  
patience for even five more minutes.  
If he hesitates, I'll nail him.

**RACINE**

I'll talk to him.

Racine starts to turn.

**JUDGE COSTANZA**

Mr. Racine. Next time you come into  
my courtroom I hope you've got either  
a better defense or a better class  
of client.

Lowenstein smiles.

**RACINE**

Thank you, Your Honor.

Racine goes back to his client, a Businessman of enormous  
confidence and extravagantly untrustworthy appearance.

**INT. STELLA'S COFFEE SHOP - FIRST STREET - DAY**

Racine and Lowenstein are seated at the counter. Racine drinks beer while Lowenstein drinks a tall iced tea very rapidly and signals for another. This place is across the street from the courthouse/police station and there are plenty of lawyers and cops around, several of whom acknowledge Lowenstein and Racine with pats or nods.

A single unit air conditioner is blowing away above the door, but it can't compete with the blasts of hot air that come in with each new patron. All of these people, like the pedestrians outside the window, have stripped down to essentials in the infernal heat. The lawyers all carry their jackets, but even so their shirtsleeves are sweaty. The town is sizzling.

**LOWENSTEIN**

-- I think I've underestimated you, Ned. I don't know why it took me so long. You've started using your incompetence as a weapon.

**RACINE**

(smiles)

My defense was evolving. You guys got scared. Costanza doesn't like me. What'd I do to him?

**LOWENSTEIN**

He's an unhappy man, thinks he should be Circuit Court by now. Here he is in a state with really top-notch corruption and he's stuck with the county toilets.

(he drinks)

I'm surprised you weren't in on that toilet caper. Could have been that quick score you've always been searching for.

**RACINE**

Maybe Costanza was in on it. That's why he was mad.

STELLA, the owner of the coffee shop, writes and places separate checks in front of the two men.

**STELLA**

What's the word from the hallowed halls of justice? Anything juicy?

**LOWENSTEIN**

Maybe Stella was in on it.  
(finished his tea)  
Stella, when you gonna get a real air conditioner in here.

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5.

**STELLA**

You don't like it there's lots of other places.

**LOWENSTEIN**

They don't have you. Gotta go.

He stands fishing for change, but Racine takes his check and places it with his own. Lowenstein nods and moves for the door.

**LOWENSTEIN**

You can't buy me. No sirree, I don't come cheap.

Just before he reaches the door he does a strange thing -- he takes several graceful dance steps in the Astaire manner.

**A VOICE**

Lowenstein, you're a fag.

Lowenstein spins out the door, where he is blasted by the heavy air. His body droops as he disappears.

**STELLA**

Why does he do that?

**RACINE**

He's pretty good, that's the weird part.

**STELLA**

Did you hear about Dr. Block?

**RACINE**

No. Do I want to?

**STELLA**

(leans toward him,

confidential)  
Agnes Marshall.

**RACINE**

(the thought  
disgusts him)  
That must have been Mrs. Block's  
idea, some kind of punishment.

**STELLA**

It was! How'd you know? Christ,  
you're plugged in better than me.  
So you must know about Mrs. Block's  
friend in Ocean Grove.

Racine winces, gets up, and puts money on the counter.  
He lights a cigarette.

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6.

**RACINE**

Stella, this is beneath even you.  
Things must be slow.

Stella agrees with a shrug as Racine heads for the door.

**STELLA**

It's the heat.

**EXT. FIRST STREET AND MAIN STREET - DAY**

Racine makes his way up First to the corner of Main and crosses diagonally to his building on Main. He is well-known here, greeted through glass by many of the shop owners. The heat dominates much of the pantomimed conversation. Racine goes in a doorway and heads up the stairs to his office.

**INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Racine's secretary, BEVERLY, is behind the desk in the modest reception room. She's a pretty girl barely past twenty. She pushes some phone message slips toward Racine and nods toward the sofa. A middle-aged woman client, MRS. SINGER, sits there clutching a walking stick. Her face suddenly is contorted in pain. Racine glances meaningfully at Beverly then turns his full solicitous charm on Mrs. Singer.

**RACINE**

Mrs. Singer, I would have gladly

come to the house.

He helps her up and leads her slowly to his office.

**MRS. SINGER**

No. no, the doctor says I should walk and I had some shopping. Not that that quack knows what he's talking about. I tell you, Mr. Racine, I'm not sure his testimony is going to be very useful.

**RACINE**

Don't worry about it. I'll find you a doctor who's more understanding. Is it bad today?

**MRS. SINGER**

Oooh, you can't imagine. Nothing can make up for the pain they've caused me.

**RACINE**

How well I know. We'll sue those reckless bastards dry. Excuse my language.

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7.

As Mrs. Singer disappears into the office, Racine flashes a grin at Beverly.

**MRS. SINGER**

Don't apologize. That's the kind of attitude you've got to have these days...

**EXT. THE BEACHFRONT - NIGHT**

The hottest January in fifty years has brought the crowds to the beach in search of relief. But they've been disappointed. Even the breeze off the ocean seems blown from a hair dryer. Still, the nights are a trifle better and the Beachfront, the penny arcades, the ice cream stands and bars are busy, even now in the middle of the week.

Racine comes out of a bar and lights a cigarette, idly watching the passing parade. There is a free band concert in progress at the band shell. Racine wanders in that direction.

**EXT. THE BAND SHELL - NIGHT**

The Miranda Beach High School Orchestra is playing to a full, sweating house; the audience is a sea of orange programs fluttering away as fans. People come and go frequently.

The atmosphere is as innocent and informal as the music the band is playing now.

Racine leans against the back rail, smoking, his eyes playing over the scene with no expectations.

Then, down near the center aisle, a WOMAN rises. As the band plays on, this extraordinary, beautiful woman, in a simple white dress, moves down the aisle. She moves wonderfully. The dress clings to her body in the heat.

Racine watches, mesmerized, as she walks directly toward him. She passes within a few inches of him, her eyes lowered. Racine's body sways a moment as she goes by, as though buffeted by some force. But they do not touch. She goes out onto the Beachfront walkway.

**EXT. THE BEACHFRONT WALKWAY - NIGHT**

The Woman, MATTY, has walked to the rail. She stands there now lighting a cigarette. She presents her face

to the ocean, hoping for a breeze. We move in on her, with Racine.

Racine lights a new cigarette and smiles at her. She looks at him and, for an instant, her eyes race over his body, then she looks back at the ocean.

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8.

**RACINE**

You can stand here with me if you want, but you'll have to agree not to talk about the heat.

She looks at him, and there is something startling about the directness of her gaze. When she speaks, she is cool without being hostile.

**MATTY**

I'm a married woman.

**RACINE**

Meaning what?

**MATTY**

Meaning I'm not looking for company.

She turns back toward the ocean.

**RACINE**

Then you should have said -- 'I'm a happily married woman.'

**MATTY**

That's my business.

**RACINE**

What?

**MATTY**

How happy I am.

**RACINE**

And how, happy is that?

She looks at him curiously. She begins walking slowly along the rail. He walks too.

**MATTY**

You're not too smart, are you?

Racine shakes his head "no."

**MATTY**

I like that in a man.

**RACINE**

What else you like -- Ugly? Lazy? Horny? I got 'em all.

**MATTY**

You don't look lazy.

Racine smiles.

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9.

**MATTY**

Tell me, does chat like that work with most women?

**RACINE**

Some. If they haven't been around

much.

**MATTY**

I wondered. Thought maybe I was out of touch.

She stops again at the rail as a small breeze blows in from the ocean. She turns her back to it and, with her cigarette dangling from her lips, she uses both hands to lift her hair up off her nape. She closes her eyes as the air hits her. Racine watches very closely.

**RACINE**

How 'bout I buy you a drink?

**MATTY**

I told you. I've got a husband.

**RACINE**

I'll buy him one too.

**MATTY**

He's out of town.

**RACINE**

My favorite kind. We'll drink to him.

**MATTY**

He only comes up on the weekends.

Matty lets her hair fall and again begins moving down walkway. She drops her cigarette and steps on it.

**RACINE**

I'm liking him better all the time. You better take me up on this quick. In another forty-five minutes I'm going to give up and walk away.

**MATTY**

You want to buy me something? I'll take one of these.

They have come upon a Vendor selling snow cones.

**RACINE**

What kind?

**MATTY**

Cherry.

**RACINE**

(to Vendor)

Make it two.

The Vendor scoops and pours as Racine lays some change on the cart.

**RACINE**

(to Matty)

You're not staying in Miranda Beach.

(she shakes her  
head "no")

I would have noticed you.

**MATTY**

Is this town that small?

Racine hands her a snow cone. They walk over to the rail. Racine watches her eat the snow cone with enormous interest.

**RACINE**

Pinehaven. You're staying up in  
Pinehaven, on the waterway.

(she gives him a  
look, surprised)

You have a house.

**MATTY**

How'd you know?

**RACINE**

You look like Pinehaven.

**MATTY**

How does Pinehaven look?

**RACINE**

Well tended.

She looks out at the ocean.

**MATTY**

Yes, I'm well tended, all right.  
Well tended. What about you?

**RACINE**

Me? I need tending. I need someone  
to take care of me. Rub my tired

muscles. Smooth out my sheets.

**MATTY**

Get married.

**RACINE**

I just need it for tonight.

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11.

For the first time, Matty laughs. A moment later, she spills the snow cone over the front of her dress. It makes a bright red stain against the white. The thin material clings to the line of her breast.

**MATTY**

Good. Nice move, Matty.

**RACINE**

Matty. I like it. Right over your heart.

**MATTY**

At least it's cool. I'm burning up.

**RACINE**

I asked you not to talk about the heat.

**MATTY**

Would you get me a paper towel or something? Dip it in some cold water.

Racine starts toward the restroom nearby.

**RACINE**

Right away. I'll even wipe it off for you.

**MATTY**

You don't want to lick it?

This causes a momentary hitch in Racine's retreat, but then he hurries off.

#### **INT. MEN'S ROOM**

Racine comes in, snaps some paper towels from the rack and turns on the water. The room is full of smoke. A fifteen-year-old Boy is leaning against the wall. After looking Racine over a second, he brings the smoking joint

he's been holding behind his back into view and takes a toke. He nods at Racine, who nods back and stands up with his wet towels. As he walks out, Racine takes a deep breath.

**EXT. THE BEACHFRONT - NIGHT**

Racine comes out of the structure. And stops. Matty is gone. Racine looks around without much hope. Finally, he puts a wet paper towel to the back of his neck. We begin to HEAR a strange, measured thumping, and then --

**EXT. THE BOARDWALK (82ND STREET) - DAWN**

Racine is running. The THUMPING is the sound of Racine's battered running shoes hitting the weathered wooden planks of the Boardwalk.

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12.

Racine wears old gym shorts and a torn tee-shirt with "F.S.U." fading from the front. The raised wooden walk works its crooked way through lush, tropical vegetation, first coming close to the wide, white beach, then jutting back inland, swallowed by greenery, then shooting out again toward the sea. Racine hits this last stretch at top speed and launches himself flying out onto the gleaming sand.

**EXT. BEACH - DAWN**

Racine is running on the sand now, on a raised, hardened section that bisects the beach. His shoes make a weird whooshing SOUND each time they break the compacted surface and sink an inch below. The sun is just rising from the ocean to his right, yet the day is already broiling. Racine's shirt is drenched. The WHOOSHING is hypnotic, steady; his expression indicates that it is just this sound which keeps him going.

**EXT. THE BAND SHELL/THE BEACH - DAY**

Further on, Racine runs by the Band Shell where he'd seen Matty.

**EXT. THE PIER - DAY**

The THUMPING returns, as Racine runs the long, straight pier directly out to sea, toward the rising sun. A lifeguard boat with an outboard motor is on the left of the pier. Racine watches it as he runs until it disappears

beneath him, then reappears on his right and turns out to sea, so that it is running beside him. Racine speeds up, really kicking, racing the boat to the end of the pier. The Lifeguard on board isn't even aware of Racine, but he beats the runner nonetheless, then veers off to continue his business.

Racine pulls up, breathing hard. He walks it off a bit, watching the boat, then turns and starts walking back along the pier. He reaches into the waistband of his shorts and takes out a pack of cigarettes.

**INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Racine is behind the desk. Occupying the two seats in front are a married couple rapidly approaching divorce. They are arguing now, each trying to convince Racine of their view. Racine nods occasionally, looking from one to the other. But he is also looking between them, through the open door out to the reception room, where his secretary Beverly is kneeling before the lowest drawer of a filing cabinet. Her back is turned and her jeans are tight across the bottom. There's nothing especially provocative about her pose. She's just there. Working away.

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13.

Racine walks across his office and closes the door. He goes back to his seat. The couple continues.

**EXT. THE BAND SHELL - NIGHT**

Another concert going on, a trio of musicians. Racine moves down the sidewalk away from the audience. He looks around as he lights a cigarette. She is nowhere in sight. Racine opens the door to his car, a nicked-up red '64 Stingray.

**EXT. PINEHAVEN - DAY**

Racine drives past a neat sign --

"You are entering

**PINEHAVEN**

Please drive carefully"

There's money here. Many of the homes are not visible from the street -- only their gates announce their presence. Those that can be seen are sprawling and lavish. The Waterway appears to the left. A large white yacht

cruises slowly by.

**INT. RACINE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Racine sits in bed smoking a cigarette. At the mirror, a Nurse in a fresh white uniform steps into her white shoes and begins attaching her cap with bobby pins.

**INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - PINEHAVEN - NIGHT**

Dark. Almost classy. The place is half full. Matty is drinking at the end of the bar, her cigarettes next to her glass. The bar chairs near her are empty.

Racine comes in, looks around, walks over and sits in the seat next to her. She looks up, surprised.

**MATTY**

Look who's here. Isn't this a coincidence?

Racine looks at her, almost as though he can't place her. But he doesn't push that effect hard. He lights a cigarette.

**RACINE**

I know you.

**MATTY**

You're the one that doesn't want to talk about the heat. Too bad. I'd tell you about my chimes.

**RACINE**

What about them?

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14.

**MATTY**

The wind chimes on my porch. They keep ringing and I go out there expecting a cool breeze. That's what they've always meant. But not this summer, This summer it's just hot air.

**RACINE**

Do I remind you of hot air?

The Bartender has come up.

**RACINE**

Bourbon, any kind, on the rocks.  
(to Matty)  
Another?

She thinks, then nods her agreement. The Bartender moves away.

**MATTY**

What are you doing in Pinehaven?

**RACINE**

I'm no yokel. Why, I was all the way to Miami once.

**MATTY**

There are some men, once they get a whiff of it, they'll trail you like a hound.

The Bartender brings their drinks and leaves.

**RACINE**

I'm not that eager.

**MATTY**

What is your name, anyway?

**RACINE**

(offers his hand)  
Ned Racine.

**MATTY**

Matty Walker.

She takes his hand and shakes it. Racine reacts strangely to her touch and doesn't let go right away. She gently frees it, then refers to his look as she picks up her drink --

**RACINE**

Are you all right?

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15.

**MATTY**

(laughs)  
Yes. My temperature runs a couple degrees high. Around 100 all the time I don't mind it. It's the engine or something.

**RACINE**

Maybe you need a tune-up.

**MATTY**

Don't tell me -- you have just the right tool.

**RACINE**

I don't talk that way.

**MATTY**

How'd you find me, Ned?

Racine gives her a look.

**RACINE**

This is the only joint in Pinehaven.

**MATTY**

How'd you know I drink?

**RACINE**

You seemed like a woman with all the vices.

**MATTY**

(smiles)

You shouldn't have come. You're going to be disappointed.

Racine looks out over his drink. Several of the Men in the place are looking at them.

**RACINE**

(referring to the men)

What'd I do?

**MATTY**

(indicating Racine's chair)

A lot of them have tried that seat. You're the first one I've let stay.

**RACINE**

(spotting a few more)

You must come here a lot.

**MATTY**

Most men are little boys.

**RACINE**

Maybe you should drink at home.

**MATTY**

Too quiet.

**RACINE**

Maybe you shouldn't dress like that.

**MATTY**

This is a blouse and a skirt. I don't know what you're talking about.

**RACINE**

You shouldn't wear that body.

Natty leans back in her seat and glances down at herself. She's magnificent.

**MATTY**

I don't like my body much. It's never been right.

Racine has been looking at her body too. With her line, he just laughs. Matty watches him, then leans over her drink. Her tone is different.

**MATTY**

Sometimes, I don't know. I get so sick of everything, I'm not sure I care anymore. Do you know what I mean, Ned?

**RACINE**

(he's not sure)

I know that sometimes the shit comes down SO heavy I feel like I should wear a hat.

Matty laughs, studies him.

**MATTY**

Yeah, that's what I mean.

Ratty drains her glass and stubs out her cigarette.

**MATTY**

I think I'll get out of here now.

I'm going home.

**RACINE**

I'll take you.

**MATTY**

I have a car.

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17.

**RACINE**

I'll follow you. I want to see the chimes.

**MATTY**

You want to see the chimes.

**RACINE**

I want to hear them.

She looks at him a long time.

**MATTY**

That's all. If I let you, that's all.

**RACINE**

(gestures his  
innocence)

I'm not looking for trouble.

**MATTY**

(very serious)

I mean it. I like you. But my life is complicated enough.

Racine again accepts.

**MATTY**

This is my community bar. I might have to come here with my husband some time. Would you leave before me? Wait in your car? I know it seems silly...

**RACINE**

I don't know who we're going to fool. You've been pretty friendly.

She gives him a look and then slaps him hard! Everyone turns toward them.

**MATTY**

(steadily)

Now leave me alone.

She stands up, takes her purse and her cigarettes, and walks to the other end of the bar, where she sits down. Racine watches her with amazed eyes. He stands up and throws some money on the bar.

**RACINE**

(angry)

Lady, you must be some kind of crazy!

He stalks out of the bar.

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18.

**INT. RACINE'S CAR - NIGHT**

CLOSE on his face as he drives. His look is intense, expectant. He's feeling lucky as he watches up ahead.

RACINE'S POV out the windshield. Matty's shiny Mercedes 450 SEL is gliding down the road ahead of him. She puts on the blinker, slows and turns into a gated drive. The drive is canopied by heavy trees, the vegetation crowding the road with a primeval lushness. The headlights create sinuous welcoming shadows. It is as though Racine were entering some separate, parallel, jungle world. Eventually the house comes into view.

**RACINE (O.S.)**

Jesus.

Matty's car swings around in the parking area and stops. Racine pulls the Stingray up next to it, facing the other way. He watches Matty slide her long legs out of the car. She glances at Racine and for an instant there is a hint of self-consciousness under the weight of his gaze. We begin to HEAR the soft tinkling of chimes.

**EXT. THE WALKER HOUSE - FRONT TERRACE - NIGHT**

Racine follows closely behind Matty as they go up the stairs. At the door, Matty turns suddenly and looks at Racine.

**MATTY**

Remember your promise.

Racine agrees. Matty looks him over a moment, then turns to unlock the door.

**INT. ENTRY HALL/SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT**

Matty comes in and puts her purse on a hall table as Racine moves forward to look around. Despite the night gloom, it's clear the place is expensively decorated in a manner entirely consistent with the exterior of the house. Fine antiques, carefully chosen fabrics, and a meticulous selection of accessories have given the place the look of an affluent home of Thirties America. And yet the overall effect is almost contemporary, so burnished are the woods, so fresh all the elements. It works.

**RACINE**

Just like my place.

Matty gives him a searching look, then stairs, flipping on only an occasional path. In the second floor hall, Matty of the house. Racine glances into the Matty's bedroom.

leads him up the light in their moves to the front gloom that hides

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19.

**RACINE**

No help?

**MATTY**

She goes home nights.

**RACINE**

You're not nervous alone?

Matty pauses at the doors to the porch, unlocking them, and looks at Racine as though she barely understands the question.

**MATTY**

No.

**EXT. SECOND FLOOR PORCH - NIGHT**

The TINKLING is distinct out here. Matty and Racine come out onto the porch. There are about thirty wind chimes of various, lovely designs -- crystal, metal, wood hanging at intervals from the rim of the wide porch awning, completely encircling Matty and Racine.

Halfway down the long lawn is a white gazebo. Beyond it,

the waterway is shimmering in the moonlight. At the edge of the water is a small boat house.

Racine walks along under the chimes, looking up at them. A smile plays across her face. He looks back at Matty,

**RACINE**

You do have chimes.

He looks out at the boat house.

**RACINE**

What's that?

**MATTY**

A gazebo

**RACINE**

No, out there.

**MATTY**

Boat house.

**RACINE**

What is in there?

**MATTY**

Boat.

Racine moves back and stands very close to her. He looks at her in the moonlight, but she concentrates on the distant water.

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20.

**MATTY**

It's a mess. There's a row boat, a lot of lounge chairs... things like that.

Racine puts his hand up under her hair, on her nape. She closes her eyes at his touch, then moves away, as though by an act, of will, to the door, half opening it.

**MATTY**

I think you should go now.

**RACINE**

I just got here.

**MATTY**

You've seen them. Please go.

Racine steps toward her, but she ducks inside and moves through the intermittent light of the hall and down the steps. Racine follows her.

**INT. ENTRY HALL**

Matty stops at the entry hall, leaning against the wall.

**RACINE**

You didn't bring me here to see your  
wind chimes.

He puts an arm on each side of her, caging her against the wall. She looks up at him.

**MATTY**

Yes, I did. I said what I meant.  
Do you ever do that?

**RACINE**

No.       not very often.

He kisses her light on the forehead.    Again she reacts,  
but fights it.

**RACINE**

I don't think you want me to go.

**MATTY**

Yes... Please.

He kisses her lightly on the nose.

**RACINE**

There's nothing to be afraid of.

**MATTY**

There is for me.

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21.

Matty slips under his arms and quickly steps out the front door. She stands just outside watching him. Racine shakes his head, goes out there.

**EXT. FRONT TERRACE - NIGHT**

Racine stops next to Matty.    She doesn't move away.

**MATTY**

Thank you. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have let you come.

Racine looks at her a long time.

**RACINE**

You're not so tough after all, are you?

**MATTY**

No... I'm weak.

She kisses him on the lips and steps quickly inside the front door. She closes it, looks through the window at him, then moves away.

**EXT. PARKING AREA - NIGHT**

Racine stands looking at the door a few moments. Then he walks to his car. Again he stops. He looks back at the house. The wind picks up a bit and the TINKLING of the wind chimes gets louder. And then louder.

Racine goes back up onto the porch fast. He goes to the front door and looks through the window.

**EXT. FRONT TERRACE - NIGHT**

RACINE'S POV. Matty is standing at the bottom of the stairs in the hall. She is looking directly at the front door. Frozen in the spot.

Racine tries the door. It's locked. He shakes it hard, but it's solid. He looks to his left. There are windows down the wall there. He moves to them. They go into the living room but their shutters are closed. He looks through a broken slat at Matty, who watches him from the same spot, through the living room door. Racine tries them. They won't budge. Racine moves to his right past the front door, to the windows off the dining room. He pushes at them as his eyes lock with Matty, who watches from the hall. The windows won't move, Racine spins and picks up the nearest object, a wooden rocking chair. He lifts it, turns and smashes the big window. Glass showers into the dining room.

Matty watches. She hasn't moved.

Racine pushes the broken window out of his way. He comes in, like a violent gust of wind.

**INT. HALL**

Racine crosses the dark living room fast. As he reaches Matty, she lifts her arms to match his embrace. They come together hard and tight. They kiss. And kiss again. Her hands travel over his body, as though she's wanted them there for a long time.

They turn once slowly along the wall, into the dimness of the central hall. Then he rotates her body away from him, holding her close.

**MATTY**

Yes, yes...

Then she is just nodding. Racine puts his face deep into her hair, closing his eyes as the smell of her washes over him.

Matty turns in his arms and kisses him hard. Racine pulls her close to him and they sink to the floor.

**RACINE**

That's right... that's right.

CLOSE ON Matty's face, a look that might be anguish. She bites her lip in expectation. Racine moves over her.

**MATTY**

Please, please ...

She pulls him tightly to her, clinging like a drowning woman.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Racine and Matty lie under a sheet on her big bed. Her eyes are closed. There are more wind chimes on the second floor of the verandah, which is off this room, and Racine is listening to their TINKLING. Racine looks over in that direction.

RACINE'S POV. The moonlit, sheer white curtains on the window roil to a light breeze. Racine's gaze travels over the luxurious bedroom; here too, it is in the Thirties style. Their clothes are haphazardly thrown across a divan and on the floor nearby. A delicate fern sways in

the wind. Finally, he is looking at a lovely writing desk against the far wall. Some tissue-thin stationery flaps in the breeze, kept in place by the weight of a pen. Then, as he looks, the paper stops flapping and the chimes gradually STOP TINKLING. Racine looks toward the window. It is still open, but the air had died.

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23.

The curtains hang still.

Racine's face. The world has stopped.

**MATTY (O.S.)**

(softly)

I didn't want this to happen. But I didn't try hard enough to stop it... Because I wanted you. I wanted you here, like this ... This is bad for me. I know it. Now nothing's going to be the same anymore.

FROM ABOVE THEM, we see them framed by the bed.

**EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WALKER HOUSE - DAY**

Near the front gate of the Walker place, a heavysset, middle-aged woman, BETTY, THE WALKER'S HOUSEKEEPER, has been waiting on a bus stop bench. Now she lifts her tired body to board a public bus.

Down the Street, just around a corner, Racine watches her go. He puts the Stingray in gear and drives to the Walkers.

**EXT. WALKERS' BOAT HOUSE - SUNSET**

Lights are going on across the waterway, sending shimmers toward the boat house.

**INT. WALKERS' BOAT HOUSE - SUNSET**

We're looking out a dusty window at the waterway. We HEAR Racine and Matty disentangle and roll apart o.s., Racine grunting his exhaustion. After a moment, Racine rises up into frame, looking happy. He looks down to where he was and rests against the wall.

**RACINE**

I like this place. It's got a nice feel.

**MATTY (O.S.)**

You were on top.

**RACINE**

So it could use a better mattress.  
See to it, will you?

**MATTY (O.S.)**

Yes sir.

Racine turns and stares out at the ocean. Matty rises up behind and hugs him from the back. She kisses his shoulder blades and presses her cheek against his spine.

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24.

**RACINE**

(reacting)  
Hey, gimme a break here. It takes a  
little while.

**MATTY**

(ignoring him,  
laughs)  
It's your fault.

**RACINE**

(smiling)  
It takes me a good thirty seconds.

**MATTY**

Are you sure? I just want to make  
sure here.

She pulls him down.

On the lounge cushions that are spread across the floor, Matty rolls on top of Racine. Racine reacts with exaggerated pain to the roughness of the cushions.

**RACINE**

Jesus, I think you're right --  
(he rolls over her)  
-- you better be on the bottom.

**MATTY**

No, you misunderstood --  
(she rolls over  
him)  
-- this is my new saddle, and I just

want to --

**RACINE**

Wow! No, I must object --

Laughing, they roll again and we're on Racine's face as we:

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Racine's face; he is still rolling, but he is alone. He has just rolled off the bed. He lies there like a dead man.

**RACINE**

(finally, breathless)

Enough.

**INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Racine is at the sink, having just washed his tired face. He opens the medicine cabinet and looks at all the

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25.

toiletries of Matty's husband. He selects a cologne, is impressed by its expensive look, and slaps a little on his jaw. He doesn't like the smell. He closes the cabinet and moves back into the bedroom.

**INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Matty, wrapped in a thin white terrycloth robe, is stripping the bed of its sheets. Racine watches from across the room.

**RACINE**

What are you doing?

**MATTY**

I've got to wash these.

**RACINE**

You're afraid of your maid?

**MATTY**

That's right. My mother told me  
"knowledge is power."

**RACINE**

This is an interesting interpretation.  
Is that why you've started smoking  
my brand?

Matty straightens with an armload of sheets.

**MATTY**

No one must know. Promise me, Ned.  
No one.

He promise with a gesture.

**INT. RACINE'S APARTMENT - DAWN**

Racine comes in, beat. He throws his jacket across a chair. Out the windows to the porch, the sun is rising out of the Atlantic. Racine goes there and closes the curtains. In the gloom he walks to his bed and sits on the edge, kicking off his shoes. He picks up his alarm clock and begins setting it.

**EXT. WALKER HOUSE - LAWN/GAZEBO - NIGHT**

Racine has just parked his car and is walking back across the lawn. Matty is standing in the gazebo, her back turned, looking out at the Waterway.

She is dressed in white and from here she looks very much as she did when they first met. There are wind chimes hanging from the gazebo.

**RACINE**

Hey, lady, wanna make love?

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26.

The lady in question turns around, surprised. It is not Matty at all. It is MARY ANN. She's attractive, but a little cheap-looking. She looks him over.

**MARY ANN**

I don't know. Maybe This sure is a  
friendly town.

Racine is nonplussed. He doesn't know what to do.

**RACINE**

I'm sorry.

**MARY ANN**

(mock hurt feelings)  
You are? You mean the offers no  
good?

Racine comes up on the porch.

**RACINE**

I feel like a jerk.

Mary Ann gives him a salacious smile.

**MARY ANN**

Maybe you were supposed to deliver  
it next door?

(a beat)

You must be looking for the lady of  
the house.

Unbeknownst to either of them, Matty has been watching  
from the lawn. Now she moves up into the gazebo. In her  
right hand she has an envelope, well-filled and sealed.

**EXT. INTERSECTION**

A block away from the station, the patrol car races toward  
an intersection. Suddenly, a WOMAN steps into the street,  
pushing a baby buggy. Pat slams on the brakes, and the  
car skids sideways toward the intersection, where it rocks  
onto two wheels and stops just a few yards short of the  
buggy. Sam sticks his head out the window.

**SAM**

Are you crazy, lady?      Didn't you  
hear the siren?

The woman dives to the ground as the BABY sits up in the  
buggy -- he is a midget with a cigar in his mouth and a  
tommy gun in his hands. Pat jerks Sam to the floor just  
as the midget opens fire.

The midget riddles the car with bullets. Headlights  
explode, windows are smashed, the grill is torn to shreds,  
and steam mushrooms into the air.

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27.

All four tires are flattened, a bumper is sheared off,  
and still the blasting goes on.

There's almost nothing left of the patrol car as a dark  
sedan wheels into the intersection to pick up the woman

and the midget. The sedan speeds away, and Pat and Sam climb out of the rubble, unhurt but very shaken.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TRACY'S CAR**

Siren off, Tracy cuts the motor and silently glides into Cullen Park, stopping just under a low-hanging weeping willow.

**EXT. BOATHOUSE**

Approaching the boathouse carefully, Tracy takes out his pistol. The front door is ajar. Tracy pushes it, and it creaks open. He enters cautiously.

**INT. BOATHOUSE**

The boathouse is dark, lit only by moonlight and park lights that shine through the windows. Tensely, Tracy listens for sounds, then moves very carefully past stacked up rowboats and canoes.

Traced against a window at the far end of the boathouse, Tracy sees the silhouette of a man. Gripping his pistol, he moves silently toward that silhouette, closing in on it while keeping alert for movement.

**MATTY**

Ned, this is Mary Ann.

Matty hands the envelope to Mary Ann, who puts it in her purse.

**MARY ANN**

(smiling)

We were just meeting. Ned made me feel very welcome.

**RACINE**

I'm an idiot. Nice to meet you.  
Are you staying in town?

**MARY ANN**

No, no, just passing through. Nice area. A little hot for my tastes.

**RACINE**

It's unusual. We're famous for our cool breezes.

There is a pregnant pause as Mary Ann looks him over, fighting some private amusement.

**MATTY**

(to Mary Ann)

Do you want to stay for dinner?

**MARY ANN**

(negative)

Got to go, got to go.

She pecks Matty on the cheek, then steps close to Racine to shake his hand.

**MARY ANN**

You two have fun now.

She's smiling as she leaves the gazebo and walks across the lawn. Matty takes Racine's arm as they watch Mary Ann get into her little sports car, which has been pulled up close to the house. She pulls out waving.

**RACINE**

I didn't see her car. I'm sorry. I  
got to be more careful.

Matty turns to him and puts her arms around his neck.

**MATTY**

Mary Ann's an old friend. She's  
like a sister to me. She wants me  
to be happy.

**EXT. LAWN/LAGOONS - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Matty's Mercedes has been pulled out onto lawn next to the lagoons which border the grass. Racine and Matty can be seen, intermittently rising into view in the back seat, grappling, then disappearing again. Matty is giggling.

**RACINE (O.S.)**

(not in a jovial  
mood)

You know, this has never been one of  
my pleasures. Car. I considered  
the time I spent making it --

(grunts, sits up)

-- like this ... penance for some  
sin.

**MATTY (O.S.)**

What sin?

**RACINE**

I never knew. Maybe worshipping  
women instead of God. But it never  
did anything for me.

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**MATTY (O.S.)**

Not even a Mercedes?

(Racine shakes his  
head)

With genuine calf skin upholstery?

**RACINE**

No.

**MATTY (O.S.)**

Not this?

Matty rises up, wraps her arms around his neck and kisses  
him deeply. She pulls him out of sight.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

An ashtray, full to overflowing, on the rug next to Matty's  
bed. And, above it, Matty's hand, clutching the sheets  
on the side of the bed.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. MASTER BATHROOM**

Racine and Matty lie together in the full bathtub. On  
the floor beside the tub is the container that catches  
the ice from a refrigerator's automatic icemaker.

**RACINE**

You're killing me.

**MATTY**

Is there any more ice? I'm burning  
up.

Racine gropes for the ice container and dumps the remaining  
ice cubs into the tub with them. Matty snatches one out

of the water and holds it to her forehead.

**MATTY**

He's coming up tomorrow.

Racine knows.

**MATTY**

I can't stand the thought of him...  
He's small and mean... and weak.

Racine watches some water run through his fingers. He cradles her head in an embrace that has nothing to do with sex. She looks sad.

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30.

**EXT. GROUNDS - WALKER'S PLACE -- NIGHT**

The Middle of the Night. A light FOG has rolled in. Racine is walking slowly through the shadows of the heavy foliage. He stops beside a rubber tree.

RACINE'S POV. The Walker House. In front sits a huge white Cadillac. All the lights in the house are out. The wind chimes TINKLE softly.

Racine lights a cigarette.

**INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Racine stands at the window staring down at the busy Main Street. He is far away.

**INT. ENTRY HALL - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Racine has just entered. Matty is calling from somewhere out of sight.

**MATTY (O.S.)**

Just do what I say! Go into the living room.

**RACINE**

Come on! It's been three days. I  
want to see you --

**MATTY (O.S.)**

I'm going to make it up to you tonight. But you must behave. Now  
go!

**RACINE**

I'm going. I'm going.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Racine goes into the living room and sits down on the couch.

**RACINE**

I'm here.

**MATTY (O.S.)**

Good.

Matty comes in carrying a tray with two drinks on it. And she is dressed in the uniform of an airline stewardess, complete all the way to her little cap. She cannot keep a straight face, despite her efforts. Racine begins to laugh.

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31.

**MATTY**

(choking back her  
giggles)

Good evening, sir... welcome to...  
to Flight 413 ... nonstop to ...

She hands him a drink, but he takes it and the tray and puts them on the floor. He pulls her down across his lap. They are both laughing hard. He kisses her.

**RACINE**

What do you take me for?

**MATTY**

Don't you like it?

**RACINE**

You think I'm a kid?

**MATTY**

You don't like it? I thought you  
went for this stuff.

He pushes her back across the sofa.

**MATTY**

Wait ... wait ... I want to tell you  
about the thing... the thing that

will drop from the ceiling... in  
case the cabin suddenly depressurizes --  
oho...

**EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT**

A dozen Golfers are practicing, spotted along the row of hitting pads under floodlights. Most are drenched with sweat from their exertion in the muggy air. Their randomly timed swings send streaking white bullets into the darkness. But what is hypnotic, what so captures a hot night in sound, is the irregular CRACKING of clubs meeting balls: CRACK, CRACK-CRACK-CRACK, CRACK-CRACK!

In the darkness of the overlooking parking lot, behind a high fence, sits the Stingray, with Racine in the driver's seat and Matty close beside him. They sit in silence.

**MATTY**

(finally)  
What are we doing here?

**RACINE**

(hushed)  
Listen!  
**(CRACK, CRACK)**  
I love that sound.

Matty listens, but her eyes are on Racine.

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32.

**MATTY**

I want to be in bed.

**RACINE**

Is that all you ever think about?

Racine watches the Golfers, listening intently. Then he sees that Matty is crying. He comforts her.

**RACINE**

Hey! I'm kidding.

Matty looks straight ahead and her tone is somber.

**MATTY**

Yes ... that's all I ever think about  
... You and me. Your body near mine,  
close. I'm not right when you're  
not with me. I get the shakes. And

each time, when I first see you, I shake even more. For a while. And then I get calm. I feel safe ... I've never been this way. I can't remember how I lived before.

He knows it's true. It's the same for him. He wipes her cheeks with his hand. CRACK, CRACK-CRACK, CRACK.

**EXT./INT. WALKER HOUSE (SERIES OF SHOTS) - NIGHT**

WATERWAY/BOAT HOUSE -- The water laps against the pier. Gently. The quiet sound almost overpowered by the insistent buzz of the night insects. The CAMERA MOVES toward the house.

LAGOON/GAZEBO -- A giant palmetto bug leaps from a lily pad into the water, creating a tiny ripple. The CAMERA MOVES toward the house.

STAIRWELL/HALLWAY -- Quiet and dark. The CAMERA MOVES along the shiny white posts of the stairs. Upward.

**INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Racine and Matty are in bed. Matty is sound asleep, her back close to Racine. But he is not asleep. He is propped up, looking down at her. We've never seen his face like this before. Never this open, never so much in repose. She stirs, and then is still again. He touches her hair lightly. She sleeps.

**INT. STELLA'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Same courthouse/cop crowd as before. Racine finishes a sandwich at a table as Lowenstein sits down with two tall glasses of iced coffee, both of which he drinks down.

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33.

**RACINE**

You look terrible. Don't you sleep?

**LOWENSTEIN**

I had a dream last night that was so boring it woke me up. I was afraid to go back to sleep. Where the hell have you been?

**RACINE**

What do you mean, I been around.

**LOWENSTEIN**

I've barely seen you for a month.  
Wait a minute -- it's some new quiff,  
isn't it? What's wrong with me.

Racine dismisses this with a gesture.

**LOWENSTEIN**

You've never been shy about that  
stuff.

At this moment, DETECTIVE OSCAR GRACE, a big, powerful  
black man comes in. He's a plainclothes cop in shirt  
sleeves, his jacket in his hand. As he passes Racine on  
his way to the third seat at the table, he squeezes  
Racine's shoulders with his huge hands, by way of greeting.

**RACINE**

Oscar.

**GRACE**

Hey. You weren't at the Y last week.  
We lost.

**LOWENSTEIN**

(about Racine)  
He's getting discreet. I can't  
believe it.

Stella comes over.

**GRACE**

Whatcha got in pie today, Stella?

**STELLA**

(glancing behind  
her)  
Cherry, cherry... and cherry.

**GRACE**

What do you recommend?

**STELLA**

I like the cherry.

**GRACE**

Bring it on. And a gigantic Coke.

**LOWENSTEIN**

I'm really disappointed, Racine.  
I've been living vicariously off you  
for years. If you shut up on me,  
I'll have just my wife.

**RACINE**

There's nothing to tell. I lead a  
lonely life.

**GRACE**

Right. And it's gonna snow later  
today --

**LOWENSTEIN**

... And people are basically decent..  
(looking around  
the restaurant)  
... Must be someone I know. Let's  
see -- someone in uniform...

Grace laughs. Racine shakes his head in mock exasperation.

**LOWENSTEIN**

...no Army personnel around.  
Waitress... Could it be...  
(like Brando in  
"Streetcar," but  
soft)  
...Stella!

Stella arrives with Grace's order. Lowenstein looks her  
over as a possible for Racine, but shakes his head. Stella  
lingers. Lowenstein spots someone, speaks to Racine in a  
loud, excited whisper.

**LOWENSTEIN**

I know, I know -- you finally got to  
Glenda.

Across the restaurant, GLENDA, a Meter Maid, is talking  
with some other women.

**LOWENSTEIN**

How was it? Did she let you into the  
no parking zone?

**STELLA**

I'll have you know Glenda is seriously  
involved with a narc from Palm Beach.

**RACINE**

(smiling his  
innocence)  
There you are.

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35.

**LOWENSTEIN**

A narc from Palm Beach? Is that his  
hobby?

**RACINE**

How's the cop business, Oscar?

**GRACE**

Real good. Always starts hoppin' in  
weather like this. When it gets hot,  
people try to kill each other.

**STELLA**

It's true. I could tell you some  
people who'll be dead if we don't  
get a break soon.

She leaves. The three men exchange amused looks.

**GRACE**

We've got more of everything bad  
since the wave started. It's the  
crisis atmosphere. People dress  
different, feel different, sweat  
more. They wake up cranky and they  
never recover. Look at Lowenstein.

(a flash of smile)

Things are just a little askew. Pretty  
soon people think the old rules aren't  
in effect. They start breaking them.  
Figure no one'll care, cause it's  
emergency time... time out.

He takes a big bite of pie.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Oscar, I just don't understand how  
you could be doing advanced  
theoretical thinking like that and  
still be stuck working in our little  
town.

**GRACE**

(good-humored)

Lowenstein dreams of bigger things.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Assistant County Prosecutor isn't  
the end for me, fellows.

**RACINE**

Hell, no. Someday -- Deputy County  
Prosecutor.

**LOWENSTEIN**

When the truth comes out about some  
of the dirt I've been involved in,  
**(MORE)**

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36.

**LOWENSTEIN (CONT'D)**

my future in this state will be  
unlimited.

Glenda the Meter Maid passes their table on her way out.  
She has eyes only for Racine.

**GLEENDA**

Hello, Ned.

**RACINE**

Hi, Glenda.

She goes out. Lowenstein and Grace look at Racine, then  
at each other. Grace smiles hugely.

**EXT. LIGHTHOUSE/SAND DUNES - NIGHT**

The big beacon turns in the distance, throwing an  
intermittent bridge of light across the water toward us.

The undulating dunes stretch off as far as we can see.  
Racine's Stingray is parked on the dirt access road. Below  
it, Racine and Matty sit close in the warm sand.

**MATTY**

Don't say it, if you don't mean it.  
Please, Ned, don't.

**RACINE**

I do. I want you with me.

She looks at him a long time. There is real joy in her  
face. And tears in her eyes. We're very close to those  
eyes as she wipes the tears away. Racine puts an arm around

her. She looks out at the lighthouse.

**MATTY**

I'm going to tell Edmund I want a divorce. I won't stay any longer. I would have, if you hadn't come along. The life is comfortable. I was willing to go on. But you've reminded me of what it can be... I know now that these last three years I've been living half a life. It's my fault, I don't deny it. You have to let yourself be bought. I did. I let it happen. I've lived so much of my life with nothing. When you have no money, you have no choices. I don't care what they say -- money is freedom. That's something they don't teach you in school. But I found out. And when Edmund came along when I saw a chance to stop struggling I took it. I'm not ashamed.

**(MORE)**

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37.

**MATTY (CONT'D)**

He got what he wanted... he has a knack for that. But no more. I'm ready to walk away from the money. I have to be with you.

**RACINE**

(kisses her, smiles)

It is conceivable I'll make a buck someday.

**MATTY**

(hugs him closer)

Oh, I know you will, darling. I didn't mean that. I know you will. But it doesn't matter. It's you I want. That's all.

**RACINE**

Anyway, you'll come out all right.

**MATTY**

Of the divorce?

**RACINE**

Yeah. He's ripe.

Matty is silent for a long beat.

**MATTY**

No. I signed a pre-nuptial agreement.

**RACINE**

What?

**MATTY**

He insisted. He blamed it on his sister Roz -- she's always hated me -- but I know he wanted it too.

**RACINE**

How is it?

**MATTY**

Bad. I get some money for a year. Not much. That's it. But I don't care, Ned. Not if I can be with you.

She searches his face, almost frightened.

**MATTY**

Does it matter, Ned? Tell me the truth please. I'll understand, I swear to you.

**RACINE**

The truth? I wish you were going to be loaded. Does it matter? No. No.

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38.

They kiss.

**MATTY**

God, you've made me happy.  
(she pulls away)  
It's time for your present.

She jumps up and runs back to the car. Racine walks back there as Matty takes a wrapped package out of the car. She hands it to Racine, who leans against the car to unwrap it.

**MATTY**

From now on, when it starts coming down on you, I'll be there to protect

you.

Racine opens the box and smiles broadly. It is a hat a fedora in the classic style.

**MATTY**

Put it on! I'll bet I guessed the size right.

Racine puts on the fedora. It fits. He looks simultaneously old-fashioned, a visitor from the Forties, and also very chic, a present-day fashion plate. But most of all, he looks exactly right. Matty squeals in glee at the sight.

**MATTY**

I love it.

**RACINE**

I want to see.

Racine tries to see his reflection in the car's side view mirror but he has trouble. Matty, very animated in her delight, steps up and kisses him quickly.

**MATTY**

Look in my eyes. Can you see yourself?

Racine tries for a moment, then gives up with a laugh.

**MATTY**

Here!

Matty opens the door of the Stingray and sits in the passenger seat with her legs out. She rolls up the window in that door as Racine stands before it. The glass captures the moonlight to make a perfect mirror. As the window goes up, Racine's reflection appears on the glass, posing in his hat. At the same time, Matty's face disappears from view.

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39.

**INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Racine lies on the couch. He spins the fedora Matty gave him on his finger, Beverly comes up and leans against the doorjamb. She's wearing a tee-shirt and tight slacks; she looks good. She watches him for a moment.

**BEVERLY**

Big weekend planned?

**RACINE**

Nope, Small weekend. Tiny little weekend.

**BEVERLY**

There's jazz tonight at the beach... if you're not doing anything...

**RACINE**

Beverly, do yourself a big favor and forget it.

**BEVERLY**

Forget what?

**RACINE**

Whatever you're thinking.

She shrugs.. She turns back to her desk, unconvinced.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Busy weekend crowd. Racine sits drinking alone at the bar. He signals for another.

**EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WALKER PLACE - NIGHT**

Racine drives slowly by, head craning to peer into the darkness. We begin to HEAR the thumping again --

**EXT. THE PIER - DAY**

Racine has been running. Walking now, breathing hard, he takes his cigarettes from his shorts. At the end of the pier he folds his body over the rail so that it looks as though he will topple over the edge. But he does not; he lights up and looks down there.

RACINE'S POV. The water following against the thick pilings. Then, TILTING UP, UP, AND OVER, past the ocean's horizon to the perfect blue sky, which fills the screen.

Racine is looking straight up, blowing his own clouds.

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40.

**INT. RACINE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Racine lies smoking in bed, bathed in sweat, a beer nearby. A fan is pointed at him, but it's blowing hot air. He

looks at the telephone.

**EXT. PORCH OF RACINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Fog. Thick and heavy. Racine's cigarette glows in it as he sits in the gray limbo. The phone in the apartment **RINGS.**

**INT. RACINE'S APARTMENT**

Racine comes in from the porch and picks up the phone.

**RACINE**

Yeah.

**MATTY**

(filtered)

Come to me.

**RACINE**

Did you tell him?

**MATTY**

(filtered, after a  
pause)

No... I couldn't.

Racine's face relaxes. He looks relieved.

**RACINE**

Okay, I'm coming.

**EXT. SECOND FLOOR PORCH - WALKER PLACE - NIGHT**

Same thick fog. The wind chimes TINKLE softly. Light seeps out from Matty's bedroom windows, half-revealing Racine and Matty lying together on a lounge. Matty is in her white terrycloth robe, Racine just shorts.

**RACINE**

How do you know?

**MATTY**

I saw the will once. He showed it to me. He was trying to prove something ... how much he loved me or something.

**RACINE**

How'd he get so fat?

**MATTY**

The stock market, investments, real estate. He doesn't tell me anything, but I've picked up a little. I know they own a lot of land along the shore here.

**RACINE**

Who's "they"?

**MATTY**

(she doesn't know)  
He's never introduced me to anyone. I'm not sure if they're all legitimate.

**RACINE**

(snorts at the odds of that)  
I wonder what they call themselves. Maybe I've heard of them.

**MATTY**

They own that old place in Miranda Beach, The Breakers... I know that.

**RACINE**

(surprised)  
The Breakers? I thought Hermie Fisher owned that land.

**MATTY**

(shrugs)  
Edmund mentioned it once.

Racine lights another cigarette and gazes off into the fog, thinking. Matty presses her cheek against his chest and closes her eyes tight.

**MATTY**

Ned, it scares me to talk about these things.

**RACINE**

Why?

**MATTY**

You know.

**RACINE**

No. I don't.

**MATTY**

Let's just not, okay? Let's not think about all he's got.

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42.

**RACINE**

(pressing)

What is it, Matty? Tell me exactly what frightens you.

**MATTY**

I'm afraid... because when I think about it, I wish that he'd die. That's really what I want. It's horrible and ugly and It's what I most want.

Racine looks off into the night for a few beats, then he lifts her face so he can look into her eyes.

**RACINE**

That's where we're at, isn't it, Matty?

**MATTY**

What do you mean?

**RACINE**

That's what we're both thinking -- how good it'd be for us if he were gone. It'd be real sweet for us.

**MATTY**

Don't talk about it, Ned. Please don't. Talk is dangerous. Sometimes it makes things happen, it makes it real.

**RACINE**

Don't let it scare you. Because he's not gonna die. There's nothing wrong with him, is there? There's no reason to think he's gonna die, is there?

Matty shakes her head "no," lays it in his chest again.

**RACINE**

That's right. So we might as well forget about it, It's not gonna just

happen to make things nice for us...  
It won't just happen.

Racine lifts her head and kisses her on the mouth.

**MATTY**

I'm afraid, Ned.

**RACINE**

Maybe that's a smart way to be now,  
Matty. Maybe we both should be.

Racine takes a last drag on his cigarette and flicks it  
out into the fog,

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43.

**RACINE**

The only thing wrong with your husband  
right now... is us.

**INT. BAR - PAY PHONE AT BACK**

Again, Racine is getting no answer. He gives up, goes  
back to his seat at the bar.

**EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - MAIN STREET - DAY**

Late afternoon. Racine, sportcoat slung over his shoulder,  
listens to repeated ringing at the other end of his call.  
He's surprised there's no answer. People drag by, making  
their way home from work in the heat. Finally, Racine  
hangs up.

Racine comes out of the phone booth. He has nowhere to  
go. He ambles down the street. A few people say hello.  
He walks diagonally across the street toward a restaurant  
called "Tulio's."

**INT. TULIO'S RESTAURANT - DUSK**

The best restaurant in Miranda Beach. Racine slips on  
his jacket as he comes in the door. He waves to the  
Hostess across the dining room, indicating he'll be alone  
tonight. She signals a short wait. He steps toward the  
bar, bringing him suddenly face to face with Matty.

**RACINE**

Well, well. Hello to you --

The panic which shoots across her face, cuts him off in

mid-sentence, a split second before EDMUND WALKER appears behind her. Matty's face goes calm and she smiles politely.

**MATTY**

(to Racine)

Hello.

She turns to her husband. He is not what Racine expected. He may, in fact, be mean, as Matty described him, but he looks neither small nor weak. A handsome man, he is bigger than Racine and in terrific shape. Dressed in an expensive summer suit, he radiates vigor and controlled physical power. He wears sleek, metal-framed glasses.

**MATTY**

Darling, I'd like you to meet Mr. Racine. I'm sorry. I don't know your first name.

**RACINE**

Ned.

He offers his hand and Walker encloses it firmly in his.

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44.

**WALKER**

Edmund Walker. Nice to meet you.

**MATTY**

Mr. Racine is the lawyer I told you about.

(Walker doesn't  
remember)

You remember. He had a client who wanted to buy the house. I told him we weren't selling.

**WALKER**

Right.

**RACINE**

That hasn't changed, has it?

**WALKER**

No, we're very happy with it.

**RACINE**

(nods)

I can understand that. It's a

terrific place.

Walker nods, looking at Racine carefully. He motions toward the dining room.

**WALKER**

Are you going in?

**RACINE**

I was just going to grab a bite.

**WALKER**

Join us.

**RACINE**

No. Thanks very much, but I don't want to interfere with --

The Hostess has come toward them.

**WALKER**

Don't be silly. Come on.

(to Hostess)

We have room for three, don't we?

The Hostess nods and leads the way. Walker gestures Matty ahead, then puts a big hand behind Racine's elbow and ushers him into the dining room.

**WALKER**

I've heard this place is great. But you can't get near it on the weekends and I don't get down during the week much.

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45.

**RACINE**

Is that right?

**WIPE TO:**

**LATER**

They have finished their salad at a table toward the back. A Waiter comes and takes away their dishes. Walker has taken off his glasses and is cleaning the lenses with a lovely handkerchief. He does this cleaning with enormous care and inordinate relish. His manner is a mix of gruff charm and hinted menace. There's something dangerous about the man and it's perfectly distilled in his smile,

which is quick, frequent and vaguely threatening.

**WALKER**

I was a lawyer. Still am, I guess.  
But I don't practice. Went to  
Columbia. You?

**RACINE**

**F. S. U.**

**WALKER**

(nods)

Good school. I got bored with it  
quick. I guess I didn't have the  
temperament. I wanted to make the  
money faster. Is there a living in  
it here?

**RACINE**

I can afford to send my shirts out.  
And eat here once a month, if I don't  
order an appetizer.

Walker smiles, re-folds his handkerchief carefully and  
puts it back in the cheat pocket of his jacket.

**WALKER**

I figured an honest lawyer doesn't  
make much and the other kind was too  
slimy for me. I'd rather be upfront  
about shafting somebody.

**MATTY**

Edmund, really. It's Mr. Racine's  
profession.

**RACINE**

That's all right. I don't like it  
much.

**WALKER**

What's to like. That's the way of  
the world. Most people despise their  
jobs.

Walker picks up a wine bottle and pours more into each of  
their glasses, emptying it.

**RACINE**

Do you?

**WALKER**

No. I love it. But it's not a job.

**RACINE**

What is it, exactly?

Walker signals to a distant Waiter for another bottle of wine. He does it with a small flick of his finger.

**WALKER**

Various things. This and that.  
Here and there.

**RACINE**

You don't have to be specific.

**WALKER**

(that smile again)  
Finance, basically. Venture capital,  
Investments, real estate. We're  
into a few things.

**RACINE**

Yeah? Around here?

**WALKER**

Some. We own some things here.

**MATTY**

Edmund's company owns The Breakers.

**RACINE**

Is that right?

For a second, Walker's eyes flick over Matty like a whip.

**WALKER**

It's not that simple. We have an  
interest in a few places along the  
shore. For the land. You know.  
Someday. There's no explaining it  
to her.

**MATTY**

(to Racine)  
I'm too dumb. Woman, you know.

She picks up her purse and stands up with a good-humored smile. The men rise.

**MATTY**

I'll be right back.

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47.

Then maybe we can talk about pantyhose or something interesting.

She walks away. Walker watches her go with a satisfied, possessive grin. They sit.

**WALKER**

She's something, isn't she?

**RACINE**

(nods)

A lovely lady.

**WALKER**

Yes, she is. I'm crazy about her.  
If I ever thought she was seeing  
another guy... I don't know.

(he takes a sip of  
wine)

I'd understand how it could happen.  
Her being the way she is. I'd  
understand it. But I think I'd kill  
the guy with my bare hands.

**RACINE**

That's understanding.

Walker looks at Racine and laughs. As he begins to speak, he focuses intently on Racine. He seems to be trying to communicate something other than what he's saying.

**WALKER**

You wouldn't believe the dorkus she  
was with when I met her. The guy  
came to us with a business  
proposition. We're always looking  
for opportunities. If the conditions  
are right. We're willing to take an  
occasional risk, if the downside  
isn't too steep. But this guy hadn't  
done his homework, he didn't know  
the bottom line. That's how I knew  
he was full of shit. You've got to  
know the bottom line. That's all  
that really counts.

Again Walker takes off his glasses. He holds them up to the light and then rubs them again with his handkerchief.

**WALKER**

He didn't have the goods, this guy.  
He was like a lot of guys you run  
into -- they want to get rich, they  
want to do it quick, they want to be  
there with one score.

He puts his glasses back on, stares at Racine.

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48.

**WALKER**

But they're not willing to do what's  
necessary. Do you know what I mean?

Racine looks at him in silence for a moment.

**RACINE**

I'm not sure. You mean, lay the  
groundwork? Earn it?

**WALKER**

No. I mean do what's necessary.  
Whatever's necessary.

The two men stare at each other a few beats.

**RACINE**

Yeah. I know that kind of guy. I  
can't stand that. It makes me sick.

**WALKER**

Me too.

**RACINE**

I'm not like that.

Walker ROARS with laughter. A huge, powerful burst that  
shakes the table. And Racine laughs with him.

**EXT. WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Matty's bedroom window, from a distance. The light goes  
out, Racine is watching from the shadows of the gazebo.  
He stares up there. The TINKLING of the wind chimes rises  
and rises. It crests and begins to fade, replaced by the  
**WHOOSHING.**

**EXT. BEACH - DAWN**

Racine runs south along the beach. The WHOOSHING slows. He is looking at something. He takes out his cigarettes as he slows to a walk. When he is directly across from what he's staring at, he sits in the sand, He lights up.

RACINE'S POV - "THE BREAKERS," an ancient wooden beach hotel, of medium size, sits at the edge of the beach. It is closed down, boarded up, deteriorating horribly in the ocean air.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

Lunchtime. Racine is headed toward his office, briefcase in hand. Beverly appears out of the noon crush; she's going the other way in a hurry.

**BEVERLY**

There are some messages on your desk.  
Be back in an hour. Got to run.

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49.

**INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Racine comes into the reception room from the hall. He's surprised the door is unlocked. He crosses the room and opens the door to his office.

Matty is sitting in one of the chairs in front of his desk. She jumps up at the sight of him and moves up to embrace him.

**RACINE**

Jesus! Did Beverly see you?

Matty kisses him on the mouth, then shakes her head "no."

**MATTY**

I waited till I saw her leave. Please  
don't be angry with me.

**RACINE**

Angry? I'm not angry -- How'd you  
get in?

**MATTY**

It didn't lock. Oh. Ned, hold me.  
Please just hold me, God, I love  
you.

Racine reaches over and locks the door to his office.

**MATTY**

He left this morning. I had to see  
you.

**RACINE**

(kissing her)

I know.

**MATTY**

I couldn't call. I'm afraid to call.  
I was afraid you wouldn't let me  
come.

**RACINE**

Yes, that's right. You can't call.  
Never call. We have to be very  
careful now about the phone. The  
phone company keeps records.

**MATTY**

I'm careful. I hated it, Ned. I  
hated sitting there with the two of  
you. I thought I was going to scream.

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50.

**RACINE**

(distracted,  
thinking)

You did good.

(finds his thought)

You've called my apartment from the  
house.

**MATTY**

No, never.

**RACINE**

No? Those two times --

**MATTY**

I went to phone booths. I'm afraid  
of him, Ned. I'm always afraid.

**RACINE**

That's good. We have to be careful  
about the phones now.

**MATTY**

Why, Ned, why do you say this now?

**RACINE**

(in his own thoughts)  
We could account for a couple calls.  
We've had some contact. That would  
make sense.

Matty grasps his face in her hands and looks into his  
face.

**MATTY**

Why, Ned? What's happened?

**RACINE**

Because we're going to kill him. We  
both know that.

Matty's face looks different than we've seen it. There's  
a fire burning behind there and the heat it's throwing is  
bringing her equal portions of dread and relief. She  
stares at him,

**RACINE**

That's what you want, isn't it? We  
knew it was coming. It's the only  
way we can get everything we want,  
isn't it?

Matty's nod is barely perceptible.

**RACINE**

The man's gonna die for no reason  
but we want him dead.

**(MORE)**

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51.

**RACINE (CONT'D)**

He doesn't deserve it. Let's not  
ever say that. We're doing it for  
us. And you're going to inherit  
half of everything he owns. That's  
what the will says, right?

Again, the tiny nod. He pulls her head close, so he  
doesn't have to look into her eyes anymore.

**RACINE**

That's it then. We're gonna kill

him. And I think I know how.

Matty reacts to this.

**MATTY**

It's real, then?

**RACINE**

Yeah, it's real all right, and if we're not careful, it's gonna be the last real thing we do.

**EXT. FISHING HARBOR - STREET ACROSS FROM DOCKS - NIGHT**

Matty sits at the wheel of her Mercedes at the curb. She smokes her cigarette nervously. Racine walks over to the car from the docks and leans down to the window.

**RACINE**

I know where he is. It's not far from here. I don't want you with me.

**MATTY**

I thought we settled that. I'll wait in the car, but --  
(she puts a hand  
on him)  
-- I want to take the risks with you. We're both doing this.

Racine gives her a look of resignation and moves around the car.

**INT. TEDDY LAURSEN'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT**

TEDDY LAURSEN, rock'n roll arsonist, is keeping the beat and mouthing the words along with the Bruce Springsteen tape on his workbench. Teddy is in his mid-twenties, dressed in a black T-shirt and jeans. His arson workshop is located in the basement of an old building. All around him are the tools and supplies of his trade: wire, rope, cans, vises, alarm clocks, chemical containers, and a huge assortment of mechanical implements. He keeps all his small accessories in dozens of cigar boxes, unlabeled.

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52.

He knows where everything is. Teddy is watching Racine, who is kneeling on the floor before a compact incendiary device. Teddy winces at the way Racine clips two wires

together. He reaches over to turn down the tape slightly, then squats down next to Racine to demonstrate the proper method.

**TEDDY**

Whatsa matter, you can't think with  
a little music?  
(demonstrating)  
Like this, I said.

Racine nods then duplicates the clipping. Teddy goes back to his stool, slapping the beat of the music on his thigh. Racine pulls out the alarm lever on the clock attached to the device and stands up. He throws a look to Teddy and Teddy nods that, yes, the device is now set.

**RACINE**

That's it?

**TEDDY**

(nods to the music)  
It's fast. It's hot. It's simple.  
You can use the clock or rig it to  
something that moves. It starts big  
and it'll go with just the mag clips.  
If you want more, splash a little  
accelerator around.

**RACINE**

Just regular gasoline?

**TEDDY**

Regular, unleaded, supreme -- whatever  
you like, counselor. I got to tell  
you, though, this mama has a big  
drawback.

**RACINE**

What?

**TEDDY**

It's easy to spot, even after the  
meltdown. They'll know it's arson.

**RACINE**

I don't care about that.  
(looks at Teddy)  
That's all there is to it?

Teddy is offended.

**TEDDY**

No. No-no-no-no. That ain't all there is to it.

**(MORE)**

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53.

**TEDDY (CONT'D)**

You gotta get in, you gotta get out. You gotta pick the right spot and the right time. And you gotta try not to get famous while you're in the act.

(gestures at the device)

If that was all there was to it, any idiot could do it.

**RACINE**

Sorry.

**TEDDY**

Hey, now I want to ask you something, Are you listening, asshole, because I like you?

(Racine nods)

I got a serious question for you. What the fuck are you doing? This is not shit for you to be messing with. Are you ready to hear something? See if this sounds familiar. Anytime you try a decent crime, there is fifty ways to fuck up. If you think of twenty-five of them you're a genius. And you're no genius. You know who told me that?

Racine remembers telling Teddy that.

**TEDDY**

Listen, man, maybe you should let me do it for you. Gratis. I'll do it. I wouldn't even be on the street if it weren't for you.

Racine looks him over, shakes his head "no."

**RACINE**

Thanks.

**TEDDY**

I hope you know what you're doin'

you better be pretty damn sure about it. If you ain't sure, don't do it. Of course, that's my recommendation anyway -- don't do it.

(he puts a hand on  
Racine's shoulder)

Because I tell you, Counselor, this arson, this is serious crime.

Racine looks at him.

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54.

**INT. ENCLOSED SIDE VERANDAH - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Racine sits smoking, watching Matty fill their tall highball glasses with ice at the bar.

**MATTY**

I don't know why he's so crazy about her. Maybe because he never had any of his own. She's a cute little girl, all right, but other than that... I know this, though, her mother has worked plenty hard to keep Heather on Edmund's mind, Always bringing her around, reporting everything she does in school. That Roz is a smart one. And you know that anything Heather inherits goes straight to Roz. Heather won't even get a look at it. That's the part I can't stand. That's why it seems so wrong to have half of it go to her.

She hands him his glass and stands next to him, her hand playing with his hair.

**RACINE**

That's the way it is.                    There's nothing  
we can do about it.

She kneels beside him.

**MATTY**

Are you sure, Ned? I've been thinking about it. Maybe there is. The will is with his lawyer in Miami I know that. What if I could get him to bring it home? He did it once, he'd do it again. If I could swing it,

couldn't we rewrite it? Change it. Then when he dies, I could find the new one. We could just change it a little. Every little change would mean a lot to us, End. You're a lawyer. You know how to write it. It wouldn't seem so odd. I could say he brought it home and we talked about it and decided to make some changes up here. And I knew you already --

Racine is shaking his head.

**RACINE**

No. Forget it.

**MATTY**

I just don't see why Heather should take half --

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55.

Racine puts down his drink and turns to look down at her.

**RACINE**

Listen to me, Matty. Nothing strange can happen in his life right now, not one thing out of the ordinary. That's vital, that's the main thing. If anything does, the chances double that we get caught. You and I are walking out there on the edge every second now. One false move and we're gonna fall off. It'll be all over. You've got to remember that all the time.

(he studies her  
face)

You'll get half of everything and it'll be plenty. No matter what it is, we're gonna be satisfied. We're not gonna get greedy. If we do, we'll get burned. You gotta believe me, baby, the odds that we'll get burned are good enough without looking for trouble.

She studies him with frightened eyes, then nods her agreement and lays her hand in his lap.

**MATTY**

You're right, darling. I'm sorry.  
I know you're right.

**EXT. "THE BREAKERS" - NIGHT**

Middle of the night. No one in sight. Now comes the only movement -- a Miranda Beach Police Patrol Car drives slowly up the street next to the old hotel and turns south on Ocean Avenue. When it is gone, all is dead again.

**EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT**

Racine has watched the patrol car from the darkness of the beach. Now he sits in the sand again, his back against the raised bank of sand on which he runs. He lights a flashlight and makes a notation in a small notepad.

**INT. "THE BREAKERS" - NIGHT**

Racine's footsteps creak through the blackness. Then his flashlight reveals a corridor in the crumbling basement of the old hotel. Racine is not the first to have violated the premises -- scattered about are beer cans, whiskey bottles, beds made of newspapers, the remains of food. Rats CHITTER and scamper in the shadows. A lizard scoots over the pipes.

Racine goes through a doorway and is in what used to be a supply area at the bottom of a stairway.

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56.

Scattered about are empty wooden food crates. The walls are lined with tall wooden shelves; one of these units is tipped over across the room, Racine shines his light in that direction and sees what caused the shelves to fall. One of the beams which cross the ceiling has rotted loose and dropped one end to the floor.

Racine has found what he wanted.

**EXT. WALKER HOUSE - PARKING AREA - NIGHT**

We're CLOSE ON RACINE'S WATCH; it reads 2:30.

**RACINE**

Okay. Gotta go.

Racine, at the wheel of the Stingray is looking at his watch. Matty is leaning down to the window dressed only

in a robe.

**MATTY**

Be careful.

**RACINE**

I'm just going for a ride. I wish  
it was all this dangerous.

She kisses him deeply.

**MATTY**

I love you.

He looks at his watch again and pulls away. Matty stands  
watching.

**EXT. FROM PINEHAVEN TO "THE BREAKERS" - SERIES OF SHOTS -  
NIGHT**

Racine drives his murder route. The roads are almost  
totally deserted. Intermittently he passes signs welcoming  
him to the towns as he travels south.

A. The first stretch of his trip, Racine travels on a  
deserted back road with overhanging trees. A Teenage  
Hotrodder passes him and he is alone again. As he turns  
off the road, he checks his watch.

B. He drives through a neighborhood of neat houses. No  
life.

C. He turns onto a four line interstate. More traffic  
here -- long haul truckers, late night drinkers.

D. He drives across a graceful drawbridge, rimmed by  
lights, over a canal.

E. He drives toward the ocean beside a pretty lake in a  
park. A patrol car passes the other way. Racine checks  
his watch.

F. At "The Breakers." Racine follows the same path as  
the police car he'd watched.

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57.

**INT. COUNTY JAIL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE VISITING ROOM - DAY**

A seedy-looking Thief is brought out of the visiting room  
by a Uniformed Deputy, followed by Racine, briefcase in  
hand. Racine shakes the Thief's hand. The Deputy leads  
the Thief away down the hall. Racine glances at his  
departing client, then heads in the other direction.  
Before he has gone too far a heavy, metal, barred door at  
the other end swallows up the Thief with a piercing CLANG!

Racine jumps. He puts a hand against the wall.

**INT. BED - MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Racine and Matty, just their heads on one pillow, inches apart. They look at each other in silence. Finally --

**RACINE**

And?

**MATTY**

The side door.

**RACINE**

And?

**MATTY**

Two A.M. I send him down.

**RACINE**

We won't talk again after here tonight. I'll be in noon Friday. You won't be reach me. When I see you he'll be dead.	I leave Miami by able to again,
--	--

Matty nods. She begins to cry. Racine touches her.

**MATTY**

I'm so frightened.

So is Racine.

**INT. RACINE'S STINGRAY - INTERSTATE 95 - DAY**

Racine looks off to his left. Miami rises out of the flat horizon.

**EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - DAY**

The red Stingray whips off the Interstate toward the skyscrapers of Miami.

**EXT. BUDGET RENT-A-CAR OFFICE - DAY**

Racine, on foot now, comes down the sidewalk and enters the office.

**INT. WALKER HOUSE - DAY**

Matty unlocks the door side of the house. She tests it once from the outside.

**EXT. EMPTY LOT - MIAMI - DAY**

A Real Estate Agent leans against his car reading a newspaper at the front of a huge, empty lot beneath a causeway. There's a big "For Sale" sign up.

Racine pulls up in the Stingray. The Real Estate Agent throws his paper in his car and goes over to shake hands with Racine. They turn to look at the lot.

**EXT. ENTRANCE - SHERATON HOTEL (MIAMI) - DAY**

Racine pulls up in the Stingray. He takes an overnight bag from the car and goes inside as a Parking Attendant wheels the Stingray into an underground garage.

**EXT. FRONT TERRACE - WALKER HOUSE - DAY**

Matty sits on the porch drinking a highball. She stubs out another cigarette in the overflowing ashtray and looks at her watch. Her foot swings nervously.

**EXT. ROUTE ALA - NEXT TO BEACH - DUSK**

Edmund Walker's big white Cadillac zips north.

**INT. FRONT DESK - SHERATON HOTEL (MIAMI) - NIGHT**

Racine jokes with the female clerk at the desk. She likes him; she'll remember him.

**INT. SECOND FLOOR WINDOWS - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Matty watches the lights of Edmund's Cadillac come up the drive.

**EXT. FRONT TERRACE - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Matty comes to the end of the porch, a big, welcoming smile on her face.

Edmund is getting out the driver's side.

**WALKER**

Hello, sweetheart. Have I got a nice present for you.

The passenger door of the Cadillac swings open. Pretty

nine-year-old HEATHER KRAFT pops out with a grin.

**HEATHER**

Hi, Aunt Matty!

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59.

Matty's smile fades for an instant, but she manages to put it back.

**MATTY**

Heather. What a surprise.

**INT. DINING ROOM - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Matty, Edmund and Heather have a late dinner. Edmund and Heather joke together, Matty joins in.

**INT. CORRIDOR - SHERATON HOTEL (MIAMI) - NIGHT**

A "DO NOT DISTURB" sign is still swinging on Racine's hotel room door as he slips into the stairwell at the end of the hall.

**INT. SIDE DOOR - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Matty appears, quickly looks and tests the door, then hurries away.

**EXT. SIDE STREET - MIAMI - NIGHT**

Racine unlocks a rented, gray Oldsmobile and gets in.

**INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Through an open door, Edmund can be seen kissing Heather goodnight in the guest room. He gets up, comes to the door and switches off her light. He starts to close her door, but she speaks to him. He nods and leaves the door half open.

**INT. RACINE'S RENTED OLDSMOBILE (INSERT CU) - NIGHT**

Racine's face, intermittently lit by the road lights, is set, intense. We MOVE IN on it and --

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Matty's face, her head on a pillow, turned away from her

husband, away from the bedroom door. Her look is just as intense as Racine's. Her eyes are focused on -

An alarm clock on the nightstand -- 1:15.

There is the SOUND of a car somewhere outside and Matty reacts to it silently. She listens with her whole being. The wind chimes TINKLE.

**EXT. SIDE DOOR - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Racine's hand takes hold of the doorknob. He tries it. It won't open.

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60.

Racine's face. Puzzled. He gives an irritated glance upward. Then he moves along the wall.

**INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The alarm clock -- 1:42.

Matty watches. Matty listens. She tries to confirm that Walker is sleeping without looking there. Matty begins to move her legs slowly toward the side of the bed, to get out.

Suddenly, the bed lurches. Matty gasps and whips her head around to look. Edmund is standing next to his side of the bed in his undershorts. He puts on his glasses and looks at her.

**WALKER**

Jesus, take it easy. I thought I was tense.

**MATTY**

What are you doing?

**WALKER**

I can't sleep. I'm going down and get something to drink.

Matty watches with panicky eyes as Edmund moves toward door. When she speaks, her voice is different, husky.

**MATTY**

Edmund.

He turns to look at her. She moves once on the bed,

languidly.

**MATTY**

I can't sleep, either.

He peers at her in the darkness.

**MATTY**

Lock the door, darling.

Edmund studies her, then walks over and locks the door.

**WIPE TO:**

**INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Edmund's alarm clock - 2:05. Edmund rolls into view, his breath ragged. Matty's hand is on his chest.

Edmund looks at her and laughs.

**WALKER**

You trying to kill me?

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61.

Matty, flat on her back, smiles weakly and looks at the ceiling. Again, the mattress moves. She looks at Edmund. He has pulled on his shorts and is walking toward the bathroom.

**WALKER**

I'm going downstairs. Do you want anything?

He disappears into the bathroom. Matty slips out of bed. She is wearing a silky nightgown. She hurries to the bedroom door.

**MATTY**

(calling softly to  
him)  
I'll go down with you.

She opens the door and steps into the hall.

**INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT**

Matty looks across the hall toward the open door to the guest room; it is dark. She hurries to the stairs, peering down into the darkness. She starts down the steps.

**INT. FIRST FLOOR HALL - NIGHT**

MATTY'S POV as she comes down the steps. Each shadow, doorway, and alcove threatens to erupt with life.

Matty reaches the bottom of the stairs and peers around. She starts back along the dark hall of the house just as Edmund comes out of the bedroom upstairs; he is still in his undershorts. He reaches the top of the stairs as Matty moves back along the hall. The alcove under the stairs is in black shadow. Matty is focused on it.

Just as she reaches it, the lights in the hall snap on. Racine is standing under the stairs, poised to strike the figure in the hall with a heavy wooden plank about two feet long. Matty gasps at the sight, but it is covered by --

**WALKER**

(at the top of the stairs)

Christ, woman, did you ever hear of turning on the lights?

Racine doesn't breathe. Matty is frozen in the spot, directly in front of Racine and five feet below Edmund, who now starts down the steps.

**MATTY**

Edmund... wait!

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62.

**WALKER**

(stops)

What is it?

**MATTY**

(whispering up at him)

Put on a robe or something. What if Heather wakes up and comes down.

Edmund frowns, goes back up the stairs.

**WALKER**

(grumbling)

Damn. She's not going to wake up at 2 o'clock in the morning...

Racine and Matty lock eyes. Racine slips back through

the alcove door.

**EXT. PARKING AREA - WALKER HOUSE - DAY**

Matty watches Heather give Edmund a big goodbye kiss and run off to talk to Betty, the Walker's Housekeeper, who is sweeping the front terrace. Edmund gets in the Cadillac. Matty leans down and kisses him goodbye.

**WALKER**

You don't really mind, do you?

(Matty shakes her head)

Roz will pick her up on Friday. And don't worry, Roz won't stay overnight.

**MATTY**

She can do whatever she wants.

**WALKER**

(gives her a skeptical look)

Listen, I don't know if I'll be able to come up next weekend. I'll know more later. I'll call you.

He gives her a once-over, proprietary look and drives away, honking once to Heather, who waves.

**HEATHER'S STAY/RACINE'S WEEK - SERIES OF SHOTS**

- A. Matty sits on the dock dangling her feet in the water as Heather plays in an inner tube.
- B. Racine stands at his office window, staring down at the traffic on Main Street. He wipes the sweat from his brow with his finger.
- C. At night, Matty comes upstairs with a highball in her hand. She pauses and looks across the hall to the half-open door of the guest room. There is just blackness there; no way to know if Heather is asleep or watching.

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63.

Matty goes out the hall door to the verandah and sits down with her drink. The wind chimes TINKLE.

D. At night, Racine runs sweating along the Boardwalk, footsteps THUMPING.

E. Daytime. Matty is in a phone booth in a gas station, speaking urgently. She hangs up.

F. In his office, Racine hangs up, disgruntled. His

feet up on his desk, he has been toying with the fedora Matty gave him. Now he sails it across the office at the hook of a coatstand. It hits and bounces off onto the floor. Racine gets up, walks over and picks it up. He walks away from the coatstand, then turns and floats the hat through the air to land on the hook. From his new position, he can see out into the reception area. Beverly is working at her desk. Racine watches her small movements. Beverly looks up and sees him.

G. Evening. Heather is happily watching television in the enclosed side verandah in the Walker house. Matty is in a big chair. She watches Heather, not the television. She puts a cigarette in her mouth then reaches out to strike a wooden match against the rough surface of the porcelain match holder. As it bursts into flame, it becomes --

H. The flame at the end of Racine's match. He is drinking alone at a bar and now lights another cigarette.

**EXT. FRONT TERRACE - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Matty comes out. She's wearing a light, simple shift. She walks over to a small table and begins putting some dirty dishes and glasses on a small tray. Suddenly, Racine takes her into his arms from behind. She GASPS in terror; he turns her to him. He is wearing only cut-off blue jean shorts and his body is wet, glistening. His hair is soaking, slicked straight back. He looks different. She sees who it is and kisses him deeply. They whisper --

**MATTY**

My God, you scared me. You shouldn't  
be here. Heather's still here.  
She's upstairs.

**RACINE**

-- Asleep.

**MATTY**

I miss you so badly.                      But it's too  
dangerous.

**RACINE**

She won't wake up now.

**MATTY**

You're all wet.

**RACINE**

I've been out there waiting for two hours.

**HEATHER (O.S.)**

(sleepy)  
Aunt Matty?

The door from the house squeaks open and Heather puts one foot onto the porch; she looks only half-awake as she peers into the gloom. Racine has turned at the SOUND and for one moment he is sideways to her, his head turned in her direction.

Heather's eyes suddenly discern the scene. Racine turns away at the same instant that Heather stumbles backwards through the door and out of sight. Heather's FOOTSTEPS patter swiftly away.

Matty and Racine look at each other.

**INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT**

Matty comes up the stairs and looks toward the guest room. The door is closed.

**INT. TERRACE BREAKFAST AREA - WALKER HOUSE - DAY**

Morning. Matty sits with coffee and toast at the table. The Walker's Housekeeper moves about in the kitchen. Heather comes in and takes her place opposite Matty. She seems perfectly normal. But she doesn't look Matty in the eye.

**HEATHER**

Good morning, Aunt Matty.  
(to the Housekeeper)  
Hi, Betty.

Matty watches over her coffee as Heather butters a muffin.

**HEATHER**

Is there any more of that strawberry stuff?

**EXT. PARKING AREA - WALKER HOUSE - DAY**

ROZ KRAFT, Edmund Walker's sister, closes the passenger door of her station wagon behind Heather. Matty stands nearby.

**ROZ**

What do you say?

**HEATHER**

I did.

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65.

**MATTY**

She did.

Roz gives Heather a look.

**HEATHER**

Thank you, Aunt Matty.

Roz walks around the car and gets in.

**ROZ**

Thanks, Matty. We appreciate it.

**MATTY**

Any time, Roz. She's a pleasure.

Roz smiles, waves and pulls away. Matty watches them go, worried.

**INT. RACINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The lights are out. There's enough moonlight pouring in the open windows to see Racine sitting on the bed in his shorts, his back propped against some pillows at the headboard. A fan WHIRS on a table. He lights another cigarette and takes another drink; a bottle of bourbon sits on his nightstand. From where he sits, he can see the ocean. There is a KNOCK at the door.

**RACINE**

Yeah?

**MATTY (O.S.)**

It is me.

**RACINE**

It's open.

Matty comes in. She peers into the darkness until she sees him. She locks the door and turns to face him. She is dressed in a pale silk suit and blouse, very carefully put together. She looks as good as she ever has; she seems to create her own light.

**MATTY**

Why haven't you answered your phone?

**RACINE**

You took a chance coming here.  
Where's Edmund?

**MATTY**

He's not coming up this weekend.  
Why haven't you answered?

**RACINE**

I didn't want to talk.        I just wanted  
to think.

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66.

**MATTY**

(nods; then, after  
a moment)  
Can I get in with you?

Racine just stares at her.

**MATTY**

I don't know what Heather will tell  
Roz. Maybe nothing. Maybe she'll  
be embarrassed or afraid. Maybe  
she'll think she imagined the whole  
thing.

**RACINE**

(chuckles without  
humor)  
Maybe we all did.

**MATTY**

We'll know if she does tell. Roz  
will report to Edmund quick enough.  
It's exactly what she's always wanted.

Matty disappears for a moment into the shadows.

**MATTY**

I've been thinking, too.

**RACINE**

And what have you got?

Matty emerges from the darkness and sits on the edge of  
the bed next to Racine. She looks into his eyes.

**MATTY**

I think we should give it up. We haven't done anything criminal, yet.

Racine has been thinking along the same lines. He stubs out his cigarette.

**RACINE**

It's not too late to back out.

**MATTY**

That's right. I don't think we can do it.

**RACINE**

What do you mean?

**MATTY**

Things have already started to go wrong. I feel like we got to the edge and looked over and, well, it was too much. We'll just have to live with that.

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67.

She sits down on the bed.

**MATTY**

I'll divorce him. And	we won't have
his money. Part of me	wants it so
bad. I'd be lying if I	said I didn't.
But it's the worst part	of me, the
weakest part.	

She leans back against him.

**MATTY**

All that matters is that we're together.

**RACINE**

(after a moment)  
You don't think I can pull it off.

**MATTY**

It's not you, it's us. I'm sure I'll make some mistake.

**RACINE**

That's not what you really mean, is

it, Matty?

**MATTY**

Yes it is.

**RACINE**

(very calm, flat)

No, it isn't. You think he's too much for me. You think I'll fuck it up, get us caught.

Matty turns toward him.

**MATTY**

No, darling. Don't talk that way. It's not true.

Racine studies her face.

**RACINE**

No? Well that's what I've been thinking.

**MATTY**

You're wrong. Don't think that, ever! I know you could do it.  
(moving closer)  
But all I care about is you. The money doesn't matter.

**RACINE**

It does in this world, the one we're living in.

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68.

Matty presses her head against his chest.

**MATTY**

Why torture ourselves about it?

Racine laughs; he doesn't know what's funny.

**RACINE**

When's he coming back?

**MATTY**

Friday.

**RACINE**

That'll be it, then. Nothing will

stop us.

**MATTY**

Is that what you really want? Are  
you sure?

**RACINE**

Yeah. I wasn't before, but I am  
now.

Racine reaches over her, gets another cigarette and lights it. After he takes a deep drag, she takes it from him and takes a puff too.

**RACINE**

This time you're going to know how  
to reach me. I don't want any more  
surprises.

**SLOW DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. CITY STREET - MIAMI - DAY**

Racine locks up a rented Ford on a side street and walks back two cars to where his Stingray is parked. As he bends to unlock the Stingray, he looks around and a passing car catches his attention.

RACINE'S POV, PANNING with the car as it drives by him. There is only one thing extraordinary about this particular car. The driver, hunched and intent on the road ahead, is a Clown, in full costume and makeup.

Racine watches as the car disappears. For a moment, Racine looks like a dead man.

**INT. MASTER BATHROOM - WALKER HOUSE - DAY**

Matty is reclining in the soapy water, slowly scrubbing. She HUMS to herself.

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69.

**EXT. HILTON HOTEL - MIAMI - DUSK**

A Parking Attendant takes Racine's Stingray, as Racine goes into the lobby.

**EXT. FRONT TERRACE - WALKER HOUSE - DUSK**

Matty is leaning against one of the posts that flank the

porch stairs. Headlights pass across the front of the house and Matty's body. She smiles a welcoming smile to the unseen Edmund.

**EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

A light fog is settling into the dips of the road. Now Racine's rented Ford appears out of one such depression and moves into a clear stretch.

**INT. RACINE'S RENTED FORD - NIGHT**

Racine eyes the fog with concern.

**EXT. WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

The FOG is much heavier here. It rolls in past the house in thick waves. The only light burning is on the front porch. The wind Chimes TINKLE softly.

**EXT. SECOND FLOOR PORCH - NIGHT**

The wind chimes TINKLE, nudged by the same breeze that floats the FOG around them.

**INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The alarm clock -- 1:50.

Again, Matty lies on her side, turned away from Edmund, eyes wide, watching the clock. Again, the bed moves suddenly! Matty rolls over to look.

Edmund is sitting up in bed, putting on his glasses.

**MATTY**

What's wrong?

Edmund motions for her to be silent.

**WALKER**

(whispering)

I think there's someone downstairs I heard something.

He swings out of bed; he is in his undershorts.

**MATTY**

Are you sure?

Again he silences her. He walks silently over to his closet and disappears inside.

**MATTY**

(whispering)  
Should I call the police?

**WALKER**

(low, from the closet)  
Will you be quiet? I'm going to nail the bastard.

Edmund comes out of the closet checking the safety on a shiny nickel-plated .38 revolver.

**MATTY**

(aghast)  
Edmund, what's that?

**WALKER**

Will you be quiet?

**MATTY**

I've never seen that.

**WALKER**

(at the bedroom door)  
I've got a surprise for this fucker.

**MATTY**

Edmund, be careful!

But he is already out the door, silently. For a moment Matty is frozen, then she slides out of bed.

**INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT**

Edmund has stopped at the top of the stairs. He listens for sounds from below. He starts down the steps in the dark.

**INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Edmund comes slowly down the steps, his gun pointing here, then there in his perfectly steady grip. The thrill of the hunt is in Edmund's eyes. The downstairs is thick with ominous shadows. At the bottom of the steps, he stops and listens again. He moves in two quick steps to the entry hall and looks into the living room and dining

room. He seems to hear something at the rear of the house. He turns and moves back along the central hall, very slowly. The alcove under the stairs is pitch black. Edmund points his gun at that approaching space and stops. He listens. The TINKLING of the wind chimes rises weirdly, making it hard for him to hear.

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71.

Edmund's hand reaches out to the wall. His fingers find the light switch. He flips it.

For a second, we are blinded by the glare. In the next instant, as we see that the space below the stairs is empty, Matty screams from the top of the stairs --

**MATTY**

He has a gun!

Edmund thinks she is warning him. He spins to look.

**WALKER**

Where?

Suddenly, Racine bursts from the hall closet, the wooden plank raised above his head. He brings it down fast toward Edmund's head.

Edmund reacts instinctively, raising his arm, the arm that holds the gun, to protect himself. The wooden plank smashes down -- half its force taken by Edmund's forearm, half by his head. The gun BLASTS once.

One small window in the front door shatters and the bullet continues into the night.

Edmund's revolver slides across the hall floor into a corner.

Edmund is on the floor, blood pouring from his scalp. But he is coming on like a crazed beast. His glasses askew, but still on his head, he has grasped Racine around the legs. With a powerful lunge, he pulls Racine's legs out. Racine crashes to the hall floor, losing the wooden plank.

Matty, frozen at the stair railing, cries out.

Edmund is pulling Racine toward him with all his might, crawling up Racine's body as they both slide on the wood floor. Edmund reaches out one huge hand, and pulls Racine

even closer.

Racine puts his left hand into Edmund's face, his thumb flat against the lens of Edmund's glasses and pushes his head back. The glasses fly away and Racine loses his hold. Edmund comes on.

Racine's right hand gropes -- gropes -- finds the wooden plank. He swings it up.

The wooden plank describes a perfect arc into our view, and then out, finding its mark with a HORRIBLE THUD.

Matty, up the stairs, turns away.

Racine falls back on the floor.

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72.

**EXT. TRUNK OF WALKER'S CADILLAC - NIGHT**

The trunk is open like a giant maw. A sheet of plastic has been spread across the inside. Edmund's body flops down inside. He has been dressed, his shoes and watch put on. Racine drops the blooded wooden plank beside the body, then throws a blanket over the corpse and slams the trunk. Racine turns to Matty who stands, fully dressed, shaking in the foggy air.

**RACINE**

The cars at the end of the drive.  
Spend the fifteen minutes cleaning  
up inside, then come. You're gonna  
have to be careful in this fog.

(he looks at her)

Are you all right?

She nods.

**RACINE**

Fifteen minutes.

Racine gets in the Cadillac and pulls away.

**INT. CADILLAC - ON DESERTED BACKROAD - NIGHT**

**WIPE TO:**

The first stretch of Racine's route to "The Breakers" looks different in the dense FOG. Racine has to take it slowly.

He consults his watch. A branch from one of the overhanging trees looms up abruptly in the windshield, like a grasping arm. Racine flinches.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

Racine drives through the silent neighborhood. The houses are invisible in the FOG, their presence indicated only by an occasional glowing light. Suddenly, a police SIREN pierces the night, followed by the appearance of a flashing red light on the street behind the Cadillac.

**INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT**

Racine's eyes jump to the rear view mirror and the flashing red light growing in it. Racine pulls over. The police car slows as it reaches the Cadillac, pulls alongside, and then speeds on ahead, SIREN squealing. A light goes on in the house in front of which Racine has stopped. He pulls away.

**EXT. FOUR-LANE INTERSTATE - NIGHT**

The Cadillac pulls up to the interstate from the side street.

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73.

As on the other night, there is more traffic here. But it is moving slowly in the FOG.

**INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT**

Racine has to cross two lanes of traffic to go south. He peers out through the misted windshield. He starts to pull out and a sports car appears from nowhere, doing fifty, sitting on his HORN. Racine hits the brakes. As soon as it has passed, there is a lull. Racine fishtails across the road just ahead of a truck and moves south.

**EXT./INT. CADILLAC - INTERSTATE - NIGHT**

The traffic on Racine's side of the interstate has slowed. There's an accident up ahead. The police car that passed Racine is on the scene, but the lone Cop is not enough. Some Passing Motorists have pulled over to help with the wreck and direct traffic. The FOG is aglow with flashing red and white lights and burning flares. A Man signals for Racine to stop. The cars in the opposite lanes are allowed to pass through. Racine keeps his head down.

A STOCKY TRUCKER comes out of the glowing FOG and walks up to the Cadillac. He leans down into the driver's window.

**STOCKY TRUCKER**

Hey, man, do you have any flares?

**RACINE**

Uh -- no. I don't think so.

**STOCKY TRUCKER**

(irritated)

Could you check your trunk? We got kinda of a mess here.

**RACINE**

I don't have them. I told you.

The Stocky Trucker gives him a disgusted look and stands up.

**STOCKY TRUCKER**

Don't put yourself out.

The Man in the road ahead signals for Racine to pull around into the opposite lanes and move on.

TRACKING along beside the Cadillac, Racine moves slowly through the nightmare scene. Figures move by carrying lights and tools. The Injured CRY OUT in pain. Three cars are meshed in crumpled steel. A clutch of Onlookers are outlined against the beams of headlights... Racine might as well be driving into Hell.

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74.

**EXT. BRIDGE OVER CANAL - NIGHT**

Here is relief. The Cadillac moves all alone across the bridge. The lights penetrate the FOG at orderly intervals, barely illuminating the bridge. A huge FOG HORN fills the air from not far way.

**EXT. "THE BREAKERS" - DELIVERY DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

The deserted hotel looms ghostly in the FOG. The Cadillac, lights out, rolls silently to a stop in the half-hidden delivery driveway.

**INT. "THE BREAKERS" - SUPPLY AREA - NIGHT**

Racine, carrying only a flashlight, has made his way to the supply area he visited before. His beam probes dark corners, responds to random CREAKING. Satisfied that he is alone, he moves a wooden crate and reaches into the hole in the wall which it hid. He brings out Teddy's incendiary device and places it on the floor in the middle of the room.

**EXT. "THE BREAKERS" - DELIVERY DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

Racine grunts under the weight of Edmund's corpse, flung over his back. He stumbles back toward the hulking hotel. The trunk of the Cadillac is closed.

**INT. "THE BREAKERS" - CORRIDOR - SUPPLY AREA - NIGHT**

Racine sits down hard. He is streaming with sweat under the enormous dead weight. He adjusts the plastic sheet so that Edmund's bloody skull won't contact the wall. Racine gathers his strength and half-lifts, half-drags the body down the corridor, his silhouette that of a twisted, double-headed monster. His flashlight glows from ahead at his destination.

IN THE SUPPLY AREA, Racine has dropped Edmund's body over some tipped shelves. Now he lifts the heavy ceiling beam he spotted earlier. He has to change its angle only two feet in order to let it drop -- now -- on Edmund's head.

Racine walks over to the incendiary device. He pulls out the lever and straightens up. As he does he looks down a connecting hallway. He sees movement. He snatches up the flashlight and the wooden plank and rushes down that hallway.

AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY, Racine slides to a halt, breathing hard. Again he sees the movement. A horrible, sweaty figure confronts him -- there is a broken mirror attached to the wall. Racine looks at himself a long moment and the tension seems to drain away...

Someone speaks in the shadows!

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75.

Racine jumps and spins toward the sound, which is only a little more than a MOAN. His flashlight seeks out the source - a RAGGED BUM is stirring in his sleep on a bed of newspapers. He wears an old baseball cap.

Racine looks at him a long time, trying to decide what to do. He looks back in the direction of the supply area. He looks at the Bum settling again into a deep sleep. He looks for one final second at himself in the mirror.

**EXT. "THE BREAKERS" - BEACH - NIGHT**

Racine appears at a run from the fog. He has the Bum with him, grasped firmly at the neck of the collar and the seat of his pants. Racine is forcing the Bum to run along with him. The Bum is mightily confused, not least by the fact that Racine has jammed the baseball cap all the way down over his nose -- he can see nothing. Racine lets go, hurtling him across the sand.

**RACINE**

(a low growl)  
Get the hell out of here and don't  
come back.

The Bum is sprawled in the sand. The baseball cap has come off. He watches Racine's dark figure recede in the fog.

**RAGGED BUM**

(a whisper)  
Come on back here and fight like a  
man!

**INT. RENTED FORD - SIDE STREET - NIGHT**

Matty sits fidgeting in the front seat, trying to peer through the soupy FOG. She sucks on an unlit cigarette.

Racine appears at the driver's window. Matty gasps. He is a horrible sight. He gets in the driver's seat.

**MATTY**

Thank god. I thought --

Racine grabs her and pulls her down out of sight, bending his body low over her.

**RACINE**

Shh!

The windows are suddenly illuminated by the beams of headlights. They grow brighter and a police patrol car, red light slowly revolving on the top, passes next to the Ford and moves off quietly in the FOG.

**RACINE**

(whisper)

They're right on time and I'm running late.

He rises slowly and watches the patrol car disappear.

**EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

The Ford stops at front of the drive.

**INT. RENTED FORD - NIGHT**

Racine and Matty break from a kiss. He moves her away from him.

**RACINE**

We won't talk for a long time.

She nods. They look at each other. She gets out.

**EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT**

The rented Ford speeds through the foggy night.

**INT. RENTED FORD - NIGHT**

Racine's face. He knows that for the first time in his life, he's really done it. There's no turning back.

Racine does something that he's going to be doing for the rest of his life. He looks in the rear view mirror.

**INT. "THE BREAKERS" - SUPPLY AREA - NIGHT**

Everything is as Racine left it. Edmund's body lies beneath the beam. It is barely discernible in the gloom. The only bright spot in the room is the incendiary device, its shiny surface catching some errant sliver of light.

And then it explodes with a harsh SHRIEK. And the light of the magnesium chips is white, blinding. The chips are out in all directions to the waiting puddles of gasoline. The light goes from white to yellow as huge flames engulf the room. The flames ROAR. We watch them for a few moments and then --

**SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. SECOND FLOOR PORCH - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Matty stands in the FOG, one arm wrapped around a post of the porch. Above her the wind chimes TINKLE. She struggles to hear something else. Finally she does hear it and her face relaxes and she looks at peace. Listening to soft, distant SIRENS.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

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77.

**FADE IN:**

**INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY**

The fedora hangs on the coatstand. Racine works at his desk, reading over a long contract. The sun is cutting through the Venetian blinds behind him in glaring strips and, as he leans back in his chair, he finds it impossible to read his document. He gets up, goes to the window and adjusts the blinds so that his desk goes dark in the shade. As it does, the PHONE RINGS. Beverly answers out in the reception room, her conversation muffled through the slightly cracked door. She hits a hold button and yells, as is her informal custom.

**BEVERLY**

Ned. Miles Hardin. Do you want him?

**RACINE**

Who is he?

**BEVERLY**

She says he's a lawyer from Miami.

Racine picks up his phone.

**RACINE**

Hello.

**SECRETARY**

(filtered)  
Mr. Ned Racine?

**RACINE**

Yes.

**SECRETARY**

Miles Hardin calling.

The Secretary goes off and Racine is left holding. He waits five long beats and seems about to hang up when a Voice comes on, very dry and cold.

**HARDIN**

(filtered throughout)

Mr. Racine.

**RACINE**

Yes.

**HARDIN**

This is Miles Hardin of Morris and Dale in Miami.

**RACINE**

Yes.

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78.

**HARDIN**

As you know, we represented Edmund Walker.

**RACINE**

Yes.

Hardin seems to expect more of a response. Racine is silent.

**HARDIN**

Yes, well, Mrs. Walker has submitted the new will you wrote up there.

Racine closes his eyes for a moment. The blood drains out of his face. He puts a hand out toward his desk.

**RACINE**

Yes... I see.

**HARDIN**

And frankly, Mr. Racine, I think we may have a problem.

**RACINE**

Uh-huh. What problem is that?

**HARDIN**

Well, I'd rather discuss it in person. In fact I think it might be best if we could all get together down there.

That is, if you wouldn't object.

**RACINE**

No no, that would be all right.

**HARDIN**

Good. We have a relationship with a firm in West Palm -- Shiller, Hastings.

**RACINE**

I know of them.

**HARDIN**

I've arranged to have the use of their offices. I thought we might try to make it tomorrow, say ten o'clock. Would that be possible for you?

**RACINE**

Yes, I think so.

**HARDIN**

Good. Mrs. Walker told me she would be back down there by then.

**(MORE)**

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79.

**HARDIN (CONT'D)**

And I've asked Mrs. Kraft, Mr. Walker's sister, to join us, also. I'll see you then.

**RACINE**

Right.

**HARDIN**

Good-bye.

Hardin clicks off. Racine hangs up slowly. He stares at the phone a long time. He gets up, his mind racing. He goes to the window and parts two of the blinds with his fingers. The sun makes him squint.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

Racine opens the door from his office.

**RACINE**

(to Beverly)  
Will you get me Mrs. Edmund Walker,  
please.

Beverly wrinkles her brow, spins her Rolodex.

**BEVERLY**

I don't have her. Should I?

**RACINE**

I thought the temporary put her in.  
She came in while you were on  
vacation. Look it up. They were in  
Pinehaven, I think.

He closes the door to his office.

**INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Racine sits at his desk. The phone BUZZES. He picks it  
up.

**BEVERLY**

(filtered)

I get no answer at the Pinehaven  
number.

**RACINE**

Okay. Try again later.

**INT. SHILLER, HASTINGS LAW OFFICES (WEST PALM BEACH) -  
DAY**

A Secretary leads Racine DOWN A HALLWAY of the richly  
appointed offices and ushers him into a --

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80.

LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM, opulent, with a big skylight.  
Seated around the room are Matty, Roz Kraft, and much to  
Racine's surprise, his friend Peter Lowenstein, Matty is  
dressed in chic black, MILES HARDIN comes around the big  
desk to shake Racine's hand. Hardin is an impressive guy  
in a \$500 suit. He greets Racine with icy eyes and a  
cordial look.

**HARDIN**

Miles Hardin, Mr. Racine.

**RACINE**

How are you?

**HARDIN**

I don't think you know Mrs. Kraft.

**RACINE**

(shakes her head)

No. I don't. My condolences.

**ROZ**

Thank you.

Racine comes up to Matty and takes her hand.

**RACINE**

Mrs. Walker, I'm very sorry about your husband.

**MATTY**

Thank you, Mr. Racine.

**HARDIN**

You know Mr. Lowenstein.

They shake and Lowenstein gives him a cheerful grin.

**RACINE**

Hello, Peter.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Hi, Ned.

Racine shakes his hand. Hardin motions Racine into a chair and moves back around the desk.

**HARDIN**

I asked Mr. Lowenstein to join us because he's handling the inquiry into Edmund's death for the County Prosecutor's office. He and I have discussed this matter and he's made it possible for us to speak very frankly here today. Off the record, so to speak.

**(MORE)**

**HARDIN (CONT'D)**

(to Racine)

As I've told Mrs. Walker, I was more than a little surprised by the

existence of this new will. Edmund hadn't mentioned anything about it to me.

Hardin looks at Racine a beat, but Racine has nothing to say.

**HARDIN**

Mrs. Walker explained to me that when she and her husband decided to make some minor changes, they just took care of it up here for simplicity's sake. And, indeed, as you know, the new will is almost identical to the old but for the disposition of a few items.

(to the group in general)

At the risk of oversimplifying, the thrust of the will is to divide the estate in almost equal parts between Heather Kraft and Mrs. Walker. Would you agree with that assessment, Mr. Racine?

Racine nods.

**HARDIN**

Mmmm. And you witnessed the signing by Edmund Walker along with this Miss --

(glancing at papers on the desk)

-- Mary Ann Simpson on July twenty-first. Apparently, it will be impossible for us to contact Miss Simpson.

**MATTY**

Mary Ann is a lifelong friend of mine. She happened to be visiting on her way to Europe. I'm sure when she returns she'll get in touch with me.

**RACINE**

(eyeing Hardin)

Although it's certainly not required. The witnesses to the signing of a will are not commonly available when the will is entered into probate. It's not standard by any means.

Hardin glances at Lowenstein, who watches impassively.

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82.

**HARDIN**

Edmund Walker's death was not standard.

**ROZ**

(to Hardin)

Pardon me. I'm sorry. I'm confused. Is there some question about the authenticity of the will?

Racine would like to kiss Roz; instead he turns with a questioning look to Hardin.

**RACINE**

I'm confused, too. Do you have a problem with the witnessing or the signatures? What is it you're getting at?

**HARDIN**

(almost wistful)

No, there doesn't seem to be any problem here. This is Edmund Walker's last will and testament. I'm afraid the problem is elsewhere.

He reaches into his coat and brings out a gold cigar case.

**HARDIN**

Would anyone mind if I smoked?

No one does. In fact, Racine, Matty and Roz all immediately produce their own packs of cigarettes. The effect is comical and everyone in the room laughs at the group reflex. Roz notices that Lowenstein is not lighting up and offers him one of hers.

**LOWENSTEIN**

I don't need my own. I'll just breathe the air.

Roz smiles and tilts her head to blow a stream of smoke toward the ceiling. We TILT UP with it as the white smoke intrudes the clear air and --

**WIPE TO:**

The same space, thick with smoke, and TILT DOWN to the assembled group, all of whom are focused on Hardin, except for Lowenstein, whose glance dances about the rapt faces.

**HARDIN**

Everything's in order up to there. The problem comes in the language of the bequest to Heather. It's a technical matter.

**(MORE)**

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83.

**HARDIN (CONT'D)**

In writing the will, I'm afraid Mr. Racine violated what's known as "the rule against perpetuities.

Hardin watches Racine, who reacts minutely.

**HARDIN**

It's a small thing, but it's the law. It forbids an inheritance to be passed down indefinitely for generations. Many general practitioner lawyers don't fully understand it. It doesn't come up much for them, because wills this complex are usually handled by estate departments in larger firms. Handled by lawyers who specialize in this type of work.

Matty turns a confused look to Roz who returns it sympathetically. Hardin notes it.

**HARDIN**

I know this is terribly confusing, but if you'll bear with me... I spotted the problem right away, but since Edmund's intent was clear, I thought it in everyone's best interest to try and get the will admitted into probate anyway, even though it was technically incorrect. I knew that a probate judge in Miami would spot the mistake right away. That's all they do all day, they're expert. So I thought I'd bring it up here to Okeelanta County -- since Edmund had

the residence here -- and see if I could get lucky with a judge who didn't know estate law quite so well...

(dryly, he can't resist)

Perhaps find one with the same kind of training as Mr. Racine.

Racine watches him, his mind racing ahead too fast to bother being insulted. Lowenstein can't help a small, wincing smile. Now Hardin gets to his payoff and there is no amusement in his tone.

**HARDIN**

Unfortunately, my plan backfired. I ran into a judge who'd had other dealings with Mr. Racine. A Judge Costanza.

**(MORE)**

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84.

**HARDIN (CONT'D)**

In fact, it seems there were problems with an estate in a case four years ago. Very different problems, it's true. But on a will Mr. Racine prepared. It was quite a mess. Accusations of carelessness, a malpractice suit...

(to Racine)

I think he called it the Gourson case?

Racine watches him dully, then concentrates on taking out a cigarette.

**ROZ**

Once again, Mr. Hardin, you've lost me.

**MATTY**

Yes, what does all this mean?

**HARDIN**

It means, I'm afraid, that Edmund's will is invalid. Edmund Walker died interstate, as though there were no will at all.

Roz looks at Matty with panicky eyes.

**MATTY**

So... what happens now?

Hardin looks her over coldly. He doesn't believe she doesn't know,

**HARDIN**

You don't know?

**MATTY**

(irritated)

No, I don't.

**HARDIN**

Perhaps Mr. Racine would like to tell you.

Racine is recovering. He gives Hardin a quick, ugly look, then turns toward Matty, and speaks quietly.

**RACINE**

In the state of Florida, when a person dies without a will, and there are no children and no surviving parents, then the spouse inherits everything.

It seems to take a long moment for Matty to fully digest this. It takes not quite as long for Roz.

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85.

Her face goes through several transformations: confusion to disbelief to despair, then on in the direction of outrage.

Lowenstein's eyes are flashing around at the faces. He seems genuinely amused.

**MATTY**

My god. You mean... it's all mine?

Hardin is an unconvinced audience. He nods.

**HARDIN**

Though that was clearly not your husband's intention.

**MATTY**

My god.

**HARDIN**

He intended Heather to benefit --

**MATTY**

(looking between  
Hardin and Roz)  
Of course, of course, I understand.  
Of course.

**HARDIN**

As you can imagine, Mrs. Walkers  
given the circumstances of Edmund's  
death, none of this is going to  
happen... how should I say it...  
simply.

Matty seems still in shock.

**MATTY**

... Of course...

**EXT. PARKING LOT BEHIND SHILLER, HASTINGS (WEST PALM  
BEACH) - DAY**

Matty, Racine, Roz, Lowenstein and Hardin stand talking  
in a little cluster near the building. They say their  
good-byes with much handshaking. Matty lays a reassuring  
hand on Roz's arm and kisses her on the cheek. As she  
breaks from the crowd, Racine walks with her. The others  
stand talking a little longer. Racine takes off his jacket  
in the blazing Heat. He is very aware of the little group  
behind them as he walks with Matty to her Mercedes. When  
they are out of earshot --

**RACINE**

You look good in black.

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86.

**MATTY**

I've missed you so badly. I need  
you.

**RACINE**

At first I couldn't figure out when  
you got ahold of my stationery and  
stuff. It finally came to me...  
Edmund's signature must have been a  
snap. And you knew I wasn't gonna  
challenge mine --

**MATTY**

Please stop. I don't blame you for hating me right now.

**RACINE**

You've really done it, Matty. You really have.

Behind them the group breaks up, Hardin goes back into the building and Lowenstein walks Roz the short distance to her car. Matty reaches the door of her car and turns to Racine.

**MATTY**

Will you come to the house tonight?

She takes his hand and shakes it for show.

**MATTY**

I want you more right now than I ever have. I know how you must feel about me. But please come tonight.

**RACINE**

I hope you haven't done us in.

Matty gets into her car.

At the far end of the parking lots Lowenstein has been watching them as he makes his way to his car. Now, as he moves between two rows of cars, he executes a few nifty dance steps, just like Fred Astaire.

**EXT. RACINE'S BUILDING - DAY**

Racine, jacket over his shoulder and briefcase in hand, leaves the Stingray at the curb and goes into the big house of which his apartment is the top floor.

**INT. STAIRWAY - RACINE'S BUILDING - DAY**

Racine trudges up the dark steps in the heat. As he approaches the door to his place, he senses that someone is there. He tries the knob and the door swings open slowly, revealing Peter Lowenstein, reading a book at the bookcase and, lounging out on the porch, Detective Oscar

Grace. The three look at each other a beat and then Racine

comes in,

**INT. RACINE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Racine gets rid of his briefcase and jacket as Grace comes in from the porch.

**RACINE**

Hi, guys. Just come on in, make yourself at home.

**GRACE**

Sorry about that.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Not me. The door was unlocked, inviting illegal entry. It's behavior like that makes Oscar's job so hard.

**RACINE**

Sorry, Oscar. Would you guys a beer?

**LOWENSTEIN**

No thanks, I already had one.

Oscar indicates "no" as Racine takes one from the refrigerator for himself and begins unbuttoning his shirt.

**GRACE**

I've gotta bring my wife up here. She thinks our house is the hottest place in the county.

**RACINE**

It ain't great this time of day.

There is a pregnant pause as Racine takes off his shirt and leans against the refrigerator.

**GRACE**

Ned, how did you get involved with this Matty Walker?

**RACINE**

(takes a drink)  
What do you mean?

**GRACE**

I mean she's poison, man. Tell me what you know about her old man's death.

**RACINE**

What read in the paper. He died in the fire. Looks like arson--

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88.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Was arson.

**RACINE**

Okay, was arson. You don't know if he was setting it and messed up... or if that's just what someone wanted it to look like.

**GRACE**

Nah, he didn't set it. Somebody offend him.

**RACINE**

His people owned the place or something?

**GRACE**

(nods)

That's right. A very rough group of fellows, too. They're arguing with the insurance company right now. It's possible they wanted to cut old Edmund out. I'm sure they're not too broken up over his departure.

(grimaces)

But this just doesn't seem like a neat way to handle something like that.

**LOWENSTEIN**

It's not their style. They're very smooth. They'd rather destroy you than kill you. And they hate publicity.

Racine takes it in, sucks on his beer.

**GRACE**

Course guys like that make a lot of enemies. Coulda been a grudge match from the outside, I suppose.

(he looks at Racine)

But me, I'm kinda interested in the grieving widow.

Racine looks a little skeptical. He thinks about it as he moves to a chair.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Her sister-in-law's got plenty of ideas along that line, too. She could barely contain herself today, I could tell.

(he cackles)

But she wants to wait and see how Matty treats her on the estate. She doesn't want to blow it.

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89.

**GRACE**

How'd you get involved?

**RACINE**

(shrugs)

They asked me to re-do the will. I met with her and Edmund. It was pretty simple. This Mary Ann Simpson witnessed it with me. Walker didn't seem to think it was any big deal.

**GRACE**

That's it?

**RACINE**

That's it.

**GRACE**

What was this Simpson's story?

**RACINE**

I don't know... old friend of theirs, good-looking broad. She was just passing through.

**GRACE**

On her way to Europe?

Racine shrugs, he doesn't know.

**GRACE**

The passport people can't find any record of that.

Lowenstein and Grace look at him a long time.

**GRACE**

What do you think? About the wife?

Racine considers a moment.

**RACINE**

I suppose it's possible. I don't know much about her, except --  
(he grins)  
-- what I've seen. Wouldn't shock me, either way.

**LOWENSTEIN**

I've got a feeling she's very bad news. Take some incredibly intelligent advice and stay away from her.

**GRACE**

He's right for once.

They both get up to leave. Racine watches from the chair.

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90.

**RACINE**

Well, I'm sorry, guys. I'm afraid I can't do that.

**GRACE**

Why not?

**RACINE**

First of all, did you get a look at her?

They did. Racine grins. He stands up and comes right up to them.

**RACINE**

That wouldn't be quite so meaningful, except that today she started coming on to me. And maybe you haven't heard but the lady is about to come into a great deal of money.

They look at him with some concern.

**RACINE**

The fact is, she's invited me out to

her place tonight. And I'm going.  
And I'll keep on going as many nights,  
or days, or weekends, as she'll have  
me.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Ned, that lady may have just killed  
her husband.

Racine smiles cheerfully and puts a reassuring arm around  
Lowenstein's shoulder, leading him to the door.

**RACINE**

Peter, she's not gonna inherit  
anything by killing me.

Lowenstein is out the door now. He looks at Racine in  
wonder. He shakes his head and goes down the steps.  
Racine turns, smiling, to Grace, but Oscar is grim.

**GRACE**

Ned, you've messed up before. You'll  
mess up again. That's your nature.  
But they've always been small-time.  
This might not be. She's trouble,  
Ned. The real thing. Big-time, major  
league trouble. Watch yourself.

Racine reassures his friend with touch and Oscar leaves.

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91.

**INT. WALKER HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - NIGHT**

Matty closes the front door behind Racine and wraps her  
arms around him. She kisses him hard and long on the mouth,  
then starts on his neck. He begins to push her away but  
she clings to him, eating him up.

**MATTY**

I know. I know. I know you'd  
probably like to kill me. I know.  
But please... you can hate me...  
punish me... hurt me if you want,  
but don't talk yet.

She takes his hand and drags him to the steps and leads  
the way up, her eyes on him always.

**MATTY**

Please, Ned.

He lets her lead him up the stairs.

**INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

They lie in bed. The wind chimes TINKLE outside.

**MATTY**

... Mary Ann and I left Wheaton together and went to Chicago. We didn't know what we were doing. I got in bad trouble with drugs. Speed. Really bad. I did things...

(she looks up at him)

Whatever's the vilest thing you can think of me now, I did worse things then. There's nothing lower than the animal I was then. Worse than you can imagine. I thought I would die. I prayed I would... And then a man helped me. He got me clean. He didn't want much in return, either... He was a lawyer and he put me to work in his office. I learned a lot there. One time I even thought I might go to law school. ... That's where I picked up the business about making a will invalid. That happened to him once. I swear I would never have used that if I'd known about your case... I was afraid to tell you, Ned. I knew you wouldn't let me do it. I'm greedy, like you said. I wanted us to have it all.

She moves up over him and looks into his face.

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92.

**MATTY**

I don't blame you for thinking I'm bad. I am. I know it. I'd understand if you just cut me off now. If you never trusted me again. You'd probably be smart. But you must believe one thing. I love you. I love you and need you. I want to be with you forever.

She puts her head on his chest as Racine lights a

cigarette.

**RACINE**

They already think you're involved.

**MATTY**

I don't care.

**RACINE**

Great.

**MATTY**

There's nothing we can do about it now. In a little while we'll either have the money or we won't. It's out of our hands.

Racine thinks about this awhile. He exhales a stream of smoke.

**MATTY**

I fired the housekeeper. We can stay together as long as we want. We're all alone here now.

**SLOW, SLOW DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. WAITING ROOM - DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY**

Lowenstein makes Heather and Roz comfortable in the waiting room, then goes through the gate partition, nods at the Cop Clerk on duty, and goes into Oscar Grace's office, reclosing the door behind him.

**INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY**

It's cramped, hot, cluttered. There is one other door out of the office. Grace has his feet up on his desk. He's nursing a bottle of Coke and looking at Racine, who stands across the office, leaning on a file cabinet and glaring between sentences. Racine gives Lowenstein an ugly look then returns his attention to Grace. Racine is angry, but in control.

**RACINE**

That's right.

**(MORE)**

I've been down there a lot lately.  
Isn't that amazing? Miami. Jesus.  
I'm handling the purchase of some  
property down there. I'll be going  
back in the future... if that's all  
right, if it's still legal to go to  
Miami.

There is silence. Lowenstein looks between them, speaks  
to Grace.

**LOWENSTEIN**

He is mad.

**RACINE**

Nooo. No, I'm not mad. Why should  
I be mad just because my friend here,  
who I've know for years, wants to  
know of my whereabouts on the night  
of our recent local murder?

**LOWENSTEIN**

It's not so recent anymore. Maybe  
he's feeling some pressure.

Grace is pained by all this, but his tone is scolding,  
defensive.

**GRACE**

You brought this on yourself, man!  
I don't run this department, you  
know. There are people watching  
this thing. They hear you're out  
there banging the widow every night;  
it tends to call attention to you.  
So don't give me shit.

Lowenstein goes to Oscar's desk and takes a pull from the  
bottle of Coke.

**RACINE**

That's my business!

**GRACE**

This whole damn case is getting crazy.

**LOWENSTEIN**

(to Grace)

Did you tell him about the glasses?

Grace, exasperated, indicates that he didn't.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Seems Walker always wore glasses -- steel-rimmed glasses. He was a real fanatic about them.

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94.

Racine is still staring at Grace. He barely seems to pay attention.

**LOWENSTEIN**

But there were none on the scene. Coroner says they should've been there. He says that even after the fire the frames should've been seared into his -- well, you don't want to hear the details.

**RACINE**

So what?

**GRACE**

So it's looking more and more like he was killed somewhere else and brought there in his own car. Your honey, his wife, says he left the house in the middle of the night driving himself to some mysterious meeting. Is that vague enough for you?

**RACINE**

Look, what is this? What do you want? Am I supposed to be an undercover agent for you guys, or something?

**LOWENSTEIN**

Interesting choice of phrase.

**RACINE**

How 'bout tonight I ask her? 'Say, did you kill your husband? My friends were just wondering...'

**LOWENSTEIN**

Hey, that's an idea. Ask her where the glasses are, where she did it... Anything else I'm forgetting, Oscar?

**OSCAR**

Just one thing.

Lowenstein looks at him a long moment. Racine watches them.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Oh, yeah! Right, right. You'll love this, Ned, this latest development. Maybe you'll be able to work up a little sympathy for us, see why Oscar here has a tendency to get carried away. Tell him, Oscar. This is rich.

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95.

**OSCAR**

This is from the sister-in-law, the Kraft woman. She's been driving me batty lately. She's convinced she ain't gonna be out into the will. It seems that a couple weeks before the murder, Walker's niece stayed up there for a while with your friend Matty. One night she waxes up, goes to see her aunt and catches the lady with some guy.

The three men look at each other. Lowenstein breaks into laughter.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Do you get it? In the act or some fucking thing!

**GRACE**

We haven't got all the details yet. Mrs. Kraft is bringing the little girl up here today to tell us her story.

**LOWENSTEIN**

(to Grace)

Oh, they're here. I ran into them on the way in. They're waiting outside.

**GRACE**

Christ. I'm not sure I'm up to dealing with this scene.

There is a long pause. The other two look at Racine.

**GRACE**

(to Racine)

Listen, you probably don't want to see the Kraft woman right now. She's a little wild. Why don't you slip out the back way here?

Racine looks first at Lowenstein, then at Grace.

**RACINE**

Are we done here?

**GRACE**

(nods, looking at his notes)

I've got it all here. And, Ned, I'm sorry I had to ask.

Racine is neutral. He indicates the front entrance.

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96.

**RACINE**

I'll go out this way. I've had a lot of experience with disgruntled people.

(to Lowenstein)

I'll be over to Stella's, if you want to have some lunch.

Lowenstein nods. Racine opens the door and goes out of the office.

**INT. WAITING ROOM - DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY**

Racine walks out of Grace's office. Lowenstein watches him go. Heather is absorbed in a magazine and Roz is distracted with her cigarette. Racine could keep on walking, but instead he walks over to Roz. She jumps when he speaks to her.

**RACINE**

Hello, Mrs. Kraft.

She seems confused about how to act toward him. Heather looks up casually. Racine shakes Roz's hand.

**ROZ**

Hello, Mr. Racine.

**RACINE**

How are you making out?

**ROZ**

We're all right, I guess.

Racine crouches in front of Heather and smiles at her.

**RACINE**

You must be Heather.

She nods. He shakes her hand.

**RACINE**

I'm Ned Racine, Heather. I've heard a lot about you. It's nice to meet you.

Heather nods uncertainly.

**HEATHER**

Thank you.

**RACINE**

I'm sorry our town is so hot for your visit.

**HEATHER**

It sure is.

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97.

**RACINE**

(smiles, stands)

Goodbye.

**ROZ**

Goodbye.

Racine walks away. Heather watches him go. Roz turns to Heather.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

Racine walks down the sidewalk and enters Stella's Coffee Shop.

**INT. STELLA'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

As Racine comes in the front door, Stella is leaning over

the counter in a gossipy huddle with a Cop and Glenda, the Meter Maid. When Stella notices Racine, she breaks off suddenly and moves away. The Cop and Glenda see Racine and go back to their food with great deliberateness. Racine takes all this in and settles at the other end of the counter.

**STELLA**

(too boisterous)

Hi, Racine. How you doing today?

**RACINE**

I'm fine, Stella. I'm fine. What's the latest? Any hot news?

**STELLA**

Nothing much doing. What'll it be?

**RACINE**

What's the special?

**STELLA**

Veal outlets.

**RACINE**

What day'd you cook 'em?

**STELLA**

They're fresh this month.

Racine signals for her to bring it on. He swivels around and looks out at the Court House.

**WIPE TO:**

**LATER.**

Same shot. Lowenstein appears on the sidewalk across the street. He crosses over to Stella's and comes in.

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98.

He spots Racine and comes over to the counter with a light dance-walk, breaking into actual dance only as he Pirouettes before landing in the stool beside Racine. Racine is almost done with his lunch.

**LOWENSTEIN**

(to Stella)

The usual, my sweet.

**STELLA (O.S.)**

Two ice teas for Fred Astaire.

Lowenstein looks at Racine and smiles.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Are you ready to hear something wild?

**RACINE**

I don't know. I may have had my share for the day.

**LOWENSTEIN**

No, this is right up your alley.

Stella puts the two ice teas in front of Lowenstein. Lowenstein has to give her a look before she backs away. Lowenstein leans in confidentially toward Racine.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Little Heather comes out onto the back porch, and this dude is out there with her aunt, see? And he's turned away with his pants or shorts or whatever dropped, so he's mooning the little girl, right. And he and your friend are going at something which Heather couldn't quite figure out.

Lowenstein begins to shake with laughter; he almost falls off the stool. Racine is confused. Lowenstein recovers his balance and lowers his voice again. There are tears in his eyes.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Poor little Heather! She's never seen one angry before. But it made quite an impression on her. Yessirree! That's all she can remember.

Lowenstein starts to choke with laughter. He takes a drink. Racine is smiling now, too.

**RACINE**

That's it?

**LOWENSTEIN**

One other thing. She says the guy's hair was greasy. He wore it slicked back. "Like a Cuban," she says. I loved that!

(he laughs again)

Can you imagine poor Heather? She hustled back to bed after getting a gander at that. And listen to why she got up in the first place, this is the capper. She had a nightmare! Christ, can you imagine what kinds of dreams she had the rest of the night?

Lowenstein rocks with laughter. And Racine does too.

**INT. ENTRY HALL - WALKER HOUSE - DAY**

Matty has been pushed roughly across the entry hall. Her back hits hard against the wall at the front of the central hall. She rubs her wrist where the skin is red and looks with frightened eyes at Racine.

**RACINE**

Don't say that. Don't say you don't have them.

**MATTY**

I swear to you, I don't. What's wrong with you?

**RACINE**

They had to be here when you cleaned up that night. Think about it, think hard. They've probably got my prints on them.

**MATTY**

I must have missed them. I wasn't looking for them. I thought they were on Edmund.

**RACINE**

So where could they have gone?

**MATTY**

I don't know.  
(suddenly, a look)  
Betty!

**RACINE**

The housekeeper?

(Matty nods,  
thinking)  
Where would she have put them? You've  
been through his things.

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100.

**MATTY**

She might have taken them.

Racine thinks that's crazy.

**MATTY**

Listen to me. That's why I fired  
her. After Edmund's death she started  
acting strange. She was always  
watching me, listening to my calls.

**RACINE**

That's crazy. You imagined it. I  
know, I've been imagining things,  
too. Plenty.

**MATTY**

No, Ned, not with her I wasn't. I  
could tell there was a difference.  
Maybe she know about us. Maybe she  
wants something.

**RACINE**

Don't you think we would have heard  
from her by now?

Matty walks over and sits at the bottom of the steps.  
She looks up at him.

**MATTY**

I don't know what to think. I'm  
worried. But it's not about the  
glasses. Or your friends. It's us.

**RACINE**

I'm sorry.

**MATTY**

Your first reaction is to accuse me.  
What's happening to you? I don't  
know if we can hold on like this.

Racine sits next to her. He rubs his eyes.

**MATTY**

Hardin called today. He said  
everything should be cleared up by  
next week. I'll get the money  
(a caustic smile)  
He apologized for the delay.

**RACINE**

They've been stalling. They're  
draggin it out, hoping they'd come  
up with some way to implicate you.

Matty turns and leans against him, looking into his face,  
full of love.

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101.

**MATTY**

But they haven't been able to. Soon  
it'll be all ours. That's why we've  
got to hold together, Ned. It won't  
be long, then we'll get away from  
here. Out from under all this.

(a beat)

All we have is each other. I'd kill  
myself if I thought this thing would  
destroy us. I couldn't take it.

His arms enclose her.

**INT. REGISTRATION DESK - HILTON HOTEL - MIAMI - DAY**

Oscar Grace has been talking to the Desk Clerk, who now  
disappears and returns with the Hotel Manager.

**INT. BOOKKEEPING OFFICE - HILTON - DAY**

Oscar and the Hotel Manager watch as a Data Clerk extracts  
a sheet of freshly-printed billing information from a  
computer. He points to a section of the read-out.

**EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - HILTON HOTEL - DAY**

Oscar talks to the Parking Attendant who handled Racine's  
Stingray. Oscar looks around the structure.

**INT. CORRIDOR - HILTON HOTEL - DAY**

The door to a hotel room is open in the foreground, but  
Oscar is down the hall looking at the door to the  
stairwell.

**INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY**

Oscar sits across the desk from a Plainclothes Cop, who is talking on the phone. The Plainclothes Cop hears what he wants on the phone and nods to Oscar, tapping a spot on a list that lies before him. Oscar gets up and looks to see where he's pointing.

**EXT. HERTZ RENT-A-CAR OFFICE - DAY**

Oscar can be seen inside, talking to the Attendant on duty.

**EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT**

Oscar, totally beat, sits in his car. The Real Estate Agent we saw with Racine comes up, unctuously ushering Two Businessmen. As he shows them inside, Oscar approaches him, getting out his I.D. He and the Real Estate Agent shake hands.

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102.

**EXT. THE MOON AND THE OCEAN - NIGHT**

It's the middle of the night. Bright under a full moon. And very quiet. The surf can be heard LAPPING at the beach. And then we hear HUMMING.

**EXT. THE PIER - NIGHT**

No sign of life. Still the HUMMING; it's a Broadway show tune.

**EXT. END OF THE PIER - NIGHT**

Lowenstein is there, all alone, silhouetted in the moonlight. He uses the rail like a ballet bar, returning to it each time he finishes a small combination of dance steps. The moves are not extravagant, there is not highkicking. Just a nice, smooth little combination that Lowenstein is repeating, again and again.

He HUMS his own accompaniment. Then, softly at first, from the distance, comes the THUMPING of running shoes on old wood. It grows as Lowenstein completes another repetition. When the THUMPING has gotten close, it slows, then stops raggedly. Lowenstein looks that way.

**RACINE (O.S.)**

(out of breath)  
Peter?

**LOWENSTEIN**

Hi, Ned.

Racine walks up, dripping sweat, already extracting his cigarettes from his shorts.

**RACINE**

What are you doing here?

**LOWENSTEIN**

I've been looking for you.

**RACINE**

Yeah?

**LOWENSTEIN**

Yeah. You always run this late?

**RACINE**

Nah. I'm going to Miami tomorrow.  
I'm not gonna have time.

**LOWENSTEIN**

What's in Miami?

**RACINE**

I'm closing this real estate deal  
I've been working on.

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103.

Lowenstein nods and turns to lean over the rail. Racine offers him a cigarette. Lowenstein accepts and Racine lights both of theirs. Lowenstein glances at Racine's pack as Racine puts it away.

**LOWENSTEIN**

You're some kind of health nut.

(Racine smiles)

Matty Walker smokes that same brand.  
I noticed that.

**RACINE**

Is this gonna be one of those  
conversations? Maybe I should have  
my lawyer present.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Buddy, your lawyer is present.

They look at the ocean.

**LOWENSTEIN**

You know, that Edmund Walker was a bad guy. The more I find out about him, the happier I am he's dead. I figure it's a positive thing for the world.

**RACINE**

You're not known for being a hardliner.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Mmm. I have my own standards. I try to keep them private.

(he looks at his  
cigarette)

As far as I'm concerned, I don't care who killed him. And I don't care who gets rich because of it.

(shakes his head)

But Oscar, Oscar's not like that. His whole life is based on doing the right thing. He's the only person I know like that. Sometimes it's a real pain in the ass. Even for him.

Lowenstein glances at Racine, but only for a moment.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Oscar's unhappy right now. He's in pain.

**RACINE**

Why is that?

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104.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Because he likes you. He likes you even better than I do.

(long pause)

That's why he's been busting his butt trying to locate this Mary Ann Simpson. They finally found her place in Miami yesterday, but the woman herself was gone... looked like she left in a hurry.

(a beat)  
Oscar thought any story she could  
tell might help you. He thinks you  
need help.

Racine turns around, drapes his arms back along the rail  
and lets his head loll, like a tired runner.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Someone's putting you in deep trouble,  
my friend. From about three thirty  
to five AM on the night Walker was  
killed, someone called your hotel  
room repeatedly. The hotel didn't  
want to put them through, but whoever  
was calling convinced them it was an  
emergency. The phone rang and rang,  
but you didn't answer.

Racine looks at him.

**LOWENSTEIN**

Don't say anything. Save it for some  
Other time. It gets worse.

(he stamps out his  
butt)

Now someone's trying to give us  
Edmund's glasses. We don't know who.  
We don't know what the glasses will  
tell us. But our negotiations are  
continuing.

Lowenstein steps away, toward the street. He looks sad.

**LOWENSTEIN**

I wish I knew what to tell you, Ned.  
But I don't have any good ideas.

He turns and walks away.

**LOWENSTEIN**

I'll see ya.

Racine watches him go. He takes out his pack of cigarettes  
and extracts one. He stares at the pack in his hand.

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105.

**EXT. FRONT TERRACE - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

The house is dark. Racine tries the door a last time.

(He's still in his sweaty running clothes.) No good. No one here. Racine peers inside one final time. He is looking through the new glass in the same little window shot out by Edmund's gun. The wind chimes TINKLE loudly.

**EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - DAY**

Racine's Stingray whips south in the morning light.

**INT. RACINE'S CAR - DAY**

Racine is shaved and showered and wearing a tie, but he doesn't look fresh. His mind is elsewhere. He looks off to his left. Miami sits on the horizon.

**INT. ELEVATOR - SKYSCRAPER - DAY**

The elevator is packed with lawyers. They're heading out to lunch. They wear expensive suits. Racine is backed into a corner. He watches them, as though from a distance. He looks different from them.

**INT. LOBBY - SKYSCRAPER - DAY**

The lawyers pile out of the elevator. A few carry briefcases. Racine finally appears. He too carries a briefcase. He looks across the huge lobby at the entrance to a restaurant/bar.

**INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - SKYSCRAPER - DAY**

Racine sits at the bar with a drink. Once more, he glances diagonally to the end of the bar, at a guy in a three-piece suit. The guy seems to be looking at Racine whenever he isn't watching the front entrance. Finally the guy can control himself no longer. He picks up his drink and walks around the bar to the space next to Racine. His name is MICHAEL GLENN and he's bright, successful and irritating. The two men are on the edge of remembering each other.

**GLENN**

We know each other, don't we?  
(Racine smiles,  
uncertain)  
I'm Michael Glenn. With Bashford,  
Hillerman.

The smile fades from Racine's face.

**RACINE**

Ned Racine.

It comes back to Glenn in a flash. He wishes he hadn't come up.

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106.

**GLENN**

Christ, I've done it again.

(embarrassed,  
indicates the  
entrance)

I'm just meeting some people.

Racine nods. Glenn looks him over, smiles; he's ingratiating.

**GLENN**

Hey, this is silly. You're not still mad about that Gourson business?

(Racine shrugs,  
takes a drink)

We had to do it. Costanza practically insisted we sue you. Listen, nobody at our place likes malpractice against other lawyers.

**RACINE**

Forget it.

Glenn remembers something. He smiles confidentially.

**GLENN**

I tried to make it up to you.

Racine looks at him blankly.

**GLENN**

Did you ever meet a lady named Matty Walker? You'd remember her. A very hot number.

**RACINE**

Matty Walker?

**GLENN**

(glances at the  
entrance)

Yeah. I met her at a party. She said she was going up there and she wanted to know about lawyers. I gave her your name.

**RACINE**

When was this?

**GLENN**

(trying to remember)  
I don't know... long time. Maybe  
September.

Racine stares at him. Glenn sees his party at the entrance.  
He offers his hand.

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107.

**GLENN**

Oops, gotta go.

**RACINE**

Did you tell her about the Gourson  
case?

**GLENN**

(a slimy grin)  
Hey, I was trying to get you work.

He starts to move away. Racine grabs him by his tie and  
pulls him back hard. The people nearby turn in alarm.  
Racine speaks very quietly to the startled Glenn.

**RACINE**

Did you tell her about Gourson?

**GLENN**

Jesus, are you nuts?

Racine twists his grip on Glenn's tie. Glenn starts to  
choke.

**GLENN**

Maybe I told her how we met. Yeah,  
maybe.

Racine lets him go.

**EXT. FRONT OF WALKER HOUSE - DUSK**

Racine's Stingray tears up the drive and SQUEALS to a  
stop in the parking area. Racine looks at the house from  
the car. It looks deserted as before. He pulls the Stingray  
onto the lawn and drives all the way around the house,  
then out the drive through his own dust.

**EXT. PORCH - RACINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Racine stares out at the ocean. He lights another cigarette and lifts a glass of bourbon to his lips. Suddenly, he laughs, short and harsh. But the smile fades quickly.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA - RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Racine comes in carrying his briefcase. Beverly looks him over critically; he doesn't look so good.

**BEVERLY**

Is there something wrong with your phone?

**RACINE**

Just off the hook. What?

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108.

**BEVERLY**

Teddy Laursen is in County. He's very anxious to talk to you. He sounded bad.

Racine nods, turns back to the door.

**BEVERLY**

Hey, are you all right?

Racine stops for a moment and looks at her. He smiles and goes out.

**INT. COUNTY JAIL - VISITING ROOM - DAY**

Teddy Laursen sits across the table from Racine. Teddy, too, looks a little ragged. Nervous.

**TEDDY**

I don't know. It's a thing in Lauderdale. Something must've gone wrong, but they're not telling me. I'm a little worried.

**RACINE**

I'll find out.

**TEDDY**

No, no. That's not why I called you. In fact, I got me another lawyer.

Racine watches him.

**TEDDY**

I think it would be better. You know  
Schlisgal.

**RACINE**

(nods, confused)  
He's good.

Teddy looks around nervously. Racine waits.

**TEDDY**

This broad came to me last week. A  
real looker. She said you told her  
how to reach me, I figured you musta,  
she knew all about it.

(Racine nods)  
She said you wanted another one.

Teddy searches Racine's face, trying to see if the story  
was true. He's not surprised that it's not.

**TEDDY**

Yeah, I was afraid of that. But I'm  
a slow thinker.

**(MORE)**

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109.

**TEDDY (CONT'D)**

(lowers his voice  
even more)  
She had me show her how to rig it to  
a door, with a little delay. Does  
any of this mean anything to you?

Racine looks at him blankly.

**TEDDY**

Then I'm glad I told you. Watch your  
step.

**RACINE**

Thanks, Teddy.

Racine pushes his chair back. Teddy seems torn about saying  
more. He forces himself to --

**TEDDY**

Racine... Don't thank me yet. These

guys here, they've been asking me  
about The Breakers.

(reads Racine's  
look)

I haven't told 'em shit. But I don't  
like the look on their faces.

Racine gets up.

**INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Racine listens to the endless ringing on the other end of  
his call and slowly hangs up. The phone rings in the  
reception room and Beverly picks it up, then hits the  
hold button.

**BEVERLY**

(yells)

Ned. It's Mrs. Walker. Do you want  
her?

**RACINE**

Yeah.

(he picks up)

Hello.

**MATTY**

(filtered throughout)

Hello, Ned. Can we talk?

Racine swivels in his chair so that he can see Beverly in  
the reception room. Beverly is just replacing the receiver  
on the hook and for a moment, she gives Racine a strange,  
ambivalent look. Racine watches her as she goes back to  
work and speaks quietly into the phone.

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**RACINE**

Okay. Where are you?

**MATTY**

I'm in Miami. I've been running around  
like crazy and I could reach you  
before I left.

(a pause)

Ned, everything's going to be all  
right.

**RACINE**

Tell me.

**MATTY**

I've got the money. I've taken it and sent it somewhere safe. It's all ours now.

(Racine says nothing)

But that's not the best part.

**RACINE**

What's the best part?

**MATTY**

The glasses. I got them back. That is, they should be ours by now. Betty had them. She wanted money. That's why I had to come down here. She made it all very difficult, but I think it worked out.

**RACINE**

Do you have them?

**MATTY**

No. She wouldn't do that. She's putting them in the boathouse. In the top drawer of the dresser in the boathouse. They should be there now, if she's kept up her end.

**RACINE**

Yes.

**MATTY**

I think you'd better get them right away. I don't trust her.

**RACINE**

In the boathouse.

**MATTY**

That's right. The top drawer of the dresser. Oh. Ned, we're going to be all right. I'll leave here as soon

**(MORE)**

**MATTY (CONT'D)**

as I can. I should be there by seven-thirty. I can't wait to see you,

darling. We've made it.

Racine is silent.

**MATTY**

Are you all right?

**RACINE**

Yes.

**MATTY**

Good-bye, sweetheart.

She clicks off. Racine puts down the phone and stares at it.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - COUNTY JAIL - DAY**

Teddy Laursen watches as Oscar Grace and another Detective come into the room. They look grim.

**GRACE**

Teddy, this is Detective Knapp from the Fort Lauderdale Arson Squad. He's brought some very bad news about that fire. Seems there were two people who didn't get out.

Teddy reacts. It's the first time for him.

**GRACE**

I know, Teddy. It's not like you.  
And I'm willing to make that clear  
to anybody who'll listen. But you're  
going to have to help me out on this  
Breakers business.

Teddy looks at him. Teddy is hurting.

**INT. RACINE'S CAR - DUSK**

Racine drives. The Stingray passes the sign --

"You are entering  
**PINEHAVEN**  
Please drive safely"

The town looks well tended.

**EXT. BOAT HOUSE - WALKER HOUSE - DAY**

Racine comes down the lawn. He walks slowly toward the

boathouse. His walk is unsteady. Racine moves around to the front of the boathouse and steps onto its wooden porch.

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Racine's focus is on the doorknob of the closed door. But he moves past it to the window. The curtains have been carefully drawn across it; it is impossible to see beyond them into the boathouse. Except... except for one little slice at the bottom of the window where the curtains are held apart a fraction of an inch by something. Racine crouches down to look through the crack.

WHAT RACINE SEES. The curtains are being held apart this little bit by a wire. A wire which is attached to the window and runs tautly back into the gloom of the boathouse. Racine shifts his head an inch and he can see another wire. It originates from that same spot back in the gloom and runs toward the door, although Racine, with this limited view, cannot actually see where the wire is attached. But Racine is not really trying --

Racine has rocked back on his heels away from the window. He stands up and steps away from the boathouse. You might call it a stagger.

**INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Lowenstein is in a chair. Grace is turned away, looking out the window at the dark street. They both look dejected. After a long silence --

**LOWENSTEIN**

Stupid. That's always been the problem.

(a beat)

Her mind encompasses his.

**GRACE**

I better go get him.

**EXT. REAR OF WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

The house looms darkly. Racine has packed the Stingray in the black shadows of the big tree behind the house, hiding it. He starts to walk back around the driveway side of the house when something catches his eye at the other end of the house. He walks over there.

Close to that far wall, in shadow as deep as the one he has just used is, to Racine's surprise -- Matty's

Mercedes. Racine stares at the car.

**EXT. RACINE'S BUILDING - NIGHT**

Grace comes out of the house and walks to his car, thinking.

**INT. EDMUND'S CLOSET - MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Racine pushes aside some clothes and reaches up to a high shelf. He feels around until he's got what he wants.

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He pulls down the wooden case and opens it. Inside is Edmund's .38 revolver.

**EXT. DRAWBRIDGE ACROSS THE CANAL - NIGHT**

Grace's car is among a dozen held up by the raised drawbridge. A sailboat is gliding slowly through. Grace is outside his car, leaning against it.

**EXT. GAZEBO -- WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Close on Racine's watch -- ten-o-five.

The wind chimes on the gazebo TINKLE. Racine sits smoking in the shadows. He takes another drink from a glass of liquor. All the lights on the lawn, gazebo and boathouse are off. Racine hears something and peers toward the driveway. Headlights move very slowly up the drive toward the house. It is Edmund's Cadillac, glowing in the moonlight.

The Cadillac stops in front of the house and for several moments nothing happens. Then Matty gets out of the car Waterway.

She is wearing the same white dress she was wearing when Racine first saw her and she is luminous in the moonlight.

Racine watches from the blackness of the gazebo. Silently.

Matty walks twenty feet past the gazebo and stops when she can make out the boathouse in the gloom. She stares at it a moment then turns back toward the house.

Racine steps to the edge of the gazebo. Matty seems startled for only a split second.

**MATTY**

Hello, darling.

**RACINE**

Hello, Matty.

**MATTY**

Where's your car?

**RACINE**

In the back. With yours.

**MATTY**

Why haven't you turned on the lights?

**RACINE**

I could see.

Matty comes up the steps and puts her arms around him. She closes her eyes as she hugs him. They are one figure melded in the gloom.

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**MATTY**

It's all ours now, Ned. We could leave tonight if we wanted. It's over.

**RACINE**

Yes, it is.

**MATTY**

(voice changed)

What's this --?

Suddenly she backs away from him, down the steps, her white dress moving back into the bright moonlight from the shadow of the gazebo. She looks up at Racine.

**RACINE**

It's Edmund's gun. You remember it, don't you?

He has it in his hand now. He looks it over casually, but the barrel is toward her.

**MATTY**

What is it, Ned? What's happened?

**RACINE**

I think you know.

**MATTY**

No. I swear to you, I don't!

**RACINE**

It's the glasses, Matty.

**MATTY**

Weren't they there? Didn't she bring them?

**RACINE**

I didn't see them.

**MATTY**

She promised she'd bring them.

**RACINE**

Maybe I missed them. The way you missed them that night.

**MATTY**

Ned, I don't know what you think, but you're wrong. I haven't done anything to hurt you. I love you. You've got to believe me.

**RACINE**

Keep talking, Matty. Experience shows I can be convinced of anything.

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**EXT. STREET NEAR WALKER PLACE - NIGHT**

Grace's car moves up the street past the gated drives.

**EXT. BACK LAWN - NIGHT**

Racine is at the bottom of the gazebo steps now. Matty has backed away, toward the Waterway.

**MATTY**

I did arrange to meet you. But, Ned, it all changed. You changed it. I fell in love with you. I didn't plan that...

Racine laughs, short and bitterly.

**RACINE**

You never quit, do you? You just keep on coming.

**MATTY**

How can I prove it to you? What can I say?

**RACINE**

The glasses, Matty. Why don't you go down there and get them?

Matty is silent. She starts to speak, but nothing comes out. Now there is real fear in her eyes.

**MATTY**

But you said they weren't there.

**RACINE**

I said I didn't see them.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Grace's car moves down the drive.

**EXT. BACK LAWN - NIGHT**

Racine has moved closer to Matty, away from the house. They are only six feet apart. Tears are now rolling down Matty's cheeks.

**MATTY**

I'll go, Ned. I'll go and look for them.

She turns and starts walking toward the ocean. Just as she is about to disappear into the shadows, she turns back to him.

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**MATTY**

Ned... no matter what you think, I do love you.

**AT THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE**

Grace has gotten out of his car. He starts toward the front door, but sees Racine out on the lawn. He heads out in that direction, but stops as Racine steps into a bright spot of moonlit lawn and the gun's shiny silverplate glints

in the light. The gun is pointed at the retreating Matty.

Grace pulls his own gun from a shoulder holster and raises it. He is about to call out, when Matty disappears completely in the gloom. Racine lowers the revolver wearily and stares out toward the boathouse. Grace lowers his gun and looks out there too. He moves slowly forward.

Close on Racine's face. It's changing now. It's not just that he's very tired. The hardness is going out of his look. As the seconds tick by, and Matty does not reappear, he begins to lose faith in his view of the world. He begins to be afraid. Afraid for Matty. Even now.

A sudden breeze starts the wind chimes TINKLING loudly.

**RACINE**

No, Matty! Stop! Don't go in! Matty.

Racine breaks into a run, dropping the revolver on the grass. He has taken two big strides when --

There is a sound like the ROAR of a dragon, and the roof of the boathouse lifts and then disappears in a huge BALL OF FLAME. The air is sucked around Racine's body, whipping at his clothes, as he stumbles on the lawn and falls forward.

Grace steadies himself against the side of the gazebo.

Racine knows horror. He struggles to his feet and stumbles toward the fire. His body is silhouetted against the leaping, ROARING flames in the night sky.

**SLOW DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. RACINE'S CELL BLOCK - FLORIDA STATE PENITENTIARY - NIGHT**

Absolute quiet. We move above cell after cell, dark with sleeping convicts.

We stop at Racine's cell. It is dark like the rest. Racine is in there alone. We move down close to his sleeping form. He looks thinner.

Suddenly he wakes with a start! His eyes snap open wide; he is totally and instantly awake. He talks to himself, with true amazement.

**RACINE**

She's alive.

**INT. VISITORS CENTER - FLORIDA STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY**

Grace sits on the other side of the glass from Racine. They talk on telephones. Grace's eyes are sad; they say he thinks Racine is going crazy.

**RACINE**

But what if that was someone else's body in there? What if it was already there when I got there -- dead and waiting for me. Maybe her friend... Mary Ann.

**GRACE**

Her teeth were left, man. We sent them back to Illinois. The identification was positive. That was her, that was Matty Tyler Walker. That was her and she's dead.

**RACINE**

You're not listening to me. What if she's been using this other girl's name? Since she met Walker three years ago, since she first spotted him and decided to take him... one way or another. Maybe Walker -- or any of us -- never knew her real name.

**GRACE**

Why would she want to hide her identity?

**RACINE**

I don't know. Maybe there was something in her past, something so bad she was afraid it would queer it with Walker if he found out -- that he'd never marry her.

Grace is unreceptive to this. But Racine is charged.

**RACINE**

Let's say she's living as the other girl, this girl from her past. Someone whose history she knew and could use any way she wanted. And there's only

one person in the world who knows  
the truth.

**(MORE)**

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**RACINE (CONT'D)**

(he leans in)

And then just when Matty's got me on  
the line, when she's finally going  
to collect, that one person shows  
up. That girl. Finds her. And  
threatens to expose her. So Matty  
starts paying her off. Maybe she  
even promises to cut her in on  
Edmunds' money. Now she's got to  
share it with two people.

Racine peaks, tapping the glass between them as though it  
were all there for Grace to see.

**RACINE**

But when Matty sees a way to get rid  
of both of them at once. A way to  
solve all her problems and get clear,  
with no one looking for her. At the  
boathouse. You find two bodies, me  
and this girl. Two killers dead.  
Case closed.

Oscar isn't buying.

**RACINE**

You can't find the money, can you,  
Oscar? Doesn't that tell you  
something?

**GRACE**

It tells me she moved it and we can't  
find it. And that don't mean shit.  
It could be sittin' in any bank in  
the world waiting for a dead lady to  
come for it.

Racine, calmer now, shakes his head "no."

**GRACE**

Do you hear what you're saying? It's  
crazy. This Matty would've had to  
been one quick, smart broad.

Racine confirms Grace's fears with a look that can only be called half-crazed. There's the glimmer of a rueful smile.

**RACINE**

Oscar, don't you understand? That was her special gift she was relentless.

(much quieter)

Matty was the kind of person who could do what was necessary. Whatever was necessary.

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These words have no special import to Grace. He looks at Racine without hope.

**GRACE**

Racine, you got to face something. You killed Edmund Walker, man. And you're going down for it. Two people are dead. And no matter how you want to figure it, you ain't bringin' either of 'em back to life.

Grace gives him a long look, then hangs up the phone. He stands up and walks away. Racine sits and stares.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. RACINE'S CELL BLOCK - DAY**

Racine, bearded now, comes to the front of his cell to get his mail. A Trustee hands through a book-size manila envelope, which has been neatly opened by the prison authorities. Racine looks at the return address and becomes very intense. He sits on his cot and slides out a book. A letter is clipped to the front. Racine scans it quickly and begins looking through the book.

It is an old high school yearbook. Racine's fingers are shaking slightly as they leaf quickly past black and white scenes of youthful innocence among the Wheaton High School Cougars of 1966.

He reaches the individual pictures of the seniors and he hurries through the O's and R's to the T's.

Racine's eyes are darting over the pages. Suddenly they stop. He has found her entry. We see it too --

**MARY ANN TYLER**

Home Economics "Matty"

**TRI-Y 29 39 4. CHORUS**

Ambition -- "To Graduate"

The picture is not great. The pretty face is a little cheap-looking. It is not the Matty he knew. It is her friend from the back verandah, Mary Ann.

Racine's eyes dart. He thinks. Then, he flips back a few pages. He finds what he wants --

**MARY ANN SIMPSON**

English

**TRI-Y 2, 3, 4; CHORUS 2, 3, 4**

**HOMECOMING PRINCESS 3, 4; SWIMMING 2, 3**

Ambition-- "To be rich and live in an exotic land."

We're very close on the type of her ambition when we pan up the page to her smiling face. Her smile is so big, she seems almost to be laughing.

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Racine's face. That's the woman he loved.

Back to her picture. We're moving in on it. Closer. Closer. And then through it --

To her real face, this Matty, this Mary Ann, alive and fine in the sun of --

**EXT. A HIGH PATIO - AN EXOTIC LAND - DAY**

One shot, very close on that lovely face, moving around it in a tight half-circle that barely lets us glimpse the sun-drenched, foreign town far below and the tropical foliage that surrounds the patio. For one brief moment, she seems to be crying. But no, it is not a tear. It is a little drop of sweat. She wipes it from her cheek as she turns to an unseen male COMPANION, who has spoken to her in Spanish. She wipes her eyes and looks off at him.

**COMPANION (O.S.)**

Hace Calor.

**MATTY**

What?

**COMPANION (O.S.)**

It is hot.

**MATTY**

Yes.

She turns her face to the sun.

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**