

COLOR OF NIGHT

Written by

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CREDITS

Credits start on a black screen, then they continue during the whole scene at Michelle's place, and they end at the beginning of the scene at Bill Capa's office.

MICHELLE'S PLACE - INTERIOR DAY

Close-up on a silver lipstick stand made into a bad taste musical box. We see Michelle's hand selecting a lipstick then we see Michelle putting the lipstick on her lips, seated in front of the mirror of her dressing table. She is dressed in a green frock, and her face shows that she is quite disturbed.

Her apartment's decoration is very heavy, with a lot of various useless objects and gold-plated furniture and many mirrors.

She looks for a new dress in her wardrobe, and get mad at not finding it. She then goes to a sofa covered with cushions, which she throws all around the place, still madder at not finding her dress. A cat, who was lying on the armrest of the sofa, runs away hurriedly from the mad Michelle.

MICHELLE

God !..... No !.....

Michelle is back in front of the mirror of her dressing-table. She takes the lipstick and put a lot of it on her lips, then on her teeth, then all around her mouth. She makes faces to herself in the mirror. She seems more and more disturbed.

She takes a chrome-plated revolver in her drawer, starts to put it in her purse, then takes it out, spins the cylinder of the revolver, and puts the revolver in her mouth, as if she wanted to kill herself. But instead, she starts sucking the barrel, while she strokes the revolver in a quite erotic way.

BILL CAPA' OFFICE - INTERIOR DAY

Large planes of ground glass. We hear, without understanding them, some voices and laughs. Then a male voice becomes more understandable...

BILL'S VOICE

So who do you think is the enemy ?... No, no, give me a specific answer...

... then Michelle appears on the screen. She is dressed in a green suit, she is heavily made up, et she still seems very disturbed.

The office is very chic and evidently belongs to a very rich New-York psycho-analyst. Beautiful and good taste furniture. Shelves with leather-bound books.

MICHELLE

You are the goddamned enemy, Capa, you and this all tower of psycho-babble. You know what I hope ? That God gets real pissed off and He shrivels up your cock, so that it points straight down to Hell, where you belongs !...

During this reply, Bill Capa has appeared on the screen. He is seated. He is wearing a long-sleeve shirt, a necktie, but no jacket. (he laughs) at Michelle's last sentence.

BILL

OK... Michelle, so you will become His Avenging Angel, and swoop down to finish me off.

He stands up.

MICHELLE

Now, I finally get it : you're are like my ex-husband. You think that everything got to be either black or white because you got color-blind. But God is on my side now. He knows I'm not like you.

BILL

Well, we are pretty much the same, Michelle. We all do it.

MICHELLE

We all do what ?

BILL

Tend to view our lives as we were looking through a keyhole. I's a very limited view of the truth. So, we have to fill in the blanks. We invent things.

MICHELLE

I don't know what you mean.

BILL

You invent enemies to test your strength against. You invent gods to protect you from these enemies.

MICHELLE

(cutting him)

What a depressing view of life you have, that is such horse-shit !

BILL

Who is the enemy ? One minute you have friends, the next moment they've slipped away. You leave here and I wonder who is Michelle really hating this week. I try to remember and I can't bring it to mind. Do you know why ?

MICHELLE

No, why don't you tell me

BILL

Take a look in the mirror, Michelle

MICHELLE

Which mirror ?... This mirror ?...

BILL

Any mirror. Tell me what you see.

MICHELLE

We see Michelle as if we were watching her from behind the mirror. I see... I see your reflection over my shoulder... I see... there is nothing much that I really like... I think I prefer the view outside actually...

During this last reply, Bill, standing up, is fidgeting with something on his desk. At Michelle's last words, he turns toward her, looking alarmed. But he doesn't have time to do prevent her from breaking through the glass pane and jumping outside. He yells «Michelle» twice.

A STREET IN NEW-YORK - EXTERIOR DAY

We see Michelle's body falling all the way down. Capa's office must be around the 25th floor. The body crashes on the street. A police horse, who was near the impact, rears up in fright. As if the asphalt were translucent, we see Michelle's body from underneath, with the blood flowing around it.

SEVERAL VOICES

All right, get back there... Stay back !... Get back in your car... Stop it...

BILL CAPA'S OFFICE - INTERIOR DAY

We see Bill with tears in his eyes. He walks to the broken window, and look outside.

BILL

((voice over))

My God, it was the reddest blood I ever saw, poured around her green dress. And... Then the red disappeared...

OPHTHALMOLOGIST'S OFFICE - INTERIOR DAY

Bill is seated with a huge ophthalmologic device on his head. He finishes the preceding reply.

BILL

Christ, Ed. It was like a vibration of color broadcast from Hell. And then the red started to fade away.

The ophthalmologist moves the device away. We see Bill's face, and behind him, projected on the wall, an abstract drawing made of colored spots close together. The red spots start to blink and then they become grey.

LARRY'S PLACE - INTERIOR DAY

It is the apartment of an old New-York intellectual. A bit messy. A old Earth globe on a stand. Objects and books everywhere, but with an warm atmosphere. Larry wears an open shirt and a sweater. Bill also is in open shirt, with a sleeveless sweater. At the beginning of the scene, Bill is lying on a couch.

LARRY

Poor Capa ! You're here for me to pity you.

Larry puts down the newspaper he was reading. It is the New York Post. On the front page, a title in large prints : «Patient's family sues Manhattan shrink»

BILL

Hell, yes. It doesn't take Sigmund Freud to figure out I don't care to see the color of my patients' blood.

LARRY

I'm a little surprised that this happened to you.

BILL

Starts to stand up.
Sure. You always thought I was a cold-hearted son of a bitch.

LARRY

Not really, but there is a kind of arrogance here.
Bill laughs.

Do you really believe that you're responsible for her illness. You were a small recent part of her life.

BILL

Yes, that's right, that's right. But it's all too fucking glib for me, Larry. I cannot dispose of this woman that easily.

LARRY

Well, you always were a romantic. Are you involved with anyone else ?

Larry starts to make tea in a corner of the room. Bill is seated on an armchair during the following reply, and strokes the grey cat who is lying on the table.

BILL

No. I am still a romantic. I just don't have anybody to be romantic with. They want to fuck me or marry me... None of them want to love me

LARRY

Maybe you don't want to be loved. You had a happy marriage once.

BILL

She loved me to death. Then she ran off and loved somebody else to death.

LARRY

Of course, there is something else here. To deny red is to deny emotion.

BILL

Oh yeah !

LARRY

As you know, that could be very dangerous.

Bill stands up.

BILL

Yes, yes, I know. Very dangerous. I know and I have got something broken. I know it's gonna take some time to get fixed.

He picks up his jacket on a chair and put it on.

LARRY

You're a pretty good therapist. How long does it take a man like you to forgive himself.

BILL

I see you when I get back from Los Angeles.

During the two last replies, Bill has walked to the front door.

LARRY

Don't run away because of one treatment failure.

BILL

I'm not running away, Larry, it's just a little trip to Los

Angeles. Besides, you can't really run away. It's all up here, isn't it...
He shows his forehead and pretends he is shooting a bullet in it.
Pow !... It's a package deal. The head goes with me.

ABOVE L.A. - EXTERIOR DAY

Shot of L.A. seen from the sky, then shot of an airplane landing.
On these two short shots, we hear :

STEWARDESS

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Los Angeles. Please remain seated until the aircraft comes...

The end of the sentence is not understandable, because it is mixed with the sound of a radio set in a car.

VOICE IN THE RADIO

Just another Monday in paradise. There is a fender-bender on 405, slowing thing down.

TAXI IN A TRAFFIC JAM - EXTERIOR DAY

The voice in the radio is covered by the voice of the taxi driver. He wears a French cap and a striped shirt. He has a strong foreign accent, which makes his sentences a bit hard to understand. Bill is seated at the back of the taxi. He is wearing a black polo shirt, jeans and sunglasses.

TAXI DRIVER

Hey ! Jerk-off ! What are you looking at ! There's an accident !...

Short shot of the accident.

... Hey ! What happened ? Anybody is hurt ? Anybody is dead ?
Car horns. A car bumps into the back of the taxi. Bill moves forward and backward, and then massages the back of his head.
What are you doing ? You 're looking there and driving here ? Put the pedal on the metal... Asshole !

BOB'S OFFICE - MEETING ROOM - INTERIOR DAY

Bob's office is located in a big modern building in downtown L.A. A wide sitting room, called «Group Room» is reserved for group therapy sessions. Furniture is modern and functional, but with a little personal touch.

Close-up of a woman's hand, who steals a lighter on a table. Then we see Sondra putting covertly the lighter in her purse. She is dressed in a very elegant way, and wears expensive jewels. Richie, a teenagers with a large checkered floating shirt, a sleeveless denim jacket and walkman earphones on his head, walks behind her without looking at her, and gets seated in an armchair. We hear voices, but we understand only a few words here and there. Then a voice becomes clearer than the other ones. It is Clark's voice counting the books on a shelf.

BITS OF CONVERSATION

Is the aquarium with it ?... That's a blue shark... OK... Was that an after-schock I felt ?...

CLARK

He is dressed with a very neat grey suit. Everything on him is neat : not a hair going the wrong way.

33 and 3 is... 44... 45

CASEY

He is seated on an armchair shaped like a giant hand. He looks ver
«artist». He wears his hair tied in a ponytail. He is making fun
of Clark.

5...

CLARK

38... 14...

CASEY

33...

CLARK

2...

CASEY

13...

CLARK

3...

CASEY

29... 304...

SONDRA

Casey, you're such a weenie !

BUCK

He looks very rough, with his uncombed grey hair. He wears a red
sweater without shirt, and a jacket.

Leave him alone, will you ?

CLARK

7

BUCK

Clark !

CASEY

8...

BUCK

Clark !

CLARK

Yeah !

BUCK

Did you read the paper to-day ?

CLARK

No !

BUCK

He take off his jacket.

I was just wondering how many fucking pages it had !
Casey laughs.

CLARK

Oh Christ ! I fell right into that !

We see Bob behind the glass on the door of the room. He wears a
shirt and a necktie, but no jacket. He looks pensively at the
group.

CASEY
16...

CLARK
4... 47...

BUCK
I care that he is late.

CASEY
I don't get it.

SONDRA
I do too.

CASEY
I don't care.

SONDRA
Why not ?

BUCK
Because his father's paying for his therapy.

SONDRA
Oh, my dead husband is paying for mine, and I still care.
Casey is looking for his lighter. We see Sondra taping her chin with the lighter, then giving it back to Casey.

CASEY
Unbelievable !...
Bob enters the room.

BOB
I think we should get started now... Clark...
He closes the door. We hear Bill's voice.

BILL
Hey Bob !

BOB
God ! Bill !

BOB'S OFFICE - CORRIDOR - INTERIOR DAY

Bob jumps nervously, then walks in the corridor toward Bill. They hug each other.

BOB
How you doing ? You look great.

BILL
I'm good...

BOB
OK...

BILL
I' sorry I'm late. I got stuck in traffic on the freeway.

BOB

Listen... We're just about to get started.

BILL

You know. I'll just wait out here for a while.

BOB

Why don't you join us ?

BILL

Oh no... Listen... I's the last thing I need right now...

BOB

I'm serious... I could use a second look.

BILL

No, Bob... Not tonight...

Bob drags him by the sleeve and pushes him into the meeting room.

BOB' OFFICE - MEETING ROOM - INTERIOR DAY

BOB

This is my friend, and colleague, Bill Capa, from New-York.
Why don't you sit down over there, Bill...
He sits next to Clark, who stands up to give him room.
... I thought it might be interesting for you, and for him,
if he sat in one of our session.

BUCK

What kind of a shrink are you ?

BILL

I'm a behaviorist.

CASEY

Qualifications ?

BILL

Same as Bob. We went to college together. We fought the
battle at Penn State Mental Hospital, as interns...

BOB

No one is gonna be offended if you want to say no.

BUCK

No, Bob !

SONDRA

She simpers while she talks.
Nobod... Nobody wants to say no... I'm Sondra... How are you,
Bill ?

BILL

Fine, thank you, Sondra.

CLARK

Medical degree ?

BILL

No. I'm a psychologist and a psycho-analyst, not a
psychiatrist. The Ph.D. is from N.Y.U.

CLARK

OK ! Thank you...

CASEY

So, it's Bill and Bob, therapy "à deux" !

BOB

Why don't we begin by introducing ourselves and then saying as much or as little about why we are here as we are comfortable with...

The secretary closes the door behind Bob's back, who remains seated and only turns his head slightly.

BUCK

Name's Buck.

SONDRA

Oh, that's helpful. Very macho of you

BUCK

That's an anti-gender remark

BOB

Sondra ! Sondra, why don't you start us off ?

SONDRA

She simpers a lot and makes strange faces while she talks.

OK... My name is Sondra Dorio... and... I always marry older men but...

Richie looks at Bill's feet. Bill is wearing a red sock and a green sock, which makes Richie smile.

... I am single now... and I keep... I... I want sex all the time...

Clark looks embarrassed. Casey sneers.

But I mean... I really do... want... a real relationship... and... sometimes, I steal things... I mean, they're little things...

Richie puts his walkman earphones back on his ears.

... It doesn't make any sense. It's hard to... You know, I... Is that OK !

BOB

Thank you.

SONDRA

THANKS

BOB

Richie !...

CASEY

This will be an event

BOB

Richie !

Richie doesn't hear a thing because of his earphones.

BUCK

Yelling louder.

Richie !

He signals him to take off his earphones. Richie takes them off.

RICHIE

What !

BOB

Would you like to tell Bill a little something about yourself ?

RICHIE

No !

CLARK

OK... If nobody else is going to do it, I will. Richie has a gender identity problem, and social phobia, and he's promised the group no to wear the walkman in this group.

BUCK

Doctor Clark, to lay the inventory on. I like that.

CLARK

Oh, Saint Christopher rattles his chain.

BUCK

Saint Michael, sir.

CLARK

This is not about you.

BUCK

You're right...

BOB

You know what I am saying ?...
He talks to Richie.

RICHIE

One feels he has elocution problems. He stutters and looks for his words.

I... I... I op... open my mouth to talk, but nothing... happens... except when I... when I do drugs. I... I can't... can't talk... so that's... how come I'm here... They... they say that I... I... that I blush too.

CASEY

(imitating him)

Y-You c... can say that again...

Richie jumps on Casey. Sondra stands up to stop him, but she is too late. Richie falls on Casey and knocks his armchair down.

RICHIE

Fuck you !... Fuck you !... I'll tear your fuckin' head off !
You fuckin' cocksucker !

BUCK

Get up!

They fight on the floor. Buck tries to take them apart. He succeeds in tearing Richie away by holding him with both arms, and carrying him away.

RICHIE

Get the fuck off me !

BOB

Buck.

Richie gets free and walks rapidly out of the room. Sondra tries

to follow him. Bob stops her.

SONDRA

Richie !

BOB

It's all right... He'll come back...

BUCK

(voice over)

What do you think, Doctor Clark ?...

Bob straightens up the armchair and Casey stands up sneering.

CASEY

Was it something I said ?

SONDRA

You are an asshole !

BOB

You know, guys... A little humanity...

BUCK

Talking to Bill.

Funny... Oh, fucking laugh !...We're entertaining the shit out of you, aren't we ?

SONDRA

Why don't you stop feeling responsible for everyone.

BUCK

Would you stop wound-licking, Sondra.

SONDRA

She seems a bit shocked.

Oh ! That's very nice !

BOB

Buck ?

BUCK

I lost my wife... and daughter... And it just can't seem to pass... All right ?

BILL

Very sorry. How did they die ?

BUCK

They say...

(he starts crying)

... I... I can't talk about it...

Sondra turns her head away : she looks disturbed and moved. Clark wipes his eyes.

BOB

Casey ?

CASEY

He talks in articulating his words in an affected manner.

I am Casey Heinz. I am a painter. I live in a loft downtown, and I guess... you could say... I'm alienated...

At the end of his reply, he seems to be ready to cry. He puts his head in his hands, then shows his laughing face.

SONDRA

Can't you ever be serious ?...

BUCK

Does a bear poop in the woods ? I sit next to Clark

He moves to sit behind Clark. He lights a cigarette.

CLARK

And then smoke up a storm. My name is Clark. I'm a lawyer. And I... I have a compulsive obsessive disorder.

CASEY

So what's the problem ?
(he sneers)

CLARK

The problem is that if you and Buck are going to smoke in here, then the door to Doctor Moore's office must remain opened in minimum of fifteen inches.

Buck comes and sits next to Casey. They smoke together.

SONDRA

I can't stand smoke... OK ?

Buck and Casey puff clouds of smoke.

CLARK

And I would also like to suggest that you buy one of those ashtrays...

SONDRA

How come you don't listen to Clark ? How come you don't do anything about this, Bob ?

CLARK

... that sucks up the smoke and purifies it. They cost nine dollars and ninety-nine cents, half of which is four-ninety-nine point five.

CASEY

(he laughs)

He's going to open the door.

CLARK

One of you will have to pay an extra penny, but I'm sure you can work that out.

CASEY

He's going to open the door.

CLARK

I'm going to open the door.

General laugh. Several incomprehensible words. We understand only Sondra's next reply.

SONDRA

You smell like an ashtray.

CLARK

You know, if you don't act more seriously in groups.

Richie enters the room.

SONDRA

Hi, Richie !

BUCK

He's back.

CASEY

He's back.

BUCK

Next time you get snot on the doorknob...

SONDRA

Come sit down here.

BOB

Bill... What would you like to tell us about yourself ?

Richie walks behind Bill to reach his seat.

BILL

Well... I have plenty of problems... the biggest of which right now is jet-lag. So I think I'll pass for now, Bob.

BOB

Fair enough...

BOB' OFFICE - MEETING ROOM - INTERIOR NIGHT

The end of the preceding scene fades in the beginning of this one. We are now later in the same day. Night has come. The atmosphere seems more relax. Buck is half lying on a sofa. Sondra is finishing her story with a sweet voice, and does not simper anymore.

SONDRA

...She's like a daughter to me... We hang out... Meaning that... It's wonderful...

BOB

(he looks at this watch)

Well, that's all for tonight. I'll see you all next week...

BUCK

Way to go.

Bob gets up very quickly. Everyone does like him, but more slowly. Bob turns back before he leaves the room.

BOB

Bill... I'll be with you in a couple of minutes.
Bill nods in agreement.

SONDRA

Bye...

BUCK

Coffee, anyone?

BILL

Yeah.

CLARK

(he whispers)
Nine.

Bill remains seated and nods to the people getting out. Clark remains, behind Bill, in front of the shelves. He puts something back in a plastic bag and mumbles something we don't understand. Bill turns toward him.

CLARK

Have you read Bob's book ?

BILL

No, I haven't.

CLARK

He puts the bag in the pocket of this jacket, and takes a book on a shelf. He gives it to Bill.
It's really... it's quite excellent.

BILL

"Way to go"... I'm glad to hear you liked it.

CLARK

He wipes his hand with a white handkerchief, wipes the handle of his black leather case before taking it, and then puts the handkerchief in the pocket of his pants.
Very much. Good night, Doctor Capa.

BILL

Good night.

Bill holds his hand out, but Clark does not take it. He just nods in a friendly way and goes out.

Alone, Bill flips through the books.

IN FRONT OF BOB'S OFFICE BUILDING - EXTERIOR NIGHT

Bill and Bob come out of the building where Bob's office is located. Bob has his jacket on and Bob is wearing a brown leather jacket. He is carrying his traveling bags.

BILL

Alone at last !...

BOB

Are you OK ?

BILL

Well, nobody jumped out of the window. So maybe I am making progress...

BOB'S CAR - EXTERIOR NIGHT

Bob's expensive convertible Mercedes starts away. On the back license plate, we can read «WAY TO GO». The roof of the car is open. The rest of the scene takes place inside the car driving

through Los Angeles.

BOB

You want to get a drink ?

BILL

Hu-hu !

BOB

You want to get laid ?

BILL

((he laughs))
No !

BOB

So what do you think of my little group ?

BILL

What's Buck's story ?

BOB

You mean, how did he loose his wife and kid. I don't know yet. He's not talking yet... Either !

BILL

How about Casey ?

BOB

You tell me !

BILL

Well... I smell money... Lots of it... Maybe an abusive father... How am I doing so far ?

BOB

A Plus !

BILL

Daddy pays for the expensive loft downtown, and the very expensive artistic life style, as long a junior stays in therapy.

BOB

You got the hair on the back of my neck standing up !

BILL

Yes, I'm a psychic when it comes to masochists. Five'll get you ten he likes to whack now and then.

BOB

Where did you get that from ?

BILL

I was born with it. Like a tuning fork.

BOB

What about Richie ?

BILL

Genuine nut-case.

BOB

Dangerous ?

BILL

Volatile ! Don't fuck with a trapped rat !

BOB

Oh, I see. "Trapped rat" syndrome with a recommendation of a "Non fuck with" therapy !

Bill laughs.

Well, can I quote you on that ?

They have reached a quieter road.

BILL

Yes, you may. Takes notes, there'll be a pop-quiz later !...

BOB

OK, I'm ready.

Bob turns on his left to enter his residence.

BILL

All right, if I diagnose a schizophrenia, what do you recommend ?

BOB

Don't fuck with it !

BILL

Now, you got it.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - EXTERIOR NIGHT

A huge sliding metallic door, with spikes on the top, moves smoothly to let the car enter. Bill seems impressed by the residence of his friend. He looks at the security camera. Bob stops the car and they get out of it. Bill takes his luggage.

BILL

It's all one place ?...

They come near a door shaped like a giant keyhole.

Goddamn...

A metallic gate slides behind the door to let them in.

Like peeking through a keyhole...

They get down a few steps and reach a lawn.

You get a very limited... view of the truth....

BOB

What's that ?

Bill looks with admiration at the pool, and at the huge and impressive house, very Hollywood-like.

BILL

"Way to go" must have gone really well !

BOB

Yeah !

BOB'S RESIDENCE - INTERIOR NIGHT

They enter the house. A beep is heard when Bob opens the door.

BOB

After you, wise guy... Come on.
Bill laughs.

BILL

Oh, men...

He laughs, looking at the luxury that surrounds him. The best and the most expensive in modern furniture. Large expensive paintings hanged on the walls. Leather armchairs. Bob types a secret code on a keyboard. Then he switch on a small TV set that shows the pictures from all the security cameras.

BILL

So, how are we as we approach forty ?

BOB

We are in a good shape. Really good shape. We finally got divorced. We have some money...

He puts back in place a painting that was slightly crooked.

BOB

... We're meticulous.

BILL

(he takes off his jacket)
I don't detect a woman's touch.

BOB

We have a little friend... You'll meet her.

BILL

She's too young for you.

BOB

Ohh !

BILL

(he sits behind the bar)
Always get the clichés and you won't be disappointed.

BOB

This woman is not a cliché.
He has taken two bottle of beer from the fridge and he gives one to Bill.

BILL

Thanks...
They clink the two bottle and drink the beer from the bottle.
Good to see you, Bob !

BOB

You too !... So...
Bill plays with a «piece of art», consisting of an assembly of square pieces of glass glued together into a larger square. The object can pivot on his stand and, when you look through it, you get a distorted view of whatever is behind it.
You're ready yet ?

BILL

Ready to what ?
We see the distorted face of Bill through the «piece of art», or rather several distorted view of Bill's face seen through each of

the individual square of glass. Bob pivot the object to have a better view of his friend.

So hard to talk about... So hard to talk about...

Bill pivot the object again to hide behind it.

I's just a game... dumb, deceitful game. So I quit my practice.

He gets up.

BOB

Lost you religion, huh ?

BILL

He takes a big book on a shelf. There is a picture of Sigmund Freud on the cover.

Well, I certainly lost my belief in the scriptures.

He puts the book back, and with his hand, makes a masturbation gesture.

BOB

I'm sorry, buddy. You gonna be in a lot of pain.

BILL

There is a distinctive absence of pain. I... I cannot feel the pain that I know that I'm supposed to be feeling right now. And I think I'm going crazy...

We feel that Bill is ready to cry.

I'm lost, man, I think I'm going crazy.

He has tears in his eyes.

BOB

You may be... Your mind may be shot...

COUNTRYSIDE - EXTERIOR DAY

In front of Bob's residence. The sun is shining. Bill is wearing a brown tank top and white jogging pants. Bob is wearing a blue cyclist shirt and black pants. They're both wearing caps. They are ready to go cycling. We hear the (voice over) of Bob, finishing the sentence from the preceding scene.

BOB

... but I hope your body isn't.

BILL

Do I get to warm up ?

BOB

Yeah !... Two mile any pace you like. And then... They mount their bicycles.

... let's do ten.

They are now on the road in front of Bob's residence.

BILL

Ten ?

BOB

Too much for you, huh ?

BILL

I dunno... I was thinking of maybe twenty. He starts full speed.

They are now on a minor dirt road. We can see Bob's house in the background.

BOB

Gees ! Billy ! You'll never change... Why don't we just drop our pants to see who's got the bigger dick, and then we can go back and have a nice civilized breakfast ?

BILL

Wouldn't be civilized...

BOB

Why ?

BILL

You'll be sulking !

BOB

They are going uphill.

You don't have hills in New-York...

He slows down.

Hang on a second... Hang on a second... Hang on a second...

Bob stops and dismounts his bike.

BILL

What ?

BOB

What was that ?... What the hell was that ?...

Bill dismounts his bike. Bob gets his bike upside down and sets it upright standing on the saddle and the handlebar. He checks the chain. Bill is leaning on his bike.

BILL

What are you afraid of ?

BOB

I got a gear slip, here somewhere...

BILL

That's not what I meant... What with the security systems, the security gates, looking over your shoulder.

BOB

I've been getting some threats.

BILL

What do you mean ?... Death threats ?

BOB

Pretty sure it's somebody in the Monday night group, I just don't know who...

BILL

Monday night as in last night ?

BOB

Yeah !... I was hoping that maybe with your tuning fork that you might have a hunch.

BILL

No... No hunch, Bob. What make you think it's somebody in the group ?

Bob spins the pedals to check the chain.

BOB

Only about a dozen things... I's been going on for a couple of months now. It's funny how it gets you after a while.

BILL

Call the cops ?...

BOB

He puts his bike back on the wheels.

Yeah ! They say if they had to protect every shrink in L.A., they'll need an army ! But that I should call them if anything happened.

They put their sunglasses on.

BILL

(he laughs).

That makes sense.

BOB

Yeah ! Probably, it'll just blow over.

BILL

Yeah !

BOB

How about you ?

BILL

About me... what ?

We see them going very fast on the minor dirt road. A horse rider rides near them.

What would you give a suicidal patient that's got everything ?

They ride even faster while clowning, like riding on the back wheel.

BOB

Parachute, I heard it already.

BILL

Out here already, huh ?

BOB

Come on, old timer !...

BOB'S RESIDENCE - EXTERIOR DAY

The heavy metal door is sliding away. Bob and Bill are getting in. They dismount their bikes with some difficulty. They drop their bikes on the ground.

BILL

Oh, shit ! You may have to... You may have to carry me in.

They hold each other by the waist and the shoulders.

BOB

You know you lose a lot more gracefully than you used to...

BILL

Yeah ! Well, you know... Practice and all... Hey ! How about that : "Learning to loose" by Doctor Bill Capa !

A beep and the second gate gets open.

BOB

Got a ring to it !

BILL

They are making those seats smaller, huh ? Whoo !

They enter the residence. Bill is massaging his buttocks.

BOB'S OFFICE - BOB'S WORKROOM - INTERIOR NIGHT

Short low angle shot of the whole building, before entering Bob's workroom. Bob's desk is decorated with two wrought iron eagles. Bob is wearing jacket and necktie. He is just finishing a session with a patient.

BOB

See you next week. All right ?

He escorts his patient to the door. Enter Barbara, Bob's secretary.

BARBARA

I'm going now. You want me to lock on the way out ?

BOB

That'll be great, Barbara.

She gets out. Bob takes his jacket off and sets it on a clothes valet. He then stops by the shelves behind his desk and starts the music : a concerto for piano and orchestra. He sits behind his desk, and starts writing in a large notebook. He hears a strange noise, and raises his head. He puts his pen down, open a drawer and takes his revolver out. A draught flips the pages of his notebook. He seems to feel better, puts the revolver back and closes the drawer. Then he closes the notebook, takes it and goes to the shelves. He seems to be looking for something, and feels worried not to find it. He gets out of his workroom.

BOB'S OFFICE - MEETING ROOM - INTERIOR NIGHT

He enters the meeting room and goes directly to the shelves. He looks around and takes an art book about Van Gogh. He checks that the size of the art book and the size of his notebook are similar. He takes off the dustcover of the art book and puts it on his notebook, puts his notebook on the shelf where the art book was and puts the art book in the bottom of the shelves. A shadow moves on the shelves and a strange noise is heard. Bob, a bit nervous, goes to the door and opens it. The classical music stops. Through the open door, we can see Bob opening the door of his workroom.

BOB

Barbara ?...

He comes back into the meeting room. When he enters the room, the light is suddenly switched off. He crosses the meeting room. We can hear someone chuckling, and we can see a shadow through the glass on the door.

BOB'S OFFICE - CORRIDOR - INTERIOR NIGHT

Bobs gets rapidly out of the meeting room. A man, completely

covered in black leather, jumps through a large ground glass panel, and jumps on Bob's back. Short fight on the floor. Bob gets up, bumps into the drinking fountain which falls on the floor, and falls down.

Close-up of the mysterious man's hand. It is covered with a glove. The hand closes itself and a long blade appears on the top of the hand. Bob gets up and is stabbed in the chest. He staggers a bit, takes a blue vase on a table and tries to hit the head of the mysterious man. He misses and the vase crashes on the wall. He is stabbed again in the chest. His staggering increases. He turns around and the man stabs him several times in the back. He stumbles to the front door. Another stab in the back. The man grabs him by his hair to bring him back into the workroom.

BOB

No... Nooooo !... Why ?

The man stabs him several times. Bob is covered with blood. He falls on a glass door. The glass is shattered. Bob falls on his back. A big piece of glass goes through him and comes out of his stomach. Through the window, we can see an helicopter flying over Los Angeles.

MAIN POLICE STATION - EXTERIOR NIGHT

A car has just stopped in front of the building. The blue revolving light keeps on moving on top of the car. An helicopter is flying above the building. It could be the same that is seen at the end of the preceding scene. Officer Anderson goes around the car and opens the door for Bill. Bill is wearing a T-shirt, a light sweater and jeans. One can tell he had to dress quickly. Bill gets out of the car, and the car moves away. Anderson takes Bill into the building.

MAIN POLICE STATION - INTERIOR NIGHT

Classical setup of a californian police station. The various rooms are separated with glass partitions. An officer enters pushing, in front of him, a hooker dressed with a minimum of very flashy clothes.

VOICE OF A POLICE WOMAN

Have you thought about...

THE HOOKER

Man, I didn't do nothing. Oh, please... You know, you're very cute. I love you.

THE POLICE OFFICER

I love you too !

Anderson leads Bill into a room and leaves him there. Bill sits down. Enters lieutenant Hector Martinez. He is wearing a pink shirt with short sleeves. His tie is badly knotted on an open collar. He has a police badge fixed on his belt. He holds a file in his hand.

HECTOR

You're Capa ?

BILL

Yes, I'm Doctor Capa.

HECTOR

He closes the door, puts his file on the desk and sits down behind

the desk.

You're here because of the dead doctor ?

BILL

Yes...

HECTOR

I read something about sessions on Mondays. Tell me about this Monday group.

BILL

There's five patients in the group. I Can't really remember their names right now.

HECTOR

He taps his head with his right hand, a gesture meaning mental illness. He has a telephone number scribbled on the palm of his hand.

Like five cuckoos.

BILL

No. Four neurotics of varying degrees and one killer. At least, that's what Bob thought.

HECTOR

Bob Moore ?

BILL

Good. Yes, Bob Moore.

HECTOR

Four men and one woman.

BILL

Right.

HECTOR

And you sat in one of these sessions, right ?

BILL

Yes, I did.

HECTOR

So, who did it ?

Anderson enters the room behind Bill, carrying a plastic cup.

Hey-hey-hey-hey... ! Anderson ! This is civilization, man.

What do think this is ?... Your bedroom ?...

Anderson gives Bill the cup.

Damn... Knock... Knock... Don't... don't come into my office like that, bro. Hey !

Anderson leaves the room and closes the door.

It's third world thing !... Where were we ?...

BILL

He blows on the cup.

You were probing me about the patients. And I was about to tell you that I really can't help you at all. I don't really know any of these people.

HECTOR

But you're a professional like me. You gotta have some kind of suspicion.

BILL

I really don't have a clue. I'd like to help you, but even if I could, there is an issue of confidentiality.

HECTOR

Confidentiality ?...

BILL

Yes.

HECTOR

(he laughs) and gets up.

You're talking to me about an issue of confidentiality.

BILL

Similar to the Miranda oath.

HECTOR

He sits down on the desk, facing Bill.

If a friend of mine got killed, and the only thing between the killer and me was Miranda, you know what I will do ?... Huh ?... Fuck Miranda up the ass. But don't tell anybody, because it's a matter of confidentiality... Shhh !...

He puts a finger on his lips.

BILL

Oh, look ! I'm sorry I can't help you. I've only been in Los Angeles four days.

HECTOR

You're sleeping at that... dead guy's house, aren't you ?

BILL

Yes.

HECTOR

Maybe something will come to you in the night, you know, like dreams and shit. But... what happens to patients in a situation like this ?

BILL

Usually a colleague will offer to take over the group... continue the treatment.

HECTOR

He gets up. We see his pistol hooked on the back of his belt.

How sweet !... How sweet !... It's like one of the vultures dies and then the others step in line and eat his portion.

He mimes vultures walking.

Is that what you're planning ?

BILL

No.

HECTOR

Why not ?

BILL

Because I really can't handle that right now.

HECTOR

Sure you can !... Come on !... You've been a week in L.A. and you already have your own private screwing farm.

He sits back on the edge of the desk.

How bad can that be ?... That's a great career move.... Where

were you at the time of the killing, Capa ?

BILL

He pauses before answering.
I was at his house, Bob's house.

HECTOR

You had to think about that ?

BILL

Jesus Christ !... Are you going to arrest me, Lieutenant
Martinez ?

HECTOR

Hey ! You want a lawyer ?

BILL

Do I need a lawyer ?

HECTOR

You're in L.A. Everybody needs a lawyer.
He goes back to his seat behind the desk, and conspicuously shows
his back to Bill.
All right !... You can go home now, take a shower.
He turns back to Bill.
And keep your mouth shut. The only thing that I got going
for me is that few people know what happened, and I don't
want the press fucking things up.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - INTERIOR NIGHT

Bill plays with the «piece of art» made of pieces of glass. He
pivots it. We can see Bill's face duplicated by the object. We
then see Bill putting back in place the same crooked painting that
Bob had been putting back in place the first time Bill was in the
house. Then we see him walking pensively around the house.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - INTERIOR DAY

A corridor. We hear the buzz of an intercom. Bill comes out of the
bathroom, dressed in a white bathrobe. He is drying his hair with
a towel.

BILL

All right !... All right !... Hold on !

He walks in the corridor, looking for the buzzer. He arrives into
the main hall, near the video security device. On the wall near
the TV set, two large paintings showing enlarged footprints. On
the screen, we see Hector's face.

BILL

Oh shit !

BOB'S RESIDENCE - MAIN GATE - EXTERIOR DAY

Hector is waiting in front of the gate. He is wearing a grey
shirt, a beige blazer and a necktie, and a police badge on his
belt. Next to him is Bob's car. Behind him, a uniformed police
officer. Hector presses the bell. We hear a beep.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - HALL - INTERIOR DAY

We see and hear Hector via the TV set.

HECTOR

Capa !... Capa !... Are you there ?
Bill takes the remote control.

BILL

Yeah...

HECTOR

How is it going ?

BOB'S RESIDENCE - MAIN GATE - EXTERIOR DAY

We hear Bill's voice in the intercom.

BILL

What do you want ?

HECTOR

I brought the victim's car back and I got to search the house.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - HALL - INTERIOR DAY

BILL

You got a search warrant ?

BOB'S RESIDENCE - MAIN GATE - EXTERIOR DAY

HECTOR

What is it with you ? Don't you want me to find out who killed your friend ?... No, I don't have a warrant.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - HALL - INTERIOR DAY

BILL

All right... Come on in...

HECTOR

Open the gate.

BILL

Yeah... Right... How's that ?

BOB'S RESIDENCE - MAIN GATE - EXTERIOR DAY

Hector waits a little, then gets sprayed by a sprinkler located outside the screen-field.

HECTOR

You got the sprinklers on !

BOB'S RESIDENCE - HALL - INTERIOR DAY

We hears the end of Hector's sentence.

BILL

How about that ?

Bill taps on the remote control. We hear a beep. On the TV set, we see Hector taking his jacket off.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - SITTING ROOM - INTERIOR DAY

Hector is searching the shelves on the wall. He quickly looks

through the books, takes a step back, then thrusts his hand behind a row of books, and grabs a photo album. While flipping through the pages, he goes to the sofa and sits next to Bill. Bill is wearing a white shirt and a pair of jeans. Hector goes on turning the pages, and stop on a page with the picture of supine naked woman.

BILL

Jill... his wife... his ex-wife...

HECTOR

Nice bush !

Bill closes the album, takes it from Hector's hands and gets up. He turns to look at Hector.

BILL

I'll tell you said so...

He walks to the shelves and put the album back where it was found.

He looks at Hector.

I'm sure it will mean a lot to her...

BOB'S RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - INTERIOR DAY

Close-up of the head of the bed. It is decorated with wooden sculpture of women's faces. Hector enters the room, followed by Bill. He goes to the bed and strokes the sculptures.

HECTOR

Check this fucking bed !

He goes around the bed and sits next to the sculpture, which he keeps on fondling.

Damn !... Everybody is having fun but me, goddammit !

Hector opens a drawer, and takes a revolver out of it. He holds it with his pen stuck into the trigger ring.

BILL

I do not like guns.

Hector puts the revolver back in the drawer.

HECTOR

You prefer knives ?

BOB'S RESIDENCE - EXTERIOR DAY

Bill and Hector are getting out of the house.

HECTOR

I need you to do me a favor.

BILL

What's that ?

They are crossing the garden. Hector is still in shirtsleeves and has some papers in his hand.

HECTOR

I want you to tell the group about Moore's death.

BILL

Me ?...

HECTOR

Yes.

BILL

Why ?

HECTOR

Well, maybe one of them won't come in, or maybe they will all come in, but then you would be able to spot something wrong.

BILL

I just can't handle it right now... OK ?...

HECTOR

I just had all the mess in his office cleaned up. Don't you want to help me find the killer ? Have a heart.

BILL

What does that mean?

HECTOR

If you don't tell them, I'll have to tell them. Am I the person to break the news to these people ? « Listen up, you fucking daffodils, your shrink is dead. They have reached the main gate. Hector gets out and Bill presses a switch. The gate starts sliding between him and Hector. Which means that all the time, effort and love you put in this relationship is wasted. You've got to remain as fucked up as you are or get worse. »

BILL

You are one sinister piece of work. All right, I'll do it.

HECTOR

It's better if you do it.

A ROAD - EXTERIOR DAY

We are in Bob's car, with the roof open. Bill is wearing a green polo shirt, jeans and sunglasses. He is on the phone, while he drives the car, but he drives slowly.

BILL

No, you listen to me. You don't understand, Gene. Don't lie, just give the family what it wants... No... No, you don't understand.

We see Bill from the back. In the rear-view mirror of the car, we see another convertible vehicle approaching with also its roof open. A young girl is driving. She comes a bit too fast and bumps into the back of Bill's car. Bill jumps and stops his car.

I have to call you back. Christ !

He puts the telephone back on his hook and gets out of the car. He goes to Rose's car. She is leaning on the steering wheel.

Hey !... You're right ?... Hey !...

He opens the door. She stands back. She is wearing a large beige sweater.

ROSE

Why me ?... Hi !... I'm Rose.

BILL

Hi, Rose !... I't nice to run into me like this !... I'm Bill Capa...

He goes away from the car.

ROSE

I got no insurance...
She gets out of her car.
I know it's against the law and everything.
She goes around her car, and looks at the damage.
Don't bust my chops. I'll bring the money to you, if you
just get an estimate.
She stoops, picks up a piece of red plastic and gives it to Bill.
OK ?... Just give me a break !

BILL

Got a pen ?

Rose goes to her car and Bill throws the piece of red plastic
away. Rose gets into her car, looks into her purse, and takes a
small notebook and a pen. Bill takes them but hesitates before
writing. Rose smiles mockingly.

ROSE

Oh, poor old brain can't remember its own phone number.

BILL

I just moved here... From New York... I wrote my address down,
because I am not sure about this number, and how long I
gonna be there, so maybe you can call me sometimes for the
next couple of days.

ROSE

I will.

BILL

Bye !

He goes away from the car.

ROSE

Hey !... Don't you want my address ?

Bill gets into his car.

BILL

You could lie.

He starts his car.

BOB'S OFFICE - WORKROOM - INTERIOR NIGHT

Bill skip through the pages of a large notebook, looking exactly
like the one Bob had hidden under a Van Gogh dustcover just before
he got killed. He puts his back on the two other ones, already
lying on the desk. He is wearing a grey T-shirt and an open denim
shirt.

BOB'S OFFICE - MEETING ROOM - INTERIOR NIGHT

Bill enters the room, coming from the workroom.

BILL

Hi !... Who hasn't arrived yet ?

BUCK

He is standing up. He is wearing a white T-shirt and a grey sweater with a V-shaped collar.

Sondra... Where's Bob ?

RICHIE

He is wearing a grey sport jacket with a zipper and a striped T-shirt.

Wha... What's wrong ?

BILL

If it's all right, I'd rather wait till you're all here. She's always this late ?

CLARK

He is wearing a dark suit, very elegant. He is wiping his hand with a handkerchief.

Depends on who is banging her...

SONDRA

She enters very rapidly through the corridor door. She seems very happy. She drops on the armchair next to Casey. She is wearing an very close-fitting overall, which is generously open on her throat. The top of the overall is very colorful and the bottom is black. On top of it, she is wearing a pink sport jacket.

Oh, I'm sorry... Class was really, really really late.

CASEY

He is sitting in an armchair. He is wearing an grey collarless shirt and a black sleeveless vest.

Was class was that, Sondra ? Advanced cunnilingus for the single woman, or a CPR for pleasure and game ?

BUCK

Christ, don't excite her !...

SONDRA

Where is Doctor Moore ?

BILL

There's something I want to tell you.

RICHIE & CASEY

What ?

SONDRA

What's the matter ?

CASEY

Shhhh !...

SONDRA

I'm trying to pay attention... Shhh !

BILL

You should prepare yourself for bad news...

SONDRA

Why ?...

BILL

Bob's been killed.

SONDRA

Her face is distorted by the pain. She puts her hand in front of her mouth.

Ohhhh !

CASEY

What are you saying ?... What are you telling me ?

BILL

He was murdered.

CASEY

Sondra !...

BILL

He was locking up here late Friday night.

SONDRA

Here ?...

BILL

Yes, right here in the office.

BUCK

Was he shot... stabbed... beaten ?... Have they got a suspect... a motive ? Three days go by, and you don't call us.

BILL

It was easier if you were here together.

CASEY

He stands up.

Oh, I see. So, even Bob's death is group therapy. That's great. Hey, Bob, thanks for giving us a chance to grieve together. Shit !...

He gets more and more angry through the preceding reply.

BUCK

He has become very nervous too.

What the fuck is going on here ? I need to know more.

BILL

He was stabbed to death.

CLARK

How many times was he stabbed ?

SONDRA

She jumps up. She goes to Clark and hits him.

This man was Bob's best friend. Do you really needed exact numbers now ?

BILL

He takes Sondra very gently by the shoulders and brings her back to her seat.

Sondra... Sondra... Sondra... Sondra...

SONDRA

Get your fucking hands off me...

BILL

It's OK... It's OK !

CASEY

It doesn't make sense to me...

BILL

Many times, Clark... More than thirty... It's all I can tell you...

CASEY

It wasn't a thief, I can tell you that right now.

CLARK

I agree.

CASEY

He is still very nervous.

I mean, why stab a guy thirty times ?... Bob !... He'd piss in his pants if you showed him a knife, you know that...

SONDRA

She is crying.

What are you saying ?

CASEY

I'm saying, Sondra, that you really, really have to hate a person to stab him that many times. You're a shrink, right ? You know what kind of power people hand over a shrink. Or maybe sometimes, they hand even more than they want to.

CLARK

That is absolutely correct... A thief would not stick around and stab someone thirty times.

BUCK

He sits down.

Since when did you become such an expert on robbery ?

SONDRA

It's not the robbery he's an expert on, it's the rage.

RICHIE

He has seated himself behind Sondra and puts his hand on her shoulder.

What... what are we gonna do now ? I mean u...us, th...the group ?

CASEY

I bet Doctor Capa has an idea...

BUCK

What does he mean ?

Casey hits his forehead. Buck is almost crying.

BILL

He sits down.

I think Casey is suggesting that I... may have some plans to replace Bob...

Casey sits down.

SONDRA

Maybe you should.

BILL

No... I can't do that... Not right now...

SONDRA

Why ?...

BILL

One reason is that I am more screwed up than you people are.

CASEY

I was just being obnoxious, and loud before. Anybody has a fucking Xanax ?

SONDRA

I have a librium...

BUCK

Stop with the drugs.

CASEY

It would be a good idea if you stayed.

BUCK

Bob isn't cold yet ?

CASEY

I mean, there'll be some connections. Right ?...

SONDRA

She gets up and sits down in front of Bill. She takes the cushion which was on the armchair and hugs it.
You were Bob's best friend... You... you seem kind of like him...
I'll be so much easier to trust you.

BILL

During the following reply, Richie comes and sits behind Sondra.
I know what kind of force a group can become in your life...
You tell things here... intimate things that... you wouldn't tell your best friend. I'm very flattered that you would...
He stops. He seems ready to cry.
But the truth is : You are the people that make this work.
I would be more than happy to try to find someone for you to continue this, but I cannot help you.

CLARK

If my opinion counts for anything, I would like to ask :
why it is you feel so inadequate for the task.

Buck comes and sits next to Clark.

BUCK

Maybe he just don't like us.

BILL

No, that's not it, Buck.

BUCK

Why don't you step on something?

CLARK

You stop.

BILL

Six weeks ago, I spoke harshly to a patient. And she committed suicide... Right in front of me.
Clark puts his handkerchief on his lips.

Perhaps she would have done this, anyway. That's what my colleagues say... But I don't know...

SONDRA

Oh, I'm sorry.

BILL

He is crying with big tears.

And my patient... Her name was Michelle... She jumped out... of a window in my office... Ohh... So much blood... And so red... And in right time, before my eyes... the red just disappeared... it's turned to grey... So I don't see... red now... Then I failed... so I can't help you... I don't think that you want someone like me around right now...

Clark wipes his face again with his handkerchief. He seems to be extremely moved.

BUCK

I think I do.

RICHIE

M... me too.

CASEY

Why don't you give us a try for a month.

CLARK

Listen, if you need anything, any free legal advice, to help you wrap up Bob's affair, please don't hesitate to call me. I'm not with anyone right now. I'll be more than happy to help you in anyway.

Clark gives his business card to Bill, who takes it. Then he gives him a kleenex. Bill wipes his eyes.

BILL

Thank you.

We see, through the window, light-beams crossing in the sky.

THE WHISKY BAR - EXTERIOR NIGHT

Usual atmosphere of a well-known bar. At a short distance from the entrance of the bar, a truck with two floodlights, the beams of which are sweeping the sky. Those beams make the connection with the preceding scene.

THE WHISKY BAR - INTERIOR NIGHT

Quick shot on the very noisy orchestra. A long hair bearded guy is playing the drums, a girl is playing the guitar. Bill, dressed exactly like in the preceding scene, is looking for someone. Eventually he finds him, Hector, who is already seated. Bill sits down at Hector's table. Hector is wearing an open dark pink shirt.

HECTOR

You bring me a confession ?

BILL

No.

HECTOR

Well, you win some, you lose some, right Capa ?

BILL

Listen, maybe it was not one of the group

HECTOR

Oh no... he's beginning to like them already. Your friend Bob Moore deserves a lot more loyalty than this.

BILL

Hey... Why... Why are we staying here shouting at each other for ? What's this place ?

HECTOR

I used to work in narcotics. They used to come here a lot. I probably fucked and, or arrested half of these people's parents. It's a nice place. I like it.

BILL

Makes sense. Look, I'm sorry I haven't got anything for you. I'll see you around.

Bill gets up and leaves the bar. Hector gets up behind him and follows him. They meet back in the street.

THE WHISKY BAR - EXTERIOR NIGHT

HECTOR

So, that's it, hey ?

BILL

Yeah.

HECTOR

Anything you want to tell me ?...

They put back their jackets.

BILL

NO

VOICE OF THE CAR VALET

Yeah, it's a four-door, man !

Hector and Bill are walking slowly in front of the bar.

HECTOR

So you better shut the group down.

BILL

Who say I hadn't ?

HECTOR

Oh, have you or haven't you ?

BILL

They ask me to take over the group. I couldn't say no.

HECTOR

Ha ! Ha !... I figured... You're gonna do real well in this town. Shut the fucker down.

BILL

Stop. You sent me over there.

HECTOR

No, I send you there to convey a piece of bad news...

A pedestrian bumps into Hector.

Will you give me a break, will you, man !...

Hector lays the man on the hood of a car and frisks him.

I didn't send you there to go trolling for business.

BILL

Come on !

Hector lets the man go and starts walking again with Bill near the bar.

HECTOR

You told me you couldn't handle it.

BILL

Well, it turns out that I handle it now.

HECTOR

You stick you dick in a barrel full of barracudas once.

Maybe you won't lose it. You leave it in there, it's gonna get shewed up at the root.

They stop walking.

BILL

I appreciate your concern for my dick, Hector, thank you.

HECTOR

I am being really nice, full of concern for your safety, in case it's one of them, hey ? Shut it down, OK ?...

BILL

No... I can't do that.

HECTOR

He yells.

Shut it down, chingada ! Don't be an asshole. You'll find another set of wombats to exploit !

BILL

These sudden irrational outbursts, Hector... Did they begin in childhood or in puberty?

HECTOR

Get out of my face.

BILL

Am I in your face ? What an interesting choice of words !

Would you like me in your face ? You're married, Hector ?...

If you wanna deal with any of these problems, I'll give you special rates.

Bill has moved slightly away from Hector and turns his back to him.

HECTOR

Special rates ?... Ha ! ha !... What, like frequent flyer miles ?...

Hector mime something (or someone) crashing on the ground. Then he walks around his car.

Let me ask you something. Are you really color-blind, or is that some shit you feed them with so they feel sorry for you ?

BILL

No, unfortunately I am color... Did you bug the office ?

HECTOR

Hey, for a shrink, you're pretty fucking dense.

Hector gets in his car, while the valet is holding the door for him. He closes the door and the car moves away, leaving a pensive Bill on the sidewalk.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - EXTERIOR NIGHT

Bill comes to the keyhole shaped door. We can see his car parked behind him. He dial a code on a keyboard and the gate opens behind the door. He looks cautiously around him before walking further. He presses a switch to close the gate.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - INTERIOR NIGHT

Bill enters the house. It is very dark. He opens a glass door and walks slowly, while the door closes behind him. He hesitates a moment, then walk more decidedly... and falls heavily on the floor ! He stands back up with some difficulty, and discovers that the whole floor is flooded.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - INTERIOR DAY

Bill enters the kitchen without switching the light on. He takes a big butcher's knife in a stand on the table, and looks in the corridor.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - CORRIDOR - INTERIOR NIGHT

Bill wades in the flooded corridor. He seems worried and we see the knife blade shining. He enters the bathroom, the door of which is wide open, and opens the shower stall. A rush of water runs out of it. An alarm starts sounding. He goes back into the corridor and turns off the garden hose faucet.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - GARDEN - EXTERIOR NIGHT

The alarm has stopped sounding. Bill is wearing short pants and he is emptying a bucket of water on the lawn. Then he spreads a wet cloth on the back of a seat. Several other wet clothes are already drying.

ROSE

Hello !

BILL

Who's there ?

We see Rose entering through the keyhole-shaped door.

ROSE

Hi !... Remember me ?... Fender-bender !...

BILL

There she is, a little angel, dancing on the head of a pin.

Rose gets down the few steps to the garden. She is wearing a light flowered summer dress.

ROSE

So... did you get that estimate ?

BILL

No.

ROSE

Waow !... Nice place you got here. It's a little cold... but it's kind of tasteful, right ?

BILL

And wet !

ROSE

You too, I guess.

BILL

Cold or tasteful ?

ROSE

So... Are we eating in here, or you take me out ?...

Bill bursts laughing.

BIG HOTEL - MAIN HALL - INTERIOR NIGHT

We still hear Bill's laugh slowly fading out. We are looking above the main hall of a big luxurious hotel. Two attendants are pushing a baggage cart. We move with them to the restaurant room. Bill and Rose are seated at a table.

ROSE

You can't ? ... At all ?... Waow !...

BIG HOTEL - RESTAURANT - INTERIOR NIGHT

Close-up on Rose putting lipstick on.

ROSE

Not even a shade of pink ?... Can't tell me if it's smeared or not ?

BILL

I can't tell you if your eyes are bloodshed.

ROSE

Really !... That's sad !... You know what ?... In respect for your infirmity, I'm gonna give up wearing lipstick.
Close-up on Rose putting her lipstick in her glass of water.
There is something about me that I bet you find a little strange. Right ?

In several shots during this dialogue, we see Bill seated in front of a mirror wall and Rose's reflection in the mirror behind Bill's back.

BILL

What is that ?

ROSE

Well, I haven't asked you what you do.

BILL

That's right. You showed a remarkable restraint.

ROSE

Well, it's because I'd rather guess. You know, I actually get upset if someone tries to tell me before I can... figure

it out for myself, you know ?

BILL

But what if I am ashamed of what I do.

ROSE

Why... Why should you be ashamed of being a shrink.

BILL

Who told you I was a shrink ?

ROSE

Well... Are you ?

BILL

How did you know ?

ROSE

The way you looked at me, you know ?

BILL

How I look at you ?

ROSE

You... you have this kindness in your eyes. But I think you're using it to keep me away. You know, you're trying to play safe. You're trying to think of a case instead of thinking of a female.

BILL

So, you have a tuning fork too.

ROSE

I guess we have a lot in common.

BILL

We seem to be playing the same game.

ROSE

Why do you say I'm playing a game?

BILL

Because you're the fantasy girl, aren't you? Quicksilver? The face glimpsed across a crowded room?

ROSE

Yeah, that's... That's exactly what I am.

BILL

You'll be whatever they want you to be... no substance, no rules. Light as air. So your feet never have to touch those burning hot coals the rest of us walk around on.

ROSE

Yeah. Sort of like... not seeing red?

BILL

Yeah, sort of like that.

BIG HOTEL - MAIN HALL - INTERIOR NIGHT

The main hall seen from above. Bill is crossing the hall with Rose holding his arm.

ROSE

I was afraid during dinner that you had taken a room here... and I might have to decide whether or not to go up with you.

BIG HOTEL - HOTEL MAIN ENTRANCE - EXTERIOR NIGHT

Rose and Bill are leaving the hotel.

BILL

Yes, but that was part of my plan. I mean, I wanted to. Bill gives a ticket to the car valet.
Thank you.

ROSE

Oh, I need a taxi. Taxi !

BILL

No, hey, hey. Wait, wait, wait. What are you being so tough for ?

ROSE

I'm just beginning to think that maybe I'll...

Rose kisses Bill very tenderly, and even with some spirit. While kissing, Bill moves Rose to a more discreet place near the entrance. He strokes her shoulder and gets the strap of her dress a bit down. Then he moves up the bottom of her dress to stroke her thigh.

VOICE OF THE VALET

(voice over)

Cab's here ! Yo, who called a taxi ?

BILL

I am thinking you should just let me take you home and forget about this stupid taxi.

ROSE

Rose walks to her waiting cab.

Well, I'm thinkin' you should stay exactly where you are, 'cause...

She smiles and looks at Bill's crotch.

In that condition, you'd get arrested. Start another riot.

BILL

Give me your phone number and address.

ROSE

Why? You want to make me fall to earth and burn my feet ?
Whatever happened to quicksilver and light as air?
She opens the cab's door and climbs inside. She waves to Bill.

BILL

She floats away on her sweet young legs. Waves to him once.
Drives away without a backward glance.

Rose closes the door and the cabs moves away.

BOB'S OFFICE - BUILDING - EXTERIOR DAY

The first sentence of the following dialogue is heard voice-over on a wide shot of the modern glass building where Bob's office is located.

BOB'S OFFICE - WORKROOM - INTERIOR DAY

Bill sits behind the desk. In front of the desk, already seated, Dale, Richie's brother. He is wearing an open khaki shirt. Bill wipes his glasses and puts them on. He is wearing an open light-blue shirt.

DALE

Richie is what he is.

BILL

What exactly is that?

DALE

He was born back of a van going up Route 5 to a Grateful Dead concert. The first sound he ever heard was "Beat It On Down The Line."

They both laugh.

BILL

Well, it could be worse.

DALE

Not much.

BILL

How long have you been his guardian?

DALE

Since he was nine or ten. But I've always taken care of Richie.

BILL

So, what can I do for you ?

DALE

Um, I was hoping you would help me... get Richie out of therapy. Look, I know I'm just his brother, but I've been like a mother and a father to him... Bill takes his glasses off.
and I know I can get overprotective, but...

BILL

Why would you want to take Richie out of therapy now ?

DALE

What Richie needs is normalcy.

BILL

Well, normalcy... Bill gets up and keeps on talking while walking in the room. Normalcy can be interpreted in a lot of different ways.

DALE

Richie has practically been raised by the state... Bill sits back.
... the social workers, psychiatrists... forcing him into this, um, psycho-servitude. He is the sweetest kid you'll ever meet, but he thinks of himself as handicapped. It just isn't right.

BILL

Well, he's got legal problems. Richie was sentenced by the court to mandatory treatment.

DALE

Every kid gets into trouble. And that's why I need you to help get him out.

BILL

You know, Dale, it's hard to tell when someone's feeling pain... but I want you to know...

DALE

If Richie feels pain... then I feel pain. Pretty much in tune with him. I just wish you'd give us a chance.

BILL

Let me check out Richie's status. Then, uh, I'll give probation a call.
Bill gets up.

DALE

Oh, thanks. Thanks, Dr. Capa.
Dale gets up and shakes Bill's hand.
I really appreciate it.

BILL

You're welcome, Dale. You either lift weights or work with your hands.

DALE

Yeah, uh, I make furniture.

BILL

Really.
Bill sits back, but not Dale.

DALE

Yeah, I made this desk for Bob, to remind him of New York.

BILL

No kidding.

DALE

We called it the Chrysler desk.

BILL

Chrysler.

DALE

You ever see his bed ?

CASEY'S LOFT - INTERIOR DAY

Tracking shot starting on a large painting showing a naked woman tied with ribbons. We hear the phone ringing. The answering machine gets on while the tracking shot moves to a painting showing another woman naked but for very small leather panties. She is hung upside down with chains and ropes.

CASEY'S VOICE ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi. This is Casey.
I can't get to the phone right now, so, uh, leave a message. Thanks.

A beep ends the message. The tracking shot moves on to a motorcycle, looking old, then to another painting showing a redhead woman wearing a bustier, a garter belt and hoses, all red. She is standing on hands and knees and she is wrapped with chains. We hear Bill's voice leaving a message on the answering machine.

BILL'S VOICE ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE

Casey, this is Bill Capa. It's around noon. Your father sent me a check for the private sessions you were having with Bob. Should I send the check back or do you want to continue ? Let me know, okay ?

A click ends the message. During Bill's message, the tracking shot moves to a giant plastic statue, with Walt Disney's Pluto's head on a human male body. Then the tracking shot moves more quickly to another painting showing a redhead woman wearing a close-fitting sexy black overall. Then a close shot on a painting of a woman wearing a harness with spikes. Further away we see another painting showing a redhead woman being whipped. At the end of Bill's message, the tracking shots ends on Casey lying supine on a weightlifting bench. His wrists are tied to the vertical bars where a dumbbell is resting.

CASEY

I think I want to continue.
We hear the crack of a whip. Since the shot is showing only Casey's head and chest, we don't see who is whipping him.
You bitch !
Another whip crack.
I called you a bitch !
Whip crack.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Whip crack. The tracking shot starts moving backwards, but with a larger angle.
Oh!
Whip crack. Casey's voice is softer. Medium long shot on the room.
Oh! I'm sorry.
Almost hysterical laugh.

ROAD IN FRONT OF BOB'S RESIDENCE - EXTERIOR DAY

We see Bill, bare chest, wearing sneakers short pants and cap, running toward us. His T-shirt is hanging at his side, partly stuck in the elastic band of his shorts. Bill stops running when he reaches the mailbox, hesitates one moment, comes two steps back and opens the box. Close-up on the box, inside of which a coiled rattlesnake whips a menacing forked tongue. The snake rattles, then the front half of the snake jumps out of the box, with its mouth wide open. Bill falls on the road, where he remains seated without moving. The snake, with the back half of his body still in the box, doesn't seem to know what it must do next.

A car arrives at a high rate of speed. Since a pick-up is parked on the other side of the road, the car must zigzag and it barely avoid driving on Bill.

BILL

Yelling to the driver.
Hey !

The car honks. We get a close-up of the driver when the car comes very close to Bill.

THE DRIVER

You idiot !

Bill looks at the departing car and notices a city worker blowing dead leaves on the bank of the road.

BILL

He yells to the city worker, but, with the loud noise of his power blower, the man does not hear him and remains concentrated on his work.

Hey ! Hey !... Help !... Shit !

Bill crawls back a little, then he eventually stands up. He crosses the road, and takes a big shovel in the pick-up truck.

Fuck !

He crosses the road back. The snake is back in the mailbox.

Hello !

Bill hits the box very hard with the shovel. Snake and mail fall on the road. Bill laughs and throws the shovel on the side of the road.

I am not goin' back to New York, you hear me ? You're stuck with me !

Bill stoops to pick up the letters scattered on the road. He looks at the envelopes.

Fuckin' bill. Great.

We see the snake disappearing through the grass on the side of the road. Bill, with his back to the road, is getting ready to enter the house. A car stops and honks. Bill turns around to face Hector.

HECTOR

Capa !

BILL

He comes back to the car. He looks very angry.

Oh, that's perfect ! That's really perfect ! Just like a cop ! You're never there when you need one !

HECTOR

What did I do now ?

BILL

Somebody put a rattlesnake in the mailbox, Hector !

HECTOR

(he laughs).

A rattlesnake !

BOB'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - INTERIOR DAY

Bill is washing his arms in the sink.

HECTOR

You scared the shit out of me outside.

BILL

Oh, I scared you, huh ? What the hell are you doing here ?

HECTOR

I could use some assistance, some of your professional wisdom.

BILL

I'm really flattered.

HECTOR

Everyone in the group has an alibi. Except for Casey. He says he was alone in his loft.

BILL

Yeah ?

HECTOR

Mm-hmm.

BILL

What does that mean ?
He dries his arms with a dishcloth.

HECTOR

What do you make of Casey?

BILL

He's a good kid.

HECTOR

You're an asshole, Capa.

Bill turns the water off, throws the dishcloth on the sink. Hector walks in the room while wiping his hands with another dishcloth.

BILL

Should we analyze that statement, Hector ?

HECTOR

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. Come on. Who is our man ?
Help me.

BILL

You're the cop. Figure it out.

He gets out of the kitchen, followed by Hector.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - CORRIDOR - INTERIOR DAY

HECTOR

You know what I think ? I think it was you. You've got the look.

BILL

That's right.

HECTOR

Yeah, I been talking to people who knew you both. Everyone says there was a weird competitive thing going between you.

They have come to the hall where the security TV screens are located. They stop walking.

BILL

Yeah, that's right. There was. I admit it. He was on the way up... and I was on the way down.

HECTOR

Including...
He whistles, miming, with both hands, something crashing down.
Splat ! It unhinged you.

BILL

I bet you've seen every episode of Columbo, huh?
Sound of a buzz. The two men look at the security screen.
Who is it?
Bill taps on the remote control, and Rose appears on the screen.

ROSE

Hi. It's me, Rose. The old fender bender.

Bill taps again on the remote control to open the gate, and Rose leaves the TV screen.

HECTOR

That's a very young girl to be going around... fending benders.

Bill puts the remote control down and follows Hector to the main gate.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - GARDEN - EXTERIOR DAY

Hector is walking to the exit. As he reaches the bottom of the steps, Rose is going down. Bill, standing behind a low wall, looks at her coming.

BILL

Here she comes. Weightless, hanging from the sky... wearing a short dress of indeterminate color.

ROSE

It's red, poor thing.

BILL

Thank you.

They kiss. Rose takes his hand.

ROSE

I was thinking. Maybe I should see a shrink.

BILL

I can recommend someone.

ROSE

I feel better already.

Close-up on their kissing.

BILL

God, I missed you.

They are now at the edge of the pool.

ROSE

This time you won't miss.

They fall fully dressed in the pool.

Underwater shot. They keep on kissing in the water. Bill takes her dress off. She wears nothing underneath. We can see a rose tattooed on her buttock. She slips Bill's short down to his ankles. We get a brief view of Bill's penis.

Above water shot. They are now in the water up to their waists. Bill is kissing Rose's breasts.

Underwater shot. They are back underwater. Bill is kissing Rose's legs, and moves slowly up to her crotch. She has trimmed pubic hair, but with some left. Still kissing, Bill moves up along her stomach and reaches hers breasts, which he kisses greedily.

Above water shot. Bill is leaning his back against the edge of the pool. Rose is lying on him. They are still in the water up to their waists.

Underwater shot. Rose is kissing Bill's chest et goes slowly down his stomach, then along one of his legs. We get another brief view of Bill's penis. We notice that it is not erected (certainly to avoid being X-rated).

BOB'S RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - INTERIOR DAY

Multiple shots of Bill and Rose making love, seen through the «piece of art». Then tracking shot on the two bodies fondling each other.

Shot on the bedroom window, and two hand-glider in the californian sky.

Back to the lovers couple. They are sweating profusely. Their position and their movements suggest, without actually showing it, that Bill is inside Rose. Bill turns Rose around to put her lying on her stomach. Rose holds the two sculpted bed posts very tightly. It is suggested that Bill could be sodomizing her.

They both moan. The moaning increases with a suggestion of an orgasm.

ROSE

Still holding the bedposts. She speaks with a breathless voice.

I want you to get dressed up... Get dressed up... All right ? She turns around to face him.

I want to get dressed up.

BILL

Right now ?

ROSE

Uh-huh.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - DINING-ROOM - INTERIOR NIGHT

Through the window, we notice that the night has fallen. Bill, seated behind the table, is wearing brown suit and necktie, very elegant. On the table, wine and water glasses and two chandeliers, with a lighted candle. In front of Bill, a plate with food. Rose enters the field, carrying another plate, which she sets on the other side of the table.

In the plate, a piece of grilled beef, noodles et vegetables.

Rose sits behind her plate. As the table is made of glass, we see that Rose is naked.

ROSE

You're not eating. Don't you like my food?

BILL

I'd like your food five inches to the left.

ROSE

Okay.

Rose moves the plate to her left, showing her naked body though the glass table.

But if you don't like this... I have something else for you.

S(he laughs).

BILL

Yeah, okay.

ROSE

I think it's ready.

She stands up laughing. Fade out on the next scene.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - INTERIOR NIGHT

Long scene on the couple making love standing under the shower.
Fade out on the next scene.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - INTERIOR DAY

Bill wakes up, naked, and alone in the bed. One of his hand is cuffed to one of the bedpost with a long strap. (he laughs).

ARCHIVES ROOM - INTERIOR DAY

An archives room, congested with shelves from floor to ceiling. On these shelves, hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of files, stacked not too cleanly. Bill is leaning on one of the shelves. The archivist, a forty-year old lady, appears from behind another shelf, apparently coming down some steps. Bill stands up.

THE ARCHIVIST

It's a miracle. I found it.

She starts walking between two rows of shelves. Bill follows her, putting his glasses on.

Here he is. Richie Dexter. Legal guardian: Dale Dexter.

That's his brother. Kids were put under care, let's see, about six years ago.

BILL

He tries to read above her shoulder.

Does it say why?

THE ARCHIVIST

Abandonment, abuse. The children were assigned to a, uh...
She flips a page in the file.

Dr. Niedelmeyer in Pasadena. A child psychiatrist. Richie was 12.

Bill tries to come back to the preceding page, but the archivist looks angrily at him, silently meaning he is going a bit too far.

No foster parents. Looks like the doctor retired a couple years after that. Then we lost track of the kids until recently.

BILL

What do you mean, "lost track" of them?

THE ARCHIVIST

She closes the file, and keeps on walking between the rows of shelves, followed by Bill.

Like on a radar : One minute a blip, the next, no blip.

Hey, look. This is the lost souls memorial wing. Children of L.A. County of the '90s: 250 000 cases in here, and there's two more down the hall.

SONDRA'S RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - INTERIOR DAY

The room is decorated in quite a luxurious way, but with a lot of

good taste. Paintings on the walls. Bed covered with an embroidered bedspread, and many cushions. At the foot end of the bed, a small upholstered bench.

Two women enter the room, laughing and carrying many parcels, which they throw on the bed.

BONNIE

Nobody's like your ex-husband!

SONDRA

That's for sure. That's for sure.

Bonnie takes one of the parcel, a large white box.

Okay, okay, okay.

BONNIE

She takes a white dress out of the box. For the first time, we see a close-up of her face, and we discover she is Rose, different hairdo, a lot of almost vulgar make-up, but still, she is Rose.

Here it is. Oh, Sondra, it is so beautiful. Isn't it great ?

SONDRA

I know. It's incredible. Look at all these bags.

ROSE

She shamelessly takes off the dress, and, as she wears no bra, she stands naked, save for her panties, in front of Sondra.

Oh, the man that was staring at you in the shop... was so funny.

S(he laughs). Sondra freezes watching the naked body of her friend.

I think I should have got it in green or something.

ROSE

Oh ! Oh ! Lush !

She has put the white dress on.

What do you think?

SONDRA

She seems very moved.

I think... you look beautiful.

ROSE

You sure ?

SONDRA

Oh, yeah.

ROSE

Come zip me up.

SONDRA

Okay. Okay.

She gets up from the bed to zip up Rose's dress.

Oh, this is so tight.

ROSE

Thank you.

SONDRA

I need to find a new husband.

They both laugh. Sondra goes back sitting on the bed and looking through the parcels.

I need some more money.

ROSE

Oh, men. Who needs them ? Have you seen my earrings anywhere ?

SONDRA

She waves the earrings in front of Rose's face.
Yes, I've got them.

ROSE

Oh, sweet !
Rose takes off the large rings she is wearing to replace them by the earrings Sondra just gave her. She sighs.
Oh, my God. I love these. Aren't they pretty ?

SONDRA

They're so gorgeous, yes.

ROSE

Try yours on.

SONDRA

Sondra doesn't move, feeling very embarrassed by the idea of undressing in front of her friend.

Okay.
She eventually gets up, and starts taking off the belt from her suit. Rose is putting her jacket on. A long silence : Sondra looks more and more embarrassed. She snickers stupidly. Rose looks at her without really understanding what's going on.

ROSE

What now ? Sondra, what ?

SONDRA

She sits back on the bed.
I feel embarrassed.

ROSE

Why?

SONDRA

'Cause... the way you're looking at me.

ROSE

Sondra... Do men look at you like that ?

SONDRA

No... Yes... But it's different.

ROSE

She bends to her.
You know, Sondra... it doesn't have to be any different at all.
The phone rings. Rose starts laughing.
You better get that.

SONDRA

She takes the phone.
Hello. Oh, h-hi. Um... Oh...
She seems embarrassed. Rose is making funny faces.
Um, mmm, okay.
She stammers a little.
N... My trainer's coming at 2:30, but that's... Yeah. You are? Okay !...

She goes to the window and moves the curtain aside. We see Bob's car in the street.

Um, oh, there you are ! Okay, okay. I'll see you in a minute !

STREET IN FRONT OF SONDRA'S RESIDENCE -- BOB'S CAR - EXTERIOR DAY

Bill drives and holds his car phone on his ear.

SONDRA'S VOICE

Bye.

Bill hangs up his car phone.

SONDRA'S RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - INTERIOR DAY

ROSE

She is looking at herself in the full-length mirror.
Who's that?

SONDRA

That's my analyst ! He's coming to visit me.

ROSE

When she hears Sondra's last reply, Rose's carefree face becomes very anxious.
He what?

SONDRA

Oh, my God. He's coming over.

ROSE

Sondra, thanks. Oh, thanks a lot !

SONDRA

What's the matter ? What ?

ROSE

Nothing !
She starts gathering her belongings.
If you don't know, I thought we were just going to have a nice afternoon together... maybe have dinner.

SONDRA

She puts the telephone back on its stand and takes Rose's arm.
Well, we can. Oh, don't worry. Don't be upset. You can stay here. Really.

ROSE

She closes her purse and puts it over her shoulder.
You just don't understand, do you?

SONDRA

I don't.

ROSE

Nobody appreciates you the way that I do. People just use you, and you don't even see it.

SONDRA

Oh, don't be upset.
She turns to Rose to look at her face.

ROSE

Rose kisses Sondra tenderly on the lips.
That's more like it. Ciao.

She leaves the room. Sondra seems very disturbed by the kiss. She puts her hands on her chest.

SONDRA

Oh, my God.

SONDRA'S RESIDENCE - HALL AND SITTING-ROOM - INTERIOR DAY

Rose gets quickly down the stairs. Chimes. Rose gets large sunglasses out of her purse and adjust them on her nose before opening the front door.

She opens the door to face Bill whom she almost jostle to get outside as fast as possible. Through a low window, we see her going down the stairs to the street.

Larger shot. We discover the sitting-room next to the hall. Good taste expensive furniture, nice paintings, concert piano.

Sondra gets down the stairs. Bill, who was looking around him, turns to her.

BILL

Hi, Sondra. Someone just let me in.

SONDRA

Hi.

BILL

I didn't just walk in on my own.

SONDRA

She closes the front door, which had remained open.
Oh... no. That was my, um... That was my girlfriend,
Bonnie. Yeah.

BILL

Bonnie. Yes.

SONDRA

Please, come in.

BILL

Thank you very much. Thank you.
He enters the sitting-room, followed by Sondra.
This is a really lovely place you have here. Yeah.
He sits on a cushions-covered sofa.

SONDRA

You think so? Thank you.
She sits on a small sofa without back.

BILL

A lot of nice, nice things. A lot of nice art.

SONDRA

She simpers a little.
What did you come here for?

BILL

Well, I feel like I have so much... so much catching up to do with all of you. And I know that you're very close with Richie. And I was wondering if you could tell me anything that might help me... understand him a little better.

SONDRA

Richie's... my little baby.

BILL

His brother Dale thinks that your "little baby"... should be taken out of therapy.

SONDRA

That's insane!

BILL

He gets up.

I think it's a mistake too.

He goes to the window and looks at the children playing in a park.

SONDRA

That Dale is a dangerous bastard.

BILL

But he obviously seems to care for Richie a great deal. There's a big gap in Richie's life up until about a year ago. Did he ever mention a Dr. Niedelmeyer to you ?

SONDRA

I don't have much to tell. Richie's okay. He's sweet. Did you know that he was... molested as a child ? She has tears in her eyes.

BILL

No, I didn't know that.

He comes back to her.

It's sticking out all over.

He sits on the bench of the piano.

SONDRA

It's fashionable.

S(he laughs) nervously.

I mean, it pays well. At least, you know, you can write a book, go on Oprah.

BILL

That was quite a show he gave us in group. You think Richie has a violent streak ?

SONDRA

She sighs.

Oh. Let's cut to the chase. Richie did not kill Bob Moore.

You know... it's really swell. Snooping around here...

She gets up.

... sniffing for blood on other people's hands... while pretending to help your patients ?

BILL

You really think that I don't care about Richie ?

SONDRA

She gets upset.

Richie wouldn't hurt a fly ! Why don't you take a look at someone dangerous. Why don't you take a look at someone who could do it ! Why don't you take a look at Clark !

BILL

Clark ?

SONDRA

She gets more and more upset.

Clark ! Clark ! Clark is a sneaky, lying, button-down son of a bitch... who pretends to be this gentle creature ! I heard him screaming one night at Bob. It made the hairs on my neck stand up ! Anyway... I hope that they fry... whoever did it, and it takes a really long time. And then... And then a fuse blows. They have to start all over again.

She sits back. Bill has been listening to her outburst without reacting.

We hear the front door chimes, and Sondra's expression changes immediately. Her angry face becomes suddenly softer.

She snickers and puts her tongue to her lips.

Wow ! That's my trainer.

She gets up and sniffs a bit.

I gotta go. I gotta get the door.

She goes to the front door and opens it to a very muscular young man wearing a sleeveless T-shirt.

This is my trainer, Chris.

BILL

Hi.

Chris just nods his head.

Bye-bye.

Bill gets out. As soon as the door is closes, Sondra literally jumps in Chris' arms, and starts giggling.

SONDRA

I don't feel like lifting weights today.

CHRIS

Okay.

SONDRA

Let's do something else.

She bursts laughing.

Through the low window, we see Bill going down the stairs to the street. He stops for two seconds to look at the tender couple !

DALE'S WORKSHOP - PARKING - EXTERIOR DAY

Bob's car stops in front of a slightly dilapidated building, on a desert parking lot. The building could be an old factory reconverted by Dale into a workshop to make his furniture. A very high chimney above the building.

Bill, dressed in jeans and light-colored shirt, gets out of the car and walks toward the building. He passes a board that indicates the location of the «office». He knocks at a door with a window and a grating and a sign that says «beware of the dog». The dog starts barking. Bill knocks again. He tries to look through the door window. The dog keeps on barking.

Bill comes back the way he came toward the «office». He stops in front of a window and bends to try to see something inside. He knocks on the window. He turns around, and we catch a quick glimpse of someone behind the window.

Bill comes back to the parking lot toward a pickup that two men are unloading.

BILL

Hey! Is this Dale Dexter's shop here?

One of the men nods and shows the main door to Bill.

DALE'S WORKSHOP - INTERIOR DAY

Entrance of the workshop. The door opens and Bill appears. He takes off his sunglasses, puts them in the pocket of his shirt and gets in.

The workshop has a very high ceiling and looks a bit dilapidated. On the roof of a small structure (perhaps the quoted «office») sits the impressive statue of a lion who gives the impression to watch Bill.

Bill keeps on walking and passes a spray of burning sparks. Someone must be using a blowtorch in the neighborhood.

Bill looks around him, looking a bit anxious. Several men are working. He approaches one of them, wearing a sleeveless T-shirt, and who is welding, with a protection mask covering his face.

BILL

Excuse me.

The man stands up and puts down the piece he was welding. He raises his mask : It's Dale.

DALE

Hello. Did you go to the house?

BILL

Yeah. Nobody was home. I would have phoned a... Dale shuts his blowtorch off.

I would have phone ahead, but, uh, I don't have your phone number in our file.

DALE

He takes off his mask, then his protection gloves. No problem. So, uh, did you make up your mind ?

BILL

After Dr. Niedelmeyer, did Richie get another psychiatrist ?

DALE

No. No, we moved. Dale goes around a huge, geometrically shaped, metallic structure. Richie went to school. Everything was fine.

BILL

Well... that's the problem, Dale. I look at Richie, and I don't see that everything is fine. I see a kid that's on the brink.

DALE

He starts working on the metallic structure, but stops to look at Bill.

A person, uh, gets a bullet in the head. Sometimes they just leave it there 'cause... to fuck around in the brain is gonna paralyze the person. That's Richie.

BILL

What's the bullet ?

DALE

Whatever it was, I got him away. He has taken protection glasses to work.

BILL

You want to talk about that ?

DALE

No. I want you to stop trying to tear off the scabs. Let the demons rest. You dig around in Richie's head, he's gonna blow up in your face.

BILL

You think he's violent ?

DALE

Not with me.

BILL

I think you're making a mistake, Dale. This is not the time to take Richie out of therapy. If you don't like me, let's get him someone else.

DALE

Jesus Christ. One of you is the same as another.

BILL

Yeah.

NIEDELMAYER'S RESIDENCE - GARDEN - EXTERIOR DAY

Bill gets out of his car. He is wearing light-colored pants, a shirt, and a very elegant leather jacket. He walks up a few steps toward the house.

He crosses the garden, then reaches the very impressive main door of the house. Above the door, two similar faces are carved in the stone. Probably Doctor Niedelmeyer's face.

A small panel opens in the door and Edith Niedelmeyer's face appears.

BILL

Mrs. Niedelmeyer?

EDITH

Yes.

BILL

Hi, I'm Bill Capa. I'm a doctor. I tracked you down through the Psychiatric Institute.

EDITH

How very enterprising of you.

She slams the panel shut. A few seconds, then she opens the door.

BILL

Actually, I was wondering if I could speak to Dr. Niedelmeyer.

EDITH

My husband died last year. If it makes you feel better, he suffered a lot. Well, anyway, it made me feel better.

BILL

I'm treating a young man that was a patient... of Dr. Niedelmeyer's when he was a child. His name is Richie Dexter.

EDITH

Why don't you leave me alone ?

BILL

If I could just ask you a few questions.

EDITH

You get out of here before I call the police !
She angrily slams the door shut.

BILL

Just a few questions. Mrs. Niedelmeyer...

EDITH

(voice over) through the door.
Get out of here !

Bill sighs, then walks away from the door. The camera moves above the door and ends up on a close-up of Niedelmeyer's carved face, who seems to sneer at Bill.

BOB'S OFFICE - MEETING ROOM - INTERIOR NIGHT

Night is falling on L.A. Clark, in the foreground, is counting books. Behind him, Richie, Buck and Casey are seated, Casey in his favorite hand-shaped armchair. Sondra is standing up.

CLARK

Fifty-eight. Now, if I'm not mistaken... last week there were 59 books on the shelf and this week there are only 58 books on the shelf somehow.

BUCK

Clark... what's the ashtray situation ?

Sondra sits down and Casey sits in another armchair.

CLARK

Three. Not four, as recommended. There are three chairs and five assorted sofas.

BUCK

Who cares ?

BILL

He just came in and is standing by the window. He is wearing his glasses, jeans, open shirt and a light grey jacket. He turns around to speak to the group.

Okay, let's get started.

BUCK

Finishing a sentence the beginning of which was not understandable.

... an emotional tar baby.

BILL

Today I'd like to focus on a most enlightening... and challenging topic.

SONDRA

She is - a bit lasciviously - sprawled in her armchair.
Sex.

BILL

More or less. You see, the primary romantic relationship...

in our life is often a symptom of our illness.
He has seated himself in the hand-shaped armchair.

CASEY

Glad I wore my rubber pants.
Buck snickers.

BILL

We keep making the same neurotic choices over and over every time we choose a new mate. So... If you had a magic wand... if you, uh, had a wish list... and could change your partner... Sondra, how would you make them different ? What's wrong ? What's missing ?

SONDRA

Now ?

BILL

You need a minute to think about it ?

CLARK

She's totally forgot her Rolodex.
Casey snickers.
Sorry, sorry.

SONDRA

Well, I don't have an attachment in my life right now. The last one sort of went to pieces. If you enjoy sex... A man thinks you're doing it with everybody.

BILL

He was jealous.
He gets ups, walks to a cupboard, opens its door and takes a cup.

SONDRA

That's right. And I was as good as gold.

BILL

Well, there's a good chance that he was the one that was sleeping around... and projecting his fantasies and desires onto you.

SONDRA

This guy had a major projection, and he couldn't keep it in his pants.
The whole group laughs. Bill smiles while pouring himself a coffee.

SONDRA

Anyway, I do have this girlfriend. She really makes me laugh. A wish list. I wish... she was a guy.

BILL

He comes back with his cup in his hand.
Fair enough. Casey, what do you got for us?

CASEY

He is playing with a small statue of a monkey who looks at a skull.. He waits a few seconds, and puts the statue down before speaking.

Well... I met this girl about a month ago. I've painted every inch of her in detail. She's the best model I've ever seen. Completely uninhibited. Does whatever I ask no matter how...

BUCK

He smiles.

I'll bet she does.

CASEY

That's right, Buck. See, but this is where the problem comes in. It's what you see beneath the skin... when you study somebody endlessly, the way an artist does. I see a transcendental beauty there... beyond anything I could ever, ever imagine.

BILL

How does this woman feel about you?

CASEY

She thinks I'm the living end because I've got talent. But, I mean, what's talent ? Kick a garbage can... starving artists crawl out, right ? But there's only one, unique her. And, uh, I think it's love, you know ? And, um... I don't know what to do about that.

He is suddenly moved on the verge of tears.

BILL

Do you think she loves you ?

CASEY

No. No.

BILL

Do you care, Casey ?

CASEY

I don't know. I don't know.

BUCK

He's a romantic. He loves the suffering.

CASEY

Maybe being who I am... I have no choice.

BILL

Very good, Casey. That's good stuff.

SONDRA

I agree.

BILL

Buck, what do you got?

BUCK

He jumps.

Oh, nothing to talk about, not compared to that.

BILL

It's not a contest.

BUCK

He lights a cigarette.

Hey, Yard Sale, you want to share the ashtray ?

Casey puts his foot on the ashtray to prevent Buck from using it.

Thanks a lot.

He gets up.

Forget it. You want to share something, share the ashtray.

He sits on a small armchair by a glass table with an ashtray on it.

I got something in my life, something new. You know, she's young. Auburn hair, 5'5", 105. Pretty as hell. I see her on weekends.

He picks up the ashtray and moves to sit in a more comfortable armchair.

I don't think she'd sleep with a man unless she was married to him.

BILL

He has taken his glasses off.

Anything else you'd like to tell us?

BUCK

She doesn't mind the gray, you know.

Bill smiles.

She's fragile... you know ? It's like she's running through my fingers. Two people I loved died. I never thought that I could feel anything.

BILL

Good, Buck. Richie. How 'bout you ?

RICHIE

He is playing with the statue of the monkey.

I don't have, really, relationships. I have m-my brother.

BILL

Okay. You want to talk about him?

RICHIE

H-He worries a-a lot about me. And he l-loves me. But l...

I wish he didn't... love me so m... so much sometimes. I wish l-I had more of a l-life.

He puts the statue down and gets up.

And I know that everyone h-here thinks that I'm gay... but

I'm-I'm not. A-And I don't want to be.

Richie opens the cupboard, takes a can of Pepsi and opens it.

BILL

What would you like to be ?

RICHIE

I'd like t-to be a w-woman.

BILL

Have you seen a doctor ?

RICHIE

Yeah.

BUCK

So the next step is the chop.

BILL

He cuts him very curtly.

Thank you, Buck. Anything else you'd like to tell us,

Richie ?

RICHIE

Nope.

BILL

Very good. Hi, Clark. What would you change about your

partner ?

CLARK

He is manicuring with his handkerchief.
Um, I think I'll pass... today.

SONDRA

Excuse me. You think you're gonna pass today ? Don't you think that's kind of a betrayal to the rest of the group ? I mean, we're all sitting here sharing our most intimate thoughts... and you're just gonna pass today ?

CLARK

Well, Sondra, I have my little problems... but I don't see how it's your business...

SONDRA

Your "little problems" ?

CLARK

To decide when I'm gonna share in group and not.

SONDRA

Ah, I see. You're smiling. Is that a smile ? You think this is funny ?
She gets up from her armchair.
Look at you. Just look at you. Look at your hair.
Buck snickers.
Who do you think you are ? Huh ? You think you're God's gift to women ? Let me tell you something. You are nothing. Nothing but a shallow, rigid... self-protective, anal coward ! And I'll tell you what your little fucking problems are...

CLARK

He gets up, looking angry.
Oh, shut up ! Shut up, shut up ! You promiscuous cunt ! And if you must know, I do have somebody in my life ! Black, emotional hole, unattractive me !
He walks nervously to the door. Sondra remains standing, looking a bit embarrassed.

BUCK

He snickers.
You can say that again !

CLARK

He slams furiously the door.
Fuck you ! Fuck all of you !

CASEY

Is this what you call "treatment failure" ?
Buck snickers.

BILL

Well, it's not a total loss. He left without counting everything.
He puts down the file he was holding in his hand.

CLARK'S RESIDENCE - STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE - EXTERIOR DAY

A quiet little street, surrounded by houses and buildings of good standing. Children in roller skates are playing hockey on the pavement.

CHILDREN

Come on !... Hey, right here !... Hit it !

Bob's car arrives in the street. The children moves away to let it pass. While Bill is parking the car, we hear, in (voice over), the beginning of the conversation between Bill and Clark. Bill is wearing a light-colored shirt and beige pants.

CLARK

(voice over)

So pretty soon the relevant numbers weren't enough. I had to know all the irrelevant numbers... like the numbers of pages in each deposition.

CLARK'S RESIDENCE - SITTING ROOM - INTERIOR DAY

Walls are white, furniture modern, but with good taste. Everything is meticulously clean and tidy. Bill sits in an armchair. Clark is standing by the window.

BILL

So you were fired.

CLARK

He takes off his sunglasses and gets regular glasses from his shirt pocket. He is wearing disposable gloves.

Yes. In effect. Obsessive-compulsive. Medical leave.

He puts his glasses on.

"Just please, please don't come back."

He sits down and sighs.

I do apologize for my outburst in group.

BILL

You're screwing Sondra... aren't you?

CLARK

He puts his sunglasses in his shirt pocket, gets back up and start walking in the room.

I'm very fond of Sondra. More than that, perhaps. Sondra is... A very warmhearted woman, but...

While talking, he sprays a liquid from a can on his plants.

Tissues. Panty hose. CDs put back in the rack without cases. Frying pans with coagulating grease. Cotton balls. Cotton balls. I mean, my God, the cotton balls that woman used. Unspeakable items of underwear left hanging in the shower. Chewed gum in the ashtrays. I made a list. There were 22 items I couldn't take.

BILL

It must be difficult to find someone... to measure up to your keen sense of order.

CLARK

I found someone. This woman thinks I'm messy. It's perfect. She comes, she goes. I don't even know she's been except for the faint smell of perfume.

BILL

Bill sneers.

Nice. And what does Sondra think of this woman ?

CLARK

Take a look at this.

He goes to a closet, from which he gets a paper bag. From the bags

he takes out a tattered piece of clothing.

Sondra tried to do this to my clothes... while I was wearing them; butcher knife in hand, screaming. The next day she came back, did this to my friend's dress. I'm terrified to go near the woman.

FREEWAY, THEN ROAD - EXTERIOR DAY

Cars on the freeway. Among them Bob's car. The car phone is ringing. Bill picks up the phone, while he keeps on driving. He is wearing sunglasses.

BILL

Hello ?... Hello, this is Bill Capa.

THE VOICE IN THE PHONE

Giggly voice sounding like a child's voice.

Hey, puke-face. Look around. Can't you see me ? I'm in the red car.

Bill looks around him on the freeway, and sees a red car on his right.

You got doo-doo in your eyes... or caca on the brain, Dr. Shithead Capa.

Strange sounding giggles.

BILL

Does your mommy know you escaped from the straightjacket?

THE VOICE IN THE PHONE

Suck my Tinkertoy, you faggot cretin... after you suck my scalpel, Doctor.

Bill puts the phone down and speeds the car up to avoid the red car which is still following him. The red car catches up with him and bumps into him. Bill jumps up.

BILL

Goddamn it !

The red car bumps into him a second time, and loses part of its radiator grill.

Third bumps. Bill is now out of the freeway and on a road downtown.

The two vehicles are zigzagging between the others cars. Lot of honking.

Without warning, Bill turns on a side street on his right, and gets honked by the other cars. In spite of the very dangerous driving of Bill among the other cars, the red car keeps on following him.

To follow Bill, the red car must take a very sharp left turn, and bumps into a pickup truck full of kits and gears which fall on the pavement.

The chase goes on. The red car is dented everywhere. It catches up with Bill, overtakes him, and bumps violently into Bill's car right side.

BILL

Fuck you !

The red car hits him on the right side twice in a row.

Fuck you!

Bill hits the red car on its left side and remains stuck to it. They move together, and Bill tries to bring the red car as close to the curb as possible.

Get the... You... Ohh! Get the fuck...

The red car is so close to the curb that it snatches away the open door of a parked car, and then knocks down the shopping caddie of a woman. Fortunately, the woman is able to move away, but all her shopping items are scattered on the pavement. The two car bump again into each other and arrive into a main road.

When the red car wants to hit Bill's car again, Bill stands on the brake and the red car hits a big truck carrying cars. The truck honks and start zigzagging in the traffic. The last car on the upper bridge of the truck gets loose and falls on the road. Bill barely avoids it. Another car gets loose from the truck and causes a pile-up on the road.

Bill zigzag out of the pile-up, and comes to a crossing with a railway. A train is approaching. The red car is still behind Bill. Bill brakes suddenly just after he has crossed the railway, then starts moving backwards. He hits the front of the red car, and keeps on moving backwards until he brings the red car on the railway itself. The train keeps on honking to move the cars away.

Hey! You wanna die ! Huh ? You wanna die ?

We see the driver of the train working madly on his brake, and looking to the red car with terror in his eyes.

Just before the train reaches the crossing, Bill jumps his car forward and the red car quickly moves backward.

Bill stops a few feet after the crossing to get his breath back. We see the train moving behind him.

MEXICAN BAR - EXTERIOR NIGHT

A Mexican bar, where Hector is a regular. The first shot shows two hands playing the harp. Then we get a larger shot and we see Hector and Bill talking together. Bill is carrying his jacket on his arm, and Hector is wearing his necktie very loose.

There is quite a crowd in the bar, some people dancing, others drinking and some are seated to eat. Electric lines with colored bulbs are hung in the trees. In the back, the orchestra keeps on playing.

HECTOR

I told you to stay the fuck out of it... Hey !

He kisses a passing Mexican woman.

? Como esta? Gracias.

BILL

I almost killed somebody out there. I mean, I had that car wedged right on the railroad tracks. Christ, man. It's a spooky feeling.

HECTOR

Like mainlining adrenalin, huh ? The rush is really something, huh ? See ? You're my kind of guy !

He takes him by the shoulders. They walk out of the field, and we see kids hitting a puppet hanging from a tree with a bat. The puppet is dressed in a cop's costume !

Hector and Bill come to the buffet table.

HECTOR

He gets a notebook from his pocket.

You want to hear what I found out about your famous Monday group ?

BILL

Yeah, sure. Can stand a little more pain.

He takes a plate and starts helping himself at the buffet.

HECTOR

He takes a tray and starts reading. A woman is serving him from the buffet.

Well, Clark's wife divorced him... after he put her in intensive care.

BILL

What'd she do ? Spill some wine on the rug ?

HECTOR

Then Sondra, she stabbed her father with a knife... and a fork. She must have been having dinner. One of her husbands died of unnatural causes.

BILL

Probably lost some body fluids.

HECTOR

And that, that kid Richie. That Richie's been busted for drugs... and Casey hates his father so much... he set the house on fire. So what do you think of that ?

BILL

I think it's good. They should learn to assert themselves.

A very bright light, coming from above, suddenly shines on the bar. Hector and Bill raises their heads. We hear the engine of a helicopter and a voice coming from a loudspeaker.

THE VOICE

Hey, the house is surrounded. Come out with your hands up and your legs spread !

HECTOR

What the hell is this ?

We see the helicopter and its powerful floodlight.

THE VOICE

Happy birthday, Hector ! Hey, Martinez, come on out ! We got something for you !

We get a better view of the helicopter. The word «police» is written on its fuselage. Two uniformed cops are standing on the right skid. One has a megaphone.

VOICES OF THE COPS

Martinez, happy birthday, man !... Happy birthday !
The crowd starts singing, accompanied by the Mexican orchestra.

THE CROWD

For he's a jolly good fellow ! For he's a jolly good fellow ! Which nobody can deny ! Which nobody can deny !
Bill and Hector come in front of the crowd, and look up.
For he's a jolly good fellow ! For he's a jolly good... !
People yell and whistle.

One of the cops standing on the right skid is a woman. She gets her pants down and shows her buttocks to the crowd. Another cop, on the other skid, has another megaphone.

People scream when they see the female cop's buttocks.

BILL

If I had known it was your birthday, I'd have come by tomorrow.

HECTOR

Me too.

The helicopter flies away.
Large shot on the orchestra singing.

ORCHESTRA

Estas son las mananitas. Que cantaba el Rey David.

In a corner of the bar, Bill and Hector are eating quietly. Thunder rumbles and the first drops of rain start falling. The two men get up to find a shelter.

HECTOR

Oy. Oigan, ivengan a buscar el cake ! Better get your cake. Ivengan a buscar el cake !

People stop dancing and run to find a shelter.

A MAN

Everybody inside !

BILL

How come you didn't mention Buck ?

HECTOR

There wasn't anything on him.

BUCK'S RESIDENCE - STREET IN FRONT OF HOUSE - EXTERIOR NIGHT

It's raining. Bill drives with lights on and roof closed. On the side of the car, we can see the dents from the chase with the red car. Bill stops in front of a big vehicle. He switches off the car lights, gets out of the car, and pulls the collar of his jacket up. He stops near a car parked in front of Buck's house. He goes round the vehicle. There is a bullet hole in the windshield. Bill touches the bullet hole. He then walks toward the house, and stops in front of the open garage door. Inside is a red car. Bill enters the garage to have a better look at the car. When he gets up after inspecting the car, we see Buck standing behind him. Bill turns around. Buck has a gun in his hand.

BUCK

You caught me at a bad time.

BILL

Can we get in out of the rain?

Slowly Buck starts walking toward the inside of the house. Bill starts walking too in front of Buck. They enter the house.

BUCK'S RESIDENCE - SITTING ROOM - INTERIOR NIGHT

They get inside the house, which is lit only by the street lights and a unique lamp above the desk.
Typical bachelor's place. Very messy. The furniture is simple and practical.
We hear the storm rumbling in the distance.

BUCK

Have a seat.

Buck gets into the bathroom, the door of which is wide open, and grabs a towel. He dries himself and throw the towel to Bill. Bill sits down. Buck sits down on an armchair covered with a tartan rug. Bill dries his face. He looks at the gun, still in Buck's hand.

BILL

I don't like guns.

Buck shoves angrily the gun between the armrest and the cushion of his seat. He lies back in his armchair which rocks a little. Bill takes his jacket off.

A lightning floods the room with a very bright light. Buck puts his hands on his face. He moans.

BUCK

Oh, shit !

BILL

Was it raining like this that night ?

BUCK

Yeah. We were drivin'... me, my wife, my daughter. This guy comes out wavin', "Stop!" So I slow down. My wife said, "No, not here, Buck. It's a bad neighborhood. Besides, the baby's asleep in the back." And I said, "Bad neighborhood, nothing." So I stopped. Never even made it to the other car. I could hear the shots being fired, but my eyes wouldn't open. L...

Another lightning. Buck puts his hands on his head.

Oh, man ! The rain brought me around. This heavy, heavy rain. And I'm on the sidewalk, and I crawl over... and pull my way up and... There are two lateral shots... to the head for my wife... and a single shot through the heart for my daughter. Oh, Jesus, God ! Oh, Jesus. They got, uh... They got \$31. The rain nails me every time, man.

BILL

Did they ever find out who did it ?

BUCK

No. I think it was some kind of payback for something. But that's a long story.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - GARAGE - EXTERIOR NIGHT

The rain has stopped, but the ground is still wet. The garage door opens slowly and Bob's car enters the garage. The roof is still closed. Bill is on the phone.

MAIN POLICE STATION - INTERIOR NIGHT

A telephone rings in an empty office, separated by a glass partition from the corridor. The door is open and Anderson comes running in, with a ready-cooked dish in his hand. He picks up the phone.

ANDERSON

Officer Anderson. What can I do for you?

BILL'S VOICE

It's Dr. Bill Capa. Remember me ?

Low-angle shot of the office, showing the high ceiling, with a vintage decoration, contrasting with the modern and functional furniture.

ANDERSON

Oh, yeah, yeah. The Bob Moore murder case.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - INSIDE CAR - EXTERIOR NIGHT

The car has stopped but Bill still holds the phone.

BILL

I need to talk to you.

MAIN POLICE STATION - INTERIOR NIGHT

Same low-angle shot.

ANDERSON

I hope you're an early riser. I get off at 6:00.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - INSIDE CAR - EXTERIOR NIGHT

BILL

Okay.

He puts the phone down, gets his car keys and his jacket, and leaves the car.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - GARDEN - EXTERIOR NIGHT

Bill gets out of the car and seems very intrigued by the fact that the keyhole-shaped door is open. He shuts his car door, and walks quietly toward the house. He looks around him in the garden, seeming more and more anxious. Finally, he enters the house.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - CORRIDOR - INTERIOR NIGHT

Still anxious, Bill walks along the corridor.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - INTERIOR NIGHT

Bill enters the kitchen. A lot of cooking ingredients scattered on the table. A noise makes Bill turn around. Rose, who was kneeling behind the table, stands up. She smiles when she sees Bill.

ROSE

Hey.

She snickers. The only piece of clothing she is wearing is a hotel room-maid white apron.

Busy day ? Can I get you something ?

Bill doesn't react at all. He looks shocked.

No ? Okay.

She crosses the room to get something in a drawer, showing her naked buttocks. All of a sudden, she seems to remember she is naked and put the two square fireproof cloths she is holding on her buttocks.

Oh! I forgot about that !

S(he laughs) then comes back to the stove, where she moves a dish.

Bill's face still looks very shocked.

BILL

How did you get in here ?

ROSE

Last time I was here, I stole the key. It was by the door.

BILL

What about the alarm ?

ROSE

Oh ! I never thought about that.

BILL

It didn't go off ?

ROSE

No. Um, did I make a mistake ? You have someone in the car ?

BILL

No, goddamn it, there isn't someone in the car ! People are getting killed around here ! You walk around like it's goddamn Disneyland ! What if something were to happen to you ?

ROSE

She seems not to understand Bill's anger.
I just thought that it would be a nice surprise, that's all. You don't look too happy to see me.

BILL

He waits a few second before he cools down.
This is my happiness mode. I'm sorry.

ROSE

She is crying. Bill comes to her and takes her in his arms.
I'm sorry.

BILL

I'm sorry. Baby, I'm sorry. This is a very nice surprise.
He gives a quick look at her naked body. S(he laughs).
Really nice. I'm sorry.
They kiss.

ROSE

I'll never take a risk like that again.

BILL

Why don't you take the biggest risk of all and give me...
your phone number.

ROSE

S(he laughs) and goes away from him and back to her cooking.
Christ, Capa ! I can't have people tying up the phone
lines. I'm trying to run a business here.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - DINING ROOM - INTERIOR NIGHT

Bill, with his shirt completely open, eats spaghettis in front of a lighted candle. Rose also eats spaghettis, still dressed only in her white apron. Bill drinks from a glass of white wine. Rose bites into a asparagus in a slightly erotic way. Under the glass table, we can see Bill's naked foot stroking Rose's foot. With her other foot, Rose moves Bill's pants up. Rose slides down on her chair, so Bill can reach her feet with his hands. Then Rose slides completely out of her chair and under the table.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - INTERIOR NIGHT

A toy remote-controlled tank is moving on Rose's naked legs. The shot gets larger and we discover that Rose is in a bathtub full of foaming water.

BILL

(voice over)

General Patton comes out of the foothills.
The tank moves on Rose's pubis, then on her stomach.
Oh, he's in the swamp. Oh, oh, he's in the deep abyss.
The tank skid on Rose's naked skin and doesn't succeed in climbing on her breast. We then see she is lying on her back on Bill's naked body, who is also lying on this back in the bathtub.
Ooh! Ooh ! And now... Oh, he's having a problem. He's up in the Swiss Alps, ladies and gentlemen.
They both laugh. We see Bill's hand holding the remote control.
Fire one. Fire... Oh !... A direct hit !
The tank skids into the water and stops.

ROSE

Voice ironically disappointed.
Oh.

BILL

Oh, our, our tank fleet is crippled.

ROSE

Yeah ?

BILL

It's goin' away.

ROSE

She turns around and we guess she is grabbing Bill's penis under water.
How's the submarine fleet ?

BILL

Hey, hey, hey, hey, please, please. I gotta get some sleep.

ROSE

They kiss.
Oh, you're chicken.

BILL

I gotta be up...

ROSE

You're chicken.

BILL

I gotta be up at 6:00 in the morning.

ROSE

She turns around to kiss him.
You're chicken, chicken.

LOS ANGELES CENTRAL MARKET - MARKET BUILDING - EXTERIOR DAY

Tracking shot down a high glass building until it reaches the entrance of the «Grand Central Market».
We hear Anderson and Bill in (voice over)

ANDERSON

Nobody told me Buck was one of your patients.

BILL

"Nobody," like Martinez ?

ANDERSON

Right.

BILL

That's the same "nobody" who didn't tell me Buck was a cop.

The camera is now on street level and we see Bill and Anderson crossing the street towards the main gate of the market. They pass a truck delivering fresh meat.

ANDERSON

Fucking Martinez. That's a can of worms you don't want to mess with.

BILL

What about Buck ?
They enter the market.

LOS ANGELES CENTRAL MARKET - INSIDE THE MARKET - INTERIOR DAY

ANDERSON

Hey, look, you gotta promise... if I tell you what I know about this shit, it stays between me and you. And you never heard it from me, okay ?
They walk in the market alleyways. Anderson stops near a stall, and starts talking to a stall-holder we do not see.
Two, Angelo.

BILL

Why ?

ANDERSON

Why ?
Two uniformed cops are walking between the stalls. Anderson raises his voice to them.
Because cops are vindictive sons of bitches. Right, Alex ?
He throws a chicory to a cop, who catches it.

ALEX

Right.

ANDERSON

The cops are gone away. Anderson lowers his voice.
Fucking asshole. I don't want to spend the rest of my career getting pissed on from above, okay ?

BILL

Okay.

ANDERSON

(he laughs) nervously.
Martinez was nailin' Buck's wife.

BILL

Holy shit.

ANDERSON

Yeah. Both these guys were in narcotics. And those guys usually stick together like shit on a shirt... so who knows

how long it's been going on. Anyway, one day, it came out.
In the station, they had this big fight in front of
everybody.
Anderson takes two little wrapped packages from the unseen stall-
holder and gives one to Bill.
Two days later, Buck's wife gets blown away.

BILL

He follow Anderson between the stalls.
Jesus Christ ! Was there an investigation ?

ANDERSON

Of course there was an investigation. Martinez was a
suspect. Buck was a suspect. I mean nobody figured Buck
forgiving her. For a while, half the station was a suspect.

BILL

What do you think ?

ANDERSON

I think Buck and Martinez had a lot of enemies on the
street. This was just payback
for both of 'em.
They have come to a fishmonger stall. The fishmonger wraps a fish
for Anderson.

CASEY'S LOFT - INTERIOR DAY

Casey is lying on an exercise bench and lifting weight with a
pulleys and cables device.
The phone rings. Casey doesn't move.

CASEY'S VOICE ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi, this is Casey. Can't get to the phone right now, but
please leave a message.
A beep, then Bill's voice.

BILL'S VOICE ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE

Casey, it's Bill Capa. I got your message and, sure, I can
make it today. Are you there ?

A hand appears holding a leather collar, which the hand wraps
around Casey's neck.

CASEY

Hey !... What... What the hell are you doing here ?

BILL'S VOICE ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE

Hello ? Listen, Casey, y-you sounded a little upset. Just
hang in there, okay ?

CASEY

Let me get this, huh ? No ?

BILL'S VOICE ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE

I'll be by this morning. So I'll see you in 30.

CASEY

Well, you think you can do it in 30 ?

He snickers while the hand tighten the collar around his neck.

CASEY'S LOFT - PARKING IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING - EXTERIOR DAY

Bob's car stops in front of the building. Bill, wearing sunglasses, gets out of the car and walks toward a three-story, impressive but a bit dilapidated, brick building. Evidently, it is an old workshop changed into an artist's loft. We can still read «Nate Starkman & Son» on the front of the building.

Bill comes to a large metallic door and presses on an intercom button. No answer. He tries again. He raises his head to the above windows. No one. He walks a few steps back to get a better view of the building.

BILL

He yells.

Casey !

CASEY'S LOFT - INTERIOR DAY

Casey is still lying on his exercise bench. Both his hands are tied to the weight-lifting device, and his mouth is gagged. He groans through the gag.

CASEY'S LOFT - PARKING - EXTERIOR DAY

BILL

He puts his hands around his mouth to make his voice louder.

Casey !

He comes back to the door and presses the intercom button several times. He raises his eyes and notice a folded fire-exit ladder. He test the strength of the folding gate pulled in front of one of the doors. It seems strong enough for him to climb it. He reaches the ladder, which he brings down.

CASEY'S LOFT - ROOF OF THE BUILDING - EXTERIOR DAY

Bill is now on the roof of the building. He jumps down in a sort of yard, in which are scattered various objects : plants, modern furnitures and a full-size very realistic plastic sculpture of a cow. Bill remains crouched a few second, pats the cow's snout, stands up and walks towards a glass wall located on one side of the yard. He notices he is above Casey's workshop. He walks along the glass wall to a closed window, from which smoke is coming out.

BILL

Oh, Jesus Christ.

Bill succeeds in forcing the window open. A big cloud of smoke gets out of it.

Casey ! Hey !

He walks through the open window.

Casey!

CASEY'S LOFT - INTERIOR DAY

Bill walks on the upper gallery, coughing with the smoke. He takes off his sunglasses. Down he sees flames around the mantelpiece. He gets very quickly down the steps to ground level.

He goes to the mantelpiece. What looks like pieces of paper are burning on the floor around the mantelpiece. He first tries to put the flames out with his foot, then he takes a small shovel and shovel the flaming papers back into the mantelpiece.

A curtain suddenly opens on the glass wall above the workshop, flooding the room with bright light.

Bill walks to the center of the room, and notice that paintings have been lacerated. On each one, it is the face of a red-hair woman which has been taken away. Bill runs back to the

mantlepiece, where he picks up a piece of what he first thought was a piece of paper, but which is actually a piece of canvas from the paintings. On the half-burned piece of canvas, the face of a woman, who is heavily made up but looks slightly like Rose.

He puts the piece of canvas down, and notice a slimy liquid on the floor. He turns around to try to find out more about this slimy liquid.

He pulls a rope and the painting, hooked on an horizontal cable line, start moving toward him. Behind the paintings, hooked on the same cable, comes Casey's body, hanging upside down. He looks dead and sill have the gag on this mouth. The half-naked body is covered with graffitis. The slimy liquid on the floor is Casey's blood.

BILL

Ow ! Ow ! Ow ! Shit !

Suddenly the blood, which was grey seen through Bill's eyes, turns red.

A ROAD - EXTERIOR NIGHT

Sondra's car. Sondra is driving. Rose is on the passenger seat, with her Bonnie's hairdo and make-up. The car radio is playing a song.

ROSE

I love this song.

SONDRA

I know.

Honking. Two thirty-year old men, in an open convertible red car.

THE RED CAR PASSENGER

You girls want to go dancing ?

THE RED CAR DRIVER

Yeah. We're going to a party.

SONDRA

Hi ! Hi !...

Rose bends over Sondra and kisses her tenderly.

THE RED CAR PASSENGER

Well, pardon me !

The two men look disappointed. Their car speeds up and goes away. The two women start laughing. Rose stands up through the open roof of the car. She waves to the passing cars. She then sits down and moves tenderly very close to Sondra.

SONDRA

What are you doing ?

Rose takes Sondra's hand and guide it under her skirt toward her crotch.

Wha... No!

Sondra bursts laughing and takes her hand away. Rose keeps on cuddling Sondra who tries to concentrate on her driving.

Don't ! Don't !

SONDRA'S RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - INTERIOR NIGHT

Music from preceding scene has gone on without interruption. The two girls are dancing in front of the mirror. Sondra is wearing a tight-fitting black dress and Rose a skirt and a short top which shows her belly.

SONG WORDS

Out all night Lady did. When nobody else would. Lady did
And she did it real good. Once was not enough.

SONDRA

Ah !

ROSE

Sondra, go !

SONG WORDS

Tell me, Katie What would your mama say.

SONDRA

Oh, I'm gonna go change the music.

While Sondra moves away to change the music, Rose goes to the window. In the house across the street, she sees a couple kissing. The music stops.

ROSE

Sondra, come here. Oh, come here. My God !

SONDRA

She comes near Rose.
Oh, my God !

ROSE

These are your neighbors !

SONDRA

They do this all the time.

SONDRA

Oh, wait. Watch, watch! No!

ROSE

She bends down under the window sill and get Sondra down too.
They're gonna see you !

They get up and keep on watching.

SONDRA

Oh, I don't believe it !

ROSE

Oh, this is the part ! This is the part !

SONDRA

Oh, my gosh !

ROSE

Oh !

SONDRA

Believe me, they can fuck.
They laugh.
Oh, I can't watch this anymore. I didn't see anything.

ROSE

Oh, Sondra, go. I love this song.

SONDRA

Yeah.

The two girls start cuddling each other. Sondra strokes Rose's naked stomach, then her face.

Close-up on the mirror, which shows the fire in the mantelpiece, between the girls legs.

ROSE

Sondra, through the window ! Look ! Look !

The camera remains on the mirror, which shows the two girls climbing on the bed to get a better look.

SONDRA

Oh, what are they doing now ?

ROSE

I can't tell.

SONDRA

Are they gonna do it ? No !

We see the couple in the house across the street. She is only wearing panties and her breast is naked. He is only wearing his trunks. They flirt on the couch.

ROSE

My God ! It's gonna happen right now.

Back to the mirror shot. The two girls, still standing up, are slapping each other buttocks. Rose raises Sondra's dress.

SONDRA

Ow !

ROSE

Oh, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

She sits on the bed and picks up a champagne glass.

Oh, champagne.

Sondra comes and sits next to her. Rose gives her her glass. Sondra drinks.

SONDRA

Mmm.

Sondra gives the glass back to Rose, who puts it on a furniture. The two faces come very close, and the two girls start exchanging tender little kisses. Then Rose moves Sondra's dress down and takes her own top off, showing her breast. Sondra seems very moved by what she sees. She strokes Rose's face. Their lips are getting very close.

We see Sondra's hand going down Rose's back, and slipping under the top of her skirt, showing her buttocks. We see the tattooed rose.

ROSE

She moves her face away from Sondra.

No, no, Sondra. I can't. I can't.

SONDRA

Why ? It's wonderful.

ROSE

Sondra, I'm a jinx.

SONDRA

No. We can cancel each other out.

ROSE

She sobs a little.

No. I'm not who you think I am. Oh, God, I'm in love with somebody and it's all falling apart. I'm sorry.

SONDRA

Look, the sky isn't falling down.

ROSE

Yes, it is.

SONDRA

No. Let's get that silly thing off your head. There. I love your brown hair.
She strokes her hair.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - INTERIOR DAY

Bill sleeps on a leather couch, dressed with a western-style shirt and jeans. There is a gun on the low table near his head. We hear a buzz. Bill wakes up, gets up and looks at the security TV set. He takes the remote control to change the camera.

BILL

Who is it ?

After two unsuccessful pictures, Rose appears on the screen. She is wearing very short pants, a flowered blouse knotted under her breast and a small backpack.

ROSE'S VOICE

I'm back.

Bill opens the gate and looks through the window at Rose crossing the garden.

BILL

Here she comes. Wearing a backpack on her back... making her look even younger than she is.
Rose enters the room, puts her backpack down and falls in Bill's arms.
She falls into his arms. And they kiss.
They kiss.

ROSE

Oh, God. I'm so glad that you're here. I didn't know if you'd be in.

BILL

I don't have to be anywhere until this evening.

ROSE

Yeah ?
She opens her blouse. She doesn't wear a bra and her nipple appears.
So, what color are my nipples ?

They both laugh. She covers and uncovers her nipple. They kiss tenderly.

ROSE

Oh, God. To be normal like this all the time.

BILL

Oh, God, this is better than normal. This is much better than normal. It's just driving me crazy, that's all. I mean, I don't really know you... who you are... what you do... if you're safe, when you're coming by. You have all the power. I just sit around here and wait for you.

ROSE

She cries.
You do ?

BILL

Yeah. I mean, other things happen, but... in the "what I wait for" department, you're it.

ROSE

Oh, my.

Time has elapsed. They are now seated next to each other. Bill is bare-chest and Rose is wearing one of Bill's denim shirts. They look at a photo album. Rose puts her finger on the pictures and Bill tells her who it is.

BILL

Bob's wife. My ex-wife.

ROSE

She's pretty.

BILL

Pretty fucked up.
Rose flips the page. A picture of Bob.
Oh, God. I forget that he's dead.
She kisses him tenderly to comfort him.

ROSE

She flips the page.
He looks so young here. God, how long ago were these taken ?

BILL

Ten years ago.

ROSE

Really ? Do you have anything more recent ?

BILL

Maybe. Hold on.
He gets up and goes to the shelves. He start looking for another album.
I don't know why he kept this hidden back here except maybe... because it had a picture of his wife naked, which leads me to believe that... the relationship wasn't as dead as they were pretending.
He sits back next to Rose, and start looking at the new album.
I don't know who these people are.

ROSE

She seems very worried all of a sudden.

No. It's morbid. I don't want to see anymore. Let's go outside. Let's pretend it's Sunday. Yeah? You wanna?

Bill looks at her, a bit disconcerted by her unexpected reaction.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - GARDEN - EXTERIOR DAY

We hear the birds chirping. By the poolside, Bill is lying on his back on a mattress. He is wearing sunglasses, and is naked except for a white towel spread on his pelvis. Rose is lying on her stomach, head to foot with Bill. She is naked but is wearing one thick woolen sock on one foot.

BILL

One of my patients was killed last night. He was murdered.

ROSE

She seems very disturbed by the news.

What ?

BILL

The painter. Casey.

ROSE

She has tears in her eyes.

Were you there ?

BILL

A little bit after.

ROSE

What did you see ?

BILL

You don't want to know.

He takes off his sunglasses and start getting up, covering his crotch with the towel.

About a half hour before group. I'm gonna get a shower. You gonna be okay out here ?

ROSE

Yeah.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - INTERIOR DAY

Bill enters the bathroom and turn the shower faucet on. Then he gets out of the room.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - DRESSING ROOM - INTERIOR DAY

Bill takes a pair of jeans in the closet and puts it on, without underwear.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - SITTING ROOM - INTERIOR DAY

Rose has dressed up. She enters the room and goes directly to the shelf where the photo album was hidden. She gets it and starts turning the pages.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - UPPER GALLERY - INTERIOR DAY

Bill comes out of the dressing room, and into a gallery above the

sitting room. He sees Rose looking through the album, taking a picture out of the album and then putting the album back where it was. He hides behind a wall for her not to see him. She is looking inside a photo-lab envelope. Bill comes out of his hiding.

BILL

Rose.

ROSE

She jumps.

Oh ! Oh !

She drops the envelope, picks up her backpack and runs out of the room.

BILL

Rose ! Rose !

BOB'S RESIDENCE - GARDEN - EXTERIOR DAY

Rose runs to the keyhole-shaped door. The gate opens and Rose runs out.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - SITTING ROOM - INTERIOR DAY

Bill runs down the stair from the upper gallery. He is bare chest with his shirt in his hand.

BOB'S RESIDENCE - ROAD IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE - EXTERIOR DAY

Rose gets out of the residence and runs to her car, a small ORV. She climbs in and starts very fast. Bill gets out of the house.

BILL

He jumps into his car without opening the door.

Rose ! Jesus !

Bob's car get's out of the residence.

MAIN ROAD, THEN CITY STREETS - EXTERIOR DAY

We see Bill driving his car. He chases Rose, whom we then see in her car. Tires screech with the high speed driving. Bill comes closer to Rose and tries to memorize her license plate numbers.

BILL

2ASB... 185...

The chase goes on. Rose drives very recklessly, Bill too. He drives through the cross roads without slowing down.

A man, who was seated on a low wall, has to climb on it to avoid Bill's car, which is driving on the sidewalk. Bill stops near him. We hear the voice of an angry woman.

VOICE OF THE ANGRY WOMAN

Oh ! Stupid, crazy bastard ! They'll give anybody a license !

BOB'S OFFICE - MEETING ROOM - INTERIOR NIGHT

Outside, night has fallen and it is raining.

CLARK

He is very smartly dressed, and even wears a bow tie. He counts the books on the shelves.

Five and six are 31. Seven, seven, that makes 45. And that

will remain 45, and every single time you count it, it will be 45, no matter what. And then this is five, and that makes 50. And nine is 59. Now that's odd. That's really odd. Now there's 59 again.

BILL

He has just come into the room.
What ?

CLARK

Well, last week... there were 58 books on the bookshelf where there is always... and I mean always, 59 books, and this week there are 59 again, so I don't...

BILL

He turns toward Sondra.
Which one, Sondra ?

SONDRA

She is very smartly dressed too, in a white suit with black collar. She sighs.
I didn't read any of it. Really. I felt so bad when I got it home. I couldn't help myself.

BILL

He moves rapidly to the shelves.
Which one, Sondra ?

SONDRA

It... The Van Gogh. But I didn't read any of it. Honestly, I promise !

Bill takes the book and moves away from the shelves. Sondra signs menacingly to Clark.

CLARK

What did I do ?

Bill has seated himself, and he looks through the book. Sondra tries to read above his shoulder. Close-up of the book. It is Bob's diary. Close-up on one paragraph. We hear Bob's voice reading the paragraph.

BOB'S VOICE

I was right about the threats from the Monday group. This cycle of pain. Yesterday's victim becomes tomorrow's monster. Today's the day.

Buck enters the room.

BILL

Hi.

Buck starts closing the door, but Richie comes in.

BUCK

Hi, Bill.

BILL

Hi, Buck.
Buck sits down.
Casey, uh... is not gonna be joining us tonight, so I think we should get started.

BUCK

That's typical.
Thunder rumbles. Buck puts his hands on his head. Richie looks at him.
Oh, shit!

CLARK

Buck, are you all right ?

BUCK

It's none of your fucking business.

SONDRA

You know, I can't stand this arguing. Really.

CLARK

I'd like to start, if I may. I'd like to apologize to the group and Sondra.
While he is talking, Bill keeps on looking through his friend's diary. A photo is stuck between two pages. It is a photo of Rose naked.
Everything that you said last week in group was right, and that's why I lost my temper. Uh, the young lady that I mentioned last week... that relationship has been terminated. No reason and no hope. She just, just called... and told me, and that's it.

BILL

He reads what is written on the back of the photo.
"The sociopath, lacking the restraints that... hold a normal character together, can become anything. Amorality frees her to be universally perfect. A charming chameleon with a scorpion's tail." Do any of you recognize... recognize this woman ?
He gives the photo to Sondra.

SONDRA

S(he laughs) and brings the picture to her chest.
Oh, my God ! Oh ! This is my girlfriend. This is Bonnie.

BUCK

He tears the picture away from her hands.
Give me that !
He looks at the picture and turns to her.
This your Bonnie ? This is your Bonnie ? Yeah ?

SONDRA

Yeah. Yeah.

BUCK

The one you've been boring the living shit out of us with ?
This is the one that's saving you from yourself ? Your shopping mall hag ?

SONDRA

Shut up.

BUCK

The one that makes you smile ?

SONDRA

Shut up !

BUCK

The one that you wish was a man ?

SONDRA

What are you getting at, Buck ?

BUCK

That Bonnie ? Is that it ?

SONDRA

That's right, that's it. That's right, That's right.

BUCK

Sondra... this is my Bonnie.

SONDRA

She bursts laughing, but she has tears in her eyes.
You're lying. You're lying. You're lying. You're lying ! I
don't believe you !

Bill looks intensely at her. Sondra has started sobbing.

CLARK

He tears the picture away from Buck's hands.
Let me see that.

BUCK

He puts his head in his hands.
Fuckin' A !

CLARK

He looks at the picture.
Well, yes, of course. This is the woman that I've been
talking about. This is my Bonnie.
Buck tears the picture away from his hands.
Goddamn it, Buck ! Don't do that ! Do not do that !

BUCK

Hey, hey, hey !

They are ready to fight. Sondra comes between them. The three of
them are talking together.

SONDRA

You're lying to me ! Why are you lying to me ?

CLARK

Stop acting like an... Like an emotional child !

BUCK

Goddamn tar baby !

SONDRA

You're making it up ! You're making it up !

CLARK

Nobody's making anything up... and stop it, stop it, stop
it !

During this heated verbal exchange, Richie has picked the fallen
picture from the floor.

SONDRA

Stop it !

CLARK

Quit it ! You're crumpling the picture up ! I want you to stop showing off ! You're a little brat !

BUCK

Fuck it ! You have the emotions of a styrofoam cup !

We see Richie putting the picture away and leaving hurriedly.

CLARK

You calm down, and you stop...

SONDRA

Where's the picture ?

Lightning, thunder, and the pictures appears close-up in a hand. It is Hector's hand, who looks at them all, sneering.

HECTOR

How in the name of God... could all of you be going out with the same woman and not know ? Not have a clue ? Including you, Mr. Psycho-fucking-analyst ? Not to mention Bob Moore... who probably took this amazing picture himself in front of his expensive painting. I'm gonna call the Guinness Book of World Records... because I think this woman deserves credit. And I'm gonna make sure that all of your names are included... so you can all share in the glory.

BILL

Well, you should know something about sharing, huh, Hector ? I mean, you and Buck must have shared some very tender moments... discussing his wife. Huh ? Why didn't you tell me the truth ?

HECTOR

What truth is that ?

BILL

Why didn't you tell me Buck was a cop... not to mention a suspect in a murder case ? Not to mention you, goddamn it.

HECTOR

Because... I'm not your patient, and I don't have to tell you shit !

BILL

He jumps on Hector. Bucks tries to take them apart. That's right, you don't have to tell me shit ! Fuckin' tell me anything, do you ? Why won't somebody tell me some fucking truth ?

BUCK

He has succeeded in taking them apart. Get the fuck out of here !

BILL

One fuckin' thing ! Can you do that, Buck ?

HECTOR

You really know how to pick your women, you know that ?

BILL

I know you can't... you lyin' sack of shit !
He wants to jump again on Hector. Buck holds him back.
You can't fuckin' do it !

BUCK

Listen. After my wife died, I wanted to slaughter this
cock-sucker !

SONDRA

Don't ! No more !

BUCK

But I realized we both loved her. It became a, sort of a
bond between us. Isn't that right, Hector ? Isn't it ?
Hector ! Jesus God ! I never got the chance to forgive her.
So I forgave him instead.

HECTOR

All right ! So much for the famous fucking Monday group !
Now we have a suspect with a tattoo on her ass and no
address. Now the cops need your help. What about the car ?
Anybody around here wrote down the license plates numbers ?

BUCK

"The license plates numbers" ?

SONDRA

We didn't even...

HECTOR

Huh ?

Bill looks at Hector, but says nothing.

SONDRA

Well, I didn't think to-to-to write it down.

PALACE HOTEL - HALL - INTERIOR DAY

Revolving door of the entrance of the hotel. People are coming
incessantly in and out. Among them we see Bill coming in. The
following dialogue is in (voice over) on the shot of the revolving
door.

HOTEL ATTENDANT

Hey, welcome back to L.A., Miss Brown.

HOTEL FEMALE GUEST

Thanks. Put my bags in my room.

BILL

Dr. Ashland from New York with the psychiatric convention.

HOTEL ATTENDANT

Dr. Ashland ? In the health club.

HOTEL FITNESS CENTER - INTERIOR DAY

Larry, dressed in tracksuit, is working with one of the fitness
devices. Bill is standing in front of him.

BILL

I don't think she is a sociopath.

LARRY

Well, then how about something simple and snappy like a multiple personality disorder ? You've fallen into a trap. You are not well. She is not well. And to you, it feels like a bond.
He gets up and starts walking in the room. Bill follow him.

BILL

She's been acting this thing out as if... it's the only way for her to have a life.

LARRY

Or lives.

HOTEL SWIMMING POOL - INTERIOR DAY

Larry is sitting in a whirlpool. Hot water is bubbling all around him. Bill is seated by the pool side.

LARRY

You really want to go on seeing her, do you ?

BILL

Yes, I want to see her.

LARRY

In a, a nonprofessional sense ?

BILL

In every sense.

LARRY

I don't have your magical tuning fork. All I know is that two people are dead... and she seems an excellent suspect. Bill, salmon swim upstream to mate and die. And so do men.

BILL

Is that what I'm doing?

A STREET NEAR THE MAIN POLICE STATION - EXTERIOR DAY

Anderson is walking in the street, a coffee paper cup in his hand. He is wearing suit and sunglasses, but also a very flashy necktie. Bill dressed in open shirt and sunglasses, walks toward him.

BILL

Anderson ! I need your help with something.

ANDERSON

Hey, man, how ya doin'?

They start walking together in the street.

BILL

I'm sitting in a restaurant last night, and I'm looking out the window... watching this woman trying to back out of a space right in front of mine.

ANDERSON

A beautiful woman ?

BILL

Stunning. Anyway, the next thing I know, she busted out the headlight on my car.

ANDERSON

Uh-oh. Drives away, right ?

BILL

I don't even think she knew what she did.

ANDERSON

But you'd like to meet her ?

Bill answers with a silly smile.

All right, um, I'll see what I can do. You got the license number ?

BILL

He gets a piece of paper out of his shirt pocket and gives it to Anderson.

Yeah. Thanks, man. All right. Thanks.

ANDERSON

Sure.

The two men split up. Anderson walks into the police office.

STREETS, THEN PARKING BUILDING IN L.A. - EXTERIOR DAY

Bob's car, still dented all over, starts, with open roof, and Bill driving. He is wearing sunglasses.

As the car passes a crossroad, we see, coming on its right , the «red car», also dented all over. It starts following Bill.

Bill parks his car on a parking lot, at the bottom of a parking building. The red car climbs to the roof of the building.

Bill cuts the ignition off, takes his keys and gets out of the car. He starts walking along the building, the red car following him from the roof.

The red car stops behind a car parked on the edge of the roof, then starts pushing the car. The car breaks the guardrail and falls down to the ground. Bill raises his head, sees the car coming down, jumps away and falls flat on the ground, just avoiding the falling car, which crashes on two other parked cars. We see the front of the red car appearing behind the broken guardrail. Bill bangs his fist on the ground, while pieces of broken cars are flying all around him.

BILL

He yells.

Damn !

BUILDING WITH GALLERIES - EXTERIOR DAY

A very picturesque building with multiple open air galleries. On one of the galleries, Anderson walks toward Hector who is pointing a menacing finger to him.

HECTOR

I ought to shoot you!

ANDERSON

I came to make amends.

HECTOR

So make 'em, loudmouth !

Full shot of the building. Very typical L.A. architecture, looking almost like a movie set. Anderson and Hector are leaning against the bannister of one of the upper galleries.

ANDERSON

I just spoke to Bill Capa. This license plate might belong to our mystery lady.

Close up on Anderson and Hector. Anderson gives to Hector the piece of paper Bill had given to him. Hector reads the paper.

NIEDELMEYER'S RESIDENCE - EXTERIOR DAY

Bill runs to the door of the house. He knocks repeatedly and forcefully.

BILL

Mrs. Niedelmeyer ! It's Dr. Capa again.

Edith Niedelmeyer opens the small panel in the door. She looks furious.

EDITH

You leave me alone ! Get away from here !

BILL

I need your help, please !

EDITH

Why are you torturing me like this ?

BILL

Mrs. Niedelmeyer, please !

NIEDELMEYER'S RESIDENCE - INTERIOR DAY

Edith closes the small panel. Several heavy blows on the door, which eventually crashes open and gives access to Bill. The house is very heavily decorated.

BILL

I need you to listen to me ! My best friend was killed. He was stabbed with a knife...

EDITH

You get out of my house !

BILL

... 38 times in the chest !

EDITH

You-You go away!

BILL

He follows her through the sitting room. They arrive near a bay window, behind which we can see a large swimming pool. Another patient was bled to death ! I think that I might be next !

EDITH

Go away !

BILL

I don't have anywhere else to go, Mrs. Niedelmeyer ! What are you hiding from me ? What is it ?

EDITH

Nothing.

BILL

Why won't you tell me the truth ?

Edith picks up a cordless phone on a table. Bill tears the phone away from her hands.

Put that phone down.

EDITH

I'm calling the police !

BILL

Put the phone down ! Put the phone down !

EDITH

She falls on the armchair in which Bill has pushed her.

Please ! What kind of twisted creature are you ? I've never done anything to you.

BILL

My patient Richie is involved...

EDITH

Why in God's name are you doing this horrible joke ?

BILL

If you just help me...

EDITH

Richie Dexter is dead ! He killed himself four years ago.

BILL

Why ?

EDITH

Because he couldn't stand... what my husband was doing to him.

She gets up goes to the window bay and open a glass door. She leans against the frame of the door.

He hung himself with a belt. He was 12. I didn't know ! I mean, how could I know ? Nobody knew.

BILL

What about the family ?

EDITH

He is survived by his brother, Dale. If Richie Dexter were alive today... he'd be 16 years old. He also had a sister, Rose.

Bill stands still for a few seconds. He has just understood the truth. Then he sighs and rushes out of the house. He runs near a impressive mantelpiece decorated with a fierce lion head pulling its tongue out.

DALE'S WORKSHOP - PARKING - EXTERIOR NIGHT

Bob's car arrives on the empty parking lot in front of Dale's workshop. The atmosphere is even more uncomfortable at night than during the day. Lightnings in the sky. There are lights evenly placed all along the high chimney. Several windows are lit on the

first floor of the building.

Bill parks the car in front of the building, gets out the car and runs toward the building. He enters using the door with the sign «Beware of dog».

DALE'S WORKSHOP - LIVING QUARTERS - INTERIOR NIGHT

Bill gets in the living quarters of the Dexter. It is quite dark. In one corner, a large kitsch statue of Christ of the Sacred Heart. A sink with two cabinets with glass doors..

Bill pushes the sliding door leading to the workshop.

DALE'S WORKSHOP - WORKSHOP - INTERIOR NIGHT

Bill walks between statues being worked on. He bumps into a small cage hanging from the ceiling.

He opens a door which leads him into a small room covered with spiderwebs. Something liquid drops on his hand. It's blood. Bill raises his head.

Though a gate in the ceiling, he sees the crying face of Richie.

He gets out of the small room, takes a big piece of carved wood on a table, and climbs the steps leading to the upper parts of the workshop.

When he arrives in the upper gallery, he menacingly waves the piece of wood, and walks very cautiously. Richie is seated with his back to him. He has blood on his T-shirt.

BILL

Richie.

He gets nearer and puts the piece of wood down.

Jesus Christ !

When he is close to Richie, he sees that his T-shirt is badly torn down and full of blood. He wants to touch it, but Richie starts moaning. Bill kneels near him.

What did he... What did he do to you ?

RICHIE

He can hardly talk, and stammers even more than usual.

W-What I... d-deserved. Y-You shouldn't be here. Get away from me.

BILL

Richie... Richie... I have to see Rose.

He takes off Richie's glasses.

I need her.

He takes off Richie's wig, and Rose's face appears.

ROSE

She has gone back to Rose's voice, and doesn't stammer anymore.

Get away from me, please ! You'll make it worse !

BILL

Where's Dale ?

ROSE

She cries.

L-I don't know, but he'll be back ! L-I don't know where he is.

BILL

He is also crying.

Was this your idea, to become Richie ?

ROSE

No ! No ! L-It happened. It just happened.

BILL

What? What happened, Rose ? Please. I need to know.

ROSE

When Richie died... Dale buried the body and then he said, "Richie, come here." And I told him, I told him, "My name is Rose !" He slapped me so hard, I couldn't get up. A-And he, he made me dress in these clothes... and h-he did things to me that made me not want to be a woman anymore. I was Richie from then on.

BILL

What happened to Rose ?

ROSE

After a while, I forgot about Rose. Then Richie got busted.

BILL

And you had to come to group.

ROSE

They were our world. They were our family.

BILL

But then what ? Rose started coming back ?

ROSE

No! Rose, Rose was too scared, so Bonnie came out. Bonnie was first.

BILL

Oh, honey.

ROSE

Help me, please ! Help me.

Rose moves her eyes down and Bill follows her eyes. He discovers that Rose's hand has been nailed to the carved armrest of the armchair.

BILL

Jesus! Oh, my God !
Bill stands up.

Oh! Jesus Christ ! Jesus Christ !

He goes to the table where he had dropped the piece of wood and start looking for an appropriate tool. He finds a big hammer.

That crazy bastard !

With the forked end of the hammer, he raises the nail.

ROSE

She cries and yells.

Oh, God !

Bill gets the nail off. Rose can't breathe anymore. Her eyes are rolling upwards.

BILL

He feels that she is going away from him.

Rose !

ROSE

She goes back to Richie's voice and face. She starts stammering again.

Get away f-from me!

BILL

Rose, come back ! Richie ! Richie, leave her alone !

ROSE

Still talking like Richie.
I never get to be out a-anymore.

BILL

Rose. Come on.

ROSE

Rose's head stands up : she is gone back being Rose.
And then I met you and the fog... Started to lift.
Bill takes off the other nail.
It did. It did.

BILL

I know. Come on, let's go.
He helps her to stand up, and then to walk.
Let's go. Here we go. Come on. Shh. Come here.
They start going down to the workshop.
Here we go. Here we go. Let's move.

We hear the sound of a nail-gun, and a nail clicks on a piece of metal near them.

ROSE

Oh !

Several nail-gun shots. Nails are getting stuck in the various wooden objects around them.

DALE

Shot from behind Dale. He holds a nail-gun and keeps on shooting nails.
Back up!
He sticks a nail in Bill's shirt. Bill remains nailed against a carved wooden panel.

ROSE

She yells and holds Bill tightly.
No ! No, Dale, don't !

BILL

Get back ! Get back !

ROSE

Dale, no !

DALE

Quick tongue, slow wit. Deadly, Doctor.
Bill tries to take the nail off. The nail must have gone through his flesh, because there is blood on his shirt.
Deadly.

Dale raises his nail-gun slowly, but Hector appears from behind a wall, holding a «real» gun.

HECTOR

Hi, Dale. You fucking daffodil. Put that toy down. Put it in the toolbox. Now ! I got .45 caliber nails in this gun !

BILL

What are you doing here, Martinez ?

HECTOR

He talks to Bill who is behind him, but without taking his eyes away from Dale.

Aren't you glad I'm here ? Anderson snitched you out !
That's what happens when you try to outsmart a cop ! Let
that be your psych lesson for the day !

At the end of his sentence, Hector slightly turns his head toward Bill. Immediately Dale shoots him. Hector bends down a little because of the pain, and stands back up to shoot Dale. But Dale is faster than him and nails both of his hands against the wood panel.

HECTOR

He yells.
Go ! Run !

BILL

Go ! Get over there ! Get over there !

ROSE

No ! No !

Dale keeps on shooting and sticks several nails in Hector's fingers.

HECTOR

Go ! Run ! Run ! Run ! Run ! Go !
Bill succeeds in getting the nail off his arm. He runs away with Rose.

We follows them through the workshop. As they reach a staircase, we hear an engine starting. Then a whole block of shelves falls in front of them. We see Dale in a small glass cabin, his hands on the controls of a handling machine.

Bill moves Rose away from him...

BILL

Let's go!

... just as a huge piece of furniture falls on Bill, who falls down, stuck under the furniture.

ROSE

No ! Get out !

Dale appears behind Bill, and wraps a leather belt around his neck. He tightens the belt. Bill suffocates. Dale pulls him by the belt across the workshop.

DALE

Come on ! Come on !

He puts him inside a metal cage. He ties the belt on the top of the cage. Bill tries, with both hands to move the belt away from his throat.

BILL

You fucking son of a bitch !
Dale takes a small electric saw, switches it on and tests it on the bars of the cage. Sparks spring up.

You really fucked it up, didn't ya ? Got your little brother killed.

DALE

No !

BILL

You let old Niedelmeyer do it to him.

DALE

No, I saved him !

BILL

You knew what was happening...

DALE

I didn't know !

BILL

Because it happened to you before !

DALE

Would you goddamn shut up ?

BILL

Could have saved your little brother, but he killed himself.

DALE

He is getting angry.
Shut up ! Shut the fuck up !

BILL

You failed, Dale. And you made Rose become Richie !

DALE

He calms down and smiles.
Oh, you're smart. You're really smart. Bob Moore was smart, but I put a stop to that.

BILL

Yeah, you did.
He coughs.
Why'd you kill Casey, Dale?

DALE

Why are you head-shrinkers all alike, huh ? Y-You can't keep your fucking hands off of us. Huh ? Always pokin' and pushin'. Huh ?
While talking, he keeps on switching his saw on and off.

BILL

Why'd you do it, Dale ?

DALE

Because... that little bitch, Rose, she started sneaking out... playing like Bonnie, modeling for him night after night. Christ, Bill, he was lookin' right through her... gonna recognize Richie in group. Well, I might have missed old Niedelmeyer... but I sure as hell got Bob... real good.
- And now...
He starts his saw. Sparks spring up on the edge of the cage. I'm gonna cut you into little pieces and sand the skin off.

BILL

He snickers.

The inspiration of madness, Dale.

DALE

The tyranny of normalcy, Bill.

He starts his saw again, and slowly moves it close to Bill. We hear the sound of the nail-gun and a nail gets stuck in Dale's shoulder. The saw stops. Dale walks back a few steps to face Rose, holding the nail-gun pointed on him.

DALE

Richie.

ROSE

My name is... My name is Rose.

He rushes on her. She shoots and sticks a nail in the middle of his forehead. Dale falls down. Rose starts screaming.

No ! No !

Bill tries to get the belt off his neck. Rose raises the gun to her throat, and presses the trigger. But it doesn't work. She tries again. It still doesn't work. The gun must be empty.

No !

Bill eventually succeeds in getting free, but Rose, after she has thrown the gun away, starts running through the workshop.

No !

BILL

He runs after her.

Rose ! Rose ! Come back ! Rose !

DALE'S WORKSHOP - CHIMNEY - EXTERIOR NIGHT

Rose starts climbing the ladder mounted on the body of the chimney. Bill follows her and yells.

BILL

Rose ! Rose ! Stop ! Rose !

Rain is soaking both of them, but they keep on climbing. Thunder is rumbling.

A long distance shot shows the whole chimney, with Rose and Bill climbing on it.

Wait ! Rose!

ROSE

She sobs.

Don't !

BILL

For God's sakes, don't jump ! Rose !

ROSE

She has reached the circular platform on the top of the chimney. She yells.

No !

BILL

Rose ! Stop !

BILL

He reaches the platform.

No ! No. No !

BILL

Wait !

ROSE

Why ?

BILL

Rose ! No ! Stop, please !

Rose jumps on the very narrow ring which circles the platform.
Just stay there !

ROSE

It's too late. I've gone too far. I can't go back.

BILL

If you go, I go ! I swear to God ! I swear to God.

ROSE

Why would you do that ?

BILL

Please, God, just come over here. I don't want you to die.
Just give me your hand. Take a risk ! There's no risk in
dying. Come on.

ROSE

Oh, Capa.

BILL

Come on.

ROSE

She puts her hand out to Bill's strutted hand. We hear the sound
of a high gust of wind, and Rose loses her balance and starts
falling backward.

L... No...

BILL

No !

ROSE

Capa !

She yells.

No !

Bill jumps from the platform and catches a chain hanging under the
platform. His momentum makes him swing and he catches Rose's arm
just as she was falling from the outer ring. With his other arm he
holds on the chain and they start swinging back and forth. They
eventually reach the chimney ladder. Rose grabs one of the rungs,
followed by Bill, who pushes her up.

BILL

Come on.

They move back to the platform, and, as soon as they reach it,
they hug each other very tight. Bill looks at the beacon on the
top of the chimney. From white, the beacon becomes red, which is
its real color. Bill smiles : he sees red again. He hugs Rose even
more tightly.

HECTOR'S VOICE

While the camera pans away from the platform, showing the whole
platform with Bill and Rose holding each other, we hear Hector's

voice.

Hey! Listen up, you fucking daffodils ! You gonna leave me hanging here all night, huh ?

Bill starts laughing.

Get me down, you goddamn cuckoos ! Get me some fucking Band-Aids !

Bill keeps on laughing. Rose starts laughing too.

Come on, you fucking daffodils ! Get me out of here !

CREDITS

During the credits, we hear the following song:

WORDS OF THE CREDITS SONG

You and I - Moving in the dark - Bodies close But souls
apart - Shadowed smiles - Secrets unrevealed - I need to
know The way you feel - And I'll give you everything I am
And everything I want to be - I'll put it in your hands -
If you could open up to me - Oh, can't we ever Get beyond
this wall 'Cause all I want Is just once To see you in the
light - But you hide behind The color of the night - Ooh,
ooh, ooh Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh - God save me - Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh Ooh, ooh, ooh - Everything I am -
Everything I am - And everything I want to be - Oh, can't
we ever get beyond this wall 'Cause all I want Is just once
- Forever and again - Ever and again - I'm waiting for you
- I'm standing in the night But you hide behind The color
of The night - Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh - Please come
out from the color of The night

HECTOR'S VOICE

At the end of the credits, we hear Hector's voice again.

Hey ! You gonna spend the night up there ? You and little
Miss Fender Bender ?