

**"DEAD AGAIN"**

By

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**REVISED DRAFT**

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**Rev. July 23, 1990 (blue)**

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1 BLACK

1

No music. Just a MAN SINGING the 40's classic, "Lush Life."

MAN (V.O.)

"I used to visit all the very gay places,  
Those come what may places..."

FADE IN:

2 CLOSEUP - NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

2

We hear a slight SNIPPING sound as we PAN a wall of yellowing newspaper articles detailing the murder of pianist MARGARET STRAUSS...

MAN (V.O.)

"Where one relaxes on the axis of the wheel of life..."

Still more articles detail the arrest and subsequent trial of Margaret's "jealous husband," composer ROMAN STRAUSS. We keep hearing SNIP... SNIP... SNIP...

MAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

"To get the feel of life from jazz and cocktails..."

Faded photographs of the beautiful Margaret... crime scene shots of her body beneath a sheet... a missing anklet... a pair of bloody scissors... the murder site: a huge mansion fronted by high gates.

As we MOVE IN CLOSER, we can see, mounted in the center of the gates, a wrought-iron Treble Clef.

MAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

"Romance is mush,  
Stifling those who strive..."

Each and every article has a "GRAY BAKER" byline. SNIP... SNIP... SNIP...

MAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

"I'll live a lush life in some small dive..."

PULL BACK to reveal:

3 DEATH ROW CELL - NIGHT (1950)

3

All four walls of the cell are covered with the articles. ROMAN STRAUSS, the singing man, sits in shadow getting his hair cut by a heavyset Guard.

ROMAN

"And there I'll be while I rot with the rest of those, whose lives are... lonely, too."

4 INSIDE CELL BLOCK

4

GRAY BAKER, early thirties, white suit, white hat, steps up to the bars. He takes a deep drag off his cigarette as another Guard unlocks the cell door.

ROMAN

(German accent)

Come on in, Mr. Baker.

5 INSIDE JAIL CELL

5

as Baker steps inside, takes in Roman's wallpaper.

ROMAN

As you can see, I've become quite a fan of yours.

Baker brushes some hair off a chair and sits down.

BAKER

I'm flattered.

Baker waits, watches the Guard work... SNIP... SNIP... SNIP...

BAKER

(continuing)

That why you asked me to come down to Death Row? Just so you could tell me what a fan you are?

ROMAN

I'd like to ask a favor of you.

Baker chain-lights another cigarette, flippantly blowing smoke in Roman's direction.

BAKER

What kind of a favor?

ROMAN

I'd like you to print something. I mean, after all...

(CONTINUED)

As Roman Strauss leans forward into the light, we can see that his hair has been clipped to the scalp.

ROMAN  
(continuing)  
You're so good at that.

Startled, Baker looks away, his cocky appearance rapidly abandoning him.

ROMAN  
(continuing)  
I'd like you to print that I said  
I loved my wife. And that I'll  
love her forever.

Baker nervously brushes a clump of Roman's hair from his lap.

ROMAN  
(continuing)  
Will you do that?

BAKER  
(abrupt)  
You loved your wife, sure.

ROMAN  
And that I'll love her forever.

BAKER  
Yeah, right. Forever.

Roman smiles at Baker, then resumes singing as the Guard sets the scissors down on a small bed table.

BAKER  
(continuing)  
Aren't you afraid of dying?

ROMAN  
"To die is different from what  
anyone supposes. And luckier."

BAKER  
(chuckles)  
That a line from your opera?

ROMAN  
It's Walt Whitman.  
(smiles)  
I can't take credit for  
everything, Mr. Baker.

(CONTINUED)

Baker sits up, tries to regain control of things, exhales a thin, steady stream of smoke in Roman's direction.

BAKER

Really believe that you're lucky to die? Roman.

Baker flinches slightly as Roman reaches out, removes a clump of his own hair from Baker's jacket.

ROMAN

What I believe, Mr. Baker, is that this is all far from over.

Roman stands as the Warden and several Prison Officials appear at the cell door.

Baker eyes the pair of scissors sitting on the table.

BAKER

You still killed her.

Roman smiles, drilling holes in whatever confidence Baker might have left.

BAKER

(continuing)

Didn't you?

Roman cuts a look at the Warden and his group, then slowly bends down and puts his mouth to Baker's ear...

6

THE GUARD

6

Watching. Listening.

7

BAKER

7

Blank-faced as Roman straightens up and walks to the cell door.

ROMAN

I'm all yours, Warden.

(sings)

"I used to visit all the very gay places,

Those come what may places..."

Baker turns to the bed table covered with Roman's hair.

(CONTINUED)

He leans over and with one sharp breath, scatters the hair to reveal a newspaper bearing the headline "ROMAN STRAUSS TO BE EXECUTED TODAY." The date is "September 4, 1950."

The scissors are nowhere in sight.

ROMAN (O.S.)

"... Where one relaxes on the axis  
... of the wheel of life..."

Baker looks about the cell in a panic...

A singing Roman is led down the row by the Warden and his armed entourage. Something in his hand shimmers.

At the far end of the row waits a group of Reporters and Photographers. Standing among them is a WOMAN.

We'll give her no name; suffice it to say that she's unusually beautiful, in her late twenties and wears a low-cut gown, barely held up by straps as delicate as spider webs.

Roman smiles at her, sings louder as he gets closer...

She smiles back at him. A strap falls. An attraction here...

Behind Roman, way up the row, Baker runs from Roman's cell and calls out...

BAKER

Stop him!

The Woman With No Name's smile fades as she looks down and sees the pair of scissors in Roman's hand. He's in front of her now...

ROMAN

These are for you.

The Woman With No Name screams as a smiling Roman thrusts the open scissors into her throat.

SUDDEN CUT TO:

The Woman With No Name sits up in bed and screams. She grabs her throat, checks herself for blood. A dream?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

She looks about the room as if she has no idea where she is. Moonlight limns the window. She gets out of bed...

10 EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT 10

We CRANE DOWN past wind-frantic elms and high wrought-iron gates that stand in immediate f.g. Mounted prominently in the center of the gates is the large Treble Clef. A large house rises forebodingly beyond a maze of dark hedges and ominous-looking statues.

The white figure of the Woman With No Name can be seen in an upstairs window. She turns away.

11 OMITTED 11 \*

12 INSIDE CORRIDOR 12

She steps out into the flickering white light of a corridor. Her satin nightgown whispers as she runs.

13 SPIRAL STAIRCASE 13

Spectacularly steep. At the end of the corridor. She hurries down...

14 OMITTED 14 \*

& 15 \*

16 ENTRY HALL 16

She runs to the oak front door... pulls it open and gasps.

(CONTINUED)

## A TALL FIGURE

His face barred in darkness, stands there on the step.

The lights flicker once more and we see that the figure is Roman Strauss. Something in his hand shimmers....

ROMAN

These are for you.

He smiles, raises a pair of scissors, and thrusts them at her throat...

SUDDEN CUT TO:

## 17 INSIDE SMALL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

17

Once more the Woman With No Name sits up and screams. She clutches her throat. Another nightmare. A small digital clock by the bed reads midnight.

Outside, the trees BUFFET the window as once more she gets up and moves to it. This time, we see that her nightgown is ill-fitting and made of a cheap cotton. PUSH PAST HER TO --

## 18 THE WINDOW

18

In the distant b.g. we see the gates with the Treble Clef.

## 19 ANGLE

19

FOOTSTEPS O.S. She turns to the door. It's blocked with a chair. White light from the corridor streams underneath.

The FOOTSTEPS STOP as the Woman With No Name slowly moves to the door. She listens a moment; moves the chair aside and grasps the doorknob, stiffening as she feels it turn in her hand...

She whips the door open to reveal a cloaked figure standing there. Something shimmers...

The Woman With No Name screams.

## 20 INSIDE HALLWAY

20

The lights ficker on and we see that this time the Cloaked Figure is a NUN, not a madman. The shimmer comes from the crucifix that hangs around her neck.

21 THE WOMAN WITH NO NAME 21

withdraws, screams louder as the Nun steps into the room...

NUN

Shhh, you're all right, child.  
I'm not going to hurt you...

22 EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT 22

The house stands in the b.g. We hear the woman SCREAMING over as we TILT UP to one of the dark statues and...

DISSOLVE TO:

23 SAME - DAY 23

The statue, once ominous in the darkness, turns out in the daylight to be a simple rendering of the Madonna. As a soccer ball hits Mary in the head, we...

PULL BACK to reveal:

24 SAINT AUDREY'S CONVENT SCHOOL - DAY 24

A group of young boys play soccer on the front lawn. The Woman With No Name sits nearby on a cement bench. Though she appears to be watching the kids play, her expression remains passive, as if her world extends only about a foot in front of her face.

SISTER MADELEINE (V.O.)

We found her two nights ago trying to get inside by climbing over the gates...

25 INSIDE SISTER MADELEINE'S OFFICER - SAME TIME 25 \*

Sister Madeleine, the young nun from the night before, sits at her desk, looking over a sheet of notes.

SISTER MADELEINE

Since then, she hasn't spoken a single word. She won't eat and when she does sleep, she has violent nightmares.

She looks to where FATHER TIMOTHY, an older, bleary-eyed Priest, stands at the window, looking outside.

FATHER TIMOTHY

Call the police.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER MADELEINE

They've already been here. All they did was fingerprint her; say they would put her description into their computer. They said there's nothing for her to do until someone reports her missing.

FATHER TIMOTHY

So what are we supposed to do with her in the meantime?

SISTER MADELEINE

(hesitant)

They say she belongs in County Hospital.

FATHER TIMOTHY

Okay. Fine.

SISTER MADELEINE

I've done charity work there, Father. It's a horrible place.

Father Timothy merely nods as we hear the excited voices of YOUNG BOYS O.S. The nun vies for his attention. \*  
\*

SISTER MADELEINE

(continuing)

Yesterday I had our own Dr. Loman examine her. He gave her a shot of something to help relax her subconscious... but all she did was scream.

She slides a slip of paper across the desk.

SISTER MADELEINE

(continuing)

Then last night, Sister Constance, she has the room next door, heard her call this word out in her sleep...

The priest puts on his glasses, examines the slip of paper.

FATHER TIMOTHY

Disher?

SISTER MADELEINE

Dysher.

(CONTINUED)

The priest removes his glasses, turns back to the window.

FATHER TIMOTHY

Sounds like nothing to me.

SISTER MADELEINE

Dr. Loman thinks the reason she's not speaking is because she either saw something or experienced something that frightened her into silence.

The priest merely grunts, keeps looking out the window.

26 OMITTED  
thru  
31

26 \*  
thru  
31 \*

32 FATHER TIMOTHY'S POV - THE GROUNDS BELOW

32

The soccer ball rolls over to the Woman With No Name. She doesn't move. A little boy runs over to retrieve the ball, but stops several feet short of her. He remains frozen as she looks up at him.

A Nun with a whistle around her neck finally runs over and grabs the ball... and the boy.

33 INSIDE SISTER MADELEINE'S OFFICE

33

Father Timothy stares out the window...

FATHER TIMOTHY

The woman belongs downtown.

SISTER MADELEINE

Father, she doesn't look crazy, she looks frightened. Every night she goes to bed, she blocks her door with a chair. And if you had heard her scream...

FATHER TIMOTHY

Sister, I don't have to hear her scream. I've heard many screams in my time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FATHER TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Stay in a place like this long enough, and you'll find that everything gets dumped on your doorstep at one time or another.

He turns away from the window and sits down again.

FATHER TIMOTHY

(continuing)

But we've dedicated our lives here to one thing: helping boys with no parents. That's a great deal. We can't very well take on new obligations at the expense of that. Now can we?

SISTER MADELEINE

I will not abandon this woman, Father.

Her expression hardens into resolve. He frowns, sees where this is going. He points to her desk...

FATHER TIMOTHY

Hand me the phone book...

SISTER MADELEINE

What for?

FATHER TIMOTHY

You do agree she doesn't belong here?

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED: (2)

33

SISTER MADELEINE

Yes, but --

FATHER TIMOTHY

So what if we bring her to County Hospital --

(cuts her off)

She's not spending another night here, and that's final. But... I see no reason why we can't have someone look for her family in the meantime.

He leans over and grabs the phone book himself.

SISTER MADELEINE

Father, we don't have the money to hire anybody.

FATHER TIMOTHY

The man I have in mind would do it for nothing. He grew up here.

(flipping through the phone book)

He was a policeman. He worked in Missing Persons for many years. Here we go...

34

INSERT - PHONE BOOK

34

As the priest runs his finger down the page headed "PRIVATE INVESTIGATION" to a listing that reads "MIKE CHURCH, FINDER OF HEIRS."

FATHER TIMOTHY

Now how's that for a name you can trust?

35

EXT. TRADER JOE'S MARKET - DAY

35

A battered "bathtub" Porsche beats out another car for the handicapped slot nearest the store. MIKE CHURCH gets out and takes a drag off his cigarette, then puts it out and returns it to the pack. He tosses the pack inside the car and locks the door. He stands there a moment, then unlocks the car, grabs the pack, and walks around to the trunk. He opens it, locks the pack inside.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Mike's a ruffled sort in his mid-thirties. He may dress way down, but if you were to ask ten women if they thought he was good-looking, six would say yes.

\*

36 INSIDE MARKET - SAME TIME

Mike stops a CLERK as he passes.

MIKE

Cozy Carlisle?

CLERK

Try the freezer.

37 INSIDE THE FREEZER

37

COZY CARLISLE, tall, long hair, long nose, wire-rimmed glasses, sits on a stool reading the Bible. Oblivious to the cold, he wears only a T-shirt and a pair of shredded jeans. He doesn't look up as Mike sticks his head inside.

MIKE

Cozy Carlisle?

COZY

Blow. I'm on my break.

MIKE

Mr. Carlisle, I've been retained by the law firm of Opperman-Crowe to find you and tell you that Myron Spargo died last month.

COZY

Myron Spargo?

MIKE

I'm very sorry.

COZY

Who the fuck is Myron Spargo?

MIKE

He was a patient of yours.

COZY

Yeah, well, I had a lotta patients. Now you mind? I'm reading.

Cozy turns back to his Book.

MIKE

Well, this one left you eleven thousand dollars.

Cozy looks up again. Mike takes out a notebook...

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

MIKE

(continuing)

Myron T. Spargo. Plumbing  
Contractor. Lived in San Marino  
with his wife Karen, or Sharon...

Recognition. Cozy smiles...

COZY

Karen Spargo. Man, that was a  
long time ago. Ten years maybe.

(incredulous)

I always knew he was grateful, but  
Jesus, eleven thousand dollars...

Cozy looks at Mike.

COZY

(continuing)

You want a cigarette?

MIKE

I don't smoke.

COZY

Oh really. By my count, you've  
looked at the pack on the shelf  
behind me three times in the last  
minute. You're tense. Fidgety.  
You hold your pen like so... that  
is, when you're not sucking on it  
like a Marlboro.

Mike cuts a look at his pen, then pulls a card from his  
pocket and scribbles on it.

MIKE

You help Myron Spargo quit  
smoking? Or was it just cuz 'a  
your friendly personality he left  
you eleven K?

COZY

Myron was impotent. You imagine  
that? Man lays pipe for a living,  
can't get it up at home.

MIKE

Well, Myron musta had one helluva  
hard-on when he made out his will.

Mike hands Cozy the card, but Cozy ignores it...

(CONTINUED)

COZY

Hey, platehead, I was a damn good shrink. I spent sixteen and a half years helping a lotta people work through a lotta shit. Sure, I slept with a patient or two, but back then, who didn't? Wasn't as if I didn't care. I loved being a doctor. Hell, half my patients I never even charged. Then the fucking State goes and sends some bitch in undercover. It's just not fair.

MIKE

(hands him the  
card)

Call Opperman-Crowe and set up an appointment to come in and sign the paperwork. They'll cut you a check for the eighty-eight hundred right there.

COZY

Eighty-eight hundred? What happened to eleven thousand?

MIKE

Eleven, less my commission.

COZY

Jesus Christ, Mr....

(looks at card)

Church. Who the hell you think you are, taking a twenty percent cut outta somebody's inheritance?

MIKE

Considering a minute ago you had dick and now you got eighty-eight hundred, I'd say Santa Claus.

COZY

It's not exactly eleven thousand though, is it, Santa?

MIKE

It's not exactly a wet sack a' shit either, Doctor Carlisle.

Cozy smiles. He can't help it. Mike's BEEPER goes off. He pulls it from his coat and shuts it off.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

3

MIKE  
(continuing)  
I use your phone?

Cozy shrugs. Mike heads for the door.

COZY  
Mr. Church...

Mike pauses in the doorway.

COZY  
(continuing)  
A man's either a smoker or a non-smoker. There is no in-between. The trick is to ~~find~~ <sup>figure</sup> out which of the two you are and be that.

MIKE  
Yeah, well, I'm trying to quit.

Again, Mike turns to leave.

COZY  
Man, don't try to quit. Guy who <sup>says</sup> ~~ways~~ he's trying to quit is just a pussy who can't commit. If it turns out you're a non-smoker, you'll know it.

Cozy grabs the pack from behind him, takes out a smoke and lights up. Mike looks at this strange guy another moment, then slips out the door.

38 EXT. SAINT AUDREY'S - DAY

38

Mike gets out of his car, eyes the gates with the Treble Clef. As he enters the grounds, we can see that gang graffiti has been spray-painted on the outside wall.

SISTER MADELEINE (V.O.)  
Sadly, we can no longer keep her here with us...

39 INSIDE SAINT AUDREY'S - DAY

39

Mike sits on a scrolled armchair looking about the office. Sister Madeleine and Father Timothy sit across from him.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER MADELEINE

Father Timothy has suggested that, while she's in the hospital, you would search for her family.

Mike is eyeing the priest now.

MIKE

He also happen to suggest who would pay for this?

FATHER TIMOTHY

I thought you might do us a favor. Out of your sense of charity.

MIKE

You mean my sense of humor, don't you, Tim? I mean, especially after the last favor I did for you...

FATHER TIMOTHY

That was not my fault.

MIKE

Not your fault? Father, you got a worse case of amnesia than the bag lady upstairs.

FATHER TIMOTHY

I thought the boy was lost! \*

SISTER MADELEINE

(cutting them off) \*

She's not a bag lady, Mr. Church.

Mike looks at her.

SISTER MADELEINE

(continuing)

Somewhere, someone is very worried about this woman.

MIKE

All right. You want, I'll give the lady a lift down to County Hospital. But that's really all I got time to do right now.

The nun's expression remains fixed. Mike shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

MIKE

(continuing)

Okay, and maybe on the way I'll stop and have a buddy a' mine at the Times take her picture... run it in the morning paper. How's that sound?

The nun smiles. That sounds better.

40 THE STAIRCASE

40

Mike follows Sister Madeleine up the stairs. \*

MIKE

Since when do you let civilians stay upstairs?

SISTER MADELEINE

We have to keep her up here. She frightens the boys. \*

(looks back at him)

She screams in her sleep.

MIKE

Yeah? Scary screams? Or, you know... happy, sexy screams?

SISTER MADELEINE

What difference does it make?

We hear GIGGLING O.S. She and Mike look up the hall where we hear the SOUND of a shower. A group of boys jockey for position around the steamy doorway. Sister Madeleine whistles and they all scatter.

MIKE

Scares 'em, eh?

SISTER MADELEINE

This is no place for a woman, Mr. Church.

MIKE

(beat)

You're a woman.

(CONTINUED)

## SISTER MADELEINE

It's not the same thing.

She gestures to a door, then starts down the hall.  
Mike smiles, enters the room.

## 41 INSIDE SMALL ROOM

41

Mike enters, glances about the room. He walks to a wooden chair draped with the woman's clothing.

First, he examines a single glove. Then, when he picks up her blouse, something drops to the floor.

Mike bends down and picks up a small gold ring. The front is formed by two hands holding a heart with a tiny crown.

Mike eyes the ring, then inspects the blouse; smells the material.

Someone CLEARS HER THROAT. Mike looks up, startled.

Sister Madeleine stands in the doorway beside the Woman With No Name. The first thing we notice is that she looks lovely. Her hair still wet from the shower, she wears only a bathrobe.

## MIKE

I, uh, I was just checking the labels... y'know, to see if I could get a line on where she bought 'em.

## SISTER MADELEINE

And how did the labels smell, Mr. Church?

## MIKE

Expensive. The perfume, I mean.

Mike moves to drop her clothing back onto the chair. He misses and they hit the floor in a pile. He extends his hand to the Woman With No Name.

## MIKE

(continuing)

Mike Church.

She tentatively shakes his hand. He holds up the gold ring.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

(continuing)

This is a Claddaugh ring... an Irish wedding band. I knew a girl, used to wear one. Wear it with the crown facing up, means you're taken; crown down, means you're not.

(hands it to her)

How were you wearing it?

The Woman With No Name looks at the ring a long moment, then up at Mike. She doesn't know. Mike looks to Sister Madeleine. The nun shakes her head.

SISTER MADELEINE

The policeman had her take it off so that he could see it.

MIKE

What about the other glove?

SISTER MADELEINE

She only had the one when we found her.

Mike nods, watches as the Woman With No Name sits down on the bed and puts the ring on with the crown up. She then slowly looks up at Mike; her eyes holding his with a quiet expression.

SISTER MADELEINE

(continuing)

I'll help her get ready. \*

Mike takes out his cigarettes, jerks a thumb at the door.

MIKE

I'll be outside. With the boys.

The Woman With No Name stares out the window as Mike drives through the South Hancock Park area. His "QUIT SMOKING" cassette plays in the b.g. He keeps looking over at her. She catches him. He forces a smile. Suddenly, she looks past Mike, sits up.

MIKE

What? What is it?

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

\*

Excited now, she points out his window...

MIKE

(continuing)

You recognize something?

43

EXT. "SID'S STEAKOUT" - DAY

43

A culinary dinosaur like the old "Tail O' The Cock." Mike pulls in out front. He and the Woman With No Name get out of the car. Mike casts a doubtful glance at the decrepit building.

MIKE

This place?

She hurries for the entrance.

44

INSIDE SID'S STEAKOUT - DAY

44

Dark. Cavernous. At the bar, an old bartender slips out of his daydream and gives Mike a tired nod as he enters a few paces ahead of the Woman With No Name.

A group of worn and wrinkly regulars turn to watch as the Woman With No Name moves further into the long, unused dining room. Mike eyes the group, then follows her.

MIKE

You've been here before?

A door at the back opens and SID, the leather-faced geezer that owns the place, steps out of his office into the restaurant. He heads straight for the john...

SID

Claude, do me up a soda with bitters, wouldja.

The bartender slowly sets to work. The Woman With No Name's eyes go wide. She takes Mike's arm.

MIKE

You know him?

(CONTINUED)

She nods. Mike cuts Sid off at the bathroom.

MIKE  
(continuing)  
Excuse me. I talk to you a  
minute?

Sid shifts his feet, looks past Mike to the bathroom.

SID  
Can it wait? I got a real burner  
goin' here.

MIKE  
Just tell me if you know that lady  
over there...

Sid takes a fast look at the Woman With No Name. She  
stares anxiously back at him.

SID  
Never seen her before in my life.

Sid tries to get past Mike into the bathroom. Mike  
grabs him.

SID  
(continuing)  
Hey --

MIKE  
Take a good look. She says she  
knows you.

Sid looks over at the bartender. The bartender shrugs.

SID  
Who is she? Who are you?

Mike sees that the guy really doesn't know her and lets  
go. As Sid pushes past and disappears into the bath-  
room, Mike turns to the Woman With No Name.

She leans against the wall, crying, looking more lost  
than ever. He watches her a moment, takes her by the  
arm...

MIKE  
C'mon.

As she steps away from the wall, we can see several  
dozen black and white 8X10's hanging there.

45 PUSH IN ON ONE OF THEM

45

A smiling, tuxedo-clad Roman Strauss. The signature reads "SID, GOOD LUCK ON YOUR NEW VENTURE! R. STRAUSS, 1946."

PETE (V.O.)

Smile, sweetheart...

DISSOLVE TO:

46 CLOSEUP - DEVELOPING PHOTOGRAPH

46

floating in the developer. The faint image of the Woman With No Name begins to appear.

PETE (O.S.)

(coaxing)

That's a girl...

47 INSIDE DARKROOM - DAY

47

PICCOLO PETE, a small guy with nappy black hair, watching the photograph develop. Pete speaks with a sibilant "S", meaning he whistles every time he says a word like "smile" or "sweetheart."

PETE

You really just gonna dump her off at County?

Pete watches the tray as the image of the Woman With No Name slowly begins to fade in. He cuts a look at Mike.

PETE

(continuing)

Why don't you take her home?

MIKE

She's not a stray dog, Pete.

PETE

Yeah, and besides, you never take women to your place anyway. They might mess with your stuff.

Mike looks at him.

PETE

(continuing)

'Least with this one, you don't even have to forget her name. She's already forgotten it for you.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Pete turns on the light, opens the door, pauses. The Woman With No Name sits just outside in Pete's cubicle.

PETE

(continuing)

Count to thirty, take her outta the fixer and drop her into the dryer. I'll be out here writing the copy.

Mike nods, slides off the counter, looks at the tray...

48 PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WOMAN WITH NO NAME

48

floats in the solution. She has that same quiet, almost pleading expression she had at St. Audrey's.

49 PICCOLO PETE'S CUBICLE - L.A. TIMES - DAY

49

Black and white 8X10's of some of the century's grizzlier crime scenes cover the low walls. Uncomfortable surrounded by such violence, the Woman With No Name sits trying not to look at them.

PETE

You're in good hands, sweetheart.

She looks up as Pete sits down at his desk. He taps one of the photographs...

PETE

(continuing)

Mikee can find anything.

The Woman With No Name looks at a photograph of several cops, including Mike, standing in a field looking down at a body.

PETE

(continuing)

Pretty frightening, eh? Not knowin' who y'are.

(smiles)

Same thing happened to me once.

She sits up, attentive now. Pete takes out a legal pad.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

(continuing)

Two years ago, mailman over in Lawndale freaked out and cut up his entire family with a hedge trimmer... then, either cuz he heard a voice or maybe just cuz he felt bad, he cut off his own arms...

50 THE DARKROOM - MIKE

50

As he looks up from the photograph to the cubicle...

MIKE

Pete...

PETE (O.S.)

Had to dial 911 with his nose...

MIKE

Pete...

PETE (O.S.)

What?

MIKE

I just know there's a point to this.

PETE (O.S.)

It's coming.

51 THE CUBICLE - PETE

51

\*

leans closer to the Woman With No Name...

PETE

See, I was the first shooter t'show up at the house. Took one look and passed out cold, right there. Came to, I had no idea who I was. Didn't even know my own family. Scariest thing ever happened to me. Then one morning I woke up and my little girl was standing beside the bed. She said, "I love you, Daddy." Well... I just looked at her, and in about two seconds, my whole life came flooding back to me.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Mike is shaking his head as he walks over.

PETE

(continuing)

So just hang in there, sweetheart.  
Sooner or later it'll all come  
back. Scout's honor.

The Woman With No Name stands, turns and looks at  
Mike. He holds the picture from the tray.

DISSOLVE TO:

51A EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

51A \*

Squad cars. Ambulances. Crazyies. The place is busy.

52 ELEVATOR - NIGHT

52

The Woman With No Name now wears a wrist I.D., and  
holds a folded hospital gown to her chest. She stares  
O.S....

MIKE

Look, my name and number are gonna  
be in the paper.

53 THE WOMAN WITH NO NAME'S POV - FAR SIDE OF ELEVATOR

53

Two COPS and a spooky-looking Handcuffed Woman. Her  
eyes fixed on the Woman With No Name, the handcuffed  
woman is assiduously scratching her arm...

MIKE

So the minute somebody sees your  
picture, I'll come and get you..

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

Mike and the Woman With No Name watch as the handcuffed woman raises her hand to brush a stiff lock of hair from her face, streaking her forehead with blood. She's been scratching so hard she's bleeding. The lady smiles at Mike, then resumes the bloody grooving of her arm.

MIKE

(continuing)

We're talking one night at the most.

54 THE DOORS

54

finally open to reveal the loud, zoo-like Psych Ward. The two Cops and their prisoner get off.

LOUD VOICE

That's my fucking cookie, bitch!

In the b.g., two Female Patients get into a fistfight. Cop #1 holds the door open, looks at Mike.

COP #1

Coming?

Mike looks at the ward, then back to the Woman With No Name...

55 EXT. SAINT AUDREY'S - NIGHT

55

The Woman With No Name sits in the car while Mike argues emphatically with Father Timothy at the gate. She looks down as the priest shakes his head, closes the gate on Mike.

56 EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

56

An older building in the foothills of Silverlake. Mike pulls up out front and gets out. The Woman With No Name gets out a moment later.

57 INSIDE MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

57

The Woman With No Name tentatively follows Mike inside. From the apartment next door, we hear the sound of PIANO SCALES played over and over. Mike immediately begins straightening up...

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

I'm sure you'll find this place  
almost as nice as County Hospital.

She sits down on the couch and looks around. Mike looks at her a moment, notices something, then walks to his antique desk.

MIKE

(continuing)

But don't worry, you won't be  
stuck here too long.

She stiffens as he takes out a pair of scissors. Her eyes are glued to the shears as he moves towards her...

MIKE

(continuing)

Someone's bound to see your  
picture.

She closes her eyes as Mike bends down and snips off the hospital I.D. bracelet.

MIKE

(continuing)

Hungry?

When she opens her eyes, Mike is smiling at her. She notices the plastic bracelet in his hand and relaxes.

MIKE

(continuing)

You haven't eaten anything all  
day.

Again she shakes her head.

MIKE

(continuing)

Well, if you get hungry, the  
fridge's right there.

Mike notices the piano scales, then bangs on the wall.

MIKE

(continuing)

Trudy! It's ten o'clock, for  
Chrissake!

Mike then turns back to her and jerks a thumb...

MIKE

(continuing)

Bedroom's back here.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

She looks at a shelf full of old framed photographs as the PIANO continues a moment, then stops. She gets up and walks into the bedroom.

58 MIKE'S BEDROOM

58

There are still more old photographs in here. She looks at them as Mike straightens up, gestures about the room...

MIKE

Closet's there; bathroom's there.  
The bottom drawer a' the dresser,  
there should be a sweatshirt or  
something to sleep in.

She turns, runs her hand along the back of antique chair...

MIKE

(continuing)

Beauty, isn't it? The desk and  
highboy in the living room are  
from the same period.

They both just stand there a moment. She's not sure what, if anything, he expects from her.

MIKE

(continuing)

Well...

(beat)

G'night.

Mike leaves the room. She immediately closes the door behind him and blocks it with the antique chair.

59 THE LIVING ROOM

59

Mike enters the room. He looks back at the door a moment, shakes his head, mimics himself...

MIKE

"The desk and the highboy are from  
the same period..."

Mike smacks himself on the forehead with his palm.

MIKE

(continuing)

What an asshole.

Groaning, he falls backwards onto the couch.

60 THE BEDROOM 60

The Woman With No Name walks to Mike's dresser. She opens a drawer and pulls out an LAPD sweatshirt. She cuts a fast glance at the door, then smells the sweat-shirt.

61 EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 61

The windows are dark. We hear four notes on a PIANO followed by a loud SCREAM OVER...

62 INSIDE MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 62

The Woman With No Name sits up and grabs her throat. She screams even louder as someone throws himself against the blocked door. Mike, the someone, finally manages to get the chair out of the way and bursts into the room.

MIKE

Hey... what's -- who's --

He glances about to make sure nobody's attacking her. She recoils as he tries to put his arm around her.

MIKE

(continuing)

It's okay, it's okay.. .it's just me...

Mike holds onto her, starts to gently rock her.

MIKE

(continuing)

It's just me.

She closes her eyes. He lays her back down on the bed. He slowly stands up when he sees that she's falling back asleep. Then, like a concerned parent, he rights the chair beside the bed and sits in it.

CUT TO:

63 CLOSEUP - NEWSPAPERS 63

The article and photograph of the Woman With No Name. We see key words and phrases such as "Disher" and "No Memory." A small photograph of Saint Audrey's (the gates with the Treble Clef) is included. As the newspaper is folded in half, we --

PULL BACK to reveal:

64 EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

64

Standing out front is FRANKLYN MADSON, tall, grey hair, dark linen suit. He tucks the folded newspaper under his arm, then enters the building.

MIKE (V.O.)

Hey, pal, I don't have to tell you anything...

CUT TO:

65 CLOSEUP - PIECE OF PAPER

65

atop a phone book open to the "D's". Mike writes the word "DISHER" over and over, playing with the spelling, breaking it up, etc.

MIKE (O.S.)

Instead, how 'bout you tell me what her ring looks like?

PULL BACK to reveal:

66 INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

66

Mike sits at his desk, talking on the phone, scribbling on the piece of paper.

The Woman With No Name sits on the couch looking at the newspaper article with her picture. She looks up from the paper expectantly...

MIKE

Coiled serpent... skull and crossbones... matches the tattoo. Right. Thanks for calling, Floyd.

Mike hangs up on the guy, takes the phone off the hook.

MIKE

(continuing)

The entire male population of L.A. has checked in this morning. This is better than video dating.

VOICE

Anybody home?

Madson stands in the doorway. He runs a hand through a head of long, wavy, grey hair.

MIKE

Can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

MADSON

Actually, I'm here to help you.

He sets the newspaper down on the desk.

MIKE

Yeah? And who're you supposed to be? Her grandfather?

MADSON

No, I'm not ner grandfather. Nor her grandmother, for that matter. In fact, I'm no relation at all. My name is Franklyn Madson.

Mike shakes his hand, eyes the suit... the expensive jewelry. Madson looks around, eyes Mike's old furniture...

MADSON

(continuing)

Now that's a handsome chair. Heywood Wakefield if I'm not mistaken. I'll give you forty-five dollars for it right now.

MIKE

It's a Brown and Saltman and it's worth two-fifty. What can I do for you, Mr. Madson?

MADSON

A glass of water would be lovely. Your elevator's broken, and the long climb's worn me out a bit.

Madson sits down and takes Mike's place beside the Woman With No Name. He takes her hand, looks only at her as he speaks. His voice is low and mellifluous...

MADSON

(continuing)

I see cases like this all the time. A person experiences something traumatic, they want to erase it from their mind.

(smiles)

Trouble is, they erase everything else along with it.

The Woman With No Name looks to Mike as Madson begins gently stroking her hand. Mike fills a glass of water at the sink.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

You a shrink?

MADSON

Not exactly. I'm a hypnotist.

Mike hands him a glass of water.

MIKE

Here's the water... there's the door... sorry 'bout the elevator.

MADSON

(drinks, smiles)

Tastes a bit like bourbon.

Madson sets the glass down and continues stroking her hand. Mike inspects the glass...

MADSON

(continuing)

It's simply a matter of regressing the young lady back to a happier time and then asking her who she is.

Their eyes locked, Madson continues to stroke the woman's hand... her eyes start to flutter a bit.

MADSON

(continuing)

Your hand is very light, my dear. So light that I'm afraid if I were to let go of it, it would just... float upward on its own.

lets go of her hand. It slowly rises.

MIKE

Hey, who gave you permission to --

MADSON

Shhhh... she's all right...

(to her)

I want you to continue to relax, my dear, and tell yourself that you're going into a deeper and deeper state of hypnosis...

Mike watches with interest as her shoulders begin to slump.

(CONTINUED)

MADSON

(continuing)

That's it... that's right... very nice...

Madson smiles at her, continues stroking her hand...

MADSON

(continuing)

Now let's go back... and tell me dear, has something happened to --

Suddenly, the Woman With No Name bolts upright and screams...

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Somebody help me!

Then silence. She stands there, eyes wide, trembling. Mike and Madson are both staring at her.

MIKE

She still under?

MADSON

No...

Mike takes her hand, and gently pulls her back to the couch.

MIKE

What did you see?

(no answer)

What made you scream?

Mike sits back. Madson smiles at her.

MADSON

At least we know you can speak. Quite well in fact. How do you feel?

And then, for the first time, the Woman With No Name smiles. Mike stares at her.

MADSON

(continuing)

I'd say she feels better.

(pats her hand)

Splendid.

Madson gets up and hands Mike a card.

(CONTINUED)

MADSON

(continuing)

If you like, you can come by my shop tomorrow afternoon, and we can try again. We'll need several hours and I think the surroundings there --

MIKE

(eyes the card)

Look, you did a good job. She spoke. I'm thrilled. Really.

(returns the card)

But I don't have the money to --

MADSON

It will cost you nothing, Mr. Church.

Mike watches annoyed as Madson pokes about his desk, picks up her stray glove and absently rubs the underside of his chin with it.

MADSON

(continuing)

I'll deal with her family when we find them. I'm sure they'll find my services invaluable. Once they realize I'm the one who reunited them with their...

(looking at the Woman)

Daughter, wife or... whomever.

(replaces the glove)

Good day, all.

68 INSIDE MIKE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

68

Mike walks past the doorway as the Woman With No Name washes her long hair in the sink. He backs up, and watches her a moment.

She straightens up, and catches him standing there. Mike finally gestures to the back of her head...

MIKE

You missed some.

She looks into the mirror. Mike moves to her.

MIKE

(continuing)

Put your head down.

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

She puts her head back in the sink. Mike reaches in and starts rinsing her hair... very gently at first, just touching her... he rubs her scalp... she closes her eyes.

Mike finally, reluctantly, stops. He stands there, his hands buried in her hair, staring thoughtfully at the back of her head.

He backs away from the sink as she straightens up and faces him.

MIKE

I'll uh, I'll get you a towel.

69

INSIDE MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

69

Mike lies on the couch staring up at the ceiling. He sits up on an elbow and looks at the closed bedroom door. He throws the blanket off, walks to his desk, unlocks the top drawer and takes out a pack of cigarettes.

He lights up, takes a deep drag, and looks thoughtfully at the bedroom door.

70

EXT. FRANKLYN MADSON'S "LAUGHING DUKE" ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

70

A sign in the front window invites "ONLY THOSE WITH A POSTURE TO BUY." Mike and the Woman ring the bell. A BUZZER SOUNDS and they enter the shop.

71

INSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP - SAME TIME

71

Dark. Jammed floor to ceiling with pricey old stuff. Mike and the Woman head for the back of the shop.

MIKE

Madson?

Mike catches his coat on the arm of a small statue, almost knocking it over. He steps back and examines a three foot tall bronze Courtier with a ten thousand dollar price tag. Written on the tag is the name, "The Laughing Duke."

MADSON (O.S.)

You were inside President Roosevelt's office?

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

71

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, frequently. My mother was  
his cook. We were like family.

Mike exchanges looks with the Woman, pulls his coat  
free and walks to the back of the store. Mike peers  
through a doorway...

72 MIKE'S POV - THROUGH THE DOORWAY - MADSON'S OFFICE 72

A legal pad in his lap, Madson sits facing an OLD WOMAN, not a young girl, under hypnosis. The Old Woman stares at a candle mounted atop a brass stand.

OLD WOMAN

I used to sit on Uncle Teddy's lap. I liked that.

MADSON

As I'm sure Uncle Teddy did too. Now Mrs. Tepper, against the south wall of the office was a desk: Lacquered mahogany with solid brass hardware and the initials "TR" engraved into the top. Do you remember it?

OLD WOMAN

Yes, I remember.

MADSON

Good. Now, I want you to think back... what did President... What did Uncle Teddy do with it?

OLD WOMAN

He gave it to... he gave it to... he gave it to Emily Maxwell, his personal secretary.

MADSON

And where did Mrs. Maxwell retire?

OLD WOMAN

With her son in Tucson. Arizona.

Madson scribbles in the file as he quickly wraps up.

MADSON

Alright, Mrs. Tepper, I'm going to count to three, at which point you will be wide awake and refreshed, yet remember nothing of our little discussion. One two three.

(CONTINUED)

The Old Woman opens her eyes and smiles at Madson.

OLD WOMAN  
(normal voice)  
How'd I do?

MADSON  
Just fine. I don't think you'll  
have any more of those silly  
chocolate cravings.

OLD WOMAN  
Thank you, Mr. Madson.

She writes a check, passes it to Madson.

MADSON  
Thank you, Mrs. Tepper.

Mike steps back as Madson ushers the Old Woman out of the office. He gives Madson a look that says, "Nice racket." Madson ignores the look, smiles at the Woman With No Name.

MADSON  
(continuing)  
And don't you look lovely this  
morning.

Mike reluctantly follows them into the office.

The Woman With No Name sits down as Madson pours himself some water from a crystal pitcher on his desk. He looks off, listens to the SOUND of a GAME SHOW.

MADSON  
Mother... would you turn that down  
please?

We hear a DOOR CLOSE O.S. Madson then lights a candle, and smiles at the Woman With No Name.

MADSON  
(continuing)  
I thought that today, since this  
is our first real session, we'd  
just go for an hour or so.

She nods. Madson sits down in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

MADSON

(continuing)

Now as soon as you're comfortable,  
I want you to take a look at the  
candle in front of you...

She does.

MADSON

(continuing)

I want you to stare at it. That's  
it. Keep staring at it... just  
let yourself relax... that's  
right... you may even feel your  
eyes start to close...

Her eyes begin to flutter, then close.

MADSON

(continuing)

I want you to picture yourself  
walking down a flight of stairs...

CUT TO:

74 A SPIRAL STAIRCASE - SUBJECTIVE POV

74

moving down...

MADSON (V.O.)

With each step, you'll relax still  
further. As you go down, I want  
you to tell yourself "I am going  
deeper into a state of hypnosis."

75 INSIDE MADSON'S SHOP

75

Mike stifles a yawn.

MADSON

Since yesterday you became a bit  
excited, today, I want you to  
distance yourself from the events  
you're watching... as if you're  
only a witness, not an actual  
participant. Understand?

She nods.

MADSON

(continuing)

And if you see any nice relics or  
objects d'art along the way, you  
might just mention that too...

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

MIKE

Oh, for Chriss --

MADSON

Shhh.

(to her)

Now at the bottom of the stairs I  
want you to picture a door...

76 INSIDE STAIRCASE

76

As we go round and down, a door comes INTO VIEW at the  
bottom.

MADSON (V.O.)

This door is very important. For  
just beyond it lies whatever time  
or place from your life we wish to  
visit.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME (V.O.)

Yes.

We get CLOSER to the door...

MADSON (V.O.)

Good. Now, this afternoon, we're  
going to visit a very happy,  
relaxed time... perhaps the  
happiest day of your entire life.

77 INSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP

77

Madson eyes her a moment, then leans forward.

MADSON

All right, then.

(beat)

The door has opened.

Silence.

MADSON

(continuing)

You can speak, my dear.

(beat)

What was the happiest --

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

The day we first met.

MADSON

Distance yourself.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

The day... Roman and Margaret  
first met.

MIKE

Margaret?

Madson glares at Mike as he takes out a pad.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

That's right.

MIKE

Margaret who?

MADSON

Mr. Ch --

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Strauss.

Madson coughs, pours himself a drink of water from the crystal pitcher. He gives Mike a look that says, "I told you so."

Mike ignores the look, grabs a phone book off Madson's desk, begins going through it.

MADSON

Right. Let's go back to the day Margaret and Roman first met... how far back are you? Two years? Three years? A year?

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

It was 1946.

MIKE

Okeedokey...

Mike closes the phone book.

MIKE

(continuing)

I think I've heard enough.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

MADSON

Mr. Church, I must ask you to refrain from talking during the session.

MIKE

The lady just told us she met a guy named Roman in 1946. I say the session's over.

MADSON

On occasion hypnosis can sometimes take us into our past lives as well as our past.

MIKE

(beat)

And you expect me to just run with that?

MADSON

Let me remind you, Mr. Church, that yesterday this young lady wasn't even speaking.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Rachmaninoff was on the program that night...

They both look at her. Madson sits back down.

MADSON

Wait for me, my dear. When was this?

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Winter. 1946...

Mike reluctantly sits down as well.

DISSOLVE TO:

78 AN ORNATE CEILING

78 \*

As we slowly TILT DOWN... \*

WOMAN WITH NO NAME (V.O.)

Roman was guest conductor for the Los Angeles Symphony...

To reveal:

79

A CONCERT HALL

79

Half full. We MOVE CLOSER to the stage where Roman Strauss, his back to us, conducts the orchestra.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME (V.O.)

Margaret was the soloist...

MARGARET STRAUSS plays at a black grand piano while Roman conducts with feverish energy. He is continually brushing a stray lock of hair from his forehead.

80

PANNING THE ORCHESTRA

80

Everyone plays with a fearful intensity. You don't piss this guy off.

Everyone, that is, except Margaret Strauss who winks at the conductor.

Roman almost tosses the baton.

81

EXT. PAN PACIFIC CENTER - NIGHT (1946)

81

A bit of THUNDER and it starts to rain. Umbrellas open all at once as the small crowd spills out of the building. Roman stands with several SOCIALITES.

SOCIALITE

Do you miss Germany, Maestro?

Roman watches as Margaret exits the building and steps happily out into the rain. Several people hurry over to her, pressing her for autographs.

ROMAN

Not anymore. Would you all excuse me?

A young man with a flute case walks over to Margaret, kisses her on the cheek. They share a joke. He obviously likes her. A cab pulls up and the guy opens the door for her. Another kiss and the guy moves on. Roman steps up just as she's about to get in, indicates the young man...

ROMAN

(continuing)

You wink at the flute player, too?

MARGARET

Sometimes.

She starts to get in the cab. Roman takes her arm.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

ROMAN

And I thought I was special.

MARGARET

Little taller maybe.

Roman eyes her a beat, then gives the cabdriver a few bills.

ROMAN

Thank you anyway.

Roman closes the door to the cab and turns to her. Margaret watches as the cab takes off without her.

MARGARET

What if I was meeting someone?

ROMAN

I'd hate to see you rendezvous on an empty stomach.

82 EXT. "SID'S STEAKOUT" - NIGHT

82

Its heyday. The place jumps. Searchlights play across the clouds as Sid's well-dressed patrons spill out of black limousines. Inside we hear a PIANO...

83 INSIDE SID'S

83

Voluntary black tie. The PIANO PLAYER croons from the back corner. The loud HUBBUB skips a beat as Roman and Margaret enter the restaurant together.

SID (O.S.)

Hello, hello!

Sid, forty years younger than the last time we saw him, and looking more like a mobster than a maitre d', rushes over to them. To Roman's instant irritation, he's all over Margaret like a rash...

SID

... so nice to see you... love to watch you play... you're welcome here anytime... take a look...

(points)

My new piano! Cost me four grand!

MARGARET

Very nice.

Patrons keep looking over at their table, at Margaret. Roman watches her as the waiter pours their champagne and disappears. Margaret reaches for her glass, almost knocking it over. Roman raises his...

ROMAN

To Margaret, a woman with more beauty than grace...

MARGARET

Sorry...

He doesn't take his eyes off her. She takes a drink and frowns at him.

ROMAN

What is it?

She reaches over and brushes the offending lock of hair from his forehead.

MARGARET

I was just wondering who cuts your hair.

ROMAN

My housekeeper.

MARGARET

Maybe she should stick to keeping house.

Roman self-consciously runs a hand through his hair.

ROMAN

She's been cutting it for twenty years.

(smiles)

You're the first woman who's mentioned it.

MARGARET

Out of how many women?

He keeps his reaction to a blink, then reaches across the table.

ROMAN

She also taught me how to read palms.

She eyes him an instant, then slides her hand across the table. He considers her palm a moment, then...

(CONTINUED)

ROMAN

(continuing)

Not much of a lifeline, I'm  
afraid...

MARGARET

How depressing. Especially if I  
believed this stuff.

ROMAN

Ah, but wait. I do see love.  
Passionate, everlasting love.

MARGARET

This work on a lot of women?

ROMAN

I'll let you know.

MARGARET

So then I don't really have a  
short lifeline?

ROMAN

I have no idea. I just like  
holding your hand.

He smiles, but doesn't let go; which is fine with her.

SID

walks over and says something to the Piano Player who  
nods, starts to play a soft intro. Sid grabs a mic...

SID

Good evening, favorite people.  
Just thought I'd remind you --  
(gestures grandly)  
We do have a dance floor.

APPLAUSE. Sid starts to sing "Lush Life."

ROMAN

looks at Margaret as she watches couples file out onto  
the dance floor. She turns back to him, forces a  
smile.

ROMAN

Shall we?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: 85

He stands. She hesitates, then follows him out onto the dance floor. They begin to dance. Sid sings...

86 A SERIES OF DISSOLVES - ROMAN AND MARGARET DANCING 86

As the evening unfolds... they talk... they laugh... then get more and more serious as fewer and fewer couples remain on the dance floor... until, finally, Roman and Margaret, dancing closely now, are the only two left.

DISSOLVE TO: \*

87 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 87

Roman and Margaret stomp around on the beach below the Santa Monica pier.

MARGARET

The clams squirt out've the sand  
when you step on them. That's  
where you have to start digging.

(jumps)

I got one!

Roman walks over as she drops to her knees and starts digging. She throws him a glance.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

(continuing)

I heard you were married.

ROMAN

I was. She's dead.

MARGARET

(beat)

How'd she die?

ROMAN

To escape Germany we had to go through the mountains. It was a difficult trip and she had a weak heart...

MARGARET

Then why go at all?

ROMAN

It wasn't my idea.

MARGARET

She must have loved you very much.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

He just looks at her, then leans over to kiss her. She backs away. He studies her a moment, then sits up and tilts his head back...

ROMAN

It's raining again. I should find you a cab. Get you home.

MARGARET

I lied to you.

Startled, he looks over at her.

MARGARET

(continuing)

I never winked at the flute player.

(looks away)

I've never winked at anybody before.

She turns to him a beat, leans over and kisses him.

The rain comes down hard. Roman drives his Packard through the high front gates. Mounted in the center of the gates is a wrought iron Treble Clef. This is the same house the convent school now occupies.

Roman and Margaret get out and run to the front door.

A bit of lightning momentarily illuminates the room. Roman unlocks the door and the two hurry inside. He turns on the light. Self-conscious, Margaret brushes the water from her face.

MARGARET

I'm soaked. I must look a mess...

ROMAN

You look fine.

He looks at her, all business. She just smiles, looks around the room.

MARGARET

Oh, Roman, this is lovely...

ROMAN

Thank you.

She moves to the table and picks up a grotesque looking black mask. She shudders.

ROMAN

(continuing)

It's for an opera I'm working on.

MARGARET

You're writing an opera about a monster?

ROMAN

Almost. It's about jealousy. About how sometimes it makes us two people.

MARGARET

What about you? Are you the jealous type?

ROMAN

(beat)

I suppose I have my moments.

(CONTINUED)

He walks to her, takes the mask from her hand and again looks her in the eye. And again she slips away.

MARGARET

What a lovely piano...

Margaret walks to the black grand piano at the back of the room. She examines the sheet music that rests in the stand.

MARGARET

(continuing)

This from your opera?

ROMAN

M-hm.

She plays four notes, repeats them, turns to Roman.

MARGARET

Rather brief, isn't it?

ROMAN

Like I said, I'm working on it.

She starts to play "Lush Life," and smiles at him.

MARGARET

And you thought I could only play Rachmaninoff.

He sits down on the bench beside her and watches her as she plays.

We TILT DOWN to the keyboard. His hands begin to move with hers as he embellishes the piece. After a moment, they both stop playing. A drop of water hits the keyboard... then another...

We TILT UP to the two of them as they kiss. He puts his arms around her.

Roman then picks her up and carries her over to the couch. She runs her hand along the material as they lie down.

MARGARET

(continuing)

We'll ruin it.

ROMAN

I'll get another one.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

As they kiss and entwine, we begin PULLING BACK through the room. A FLASH of lightning, as we...

CUT TO:

90 EXT. ROMAN'S ESTATE - DAY

90

A beautiful day. We're still PULLING BACK, across the lawn now, Roman's home rising in the b.g.

We PULL BACK to where several long tables of food are set up. Servants stand at the ready, looking INTO CAMERA, as we...

CONTINUE PULLING BACK to a wedding... up the flower-lined aisle... past all the well-dressed guests, many in tears...

We PULL BACK until we finally get to Roman and Margaret standing with a priest.

We CRANE UP AND BACK as the priest closes the Bible and Roman kisses the bride.

91 EXT. RECEPTION - LATER

91

LYDIA LARSON, a severely hatted gossip columnist, and Gray Baker enter the grounds through the front gates.

BAKER

I'm already yawning, Lydia.

LYDIA

We'll stay five minutes.

Baker takes a glass of champagne from a passing servant and prices the surroundings. He spots Roman and Margaret as they greet their guests. He can't take his eyes off her.

Baker elbows Lydia as Margaret steps away.

BAKER

Introduce me.

LYDIA

I thought you wanted to leave?

BAKER

I changed my mind.

(CONTINUED)

INGA, the tall head housekeeper, inspects the settings at one of the tables. With her hard face and hair pulled back tight, she looks young and old at the same time.

Her son, FRANKIE, a pale, frail fourteen-year-old, helps her. She gives him a piece of candy from the small pewter box she wears as a pendant.

Margaret walks tentatively up to the table.

MARGARET

Inga, I was just upstairs.

INGA

Yes?

MARGARET

(uncertain)

Well, it's just that I thought... I mean, we had talked about you and Frankie moving into the guest room downstairs.

INGA

Roman never said anything to me.

Margaret stiffens... Frankie smiles at her. She looks at the two of them... realizes that now is the time to establish herself in the household.

MARGARET

What Mr. Strauss said or didn't say is irrelevant. You and I have already discussed this. Now, tonight of all nights, I would appreciate it if you and Frankie were not sleeping in the next room.

INGA

Yes. Mrs. Strauss.

When Frankie speaks, it's with a slight impediment...

FRANKIE

C-congratulations, M-Mrs. Strauss.

MARGARET

(uncomfortable)

Thank you, Frankie.

Frankie's smile fades to a glare as Margaret marches off. Lydia, Gray Baker in tow, cuts her off.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

Mrs. Strauss, may I present Gray Baker.

MARGARET

(shakes his hand)

How d'you do?

LYDIA

Mr. Baker just made the list for this year's Pulitzer Prize.

MARGARET

Congratulations.

BAKER

Congratulations yourself.

He can't take his eyes off her. An awkward moment passes.

MARGARET

So... any new tidbits from the press?

BAKER

Zero. Tell you the truth, Mrs. Strauss, I miss the war.

MARGARET

What an odd thing to say.

BAKER

Doesn't seem to be much news anymore... all this back-to-normal stuff. The world's become boring again.

She smiles at him. He looks at her a long moment, then...

BAKER

(continuing)

Only thing I regret is that by being away so long, I missed my chance to hear you play.

MARGARET

I'm not going into hiding, Mr. Baker. I'm just getting married.

Baker just stares at her. She again extends her hand.

MARGARET

(continuing)

A pleasure meeting you.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (3)

91

BAKER

Likewise.

Baker isn't so anxious to let go of her hand. Margaret smiles, gently pulls it back.

92 INSIDE ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

92

Dressed in a long, sheer nightgown, Margaret sits at her dressing table brushing her hair. She turns around as we hear FOUR NOTES played on the piano O.S.

MARGARET

Roman?

She's all alone in the bedroom. The notes are played over and over. She gets up.

93 INSIDE SITTING ROOM

93

Roman sits at the piano, playing, with his back to CAMERA. Margaret enters and moves to him.

MARGARET

Roman? What are you --

He quickly turns and faces her, startling her.

ROMAN

These are for you.

He thrusts a bouquet of white tulips at her.

MARGARET

Oh... How lovely...

She starts to take the bouquet, then freezes. The flowers are bound at the stem by an exquisite looking anklet. She gently slides it off.

MARGARET

(continuing)

My God, Roman... I've never seen anything like this... it's beautiful. I don't know what to say...

ROMAN

"Thank you" is always good.

MARGARET

Thank you...

(CONTINUED)

93

CONTINUED:

93

She kisses him, starts to put it on her wrist. He laughs.

ROMAN

It's not a bracelet, darling, it's an anklet. A very special anklet.  
(smiles at her)  
Let's have your leg...

She pulls her leg up on the piano bench. He begins helping her on with it...

ROMAN

(continuing)

It's quite old. The man I bought it from explained to me that when a husband gives this to his wife, they become two halves of the same person. Nothing can separate them. Not even death.

She becomes slightly uncomfortable as he lets the word "Death" just hang there a moment. She smiles tentatively.

MARGARET

So we're stuck with each other?

ROMAN

Either that or I've overpaid terribly for the thing.

Now she laughs, wraps her arms around his neck and kisses him. The piano sounds a loud CLANG as she rests an arm on the keyboard... hands begin to explore... kisses grow more and more passionate... \*

MADSON (V.O.)

... three... two... one...

The face of the Woman With No Name begins to FADE IN OVER the image of Roman and Margaret as we then...

DISSOLVE TO:

94

CLOSEUP OF WOMAN WITH NO NAME

94

We hear a FINGER SNAP and she blinks herself awake. We then PULL BACK to reveal:

95

INSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

95

Mike and Madson are both staring expectantly at her.

(CONTINUED)

She looks from one to the other, but doesn't speak. Mike sits back, and unbuttons his shirt.

MIKE

... hot in here.

MADSON

(calls)

Mother? Could you open a window for us, please?

She watches silently as Mike rubs the back of his neck, turns to Madson.

MADSON

(continuing)

Well, this is not as uncommon as one might think. Just last month a colleague of mine up in San Francisco had the same thing --

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

May I have a glass of water?

Mike and Madson look at her.

MADSON

You've found your tongue, my dear. That's wonderful.

MIKE

Do you know your name?

She can't answer, looks away.

MADSON

Give her time, Mr. Church.

Madson pours her a glass from the pitcher. Mike watches as she drinks it all down at once. Mike speaks softly...

MIKE

Do you remember anything at all?

She starts to speak, clutches her throat a moment, then shakes her head, speaks in a voice as thin as her wrist.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

No.

(clears her throat)

Do re me fa so la te do.

(CONTINUED)

Mike and Madson exchange looks. She coughs again.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

(continuing)

Excuse me.

MIKE

What about those people you were talking about. Do you know them? If they're still around, maybe I --

MADSON

I'd like to show you something.

Madson smiles at her, takes her hand...

Madson leads them to a dark corner where old magazines are stacked floor to ceiling according to year.

Mike and the Woman With No Name stand there considering each other in the dim light of the shop.

MADSON

Here we go...

Madson finally locates the magazine he's looking for and pulls it from the stack...

MADSON

(continuing)

June, 1948.

They follow Madson to a table where he opens an old "Life" magazine, turns to a spread on such German expatriots as Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht, and...

MADSON

(continuing)

This was Roman Strauss. This was his wife, Margaret...

Madson points to a photograph of Roman Strauss and his new bride, Margaret. They're both standing in front of the gates with the Treble Clef.

MADSON

(continuing)

And this was their home.

She can't take her eyes off the photograph. Madson smiles.

(CONTINUED)

MADSON

(continuing)

Handsome, wasn't he? Not at all the sort of man who'd murder his wife.

She looks up at Madson.

MADSON

(continuing)

He stabbed her in the throat with a lovely pair of antique, gold-plated... Die Schere barber scissors.

MIKE

Disher...

Mike looks at The Woman With No Name.

MADSON

They were just auctioned for seventy thousand at Christies last year... to a Japanese gentleman if memory serves.

She turns back to the wedding photograph...

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

They seemed so in love...

MIKE

Yeah, well those are the people that usually kill each other. Look, could she possibly be dreaming? Or maybe at some point, she read about these people --

MADSON

I was getting clarity that goes far beyond what one would pick up from simply reading something.

MIKE

I don't believe she was there.

MADSON

It doesn't matter whether or not you believe anything, Mr. Church. For whatever reason, these events are consuming her. The sooner we work through them, the sooner she'll get her memory back.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

Madson eyes them both a moment, then pulls a leather bound book from his coat, licks his thumb and flips through it.

MADSON

(continuing)

Let's see, tomorrow I have a Friars luncheon at noon... how's two o'clock tomorrow sound?

Mike tucks the magazine under his arm, and starts for the door.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Thank you.

Madson smiles, kisses her hand.

MADSON

My pleasure. Oh, and Mr. Church?

Mike pauses. Madson smiles, points...

MADSON

(continuing)

The magazine is seventeen-ninety-five.

97 EXT. MADSON'S SHOP - DAY

97

Mike and the Woman exit the shop on foot. He looks at her a moment, then takes out a cigarette. \*

MIKE

Are you okay? I mean, is there anything you need right now?

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

You mean, besides my memory?

He's staring at her. She gives him a look.

MIKE

I'm not used to your voice. It's like one day you wake up and your cat talks to you.

She looks up at him. He realizes what that sounded like.

MIKE

(continuing)

I mean, for the last two days you've just been so quiet. I -- Never mind.

(CONTINUED)

Mike looks away, rolls his eyes. What a moron.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Mr. Church?

MIKE

(lights up his  
cigarette)

Mike.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Why are you helping me?

MIKE

I dunno.

(mumbles)

You smell good.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

(didn't hear)

Please?

MIKE

(continuing)

I don't know why. Maybe I feel  
sorry for you. Maybe I like you.  
Then again, maybe I just wanna see  
how the story you told in there  
ends.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

But you don't believe any of that.

MIKE

I believe you just experienced  
something pretty weird. I'm just  
not convinced that it means what  
he says it means.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

You think I'm crazy?

MIKE

(beat)

I think we need a second opinion.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

I'm not going back to that  
hospital.

Mike opens the car door for her. He looks at his  
cigarette a moment, then flicks it into the gutter.

MIKE

You don't have to.

Mike and the Woman With No Name follow Cozy Carlisle through the store.

(CONTINUED)

COZY

Sounds to me like she had a past life experience.

MIKE

(disappointment)

Ahhh, and you said you were good.

COZY

Hey, I used to think it was bullshit, too. But every now and then it happens.

Cozy glances about the store, takes them aside...

COZY

(continuing)

One time, I had this patient, an older lady with a severe case of claustrophobia. I mean, this lady'd get on a bus, she'd start to choke.

Cozy begins moving about the store straightening various displays; enjoying the rare opportunity to talk about his first love.

COZY

(continuing)

I figure, I'm dealin' with some kind of childhood trauma, so I decide to treat her with hypnotherapy... y'know, regress her back to when she was a kid. See what turns up. Well sure enough, during like our third session, I find out that when she was five, she was molested in a closet by her uncle. Guy forced her to do all kinds of stuff you don't wanna hear about. I immediately think this is it.

Without missing a beat, he pulls his feather duster from his back pocket, begins dusting a display.

COZY

(continuing)

We deal with it in therapy for a few months, but nothing happens. She's still claustrophobic. I'm like, what the fuck? So I regress her again. Go back even further.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COZY (CONT'D)

But this time when I ask her what year it is, she says 1832. Ben, what's this?

Cozy grabs a young CLERK by the ear; shoves the kid's nose up against a shelf full of cans.

CLERK

Looks like canned peaches...

COZY

How many times I gotta tell you numbnuts, high mark-up items go at eye level; low mark-up items, on the floor. You got that?

CLERK

Yes. Dr. Carlisle.

The Woman With No Name exchanges an uncomfortable look with the Clerk as Cozy releases him, resumes his tour of duty.

COZY

Where was I?

MIKE

1832.

COZY

Now I hear that and I'm like, right, lady -- blow me. But then she starts in with about how her father's an undertaker... about how her older brother likes to lock her up in the coffins... about how one day he does it and forgets about her for a few hours...

Cozy sees that Mike is shaking his head.

COZY

(continuing)

Maybe it was bullshit; maybe it wasn't. All I know is, after that session, she wasn't claustrophobic anymore.

Mike thinks about that. The Woman With No Name is positively mesmerized.

(CONTINUED)

COZY

(continuing)

You know more people in this world believe in past lives than don't?

MIKE

I'm sure that makes her feel a lot better.

(shakes his head)

Look, this lady screams in her sleep. Today. Right now. I don't care who she was. Her problem's bigger than that. All I'm asking is for you or someone to put her under and have her say, "My name is blank."

stops walking, eyes the Woman With No Name.

COZY

Do you believe that what you saw was real?

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

It seemed real.

Cozy resumes walking...

COZY

Then stick with the junk dealer. Sounds to me like he's on the right track. The theory is, that sometimes a trauma in this life can take us back to a trauma in the last one. Resolve the old one and chances are you'll also find out who you are.

Cozy straightens up a diaper display.

COZY

(continuing)

See, it takes skill to live life. And like any skill, you practice enough times you're gonna get real good at it. Take what you learned from this life and apply it to the next one. That's karma.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

I thought karma was I do something bad in this life, I'm a termite in the next one.

COZY

Ask me, Mr. Twenty Percent, you're already a termite in this one. But then, that's transmigration, not reincarnation.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

What good is learning anything, if you're going to be with different people each time?

COZY

But that's what I'm trying to tell you: you're not with different people. Thanks to Fate, the only cosmic force with a sense of humor, you keep meeting the same creeps over and over again. Which means, you burn somebody, they're gonna get the chance to burn you back. Over and over.

(smiles)

It's the Karma Credit Plan. Buy now; pay forever.

Cozy checks his watch.

COZY

(continuing)

Any more questions? I got a truck full of cat food waiting out back.

100 EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 100

The light is on upstairs. As we begin to PUSH IN, we hear the same four notes on the piano repeated OVER...

101 INSIDE MIKE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 101

The Woman With No Name sits in the tub looking at the old "Life" magazine.

102 INSERT - MAGAZINE 102

The photograph of Roman and Margaret Strauss.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

As she lifts an arm from the water, a droplet of something red drops onto the white page, and runs down the length of the photograph.

She looks up from the photograph to the mirror and gasps at the reflection. The tub is full of blood.

103 INSIDE MIKE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

103

As she splashes awake in the tub. We hear Mike's voice...

MIKE (O.S.)

Red okay?

She jerks her head around towards the door.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Please?

She looks down at the water. It's clear. It was just a nightmare.

104 INSIDE MIKE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

104

Mike stands with his head leaning against the door.

MIKE

I asked if you liked red wine.

105 INSIDE BATHROOM - SAME TIME

105

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Oh. Good question.

She stares once again at the photograph... then up at her own, yet still unfamiliar, reflection.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

(continuing)

Tell me something, Mike, why is it I can recognize certain smells, or that I know my right hand from my left, but I can't remember what my favorite color is? Or my favorite flower? Or what kind of wine I like...

106 INTERCUTTING MIKE AND THE WOMAN WITH NO NAME

106

MIKE

Maybe you're lucky.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Lucky? How so?

MIKE

I was just thinking there must be a certain freedom that goes with living only in the present tense. 'Least you don't have to spend every day trying to forget your past.

She looks off as we hear a KNOCK at the front door.

MIKE

(continuing)

Excuse me.

107 INSIDE LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

107

Mike closes the bedroom door behind him, heads for the front door. Something boils on the stove. The table is set for dinner.

Mike opens the door. Pete stands there waving a thick manila envelope.

PETE

You owe me many drinks.

He slaps the envelope against Mike's chest.

PETE

(continuing)

I spent over three hours in the file morgue.

Pete steps inside as Mike crosses to his desk and pulls out the contents of the envelope: books, magazines, and Xeroxes of familiar looking newspaper clippings. Mike begins poring over the articles as Pete moves to the nicely set dinner table...

PETE

(continuing)

How's it coming with Jane Doe?  
Getting anywhere?

(picks up a candle)

Trying to get anywhere?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

Mike examines an article...

MIKE

Gray Baker. She mentioned his name this afternoon.

PETE

Think she's married?

MIKE

(ignoring Pete)  
He wrote every single one a' these.

PETE

(ignoring Mike)  
Probably not.

Pete replaces the candle, winks at Mike.

MIKE

I've only known her a few days, Pete.

PETE

Sometimes that's all it takes.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

107

MIKE

Think this Baker's still around?

PETE

He is, he's a million years old.  
(smiles)

I notice you're staying in this evening.

MIKE

Yean, well, while you're busy noticing things, why don't you send a copy of her picture to a couple of the big papers in Ohio.

PETE

Ohio?

MIKE

Twice in the last three hours she's said "please" instead of "what".

PETE

What?

MIKE

Just do it. I once went out with a girl from Cincinnati, did the same thing. When I told her it was annoying, she told me everyone in Ohio did it.

PETE

So wait a minute, because you once had a bad date, I gotta go all the way back downtown, send a few wires out to Ohio?

MIKE

No, you're also going back to check the personnel files, see what you can find on this guy Gray Baker.

Pete frowns, starts to say something when --

WOMAN WITH NO NAME (O.S.)

Hello, Pete.

They both wheel as the Woman With No Name steps out of the bedroom.

PETE

Hey... you're talking...

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2A)

107

She looks lovely, despite the fact that most of what she's wearing belongs to Mike.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

I hope it's okay I borrowed some clothes...

Mike opens his mouth, but it's Pete who speaks.

PETE

Sure. Fine.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

And don't worry. I didn't mess with your stuff.

She smiles at Mike. He cuts a look at Pete.

PETE

I like your voice.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

I like being able to finally use it.

Pete is staring. Mike slaps him hard on the back.

MIKE

Well, you don't wanna be late.

(CONTINUED)

.07 CONTINUED: (3)

107

PETE

For what?

MIKE

(forced smile)

For whatever.

PETE

Oh. Right.

(aside to Mike)

She's living here?

Mike pushes him out the door.

MIKE

Lemme know if you find Baker.

108 INSIDE MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

108

Dinner over, she wanders around the apartment. Mike pours another glass of wine. She gestures to the old photographs on his bookcase.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Who are all these people?

MIKE

I dunno. They came with the frames.

(off her look)

They're antiques.

She moves to his desk, examines the faxed photographs of people he's hunting for, the stack of phone books, the lists of names on the walls...

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Can a person make a good living finding heirs?

MIKE

One, two million. I lose track.

He looks O.S. as we hear the PIANO SCALES start up next door.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

I was just wondering why you stopped being a policeman.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

MIKE

The thing about working in Missing Persons is you spend twenty-four hours a day looking for people, but hardly ever find anybody. Or if you do find 'em, they're either in deep with some pimp or decomposing in a field somewhere.

The SCALES GET LOUDER.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108 \*

MIKE

(continuing)

Anyway, all I know is now I get to work when I feel like it, and when I find someone, it's always good news.

They look at each other a moment, perhaps thinking about what will happen when he finds her family. Mike looks away, bangs on the wall.

MIKE

(continuing)

Trudy!

The SCALES CONTINUE. She smiles at him. He shakes his head, grabs a bottle of bourbon.

MIKE

(continuing)

Let's go outside.

Lightning FLASHES in the distance. Mike and the Woman With No Name sit in lawn chairs, looking out over the city. Mike raises a bottle of bourbon...

MIKE

To life. All of them.

He takes a drink, then passes it to her. She takes a sip of bourbon and shudders. She looks up.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

It's sprinkling.

Mike watches her as she tilts her head back to catch a few drops.

MIKE

Hey...

Mike sets down his drink, reaches into his coat pocket.

MIKE

(continuing)

I got a present for you.

He cups his hands and extends them to her as she turns to him.

MIKE

(continuing)

I've been thinking that I can't keep going around calling you "her" and "she" all the time. It's just too impersonal, y'know ... So...

He opens his hands... they're empty.

MIKE

(continuing)

I got you a name.

She can't help but smile. He fixes his eyes on hers.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

What is it?

MIKE

Well, Ethel's no good... and Juanita doesn't really work.

(beat)

How'd you feel about Grace?

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Grace?

MIKE

I had a kindergarten teacher named Sister Grace. You sorta remind me of her.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Would this be the big, fat Sister Grace?

MIKE

No, this would be the big, beautiful Sister Grace.

Mike watches as her eyes move away, then come back. She reaches into his hands and takes her "name".

GRACE (WOMAN WITH NO NAME)

Okay. Grace it is.

She starts to sit back, but Mike holds on to her hand.

MIKE

I've spent most of my life alone, looking for people I didn't know. It never really occurred to me that maybe I was missing somebody until the other day. When I saw you sitting in that little room at St. Audrey's.

GRACE

But how could you... feel that way? You don't know me. I mean, I don't even know me.

MIKE

I know that you're trying to remember and that I'm trying to forget. We're the perfect couple.

Then serious...

MIKE

(continuing)

And I know that you feel the same way.

GRACE

It's only been two days...

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109 \*

MIKE

Sometimes that's all it takes.

GRACE

I could be married.

MIKE

I wouldn't care.

She takes her hand back and reaches for her glass. He watches as she takes a sip, shudders, and looks thoughtfully out over the city.

110 INSIDE MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

110

Mike and "Grace," soaking wet from the balcony, enter the apartment. She looks down at herself.

GRACE

I better change.

She walks to the bedroom while Mike walks to the closet and starts to take off his coat. He pauses, pulls her stray glove from the pocket. He looks down the hall, freezes...

111 MIKE'S POV - THE BEDROOM

111

Mike watches Grace's shadow as she undresses O.S., somewhere in the bedroom...

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

A moment later, Grace exits the bedroom wearing one of Mike's shirts; and only one of Mike's shirts.

For a few moments, nobody moves. Then...

GRACE

Something's supposed to happen now. I just don't remember what.

Two scared people. He's not sure what to say. She's not sure what to do. She moves, hesitates, wraps her arms around his neck and finally kisses him. She then backs away slightly and looks up at him. \*

MIKE

(beat)

That's a lot like what happens. \*

GRACE

Now what?

MIKE

We unbutton my shirt.

He begins unbuttoning the shirt she's wearing...

GRACE

I thought you said your shirt.

MIKE

This is my shirt.

She looks up at him as he finishes.

GRACE

What happens next?

MIKE

We move to the couch.

Arms around each other, they shuffle the few feet to the couch... then fall into it, Mike first.

GRACE

(re his wet clothes)

We'll ruin it.

MIKE

It's already ruined.

He kisses her.

GRACE

But this is exactly what happened with Roman and Margaret.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2)

111

MIKE

I'm not Roman.

As he draws her all the way back with him, we PULL BACK across the room... across Mike's desk... until Mike's scissors loom huge on the desk in immediate f.g. We then...

FADE OUT.

112 OMITTED  
thru  
114

112 \*  
thru  
114 \*

FADE IN:

115 EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT-BUILDING - MORNING

115

Mike and Grace, both dressed in Mike's clothes, exit the building together and start up the street on foot. We hear only bits of their conversation as they chat, laugh, seem generally happy and comfortable with each other.

MIKE

... we'll try everything on the menu, see what you like...

Behind them, a MAN -- early-thirties, blond, good-looking, large build, casually dressed -- gets out of a car.

MAN

Kathryn?

Mike half-looks behind him, keeps walking. The Man hurries after them.

MAN

(continuing)

Kathryn!

Mike and Grace both stop and turn around as the Man rushes up to Grace and hugs her.

MIKE

Hey...

MAN

Thank God you're alright!

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

MIKE

Hey...

The Man backs off a moment.

MAN

You don't recognize me, do you?

GRACE

No...

(CONTINUED)

MAN

A few days, it'll all come back. I promise.

MIKE

Who the hell are you?

MAN

I'm sorry...

(extends his hand)

Doug O'Malley.

MIKE

(ignores it)

Yeah, so?

DOUG (MAN)

This is my fiancée.

Mike's face twitches only slightly, while Grace's entire body, however, goes stupid. Mike and Doug both catch her as her legs buckle at the knees.

MIKE

You okay?

GRACE

Fine.

She avoids Mike's eyes, leans against a parked car for support. Doug speaks only to Grace.

DOUG

When I got home and you weren't there, I went crazy. Then I saw your picture in the paper...

MIKE

Why doesn't she recognize you?

DOUG

It must be the Dalmane.

Doug reaches into his pocket and produces a small vial of pills.

MIKE

The what?

DOUG

Dalmane.

Mike takes the vial from him and examines it.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE  
(reading)  
Kathryn Pierce...

DOUG  
It's for insomnia.

Doug suddenly gets distant as he notices her clothes.

DOUG  
(continuing)  
Sometimes it causes memory lapse.  
(to Grace)  
Honey, are those his--

MIKE  
So this has happened before?

DOUG  
Once, when she took too much, but  
I was around that time. Whose  
clothes are those?

Grace can't look either of them in the eye. Mike  
returns the bottle to Doug.

MIKE  
Where were you this time?

DOUG  
I had a job interview back East.

Mike quickly takes her hand, covers the ring.

MIKE  
What kind of ring does she wear?

Grace looks expectantly at Doug...

DOUG  
It's an Irish Wedding Band. I  
gave it to her in high school.

Grace deflates. Doug is annoyed. Mike hangs in...

MIKE  
Yeah, well I'm still gonna need a  
little more --

But Mike stops as Doug reaches into his coat pocket and  
produces a glove. He hands it to Grace.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

I found this near the front door.  
You must have dropped it on your  
way out.

Game over. It's the missing glove. Mike lets go of  
Grace's hand. She puts the glove on and stares at  
it. She's crying now. She looks lost.

GRACE

Why can't I remember you?

DOUG

You will. I swear you will. Just  
like before...

Mike and Grace are staring at each other. Doug looks  
from one to the other, has many ideas, but decides not  
to press right now.

DOUG

(continuing)

Uh, is there some sort of fee  
involved here?

MIKE

Forget it.

GRACE

You should get something for  
your... trouble.

Mike just looks at her.

DOUG

At least let me pay your expenses.

MIKE

(beat)

Just take good care of her.

(to Grace)

I'll go get your other glove.

Mike starts back for his apartment.

GRACE

That's all right.

Mike stops, turns around as she stands up straight.

GRACE

(continuing)

Keep it.

(CONTINUED)

Doug watches as Grace tentatively extends her hand to Mike.

GRACE

I don't know what -- Thank you for everything... Mr. Church.

Mike stares at her hand. He'd much rather kiss her. He shakes it anyway. Shakes it for a long time.

MIKE

Sure. Have a nice life.

Mike watches as Doug puts an arm around Grace, kisses her, and starts leading her off down the street.

DOUG

The car's just up here. I think we should go straight to the doctor...

Mike thrusts his hands in his coat pockets, starts back to his apartment. He pauses at the foot of the steps and pulls her original glove halfway out of his pocket. He looks off at Doug and Grace and narrows his eyes.

MIKE

Hey...

Mike takes a small step forward. Doug and Grace both turn to him. Mike shakes his head, chuckles.

MIKE

(continuing)

Man, you were this close. I mean, the glove thing was a nice touch.

DOUG

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

MIKE

There's just one, teeny, little problem...

Mike holds up her original glove.

MIKE

(continuing)

It's for the wrong hand. Doug.

Grace stares at the glove in Mike's hand, then at the one in hers. Doug straightens, says nothing for the moment as he and Mike stare at each other.

116 DOUG

116

takes off running.

Mike takes off after him... flies past Grace, over a hedge and down the sidewalk...

He tackles Doug and they both go down to the cement. Mike is up first. He kicks Doug in the chest. Moves to kick him again, but this time Doug dives and rolls. \*

Once on his feet, Doug pivots at the hip and neatly roundhouse kicks Mike in the side of the head, then spins, and kicks him again.

Doug then takes off running as Mike falls backwards to the cement.

GRACE

Mike!

Grace runs to Mike. He shakes her off, gets up and starts running again.

We hear a CAR START, then a moment later see it as it pulls out and lays rubber up the street.

Mike gives one last burst of speed, then stops as the car disappears around the corner.

MIKE

Shit.

117 INSIDE MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

117

Mike, wearing a nice bruise on his cheek from Doug's foot, enters and heads straight for the phone. Grace is in a daze.

MIKE

Fucking guy look like he knew Karate to you?

GRACE

Who was he? I mean, I really believed him...

MIKE

I'm calling Madson. I don't wanna wait 'til two o'clock.

Freaked out, Grace falls back onto the couch.

GRACE

Maybe we should call the police.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

MIKE

What're they gonna do? Keep us in  
a room for three hours. Maybe  
send us both to County Hospital.

Mike dials the telephone. Grace examines the two  
gloves on the coffee table, starts to put them on.

GRACE

Mike...

(holds up her hands)

They both fit.

MIKE

(shrugs)

I took a chance. Guy went for it.

118 OMITTED

118

119 CLOSEUP OF CANDLE

119

Grace stares at the candle while Mike leans in the  
doorway, smoking.

MADSON

In light of the morning's events,  
I think we should move along a  
little faster. Therefore, my  
dear, I'd like you to think about  
when things began to go sour for  
Roman and Margaret.

DISSOLVE TO:

MADSON

(continuing)

All right. The door has opened.

GRACE (V.O.)

It started around the time of Otto  
Kline's party...

\*

\*

120 OMITTED  
thru  
122

120  
thru  
122

123 EXT. PARTY - NIGHT

123

A huge floral arrangement floats in the center of the swimming pool. Colorful strings of lights swing and sway in a strong evening breeze, while colorful guests swing and sway to the sounds of the Big Band that plays on the lawn.

Roman and Margaret step outside. Roman, looking preoccupied, forces a smile as they are greeted by OTTO, a stubby German gent with a cigar. \*

OTTO

Strauss! There you are, you old Kraut! Hope you brought your sail.

(holding on to his toupee)

What luck I have, eh?

(CONTINUED)

Margaret is immediately descended upon by admiring guests... "So good to see you... where have you been... the symphony hasn't been the same... blah blah blah."

Roman, shoved out of the way, uncomfortably watches this, then takes Otto aside. From the b.g., Margaret keeps shooting looks their way.

ROMAN

Otto, may I speak with you a moment?

OTTO

Sure. what's on your mind?

ROMAN

(beat)

I need some money.

OTTO

You?

Roman watches as Margaret laughs and chats with the group of admirers.

ROMAN

It was so much easier in Germany. I was established. I was taken seriously. Here in America they don't appreciate --

Roman realizes what he sounds like, turns back to Otto.

ROMAN

(continuing)

Things just haven't worked out the way I thought they would. That's all.

OTTO

My new film needs a score.

ROMAN

I was thinking more of a loan.

OTTO

I'm offering you a job.

ROMAN

Otto, you know I can't write music for the movies... I tried it once and you yourself told me it wasn't any good.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (2)

123

OTTO

No, I told you it was too good...  
too good for the damn picture!

ROMAN

Look, Otto, I've turned the  
library into a music room... if I  
can just finish this opera, I know  
things will change.

124 MARGARET

124

orders a drink at the bar.

MARGARET

Mission Dry.

VOICE

What a coincidence!

Margaret turns as Gray Baker, dressed in a tux, drink  
in hand, walks up to her and smiles. He's already half  
in the bag.

MARGARET

Mr. Baker. How are you? Still  
miss the war?

BAKER

Matter a fact, I do.

Baker chuckles as the bartender hands her her drink.

BAKER

(continuing)

Kid stuff. \*

MARGARET

I prefer to keep my head at these  
things.

Baker eyes her a beat, then raises his own glass.

BAKER

To friendship.

MARGARET

(beat)

Cheers.

She watches Baker roll, then chain-light another  
cigarette with the butt he's already got going.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124 \*

MARGARET

(continuing)

Is it really good to smoke so much?

BAKER

No, it isn't. That's why I started rolling my own. Figured it would slow me down...

MARGARET

Has it?

BAKER

Nah, I just roll 'em faster.

Margaret shakes her head and laughs...

125 ROMAN

125

stands some distance away, watching Baker charm his wife. A gust of wind comes up, knocking over tables and inebriated guests alike. Otto begins yelling for everyone to move inside.

Roman gets swept inside with the crowd. He looks back over his shoulder at Margaret and Gray Baker...

126 OMITTED

126 \*

127 INSIDE THE HOUSE

127 \*

Wall-to-wall people. The party has moved inside. Roman, jostled from behind, disdainfully looks over one of Otto's movie posters ("Dark Promise"). A pretty STARLET walks up to him and gives him the once-over.

STARLET

You look like you're somebody.

ROMAN

Do I?

STARLET

Are you in the business?

ROMAN

The business?

(CONTINUED)

STARLET

You know, pictures. Movies.

ROMAN

Oh. No. I'm a composer.

STARLET

That case, you're not anybody.

She moves on. Roman looks out the window.

Margaret glances about the empty backyard. Baker takes the opportunity to steal a look at her leg. He notices the shimmering anklet.

MARGARET

We should go inside.

She starts to move towards the house. He calls after her...

BAKER

How're things at home?

She stops walking, turns back. He smiles at her.

MARGARET

(beat)

Writing gossip these days, Mr. Baker?

BAKER

Meet someone on their wedding day, it's only natural the next time you see them to... inquire as to how things are going.

MARGARET

Especially if you're a reporter.

(CONTINUED)

Margaret looks at Baker a moment. She decides to nip this conversation in the bud...

MARGARET

(continuing)

Things are wonderful.

BAKER

I can be a good friend, Margaret. I'm not like these other Bottom Feeders.

MARGARET

And what is it that makes you such a "good friend?"

BAKER

(shrugs)

I can talk baseball to a man; pay a stupid compliment to a woman. What else is there?

MARGARET

(beat)

So. Who do you think's going to win the series this year?

Baker laughs, takes a drink, his eyes falling on Margaret's legs... on the anklet.

BAKER

You know, that's a beautiful piece of jewelry you're wearing...

MARGARET

Oh...

BAKER

(already reaching)

May I?

Margaret holds her leg out for Baker to see the anklet. He takes her leg in his hands...

BAKER

(continuing)

This has gotta be worth a fortune.

(looks up at her,  
doesn't let go)

Y'know maybe I shouldn't say this, but the first time I saw you, I --

ROMAN

Hello, darling.

(CONTINUED)

Roman walks up and startles both of them. He doesn't look happy. Baker stands as Margaret withdraws her leg.

MARGARET

Roman... where have you been?

ROMAN

Inside. With everybody else.

The two men are locked in a staring contest. Roman's winning. Margaret takes her husband's hand.

MARGARET

You remember Gray Baker...

Baker extends his hand. Roman ignores it.

ROMAN

I'm curious, Mr. Baker, what were you just doing with my wife's leg?

BAKER

I was only --

MARGARET

Oh, really, Roman. Mr. Baker is just a friend.

Roman looks directly at Gray Baker.

ROMAN

Trust me, Margaret. This man is not your friend.

MARGARET

You're embarrassing me.

BAKER

Look, Mr. Strauss, it's none of my business, but I think Margaret just wanted someone to talk to --

The swing is fast and from nowhere as Roman punches Gray Baker. The reporter loses his balance and back-pedals into the pool with a loud SPLASH.

MARGARET

Roman!

Margaret hurries over to help Baker out of the water. Humiliated, he motions her away from him.

BAKER

I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (3)

128

Guests look out the window trying to see what's going on. Otto steps outside and laughs.

OTTO

Hey! It's not heated!

Roman grabs his wife by the arm and drags her out of there.

129 EXT. STRAUSS ESTATE - NIGHT

129

Roman's car bullets through the front gates... past the Treble Clef... screeches to a halt...

130 INSIDE THE ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

130

The front door bursts open as Margaret and Roman enter and whip off their coats.

MARGARET

Where do you get such ideas?

ROMAN

Oh, I don't know, maybe it was when I saw the man kneeling in front of you with your leg in his lap.

They start up the stairs. She kicks her leg out at him.

MARGARET

He was looking at the anklet... the anklet you specifically asked me to wear tonight... so that everybody could see how rich we are... or were.

\*  
\*

ROMAN

(beat)

Is that what you told him? That we're broke?

MARGARET

I didn't tell him anything.

ROMAN

You just pulled up your dress.

Margaret turns to slap him. Roman catches her hand.

INGA (O.S.)

Everything all right, Mr. Strauss?

131 DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

131

Inga sticks her head out of her door. Roman looks down.

ROMAN

No. Yes. everything's fine.

She nods, watches him as he storms into the bedroom after Margaret. She remains standing there, listening.

132 INSIDE THE BEDROOM

132

Margaret enters and starts to get undressed.

ROMAN

I mean, I may not be as successful as Gray Baker, but --

MARGARET

I don't care about Gray Baker. You can be so stupid sometimes.

She sits down beside him.

MARGARET

(continuing)

What happened to the man who said that nothing could separate us; that we're two halves of the same person?

ROMAN

He became a "nobody."

MARGARET

Only in his eyes.

She puts her arms around him.

MARGARET

(continuing)

You're not a "nobody," Roman. You're my husband and I love you. I'll always love you.

She kisses him on the neck... again and again. Roman laughs, kisses her back... we hear PIANO OVER...

133 INSIDE ROMAN'S MUSIC ROOM - DAY

133

Roman sits at the piano. He plays the four notes that he's already written. He stops, scribbles some music; shakes his head and crosses it out.

(CONTINUED)

He grabs the grotesque "Jealousy" mask from the top of the piano and absently puts it on.

He plays the four notes again... this time striking one note at a time... da da da daaah. Hmm.

Roman repeats the sequence, a little faster this time... da-da-da-daaah. Now it sounds familiar.

Roman plays the sequence once more... da- da-da-daaah... then zips right into the rest of the opening of "Chattanooga Choo Choo."

Frankie appears in the doorway at the top of the stairs.

FRANKIE

M-Mr. Strauss?

An embarrassed Roman quickly whips off the mask.

ROMAN

Yes, Frankie?

FRANKIE

The ph-phone rang. M-mother answered. I'm n-not sure, but I-I think it's for you.

Frankie waits, then quickly exits as Roman picks up. We hear...

MARGARET (PHONE)

I'd really rather you didn't call me.

Roman starts to hang up, but changes his mind when he hears a MAN'S VOICE...

GRAY BAKER (PHONE)

Margaret, there are some things you should know about Roman's money...

Roman walks in just as Margaret hangs up. He smiles at her.

ROMAN

Who was on the phone?

MARGARET

Just an old friend of mine.

(CONTINUED)

ROMAN

The flute player?

MARGARET

Oboe.

ROMAN

How is he?

MARGARET

She's fine.

ROMAN

(beat)

Good.

Margaret leaves the room. Roman watches her go, the lie still ringing in his ears long after she's gone.

## 135 THE STAIRCASE

135

We hear LOUD MUSIC as Margaret starts up the stairs. She pauses, walks back down a few steps and bangs on the door just off the entryway.

MARGARET

That's a little loud, don't you think, Inga?

Margaret shakes her head and continues upstairs.

## 136 INSIDE FRANKIE AND INGA'S ROOM

136

Inga stands there folding clothes. She folds Roman's dinner jacket over her arm. She then gently, lovingly, runs her free hand over the fabric.

## 137 INSIDE ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM - DAY

137

Margaret walks into the room and freezes.

MARGARET

What are you doing?

## 138 MARGARET'S POV - FRANKIE

138

Frankie stands at the dresser, his hand in an open drawer.

FRANKIE

I w-was g-giving you this...

(CONTINUED)

138

CONTINUED:

138

He holds up a small, dark coin-like object.

FRANKIE

(continuing)

It's a ch-charm. For good luck.

She peers into the drawer. Among other things inside is Margaret's anklet.

MARGARET

Frankie, what happened to my pearl earrings?

FRANKIE

I d-don't know.

MARGARET

They were in the drawer last night.

FRANKIE

I w-wouldn't steal anything from you, M-Mrs. Strauss. I don't have to. R-Roman is very g-good to us.

Margaret eyes him a beat, then takes the anklet and shuts the drawer.

139

INSIDE THE SITTING ROOM - DAY

139

Outside, we see Inga walk through the grounds with her arm around Frankie. As they look towards CAMERA, Margaret turns away from the window and continues cutting Roman's hair. \*

ROMAN

You're overreacting.

MARGARET

Roman, I caught him with his hand in my drawer.

ROMAN

He was giving you a charm. They're like that. You know, superstitious.

MARGARET

I want you to fire them.

ROMAN

I can't fire them, Margaret. They've been with me for years.

MARGARET

That's no reason to protect --

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

ROMAN

They saved my life.

She stops cutting.

MARGARET

What are you talking about?

ROMAN

They got me out of Germany. You can't ask me to fire these people, Margaret.

MARGARET

(beat)

Why is it you've never told me you got all your money from your first wife?

ROMAN

Because it's not true. Who told you --

MARGARET

Why would a woman with a bad heart want to make a trip over the mountains?

ROMAN

We had no choice... it would have been worse had we stayed. Have I answered all of Mr. Baker's questions?

Margaret says nothing.

ROMAN

(continuing)

He's been feeding you this nonsense, hasn't he? What exactly is it between you and Mr. Baker?

MARGARET

Roman, don't start this...

ROMAN

Where do you two meet?

She turns and walks out of the room.

ROMAN

(continuing)

Don't you walk away from me!

140 INSIDE ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

140

A soft breeze gently blows the curtain through an open window. Margaret's in bed, asleep. She rolls over, senses something and opens her eyes. Roman is not in bed with her. She rolls over and immediately sits up...

141 MARGARET'S POV - A CLOAKED FIGURE

141

standing beside the bed. He wears the "jealousy" mask from Roman's unfinished opera.

MARGARET

Roman?

The figure lifts the mask, revealing Mike Church underneath. He pulls a pair of SCISSORS from the cloak...

MIKE

These are for you.

CUT TO:

142 ANTIQUE SHOP - NIGHT

142

Grace opens her eyes with a start, ~~grabs her throat.~~  
She turns to Mike.

GRACE

You were in the house.

MIKE

What house?

GRACE

Roman and Margaret's house.

MADSON

You saw Mr. Church in the past?

GRACE

He had a pair of scissors in his hand. He was going to kill me.

MADSON

(confused)

This must mean, you're finally coming into the present. Then again, it could mean nothing.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

It means I'm on her mind.

GRACE

You were there.

MADSON

We could always regress you, Mr. Church.

Mike turns to him. Madson is intrigued by this.

MADSON

(continuing)

Take you back forty years, see if --

MIKE

Forget it.

MADSON

Why not? This way if you walk through The Door and out onto Miami Beach, we'd at least know for certain that you're not --

MIKE

I'm not Roman.

GRACE

But you were there. It was real.

MADSON

Perhaps we'll find Mr. Church was nothing more than the family dog.

MIKE

Forget it. And besides... that's transmigration, not reincarnation.

Madson and Grace both just look at him as he gets up and walks out.

143 EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

143

Mike gets out of the car, walks to the mailbox. He grabs his mail and looks back. Grace remains on the sidewalk.

144 GRACE'S POV - MIKE IN FRONT OF HIS APARTMENT

144

The building towers behind him. Suddenly, everything looks ominous to her. She finally follows him inside.

145 INSIDE MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

145

The RINGING PHONE looms huge in immediate f.g. as Mike and Grace enter. Beside the phone sits Mike's scissors. Mike walks straight to the desk and picks up the phone.

MIKE

Hello.

PETE (PHONE)

Mike. Pete. Listen, I got a line on Gray Baker.

MIKE

So he's alive?

146 EXTREMELY LOW ANGLE

146

as Mike reaches down for the scissors, casually tears into the day's mail with them.

PETE (PHONE)

He's somewhere. All personnel had was a P.O. box out in the Valley.

MIKE

(thinks)

Fine. We'll send him a note.

PETE (PHONE)

Hang on... okay, go ahead.

MIKE

Have it say, "Margaret wants to know if you till miss the war."

Mike looks up at Grace, sees that he's making her uncomfortable.

MIKE

(continuing)

That's it. No name. Just my number.

Mike hangs up, sets down the scissors, turns to her.

MIKE

(continuing)

Maybe Gray Baker will be able to make some sense out of all this.

She nods, walks to the bedroom.

She's getting some clothes together when Mike enters.  
We hear the PIANO SCALES START UP next door...

GRACE

I'm afraid of you, Mike.

MIKE

You're afraid of a dead man.

GRACE

You heard what Dr. Carlisle said;  
about how two people keep meeting  
over and over again.

MIKE

Okay, say that's true. Why would  
I hurt you?

GRACE

Why would Roman hurt Margaret?

MIKE

I'm not Roman.

He bangs on the wall and screams...

MIKE

(continuing)

Trudy!

He sighs, starts to move to her. He freezes as she  
flinches, looks up at him.

MIKE

(continuing)

Okay. Okay. Fine.

Mike walks out of the room. Reappears a moment later  
with the scissors. He hands them to her.

MIKE

(continuing)

Here. Take these...

GRACE

What are you doing?

MIKE

C'mon, take 'em...

She holds her hands up.

GRACE

No, I don't want them...

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Well, I want you to have them. So just take them, all right?

Shaking now, she gingerly takes the scissors from him, immediately sets them down on the pillow beside her.

MIKE

(continuing)

And here...

He moves to the dresser, pulls out a drawer... dumps it. He finds another pair of scissors, thrusts them at her.

MIKE

(continuing)

You better take these, too...

GRACE

Mike, stop it...

MIKE

Take the fucking scissors, Grace.

She does. Mike goes into the bathroom...

148 THE BATHROOM

Mike opens the medicine chest, rifles it, takes out a little pair of nail scissors.

149 THE BEDROOM

MIKE

And here's some more...

He drops these on the pillow with the other two pairs. She's frightened by his intensity.

GRACE

Don't...

MIKE

I know, they're small, but I can always poke your eyes out with them.

She's crying now...

GRACE

Why are you doing this?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Because we can't be too careful now, can we? Let's see, I know there's another pair around here somewhere...

GRACE

Mike. Please. Stop it.

Next, Mike moves to the nightstand pulls out a drawer and freezes. His gun sits there. He grabs it, holds it out for her.

MIKE

Take it. Sleep with it. Put it under your pillow. I come near you, blow my head off.

GRACE

No.

He yanks her to her feet, shakes her.

MIKE

What "no?" Come on... you're so fucking afraid a me, I'd think you'd be glad to have it.

He shoves it into her palm, folds her fingers around it. She falls onto the bed sobbing. He stands there a moment, breathing hard... finally softening.

MIKE

(continuing)

Look... I'm sorry...

Sobbing, she won't look at him. He sighs, sits down beside her. He pulls her hair from her face and kisses her.

MIKE

(continuing)

I would never hurt you, Margaret.

Bam! Grace is off the bed before Mike has time to blink. Mike gets up... she backs away, the gun still in her hand.

150 INSIDE MADSON'S "LAUGHING DUKE" ANTIQUE SHOP - MORNING 150

Eyes closed, Mike sits in the chair Grace usually sits in. Grace now sits beside Madson.

(CONTINUED)

MADSON

I want you to remember to distance yourself, as if you're only a witness and not an actual participant.

MIKE

Fuck that. I wanna participate. Fact, let's go right to the big day when Maggie bites it.

MADSON

This won't work, Mr. Church.

MIKE

'Course it will. Okay, I'm running down the stairs, down down down, there's the magic door... "Open sesame..."

MADSON

You're not willing.

Mike opens his eyes. Looks at Grace.

MADSON

(continuing)

Not really.

She looks at him, disappointed, still afraid. Mike sighs. This is important to her, and she's important to him, so...

MIKE

All right. I'll try.

MADSON

Let's begin with a staircase...

Madson's voice fades. Mike closes his eyes and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

151 A STAIRCASE - SUBJECTIVE POV

151

Mike's staircase is lined with graffiti. We're moving down.

MADSON (V.O.)

Now as you continue down, you become aware of a door at the bottom...

A hand reaches out for the door.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

MADSON (V.O.)

As you move through that door you will recall a memory... Any memory at all... just tell me the first thing you see as you go through the door... only three more steps and you're at the door... two more steps... one more step...

152 INSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP

152

Madson leans forward in his chair.

MADSON

Where are you?

Grace listens anxiously.

MIKE

A hallway.

MADSON

Whose hallway?

MIKE

My hallway.

MADSON

Who are you?

MIKE

Mike Church.

Madson frowns, leans back.

MADSON

Keep going.

DISSOLVE TO:

153 STAIRCASE - SUBJECTIVE POV

153

A hand reaches out and opens a door. Suddenly we're moving like hell down a long, familiar hallway... We hear ROMAN'S VOICE boom and echo...

ROMAN (O.S.)

Don't you walk away from me!

MADSON (V.O.)

Who are you now?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (V.O.)

(beat)

I don't know.

MADSON (V.O.)

Well, have a look at yourself...

CAMERA TILTS DOWN FAST. In a blur, we see a woman's leg quickly IN and OUT OF FRAME. Something SHIMMERS at the bottom.

MADSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

What do you see?

154 INSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP

154

Mike's expression remains fixed.

MIKE

My leg.

MADSON

(impatient)

What else do you see?

155 INSIDE THE HALLWAY

155

Moving fast towards the door at the end. We get to the door. Push it open. Revealing...

156 ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM

156

We MOVE around a corner to the full-length mirror...

MADSON (V.O.)

Mr. Church, what do you --

MIKE (V.O.)

A mirror...

MADSON (V.O.)

And in the mirror?

We see MARGARET, not Roman, reflected there as she hurries into the room. The anklet she wears shimmers at the bottom of the mirror.

MIKE (V.O.)

I see myself.

MADSON (V.O.)

Do you know your name yet?

157 INSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP

157

We PUSH IN on Mike as the life slowly drains from his face.

MIKE

Yes.

MADSON

Well, what is it?

MIKE

(whisper)

Strauss.

Grace starts to get up, but Madson takes her hand, motions for her to sit down... turns back to Mike.

MADSON

What's happening? What do you see?

158 INSIDE ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM

158

We see in the mirror as Margaret dials the telephone.

159 MADSON'S ANTIQUE SHOP

159

Madson's getting impatient.

MADSON

Mr. Church... what do you see?

MIKE

The phone... jealous... have to stop this...

160 INSIDE ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM

160

Margaret finishes dialing the phone.

BAKER (PHONE)

Hello?

MARGARET

Mr. Baker, this is Margaret Strauss.

BAKER (PHONE)

Well, this certainly is a sur--

MARGARET

Mr. Baker, I don't want you to call me anymore.

(CONTINUED)

Silence on the other end.

MARGARET

(continuing)

Do you understand what I'm saying,  
Mr. Baker? You and I can no  
longer be friends.

BAKER (PHONE)

Margaret, just hear me out. Then,  
afterward, if you still --

MARGARET

Mr. Baker, please --

BAKER (PHONE)

I love you, Margaret.

MARGARET

No, you don't. You couldn't.  
It's not really love.

BAKER (PHONE)

Wait. Mar--

Margaret hangs up. Suddenly, Roman's reflection  
appears in the mirror directly behind her. We hear a  
FINGER SNAP and --

CUT TO:

161 THE ANTIQUE SHOP

161

Silence. Madson appears a bit shaken up.

MADSON

I think we've heard enough.

Dazed, Mike opens his eyes. Grace is looking at him.

MADSON

(continuing)

Now I know what you two must be  
thinking...

MIKE

You have no idea what I'm  
thinking.

Mike turns to Grace who regards him accusingly.

MIKE

(continuing)

I'm not Roman.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

Nope. Madson reaches for the glass pitcher of water...

MADSON

Uh, maybe we should all just step  
back a minute, think about this...

CRASH! Grace jumps as Madson accidently drops the  
pitcher on the floor.

MADSON

(continuing)  
I'm very sorry...

Together, automatically, Mike and Grace bend down to  
pick up the broken glass. They reach for the same  
piece. She pulls it away. The shard cuts his palm.  
Blood flows. \*

MADSON

(continuing)  
Oh my... \*

He stares at the blood, then looks up and meets her  
gaze. No one moves. \*

We hear the DOORBELL CHIME. They all look over as Pete  
walks up to the group grinning, a handbag slung over  
his shoulder. \*

PETE

Hey, Mike.

Pete grins at Grace.

PETE

(continuing)  
Hi, Amanda.

GRACE

Who?

Pete's all smiles as he hands Grace the handbag.

PETE

That's your name. Amanda Sharp.

She just stares at the purse.

PETE

(continuing)  
Your I.D.'s inside. You live at  
241 Hightower. Up in the old Carl  
Ray house. You know, the one with  
the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (2)

10&gt;

Grace opens the purse, pulls out the wallet inside and examines the driver's license...

PETE

(continuing)

You moved here two months ago from Dayton.

(looks at Mike)

Ohio.

(to her)

Paper there ran a your picture this morning. Your old landlord saw it and called in with your new address.

Grace looks up dumbly from her I.D. to Mike. Oblivious to everything at this point, Mike stands up.

MIKE

I gotta get ~~outta~~ here.

~~outta~~

And with that he walks out.

162 EXT. MADSON'S SHOP - SAME TIME

162

A dizzy Mike exits the shop. He squints at the bright sunlight as he starts down the sidewalk for his car. Behind him, Pete hurries out of the shop...

PETE

Mike... wait...

Mike keeps walking. Pete catches up to him.

PETE

(continuing)

There's no reason to be so upset. She's got no husband, no fiance, no nothing. I checked.

Mike stops. Pete smiles.

PETE

(continuing)

We're talking a profound state of unattachment here, Mike.

Mike walks to his car, opens the door.

PETE

(continuing)

You hear what I said?

MIKE

It doesn't matter anymore.

163 INSIDE TRADER JOE'S - FREEZER - DAY

163

Mike and Cozy sit on crates, opposite each other. Cozy is looking at the "Life" magazine Mike took from Madson.

COZY

Funny, I'd say you look more like him than her. But, man, what a babe you were.

Dazed, miserable, Mike takes the magazine from him. \*

MIKE

I feel weird enough as is. Just tell me what I'm supposed to be thinking.

Cozy steeples his fingers, rests his chin on top.

COZY

So you were a chick and the lady with no memory was your husband? \*

Mike looks away. The guy just had to repeat it.

COZY

(continuing)

She croaks you, and now, forty years later, she shows up again?

MIKE

Right. So now what?

Cozy leans in closer to Mike.

COZY

Fuckin' do her, man. Just blow her away.

MIKE

What?

COZY

One shot.

(taps his temple)

Right here.

MIKE

You telling me to kill her?

COZY

You got to. Before she gets you first.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: (2)

163

COZY (CONT'D)

Look, nothin' you've told me so far makes me think that things are gonna work out any better today, than they did forty years ago. I mean, Jesus, the mere fact that she found you again oughta scare the hell ~~outta~~ <sup>outta</sup> you.

Cozy again leans closer to Mike.

COZY

(continuing)

You got a gun?

Mike looks at him.

COZY

(continuing)

I'm just talking self-defense.

MIKE

Maybe she -- Roman Strauss didn't kill his wife.

COZY

Of course he killed her. The guy got gassed for it. They don't make mistakes like that. Besides, you saw the guy.

MIKE

I didn't see him kill her.

Cozy puts an arm on Mike's shoulder.

COZY

I were you, I'd forget her.

Mike's BEEPER goes off. Mike pulls it from his pocket and shuts it off. He walks to the door, looks back at Cozy...

MIKE

Why would she wanna kill me now?

COZY

Why do women do anything?

164 INSIDE STOCKROOM - DAY

164

Phone cradled to his ear, Mike eyes the number he's just written down, then dials. A WOMAN ANSWERS... \*

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN'S VOICE (PHONE)

The Meadows.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

MIKE

Yeah, this is Mike Church.  
Someone over there called me?

(beat)

Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE (PHONE)

Mr. Church, Gray Baker would like  
to see you.

Mike gets a chill.

165 EXT. HOUSE ON HIGHTOWER STREET - DAY

165

On a street in the Hollywood Hills so named because of the old elevator tower that rises from the base of the hill. The two houses are set into the hillside and are accessible via the elevator.

PETE (V.O.)

Your neighbor told me the place  
belongs to another artist, lives  
in Europe right now.

We see the three of them riding up in the elevator as they pass each of the windows in the tower.

166 EXT. HIGHTOWER HOUSE - ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY

166

The pulleys stop, and the door opens. Grace gets out with Madson and Pete. She looks up at the two houses, starts to walk for one, changes direction as Pete walks to the other.

PETE

You've only been renting the place  
for a month.

Pete walks to one of the houses, and unlocks the door.

167 INSIDE HIGHTOWER HOUSE - DAY

167

Pete steps aside. Grace enters behind him and freezes.

GRACE

Oh my God...

The first thing we notice are the giant expressionistic scissor sculptures and scissor paintings. She moves about the room, taking it all in.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE  
(continuing)  
I live here?

MADSON  
Give yourself some time.

GRACE  
But I don't recognize anything...

She looks into the mirror of a black, modern looking vanity and continues...

GRACE  
(continuing)  
Nothing.

MADSON  
You will, my dear. You will.

Madson examines a jagged, floor sculpture of a pair of scissors. Pete looks over, lowers his voice...

PETE  
She used to paint seascapes.  
There's a whole stack of 'em just  
dumped out back.

MADSON  
Her mind's obviously been stealing  
visits to the past for some time,  
until apparently, one night, she  
awoke stranded there.

Grace grabs a photo album from the coffee table, and  
flips through it, staring blankly at the photographs.  
Pete sits down next to her.

PETE  
Why don't you just forget all this  
metaphysical stuff, and call Mike?

MADSON  
Uhhhh, actually, I don't think  
that would be such a good idea.

Grace looks up at Madson.

MADSON  
(continuing)  
My dear, let me be very honest  
with you. At this point, I think  
it would be best if you had no  
contact whatsoever with Mr.  
Church. None.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

Come on. You don't honestly think Mike would hurt her, do you?

MADSON

I think they could hurt each other.

Madson is pricing everything in the room. Checking furniture, touching linens, scraping brass, etc...

MADSON

(continuing)

My dear, I promise you that within twenty-four hours, Mr. Church will be riding up in that lovely old elevator with nothing but the sweetest of words and the very best intentions. He'll have some perfectly reasonable explanation as to why everything is going to be fine. And before you know it, you'll be in each other's arms. And you both will feel warm and safe.

He replaces a knickknack and sits down beside her.

MADSON

(continuing)

But I'm telling you right here and now, that any security you feel will be temporary -- an illusion. I'm telling you that any kind of relationship between you and Mr. Church can end only one way. Violently.

PETE

Come on. I've known Mike forever. He'd never hurt her.

MADSON

We're talking about fate, Mr. Dougan. And if fate works at all, it works because people think this time it isn't going to happen.

Pete checks his watch, looks at Grace.

PETE

I gotta run down to the paper for a few hours. How 'bout I come by and check on you later tonight?

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

What about tomorrow night? And the night after that? How am I supposed to keep him away? I mean, if he really wants to see me?

MADSON

If you can't keep him away with words...

168 ANOTHER ANGLE

168

As Madson reaches into his coat and produces a small, nickel-plated pistol.

MADSON

Use this.

Grace just stares at the gun. The price tag dangles from the trigger guard. Madison blushes, yanks it...

MADSON

(continuing)

Whoops... it's been in my shop for a few years. Belonged to a famous gangster. Stinky Somebody...

GRACE

I can't use that.

MADSON

Oh, I know it's old, but I assure you it still fires.

GRACE

I meant, I can't shoot anybody.

MADSON

I suggest you take it anyway.

Pete gets up, looks at Grace.

PETE

You don't honestly believe this stuff, do you? Does Mike?

Grace just stares at the gun.

MADSON

He found you again, didn't he?

Pete keeps trying...

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

PETE

Come on. I saw you two together  
the other night. You looked good.  
You looked happy.

Grace finally looks up at Pete.

GRACE

What about that man you told me  
about. The mailman who attacked  
his wife and family? How happy  
were they when they first met?

Pete doesn't answer. Madson holds the gun out for her.

169 EXT. "THE MEADOWS" REST HOME - RESEDA - NIGHT 169

Very unrestful and not a single meadow in sight. Mike  
pulls off Ventura Boulevard and into the bumpy parking  
lot.

170 INSIDE A CORRIDOR - NIGHT 170

Sad, sullen faces follow Mike and a NURSE down the  
hall.

NURSE

He'll ask, but whatever you do,  
don't let him smoke.

171 OMITTED 171 \*

172 REVERSE ON ROOM 172

Baker sits in the chair by the window, staring out at  
the street. He wears a frayed cardigan over brownish  
pajamas; both clash frighteningly with the blue walls.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

172

MIKE

Gray Baker?

Baker turns around. The whites of his eyes are the color of a legal pad; his skin, now wrinkled and pale. He eyes Mike, then holds a black voice box up to a small hole in his throat. The voice is raspy, almost sinister...

BAKER

Can I have a cigarette?

MIKE

They told me you're not supposed to smoke.

BAKER

I'm dying. What difference does it make?

MIKE

Look, I don't wanna get in any trouble. I just came here to --

BAKER

You said someone claims they're Margaret Strauss?

MIKE

Uh, I said they said they were Margaret Strauss. You know, in like a... you know, a past life.

BAKER

(smiles)

He said it wasn't over. But I assumed he meant I hadn't heard the last of him.

Baker shakes his head. Mike sits down across from him.

MIKE

I read a book by Roman's guard on Death Row. He says that right before Roman was executed, you asked him if he really killed his wife. \*

Baker looks up at Mike.

MIKE

(continuing)

The guard said Roman whispered the answer in your ear. What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

BAKER

Why do you want to know?

MIKE

(beat)

I'm curious.

The two men consider each other a moment. Then --

MIKE

(continuing)

Did Roman kill his wife?

Baker looks off, dreamy...

BAKER

I was in love with her. I fell in love with her the day I met her. Only problem was, that was the same day she married another man.

Mike follows Baker's gaze to the nightstand where a single rose sprouts from an old Mission Dry bottle.

MIKE

Mr. Baker, did Roman kill his wife.

BAKER

No. Though at the time, I honestly thought he did.

(beat)

Until I saw him that day on Death Row.

MIKE

What did he say to you?

Baker smiles.

BAKER

Can I have a cigarette?

MIKE

I don't have any. What'd he say?

BAKER

I see them...

(points)

In your pocket.

MIKE

What did Roman say to you on Death Row?

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED: (3)

172

Baker shakes his head and laughs liquid.

BAKER

What did he say?

The laugh becomes a chesty cough. Baker convulses so much, he drops his little black box. Mike gets up to help him, but Baker motions for him to stay put. The old reporter finally controls himself, picks up the box. He stares at Mike a moment, then...

BAKER

(continuing)

May I please have a cigarette?

Unbelievable. Mike shakes his head, gets up and closes the door. He walks back, sits down, and at last offers Baker a cigarette. Baker takes one, keeps the pack.

Mike reaches over and lights Baker's cigarette. When Baker exhales, it's through the small hole in his throat, directly at Mike. Baker then offers Mike the pack. Mike raises his hand... \*

MIKE \*

S'okay. I just quit.

Baker nods, puts the pack back in his pocket. \*

BAKER

He didn't say anything.

MIKE

Oh, come on... I gave you a fucking cigarette.

Baker takes another drag. Holds it. Then lets fly with another ugly exhale.

BAKER

I'm telling the truth. I asked him, but he didn't say anything...

As Baker brushes stray ash from his lap we...

DISSOLVE TO:

173 OMITTED

173

174 DEATH ROW

174

The younger Gray Baker brushing Roman Strauss' hair from his lap. We're in Roman's cell on Death Row.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

174

BAKER

You still did it. Didn't you?

Roman bends down to whisper in Gray Baker's ear...

175 REST HOME - BAKER

175

has the slightest smile on his lips.

BAKER

He kissed me.

MIKE

He what?

BAKER

He kissed me...

176 INSIDE JAIL CELL

176

Roman puts his mouth to Baker's ear a moment...

BAKER (V.O.)

Bastard just leaned over... and kissed me.

ROMAN

(standing)

I'm all yours, Warden.

177 REST HOME - BAKER

177

picks a fleck of tobacco off his yellow tongue and looks dully at Mike.

BAKER

And I haven't been able to write a fucking word since then.

Baker's eyes are suddenly somewhere else. Mike watches as he chain lights another cigarette...

\*  
\*

MIKE

So who killed Margaret Strauss?

BAKER

I have no idea.

Mike frowns, starts to get up.

MIKE

You've been a big help. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

BAKER

But if anyone would know, the Housekeeper would.

MIKE

Housekeeper... Ingrid?

BAKER

Inga. She knew everything that went on in that house. She was my spy. She'd been with Roman since Germany. She's how I knew about the fights, the money problems, everything. She stopped talking to me after the murder.

MIKE

She still alive?

BAKER

Perhaps. I don't know. She and the boy inherited the house from Roman. Then, in the late fifties, they sold it to the church when they couldn't afford the taxes anymore. Last I heard, they used the money to open some kind of shop. Antiques, I think.

Mike stiffens and goes pale as he begins to feel the full weight of what he's just now realizing.

MIKE

She and her son opened an antique shop?

BAKER

Yeah... The Laughing something or other over on Robertson.

178 EXT. FRANKLYN MADSON'S "LAUGHING DUKE" ANTIQUE SHOP - 178 NIGHT

Mike is standing in front of the sign that, at the top, invites "only those with a posture to buy" and, at the bottom, reads, "Franklyn Madson, Proprietor."

179 INSIDE SHOP - NIGHT

179

The only light in the shop comes from the O.S. glow of the LOUD, O.S. TV. Mike slips inside, does his best to navigate the sea of junk in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

We hear a LOUD CRASH as Mike accidentally knocks something over.

He looks down at the floor where the small "Laughing Duke" statue lies in the flickering glow of the television. Then we hear...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Frankie?

Mike wheels around to face the little side apartment.

180 POV - DOORWAY

180

The door's ajar. Through the crack, we can see Madson's mother sits in a chair with her back to us.

Mike walks to the apartment, slowly pushes the door open.

181 INSIDE APARTMENT

181

Eerie. Crammed with junk. An old kitchenette here. An unmade bed there. Photographs everywhere.

Madson's Mother, her back to CAMERA, sits in an old armchair watching "DIAL M FOR MURDER" on television.

Mike widens the door and stares at the back of the old woman... Her long gray hair runs down the back of the chair.

She slowly turns around to show us a worn, but familiar face. Her eyes are light gray, almost lifeless. Around her neck hangs a pewter box.

MIKE

Hi, Inga.

She says nothing. Her expression remains calm as Mike glances about the apartment.

MIKE

(continuing)

Long time no see. Thought I'd pop in. Say hello...

The eyes just follow Mike as he crosses to a photograph of Roman and Inga together.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

(continuing)

See if maybe you wanted to tell me  
why you murdered Roman Strauss.

Mike steps between Inga and the television, and turns  
down the volume. Inga looks up at him, her expression  
remains fixed.

MIKE

(continuing)

Slam dunk, right?

She shakes her head. When she speaks, her voice sounds  
as far away as her gaze.

INGA

You don't know anything.

She watches as Mike sits down on the bed, then smooths  
her robe with the back of her hands.

INGA

(continuing)

I worked for Roman's first wife.  
When she died in the mountains, he  
didn't want to go on. I made him  
go on. I saved his life. In  
return, he brought me and my son  
to America.

Inga looks up at the picture on the wall.

INGA

(continuing)

I never for a moment thought I was  
actually in love with him.

MIKE

Until he met Margaret.

INGA

(nods)

At first, I was happy for him.  
Margaret was good to him. And for  
a while, she was good to Frankie  
and me, too.

(beat)

Then they got married, and it all  
went to hell.

DISSOLVE TO:

182 INSIDE INGA AND FRANKIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

182

The MUSIC is on loud. Inga folds the laundry. Same as earlier. Only this time, we just hear...

MARGARET (O.S.)

That's a little loud don't you think, Inga?

Inga strokes Roman's jacket, glares at the door. She opens it, and peers out as Margaret starts up the stairs. A beat later, Roman steps INTO FRAME, watching her.

INGA (V.O.)

The day of the murder, I decided to tell Roman how I felt about him...

INGA

Roman...

Roman wheels around and faces Inga...

183 INSIDE FRANKIE AND INGA'S ROOM - DAY

183

Roman and Inga sit on the bed talking...

INGA (V.O.)

That it was torture for me to live in the same house with him and another woman...

Roman stiffens as Inga wipes one of her own tears from his hand. She looks up at him, moves to kiss him. Roman stands and backs away.

INGA (V.O.)

But Roman didn't want to hear what I had to say. He didn't take me seriously. His mind was on Margaret and Gray Baker...

184 WE PULL BACK ACROSS THE ROOM TO REVEAL

184

Frankie watching Inga's humiliation.

185 EXT. STRAUSS MANSION - THE GROUNDS - DAY

185

Inga walks with Frankie. This is the scene we saw earlier, only from inside the house. This time, Roman and Margaret are inside, in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

INGA (V.O.)

I tried to explain everything to Frankie the best I could. I told him that we would have to leave...

Frankie looks up at the house as we hear Roman shout...

ROMAN (O.S.)

Don't you walk away from me!

INGA (V.O.)

But I don't think he understood...

186 INSIDE ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM - DAY

186

A DIFFERENT ANGLE of the same scene Mike saw while under hypnosis. Margaret is on the phone with Gray Baker...

MARGARET

Mr. Baker, this is Margaret Strauss.

(pause)

I don't want you to call me anymore.

(pause)

Do you understand what I'm saying, Mr. Baker? You and I can no longer be friends. No you don't. It's not really love.

Margaret hangs up just as Roman steps up behind her, startling her. He looks at her a moment, then takes her hands...

ROMAN

I've been so foolish.

She just looks at him coolly.

ROMAN

(continuing)

There's just so much smoke around Gray Baker, I assumed there had to be fire. I'm sorry.

She softens, turns away.

MARGARET

I haven't been very understanding. I mean, I know that you've been unhappy these last months, I just couldn't admit it. I couldn't admit that you might be unhappy with me.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

ROMAN

Unhappy with you? Margaret -- \*

He cups her face in his hands. \*

ROMAN \*

(continuing)

Margaret, I love you. I'll love  
you forever.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

As they kiss, we begin RAPIDLY PULLING BACK down the hallway, finally revealing...

187 FRANKIE

187

standing at the end of the hallway, watching as Roman kisses Margaret. When he turns away, he sees Inga also watching them from the staircase.

INGA (V.O.)

All Frankie knew was that I was in pain...

188 INSIDE ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

188

We hear Roman's PIANO O.S. as Margaret lies in bed asleep.

INGA (V.O.)

And that Margaret was the cause of it.

We can see the anklet as Margaret's leg pokes out from underneath the blanket. Margaret stirs... opens her eyes... sits up.

MARGARET

Who's there?

The small figure of Frankie stands beside the bed. Something in his hand shimmers.

MARGARET

(continuing)

Frankie?

189 INSIDE MADSON'S SHOP - INGA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

189

Mike listens transfixed as Inga, crying now, continues.

INGA

I didn't know it was happening until it was over. Then all I wanted was to protect my son. He was all I had left. So I testified about how they had fought that day. About the phone call from Gray Baker. About how Roman was jealous. I really didn't have to say much.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

INGA (CONT'D)

Roman refused to testify. I think he wanted to die. He wanted to be with her.

She looks at Mike.

INGA

(continuing)

After the murder, Frankie's speech problem got worse. I had to take him to a specialist. The man used hypnosis to cure him. He taught Frankie about the subconscious and reincarnation. From then on, Frankie was obsessed with the idea Margaret would come after him.

As she speaks, Mike walks to a large desk and picks up a silver-framed photograph of Madson as a young boy... as Frankie...

INGA

(continuing)

He used hypnosis for the business, but mostly he was just looking for her. He wanted to find her before she found him. When he saw your article in the paper, he knew he'd finally found what he'd been looking for.

MIKE

So he hired Dougee-the-fiance to try and get her away from me.

INGA

His real name is Mark. He's an actor, sometimes helps Frankie with the refinishing.

Mike starts to put the photograph back down on the desk, but pauses. Engraved into the top in large, ornate letters are the initials "T.R."

MIKE

(under his breath)

Uncle Teddy.

He quickly puts the picture back and starts for the door.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

189

MIKE

(continuing)

Jesus, I left Grace alone with  
your son.

Mike heads for the doorway. Inga opens the pewter  
box...

INGA

Wait just a moment.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: (2)

189

Mike stops and turns around just as he gets to the door. He doesn't see Madson standing in the shop behind him.

INGA

(continuing)

I'm through protecting him.

She's holding the anklet. Mike walks back and takes it. She looks away. Mike eyes her a moment, then walks out. Madson is no longer standing in the shop.

We HOLD ON Inga as she just sits there. We hear the door CHIME O.S. as Mike leaves.

Inga wipes her eyes, then gets up and turns up the television. She nearly has a coronary when she turns around.

190 MADSON

190

now stands in the doorway. He raises a hand to calm her.

MADSON

It's all right...

INGA

I had to tell him. I couldn't live with it anymore...

MADSON

(soothing)

It's all right, Mother.

He smiles at her, steps inside the apartment.

MADSON

(continuing)

You should be in bed. It's late.

She stands there a moment as Madson begins to make the bed for her.

INGA

You're not angry?

MADSON

As he said, it was a long time ago.

(CONTINUED)

INGA

They would have found out sooner  
or later.

MADSON

Yes, they would have.

She watches as he tucks in the sheet, smooths the  
blanket.

INGA

Promise me, you won't hurt them.

MADSON

Mother...

INGA

Promise me, Frankie.

MADSON

I promise.

He fluffs the pillow, then pulls down the covers.

MADSON

(continuing)

Now come on. Get into bed.

Inga moves to the bed, and takes off her robe. Frankie  
takes it and carefully folds it over a chair as she  
gets under the covers.

INGA

I just couldn't live with it  
anymore.

MADSON

I understand.

She takes his hand and squeezes it.

INGA

Goodnight, Frankie.

She shuts her eyes as Madson leans over and softly  
kisses her on the forehead. He's crying.

MADSON

Goodnight, Mother.

He then covers her face with one of the freshly-fluffed  
pillows and smothers her.

191 EXT. HIGHTOWER HOUSE - NIGHT

191

Grace stands in a window. A fierce SANTA ANA WIND assails the trees and the dark elevator tower in the immediate f.g.

192 INSIDE HIGHTOWER HOUSE

192

We hear MUSIC O.S. Grace watches as the couple next door dance in silhouette.

She moves away from the window... flips through the photo album... runs her hand over one of the sculptures.

The WIND rattles the windows and the light flicker. She looks up, now wary and watchful.

193 INSIDE "THE LAUGHING DUKE" - MADSON

193

Like a matador before a bullfight, Madson stands preparing in front of an antique mirror. He runs a hand through his hair... straightens his tie... mops his brow with a lace handkerchief.

Next, he then moves to an armoire, opens it and removes a long, black topcoat. He puts it on, brushes a bit of lint from the lapel, then tucks the handkerchief into his front pocket; making sure that it fans just so.

He removes a pair of white gloves from the armoire and carefully slips them into a side pocket.

He takes an old fashioned brass key from his watch chain, bends down and unlocks the bottom drawer of the armoire.

From the drawer, he takes out a large padded envelope addressed to the shop. The return address is in Japanese. He pulls a small, hand-painted box from the envelope.

We hear SWEET MUSIC from inside as Madson opens the box and removes a red silk pouch. He runs his thumb over the silk and arches an eyebrow.

Finally, from the pouch, Madson removes a shimmering pair of scissors; the maker's name, "DIE SCHERE," can be seen clearly etched into one of the gold plated blades...

Madson looks in the mirror and considers himself once more. The picture of refinement, he raises the scissors in front of his face and smiles. Old friends. SNIP. SNIP.



201 CONTINUED:

201

She stands still as a store dummy.

MIKE (O.S.)  
(continuing)  
It's Mike. Let me in.

GRACE  
Go away!

She moves to the phone...

MIKE (O.S.)  
I need to talk to you.

GRACE  
I'm calling the police.

She starts to dial, panics when she realizes the line is dead. She wheels around as Mike TAPS on the glass behind her.

MIKE  
Look, I know you're upset. But if you'll just listen to me a minute.

GRACE  
What'd you do to the phone?

MIKE  
What're you talking about?

GRACE  
The line is dead.

MIKE  
It's windy out. The phones are probably out all over the hills.

She backs away from the window.

GRACE  
Just go away.

The window empties as Mike steps away.

202 GRACE

202

moves to the gun. She jerks her head at the door as Mike opens it to the limits of the chain.

MIKE  
Listen to me. You don't have to be afraid anymore... Roman didn't kill his wife... it was Frankie.

(CONTINUED)

She stands there with the gun at her side.

MIKE  
(continuing)  
Did you hear me?

GRACE  
Frankie.

MIKE  
Yes. And Madson is Frankie.

GRACE  
I see.

MIKE  
I talked to Inga...

GRACE  
You talked to Inga.

MIKE  
But this is the weird part...

GRACE  
Oh, this is the weird part.

MIKE  
Grace, you're not Margaret. I...  
uh, you're Roman.

GRACE  
Listen to you.

MIKE  
Look, this all sounds stupid  
enough without me having to say it  
through the fucking door. Just  
let me in and I'll explain  
everything.

GRACE  
No! Go away!

MIKE  
Fine.

Mike closes the door. For a moment we hear nothing.  
Then WHAM! as Mike throws his full body weight against  
the door, breaking not only the chain, but the door-  
frame as well...

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: (2)

202

MIKE  
(continuing)  
Just listen to me...

He reaches into his coat... something shimmers...

GRACE  
No... please...

MIKE  
This is for you --

Grace raises the gun and SHOTS him. He spins back against the wall and looks at her stupidly... at the smoking pistol in her hand...

MIKE  
(continuing)  
Nice kicking gun.

His hand comes the rest of the way out of his coat. His eyes flutter, then close as he crumples onto the floor.

GRACE  
Mike?

She looks up as we hear the LOUD CLANKING O.S.

203 EXT. ELEVATOR TOWER - MADSON - PULLING BACK

203

moving up past one of the windows. His expression is calm as he pulls on the white gloves. He sings to himself...

MADSON  
"I used to visit all the very gay places. Those come what may places..."

CUT TO:

204 STRAUSS MANSION - YOUNG FRANKIE

204

moving quietly up the stairs. We hear ROMAN'S VOICE O.S.

ROMAN (O.S.)  
... been so foolish.

He looks down the hall, just as Roman and Margaret kiss. Frankie watches as Roman kicks the door closed with his foot. We hear LAUGHTER O.S.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED: 204

Meanwhile, Frankie waits in the shadows.

CUT TO:

205 HIGHTOWER HOUSE - NIGHT 205

Grace slowly moves to Mike. She crouches down before him. His fingers lay open to reveal the anklet. She sees it.

GRACE

Oh, my God... what have I done...

206 EXT. HIGHTOWER HOUSE - NIGHT 206

as the elevator arrives. The doors open and Madson steps off.

207 INSIDE HIGHTOWER HOUSE - NIGHT 207

Grace stares at Mike a moment longer, gets to her feet, moves to the doorway and practically runs into Madson.

GRACE

Mr. Madson...

MADSON

Good evening.

He looks at the prone Mike. Takes a step towards her...

GRACE

I shot him.

MADSON

Thank you...

She takes a step back as he smiles...

MADSON

(continuing)

Less work for Frankie.

She raises the gun to his face and pulls the trigger. We hear a loud CLICK! as it misfires. Madson shrugs...

MADSON

(continuing)

Antiques.

(CONTINUED)

He swiftly backhands her across the face. She hits the floor hard and shuts off. Madson moves to Mike, takes the anklet from his hand, all the while singing to himself...

MADSON

(continuing)

"Where one relaxes on the axis of the wheel of life..."

Madson pockets the anklet, replaces it with the scissors.

MADSON

(continuing)

"To get the feel of life..."

He then walks over and grabs Grace by the arms, and drags her limp body to over beside Mike...

MADSON

(continuing)

"From Jazz and cocktails..."

He considers the two of them a moment, then puts her hand in his. So that now they lie there, side by side, holding hands. Mike holds the scissors in his other hand.

MADSON

(continuing)

"Romance is mush."

Satisfied, Madson then picks up the gun and crouches down beside Grace.

MADSON

(continuing)

"Stifling those who strive..."

Madson fiddles with the weapon a moment... while behind him... Mike's hand twitches...

MADSON

(continuing)

"I'll live a lush life in some small dive..."

Madson puts the gun in her other hand...

MADSON

(continuing)

"And there I'll be while I -- "

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: (2)

207

His hand over hers, Madson then gently parts her lips with the muzzle, guides the gun into her mouth... and eases the hammer back...

Mike's fingers slowly tighten around the scissors...

MADSON

(continuing)

"And there I'll be while I -- "

Mike stabs him in the leg with the scissors Madson has so kindly provided him with. Madson's entire body goes erect. He flings the gun across the room.

Mike pulls the scissors free, gets to his knees and tackles Madson. They struggle for the scissors.

Madson eventually gets the scissors from the weakened Mike, raises them above his head...

208 MADSON'S POV - MIKE

208

scurrying backwards on the floor...

209 STRAUSS BEDROOM - MARGARET

209

sits up in bed. Frankie stands at the foot of Margaret's bed. She scurries back against the wall...

MARGARET

Frankie?

She sees the scissors as they catch the light from the hallway. She gasps, but before she can scream...

FRANKIE

This is for you.

He stabs her in the side. Margaret blinks at him in dumb terror, amazed that he actually stabbed her.

210 HIGHTOWER HOUSE - MADSON

210

brings the scissors down. Mike grabs his hands. Madson stabs the floor beside Mike's head...

211 STRAUSS BEDROOM - FRANKIE

211

reaches for the anklet.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

211

FRANKIE

And this is my my M-Mother...

Frankie tries to remove the anklet from Margaret's leg when Margaret suddenly kicks him in the face and bolts out of bed...

212 HIGHTOWER HOUSE - MADSON

212

as Mike kicks him. Madson pitches forward and stabs the floor beside Grace's face.

Mike kicks the scissors away. They go sliding across the room.

Madson scrambles to his feet and moves for them. Mike is right behind him. Madson picks them up. Mike grabs Madson's hand... Brings it down onto one of the scissors sculptures.

Madson screams and drops the scissors. Mike reaches for them, but Madson kicks them away. They go sliding back the other way...

213 THE SCISSORS - EXTREME LOW ANGLE - MOVING

213

Fast. Across the floor. Past a sculpture. Under a piece of furniture. Heading straight for Grace...

214 REVERSE - THE SCISSORS

214

blades open, they come sliding towards CAMERA.

Grace opens her eyes. Slams her hand down on the scissors the instant before they would have stabbed her face.

Mike breaks free, but is immediately pulled down from behind by Madson.

215 STRAUSS SITTING ROOM

215

We hear Roman's PIANO O.S. as Frankie drags Margaret down from behind and stabs her over and over again. Blood splatters on a vase, a lamp, a painting, some sheet music ("Lush Life").

- 216 HIGHTOWER HOUSE - MIKE AND MADSON 216  
 crash through the glass coffee table. Blood splatters on an easel. Mike's head hits the floor with a dull THUD. He looks at CAMERA.
- 217 REVERSE - THE GUN 217  
 lying under a chair. Mike reaches for it, but is dragged away from CAMERA by Madson. LOUD CLANKING O.S. Madson digs his fist into Mike's wound. Mike screams.
- 218 GRACE 218  
 turns her head slightly...
- 219 ROMAN'S MUSIC ROOM 219  
 Roman stops playing and turns his head slightly as we hear a SCREAM O.S....
- 220 GRACE 220  
 sits up, looks over at Mike and Madson...
- 221 STRAUSS SITTING ROOM 221  
 Roman bursts out of his music room, just as the figure of Frankie slips down the hall. Margaret lies on the floor.
- 222 GRACE 222  
 watches Madson and Mike struggle. Screams...
- 223 STRAUSS SITTING ROOM 223  
 Roman pulls the bloody scissors from her throat and screams...
- ROMAN  
 Somebody help me!
- 224 HIGHTOWER HOUSE 224  
 Madson picks up a small scissor sculpture... tries to stab Mike with it. But Mike rolls, and Madson hits the floor instead. The sculpture breaks into pieces.

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED:

224

Pete, carrying a pizza box, munching a slice, steps into the doorway just in time to see Mike punch Madson in the face. Pete then watches horrified as Mike grabs the gun; gets to his feet and levels it at Madson...

MIKE

It's over, Fr --

PETE

Mike! No!

Pete drops the pizza and jumps on Mike's back. Mike folds under the weight. The gun falls. Pete kicks it away. \*

PETE

(continuing)

Take it easy, Mike...

MIKE

Pete... wait... Dammit...

Madson looks around for the gun. Mike breaks free, hits Pete in the mouth. They both recoil in pain. Mike recovers first, hooks Pete in the chin. This time Pete goes down and stays down. \*

Mike looks up, freezes as Madson spots the gun, bends... \*

GRACE

Don't!

They both look to where Grace stands a few feet away with the scissors. Madson mentally measures the distance.

MADSON

Well, I for one am very interested in what's going to happen next.

225 MADSON

225

grabs the gun. Grace lunges, and stabs him in the back. Madson stiffens, FIRES off an errant round into the wall beside Mike. Grace ducks as he turns and FIRES off another in her direction. \*

Mike and Grace watch Madson as, stumbling around the room, he reaches behind with his free hand and tries to pull the scissors out of his back. Unfortunately for him, they're lodged in that hard-to-scratch place between his shoulder blades.

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED:

225

He turns his back to them, as he tries with his other hand. They watch him fumble about, then finally get a grip on the scissors.

Grace watches horrified as Madson slowly pulls them free.

Madson drops the scissors, then turns around and faces them. His smile is half relief, half sinister.

Pete wakes up in time to see Madson raise the gun... take a shaky step towards them... then slip on the pizza box. They all watch as Madson fights to regain his balance... before he finally pitches forward and...

226 IMPALES HIMSELF

226

on the wrought-iron scissors sculpture directly in front of Pete's face...

PETE

Whoa.

Grace looks away. Mike moves to her. They embrace.

GRACE

I'm so sorry...

MIKE

(cuts her off)

It's okay...

(looks at Madson)

The door just closed.

FADE TO:

227 WHITE

227

We hear the sounds of the BEACH OVER. We then TILT DOWN to where Grace sits at an easel painting two criss-crossing umbrellas that stick out of the sand just beyond her canvas.

Mike, his own arm and shoulder wrapped, sits beside her. He smiles, absently reaches out, runs his hand down the length of her leg, stopping to play with the anklet.

GRACE

I feel kinda bad wearing that. I mean, it really belongs to you.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Forget it.

Mike clears his throat, sits up and looks out at the water.

MIKE

(continuing)

Looks a lot better on you.

GRACE

What if I never remember anything about this Amanda Sharp person I'm supposed to be?

MIKE

Then I'll just have to call you Grace for the rest of your life. And you'll have only one name. Like Madonna.

She stops painting, looks at him.

GRACE

Who's Madonna?

He smiles, kisses her.

MIKE

I love you.

She looks at him a moment, then turns and looks off. Mike clears his throat when the moment gets awkward.

MIKE

(continuing)

This is where you say something. Anything. "That's great, Mike." "How 'bout that?" "You'll get over it." "I love you, too..."

GRACE

Tulips.

MIKE

What?

She turns back to Mike.

GRACE

They're my favorite flower. And blue's my favorite color.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRACE (CONT'D)

When I was seven, I got real sick and had to stay inside for about a year. That's when I started painting. When I was twelve, I had to miss a Girl Scout thing because I was grounded for hitting my next door neighbor. Though I'm pretty sure he deserved it. Eric Larson took me to the senior prom...

We begin to PULL BACK away from her easel, so that we can see her painting of the criss-crossing umbrellas.

MIKE

Would this be the big fat Eric Larson?

GRACE

No, this would be big beautiful Eric Larson.

(then)

Not jealous are you?

Now, if we were really cynical, we might say the umbrellas look quite a lot like a pair of scissors. But we're not, so instead, we just...

FADE OUT.

THE END