

"DEAD AGAIN"

by

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**A Mirage Enterprises Production
Executive Producer:
Dennis Feldman**

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BLACK

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: CLOSE-UP OF NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

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

MAN (O.S.)

"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 (O.S.)

"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 (O.S.)

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

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

MAN (O.S.)

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

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: JAIL CELL - NIGHT

All four walls of the cell are all covered with the articles. ROMAN STRAUSS, the singing man, sits in SHADOW getting his hair cut by a heavysset GUARD.

ROMAN

"And there I'll be while I rot
with the rest..."

Legend: "CALIFORNIA DEATH ROW, 1950."

ROMAN

"Of those whose lives are...
lonely too."

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.

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

That why you wanted to see me?
Tell me what a fan you are?

ROMAN

I'd like to ask a favor of you.

BAKER

Yeah?

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

BAKER

What kind a favor?

ROMAN

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

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

ROMAN

You're so good at that.

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

ROMAN

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

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

Aren't you afraid of dying?

ROMAN

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

BAKER

(chuckles)

That a line from one a your
operas?

ROMAN

It's Walt Whitman.

(smiles)

I can't take credit for
everything, Mr. Baker.

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

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...

THE GUARD

Watching. Listening.

BAKER

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. 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 SCISSORS are now 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...

INSIDE CELL BLOCK - SAME TIME

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

This is for you.

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

SUDDEN CUT TO: INSIDE SMALL BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Woman With No Name sits up in bed and SCREAMS. She grabs her throat. Checks her white nightgown for blood. A dream?

She looks about the room as if she has no idea where she is. She gets out of bed and moves to a window...

EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

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 a large Treble Clef.

In the b.g., 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.

INSIDE BEDROOM - SAME TIME

She turns away from the window. Light FLICKERS ON, THEN OFF from underneath the door. She slides the chair aside and opens the door...

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

At the end of the corridor she runs down a spectacularly steep spiral staircase.

DOWNSTAIRS - ENTRY HALL

The lights flicker on in a room, a study of some sort, just off the entry hall. The Woman With No Name runs inside, moves to a phone. Picks it up...

The line goes dead. The lights flicker off.

ENTRY HALL

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

This is for you.

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

SUDDEN CUT TO: INSIDE SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Once more the Woman With No Name sits up and screams. She clutches her throat. Another nightmare.

Once more she gets out of bed and moves to the window. This time, her nightgown is ill-fitting, and made of a cheap cotton.

Once more we see the gates with the Treble Clef.

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

The FOOTSTEPS STOP as the Woman slowly moves to the door.

The Woman With No Name listens at the door a moment. She 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.

The lights flicker on and we see that this time the Cloaked Figure is a NUN. The shimmer comes from the crucifix that hangs around her neck.

The Woman With No Name withdraws, screams louder as the Nun steps into the room...

NUN

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

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

As we PULL BACK from the house, we can hear the WOMAN SCREAMING OVER. We continue PULLING BACK until one of the dark statues is in FRAME. We HOLD ON IT and...

DISSOLVE TO DAY

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: SAINT LUCY'S CONVENT SCHOOL - DAY

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...

INSIDE SISTER MADELEINE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

This is the dark study the woman ran into the night before. Sister Madeleine, the nun from the night before, stands at the window, looking outside.

SISTER MADELEINE

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

She turns from the window to where FATHER TIMOTHY, a young, rumpled-looking priest, sits opposite her desk, nursing a cup of coffee.

SISTER MADELEINE

The Police say that she's got some kind of amnesia and therefore belongs in County Hospital.

FATHER TIMOTHY

Okay.

SISTER MADELEINE

Father, she doesn't look crazy, she looks frightened.

FATHER TIMOTHY

Still, maybe you should have the school doctor take a look at her.

SISTER MADELEINE

He was here yesterday. He said that her condition is traumatic. That her vocal cords are fine.

FATHER TIMOTHY

What about the amnesia?

SISTER MADELEINE

He gave her a shot of sodium something.

FATHER TIMOTHY

Sodium Amytol. I've seen them use it at the Mission. What happened?

SISTER MADELEINE

She just started screaming...
(turns back to the window)

Screams like you've never heard before.

SISTER MADELEINE'S POV - THE GROUNDS BELOW

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.

SISTER MADELEINE (V.O.)
Every night she goes to bed, she
blocks her door with a chair.

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

SISTER MADELEINE (V.O.)
Father, this woman is genuinely
afraid for her life.

Sister Madeleine turns back to the priest once more.

SISTER MADELEINE
I figured if anyone knew what to
do, you would.

He smiles back, hoists his coffee cup.

FATHER TIMOTHY
This is delicious.

SISTER MADELEINE
Thank you.

If only they hadn't taken those vows. Father Timothy
clears his throat.

FATHER TIMOTHY
Well... it seems to me that if the
police are unwilling to help find
her family, the next logical thing
to do would be to hire some sort
of... professional.

SISTER MADELEINE
"Hire?" Father, we don't have the
money to "hire" anybody.

FATHER TIMOTHY
I'm sure we could work something
out.

Sister Madeleine, weighs this a moment. Then...

SISTER MADELEINE
And how does one go about finding
such a professional?

SUDDEN CUT TO A TABLE

As a PHONE BOOK is dropped onto it with a dull THUD. Sister Madeleine looks over Father Timothy's shoulder, enjoying the momentary closeness, as the young Priest flips through the yellow pages...

FATHER TIMOTHY

Here we go...

CLOSE ON THE PHONE BOOK

A section headed "PRIVATE INVESTIGATION." The priest runs his finger down the page.

FATHER TIMOTHY

Ah. Here's a name we can trust...

She leans over and looks where the Priest points to a listing that reads "MIKE CHURCH, FINDER OF HEIRS."

EXT. TRADER JOE'S MARKET - DAY

A battered "bathtub" Porsche beats out another car for the handicapped slot nearest the store. MIKE CHURCH gets out of the car and lights a cigarette.

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

INSIDE MARKET

Mike stops a CLERK as he passes.

MIKE

I'm looking for Cozy Carlisle?

CLERK

Try the freezer.

THE FREEZER

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 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 doesn't move, looks at him through a long, thin exhale.

MIKE

Well this one left you eleven thousand dollars.

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

MIKE

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...

MIKE

Save the guy's life or something?

COZY

Just about. Myron was impotent. You imagine that? A plumbing contractor who couldn't get it up?

MIKE

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

COZY

Hey, I was a damn good shrink. For sixteen and a half years, I helped a lotta people work through a lotta shit. Sure, I slept with a patient or two, but back then, who didn't? It wasn't as if I didn't care. I worked harder than anybody. Then the fucking AMA goes and sends some bitch in undercover... it's just not fair.

Mike's sorry he asked. He hands Cozy a card.

MIKE

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 thousand less my commission.

COZY

What? For chrissake, what kind a guy takes a twenty percent cut outa somebody's inheritance?

MIKE

Considering five minutes ago you had dick, and now you got eighty-eight hundred dollars... 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.

MIKE
I use your phone?

THE STOCKROOM

His notebook open on his thigh, Mike sits on a crate of food talking on the telephone...

MIKE
This is Mike Church. You beeped?
(makes a note)
Uh-huh... uh-huh...
(looks up)
Where?

EXT. SAINT LUCY'S - DAY

Mike gets out of his car and walks to the front gates. Entering the grounds, he eyes first the gang graffiti all spray painted over the outside wall, then the Treble Clef mounted in the center of the gate.

MIKE (V.O.)
I thought you people dealt with
all the lost souls of the world.

INSIDE SISTER MADELEINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mike sits on a scrolled arm chair across from Sister Madeleine and Father Timothy.

SISTER MADELEINE
We run a school, not a hotel, Mr. Church. And besides, she frightens the children.

Mike lights a cigarette.

MIKE
Frightens 'em? How?

SISTER MADELEINE
She has nightmares. She screams in her sleep.

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

SISTER MADELEINE
What difference does it make?

Mike shrugs. None really.

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MIKE
Why don't you just take her down
to County Hospital? Let one of
the Shrinks down there take a
crack at her?

SISTER MADELEINE
We'd rather not do that unless we
absolutely have to.

MIKE
Well, thing is, Sister, I really
don't do the kind of work you're
asking me to.

FATHER TIMOTHY
We're asking you to find her
family. You do that, don't you?

MIKE
Yeah, but for wills. Not... this.

FATHER TIMOTHY
Seems to me, the only difference
here, is that your client's alive.

The Nun and the Priest both smile. Mike's expression
remains fixed.

MIKE
Who's gonna pay for this?

SISTER MADELEINE
We thought you might do it out of
your sense of charity.

MIKE
My sense of charity?

Now Mike smiles. Chuckles even.

MIKE
Sister, you must mean my sense of
humor. I don't do anything for
free.

SISTER MADELEINE
Mr. Church, somewhere someone is
very worried about this girl...

FATHER TIMOTHY
Perhaps someone willing to pay a
handsome reward for her safe
return.

MIKE
That's a pretty big "perhaps,"
Father. Nice meeting you.

Mike gets up, starts for the door. Sister Madeleine gives Father Timothy a "now what?" look. The Priest motions reassuringly to her, then...

FATHER TIMOTHY
Would you at least have a look at
her?

Mike pauses in the doorway. The Priest smiles.

FATHER TIMOTHY
If we can't have your time, we'll
settle for your advice.

Mike looks at the two of them, shrugs. What the hell.

MIKE
Sure. I'll... look at her.

INSIDE STAIRCASE/HALLWAY

Mike glances about as he follows Sister Madeleine down the long corridor.

SISTER MADELEINE
"Church" your real name?

MIKE
My great grandfather sold pipe
organs. Changed it for business
purposes.

SISTER MADELEINE
Oh.

She gets to a room and peers inside. Nobody home.
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.

SISTER MADELEINE
It's not the same thing.

She starts down the hall. Mike smiles, enters the room.

INSIDE THE ROOM

The walls are white and bare except for a small crucifix that hangs above the bed.

Mike 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. He 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 does his best not to stare at her.

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 half hits the floor in a pile. He extends his hand to the Woman With No Name.

MIKE
Mike Church.

Mike doesn't take his eyes off her as she tentatively shakes his hand. He holds up the gold ring.

MIKE

This is a Claddaugh ring... an Irish wedding band. My mother 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 her 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.

Once the Nun sees that Mike has nibbled bait, she sets the hook.

SISTER MADELEINE

Perhaps, you'd like to give her a lift downtown?

MIKE

Downtown?

SISTER MADELEINE

To County Hospital.

MIKE

I could do that.

Mike picks up the Woman's clothes and hands them to her.

MIKE

Uh, why don't you get dressed and we'll take a little drive through the neighborhood. Since you came here on foot, maybe you live close by. Maybe something'll look familiar.

He cuts a look at the Nun.

MIKE

It's on the way.

SISTER MADELEINE

Of course. I'll go downstairs and get her some extra clothes.

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

MIKE

I'll be outside. With the boys.

INSIDE MIKE'S CAR - DAY

The Woman With No Name stares out the window as Mike drives through the South Hancock Park area. He keeps looking over at her.

MIKE

This doesn't pan out, I got a buddy, works at the Times. I'll get him to take your picture, run it in tomorrow's-

Suddenly she looks past Mike, sits up.

MIKE

What? You recognize something?

Excited now, she points out his window...

EXT. "SID'S STEAKOUT" - DAY

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 looks doubtfully at the decaying building.

MIKE

This place?

She hurries for the entrance.

INSIDE SID'S STEAKOUT - DAY

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.

MIKE

Hm.

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

Sure 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?

She nods. Mike cuts Sid off at the bathroom.

MIKE

Excuse me. I talk to you a minute?

Sid shifts his feet, looks past Mike at John.

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

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. He lets go and Sid pushes past and disappears into the bathroom. Mike turns to The Woman With No Name. Now she looks more lost than ever.

MIKE

Come on.

As she steps away from the wall, we can see several dozen black and white 8x10's hanging there.

We PUSH IN ONE OF THEM:

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

MIKE (V.O.)

Get a good head shot.

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

A FLASH as PETE, small guy, with nappy black hair, snaps a picture of the now seated Woman With No Name.

PETE

Smile, sweetheart...

Pete speaks with a sibilant "S," meaning he whistles everytime he says a word like "smile" or "sweetheart."

PETE

So we're runnin' the basic "have-you-seen-this-person?" That the deal?

Mike leans against a wall of the cubicle. Black and white 8x10s of some of the century's grizzlier crime scenes cover the low walls.

MIKE

Yeah, and by tomorrow if you can.

The Woman With No Name looks at a photograph of several COPS, including Mike, standing around a crime scene. She squints as Pete steps around her and takes another picture.

PETE

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

She looks up at him. Pete smiles.

PETE

Same thing happened to me once.

She's listening. Pete continues snapping her picture as he talks...

PETE

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...

MIKE

Pete...

PETE

Had to dial 911 with his nose...

MIKE

Pete...

PETE

What?

MIKE

I just know there's a point to this.

PETE

It's coming...

(takes her picture)
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.

Pete puts the camera to his eye. Mike grabs it by the
lens and takes it away.

MIKE
This ain't going in "Vogue," Pete.

Pete ignores Mike, smiles at her as he sits down at
the desk.

PETE
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.

Mike rolls his eyes.

PETE
I was lucky.
(takes her hand)
But I do know what it's like... I
know what you're goin' through.
And I'm sayin', just hang in
there, sweetheart... it'll all
come back. Scout's Honor.

EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The Woman With No Name looks uncertainly at the
building as she and Mike get out of the car. Mike
notices, takes her by the arm as they walk to the
entrance.

MIKE
Look, my name and number are gonna
be in the paper, so the minute
somebody sees your picture, I'll
come and get you.

She doesn't look as convinced as he is.

INSIDE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Mike and the Woman With No Name, wearing a wrist i.d., holding a folded hospital gown, ride the elevator with TWO COPS and a handcuffed WOMAN. Mike listens politely to Cop #1...

COP #1

We get there, find her old man on the floor of the living room, and her in the kitchen tryin' to stuff a .38 down the garbage disposal. First thing she asks, is he dead?

The woman, a head full of curlers, stares at the Woman With No Name.

COP #1

Now, Mikee, the man's shot twice in the mouth, three times in the chest, through and through, big ole fucking exit wounds, I go, "honey, they don't get any deader than that."

Mike smiles politely, turns to the Woman With No Name...

MIKE

We're talking maybe one night here at the most.

The doors 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!

Mike cuts a look at the Woman With No Name as Two FEMALE PATIENTS get into a fistfight. Cop #2 holds the door open...

COP #2

Comin' Mike?

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

EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

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.

INSIDE MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Woman With No Name, now wearing Mike's coat, tentatively follows Mike inside. From the apartment next door, we hear the sound of PIANO SCALES played over and over.

MIKE

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

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

MIKE

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

Like I said, you're as good as home once we get your face in the paper.

She closes her eyes as Mike bends down and snips off the HOSPITAL I.D. BRACELET.

MIKE

Hungry?

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

MIKE

You haven't eaten anything all day.

Again she shakes her head.

MIKE

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

Mike listens to the piano scales a moment, then walks over and bangs on the wall.

MIKE

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

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

MIKE
Bedroom's back here.

She looks off at the wall as the PIANO continues a moment, then stops. She gets up...

MIKE'S BEDROOM

Mike 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 looks at an antique chair...

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

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

MIKE
Well...
(beat)
G'night.

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

THE LIVING ROOM

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
Jesus, Mike.... who cares?

Groaning, he falls backwards onto the couch.

THE BEDROOM

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 sweatshirt.

EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The windows are dark. We hear FOUR NOTES ON A PIANO followed by a LOUD SCREAM OVER...

INSIDE MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

Jesus... 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

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

Mike holds onto her, starts to gently rock her.

MIKE

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.

EXT MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

FRANKLYN MADSON, tall, grey hair, dark linen suit, walks up, consults the newspaper tucked under his arm, then enters the building.

INSIDE MIKE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Mike sits at his desk, talking on the phone.

MIKE

Hey pal, I don't have to tell you anything. Instead, how 'bout you tell me what her ring looks like?

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

MIKE

Big, blue emerald. Right.

She turns back to the paper as Mike hangs up on the guy, then takes the phone off the hook.

MIKE

That's twenty-seven calls so far.
All of 'em kooks.

Mike looks at his watch, then stands.

MIKE

But don't worry, I'm gonna find your family. Sometimes it just takes a while.

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?

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 her 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 the apartment, eyes some of Mike's old furniture...

MADSON

That's quite a handsome chair.
Heywood Wakefield if I'm not
mistaken. Some fresh upholstery
and it would look perfect in the
foyer of my shop. I'll give you
forty-five dollars for it right
now.

MIKE

It's a Brown and Saltman and it's
worth two hundred and 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

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.

MIKE

What're you, a shrink?

MADSON

Not exactly. I'm a Hypnotist.

Mike walks back, hands him a glass of water.

MIKE

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

MADSON

Thank you.

(drinks it all,
smiles)

Tastes a bit like bourbon.

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Madson returns the glass and continues stroking her hand. Mike inspects the glass.

MADSON

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

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 it's own.

Madson lets go of her hand. It slowly rises. Mike sits up.

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.

MADSON

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

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

MADSON

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...

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

MADSON
What did you see?

She doesn't answer.

MADSON
What frightened you?

Still no answer. Mike shakes his head.

MIKE
That was helpful.

MADSON
It's a start, Mr. Church.
(smiles at her)
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 is staring at her.

MADSON
I'd say she feels better.
(pats her hand)
Splendid.

Madson gets up and hands Mike a card.

MADSON
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
(eying the card)
Just how much is it gonna cost for
"several hours?"

Madson absently picks up her glove from Mike's desk and rubs the underside of his chin with it.

MADSON

It will cost you nothing, Mr. Church. I'll deal with her family when we find them. I'm sure they'll find my services invaluable.

MIKE

Unless I find them first.

MADSON

I wouldn't bet on that.
(replaces the glove)
Good day all.

INSIDE MIKE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

Put your head down.

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.

INSIDE MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike lies on the couch smoking, staring up at the ceiling. He sits up on an elbow and looks at the closed bedroom door.

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

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.

INSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP - SAME TIME

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 of the piece: "The Laughing Duke."

MADSON (O.S.)

You were inside President
Roosevelt's office?

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, frequently. My mother was
his cook. He treated us 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...

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

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:
Mahogany with 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 Pres-... Uncle Teddy do with it?

OLD WOMAN

Uncle Teddy broke it. He and John Muir were wrestling in the office.

A tad skeptical, Mike shakes his head.

MADSON

And what happened to the desk after that?

OLD WOMAN

He gave it to... he gave it to... he gave it to Emily.

MADSON

(checks his notes)
Emily Maxwell? His personal secretary? And where did Emily retire?

OLD WOMAN

I don't know.

MADSON

Well, where was she from?

OLD WOMAN

Bozeman. Montana.

Madson scribbles a few notes as he quickly wraps up.

MADSON

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

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.

Mike quickly steps back as Madson ushers the Old Woman out of the office.

MADSON

Any time. B'bye now.

He waves her out of the shop, then starts to greet the Woman With No Name. Mike cuts him off.

MIKE

You really believe that lady actually knew Teddy Roosevelt?

MADSON

I think the better question, Mr. Church, is how am I to get a large desk down from Bozeman, Montana?

Madson smiles, puts his arm around the Woman With No Name. Mike reluctantly follows them into the office.

INSIDE MADSON'S 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

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.

MADSON

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

She does.

MADSON

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

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

CUT TO: A SPIRAL STAIRCASE - SUBJECTIVE POV

Moving down...

MADSON

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."

Mike sits up and stifles a yawn.

MADSON

Since yesterday you got a little... 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. Do you understand?

She nods.

MADSON

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

MIKE

Oh, for Chriss-

MADSON

Shhh.

(to her)

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

INSIDE STAIRCASE

As we go round and down, a door comes into view at the bottom.

MADSON (V.O.)
And through that door is a very
happy time... perhaps the happiest
day of your life... Any idea what
day that might be?

INSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP

Silence. Madson leans forward.

MADSON
You can speak my dear.
(beat)
What was the happiest day-

WOMAN WITH NO NAME
(beat)
The day we first met.

MADSON
Distance yourself.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME
The day Roman and Margaret first
met.

Madson smiles, looks at Mike. Mike nods, impressed.
Madson leans forward in his chair again.

MADSON
Margaret?

WOMAN WITH NO NAME
That's right.

MADSON
Margaret who?

WOMAN WITH NO NAME
Strauss.

Madson coughs, pours himself a drink of water from the
crystal pitcher.

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 slaps his knees and stands.

MIKE

Okee dokee, I think I've heard enough.

MADSON

Mr. Church, if you're going to continue to interrupt the session, I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

MIKE

The lady just told us she met some guy named Roman in 1946. Since she can't be any more than 30, I'd say that totally invalidates your hypnosis theory.

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.

Madson sighs, shakes his head and turns back to the Woman With No Name.

MADSON

Let's just see what we can learn, shall we?

Mike eyes Madson a beat, sits back down as we...

DISSOLVE TO: THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE

A door at the bottom of the stairs. A hand reaches out and opens the door as we step into...

WOMAN WITH NO NAME (V.O.)

...The day Margaret and Roman first met was January 18, 1946...

A CONCERT HALL

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

WOMAN WITH NO NAME (V.O.)
Roman was Guest Conductor for the
Los Angeles Philharmonic...

MARGARET STRAUSS plays at a black grand piano.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME (V.O.)
Margaret was the soloist...

She keeps shooting looks up at Roman who, unaware,
conducts with feverish energy. He is continually
brushing a stray lock of hair from his forehead.

Margaret finally catches Roman's eye. She winks at
him.

Roman almost tosses the baton.

EXT. PAN PACIFIC CENTER - 1946 - NIGHT

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 GUY WITH A FLUTE CASE walks over to Margaret, kisses
her on the cheek. They share a joke. He obviously
likes her. Another moment, another kiss and the guy
moves on. Roman walks up...

ROMAN
You wink at the flute player, too?

MARGARET
Sometimes.

ROMAN
And I thought I was special.

MARGARET
Little taller maybe.

ROMAN
Ah, but has he ever taken you to
dinner?

MARGARET
Not yet.

ROMAN
That case, I'd better act fast.

She looks him over a moment.

MARGARET
You should know I have a big
appetite.

EXT "SID'S STEAKOUT" - NIGHT

The place jumps. Out front, searchlights play across the clouds as Sid's well-dressed patrons spill out of limousines. Inside we hear a tinkling PIANO...

INSIDE SID'S

Voluntary black tie. A 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.

A BOOTH

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 since I got out of the music academy.

(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 a moment, then slides her hand across the table. He considers her palm a moment, then...

ROMAN

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.

EXT BEACH - NIGHT

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 gotta start digging.
(jumps)
I got one!

Roman walks over as she drops to her knees and starts
digging. She watches him a moment, casually resumes
digging...

MARGARET
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?

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ROMAN
It wasn't my idea.

Margaret stops digging and looks over at Roman.

MARGARET
She must have loved you very much.
(beat)
I'm sorry.

ROMAN
Sitting here with me now... are
you really?

He looks at her a long moment, then leans over and
kisses her...

EXT. ROMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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 house is the same house the Convent School now
occupies.

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

INSIDE ROMAN'S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

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
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.

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

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 smiles, starts to play something else.

ROMAN

That's nice.

MARGARET

It's called "Lush Life."

(smiles)

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

We'll ruin it.

ROMAN

I'll get another one.

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

CUT TO: EXT. ROMAN'S ESTATE - DAY

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.

EXT. RECEPTION - LATER

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 spots Roman and Margaret as they greet their guests. He can't take his eyes off Margaret.

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Baker elbows Lydia as Margaret steps away.

BAKER
Introduce me.

LYDIA
I thought you wanted to leave?

BAKER
I changed my mind. C'mon...

INGA, the tall head housekeeper inspects the settings at one of the tables.

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.

Frankie glares at Margaret, takes his Mother's hand as Margaret marches off. Lydia, Gray Baker in tow, cuts her off.

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 hot stories brewing these days?

BAKER

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

MARGARET

Now that's an odd thing to say.

BAKER

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

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

BAKER

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
A pleasure meeting you.

BAKER
Likewise.

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

INSIDE ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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.

INSIDE SITTING ROOM

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
This is 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 slides it off.

MARGARET
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...

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

ROMAN

It's not a bracelet, darling, it's an anklet.

(smiles at her)

Let's have your leg...

She pulls her leg up on the piano bench.

ROMAN

A very special anklet.

(putting on the anklet)

It's quite old... the man I bought it from said that if a man gives this to his wife, nothing can separate them. No matter what, they'll always find each other.

MARGARET

So we'll be together forever?

ROMAN

Well, either that or I've overpaid terribly for the thing.

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

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

DISSOLVE TO: CLOSE-UP OF WOMAN WITH NO NAME

As she blinks herself awake. We then...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: INSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Mike and Madson are both staring expectantly at her. She looks from one to the other, but doesn't speak. Mike finally sits back, 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.

MIKE

So what was all that?

MADSON

Well as I said earlier, it would appear she's having some sort of past life experience.

MIKE

That's not the answer I wanted.

MADSON

It's not all that uncommon. Just last month a colleague of mine up in San Francisco had the same thing happen-

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

Who are you?

She can't answer, looks away. Mike shakes his head.

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

Do you remember what you've been talking about for the last couple of hours?

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Yes. They're the same people I've been having nightmares about. But I don't know who they are.

Madson smiles, and holds out his hand for the Woman With No Name.

MADSON
If you'll follow me, I'll show
you.

ANOTHER CORNER OF THE STORE

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
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
Roman Strauss.
(smiles at the Woman)
And his lovely-lovely wife,
Margaret.

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

WOMAN WITH NO NAME
That's them...

MIKE
They got married at St. Lucy's?

MADSON
They lived there. It was their
home back then.

She can't take her eyes off the photograph.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME
What a good looking man.

MADSON
Well, don't get too attached, my
dear. Roman Strauss killed his
wife.

Madson cuts a look at Mike, finishes what he started to say earlier.

MADSON

He stabbed her in the throat.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Roman killed Margaret?

MADSON

He used a lovely pair of antique, gold-plated barber shears. They were just auctioned at Christies last year to a Japanese gentleman if memory serves...

She stares at the wedding photograph...

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

They were so in love...

MIKE

Yeah, well those are the people that usually kill each other.

She can't take her eyes off the photograph. Madson rests a comforting hand on her arm.

MADSON

It really happened, my dear. Look it up in an old newspaper. I'm sure Mr. Church would know how.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

My nightmares would always end with Roman stabbing me in the throat.

Mike wants to get off this track as quickly as possible.

MIKE

Maybe she's related to them, or to somebody who knew them.

MADSON

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

MIKE

Okay, Fine. But don't tell me she was there, because I don't believe for a minute-

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.

She steps between them.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

So when we do have another session?

MADSON

Let's see, tomorrow I have a Friars luncheon at noon... so... say three o'clock?

Mike tucks the magazine under his arm.

MIKE

We'll let you know.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Tomorrow's fine.

Madson smiles, kisses her hand.

MADSON

Until tomorrow then. Oh, and Mr. Church?

Mike pauses. Madson smiles, points...

MADSON

The magazine is seventeen-ninety-five.

EXT. MADSON'S ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Mike and the Woman With No Name exit the shop and start up the street on foot.

MIKE

Guy's a real show... I mean, talk about off-the-chart weird...

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Mr. Church?

Mike stops walking, faces her.

MIKE

Mike.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME
Why are you helping me?

MIKE
(beat)
I dunno. My sense of charity?

WOMAN WITH NO NAME
Look, you've been very kind to me.
I can't possibly thank you enough.
But I really don't have to be your
problem anymore.

She watches as Mike's eyes move away, and come back.

MIKE
Maybe I want you to be my problem.
Maybe I just like you.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME
You don't know me.

MIKE
Then 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
According to Madson, it doesn't
really matter what I believe.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME
You think Mr. Madson's crazy?

MIKE
I think we need a second opinion.
(beat)
I think you should talk to a
shrink.

Mike resumes walking to the car. She stays put.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME
I won't go back to that hospital.

Mike considers that, opens the door for her.

MIKE
How 'bout the supermarket?

INSIDE TRADER JOE'S - DAY

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

MIKE

...next thing you know, she's spitting out all this stuff about people who lived forty years ago.

COZY

Sounds to me like 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

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

I figure, I'm dealin' with some kind a 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 to do all kinds of stuff you don't wanna hear about. I immediately think this is it. We deal with it in regular 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. 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 and resumes his tour of duty.

COZY

Where was I?

MIKE

1832.

COZY

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

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

Mike thinks about that. The Woman With No Name is positively mesmerized. Cozy turns to her.

COZY

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, I still don't see why someone can't just put her under and have her say, "My name is blank."

Cozy 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 takes his feather duster from his back pocket and runs it over a soda display.

COZY

See, it takes skill to live your 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.

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

I don't understand. I mean, 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 a humor, you keep meeting the same assholes over and over again.

(smiles)

Which means that if you fuck with somebody... they're always gonna have the chance to fuck you back.

Cozy checks his watch.

COZY

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

EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

INSIDE MIKE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

INSERT - MAGAZINE

The photograph of Roman and Margaret Strauss. 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.

INSIDE MIKE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

What?

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

INSIDE MIKE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Mike stands with his head leaning against the door.

MIKE

I asked if you liked red wine.

INSIDE BATHROOM - SAME TIME

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Oh. Good question.

She rubs her face with her wet hands.

MIKE (O.S.)

You all right?

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

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

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...

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

MIKE

Got me. I just hope you like chicken.

She smiles, relaxes a bit. But just a bit.

INSIDE LIVING-ROOM - SAME TIME

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

MIKE

Coming...

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 and steps inside.

PETE

I spent over three hours in the file morgue.

Pete steps inside as Mike crosses to his desk.

PETE

Even missed a bueno photo op. Vice Mayor Stein fell again.

Mike pulls out the contents of the envelope: xeroxes of newspaper clippings... familiar looking newspaper clippings, plus one not so familiar. Mike examines it.

MIKE

"The Waiting Man" by Abel Torrence?

PETE

It's a book review... Torrence was Roman Strauss' guard on Death Row.

MIKE

Book any good?

PETE

Roman Strauss had hot dogs or something like that for his last meal.

MIKE

Yeah, so?

PETE

That's what the review said, too.
"Yeah, so?"

Mike nods, begins poring over the articles as Pete moves to the nicely set dinner table...

PETE

How's it coming with Jane Doe?
Getting anywhere?
(picks up a candle)
Trying to get anywhere?

Mike isn't listening. He examines an article...

MIKE

Gray Baker. She mentioned his name this afternoon.

PETE

Think she's married?

MIKE

(ignoring Pete)
Looks like the guy wrote every single one of these...

PETE

(ignoring Mike)
Probably not.

Pete replaces the candle.

MIKE

Think this Baker's still around?

PETE

He is, he's a million years old.

MIKE

Can you find out? I mean, you work for the same paper... maybe check personnel or something?

PETE

Oh, sure, Mike. I got all kinds a time.

(eyeing the table)

Besides, I can see you got your hands full with the real dirty work...

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...

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

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.

PETE

For what?

MIKE

(forced smile)

For whatever.

PETE

Oh. Right.

Mike leads him to the front door.

MIKE

Lemme know if you find Baker.

INSIDE MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Dinner over, Mike and the Woman With No Name linger over the table. She watches as he pours them each another glass of wine...

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

You cook for me... I wear your clothes... I sleep in your bed... but I know nothing about you.

Mike sets the bottle down, looks up at her.

MIKE

There's not much to know.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

There has to be... I mean, where were you born? Who taught you how to cook? Where'd you learn about old furniture? How come you're not married?

She saves the best for last. Mike takes a drink.

MIKE

I was born in Los Angeles. I was a cop twelve years. Three of which I spent in Robbery where I learned a little about antiques. The other nine I spent in Missing Persons. I taught myself how to cook.

She looks at him, and shakes her head.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Just when I think I have you nailed down... you slip away.

He still doesn't offer anything. Okay.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Were you a good cop?

MIKE

I think so. I always had this knack for finding things that didn't wanna be found.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

So why'd you leave?

Mike looks at her a moment, then pours them each another glass of wine.

MIKE

You see some crazy things when you're a cop. Gets to the point where you pretty much stop feeling altogether... where you actually believe that nothing can faze you.

She picks up her glass, starts to drink...

MIKE

Then one day you find something like a fourteen-month-old girl decomposing in a field somewhere, stabbed more times than seems logical, and all at once, you start feeling everything you've been holding back.

The Woman With No Name puts her glass down.

MIKE

Suddenly, you never wanna find anything, ever again.

Mike cuts a look O.S. as we hear the PIANO SCALES start up next door.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

But you still look for people. That's still your job.

MIKE

Yeah, but at least now when I find somebody, it's always good news.

The SCALES GET LOUDER. Mike bangs on the wall.

MIKE

Trudy!

Mike looks away, lights a cigarette.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

I'm trying to remember and you're trying to forget...

Mike turns to her. She smiles.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

We're the perfect couple.

EXT. MIKE'S BALCONY - NIGHT

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

I got a present for you.

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

MIKE

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

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?

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Grace?

MIKE

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

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Would this be the big, fat Miss Grace?

MIKE

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

Mike watches as her eyes move away and come back, then move away again.

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

I could be married.

MIKE

I wouldn't care.

They sit there silent for a moment as the "sprinkle" turns to RAIN. She takes a sip, shudders, then reaches into his open hands and takes her "name."

WOMAN WITH NO NAME

Okay. Grace it is.

INSIDE MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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 and freezes.

MIKE'S POV - THE BEDROOM

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

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.

She wraps her arms around his neck and kisses him.
She then backs away slightly and looks up at him.

MIKE
(nods)
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 onto it, Mike first.

GRACE
(re: his wet clothes)
We'll ruin it.

MIKE
It's already ruined.

He kisses her.

GRACE
This is exactly what happened with
Roman and Margaret.

MIKE
I'm not Roman.

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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.

FADE IN: INSIDE MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rain pelts the window beside the bed. Grace sleeps with her back to Mike. Mike opens his eyes, stares at the back of her head. He reaches for her...

But as Grace rolls over, we see that it's MARGARET STRAUSS lying beside him. She raises a pair of SCISSORS...

MARGARET

This is for you.

Before Mike can sit up, Margaret plunges the scissors into his throat.

CUT TO: MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike opens his eyes. He quickly sits up as something drops onto his throat. He relaxes a bit as he spots the leaky ceiling above the bed. It's still raining outside. Grace sleeps soundly beside him.

MIKE

Jesus... now I'm dreaming about this shit.

Mike then brushes the few water droplets from his neck, and gets out of bed.

INSIDE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike's face is suddenly illuminated as he turns on his desk lamp, and sits down. He picks up the review of "Waiting Man" and scans it...

Along with the review are photographs of the author, Roman, Margaret, etc.

Mike looks at a grainy photograph of Margaret, then thoughtfully looks up from it to the bedroom.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN: EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Mike and Grace, both dressed in Mike's clothes, exit the building together and start up the street on foot.

GRACE
I'm starving.

MIKE
There's a little place around the
corner that makes great omelettes.

He puts his arm around her.

MIKE
Whatta you say we blow off Madson?
Spend the day at Griffith Park or
something.

GRACE
The beach. Let's go to the beach.

MIKE
Well, if the weather holds...

GRACE
No, it'll be even better if it
rains.

She smiles, kisses him on the cheek.

Behind them, a MAN -- early thirties, blonde, 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
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!

MIKE
Hey...

The Man backs off a moment.

MAN
You don't recognize me, do you?

GRACE
No...

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

MIKE
Hey...

Mike grabs the guy's shoulder and spins him.

MIKE
Who the hell are you?

MAN
I'm sorry...
(extends his hand)
Doug O'Malley.

MIKE
(ignores it)
Yeah, so?

MAN/DOUG
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.

MIKE

(reading)

Kathryn Pierce...

DOUG

It's for insomnia.

Doug suddenly gets distant as he notices her clothes.

DOUG

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.

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 let's 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...

Third-wheel-Mike stands there while Doug once again hugs and kisses his fiancée.

MIKE

So... where does she live?

DOUG

With me. Over near Hancock Park. You know the Seranno Towers apartments?

MIKE

Sure...

Mike looks numbly at Grace.

MIKE

...it's right across the street from Sid's Steakout.

DOUG

God, what a dive that place is. They're supposed to tear it down next year sometime, put up some-

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

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
Keep it.

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

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

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.

Doug 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.

INSIDE MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

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 gonna call Madson. Tell him
to cancel his lunch date. I don't
wanna wait 'til two o'clock.

Freaked out, Grace falls back onto the couch.

GRACE

My God, somebody's after me.

MIKE

Somebody's after you now.
Somebody was after you back then.
Honey, you're in deeper shit than
I thought.

GRACE

Maybe we should call the police.

MIKE

What're they gonna do? Keep us in
a room for three hours. Maybe
send us both to County Hospital.
No, the sooner we get your memory
back, the sooner we'll find out
why the guy came after you.

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

GRACE

Mike...

(holds up her hands)

They both fit.

MIKE

(shrugs)

I took a chance. The guy went for it.

INSIDE MADSON'S "LAUGHING DUKE" ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

We hear the SOUND OF A GAMESHOW in the b.g. as Mike and Grace enter the shop.

MIKE

Anybody home?

GRACE

Hello? Mr. Madson?

Grace peeks around a large armoire...

GRACE

Mike...

She points O.S. as Mike walks over to her.

GRACE

Look...

Grace points to A DESK. A new arrival, it still sits atop a furniture blanket. Ornately engraved into the desktop are the initials "TR."

MADSON

Are you all right, my dear?

Madson hurries over and takes her hand.

GRACE

I'm fine.

MADSON

I'll fix you some tea... We'll get started right away.

They all head for the back. Mike pulls Madson aside.

MIKE

Let's see if today we can't speed things up a little.

MADSON

We'll go as far as we can.

Mike starts to follow Madson, but once again catches his coat on an outstretched arm of "The Laughing Duke." Growling, Mike yanks it free...

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MIKE
I hate this place...

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP OF CANDLE - LATER

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

MADSON
Tell me, dear, when did things
start to go sour for Roman and
Margaret?

DISSOLVE TO: CIRCULAR STAIRCASE - SUBJECTIVE POV

Slowly moving down... down... down, towards the door
at the bottom. A hand reaches out for the door...

GRACE (V.O.)
It was the night of Otto Kline's
party...

CLOSER ON DOORKNOB

As a hand turns it, opens the door, REVEALING:

INSIDE ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Roman sits at the dressing table. Margaret stands
behind him, cutting his hair.

MARGARET
Do we have to go?

ROMAN
Yes, we have to go. Everybody's
going to be there.

Behind them, Inga enters with an armful of clean
towels. She pauses as she sees that Margaret is
cutting Roman's hair.

MARGARET
Everybody...?

ROMAN
Everybody that matters.

Inga enters the bathroom, drops the towels beside the
tub, watches as Margaret kisses her husband.

MARGARET
Everybody that matters is right
here.

They kiss again. Inga starts out of the room.

MARGARET
Just a minute, Inga.

Inga stops in the doorway.

MARGARET
You haven't seen my pearl earrings
anywhere have you?

Inga shoots a look at Roman.

INGA
No, Mrs. Strauss.

MARGARET
Are you sure?

INGA
Yes, but if you'd like, Frankie
and I could look for them.

MARGARET
(beat)
That won't be necessary. Thank
you.

Inga cuts another, more embarrassed, look at Roman,
then hurries out of the room. Margaret goes back to
work on Roman's head. Roman watches her in the mirror
a moment.

MARGARET
Don't say it. You always stick up
for her.

ROMAN
She's no thief, Margaret.

MARGARET
Well, somebody took my earrings.

ROMAN
Y'know, you haven't worn your
anklet in ages.

MARGARET
I don't know, Roman... tonight, my
gown's a little long for it.

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He pulls her hand down, the one holding the SCISSORS,
and kisses it.

ROMAN

Then wear a shorter one.

EXT. PARTY - NIGHT

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 and are immediately greeted by OTTO, a stubby German gent with a cigar.

OTTO

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

(indicates the wind)
What luck I have, eh?

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

Things haven't worked out quite
the way I thought they would...

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.

OTTO

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

ROMAN

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

ON MARGARET

Standing near the bar. Gray Baker, dressed in a tux, drink in hand, walks up to her and smiles. He's already half in the bag.

BAKER

Hello again.

MARGARET

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

BAKER

Matter a fact, I do. What're you drinking?

MARGARET

Mission Dry.

BAKER

Kid's stuff.

MARGARET

I prefer to keep my head at these things.

BAKER

Mission Dry for the lady. Double scotch for me.

The bartender hands him the drinks... Baker gestures to a table. They sit down. Baker smiles and raises his glass.

BAKER
To friendship.

MARGARET
(beat)
Cheers.

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

MARGARET
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...

ON ROMAN

Standing 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...

ON MARGARET AND BAKER

Clinging to their table...

MARGARET
Guess we should go inside...

BAKER
Come on, where's your sense of adventure?

MARGARET
Blown away, I'm afraid...

(looking around)
Along with my drink.

INSIDE THE HOUSE - SAME TIME

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?

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.

EXT. OTTO'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Margaret glances about the empty backyard.

MARGARET
We seem to have been abandoned...

Baker takes this opportunity to steal a look at her leg. He notices the shimmering anklet. She turns back, he smiles at her.

BAKER
So... how's things at home?

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.

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

MARGARET

Things are wonderful.

Baker nods, takes out a pen, quickly scribbles his
telephone number in a BOOK OF MATCHES.

BAKER

You ever need anything... a person
to talk to... advice, company,
anything.

(hands her the
matchbook)

Call me.

She eyes the matchbook, not quite sure what accepting
it would say to Baker.

BAKER

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

MARGARET

And what makes you such a "good
friend?"

BAKER

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

He smiles. She takes the matchbook.

MARGARET

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

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.

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 and instead snatches the book of matches from a startled Margaret and immediately examines it while asking...

ROMAN

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

BAKER

I was only-

MARGARET

Roman, please, Mr. Baker is my
friend.

Roman drops the matchbook into his coat pocket, looks directly at Gray Baker.

ROMAN

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

MARGARET

Roman, 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 backpedals 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.

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.

EXT. STRAUSS ESTATE - NIGHT

Roman's car pulls in through the front gates... past the Treble Clef...

INSIDE THE ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

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 wanted me to wear so that everybody could see how rich we are... or were.

ROMAN

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 alright, Mr. Strauss?

Downstairs, Inga sticks her head out of her door.

ROMAN

No. Yes. Everything's fine.

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

INSIDE THEIR BEDROOM

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're so stupid sometimes.

She sits down beside him.

MARGARET

What happened to that man who told me as long as I married him he'd be happy?

ROMAN

He became a "nobody."

MARGARET

Only in his eyes.

She puts her arms around him.

MARGARET

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...

INSIDE ROMAN'S MUSIC ROOM - DAY

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.

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

Mr. Strauss?

An embarrassed Roman quickly whips off the mask.

ROMAN

Yes, Frankie?

FRANKIE

The phone rang. Mother answered.
I'm not sure, but 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...

INSIDE MAIN HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

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.

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.

THE STAIRCASE

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.

INSIDE FRANKIE AND INGA'S ROOM

Inga stands there folding the laundry. She folds one
of Roman's dinner jackets over her arm. She then
gently, lovingly, runs her free hand over the fabric.

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Inga pauses as she feels something in the pocket. She slowly pulls out the book of matches that Gray Baker gave to Margaret at the party.

She sets down the jacket and eyes the telephone number written inside.

She opens the pewter box that hangs around her neck, and drops the matchbook inside.

INSIDE ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM - DAY

Margaret walks into the room and freezes.

MARGARET
What are you doing?

MARGARET'S POV - FRANKIE

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

FRANKIE
I was giving you this...

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

FRANKIE
It's a charm... for good luck.

She walks over and looks into the drawer. Among other things inside is Margaret's anklet.

MARGARET
Frankie, what happened to my pearl earrings?

FRANKIE
I don't know.

MARGARET
If you're lying...

FRANKIE
I wouldn't steal anything from you, Mrs. Strauss. I don't have to. Roman is very good to us.

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

INSIDE THE SITTING ROOM - DAY

Outside, we see Inga walk through the grounds with her arm around Frankie. As they look towards CAMERA, Margaret steps away from the window...

ROMAN

You're overreacting.

MARGARET

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

ROMAN

He was just 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.
(beat)
They saved my life.

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)
How come you 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.

(beat)
Have I answered all of Mr. Baker's
questions?

Margaret says nothing.

ROMAN
He's been feeding you this
nonsense, hasn't he?
(beat)
What's 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
Don't you walk away from me!

INSIDE ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A soft breeze gently blows the curtains 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...

MARGARET'S POV - A CLOAKED FIGURE

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
This is for you.

As Mike lunges with the scissors, we quickly...

CUT TO: ANTIQUE SHOP - NIGHT

Grace opens her eyes with a start, looks at 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...

MADSON

Wonderful. You're finally coming into the present.

GRACE

He was trying to kill me.

Madson stops smiling. Mike takes out his cigarettes.

GRACE

What's that mean?

MADSON

I'm sure it means nothing.

MIKE

It means I'm on your mind.

MADSON

And even if Mr. Church were really there-

MIKE

Yeah, well, I wasn't.

Mike shakes his head, lights up.

MADSON

We could always regress you, take you back forty years...

MIKE

Forget it.

MADSON

If you walk through the door and out onto Miami Beach, we'd know for sure that you're not-

MIKE

I'm not Roman.

GRACE

But you were there. It was real.

MADSON

Perhaps we'll find, Mr Church, that you were nothing more than the family dog.

MIKE

That's transmigration, not reincarnation.

Silence. Grace looks back at Mike a moment, then to the floor. Mike shakes his head and sits down.

MIKE

All right, Madson. Put me under. Come on... light the candle.

Madson and Grace just look at him.

MIKE

C'mon, let's go. Light the Goddamn candle.

Madson cuts a look at Grace, then smiles at Mike.

MADSON

I can't put you under, Mr. Church.

MIKE

Why not?

MADSON

You're not willing. Not really.

MIKE

I'm willing. Let's go.

(closes his eyes)

Okay, I'm running down the stairs... down down down...

MADSON

Mr. Church...

MIKE

There's the magic door...

GRACE

Stop it.

Mike opens his eyes. Madson takes her hand.

MADSON

My dear, all this means is that we're getting closer. I think you should go home and get a good night's sleep. We'll try again tomorrow.

(smiles)

I'm sure it'll be our last session.

EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike gets out of the car and walks up to the mailbox. When he grabs his mail and looks back, Grace is still standing on the sidewalk.

She stands there a moment longer, then follows him inside.

INSIDE MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The PHONE RINGS as Mike and Grace enter. Mike walks straight to the desk and picks up the phone.

MIKE

Hello.

PETE (PHONE)

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

MIKE

He's alive?

Grace watches as Mike casually tears into the day's mail with a large pair of SCISSORS.

PETE (PHONE)

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

MIKE

Fine. We'll send him a note.

PETE (PHONE)

Hang on... okay, shoot.

MIKE

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

Grace looks up at Mike. At the scissors. Mike sees that he's making her uncomfortable.

MIKE

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

Mike hangs up, sets down the scissors.

MIKE

Hungry?

GRACE

No. I'm tired. I think I'll just go to bed.

She walks off into the bedroom. He waits a moment, then follows.

INSIDE MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She gets undressed. Mike stands in the doorway.

MIKE

What's wrong?

She sits down on the bed, but doesn't look at him.

GRACE

I'm afraid.

MIKE

Of what?

GRACE

Of what might happen if we stay together.

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

Grace, if Dr. Carlisle knew dick about anything, he wouldn't be working in a fucking supermarket.

GRACE

Then why'd you bring me there?

MIKE

I dunno... I liked the guy.
Grace, why would I hurt you?

GRACE

Why would Roman hurt Margaret?

MIKE

I'm not Roman.

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

MIKE

Okay... okay... Fine.

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

MIKE

Here. Take these...

GRACE

Mike, what are you-

MIKE

C'mon, take 'em...

She holds her hands up.

GRACE

No, I don't want them...

MIKE

Well, I want you 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

And here...

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

MIKE

You better take these, too...

GRACE

Mike, stop it...

MIKE

Take the fucking scissors, Grace.

She does. Mike goes into the bathroom, opens the medicine chest. Takes out a little pair of nail scissors.

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?

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 fucking 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

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

I would never hurt you, Margaret.

Bam! Grace is off the bed before Mike has time to blink. Mike gets up... she backs away...

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

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

MADSON

That's it... now as you float down the stairs, 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.

MADSON

Please, relax, Mr. Church.

(beat)

Now as you continue down, you become aware of a door at the bottom... And through that door is November 16, 1949... the day of Margaret Strauss' murder...

DISSOLVE TO: A STAIRCASE - SUBJECTIVE POV

Mike's staircase is lined with graffiti. We're moving down. A hand reaches out for the door...

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... open the door, Mr. Church.

INSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP

Madson leans forward in his chair.

MADSON
Have you done so?

MIKE
Yes.

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: STAIRCASE - SUBJECTIVE POV

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 over...

ROMAN (O.S.)
Don't you walk away from me!

MADSON (V.O.)
Who are you now?

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 move in and out of FRAME. Something SHIMMERS at the bottom.

MADSON (V.O.)

What do you see?

INSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP

Mike's expression remains fixed.

MIKE

My leg.

MADSON

(impatient)

What else do you see?

INSIDE THE HALLWAY

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

ROMAN & MARGARET'S BEDROOM

We move around a corner to the full length mirror...

MIKE (V.O.)

A 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. We PUSH IN ON HER REFLECTION...

MIKE (V.O.)

I see myself.

MADSON (V.O.)

Do you know your name yet?

INSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP

We PUSH IN ON MIKE as the life slowly drains from his face.

MIKE

Yes.

MADSON

Well, what is it?

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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?

INSIDE ROMAN & MARGARET'S BEDROOM

We see in the mirror as Margaret dials the telephone.

MADSON'S ANTIQUE SHOP

Madson's getting impatient.

MADSON
Mr. Church... what do you see?

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

INSIDE ROMAN & MARGARET'S BEDROOM

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.

Silence on the other end.

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

BAKER (PHONE)
I love you.

MARGARET

No you don'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...

CUT TO: INSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP

Mike opens his eyes.

MADSON

I think we've heard enough.

Madson appears a bit shaken up. Mike is in a daze. Grace is glaring at him.

MADSON

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

GRACE

You have no idea what I'm thinking.

Mike just looks at Grace.

GRACE

Why don't you just kill me now?

MIKE

I'm not Roman.

GRACE

Why did you go to the Sisters? I mean, have you been planning this the whole time?

Mike just looks at her, lost in his own thoughts. 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 accidentally drops the pitcher on the floor.

MADSON

I'm very sorry...

Mike still doesn't say anything. Grace is watching him.

MADSON
You two obviously care very deeply
for each other...

We hear THE DOOR BELL CHIME. They all look over as Pete walks up to the group grinning, a HANDBAG slung over his shoulder.

MADSON
May I help you?

MIKE
Pete... what are you...

PETE
Hey, Mike.

Pete grins at Grace.

PETE
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
Your i.d.'s inside. You live at
241 Hightower. Up in the old Karl
Kay house. You know, the one with
the elevator.

Grace opens the purse, pulls out the wallet inside and examines the Drivers License...

PETE
One of your neighbors finally saw
your picture. When they couldn't
get a hold a Mike, they called the
paper.

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

MIKE
I gotta get outa here.

And with that he walks out.

EXT. MADSON'S SHOP - SAME TIME

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

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

Mike stops. Pete smiles.

PETE

We're talking a profound state of unattachment here, Mike. Isn't that great?

Mike walks to his car.

PETE

Where you going?

MIKE

I don't know.

PETE

But I just told you-

Mike opens the door.

MIKE

It doesn't matter anymore.

INSIDE TRADER JOES - FREEZER - DAY

Mike and Cozy sit on crates, opposite each other

COZY

So you were a chick and she was your husband?

MIKE

Don't rub it in. I feel weird enough as is.

COZY

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.

MIKE

But why would she wanna kill me now?

COZY

Why do women do anything?

MIKE

I'm serious.

COZY

So am I. And 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 outa you.

Cozy again leans closer to Mike.

COZY

You got a gun?

Mike looks at him.

COZY
I'm just talking self defense.

MIKE
My only hope right now is that 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 Mike, I'd forget her.

Mike's beeper goes off. Mike pulls it from his pocket and shuts it off.

MIKE
I use your phone?

INSIDE STOCKROOM - DAY

Phone cradle to his ear, Mike makes a note in his notebook.

MIKE
He leave a name? Just the number.
Okay. Thanks.

Mike hangs up, eyes the number he's just written down, then dials.

The VOICE on the other end is EERIE and MECHANICAL...

VOICE (PHONE)
Hello?

MIKE
Who is this?

VOICE (PHONE)
Who is this?

MIKE
(frowns)
You just called me. My name is Mike Church. Who're you?

VOICE (PHONE)

(pause)

This is Gray Baker.

Mike gets a chill.

BAKER (PHONE)

You sent me a note, Mr. Church?

EXT. HOUSE ON HIGHTOWER STREET - DAY

On a street in the Hollywood Hills so named because of the old elevator tower that rises from the base of the hill. The houses that are set into the hillside, are accessible via the elevator or the steep cement steps beside it.

Pete, Madson, and Grace wait for the elevator. Grace is staring up at a white, almost all glass, house.

PETE

Your Neighbor told me the place belongs to another artist, lives in Europe right now. I guess you're just renting it from her.

The elevator arrives. They all get on.

INSIDE HIGHTOWER HOUSE - DAY

Pete unlocks the door, steps aside. Grace enters and freezes.

GRACE

Oh my God...

The first thing we notice are the rather bent, expressionistic SCISSOR PAINTINGS and SCISSOR SCULPTURES that are scattered among the art supplies and ultra modern furnishings.

GRACE

I live here?

Madson eyes the artwork, rests a hand on her shoulder.

MADSON

Give yourself some time.

GRACE

But I don't recognize anything.

MADSON

You will, my dear. You will.

PETE
(aside to Madson)
Neighbor also told me she used to
paint seascapes.

Grace grabs a photo album from the coffee table, flips
through the album, stares blankly at the photographs.

GRACE
None of this means anything.

MADSON
Like I said, it's going to take
some time...

Grace runs her hand over a jagged, coffee table
sculpture of a PAIR OF SCISSORS. Looking lost, she
sits down on the couch, and stares at it. 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.

PETE
Why not?

Grace looks up at Madson. Why not?

MADSON
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.

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

MADSON
I think they could hurt each
other.

GRACE
It doesn't matter. I don't think
he'll want to see me.

Madson sits down on the other side of her.

MADSON

On the contrary, my dear. I think that within the next twenty-four hours, Mr. Church will be riding up in that elevator with nothing but the sweetest of words and the best of intentions. And before you know it, you'll be in each others arms. And you both will feel that everything's going to be fine.

(takes her hand)

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

PETE

Come on. I've known Mike for twenty years. 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.

GRACE

I don't know how I'm going to keep him away. I mean, if he really wants to see me...

MADSON

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

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. Madson blushes, yanks it...

MADSON

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

NURSE

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

INSIDE GRAY BAKER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike and the Nurse step into the doorway. The Nurse
raps on the open door...

NURSE

Mr. Baker? You have a visitor.

She taps her watch as Mike enters the room.

NURSE

You have until nine.

Mike nods, eyes the room. The nurse moves on.

REVERSE ON ROOM

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.

MIKE

Gray Baker?

Baker turns around. His eyes are bloodshot; his skin,
wrinkled and pale. He eyes Mike, then holds a BLACK
VOICE BOX up to a small hole in his throat. When he
speaks his voice is raspy, almost sinister.

BAKER

Can I have a cigarette?

Mike forces a smile.

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 ask
you-

BAKER

You said someone claims they're
Margaret Strauss?

BAKER

I got her thinking that Roman
killed his first wife... which
made her afraid of him... which
made him jealous of me...

Mike looks at the nightstand where a single rose
sprouts from an old Mission Dry bottle.

BAKER

I was in love with her. I fell in
love with her the day I met her.
Only problem was, that was also
the day she married another man.

MIKE

So what are you saying? That you
helped nail the guy just because
you were in love with his wife?

BAKER

No... at the time, I honestly
believed Roman was guilty.

(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?

Baker shakes his head and laughs liquid.

BAKER

What did he say?

1.

The laugh becomes a phlegmy 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

May I please have a cigarette?

Unbelievable. Mike shakes his head, gets up and closes the door. He walks back, sits down, and offers Baker a cigarette. Baker takes one, keeps the pack.

TWO SHOT - MIKE AND BAKER

Facing each other as Mike reaches over and lights Baker's cigarette. When Baker exhales, it's through the small hole in his throat and directly at Mike.

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: DEATH ROW

The younger Gray Baker brushing Roman Strauss' hair from his lap. We're in Roman's cell on Death Row.

BAKER

You still did it. Didn't you?

Roman bends down to whisper in Gray Baker's ear...

CUT BACK TO: REST HOME

Baker has the slightest smile on his lips.

BAKER

He kissed me.

MIKE

He what?

BAKER
He kissed me...

INSIDE JAIL CELL

Roman puts his mouth to Baker's ear a moment, then
straightens up.

BAKER (V.O.)
Bastard just leaned over and
kissed me.

ROMAN
I'm all yours, Warden.

INSIDE REST HOME

Baker 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. So now
who'd you think "nailed" who?

MIKE
How come you never told anyone you
changed your mind about Roman?

Baker thinks about that a moment, then...

BAKER
I guess it just felt good being
known as "Gray Baker, the Pulitzer
Prize Winning Reporter; the man
Roman Strauss was jealous of..."
as opposed to "Gray Baker, the guy
who sent an innocent man to the
electric chair"

Baker's eyes are suddenly somewhere else.

MIKE
Who do you think did it.

Baker finally looks up at Mike...

BAKER
I have no idea. 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. But the minute Margaret was murdered, she stopped talking to me.

MIKE

She still alive?

BAKER

I don't know. She and the boy inherited the house from Roman. Then in the late fifties, when they couldn't afford the taxes anymore, they sold it to the Church. 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.

EXT. "THE MEADOWS" REST HOME PARKING LOT - NIGHT

As Mike lays rubber the length of the parking lot.

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

INSIDE SHOP - NIGHT

The only light in the shop comes from the O.S. glow of the LOUD, O.S. television. Mike slips inside, does his best to navigate the sea of junk in the dark.

We hear a LOUD CRASH as Mike accidentally knocks something over.

1

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.

POV - DOORWAY

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.

INSIDE APARTMENT

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 television... long gray hair runs down the back of the chair.

Mike widens the door and stares at the back of the old woman...

She slowly turns around to show us a worn, but familiar face. Her eyes are light grey, almost lifeless. Around her neck hangs a pewter box.

MIKE

Hello, Inga.

She says nothing. Her expression remains calm as Mike glances about the apartment.

MIKE

Where's Madson?

The eyes just follow Mike as he crosses to a photograph of Roman and Inga together.

MIKE

Where's Frankie?

She turns back to the television, but continues watching him out of the corner of her eye.

MIKE

Right now, I gotta million questions I wanna ask you.

No response. She keeps her eyes on him, though...

MIKE

But then again, maybe it would be better if you just told me the whole story yourself...

Mike steps between Inga and the television, and shuts off the set.

MIKE

Starting with why you murdered Margaret Strauss.

Inga looks up at him, though her expression remains fixed.

MIKE

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

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

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: INSIDE ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM - DAY

Inga sweeps beneath the dressing table. She crouches down to scoop up a bit of Roman's hair in her hands. We hear LAUGHTER O.S...

Inga straightens up, looks out the window...

EXT. STRAUSS MANSION - SAME TIME

Roman walks hand-in-hand with Margaret across the giant lawn. The house rises in the b.g..

INSIDE ROMAN AND MARGARET'S BEDROOM - DAY

Pensive, Inga turns away from the window.

INGA (V.O.)

I decided to tell Roman how I felt about him...

INSIDE FRANKIE AND INGA'S ROOM - DAY

Roman and Inga sit on the bed talking to Roman...

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 it seriously

WE PULL BACK ACROSS THE ROOM TO REVEAL:

Frankie watching Inga's humiliation.

INSIDE INGA & FRANKIE'S ROOM - DAY

Frankie watches a tired Inga as she moves about the room packing.

INGA (V.O.)

I tried to explain everything to Frankie the best I could. I told him that we would have to leave...

Frankie slips out of the room.

INGA (V.O.)

But I don't think he understood...

INSIDE SITTING ROOM / ENTRY HALL - DAY

Margaret storms out. Roman appears in the doorway behind her.

ROMAN

Don't you walk away from me!

Frankie peers out of the room as Margaret storms past.

INSIDE ROMAN & MARGARET'S BEDROOM - DAY

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... I know there's nothing between you and Baker. My own frustration has made me crazy. Made me jealous. I'm sorry.

He cups her face in his hands.

ROMAN

I love you, Margaret. I'll love you forever.

INSIDE THE HALLWAY - DAY

Frankie watches as Roman kisses Margaret. When he turns, he sees Inga watching from the staircase.

1

INGA (V.O.)
All Frankie knew was that I was in
pain...

INSIDE ROMAN & MARGARET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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 besides the bed.
Something in his hand shimmers.

MARGARET
Frankie?

INSIDE MADSON'S SHOP - INGA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike listens transfixed as Inga, crying now,
continues.

INGA
When it was over, 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. I said nothing, however,
about how when they made up that
night, something changed between
them. They were finally happy.
Roman was even able to finish his
opera that night. The irony of it
is, that because he was working,
he couldn't hear what went on up-
stairs. I myself didn't know it
was happening until it was over.
Until I heard the scream.

She looks at Mike.

INGA

I don't think Frankie intends to let this be. He's been frightened ever since he realized who the woman was. He thought for certain she'd be out for revenge.

MIKE

Except that she's not Margaret

INGA

What?

MIKE

(would rather not get into this)

Nothing.

(clears his throat)

So he hired Dougee-the-fiance to try and get her away from me, that it? Maybe try and get her before she got him?

She looks down at her lap, smooths her nightgown with the back of her hands.

INGA

What are you going to do?

MIKE

I was thinking I should call the police, but it was such a long time ago... hell, I don't even know if they'd believe me.

INGA

But what are you going to do?

MIKE

I don't know. Right now I just wanna find your son.

Inga nods. Mike starts out of the room.

INGA

Mr. Church?

Mike pauses in the doorway as Inga opens the pewter box. She pulls the ANKLET from inside and holds it out for him to take...

INGA

I'm through protecting him.

11

Mike takes the anklet, looks at Inga. She looks away. There's nothing more to say. Mike eyes her a beat, then walks out of the apartment.

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 on the television. She nearly has a coronary when she turns around.

Madson 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

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

No. Like he said, it was a long time ago, Mother.

INGA

They would have found out sooner or later.

He tucks in the sheet, smooths the blanket.

MADSON

Yes, they would have.

INGA

Promise me, you won't hurt them.

MADSON

Mother...

INGA
Promise me, Frankie.

MADSON
I promise.

He fluffs the pillows, then pulls down the covers.

MADSON
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.

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.

MADSON
Goodnight, Mother.

He then covers her face with one of the freshly-puffed
pillows and smothers her.

INSIDE HIGHTOWER HOUSE - NIGHT

Grace comes out of the bathroom in a nightgown. She
starts to turn out the lights when, outside, we HEAR
THE ELEVATOR.

EXT. HIGHTOWER HOUSE - SAME TIME

A strong WIND assails the trees and the dark elevator
that stands tower in the f.g.. We hear a LOUD CLANKING
SOUND as the elevator slowly rises...

INSIDE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Grace listens to the elevator a moment, then hurries
to the front door and makes sure the chain is on. She
then backs away as WE HEAR THE ELEVATOR ARRIVE.

She moves about closing all of the curtains. She
jumps as we hear A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Then,

MIKE

Grace?

She doesn't move.

MIKE

It's Mike. Let me in.

GRACE

Go away!

She moves to the phone...

MIKE

I need to talk to you.

GRACE

I'm calling the police...

She starts to dial, panics when the line goes dead. She jumps when Mike's face appears at the window. He taps on the glass...

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

It's 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.

Mike disappears from the window. Grace hurries to the coffee table. The GUN Madson gave her sits on top.

She wheels around as Mike gets the door open, but just 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.

She just stands there, the gun at her side.

MIKE

Did you hear me?

GRACE

Frankie.

MIKE

Yes. And Madson is Frankie.

GRACE

Listen to you...

MIKE

Grace, I talked to Inga...

GRACE

Oh, you talked to Inga...

MIKE

I'll prove it... if you'll just
open the fucking door!

GRACE

No! Go away.

MIKE

Fine.

He closes the door, then pushes it open again with his
full body weight, breaking the chain.

GRACE

Please...

She steps back as he moves into the room...

MIKE

Just listen to me...

Mike reaches into his coat...

GRACE

No...

MIKE

(smiles)

This is for you-

Grace screams, raises the gun and SHOOTs HIM.

Mike spins back against the wall, and looks at her stupidly... at the pistol in her hand...

MIKE

Nice fucking gun...

His hand comes the rest of the way out of his coat... He opens his fingers to reveal the ANKLET.

His eyes flutter, then close as he slumps to the floor. Grace drops the gun and runs to him.

GRACE

Oh, my God...

She races to the bathroom... emerges with a roll of gauze, some tape, and a tiny pair of scissors.

She pulls out a long piece of tape... picks up the scissors, tries to cut a piece, but it keeps sticking to the blades. She jumps as Mike suddenly grabs her hand.

They stare at each other a moment, both holding the tiny scissors. Mike eyes the gauze.

MIKE

By the time you cut off a piece a that, I will a bled to death. Go get help.

She starts to get up, he holds her, pulls her to him. They kiss.

We PULL BACK TO THE DOORWAY, where Madson stands watching them.

CUT TO: INSIDE ROMAN'S MUSIC ROOM

Roman and Margaret kiss on the piano bench. Frankie watches from the doorway.

CUT TO: INSIDE HIGHTOWER HOUSE - SAME TIME

Mike opens his eyes as Madson shuts the front door. Grace turns around... gets to her feet.

Madson picks up the gun and immediately backhands Grace across the face with it. She hits the floor and shuts off. Madson then levels the gun at Mike...

MADSON

I believe my Mother gave you
something that belongs to me.

MIKE

I remember right, it belongs to
me.

Madson crouches down, reaches for Mike's hand...

CUT TO: ROMAN & MARGARET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frankie stands at the foot of the bed.

MARGARET

Frankie?

Margaret sits up in bed and 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. He
reaches for the anklet.

FRANKIE

And this is for my Mother...

Frankie tries to remove the anklet from Margaret's leg
when Margaret suddenly kicks him in the face and bolts
out of bed...

CUT TO: HIGHTOWER HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike kicks Madson in the chest and rolls to one side.
Mike looks around, grabs the little scissors, then
immediately tosses them aside...

Madson raises the gun to fire. Mike jumps on him.
Together they topple backwards through several of
Grace's scissor paintings...

Madson grabs gun. The gun goes off as Mike grabs his
hand... a couple of wild rounds explode into the wall,
just inches above the prone Grace.

Mike slams Madson's hand down onto Grace's coffee
table SCISSOR SCULPTURE. Madson screams, drops the
gun.

Mike reaches for it, but Madson kicks it away. The
gun goes sliding across the floor towards Grace...

Mike gets up and lunges for it, but Madson brings him down from behind...

CUT TO: INSIDE STRAUSS SITTING ROOM

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").

CUT TO: HIGHTOWER HOUSE

Blood splatters on an easel as Mike and Madson crash through the glass coffee table. Madson reaches for the scissor sculpture...

CUT TO: ROMAN'S MUSIC ROOM

Roman stops playing as we hear a faint SCREAM O.S.

CUT TO: HIGHTOWER HOUSE

Grace opens her eyes...

REVERSE ANGLE

Mike and Madson struggling in the b.g. We then FOCUS on the GUN sitting in immediate f.g.

CUT TO: SITTING ROOM

Roman bursts out of his music room, just as the figure of Frankie slips down the hall. Margaret lies on the floor. Roman picks her up and screams...

ROMAN
Somebody help me!

CUT TO: HIGHTOWER HOUSE

Madson raises the sculpture, moves to stab Mike when-

GRACE
Don't!

Madson looks over. She's got the gun pointed at him.

For a moment, Madson doesn't move. He and Grace stare at each other.

Madson lunges with the scissors... Grace fires until Madson's face goes red and he falls to the floor.

Then, as Grace runs to Mike, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Grace sits at an easel painting two CRISS-CROSSING UMBRELLAS that stick out of the sand just beyond her canvas. Mike, his arm and shoulder wrapped, sits on the sand beside her.

GRACE

What if my memory never comes back?

MIKE

It will. Eventually.

GRACE

Although, there is something kind of interesting about living in a permanent Present Tense.

He smiles, absently reaches out, runs his hand down the length of her leg, stopping to play with the ANKLET she's now wearing. She watches him, then...

GRACE

I never thought I'd get to wear that again.

MIKE

Uh, well, actually you never did-

He clears his throat, looks up at her, then out at the ocean.

MIKE

There's something I should tell you...

When he turns back, she's looking at him. Waiting. He finally forces a smile, tugs on the anklet.

MIKE

It looks great on you.

Mike stares at her leg a moment as she smiles, goes back to work. He then leans over, and kisses her.

MIKE

I love you.

She just looks at him. She doesn't say anything. Mike clears his throat when the moment gets awkward.

MIKE

This is where you say something.
Anything. "That's great, Mike."
"How 'bout that?" "You'll get
over it." "I love you, too..."

GRACE

(beat)

Tulips.

MIKE

What?

GRACE

They're my favorite flower. And
blue's my favorite color. 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.

Now, if we were really cynical, we might say they look
quite a lot like a pair of scissors. But we're not,
so instead, we just...

FADE OUT.