

"DECEIVED"

~~THE MRS.~~

Original Screenplay

By

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Rewrite By

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Rewrite
Oct 24, 1990

FADE IN:

TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - RAINY DAY

Mobs of PEOPLE scurry through the downpour under umbrellas, traffic is gridlocked, etc. Out of the crowd, we pick up ADRIENNE ROBBINS, a tall, pretty woman in her late thirties who is very stylish in an off-hand, unself-conscious way. She races down the street, a newspaper held over her head, turns the corner at 64th Street and runs into a tiny French restaurant which is packed with a trendy lunch crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. BILBOUQUET - RAINY DAY

The MAITRE D', an elderly man with a French accent, approaches as Adrienne frantically scans the room, looking for someone.

MAITRE D'

Do you have a reservation?

ADRIENNE

(catching her breath)

I'm meeting someone...Mark Lucas.

He looks at his reservations book and then at the clock. It is 1:00.

MAITRE D'

At 12:30.

ADRIENNE

I couldn't get a cab for the life of me. It's like Noah's ark out there.

(she scans the room)

Is he here?

MAITRE D'

I'm sorry. Your party hasn't arrived.

She looks up at a clock. It's nearly 1:00.

ADRIENNE

What do you mean he hasn't arrived? I purposely made the reservation in his neighborhood. I walked in the pouring rain up Madison Avenue.

MAITRE D'
If you'd like to wait...

CUT TO:

Adrienne sitting at the bar. She's been there a long time. The front door opens and Adrienne turns to look. It is not who she's been waiting for. She looks down at her drink, fed up. She turns to the bartender.

ADRIENNE
Excuse me, can you tell the
Maitre'd I'll take my table now.

The bartender nods and turns to get him. Adrienne starts to collect her things. A MAN appears beside her. We see him only from the back. He calls out to the bartender.

MAN
Some matches please.

The Maitre'd comes up to Adrienne.

MAITRE'D
Madame?

ADRIENNE
Yes, I'd like my table now. I've
decided not to wait.

MAITRE'D
I'm sorry, but I don't have your
table

ADRIENNE
I had a reservation.

MAITRE'D
Yes. At 12:30. I should have
another table in about twenty
minutes.

ADRIENNE
Twenty minutes? I've been here
half an hour.

The Maitre'd shrugs apologetically. Adrienne stands there fuming.

JACK (O.S.)
You can have my table.

She turns to see JACK PHILLIPS, the man standing beside her. He is tall and good looking, in his early thirties, with an open charming manner. He is dressed in a suit and tie.

ADRIENNE
Excuse me?

JACK

You can have my table. I'm nearly finished.

ADRIENNE

No, it's okay, thank you.

He studies her for a moment as she examines her bar bill.

JACK

You work at C & A Restoration, on East 56th.

ADRIENNE

(surprised)

Right. I'm the "A"...C & A.

JACK

Ah. I thought I recognized you. I was in there a few weeks ago. Your partner worked on a piece of mine; a 3rd Century mosaic from Herculanium, portrait of a young boy.

ADRIENNE

That was yours? I remember... the broken tiles. It was awful. She struggled to match the blue for days.

JACK

She did a great job. By the way, I'm Jack Phillips. Associate Curator, Antiquities, the Founders Museum.

ADRIENNE

Hi, I'm Adrienne Robbins.

(beat)

I don't have a title.

The bartender brings Jack his matches.

JACK

Listen, I'm nearly finished. So come sit down, order something. That way you can keep the table until your friend arrives.

ADRIENNE

I don't think he's coming.

Jack smiles at her observation and then continues to gaze at her.

ADRIENNE

Why are you staring at me like that?

JACK
I'm sorry. Occupational hazard.
It's what I do for a living.
Stare at things. Study them.
Admire them.

ADRIENNE
(dry smile)
Look...I'm involved

JACK
With the guy who stood you up?

ADRIENNE
(embarrassed)
I have no secrets.

JACK
I'm sure you have some.

Adrienne sits there quietly for a moment.

JACK
Actually I'm glad he stood you up.

ADRIENNE
Why?

JACK
'Cause you're sitting here with
me.

He smiles at her.. She eyes him curiously.

ADRIENNE
You are trying to pick me up.

JACK
I'm just trying to be helpful.

He turns to the bartender and addresses him in French.

JACK
Garcon, un bouteille de Gervaise
St. Vincent et un plat de antipasto.
A ma table, s'il vous pait.

BARTENDER
Oui monsieur.

Jack turns back to Adrienne.

JACK
I ordered a bottle of very good
red wine and some anti pasta for
you...I think.

He looks at her and smiles again.

ADRIENNE

What?

JACK

So...I was impressed with your work. On the mosaic. I would have had our conservation department do it, but they're so far behind and your company has a terrific reputation.

ADRIENNE

Thank you.

JACK

You know I have two other pieces at home, very similar, but in much better condition. I found them in an off the road junk shop on Helinas. They're quite fantastic. I keep them in my study.

(one senses this is an invitation)

In some ways I prefer them to the one you repaired. I'd love you to come see them sometime.

He stares at Adrienne as the bartender arrives with the wine.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - TRIBECCA - NIGHT

We hear a crack of thunder as Jack and Adrienne, both soaking wet, enter Jack's apartment. Adrienne stands in the middle of the living room, admiring the art of Jack's walls, as he runs into the bathroom and returns with a towel. He hands it to Adrienne and she quickly begins drying herself off. Jack just stares at her. Her blouse clings tightly. Boldly, Jack leans over and begins to unbutton it. Adrienne stares at him, stunned by his audacity. In the end, however, she does not say a word. Passion erupts instantly as their two wet bodies glisten in the dim light.

CUT TO:

Jack and Adrienne, lying satiated, on the apartment floor. It looks like they've been there a while.

ADRIENNE

Four years I spent with him. Four years. He knew I wasn't getting any younger. The clock keeps ticking you know? It doesn't wait for men to grow up.

JACK

I don't know if its fair to lump
us all together.

ADRIENNE

It's fair. Believe me. I know.
I never push. I've always been
honest. It took me a while to
know...to realize what it was I
really wanted. But now I do.
I'm willing to give men time. I
don't ask for a proposal or
anything. They don't have to get
on their knees. All I want to
hear is one word. "Okay!" Is
that asking too much? Should it
take four years?

JACK

No.

ADRIENNE

Thanks. I appreciate that. I
just needed a little validation.

JACK

Anytime.

INT. FOUNDERS MUSEUM - NIGHT

Darkness. Jack and Adrienne enter the frame. We can barely
see them. Jack's hand reaches for a bank of lights and throws
a switch. An entire musuem gallery is illuminated around
them. Adrienne stands silently almost worshipful for a
moment.

ADRIENNE

This is my dream, Jack. Since I
was a little girl. To have a
museum to myself.

JACK

It's all yours. No crowds. No
tour guides. Just you. Just the
art.

Smiling, she throws her arms around Jack and gives him a huge
kiss.

ADRIENNE

God, this is wonderful. This is
really wonderful.

He smiles.

INT. C & A RESTORATIONS - DAY

Adrienne is working on a small portion of a large painting, stripping away the surface grime that has coated it for centuries. A beautiful new sense of color is emerging beneath it. Charlotte Rothenberg, her partner, walks in carrying a box of flowers. She hands them to Adrienne. Adrienne looks up, surprised.

ADRIENNE

Oh Charlotte, you shouldn't have.

CHARLOTTE

Don't be funny.

ADRIENNE

Who are they from?

CHARLOTTE

What? I'm a mind reader?

Adrienne opens the box of flowers. Charlotte opens the card.

ADRIENNE

What does it say?

CHARLOTTE

"OKAY!"

ADRIENNE

Okay what?

CHARLOTTE

It just says "okay".

Adrienne pauses for a moment and then suddenly it hits her.

ADRIENNE

OKAY? OKAY? Oh my God! "OKAY!"

CHARLOTTE

I take it that's good.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEASIDE CHURCH - SUNNY DAY

Surrounded by wedding guests, Adrienne, radiant in an antique wedding dress and veil, and Jack, handsome in his morning coat, run out of the church and down the steps in a flurry of rice and white streamers. Seen in slow motion they are like an impressionist painting, a billion points of color, joyous and alive.

The wedding party surges onto a huge pier leading out into the ocean. A large tent has been erected and a celebration is in

progress. We see Adrienne enveloped by family and friends. For a brief moment, Jack seems almost alone, and then Adrienne reaches out to him. The crowd envelopes him too.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BATHROOM - TRENDY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A very embarrassed and contrite Jack stands at the closed ladies room door at the head of a long line of exasperated-looking women. At the end of the hall, we can see a restaurant packed with a dinner crowd.

JACK

(contrite)

Adrienne. People want to get in there.

(silence; embarrassed)

I'm sorry I made that joke about your ankles, okay?

We suddenly hear the lock being thrown, then Adrienne quickly opens the door and steps into the hall. She is very dressed up, very pregnant and has been crying. One of the women shoves past them and into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

JACK

You're just being overly sensitive.

ADRIENNE

(glaring)

It's not my fault they're swelling. You try walking around with twenty five extra pounds and see what happens to your ankles.

JACK

Look, I was not making fun of them. I just said they looked...strong.

(putting arm around her, loving)

C'mon, Adrienne. You know I think everything about you is perfect.

ADRIENNE

(grudging)

You do...?

JACK

(tender)

Absolutely. Especially your ankles.

ADRIENNE

(pulling away)

Yeah right!

She smiles in spite of herself.

JACK

Now will you please tell me what
you started to tell me before you
stalked off to the ladies room?

ADRIENNE

Oh, right...
(blowing nose, big smile)
I'm in labor.

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT

We are watching the birth of a baby through the lens of a
video camera. The doctors and nurses are working quickly as
they encourage Adrienne to push. The camera zooms in on her.
She looks directly into the lens. Her face goes out of focus.

ADRIENNE

Jack, are you okay?

Suddenly the camera tilts up to the ceiling and then swirls to
the floor. We see feet scurrying toward it.

ADRIENNE (V.O.)

Jack!

NURSE (V.O.)

He fainted. Help me get him up.

NURSE 2 (V.O.)

He's okay. He's fine.

We hear Jack being helped over to a chair.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

Get over here. The baby's coming.

The feet hurry back to the delivery table. We observe the
remaining procedure from a floor eye view.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

This is it. One more push! I got
the head. I have it. Come on,
push again. It's coming. We got it.
(a baby cries)
It's a girl, Mrs. Phillips.
You've got a girl.

CUT TO:

A PHOTOGRAPH OF MARY PHILLIPS, two months old. It is followed
instantly by thirty-five others, each nearly identical. THE
CAMERA PULLS BACK to see Adrienne nursing her infant daughter
and looking at the photographs.

JACK

Isn't she gorgeous?

ADRIENNE
What did you do, make fifty copies?

JACK
What do you mean copies? They're
all different.

ADRIENNE
You could have fooled me. Jack,
you're wasting money.

JACK
(squeezing his daughter's
cheek)
Wasting? This is a million dollar
face.

CUT TO:

A WALL COVERED WITH HUNDREDS OF PHOTOS OF MARY, up to the age
of fourteen months. AS THE CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER we
discover Adrienne sitting on the floor of a brand new loft.
It is huge, spacious, surrounded by windows. She is holding a
camera in her hand and talking into the telephone. Mary is
three feet away from her, standing in the middle of the room.

ADRIENNE
Jack, it won't advance. I can't
get it to shoot.

Suddenly Mary takes two very tentative steps toward her
mother. Adrienne is excited.

ADRIENNE
She did it, Jack. She did it
again. She's walking.
(to Mary)
Oh, pumpkin, that's so good. You
did it. You did it.
(she fiddles desperately
with the camera and curses
into the phone)
Where are you when I need you?

CUT TO:

JACK, sitting on the floor of the loft, holding his video
camera to his eye.

JACK
Okay, sweetheart. One more time.
Try it for daddy.

Through the lens we see Mary, three years old, in a tutu and
ballet slippers, attempting a simple pirouette for her father.
She nearly trips but catches her ballance. Unexpectedly we
hear applause. In reverse angle we see Jack with his camera
and a group of friends. Among them are WARREN KESTLER and his

wife MIRIAM, and HARVEY SHCWARTZ. Adrienne stands behind Harvey and massages his shoulders. They are all smiling and applauding enthusiastically. Mary runs to her father and falls into his arms.

MARY

Was that good daddy? Was I good?

JACK

The best.

He hugs her warmly. He is in love.

INT. LOFT BEDROOM - MORNING

Jack is fast asleep and Adrienne is propped up on one elbow watching him, a pensive expression on her face. Jack stirs, turns toward her, then his eyes slowly open. He returns her look, then reaches up and gently brushes her hair back from her face.

JACK

(sleepy)

Why do you look so serious..?

ADRIENNE

(sudden, soft)

I was just thinking how lucky I am.

JACK

Lucky how?

She smiles at him with love overflowing in her heart. He reaches up and pulls her down to him, and as they start to make love, their five-year-old daughter, MARY, throws open the bedroom door and walks in, dressed in her nightgown and clutching an armload of books.

MARY

Can you read to me?

Adrienne and Jack look at each other with sorrow and regret, then Jack sits up slightly and holds open the covers.

JACK

Come on, sweetheart, hurry, jump in.

Mary races over, crawls over him and curls up between her parents, paws through the books, then hands one to Adrienne. As Adrienne leans back against the pillows and opens the book, Mary curls into Jack's arms with a look of contentment.

ADRIENNE

(reading)

The Cat in the Hat.

JACK

Oh no, please, not The Cat in the Hat.

ADRIENNE

(hopeful, to Mary)
How about Uncle Wiggley?

MARY

I want The Cat in the Hat.

Adrienne shrugs as Jack rolls his eyes in mock despair. As Adrienne starts reading, Mary, who knows the book by heart, speaks the words along with her. Jack reaches his hand out behind Mary on the pillows and Adrienne takes it, meeting his eyes for a moment. They are clearly still very much in love. As she continues reading, Jack shuts his eyes and drifts back into sleep, still holding her hand. Curled safely in bed together, they create a tender portrait of familial bliss.

CLOSE ON A STRIP OF BLACK VELVET

Laying across it is a necklace, a hammered gold collar set with uncut stone. A sign identifies it as a piece of ancient Roman jewelry. A distinguished-looking man in his late fifties leans into frame and we see that the necklace is mounted in a locked museum case. Pulling out a key, the man disables the security alarm and unlocks the glass top. With great care he moves the necklace into a velvet lined box and replaces it with a small official sign indicating that the jewelry is in the care of WARREN KESTLER, Curator, Antiquities.

INT. FOUNDERS MUSEUM - NIGHT

Warren walks through the upper galleries of the museum and along the arcade that overlooks the huge foyer four stories below. The museum is closed and workmen are scurrying about furiously setting up for a party. Nearly fifty tables are being set up and flowers are everywhere. Warren observes the activity from his high perch. The movement below looks like a ballet, a series of geometrical patterns in ever changing design.

CUT TO:

A HIGHLY MAGNIFIED MICROSCOPIC IMAGE. It takes us a moment to realize that we are viewing the huge porous surface of the gold necklace. The gemstones look like mountains. A huge silver blade enters the frame and scrapes the tiniest of shavings from the necklace.

CUT TO:

SOME OF THE SHAVINGS as they are dropped into an acid test. We hear the hiss of the acid on the metal. Thin acidic vapors arise.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing that we are in the MUSEUM CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT. It is night. A wall of glass windows looks out onto the city. The room is dark save for a single work light. Kessler is hunched over an industrial microscope scrutinizing additional shavings from the necklace.

He sits back. Something is bothering him very much. He turns to the computer screen and examines a readout that is now listing various properties and components of the necklace. A color X-ray also appears. The information is indecipherable to the layman but it is obvious that Warren is deeply upset by it. He looks out the big windows. The building opposite is a health club with rows and rows of people on exercise bikes. They seem as oblivious of Warren as he is of them.

Somewhere else in the conservation room, at the back, in the shadows, someone is silently smoking. The figure takes a last puff and exhales the smoke. The cigarette falls to the floor and is crushed with the heel of a shoe.

Warren, unaware of this, sits in the glare of the worklight. He holds the necklace up to his face and checks it with his eye. With the slightest movement one of the precious stones falls out and hits the counter top. Warren stares at it with amazement. We can tell from the expression on his face that things are very wrong.

He hits a switch that turns on the industrial air vent above him and watches as the acid vapour gets sucked up and disappears. Then, after a beat, he notices that some other smoke is being sucked into the extractor. Cigarette smoke.

Reflected in the window he sees a figure come up behind him. The angle is stylized and ominous.

EXT. FOUNDERS MUSEUM - FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

From outside we can see a large party going on in the main hall of the museum. Limos line the streets and the drivers talk amongst themselves as a taxi pulls up, the door opens and Jack and Adrienne climb out. She is wearing a dress that looks like a very expensive lace slip, high heels, lots of jewelry and a fur coat. Jack is dressed in a dinner jacket.

ADRIENNE

It's not my fault we're late!
You're the one who was held up at
Sotheby's, not me!

JACK

Yes, and you're the one who
changed your clothes fifteen times
after I got home.

(amazed)

And ended up wearing a slip.

ADRIENNE
(worried)
Do I look terrible?

JACK
No. You look like a really lovely
hooker.

She is entering the museum in front of him.

ADRIENNE
Don't be ridiculous, Jack. A
hooker wouldn't dare wear a
slip to a museum fund raiser.
She'd wear a dress.

Jack smiles slightly with admiration for her logic as he
follows her into the crowded room.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

It is elaborately decorated and packed with PEOPLE in formal
attire drinking champagne, eating canapes from trays carried
by uniformed WAITERS, etc. Now, minus her coat, Adrienne is
attracting looks -- appreciative from the men, disapproving
from the women -- as they walk toward the buffet table.

ADRIENNE
(low)
I hate these things. I don't know
why you make me come to them.

JACK
Because this is what curators do.
And this is what their wives do.
It's the fund raising dance.
(charming, to older
woman)
Mrs. Biddle. How nice to see you.
You remember my wife, Adrienne, don't
you?

The woman gives her a chilly smile and turns away. As they
move on:

ADRIENNE
(low)
Why does she always act as if she
hates me?

JACK
Because she hates you.
(beat)
You're more beautiful than she is.

Adrienne smiles. Jack pinches her ass and then spies a wealthy looking man with a stunning young girl standing beside him. They are milling nearby.

JACK

Dillon's here. Come on. We've gotta schmooze.

(he moves her through
the crowd)

Mr. Dillon, I was hoping you'd come.

MR. DILLON

Jack, Mrs. Phillips, good to see you. You remember my daughter Andrea.

They nod and greet each other with polite smiles.

MR. DILLON

(continuing)

Nice evening, don't you think?

JACK

You want my honest opinion...or a diplomatic one?

MR. DILLON

(putting his arm around
Jack's shoulder)

That's why I love this boy.

JACK

I'd rather be watching the playoffs.

MR. DILLON

Me too. Me too. Why don't we dump the women...

ANDREA

Not on your life.

JACK

Come on Andrea. I'm trying to get him off your hands. There must be a hundred men out there just waiting for a chance to be with you alone.

ANDREA

(enjoying the flirtation)

Oh, I don't know about that.

JACK

Trust me.

Andrea smiles, easily seduced. Adrienne gives Jack a dirty look. We sense that she grows jealous easily.

JACK

Oh, remember that Etruscan bronze in the Bovier collection? It came in yesterday, on loan approval. It's in our storage room. How would you like a private showing?

MR. DILLON

That would be splendid.

ANDREA

(taken with Jack)

I'd love it.

JACK

(to Adrienne)

Honey, want to come?

ADRIENNE

(cooly)

I've seen it.

JACK

(smiling politely)

I'll be back soon.

In an instant Adrienne is left standing all by herself. She does not look happy.

HARVEY

(V.O.)

Adrienne Phillips, what are you wearing? Underwear?

Adrienne turns with a bright smile as HARVEY SCHWARTZ, a scholarly-looking man in his late forties, approaches. He has a glass of champagne in his hand.

ADRIENNE

Yes. Do you like it?

HARVEY

You look great. I mean, really great.

ADRIENNE

Thanks, Harvey.

HARVEY

Where's Jack? Fund raising somewhere?

ADRIENNE

If that's what you want to call it? It's ass kissing where I come from. Hey, Harv, you're missing a hot prospect over there.

She points out a stunningly beautiful young woman in the middle of the crowd.

HARVEY

I've been around the block twice.
No parking in the area.

ADRIENNE

Too bad. Look, why don't we go upstairs and have our own party? Rob and Jean look like they need to be rescued too.

He glances at a couple of museum staffers obviously bored out of their minds.

HARVEY

Great idea.

He hands her a card.

HARVEY

This will open the department door.
I'll grab them and some glasses.
See you in five.

INT. HALLWAY - EMPLOYEE SECTION - NIGHT

Adrienne enters the upper arcade of the museum carrying an open bottle of champagne. She looks down at the party below. It is a relief to be above it. She walks cheerfully along the empty, dimly-lit corridor and turns into the restoration room.

INT. CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Adrienne uses Harvey's card to enter the conservation department. She snaps on the overhead fluorescent lights, squints at the brightness, and quickly turns them off.

Adrienne enters a partitioned office with HARVEY SCHWARTZ'S name on the door. She sits down with an audible sigh of relief, picks up the phone, and places a call. As she waits for someone to answer, we are suddenly aware of a wristwatch alarm going off nearby. She looks around curiously.

ADRIENNE

Harvey...? Hello...? Anybody there...?

(someone answers the phone)

Lillian. Hi. Just checking in.

Is everything okay? Did she fall asleep all right?.... Oh good, I'm glad. Okay, listen, we'll be home by 11:30. See you then.

Adrienne hangs up and sits quietly for a moment. Suddenly the wristwatch alarm goes off again, causing her to jump. She looks around the dark space.

ADRIENNE

Is somebody here?

There is no answer. The room is quiet. She gets up cautiously and begins walking in the direction of the sound. An aerobics class across the way is in full swing. Adrienne and the class are oblivious to one another.

The wristwatch alarm goes off once more. The sound is coming from the bathroom. She turns toward it and walks over to the partially opened door. She hesitates for a split-second, then walks into the darkened room, suddenly tripping over something on the floor.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON ADRIENNE

In one fluid movement, she snaps on the light and bends down to right an overturned chair she has tripped over. As she straightens up, a man's hand suddenly swings into frame and brushes the back of her head. She spins around.

PULL BACK TO FULL SHOT OF BATHROOM

Adrienne gasps in horror as she shoves Warren Kestler's dangling body away from her. He is hanging by a rope from the heavy, overhead light fixture, his face hideously contorted in death. As she stumbles past him out of the bathroom, sobbing with terror, his wristwatch alarm goes off again.

INT. HALLWAY - EMPLOYEE SECTION -NIGHT

PARAMEDICS, accompanied by two uniformed POLICEMEN, move Warren's covered body out of the building through the shipping entrance to a waiting ambulance. DETECTIVE PINELLA, a gruff man with a smoker's cough, walks to the exit with Jack, Adrienne, Harvey and a number of other museum staffers, including DONALD SIMON, the director of the museum. They are all still dressed in their evening clothes. Adrienne looks particularly distressed.

SIMON

(to Jack)

Did you sense any depression, any mood swings?

19.
JACK
Nothing, Don. But then you
know Warren. He never really
talked a lot. There was always
this professional wall.

SALLY
When I saw him this afternoon, he
seemed fine.

HARVEY
(soft)
Maybe he was depressed about his
heart condition.

JACK
He'd been taking a lot of pills.

Adrienne looks up, curiously.

HARVEY
It just doesn't make sense. You'd
expect something, some hint that
things were wrong. But he was
talking about a fishing trip. He
was planning a goddamn trip.

JACK
He told me about that too. Up in
Connecticut. Why? Why would he
do it?

PINELLA
(to Donald Simon)
Mr. Simon, you're the museum
director?

SIMON
Yes.

PINELLA
I think it would be best if you
could come to the station with us.
Until the relatives arrive.

SIMON
Of course.

HARVEY
I'll go with you, too.

PINELLA
Mrs. Phillips, I'll need you come
down to the station tomorrow to
sign your statement. Everyone
else should just go home. Thank
you all for your help.

HARVEY
(hugging Adrienne)
Are you all right?

Interrupting him.

JACK
She'll be okay.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

THE CAMERA MOVES WITH JACK AND ADRIENNE as they walk off in the direction of Madison Ave. Jack slips his arm around her shoulders and holds her close.

JACK
Cold?

ADRIENNE
Numb.
(low, horrified)
Oh God, Jack.

She buries her head in his shoulder and begins to cry. Jack squeezes her, comforting her as they walk away.

JACK
I know. I know.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adrienne and Jack are lying in bed. They are both staring silently at the ceiling. Neither are able to sleep.

JACK
Who knows anybody really. I
worked with him for ten years.

ADRIENNE
Poor Miriam. It's such a tragedy.

JACK
"Suicide," a permanent solution to
a temporary problem. What a
terrible waste.

ADRIENNE
He didn't even leave a note, Jack.

JACK
A person must really loathe
himself to do something like that.

ADRIENNE
It just doesn't sound like him.

JACK

And I thought I knew him so well.

They grow silent again, their eyes focused on the ceiling, looking for the truth.

INT. DETECTIVE PINELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

Adrienne is sitting at a cluttered desk opposite Detective Pinella.

ADRIENNE

You can't imagine how boring these things are. Everytime I go, I just can't wait to leave. The idea of relaxing upstairs for twenty minutes was very appealing.

PINELLA

You've done this before? Gone upstairs?

ADRIENNE

On occasion.

PINELLA

Does anyone usually work up there that late?

ADRIENNE

I don't think so. That's why I was surprised to hear his watch go off. I thought I was alone.

PINELLA

You heard his watch?

ADRIENNE

That's how I found him.

PINELLA

So it was probably just 9:00?

ADRIENNE

It could have been. He set it for his heart medication.

(pause)

God, I can't get his face out of my mind. All night I dreamed about it. How do you stop from dreaming?

PINELLA

Become a cop.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET -- DUSK

Jack and Adrienne are walking down a Tribeca street carrying bags of groceries.

ADRIENNE

But it's weird, Jack. Why would a man who was going to kill himself set an alarm to take heart medication? It doesn't make sense. There's no motive.

JACK

(rolling his eyes)
Adrienne, honey, you're obsessing. You're making a case out of nothing. I'm sure his watch was just preset. He didn't even think about it.

She considers this seriously for a moment.

ADRIENNE

(soft)
I'm sorry. You're right. I'm sure you're right.

Jack puts down his groceries and opens the door to their loft building. He pushes the button for the elevator. Adrienne points to a hand painted sign. "OUT OF ORDER".

JACK

Shit. Why does it always happen when we're carrying groceries?

They begin to climb the stairs. The stairway is a construction site for other lofts that are being renovated. Jack is not happy.

ADRIENNE

Did he ever miss his medication?

JACK

Jesus Christ.

ADRIENNE

I'm sorry. You must be sick to death of talking about this.

He turns on his side, his back to her.

JACK

(light, dry)
No, no...it's just that I prefer to deal with morbid obsessions when I'm sitting down, not when I'm lugging groceries up five flights of stairs.

He huffs and puffs angrily as he turns to the next landing. Adrienne is right behind him, a restless expression on her face.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary is sitting at the kitchen table perusing an old photo album.

CLOSE ON THE TURNING PAGES OF A PHOTO ALBUM.

The pictures are of Jack and Adrienne's wedding, Mary's birth and childhood snaps, etc.

MARY (V.O.)
Who's that man dancing with Mommy?

Jack glances over.

JACK (V.O.)
That's Harvey, your godfather...
before he lost his hair.

MARY
(happy shriek)
And that's me!

JACK
Right. When you were one day old.
The happiest day of my life.

MARY
Mine too.

Jack smiles.

MARY
Where's granny and papa?

JACK
Which ones?

MARY
Yours.

Jack comes over and flips through the album.

JACK
What is this fascination...?

We see the picture of an attractive couple from the early 1960's. Mary stares at them in a hushed tone.

MARY
Did it hurt when they died?

JACK

It happened so fast I'm sure they
didn't feel a thing.

MARY

Was it a big airplane?

JACK

Pretty big.

MARY

Like the one's you go in?

JACK

No, honey. It was different.
It was a long time ago.

Mary stares at the photo of her grandparents with total
absorption. After a bit Jack turns the page. We see a
group of old photographs, images of people long vanished from
the earth. It's hard to tell.

JACK

This was my family. Before the
war. They were very kind people.

MARY

They died too?

JACK

Yes. Many people died. Now you're
my family.

MARY

I don't want you to die.

JACK

(smiling)

I'll see what I can do about it.

LILLIAN, a young black housekeeper, approaches Mary.

LILLIAN

Come on snuggles. Time for
school.

Mary jumps up excitedly and turns to her father.

MARY

I have to go.

JACK

Give me a kiss.

Mary obeys. She grabs her lunch box and then runs from the
kitchen with Lillian in close pursuit.

25.
INT. MUSEUM GALLERY - DAY

A MUSEUM GUARD is walking by a display case when suddenly he stops and looks closely inside.

CUT TO:

THE ROMAN NECKLACE that Warren was studying the night he was killed. It has slipped off its stand and the loose stone has rolled several inches away.

INT. CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT - DAY

A hand reaches down to the roman necklace and tries tapping the loose stone back into the delicate mount. It is obviously not a good fit. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL HARVEY working on the piece. He seems frustrated, as if something is wrong.

CUT TO:

A MUSEUM CATALOGUE open on Harvey's desk. He is comparing the necklace in front of him with the one photographed in the book.

HARVEY

These aren't the same.

JEAN, a co-worker, looks up from her desk.

JEAN

What?

Harvey dismisses her with a shake of his head.

CUT TO:

THE VIEW OF THE NECKLACE UNDER THE MICROSCOPE and then back to Harvey. He seems concerned.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Adrienne is preparing dinner when Jack enters the apartment. He seems distracted, agitated. He comes into the kitchen and immediately goes to a cabinet and removes a bottle of gin. Without saying a word he sits down at the table and pours himself a tall glass. Adrienne turns to him.

ADRIENNE

What's the matter?

JACK

Nothing's the matter.

ADRIENNE

Right. I can tell.

He takes a huge gulp. Adrienne comes over and begins to massage his shoulders. He hesitates a moment and then speaks out.

JACK

They discovered a fake necklace at the Museum.

ADRIENNE

A fake?

Jack pulls a catalogue out of his briefcase and opens it to a page displaying the necklace that Warren was examining the night he was killed. Adrienne glances at it quickly.

JACK

And I authenticated it. An amazing piece, first Century B.C., stunning. It was part of a collection of ancient Roman jewelry. We bought six of eight pieces. Four and half million dollars. Now they're all up for grabs.

ADRIENNE

What do you mean?

JACK

They could all be forgeries. Harvey did some preliminary tests on the necklace. It wasn't even a good copy. The goddamn stones fell out.

(he bangs his glass on the table)

Shit. How could this happen? I was sure they were real.

ADRIENNE

Could somebody have switched them?

JACK

That's what I keep asking myself. But who? Warren?

ADRIENNE

Oh God. Do you think...?

JACK

I don't know what to think.

ADRIENNE

Oh Jack.

(beat)

He killed himself.

JACK

I know. I've been thinking about it all day. Maybe he did something. Maybe he had forgeries made. There are guys around. He could have just made a switch. Hell, who would ever know? But why? Why would he do it?

He puts his forehead in his hands. Adrienne comes over to him and begins to massage his shoulders.

ADRIENNE

Has Simon gone to the police.

JACK

He doesn't want to. Not yet. We need to keep it in house until the facts are clear. Do you know what this publicity would do? It would be devastating. Can you imagine the investigation? Jesus. It's bad enough as it is. People are looking at me. I can feel it. They're going to hold me to account.

ADRIENNE

You? What are you talking about? Don't create worries like that. It's foolish, Jack. You didn't do anything.

She leans down and kisses his head. He responds to her tenderness. Suddenly they both turn. Mary has appeared in the doorway holding a kitten and looking upset. Jack quickly bends down and swoops her up off the floor. We sense his effort to smile in the midst of his despair. He carries her from the kitchen.

JACK

Hey, just the person I wanted to see! Did you finally think of a name for the kitten while I was gone?

MARY

Uh huh.

JACK

What is it?

MARY

Big Cat.

JACK

Aha. Big Cat. Very original.

They vanish down the hall.

INT. JACK AND ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adrienne walks into the bedroom, shuts the door, and sits down on the bed. A few moments later, Jack walks in and steps over to her. He speaks softly.

JACK

I don't know what I would do
without you.

Adrienne rolls onto her back and gazes up at him. He smiles lies down beside her. There is a tender look in her eyes. Jack brushes her hair away from her face and lightly kisses her neck.

JACK

(continuing)

I love you.

He begins to make love to her. She is easily seduced by him. Suddenly Adrienne pulls back.

ADRIENNE

Jack...hold it. Stop.

JACK

What?

ADRIENNE

Dinner...in the oven.

JACK

It'll wait.

He nibbles her ear. She swoons. Their desire for one another takes over.

QUICK CUT TO:

WATER RUSHING FROM A KITCHEN FAUCET INTO A COMPLETELY BURNED ROASTING PAN.

JACK (V.O.)

I'll get some Cuban take-out from
around the corner.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Adrienne, wearing her robe, is clearing up the pots from their burned meal while Jack, wearing jeans and a sweater, dials a number on the kitchen phone.

JACK

Ernesto's? Hi, I want to order
some take out. Two chicken
frickasees, two rice and beans.
(to Adrienne)

JACK (CONT'D)
Do we have Coke?
(she nods)
No Coke. Excuse me, I have
another call. It's Jack Phillips.
I'll pick it up in ten minutes.

Jack clicks down the receiver to accept an incoming call.

JACK
Yes, speaking.
(he grows very silent)
Son of a bitch. I don't believe
this. Why now? Of all the
times...
(trying to whisper)
You shouldn't do this to me.
Okay. Okay.

Adrienne turns the water off. She dries her hands on a
towel, looking at him with confusion. Jack glances at her
uncomfortably and then turns back to the phone.

JACK
All right. I'll be there.

He hangs up. One senses that he is rapidly covering up a
difficult situation.

JACK
I've got to go to San Francisco.

ADRIENNE
San Francisco?

JACK
Of all the stupid times, with so
much going on.

ADRIENNE
What is it?

JACK
Two pieces Warren and I have been
tracking for years, Abyssinian
bronzes, have been discovered in
an estate in Nob Hill. It's
the only chance to get them before
they're put up for auction.

ADRIENNE
No. When do you have to leave?

JACK
There's a nine o'clock flight.

ADRIENNE
Tonight?

JACK

I'm sorry honey. It makes me angry too. But don't worry. I'll get there early morning. We'll look at the pieces by mid-day, make the deal by late afternoon and I'll be home the next morning just when you wake up.

Adrienne smiles and nods understandingly.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adrienne walks over to Jack as he pulls a suitcase out of the closet.

ADRIENNE

The way you move around, it's like I'm married a traveling salesman.

JACK

What can I tell you. Goes with the territory.

(he turns to look at her)

You know, you can always come with me?

She leans against a bed post.

ADRIENNE

You know I can't. I've got work. And what would I do with Mary?

JACK

(smiling at her)

The story of our life. Just don't say I didn't ask.

He throws his suitcase on the bed. Adrienne helps him pull a suit from the closet. Carefully she empties his pockets and examines the contents.

ADRIENNE

Oh look, the missing American Express receipt. It was for a dinner in Boston. And a telephone message.

JACK

(turning back)

What message?

ADRIENNE

(reading it)

For Daniel Sherman.

JACK
Who's that?

He takes it from her, glances at it, then crumples it into a ball.

ADRIENNE
You got me?

JACK
(shrugging his shoulders)
I must be a mistake.

ADRIENNE
Give it...I'll throw it away.
...I can't stand this Jack, all
this travel.

JACK
You should have married a grocer.

ADRIENNE
I know.

They smile.

INT. MAJESTIC HOTEL - DAY

Adrienne is standing in the lobby of a very fancy New York Hotel. She is with several EXECUTIVES from the hotel examining a mural painted on the ceiling. It is an impressive work. Other guests see the group standing with their heads up and soon everyone in the lobby is staring up with them. Two guests nearly collide. Suddenly Charlotte approaches the group.

CHARLOTTE
Adrienne, are you having lunch
with Jack?

ADRIENNE
Jack? Hardly. He's in San
Francisco.

CHARLOTTE
Really? I thought I just saw him
going into the coffee shop?

ADRIENNE
No, it couldn't be. He won't be
home 'til tomorrow.

CHARLOTTE
Funny, I could have sworn. He was
a dead ringer. Anyway, I'm sorry
to interrupt. How we doing?

ADRIENNE
(suddenly looking concerned)
Fine. Just fine. But it's going
to need a lot of work.

MANAGER
It hasn't been repaired in nearly
forty years.

OWNER
Or cleaned in thirty.

ADRIENNE
But it's lovely. You can sense
the vibrancy of the pastels in the
side panel over there.

Adrienne keeps glancing toward the coffee shop.

CHARLOTTE
It'll be beautiful.

ADRIENNE
Very beautiful.

INT. MAJESTIC HOTEL COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Adrienne moves quickly through the coffee shop of the
Majestic Hotel. One can tell by her walk that she feels
foolish yet her eyes are everywhere. Jack is nowhere to be
seen.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Adrienne awakens to find a fancily wrapped box lying on the
pillow beside her. She smiles as she sees Jack there.

JACK
Morning.

ADRIENNE
Hi sweetheart.

JACK
You want to open it?

ADRIENNE
Open the box? What about my eyes?

Jack smiles.

CUT TO:

A lovely sexy slip floating out of the box and hanging in the
air.

ADRIENNE

Oh Jack, it's beautiful. I love it. But you really didn't have to do that for me.

JACK

Who said I did it for you?

ADRIENNE

I should have known.

She eyes him sexily. They embrace.

ADRIENNE

(light)

You know, the weirdest thing happened yesterday morning. I was with Charlotte scouting a job at the Majestic Hotel. It was crazy but she swears she saw you going into the coffee shop there.

(she smiles)

Now tell me honestly, were you really in New York yesterday? Are you having an affair?

JACK

(laughing)

An affair? At the Majestic? Are you out of your mind? They have rotten room service.

Adrienne laughs and hugs him. He grabs hold of her.

JACK

Hey, put on your slip.

She smiles seductively.

INT. IL BARROCCO - EVENING

Adrienne and Jack are sitting at a table surrounded by friends; Harvey, Tony and Sally from the museum, and Adrienne's partner Charlotte with her husband Ron. They are in a trendy restaurant packed with a mix of art-world and upper-east-side types. Ron is droning on.

As Ron talks THE CAMERA HAS BEEN SLOWLY FOLLOWING JACK'S HAND AS IT DROPS BELOW THE TABLE TOP. We watch it search out his wife's skirt and then slowly make its way up her thigh. We see her hand reach down for a moment in an attempt to stop him but he doesn't stop.

CUT BACK TO:

Adrienne as she gives in to Jack's advances. We can tell she's enjoying this but neither of them let anything show on

their faces. It is obvious, however, that this is getting increasingly harder to do. Jack innocently pretends to listen to Ron as he keeps talking. Adrienne is getting very turned on, sneaking glances at her husband. Suddenly Ron turns to Jack.

HARVEY

....am I right, Jack?

JACK

(caught off guard, smiling)

I don't know.

(barely able to keep a straight face, he turns to Adrienne)

What do you think. Adrienne?

Unable to contain it any longer, she bursts out laughing.

ADRIENNE

You're so bad.

JACK

(smiling)

I know.

CHARLOTTE

You two. Like little children.

Jack, did Adrienne tell you that I saw your twin brother yesterday going into the coffee shop at the Majestic...?

The conversations divide. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS ADRIENNE AS SHE TURNS TOWARD HARVEY. He has a sourfull look on his face.

ADRIENNE

What's wrong with you this evening? You haven't told a single bad joke since we got here.

HARVEY

I feel terrible.

ADRIENNE

Why? What's wrong?

HARVEY

I had to go to Warren's wife to ask for his bank records. It was awful. I felt like such a shit.

ADRIENNE

Warren's bank records? Why?

HARVEY

We traced the forgery to a jeweler in Stuttgart who specializes in reproductions. He said the

necklace was made for a guy who paid ten thousand dollars in traveler checks. It could have been anybody.

ADRIENNE

Didn't they have a name?

HARVEY

What good is a name? He called himself Daniel Sherman.

A strange, uncomfortable look crosses Adrienne's face. She tries to hide it?

ADRIENNE

Daniel Sherman?

(pause)

There are probably a million Daniel Shermans, right?

HARVEY

I'm sure it's an alias anyway. The question is, who's alias? I figured if I found a \$10,000 purchase in Warren's records, we might have a clue. But there was nothing there.

ADRIENNE

He never had that kind of money.

HARVEY

Show me a curator who does? God, it kills me to think of Warren as a criminal. It really kills me.

A couple of young WAITERS appear at the table with a lighted birthday cake. Adrienne buries her head in Jack's shoulder. Everyone at the table laughs.

WAITERS AND FRIENDS

(singing)

Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday dear Adrienne
Happy birthday to you.

There is applause from around the restaurant as the cake is put down in front of a very embarrassed-looking Adrienne.

ADRIENNE

(smiling)

I'll get even with you guys for this.

They laugh as she blows out the candles.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Adrienne are lying in bed. Casually he hands a wrapped package over to her.

JACK
Open this first.

She puts her wine down, quickly unwraps the paper from a leather jewelry case and gives him a surprised look.

ADRIENNE
Now I know your cheating on me.

JACK
Right. A first class affair.

Adrienne snaps open the case, then stares in astonishment at a very lovely bracelet. Jack quickly takes it from the case and puts it on Adrienne's wrist.

JACK
What do you think?

ADRIENNE
(in shock)
Oh Jack, it's stunning...

She turns to look at him, nervously touching the bracelet.

ADRIENNE
(soft, anxious)
But so expensive.

JACK
You're worth every penny....
Don't worry, it just looks
expensive. It was going for
an incredible price.
(he takes her hand)
I love you. I wanted you to have
something special, something
memorable.

ADRIENNE
Memorable? Jack, don't tell me
you're going away again.

JACK
(he laughs)
Something to celebrate our love.

Adrienne hugs him as he says this. AS THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON HER FACE, however, we notice an expression of uncertainty, of deep concern.

CUT TO:

57.
Adrienne asleep in bed. She is sleeping fitfully. Suddenly we hear Jack, in the hallway. He sounds agitated, much as he did the night he learned he had to go to San Francisco.

JACK (V.O.)

What do you mean? We already agreed on that? I can't handle this pressure now. Damn it, Alright. Alright. I'll do it!

Adrienne, bothered by Jack's tone of voice, forces herself to get out of bed, and walks quietly into the hall. Jack sees her and immediately changes his tone.

JACK

No problem. It was wonderful talking to you. Look forward to seeing you soon.

He hangs up. Adrienne looks at him with confusion and concern. He is obviously concealing something.

ADRIENNE

Jack, is everything okay?

JACK

Sorry, honey, I didn't mean to disturb you. I just remembered a call I had to make to San Francisco... the time difference and all. Everything's fine. Come on, let's go back to bed.

INT. LOFT KITCHEN - DAY

Adrienne is running around her kitchen in a rush, grabbing sips of coffee, bites of toast, and assembling papers for her briefcase. Suddenly the phone rings. There is an exasperated look on her face as she grabs it.

ADRIENNE

Hello.

VOICE

Mr. Jack Phillips, please.

ADRIENNE

I'm sorry, he's not here right now. Can I take a message?

VOICE

Yes. This is Margie from Vogue Lingerie. Mr. Phillips was here the other day and must have left his credit card.

ADRIENNE
His credit card? Are you calling
from San Francisco?

VOICE
No, no. This is Vogue Lingerie on
East 53rd Street. We're in New
York.

Adrienne doesn't say a word for a moment.

VOICE
Is this the Phillip's residence?

ADRIENNE
Yes. You have the right number.
Thank you. I'll tell him

She hangs up.

CUT TO:

A CLOSE UP OF FINANCIAL PAPERS. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK,
REVEALING THAT WE ARE IN A MAN'S WALK IN CLOSET. Adrienne is
sitting on the floor inside. She is surrounded by a floor
full of open check books and cancelled checks. An open step
stool is beside her. Suddenly the closet door opens.
Adrienne gasps and spins around. Lillian, her housekeeper is
standing there with several of Jack's worn suits crumpled in
her hands. She seems embarrassed.

LILLIAN
I'm sorry. I didn't know you were
in...

ADRIENNE
Just going through some old papers

LILLIAN
I just needed to know if these
were the suits for the cleaners,
the ones he took to San Francisco?

ADRIENNE
Yes, yes. But don't take them
now. Just leave them on the bed.
We'll do it tomorrow.

Lillian nods and puts them on the bed. She gives Adrienne a
curious looks as she leaves.
Adrienne guiltily stands up and begins emptying the pockets of
the suits on the bed. She finds some matches, a couple
dollars and an old key chain. Then suddenly she discovers a
couple of foil wrapped mints. She pops one in her mouth
before noticing the label on the other one. It is from the
Majestic Hotel. She stares at it for a moment, then quickly
crumples it in her hand. She stands there motionless, holding
it.

Suddenly the closet door opens again.

ADRIENNE

Lillian?

Adrienne spins around. Jack is standing there. She gasps. He stares at the disaster area in front of him, clothes and financial papers tossed willy nilly around the small space. Adrienne, frightened, nervous, just stares at him a moment and then unfolds the candy wrapper in her palm. She hands it to her husband, the Majestic Hotel insignia side up. He stares at it blankly.

JACK

(disgusted)

What's this all about, Adrienne?
What is this supposed to mean?

ADRIENNE

(harsh)

It means that you're a liar, Jack.

JACK

A liar? A liar about what?

ADRIENNE

About everything. About being at the Majestic Hotel when you were supposed to be in San Francisco.

JACK

What are you talking about? You find a goddamn piece of candy and suddenly I didn't go to San Francisco. What the hell is going on? Do you have any idea how many fucking receptions I've attended at the Majestic Hotel? Have you any goddamn idea?

He grabs the candy and throws it on the floor. Adrienne looks very upset.

JACK

What else Adrienne? What else have I lied about?

ADRIENNE

(barely able to talk)

I got a call from the lingerie store where you bought my negligee. They have your credit card, Jack. On 53rd Street. In New York City. You said you bought it in San Francisco.

JACK

I never said that. I never said that at all. Jesus Christ, what is wrong with you? I forgot to buy your present, Adrienne, the one you asked for on the phone. I bought it on the way back from the airport. I may be forgetful, but I'm not a liar. What else do you think I'm lying about, Adrienne? What else.

She stares at him.

ADRIENNE

Who's Daniel Sherman?

JACK

Who?

ADRIENNE

Daniel Sherman. There was a phone message with his name on it in your pocket. Harvery said they traced the forged necklace to him...that Daniel Sherman bought it.

JACK

My God, I told you this would happen. Warren's not here so they're going to say, what about Jack? Maybe he had something to do with it.

ADRIENNE

It was in your pocket.

JACK

Right. And there was a phone number written on the back. It was a number I jotted down in Warren's office. I didn't say anything because it clearly implicates Warren and I didn't know how his wife could handle the truth...or the museum..

(he looks very hurt)

I can't believe this. I just can't believe it. You think I was involved. You think I could have had something to do with it.

ADRIENNE

I didn't say that...

JACK

(he turns white)

You don't have to say it. Jesus!
I feel like I've been living with
a stranger for seven years. A
total stranger.

ADRIENNE

I never said... I just needed to
ask. I just needed to talk, Jack.

He turns dramatically and storms out of the closet. The door
slams on Adrienne, still inside. She begins to cry.

INT. JACK AND ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jack's open briefcase rests at a precarious angle on the
unmade bed and he sits in a chair staring at it with an
intense expression on his face. Adrienne walks into the room.

ADRIENNE

(anxious, her eyes red)

Jack...I'm sorry...I knew even as
you said it, it sounded insane.

He ignores her. She walks over to him.

ADRIENNE

(continuing)

I've been in a terrible state.
I've just been so unsure. I just
need to talk to you, to get
everything in the open. Please
forgive me. Please.

He looks at her for a moment, almost as if he is thinking of
something else, then he suddenly gets up and walks into the
bathroom. There is great sadness and hurt in his voice.

JACK

(distant)

I can't talk about this, Adrienne.
I can't.

He shuts the door behind him and we hear water running in the
sink.

ANGLE ON ROOM FROM JACK'S BRIEFCASE

As she stands staring at the closed door, very upset, the
kitten leaps onto the bed, into Jack's briefcase and begins
swatting playfully at its contents. Adrienne finally turns away
from the door, notices the kitten in the briefcase, walks to
the bed and swats her out. As the kitten leaps to another
part of the bed, the movement sends the briefcase tumbling to
the floor, spilling the contents everywhere.

ANGLE ON ROOM FROM UNDER BED

As Adrienne stoops down and starts repacking the fallen briefcase on the floor, the kitten appears under the bed. It starts swatting at a narrow leather case, shoving it further under the bed. Adrienne's hand reaches under the bed, feels around, finds Jack's calculator, just misses touching the leather case, then gives up the search. We see her hand toss the calculator into the briefcase, quickly snap it shut and pick it up. A moment later, we see Jack's legs walk out of the bathroom and over to the bed. He grabs the briefcase.

ADRIENNE

(tense)

Where are you going?

JACK

(distracted)

I don't know...

He is walking from the room.

ADRIENNE

Jack...please. Don't leave like this. Don't leave.

He looks back at her as if about to speak but doesn't say a word. In an instant he has vanished through the door.

Adrienne sits heavily on the bed. We hear the outer door open and slam shut. Adrienne sits there motionless, her life collapsing around her.

CUT TO:

the kitten playing wildly with the leather case under the bed. In one savage swipe, the kitten rolls onto her back and tears frantically at the leather case as she swats it into the air. To the kitten's amazement and ours, the case opens, and THE ROMAN NECKLACE FROM THE MUSEUM SLIPS OUT. It falls onto her stomach and slides onto the floor.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Jack is standing at a corner phone. There is an agitated look on his face. People scurry past him. Someone comes on the line. Jack leans into the phone.

JACK

Daniel Sherman, please.

INT. BMW - DAY

Jack is behind the wheel, driving down 90th Street toward the FDR Drive. He has a set, grim look on his face as he scans the streets. His gaze finally fixes on something with relief,

he moves into the right-hand lane and gradually glides to a halt at the curb. As he leans over and throws open the passenger door, he smiles tensely at someone.

JACK
Been waiting long?

EXT. 90TH STREET - DAY

The car pulls back into traffic with Jack at the wheel and another MAN sitting next to him in the passenger seat wearing a hooded parka. It is gray outside, threatening snow.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Jack's car moving along the FDR Drive onto a major highway.
Jack's car moving along the highway at a steady, rapid pace.

INT. LOFT - DAY

Adrienne is sitting at the dining table, alone, depressed. We see Lillian in the background playing with Mary but Mary is not happy. After a moment she runs to her mother.

MARY
Mommy, can you play with me. If I
say please?

Adrienne smiles and nods.

ADRIENNE
Of course I can, pumpkin. Of
course. You can help me with some
work.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Jack's car exits onto a two-lane rural road. The snow is beginning to come down hard. Even with the wipers on, it is difficult to see.

INT. LOFT - DAY

Adrienne and Mary are working by a warm light in a dark room. Through the bank of windows on the west wall we see storm clouds gathering. The sky is a deep gray and very threatening.

Adrienne, working very delicately, is removing an old layer of paint from a small canvas, exposing an even older painting underneath. Mary is enthralled by the art of pentimento. It is like magic. Beneath a dark forest a human eye is beginning to appear.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A screech of tires and Jack's car appears to go into a curve much too fast. Skidding, it shoots through a "Detour" barricade, and heads at full speed through blinding snow. Vague patches of color blur past us as the car tumbles wildly down a snow covered hillside. It is totally out of control. Just as we sense it is about to crash...

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT - DAY

Adrienne's hand slips and her painter's tool slices deep into the fabric of the painting.

MARY

Oh, oh, Mommy.

Adrienne stops what she is doing. A terrible sense of dread can be seen in her face. She looks out the window at the dark sky.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

CLOSE ON MAN IN PARKA FROM BEHIND. Shot from the same ominous and stylized angle, we recognize him as the killer. He is frantically rifling through Jack's briefcase looking for something. When he doesn't find it, he slams it shut with furious frustration, tosses it onto what remains of the passenger seat and slams the door shut.

Through the window we can see what remains of Jack sitting in the driver seat. A huge cement pylon has crashed through the driver's side of the car. His head and upper torso have been totally crushed.

Reaching into his pocket, the killer pulls out a book of matches, ignites the entire book and tosses it under the gas tank, which is slowly leaking. For a second the matches start to go out, then as the dying flame suddenly ignites, the fumes around the gas tank explode into a brilliant ball of fire.

ANGLE ON THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE KILLER as he leaves the scene of the accident. It is obvious from the intensity of the falling snow that no sign of his presence will ever be found.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK AND ADRIENNE'S LOFT BUILDING - TRIBECCA - DUSK

The shades aren't pulled on the kitchen and living area windows, but the lights are on. A police car pulls up to the curb and two uniformed policemen climb out. They enter the building, climbing the stairs and passing a series of lofts, each in a varying stage of construction or renovation.

INT. LOFT - DUSK

Adrienne and Mary are in the kitchen clearing the table of toys and books, pouring milk, putting food on a plate, swatting the cat off a counter, etc. The apartment buzzer sounds.

MARY

Maybe it's daddy.

ADRIENNE

Maybe.

Adrienne turns apprehensively, toward the living area, strokes Mary head with tender affection, and walks out.

Mary watches as as Adrienne approaches the door, unlocks it, and discovers the uniformed policeman standing there. We cannot hear what they are saying but suddenly Adrienne breaks out crying. Mary, instantly upset, tries to run to her but Lillian holds her back. Mary reaches out for her little rag doll. With a touching display of maternal instinct, she soothes and comforts it.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Still in shock, supported by Harvey, Adrienne sits in a coroner's office where several other families are also gathered to received their loved ones' effects. One senses that the department is underfunded and understaffed.

Adrienne watches as an ASSISTANT TO THE CORONER quickly grabs a bag and places it on a desk in front of her. He removes several things from an envelope. Adrienne stares at them in confusion. Before she can say anything the CORONER himself reaches for the pile of effects and moves them to another desk.

Seconds later a new envelope is brought to Adrienne and its contents unceremoniously deposited on its barren surface. Staring, she reaches out and slowly picks up Jack's wedding ring. It is badly charred. With great pain and emotion she tries to slide it up along side hers. The two rings form a perfect pair. Adrienne begins to cry. Harvey comforts her.

Slowly Adrienne begins to collect the other remains, his wristwatch, his key chain, his college ring. Everything is blackened and bent from intense heat. The assistant quickly gives her a form to sign.

ASSISTANT

Just sign here. An identification form.

Harvey reaches out to Adrienne and places his fingers on her shoulder. With an unsure hand, she scribbles her name.

EXT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH - LITCHFIELD, CONN. - DAY

Surrounded by MOURNERS and holding Mary's hand, Adrienne exits the church behind Jack's coffin. She is wearing a black suit and dark glasses and her face shows the ravages of grief. She and Mary are escorted to the waiting limo by Harvey and Adrienne's parents. Among the mourners we see Mr. Simon, Wendy, Charlotte and Ron, Tony and Sally and other friends we have observed before. Mary is clutching her rag doll and holding it close.

INT. PARENT'S HOME, LITCHFIELD CONN. - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS COVERING SEVERAL DAYS:

LIVINGROOM

Many people are gathered around the livingroom of Adrienne's parent's home. There is a lot of food on the tables in the background. Adrienne is surrounded by caring people. We can tell she is suffering beneath her composure.

KITCHEN

Mary is sitting at the kitchen table next to her grandfather. A large box of Crayola crayons is open beside her and she is busy drawing. The house is empty, the mourners have gone. Through the doorway we can see into the den. Adrienne is curled up on the couch, crying in her mother's lap. Her mother is stroking her hair, trying to comfort her. Mary is quietly aware of her mother's grief and sensitive enough not to intrude. As the camera watches Mary, however, we understand that her grief is real too.

BEDROOM

CLOSE ON JACK'S EFFECTS ON THE BEDSIDE TABLE in the darkened room. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE Adrienne. She is sitting in a night gown, her hair a mess, her face swollen from crying. Silently, obsessively, she runs her fingers over the wedding rings on her fingers. Tears run from her eyes.

There is a knock at the door. Adrienne is startled for a moment. The door opens. Her father steps inside. He walks hesitantly over to the bed and sits down beside his daughter. He takes her hand.

ADRIENNE

Hello, daddy.

FATHER

Shh. It's okay. You don't have to talk.

There is silence for a short while and then suddenly Adrienne reaches out for her father and hugs him tightly.

ADRIENNE

Oh, daddy. Why did he have to leave like that? Why did we have to fight?

FATHER

(tenderly)

It's all right, baby. It's okay. He knew you loved him. You know he loved you.

ADRIENNE

How could I have said those things? How could I have doubted?

FATHER

You have to forgive...

ADRIENNE

It's not fair. It's just not fair. I loved him so much. He was my life, daddy.

FATHER

He was part of your of life. Don't punish yourself. Don't punish your daughter.

Adrienne looks at him.

FATHER

She's suffering too, you know.

Adrienne is motionless for a second and then breaks out in tears. Her father holds her closely, but then Adrienne pulls back. As she straightens up, there is a look of physical pain on her face.

Hesitating on the edge of the bed, she stands up and slowly walks over to the window. With a soft gesture she reaches out to pull up the shade. The bright sunlight is a shock. It causes her to squint.

FATHER

It's a beautiful day.

ADRIENNE

(her eyes half shut)

I wish I could see it.

She turns back into the room and catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She does not like what she sees.

LIVINGROOM

It is late afternoon. Mary is sitting on the livingroom carpet doing a puzzle with her grandmother. Her grandfather is in the background reading the paper. Mary's kitten snuggles beside him. Suddenly we hear a voice from the entrance way.

ADRIENNE

Where's my little girl?

Mary's eyes sparkle as she jumps up and runs into the foyer.

MARY

Mommy.

Adrienne is coming down the stairs as Mary runs excitedly up to greet her. Adrienne hugs her daughter in a warm embrace while her parents watch, smiling, from the livingroom door.

EXT. COUNTRY CEMETERY - DAY

It is a small, tree-shaded cemetery, filled with very old stones. In the newer section, Adrienne bends down to put some flowers on Jack's grave while Mary watches.

MARY

Granny said Daddy's in heaven. Do you think he's in heaven? Is he with his Granny and Papa?

ADRIENNE

(soft, faltering)

I don't know...I don't know if I believe in heaven the way Granny does.

MARY

(lost)

I want him to come back...

Adrienne quickly bends down, puts her arms around her and holds her close.

ADRIENNE

(soft, heartbroken)

I know, sweetheart...so do I...

(looking at her)

But even though he's not here, he's still part of you and when you grow up and have children, he'll be part of them too.

(hugging her tightly)

Because of you, Daddy will go on forever.

Mary doesn't understand but it's as if she doesn't need to. She has her mother.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Adrienne and Mary arrive at the front door of their building. Adrienne is holding a small suitcase. Mary is holding her kitten. Mary looks up to the fifth floor.

MARY

We're home Big Cat.

ADRIENNE

We're home.

INT. LOFT - DAY

Adrienne and Mary enter the loft. There is a deep sadness in both of them as they walk through it. Adrienne is surprised to see that the loft is very messy. She stops occasionally to move a vase or reposition a book. It is as though she is taking the first tentative steps at reordering her life.

Mary follows her mother into the bedroom and watches as she lowers the suitcase to the bed. The kitten jumps to the floor and runs under it. We see the kitten bounding around the Roman Necklace. Mary bends down.

MARY

Big Cat. Come here Big Cat.

To her surprise the cat comes running out. Mary runs after it, giggling excitedly.

Adrienne unzips the suitcase and carries her toiletries bag into the bathroom. Setting it down on the counter she begins to unpack it. A few items have fallen out of the cabinet and are lying on the floor. She puts them back. Suddenly she stops and stares at Jack's razor and shaving cream sitting on the shelf in front of her.

For a moment Adrienne is motionless, just gazing at Jack's things. It is as if he had just left for work. Then, almost to her own surprise, she reaches down and pushes down the top of the shaving cream container. A white lather shoots out onto the counter. Adrienne gazes at it. And then, almost lovingly, she runs her fingers through it. Slowly she raises her hand and wipes some of Jack's cream onto her face. It is a strange, unexpected gesture, that in some deep and satisfying way, makes sense. At that instant Mary comes running into the bathroom and sees her mother. It is a curious moment but one that Mary seems to understand instantly. She smiles lovingly at her mother.

MARY

Me too?

Adrienne, choking back her tears, smiles at her daughter and puts a dab of shaving cream on her tender young cheeks. They look at one another and begin to laugh.

MARY

Lemme see.

Adrienne holds her up to look in the mirror. Together they laugh again.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Harvey is sitting with Adrienne in the livingroom. The dark space is lit only by lamplight.

ADRIENNE

Everything just feels so wrong. So strange. It's like a haunted space. I mean it. I don't see how I can possibly stay here.

HARVEY

Adrienne, are you crazy? No one gives up a New York apartment. Especially a rent controlled one like this.

ADRIENNE

It's so hard Harvey. Just sleeping in the same bed. The smell of the pillow. The cold sheets. What do I do? What am I supposed to do? All his clothes. All his old suits. I just bought him new shirts. He never even wore them.

She starts to cry. Harvey comforts her.

HARVEY

It's going to take time. You just have to wait it out. That's all you can do. And remember, you always have me. And if you ever really need a change of space, for a night, a month, whatever, I've got extra rooms.

She reaches out and takes his hand.

ADRIENNE

What would I do without you Harv?

HARVEY

You? You'd do just fine.

Adrienne smiles. We sense the depth and warmth of their friendship filling the dark space.

INT. LOFT KITCHEN - MORNING

Morning sunlight pours into the kitchen. Adrienne is finishing a cup of coffee, putting on her coat, and running from the room all at the same time. Mary is at the table, dressed for school and gulping down her milk.

ADRIENNE

Take the toast with you or we'll
be late!

INT. LIVING AREA - DAY

LILLIAN is pulling cleaning things from a closet as Adrienne grabs her leather carry-all and rushes to the front door.

ADRIENNE

I'm sorry the place is such a
wreck, Lillian. I don't remember
it looking so bad.

Mary races into the room pulling on her coat.

LILLIAN

Don't worry. I'll have it
together by the time you get home.
(to Mary)
And I'll see you outside school at
one o'clock, Cookie.

They say their goodbyes as they rush out the door and close it. Lillian picks up her cleaning things, pauses to glance at a picture of Jack and Adrienne at the beach, carefree and in love, then shakes her head sadly as she walks off to the bedroom.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Adrienne and Mary are standing on the street corner hailing a cab. SLOWLY THE CAMERA PULLS BACK and we realize that we are sitting inside a car watching them. Suddenly Adrienne looks up and her eyes glance toward the car. The driver quickly turns away and for a moment we glance the side of his hooded parka. At that moment a taxi stops in front of Adrienne as she and Mary get into the cab.

INT. ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

It is a mess. Lillian walks in, looks around with a sigh, then starts stripping the sheets off the bed. As she bends down to retrieve a fallen pillow she suddenly kneels down and looks under the bed. With a sweep of her arm several things come flying out: a rollerskate, a ball, a paperback book and the Roman necklace.

Because it is set with uncut stones and the hammered gold has a tinny, orange, almost garish look to it, the necklace looks like costume jewelry. Lillian walks to Adrienne's dresser, raises the lid of a large basket, which sits next to a large, leather jewelry box, and tosses the collar inside.

CLOSE ON JUNK JEWELRY BASKET

The collar gleams dully on top of a great pile of tangled costume jewelry as the lid is dropped shut.

INT. C & A RESTORATIONS - MORNING

Adrienne is pressed up against a painting. She is supposed to be working on it but she doesn't move. She seems frozen in her place. Her eyes are red and seem far away. Charlotte looks up and notices her distant demeanor. Quietly, she walks over to her and strokes her neck.

CHARLOTTE

It's okay to dream. It's okay to remember.

Adrienne smiles and touches her friend's hand.

ELLEN, a middle-aged woman, comes into the back and picks up the receiver on the phone. Cupping her hand over the mouthpiece she turns to Adrienne.

ELLEN

It's for you.

ADRIENNE

For me?

ELLEN

It's a social security claims representative. Do you want to call back?

Adrienne shakes her head no as she reaches out for the receiver.

ADRIENNE

Hello. Yes, this is Mrs. Phillips.

As she listens, she goes very still, then slowly puts the mail back down on the desk.

ADRIENNE

(continuing,
soft, puzzled)

I'm sorry, but I don't understand what you're saying to me.

INT. SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE - SAME DAY

Adrienne sits across the desk from a MAN in a suit, clutching a file folder in her arms.

MAN

I'm sorry, but I cannot release these benefits without further approval.

ADRIENNE

What do you mean, exactly? The contributions were made, I've supplied you with a death certificate.

MAN

We don't doubt your husband is dead, Mrs. Phillips, nor are we saying the contributions weren't made. We're simply saying they were made to the wrong social security number and the IRS screwed up when they didn't catch it.

ADRIENNE

(confused)

Are you telling me that because your office applied those contributions to the wrong social security number...

MAN

(cutting in)

No, no, Mrs. Phillips. You don't understand. The social security office didn't make a mistake.

(leaning toward her)

The man with the social security number your husband claimed was his, died fourteen years ago in Somerville, Nebraska.

He punches up a computer screen that displays the social security history of Jack Phillips and the fact that he died on January 20, 1975. Adrienne gazes at the screen in disbelief.

MAN

(continuing,
flat)

What I'm trying to make you understand is your husband was not Jack Phillips. We don't know who he was, but we do know he was definitely not Jack Phillips.

She stares at him in total disbelief.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

Adrienne wanders through downtown Manhattan, seemingly oblivious to her surroundings. Her mind is totally preoccupied. A red light turns green and pedestrians cross the street. Only Adrienne remains behind, a solitary figure, lost in her own thoughts. People eye her curiously as they barge past.

INT. NEW YORK TAXI - DAY

Adrienne is sitting in the back of a taxi as it darts through Soho. She looks deeply troubled. The cab pulls up to the front of the C & A Restoration Company and the driver waits for her to get out, but she doesn't move.

DRIVER

Excuse me, but isn't this where
you wanted to go?

Adrienne hesitates a second, a look of deep resolve forming in her eyes.

ADRIENNE

No. I don't want to go here.

DRIVER

What do you mean? I wrote it on
my...

ADRIENNE

I changed my mind.
(in a quiet, timid voice)
The New York Public Library,
please.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - MAIN BRANCH -
NEWSPAPER ANNEX - DAY

There are several PEOPLE working at tables, a LIBRARIAN working behind a counter, etc. THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON ADRIENNE who is at a viewing machine looking at back issues of an Omaha newspaper on microfilm.

As she scans the pages with intense concentration THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON THE VIEWING SCREEN. Several pages of the paper slip by rapidly, then the machine suddenly reverses direction violently and stops on an extensive obituary. The leader and first paragraph fill the screen:

SOMMERVILLE FAMILY KILLED IN CRASH

On January 20, 1975, Dr. Thomas
Phillips, his wife Lorraine Gleason
Phillips of Omaha, and their son,
Jack Phillips of New York City,

were killed when their single engine plane went down just outside of Omaha. Jack Phillips, a recent graduate of Columbia University with a masters degree in art history was vacationing with his parents when the tragedy occurred.

The article continues but Adrienne doesn't read it. Her eyes have drifted off to a photograph beside it. a photograph of Jack Phillips. She stares at it in stunned silence. A pleasant looking man in his mid-twenties, he is a complete and total stranger.

PULL BACK SLIGHTLY ON ADRIENNE'S FACE. The full extent of the emerging mystery can be seen in her eyes.

CUT TO:

A XEROX MACHINE IN EXTREME CLOSE UP. Gears crank, a motor whirs, and a bar of light passes quickly over the surface of an unseen document. Slowly THE CAMERA TRACKS RIGHT and the Xerox copy is expelled into the receiving tray. THE CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT on the photograph of Jack Phillips.

INT. ADRIENNE'S WORKSPACE - SUNSET

Adrienne is sitting in a private work area in the loft. Quietly, almost mournfully, she gazes out the window. We can see the buildings across the way, claustrophobically close. The sweat shops are filled with people working in the late afternoon sunlight. People pass through her reflection in the glass like so many distant thoughts. She seems very far away. In the background we can hear Sesame Street on the television. The sounds of Bert and Ernie play softly, almost ironically, in her mind.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - SUNSET

Adrienne passes quietly through Mary's bedroom. She stops and gazes at her daughters belongings, observing them curiously, lovingly. After a moment her eyes fall on the family photo album, lying open on the floor just beneath her bed. It is opened to an old photo of Jack. Smiling tenderly, she stoops down and picks it up.

Adrienne sits down softly on her daughters bed and anxiously begins flipping through the photo album. Suddenly Mary walks into the room. She is wearing a tulle skirt over her tights, a pair of spangled shoes on her feet and a glittering crown on her head. She is carrying Adrienne's jewelry box.

MARY

Can I have a necklace to take to school for dress-up?

Adrienne, mesmerized by the photos, does not look up.

ADRIENNE

Sure, sweetie.

As Mary goes to the dresser and opens the basket of junk jewelry, Adrienne continues her search through the snapshots. Mary holds up a long string of enormous fake pearls.

MARY

Can I take these?

Adrienne quickly glances at her, then goes back to the snapshots.

ADRIENNE

Yes.

Mary pulls out the Roman necklace and holds it up.

MARY

And this too?

Adrienne doesn't bother to look up this time.

ADRIENNE

Take anything you want as long as
it's from the basket and not my
jewelry box.

Mary holds the necklace up to her neck in front of the mirror, then skips out of the room with delight.

Adrienne suddenly goes very still and stares at a snapshot with a grim look of shock and surprise. She quickly goes to the desk and puts the album down next to the 'xerox of Jack Phillips' newspaper photograph. Grabbing a magnifying glass, she examines them closely.

THE CAMERA TRACKS IN ON THEM. Next to the photograph is a snapshot of three teenage BOYS, wearing athletic jackets, standing in the entrance of a high school. The school name, CALVIN COOLIDGE, is carved in stone over the doorway. The smiling boy in the middle is Jack Phillips. The same Jack Phillips in the newspaper photo. His arm is draped over the shoulders of an unsmiling boy standing on his left. There is no question but that this is unmistakably "our" Jack.

INT. C & A RESTORATIONS - NIGHT

Adrienne is alone in the laboratory of her restoration facility. It is filled with a vast array of technical gadgetry. The photo from Calvin Coolidge is under a high intensity microscope and Adrienne is examining its grain structure for insights, for knowledge. There are vague markings off behind the school but they do not reveal their secrets easily.

Obscure areas slowly resolve themselves. A blur in the corner becomes a peasant woman in a babushka walking down a street. Beside her is another blur. It takes several adjustments to see that it is a street sign. The microscope magnifies the image over and over and suddenly we see numbers and letters. They read "10th Ave." Adrienne seems both excited and frustrated.

ADRIENNE
Tenth Avenue where?

She continues looking. Frustration piles upon frustration until suddenly one of the images begins to make sense. A sign over a store comes into near focus, near enough to make out what it says. "Brookly Bagl Factor". It's just enough.

EXT. RUBBLE-FILLED VACANT LOT - BROOKLYN - SAME DAY

CLOSE ON ADRIENNE'S FACE staring at something. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK. She is standing in a corner lot which was once the schoolyard of an abandoned, burned-out high school on Tenth Avenue in the 30s. Trucks and cars rumble past and on the side streets as the urban poor of the surrounding tenements go about their business.

Adrienne hesitates, then slowly picks her way over the debris to the entrance of the school, which is boarded up. She stops and stares at it. Through the graffiti we can make out the name -- CALVIN COOLIDGE -- carved over the entrance. Even in its battered state it is still recognizable from the snapshot of Jack and his friends in the school entrance.

INT. HALLWAY - BOARD OF EDUCATION - MANHATTAN - SAME DAY

The hall is filled with officious looking BUREAUCRATS moving busily, purposefully, in all directions. Adrienne, looking anxious, walks alongside an attractive BLACK WOMAN in her thirties. They approach a door marked "STORAGE ROOM"

WOMAN
Since the school system
decentralized we've had to store
old school records for the whole
area, so we're a little casual
with the yearbooks. Not enough
space.

She unlocks the storage room door and the two women enter.

INT. LARGE STORAGE ROOM - DAY

The woman snaps a light on. The room is filled with row upon row of free-standing metal shelves holding cardboard file storage boxes. As the woman walks along the rows, she scans labels, then quickly turns into a row.

WOMAN

Here we go. This whole row is
Calvin Coolidge.

(taking lid off box)

If there are any yearbooks, they'd
be down the other end.

As the woman starts going through files, Adrienne walks to the other end of the shelf, CAMERA FOLLOWING. With a tense expression, she starts pawing through a great stack of old yearbooks. Just as she is about to give up she notices a dusty box sitting under a cabinet, pulls it out, opens it, takes out several more yearbooks, glances at the covers, then stiffens. She brushes the dirt off one, flips it open to the graduates' photographs and starts turning the pages.

Suddenly Adrienne stops and stares at one of the pages in front of her. A look of shock and discovery registers on her face. She can barely breathe. Keeping her place in the book she turns and approaches the woman.

WOMAN

(exasperated)

I don't know why they can't keep
these things in some kind of
alphabetical order or...

ADRIENNE

(cutting in)

Please...

The woman looks at her. Adrienne hesitates, struggling for control over her emotions, then:

ADRIENNE

(continuing, soft)

Can I ask you a favor? Instead of
the records for Jack
Phillips...I'd like to see the
records for one of his classmates...

WOMAN

(uneasy)

I can't do that, Mrs. Phillips.
The records are only public
information if the person is
deceased..

Adrienne has tears in her eyes.

ADRIENNE

(destroyed)

This man is dead. I can't prove
it, but he is dead...

(quiet, desperate)

Please. I have to know who this
person is....I'm begging you to
help me...

The woman hesitates, then gently touches Adrienne's shoulder.

WOMAN

(compassionate)

Oh, to hell with it. They don't care enough about these records to even keep them in order. Who is it? Whose records do you want to see?

Adrienne opens the book, looks down and fights to control her voice.

ADRIENNE

Sullivan. Frank Sullivan.

She opens the yearbook and points out the name. THE CAMERA CLOSES IN ON FRANK SULLIVAN'S PHOTOGRAPH. We recognize him immediately and unquestionably as our Jack. He is handsome but somehow withdrawn, showing none of the charm we associate with him. Absolutely no activities are listed beneath his name. Adrienne stares at it with an expression of pained confusion.

INT. WOMAN'S OFFICE - BOARD OF EDUCATION - DAY

Adrienne and the woman sitting in the woman's office. Each has a stack of files on their lap and they are going through them meticulously, one at a time. Suddenly the woman looks up.

WOMAN

Well, I found Jack Phillips. The last one in my stack. Isn't it always like that?

ADRIENNE

No Frank Sullivan?

WOMAN

(shaking her head)

Nope. I was very thorough. You don't have it either?

ADRIENNE

I have a few more to go.

She looks through the last of the files. It is obvious that Frank Sullivan's is not among them. Tentatively she walks over to the woman and reaches for the Jack Phillips file.

ADRIENNE

It wasn't there. But I'll take that one, if it's still okay. Who knows...?

WOMAN

(nodding her head)

You never do.

INT. ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adrienne is sleeping badly. A dense sweat is rolling off her face. She is tossing and turning. Suddenly, she sits bolt upright in the dark, breathing fast, to see the shadowy figure of a man near the window watching her. With a gasp of terror, she calls out.

ADRIENNE

Who's there? Who is it?

There is no answer. Quickly, Adrienne reaches for the lamp next to her bed and snaps the light on. She is embarrassed to see that it is just her own overcoat and a man's felt hat hanging from a coat rack. Something is still bothering her.

Slowly, suspiciously, she gets up and checks the window lock. It is bolted shut. For a moment she is relieved. She looks out on the fire escape. There is nothing there. Still not comfortable she walks over to the closet. With a yank she pulls it open and stares blankly at Jack's clothes. Adrienne sits down on the side of her bed. The sleep has been shaken out of her. She is wide awake.

CUT TO:

Adrienne, sitting in the kitchen drinking a glass of warm milk. Her mind is totally preoccupied. Suddenly she gets up goes over to her desk. She pulls Jack's high school file out from her carryall. She begins reading through it.

CUT TO:

A CLOSEUP OF THE FILE. Most of the information indicates a good but not exceptional student with just above average grades. She looks curiously at the section labeled "person to contact in case of emergency" and sees a name, "James Phillips" along with a Brooklyn address. She stares at it curiously.

CRASH!

Adrienne jumps up with a frightened look on her face and runs quickly to the window. Opening the shade she stares out onto the street. A group of dogs dash wildly away from an overturned garbage can and vanish into the darkened doorway of the abandoned factory across from Adrienne's building. She shakes her head slightly as she pushes the hair from her face.

ADRIENNE

(soft, disgusted mutter)

You paranoid idiot...

As she reaches up to flick off the light THE CAMERA REVEALS A SHAPE IN THE WINDOW ACROSS THE WAY. Someone, standing in the shadows, is looking at her.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Adrienne is walking down a street of very old but comfortable homes in a decaying section of Brooklyn. The neighborhood seems to have an extraordinary ethnic diversity with Hassidic Jews being a predominant part of the mix. Adrienne is searching for street addresses and finds the one she is looking for.

INT. ATTACHED HOUSE - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

EVELYN WHITE, a forty year old woman answers the door. Behind her we see a cluttered, airless room filled with furniture from the 1950's. The chairs and couches are still wrapped in plastic seat covers and look like they have never been sat in. There is a surprised look on her face.

EVELYN

Yes?

ADRIENNE

I'm looking for someone, a relative of a Jack Phillips, from Sommerville, Nebrasaka.

The woman is nearly breathless.

EVELYN

Jack Phillips? Well, you know how to take a person's breath away. I know... knew Jack Phillips. He was my cousin. He died...you know. Must be fifteen years ago.

ADRIENNE

You're kidding? I don't believe this. I never really expected... It's amazing that I found you. Hi, my name is Adrienne...

EVELYN

Hi.

ADRIENNE

Now this may sound crazy but, actually, it's not Jack I'm looking for. I'm trying to find an old friend of his. He was a man named Frank Sullivan. Have you ever heard the name?

EVELYN

Heard it? Have I ever heard of Frank Sullivan? First you take my breath away, then you give me a heart attack. Have I ever heard of Frank Sullivan?

INT. JAMES PHILLIP'S HOUSE - DAY

Adrienne is sitting opposite Evelyn on the plastic covered couch. It squeaks as she talks.

EVELYN

Frank Sullivan was Jack's best friend, his only friend really. They were inseparable, like one person. They were so funny. You couldn't imagine two more different people. Frank was so quiet and Jack, he was the most charming and outgoing person you ever met. Frank wasn't polished like that but he had an unspoken charm. He was special.

ADRIENNE

Did you know him well?

She seems to move nod and shake her head at the same time.

EVELYN

So\so.

One senses that she is beginning to blush.

EVELYN

As much as you could know him. He was so shy, sensitive. But I'll tell you something. There wasn't a superficial bone in his body. He was genuine. He was real.

ADRIENNE

What about his parents. Are they still around?

EVELYN

God, I don't know. I think his father died. I don't remember. It's been so long. Frank didn't alke about his family much. They were so poor. His father was a drunkard, I heard. And I remember, his mom worked for the Highway department, in a toll booth. Frank was embarrassed about that. He was embarrassed about everything. He'd never take you home. He'd hardly admit he had one.

ADRIENNE

Did he have any other family, any sisters or brothers.

EVELYN

He didn't have anybody. That's why he hung around Jack all the time. Uncle Tom and Aunt Lorraine. They were like his family. I never saw him again after they died. He just kind of disappeared. I miss him.

ADRIENNE

It sounds like you loved him too?

EVELYN

Too?

ADRIENNE

...as much as Jack.

Evelyn doesn't answer but we can tell from the look in her eyes that the torch still burns.

EVELYN

What can I tell you?

(pause)

Gee, I sure wish I could be of more help but I don't remember much. Kind of put it out of my mind. A long time ago. Still, if you give me your phone number, maybe things'll come back a bit. This has been a real shock. Like out of nowhere if you know what I mean. Anyway, if you ever find him...

(wistfully)

...tell him I say hi.

IN . MARY'S SCHOOL - WEST VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

Adrienne helps zip up her daughter's snow suit and then leads her by the and through a sea of CHILDREN being picked up by their parents.

ADRIENNE

I've told you a hundred times not to trade your toys. It only leads to trouble when you want them back.

MARY

But I won't want it back. I want the lunchbox.

ADRIENNE

What did you give away?

MARY

The necklace you let me take to school for dress-up.

INT. ADRIENNE'S WORKSPACE - LATE AFTERNOON

Adrienne returns to her workspace and approaches Mary. She seems upset.

ADRIENNE
Have you been going through my
dresser drawers again?

Mary quickly looks at her.

MARY
No.

ADRIENNE
Are you sure, honey? They're all
messed up inside?

MARY
(wounded innocence)
I didn't do it, Mommy.

Adrienne looks disturbed. Things are not right.

ADRIENNE
(walking out)
Okay, okay. But if you want to
play with my things, you have to
ask my permission, okay?

MARY
(soft)
Okay.

The telephone rings. Adrienne picks it up.

ADRIENNE
Hello.

EVELYN (V.O.)
Yes. This is Evelyn White.
Are you the woman I spoke with
yesterday, about Frank Sullivan?

ADRIENNE
Yes, Mrs. White. It's me. Adrienne.

EVELYN (V.O.)
Good. I'm glad. 'Cause I
remembered something last night.
Middle of the night. I could
barely sleep. His mother lived on
Carpenter Place. Beside a deli.
Don't ask how I remembered 'cause
I don't know. It just came back.

Adrienne quickly scribbles the street name on a piece of
paper. There is a wild look in her eyes.

ADRIENNE

What necklace?

MARY

The one from the basket. I showed it to you.

Adrienne cannot figure out what she's talking about.

ADRIENNE

(firm)

Okay. You keep the lunchbox. But don't come to me in a week when you want the necklace back because this trade is final. Is that understood?

Mary breaks into a grin and rushes over to a little GIRL who is getting dressed by the window. Her back is to Mary.

MARY

(excited)

Carol, guess what? My mother said I can keep the lunchbox and you can keep my necklace!

As Carol quickly turns with a smile, we see she is wearing the Roman necklace.

INT. ADRIENNE'S WORKSPACE - LATE AFTERNOON

Adrienne is in her own workspace painting a sizable canvas on a large easel. Her work is impressionistic and shows signs of talent. Mary is sitting in the same space, drawing. She is very imitative of her mother in both color choice and gesture. When Adrienne picks a blue, Mary does the same. When Adrienne bites her lip in indecision, Mary bites hers too. It is a very sweet mother and daughter scene.

Of the two paintings, Mary's is the most compelling. While the image of the little girl in her picture is not especially well rendered, the necklace the girl is wearing is unmistakable. It is the Roman necklace she has given to Carol. Suddenly Adrienne gets up and walks right past Mary. She does not notice the drawing.

INT. ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Adrienne walks over to the dresser in her bedroom and pulls open a drawer. The contents are in incredible disarray, spilling from the drawer in a tangled mess, as if someone has rifled through them. She frowns and quickly pulls open another drawer. It is in the same condition. She pulls open three more, all a mess, then with an irritated look on her face, quickly walks out of the room and back down the hall.

EXT . BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Adrienne is walking down a dilapidated sidewalk in an old section of Brooklyn. A taxi cab follows in the street behind her. Suddenly she approaches the entrance of a building to the right of an old Jewish deli. It is a run down tenement. As she reaches the top step she stops turns and yells to the cab driver.

ADRIENNE

I'm going to try this one. Just wait for me.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Cautiously Adrienne enters the dim hallway and examines the list of the residents. Most names are so old she can barely make them out. In the lower left hand corner, next to apartment 302, she sees the name Rosalie Sullivan. It is almost too good to be true. She goes to the front door and calls out.

ADRIENNE

I found it. Just give me five minutes.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Adrienne knocks loudly at a door with the numbers 3 and 2 all that remain to identify it. The numbers sway as she knocks. After a moment an elderly woman opens the door, the inside latch still engaged. She peers out.

ROSALIE

(slurred, hard)

Who are you?

Adrienne stares at her, almost without breathing, then lets out her breath audibly.

ADRIENNE

My name is Adrienne Phillips.

(she pauses)

I believe I'm your daughter-in-law.

INT. ROSALIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Adrienne and Rosalie sit at a formica table across from one another. Adrienne clutches a cup of coffee so tightly her knuckles are white. Rosalie is smoking a cigarette and looking at a photograph of Mary.

ROSALIE
(bitter, self-
pitying)

All these years I thought he was dead and there he was, living in the same city with a wife and kid. A decent person would have wondered if his mother was all right, if she needed help, but not him...

(suddenly looking up)
What's her name...Mary...she has my eyes, you know?

(vain)
Everybody always said I had beautiful eyes.

Adrienne stares at her.

ADRIENNE
(soft)
He always said that too.

Rosalie leans back in her seat and takes a deep drag on her cigarette.

ROSALIE
(self-pitying mutter)
Not that it ever got me anything.
(bitter)
Mr. Jack Phillips. What a joke. Jack Phillips never would have treated his parents the way Frank treated me. My life was ruined by having him.
(sudden)
Why did you marry him?

ADRIENNE
(remote)
I loved him.

Rosalie looks back at the photograph with a bitter twist to her lips.

ROSALIE
(soft)
I don't want to know this. As far as I'm concerned he died when he left. It doesn't mean anything to me that he died last month. He was already dead.
(pause)
He was a selfish child and a selfish man. He never thought of anybody but himself. Nothing stood in his way.

Adrienne suddenly stands up, unable to take any more.

ADRIENNE

(cold)

People can change, Mrs. Sullivan,
especially when they are loved.

Rosalie gets up unexpectedly and walks into the bathroom.

ROSALIE

Excuse me.

The door shuts. Adrienne sits uncomfortably for a moment and then notices a room off the kitchen. The door is partially open and inside we can see the remnants of a young man's room. Adrienne edges toward it.

Slowly, Adrienne enters the room. It is like an archeological dig, layer upon layer of past history piled one upon the other. Dusty boxes and furniture are crammed everywhere and there is little empty space. It is as though she is not only entering a room but a mind. There are old posters on the wall, reproductions of paintings from the Metropolitan and the Museum of Modern Art. Beneath them are images of 60's sports figures. We see photographs of Frank and Jack and other high school friends, and a letter sweater sticking out of a drawer that has not been closed in decades. It is a terribly sad and moving experience for Adrienne. She nearly staggers from the room.

Rosalie is standing there. She looks at Adrienne for a moment and then turns away. There is great pain and denial written in her face.

Adrienne is exceedingly uncomfortable. Awkwardly she pulls some money from her purse and a business card from C & A Restorations. She puts them on the table in front of Rosalie.

ADRIENNE

(continuing, cold)

It's not much, but it's all I have
on me. If you ever need anything
you can reach me at that number. In
spite of everything, I'm sure Jack...

(catching herself;

pointed)

I'm sure Frank would have wanted me
to help you.

Rosalie stares at her.

ROSALIE

I don't want your charity.

She reaches for a whiskey bottle and takes the cap off.

ROSALIE

I got charity right here.

INT. HARVEY'S UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Harvey stands staring out the window, a disturbed, stunned look on his face, a drink in his hand. The large, high-ceilinged room is nicely decorated with antiques and art. Adrienne is curled up in a corner of a large couch, her face swollen from crying, a drink in one hand, wadded tissues in the other.

ADRIENNE

Oh God, Harvey. How pitiful it must have been, locked in that horrible apartment with that horrible woman. You can almost understand the lies. You can almost forgive.

Harvey, standing nearby, turns and walks to the couch.

HARVEY

This is unbelievable. Totally unbelievable.

ADRIENNE

(soft, tortured)

You can't imagine the extent of the lies...the details he told me about his life in Sommerville... the loving way he talked about his parents...

Adrienne starts to cry again. Harvey comforts her.

ADRIENNE

Harvey, I told you this in confidence....We can't tell anyone. I need to protect... what's left of my family...I need to protect Mary. Please.

HARVEY

I would never do anything that would hurt you.

He gently stroke her hand.

Harvey stares at her, then looks away with a sigh.

HARVEY

It just makes me feel so sorry for him...he must have been filled with such self-hatred, such torment about his past...

She suddenly turns to look at him.

ADRIENNE

(low, intense)

I need to leave it buried. I won't be able to handle it otherwise. I won't be able to get on with my life.

He stares at her tormented face.

HARVEY

(kind, reassuring)

Whatever was said in this room tonight stays in this room. Tomorrow's a new life.

ADRIENNE

Yeah, right. New.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark and still. Mary suddenly sits bolt upright, eyes wide, staring at something in the dark.

INT. ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is dark and silent and Adrienne is deeply asleep as Mary runs into the room and up to her bed.

MARY

Mommy?

Adrienne stirs and opens her eyes sleepily.

ADRIENNE

(groggy)

What is it, sweetie? What's wrong?

MARY

There was a man in my room.

ADRIENNE

What?

MARY

I saw him.

ADRIENNE

No, honey, there's no one in your room. It was just a dream.

MARY

No. I saw him.

ADRIENNE

Remember you dreamed that last week.

MARY

It was the same man. He was real.
He was in my room. Looking at me.
(she reaches for her
mothers's hand)
Come on Mommy. Come.

Mary tries pulling her mother from the bed. Reluctantly
Adrienne gets up, grabs her robe, and shuffles into Mary's
room. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM.

In sillhouette, we see the two of them go down the dark
hallway. Shadows move ominously before them. Mary is afraid.

MARY

What is that Mommy?

ADRIENNE

Shadows, pumpkin. Just shadows.

They go into Mary's room. Adrienne throws the light switch.
The bulb in the ceiling fixture flashes blindingly and then
goes dark. It has burned out.

ADRIENNE

No. I don't believe this.

Cautiously, Adrienne makes her way to the lamp by the side of
the bed. Just as she is about to turn on the light Mary backs
into her bookcase and a doll, perched on the upper shelf,
falls with a loud clunk to the ground. The kitten jumps and
screeches. Adrienne screams.

ADRIENNE

Jesus!

Mary laughs.

ADRIENNE

That's not funny.

MARY

Yes it was. You're funny Mommy.

The light switches on. The room is completely empty.

ADRIENNE

See. There's no one here.

MARY

He was standing right there. By
the window.

Adrienne goes over to the window and examines it. The lock is
unlatched. Trying not to show concern, she closes it tightly.

ADRIENNE

Look now. Everything's okay.

MARY

Can I sleep with you? Please?

Mommy. Please.

Adrienne looks at her and smiles warmly.

INT. ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cautiously Adrienne locks the door. Then she jumps under the sheets in her own bed and holds the covers open.

ADRIENNE

Climb in.

Mary climbs into the bed. Adrienne reaches for the light.

MARY

Don't turn it off.

Adrienne nods and leaves it on.

ADRIENNE

Okay, oaky. I'll leave it on.

Come here snuggles.

They curl up in each other's arms and try to go to sleep.

INT. ADRIENNE'S LOFT - GLOOMY DAY

Lillian is straightening up in Adrienne's private work area and comes across the crayon drawing Mary made of Carol, the one with the necklace. She smiles as she sees it and carries it into the kitchen. Using a magnetic clip she affixes it to the refrigerator.

INT. ADRIENNE'S LOFT - STORAGE ROOM - GLOOMY DAY

The door is shoved open and Lillian walks into a room filled with boxes, cast-off clothes, cot, etc. As she sticks several folded paper bags onto a crowded shelf, she suddenly shivers and turns to look at a window in the back. It is partially open and one of the panes just above the lock is broken.

Shoving things aside, Lillian walks over to the window and looks out. It is a short distance from the next building which has a fire escape winding up to the roof. Nothing seems out of the ordinary.

Lillian shuts the window, takes some brown paper from a roll, wads it up and sticks it in the broken pane and tries to turn the lock, but it is jammed. She tries a couple of more times, leaning into it and then gives up. As she walks out of the room, THE CAMERA CLOSES IN ON THE LOCK. UP CLOSE we can see that it is being jammed open by a small sliver of metal.

INT. ADRIENNE'S KITCHEN - GLOOMY DAY

Lillian finishes loading dishes into the dishwasher, while water runs loudly in the sink. She suddenly straightens up, turns off the water and listens with a tense frown as if she heard something. Silence. She shakes her head, closes the dishwasher door, turns it on, pulls some cleaning things out from under the sink and walks out of the room.

INT. ADRIENNE'S HALLWAY - GLOOMY DAY

Lillian, now humming to herself, walks down the hall toward Adrienne's bedroom. As she starts into the room, she suddenly stops, looks back down the hall and listens. Silence.

INT. LOFT KITCHEN - GLOOMY DAY

We see Mary's painting on the refrigerator door. Something flashes past it. The afterimage registers briefly, a man in a hooded parka.

INT. ADRIENNE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Lillian walks in from the bedroom, puts down the cleaning things, picks up the Windex and sprays a large mirror which is facing the half-shut bathroom door. As she starts polishing the mirror, we suddenly see a flash of movement reflected in the mirror as something moves past the crack in the door where it is hinged to the wall. Lillian stiffens with fear and stares hard at the reflection.

CLOSE ON REFLECTION IN MIRROR - LILLIAN'S P.O.V.

Through the crack we can see the outline of a man's leg and the faint gleam of an eye peering in at her.

ANGLE ON LILLIAN

Not daring to breathe, Lillian reaches behind her and starts to push the door shut. Just before it closes, it stops, held fast by the person on the other side.

EXT. LOFT BUILDING - GLOOMY DAY

Adrienne arrives home from work. There is a terrible chill outside and people are rushing to get home.

INT. LOFT LANDING - GLOOMY DAY

Adrienne exits the elevator carrying a handfull of mail and walks through the dim corridor toward her doorway. To her dismay, Mary's kitten greets her half way.

ADRIENNE

What are you doing...?

Adrienne looks up and notices the entrance to her apartment wide open.

INT. LOFT - GLOOMY DAY

Adrienne steps into the loft.

ADRIENNE

Mary? Lillian? Who left the door open? I found the cat outside.

There is no answer. As Adrienne goes further into the loft she stops. A loud gasp escapes her lips. The entire living room has been ransacked.

ADRIENNE

Oh my God!
(suddenly yelling)
Mary!? Mary!?

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS Adrienne as she races through the loft, shoving things out of the way as she goes.

ADRIENNE

(frightened)
Lillian...!?

Silence. She hurries down the hall, CAMERA FOLLOWING, pausing to glance into the kitchen. Empty. She moves on, pausing in front of Mary's partially shut door.

ADRIENNE

(continuing)
Mary! Lillian!

Silence. Adrienne quickly shoves the door open wide. The room was ransacked, but there is no one inside. She moves on to her own bedroom, hesitates at the door, then walks in, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

INT. ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM - GLOOMY DAY

It is only partially ransacked, as though the intruder was interrupted. She quickly walks across the room. As she passes the partially open bathroom door, she suddenly stops.

Reflected in the mirror on the far wall of the bathroom is part of Lillian's leg and her foot, stretched out on the floor. Adrienne flings open the door.

Lillian is lying motionless on the tiles, her face a purplish color. A belt to a bathrobe is wrapped tightly around her neck. She appears to be dead.

Adrienne flies into the room,

ADRIENNE
Oh God! Oh God!

In total terror and confusion she falls to her knees and pulls the belt from Lillian's neck.

ADRIENNE
(sobbing, frantic)
Don't be dead, Lillian...oh please
don't be dead...
(spinning around)
Help someone! Mary!!

ANGLE ON ADRIENNE THROUGH BEDROOM FROM HALLWAY

Moving toward her down the dark hallway is the killer, seen from the same ominous and stylized angle. We suddenly hear:

VOICE
Adrienne, it's Gilda Reilly. Are
you here? Are you all right?
(frantic)
Adrienne? Is anybody home?

Adrienne jumps up and runs wildly into the livingroom. GILDA REILLY is standing there with Mary and Gilda's daughter Jane. Adrienne grabs Mary with a surge of primal love and hugs her to her breast.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

A TV plays, several PEOPLE sit in chairs ignoring it and a couple of CHILDREN play with toys on the floor. Adrienne is sitting with a middle aged black man, MR. THOMAS, her arm firmly through his, holding his hand tightly. Across from her are two POLICE OFFICERS, taking notes as Adrienne completes a statement.

ADRIENNE
As far as I can tell, nothing.
Everything was still there. Even
the money I left on the dresser.

POLICEMAN
Could they have been looking for
something specific?

ADRIENNE

What? I don't know? I don't have anything, a little bit of jewelery, but it wasn't touched.

POLICEMAN

Have you had any personal problems with anyone recently, neighbors, boyfriends?

ADRIENNE

I don't have any boyfriends.

POLICEMAN

I'm sorry. I'm not prying. I'm just trying to look into various possibilities.

ADRIENNE

I'm sorry, I don't mean to be uncooperative, but this not a good time.

POLICEMAN

Ma'am, we may be dealing with a homicide here.

Mr. Thomas sits up nervously. A DOCTOR is approaching them.

DOCTOR

Mr. Thomas?

Adrienne and the old man look at him with fear.. He gives them a reassuring smile.

DOCTOR

It's all right, Mr. Thomas. Your daughter will be in the hospital for a while, but she's going to be fine.

MR. THOMAS

Thank the Lord.

He begins to cry. Adrienne puts her arms around him. The officer stands up.

POLICEMAN

I'm glad for you both. Look, we'll do a follow up on this tomorrow, then if that's okay, when you've have a little time...

Adrienne nods yes. The two men turn to leave.

INT. HARVEY'S GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Mary is in a new bed sleeping soundly. Harvey stands in the background as Adrienne stares down at her daughter with a combination of fierce love and heartbreak. After a moment she leans down and kisses her tenderly.

INT. HARVEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A fire burns in the fireplace and opera plays softly on the radio. As Adrienne walks in, Harvey hands her a glass of wine. They look at each other in silent communication for a moment, then she pulls her phone book from her purse and dials a number. It rings, then:

ADRIENNE

Detective Pinella, please.

(pause)

When do you expect him?

Yes. I should be here in the morning. No, I think that'll be fine. My name is Adrienne Phillips. I'm staying at a friends. The number is 555 6214.

As she hangs up with a somber look on her face, Harvey puts his arms around her and gives her a comforting hug.

ADRIENNE

Do you think it can wait until morning?

HARVEY

It'll wait.

They both sit down.

ADRIENNE

Someone's been following me Harvey. I know it. Twice I felt that there was someone in the loft. Mary said it too. I tried to dismiss it, but how can you dismiss this? My apartment's been ransacked, Lillian nearly killed. What is it Harvey? Is Warren involved? He kills himself for no apparent reason. What about Jack? Was Jack's death an accident? Who'd want Jack dead? And why?

HARVEY

Adrienne, we don't even know who Jack was.

ADRIENNE

Oh God. What is happening to my life? Why are people breaking into my home? What is going on?

Harvey strokes her hair.

HARVEY

We're going to find out.

INT. THE LOFT - DAY

Adrienne is in her loft along with a group of policemen who are taking pictures of the scattered debris. She looks distraught. Suddenly the phone rings. Adrienne grabs it.

ADRIENNE

Hello?...Charlotte?

INT. C & A RESTORATION - DAY

Charlotte, is standing beside a beautiful new sculpture, signing checks, drinking coffee, and speaking on the phone, all at the same time.

CHARLOTTE

Good morning.

ADRIENNE (V.O.)

Charlotte. Good morning? Look, there's a reason I'm not there. I meant to call, but...

CHARLOTTE

Don't worry about it. Tell me later. Listen, you got a call from someone. They said they were calling for a friend of yours named Rosalie Sullivan. It seems she needs to see you right away. They made it sound very important. All they had was an address, no phone. Do you need it?

CUT TO:

Adrienne, in her apartment. There is a concerned look on her face.

ADRIENNE

(into the phone)

No, I've got it. Thank you, Charlotte, I appreciate this very much. I'll try to be in later.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)
Whatever you need to do.

Adrienne hangs up and turns to one of the policemen.

ADRIENNE
Excuse me. When Detective Pinella gets here, tell him I waited an hour but that I had to go out. I'll call him at his office later this afternoon.

The policeman nods.

EXT. ROSALIE'S APT. BLDG. - EARLY MORNING

Through the greasy glass panel of the door, we see Adrienne exit a taxi, pay the driver, then climb the steps to the door and enter the hallway.

INT. ROSALIE'S APT. BLDG. - EARLY MORNING

Adrienne walks down a long, dark hallway and stops in front of Rosalie's door. The numbers 3 and 2 rattle as she knocks.

ADRIENNE
Mrs. Sullivan, are you in there?

Silence. Adrienne knocks again, harder.

ADRIENNE
Mrs. Sullivan, it's Adrienne Phillips.

Silence. Adrienne hesitates, then tries the doorknob. The door is open.

INT. ROSALIE'S APT. - EARLY MORNING

In the early morning light the apartment walls look especially dark and dingy. The linoleum floors are worn and cracked and there is a musty airless feel to the space. Suddenly the door to Frank's old room creaks and we see it move. Adrienne turns around.

ADRIENNE
Hello. Mrs. Sullivan? Is that you?

CUT TO:

The inside of Frank's room. We see someone standing there, waiting. He is completely motionless as the door slowly opens and Adrienne walks into the room. Then, in one fluid movement, he pushes the door shut, takes her by the shoulders and spins her around. To her shock and disbelief, she is staring at Jack.

Adrienne stands frozen for a moment unable to speak. Then in a sudden flurry, she begins hitting him wildly with her fists, sobbing uncontrollably with sorrow and rage. Jack defends himself, grabbing her arms, wrestling her to the bed.

JACK

Stop it. Let me talk to you. Let me talk?

ADRIENNE

Why? Goddamn it! Why? Why?

JACK

Let me talk.

INT. ROSALIE'S LIVINGROOM - MORNING

Adrienne is sitting on one of Rosalie's vinyl chairs with a glass of water, trying to regain control of her emotions. THE CAMERA MOVES PAST HER TO JACK AS HE TALKS. He is standing at the window, looking out at the early morning sun.

JACK

I didn't go to college. I couldn't afford the busfare let alone the books. I worked in a liquor store, unpacking boxes. Minimum wage. My life was a constant embarrassment. Look at this. This is how I lived. I can't even stand that you're here, seeing it. I feel like crawling into a hole, but I'm already in it. God Almighty!

(he kicks the stove)

Still, I knew how to read. The library was my university. The Metropolitan and the Frick, they were my university.

(pause)

And then there was Jack.

(quiet)

All the years Jack was going to Columbia, he told me what to read, he took me to galleries, turned me on to art... When he died, I just became him... I was the one who cleaned out his dorm, who cleaned out his papers. They were all there, his passport, his degree, everything. I just took them. It was the hardest thing and the easiest thing I ever did. But, it didn't seem like a lie. It seemed...right.

ADRIENNE
(soft, bitter)
And everybody believed you.

JACK
Yes. Everybody believed me. Once I had the credentials, people met me more than half way. Every now and then, someone who went to Columbia with Jack and hadn't heard about his death would show up at the museum...but by that time, no one cared about where I went to school so I would just say I was a different Jack Phillips and they would go away.
(pause, soft)
It was like a magic trick. I became the kind of person I never thought I could be.

She stares at him as tears of fury fill her eyes.

ADRIENNE
(low, savage)
Why did you feel you had to lie to me? I loved you. You could have trusted me. I wouldn't have cared who you were.
(pause)
Do you know what this has done to Mary and to me?! Do you have any idea the suffering you have caused?

She suddenly gets up and walks toward him as she speaks.

ADRIENNE
(continuing)
All those stories about your happy childhood, your wonderful parents, wanting to take me back to your home town!
(raging)
I hate you for all those lies, the years and years of flawless lies. You were so convincing. How could you stand to be so convincing?

JACK
(simple)
I believed it all. After a while, I just believed it. And then one day it just came to an end. This man appeared in my office. He knew me when we were kids. He knew Frank Sullivan. And suddenly it all started to unravel, it all

started to come apart. He wanted money. A lot of money. I had reproductions made in Germany and then sold the originals to pay him off. But he wouldn't go away. No matter how I tried to appease him, he kept coming back for more.

ADRIENNE

I knew it. I had a feeling. Oh Jack...

We see the compassion growing inside her. Then, suddenly, Adrienne stops and stares at Jack.

ADRIENNE

Who did I bury?

He stands silent for a moment.

JACK

A hitchhiker. He was killed in the crash, his neck was broken.

(pause, grim)

I dressed his body in my clothes and set the car on fire. I needed a way out.

She stares at him with horror, then looks away.

ADRIENNE

Dear God...

JACK

(quiet, grim)

What else could I do? I survived the accident and he didn't. It was my escape. I realized that I could disappear and protect my family. I'd changed my identity once before. I could do it again. Being dead was the price I'd have to pay to ensure your safety, Mary's safety.

ADRIENNE

How could you...?

JACK

Do you think it was easy? It was devastating. I lost everything, Adrienne, everything. But I had to save you and Mary. You're in danger, In terrible danger.

ADRIENNE

What do you mean?

JACK

The evening I left, I had the Roman necklace in my briefcase. I was going to try and pay him off, but somehow it vanished. I know this man. He won't stop until he gets his hands on it. He's a killer, Adrienne. He killed Warren. I'm trying to protect you. I'm trying to protect Mary.

ADRIENNE

(hard)

What do you mean?

JACK

The necklace is somewhere in the loft. He'll kill to find it. If I can get it, and get it to him, he'll go away. You'll all be safe. It's in the loft Adrienne. You've got to find it. You've got to get it to him so he will go away.

She stares at him, then turns away with a shudder.

JACK

(quiet, tortured)

I don't expect you to have any sympathy for me, Adrienne...I feel as if I am dead. I'll never see Mary again, I'll never be with you again...I'm like a ghost standing here.

As she turns to look at him, he slowly reaches out to touch her face and she flinches back involuntarily.

ADRIENNE

Don't!

He drops his hand.

JACK

I'm sorry. I just want to help.

She looks back out the window, emotionally exhausted.

ADRIENNE

Listen, I have to think...I can't do anything now...I need some time to think...

JACK

(sudden, quiet)

I'll do whatever you want me to do. I'm putting it in your hands.

She turns and looks at him. He hesitates, then very slowly he reaches out and gently brushes her hair away from her face. She stiffens, but she doesn't flinch away from his touch this time.

EXT. ROSALIE'S APT. - DAY

As the morning light brightens, the door opens and Adrienne walks out. She runs down the steps, spots a taxi cruising past and races after it. ANGLE WIDENS as she runs for the cab and we see Jack watching her from the fourth floor window.

INT. ROSALIE'S APT. - DAY

Jack turns away from the window, a cold, lifeless look on his face. He walks quietly into Rosalie's bedroom and takes his coat from the moth eaten chair. As he leaves he looks down at the bed for a moment and then continues to the door. THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM. Just as he reaches the door, THE CAMERA TURNS TO LOOK BACK INTO THE ROOM. To our shock and horror, Rosalie Sullivan's dead body is curled up on the mattress, a plastic bag over her head.

Jack, his back to the camera, pulls on his winter coat. It is a familiar looking parka. Silently, he leaves the room.

INT. ADRIENNE'S LOFT - LIVING AREA - DAY

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS ADRIENNE as she wanders through the room to the hallway, looking around at the mess. On the floor she spots the catalogue with the Roman necklace in it. She flips through the pages until she finds it. She examines it with anger and resentment in her eyes.

Adrienne moves slowly, methodically through the loft, eyeing everything closely. The only thing she doesn't see is the crayon drawing Mary made of Carol and the necklace stuck to the refrigerator door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Adrienne walks down the hall, stepping over things as she goes, then pauses in front of an open closet. It was ransacked by the intruder and its contents are strewn everywhere. She reaches up and starts feeling along a shelf, then crouches down in the mess and idly pulls open a few purses, shoe bags, etc. As her search picks up momentum, she overturns a cardboard box and starts pawing through its contents.

VIEW LOOKING UP FROM FLOOR BEHIND WALL HEATER

Adrienne's eyes appear above, peering down into the narrow space between the heater and wall.

VIEW FROM UNDER BED

Adrienne's face appears, peering under the bed with the help of a flashlight. Something glints near the headboard, she quickly reaches under and pulls something out.

CUT TO:

A roll of metallic wrapping paper that she tosses aside with disgust.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Adrienne ripping up Oriental rugs; peering behind an armoire; emptying the shelves of a linen closet; ransacking Mary's closet; ripping cushions off the couch; emptying newspapers and magazines from a basket; pulling books from shelves.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Adrienne walks in and snaps on the light. The window at the back is now jammed shut by a steel bar. She quickly starts rummaging through boxes holding old clothes, etc. She pulls down two large suitcases from a shelf, snaps them open and goes through the side pockets. Nothing.

She rummages through boxes of old toys, then just as she is about to leave, her foot steps on the edge of a loose floor board. It comes shooting up. Looking down she spies a worn leather briefcase stuffed between the rafters. It has Jack's initials on it. Yanking it out, she is about to snap it open when the phone rings, shattering the silence. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as Adrienne rushes from the room, clutching the briefcase.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Adrienne answers the phone, her mind someplace else, gazing distractedly at the briefcase in her hand.

ADRIENNE

Hello?

INT. PUBLIC PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Jack is on the phone.

JACK

It's me. I'm calling because I was suddenly worried that you might go back there alone. I was wondering if I shouldn't be there with you.

INT. ADRIENNE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Adrienne has a tense, wary look on her face.

ADRIENNE

No.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

JACK

(smooth)

Okay. I understand.

(pause)

Adrienne, that isn't the only reason I called. Seeing you this afternoon...I just wanted you to know how much I still love you, and how sorry I am...for the lies...for all of it...

INT. ADRIENNE'S KITCHEN - DAY

She is silent and tense.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

When he gets no response, he gets a very cold look on his face.

JACK

(quiet, defeated)

I don't blame you for not answering
... I don't blame you at all.

INT. ADRIENNE'S KITCHEN - DAY

As she speaks, she keep staring at the briefcase in her hand.

ADRIENNE

Call me tomorrow Jack...give me
until then.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

JACK

(reassuring)

I meant what I said, Adrienne...I'll
do whatever you want me to do...
Whatever you say.

INT. ADRIENNE'S KITCHEN - DAY

She hangs up, then walks to the kitchen table and sinks into a chair. Slowly she opens the briefcase. A pack of old airline boarding passes and a manila envelope are inside. Carefully, she opens the envelope and takes out its contents. THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON A WALLET SIZE PHOTO ID FROM A BOSTON BANK. Adrienne stares at it and for a long moment as her body freezes in a pose of total revulsion and horror. Beneath a handsome photograph of Jack is printed the name DANIEL SHERMAN. And on the bottom of the card is listed a street address, in Boston, Massachussettes.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Mary is playing out of doors, running breathlessly with her classmates. Suddenly she backs into a chain link fence and feels someone standing behind it. She turns around and sees a man's legs on the other side. Looking up, her face registers sudden shock. AS THE CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE, Mary's shock is replaced by a delighted surprise and her face is lit by a brilliant smile of joy.

MARY
(soft, thrilled)
Daddy!

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

As a taxi slowly cruises down a tree-shaded street in an old, elegant residential area, we see Adrienne sitting in the back seat, her face resting against the glass, staring out at the street. The taxi turns the corner.

EXT. GETTYSBURGH ROAD - DAY

The taxi slowly cruises along as the DRIVER checks addresses, then it pulls to a halt in front of a very pretty 19th Century house surrounded by a well-kept garden.

ADRIENNE
(to the driver)
Just wait here, okay? I've got to
catch the 5:00 shuttle back to
New York.

The taxi's rear door opens and Adrienne climbs out. She stares at the house and then walks up to the front door.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

When she reaches the door, she hesitates. It is ajar. She rings the bell. Inside we hear a dog bark.

WOMAN (V.O.)

You don't have to keep ringing the bell. Just come in.

Adrienne hesitates, then gently pushes the door open and walks into the house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The contents are in the process of being packed for a major move, however, paintings are still on the walls, larger pieces of furniture and rugs are still in place and photographs still sit on tables and hang on the walls.

Adrienne moves through the house with a dazed expression. It is as if she walked into her own house - the furniture is similar as are rugs, some of the artwork is identical and it is all arranged in a familiar fashion. She suddenly stops and stares at a group of photographs sitting on a table, then reaches out and picks one up.

CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPH

It is of Jack, in his morning coat, running from a church with his bride, a pretty WOMAN in her late twenties in a white gown who bears a striking resemblance to Adrienne. They look ecstatic.

FULL SHOT

As Adrienne puts it back on the table, Jack's second wife suddenly appears in the doorway. She is wearing work clothes, is in the middle stages of her pregnancy and is clinging to the collar of a young dog.

WOMAN

Can I help you?

Adrienne quickly turns.

ADRIENNE

(soft)

I'm sorry...you said to come in...

WOMAN.

(quick laugh)

I'm sorry. I thought you were the movers. We're supposed to be on the way to Colorado in two days and I'm not even close.

(to struggling dog)

Calm down, Jack.

(to Adrienne)

In spite of his vast size, he's still a puppy.

(brushing hair back)

What can I do for you?

Adrienne stands frozen her face white and still. The woman's smile fades.

WOMAN
(continuing)
Is something wrong..?

ADRIENNE
Are you...are you Mrs. Sherman?

WOMAN
Yes, I am...
(concerned)
You look ill. Are you sure you're
all right?

Adrienne nods.

ADRIENNE
(soft, stunned)
How long have you been married to
Mr. Sherman?

WOMAN
(confused)
Almost a year...
(suddenly suspicious)
Just what is it you want?

ADRIENNE
(soft, dazed)
Nothing...it's a mistake...
(walking past her to
door)
I was looking for a different
Mrs. Sherman...

Adrienne suddenly stops in the entryway, stares hard at the picture on the wall, then spins around with a chilled look on her face.

ADRIENNE
(low, tight)
This picture...who is this picture
of...?

She is pointing to a school portrait of Mary, taken recently.

WOMAN
(confused)
My husband's sister...she died
when she was a child in a plane
crash...
(upset)
Look, just what is this all...

Suddenly the phone rings and the woman rushes to the other room.

Adrienne reaches out angrily and examines the photograph. We can feel the rage burning inside her. Suddenly the woman returns. Adrienne quickly, awkwardly, puts the photo back.

WOMAN

My husband wants to talk to you.

Adrienne freezes, an expression of terror and confusion on her face. Slowly, deliberately, she approaches the phone.

ADRIENNE

Hello?

INT. MAC DONALDS - DAY

Jack is standing at a phone booth in a Mac Donalds Restaurant. Mary can be seen in a booth nearby eating a Happy Meal.

JACK

So you found us. Pretty amazing, Adrienne. Pretty amazing. I never expected this. I really didn't. Well, this complicates everything. Listen to me, I have Mary with me. Don't cry. I'm not going to hurt her. I just need you to get me the necklace. Mary said she traded it for a lunch box, to a friend named Carol. But she doesn't remember her last name. Why don't you see if you can find it, along with her address. It would really speed things along. Then you can meet me tonight back at the loft. How about 9:00? I can handle things from there. Do your best, okay? And honey, don't call the police. It would complicate things even more than they already are. Do you want to say hello to Mary? Hold on.

(to Mary)

Mary come here. Mommy's on the phone.

Mary rushes over excitedly.

MARY

Mommy, mommy, daddy's here. He's really here.

After a moment Jack takes the phone back.

JACK

9:00, okay?

He hangs up.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Adrienne quickly pulls open the door and climbs in back. As she leans back in her seat and shuts her eyes:

DRIVER
Boston airport?
(silence)
Hey, lady, I said...

He is cut off as Adrienne suddenly leans forward, puts her face in her hands and begins to sob.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jack's wife stands in the doorway and watches as the taxi drives off.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Adrienne stands at the entrance of a warmly lit house. She is facing MRS. JULIETTE GINGOLD, a woman Adrienne's age. In another room, we hear a group of PEOPLE having drinks.

ADRIENNE
Hi. I'm Adrienne, Mary's mother.
I called you from the airport.

MRS. GINGOLD
(annoyed)
Yes. I know. Honestly, this really isn't the best time for this, Mrs. Phillips. We have guests.

ADRIENNE
I understand. But it's important.
It's very important.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrienne walks into the brownstone with a grim, determined look as Mrs. Gingold shuts the door behind her.

ADRIENNE
I really do apologize. Normally I wouldn't bother you. I just have to get that necklace back tonight.

As they walk down the hall to the kitchen, they pass a living room containing several well-heeled, well-intentioned YUPPIE COUPLES having drinks.

MRS. GINGOLD

(peevish)

I don't understand why you let
your daughter trade a valuable
piece of jewelry in the first place.
Carol's going to be very unhappy
about this.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

While Latin MAID cooks Carol's dinner, Carol sits at the table
watching a small television, surrounded by toys and clutching
a large doll in her arms.

MRS. GINGOLD

(bright)

Carol?

Her daughter slowly turns to look at her with television-
glazed eyes.

MRS. GINGOLD

(continuing)

This is Mary Phillips' mother,
sweetheart. She wants to talk to
you about the necklace Mary gave
you for your lunchbox.

The little girl's eyes narrow as she stares at Adrienne.

ADRIENNE

(pleasant, firm)

You know the one -- it's gold with
blue and red stones.

Carol suddenly turns her doll to face them. The doll is
wearing the necklace.

CAROL

This one?

Adrienne stiffens, then walks over to her, trying to stay calm.

ADRIENNE

Yes. That one. When Mary told me
about the trade I thought she had
given you a different necklace.
I'm afraid you won't be able to
keep that one. I'm going to have
Mary bring your lunch box tomorrow
with a whole basket of necklaces
so you can choose a new one, but I
really must have that one back.

Carol jumps up from her seat clutching the doll.

CAROL

No!

(to her mother)

She said I could have it!

MRS. GINGOLD

I know, dear. But the necklace
isn't a toy and...

Carol looks from one to the other with outrage, then runs out
of the room with her doll.

CAROL

Daddy!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Adrienne enters the room, Mrs. Gingold not far behind, Carol
is being comforted by her FATHER while the yuppie couples look
on with amused indulgence.

CAROL

(crying)

She said I could have it and now
she wants it back.

FATHER

(to Adrienne)

This is very confusing for Carol,
Mrs. Phillips.

Adrienne walks toward him, a tense, explosive expression on her
face.

ADRIENNE

(controlled)

I'm sure it is, Mr. Gingold, but I
need this necklace now!

Carol keeps her face averted and clutches the doll tighter.

FATHER

(kneeling before his
daughter)

I know how you feel, Carol. It's
very confusing when grown-ups do
things that aren't fair, but you
have to accept that these things
happen in life.

ADRIENNE

(exploding)

Oh, for Christ's sake, what's
going on here?! Isn't anyone in
charge?!

Adrienne suddenly steps forward, takes the doll from Carol, quickly pulls the necklace from its neck, puts the doll back in her arms and walks out. Carol has something verging on admiration in her expression as her tears dry on her stunned face.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Adrienne flies out the door, slams it behind her and runs down the steps. CAMERA FOLLOWING, she runs down the street, shoving the necklace in her purse, flags down a cab and jumps into it.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Adrienne sits in the back of the cab, staring straight ahead. Her body is stiff with panic. She looks at her watch. It is 8:00.

INT. LOBBY OF LOFT - NIGHT

It is dark. Through the glass doors, we see Adrienne get out of the cab, pay the driver, then enter the lobby. She tries the light, but the bulb is out. She hesitates, then, CAMERA FOLLOWING, walks down the dark corridor to the elevator.

The elevator doors are open and it is dark inside. She steps in, hits a button and nothing happens. As she steps back out into the corridor, we hear a noise. She quickly looks back the way she came with fear. THE CAMERA CLOSSES IN VERY CLOSE ON HER FACE as she stares down the hall, motionless, listening carefully, then as she turns back, she is face to face with a MAN. She chokes back a heart-stopping scream.

MAN
(apologetic)
Sorry if I scared you, Mrs.
Phillips.

He is sticking up an out of order sign on the elevator.

MAN
(continuing)
But we've got electrical problems
again. The lights are out and so
are all the elevators. A
repairman's coming tonight, but I
can't make any promises.

ADRIENNE
Okay...goodnight, Tom.

She is still catching her breath as she walks to the stairs and starts climbing them. They are lit only by glaring emergency lights.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE ADRIENNE'S LOFT - NIGHT

We hear footsteps climbing the stairs, then Adrienne appears and walks to her loft door. She opens it and goes inside.

INT. ADRIENNE'S LOFT - NIGHT

Adrienne makes her way to the kitchen and fumbles for a flashlight. To her delight, it works. Gathering up a handful of candles, some matches, and a sharp kitchen knife, she makes her way down the hall to her bedroom.

INT. ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adrienne walks into the room, using the flashlight to find the dresser. Balancing it on its flat surface she sets up a candle and lights it. The dim light flickers in the room. Slowly Adrienne opens her purse and takes out the Roman necklace. She stares at it for a moment, turning it over in her hands, and then slides it back inside. Lighting another candle, she turns toward the bed. To her utter shock and terror Jack is sitting in the bedroom chair staring at her. Nearly jumping out of her skin, she stifles a scream, and staggers toward the wall for support. She can barely speak.

ADRIENNE

Where's my daughter?

JACK

In her room. She's asleep.

Adrienne, mustering all her strength, runs to her Mary's room and is deeply relieved to see her cuddled up with her cat looking like an angel. Adrienne goes to take her daughter in her arms but Jack reaches out and stops her. He pulls Adrienne back to the bedroom and sits her on the bed. With frightening determination, he stands between her and the door. Adrienne stares at him as though staring at a monster. There is a look of complete revulsion in her eyes.

ADRIENNE

(horrificed)

How could you do these things?
Tell me that, Jack? How could
you? Her house...it was like our
house...everything was the same...
and that picture of Mary on the
table. Why Jack? Why? How could
you do these terrible things? Was
it for her? Hell, I would have
divorced you. Or for money? Did
you really do all this for money?

He stares at her.

JACK

(sudden, quiet)

No. I didn't do it for any of those reasons.

(pause, reasonable)

I guess I did it because I wanted to, that's all. It was so easy. People trusted me so completely. I couldn't believe the way people trusted me. So I did it. I did it because I wanted to and because I could.

(reassuring)

I didn't marry her because I stopped loving you, Adrienne. Don't ever think that. I did it because I knew I'd eventually have to start over, that's all.

As she listens to him and the depth of his psychosis becomes apparent:

ADRIENNE

(low moan)

Oh, please, I don't care about any of this now, I just care about Mary.

JACK

Don't worry about Mary. Nothing's going to happen to Mary. Unless... you do something foolish. If anyone hurts Mary, it'll be because of you, Adrienne, not me. It'll be your fault, not mine.

She stares at him, her body taut as a wire.

ADRIENNE

(low, breathless)

What's going to happen to me, Jack? What happened to Lillian? What happened to Warren?

Suddenly, with no warning, the apartment lights come back on, along with the television and the stereo. The moment is strangely disorienting. In the distance, Mary starts to cry. Jack instinctively turns around, losing his advantage and Adrienne seizes the moment to toss the necklace to the floor, shove past him and run into the hall, slamming the bedroom door behind her.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

As she runs, she topples a bookshelf in front of the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adrienne flies into Mary's room, grabs a startled-looking Mary by the arm and without a word pulls her out into the hallway, setting the lock and slamming the door shut behind her. Down the hall, we can see Jack struggling to open the bedroom door.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LOFT - NIGHT

Sobbing with fear, Adrienne shoves Mary toward the staircase.

ADRIENNE

(desperate)

Run downstairs and hide! I'll
find you later! But run fast now!

(shrieking)

Go! Now!

Completely terrified, Mary runs down the stairs.

Adrienne turns back and double locks the apartment doors. Jack is trapped inside. We hear him fumbling with the lock on the other side of the door.

Adrienne runs for the stairs and begins rushing down them. With a sudden explosion a window on the stairwell shatters and Jack comes flying from a fire escape into the third floor landing. Adrienne screams and turns back up the stairs. Jack runs after her.

Adrienne takes off down the corridor. She bangs on doors and fumbles with the keys to her loft but it is obvious she has no time to open the door. She continues to run. We hear Jack behind her.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Using all of her strength, Adrienne pushes against a large metal door which is posted DANGER, DO NOT ENTER. It opens with a bang into a section of the building which is in the early stages of being converted into lofts and is still under construction, filled with lumber, tools, etc.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LOFT - NIGHT

Jack turns and moves confidently down the hall after Adrienne.

INT. BEND IN DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT

We hear footsteps running, then Adrienne turns the corner and stops to listen, breathing rapidly with fear. Silence, then we hear footsteps moving toward her from a distance. She runs to the end of the hall, hesitates in panic where it branches off to the left and right, then quickly turns to the right and

disappears. A moment later, Jack comes around the bend. As he walks to the end of the hall:

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Adrienne runs toward a large open room at the end of the hall she knocks into a piece of wood which is leaning against the wall. As she stumbles forward desperately trying to catch it:

INT. BEND IN DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Jack hesitates where the hallway branches off to the left and right, the wood hits the floor, shattering the stillness and his head snaps around.

INT. ROOM IN REAR OF BUILDING - NIGHT

Adrienne quickly runs across the vast space. The room is in darkness except for shafts of silvery light filtering in from the street through a line of uncovered, dirty windows. When she reaches the other side of the room, she stops before a pitch black opening and to her right the entrance to another partially lighted space. She hesitates, then runs into the partially lighted space.

Jack appears just as Adrienne vanishes into a dark hallway on the other side of the room. He stops and listens. Silence. He walks across the room and stops in front of the pitch black opening. He listens. Silence. He glances into the partially lighted section. Then, as he starts to walk into the pitch black opening, his body tips forward. Grabbing the wall with his hands, he pulls himself away from the unused elevator shaft, regains his breath, then he walks toward the partially lighted section.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS ADRIENNE as she runs down a hallway to another hallway which crosses it at the top. She quickly turns to the right. She runs a few feet down that hallway then stops in panic. It deadends on a freight elevator which is fronted by a wooden gate.

Adrienne turns and looks back the way she came. If she had turned left, the hall would have led into another section of loft. As she starts moving back the way she came, she suddenly stops. We can hear Jack's footsteps moving toward her down the original hallway. She is trapped. She turns and starts moving stealthily toward the freight elevator.

INT. ORIGINAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jack reaches the hallway which crosses the top. He glances to his right, sees the freight elevator, then turns to his left.

ANGLE ON JACK

as he walks toward CAMERA in the direction of the other section of loft. He suddenly stops, looks back at the freight elevator with a suspicious expression, then turns and starts walking toward it.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON ADRIENNE'S FACE/ANGLE ON ENTRANCE. A tiny beam of dull light, coming from a broken skylight at the top of the shaft, which is only one story above, pierces the inky blackness and partially lights Adrienne's face. She is pressed against the rear wall of the freight elevator, her eyes riveted to the hallway.

From Adrienne's P.O.V. we can see Jack's figure in silhouette moving slowly toward her down the dark hallway. He stops and listens, then with uncertainty, looks back the way he came. He waits, looks as if he might go back, then resumes walking in her direction. She is rigid with fear.

INT. HALLWAY APPROACHING FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

He walks to the gate and stops. He stares into the darkness, then just as he is about to move away again, he sees part of Adrienne's hand illuminated by the shaft of dim light and he rests his hands on the wooden gate.

JACK

(quiet sigh)

There's no place to go now, Adrienne.
You don't have to hide.

Pause, then Adrienne turns her face into the light and looks at him. Their eyes lock, they stare at each other in silence for a moment, then:

JACK

(continuing, soft)

I have to protect myself, Adrienne.
I have no choice.

(silence; reassuring)

Don't worry about Mary. No one
will believe she saw me...it
doesn't matter what she says...

(silence; suddenly
suspicious)

Why are you so quiet..?

(pause, calm)

There's nothing you can do to stop

me, Adrienne, if that's what you're thinking. I don't want to hurt you, I never wanted to hurt anyone, but when I have to do something, I do it. That's the way I am. I always do what comes next, no matter how difficult it is.

They stare at each other for a moment, then suddenly he slams the wooden gate up hard, and with a set, cold expression steps toward her into the freight elevator.

ANGLE ON JACK FROM HER P.O.V.

As his body starts to plummet down the open elevator shaft, he manages to grab a cable with a loud gasp of shock. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL ADRIENNE precariously balanced on a narrow metal lip lining the wall of the shaft, clinging to the metal side cables.

Jack lunges forward, supporting one foot on a metal strut. Suddenly his hands begin to slip from the cable. At that instant we hear a mechanical buzz and several small worklights flicker on in the hallway and elevator shaft. With a groan the elevator, which his two stories down, begins to move upward.

Adrienne stares below, transfixed with fear. Jack, struggling to maintain his grip on the cable, loses his footing, and is slammed back against the wall of the shaft. He falls heavily to the roof of the slowly moving elevator. His body lands with a dull thud and is still.

Steeling herself not to panic, Adrienne begins to edge cautiously and slowly along the metal lip toward the hallway, her grip on the vibrating cables unsteady.

ANGLE ON ADRIENNE FROM TOP OF ELEVATOR CAR

as it moves relentlessly upwards. She moves slowly and carefully toward the hallway.

ANGLE ON JACK - ADRIENNE'S P.O.V.

As she edges toward the hallway, she glances down at his still body. Her foot slips, she regains her balance and keeps moving.

ANGLE ON ADRIENNE FROM TOP OF ELEVATOR CAR

The top of the car is just a few yards below the floor of the hallway. Just as she finally starts to pull herself into the hallway, almost sobbing with relief, Jack lunges up and grabs her. With a scream of shock and terror, she tries to beat him off as he violently pulls her onto the roof of the elevator.

ANGLE ON ADRIENNE AND JACK

As Jack tries to get his hands around her throat, Adrienne fights him, always moving toward the edge of the elevator nearest the hallway. Suddenly he grabs her neck and begins to squeeze the life from her body.

Struggling wildly, Adrienne gives one final, violent wrench and breaks Jack's grip. With savage fury she dives through the narrow space between the top of the hallway and the elevator roof. As she falls to the floor, Jack lunges forward, only to realize the space is too small. He stares out at the hall in stunned terror as Adrienne stumbles to her feet.

JACK

(desperate cry)

Adrienne...Oh God...I can't get out...

She stares at him, horrified as the car moves above the opening and Jack disappears from sight. We hear him pounding his fists on the roof and screaming. Sobbing, Adrienne, turns and starts walking unsteadily down the hall, her face white with shock and horror.

JACK (V.O.)

(continuing,
muffled screams)

I can't get out...I can't get out...

As his screams become more frantic, she leans against the wall and, with an agonized look on her face, presses her hands against her ears.

Jack's screams end suddenly and we hear nothing but a pure, echoing silence. A moment later, we hear the faint sound of an alarm going off and behind Adrienne we see the elevator's red alarm light flash on and off as the car crushes against an alien object on its roof.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE STREET - RAINY LATE SPRING MORNING

Out of the sea of PEOPLE under umbrellas, we see Adrienne and Mary rushing across the street toward Mary's school, where children are being dropped off for the day by their parents. They run up the steps, greeting people, Adrienne gives Mary a hug and a kiss, handing her her book bag, then as Mary disappears inside, Adrienne walks back down the steps and down the street. CAMERA FOLLOWS. When she reaches the end of the street, she turns into an old Italian coffee house.

INT. ITALIAN COFFEE HOUSE - MORNING

It is packed with PEOPLE. As Adrienne shuts her umbrella and scans the room for a table, the old Italian PROPRIETOR walks over to her with a warm smile.

PROPRIETOR

Hey, Mrs. Phillips, it's nice to see you! What's it been? Almost a year? Where have you been?

ADRIENNE

(cautious)

Staying with my parents in Connecticut.

PROPRIETOR

So you're back here for good now?

ADRIENNE

Well, actually, we moved up-town, but my daughter's still going to school here, for the moment...

(changing subject)

It's pretty crowded this morning. How long a wait will it be?

PROPRIETOR

(shaking head)

It's hard to say...fifteen minutes...maybe half an hour...

MAN

You can share this table if you like. I'm almost finished.

Adrienne's head snaps around to look at an attractive MAN in his late thirties in a business suit reading a paper and finishing up a coffee and pastry at a nearby table. She stares at him hard for an inappropriately long time, then finally gives him a fleeting smile.

ADRIENNE

(soft)

No. I don't think so. Thanks for offering but I'd rather not.

Both the proprietor and the man look at her with puzzled expressions as she quickly turns and walks back out into the rain, almost as if she is running away from something.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - RAINY MORNING

As she snaps up her umbrella with a haunted look on her face and walks off into the rain, CAMERA PULLS UP AND END TITLES COME DOWN over the sea of umbrellas moving back and forth through the rainy streets.

FADE OUT.

THE END